From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

1

Content

Chapter 1 Repaying Cruelty With Kindness (Part One)
Chapter 2 Repaying Cruelty With Kindness (Part Two)
Chapter 3 Weapon Refining Method (Part One)
Chapter 4 Weapon Refining Method (Part Two)
Chapter 5 A Marvelous Body (Part One)
Chapter 6 A Marvelous Body (Part Two)
Chapter 7 Zen Pummeled The Stewards (Part One)
Chapter 8 Zen Pummeled The Stewards (Part Two)
Chapter 9 Crisis (Part One)
Chapter 10 Crisis (Part Two)
Chapter 11 Efforts (Part One)
Chapter 12 Efforts (Part Two)
Chapter 13 Family Practicing Day (Part One)
Chapter 14 Family Practicing Day (Part Two)
Chapter 15 Fatal Blow (Part One)
Chapter 16 Fatal Blow (Part Two)
Chapter 17 Organ Refining Level (Part One)
Chapter 18 Organ Refining Level (Part Two)
Chapter 19 Evil Weapon Refiner (Part One)
Chapter 20 Evil Weapon Refiner (Part Two)
Chapter 21 Refining The Body With Fire (Part One)
Chapter 22 Refining The Body With Fire (Part Two)
Chapter 23 Refining The Body With Fire (Part Three)
Chapter 24 Black Flames And Dragon Scales
Chapter 25 Freedom (Part One)
Chapter 26 Freedom (Part Two)
Chapter 27 Freedom (Part Three)
Chapter 28 The Imperial Capital (Part One)
Chapter 29 The Imperial Capital (Part Two)
Chapter 30 Provocation (Part One)
Chapter 31 Provocation (Part Two)
Chapter 32 The Initial Exam (Part One)
Chapter 33 The Initial Exam (Part Two)
Chapter 34 Invisible Pressure (Part One)

Chapter 35 Invisible Pressure (Part Two)
Chapter 36 Passing The Initial Exam (Part One)
Chapter 37 Passing The Initial Exam(Part Two)
Chapter 38 I Have A Very Simple Idea. (Part One)
Chapter 39 I Have A Very Simple Idea. (Part Two)
Chapter 40 Shock (Part One)
Chapter 41 Shock (Part Two)
Chapter 42 Longevity Pill
Chapter 43 Zen’s Anger (Part One)
Chapter 44 Zen’s Anger (Part Two)
Chapter 45 I Refuse To Accept It (Part One)
Chapter 46 I Refuse To Accept It (Part Two)
Chapter 47 Yan Luo
Chapter 48 Bloody Mountain (Part One)
Chapter 49 Bloody Mountain (Part Two)
Chapter 50 Ryan Fang (Part One)
Chapter 51 Ryan Fang (Part Two)
Chapter 52 The Best Way To Dispense With Fools (Part One)
Chapter 53 The Best Way To Dispense With Fools (Part Two)
Chapter 54 The Top Seven Noble Clans
Chapter 55 Compelled To Fight (Part One)
Chapter 56 Compelled To Fight (Part Two)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Check our website: moboreader.net for latest daily-updated chapters.

Top xuanhuan book series:

Apotheosis

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1 Repaying Cruelty With Kindness (Part One)

It was a late autumn morning. As the dawn chased the dark shadows, the sun added some warmth to the chilly air.

An oil lamp in the cellar of Luo's House lit up. A young man named Zen Luo sat upright in front of a table, shading most of the light of the oil lamp. Quietly he pulled out a battered thread-bound book.

Zen Luo was a lean, average-looking young man who had just turned 17. However, there was something mellow about him. In contrast, his eyes were so radiant that even in the dim light projected by the oil lamp, they glowed with charm.

"It has taken me a month to finish Heavenly Principles. Its arguments are all very well, but, what I find most revolting are those four words, repaying cruelty with kindness," Zen Luo whispered as he stared at the bean-sized flame of the oil lamp. Melancholy was written all over his face. "Had my father not been so kind-hearted as to believe those four words, I, the direct descendant of my Clan, would not have ended up like this, and father would still be alive…"

The sudden noise of the cellar door being unlocked interrupted his flow of thoughts. Zen Luo replaced the melancholy he was feeling with a solemn expression. He promptly blew out the oil lamp and covered himself with the shabby cotton quilt.

The door of the cellar flew open and footsteps began drawing close. The man in charge stepped forward and stomped his foot on Zen Luo's bed before shrieking at him," Still in bed? Dreaming about being the young master of the Luo Clan? Get the fuck up!"

The man was a steward in the Luo Clan. He looked rather wretched. He had a wart on his forehead that often invoked disgust from people.

Zen Luo sat up and rubbed his eyes. He pushed off the quilt, before turning and planting his feet on the ground. Silently, he slid on his clothing, socks, and shoes. Although his clothes were old, Zen Luo kept them neatly. He was very meticulous by nature.

The steward rolled his eyes, criticized Zen, and then waved his hand. Several men surrounded Zen and forcibly put a thick leather armor and shackles on him.

After they were done, Zen Luo followed the servants as they walked out of the cellar and toward Luo's Martial Arts Hall.

The Luo Clan owned hundreds of mines and millions of acres of fertile land. As a big and powerful Clan, they were well-known in C County.

However, the entire Eastern Region had thousands of county cities, including countless wealthy families and the Luo Clan was almost insignificant in the Eastern Region.

Zen Luo was escorted by some men as he climbed out of the gloomy cellar. This was a daily ritual with which Zen was quite familiar. The walk to the Martial Arts Hall meant navigating through numerous pavilions, bridges, and galleries.

The Martial Arts Hall was an open area. It was a place where the children of the Luo Clan would come for practice. The entrance was decorated with white marble sculptures of a dragon, a phoenix, and a lion. The ground was one large, black basalt slab. Standing at the entrance of the building, one could feel the power emanating from the Hall.

In the middle of the Martial Arts Hall, dozens of children from the Luo Clan practiced martial arts under the guidance of a teacher. They were all dressed alike, in gray robes.

They bawled and their boxes whirred again and again.

In order to win a position in the family, every child needed to study diligently and practice hard. These children looked like they were more than 10 years of age.

On this late autumn day, the wind began to howl around the training children. Nevertheless, sweat beaded on their foreheads. The contrasting heat and cold filled the Hall with steaming white mist.

On the other side of the Martial Arts Hall stood over a dozen men who were dressed like Zen Luo, in leather armor and shackles. These men were dejected, bleeding, and wounded all over their bodies.

Zen Luo was escorted into the Martial Arts Hall. The guard placed him amongst the injured men.

Since most of these men had been bought by the Luo Clan from local prisons, they were now the slaves of the Luo Clan. These slaves played the roles of live targets for the Luo Clan children for the purpose of training and testing their own strength. These children could assault these slaves arbitrarily. Several live targets were killed or disabled during such assaults. Over time, the number added up and it was difficult to gauge how many had lost their lives in the Hall.

Zen Luo was not a death row inmate and thus, was not bought by the family. He was the eldest child in the eldest branch of the Luo Clan. The rest of the Clan used to call him the young master. He was once noble, and his peers would bow and salute him with respect. Even the family elders were polite to him.

However, something disastrous happened in C County two years ago. Zen Luo's father, the head of the Luo Clan, had been poisoned by his brother. He died on the spot.

Immediately after, the eldest branch of the Luo Clan was set up by the other three branches. They framed a case against Zen Luo's father. According to their accusations, Zen's father was a rebel. The family didn't survive the allegations, and the eldest branch became no longer powerful.

Zen Luo, the former young master, was also labeled a rebel and became a slave of the Luo Clan. He became a tool, and was beaten up at the whim of the other children in the Luo Clan as part of their martial arts practice.

Zen Luo had lived like this for two years. He had lost count of how many fists and insults he had endured during this time.

"Today's boxing practice is over. You can select a slave for the next practice now! Hitting the human body allows you to fully understand actual combat skills, get familiar with the weaknesses of the human body, and the body structure!"

After the teacher had finished speaking, the children started selecting their slaves. Soon, the sounds of slaves begging and pleading for mercy could be heard in the Hall. The Luo children did not treat slaves as humans. They were trained to hit the flesh without mercy.

Many of them tried to find Zen Luo. The act of beating up a former young master with as much aggression as they could muster gave them a greater sense of accomplishment!

When being used as a sandbag, Zen Luo protected vital parts of his body with calmness. Since it had been two years, he was now quite used to it.

Before long, a few people came through the entrance of the Martial Arts Hall. A young man who was dressed finely led this group of newcomers.

"The young master is coming!"

"Young master, your practice has finally come to a halt. You seems to feel refreshed in spirit. You must have progressed greatly in your ability and power!"

"Our young master is intelligent. He is the talent of our Luo Clan. He must have grown stronger and has surely entered the higher level of bone refining."

The children who noticed the young master entering stopped their practice and began patronizing. Some even walked up to the young master as they generously threw praises his way. It was obvious that they all wanted to flatter the young master.

Zen Luo's eyes fell on the young man, and his imperceptible anger rose quietly. The young teenager being called the young master by the Luo children, was Perrin Luo. He was the oldest son in the second branch of the Luo Clan. He was the same age as Zen Luo.

Zen Luo was relegated to slavery and Perrin Luo replaced Zen as the young master of the Luo Clan.

Zen Luo had heard that Perrin Luo had been staying in a secluded place to practice some time ago. He had disappeared for a long time. It seemed as though he had improved a lot after the practice.

Perrin Luo was very sensitive and he turned to look at Zen Luo when he became aware of his cousin's hate-filled glare. He smirked as he walked straight toward Zen Luo and said," Zen Luo, I practiced for a long time. I didn't expect to see you alive when I returned."

"Thanks for caring about me. I'm fucking alive." Zen Luo answered in a muffled voice.

"How dare you! What kind of tone is that? How dare you speak this way to the young master?"

"You are just a slave here, kneel! Fall to the ground quickly and apologize to our young master or you will regret being alive."

Several children of the Luo Clan shouted as though Zen Luo had done something very unforgivable to them.

Zen Luo looked around indifferently. These people used to behave like little dogs in front of him in the past. They were too scared to even breathe in his presence when he was the young master. Once he lost power, their attitudes changed. It had been so sudden. Now, they were Perrin Luo's dogs.

Perrin Luo waved his hand to stop the excited Luo children from defending him. He spoke to Zen Luo with a triumphant smile," Zen Luo, do you know why I left for the practice?"

Zen Luo did not speak. He just looked at Perrin Luo expressionlessly.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 2 Repaying Cruelty With Kindness (Part Two)

"You should know that our family has two Magical Pills. Well, I took one of them some time ago." Perrin Luo said with pride," This pill is really extraordinary. The pure magical power empowered all my flesh, and helped me to improve from the flesh refining level to the bone refining level. And to think the efficacy of the pill works only one-tenth! The rest remains in my body and supplies my flesh endlessly. I just need to cross a fine line to get to the organ refining level, and the marrow refining level will be just around the corner!"

Zen gritted his teeth when he heard Perrin Luo. These two pills

were the most valuable treasure of the Luo Clan. They were holy pills left by Luo's ancestors. They were stored carefully in a sacred place only known by a handful of people in the family. Most people were not allowed to see or use these pills.

According to the old doctrine, only those who reached the bone refining level before the age of 16 were eligible to use the Magical Pills.

The practice of the body includes five levels starting with the skin refining level. Those who mastered it would move to the second, the flesh refining level. Bone refining was the third level. The final two levels were organ refining and marrow refining. Each of the five levels were different, and it was incredibly difficult for most people to master each level without decades of practicing.

It was a miracle if a person reached the third level before he turned 30. The entire Clan would recognize such a person as being talented.

According to the doctrine, only those who reached the third level before turning 16 were eligible to use the Magical Pills!

People who reached the bone refining level before that age were undoubtedly strong. In all these centuries, no one in the entire C County had seen someone like that. That was the reason why the Magical Pills hadn't been used in the past three hundred years.

Before the adversity, Zen Luo had been recognized as a promising child.

At the age of 14, he entered the top of the flesh refining level. For his talent and efforts, he had been praised by the king of C County. The king had said that Zen was the hope of Luo Clan's prosperity, the one favored by God, and the talent amongst talents!

However, it was a pity that at such a crucial time, the family suffered from internal strife and his father had been killed by his own brothers. Zen Luo had been banished to slavery, and had become a sandbag and a prisoner. Since he couldn't practice any more, he had lost the chance to take the pill.

Perrin Luo was ordinary and didn't have any talent. He had just reached the level of flesh refining at 16. He was not eligible to use the Magical Pills but he still took one.

This Magical Pill rightfully belonged to Zen Luo. Unexpectedly, it was taken by this moron who had no talent. Even though Zen Luo had two years to calm himself and accept the fate of his family, his heart wasn't at peace. He could not help but get angry. " Perrin Luo, you son of a bitch! How dare you ignore the ancestors' doctrine and take the holy pill without permission?"

"Well, you are as insignificant as the insects in the crevices. A good-for-nothing! I have stepped into the peak of the bone refining level. I can hold a thousand pounds in one hand! You are a slave. I can crush you with one hand. Today, I finished the practice, and in order to congratulate myself, I want to find a sandbag for me!" Perrin Luo ignored what Zen Luo had said and pointed at someone randomly. "Okay, I choose you!"

He did not choose Zen Luo, but found a middle-aged man. The middle-aged man saw Perrin Luo pointing at him and trembled. Although he wore a thick leather armor, which could resist a lot of damage, the man was fearful for his life. Perrin Luo had reached the bone refining level, and the armor would not protect him. The man could not help shivering and peeing.

Then Perrin Luo took a deep breath before assuming the unique posture of the Purple Light Fist. This was exclusive Kung Fu of the Luo Clan. He was trying to show off, and used his inner strength to the best, which covered his body in purple light.

"Please... Please...young master! I beg for your mercy!" When the slave saw Perrin Luo's momentum, his eyes revealed a desperate look. He would die if smashed by Perrin's fist. He fell to his knees as he continued groveling for mercy.

"Boom!"

Perrin Luo would never listen to the begging of a slave. He punched his chest. The leather safeguarding his chest collapsed abruptly. The man flew back with the impact and hit a wall in the Martial Arts Hall. His lifeless body fell to the ground with a dull thud.

One punch by Perrin had killed the slave.

"Your fist is very powerful! Young master! Nobody from among our Clan's youngsters can be stronger than you."

"Our young master will ensure that the Luo Clan thrives, and he will carry the whole family forward."

Impressed and even fearful, the children patronized the young master.

Perrin Luo seemed to be very satisfied with the effect of this punch. He then turned to look at Zen Luo viciously.

Zen Luo stepped back. Although he was much stronger than the middle-aged man, he could not take Perrin Luo's punch.

Perrin Luo laughed and reached out to fiercely tap Zen Luo's shoulder twice. "Relax, I will not kill you so quickly. I want you to watch me, and know that I, Perrin Luo, am much stronger than you!"

Perrin Luo stopped talking and turned to leave. Just then, he remembered something and turned around and said," Yeah, I forgot one thing. I heard that my genius cousin isn't doing well in Cloud Sect because she offended an influential person. She has been sent to Hell Mountain as punishment. I will rescue her when I reach the organ refining level, ha ha ha..."

Upon hearing these words, Zen Luo's chest tightened and his heart beat quickened.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 3 Weapon Refining Method (Part One)

Zen didn't care about being relegated to a slave, or being a punchbag for children of the Luo Clan, or even losing the Magical Pill, which he was robbed of by Perrin.

His biggest weakness was his sister, Yan Luo!

Yan Luo was the only hope for the oldest branch of the Luo family. Extraordinarily talented, she left home at the age of thirteen when Cloud Sect selected her as a disciple. She survived the coup within the Luo Clan for this reason.

In the past two years, Zen, as a slave, was unable to learn anything about his sister's whereabouts. Now that Perrin had commented about Yan's current situation, Zen found himself feeling anxious about her well-being.

Lost in thoughts of his sister, Zen was vulnerable and took several devastating blows from the Luo children. He finally gained control of his mind after several whacks.

In the evening, Zen returned to the cellar. He limped as excruciating pain flooded through his body.

"This drug will help you recover!" The steward for the Luo Clan threw the drug at Zen before turning to leave.

After all, human punchbags were not made of steel. If they didn't get the wound healing medicines, they would die from internal injuries after a few days. So the steward distributed drugs to the slaves to help them recover as soon as possible.

However, these healing drugs were not very effective.

Zen opened the paper bag and was astonished to see only one pill inside. "Darren Fang! Why do I only have one pill today?" Zen asked.

"You should be grateful for what you have now. What's the issue? Is it not enough for you?" The steward mocked.

"It is stipulated that three healing pills be distributed to each slave every day. But now there is only one. Obviously, you are embezzling the pills. It's a felony to embezzle from the Luo family. How dare you do that, Darren Fang? Aren't you afraid of death?" Zen shouted as he fixed his eyes on Darren Fang.

"Hey! Of course, I am afraid of death, but I'm not afraid of you. You are just a slave. What can you do? You want to rebel? I hate your attitude. Do you still think of yourself as the young master? Look in the mirror and face your reality, Zen. Ha ha ha!" Darren didn't quite like Zen and took this opportunity to inflict insult on the former young master.

After hearing these words, Zen calmed down instead of getting angry. Zen composed himself before glaring at Darren Fang. He intended to convey his hate through his clear eyes, unflinching glare, and expressionless face.

The effect was achieved as Darren Fang felt uncomfortable when he saw Zen's reaction. When he noted the fire dancing in Zen's eyes, he got scared. Instead of backing off, Darren walked up to Zen and poked Zen's chest as he said," What are you staring at? You want a piece of me? Do you think you can take me?"

Zen emitted an intense power from his chest all of a sudden. Darren's body trembled as the power spread throughout his whole body. It wasn't long before Darren Fang's knees gave way and he staggered before falling to the ground.

"You ... You ... you are a slave. Do you want to rebel?" Darren Fang stood up and tried to be authoritative. However, his panicked expression conveyed his true feelings.

Zen took two steps forward, cracked his knuckles, and snapped back," A steward who isn't even a member of the Luo Clan dares to be so arrogant? Do you think I will not beat you?"

Darren Fang did not want to stay in this situation any longer. So he turned and fled as soon as possible. He glared at Zen as soon as the cellar's iron gate snapped close.

"Villainous behavior!" "Villainous behavior?" Zen sneered as he shook his head. He didn't feel as though the steward was worth his time.

He sat down quietly, took out the fire starter to ignite the oil lamp, and turned a few pages of the book hastily. Zen was frustrated as he couldn't focus. His thoughts kept drifting back to his sister, Yan and what Perrin had said.

'I cannot stay here anymore.' Zen frowned as he thought about his dilemma. 'I have just reached the flesh refining level. It will be hard for me to leave this cellar, let alone go to Cloud Sect to rescue Yan.'

Zen paced in the small cellar. His chest tightened and his heart beat quickened. He looked like a restless beast trying to find a way out.

Over the past two years, Zen had come to accept his fate. He had not been motivated to think of alternatives. As time passed, he felt stripped of his talent and confidence.

This eventually led to complete disbelief in his powers. Zen stood in the center of the room rationalizing with himself. 'I'm a slave now. Years of being forced to be the human punchbag for children in the Luo Clan has weakened me. What's worse is that my daily injuries have prevented me from practicing when I return to the cellar. But if I stay here, I will be killed by one of these children sooner or later. I need to take drastic measures.'

The more he thought about it, the more anxious Zen became. He cast his gaze toward the table where the dreadful book, Heavenly Principles lay quietly.

"This damn book is nothing but a bunch of life theories. And so far, none have worked out for my father, nor me. Reading it does me no good. Why should I keep reading it?" Anger and helplessness consumed Zen. He stomped toward the book, grabbed it from the table, and held it over the lamp till it began to sizzle and crackle.

A smile grew on Zen's lips as the book was ignited.

However, a moment later, Zen regretted his action. He whispered in despair," Zen, Zen, why did you bother to get angry at a book?" Looking at the burning book, Zen regreted, complaining," This book teaches people to be good. It tells people what is shameful and wrong, as well as what is wise and right. The book cannot be blamed for adversities. You should blame yourself for not being strong enough, for being like a little lamb who is easily controlled by others."

Unfortunately, by then the book had become a pile of ashes.

Suddenly, Zen saw a ray of golden light flash from the ashes. For a moment, Zen was dumbstruck.

"What is that ?"

Zen pushed the ashes aside, and picked up the small piece of gold that had emitted the ray of light. Zen studied the thin gold foil.

He hadn't come across this gold foil when he was reading this book. Presumably it had been hidden in the inner-layer of the book.

'What is the use of a piece of gold foil?

For a great family like the Luo Clan, gold is as worthless as clay.'

However, when Zen focused on the gold, a strange vision appeared!

The gold foil was engraved with countless words, shaped like tadpoles. Zen didn't understand any of them.

As his eyes swept across the gold foil, it disintegrated in his hands. Thousands of small pieces of gold, each carrying a word came flying toward him.

Face, eyes, neck, arms, body, legs ...

Every part of Zen's body was covered by these small gold fragments.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 4 Weapon Refining Method (Part Two)

The last piece of small gold foil pushed its way past his scalp and burrowed into Zen's brain. Zen felt as though he had been hit by a large iron hammer. His whole body shook violently as the fragments of gold foil joined together before emitting a bright light.

After the golden light gradually faded, these small gold fragments penetrated Zen's body. Some memories, which did not belong to him, emerged out of the void.

"Grand Weapon Refining Method..."

"The First Ancient Weapon Refining Method..."

"Use the flesh as a weapon. Use your body as the soul, temper and practice thoroughly, clean the body for great vitality ..."

'Is this the weapon refining method?'

Although Zen didn't know how to refine a weapon, he clearly knew that becoming a weapon refining master was a rewarding career. Despite all the strong financial resources the Luo Clan had, they couldn't even hire a weapon refining master of the lowest level. That was enough to show how advantageous it was to be a weapon refining master.

But use the flesh as a weapon? What did that mean?

'Does this method imply that I need to refine myself to be an effective weapon?'

As soon as the thought crossed Zen's mind, something incredible happened.

His body temperature rose sharply. He inhaled deeply with surprise when he first felt hot and then cold and then hot again.

So hot! Zen felt uncomfortable as his body temperature rose. Soon he felt as though he was burning from the inside out.

Quickly, he rushed to the water tank at the end of the cellar. This was where they left water for Zen to use for his daily routines.

He jumped into the tank without thinking.

He closed his eyes as his body sank deeper into the tank. The water around him began sizzling.

As the water bubbled and frothed, the tank began to shake. Soon, steam began billowing out of the tank. Before Zen's body could cool itself, all the water in the tank had evaporated. The whole cellar filled with mist.

The water failed to lower Zen's body temperature. On the contrary, Zen felt as though his body temperature was still rising. Unable to take it any more, he writhed at the bottom of the now-empty tank. Slowly cracks appeared on Zens skin and a dark red light, like a piece of red hot iron, broke through.

He thrashed around at the bottom of the tank as the mist swirled around him.

Not just his body, Zen's mind was also undergoing incredible changes.

Suddenly a huge black furnace with nine dragon reliefs on the wall came to his mind.

Each dragon was painted with different colors, including cyan, black, white, purple ... Each of the dragons had bared their fangs and seemed to be clawing at the air around them.

Eight of them closed their eyes, while the dragon at the bottom opened its eyes and stared at Zen.

With deep eyes that reflected the experience and wisdom of having survived tens of millions of years, or hundreds of millions of years, the dragon looked at Zen without emotion. He could feel the power emanating from the dragon.

"Cackle, cackle, cackle, cackle ..."

Zen's soul trembled under the intense gaze of the dragon. Soon he felt as though his soul would split wide open.

Just as Zen felt as though every inch of him was about to shatter, he heard whispers coming from the dragon. Then the giant furnace spun around continuously, and the flames lit up in the furnace.

A giant black flame rose.

Zen had never seen anything like this before. The flame flickered ferociously in the dark, quiet cellar. For a moment, Zen felt as though it would burn everything in the world!

The giant furnace covered Zen and shortly after, he felt the blazing fire wrap itself around his soul. It happened so quickly that Zen had no time to marvel at what he had seen.

Any ordinary person would have been devoured by the flame. Only someone very special would be able to endure the pain of their soul burning. Zen couldn't lose consciousness to this unbearable pain because it was his soul suffering, and this all happened in his mind. The only thing he could do was to grit his teeth and hope it would finish soon.

"Ah ah ah, let me die!"

Soon, Zen's limit had been reached and he screamed in agony. He would have done anything, even embrace death, to relieve himself of the pain he felt.

But for him, death was a luxury. In this state, a person couldn't do anything, not even bite his tongue to commit suicide.

As soon as his soul could not sustain the pain and was about to break, the furnace emitted a colorful glow to repair Zen's soul immediately.

Burning, crushing, repairing and then burning, crushing and repairing all over again ...

the torturous cycle seemed to be repeating itself endlessly.

Zen didn't know how long this deadly pain continued. It stopped finally.

He took a long breath and welcomed the respite. He barely had time to get over the experience when he found his soul exuding a golden light.

After a long time, Zen finally sobered up slowly.

In his mind, the giant furnace had stopped revolving, but the black flame in the furnace never extinguished. The fire was under control and looked less horrible.

Zen had already understood that his soul and body had been refined in that furnace.

In the great world, wonders never ceased to happen. Some weapon refining masters used all kinds of strange ways to refine weapons. Some masters committed innumerable murders to gather human blood for refining. What was worse, some masters even stole the souls of humans to fuel their weapons, thus making them a kind of evil weapon.

However, this weapon refining theory advocated refining a person's own body and turning it into a magical weapon. Zen had never heard of it before. It seemed so crazy ...

Misfortune might be a blessing in disguise, and vice versa. After calming down, Zen figured that what had happened to him might not have been a bad thing!

A magical weapon needed to go through five stages in this world, with the first being the mysterious weapon stage. After this, the weapon would become a spiritual weapon, a fairy weapon, a sacred weapon, and a divine weapon in succession. Each of these stages was further divided into top, middle, and lower grades. All had extremely high value.

Zen's body had just been refined into a magical weapon. Even though it was on the lowest level of a mysterious weapon, Zen felt powerful.

It was a strange thing to think of himself as a magical weapon. Zen's face revealed a bitter smile.

As he turned to look out from the only vent in the cellar, Zen saw that dawn was breaking. He had been so consumed by his experience that he had lost all sense of time.

Despite his sleepless night and this strange, harrowing experience, Zen didn't feel tired. Instead, his spirit felt rested, even uplifted.

After taking a deep breath, he calmed down. All the anxiety that had prevailed the previous night had disappeared. What the book said was absolutely true, everything happens as per destiny. Even eating and drinking are pre-determined. Only with a stable mind, can one deal with every difficulty.

After he cleaned the ashes of the burned book carefully and moved the water tank back to its original place, the sound of the cellar door being unlocked filled the silence. Zen frowned. It was time to receive a beating.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 5 A Marvelous Body (Part One)

Since Zen had taught Darren a lesson the evening before, the steward didn't show up in the morning. Several of his accomplices, however, came to dress Zen in the customary leather armor before escorting him to the Martial Arts Hall.

As usual, a group of children from the Luo Clan were practicing. Despite the morning mist and chill, they concentrated on their lesson at the Martial Arts Hall.

They didn't wear any protection on their arms as they beat a row of stone men in the corner with their fists. Despite how hard the stone men were, these children smashed their targets with great power and precision.

The slaves stood on the other side of the Hall. Gloom and hopelessness reflected in their expressions as they watched the force being used by the children.

The never-ending cycle of being hit and kicked every day and night made their life really unbearable. Most nights, they lay in bed, tossing and turning. As they writhed in pain, sleep would elude them. Unfortunately, they had no freedom at all. They had been bought by the Luo Clan and they had no choice but to bear the beating.

"All slaves get ready!" Corey, the trainer shouted.

All the slaves snapped out of their contemplation when they heard Corey. He was a cruel trainer. If he noticed any of the slaves making even the slightest of mistakes, he would lose his temper and whip them. Corey's whip was not an ordinary whip, and a thin-skinned person could easily have their skin peeled away with one strike of the whip.

The Luo children were familiar with this part of their routine. Quietly, they made their way to the slaves and began selecting. A strong teenager named Melvin Luo chose Zen.

Other slaves glanced at Zen with sympathy-filled eyes.

Melvin Luo's talent was ordinary since he was still at the skin refining level. However, his inner divine strength was powerful, and his strength was equal to anyone at the meat refining level. He was ferocious and brutal, and several slaves had died or been seriously injured by him. To be chosen as Melvin's punchbag was indeed, unfortunate.

Melvin Luo shook his fist and moved his body a little bit before looking at Zen. His eyes gleamed with excitement. Death row inmates had been difficult to procure in recent times. Their number dwindled even more as other families were also competing to buy them. Human punchbags used by the Luo Clan were deprived of adequate supplements. Therefore, slaves were a scarce resource in the Luo Clan.

Beating a slave not only exercised their bodies, but also helped the children to vent their feelings. Another reason why Melvin Luo felt excited was because his punchbag was once the young master of the Luo Clan.

The young master was at a much higher level than Melvin, and now Zen would be begging for mercy under Melvin's fists. The thought pleased Melvin.

Zen frowned. Melvin was known for his strength. Zen had suffered gravely from his beating the last time. Zen had taken half a month to recover from the internal injuries he had sustained.

However, having spent two years of his life as a human punchbag had taught him how to calm himself in any situation. He quickly took a few deep breaths and then arranged his leather armor before facing Melvin Luo.

Melvin Luo came toward him with all his strength. He had been practicing a very fierce form of boxing, called Bullish Punch, and he was eager to test it on his human punchbag.

Melvin Luo came at Zen like a raging bull. His first punch landed straight on Zen's chest. Everyone watched wide-eyed as a burst of wind enveloped Zen.

In the face of this momentum, Zen took a deep breath, and stiffened his chest so that he could use the protection of the leather armor to counteract the power of this punch.

"Puff!"

Although the thick leather armor helped slow down the power of Melvin's fist, Zen still felt pain explode throughout his body. The strength with which Melvin had hit Zen made him feel as though he had been struck on the chest with a huge hammer. At this moment, he quickly exhaled the air from his chest and let his chest flatten as much as possible.

"Unload power!"

With the air quickly expelled from the chest, it formed a buffer zone, which offset the opponent's power. This was Zen's secret of survival during his two years as a human punchbag.

However, Melvin Luo's fist force was too intense, and after the second offset, Zen felt as though the pain was unbearable. Zen forced a bitter smile as his whole body trembled with the impact. Like a broken kite line, Zen flew back suddenly.

As Zen lay on the ground, he let the dizziness he was feeling overtake him. He thought it was over. He was afraid that this punch had caused serious internal injuries. However, he was surprised when a moment later, he realized that he was not feeling any pain.

In fact, Zen felt nothing. Then a strange warmth emerged from his chest. As soon as those warm currents flowed through him, Zen's body reacted. He felt as though his body was like a hungry wolf, swallowing that warmth greedily.

The warmth then spread across his whole body, right down to the smallest cell. Enveloped in this warmth, Zen felt comfortable.

'What is going on?' Zen thought as he felt the warm currents on his flesh!

Although Zen was a slave, he was once a young master of the Luo Clan. The knowledge he had gained during that time had been immense. He knew that this was no ordinary reaction.

Pills that could refresh one's body were very rare, just like the Magical Pills that the Luo Clan had. It was said that the pills could cause various effects on the body. However, the ingredients for the Magical Pills were rare to come by. That explained why it had taken hundreds of years for a family as rich as the Luo Clan to procure only two of these pills. They were precious, indeed.

Their effect on the body was a rare phenomenon as well. Zen lay on the ground thinking for a while. Soon he linked his reaction to the strange experience he had endured the night before.

'Use the flesh as a weapon. Use your body as the soul, temper and practice thoroughly, clean the body for great vitality ...' Zen remembered part of what he had learned the previous night.

Was this what it meant by 'temper'? He needed to be beaten?

Just as recorded in the piece of gold foil, his body had become a mysterious weapon. Refining a device was perhaps, part of the process. Was tempering a process that refined the top mysterious weapons?

Through the beating he had sustained, Zen's body had produced the warm current required to wash the flesh of his body! It seemed that being beaten was equal to taking the Magical Pills constantly.

Thinking of this, Zen's mind became a chaotic mess. He felt excited and his heart beat faster at the implications.

In order to confirm his theory, Zen stood up.

Although he was not injured, and Melvin Luo's punch had helped him, he still pretended as though he were in pain. It looked as though Zen was struggling to stand and even trembled to avoid other people from wondering why he hadn't been hurt.

When Melvin Luo saw Zen stand, his expression turned to one of surprise. He had thought that his punch would kill or cripple Zen. However, Zen was still able to stand, which embarrassed Melvin Luo.

"Hey, no wonder you are at the peak of the flesh refining level! You are resistant to attacks! That's great. Now I get to hit you again!" Melvin Luo rushed forward to punch Zen.

"Boom!"

Zen was hit hard again. This time he flew back and rolled on the ground as though he were a man-shaped sandbag. Zen was secretly thrilled when instead of pain, he felt the warm currents again. The warmth spread throughout his body, constantly revitalizing his organs. The warm currents turned into small snakes crawling into his internal organs, his veins, constantly refining his flesh body and refreshing his organs.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 6 A Marvelous Body (Part Two)

'I feel so invincible, ' Zen thought as the warmth enveloped him like a gentle spring breeze. His whole body felt at ease and his eyes shone with excitement. In fact, the more punches he received, the more brightly his eyes shone.

"Go to hell!"

"Boom!"

"I will beat you to death!"

"Bang!"

Each punch by Melvin revitalized Zen. Melvin Luo worked so hard to break his opponent, and yet, his actions were equivalent to those of a hard-working blacksmith's. Each blow shaped Zen's body into the 'Mysterious Weapon'.

After a long while, Melvin Luo stopped. Although Zen lay on the ground, he looked unharmed. Melvin panted as he glared at Zen. He was bewildered by this experience. He had heard that Zen could bear heavy beatings, but he had not expected Zen to be this tenacious. He had endured so many punches from Melvin and yet, he was able to stand on his own, even though he appeared to struggle and tremble with the effort.

Melvin Luo had no idea that Zen was just pretending to be weak. He actually enjoyed his punches.

The slaves standing by shook their heads. They couldn't understand why Zen would continue to defy Melvin by trying to stand after each blow. If Zen was smart, like they were, he would stay on the ground as though defeated. That way the guards would send him back to the cellar where he could rest and avoid further injury. And yet, despite that intrinsic survival instinct, Zen stood up repeatedly, and faced each blow by Melvin. Perhaps he enjoyed being a punchbag? Did he like being beaten by other people?

Zen did not get up after the last blow by Melvin. Instead, he lay on the ground enjoying the warmth that had spread through every part of his body. He felt so serene and invincible!

Another reason that Zen stayed on the ground, was to avoid doubt. No slave would be able to take such a beating without being seriously injured. And if he were to stand repeatedly and not be injured, people would begin to wonder how he was able to withstand such a beating.

So to avoid suspicion, Zen decided to stay on the ground and relish the warmth. He knew he would be beaten again tomorrow.

Upon seeing that Zen was no longer attempting to stand, Melvin Luo felt relieved. If Zen had stood up again, Melvin would have been disgraced.

At night, Zen limped back to the cellar. The minute the cellar door slammed shut, he stopped feigning being hurt. On the contrary, he felt immediately alive, as though he was bubbling with energy.

Darren didn't show up in the evening either. He ordered his accomplices to bring three wound-healing pills to Zen. Zen smiled as he looked in the paper bag. It seemed as though Darren had learned his lesson and wouldn't embezzle his drugs.

'Could yesterday's small action have scared Darren this much? Would he be better behaved now?' Zen shook his head as he didn't believe that Darren would reform this quickly.

He had a feeling that a villain like Darren would be plotting something else. He would never give up so easily, and was probably planning something more dire like perhaps, poisoning Zen.

'Who cares?' Zen knew that he needed to be more watchful. But he also knew that people like Darren were cowardly. He decided not to take him seriously. He thought, 'I will take measures according to the actual situation.'

Then he threw away the pills as he didn't need them any more.

As his mind calmed, Zen began focusing on other things. A full day of fighting meant that he was dirty. He walked toward the water tank and quickly removed his clothes. Zen then scooped cold water in his palms and poured it over his head.

Crash....

The clear cold water trailed down from Zen's head and pooled into a dark muddy mess at his feet. When Zen looked down, he was surprised to see that the dirty water was mixed with some light white things.

Just as he had suspected, the beating Zen had received had forced out the impurities from his body.

What was flesh refining level?

It was the level where impurities were expelled from the body.

What was the bone refining level?

It was the level where impurities were removed from the bones.

What was the organ refining level?

It meant...

These five levels of refining were a crucial process that would purify the whole body; starting from the skin to the flesh followed by bones and organs. It was a step-by-step outside to inside refinement process that would stop once the impurities were cleared from the spinal marrow. In completing all the levels, a person could break through his flesh body, attain a life of sublimation, and be elevated to a higher level.

The biggest difference between Zen and others was that other people needed to rely on their exercise regimes to remove impurities from their bodies. This was a slow and time consuming process that could take a few years or decades or even a lifetime, depending on the person.

However, Zen's experience from the previous night meant that he now needed to be beaten to reach the higher levels. With those warm currents around his body, which had the same effect as the Magical Pills, he could discharge impurities from his body quicker.

Compared to other people who through hard work, discharged a small amount of impurities each year, Zen's refining was a thousand times faster!

Zen had plateaued at the top of the flesh refining level before, but then because of the two years he had spent being a punchbag, there was no time for him to practice, and he stayed at the flesh refining level.

But after today's beating, some impurities in his body had been washed out. He felt as though his body had undergone a qualitative change; his flesh was very pure already and the light white impurities that were released when he washed up, led him to believe he had been further purified.

Impurities removed from the flesh were usually pure black dirt, and those pale white impurities were supposedly discharged from his bones. This was the proof he needed to be sure that he had entered the bone refining level.

Enthused and invigorated, Zen removed his iron bed and made place in the cellar for practice. He began with the Purple Light Fist. His whole body was bathed in a purple light as he concentrated. It was roughly the same as the purple light around Perrin Luo earlier that day.

Suddenly Zen released all his energy with a punch. The silence in the cellar was replaced with a sharp ringing sound.

"Boom!"

Another powerful sound was generated with the scattered air flows. It stirred the candles, paper, and other small objects in the cellar.

Unfortunately, the cellar was narrow, which meant that Zen didn't have much space. There was no stone lock nor a stone man on which he could try out his strength. Zen also didn't want to make much noise as that would alert the guards.

However, he basked in the satisfaction that he had reached the bone refining level.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 7 Zen Pummeled The Stewards (Part One)

Zen was so excited that he could barely sleep for more than half an hour.

The following morning, Zen was made to wear the leather armor before being escorted from the cellar in handcuffs.

Now that he had entered the bone refining level, his body produced a qualitative change. Although subtle, the change could be noticed in the way he walked. His gait was more relaxed, more coordinated, and more labor-saving for him.

If it hadn't been for the cuffs that limited his movements, Zen felt as though he could have made a run for it.

Zen was surprised when he saw that instead of the Martial Arts Hall, the guards were taking him elsewhere.

Although the Luo residence occupied a large area, it was planned well. In addition to the Martial Arts Hall, the residence had a Council Pavilion, Planting Park, and Weapon Refining workshop. Everything was well-planned and built in the vestibule part of the residence.

Zen looked around as he walked. He remembered that this path led to the inner area of the residence. Once they reached, the guards guided him down a narrower path that seemed to lead to the backyard of the Luo residence!

Zen's brow wrinkled, but he did not say anything. 'Let's wait and see where they are taking me, ' he thought.

Zen had not been to the backyard in a long time. He quietly observed the changes as he walked. The houses for his uncles and their families had been added to the Luo residence, along with several pavilions, and open halls. Once outside, Zen noticed that they had even made a few ponds, built bridges over them, and added a waterside pavilion pool.

The workmanship for these new buildings was exquisite. Each new building had high roofs supported by intricately carved beams. Dragons painted in gold glimmered under the early morning sun.

After seeing what his uncles had done to the residence, Zen could not help but wonder. Although the Luo's were a rich family, only the stronger people survived in this world. For a warrior, glory and wealth should be the last things to think about. If a family like his was content with the present glory and wealth and didn't pursue something more important, it wouldn't end up well surely.

Therefore, he believed that the Luo Clan would be ruined by his uncles sooner or later.

After the guards led Zen through a garden with a pond, they guided him through a narrow passage that led to a second yard.

There he saw two people enjoying tea.

When Zen looked carefully, he realized that one of them was Darren, the steward who had disappeared for two days. The other person was dressed in rich, satin clothing. He looked much older than fifty. Zen raised a brow as he recognized the second man to be Grey Huang. At one point, he too, had been a servant in the Luo Clan.

Grey Huang's wife had been the nanny to Andrew Luo. He was Zen's younger uncle's oldest son. Grey Huang was very good at patronizing. Perhaps that was what finally led to the elevation in his status within the Luo Clan.

From what Zen had heard from the gossip of the guards, his two uncles had been growing in influence and power. Since Grey Huang worked for them, his status had risen as well. He was a senior steward in the Luo Clan now. Since Grey was ambitious and thought highly of himself, he didn't pay much attention to Luo's collateral relatives.

Zen had heard about his arrogance before.

From where he was standing, Zen could hear what Darren said to Grey Huang," This house awarded by Master Andrew really is a masterpiece. If my memory serves me right, the jade dragon carved on the door plaque is made from corundum seed. That is very good material, right?"

Grey Huang chuckled and replied," Only you would notice this kind of things. If you look carefully, you'll see other treasures aside from this jade dragon. The roof has been designed with encaustic tiles. And that copper lion statue was made by the best craftsmen of C County..."

Darren appreciated each artifact. It seemed as though no expense had been spared. Thoughtfully he said to Grey," Your house is perfect, but it lacks one thing."

"I have everything I want in my house. Why do you say something is lacking?" Grey Huang replied proudly.

Darren chortled as he replied," You lack capable servants. You need someone who is smart and hardworking. Someone knowledgeable enough to help you with your daily diet. I have just the right person for you!"

"Really? Who is this person?" Grey Huang asked out of curiosity.

Darren pointed toward the yard's entrance and said," Grey, look!"

Grey Huang turned in the direction where Darren was pointing and saw Zen. Standing in handcuffs was the former, famous young master of the Luo Clan. How could he not recognize Zen?

Zen heard what Darren and Grey Huang were talking about. His blood boiled at Darren's suggestion. 'How dare those two dogs take such liberties?'

Although Zen was a slave, Darren had no right to offer him as a servant to a steward in the Luo Clan. Grey's family name was not even Luo! Zen was very offended.

Even the collateral relatives in Luo Clan did not dare to be too unreasonable in front of him, after all Zen was still the oldest son of the oldest branch of the Luo Clan.

'How dare Darren urge Grey Huang to take him as a servant?' he thought.

Grey Huang studied Zen from head to toe. A smile filled his old wrinkled face. "Employing this kid to take care of my diet is not a bad idea. But will my master, Master Andrew be okay with it?"

"Don't worry, Grey, you take care of all the affairs of the Luo Clan. You can easily dispatch Zen from the Martial Arts Hall and reassign him to your residence. Zen is an insignificant slave now. Being beaten at the Martial Arts Hall as a punchbag everyday is his only purpose here. It will be more convenient for him to be your servant. His worst job will be cleaning fecal matter." Grey Huang couldn't help but smile at the thought.

People like Grey Huang who had climbed from the bottom of society to the top, took their reputation seriously. And now, the former young master of the Luo Clan was going to clean his dirt. It was indeed an interesting proposal. Grey Huang nodded to show his agreement.

"You won't be sorry!" Darren said with a smile when he saw Grey's reaction. Then Darren nodded and stood before ordering one of the guards to escort Zen in.

However, Zen was rooted to his spot. He was reluctant to move a muscle till Darren's men attempted to push him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal

fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 8 Zen Pummeled The Stewards (Part Two)

Although these people had strength, they could not move Zen who had reached the bone refining level.

Zen's feet were like a wedge smashed by a hammer, deeply nailed to the ground. The servants used all their strength, and yet, they couldn't move Zen. Their bodies were covered in sweat with the effort. They even panted as though out of breath and energy. Seeing this, Darren said," Zen, I am giving you a chance to serve Grey. It's better than being beaten every day. Don't be difficult!"

A fierceness flashed in Zen's eyes. He took a deep breath and contracted his ribs. Since he had reached the bone refining level, he could muster his energy to retaliate. He stood still and directed his energy out like thunder. The ground shook violently, like an explosion. All the servants, including Grey and Darren covered their ears as a loud pitch followed the tremors.

"Grey Huang! Darren Fang!" Zen shouted. "Even if my uncle, Bryson Luo were here, he wouldn't dare to ask me to be his servant. You two are merely servants in the Luo Clan. You have the guts to be so arrogant? I do not know who gave you the courage to dare to think of such nonsense."

Zen's power scared Darren and he took a step back. Grey Huang stood still.

Darren had intentionally brought Zen here. His purpose was to let Grey Huang deal with Zen. When he saw Zen's angry face, he knew he was close to success, because Grey's biggest taboo was others trying to disrespect him. Zen was definitely in real trouble now.

Grey Huang stood motionlessly. He seemed calm. With narrowed eyes he said," Zen, do not forget your situation now. You are a servant not the young master. Perrin is the young master now. It is your honor to serve me."

"Shut up!"

Zen forcibly pushed the servants that had grabbed him.

Grey Huang patiently witnessed Zen's struggle before asking," Do you want to rebel? In accordance with the Clan's rules, you will be executed for rebelling."

Zen laughed loudly while walking forward. He sneered," Family rules? How can an outsider like you dare to talk about my family rules in front of me? Let me teach you what my family's rules are!"

As Zen readied himself to beat Grey Huang, he maximized his strength.

"Zen, don't you dare! If you hit me, Master Andrew will never let you go. Besides, you are just a powerless punchbag in the Luo Clan. Aren't you afraid of being beaten to death?" Grey Huang said calmly.

"Ouch!"

The sound of flesh meeting flesh echoed through the yard. Zen slapped Grey across the face. There was no restraining him now. He took another step forward, grabbed Grey's collar and hit him across the face a few more times.

Grey Huang's wrinkled face paled with Zen's onslaught. The former young master's fingerprints were clearly imprinted on Grey Huang's half swollen face. With each slap, a fine spray of blood had burst out. Zen smiled as he noticed that Grey's face now looked like a pig's, swollen and red. Darren's whole body trembled when he saw what happened.

"According to the Luo Clan's rules, those who talk a lot of nonsense and reproach others with no evidence shall be punished."

"Ouch!"

"According to the Luo Clan's rules, those who oppress others and are conceited shall be punished."

"Ouch!"

"According to the Luo Clan's rules, those who sow discord and turn matters upside down shall be punished."

"Ouch!"

""According to the Luo Clan's rules..."

"Ouch!"

Every slap was so hard that it made Grey Huang spit blood. Darren was trembling by now.

It was so terrible...

Darren and Grey were surprised. Zen had been a slave for such a long time. He had been obedient and he had quietly swallowed all insults. How dare he slap Grey?

What they hadn't thought of was that Zen was not being obedient. He simply chose to be non-fussed about the insults.

Hearing all the commotion, several children of the Luo Clan gathered in the yard. They witnessed Zen's actions. Each one of them was equally surprised.

Grey had acted in an outrageous way due to his connection to Andrew Luo. He was delusional enough to believe himself to be equal to a master in the Luo family. Some of these children had been bullied by Grey Huang, but they hadn't retaliated because of his current position.

Grey Huang was unaware of how much he was hated by the people who served him. He was equally oblivious to the hatred these children felt toward him. Today, someone had decided to teach him a lesson.

But...

these children, though young, were capable of understanding that arrogance was related to allegiance and support. Grey Huang had grown arrogant because of his relationship with Andrew Luo.

Although Grey Huang behaved arrogantly in front of other people, when in the presence of the second branch and the third branch of the Luo Clan, he behaved in an extremely humble manner.

Regardless, it was not appropriate for a slave to beat the steward in this way.

Zen was in big trouble now. Everyone knew that what Zen had done would lead to his death.

Zen slapped Grey a few times before stopping. Grey Huang's face was by now, a bloody and badly mutilated mess. Even his neatly tied hair had become a mess of blood and tissue.

Grey Huang weakly opened his mouth to threaten Zen after his unfortunate beating. "You, you wait and see how..."

Before Grey Huang could finish, Zen slapped him on the face again. Grey Huang fell to the ground.

After teaching Grey Huang a lesson, Zen's gaze turned toward Darren.

Upon realizing his fate, Darren could not help but tremble. "Zen Luo, keep in mind that you are just a slave." Darren yelled and stepped backwards.

"What's wrong with being a slave?" Zen stalked Darren slowly as he spoke.

"Don't you dare to offend me! My position is higher than yours!" Darren shouted in an attempt to deter Zen.

"What is a low position? What is a high position? My family name is Luo. Even though I am a slave, I'm still a Luo! And you forget that my fist is stronger than yours. I am above you! My strength is more than yours. I am above you! My Kung Fu is better than yours. I am above you!"

Zen forcefully muttered from between clenched teeth as he took meaningful and threatening steps toward Darren. He lashed out quickly and grabbed Darren. Having reached the bone refining level, Zen had gained more confidence. His strength had grown as well. Zen felt the power run through him as he raised his hand to strike Darren.

The slap was so hard, and the sound of the impact so loud that even the onlookers were terrified.

Once Zen had beaten Darren, he threw him toward Grey Huang. Both servants screamed in pain as their bodies collided. Zen lifted his chin in superiority as he said," Let today be a lesson to you both. Remember to respect other people not just their positions!"

Then he turned around and walked away. The Luo children and servants who had crowded around the three men to watch the spectacle, immediately cleared a path when they saw Zen heading for the door.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 9 Crisis (Part One)

The next morning, to Zen's surprise, no guard appeared to dress and escort him to the Martial Arts Hall. Since the beating process was crucial to his refinement as a mysterious weapon, Zen dressed and walked to the Hall.

As he marched, Zen thought over the disturbing behavior of his two uncles and their sons. They seemed to be defying the rules of the Luo Clan. Especially Perrin and Andrew never cared about the family rules. Perhaps this was the reason why some servants in the Luo Clan had dared to become arrogant and haughty.

However, even if others disregarded the rules set by the Luo Clan, it didn't mean Zen would ignore the values he grew up with. It also did not mean that others should expect Zen to look the other way if they openly flaunted the Luo Clan's rules. He was not pedantic, but Zen did have morals and values that he respected.

When Zen reached the Hall, he noticed that the atmosphere was somewhat different from usual.

By now word had spread that Zen had beaten Darren and Grey the previous day.

Two years ago, Zen had become a convicted person after false allegations were levied against him and his family. He then became a slave for the Luo Clan. Like other convicted slaves, he was made to work as a human punchbag in the Martial Arts Hall. He always stayed indifferent to violence. No matter how much the Luo children attacked and beat him, he endured, let go of his anger, and remained quiet, as if he were a docile sheep.

People had forgotten that Zen was the young master of the Luo Clan. They had also forgotten his strength. He was one of the youngest to reach the flesh refining level.

After the previous day's incident, the children realized that Zen would not always tolerate everything that came his way. The children could assault him without repercussion as they were members of the Luo Clan.

Other people who were not part of the Clan were not going to get away with treating Zen however they chose.

Because of this, the Luo children now began looking at Zen with respect. When the trainer, Corey, asked the Luo children to pick their punchbags, no one dared to select Zen. This came as a surprise to Zen. He knew how important this beating was to the refining process, and he had been looking forward to being beaten today.

Zen smiled bitterly.

What he needed was to exercise and refine his body, but when the Luo children didn't select him as their punchbag, Zen found himself in a dilemma.

He could not ask the children to beat him. Being a punchbag was not a fun job, and it would seem very odd for a punchbag to invite a beating. He could not reveal why he needed to be beaten either.

Once all the punchbags had been selected, Zen found that he was the only one left in the corner of the Martial Arts Hall. Zen was very unhappy indeed. The Luo children should not be so frightened!

He walked toward Melvin Luo who was practicing with a stone man and said,"Melvin, what good is it to fight with a stone man? I'll help you practice."

"Well..." Melvin said with a frown. After his last encounter with Zen, and having heard about the beating Zen gave to Grey and Darren, Melvin wasn't so sure that he wanted to get into a fight with the former young master.

"I am a punchbag. It is my duty to help you practice! Don't worry, my leather is thick. It can protect me." Zen patted his chest as he spoke.

After hearing what Zen said, Melvin felt embarrassed. What would people say about Melvin if he were to refuse beating a punchbag? The Luo children who practiced daily were supposed to be stronger, meaner, and more resilient than the punchbags who were battered and bruised daily. Would he look weak? Would the other children make fun of him? Could he risk angering Zen and getting a beating similar to Darren and Grey?

Regardless of what the others would say, Melvin still felt worried. He wasn't as strong as before. If he could get 100 marks because of his strength earlier, now he could only get 50 or 60 marks.

Melvin shrugged as he accepted Zen's offer. He couldn't possibly look bad in front of the other children. Once the practice started, Zen realized why Melvin had hesitated. The strength with which Melvin was hitting Zen was insufficient to refine his body. The effect this beating had on his body was not the same as the last time when Melvin had beaten Zen. This dissatisfied Zen.

"More Strength! Hit hard right here!

Your fist is too slow. What are you worried about?

Now that is much better, but it is still not as good as yesterday."

Seeing a punchbag tutoring a Luo child was unusual indeed. It was also rare to see a punchbag asking to be beaten harder. A group of children in the Martial Arts Hall were astonished by what they were witnessing. Their mouths hung open as they watched the practice session between Zen and Melvin. They could not guess what Zen was thinking.

However, Melvin didn't pay attention to the other children. At first, he was upset with what Zen was saying. He felt as though Zen was taunting him. However, when Melvin noticed that he was slowly becoming better, he put aside his anger and focused. His limbs felt more comfortable now, and his power seemed to have returned to normal level.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

The power of Melvin's fist passed from Zen's chest to his inner flesh. Zen fell to the floor and thrashed in agony until the warmth began flowing through his body. As this continued, Zen felt the impurities in his bones being refined, like reeling silk from cocoons.

Each punch purified his bones. With an increase in his bone strength, Zen could feel that he was getting tougher.

Melvin's punches were like a Magical Pill for Zen's body. The joy of this qualitative change could not be described with words. After each punch, Zen remembered to feign being in agony. Pain showed on his face, but secretly, he rejoiced in the refinement that his body was undergoing. It took all of his will power to stop from shouting 'let your fists hit me more violently!'

Zen smiled as the guards went to refill the copper pot. The copper pot was used to keep track of time. The pot had a small opening from which water would trickle out. It took an hour for the pot to get empty. Zen had been eagerly counting how many times the guards had refilled it. Since the pot had been refilled three times, it meant that three hours had passed.

The thought brought joy to Zen as it meant that the Luo servants would be bringing food, both for the children and their punchbags. Usually, Zen like all other punchbags was unhappy as the Luo children were served delicious delicacies, while the punchbags got cold water and hard bread.

This time, however, Zen was too hungry to care about the food. After three hours of refining and practicing, he was very starving. Since the refinement process used a lot of physical energy, he didn't care that the food was unpalatable. Zen grabbed the bread and was about to stuff it into his mouth when he was interrupted.

A porcelain basin full of exquisite and fragrant meat suddenly appeared in front of Zen.

When he looked up, Zen was surprised to see that Melvin was standing before him. "Let's eat together," Melvin said as he handed his rice bowl to Zen.

Instead of refusing, Zen smiled gratefully and grabbed a handful of meat.

"You beat Grey. Young Master Andrew will get you into trouble for that," Melvin whispered.

Zen gobbled his food. Since he was a punchbag, he didn't get good food. It had been a while since anyone offered him delicious meat. While chewing, Zen nodded. He knew that Melvin was simply reminding him of what was going to happen.

After all, he was the former young master of the Luo Clan, and so he knew these rules better than anyone else.

MoboReader

Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 10 Crisis (Part Two)

His uncles had left him unchecked for all these years. It wasn't because they were being merciful. It was simply because they didn't see him as a threat. Making Zen a punchbag also gave them the satisfaction that Zen wasn't getting any practice. On the contrary, the beatings would weaken, or even kill him over time. This was why he had stayed in the Luo Clan for all this time.

Zen was quite aware that if he were to fight back, his uncles would not hesitate to kill him.

"However, you helped us get even with Grey. We don't approve of that old man. And his actions have only gotten more evil over time." Melvin said with a suggestive smile.

Except the second and third branches of the Luo Clan, all other children secretly admired Zen for standing up to a bully like Grey.

While the other children in the Martial Arts Hall had not openly thanked Zen, they agreed with what Melvin had said.

The years that followed the coup in the Luo Clan were not very happy ones. The behavior of the two branches could only be described as evil. A substantial deduction had been made in the various monthly allowances for the collateral relatives. Even the quantity of drugs for practicing and refining had been reduced. A few servants had become arrogant toward the Luo Clan members as well.

Almost all of the good things were being given to Perrin and Andrew. It was no doubt that other Luo children would feel mistreated.

Everyone now yearned for the time when Zen's father was the head of the Clan. At that time, the Clan system was very rigid. Although strict, Zen's father was fair. There wasn't much intrigue in the Luo Clan, nor did anyone dare to take advantage of situations. Servants were not rude to other people either.

It was a pity that the new branches ruling the Luo Clan were not as fair and disciplined.

This kind of nostalgia remained in the heart of the children in the Luo Clan. They were afraid to talk with each other about it for fear of a falling out between the families. They also didn't want to leave evidence of discontent that could be used against them for fear of being punished by established rules.

Over these past two years, the Luo Clan had certainly waned! Zen had plans. He knew that if presented with the chance, he would gather his strength and grow his power to be able to clean the Clan of these "rotten" members.

...

...

In front of the magnificent mansion of the third branch of the Luo Clan, Grey stood with his head wrapped in gauze. So wounded was he that only his nose, eyes, and mouth could be seen.

A thudding sound was heard as he dramatically fell to his knees. With a low snarl, he cried out,"Master Andrew, rule in my favor please!"

A teenager dressed in cyan leant back in his chair at Grey's pitiful cry. Andrew was the second young master of the Luo Clan. He was a handsome man but, extremely arrogant and self-conceited.

"I heard that you wanted Zen to be your servant so that he could take care of your diet." Andrew tilted his head and laughed at the ludicrous idea.

"Master Andrew, it's not true ..." Grey denied with a feigned sob.

Andrew Luo did not listen to Grey's explanation. Instead, he laughed,"Although Zen's family was discredited and he was demoted to the position of a slave, he is still a Luo. You forgot that he was once the young master of the Luo Clan. It would be inappropriate if I, the second young master of the Luo Clan were to ask him to be my slave. You are a fool to think you could do such a thing and not face repercussions. Did you burn your brain with a high fever? You deserved the beating."

Grey kowtowed in front of Andrew humbly before continuing to defend his actions. "Master Andrew, I admit I might have been at fault, but you have to help me and judge in my favor ..." As Grey feigned more tears, he made an inconspicuous gesture.

Within moments, a middle-aged woman rushed to his side. She quietly knelt next to Grey.

The middle-aged woman was Grey's wife. She had been Andrew's nanny ever since the death of his biological mother in his early childhood. Andrew had a very good relationship with Grey's wife. They were almost as close as a natural mother and son.

"Auntie, you do not need to kneel down. Please, stand. Grey, you may stand as well!" Andrew waved his hand as he spoke.

"Master Andrew, you agreed?" Grey's voice showed a hint of excitement.

Andrew stood from his chair and took a few steps before stopping and speaking,"Cousin Perrin said that he didn't kill Zen because he wanted Zen to see how strong our families would be. However, Zen is not important at all. With cousin Perrin preparing to leave for Cloud Sect, I will help Perrin to dispose of Zen!"

Grey understood what Andrew was going to do. The bandages around Grey's mouth stretched as he grinned in satisfaction. He exclaimed,"Thank you so much, Master Andrew!"

"But, we need to wait and solve this at a later time," Andrew said as he placed his hand on his forehead. He turned to Grey and continued,"I just took the last Magical Pill. It is important for me to practice after taking the pill. It is the only way the pill will be able to refine and clean my body.

How about we take revenge on Family Practicing Day? I will choose Zen as my opponent during the death match held that day. Then I will have the perfect opportunity to kill him with my own hands."

An evil smile grew on Andrew's face at the thought of getting even with Zen.

Family Practicing Day was an important occasion as on that day, the skills of all the children would be inspected by the elders of the Luo Clan.

At the same time, Family Practicing Day also presented a good opportunity for slaves.

If the slaves survived the death matches held on Family Practicing Day, they would be granted their freedom.

Even the most lowly slaves desired their freedom. If the Luo Clan did not offer them an opportunity to regain their freedom, slaves would soon crumble under the hopelessness of their situation. They would have no incentive to live through the daily beatings at the Martial Arts Hall.

By setting this rule, all slaves gained a trace of hope. They struggled through their daily monotony, hoping to live despite the terrible beatings as eventually, Family Practicing Day would come and they would have a real chance to secure their freedom.

However, the nature of the death match was not fair. Since salves were beaten every day, they suffered from various injuries and diseases. They stood no chance when attacked by healthy and well-trained elite children of the Luo Clan.

A lot of slaves had died on Family Practicing Day in the past. In the meantime, the Luo children's skills and abilities were tested on that day and the best ones would be rewarded with different prizes. Therefore, every Luo child would definitely try their best to win the match.

"Good idea, Master Andrew. So be it. Let that kid live another month!" Grey kowtowed before Andrew a few more times before quickly standing.

Beneath the several layers of medicated gauze, Grey's eyes shone with intensity and hatred.

When Andrew left, the middle-aged woman turned to plead with Grey. "Zen is a poor teenager. Why do you have to force him to his death? He should not have hit you, I agree. But teaching him a little lesson is enough. You don't have to kill him."

Grey snorted when he heard his wife. He glared at her as he replied,"You are just a woman! You don't know anything except petty kindness."

Scolded by her husband, the middle-aged woman cowered. She tried to respond, but had nothing to say. Finally, she closed her mouth and bowed her head.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 11 Efforts (Part One)

Zen poured a?vat of cold water over himself and watched the milky impurities flow along the water as it hit the ground.

Since he had reached the bone refining level, his flesh had no impurities left to remove. The milky white pollutants that were being washed out were being expelled from his bones.

Zen closed his eyes and relished how refreshed his body felt after washing away all the impurities.

Ever since he beat Darren, the steward had not come to Zen's cell. This lack of supervision meant that Zen had more freedom.

Every evening, Zen leaned his iron bed against the cellar wall and then used layers of batt to wrap the bed frame to make a simple practice stake.

Since he placed the bed frame close to the cellar's stone wall, most of the power from his fists were absorbed by the thick wall. Zen had taken the precaution of wrapping the bed frame in cotton so that the sound of his fist hitting the iron frame was reduced to a minimum. Since he was in a cellar far from the main buildings, no one could hear that he was secretly practicing.

He began his practice by using the 'Purple Light Fist', which had been inherited by the Luo Clan hundreds of years ago. Today, it was a lost knowledge, and only a handful of people knew its secrets. Even the collateral relatives of the Luo Clan did not get the opportunity to learn the secrets of the Purple Light Fist.

A smirk played on Zen's lips. Since reaching the bone refining level, the complicated techniques of the Purple Light Fist were not as challenging as before. As he had been unable to practice for these past two years, he knew he would still find it demanding. However, with his new-found powers, he could now play and deconstruct at will.

"Purple Fist Strength!"

"Bang bang bang bang bang bang bang!"

Seven muffled sounds echoed through Zen's otherwise quiet cell.

Purple Fist Strength was the most profound part of Purple Light Fist. Each punch was capable of causing multiple injuries to people. The number of injuries showed the level of use of 'Purple Fist Strength'.

Seven muffled sounds indicated that this punch had caused seven injuries. Zen was not satisfied with this result.

Zen's father had told him that he was able to cause eight massive injuries when he used Purple Light Strength at the bone refining level. However, Zen could only cause seven serious injuries even though he was at the same level as his father. His understanding of the Purple Fist Strength was not impressive enough. Obviously, he needed to make a better effort.

Since each punch hit the top of the batt, only muffled sounds could be heard.

Zen's power and strength had grown immensely since he reached the bone refining level.

Perrin had already stepped into the peak of the bone refining level. Thus, the strength of each of Perrin's punches had an impact equivalent to almost one thousand pounds.

But Zen had just reached the bone refining level. He estimated that his boxing strength was about 700 to 800 pounds.

This was insufficient to fight against Perrin.

Zen desperately wanted to enter Cloud Sect.

His heart felt as heavy as stone when he thought about his sister who had been banished to Hell mountain.

Yan had always been obedient and well-behaved. It was impossible for her to be a troublemaker. She must have been set up to earn such a terrible punishment. Zen needed to enter Cloud Sect as soon as possible. This was the only way to protect Yan!

"Bang bang bang!" The strength with which Zen lashed out increased little by little.

Cloud Sect was the largest martial arts school in the Imperial Capital. They recruited many students on a wide scale every year.

Young people throughout the Imperial Capital also desired being selected by Cloud Sect. Not only did it have the best resources, but the Sect also had the most experienced and professional coaches who could teach them a lot.

However, the prerequisites for being admitted into Cloud Sect were extremely strict.

Each student there needed to be very talented, like Yan, who had been easily admitted.

Needless to say, most students at Cloud Sect were very strong. They were better than other children in every way possible. Zen's feat of reaching the bone refining level was just not enough.

'I am now being refined. My body level is changing day-by-day. But if I want to upgrade rapidly, I need to practice harder!'

At this thought, Zen gritted his teeth and threw a hard punch at the bed frame.

Ever since he was a young boy, Zen had desired perfecting the ultimate martial arts. His pursuit of this form had molded him into a conscientious and meticulous teenager. He had improved step-by-step. When alive, Zen's father had praised him for his perseverance.

But ever since the death of his father and his banishment from the Luo Clan, Zen as a slave, had stalled in his growth. Not only did he have few chances to practice, but his mood had also been greatly affected.

But now, Zen had regained his confidence. He also had new goals. Now was the right time for him to catch up.

He didn't sleep the whole night.

Zen lost count of how many punches he had thrown at the bed frame. But he could see that the impact of his boxing had been such that the batt was now attached to the wall. He had to pry the cotton away and pull it apart gently.

During the daytime, he became more active in his pursuit of continuous refining.

In order to practice as much as possible, Zen walked to the Martial Arts Hall every day, even though the guards no longer came to fetch him.

He volunteered for the Luo children to beat him. This was undoubtedly a risky step as people might learn the truth.

After all, he was now being beaten more often and more severely than the other slaves. However, he lacked the tell-tale injuries on his body. This would definitely attract questions to which Zen had no answers.

Regardless, Zen continued. He had decided not to care too much about possible outcomes. He knew he needed to be beaten extensively in order to refine his body as soon as possible. Otherwise, he would not be able to enhance his strength within a short time.

Some Luo children did find Zen's behavior to be strange. They also frowned when they saw how badly he was being beaten. Despite the situation, Zen's demeanor seemed cheerful, which was contrary to how slaves usually behaved. Instead, he seemed as confident as any of the Luo children, almost as if he were beating other people!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 12 Efforts (Part Two)

What settled some of the Luo children's concerns was the fact that Zen had been a punchbag for two years. Considering that he was still alive and well, they assumed he had strong life vitality. Fortunately for Zen, these children were not interested in demystifying how a punchbag could survive under these circumstances. After all, they were required to practice beating people. It was not needed for them to study their targets. Even if Zen had special protective skills, they showed no interest in learning more about these skills.

During this time, Zen's impurities were being washed out more and more. Every time he took a bath, the water flowing on the ground was almost as rich as milk.

Soon, Zen's plan showed results. The amount of impurities being removed from Zen's body on a daily basis was equivalent to the ones being removed from others on a monthly basis. This satisfied Zen as it meant that each day's practice had the same effect on him as that of people who practiced for months. This practice speed seemed like a miracle!

Motivated, Zen exhausted himself. He volunteered to be beaten during the day and spent his nights practicing. He didn't stop, not even for a few seconds.

The improvement in Zen's body and knowledge of martial arts fed his spirit. Even though he was barely sleeping, his eyes were clear and bright as always.

Another reason why he was so full of energy and his spirit was flourishing was the existence of the mysterious 'Nine dragon furnace'. The refining furnace was purifying his soul. Each time, the pain was the same. Zen felt as though his soul was being crushed a thousand times, and each time, he collapsed and wished for death.

And yet, when the episode ended and Zen realized that he had survived that kind of pain, his spirit grew by leaps and bounds. He knew that his soul was also being refined!

Among all the parts of the human body, the soul was the most difficult to purify. Everyone could exercise their body. Even people who did not practice martial arts could exercise themselves too.

The soul, however, was hidden in a secret place. It was invisible and untouchable. As said in Buddhism, the soul was an illusory shore, which was difficult for the average person to reach.

Allegedly, Cloud Sect had higher-level methods and theories that could affect people's souls. Amongst these were the soul refining books.

These mysterious realms, Zen could not reach, and he did not want to think about it. Instead, Zen focused on refining his body every day.

Time passed quickly. It had been twenty days since he beat Grey and Darren.

"Boom!"

Another punch thrown by Zen hit the thick stone wall.

Zen was dumbstruck! He had only used seventy percent of his strength in this punch. However, his power was so extreme that the cellar wall cracked. Zen knew that if he were to use all his strength, the wall would collapse.

While worrisome, this thought made Zen smile. It had been almost a month since he started practicing and he had improved significantly!

When he began, Zen had just entered the bone refining level. With just a short amount of practice time, he felt as though he had reached the peak of bone refining level. The cleansing his bones had undergone showed in the results of his punches. The strength of his punches was almost up to a thousand pounds. A thousand pounds! That was the weight of an ancient tripod.

For warriors, the strength of a tripod was a watershed moment. Only after reaching the strength of a tripod could a person be said to have officially become a warrior.

And Zen had achieved all this in less than a month. Such development and quick improvement had never been witnessed in the Luo Clan. Even if a person searched the entire empire, it would be difficult to find another person as skilled as Zen.

After all, refining the body by way of removing impurities from the body through perseverance, meant decades of practice as the body only released a pitiful amount of impurities a day.

However, to refine the body by being beaten every day was a thousand times faster ...

Today, when Zen went to the Martial Arts Hall, he noticed something had changed.

Although the children were reluctant to use him as a punchbag, after Zen insisted, they did throw him a volley of punches. Zen felt no pain. It was almost as though the power of these children had diminished.

Zen was about to tell them to hit harder, but he remained quiet. He observed for some time and realized that the children were not holding back. They were using all of their strength to hit. Then why was it that he was not feeling their power?

What was worse was that every punch produced much less warmth in his body.

If previous attacks produced a thumb-sized warm current, current attacks only produced warmth the size of the little finger. With less warmth refining his body naturally, Zen became worried that its efficiency was diminishing.

After returning to the cellar that evening, Zen watched the impurities being washed away. His suspicions were confirmed when he saw that the amount of impurities being forced out of his body had reduced by about half.

These changes made Zen anxious. He had no idea what was wrong.

Could it be that his body was becoming harder?

According to the mysterious weapon refining theories, his body strength was now comparable with a low-grade mysterious weapon.

After profound and continuable refining, the strength of a mysterious weapon would gradually increase. However, if the strength of the weapon had reached a certain extent, the effect of general refining would be low.

Most of the students in Martial Arts Hall were at the skin refining level. Even Melvin, whose inner divine strength was so powerful that he was comparable to someone at the flesh refining level.

Now, hundreds of pounds of strength were hitting Zen's body at the Martial Arts Hall. However, that seemed insufficient as the effect was too little for his body. It looked as though Zen needed to find more powerful people to beat him to continue refining his body if he wanted to produce better results.

But Zen didn't know how to find someone who had more strength. It was impossible to ask the elders in the family to refine his body...

Family Practicing Day was only a few days away. On this day, all students would try their best and work at full strength. The punches that would come his way would certainly be more powerful. Most importantly, if he survived the day, he would be able to gain his freedom and leave the Luo family.

Since Zen could barely feel any pain from the beatings given by the Luo children, he wasn't worried about being hurt on Family Practicing Day.

Zen sat before the dim lamp in his cellar. His bright eyes shone with fortitude in the light as he thought over his plans.

It had been two years since his family was wrongly accused. Zen had remained a docile slave all this time. However, he had not forgotten the pain and hatred he felt when his father had been killed. He lived with shame before, as he was too weak. Now, Zen was fortunate to have found the magical refining theory, which was creating his special constitution. He had to grab this opportunity!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 13 Family Practicing Day (Part One)

Winter had been unusually cold this year. Frigid air blew in from the vast frozen land in the north, whitening most of the Empire's land.

Heavy snow like cotton quilts covered the ground. The spacious drill ground in front of the Luo residence was also wrapped in a thick blanket of snow.

On Family Practicing Day, servants of the Luo Clan cleaned up the snow on the drill ground. Twelve teams of Luo children stood in a neat queue, awaiting the review of the Luo Clan elders.

The Luo Clan originally had thirteen branches. Ever since the allegations against Zen's family and the dissolution of their branch, only twelve branches remained.

In order to encourage all the Luo children to practice diligently, Family Practicing Day was held once a year. This day was important for both, the Luo children and the human punchbags.

Based on the performance of each branch of the Luo Clan, resource allocation for the subsequent year would be decided. Good performance would naturally imply that the winning branch would get more resources, such as useful pills that improved the speed of body refining, and the rejuvenation medicines that quickly healed wounds.

For slaves, this day determined their life or death, and freedom.

Zen and the other slaves headed toward the drill ground. Today, every punchbag looked serious. Their determination was clearly visible in their expressions. Each of them was aware of the significance of this day.

There were only two options for a slave in a death match, win a free life or die trying.

For the Luo children, the death match was a test. Winning meant that they got rewarded and earned the support of the whole family. The consequence of losing was limited to feeling ashamed.

Most elite children already had good strength. Both their skills and power were better than ordinary person's. However, many of them still lost at this crucial time due to low exposure to actual combat. It was thus, a common thing to see the elite children lose in this competition.

The original intention behind setting the rules of the death match was to maximize the potential of the slaves by motivating them to fight the Luo children eagerly. This was the only way for the Luo children to get real combat training experience.

A few moments after the slaves arrived, a middle-aged man wearing a green robe entered the ground. Zen's uncle, Ken Luo, had long beard and a face as smooth as jade.

Upon seeing him, Zen's eyes flashed with hatred. He remembered how Ken Luo had played a part in the death of his father. This man pretended to be a modest gentleman, but he used tricks to poison his oldest brother. To Zen, he was nothing more than a hypocrite.

If Zen had greater confidence in his strength, he wouldn't have hesitated to kill Ken Luo. However, Ken Luo was a master at the organ refining level. His entrails had been refined thoroughly. Furthermore, his strength was comparable with the weight of three ancient tripods. It was said that he could tear a tiger and a leopard with his bare hands, and smash the great walls with his fleshy fist.

Ken Luo stood on the high platform, took a deep breath, and then spoke,"Today we have good news. My nephew, the young master of the Luo Clan, has been admitted to Cloud Sect. He is now their inner disciple."

Ken Luo didn't speak loudly, but everyone could hear him clearly. Since he was a master at the organ refining level, all his internal organs had been honed. Even though he had whispered, his voice was still vivid.

Upon hearing the announcement, envy reflected on the faces of the Luo children.

Perrin being admitted to Cloud Sect was almost an expected thing. Cloud Sect's disciples were divided into many levels. Many people passed all the assessments and stood out from their competitors. However, all they got was an outer disciple's position. In essence, that meant that these disciples did not get the best resources.

How was it that Perrin was able to improve quickly enough to be exceptionally qualified as an inner disciple? This was beyond the expectation of all present. It was no wonder that they were jealous.

Zen was also wondering the same. Could it be that the Magical Pill Perrin took was so effective and powerful that it helped Perrin gain admittance as an inner disciple at Cloud Sect? Worried and anxious, Zen clenched his fists.

The reason why his uncles hadn't killed him yet was that they thought Zen was no threat to the Luo Clan. However, Yan was an exceptional talent. She was a threat to them. When the coup happened, Yan escaped because she was at Cloud Sect. But now that Perrin was at Cloud Sect, his presence would definitely be unfavorable to her. Thinking about the threat to his sister, Zen knew he had to go to Cloud Sect as quickly as possible!

" Perrin is the pride of the family. However, we must not focus on his achievement. Today is Family Practicing Day. The Luo children must choose a slave for the death match. If you win against the slave in the death match, next year, the winners will get double the quota of Refining Pills. Furthermore, the winners' monthly money will also be doubled. There is another bonus as well, a Purple Pill..."

Upon hearing about the several attractive rewards being offered to the winners of the death match, the Luo children began talking amongst themselves. Their excitement was palpable.

The slaves, however, looked gloomy. The greater the rewards, the more challenging the death match. Spurred by greed, the Luo children would become more ruthless. Although the slaves had only a low chance of survival, now, that chance had become even smaller.

After Ken Luo finished his speech, he walked back toward his high chair. The steward, Grey walked on to the elevated terrace. His eyes swept through the slaves and stopped at Zen. Viciousness flashed in his eyes as he thought, 'Boy, you will die today!'

That done, Grey spoke loudly,"Now the Luo children can begin selecting their punchbags. The first competitor for the death match will be Andrew Luo, the oldest son of the third branch!"

Andrew leaped onto the arena on the ground. After paying due respect to his father, Ken Luo, he turned to pick his punchbag.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 14 Family Practicing Day (Part Two)

It wasn't long before Andrew's eyes fell on Zen. When their gaze met, a small smile played on Zen's face. A month ago he beat Grey. Zen thought that Andrew would retaliate immediately. However, Andrew had bid his time quietly. Zen now knew why. Andrew had been waiting for Family Practicing Day. He had planned to choose Zen as his punchbag in the death match so that Andrew could beat him to death without raising anyone's suspicions.

To his surprise, Andrew did not pick Zen. Instead, he selected a sturdy man standing behind Zen.

A frown grew on Zen's face.

The Luo Clan had recently bought this sturdy middle-aged man. Although a condemned prisoner, he did not suffer any serious internal injuries. He looked strong and healthy. Zen guessed that he was at the flesh refining level.

Once Andrew had selected his target, the middle-aged man didn't hesitate. He jumped in to the arena. His eyes flashed with a primeval fierceness. In a death match, there were no escapes. Flinching could mean death for the punchbag. Rather than passively awaiting destruction, it was better to fight with all of one's strength. That was the only way to increase the odds of survival for a punchbag.

There was not much etiquette involved in a fight to the death either.

The middle-aged man made a pre-emptive move in the arena. He rushed toward Andrew with all of his strength. Since he was quite well-built, the middle-aged man ran across the arena like a raging bull. The mysterious rock that made up the floor of the arena burst out with a 'boom' sound.

Andrew chuckled as a purple light condensed in his hand. His fingers clasped into an arch as he waited for his target. When the middle-aged man closed in on Andrew, he dodged and threw the light toward the rushing target. As Andrew stepped aside, the Purple Fist Strength hit the middle-aged man.

"Poof!"

The impact of the Purple Fist Strength didn't show instantly. However, it was severe enough to stop the middle-aged man suddenly. He couldn't hit Andrew, so he turned around and prepared to rush him again.

Unaware that he had been injured, the man took a step. "Bang bang bang bang bang bang." Six dull bursts of sound came from his body. Blood began spraying out from six areas on the middle-aged man's body.

His eyes widened, and disbelief reflected on his face. When he opened his mouth to speak, there was only a gurgling sound. Gradually, his eyes dulled and he crashed to the ground.

It had taken Andrew only one punch to kill a sturdy, healthy man!

All the children watching the match burst into cheers. Even some of the onlookers began applauding.

In the midst of all this noise, no one noticed the handful of Luo children who looked indifferent.

Andrew, as the oldest son of the third branch, had a reputation. Everyone knew that he had been refining his body with all kinds of powerful pills since his childhood. They knew that was his secret to refine his body so quickly.

However, the progress could not be this fast. The only explanation was that Andrew had taken the second Magical Pill. Since Perrin had taken the first, this was the only remaining pill. And now, it had been consumed by Andrew.

Zen shook his head at the thought, and a bitter smile emerged on his face. His uncles had done the unthinkable. No one had dared to take these two

Magical Pills in the Luo Clan for hundreds of years. After taking control of the family, his uncles had shared the pills.

When Zen first heard that Perrin had taken the pill, his fury came from his heart. But now, Zen felt calm at the revelation that Andrew had taken the last Magical Pill.

The pill was said to be powerful and effective. And the Luo Clan only had two of these pills. Now, there were none left.

Zen didn't feel as though he were at a disadvantage. While the Magical Pill had its effects, Zen's refinement process ensured that he could continue to clean his body. In result, the Magical Pill was not significant to Zen anymore. That didn't stop Zen from feeling disappointment at his uncles' behavior.

Just then, Grey's voice rang out,"The winner of the first death match is Master Andrew!"

Andrew flexed his wrist and shouted toward Grey who was standing on the high platform,"I am still warming up. I want to challenge one more person."

Grey was secretly delighted at the thought that the moment when Andrew would avenge him had finally arrived. He grinned and replied,"Master Andrew, you can choose another slave if you want the challenge."

Andrew turned to face the slaves. He pointed at the slaves randomly. As and when Andrew pointed at a target, that person's face paled. They had all witnessed Andrew's strength. The targets knew that there was no escaping death if Andrew picked them. Andrew's fingers were now like the sickle of death, the person who was chosen by him would go to see the King of Hell.

Finally, Andrew's eyes stayed fixed on Zen. He hooked his fingers and laughed,"You, come on!"

Everyone looked where Andrew was pointing. An audible gasp could be heard when they realized he was pointing at Zen!

A death match for a slave could only have one of two outcomes - either the target won, or he died trying.

Zen was considered a part of the Luo Clan, even after the rebellion. In these past two years that he had been relegated as a slave, none of the children had truly hurt him. They hadn't shown this kind of mercy and thoughtfulness toward the other punchbags, however.

But today, Andrew had selected Zen. This was beyond everyone's expectations. Some shook their heads in pity when they realized that Zen would probably die today.

"Finally, come!"

Zen didn't hesitate. Nor did he say anything. He simply walked out from where the slaves stood, climbed into the arena with no expression on his face. As he approached Andrew, Zen arched his hands and said,"Master Andrew, please."

"Cousin Zen, why are you being so polite?" Andrew replied as he squinted at Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 15 Fatal Blow (Part One)

Cousin...

Zen hadn't heard anyone call him 'Cousin' in a long time.

He remembered when Andrew was younger, he would chase Zen all around the Luo residence, calling him 'Cousin Zen'.

If anyone bullied Andrew, he would seek Zen's help.

When Zen heard the word 'Cousin', he couldn't help but be transported back to a time in his childhood that was filled with sweet memories. What a beautiful time it had been!

He never dreamed that when he grew up, family fights would break out in the Luo Clan and his father and his uncles would be estranged. These past two years had been tragic indeed.

Zen nodded and changed his address as well. "Cousin Andrew, let's start!"

"Well, it is said that you haven't accepted your identity as a slave. I found that hard to believe. But now that you're addressing me as 'Cousin', it seems as though the rumors are true. I called you 'Cousin Zen' as a test. Did you really think you have the same privilege? Ha ha ha! I'm going to end this today! You will die by my hand." With that said, Andrew sneered and suddenly gave off an aggressive appearance.

Upon hearing the insulting remarks by Andrew, a wave of anger swelled in Zen's heart. His face became cold and indifferent. All traces of residual family affection in his heart vanished!

Andrew covered his whole body with purple lights. After taking a cursory step forward, he rushed to attack Zen.

"Bang!"

The energy Andrew channeled hit Zen on his chest. The force was so strong that Zen felt unbalanced. He took a few steps to steady himself. It was obvious that Andrew had reached the bone refining level by virtue of the Magic Pill.

Over the past few days, Zen had been disappointed with the rate of refining. His body had strengthened so much that when the Luo children hit Zen, his body did not produce the warm currents he needed to continue refining his bones. However, Andrew had struck him so hard that Zen's body produced the warm currents.

A small smile played on Zen's lips as he welcomed the opportunity to remove more impurities from his body.

The feeling of warm currents flowing through his body, removing pollutants, and healing his core, was so cool!

While Zen was secretly pleased, Andrew drew on his rage to attack Zen with all his strength. He didn't want to give Zen any reprieve.

He threw a short straight punch at Zen's chest, followed by a powerful fist. Before Zen could react, Andrew directed a bursting strength at Zen's body.

Andrew then bombarded Zen with a combination of an elbow attack, a side kick, and a front snap kick...

All sorts of fierce attacks were aimed at Zen.

Streams of warm currents flowed between Zen's bones. Their intensity was such that it felt as though floodgates had opened. Zen could feel the impurities in his bones being squeezed out and washed away, little by little, by the warm currents.

"Well done! Just kill him, Master Andrew!" Grey Huang shouted and screamed from outside the arena. He looked excited, as though he were beating Zen himself.

Some children from the Luo Clan were also cheering for Andrew. However, many children were standing still and silently praying for Zen.

Most of the children came from other branches of the Luo Clan. Deep in their hearts, they missed the time when Zen's father headed the Luo Clan as he had been fair and sympathetic. Everyone enjoyed the same opportunity to practice. Everyone's achievements depended on their talent rather than birth. Everyone had a chance to make a difference, even if he came from an insignificant branch of the Luo Clan.

However, everything had changed once the second and the third branches grabbed the reins of the Luo Clan. People from these two branches were very privileged and usurped all resources, while children from the rest of the Luo Clan were left struggling.

Zen, the former young master, was the last person left from his branch. Since his uncles had spared him, all hope depended on Zen's survival. The children knew that if he died, all chances of a fair and just leader ruling the Luo Clan would be gone forever.

Meanwhile, Zen continued to take Andrew's assault.

Ken Luo, Andrew's father, frowned as he watched the battle. He knew his son very well. After taking the Magical Pill, Andrew had reached the bone refining level. His strength had increased tremendously. The impact of his fist strength had weighed a thousand pounds. He was almost as powerful as Hercules!

He was confident that his son was the second most powerful person in the younger generation within the Luo Clan. Perrin was the only person who could defeat Andrew.

Ken watched as Andrew hurled dozens of punches at Zen. His attacks were fierce and strong, and full of power. While Zen was losing ground, he hadn't been injured severely yet.

Why hadn't Zen been defeated?

There was a saying in the realm of martial arts that attacking was the best form of defense.

The reason why this theory was widely accepted was that attacking was far easier than defending. Even the strongest person could not withstand continuous fierce attacks from his opponents.

Strong as Ken was, he shouldn't be able to stand such violent attacks from Andrew. This was why methods of practicing a strong body such as King Kong Cover and Yang Holy Body were so valuable.

Zen had taken such furious blows, and yet he could still stand...

Did it mean that Zen had learned special methods of refining his body? Or had Zen's father, his elder brother, discovered a way to refine the body, kept it secret from the rest of the family, but taught it to Zen before he died?

Considering the fact that Zen Luo had been beaten indiscriminately in the Martial Arts Hall for two years and he was still alive and kicking, it was obvious that Zen knew something that the others didn't. Ken's eyes shone when he thought he had discovered Zen's secret!

At this time, seeing that his continuous blows were ineffective, Andrew became impatient. His punches were getting harder and harder, and he tried all kinds of vicious attacks on Zen's body.

"Purple Fist Strength!"

"Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang!" The six-fold force burst through Zen's body.

He had thought that the destructive power of the Purple Fist Strength would beat Zen. However, to his surprise, Zen was still standing in front of him, firm and undefeated. His eyes were getting brighter and brighter. Andrew felt terribly uneasy.

This guy was so strange. How could his body withstand such fierce attacks?

Looking at Zen's sly smile, Andrew became more flustered. He had reached the bone refining level and had great power. He was much stronger than Zen. He should have easily knocked Zen down with a single, well-placed blow. But why had he failed?

Why was Zen smiling? Was he sneering at Andrew's incompetence?

Such a look replaced the panic Andrew was feeling with indignation. His eyes blazed with fury.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 16 Fatal Blow (Part Two)

The more he thought about it, the more certain Andrew became that his only alternative was to use a secret weapon to deal with Zen! Andrew took out a small box from his pocket. It was the size of a clapper. It was engraved with a trail of glittering symbols. He aimed the front of the box at Zen and quickly pressed the trigger behind the box. At the same time, Andrew roared,"Go to hell!"

When Andrew took out the small box, Zen was startled. As the former young master of the Luo Clan, he knew that the box was the Thunder Rob Halberd, one of the best defensive weapons in the family!

It was a secret weapon made by a talisman. A powerful thunderbolt was sealed inside the Thunder Rob Halberd. It could deliver an instant kill to the enemy with a surprise attack.

But it was meant for single use only. It was most certainly very expensive. Thus, it was given to the younger generation of the family for personal defense.

'Andrew is so sinister and vicious that he will attack me with such a nasty thing when desperate.' Zen thought. Strong as his body was, he would never be spared by the Thunder Rob Halberd.

Just as this thought flashed through Zen's mind, a thunder halberd formed, and lightning burst out of the Thunder Rob Halberd. It was headed straight for Zen.

Zen nimbly rolled on the ground at the critical moment to dodge the attack. The lightning released from the Thunder Rob Halberd flashed over his head with a deafening crackling sound, burning a few strands of his hair.

Then, a slave outside the arena screamed. The thunder halberd had hit him. Instantly, a fierce fire spread across his body. The fire turned the slave to ashes.

Everyone paled at the sight of the slave's misery. Andrew had gone too far this time. His Thunder Rob Halberd could have hit anyone in the arena. What if it hadn't hit the slave, but it hit a Luo child instead? Andrew had never taken the lives of the rest of the Luo family seriously.

Zen rose from the ground. His face was stony and cold. He clenched his fist and said,"You have been hitting me for so long. Are you satisfied? It is my turn, right?"

"No!" Seeing the sudden power change in the arena, Ken Luo screamed and jumped down from the high stands. He had discovered the anomalies of Zen's body. It had to be a conspiracy that helped Zen live for so long.

Unfortunately, though Ken Luo was fast, he had to travel a long distance to get to the arena. The time it took for Ken to get there was sufficient for Zen to pounce on Andrew and attack him.

"Purple Fist Strength!"

Before Andrew could process what had happened, Zen punched him. The punch hit key parts of Andrew's body. The muffled sounds of seven instantaneous explosions came from Andrew's body.

"Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang."

After the muffled sounds, seven areas on Andrew's body began to bleed. Zen had aimed for the roots of both arms and legs, as well as other important parts.

These injuries would not endanger Andrew's life, but he wouldn't be able to cultivate for the rest of his life.

Just one fist!

The arrogant second young master of the Luo Clan had been defeated by one attack.

Silence engulfed the arena.

Who would have thought that a slave who had been beaten randomly for the past two years would have such great strength?

Some of the Luo children who had offended Zen during his time as a slave shuddered as a chill traveled down their backs. They thought Zen was weak and allowed himself to be bullied. They didn't expect that he concealed such great strength.

'He defeated Andrew with only one fist. What if he attacks me?' they thought.

Andrew's expression turned to complete disbelief. He had thought that Zen was like a three-year-old child before him given his strength at the bone refining level. Andrew had assumed it would be very easy to defeat him. How could he have been so wrong? He had taken the Magical Pill, and his cultivation speed was infinitely superior to Zen's...

Andrew's legs felt weak, and he fell to the ground. Ken rushed to him and scooped Andrew in his arms. "Andrew, my son! Are you all right?"

"I don't hurt important organs. He won't die." Zen mumbled.

Ken raised his head. His gentle and elegant face was now twisted with rage. He pointed at Zen and said,"Why did you hurt my son, you wicked little bastard?"

"Uncle Ken, everyone knows that a battle is dangerous. This is a death match. We are supposed to be fighting till one of us dies. You should know better than me how slaves have injured Luo children in the arena in the past!" Zen continued solemnly,"now that I have won against Andrew Luo, according to family rules, I am no longer a slave. I am free to leave the Luo residence!"

"Ha ha ha. I've been kind enough to let you live for all these years. I haven't expected you to grow to this level." Ken stopped long enough to help Andrew stand. Then he laughed and continued,"Do you think I'm going to let you go? Don't even think about it!"

Zen's face fell. He said,"Uncle Ken, according to the Clan's rules, if I win during the fight, I will be free."

"Rules?" A sneer replaced the anger on Ken's face. He taunted Zen,"Only your good-for-nothing father would act according to the Clan's rules. I'll tell you who makes the rules now. Me! I make the rules in the Luo Clan!"

Zen's face convulsed with rage when he heard what his uncle had to say.

He had longed to kill the man standing in front of him for what Ken had done to Zen's family. However, he had reminded himself to be patient and to wait for the right moment.

Because he knew that his strength was insufficient to avenge his father's death. To achieve this goal, Zen needed to leave the Luo Clan. He needed practice and sufficient time to grow stronger!

Zen had pinned his hopes on Family Practicing Day. He had thought that he would win in the death match and then claim his freedom. It had never crossed his mind that Ken Luo was going to cheat him at this crucial time.

He had endured for such a long time, that these cruel words from his uncle dashed all of Zen's hopes. He thought over all the suffering he had endured over the past two years before breaking out into an angry laugh. "Blame me for being naive and childish. It is ridiculous that I believed that you, such a despicable person, would abide by the rules of the family. I was silly to think that you will be merciful and that you will remember that I'm one of the Luo Clan and care of me. You killed your older brother, usurped power, and took the holy medicine for yourself illegally. You committed all kinds of crimes. You don't deserve to be called human! You are a bastard! One day, I will cut off your head with my own hands and avenge my father!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 17 Organ Refining Level (Part One)

"This is how you talk to your elders? Where are your manners, Zen?" chided one of the elders frowning.

"Hold your tongue!" Zen snapped,"When my father was killed, the third, fourth, fifth branches… the entire Luo Clan, what were you doing? My father was good to all of you, always. How can you be so ungrateful? All of you were accomplices in his murder!"

announced Zen in a sharp, angry tone. His grievance had simmered for two years, turning to hatred in the darkest recesses of his hardened heart. And now, it was erupting. His eyes were full of icy disdain as he took a long look around the place. As his gaze met each person there, they turned their heads or looked down to avoid his gaze.

Ken didn't want to talk about this anymore. "Cut the crap, brat. Let's get down to business. Tell you what, turn over the refining method, and I promise you will have a quick and painless death. Your body will remain whole, and you can even have a plot in our clan graveyard. How does that sound to you?" he threatened. The next moment numerous hair-like lines of purple light lit up on his arms, scattering into the air.

"You want to know my refining method? Ha! Dream on!" With that, Zen kicked off hard against the arena's edge to propel himself into a sprint. It seemed his only choice would be to fight his way out, since he wouldn't be able to walk out of here.

Although Zen was fast, Ken was faster. He was after all a famous expert, and he was able to remain at the organ refining level for a long time. He moved swiftly, with a purple shadow. He stopped Zen easily. "You are too green, boy. There is no way for you to escape. I'll give you another chance to turn over your refining method! Or I will make you wish you were never born, but, you will suffer before that! Then, when I am finished, I tear you to pieces and burn you until you are nothing more than ashes."

"Fuck off!"

replied Zen as he swung to punch Ken.

As Zen's fist came closer, Ken brushed it aside effortlessly, avoiding the brunt of the punch. As he did, Ken twisted to land dozen of blows over Zen's torso.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Boom! Boom! Boom ..."

Being much stronger than the Luo children, the swing Ken took at Zen came at a far greater force. A man fighting at the level of organ refining had three times the strength of those at bone refining level.

The terrifying force as the fist slammed into Zen flooded his body. Within a few seconds pain turned into a familiar warm current, and even though his body was transforming the power lightning fast, there were too many powerful punches and they exceeded Zen's limit. The untransformed forces were damaging him.

"Aah!"

Zen screeched as his body was thrown to the ground. As he rolled and got to his feet, Zen spat out a mouthful of blood.

Seeing that Zen was able to get to his feet even after the clobbering Ken just gave, made his heart jump. "Amazing! Your skills in self-protection are amazing. Just tell us how, and I might let you live."

"Ha! Why would I believe you? Lying comes as easy as farts slip out for a man like you. I would never believe a word that falls out of your mouth." Zen countered while trying to steady his labored breathing. There was an incredible sensation of relief filling his body. It was as if the beatings Zen took from Andrew and Ken had washed the impurities out of his bones completely.

After a month of beatings, Zen had reached the summit of the bone refining level, and lately, he noticed that his progress had slowed down. Day after day he was becoming stronger which meant the demand for that warm current kept increasing. Very soon those children's beatings wouldn't be able to satisfy his body.

Now, the beating he just received was turning into a warm current, flooding his body and washing out what remained of the impurities in his bones.

Every bone was refined and strengthened.

Savoring the spiritual feeling, he became re-invigorated as though he was in tune with his bones and each of them was at his command. As his bones became refined and stronger, Zen's breathing changed too. Every inhalation and exhalation now took half time more than before. He now could take a very long breath. With each breath, his body was cleansing itself.

This was the sign he had achieved the level of organ refining!

As the strong power rushed through his body, his heart was singing with joy, but he managed to keep a straight face, giving nothing away.

"Well, you are a tough one! Let's see how well you hold up with a few hours of interrogation." Closing in on Zen again, Ken intended to capture him this time.

At that moment, things took an unexpected turn.

The instant Ken got close enough, Zen's fist shot out as fast as a lightning bolt at Ken.

The blow came out of the blue, catching Ken full in the face.

When Zen entered the organ refining level, he gained better control of his bones and was able to summon more strength than earlier. But since Ken was unaware of it, he underestimated Zen's capability.

The blow Zen delivered sent Ken flying back 30 feet. He landed heavily on the floor and rolled several times before he was able to regain his balance and scramble back to his feet.

"You! You are in the organ refining level!" said Ken while pressing his hand tightly against his chest and blood gushed out of his mouth. There was disbelief written all over his face.

Zen sneered coldly at him.

Glancing over at the rest of the men, he challenged,"Who else dares to try and stop me?"

Standing straighter, Zen no longer masked his power.

Silence fell over the yard, no one moved or even breathed for fear of making a sound.

Since Ken was no match for him, who else could stand a chance?

From a corner came a voice,"I dare," someone said,"and will."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 18 Organ Refining Level (Part Two)

The crowd parted and a middle-aged man stepped out. He had a charming face, was dressed in brilliant white and moved with the grace of an immortal.

"Bryson Luo!"

spat Zen frowning when he saw the man approaching.

Right at that moment, his oldest uncle, Bryson, was the last person he wanted to face. Bryson was the mastermind behind his father's death. His younger uncle Ken was just an accomplice.

With Bryson's appearance, an obvious strain fell over the yard. Zen bent his knees slightly, putting every muscle and bone in his body on alert.

Bryson had achieved a level far above the marrow refining level. He hadn't reached the nature level yet, but Bryson was only half a step until he reached it!

Zen just reached the level of organ refining. There was the whole marrow refining level between them!

It was an unbridgeable gap, and they weren't in the same league.

But Zen wasn't about to give up!

If he didn't have it in him to fight, he would have caved two years ago.

Fate had pitied him, giving Zen one chance to turn his life around. He wouldn't die here. Zen had to seize the opportunity. Zen frantically pumped himself up. His desire to survive flared up inside him.

Zen remained silent as he took a deep breath. Without any preamble he mustered all his strength and broke into a desperate run.

But, before he could get even a 20-foot lead, a sword covered in a purple light shot out of the sky in front of him and cut deeply into the earth, blocking his way.

Twisting to avoid the sword, Zen changed direction in a flash, but, as he did, another sword appeared in front of him. One after another sword plunged into the earth, blocking his way, and forcing him to step back.

The expression on Zen's face was grim as he was forced to back up until he was in the spot he was before. When a person reached the nature level, life energy itself could be harnessed. Since Bryson was only half a step into the nature level, he was unable to control the life energy very well. But, the force of the energy he managed was already horrifying.

With his hands clasped casually behind him, Bryson said,"I spared your life so your branch of the family line could continue. But, apparently you don't know how to behave yourself. You wounded your uncle and tried to flee from your clan. Since you want death so badly, here it is!"

All around swords that had been plunged into the earth swirled up into the air and shot in Zen's direction. Surrounded by swords, Zen's eyes widened. Even though his defense was as hard as a mysterious weapon, Bryson could shred him to pieces as easily as a knife could go through paper.

How could he die here, like this? He wondered as frustration and anger welled up inside him.

Just then, Ken broke in,"Bryson, don't kill him! Not yet."

Bryson halted the swords inches from their target, and asked,"Why?"

"The kid must have had some special experience. His body is much stronger than ordinary men. And you realize, Perrin and Andrew used Magical Pills so that they can refine faster than normal speed, but even they couldn't compare with him."

Bryson aimed one sword in between Zen's eyes, and emotionlessly asked,"So, what is your secret?"

Zen sneered. If he was doomed to die here, why should he tell them? He wouldn't say a word.

At that point, the plaque hanging over the door of Luo house exploded. A bronze furnace fell from the sky, crashing to the ground with a deafening clatter. The Luo children automatically covered their ears to shut out the terrible noise.

The furnace hurtled down the steps, sending all the children shrieking as they took off sprinting in every direction.

"Who did this?"

Bryson snorted. All the swords changed targets and shot at the furnace that was rolling.

Bang! Boom! Bang! Clang!

Purple swords hit the furnace, slicing into it, each making a sharp, cracking sound. But the furnace kept hurdling closer, not slowing.

When it reached the foot of the steps, it stopped and made an odd spin on the spot. Then it rolled at Zen. Seeing this, Bryson cursed and turned to grasp at Zen.

The furnace was faster though. When it got close to Zen, a scrawny hand shot out and dragged him inside the metal hull.

"You are not going anywhere!" Watching as Zen was taken by the man inside the furnace, Bryson reached out and caught the furnace by the rim, stopping it on the spot.

Suddenly, the scrawny hand struck again, this time it thrust at Bryson like a sharp talon.

Bryson reacted quickly, backhanding the appendage coming at him. The two hands collided, and the recoil sent Bryson stumbling back several steps. Bryson's face darkened. "Evil Lan?"

Almost immediately an old man leaned out of the furnace. He was extremely thin, his bones standing out against the sunken skin.

His head sticking out of the furnace, Evil Lan laughed,"Ha! Very lucky! Very lucky! This boy has a special scent. A scent that smells just like the weapons I built. He will make the perfect material for my weapon. I will take this boy!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 19 Evil Weapon Refiner (Part One)

Evil Lan was a weapon refiner in C County.

In the Eastern Region, a popular profession was a weapon refiner. Most of the clans treated weapon refiners like exalted guests in the hopes that they would build many remarkable armaments for them.

However, most of the clans in the Eastern Region loathed Evil Lan. They detested his techniques. Instead of wanting to roll out the red carpet, anyone who knew him yearned to eliminate him.

There was a reason why so many people were eager to see Evil Lan dead. He used notably evil means to build his weapons. Evil Lan would pour blood from living people into his furnace while creating weaponry. Sometimes, he would even pull live people straight into his furnace like a sacrifice of some evil religion.

Although several clans in the Eastern Region attempted to catch Evil Lan, they failed due to Evil Lan's vast power. He also happened to be as slippery as an eel.

It was quite puzzling to the clan when Evil Lan showed up and grabbed Zen.

"Release him Evil Lan! This kid is a member of the Luo clan!" said Bryson. His guard was up because even though Bryson was just half of a step into the nature level, Evil Lan was a formidable adversary.

Snickering Evil Lan asked,"Why would you be pointing your swords at him if he is a member of the Luo clan?" He added,"I want to handle this for you since you want to kill him so badly. Don't you think it would be a better solution?"

"Damn it, Evil Lan! He is a member of my family and has rebelled against us, so, it should be me who deals with him! Anyone who dares provoke the

Luo clan has a bad end. I advise you don't go against me!" Bryson threatened. Floating near Evil Lan and ready to strike were swords imbued with a purple aura.

"If Mike Luo were here, I would hesitate. But, since it's only you... Ha-ha! I don't care about you! None of the Luo clan deserves my care!" countered Evil Lan while laughing loudly.

"You weasel! That's complete bullshit! I'll kill you myself!" shouted Bryson. His face was darkening with anger, and with a clear sound, the purple swords shot forward, hurdling at Evil Lan.

"That's rich! We'll see if you can kill me! Ha-ha-ha!" Evil Lan jumped back into the bronze furnace. His laughter echoed sharply, as the furnace rolled over forward into the crowd of the Luo children.

Seeing the huge bronze furnace plunging at them, the Luo children scattered, screaming. Several were too slow to escape, and as the furnace struck fleeing children, they bled profusely, making it impossible to know whether or not they would survive.

While chasing the large metal object, Bryson manipulated the flaming purple swords, hacking at the bronze furnace. Although the swords were eminently sharp, they couldn't even make one dent in the hull and made a series of clinking sounds against the metal target.

As more and more children were run down, the massive furnace created significant mayhem in the yard. After a while, the bronze furnace turned in another direction and rolled out of sight.

Watching the contraption roll away, Bryson clenched his teeth. He wanted to give chase, but Ken stopped him and said,"Brother, Evil Lan is dangerous, think of what he could do! Don't go after him."

"And what about that rebel, Zen?" asked Bryson flatly.

Ken sneered,"That maniac, Evil Lan, is insane! When he takes someone, they end up burning to death in the bowels of his furnace, so, there is no chance of survival for Zen!"

Glancing around, Bryson nodded. He wasn't sure why, but he had a vague sense of apprehension. Looking at Ken, he snapped,"We need to treat the injured, dispatch my medicine unit!"

In the yard, there were dozens of injured Luo children who had broken ribs and limbs crying in misery.

Many uninjured ones looked on the scene, filled with discouragement.

The ongoing feud between Zen and his uncles, Bryson and Ken, was adding to the demise of the Luo clan.

When Zen's father, Mike, was still alive, evil guys such as Evil Lan never dared to cause trouble like today.

Many other factors contributed to the downfall of the Luo clan.

At one time, the Luo clan could boast that it was the top clan of C County, but, it had slipped so far that the tribe wasn't even in the top three.

In the past, the Luo clan members could walk the streets, and no one dared provoke them.

Now, they weren't respected or feared in town or at the compound and at times had even to bribe the Luo clan servants to get results.

None of the Luo children felt the Luo clan would be able to rise above the situation they had fallen into.

...

...

Squatting in the belly of the metal furnace, Zen remained silent.

Naturally, as the former young master of the clan, Zen knew about Evil Lan. His father, Mike, had told him more than once that if he caught Evil

Lan, he would slash Evil Lan in half with his cyan-blade sword.

Zen heard about many of the monstrous atrocities that Evil Lan committed, including that he performed human sacrifices to build his weaponry.

After everything else that had happened to Zen, he thought being taken hostage by Evil Lan, was the worst luck.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 20 Evil Weapon Refiner (Part Two)

Between rolling over and over as the furnace tumbled and smelling the fusty stench of Evil Lan's body, Zen wanted to retch.

After rolling on for a while, they suddenly stopped. The gleam of excitement flashed in Evil Lan's eyes as he came up and leaned in close to Zen to inhale his scent. Evil Lan questioned,"I have never come across a person with a body as special as yours. You are surreal! Your fragrance is so similar to my mysterious weapon!"

"You're kidding, right? Look at me; I have limbs! Touch me, and you'll see, I am flesh, just like you! How can I be anything but a real human?" demanded Zen seriously. "I won't be helpful to you in refining weapons, and I advise you let me go," Zen calmly informed Evil Lan. Not expecting Evil Lan's nose to be so sensitive that he would be able to smell Zen's subtle scent unnerved him, but, he remained calm and collected outwardly.

"Ha-ha-ha! Are you kidding? Let you go?" cackled Evil Lan wildly. "Hell no! I am so excited to find someone who has a body as unique as you have! I wonder what powerful item will result from tossing you into my weapon-refining furnace? I'm really looking forward to this!" Evil Lan said while reaching out with chains to secure Zen's hands to the inside hull of the bronze furnace before he jumped out.

Inside the metal beast, Zen lurched side to side and then began being bounced around slightly as Evil Lan lifted it off the ground, and took off running with his furnace on his back. They were moving even faster than they had been with Evil Lan inside.

At least now that Zen didn't have to suffer the foul stench of Evil Lan and wasn't being tossed around, he was more comfortable. He was able to crane his head out of the bronze furnace to see the surrounding scenery.

Tugging at his restraints, Zen realized they were too strong to be broken, so, he knew they weren't gold or iron. As he looked around the furnace, Zen's mind whirred as he tried to think of a way to escape. The insane man wasn't even afraid of Zen's uncle, Bryson! Considering how much stronger Bryson was compared to Zen, how would he escape this? Instead of wasting energy worrying, Zen decided he would wait and see what happened.

Trees were a blur to Zen, making him realize Evil Lan was running very fast, even barefoot. He could hear cawing and hooting while the trees became denser. The air was a touch cooler, and the light was dimmer, all of which told Zen they were deep in the thick forest.

Eventually, it grew brighter again as they came back out of the forest. Craning his neck, Zen saw a cliff rising in front of them, and quickly coming closer. But, Evil Lan wasn't stopping or slowing down, and when they came to the precipice, he clutched the bronze furnace tighter as he flung himself over the edge.

'Holy shit! How will we survive jumping off the cliff?' wondered Zen. Terrified, Zen grasped the chains in the bronze furnace. Suddenly, he lurched to a stop telling him they weren't falling anymore.

Clinging to the furnace with his right hand, Evil Lan grasped one stone after another with his left hand from a mass of thorn-like rocks protruding from the cliff as he descended the face of the mountain.

Midway down the cliff was a towering tree. Evil Lan stepped onto a sturdy, twisted part of the trunk and reached out his free hand to move the thick branches, revealing the opening of a large cave.

The mouth of the cave was so small that the bronze furnace could barely make it through, but as they went deeper into it, space opened up and became more extensive.

'No wonder Evil Lan has successfully escaped every attack clans in the C County launched. This secret place is obscure! It's perfect!' Zen considered.

Deeper in the cave, the ceiling was dozens of feet higher. The walls were shimmering with dark red glowing light. Flames radiated faintly from the ground, making it the perfect place for refining weapons.

In the center was a dark weapon-refining furnace on four legs. Eight spikes protruded from the wall, and there was a person skewered on each.

The blood was being slowly drained as the victims hung off the spikes. The horrific sight of the emaciated, almost skeletal people turned Zen's stomach. Although they appeared to be dead, the abdomens heaved as they breathed. They were living people!

Not far from the furnace, were about a dozen cast iron cages, three feet wide, holding one person each. Most of them had a dull look in their eyes and were curled up, shivering uncontrollably.

It was apparent that Evil Lan was more despicable than people said. Zen was stunned at Evil Lan's methodology.

"Thud!"

The bronze furnace hit the ground. Evil Lan climbed into it, sniffing like an animal at Zen's flesh. Smirking like the Cheshire cat, he gloated,"I figured if I used flesh and blood to refine weapons and sealed in the grudges of people, then the mysterious weapon's power would increase with those strong hatreds in it!" Evil Lan added,"With your flesh and blood smelling so similar to the mysterious weapon, putting your body into the furnace with my Hell Fire Sword to refine, will likely transform the sword into a spiritual weapon!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 21 Refining The Body With Fire (Part One)

As a level one weapons refiner, Evil Lan always refined weapons using very sinister refining methods, and it was those same principles he employed to create three mysterious weapons of the highest caliber. Although Evil Lan was impressed with them all, he was proudest of the 'Hell Fire Sword' one of the top three he produced.

Hungry as he was, Evil Lan wanted to refine something stronger than mysterious weapons. His greatest ambition was to perfect some beyond that. He aspired to create spiritual weaponry!

Currently, in the world, graded weapons were worth a big fortune which only proved how desirable they were. Spiritual weaponry was much more valuable!

As one of the powerful and wealthy families in C County, the Luo Clan possessed only one top grade mysterious weapon," the Green Wind Rider Sword" which belonged to Zen's father, Mike Luo. The first-rate enigmatic sword had no equal in the C County, and Mike rarely used it. So, most of the time, it was well kept in a top secret spot at the Luo Clan, which only served to make the sword appear more incomprehensible. It was a highly sought treasure. Since killing Mike, Bryson Luo had been searching for the unique sword, but, his efforts had been in vain so far, with no trace or clues to where it might be found.

Although the sword was the highest quality for mysterious weapons, it was not a spiritual weapon after all. Every clan vied to own one, however, if an individual from an ordinary family were to obtain even one spiritual weapon, it would be devastating not only for the person who had it but for the entire clan. If someone in the Luo clan were to get a hold of one, the weapon would have to be obediently handed over, or catastrophe would befall the whole family!

Along with cons there were pros to owning a spiritual weapon, and they brought equally wondrous treasure as they did devastation. The special qualities the spiritual weapons could be imbued with varied, and some possessed the ability to accelerate the speed Kung Fu was learned, while others improved the owner's combat skills exponentially... the remarkable abilities they each held made people greedily try to secure them despite the possibility of ruin to their entire family tree.

While Zen listened to Evil Lan, he smiled bitterly. Zen's voice dripped with cynicism as he said," Crucial components to optimal weapons refinery are the best materials and the hottest fires. Since you lack either, there's no way to refine the most perfect treasure. These are universal principles to refining weapons, which I'm sure you understand better than I do. So, it's difficult to understand how you expect to be able to refine a spiritual weapon using only my flesh and blood! You can't be serious? That's beyond ridiculous..."

Although there was a time when Zen was able to indulge in reading books on many topics, including ones about alchemy and the known weapon refining theories, he wasn't very knowledgeable about either alchemy or weapons refinery. Zen was so obsessed with mastering martial arts that he didn't pay any particular attention to other matters.

However, with the situation he was in now he was desperate, and if there was even just the slightest flicker of hope to persuade Evil Lan to change his mind, he would take it.

"Well, it appears you grasp a little information concerning refining weapons! No matter what, it won't help you," spat Evil Lan contemptuously. Evil Lan was busily unlatching the chains from the inside of the furnace as he spoke. When he had the clanking chains freed, he yanked hard, making Zen stumble after the insane man. Evil Lan pulled Zen out of the copper furnace, and when Evil Lan hurled him into a nearby cage, he made a deafening "thud" sound that echoed through the cavern as he landed heavily. Looking up at his captor as he was propelled into the small metal prison, Zen saw a smile growing on Evil Lan's face as he proclaimed," The rare, precious materials I require are too far away and I am not strong enough to procure them. The fire I am using is second rate. To be able to cultivate a spiritual weapon, I have to utilize a more creative route and employ dark magic since it is the only chance I will have in producing a spiritual weapon. Throwing you in the weapon refining furnace is merely another step to refining the spiritual weapon. Hey! Let's hope for the best! After all, your flesh and blood are very special indeed. Who knows, maybe I will be lucky as always."

Let's hope for the best...

This was a truth every weapon refiner believed, and the phrase they uttered worldwide.

No one would deny that refining weapons with fire relied on ninety percent strength and ten percent luck.

To most people, it would seem that luck did not play much of a factor in the process.

Still, some weapon refiners created some of the best treasures because of that ten percent luck.

Others however, spent a lifetime following the standard rules, only to end up with nothing to show for their work. In the long run, it all came down to fortune, and some refiners had none or ran out of their luck.

From that angle, luck was slightly relevant while at the same time, it might be considered the most critical part of the whole process.

Weapon refiners would say," Let's hope for the best" while refining the weapons because in their hearts, luck was important.

The tradition was the same as uttering "God bless us" which was used by some religious factions.

As he thought about everything, Zen couldn't believe how his life came down to just being a gamble on luck to Evil Lan. A profound unwillingness to accept the reality arose in Zen's heart, but, he laughed bitterly to himself, thinking, 'There's nothing I can do to change this.'

All he could do was sit there and blame himself for being too weak.

Although Zen was making fast progress in the past month, and he was able to improve from the flesh refining level to the organ refining level, it wasn't enough.

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 22 Refining The Body With Fire (Part Two)

Add to that, the fact that there was still a considerable gap between how far along he'd progressed next to what Evil Lan and Bryson could do. His growth had been too slow.

Fate could be a cruel mistress! It was only recently, Zen had finally gotten the chance to hone his skills, practice and strengthen himself, and he was hopeful that he could go so much further, becoming more powerful. Now, he was at the mercy of Evil Lan, and his situation was desperate.

While Zen bemoaned his predicament, Evil Lan was busy in the cave. Whatever he was preparing, it took a long time and was loud. First, Evil Lan was in the corner, hammering away, and then he disappeared into the weapon refining furnace carrying some object. Zen couldn't see what he was doing in there. After a while, Evil Lan came out, sat in front of the stove in an odd pose and clapped his hands.

As Evil Lan sat clapping, the dark weapon refining furnace was lit up. Complex yet elegant runes appeared one after another, as though blooming along the surface of the furnace wall, emitting a dazzling red glow, and lighting up the entire cave.

Hanging, skewered by spears on the walls, living creatures contorted in pain. Their anguished screams filled the room as their blood flowed along the spikes, while it was all sucked into the weapon refining furnace.

The blood flowed along the currents on the weapon refining furnace wall and filled the fragments, making the red light more vivid and fascinating.

After he fired up the furnace, Evil Lan picked up a sword. The black and white sword in Evil Lan's hands must be the Hell Fire Sword which was a top grade of the mysterious weapon.

Evil Lan held the Hell Fire Sword for a while, gazing with pride and tenderness like the cold metal object were a son. His eyes softened, and his stance relaxed as he stroked it as though he were touching a lover. Watching the scene unnoticed from the off to the side, Zen observed Evil Lan's reaction. It startled Zen to see such fondness on such an evil face. Zen's heart lurched, and he had an unshakable feeling that trouble lay ahead. Evil Lan was a madman.

After taking his time polishing the mysterious weapon, Evil Lan turned his head toward Zen. There was a peculiar smile on his face, and he gave Zen an odd look. He walked over, and as he pulled Zen out of the cage, he said," You should feel honored to be integrated into my Hell Fire Sword."

Realizing it was senseless to respond to this madman, Evil Lan, Zen just shook his head slowly and followed his insane captor. Given how much more powerful Evil Lan was, Zen thought of himself as unlucky. Seeing no way out, Zen sighed thinking that soon he would be consumed by the fire until nothing but ashes remained. It was a pity that his hatred had not been reported, and he was not even capable of revenge. Zen was helpless to anything and felt resentment at the injustice of God. Damn, his weak skills!

At least he wouldn't make it easy for Evil Lan, who had to drag Zen the entire way. They stopped in front of the weapon refining furnace, and Evil Lan repositioned himself before forcing Zen into the furnace.

Within the bowels of the refinery, the hearth was dark, all Zen could see were remnants burning in the fire, and a table sitting in the center of the furnace.

Coming in behind Zen, Evil Lan placed his Hell Fire Sword on the table, turned, giving Zen a ruthless smile before leaving.

When Evil Lan reached the mouth of the furnace, he stopped suddenly as though he'd forgotten something. He turned back, and with a flick of his fingers, some yellow powder appeared and covered Zen.

As Zen breathed in, he inhaled a small amount of the fragrant yellow powder, and even though it was a tiny portion, it made Zen feel weak all over. He recognized the dust as the Bone-smashing Powder with Ten Flavors. This was a truly vile drug that overpowered a victim paralyzing tendons, muscles, and bones in a short time, resulting in weak limbs.

Rather than give up and be burned alive, Zen had decided that at the chance, he would steal the Hell Fire Sword, smash the weapons refining furnace and do all he could to defeat Evil Lan. 'Damn it all to hell!' he thought, as he watched his plan go up in smoke, all because of the damned Bone-smashing Powder with Ten Flavors. Zen felt like his body turning weak, soft and worse, it affected his internal life energy, leaving him unable to lift a finger.

'Is this it? Does my life end here?

Once a predator, now the prey. I have only myself to blame for being this weak! My flaw was I let myself be bullied, and now I can't even reconcile myself with events.'

He gritted his teeth, and a desperate look was on his face. In the midst of his thoughts, a flame burst up in the middle of the weapons refining furnace.

The bright, yellow flames reminded Zen of a fiery yellow lotus, and Zen realized they must be the fire of Evil Lan.

The fire spread almost instantly when it appeared, filling the space of the weapon refining furnace. Zen felt the heat on his face, and quickly realized he was enveloped in the flames.

"Ss-izz-zle!"

He heard the sound as his clothes ignited, and instantly burned to ashes.

As the flames engulfed his flesh, he felt the heat, and as he began to sweat, Zen shut his eyes, bit down preparing for pain. After what felt like a long time, he didn't feel any pain and wondered, 'What's going on?

That's strange!' There was a slight amount of heat, not even enough to make him feel more than minor discomfort.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 23 Refining The Body With Fire (Part Three)

Questioning the lack of sensations thoroughly confused Zen, and his eyes flew open so he could see. When he looked down, he saw that although he was nude because his clothes were turned to ashes, his body was intact. Not only that but, his hair wasn't even singed! Zen was thoroughly confused!

"Is it because I am not afraid of the burning fire?" he whispered.

An idea came to mind suddenly. It was a long shot, but Zen was desperate since he thought he was going to die. He filled his heart with ecstasy.

Although he wasn't sure, what he was witnessing now was related to the unbelievable scene that happened the day he was in the cellar. Zen knew something incredible occurred after that. 'Is it because I am actually a mysterious weapon, that the fire is not burning me?'

He wondered as the fire outside of the furnace grew higher.

Golden flames were constantly shooting through the air, shifting into large invisible hands and pummeling Zen as they neared him. More flames were doing the same to the Hell Fire Sword lying on the table simultaneously. The greater the fire grew, the hotter Zen was, and yet, oddly, he still only felt a twinge of irritation.

Unlike Zen, the Hell Fire Sword was affected and as the body and hilt of the sword glowed red as the metal heated, the black and white runes along the sword's length sparkled with a peculiar gleam, as though it was absorbing the fire's energy.

'While refining a weapon, the most important element of the process is controlling when to burn it with fire, and then infusing the fire's energy into the sword while it is red hot. What an interesting and unique method! Now, the flames are engulfing the Hell Fire Sword, here and there...' Zen contemplated silently. It was notable to mention that although Zen was within the furnace, engulfed in flames himself, he was watching the refining process in its entirety with interest.

While Zen stood there in the midst, mesmerized by the refining process, Evil Lan's surprised voice came from outside the large kiln. Clearly, he sensed something unusual.

Since the process had continued long enough for the hot flames to burn the Hell Fire Sword into malleable glowing metal, Evil Lan expected Zen to be ashes, but, when he looked in and saw an unscathed Zen, Evil Lan wondered, 'How can the young man still be alive?

Although the boy is human, he carries the scent of a mysterious weapon. Something must be wrong. I wonder, could it be that the boy is as strong as a piece of mysterious weapon?'

Thinking of the possibility excited Evil Lan, and his face lit up. Given the fact that he never used established techniques, preferring to employ more sinister methods, Evil Lan relished this. The more bizarre the material, the more he savored it.

As a matter of fact, he incorporated the raw elements of yin and yang into his beloved Hell Fire Sword. Now, considering that yin and yang were opposing principles by nature, weapon refiners would usually avoid combining these two materials together. However, Evil Lan went against the well-known procedures and supplies, to refine his first-class mysterious weapon, and his method proved suitable, luckily.

All due to his hope for the best!

Seeing the strange power Zen possessed thrilled him that much more. While the fire he had burning was second grade, it was still ten times more powerful than a general fire. Even his fire didn't harm the young man! Evil Lan was absolutely thrilled.

Observing the young man standing there as flames continued to lick his unharmed skin, Evil Lan was both pleasantly surprised and depressed at the time. Obviously, Zen's body was a great treasure that didn't fear the fire, or had his black magic failed him? What should he do now?

After pondering over it for a while, Evil Lan reached into his pocket and he took a pill out. The pill was blue-gray with striations reminiscent of flame on the surface of the medicine.

"The Fire Melting Pill!"

Evil Lan exclaimed. This third-grade pill was worth a city, and it could raise a fire to the next level in a short period of time. To get this one pill, he exchanged a top rate mysterious weapon which disturbed him for a long time.

Not willing to waste the precious Fire Melting Pill, Evil Lan had kept it for many years now.

Hesitation filled his eyes as he turned it over, and he knew utilizing it today could be quite a gamble as he rolled it between his fingers and considered whether or not he should. Reminding himself, Evil Lan thought, 'Each time I took a big gamble, I successfully forged a prime mysterious weapon. This time, if I win the bet, it will raise the Hell Fire Sword to a higher level. Hmmm, possibly, even making it a spiritual weapon...'

As soon as the thought popped into his mind, Evil Lan's heart thudded hard against the walls of his chest in anticipation. Evil Lan didn't need any further encouragement to pop the Fire Melting Pill into his mouth, excitedly, believing he would be as successful this time as he had been previously.

As soon as Evil Lan swallowed the Fire Melting Pill, his throat was as hot as the blazing fire. While fire spurted from his eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth, he roared. The fire within now flowed through his body until it jetted from him and into the weapon refining furnace.

Thanks to the power of the Fire Melting Pill, Evil Lan's fire was much stronger and had increased by one rank. As it blazed, the entire cave was full of exceptional heat, and the living people in his many cages far from the heat burned, filling the cave with the screams of tortured victims and smells of flesh crisping.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 24 Black Flames And Dragon Scales

The vivid yellow lotus flames became unusual golden red, and each flare emitted intense heat.

Since the fire's strength had grown steeply, it would be impossible to withstand, and Zen's face paled as he watched the red lotus flames shot at him.

As expected, the fire was far more potent than it was earlier.

Searing pain coursed through Zen as the golden-red flames slammed him. Just like the day he was in the cellar, Zen's body inexplicably turned to dark red.

Usually, any average person ravaged in such a high-temperature fire would mummify as the moisture sizzled into the air leaving the dried husk burning until it exploded raining ashes and soot everywhere.

However, Zen's body was anything but average. Instead of being destroyed by the lotus flames, he slowly turned red hot, glowing like an excellent mysterious weapon.

Small golden foils that lay deep in Zen's skin were drawn out and hovering over his skin. Now covered in gilded shimmering fragments, Zen's entire body sparkled brilliantly gleaming.

While his body glowed bright red, the golden flecks became ornate obscure tadpole text and spun. The speed they spun increased faster and faster at a hypnotic rate until, unexpectedly, small whirlpools formed on the surface of Zen's skin.

As the whirlpools grew, the suction they produced drew the lotus flames from the furnace to Zen and sucked into the whirlpools.

The fire was refining his body!

Surprisingly, his body drove all the fire into him.

One after another, flames were absorbed into Zen's body through every pore on him, including his arms, legs, and neck .....

It was more excruciating than any pain he had experienced of his flesh. As the lotus flames went through his skin, they burned every inch from outside to the inside of him.

To endure the searing pain, Zen clenched his mouth.

What he sustained physically was mild compared to what his soul had suffered from the black flame back when he was in the cellar.

Zen felt the toxic Bone-smashing Powder with Ten Flavors gradually fading beneath the burning fires.

While his body reacted to the flames, Zen felt a giant furnace come to life in his mind. It had always been there, dormant and quiet until touched by the black flame. Suddenly, the calm furnace blazed out of control, flames growing and blazing. The flames hit Zen's consciousness and flashed out his brows!

There in front of Zen, the black flame appeared like a living creature.

An odd cry ripped from the black flame when it emerged before it rushed at the Hell Fire Sword.

When the Hell Fire Sword was forged by Evil Lan, it glowed red as though it was sitting in a blazing fire for a long time. As soon as the black flame touched this allegedly top grade, priceless mysterious weapon -- the Hell Fire Sword, it melted instantly leaving a few drops of hot metal where it had been laid.

A look of shock was on Zen's face when he saw the power of the black flame, and he wondered, 'What the hell is this black flame? How can it wreak such horror?'

After the Hell Fire Sword melted, the eerie flames rolled the iron that remained before vanishing into Zen's sea of consciousness. Panic swept over him. He knew his body was as hard as a mysterious weapon; however, he couldn't put the molten metal in his head, could he?

It astonished Zen that he was fine, and could see in his mind that the black flame sent the drops of iron to the cyan dragon on the wall of the ancient tripod.

In his mind, the large vessel was decorated by nine dragons with their eyes closed, except the cyan dragon. As Zen watched, he saw the dragon lift its head, roar loudly and consume the drops of iron. After swallowing the iron drops, magical changes occurred, and the dragon's dull gray scales changed.

A single scale on the dragon's tail began emitting a green brilliance, giving it the appearance of a flawless emerald.

It was unexpected when the remnants from the Hell Fire Sword activated a scale of the dragon engraving!

What Zen was seeing unfold in his mind amazed him.

Simultaneously, Zen felt a surge from the scale, and strength flooding into his body.

His vigor increased radically because of the scale and Zen could feel the intense power as it grew!

All the events left Zen wondering, 'Is it feasible for me to activate many, or even all of the dragon scales while the black flame devours more mysterious weapons?

That's it! Yes, that's it!' Zen's face brimmed with ecstasy as he put the pieces together. His experience being forged in the fires of the kiln gave Zen a deeper understanding of the great furnace.

If one dragon scale forcibly increased his power several times, what would happen if tens of thousands of the cyan dragon scales were all stimulated?

Not only the cyan dragon but, above that dragon, he saw white, purple, black and blue dragons... ...

Counting nine dragons carved into the great furnace left Zen wondering, how incredible his might would be if he stimulated the scales of all of them!

Zen wet his lips nervously and shook his head, struggling to wrap his head around the fantastic idea. This was all so far beyond his vision.

As he pondered what he knew, he realized how difficult it was to trigger the dragon scales.

According to Evil Lan, the Hell Fire Sword was a topmost mysterious weapon and extremely valuable.

Since it was only the essence of such a treasure that initiated a single dragon scale, Zen imagined how many it would take to light up thousands of them. 'Even if all the treasures in the entire eastern region were smelted, it would barely light up all the cyan dragon's scales, and not even touch the other eight dragons above the cyan dragon, '

concluded Zen silently as he discerned. He needed to analyze everything thoroughly and not act hastily.

Determined to guard himself against arrogance and impatience, Zen sat cross-legged in the blazing fire, as the golden whirlpools on his skin sucked in more lotus flames, and continued to forge his body.

Outside the furnace, Evil Lan was looking in, with an expression of doubt as he watched the strange scene. Unable to sense the presence of his Hell Fire Sword any more, he wondered if it had been merged into the boy. Evil Lan couldn't sense the boy's life energy either though.

Noticing that the fires he released into the furnace were dwindling, Evil Lan was curious about what was going on in there.

Maybe, he managed to create his spiritual weapon! Was it possible he succeeded?

As every weapon refiner knew, when the refining process neared completion, it entered the condensing stage which was when the treasure absorbed a large quantity of fire before it came out.

The amount of fire consumed during the condensing stage varied depending on the rank of the treasure. The higher the level, the more fire the weapon would devour.

Thinking back to when he forged the Hell Fire Sword, Evil Lan remembered that during the condensing stage it absorbed fire for two hours before it was completed.

Three hours had already passed today... ...

Since the higher the class of the weapon meant the more fire it needed to absorb in the condensing stage, and therefore the more time it took, Evil Lan thought it was highly likely that the new treasure in the furnace was a spiritual weapon!

Thinking about it excited Evil Lan and his heart suddenly started racing as he concluded, 'Yes! It has to be! Only a spiritual weapon can absorb as much fire as this throughout the condensation process.'

Without hesitation, Evil Lan immediately breathed more fire from his body into the furnace immediately.

Though Evil Lan sent a ton of fire into the furnace, it appeared there was a small black hole in the furnace which devoured as much fire as Evil Lan sent in.

Six hours later, Evil Lan was panting and drenched in sweat.

As a weapon refiner, Evil Lan was further along than other refiners and maintained more control over fire than the others his rank. While being a half-step into the nature level, releasing too much fire at once was still difficult for him.

At the same time, Evil Lan was concerned about whether or not he had done enough. A weapon refiner knew precisely how vital the condensing stage was. If he didn't correctly refine the weapon during the condensing stage, the weapon within the furnace wouldn't be forged successfully!

Impatient as he was, Evil Lan could only grit his teeth as he waited and fed the dying fires.

Twenty hours later......

Squeezing the final fires out of his body, when Evil Lan couldn't keep himself up anymore, he plopped down to the ground, exhausted and gasping for air.

He sat slumped on the ground gulping in air and recovering for some time, and then, he got up slowly. Evil Lan took several black pills out and popped them into his mouth. It wasn't too long for him to feel rejuvenated, and replenished after he swallowed the pills and headed for the furnace.

Still unsure whether or not he had succeeded, Evil Lan had a puzzled look on his face as he stood in front of the furnace.

Reaching out tentatively, Evil Lan turned the handle and opened the door. He could not sense anything still, which gave him an unsettling sensation. Just as the door swung open fully, a golden fist slammed into his face with the brutal force.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal

fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 25 Freedom (Part One)

Since Evil Lan had been half-step into the nature level, he reacted promptly to danger. Faced with an oncoming punch from Zen, he pedaled his feet and quickly flew back to elude the blow.

However, Zen was quicker. His fist made contact with Evil Lan's body. Since Evil Lan had moved backward, the movement had offset some of the power from Zen. Upon impact, however, Evil Lan's face suddenly became red, veins throbbed on his forehead, and his blood rushed around. Evil Lan spat out the blood pooling in his mouth. He stared at Zen before saying,"You are still alive!"

"Well, thanks to you, I am not dead yet!" Zen replied. With fists clenched, Zen remained outwardly composed. However, his chest heaved with the effort to control the fear surging through him. Zen had just stepped into the organ refining level, and he could withstand a weight of 3000 pounds. Moreover, with the dragon scale on the cyan dragon relief, his strength could be tripled. Since he had planned to catch Evil Lan off-guard, Zen's punch carried almost all of his full strength.

He hadn't expected that Evil Lan would react so promptly. He had almost avoided being hit by Zen's punch.

Evil Lan was even more shocked than Zen. 'This young man is just at the beginning of the organ refining level. Logically, my strength is superior to him. I should have no trouble killing him. But his strength increased rapidly after he emerged from the weapon refining furnace. Could this be human refining? What is going on?' Evil Lan frowned in confusion as he thought about what had just happened.

If he hadn't been quick enough, Evil Lan might have been killed by the first punch thrown by this young man. That would be an unbearable shame to Evil Lan. That could not happen again!

"Where is the Hell Fire Sword?" Evil Lan asked. Although Evil Lan had many things to worry about, the whereabouts of his sword concerned him the most.

Zen lifted his shoulders and spread his hands. A smile stretched across Zen's face, exposing two rows of white teeth. Then he said,"You don't know? Apparently, I ate it!"

"You ate it? You are lying to me." Evil Lan roared. His eyes widened, and an expression of total disbelief filled his face. The Hell Fire Sword was a top grade mysterious weapon. How could it have been eaten? That too by a person? A human stomach could not digest a sword let alone a mysterious one! Evil Lan's eyes roamed over Zen. The young man was completely naked. There was no place to hide the Hell Fire Sword. The weapon refining furnace was also empty. Since the sword was nowhere to be found, Evil Lan was certain that Zen had done something to it. But all other factors concluded otherwise. And yet, Evil Lan couldn't believe Zen.

He screamed with anger,"Where is my Hell Fire Sword?"

"I'm not kidding. I really did eat it," said Zen. Zen was telling the truth. The Hell Fire Sword had turned into hot metal essence by the black flame. Then the cyan dragon in his mind had swallowed it. In other words, it had indeed been 'eaten' by him.

"Well, since you say that you ate the Hell Fire Sword, I will open your body to see if it is inside your stomach or not!" said Evil Lan viciously. As soon as Evil Lan finished speaking, his body moved rapidly, and his hands, like dead branches, flew toward Zen's chest. He was going to rip open Zen's stomach with his bare hands!

Of course, Zen wouldn't just stand still and wait for Evil Lan to kill him. After staying inside the weapon refining furnace for such a long time, Zen felt as though his physical strength had increased to another level again. His body felt as strong as a middle-grade mysterious weapon! He shuffled his feet lightly to invigorate the life energy inside his body. Soon his bones rattled and the sound, as loud as thunder, echoed in the caves.

"Purple Fist Strength!"

He would have to fight Evil Lan! Zen was not weak. His body had become a mysterious weapon, and so, he was confident of his abilities. And the fire from Evil Lan had calcinated his body further. As for strength, although Zen was only at the beginning of the organ refining level, with the help of the awakening power of the dragon scale, he could beat someone who was half-step into the nature level. He could by no means allow himself to be trampled upon.

What was more, Evil Lan had been burning him for twenty hours. That was nearly a whole day and a night. After twenty hours of weapon refining, Zen thought that Evil Lan's strength might have diminished and he would be like a spent arrow.

The moment the two men were about to fight head-on, Evil Lan moved aside quickly, his body drawing an arc in the air. And then he brought down his arm, as swiftly and precisely as a sword.

"Flame Sword!"

"Ping!"

Evil Lan was indeed strong and powerful since he had been half-step into the nature level. His attack was also fueled with the burning power of his life fire. His hand tore open a crack in Zen's skin like a sword would do.

They both were shocked!

What surprised Evil Lan was that Zen's body was unusually hard. Evil Lan's attack had managed to open only a crack on Zen's skin! From what he could remember, even the bodies of special races on the savage land were not as hard as Zen's. His Flame Sword contained the strength of his fire. The force he used could rive the muscles of iron.

But the moment that his sword cut through Zen's body and touched Zen's bones, a sound like that of steel colliding could be heard. 'What happened? Is the young man's body a mysterious weapon?' thought Evil Lan.

What surprised Zen was that Evil Lan had been agile enough to escape. No matter how hard Zen tried, he could not even capture Evil Lan's shadow. This frustrated Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 26 Freedom (Part Two)

"Hum, despite being at the organ refining level, you are physically hard. Nonetheless, you are going to die here today. I will refine your body when you die to compensate for my losses!" said Evil Lan. With these words, he swooped toward Zen with a burst of shadows.

"Ping!" The sword cut Zen.

Another incision was seen on him. A moment later, blood gushed from Zen's wound.

"Bang!"

"Bump!"

Every time Evil Lan attacked him, a terrible wound could be seen on Zen's body.

The situation was disheartening for Zen. Although he was physically strong, he was not as fast as Evil Lan. With the advantage of speed on Evil Lan's side, Zen felt that there was a very real chance that Evil Lan might kill him.

In this case, he had no choice but to take a risk!

All of a sudden, Zen closed his eyes, and his arms fell to his sides. It seemed as though he had been defeated.

Since he couldn't catch Evil Lan, it was useless to keep trying.

"Giving up so soon, poor young man?" Evil Lan said contemptuously. Evil Lan was battle-hardened. When he saw that Zen had given up resisting, he raised an eyebrow. He knew better than to drop his guard for even a second. Without any hesitation, he continued to slash Zen at very high speed. Two more wounds were seen on Zen.

"Hey, hey, let me see what else can you endure!" Evil Lan continued.

His shrill laugh echoed off the walls as he lunged at Zen again. This time he seemed to slash at Zen one more time. Just as he neared Zen, Evil Lan changed direction and went round to Zen's back. Then his hands burst with blossoming lotus fire.

With another shrill laugh, Evil Lan approached Zen again. This time, he aimed for Zen's head. He was going to rip Zen's head off!

'The right time is coming!' Zen thought.

When Evil Lan was only seconds' away, Zen suddenly opened his eyes. He had been patiently waiting for this opportunity. Before Evil Lan could land his attack, Zen covered his head with his arms.

The moment Evil Lan touched Zen's arms, the young man grasped and squeezed Evil Lan's arms. At the same time, he firmly clasped Evil Lan's skinny arms. After that, Zen shouted,"Get off my back!"

"Bump!"

Zen threw Evil Lan to the ground with all of his strength. Although the cave was made up of hard stone, it could not withstand this enormous momentum. Under the impact of the explosion, the ground was torn apart, and in the middle of the huge hole lay Evil Lan.

Dazed, Evil Lan took a moment to compose himself before struggling to climb out of the hole. Zen, however, simply did not give him the opportunity. 'This crazy man is very strong and fast. If I let him climb out of this hole, I may not be able to catch him again. Opportunity knocks only once! I can't give him a chance.' Zen rationalized.

Zen was like a mad beast. He squatted over Evil Lan and unleashed at least a dozen punches in quick succession. The strength of each punch thrown by Zen weighed about thousands of pounds.

He panted from the exertion. After wiping his brow, Zen looked at Evil Lan who was lying in the rubble in the hole. Zen narrowed his eyes when he felt as though Evil Lan was no longer breathing.

He had beaten someone who was half-way to mastering the nature level? Considering that Zen only had the strength of a person at the organ refining level, this was undoubtedly a very difficult feat.

Evil Lan had depleted the fire inside his body, as he had been refining for nearly a day and a night. And then, he had been attacked by Zen.

In this case, he had still counterattacked successfully. If Zen reacted a little slower, his neck would have been broken by Evil Lan. In that case, Zen would have died, not Evil Lan.

Life was so unpredictable! It was impossible to figure out when and where disaster would strike.

It took a moment for the development to sink in. Zen had just defeated a notorious nature level master, with his bare hands.

Zen congratulated himself before calming down. He needed to check the eight living people pinned to the weapon refining furnace. When Zen began walking toward them, it looked like they were dead. It almost seemed as though their flesh and blood had been sucked away from their bones.

When he went to investigate the iron cages closer, Zen saw that those people had been burned to death by Evil Lan's fire. Their bodies looked so horrible that Zen closed his eyes and turned away. 'Poor people!'

Zen silently mourned for the people in his heart. After composing himself, Zen began wandering around the vast cave. Although he had examined the cave twice now, he saw nothing of value except some broken copper and iron.

Now in the center of the cave, Zen frowned as he thought about what he had found. If a general weapon refiner was wealthy, then an established weapon refiner like Evil Lan could not be so poor. There must be some treasures!

After searching for a while longer, a thought occurred to Zen. He rushed to the hole and dragged Evil Lan's body out. Evil Lan's body had now become a skeleton. There was not a single part of the body that was left intact.

Zen's gaze fell on Evil Lan's right hand. On the middle finger was a black ring.

An idea spurred Zen to reach for the ring from Evil Lan's middle finger. However, as soon as Zen touched the ring, a sense of coolness enveloped his fingers.

Sure enough, this was a space ring!.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 27 Freedom (Part Three)

The space ring was indeed special. As the name implied, the ring contained a space in it. A space where a person could hide something of value.

This kind of space ring was an incredible one! Even though it looked like a small space ring, and the storage space was also small, the value could be comparable to that of a top grade mysterious weapon.

No one had ever owned such a treasure in the Luo Clan!

Although Zen had never seen a real one space ring before, he had learned about such magical items from books.

Since Evil Lan was now dead and his soul had vanished, this space ring had become an object without a master. That meant that Zen could be the master of this space ring.

Something clicked in his mind, and Zen felt his spirit merging with the cold spirit that had come from the space ring. Then Zen saw all the things Evil Lan had saved in the ring.

The space inside the space ring was not large. He estimated that the space was no larger than a few square meters. This was surprisingly little for a space ring. However, there were many treasures inside.

Evil Lan had stored in the ring various precious ores used in weapon refining. This included pure iron, red seal stone, blood amber steel, and many others. They had all been piled up neatly in the corner. These ores were certainly very precious treasures for weapon refiners! They were also very expensive. Zen estimated that he could sell them for a good price.

Beside the ores, there were also semi-transparent spars. Spars were also known as cubic crystals. Zen knew this from his studies as well.

This kind of cubic crystal was the real currency in the Empire. Gold and silver were common people's currency, and they used it for trading. But for the cultivators, gold was as worthless as dirt. But cubic crystals were different!

Although these cubic crystals seemed like the regular kind, they could store pure life energy, which was a must for masters at the nature level.

Because cubic crystals were easy to cut and carry, they had gradually become the preferred currency of the world of cultivators.

Zen estimated that there were hundreds of cubic crystals in the ring. This was a considerable sum. So Evil Lan was not poor!

In addition, there were other treasures such as a long sword with demonic gleam, a bloody red hammer, etc. The grade of these treasures was not low. Since Zen was not a specialist, he gauged that they were probably middle-grade mysterious weapons.

On the other side of the space ring, there were a variety of refining books, as well as some unknown pills. While all these treasures and seemingly common items had been placed together, in an unorganized pile, a knife that lay hidden in the pile caught Zen's attention.

The knife appeared to be very old. The surface of the knife was pitted, and the handle was broken. Even though the blade of the knife was completely rolled up, Zen could see that in some places it was charred.

Despite its appearance, Zen felt as though the knife had a very special magic power. It was this special magic power that had a strong attraction to Zen. This broken knife was definitely precious! Maybe it would be of some use to him.

Thinking of that, Zen reached in and took the broken knife out of the space ring. Then he examined it carefully. The longer he held it, Zen felt as though the knife was becoming clearer and sharper. After a while, it looked as if it could cut anything in the world. "What a knife!"

The knife, even though broken, still had a strong flavor. Its grade must be unimaginably high. Surely Evil Lan also knew that this knife was not a common object. Probably he hadn't found a good way to fix this knife till now. No wonder he had saved it inside the space ring.

'Since Evil Lan couldn't fix it, I am afraid that I have no way to fix it either.' Zen told himself. After playing around the knife for a while, he put it back into the space ring and walked out of the cave.

He followed the long winding path, all the way to the outermost part of the cave. Once there, Zen stepped on the big tree and began to climb. He needed to get to the top of the cliff. There was a handrail alongside the cliff section, which saved him a lot of effort. After borrowing force from the handrail several times, Zen quickly reached the top of the cliff.

Once on top of the cliff, Zen took a deep breath of fresh air and bathed in the warm sunshine. A big smile finally lit up his face.

He had been lucky to leave the Luo Clan safely, escape from Evil Lan, and get so many treasures from Evil Lan.

More importantly, he had attained his freedom.

After being a prisoner in the cellar of the Luo Clan for two years, Zen had finally escaped. He was free. He could go anywhere he wanted!

He looked to his right and then dashed forward.

Although he was in a good mood, Zen was not intoxicated by it. He knew that he had more important things to do.

His next destination was the Imperial Capital.

More specifically, he had to reach the center of the legendary Burning Sky Empire, as that was where Cloud Sect was located. And his sister Yan was trapped in the Hell mountain at Cloud Sect.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 28 The Imperial Capital (Part One)

After traversing towering mountains and rolling hills, hiking over plains, passing many cities and various counties, Zen finally arrived in the Imperial Capital.

Standing in front of the high golden gate of the city, Zen was in awe. His mouth fell open in a silent 'wow'. Because he had thought that the C County was a large city. And he was surprised to see this golden gate which was several hundred feet high.

Having read many books on the Imperial Capital, in which writers elaborated on the grandeur of the capital, Zen was mentally prepared for the magnificence and luxury of the capital. However, he was still profoundly shocked when he first stepped into the Imperial Capital and felt like a country bumpkin visiting a city for the first time.

The books Zen had read were very detailed, and some had illustrations of the landscapes in the Imperial Capital, including illustrations like the golden gate towering over Zen now. The name of the gate was Heaven's Arch, which was four hundred feet high and one hundred feet wide.

Thirty years ago, the Princess Qi of Ogre was married to the Prince of the Burning Empire, and the princess Qi brought the Heaven's Arch with her as her dowry.

Even though Zen had imagined how the Heaven's Arch would look many times in the past, seeing the golden archway in person, he finally understood why this was the dowry Princess Qi brought with her. The Heaven's Arch was made of gold, and gemstones were inlaid over it, making gleam shine in the sun, with a rainbow of sparkling colors reflecting off it. Perhaps, Ogre wanted to make sure that the people in the Eastern Region knew every time they walked through this expensive dowry how poor they were.

After passing through the Heaven's Arch, Zen walked along the Imperial Capital's main street, enjoying the local sights. As he walked, Zen even chanced to see the Incandescent Pavilion that stood majestically over 1000 feet high. He saw the enormous Temple of Dragon and several chariots flying by.

Though intrigued, Zen did not stop to enjoy these stunning spectacles. His interest was in finding the Cloud Sect, and Zen wouldn't stop until he reached his destination.

Periodically stopping as he strolled down the street slowed Zen's trip. Because he asked anyone he could about the Cloud Sect. Finally, he came to the Cloud Sect after searching for an entire day.

The tremendous Cloud Sect made up nearly a quarter of the Imperial Capital, which was several times larger than the Imperial Palace. If the rolling Cloud Mountains that lay behind the Cloud Sect was counted, the area of the Cloud Sect would be much larger.

Compared with the luxuriousness of the dazzling Heaven's Arch, the gate leading to the Cloud Sect seemed plain. Aside from two words in large lettering at the top of the gate, there were no decorations. Surrounding the entrance were large green trees that had green vines entwined. Each factor added to the charm of the ancient building.

In front of the gate, two lines formed for sign-ups.

The one to the left had only no more than ten people, while the line on the right extended for miles. At a glance, it was difficult to see where this group's line ended. Zen counted quickly in his head and surmised that there were more than a thousand people waiting to the right.

He did not know the difference between these two lines, so, he went to the left first. There were not so many people and soon, it was Zen's turn.

The receptionist in charge of enrolling the students glanced up at Zen, and extended his hand as he demanded,"Please, show me your noble clan certificate."

"Noble clan certificate?" echoed Zen in a surprised manner.

Seeing Zen's blank look, the receptionist pointed down at his table while he explained,"This line is only for applicants from noble clans. If you do not have a noble clan certificate, you need to be in that line." As he spoke, the receptionist pointed to the long line to the right.

That cleared up any confusion Zen had about why there weren't many people standing in line here. It was dedicated to serving those of noble clans.

The noble clan was a special class bestowed on families by the emperor.

Throughout the entire Empire, there were only a small number of powerful families which were deemed noble clan, and most of those families were located in the Imperial Capital.

Since the Luo Clan of C County was not one of the noble clans, Zen could not show the noble clan certificate to the receptionist.

Watching the scene unfolded, people standing in the long line burst into laughter with contemptuous looks on their faces. Waiting in line like that was boring, aside from gossiping with each other to pass the time, there was nothing to do. Zen's actions broke the monotony and were entertaining for the people standing there waiting for their turns.

"Where did this bumpkin come from?"

"He didn't know what the noble clan certificate was. How dare he come to the Cloud Sect? Do you see what kind of people come to the Cloud Sect these days? That's funny."

Ignoring the taunts, Zen didn't acknowledge the harassing opinions and gave the receptionist a nod before walking to the end of the line on the right. Contemptuous glares from other hopeful applicants followed Zen.

The past two years that Zen lived as a slave in the Luo Clan, and his harrowing escape from death had numbed Zen to the sort of insignificant provocations and ridicules these strangers tossed at him. Right now, nothing could annoy him.

The line was moving slowly, and since Zen didn't know anyone there, he decided to use the time to refresh himself and closed his eyes.

"Is this your first time here to take the initial exam?" came a gentle voice unexpectedly from in front of Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 29 The Imperial Capital (Part Two)

Keeping his eyes closed, Zen nodded. A few seconds later, he opened his eyes and saw a young man standing in front of him. Zen noticed the young man had a benign face and was about eighteen or nineteen years old.

When the young man saw Zen's eyes open, he smiled slightly and said, "This is my second time!"

"What's the initial exam?" Sensing kindness in the young man, Zen felt comfortable enough to ask. He knew the Cloud Sect's requirements for disciples to be recruited were very strict, and applicants had to pass multiple exams to qualify for admittance to the Cloud College. However, he was not from the Imperial Capital, so he wasn't very clear about the processes used in selecting recruits for the Cloud Sect.

The young man smiled congenially and said, "The Cloud Sect is a prominent place famous for having the finest refining instructors in the world. Countless people want to join the Cloud Sect, and each needs to be assessed. Since there are too many candidates, the Cloud Sect stipulates that, except for people from the noble clans, applicants must pass the initial exam before they become eligible to take the Cloud Sect's exams."

"Thank you for sharing that. If you don't mind, would you tell me, what are the contents of the initial exam?" Zen had heard it was difficult to gain admission into the Cloud Sect. After listening to this young man explain the exams, Zen realized there were a lot of rules which made him wonder what Perrin had sacrificed. Because Perrin not only got into the Cloud Sect but also was recruited as an inner disciple immediately.

Chuckling, the young man said, "At the professed initial exam, they will gather us together for a race. The Cloud Sect specifies that those who are permitted to participate in the initial exam need to be at the bone refining level at least, and although people who have reached the organ or marrow refining levels can participate, the requirements for each level vary. For example, applicants at the bone refining level need to run a predetermined distance, but, applicants at the organ refining level need to run further..."

'Is it just running?' wondered Zen. As he thought, he blinked. The initial exam sounded easy. After all, everyone could run. When Zen arrived at the organ refining level, his breaths were longer, allowing him to run longer and farther.

Now that he knew what the initial exam entailed, Zen was more at ease, and he chatted with the young man as they waited. Through their conversation, Zen learned the young man's name was Nory Mo, and he was part of a small clan here in the Imperial Capital.

The Cloud Sect's initial exam was held once a month. Nory failed last month, so he was here for his second attempt at the exam this year.

The two men became engrossed in discussing trivia. The line moved along, and before they knew it, it was Nory's turn. And Zen was the next.

After registering his name, the receptionist handed Zen a jade pendant that had his identity information recorded on it.

As he carefully put the jade pendant away, Nory said, "Zen, make sure you rest well tonight. Running may sound simple, but the trail the Cloud Sect has is unique. You'll be able to receive more details the day after tomorrow." Nory thought for a moment and then he added, "Zen, you're not from the Imperial Capital. If you don't have anywhere to stay, you can come and stay at my place."

Indeed, Nory Mo was a warm-hearted person.

However, as kind as Nory was, Zen politely declined his invitation. After living in slavery for the past two years, he understood how cold the world was, and through his experience, he knew there was a price for everything. While he wouldn't suspect everyone completely, Zen also would not trust anyone easily.

Just then a group of people came through the gate from the Cloud Sect. A few were wearing black robes, but most of them wore white robes.

Noticing Zen watching them thoughtfully, Nory offered, "The ones donned in white robes are the outer disciples. We will earn the right to wear those if we pass the initial exam and the Cloud Sect's test."

"What about the black robes?" asked Zen.

"Black robes? They are the inner disciples! The standings of the inner disciples, as well as the pills they receive every month, are superior to the disciples in white robes. My father's goal for me is that I can become an inner disciple and wear a black robe," stated Nory with a look longing on his face.

Acknowledging Nory with a nod, Zen reflected on the day Ken declared that Perrin was enrolled as an inner disciple. What was the reason behind that? Was it for the effects of the Magical Pill that Perrin could progress more rapidly with his refining skills?

While Zen was lost in thought, six or seven disciples dressed in black robes walked towards him. One of them stared at Zen with a strange look on his face. "Zen! Well, isn't this a surprise? You're not dead! Do you want to study at the Cloud Sect? How dare you come to sign up for the exam? That's absurd! Ha!"

Hearing his name, Zen squinted, looking at the man who was shouting at him. Inside, his chest constricted with disgust when he got a good look at the man. What a coincidence! He was just thinking of him, and now, surprisingly, Perrin was standing in front of him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 30 Provocation (Part One)

Zen knew that he would meet Perrin at Cloud Sect sooner or later. However, he did not expect to encounter Perrin even before he had taken the initial exam.

After hearing what Perrin said, Zen realized that his cousin knew about the events that transpired on Family Practicing Day. If that was true, then Perrin would be aware that Zen had maimed Andrew in such a way that he would be unable to cultivate permanently.

"Cloud Sect is open to people from all over the world. You can join it, so can I!" Zen said calmly.

Perrin laughed and replied, "You are the rebel of the Luo Clan. After all that you have done, everyone in the Clan wants to kill you. You want to join Cloud Sect? Dream on! I'm gonna maim you today!"

Then, Perrin's body shone with a purple light. He stepped toward Zen with a contemptuous sneer.

Zen snorted. Perrin was behaving just as he had predicted! All of Zen's muscles tightened as he took a defensive stance. Perrin's strength seemed to have improved with his training at Cloud Sect. But Perrin didn't know that Zen had become stronger as well! 'I have already defeated Evil Lan, a master who was mid-way to the nature level. How can Perrin beat me?' Zen thought.

Just then, a black-robed disciple caught Perrin's left arm and said, "Hey, Perrin, calm down! We are at Cloud Sect. You've got to be careful not to violate the rules, or you will receive severe punishment."

Perrin frowned when being reminded of the rules. Apparently, the penalty for breaking Cloud Sect's laws was severe. And so he hesitated.

Then, a young man with distinguished bearing, named Billy, walked out from amongst the black-robed disciples. It appeared as though Billy was the big shot amongst these guys. He said, " Perrin, has this guy ever clashed with you?"

Perrin bowed respectfully to Billy before nodding and replying, "Yes, he is a rebel of my Clan. As the young master of the Luo Clan, I am obliged to punish him."

"Kill him then! Though the rules of Cloud Sect are strict, this guy has just registered for the initial exam. Thus, it doesn't break the rules if you kill him, and I can cope with any trouble that you may encounter after that," Billy said impassively. It sounded almost as though Billy could determine whether Zen would live or die.

Perrin had intended to fight with Zen, but he gave up this idea after hearing what Billy Wang said. It was all known that there was no free lunch, so Perrin didn't want to owe Billy one due to Zen. So Perrin turned to Billy and said, "I'm in no hurry! I'd like to see if this guy can pass the exams to enter Cloud Sect. If he fails, I will kill him as easily as I can kill an ant. If he succeeds, I will be able to find many opportunities to kill him in the future."

Then Perrin turned to Zen and said, "I will let you live for a few more days. Don't get comfortable though. I will kill you someday soon!"

Zen split his sides laughing at Perrin's threat. He pointed at Perrin with his index finger and said, "Ha-hah! That's complete bullshit! Perrin, did no one from the Luo Clan tell you the truth? I defeated Ken Luo not just Andrew! How can you kill me?"

After saying that, Zen exuded an aura using his full strength. His body had been refined and burned by Evil Lan's fire for twenty hours. The intensity of his body had thus reached the level of a mid-grade mysterious weapon.

Although Zen was still at the organ-refining level, his exuding strength was so powerful that Perrin felt as though a tsunami was crushing him. The intensity was too much to bear, and Perrin found himself short of breath.

Perrin took a step back when faced with Zen's power. Two days ago, a Luo Clan carrier pigeon had brought a letter to Perrin. The note had been very brief. It had only mentioned that Zen had made Andrew unable to use his power any more. It said nothing about the fact that Zen had beaten Ken Luo.

Not long ago, Zen had been at the flesh refining level. But now, it seemed as though his strength had increased tremendously.

Originally, Perrin was quite confident about his ability to beat Zen. He had taken the Magical Pill, which had led to an incredible improvement in his cultivating speed. Moreover, as Perrin had built a friendly relationship with Billy, he had been accepted as an inner disciple at Cloud Sect.

In the past, Perrin's strength had been far superior to Zen's, and so he had never felt threatened by Zen.

Since it was said in the letter from the Luo Clan that Zen must have died because he had been grabbed by an evil weapon refiner Evil Lan, Perrin didn't pay much attention to it. He had almost forgotten about Zen.

However, Perrin didn't expect that Zen was still alive and would show up in front of him. Furthermore, Zen's strength had improved to the extent where Perrin was worried that Zen was no longer weaker than him.

Seeing Zen's arrogance, the faces of several inner disciples standing by Perrin's side darkened.

Zen was even not a disciple of Cloud Sect. Even if Zen successfully passed the exams and entered Cloud Sect, he would only be an outer disciple. How could he be so arrogant in front of a group of the inner disciples?

The only thing they were eager to do now was to teach Zen a lesson with their fists.

They all stared at Billy because of his status in the group.

Billy smiled calmly before speaking to Perrin. " Perrin, it seems that this barking dog of your Clan is a bit fierce and annoying. What are you waiting for? Go beat him!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 31 Provocation (Part Two)

The second Billy had finished giving the order, Perrin got ready to fight Zen.

Just at this moment, a flash emerged from inside Cloud Sect and a flying chariot shot out toward them.

Two armored people stood on the flying chariot. They seemed to be patrolling the area.

"They are inspectors," said a black-robed disciple.

Perrin's expression turned sour when he saw the flying chariot. According to the strict rules of the Cloud Sect, battles among disciples were forbidden.

However, there were so many disciples in Cloud Sect, and each had been cultivating martial arts that battles could not be avoided altogether. All the disciples knew that they needed to be careful about the inspectors catching them fighting with each other.

Since the inspectors were just above the crowd, Perrin and his friends could not do anything.

Aware of the current situation, Billy sneered at Zen. Then he patted Perrin's left shoulder before strutting away with his hands crossed behind his back.

Perrin said to Zen, "You are very fortunate today! Although you have come to the Imperial Capital, no matter whether you join Cloud Sect or not, there is no chance for you to live! I will not fight you today. However, be ready! I will wait for the right opportunity to kill you! If you are smart, you'll find poison or another means to commit suicide in some street corner. That death will be less painful than what I will do to you. The choice is yours!" Then Perrin and the other black-robed disciples turned and followed Billy.

After the group of black-robed disciples left, Nory who had been standing far away, slowly approached Zen. His voice was full of admiration as he said, "Zen, you are so brave! Even the outer disciples don't dare to provoke the inner disciples. You dared to anger them even though you've only just signed up for the initial exam? You rock!"

In addition to Nory, many people who had signed up for the initial exam cast an ineffable look at Zen. While some thought that Zen had been too impetuous, others admired Zen's bravery. But most of them felt that Zen had been stupid to offend the inner disciples. They believed that Zen would no doubt meet an unfortunate end.

Zen sighed in resignation and forced a smile. Who liked to offend other people for no reason? Cloud Sect only selected the best warriors. It was expected that the disciples would have immense talent. Zen was just a rebel of a little Clan. The best way for him to survive and succeed was to keep a low profile and focus on cultivating his strength.

However, Zen still had a mission. He had to avenge his father's death! Thoughts of his father's death left Zen uneasy. Over the past two years, he had been unable to sleep. He might not have had the resources or the power earlier, but that hadn't stopped Zen from planning his revenge. He had sworn never to forget this blood feud!

Nory was also a member of a clan. So when he saw Zen's indignant look and thought of what transpired between Zen and Perrin, he nearly guessed what might have happened. It was normal to see a power dispute within the Luo Clan. Nory would not interfere in the internal affairs of another Clan. But he still reminded Zen, "From amongst those black-robed disciples, you should pay special attention to the last one."

"Who is that guy?" Zen had also noticed how special the others had behaved toward Billy. Those disciples all turned to Billy for advice. As Perrin had paid his respect to Billy, Billy just remained an arrogant posture because he thought he should deserve Perrin's great respect due to his social status.

"If I haven't made a mistake, I believe that person is a member of the noble Clan called the Wang Clan," Nory said.

Noble Clan?

Now everything made sense! Perrin could wear a black robe that was reserved for an inner disciple of Cloud Sect because he had been associating with a member of a noble Clan!

It was widely known that the noble Clans belonged to the privileged classes in the Empire. Some of their privileges were even written into the laws of the Empire.

Even so, it was impossible for Zen to bow to any threat. He could only desperately resist any attack in the worst situation.

After leaving Cloud Sect, Zen found a hotel to stay.

The Imperial Capital was different from C County. The prices for almost all commodities in the Imperial Capital were two or three times higher than those in C County. However, Zen had grabbed Evil Lan's space ring in which there had been many valuable treasures. Those cubic crystals alone carried great value. The value of one cubic crystal could make Zen stay in a more luxurious hotel than the one he had selected.

At night, Zen blew out the flame of the candlestick before climbing onto the bed and sitting cross-legged. He did not intend to sleep now.

He took the blood-red sledgehammer out of the space ring and placed it in front of himself.

Earlier, the black fire in the furnace of Zen's mind had inexplicably flown out to swallow the Hell Fire Sword. Then it lit up a dragon scale, which had significantly increased Zen's strength. If Zen could light the second dragon scale, his strength would increase manifold.

Prior to his meeting with Perrin, Zen had not been eager to light up the second dragon scale. However, after having met Perrin, Zen knew that joining Cloud Sect was going to be more difficult than he had anticipated. This was a turning point for Zen.

To deal with the crisis, Zen needed to increase his strength as he did not have anyone to rely on in the Imperial Capital.

After all the preparation had been done, Zen closed his eyes and meditated. He was trying to communicate with the furnace in his mind.

The black fire had previously appeared in Zen's mind on its own initiative. As a result, it had melted the Hell Fire Sword into iron essence.

Would the black fire reappear or not? Zen was unsure.

The huge furnace quietly floated in Zen's mind. There seemed to be no movement that would indicate the appearance of the black fire. Zen's spirit slowly approached the furnace in an attempt to rouse it.

Zen circled the furnace two times, but nothing happened. How did the furnace start?

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 32 The Initial Exam (Part One)

In the ancient refining theory book that Zen had read earlier, there was no record of the furnace's usage. There had been only a few magical words which meant Zen had to explore how to use it himself.

As he cleared his mind in meditation, Zen focused, and eventually, his soul stopped in front of the large furnace. Among the nine dragon engravings, only the cyan dragon was awakened. Now the majestic dragon stared down at Zen.

On thinking of how his soul was once nearly shattered under the gaze of the cyan dragon, Zen was dismayed.

Since Zen's soul was trained in the considerable furnace, the power of his soul had been significantly improved.

Under the cyan dragon's gaze, Zen felt overwhelming pressure, like he was being crushed under a mountain, and was short of breath, all from the power of the dragon staring down at him in his mind.

Zen's soul was strong enough to resist being overwhelmed by the cyan dragon's gaze, but he needed to find a way to communicate with it.

In the face of the raw energy from the fearsome cyan dragon, Zen felt like a mere speck of dust. Zen moved to get closer to the cyan dragon relief, but the closer he got, the more pressure he felt. He struggled to resist the impulse to run away.

'Don't stop! Keep going!' Zen urged himself inwardly to rush forward. The pressure increased with each step, slowing Zen as he neared the cyan dragon until his movements were labored like he were trudging through thick mud.

The cyan dragon exuded such extreme pressure, and Zen's teeth trembled. The force was so great that Zen had a difficult time resisting the impulse to flee.

However, determination sparked in Zen's eyes, and his unconquerable will pushed him to keep moving. At last, Zen stood in front of the cyan dragon and reached out touching a strand of its whiskers.

After a while, a soft sound was emitted from the cyan dragon as the large furnace began to spin slowly. A wisp of black flame separated from the plume of the furnace's calm black fires and drifted out of Zen's mind.

"Yes, I did it!"

Just as Zen believed, the large furnace had a separate consciousness, and Zen could communicate with it.

Although Zen wasn't sure if the consciousness was the furnace or cyan dragon, he successfully communicated with it and received a wisp of the black flame.

In his hotel room, as Zen opened his eyes, the wisp came from the center of his brows and circled him once.

The wisp of black flame didn't appear terrifying or strong, and Zen couldn't feel any heat from it.

But, Zen didn't dare underestimate this wisp of black flame.

After all, a top-grade mysterious weapon like the Hell Fire Sword, merely glowed red when being burnt by the fire of Evil Lan and remained intact. But once exposed to the wisp of black flame, the same Hell Fire Sword was melted into iron essence in the blink of an eye.

Zen realized the power of the black flame was completely beyond his knowledge, and he could not make any presumptions.

It was a shame Zen couldn't wield the black flame like a weapon. He'd be invincible if he used it against enemies.

Soon the black flame found the blood-red sledgehammer that was lying in front of Zen. It sped at the sledgehammer.

The quality of the blood-red sledgehammer was mid-grade, not as valuable as the Hell Fire Sword, but it was evident that the size was bigger than the sword. Zen looked forward to seeing how much iron essence would be refined, and he wondered if it would be enough to light up another scale of the dragon.

Within a split second, the black flame melted the blood-red sledgehammer into a single drop of iron essence.

"One...? Only one? Just a single drop?!"

The mysterious weapon was huge but mid-grade, and it produced only a single drop of iron essence! Zen's mouth fell open as he sat there stunned to the point he even began to stammer.

It seemed unreasonable that he only procured one drop of iron essence from the much more massive blood-red sledgehammer even considering that the quality wasn't as good as the Hell Fire Sword.

After taking a moment to weigh the pros and cons, Zen took the rest of the mysterious weapons out of the space ring — all of which were low to mid-grade levels, deciding to melt them all together.

The wisp of black flame swallowed all the mysterious weapons quickly.

However, the results weren't what Zen expected. A mid-grade mysterious weapon could be melted into a drop of iron essence, but the size of iron essence that was melted from a low-grade mysterious weapon was a tiny bit bigger than a speck of dust and Zen had to squint to see it.

After smelting all the mysterious weapons that were in the space ring, Zen had five drops of iron essence.

Finally, the wisp of black flame rolled the five drops of iron essence up and jumped back into Zen's mind.

Zen looked into his mind at the situation. When the black flame placed the five drops of iron essence into the cyan dragon's mouth, it trembled for a while, and then a second scale on the dragon began to shimmer a green light, seeming to light up.

'It succeeded?' A smile lit up Zen's face as he thought. He knew his strength would be magnified by the power of another activated dragon scale.

However, the green scale twinkled for a few seconds and then faded slowly.

Watching the scene, Zen's face darkened. Did he need six drops of iron essence to activate a dragon scale?

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 33 The Initial Exam (Part Two)

Yet, life was full of surprises, and you never knew how things would turn out. Just as the twinkling light of the dragon scale was about to die, the whole scale suddenly lit up again emitting brilliant green light.

Zen relaxed, for only five drops of iron essence were needed to activate a scale on the dragon.

As the scale lit up, Zen felt the amazing strength coursed through every part of his body. Zen clenched his fists consciously and stifled a roar as he felt the welcome sensation of strength saturating him.

After a while, Zen quieted down. Lighting up two of the dragon's scales was good, but at this stage, Zen needed to improve his strength quicker. If he could light a few more dragon scales, he would easily beat Perrin!

Except, Zen had smelted all of his mysterious weapons, leaving him to wonder, where he could find more.

While Zen had hundreds of cubic crystals, that would only get him one or two low-grade mysterious weapons because the price for a mysterious weapon was so high. It was just a drop in the bucket of what he needed.

Suddenly, Zen thought about the broken flying knife that was in the space ring.

Even though the flying knife was so shabby looking, it seemed to have great power, so the level must be quite high.

Zen thought about it for a while, but in the end, he restrained his impulse to smelt the flying knife. If the flying knife were really as extraordinary as he thought, it would be crazy to melt it carelessly.

First things first, Zen's priority should be gaining entry into the Cloud Sect.

Zen took a deep breath and closed his eyes to rest. The initial exam was the next morning, and though the exam was to run simply, Nory had told Zen that it would be more difficult than they thought.

Early the next morning, Zen washed up and headed out to the Cloud Sect.

When Zen signed up yesterday, he didn't see many people, but today a great number of people were crowded outside the door of the Cloud Sect.

Some of them were on horseback, and some had hiked while others were on flying chariots.

So many people were there, and they filled the open grounds outside the Cloud Sect.

Zen estimated that there were more than ten thousand people.

No wonder the Cloud Sect had to hold the initial monthly, the number of people taking part in the initial exam every month was over ten thousand. That meant over a hundred thousand people applied during the year. It was amazing! Even such a huge Cloud Sect would be overwhelmed in this situation.

Where there were so many people, there would be a lot of hustle and bustle!

Zen stood expressionlessly in the crowd, waiting quietly.

A moment later, a chariot flew overhead from the Cloud Sect carrying an old man with a white beard.

After the chariot stopped, the elder said steadily, "Applicants, please enter the door in an orderly manner to participate in the initial exam. Don't make noise, or speak loudly! Anyone violating the rules will be evicted and disqualified from taking the exam now, or ever in his lifetime."

Even though the elder did not yell, his voice rang in everyone's ears, and everyone present heard him clearly.

The crowd quieted quickly as the white-bearded elder finished speaking. No one dared to talk or whisper any longer. It was so eerily quiet that the sound of a needle dropping on the ground would have been heard clearly.

Being disqualified for the exam wasn't a big deal, but being unable to sign up in the future to take the exam at the Cloud Sect, would be devastating.

Since the Cloud Sect was a shrine as well as the largest sect for studying the art of cultivating in the empire, everyone hoped to gain entrance. Although there were several smaller sects within the Burning Sky Empire, neither the amount of lands nor the number of talented disciples could compare to the Cloud Sect. If an applicant had no chance of joining the Cloud Sect, his prospects in the cultivation world would become bleak unless he could join another big sect.

Everyone understood the gravity of the situation and remained silent.

More than ten thousand applicants trod through the doors of the Cloud Sect and walked along a path. At the end of the path, they made a right into a vast square.

Floating in the air at the square were a couple of flying chariots with disciples who maintained order during the initial exam.

As all the applicants filed into the square, the white-bearded elder appeared in the front and announced, "I believe most of you are familiar with the rules of the initial exam, but I'll remind you again. From the square, you are to run forward. It doesn't matter whether you are at the bone, organ, or marrow refining level, you need just to keep running until the jade pendant on your chest changes color. Once the color of the jade changes, you will pass the initial exam and be qualified to begin the entrance exam."

The rules seemed simple enough with no restrictions on refining level or limit to speed. The only requirement for passing the initial exam was to run until the jade pendant changed color. Zen kept the rules in mind as he looked into the distance of the path beyond the square.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 34 Invisible Pressure (Part One)

Paved with ordinary limestone slabs and decorated with neatly trimmed verdant grass on both sides, it looked like any other road in the empire. The road turned and twisted, stretching away as far as the eye could see.

Participants who had registered for the initial exam seemed pretty confident and relaxed as they stood in line. Refining had strengthened their body, so for them, running was child's play. Most of them were quite sure that they would breeze through the exam.

The white-bearded old man gave a signal, and the exam began.

All candidates broke into a run. Just then something strange happened. The lead runners stumbled and sank to the ground, making a perfect pratfall.

Only a few people reacted quickly enough to recover their balance. They pulled themselves together and carried on running forward.

This incident gave the others an indication that there was something unusual about this road. They were more careful where they set foot on the road. Although no one else fell, since the candidates were being careful, their speed reduced. It looked as if they were carrying a thousand pounds of weight.

After the first few batches set off on the road, it was Zen's turn.

He approached the edge of the square and stepped out slowly. Instantly he felt an invisible pressure. As he tried to lift his foot, he found that his legs felt leaden.

It was an odd feeling.

Once he had stepped on to the road, the pressure encased him completely. Every inch of his skin felt weighed down. Even his eardrums throbbed!

Although the road seemed normal, the air pressure seemed much higher.

As Zen had entered the organ refining level, he was able to control his breathing. With enough food to supply his body with energy, he could easily run for ten days.

But the high air pressure made this simple task seem daunting. The running would wear him out quickly. He wasn't sure how long he would last. Since he had lit up two dragon scales and his body had been refined, Zen felt as though there was no reason for him not to get a good mark.

Zen steadied his breathing, then with a light cry he mustered every ounce of strength, tightened every muscle against the pressure, and ran forward.

Many of the participants had adjusted to the pressure almost instantly. They continued to run at a brisk pace as if the pressure didn't affect them at all.

But most participants were unable to continue.

Participants at the bone refining level ran out of strength after only three hundred feet. As their bodies gave up, they fell on the road. They were so exhausted that even raising their heads had become an effort.

Even though some continued to run, they were panting and staggering. The effort to maintain their pace against the invisible pressure was clearly visible. It appeared as though they would drop at any moment.

After having run for seven or eight miles, Zen noticed that some participants began to drop back as time wore on, and the crowd gradually thinned into a line.

He concentrated on his steps. Then he adjusted his breathing to tune up his body as this was the only way to stay in a condition to cover a longer distance.

"Zen!"

Zen looked over his shoulder when he heard someone call his name. A silk-robed boy waved to him. It was Nory, the boy he had met the day before.

His attire was more suitable to the challenge today as compared with yesterday.

"Hi, Nory!" Zen replied with a smile.

"You are doing well!" Nory gasped. "Impressive! Even though you are running under such high pressure, you look as if you are sauntering in your backyard."

"You are not doing so bad yourself. If I'm not mistaken, you are only at the bone refining level. Not many at your level can keep up with the challenge," Zen said.

The pressure had proved to be demanding for people at the bone refining level. However, participants at the organ and marrow refining levels were easily able to rise above it.

It was amazing that Nory could stay at the front of the line.

Nory pulled a face and raised his hand. He showed Zen a bangle around his wrist. "Last time, I didn't even make one mile in the initial exam. Now, thanks to this bangle, I can run this far. It helps me counteract half the pressure."

"Bangle?" Zen glanced at the accessory on Nory's wrist. It looked rather unimpressive as it appeared to be a plain gold bangle. Who could have guessed that it could counteract the invisible pressure?

"It must be a mysterious weapon, right?" Zen blinked at Nory as he asked.

Nory grinned, "Yes. It is a mysterious weapon. It cost me two cubic crystals, almost all my savings."

"Two cubic crystals? That's all? Is a mysterious weapon that cheap?" Zen asked incredulously. If what Nory had said was true then he could buy dozens of mysterious weapons, considering that he had hundreds of cubic crystals lying in his space ring.

"Nah, you misunderstood me," Nory added quickly, "The rent is two cubic crystals. After I pass the exam, I will have to return the bangle."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 35 Invisible Pressure (Part Two)

Zen didn't know what to say. The renting business was flourishing because of the initial exam. The youngsters in the Imperial Capital were making every effort to pass the exam. "But if we use an external object, won't that be considered cheating?" Zen wondered.

Cloud Sect intended to use the initial exam to weed out the weaker applicants. Wouldn't it be a bit unfair if weapons were not banned during the exam?

Nory smiled, "Bro, what you haven't considered is that Cloud Sect has many disciples, so many geniuses. The Sect won't pay too much attention to the initial exam. We aren't outer disciples. No energy will be wasted on the trifles in the initial exam. As long as we don't kill each other, they don't give a fig what weapon you use or whether you get into a brawl here."

With the help of Nory's explanation, Zen realized that while Cloud Sect did have very strict rules and regulations, they were for their formal disciples. This initial exam was a sieve with a large mesh to strain out those who didn't fit the bill.

As soon as Nory finished his explanation, he gasped. The bangle could only counteract half the pressure, but the remaining pressure still made running hard for Nory.

"Stop talking. Just focus on your pace," Zen reminded him.

Nory nodded. He clenched his teeth and kept moving forward. He grimaced as he challenged his limits.

Zen was running rather comfortably. Since a while had passed, he had gotten accustomed to the pressure. Now, he could even ignore the pressure completely.

As time wore on and people began feeling the effects of the pressure, exhaustion began settling it. They started falling behind. Instead of a long line of runners, the road now had groups of scattered participants on it. Zen looked around and found that he and Nory were the only two people on this section of the road.

A moment later, Zen noticed a hulking figure speeding forward. A big man, as strong as an ox was approaching quickly with fast, large steps.

Soon the big man caught up with Zen. Just as he was about to pass Nory, he changed direction and hurtled toward Nory. Before Zen could warn his friend, the big man's shoulder bumped hard against Nory.

Nory had been concentrating on his pace as his strength was being strained to the limit. He had lowered his head and had been running forward desperately.

This bump came out of the blue. A scream escaped Nory's lips as he lost his balance. After staggering for a few steps, Nory fell.

"What are you doing?" Zen demanded angrily. Since Nory had no beef with this man, his behavior was way out of line. Before Zen could finish, the man sped up and turned in Zen's direction.

Seeing the man closing in quickly, Zen's expression changed. Secretly, he commanded all his strength to flow all over his body.

A brittle smile spread over the man's face. According to what he could gauge, Zen was just at the organ refining level. Since he had already entered the marrow refining level, the man was confident that he had certain advantages in terms of his strength and body. A malicious grin appeared on his face when the man saw that Zen was standing still, waiting for the attack. Apparently, Zen had no idea who he was dealing with. The man was certain that the collision would break every damn bone in Zen's body.

When the man thought of the result of the clash, he felt his blood began to boil. He increased his force by fifty percent. But as soon as he cannoned into Zen, his expression changed. This collision should have sent Zen flying onto the ground like a sandbag. The force should have shattered all his bones and killed him.

Instead, the man felt as though he had run headfirst into a hill, while Zen remained unmoved from his spot. Had the force the man used been re-directed back to him?

The recoil sent the man stumbling back several steps. His expression couldn't have been more shocked as if he had seen a ghost. How could this brat get such a tough body? It was like his body was made of steel rather than of flesh and blood.

Zen ignored the man's astonished glare. As usual, the attack on his body unleashed warm currents. Zen could feel the warmth flooding his body. He glanced at Nory before turning to the man and coldly saying, "We've got no beef with you. Why did you do that? You want a fight?"

The man fumbled for a purple pill in his pocket. As soon as his fingers closed around the object, he pulled it out and swallowed it. "True, I have no beef with you. But someone wants you to fail the exam," he said with a laugh.

"Who is that?" Zen asked stiffly.

The man didn't reply to Zen's question. He turned and ran off with a grin. "You'd better quit the exam as soon as possible. Or else, not only are you going to fail the exam, but you will get yourself killed."

Zen stared at the man's retreating back with a grim expression.

Solving the riddle was a cinch for Zen. He knew who was behind all this.

Since he didn't know anyone in the Imperial Capital, the only person with motive to do this was Perrin. Perrin had resorted to low tricks to prevent Zen from joining Cloud Sect. Zen's face grew cold as he thought about this.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 36 Passing The Initial Exam (Part One)

After all, they were at the Cloud Sect. So, they probably didn't dare harm anyone directly or act recklessly. With those thoughts, Zen went over to Nory.

Nory was lying on the ground. His face was pale, and he panted for breath. Seeing Zen heading over to him, he struggled to sit up again, but in vain. He turned his head to Zen. "Zen, I'm exhausted. You go on without me. I don't think I can even sit up, let alone finish the race," said Nory. He turned his head back, staring at the sky. "People at the bone refining level only need to run ten miles to pass the initial exam. There's only around one or two miles left. If I had the strength, I could finish the exam. Unfortunately, I cannot go on any longer."

"I'm sorry. I caused you trouble," Zen said apologetically. Those people had wanted him to fail by making trouble for him, but it impacted Nory.

Nory waved his hand and said sadly, "Forget it. This is my destiny. My fate has been bad since birth. I'm used to it..."

From Nory's words, it wasn't difficult to figure out that Nory had experienced hardships too.

"Get up, Nory!" said Zen sternly. He couldn't let Nory give up without making any efforts at all.

Smiling wryly, Nory shook his head. "I cannot stand up," he grumbled hopelessly.

"You haven't tried, so, how do you know you can't stand up? We practice martial arts to explore the limit of our body continuously. No one can reach the pinnacle in martial arts without experiencing difficulties and obstacles. Stand up and give it your best try!" encouraged Zen.

The words rang in Nory's ears.

Practicing the martial arts was not for the sake of glory, wealth or power. It was to achieve one's ultimate strength, which meant facing and overcoming many difficulties and dangers. Once started on that road, the way would never be smooth and required many factors for people who wanted to continue. The most important factor was to push oneself to exceed the limits.

Listening to Zen's powerful thoughts left Nory pondering and struggling in his mind. His usual smiling face turned solemn.

Finally, he nodded and said, "You're right. If I give up so easily now, then next time, or the time after, I might give up without trying. Then it would be harder or even impossible for me to get into the Cloud Sect! I can't waste this opportunity. As long as I can get into the Cloud Sect, I can change my fate and become outstanding!" Staggering as he pulled himself up from the ground, Nory gritted his teeth against the stabbing pain. Breathing through the agony, he finally got his second wind and began to move slowly towards the stone tablet in the distance that held his hope.

A mere one mile lay ahead. And the road was flat. However, it might as well look like a mountain of swords for Nory. Every step he took sent more pains through him as if he was stepping on knives.

Zen slowed his pace to match Nory's and gave him constant encouragements.

With the internal injuries Nory suffered, and his exhausted physical strength, he was on the edge of collapse. All that was left was his willpower and step after step brought him nearer his dream.

Nory stumbled, almost falling many times. He kept his feet under him as he walked close to the destination. He bit his teeth so hard that his mouth was full of blood.

"Just a little more, Nory! I can see the stone tablet! We're not far away now!" said Zen as he looked ahead at the stone tablet engraved with two words on it, 'Ten Miles'.

At the ten-mile mark, people that were at the bone refining level would pass the initial exam. As they crossed the stone tablet, the color of jade pendants worn by the participants would change.

During the race, Zen had seen several people who were at the bone refining level pass this stone tablet and leave. They passed the initial exam!

When Nory heard Zen, he became excited. And an unknown power rose from his exhausted body. He didn't know where the energy came from. It could have something to do with the destination nearby and his hope. With his renewed vigor, Nory kept walking and even started to jog as he neared the stone tablet.

As Nory crossed the stone tablet, the jade pendant on his chest turned red, indicating that he had passed the exam!

When he crossed it, Nory was so weak that he fell to the ground. And he couldn't lift a finger, let alone hold himself up. He managed to move his tongue and mouth, and said to Zen, "Thank you so much, Zen......"

Zen nodded at Nory, acknowledging that he understood what Nory was struggling to tell him. Just then a chariot swooped down from the sky and two examiners jumped out of it.

Glancing at the jade pendant around Nory's neck, one of the examiners announced that Nory passed his initial exam, and lifted him, placing him on the flying chariot. The two examiners glimpsed over at Zen before leaving quickly. It was no wonder these two examiners were surprised though.

Strictly speaking, after passing the initial exam, all participants would face each other as competitors in the next entrance exam.

'Who would help their competitors? This young man is indeed a weirdo!' The two examiners thought.

Of course, Zen did not know that the two examiners were thinking about such things. He was just happy to see Nory had passed the exam and gratified that Nory hadn't given up.

After watching Nory and the examiners leave, Zen crossed the stone tablet too.

As soon as he passed the milestone marker, Zen's body sank, and suddenly he felt as though the pressure in his body weighing him down, doubled.

'This pressure feels like two thousand pounds......'

As Zen felt the pressure crushing him, he finally understood why the road was unusual. It was designed to double the burden on people every ten miles. He adapted to the hard pressure, taking a few moments to move his hands and feet before starting again. Two thousand pounds of force had an inevitable impact on his movement, which slowed his actions by nearly half of his previous speed.

However, running the next ten miles under the added weight wouldn't be a problem for Zen, thanks to his unique and abnormally strong physical body.

While Zen had remained with the injured Nory, he walked very slowly and consequently, he wasted a lot of time. The applicants of bone refining level passed the initial exam at 'Ten Miles' stone tablet and those at the organ refining level had already run further, leaving Zen alone on the road.

Keeping his speed steady, Zen walked alone, like a lonely traveler.

After running three more miles, he was only winded slightly.

After another two miles, Zen was breathing a little heavier.

When Zen hit the eighteen-mile mark, his breathing was labored. Looking ahead, he squinted and saw his goal was in sight. He felt confident that he would pass the initial exam easily.

When he had still one mile ahead, Zen found four people standing there, waiting for him.

Judging them from their breathing, the men waiting for Zen were at the marrow refining level. Three were strangers, but Zen recognized one of them as the powerful man who bumped Zen and Nory with his shoulder just now.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 37 Passing The Initial Exam(Part Two)

He knew from his earlier encounter that these men wouldn't give up easily.

Straining his muscles to prepare against any potential attacks, Zen kept heading towards the next stone tablet. As he drew closer to the four men, a young man dressed as a scholar approached him, putting up his hand for Zen to stop. "Guy, you don't need to continue. Your initial exam is completed."

The scholar's words were no-nonsense, but Zen was surprised when they didn't attack him directly. Assessing the situation, Zen decided to pretend to know nothing about their purpose and asked, "Why is my exam over? Who asked you to stop me here?"

Chuckling, the scholar said, "I don't see any reason to answer your questions. All you need to know is that this is the end of the initial exam for you. You shouldn't get your hopes up. The Cloud Sect is not a place for people like you."

Usually, facing four marrow refining level adversaries, one should be scared. Even people at the top of organ refining level couldn't compare to rivals who had reached the marrow refining level. Therefore, the four men considered Zen an easy target.

Not hearing any answers, Zen was trying to think of how he could escape the four men. But his expression and stance didn't give that away. Instead, he continued to pretend not to understand what the scholar meant, his face gloomy and he murmured, "But, I haven't passed my initial exam, yet. What should I do about that?"

"That's your problem!" declared the scholar as the four men glared mockingly at Zen. The four of them exchanged glances, thinking, 'The boy is foolish if he still thinks he will pass the initial exam! Is he dreaming?'

While the men were busy glancing at each other, Zen stared up into the sky behind them and cried out, "Ah, look, here's an examiner coming now, on a flying chariot!"

Since the examiners at the Cloud Sect deterred most of the disciples from breaking the rules, Zen knew the four men would be afraid to attack him in front of the examiners. So, when Zen shouted happily, they automatically turned to see the chariot.

Simultaneously, Zen rushed forward.

Summoning every bit of his energy, he shot forward, like an arrow released from a bow. Almost instantly, he passed his attackers, rushing at the stone tablet in sight.

The four men looked back at an empty sky. There was no flying chariot or any examiners. They whipped their heads back, only to find Zen was no longer standing there.

Realizing Zen's trickery, the faces of the four men contorted angrily, and they chased after Zen, shouting abusively.

"Sneaky simpleton!"

"Do you really think you can outrun us?"

"Cut his legs when we catch him! Without legs, he won't escape!"

With the evil expletives coming from behind, Zen smiled faintly and then turned a deaf ear. He drove his whole body to the limit and pushed himself forward madly.

Only about one mile stood between Zen and the stone. He was sprinting into the stone tablet. With the top speed, he would just need to take a few breaths.

Even though Zen was fast, the men chasing him weren't slow. Especially the scholar, whose body had a blue light shining and feet moving like thunder. What kind of skill was the scholar refining? His speed was far faster than Zen's, and the scholar was running close to Zen quickly.

"Hmm, simple man. You are barely at the organ refining level. How dare you try to trick us? In the face of absolute strength, your plot is nothing! Taste my Toxic Smoky Palm! And go to hell!" The scholar criticized, lunging at Zen's back. A green light flashed from his hands, as he reached out and smacked Zen firmly on the back.

A full force strike from someone at the marrow refining level was monstrous.

The Toxic Smoky Palm didn't just knock the wind out of him but also released green smoke into Zen's body, which was so toxic that it would kill an elephant immediately if the elephant inhaled a puff of this green smoke. This smoke, however, was shot right into Zen's bloodstream.

"Ha! My toxic smoke has hurt you. You won't be able to run now and will fall to the ground soon." The scholar proudly bragged about his victorious blow to Zen, and stopped, expecting Zen to drop to the ground.

As he watched, he realized the scene he had imagined wasn't going to happen.

"H--how, How come he is still running? How is it possible?"

stammered the scholar, with his eyes widened in surprise.

He had summoned all his energy to make the blow just now. With his strength at the marrow refining level, he should have smashed Zen's body into pieces. Not to mention the toxic smoke from his palm.

How could Zen continue like that as though he wasn't affected by the scholar's toxic palm at all? He was running ahead as if he hadn't been poisoned! As a matter of fact, he sped up after the scholar pushed him!

'What kind of monster is he?' he thought to himself.

The four people froze, staring at each other, mouths agape, with shocked looks on their faces. They had never seen anyone could survive the toxic smoky palm strike.

Contrary to what should happen, at the moment, Zen was very comfortable, and his body felt warm all over.

After Evil Lan's fire refined his body, the strength of Zen's body had significantly risen.

It was nearly impossible for a warm current to occur when people at the bone or organ refining levels battered him.

Only after he was beaten by people at the level of marrow refining would Zen feel the warm current course through his body again.

Just now, when his enemy used the toxic smoky palm to attack him, Zen felt the warm current flow through him, and as it washed over his nervous system, his breathing improved, as if he ate a Magic Pill.

As for the poison of the scholar's palm, it did not cause him any harm. His body was like a mysterious weapon. Naturally, all toxins were harmless. Who had heard of a mysterious weapon harmed by poison?

Opportunities were rare. Zen wanted to stop and let them beat him up when he thought about how being thrashed by four people at the marrow refining level could help wash his internal organs.

However, the stone tablet was just ahead, and if he was right, it should be the goal for the organ refining level. As soon as he reached the stone tablet, Zen would pass the initial exam.

'It would be better for me to turn jade pendant red and pass the initial exam first, before any other unexpected things occur, ' thought Zen. He dismissed the idea of stopping to be beaten by the four people and ran straight to the stone tablet.

Although the four men pursued Zen desperately, they could only watch him pass the stone in a few seconds because of how close he was to it.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 38 I Have A Very Simple Idea. (Part One)

As Zen walked by the stone slab, his jade pendant slowly turned from green to blood-red.

A big smirk appeared on his face as Zen turned and waved his jade pendant at the four men behind him.

The four men following Zen were enraged when they saw his victorious smile.

Before the start of the initial exam, someone gave them the task of dealing with a boy at the organ refining level.

As the men were more powerful, they had scoffed at the mission. They believed that dealing with a person at such a low level was beneath them.

They had assumed that they would be able to defeat Zen. However, they did not expect that he would be able to escape. Moreover, Zen dared to provoke them by being openly triumphant. How dare he behave like that?

The four men fumed at the humiliation.

The scholar-like man glared viciously at Zen as he spoke, "Guys, let's terminate this boy by any means necessary!"

"He passed the initial exam, so killing him in front of the examiners may be too..." The strongest of the four men grunted in response. On his face was an expression that conveyed his hesitance.

The scholar-like man was furious. "Billy said that he could deal with any consequence. This boy is not a native of the Imperial Capital. He doesn't have a high social background either. Even if we kill him, who will take revenge on us on his behalf?"

The other three men glanced at each other when they heard the scholar-like man's explanation. What he said seemed to assuage their fears.

Without further hesitation, the gang acted on the resentment they were feeling. In a heartbeat, they lunged at Zen. Their expressions conveyed that they were going to rip him to shreds.

Zen was pleased to see their reaction. In fact, he had deliberately enraged the four men.

At the moment, there were two ways of improving his power rapidly. The first was to let the black fire swallow many mysterious weapons in order to light up the dragon scales. But Zen had found it difficult to procure the many mysterious weapons it would take to do it.

The second way was to let other people beat him. In receiving such a beating, the warm currents would be produced and they, in turn, would remove impurities in his viscera.

Each member of this gang had the strength of cultivators at the marrow refining level. And so their attacks were just moderate in degree for Zen.

If cultivators at a lower level were to beat him, there would be no effect.

Equally, if a cultivator at half of a step into the nature level was to beat him, the force might be too strong to bear, and Zen might even be killed. Thus, these four men could be regarded as the perfect 'blacksmith' for Zen.

That was the reason why Zen had turned the jade pendant red and then immediately implemented his plan to provoke them.

Seeing the four men rushing toward him, Zen turned around and ran forward. Aside from angering the four men, Zen wanted to use this opportunity to stay on the path as a test to see how much pressure he could actually withstand.

After running 20 miles, Zen found the pressure had increased from 2, 000 to 4, 000 pounds. It was now twice as high as it had been a moment ago!

Under such high pressure, he felt as though his whole body was being dragged to the ground by a great force. If it had not been for his great strength, his body would have collapsed under the weight.

At the same time, the four men chasing him had also slowed due to the pressure.

For a bystander, the scene would have been entertaining to watch.

Zen was running slowly, and four men were pursuing him equally slowly. It appeared as though someone had put on a slow-motion film.

Zen could have run faster, as so far, he had only used his strength. He hadn't as yet, used the power of the two dragon scales. He was sure that he could be twice as fast had he employed his hidden powers.

However, he was motivated to give the four men an opportunity to catch him. After all, his body would only undergo further refinement if they were able to beat him.

The scholar-like man was the first to catch Zen. As soon as he was within striking distance of Zen, he blustered, "I'll kill you, you son of a bitch!" He used all his strength to make eight successive palm-strikes. Under the pressure of 4, 000 pounds, even though he was at the marrow refining level, the man was still out of breath from the effort.

The man's palm connected with Zen's back. Not only did the force of the impact push Zen forward, but it also helped release the warm currents. Zen moaned with satisfaction when he felt the warm currents remove impurities in his body.

By the time Zen had absorbed the warm currents, the rest of the men had caught up to him.

"Frost Wolf Fist!"

"Bursting Elbow Strike!"

"Vigorous Collapsing Fist!"

The four men attacked Zen; each strike landing on his back and pushing him forward. The impurities in Zen's body mixed with sweat and were released from his skin at an incredible rate. The result was a dark-red mixture that was being exuded.

The more the four men attacked Zen, the more upset they became.

Zen's body seemed unusually firm! Even the body refiner of the Ogre race did not have such a strong body.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 39 I Have A Very Simple Idea. (Part Two)

What angered them more was that Zen was able to resist damage from their attacks. This was beyond their imagination!

"Damn it! I've used up all my strength!" One of the men stopped and gasped. He felt so weak that he couldn't even raise his arms.

Under the weight of the pressure on this stretch of the road, the man's body gave out. He collapsed on the ground, shook his head, and said, "This terrible pressure and the running have made me very tired, not to mention beating that brat. Holy crap!"

The pressure of 4, 000 pounds was originally designed for cultivators at the marrow refining level. Under normal conditions, these men wouldn't have tired. However, their strength ran out faster as they were attacking Zen while bearing the great pressure. They soon felt weary.

Just as they were about to give up, the scholar-like man suddenly called out with excitement, "He is bleeding!" He saw the red liquid flowing out of Zen's body and assumed it was blood. He said with pleasure, "I doubted whether this kid's body could be injured. Now, look at him! We have wounded him. He's done! Let's carry on hitting him!"

Seeing that Zen was bleeding, the four men were overjoyed. They didn't want to fail the client.

They motivated themselves to keep striking Zen as hard as possible.

When Zen thought they were going to give up hitting him, he felt upset. He could feel his body growing stronger with each blow. It was disappointing that they were giving up. He did not want it to end so quickly.

However, when they mistook the impurities flowing from Zen's body to be blood, they thought he was close to reaching his physical limit. So, they renewed their efforts!

Zen was ecstatic inside, but he didn't show any emotions. On the contrary, he pretended to be close to complete exhaustion. While suffering their beatings, he staggered forward, being ready to enjoy the second round of body refining.

Zen did not know that thirty miles away, the chief examiner, an elderly man with white eyebrows, was watching the scene.

Beside the chief examiner stood a young woman dressed in green.

Both of them stared at a waist-high jade slab, also known as the 'Picture Slab', in front of them. They could see everything that was happening on the whole path.

At this time, the images on the Picture Slab were showing the scene of Zen being chased and beaten.

The woman and the chief examiner could not look away. Their expressions conveyed the astonishment they felt.

"He is resisting the attacks of four cultivators at the marrow refining level, but he is only at the organ refining level. It seems that we have an interesting candidate in the initial exam this month!" said the young woman with a smile.

The chief examiner felt embarrassed when he heard the young woman's statement. It seemed that the examinee had invoked her interest. He thought for a while and said, "Master Su, you can't think like that! If the masters of the other 32 peaks of Cloud Sect pick their disciples like you do, it will lead to a big mess!"

Master Su grinned and turned to face the chief examiner. She said, "Well, if that is the case, then let the masters also pick their own disciples. I will not mind."

"But according to the rules, these disciples are supposed to be allotted to a peak by the ranking of their exam results. Last month, you picked quite a gifted disciple. The other masters have been discontent since. If this month you pick another, then..." The chief examiner elder stopped and shook his head.

Master Su snorted with disapproval and said, "So what? They are unhappy? Well, they can always come and speak with me if they feel that way. What exactly are they accusing me of? The fighting power of the Drizzle Peak was ranked the lowest among the 33 peaks of Cloud Sect. If I don't use some tricks, how can I hope to change that? Mmm, let me think! Right, I have a very simple idea. I will go and tell this boy to save his strength so that he doesn't get the top rank in the entrance exam! Then the other masters won't be upset that I pick a strong disciple, right?"

"Ah..." the chief examiner had not expected Master Su to come up with such a surprising idea. The idea did not sit well with him!

Cloud Sect provided the inner and the outer disciples with 33 peaks for cultivating. To stimulate all of the disciples to cultivate hard, Cloud Sect had made a set of very rigorous, scientific rules. The most important rule was about the competition among the 33 peaks.

The competition affected not only the disciples but also their masters. Each master had their tasks and goals. To produce better disciples, they would naturally scramble for the gifted ones.

If a person passed both the initial and the entrance exam and showed great talent and strength, every master would be eager to pick that person as their disciple.

If Master Su broke the rule for the benefit of the Drizzle Peak, she would incur several complaints from the other masters.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 40 Shock (Part One)

Master Su had displeased the masters of the other peaks by disobeying the rules for the benefit of Drizzle Peak.

However, considering Master Su's background, no one really dared to confront her. The chief examiner was only in charge of the initial exam. He would never have the courage to offend Master Su. What he could do was preach to her, given his seniority. If Master Su did not listen to him, he would not say anything else.

As for the boy who was being beaten, the chief examiner thought that it was likely that he had practiced some unique refining skills or had some peculiar physique. These were the only explanations to justify how he could be beaten to this extent and not be injured.

While the chief examiner was surprised to see such a talent, he wasn't entirely shocked. Cloud Sect recruited many gifted people from among the imperial geniuses. This boy was nothing in comparison to the evil geniuses of the empire. Yes, he had passed the initial exam. But the next test was not as simple. Who knew whether or not he would pass the next test.

Thirty miles away, the four men surrendered to exhaustion. They fell to the ground, gasping for breath. They were so tired that they were no longer able to continue.

They had also registered for the initial exam. Killing that boy was only an incidental task. But now they were too tired to pass the initial exam, much less kill the boy. There were still about five or six miles away from the stone tablet that denoted their goal. But in their current state, the thought of standing and trying to run the last few miles was too much to bear.

Zen swung his arms. He felt refreshed and energetic. The beating had refined his body. He could tell how far he had advanced from the impurities that had been washed away from his organs. He wondered if he could reach the peak of the organ refining level if he were punched a few more times by cultivators at the marrow refining level.

It was a pity that this kind of opportunity didn't come more frequently. Zen was apparently thrilled with how much his body had been refined.

Still looking for a fight, Zen walked up to and squatted next to the scholar-like man who had been glaring at him maliciously. Then Zen asked, "I just heard you talk about Billy. Were you referring to Billy Wang?"

The scholar-like man sneered and said coldly, "Since you know that, why don't you just kneel and wait for death? Billy is from a noble family, and you have provoked him. Do you think he will let you live? Even if you enter Cloud Sect and become a disciple, you can't escape death."

Zen nodded, smiled, and said, "Help me pass a message to Mr. Wang. I have no grievance with him, so he should not get involved in the business between Perrin Luo and me."

"Haha, are you kidding? Who do you think you are? Why should Mr. Wang listen to you? And what makes you think you are in a position to negotiate with him? Killing you will be a piece of cake for him..." continued the scholar-like man with a sneer.

"Peng!"

Halfway through his speech, the scholar-like man felt a sharp pain. Zen had struck him on the jaw! The force of the attack sent the man flying backward. Then he flipped around and fell to the ground. The impact broke the scholar-like man's teeth and his mouth filled with blood. The man, now unable to make a sound, nursed his injured jaw.

Zen rubbed his fists and said coldly, "Asking you to pass Mr. Wang a message might not be such a good idea. You keep talking and complaining. Do you really think that I don't have a temper? You hit me for so long and didn't manage to injure me. I gave you one punch. Now, look at you. Did you think I was too weak or afraid to fight back?"

Zen was telling the truth. The four men had chased Zen for a long time, and they had been encouraged to run after him by his lack of attack back. Zen had fled all this way without a single counterattack. So they naively believed that Zen would not pose a threat to them.

But Zen flattened the scholar-like man with one brutal wallop. His attack had been swift and merciless!

The other three men instantly realized that this guy was as fierce as a lion!

Fear enveloped the other three men. They despaired at their situation as they watched Zen Luo. The pressure on the path, the long run, and the beating they meted out to Zen had exhausted them so much that they could barely stand. Even if they wanted to run away, they couldn't. What terrified them more was that they didn't have the power to fight back.

Zen looked at the strong man and asked, "Did you hear what I just said? Or would you like me to repeat the message?"

"No, no," said the strong man. A weak smile grew on his face as he attempted to disguise his trepidation. "I heard you clearly. I will convey your message to Mr. Wang." The strong man was smarter than the scholar-like man. He knew that if he didn't obey Zen, he would end up as hurt as his companion. He would not ask for trouble.

Zen nodded contentedly. He stood and continued his journey without another look at the four men.

Zen was the only person on the road now. Although he had succeeded in passing the initial exam, he wanted to see if he could move on.

When he tried to run for a while, Zen found that he could advance more miles. He knew that if he continued, he would reach the end of the test for participants at the marrow refining level. He wanted to push his limits.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 41 Shock (Part Two)

Under the pressure of four thousand pounds, his speed was already extremely slow. Zen managed to cover the distance by jogging slowly. It took him half an hour to complete the distance to the stone tablet.

If a cultivator at the marrow refining level reached this stone tablet, it would show that he had passed the initial exam. But the end of the road was not in sight yet. Zen didn't know how much the pressure would increase by if he crossed this stone tablet.

After mulling over the situation, Zen decided to try. He stepped over without any hesitation.

Just after, Zen felt a terrible pressure enclose him.

"Bump!"

Zen was pinned to the ground as though someone had placed a mountain on him.

"The pressure is too much!" Zen moaned.

His face, stomach, and limbs were firmly attached to the ground as if they were stuck in viscose. He could not budge an inch.

He tried to lift his head, but Zen's head felt as heavy as tens of thousands of pounds. No matter how hard he tried, Zen could not raise his head again.

Disappointment filled Zen. The first 10-mile road was under a pressure of 1, 000 pounds. The second 10-mile road was under a weight of 2, 000 pounds. The final distance Zen had managed, the third 10-mile road stretch was under a pressure of 4, 000 pounds. If the same math was being followed, this section of the 10-mile road should be under a pressure of 8, 000 pounds. But now Zen felt the force of tens of thousands of pounds. The pressure seemed to have increased tenfold!

'I'm confident that I can overcome this pressure!' Zen tried to motivate himself to continue struggling under the immense pressure.

The pressure gave him a lot of energy. He communicated with the two dragon scales in his body before putting their power into his body. With a roar, Zen mustered all his strength.

"Get up!"

He felt the strength gathering in his body. His muscles bunched and swelled to their limit, giving off a bronzed glow.

With a brutal force, Zen held up his body with his hands.

But he remained close to the ground. Zen realized that he had been unable to get up completely.

"Once more!"

Zen took a deep breath and roared. He gathered all the strength in his body and infused it in his legs. With hands placed on his thighs for support, Zen managed to stand up slowly although in a rather awkward posture.

He got up very slowly, almost inch by inch.

It took him an hour to go from squatting to standing upright.

By this time, he was sweating profusely, and his chest heaved violently with the effort to breathe. The process seemed to have depleted the strength from his whole body.

But he had made it!

Now that Zen had completed the task of standing, he tried to take a step forward. However, the immense pressure made it impossible for Zen to take a step.

As predicted, the moment Zen tried taking a step, he lost his balance and fell on the ground, head first.

But it was at this moment that the warm currents began flowing through his body.

"What is going on?" Zen mumbled.

There was a constant flow of warmth emerging from his arms, torso, and legs. The warm currents surging through his body seemed to be stronger than before.

A look of bemusement spread across his face. He was not being beaten now, how could there be warm currents?

"I get it!" Zen said when he figured it out. Ecstasy replaced the bewilderment Zen had felt a moment ago.

His body was capable of producing warm currents because the power of the outside world was pouring into his body. His body had transformed that power into warm currents, which in turn, was refining his body.

It was true that no one was beating him now, but the external pressure had reached a horrific level. And the pressure was no less powerful than the beatings. So this was why his body was producing the warm currents!

Since the pressure was constantly flowing, it was evenly affecting his whole body. Therefore, warm currents were spreading and circulating all across his body.

This kind of high-pressure environment was the perfect training place for Zen. He was so happy that he stood where he was, closed his eyes, and let the warm currents remove the impurities from his viscera.

While Zen was on the road, enjoying the feeling of being refined, the chief examiner and Master Su were shaken by what they had witnessed.

The first 30-mile road had been designed to test participants at the bone refining level, the organ refining level, and the marrow refining level. In general, candidates would be promoted to the next test when their jade pendants turned red.

But the area after the first 30 miles was a training place for participants at the nature level!

The pressure on this stretch of the road reached the horrendous force of 50, 000 pounds. That meant a person had to bear 50, 000 pounds of pressure on their body.

In the face of such terrible pressure, all participants at the marrow refining level, and even those who had just stepped into the nature level were deterred. The pressure could only be borne by participants who had stepped into the nature level completely.

General cultivators at the bone refining level and the organ refining level would be crushed immediately upon entering the area.

Though the boy's body was strong enough to bear the attacks of the four men at the marrow refining level, he should have died under the pressure of 50, 000 pounds.

Aware of the seriousness of the problem, the chief examiner and Master Su jumped into their flying chariots and rushed over to the site.

With the speed of the flying chariots, they arrived in an instant despite the distance being 30 miles.

When they jumped off their flying chariots, they found that Zen was not only alive, but he had managed to get up from the ground.

Seeing this, the chief examiner murmured, "I have presided over so many years of the initial exam, but I have never seen …this is the first time... ..."

Master Su put her hands over her mouth in surprise. She was startled, too. The boy was only at the organ refining level. How could he resist the pressure of 50, 000 pounds and stand up?

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 42 Longevity Pill

Over the years, there had been a large number of gifted students who studied at the Cloud Sect.

Some disciples had a penchant for learning and progressed rapidly. Within a year, those disciples passed several levels, going from bone refining level up to the level of nature refining.

There were also disciples still at the bone refining level that were comparable in strength to those who were a half-step into the nature level, and could easily move objects that were as heavy as a mountain.

In contrast to them, Zen seemed so ordinary.

For someone at the organ refining level, Zen's execution was perfect. He not only withstood an assault from four men at marrow refining level but, after that, he was still strong enough to run past the 30-mile stone tablet. However, in the eyes of the elder whose eyebrows were silver, and master Su, Zen was an intermediate, not excellent candidate.

Took Master Su's Drizzle Peak as an example, while it ranked last among the thirty-three peaks at the Cloud Sect, there were three disciples at least, who were able to resist that kind of attack and were able to pass the initial exam successfully.

Therefore, neither of them believed Zen was remarkable.

To be fair, ordinarily, it was impossible for someone at the organ refining level to withstand the enormous pressure of 50, 000 pounds. Yet, Zen had, all the while been standing erect with no sign of giving up.

It was a miracle that he managed to beat any challenge. Whether it had been the Drizzle Peak, or any of the other thirty-two peaks at the Cloud Sect, there weren't many people who were as strong or powerful as him.

Sensing tension in the air, Master Su had the urge to save Zen from the mighty force. But, just as she was about to step forward, the elder with white eyebrows stopped her.

"Don't be in such a hurry! Watch him," stated the chief elder as he watched Zen.

Viewing Zen carefully, Master Su was amazed to see streaks of red, blood-like liquid trickling from Zen's body. "He's refining his organs. This is absolutely astounding!" she exclaimed in awe.

Unlike the four men who attacked Zen earlier, both Master Su and the chief elder with white eyebrows were experienced and knowledgeable. At one glance, they recognized that the red fluid wasn't blood. Instead, it was the impurities being flushed from the organs. For most people, it took a long time to cleanse their organs. To their astonishment, Zen exuded a great deal in a short period.

"The boy's future ..." the chief elder stopped talking mid-sentence. He started asserting that Zen would have a bright future ahead of him.

However, in a high pitched voice, Master Su suddenly cut in, "His future will be gloomy, won't it?"

"Master Su, what do you mean?" asked the elder confused.

"I don't think he is very competent," said master Su, smiling, "It was pure luck that he scraped through the initial exam. Well, as for the present scene, we should act like it never happened."

Of course, the chief elder was not an idiot, and he understood what she was attempting, and it was evident that what she was saying was absurd.

According to the rules of the Cloud Sect, top management was to receive a step by step report of every exceptionally gifted disciple discovered during an initial exam, and it was equally clear that Zen's case fell precisely under this rule.

"Let me think..." murmured the chief elder examiner, feeling torn, and wanting to think a moment. His thoughts were troubled by this. It would be no problem to turn a blind eye to Zen's previous performance. But with what he was witnessing now, there could be no doubt the young man was the sort of special refiner that only occurred once in a thousand years. It was too much to hide the truth.

"No need to hesitate!" declared Master Su after seeing concern etched in the chief examiner's face. Her dazzling smile faded slowly. "Do you want me to reveal the Emperor's Token?"

When he heard the words, 'the Emperor's Token, ' the chief examiner coughed harshly. Ever since Master Su arrived at the Cloud Sect, his health was progressively getting worse. As long as there was an initial exam, the chief examiner was troubled by her.

So, what was the Emperor's Token?

Any person in possession of the Emperor's Token had the right to order 'the man' in the Burning Sky Palace to perform any act, including, commit murder, slaughter, genocide, or any other atrocity.

Accordingly, people became scared at the mention of the Emperor's Token.

No one and nothing on earth could stop 'the man'. He was nearly all-powerful.

But, this was under the assumption that the person giving the instructions had one of the Emperor's Tokens. Otherwise, you were not able to order 'the man'.

In over two hundred years, the Burning Sky Palace released only six of these Emperor's Tokens, total.

One piece had thankfully gone to the Ou-yang clan of the Imperial Capital, and it was revered in their main shrine. In the past, the Ou-yang was an insignificant, small clan. Utilizing the control that came with the Emperor's

Token, the family became one of the top ten noble clans throughout the Empire.

Although the prosperity of the clan came to the family through their diligent administration, the Emperor's Token undoubtedly played a significant role. Who would dare offend a person that possessed the Emperor's Token?

'Even though the young man is indeed very talented, he isn't worth the Emperor's Token. Master Su is exaggerating, ' thought the chief examiner.

Well aware of Master Su's character, the chief elder knew she was bluffing him. But he knew better she would possibly use the Emperor's Token if he kept failing to realize her purpose.

Clearly, the elder would consent to her request. "Since you have decided, we won't report the matter," the chief examiner informed Master Su willingly.

"Okay, but, keep in mind! I want everyone to be in the dark about him. Remove all the pictures that were recorded onto the picture slab. Can't let anyone but you and I see. By the way, we had better shut him down. If people in other peaks know, we'll be in big trouble!" warned Master Su.

When she had finished speaking to the elder examiner, she went back to lustfully ogling Zen and appreciating him as one did to an uncarved gem.

During their discussion, Zen was concentrating on allowing the warm current to wash through his body as he absorbed the pressure. The impurities of his organs were almost cleared up.

He took a deep breath as he was quaked by a violent shudder ripping through his body which brought a flood of red contaminants pouring from his pores as if he were bleeding heavily.

'Finally! I've reached the highest degree of the organ refining level. Soon, I'll begin marrow refining as long as I cross that mark.'

While Zen contemplated, his eyes shone with pleasure. He was delighted at the pace of his progress. He was advancing so rapidly, that it wouldn't be long before he could defeat Perrin and rescue his sister from Hell Mountain.

Right now though, he was excited to continue refining, thinking that, if he did, he might be able to achieve the marrow refining level.

But, his legs began to shake under the enormous pressure bearing down on him until eventually he couldn't stand and was at the point of collapse.

It was at that moment he felt someone seized him by the neck and pulled him out of the road.

Feeling the pressure bearing down on him diffused, Zen turned easily and saw that it was the chief examiner, supervisor for the initial exam who had hauled him away. Standing next to the elder examiner, was a girl, as beautiful as a fairy, attired in green. She was gorgeous!

"You passed the initial exam. Why haven't you left? What are you still doing here?" asked the chief elder sharply. 'After all, the boy did cause the unpleasantness of today, ' thought the elder chief examiner.

Being scolded by the elder, Zen remained calm as he apologized, "Sorry, I didn't realize I wasn't allowed to be here, Sir."

"Well, now you know. Take your jade pendant to substitute an entrance card, then go wait for your entrance exam," commanded the chief elder examiner.

Not wanting to irk the chief examiner, Zen began to walk away politely. After a few steps, he looked back and asked, "Excuse me, Sir. If I am lucky enough to be accepted into the Cloud Sect, may I come back here?"

Using pressure to refine his body, Zen had accelerated his refining speed and was slightly addicted to it.

At Zen's request, the elder smiled coldly and said, "This is the place for those who have reached the nature level to practice. If you want to come, you need to use your earned points. We won't hold you accountable for today's illegal trespassing. But, don't tell anyone! You have to remember to keep today a secret!"

Nodding meekly, Zen scurried away.

After Zen was gone, the elder turned to Master Su and asked, "What do you think?"

"Well," Master Su answered offhandedly, "In return, I have this for you." She felt some compassion for the old man. On Master Su's finger was a beautiful five-colored floret ring, studded with five different colored gems. As the chief elder watched, she gently touched the ring with her finger, and instantly, a bright silver pill popped up which she casually tossed at him.

The chief elder was tremendously shocked when he saw what it was.

"What an extraordinary and generous person you are!" the chief elder's voice trembled as he thanked her.

In the chief elder's palm was a Longevity Pill. One of these pills could extend a person's life a year. The Longevity Pill was extremely rare, precious medicine, especially to an elderly man.

They said time was money. But, even the wealthiest people in the world didn't have enough riches to buy time. One more year meant a lot to those who were in their waning years.

It was entirely unexpected for Master Su to award the chief elder examiner with such a precious gift. Had it not been for fear of being humiliated, he would have been in tears right there.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 43 Zen’s Anger (Part One)

As Zen returned to the square along the same path, he felt comfortable. Even though the same pressure was weighing down on his body, he felt as light as a feather, as if he could fly with just a simple jump.

Now that he was at the peak of the organ refining level, his every breath could last longer time than before. Zen also noticed an improvement in his strength. As soon as he could see the square and the pressure decreased, Zen found that he could run the rest of the way.

Those who had not passed the initial exam had already left. And the participants who had succeeded had gathered in the square for the next round. Zen looked around and approximated that about a thousand participants were in the square. Compared to the tens of thousands of participants before the exam, it seemed as though the elimination rate was up to 90%.

Just as he entered the square, Zen could see a man waving at him excitedly. He moved closer to the man and smiled when he saw that it was Nory Mo.

"Hi, Zen! Here! Come here! You passed the initial exam! Congratulations!" Nory looked at Zen's jade pendant, which was now shining bright red.

Zen nodded and said, "Do I need to exchange the jade pendant for the disciple card? Where can I make the exchange?"

"Yes, you need to collect the disciple card. And I know where to make the exchange. I just got my disciple card. Follow me!" Nory answered as he tugged at Zen's sleeves excitedly. On seeing Nory's enthusiasm, Zen smiled and nodded. Then, they headed toward a corner of the square where a long table had been placed. On the way to the corner, Nory explained, "Here we are. After exchanging the pendant for the disciple card, we become temporary disciples of Cloud Sect."

With Nory's help, Zen was able to take off the jade pendant and ready to make the exchange.

Behind the table, two people from Cloud Sect were busy with the exchange. One of them glanced at Zen and then took the jade pendant from him. He examined it carefully for a while. He appeared to be checking the information recorded in the jade pendant.

When done, the man pulled out a small wooden board wrapped in silver and a tiny graver.

He started to carve on the wooden board. To Zen, it appeared as though the man was waving the graver around the wooden board quickly. The only indication of the engraving process was the fine sawdust pooling on the table. Even before Zen could gauge his movements, the man had finished. The speed with which he had completed his task added mystery to the man's skill. When Zen took the small wooden board and glanced at it, two words, Zen Luo, had been neatly engraved on it.

Zen smiled at the man. The man nodded and said, "Take care of your disciple card and wait there."

Zen bowed in acknowledgment. With the exquisite disciple card held in both hands, he said, "Thank you." Even though he had been a slave for two years, Zen was still a courteous young man. Once he had stepped away from the table, Zen examined his disciple card. The silver frame wrapping around the antique wooden board glistened in the sun. It was typical Cloud Sect style, classic and elegant. The free-style strokes with which his name had been engraved on the board showed the other side of Cloud Sect, free thinking. Zen played with it for a while and then walked to Nory.

As Zen stood in the corner with Nory, he studied the other participants. The square was filled with nervous energy. A thousand people stood in the square, waiting silently. Some were standing alone in corners, just as Zen and Nory were. Some had gathered together in small groups. Regardless of whether they were alone or within a small group, they were secretly observing the other participants.

The initial exam did not require the participants to compete with each other. As long as the participants completed the distance prescribed by Cloud Sect, they moved to the next stage. Unless they provoked someone, just as Zen had faced trouble with the four men, passing the exam was quite simple.

However, the next test would be more difficult because it included an elimination system. Eighty percent of the people present would not pass the next exam!

A long time passed before instructors came to the square. Under their guidance, the applicants got together and then left the square.

They trudged through the difficult trails of Cloud Sect until they reached an even mountain. Compared with the other steep mountains of Cloud Sect, this mountain was not high or broad. But it was strange that the whole mountain was blood red.

Not only was the soil on the mountain a deep red, but also all the plants growing on the mountainside were blood red. In the midst of its green counterparts, the mountain stood out for its color.

When Nory saw the mountain, he exclaimed, "This must be the famous Bloody Mountain."

"Bloody Mountain. Yeah, the name suits the mountain. It is very unique. And it is very unusual too." Zen was also bewildered by the mystery.

"It seems that the disciples will face the legendary Blooded Test," Nory said with a smile.

"Is there anything unusual about this Blooded Test?" Zen had never heard about the Blooded Test before, and so he had to ask Nory for more information.

Nory was not as well read as Zen. But Nory had a few advantages when it came to information about Cloud Sect. Born in the capital, Nory had been determined to enter Cloud Sect since childhood. Hence, he had collected information and learned about the rules of Cloud Sect from his families and clan. Compared with Zen who came from a small county, Nory was understandably more familiar with the rules of Cloud Sect and its exams. Since he and Zen were friends, Nory explained to him, "The color of this mountain comes from the unique ore it holds. It's called magic red sand."

"Magic red sand? The ore that is used to make the magic array?" asked Zen. When he heard Nory's explanation, Zen's eyebrows rose in surprise. He had heard of this magic red sand, which was an essential material in illusion refining. When forging mysterious weapons, refiners would add magic red sand, and the weapon would have confusing effects. In addition, this kind of ore was often used in magic arrays and illusion papers.

Acknowledging Zen with a nod, Nory added, "Yes, I heard that the powerful people in Cloud Sect used magic red sand to transform the whole Bloody Mountain into a large magic array for trial and evaluation. Today, the instructors have brought us here. So, we must be prepared for the Blooded Test."

Nory had heard about the Blooded Test, but he was unsure about the details. Considering that the magic red sand was used for illusion refinement, the test must be related to unreal illusions.

Although all the participants were curious about the test and the mountain, they got no further information from Cloud Sect's mentors. The disciples had been brought to the foot of the mountain, where they were accommodated in rows of houses located there.

That evening, everyone rested early in preparation for the next day's Blooded Test.

Early the next morning, the disciples gathered at the foot of the mountain.

A long while passed, but they received no orders to go up the mountain.

After waiting for several hours, the disciples finally realized why they had not been allowed to go up. They were waiting for other people to join them.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 44 Zen’s Anger (Part Two)

In addition to the thousand disciples who had passed the initial exam, another group of people would also take part in this Blooded Test. This group of disciples came from the noble clans.

Because of their status, the participants from noble clans did not need to pass the initial exam. They could join the Blooded Test directly...

Compared to ordinary disciples, the disciples from noble clans followed different rules and had special privileges during the test.

Hundreds of chariots filled the sky and hid the sun. The flying chariots flew lower from the sky and landed on the ground, neatly parking in front of the mountain. Three or four people accompanied each participant from the noble clan. Masters who radiated a strong aura were among the people accompanying the participants from noble clans.

When disciples of noble clans saw the thousand ordinary disciples on the ground, their expression conveyed the disdain they had. Considering their families and upbringing, these disciples from noble clans felt superior to the other disciples.

After dismounting from the flying chariots, the disciples of noble clans formed a small group, but they did not come near to the ordinary disciples.

At this time, the thousand ordinary disciples were resentful toward the attitude shown by the disciples from the noble clans. Under normal circumstances, these ordinary disciples would not feel anxious about being asked to wait for several hours. However, they felt that by waiting for the disciples from noble clans to arrive, their time had been wasted.

Although they were angry, the ordinary disciples didn't dare to speak out loud. They mumbled few curse words in a low voice. As they had no influential background, the ordinary disciples knew they could not challenge the disciples of noble clans. They did not have the power or resources to afford offending the noble clans.

What added to their resentment was the unfair advantage the noble clans had. The disciples from noble clans had access to better training since childhood. They also had the resources to acquire all kinds of magic pills that would refine their bodies and skills. As such, their abilities and power would be higher than those of the ordinary disciples. Now, they were competing against the disciples from noble clans. Provoking the disciples from noble clans would not end well for ordinary disciples. They were afraid that the participants from noble clans would gang up against them and attack them during the test.

A murmur rose through the crowd of ordinary disciples when they noticed a small group of disciples from noble clans heading their way.

Feeling the anger radiating from this group, the ordinary disciples subconsciously gave way to them. The crowd dispersed on both sides of the disciples from the noble clans. However, one man stood in their way. That man was Zen. He had closed his eyes in order to meditate.

Zen had been standing with the ordinary disciples for a long while. When he realized that it was meaningless to wait for more instructions, he decided to conserve his energy and prepare for the test. Ever since he learned that he could penetrate deep into his consciousness, he often maintained a state of meditation and paid no attention to what was happening around him.

But suddenly he sensed something different was happening around him. A deafening silence replaced the low-toned gossips and chats. When he opened his eyes, Zen saw a group of well-dressed disciples from noble clans heading in his direction.

Unaware of what might have transpired in the time when he was meditating, Zen glanced at the other disciples from the corners of his eyes. Then he noticed that the crowd had split into two, thus allowing the disciples from noble clans to walk straight toward him. Until then, Zen had realized that the group was coming for him.

"Hi, what's up?" asked Zen with a smile. He behaved politely. Since he did not know the intention of these people, Zen tried not to offend them until he had a better understanding of their purpose. He knew that it was harder to make friends than it was to make enemies.

The group of disciples from the noble clans stopped in front of Zen. A moment later, two men stepped out from the middle of the group. One was Billy, and the other was Perrin, Zen's cousin.

On seeing Perrin, Zen narrowed his eyes and gave him a cold look. He withdrew his smile and said in an expressionless voice, "Perrin, are you kidding? Why are you involving so many people in the affairs that only concern you and me?"

Perrin sneered. A wicked smile appeared on his face. He was about to say something, but Billy patted Perrin on his shoulder unexpectedly, and said, "Perrin, let me talk to him." Then he sauntered up to Zen and laughed. "I heard that you sent a message for me. I should not interfere in the matter between you and Perrin. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that is right. Mr. Wang, the friction between Perrin and I is our family affair. And I do not see why you need to get involved," said Zen calmly. Since Billy was talking to him, Zen decided not to show how angry he was about the interference.

Billy looked down and smiled. Then he grasped a butterfly jade pendant in his hand. He toyed with the pendant as he slowly circled Zen and then he said, "I don't agree with you. In fact, I feel it is my business. Do you have a problem with this?"

"It is our family matter. I hope that you will let us solve it between ourselves." Even though Zen wanted to tell Billy that the situation was none of his business, he decided to be diplomatic and indirectly convey his meaning. Zen even went as far as to cup his one hand in the other before his chest to show his respect. It would be best for him if Zen could persuade Billy. He did not want to provoke Billy right before the Blooded Test.

"Haha, I take it that you haven't heard the rumors. I have never been reasonable. If you don't want me to interfere, promise me one thing," Billy raised his head and said.

"What thing?" Zen frowned. He did not think that Billy would compromise so easily.

"Quit the Blooded Test, go to the Wang family shop in the south of the city, and buy a knife. Then go to the Wei River Bridge and kill yourself. After you have done all this, I will not get involved in your family affairs," said Billy. His tone was indifferent as though he was talking about a trivial matter.

After hearing Billy's words, a flush of red rushed to Zen's cheeks. Anger exploded in his heart. However, a moment later, Zen suddenly burst into laughter.

"Hahaha. What a funny joke!"

Zen had sworn to avenge his father's death a long time ago. Even though Billy sent four men to beat him during the initial exam, Zen had not retaliated much. One of the reasons was that he did not want to provoke Billy. After all, the Wang Clan was a noble clan, and Zen was alone.

After everything Zen had done, Billy was still being inconsiderate and meddlesome. To Billy, it must seem as though Zen was a small ant who could be killed easily. Billy had not taken Zen seriously at all. It appeared as though to Billy, Zen was already a dead man and hence, in no position to negotiate with him.

Compromise was useless when dealing with such people. The only way to get Billy to back off was to use fists, not words.

"Billy Wang, do you think that I'm afraid of you? You want me to quit the Blooded Test? You want me to kill myself? This is the most ridiculous joke that I have ever heard. I am standing here now. If you think you can take my life, just try. Let me see whether you have the ability to kill me!" After saying that, a strong aura burst from Zen's body. Although his face was expressionless, Zen's heart pounded with the anger he felt.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 45 I Refuse To Accept It (Part One)

Everyone's attention was drawn to Zen and the astonishing aura he was sending out.

Even the large group of noble clan disciples that stood further away looked over with spirited looks. Everyone seemed to pivot their attention toward what was happening automatically.

"Haha, Billy sucks. He led a group of people against a weak person from the bottom. Shouldn't he know that a cornered dog will jump over the wall in desperation? I guess this boy is building up the strength to fight back," a young noble clansman dressed in white shaking his jade fan whispered.

"So what? Trust me. You are way over-thinking this. Although this boy is in a desperate situation, he's not strong enough to strike back. Moreover, he is just at the organ refining level, and there's no way he could fight someone that much stronger than him. But, then again, Billy really knows how to have fun, to even bother dealing with a guy at the organ refining level..." another noble clansman nodded in agreement with what he heard.

The bodyguard, however, standing beside him saluted, glanced at Zen and said, "Mr. Huo, you will take part in the Blooded Test later. You'd better watch out for this young man."

"Why? What do you mean 'watch out for this young man'? Tell me what you know." Mr. Huo asked patiently. Mr. Huo knew his bodyguard wouldn't speak up for no reason, and things must be not as simple as they seemed. His bodyguard had spent many years at the nature level and was strong. Besides, he recently safely returned from the cruel Shura battlefield as a master at reading people. Mr. Huo trusted him a lot.

The bodyguard continued, "I don't know why, exactly, but I have a feeling, even though he is only at organ refining level, he is a very dangerous and mighty opponent. We'd better be careful."

Hearing his trusted bodyguard, Mr. Huo raised his eyebrows. He noted with interest, "Things are getting more interesting. So, Billy will be in a little trouble this time."

The relationship of the young men from these noble clans was not unbreakable, and they were not united as one. There were even differences among some noble families. So, Mr. Huo didn't think that he had to warn Billy. Even his bodyguard gave Zen a very high evaluation, and he still believed that for Billy, it was just a small trifle. Billy could handle Zen perfectly fine.

As one noble clan was to others, only the disciples from noble clans clearly knew Billy's abilities.

On the other side, Perrin and those young noble clansmen all wore long faces. Apparently, Zen's words roused echoes in their hearts.

The butterfly jade pendant was deftly spun and turned in between Billy's fingers quietly. His face was calm, but Billy's eyes flashed with an intent to kill. "Death to you, in fact, is the most relaxed way to relief. I have a lot of ways to render you pain in a living death. Want to think it over again?"

"I don't need to! My life may be a humble one, but keep in mind, I won't die easily!" snapped Zen sarcastically.

"What are you waiting for, brother? Cut the crap! Stop wasting time! Kill him!" Unable to stand by waiting any longer, a tall young man rushed out from behind Billy. He raised his fist and brought it down squarely on Zen's head.

The young man's strength was at the peak of marrow refining level!

A series of runes subtly flowed over both of his fists, which was a strong fist position.

As powerful as the punch was, Zen?didn't flinch. Instead, he raised his fist to meet the oncoming powerful punch!

The people watching shook their heads, thinking that although Zen had determination, he shouldn't have talked the way he did. To beat a master in the marrow refining level with his organ refining level, was like pounding a stone using an egg. Zen fought against a noble clansman. The practicing theories of someone in a noble clan were far greater than Zen's.

Such a hard thrust could break Zen's arm.

Nory wasn't standing far away. His mouth opened wide, and his eyes were full of worry. Nory knew Zen's strength and that he wasn't as weak as he looked, but he did not see the last scene yesterday. In his mind, even though Zen was not simple, there was no way he could win against a master at the peak of marrow refining level. This time, Zen was in big trouble.

But, what everyone presumed, did not happen.

The two fists made contact with a loud?"Cra-ack!" as flesh and bone made contact with bone and muscle.

All they could see was Zen?still standing in the same place, his legs firmly under him on the ground. A warm flow circulated through his body, and offset the strength of the punch that the tall young man sent to him.

The tall young man, however, stumbled back several paces, almost falling to the ground, his hand falling to his side, wounded, and his face was flushed.

The majority of people did not expect the result and were surprised, and they looked at Zen with a faint touch of admiration. To take on the strength of marrow refining level with the strength of organ refining level, this was not something any ordinary person could do. But Zen did!

In particular, watching Zen teach a lesson to a noble clansman, in the presence of over one thousand grassroots members, left an unspeakable pleasure in their hearts.

On the contrary, Billy's people could no longer stay quiet. They shouted as they surrounded Zen intent on attacking him.

Zen took a deep breath and narrowed his eyes. If they rushed him, then the only thing he could do was to try harder. He would not wait for his doom, but, he would fight! Even if he didn't kill them all, he would take as many as he could before his life ended.

At this point, a booming voice was heard, "What the fuck are you doing? Today is your Blooded Test day. You are not here to fight each other!"

Looking around, they saw thirty chariots headed towards them, and the one who shouted stood on the first flying chariot. Joshua wore ragged overalls and had a squared face. He was the supervisor of the Blooded Test.

Joshua jumped off the flying chariot and strode up to Zen purposely, demanding loudly, "Who was fighting just now?"

"It was him! He was fighting, examiner!" accused Perrin as he stepped forward pointing at Zen.

"It takes two to fight. Who is the other one?" asked Joshua.

"It was me," admitted the tall young man from Wang Clan.

Joshua nodded and said gravely, "Very well, your eligibility?to compete in the Blooded Test is canceled!"

Zen's face paled immediately. It would be unfair if he were disqualified. He was forced to defend himself. "Examiner, I didn't start the fight. I was forced into fighting. Why should I be disqualified from the test?"

"No matter who you are, if you dare to fight here, then you should have the mindfulness that you will be driven out of the Cloud Sect, without exception!" Joshua did not want to listen to Zen's explanation at all. He asked nothing more before making his decision.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 46 I Refuse To Accept It (Part Two)

The tall young man from Wang Clan said, "Supervisor, I am an inner disciple of Cloud Sect and not a participant in the Blooded Test.

"Inner disciple?" Joshua asked, "which peak?do you belong to?"

"I am from the Skytop Peak, examiner," responded the tall young man.

"Hmm, Master Xu of Skytop Peak is here too. Since you are an inner disciple, the punishment is that one hundred points will be deducted from the peak!" declared Joshua.

There was a smile on the tall young man's face, and he looked relaxed. ?As everyone knew, one hundred points was a lot to the helpless grassroots, but for the noble clan disciples, it was nothing. Such a punishment was meaningless to him.

They might have lost a hundred points, but Zen would be kicked out of the Cloud Sect, which was precisely what they wanted.

More than one thousand students stood there, looking angry about the unjust decision. This punishment was close to no punishment at all. Joshua was helping the influential.

At that moment, all thirty-three peak masters in the Cloud Sect arrived on flying chariots.

After the students passed the Blooded Test, each master would pick students who met their requirements. They would choose the right talents for their folds, based on the performances and examination results of the students.

To have better development of their respective peaks, each master followed the principles of selecting the best students for their peaks.

Of course, Zen understood how bad his situation was. Joshua was obviously on the side of the noble clans. But, he continued to think that he didn't want to miss out on his life for something he had no control over. He argued, "Examiner, I wasn't the one who started the fight. You have to believe me. Everyone here saw it. I was forced into the fight. It's unfair to disqualify me from the competition arbitrarily like this!"

"It's not fair? Now then, tell me, were you fighting?" Joshua had no expression as he asked.

"Yes," Zen responded honestly. He did fight, but, he was forced into it. If he hadn't, he would be dead now.

"Okay then, we're all set! You don't need to say anymore. Just hand over your disciple card! And afterward, leave the Cloud Sect!" stated Joshua?as he extended his large hand for Zen to hand over his disciple card.

Zen took two steps back and in a positive tone said, "Examiner, it is unfair to punish me like this. I refuse to accept it, and I think there are more than one thousand students present who also refuse to accept it!"

Joshua did not expect a humble temporary disciple would dare to speak to him like that, let alone question him. Who did he think he was talking to? Joshua raged. "How dare you!"

Angered, he raised his hand to slap Zen.

Although Joshua?didn't use any internal strength or skills on his hand, the force alone was enough to severely hurt Zen because Joshua had been at the nature level for many years, and his strength had surpassed the physical limit. One could imagine how destructive his hand was.

Facing the possible force of Joshua's hand frightened Zen, even if his body was a mysterious weapon, and would offset some of the power from the examiner, he was not indestructible. The strength of Joshua's hand was beyond what his body could bear. If he were hit, Zen would be seriously injured.

But just as Joshua was about to slap him, a clear voice was heard, "Joshua, what do you think you're doing?"

Zen and Joshua turned in the direction of the voice and saw a beautiful woman wearing aqua blue standing not far away, looking over at them.

Zen remembered her well. He met her after he passed the initial exam yesterday.

As angry as Joshua was, at the sight of her, he immediately calmed, and tried keeping an even tone as he explained, "Nothing special, just punishing a disciple for his unruly behavior."

To Joshua, the woman in front of them was irritating, and once she caught wind of his failings, he would be in trouble. So, he didn't want to discuss this matter in depth with her, and just hoped this matter would be laid to rest here, silently.

The fact of it was though, that Master Su had been watching for a while, and understood the cause and effect very well. She wouldn't care if it was another student Joshua?toyed with. Even if she was energetic, she could not go everywhere, minding others' business.

But she did care very much that Joshua?was about to hit Zen. She would not let that happen.

Master Su chose Zen early. Because she already regarded Zen as the most prominent among the disciples recruited this year. 'You dare to touch my student? You will go through me first!' thought Master Su. Master Su would not allow Zen to be attacked.

"For his unruly behavior? Which rules did he break?" inquired Master Su.

"He fought with another disciple here, which is a violation of the Cloud Sect regulations," replied Joshua in a quiet voice. He knew Master Su was here to save Zen and knock him around at the same time.

"I didn't start a fight with anyone. They attacked me! It's not my fault that I was forced to defend myself!" exclaimed Zen, as he seized the opportunity to defend himself.

In that instant, Joshua's facial expression changed, and he had the urge to hit?Zen. However, Master?Su's cold voice from behind Joshua stilled his thoughts as she said, "Joshua, as an examiner, you should distinguish between right and wrong. Why didn't you give this student a chance to argue his side? What are you up to?"

The sharp twinge in Master Su's voice struck Joshua's heart, and it felt far from ideal. Hearing the anger in her voice, Joshua realized he wasn't getting through this matter easily. Smiling complacently, Joshua said, "Master Su, it's such a small matter, surely it's not worth getting angry about......"

"Well, if it's a small case, then let him clarify! You, tell all of us. What happened?" asked Master?Su.

"They did it!" declared Zen as he pointed to Billy, Perrin, and their followers. "They came at me with no reason. One of them rushed at me and hit me, forcing me to fight back!"

Joshua sneered. "Young man, you'd better think over what you are saying. Your accusations are one-sided. Do you have anyone who can prove your tale?"

Everyone stopped talking at once, and the noisy crowd suddenly became deathly quiet. A light smile spread across Billy's face, while Perrin gloated silently. They knew that the sons of the noble clans would not offend Billy, and among the more than one thousand disciples from ordinary families, if they were smart, none would stand up for Zen.

Just as expected, even though this happened in full view of all of them and they were outraged moments ago, none of them dared step forward and speak out for Zen.

Anyone who would stand up for Zen would be a target of Billy's, and who would be stupid enough to risk getting his ass beaten? It made no sense to offend Billy without strength to back it.

"I can prove it!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 47 Yan Luo

At this time, Nory stepped out of the crowd and said loudly, "I saw that the disciples of the noble clans approached Zen and caused trouble. This guy started it first!"

Even though it was courageous of Nory to step out and speak up, he was very nervous inside. As a native resident of the Imperial Capital, he was aware of the authority of the noble clans. Even the weakest noble clan had more power than ordinary families. However, Nory didn't hesitate.

Seeing Nory speaking up for him, Zen began feeling warm inside. When he thought of how his misfortune almost made Nory fail the initial exam yesterday, Zen felt a little ashamed. He appreciated that Nory was willing to stand by him — even if Nory would offend the Wang Clan — when he most needed it.

Since Nory had spoken in Zen's defense, other ordinary disciples followed as well.

They also hated injustice. Now that Nory had spoken up against the Wang Clan, they were willing to help him condemn the haughty Wang Clan disciples.

"Yeah, these noble clan disciples are too unreasonable!"

"Absolutely, they did it first!"

"Yes, we all saw it!"

All the ordinary disciples began shouting. Hearing their accusations, the faces of Billy and his followers darkened. The tall guy, in particular, stared at Nory, as if ready to swallow the latter.

However, since many masters were on the spot, those disciples from noble clans could do nothing.

Master Su blinked her eyes and said, "In that case, it's clear now. Since they made trouble first, they should be punished. Who knows to which peak the disciple that began the fighting belongs?"

"He is the inner disciple of the Skytop Peak." Joshua did not want to be involved in this matter and replied, "I have decided to deduct 100 points as punishment."

"The Skytop Peak? Master Xu! Your inner disciple caused this disturbance and attacked someone. How should he be punished according to the rules?" Master Su didn't want the matter to be dismissed easily. And so, she turned to Master Xu and asked loudly.

Master Xu stepped out from among the other masters, glanced at his disciples, and said, "According to the rules, 1, 000 points should be subtracted!"

Master Xu's words sent shivers coursing through the tall Wang Clan disciple. The loss of 100 points was acceptable, but losing 1, 000 points mattered to him a lot! Points played a crucial role in Cloud Sect. Both, cultivating and getting handbooks required disciples to have points.

However, the opportunity to earn points was limited. At first, a disciple could complete Cloud Sect's tasks to earn points. Now, one could buy points. Earlier, one cubic crystal could be exchanged for one point, but in recent years, the price of one point had increased to two cubic crystals.

The Wang Clan was very huge with many collateral branches. The tall disciple was not part of the core Wang Clan.

Thus 1, 000 points, the equivalent of 2, 000 cubic crystals, was definitely a large sum of money for him.

Master Su smiled and said, "That sounds fair. Let's follow the rules and subtract 1, 000 points!"

Master Xu nodded, but he sulked inside. He thought, 'What the hell? Fair? If I don't give this disciple a harsh punishment, you will make trouble for me. I don't have a choice.'

After dealing with this matter, Master Su approached Zen and said, "I believe that your disciple card may have some problems. Could you show it to me please?"

Zen was doubtful as his disciple card was the same as that of the others. What problem could it have? However, since Master Su had helped him, Zen felt obliged to agree. Moreover, Zen was a little naive. He hadn't thought that villains could be as beautiful as Master Su. Just going by her beauty, he felt that she was perhaps not a bad person. After thinking of this, Zen handed his disciple card to her.

Master Su carefully took the disciple card from Zen. Then she fiddled with it before returning it. She smiled at him and said, "Well, it seems that I made a mistake. There is no problem with your card!"

Zen was puzzled by Master Su's odd behavior, but he didn't think about it more. Now, the most important thing for him was to get the qualification for the Blooded Test.

Then Joshua, the invigilator, stood in the center of the crowd and announced the conditions of the Blooded Test.

"The Blooded Test is very straightforward. You have to kill the so-called unreal beasts. Every examinee will receive a crystal fragment every time he kills an unreal beast. The whole Bloody Mountain is divided into five areas. Level-1 begins in the outermost area. For killing unreal beasts here, examinees will be awarded green crystal fragments. The next level is on the second-floor area. Here, you will face level-2 unreal beasts. Your corresponding rewards for killing them will be yellow crystal fragments. On the third floor, for killing level-3 unreal beasts, examinees will get blue crystal fragments. For killing level-4 unreal beasts, you will get purple crystal fragments while for level-5 unreal beasts, examinees will get black crystal fragments."

Joshua stopped to quickly swallow before continuing, "To pass the test, examinees need 100 green crystal fragments, 30 yellow fragments, 10 blue fragments, three purple fragments, and one black crystal fragment!"

Zen listened to the instructions attentively. It seemed that killing the outermost unreal beasts was the easiest task as they were just at level-1. However, the requirement was to kill 100 beasts. As for strongest level-5 unreal beasts, examinees only needed to kill one to get a black crystal fragment to pass the test. That must mean that a level-5 unreal beast was too powerful for ordinary people to destroy.

"One more thing! Everything that happens on the Bloody Mountain is an illusion. You may get hurt, you may feel pain, and you may also die! However, these are all illusions! If you 'die', you will be sent down the Bloody Mountain. That means you have lost the test! Keep that in mind! There is only one chance for everyone. Try to do your best!" Joshua pointed at the Bloody Mountain and said, "Now you can go up the mountain. As usual, the disciples of the noble clans go first!"

The privilege of the noble clans again!

This was an unfair rule as the people who went up the mountain first would have advantages over the others. Unfortunately, the rule was made by the leaders of Cloud Sect. As per rumor, there were secret associations among Cloud Sect, the noble clans, and even Burning Sky Palace. Thus the people without a strong background could do nothing.

Suddenly a disciple of a noble clan asked, "Can I take my guards up the mountain?"

"Of course not!" Joshua felt a little bitter when he heard the question. If an examinee could take helpers, what was the point of the test? One could just take some masters to help him pass the Blooded Test easily.

Billy turned to two members of his clan who would also take part in the Blooded Test. "Tim, Dim, you two must remember the faces of those two guys. When you get up the mountain, find an opportunity to kick them out of the test." Then Billy glanced around quickly to see if anyone was looking before making a cut-neck-off gesture to them.

Tim and Dim nodded and said, "Don't worry! We will make sure that they fail the test."

Billy then instructed, "At the key moment, you can use the Final Killer given by the clan, understand?"

"But Billy, I have only one Final Killer. If I use it, I won't have more..." One of them hesitated a little.

The Wang Clan had trained many skilled, talented craftsmen. Brady Wang, one of the three weapon refining masters in the Burning Sky Empire, was a member of the Wang Clan.

Thus every disciple of the Wang Clan had a vital weapon called the Final Killer, which had terrible force. If an owner were faced with a dangerous situation, he could use this weapon to turn the tables. However, each member of the Wang Clan only had one Final Killer. This was why Tim and Dim were hesitant to use it to kill Zen.

Moreover, in the Blooded Test, a person could not be killed during the test. One could only be forced to leave the mountain.

"Not to worry! I'll help you apply for another Final Killer!" Billy belonged to the main branch of the Wang Clan. Thus, he had a much higher status than Tim and Dim. It would not be difficult for him to get another Final Killer from his clan.

"Billy, you are so kind as to help me with my clan's affairs. I thank you from the bottom of my heart!" Perrin said.

A faint smile grew on Billy's face as he replied, "Perrin, this is not a big deal. Moreover, you're helping the Wang Clan. My brother would like your help to write a few more letters to your sister at Hell Mountain. He needs to win her favor!"

"That's what I'm supposed to do. My sister is too stubborn, which is why this is taking time. And I do believe that as time goes by, she will come around. It will be a blessing for her if she can be married to your brother." Perrin said.

It was fortunate that the two were standing far away from Zen. Had Zen heard their talk, he would have punished Perrin!

Since Yan Luo had been sent to Hell Mountain, she was still unaware of what had happened at home. So far, even the news of her father's death had not reached Yan!

In the correspondence between Perrin and Yan in recent years, Perrin had been fabricating all kinds of reasons and excuses to pacify her. Now, Perrin wanted to coax Yan into marrying Billy's brother.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 48 Bloody Mountain (Part One)

After the disciples from the noble clans had gone up the Bloody Mountain, it was the turn of the thousand ordinary disciples. They formed a line and entered the mountain one after another.

A dozen paths snaked their way into and around the southern region of the Bloody Mountain. Since the paths made it easier to navigate through the mountain, the disciples randomly selected a road and made their way toward their destination.

Zen walked at the back of the line in silent contemplation. He was a little nervous and full of doubt. He was not afraid of Billy and the Wang Clan, but he could not understand why Billy worked so hard to help Perrin.

Yes, Perrin had the resource support of the Luo Clan. Compared with the noble clans in the Imperial Capital, the Luo Clan was only a small clan in C County. Perrin had nothing to offer Billy in exchange for his help.

'What the devil are they up to?' Zen couldn't understand Billy's motives.

While he was walking, Zen was distracted from his thoughts by a colorful band of light on the mountain road ahead. The band of light fluttered erratically, like the entrance to a fairyland.

"This is the outermost magic array. We will enter the real Blooded Test after we go through this ribbon of light," said one ordinary disciple. After saying this, he walked forward. As he neared, the light ribbon enveloped his body. Within a blink of an eye, he had disappeared.

Zen stepped into the band of light without hesitation. After doing so, he found that the surrounding scenery had changed!

"This is the magic array!"

When he had first arrived at the Bloody Mountain, Zen had been bewildered by the unique color of the mountain. The entire scene was monotonous as even the plants were the same red color. But when he walked into the magic array, Zen found that the scene inside was different.

The world suddenly became rich and colorful, including the tall trees on the mountain and the dense growth of small trees and shrubs. He knew that the landscape was a facade that had been created by activating a large phantom array with red magic sand.

However, when he reached for the trees and the shrubs, Zen found that their touch and taste were lifelike.

After he had taken several steps forward, Zen heard the howling of a beast followed by the sound of fierce fighting. Apparently, someone had encountered an unreal beast not far away.

He held his breath and crept toward the woods. When Zen neared the scene, he saw three men working together to kill a first-degree phantom wolf.

The wolf was not difficult to deal with. Its force and attacks were equivalent to the bone refining level. Since the three men had already stepped into the organ refining level, they didn't have any trouble defeating the phantom wolf.

When the beast's body fell to the ground, it changed into colorful spots of light that floated up, and slowly disappeared in the air.

A green crystal fragment was left on the ground.

"Haha, this green crystal fragment is mine!" One of the three men rushed to grab the fragment.

"What makes you think that you can take it? I helped kill the beast, too." Another man was determined not to share the fragment.

"In that case, let's one on one. If you win, this fragment will be yours!"

A moment ago, the three men had worked together to kill the monster. Now, they were disputing over who got to claim the green crystal fragment.

Seeing this, Zen shook his head and continued on his way to the depths of the Bloody Mountain. After a while, Zen felt a little disheartened as he had not encountered a first-degree phantom beast.

The phantom beasts living in the first layer of this Bloody Mountain were the weakest of the monsters. Most disciples could cope with them easily, and so they weren't in a rush to get to the second layer and encounter new risks. As a result, the number of disciples hunting the beasts exceeded the number of targets. As soon as a phantom monster appeared, someone would rush to kill it.

The level was so crowded that disciples began fighting each other for green crystal fragments.

A hundred green crystal fragments were needed to pass the test. The time allowed to complete the test was not enough to accumulate that amount. Zen concluded that it was better to challenge beasts of the second layer than to compete with others here. With a new goal to work toward, Zen headed further into the depths of the Bloody Mountain.

It wasn't long before he entered the second layer of the Bloody Mountain.

Compared to the first layer, there were fewer people in the second layer. The strength of unreal beasts in this layer was equivalent to the organ refining level, which was more suitable for a stronger person to challenge.

While walking around, Zen saw a lush forest. Then, he heard a shrill cry from above.

He glanced up and saw a monkey hanging from a big tree. The monkey's eyes glowed red, as he stared at Zen.

He had seen pictures of such monkeys in books. As a native of the oasis in the Western region, this species of monkey was called the mane monkey. Zen had not expected that this kind of demon beast could be created in the magic array. Cloud Sect was undoubtedly endowed with abundant talent and resources including a learned and brilliant magic array master!

The mane monkey screamed at Zen. Suddenly, the beast sucked in its stomach. Then it took a deep breath, and the stomach blew up like a balloon. In the next instant, its hard mane burst sending steel-like needles hurtling toward Zen.

Zen was quick to react. He sprinted forward, and at the same time, he threw his fist at the tree. With the help of this force, Zen was able to jump two feet in the air. As he did, Zen reached for the mane monkey.

The mane monkey was extremely dexterous. It swung around the tree, avoided Zen nimbly, and jumped on to another tree.

Seeing that the mane monkey was about to escape, Zen decided to chase it. It would be shameful and embarrassing if he couldn't deal with a second-degree unreal beast.

He kept following the mane monkey as it jumped from tree to tree. The mane monkey was not good at attacking. Its primary defense was its hard steel mane. But Zen's body was as hard as a mysterious weapon, and so he could completely ignore the mane monkey's attack.

The mane monkey was so agile that it led Zen around the woods. It was very hard for Zen to catch it. More than once Zen had almost caught the monkey, but the monkey rolled and slipped away again.

After a long period of pursuit, Zen decided to try a new tactic. He looked around and studied the trees nearby. Having identified an opportunity, Zen rushed forward, spread out his arms, and hit a tree in front of him with all his might!

"Fall down!"

The big, thick tree split in two before collapsing to the ground.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 49 Bloody Mountain (Part Two)

A second later, the monkey leaped into the air. It had been aiming for the tree, but since Zen had broken the tree before it could reach it, the mane monkey flew straight toward Zen.

Zen smiled when his plan worked. The monkey had no way to escape this time.

However, as the mane monkey approached Zen, it gave out a fierce cry. Then its eyes glowed a deep red before it emitted a squeak. In the next instant, its body turned red, and the mane of the whole body bristled.

Zen found the monkey's unusual move. A sense of danger filled Zen. He covered his head with his hands and drew back in horror.

Before Zen could retreat two steps, the mane monkey's body grew twice as large.

"Peng!"

The mane monkey's body suddenly exploded. The noise was deafening! When the dust settled, Zen saw that the explosion had left a huge hole in the ground. The needles from the monkey's mane were scattered in all directions by the force of the explosion.

At the time of its death, the monkey had released its mane needles with such force that they were firmly lodged in Zen's body.

"I didn't expect a second-degree phantom beast to have such a powerful attack," Zen said in surprise as he pulled out the mane needles one by one. If he had not stepped back, he could have been hurt by the mane needles.

The classification of unreal beasts was similar to that of men. The one main difference was that many unreal monsters could burst with incomparable innate power when faced with a survival crisis.

After handling the steel needles in his body, Zen approached the pit and found a piece of yellow crystal fragment in the center. Only 30 yellow crystal fragments were needed to pass the test. That was certainly a much smaller number than the green crystals!

Of course, the monsters he had to deal with were a lot more fierce.

Just as Zen was preparing to put away the crystal fragment, a voice boomed through the forest.

"Put that crystal down and get out of here!"

On hearing the words, Zen frowned. When he turned, Zen saw three men standing behind him. Judging by their clothes, Zen knew that these three men were disciples from noble clans. It was possible that they might be from the same clan. Only the children from noble clans would dare to rob someone so openly.

"I killed this beast. So this crystal fragment belongs to me. Why should I put the piece down?" Zen asked.

One of three men answered, "Cut the crap, or you'll suffer the consequences! We are from the Fang Clan. Anger our family, and you won't have a chance to regret it."

"My brother is right. You can learn lessons from the mistakes of others. All those who did not listen to our family died miserably!" Another man said.

"Turn in your crystal fragment, or we will kill you!" The third man said.

Zen held the yellow crystal fragment in his hand. The expression on his face conveyed that Zen didn't have the patience to deal with such arrogance. In fact, all the novelty he had seen after he reached the Imperial Capital made him feel relaxed and happy, except for the children of the noble clans. Words would fail to describe the attitude of such people.

Leaving aside the strength of the children from noble clans, what they had done was so rampant and outrageous that they seemed to look down upon everything in the world.

It was perhaps their noble birth and their superior living environment that made them forget that what others feared was not the children, but the power of their family clan.

Zen put the crystal fragment in his pocket and prepared to leave. He did not bother to spend more time rationalizing with these men.

But the three men were determined not to let him go. They rushed forward quickly, encircled Zen, and then they began closing in on him.

They thought that since they had all reached the marrow refining level, it would be easy for them to defeat Zen, who was only at the organ refining level.

But in Zen's view, they were too slow. It could be seen at a glance that they had been trained from childhood. However, their strength had been increased by pills. They lacked actual combat and practice experience, and hence, their weaknesses were apparent.

At this time, Zen stood with his back to the three men. As the three men pounced on him, Zen took a step back and easily avoided their attack. At the same time, he quickly circled behind them and reached out to grab two men by the back of their necks.

"Let go of me. If you touch me, my family will kill you!"

"No one has dared to hold me like this. I will never forgive you. I will cut you into a thousand pieces and watch as you die painfully!"

The two men looked flustered. They hadn't expected their strength to be so weak that they had no power to fight back. However, they did show true characteristics of children from noble clans. Even when caught, they felt they could win by threatening their captor.

Zen sneered. He lifted his arms and slammed the two men's heads into each other brutally.

"Bang!"

The two men were "killed" by the force Zen had used. Like the mane monkey Zen had just killed, their bodies turned into spots of light that disappeared slowly.

If they had not been in the magic array of the Bloody Mountain, the two men would have truly died. Their heads would have broken into pieces with the force Zen had used.

Fortunately, they were in the Blooded Test, in which all participants were a phantom illusion. Hence, these two men had not been hurt. Since they had died in the test, a light had enclosed them. Now they would wait for the Cloud Sect's instructors to transport them outside the Bloody Mountain. In any case, they had failed the Blooded Test.

The original intention of the Blooded Test could be seen here. In the Bloody Mountain, everyone competed with not only the phantom beasts but also with other disciples.

And the use of the magic array would effectively avoid real death.

Seeing the two companions had been taken out, the remaining man took a few steps back in surprise. His expression showed the fear he felt. His rampant and arrogant attitude had been swept away. As soon as the shock wore off, he shouted, "My family... My Family..."

But Zen didn't let him finish. He growled at the man. "If you don't want to die as well, hand over all the crystal fragments you have. No matter how powerful your family is, they can't save you now!" After saying this, Zen took a step toward the man.

Without hesitation, the disciple from the Fang clan threw a handful of crystal fragments at Zen. Then he turned and fled without saying anything.

Zen shook his head. He didn't want to rob others, but it seemed like recently, many people were trying to rob him.

He collected the crystal fragments. There were 20 green crystal fragments and seven yellow crystal fragments!

It looked like the robbery was a quick and convenient way to finish the test. Zen was tempted. Compared to the effort of killing phantom beasts one by one, snatching was obviously more efficient.

But he soon gave up the idea. The ultimate purpose of giving the Blooded Test was to challenge and improve himself.

He would never give up the opportunity to refine himself. However, if others tried to rob him, Zen decided not to let them go.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 50 Ryan Fang (Part One)

Unknown to Zen, someone stood straight-faced outside the Bloody Mountain, clenching his fists indignantly.

Outside the mountain, all the tutors from the Cloud Sect were standing next to a Picture Slab, carefully monitoring the performance of each participant within the Bloody Mountain.

Because they assigned the disciples based on ability and performance. However, according to the rules, disciples who passed the test would be allowed to choose their tutors.

These tutors?monitored as early and carefully as possible, so that they had a general assessment of the disciples who participated in the blooded test. Then they made their decisions. They all wanted to find and draw the talents into their folds.

Anyone participating in the blooded test received a disciple card. Through the disciple card they carried, the tutors could see where each participant was and what they were doing.

At that moment, Dylan Fang was expressionless. Although he was the Dragon Peak tutor, he was also a member of the Fang Clan.

Fang Clan sent four clansmen to participate in the blooded test. And Dylan was instructed to ensure that no matter what happened, those four were to pass the test.

As a matter of fact, the pass rate of the disciples?from the noble clans?was much higher than any of the disciples that were commoners.

Among over one thousand lowborn disciples, approximately two hundred might pass the blooded test.

About one hundred and seventy of the two hundred noble clansmen would pass the test.

There was always a large gap between the classes because most of the commoners were fearful of the noble clans from birth. They also were fearful of offending the families behind these disciples.

With such a low pass rate, although there was a larger group of commoners, most of them would just end up being bit part players.

Before the blooded test started, Dylan?Fang had returned?home once where he patted his chest to make a solemn promise to the whole clan that all four family members would pass the blooded test.

Nevertheless, two of them were just eliminated from the blooded test.

Just then, two rays of light shot from a spot in the Bloody Mountain, shooting straight into the sky. Those in charge of the blooded test climbed on flying chariots to retrieve the disciples that were eliminated from the blooded test.

Watching on the Picture Slab, he knew what had just happened. The damn fellow was becoming quite vicious. He made them crash their heads into each other hard. If not for the magic array, they would have died. They were two young members of his family and had bright futures.

"Damn it! How dare you!" exploded Dylan.

No common disciple had dared to treat a disciple from a noble clan so rudely in a long time. Generally speaking, if a noble clan child failed the blooded test, it was due to conflicts with another noble group. Sometimes, a noble disciple would fail because he was so cocksure of his talents?that he challenged an unreal beast in the fourth or the fifth layer. But, rarely were noble disciples washed out in the test by some ordinary disciple.

Dylan wanted to know who this damned commoner was, and make him pay the price for hurting disciples from the Fang Clan. He continually manipulated the Picture Slab, trying to find the young man's information from more than one thousand participants'. And soon enough, he saw?what he wanted. The boy's name was Zen Luo.

When he switched over to see what Zen was doing, he couldn't see anything.

The image on the slab became a blurred, snowy screen.

'Is the signal bad, or, is the Picture Slab broken?' wondered Dylan as he switched to the picture of another disciple, only to find that everything from that view was normal. He could see everyone's except Zen's.

'What's going on there?'

Dylan wasn't the only one encountering this issue. Other tutors were experiencing the same thing.

For better research, some tutors constantly switched from one image to another on their Picture Slabs, to observe each candidate. However, when they turned to Zen's picture, they saw a blurry image.

They didn't care much about this incident, thinking like Dylan, that there must be a bad connection. They just shook their heads and switched to the next one. As there were a lot of candidates to watch, it wasn't a big deal to miss one or two.

What none of the thirty-three tutors were aware of was that there was one tutor able to trace?Zen, and that was Master Su.

She had noticed what other tutors encountered, seeing heads shake and watching them move on to the next candidate; a mischievous grin spread across Master Su's pretty face. She attended the Picture Slab intently. If anyone was next to her, he would see Zen on the Picture Slab in front of her, instead of a blurred picture.

The reason no one could see Zen's performance but her was that she tampered with Zen's disciple card when she made an excuse to check his card.

Only by making sure that no one could watch Zen's performance would no one pay any attention to him. Zen should join her peak.

But, now she worried, 'Did the previous battle catch the attention of others?' Master Su sighed nervously. Although others could not trace?Zen, and could not see Zen's performance, they were able to perceive signs through other participants.

She prayed that Zen got enough crystals to pass the test, and she hoped that Zen?would not?become involved in any more fights. But, then again, those noble clan children were annoying, and always caused trouble. Master Su couldn't help but curl her lips upward in a sly grin.

Things didn't always go as master Su expected.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 51 Ryan Fang (Part Two)

As two disciples from Dylan's family were eliminated from the test, his eyes blazed with anger, and he was fuming. Fang Clan had sent four disciples to participate in the?blooded test. Three were from offshoot branches and were?not as strong. However, one of them was Dylan's immediate family and the third son of the family's leader. His name was? Ryan Fang, and he was a mighty, talented?young man.

Dylan gave his word to the clan that all four would pass the test. Now, two were cut from the ranks. He waited impatiently. He connected to Ryan's disciple card via the Picture Slab, and without hesitation, he called out, sending his voice over the slab.

According to the blooded test rules, this was a violation. However, Dylan didn't care about anything.

"Ryan, Noah and Peace were eliminated from the blooded test! Someone did that to them!" Dylan said in a low but passionate voice over the Picture Slab to Ryan.

"What did you say? Who dared to do that to my people?" Ryan?replied as he ran swiftly on the third layer of the magic array. Behind him, six three-grade unreal beasts were chasing him. But he didn't rush in confusion. He didn't frown, and instead, he started chatting with Dylan.

"It was some guy named Zen Luo! Do you know him? He just doesn't quit! He dared to touch Noah and Peace," stated Dylan, as he ground his teeth. He was so angry because Noah was his nephew, and in his immense family, was the closest to him. Dylan treated him as a son.

Comparatively, Ryan?was a direct line of descent. But, he was not that close to Dylan or other branches.

"I know him, where is he now?" asked Ryan coldly.

That was what Dylan wanted. He said smirking, "I will give you his location. He is still on the second layer!" Although Dylan couldn't see Zen, it was easy to check his location.

"Alright then, I will kill him after I deal with these imaginary beasts behind me," said Ryan in an unusually bitter voice. In fact, in Ryan's heart, it wasn't a big deal that the stupid cowards from his family were kicked out of the game. It simply meant they were not eligible to enter the Cloud Sect.

But since these stupid cowards?were also members of his family, anyone who dared to cause harm must pay the price.

"Ryan, the guy is good at fighting, so, if you are not able to beat him down, consider swallowing the Mystical Pill!" suggested Dylan.

Fang Clan, was well known for refining pills with many famous alchemists in the family. The Mystical Pill was a pill worth a city. It could raise someone's range to a higher level in a short time, and greatly enhance their strength in a critical moment.

However, this pill could only be used if the person was below the nature level, and it was challenging to create. That was why Ryan?received just the one.

"Uncle Dylan, are you doubting me?" asked Ryan in a cold tone. He was the son of the head of the family. Even though Dylan was a tutor at the Cloud Sect, his status in the family was nothing compared with Ryan's and as such, Ryan didn't hold much respect for Dylan.

As Ryan finished speaking, he?sped up. Dylan watched as Ryan's body flew up to the left and twisted twice in the air as he nimbly clutched a short dagger, pulling a bright blue line from it.

As they touched the azure line, the beasts?chasing him, were all cut in two, changing first into dimming lights as they slowly dissipated in the air.

Soon, Ryan had killed six three-grade?unreal beasts.

Watching from his Picture Slab, Dylan's heart sank, as he soon realized how wrong he was. Ryan held tremendous power, and he surely had limitless prospects. This was someone he needed to please. So, softening his smile, Dylan said in a flattering manner, "No, that isn't what I meant. Maybe, I worry too much, you have superior strength and are unbeatable in Bloody Mountain. I have sent you Zen's location. Check it now."

When Dylan was finished, Ryan's expression went blank. He turned and walked in the direction that Dylan directed.

At that point, Zen was continuing going deeper into Bloody Mountain, having killed two second-grade?unreal beasts. Able to have a small break from battling, he breathed a sigh of relief. He was exhausted, but, within moments, he heard an unnatural laugh and his face contorted.

There, standing in front of him, were twenty disciples from noble clans. They had set up a tollbooth, and anyone who wanted to get through was forced to hand over all their?crystal fragments.

The first thought came into?Zen's mind was?'These stupid guys are surely crazy' and it was evident, there wasn't going to be even a small break.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 52 The Best Way To Dispense With Fools (Part One)

The noble clansmen pupils enjoyed many magic pills, learning the best training skills, and there were even some endowed with excellent bloodlines of the family elders.

Most of them were born with exceptional advantages over ordinary people.

Quite a few of them turned into dandies, living a life of extreme depravity due to their special status. Through magic pills, they cultivated smoothly, but they lacked strength and fighting power.

Zen did not think that all the children of the gentry were like this. Otherwise, the noble clans in the Imperial Capital wouldn't have thrived for as many years. There must be many children among the nobles, who were gifted, diligent and practiced hard.

But, obviously, the men he faced now weren't in that league.

These guys didn't want to work hard nor did they want to kill the beasts, so, instead, they robbed other participants of their crystal fragments. He was indignant that they wanted something for nothing. How could such shameless people exist in the world?

He watched momentarily, noticing that they were robbing the ordinary disciples, not letting them pass, and yet, the noble disciples were left to pass through without saying a word.

They were bold enough to rob participants in broad daylight, and the Cloud Sect didn't care?

Zen didn't actually know if that was true. These guys had been doing this for a while. A few years ago, some disciples from the noble clans discovered this was an ideal location to set up a blockade here, between the second and third level, and collect tolls in the form of crystal fragments from the commoners passing through. It was an easy way to make a fortune, prevent some from gaining admittance and they successfully passed the Blooded Test easily.

At that time, the Cloud Sect turned a blind eye to their behavior for some reason.

When the children of the noble clans saw that the Cloud Sect had not punished them, they became more unscrupulous. The experience spread among them for several years. Every Blooded Test since then, there was a group of noble disciples waiting in advance to rob others.

The number of unreal beasts on the first and second layers wasn't large, and with so many people fighting, many found it impossible to achieve their goals within the given timeframe. So, in order to pass the Blooded Test, many of them were forced to go up the third level.

Now they faced a new dilemma. Before they reached the third level, they were stripped of their crystal fragments by these despicable disciples.

Some disciples feared their strength of numbers, while others worried about their influence and high status in the Empire. So, most of them chose to hand over their crystal fragments. Zen stood to the side for a while, only to see that even a few strong men succumbed to the bullies. They were angry, but seemingly had no choice but to hand over their pieces of crystal fragments helplessly.

Meanwhile, many watched from a distance with hesitation on their faces. They couldn't decide if they should hand over their crystal fragments and head up to the third layer, or back and kill more beasts in the second layer.

Of course, not all ordinary disciples were willing to be bullied.

As Zen watched from the side, he saw a strong man stride up to pass. The man stood six and a half feet tall, was as strong as an iron tower, and he carried a great sword.

The men from the noble clans saw him and shouted, "Stop!"

"What's the matter?" asked the towering man as he stared at them fiercely.

"If you want to pass through this way, you need to leave all your crystal fragment pieces behind!" stated one of the men.

At this, the towering man looked sullen. Glaring at the group of noble disciples, he asked, "Why should I? What's your reasoning? Does the Cloud Sect sanction robbery in this manner?"

"Haha, why should you? The reason you should is that we are strong in number and more powerful. If you don't hand over your crystal fragments, you don't pass here," stated another man.

The towering man was not the sort to give in. His face reddened with anger. Unsheathing his great sword strapped to his back, he held it at the ready as he said, "Bah! You want me to hand over my crystal fragments? That's a pipe dream. If you call me Grandpa, I'll consider giving you a reward, my grandchildren, your prize will be, death to anyone who tries to stop me!"

Zen watched from where he stood, not far off with a smile on his face. The towering man was not weak. This group of noble clansmen finally ran into someone too challenging to intimidate.

The towering man swung his great sword and rushed the pass. He was a burly man with big arms, and as he wielded the great sword, the wind roared, whipping the faces of the noble disciples which caused them discomfort.

The men from the noble clans were not strong, or they wouldn't be there robbing others.

In the face of the towering man's attacks, the bullies cursed. Unable to resist his attacks, they fell back to each side of the passage, exposing a gap through the middle.

Some ordinary disciples who had been hesitant saw the gap and emboldened, took the opportunity to follow the towering man and race through the pass.

More and more disciples joined the group when they saw the others succeeding.

The checkpoint of the noble clansmen was collapsed. The ordinary disciples hurried as a mob at the pass, like fish released from the floodgate. Zen followed the crowd, speeding forward.

Seeing what was occurring, the noble clansmen's faces were filled with anger. They didn't expect this at all. They didn't expect to let one man through, let alone so many people along with him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 53 The Best Way To Dispense With Fools (Part Two)

By the time they reacted, quite a few ordinary disciples had slipped through the gate and entered the third level of Bloody Mountain.

"Stop them!" cried one of the noble clansmen who was dressed in blue.

Seeing the scene, the other noble clansmen knew they wouldn't have anyone to rob if more commoners slipped by.

It was worth pointing out that while these noble disciples were not strong, with the weapons and magic tools their families provided, they could still fight.

They clustered together quickly to fill the breach and restore their checkpoint.

While this was happening, the disciples who were trailing after the towering man continued attacking. The cruel and unrelenting enemies left them only the choice of brave resistance or dropping out of the game. Anyone at this time could burst with increased strength.

So the scuffle escalated.

"Aaahh......!"

wailed a disciple as three noble disciples attacked, leaving him gutted. His enemy stood over him with a bloody long sword that shimmered a brilliant green light.

Although each disciple was in the magic array, protecting them from real death, the pain was still real.

After screaming, the disciple was immediately encircled in a light, and he was gone.

But the noble disciples were not faring well. During the fighting, a noble disciple gently pushed against a commoner to stop him. The ordinary disciple appeared unimpressive but was, in fact, more powerful.

The noble clansman felt a strange stab force its way into his body. He began to twitch, tremble, and fell to the ground, dead. Countless dots encased him in light instantly, and he vanished, too.

Zen moved with a deft prowess, like lightning during a storm. Many disciples from noble clans tried stopping him, he dodged the attacks easily, weaving between them as he advanced.

He managed to shake off the interception, and passed the chaotic checkpoint, nearing safety. The outcome of the battle didn't concern him. He needed the time to accumulate more crystal fragments.

As he scanned the scene he had managed to escape, he caught sight of Nory in the crowd.

Nory was only at the bone refining level. The best choice for him was to stay and kill phantom beasts on the first level. But, he appeared to be caught up in the middle of the scuffle, so, he must have wanted to rush to the third layer too. That was beyond Zen's expectation.

Fortunately, Nory's strength was relatively weak among the people, and he didn't draw much attention. He was struggling forward.

Suddenly, a noble disciple noticed Nory and crept up behind him silently holding a gory dagger. Raising it as he neared Nory, he was about to have that dagger driven into his back.

If Nory were stabbed, he would be disqualified.

At this critical moment, Zen didn't stop to think; instead, he quickened his pace, sped, and seized Nory, pulling him to the side.

Because of Zen's actions, the noble disciple's sneak attack failed.

Nory was oblivious to what happened. When he got his wits, he realized a knife fell to the ground, just behind where he had been standing.

He had a look of alarm when he realized what almost happened. He gratefully said, "Zen, I ......"

he stopped short. Zen had no time to talk because the noble disciple was so angry he immediately picked up his dagger and launched himself at Zen. The blade was coming straight at Zen's neck at a deceptive angle, one that was difficult to escape. He wanted to kill Zen with a single blow.

"Go to hell! Purple Fist Strength!"

yelled Zen as he punched the noble clansman, striking his chest hard, knocking him and his dagger backward to the ground. In the wake of Zen's attack, he felt seven slight explosions in his body, and seven substantial bloody holes appeared on his chest. When Zen enhanced his strength, the Purple Fist Strength had improved too. With terrifying destructive power, his attacks dealt fatal physical damage to an enemy's body.

Another light appeared, floating around the noble disciple's body. Zen eliminated a child from a noble clan with a single punch.

The melee was finally winding down.

The disciples that were strong enough had raced past and onto the third layer, while the ones who didn't have time to rush or weren't strong enough were eliminated.

Of course, many disciples from noble clans were eliminated during the battle as well. The noble disciples' number went from more than twenty to only a dozen left standing. Half of their people failed the Blooded Test.

Knowing so many had failed depressed the noble disciples that remained. Their predecessors used this method to pass the test, and had said robbing crystal fragments in this pass was the easiest way to get into the Cloud Sect. Many of them had succeeded in the previous years.

So, most of them thought they would pass, even if they lay down to nap during the Blooded Test. They never expected a single person to rush the barrier, or that so many others would get involved. They lost control of the situation immediately and unexpectedly lost more than ten people at once.

Meanwhile, Zen eliminated a noble disciple.

The noble disciples were depressed, and they found no way to vent. Seeing what Zen did, they promptly gathered together to launch an attack on him.

"Go!"

one shouted. Watching the noble clansmen surround him, Zen shoved Nory to a safe distance.

"Kill him!"

"It's so discouraging that my cousin was eliminated!"

"I didn't believe these common men would resist! Kill him!"

The noble clan disciples were so furious that they lost their reasoning. They raced at Zen, attacking him madly.

Half of them were at the organ refining level, and half were at marrow refining level. Every one of them wielded a powerful weapon. Each weapon was above the grade of medium mysterious weapon.

Zen remained unflustered in the face of the insanity rushing toward him. He knew if he panicked, there would be more trouble than he had now.

His eyes narrowed to slits, and he observed the disciple in blue, secretly selecting him as a target.

As soon as the noble disciples began to rush him, Zen ducked in the opposite direction, bypassing the bodies in front and headed past them at the man in blue.

Zen noticed they were all following the lead of the man in blue. Taking on the leader first, to defeat his bandit followers, had proved to be the proper strategic choice. So, Zen got him first.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 54 The Top Seven Noble Clans

To be the leader of this group of noble clans disciples, the blue-clad man should be fairly strong.

When he saw Zen dared to dart towards him, he grinned contemptuously and changed his attack from the clenching fist to the eagle-claw boxing, grappling in Zen's direction while shouting, "Cyan Dragon Claw! Haha! Do you think you can run away?"

The attack seemed very powerful. A pair of hands, like dragon claws, landed on Zen's head.

Zen kept calm and quickly leaned sideways to slip out of the attack's grip. Zen rammed the man with his shoulder, making him fall back to the ground.

As the clansman was falling backward, Zen moved, and in the blink of an eye, he stood behind him, catching him right before the noble disciple hit the ground. Holding him by the neck with his right hand, Zen shouted, "If anyone dares approach, I'll let him fall, and he'll fail the test!"

When the other disciples of the noble clans saw Zen gripping the blue-clad man's throat, they stopped.

The blue-clad man, Chad, was the intelligent, youngest son of an influential member in the Zhuge clan. To set up a barrier on the path was his idea. Obviously, he was the bigwig in the group of disciples.

At the moment though, Chad was being held by Zen and might be kicked out of the test easily. Consequently, no one dared to make a move.

"Hey buddy, if you let me go, I can make sure you get away safely," said Chad calmly, even though he was at Zen's mercy.

"Huh, you think I'd believe you?" replied Zen. In fact, with his heightened strength, if need be, he could break through the barrier right now, it would just be a little harder.

However, every one of these noble clan disciples held a mysterious weapon, and some were top-grade. Although Zen's body was as firm as the mysterious weapon, being stabbed would be an unpleasant experience for him. So, this was the safest way. "Tell these guys to leave!" ordered Zen.

"Do you know, my surname is Zhuge?" stated Chad coldly.

There was a clear hierarchy within the noble clans.

More than 30 clans were given the title noble clan throughout the Imperial Capital, but only seven of them were at the top.

Those seven were the Pei, Zhu, Huang, Yu, Yun, Meng, and Zhuge clans.

The top seven noble clans were the backbone of the entire empire, and they were the real giants.

Chad had a higher status than the members of other noble clans' main branch even though he belonged to the junior side of the Zhuge clan.

That was why Chad had the guts to resist.

He believed that if others knew his identity, no one would dare hurt him.

Unfortunately for him, he came across Zen.

In fact, Zen hesitated a little when he heard Chad's surname.

The top seven noble clans assisted the first emperor setting up the Burning Sky Empire, which meant their history was as long as that of the empire.

Even a lower noble clan was too large for Zen to go up against, but he would not yield easily.

"Yes, I know your clan, but I'm sorry, I have to pass the Blooded Test. Tell them to move aside, or you'll… be kicked out!" Zen said, grasping him more firmly.

Chad's face flushed with anger. He treated joining the Blooded Test, like a game. He didn't think anyone would dare provoke him.

Chad thought Zen's behavior was an insult to him, instantly feeling furious. Everything about the Blooded Test was an illusion. So what if he failed today, he could still take part in it next month!

So, in spite of Zen's hand firmly grasping his neck, Chad was going to fight back.

As soon as Chad moved, Zen gently twisted his hand, and with a "Craa-ck," Chad's neck snapped.

Before Chad breathed his last breath, Zen lifted him higher and threw his body at the remaining noble clan disciples.

The disciples were surprised at Zen's decisiveness. While seeing Chad's body on the ground in front of them and gradually fading into spots of light, they knew that Chad had failed the test.

While the disciples were in a trance, Zen broke through their blockade, lunging towards the third layer of the mountain.

The disciples recovered their wits and chased Zen, each wielding their mysterious weapons.

At the same time, outside the Bloody Mountain, all of the examiners burst into cheers, "Awesome!"

"This boy has great composure in the face of difficult situations. Cool!"

"Ha! What a cunning kid!"

All of the examiners' attention had been focused on the battlefield.

At first, they all paid attention to the towering man who swung the great sword to break through the barrier.

However, after the man succeeded, Zen returned to save one of them. Zen kicked a noble clan disciple out of the test by one punch, caught Chad before the rest could surround him, resolutely killed him, and then escaped while Chad's exit distracted the rest of the disciples.

The series of Zen's actions drew the attention of all the examiners.

They quickly queried Zen's information, while trying to switch to Zen's images on the Picture Slab.

That was when they discovered that the images of Zen were blurred, making them unable to watch.

"What's the matter?" yelled a foul-tempered examiner who glared at Joshua, the one in charge of the Blooded Test. It wasn't easy to find a disciple with good potential, so these examiners were eager to know more about Zen.

"Joshua, why can't we see the images of this kid? What's wrong with the Picture Slab?" entreated several masters. After Zen ran off, they were unable to see his figure anymore.

Before the Blooded Test, the disciple cards and the magic arrays on the Bloody Mountain all had been checked carefully. Over the past few decades, he had not seen such a problem yet.

How did it happen now?

Watching the scene on the Picture Slab, he found that only the boy's images were blurred, which led Joshua to believe it was a problem with the kid's disciple card. 'Wait!'

a thought struck Joshua. Before the boy set off, Master Su checked his disciple card. Joshua thought he had figured out the reason — Master Su must have done something with the kid's disciple card.

The moment Joshua opened his mouth to say something, he felt a chill shoot up his spine, freezing him. He snapped his neck around and saw Master Su staring coldly at him.

If looks could kill, the dagger-like glare Master Su shot him would have killed him on the spot if he uttered a single word!

Joshua swallowed hard, letting his words slip back down his throat at the same time.

Master Su had a frosty look. She wasn't worried about Joshua telling anyone about what she did to Zen's disciple card. She just couldn't believe that Zen went back to save anyone.

Zen couldn't break through the barrier easily just for saving one of them. However, now all of the examiners had seen his incredible performance. Master Su knew that they would compete fiercely against her for Zen, whatever her high, special social status.

Watching Zen's agile form sprinting from the Picture Slab, Master Su shook her head, grudgingly. She just wanted to recruit the boy quietly, but the kid's remarkable performance was making it complicated.

She clenched her teeth and whispered, "Humph, you little rascal, I'll make you experience a hard period when you get to Drizzle Peak!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 55 Compelled To Fight (Part One)

In a single?breath, Zen sprinted a few hundred feet, where he saw a colorful light strip hovering in front of him. Thinking it might be the entrance to the third layer. He investigated, and sure enough, it was. He plunged headlong into the light, disappearing.

Passing through the band of light was like walking into a different world. The scene in front of him differed from the second layer.

The lush trees were replaced. Instead, there were bare hillsides and stone forest composed of jagged rocks. Caves at least ten feet deep dotted the slopes, and black noxious smoke rose from the openings. It looked?like a sad and lifeless site.

The disciples who passed through the band earlier were not in sight at the moment. He tried to figure out where Nory was but, Zen appeared to be off? Nory's trail. 'Where on earth has Nory gone? Maybe he found somewhere safe after he got to the third layer because disciples from the noble clans might come looking for him. Hope you are safe now, my brother!' thought Zen, sincerely praying for Nory's safety as he began to make his way through the third layer.

After making his way up a hillside, Zen stepped into the jagged rocky forest.

The crystal fragments he had in hand were far from being enough to pass the Blooded Test, so he hurried on his way. He needed to get enough crystal fragments as soon as possible, as this wasn't a safe place to remain.

Unreal beasts?on the third layer were all higher level and therefore more challenging to fight. Generally speaking, the strength of the three-grade? beasts?was comparable to that of a person at the marrow refining level. And since the unreal beasts were transformed from evil creatures, they were even stronger. Animals of the same level were generally more powerful than their human counterparts.

For that reason alone, Zen knew that he needed to be vigilant. He looked around warily, continuously as he walked through the forest. He had taken only two steps, and he heard a sound. The hairs along his arm and scalp tingled when he listened to the hissing of a snake.

The hairs on his neck stood up, alerting him that something was following him.

Zen whipped his head around toward the strange hissing sound, scanning every inch very carefully, only to find that nothing but the jagged rocks were there. Everything was perfectly still.

Full of doubt, Zen wrinkled his brow, making a face while wondering, 'Was that an illusion, or am I just jittery?'

After listening for a little while, remaining perfectly still, he sighed in relief. Then he continued to move forward through the forest. However, as he was passing under a stone arch formed by some jagged rocks, a shadow fell, cast from the other end of the arch, heading straight at him.

Thankfully, Zen had been extremely vigilant, making his reaction time notably fast at the sight of the shadow. Leaning back, he pressed himself close to the ground, allowing him to nimbly elude?the shadow. While at the same time, he rolled sideways, and narrowly avoided being whipped by the snake as it dropped, thrashing its body where Zen had been a second earlier. Zen tilted his head slightly, peering at a deep groove that was cut into the spot where he had been a second prior.

When Zen?had the chance, he clambered to his feet and found a three-grade?beast blocking his path. It was a giant boa!

Missing him on its first go, the gigantic boa slithered out of reach, scuttled into the surrounding stone forest. The boa looked around savagely with its massive, mesmerizing eyes, and its bright red tongue lashing out, flicking the air periodically, to taste where Zen was.

Zen didn't dare take the creature lightly. He took a few steps back, leaning against a stone so that the boa couldn't take him from behind. Then stared at the boa, as long as it attacked him from the front, he was confident he could deal a deathblow.

Unexpectedly, the cunning boa snaked around the stone forest, occasionally popping its massive head and flicking its tongue at Zen, only to vanish again, just as quickly as it appeared.

Zen?kept to his back pinned to the stone, motionlessly watching, unwilling to fall for the ploy of being lured away no matter how hard the snake tried.

The boa moved fast. If Zen?followed it, he would end up with nothing. Although the beasts were all transformed from evil creatures, their most significant shortcoming was that they were not patient like the humans hunting them. So, Zen patiently kept careful watch of the boa's movements.

In the stone forest, a meeting between a person and a boa seemed inevitable. Yet an hour later, the encounter was still a cat and mouse game. Finally, Zen's patience paid off, as the boa launched at him.

The boa slithered behind Zen and raised its tail, preparing to strike. Since Zen's back was against the stone, the crafty serpent let loose enough of its muscular body to coil itself around the rock and?Zen with it.

Controlling the energy flowing through him, Zen focused and suddenly, a purple aura burst from within his body. Unsure if it would flee or try to crush him in retaliation, Zen knew he had only this one chance, and if he couldn't annihilate it in that first strike, the prize would be lost. So, he was determined not to give it a chance. With a plan in mind, Zen offered no resistance, allowing the beast to entwine itself around the rock along with his body slowly. Soon he was lifted into the air.

The stone behind him was quickly crushed under the strength of the boa's enormous body. Gravel and dust dropped to the ground. At the same time, the hold the boa had on Zen tightened until he was firmly enshrouded in the vice-like grip.

Zen knew the habits of constrictors. After they wrapped their prey, they would?slither and slowly tighten themselves with each breath, feeling the heartbeat slow, and heat coming off their victim. They would not stop until their prey ceased breathing. The prey suffocated slowly, bones grinding as they did. Then the snake would release the victim, unhinging their large jaw to swallow the food whole.

Before the boa constricted against him, Zen inhaled deeply, filling his lungs with air and closed his eyes.

Inwardly, he focused on his limbs, drawing strength, and waited for a while. To the boa, he appeared to be a weak, defenseless being now. Suddenly, gathering all his vigor, he snapped the back of the beast.

"Cra-ack!"

The boa's colossal body was snapped into several pieces. The pieces scattered, falling onto what remained of the rock. The snake's eyes grew large with a horrified look. From deep in its memories, the boa knew that once wrapped within its coil, it was impossible for a prey to escape. And shortly after that, the boa had a meal. The constrictor thought it would be happily digesting now.

Instead, the strength of the prey it had chosen was so sudden, that the boa was unable to endure. And it was instantly torn in several pieces with no time to react.

Five pieces wriggled on the ground before transforming into small bits of light, and finally, disappearing. Zen slaughtered the boa constrictor.

"Ping! Ting!" came a sound as the snake faded.

Following the sound, Zen saw a purple fragment fall from the jagged rock, clinking to the ground. After the battle he just survived, the fragment's fall was crisp and sweet to Zen's ears. Now, he only needed nine more purple fragments to pass the Blooded Test, making him realize that the third layer was a better place to hunt.

Zen picked up the purple fragment, wiping it clean with his sleeve, before tucking it safely in his pocket with the other pieces he'd collected so far. He looked to his right and jogged ahead in a hurry to earn more fragments.

Estimating that up on the fourth layer the creatures would be equal to someone half-step into the nature level and animals being what they were, the beasts would be stronger than that even. Thus, he had no intentions of going up there.

Knowing that he would only need to kill three beasts at level four to pass the Blooded Test did tempt Zen. However, recalling the strength Evil Lan exerted even when physically exhausted, and that these were half-step into the nature level for?beasts, he dismissed the idea of going up there.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 56 Compelled To Fight (Part Two)

The fact was that Zen's assessment was extremely accurate.

For the Blooded Test, most people remained on the third layer. Very few disciples braved the fourth or fifth layer. The reasoning was simple, the initiates were not at the higher levels, which meant the beasts were too strong, and those participants would probably lose their lives before earning a single fragment. That was not a place the disciples wanted to be.

After deciding, Zen spent six hours wandering around on the third layer.

During that time, he harvested quite a few fragments.

First, he came across a demon crow that attacked him from the air, leaving Zen?no way to avoid its attacks. When he tried attacking the demon crow, it would deliberately put distance between itself and Zen, making Zen raise his brow and shrug his shoulders.

As he scoured his mind for some way to deal with this demon crow, an idea popped into Zen's head. Falling to the ground abruptly, Zen pretended to be dead. He wasn't sure, but, he believed the demon crow was a scavenger that would enjoy feasting on a carcass. The minute the crow saw Zen sprawled on the ground, it believed Zen was dead and swooped down to feast. But, as soon as it was close enough, Zen punched it. The demon crow fell dead from the one punch Zen delivered.

Later, he met up with a tremendous ancient mammoth. Its monstrous frame was intimidating, the power it possessed was more so, and could lead to trouble for Zen. However, Zen wasn't afraid at all and relied on his instincts. Zen dispatched it quickly.

And after that, he met three black wolves...

a sky dragon...

and even a colossal gorilla...

In general, the beasts were much more extensive and stronger on that level than they were on the second layer. For Zen, it took a little bit longer to deal with them, because while the beasts were strong, they weren't as smart as him. With a bit of creativity, it wasn't difficult to slay them.

Over the six hours, he won a total of eight purple fragments from his victories and needed only one more to pass the Blooded test.

While he was thinking that, a bloody porcupine?appeared in front of him. Fury flashed in its savage eyes, while it drooled from out the corners of its mouth near protruding hideous tusks. In desperation, it surged at Zen, attacking.

Deadly quills covered the bloody porcupine completely. If a person was pierced by one of the quills, the poison would kill him. Worse yet, its skin was so thick and rough on the beast that it made killing it a formidable trial. In a short time, very few chances to kill it arose.

Fortunately, it lacked intelligence. In spite of the brute force approach to attack?Zen not working, it was unable to change how it engaged Zen. Time and time again, it charged Zen but didn't even make contact with his clothes, let alone hurt him.

Zen agilely dodged each attack and devised a plan to wait for the creature to drain itself of virtually all its energy then Zen would give it a death blow.

Dodging the porcupine's charge, Zen was barely on his feet when suddenly he felt the sensation that danger was nearby and cursed under his breath, "Damn it!" Instinctively, he rolled to one side.

As he turned, Zen saw a long, shiny blue thread appear where?he had been. Reacting slowly, the bloody porcupine ran headlong?into the thread and was instantly sliced in half. It happened so fast, the creature didn't have time even to scream. Its eyes echoed its final seconds of life, glazed, wide orbs full of fear and panic. As with all the other creatures, light filled the beast before it faded, leaving behind a sizzling purple shard where the creature had fallen.

Zen's face paled as he stared at the gradually disappearing long blue thread, thinking, 'Wow! That thread is sharp! If I'd been slower, I would've been sliced into two by it!'

"Take the fragment, it's yours," Zen heard a cold voice tell him.

Looking in the direction it came from, Zen saw a young man standing close by. He was casually playing with a delicate looking dagger that had a long bright blue thread that kept coming out of the tip. This young man and his dagger were the reason the bloody porcupine was cut in two.

"Who are you?" asked Zen. Since it was clear that the young man was there for Zen, he remained vigilant.

The young man did not lift his eyes from his dagger as he played with it, as he responded in a casual tone, "Me? My name is Ryan, and I am part of the Fang Clan."

An idea flickered briefly in Zen's gaze, as soon as he told Zen his family affiliation. Zen soon understood what this man was here for. Ryan was another son of the Fang Clan like the ones who attacked him without reasons back on the second layer. He met three members on the second layer. But apparently, he was stronger than they were. Zen realized Ryan did not have friendly intentions.

Raising a brow, Ryan?took a handful of purple shards from his pocket and sent them tumbling to the ground. The tinging, pinging as they hit the surface sounded like shattered jade dropping, making a crisp sound as they did. Whatever Ryan's purpose was, the music that those shards made as they landed was extraordinarily beautiful.

To ensure passing the Blooded Test, a disciple needed ten pieces. Scattered here were dozens of purple fragments! A small group of pupils could pass the test with this many!

It shocked Zen to see how many purple shards Ryan had collected. To accrue as many as he did, Zen spent hours fighting beasts, but he only gathered nine. And yet, this guy had several times more than Zen. Ryan had dozens!

"Fight me and, if you beat me, you can have all these purple fragments. How about it?" Ryan asked dispassionately.

There was no such thing as free in life, and Zen knew those shards would cost him if he agreed. Shaking his head firmly, "No, I don't think that's a good idea. I'll see you later!" said Zen as he turned to leave. He was sure this fellow was not trying to befriend him.

With the final purple fragment, Zen could finish the test. Why would he want to fight this guy? He would much rather fight a beast. To collect so many purple fragments in such a short period, this guy was definitely tough. As for the dagger in his hand, Zen could see it was a dangerous weapon.

The wheels were spinning in Zen's head. If he were to guess, Zen would have to say that the dagger was very likely a spiritual level of treasure.

After being in so many fights, Zen?was confident in his strength, but he wasn't blind.

Smiling faintly, Ryan stated, "I'm afraid you don't have a choice in the matter. You see, while I'm not surprised that the three stupid cowards were eliminated, I take pity on them at the same time. To keep it fair, you should pay the price for?getting people from the Fang Clan kicked from the test. Don't you agree?"

Hearing what Ryan was telling him, Zen?stood still, ready to leave. Just as he'd suspected, Ryan was looking to cause trouble. Before he could go, a glowing blue?thread suddenly appeared in front of him.

As the silk thread quickly grew, it became a small square. Zen watched, as the square increased rapidly in size until eventually it became a vast net that could cover hundreds of feet around them and encompassed?Zen and Ryan inside.

"Don't you think that the Blooded Test is exceptionally dull? I mean, come on, we're dealing with beasts that have no intelligence. It's simply insulting to me! We should add something interesting. Only a real fight, perhaps, can cheer me up! Then, maybe I'll leave you whole," said Ryan, while he laughed maniacally.

Narrowing his eyes, Zen glared at Ryan standing not far away. It would seem that Ryan wasn't willing to let him go until they fought. He sighed, shrugging his shoulders in reluctant acceptance.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Thanks for reading! The latest chapter is available on my website: moboreader.net with daily updates.

Or maybe you will love my other interesting books:

Mighty
Soldier King

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and

trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Mighty Soldier King

Cold CEO Vs. Sweet Wife

Jean Wen sacrificed herself for family interests. Before her husband divorced her, she made every effort to please him.

"You are inexperienced in bed," he said coldly.

"You! Give that land to my family, or I won't agree to divorce," Jean replied furiously.

"Fine. It is exactly what I am thinking about," he sneered.

Cold CEO Vs. Sweet Wife

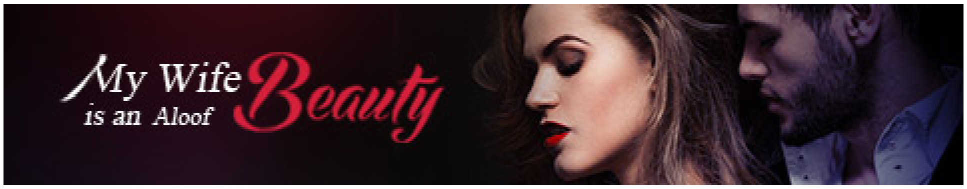
My Wife is an Aloof Beauty

Happiness was like a mirage to Daisy, the closer she got, the further away it went. She had just reunited with Edward when everything fell apart. An ex-girlfriend shows up, claiming to be carrying Edward's child. Her stepsister, whom her father abandoned her to raise, tries to seduce Edward.

And other things preyed on her mind -- why were Edward's parents acting so strangely? Why did her father hate her? And who was trying to damage her reputation in the military that she'd worked so hard to build? And why are you still reading this and not opening the book to find out?

My Wife is an Aloof Beauty

THE SUBSTITUTE
BRIDE

When her sister ran away from the wedding, Autumn was forced to marry Charles. His name had been linked to innumerable ladies. He had different girlfriends for every day of a year. Autumn had never thought that she would fall in love with him.

The Substitute Bride

Zen's Quest for Immortality 2

From Cellar to Throne

Content

Chapter 57 Fight Tooth And Nail (Part One)
Chapter 58 Fight Tooth And Nail (Part Two)
Chapter 59 Ogre (Part One)
Chapter 60 Ogre (Part Two)
Chapter 61 Using The Flying Knife (Part One)
Chapter 62 Using The Flying Knife (Part Two)
Chapter 63 A Feeling Of Distress
Chapter 64 Recover The Flying Knife (Part One)
Chapter 65 Recover The Flying Knife (Part Two)
Chapter 66 Selecting A Refinement Method (Part One)
Chapter 67 Selecting A Refinement Method (Part Two)
Chapter 68 Tier Five Cultivation Methods (Part One)
Chapter 69 Tier Five Cultivation Methods (Part Two)
Chapter 70 Hell Mountain (Part One)
Chapter 71 Hell Mountain (Part Two)
Chapter 72 Endless Troubles
Chapter 73 Challenge
Chapter 74 The State Of Completely Forgetting Oneself (Part One)
Chapter 75 The State Of Completely Forgetting Oneself (Part Two)
Chapter 76 A Game Of Cat And Mouse (Part One)
Chapter 77 A Game Of Cat And Mouse (Part Two)
Chapter 78 Reaching The Marrow Refining Level
Chapter 79 Stay Calm (Part One)
Chapter 80 Stay Calm (Part Two)
Chapter 81 Stay Calm (Part Three)
Chapter 82 The Cold Hard Fact
Chapter 83 An Angry Master Su (Part One)
Chapter 84 An Angry Master Su (Part Two)
Chapter 85 Bluesky Parking Ground (Part One)
Chapter 86 Bluesky Parking Ground (Part Two)
Chapter 87 A Sudden Attack In The Skies (Part One)
Chapter 88 A Sudden Attack In The Skies (Part Two)
Chapter 89 Rescued (Part One)
Chapter 90 Rescued (Part Two)
Chapter 91 An Unexpected Challenge
Chapter 92 Disgraced Himself (Part One)

Chapter 93 Disgraced Himself (Part Two)
Chapter 94 Gains In Crises
Chapter 95 A Rich Harvest Of Crystal Cores (Part One)
Chapter 96 A Rich Harvest Of Crystal Cores (Part Two)
Chapter 97 Tragic Plight (Part One)
Chapter 98 Tragic Plight (Part Two)
Chapter 99 Giant Beast At Lava Lake
Chapter 100 Transformation Into The Spiritual Weapon (Part One)
Chapter 101 Transformation Into The Spiritual Weapon (Part Two)
Chapter 102 Persuading Roger
Chapter 103 Teaching A Fish How To Swim (Part One)
Chapter 104 Teaching A Fish How To Swim (Part Two)
Chapter 105 Clan Influence (Part One)
Chapter 106 Clan Influence (Part Two)
Chapter 107 Conjectures (Part One)
Chapter 108 Conjectures (Part Two)
Chapter 109 White Fiend And Black Fiend (Part One)
Chapter 110 White Fiend And Black Fiend (Part Two)
Chapter 111 All Living Creatures Below The Nature Level (Part One)
Chapter 112 All Living Creatures Below The Nature Level (Part Two)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Check our website: moboreader.net for latest daily-updated chapters.

Top xuanhuan book series:

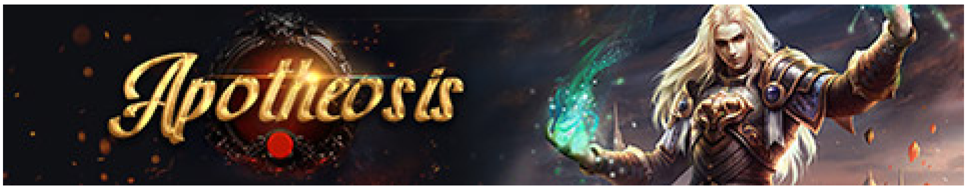

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 57 Fight Tooth And Nail (Part One)

At that time, the masters were waiting outside Bloody Mountain. They had all locked onto Ryan through their picture slabs.

Ryan had shown the most potential in the blooded test, but most masters had lost interest in him. While it was true that the masters used the test to hunt for potential disciples, they had their reasons for not focusing on Ryan.

Firstly, although Ryan was the strongest candidate in this blooded test, the masters believed that he would want to join Dragon Peak because his relative, Master Fang, was the head of Dragon Peak. If Ryan had no intention of considering other peaks, then the masters would not waste their time trying to recruit him as a disciple.

Zen was another reason that drove the masters' attention away from Ryan. The masters had been watching the examinees who had entered the second and third layers of the blooded test. They had seen Zen on their picture slabs, and his abilities had caught their attention. They had been watching Nory for a long time since Zen had saved him. Although disciples from noble clans had surrounded Zen, he still risked himself to save Nory. Since Zen and Nory seemed to be friends, the masters thought they would stay together.

However, to their great disappointment, they failed to find Zen. Zen didn't seek out Nory in the next layer.

The masters assumed that Zen might like fighting alone and dislike having contact with others. Perhaps Zen was a man who preferred coming and going freely.

After a long while, when no master had been able to find Zen on their picture slabs, one master switched to Ryan. That was when he noticed the fight beginning between Ryan and Zen. Once he had alerted the other masters, excitement surged through them. They all shifted their picture slabs to Ryan right away.

Given the potential of both Ryan and Zen, the masters knew that a great fight lay ahead. Adding to the excitement were the odds that were now in Ryan's favor since he had cast a large net entrapping himself and Zen inside.

Ryan had been the most promising candidate during the test. But Zen was an unexpected successful entrant. Ryan's choice for which peak he would join was obvious and settled, however, Zen was different since he came from a low-level clan. He had no one to depend on. Since he was a person of extraordinary ability, all the masters intended to secure him as their disciple and cultivate him with all their strength to create a bright future for their peaks.

Seeing the battle between Ryan and Zen, the interest of all masters was aroused.

"Who do you think will win?" One master whispered to the master next to him.

"I think Ryan will win!" The master answered.

"Why?"

"Look at the weapon in Ryan's hand. Don't you know that dagger? It's called the Cut-All-Like-Air Dagger! The energy filaments emitted by this spiritual weapon were capable of destroying anything, no matter how strong. Zen would be knocked out of the blooded test as soon as the energy filaments cut him."

Before long, all the masters were debating about the odds of the fight between Ryan and Zen. Some supported Ryan, while some thought Zen would win. They could not reach a consensus.

Only one master remained silent. Master Su was very upset. She sulked like a little girl who had hidden a toy of great interest to her from others but had lost it before she found the chance to take it home on the sly.

Her expression conveyed her disappointment and anxiety.

Zen stared at Ryan who was standing across from him. He gathered his strength and enveloped his body in an eerie iridescent purple light.

At this time, Ryan was one of the strongest enemies he had ever encountered. Zen knew that this was just the beginning. He would face many enemies on his path, and they would be stronger than Ryan. Although Ryan was at the marrow refining level, he put great pressure on Zen.

While many children idled away their time, many children from noble clans cultivated hard and possessed incredibly powerful strength.

They had access to the best resources in the world. If they could cultivate hard, they would make rapid progress and gain higher combat effectiveness than cultivators from ordinary families at the same level.

Zen circled Ryan. After circling Ryan twice, neither Zen nor Ryan had attacked. Ryan started his attack on Zen when Zen circled him for the third time.

With a malicious smile on his face, Ryan pulled a bright blue filament from the dagger in his hand and then threw the filament at Zen.

Under normal conditions, Ryan looked gentle and quiet. However, he was in a frenzied state when he was fighting with others. It seemed that mutilating his opponent was the only way to calm Ryan.

Zen jumped up without hesitation and rolled back to avoid the bright blue filament, but he was a little slow. The bright blue filament flew past his forehead and cut off some of his hair.

This narrow escape shocked Zen. He felt ashamed at not being able to dodge the attack completely. Zen gulped when he realized that had he been any slower, the filament would have sliced his head off.

Ryan gave Zen no time to catch his breath. He rotated the dagger in his hand and generated many chaotic bright blue filaments in a minute. Then he ran toward Zen with the intention of slamming Zen with the bright filaments.

The treacherous filaments would cut Zen into pieces, and he would die a tragic death if Ryan were to succeed.

At the moment, Zen had no other choice but to run!

Zen could not attack Ryan when the filaments surrounded him.

Running straight at the person holding the filaments would increase Zen's odds of being shredded. Zen needed another plan.

The day had not turned out the way Zen had expected. The test had been going well. After all, Zen had enough crystal shards to pass the blooded test. But now when he was so close to success, he did not expect anything like this to happen. What could he do? With no other alternatives, Zen smiled bitterly.

The large net covered Ryan and Zen. The net encompassed hundreds of feet, but there was little space for Zen to dodge.

Since Ryan was relentless in his attacks, Zen had no choice but to retreat several steps. At last, Zen was cornered. There was nowhere left for him to go.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 58 Fight Tooth And Nail (Part Two)

Ryan realized Zen's predicament, and a big, cynical grin grew on his handsome face. His eyes narrowed as he studied his target. Ryan knew that Zen had potential. His combat experience and his skills had given Ryan a challenge. Although Zen had come from a low-level clan, he had a strong mind and excellent cultivation abilities.

However, Zen had sealed his fate when he dared to offend the Fang Clan.

Killing him during the blooded test and ensuring that Zen could no longer attain his dream, which had been spun by faith, willpower, and endeavor, were very alluring for Ryan. It made the blooded test more interesting.

Zen stood in the corner. The filament net was behind him. If he took even one small step backward, the net would cut him into small pieces. He would die right away. Ryan stalked toward Zen. A thick layer of chaotic filaments writhed in his hand.

For Zen, this seemed like the end.

'Alas, will I lose this time?'

Zen did not want to lose. He could retake the blooded test and join Cloud Sect next month! But he had worked hard and thought that he deserved this win.

Every time Zen thought of Yan and her predicament, he felt pressed for time. She was trapped in Hell Mountain, and he had no idea what had happened to her. Equally, Yan had no clue what was happening in their Clan. A small voice inside Zen kept urging him forward. 'Don't waste time. Hurry up! You have to save Yan as soon as possible!' were the thoughts that drove Zen to accomplish his goals.

'The filaments are lethal, and I am trapped. What can I do? My bones withstood Evil Lan's attacks. Perhaps they are strong enough to resist damage from the filaments.' In his moment of despair, Zen stumbled on a risky but brilliant idea. He decided to roll the dice. He put one of his hands behind his back and touched the net with one finger.

The moment his finger touched the net, Zen felt a sharp pain. He knew that the filaments had cut through the skin of his finger. In spite of the agonizing pain, he pushed his finger a little further. It was time to test his theory! The bones of his finger successfully stopped the filaments.

'Aha, my bones can resist the damage of the filaments!' Zen was thrilled!

He cast a sideways glance at his finger and found a shallow scar on the bone. The filaments had also hurt his finger bones, however, the filaments had been unable to cut through. His bones could resist the cutting force of the filaments!

'Well, let me fight tooth and nail!

I am in the magic array. No hurt I get is real. Even if I risk my life, I will not die for real. The worst thing that can happen is that I will be removed from the test. It is not such a big deal.'

Zen was determined not to let Ryan get his way without a proper fight. Now that he knew that his body could handle the filament's cutting force, Zen planned to surprise Ryan. He waited quietly as Ryan approached him, step by step.

When Ryan was just one step away from him, Zen raised his arms to protect his face and pounced on Ryan!

Ryan was stunned. He knew how dreadful the cutting force of the filaments could be, and so his first thought was that Zen was out of his mind. However, Ryan soon regained his composure. 'How dare Zen pounce on the filaments like this? Doesn't he know that he would be cut into small pieces by the filaments?

Is he surrendering so hopelessly?'

At that moment, not just Ryan

but also the masters paying close attention to the fight thought so.

It seemed to them Zen would be knocked out of the blooded test.

Zen's decision did not change how the masters felt about his potential. A strong warrior would not be crippled by defeat. Instead, he could stage a comeback in the next test. Joining Cloud Sect should not be too hard for Zen.

The masters had thought of everything. They had planned to find out where Zen lived as they intended to visit him after the blooded test. Regardless of the result of the test, they wanted to show some kindness to him. Finding a disciple like him was rare.

All the masters stared at their picture slabs when Zen pounced on Ryan.

Zen felt the filaments cut into the skin on his arms and legs. As the filaments worked their way through his flesh, tissue, and muscle, the pain became unbearable. Zen gritted his teeth and pushed forward. There was no option for retreat.

At last, the filaments stopped when they reached the bones and failed to cut through. As expected, his bones could resist the cutting force of the filaments!

Ryan thought Zen would be cut into small pieces by the filaments, but to his surprise, Zen was wounded, but not shredded.

Startled, Ryan stared at Zen. Taking advantage of this situation, Zen punched him in the face. The force used by Zen was so strong that Ryan's pretty face was badly mutilated with the first blow. Even so, Zen still managed to catch the shock reflecting in Ryan's eyes.

Ryan was known as the elite among the disciples from noble clans, and he deserved the title. In spite of slow response, he twisted his body, roared, and tried to stab Zen in the abdomen with the dagger.

But Zen had foreseen the attack. He quickly seized Ryan's arm and hit Ryan with his elbow. Ryan returned the attack with his other hand. They were locked in a dogfight.

Over and over, both of them rolled on the ground, like two children fighting.

The difference was that their attacks were intended to kill the opponent on the spot.

The two men didn't follow any particular movements nor techniques of martial arts during the fight. They simply followed bodily resistance to attack.

Who could be better than Zen in bodily resistance to attack?

Slowly, as time went by, Ryan became weaker and weaker. His body could barely resist Zen's attacks. Zen closed his eyes for a brief moment and called forth the eerie purple light. Then before Ryan realized what was happening, Zen punched Ryan three times.

Each fist carried the full force of the Purple Fist Strength.

Muffled sounds came from Ryan's body.

Since Zen could manage seven damages with each blow of the Purple Fist Strength, twenty-one lesions could be worked on Ryan's body. Ryan could not help but writhe in pain. Panic overwhelmed him as Ryan realized that he had lost.

Seconds later, bright light spots enclosed Ryan, and he disappeared from the Bloody Mountain. Although he had lost, Ryan couldn't help wondering what Zen's body was made of and why his dagger and the filaments had failed to cut him into pieces.

Now the fight was over, and they had a winner. Obviously, Ryan was out.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal

fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 59 Ogre (Part One)

Outside Bloody Mountain, the masters exchanged wide-eyed looks of disbelief and gasped in surprise.

Being a master at Cloud Sect meant being well-informed, composed and mature.

And through the years, they had seen all kinds of talents.

Quite frankly, some of the most talented warriors were trained by them. Accordingly, they should not be so surprised.

But, these masters could not help shouting excitedly. Why was that?

Each of the masters had a distinct perception of the rare skills and strength Ryan possessed, and also, they knew the might of Ryan's dagger!

The average people might not know, but the masters did. Those energy threads were extremely sharp, and could easily slice a low-grade spiritual weapon in two. Even a middle-grade spiritual weapon would probably be cut into pieces. To withstand those silk threads, a top-grade spiritual weapon was needed.

But, what occurred just now, was so strange. Everyone, including Ryan, was shocked.

It was a huge surprise when Zen withstood the silk threads with his flesh!

Everyone watching had believed this to be Zen's final stand before he was out of the Blooded Test. In their eyes, his struggle was in vain. Zen didn't stand a chance of winning against Ryan and his spiritual weapon. The only foreseeable outcome of Zen crashing into the threads was?him being shredded.

Much to the onlooker's surprise and Ryan's astonishment, Zen not only shattered the silk threads but also outmaneuvered Ryan in the blink of an eye.

It was no wonder that the crowd was?surprised. What the hell was the body of this kid made from? How did he develop ironlike flesh? His strength was comparable to a top-grade mysterious weapon. The expressions on the masters' faces were astonishment while in the heart of each was the idea of bringing him under their folds.

Unlike the other masters, Dylan Fang had a bitter taste in his mouth, and hatred filled his eyes. He stared at the Picture Slab. It never struck him that Ryan could be eliminated because he was the most talented refiner in the Fang Clan. This time, his family sent four pupils to participate in the Blooded test. But unexpectedly, three of them failed. He was afraid that it was difficult for the remaining one to pass the Blooded test. Sadly, the one being kicked earlier was the young master and part of the main branch of the family. He sighed, knowing a scolding would be waiting for him next time he returned to the Fang Clan.

As it was not difficult for people from the Fang Clan to be admitted to the Cloud Sect since their family was influential in pills refining, none of them would have imagined all four would fail the Blooded test. This was shameful and bitterly humiliating to the whole clan, and no doubly so for him.

"Zen Luo!" spat Dylan through clenching teeth bitterly. The name was burned into his mind. He would never forget the humiliation brought on his clan by that kid. There were a vast number of?talents at the Cloud Sect; many of them died for many reasons. Dylan wanted to see how Zen would end! "Hmph," he snorted.

When the fight ended, the masters were excited to watch another battle and tried to watch Zen, only to discover that he disappeared without a trace from the Picture Slab. Earlier, none of them cared much about the bad connection that prevented them from tracking Zen. But, after the battle with Ryan, it was evident that he was a wonder to watch! Now, with Ryan out of the test, Zen's picture was all blurred again. Jumping up angrily, the masters looked for an outlet to vent their frustrations, and blamed Joshua.

Being scolded so harshly left Joshua frowning and feeling down. He wanted to explain himself, but when he thought of the horrifying rumors about Master Su, he decided to swallow the bitter pill. He didn't dare upset her.

Feeling resentment, Joshua was unsatisfied with nowhere for him to complain, and nothing to do but keep silent. 'Damn! Such bad luck! But, who is to blame? This is all that initiate Zen's fault!' thought Joshua, shifting the blame.

Finally, he had a place to lay the blame. 'He dared give me a hard time? We'll just see about that!'

At their first meeting, Joshua knew Zen would be trouble. Here was this commonly born disciple who dared to oppose him, causing Master Su to criticize him, and now the instructors were scolding. How could he settle for this? He was silent, but what no one saw was how full of hatred his eyes were as he contemplated how he could get revenge.

Joshua was so worked up about Zen that when he caught sight of the magic array system plate?beside him, an idea clicked into his mind. A vague smile spread across his face. 'Hey, hey there, you disgusting maggot! So, you want to pass the Blooded?test? Never!'

An expert at the Cloud Sect had designed and installed the whole magic array system on Bloody Mountain. Supporting the large system, were thousands of magic arrays varying in size from small to large, and the system controlled the beasts.

Since this kid embarrassed him, there was no way Zen would pass the Blooded test, unless Joshua let it happen. Looking around, Joshua made sure no one was watching him before?discreetly turning, walking up to the system plate, and placing his hands on the innermost circle of the plate.

The system plate had five circles, representing the five layers in Bloody Mountain. They went from the easiest on the outside, getting progressively harder, to the innermost layer, where stayed a solitary five-grade beast, whose strength was comparable to a master at nature level. Since the disciples were at lower levels, no one had set foot on the final layer to challenge the five-grade beast in the history of Bloody Mountain.

As a matter of fact, many people questioned whether or not the fifth layer and five-grade beast were necessary because it was impossible for anyone to challenge it successfully. It seemed pointless for a five-grade beast to be there. Why? Because it expended so much energy to imagine one with the magic array system. This was a complete waste of power that they could apply to many other places.

Every time a master proposed to get rid of it though, the suggestion was rejected.

Why not just let it be? After all, there was no need to make changes. Since the five-grade beast had been created, it could just stay on the fifth layer and remain there, silently, with no issues. That was the reason given by the senior managers at the Cloud Sect.

Working quietly, Joshua erased the circle at the core of the system plate, forcing the five-grade?beast to leave the center. As the innermost circle vanished, the beast, under Joshua's control, rose, rushing in Zen's direction. When Joshua saw that the five-grade creature was closer to Zen, he drew his arms back.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 60 Ogre (Part Two)

"You might have been able to withstand the power of?Cut-All-Like-Air Dagger, but, let's see how will you stand up against the strength of a five-grade beast! Hahaha..."

Joshua said smiling ferociously.

Meanwhile, Zen was oblivious to the fact that he was the center of attention, with masters discussing him and his flesh or that he had aroused a great disturbance outside.

After Zen eliminated Ryan, the dozens of crystal fragments that had belonged to Ryan were all his. The crystal fragments he had in hand were far beyond the requirements of the Blooded Test. 'What now?' he wondered, breathing a sigh of relief. All Zen needed to do now was find a corner to wait quietly until the end of the test and maybe take a little break. Then he would be an?outer disciple at the Cloud Sect.

He finally had time to check the many gashes in his clothes and realized he was covered in blood. Luckily, for him, even though the wound looked awful, there wasn't really any pain.

The wounds the threads had made on his hands and feet were bloody and looked severely mutilated. However, these were all trauma and didn't hurt his life energy which might make it simpler for him to heal.

Clenching his fists tightly, Zen pushed his energy out. Deep red blood-like liquid suddenly flowed along the wound sites, down his arms and legs. Under pressure he exerted, the wounds quickly closed. Zen controlled his muscles to heal instantly. This was something anyone at the peak of flesh refining level could do. In that short time, he was able to recover and feel much better.

Waiting until the wounds were almost healed, Zen paced back and forth, to make sure there was no more pain in his body. Then he glanced around and walked away.

In his heart, there remained some questions. The weapon he got from Ryan was a spiritual weapon, 'I wonder how many dragon scales will be lighted up if the black fire in my mind swallows the spiritual weapon? Three, four? Maybe five?' considered Zen. While he still wasn't clear about that, he knew the iron essence he refined would be more than that of a top grade mysterious weapon. Zen shrugged and kept moving.

After Ryan was beaten and encased in light, the dagger was left behind. If he did feed?it to the black fire, the Fang Clan would not let it pass, but chase him down. He wasn't strong enough to loot a spiritual weapon.

As for the crystal fragments that he got from Ryan, he did not know what to do with them. If he found Nory, he could give him some.

What annoyed Zen was that the third layer was so vast?he couldn't find Nory. Where would he find Nory?

While meandering along, lost in thought, Zen was suddenly jarred. The ground under him shook violently, nearly making him lose his balance. As the ground shook again, he heard, "Thu-ud!" as though something very large was walking toward him.

"Bo-om!"

"Thuu-ud!"

"BOOM!"

The ground shuddered so violently, Zen staggered like a drunkard.

The animal's heavy steps became louder, and the tremors under Zen's feet became more powerful the closer the monster got. The jagged rocks rattled and bounced on the ground, and then, the hillside split open.

His heart skipped a beat, but he got control quickly enough. Something was headed at him, and that something must be enormous, he thought, 'What now? Why are so many things so dead set on messing with me? Am I just ill-fated? This is only supposed to be a test!' Zen bemoaned while dodging flying stones. He wanted to cry.

As Zen stared, he saw four ordinary disciples and two noble clan disciples racing for their lives, screaming and crying in fear. They were barely out when the stone forest behind them collapsed. Following on their heels was a giant lumbering monster!

The monster was humanoid, but there were two sharp tusks on its head, mouth full of spiked teeth and its eyes were like twin blazing flames.

"Is? I-is that an?Ogre?" As Zen stared up at the nearly twenty-foot tall monster, his jaw dropped. Judging from the two over-sized fangs jutting from the sides of its mouth, this was an?Ogre.

All Zen knew about Ogres, was that they were more powerful than humans, had been deadly enemies with humankind since ancient times. At least that was what was recorded in various books about the legends of the Ogre.

They were bloodthirsty, brutal, and they ate humans...

All kinds of legends were passed down orally about the Ogres and scared people at the mere mention. Adults were terrified, and tended to tell their children if they didn't behave, the ogres would come to eat them, which would usually make kids silent.

But, that wasn't the principal problem. The problem was that, obviously, the Ogre wasn't supposed to be on the third layer! Before he could figure out what was going on, the Ogre started to attack.

The Ogre rushed a disciple swatting at him with the back of its hand. The pupil was sent sailing through the air, and dots of lights appeared as he landed indicating he was out of the game.

Another noble pupil's plight was worse, as the Ogre snatched him up, shaking him like a ragdoll. No matter how hard he struggled, he could not break away. He screamed hysterically, as the massive monster raised him, popping the tiny noble clansman into its mouth. Within the mouth of the Ogre, a myriad of lights appeared, instantly illuminating its mouth. Another pupil was out in a short time...

Finally, Zen reacted. This was at least a five-grade?beast! Why a five-grade?beast would appear on the third layer, Zen didn't have time to think over. His only thought now was - RUN!

Thinking he could get away unnoticed, Zen took off heading away from the Ogre. Unexpectedly, the monster ceased chasing other initiates, thudding off after Zen. Behind him, Zen heard the heavy crashing of lumbering, heavy footfall, and thought, 'Oh my God! I wouldn't have run if I knew he'd follow me!' At that moment he figured he probably should find a spot to hide until the Ogre was gone. But, as he looked around, he saw there wasn't much cover to protect him and decided to keep running.

Despite how slowly the Ogre moved, each step of it was equal to eight steps?Zen took. So, try as he might, the Ogre was much faster than him.

It didn't take Zen long to adjust his breathing so he could sprint faster and rid himself of this Ogre.

After all, he had had enough fragments, so if he were beat to death and knocked out of the game by the Ogre now, it would just be an embarrassing injustice!

However, even running as quickly as Zen was, the gap between the Ogre?and him was getting smaller. The two were as mismatched in speed as strength!

When the Ogre was a mere six feet away, it lunged toward Zen while swatting its thick palm to smack Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 61 Using The Flying Knife (Part One)

At this moment, Zen leaped forward suddenly, and the ogre's attack hit the ground just behind him. The sound of the impact was so loud that Zen's ears ached. When he turned back to look, Zen realized that the force of the attack left a huge palm print on the ground. Had he not jumped away in time, the blow would have landed on his body.

Without wasting any time, Zen rolled forward, got up, and continued running.

The phantom ogre, who had been created by the illusion, murmured a few incomprehensible ogre words before chasing after Zen.

Zen had no choice but to keep running. At the same time, he felt angry and annoyed. Why was this ogre chasing him only?

Unfortunately, he couldn't stop to ask for an explanation. Even though the ogre was an illusion, if he were killed by it, he would be embarrassed. Besides, the ogre was an unreal beast. It was illogical to assume that the ogre was capable of thinking rationally. Of course, Zen couldn't communicate with such a creature.

While Zen struggled with his escape, the scene outside Bloody Mountain was also messy.

Many instructors had discovered through the Picture Slabs that the ogre had escaped from the fifth level and entered the third level.

"Joshua, do you know what the hell is going on?"

"Shouldn't this ogre be in the fifth level? How could he break through the magic arrays and enter the third level? This has never happened before!"

Faced with those questions, Joshua stammered, "I..I don't know what's going on. Maybe there is something wrong with the magic arrays in the Bloody Mountain. Otherwise, I have no explanation for how this could happen."

"I demand that the Blooded Test be stopped immediately," said one of the instructors.

"Yes, the Blooded Test should be stopped. I'm afraid that if the participants on the Bloody Mountain are attacked by this creature, they will all be unfairly removed from the exam. I've long suggested that the grade-five phantom beast should be eliminated. It's meaningless to put it there. I really don't know what the top-level masters are thinking!" Another instructor agreed, too. He nodded and echoed this sentiment.

"Wait! Wait! Don't jump to conclusions in haste!" a master exclaimed. On hearing this, the two instructors who had been talking about the elimination of the unreal beast turned around and asked, "What is happening now?"

"Come and see! This ogre seems to be chasing Zen," the master switched the screen on the Picture Slab to one of the noble-clan disciples. These instructors peered at the screen and saw that Zen was desperately running for his life.

"Hah, so what? I agree that this young fellow's strength is astonishing, but do you remember Johan Lin? When Johan attended the Blooded Test with the strength of the marrow refining level, he was proud of his superior power and wanted to fight with this unreal beast. But in the end, he had been badly injured and could only run away." Another instructor commented.

Johan Lin had been the best disciple Cloud Sect had seen in the past hundred years. He became famous only three years after entering Cloud Sect. At the age of nineteen, he passed the trial of Cloud Road and became a member of Cloud Hall. Both his genius and strength were outstanding and rare in the world. Some referred to him as a super genius owing to his skills and abilities.

The strength and talent that Zen had shown at this stage were quite distinguished, but in the minds of many instructors, he was still not as good as Johan. Moreover, at that time when Johan sought out the ogre, he was at the level of marrow refining, which was a realm higher than Zen's current level.

Even Johan, who was stronger than Zen, had to accept defeat and run from the ogre. How could Zen have the slightest possibility of resisting against the unreal beast?

Though they had such feelings and comparisons in their minds, most of the instructors still paid close attention to Zen, who was considered as the biggest surprise this year. After a short debate, they stopped arguing and watched the screen to see what Zen would do.

Seeing that none of the instructors were questioning him, Joshua smiled. He was satisfied that his trick had worked. 'Sneaky simpleton! You will die. How can you escape from the attack of the devil ogre? I can't wait to see your dead body!' With these thoughts in his mind, Joshua also turned to the Picture Slab.

It was still broadcasting the fight, or in other words, the unilateral attack from the ogre, as Zen wasn't attacking back. He was just running. With his flexible body, precise and calculated movements, powerful explosive force, and a little bit of luck, Zen had avoided the attacks of the ogre so far.

'Running is never a good solution.

If I keep running like this, I will eventually get exhausted and the ogre will catch me. Its powerful blow will take me out of the exam.'

Zen thought. There was not enough time for him to think of a solution. He found that his attention was divided. On the one hand, he needed to escape and on the other, he needed to observe the ogre's intentions to avoid its attacks.

As he ran, Zen recalled that the ogre's body was entirely different from that of a human. Starting from birth, the ogre was much stronger than a human in terms of physical strength. So, in ancient times, human beings suffered tremendously during wars with ogres.

But the creator was fair. Ogres had a fatal defect, which made them vulnerable. They had two hearts.

One heart was insufficient to generate enough power to support their tough and robust body. So, ogres required a second heart.

Having two hearts was not a fatal flaw. The anomaly allowed ogres to have greater forces. However, the placement of the heart was an issue. The second heart was on their back.

Only a thin layer of flesh protected the ogre's second heart. If the layer of flesh was penetrated, it would be easy to smash the second heart, and the ogre would die.

Aware of this weakness, all ogres would be equipped with heavy armors when they went to the battlefield. The armor had a high protrusion on the back, which was to protect their second heart. Humans called this kind of armor tortoiseshell in jest.

Having fought with this ogre for some time, Zen had noticed that it wore no such protection on its back.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 62 Using The Flying Knife (Part Two)

As long as he penetrated the flesh and the second heart of the ogre, he could knock it down. And this was the only plan for Zen to escape with his life.

While he was still thinking about the solution, a strong wind blew from one side. Zen glanced sideways only to find that the big palm of the ogre was coming toward him.

'Oh, my god! No time to run away!'

This time, even though Zen wanted to dodge the attack, he did not have enough time to do so.

There was no other alternative except to fight. Zen made his decision quickly. He gritted his teeth, turned around, and then jumped on the back of the ogre's hand. Running along the back of its hand to its arm, Zen then jumped on to the ogre's shoulder. With a somersault, Zen crossed over the ogre's head. At this moment, his nose was only inches away from the two sharp horns on the ogre's head.

With these calculated movements, Zen had finally reached the ogre's back. It was then that he could see the prominent protrusion on its back!

'This is it! Taste my Purple Fist Strength! You devil!'

Zen summoned all his strength and channeled it to his fist. Then he hit the protrusion. This protrusion was the second heart of the devil! A purple light flowed out of Zen's body.

If he could manage to inject the Purple Fist Strength through the thin layer of the ogre's flesh, its heart would be smashed to pieces.

However, to his surprise, Zen's fist slipped when his attack landed on the ogre's back. Its skin was so slippery!

'Oh, my god. I failed!' Zen thought as an overwhelming feeling of danger flowed through him.

In the next moment, the clumsy ogre sensed where Zen was and slapped him when he turned around. 'Bang!' A loud sound echoed.

The ogre had managed to land a blow on Zen while he was on its back! Its power pushed Zen far away. Seeing Zen flying dozens of feet away because of the impact, like a small stone, the instructors sighed deeply.

"What a pity! He has almost done it! What a good opportunity was lost just now!"

"The skin of the ogre is too tough to be broken by a little fellow who is just at the organ refining level."

"Yes, I think so. However, it is a pity that he does not have a spiritual weapon in hand. Otherwise, he would have beaten the ogre."

All the instructors watching the Picture Slabs could not help but sigh deeply. Anyway, in all the time that the ogre had been in the test, Zen was the only candidate to pose a threat to the ogre. In retrospect, were these instructors really expecting this man at the organ refining level to defeat a grade-five unreal beast? Their expectation seemed a bit unrealistic. This incident drew some of their attentions back to reality.

"Wait, wait. Don't run away!" Suddenly, one of the instructors shouted.

Initially, these instructors could not see Zen in their Picture Slabs. They could only observe him through other disciples' cards. Before the ogre beat Zen, there were a few disciples bold enough to follow them and watch their battle. Once they saw that the ogre had defeated Zen, these disciples turned and immediately ran away. They did not have the courage or the strength to face the ogre.

As soon as they had run away, the instructors could no longer see Zen.

However, most of instructors knew that there was no need to see the fight to its end. Zen would be eliminated eventually.

Only Master Su kept looking at her Picture Slab. Several emotions passed through her as she watched the scene. She had tampered with Zen's disciple card earlier. And now, only she could see Zen's every move in her Picture Slab. As far as she was concerned, Zen's physical strength was indeed extreme. Even though the ogre had slapped him, Zen did not look as bad as other instructors thought.

'This fellow has not given up till now. He has a strong will. Powerful and determined, Zen is more than a match for most disciples, ' thought Master Su. 'I hope this young man passes the test.' With this hope in mind, Master Su turned her eyes back to the Picture Slab.

Zen was still lying on the ground. His chest heaved as Zen took deep breaths to calm himself.

The power of that slap was so terrible that he felt like all his bones had been smashed to pieces.

Fortunately, his body was strong enough to withstand the blow.

Zen's body had absorbed most of the ogre's power, and at the same time, it had transformed the force into warm currents that were refreshing his body.

However, there was still a small portion of the power left, which was enough to cause serious injury to Zen's body.

With no strength left to move, Zen could only lie on the ground and wait for the warm currents to restore his body. Meanwhile, he closely watched the ogre. Feeling the trembling of the ground, he knew that the ogre was getting close to him.

Even though agonizing pain coursed through Zen's body with even a smallest movement, he did not want to give up yet.

As long as there was a small chance, Zen wanted to fight back.

When the ogre saw his prey lying on the ground, it slowed down. The ogre even stopped and studied Zen for some time. Then he raised his foot and was about to step on Zen with the intention of trampling him to death.

Maybe because the ogre felt that its prey was unable to move, it raised its foot slowly.

The slow movement gave Zen the time he needed to roll away. Enduring the agonizing pain, he climbed up from the ground. Zen intended to jump up at the same time.

"Ouch! That hurts!"

Although Zen was determined not to wait for his death at the hands of the ogre, the movements caused a tremendous amount of pain to flow through him. He could not help but cry out in agony. The pain from the inner bones was so significant that his body lost flexibility and he could not jump up as he had planned to.

In this case......

Zen needed a new plan. Without hesitating, he took out the broken flying knife from his space ring and then summoned all his strength before throwing the flying knife at the ogre.

'I hope it works!' Zen prayed in his heart. This was his last hope. If this strike did not cause any harm to the ogre, then Zen was doomed to be eliminated from the Blooded Test.

Zen watched the flying knife with bated breath. He was shocked when he saw the route of the flying knife.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 63 A Feeling Of Distress

The flying knife, like a dart, quickly penetrated the ogre's back.

More strangely, the flying knife ran through the ogre's body effortlessly until it fell onto the ground with its force spent.

At this sight, Zen was rendered speechless. He considered two possibilities. The first was that he was powerful enough to throw the flying knife through the ogre, but this was obviously impossible.

Another possibility was that the seemingly broken flying knife was sharp enough to run through the ogre.

Zen found that the second possibility was more likely than the first.

'This is a powerful flying knife!' Zen marveled at the knife's magic.

The colossal ogre was overcome with pain and staggered until spots of light consumed it.

Zen killed the only grade five unreal beast!

"Ding....."

A pure black crystal fragment fell onto the ground and bounced toward Zen's hand.

The black crystal fragment was all that Zen needed to pass the blooded test...

Zen, with the black crystal fragment in hand, could not help but curse the designer of the magic array.

Zen would rather deal with numerous grade three unreal beasts than the grade five unreal beast, namely, the ogre.

Zen, at that moment, was not short of other colored crystal fragments. Now, he was more concerned about the flying knife than the fragments.

Still reeling from the pain caused by the ogre's blow, Zen managed to take several steps. The knife had fallen in the bushes and shrubs. He could no longer see it.

'The magical flying knife is a must for my collection, ' Zen thought.

'How can it be lost?' Zen wondered.

After a careful and meticulous search, Zen finally found a small hole in the ground.

'Too bad.. considering its overwhelming strength, the flying knife must have embedded itself in the ground, ' Zen thought.

He forced the ground open seven or eight feet with sustained efforts and yet, he couldn't see the flying knife.

At this point, Zen found that his surroundings were gradually changing.

The magic realm was collapsing, which turned Zen's thoughts back to the completion of the blooded test and the end of the magic array.

A second later, Zen was surprised to find himself in a completely different scene. He found himself back on the Bloody Mountain which boasted of scarlet vegetation.

And the place Zen was just digging was out of sight.

'My flying knife! How could I bear losing you?'

Zen was distraught over the loss of his precious knife.

Since the illusion had faded away, Zen's unreal injuries also disappeared. His body no longer hurt from the ogre's assault. Zen redoubled his efforts to search for the knife.

But it was almost impossible for Zen to find the flying knife amid the vast expanse of the Bloody Mountain.

At that moment, a master who had been watching the blooded test from a flying chariot came to collect Zen.

Other masters were engaged in a lively discussion

concerning several participants including the ordinary disciples and those from noble clans. Some of them had shown excellent performance and were considered to have great potential.

Those who had forecast Zen's failure had not expected such a comeback!

Zen alighted from the flying chariot and walked forward to ask, "To whom should I submit these crystal fragments?"

"Please come here!" a female instructor in a yellow dress waved Zen forward. She was in charge of counting crystal fragments obtained by participating disciples. She had prepared four baskets to collect four differently colored crystal fragments that participants had been tasked with acquiring.

All masters present at that moment became confused when they saw Zen.

Subject to the rules of the blooded test, Zen's failure in the magic array would make it impossible for him to pass the test, even though he had many crystal fragments.

Joshua had expected Zen to fail the blooded test as he had used the magic array plate to release the grade five unreal beast, even though Joshua had been fearful of others' suspicions.

Now Joshua was gleeful about Zen's failure leading to his feeling of distress.

Joshua thought he should inform Zen of the rules of the blooded test.

But when Joshua saw Zen throw the black crystal fragment, he became paralyzed with terror.

Joshua was stunned by what that implied.

The instructor in the yellow dress marveled at Zen's possession of the black crystal fragment.

Despite her long experience of collecting crystal fragments from participants, this was her first contact with a black crystal fragment.

While she was clueless about the black crystal, the other masters realized how Zen had come in possession of the black crystal.

'Zen must have defeated the unreal beast.' they pondered.

And the black crystal fragment must belong to the ogre, the unreal beast he killed.

All of a sudden, silence reigned at the scene.

The unreal beast was designed to be invincible.

The black crystal fragment on the table was shinning, as if by magic.

'How could this black crystal fragment appear here?' the instructor in the yellow dress thought. She suspected Zen of having cheated.

At that moment, a dignified middle-aged man came forward to explain, "This black crystal fragment is unparalleled. It has remained unclaimed since the start of the magic array at the Bloody Mountain. That is why you have never seen such a crystal fragment before."

The female instructor's eyebrows rose when she heard the explanation.

The scholarly middle-aged man then turned to make an offer to Zen, "Zen, due to your excellent performance during the blooded test, we are thrilled to accept you at Billow Peak. I am Master Zhou, and I am here to welcome you."

"Azure Peak is more influential than Billow Peak. And we have better benefits," a bald man stepped forward and roared.

"Master Jiang, how could you cast a slur at my peak? Despite its unstable performance, our peak has always ranked among the top three since a decade ago. Our ranking dwarfs yours!" Master Zhou retorted harshly.

The disputes and quarrels were interrupted when Master Xu stepped forward. He was revered as he led Skytop Peak.

Zen was aware that Billy and Perrin were members of Skytop Peak.

Master Xu pointed out the advantages of joining his peak with great composure in a bid to influence Zen's decision.

By no means would Zen consider joining Skytop Peak, given his strife and personal vendetta against Perrin.

"Zen is bound to join Drizzle Peak!" Master Su's light voice silenced all other masters. She presumed to win Zen's admission, as she had been the first to sense Zen's potential and had become his patron.

Although the other masters were in deference to Master Su, they didn't want to submit lightly in the matter regarding the selection of high-potential disciples.

"Master Su, you should compete with us for the privilege of selecting disciples in a spirit of fairness," Master Xu challenged Master Su calmly.

"Master Su, you can't always do this...."

"Master Su, your peak's reputation does not justify your aggressiveness..."

The other masters present bombarded Master Su with their unanimous opposition.

Master Su's desire to acquire Zen as her peak's disciple and her usual arrogance finally triggered collective hostility from her counterparts.

But Master Su dismissed their suggestions and opinions with an arrogant wave of her hand.

Sensing Master Su's displeasure, the other masters had to stop voicing their dissatisfaction. If the masters dared to offend her, they would be removed from Cloud Sect.

Master Su sighed and said, "It is advisable that we select disciples in line with their rankings and preferences."

With no other alternative, the masters accepted Master Su's suggestion.

But they were not aware of Master Su's determination to secure Zen as her disciple.

They hadn't the slightest clue that she had hatched a scheme to get what she wanted.

Master Su was pleased with the prospect when the counting was in progress.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 64 Recover The Flying Knife (Part One)

Zen stood among the disciples who had passed the test. One by one, more disciples emerged from the Bloody Mountain. They took turns throwing crystal fragments into the baskets.

Suddenly Zen spotted Nory jumping out of a flying chariot. He gave Zen a cheerful wave before he hurried to the baskets. Zen watched as Nory took out a handful of crystal fragments and placed them into the baskets.

Nory had passed the test too!

Zen was quite surprised. Nory was only at the bone refining level. How was it possible for him to collect ten purple fragments in the test? During the test, Zen had planned to give Nory spare fragments once he had reached the third level. However, Zen encountered the ogre and then, he didn't get the chance.

Zen didn't know how, but it seemed as though Nory had passed the Blooded Test all by himself. It was impossible for a man at the bone refining level to kill the unreal beasts in the third level. How did Nory manage it?

Could Nory have been downplaying his abilities? The thought flashed through Zen's mind.

Smiling, Nory walked over to Zen, obviously pleased with himself. "Ha! I have passed the test, Zen."

"How did you do that? How did you get enough fragments?" Zen asked.

"Well, it's a long story. The short version is that I got lucky." Then he told Zen what happened after he entered the third level. Nory happened to see two disciples from noble clans fighting each other for a fragment. At last, both disciples were critically wounded and forced out of the test. Nory took advantage and collected their fragments. That was how he passed the test.

As he listened, Zen couldn't help but marvel at Nory's good luck.

Flying chariots flew back and forth till the last of the disciples had collected in the square.

The Blooded Test was finally over.

While those who passed the test were in high spirits, those who failed looked utterly crestfallen.

The eliminated disciples from noble clans were quickly taken away by their families. They could hardly contain their resentment. Chad Zhuge shot a look of pure venom at Zen before he left. He had always prided himself on his ability before taking the test. Although this was his first shot at the blooded test, Chad had been confident that he would pass it.

After all, it was a rare thing for a disciple from the top seven noble clans to fail the Blooded Test.

Chad had never expected that Zen would defeat him. It certainly didn't sit well with him.

Zen and Nory were talking and laughing at the far side. Of course, Zen noticed the venomous look from Chad, yet it didn't concern him.

Being a body refiner was not easy. It was a long and difficult road, full of peril. Zen felt ready for the upcoming challenges. He would overcome all obstacles in his way. Now that he had decided to go down this road, Zen knew he must not fear making some enemies.

At this point, Perrin and Billy looked the most frustrated and exasperated of all.

Earlier, Billy had sent two of his clansmen who had registered for the blooded test to kill Zen in the Bloody Mountain. But it turned out that he had underestimated Zen.

Dim and Tim also failed the test. They allied with Chad to rob from others. And then they came across Zen. But before they had the time to use their Final Killer, they were knocked out of the test by other participants.

It was downright humiliating.

Even Billy, who always acted casual, was unable to contain his emotions. When he learned of what had happened, he launched a furious tirade at them before allowing his clansmen to be taken away. He would have to spend more time thinking about how to deal with Zen.

As for Perrin, he could only trail behind Billy with a sullen face. Perrin would just embarrass himself if he went to mock Zen. He had never thought that Zen, who had been as insignificant as a tiny ant, would grow into an intimidating opponent.

That night, all participants who had passed the test officially joined Cloud Sect as outer disciples.

Since it was late, the mentors from all thirty-three peaks would have to choose their disciples the next day.

And so, these new disciples had to spend the night at the foot of the Bloody Mountain.

The atmosphere in the dormitory was more relaxed. After a tough haul, the disciples had finally met their first goal.

Some of them were so excited that they could hardly fall asleep. They spent most of the evening talking all about the choices of peaks.

Master Xu from the Skytop Peak was the most discussed person among these newcomers.

There were many tales about Skytop Peak. Topping all other 32 peaks, it was said to cream off most talents in the sect.

Zen and Nory sat at the corner of the room, listening to this discussion.

Nory listened intently. His eyes glittered with anticipation. Zen saw his expression and asked, "So which peak do you prefer? Skytop Peak?"

Nory scratched his head and laughed, "I wish. But I'm afraid I won't qualify for it."

Nory was acutely aware of what he was capable of. Skytop Peak would choose the disciples who had performed well in the test. He assumed that the big man with a great sword would probably get into Skytop Peak.

"Zen, I have decided to stick with you. I find that I am lucky as long as I stay with you," Nory said.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 65 Recover The Flying Knife (Part Two)

There was some degree of truth in Nory's conclusion. If it hadn't been for Zen, Nory might not have passed the initial exam. And if Zen hadn't helped him during the Blooded Test, Nory would have been eliminated already.

"What if I go to Drizzle Peak?" Zen asked, smiling.

The question brought Nory up short. Then after a moment's hesitation, he exclaimed, "Are you kidding me?"

According to Zen's brilliant performance in the test, he could get into any peak he wanted.

But now, Zen was considering going to Drizzle Peak. Nory had to remind him, "Bro, Drizzle Peak is at the bottom of all peaks. You know that, don't you?"

Zen nodded as Master Su's face flashed through his mind. If it hadn't been for her, he would have been disqualified by Joshua in the test. But if Drizzle Peak ranked last, then its support couldn't compare with any other peaks. Its disciples would have two strikes against them when it came to their quota of pills, refining methods or other monthly supplies.

Zen hesitated for a moment.

As the night wore on, Zen shoved everything else out of his mind and focused on something more important.

He had to get his knife back even if it meant that he had to turn Bloody Mountain upside down.

After Nory drifted into a deep sleep, Zen slid out of the room. He went to the foot of the mountain under cover of darkness. Vaguely, he found the trial he had taken earlier and began to ascend the mountain.

The magic array was inactive at this hour, and so, there weren't too many unreal beasts. Since the magic red sand had made the mountain inhospitable to animals, even real beasts were rare.

The mountain seemed different without the magic array. Zen dashed around for a while as he searched several places and tried to find the spot where he had fought the ogre, but it all came to nothing.

His knife was buried deep in the huge mountain. Trying to find it could be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

He searched for about an hour and then completely lost his bearing in the dark. It seemed that Zen would have to go through every corner of the mountain to get his knife back.

It was such a great weapon. It was a pity that he had only used the knife once.

The result disheartened Zen. Suddenly, not far away some twigs rustled and swayed, then a woman dressed in green walked out from the trees.

As the women sauntered over, her beautiful face gleamed in the moonlight. She was wearing a green floating dress, which showed off her perfect curve. She was stunning, and for a moment, Zen was enchanted.

As soon as he recognized that the woman was Master Su from Drizzle Peak, Zen withdrew his gaze immediately and greeted her with a smile, "Hi, Master Su."

"What are you doing here so late? You are supposed to be in the dormitory." Master Su asked. Her lips curved into a sly smile.

"I couldn't sleep, so I decided to take a walk here..." Zen's face grew hot since he was telling a blatant lie.

"Is that so?" Master Su took two steps toward Zen, her bright eyes surveying his face. "Why did you choose to come here, the Bloody Mountain, for a walk?"

Her voice was clear and pure. Zen could tell that her tone was mischievous.

"Exactly," Zen spread his hands and shrugged. He returned her smile.

"Well, I don't think so." Master Su shook her head and said, "I think you are looking for something."

Zen coughed in embarrassment. Then he scratched his head, surprised by her acute judgment. "I guess that is a private matter, Master Su."

"Oh, if it's private, then I will respect your boundaries and be on my way. Bye!" Master Su replied as she swung a knife in front of him.

Zen's eyes brightened when he saw the knife. He said quickly, "Master Su, the knife…"

"Is it yours?" Master Su turned with the grace of a fairy and looked straight into his eyes.

Of course, she knew it was Zen's knife. She was the only master who had witnessed first-hand the whole fight between Zen and the ogre. She knew where the knife had fallen and retrieved it easily in the night.

Zen nodded, "Yes, it is my knife, Master Su."

"Well, it is a cracked knife, but it is powerful. Good stuff. I can give it back to you, but…" Master Su added, "on one condition."

"Name it." Zen said.

"You join Drizzle Peak," Master Su said with a sly smile.

Zen had been expecting her to say that. All this while, he had been hesitating about which peak to choose.

But now he knew without a doubt which peak he would pick. His choice seemed to be influenced by Master Su. Her behavior seemed a little shady, but she had found his knife.

He might never have found the knife had it not been for her assistance.

As he thought of this, Zen nodded and said sincerely, "I will choose Drizzle Peak tomorrow."

Master Su gave him a sweet smile. She tapped the ring on her slender finger. A second later, two small rings appeared in her palm. "Your knife is cracked, plus you can't control the knife with your life vitality unless you reach the nature level. That is why you can't make the knife return after you throw it. Here is my 'welcome to Drizzle Peak' gift. Take it."

Zen looked at the two small rings and blinked. He had no clue about the function of the gift.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 66 Selecting A Refinement Method (Part One)

Noticing the bewildered look on Zen's face, Master Su attached one small ring to the hilt of the flying knife and slipped the other on her thumb. She hurled the flying knife down the mountain.

Zen cried out at the sight of what Master Su did. The flying knife was so sharp that it could have embedded in the ground anywhere, and since it was so dark out, it would be hard to find.

However, a second later Master Su flicked her wrist, and the flying knife returned to her hand.

It was a marvel to behold in Zen's opinion.

The two small rings were inconspicuous, as though an invisible thread connected them. After throwing the flying knife, it only took a gentle tug, and it returned.

It was a razor-sharp knife, but Master Su caught it in her hand without an issue. Zen admired her skill enormously.

Taking the flying knife and set of small rings from Master Su, Zen respectfully bowed and stated, "Thank you, for your generous gift, Master Su."

Master Su gave a slight chuckle and patted his head. "Don't stand on ceremony, you're going to be a member of my Drizzle Peak! Run along and rest now," she urged graciously. "Tomorrow you will pick refinement techniques after the peak selection."

Zen nodded and walked back down the mountain the way he had come.

On his way back, he slipped one small ring on his thumb and the other onto the hilt of his flying knife. He threw the blade as Master Su had done, but when he tugged it, the knife shot at him.

Breaking into a cold sweat, Zen threw himself onto the ground, and the knife narrowly missed him. Although his body was exceptionally tough, Zen wasn't strong enough to withstand the sharp flying knife.

How did Master Su make it look so easy to catch the flying knife with her bare hand? Why couldn't he? After practicing several times, he finally mastered a little trick.

It was midnight when Zen returned to the dormitory.

All the disciples who had participated in the Blooded Test were fast asleep. Zen slipped into bed, closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Early the next morning, the masters and disciples gathered to begin discussing the peak selection.

Yesterday's crystal fragments of the Blooded Test had been tallied, and the participating disciples were now ranked.

Because Zen killed a level-five unreal beast, he was undisputed number one, and therefore a highly sought-after disciple by all the masters.

The masters were all quarreling about Zen joining their respective peak.

Every month they bickered with each other to win the champion over to their peaks.

After a long heated argument, the masters were at a standstill, so, they sought Zen's advice to find out which peak he wanted to join.

When the outer disciples near Zen heard that, they were filled with jealousy.

'Zen is lucky! He gets to choose which peak he wants to join, ' most of the outer disciples thought admiringly. 'If I were him, I would choose Skytop Peak. After all, it ranks highest among all thirty-three peaks.'

All the masters waited for Zen's decision. Master Xu was more confident than the other masters that he would be adding Zen to his peak. After all, Skytop Peak was the most powerful peak out of the thirty-three and had an excellent reputation. Thus, he firmly believed that only a fool would choose a different peak.

"I choose the Drizzle Peak," stated Zen quietly.

For a moment, the masters sat in stunned silence.

They thought Zen would choose one of the top ten of the thirty-three peaks.

Maybe the second-ranked peak, Blackrock or the Azure Peak, which was fifth-ranked....

None of them ever expected Zen to select the Drizzle Peak because it was ranked lowest of the peaks.

'What the hell?' they wondered.

Master Su walked up to Zen slowly smiling brightly and said, "I accept your choice." Then she looked around at the others present and declared, "Zen is now an outer disciple of the Drizzle Peak!"

Some of the masters, including Master Xu, looked a little angry. They assumed that Master Su paid to get Zen; otherwise, he wouldn't choose the Drizzle Peak.

"Master Su, do you think it's appropriate?" questioned Master Xu sourly. He was determined to win Zen over.

A merit-based system of admittances had always been the tradition of the thirty-three peaks, although everyone knew that a disciple might be excellent today and just as easily, fail tomorrow. In the long history of the Cloud Sect, there had been countless gifted disciples, but not many of them made significant achievements in the end.

However, the simple truth was that the more disciples a peak had that were skilled, the more likely that peak was to achieve something.

"Oh? Master Xu? Is there a problem with that? It's a mutual matter. I think you understand," sneered Master Su. "If you want to make further changes, I'll play. But, I wonder if you have the stomach."

Judging from Master Su's confident attitude and Zen's unwavering choice, it was clear that the two had reached a secret agreement. The other masters kept silent, criticizing Master Su inwardly.

If Master Su were unreasonable, they could argue, but, since she wasn't, they would be asking for trouble if they messed with Master Su now.

With the end of that argument, the struggle for the top disciple ended, so the masters moved on to the second-ranked outer disciple...

Basing his decision on Zen's, Nory chose the Drizzle Peak too.

Half of the day was gone before all the disciples who participated in the test were assigned to a peak.

The work for the day wasn't over yet though. There was still the critical task of choosing the refinement method that suited them.

At the Cloud Sect, there was a hall called the Heavenly Library.

In this library were housed almost all the methods known to the entire empire.

However, it wasn't easy for a Cloud Sect disciple to go there and select a refinement method.

Each selection cost a hundred points, which had a market price of two hundred Cubic Crystals.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 67 Selecting A Refinement Method (Part Two)

To the noble clan disciples, one hundred points might not be much, but to most of the common disciples, it was a lot.

What annoyed all the disciples equally was how many refinement methods there were in the Heavenly Library, whether high or low-level refinement methods, which made it hard to choose. Some disciples managed to accumulate a hundred points, but that would only buy the Barbaric Fist.

The book was inexpensive, selling for only a dozen gold in the Imperial Capital, so, paying a hundred points was a waste of points.

There was an art to pick a refinement method at the Heavenly Library.

All outer disciples were granted access to the Heavenly Library once to select a refinement method.

Under guidance from the masters, they headed for the Heavenly Library.

The deeper into the Cloud Sect that someone went, the more they experienced its vastness. After passing mountain forests, lakes and magnificent buildings of various shapes, they finally came to the gates of a great hall.

The hall had a purple haze covering it. With careful observation, streaks of purple light could be seen emitting from it.

As Zen stared at the bright glow, his eyes hurt. It was a peculiar feeling, similar, but much weaker, to that of the cyan dragon figure in his mind.

"Pupils, don't look directly into the light," reminded one of the masters warmly. "Through your eyes, it can damage your soul."

Hearing this, the outer disciples immediately looked away from the light.

As important as a man's soul was, a common saying used to describe damage came about of 'soul injury'. Someone with even a minor soul injury would feel the effects, like dizziness and weakness for several days while more serious soul injury might leave a person paralyzed or cause brain damage severe enough to make him an idiot for several years.

"What is the light, Master?" asked one of the outer disciples.

"It is known as the intent," explained the master.

"Intent is what everything in the world has that gives them existence. The human has intent, as does heaven, the sword as well as the saber," pointed out the master. Then he pointed to the purple light, adding, "At one time, our Cloud Sect killed a Vengeful Beast* and buried it here. The purple aura is its intent."

(*TN: the Vengeful Beast is a species of a headless creature that battles against heaven.)

With the explanation the master gave, Zen learned something else.

'If that's the case, then maybe it is 'the dragon intent' giving the cyan dragon its intense energy?' Zen thought.

There was no way Zen would ever forget how it felt as the dragon intent was tearing his soul. 'But then? What is the intent? And, how does it happen?' he wondered, mystified by the new knowledge.

Zen decided to keep his question to himself for now.

Deep in thought, Zen almost ran into the disciple in front of him when everyone came to a stop in front of the platform of the Heavenly Library.

"Keep in mind, that this is your only opportunity to choose a refinement method free of cost. Also, kindly remember, the deeper into the Heavenly Library you go, the higher the refinement method levels are. But! At the same time, the stronger the Vengeful Beast intent will become. At that point, even if your eyes are closed, its intent will burn your soul!" warned one of the masters. "Accordingly, you should proceed as far as you can, but, don't exert yourself. Okay, now, go on in."

The master had barely finished giving instructions, and the outer disciples were scattering as they entered the Heavenly Library.

Among the many disciples, Zen climbed the stairs and entered a magnificent hall.

Standing in the middle of the great hall, Zen saw a towering word cast in black iron. It was a number, one.

"The refinement techniques offered out here in the outermost part of the Heavenly Library are all worthless rubbish!"

several of the noble clansmen called out as they continued walking and passed the entranceway bearing the large number one.

Lining the shelves in this hall were books of various tier one refinement methods. 'Considering that each shelf houses about ten thousand different tier-one refinement methods, and there are twenty shelves, then that means there are two hundred thousand tier-one different refinement methods in this hall?' Zen thought.

Tier-one refinement methods were widespread throughout the empire. In spite of the vulgar manner the noble disciples stated about them, they were right; these methods were not worth much.

Only a few disciples lingered here, most of them went further into the library.

Zen didn't hesitate to follow the crowd heading deeper into the Heavenly Library. He noticed that instead of following, Nory remained in the hall of the tier-one refinement techniques.

Walking about one hundred feet further, the crowd came to the next hall. In the middle of the entrance was a large number two.

Needless to say, this was the hall of the tier-two refinement methods.

Here, the aura of the Vengeful Beast's purple intent was stronger than in the first hall which made some of the outer disciples turn back because they felt ill.

It was the strength of someone's soul that determined how well they resisted the intent of the Vengeful Beast.

The vast majority of those disciples had never honed their souls. Naturally, some people were born with stronger souls, while others were not. It was like any genetic differences and had nothing to do with their strength.

Several outer disciples didn't want to give up, even though they already felt very ill. So, they stood still, closed their eyes and tried hard to withstand the intent of the Vengeful Beast.

However, it didn't take long for the color to drain from their faces, and a wave of dizziness came over them. Finally, with no other choice, they left the hall. Making a bad situation worse, one disciple fainted in the room and needed to be carried back.

Most of those remaining acknowledged their limitations and remained at the hall of tier-two refinement methods. If those disciples continued to go deeper, their souls were likely to be damaged.

Therefore, they stopped there and began searching for the refinement that worked for them.

Very few people continued deeper.

One of those who did was Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 68 Tier Five Cultivation Methods (Part One)

Once past the hall for tier two cultivation methods, Zen looked around. Only four other people had accompanied him. One of them was the towering strongman who always held a great sword.

Zen knew that this strongman was physically powerful and had boundless energy. He had not expected this strongman to also have a mighty soul. As Zen suspected, Cloud Sect had many outstanding disciples.

As Zen walked ahead, the hall that housed tier three refinement methods came into his sight.

An eerie purple light radiated from this hall.

Five people entered this hall. Except for Zen, all other people looked unwell.

One of them had turned ghastly pale as soon as he had stepped into the hall. From his attire, Zen guessed this was a disciple from a noble clan. Judging from his pallid face, it was evident that he was finding it difficult to resist the intent of the Vengeful Beast. This disciple reached into his pocket and pulled out a dark grey pill. Then, he closed his eyes and swallowed the pill. When he opened his eyes again, gold rays of light radiated from his eyes. At this sight, Zen realized that the pill invigorated the soul and helped the disciple withstand the intent of the Vengeful Beast.

"Disciples from noble clans are so fortunate!" Zen murmured and shook his head. Then he thought, 'How can disciples from ordinary clans acquire such pills?'

The five disciples surveyed the hall. Since they had entered the hall, tier 3 cultivation methods were accessible to them.

In the Eastern Region, cultivation methods were classified into four tiers.

Of these four tiers, tier 1 cultivation methods were the most common. Since there were innumerable tier 1 cultivation methods, they were the cheapest and could be acquired at martial arts clubs.

However, tier 2 cultivation methods were limited in comparison to tier 1. In general, these were inherited by small clans. For instance, the Purple Light Fist that Zen practiced was just one of many tier 2 cultivation methods. The Luo Clan was neither rich nor big. For such a clan, a book on Purple Light Fist was fairly precious. Hence, they generally didn't share their knowledge of cultivation methods like Purple Light Fist with others. The Purple Light Fist was so rare that even collateral branches of the Luo Clan were not allowed to practice this cultivation method.

Compared to the first two tiers, tier 3 cultivation methods were even more precious.

This kind of knowledge was usually given to collateral branches of noble clans.

In the hall for tier 3 cultivation methods, there was only a single-layer bookcase. Since the bookcase held hundreds of books for tier 3 cultivation methods, the powerful influence and reach of Cloud Sect were obvious. Zen was certain that it wouldn't be hard for him to find a cultivation method suitable for him.

He sifted through the bookcase while thinking about which cultivation method he should pick.

Surely, Purple Light Fist was a good choice for Zen. But it would be not enough now that he had joined Cloud Sect, as he couldn't harness his power to the greatest extent by practicing Purple Light Fist exclusively. As a consequence, he would be in an extremely unfavorable situation when he fought with people who practiced high-tier cultivation methods.

After thinking for a long while, Zen decided to continue walking toward the next hall.

The purple light pouring out of this hall was extremely bright, but it was less overwhelming than the intent of the cyan dragon.

Moreover, Zen's soul had been calcined by the black flame inside his body. His soul was far stronger than an ordinary person's. Thinking of this, Zen decided to choose a more powerful cultivation method for himself.

The other four men stared at him in shock when Zen started to march ahead.

"Do you want to die? The intent of the Vengeful Beast appears to be rather predominant in the hall for the tier 4 cultivation methods. You won't be able to withstand it," the towering strongman gently reminded Zen.

Zen smiled in acknowledgment at the strongman before replying, "I know that, but I want to try."

"Hehe. Don't stop him if he wants to die. I have seen many guys like him who overestimate their abilities. It is said that the intent of the Vengeful Beast is substantial inside the hall for tier 4 cultivation methods. In fact, it is so strong that it can kill people intangibly. Anyone who enters that hall before cultivating his or her state of mind will not gain anything except death," the disciple from the noble clan said haughtily.

Zen laughed flatly as soon as he heard that disciple. Instead of refuting, Zen stepped into the next hall.

Finally, Zen had reached the hall with the rarest cultivation methods.

The hall for tier 4 cultivation methods was much smaller than the former ones.

Every book on these cultivation methods was quite rare. These books even contained hidden secrets, which were almost impossible to inherit by even core members of large noble clans.

There was only one bookcase inside this hall too. Compared with other tall and luxurious bookcases that Zen had seen in the former halls, this one appeared to be very short, shabby, and old. The wood had decayed over the centuries.

Zen felt as though he was surrounded by a completely different intent of the Vengeful Beast when he stepped into this hall.

The purple light had been replaced by purple shadows, which looked like rare beasts.

These shadows slowly floated up and down in the hall. Once Zen stepped into the hall, these shadows began bumping into Zen. Perhaps they could sense that a human being had entered the hall.

Since the purple shadows were intangible, they couldn't harm Zen's body. However, Zen discovered that these shadows were attacking his soul with every blow to his body.

Deep in his brain, Zen felt a sharp stabbing pain.

For others, this kind of pain might be fatal. But Zen had a far stronger soul.

In spite of this, he was in deep agony.

Every shadow bumped into him like an awl and Zen felt a sharp stab in his head. As a result, Zen felt intense pain deep in his brain.

Such pain was not physical, but spiritual. There was nowhere for Zen to hide and escape from the shadows. As a result, he had no choice but to endure the pain caused by the shadows.

His soul couldn't withstand the attacks, and it throbbed every time a shadow attacked Zen.

He could bear the attack of one shadow. But since all the shadows were attacking Zen one after another, the pain was unbearable.

At last, Zen felt as though he would succumb to the pain of being attacked by many shadows.

Spiritual things were rather mysterious, and he had never heard of attacks against a person's soul. Naturally, Zen didn't know how to counterattack the shadows.

Zen gritted his teeth and closed his aching eyes. The pain was so terrible that Zen felt as though his eyes would pop out. At that moment, he even considered giving up.

But after further thinking, Zen realized that he must be persistent.

Before coming to Cloud Sect, he had been subject to inhumane levels of mental suffering.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 69 Tier Five Cultivation Methods (Part Two)

At that time, dominated by the intent of the cyan dragon, he was torn and smashed unceasingly. The pain he had suffered when he was still at the Luo house was more intolerable than what he was experiencing now.

"This pain is nothing! I should just treat it as exercise for my soul!"

Zen murmured in a bid to encourage himself to stay strong. He shook his head and tried to work up the courage to continue walking into the hall. Soon, Zen found that he could march further into the hall for tier 4 cultivation methods.

As he approached the small wooden bookcase, despite the attacks of the shadows, Zen noticed that there was a passageway behind the hall.

"Why would there be a passageway here? Isn't the hall for tier 4 cultivation methods the last hall?" Zen was a little shocked.

Ever since he was a child, Zen had heard that there were only four tiers of cultivation methods. He had never heard of a cultivation method higher than tier 4.

All of a sudden, his curiosity was aroused. 'Perhaps I should enter the passageway and see if there are any higher-tier cultivation methods, ' thought Zen.

Still undecided, Zen took a minute to skim the bookcase in this hall. Tier 4 cultivation methods highly tempted Zen. Earlier, access to a tier 3 cultivation method would have pleased Zen. He had never dreamed of being in a position to access a tier 4 cultivation method!

After hesitating and thinking for a while, Zen found that he couldn't abjure his curiosity.

Others didn't have a chance to enter the hall for tier 4 cultivation methods, but he did. Now that he had come this far, why shouldn't he try to find out whether there were higher-tier cultivation methods?

At this thought, Zen decided to explore the passageway.

The passageway was not wide or spacious. It wasn't well decorated either. The floors and walls of the corridor had rotten over time. As soon as Zen entered the corridor, which was about 10 feet long, he felt a reprieve from the attack of the purple shadows.

'The overwhelming intent of the Vengeful Beast doesn't exist here?' Zen wondered.

Curious and bewildered, Zen marched ahead. At the end of the corridor was a stone chamber.

The chamber was circular, and not very big. In the center stood a black monument.

Zen's eyes widened when he realized that this chamber was a graveyard.

As soon as this thought dawned on Zen, a supernatural beast formed by condensed purple light rushed out of the monument.

The monster resembled one of the purple shadows Zen had encountered inside the hall for tier 4 cultivation methods. Comparatively, it looked more real in this chamber. It was purple all over and looked lifelike. A deep hatred could be seen in its eyes.

"Oh, this is the Vengeful Beast's graveyard! Then, this monster is perhaps the soul of the dead Vengeful Beast. This beast is so indomitable that its intent is still perceivable in this space even though it has been dead for many years. The intent of the Vengeful Beast is still remarkable as well! But who on earth killed the Vengeful Beast here?"

Zen whispered as he carefully observed the monster. The soul of the Vengeful Beast was much stronger than the intangible shadows. Besides, Zen felt more pressure from this monster. The spiritual attack of the monster was so strong that Zen felt as though someone was pounding on his head with a hammer when the beast glared at him.

Zen had put himself in extreme danger!

His soul would be torn away in a flash if the Vengeful Beast's soul attacked him. If that happened, Zen would turn into a soulless idiot.

As soon as he realized the danger that lay ahead, Zen winced and stepped back in fear. He didn't want to disturb the soul of the Vengeful Beast and accidentally invite its brutal wrath.

But when Zen turned around to leave, he saw that the intangible shadows he had left behind in the hall had blocked the passageway. A bitter smile grew on his face when Zen realized the trap he had stepped into.

'Cloud Sect is so insidious! I just want to choose a book on a cultivation method. Is it necessary to set such dangerous traps?' Zen couldn't help sighing.

What Zen didn't know was that very few people at Cloud Sect could enter the hall for tier 4 cultivation methods.

The power of one's soul was not associated with his or her strength. Even powerful people who had reached the nature level would be unable to step into the hall for tier 4 cultivation methods if their soul wasn't powerful enough. Such people would be never able to enter the tomb behind the hall.

When Zen took a few steps back to get away from the soul of the Vengeful Beast, the intangible shadows in the passageway flew straight towards him like frightened bats. At the same time, the soul of the Vengeful Beast roared and abruptly jumped to attack Zen.

Now the situation was indeed terrible.

At that moment, Zen was so panicked that he couldn't think clearly. After quickly weighing his options, Zen rushed toward the intangible shadows in the passageway. He knew that he would be in extreme agony if the shadows attacked his soul. Zen also understood that it would be better to suffer pain from the attacks of the shadows than to be turned into an idiot by the soul behind him.

Despite his swift action, the soul of the Vengeful Beast was faster. It almost came behind Zen in the blink of an eye.

"Ow!"

The Vengeful Beast's soul uttered a weird shriek. It was only about several inches away from Zen. If he turned to look, Zen was certain that he would be able to see his terrified expression in its dark eyes.

At this critical moment, the huge furnace in his brain rotated slowly. From deep within him, a low growl was heard from a dragon.

"It's the growling sound uttered by the sculpture of the cyan dragon!"

As soon as the fearsome dragon growl was heard, the purple shadows that were attacking Zen dispersed for fear of being attacked by the dragon.

Likewise, the Vengeful Beast's soul jumped away from Zen. It was almost as if the Vengeful Beast's soul had been scorched from being too close to Zen. From a distance, it studied Zen as if on guard. Its dark eyes were full of fear. To Zen, it seemed as though the Vengeful Beast's soul was in a dilemma. On one hand, it wanted to rush fiercely toward Zen, but it didn't. Instead, it clawed the floor every time the dragon growled fiercely. Then the soul let out a low howl.

This brought a smile to Zen's face. He hadn't thought that the shadows and the Vengeful Beast were naturally fearful of the cyan dragon's growl.

The Vengeful Beast's soul winced every time Zen took a step toward it.

As Zen walked over to it, one step after another without stopping, the Vengeful Beast's soul jumped back onto the tombstone before letting out a ferocious howl. At last, the soul retreated into the black tombstone.

Its grudges were evidently manifested in its howl. These were also perceived by Zen.

Just now, Zen was in grave danger. His soul would have been killed had the cyan dragon not awoken and come to his rescue.

But now, Zen had gotten past the dangers. Because of that, a flat smile grew on Zen's face. Then, he began to explore the stone chamber.

When he had first entered this chamber, Zen had noticed a bookcase near the black monument.

He walked toward the bookcase. When close enough, he saw that the bookcase contained two books on cultivation methods.

'Why are there only two books on cultivation methods? What on earth are they about?' wondered Zen.

Zen reached out and took one of the two books off the bookcase. This book looked very old and shabby. Since a thick layer of dust covered the book and he was unable to read its title, Zen patted the book to remove the dust. It was then that he could see several big words on the cover.

'Heavenly Ogre Fist!'

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 70 Hell Mountain (Part One)

The book in Zen's hands was on fist position. It depended a lot on attacking skills.

Zen turned to the first page gingerly. What?caught his?eyes was that the page was filled with small and closely-written words. Zen soon realized that this was a translation of Ogre language.

The knowledge in this book apparently came from the Ogres, and someone had the skills to translate Ogre language. Zen was clueless as to who could have translated the text.

'As per the words, is this a cultivation method for Ogres?'?Zen was puzzled.

The Heavenly Ogre Body Refining formulation was?a cultivation method for Ogres only.

Zen knew that cultivation methods for Ogres were highly demanding. To practice them, a person would require strong?physical strength.

As it was known to all, the strength of the human body would improve greatly after the body had been refined. However, compared to Ogres, humans were still far weaker. The body of an Ogre, obviously, was not on the same level as a human.

For example, the physical strength of humans at the bone refining level was about the same as that of a four or five-year-old Ogre child.

Of course, this was just for general people, not Zen. Evil Lan had refined his body, and the strength of Zen's body was now comparable to a top grade mysterious weapon.

Therefore, the demanding body strength?required to practice this cultivation method might be an impossible threshold for most humans, but not for Zen. It was tailored for him for sure.

Zen put the Heavenly Ogre Fist book into the space ring and left the chamber.

When he re-entered the hall for tier 4 cultivation method, Zen found that an old man dressed in white was looking at him with bright eyes.

Zen studied the old man. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, graceful and noble. Zen felt relieved because he did not sense any hostility from the old man.

"The power of the Heavenly Ogre Fist is great. But it is extremely demanding on a human's body strength. It is also difficult to cultivate. I am sure you know this. It can be said that your soul's strength is far superior to others as you entered the passageway and returned. If your soul is strong enough, you can choose?methods like the Dark Meditation and Blood Kill. Why would you choose Heavenly Ogre Fist? You know this is a very complicated method for human beings."

The old man spoke to Zen in a faint voice.

"I saw that this cultivation method was placed behind the hall for tier 4 cultivation method. So, I believe it to be more powerful than tier 4 cultivation method..." Zen replied truthfully. He was not good at lying, and so, he decided to share his reason for selecting the cultivation method with the old man.

Zen's honesty surprised the old man since he did not expect Zen to be so forthcoming. Then the old man shook his head and said, "It is true that the two books inside the tomb are far stronger than tier 4 cultivation method, but you should practice the cultivation method that suits you. You should understand this. I think you had better return the Heavenly Ogre Fist, and choose another one. What do you think?"

To Zen, it sounded like the old man?was trying to persuade him not to take Heavenly Ogre Fist. But then again, since he had?chosen this book, and he had not violated any rules, Zen was unwilling to return the book. So, instead of giving the old man a straight answer, Zen changed the subject and asked, "Is it really far stronger than tier 4 cultivation method? I have heard that all?cultivation methods in the world are divided into four tiers. How can Heavenly Ogre Fist be stronger than tier

4 cultivation methods?" Zen tried to sound innocent as he put forward this question.

The old man?smiled a little. He seemed to see through Zen's trick. "Since you are unwilling to return Heavenly Ogre Fist, then take it as per your wish. As for your question pertaining to the four tiers of cultivation methods, that is what we tell ordinary people. We live in a mysterious world. Its secrets are endless. How can cultivation methods be limited to just four tiers? The book in your hand is a tier 5 cultivation method from the Ogres."

Tier 5 cultivation method! Zen was surprised, and his eyes opened wide.

Zen had thought that tier 4 cultivation method was the highest level. What he did not expect was that there was tier 5?cultivation method. This was beyond his expectation.

Seeing Zen's reaction, the old man was not surprised at all. He laughed again. "The higher you stand, the further you can see. Let me tell you. The tier 5 cultivation method may not necessarily be the strongest method."

"Is there a cultivation method much stronger than tier 5 cultivation? method?" Zen asked excitedly.

This time, the old man did not answer his question directly. He gave a vague response, "There are no boundaries in humans' capability." As the old man spoke, he placed a finger on Zen's chest and continued, "Let us not discuss this. Since you have chosen the Heavenly Ogre Fist and insist on keeping it, I will not stop you. This book has been here for a long time. And I never thought that an outer disciple would be capable of taking it. I feel that perhaps it is fate that led you to this book. But this cultivation method involves?many other factors. If someone outside asks you what?you have taken," the old man stopped speaking for long enough to wave at the cultivation method hall. A book from the cabinet flew over to them. With the book in hand, the old man continued, "You should tell them that this is what you have chosen."

Zen took the?book from the old man and turned it around in his hand. As he looked at the book, Zen's eyes brightened when he saw the words, Spiritual Thorn, on the cover.

There were so many books on tier 4 cultivation method on the bookcase in this hall. Zen had not expected that he would get an opportunity to take two. Zen laughed with joy before placing the book inside the space ring.

Then Zen looked at the old man and thanked him by cupping his hands (left over right) and raising them chest high as a salute. After that, Zen turned with the intention of leaving the hall.

Before he could take a step, the old man stopped him, "Wait, you... aren't you curious about my identity?"

"What?" Zen stopped and turned to face the old man. In all this time, he had not thought to ask the old man his name. Zen raised his hand and slapped it on his forehead. "Please forgive my lack of manners. You are..."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 71 Hell Mountain (Part Two)

"That's fine. I have to say that you overplayed your part." The old man waved his hands and laughed. He knew that the boy did not really care about who he was. But this was not something he needed to care about. He continued, "Although Cloud Sect is large, if you are extraordinary, I am sure that we will meet again, sooner or later."

Knowing that he had not annoyed the old man, Zen smiled at him, then turned and left.

The old man?watched as Zen left. Then he sighed and whispered, "I did not expect that after so many years, this book will finally be claimed. I don't think anyone will believe that this was not heaven's will."

Since Zen had left the hall, he did not hear the old man's words. Even if he had heard what the old man had said, he would not understand the meaning.

When Zen entered the hall for the tier 3?cultivation method, he saw that all other people had left. Even the hall for the tier 2?cultivation method was empty.

It was not advisable to linger in the Heavenly Library, as over time, it became harder to bear the pressure of intent of the Vengeful Beast. It was natural that the others would leave soon after selecting the appropriate cultivation method.

Zen was the last to leave the Heavenly Library.

When he stepped out, the?disciples of the other thirty-two peaks had already left.

Only the disciples of Drizzle Peak?were waiting for him.

"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting." Zen bowed with hands folded as he apologized.

"That's fine. We are brothers of Drizzle Peak, and we should be concerned about each other, now and in the future! Well, welcome to Drizzle Peak." said an outer disciple as he patted Zen on the shoulder.

This group of outer disciples who had picked Drizzle Peak was from low clans. None of these disciples were from noble clans. So they were congenial with each other.

Master Aura Su had been standing in the distance and studying something. When she saw Zen, she smiled and asked, "Did you enter the tier 4?cultivation method hall?"

Only the few people present at the tier 3 cultivation method hall knew that Zen had entered the tier 4?cultivation method hall. Master Aura Su must have heard about this from other masters.

The outer disciples of Drizzle Peak?were surprised by what Master Aura Su had said. They looked at Zen with big round eyes. They had initially thought that Zen had stepped out last as he had spent too much time studying the books and making his choice. No one thought that he had entered the tier 4?cultivation method hall. They all knew that the deeper they went, the stronger their soul needed to be. How strong was Zen's soul? They were in awe of what Zen had accomplished.

Zen thought that Master Aura Su might ask him about what cultivation method he had chosen. Since the old man in white had presented him with Spiritual Thorn, Zen decided to tell Master Aura Su about the book. However, before he could say anything, she swung her right hand and said, "There is no need to tell others about what cultivation method you have chosen. You must learn to keep your secrets in Cloud Sect. Let's leave now. We should get back to Drizzle Peak before dark."

The other people present did not ask Zen any more questions. Seeing that all disciples were here, Master Aura Su led them away from the Heavenly Library.

The walk took about four hours in Cloud Sect before a steep mountain appeared in front of them. This was Drizzle Peak, one of the thirty-three peaks.

On Drizzle Peak, neat rows of pavilions had been built. Seas of clouds and fog enshrouded the peak giving the impression that this was beautiful heaven.

After Master Aura Su took her disciples up to Drizzle Peak, she spoke to a few outer disciples briefly. Then she left in a hurry. It seemed that she had many other things to do.

One of the outer disciples stepped forward?and said?to Zen and the other disciples, "My name is Sean Zhou. I am here to welcome all of you to Drizzle Peak. I will take care of you all."

After they bowed to each other, Sean Zhou informed them about all the procedures.

For example, changing disciple cards, picking up uniforms for outer disciples, arranging accommodation, and so on.

After Nory received the white robe of an outer disciple, he could not wait to try it on. He then said with pride, "Haha, I am an outer disciple of Cloud Sect now. This uniform looks awesome. It will be an honor to wear it and walk on the streets of the Imperial Capital. I would like to see if anyone dares to bully me then!"

Sean Zhou could not help laughing out, "This is only a white robe. If you practice hard and become an inner disciple, you will be more proud to have earned a black robe!"

Nory did not feel embarrassed. He replied with a smile, "Well. That is a long way off."

"Nory, the inner disciples are ascended from the outer disciples, so why deny yourself?" Sean was an enthusiastic and optimistic person. He not only comforted?the?outer disciples but also?explained the rules to them without missing any detail.

"The rules of Cloud Sect are very complicated, but the most important one is strength!" Sean looked at the disciples before continuing, "The rules have been set to protect the weak. If you want to set the rules, you have to be either?strong or talented. These are the only two ways to get others to surrender to you!"

Sean's words struck Zen. He knew that this was true for not only Cloud Sect, but also in the Burning Sky Empire, and even the entire Eastern Region. Whoever had the most power was the boss. This was a universal principle.

If he was strong, why would he come to Cloud Sect? If he was strong, he could rescue?Yan from Hell Mountain with just a word. Unfortunately, he was weak.

Sorrow filled his eyes at the thought of his sister, Yan. She was the one person about whom he was most concerned. He erased the sadness from his eyes and said, "Sean, I want to ask you something."

Sean maintained his warm smile, nodded and said, "Sure, what can I help you with?"

"Where is Hell Mountain in Cloud Sect?" Zen asked cautiously.

Sean's eyebrows rose at the question. When he replied, his pitch was higher. "Hell Mountain? Why?you ask about that place?"

"Oh, no special reason. I am just?curious," ?Zen replied.

"Hell Mountain is an independent mountain in the northwest corner of Cloud Sect. Anyone who has made a serious mistake or has broken the rules will be locked there. I certainly haven't been there. But I have heard that the environment in Hell Mountain is awful. Thousands of disciples have been locked there!" When Sean finished, he looked at Zen's face and asked again, "Do you have a friend who is locked in Hell Mountain?"

Zen did not answer this question. Instead, he asked, "Is there a way to enter Hell Mountain?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 72 Endless Troubles

"There are two ways." Sean extended two fingers as he spoke, "The first is to spend a hundred points in visiting Hell Mountain."

"Points?"

Since his came to Cloud Sect, Zen had been bombarded with references to points many times.

Previously during the initial exam, the old man told him of the points necessary to enter the powerful pressure space.

Before participating in the blooded test, Zen was in a fight with members of the Wang Clan. At last, the inner disciple who had started the fight had been punished with a penalty of a thousand points.

"What use do these points have? How can we obtain them?" Zen asked eagerly.

"Within Cloud Sect, it is impossible for disciples to do anything without these points. And all of you should be well informed of their functions." Sean Zhou then began to lecture them, "Outer disciples need to obtain sufficient points to be accepted as inner disciples. Points are also needed to swap elixirs used for cultivation and to eat and live. These points are recorded in your disciple cards."

"How can we obtain a hundred points within a short period?" Zen, at that moment, cared less about the use of these points and more about how to earn enough points to visit Yan at Hell Mountain.

"Masters of Cloud Sect will assign daily tasks to you. On completion of these tasks, you will gain the corresponding number of points. But outer disciples normally get fewer points. And it may take half a year for outer disciples to earn a hundred points. By the way, since my admission to Cloud Sect, I am in possession of less than a hundred points," Sean explained with a forced smile.

"Half a year?" Zen found it unacceptable to wait that long. He was eager to find a time-efficient solution.

"Well, you can swap two hundred cubic crystals for a hundred points," Sean suggested.

Upon hearing that, Zen was happy because he had many cubic crystals in his space ring. However, the exchange rate worried him.

Any outer disciple of Cloud Sect could become a millionaire at this exchange rate after resuming a civilian life.

'Even if I swap a hundred cubic crystals for fifty points, how would I collect the rest?' Zen was overcome with anxiety.

It would take at least three months to complete enough tasks to gain the remaining fifty points. However, Zen was desperate to reach Hell Mountain and see Yan.

Zen was eager to hear of the other alternative to reach Hell Mountain from Sean.

Sean then suggested that if Zen were to violate the rules of Cloud Sect, he would be exiled to Hell Mountain.

"......."

Zen remained silent for a long while. He chuckled as he thought, 'A good alternative, indeed.'

But that option was not feasible for Zen.

Without the backing of a noble clan or a patron at Cloud Sect, Zen had to bide his time patiently.

Zen told himself to wait for an opportune moment to rescue Yan from Hell Mountain.

Over the following few days, Zen applied himself to the tier-four and tier-five cultivation methods as per the books he had gained from the Heavenly Library.

He didn't undertake any task.

Even though Zen was incredibly strong and gifted, it was impossible for him to master both texts within a short period.

Zen scanned through the book on Heavenly Ogre Fist and came to realize the intricacies and mysteries therein. It was no wonder that the old man in the Heavenly Library had said that this cultivation method would be too challenging for most humans.

A good command of demonic life energy was the essence of practicing Heavenly Ogre Fist.

The Purple Light Fist technique that Zen had previously practiced would produce arrays of purple light, virtually, the life energy thereof.

Life energy varied with a person's cultivation method.

For instance, the weapon refiner Evil Lan was an expert in producing a lotus-shaped fire, which was a type of life energy.

Zen was intelligent enough to master the essence of Purple Light Fist within the first three days of practicing this technique.

The first page of the book on Heavenly Ogre Fist included an illustration in which an ogre posed in a tricky position.

The ogre's arms were stretched outward, and his legs were bent in a difficult position.

This posture was hard for Zen to mimic.

After trying and failing several times, Zen finally managed to get the position correct. After that, he began to follow the mental cultivation methods illustrated and exercised from inner to outer.

But all his efforts proved futile.

The first time Zen tried, there was no positive result.

The outcome was equally depressing the second time.

The third time....

Zen was quite patient and disciplined with this daily exercise. He knew that he would not be able to master ancient texts overnight.

....

The fiftieth time....

The one-hundredth time.

The two hundredth time.

Over the three days, Zen confined himself to his room and applied himself to the text, only to get nowhere.

Thus, Zen was a bit confused.

Zen was mentally prepared for the abstruseness of the Heavenly Ogre Fist.

The cultivation method from the ogres was new to him.

It required the cultivator to be able to circulate his overall system skillfully.

And it would daunt most cultivators, considering its adverse impact on internal organs.

Luckily, Zen was born with a strong constitution and could easily avoid this problem.

'I followed the cultivation method strictly, only to get nowhere.

Perhaps something is amiss!' Zen concluded.

With this thought in mind, Zen decided to cast aside Heavenly Ogre Fist and concentrated on the tier-four cultivation method.

Spiritual Thorn proved more manageable for Zen to practice than Heavenly Ogre Fist, though the former was quite demanding in terms of soul strength.

The tier-four cultivation method required Zen to divide his soul from his body. In doing so, he would be able to create a long spiritual thorn with the power similar to that of the intent of the Vengeful Beast. Thus, Zen would be able to attack his rival off guard. Such an attack would lead to temporal dizziness for the rival.

The mastery of this martial text would make a difference in a life-and-death battle!

However, the cultivation method had a flaw as well. A spiritual thorn attack would be futile against a master who had a greater soul strength than him.

Zen considered himself to be a master, if not a leading master, at his present level.

It indeed took only three days for Zen to learn how to master dividing his soul from his body as was required by the text.

While Zen had achieved the objective of the cultivation method, separating his soul from his body, he still had a lot to learn when it came to using his life vitality at this initial stage of practice.

The essence of this skill and strength required entry into the nature level to produce the life vitality that could be leveraged to attack a rival.

But dividing his soul from his body, as per the martial text, needed more soul refining rather than level cultivation.

The human soul was so vulnerable that once divided from the body, it could be attacked by evil.

A cultivator with weak soul strength would be in grave danger.

But, Zen was an exception.

Since Zen had learned how to divide his soul from his body, he now began practicing the transformation of his soul into a thorn with which he could stab. This technique was challenging for Zen.

Transforming a soul into a thorn with which to stab a rival, was easier said than done.

Although Zen was able to follow the instructions in the book easily, and he had learned how to turn his soul into a thorn, each time he tried, Zen felt an uneasiness in his heart. Overwhelmed by this feeling, Zen failed to complete the cultivation method.

After spending ten days in his room practicing this cultivation method, Zen found that he hadn't been able to make a breakthrough despite intensive research.

At last, Zen came to realize that he had to conquer the insurmountable.

Well, from hard practice comes virtuosity.

Finally, Zen decided to take a reprieve by looking around Drizzle Peak. He had sequestered himself in his room for so long that Zen felt that a walk would help clear his mind.

Zen's extensive practice since his admission to Drizzle Peak attracted the attention of many outer disciples.

When Zen walked out of his tiny room and came across a mirror, he was stunned to see that his hair was disheveled and that he had grown a full beard.

As Nory passed by, he scrunched his nose and demanded that Zen take a shower.

Drizzle Peak boasted of various living facilities including bathrooms, dining rooms, gardens, and tea lobbies.

After taking a shower, Zen and Nory went to dine together.

The dining room was featured with properly arranged tables and chairs and exquisite decorations worthy of a royal palace.

After they sat down, delicacies were placed on the table in front of them.

It was worthwhile to mention that Dragon Teeth Rice, a tribute from the Eastern Region was available to the privileged of an ordinary clan and to any outer disciple of Cloud Sect. This type of rice was tender, fresh, sweet, and aromatic.

When the two of them were about to enjoy their meal, several people entered the dining hall and headed straight for Zen and Nory.

"This seat is reserved for me. Move aside!" The leader of this group challenged Zen.

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 73 Challenge

Nory inconspicuously pulled Zen's sleeve and whispered, "Let's find somewhere else to sit."

The man seemed to cause trouble deliberately, so Nory thought they'd better leave.

Zen didn't acknowledge the rude disciple's demand. He continued to eat his food quietly.

"I told you to get out of my seat. Did you hear me?" yelled the young man. To emphasize his point, the man slammed his hand on the table made of hard rock maple. When he withdrew his hand, a clear palm mark had been imprinted on the table. This disciple must be very strong!

Zen remained unaffected by the man's angry display. He chose to chew his food and pretend as though he didn't care about what was happening around him.

"Pooh!"

When the man received no response, he spat into Zen's plate and sneered, "Haha! Enjoy your meal!"

Before the rude disciple could finish sneering, Zen had kicked his chair back, stood, grabbed the man by the collar, and clenched his left hand as though ready to punch the guy.

At the moment, Nory held Zen's left arm and blurted, "Hey brother, calm down! You are not allowed to fight here. In accordance with the rules of Cloud Sect, disciples who battle with each other will be penalized with a loss of points. The moment you do not have enough points, you will either be kicked out of Cloud Sect or confined in Hell Mountain!"

Hearing Nory's words, Zen relaxed. Ever since his admission to Drizzle Peak, Zen had been informed of the rules governing Cloud Sect. He knew what Nory was saying was right.

Since Zen did not enjoy a high status in Cloud Sect, he had to obey the rules. Both Sean and Master Su had told him this many times.

The young man was apparently prepared to provoke Zen to make him break the rules. Perhaps he intended to drive Zen out of Cloud Sect.

When Zen understood this, he shelved his temper, loosened his grip, and stared at the young man for a moment before saying, "I don't know who ordered you to look for trouble. But to be honest, I doubt if your intelligence is good enough even to be considered as average. I can't believe you would think of such a stupid idea to aggravate me! Since you want a fight, I'll give you a chance to challenge me. How about that?"

Hearing Zen's words, the young man cracked up, "Haha! It's just what I intended to say. So, let's fight in the battle ring, and don't try to escape like a cowardly chicken!"

Cloud Sect had stipulated that disciples could not fight each other privately, or they would be severely punished.

However, Cloud Sect was a martial arts shrine. People who cultivated martial arts for long periods were usually aggressive. Since Cloud Sect had millions of disciples, conflicts between students were inevitable.

The solution was to go to the battle ring.

Every peak within Cloud Sect had a few battle rings.

"Hey, guys. Just calm down! There's no need to go to the battle ring!" said Sean nervously. He had just entered the dining hall when the face-off between Zen and this rude disciple had started. He had witnessed this fierce scene and rushed over to persuade both men to back down.

"Fuck off, Sean. You are nothing! This is none of your business!" The young man sneered. Then he turned to face Zen and continued, "This guy has agreed to fight a duel with me in the battle ring. It's too late to change what's going to happen now! I can wait three days for the battle. You'd better prepare the ground to bury his corpse!" After saying that he turned and left.

"Zen, why couldn't you just ignore his provocation?" asked Sean anxiously.

Nory came up and explained, "Sean, it's not Zen's fault. It was that guy who came looking for trouble!"

"Even so, you should try to avoid conflict. That guy is Leo Xu. Do you know in terms of strength that guy ranks thirtieth from among tens of thousands of outer disciples in Drizzle Peak? Though he has not arrived at the nature level, he is still half a step into the nature level!" It was no wonder that Sean was so anxious. Zen was merely at the top of the organ refining level, but he had agreed to duel with Leo Xu, a cultivator who was half a step into the nature level. Of course, Sean thought Zen was crazy.

"Half a step into the nature level! Ranking thirtieth! Gosh, what can we do?" Nory was stunned after he heard about Leo's strength ranking. Although Nory knew that Zen was much stronger than an ordinary cultivator at the same level, the strength gap between Zen and Leo was still too big.

Half a step into the nature level? Zen frowned. In the Blooded Test, he, by virtue of his strength, killed a level-5 unreal beast, an ogre whose power was comparable to that of a human at the nature level. However, Zen killed the ogre by coincidence.

The ogre was similar to a human at the nature level only by strength and defense. Moreover, he had neither of the wisdom and skills that a cultivator at the nature level should have. He couldn't even control or use his life vitality.

On the other hand, the flying knife had played an essential role at the critical moment. If he had not used the flying knife, Zen would have failed the Blooded Test.

"In my opinion, we'd better tell Master Su about this matter, and Zen should not go to the battle ring," said Sean, while thinking of Master Su.

The masters in Drizzle Peak didn't behave like cultivation teachers for disciples. For example, Master Su generally did not interfere with the cultivation of her disciples. Every day, the masters issued tasks, organized various activities, maintained order, and distributed rewards.

However, they did not teach disciples how to practice directly.

By contrast, they were more like administrators of Drizzle Peak.

Sean's idea seemed to be a feasible alternative. Maybe it was better to let Master Aura Su deal with the matter.

After silently mulling over the situation for a long time, Zen shook his head and said, "That guy was deliberately looking to cause trouble. I can't avoid it, not to mention I have already agreed to go to the battle ring. If I surrender because of such a small challenge, my cultivation determination will be adversely affected."

The path of cultivation was full of thorns, and every cultivator had to rely on persistence.

Those with great achievements had shown strong persistence levels.

If Zen flinched in the face of this challenge, his persistence and prospects for the cultivation of martial arts would gradually fade.

Moreover, Zen was curious to find out who had incited Leo to come looking for trouble. Zen did not know who the mastermind was.

Billy? Or the Fang Clan? Perhaps it was Chad from the Zhuge Clan? Zen didn't want to guess. No matter who was going to make trouble for him, he would resist.

"Zen, you… Alas!" sighed Sean. He seemed more anxious than Zen!

Many outer disciples who had witnessed the fight between Zen and Leo, now shook their heads and looked at Zen with pity.

They were all amazed that an outer disciple who had recently joined Drizzle Peak dared to challenge Leo in the battle ring. How stupid he was! In the battle ring, even if a disciple was killed, no one was to blame for it!

In general, if there was no big vendetta, two disciples didn't need to fight in the battle ring. Zen might very well die three days later.

However, Zen seemed very calm. He even comforted Sean, "It's all right! Just remember to come to the battle ring to cheer me on!"

Half a step into the nature level…

The situation was a rare opportunity for Zen. During the arduous fight with Evil Lan, Zen persisted and endured until he won. His reward was reaching the organ refining level! However, at that time, Evil Lan was close to his strength limit.

Despite that, Zen had reached the top of the organ refining level and had lit up two dragon scales in the giant furnace in his mind. As far as strength was concerned, he was much stronger than a cultivator at the marrow refining level.

It seemed risky for Zen to accept the challenge of a cultivator who was half a step into the nature level, but Zen still had a chance to fight and perhaps, even win!

Sean was still anxious about the duel.

Zen was only at the organ refining level. Furthermore, he had entered Drizzle Peak only half a month ago. How dare he accept Leo's challenge in the battle ring? Was he a fool?

After Zen and Nory left the dining hall, Sean considered his options for a long while. Finally, he decided to report the matter to Master Su.

Master Su had spoken with Sean privately a few days ago. She had instructed him to inform her whenever there was news about special matters and performance about Zen.

However, Sean didn't expect that Master Su would show no emotion after hearing the news. She just explained that she would watch the duel three days later.

Sean was tempted to ask why Master Su did not think of stopping the duel between Zen and Leo.

Of course, Aura Su would not interrupt the duel! Her grand goal was to produce a super disciple who would be the most powerful disciple in Cloud Sect, for Drizzle Peak!

In fact, Zen was only one of Aura's many candidates. There had been a few inner disciples with great potential in Drizzle Peak. As far as their refining level was concerned, these inner disciples were far beyond Zen. But somehow, Aura had a hunch that sooner or later, Zen would grow in terms of strength. And when that happened, people including Aura would admire or be even awed by Zen.

As for the situation, Aura would not intervene a lot. She believed that only by experiencing the situation of life and death would disciples be inspired to reach their potential.

Thus, even if Leo hadn't come looking for trouble, Aura would have picked a few disciples to make trouble for Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 74 The State Of Completely Forgetting Oneself (Part One)

"Zen was foolish to accept Leo's challenge! If I were him, I wouldn't have accepted Leo's challenge, and I would've kept quiet!"

"Well, he's probably arrogant enough to think he's invincible. You know he just ranked first place in the entrance exam and became an outer disciple. People like him usually end up paying with their blood!"

"That's not what I heard. I heard Zen deliberately approached Leo and challenged him. What a hostile man!"

The fight was the newest and hottest gossip that spread like wildfire through the Drizzle Peak! Zen and Leo were going to fight each other!

Sitting on his bed, Zen, indifferent to the gossip, was meditating to continue practicing the Spiritual Thorn.

His engagement with Leo was days away. Since he accepted the challenge, Zen knew that if he backed out, he would be labeled a coward.

'If I can master the skill of turning my soul into a thorn, according to the Spiritual Thorn, I will have a better chance of prevailing in the battle ring, ' determined Zen silently.

'Turning a soul into a thorn... ' he murmured to himself.

'So then how do I turn my soul into a sharp thorn?'

The soul was a formless disembodiment of a person's perception of himself.

Therefore, people usually unknowingly recreated their soul as their physical form during meditation.

So, Zen's soul appeared as Zen looked in reality.

In this way, unless Zen forgot himself, his soul would remain as he was, and couldn't change into something else, not even a thorn.

'Only through fully forgetting myself will my soul be transformed into another form, ' he reasoned inwardly.

As he reasoned the puzzle out in his mind, the startling thought slammed into him.

"I see! So, the key to mastering this skill is to disregard how I see myself!" he cried excitedly.

'But, how do I achieve that state? To completely abandon how I see myself? How is that even possible?'

Zen's brows were furrowed as he weighed the concept thoroughly.

Then, he shut his eyes, attempting to forget himself.

More than an hour passed and he sensed nothing but waves of weariness.

Zen was frustrated and growing depressed. He was glad to have two top-grade refinement methods, but unfortunately, he didn't seem to have the wit to learn either of them, which was a severe blow to his ego.

Feeling glum, Zen left his room and trudged up the steep trail in the Drizzle Peak.

It was well before five o'clock in the morning, and the sun hadn't risen. There was a complete, utter stillness.

About sixty-five feet down the trail, he came to a sheer cliff that stretched out to form a natural platform for people to enjoy the scenery.

Using the natural features, the expert craftsmen of the Cloud Sect built an elaborate pavilion into the platform.

There was no one in the pavilion at the moment.

Zen strode into the pavilion, gazing out at the view stretching in front of him as far as the eye could see. A sea of unbroken clouds surrounded the rolling peaks in the distance.

The peak closest was the Jeweled Peak which ranked in twenty-first place, while the Azure Peak which was fifth place, was farther away...

These mountains had stood in the universe for thousands or even millions of years. Regardless of how outstandingly gifted the disciples were, for these peaks a disciple's existence was a passing show.

Standing among the majestic peaks, Zen felt as insignificant as a grain of sand in the ocean.

Suddenly, Zen felt his heartstrings being tugged as he looked out at the magnificence of the spectacular mountain range.

Sitting there, Zen closed his eyes and slowly imagined himself shrinking even smaller. First to dust since it was smaller than sand, and then even smaller...

Slowly, Zen felt himself becoming small enough to be ignored, into nothing...

With an internal crash, a huge golden door swung open in Zen's mind.

At this point, Zen found his way to the sphere of nothingness. When people felt gone completely, they were within reach of forgetting themselves!

When Zen opened his eyes, the scene he had been looking at was no longer in view. When he imagined himself as a tree, it was as if he were one, and when he perceived himself as a blade of grass, he was able to become the grass. In short, he sensed that he could turn into anything in the world.

In that fleeting moment, Zen decided to test a theory about his purpose in mastering the skill of turning his soul into a thorn, as described in the refinement method, 'the Spiritual Thorn.' With a brief thought, a sharp, translucent-gray thorn thrust out from the middle of his browline.

Finally! He did it!

He was successful in transforming his soul into a thorn. Because the sharp translucent thorn was manifested by Zen's soul, it was invisible to all but Zen. Therefore, there was no way for others to guard against it absolutely.

For a short time, Zen practiced the Spiritual Thorn moves. The range of his attack using the thorn was only about three feet, which fell short of what he'd read, 'People within three thousand feet are unable to defend themselves against it, ' in the refinement method. Zen had crossed a bridge of sorts by attaining the state of forgetting himself, and now his way would be much easier.

Zen couldn't help smiling proudly. The match coming up in three days had been concerning him, but now he was looking forward to it.

The next three days flew by.

At Drizzle Peak, competing in the battle ring was always a significant affair.

The audience was able to watch the actual battle along with the energy that was seldom experienced during ordinary refinement practices in the ring.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 75 The State Of Completely Forgetting Oneself (Part Two)

Many outer disciples learned more by watching a battle and could take what they saw into their refinement process which allowed them to make breakthroughs of their own.

Plus, with how mundane the daily practices were, a fight for revenge was in itself quite entertaining to watch.

What made it more exciting was the considerable gap in the strengths between the two fighters competing with one at the organ refining level and the other half-step into the nature level!

If Leo, half-step into the nature level, was comparable to a lion, then Zen at the organ refining level was akin to a rat. They were not on the same level at all.

Most people were certain that the competition would be finished fast and that it was a given that the outcome would be an overwhelming victory by Leo.

Leo got to the battle ring early accompanied by his companions.

Today there was also a middle-aged man with Leo.

The clothing the middle-aged man wore denoted he was a servant. He was wearing a gray cloth and a bandanna on his head.

When the outer disciples noticed the pattern with the Eight Diagrams* embroidered on his gray cloth, no one dared to look down upon him.

(*TN: the Eight Diagrams were eight trigrams used to represent the fundamental principles of reality in?the Taoist beliefs, and seen as a range of eight interrelated concepts.)

The emblem belonged to one of the seven top noble clans, the Zhuge family.

The top seven noble clans were the most powerful and influential families in the entire empire. Although the middle-aged man was a servant, no outer disciple at the Cloud Sect could afford to offend him, since he was a servant of the Zhuge family.

"My master said this man must die today, no matter what the cost is," emphasized the servant strongly. There was a condescending expression in his eyes as he glared at Leo. Even though Leo was half-step into the nature level, the servant showed the barest respect to Leo.

A refiner who was half-step into the nature level was more or less a proud man; however, Leo, who was unhappy given the servant's attitude, tried not to show any expression. After all, his future depended on this servant's master. "I know." He nodded and replied with as even a tone as possible. "Don't worry. The intensity of attacks is uncontrolled in the battle ring. The cocky maggot is merely at the organ refining level, and yet, foolishly accepted my challenge! He is doomed to die!"

Satisfied with Leo's response, the servant nodded. "Good! Don't you want to be promoted as an inner disciple? My master promises to assign you to the Blackrock Peak next month and advance you to the level as an inner disciple if you complete this task today!"

Leo was thrilled to hear the news. "Many thanks to your master!" stated Leo giving a short bow as he hastened to express his gratitude.

It was easy for members from noble clans to become inner disciples, but it was difficult for civilians like Leo.

It had been five long years since he joined the Drizzle Peak, and in that time he had come a long way. Now, he was hell-bent on becoming an inner disciple.

Throughout the thirty-three peaks, the treatment the inner disciples received differed vastly from how the outer disciples were treated. Inner disciples received the better elixirs for refining, along with various monthly payments and the places to practice their refining methods.

To be initiated as an inner disciple of a Peak though, a disciple had to stand out from the tens of thousands of other outer disciples. While Leo was powerful and ranked thirtieth of the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak, every time he competed for a spot as an inner disciple, Leo fell short.

After waiting for five long years, someone made Leo an offer to move him to the second-ranked Peak, Blackrock, and even better - Leo would be promoted to an inner disciple, just as his patience ran out, and all he had to do was to kill Zen! It was too good a deal for Leo to pass up.

It was impossible for him to not agree to the deal.

As for Zen, since he only recently entered Drizzle Peak, Leo saw him as a stepping stone to a better future for himself and didn't give a damn about him.

On the verge of realizing his dreams, Leo's face brightened with excitement.

An hour later, Leo's thrill was turning to anxiety, and time was moving too slowly. 'That guy wouldn't back out after agreeing to fight me, would he?' he wondered starting to doubt Zen was going to show.

Because of Zen's tardiness, the other disciples standing around waiting started discussing whether he was going to show or not as well.

Drizzle Peak had quite a few members, and the credibility of each disciple was essential. If Zen were to back out, his credibility would be shot.

"Zen apparently is wussing out! Shame, after all his big talk, he has cold feet. If this is the kind of person he is, Zen definitely has no future!"

"Come on, let's go. There's nothing to see here. We might as well spend our time refining while waiting. I knew our Drizzle Peak had another loser!"

After waiting two hours, most of the spectators had lost patience and were about to leave.

Having to wait so long for Zen, Leo was restless and losing his already short temper.

"Leo, you said Zen was going to fight you today. Why isn't he here then?" demanded the Zhuge family man-servant.

Leo smiled humbly and responded, "Don't worry, Thomas. That guy wouldn't dare back out!"

Thomas Zhu sneered, "Good." His voice dripped sarcastically, "I hope you aren't wasting my time and that you don't fail the master."

"I wouldn't dare do that!" as Leo spoke, he glanced Zen out of the corner of his eye as he strode through the doorway and walked up to the battle.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 76 A Game Of Cat And Mouse (Part One)

Leo was already angry about waiting for so long and strode over to Zen demanding, "Zen, you promised to fight with me in the battle ring today. Why are you late? If you back out of this battle ring challenge, I will let you off, but only if you kneel before me, and call me your superior three times. Then, you will withdraw from the Cloud Sect and hide at home like the coward you are!"

With an innocent look, Zen blinked and casually stated, "Well, I agreed to fight with you in the battle ring today. But, whether it is noon or midnight, today hasn't passed. So tell me, did I promise you an exact time?"

questioned Zen. All Zen's flippant response did enrage Leo further, and he snapped back, "How cunning of you speaking such nonsense. Well, whatever you say now though will be of no use within the battle ring."

"Before we set foot in the battle ring, I have a request to make," stated Zen curtly.

"What's your request? What do you want me to do? I am going to tell you that we are keeping the Cloud Sect rules! The winner doesn't assume any responsibility for the opponent's death or impairment during a fight!" stated Leo bored. Since he planned to take Zen's life, he couldn't make a promise to go easy on him anyway.

Zen shook his head, frowning, and said, "No, opponents are supposed to beat each other mercilessly in the ring; I know the rules quite clearly. I think fights pure and straightforward like that are very boring. I was wondering if we could bet on something, and the winner of the fight will win the bet!"

The request left Leo somewhat shocked. He hadn't thought Zen would ask for such a thing. After the initial surprise wore off, Leo wondered what Zen was up to, and thought the outcome was inevitable. That was, Zen would die in the ring at Leo's hands if and when he got Zen into the ring! Leo decided he would grant Zen's request, if for no other reason than to get this fight underway.

Leo couldn't believe Zen was so bold as to place a bet.

He had no idea where Zen's confidence stemmed from. 'He doesn't think he actually has a chance of winning, does he? Considering the fact that he is at the organ refining level, and I am half-step into the nature level, does he really think he stands a chance of beating me? That's a riot!' Leo deemed.

"Haha, place a bet? Sure, sure, that's a great idea! Tell you what, we'll bet on whatever you choose!" responded Leo chuckling.

"Okay, I'll wager a hundred cubic crystals, and you put up a top-grade mysterious weapon for your stake. My one hundred cubic crystals will be yours if you win, but if you lose, your top-grade mysterious weapon will be mine!" declared Zen grinning happily.

"One hundred cubic crystals?" repeated Leo stunned for a second time by Zen. Being born into an ordinary, low-income family, Leo understood the value of cubic crystals. He wasn't supported by a big and powerful family like others. Although he had put his strength to use, earning numerous points over the years, he had spent them as quickly on useful pills and in honing his refinement skills. In fact, to refine oneself as a warrior took a great deal of money.

A bet of one hundred cubic crystal pieces was nothing to a noble clan disciple, but, for a disciple like Leo, it was a vast sum of money.

Leo would happily place this wager with Zen, but he didn't have a top-grade mysterious weapon to bet with...

"You son of a bitch! You know I don't have a top-grade mysterious weapon! But you want me to put one up to place a bet with you? I think you are trying to get out of our fight!" accused Leo furiously.

There was a look of regret on Zen's face. He sighed as he stated, "If there is no weapon, I don't think there is a reason to fight. It would just be a waste of my energy to battle you. Since you can't bet such a weapon, why should I fight with you?"

"Why - you?!" Leo's face became redder the more enraged he got. "Apparently, you're looking for excuses to back out of our duel. I think you are full of hot air! In fact, I bet you don't even have a hundred cubic crystals!"

As Leo finished accusing, pieces of cubic crystals slipped out of Zen's hands, cascading through his fingers, jingling loudly. Every piece of cubic crystals glittered translucently in the sunlight, sparkling more each time the light hit one.

Cubic crystal was a hard currency. Outer disciples at Drizzle Peak were mostly born into ordinary, humble families. The glittering stack of cubic crystals were approximately one hundred pieces. For the outer disciples present, it represented an enormous amount of money.

"Now, I have shown you numerous cubic crystals, and when you produce a top-grade mysterious weapon, I will step into the battle ring. If you can't do that, then, we won't fight. I honestly don't want to waste my energy," said Zen, as he stood in front of his stack of cubic crystals and laughed.

Gazing at the stack of cubic crystals, Leo suppressed his anger and thought. From his view, a fight in the battle ring should be simple. But, with Zen's dawdling, it was becoming complicated and delayed.

Suddenly, Thomas said in a bored tone, "Leo, just bet a top-grade mysterious weapon like he wants, unless you are afraid you might lose?"

"I would, except, I don't have a top-grade mysterious weapon!" replied Leo glumly.

"Well, you don't have one, but, can't you borrow one? I can't believe no one you know at Drizzle Peak has a top-grade mysterious weapon," reminded Thomas.

"Hey, you're right!" shouted Leo while looking around. At last, his eyes found who he was looking for, over in a corner, and he called out, "Anthony, if memory serves, you have a top-grade mysterious weapon, right?"

Anthony He not only had a top-grade mysterious weapon. He wasn't weak either. He smiled broadly and replied, "Yes, Leo. I do have a top-grade mysterious weapon. So what?"

"Lend it to me for a short time. I'll give it back soon!" stated Leo as though borrowing a mysterious weapon from Anthony He was a piece of cake.

Unexpectedly, Anthony He shook his head responding, "No!"

"What? Are you afraid this guy will beat me?" asked Leo furiously that someone would turn him down.

Anthony shook his head again. "No, I'm sure you won't lose. But, why should I lend it to you?"

"You..." It dawned on Leo what Anthony was hinting at, and he shut up, sighing as he rolled his eyes, and said, "Well, half the cubic crystals will be yours if I beat him, okay? Does that sound good? Now, will you agree to lend me your top-grade mysterious weapon?"

Only after Leo offered half of his winnings did Anthony smile in satisfaction and say, "You should've said that earlier. Here, catch, Leo!"

As he exchanged banter, Anthony took a saber off his waist and tossed it casually at Leo, as though it was anything but a top-grade mysterious weapon.

As the saber flew towards him, Leo reached out and caught it. Deep down, he believed Anthony was the sort who would do anything as long as it benefited him. The double-edged sword made a "shiiiiiing," sound of metal rubbing against the casing as Leo unsheathed it. The three-foot sword was bathed in a purple light. As soon as the sword was unsheathed, Leo said, "Zen, does this meet your requirements? It is a first level, top-grade weapon, known as the Purple Blue Sword."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 77 A Game Of Cat And Mouse (Part Two)

After taking a glimpse at the Purple Blue Sword, Zen nodded. He turned back to Nory and said, "Hold onto the cubic crystals for me." Having finished talking, Zen jumped into the battle ring.

Seeing Zen in the battle ring, Leo was gratified in his heart, but, he didn't show his joy. He feared nothing, except that Zen would give up before the fight started. So, Leo thrust the Purple Blue Sword into Nory and leaped into the battle ring as quickly as possible.

In the ring, Zen stood tall with his hands balled into a fist and resting on his hips. The energy within his body started to flow slowly. In the face of this, Leo, who was cultivating on the half-step into the nature level, thought Zen looked unmindful. But, deep down, Zen was vigilant. Anyone who reached the level Leo was at had a sixth sense about people.

Leo had waited for quite a long time and wished to end this fight with Zen quickly. After he entered the ring, Leo sneered, and streaks of lightning flashed at his feet accompanied by the crackling of thunder, which encircled his entire form in a streak of lightning. He rushed at Zen headlong.

The tactic Leo used was a refinement method known as the Raging Thunder Fist. In developing this skill, the speed and force that the life energy generated were equal to a thunderbolt and relatively amazing to watch.

As Leo raced forward and drew closer, Zen watched him getting bigger to his eyes. When Leo was about six feet away, Zen realized Leo's fist had metamorphosed into an enormous streak of raging lightning and in the blink of an eye, it struck Zen squarely on his head.

Leo was skilled at manipulating the vital life energy of his half-step into the nature level as well as converting that life energy into a thunderbolt. The power of his fist was so mighty that the blow dazed Zen.

Even as Zen saw Leo's fist flying at him, he didn't flinch.

Instead, he tensed his fists. On impact, streaks of purple light sparked over his body. At first, he countered the Raging Thunder Fist with the Purple Fist Strength from the Purple Light Fist.

He wanted to confront Leo head on.

As the audience watched the action, they were amazed, and their mouths fell open.

Having initially thought Zen would scurry off like a frightened mouse as soon as he faced Leo, the spectators were astounded by the events.

After all, the two combatants differed significantly in refinement levels, and if Zen attacked Leo directly, he would lose.

Half of Zen's body would end up a charred, burned mangled mess if their fists met.

"Bam!"

The sound of fists slamming into each other echoed through the room.

Owing to the tremendous force of their fists slamming into each other, Zen stumbled back for four steps before he could steady himself.

Yet, Leo looked rather odd when he was abruptly knocked off balance too, floundering back for seven or eight steps before he was able to right himself slowly.

The strength behind Zen's fist shocked Leo, along with all the outer disciples watching the action.

How could a refiner not know how important it was for him to reach higher levels.

The body refining had five levels and the body strength was enhanced when a higher level was reached.

What these disciples witnessed left them wondering when the organ refining level had become comparable to the half-step into the nature level in strength.

Whether they wanted to believe it or not, it had happened in sight of all of them; Zen's fist was mightier than Leo's.

Like everyone else, there was a grave expression on Zen's face. When they collided just now, the purple light spread along Zen's arms after it came in contact with Leo's Raging Thunder Fist, leading Zen to think his Purple Fist Strength was a little too weak to be given full play.

As expected, the Purple Light Fist wasn't enough for a confrontation with an opponent of this caliber.

Leo's thunder power extended up Zen's arms like two bright snakes intertwining around his arms, snapping at his flesh frantically.

The stench of flesh burning wafted along Zen's arms.

It was shocking to Leo that the might behind Zen's blow was so great. Forcing a grim smile across his face at the sight of Zen's arms scorched black, Leo taunted, "How mighty your power is! But it seems your hand was wounded!"

"Really?" questioned Zen as a flat smile spread. He hadn't lost strength, yet, at the same time, there were numerous streaks of purple light pulsing along his arms. The life energy from flashes of purple light killed the two little snakes that were produced by the thunderbolt.

Watching this, Leo blinked rapidly. Even though Zen was only at the organ refining level, his power was impressive and his body especially unique. Leo knew better than most how difficult countering the thunderbolt of the Raging Thunder Fist was.

Nevertheless, the Raging Thunder Fist hadn't achieved the results Leo expected against Zen.

Perhaps this was somehow associated with Zen's extraordinary gift. If Zen was refining at the half-step into the nature level, Leo would have fled right away. Since Zen was merely at the level of refining organs, Leo thought even as mighty as Zen's power was, he could take him out. That thought sparked a streak of lightning from within Leo's eyes. Instantly, his figure vanished from within the battle ring.

In a flash, Zen writhed sideways, and then Leo descended from above, shooting to the floor with his Raging Thunder Fist swinging wildly at the floor. His fist slammed into the floor, like a bolt of lightning out of the blue, sending a loud booming crackle echoing in ears of all present.

"How fast's he moving...?" Zen's brow furrowed as he asked under his breath. Focused on Leo, he realized too late that his biggest weakness was his slow reaction.

There were five levels for the body refining, of which the marrow refining was the last.

In refining the marrow, all impurities were extracted from the marrow of the entire body, and so it was known as Marrow Washing.

Only after a successful Marrow Washing could changes be made to the body as a whole. When that was completed, the refiner would become much faster and physically stronger. Alongside those changes, hearing and sight would be improved.

Zen recognized the skill Leo was using. Evil Lan had utilized it at one time, and Zen found himself in an unfavorable situation at that time because he couldn't see his opponent, like now.

"Thud, thump, ka-pow!"

came the sound as another Raging Thunder Fist strike slammed into Zen.

This time, Zen dodged a little, resulting in his thighs being firmly seized by a powerful thunderbolt.

Fortunately, Zen was steadfast, and his body strength allowed him to absorb the force of the thunderbolt and didn't cause him any significant harm.

"You aren't able to catch up to me, are you? Let's see how long you can hold out with me attacking like this!" boasted Leo giddy with excitement as he pummeled Zen like a punching bag.

"Bop!"

"Thud!"

"Rap!"

As Leo flew towards Zen with each blow, he yelled savagely.

"You're quite good at dodging, aren't you?"

"How long do you think you can withstand my attacks just by dodging!"

"Come on!"

Within the ring, there was a game of cat and mouse being played. Nonetheless, regardless of how artfully the mouse evaded the cat, it was only a matter of time before the cat caught it.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 78 Reaching The Marrow Refining Level

"Zen is awesome. Since he is only at the organ refining level, it's not easy for him to withstand Leo's fist for so long. Besides, he has been at Drizzle Peak for a short time," claimed a disciple who was standing outside the combat ring.

"Would you like to tell Master Su, Sean? He may be good for Drizzle Peak in the future. At least, we won't be so passive at the annual tournament of the thirty-three peaks. Apparently, Leo wants to kill him. Zen will die if no one stops this fight," said another concerned disciple.

"No need to disturb Master Su. She is watching from over there," another disciple said as he pointed to a distant pavilion.

When the disciples looked in the direction of the pavilion, they saw a beautiful young woman. Even from a distance, it was easy to recognize Master Su of Drizzle Peak.

Although she had not reacted when Sean had first told her about the duel, Master Su had been very concerned about the fight between Zen and Leo.

Master Su had taken great pains to ensure that Zen would join Drizzle Peak. She wouldn't give him up easily.

According to the rules of Cloud Sect, disciples were allowed to resolve personal grudges by competing in the ring. Even if they killed each other, they were not held responsible.

That was what worried Sean.

However, not many people wanted to kill their opponents in the fight.

Grudges were resolved when the opponent was defeated or humiliated. However, Leo seemed determined to kill Zen.

Master Su didn't know for how long Zen would be able to defend against Leo's assault.

She had hoped that Zen had gained sufficient experience through the extreme challenges that he had already faced. After all, she didn't want him to die.

At that moment, she was in a very conflicted mood. Despite how the fight was going, she persuaded herself to calm down and see how Zen would cope with his strong rival.

She gazed at Zen and frowned when she saw that burns covered his body. The skin on his arms, legs, chest, and neck had turned black! Zen looked miserable and embarrassed.

The power of the Raging Thunder Fist was beyond Zen's expectation. While he had been able to mutate most of the pressure into warm currents that would rejuvenate his body, yet a portion of the thunder and lightning had hurt him a lot.

At present, Zen was afraid that his body would fall apart under Leo's continuous fists.

The Spiritual Thorn cultivation method that he had previously practiced couldn't take effect because Zen kept failing to catch Leo's figure as Leo moved as fast as lightning.

Wham! Again, a heavy punch hit Zen in the chest.

Carrying the astounding power of thunder and lightning, Leo's fist gnawed every inch of Zen's body.

There were black stripes appearing on his skin and the scorched smell of roast meat emanating in the air.

Finally, unable to bear his internal injuries, Zen spat out a mouthful of blood.

Watching Zen with a sneering expression, Leo said, "I thought you were immortal. But, look at you now. Oh, poor kid!"

"What are you babbling about? Just bring it on," gasped Zen as he got up from the ground despite the pain. "Well, well. I'm not going to let you live to see tomorrow," stated Leo as he rubbed his hands impatiently.

Several flashes of lightning flickering in his hands, obviously he decided to end this game of cat and mouse at once.

At the same time, Zen felt something strange happening in his body. The warm currents generated by the external forces were changing their flow direction.

The warm currents had been washing his organs, but now they seemed to be pouring into his bones.

'Are the warm currents cleansing my marrow?

What's going on?

Isn't it the symptom of marrow refining?

Am I already at marrow refining level?' Zen was totally confused.

Streaks of green impurities leaked out of his burned skin.

Those were contaminants in his marrow, the most obstinate, deeply hidden impurities in the human body.

And one could only clean them at the marrow refining level.

A refreshing coolness spread rapidly from Zen's tail bone to his lumbar and then upward to his neck. Then it spread into his eyes, ears, brain... every part of his body.

He couldn't help closing his eyes to enjoy this marvelous feeling.

At this peculiar sight, Leo paused. He squinted as he wondered why Zen was behaving like this. 'What the hell is he doing? Does he plan to fight me with his eyes closed?'

Before Leo could figure it out, Zen opened his eyes. A smile grew on his face when Zen realized that his eyes were brighter than ever.

He felt as though a new world had unfolded! Everything seemed clearer and magnified.

He could see the veins in each tree leaf clearly and could also hear the distant whispers.

It was absolutely impressive!

Be it his eyesight, hearing or smelling, all his senses were greatly promoted.

"Don't be so mysterious! Do you intend to confuse me?" Leo smiled coldly and said before he pounced at Zen again.

Zen could easily see Leo's swift movement now. Leo had been circling Zen at high speed trying to confuse him. Then Leo attacked from the side all of a sudden.

To counter the attack, Zen swiftly turned and grabbed Leo's arm firmly. A strong power burst out of his body as the two dragon scales in his mind radiated green light. Now that he was a marrow refiner, it was not difficult for Zen to block Leo's blow.

By the time Leo was aware of the danger, Zen had locked his body tightly. Then following a heavy suplex, Leo was thrown to the ground. A loud thump echoed through the combat ring.

The onlookers screamed in awe.

The combat rings in Cloud Sect were made of hard iron to prevent being damaged by fighting disciples.

However, Zen had tossed Leo with such force that a hollow appeared on the iron floor. Leo lay in the center of the hollow, motionless.

Everyone watching the battle was astonished at how quickly the situation had turned. They had never imagined that after all his injuries Zen would be able to defeat Leo. Nory and Sean both breathed a long sigh of relief.

Zen gasped in air and looked at Leo, who was still motionless.

'What a close call!' Zen thought, still in shock. He had underestimated the skills of a refiner who was half-step into the nature level.

If he had not broken through at the critical moment, he would have been in grave danger.

Just when everyone thought the fight was over, a thunderbolt shot out from Leo and pierced the sky.

To everyone's surprise, Leo managed to get up from the pit. His expression was grim, and his hair stood on end. Thousands of bolts of snakelike lightning entwined on his body. The crowd gasped as Leo looked like the God of thunder.

"Good for you. I never expected to be defeated by a junior who is only at the organ refining level. So, I reluctantly decide to use my Raging Holy Thunder." Clearly, Leo had pushed his life energy to the extreme. Many flashes accompanied his every movement.

"Raging Holy Thunder!" shouted Leo with pride.

"I don't yet know he has successfully practiced Raging Holy Thunder," someone in the audience said. The other onlookers began whispering when they heard the comment.

"Raging Holy Thunder is indeed powerful, but it comes at the expense of a cultivator's life energy."

"Fabulous! The Raging Holy Thunder will help reinforce Leo's strength to the level of nature refining. Zen did a good job, but he is just at the organ refining level. He's screwed today."

Hearing the crowd talking like that Nory became nervous. He clenched his hands and began pacing. Zen was now at the marrow refining level, so he could hear the remarks of the crowd.

He was frightened by what he had heard. Raging Holy Thunder was harder to deal with.

"Zen, I will tear you to pieces." Carrying thunder and lightning, Leo rushed toward Zen.

'Just so so? The Raging Holy Thunder greatly strengthened his vital life energy. But his speed has not improved essentially, ' thought Zen. Zen kept his eyes on Leo. He knew there would be new challenges and Zen wanted to observe Leo closely.

Although Leo's Raging Holy Thunder was formidable, Zen wasn't flustered at all.

Because he still had a special cultivation method that hadn't been used. All he needed to do was calm down and concentrate.

"Spiritual Thorn!" shouted Zen.

Just before Leo approached Zen, a sharp thorn condensed from soul shot out of the middle of Zen's brows and stabbed Leo's head instantly.

Leo had hoped to quickly kill Zen with the help of the Raging Holy Thunder. Because the Raging Holy Thunder came at the expense of his life energy. It was powerful but it couldn't last long.

He was shocked by Zen's invisible attack.

A fierce twinge reached into Leo's soul. He couldn't help screaming. Then he stumbled and fell.

"Fantastic!"

Before, Zen thought he had only got a smattering knowledge of the Spiritual Thorn. Hence, he didn't expect his attack to be so effective. The result of the attack on Leo's soul pleased Zen.

"What did you do to me?" Leo stood up weakly. His body swayed with the effort to stand. He was in great pain, as though a long needle had punctured his head.

Zen didn't answer. He stood in his spot and vigilantly watched Leo.

After the severe headache slowly dissipated, Leo looked at Zen with awe. He didn't want to suffer from that kind of pain again, but he had to kill Zen today.

Leo gritted his teeth and decided to use the Raging Holy Thunder once again.

Seeing Leo rushing toward him, Zen prepared to reuse his Spiritual Thorn.

Just like the last time, a grey, sharp thorn silently stabbed Leo's brain.

"Bang!" Leo fell after the attack. He rolled on the floor with his head in his arms.

This time, Zen decided not to give Leo any chance to resist. A purple light enveloped his body. Then Zen kicked Leo with all his power.

Leo was thrown out of the ring, like a heavy sandbag.

He never got up again.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 79 Stay Calm (Part One)

The lightning released from?Leo gradually dissipated, and his life energy faded away. At the same time, the changes to Leo's body were clearly visible.

His skin had wrinkled, and his hair had turned grey. Leo, who was in his twenties, looked like an older man, aged thirty or forty.

The Raging Holy Thunder was extremely powerful and overbearing, and its terrible power would turn against the cultivator. Zen was astonished when he saw the changes on Leo.

The audience around the battle ring stared at Zen with a fearful expression. To them, it seemed as if he were a horrid, cruel man.

This man had been a member of Drizzle Peak?for less than a month. He defeated Leo, who was ranked 30th among the outer disciples. The incredible fight and Leo's ultimate defeat had happened in front of them.

What was more shocking was that Zen was only at the organ refining level.

In time, once he entered the marrow refining level, or perhaps he took a half step into the nature level, wouldn't he be able to challenge a master at the nature level? Zen's power was unbelievable!

Although no one spoke, they were all in awe of what Zen had accomplished.

Regardless of whether this assumption was true or not, Zen's strength was far superior to any other disciple at the same level. It was an established fact. No one could deny that.

Seeing that Leo had been defeated, and having borne witness to what had happened to Leo, Anthony He was furious. He felt restless, as though he needed to do something. He suddenly stretched out his right hand and roared at Nory with a crisp, authoritative tone, "Return the Purple Blue Sword to me!"

Not long ago, they gambled for the fight, that the winner could take the bet. Then Anthony gave his Purple Blue Sword, which was a top grade mysterious weapon, as a bet to Nory. And also Zen handed his bet, hundreds of cubic crystals, to Nory. At that time, Anthony was certain that Leo would not lose. So, he lent the Purple Blue Sword to Leo without any hesitation.

After all, the risk in this gamble was minimal. Anthony knew of Leo's skills, and he figured this battle would be an easy win for Leo. Of course, he would be happy to see that his Purple Blue Sword would bring him fifty pieces of cubic crystals after Leo won this battle. It seemed like a very safe bet at that time. He would have been a fool not to bet against Zen.

The result, however, was unexpected. Anthony was dumbfounded at Zen's victory.

The risk Anthony had taken blew up in his face. However, Anthony was too angry to care about any other things. He needed to get the Purple Blue Sword back. The sword belonged to him and he would not see it go to another person!

Anthony's gaze was fixed on the Purple Blue Sword and Nory. Nory was a little nervous. He took two steps back in surprise, but he did not retreat. Then, he said stiffly, "Isn't the sword part of the bet? You've made a bet with your sword. Now that Leo has lost, the top grade mysterious weapon belongs to Zen."

"This is my weapon. I just lent it to Leo. I don't care if Zen won or lost! You want a mysterious weapon, then ask Leo!" A top grade mysterious weapon was a precious object for outer disciples. Reasoning did not seem to work with Anthony. His only thought was to get his weapon back.

Zen suddenly stepped forward and grabbed the sword. Then he turned to Anthony and said, "This is what I won from Leo. If you want it back, I suggest you ask Leo!"

"No. The Purple Blue Sword is..." Anthony began countering Zen's argument. However, he got anxious and couldn't finish.

Zen stared at Anthony with cold eyes and said, "Well, If you don't accept your loss, I shall have to use force!"

Zen's words shut Anthony up.

Anthony was also talented. He ranked 35th among the outer disciples.

However, Leo, who was ranked in the 30th place, had been defeated by Zen. How could Anthony afford to compete with Zen? Did he have a chance to win?

No, he didn't. Anthony could only stay quiet at Zen's threat. However, he couldn't let go of his sword. It seemed that he could only vent his anger at Leo.

Thomas Zhu, who had been watching the battle, shook his head when he saw that Leo had been defeated. He whispered, "Crap," and then turned away.

Before he stepped away, a sword plunged into the ground in front of Thomas. The?Purple Blue Sword swayed in front of Thomas, blocking his way.

"Was it you who incited Leo to challenge me?" asked Zen as he strolled toward Thomas. He placed himself in front of Thomas and stared coldly at him.

Thomas chuckled, "So what? What are you going to do? I am from the Zhuge Clan. Can anyone here afford to offend the Zhuge family? My master sentenced you to death. And so, you should die. I am here to make sure you die quickly. I suggest you write your last words and prepare for the funeral before it's too late!"

"Zhuge Clan? Who are you in the Zhuge family?" Zen ignored Thomas' outburst and asked.

"Me?" The fat on Thomas' face shook, and his smile grew even more confident. "It doesn't hurt to tell you. I am a close servant of the third son of the Zhuge Clan."

"The third son of the Zhuge Clan? The third son of the Zhuge Clan is involved in this matter?"

"When did Zen provoke the Zhuge family? The third son is a madman!" Someone in the crowd said. Then, the others started to talk about it.

Apparently, many people present had heard about the notorious third son.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 80 Stay Calm (Part Two)

Formerly known as Fren, the third son in the Zhuge family had been nicknamed as 'Fren the loony'.

Fren's ruthless and tyrannical behavior had earned him this nickname. He was always furious and presumptuous. And so everyone started to call him 'Fren the loony'.

"Oh?" The expression in Zen's eyes changed, and his face became more serious as he remarked, "Fren's servant. What great fame for you! Good prestige! How dare you instigate internal battles in Drizzle Peak?"

As with any other peaks, Drizzle Peak saw its share of in-fighting. But these struggles were internal affairs.

Now that another peak had stepped into Drizzle Peak's internal affairs, all disciples would unite. In fact, the?other thirty-two peaks at Cloud Sect were like this, too. Everyone fought behind closed doors. But once they got involved in a fight outside, they united against their common enemy. Unparalleled and consistent.

Thomas had instigated Leo to attack Zen. This interference was taboo and a violation of laws. This was not allowed to happen here!

Therefore, Zen's observation drew the hostility of Drizzle Peak's disciples. Thomas was hurled into the spotlight.

An unfriendly expression grew on the faces of the spectators.

Once the thought clicked in everyone's mind, they all banded together against Thomas. Even though Drizzle Peak was ranked the last among the other peaks, the disciples still felt a strong sense of loyalty toward their Peak and peers.

Fren was powerful, and the Zhuge family was certainly a giant among the noble clans.

Did the power of the Zhuge family mean that the disciples of Drizzle Peak could be bullied? What angered the spectators even more was that Thomas was only a slave to Fren! He was not even a disciple at Cloud Sect.

Thomas was very calm. To him, these outer disciples were a group of rabble. He was confident that when they heard Fren's name, they would be scared and they would kneel before him. He sneered, "I am arrogant. So what? I did it. I instigated Leo to pick a fight. What can you do?"

"What can I do?" Zen turned and sought Sean from among the crowd. Then he asked aloud, "Sean, will I be held responsible for teaching him a lesson?"

Sean walked out of the crowd and took a look at Thomas. Then he said, "This person is only a slave to the Zhuge family. He is not a disciple of Cloud Sect. He provoked us to attack each other in Drizzle Peak. Of course, we must teach him a lesson. Even the masters will support us!"

"Well, good!" A smile spread on Zen's face as Sean finished. Zen walked toward Thomas slowly.

"You, stop there... what are you going to do?" Realizing the danger from Zen, Thomas took a few steps back and shouted in a high, thin voice, "I am Fren's servant. If you dare to touch me, my master will take you, will take you...."

Before Thomas could finish, Zen reached out as quick as a lightning bolt, twisted his thick neck, and pressed his neck on the blade of the Purple Blue Sword. Then, Zen put a foot on his back and said in an even tone, "Finish that sentence! I dare you. If I touch you, what will your master do to me?"

The sharp blade of?the Purple Blue Sword?was pressed?on Thomas' neck. If Zen pushed even a little bit forward, Thomas would be decapitated.

Thomas' face flushed. His eyes were fixed on the sharp sword. Screaming like a pig being killed echoed through the battle ring. His lips trembled so much that he couldn't say a word. Soon the smell of urine permeated the air. Thomas had peed himself.

At this time, an?outer disciple stepped forward. He reached out and held the Purple Blue Sword's blade with two fingers.

"Zen, this person serves Fren. If you kill him, I'm afraid your actions will be difficult to explain to Fren. You can't afford to offend the Zhuge family. Why not let him go? I believe that Fren will also let this issue pass," the outer disciple rationalized. He was dark-skinned, not tall but stocky.

Zen did not intend to kill Thomas. But he was angry that an outsider would come to Drizzle Peak and incite a fight between him and Leo. Moreover, after Leo's defeat, Thomas was still arrogant and superior. Although Zen would not kill him, he did want to teach him a lesson.

But when the outer disciple stepped out and suggested that Zen acknowledge the power and influence of the Zhuge family, the situation changed. Zen began considering killing Thomas.

"Why should I care if my actions are easy?or hard to explain to Fren? I'm not his servant." Zen stared at the outer disciple and asked in a cold voice. While it seemed as though the outer disciple was giving valuable advice to Zen's advantage, he was, in fact, pressuring Zen to bow to the Zhuge family. Zen could see that he was trying to help the Zhuge family. Zen hated it when people tried to curry favor with noble clans.

Before the outer disciple could answer Zen, Thomas, who was still at Zen's mercy screamed, "Liam, don't stand on ceremony with him. Help me kill him. Kill Zen and my master will reward you!"

Liam Cao was ranked 15th among the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak. Though he was just half-step into the nature level, Liam was stronger than Leo. Regardless of his power, Liam could not mingle with children from noble clans like Fren easily because of his background. However, Liam Cao had maintained good relationships with clansmen from the offshoot branches of the Zhuge family.

The purpose of Liam's intervention on Thomas' behalf was to earn favor with Fren. If things went according to plan, this would be a good opportunity for him to be connected with Fren.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 81 Stay Calm (Part Three)

"Zen, I respect you for being a newcomer. You are talented. You defeated Leo, which I admire. So I gave you advice that was well-intentioned. I have shown you the right way to deal with this matter. Don't make things worse." Seeing that his words hadn't changed Zen's mind, Liam's tone suddenly hardened. He never thought that Zen would be so proud and unreasonable.

"Oh, really? What is the right way? What will make things worse? I don't like nonsense. If you don't agree with me, then face me in the battle ring," Zen retorted.

"Settling disputes in the battle ring is not the only way to solve a problem. I suggest that both of you compromise. Then the situation will not escalate," another disciple interjected. Zen turned to the disciple who had just spoken only to find a man with a big, fat face smiling at him.

"Wurth, are you here to poke your nose into my business?" Liam's expression showed the agitation he felt when he saw Wurth.

The fat man, Wurth Zhang, was ranked 7th among the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak. From among the ten thousand outer disciples, he was definitely a top master. As a grin spread across Wurth's face, two front teeth were revealed. "Well, your business? I don't accept what you just said. Liam, I know that you have a good relationship with the Zhuge family, but you should not support this servant. The slave is spoiled and defiant. He is proud of being?a slave of the Zhuge family. His behavior is superior and supercilious. He seems to forget that he is just a slave. Even a slave to the Emperor's family is still a slave! He shouldn't feel superior to other people. In my opinion, killing him is too harsh. But we should not let him go easily either. How about this. Zen, you can teach him a lesson with your fist! It is better that both of you make some concessions on this matter!"

Wurth Zhang had made an interesting point. A faint smile grew on Zen's face. Although Wurth seemed to be fair and unselfish, anybody could see that he was feigning fairness. He was actually helping Zen. Most people understood that Zen would not kill Thomas. But they knew that Zen was angry and that he had a temper. They also knew that he needed to maintain his power and prestige.

As a result of Wurth's explanation, Zen now had the opportunity to?hit Thomas, even though it sounded like both sides had reached a compromise.

Liam clenched his teeth and then stepped away.

Liam was already somewhat jealous and fearful of the strength that Zen? had shown to all. And now Wurth was officious. Liam was unable to protect Thomas.

"Zen, now you can teach Thomas a lesson," ?said Wurth. A sly smile grew on Wurth's face as he stressed on the word 'lesson'.

Zen nodded and seized the back of Thomas' neck. At that moment, Thomas' eyes flashed red. "Zen, if you beat me to death, my master will destroy you and your family, and grind your bones to dust!"

Zen shook his head calmly. He was so tired of these hollow threats. Couldn't they think of something new to threaten him with? He flipped his palms and slapped Thomas. Then he landed a mighty blow on Thomas' chest. Thomas suddenly flew back and rolled on the ground.

Seeing this, everyone was surprised. They felt the punishment inflicted on Thomas was too mild. Zen should beat him harder.

Thomas got up from the ground. Instead of showing the convergence necessary, he kept threatening Zen. He didn't seem injured. To the crowd's surprise, just as he stood up straight, a dull explosion sounded from within his body.

"Puff, pu-ff..."

Four holes sprayed blood from his hands and feet. Thomas screamed and fell to the floor.

"What a good blow!"

"Well done, Zen. This idiot deserved that. He dared to cause trouble in Drizzle Peak. Just see how his life ends!"

From among the spectators, several people looked at Zen and cheered him with words of praise. But most were silent. They didn't echo the sentiment of the cheering people. They knew that this matter would not come to a good end. Fren was not known to be kind and reasonable. On the other hand, Zen was not from a noble clan. He was helpless. He had no one, and no clan would protect him. They believed that he wouldn't stay in Drizzle Peak for long...

"You just entered Cloud Sect, and you've already offended the Zhuge family. Aren't you afraid?" Wurth asked, with a smile.

Zen smiled. He was not afraid of anything. He turned to Wurth and said, "I have offended many powerful and talented people. It's awful, but I have been used to it. That's a waste of time wondering about this. I have a long way to go."

"Good point! You got a heroic spirit! Courage is?the most essential trait of a hero. How about we have a drink to celebrate?" Wurth suggested.

Zen did not say much. He grabbed Nory and Sean and then followed Wurth. Along the way, they joked and chatted freely with each other, as if they were old friends.

Standing in a small building not far away, Master Su breathed a sigh of relief. She had been anxious about the fight and the tense situation down there. Zen was indeed not easily defeated. She always knew that he was not what he seemed. Not only did he beat Leo, but he had also offended the Zhuge family, a powerful noble clan.

This was beneficial for him. Master Su believed that a person only made rapid progress when under extreme pressure.

The Zhuge family would retaliate now.

Master Su's eyes blinked as she dwelled on that thought for a moment. 'I need to stand up for him. Lady Autumn from Zhuge family owes me a favor!' Master Su now had a plan!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 82 The Cold Hard Fact

Wurth Zhang was ranked seventh of the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak. His experience and influence earned respect and high regard of Nory, Sean, and Zen.

As the four shared the wine, the spirit turned jovial and mellow. Nory and Sean chatted with the self-effacing predecessor, Wurth.

"I watched your display of marrow refinement skills in the battle ring, Zen," said Wurth, as he tipped his cup back and drained the wine.

Zen glanced at Wurth and answered, "Wurth, you are quite discerning!"

"What? Zen, you have refined your marrow!" exclaimed Nory, unable to contain himself.

Nodding, Zen related, "I probably would've lost to Leo if I hadn't reached the marrow refining level at the right time."

Shaking his head, Wurth complimented, "The way I see it, Zen, you will be our mainstay so long as you perfect the skills your talent warrants."

"Wurth, you're exaggerating! I'm nothing more than a novice compared to the masters at our peak!" Zen commented, maintaining a degree of decorum.

"Zen, aren't you being too modest? Have you heard the legend of Lady Peak?" asked Wurth as he looked around with an air of mystery.

"Lady Peak is ranked seventeenth among the Peaks at the Cloud Sect and consists of only women disciples." Because of the wine, Sean was loosening up, becoming more talkative but remaining sober, thanks to his refining level. Despite the overindulgence, the four present were far from a drunken stupor, and the ambiance remained light and festive.

Smiling, Wurth went on, "Lady Peak is seventeenth ranked Peak this year but, is second to Skytop Peak in the previous years!"

Sean had been at the Cloud Sect a year longer than Zen and Nory. He was also less informed on and blurted, "What? A peak with female disciples ranking higher than men? In my humble opinion, they couldn't overshadow us!"

In Sean's mind, men no doubt prevailed over women in the development of martial arts skills.

"Sean, there's something you don't know, and that is, it was a female disciple who contributed to Lady Peak's ranking and influence....." explained Wurth smiling.

"And with her endowments, she supposedly overshadowed the rest of the Peaks except Skytop Peak?" added Zen.

"Bravo!"

bellowed Wurth as he applauded before elaborating, "You hit the nail on the head there, Zen! She has an unearthly beauty and is extremely endowed, rising to fame in the two years after her admission to the Cloud Sect. So don't be modest. I believe in you. You can strive to accomplish as much as her, Zen. Unfortunately for her, she was framed and is suffering within the bowels of Hell Mountain now....."

"What's her name?" asked Nory, curious to learn the female disciple's name after hearing Wurth's engaging account.

"Her surname is Luo, the same as Zen. Her given name though is Yan," added Wurth grinning.

"Crunch!"

Seething with resentment, Zen noticed he was crushing his celadon wine glass until the liquid was streaming down his hand.

His three companions looked at Zen in shock.

"What's wrong, Zen?" asked Nory, thinking a moment, he then continued, "Do you know Yan?"

The others suspected there was a connection between Zen and Yan, but Wurth was the only one to ask Zen if Yan was his younger sister.

It was the first time Zen heard news of Yan since entering the Cloud Sect.

When Zen had spoken to Sean another time, he asked about Hell Mountain, but not about Yan.

Yan was always Zen's biggest worry, and he was stirred up at Wurth's reference to his poor younger sister.

Ignoring Wurth's question, Zen stared at him and asked why Yan was in exile in Hell Mountain.

Seeing the look of concern on Zen's face, Wurth took a serious tone, "There was a rumor that aside from her talent and beauty, Yan holds peculiar lineage. She was pursued by the Cloud Sect playboys, in particular by one named Fancy who is ranked seven hundredth on the Cloud Sect Chart."

"The Cloud Sect Chart?" repeated Zen. Since he never heard of it, Zen urged Wurth to elaborate.

"I got surprised! No one told you about the Cloud Sect Chart, Zen?" Wurth questioned in surprise.

Cutting in, Sean added his explanation, "The Cloud Sect Chart is a ranking list of the one thousand top disciples!"

"Okay, it makes sense," Zen said nodding, 'This fellow, Fancy, must be excellent to hold the seven-hundredth rank in the Chart!' thought Zen. Then, eager to find out more of what happened, he stated, "Wurth, don't let me interrupt, please, continue!"

Wurth continued weaving the tale, "As far as I am concerned, Yan was provoked, and castrated Fancy, which had the Yun Clan, one of the top seven noble clans in an uproar. The Yun leader has only two sons and he asked the Cloud Sect to deal with the incident. The leader at Lady Peak, in deference to Yun leader, had no choice but to exile Yan to Hell Mountain. Actually, it was more like a last resort to save Yan's life!"

Hearing about the ill-treatment his younger sister received made Zen furious beyond measure, and he instinctively dug his fingers into the table.

As they watched Zen's reaction, his three buddies understood Zen's indignation.

At that moment though, Zen was losing the composure he managed to hold earlier leading to his victory against Leo.

But then Zen always was too quick to react when it involved his sister, Yan.

The Yun Clan.....

Now that Zen heard the name, the three words were burned into his mind.

Among the top seven noble clans, the Yun Clan, was the third uppermost clan in the imperial capital.

After mulling over what he learned, Zen thought, most likely, this guy, Fancy took liberties with Yan, driving her to act out of desperation, based on the sparse details Wurth gave.

'I am bound to utilize my consummate skills to exterminate the Yun Clan avenging my younger sister!' vowed Zen silently.

"Hey! Zen, are you alright?" asked Nory, genuinely concerned for Zen, and worried Zen might doom himself by acting as desperately as Yan once had.

Zen pushed the thoughts about his sister's plight away for now, and forced a smile. "Yes, I'm okay. Everything's fine, and it's nothing serious....." "But, how am I going to rescue Yan from within the Hell Mountain?" wondered Zen aloud, intent on saving his younger sister.

Wurth went on, "Chair Xue, an inner disciple here at the Sect, was sentenced to four years in the Hell Mountain, but received a reprieve after he paid a fine of four thousand points."

'If I spend a thousand points, they'll shave a year off Yan's suffering!' Zen was determined about that.

As he thought about the prospect of being able to help lessen his sister's sentence, Zen's face lit up, and now more hopeful, Zen asked, "How long was Yan sentenced to?"

Knowing he had to be truthful, Wurth inhaled deeply, and as he sighed, he said solemnly, "She was sentenced to serve one thousand years."

The words swirled in Zen's brain, and he deliberated, 'How could they do this to Yan? A thousand years in the Hell Mountain? Wow, one thousand years hinders my plans!' As he weighed his options, Zen started feeling overwhelmed by a growing sense of hopelessness.

Cold, hard fact was that Zen would need over a million points to free his sister, Yan, from her purgatory in the Hell Mountain.

Such a punishment was too grave for a young girl like Yan to be given. The Cloud Sect was condemning her to live out the remainder of her life there!

Subsequently, as Zen's thoughts lingered on Yan, his hatred toward the Cloud Sect grew.

Sensing that Zen was seething over his sister's plight, and seeing the anger spark in Zen's eye at what the management did, Wurth immediately tried to appease him by stating, "The top seven noble clans bind the Cloud Sect, and important matters are at the discretion of the privileged. Still, Yan's case evoked sympathy, especially in the two masters from Lady Peak. They worked tirelessly and vigorously appealing her case, and in the end, it cost them, and they were forced to resign."

At Wurth's words, Zen expressed that it angered him when anyone perpetrated evil and thanked his friend, Wurth for the reminder.

With the light tone of the night gone, and the hour growing late, the dinner party ended and the four dispersed.

To let off the steam of his pent up frustrations, Zen headed straight to the exercise room.

'I'm too weak to rescue Yan, for the time being, at least!' reflected Zen, dwelling on his inability to save his younger sister.

Getting into the Cloud Sect was just one small step in Zen's plans to save Yan.

It was Wurth's reminder that made Zen realize he had horrible enemies to confront, and they could effortlessly smash him like an ant!

"Crumble!"

"Crush!"

"Crash!"

All that remained of the statues of human figures and dumbbells were rumble blanketing the floor and dust covering his hands, reducing the exercise room to a ruin.

After working out for a few hours, Zen left the exercise room feeling reenergized and much calmer after venting his anger through the intense, violent session.

Early the next morning, Zen climbed Drizzle Peak's ridge to where the masters lived.

To get assigned to restricted tasks he wanted, Zen was told he needed to speak to the masters.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 83 An Angry Master Su (Part One)

The sound of a pen 'skritching' across the paper in a hurry, was all that could be heard in Master Su's room.

Sitting at her desk writing, Master Su didn't look as tired as she felt; instead, she looked as beautiful as an ethereal and delicate as a fairy in her rich purple gown adorned with embroidered clouds.

Glancing at the pile of work stacked on her desk, Aura Su clenched her jaw, rolling her eyes in disdain.

With several of Drizzle Peak's masters off today, she was left to handle it all herself.

Master Su was well aware that the work was left to her on purpose. Did they really think she would surrender just because of the heavy workload? Never!

While Master Su was engrossed in the task at hand, Zen appeared in the doorway and saw the purple figure bent over the desk. He knocked on the door.

"Rap, rap, rap,"

the sound startled Master Su, and her head shot up. Zen's appearance was unexpected and she was caught off guard. Her face took on an unnatural hue briefly, and she quickly recovered and asked, "Hello Zen, what can I do for you?"

Stepping into the room, Zen replied, "Hello Master Su, I am here to claim some assignments."

"Assignments?" asked Master Su as she blinked. She smiled as she looked up at him. "Actually, you don't need to be so eager. The outer disciples will soon be given some pills, and that should be plenty for you to use to refine yourself."

Ordinarily, there was no rush for a new outer disciple recruit to do a task.

Since the outer disciples' strength was relatively low right now, even if they accepted a task, it would only be simple ones they would be able to manage.

Because the points for these simple tasks were relatively small, and the loss outweighed the rewards, it was better to train at Drizzle Peak.

Shaking his head in disagreement, Zen said, "I don't want pills, what I need are points."

Since he had a body as strong as a mysterious weapon, Zen ignored the conventional pills. He knew the Cloud Sect was rich, after all, even the pills that the outer disciples received were much better quality than the ones other families had.

But, regardless of how good the pills were, they weren't better than the Magical Pill. When Zen was being beaten, it was as if he was taking a Magical Pill. So, naturally, he didn't need any pills.

"What's the rush to obtain points?" asked Master Su.

"I just need the points," asserted Zen, thinking about how his need went far beyond 'a rush to get them, ' as Master Su said. He needed a million points!

Naturally acquiring that many points would take a reasonably long time, and at this stage, he was still working at getting his first hundred points. In his current situation, he lacked the resources and force to rescue Yan from Hell Mountain, but perhaps, he could visit her, right?

Seeing how stubborn Zen was, Master Su remained silent. Reaching out, she opened a pamphlet that was lying next to her and handed it to Zen. Then, in a crisp tone, she said, "This pamphlet contains the most elementary tasks, choose one of them."

Examining the booklet closely, Zen discovered that the tasks were all handwritten.

"Serve the Li family in the Imperial Capital by taking care of the house. Three days, three points..."

"Serve as a bodyguard to help the Howe Escort Agency in transporting cargo. Seven days, seven points..."

"..."

Seeing the point amounts took Zen's breath away.

The rewards for each task was too small, and at one point a day, it would take well over three months to accumulate a hundred points to perform these tasks.

At this rate, it would take a million days for Zen to earn enough points to rescue his sister, Yan performing tasks like these.

"What? Not enough points being offered for you? At first, you might think that, but you get used to it after a while," commented Master Su smiling brilliantly.

Although her smile appeared sweet, Zen saw the shrewd look of a businessman behind her eyes.

The fact of the matter was that the number of points wasn't too small, considering that three points could be converted to six cubic crystals, which was a tremendous sum of money to some families. What was more, since the Cloud Sect received a portion for expenses, they actually spent more money on these tasks.

"Are there any tasks that offer more points?" inquired Zen.

"Yes, there are. but unfortunately, you can't accept them," remarked Master Su while waving her hand dismissively.

All Zen had on his mind was how many points there were. He didn't care whether or not he was able to accept them. Hurriedly, Zen asked, "How do you know that, if I haven't tried? Can I at least look at them?"

While the request was unorthodox and even unreasonable, Master Su produced a second pamphlet, placing it in front of him.

Not bothering to check out what each task was, Zen looked at the row of points, and saw that the first task offered two hundred points!

Glancing over to what was required, Zen's first reaction was shock.

"The assignment is to hunt a shadow beast, skin it, and bring back the whole hide intact"

In the eastern part of the Eastern Region, shadow beasts were a unique species that lived in the Shadow Forest. Since the species was less fertile, they were rare. But, the strength of a single beast was so fierce, that it was rumored if someone at the nature refining level hunted one of these creatures, they would find it almost impossible to make it back alive...

Skimming the next task, Zen saw the reward was two hundred points. This time the requirement was to track and apprehend an infamous prisoner who escaped many years ago.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 84 An Angry Master Su (Part Two)

The tasks in this pamphlet were beyond Zen's capabilities.

Even though it seemed senseless, Zen continued to scan the pages and came on another task.

There was no set amount for this task. Instead, it offered a range between a single point and many thousands of points.

Reading this task through carefully, Zen noted the mission was to resist an insect assault.

Insect attacks were a big problem plaguing the southern part of the empire.

From April to May every year, a massive influx of blade locusts carried devastating disasters to the south.

There was no such thing as simple where blade locusts were concerned. Unlike common insects, each blade locust was the size of a human adult.

In order to resist an invasion of blade locusts, the Empire dispatched large numbers of troops yearly to travel south and eliminate them.

But, the Empire's forces weren't enough, and many were sent south from the Cloud Sect too.

That was why the task was offered in the pamphlet.

"For killing twenty blade locusts, you receive a point. If you slay a blade locust leader, you will get another point..." Zen calculated the numbers in his head quickly. Shortly after that, he said, "Master Su, I'd like to accept the task of repelling an insect invasion!"

When Master Su heard Zen, she gave a subtle yet sly grin and blinked in an exaggerated manner while she asked, "You're wise to pick that task. It's the only task in that pamphlet you're able to handle, isn't it?"

Zen smiled but didn't deny it.

He couldn't afford to care about how he earned the points, Zen just needed to obtain them.

A moment ago, Master Su was still laughing, but as quickly, her face changed. "No, don't go!"

The smile on Zen's face was stiff as he asked, "Why not?"

"Do you believe it's easy to kill blade locusts? Some refiners who were half-step into the nature level accepted this task, but, only forty percent of them came back! Did you know that?" demanded Master Su as she stared deep into Zen's eyes. With the strength that Zen possessed, how would he kill blade locusts? He would die.

"I know!" replied Zen as he nodded firmly.

"Great," said Master Su, as she nodded back. Satisfied, Master Su reached to take the book from Zen.

When Zen saw her reaching for it, he gripped the pamphlet. "That doesn't change the fact that I need to take this task."

Suddenly, Master Su burst into laughter so hard, that tears rolled down her face and gracelessly, she chided, "You know shit! In any event, don't go!"

Furrowing his brows, Zen's eyes were dark and grave as he said in an earnest timbre, "Master Su, I know you're only thinking about my safety, but, I really need to earn points. So, I have no choice but to accept the task at hand, whether you want me to or not..."

Looking up into Zen's eyes, Aura Su saw how serious he was. Her beautiful eyes shone with intense color as well as skepticism. "Why are you so zealous to get points?"

Reluctant to tell her, Zen pursed his lips and shook his head. He stood as motionless as a wooden pestle. Even if she wouldn't assign him the task, Zen wasn't ready to leave.

"No? Then, you can't take on this task," snapped Aura. This guy was as stubborn as a mule.

"But? Master Su, I must accept this assignment!" repeated Zen as the pitch of his voice rose in a panic-like sound.

Not wanting to argue with Zen, Master Su picked up her pen, bent her head back over the work littering her desk, and resumed working.

That only left Zen one option, and he would kill time waiting.

For the whole day, the two shared the space, but neither shared any more words.

Busy with her work, Master Su treated Zen as though he didn't exist.

Standing next to her, motionless, Zen resembled a statue.

This strange situation lasted through the day and into the evening. Finally, Master Su moved and gave Zen a sharp look.

In all honesty, when Master Su met Zen, she liked him very much.

Now though, she felt disgusted.

It was true that Zen's strength, the speed of his progress and his tenacity facing enemies were all outstanding traits.

It seemed to Master Su, that Zen wanted the task as soon as possible so he could train and prove himself faster.

This wasn't wrong, but Master Su thought Zen was too eager for instant gratification.

As Master Su prepared to leave for the day, she continued ignoring Zen and headed toward the door.

Just when she got to the door, Master Su spun around and flung a shiny token at Zen. "Go ahead, if you want to die! Nobody's standing in your way!"

Master Su was proud that she could spot talent by sight. She knew from the start that Zen's strength was much more than he had shown. Still, insect invasions were deadly. Among them, were not only normal blade locusts but, there were also much more powerful creatures, increasing the likelihood of Zen perishing from wounds.

If Master Su remained calm, she could talk Zen out of taking part in this task.

The problem was Zen was too eager for instant rewards and success which annoyed Master Su and she wasn't able to stay calm.

Throwing the token at Zen was just an act of emotion, and women were known to be emotionally driven creatures.

Immediately, Master Su regretted snapping at Zen. After all, he was the disciple she worked so hard to get into her Peak, and it was counterproductive to let him go off to die.

Turning her head with the intention of speaking to Zen, she saw Zen's beaming face, thrilled at the sight of the token, which sparked her temper once more and she shot Zen an angry look and disappeared through the courtyard.

Not being a fool, Zen knew very well he had made Master Su mad.

But, he couldn't be concerned about that right now. He needed to earn points so he could save his sister, Yan.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 85 Bluesky Parking Ground (Part One)

Later that night, Zen took out Anthony's Purple Blue Sword and examined it.

The sword was aesthetic and of good quality.

Its scabbard was inlaid with colorful gems and gold threads. Since the sword was well preserved, Zen could see that Anthony had taken great care of it.

As Zen pulled the blade out of the scabbard, a whoosh sound filled the silence in the room. When the blade was free of its casing, the sword emanated a purple and blue light.

"What a good sword!"

It was a top grade mysterious weapon. The sword looked like it was at the same level as Evil Lan's Hell Fire Sword. But Zen felt that the sword's quality was much better than that of the Hell Fire Sword.

He hesitated a little. It was a pity that such a good sword had to be melted.

Anthony had asked his friends to talk with Zen. He wanted to recover his sword, but Zen categorically refused him.

To improve his strength, Zen had to offer the sword to the cyan dragon.

Zen frowned thoughtfully as he gazed at the sword. A while later, Zen had made his decision. Without hesitating further, he began to communicate with the furnace in his mind.

The black flame shot out of his brow and headed straight for the Purple Blue Sword. The black flame was so quick that a strange arc was drawn in the air.

The sword was like firewood. It burned from point to pommel in an instant! When the black flame thoroughly devoured the sword, a few drops of molten iron essence were left behind. In the dimly lit room, these drops of molten iron gave off a brilliant light.

Zen counted the particles of the molten iron essence. His eyes lit up with the number. He murmured, "The Purple Blue Sword is at the same level as the Hell Fire Sword, but it gave ten drops of hot metal essence! What a surprise!"

He couldn't explain why this had happened. What was more, Zen had not yet figured out what the hot metal essence was for!

Zen had gone through all the ancient books on weapon refining in Evil Lan's space ring, but he could not find anything about the origin and usage of molten iron essence. Since this was still a mystery to Zen, he had decided to visit weapon refining masters as they might have some explanations for the essence of the molten metal.

After the black flame sent the ten drops of iron to the cyan dragon's mouth, bright green light burst out from two gray scales on the dragon. After the light dissipated, Zen found that another two dragon scales had been activated.

So far, four dragon scales had lit up on the cyan dragon.

Zen clenched his fist and felt the new power surge through him. Earlier, he had reached the marrow refining level. Adding the strength of the four dragon scales, Zen would now have the power to fight against a cultivator at the nature level.

Later that night, Zen completed his preparations. At dawn the next day, he left Drizzle Peak quietly.

Zen hadn't told his friends about his plans. If they knew he had accepted such a dangerous mission, they would feel bound to stop him. Zen knew what he had to do and he was unwilling to waste any more time discussing the subject with others.

What Zen didn't notice was that a man was watching Zen as he left his room.

The tall, dark-skinned man was Liam Cao, with whom Zen had a dispute several days ago, because Liam supported Thomas of the Zhuge clan.

After the fight, Liam Cao sent Thomas back. At that time, he was ordered to spy on Zen. Fren, one of the most gifted children of the Zhuge Clan, had asked him to follow Zen. Fren had instructed Liam to inform him if Zen left Drizzle Peak. Liam was thrilled as he would now be able to avenge himself.

When Liam noticed Zen leave Drizzle Peak in the morning, he was happy that the opportunity had finally come. He inconspicuously followed Zen.

After trailing Zen for a while, Liam realized that Zen was headed to the east of Cloud Sect.

He had thought that Zen was leaving Cloud Sect, but there was no exit to the east. He felt confused about Zen's plans.

It didn't take Zen long to walk to the Bluesky Parking Ground. That was when Liam realized that Zen must have accepted the mission of shielding against insect aggression.

Several days ago, insects began flooding the Empire. Cloud Sect had tasked many disciples with killing these blade locusts.

Since the insect infestation was in the southern part of the Empire, it would take the disciples a long time to cross the mountains and rivers by foot. The journey was so long that if disciples traveled by foot, the insect aggression would probably be over by the time the disciples arrived.

Therefore, most disciples used the Bluesky Parking Ground to reach their destination quicker.

There were gigantic flying chariots in Cloud Sect and the Bluesky Parking Ground was the place where the gigantic flying chariots parked. The chariot was so quick that it would take only a day to reach the southern part of the Empire.

Now that Zen had stopped at the Bluesky Parking Ground, it must mean that he was also going South to kill the blade locusts.

Liam wondered why Zen was in a hurry to take a task that seemed beyond his ability.

"Since you're in such a hurry to die, I'll give you a hand!" With a cold smile on his face, Liam retreated slowly. He would report the matter to Fren first.

The Bluesky Parking Ground was a man-made square landing pad, about ten feet high.

When Zen climbed up the steps, he found that many Cloud Sect disciples were waiting.

They were at the Bluesky Parking Ground for the same purpose as Zen. They had all accepted the task of destroying the insect aggression as ordered by Cloud Sect.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 86 Bluesky Parking Ground (Part Two)

Most of the disciples were dressed in black robes, and only a few wore white robes. Everyone looked powerful and aggressive. Apparently, they had been forged in the sea of blood and had improved their power through life and death experience.

Regardless of whether it was an outer disciple in a white robe or an inner disciple in a black robe, when they saw Zen, astonishment flashed in their eyes.

What surprised them was not that there was anything special about Zen, but that he was only at the marrow refining level. His cultivation level was too low for this task.

The mission of shielding against the insect aggression was not easy. For starters, blade locusts attacked in large numbers. If that wasn't daunting enough, each locust was extremely strong. What was scarier was that they didn't fear death. Even in the face of several strong men, many desperate blade locusts would dash ahead and lay siege on their enemies regardless of their safety.

Even a cultivator who was a half step into the nature level was likely to be killed by the blade locusts if he didn't pay attention to their siege.

So the minimum eligibility for accepting this task was that the disciple be a half-step cultivator into the nature level.

But now a person at the marrow refining level had been accepted for the task. It was thus, normal for them to have such a strange reaction.

Zen ignored the astonished look on these people. He found a corner on the Bluesky Parking Ground, sat down, and closed his eyes.

Opposite Zen stood four or five inner disciples. As they whispered among each other, they shot several glances at Zen.

Their voices were neither too loud nor too low. It was just at the right level for Zen to hear clearly. Apparently, they were speaking at that level on purpose.

"Since when can a cultivator at the marrow refining level accept such a dangerous mission?"

"There are many different kinds of people in the world. It is folly to assume that some people are in a hurry to find a way to die. Some people simply overestimate themselves."

"Hey, I'm going to tease him!"

After making that statement, one disciple walked toward Zen. The tall, strong man strolled up to Zen, studied him up and down, and said, "Hey, boy, are you going to kill blade locusts, too?"

Zen opened his eyes, stared at the strong man, and said, "Is there a problem?"

"Ha-ha," the strong man gave out a queer laugh. "You're just at the marrow refining level. Considering your strength, I'm afraid you'll be split into two by the blade locusts!"

"Oh," Zen answered simply. Then he closed his eyes again.

Seeing Zen's reaction, the strong man knew that his intimidation did not seem to have any effect. He took a closer look at Zen and saw the token on his waist. He stretched forth his hand to take the token.

Just as the strong man was about to grab the token, Zen's eyes flew open. Quickly, he grasped the strong man's arm. In the next moment, Zen used the momentum of his body to position himself behind the strong man agilely. Before the disciple could blink, Zen had grabbed him by his neck and pressed the broken flying knife against his neck.

Although the knife was broken, it looked sharp, as if it could cut anything in the world. The strong man shivered as the cold from the flying knife's blade spread through his body.

The strong man's friends were frightened when they saw this. They did not expect the unremarkable boy to be fierce enough to defeat the strong man in a blink.

"Hey, bro, we're all disciples of Cloud Sect. Don't hurt him, please."

"Take it easy, boy, Gordon was just joking!"

The strong man's friends tried to placate Zen.

"Is he acquainted with me? Why did he want to take my token?" Zen asked with a straight face.

One of Gordon's friends said, "I'm sorry. This is all Gordon's fault. Let him go, please. He meant no harm. Gordon, come on, make an apology quickly."

Gordon had never been more scared in his life. He could feel that Zen was intent on killing him. If he had really attacked this boy, Gordon would have been dead by now. His voice trembled as he said, "I'm ... I'm sorry. I was just kidding. I didn't mean to offend you."

Hearing Gordon's words, Zen took away his knife and put it back in the space ring. He took a few steps back without saying a word. However, his expression conveyed the skepticism he was feeling.

Although Zen had become a disciple of the Cloud Sect, he had not stopped being vigilant. Since stepping into Cloud Sect, many people had secretly plotted against him. These experiences helped Zen understand that the law of the jungle was still being followed in this holy land of martial arts.

Big fish ate little fish. If he wanted to survive, he needed to get stronger.

The strong man sighed with relief when Zen stepped back. Gently, he touched his neck with his hands. Then he looked at Zen with admiration.

Gordon wasn't the kind of person to hold a grudge. As he looked at Zen, a broad smile spread across his face. He said, "Hi, my name is Gordon. The five of us are a team. We specialize in hunting blade locusts. The blade locusts prefer to attack in groups. So if you are alone, you will be in trouble."

Zen didn't respond to the strong man's words.

The strong man continued, "Well, to tell you the truth, if you want to hunt for blade locusts, you'd better team up with a few people to avoid being surrounded by the blade locusts. Why don't you join us?"

Zen rejected his suggestion with an emphatic shake of his head, "Thanks, I'm used to being alone."

After that Zen looked for another corner. After having found a quiet place, he sat down and closed his eyes again.

The scene had attracted the attention of many people on the ground.

Most people put aside their contempt, including some of the inner disciples who were stepping into the nature level. Seriousness gleamed in their eyes.

All cultivators liked to put themselves in a hypothetically dangerous situation. They wondered if they could have avoided Zen's flying knife had they been in the strong man's position.

Most people already knew that they couldn't. Zen's reaction was too quick, and his knife was too sudden.

Of course, Zen had better things to do than try to figure out why these disciples were staring at him and what they were thinking about. As he meditated, Zen heard a trembling sound in the air. When he looked up, he saw a monolith descending from the sky.

It was a giant flying chariot.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal

fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 87 A Sudden Attack In The Skies (Part One)

Flying chariots were uncommon in the empire because they cost as much as a top-grade mysterious weapon.

Another reason they were rarely seen was that a top-grade mysterious weapon could enhance a refiner's strength while a flying chariot was only a means of transport.

As such, none of the households in the C County where the Luo family was from would spend that sort of money on a flying chariot.

Only places with wealth, like the Imperial Capital, were flying chariots commonplace.

As the enormous chariot hovered, slowly descending from the air, Zen stood awestruck at the sight. This was the first chariot of this size he ever saw!

Other disciples that were waiting were used to seeing them and stood up when they saw the huge chariot approaching. It was time for them to set out.

The enormous flying chariot docked next to the Bluesky Parking Ground, and a pontoon bridge extended from its side to the edge of the ground. A few people were disembarking from the flying chariot waiting near the pontoon bridge.

The disciples of the Cloud Sect waiting on the ground handed their tokens to the checkers. After tickets were checked, the disciples strode across the bridge and climbed aboard the flying chariot.

Zen followed the crowd. When he walked up to the checkers, he presented his token. The checkers appeared surprised when they read Zen was just at the marrow refining level, but they didn't make any comments. After examining the token, they motioned Zen to board the flying chariot.

After that, Zen crossed the pontoon bridge and boarded the flying chariot.

Inside, the chariot was spacious, with rows of seats along the walls that were fixed to the floor. Zen found a place in a corner and sat down.

Underfoot, a tremor was felt by the passengers as the massive chariot lifted off.

Passengers sitting in window seats could see all of the Cloud Sect as they rose in the air.

Mountains rose up, meeting the skyline and extending endlessly in a continuous line. The Cloud Sect made up a quarter of the Imperial Capital, but adding the mountain range that lay behind the Cloud Sect, made it larger than the whole Imperial Capital!

Just then, Zen saw a black mountain.

At the Cloud Sect, most of the mountains were green with thick foliage, which made the black one stand out from the rest.

'Hell Mountain, ' Zen whispered in his mind.

Sean had described Hell Mountain as being completely black with constant gray smoke rising, and a sulfurous smell, that appeared as hell from a distance.

Somewhere, within that mountain range was Yan, his younger sister.

Zen stared at the mountain out the window for as far as his eye could see, eager to see everything there. Soon, he smiled bitterly. 'Have I gone mad? I may be at the marrow refining level, and, true, my hearing and eyesight have improved, but, how could I possibly think I could see things in that mountain from up here?'

thought Zen, in a sad, mocking manner. 'Besides which, finding Yan in a place that size is an insane dream.'

Zen admitted to himself, and yet, his gaze remained fixated on Hell Mountain until the chariot turned and the mountain disappeared.

The speed that the chariot flew was so fast that it only took six hours to reach the southern part of the Imperial Capital from the Cloud Sect.

Many of the refiners were whispering amongst themselves while others prepared to disembark. It seemed that their destination was just around the corner.

Just as they were preparing to land, something unexpected happened!

"Crash!"

Glass shattering suddenly ripped through the cabin as a glazed window on the right side burst and two green blades came sailing through what remained of the window. The blades were crisscrossing like scissors and sliced smoothly through the neck of the passenger sitting by the window.

Just before the head fell, a monstrous creature poked its face in through what was left of the window. Its large, bulbous compound eyes looked around seconds before it snapped the man's head with its mandible and disappeared again through the window.

Blood spurted up from the man's neck with such force it splattered across the chariot's ceiling.

Passengers sat frozen, dumbfounded at what happened. Within seconds someone screeched, "On your guard! Blade locusts attack!"

Yet, everyone sat still. They were all battle-hardened and level-headed enough to take on fighting insect aggression. A momentary panic ensued before cooler heads prevailed and everyone moved to the middle of the chariot quickly.

"Was that a blade locust?" asked Zen.

He had seen it clearly. It was emerald green, with compound eyes that took up most of its head, and was the size of an adult man. With wings protruding from its back, the insect had six appendages, and the two uppermost looked like long flat blades and were extremely sharp. This beast was brutal and hideous.

Zen had just gotten out of his seat when the window next to him shattered, and a blade locust came through right at him.

A pair of green blades flew through the open window towards Zen's waist, slicing from either side at breakneck speed.

This being Zen's first encounter with the evil beast, he was nervous. But, instead of flinching, he threw a powerful punch aimed at the beast's abdomen.

However, the exoskeleton covering its abdomen was thick.

Zen thought he could crack the exoskeleton with a single blow, but it was too thick.

"Damn!"

His attack failed, giving the giant insect an opening to strike back swinging its two blade-like forelimbs.

"Swoosh!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 88 A Sudden Attack In The Skies (Part Two)

The sound came from behind Zen as a sword sliced through the air, black-red light shimmering from it as it cleaved the blade locust's head open.

Despite the sword split its head open, the beast wielded its blades in a frenzy driven assault. Thankfully, the man-sized insect was swinging blindly and had lost both its speed and strength, giving Zen a chance to duck to safety.

"Thanks for saving me, man," Zen said to the disciple in a black robe as he found a safer spot in the corner. The disciple looked young and wore his hair long. The black-red energy on his sword wasn't constructed by using life energy but was made up of genuine life vitality! Given those facts, this young man was at the nature level!

"No worries, it was nothing. Besides, we're both disciples from the Cloud Sect," offered the young man lightly. "By the way, blade locusts have exceedingly tough abdomens. Their heads are the weak spots. Don't let them get a strike in or surround you unless you are as strong as iron," he added kindly.

Zen nodded, indicating that he got it. The young man, cold as he seemed, had not only saved him but had given him vital details about the insect's weaknesses. It was very rare to meet such a good person from the Cloud Sect.

Blade locusts began continually hurtling themselves at the flying chariot. The battle was on.

No one expected the beasts to dive onto the flying chariot as they soared on their way to the destination.

Amid the struggle, an alarmed voice shouted, "Blade locusts are tearing through the bottom of the chariot!"

The flying chariot housed its power in the bottom, so if the base was demolished, the chariot would plummet to the ground below!

It was unfortunate that no one present was able to fly like their attackers, leaving them no recourse except to watch as their fate was ripped away piece by piece like the hull of their chariot.

It wasn't long before everyone felt the floor tilt, and sure enough, the huge flying chariot began to fall!

Zen slid along the floor, smacking into a corner before grasping a beam to steady himself.

The current situation, with the insects' sudden attack and cunning maneuver to rip through the bottom of the vehicle, was wholly unexpected. 'What lousy luck!' determined Zen, laughing silently at the irony, with a wry smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. He had assumed they'd arrive at their destination and take a break to acclimate before hunting blade locusts.

The good news was that the bottom of the chariot was only half torn which meant they still had some power. So, the chariot merely tilted downward, falling slowly.

Everyone clutched any secure objects around them to keep steady as they waited for the impact of the crash.

"Crr-ssh,"

A deafening, hollow sound of the chariot slamming into the ground reverberated through the passengers. The center keel snapped off, causing the chariot to separate, splintering into many pieces. The land was littered with sections of broken wood that moments ago was a mighty chariot.

The impact didn't hurt Zen, who suffered only momentary confusion. Climbing out of the wreckage, he found himself in a wartorn battle between inner disciples and blade locusts.

Many of the disciples present were at the nature level.

Aside from Zen, most of others were dominant refiners half-step into the nature level.

In the face of the crisis, everyone remained level-headed, immediately launching counterattacks against the blade locusts. For a time, lights of the life energy and the life vitality flashed, one after another on the battlefield. It was an intense battle.

Only then did Zen understand the full impact of what the insect aggression was.

Whether in an open field, in the jungle or high above in the sky, everywhere he looked was green.

When the insects flew, people couldn't see the blue sky anymore.

As soon as Zen was away from the wreck, he was set on by four blade locusts swooping down on him from three directions.

As he learned from the young man with a ponytail, Zen knew the blade locust's most reliable defense was its abdomen, and the exoskeleton grown on its body was even more robust than man-made armor.

The earlier attack in the chariot was a good lesson for Zen, and he wouldn't make the same mistake twice.

Beset on by blade locusts, Zen took the offense. He fended off oncoming blades, concentrating his strength on his arm, and smashing the head with a single blow. After that, he grabbed the body and threw it behind him, blocking the two blade locusts that were rushing at him from behind.

These beasts outnumbered the refiners, and being surrounded like this was quite intimidating.

So, Zen heeded the earlier advice and tried not to get entrapped by a swarm of blade locusts.

Of the four blade locusts that attacked, he killed one with his fist and blocked two more behind him, which left just one. It would be easier to deal with the left one. Before it could strike with its blades, Zen reached out fast to its abdominal joints. With one firm yank, he ripped the two blades off.

In fact, Zen thought a single blade locust wasn't that difficult to deal with.

Disciples that were half-step into the nature level were able to kill a single blade locust with ease, as well as those at the marrow refining level. Actually, even at the organ refining level, one might be able to defeat a locust, if they put all their strength into their actions.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 89 Rescued (Part One)

According to the records of beasts rankings in the Eastern Region, the ordinary blade locusts were considered level three monsters.

However, the difference between other beasts that were level three and the blade locusts was that blade locusts never appeared alone.

"If you come across a single blade locust, there are at least two thousand more behind that one!"

Although it was an exaggeration, it showed just how vast the numbers were, and so the saying spread throughout the south.

In the face of such vast numbers of blade locusts, refiners were afraid to deal with them, whether were half a step into the nature level or at nature level.

At present, disciples from the Cloud Sect had managed to kill a few hundred blade locusts, because each one had good strength.

Blade locust corpses were piled high around the wreckage, accumulating a body hill.

No matter how high the pile of dead blade locusts got, it seemed endless amounts were coming at the disciples!

"Aah!"

came a sudden scream. It was a disciple rushing the blade locusts in a drastic move. Even if the others wanted to save him, it was too late. In an instant, a large group of locusts knocked him to the ground and were gnawing his limbs, until nothing remained and the blade locusts scattered.

As the other disciples watched this gnarly scene, a shiver went through each of them.

No one wanted to be the next to be ripped apart and eaten alive by these gruesome monsters.

Wave on wave of blade locusts came at them though, and once everyone's energy was sapped, they would die.

As the onslaught continued, the disciples felt their melancholy attitudes deepening within, and their attacks became weaker.

It was now that one of the disciples shouted, "Cheer up! No slacking now, it's not that bad! We should counterattack! If we roll over and let them break us, we'll all die right here!"

"Zing!" A purple energy arrow of life vitality was let loose, whizzing into the mass of blade locusts, and instantly thrusting through more than ten.

"Bam!" Blazing flames exploded, coloring a patch of sky red. The powerful fire incinerated dozens of blade locusts, leaving the charred stench death in the air.

It was the nature level refiners using their unique skills to fight.

The others in their ranks were significantly encouraged by this display of force, and were reinvigorated, beginning to battle with all their strength.

Rushing in and out among the horde of locusts, Zen used his power of Purple Light Fist. It was not all that powerful, yet, through the advantage of his body's strength, he killed eight blade locusts in a short time.

In the heat of the battle, there was a scream, "Alert, everyone! Incoming, blade locust officers!"

Zen looked up, along with all the others fighting for their lives. The sight of dozens of purple blade locusts among legions of green ordinary blade locusts was approaching them. The purple officers were almost twice the size of the ordinary ones. They appeared hideous and misshapen and covering the skin on their bodies were dense bony thorns.

'Are these purple monstrosities the blade locust officers?'

wondered Zen. It was said a blade locust officer was far more potent than an ordinary blade locust, and here a few hundred were headed at them!

The ordinary blade locusts were challenging enough to kill, let alone the stronger blade locust officers.

The screeching blade locust officers dove from high above in the sky, while more blade locusts surrounded the disciples.

Everyone felt an overwhelming feeling of gloom within, pondering, 'Are we going to die here today?'

Who could have foreseen this outcome while boarding the giant flying chariot?

In fact, while blade locust hunting was difficult, situations as dangerous like this, rarely happened.

From the jungle near them, a branch of burning bamboo came flying in at that moment, with a "whoosh!"

Thick smoke billowed from the end of the bamboo impaled in the ground.

A strong scent of herb came from the smoke filling the air. Sniffing, Zen breathed it in.

Suddenly, more burning bamboos flew into the midst of the crowd.

Every bamboo was billowing with smoke from one end.

Soon, the air was filled with smoke.

Amazingly, the blade locusts feared the smoke and spread their wings, taking off into the skies above at sight of the burning bamboos. Circling the disciples below, the locusts remained above, not daring to descend on them.

The same thing happened with the blade locust officers.

Although the smoke was making the disciples uncomfortable, they were able to bear it and were given a reprieve from the locust attacks.

A 'swishing' sound was heard coming from the woods before a large number of serious looking men appeared at the edge of trees, all dressed in uniforms, marching in unison, and each carrying bamboo sticks on their backs.

"It's the imperial army!"

whispered more than one of the disciples at the sight of the imperial army. The Cloud Sect disciples visibly relaxed.

The Burning Sky Empire would send a considerable number of the imperial army yearly to war the Insect Aggression.

Compared with the Cloud Sect disciples, the imperial army had unified action and a good sense of discipline. While the individual strength of an imperial soldier might not be comparable to a single Cloud Sect disciple, the unified power of the imperial army shouldn't be underestimated.

The imperial army formed orderly rows, and then a young man with a crew cut stepped forward and spoke earnestly, "I am Martin Lu, the centurion of the Green Haze Group! Disciples of the Cloud Sect, listen carefully! If you want to live, follow us!"

After Martin Lu issued his commands, the Cloud Sect disciples stood there, staring at blade locust corpses piled high.

They came here to earn points, not for a holiday.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 90 Rescued (Part Two)

By the rules set forth for the Cloud Sect disciples, they received one point for twenty blade locusts. Such a pile of blade locust corpses was a vast number of points in the disciples' eyes!

However, the bodies of blade locust were too big to drag, so the Cloud Sect stipulated that it was necessary to dig the crystal core from the chest of blade locust.

Since everyone had fought hard for such a long time, they were eager to get some booty.

But, Martin was pushing them to leave, of course, all of the disciples were upset.

The fact that the relationship between the imperial army and the Cloud Sect wasn't a harmonious one didn't help. They didn't like each other, and incidents of group brawls erupted at times for no reason.

Someone said to Martin, "Can you wait for just a little while? We need to..."

Martin interrupted, "Hmmph! I know what you want to do, but, you'd better think it over prudently! We've detected legions of blade locusts swarming here, and our lives are worth more than yours! You don't have to go if you don't want to. But, we are leaving!"

Feeling they had no choice, the Cloud Sect disciples prepared to set out with the troops.

They had to follow the imperial army.

With so many blade locusts corpses, several cultivators of the nature level decided to stay and collect some crystal cores. They thought they'd be able to break through the encirclement alone, but, looking up they saw the increasing amounts of blade locusts, and finally, gave up the idea.

The average strength of a single soldier in the imperial army was weaker than an individual disciple of the Cloud Sect, but, they had a few tricks coping with the large numbers of blade locusts.

For example, the bamboos they carried were designed in particular for fending off the blade locust attacks.

Trudging ahead, they lit a stick of bamboo every ten feet or so. As long as the bamboo released a cloud of smoke, the blade locusts were held off, hovering out of reach above their heads.

The imperial army silently marched, leading the way, while the disciples of Cloud Sect plodding along behind, had to counterattack blade locusts from time to time, with either swords or bows.

However, overall the blade locusts almost all kept their distance and were difficult to hit, so whenever a disciple hit one or two blade locust, they would laugh elatedly.

Watching the scene, Zen just shook his head.

The strength of a single Cloud Sect disciple was greater than an individual soldier of the imperial army.

Still, if they were to fight against each other, the Cloud Sect disciples might very well be defeated.

The Cloud Sect disciples didn't have the training that the military had, so they didn't acquire the benefits of teamwork.

Half an hour later, they had trekked through the jungle. Under the leadership of the imperial army, they had crossed a small river and hiked to the top of a hill, where a magnificent castle came into view.

"It's the Dragon Fort. We are safe here!"

shouted a few sharp-eyed inner disciples when they spotted the castle.

It was the Dragon Fort, their destination, and was used to defend the southern frontier of the Burning Sky Empire.

The Dragon Fort was deemed the most critical barrier in the southern part of the Burning Sky Empire, and beyond it was the endless tropical rain forest.

Zen had once read the book "Exotic Beasts Annals," which recorded the areas of adventuring throughout the Eastern Region.

In the book, it recorded a story of cultivators from the Eastern Region going deep into the rain forest. One hundred miles deep in the lush rain forest, they had only found level three beasts, and it was reasonably safe. Another five hundred miles further into the forest though one would encounter creatures that were level five. Over a thousand miles deep into the rain forest, all kinds of level seven or eight senior beasts could be found.

Further within the rain forest was a world too difficult for humans to explore.

Every year, tons of beasts emerged from the rain forest to attack the Burning Sky Empire for unknown reasons.

It was the Dragon Fort's role to keep these beasts from the rain forest at bay.

Among the various beasts, the most troublesome was the blade locust.

The Dragon Fort was rudimentary in appearance, boasting no ornament for either the walls or the moat except for one huge sculpted dragon head hanging on the wall.

The sculpture was entirely black, and the dragon's eyes sparkled when they caught the light. The sculpture radiated incomparable majesty.

While passing under the dragon head sculpture, each disciple of the Cloud Sect felt a sense of awe.

When Zen walked closer, he stood, staring up at the dragon's eyes for a while with a hint of doubt rising in his heart.

Zen could feel the 'intention' from within dragon head sculpture, the spiritual pressure it was emitting.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 91 An Unexpected Challenge

Zen who had experienced the state of forgetting himself through soul refining could sense the intent of the dragon head.

What confused Zen was why a dragon head carved out of rock by craftsmen would emanate intent.

Since Zen could not figure out this mystery, he decided to drop it and followed the other disciples into the Dragon Fort.

As he entered, Zen could hear the cracking sound released by kerosene-filled torches.

The torches shed light and created shadows, adding to the mystery of the fort.

Martin directed the followers toward a building before telling them, "You can rest in this building for now. You are requested to follow the rules of Dragon Fort. Whoever wants to hunt the blade locusts with the Imperial Army should wait for assignments. Meanwhile, anyone who wants to face the insects alone can leave at any time!"

Martin's proclamation prompted a mixed response from the disciples of Cloud Sect.

Four disciples stepped forward and saluted to Martin before the leader spoke, "Martin, it is very kind of you to rescue us today, but we have decided to operate at our will."

Martin waved his hand and replied, "Suit yourself!"

The four bid farewell to their fellow disciples and took their leave.

After their departure, the remaining Cloud Sect disciples began talking among themselves. Slowly, each group decided to follow the example of the four that left first.

Finally, only four disciples remained including Zen.

This was Zen's first experience with participating in an Insect Aggression. He saw no harm in joining the Imperial Army as he was currently non-allied.

The other three disciples that had chosen to stay back also had their reasons for hunting the blade locusts with the Imperial Army.

Zen recognized one disciple to be the youth with a ponytail who saved him in the gigantic flying chariot.

Now that a few disciples had decided to work with the Imperial Army, Martin smiled and nodded to them before dismissing his soldiers. He turned and instructed the soldiers, "Today's task has been completed You may enjoy your free-time!"

After the dismissal, Martin guided the four disciples into the building.

The gray-painted building was virtually a tavern.

Zen was greeted by a strong scent that seemed to be a mix of sweat and smoke upon entering the tavern.

All four disciples were overwhelmed by the smell.

Martin had expected their antipathy and smiled as he explained, "I hope you will understand the living environment of the Imperial Army stationed at Dragon Fort. It is inferior to the environment to which you are accustomed at the Cloud Sect."

The Imperial Army stationed here fought beasts all day.

"We are supposed to observe customs and be mentally prepared for harsh environments," the young man with the ponytail smiled as he replied.

"A good attitude, indeed!" Martin had a table brought in and shouted to the barkeeper to serve an aging.

The aging was a jar of wine. It must have been old as the jar was covered with dust. The barkeeper opened the cap and poured the liquid without removing the dust.

'The Aging', though poor in appearance, was aromatic and fresh.

The four disciples drank at will. Martin wolfed down his cup before asking their names.

The four disciples smiled before sharing their names with Martin.

"Zen Luo."

"Sun Zhao!"

"Tank Yang!"

"Roger Meng."

Now that the introductions had been done, Zen finally learned the name of the youth with the ponytail. His name was Roger Meng.

Martin committed the four names to memory and lifted his cup to express his appreciation for their alliance with the Green Haze Group.

"Martin, there is no need for such formalities. We are joining you in the hunt for blade locusts," Zen drained his cup before continuing, "I expect a greater likelihood of victory through this alliance. I cannot figure out why the other Cloud Sect disciples are unwilling to stay."

'The Imperial Army has developed an esoterica to hunt down blade locusts, but the most of Cloud Sect disciples are hesitant to ally with them. Is there a reason behind their decision?' Zen wondered.

Somewhat challenged by Zen's question, Martin managed to say, "Zen, since this is your first time at the Dragon Fort, you are naturally unfamiliar with the rules."

As Zen nodded and admitted his unfamiliarity, Roger added to Martin's explanation, "When the disciples form a group of four or five people, they cooperate well and coordinate when hunting blade locusts. Their success leads to handsome rewards. However, cooperating with the Imperial Army would mean fewer opportunities to maneuver. There will also be a division of crystal cores collected from blade locusts. Disciples, therefore, prefer to complete missions separately."

Roger's elaborate explanation enlightened Zen.

Most Cloud Sect disciples worked separate from the Imperial Army to ensure high efficiency in performing tasks.

Roger chose to exclude one reason from his explanation.

Most Cloud Sect disciples at the nature level naturally felt themselves superior to the soldiers in the Imperial Army.

Martin, a centurion, was half-step into the nature level, but his subordinates were at the bone, organ, and marrow refining levels respectively.

Meanwhile, the Imperial Army cast a slur on Cloud Sect disciples for their lack of military-like discipline and excess of willful arrogance.

However, some leaders in the Imperial Army were willing to seek short-term assistance and support from Cloud Sect disciples with superior martial arts, which was why Martin invited the four to drink together.

"Roger, I take the liberty to ask about your reason for allying with the Green Haze Group." Zen could not figure out why Roger had chosen to stay. As for him, he stayed because of his unfamiliarity with the Dragon Fort and the situations here.

Roger shrugged his shoulders and smiled as he replied, "I came here to enrich my vision, mindless of crystal cores and points...."

Just as Zen was about to ask Roger to elaborate, a voice from a neighboring table caught his attention.

"I have expected great powers from every Cloud Sect disciple. And now I see the falsity of all that I have been told at the sight of a nobody!" a man challenged truculently.

The five turned and saw a man with a beard who seemed pleased with himself.

All five were aware that the man was referring to Zen when he said 'nobody'.

Roger was at the nature level, and Sun and Tank were half-step into the nature level while Zen was still at the marrow refining level.

"Wu, stop your drunk roaring. You are only going to stir up trouble!" Martin dismissed the trouble-maker nonchalantly before turning to Zen and asking him to ignore the outburst.

Zen nodded and stayed calm. He didn't mind being underestimated.

But the bearded man, heedless of Martin's advice, rose from his seat, strode toward Zen, and continued challenging, "Martin, I am telling the truth! The Cloud Sect, also known as the Top Sect, is losing its influence and power! It is ridiculous for the organization to give such an important assignment to a nobody!"

At this statement, the tavern became alive with gossip and chitchats.

The Imperial Army's soldiers seemed to think of the trouble-making as amusement.

Most of them had developed a dislike toward the disciples of Cloud Sect. The bearded man was purposely challenging Zen to please them.

Martin, sensing the growing tension and hostility, tried to discredit the trouble-maker and placated Zen by saying, "Zen, do not take it to heart! Wu's roaring is due to his previous conflict with some disciple of Cloud Sect..."

"How could any disciple of Cloud Sect provoke me beyond measure? Martin, no more your inter-mediation!" The trouble-maker dismissed Martin's reconciliation and pressed his advantage. "Bloke, why not come to blows with me to display your martial art?"

Zen remained unperturbed at the blatant challenge.

His purpose for coming to this part of the Empire was to hunt blade locusts to gain points and experience in his quest for immortality.

He ignored the challenge as it didn't suit his purpose.

Meanwhile, Roger also made light of the instigation.

But Sun and Tank could not contain their anger anymore.

"I am willing to show you my martial art level to uphold the reputation of Cloud Sect!" Sun braced for the challenge.

"How could you, a soldier half-step into the nature level challenge Zen who is at the marrow refining level like this?" Tank said sardonically.

Although Tank's reference to Zen's inferior martial art level was intended to speak in favor of Zen, he unexpectedly hurt Zen's feelings.

Zen could ignore the challenge and show his strength in the presence of his fellow disciples.

After the comment, he rose, stood in front of Tank and Sun, and then said, "Tank and Sun, please let me fend for myself!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 92 Disgraced Himself (Part One)

"But that guy is half-step into the nature level. You will be in an unfavorable position!" said Tank Yang anxiously.

Sun Zhao nodded in agreement and said, "Yes, Tank is right. Zen, this fight will be unfair for you."

Martin wanted to stop Zen as soon as he heard what they had said. He knew of Wu's strength. Wu was one of the best among the soldiers who were half-step into the nature level. Zen would be at a disadvantage if he fought with him.

But before Martin could stand up, Roger put a hand on his shoulder, shook his head in disapproval, and said, "Let Zen make the choice. We have to believe in his abilities. After all, he joined the Imperial Army to fight the blade locusts with the soldiers. He needs to prove his worth to them."

"But..." Martin thought over what Roger had said. However, he remained unconvinced. He wanted to say more, but before he could, Roger interrupted him again. Roger murmured, "I think Zen is extraordinary even though he is at the marrow refining level."

After all, Roger Meng was one of top disciples in the nature level, and so his foresight naturally differed from others.

Once Roger showed confidence in Zen's abilities, Martin had no reason to try and dissuade Zen. Although he decided to keep quiet, his hesitance was reflected in his expression. Wu didn't care as much about Zen's reputation.

"Haha. In spite of his inferior strength, this guy is brave enough to accept my challenge. Buddies, come here. Let's move these tables and chairs so that some space can be made for the fight!" Wu yelled.

The sounds of shuffling feet and scraping chairs filled the tavern as the other soldiers positioned themselves so that they could watch the fight.

Tavern brawls were common between soldiers at Dragon Fort. The waiters who had been watching the argument hurriedly moved the tables and chairs away. At last, a large space was cleared.

Wu stood in the center of the space. A grin spread on his lips as he gestured at Zen before saying, "Brat, come here!"

Zen nodded. The gentle look in his eyes transformed into a keenness, as though he was able to see everyone's true nature despite their pretenses.

With each step Zen took, his demeanor changed.

His soul was far more powerful than an ordinary person's. Hence, Zen naturally looked mighty.

He became mightier every step he moved forward. After taking seven steps forward, Zen seemed to have turned into another person. He looked like a domineering devil with terrifying strength who had just finished his refinement in the purgatory.

By now, Zen's soul still didn't have intent. If he had, it would have been possible for Zen to hurt the bystanders by the strength from his soul alone.

As soon as the bystanders felt Zen's power, surprise and shock were reflected on their faces.

Even Roger was astounded.

When Roger saw how skillfully and proficiently Zen had fought with the strong man Gordon at the Bluesky Parking Ground, he concluded that Zen was more powerful than he appeared.

But now Roger, who was very skilled at the nature level, was also scared by Zen's mighty strength.

'This guy is only at the marrow refining level, but he is more than what he seems. How many skills is he concealing?' thought Roger.

At that moment, Wu felt foolish. The domineering strength sensed by others was only a portion of the strength exuded from Zen's body.

When this force radiated by Zen attacked him, Wu felt as if he had gotten stuck in mire. Even the air around him seemed to have stagnated.

Wu moaned and groaned as he felt the pressure of Zen's domineering strength. He already knew that Cloud Sect disciples were not weak. But Zen had just reached the marrow refining level.

He couldn't believe that a person at the marrow refining level could be so powerful.

'Has he cultivated some skills to enhance his strength? Or perhaps his actual strength is very mediocre and not so domineering as it appears?' As this thought came to his mind, Wu gritted his teeth and decided to use his greatest advantage, power, against Zen.

A person's power was associated with his level regardless of the skills he was cultivating.

The higher a person's level, the fewer the impurities inside his body, and thus, the greater the person's power.

It was beyond doubt that Wu's power was greater than Zen's since Wu was a half-step into the nature level while Zen was still at the marrow refining level.

Moreover, the Giant Ape Iron Fist that Wu had been cultivating could double his power. At the same level, very few people were more powerful than Wu.

Thinking of all this, Wu felt more confident. He mobilized all his power and fiercely swung his fist at Zen.

"Puff!" A muffled noise was heard.

Despite the strength used by Wu, Zen used only his palm to defend himself. He caught Wu's fist mid-air and held it tightly in his hand.

At first, Wu was astonished by the block. When he regained his composure, Wu tried to direct his strength to his arm. He wanted to see if he could shake Zen's hold on his fist.

But Zen remained undaunted. He stood calmly with Wu's fist secured firmly in his.

Wu tried hard to push his fist forward, but he couldn't budge Zen's hold.

Then, he attempted to pull his fist out of Zen's hand but failed at that as well.

Drops of sweat collected on Wu's forehead. He had exerted himself so much that his face and neck had turned dark red. In the current situation, Wu found himself in a dilemma. He could neither advance nor retreat.

A weaker cultivator had just defeated him.

All the bystanders inside the tavern were taken aback when they saw this incredible scene.

Since they were his battle companions, they knew of Wu's strength.

They hadn't expected that Zen, who was only at the marrow refining level, would be able to grab Wu's fist with a single hand.

This was not an ordinary feat. Even Martin, who had reached the nature level, couldn't do that. This indicated that Zen was more powerful than Wu.

What others didn't know was that Zen had woken up four dragon scales, and was hence almost as powerful as a strong man at the nature level.

Seeing that Wu couldn't shake off his grip, Zen took a deep breath. Soon afterward, he swung his arm and pushed Wu back.

Wu's eyes widened with surprise and fear when he felt Zen's power flowing through his arms. Before he could process what had happened, Wu found himself flying backward. He crashed through several rows of tables and chairs before colliding with a wooden cabinet. All the furniture Wu had been hurled through now lay on the floor in a pile of shattered wood. At last, Wu collided with the wall before falling to the floor in a motionless heap.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 93 Disgraced Himself (Part Two)

At this display of power, silence descended in the tavern.

Fights between the Imperial Army and Cloud Sect were very common.

Although disciples of Cloud Sect were highly skilled, soldiers of the Imperial Army were strongmen who had experienced combats extensively. They had acquired valuable practical skills from fighting. This gave them a slight advantage and brought them at par with the Cloud Sect disciples.

However, a soldier had now been humiliated by a young cultivator at the marrow refining level.

All the soldiers felt ashamed.

Under normal circumstances, the entire tavern would have been involved in a skirmish like this.

But, today, everyone knew that Wu had deliberately provoked Zen. What made them more hesitant to get involved was that Wu had instigated a junior disciple at the marrow refining level to fight him.

Although the soldiers in the Imperial Army were not physically well-groomed, they were sensible. Today, Wu was totally out of luck as he had disgraced himself. He shouldn't blame Zen who was at the marrow refining level.

At that moment, even Martin felt a little embarrassed.

Zen had joined the Green Haze Group at Martin's invitation. Martin was now in a quandary. On one hand, it would be rude for him to embarrass Zen because Wu had chosen to incite the young disciple in a show of strength. On the other hand, Zen's strength had been astounding. As a result, he humiliated Wu completely. Seeing that Wu was still lying motionless on the floor, Martin resented him a little. After all, both he and Wu were members of the Imperial Army.

Thus, Martin felt that he had been humiliated by association. 'Wu overestimated his abilities after drinking some wine. Cloud Sect is a sacred place of martial arts. Its students are talented in different skills. Since Wu chose to disgrace himself, he deserves the insult, ' thought Martin.

In this situation, Martin's only choice was to smooth things over, and to this end, he said, "Well, the fight is over. Tomorrow, we have work to do. I think it's best if we rest early..."

While the explanation was feeble, it gave the soldiers, including Wu, a reason to excuse themselves from the tavern without further embarrassment or confrontations.

On hearing Martin's words, Wu got up from the floor. He shook his hands and legs. Judging from his rosy complexion, the onlookers concluded that he hadn't been hurt. Though no one voiced their concerns, the soldiers knew that Zen had perhaps restrained himself from using his full power. Had he not done so, Wu would have been severely wounded.

Wu was a soldier. He was frank and upright, albeit not amenable to reason. Even though a weaker opponent had beaten him, he would behave fairly. At last, he walked to Zen, cupped one hand in the other before his chest and said, "You are a disciple from Cloud Sect. You have potent strength and abilities. I am really astonished by you. What happened today was my fault." After saying this, he looked around and said, "I have embarrassed myself. I apologize!" As soon as he had finished, Wu looked up and left.

Martin didn't explain to others like Zen and Roger why Wu showed hatred for Cloud Sect's disciples until Wu had left the tavern.

Previously, Wu had led his Evergreen Squad to fulfill tasks, and some members of the squad were disciples of Cloud Sect.

In executing their tasks, the squad was besieged by blade locusts. While the Cloud Sect disciples were able to escape from the blade locusts' siege because of their skills, they left soldiers from the Evergreen Squad behind. Although the squad persevered and eventually escaped, scores of soldiers had lost their lives.

All these soldiers had risked their lives under Wu's command. Had the Cloud Sect disciples not deserted the Evergreen Squad, they wouldn't have lost so many soldiers.

"He must have felt great pain to see his soldiers who had risked their lives with him being killed by the blade locusts in front of him," Martin said while shaking his head with a heavy sigh.

Zen nodded sympathetically and said, "I can understand. Wu is righteous, and he is not a bad man."

"It's great that you can understand him, Zen!" As Martin spoke up, he burst into laughter, and continued, "It's too late in the evening. At present, insect epidemics occur here and there. There must be some tasks for us to fulfill tomorrow. Let me arrange accommodation for the four of you to rest."

A little while later, all the soldiers and Cloud Sect disciples settled in their rooms.

...

That night, another huge flying chariot landed in Dragon Fort.

After the door of the huge flying chariot opened, Cloud Sect disciples alighted.

Liam Cao was the last to step out.

Behind him stood two slender and tall young men.

Both young men looked pale. Since one man was light-complexioned, he looked ghostly white, while the other, a black-skinned man, appeared as though a layer of ash covered his skin. As they neither said much nor looked at the bystanders, it appeared as though the young men were introverted. However, they looked fierce, which showed that they were cultivators at the nature level.

"Hey, buddies, we have arrived!" Liam said politely.

"Damn it! We traveled so far for a guy at the marrow refining level," complained the white-skinned young man unpleasantly.

Liam replied with a smile, "We can surely gain some benefits when we get this done for Fren. Dealing with that guy is a piece of cake for us. Let's just think of this as a fun trip."

Hearing this, the black-skinned young man snorted and said, "Don't talk nonsense. Do you think I would have come to the damned Dragon Fort with White Fiend, had Fren not asked us for a favor? Are you sure that the guy Zen is at the Dragon Fort?"

Liam nodded and replied, "Yes, I am very certain about this."

"If so, ask him to come out so that I can kill him with a slap and fulfill Fren's task. Am I right? After that, we can go right back on the flying chariot," both young men said simultaneously.

Liam closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose as his head throbbed. He recalled that the white-skinned man was called White Fiend, and the black-skinned one was Black Fiend. The two formed a group known as Black Fiend and White Fiend.

Although the two young men were very powerful, they were also unruly and grumpy. They would beat and kill people on impulse as long as they were enraged.

Recalling Fren's promise, Liam tried hard to suppress his anger upon hearing what White Fiend and Black Fiend had said. He patiently explained, "Dragon Fort is under the control of the Imperial Army. Do you think you will survive after you kill a person here on a whim?"

"Then, what should we do? Do we really have to kill that guy after he leaves here?" White Fiend asked with a gloomy face.

"Since he was willing to come to Dragon Fort, he will eventually get out here to hunt and kill blade locusts. When that happens, you will have many chances to kill him. If we plan it well, we might think of many funny and entertaining ways to kill him. Who knows, we might not even have to get involved directly," as Liam said this, a cunning smile grew on his face.

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 94 Gains In Crises

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Loud sounds of drums from outside woke Zen up in the early hours of the morning.

As soon as he opened his door, he was infected by the atmosphere.

Amidst the bustle of the drumming, a hundred imperial soldiers were marching out of the fort in groups.

Martin located Zen, assembled the team, and they took up the task of hunting blade locusts beyond the confines of the fort.

Hundreds of miles in front of Dragon Fort was the principal battlefield against blade locusts.

Dead blade locusts were piled up in heaps on both sides of the path.

Zen saw some people crowding around the heaps as if they were searching for something. Occasionally one of them would prod at a corpse.

He noticed that all those scavenging the bodies were ordinary citizens. None of them were body refiners.

'So why are they out there?' he wondered. Common people were so weak that a single blade locust could easily kill them all. The battlefield was too dangerous for them.

After watching the people rifling through the remains, Zen asked, "Why are these civilians risking their lives outside the fort? Aren't they afraid to die?"

Martin laughed at his question, "Afraid to die? Of course, they are afraid to die. Every year many civilians get themselves killed here. Just a few days ago, some damned blade locusts got lucky! They rushed in, killing a dozen civilians."

"Then why do they come out of the fort?" asked Zen, puzzled.

Martin smiled, "It has to do with your sect."

Zen was still confused, so, Roger explained, "Each blade locust has a crystal core in its chest. In our sect, they only need the crystal cores you have collected to count the number of blade locusts you have killed. Usually, we take the crystal cores after we kill them. But, we always miss some amidst the many carcasses. These people are here to take a chance on luck. Crystal cores are sold at a premium in the fort."

That explanation cleared it up for Zen.

Twenty crystal cores were worth one point. One point was worth two cubic crystals.

Refiners would love to buy some crystal cores with gold or silver that they had no use for. At the same time, through trade, ordinary individuals could make a fortune, living a prosperous, comfortable life. It was a small wonder why so many men were willing to risk their lives looking for crystal cores outside of the fort.

Ahead, the lush green rain forest was quiet.

In the face of the insect army, other beasts migrated yearly because they were as defenseless as humans when it came to the insect horde. The creatures either went into hiding deep underground or fled the forest entirely.

All was still. The only sound was the leaves rustling in the wind.

Moving silently, Zen and the others made their way into the forest.

Since a blade locust's entire body was grass-green hues, they blended in with the environment perfectly, making them good at camouflaging themselves in the forest. When prey was close enough, they would leap out and make the kill.

The instant Zen brushed by a shrub, there were two blades shooting out at his neck so fast that the blades whistled as they neared him.

Smirking, Zen seized a blade with his bare hand as it came close. Energy erupted through his body, covering every inch of him with a purple aura.

With a clang, the blade snapped between his fingers. At the same time, he shattered the head of the blade locust with his other fist.

Everyone was on guard after the appearance of this blade locust. Zen killed it quickly, but that didn't relieve the tension. Instead, the saying, 'when you have one blade locust in sight, two thousand more are close, ' went through their minds.

The rustling grew louder and louder.

It seemed suddenly that the entire forest was alive with thousands of blade locusts appearing out of thin air and closing in on all sides.

'Kill!'

Killing them was the only thought running through Zen's head at that moment.

To him, the blade locusts were nothing more than points and a ticket to get into Hell Mountain.

Since Zen began the marrow refining level, he had better control of his life energy. He couldn't use it to attack like a weapon or transform it into life vitality like people at the nature level yet though. Still, at this level, he was able to control his life energy perfectly.

Purple light scattered through the air like thin lines extending from Zen's body and the next moment his fist landed forcibly on a blade locust's head.

'Die!'

Two blade locusts sprang out on either side of him, their sharp blades rising, snapping at the air as they closed in on him.

Zen didn't flinch or dodge. His fists severed the air. The blow summoned a horrifying force, the Purple Light Fist!

"Thump! Clunk!"

With dull thuds, the abdomens of both blade locusts were crushed into pieces under his fists. Their crystal cores dropped to the dirt.

Before he could pick the crystal cores up, he heard the whistling in the air behind him. He ducked in reflex avoiding the attack from a blade locust and then swung his fist at its gut as he turned toward it.

'Purple Fist Strength!'

The abdomen was the hardest part of their body. Zen had learned that the hard way.

Purple Fist Strength could channel a force through the insect's thick shell to the deeper, softer part of its body, where the effect would do more damage.

"Crack! Crush! Boof!..."

With seven dull thuds, the flood of force ripped its abdomen apart. The blade locust staggered before collapsing dead on the ground.

One by one blade locusts rushed to Zen. He showed no fear, his parries steady and sure.

Every punch took at least one blade locust, and as they kept dropping dead in front of him, it wasn't long before a pile of bodies rose like a small hill.

While Zen battled, he noticed everyone else was fighting as desperately as he was.

Roger walked among them casually, his sword in hand. Whenever a blade locust came near him, he would swing his sword and shoot a dark red light to pierce the blade locust in the blink of an eye. As befits a refiner at the nature level, he condensed his life vitality into a light, which sliced through the thick exoskeleton like paper.

At the same time, Tank and Sun attacked vigorously. It was not their first time hunting blade locusts. Both of them were experienced fighters and aware of blade locusts' weak spots, which came in handy during the fight.

Men from Green Haze Group drew together in a battle array against the raid of the blade locusts.

"Shield!"

"Spear!"

"Arrow!"

Although these noble clansmen were not as stalwart as the four men from the Cloud Sect, their attack was reasonably effective under Martin's command.

"Crack!"

Zen snapped another blade from a blade locust and then poked its vulnerable head with his other hand, making it explode under the force.

After he killed this one, there were no more living blade locusts around him.

Only a few blade locusts were left, and they surrounded Roger, Martin and the others, and soon those locusts were killed as well.

He looked around him. Dead bodies piled up. He estimated that there were about sixty blade locust carcasses. He would get sixty crystal cores, which equaled only three points.

Zen smiled wryly as he started collecting the crystal cores from the dead bodies. It was a long, hard fight, yet his hard work only netted three points.

He did some quick mental arithmetic in his mind. To earn one hundred points, he would have to kill twenty thousand blade locusts.

Given his ability, if everything went right, it would take him two weeks to finish the task.

Came to think of it, that wasn't a very steep price! In less than a month he could see his sister. Besides, he could improve himself during each battle.

Thinking about the positives reinvigorated him, and he hastily dug out the remaining crystal cores.

After the first wave of blade locusts, they continued along the edge of the forest.

While they walked, Zen took the initiative, killing many blade locusts, and his number of crystal cores grew one by one.

"Alert! Another wave approaches!"

Several battles later, Zen was familiar with his new enemies' moves. Now, he easily spotted them through the sound of the wind ahead.

Not far off branches stirred and then blade locusts came into view.

But this time, something was different.

Dozens of purple blade locusts were with this lot.

"Blade locust officers!"

Zen's eyes flickered at sight.

These locusts were more valuable than the normal blade locusts. Each officer was worth one point, the equivalent of twenty normal blade locusts.

Surely officers were harder to kill than normal blade locusts.

"All right, men, watch out! The officers are poisonous. Be careful of the needles!" warned Martin. The truth was, only Zen needed the warning since everyone else already knew.

A blade locust officer was a level four beast with a body comparable to a refiner who was a half step in the nature level. Sharp venomous spikes spread across its purple body, making it a savage foe.

Martin's warning didn't make Zen flinch though. Instead, he charged forward fearlessly.

Blade locust officers made clicking with their mandibles as if they were talking to each other when Zen rushed at them.

The significant difference between the officers and ordinary locusts was that the officers were intelligent, and could communicate!

A half dozen officers had reached a decision after their short discussion and fanned out in Zen's direction, and the next second he was surrounded.

"That was a little reckless, Zen! You've gotten yourself enclosed!" called Martin from behind.

"Let's give him a hand," said Tank as he and Sun moved in closer. They fought side by side in the battle, and before long they warmed up to each other, becoming fast friends. So as soon as they saw Zen in danger, they hurried to lend him a hand.

Roger was the only one who didn't move. He knew full well Zen was too cautious to make such a mistake. Zen would have thought it through before acting. So, Roger was secure in his belief that Zen could handle the situation.

Standing there, Roger wondered what Zen's plan was. What tactic would he employ to deal with the six blade locust officers simultaneously? Roger's curiosity was piqued.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 95 A Rich Harvest Of Crystal Cores (Part One)

Confronted with six blade locust officers at once would have even a hardiest refiner at the nature level quaking in his boots.

A blade locust officer was more powerful, in both speed and strength, than the average blade locust. However, it was the venomous thorns that were the most frightening.

In the desert, there was a scorpion whose deadly sting killed any creature that was stung, instantly, and, in the forest, there was a ghost-like butterfly whose powder was so toxic that it would make the area desolate for miles around.

However, refiners at the nature level weren't usually frightened of those creatures, given that their life vitality could prohibit toxins from entering their bodies. Simply put, it was more difficult for toxins to affect their bodies.

Differing from those two deadly creatures, the venom that the blade locust officers possessed wasn't fatal. Instead, the toxin severely paralyzed the victim and could break through the life vitality barrier to penetrate the human body. Even those who reached the nature level were unable to move once infected.

Thus, when it came to fighting the blade locust officers, everyone needed to be on guard. After all, once paralyzed, one was nothing but food for blade locusts.

Others feared the blade locust officer's poison, but not Zen.

Considering his body was a mysterious weapon, there wasn't any poison that could harm him.

Therefore, although it seemed foolhardy of him to rush at the blade locust officers alone, in actuality, he was quite prepared.

As he leaped through the air, he slipped a ring on one finger, while the other was steadfast on the broken flying knife. They were the pair of copper rings with the invisible chain linking them that Master Su gave him.

Six blade locust leaders spread out around Zen, closing in on him while shrieking. Suddenly, purple thorns shot from their bodies at Zen.

Facing an onslaught from stings that everyone else was desperate to avoid, Zen didn't duck and instead let them pierce his skin. At that moment, he threw the broken flying knife.

"Slash!"

As the flying knife flew through the air, Zen waved the hand he had the ring on controlling the invisible chain, and immediately, the broken flying knife circled him.

The razor edge knife sliced deeply into each blade locust officer's head as it made its way around Zen. With that, Zen's strength was sapped, and he slumped to the ground.

In midair, the heads of the six blade locust officers remained intact for a few seconds before separating awkwardly from their bodies, falling from the sky and slamming into the ground hard.

The six officers were dead in a flash.

"Wow! That was awesome! Zen, that was fantastic!" shouted Tank and others in amazement.

Martin's eyes were filled with astonishment as well. As a centurion who fought blade locusts all year round, Martin should be the one who knew them best. He was well aware of how difficult it was to deal with the blade locust officers, especially their venomous stings.

His skin was stabbed once by a thorn that a blade officer shot. The result was that he was immediately paralyzed and laid in bed recovering for a week before his ability to move was restored!

But, Zen was pierced by multiple stings just now!

The spines had rained down on Zen in a downpour that even an elephant couldn't withstand, let alone a man.

Remarkably, Zen was alive and kicking, without any ill effects.

"Is he even human?" murmured Martin in disbelief.

Roger stood his ground, clasping his sword. Although he figured that Zen had made the first move because he was sure of being able to kill those blade locust officers, Zen's performance exceeded his expectations.

"I took the assignment because it was boring at the Cloud Sect. I never expected meeting such an interesting guy on my trip," muttered Roger under his breath as his eyes lit up in surprise. 'Talents like his are encouraging. As long as he doesn't die young, he's bound to be a hegemon, ' he thought.

'Although there's no need to draw him over to my side, perhaps, I can give him a hand if he's in trouble in the future, ' he decided as he drew his sword from its sheath and faced the next wave of blade locusts.

At this point, an unusually large number of blade locusts swarmed them, and a new round of shooting began.

Enveloped in purple light from head to toe, Zen became bolder and bolder.

A crystal core from a blade locust officer would earn him one point, and he had just beheaded six in one fell swoop, which was equivalent to six points he had gained. Fighting like this would earn him points much quicker than he could by killing ordinary blade locusts.

But, blade locust officers differed from the common ones.

They were intelligent, which meant they weren't prone to daredevil tactics like the average blade locusts.

When the remaining officers saw that Zen had killed six of their cohorts in a single strike, they scattered and avoided him, while commanding more common ones to attack him.

Zen kept swinging his arm. Under the strong outward force, the broken flying knife whirled violently around him.

"Whirl, whoosh..."

Dozens of blade locusts charged Zen, but Zen adjusted his position, and they were sliced in half by the flying knife. Their remains were littering the ground. To Zen, the blade locusts were as defenseless as ants, even though others freaked out at the mere mention of them.

Soon blade locust carcasses were piled up like a hill, and among them were the heads of several purple blade locust officers.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 96 A Rich Harvest Of Crystal Cores (Part Two)

There were many more of blade locusts than there had been in the previous waves, but thanks to the presence of Zen "the Windmill," they were destroyed more quickly than before. After the dozens of blade locust officers were slaughtered, the remaining blade locusts withdrew.

Since there was a heap of blade locust corpses on the ground waiting for Zen to pick through, gathering the spoils, he didn't give chase to the retreating blade locusts.

Martin was puzzled at the sight of the blade locusts retreating, a thought flashed, and his face darkened at the possibility that came to his mind.

"No! Impossible! Retreat! Everyone, fall back!" shouted Martin in an urgent tone.

Hearing Martin shouting, Zen stopped plucking crystal cores from within the blade locust officers' chests with his knife, and asked in bewilderment, "What? Why?"

"When ordinary blade locusts retreat, it means... It means that there must be..." Martin's face was white, and his fear gripped him, making him unable to finish his sentence.

"What? There must be what?" Seeing the fear on Martin's face made Zen realize how dangerous the situation must be.

"Queen... blade locust!" stammered Martin with a guttural grunt.

He had been at the Dragon Fort for many years and knew the habits of the blade locusts, and that both the officers and the average blade locusts were under the orders of a queen blade locust. The blade locust officers could think independently, but the real commander of the army was the queen.

Without independent thought, each common blade locust was a daredevil. No matter how formidable the enemy was, they wouldn't hesitate to attack, so, in general, they didn't have the concept of fleeing or retreating.

In this aspect, they were natural warriors.

On the other hand, since they were retreating, there must be a queen blade locust near, calling them.

The queen was the sovereign mother of blade locusts. Once met, even refiners at the nature level needed to flee in haste, and only stronger refiners were able to battle her.

If a queen appeared here, everyone present would surely perish.

This was why Martin was so scared. In addition, he was confused about something.

The daily tasks assigned to the imperial army by the Dragon Fort should not be this risky.

Although the queens were frightening, there were also numerous powerful cultivators at the Dragon Fort, such as the well-known Flying Dragon General who had personally killed several blade locust queens.

The imperial army did an excellent job of surveillance, and usually wouldn't assign such a dangerous task to the Green Haze Group.

Therefore, it was not reasonable for the Green Haze Group to be sent to such a dangerous area. 'Unless someone is using this opportunity to destroy the Green Haze Group!' thought Martin, appalled.

He did not share his concerns. At the moment he just wanted to get his Green Haze Group back to the fort as fast as possible.

At Martin's command, everyone stopped digging out crystal cores and headed to the fort immediately.

However, just as they turned in the direction of the fort and safety, they felt a tremor in the ground.

"Boom!"

"Thud!"

"Boom!"

A massive creature was clomping closer.

The noise got louder, and the ground shook more violently, telling them that the immense creature was approaching them rapidly.

Hearts sank, and many soldiers and refiners alike gulped as they breathed. As predicted by Martin, a queen blade locust was indeed nearby.

Everyone wanted to survive and clambered to escape, fleeing like madmen.

Zen ran at a consistent speed behind Roger, while the four disciples from the Cloud Sect complained secretly.

In such a large area outside the Dragon Fort, the probability of meeting a queen blade locust was very small. Even if a queen left her nest once in a while, she would likely be beheaded by the mighty cultivators at the Dragon Fort, but unfortunately, they encountered one now...

Just as the group was running through the jungle, a large red blade appeared in front of them.

The trees that the blade passed through were leveled, and so were the dozen soldiers in front.

"Aaahh..."

The soldiers were cut in half and quickly devoured by ordinary blade locusts hiding as they shrieked.

Zen and the Green Haze Group rushed to a halt. In front of them stood a queen blade locust over twenty feet high blocking their way. She was a bright red color, with two large blades grinding against each other, and substantial compound eyes locked firmly in her enemies.

Being stared by such an enormous beast, Zen felt a chill of horror run down his spine. At that moment, he had only one thought, 'Run!'

Even in this crisis, Martin didn't raise the white flag. "To the sides, as many as possible!" he roared. "Everyone, run!" The superior qualities Martin possessed as a member of the imperial army were evident at this life and death moment.

The words were hardly out of Martin's mouth when the queen blade locust moved again. She was huge, but she moved incredibly fast. She deftly blocked the road to the side, her two giant blades cutting across the crowd again.

At this crucial moment, Zen leaped into the air, narrowly avoiding the blade that was coming at him and rolled over it.

Others were not as fortunate. Eight more men were cut down by the blades of the queen.

Standing behind the soldiers, Tank saw the giant blades bearing down on him, and it was too late for him to dodge. With a desperate yet determined look on his face, he gathered his strength and at the last moment, his entire body shimmered with a golden light.

As a cultivator half-step into the nature level, he let loose a burst of remarkable power while he hung on by a thread.

"Ka-Blam!"

Tank focused his golden aura from within his body to a single point, and shot it at the giant blades.

In a tragic scene, Tank's fierce power stopped the queen blade locust momentarily before her blades sliced him in two, mercilessly.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 97 Tragic Plight (Part One)

Watching what happened to Tank, knocked his fellow disciples, Zen, Roger and Sun, for a loop. And they felt a massive sense of loss in their hearts.

While the four of them hadn't deliberately sought each other out, they had become a close-knit team in a short time. There was an understanding among them from following and working closely with the Green Haze Group to fight the blade locusts.

But, only a few hours after they formed the team, one of the four was killed on the spot. At this moment, naturally, the mood in their hearts was one of sorrow. They couldn't help mourning for Tank's fate. What if all of them died here today?

As they were feeling sorry for themselves, Martin?roared and shot an arrow aiming at the queen blade locust's compound eye as he ran. As the arrow sailed through the air drawing near the queen's eye, she extended her blade-like appendage, batting it from the sky and it clattered harmlessly to the ground.

In an uproar at the arrow, the queen blade locust targeted Martin next, lumbering after him.

"Everyone, just run! I'll distract the queen and lead her away!" yelled Martin, in apparent acceptance of his fate, whether life or death.

Chasing Martin, the queen blade locust was no longer blocking their way, giving others a slim chance of escaping.

However, the situation was still grave, aside from the queen, there was a mass of blade locusts waiting, along with hundreds of blade locust officers.

The soldiers of the Green Haze Group lit their bamboo torches, sending smoke and flame billowing into the air. Whether ordinary blade locusts or the officers, they were repelled by the smoke, fearing it. They scattered in all directions. Finally, a passage cleared ahead of the troops.

"Let's go! We're moving out, Zen!" called Sun. He was ready to leave, but, when he looked back, he saw?Zen standing in a daze.

"Zen, if we don't leave now, we'll die here!" urged Roger?as he fidgeted, having a strange feeling in his gut.

Zen thought a moment, turning to face Roger and Sun with a look of determination. He said, "Roger, Sun, you are my brothers. You go ahead. I'm going to help Martin! We'll catch you up later once we deal with the blade locust queen." Not waiting for his brothers in arms to argue, Zen started running in the direction Martin disappeared.

"What're you doing? Do you have a death wish? Don't you understand? You will die!" questioned Sun anxiously.

Roger winked but didn't say anything. He was pretty good at reading people. Although Roger had met Zen only two days ago, he already understood Zen's unique character. Once he made up his mind, there was no use trying to sway him.

No matter how fast Martin ran, the queen blade locust ran more quickly, each step bringing her a few feet closer to Martin, and soon she would be on top of Martin.

While the queen locust chased Martin in haphazard directions, Zen easily caught up by cutting a straight path through the woods.

Now he was only a thousand feet away from the queen blade locust!

After Zen began refining at the marrow level, he could hear and see farther away than before. He also acquired a better grasp of distances, thanks to the marrow refining level.

The wind rushed past, whistling in Zen's ears. With his sweaty palms, he clutched the broken flying knife in his hand.

As Zen drew closer, he felt excitement twisting faintly in his gut, but no fear!

Five hundred feet away now!

Closer now, he could make out the markings on the queen blade locust at a glance.

Only two hundred feet!

One hundred!

The distance between the queen blade locust and Martin was disappearing. As she prepared to overtake him, she raised her large blade high in the air.

Martin knew there was little hope of survival as he faced the queen blade locust alone. As a standard imperial soldier on the verge of death, he wouldn't just give up, but, would fight to his dying breath. As such, his eyes were filled with determination, courage, and strength.

He let loose a battle cry at the top of his lungs. All of the muscles tensed, preparing for the action. And he lunged at the huge queen blade locust.

"It's time!" exclaimed Zen.

Timing it to the second, Zen focused strength to his feet and leaped high, propelling himself forward in the air.

At the same time, he drew back his arm, aiming the knife before sending it sailing through the sky and to the queen blade locust.

The queen blade locust was huge, while the knife?was only half an arm's length. Even if the knife stuck into the queen, it might not cause enough damage. So, Zen targeted the vital part of her forelimb.

The timing of his shot was remarkably accurate!

When the queen blade locust was a few feet from Martin, the broken knife slashed through the crucial point of her forelimb.

Although the carapace of the queen was notably hard, the broken knife effortlessly sliced into it.

"Cra-ack!"

In a split second, the blade cracked and was separated from the queen's body. It fell to the ground with a heavy thud. Shocked?Martin stood frozen with a dumbfounded expression, as his mind took a moment to figure out what just happened.

"Zzzztttt..."

shrieked the queen blade locust in agony.

Both Zen and Martin felt a stabbing pain from her screech piercing their eardrums.

The compound eyes on her head rolled around, searching for the source of pain and soon?focused on Zen nearby. She turned her fury on Zen, raising her other blade and swiftly hacking in a downward motion at him!

Prepared for her retaliation, Zen evaded the horrible blow, sprinting away in the other direction.

The blade came down hard, leaving a long crack in the ground. She pulled the blade back, and let loose a monstrous scream from her mandible. All her hatred was focused on Zen as she rushed him, forgetting Martin, her earlier target.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 98 Tragic Plight (Part Two)

Martin teetered on the brink of death, feeling like he would collapse at any second. As he watched the retreating form of the queen blade locust, his chest heaved as profoundly, out of breath after his run. He never thought Zen would lead the queen blade locust away just in time to save his life!

The whistling wind rushed past his ears, and the woods fell away behind Zen on either side as Zen ran. Zen didn't choose any specific way because he had no idea where he was anyway!

Aside from running onward with all his effort, he hadn't had time to think of a plan.

The queen blade locust was chasing after him at a crazy speed. Although she had only one blade left, for Zen, she was still an invincible being.

"Scri-itch!"

came the sound as a shadow of red flashed through the trees in the spot where Zen was a moment ago, leaving a ten feet long scar in the ground.

The queen was obviously much faster than Zen. In seconds she would overtake?Zen!

"What now?"

questioned Zen looking around frantically as his heart gradually sank. Faced with such a powerful opponent, he didn't hold out for the fight to go his way.

"Scra-atch!"

came the ominous sound as the red shadow fell again, and at the same time the wind whizzed past. Zen surged up, avoiding the attack and rolled forward out of reach.

Colliding into shrubs and bramble as he made his way through the jungle, Zen saw a canyon come into view ahead. He looked?around and noted that the canyon was?about seventy or eighty feet?wide.

'I'll have to jump the gorge!' decided Zen quickly in mind.

Racing to the edge of the canyon, Zen clenched his teeth, directed the strength of his entire body to the feet while pulling himself into the shape of a curved bow, and flexed as he launched.

With the power of his kick off, he thrust himself across the canyon.

Midair, halfway across, the queen blade locust jumped after him, as she spread her wings. She flew at Zen.

"Son of a bitch! The queen blade locust can fly?" yelled Zen into the empty sky, depressed.

In reality, the queen blade locust's body was too large, and she couldn't fly. The wings weren't strong enough to carry her up into the sky.

But, using her strong hind limbs to propel upward, she could use her wings to glide on the air for short periods.

In the meantime, the queen with her remaining red blade outstretched was gaining on Zen, quickly.

"What am I going to do? This will kill me..."

Zen couldn't stop his mind from turning to thoughts of death as he soared through the air. He couldn't dodge the red blade this time and watched as the tremendous red blade bit down on him.

At this crucial moment, a desperate desire rose in Zen's heart to survive.

"No! I can't die now! There's still so much left for me to do!" spat Zen suddenly, his eyes bloodshot red.

Faced with impending doom, Zen pressed his knife against his arm. And as he did, he raised it to block the queen blade locust's blade.

"Kla-ash!"

The violent force connected with the broken knife but didn't break it. Sure enough, the toughness of the knife could handle blocking the attack of the queen blade locust's blade.

"Oa-ff!"

gasped Zen as the wind was knocked out of him from the force of the blade clashing into the dagger. Spitting, Zen sent a large mouthful of blood?splattering through the air.

He felt the veins on his forehead throb, and his blood coursing through his body as if his organs were?shattered.

Fortunately, Zen's corporeal form was unique. If anyone else had taken such a fierce strike directly, like Zen had, whether they were a master at the marrow?refining level or at the nature level, they would be dead.

Zen transformed most of the power he absorbed from this energy into a warm current, that continually penetrated his bones and rinsed his marrow.

Unfortunately, the rest of the power from the blow injured him greatly as it was too much for him to bear.

With the help of energy he could use, Zen flew higher, gliding hundreds of feet above the ground until he was across the deep chasm. Falling fast, he landed on the soft ground below.

"Thu-ud!"

The ground shook from the shock of his impact. The queen blade locust landed on the ground seconds after Zen and sped at him.

Lying on the ground, Zen felt as though his body had been ripped to shreds. He didn't want to move. However, when he saw the queen locust rushing closer, he spat bloody saliva and swore while he forced himself up enduring the pain from his fall, and darted in the direction away from the queen.

Being chased for another thousand feet, Zen came to the mouth of a large cave.

He turned and looked at the jungle, spreading endlessly. When he sprinted away, he'd expected to find a place to duck into. But, there was no place to hide from the queen blade locust.

Without thinking, Zen could only seek refuge in the cave.

For humans, caves were far more dangerous inside than the outside.

Especially caves out in the wild, who knew what powerful creatures called the caves home?

But, Zen had no choice at the moment. It was futile to continue running. Zen could only hope there would be a chance for him to survive somehow in the cave.

When Zen got into the cave, the queen blade locust saw and followed close behind him without any hesitation. Hellbent on killing Zen, she just wouldn't give up.

It was such a spacious cave that even the large queen blade locust was able to walk freely inside. Fortunately, the cave also curved along, so that, although she was faster outside, inside the cave, Zen was quicker.

Therefore, the distance between them wasn't shortened.

As Zen went deeper and deeper into the cave, the thick smell of sulfur penetrated his nose. What was below this cave?

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 99 Giant Beast At Lava Lake

The cave was dark, with only the faint light filtering through the entrance behind him, making it difficult for Zen to see ahead.

He had no time to consider what could be hidden in the dark recesses of the cave with his biggest problem behind him and moving closer.

As she made her way into the cave, the queen blade locust smashed stalagmites and stalactites chasing after Zen.

Only the heavens knew whether or not the queen blade locust had a keen sense of smell or Zen was leaving marks behind him. Whatever the case, it seemed easy for the giant insect to find him, even in a maze of caves like this.

The further down they went, the thicker and more pungent the sulfur odor became.

As he rushed into a connecting cavern, Zen discovered a red light illuminated the spacious cave.

Before Zen was an underground lake of magma surging. One after another, dark red flames burst up from the lake only to explode in a 'poof'.

This was the fire of the Earth's core!

It was recorded in ancient tomes that the fire came from the Earth's core.

The weapon refiners much preferred the fire of the Earth's core, because it was more primal, raw than the fire of life vitality that was in the refiner's body. The fire of the Earth's core had a miracle effect when refining certain special magic weapons.

Undoubtedly, the sulfur smell emanated from this pool of magma.

"Boom, boom..."

A low sound of rumbling thunder echoed through the cavern.

The queen blade locust was getting nearer again.

"Damn!" Zen blurted out uneasily.

He saw a passage at the side of the lake of magma, and he ran over to it.

The bank of the lava lake was heated by the fire from the Earth's core. Therefore, the ground was like a hot frying pan under Zen's feet.

All he wanted was to run for his life right then, so, he went through the heat at high speed not turning back.

"Ka-blam!"

The sound of exploding magma spurted fire through the air, splashing it in Zen's direction.

Without hesitation, Zen dropped and rolled, avoiding being splattered with the fires.

Immediately, he heard the stone wall next to him, "sizzling," as the fiery magma that had just skimmed past his back, burned a large hole in the wall.

He noticed the wall was pitted with holes, like scars it had gotten from years of molten lava hitting it.

Well aware of the danger now, Zen was more cautious. He couldn't imagine what his fate would be if the fire of Earth's core hit him.

Soon, the queen blade locust was next to the lake.

An exoskeleton covered the giant insect, but, she was also afraid of fire. So the queen blade locust pursued Zen around the lake's shoreline.

'Thank goodness, ' thought Zen. She was too big to dodge the bursts of flames. By contrast, Zen was more flexible.

Adding to her plight, the quaking of the queen locust's heavy footsteps caused the lava to splash regularly, slowing her progress even more.

Zen was elated at the growing distance between the queen blade locust and himself. He started to think he would escape successfully.

No sooner than Zen was almost free of one quandary, he looked ahead and found himself facing another. His face grew pale, and his mouth fell open slightly.

Ahead of him was a shockingly huge creature blocking his passage.

It looked like a lion, yet its body was at least ten times bigger than a lion's.

The beast was covered with a fiery red mane, with its giant head resting on its mighty front paws, and a scorpion-like tail wagging gently as it slept soundly.

'A fire scorpion lion!' screamed Zen in his head.

The striking, yet terrifying name reverberated in his mind.

Zen had never seen a fire scorpion lion before, but, he'd read about the creature. Based on their scorpion-like tails and high-temperature habitats, fire scorpion lions were easily recognized.

Fire scorpion lions were among the scariest animals in the world, especially the deadly weapon they had for a tail. Even the strongest masters of the nature refining level didn't have much chance of escape.

These fierce beasts were widely distributed throughout the world in ancient times, but in the Eastern Region currently, they were threatened with extinction.

The reason the animal was on the brink of extinction was the ultra-rare crystal core in its body. The crystal core in the fire scorpion lion was a very masculine object used in pill and weapon refining. It was an exceptional raw material top refiners dreamed of having.

With the greedy and reckless characters in the Eastern Region, when a fire scorpion lion was exposed, it attracted thousands of people wanting to hunt it down.

However, Zen was not interested in obtaining the crystal core of a fire scorpion lion. Right now, he only wanted to manage to stay out of trouble.

Snoring loudly, the fire scorpion lion's sleep was undisturbed.

In light of his predicament, Zen decided to attempt to go around the fire scorpion lion.

But, what if he accidentally woke it up?

Then it would be his path to death.

'What should I do? Venture ahead, or not?' wondered Zen, stuck between a rock and a hard place.

If he turned back though, he was a meal for the queen blade locust. So, forward was as good a choice for him as back.

Keeping an eye on the long fangs of the fire scorpion lion, and thumping tail, Zen took a deep breath before he started to step closer cautiously.

As he approached, the unpleasant odor of the beast assaulted his nose. He managed to handle the smell as he walked softly and slowly.

Twenty steps away.

Ten steps closer.

Another five steps.

As Zen took each step, he clenched his teeth to calm his pounding heart.

When he was only three steps away, the fire scorpion lion suddenly rolled over, stretching his long limbs.

His heart was thudding so fast, that Zen thought it would burst from his chest!

Luckily, after a stretch and yawn, the fire scorpion lion curled up, resting his large head back on his front paws, fast asleep again.

Relieved a little, but still holding his breath, Zen continued to tiptoe forward.

As the saying goes, misfortunes never come alone.

"Thud! Thud!" came the sound of the queen locust's footfall as it reverberated off the cave walls, echoing. Focused on the fire scorpion lion in front of him, Zen had forgotten the queen blade locust behind him, for a moment.

'What fucking shit!' cussed Zen silently.

Awakened by the noise, the fire scorpion lion's eyes flew open. The creature looked as surprised by the sight of the small man standing near, as Zen was by the lion waking up.

Shaking its mane and growling angrily, the fire scorpion lion pounced at Zen.

Zen dodged in a flash.

It was just like a game of cat and mouse.

Since Zen responded so quickly, the fire scorpion lion missed him.

Growling furiously, the giant beast crouched, ready to stalk and pounce again.

But the fire scorpion lion paused suddenly, noticing the queen blade locust approaching.

Zen knew an epic battle was about to begin.

'How do I get out? Am I screwed?' wondered Zen desperately.

No matter which way he chose, he saw no way to survive.

Ignoring the small man, the queen blade locust faced off with the fire scorpion lion.

Each beast was arrogant about their strength, and neither side was willing to yield.

Waving her big red blade, the queen blade locust created loud clacking sounds to warn the fire scorpion lion to back off.

Sharpening his claws against the hard stone ground, the fire scorpion lion was anything but fearful.

It was as though time froze, and Zen felt as though a century passed in the tick of a minute.

The queen blade locust impatiently attacked first.

Bellowing a mighty roar, the fire scorpion lion raised his head, preparing for the fight.

In the center of the behemoths battlefield stood Zen.

Out of desperation, Zen decided to try his luck with the lava and jumped into the lake.

The fiery lava boiled vigorously, swallowing him instantaneously.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 100 Transformation Into The Spiritual Weapon (Part One)

At the moment, the two huge beasts were too busy focusing on each other to notice Zen.

One of the beasts, the queen blade locust, had a broken limb from her earlier scuffle with Zen. In spite of being at a disadvantage, the one remaining limb was still a powerful lethal weapon shaped like the blade of a sword. Alongside her blade, the queen blade locust was a little bigger than the fire scorpion lion.

Although the fire scorpion lion was smaller than the queen blade locust, it was nimbler. Further, since the lava cave was the fire scorpion lion's natural habitat, it had an advantage.

As soon as the beasts collided in battle, the cave shook, rocks tumbled, and the cavern floor was littered with rubble.

Rocks fell from high up on the walls of the cave, and fire spouted out of the earth's core.

"Crash, bam!"

"Ba-boom!"

Loud clashing sounds ensued as the fire scorpion lion threw the queen blade locust on the floor swiftly.

In spite of the aggressive attack, the queen blade locust forcibly stomped the ground with her hind legs, thrusting the fire scorpion lion backward about one foot.

Immediately, the queen rushed towards the lion and flung her enormous blade at the fire scorpion lion. However, the lion evaded her attack and snarled before retaliating. The locust, which could only survive by slaughtering, was much more courageous and brutal than ordinary beasts.

"Skrressh!"

came the horrifying sound of the blade slicing into the flesh of the fire scorpion lion. Its heart and other organs spilled out. The fire scorpion lion, mortally injured, wailed mournfully. At the same time, cocking its nimble tail up, the lion slashed at the queen blade locust's head.

"Snap!"

The queen blade locust couldn't dodge in time, resulting in her head splitting and falling to the ground because of the force of scorpion tail.

Without her head, the queen's body became limp, and the blade trembled for a moment before her carcass slumped to the ground. The lion's organs were rent into pieces, and the large lion whimpered before tilting his head and gasping his last breaths.

People became apprehensive at the mere mention of these two huge beasts. They would be awestruck to see the two dead in this cave at the same time...

....

....

At first, when faced with the two beasts, Zen thought he was doomed to perish.

Earlier, he was roasted by Evil Lan's fire. Instead of being harmed, Zen became physically stronger, thereby becoming comparable to a top grade mysterious weapon.

But, the fire from the earth's core was different from Evil Lan's grade two fire. It was many times stronger than Evil Lan's fire.

After all, Evil Lan was only a half-step into the nature level. In the strictest sense, his fire evolved from his life energy rather than life vitality.

However, the earth's core fire was much mightier than the fire produced by any nature level weapon refiners even with life vitality.

Zen felt the sensation of burning as soon as he jumped into the lava.

He had experienced the same pain twice before, once in the cellar of the Luo family and the other was in Evil Lan's weapon refining furnace, so, in this cave, it came to be that he felt it for the third time.

In his current position, he knew that aside from gritting his teeth and toughing it out, he was helpless. He could pray to the God to bless his success against the earth's core fire, keeping his corporeal form from being incinerated, but, there was nothing more he could do.

Slowly, his complexion started to change. Overall, Zen looked like a red-hot piece of iron, glowing dark red.

As his body heated up and burned, countless little gold pieces appeared on his body. Subsequently, they started to rotate.

As they whirled faster and faster, the gold pieces changed into golden eddies and began to absorb the fire from the earth's core.

The fire that engulfed Zen was swiftly taken into the eddies and absorbed by Zen. However, the swirls covering Zen's body were not satisfied. After absorbing all the fire surrounding Zen, the eddies generated a mightier force and pulled the earth's core fire from farther away.

Wisps, streaks, and flakes of fire were sucked in by a gravitational force, madly rushing into Zen's body.

All the earth's core fire within the large lava lake rapidly converged in his body.

If anyone was present outside the lava lake at that moment, they would be astounded at the sight.

In the center of the lake where the lava had been boiling, the lava's color gradually changed from red to black as it cooled. At last, the lava was pitch black and solid. As the pitch black area expanded, more and more lava cooled, becoming solid carbon black rocks.

At last, the entire lake was a sizeable hardened rock.

Except for a few spots where the lava remained slightly dark red, the cave, which had been bright, now was in complete darkness.

A long while later, the lava lake suddenly cracked in the center, and a hand shot out from the crack. It was Zen's hand reaching upward, with a few pieces of gold foil glittering with a golden light. Afterward, Zen hit the solid lava with his head, smashing it. He crawled out of the broken rock.

A sweet smile spread across Zen's face as it dawned on him that he had survived an impossible situation.

Everything that had transpired was far beyond his ability to comprehend. When he jumped into the lake of lava to escape from certain doom, shockingly, his body absorbed the earth's core fire in the lake. Perhaps his physical strength was improved after being refined by the flames.

He looked down at his body and noticed that his chest had a wave-like texture to it.

Seeing the change, Zen was puzzled.

In the back of his mind, he felt as though he'd seen that texture, and he recognized the pattern from somewhere!

After contemplating the design, it struck him where he'd seen it! Clapping his hands, he shouted, "Yes! I remember now! It's a spiritual texture!"

Zen had seen such textures in the books of weapon refining techniques left by Evil Lan.

Weapons fell into a few classes. They were mysterious, spiritual, fairy, sacred and divine weapons.

Except there were no unique textures on mysterious weapons, special characters similar to this were found only on treasures like spiritual, fairy, and sacred weapons.

For instance, spiritual textures were on spiritual weapons and fairy textures on fairy weapons.

A streak of spiritual texture showed up on Zen's chest, which meant his body had possibly entered a different stage, turning from a mysterious weapon into a spiritual weapon!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 101 Transformation Into The Spiritual Weapon (Part Two)

Zen knew how mysterious weapons differed from spiritual weapons. During the blooded test, he suffered horrific injuries from the dagger, which was one of spiritual weapons that Ryan used. Ryan would have defeated Zen if it wasn't for his body possessing the might of a top grade mysterious weapon.

Once Zen's body evolved into a spiritual weapon, his strengths would be naturally and significantly enhanced regardless of what he was capable of withstanding.

That brought the most critical point to Zen's mind.

"The most remarkable difference between spiritual and mysterious weapons isn't in their tenacity or sharpness. Instead, each spiritual weapon has a unique, extraordinary skill of its own. Like, Ryan's had a mighty silk energy thread he could summon," murmured Zen to the empty cavern.

"Since my body has been upgraded now to the equivalent spiritual weapon, I wonder what kind of 'skill' I will gain?" Wondering about the possibilities excited Zen even more.

"Now, how do I trigger the skill of the spiritual weapon though?' reflected Zen.

Standing on the solid lake, Zen extended one hand out, breathed in and out, and loudly shouted, "Hai!" Rushing ahead two steps, he raised one leg, spinning in the air as he did, executing a spinning kick.

As he went through the motions, Zen's moves looked awkward.

After some trials and erroneous moves, Zen stood still, scratched his head and chuckled, thinking he was behaving idiotically.

Since he didn't even know if he had a spiritual weapon skill, it was impossible for him to test it the way he was.

When Zen stopped performing the senseless actions, the gold foil covering his body suddenly vanished from sight, leaving the cave in darkness all over again.

Zen pulled a fire starter out of his space ring. As he rubbed it, the cave lit up.

He looked around and saw nothing but the corpses of the queen blade locust and fire scorpion lion.

Earlier, when he jumped into the lake of lava, he had wondered whether or not the two massive beasts would battle each other.

Now, Zen felt he was overthinking everything. These wild creatures were more ferocious than he had imagined, and Zen couldn't help shaking his head and sighing at the miserable, wasted deaths of these two creatures.

As he headed in the direction of an exit and after he took two steps, he smacked himself in the forehead, thinking his brain was addled from the burning in the lake.

If the crystal cores from ordinary blade locusts and blade locust officers could be exchanged for some points, then, couldn't the crystal core from within the queen blade locust be exchanged for an even greater sum of points?

It would be such a waste to leave the queen blade locust's crystal core there.

While Zen thought, his heart raced. Tiptoeing to the queen blade locust, Zen took his knife out of the space ring and thrust it into her chest.

"Clank! Tink!"

came the melodious sound of a fist-sized purple crystal core hitting stone as it tumbled out of the locust and clattered to the ground.

"The crystal core of the blade locust officer is only as big as a walnut, but the queen's crystal core is as large as a man's fist!"

exclaimed Zen while he tucked the purple crystal core into his space ring.

After that, he turned his focus to the fire scorpion lion's corpse.

Zen didn't know if a fire scorpion lion's crystal core could be exchanged for points. He did know how rare the lion's crystal core was, and that it was the most valuable treasure among pill refiners and weapon refiners.

Without analyzing it further, Zen cut the corpse of the fire scorpion lion with his knife and dug out the crystal core.

Treasures could be found over the entire body of a supernatural beast. Human beings could become even mightier than supernatural monsters if they took advantage of these treasures. Zen wanted to make use of the fire scorpion lion's tail, so, with his broken knife, he sliced it off.

Wanting to take back the queen's blade, Zen checked his space ring, trying to make it fit, but there wasn't enough space to hold it, so he gave up. He could have carried it, but since the blade locusts had a keener sense of smell than human beings, if Zen had it on him, he would be attacked by any blade locust he encountered.

After taking what booty he could take, Zen walked back through the cave in the direction he had entered it.

He retraced his steps because of how unusual the cave was. With one shocking beast like fire scorpion lion inside, Zen thought the chances were greater of encountering more terrifying creatures further in the cave.

In light of surviving the attack from the queen blade locust and coming face to face with the fire scorpion lion, he attributed mainly to his good luck, realizing he would have had no chance of survival if not for being able to withstand the lake of lava and the earth's core fire within it.

Rushing back through the caves, Zen wasn't paying close attention and didn't know if he had gone in the right direction for a minute.

Along the way, Zen took a few wrong turns and met some class three beasts. He had some great adventures, as well as near misses, and several hours later, he emerged from the cave.

By the time he got back up to the world outside the cave, night had fallen, and it was dark. The sky sparkled brilliantly with millions of stars. Zen realized as he looked up how late it must be.

Zen carefully made his way back across the canyon and jungles, running along the paths he had followed during the daylight in the direction of the Dragon Fort.

Fortunately, blade locusts spent their night in ensconcing in their lairs, only venturing out under the rarest of unusual situations because they weren't nocturnal by nature. Any other beasts that would normally be out hunting at night were driven away by the insect aggression. Therefore, Zen didn't run into any beasts as he made his way through the thick jungles.

It took him a long time, but, finally, the Dragon Fort came into his view.

Once he reached the Dragon Fort, Zen strode to the building where Martin lived.

Martin was housed with other members of the Green Haze group in the barracks. Zen saw two guards stationed outside the barracks as he approached the building.

When the guards saw Zen, they immediately raised their lances, shouting, "Halt! Who goes? This is the barrack of the Green Haze Group! No visitors are welcome late at night. Leave immediately!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 102 Persuading Roger

"It's me, Zen Luo. I want to speak with Martin, if I might, please?" stated Zen as he neared the door.

As the light from the torches shone on Zen, the two soldiers could see it was him, and there was a look of shock on each man's face. With a grateful tone, one of the guards said, "Hey brother! I can't believe it. You're alive! Thank goodness!"

The two were soldiers of the Green Haze group, or more accurately, surviving members of the troop!

Usually, Martin's battle plans were impressive, and he took many precautions, so he never jeopardized the lives of soldiers in his platoon, and there was rarely a death under his command.

However, in the battle that day, dozens of soldiers perished, which was a terrible blow to the Green Haze group.

The survivors knew that if Zen hadn't drawn the queen blade locust away, none of them would have survived.

If Martin were the only one to have drawn the queen away, she would've caught up to the troops after killing Martin.

Thus, it was Zen's sacrifice that saved the rest of them.

So, the survivors would be eternally grateful for what Zen did!

Until just now, they all thought Zen died. So, they were astounded at his safe return!

The soldiers knew that Zen was an outer disciple from the Cloud Sect, and although he was only at the marrow refining level, Zen was stronger than other disciples at that same level. Even with his strength though, the gap between his power and that of the queen blade locust was immense. They didn't know how Zen escaped.

"Zen, the captain isn't at the camp," one of the soldiers informed Zen.

Wondering why, Zen asked, "Wait, you mean he hasn't come back?"

"Oh, no, he came back, but...?" the soldier broke off his reply, not sure whether or not he should disclose the truth.

Seeing the soldier's concerned look, Zen was confused and asked, "But what? What happened?"

"Zen, the captain was... locked up!" announced the soldier in a sad tone as he bowed his head.

Zen frowned and in a deeper timbre asked, "Locked up? But, why?"

"Yesterday, someone changed our regular marching route. It must've been someone who intended for us to travel a more dangerous trail," the soldier stopped relating what had occurred, inhaling before he suddenly furrowed his brows indignantly and with an inflection of resentment in his voice said, "Captain Martin went to the higher-ups and complained, angering his superior officer. So, he was arrested. I'm afraid they will punish him for insubordination accordingly, by martial law..."

'How did this happen?' speculated Zen. What the soldier had conveyed to him, irritated Zen.

Someone had intentionally changed their route, endangering all of the troops in the Green Haze platoon, and almost succeeded in getting them all killed! The disciples from the Cloud Sect, Roger, Sun, and Zen almost died, while a single slash from the queen blade locust brutally destroyed poor Tank!

Examining the events in his mind, Zen became infuriated!

Granted, Zen had only known Martin for a short time, but, he appreciated Martin's leadership skills. On top of that, Martin courageously sacrificed himself by luring the queen locust away, saving his troops and the disciples. It was shocking to hear soldiers on the same side as him arrested him.

"Do you know anyone with authority who can assist us and intercede to have our captain's charges dropped, Zen?"

"Captain Martin wasn't in the wrong, and shouldn't have been unfairly punished!"

All at once, both soldiers begged Zen. Albeit, the two were the most ordinary soldiers in the Imperial Army, but, they had followed Martin for a long time and had a deep relationship with him. In the torchlight, Zen could see their eyes glistening with tears.

"Don't worry! I'm going to request an account of the events!" reassured Zen callously. Admittedly, Zen was nobody special here or at the Cloud Sect, but, that wouldn't stop him from trying!

After leaving the Green Haze group's barracks, Zen jogged to the building he was assigned to and swung the door open. He entered and saw Roger and Sun packing their things.

Sun's jaw dropped open when he saw Zen walking into the room, and he stuttered, "Z-Zze-Zen..!? a-ar-are y-y-you a g-g-ghost?"

Roger, who was ordinarily so composed, stood, staring at Zen in bewilderment as well.

"Oh my God, Zen! Wow! This is unbelievable! You escaped the queen blade locust! Did a master come along and save you?" Allowing for Zen's strength, Roger thought Zen's surviving the queen locust attack was impossible without the aid of a much stronger refiner.

With so many powerful generals stationed at the Dragon Fort, it wasn't unreasonable for Zen to have been lucky enough to run into one out in the jungle.

Roger deemed his theory to be the most reasonable explanation.

Not bothering to respond to the questions, Zen just stared at them and inquired, "Are you already leaving?"

Smiling, Sun responded, "Yes, I'm quitting the mission."

Shrugging, Roger added in a bored tone, "I suppose. I wasn't in it for the points anyway."

"And, what about Martin? Yesterday, Martin risked his life to save us! Do you know where he is now?" demanded Zen angrily.

Feeling slightly embarrassed, Sun had his cheeks turned pink, and he stated, "Zen, don't look at me! I'm merely an outer disciple from the Cloud Sect. What could I do about this matter?"

Roger looked offended. While it was true that Martin lured the queen away yesterday, his primary goal was to save his troops. By the same token, and for reasons known only to him, Roger didn't need to be rescued anyway.

True, Roger couldn't rival the queen blade locust's strength.

However, if he needed to, he could have used his mysterious weapons and escaped without difficulty.

In point of fact, Roger could easily intervene and bail Martin out. It would be a piece of cake to rescue Martin, and initially, he wanted to. However, when he discovered it might be big trouble for himself, Roger decided to stay out of the matter.

But now, Zen's words had overtones of calling Roger a coward which made him feel uncomfortable, so he arrogantly rebutted, "Zen, I won't meddle in Martin's matter, and I advise you not to involve yourself as well. The person behind it isn't one you should provoke."

"I shouldn't provoke him? Who is it? Roger, will you tell me?" Zen inquired.

"The Zhuge Clan is behind it," declared Roger menacingly.

Roger watched Zen expecting to see a look of panic in his eyes, considering that the top seven clans had a well-known reputation throughout the entire empire and that they were too large for Zen to go up against any of them.

However, Roger saw no such fear. As a matter a fact, Zen remained expressionless.

As it sunk in, Zen guffawed and asked, "The Zhuge Clan, again? Hahaha! I understand now!"

"Zen, what do you mean?" curiosity compelled Roger to ask.

Intending to murder Zen, someone within the Zhuge Clan devised this plot, without caring for any other life in the Green Haze group. They were just utilizing the platoon to push Zen into a desperate situation, not expecting he might be fortunate and escape!

Regrettably, many innocent people died, including Tank.

Zen didn't offer Roger a response, but, instead mockingly asked, "Roger, you are afraid of the Zhuge Clan?"

"The Zhuge Clan? Me, afraid? Of them?" Angered, Roger's face was flushed. Typically, he was reserved, but, his pride was at stake, and he blurted out, "The Zhuge Clan might have power, but, the Meng Clan is prominent as well. Of course, I'm not afraid of them!"

As one of the top seven clans, the Meng Clan was known for their wealth and talented members which were on a par with the Zhuge Clan!

When people first heard Roger's surname and witnessed his proud temperament and magnificent clothing, they knew he was one of the Meng Clan. However, since everyone was here to hunt blade locusts, they didn't care about Roger's identity.

"Well, in that case, why don't you save Martin?" challenged Zen.

"I'm not going to go looking for trouble over this! Plus, the loony Fren Zhuge came up with the scheme," asserted Roger smoothly. Children born into a prominent clan had the intrinsic sense of self-preservation and knew how to weigh the pros and cons in any given situation.

It was okay if Roger helped Martin as long as it didn't lead to trouble for him, but, it was stupid to provoke anyone from the Zhuge Clan just to assist Martin.

Zen's dare was transparent. How could he think Roger wouldn't know his true intentions?

Warily, Zen chuckled and pleaded, "Roger, help me this one time, please. I'll remember the kindness from you and the Meng Clan!"

Shaking his head, Roger Meng responded, "Zen, I'll admit, you're talented, but, that isn't enough of a reason for me to help you."

In all honesty, Roger wanted to befriend Zen, who was an uncommon genius even for Cloud Sect and might very well be an influential figure in the future, but, the future was far off, and after weighing the pros and cons Roger decided he couldn't help Zen.

Offending Fren for Zen's sake would be a stupid move in Roger's opinion.

Sure, if Zen were an invincible master already, Roger would help him, but Zen wasn't.

Despite Zen exhibiting an exceptional talent for refining, he could end up in an abyss for offending anyone in the top seven noble clans.

Just then, a look crossed Zen's face, and he reached into his space ring and pulled out the crystal core he had gotten from the queen blade locust. He waved it in front of Roger and Sun, exclaiming, "Roger, no one saved me yesterday. The queen blade locust is dead, because of me. That loony Fren tried to get me killed several times until now, and yet, I'm still alive! I'm bound to rise higher in the future! I'm confident I'll be in a position to help the Meng Clan, one day!"

The fist-sized crystal core gleamed brightly in Zen's hand, reflecting light onto Zen's proud, young face!

Zen's words sounded impertinent, but exuded confidence.

Seeing the crystal core in Zen's hand shocked Roger.

It wasn't that Roger cared about a crystal core, but, the fact that Zen had it meant the queen blade locust was dead! While it wasn't clear whether or not Zen killed the queen blade locust himself, it was obvious that Zen was somehow connected to her demise!

MoboReader

Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 103 Teaching A Fish How To Swim (Part One)

What Zen had accomplished was far beyond Roger's understanding of marrow refining level. 'After chasing after the queen blade locust, in the insane manner Zen did, he not only survived but dealt with her and brought back her crystal core!' contemplated Roger in awe.

His mouth formed a thin, sour line. "You talk a big talk, and it sounds great, but, it's just empty talk!" he said chuckling abruptly, his head bobbing so hard that the ponytail in the back of his head shook. "But... " There was a serious look on Roger's face. He paused and then added, "I like it! You're very ambitious, Zen. So, I have decided to get involved and help you with this mess!"

At Roger's acceptance to help, Zen's face lit up.

Almost nothing was unsolvable when one of the top seven noble clans was involved because no one would dare push back except another member of the same elite class. So, since Roger consented to assist in resolving the issue, things would go much smoother.

"One thing though, Zen. What did you mean when you told me that Fren the loony had attempted to kill you multiple times?" Roger asked unexpectedly.

"It's sort of a long story. My dispute with the Zhuge family came about during the Blooded Test at the Cloud Sect," stated Zen. After a brief pause, he recounted the stories of what happened that got Chad kicked out from the Blooded Test and how he severely beat Fren the loony's steward, Thomas at Drizzle Peak.

With Roger staying to lend a hand with things, Sun gave up his plans to leave, even though he knew his presence wouldn't really do much. Everyone acted for their reasons, and in Sun's case, he decided, 'Since Roger thinks highly of Zen, there's no harm in befriending him!'

Shortly thereafter, the three turned in, sleeping the rest of the night soundly, and the next morning, first thing, the three men strode to the

Dragon Fort's center.

Housed in the Dragon Fort were thousands of barracks for squads, and the main barracks were surrounded in the middle.

Standing before the gates that led to the main barracks were two rows of stoic soldiers at attention, clutching spears and expressionless.

As the trio reached the gates, a soldier snapped to life and shouted, "You have no business here! You need to leave!"

With an air of authority, Roger took two steps towards the soldier and calmly said, "I'm here to see Jon Gou."

"Officer Gou?" asked the soldier, the determined look on the soldier's face softening the instant Roger spoke the name Jon Gou.

Any man, who referred to a superior by full name, wouldn't be just some ordinary person, and what was more, he uttered it casually, as if he were merely summoning one of his servants?!

Immediately, the soldier became polite and deferential. He tossed his spear to the nearest soldier and bowed to the three disciples. "Officer Gou is in the main barracks, now. If you could give me your name, I will inform him of your arrival, okay?" the soldier asked respectfully.

"You can tell him that Roger is requesting to see him." Roger had an inflection of tedium.

After the soldier got Roger's name, he scurried off to the main barracks.

A short time passed before the soldier came back into view. He was smiling appealingly as he sauntered back.

His smile and even strut were because when he told Jon Gou, who was usually aloof, that Roger wanted to see him, he grew enthusiastic—more so than the soldier had ever seen, and even repeated his response, saying, "Yes, show them in at once! Yes, show them in at once!"

Not being naive, the soldier understood immediately that Roger was some big shot!

"If you three would follow me, please. Officer Gou is in the main barracks waiting to receive you!" announced the soldier happily.

Following the soldier, Zen, Roger, and Sun walked through the main compound and were soon in front of Jon Gou.

Seeing Roger, Jon Gou was all smiles and warmly said, "Young Master Roger, why didn't you tell me that you are at the Dragon Fort? If I had known, I would have prepared a nice treat for you!"

While he gushed and fussed happily, Jon Gou received a lukewarm response in return. "The south has such poor products though, aside from blade locusts, what does the Dragon Fort have?" quipped Roger coolly. "What treat would you offer me?"

Even though he was given the cold shoulder, Jon Gou beamed happily. "That's not true," he retorted half-heartedly. "The south has specialties all its own, Young Master Roger. You can't speculate that..."

"Cut the crap! Enough pleasantries, I've come because I have business with you," Roger cut in, impatiently, not caring how Jon Gou would feel. "You've got a Martin Lu here, right?"

Jon Gou's expression became serious, and he nodded, "Yes, he's the leader of the Green Haze Group. Are you here for him, Young Master Roger?"

"Yes, release him," Roger ordered as he gave a small nod.

When Jon Gou heard Roger's request, he hesitated and stated, "Young Master Roger, I'm obligated to accept your orders." Then pausing a moment, he stared into Roger's eyes and added, "However, while it would be a small thing to release Martin, please let me remind you..."

"Yes, I am aware," Roger impatiently cut Jon Gou off again. Even before Jon Gou finished, Roger knew what he was about to say.

"But, the Zhuge family..." Jon Gou blurted out, unsure if Roger truly understood what he was trying to say.

"I know that Jon, I already told you that!" snapped Roger, his face set and hard.

Immediately, Jon Gou nodded briskly and said, "Well alright then, if you insist, I won't worry about it, Young Master. Follow me!"

He led the three men deeper into the main barracks.

Deep in the main grounds, there was a courtyard, where four people sat at a blue stone table. It was laden with fruits, wine, meat, and many other tasty foods.

While the imperial army was permitted drinking, it wasn't allowed in the barracks, and anyone caught would face disciplinary action.

But, the four men were sitting around drinking, unconcerned that they were violating the rules.

"Actually, we should drink a toast to you, Randall!" Liam said laughing as he went on, "Without you, things wouldn't have gone so smoothly!" Raising his glass, Liam then chugged his drink down.

To the toast offered, Randall He tilted his head back and let the wine slide into his lopsided mouth before casually saying, "Don't mention it, Master Fren entrusted the assignment to me, and it was a piece of cake."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 104 Teaching A Fish How To Swim (Part Two)

"Was it easy? We've been stuck in this barren place for three days so far, and we still have a few more days before we can leave!" the Black Fiend complained irritably as he grabbed the wine jug roughly and drank from it.

"I know," agreed the White Fiend, "I should've beaten him to death, then, we wouldn't be sitting here, waiting around!"

"No, you two, it's not as simple as that. When there's a death of a Cloud Sect's disciple that is suspicious in the Dragon Fort jurisdiction, the Dragon Fort doesn't sit idly by," remarked Randall He. "Zen's body hasn't been found yet, but, the queen blade locust was chasing him, so he must be dead by now!"

Liam nodded, adding, "Zen's a tough guy, but he won't survive against the queen blade locust. We just need to be patient for a few more days, and then we can inform Master Fren the assignment is completed." With a smile on his lips, he raised his glass and said, "Cheers, cheers!"

Oblivious to Zen and the others approaching, the four men sat around, drinking, toasting each other and bragging about their accomplishments.

As he neared the table, Jon Gou called out, "Hello Randall. You seem to be enjoying your drink quite a bit." He stepped in front of the men seated, sniffing the air and with a big grin on his face, he said heartily, "How delightful!"

"What do you want, Jon?" demanded Randall He, scowling at Jon Gou. Fully aware that Jon Gou would not come to see him socially, Randall He knew he had an agenda.

When Liam looked up from his wine and glimpsed Zen, his eyes bulged, and his mouth opened slightly, in shock. "How? Zen! You! You're not dead!?" Liam half-accused, half-asked with alarm in his voice.

Liam's question got the attention of Randall He, White Fiend and Black Fiend. None of those three had met Zen before and they looked over at him now.

Like Liam, they were awestruck at Zen being alive.

Since the last report they had gotten was that the queen blade locust was chasing after him, they naturally assumed he wouldn't survive.

It was what they were just talking about, and the reason for their celebration!

Yet, here was Zen standing in front of them and very much alive!

The shock and confusion they felt were too challenging to put into words.

"I was wondering who was behind this. It was you! Very well!" accused Zen. The revelation that the mastermind of the plot to kill Zen was Liam, a fellow disciple of Drizzle Peak infuriated him, but, he held his temper in check and instead, he smiled contemptuously.

"Ha! Yes, it was me, so what?" spat Liam venomously. "Harumph! I don't know how you survived, but, since Master Fren wants you dead, I guess that's it, you will die here, at the Dragon Fort! I suggest you kill yourself here, that way we..."

"That's quite enough of that! There won't be any fighting here!" snapped Jon Gou. Getting involved with disputes among this younger generation was one thing he tried to avoid, and he wouldn't be embroiled in this matter either if not for Roger. Turning to Randall He, Jon Gou commanded, "Where is Martin? Release him!"

"No, Jon, I don't think I will," Randall He refused outrightly, shaking his head.

"Why not?" inquired Jon Gou.

"Well, if I let Martin out, he'll stir up trouble for me, again. Why would I ask for trouble?" Being the same rank as Jon Gou in the imperial army, Randall He had no intentions on taking orders from Jon Gou.

"Oh, really? You dislike trouble, so, I will make this easier for you. If you don't let him go, you'll have even more trouble on your hands!" stated Jon Gou.

"You're kidding, right?" chuckled Randall He maliciously. "I'll have more trouble? Do you even know who I'm working for?"

"That would be the Zhuge family, correct?" replied Zen, grinning caustically.

"Exactly! So, now that you know, go, run along! Don't stick your nose in the affairs you can't afford to mess with, or you'll find yourself in too deep!" Not knowing the young men behind Jon Gou, Randall He would have been furious at them with his short temper, but for Jon Gou, he kept his temper in check.

Both White Fiend and Black Fiend stood up, and as they did, black plumes of smoke swirled about White Fiend while a white light amassed around Black Fiend. The refining methods that the two practiced were white and black, which were unique and integral to each other. The way they moved indicated that the two were preparing an assault.

"Are you saying that you won't let Martin go?" asked Zen.

"Yes, that's what I said! I won't release him!" snarled Randall He. "Do you know who you're speaking to, Boy?" he added as he glared steadily into Zen's eyes. As Randall He stared, his bleak aura burst from his mind, towards Zen.

"Look out!" shouted Jon Gou as soon as he noticed Randall He's stare. Randall He's attack using the bleak aura was faster, and before Jon Gou could do anything to prevent it, the aura had sprung at Zen.

"Is this a chill intent?" asked Zen, a little surprised.

He hadn't expected Randall He to have the refining ability of an intent.

Now, if the chill intent had been used in an attack on anyone else, they might find their soul frozen, immediately.

But, the only thing frozen about Zen was the scornful smile on his face. Seemingly undaunted, he stood still, allowing the chill intent to assail him!

Considering that when Zen felt the intent from the Vengeful Beast at the Heavenly Library, it wasn't able to cause him any tangible harm, the meager strength of Randall He's chill intent was paltry and nothing to Zen.

Seeing Zen's soul was unharmed by his chill intent, Randall He stood there perplexed.

Using this moment to strike, Zen gave a cold snort, and a translucent gray thorn flew out of his head.

"Spiritual Thorn!"

The thorn had scarcely appeared before it struck Randall He's head.

The speed the two sparred at was so fast that before the others present realized there was a fight, the sound of a cold snort from Zen was heard, and then Randall He was on the ground, crouching holding his head and screaming in anguish.

"You were teaching a fish how to swim. Look at you now, bringing shame to yourself!" mocked Zen casually as he stood over Randall He, clasping hands behind his back.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 105 Clan Influence (Part One)

A peculiar scene was unfolding in the yard.

There were ten ranks within the nature level. Huge gap existed between each two of these ten ranks.

For instance, Roger, White Fiend, and Black Fiend, who had all just reached the nature level, were at the first rank.

Cultivators at the nature level were able to generate life vitality. They could use this life vitality as weapons to kill their enemies quietly.

Randall and Jon, the best of the Imperial soldiers, had already reached the fourth rank of the nature level. They possessed great mastery of life vitality at this rank.

That would give Randall a significant advantage if he fought against Roger or the others.

Another fact that gave Randall an edge was that he had mastered the chill intent, which could give his opponent's soul frostbite in the blink of an eye.

Jon's mouth twitched uncontrollably. He had agreed to help simply because he wanted to do Roger a favor. Otherwise, he would rather not make a dangerous enemy like Randall. He and Randall were both at the fourth rank, but Randall's mastery of chill intent made things different. If they fought with each other, Jon would have to pay a great deal of attention to Randall's intent. It would be a tough fight.

But what on earth was going on here? Jon found himself utterly at a loss of the situation.

If he wasn't mistaken, the youngster following Roger wasn't even near the threshold of the nature level. This kid was still at the marrow refining level. He couldn't even discharge life energy yet, let alone generate life vitality.

Where did he get the nerve to challenge Randall? How did he dare say something like 'you are bringing shame to yourself'?

And to Jon's surprise, not only had this kid said it, he had done it.

Jon had witnessed the unusual scene. Randall's intent hadn't hurt Zen at all. Instead, Zen had snorted lightly at the attack, and then, Randall had screamed with pain.

How could he have done that?

Jon racked his brain to find an explanation but failed.

Liam's mouth gaped open, impossibly wide. Although Randall had never revealed his true ability in front of them, Liam could sense it from their daily contact. Randall's majestic presence suggested that his force was way above those of White Fiend and Black Fiend.

Randall was far out of their reach. If it hadn't been for Fren, Liam would never have gotten the chance to work with Randall.

But again, what happened just now…

How did Zen manage to hurt Randall so badly with just a snort?

Liam knew Zen better than the others. Zen was a lowborn boy who had entered Drizzle Peak not long ago. A few days earlier, by some dumb fluke Zen had defeated Leo, his sect peer.

Liam knew Zen's past, so he was more surprised at this scene than others.

Roger's eyes lit up as delight coursed through him.

Roger always prided himself on his knack of assessing people. As such, Roger had studied Zen and now believed that he had an accurate judgment about Zen. Although Zen was still at the marrow refining level, he would stand a chance of winning in a fight against a body refiner at the nature level.

This assessment by Roger showed how high Zen's skills were.

Roger trusted his judgment. He also knew that if he tried telling people about it, nobody would believe him.

Despite Roger's high assessment of Zen's abilities, the young boy still surprised him. Roger was now sure that although he was confident of how Zen would perform, Zen's actual abilities and potential were still unknown to him.

How many more secrets did Zen have? Was he holding back his abilities?

Roger raised his chin as he thought about what Zen was capable of. He was smart enough to understand that it was unwise to reveal one's own true position and intention to the others. Some secrets could only be shared with your closest family members. Roger knew better than to ask stupid questions.

Nevertheless, his decision to help Zen seemed pretty wise now.

As assumed earlier, Roger was now confident that his clan could use this guy and his power to their advantage.

Randall felt as though his head was going to split. It was like a sharp sting had pierced his soul, and the unutterable pain from his soul was tearing him apart.

Fortunately, the soul was a special form. It could heal itself as time wore on, but the excruciating pain from attacks to the soul was inevitable.

What Randall couldn't endure was that he had been publicly humiliated by this brat, a kid at the marrow refining level!

Jon had witnessed all this. He might tell the soldiers. If that happened, Randall's authority would be destroyed.

He must kill this brat to redeem himself!

As Randall got to his feet, life vitality surged through his body. The air in the yard cooled instantly. Although it was a hot summer day, all onlookers felt chilled to the bone. The temperature must have dropped by dozens of degrees.

"You do have a death wish, don't you? But I'm afraid you picked the wrong way. You pissed me off, and you will regret it. There is going to be a hell lot of pain waiting for you before you die," Randall growled at Zen. A terrifying pressure radiated from Randall's body as he spoke. In the next instant, the force was directed at Zen.

Zen's body tensed. The pressure was like a massive iceberg. Once it fell on him, he would be crushed to pieces. Randall's force was indeed extraordinarily powerful. He was not a common body refiner at the nature level!

"Jon?" At this point, Roger called out and gave Jon a look.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 106 Clan Influence (Part Two)

Jon understood. He took a step forward and placed himself in front of Zen. Then with a low voice, he said, "Just let it go, Randall. Fighting with a kid will not make you look good."

"Out of the way, Jon. His life is mine to take!" Randall roared. Normally, Randall would consider Jon's advice. But now he had completely lost it. He couldn't think about anything else except tearing Zen apart.

"Randall, just because you have the Zhuge family supporting you, you think you can do whatever you want?" Jon's face darkened. It seemed that Randall was not going to think rationally.

"So what? You want a fight?" Randall clenched his fists. As white tufts of frost covered his hands, the air around Randall shimmered with cold. This was Randall's life vitality.

"You think I am afraid of you?" Jon didn't flinch at Randall's rage.

Seeing that the two were going to fight, Roger became impatient.

"I'm in no mood to watch you two fight. Just let Martin go. Jon, if you can't get it done, I will go find my uncle," Roger said with displeasure written all over his face. He had been confident that Jon could handle the issue. Randall could do this the easy way or the hard way, but apparently, he had chosen the latter.

Jon's expression changed at Roger's words. If Roger's uncle were involved, it would take this situation to a whole different level. Jon didn't want that. He said quickly, "Young master, there is no need to trouble your uncle with such a little thing."

Roger shrugged. He gestured around the yard and asked, "To me, it seems that they don't want to release Martin. Do you have any ideas?"

Jon turned to Randall. "You heard the young master. If you don't release Martin, the Flying Dragon General will be involved. If that happens, this can get really ugly for you."

The Flying Dragon General was one of the commanders who were in charge of Dragon Fort. Nobody knew the depth of his force. His reputation, however, was well-known. For his achievements and skill, he had earned the title of 'anchor' of the Dragon Fort. The Flying Dragon General was undoubtedly the most famous general of the Imperial Army!

"He.. He knows the Flying Dragon General?" Randall's expression conveyed the skepticism he felt when he heard what Jon had said.

If Roger had the support and protection of the Flying Dragon General, Randall would release Martin at once. But Randall had been through a lot of battles. He wasn't a man who would be easily intimated by words.

"Try crossing me, and you'll find out!" Roger said calmly. Compared with Zen, his attitude was indifferent toward Randall, an undeniably stronger opponent. Roger had a domineering air that was exclusive to someone born with privilege, such as disciples from noble clans.

"This is the young master of the Meng Clan. As to his relationship with the Flying Dragon General, you can take a wild guess now that you know his identity," Jon sneered.

It was only when he heard the mention of the Meng Clan that Randall came to understand the situation. It was no small wonder that Jon had dared to offend the Zhuge Clan. Jon had the Meng Clan behind him now. Not only did they put pressure on Randall with the Meng Clan's name, but they also threatened to involve the Flying Dragon General.

Randall wasn't some green boy. He knew what decision to make if the situation changed.

Fren did have a certain reputation on which Randall could rely. But now the young master of the Meng Clan was standing in front of him.

Randall sighed as he knew there was no wiggle room left. Still, making a concession was never a pleasant experience. As feelings of resentment coursed through Randall, he turned and shot Zen a venomous glare.

Roger, understanding that he had won, gave a cold laugh and turned to leave.

If Roger involved the Flying Dragon General in this, Randall knew it wouldn't end well for him. "Okay," Randall said through gritted teeth. "I will let Martin go!"

"Great!" Roger looked back when he heard Randall. Then he insulted the man further with a mocking retort. "We could have saved ourselves a lot of talking if you had been wiser."

Randall didn't respond to Roger's riposte. He turned to the side and asked his accomplice to bring Martin.

Randall was a tough guy, yet with a few words, and Roger had bent Randall to his will. Zen was impressed. Disciples from noble clans really knew how to achieve their goals by merely mentioning the influence of their clans! In comparison, an individual with no supporting clan seemed so small and powerless.

Zen had no clan influence he could count on. All he had was his force, his fists.

But that was okay. He would climb to the apotheosis of body refining based on his skills. Then, he would have his influence!

Soon Martin was brought to the yard.

The bruises all over his body implied that he had been beaten badly while in captivity. However, his calm expression and his state of mind conveyed that he was fine. Such injuries were not a big deal for a body refiner who was half a step into the nature level.

Like others, when Martin saw Zen, he looked as if he had just seen a ghost.

"Zen… bro, you're alive! You're still alive!" Martin exclaimed excitedly.

"Yeah, Martin, I survived," Zen replied with a smile.

"That's great, wonderful..." Martin muttered. Throughout his imprisonment, Martin had been tormented over the death of his brothers during the fight with the blade locusts. It wasn't the lashes meted out to him that pained Martin the most. No, it was the thought that Zen had sacrificed himself by volunteering to bait the queen blade locust to save Martin. All these times, Martin had not been able to stop thinking about what had happened. It was true that Martin blamed himself. If only he hadn't been so careless! If he had noticed there was something wrong with the marching route early enough, those people wouldn't have died.

How Zen had survived was beyond Martin's understanding. The sight of Zen standing in the yard unscathed filled Martin with surprise and joy.

"Zen, Randall is responsible for all this. He is the culprit!" Martin turned to Randall and pointed as he spoke, "As I recall, I had no beef with you before. But you changed our marching route without permission, which put my teammates' lives on the line. I will give my life to hold you responsible for your actions!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 107 Conjectures (Part One)

Randall was very depressed.

He knew that Martin would be unwilling to let things go. If Martin hadn't argued with him in the first place, Randall would not have locked him up.

He didn't know that Martin had Roger, a young master of the Meng Clan, behind him. Now Randall found himself in an awkward situation. To please Fren, a young master of the Zhuge Clan, he had offended Roger. But Randall hadn't accomplished anything.

It was too late to repent.

"Martin, if something is unclear, let's go back and talk about it," said Zen with a wink to Martin.

Now that Martin had been released, they needed to consider the matter carefully before making a decision. If they fell out with Randall, they would be in a bad situation, too.

Stubborn as Martin was he had a clear understanding of the situation in which he found himself. Hearing what Zen said, he cast a scornful glare at Randall and shut his mouth.

Seeing that everything was settled, Jon guided the crowd out of the yard.

Randall remained in the yard. He was quite upset. He glanced at Liam, who had also stayed behind. Randall growled, "Didn't you say that Zen was just an ordinary disciple without any influential background? Why is a person from the Meng Clan behind him?"

If he had known what was going to happen, Randall would never have agreed to get involved.

With his temper and ruthlessly efficient style, Randall wanted to beat up Liam!

But Liam had come to the Dragon Fort on behalf of Fren, so Randall didn't dare to offend him too much. He had already annoyed Roger, a nobleman of the Meng Clan. If he couldn't align himself with Fren of the Zhuge Clan, Randall would be in a more precarious position.

"It's ... It's because ..." Liam didn't have a reason. He was equally puzzled. Liam turned to Randall and said, "Zen is an ordinary disciple at Cloud Sect. And he has no strong background. I don't know how he made the acquaintance of a young master from the Meng Clan."

Liam was wondering about this as well. Why did Roger help Zen?

He was aware of the rules of conduct of noblemen. There were two ways to be a part of them. The first was to bring great benefits to the children of the noble clans. The other was to be obedient and submissive to them and do what they asked. Either way, children of noble clans never considered ordinary people as friends.

However, Roger, the young master of the Meng Clan, was willing to stand up for Zen and take care of him. How did Zen attach himself to the Meng Clan? And what did he rely on? Liam was confused.

"I told you that we should have killed that boy. It was a simple and easy task. But Liam, you idiot! You wanted to kill him inconspicuously. That was too much to hope for. You wanted him to be killed by the blade locusts, but now he is alive. As far as your ability is concerned, I consider it a joke that Fren sent you to do this!" grumbled White Fiend.

"It's not too late. The minute Zen leaves the Dragon Fort, we'll kill him," said Black Fiend with a dark smile.

"You are right. Now that we have offended the Meng Clan, we should kill Zen as soon as possible. Otherwise, we will face not only the wrath of the Meng Clan, but also Fren's anger!" said Randall.

Liam nodded and said, "Well, then, we'll do as Black Fiend has suggested. As soon as Zen comes out of the Dragon Fort, we'll kill him."

A wild look reflected in their eyes at the prospect of getting even with Zen.

They knew the rules of the noble clans. If ordinary people were useful to the noblemen they served, they would earn endless benefits. If, however, they proved useless, the noblemen they assisted would surely kill them.

...

...

After leaving the small yard, Jon walked Zen and the others out of the main army camp. Along the way, he said, "You have upset and disgraced Randall. I believe that he will act on this humiliation. They will find every opportunity to kill you. So, I advise you to leave Dragon Fort and return to Cloud Sect as soon as possible."

Roger agreed with Jon. He said, "Zen, you have got the crystal core of the queen blade locust. You will be able to exchange it for a lot of points. It has been a rewarding trip for you! Will you return to Cloud Sect with us?"

"I'm still trying to figure out how on earth you managed to get rid of that queen blade locust!" said Jon. He had heard about the ins and outs of the matter. He knew that Zen had not only escaped from the clutches of the queen blade locust, he had also killed her and retrieved her crystal core. But that was what he found hard to believe.

Jon knew that Zen was strong and had a great capacity for fighting. But even with his strength, Zen was not powerful enough to be a challenging opponent to the queen blade locust. He couldn't believe that Zen had killed her by himself.

Hearing Jon's statement, Zen smiled but chose to remain quiet. By no means could he afford to explain. He couldn't tell Jon that he had not killed the queen blade locust. The fire scorpion lion had killed her. While the queen's crystal core might not be very valuable in their eyes, the fire scorpion lion's crystal core was precious indeed.

The fire scorpion lion's crystal core was the best material for pill refining and weapon refining. The top seven clans in the empire would do anything to get the fire scorpion lion's core! If they knew where the fire scorpion lion was, they would send people to seek, hunt, and kill it. If that happened, the people seeking the fire scorpion lion would find the dead bodies of both, the queen blade locust and the fire scorpion lion. Then they would speculate that Zen was in possession of the crystal cores of both creatures. This would be a huge mistake! Zen would not be so stupid as to expose the matter.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 108 Conjectures (Part Two)

So, Zen changed the topic and asked, "Roger, how many points can be exchanged for the queen's crystal core?"

Hearing Zen ask such a silly question, Sun, who had not spoken for a long time, began to cough violently. He even had to thump his chest with his hands to stop the coughing! He turned to Zen and asked incredulously, "Whoa, whoa, Zen! You don't know?"

Zen shrugged his shoulders, showing that he really knew nothing about it. Since he had never thought himself capable of getting the queen blade locust's crystal core, Zen had never looked into it.

"The queen blade locust's crystal core can be exchanged for a thousand points. So, you are going to have a small fortune," said Roger with a broad smile.

"A small fortune ..." Zen and Sun were both shocked when they heard Roger. A thousand points were equal to two thousand cubic crystals! In the entire Burning Sky Empire, no more than 50 clans, most of which were the noble clans, possessed 2, 000 cubic crystals.

But to Roger, it was a small sum of money. Zen and Sun couldn't help being in awe of Roger. They assumed that all children of noble clans were billionaires.

"A thousand points is a lot of money. But it's not enough. I'll stay here and earn more points," said Zen while looking at Roger.

It was true that Zen had initially sought to gain 100 points to get a ticket to visit his sister at Hell Mountain, but Zen had changed his mind. He wanted to earn as many as possible by killing the greatest number of blade locusts.

Saving Yan Luo from Hell Mountain would cost him a million points. And so far, Zen had accumulated only about one-thousandth of what he needed.

Hunting for blade locusts, especially the blade locust officers, was an excellent opportunity for Zen to earn points. The insect aggression usually lasted two or three months every year. After this period, he would have no choice but to wait for the next year. Zen didn't want to waste this opportunity.

Roger and other people looked at Zen in surprise. They didn't know why Zen wanted to accumulate so many points. Did he want to exchange them for pills? Or did he want to exchange them for refining skills? Perhaps he wanted to swap them for magic weapons? For Zen, at this stage, a thousand points were sufficient to exchange for anything he needed.

"Are one thousand points not enough? Then how many is enough?" asked Sun.

Zen answered with a bitter smile, "Probably one million points."

Hearing this, Sun coughed violently again in fright.

Even Martin, who knew little about Cloud Sect was frightened by the figure. He had interacted with several disciples of Cloud Sect, and he knew that the crystal core of a blade locust officer could be exchanged for one point. Zen wanted to accumulate one million points, which was equivalent to hunting a million blade locust officers. The number was so unexpected. They were all scared by the figure Zen quoted.

Roger was stunned, too. After the shock wore off, he began to wonder why Zen needed so many points, and what he wanted to do with them.

A million points were equivalent to two million cubic crystals. It was a considerable sum of money even for a nobleman.

Even at Cloud Sect, only a few treasures needed a million points to be redeemed.

'Will he exchange them for a fairy weapon?

No, he won't.' Roger knew that Zen was only at the marrow refining level. Given his strength, he was unable to unleash the power of a fairy weapon. So he wouldn't be doing this for a fairy weapon.

'Does he want to earn a ticket to the Cloud Road?

No, he doesn't.' It was true that he could walk on the Cloud Road by the use of a million points, but considering his current cultivation stage and his strength, he wouldn't pass the trial.

'Is he going to save someone from Hell Mountain?'

Roger felt that this inference was closer to the truth.

Several people had been imprisoned in Hell Mountain. But most of them had been there for three or five years.

A million points ... that meant that the person had been sentenced to a thousand years' imprisonment there.

Could it be her?

The girl whose talent no one could match? She had been sentenced to a thousand years of contemplation at Hell Mountain. Wasn't her surname Luo?

Zen Luo was her namesake. What was the relationship between them?

Zen was trying to accumulate a million points. That meant that he wanted to save her from Hell Mountain!

So far, the results were clear. Roger was very confident of his inference.

Although he hadn't seen her before, as the young master of the Meng Clan, he was aware of what was happening at Cloud sect, especially the important things.

Roger couldn't help repressing a sigh of admiration. Zen Luo and Yan Luo were both geniuses, but it was a pity that they were not of noble birth and that they were always offending other people. Otherwise, Yan Luo wouldn't have been imprisoned in Hell Mountain.

Zen had taken it for granted that he could save Yan Luo from Hell Mountain as long as he accumulated a million points. He was so naive.

It was not quite as easy as that. But if Zen could accumulate a million points and had the power to save Yan Luo from Hell Mountain, the Meng Clan could also give them a proper hand at the back.

But Zen's strength was the premise of everything. Meng Clan's assistance depended on whether Zen had the ability to do so.

That was what Roger thought about all this. He didn't realize that he was very concerned about Zen. He said, "Since you are determined to stay here and continue to hunt for blade locusts, you must be careful about those people!"

Zen nodded and thanked him, "I will pay attention to them, and thank you for your help, Roger."

Roger patted Zen on the shoulder as a faint smile danced on his lips. Then he said, "Don't mention it. I hope you accumulate a million points as soon as possible and bring her out of Hell Mountain!"

Zen did a double take when he heard what Roger said. He had mentioned that he needed a million points. He hadn't said anything about Yan Luo. It was amazing that Roger was able to guess Zen's purpose based on this detail!

No wonder Roger was the elite figure in the Meng clan. He was brilliant!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 109 White Fiend And Black Fiend (Part One)

Intelligent people talk less and listen more. Zen smiled knowingly as he listened to Roger.

Sun had no idea what they were talking about. He wanted to ask, but he didn't think it would be appropriate to interrupt their conversation. So he kept silent.

"After I return to Cloud Sect, I will stay secluded and cultivate myself. If you want to see me, Zen, come to the Daylily Peak," said Roger.

The Daylily Peak ranked fourth among the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect. Due to its leading position, most children of the Meng Clan studied there.

"So you are a disciple of the Daylily Peak. When I return to Cloud Sect, I will visit you," replied Zen.

Zen didn't think it was necessary to follow noble clans. In his opinion, a man had to strike out for himself if he wanted to get ahead. He didn't think it was suitable to rely on other people's power.

Having spent some time with the young master of the Meng Clan, Zen found that he would like to be friends with Roger.

After saying goodbye, Roger and Sun embarked the giant flying chariot to return to Cloud Sect.

On the way back from the main camp, Martin didn't speak a word.

Martin was grateful for Roger and Zen's help as they had risked their lives to save his.

But he was in a bad mood because of the death of his subordinates. As a battle-hardened soldier in the Imperial Army, Martin had seen many soldiers come and go. Over time, he had become accustomed to death.

He had never been this sad, not even when he had seen his biological brother die on the battlefield.

But this time, things were different. He knew that Randall had deliberately framed the soldiers of the Green Haze Group.

With growing resentment, he vowed that he would avenge their deaths.

"Let's grab a few drinks!" Zen invited Martin. He knew that Martin needed to vent.

At the tavern, Martin gulped down more than a dozen jars of wine. As long as they did not want to get drunk, people who were at Martin's cultivation level were able to stay sober.

"I'm so sorry, Martin. You may not know that this happened because of me. I killed your brothers," Zen raised his cup of wine and apologized.

Martin had not figured out why Randall wanted to harm him. After hearing Zen's apology, Martin asked with wonder, "It's obvious that Randall wanted to hurt me. Why are you apologizing?"

"Actually, they didn't want to harm the Green Haze Group. Their real target was me. Some people want me to die. They instructed Randall to change the marching route to place the Green Haze Group near the queen blade locust," explained Zen. His voice conveyed the regret he was feeling.

Zen was remorseful that the Green Haze Group lost nearly half its soldiers because of him.

Martin clenched his fists when he finally realized why Randall who had no enmity with him had harmed the Green Haze Group unexpectedly. He glared at Zen for a while, then gradually calmed down and said with a sigh, "Zen, don't feel guilty. Even if what you say is true, Randall is still the villain. Not you! He violated the rules of the military and changed the marching route slyly. Of course, I'm going to hold him responsible."

"We must get revenge! It's one of the reasons I decided to stay here. On the one hand, I will earn points by killing the blade locusts, while on the other hand, I will be able to find a chance to get even," Zen said before gulping down his cup of wine.

"Do you have any ideas, Zen?" Martin's eyes twinkled with hope.

Although Martin hated Randall, it was impossible for him to fight Randall alone for many reasons. First, Randall was his immediate superior, and he had no evidence of Randall's crime. Second, Randall was at the fourth grade of the nature refining level. Therefore, Martin was no match for a man with such power.

Zen replied with a smile, "There must be a way. It's best if we wait for an opportunity. I know the tenacity of these people. They won't give up as long as I'm here. They are digging their graves. I'll kill them all!"

Martin felt a chill travel through him when he saw Zen's determination.

Roger was not like Zen. Because Roger was born in a noble clan, he had to consider many alternatives and weigh their merits and consequences.

Zen was a civilian without any significant background. And so, he could do things without having to consider interests.

Though they had been together for a few days, Zen understood who was worthy for him to make friends with.

Zen swore to fight those behind the conspiracy despite the risks. He would do this for Martin, Tank, and all the other victims.

Over the next five days, Martin reorganized the Green Haze Group and resumed their task of hunting blade locusts.

As per the regulations of the Imperial Army, soldiers were required to hand in half of the crystal cores of blade locusts hunted by them. But, it was up to Martin to decide the quantity of crystal cores that the Green Haze Group had collected. So Martin donated nearly ninety percent of their crystal cores to Zen as gratitude.

Martin and his soldiers were well experienced at hunting blade locusts. Zen contributed to their efforts as well by using his broken flying knife.

It was because of Zen that the whole hunting process was smoother and more fruitful.

During these five days, Zen had acquired quite an abundant harvest.

Along with his previous collection, Zen had accumulated about four thousand crystal cores of common blade locusts and more than two hundred cores of their officers. He earned the equivalent of five hundred points in total.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 110 White Fiend And Black Fiend (Part Two)

If he counted the crystal core of the queen blade locust, Zen would be able to exchange all the cores for one thousand and five hundred points.

As a new disciple who had joined Cloud Sect less than a month ago, Zen had accumulated one thousand five hundred points through his effort. If the other disciples knew about this, they would sigh at the injustice of fate.

Early on the sixth day, Zen prepared to hunt with the Green Haze Group.

They went into the jungle and killed two flocks of blade locusts. While the soldiers were stripping the corpses off their crystal cores, Martin asked Zen, "You said that as long as you stay here, the conspirators will plan another attack on you. But nothing has happened in the past few days. What happened to them?"

Since Zen had promised to help Martin get his revenge, Martin hadn't reported Randall to the main camp. Martin knew that his complaint would backfire as he had no evidence and his superiors at the main camp wouldn't believe him.

Zen had reassured Martin that they would take action again, but it had been several days, and no one had come for Zen. Martin was understandably anxious.

"I didn't expect these guys to be so patient. Don't worry. We will kill our blade locusts and wait," said Zen. He pulled out the crystal core of a leader of the blade locust and stuffed it into his space ring.

Sensing tension in the air, Zen looked up and said, "I've just praised the conspirators for their patience. But it seems that they can no longer wait."

Zen was more acute than the average people. He was able to feel a person's intent to kill from far away.

After a while, three men came out of the jungle.

Liam of Drizzle Peak led the way. Behind him walked two men. One was dark-skinned, and the other was white-skinned. Zen had seen them in the military camp's yard before. He had been deeply impressed by their contrasting skin colors.

Liam came closer and sneered, "You know we want to kill you, but you still stay in the Dragon Fort. You are bold enough to step out of town and hunt blade locusts. Are you confident or are you stupid?"

During these six days, they had many chances to kill Zen, but they had waited patiently.

They needed to study the relationship between Roger and Zen before making their move. They wondered why a young master of a noble clan would help a humble civilian like Zen.

Since this matter involved two noble clans, the Meng Clan and the Zhuge Clan, the three conspirators knew they needed to handle the issue with caution. Otherwise, they would face the wrath of both noble clans.

After six days of observation and gathering intelligence, they had reached a conclusion.

Roger and Zen had met by chance and adventured along with the Green Haze Group. In fact, their friendship was not deep.

Zen persuaded Roger to intervene and save Martin's life. Roger just did Zen this favor, nothing special

Now that they were sure that Zen and Roger were not friends, their concerns about the Meng Clan getting involved were gone, and they could proceed boldly.

Zen narrowed his eyes and pointed at Liam. "You followed me all the way from Cloud Sect to kill me. I haven't settled this matter with you. How can I leave? It has been six days since your last attempt. Since then, you have not dared to come out. I overestimated you," Zen sighed and shook his head.

Despite facing strong enemies, Zen did not show any traces of timidity.

He had been refined by the fire of the earth's core and stepped into the rank of spiritual weapon a few days ago. Now, he wanted to see how much his strength had improved.

Liam and his two co-conspirators were just practice targets for Zen.

Liam's heartbeat quickened when he saw the confidence in Zen's eyes. He didn't understand why he felt afraid when he faced Zen, a person who was only at the marrow refining level. 'He must be putting on a show of confidence. He's not that strong.' Liam reassured himself. He didn't want to be known that he was afraid.

"Really? Since you can't wait to end your life, then we will help you," said Liam with feigned placidity. Liam waved his hand toward his companions and said, "Black Fiend and White Fiend, my friends. Kill him now!" Liam grinned at Zen and retreated.

White Fiend and Black Fiend had been restless all this while. They had stayed at the Dragon Fort for many days. Killing Zen should have been a short day's work. However, this assignment had stretched to well over a week. So they were very displeased.

A fierce fight was about to begin. Soon a constant flow of life vitality was running through White Fiend and Black Fiend's bodies.

The two Fiends slowly approached Zen. A cold smile danced on their faces as they imagined the pain they would mete out to Zen. Zen could feel the pressure in the air that only those at the nature refining level possessed.

"Green Haze Group, get ready to fight!" shouted Martin.

As soon as the soldiers heard Martin's order, they wielded their weapons and rushed into battle formation.

However, Zen waved his hand to stop Martin. He quickly explained, "You don't have to get involved in this. They came for me, and I have to deal with them myself."

Zen stepped forward to prepare for the battle. The Green Haze Group had lost so many soldiers because of Zen. He didn't want to involve them any more.

Black Fiend and White Fiend emitted strange laughter when they heard Zen.

"Not only will you die today, but the whole Green Haze Group will also die with you."

"If I were you, I would kneel and kill myself at once. Now fall into our hands, you will die miserably."

After saying that, White Fiend and Black Fiend mutated their life vitality into black and white smog. In the next instant, the smog turned into two pythons and swept along the ground toward Zen.

'They are releasing their life vitality, ' thought Zen while dodging two Fiends' attacks.

Although Zen was confident of his body, which had become a spiritual weapon, he still needed to be cautious. After all, this was the first time he was facing cultivators at the nature refining level. What made the fight even more challenging was that he was fighting two people at the same time.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 111 All Living Creatures Below The Nature Level (Part One)

There was an old saying that best described the refining of martial arts. 'All living creatures are below the nature level.'

To some extent, the journey of martial arts only started after entering the nature level.

After stepping into the nature level, life energy was completely transformed into life vitality. The refiner could then continuously absorb the vitality from the outer world, from heaven to the earth, and became a creature of a higher level.

Once they had attained this transformation, refiners at the nature level were called nature creatures. Although they were still human, they were very different from a normal person. A clear boundary separated nature creatures from normal humans!

This boundary was called longevity.

The life span of an ordinary human being was about 70 to 90 years. Although a few humans could live until 100 years of age, they were considered to be very old and long-lived.

However, these natural creatures had a minimum life span of 150 years! Being able to live longer and stronger was one of the most fascinating aspects of martial arts.

This was the reason why refiners at the nature level were called nature creatures, thus differentiating them from ordinary humans.

The white smoke and black smoke that was being generated from the life vitality of White Fiend and Black Fiend covered Zen from head to toe.

Zen looked up and around. Except for the black and white smoke, everything else around him had disappeared. He could not even see Martin who had been standing right next to him.

This smoke could not only obstruct a person's vision, but it could also mute sounds. Because of this, Zen could not hear any other sound, except his breathing.

In the face of such a bizarre scene, Zen stood quietly without moving around. He knew it would be wise for him to remain calm and adjust to the changing surroundings. He needed to think carefully before taking any action.

The black smoke and white smoke was so strange that their function could not be limited to isolating a target. There must be some other purposes that Zen did not know of so far.

Zen remained alert to solve this mystery. Before long, the mass of black smoke began morphing into a human figure brandishing a long knife. Then it headed straight for Zen!

'Wrap yourselves in smoke to hide your figures and attack under this camouflage. If that is another function of the smoke, then it is not hard to deal with!' Zen thought after analyzing the situation quickly.

Without any hesitation, Zen rushed toward the smoke and punched it before the long knife could injure him.

Zen channeled all his power to his fist. As his blow landed on the black human-shaped smoke, a deafening sound replaced the silence.

Then the smoke exploded and dissipated.

Zen frowned when the smoke vanished. He hadn't been expecting this result.

He had thought that White Fiend and Black Fiend were hiding in this cloud of smoke. But now, it seemed as though the human figure and the knife were illusions generated by the smoke.

After he scattered the black smoke, other masses of black smoke floated toward him from the side. This smoke also transformed into human shape, armed with a long knife aimed at Zen, just as the previous smoke had done.

"Bum!" "Bum!"

Faced with three clouds of smoke, Zen aimed two punches at the nearest clouds of human-shaped smoke. They, too, disappeared like the previous smoke.

Just as Zen was about to attack the third cloud of smoke, a black fist silently appeared and landed a blow on Zen. Since Zen had not been expecting this, he was caught off-guard.

"Peng!"

The sound of the fist punching his body was deafening. It also indicated the extent of the power wielded by a refiner at the nature level.

Besides his powerful punch, Zen was defenseless. He wasn't even dressed in armor! As a result, he was pushed back dozens of feet before he landed on the ground. The impact and force were so strong that Zen rolled on the ground several times before coming to a stop.

'The power of a refiner at the nature level is terrifying! Fortunately, I have refined my body to be a spiritual weapon. Otherwise, I would have been severely injured by this punch!' Zen thought as he slowly stood from the ground. After his body had been refined to a weapon, Zen noticed that there had been considerable improvement in his resistance against strikes. So, he had absorbed almost all the power of the Black Fiend's punch.

The warm current coursed in his blood-vessels, refreshing his body. But Zen was not satisfied.

He had not found a solution to break through barriers set by the black smoke and white smoke.

Since Black Fiend was hiding in the black smoke, White Fiend must be in the white smoke. These two people's talents were peculiar! Zen could not spot them even though he had been studying the smoke all this while.

He stood still, observing his surroundings. It was not long after he stood up that a mass of white smoke began changing its shape. And this time, it turned into thousands of troops that rushed toward Zen.

Soon, Zen was encircled by the smoke-troops. Unsure of what to do, Zen cautiously studied the smoke-troops. It was hard for him to identify the location of White Fiend from the smoke around.

At this moment, Zen had not yet been a half-step into the nature level. Although he could form mature life energy, he could not release his life energy to disperse these thousands of troops quickly.

He could only fight against them passively. Zen steadied himself and began attacking the smoke-troops nearby to disperse them. Equally, he was quick to dodge any attacks from the smoke-troops.

"Go to hell!" Zen shouted to the smoke. As quickly as he could, Zen launched a series of attacks.

Bam! Bam! Bam! The sound from the break-up of the smoke followed Zen's punches.

Instantly, more than ten clouds of smoke in human form were smashed by Zen's ceaseless blows.

However, as quickly as Zen had broken up these clouds of smoke, new smoke appeared.

It appeared as though White Fiend and Black Fiend were generating the smoke-troops and attacking Zen continuously. In this situation, Zen could not get a break. He began struggling with defending himself from the smoke-troops that were running toward him from all directions.

"Hahaha! Let me see how long you can withstand our attacks!" While people were easily exhausted, the smoke-troops generated by White Fiend and Black Fiend would never get tired. They recovered soon after Zen smashed them. This was the reason why White Fiend was very proud of his abilities. It was also why he spoke to Zen with arrogance and confidence.

As soon as White Fiend finished his provocation, he formed a fist from a cloud of white smoke and punched Zen in the ribs.

"Bash!"

The blow was so mighty that Zen was pushed back again. He seemed like a kite with a broken line. With this attack, Zen found himself flying dozens of feet before hitting the ground. The force was so strong that a loud sound echoed in the otherwise quiet scene.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 112 All Living Creatures Below The Nature Level (Part Two)

Since Zen's body was a spiritual weapon, it was not easy to injure him. However, he could still feel the pain from the blows. Thus, the piercing pain that resulted from the punches still made him groan. Despite the agony, Zen stood and took several deep breaths to ease the pain.

At the same time, he was watchful. It would be careless of Zen not to pay attention to the smoke around him. The thick black smoke and white smoke mixed and billowed around Zen, forming human figures now and then.

Maybe Zen's injuries instigated Black Fiend and White Fiend. They began forcing the smoke toward Zen much quicker than before. Shrieking with crazed laughter, they rushed toward Zen under cover of the thick smoke. In their minds, Zen was like a lamb to the slaughter. He could not escape.

However, Zen was far from what they thought. He had been observing the smoke. Since he couldn't see clearly, Zen had also been listening carefully. He wanted to identify the location of the two arrogant rivals by their distinguished laughter.

Soon, he noticed a cloud of black smoke forming beside him. Not surprisingly, a laugh like that of Black Fiend came from inside this block of smoke. Without hesitating, Zen swung his fist into the smoke and broke it up. However, there was nothing in it. Black Fiend was not there.

"I am here! You brat!"

White Fiend's voice echoed from far away. But strangely, his fist connected with Zen's Back.

Zen staggered forward several steps. However, before he could gain his composure, Black Fiend's leg appeared before him. Zen could not dodge this time, and the kick landed on his belly...

Owing to the thick smoke and the unexpected appearances of his rivals, Zen was bounced back and forth just like a ball, beaten by White Fiend and Black Fiend. Sometimes, he could avoid a blow from White Fiend, but soon, he found himself under attack of Black Fiend.

Even though Zen seemed to be in a passive state, inside his body, the warm currents were refreshing his marrow through his blood vessels. In this way, his energy was recovered, and his strength and power improved tremendously. Stimulated by the warm currents, Zen could not feel more comfortable.

However, he knew that this assault by the two rivals at the nature level could not continue. Zen thought, 'I must think of a way to deal with them.'

Their voices were sometimes far away and sometimes nearby. Their laughter might originate on Zen's left and immediately after, be heard on his right. It was hard for Zen to locate them by their sounds. That meant, if Zen could not find their actual bodies in the smoke, he could only stay in this impasse.

'What can I do?' After a few more rounds, Zen lay on the ground, gasping for breath. He did not stand up immediately as he had done previously. He used this short break to think of a strategy.

The beating had lasted for a long time, and Zen needed a reprieve.

Meanwhile, White Fiend and Black Fiend had finally figured out that Zen's body had anomalies.

"Black Fiend, this guy is indeed a little weird. Even if a stronger refiner at the nature level were standing here, I am afraid that he would not be able to stand after so many punches. But you see how this guy is now?" White Fiend asked him while still hiding in the smoke.

"Yes, buddy. I also think so. Despite our beatings, he still looks fresh! There is little change in his body. On the contrary, he looks more energetic than before. That is so strange!" Just as White Fiend had noticed, Black Fiend also sensed the abnormality in Zen.

"Maybe he knows some special refinement methods or has magical defensive weapons to guard his body." On thinking this, White Fiend felt excitement surging through him.

"Ha-ha, that could be! Let's kill him. We will not only complete Fren's assignment, but we will also gain his magical weapons or refinement methods. My buddy, let's channel all our power and use our best skills. I don't believe that his body is made of iron and that it cannot be smashed!" Black Fiend laughed wildly.

"Well, I could not agree with you more, buddy. We have played with this boy for a long enough time. Now it's time to let this boy know what real fear is!" White Fiend nodded as he replied.

"Taste my Nine-dragon kill!"

The black smoke and white smoke billowed and rolled up to the sky.

Then the two clouds of smokes mixed and transformed into nine giant dragons. They hovered in the sky, before roaring and flying around. Their mouths were wide open, showing their sharp teeth. The environment changed suddenly as huge clouds rolled up accompanied by thunder and lightning.

After the nine dragons formed by the smoke circled in the sky several times, they roared and rushed to Zen from nine directions.

Seeing the nine flying dragons approaching at high speed, Zen frowned in deep thought.

This thick smoke was only deceptive tricks.

And they were formed by White Fiend's and Black Fiend's life vitality. So, the thick fog would not cause any trouble to these two Fiends.

What was more, the two Fiends' speed and strength were also significantly improved when the smoke camouflaged them.

However, while the fog could cover their bodies, it could not conceal White Fiend's and Black Fiend's strong killing intents!

It seemed that Zen finally found a way out of this dilemma. He closed his eyes when he thought of this.

People had six senses.

They were sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, and feeling.

The first five senses corresponded with vision, audition, olfaction, gustation, and somatosensation. And the sixth sense, feeling, was the most metaphysical.

When humans turned off one of these six senses, the other senses would be enhanced.

For example, the senses of touch and hearing in visually-handicapped people were more powerful than those of ordinary people. They could recognize uneven braille with their fingertips.

And people who had lost their sense of hearing used their eyes to compensate. For instance, they read lips as people spoke, which was difficult for a normal person to learn.

Since the attack by White Fiend and Black Fiend began, Zen's senses of hearing and sight were pointless as the smoke prevented him from seeing and hearing correctly. Now, he could only rely on his consciousness!

At this thought, Zen closed his eyes. Then he made a conscious effort not to use his other senses.

Zen's soul was far more powerful than an ordinary person's. Since the soul directly affected the agility of the consciousness, Zen's ability to 'feel' was stronger. With no other alternative, Zen had complete confidence that he could use his consciousness to identify White Fiend's and Black Fiend's location.

Although these nine black and white dragons were rushing toward Zen, he closed his eyes and began searching for the direction of killing intents from his rivals.

At this point, a surge of obscure consciousness was emitted from Zen's body and formed a circle around him.

In this circle space, Zen found that he could feel many details that he had not noticed when he was seeking the two Fiends through his sense of sight.

The uneven ground, small stones, and even the sand scattered on the ground, as well as growing low weeds, even cicada pupae which had been dormant underground for several years. All these appeared vividly before his closed eyes.

This was a wonderful feeling, as marvelous as the time when he managed to forget himself at the Drizzle Peak.

But Zen had no time to enjoy this special feeling. When the nine black and white dragons rushed into his circle, Zen found what he was searching for in an instant.

White Fiend and Black Fiend were hiding in between two of the nine dragons. One dragon was in front of Zen, while the other was behind him. They were standing amid these two smoke dragons. Each Fiend held a halberd in his hand.

Their faces were twisted because of their strong killing intents. It seemed as though the two Fiends wanted to kill Zen in one attack!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Thanks for reading! The latest chapter is available on my website: moboreader.net with daily updates.

Or maybe you will love my other interesting books:

Mighty
Soldier King

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Mighty Soldier King

Cold CEO
Vs.
Sweet Wife

Jean Wen sacrificed herself for family interests. Before her husband divorced her, she made every effort to please him.

"You are inexperienced in bed," he said coldly.

"You! Give that land to my family, or I won't agree to divorce," Jean replied furiously.

"Fine. It is exactly what I am thinking about," he sneered.

Cold CEO Vs. Sweet Wife

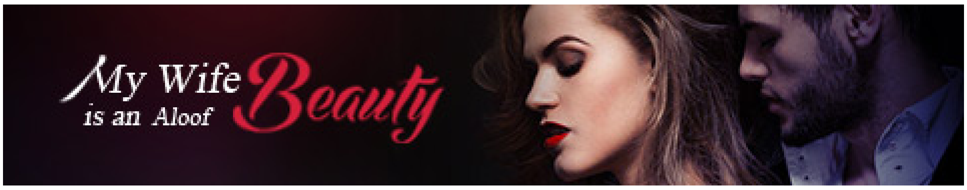

Happiness was like a mirage to Daisy, the closer she got, the further away it went. She had just reunited with Edward when everything fell apart. An ex-girlfriend shows up, claiming to be carrying Edward's child.

Her stepsister, whom her father abandoned her to raise, tries to seduce Edward.

And other things preyed on her mind -- why were Edward's parents acting so strangely? Why did her father hate her? And who was trying to damage her reputation in the military that she'd worked so hard to build? And why are you still reading this and not opening the book to find out?

My Wife is an Aloof Beauty

THE SUBSTITUTE
BRIDE

When her sister ran away from the wedding, Autumn was forced to marry Charles. His name had been linked to innumerable ladies. He had different girlfriends for every day of a year. Autumn had never thought that she would fall in love with him.

The Substitute Bride

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality 3

Content

Chapter 113 Humiliation Amplified
Chapter 114 The Raging Battle
Chapter 115 The Homecoming (Part One)
Chapter 116 The Homecoming (Part Two)
Chapter 117 Getting Nervous (Part One)
Chapter 118 Getting Nervous (Part Two)
Chapter 119 Braving A Challenge
Chapter 120 With Just One Punch (Part One)
Chapter 121 With Just One Punch (Part Two)
Chapter 122 Jesse Liu (Part One)
Chapter 123 Jesse Liu (Part Two)
Chapter 124 Sky-rending Hoop (Part One)
Chapter 125 Sky-rending Hoop (Part Two)
Chapter 126 Fantastic Scene (Part One)
Chapter 127 Fantastic Scene (Part Two)
Chapter 128 Cheers (Part One)
Chapter 129 Cheers (Part Two)
Chapter 130 None Of Your Business
Chapter 131 The Guards Of The Hell Mountain (Part One)
Chapter 132 The Guards Of The Hell Mountain (Part Two)
Chapter 133 A Stunning Smile From Yan
Chapter 134 An Unavoidable Encounter (Part One)
Chapter 135 An Unavoidable Encounter (Part Two)
Chapter 136 The Illuminating Soul Realm (Part One)
Chapter 137 The Illuminating Soul Realm (Part Two)
Chapter 138 The Price Of Contempt
Chapter 139 Devouring (Part One)
Chapter 140 Devouring (Part Two)
Chapter 141 Three Years
Chapter 142 I'm Your Creditor
Chapter 143 Half-step Into The Nature Level (Part One)
Chapter 144 Half-step Into The Nature Level (Part Two)
Chapter 145 The Blessed Auction House
Chapter 146 Too Expensive (Part One)
Chapter 147 Too Expensive (Part Two)
Chapter 148 The Weapon Refining Principle

Chapter 149 Heavenly Essence (Part One)
Chapter 150 Heavenly Essence (Part Two)
Chapter 151 Got Tremendous Wealth
Chapter 152 So Insane (Part One)
Chapter 153 So Insane (Part Two)
Chapter 154 The Golden Wind Restaurant
Chapter 155 Leave My Sight
Chapter 156 Please Pack All Weapons
Chapter 157 Melting (Part One)
Chapter 158 Melting (Part Two)
Chapter 159 Chop The Demon
Chapter 160 Walk With Difficulty (Part One)
Chapter 161 Walk With Difficulty (Part Two)
Chapter 162 Just A Fist
Chapter 163 A Hidden Secret
Chapter 164 Yale Zhuge
Chapter 165 Encounter With A Demon (Part One)
Chapter 166 Encounter With A Demon (Part Two)
Chapter 167 Demon General (Part One)
Chapter 168 Demon General (Part Two)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Check our website: moboreader.net for latest daily-updated chapters.

Top xuanhuan book series:

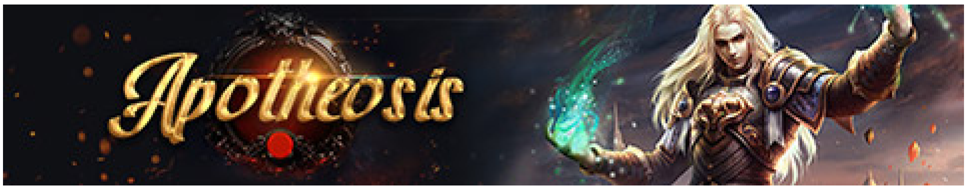

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 113 Humiliation Amplified

The two halberds were more likely to penetrate Zen even though his body was a powerful spiritual weapon, resulting in Zen being severely wounded or worse.

But, Zen was able to sense the positions of both White Fiend and Black Fiend, which upset the coordinated efforts of the two evils.

Suddenly, Zen's eyes flew open, and he moved a step to the right.

After skillfully dodging the attack, Zen hurled the broken flying knife at the Black Fiend.

Not expecting Zen to have the ability to discover where he was, the Black Fiend used the halberd to defend himself.

The halberd was a top-grade mysterious weapon and when the two of them attacked people together, their power could be equal to that of a spiritual weapon. Black Fiend lifted the one in his hands to parry the incoming attack from Zen's flying knife.

Regrettably, the Black Fiend underestimated the power and strength of the broken flying knife.

As the two weapons collided, the halberd was halved, and the knife continued to fly to its original target, the Black Fiend.

With his head separating from his neck, the Black Fiend's final thoughts were a mass of confusion, 'How did Zen discover me...?

How is that blade so strong...?'

as he lay there, the Black Fiend faded and questioned everything.

"No! Black Fiend!"

Shrouded in mist, the White Fiend hollered in anger at the sight of his partner dying at Zen's hands and vengefully sent the halberd hurtling at Zen.

Having already penetrated the veil of invisibility cloaking the White Fiend, Zen dodged his attack easily.

Realizing he was at a disadvantage, the White Fiend decided to conceal himself amid the mists and waited for the right moment to destroy Zen.

Without mercy, Zen stabbed her utilizing his soul strength.

Filled with excruciating pain, the White Fiend fell over. His neck was severed and he surrendered to the power of the broken flying knife.

The two evils perished in combat!

Shortly afterward, the black and white mists, along with the life vitality that brought them to be, began to disperse slowly.....

In front of the Green Haze group, Martin stood, staring at the vast expanse of mist fearfully.

Fully aware that there was a fierce battle between two evils and Zen beside him, Martin was concerned when all he could see was mist.

Although he was confident in Zen's martial art skills, he didn't think Zen had a chance winning because the gulf between Zen's expertise and his foes' was overwhelming.

However, gradually, the mist dissipated and Zen came into view, standing near the remains of his two opponents.

Emerging the victor was Zen!

Sighing in relief, Martin admired Zen's ingenuity and ability to create consecutive miracles.....

Meanwhile, Martin realized Zen could defeat him with a single blow.....

However, he thought it was reasonable and he could accept the fact.

As soon as he saw the severed heads of the two evils, Liam's shocked panic paralyzed him.

His entire body was racked with violent, uncontrollable shuddering.

Seeing Zen walking in his direction carrying the halberds, Liam fell to the ground.

Fear filled his widened eyes.

"Stop Zen!"

he shouted as his limbs shuddered out of control.

"Why? Aren't you dying to kill me?

Dying to doom me?

Didn't you say, you wanted to finish me off, here, at the Dragon Fort?"

taunted Zen while he glared down at Liam!

"I did say that, but, only because of the orders that Fren gave! Please, Zen, spare me!" begged Liam. Facing Zen now, he lost his bravado.

"I would have spared you because of our shared fellowship, but, you were intent on killing me here, at the Dragon Fort. There's no way for me to justify sparing you!" warned Zen as he pointed his broken flying knife menacingly at Liam.

"I... I am nothing! A beast without human feelings..." Liam whimpered as he groveled, prostrating himself before Zen until blood covered his forehead.

Softening somewhat, Zen's heart was moved by Liam's suffering.

Raised in a scholarly family, Zen was gentle by nature, though he'd come to realize that by killing, all disputes ended.

But, killing still was not a way he liked.

A glimmer of mercy crept into Zen's mind.

In that instant, Liam triggered his golden needle, sending it at Zen.

"Ppffft!"

came the sound as the golden needle whizzed through the air, making its way to Zen at tremendous speed.

Granted, Zen had a body similar to a spiritual weapon, but it didn't stop the golden needle from piercing his skin and lodging firmly in his chest.

"Zen, that was the Strychnos Thorn. It was made by an expert at forging poisonous needles in the Zhu Clan. And now, you're as good as dead!" exclaimed Liam full of exuberance after landing his unexpected blow.

Removing the golden needle effortlessly, Zen said, "This secret weapon is famed throughout the Eastern Region, but..... it won't bring my death!"

"Ping, ting-ting-ting-ting!"

Zen dropped the needle on the ground. It clacked as it rebounded, clattering against the ground a few times before coming to a stop. Zen grinned.

"But? How? You.....!" staring up at Zen, Liam's confusion mounted, and he demanded, "Anyone poisoned by the Strychnos Thorn dies! How is it you are an exception!?"

Shaking his head, Zen replied, "That's a secret that you don't need to know since you're done for!"

Almost the second that the broken flying knife left Zen's hand, poor Liam's neck was parted from his head. After looking down at his dead enemy, Zen turned and left without looking back.

Notorious for its remarkable fatality rates, the strychnos poison would be ejected from a hidden weapon to kill rivals even at the nature level.

Even though Roger was at the nature level, if Liam had attacked him, Roger would die on the spot.

But, Zen was blessed with a superhuman ability and was invulnerable to poisons.

As Zen walked away, a chilliness greeted him.

The chilly force spread, covering the ground and freezing everything, including the plants, rocks, and soil as it moved past them.

Heading at Zen, the chilly force raced along.

A chill touched Zen's feet causing him to jump to one side.

"Cre-ka-rack!"

crackling noises rose as ice crystals covered with thorns fanned out in front of Zen.

The crystalline blossom was striking in appearance but fatal by nature.

Had Zen not evaded it in time, it would have impaled him.

At that moment, Zen suspected that this was Randall's doing.

Several of the trees ahead were snow-white.

There was a misty pine up ahead. Usually, misty pine was matched with the weather around it, so that on the coldest of days, it reflected that. Ahead, it performed a beautiful winter scene, which was an abnormal sign, indeed.

Randall appeared from behind an icy tree.

"Are you presuming that you'll manage to leave the Dragon Fort, alive?" asked Randall as he stepped closer to Zen. His steps were deliberate, slow, as snowflakes fell around him. Randall scoffed, "At sixteen, I joined the Imperial Army. I rose in fame and rank by my abilities, only to be humiliated by you, a brat. That alone gives me a good reason to kill you here!"

Giving a slight shake of the head as he grinned, Zen returned, "I'm ready for your assault at any time you want to try!"

"I promise if you don't resist, I'll kill you swiftly!" said Randall while his life vitality began to move, shaping itself into a long and ice-encrusted spear.

With his heart thumping, Zen's first inclination was to run.

Refiners at the nature level could be divided into ten ranks according to their power. Each rank was disproportionately more powerful than the last.

Presently, Randall was a leading master, blessed with rank four in the nature level of refining. With that level, he was bound to be able to defeat Zen, who was only at the marrow refining level.

"Are you going to attempt to run away from my fatal strike, Zen?"

ridiculed Randall, grinning as he took a step, just as Zen made his way to escape. Where Randall stepped, the ground became covered with ice.

As Randall ran, the ground iced over and was in constant motion. Actually, Randall wasn't running. He was skiing over the surface.

It didn't take much effort to overtake Zen.

When Randall was nearly on Zen, he stopped to aim his icy spear and launched it at Zen.

The icy spear whizzed along the air at Zen as fast as the golden needle that Liam had sent at him earlier.

Sensing the threat behind him, Zen was about to turn and dodge it, but that proved to be a futile move.

"Swoo-oosh!"

as the spear sliced the air, it passed Zen's shoulder, the razor-like tip shredding his tunic and cutting into his skin as it flew. Blood spurted like a geyser from the fresh wound.

'Randall's prowess is worthy of his reputation in martial arts!' Zen admired his rival's talent silently.

Glancing at the graze on his shoulder, Zen knew he had barely managed to escape death. Randall's ability and force were, indeed, a threat to take seriously.

But, Zen had a few tricks up his sleeve still.

In an earlier battle, when he went against the queen blade locust, Zen wasn't able to counter her strikes as he could now.

Zen had a secret weapon that would turn the tables in his favor.

As Randall drew nearer, Zen volleyed his broken flying knife, throwing it behind him, at his antagonist.

During Zen's encounter with the two evils, the mist was so thick that Randall couldn't see, so he was unaware of the might of Zen's secret weapon.

Smirking when he saw the paltry attack Zen sent his way, Randall waved his hand to form an icy shield.

His blunder was classic. Considering a mysterious weapon couldn't endure the impact of the broken flying knife, there was no hope in his icy shield surviving. The shield shattered as the knife hit it, leaving Randall's forehead vulnerable.

Caught off guard, Randall barely had time to duck and fell to the ground.

While Randall might have been Zen's superior at the martial arts level, he was left humbled beyond measure.

His humiliation magnified at tenfold being overwhelmed like this by Zen.

Randall flew into a rage, as the blue veins became visible and were bulging on his forehead. "Zen, that was an underhanded move, and sooner or later, I will make you suffer for this!"

Chapter 114 The Raging Battle

Surprising Randall with the daunting power of his broken flying knife gave Zen an upper hand.

Overconfident in his icy shield which normally could hold up under several blows from even nature creatures, Randall was left vulnerable to Zen's secret weapon.

All of this left Randall seething with resentment over his failures in battling Zen.

Extending his arm, Randall channeled his life vitality, instantly transforming the area into a smooth surface of gleaming ice.

After it formed, he got to his feet to ski, at full speed at Zen.

Randall learned from his earlier blunder to be wary of Zen's peculiar weapon.

As wise and intelligent as Randall was, he came up with an idea to counter Zen's life-threatening weapon.

Waving his hands, Randall summoned five small, sharp ice spikes that glimmered, emitting trails of light using his white life vitality.

Taking successively deeper breaths, Randall flew at Zen, overtaking him and renewing the battle.

As Randall came up, poised to strike, Zen unexpectedly turned, taking aim at Randall, who triumphantly let loose the five ice spikes.

"Scha-wing!"

The five ice spikes clashed against the broken flying knife, causing it to veer and embed in the icy ground.

"Zen, I've seen through your ruse!" Rushing, Randall sped to catch Zen.

As Zen tugged, retrieving his knife from the ice, he felt an icy chill along the nape of his neck. Randall brandished an icy spear, planning to run it through Zen's back.

"The spiritual thorn!"

Poised, Zen used his soul strength to create his gray colored thorn meant for his enemy.

Meanwhile, the knife circled around Zen, reversing direction and flying toward his opponent.

While Randall was focused on killing Zen, he felt a stabbing pain shoot through his head, so exceptionally sharp that he fell over in pain.

Due to Randall's experience in battles, heightened senses alerted him to dangers and he was able to survive Zen's attack.

Maneuvering so he could endure the strike, he was then able to elude the broken flying knife through rolling on the ice surface.

However, his injured shoulder was bleeding.

"Aah!"

seethed Randall between clenched teeth as the pain gripped him. His frustrations were mounting.

Thinking of Zen as an easy target, Randall believed he should have managed to kill Zen with little effort by now.

Randall had several decades of combat experience, and all of it was proving useless at that moment.

Randall howled as his life vitality flowed, transforming into numerous ice spikes that were unleashed in every direction.

"Ping, ping, clatter, clank, tink...."

the sound was like a shower of crystalline glass falling.

Racing and dodging to reach the safe zone, Zen found his enemy was hot on his trail. When Zen reached the supposed haven, he looked back amazed at the degree of destruction Randall had delivered.

Wherever Randall passed, anything and everything in reach, including the shrubs and grass, were penetrated with ice spikes.

Randall's rank four life vitality was so strong that it was nearly inexhaustible.

Intent on escaping, Zen took advantage of the fact that Randall was distracted at the moment and frustrated.

But, his antagonist relished skiing at Zen at an incredible speed.

Actually, Zen didn't stand a chance of fleeing Randall.

Consequently, Randall could overtake Zen in a short span of time.

But, the closer Randall got to Zen, the more determined Zen became, and he opted to leverage his two signature moves, The first was the spiritual thorn, and the second was the broken flying knife!

Alongside the two having continuing quality, the two moves also adversely affected Randall's chase.

As Zen continued though, he noticed, the more time went by, the more ineffectual his attacks were proving.

With how nimble and light Randall was on his feet, the powerful broken flying knife didn't pose much threat to him.

Adding to that, with the distance Randall was keeping from Zen, it meant the spiritual thorn was less useful against Randall.

Given the fact that Zen hadn't developed a thorough understanding of the spiritual thorn technique yet, his range of attack wasn't wide enough to be much of a threat.

The two of them covered another stretch quickly, and Randall dodged Zen's offense, sneering, "You're finished now Zen!"

"Freezing thousands of miles!"

As he punched the ground with his strong fists, Randall produced two bright snow lines extending in front of him and growing more rapidly than Zen could flee.

The two lines flew over Zen and were suddenly transformed into two icy crystals which began increasing, spreading and doubling.

"Whoosh!"

came a deafening sound as millions of icy thorns intertwined and filled the area.

Ultimately, the frost crystals reshaped themselves into an icy crescent-shaped hill, leaving Zen trapped in the valley beneath them, with no avenue of escape.

With no other recourse, Zen turned to confront his rival.

"As a leading master, I would be ashamed if I wasn't able to seize you!" Heading for Zen, Randall took calculated uniform strides, in an effort to intimidate Zen as he approached.

"Randall, you're worthy of your reputation," acknowledged Zen in a tone of admiration.

Randall shook his head and said, "I would be depressed if I were you at my weakest!"

"Really.....?" prodded Zen, pretending to be engrossed in what Randall had to say in an effort to catch him off guard, all the while applying a sharp thorn.

"The spiritual thorn!"

Regrettably, his rival evaded the attack, moving as nimble as a sparrow to dodge the fatal blow before beginning his slow, calculated approach at Zen again. "No more of your tricks! I've become tired of them!"

"You're not a fool," offered Zen his tone dripping with sarcasm.

"Thanks for the recognition! But, I'm not all that flattered because you're done for!" As Randall spoke, a colossal ice spike was taking shape gradually in preparation to deal a fatal blow to Zen.

But, Zen just shook his head, smirking as he continued, "I mean you're more of a fool than I imagined!"

Slightly stunned, Randall grinned slyly, as though he was ready to strike his final blow against Zen and dramatically stated, "I hope you are prepared because today you meet your end!" With that said, Randal aimed the colossal weaponry at Zen.

Staring at Randall's colossal weapon, Zen had no means of escape, which made Randall giddy with excitement at his invincible strike.

Unexpectedly, the colossal weapon's progress halted, and half of its front shattered, falling back to the surface of the ice along with many flakes.

It was as if an invisible barrier stood between the invincible weapon and Zen.

"What's this?" asked Randall, a twinge of fear in his voice.

"As Zen stated, you couldn't be more foolish than you are!" accused a husky voice from behind the icy valley. Looking in the direction, he saw a figure in green emerged, approaching the two combatants.

As soon as Randall saw who it was, he became irate. "Dammit Jon, no more of your meddling!"

"You're wrong! I'm not interfering, I am enforcing the law you violated! You altered the marching route the Green Haze Group were to take, and you plotted to murder your fellow soldiers, who fell victims to the blade locust queen because of your actions. What's more, you secretly interrogated Martin using brutal means. If not for our timely rescue, Martin would be dead! You should reflect on your errors and make amends to be worthy as a member of the Imperial Army!" admonished Jon as he rattled off Randall's numerous crimes.

In view of how harshly the Imperial Army disciplined, Randall's crimes would be deemed treasonous and punishable by death, though the numerous soldiers from the Green Haze group that lost their lives meant little to the Imperial Army.

Martin was a victim, but he was too underprivileged to file a lawsuit, so Randall decided to keep him in custody, avoiding any trouble.

"Jon, what you are saying is true. But, I don't believe you can best me in combat!" threatened Randall while remaining cool, calm and collected because he believed he could best Jon in battle by a narrow margin.

"I'm aware of your consummate skills which enable you to confront me!" said Jon admitting to Randall's martial prowess.

Smiling pompously, Randall cautioned, "Since that is so, you should back off and leave me to conflict with Zen, otherwise, despite our fellowship, I won't spare you!"

"You might be brawny, but Randall, you're brainless!" insulted Jon smiling as if he and Randall were joking around.

In that instant, the icy valley designed to trap Zen started shattering, changing into falling flakes, as the icy prison fell away, a stalwart figure appeared from the other side.

Chapter 115 The Homecoming (Part One)

Standing on the other side of the crumbling icy hill was an authoritative-looking man. He was taller and stockier than most of those present and had a squared, rugged face. Thick eyebrows gave him an intimidating air, while his eyes sparked with wisdom. His cheeks were cut high, clean and deep, giving him a chiseled aspect. Adding to this daunting visage was the heavy armor he wore, bearing lifelike flying dragons carved on the ends in the front.

The imposing man was Floyd Xun, one of the two vice generals, and was known as Flying Dragon General, the anchor of stability within the Dragon Fort.

After the last of the ice crystals shattered, Floyd Xun continued pointing his index finger.

Impressively, Floyd only needed to gesture using one finger to crush the icy hills and the entire ice valley.

Watching his display of talent, Zen couldn't help but be stupefied. He thought, 'Wow! His talent is amazing!'

"Randall, you repay my kindness with this? Even after being granted three promotions, you go and do something like this! You're a disappointment to me!" In Floyd's eyes disappointment flashed.

"Gen... General… I.. I didn't mean to. It's just that the Zhuge Clan..." related Randall, stumbling over his words. Floyd frightened Randall out of his wits. At that moment, it dawned on him, that the chase Zen had led him on, was a setup from the start!

"The Zhuge Clan? It doesn't matter how powerful the Zhuge Clan is! The imperial army is not for sale! As an officer in the imperial army, you have a responsibility! Yet, you dared to ignore the military disciplinary protocols willfully. You really failed me!" Shaking his head slowly, and then looking at Randall, Floyd barked, "Tell me, do you have any last words?"

The imperial army was under the direct command of the Burning Sky Palace. Many soldiers from within the top seven noble clans also enlisted in the imperial army; however, Floyd held a high rank, and he wouldn't kowtow to the pressure that the Zhuge clan exerted.

"I..I.."

Randall's response ended before he finished it. As it dawned on him what Floyd had just said, his face turned ashen, and he gulped hard. If he had understood Floyd, there wouldn't be a trial or prison. Floyd was proposing to execute him on the spot! Randall turned to run!

While he chased Zen, Randall sprinted very quickly, and now, he ran faster!

However, Floyd caught up to him, with just one step.

In a single step Floyd was able to cover a distance of nearly a quarter mile, and in the blink of an eye, he was right behind Randall. He reached out and with his finger, Floyd poked Randall's back.

"Snap!"

Although Zen didn't see any wounds on Randall's body, he did see blood spurting from his mouth. Randall fell to the ground gurgling as he choked on his blood. Within seconds, his suffering was over, and he was dead.

'So… So very strong!'

thought Zen. This man, Floyd, was a real martial arts master!

Watching Floyd's attack techniques, Zen felt as though his blood was boiling.

Randall might have been at the fourth rank in the natural level, but, he was a fragile ant compared to the Flying Dragon General!

Zen deemed, 'After I study for years and master such great skills, I shouldn't have any problem in saving Yan easily!'

After slaying Randall, Floyd turned to Jon and ordered, "This matter is over. I don't want to see anything affecting the morale of the Dragon Fort army!"

Jon replied, "Yes sir, general!"

For a moment, Floyd gave Zen a meaningful glance, before briskly striding away. It only took a few seconds before he was out of Zen's line of vision.

After being scrutinized once for mere seconds by Floyd, Zen felt a disturbing pressure, and within, it was as if the general had gone through all of his secrets. Even quite a while after his encounter, Zen's heart was still racing.

While calming himself, Zen faced Jon. Gesturing respectfully, he said, "Thank you, Officer Gou! If it weren't for you, I'm afraid I wouldn't have survived this ordeal."

Laughing briskly, Jon said, "Think nothing of it! Roger has reminded me repeatedly, that it's my duty. But to be honest, it's more amazing that you lured Randall out so far!"

Jon knew Zen was much stronger than other refiners of the same level, but Randall's strength was much higher. Among the mid-ranking officers at the Dragon Fort, Randall was the only one to learn the "intent". Jon didn't even have complete confidence that he could beat Randall.

However, Zen ran a great distance while Randall chased him, so Jon thought highly of Zen. It had taken some doing, but he eventually understood why, before Roger left, he insisted Jon should do his best to coordinate with Zen.

If Zen survived many decades into the future, he might very well become an influential figure. By then, Zen would be worthy of great admiration from the Meng Clan.

However, right now, there were too many geniuses in the world, and too few of those would ever be successful. Zen's future would be written over time.

After disposing of Randall's remains, Jon returned to the Dragon Fort.

Zen, on the other hand, went to join Martin on the original road.

Martin didn't know Zen's plans, but he trusted Zen. The last time Zen fled, he was pursued by the queen blade locust, and he escaped unharmed. Therefore, Martin was confident Zen would rid himself of Randall during the chase.

Commanding the Green Haze group, Martin and his troops lingered on the spot. Two hours passed before Zen got back.

"Zen, where's Randall? Is-is he...?" questioned Martin. Honestly, he wanted to find out whether Zen had killed Randall, because he knew Zen managed to obtain the crystal core from the queen blade locust.

Nodding, Zen confirmed, "Yes, he is dead."

"Did you really kill him?" Martin asked, his eyes widening.

Chapter 116 The Homecoming (Part Two)

Shrugging, Zen smiled and said, "How could I kill him? No, the Flying Dragon General killed Randall."

"The Flying Dragon General?!" At the mention of the vice commander from Dragon Fort, there was a look of awe on Martin's face.

"Now that Randall has been executed, the Flying Dragon General doesn't want the news to spread. Tell your soldiers," cautioned Zen.

"Yes, of course! You can rest assured that my soldiers won't breathe a single word of what's happened!" replied Martin guardedly. It was beyond his expectations to think that the Flying Dragon General would handle this matter himself.

After the Green Haze group and Zen finished hunting blade locusts, they returned to the Dragon Fort.

With the hardships Martin had endured over the past few days behind him, a weight was lifted, leaving his heart lighter, and he wanted to celebrate, so, he led Zen to a pub for a drink. After a few drinks, Martin was itching to tell people what he'd been through, and if Zen hadn't reminded Martin not to, Martin would have blurted something out. By the end of the evening, Martin was drunk.

After boozing it up at the local pub, Zen returned to his room and removed the alcohol from his blood using purple life energy.

He looked at his harvest of crystal cores and decided it was quite a rich trip.

Along with exceeding the number of blade locusts that he anticipated he could hunt, Zen had also unexpectedly, harvested a crystal core from a fire scorpion lion. Further, he raised his body's refinement to that of a spiritual-weapon-like body through the fires from the earth's core.

Sitting on the bed, Zen pulled two short halberds out of his space ring, which he took after slaying the White and Black Fiends.

The halberds were top-grade mysterious weapons. Although Zen's flying knife had halved one of them, there shouldn't be any negative impacts, since they would both be melted into iron essence.

Sitting cross-legged on the bed, Zen communicated with the furnace in his mind. After that the black flame darted out, and snatched the two blades up to melt them into iron essence.

From past experiences, Zen felt confident that he'd receive ten drops of essence in total since one short halberd should melt down to five drops of iron essence.

Pleasantly surprised, Zen was able to procure fifteen drops of iron essence from the halberds!

Seeing how much the two blades produced only served to confuse Zen about how much iron essence could be obtained from a mysterious weapon. Only one thing was certain, and that was, the higher the grade of the mysterious weapon was, the more iron essence would be received.

What Zen didn't know was that the pair of short halberds together were comparable to a fairy weapon. It was a shame the White and Black Fiends were killed before they attacked with the halberds simultaneously, or their power would've been shown.

The fifteen drops of iron essence were drawn into Zen's mind by the black fire. A few moments later, he could see the cyan dragon relief within his mind. There were three dragon scales being lit up, emitting a turquoise glow.

So far, a total of seven scales were lit up on the cyan dragon sculpture, and Zen's strength was significantly increased.

Zen realized his weakness was actually in his refining level and not strength!

There was a broad contrast between the lazy noble clan disciples and Zen.

Having a variety of magic pills available to them, the noble disciples were slack in working hard to improve their refining techniques, which resulted in a considerable gap between their strength and Zen's. Zen's strength was superior to refiners at the same level, while he was only at the marrow refining level, which was low.

Nevertheless, Zen couldn't do anything about advancing his refining level faster. There was no shortcut, only a lifetime of persistent practice.

Zen entered Drizzle Peak a month ago, and it was a fantastic feat that he was able to attain the marrow refining level in such a short time. While he was gaining experience at the Dragon Fort, Zen felt a lot of the impurities in his marrow had been removed, and he was closer to the peak of the marrow refining level.

As there were many superb disciples at the Cloud Sect, the marrow refining level was not remarkable.

After a great deal of thought, Zen decided that after he paid a visit to Hell Mountain to see Yan, he would find a way to be beaten to create more warm currents so he could refine his body.

If he couldn't find someone willing to do so, he would spend some cubic crystals and hire someone.

That thought stayed on Zen's mind all night.

The next morning, Martin came to see Zen off, along with several soldiers from the Green Haze platoon.

As an officer in the imperial army, Martin's salary wasn't high, so, he brought some excellent bottles of wine to give to Zen.

After saying goodbye, Zen boarded the giant flying chariot.

A few hours later, the chariot neared the Cloud Sect.

When the chariot flew by the towering Hell Mountain, Zen felt his heart beating faster.

He'd taken part in the task to hunt blade locusts to collect points, just to become qualified to gain entry into Hell Mountain.

At the thought of seeing Yan soon, Zen's mood was light.

After the giant chariot slowly landed on Bluesky Parking Ground, Zen and the other disciples of the Cloud Sect rushed out. Zen strode briskly to Drizzle Peak.

Zen accepted the task from Master Su, so, he felt he should report the results to her.

As he walked, Zen was lost in thought speculating about the blade locust task, and about halfway up the middle peak where outer disciples met for practices, Zen came across all of the outer disciples with nervous looks on their faces as they discussed something.

"Sean, Nory, what's going on? Why are all the outer disciples here?" asked Zen curiously.

Seeing Zen, Sean's and Nory's eyes lit up.

"Hey, buddy! You left the peak secretly, disappearing for almost a month. Where were you, messing around in the Imperial Capital?" questioned Sean while a broad smile spread across his face.

"Zen isn't like that! He must've had urgent business to deal with!" argued Nory, shaking his head and scowling slightly. What Nory lacked in physical strength, he made up for in perceiving a person's character.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 117 Getting Nervous (Part One)

Zen didn't tell them that he had accepted the task of killing blade locusts when he left Cloud Sect.

So they didn't know what he was doing during this period.

"It's a long story. Let's talk about it later. What's going on here? Why are so many people gethering here today?" asked Zen as he surveyed the scene before him.

Generally speaking, disciples could hardly wait to improve their strength after they joined Cloud Sect. Most of them would indulge in martial arts and cultivation upon being accepted at the Sect. Some disciples were so diligent that they rarely left their cultivation sites except for meal times. It was thus beyond Zen's expectation to see so many disciples gathered at Drizzle Peak.

"Zen, you've been away for a while. You probably don't know that Drizzle Peak has gotten into trouble recently!" said Nory. "But the matter doesn't relate to us. After all, we can't interfere in the disputes of those disciples."

"Drizzle Peak has gotten into trouble? What kind of trouble?" asked Zen in surprise. Although Drizzle Peak was ranked last among the 33 peaks, it was still a part of Cloud Sect. Who dared to cause trouble?

Seeing the bewilderment on Zen's face, Sean said, "A few days ago, there was a conflict between disciples of Drizzle Peak and those of Vulture Peak. It grew increasingly serious, and the masters of the two peaks had to intervene. Since the matter couldn't be resolved to everyone's satisfaction, the masters of Vulture Peak challenged Drizzle Peak."

"Challenged? Only disciples can throw down the gauntlet, right?" asked Zen with total confusion.

Sean smiled and continued to explain, "One peak can also challenge another. There are a wide variety of competitions and rankings in Cloud

Sect, including inter-peak rivalry once every three years, the annual trial for the inner and outer disciples, the free challenges between different peaks, and so on. This challenge between Vulture Peak and Drizzle Peak is one of them. All outer disciples will be able to participate in the competition as long as they get the approval of their masters."

"Rub-a-dub!"

Just as Sean was explaining the various competitions to Zen, the sound of drumbeats filled the air.

Once all the outer disciples heard the sound of drums, they swarmed to the arena.

Seeing this, Sean said, "Zen, today's rivalry is about to begin. Let's go over there and take a look. We can talk about it as we walk."

On the way to the arena, Zen got a general idea about the rules of the challenge.

From Sean's explanation, Zen gathered that Cloud Sect permitted contests where disciples of different peaks could compete with each other. The masters at Cloud Sect believed that such competitions could motivate disciples to make rapid progress.

The challenge between two peaks did not involve the outer disciples only. Similar contests were organized for inner disciples of disputing peaks. This time, however, the challenge between Vulture Peak and Drizzle Peak was open only to outer disciples.

Sean believed that it was a deliberate and carefully planned competition. The Vulture Peak asked several outer disciples to stir up trouble first and escalated it into a major conflict. Then the masters of the two peaks had to come forward to alleviate the tension. Finally, the two sides decided to end the dispute with a contest. Vulture Peak must have planned the battle for a long time.

Vulture Peak ranked 24th in Cloud Sect. Why did Vulture Peak choose to challenge Drizzle Peak?

The answer was obvious. They thought that Drizzle Peak was the weakest peak in Cloud Sect and hence, it would be the easiest to defeat.

The comprehensive strength of Drizzle Peak ranked last from among all peaks, which made other peaks feel that their strength was far better than that of disciples at Drizzle Peak.

According to the rules of Cloud Sect, if the disciples of Vulture Peak won in the challenge, they would get a month's expenses and pills distributed by Cloud Sect to the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak.

The masters of Drizzle Peak knew that their outer disciples were no match for those of Vulture Peak. They were not supposed to accept the challenge. But the truth was they had accepted the fight. Sean did not know why they did so.

Zen, Nory, and Sean crowded into the arena with the other outer disciples.

Since the challenge involved the welfare of all the outer disciples, almost all of them were present to watch the competition. The number of disciples watching the competition today had doubled, if not tripled, compared with the last contest between Zen and Leo. Although the area around the battle ring was very spacious, the sheer number of onlookers made it seem as though the place was too small.

After all, it wasn't just the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak that had come to watch the event, but also some inner disciples, who were wearing black robes. They stood in the crowd, keeping a close eye on the situation in the battle ring.

The inner disciples couldn't take part in the challenge. They wouldn't be affected even if the outer disciples were defeated. But the result of the challenge affected the reputation of Drizzle Peak. So they were very concerned about the game.

Zen found a good place to watch the competition. He looked up and saw Wurth Zhang standing in the battle ring.

"Why is Wurth in the arena?" asked Zen with curiosity.

Sean said, "Vulture Peak has won three games in recent days. They have defeated three outer disciples of Drizzle Peak, namely, Otto Chen who is ranked 16th, Samson Zheng who is ranked 13th, and Truman Xu who is ranked 9th. So it's Wurth's turn this time."

Hearing this, Zen understood that things hadn't been going well for Drizzle Peak.

Zen didn't care about the money and pills that Drizzle Peak would receive every month. Those pills were of limited benefit to him, and the money was a small sum for him. But as an outer disciple of Drizzle Peak, he was a member of the group. If he had the opportunity to contribute to Drizzle Peak, he would head up and fight for the peak's honor.

Chapter 118 Getting Nervous (Part Two)

"Look, the match is on. The candidate chosen by Vulture Peak is Tan Tian. He has defeated three of the outer disciples from Drizzle Peak already. I hope Wurth can beat him!"

"Alas, it's hard to say. Yes, Wurth is strong. But even if he defeats Tan, what's the use? Tan has already proven to be too strong for our disciples. But he only ranks 16th at Vulture Peak. Even if Wurth defeats Tan, Vulture Peak will send a higher ranking person next. Then how will we deal with it?"

The outer disciples of Drizzle Peak were talking about the challenge. Obviously, they thought that the prospects of Drizzle Peak were not good.

At this time, Zen saw a man jumping into the battle ring. He was six feet tall and as thin as a rail. He must be Tan Tian.

As soon as Tan jumped into the battle ring, he looked around. Arrogance shimmered in his eyes. He leisurely surveyed the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak, and then he fixed his gaze on Wurth. He sneered and with a curl of his lips said, "Is there anyone better in Drizzle Peak? Why send a butterball here?"

"Wow ..."

To challenge one of the other peaks was to stand and fight on someone else's turf. In general, challengers tended to keep a low profile, even if they were sure to win.

After all, if they enraged all disciples of that peak, they would be at the risk of being attacked by the bystanders. No matter how powerful they might be, they couldn't withstand the attacks of a crowd of cultivators. Though the rules of Cloud Sect were strict, they couldn't punish numerous offenders. So if Tan were beaten to death by an angry crowd, perhaps no one would be held responsible for his death.

But Tan didn't rein in his arrogance. Winning three games consecutively seemed to have increased his ego. After hearing what Tan said, the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak got angry and burst out a storm of abuses.

Tan, without the slightest fear, stood on the edge of the battle ring and shouted, "Why do you abuse me? If you have the guts, come up to the arena and challenge me. I'm waiting for you. No matter how many of you come, I'll defeat you. Drizzle Peak ranks last every year, and there are no outstanding disciples in it. I think it would be better to remove it from the 33 peaks!"

Zen frowned when he heard what Tan said. At the same time, the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak were getting even more hostile, and the name-calling became louder. Things were going to get out of control.

At this moment, Wurth, who had been smiling and standing silently in the battle ring, suddenly raised his hand.

At the moment, his expression grew serious and all traces of his smile disappeared. It was a weird thing to see a smiling, fat man showing such a calm expression.

His action immediately caused the other disciples to stop.

Wurth stood at the seventh rank from among the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak.

He was unassuming and easy to get along with. He hadn't offended anyone in Drizzle Peak.

He was a quiet and under-the-radar guy.

But it was clear to all that the strength hidden under the fat body was astonishing.

Some people still remembered what had happened when he had entered Cloud Sect and become an outer disciple of Drizzle Peak. At that time, a few disciples thought he was weak and could be bullied easily. But when they went to cause trouble, they were easily slammed to the ground.

Only then did they realize that this fat man, who looked kind and harmless to all, was definitely a fierce man.

His strength was stable ever since. No one had been able to take his rank at Drizzle Peak.

But many disciples suspected that Wurth had concealed his real strength. If he did his best, he would be in the top five.

"Tan, the challenge between two peaks is a very ordinary competition in Cloud Sect. It's unacceptable for you to talk like that," said Wurth with a straight face.

Wurth was a good-tempered man. If anyone else had been contesting Tan, he would have been scolding Tan. But Wurth wouldn't do that. As a matter of fact, people who really knew Wurth could say that despite his pleasant demeanor, Wurth was furious at the moment. They knew that Wurth displayed his anger differently from others.

However, Tan couldn't detect Wurth's anger at all. He shook his head and with a contemptuous sneer asked, "But I did speak like that. Now, what are you gonna do? And what's wrong with what I said? I think you should give up right now. If there's no one stronger, we Vulture Peak will win the challenge. It's a real pity that I can't find an outstanding disciple from Drizzle Peak to fight. It disappoints me to see a fat man up here."

"We will play, and then you can tell us who is more powerful. Let's stop talking and get started. I really don't like the way you guys whine. So much for Vulture Peak," Wurth shook his head and retorted.

"Don't want me to whine?" Tan laughed and said, "OK, then, let's begin. I'll give you a good hiding and ensure that you have no power to fight back."

Then Tan raised his hands and burst out brown life energy. With a sudden and loud shout, he put the brown life energy into the ground of the battle ring.

"Sacred Wood Thrust!"

"Peng, Peng!"

When Zen saw this, his brows shot up in surprise. Tan's life energy seemed to have a strong affinity for the metal element. He was able to put his life energy into the battle ring made of gold and iron.

Then, a shining brown light appeared at Wurth's feet. Two brown wood stakes started to come out from where he stood.

Tan was only a half-step into the nature level. The Sacred Wood created by his life energy was half virtual and half real, as it had not yet congealed into a physical form. If he had reached the nature level, the stakes rising from the battle ring would be pieces of real Sacred Wood.

Even so, the attack power of these pieces of Sacred Wood should not be underestimated. If the Sacred Wood hit Wurth, he would be severely wounded and would lose half of his life. Zen was getting nervous at this scene.

Chapter 119 Braving A Challenge

A large person is supposed to move awkwardly and react slowly as compared to leaner people.

But Wurth was an exception.

Wurth, though exceptionally fat, moved dexterously and lightly in the battle ring to dodge Tan's signature martial art, the Sacred Wood Thrust.

Wurth was able to steer clear of each fatal blow.

Tan's violent and intensive session proved depressingly futile.

Wurth, seeing that Tan had exhausted his tricks, approached his rival with sarcastic remarks, "It seems to me that you are not that powerful."

Upon hearing what Wurth said, Sean explained to Zen, "Tan's signature martial art with Sacred Wood Thrust resulted in three successive defeats for Drizzle Peak. However, Wurth seems to be a smart opponent."

Zen nodded in approval.

Tan's assault revealed that his strength was like Randall's, however, the latter was superior to the former in terms of martial skills.

Tan's attacks did pay off to some degree.

But having only one signature, excellent way of attacking would leave some part of the refiner vulnerable.

A signature move, once being seen through by a rival, would put a person in a disadvantageous position.

Tan's skill that had earned him three previous victories was vulnerable to some counter-blow.

At that moment, Zen noticed a yellow halo beneath Wurth's feet and then realized it was Wurth's countermeasure.

If Zen were in Wurth's place, the former would crumble the Sacred Wood Thrust through his mighty feet.

However, Wurth decided to defend from Tan's fatal blows in an ingenious manner. He concentrated his life energy on his feet to sense his rival's direction.

Since his strategy was not yielding results, Tan became increasingly frustrated. As time wore on, his aggression and arrogance diminished as well.

Tan was ultimately angered to display his ultimate martial prowess.

An instant later, a dozen brown eddies of life energy began taking shape. They produced sacred wood thrusts that were aimed at Wurth.

"Whizzing....."

Such violent assaults were supposed to be insurmountable.

But Wurth was dodging them dexterously like a butterfly, though he was rather fat.

"They are useless and futile because I have seen through your tricks," Wurth grinned amid the heat of the fight.

Leveraging his momentum, Wurth confronted his rival face-to-face and gave his rival a stunning blow.

That blow proved overwhelmingly strong.

Tan was flung out of the battle ring.

The outer disciples at Drizzle Peak marveled at Wurth's victory and were gleeful about Tan's failure.

"Wurth, well done!"

"Wurth gave Tan a phenomenal blow!"

Since the disciples were thrilled with Wurth's success, their gleeful uproar could be heard all over Drizzle Peak.

There were twenty disciples that came from Vulture Peak standing outside the battle ring, the head of which ordered others to send Tan for treatment.

They were surprised to see that Tan had been severely wounded and that his gown was marked with footprints.

The outer disciples at Drizzle Peak must have added their blows after Wurth flung Tan out of the ring.

Feeling invincible, Wurth said to the other disciples of Vulture Peak, "So, who's the next?"

A light voice rang from the crowd. It came from a short man who braved the challenge. He said harshly, "I thought that Tan could only beat two of you at most, but surprisingly he has won three battles and made it to the forth one. Drizzle Peak has been proved worse than I have imagined."

Wurth frowned and asked the short man to introduce himself by sharing his name and rank.

But the short man refused to answer him directly. "Learn my name after you beat me!"

"Since it is so, let me witness your martial prowess!" Wurth said as he prepared for the new attacks.

His life energy helped him move and react quickly. He seemed to be as nimble as a swallow!

Zen had noticed that Wurth had fought Tan with ease. While battling the short man, Wurth's speed reached its pinnacle. In fact, Wurth was so quick that it looked like his shadow was falling behind.

"You think you can move faster than me? How ridiculous this is!" The short man was enraged. Then he began to move at full speed, which was faster than

Wurth's!

The two rivals battled so fiercely

that it was an enthralling performance indeed.

Some inferior disciples including Nory who was at the bone refining level became confused about the developments.

But Zen became anxious when he realized that

Wurth was not in a position to win the battle.

The short man was a halfway into the nature level. He was moving much faster and fighting with much more strength than Wurth.

His endurance was to Wurth's disadvantage.

"Pounding!"

"Flopping!"

"Clicking!"

As Zen had predicted, Wurth lost the fight quickly.

What led to Wurth's defeat was that his back was vulnerable. When he made a careless move, the short man took advantage.

"Pounding!"

The stunning blow threw Wurth out of the battle ring despite his massive size.

In the blink of an eye, Zen darted toward Wurth and held him effortlessly.

On examination, he saw that Wurth was as grievously wounded as Tan had been.

"Ahem!"

Wurth spat out a mouthful of blood. His face was flushed with pain.

"Wurth, are you okay?" Zen helped Wurth lie down and then inquired about Wurth's condition.

Wurth moaned and touched his chest. Zen gently felt Wurth's chest and realized that he had broken ribs. Despite his injuries, Wurth was happy to see Zen after his long absence.

Zen nodded and handed an elixir from his space ring to Wurth and said, "Wurth, please consume this elixir. It will help heal you. We'll talk later."

Meanwhile, the short man was challenging the other disciples at Drizzle Peak truculently. "Who is your final candidate? Come out and fight with me," he said arrogantly.

According to the rules and regulations, five contestants from each peak were eligible for the battle ring.

Four contestants from Drizzle Peak had lost. Now, only one contestant would be permitted to fight.

"I think Gury who ranks fourth in our peak is a good choice for the next battle."

"No, Terry is better than Gury!"

"I think Henry has a greater chance of winning the last battle!"

"Although Henry stands a good chance against the short man, he is currently refining his martial arts at a retreat. Our rivals are taking advantage of this to challenge us. Our masters, who know this, should have refused the challenge!"

Henry Hao ranked first among the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak and beyond.

It was said that Henry was refining his martial arts to enter the nature level, and was thus unable to participate in the challenge.

"I think every member of Drizzle Peak is a coward. Now your failure is sealed!" The short man challenged Drizzle Peak in a humiliating manner as he was delighted at his invincibility.

At that moment, Zen rose to undertake the challenge. The cold expression glimmering on his face revealed his feelings of being taunted in such a manner.

Chapter 120 With Just One Punch (Part One)

The outer disciples of Drizzle Peak were crestfallen. After three humiliating defeats, Wurth had finally earned them a victory. However, that had been short-lived.

When the short man that defeated Wurth challenged the remaining disciples from Drizzle Peak, none accepted. It was indeed sad that from all the disciples at Drizzle Peak, none were suitable for the challenge.

When Zen said he was going to fight, his voice was not loud. But it was penetrating so that all the people could hear him.

"What? Zen wants to fight with them on behalf of Drizzle Peak?"

"No, he can't. He did beat Leo, but Leo was only ranked 30th from among Drizzle Peak's outer disciples. What makes Zen think that he's qualified to fight disciples from Vulture Peak?"

"God, We are done for. We are about to lose this challenge. I will not get the elixir next month. How will I cultivate then?"

The outer disciples of Drizzle Peak bemoaned their situation.

The short man in the battle ring stared at Zen. When he heard the comments from the crowd, the jeering expression on his face intensified. "You? A guy at the marrow refining level? Haha... Well, I'll take on your challenge. But don't expect me to show any mercy!"

Challenges between peaks were common. To ensure that each peak had a fair chance to win, usually the top 30 ranked outer disciples, namely each peak's most elite students, were selected to fight.

It was rare to see a disciple within the top 30 ranks who was not even half-step into the nature level!

Now a guy at the marrow refining level was going to represent Drizzle Peak against them, which undoubtedly surprised the disciples from Vulture Peak.

"Hey, Drizzle Peak, did you give up so soon? Are you going to let a guy at the marrow refining level fight against us?"

"I bet it's going to be a big joke at Cloud Sect. I was worried that Drizzle Peak would send Henry to fight. Now, it seems that I worried needlessly."

"Your concerns were certainly superfluous. Even if Henry was not cultivating in seclusion, would Jesse Liu lose to him? How is that possible?"

Not many people from Vulture Peak had come to watch the contests. As few as they might be, the disciples from Vulture Peak now looked arrogant because they believed that Drizzle Peak had no disciples who could match their skills. And now, a disciple at the marrow refining level was offering to battle with them.

The disciples from Vulture Peak were not the only ones to think it was ridiculous. Many outer disciples from Drizzle Peak also felt that way.

Unfortunately, there really was no suitable disciple from Drizzle Peak who could compete in the ring.

Henry Hao, who was ranked first, was refining in seclusion, and the disciples who were ranked higher than Wurth did not dare to go into the battle ring.

Their concern was not the short man who defeated Wurth. No, they were confident that they would be able to parry with him successfully. What worried them were the contestants from Vulture Peak that would come after they vanquished the short man.

If they fought indiscriminately, they would not only humiliate themselves after their defeat, but they might also be seriously injured, which was even worse.

This was why the top few disciples were now silent and cowering in the corner. They felt that they had no choice even if Zen failed. Drizzle Peak had lost most of the competitions anyway, and they didn't mind losing another if it meant that they would not sustain any injuries.

They were afraid even before the battle!

Zen slowly and deliberately walked to the ring. Then he stared at the short man standing opposite him.

Zen had witnessed the man's fight with Wurth. His best feature was his incredible speed. Zen figured that he might not be able to compete with this man in terms of speed, but when it came to strength...

With a confident smile on his face, Zen made a slight bow to his opponent and said, "You just told Wurth that we could only learn your name when we beat you."

The short man let out a shrill laugh and cried wildly, "I'm afraid you'll never know my name!"

Zen shook his head and replied, "You never know until we fight."

"Hum, Drizzle Peak is strange! How dare a boy at the marrow refining level talk to me like that? I was going to teach you a lesson by kicking you out of the ring directly. Now, I have changed my mind. I'll show you how significant the difference is between the marrow refining level and half-step into the nature level!"

No sooner had the short man said this than his figure disappeared from the spot and sprang at Zen, like a gust of wind.

"Boom!"

Zen took a step forward just as his opponent was halfway through the sprint, and his fist hit the short man in the face with great precision.

At this point, the seven dragon scales in Zen's mind were radiating green light, and a tremendous amount of power was transferred to Zen. Combined with Zen's strength, it converged at his fist. His punch carried a terrifying amount of power!

The short man was shot back more than a hundred feet. His body collided with the battle ring's sidewall with such force that half the bricks exploded and fell over him. Everyone present was uncertain of whether he survived the blow.

"I also want to know what the difference is between the marrow refining level and half-step into the nature level... And I'm not really interested in knowing your name... " Zen stated while flexing his wrist with a deadpan expression.

As these words were spoken, a deathly silence hung in the ring and its surrounding areas.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 121 With Just One Punch (Part Two)

No one was talking around the ring whereas before, it had been noisy. Everyone's mouth gaped open as if they could swallow a basin.

Nory's eyes sparkled. Although he was excited about the strength Zen was going to show before the fight, and he was convinced that Zen could win against the short man, he had no idea that Zen would do so with just one punch.

It had taken Zen only one punch to defeat a man who was half-step into the nature level!

All eyes reflected horror.

Even the black-robed inner disciples of Drizzle Peak, who had come to watch the battle, looked astonished.

"Glenn, what do you think of his strength?" asked a black-robed disciple.

"He has shown such power, and he's only at the marrow refining level," analyzed Glenn cautiously, who was also dressed in a black robe. "Then it won't be long before he is promoted to an inner disciple..." He then paused briefly before correcting himself. He said, "No, not only that. If he becomes a nature creature, Ronald Su would probably lose his Number one rank among the inner disciples to him... "

"He is so awesome?!" cried the black-robed disciple, his eyes widening.

Glenn shook his head and replied, "I can't judge his strength with this one blow. But I dare say that's just the tip of the iceberg. Maybe... You and I are no match for him."

"We're no match for him?" echoed the other black-robed disciple. His expression conveyed the bewilderment he was feeling. "We are nature creatures now. We can take advantage of our vitality to manipulate our energy into weapons. Our means of attack far exceed those of a man at the marrow refining level. How come he... "

"I don't know," Glenn interrupted with a shake of his head. "I just feel that way."

"Wow... "

After a while, all the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak recovered from the shock and began to cheer.

Zen had demonstrated more power than they imagined he had.

However, these outer disciples were aware that this victory did not mean that Zen would win the whole challenge.

After all, Zen had to battle with three other strong disciples from Vulture Peak later, and presumably, each would be more powerful than the previous contestant.

It didn't matter. Zen had saved Drizzle Peak's reputation! Although Drizzle Peak ranked last from among the 33 peaks, everybody who was its disciple, valued the collective honor of the peak.

It took a lot of courage for Zen to stand up for Drizzle Peak at such times.

The faces of the twenty or so disciples who had come from Vulture Peak, darkened.

They sent four men through the crowd to drag the short man out of the rubble, and carry him back to their side. But the disciples of Drizzle Peak took advantage of the situation and caused trouble. Mischief glinted in their eyes as they jostled each other so that the disciples from Vulture Peak had a hard time getting the short man back.

Zen walked along the edge of the ring to the people from Vulture Peak and shouted, "Vulture Peak, who else wants to fight me?"

Who else wanted to fight him?

Zen put this question in a flat tone of voice, but what he said actually was subtly aggressive.

His words implied that he had already defeated one person and that his next opponent would also meet the same fate.

This sentence was more pernicious than Tan's and the short man's rambling sarcasm!

His question was like a hard slap to his enemies' faces.

"Humph, you, a guy at the marrow refining level, how dare you be so arrogant? I'll challenge you!"

A man stepped out from the disciples of Vulture Peak. He was big and burly, and his white robe bulged with his taut muscles.

The strong man sprang to his feet and fell on the ring like an iron tower. When his feet touched the ring, he deliberately launched his life energy, which resulted in a depression in the ring. This was quite shocking to see as the ring was made of refined iron. All of a sudden, the entire battle ring shook and thundered with tremendous momentum. It was clear that he was trying to show off.

"I'm Keith Hu, ranked ninth at Vulture Peak!" The strong man, though keen to show his force, was upright, and not sarcastic like the short man had been.

Since Keith Hu was polite, Zen cupped his hands toward him in return. "I'm Zen Luo, no ranking at Drizzle Peak," he introduced himself briefly.

"No ranking?" Keith Hu paused for a moment and then realized that Zen had been recently admitted to Drizzle Peak. If that was the case, then it was normal for him to have no ranking. "Well, let's start now!" he exclaimed.

Keith Hu then roared and channeled his life energy. The result was clear—his muscles doubled in size.

Then came the sound of cloth tearing.

His snow-white robe representing his identity as an outer disciple was torn because of his expanding muscles. Standing in the ring, he looked like a giant, and his horrifying explosive power could be seen from his size.

Seeing this scene, the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak felt anxious for Zen.

Vulture Peak was indeed much stronger than Drizzle Peak.

Zen had just beaten one guy, and here stood another who looked more powerful than the last. Keith Hu was only ranked ninth at Vulture Peak. The disciples from Drizzle Peak wondered how formidable their top-ranked outer disciple would be.

"I have no other merit but great strength. If I lose control of my force, your body might be smashed to a pulp. You'd better think again. I will accept if you surrender now!" said Keith Hu with a serious look.

Zen observed his face and realized that Keith Hu was sincere. It was for Zen's sake that he asked Zen to surrender.

"No, thank you anyway," Zen refused with a laugh.

"Then, be careful!" Keith Hu took a deep breath and charged at Zen, like a wild, ancient beast.

"Thump, thump, thump..."

a deafening sound accompanied each step taken by Keith Hu.

As the saying goes, a man of great strength can defeat ten men of martial arts. Keith Hu's attacks did not involve tricks or false moves, because he wanted to surpass Zen based on his power alone.

Chapter 122 Jesse Liu (Part One)

"Get out of the way! Move! Once hit by a savage beast like that guy, I am afraid that the impact will jar Zen's bones!"

"Is Zen in a daze? Or does he want to stay rooted and withstand Keith's might directly?"

"Hey, Zen has great strength at the marrow refining level. He would have a promising future. But this time, he is overconfident. It will be a pity if he suffers serious injury or death by Keith's attack."

Although the strength of the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak was inferior to most, these disciples were knowledgeable. They understood that a disciple with considerable strength at the marrow refining level would have a bright future. That was why they felt sorry for Zen.

Meanwhile, Zen stubbornly stuck to his previous strategy.

A punch. That was all he used.

The seven dragon scales erupted with extraordinary power. This power mingled with Zen's when he punched Keith. The blow landed on Keith's shoulder, which was the sturdiest part of him.

Keith had intended to collide into Zen with his shoulder. He wasn't deterred when he saw that Zen had decided to use his fist as a countermeasure. Confident of his strength, Keith rammed his body into Zen's fist instead of evading.

According to Keith's estimation, once Zen's fist touched his shoulder, Zen's arm would be broken by the force.

However, when Keith's shoulder crashed into Zen's fist, his facial expression changed.

He could feel that there was a greater force, which was much stronger than his, coming from Zen's fist.

If Keith's power was like that of a furious savage beast, momentum vigorous and extremely explosive, then Zen's energy was like that of the sea, boundless and unfathomable.

"Bump!"

At the moment of contact, the greater of the two forces was easy to figure out.

Zen's punch consumed all the impact, and the considerable back-draft transmitted through Keith's body immediately caused Keith to retreat more than a dozen steps.

Keith wanted to stop his body from backtracking but found himself unable to do so. He stumbled back several more steps before falling outside the arena.

Again, Zen won the fight with a punch.

Just a punch.

Zen had proven himself to be more powerful!

The disciples of Drizzle Peak felt as though their hearts were jumping out of their mouths.

Zen's performance today had completely subverted some of their understanding of the world.

It was hard to find a fitting word to describe Zen's performance today. The closest one that any disciple could come up with to explain how they felt upon seeing Zen defeat the two disciples from Vulture Peak was 'enchanting'.

Who would have expected that Keith, who was famous for his strength, would also be beaten by Zen with just one punch? What surprised everyone even more was that Zen didn't have a special knack for fighting. The only special skill Zen possessed was overwhelming strength.

Zen continued to flex his arms as he asked the disciples of Vulture Peak with an indifferent look, "Who's next?"

Although Keith had been beaten with a punch, he was not injured. The stubborn expression on his face showed that he refused to accept his failure. "Wait a minute! I was not ready. I didn't expect you to be so powerful! I want to battle once again!"

"According to the rules of the challenge, a contestant loses when he falls outside the battle ring. Who's next?" said Zen as he shook his head. He had just returned to Drizzle Peak today. He wanted a quick victory to end the fight. So, it was natural that he wouldn't want to give Keith another chance.

Soon afterward, another person from Vulture Peak was dispatched to fight with Zen.

For the past two consecutive rounds, Zen had defeated each opponent with only one punch.

Undoubtedly, this put a great deal of pressure on the outer disciples of Vulture Peak.

Although Zen was at the marrow refining level, his display of strength had earned him some caution and respect from the contestants of Vulture Peak. none of them would despise him.

Zen hadn't defeated Keith by tricks or luck. Instead, he had used his actual strength, which proved that Zen was far more powerful than those at the same level as him.

Soon, the fourth person sent by Vulture Peak walked into the battle ring. He?stared at Zen's every movement prudently.

Unfortunately, Zen did not give him any chance to attack.

Still using only one punch, Zen dispatched the fourth challenger from Vulture Peak by sending him flying out of the arena...

Jubilant, this was what the disciples from Drizzle Peak felt. No words could accurately describe their feelings. All they could do was cheer as if only this reaction could express their excitement.

Hundreds of feet away, two women stood on a small building. They had been watching every fight.

Both of them were elegant, poised, and startlingly beautiful.

"Master Su, you tricked me! You suggested that we should arrange a competition to motivate the outer disciples of your peak, to which I readily agreed. Then, I came over with the most talented outer disciples of Vulture Peak. But what I didn't know was that there is such a genius here..." The woman who had spoken was Mia Mu. She was one of the masters of Vulture Peak.

Actually, the two masters had cleverly arranged this challenge.

To motivate the disciples in their respective peaks and to encourage them to work harder, masters would apply almost all methods they could think of.

A challenge between peaks was a very effective method.

Chapter 123 Jesse Liu (Part Two)

If Drizzle Peak was defeated, it might affect the mood of its outer disciples for a short time. However, it would also help them to understand that they must work harder to catch up.

To achieve this, the disciples needed to understand, through personal experience, that only the weak could be beaten. That was why Master Su accepted the challenge.

Master Su's mouth crumpled as she looked at Zen. "This outer disciple accepted the task of killing blade locusts in the south and then left Drizzle Peak. I didn't expect that he would return in half a month. Besides, his strength has grown incredibly quickly. I am surprised..."

"What? A disciple at the marrow refining level went to kill blade locusts? Did I hear it correctly? However, the strength of this kid is indeed enough for that kind of task," Mia Mu looked helplessly at the battle ring. "Such a ruthless kid. Every time he defeats his opponent with just a punch! It looks like he is humiliating them."

Hearing what Mia Mu said, Aura Su's lips lifted in a smug smile. Then she said, "That's because the disciples from your peak are too weak!"

"You are naughty. I am helping you to motivate your disciples. But you are laughing at me! Although Zen is powerful, Vulture Peak is not short of talent. The last one to battle should be Jesse. He is ranked number one at Vulture Peak, and he's already a nature creature. As long as Jesse joins the battle, there is no way that Zen can win," said Mia Mu.

"A nature creature? Then why is he still an outer disciple?" wondered Master Su with surprise. Generally speaking, many outer disciples were promoted to the status of inner disciples every year. Many of these disciples were half-step into the nature level. It was thus, surprising that a disciple at the nature level had not been promoted.

Mia Mu smiled. "Is it possible that only Drizzle Peak has a genius? Vulture Peak also has talents. Why are you so surprised? Actually, Jesse broke through to the nature level about half a year after he entered

Vulture Peak. Before we transfer him to an inner disciple, he is an outer disciple."

A nature creature? Master Su wasn't sure how she felt about this revelation. On the one hand, she really wanted to see if Zen could defeat a nature creature; while on the other hand, she didn't want Zen to win.

'Alas! Let me see what will happen first.' Aura sighed.

On the other side of the battle ring stood another disciple. This was the fifth disciple sent by Vulture Peak. He should be the strongest outer disciple at Vulture Peak.

And he was Jesse Liu, a nature creature, who was now going to battle Zen.

Jesse didn't have an imposing manner. In fact, his features and his body structure were ordinary. If he walked on the street, people would barely remember what he looked like.

After Jesse Liu entered the battle ring, disciples from Drizzle Peak thought that they were going to win the challenge. Jesse, who was standing in front of them, seemed utterly inferior to the previous disciples sent by Vulture Peak.

But when they saw that Jesse condensed life vitality and formed a hoop in his hand, their expressions changed dramatically.

"A nature creature! This guy is actually a nature creature! Is he an outer disciple?"

"That's unreasonable. Zen is an outer disciple. How can an inner disciple be sent to challenge Zen? This is a violation of the rules! If the other peak sends an inner disciple, we should also send an inner disciple!" said some indignantly.

Many people had turned their eyes to those disciples dressed in black robes. They had been standing close to the arena, watching the matches. Since they were inner disciples of Drizzle Peak, they should have stepped forward for this challenge.

The nature level was a hurdle for ordinary cultivators.

There was a big difference between life energy and life vitality.

Zen used one blow to defeat every challenger from Vulture Peak.

But to fight with someone at the nature level? That was hugely unfair! Only a nature creature should challenge a disciple at the same level. Otherwise, the battle would be too unsporting.

Everyone noticed this gap in Jesse's and Zen's abilities and commented on the underhanded match.

"Jesse is ranked first at Vulture Peak. He has just stepped into the nature level. And there just wasn't enough time to promote him to inner disciple status! Of course, he is still an outer disciple. How is it against the rules? If you can't beat him, then just give up!" Jesse was the biggest hope for Vulture Peak now. Hearing what the disciples from Drizzle Peak said, the remaining disciples from Vulture Peak retorted sarcastically.

The two sides were arguing, and the crowd once again became chaotic.

But the two men in the battle ring completely ignored the riots outside the battle ring.

The hoop in Jesse's hand swirled slowly. He said indifferently, "You are really strong. You have defeated three disciples who are half-step into the nature level. This is something that I have never heard of."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Zen as he saluted.

"However, you have humiliated Vulture Peak. Even though I will be suspected of bullying you, as I have the advantage of being a nature creature, I must win the challenge. Otherwise, it will be greatly embarrassing for the outer disciples of Vulture Peak, and there will be no foothold for us in Cloud Sect," said Jesse in a calm tone. There was no excitement and contempt in his voice. It seemed as though he were having a casual chat.

Zen also smiled calmly. "Please show mercy during the following battle."

"Relax. I will only make you incapable of resisting. I will not hurt you!"

Jesse Liu smiled lightly before gently tossing the golden hoop that was condensed by his life vitality toward Zen.

Chapter 124 Sky-rending Hoop (Part One)

This was not the first time that Zen encountered a nature creature.

Several days ago, he confronted and killed White Fiend and Black Fiend with his old, dilapidated flying knife.

His successful assassination of White Fiend and Black Fiend could be mainly ascribed to this old and broken flying knife.

But now Zen was fighting inside a battle ring.

Although Cloud Sect had no strict rules regarding the use of weapons inside a battle ring, he knew that the flying knife would cause serious injuries, even death, if he used it. In a peak-level challenge of this caliber, Zed didn't want to kill his opponent.

The golden hoop was full of life vitality. Gleaming with metallic luster, it fluttered in the air, humming and buzzing.

As the golden ring drew closer to Zen, it became bigger, as though it was going to encircle him.

"That's great!" exclaimed Zen. He had already planned a counter-attack for the golden ring.

As a streak of purple light enveloped his body, Zen fiercely flung his fist toward the golden ring.

"Bang!"

The golden ring produced a crisp sound when it came into contact with Zen's fist. It turned flat upon impact and flew back for about 60 feet from the battle ring.

In spite of this, Jesse chuckled. Seeing his golden ring flying so far away, he stretched out his hand. A buzzing could be heard as the golden ring whizzed toward its master. As soon as the ring returned to Jesse, it regained its original shape. In the blink of an eye, Jesse tossed the golden ring at Zen, in an attempt to trap him.

At the same time, another golden ring showed up in Jesse's hand. This new ring had been crafted from Jesse's life vitality as well. Jesse directed the second ring toward his opponent without giving Zen a chance to defend against the first ring.

"Bang! Bang!"

As before, both rings flew back upon impact with Zen's fist.

Very soon, Zen understood what Jesse intended to do.

However, by the time Zen came to this realization, it was a little too late. He saw that Jesse still stood where he had been, unceasingly waving his hands in the air. Then, one after another, more and more golden rings appeared around his hands.

A few moments later, seven golden rings were hovering over the battle ring.

Zen made a tenacious effort to hit these rings to prevent them from trapping him. However, Zen struggled to withstand the attacks of several rings.

At last, a golden ring flew through a flaw in Zen's counter attack and trapped Zen. The golden ring tightened around Zen's torso, securing both his arms.

"Do you think that you can trap me with only a ring?"

Zen struggled in an attempt to loosen the golden ring and throw it off him.

He had assumed that based on his current strength, he could confront a nature creature. Zen was also confident that he could use his power to break the golden ring.

As he had expected, the golden ring didn't hold up against his aggressive struggle. Soon, it began to show faint cracks. But at this moment, other rings flew toward Zen and encircled him, one after another.

One or two golden rings couldn't withstand Zen's mighty power.

But when seven rings confined him, Zen felt challenged to free himself.

Just like a chopstick was easy to break, but it was extremely difficult to break a bunch of chopsticks.

As the rings imprisoned him, Zen took a deep breath and grumbled in a low voice.

Immediately, dark green light sparkled over seven dragon scales in his mind, and a great surge of strength was produced in him. A physical change could be seen in Zen as veins popped out all over his body.

Although Zen made every effort to break away, the rings didn't budge.

Seeing this, Jesse strolled over to Zen. With a light chuckle, he said, "It is impossible for you to shake off the rings. Even nature creatures can't get away when my sky-binding hoops fetter them. You will be unable to break away even though your strength is far mightier than others who are at the same level as you. Now, you have been defeated."

Spectators from Vulture Peak were stunned at this scene and took a deep breath.

They had witnessed the incredible power of Jesse's sky-binding hoops many times before.

Before Jesse was a half-step into the nature level, his sky-binding hoops, which were only filled with life energy, had been so insuperable that no one at Vulture Peak could break free from them.

Now, Jesse had become a nature creature. The power of his sky-binding hoops was substantive. To be sure, Zen, who was only at the marrow refining level, couldn't break away from the rings.

Zen had attempted to struggle and escape twice but failed. In view of his futile efforts, he gave up. At the same time, he forced a bitter smile across his face and snapped back, "You've just trapped me. But does this mean that I've been defeated?"

Zen's question left Jesse shocked, and he responded, "You can't move your hands or legs. And so, it is beyond doubt that you have been defeated."

"But as you can see, I am still standing inside the battle ring, right?" Zen retorted.

For a battle ring challenge, whether a person won or not was dependent upon two cases. The first way to ensure victory was to knock the opponent out so that he couldn't stand up anymore. The other way was to throw the opponent out of the battle ring.

As soon as he heard Zen's quibbling, Jesse sneered at Zen who was trying to play a petty trick on him. Then, he retorted, "Well, since you feel so strongly about this, let me throw you out of the battle ring! Afterward, I will be the winner!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Jesse extended one of his hands and pointed it at the golden rings trapping Zen. Immediately, the rings trembled and jingled as though they had received an order from Jesse. After that, they pulled Zen toward the edge of the battle ring.

Just as Zen reached the corner of the battle ring, Jesse felt a sharp pain in his brain. This pain seemed to be spiritual, as a result of which, Jesse nearly fainted.

"Ahh!"

Jesse gave a horrible shriek while holding his head with both hands.

The scene inside the battle ring confused the spectators.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 125 Sky-rending Hoop (Part Two)

The disciples from Drizzle Peak had accepted the fact that Zen had been defeated when they saw that he couldn't break free from the rings.

They had known that Zen's failure was inevitable since Jesse was a nature creature.

Despite his defeat, they deemed that Zen was a credit to Drizzle Peak. He had defeated three opponents from Vulture Peak. That he had used a fist each time was even more astounding. Perhaps, this success would never be achieved by any outer disciple of Cloud Sect, now and forever.

Since Zen had tried his best, most disciples from Drizzle Peak thought they could do nothing but accept the truth of Zen's imminent failure.

But when Zen was dragged to the battle ring's boundary, something unexpected happened.

Jesse was holding his head and screaming as though he was in tremendous pain.

"Did he fall ill unexpectedly during the fight?"

"Hahaha. It would be so great if he is gravely ill. But, Jesse is a nature creature with a supernatural body. How is it possible for him to suffer from a serious illness?"

"Both of Zen's hands are fastened by the rings. It is impossible for Zen to do anything to hurt Jesse. How can Jesse be in such pain if he is not ill?"

Jesse's weird response provoked heated discussions among the disciples of Drizzle Peak. None could figure out the mystery!

The inner disciples dressed in black robes, however, had noticed some clues.

Glenn, one of the inner disciples, murmured to others around him, "Look. As I've mentioned before, this guy is exceptionally powerful for someone at the marrow refining level. My guess is that he doesn't merely fight based on his strength. He must have mastered other extraordinary skills."

The inner disciples around Glenn were stunned by his words, and one of them responded, "I haven't noticed this yet. What skills on earth could he have used to make Jesse shriek with such great pain?"

"If my memory serves, Zen has attacked Jesse with his soul," said Glenn with a thoughtful expression.

"Attacked with his soul? Skills like this can be only used by a cultivator with a pretty strong soul. This guy's physical body is astonishingly strong. He has a strong soul too?" The inner disciple beside Glenn was flabbergasted.

Discerning the disciple's doubt, Glenn sighed, patted his shoulder, and said, "In such a big world, all sorts of strange things are possible. When I left my hometown, I was the highest ranked from among the young generation of T County. At that time, I was very proud of myself. I had all the favor, love, and mercy from God. But after I joined Cloud Sect, I have understood why it is said that there is always someone better than you no matter how good you think you are..."

At that moment, Zen focused all his attention on Jesse. Naturally, he didn't hear what Glenn had said.

Jesse had held his head in his hands for quite a long while before he finally resisted the great pain and returned to his senses. His calm expression had turned furious. In his eyes reflected a tinge of fear.

Even at this moment, Jesse still insisted that he and Zen were not of the same caliber.

Before this fight, Jesse had known that Zen had demonstrated very stunning skills. He knew that it was particularly rare for a guy at the marrow refining level to have mastered those skills.

In spite of that, Jesse hadn't feared battling Zen at all. He had great confidence in his abilities. After all, he was a nature creature, who dominated ordinary people.

Thus, Jesse had compared himself to a heavily-armed adult and thought of Zen to be naive.

In his opinion, he could easily defeat Zen by only using his life vitality.

Jesse had planned not to use any of his unique skills, as he had thought it sufficient to trap Zen with his sky-binding hoop and then throw him out of the battle ring.

Just as Jesse thought that he had won this fight against Zen, his opponent attacked him spiritually.

The pain from Zen's soul attack would be unforgettable for all of Jesse's life.

As a consequence, Jesse rapidly flinched after he recovered his senses.

As Jesse drew back, an old and dilapidated flying knife hovered over Zen's hand. It swirled around the rings around Zen's body. In the next instant, it sliced through the rings. "Bang, bang, bang, bang..." Several loud and crisp sounds were heard.

The old and dilapidated flying knife had cut through all seven golden hoops. Their glittering golden light disappeared right away and turned into life vitality, which dissipated in the air.

Seeing Zen's flying knife, Jesse raised his eyebrows. He wondered why Zen hadn't used his flying knife before since he had been carrying the knife with him.

At the same time, Jesse had no idea that Zen hadn't intended to use this flying knife to fight his opponent. After breaking away from the sky-binding hoops, Zen casually tucked the flying knife back into his space ring, smiled, and said, "It seems that the outcome of this fight is hard to foretell."

"That's funny!" Like Zen, Jesse hadn't planned to make an all-out effort in this fight, but he had started to take this fight and his opponent seriously after being subjected to Zen's spiritual attack.

A faint golden aura of life vitality emitted from Jesse's skin and started to condense slowly.

"Since you want to make more trouble out of nothing, I will show you my real strength as a nature creature! Sky Rending Hoop!"

As soon as Jesse shouted those three words, a golden hoop showed up on his hand. But it was a little different from his sky-binding hoops in terms of shape. This ring had neatly lined saw-teeth all around it. The sky-rending hoop was faster than the sky-binding hoops as well.

"Whooshing!"

Very soon, seven sky-rending hoops were suspended in the air around Jesse, swirling crazily.

"Go!"

Jesse extended his hand and pointed at Zen. His eyes were full of apathy. Zen had enraged him. Jesse felt humiliated by Zen who was only at the marrow refining level. And anyone who infuriated Jesse would pay for what he had done at any cost.

The seven sky-rending hoops flew at Zen from different angles.

Two of them flew high. Their flying route made up a parabola.

Another three sky-rending hoops flew toward Zen along a straight line.

The remained two hoops rolled on the floor of the battle ring, aiming for Zen's legs. Deep furrows were noticeable in the direction where the rings had passed as if the floor of the battle ring was muddy.

In the face of these seven sky-rending hoops, Zen looked rather nervous.

He knew that his strength wasn't powerful enough, so he had to take a confrontation with every nature creature seriously from now on.

Chapter 126 Fantastic Scene (Part One)

"Ah, Jesse went too far. It is only a challenge between two peaks. Why did he use that fierce strike? Does he want to kill Zen?"

"The battle ring is made of pure iron, which is very hard. But it was easily cut by the sky-rending hoops as if the ring was as soft as mud. If the sky-rending hoops touch a human, his body will be split in two!"

"It's too dangerous. How will Zen deal with this attack?"

Now, everyone was worried about Zen. They watched him with bated breath.

When the sky-rending hoops neared Zen, he twisted his body at a strange angle and slid through the space among the hoops.

At the same time, leveraging his momentum, Zen dodged another four sky-rending hoops that had been flying above and below him. After his successful dodges, he ran toward Jesse at full speed.

The previous round of fighting between the two contestants had only been a prelude. And now formal combat, with fist to fist strikes, would begin between the two.

Jesse's face was calm as he watched Zen rushing toward him. He didn't seem to be flustered. Instead, his expression reflected the seriousness he felt. He waved his hand, and the seven sky-rending hoops left behind by Zen adjusted their directions and turned toward Zen again.

These seven sky-rending hoops were produced by Jesse's life vitality. Their weights were as light as air, and they could fly at a fantastically high speed.

Even though Zen was also very fast, he still needed to consider whether to boost his speed or to keep away from the hoops chasing him. If he did not dodge, he would be cut into pieces by these hoops before he could get close to Jesse.

This was also the reason why Jesse stood still and regarded Zen with his steady gaze. He had used the sky-rending hoops many times to defeat dozens of rivals. He understood how powerful the hoops were and what would be the result if someone met the sky-rending hoops directly. It could not be different this time, and he was sure that Zen would not dare use his body to fend off the attack from the sky-rending hoops.

However, Jesse was wrong this time.

If Zen's body had still been at the level of mysterious weapon, he would have been terrified of the cutting power of this sky-rending hoops.

However, his physical body had improved in strength after being cultivated by the fire of the Earth's core. His physical strength and body hardness were different from what he was at the level of mysterious weapon. So, Zen intended to use his body to counter the attack of the sky-rending hoops.

'Oh, my god! Why doesn't he run away? Is he crazy? Or does he want to die?'

Jesse was very confused when he saw that Zen did not have the slightest intention to dodge the attack. Such actions by Zen, in his eyes, were equal to suicide. How could a person face the sharp hoops without any hesitance?

"Zen, run away! Be quick!"

"Oh, no! If he doesn't get out of the way, he will be cut into pieces by the sky-rending hoops!"

"Is Zen crazy? Let's stop here. Stop the sky-rending hoops. Come down from the arena, Zen. Please! Be quick!"

Seeing that Zen was not avoiding the attack, all the disciples of Drizzle Peak voiced their concerns. They shouted to get Zen's attention, hoping that he would listen to them and dodge the hoops or even give up the fight.

Although disciples within the peak were known to hold grudges and fight among themselves, when it came to challenges between peaks, the disciples of each peak stood united. They shared the same worry about Zen's safety.

'We can afford to lose this challenge, but Zen should not die!' All the disciples of Drizzle Peak clenched their fists. They kept shouting at Zen to avoid the attack.

The refiners from Vulture Peak, however, were satisfied to see the current scene in the arena. Their lips curled in a contemptuous sneer.

"Look! This guy must be insane!"

"Yes, I think so. Maybe it's better for him to die. There is no friendship in a battle. If he wants to die without any defense, the hoops will not have any mercy on him."

"Well, that is a pity! Drizzle Peak just enrolled a genius disciple, and Jesse is going to shred this genius!"

According to the disciples of Vulture Peak, Zen's nonresistance would eventually lead to his death. That was a good result for them.

Zen, as a representative of Drizzle Peak, had defeated three of Vulture Peak's top 20 disciples. And he only used one punch to win each fight. That was a big shame for every disciple of Vulture Peak!

This failure had never happened in the history of Vulture Peak, and it could not be forgotten or recovered by any means.

Besides, Zen was only at the marrow refining level. If he did not die today, he would grow quickly and become a significant threat to Vulture Peak. They were afraid that he would challenge all the disciples of their peak in the future.

Though it was too early to foresee what would happen in the coming years, their concerns were not unfounded.

Just two years before, a genius from Lady Peak, Yan, had defeated all disciples of Day Peak. And as a result, the ranking of Day Peak dropped from sixth to somewhere in the mid-twenties. What a horrifying experience for the disciples of Day Peak and the onlookers of other peaks.

Therefore, at this moment, the disciples of Vulture Peak did not feel uncomfortable about the scene in the arena even though it meant that Zen might die. In their minds, it would be prudent to kill Zen, a genius, at this time before he refined himself further and became a more significant threat to them.

However, Zen was not a normal refiner as they had thought. What happened next was entirely out of their expectation and dumbfounded everyone watching the fight.

"Bang!"

The first sky-rending hoop crashed into Zen and made a clear sound like a piece of gold bumping into an iron weapon. To everyone's surprise, the golden hoop did not cut Zen into pieces but instead, it bounced to the side.

Even though the hoop did not cut Zen's body, it did shred his white robe. The torn white robe exposed Zen's back to the public.

On his naked back, people could only see a light trace of blood. They held their breath and couldn't utter a word. They could not believe that such a powerful weapon only left such a small injury on Zen's skin. That was so unimaginable!

However, this was only the start of how much Zen would astound them today. The remaining sky-rending hoops continued to hurtle toward Zen. When they crashed into him, each of them also made the clear sound like the first hoop. "Bang!" The second hoop clashed with Zen and bounced away.

"Bang!" The third hoop was also deflected after touching Zen's body.

"Bang!" The fourth hoop ricocheted off Zen.

Each of these sky-rending hoops struck Zen's back, made a loud sound, and then bounced away. None were able to do Zen any harm.

In all previous fights where Jesse had used his sky-rending hoops, his opponents had been shredded. But now, none of the hoops could injure Zen beyond a small gash on his skin. Aside from the depth and shape of the injuries, the outcome of all the hoops was the same. None could cut Zen into pieces.

On seeing this fantastic scene, same as the crowd present, or maybe more surprised than the public, Jesse's eyes widened. Fear and trepidation rose in his heart.

Chapter 127 Fantastic Scene (Part Two)

Even though Jesse was in great shock by the hardness of Zen's physical body, he soon regained his senses. Other spectators, however, were still deeply immersed in the surprise. As the most outstanding outer disciple of Vulture Peak, Jesse did not rely only on his powerful weapon, but his strength and his sensitivity to danger. And this time, a feeling of danger awoke in him from the threat Zen posed.

On the other hand, Zen who had withstood this wave of attacks from the sky rending hoops rushed toward Jesse and aimed a punch at him.

His fist was hard, and the force contained in it was overwhelming. The blow was like stormy sea waves, continuous and unrelenting. That was the power Zen obtained after he awakened seven dragon scales.

And his rival was not weak. Jesse soon recovered from his surprise and raised his hands before Zen's punch reached him. The life vitality condensed between Jesse's hands soon formed light green rings.

"Thick earth hoops! Come out!"

Jesse shouted out as his hands moved up and down, making quick gestures. Thick Earth Hoop was Jesse's defense refinement method. It generated circles of green rings from life vitality and then combined these rings to form a solid shield. The shield glimmered in the sun as it stood before Jesse protecting him from Zen's powerful punch.

"Clink! Clank! Clink! Clank!"

The thick earth hoops withstood Zen's heavy blow. The rings rattled against each other and gave out a burst of clinking sound.

Even though Jesse's thick earth hoops protected him from Zen's punch, most of the force from the blow did not disappear and was transferred from the rings to Jesse, which pushed him back.

The force of this punch was so tremendous that Jesse flew out of the battle ring! Jesse did not break the one-punch defeat record of Vulture

Peak.

However, Jesse was not a normal refiner.

If he had only relied on arduous training and consistent hard work to enter the nature level, he might become a common inner disciple of Vulture Peak, an ordinary refiner.

But now he was the top-ranked outer disciple of Vulture Peak!

Becoming the top-ranked outer disciple in any of the thirty-three peaks in Cloud Sect required many skills. Becoming a top-ranked disciple only through hard work was impossible.

Jesse was an absolute genius at Vulture Peak. He was ranked the highest among the outer disciples, and he had the potential to become the best of the inner disciples in the future because of his hard work and talents.

Even though Zen's blow pushed him out of the arena, his feet did not touch the ground. Jesse stayed suspended in the air. According to the rules, he did not fail the battle.

Jesse did not give up and grasped any means available to him to return to the battle ring. He soon threw his thick earth hoops out before he could land on the ground.

The thick earth hoops hit the ground beside the arena at tremendous speed, then bounced against the wall, and rushed back toward Jesse.

Jesse straightened his body as per his estimation of the direction of the flying rings. His feet landed on the thick earth hoops, and with the help of their force, he flew toward the arena again.

"Great move! What a perfect throw and leap by Jesse!"

"Yes, an excellent move. Indeed, within Vulture Peak, only Jesse is capable of staying calm and solving a problem in such a predicament!"

"When he was in the air, he threw his thick earth hoops. He needed to calculate the angle and the force to return his rings just below his feet. Such precise calculation in a short time is not an easy feat. I think most people would not be able to do this!"

When the disciples of Vulture peak saw that Jesse was out of the battle ring, their hearts sank, and they thought that this challenge was over. But at the critical moment when Jesse used his skillful calculations and actions to get back inside the arena, their hearts raised again. They burst out in cheer.

However, they had celebrated too quickly. Back in the battle ring, Zen was in an advantageous position in this fight. He would not let Jesse back into the arena so easily. Jesse was not weak, and Zen was not a fool either.

He ran to the edge of the arena before Jesse could land on the ground. Then he raised his hands and aimed a punch at Jesse just as he sailed past.

At this moment, Jesse did not have anything to help him to dodge Zen's attack. He felt annoyed at his helplessness. He had witnessed the hardness of Zen's physical body and didn't want to fight against Zen, body to body. How could this man refine his body to such overwhelming strength that he could bear the attacks of the sky rending hoops without being grievously injured?

Unfortunately, he had no other choice but to meet Zen head-on.

With a sigh, Jesse formed his thick earth hoops to protect his body in the hope that they would withstand Zen's punch.

He hoped in vain. Same as the last time, Jesse was pushed back by the force of the blow, and he shot out of the battle ring before his feet could touch the ground of the arena.

Jesse was not the kind of person to give up. And so, he used the reverse force of his thick earth hoops to push himself back into the arena.

The disciples of both peaks watched this strange scene.

On the one side, Jesse struggled to get back inside the battle ring, while on the other hand, Zen was trying to stop him from touching the ground of the arena.

Regardless of which side of the arena Jesse was bouncing toward, Zen would rush forward and punch Jesse.

Just like a grasshopper that couldn't get to the ground, Jesse was jumping all over the arena, from left to right and then from right to left.

For the first few times, the onlookers present felt nervous and held their breath. Their hearts bounced up and down with Jesse's flying route.

However, after seeing the similar scene three, four and even five times, they were speechless, and a dull expression came on their faces.

Even Mia Mu and Aura Su who were standing in the distance felt speechless at the strange fight between Jesse and Zen. They looked at each other, noticed the same confusion in each other's eyes, and turned back to observe the fight in the battle ring.

After a long time, Mia could not resist saying with clenched teeth, "Aura, your outer disciple, Zen Luo is awful. How can he treat Jesse as if Jesse were a ball! Throwing him toward the sky, and not allowing him back to the ground?"

On hearing her complaints, Aura touched her long hair and murmured, "And, that.... I think Zen is afraid of Jesse's strength. After all, Jesse is a nature creature, and he has many advantages over Zen."

"But isn't it unreasonable for them to keep fighting this way? When will it come to an end?" Mia was a little anxious.

However, Aura was not as anxious as Mia. She was calm most of the time and even smiled slyly when Mia was not looking. She did not need to be worried, as she had thought through this impasse long before. She was well prepared to lose this challenge. And if she happened to win, of course, she would not refuse it.

Mia was concerned about the current situation.

Although Jesse was a nature creature, he had been in the nature level for a short time. The life vitality in his body was not infinite. If the situation continued to go on like this, Jesse would most likely lose the battle after his life vitality was exhausted.

Mia was not the only one aware of this point. Jesse also knew this shortcoming.

Although he could rely on the thick earth hoops to combat with Zen and ensure that he would not fall to the ground, he also knew that if he kept consuming his life vitality to support the thick earth hoops like this, he would eventually use up his life vitality and be defeated by Zen in the end.

Such failure in a challenge between peaks was not a result that Jesse could accept.

So, when Zen deflected him for the ninth time, Jesse used the same strategy to sail toward the arena. However, this time, he summoned almost all his life vitality for one final try.

He needed to exert all his strength for this last action!

Chapter 128 Cheers (Part One)

Suspended in the air and bathed in heavenly golden light, Jesse looked like a God. Everyone could feel the power and pressure radiated from Jesse.

The weaker outer disciples were so overwhelmed by this pressure that they were forced to kneel on the ground.

The golden light turned into a huge golden circle and fell toward the battle ring. Eventually, it surrounded the arena.

Jesse stood by the edge of the golden circle with outstretched arms. A few quick gestures later he said, "Destruction Hoop! Go!"

A person who was able to reach the nature level was said to have surpassed the limits of human life. Usually, such people had not only profound wisdom but a trump card as well.

Destruction Hoop was Jesse's trump card.

However, this move cost him a large amount of life vitality.

After the exhausting battle with Zen, Jesse still had more than fifty percent of his life vitality. The moment he summoned the Destruction Hoop, the remaining life vitality was depleted. Standing by the edge of Destruction Hoop, Jesse turned pale and almost fell to the ground.

Jesse had been reluctant to use the Destruction Hoop.

He had cultivated this method with the hopes of using it to clinch a win during a Sect contest. If he revealed his secret weapon in advance, his future opponents would be cautious and prepared.

Given how the battle between him and Zen was going, Jesse couldn't think of a better idea.

Aside from the Destruction Hoop, Jesse was unsure of what other attack methods would secure his victory against Zen.

What upset Jesse more was that he was forced to use this key advantage for a boy at the marrow refining level!

The marrow refining level...

Jesse had been confident that he could beat Zen easily. For a nature creature, dealing with a refiner at the marrow refining level would be as simple as squishing an ant. However, he didn't expect to face such a difficult situation.

He could not accept defeat!

"Since you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish!"

Jesse roared. When the challenge began, Jesse had intended to incapacitate Zen so that he would be unable to retaliate. He had not planned on killing Zen. However, as the battle wore on and Jesse felt humiliated, he became eager to terminate Zen.

Of course, Jesse was quite confident of the power of the Destruction Hoop. Even nature creatures trapped within the circle would be seriously injured. Since Zen was only at the marrow refining level, Jesse was sure that he wouldn't be able to survive the destructive powers of the circle.

The Destruction Hoop began to emit a brilliantly colored light. People could feel the fluctuations of life vitality starting to gather in the battle ring.

Since the cultivation method used the word Destruction in its name, people sensed that it might have the strength to destroy everything encircled by it.

However, Jesse was only at the first stage of the nature level, so the Destruction Hoop would only draw a relatively small range to eliminate the lives within it.

If Jesse broke through the nature level and reached a higher level, his Destruction Hoop would be powerful enough to destroy all the creatures on a mountain.

When the energy of the Destruction Hoop gathered to its limit, it flashed a magnificent golden light that shot toward the sky followed by the sound of a loud explosion.

The Destruction Hoop was so peculiar that it could concentrate all of its power within itself. Even if someone was standing outside but near to the circle, he would not suffer any injuries.

Thus, the energy within the Destruction Hoop was concentrated, just like a volcano waiting to erupt.

The outer disciples of Drizzle Peak turned pale when they saw the terrible power of the Destruction Hoop.

The area inside the Destruction Hoop looked like hell. Under such a powerful attack, they all thought that Zen's body would be torn to pieces.

Most disciples were horrified and shook their head when they thought that Zen would not survive this time.

Since the Destruction Hoop's golden light continued to twinkle, the disciples of Drizzle Peak did not have a clear view of what was happening inside the enclosed area. Helpless, they closed their eyes and prayed that Zen would survive.

After a short while, the energy of the Destruction Hoop dissipated, and the golden light began to fade.

As the light receded, the edge of the arena could be seen.

The battle ring was badly damaged. Whereas earlier it had been smooth, now it was covered in potholes.

As for Zen, people didn't see him. They thought that Zen had been killed.

They all felt sorry for Zen.

However, just after the golden light faded, a figure suddenly rushed out.

This person was devoid of all clothing. But his body was covered in wounds. He darted to the edge of the battle ring and aimed a punch at Jesse.

Since Jesse's life vitality had been used up, he couldn't stand steadily. Focused on maintaining his balance and staying upright, Jesse didn't see this person headed toward him. The surprise blow caught him off-guard, and Jesse was thrown out of the battle ring. Upon impacting on the ground, Jesse passed out.

Zen stood at the edge of the arena. His chest heaved with the effort to breathe.

With his spiritual-weapon-like body, he had survived the Destruction Hoop.

Zen was still a bit afraid of Jesse's final attack.

Although he was well aware of the terrible power of nature creatures, he had to fight harder than when he faced White and Black Fiends at Dragon Fort.

With careful thought and precision, Zen had taken advantage of the flying knife to kill White and Black Fiends. They didn't get the opportunity to use their weapons before their death.

In retrospect, Zen was relieved that he had killed the two Fiends before they used their weapons. Seeing how destructive nature creatures could be, Zen was no longer confident that he would have won against the two Fiends had they used their weapons.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 129 Cheers (Part Two)

Finally, Jesse, the top-ranking outer disciple of Vulture Peak had failed.

So far, Zen had bested four disciples of Vulture Peak and helped Drizzle Peak obtain an advantage.

Despite the fact that Zen had just secured a huge win for Drizzle Peak, its outer disciples stood still like statues. None had thought that Zen would survive the Hoop. And yet, he stood at the edge of the battle ring, victorious. The situation was so astounding that it was beyond everyone's expectation. The shock was so great that they were rendered speechless.

"Zen won! Drizzle Peak won!"

Nory was the first to regain his senses. As the realization hit him, Nory shouted with glee.

Then countless voices chimed in.

At last, all of the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak began to chant loudly.

"Zen! Zen!"

"Zen! Zen!"

They roared, whistled, and waved their hands.

Zen's face flushed. He had been so focused on surviving the battle that he hadn't noticed that he was standing at the edge of the arena, naked. Although all the disciples at Drizzle Peak were male, Zen felt embarrassed.

Sean noticed Zen's awkward expression. Quickly he removed his outer robe and threw it to Zen.

Zen covered his body with the white robe and then walked out of the battle ring. Accompanied by Nory and Sean, he made his way toward Wurth.

Although injured, Wurth had not left. He had stayed to watch the battle between Zen and Jesse.

"Wurth, how do you feel now?" asked Zen.

The fat on Wurth's face wobbled as the big man chuckled. His small eyes glinted with excitement.

Soon after their acquaintance, Wurth had thought highly of Zen's potential, which was one of the reasons why he had taken the initiative to be friends with Zen. Wurth had a keen sense of judging others' talents.

However, Wurth didn't expect that Zen's strength could rise so fast, just like a flying rocket!

Zen was only at the marrow refining level, but he had defeated Jesse!

What was more, Zen won the battle by surpassing Jesse's secret weapon. It was amazing!

If Wurth's guess was right, Zen also had a secret weapon that he had not yet used. Because of this, Wurth was more awed by Zen.

"You worry about my wounds? Haha. I am not even thinking about my injuries. I'm just happy with your performance!" Wurth laughed out loud. But then he gasped and clutched his chest when he felt the pain from his broken ribs.

Other outer disciples of Drizzle Peak flocked toward the battle ring. They appeared joyful.

If defeated, the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak stood to lose a month's supply of pills and elixirs. This victory by Zen had earned them the supply of elixirs and pills that would have gone to Vulture Peak. The disciples of Drizzle Peak were not celebrating this win because they had earned more supplies. The real highlight had been Zen's perfect performance. He was the hero of Drizzle Peak!

Not far away, Mia's face darkened.

She clenched her teeth and said to Aura, "Well, you can uncover your eyes. That kid has put on clothes."

Aura pulled her hands off her face and said with a sly smile, "Mia, I'm sorry!"

"What good is an apology? Vulture Peak has been defeated. We've lost a month's supply of pills and money. While that is not a big deal, Jesse, who is my best outer disciple, has been beaten by a little guy at the marrow refining level. It is a big blow for him," said Mia, sounding depressed.

Since Jesse was one of her key disciples, Mia certainly felt upset.

As Zen had defeated Jesse, Mia worried that his confidence in his martial arts cultivation would be destroyed. The speed of his progress would also slow down.

With a serious expression, Aura said, "While on the road of cultivating martial arts, we all run into strong enemies. If his confidence is damaged so easily, he is too self-conceited. We all know that failure is the mother of success. isn't it?"

Hearing Aura's words, Mia didn't contradict her.

Mia agreed with Aura. The core of martial arts cultivation was to promote determination. Otherwise, if a refiner never suffered any challenges, the first obstacle would result in complete demotivation and the inability to work toward a higher level.

On the contrary, those who suffered failures but still desperately forged ahead were more likely to attain success.

However, Aura's remark sounded like she was showing off.

Seeing that Mia was still unhappy, Aura comforted her with a smile, "Well, Mia. I will compensate you in the future!"

Mia pouted. Considering Master Su's background, she had no choice but to accept Aura's offer. On the other hand, Mia thought that letting Aura owe her a favor was good compensation.

That night, all outer disciples of Drizzle Peak were very excited.

Everyone talked with great relish about Zen's performance in the battle ring.

However, Zen was not that excited. In contrast, he concerned himself with another matter.

After returning to his residence, Zen took out a pile of crystal cores from his space ring. He intended to visit Master Su in the morning to ask her to change the crystal cores into points so that he could go to Hell Mountain.

Chapter 130 None Of Your Business

When morning came, Zen got out of bed and bathed.

Though he had a really strong body, he still took a lot of blows from Jesse's persistent attacks.

But, to say that he had to worry about the inflicted wounds was an overstatement—they really weren't that deep.

Moreover, Zen gained more than he had lost from the fight he had with Jesse. He had learned how to defend himself from his opponent and he had gone over the strategies he could harness the next time another opponent chose to battle him.

In addition, Zen's body absorbed the strong forces within the Destruction Hoop which further refined his marrow in the grand scheme of things.

In the process, the fight had taken away almost every impurity that resided in Zen's marrow; he kept this up and soon he would be reaching the peak of the marrow refining level.

Zen wasn't particularly celebrating anything just yet, as he was not impressed with whatever milestone he had taken.

If he were in a backwoods county, he would have stirred something else entirely with the abilities he currently honed.

But things were different in the Cloud Sect; it was normal for people to peak at their marrow refining level. Besides, there were so many disciples from noble clans rivaling you all the time.

Zen thought all of these things while preparing and could not help but get a little worried, but this did not stop him from leaving the confines of his own room to go for the ridge.

As he walked out of the door, there was an extensive amount of outer disciples that greeted Zen very warmly along the way.

They knew Zen not as the new disciple that he used to be. They had already been certain that this man was going to make a huge reputation for himself after he defeated Leo who was ranked thirtieth among all the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak.

What they had not anticipated was the immediate rise of Zen and no one had foreseen that it would happen in this way.

After everything, Zen did not get into the charts; nothing proved his worth on paper, but everyone had it plastered in their minds that the man Zen should have ranked first in the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak.

This was what he impressed in people. Zen left their presence to find Aura, who was waiting for him.

Zen returned from the south unscathed; Aura was sure that he must have been loaded up with trophies of his trip.

She had seen Zen's fight with Jesse only to realize that she had been underestimating the man.

Zen had been so persistent to go to the south. Because of this, Aura had thought Zen was being impatient—if he went to hunt blade locusts, it would be a risk.

Now that she thought about this, she assumed that Zen had been confident in himself.

She remained perplexed as to why Zen was so anxious to earn points.

She thought, how many points could one gather just from one trip to the south?

How many locust blades he could kill? One thousand? Or maybe two thousand blade locusts?

Zen could probably get one, if not two, hundred points just from doing this, but what good would he gain from doing that?

At Zen's state, she thought, did a number of points like that really matter?

It was in this moment that Zen arrived, knocking on the door. "Master Su, I am here to report to you," said Zen who then entered the room.

When Aura saw him, she was only kind enough to give him a cold nod with her grim expression on her face.

Just because Zen made it out alive, did not mean she had already forgiven him for his carelessness. She knew better than to just forgive such a reckless decision.

"Look who we have here," Aura would boldly say. "An outer disciple of Drizzle Peak has joined the blade locusts hunt, but how many of these beasts can he actually kill? Did this man take a hundred? Maybe two hundred?" She said all of these things in such a sarcastic tone, clearly mocking the man she had no mercy for.

Zen knew that Aura had no tolerance for what he had done and simply let out a sigh to express his frustration. She was still angry after all. On top of that, it was never as if Aura had a great hold of her temper in the first place.

All the helpless man could do was silently take the crystal cores out of his space ring; these crystal cores were from ordinary blade locusts.

One, two, three…

A small mountain of crystal cores were piled on the ground.

"I counted them again yesterday just to be sure. All in all, I've gathered 4, 626 common crystal cores." Zen said wearing a smile, knowing that the amount he presented would move Aura.

Aura smirked and said, "Four thousand, huh? And you're already cocky enough to think that this is an impressive number? This only gets you two hundred points. This is just like I expected."

She crossed her arms, bur before she could turn away Zen took out more crystal cores from his space ring and made a new pile next to the first one he had made.

"I also acquired higher kinds of these crystal cores from blade locusts officers."

The arc on Aura's thin lips grew steeper when Zen once again exceeded her expectations. With the additional crystals, he would get five hundred points, which was not a small number for an outer disciple.

"You got five hundred points now, but what of it? Five hundred points won't get you very far here in Cloud Sect."

Her eyes narrowed and she still hadn't lost the sarcastic tone she was talking with. Despite her high status, Aura was still a capricious-natured woman.

It was not long until Zen took out a larger crystal core from his space ring.

This purple crystal core was from the queen blade locust he had killed and now was glowing softly in the palm of his hand.

It was then that Aura's face drastically took another expression.

She knew full well that the queen blade locust was not any man's battle; she had killed such twice herself and she knew that it was not an easy task.

At Zen's level, he could easily kill those ordinary blade locusts. Now he had killed thousands of ordinary blade locusts and more than two hundred blade locusts leaders, but it didn't mean anything except that Zen was diligent.

But, acquiring a crystal core from a queen blade locust shed an entirely new light on who Zen really was and what he could really achieve.

In front of a queen blade locust, a man's options were limited; Zen could do nothing more than run from the queen as fast as he could to save himself

Was it a gift from someone who had actually killed a queen blade locust? Aura wondered.

But that was rather unlikely. The crystal core of the queen blade locust was worth a thousand points, which meant two thousand cubic crystals; this was a fortune to anyone.

If it was a gift, this man must be mad to give it away to a powerless and helpless guy like Zen.

"Crystal core of the queen blade locust. Who gave it to you?" Aura asked with an incomprehensible expression on her face.

"No one. I found it." Zen replied with a smile.

Aura believed not a word of that. She snorted at his smiling face and extended her hand to ask for the man's disciple card and task token. "Hand them over," Aura commanded.

Zen meekly handed the cards to her.

Aura marked his task card. After this, her slender white fingers skimmed over his disciple card, where Zen saw a light flash. Then she held it out to him. "Done," Aura said, "I've written one thousand five hundred points in your card."

Zen's face brightened in excitement as he reached out his hand for it.

His fingers almost touched the card before Aura withdrew her hand and smiled. "You can have this, but you can only have it under one condition."

That brought Zen up short. "What is it?" he asked, mildly irritated and let down.

"Tell me what you're going to do with all these points," Aura demanded.

It was not the first time that she had asked Zen this question. In fact, she had already asked this when Zen took on the hunting task.

Last time she had this question for him, Zen danced around it, careful not to spill anything that he shouldn't.

He was still not willing to give the woman any answers. He shook his head as a notion of not wavering to the will of Aura, only saying, "'I've got something important that I have to do."

Consumed by her eagerness and curiosity, Aura kept asking. 'What is it? Tell me. Maybe I could help." She twirled the card in her hands with a blank expression on her face, showing her expectancy for an answer right then and there.

"This is something I need to do on my own, Master Su. Not to be disrespectful, but it is none of your business. It has nothing to do with you and I do not wish to involve you."

He did all of the things that he did to reunite with his sister, Yan. Zen had no desire to involve anyone else in this.

"You!' Aura finally lost her grip and puffed her cheeks with her eyebrows arching.

Zen didn't relent. Reaching out, he said in a stiff voice, "Give my disciple card back, Master Su."

Chapter 131 The Guards Of The Hell Mountain (Part One)

The room was filled with an uneasy atmosphere as Master Su and Zen stood face to face.

From the nuances of both very strong figures, it was quite evident how strong yet irking the personality of the master was. Her hostility was the product of having to grow up isolated in the Burning Sky Palace. She surely must have been distanced from most of the civilization. With a childhood such as the master's, who would not have walls built around themselves? Nevertheless, she was a Royal Family member, and no one would dare disobey her.

Although she had long surpassed the seclusion of the palace, trying to forget how royalty ran in her blood, she had inherited the stubborn character of the king and queen. This was something she could never outgrow—whatever she wanted, she had to have her way. Being born in sovereignty, obstinacy was a trait that she could never grow out of.

This was why the other masters at the Cloud Sect who knew of her identity would argue with her only if they absolutely had to.

Once they noticed the slightest hint of irritation from Master Su, they would immediately set aside their opinions and ideas if it meant they did not have to argue with the woman. Master Su, possessing the beauty of a thousand splendid women, also possessed a fiery dragon inside of her that would awaken every time someone got on her nerves. That being said, anyone would hate to become the man Master Su would spite.

And at this very moment with Zen in front of her, it was easy to tell that she was about to snap.

Several masters of Drizzle Peak came over when they heard the rage of Master Su, trying to find out what was going on that the dragon within had to come out. The expression on her face resembled the sky before a storm, and when they saw that this was the case, they all came crawling back to their respective lives, not wanting to get involved.

However, Zen was different—unlike everyone else, he was not afraid of Master Su. He was even fearless enough to ask for his card back, gravely repeating his request, "Master Su, give me my card back."

Usually, Master Su would burst out in flames, but this time she chose to clench her teeth in desperate attempt to become as level-headed as possible. With an imperceptible grievance plastered on her face, she pouted and hummed quietly to herself before tossing the card back to Zen.

When Zen finally got a hold of his card, he thanked the master and left immediately, as if he did not brew a storm.

Although Zen knew that the master was mad at him, he knew for sure that Master Su would never harm him; that her questions were only meant to relieve her of her own worries as she was concerned with Zen.

As much as it would be the right choice to stay and settle things with Master Su, he did not want to waste a second delaying his venture to Hell Mountain so the feelings of the woman were the least of his concerns.

Zen walked down the path at Drizzle Peak and headed toward his destination.

The same amount of apathy Zen felt for Master Su was the same amount of worry Master Su had for Zen. She paid him mind from the moment that he left to the seconds that followed after his departure. She could not help but wonder about the mysterious guy. 'What could be so important to him that he was so anxious to leave? What was he hurrying about?' the master thought, 'I have no idea now, but I'll be sure to find out what exactly that man is up to.'

She walked out of the room to take care of her self-assigned business. The master approached the pavilion by the mountain ridge for a Picture Slab located at the center of the canopy.

The master congratulated herself silently for having such a swift plan at monitoring Zen from afar by attaching something on his disciple's card before she handed it back to him. The slab that she was now operating was something she could use to monitor Zen

Through the picture, she saw that Zen went down Drizzle Peak and headed to the northwest of the Cloud Sect.

Master Su frowned and wondered, 'In Cloud Sect, all thirty three peaks are distributed in the south while the Heavenly Library is up at east. The northwest corner of the Cloud Sect is surrounded by wild life and mountains, so why is this man going in that direction? It makes no sense.'

The master was trying to reconcile and piece the puzzle together and thought, 'What is in the northwest?'

And it was then that she realized what Zen was planning. 'Hell Mountain, ' she successfully resolved, 'He's going to Hell Mountain.'

The only thing left for the master to find out was what Zen wanted from the mountain.

The so-called mountain was located at the very edge of Cloud Sect, so it was not a very ideal place for a man to visit. As Zen was about to finally arrive at his destination, a dark mountain emerged in front of him, blocking his shot.

There weren't any trees or vegetation growing around that mountain, If you looked at it from a distance, the mountain almost seemed as if it was completely pitch black. It made perfect sense why people referred to it as Hell Mountain.

A dense gray smoke was constantly being released at the top of the crater that resembled the steams of hell.

The smell coming from the cloud had the smell of strong sulfur. This smell quickly filled the air.

Zen had lost his peace of mind when he thought about his sister, Yan, possibly inhabiting the cruel place.

The closer he got to the mountain, the more he got suffocated by the smoke surrounding him. But, he thrived. He thought of his sister, like he always did in his trivial times because every time he did this he would be an inch closer to his goal. He finally made it to notice a very distinct demarcation line.

Chapter 132 The Guards Of The Hell Mountain (Part Two)

Outside the defining line was where Zen stood, with a scenery that was full of vigorous plants and life but inside was covered with black gravels; the two opposing sides could be compared to heaven and hell.

In his fascination, he did not second guess to approach the other side. However, unexpectedly, two people appeared right in front of Zen.

They appeared to look like beggars who wore clothes that were torn and ragged.

When the two men looked at him, Zen began to feel an indescribable pain; the kind of pain that made Zen feel like he was being punctured by needles.

Zen had a feeling that the two were very strong. In fact, he thought that they might be stronger than Randall and that they could be compared with the people like Floyd, the Flying Dragon General.

"Are you going to the Hell Mountain, boy?" The two men stood on the demarcation line as they asked Zen.

"Yes, I am. Who are you?" asked Zen

"We are the guards of the Hell Mountain. You said you were going to Hell Mountain. Since this is the case, we would like to know if you know the rules," the mountain keeper wondered. The guards looked like they meant Zen no harm, but it was difficult not to feel uncomfortable around them. They curiously observed Zen who they deemed as a man who was at a low refining level. The mountain keepers thought to themselves, 'Very few people at such a level would come here.'

"It takes a hundred points to get in, doesn't it?" Zen asked. Before the keepers could answer, Zen already had his disciple's card out, pointing out that he was fit to enter the mountain the guards were safekeeping.

One of the guards took the card and poured his orange-red life vitality onto it. After he had deducted a hundred points, the mountain keeper told Zen, "Going to Hell Mountain is not just a simple matter of a hundred points loss.

Once you go over this line right here, you will lose all protection coming from the Cloud Sect. You will be on your own, and if you are killed, the Cloud Sect will have no accountability over your grave. Judging from your current state, it is dangerous for you to cross the line."

The Hell Mountain was as the guards said it was; a chaotic place wherein no life was spared. No man who entered the domain was safe, let alone protected.

There was a reason why people referred to it as The Hell Mountain.

Many people feared being imprisoned in the wicked mountain. A lot of people would prefer to be punished than to be exiled and entrusted to the people that resided Hell Mountain.

That was because the people who were in Hell Mountain were notorious criminals who were sent to the mountain by the Cloud Sect to be punished for their heinous deeds.

There were no rules in the Hell Mountain. The world within it was an absolute jungle that left every man for himself.

There was no way out for the weak except being trampled on by people stronger than they were.

The politics within Hell Mountain was known for its corruption, with stronger people that had stronger influences doing whatever they wanted to, leaving those who were weak to fend for themselves if not used as slaves.

Talented disciples from Cloud Sect would wander into Hell Mountain on purpose in order to increase their strength, turning the mountain into their own training field.

The guards did not have to ask twice; in their eyes, Zen was merely at marrow refining level and was ignorant to the fact that there were cruel things in the mountain that he would not see anywhere else. They were worried that it would not take long for the man to be killed within the confines of Hell Mountain.

"Thank you for your precautions. I understand well and clear what I am getting myself into. However, I really do wish to cross this line," Zen said firmly and confidently. His eyes wandered around the mountain as if he were looking for a place to stay in, but little did the guards know that he was trying to determine where his sister could be.

The guards, realizing that Zen would not back down, stopped trying to talk the man out of it. They returned his card and made way for Zen to step in.

Zen appreciated the notion done by the guards and stepped in. There was no turning back anymore.

After walking what seemed like a mile, Zen finally arrived at the foot of the mountain.

In front of him was a very steep path and on both sides of the path, there would be red embers glowing at intervals as if the rocks were coals that burnt relentlessly.

Without much thought, Zen began to climb.

The Hell Mountain was an active volcano that spit fire and emitted smoke. Whatever they told about the mountain was not tale.

There were several scattered valleys that could be seen from the mountainside.

Some of those valleys were covered in ash while the other valleys were magma-infested.

Zen had already encountered many people from the Cloud Sect who were exiled for punishment in Hell Mountain.

The people who he crossed paths with were not mere weaklings. In fact, these people were powerful and strong.

Some of them had already become the nature creatures.

Judging by their imposing manner and their respective structures, some of the people were even stronger than Randall.

Most of them could care less and had nothing to say about Zen passing by.

However, there were still people whose eyes lingered unkindly at Zen's presence. Some of them would even follow Zen, threatening his survival.

Observing that not a lot of people in Hell Mountain were very accommodating, he took his broken flying knife out of his space ring and kept it in his hand the whole time he wandered around the mountain, with hope to find his sister with both of them alive.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 133 A Stunning Smile From Yan

Pushing himself to run faster, Zen raced uphill more alert than ever.

Several people pursued close behind, intent on capturing Zen.

Wanting to block Zen's path, one of his stalkers took a detour, at a stunning speed.

"Ha ha! Someone, like you, at the marrow refining level, from the Cloud Sect provides perfect amusement for us!" The robust man in his thirties had a sturdy looking face, his skin tone was dark, and his eyes looked menacing, "Out of my way!" warned Zen in a sharp voice, while he was calm and collected, ready to land a fatal blow on the man, who was supposedly at the nature level.

The man's voice dripped with cynicism as he said, "You are at my mercy! If it suits my wishes, you will lose your life right now at my command, in Hell Mountain."

As their leader dealt with Zen, the man's companions stopped to watch.

"Last warning, move aside or die where you stand!" threatened Zen.

Feeling superior to Zen, the man dismissed the warning.

Extending his large, black hands, the man attempted to grasp Zen.

If he fell victim to this man, Zen would suffer greatly!

In a flash, Zen used his soul to form a thorn as his opponent bore down on him.

"Spiritual thorn strike!"

As the weapon struck the man, he cried out in excruciating pain.

As his scream rang out, Zen hurled the broken flying knife at the man.

"Zing!"

"Slli-shh!"

Like a dart, the sharp weapon shot through the air, and struck the target. The knife punctured his chest, exiting his back and stuck in the rock behind him.

Then Zen pulled, bringing his lethal weapon swinging back.

Zen destroyed his enemy with a single clean thrust, not leaving a drop of blood on his blade.

His weapon returned to his hand, and Zen glared at the remaining pursuers before climbing uphill.

As a nature creature, the man died wondering how he'd been humbled or beaten by Zen, especially considering that Zen was only at the marrow refining level.

Actually, the man lacked any defenses which resulted in his defeat. If he had regarded Zen as a threat, he wouldn't have been defeated so miserably.

At the sight of their fallen leader, the remaining attackers were too cowardly to give chase to Zen.

They decided Zen was a formidable opponent.

On second thought, they turned tail and ran.

Smirking at their cowardice, Zen resumed his climb until he reached the mountain, where the buildings were constructed of black rock, most of which were shabby, and neglected, giving them an oppressive sense.

Inside the buildings, Zen found many people sitting, reclining, meditating and some were mumbling respectively.

Despite being exiled to Hell Mountain, they applied themselves to refining their martial arts skills and paid no attention to Zen's arrival.

Sauntering, Zen glanced carefully and deliberately at each person...

High up on the zenith of Hell Mountain, the waves of the lava flowing bubbled, and there was an overwhelming heat that rose from the abyss.

A platform loomed out over the ravine

and sitting on the precarious edge was a young girl dressed in pink, fearlessly swinging her slim legs, despite the dizzying height.

Her brows arched elegantly, her beauty was unsurpassed, and her increasing loneliness mirrored the look in her haunted gaze.

From behind her, a figure raced in her direction from the entrance.

As he sprinted, plumes resembling exquisite, pink lotuses sprang from the ground.

The person was vaulting over the lotuses.

Such a sight would have onlookers thinking of magic and power if there had been any.

It took little effort or time for the form running to reach the platform.

Continuing to gaze into the crescent, the girl didn't turn around to see who had joined her, and instead said in an annoyed tone, "There isn't any reason for you to visit me! Can't you take a hint?"

She could hear the steady footfall as the person approached her from behind.

An impressive looking youth dressed in purple, who appeared to be about twenty, composed himself before replying, "I'm here on behalf of your cousin, who cannot gain admission of Hell Mountain."

"Perrin is accustomed to not seeing me, making your justification lame!" grunted the girl rudely, without the slightest consideration or respect for the youth.

The young man in purple remained in high spirits as he removed an article hidden close to his chest within his robes, "Perrin asked me to deliver this, in hopes it would please you."

Turning, the girl's eyes lit up as she stared at the article.

In an instant, her best mannerisms were presented to the youth.

The young man was entranced by her unearthly beauty, even though he was highly refined and well disciplined.

As if she was a fairy, she moved from the edge and gracefully took the offered gift.

Essentially, the item was merely an ordinary slingshot that was carved from elm.

Though worn and outdated looking, the slingshot was her treasured possession.

"Perrin hoped this would make you smile, so, when he hears about the pure joy lighting your features it'll thrill him!" commented the young man, a pleased smile touching his face at the sight of her lifted spirits.

This lithe, spirited girl of unearthly beauty was none other than Zen's younger sister, Yan, imprisoned in the confines of Hell Mountain.

The youth's name was Vale, Billy's brother, who was a descent of the noble Wang Clan as well as a major disciple at the Cloud Sect.

Because of his honorable position, Vale wore purple robes and was able to visit Hell Mountain.

"When I was a child, my older brother made this slingshot for me," stated Yan as she stared at the slingshot in her hands. She looked at Vale and asked, "and messages? Are there any from Perrin? I am especially interested in any recent news about Zen...."

Eagerly asking questions, and looking for details, Yan went from icy, short, clipped responses to chatty and nearly gushing ones, as Vale volleyed each one happily responding to her.

"Perrin relayed that your family is doing well, and Zen is doing well. But as he lives at the Cloud Sect, he can only contact the family with letters at times," responded Vale Wang smiling.

Continuing to focus her attention on the slingshot, Yan said, "For the time being, since Perrin isn't entitled to visit Hell Mountain's summit, you are kindly requested to deliver messages for us."

"There's no need even to mention it! I'm ready to take on the job because of our friendship!" Any chance to be near to Yan was a stroke of good luck to Vale Wang.

Appreciative of Vale's willingness, Yan nodded, and then picked up a stone off the platform, fixing it to the string and shooting it out over the crescent.

As though it was a dart, Yan shot the stone, sending it soaring in the direction of the target. Unfortunately, it collapsed halfway over the chasm in a downward curve.

Despite her shot missing its mark, Yan looked happier than ever - a sharp contrast to her earlier quiet mood.

Taking advantage of Yan's rare bright spirit, Vale sat and chatted more before he departed, satisfied that everything had gone well.

Two men were waiting eagerly for Vale to return from within Hell Mountain.

"Did you meet with Yan yet, Vale?" asked Billy as he approached Vale, curious about how Yan was faring. Following close to Billy was Perrin.

Passing Billy, Vale walked up to Perrin and patted him on the shoulder as he said, "Oh, Perrin! It was such a pleasure seeing Yan smile!"

Perrin nodded appreciatively and replied, "Yan must be pining for her family. Your frequent visits will lift her spirits!"

"Of course, I'll keep visiting her for short periods. Now, let's go! We're celebrating tonight!" Vale was evidently happy and then left with the rest.

Chapter 134 An Unavoidable Encounter (Part One)

The thin, misty wisps of clouds swirled around the light blue sky like steam from a hot spring as a little pebble crashed down about a thousand feet to the earth.

As the forces of gravity sucked it in, the pebble first hit the rocky mountainsides before finally landing with a loud "crack" on the ground.

Zen was deep in thought about Yan's whereabouts as he stood outdoors when the crack of the pebble landing stunned him.

He had been walking around the mountainside before in circles and had almost searched every part of the mountain, but to no avail. He couldn't find a single trace of Yan.

He paused momentarily. 'Where on earth is she?' he thought.

Zen looked up at the summit over him, his eyebrows tightly knitted in confusion.

It couldn't be that Yan was trapped in a higher place, was she?

After thinking more about Yan's whereabouts, Zen resumed climbing up.

While Zen ascended up the mountain's rocky slopes, several people were walking down along the path leading to the summit.

The handsome, noble looking man walking at the helm of the group wore deep purple robes. Although it was quite dark, a faint light seemed to emanate from his being.

Zen continued to observe. A far as he knew, disciples of Cloud Sect generally wore clothes in three colors.

It was common knowledge that the outer disciples were dressed in white robes, while inner disciples wore black robes.

However, some disciples were dressed in purple robes.

In Cloud Sect, disciples who wore purple robes were guided by their masters personally and they directly acquired refinement skills from their maters. Inside this sect, still only quite a few disciples wore purple robes, which symbolized a superior position.

Zen's eyes focused on the man wearing purple robes. "This person has 'intent' as well!" Zen muttered to himself. "It's the homicidal intent of lotus!" he concluded.

Zen further observed that the man was shrouded by a band of lotus-shaped light behind him. The "homicidal intent of lotus" that clouded his body was quite mild like a tangle of soft, worn-out thorns that no longer scared and hurt people.

This "homicidal intent of lotus" was also known as certain temperament or nature.

However, Zen still perceived some sort of threat in that seemingly mild and tame "homicidal intent of lotus." It was said that the power of this intent would be extremely hard to resist once it was brought into play. A strong temptation, one might say.

When the group was nearly approaching him, Zen prepared to move out of their sight.

However, when he moved sideways, Zen noticed two men out of the corner of his eye that he was familiar with. He recognized them as Perrin and Billy, and they were walking behind the man dressed in the purple robes.

"Perrin, where is Yan?" Zen's eyebrows shot up as he questioned Perrin while he got down from where he was perched, and took a step forward.

Perrin was a little surprised to hear a voice echoing out loudly, calling his name. He turned around and saw Zen who was ahead. He sneered at him and said, "Zen, what a coincidence to meet you here. I have originally planned to extend your freedom for a few more days but I never expected you to even dare show up here at Hell Mountain." Perrin's life vitality was invigorated as he spoke to Zen. It was evident that he wanted to hit him directly.

"Perrin, who is he?" Vale Wang asked as he causally glanced at Zen. It was known that Vale held a prominent status and strength, so it didn't matter to him who Zen was at all. He only asked Perrin about his identity since he mentioned Yan, a woman he loved.

Perrin was momentarily dazed by the question. He was stunned in silence as he struggled to find an answer. Beads of sweat formed near his brow and he stammered, "He...he is an unfilial member of our Luo family."

"I am asking you where Yan is! Tell me!" Zen suddenly bellowed in anger, his eyebrows furrowing even more as he walked closer to Perrin.

Vale's perfectly shaped brows furrowed as he questioned Zen back in a low voice, "Who are you? What's your relationship with Yan? Why are you looking for her?"

"Yan is my little sister. I naturally have to know where she is," replied Zen.

"Oh?" Now that he knew they were siblings, Vale forced a polite and gentle smile on his face. Prior to this meeting, Yan had briefly mentioned that she had a biological brother, and she cared a great deal about him. After thinking about this, he asked Perrin, "Is Yan's brother an outer disciple of Cloud Sect? You've never told me about this before."

The beads of sweat on Perrin's forehead multiplied even though Vale asked him in a calm voice.

The Wang Family was powerful and certainly had great influence. Perrin couldn't have been even connected with the clan if it hadn't been for Yan.

Yan's generosity towards Perrin paved the way for him to get acquainted with the Wang family. Afterwards, he had not only easily become an inner disciple of the Cloud Sect, but also reached a higher level with the help of the Wang family's "refinement chamber" and several grade-4 enhancement pills. All of these made his skills improve so much over only a short period of time.

Therefore, Perrin could not tell Vale that Yan's biological brother had joined Cloud Sect too, or else all the golden opportunities to acquire more refinement skills, learn courtesy of the Wang family and gain support from the family members would be lost.

If everything would work out in his favor, Perrin would've even planned to execute Zen first before anyone could question him, but his plan failed terribly.

"Zen is an unfilial member of our clan and because of that, all of us expect to kill him, so I never mentioned him in front of you," explained Perrin.

However, Vale wasn't interested in the Luo family's disputes at all. He only knew that Yan cared a lot about her biological brother. In that case, he civilly bowed to Zen and properly introduced himself, "I am Vale Wang, directly apprenticed to a presbyter of Cloud Sect."

To see Vale bow in front of him, Perrin and Billy were amazed and stood still in astonishment at the scene in front of them.

Not only them, but Zen likewise was a bit shocked that someone like Vale even bowed to him, when he himself was only an outer disciple. This was really beyond his wildest imaginations that Zen thought what the hell was Vale thinking or even plotting. In any case, he politely responded back, "I am Zen Luo, an outer disciple of Drizzle Peak."

"Zen, I have heard your name many times. Yan often mentions you in front of me. She misses you very much," after saying this, Vale even made another bow to Zen.

Everyone knew that Vale was one of the most outstanding members of Cloud Sect. Only a very select few people could win such great respect from him, much less a bow. However just now, he had bowed to Zen two times already.

The scene in front of them made the sweat on Perrin's forehead intensified. His back started feeling the same as well.

Seeing how Vale was so polite to him, Zen got more curious and so he asked, "It is the first time that we meet. Why do you treat me so politely?"

Once again, Vale shocked everyone with another unexpected bow before he answered back with a polite smile, "I am so lucky to have gotten acquainted with Yan. You will be my brother-in-law if I have the chance to marry her."

Zen was quite infuriated upon hearing these words. Only just now he had realized why Vale bothered to be so polite to him. His eyebrows shot up to his forehead when Vale rashly mentioned marrying his little sister. He snorted, "You? Marrying Yan? That's crazy! You are just dreaming! You are not good enough for my little sister whatever your Wang family is."

In Zen's heart, Yan was his only family member in the world. It angered him to hear Vale say those words in such a rash and frivolous manner especially that it was the first time that they met. Zen really could not tolerate a man with that kind of imprudent behavior.

People are reluctant to hit one who is very polite in spite of great anger, as the saying goes. However, Zen made one exception. In spite of Vale treating him so politely, Zen fired back coldly without hesitation.

Chapter 135 An Unavoidable Encounter (Part Two)

Zen's response irritated Vale but he tried his best to keep calm. Still, it didn't prevent his smiling face from turning a little gloomy upon feeling humiliated by Zen's harsh words. Before he could even answer back, Billy interrupted him with an angry look on his face, "Damn it!" Zen was thrown off by Billy's sudden outburst, and this did not escape Perrin's eyes. He also retorted back loudly in a stern voice, "You can't tell the good from the bad! You even dared to humiliate Vale!" In spite of the anger in his voice, Perrin actually felt a little more relieved. He had been expecting to kill Zen but the brat had overestimated himself and offended Vale, a disciple who directly acquired skills from his master. 'Zen, Zen, you are such an idiot. You dare displease Vale, and now there's no choice for you but death. You brought this upon yourself, ' Perrin thought.

To this, Zen only sneered and he coldly replied, "So what? Perrin, what else are you good at apart from hooting?"

Perrin was furious. He said, "Zen, you are only an outer disciple of Cloud Sect. How dare you talk back like that to me. Tell you what, you are nothing to me. Today, I will let you see what strength is and how I will overpower you!" As soon as Perrin finished his words, streaks of blood-colored light radiated from every part of his body--it was his life vitality.

Perrin recently climbed up the levels quickly one after the other. After quite a diligent refinement at the half-step into the nature level, he had become a nature creature. Of course, he was able to achieve all this through the Wang family's tremendous support. He originally practiced the Purple Light Fist. However, at this moment, the life vitality radiating from his body looked like a light plasma. This refinement skill was actually obtained by learning from a tier 3 refinement method of the Wang family.

Perrin was quite confident that he could defeat Zen by only one move, because he thought that Zen was only at the marrow refining level.

"Really?" Zen fired back mischievously. Zen clenched his fists as he stared at Perrin with shrewd, calculating eyes that seemed to send daggers. "Since you are so confident, I'd like to take a look for myself!" he added snidely.

At that exact moment, the tangy, pungent scent of blood emanated from Perrin's body. Perrin had many reasons for killing Zen aside from him being an outcast of the family and offending Vale. He had waited a long time for this moment, and when he got it, he rushed headlong towards Zen and flung a fist at him as soon as Zen's voice died away.

"Blood Burst!"

"Coagulate, burst, kill..."

As Perrin gave his all for this punch, life vitality burst out of his body like a bloodbath.

Bright red blood had splashed all over the floor and suddenly, a sizzling sound was heard. Apparently, the blood was extremely torrid.

Zen was prepared for a punch like this from Perrin, and so he was cautious and took everything seriously. He hurriedly flinched backwards to dodge Perrin's swift, continuous attacks.

Others felt that it was hard to confront Perrin.

In addition to having to evade Perrin's violent fist, they also had to avoid being attacked by the blood-colored life vitality that sprang up from Perrin's body, or else their skin and flesh would be instantly corroded upon exposure to the fiery heat that could burn one off limb by limb.

However, this was nothing for Zen.

Although the blood-colored life vitality was fairly corrosive, it didn't scare Zen at all because his body had been turned into a spiritual weapon.

Occasionally, the blood-colored life vitality rested on certain parts of Zen's body and created some little holes on his robes because of its corrosive properties. However, when his skin was exposed to the life vitality, only some faint black marks could be seen even though one could swear there was a sizzling sound that strongly resembled burning.

Zen was dodging and moving swiftly around Perrin.

"Perrin, you are just a jerk relying on enhancement pills. Despite reaching a very high level, your strength is still so mediocre. Are you sure that you can beat me?" Zen mockingly said as he dodged Perrin's attacks.

"You are risking your neck! Blood Burst Fist!" roared Perrin as he threw another punch at Zen.

"When we were at the Luo family, you said that I was a jerk and you were much better than me! Did you remember saying that you could even kill me only by one hand?" sneered Zen coldly.

"Yes, so what?" Perrin had tried his best to bring all his strength and skills into play. However, Zen wasn't hurt at all. Perrin was getting anxious. He was confused as to why Zen was so hard to defeat since the guy was only at the marrow refining level. 'Why can't I defeat him with my Blood Burst Fist?' thought Perrin. Zen's mocking words also provoked Perrin and made him even more furious, clouding his mind with an uncontrollable rage.

As purple life energy flashed all over his body, Zen detected Perrin's weakness. Upon realizing this, he immediately attacked Perrin with a crushing fist to take advantage of his weakness. As he flung himself forward in the attack, Zen threateningly said, "You are a nature creature, but just like a jerk. Now, let me see how you will kill me."

Perrin swiftly winced back several steps as his weakness was exploited, and the great pain he suffered from the attack made him positively livid. Despite the obvious discomfort, Perrin swallowed his pain and rushed forth toward Zen once again.

This time, Zen didn't dodge, but directly countered the attack with a grim smile on his face, as he stabbed a dusky sharp thorn into Perrin's skull.

"Spiritual Thorn!"

Perrin had planned to rush towards Zen to give a swift attack, but he was unexpectedly stabbed by the thorn of Zen's soul right on his head when he focused his energy on dashing directly at Zen. At this, his head felt muddled and haphazardly flung his body forward towards Zen.

Zen immediately gained the upper hand and grabbed Perrin's head, taking control using his hands. The purple life energy was emitting from all over Zen's body as he beat Perrin's chest with the Purple Fist Strength.

"Both of us are from Luo family, so I will not kill you. But tell you what, I will absolutely kill Bryson and Ken when I go back to Luo family. Then, I will turn their figures into sculptures to lie flat in front of my father's tomb and worship him for ten thousand years on bended knees!"

As soon as Zen finished his words, seven loud dull sounds were suddenly produced from inside Perrin's body. Blood had suddenly burst out from Perrin's middle, hands, and feet. All of Perrin's critical meridian channels had been ruptured by Zen's Purple Fist Strength. By now, Perrin was just like a disabled person, as Zen had made it impossible for him to use any of his refinement methods.

Meanwhile, Vale, who stood on one side, just remained silent when he saw that. It seemed that he was deep in thought about something.

However, Billy, on the other hand, could no longer just stand there without doing anything. He got along very well with Perrin. At first, Billy thought that it would be very easy for Perrin to get his hands on Zen since he had become a nature creature, but everything that happened just now was extremely contrary to his expectations. Perrin had been instantly suppressed by Zen and his meridian channels had been broken. Billy was enraged when he thought that Perrin couldn't use any of his refinement methods anymore.

"Brother, why didn't you stop that guy?" Billy, who was rather angry with Zen, turned to Vale and asked him.

However, Vale only shook his head and replied, "The conflicts between Perrin and Zen are their family businesses. It is inadvisable for us to intervene. After all, Zen is Yan's biological brother."

Of course, a disciple who had grown up in a big, noble clan, thought that way.

Vale was so smart.

A while ago when Perrin had stammered as Vale asked him the question, he had figured out what Perrin was plotting.

Vale knew that Perrin had never mentioned Zen in front of him only for the sake of his own private interests. To be specific, Perrin wanted to gain more benefits from the Wang family by taking advantage of Yan.

Zen wouldn't have that deep aversion and hatred towards the Wang family if Perrin had told him the truth earlier.

Chapter 136 The Illuminating Soul Realm (Part One)

Perrin lay on the black gravel with a look of despair in his eyes.

"Something must be wrong," Perrin said to himself. He was confused about what was happening.

Yet, he couldn't figure out what the issue was.

When Perrin was at the Luo Clan, he made tremendous progress as he had consumed one of the only two Magical Pills owned by the clan. After he joined Cloud Sect, Perrin became acquainted with the Wang Clan. He then used Yan to acquire benefits from Vale. In this way, he had reached the level of nature creature in a short time.

From among the members of the Luo Clan, Zen's father, Mike, had been the only one to attain the status of a nature creature.

Once his father and uncle assumed control of the clan, Perrin had naively imagined that his future would be bright and smooth.

He had compelled the elders in the clan to allow him to consume a Magical Pill as he had envisioned using his new strength to revitalize the Luo Clan and earn the reputation of being the most influential clan in C County.

But today, Zen had defeated Perrin after only a few rounds. His dream had shattered.

"I'm a nature creature. Why am I so vulnerable? How could I be defeated by a person who is only at the marrow refining level?" Perrin muttered to himself. He stared at Zen with vacant eyes.

"All your achievements are useless. The only reason you have reached this far is because of the power of pills," replied Zen. A cold smile danced on his face for a brief moment. Then, sadness reflected in his eyes.

Among the noble clans, many people like Perrin had reached high refining levels by taking pills, but they lacked practical experience. They would lose when confronted by cultivators like Zen who had been in actual combat.

After saying that, Zen turned his head and rapidly blinked his eyes. He didn't want the others to see his emotions.

If his father hadn't been killed, Zen would never have hurt Perrin. After all, Perrin was his cousin. They were both children of the Luo Clan.

But, Zen's uncles, blinded by power and greed, had led the revolt within the Luo Clan and in the process, murdered Zen's father. Ever since Zen had sworn to avenge his father's death.

"Billy, I have defeated Perrin. Are you going to avenge him?" Zen turned to Billy and asked. On the day of the initial exam, Billy had helped Perrin by instigating four men to kill Zen. From that day on, Zen disliked Billy.

Billy was ready to charge at Zen, but Vale stopped him. Surprised, Billy pouted and said, "Brother, this bloke is so arrogant. He not only defeated Perrin, but he has also dared to challenge us. Are we just letting him go?"

Vale shook his head before walking toward Zen. "Though you are only at the marrow refining level, you have shown commendable courage. Very good! You are truly Yan's brother! Both of you are equally gifted," Vale praised Zen. Billy's mouth gaped open when he heard Vale.

Vale had just bowed to Zen three times. And now, he was praising Zen. Billy knew that Vale was enduring Zen's hostility for Yan's sake.

Zen had scolded Vale, but Vale had pretended as though he hadn't been offended. In view of Vale's reaction, Zen believed him to be a very calculating person.

"But," Vale's soft tone rose, and his gentle eyes sharpened at once.

At this time, Vale began to release his homicidal intent of lotus. The soft rays of light on Vale's body became sharp and stiff, like a hedgehog's quills. Then Zen felt a prickling sensation.

"As Yan's brother, you can't go to the top of Hell Mountain, let alone rescue her. There are only a handful of people in Cloud Sect who can help Yan escape from Hell Mountain. And I, Vale, am one of those people. I would like to know why you said that I am not good enough for Yan," said Vale.

At the same time, the homicidal intent of lotus emanating from Vale's body pressed toward Zen. Had Zen's soul not been strong, it would have been difficult for him to withstand the attack.

"You are great, but what can you do to me?" asked Zen fearlessly. Then, with a shake of his head, Zen continued, "Yan is my sister. Of course, I will rescue her. I don't want to bother others with our problems."

Hearing what Zen said, Vale chuckled and replied, "You're only at the marrow refining level. Perrin is at the first grade of the nature level. It is fantastic that you were able to defeat him. However, you are as weak as an ant in front of me. Be humble, okay? If you were not Yan's brother, I wouldn't even be talking to you," said Vale scornfully.

As he spoke, a delicate flower bud appeared on Vale's shoulder. Within moments, it blossomed into a beautiful pink lotus.

After the lotus bloomed, an intense white light shone from Vale's body.

By now, the sun had set, and darkness descended over the mountain. The light beam from Vale illuminated one side of Hell Mountain.

Everyone was attracted to the light.

Even the dedicated cultivators on Hell Mountain cast an astonishing look toward this light.

"Who is burning his life vitality? It seems like he is powerful!" claimed a man.

"He is a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm! What astounding skills he has! What is he doing here on Hell Mountain?" asked the other.

"At Cloud Sect, the disciples dressed in purple are the top-notch who have special masters to teach them. And that man in the white robe is an outer disciple," replied an experienced man among them.

"It's impossible. How dare an outer disciple be so bold? It would be easy for a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm to kill an outer disciple. Oddly enough, he is burning his life vitality against a weak outer disciple."

The people on Hell Mountain whispered among themselves. They were greatly concerned about what was happening.

It was rumored that a person at the Illuminating Soul Realm

was a more powerful life-being than a nature creature!

From among the hundreds of thousands of disciples at Cloud Sect, only a small number of people could reach this realm. And each was a purple-robed disciple.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 137 The Illuminating Soul Realm (Part Two)

The onlookers couldn't figure out why the man at the Illuminating Soul Realm needed to display such power when dealing with a weaker opponent.

Generally speaking, a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm could kill an outer disciple with only one finger.

"That poor outer disciple must be frightened to death," stated one of the bystanders.

After Zen had left, Master Su secluded herself in a pavilion at Drizzle Peak and watched his every move on the picture slab.

Through the picture slab, Master Su was able to get a better understanding of everything that was happening with Zen.

"You brat! You are a real troublemaker," Master Su murmured even though Zen was not around to hear her. Master Su looked northwest and frowned. Even from this distance, she could see the light column emitted by Vale.

"I don't care whether you survive or not. Since you think you're so good, figure out a solution to the situation in which you find yourself! He's such a pain in the neck," Master Su said to herself angrily.

Zen was a talented disciple, but he was stubborn and refused to heed her advice.

In fact, none of the masters of Cloud Sect had much control over their disciples. In general, there was no tangible mentoring relationship between masters and disciples at Cloud Sect. Only some special disciples could be taught by masters personally.

Therefore, Zen didn't have to listen to Master Su. Her anger at Zen's disobedience was due to her temperament.

Master Su gritted her teeth as she glared at Zen's resolute face in the picture slab again. After a few seconds, she left the pavilion and took a flying chariot to Hell Mountain.

On a peak of Hell Mountain, Yan sat on a rock and played with her slingshot. She was immersed in happy memories, and a sweet smile danced on her lips.

Since her imprisonment on Hell Mountain, Yan had little else to do. Her childhood memories were her greatest treasure on such days.

All of a sudden, a white light illuminated the mountain-side. Yan turned in the direction of the light.

'Is Vale burning his life vitality? Is he fighting with someone?' Yan focused her eyes on the light and frowned.

Although the distance was long, Yan was able to see every person on the mountain-side.

First, she glanced at Vale. Then she moved her eyes from Vale to the man standing in front of Vale.

'The man is in a white robe. Is he an outer disciple? Who dares to challenge Vale so boldly?' Yan wondered.

When Yan saw the face of the outer disciple, her eyes widened in astonishment.

To her surprise, the outer disciple was her beloved elder brother, Zen. "Brother!" Yan couldn't help shouting though she knew that Zen wouldn't be able to hear her from that distance.

Even though she hadn't met Zen in years, how could she forget her brother's appearance?

'My brother is on Hell Mountain. What is he doing here? When did he arrive?

My cousin, Perrin, did not tell me that Zen was coming to Hell Mountain. Perrin didn't even mention that my brother is at Cloud Sect. Why didn't he tell me?

And what's happening between my brother and Vale?'

Yan's mind filled with questions. However, she had no time to consider.

The most pressing problem was that Zen was confronting Vale who was at the Illuminating Soul Realm. As Zen was just an outer disciple, the pressure of Vale's life vitality would kill him soon.

Thinking about this, Yan became anxious and couldn't sit still.

"No, no! Don't hurt my brother!" cried Yan.

Without hesitating, she jumped down.

The moment Yan jumped off the cliff, an energy junction connected by several hexagons appeared under her.

The energy junction quickly formed a semi-circular wall that blocked Yan.

"Oh, no! The six-pointed star array!"

Yan shouted in disappointment.

Yan knew that a six-pointed star array constrained her on Hell Mountain.

Since Yan had never thought of escaping she had never actively triggered the six-pointed star array before. At a time of crisis, she did not expect to be stopped by the array.

Yan glanced at Vale and Zen again nervously. Since he was just an outer disciple, Zen couldn't hold on for long. She had no choice but to rescue her brother.

"I'm gonna tear it apart," said Yan with a determined look.

After a deep breath, Yan focused her energy on her fingertips. Then she stretched her long, slender fingers and poked the hexagonal energy junction.

Although it seemed as though her action was gentle, she had actually used a tremendous amount of power.

"Kirik!"

The three connected hexagons broke up at once after Yan's action.

However, the six-pointed star array was a very strong defensive array.

As soon as it had broken, another three hexagons formed, which blocked the gap immediately.

'Darn it! What shall I do?' Yan thought with despair.

She was absolutely frantic by now.

With no other alternatives, Yan repeatedly tried to break the array. However, the six-pointed star array repaired itself again and again.

No matter how many times Yan tried, the energy emitted by the array didn't diminish. It seemed as though the array could repeat this cycle endlessly. This situation baffled Yan as she had no way to free herself and aid Zen.

All this while, Zen stood rooted in his spot. He calmly faced the enormous pressure from Vale. Even though an ordinary disciple would have been crushed, Zen stood erect with no sign of yielding.

Zen realized this kind of pressure had gone beyond the scope of life energy. It was even stronger than the life vitality of a nature creature.

'Vale is only releasing a small amount of pressure. And yet, I am having trouble enduring this pressure. He may have surpassed the level of nature creatures, ' Zen thought.

Zen didn't know that Vale was a strong cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm until now.

"Have you not realized the gap in the strength between you and me? I can kill you with just one finger. Despite my power, it's challenging for me to rescue Yan from Hell Mountain, let alone you. You can't even get to the top of the Hell Mountain. It's funny that you are so self-righteous," Vale teased Zen.

Several pink lotuses bloomed and withered at Vale's feet, as though in an endless cycle, as he spoke.

Chapter 138 The Price Of Contempt

Though at the marrow refining level, Zen braved the debilitating assault from Vale, thus dwarfing his counterparts.

Billy who was at the grade-two nature level was too weak to circulate his life vitality against Vale's threat. Consequently, he was just an onlooker.

Zen who hadn't learned to cultivate life vitality found it exceptionally hard to concentrate on his life energy.

He relied on his body and the strength of his soul instead.

'Vale's intent is not as strong as the vengeful beast's intent. Nevertheless, it is challenging for me to resist his intent !' Zen marveled at his rival's power, which almost overwhelmed him despite his determination to withstand the assault.

Many people would be overpowered under this circumstance. Zen was no exception.

He felt as though he was being shattered and battered.....

'No. I must not surrender!' Zen swore.

One may achieve wonders with superior willpower.

But the overwhelming disparity between them in terms of martial arts overshadowed Zen's tenacity.

Zen was enduring the unbearable when confronting his rival.

Vale marveled at Zen's unparalleled endurance in the heat of their fight.

He was aware of the immense power of his life vitality, which was why Vale had used it to attack Zen.

'Marrow refining level......

His physical body has not yet reached its limits....

How can he counter my attacks?' Vale wondered at Zen's capacity to face his life vitality.

"Zen, I can see your strength and power fading gradually!" Vale grinned and then circulated his life vitality stronger than before. His power increased, so did the light column. It soared higher and glimmered brighter.

The homicidal intent of the lotus emanating from Vale's body had by now reached excessive levels.

But Zen's blood and soul were extraordinary enough to withstand the metaphysical menace as his body had become a spiritual weapon already.

Tenacious as he was, Zen felt his soul's strength fading gradually.

When confronted by the vengeful beast, the cyan dragon had come to Zen's rescue. It had roared at the vengeful beast, and the beast had surrendered. Now the cyan dragon was not spiritually active.

'I have to learn to be self-reliant!' he thought.

Vale's life vitality combined with the homicidal intent of the lotus was not powerful enough to injure Zen severely.

But Vale's assaults gave Zen a sense of oppression.

'I must maintain my soul strength and peace of mind to fight Vale!

Why not leverage the method of forgetting myself?'

Zen was suddenly inspired.

The refining method of forgetting oneself was actually an

esoterica on soul refining.

Few leading masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm could master this method because refining the soul proved to be more difficult than refining the body.

Beyond self, beyond desire.

Upon entry into the level of forgetting himself, Zen could leave his physical body at the mercy of his rival without feeling any pain.

Thus, Zen's body turned invulnerable to Vale's devastating assault.

At that moment, Zen regained his composure and smiled at Vale, unperturbed.

He felt as though Vale's attacks were harmless.

Vale had thought that the flow of his life vitality would give Zen a fatal blow.

What he had not expected was that Zen would be able to put up such strong resistance with much ease.

If one were to compare, Vale would be like a colossal elephant fighting an ant-like Zen but achieving no result.

Vale flew into a rage as

someone much inferior to him was able to survive his attack.

He didn't enjoy being humiliated by a weaker refiner!

Such a battle was a spectacle that should not be missed.

At that moment, Vale, exacerbated by the lack of results, shelved his humility and decided

to fight Zen with all his might.

"Kneel!" Vale roared as he raised his hands and touched Zen.

Vale decided to crush Zen using his strength since the spiritual attack was not yielding results.

In the ensuing battle, lotuses showered upon Zen.

Those lotuses were so heavy that once they fell to the ground, the gravel was crushed.

Each lotus was as heavy as ten thousand pounds!

It was an astounding sight to see the lotuses falling over Zen began to multiply.

In a twinkling, dozens of extraordinarily beautiful lotuses rained down over Zen's head, back, and torso.

Each was more massive than the last. When faced with over a hundred thousand pounds, Zen lost his balance.

'Such weight is too horrible to bear!'

Zen felt overwhelmed. His entire body ached with the injuries from the falling lotuses.

He could not reckon with such crushing power.

But his legs were strong enough to withstand!

"Vale, I won't succumb to you!" Zen muttered through clenched teeth as he desperately resisted.

Upon realizing that his rival would not bow before him, Vale redoubled his efforts. He was determined to see

Zen fall to his knees.

"Bro, now you are done for!" Vale said contemptuously.

"Cracking!"

Zen's feet were stuck, and his legs felt as though gravel had encased them.

Earlier, Vale had praised Zen and showed some awe for his abilities. Once Vale's pride had been hurt, he had unleashed his power on Zen. Although Zen had been focusing on withstanding the attacks, he hadn't as yet thought of retaliating. Upon hearing the contempt in Vale's voice, Zen's intention changed.

Overpowered by Vale, Zen would have to kneel before his opponent, unless he acted quickly.

"Zen, you have no choice but to kneel in front of me!" Vale said sarcastically.

Determined to fight back, Zen roared, and straightened his stance.

The seven cyan dragon scales in his mind lit up simultaneously as if summoned by a mystic energy.

Meanwhile, Zen tightened every muscle

as preparation to break free of the lotuses.

"Twang!"

The broken flying knife, one of his secret weapons, darted toward Vale.

"Spiritual Thorn Strike!"

The spiritual thorn shot toward Vale faster than the broken flying knife.

Zen was handling the two secret weapons highly skillful

due to his constant and devoted practice earlier.

Vale was caught off guard by the soul thorn strike.

An ordinary master would have felt an excruciating pain due to the injury to his soul.

Randall who had been at the grade-four nature level was not an exception.

But Vale countered the spiritual thorn strike by emanating a red halo from his forehead.

Since the spiritual thorn strike was a tier-four cultivation method, Zen's secret weapon passed through the red halo and lodged into Vale's head.

Fortunately for Vale, he had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. That meant that Vale only felt a little dizzy from the spiritual attack and was able to recover quickly.

However, it was the hiatus that nearly doomed Vale.

The broken flying knife flew toward Vale's head. By the time Vale regained his composure after the spiritual thorn strike, the knife had neared its mark.

A lotus bloomed to counter the broken flying knife. However, the broken flying knife penetrated it.

Another lotus shot up in its place to block the broken flying knife's course, only to prove futile.

The power of the broken flying knife was diminished only upon impact with the third lotus. Since it carried the weight of ten thousand pounds, the lotus proved to be more effective in deflecting the broken flying knife.

Despite the deviation, the broken flying knife marred Vale and blood spurted from the spot where the knife had embedded itself.

Had it not been for Vale's timely reaction, he would have lost his life.

Vale was highly endowed and considered as a promising youth among the disciples from noble clans owing to his extraordinary martial arts.

The Wang Clan was a minor clan compared to the top seven noble clans.

Vary and his father Steven Wang were edging their way into an influential clan worthy of the top seven noble clans' equal.

Every warrior was bound to meet some difficulties on his way to the success.

And this battle nearly claimed Vale's life.

Vale narrowly escaped death when battling Zen because he had been overconfident and arrogant.... That was the price of his contempt!

Chapter 139 Devouring (Part One)

"Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub..."

Vale's heart was beating violently. The blood dripping from the wound on his face was dyeing half his face red. "Unexpected! This is really surprising!" He lifted one hand and wiped the blood with his sleeve. Then Vale turned to Zen and said, "Perrin howled like a wounded animal after a blow from you. You must have used the soul attack. No wonder Perrin lost so fast. You, a guy at the marrow refining level have mastered the soul attack cultivation method. It's really unbelievable!"

Vale had experienced a lot of battles so far. Having escaped death, he realized that he had been naive to consider Zen to be a weak opponent.

"Well, I have to admit that I made a big mistake. You are a dangerous killer disguised as a weak opponent. If it weren't for my family-awarded soul protector and my strong soul, your flying knife would have killed me," said Vale calmly as he raised his hand to rub off the blood that was still oozing from his wound. "This injury is the price I have paid for underestimating you. You've done your best to hurt me. You should be proud. However, you still have to pay for your actions, even though you are Yan's brother!"

As soon as Vale finished speaking, several lotus flowers blazing with pink light floated from his hands. However, these enchanting lotus flowers were powerful, dangerous killing weapons.

"I will pulverize you into powder!"

The lotus flowers shot toward Zen so quickly that he didn't get the chance to escape. In an instant, his body was covered by the lotus flowers.

Every lotus flower carried the weight of ten thousand pounds.

And over a hundred lotus flowers blanketed Zen's body.

Zen's body was desperately absorbing the pressure and producing warm currents to refine itself.

However, the pressure was too terrible. Even though Zen had a body similar to a spiritual weapon, he was unable to endure the pressure!

"Crack!"

The sound of flesh splitting open was heard as a gash appeared on Zen's body. Before Zen could register what was happening, blood sprayed from the wound. Weakness coursed through Zen and he felt as though his body was on the verge of collapsing. It seemed as if he would be crushed by the combined weight of these lotus flowers.

"Brother!"

cried Yan. Tears poured from her eyes like a broken string of pearls.

She looked at the six-pointed star array around her feet in anger. A thought flashed through her mind, and she suddenly stopped crying.

Full of despair and with no other alternative, she decided to use her powers!

A tuft of life vitality condensed in Yan's right hand. With a deep breath, she let it float into the air and watched as it formed six small runes that circled slowly around her right hand.

"I must break through this trap!"

The six tiny runes began to emit flashes of thin purple lightning.

Although the lightning flashes were tiny, the power emitted was terrible.

"Forbidden art — Death Lightning!"

The purple lightning spun faster and faster as it linked the small runes.

Yan's face turned pale in an instant.

Death Lightning was a forbidden art as it was a potent attacking method. Not only was the damage done by the attack method devastating, but at the same time, the user had to endure a super dreadful cost.

If Yan had another alternative, she would not use it.

But at the moment, she could not watch her brother die in front of her eyes.

However powerful the six-pointed star array might be, Yan would try to break through it at any cost.

Just as Yan was about to unleash the power of the Death Lightning, an old voice stopped her.

"No, stop! Stop it! Yan, do not use the forbidden art!" An old man with white hair appeared at Yan's side. He was floating about three meters away from Yan. A worried expression deepened the wrinkles on his old face.

Yan paused, looked at the old man, pointed to the mountainside that had lit up with the white light column, and said, "I will stop if you unravel the six-pointed star array and let me go there. Don't worry. I won't leave Hell Mountain. I just need to solve a problem!"

Upon hearing Yan's request, the old man smiled bitterly and said, "The six-pointed star array was set up by Jone. How can I open it? Besides, other than you, there are five other people jailed on the top of Hell Mountain. Even if you don't flee, I can't say the same about them."

The old man's explanation sounded perfectly reasonable.

A total of six people were trapped on the top of Hell Mountain; each more powerful than the next.

The six-pointed star array was quite complicated, and setting it up had been a challenging task for the top-ranked magic array master, Jone. Aside from him, no one could unravel it.

Yan bit her lower lip, looked at Zen's figure that was covered by the lotus flowers, and implored, "Okay, I will not destroy the array, but you must save my brother!"

The old man smiled and said, "I don't need to save him. It seems that someone has come to his aid."

"Who is it?" asked Yan anxiously.

The old man pointed at a flying chariot that was nearing Hell Mountain.

"Her? Princess Aura?" asked Yan. Her expression conveyed the doubt she felt. Why would Aura come to save her brother?

"Zen is Master Su's disciple," explained the old man. "Now that Princess Aura has come to save Zen, he will be fine."

"I hope so." After hearing his explanation, Yan calmed down slightly. Then she turned her head and quietly observed the incident on the mountainside. If anything bad happened, she was ready to break the six-pointed star array by force!

…

…

Chapter 140 Devouring (Part Two)

If Zen had been an ordinary disciple at the marrow refining level, he would have been crushed into muddy flesh under the total pressure of one hundred thousand pounds.

Even nature creatures could not endure this level of pressure.

Though determinedly resisting the pressure, Zen was on the verge of being destroyed.

Zen felt as though he was carrying a mountain. Even breathing felt like an impossible act.

"It's unbelievable that a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm is so strong. I have no chance to fight back!" Zen could not move at all, but he did not give up trying to find a way out of this situation. Now that he was in the state of forgetting himself, he could keep calm even when on the brink of death.

Zen was concerned about the cracks that continued to appear on his body. Each bled profusely, and he knew that he was running out of time.

However, after entering the state, Zen could ignore the pain. It was as if his body had become someone else's body.

Zen thought, 'What other options do I have?

Broken Flying Knife…

Dragon Scales…

Spiritual Thorn…

Zen figured, 'I have tried all of these and none seemed to work as I had hoped.'

The only cultivation method that Zen had not used yet was Heavenly Ogre Fist.

Heavenly Ogre Fist was a tier-five cultivation method. And Zen was the only disciple at Cloud Sect who had knowledge of that method. Thus, its power could not be underestimated. However, it had proven to be challenging when Zen had tried it. He had spent a long time practicing it, hoping to produce a hint of demonic life energy.

However, even after exhausting efforts, there had been no outcome.

Zen doubted whether he could reproduce this cultivation method successfully.

Getting the tier-five cultivation method but not being able to practice it had indeed distressed Zen.

Therefore, after many failures, Zen had to put Heavenly Ogre Fist to one side.

Now that Zen had come to the edge of life and death, and he had no other alternatives, he needed to try Heavenly Ogre Fist.

The pressure to act multiplied when Zen sensed that perhaps in a few breaths his body would be squeezed into pieces.

"I will not give in! The path of martial arts cultivation is full of obstacles. I have only recently started to climb the mountain, and I want to get to the top to look over the vast, wonderful world!" yelled Zen.

'I will try again and see if I can produce the demonic life energy!' Zen decided.

By now, under the pressure of the lotuses, Zen's spine had bent into a horseshoe shape. Coincidentally, this was the starting posture for the Heavenly Ogre Fist cultivation.

In accordance with this action, Zen began to direct his life energy to flow throughout his body.

'Force comes out from the heart, and then circulates via body energy lines — mysterious tubes for cultivation. Similar to blood vessels, body energy lines help carry life energy, life vitality, and so on throughout body; the energy runs into all the organs and cells, with endless circling...'

Zen was familiar with the force operating method as he had already practiced it many times.

However, he had never succeeded.

This time as well Zen failed.

Despite his disappointment, Zen did not give up. He tried again according to the method described in the book.

There was still no effect the second time he tried.

"Crack!"

Two new cracks appeared on Zen's body.

In this short period, eight cracks had surfaced on Zen's body. As the number of cracks increased, so did the pace of blood oozing from these.

However, Zen had no time to think about his wounds. He tried again.

This time, Zen felt as though something was stirring in his navel!

'That's it? Did I manage? Am I successful?' Zen was surprised.

He felt a new kind of life energy, which was completely different from the purple life energy, emerge from his navel.

This must be the demonic life energy!

At the same time, Zen felt something exceptional happening.

As soon as the thread of demonic life energy was produced, it began to devour the purple life energy in his body.

The demonic life energy must indeed be powerful if it could eat other kinds of life energy!

Zen knew that a cultivator could only have one kind of life energy in his or her body. In general, when one practiced another cultivation method and produced a second life energy, the cultivator had to release the first life energy completely to be successful.

But Zen didn't have to do this as the demonic life energy swallowed the purple life energy.

While the purple life energy in Zen's navel reduced rapidly, the demonic life energy increased sharply. For a second, the demonic life energy filled Zen's navel.

'Heavenly Ogre Fist is a tier-five cultivation method, so the demonic life energy would probably be more powerful than the purple life energy! Let me see how powerful the demonic life energy is!' Zen clenched his fists. It was impossible for him to relax while he produced the demonic life energy.

He knew that his power was still too weak.

Zen had no opportunity to win, especially when confronted by a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm like Vale.

However, Zen had great courage and determination. He would try his best to fight, even when he only had a small chance of survival!

"Hiss..."

Just as Zen drove the demonic life energy to flow in his body, something strange happened.

Threads of demonic life energy gradually emerged on Zen's skin, and upon contact with the lotus flowers, the demonic life energy began to devour them.

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 141 Three Years

There were many different life energies in the world which had various functions.

Some of the energies increased strength efficiently, making a person strong enough to overpower tigers and leopards or tear stone mountains down until they were nothing but rubble.

Some energies improved speed to the point that allowed a person to run a million miles in just a few seconds.

Considering the refining method each person practiced was different, the colors, shapes, and functions of each life energy were different as well.

But the demonic life energy found in Zen had not only swallowed Zen's purple life energy, but also unexpectedly tried to swallow Vale's life vitality, as it came up and spread over Zen's body.

When one pushed hard enough, working to reach nature level, his life energy changed into life vitality which then could be shaped.

Vale had achieved the level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and because he practiced the cultivation method named Lotus Scriptures, his life vitality could be shaped into pink lotuses.

Although the lotuses were breathtaking to see, they were, in fact, deadly and horrible.

At the moment, it was shocking to see that the demonic life energy had come from Zen's body and now, was swallowing the lotuses one by one while Vale was using his life vitality.

The demonic life energy was so quick that it swallowed the bloom the moment its dark purple life energy sparked. First, a crack appeared on the pure lotus, then the crack spread, multiplying until the lotus was covered with cracks, and then the lotus was consumed leaving no remains.

Within a short amount of the time, the dense layer of lotuses covering Zen's body was blended into the demonic life energy.

Once the lotuses were gone, Zen's gruesome wounds were exposed to air instantly.

Seeing cracks on Zen's body, the cultivators at the Hell Mountain recoiled.

Never before had they seen wounds like his, and they wondered what could cause the skin to break like this.

In actuality, wounds like his could be caused by the pressure of Vale's lotuses. As heavy as the lotuses were, they pulverized an ordinary person, but the unique manner of Zen's body protected him so that his skin merely cracked under the overwhelming pressure.

Too busy with what he was facing now, Zen couldn't tend his wounds. He balled his right hand into a fist, and his fingers of the other hand splayed on his right arm gently.

"Ogres Shaking the World! It's the first step of Heavenly Ogre Fist!"

Until now, Zen couldn't manage the mighty Heavenly Ogre Fist no matter how many times he practiced since he had no demonic life energy in his body.

After Zen completed his regular studies daily, he read the rare book named, Heavenly Ogre Fist, carefully, until he could recite it fluently.

As Zen thrust his fist, it brought the demonic life energy out with the Ogres Shaking the World punch, and at the same time, he had an epiphany. In that instance, Zen understood all of the subtleties found in the tome of the Heavenly Ogre Fist without any questions.

Streams of demonic life energy gathered on Zen's hand frenziedly, and then Zen took a step which shook the earth and shattered the black gravels circled around him into fine powders in an instant.

Zen drew his fist back, and with his other hand still steadying his arm from possible recoil, struck the air.

Zen thrust the fist towards Vale.

A dark purple shadowy fist appeared just ahead of Zen, hovering in the air. As it formed, it grew larger until it was the size of a man and lunged at Vale.

Vale's eyes widened, never before had he seen such a huge fist of shadow. He realized he had underestimated Zen before.

Even though Zen employed the soul attack method to disorder Vale's mind firstly and then shot the broken flying knife at Vale's head, which almost killed Vale, Vale hadn't taken Zen seriously, but now, Vale did.

After all, before this, as quick and deadly as Zen's attack style was, it hadn't been one that would cause Vale deadly harm, so, he hadn't bothered to be concerned.

But now, seeing the dark purple shadowy fist, Vale realized that this young man could reach high levels through inner strength.

Zen could swallow the lotuses, manifesting them into his life energy, using them to retaliate when he was about to be finished, and all while exuding nothing but a calm and lucid exterior. Vale had to acknowledge, that Zen did much better than most people in the world!

What frightened Vale more was the power behind the punch.

Considering that Zen was on the level of marrow refining and could only gather life energy, it left one to wonder; what method produced a punch that powerful with only life energy? There was also the realization that once he reached the nature level and controlled life vitality, no one would be able to withstand the power from the punch.

There wasn't time for Vale to dwell on that now.

Time and again, Zen surprised Vale. As young and weak as Vale saw Zen, he felt tense and ridiculous, but took the attack seriously.

In a flash, the dazzling white beam became much brighter.

Although Vale didn't move, he threw a punch the same way Zen had.

Sparing no effort, Vale fabricated as powerful a punch as possible.

Such a powerful punch came from the master of Illuminating Soul Realm!

In midway, Vale's fist collided into the full force of Zen's shadowy fist.

'Crash!' 'Crack!'

Where the two fists met, a terrifying whirlwind formed, snowballing and scooping black gravel in as it spun, larger and more powerful until it slammed into the mountainside.

All of Hell Mountain shook slightly, and boulders rolled down from the mountainside splashing into the stream.

Hell Mountain's cultivators were horrified at sight.

Some houses built alongside the wall were shattered by the stones, leaving rumble. Fortunately, those who practiced hard mastered extraordinary feats and weren't injured even though their houses were destroyed.

What confused the cultivators though was how a young man at the level of marrow refining could fight a master at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

The match was unexpected.

On the mountaintop stood Yan, and her eyes were filled with surprise as she said, "The power my brother wields in his fist should be so astonishing that Vale has to fight back!"

The old man at her side nodded and replied, "But Zen may have spent all his energy blocking Vale's, leaving Zen too weak to throw a second punch….But!? Vale has no chance now! Here comes Aura Su!"

Not far away was Aura's flying chariot, speeding up the mountainside and getting closer to Zen.

"Your punch is good," complimented Vale smiling as he said, "Such a punch proves you are a worthy foe for me, however… A punch like that consumes almost all your life energy, and you have no strength to throw the second one. Still, it's a great honor for you to be regarded as a competitor, by me, and to die by my fist."

The human body was just like a cup.

The higher the level one practiced at, the bigger the cup and the more life energy it held.

Only at the nature level could the human body be equipped to hold life vitality.

At the Illuminating Soul Realm, Vale's corporeal body was like a lake and could hold an immeasurable amount of life vitality.

Throwing his punch had expended all Zen's demonic life energy and left him like an empty cup. He was exhausted, his face turned pale, and he was a spent force.

"Go to hell!" Vale smiled and shook his fist which had a pink lotus shadow flowering on it.

In the face of Vale's fist, Zen stood stoic, showing no sadness or fear.

Growing up, he read a large number of books, where he learned that whatever situation a person was in, he could be satisfied if he had done his best.

To Zen, Vale was a strong opponent, but not one he could defeat, yet.

As a second punch from Vale came closer, Zen calmly closed his eyes.

"Vale! No! Stop!"

Aura was rushing to Zen's rescue, but as she just neared, she could only shout when she saw the scene.

Vale glanced at the flying chariot and Aura. Admittedly he heard her, but he had no intentions on stopping. Instead, without hestitating, he threw the punch at Zen.

"Do you want to get your entire clan killed, Vale?" Shouted Aura angrily. Now the chill in her voice gave her words an icy threat.

Did he want his entire clan to be killed?

Vale was mighty now at the Illuminating Soul Realm at such a young age, so it wasn't difficult to realize that he was very promising.

However, the Wang clan wasn't one of the top seven noble clans.

If Aura wanted to exterminate the Wang clan, it would be easy for her alone, and she had the Emperor's Token.

It mustn't be a lie to intimidate him.

Aura was merely a girl though and couldn't intimidate Vale at all, because, to Vale, she was nothing more than a princess who was unloved by her parents.

It was what Aura threatened that frightened Vale.

The Wang Clan was a noble clan, and well off, so, it would be undeserving to be wiped over such a little thing.

Inches from Zen's face, Vale's fist stopped, his serious face completely relaxed, and meanwhile, he casually said to Aura, "Your Royal Highness, I was joking around with Zen, and we were having a friendly competition, so why would my whole family be killed?"

Aura's tone was cold as she replied, "I think you'd better stop or your family won't be safe and sound!"

Mockingly, Vale said to Zen, "You're terrific, but I have to say, now, you are not even fit to see Yan, not to mention to fight me!"

"Three years," said Zen holding up three fingers.

"What does that mean?" asked Vale frowning slightly.

"In three years, I'll return, defeat you and take Yan from Hell Mountain!" stated Zen.

Vale guffawed boisterously as if he had never heard anything funnier, "Ha-ha-ha! Three years... Great! Okay, that's really courageous. I will give you three years. If you cannot defeat me then, you won't take Yan from Hell Mountain, and I'll kill you!"

announced Vale as he pointed at Zen, before flying away. As Vale retreated, pink lotuses dissolved into scattered life vitality, disappearing under the sky.

Chapter 142 I'm Your Creditor

Vale left quickly because Aura had arrived.

In terms of strength, Vale was not scared of Aura, but he had hesitated because of her identity and background.

The others lifted Perrin from the ground and hurriedly followed Vale.

"Why did you make such a promise to him?" asked Aura as she leaped from the flying chariot and walked toward Zen.

Zen was obstinate when it came to matters pertaining to Yan. Hearing Aura's question, he thought for a moment before replying, "I don't want someone like Vale to get close to Yan."

"Vale is not only Cloud Sect's outstanding disciple, valued by the entire sect, but also the only son of the Master of the noble Wang family. Is he very bad?" asked Aura, puzzled.

"Yes, very bad!" Zen concluded without hesitating.

Aura smiled and said, "Maybe you're the only one who thinks he's bad. Vale is a desirable potential husband for all the unmarried girls in the Imperial Capital..."

"He is too good for my sister. He can marry anyone he wants, but he shouldn't come near Yan!" stated Zen coldly.

Aura's heart skipped a beat when she looked at the serious expression on Zen's face. She had misunderstood Zen. She had no idea that Zen was Yan's brother, and that Zen had worked so hard to earn points to save Yan from Hell Mountain.

Zen's idea was naive, but Aura still sighed. It was rare to see such love and devotion between siblings in a family. In her opinion, Zen was too innocent and trustworthy when it came to matters about Yan.

"Master Su, I'm going up the mountain top to see Yan," Zen said as he turned toward the path that would take him to the top.

Aura quickly shook her head and said, "You can't see her."

"Why?" Zen's eyebrows bristled like sharp swords. He had been told that he needed points to see someone imprisoned on Hell Mountain. And yet, Vale had said that Zen was not eligible to visit Yan. And now, Master Su was stopping him.

'Why? Why the hell? Now that I have entered Hell Mountain, why am I not allowed to see Yan?' he roared in his heart.

"The people imprisoned on the top of Hell Mountain are not ordinary people. How can you be allowed to see her when you are only an outer disciple? A great array called the six-pointed star array has been set up on the top of the mountain to prevent the prisoners from escaping. You can't get past this great array using your strength. You need permission," Aura explained to him slowly.

Zen's face turned sour at the news shared by Aura.

Everything Zen had done, from escaping the Luo Clan to entering Cloud Sect to hunting blade locusts, had been because he was driven to visit Yan. After the effort he had made and the challenges he had overcome, Zen found it unacceptable that he couldn't see Yan.

Determined, Zen began walking up the mountain. But he had forgotten that his body was covered in wounds. Although the terrible gashes on his body had stopped bleeding, his movements tore some of them open. The sudden pain was so unbearable that Zen turned pale and almost passed out.

He fell to the ground with a thump.

"Why do you have to do that?" Aura said helplessly. Apparently, Zen would not listen to her at all.

Zen lay on the ground and focused on his breathing before struggling to get back on his feet. He was desperate to reach the top of Hell Mountain.

After his struggle, wounds that had not re-opened began to ooze blood as well.

Seeing this, Aura shook her head and sighed. She stretched her hand, and three streaks of life vitality rolled over Zen. Magically, he was transported onto the flying chariot. Then, Aura jumped into the chariot. Before Zen could protest, the flying chariot began its ascension toward the top of Hell Mountain.

About a thousand feet from the mountaintop, a bright blue light suddenly lit up and enveloped the whole summit.

"This is the six-pointed star array. We can't get past it," stated Aura.

Zen struggled to his feet and began searching the summit with the hopes of catching a glimpse of his sister.

Zen's hearing had become much sharper and his vision much wider since he entered the marrow refining level. However, the distance was too far to find Yan.

As Zen was absorbed in searching for Yan, a brilliant light suddenly appeared on the right side of his line of sight.

Zen then fixed his eyes upon it.

He saw a girl standing gracefully on the edge of a stone platform in the distance. She was burning her life vitality. The extremely dazzling light rose from her and formed a purple light column, which was even brighter than Vale's.

Zen narrowed his eyes as he tried to focus his vision on the young girl. From this considerable distance, he could make out her silhouette, but he couldn't see her features. Once his sight focused, even though the girl looked blurry, Zen recognized her!

She was Yan. His sister.

They looked at each other for a long while. Even though they were too far apart, Zen and Yan were at peace at the moment.

Suddenly Zen leaned forward and gestured to Yan.

Aura and the elder beside Yan were puzzled by the gesture. They didn't understand its meaning.

But Yan smiled at it.

She knew the meaning of his gesture and what he was trying to say to her.

Zen had communicated that he would always protect her.

Yan had seen this gesture many times when she was a child.

She was more powerful than Zen now.

The girl, who had been delicate and fragile in the past, didn't need Zen's protection any longer.

However, the gesture still filled her heart with warmth as it had done before. Now she felt safe...

"We can go back now... " said Zen. He seemed more relaxed than when Aura had met him.

"Don't you want to stay a little longer?" Aura whispered.

Zen shook his head. "No," he said.

With a smile, Aura turned the direction of the flying chariot and flew down Hell Mountain.

It wasn't until they had left Hell Mountain and Yan couldn't see him that Zen collapsed on the chariot.

The effort to stand and seek out his sister had used up all his strength.

'What a tough guy!' Aura thought. She curled her lips and said, "You're badly hurt."

"It's not enough to kill me," said Zen as he stared blankly at the star-filled sky. The sky was cloudless and surprisingly bright. Scattered stars formed a delicate Milky Way.

"Fa-thud!"

A blood-red pill fell on Zen's side and rolled down the deck to Zen's ear.

Zen reached over and picked up the pill. Then he took a deep breath when he realized what kind of pill it was. "Red all over, with five cloud stripes. If I'm reading this right, it's a five-grade pill, the Red Cloud Pill."

"I thought you were blind," Aura chuckled at Zen's remark. "Unexpectedly, you recognize it," teased Aura, who was steering the flying chariot.

"The five-grade Red Cloud Pill, after being swallowed, will immediately activate blood and build muscle. As long as the user is not dead, the wound, no matter how serious, will recover within an hour. It is also known as the holy potion. For a refiner, a Red Cloud Pill is equal to an extra life. It's invaluable! It costs about a thousand points in market prices. I can't afford it," Zen said.

"Take it. You can pay me for it later," Aura laughed.

Zen shook his head and said, "I'm poor, and I have to collect many points... I'm afraid I can't pay you back."

As Zen spoke, Aura suddenly turned around. Quick as lightning, she grabbed the Red Cloud Pill from Zen's hand and poked Zen's jaw with her finger. As Zen opened his mouth reflexively, Aura pushed the pill into his mouth.

"Don't worry. My investment in you will pay off sooner or later. It will come back to me with a price more than the points for the pill. So, as your creditor, you had better listen to me!" stated Aura in a severe tone of voice. A slight smile danced on her face, however. After that, she turned and continued to drive the flying chariot.

Having consumed the Red Cloud Pill, Zen felt as if there were a raging fire burning inside his stomach. Then a pleasant tingling sensation seeped from the gashes on his body.

The five-grade pill was indeed exceedingly magical. Zen's severe injuries were now recovering at a remarkable rate.

The intense effects quickly spread through Zen's entire body. Gradually, Zen became drowsy, and sleep overcame him. Finally, he passed out.

This was probably the best sleep Zen had ever had in years.

While imprisoned in the cellar of the Luo family, Zen always woke up every morning before dawn to read.

But today, when he woke up, he saw that the sun was already high in the sky.

"What a long rest!"

Zen said in surprise as he stretched and examined his body. The wounds from his battle with Vale on Hell Mountain the day before had healed now. The effect of Red Cloud Pill was truly extraordinary.

He sprang to his feet. Feeling refreshed, Zen found no reason to waste his time. He sat cross-legged and began to work his power according to the Heavenly Ogre Fist.

When Zen had first left the library with the book, he had been determined to learn this cultivation method. However, no matter how much he practiced, Zen had never succeeded. To his surprise, he practiced the cultivation method when he was forced by Vale yesterday.

When Zen opened his eyes today, all he cared about was whether he could still refine the demonic life energy as he had done the previous day.

Chapter 143 Half-step Into The Nature Level (Part One)

Zen positioned himself as per the illustration in the Heavenly Ogre Fist book.

Since this was a refinement method for Ogres, it would take human beings a lot of time, energy, and effort to master if they cultivated diligently.

Luckily, Zen was physically stronger than ordinary people. For anyone else, it would be impossible to complete the first step of the Heavenly Ogre Fist during the refinement.

After the force coursed through his body, Zen's eyebrows furrowed a bit, as he didn't feel the demonic life energy inside his body.

Zen wondered why.

Yesterday, only a small amount of demonic life energy had been produced inside Zen's body after his refinement of the Heavenly Ogre Fist. Afterward, the demonic life energy engulfed Zen's Purple Light Fist life energy as though it were a beast. In the end, all the life energy from Zen's Purple Light Fist had turned into demonic life energy.

But as soon as he made the first move of the Heavenly Ogre Fist, which was known as Ogres Shaking the World, the demonic life energy inside his body had been completely consumed...

In general, one's cultivation would be smooth for a period as long as he found the key to the refinement method. Once a level was overcome, it was like a door was opened to the next stage.

Very few men would retrogress in cultivation like Zen.

He had been able to produce and utilize the demonic life energy the previous day, but now he had failed...

Why? Did he forget a move?

After thinking it over for a while, Zen still couldn't figure it out. Since the Heavenly Ogre Fist was a tier five cultivation method, its power would be immense. However, it was so hard to practice this refinement method. It was far more difficult than Zen had expected.

How were his practice methods different from what he had done the previous day? Zen was lost in deep thought.

He had almost died when he confronted Vale on Hell Mountain. In that critical situation, Zen knew that he was fighting a losing battle, but he repeatedly tried to use the Heavenly Ogre Fist, still hoping to survive in spite of the slim chance. After several attempts of this refinement method, a little demonic life energy had finally condensed.

Today, Zen tried to make use of the Heavenly Ogre Fist on Drizzle Peak, where he was safe.

As Zen thought about this, it dawned on him that Heavenly Ogre Fist might only work when one was on the verge of giving up hope.

On the previous day, when he was thrown into absolute adversity, Zen felt himself behaving under an unbelievable state that he could hardly comprehend or describe in words. When faced with such a crisis, he had repeated and thought about each move very slowly.

Now, Zen was in his room, racking his brain to recall what and how he felt the previous day.

Zen paced back and forth in his room. He was so lost in thought that it seemed as though he was enchanted. He had been so consumed with his thoughts that Zen didn't notice that he had spent over half an hour just pacing.

All of a sudden, his eyes gleamed as an idea flashed through his mind. Quickly, he jumped to his feet. As his feet touched the floor, Zen made the first pose for Heavenly Ogre Fist.

"Maintain forces on the upper and lower body. Repel ogres' intent with heart if any..."

Zen lightly swung his arms along a direction. After rotating his arms, all his forces were concentrated near his belly. It was not until this moment that a trace of dark purple demonic life energy appeared between his hands.

Excitement lit up Zen's face when he saw the slight trace of demonic life energy.

On the previous day, he had experienced and witnessed the power of the Heavenly Ogre Fist. He had been able to confront a man at the Illuminating Soul Realm by using one move known as Ogres Shaking the World.

Zen had known that it would be impossible for him to defeat a man who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm by using the Heavenly Ogre Fist as he was only at the marrow refining level. However, when attacked by Zen's Heavenly Ogre Fist, Vale had no choice but to counter-attack. Vale's reaction had proven the might of a tier five cultivation method.

Despite his small victory, Zen had been challenged to condense the demonic life energy. Just now, he had refined the cultivation method for a lap, but only a faint trace of demonic life energy had been condensed. If this was going to be the pace, it would take several months for Zen to fill his belly with demonic life energy...

After further thought, an idea came to Zen.

Since demonic life energy could engulf other types of life energy, Zen thought he might not have to condense it.

When fighting Vale, Zen's body had been full of life energy from the Purple Light Fist. But after a trace of demonic life energy had condensed, it absorbed all life energy from the Purple Light Fist. In addition, the demonic life energy engulfed Vale's life vitality by consuming the lotuses.

Since the demonic life energy was so mystical, Zen decided to take advantage of the energy.

At this thought, Zen brought his knees together and started practicing the mind method of Purple Light Fist that had been passed down to him from the Luo Clan.

Through years of cultivation, Zen had acquired a good command of the Purple Light Fist. While forces were flowing along Zen's arms to his entire body, streaks of life energy from the Purple Light Fist sprang up from his belly.

When this life energy was exuded in large quantities, the faint trace of demonic life energy in Zen's belly instantly flew toward it, swiftly engulfed it, and then converted it...

Zen had just tried cultivating the mind method of Purple Light Fist. However, the more Purple Light Fist life energy filled Zen, the more the demonic life energy he was able to consume. Soon, it began accumulating inside his body. About two hours later, his belly was finally filled with demonic life energy.

As Zen stretched out his arms, demonic life energy spiralled up and out along his arms. To Zen, it looked like a purple-black demon was fluttering around his hands.

At this sight, Zen flicked the demon with his fingers. Immediately, the little purple-black demon jumped out of his palm and into a corner. The demon continued to hop once it had reached the ground.

"Huh! The life energy can be exuded out of my body!"

This scene shocked Zen who although, practicing this refinement method, had never heard of such a thing happening.

A corporeal form had five levels. Life energy could only exist in vivo or on the surface of the body. The energy should vanish once it left Zen's body, just like plants couldn't survive without roots.

Life energy could be only separated from the body of refiners who had been a half-step into the nature level.

Zen remembered this because he had seen his uncle Bryson pour his life energy into his long sword. Then, he manipulated the life energy inside and killed his enemies with the sword. This was only possible for cultivators who were half-step into the nature level.

Chapter 144 Half-step Into The Nature Level (Part Two)

However, Zen was still at the marrow refining level. Although he was also capable of pouring life energy into a weapon, the energy would dissipate and lose its effects once the weapon left his hand.

But now, the purple-black nature-level life energy hadn't disappeared after it was separated from Zen's body.

'Have I reached a level higher than the marrow refining level?' wondered Zen.

Before entering Hell Mountain, Zen had been able to estimate that he had reached the peak of the marrow refining level.

On the previous day when he battled Vale on Hell Mountain, Zen's body had been severely battered by Vale's lotuses. Under their assault, Zen found that it was almost impossible to bear the heavy pressure. At that time, he had been fighting for his life, and so, Zen hadn't paid much attention to changes in his body. However, in retrospect, Zen remembered feeling a great surge of warm currents inside his body. As in all other situations, the currents refreshed his physical form.

Had impurities been completely cleared away from his marrow at that moment?

Since Zen had been focusing on defending against Vale, he hadn't noticed that all the impurities in his marrow had been refined and purified. Now, as Zen felt the warm stream of currents inside his body, he concluded that it was highly likely that all impurities had been removed from his marrow.

At this thought, Zen examined his body carefully. Once he confirmed his theory, a smile grew on Zen's face. In the heat of the battle with Vale, his marrow had been incomparably purified, and so Zen had upgraded to a cultivator half-step into the nature level.

Five levels of body refining were the foundations for practicing and mastering martial arts.

Only when a person's physical form was free from impurities could he become a nature creature.

However, reaching the half-step into the nature level was different from entering into the nature level because of the difference between life energy and life vitality. A person couldn't become a nature creature before his life energy was converted into life vitality.

Although Zen didn't accomplish his goal of freeing Yan from Hell Mountain, he had unexpectedly reached the half-step into the nature level, which was a great achievement for him. After this revelation, Zen spent the whole day consolidating the skills he had mastered and exploring how to exude life energy.

He didn't leave his room for almost three days!

During this period, outer disciples continued to busy themselves with cultivation as usual at Drizzle Peak.

However gifted disciples might be, people who joined Cloud Sect were required to be unyielding. They also knew that they should never get infatuated with the outside world. The practice of martial arts also taught them that God helped those who helped themselves.

However, Zen was a special and extraordinary disciple of Cloud Sect. Other disciples' eyes gleamed with a strong sense of admiration when they met Zen. Within Cloud Sect, a considerable number of outer disciples treated Zen as their role model. Just as Zen tried to cultivate diligently, these outer disciples also made unremitting efforts to cultivate themselves.

"Zen, it is time for us to get our refining pills today. Are you going to take them?" As Zen just stepped out of his room, Nory and Sean who had been headed to his room stopped and asked.

The refining pills were being distributed today?

Zen was dazed. He had been so preoccupied with the cultivation that he had forgotten about this.

Naturally, disciples of Cloud Sect enjoyed benefits such as refining pills and elixirs, which were distributed to them every month. The type and quantity of such supplies were dependent on the level and status of disciples.

Zen nodded. As a member of Cloud Sect, he thought he deserved the supplies reserved for disciples. And so, he walked toward one side of Drizzle Peak with Nory and Sean.

As usual, Nory began to share some of the gossips he had heard while they were walking.

"Zen, you have been engrossed in your cultivation and haven't stepped out of your room. Have you ever heard what happened on Hell Mountain?" Although Nory joined Cloud Sect later than Sean, he was now more informative than Sean.

Zen pretended as if he didn't know and responded in feigned surprise, "Huh? What occurred on Hell Mountain?"

"Ooh, you've missed it. Several days ago, a disciple at the Illuminating Soul Realm presented his mighty power on Hell Mountain. It was a fairly sensational spectacle. In his show of power, a light column leading to the sky was visible even from Drizzle Peak!" While Nory was describing the spectacle, he was so excited that spittle flew from his mouth. Nory spoke with such enthusiasm that it seemed as if he had been present that day on Hell Mountain.

Zen was astonished to hear Nory's descriptions. He had been under the impression that cultivators in Hell Mountain couldn't mingle with other people freely. He had never expected that the whole of Cloud Sect would learn of what transpired between him and Vale. But Zen felt relieved and lucky as he could judge from Nory's tone that his friend didn't know the names of the people who had been on Hell Mountain.

"A top refiner at the Illuminating Soul Realm is really awesome!" Zen nodded approvingly. He looked as though he strongly wished to have witnessed the scene.

Only after seeing Zen's expression that Sean interrupted and said, "Top figures at the Illuminating Soul Realm are often seen during our annual large-scale challenges at Cloud Sect in spite of their usually rare presence. It is strange that the top figure at the Illuminating Soul Realm battled an outer disciple who was only at the marrow refining level..."

"Huh?" Zen questioned in feigned astonishment, "That is incredible."

"I think that is impossible!" Sean responded while shaking his head. Afterward, he added, "That was going too far. Do you know what the Illuminating Soul Realm is? A man at the Illuminating Soul Realm can kill a refiner at the marrow refining level only by the overbearing power exuded from the combustion of life vitality. The differences in the power of such refiners are like that of an ant and an elephant."

"You can't say that for sure! Zen is an exception. He defeated a nature creature even though he was only at the marrow refining level." Apparently, Nory was blindly optimistic about his belief that the weak could defeat the strong.

However, Sean, who had been at Cloud Sect for a longer period, understood how huge the gaps were between realms, and so he continued, "Nory, perhaps you don't quite understand the Illuminating Soul Realm. As far as we know, the Burning Sky Empire has a vast territory and possesses abundant resources. Its population is as large as hundreds of millions, but how many of them can reach the Illuminating Soul Realm? The gap between the Illuminating Soul Realm and nature level is far wider than you expect. I suggest that you shouldn't take this rumor that seriously."

"Unlike you, I believe that miracles happen..."

"Do you mean that something like an ant eating an elephant would happen?"

The two of them argued with each other about the issue all the way. They didn't stop until they arrived at the other side of Drizzle Peak and got their refining pills.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 145 The Blessed Auction House

Several Cloud Sect officials were in a side-hall at Drizzle Peak, dispensing elixirs.

At that time there were not too many people getting elixirs. Zen, Nory, and Sean showed their disciple cards and were given several pills.

These grade two energy gathering pills could enhance the speed at which the human body condensed life energy, making them an ideal aid. Besides, even though they were common within the sect, outside the Cloud Sect, the pills could fetch a reasonable price.

After putting the elixirs away, they saw a man walking down from the mountain path, approaching.

The man was fat but walked at a fast pace. There was only one such man at Drizzle Peak, and his name was Wurth. He was injured in the battle ring a few days before.

"Hello, Wurth!" greeted the three men.

Seeing them, Wurth smiled as he walked up to them.

"Wurth, have you recovered from your injuries?" asked Zen nervously. Since his return from Hell Mountain, he'd spent three days in seclusion refining privately and hadn't visited Wurth.

Wurth waved his thick arm, lightly responding, "It was nothing! It's healed!"

Zen nodded and said, "I'm glad to hear that."

"What's the hurry? It's not an emergency to get the elixir. Do you have something important to do?" asked Sean in curiosity.

"Yes, I am leaving the Cloud Sect for a while. There will be a big move at Blessed Auction House today. My brother asked me to watch it," answered Wurth.

"The Blessed Auction House?" The eyes of Nory and Sean widened as though something occurred to them. "Wurth, you aren't from the Blessed Zhang family, are you?" they asked almost simultaneously.

Zen was confused at their reaction.

Nodding his head readily, Wurth admitted that he was.

The Blessed Zhang family was legendary in the Burning Sky Empire.

The family had no great talent, and it was not even a noble clan!

What the Zhang family had was a hidden power far beyond that of an ordinary noble clan! That secret power made this family almost as mighty as the top seven noble clans!

All of this Zhang family's descendants were business geniuses which gave them an advantage.

The Zhang clan controlled most of the economic lifeline in the Burning Sky Empire and oversaw many of the exchanges in the empire's largest exchange shops and auction houses.

Even cubic crystals negotiations were set up by the Zhang family.

So, the Zhang family had a unique position in the economy of the whole empire.

The famous Blessed Auction House was one of their many properties.

A majority of the most impressive auctions were conducted through the Blessed Auction House.

"Wow! Wurth, I didn't know you were part of the Zhang family! You are so laid-back!" stated Sean shaking his head slowly as though in shock.

"It's tough for the average person to get into the Blessed Auction House, Wurth, are you able to take us so that we can see it for ourselves?" asked Nory. He didn't want to miss a chance like this because he was interested in this kind of thing.

Nodding, Wurth said, "No problem! That'd be a piece of cake to do!" Then he turned to Zen and proposed, "Zen, will you come with us?"

Zen wanted to turn Wurth down because he had just managed to reach half-step into nature level and he had to work hard to master his technique. He never seemed to have enough time.

He was about to refuse when something occurred to him, and he asked, "Wurth, can anything be sold at this auction?"

"No, not really," stated Wurth, chuckling. "Common items can't be auctioned at the Blessed Auction House. It has to be valuable," he explained.

In short, the items sold through the Blessed Auction House were of high value.

Wurth had piqued Zen's curiosity, and he wanted to have a look. Zen had a crystal core from the Fire Scorpion Lion that he'd gotten in the south.

Considering it was useless to him, he naturally wanted to sell it as soon as possible.

Thinking about it, Zen nodded and replied, "Since you're all going, I'll join too, it sounds like fun!"

"Good, wait here. We'll leave after I get my elixirs!" declared Wurth. After he received his elixirs from the administrator, Wurth and the three men headed down Drizzle Peak.

At the bottom of the peak, they entered a Cloud Sect pavilion and Wurth rented a flying chariot at the cost a cubic crystal.

Wurth's generosity left his three companions speechless.

Zen had plenty of cubic crystals and over a thousand points, but, he was reluctant to spend them. A single cubic crystal to hire the chariot was too luxurious for him.

After boarding the flying chariot, it took off, heading away from the Cloud Sect.

Although Zen had been in the Imperial Capital for some time, he hadn't enjoyed the scenery there. Now as the chariot flew over it, he could see the whole landscape.

At full speed, it took nearly an hour to reach the edge of the Imperial Capital because of how large it was.

"Look! It's the Burning Sky Palace!" shouted Nory suddenly, as he pointed to the left.

Turning his head to where Nory pointed, Zen saw tremendous city walls.

Within the walls was a formidable array of various magnificent, massive buildings. Colorful rays of lights covered the walls and exuded a vague overbearing power.

This was the center of the Burning Sky Empire!

Shortly after they passed the Burning Sky Palace, Wurth maneuvered the chariot down and docked in front of a large building.

On the front of the building were large gold leaf letters.

The letters announced The Blessed Auction House.

In addition to Zen and his companions, other flying chariots were continually flying in, stopping nearby.

Anyone who could bid at the Blessed Auction House was either rich, honorable, or was nobly born.

Naturally, Wurth was familiar with his family's auction house, and he led his companions to a door at the side of the auction house.

"We're just in time! My brother said today's auction would be excellent!" stated Wurth over his shoulder as he walked ahead.

"Really? What will the grand finale be today?" asked Sean and Nory excitedly. As outer disciples, they couldn't afford to buy anything, but, it was still fun to watch.

With a mysterious smile and twinkle in his eye, Wurth said, "You'll know soon enough!"

Just as they rounded the side of the building, a snarl came from ahead, "Stop! This is the Blessed Auction House! There is no admission if you have no business here. Please leave immediately!"

It was a man who wore a red brocade robe and carried a long stick.

Wurth calmly stepped forward, took out a token and showed it to the man.

At the sight of the token, the man's expression changed and in a nervous manner, he hastened to explain, "I didn't realize you were our young master. I-I..."

Acknowledging the man's apology, Wurth shook his head, but his voice was cold as he said, "Well since you did not know, I won't blame you. My friends and I will be going in."

"Yes! Please, right this way!" said the man as he politely ushered the four of them in.

The Zhang family was known as the wealthiest family. The man was undoubtedly a servant of the family, but, he was at the nature level, which shocked Zen, Nory, and Sean.

"Wurth, you're always so good-natured at Drizzle Peak, why are you a different person here?" said Zen teasingly as he looked at Wurth's grave expression.

They weren't used to Wurth being so severe because, at the Cloud Sect, he was always so jovial.

Looking around carefully, Wurth made sure no one was nearby before he relaxed his grim expression and smiled. He explained, "I don't have a choice since it's the family motto. The descendants of the Zhang family need to show their majesty in front of others! But, I'm not cut out for it."

They followed Wurth into the salesroom.

The room was fan-shaped, with seating that went up the terrace. Zen, Nory, and Sean sat in the wing.

Having settled his companions, Wurth gave them a token, and said, "If you'll excuse me, I have something I need to attend to. You guys sit here and watch."

With that Wurth walked away. He came today to help his family, so he certainly couldn't remain just sitting there with his friends.

Jumping up, Zen followed Wurth out.

"Hey, Wurth, wait up. I have a question. How do I consign an item to your auction house?" asked Zen in a hushed tone.

With a look of surprise, Wurth asked, "Do you really have something to auction?"

It wasn't that Wurth scorned Zen. On the contrary, Zen was powerful, his potential was unlimited. Plus he was a man the Zhang family would like to win over and even invest in. But, as an outer disciple, what could he possibly have that was valuable?

Nodding and smiling slyly, Zen said, "Yes, I do have an item for sale."

"Can I ask, what is it?" asked Wurth curious about what Zen had. Wurth knew Zen wasn't one to loosely talk. If his item had no value, he wouldn't bring it for auction.

"A crystal core from a Fire Scorpion Lion," replied Zen quietly.

The announcement made Wurth's chubby face twitch a few times.

Every member of the Zhang family had a flair for business, and Wurth was no exception. Since he'd been molded from childhood in the family environment, he was highly sensitive to the values that various treasures, and rare materials had.

When Zen said he had a crystal core from a Fire Scorpion Lion, Wurth almost doubted that he'd heard him correctly.

The crystal core from a Fire Scorpion Lion had extraordinary uses and was precious to pill and weapon refiners. Apart from that, the most important thing was that the Fire Scorpion Lion was at the brink of extinction. Wurth searched his memory, and he recalled the last auction with a crystal core of Fire Scorpion Lion occurred three years ago.

That crystal core sold for nearly twenty thousand cubic crystals, and Wurth recalled, it was from a young Fire Scorpion Lion.

If Zen really had a crystal core from a Fire Scorpion Lion to auction off, then Wurth would inadvertently bring great business for the family.

"Zen, follow me!" Zen didn't seem to be joking, so, Wurth took Zen to a secret room in the auction house, and asked, "Can I look at the Fire Scorpion Lion's crystal core?"

The careful manner that Wurth was taking made Zen feel both funny and awkward.

Zen knew the crystal core was highly prized and valuable in the empire, but Wurth's performance was overly cautious.

Zen put his finger on his space ring, and a moment later the crystal core appeared in his hand, glowing with a fiery sheen.

This was a complete, fist-sized crystal core, and obviously from an adult Fire Scorpion Lion.

Chapter 146 Too Expensive (Part One)

Wurth could not remember how many years it had been since the crystal core of an adult fire scorpion lion had last appeared.

After all, he was less than 20 years old. And from his earliest memory of the Blessed Auction House, they had never auctioned the crystal core of an adult fire scorpion lion.

So, Wurth was very curious about where Zen got this crystal core of a fire scorpion lion. What was more surprising was that it was from an adult lion. However, he managed to keep his curiosity to himself and did not ask his questions. As a legitimate successor of the Blessed Zhang family, he was familiar with the rules of the auction house. The first rule was not to ask about the origin of goods brought by customers. It was taboo in the auction industry. He soon calmed down and acted very professionally.

"Zen, this crystal core of an adult fire scorpion lion can be auctioned for an excellent price. It is very precious and rare. Do you want to sell it in this auction, or wait for the next? If you wait for the next auction, we, the Blessed Auction House, can help you release some information in advance to attract those who are particularly interested in the crystal core of fire scorpion lion. Then, the price will be higher than it is today," Wurth commented.

This crystal core was so precious that ordinary people might not be able to afford to buy it. If given some time, the Blessed Auction House could attract those who not only had an interest but could also afford to buy the object during the auction. Then the price would be much higher than now.

"How about today? I don't mind if we sell it today." Zen decided without hesitation. He was not tempted by the potential of getting a higher price.

Wurth did not insist when he saw Zen's determination. Instead, he nodded and said, "That's fine. In this auction, we plan to sell some precious refining materials and alchemy materials. And these have already appealed to many old, powerful refiners in the Imperial Capital. I believe that the crystal core of fire scorpion lion could also fetch a very good price."

After reaching this agreement with Zen, Wurth led Zen to the back hall of the auction house.

Once they had entered the back hall of the auction house, Zen felt a burst of dazzling energy.

In the rooms behind each door of the back hall stood nature-level powers. And the stress of these nature creatures tingled Zen's senses. He could feel that they were dangerous. Their strengths were equal to or even stronger than Randall's.

And in the center of the back hall, Zen saw that the auction house's staff were carrying bundles of valuable medicine, articles, treasures, and weapons back and forth.

Zen glanced at these goods and found that almost all of these items were rare treasures. The value of any of these items perhaps equaled the Luo Clan's wealth, which had been accumulated for hundreds of years.

"Nestor!" Wurth shouted after he entered the back hall.

On hearing his name being called, an old man who stood not far away put down his work, bowed down and then came toward Wurth. When he walked closer, Zen noticed that the old man was slim, and his appearance was shrewd. The old man bowed to Wurth and said, "Young master, what can I do for you?"

"Where is my brother?" Wurth asked.

"The young master went to the front hall to welcome the guests," Nestor answered.

"That's fine. You can help me in his stead. My friend wants to auction an object. Please help him to identify the object and then add it to the auction list. We can combine it to the auction later," Wurth instructed the old man before pointing at Zen.

Nestor glanced at Zen. He revealed a rather disapproving look when he found that a teenager of 16 or 17 stood before him. Nestor was the chief auctioneer of the Blessed Auction House. He had seen and identified many valuable or rare treasures and could not believe that such a young man could have any special treasure that would need his expertise. Nestor assumed that the young man needed Wurth's help as his object could not be very rare.

Even though Nestor did not have any interest in helping Zen, he did not want to reject Wurth, his young master's orders.

As an experienced auctioneer, Nestor soon replaced the disapproval on his face with a professional expression and asked, "Yes, young master. And what does your friend want to auction? May I have a look?" Nestor turned to look at Zen.

Zen sensed Nestor's attitude. He did not say anything. Instead, he took out the crystal core of fire scorpion lion from his space ring. He handed it to Nestor as if it were an ordinary object.

Unlike Zen's calm demeanor, when Nestor saw the crystal core of fire scorpion lion, his eyes widened. Next second, he narrowed his eyes and started to scrutinize the crystal core.

Compared to Wurth's reaction, Nestor's reaction was much stronger.

After all, Wurth was an heir of the family and was not a professional auctioneer. He only had superficial knowledge when it came to evaluating treasures.

But Nestor was different. He became the chief auctioneer of the Blessed Auction House after having been in this industry for a lifetime. During this time, he had identified countless treasures of genius, magic weapons, and magical medicines.

Hence, he only needed one glance to know the value of the crystal core of fire scorpion lion. It was definitely a priceless and rare treasure!

"Nestor, what do you think of this crystal core?" Wurth asked. Even though he knew the value of the object, he wanted to confirm with Nestor, the most experienced auctioneer in the Blessed Auction House.

"This is the crystal core of an adult fire scorpion lion. This fire scorpion lion would be around 30 feet high and 60 feet long. Such a big fire scorpion lion hasn't appeared for many years. So, this crystal core is valuable enough to be used as the final and best treasure during the auction!" Unlike his indifference at the beginning, Nestor was now very excited. His shrewd, little eyes were full of astonishment and happiness.

On hearing Nestor's description, Zen admired the man. Nestor had indeed been correct. The height of that Fire Scorpion Lion was exactly like what Nestor had said, about 30 feet. The fact that he could draw such a conclusion only by looking at the crystal core was enough to show that Nestor was experienced and had sharp eyes.

"What kind of basic price do you think we can set for this crystal core?" Wurth asked.

Nestor laughed loudly and said, "As with any exceptional treasure, when it appears in an auction, you never know how many people will rush and fight for it. Especially at this time when the Shura Battlefield is about to restart. The clans never feel like they have sufficient good weapons. And the crystal core of fire scorpion lion is a superior material for refining weapons. Based on this information, it is hard to estimate the final price of this crystal core. If we have to set a basic price for it, I think about thirty thousand cubic crystals is appropriate."

"Thirty thousand cubic crystals!" Zen was surprised to hear the price and could not help crying out in astonishment.

Zen's reaction took Nestor and Wurth by surprise. They looked at each other before Wurth turned to Zen and asked, "Zen, do you think the basic price is too low? Rest assured. Once the auction starts, the final price would be much higher than this number."

Zen shook his head and explained, "No. Wurth, you have misunderstood me. The price is very appropriate!"

Chapter 147 Too Expensive (Part Two)

Zen did not think the price was low. Instead, it was much higher than his expectation.

Although he knew that the crystal core of fire scorpion lion was very precious, he had never presumed that the price would be this high.

The crystal core of a queen blade locust was exchanged for only 1000 points, which was equal to two thousand cubic crystals. And he had thought that the crystal core of fire scorpion lion would be valued at a similar price.

But the basic price, as he heard, was 15 times higher than that of the queen blade locust! That was totally beyond his calculations.

This lack of understanding of how the market worked showed how little experience Zen had.

After all, the blade locust was known for its rapid reproduction rate. Every year, dozens or hundreds of queen blade locusts were killed at Dragon Fort. And this productivity, of course, lowered the price of the crystal core of a queen blade locust.

A fire scorpion lion, however, was not the same. They had been hunted to the verge of extinction throughout the whole Eastern Region. It was rare to see a fire scorpion lion, not to mention an adult one. And its crystal core had special effects in the refining of weapons or medicines. Thus, the value of these two kinds of crystal cores was very different, and the gap was huge.

Hearing that Zen did not reject their proposed basic price, Nestor continued to say, "But if we add this to the lot today, we will have two outstanding treasures at this auction. So, I think it would be better to present the crystal core of fire scorpion lion in the next auction, where it will fetch a higher price... " Nestor had the same idea as Wurth. It would be worthwhile to conduct an auction for this crystal core only.

"No need to wait for the next auction. My friend thinks that it is okay to combine it in today's auction. Nestor, please put away this crystal core of fire scorpion lion and prepare for the auction later," Wurth calmly instructed.

"Okay, young master, I will do that," Nestor now knew that the timing for the auction of the crystal core was nonnegotiable. With a quick shake of his head, Nestor asked an assistant to bring a luxurious box. He then carefully put the crystal core in it and sealed the box.

After completing all the arrangements for the crystal core's auction, Wurth walked back to the auction room with Zen. As it was a busy time for the auction, he managed to exchange simple greetings with Sean and other friends, and then went out.

By this time the auction room was full of people and refiners.

The participants present were very different. Some of them were individual refiners who had journeyed here alone. Some were from noble clans and had been accompanied by their acquaintances in hopes of sharing information and advice.

However, most of them were nature creatures.

Judging from their breaths, Zen estimated that the people in the VIP rooms had greater strength. Although those people could cover or suppress their level, Zen still could feel their strength. It was not hard to figure out that these refiners had already exceeded the nature level.

Zen did not have much time to look around the auction house. Within a few minutes, Nestor came to the high platform.

The people of the Imperial Capital knew Nestor as the chief auctioneer of the Blessed Auction House. Generally, Nestor only presided over some large auctions. Since Nestor was here, it meant that rare treasures would be auctioned.

After a brief introduction, Nestor clapped his hands. Then an assistant came to the stage with a luxurious box in his hands. The assistant carefully put the box on the big table on the stage and left. On seeing that the assistant had exited, Nestor walked to the table and started to introduce the first auction item with a calm tone. "Here is the first item for auction today. It is very special. There are three pieces of purple epiphyllum. They require a small amount of life vitality and can blossom overnight! The basic price of these three pieces of purple epiphyllum is 300 cubic crystals. You can bid at any price higher than that!"

After completing his short introduction of the first lot, Nestor opened the luxurious box and showed it to the audience. Three pieces of purple epiphyllum were in the box.

At this time, some delicate ladies in the field cried in surprise. They were obviously attracted to these beautiful flowers.

"Purple epiphyllum?" Zen murmured when he heard the name of the flowers. His eyes lit up with the enthusiasm that he felt. He asked around, "This kind of flower can only be used as an ornament, isn't it?"

Sean commented, "Yes, it has only ornamental value. The purple epiphyllum is very rare. It is also known as the world's most beautiful flower. And someone once said that if he could see the blossom of this flower just once in his lifetime, it would not be a pity."

Nory could not understand this saying and shook his head. Then he said, "The flowers can only be used as an ornament and cannot be used as medicine. Even though they are beautiful, they are still useless. I am afraid that only arrogant and wealthy people from noble clans will buy these to send to their women as presents."

Zen nodded in agreement. "A few hundred cubic crystals might be expensive for many normal families. But noble clans can afford the cost and will find it worthy to amuse their lovers."

Zen was right. Although the purple epiphyllum had no help in refining, it still attracted a lot of young people's interest. The price went up from three hundred cubic crystals to eight hundred. Then it was bought by a noble clan member.

Zen, Sean, and Nory had accompanied Wurth to the auction house with the purpose of broadening their vision and seeing what an auction was for. Of course, they did not have any interest in luxurious flowers that had no benefits in refining.

They did not have the money to buy these flowers either. Even if they could afford it, they would not spend their money on something which could only be used as an ornament.

After the deal of the purple epiphyllum had been completed, Nestor started to introduce the next lot.

"The second item is a spiritual weapon. Now, the Shura Battlefield is about to reopen. If you are armed with a spiritual weapon on the battlefield, you would feel it is easier to fight with Ogres and other monsters. This weapon is called the Heaven-shaking Dagger-axe. Though it has a rough shape, it is made of purple jade. The Heaven-shaking Dagger-axe is ranked as a low-level spiritual weapon, but its power is similar to that of a middle-level spiritual weapon. The base price is 2000 cubic crystals. You can start to bid now."

'Two thousand cubic crystals? That is not so expensive!' Zen thought. He was a little interested in this spiritual weapon.

This Heaven-shaking Dagger-axe was a low-level spiritual weapon. Zen did not care much about its power. Instead, he wondered about the iron essence he could obtain from such a weapon after refining it.

He knew that a top-grade mysterious weapon usually generated five or ten drops of iron essence. Since a spiritual weapon was a level higher than a mysterious weapon, maybe it would generate 50 drops of iron essence, or, perhaps even 100 drops.

On thinking of this possibility, Zen became excited. He wanted to bid.

As long as he could light up one dragon scale, his strength would grow. If ten dragon scales were lit at the same time, his strength would be doubled in a short period. Such an increase was definitely a significant improvement for him.

If possible, Zen planned to participate in the auction for this spiritual weapon.

But the bid price increased so much that he abandoned his plan.

"Two thousand and five hundred cubic crystals," one refiner shouted excitedly.

"Two thousand and seven hundred," said another.

"Three thousand cubic crystals!"

Even though the Heaven-shaking Dagger-axe had a powerful name and it was indeed a spiritual weapon, its shape was rough and heavy. Zen had thought that the bid would not be competitive. However, to his surprise, many refiners were interested in this weapon, and the price shot up in a short time.

Chapter 148 The Weapon Refining Principle

In the end, the Heaven-shaking Dagger-axe sold for as much as five thousand cubic crystals.

Zen curled his lips but did not regret that it had fallen into someone else's hands.

He knew that he could buy another inferior spiritual weapon from the market at a much lower price. Anyway, what he cared about was the iron essence contained in spiritual weapons, not their power.

Nestor soon auctioned off several more items.

Suddenly, Nestor's tone changed. "The next item to be auctioned is the halftime grand finale of today's auction. As you all know, two years ago, Chase, our weapon refining guru in the Imperial Capital, passed away. This is a significant loss for our whole empire. Fortunately, Chase had many disciples, and some of them have taken over his mantle," Nestor said grimly. "Next up for auction is Chase's Weapon Refining Principle. It is said that Chase kept it a secret. If someone wants to make an impact in weapon refining, with this book in hand, you can get Chase's knowledge and achieve great progress!"

As soon as Nestor finished speaking, the crowd simmered with excitement.

There were three weapon refining gurus in the Burning Sky Empire, but none of them could compare with Chase.

Chase kept the Weapon Refining Principle a secret presumably recording his experience and skills in weapon refining.

Every noble clan dreamed of owning a top weapon refiner.

But weapon refiners were not easy to hire.

The noble Wang family had employed one of the three weapon refining gurus, another had been employed by Cloud Sect and the third by the

Burning Sky Palace. It was hard to hire them, no matter how much the clans offered.

Therefore, if a family produced a weapon refining guru, it would benefit the whole family.

Everybody knew that even if they got the Weapon Refining Principle, they would not necessarily become a weapon refining guru. After all, Chase had taught many disciples, and so did his disciples, but they all failed to produce a guru. Yet, none of the noble clans were willing to give up this rare chance.

"The Weapon Refining Principle belonged to our teacher. Please return it to us!"

"It's our teacher's relic. You can't auction it at will!" eight people objected.

They were dressed similarly in long red robes with a small furnace embroidered on their chests.

Most people in the auction house recognized the furnace on their clothes and knew where they had come from.

It turned out that Chase had set up a school, Magical Refining School, which recruited disciples and nurtured them into weapon refiners. The furnace was the emblem of the Magical Refining School.

Over the years, although the Magical Refining School had never created a guru in weapon refining, it had trained a lot of weapon refiners. These weapon refiners had tremendous talent, and had been employed by noble clans. They were also a force to be reckoned with in the empire.

No one expected the disciples from Magical Refining School to make trouble at the auction house today.

"How can this book be yours when it is being auctioned at the auction house?"

"How funny! You guys didn't take good care of Chase's belongings. Now it has come here to be auctioned. How dare you prevent the auction?"

retorted several noblemen who had wanted to bid for the book.

"We don't care about that. We only know that the Weapon Refining Principle belonged to our late teacher, and now we are going to get it back!" The leader of the group of disciples pointed to Nestor and snarled, "You, Blessed Auction House, give us back the Weapon Refining Principle!"

At the moment, Nestor, who was always smiling, simmered in anger. "Since our Blessed Auction House was established, we have made it a rule not to ask about the provenance of items for sale. We will auction this book for whoever gave it to us. It is impossible for you to reclaim it!" he snarled.

The disciples of the Magical Refining School were incensed at what he said, and their leader threatened, "In that case, we shall have to offend your auction house!" Then they tried to rush onto the platform and snatch the book.

"Offend our auction house? Humph, you're not strong enough to offend our Blessed Auction House!" Nestor retorted haughtily. When he waved his hand, two men emerged from each side of the platform.

Although they were dressed as ordinary guards, no one present dared to look down upon them. They were at the ninth grade of the nature level!

With a wink at the two men, Nestor ordered curtly, "Teach them a lesson, and throw them out!"

The two guards nodded and like wolves in a flock of sheep, fought the disciples of the Magical Refining School.

The eight disciples were nature creatures, but as weapon refiners, their life vitality was a variety of weapon refining fire...

In terms of weapon refining, they were experts. But when it came to fighting, they were no match for the two guards.

In the twinkling of an eye, the sound of flesh meeting flesh filled the salesroom. The guards had knocked out the disciples with the power of their slap. When the eight disciples lay on the ground, motionless, many servants entered and carried them out. Soon the site was cleaned up, and order was restored in the salesroom.

After that, Nestor placed a casket on the table and solemnly said, "I'm sorry that the auction was rudely interrupted. Now we will proceed with the auctioning of the Weapon Refining Principle. Starting price is 5, 000 cubic crystals. Now, bid freely!"

As soon as he had finished speaking, someone raised the price. "6, 000 cubic crystals," said a bored voice.

The price went up a thousand at a time. The crowd looked curiously at the bidder.

In one corner sat a young man dressed in silk. He casually leant against a young woman's lap, looking rather tired.

When they saw the Eight Diagrams embroidered on the chest of the young man's clothes, they realized that the young man was from the Zhuge family. Some people even recognized that he was Fren Zhuge, the third Young Master of the Zhuge family.

Fren was known as the loony. He was a cunning, devilish, and ill-tempered man. Everyone wondered why he was bidding for the Weapon Refining Principle.

Frankly, many people were reluctant to bid against Fren because he was utterly unreasonable. Should he be offended, it would cause considerable trouble for the other party.

"6, 100 cubic crystals," shouted an old man. For some people, the Weapon Refining Principle was a must-have. They couldn't make any concession.

"7, 000!" Fren's lazy voice rose again.

"8, 000!" Another person joined in the bidding.

"9, 000!"

"12, 000!"

"14, 000!"

The Weapon Refining Principle contained only a few sheets of paper. But its price kept rising during the auction.

When its cost climbed to nearly 20, 000 cubic crystals, most people gave up.

Only the old man, who competed with Fren in the first place, and Fren were still making offers.

"20, 000!" This time, Fren had raised the price by 6, 000 cubic crystals!

Hearing Fren's offer, the old man winced and shook his head. It was not that he was willing to give up the book, but that he could not afford any more cubic crystals.

Not many people in the world could afford 20, 000 cubic crystals at one time.

Glancing at the old man's dejected look, Fren gave a wry smile. The old man had followed behind Fren's offer like plaster to raise the price, until Fren raised his bid by six thousand!

"Anyone else wants to make a higher bid?" inquired Nestor from the platform. "If not, Mr. Zhuge will win the Weapon Refining Principle!"

Just then a voice came from one of the wings.

"I'll pay 20, 100!" The speaker was Zen.

He joined the bidding with an astronomical figure, which shocked Sean and Nory.

"Zen, are you crazy?"

"Do you have that many cubic crystals?"

Nory and Sean whispered anxiously, their foreheads sweating.

They had asked Wurth to bring them to the auction house today just for fun.

The items auctioned were worth at least hundreds or thousands of cubic crystals, which was impossible for an ordinary outer disciple to afford.

That was why Nory and Sean were both pretty shaken up when Zen quoted 20, 100.

Casual bidding was not allowed at an auction. If a bidder won something in a bid, but could not afford it... The result was no joke!

MoboReader

Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 149 Heavenly Essence (Part One)

Zen did not have enough cubic crystals.

However, Zen had learned from Wurth that if he desired an item, he could join in the bidding. As long as the quoted price was not higher than the cubic crystals he would earn for the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion, Zen could afford to bid.

Thus, when Zen saw the Weapon Refining Principle, he bid against Fren even though the other bidders had ceased.

20, 100 cubic crystals!

If this had happened before the incident on Hell Mountain, Zen would have been reluctant to spend thousands of cubic crystals buying the Weapon Refining Principle. On the contrary, he would have saved these cubic crystals to exchange for points at Cloud Sect.

However, after the battle on Hell Mountain, Zen had realized how large the skill gap was between him and Vale.

If he wanted to narrow this difference, Zen had to improve in every aspect.

Not just his strength!

If Zen could learn how to refine weapons, or even become a master of weapon refining, his request to visit or save Yan might not be denied!

Admittedly, there were no guarantees that buying and reading the Weapon Refining Principle would help Zen become a weapon refiner. However, Zen did not have many choices. He had to persist with his plan.

Since learning from the Weapon Refining Principle would give him an advantage, Zen was determined to buy it.

"Rest assured, Nory and Sean. I have enough cubic crystals," said Zen with a smile.

Nory's and Sean's foreheads creased as they wondered how Zen had accumulated tens of thousands of cubic crystals. But when they thought of Zen's cautious personality, they relaxed slightly.

Many people darted a curious glance in Zen's direction when they heard him bid against Fren.

Astonishment reflected on their faces when they saw that Zen was just a teenager. What surprised them, even more, was that he was only an outer disciple at Cloud Sect.

Twenty thousand cubic crystals was a significant amount of wealth anywhere.

The average family could not put up so much money. The boy with a white robe was a half-step into the nature level. Did he belong to a noble clan?

Some people whispered and speculated about Zen's identity.

Fren shot Zen a sideways glance and called out, "Twenty-one thousand!"

Several leaders within the Zhuge Clan had asked Fren to buy the book at any cost as it contained detailed knowledge of Chase's work. The Weapon Refining Principle also contained Chase's secrets, especially those related to weapon refining. Thus, attaining the Weapon Refining Principle was of utmost importance to the Zhuge Clan.

In fact, from Fren's point of view, spending more than twenty thousand cubic crystals on a weapon refining handbook was unreasonable, but he had to obey the order.

Though he had a calm look, he was furious at Zen for increasing the price.

Since Fren had an ulterior motive to buy the book, he could not express his anger at Zen's actions. Otherwise, his true purpose for securing the book would be revealed to all the bidding opponents and they would be spurred to compete with him to the end. It would not be cost-effective, even though he would buy it, regardless of the price. After all, the auction was, in essence, a psychological game.

It seemed that Fren's bid had been random, but it had been his strategy.

"Twenty-one thousand and one hundred cubic crystals," Zen continued to raise his bid.

Zen's voice was fairly steady, emotionless, and confident.

At present, Fren realized that he was in trouble as it seemed that Zen was going to bid to the end.

The trouble came not only from the boy but also from the other opponents.

Although Fren always behaved crazily and ridiculously, those who knew him well understood that madness was just his disguise.

If Fren continued to compete with Zen, the price of the Weapon Refining Principle would rise too high, and it would arouse the interest of other noble clans. That was not what Fren wanted.

"Twenty-one thousand and one hundred cubic crystals!" shouted Nestor. "Is there a higher bid?"

"Twenty-two thousand," Fren called out again, stroking the face of the young woman beside him. "Vivan, get that kid to shut up!"

Vivan stood and nodded in understanding. Her slim waist swayed seductively as she made her way toward Zen's room.

"Twenty-two thousand and one hundred!"

Zen raised the bid by a hundred cubic crystals just as a beautiful woman appeared at the door of his room.

The beauty smiled as she leaned against the door. Once she had Zen's attention, she said, "Hey boy, could I talk with you?"

Nory and Sean were hot-blooded youths. Thus, their hearts beat faster when they saw the enchanting Vivan.

However, Zen turned his head and asked Vivan calmly, "What do you want?"

"My master asked me to tell you to give up the bidding," said Vivan, staring straight at Zen.

Zen returned her smile as he asked, "Why should I give up?"

"Because my master wants you to," said Vivan. Malicious intent twinkled in her brown eyes.

What arrogance!

Zen's forehead wrinkled when he heard what Vivan said. Since entering Cloud Sect, Zen had met many arrogant people. He sneered at Vivan, "Your master? Who is he?"

"My master's surname is Zhuge," replied Vivan proudly. The Zhuge Clan was renowned in the Burning Sky Empire, so Vivan thought that Zen would change his mind after learning that Fren came from the Zhuge Clan.

"Zhuge?" murmured Zen. Then his face darkened. From Hell Mountain to the south of the empire, he had clashed with members of the Zhuge Clan many times. They were like annoying leeches that kept clinging to him!

"Yes, my master is Fren Zhuge. I believe you have heard of him. So, please do not bid again, or you will get into trouble," said Vivan, with a smirk playing at the corners of her mouth.

Chapter 150 Heavenly Essence (Part Two)

"Oh! Fren Zhuge!" Zen nodded and repeated, "Is he the one who is usually called the Loony Fren?"

Vivan grinned, "It seems that you have heard of my master's nickname..."

"Just tell him to die," replied Zen as he sneered at Vivan in disgust.

At the moment, Vivan stood on the spot stiffly with a fixed grin. She had thought that Zen would comply with her request after learning of her master's identity. She hadn't expected Zen to refuse so firmly.

Zen dared to speak so haughtily, implying that he was not afraid of Fren at all.

A hint of life vitality scattered out from Vivan's hair...

Vivan's straight hair curled and surged like the waves of the sea. Then they rose in spirals to form five cones. In the next instant, they pointed at Zen, like five spinning drilling bits. She threatened, "Anyone who has dared to offend my master has died. Do you want to die as well?"

Zen smiled, pointed to the auction hall, and cautioned, "Huh, do you want to fight me now? You'd better take a look around and see where you are."

The dispute in the room immediately drew the attention of the people in the auction house.

Noticing the strange situation, a few guards of the Zhang Clan approached Zen's room. Blessed Auction House was obliged to keep its customers safe, and fighting was absolutely prohibited in the auction house.

Vivan glanced at the guards and recalled her life vitality. She snorted and turned to leave the room.

Gazing at her receding figure, Zen smirked and shouted, "Twenty-four thousand and one hundred!"

Hearing Zen's bid and seeing Vivan's livid face, Fren knew that Zen had not taken his threat seriously.

"What did the boy say?" asked Fren with a smile.

Depressed, Vivan said, "He said you should go die!"

"Ugh!" Fren didn't seem angry when he heard Vivian. He reached out with one hand, touched Vivan's face, and said, "How dare he speak like that? I haven't been in such a situation for a long time! In that case, I'll quit the bidding!"

Vivan's eyes widened when she heard Fren. She asked, "Why do you quit, master? Are you afraid of that kid?"

Fren shrugged and explained, "If I continue to bid, the older members from other noble clans might not keep out of the affair. If they own the Weapon Refining Principle, I will not be able to get it back. It's better to give up now. If the boy obtains the book, all I need to do is to grab it from him."

A smile appeared on Vivan's face as she understood Fren's scheme.

Indeed, it would be impossible to take the Weapon Refining Principle from Zen when he was in the Blessed Auction House. But Zen would leave the auction house eventually and then, Fren would get his chance. Since Zen was wearing the outer disciple robe of Cloud Sect, it would not be difficult to learn his identity either. It would be easier to snatch the book from Zen at Cloud Sect.

Since Fren stopped bidding, no one competed with Zen for the Weapon Refining Principle, and Zen won it eventually.

However, according to the rules, Zen must offer enough cubic crystals to take ownership of the Weapon Refining Principle. Since Zen's crystal core of the fire scorpion lion had not been auctioned, he didn't have the crystals needed to complete the purchase.

From the platform, Nestor announced, "Well, just now we had a little trouble with the Weapon Refining Principle. Anyway, we have sold it at a good price. We still have two treasures to auction. Initially, they were supposed to be the finales of the auction, but now, we have decided to sell them in advance! The floor price of these two objects is far higher than that of the Weapon Refining Principle. But I believe you will be very interested in them!"

After Nestor finished speaking, he took out a small jade bottle.

He shook the bottle with his right hand, and at the same time, a thread of life vitality came out from his left hand and floated to the mouth of the bottle.

Then, a few small particles spread out from the mouth of the jade bottle, one drop after another, just like tiny droplets of water, but with a metallic luster.

"Here are fifty drops of heavenly essence! The base price is twenty thousand cubic crystals. You can start bidding now!" Nestor waved his left hand, utilizing his life vitality to disperse the drops of heavenly essence in the air so that everyone in the auction house could see them clearly.

"Wow!"

The bidders' enthusiasm was aroused, and they began talking animatedly.

When added to weapons, the heavenly essence would increase their grade by one level.

For example, if the heavenly essence were added to a mid-grade spiritual weapon, it would be elevated to the top grade.

However, heavenly essence was extremely rare, and so far, people did not know how to obtain it in larger quantities. Whenever heavenly essence appeared, the owners would add it into their weapons immediately.

It was said that heavenly essence was the key base of all the mysterious, spiritual, and even fairy weapons!

The reason why these weapons had tremendous power was that weapon refiners blended the weapons with a glimmer of Heavenly Law during the process of refining. Heavenly essence contained pure Heavenly Law in very high concentrations!

It was rumored that even a low-grade mysterious weapon could have a little bit of heavenly essence, but so far, no one had been able to extract any.

Zen was stunned when he saw the heavenly essence. As the droplets danced in the air, shimmering under the light, his jaw dropped to the ground. His heart beat faster as he stared at the silver particles floating in the air.

Weren't these tiny substances the same as the iron essence that was produced by the black fire that melted mysterious weapons?

Chapter 151 Got Tremendous Wealth

Zen was confused about the silver particles.

Curious, Zen tried to look them up in the weapon refining methods left by Evil Lan, but he got nothing about them.

Zen assumed if Evil Lan were a better weapon refiner, he would have written about it in his weapon refining methods.

In C County, Evil Lan had been regarded as a superior weapon refiner, but compared with the refiners in Imperial Capital, he was just so so.

So many people in the auction house desired to get the heavenly essence, which got Zen further perplexed by what it was and its purpose.

Were these silver droplets really so valuable?

"23, 000 cubic crystals! I will take the heavenly essence!" An old man cried out. His hair was white, but his ruddy face gave him an energetic appearance.

"Aha, Huang! You cannot have sole ownership of these heavenly essence drops. I offer a price of 25, 000 cubic crystals!" A muffled voice came from an old man with a black face.

The old man with the ruddy face frowned and said, "Joah Yu, I shall get the heavenly essence. So don't compete with me today!"

The two men stood and glared at each other, which lent tension to the atmosphere in the auction house.

In the room, Nory said, "As to these two old men, one's surname is Huang, and the other is Yu. so one must come from the Huang Clan, and the other must be from the Yu Clan. Both clans enjoy a high reputation in Imperial Capital as they are listed among the seven prestigious noble clans. Since they are both determined to buy the heavenly essence, you can expect the final price to be unrealistically high."

Money wasn't a problem for any member of the top seven noble clans.

The two old men seemed to be venerable with high prestige in the noble clans. Thus, they could scramble for the heavenly essence at any cost if they really wanted to do so.

However, although the Huang Clan and the Yu Clan were prominent, other more powerful clans were also present at the auction.

Apart from these two old men, many people were unwilling to give up the opportunity to acquire the heavenly essence.

At that time, Zen gaped at the auction block.

"What is the heavenly essence? Why is it so valuable? Why do so many people want to get it?" Zen asked.

Nory laughed and said, "I have often considered that you were knowledgeable enough to know everything. But now, you seem somewhat ignorant as you don't know what heavenly essence is!"

Zen shook his head. Although he had read some books on weapon refining, he had never come across any mention of heavenly essence. The first time that he saw it was when the black fire in his head refined the weapon.

To show off his knowledge, Nory cleared his throat and said, "Several years ago, some people discovered heavenly essence. But do you know how weapon refiners can make mysterious weapons, spiritual weapons, and even fairy weapons? That is because when they are refining, they put some heavenly essence into the weapons. In other words, the more powerful the weapon is, the more heavenly essence it contains!"

So that was it.......?

Zen seemed to understand.

The iron essence Zen had swallowed could be related to heavenly essence.

The scales of the cyan dragon mold in his head could be brightened as soon as he swallowed the heavenly essence.

There were 5 to 6 droplets of heavenly essence in a good quality mysterious weapon. So to some extent, heavenly essence shouldn't be so valuable. Why did such a little bottle of heavenly essence cost tens of thousands of cubic crystals? What was more, the final price of the transaction seemed to be much higher!

Zen questioned.

Nory smiled and said, "Yes, it's true. Normally, all known weapons and even the low-grade ones contain heavenly essence. But no one can extract heavenly essence from any weapon. People have tried all sorts of ways including burning and breaking weapons down. And that is why, once heavenly essence appears, several people will clamor to buy it. And that's why the price goes higher and higher......."

"Since no one can extract it, how come it is here at the auction?" Zen asked, pointing at the heavenly essence in Nestor's hand.

Nory shrugged his shoulders and said, "I don't know. Perhaps some people are lucky enough to find heavenly essence by chance!"

As Zen learned more about heavenly essence from Nory, the price of the heavenly essence at the auction soared!

The basic price had been 20, 000 cubic crystals. However, it had now risen to 80, 000!

More than 100, 000 cubic crystals was a significant spend even for a big noble clan.

However, the two old men showed no intention of stopping. Instead, they became more determined to bid for the heavenly essence. Furthermore, other people tried to bid with them now and then.

Finally, the 50 droplets of heavenly essence were taken by Mr. Huang from the Huang Clan at a price of 120, 000 cubic crystals.

120, 000 cubic crystals could buy 50 droplets of heavenly essence.......

Zen began thinking.

It cost about 100 cubic crystals to buy a top-grade mysterious weapon. Only about 5 droplets of heavenly essence could be extracted from a top-grade mysterious weapon.

10 top-grade mysterious weapons would cost 1, 000 cubic crystals. From these, 50 droplets of heavenly essence could be refined.

If the cyan dragon could consume the 50 droplets of heavenly essence, 10 dragon scales would be lit up.

But if the 50 droplets of heavenly essence were sold then 100, 000 cubic crystals would be earned.

For Zen, it would be a harmless transaction, which could bring him tremendous wealth.

If everything went smoothly, Zen could possess considerable wealth in a short time, and the cubic crystals could be exchanged for enough points to save Yan.

For a moment, Zen was so excited that he was in no mood to pay attention to what was happening at the auction. It was not until Nestor took out the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion did Zen realize that it was time for his object to go under the hammer.

The crystal core of the fire scorpion lion was placed for sale after the heavenly essence. That indicated that the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion was much more valuable than the heavenly essence.

That was true.

The auction room became unusually crowded the moment the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion was brought out.

Compared with the heavenly essence, people seemed to be more interested in the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion. After all, there had been no mature crystal core of the fire scorpion lion for many years in the market.

However, the final hammer price of the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion was a little disappointing for Zen. Although it sold for 70, 000 cubic crystals, which was higher than the basic price Nestor had quoted, the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion was sold at a rate much cheaper than the heavenly essence.

That was because the Huang Clan had bought the heavenly essence, and Mr. Huang had already spent a significant amount on the heavenly essence. So he didn't bid for the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion. Mr. Yu from the Yu Clan had bought the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion.

'70, 000 cubic crystals is enough! Deducting the commission given to the Blessed Auction House and the cost of the book, Weapon Refining Principle, I can get about 40, 000 cubic crystals and more importantly, I have learned the function of the heavenly essence!'

As Zen was thinking about that, the auction at the Blessed Auction House ended

And the people there began to leave quickly.

The only people still at the auction house were the ones who stayed to change their money into the goods for which they had bid.

When Zen just stood, he saw a young man dressed in silk walking toward him with a smile. Beside the young man was the charming woman who had visited Zen in his room.

Zen understood that the man was Fren, who was always ready to trouble him and had even tried to hire people to kill him!

Fren gestured at Zen and then grinned wickedly.

Without any fear, Zen pointed at Fren and sneered.

Tit for tat!

The people who saw this scene could only sigh silently.

If the two men were at the same level, their hostility toward each other could be regarded as tit for tat.

However, the man in the room was only a half-step into the nature level! What made him so arrogant? He dared to confront Fren! Was he crazy?

Or did he have a powerful backer?

Somehow, Fren was a little confused......

This was supposed to be his first time meeting Zen.

Even if Fren was being unreasonable, why did Zen think he could do the same? After all, Fren was more powerful than Zen! Fren couldn't figure it out.

At that moment, a servant dressed in the uniform of Fren's clan came up.

"I asked you to investigate. Did you get the result?" Fren asked.

"My young master, the boy's name is Zen Luo."

Chapter 152 So Insane (Part One)

"Zen Luo? So it is him."

Fren was very impressed with this name.

As per his memory, this guy knocked his brother, Chad out of the Blooded Test.

After being eliminated from the Blooded Test, Chad begged him to get rid of Zen Luo.

Since Fren wouldn't deal with a weak opponent who was at the organ refining level personally, he commanded Thomas, a loyal servant, to be in charge of that.

It was beyond Fren's expectation that Thomas would fail. Instead, he was taught a lesson by Zen, and he complained tearfully upon his return.

By that time, to Fren, Zen was just like a clown who was beneath his notice. He wouldn't bother spending more time dealing with Zen. It wasn't until Liam from Drizzle Peak came to him that Fren sent White Fiend and Black Fiend to the south to kill Zen.

He never thought that Liam, White Fiend and Black Fiend would die in the south.

A few days later, Zen was at the auction house and making trouble for Fren!

Thinking of this, the smile on Fren's face became more intense.

He followed the aisle of the auction house and sauntered toward the wing.

Many people in the auction house saw this scene. Suddenly they were filled with apprehension.

Fren was notorious in the Imperial Capital.

He was crazy, arrogant, and not afraid of anything. If he caused mischief here, the Zhang Clan would be in trouble.

At this moment, Wurth headed toward Zen's room with his people.

Zhang's servants had reported to him about the dispute between Zen and Fren. And Wurth knew that Zen had previously quarreled with Fren's servant and offended Fren at Drizzle Peak. That was why he?gathered his people and rushed over. He took the initiative to stop in front of Fren.

"Fren!" greeted Wurth with a big smile on his face as usual.

No one would slap Wurth, as it was very hard to be angry when Wurth smiled.

Fren tapped his fingers on his head as though he was thinking. He pretended that he needed time to figure out the identity of the man in front of him. And then he pointed to Wurth and asked, "You are... the second child of the Zhang Clan. Is Wick your elder brother?"

Wurth nodded and answered, "Yes, my brother is walking the guests out. He is not available right now."

Just as Wurth finished, Fren suddenly stepped forward and embraced Wurth's fat body tightly!

The people in the auction house were stunned for a while. Even the two guards who followed Wurth blushed with embarrassment. They?didn't know how to deal with such a situation.

They were bound to protect Wurth, but they feared Fren. They didn't know if they should separate the two noble clansmen. So they consoled themselves by thinking that Fren did not want to hurt Wurth. After all, it was a sudden hug. Their master should be fine.

It was said that Fren was flaky. In fact, that was true. Otherwise, his nickname 'Fren the loony' would be unfounded.

Fren did not do anything out of the ordinary to Wurth. He just patted Wurth on the shoulder and whispered into Wurth's ear, "Take it easy. I am not looking for a fight in your territory for the sake of your family and your brother. But there is something that I want to say to the little guy up there. Could you please step aside?"

Wurth's forehead was sweaty. He knew of Fren's reputation and power. There was a very real possibility that Wurth would die if Fren used a little strength. He became apprehensive and could do nothing except nod stiffly and step aside. After all, Fren had asked politely.

Then Fren released Wurth and patted him on the shoulder again. He bypassed Wurth and continued to walk toward the room. Soon, he reached Zen.

Zen stayed on guard. His demonic life energy started to surge inside him slowly. Then it began spreading along the muscles and vessels in his body. Soon it gained momentum and Zen felt ready to fight.

"You are Zen Luo?" asked Fren with a smile as he stopped in front of Zen.

Zen nodded calmly, and his expression was serene as he answered, "Yes. What do you want?"

"I heard that you hurt my servant and killed White Fiend and Black Fiend," said Fren.

"Your servant offended me. I just taught him an unforgettable lesson. And White Fiend and Black Fiend were trying to take my life. I simply returned the favor. They deserved that," replied Zen.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Fren clapped his hands. Since most people had left the auction house and the rest were silently watching the situation, Fren's claps sounded harsher, and the scene became weirder.

"You have some nerve. Did you say that you want me to die? Very well. I haven't seen such a courageous man like you for a long time!" Fren grinned. Then he continued, "But generally speaking, a man of your courage would die for his actions!"

Fren's favorite attack method was to exert pressure on his opponent in spirit so that he could mercilessly torture his opponent. According to Fren's research, Zen was a low-born commoner with no strong background. And Fren had already thought of a thousand different ways to kill him.

But compared with inflicting physical injury on his opponent, Fren preferred spiritual torment. This was Fren's usual technique.

"Oh, really?" said Zen as his lips lifted into a sneer. "Although you like to threaten people in your mad and arrogant way, I have heard countless threats like yours in my life. Do you really think that you are creative enough? What a cliche!"

Hearing what Zen said, the smile on Fren's face froze.

Zen added, "If you want my life, just come up and get it. You and your family are nothing in my eyes. Please, save your threats. By the way, the Weapon Refining Principle is in my hands now. I will surely commit every single word to memory and then burn it to ashes. If you expect to to take it from me, you can try to open my head and see if you can find the contents of the book!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 153 So Insane (Part Two)

Fren never thought that Zen could be so strong-willed.

In other words, did he not have the courage of a lion? He was completely supercilious!

The Zhuge Clan was one of the top seven noble clans of the Burning Sky Empire. The family had remained in power from the beginning of the Burning Sky Empire!

He didn't even blink his eyes upon hearing about the Zhuge Clan. If Fren's family's reputation could not cause him the slightest apprehension, then what else could?

Fren had always boasted of his demented nature. However, his attitude was based on the powerful background of his family.

Compared with Zen, the difference was not just a little bit.

Zen was such a man of hubris!

Embarrassment was what Fren felt right now.

Deep in Fren's heart, he desired to tear Zen to pieces!

He could have done that.

But if he killed someone in the Blessed Auction House, it might anger the Zhang Clan. His family could, however, bear the consequences.

As was known to all, there was never a dead enemy between two noble clans. And if a dispute occurred between the Zhuge Clan and the Zhang Clan, the Zhuge Clan could settle this matter by giving a bit of profit to the Zhang Clan.

He had made a mistake when he had shown respect for the Zhang Clan and promised not to hurt Zen here. 'Damn it. I shouldn't have said that, ' Fren regretted. He was overconfident and thought that he could threaten the low-born Zen...

It would not be appropriate to kill Zen now as he said that he wouldn't hurt Zen here.

The evil smile on Fren's face disappeared. He stared at Zen with livid disbelief.

"As an outer disciple, what makes you think you are capable of offending the Zhuge Clan? How dare you!" Vivan, who was standing behind Fren, could not stay silent anymore. She had never seen this kind of expression on Fren's face. He seemed unusually angry. And the person who had angered him was an outer disciple who was only a half-step into the nature level!

"Forget it, Vivan!" shouted Fren?as he turned and glared at Vivan.

"But Fren..." Vivan tried to crucify Zen. She was not reconciled.

"Let's go!" said Fren in a low but harsh voice as he interrupted Vivan. Then he turned and walked away. He was too embarrassed to stay.

Vivan didn't dare to contradict Fren. She glared at Zen as if she would devour him. Then she followed Fren out of the auction house.

It was not until Fren and Vivian had left the Blessed Auction House that Wurth, Nory, Sean, and other people came around.

"Zen, you are the boss! That was awesome!" exclaimed Nory?and Sean in unison.

Seeing that Vivan had come to warn Zen on Fren's behalf, they had become very nervous and were ready to fight back. But again, Zen surprised them. He was even more arrogant! Despite Fren's family background, Zen had treated Fren anyway that pleased him! He told Fren to die! And now he had embarrassed Fren. Zen was really brave.

Wurth said with a huge grin, "I have never seen Fren be humiliated before. He's the one who bullies people. Zen, you are the first one to bully him!"

Wurth never showed off. As a member of the Zhang Clan, his knowledge and information were much more profound than Nory's and Sean's. The fact that the Zhang Clan had been able to develop under the pressure of the top seven noble clans proved their incomparable strength. So Wurth saw more thoroughly.

"Fren walked away speechless. I'm afraid that Fren was really angry this time," said Wurth. "Zen, you made him that angry. Aren't you afraid that he..."

Zen, however, said with a smile, "Wurth, if I feigned to be weak and humble, would he spare me?"

Wurth froze and thought for a while before he said, "You are right. Even if you had been nice to him, he would not let it pass easily."

"Now that the consequence is the same, why should I be afraid of him?" said Zen as he raised his eyebrow gently. Cruel intent reflected in his eyes.

He knew that dealing with such an enemy was just like dealing with a cunning wolf. A person had to be more ruthless and crazy than his opponent to seize the chance of victory. If a person showed the slightest hint of retreat, the enemy would tear him to pieces.

"Very good point! Unbelievable!"

When Zen and his friends turned toward the voice, they saw a man enter through the door of the auction house. He was eight feet tall, had a stalwart figure, and walked with an air. He looked like Wurth, but he was not as fat as Wurth.

The man ambled toward them, then said to Wurth, "Wurth, is he your friend?"

"His name is Zen. He is also a disciple at Drizzle Peak," replied Wurth as he introduced his brother to Zen. "Zen, this is my elder brother, Wick Zhang."

Zen didn't feel the need to patronize Wick because of his family's reputation. But he was Wurth's brother. And so, Zen decided to be polite to him. He bowed to Wick.

"You are the first one to embarrass Fren!" Wick said with a smile, "Wurth, you've got a great friend!"

"Thank you, Wick. I appreciate it! If there were another way, I would not mess with Fren," said Zen as he shook his head.

"You are welcome. I am only a few years older than you, so I am not that old. No need to bow to me," Wick said with a smile. "Zen, the item you bought has not been delivered yet. Please follow me. I will hand over the cubic crystals and the Weapon Refining Principle."

Wick looked honest and straightforward. But he was physically strong and seemed highly intelligent. Although he admired Zen for what he did to Fren today, he did not speak much about it. Zen?was Wurth's friend. However, it was unrealistic to support Zen against Fren. He needed to keep his family's interests in mind first.

The Zhang Clan was running family business, not charity. It would be a significant loss if Wick also supported Zen.

But as members of the Zhang Clan, Wurth and Wick were extraordinarily wise.

They were very optimistic about Zen's future. If Zen were capable of beating Fren, his future would be bright! And they would be happy to see that.

Chapter 154 The Golden Wind Restaurant

It was no coincidence that the Zhang Clan had been able to acquire prestige equivalent to that of the top seven noble clans in the Burning Sky Empire relying on their wealth.

The Zhang's were not only good at investing in business, but they also knew how to invest in talent.

As wealthy businessmen with a civilian background, they preferred to invest in a civilian genius like Zen.

Therefore, although they wouldn't help Zen in his dispute with Fren Zhuge, they would support Zen secretly.

"As a rule, our Blessed Auction House gets ten percent commission from the proceeds of an auction," Wick Zhang informed Zen. "But you are Wurth's friend. So we've decided not to charge any commission from the sale of your item."

"No, that's not appropriate," Zen politely rejected Wick's generosity. Ten percent of Zen's earnings from the auction was not a small amount. However, Zen didn't want to be indebted to others.

"If you refuse, that implies that you don't regard me as a friend," Wick Zhang persisted. The Zhang Clan didn't offer Zen much support during his confrontation with Fren Zhuge a few minutes ago. So Wick Zhang decided to give Zen this favor.

Now that Wick Zhang was insisting, Zen felt as though he had no choice but to accept and express his gratitude.

"Schlik!" When Wick Zhang opened the door curtain of the back hall, a big heap of cubic crystals appeared in front of them. "Zen, the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion sold at a high price of 70, 000 cubic crystals. After deducting 25, 000 cubic crystals for the Weapon Refining Principle that you bought, you still have 45, 000 cubic crystals left," Wick explained.

Nory and Sean were dumbfounded when they saw the cubic crystals shining brilliantly under the lights.

"Z... Zen, that fire scorpion lion's crystal core was yours?" Nory stuttered in amazement. Nory and Sean now understood why Zen had the confidence to participate in the auction of the Weapon Refining Principle. Zen turned out to be a potential millionaire!

"Oh my god! I've never seen so many cubic crystals in my life," Sean also murmured. Since all three young men were of civilian origin, they didn't have much money.

Although they were outer disciples of Drizzle Peak at Cloud Sect, the gaps among them were tremendous. It was surprising that Zen had been able to earn so many points not long after joining Cloud Sect.

However, Zen didn't know what to do with so many cubic crystals. Although he had a space ring, yet its space was not much. It would be impossible to put all the cubic crystals in the space ring.

He couldn't carry them. Even if he asked Sean and Nory to help, they wouldn't be able to take that many cubic crystals. That was just not realistic. Zen had never considered that carrying or storing the crystals would be a problem.

Seeing the embarrassed expression on Zen's face, Wurth Zhang smiled and said, "Don't worry Zen. There is no need to take these cubic crystals with you. You can have a look first, and then we'll deposit them in the Blessed Draft Bank for you."

With that, Wurth Zhang handed Zen a thin token that was mounted in a layer of shiny gold foil. Zen saw the words, Blessed Draft Bank, written on it in ancient Chinese characters.

"If you need money, you can withdraw it from the Blessed Draft Bank. We would be happy to open a draft for you should you need to make a large transaction. The credit of our bank's draft is the best in the entire empire. Besides, you could use our draft as conveniently as cubic crystals," explained Wurth Zhang.

Zen knew that the Blessed Draft Bank was the most creditworthy bank in the empire and that it had branches throughout the Eastern Region. Having understood the benefits of depositing in a bank, Zen rubbed the token with his hand before putting it into his space ring.

Soon afterward, Wick Zhang handed Zen a small brocade box and told him, "This is the Weapon Refining Principle written by Chase. Please keep it safely."

Zen opened the brocade box and saw a yellowed, tattered book.

Twenty-five thousand cubic crystals for an old book seemed like a risky investment on Zen's behalf.

Zen couldn't judge whether the Weapon Refining Principle would be useful to him or not. However, he knew he had to follow his plans, no matter the cost or the risk. He wasn't the kind of person to give up.

After receiving the Weapon Refining Principle, Zen left the auction house with his two friends, Nory and Sean. Wurth Zhang had to stay to do some inventory work, so he didn't leave with them.

Zen was satisfied with his visit to the Blessed Auction House. He had not only sold his fire scorpion lion's crystal core at an astronomical price but also acquired a precious book, the Weapon Refining Principle.

Of course, he believed his most significant gain was information.

Zen had finally gained knowledge of the iron essence. Now he knew that it was what other people referred to as heavenly essence.

When he imagined that he could extract a lot of heavenly essence from mysterious weapons and make money continuously, Zen could not help but feel excited. However, he knew his plan could not be rushed. He knew that it would be wise for him to consider all angles and plans. So he controlled the impulse.

Once they left the Blessed Auction House, Nory and Sean began to worry about Zen's safety.

After all, Fren Zhuge had threatened Zen at the auction house a short while ago.

Even though Zen was courageous, because of Fren Zhuge's superior strength, they believed their friend was in a dangerous situation.

Zen could sense what his friends were worried about. He comforted them by saying, "Don't worry. There are always ways to defuse risks. He's not the only one person who wants to see me dead. I'm still alive despite the previous attempts to take my life!"

When they saw that Zen was confident and optimistic, Nory and Sean relaxed slightly.

"Let's go have some fun," suggested Zen as they walked along the street. Since Zen came to the Imperial Capital, he hadn't explored the city.

"Good idea. Today, you have made a big fortune. You should treat us," said Nory with a smile. He certainly wouldn't miss such an excellent opportunity!

"Okay. I'm not familiar with the Imperial Capital. You lead the way. I'll cover all the expenses," replied Zen with a nod. It had been a lucky day for Zen. He smiled at the idea of celebrating.

"Well, we're going to blackmail you," Nory said to Zen. Nory looked at Sean with a sly grin, and Sean responded with a chortle.

"Of course, the Golden Wind Restaurant is the most popular place in the Imperial Capital," claimed Nory. "But it is expensive. We had better not go there," he continued.

"No, not there," Sean added, "It's too expensive for us." Saying this, Sean shook his head in feigned helplessness.

Knowing that they were playing tricks with him, Zen pointed at them and said with a smile, "If you want to go, just say so. Are you afraid that I can't afford it?"

"That's what we were waiting for, Zen." They laughed happily. "Let's go now," Nory urged as he led the way.

As they walked through the street, Zen felt the prosperity of the Imperial Capital. The sights and sounds he came across were hard to describe.

The streets were busy, and the buildings were magnificent.

After a long walk, the three young men stopped in front of a green building. The sign with bold characters said Golden Wind Restaurant.

"Is the entire building made of jade?" Zen looked up and asked. He was astonished by the luxurious and exquisite workmanship of the Golden Wind Restaurant.

Nory chuckled and answered, "Jade is soft. How can it be used to build a building?"

"But, look at this," said Zen in confusion. Although Zen was a young master born in a wealthy family in C County, he did look a little simple when facing the opulence in the Imperial Capital.

"The building is covered in a layer of jade. It's a common misconception that the whole building is made of jade," explained Nory.

"I see," Zen nodded, "Even so, the Golden Wind Restaurant is an ingenious work."

Then they climbed the emerald stairs and entered the restaurant.

As soon as they entered, a well-dressed waiter came up to greet them warmly.

As a resident of the Imperial Capital, Nory seemed to be acquainted with this kind of place. After he spoke with the waiter, the waiter took them to a room on the second floor.

The ambiance of the Golden Wind Restaurant was also as exquisite as the outer facade.

After they had been seated, Nory asked the waiter, "People say that there is no match in the world for Miss Coco's playing and singing. Is Miss Coco free today?"

"Umm..." Hesitation appeared on the waiter's face.

Miss Coco was a starring actress at the Golden Wind Restaurant. Her appearance fee was extremely high. Since the waiter had some experience, he could tell that the boys in white robes were outer disciples of Cloud Sect. Besides, they didn't look noble nor rich.

The waiter also knew from experience that some disciples from Cloud Sect visited the restaurant specifically to make trouble. Caught in a dilemma, the waiter could neither agree nor refuse.

Seeing the waiter's hesitation, Nory shrugged his shoulders and said to Zen, "It's up to you, Zen."

Zen was usually very frugal, but he was not stingy on every occasion.

"Are you afraid we can't afford the cost? Is this enough?" Zen asked the waiter. A dozen cubic crystals dropped from the space ring in Zen's hand as he spoke.

For an ordinary person, a single cubic crystal could support his family's cost for decades.

Though the Golden Wind Restaurant was expensive, the cubic crystals Zen showed were more than enough to invite the starring actress to make an appearance.

The waiter's eyes glittered when he saw the cubic crystals. Instantly, his hesitation was swept away. With a grin, the waiter said, "Please wait a moment. I'll bring Miss Coco to you." Then he bowed and left the room.

Not long after, they heard light footsteps on the stairs. A delicate fragrance filled the room even before Miss Coco appeared before the three boys.

Chapter 155 Leave My Sight

Four young maidservants followed the girl wearing a green dress. Each maid carried a musical instrument. One brought a Chinese dulcimer, and another had a four-stringed Chinese lute; one maid had a Chinese zither, while another held an erhu, which was a Chinese two-stringed musical instrument that was usually held in the lap and played with a bow.

"Please call me Coco, my honorable guests," Coco uttered softly as she bowed politely in greeting.

The soft-spoken girl in green, Coco, wore her long, ebony hair loose, and it fell on her bare alabaster shoulders. She had wide eyes that sparkled and she resembled a pure flower fairy.

This was Zen's first visit to this sort of place. Smiling, Nory waved his hand, gestured in Coco's direction and requested, "May we hear Miss Coco's lovely singing voice please?"

Nodding in acknowledgment, Coco stepped back, repositioned a chair, and sat demurely. Then she accepted the four-stringed Chinese lute from one of the maidservants and began singing a light song.

Her voice was like a nightingale's voice, modestly melodious, echoing in the private box and the ears of her contented listeners.

Several waiters served food and wine as they listened. Zen sighed in his heart. Although the Golden Wind Restaurant was pricey, the quality of service, food, and recreation offered made it worth it.

Before Coco finished singing, a rough voice of an interrupter came from the doorway.

"Are you kidding me? Yesterday, you wouldn't sing for me Coco. You told me that you had a sore throat, but, here you are, singing for them?" A large man in a black robe sauntered in, followed by a few men who were also dressed in black robes. They were all inner disciples of the Cloud Sect.

Standing next to the big man was a waiter bowing and apologizing.

Scrunching up her brows in disgust, Coco stopped singing, and stated, "Mr. Hong, yesterday I had a sore throat. Now, I have other guests. If you want to hear me sing, you will need to wait for another day!"

"Yes, Mr. Hong, Coco has guests already today. If you would come with me, please, we have other good singers," remarked the waiter while he bowed deeply in front of Bush Hong.

"Fuck you!" Bush Hong shouted angrily as he kicked the waiter to the ground and demanded, "Who gives a shit about the damn guests? I am a guest too, and I demand that Coco sings for me, now!" roared Bush, while glaring at Zen and the other guests. As he noted they were all wearing white robes, he sneered, "They are only a few outer disciples." He paused briefly and said to Zen and the others, "You guys don't mind if Coco sings for me, right?"

No one enjoyed losing face in such a public way. Nory and Sean frowned. They didn't want to give in, but, these were the Cloud Sect inner disciples. Regardless of which peak they were in, Nory and Sean didn't think they could beat them.

Zen poured a goblet of wine and sipped it, slowly. The wine was delicate with an enjoyable taste. After finishing his glass, Zen declared, "Don't you know the order? We were here first, and you were second. Therefore, if you want to hear Coco sing, you will have to choose another day."

Originally, Bush and his fellow inner disciples thought the outer disciples would be pliant. After all, the outer disciples always gave in to the inner disciples. Zen's reaction shocked them.

Guffawing, Bush retorted, "You were here first? That's bullshit! How about you talk to my fist about who was here first!"

Zen scowled, pointed to the door and commanded, "It looks like there is nothing to discuss, so, get out of my sight!"

'Get out?' Bush and his fellow disciples were astounded and doubted their hearing.

Why was this outer disciple daring to be so arrogant to inner disciples?

"Boy, you're in trouble now," stated Bush coldly while cracking his knuckles as though he would use his fists, and then life vitality was unleashed from his navel. The overwhelming amount of energy was so significant that it lifted Coco's hair.

"Oh, am I? You are the second person to threaten me today, but, you are crap compared to the first one," said Zen sneering. He haphazardly tossed his goblet on the table, and as it spun on the table, Zen vacated his seat.

No one saw Zen move, and he was in front of Bush before anyone saw him.

"Smack!"

The sound of Zen's hand as he slapped Bush across the face reverberated in the room.

It took a moment before Bush realized that he'd been slapped. His face flushed in anger, and he moved to retaliate.

"Smack!"

Came the sound and sting as Zen slapped Bush again.

"What? I'm going to kill you!" cried Bush.

"Slap!"

A third slap stopped Bush's words in his throat.

Behind Bush, the inner disciples were poised to jump into the fight.

Before any of them could unleash their life vitality, they were each punched in the chest.

While Zen's punch seemed weak, it was, in fact, mighty because Zen used demonic life energy.

Flying backward, the wind knocked out of the guys, and they slammed into the delicate second-floor guard rail before crashing to the floor in the hall.

With a blast of air, Zen was in front of Bush once again.

Bush was dazed and unaware that his comrades were outside the room on the floor. He exploded, "Beat him, brothers! Tear these outer disciples to shreds!"

Zen, Nory, and Sean smiled mockingly at Bush.

When there was no movement, Bush looked behind him. When he saw his posse was gone, his face darkened, and he finally realized that he'd run into a tough character.

Clearly, he was a bit late in realizing.

"Do you need assistance to leave, or can you find the exit on your own?" asked Zen in an icy voice.

"I, I. But, you, you..." stammered Bush.

"Thud!"

Came the sound of Zen's foot slamming into Bush's. The impact threw Bush back and down the stairs.

Sitting back down, Zen went to pour some wine, but the waiter snatched up the decanter and poured the wine, as he hastily said, "Sir, please, allow me, this is my job, here you go!"

Other employees of the Golden Wind Restaurant were happy that Zen beat Bush and his colleagues.

The small group of inner disciples were at the Golden Wind Restaurant often, which would be fine, if they kept to themselves, but, they liked to stir up trouble every time.

No one dared go against them until Zen taught them a lesson.

The waiters and Coco doubted Zen could take them.

Having lived in the imperial capital for a long time, they met many disciples from the Cloud Sect, and they were well aware of the gap in strength between inner and outer disciples from the Cloud Sect.

But, this outer disciple today?

He trounced multiple inner disciples...

How did he do that?

As puzzling as it was, they didn't dare ask Zen. It didn't really matter anyway. Zen had taught Bush and his associates a lesson. The staff believed Bush and his friends would be more polite in the future.

Sitting there and watching the whole thing, were Zen's friends, looking even more shocked.

They had seen Zen defeat nature creatures.

Not long ago, at Drizzle Peak, they had watched as Zen won battles against several of the Vulture Peak disciples, and then defeated Jesse Liu, a disciple at nature level.

But, it was difficult for Zen to defeat Jesse.

And just now, Zen had trounced several inner disciples.

The inner disciples were all nature level, but, were so weak next to Zen.

Had Zen's strength increased so much, over a few days?

Nory and Sean exchanged a glance of astonishment between each other.

How could Zen have improved his strength at such a drastic rate?

In fact, even though Zen had been half a step into nature level, the development of his strength wasn't as fast as Nory and Sean imagined.

Zen had changed purple life energy into demonic life energy.

Since there was a large gap between the second tiered method of Purple Light Fist and Heavenly Ogre Fist which was a tier five method, it led to

Zen's fantastic power.

Deep inside, Nory and Sean envied Zen because they were slower in improving, compared to Zen.

After Coco sang a few more songs, Zen and his friends were full and ready to leave.

After paying for the wine and food, Zen gave a tip of two cubic crystals to Coco.

However, Coco refused and said, "Sir, that's generous of you, but, I can't accept it."

Zen nodded, remaining quiet. Coco might be ill-fated to work there, but Zen wasn't her savior.

Stepping out of the Golden Wind Restaurant, the three noticed it was time for them to be returning to the Cloud Sect.

Nory and Sean headed towards the Sect while Zen walked away in the opposite direction.

There was something Zen needed to do before he returned to the Cloud Sect.

Even though all disciples were eager to attain points, Zen wanted to rescue Yan, so, he was more eager than anyone else at the Cloud Sect.

Cubic crystals were exchanged for points at the Cloud Sect.

It took two million cubic crystals to equal one million points.

Having just recently learned of a new manner to earn cubic crystals, Zen was excited to try it.

After a few inquiries, Zen arrived at the imperial capital's largest mart.

Along the path were a variety of shops, including the Cloud Pill Shop, the Wonder Drug Shop, and one bearing the name, Treasure Room.

Zen wandered around the market looking at the many shops. Finally, he stopped in front of a large shop with a sign bearing the name Weapon Pavilion.

Chapter 156 Please Pack All Weapons

Weapon Pavilion was the largest shop in the mart.

Zen knew that real treasures and rare weapons might not appear in such a big shop. However, his goal was not to find rare spiritual weapons.

Zen intended to buy mysterious weapons.

He believed that the Weapon Pavilion would stock many mysterious weapons.

After stepping into the Weapon Pavilion, Zen saw a variety of weapons.

There were golden axes, emerald spears, blood-red greatswords, and so on.

As Zen glanced at the weapons, he found that they were low-grade mysterious weapons.

The business at the Weapon Pavilion seemed very good. Many people shuttled in and out, and dozens of waiters wearing yellow coats were busy greeting customers.

After hanging out for a while, Zen wanted to speak with a waiter about the weapons, but no one approached him.

Perhaps the reason for this strange behavior was that the waiters saw Zen wearing a white robe, which was characteristic of a Cloud Sect outer disciple. All of the workers in the mart could tell that the outer disciples had only recently joined Cloud Sect. Even if they earned some bonuses from the sect, they had to use their cubic crystals for cultivation. Thus, no waiter paid attention to Zen as they didn't think he could afford much.

After waiting for a long time, Zen noticed that a waiter was free. The man reluctantly walked up to Zen.

"Sir, what weapons do you want to buy? We have various kinds of weapons. As long as you tell me what you want, I can find it for you," said the waiter fluently.

Zen nodded and said, "I have noticed that you only have low-grade mysterious weapons on display. Could you please tell me where the top-grade mysterious weapons are placed?"

"Top-grade mysterious weapons?" questioned the waiter as he studied Zen.

Although the waiter assumed that Zen was perhaps not wealthy enough to afford a top-grade mysterious weapon, he still wanted to take a chance. Sometimes, children from noble clans dressed as though they were poor. The waiter did not want to miss potential business based on an assumption.

Thus, the waiter smiled warmly and said, "Sir, our top-grade mysterious weapons are not exhibited here. If you want to buy some, I'll take you to another room. This way please!"

Zen nodded and followed the waiter to the depths of the Weapon Pavilion.

The inner space of the Weapon Pavilion was huge! As Zen walked deeper, he came across many mid-grade mysterious weapons. Soon these were replaced by top-grade ones.

"Sir, this is our collection of top-grade mysterious weapons. Each of them is of superior quality!" introduced the waiter proudly, as he led Zen into a big room.

Zen's eyes wandered along the counters. At a glance, he could not tell whether these weapons were remarkable or not.

There might be a massive difference in quality between any two top-grade mysterious weapons.

For example, the weapons that Zen grabbed from Evil Lan produced only five or six drops of heavenly essence when melted.

However, Zen procured fifteen drops of essence from the two short halberds that he took after slaying White Fiend and Black Fiend.

According to Zen's observation, these weapons did not appear to be superior.

Nevertheless, if a single one of these weapons could produce five drops of essence when melted, Zen would be very satisfied.

"How many top-grade mysterious weapons do you have now?" inquired Zen.

Hearing Zen's question, the waiter was a bit confused about why he cared about how many top-grade mysterious weapons were in the Weapon Pavilion.

The waiter pulled out a record book and told Zen, "We have thirty-two swords, eighteen hammers, twenty-six sabers, and other types of top-grade mysterious weapons that number to over a hundred. In total, we have two hundred and twenty-three."

Zen nodded thoughtfully.

While each of these top-grade mysterious weapons had a different price, on average, one could be sold for a hundred cubic crystals.

"Sir, which one would you like?" asked the waiter patiently.

"I want all of them," replied Zen calmly.

"Pardon me?" exclaimed the waiter.

The average monthly salary of a waiter was low. A considerable part of the salary came from the mysterious weapons that they sold.

Therefore, each waiter naturally hoped to sell a substantial number of weapons each month.

Usually, ordinary people only bought one or two mysterious weapons for themselves.

But Zen had said that he wanted to buy all the top-grade mysterious weapons. 'What a crazy idea, ' thought the waiter.

"Sir, you are kidding, right? Do you know how much it will cost to buy all of these top-grade mysterious weapons?" asked the waiter. His warm smile was replaced with a sullen expression when he thought that he was dealing with a madman.

"If each costs one hundred cubic crystals on average, I will spend more than twenty thousand crystals, am I right?" said Zen with a smile.

Twenty thousand cubic crystals… Even to the Weapon Pavilion, this was pretty big business.

The majority of customers that came to the Weapon Pavilion sought low and mid-grade mysterious weapons. Thus, a monthly transaction could amount to over ten thousand cubic crystals.

"Twenty thousand cubic crystals! Can you show me now? If not, you'd better get out of my sight!" The waiter was livid. As he had seen that no one was serving Zen, with the best of intentions, he had come to help. However, he didn't expect to waste his time.

"What? Don't you want to sell? Or, aren't you qualified to make decisions? Maybe I should find someone else to serve me," said Zen as he lifted a sword in his hands and began to stroke it.

"You can go and find whoever you would like to help you!" mumbled the waiter coldly before turning around and walking away.

With a smile playing at the corners of his mouth, Zen stepped toward the end of the counter, where a middle-aged man in brown clothes was doing the accounts.

"Excuse me. Are you in charge here?" asked Zen.

The middle-aged man glanced at Zen before asking, "Sir, Can I help you?"

Zen pulled out the token given by Wurth Zhang before saying, "I want to buy a batch of top-grade mysterious weapons."

When the middle-aged man had noticed the white robe worn by Zen, he thought the boy was an ordinary customer.

But when he saw the token in Zen's hands, his expression changed.

The man was familiar with the token, even more than Zen was.

Blessed Draft Bank had four colors of tokens. Each token color, be it purple, white, green, or golden, represented a value.

While the purple token was the most common, the golden token was the most honorable.

The token in Zen's hands was golden.

Even if there were no cubic crystals in the token, Zen could borrow ten thousand cubic crystals from any sub-branch of the Blessed Draft Bank.

As far as the man knew, only about one thousand people had enough wealth to be given a golden token.

The man instantly realized that he had met a noble customer. He stepped out from behind the counter and politely said, "Sir, what do you want to buy? Other than these mysterious weapons, we have several spiritual weapons on the second floor for sale. Let me take you to them, please!"

"No, thanks!" Zen politely declined. Then he pointed at the row of top-grade mysterious weapons and said, "I want to buy some top-grade mysterious weapons."

"Oh, okay!" said the man as slight disappointment flashed in his eyes. In his mind, a customer with a golden token from the Blessed Draft Bank could afford to buy a weapon of more value. However, he dared not to say anything to offend Zen. Perhaps in the future, Zen would bring them more business. The man smiled warmly and asked, "Sir, which one do you like?"

"This, this, and this one," said Zen, while pointing at three weapons.

"You want these three? Okay, I'll get someone to pack them for you, sir!" said the middle-aged man.

"Not yet. Aside from these three, I want to buy the other two hundred and twenty weapons that you have in stock... Please pack them all," said Zen with a quick smile.

"..."

The middle-aged man stood rooted to the spot. Zen's request was so unusual that he was rendered speechless.

As a shopkeeper In the Weapon Pavilion for so many years, he had served all kinds of customers.

However, this was the first time that he met a crazy boy who was spending money like water.

"You're not kidding, are you?" The middle-aged man asked cautiously. If he had not seen Zen's golden token from the Blessed Draft Bank, he would have instructed someone to drive Zen out.

The shopkeeper knew that Zen was able to buy all the weapons.

"I am not joking. Now that I am buying so many weapons at one time, will you give me a discount?" asked Zen.

"Discount! Of course, I'll give you a discount!" said the shopkeeper with excitement. Now, the shopkeeper was convinced that Zen intended to buy two hundred and twenty top-grade mysterious weapons, though he didn't know why Zen was buying so many weapons.

"Guys, get over here!" the middle-aged shopkeeper ordered the waiters.

Once eight waiters had gathered around, the shopkeeper said, "Wrap all these top-grade mysterious weapons for our exalted guest!"

Hearing the shopkeeper's order, the waiters began to take the weapons out of the showcases.

The previous waiter who had served Zen was stunned. His eyes widened when he heard the shopkeeper's command.

At the moment, he was genuinely remorseful.

He had thought Zen was a madman who had deliberately annoyed him. He didn't expect that Zen really wanted to buy all the top-grade mysterious weapons.

To a large extent, his salary depended on the sales of mysterious weapons.

The commission for selling a top-grade mysterious weapon was equivalent to several months' salary.

If he had taken Zen seriously, he would not have to work for the rest of his life!

But what had been the waiter's attitude toward Zen?

Thinking of his stupid behavior, the waiter could only silently curse himself.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 157 Melting (Part One)

More than two hundred mysterious weapons were aligned in order.

The middle-aged shopkeeper carried a gold plated abacus in one hand. With the other hand, he fiddled with the beads. Aside from the rather loud clacking noise from the beads, no other sound could be heard in the room. At the end of his counting, he said, "There are 220 mysterious weapons, and each has a different cost. The total cost of your purchase is 22, 000 cubic crystals." Soon after getting the result of the calculations, the shopkeeper looked at Zen with a smile and said, "Since you have purchased such an enormous number of mysterious weapons, Weapon Pavilion will be happy to give you a discount of 10%. By rounding off the calculated amount to the nearest integer, we only need you to pay for the weapons with 20, 000 cubic crystals. May I know if you accept the price?"

The shopkeeper had agreed to sell the mysterious weapons at a lower cost. Zen thought the 10% discount was acceptable. So he nodded in agreement.

Shortly after that, Zen walked out of the Weapon Pavilion accompanied by the middle-aged shopkeeper. They found a Blessed Draft Bank at a corner of the trading market.

As Zen entered the Blessed Draft Bank, the bank's employees showed indifference to him. But as soon as Zen took his golden token out, the staff's attitude toward him changed. The staff of the Blessed Draft Bank knew that holders of golden tokens were either wealthy or noble. Thus, they had to treat these people kindly and provide them with considerate services.

A few moments later, an employee of the Blessed Draft Bank issued a bank note for 20, 000 cubic crystals and handed it to Zen, who then gave the note to the middle-aged shopkeeper.

Their transaction was concluded with this exchange.

The middle-aged man was very excited to have gotten such an enormous amount of cubic crystals from this transaction, but he tried not to show the excitement on his face. After years of hardwork at the Weapon Pavillion, he had been promoted from an ordinary employee to the shopkeeper. By working in this position, he could earn much more than before. But apart from his salary, he could also earn a considerable amount of commission from selling such a large number of top-grade mysterious weapons in this transaction.

Upon their return to the Weapon Pavilion, Zen tucked the stack of mysterious weapons he had bought into his space ring.

The space ring didn't have much capacity. Once Zen placed the top-grade mysterious weapons, almost all its space had been occupied.

With a polite smile, Zen bid the shopkeeper goodbye and left the Weapon Pavilion.

After Zen left, an old man with a goatee came downstairs from the second floor. He saddled up to the middle-aged shopkeeper and said, "That guy is only an outer disciple of Cloud Sect, but he has bought so many mysterious weapons. What does he buy them for?"

Like the bearded man, the shopkeeper was also confused. He shrugged and shared his guess. "Perhaps he has bought so many top-grade mysterious weapons to distribute them to disciples of Cloud Sect?"

The old man with the goatee shook his head. Apparently, he wasn't entirely satisfied with the shopkeeper's answer.

The two men stared at the exit of Weapon Pavilion long after Zen had left. Each of them pondered over Zen's actions. Perhaps they would spend the rest of their lives working out this mystery.

After Zen arrived at Cloud Sect, he made his way to Drizzle Peak. The sun had set for hours, and almost all disciples were settled in their rooms for the night.

Finally in the privacy of his room, Zen allowed himself to feel excited. All this while, he had tempered his emotions so that other people would not ask him unwanted questions.

Now he had 220 mysterious weapons. If five drops of heavenly essence could be extracted from melting one top-grade mysterious weapon, he would be able to get 1, 100 drops of heavenly essence from the weapons he had purchased.

If he were to allow the cyan dragon to consume that many drops of heavenly essence, it would be enough to light up over 200 dragon scales!

Up till now, Zen had only lit up seven dragon scales, and his strength far exceeded that of disciples who were at the same level as him. And so, his power would be enhanced a lot if more than 200 dragon scales were lit up at the same time.

However, this was not Zen's plan.

Naturally, Zen would not contribute all the heavenly essence to the cyan dragon.

As he thought of the price of the heavenly essence, an idea came to his mind.

Fifty drops of heavenly essence could be auctioned for 120, 000 cubic crystals. Perhaps 1, 200, 000 cubic crystals would be gained from selling 500 drops of the heavenly essence.

Zen understood that only rare items were valuable.

If he auctioned so many drops of heavenly essence at the same time, there would be too much heavenly essence in the market. In that case, the heavenly essence would not be worth a high price. After weighing all the pros and cons, Zen decided that he had to sell the heavenly essence in batches.

But before he reached the stage of auctioning the heavenly essence, Zen needed to melt the top-grade mysterious weapons inside his space ring.

Immediately, Zen searched through the top-grade mysterious weapons in his space ring and chose a pair of short cyan blue swords.

Zen laid these swords in front of him. Afterward, he interacted with the huge furnace in his mind. He hadn't summoned the black fire for a long time. The fire flashed across his mind like a happy bird and swiftly spread to that pair of cyan blue swords.

"Sizzling..."

In the blink of an eye, the two cyan blue swords were replaced by seven drops of heavenly essence. Zen marveled at the drops that were now floating in the air over his head.

As the black fire was about to engulf these drops of heavenly essence, a bottle showed up in one of Zen's hands. The drops slid into the bottle before the black fire could touch them.

The black fire flew around Zen's body like a human soul as though it were protesting against Zen for plundering the heavenly essence that it should have gotten.

At this sight, Zen flicked his space ring open with one of his fingers and took out a big golden axe.

With the same enthusiasm as before, the black fire swept toward the weapon.

Chapter 158 Melting (Part Two)

Among the top-grade mysterious weapons owned by Zen, this big axe looked the best. Zen thought that more heavenly essence could be extracted from melting this weapon.

Previously, seven drops had been obtained from melting that pair of short swords. Thus, Zen inferred that the big golden axe would produce more heavenly essence.

However, it was beyond his expectation that only three drops of heavenly essence were obtained from the melting of the axe.

At this moment, Zen was a little confused as to how much heavenly essence was contained in a top-grade mysterious weapon.

He felt lucky that he owned a variety of top-grade mysterious weapons. In terms of quality, it appeared as though some were superior, while others were not.

As per Zen's experience, depending on the quality of a top-grade mysterious weapon, the number of heavenly drops that could be extracted varied from two to nine drops. He had never come across a weapon that yielded more or less than that range.

As expected, five drops of heavenly essence could be obtained from a top-grade mysterious weapon on average.

He spent the whole night melting weapons.

Each time, Zen manipulated the black fire to melt the top-grade mysterious weapons. After about 100 weapons had been melted, Zen was the proud owner of more than 500 drops of heavenly essence.

Since the black fire had been used unceasingly from the last late night to this morning, it seemed to have lost its energy. Earlier, it had been relatively happy, but now it appeared to be powerless and didn't fly as forcefully as before. At last, it hovered in front of Zen.

The black fire seemed capable of feeling fatigue too.

Seeing the black fire in that wretched state, Zen felt a little pitiful and thus stopped melting.

At the same time, he took two hundred drops of heavenly essence out of the bottle and tossed them at the black fire.

Like a little dog that had smelled a bone, the black fire was suddenly filled with vitality. As soon as it engulfed the two hundred drops of heavenly essence that Zen had isolated from the bottle, it gained a little enthusiasm. Then it retreated into Zen's mind.

After Zen took a breath, all two hundred drops of heavenly essence were poured into the mouth of the sculpture of the cyan dragon inside the huge furnace.

Soon afterward, a dragon scale emitted a clear, bright, and green light.

Within seconds, more dragon scales lit up one after another.

After a while, forty dragon scales had lit up on the sculpture of the cyan dragon.

So far, Zen had lit up a total number of forty seven dragon scales on the sculpture of the cyan dragon.

Those dragon scales were placed together side by side. On observing them, Zen found that all the lit dragon scales looked like a small magnificent landscape.

He felt a little excited when observing the green light in a blaze. Now, his strength had increased tremendously. Zen wondered how much his strength could be enhanced if he channelled the power from all forty-seven dragon scales at the same time.

If this were possible, Zen would be powerful enough to free himself from Jesse's sky-binding hoop when he was trapped in it again.

Based on his enhanced strength, Zen would be capable of smashing nature creatures, who had just reached the nature level, using only his fist.

After melting over a hundred top-grade mysterious weapons, Zen stopped to take some rest. Even the black flame had diminished with all this melting. And so, he wanted to let the black fire to rest for a few days before starting his melting again.

During these few days, Zen went out at times, but he spent most of his time cultivating inside his room.

Several days later, all top-grade mysterious weapons purchased from the Weapon Pavilion had been melted by Zen. He poured half of the heavenly essence obtained from the melting into the mouth of the sculpture of the cyan dragon in his mind. In doing so, more than a hundred dragon scales twinkled with a bright, green light.

Zen still held over six hundred drops of heavenly essence, and he planned to sell them all.

However, he had some misgivings.

At the previous auction, 50 drops of heavenly essence had been sold. But they had caused the bidders to become overexcited. The participants in the auction had bid competitively for the heavenly essence, and its price had risen astonishingly high.

Hence, Zen was a little worried about whether he would bring attention to himself if he put all six hundred drops of heavenly essence for sale at the same time.

As the saying goes, an innocent person might bring attention or troubles to himself for something precious he owns. Zen feared that he would become a target once people knew that he had so much heavenly essence.

Zen trusted Wurth and even contemplated giving the heavenly essence to Wurth for safekeeping. What worried Zen was that Wurth did not have final authority in the Zhang family. Once his family members discovered the quantity of heavenly essence, they might pressure Wurth into disclosing the identity of the seller. Then they might question or pressure Zen for more heavenly essence. Zen could think of all troubles that would be caused after that.

Given the situation, Zen had to reconsider the auctioning of the heavenly essence carefully.

These days, it was very peaceful on Drizzle Peak. The disciples were assiduously cultivating and mediating, and there was no in-fighting.

Everything with Zen went smoothly as well.

Despite the mighty power of Heavenly Ogre Fist, this tier five cultivation method was rather hard to practice.

It was still very early in the morning. The darkness was slowly being replaced by the first wisps of sunlight from the east. Zen was practicing the mind method. He closed his eyes and focused on the task of flinging his fists toward the sky one after another.

Only after all the demonic life energy inside his body had been consumed did Zen sit in silence to meditate. He practiced the mind method of the Purple Light Fist to cultivate life energy that the demonic life energy needed to consume to grow stronger.

In spite of extremely great difficulties in practicing the Heavenly Ogre Fist, Zen had gradually become more and more skillful in his cultivation after repeated attempts.

Now, he could not only easily and proficiently make the first move of the Heavenly Ogre Fist, namely, Ogres Shaking the World, but he also mastered the second move, which was known as the Swarm of Ogres Surging.

Although the second move was not as mighty as the first, Zen could attack many targets simultaneously. He thought it would be beneficial if many enemies confronted him.

Part way through his meditation, Zen heard tolling sounds from the hillside of Drizzle Peak. Since he was cultivating at an unnoticed corner of Drizzle Peak, Zen couldn't find anyone around him to ask why they were being summoned.

"The toll only sounds when all outer disciples are required to gather together. What on earth has happened?" Standing on a cliff, Zen stared at the hillside. He watched quietly as several disciples walked towards the plaza on the mountain peak. Curious, Zen stopped his cultivation, jumped off the cliff, and rushed toward the plaza.

When he arrived, almost all outer disciples had gathered in the plaza.

In the center of the plaza stood Aura. She wore a light blue dress, and beside her, stood a huge thing.

A yellow curtain full of magic symbols and incantations hid the thing from the outer disciples.

Chapter 159 Chop The Demon

The facial expressions of all outer disciples reflected the curiosity they felt.

Why did Master Su summon all the outer disciples to the plaza?

Another 15 minutes passed before all the outer disciples who were at Drizzle Peak gathered in the plaza.

Aura anxiously searched the faces of all outer disciples. Relief glinted in her eyes when she spotted Zen standing at the back of the crowd. Then she said slowly, "I have asked all outer disciples to assemble at the plaza because I have a task to give you."

"What task?"

"It must be an important assignment. Otherwise, she wouldn't have called us to the plaza."

"Don't we usually claim a task voluntarily? Why does she need to do in this way?"

Many outer disciples were confused and talked with each other.

Aura waited patiently till the outer disciples had stopped speaking. Then she announced slowly, "Your task is to chop the demon."

"Demon?"

"Chop the demon?" "Really?"

"They actually ask outer disciples to chop demons? Do they want us to die?"

The outer disciples continued to whisper among themselves. Some of the older disciples had to share a little history with the newer disciples.

Most warriors in the Burning Sky Empire had heard of the phrases, 'chop the demon' and 'kill the ogre' when they first started to learn martial arts.

It was uncanny that after hundreds of years, the demon was still human beings' greatest enemy, while the ogre wasn't.

Everyone knew that aside from humans, the continent was also home to demons and ogres.

The three races had many conflicts with each other, which led to endless war and much killing...

Over the ages, the humans and ogres had gradually become the weaker races while the demons had grown stronger. Finally, they had reached the stage where the demons were set on annihilating the humans and ogres.

The humans and ogres were naturally unwilling to await their doom. It is said that an enemy's enemy is a friend. The humans had no choice but to ally with the ogres.

This was why the ogre Princess Qi married someone from the Burning Sky Empire.

It was also the reason why Princess Yvonne from the Burning Sky Palace would marry some ogre far away.

Thus, the intermarriages of the princesses had allowed the humans and ogres to ally against their common enemy, the demons.

"Your task will be to follow the trail in the Sky Forest and find and slay demons. We are not asking our disciples to hunt down demons on the Shura Battlefield. We're testing you, not sending you to war. Five inner disciples and five outer disciples will be sent from each of the thirty-three peaks in Cloud Sect!" Aura stopped for a while and then continued, "Chopping the demon is one of the lessons we must learn in Cloud Sect. It will be an ordeal for most disciples. However, if you survive the test, it will be a huge accomplishment for you. Further, each of the top three disciples who chop the biggest number of demons during the trial will be rewarded with a middle-grade spiritual weapon!"

"A middle-grade spiritual weapon!"

The reward tempted most disciples. They began chattering with each other animatedly.

For the outer disciples, a top-grade mysterious weapon was a great reward. Since a middle-grade spiritual weapon was several grades higher, the disciples found the reward more enticing. It was unexpected that a middle-grade spiritual weapon would be offered for such a test.

It was well known that a middle-grade spiritual weapon was priceless. For most disciples of Cloud Sect, it would take a lifetime to earn a low-grade spiritual weapon. But the reward of this task was one level higher than that.

Although all disciples were excited, Zen remained calm.

If Zen hadn't seen Yan earlier, he would have shown a keen interest in this reward.

But the fleeting glimpse on Hell Mountain and the fight against Vale made Zen realize that he had a long way to go in terms of cultivating his powers and strength.

So Zen's priorities had changed.

It was not that Zen didn't have any interest in this task. If Zen could cultivate his will and promote his strength during this task, he certainly wouldn't reject the opportunity!

Silence descended in the plaza as Aura lifted her hand. Then she continued speaking, "I believe that most outer disciples present have never seen a demon.

They can be called demons not only because they are aliens, but also because the demons have an innate evil spirit." While speaking, Aura waved her hand and lifted a part of the yellow cloth beside her.

Since only a corner of the yellow cloth had been lifted, the disciples couldn't see what was under the cloth. However, they felt a strong evil spirit emanating from under the cloth.

The evil spirit was the human's nemesis!

Many disciples had gathered in the plaza when they had heard the tolling. Initially, they had been curious. But after listening to Master Su, they had become excited about the prospect of getting a middle-grade spiritual weapon. Now that the evil spirit from the demon could be felt, their faces paled. Several disciples even trembled with fear.

"This is the evil spirit?"

"It is so terrifying. It seems as though the evil spirit is controlling my soul. I am so frightened..."

"I know that the demon under the yellow cloth is in no position to attack us. Why am I still scared?"

Zen narrowed his eyes when he felt the evil spirit.

Although the evil spirit was weak, Zen's heart had started beating twice as fast.

If Zen hadn't been confident of his strength, he would also be quite frightened now!

"I will choose five outer disciples for the trial to chop the demon. They will be chosen after the upcoming test," Aura said. "I believe that all of you have guessed by now that a demon is under this yellow cloth beside me. This is an ordinary adult demon.

The demon's strength is powerful, but many human cultivators will be defeated by a demon which is much weaker simply because of the effect of the evil spirit!" Aura continued to explain.

One of the greatest advantages a demon had was its instinct to spread the evil spirit.

And the evil spirit had a powerful influence on a human's mentality. So, even if a powerful human was fighting a demon with weaker strength, it was common that the demon would tear the human to pieces.

The reason was that the evil spirit would disturb the human's mentality and frighten him into surrendering without actually fighting.

"So, the first step to chop the demon is to deal with the evil spirit." After saying that, Aura pulled out a sword.

Then she walked around the demon, dragging the sword beside her. The disciples saw that she was making a circle in the ground with the sword.

After drawing the inner circle, Aura took two steps away from the circle and then began to draw another circle.

In a short while, Aura had drawn ten concentric circles; each bigger than the previous circle.

"Over the next three days, we will be testing the disciples to see who can get the closest to this demon. The disciples who can manage this task will be qualified for the trial to chop the demon!" After speaking, Aura reached out with her hand and removed the yellow cloth.

A collective, terrified gasp could be heard from the outer disciples as they saw the demon.

At the same time, a strong evil spirit spread from the demon. The outer disciples who had been the closest to the demon began walking backward at once. The crowd didn't stop until they were more than 70 feet away.

The demon looked like a human being, but it was much fatter and grotesque looking. Its body was covered in brownish-yellow skin. Two ugly eyes rolled on its head continually. Occasionally, it would focus its eyes on the outer disciples.

"It is looking at me. It is looking at me!" An outer disciple screamed before falling to the ground unexpectedly. He kicked his legs in fear as he scampered back. The disciple was so terrified that he had involuntarily wet himself.

Others were not that scared. However, when the demon glanced at a disciple, the normal reaction would be for the disciple to scuttle away in fright.

Aura looked coldly at the disciples that had run away or screamed in terror. Then she shook her head and said, "This demon is unable to fight. If you want to qualify for the trial to chop the demon, you must try to get close to it!"

As soon as Aura stopped, an outer disciple stepped forward, saluted her and said, "Master Su, I want to try!"

The disciple was named Johnson Qiu, and he ranked 4th among the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak.

Chapter 160 Walk With Difficulty (Part One)

There was no doubt that Johnson Qiu was a skilled master.

He had been a half-step into the nature level since many years ago, and would reach the nature level when he overcame the difficulty he faced in changing his life energy into life vitality.

But he had stayed at a half-step into the nature level all these years despite his disciplined practice at Drizzle Peak as he hadn't overcome the difficulty yet.

Any practitioner of martial arts knew this:

A challenge could only be surpassed through patience and diligence. Only by experiencing continuous fights could a martial artist become more powerful.

If Johnson had chosen to continue practicing diligently at Drizzle Peak, it might take him a decade to cross into the nature level.

So Johnson desired to grab this opportunity to push his limits with the hopes that he would make quicker progress to the nature level.

He didn't shrink when confronted by the demon.

The evil spirit intruded his body and raised a terrible fear at the bottom of his heart.

He seemed to hear a voice that asked him to run away quickly.

However, at that moment, Johnson worked up the nerve to walk closer to the demon, in full view of the other disciples.

Quickly, Johnson stepped over the outermost circle drawn by Aura.

The demon's ugly eyes focused on Johnson as he came closer.

Although the demon was physically weak and couldn't hurt people, its innate evil spirit had not weakened.

"Goo Gha," the demon mumbled as its mouth opened and closed. Although the disciples couldn't understand what the demon was saying, it seemed to be laughing at Johnson.

Suddenly, all the blood disappeared from Johnson's face. Not only had his face paled, an overwhelming instinct to run away coursed through Johnson's body.

Since he was the fourth most powerful martial artist from among the outer disciples, Johnson took a deep breath, gathered his courage, and forced his leaden legs to take a step forward. As he was working against his instincts to run away, his walking posture looked very strange.

The second circle....

The third circle....

When Johnson walked into the fourth circle, the demon opened its huge mouth and released a roar.

"Goo——"

Johnson's hard-earned courage vanished at the roar.

He turned and tried to run but tripped and fell. With no courage left, Johnson whimpered as he crawled away from the demon on his hands and knees.

Silence descended in the plaza as the disciples witnessed how terrified Johnson had been.

Most disciples were residents of the Imperial Capital, which was located far from the Shura Battlefield. The White Emperor City, home to millions of soldiers of the Imperial Army, separated the Imperial Capital from the Shura Battlefield. Since the residents of the Imperial Capital had never confronted a demon, they had not experienced its power.

They knew from rumors that demons were particularly powerful and that their evil spirit could cause a human to feel terror.

They had all naively thought that they could overcome this fear.

However, after seeing the demon and witnessing the first-hand terror it could spread, the disciples understood how difficult it would be to overcome this fear.

All the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak knew how powerful Johnson was.

And if a person like Johnson could be subdued with fear, what chance did any ordinary disciple have when facing the demon?

Any martial artist was fiercely determined and never admitted defeat.

To some degree, Johnson's failure increased the trepidation of the disciples, and they became more hesitant at the thought of volunteering for the test. However, there were still a few who were brave enough to step into the circles.

This time, an outer disciple at the marrow refining level volunteered to get close to the demon.

Most of the onlookers were unfamiliar with the identity of this outer disciple as his power wasn't anywhere close to that of the top-ranked disciples at Drizzle Peak.

Although the outer disciple hadn't been thought highly of previously, the onlookers regarded him with respect once he stepped into the sixth circle. Someone at the marrow refining level had made more progress than one of the top-ranked disciples at Drizzle Peak. This feat certainly stirred the other disciples who had been watching.

The more circles he stepped into, the closer he would get to the demon.

The sixth circle was about ten feet away from the demon.

However, as he stepped into the sixth circle, the outer disciple stopped. Suddenly, his legs began to tremble violently.

Even so, the outer disciple whose power was far below that of Johnson's behaved remarkably. He concealed his fear, turned around, and walked away from the demon. During his retreat, the disciple maintained the same speed as when he had first started walking toward the demon. He hadn't fallen nor had he scrambled away in terror as Johnson had!

Seeing this, a realization dawned upon the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak.

Bravery had nothing to do with power. Just like a small mantis would be overestimating its abilities by attempting to stop a car, its courage to face such a mammoth challenge could not be denied.

Aura recorded the name and progress of each disciple that tried to approach the demon. Based on their performance, she would then select the five disciples who got the closest to the demon. These disciples would then practice how to kill demons.

The outer disciple who was at the marrow refining level but had reached the sixth circle, helped many people to regain their confidence. Now that they had understood that bravery, not power was needed they felt more convinced that they could confront the demon.

One after another, hundreds of outer disciples tested their mental agility against the demon's evil spirit. The results varied from person to person. However, the worst performance came from a disciple who had broken down immediately after stepping into the first circle, while the best performer was Henry Hao.

Ranked first among the outer disciples, Henry had set a good example.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 161 Walk With Difficulty (Part Two)

Confronted with the demon, he walked steadily towards it with a three-foot cyan-blade sword in his hand. The disciples watched with bated breath as he confidently stepped into the seventh circle. To everyone's delight, he didn't slow down until he got into the eighth circle.

After the demon roared at him, Henry turned back. His complexion had turned grey.

Although the disciples could see that Henry hadn't succeeded in overcoming the effects of the demon's evil spirit, they took some consolation in the fact that the only indication of fear Henry showed was his grey pallor.

All in all, Henry proved to be the bravest among them.

As Henry left the circles drawn by Aura, he put up his arms and inhaled and exhaled to calm himself. It was only after the deep breaths did his relaxed smile return.

Soon, Henry scanned the faces on the disciples. He stopped when he noticed Zen.

The outer disciples noticed that Zen had caught Henry's attention.

During the competition against Vulture Peak, Henry should have been one of the contestants. However, at that time, Henry had been cultivating in isolation. He thus missed the chance to compete with the disciples from Vulture Peak.

Once Henry finished his practice, he heard of the outcome of the competition. The other disciples couldn't stop praising a particular disciple who had won the competition on behalf of Drizzle Peak.

It was Zen.

Zen had heard of Henry's skills before.

Henry, however, hadn't paid much attention to Zen before. He had first heard about this prodigious disciple when Zen had competed with Leo during his first few days at Drizzle Peak. Zen as a newcomer then had beaten Leo who was ranked among the top 30 at Drizzle Peak. His feat had impressed many.

Henry didn't think too much about Zen at that time. Although Henry was aware that each peak had many geniuses, he felt secure in his ability to maintain his position as the highest ranked disciple at Drizzle Peak. Henry also remembered that when he was at Zen's age, he had been powerful enough to challenge many people in a row. Finally, through hard work, luck, and talent, Henry had risen to become an outer disciple.

However, during the inter-peak competition, Zen defeated several people easily, including Jesse who was ranked first at Vulture Peak.

This Henry had not expected.

After practicing in isolation for a while, Henry had finally overcome the difficulties and stepped into the nature level.

Attributable to his progress, Drizzle Peak would accept him as an inner disciple in the upcoming year. This achievement had thrilled Henry.

However, after Henry stepped out of isolation, he heard rumors about Zen. Some of the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak had thought that Zen was powerful enough to defeat Henry even though the latter had now reached the nature level.

Henry became annoyed when he heard such rumors.

This was why Henry was eager to seize the opportunity to show Zen who was more powerful.

Many other outer disciples had noticed the hostility reflecting in Henry's eyes. And Zen was no exception.

Zen knew what Henry was thinking about, but he had no interest in competing for the title of the highest ranked disciple at Drizzle Peak. And so, he ignored Henry.

Anyway, he must join the mission to kill demons.

As a martial artist, there was more pressure on Zen then on the other disciples.

Compared with other people who desired to improve their power in the shortest time, Zen seemed to be more anxious.

He had promised Yan to take her away from Hell Mountain, but many people would try to stop Zen from doing that. So only when Zen made himself powerful enough could he successfully free Yan. Otherwise, his promise would just be empty words!

"Anyone else?" Aura's beautiful voice resonated through the square.

The outer disciples who had tried were considered to be the bravest from among all the disciples present. However, there were still many disciples who hadn't dared to volunteer as they were either scared or lacking confidence in themselves.

Aura was a little disappointed, and finally, she looked at Zen.

Aura knew that Zen wouldn't give up such a good opportunity to improve himself. Her assumption was based on the enthusiasm Zen had previously shown when volunteering for tasks from Cloud Sect.

Since Zen hadn't stepped forward yet, she was confused. Why wasn't Zen trying? In fact, by asking her question, Aura was reminding Zen that he should have a try now.

With a smile, Zen walked toward the center of the square.

All the disciples present at Drizzle Peak looked at Zen.

Since Zen had won the last competition against the disciples from Vulture Peak, he had become a legend in the heart of all the outer disciples.

So everyone present was eager to witness Zen's performance.

"Zen, come on!" Nory cried suddenly.

"Come on!" Sean shouted as well.

Zen nodded at them, then looked at the demon in the distance, and walked toward it slowly.

Although evil spirit from the demon was a kind of intent, this intent was different from other types of intent.

Most times, intent could be regarded as a method to attack people. However, the purpose of the demon's intent was to raise the fear people felt.

It was not advisable to assume that a demon and a beast are equally powerful and equally terrible, just because the evil spirit of the demon invoked such a response from people that made it seem as though the demon was far scarier than a beast. This was a natural ability for a demon.

Zen had tremendous power and a strong soul. Normally, the common intent could not bother him as it did to others.

The demon didn't intend to hurt Zen, but its evil spirit conveyed to Zen that it was extremely horrible.

As Zen walked into the first circle, he felt the evil spirit, and involuntarily, a feeling of fear appeared in Zen's heart.

Fortunately, the fear wasn't overwhelming. Zen smiled and relaxed. Then he walked into the second circle without any hesitation.

So far, Zen had been the only person who could wear a smile in front of the demon.

Chapter 162 Just A Fist

"Zen is smiling?! He can laugh in the face of a terrifying demon!?"

"It's no big deal! He just passed through the first and second circles."

"Do you want to take a try? Look at the those people. Who dared to laugh like Zen is doing now? Not even Henry is snickering!"

Henry's face paled at their words.

To confront the demon, he would force a smile if necessary. Still, it was clear that in this situation, it would be less embarrassing to smile than to cry. Deep down, he decided he had to find an appropriate time to teach Zen a lesson since Zen kept showing him up. As he schemed, Henry's mood improved.

The gossiping reached Zen too, who felt a bit self-conscious. To circumvent more misunderstandings, Zen changed his expression when he entered the second circle, scowling seriously.

Once he was in the second circle, Zen became more threatened, but, he could still withstand the evil spirit.

Zen kept moving forward, and soon enough, he had progressed through the third, fourth and fifth circles.

After he advanced into the fifth circle, the demon's tremendous torso shook, as it perked its ugly head up, roaring at Zen.

An ordinary beast's roar wouldn't intimidate Zen.

But, this demon was somehow more menacing.

On hearing the roar, Zen felt his heart racing and he writhed in fear.

"Thump! Thump!"

Zen's heart raced faster as the evil spirit circled him, eyeing him as though he was the only one alive, on earth or in heaven.

Feeling fear was a natural reaction if a person was trapped by a monster.

Apart from his heart thumping harder and faster, Zen reacted with an involuntary shiver.

Humans instinctively avoided calamity and sought more comfortable venues instead. Sense made them shy away when faced with a risk or threat.

Zen was human too, so, naturally, he felt the instinct as well.

Likewise, he could be afraid and flinch. Like anyone, he was bothered by negativity, which impacted him.

"Although the evil spirit in the demon is weird, this threat means nothing at all to me!" Encountering the demon, Zen's eyes gleamed, reflecting his unyielding courage.

Feeling courageous, Zen stepped toward the demon resolutely.

"Growl! Rawr!"

Demons were similar to human beings, and intelligent enough to understand that they would be killed if caught. In spite of that, the demon still felt the need to torture weak humans spiritually.

Before this encounter with Zen, the demon felt that its evil spirit effectively scared humans shitless.

But this guy now seemed unaffected by its evil spirit. Given that, the demon was furious and roared very loudly.

The fierce evil spirit rushed at Zen, surging like tides of water and tightly enveloped him.

The evil energy gripping Zen fettered him, like invisible chains, pulling and tearing into Zen. His courage waned, hindering his progress as he headed to the circle ahead.

As Zen stepped into the seventh circle, he had to stop and close his eyes because he felt the pressure and found it a little difficult to endure the evil spirit.

"Zen has done very well reaching the seventh circle, but, why has he stopped?"

"His eyes are closed. What on earth could he be thinking about at such a time? If he makes it to the eighth circle, he will be tied with Henry."

"Ah, but, I believe it'll be impossible for Zen to reach the next circle. See how he's standing there in a daze. What's wrong? Is he scared senseless?"

Outer disciples murmured amongst each other.

Noting that other outer disciples either passed through each circle at a fast pace or had the shit scared out of them marching into the first few circles, they thought Zen was an extraordinary exception, making him stand out from other disciples. How was he able to stand there, eyes closed, pondering his life while within the seventh circle?

How was it possible for Zen to contemplate anything at a critical time like this one?

Deep in thought, Zen reminded himself again and again that the demon in front of him posed no threat to him, and that his surreal fears that rose from deep inside were imaginary.

As he reminded himself, Zen heard another voice within his head, telling him not to move forward. The demon was conquerable in Zen's opinion. Once he took a step forward, the demon would tear itself apart and fall into an abyss where reincarnation would be impossible for it.

A battle was waging silently, deep inside Zen, as his will and instincts struggled against each other.

When the demon realized Zen's struggle, it roared louder.

Its entire body grappled frantically, as though it were trying to free itself, to propel itself at Zen and swallow him whole.

The onlookers had already stood back at a distance, but, watching the demon's incessant roaring as it strove to unleash more evil spirit made them flinch and step back again.

Only Zen stood still and silent.

"To confront a demon, one must keep his mind absolutely calm," reminded Aura. She was standing close to Zen. Aura added, "Just remember, this demon is equal to a nature creature. Can a nature creature scare you that much?"

'A nature creature?' Zen thought, Aura's question gave him a measure of understanding. Searching his heart, Zen was undoubtedly not frightened of strongmen in tier eight or nine at nature level like Fren.

Realistically, the demon Zen faced now shouldn't frighten him either.

Yet, the evil spirit had almost penetrated into Zen's entire body, making his will struggle against his natural impulses.

With that assessment, Zen decided to use his willpower to suppress his instincts.

Common belief held that it was more challenging to conquer oneself than to transcend another.

Suddenly, Zen was struck by a brilliant idea to counter-attack the demon.

"The state of forgetting myself!"

Zen pushed his soul into a state of forgetting himself.

To lose himself completely, Zen isolated his consciousness from his material form.

Now, even if Zen feared the demon, he was able to control the reaction of his body calmly without the evil spirit affecting him at all.

In the blink of an eye, Zen's negative emotions were dispelled, and with them, his fear vanished.

Zen's eyes shot open, where neither courage nor fear was reflected. Instead, his eyes were bright and pure with no emotions whatsoever.

Mentally and emotionally prepared now, Zen headed through the eighth circle.

On taking two to three more steps, Zen was in the ninth circle.

"Look, Zen has made it to the ninth circle. He has surpassed Henry's record!"

"Can it be possible that he doesn't fear the proximity of the beast?"

"I would be terrified if it were me out there..."

As disciples exchanged comments, they watched in awe as Zen would approach the demon if he took another six or seven steps ahead.

The closer Zen got, the more it infuriated the demon. Piercing eyes blazed red, as it gnashed its sharp teeth in rage and postured as though it would devour Zen once he was near enough.

Unaffected by the demon's display, Zen advanced unhesitatingly. He passed from the ninth circle to the tenth one. As he was nearer, Zen calmly looked the demon up and down.

Despite the savagery of the demon, Zen had left his ego and serenely gazed at the demon before him like it were nothing more than a small cat or dog.

"Well done, Zen. You passed the trial by reaching the tenth circle, and therefore, you shouldn't endanger yourself by drawing nearer to the demon," mentioned Aura.

Aura reminded Zen because, although the demon was restrained, it could attack Zen if he were to get too close to it.

Despite Aura's gentle reminder, Zen proceeded towards the demon as if he hadn't heard her.

Zen's motion to continue getting closer shocked the demon. This human being was actively resigning himself to death.

'But, how is this human being able to continue? Shouldn't he be only half-step into the nature level?' the demon wondered. Long before, the demon had lost count of how many weak human beings like Zen it had killed and eaten.

'So be it human, since you resign yourself to death, I will fulfill your desire and swallow you whole!' the demon mused as he watched Zen slowly approaching.

"Zen, my brother, come back! You've reached the innermost circle. You don't need to go any further!" yelled Nory anxiously. His browline was furrowed with apprehension and sweat rolled down his face, terrified for his friend.

"Did Zen become so scared that lost his mind? Has he resigned himself to death?" questioned another disciple.

Turning a deaf ear to what people said, Zen continued advancing, getting closer to the demon.

When he was a mere foot from it, the demon tilted its head to the side, as it opened its big mouth baring its razor-sharp teeth and clamping down on Zen's head.

Screams of horror and shock filled the plaza at the horrific sight.

As the demon was about to bite him, Zen swung a fist at the demon.

Instantaneously, a dragon scale came alive, lighting up inside Zen's mind.

Seven dragon scales exerted considerable force, making Zen far more potent than any disciples at the same refining level.

So, how impressive would the strength be with over a hundred dragon scales lighting up simultaneously?

"Slam!"

Before the razor-like teeth could sink into him, everyone heard the sound of Zen's fist crashing into the demon's head as it resonated through the place.

When Zen punched the demon, he hadn't yet tapped into any life vitality.

It was solely his physical strength.

Nevertheless, his fist was as destructive as a tsunami crashing ashore.

In a flash, the demon disappeared.

"Glub!"

The demon gurgled as it transformed into vaporous blood in the blink of an eye because Zen's mighty force extended into its body.

Its flesh turned to ashes as it disintegrated, and bones shattered into tiny bits.

Standing there, with mouths agape, the other outer disciples were shocked at the horrific scene.

Since the demon had been sealed and controlled, many of them were capable of killing the demon as long as they kept some distance from it.

Where those disciples failed was in the difficulty of overcoming their inner demons.

While some performed exceptionally well by reaching the seventh circle and a few even managed to make it to the eighth circle, but, none of those disciples could overcome their deepest fears.

Being more courageous than ordinary individuals, they could temporarily suppress fears, making it possible to reach circles as close to the demon as they could.

That wasn't the only stratagem Zen used though. He was unaffected by the evil spirit after he employed the forgetting himself tactic.

Zen's method made it possible for him to confront the demon and annihilate it with just his fist.

Chapter 163 A Hidden Secret

The inner disciples would get the leading role in the task of chopping the demons.

For the outer disciples, this would be a simple training exercise. It was not realistic to let the outer disciples face a demon and slay it.

But if they could cope with the fear spread by the evil spirit during this training, it would be helpful for their growth in the future.

However, it was beyond everyone's expectation that Zen would kill this demon.

Many outer disciples had noticed that Zen didn't use life energy when he punched the demon. He had just used his strength.

A human's physical strength alone was insufficient to make him powerful. Humans were able to exert supreme power because they could adopt life energy and life vitality and operate all kinds of magical powers.

But Zen beat a demon with strength of the nature level only with the help of his body strength. Such an astonishing demonstration of power shocked everyone.

At what level would his power be if Zen used his life energy?

Several outer disciples were pondering over this question.

Aura's eyes also reflected her surprise at Zen's feat. In such a short period, Zen had become more powerful than before.

This was, in fact, true.

By virtue of the hundred dragon scales he had lit up, Zen now had ten times more power than before.

Even a powerful person like Randall would have met the same fate as the demon had Zen punched him using his current strength level.

Aura was joyful at Zen's progress. In enhancing his strength to such an advanced degree in such a short time, he had justified Aura's belief in his potential. She could now see that her conflict with the masters of other peaks to secure Zen as a disciple for Drizzle Peak had been worthwhile.

She wondered what the masters of other peaks would think if Zen's power continued to rise. Would they regret it?

Aura was secretly delighted but didn't show any joy on her face. On the contrary, she glared at Zen and said, "I asked you to try to get close. Why did you kill it?"

Hearing Master Su's question, Zen smiled, "Master Su, I got too close to the demon by accident. You didn't have any protective measures for such a situation. When the demon tried to bite me, I retaliated. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.."

"I see. So you are saying that this was my fault?" Master Su frowned at Zen's duplicitous explanation.

Zen nodded with a smile and agreed with Master Su.

"Since you have killed this demon, the test can't go on," Aura grunted. She knew about Zen's tendency not to listen to anybody. After thinking for a while, she said to the outer disciples, "If any of you want to attempt the test, please come to me. I will give you another demon. In three days, I will announce the names of the five shortlisted outer disciples. Please don't delay."

After speaking, Aura turned and glared at Zen before striding toward the flying chariot parked in a corner. Without another look at Zen or the other disciples, she flew away.

After Aura had left, the remaining disciples surrounded the demon's skeleton.

When Zen had punched the demon, its flesh and blood had splattered everywhere. Only the skeleton remained. As such, it couldn't spread the terrifying evil spirit.

The disciples huddled together in groups around the skeleton, talking and expressing awe at what had just happened.

"How powerful is Zen to have beaten the demon like this?"

"You know too little. I have seen an over-match of a refiner at the eighth step into the nature level who punched a hilltop and turned it into dust."

"That I can believe. After all, that refiner was at the eighth step into the nature level. However, can Zen be compared with such an individual? Zen is only a half-step into the nature level. And you saw that he didn't use life vitality. He slew the demon using his strength! Oh my God... Is he a human being?"

Henry stared blankly at the remains of the demon.

He had thought that he was the best at Drizzle Peak.

This was his first experience with a demon, and he had managed to enter the eighth circle calmly. Henry had thought that this was an outstanding performance. Given that he was the top-ranked disciple at Drizzle Peak, Henry had assumed that he would be the only disciple to make it that far.

However, Henry had never considered that Zen would not only surpass him but also kill the demon!

The more he thought about it, Zen's strength continued to surprise Henry. He couldn't stop thinking about what Zen had accomplished.

Despite the chagrin Henry felt at being outperformed by a refiner who was only a half-step into the nature level, he tried to maintain a calm attitude.

As long as he worked hard, Henry believed that he would surpass any great genius.

And Zen was a nobody.

But the strength Zen had shown was astonishing, striking, and powerful. Henry knew that despite his belief, he would never surpass Zen.

All of a sudden, Henry shouted, "He used physical strength with brute courage! Humans can only succeed in this world if we use life vitality! Such pure strength is useless on the battlefield. Nobody will give you a chance to use it!"

Of course, Henry's words were reasonable. No matter how much strength a person had, it was of no use if he couldn't hit the opponent.

However, what Henry and the others didn't know was that Zen had also cultivated life energy. His real strength was far more than what was shown!

Many outer disciples glared at Henry's outburst.

As the top-ranked outer disciple, it was inappropriate for Henry to shout in this way. It appeared that he was narrow-minded, insecure, and perhaps even envious, which was why he was making a scene.

When Henry saw how the outer disciples were looking at him, he realized that he had lost control of his emotions. Henry's expression soured as he turned and left the plaza.

Zen had left the plaza with Nory, Sean, and others shortly after Aura had flown away in her chariot. And, so he didn't see Henry's reaction.

It was now apparent to all that Zen would definitely be one of the disciples selected to chop the demon. Zen knew that he had to prepare more to be able to complete the task successfully.

As soon as Zen returned to his room, he took out the book, Weapon Refining Principle.

The Weapon Refining Principle had cost him more than 20 thousand crystals. Zen had even had a confrontation with Fren when buying it.

After all, the book contained Chase's secrets. It had to be important! If he could get some insight into the refining master's technique and have the honor of refining a spiritual weapon or even a fairy weapon after reading it, Zen would recover both the principal and interest on the 20 thousand crystals at once.

Zen turned the first page of the Weapon Refining Principle and read it.

Surprise reflected in Zen's eyes when he saw Chase's notes in the book. Apparently, this was not a book about formal refining techniques.

Chase had scribbled his thoughts and experiences about weapons and their refining methods in it randomly.

Thus, Weapon Refining Principle was not boring like other laws to refine weapons. Contrarily, Zen thought it was interesting and read it without stopping.

"In fact, refining the weapon is like a warrior's cultivating. They reach the same goal by different means. Only an understanding of the principle of Heaven's derivative is needed." Zen had some inspiration when he read that.

It was like the mysterious weapon refining method Zen had gotten when he burned his father's book, Heavenly Principles. As per what he had learned, a person could cultivate himself like a weapon. In fact, ever since Zen's body had been refined into a magical weapon, every challenge and beating had only served to make him stronger. So Zen could promote his strength through heavenly essence.

"The weapon can naturally absorb some power of Heaven's derivative in the process of refining, which is why the weapon must go through fire before it is shaped!"

Zen had many thoughts when he read these words in the Weapon Refining Principle. In the past, Zen had a few questions after reading Evil Lan's secret collections about refining weapons. Now, he found answers to those questions while reading Chase's Weapon Refining Principle.

At the moment, if a weapon refining furnace and fire were to be given to Zen, he would start refining a weapon.

However, Zen still had many doubts.

Was this Weapon Refining Principle worth more than 20 thousand crystals?

What Chase had explained was undoubtedly valuable. If Weapon Refining Principle was just a secret book about the elementary course to refine a weapon, it would be worth less than one cubic crystal. So it was a significant loss to Zen since he had paid more than 20 thousand cubic crystals.

"Crash..."

Zen flipped though Weapon Refining Principle as he thought about the question.

It seemed that Fren wanted this Weapon Refining Principle badly. Even the disciples from Chase's school were determined to get this secret book. There must be a big secret hidden in it!

When Zen flipped through the pages quickly, he stumbled across something.

Usually, all the pages in a book would be of the same thickness.

But Zen found a page was thicker than the others when leafing through the book.

"Could it be that two pages have been glued together?"

Zen opened that page cautiously. As expected, there was something in this page.

Zen carefully tore the edge and separated the two pages.

Zen found a white filmy satin between these two pages.

"This is the snow satin. It is made of ice silk."

The ice silkworm was a rare worm in the north and the silk it spat was ice-cold. The silk could be used to make satin. Thus the fabric earned its name, snow satin. It was cool and well ventilated, comfortable to wear.

When Zen was young, he had worn clothes made of snow satin. The material had greatly impressed him.

He stretched his hand and pinched the white satin with his fingers. At this time, Zen could see that there was a painting on it.

The painting was sloppily done. Upon peering at it, Zen could tell that it was a map.

"Cloudy Mountain... Dragon Valley There is an Eight Diagrams beside it and the numbers, three, six, two, nine...are written separately..."

Zen frowned as he read in a low voice.

It seemed to be a treasure map.

Chase was a great weapon refining master, but only a few treasures were discovered after his death. Could this be a map to the place where he hid his treasures?

But where were Cloudy Mountain and Dragon Valley?

Chapter 164 Yale Zhuge

Although Zen had read many books over the years and was familiar with the famous mountains and large rivers in Burning Sky Empire, he didn't know everything.

These two places were strange to Zen. He'd never heard of them.

After meditating on it for a time, Zen cautiously set the snow satin back in Weapon Refining Principle and then placed it in the space ring.

There must be an invaluable treasure in the book, but if he wanted it, he would have to wait for a later date to find it.

Right now, Zen needed to continue preparing for the task of chopping demons.

Zen knocked a demon to pieces today, but since it was bounded and sealed, it had no strength to hit back.

So, it only tested Zen's courage.

However, after descending the mountain, they would face real demons.

Lately, Zen worked hard to concentrate his strength and refine his vitality.

Several days passed, and Aura listed the five outer disciples. Zen was one of them.

On the list, there were three outer disciples, Zen, Henry, and Gury who was the third-ranked while the other two were hardly considered as outer disciples, who were a half-step in the nature level.

After deciding which disciples, Aura wanted them to have several days to prepare.

A few days later, five outer disciples and five inner disciples from Drizzle Peak met at the Bluesky Parking Ground.

That day the Bluesky Parking Ground was crowded.

Half were inner disciples dressed in black robes, and half were outer disciples wearing white robes.

The ones able to pass the test of getting close to a demon might not be counted as the most powerful inner or outer disciples from each peak, but, it was sure they were the bravest who could control and even defeat their fear.

In the middle of the Bluesky Parking Ground, a master was declaring the rules, giving the dos and don'ts for abolishing demons.

Neither the outer nor the inner disciples could go to the Shura Battlefield to face the big demons on their own. With their current strengths, if they did, the disciples would be swallowed.

On the other side of Shura Battlefield, there was a forest that bordered the empire called Sky Forest.

The demon often sent demon scouts into the empire to scrutinize enemy status. Three hundred and thirty disciples total, from the thirty-three peaks of the Cloud Sect, were gathered to enter the Sky Forest and destroy the demon scouts.

As the master finished, a giant flying chariot slowly landed.

"Alright, everyone, this is it," said the master as he stepped to one side.

Disciples began filing into the giant flying chariot one after another.

Every action was prearranged, including the order with which they entered the flying chariot. They came single file according to their rank at Cloud Sect.

The first disciples to enter were from the Skytop Peak, the top-ranked peak of the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect.

Then, the disciples from the second-ranked peak, Blackrock entered...

Followed by the disciples from the peak ranked third...

...

Drizzle Peak held the lowest rank, thirty-three, so, the disciples from there were the last to board.

After the five inner disciples, Zen, Henry, and others climbed into the giant flying chariot.

Over three hundred disciples from the Cloud Sect were on the chariot. They glanced at each other, cautiously, with an indistinct look in their eyes.

Zen sat in a corner and closing his eyes, showed no interest in the rest of the recruits.

His purpose for joining this trip was to face the trial and chop the demon. He didn't want any trouble.

Zen might not have wanted trouble, but, most of the time people were helpless to their situation, and someone planned to fix his wagon.

After the giant flying chariot slowly rose into the sky and steadily set out, someone stepped onto the deck and approached Zen.

That person was dressed in a black robe. It was a man who wore his hair in many braids with a sharp dart dangling at the end of each little braid.

"Say, aren't you Zen?" asked the man who stood in front of Zen.

Everyone in the cabin turned, knowing they would more than likely see some sort of drama unfold.

Zen opened his eyes and blinked, slowly. He stared up at the man and asked, "Yes, what's up?"

"My name is Yale Zhuge, and Fren is my elder brother. A few days ago, you insulted him. Today, I will take your life," stated the man casually, as if discussing the weather.

An impatient expression spread across Zen's face and he coldly asked, "Why didn't Fren come himself?"

"You don't deserve to fight him," responded Yale Zhuge.

Suddenly, Zen stood up laughing loudly. His laughter carried to every corner of the giant flying chariot.

These were the bravest disciples from each of the Cloud Sect's peaks on the trip to chop the demon, so everyone was restrained.

Although there was some interest among them, it was obscure. They didn't want to show off. After all, once they entered the Sky Forest, they had to cope with the demon, and it would be big trouble if they were bothered by others from another peak.

However, here was Zen, laughing recklessly and making the inner disciples frown.

Henry wasn't far away and was thrilled as he thought, 'Zen, this is the price for being arrogant. You have enemies everywhere. I think it will be hard for you to stay alive in Sky Forest.'

Yale shouted angrily, "Why are you laughing? I'll slay you as easily as blinking! You are only a half-step into the nature level while I have the strength of grade-five nature level. You will die."

"I'm laughing at the famous third young master of your family. Fren is a coward. Several times, he's asked others to get me in trouble, but as a result, there is no difference. He seeks death!" Zen stressed coldly, "No more crap. You are just one of many people who want to kill me. It's better if more people join you first. I will deal with all of you at once to save trouble!"

When Zen laughed loudly, the disciples thought at first that he didn't know how to restrain himself.

Now, they realized there was nothing to laugh at and this outer disciple, a half-step into the nature level, must be wildly arrogant.

All the disciples from Cloud Sect had heard of Fren. He had the nickname, Fren the loony, but, he had the reputation of possessing powerful strength. What was more, even though he was wise, Fren was inconstant, and known as a cunning foe.

It was unexpected to hear Zen refer to him as a coward!

Even though Fren wasn't there, Yale's strength wasn't lacking.

At the grade-five nature level, Yale stood out amongst other inner disciples.

His power was more than enough for him to deal with a disciple who was refining at a half-step into nature level.

Yet, Zen was fearless and so reckless that he dared to reproach Yale to his face while denouncing Fren...

These people passed the test to get close to the demon and were the bravest, but they weren't on the same level as Zen.

Yale wasn't as eloquent as Fren and Zen's words left him speechless. But his life vitality boiled, throughout his body. He stretched his hand out and pointed at Zen, demanding, "How dare you, insult my brother? Are you courting death?"

"Am I courting death? Haha, if I'm not courting death, will your family leave me alone? Will your brother stop harassing me? Since I'm courting death anyway, what does it matter if I curse him?" Zen replied coldly.

"Um...." trailed Yale, as his face turned scarlet that he apparently, wanted to fight on the giant flying chariot.

Zen calmly moved two steps, and his look of indifference changed to a sneer, and he stated, "If you want a fight, I'll accommodate you!"

Just then, two other inner disciples walked up to Yale and put their hands on his shoulders while one said, "Fighting isn't permitted in here. If you destroy the flying chariot, you'll have big trouble. Kill him any way you like, as long as it's after we reach Sky Forest!"

With the two disciples stepping in, Yale snorted at Zen, calm enough now before heading back to his seat.

Zen influenced the demonic life energy in his body, forcing it back down into his lower torso.

It would be an absolute lie to say he didn't feel the pressure when facing Yale, a powerful nature creature.

Although it appeared Zen feared nothing, in fact, he was in the state of vigilance. As long as Yale had the intention of killing him, Zen would be ready to immediately strike back, even while they were in the giant flying chariot.

Zen had lit more than 100 dragon scales now and grasped the methods of the Heavenly Ogre Fist. His strength was at the peak, and so, now, he wanted to know what his limits were.

After retaking his seat, Zen closed his eyes and enjoyed the last hour of leisure flying.

He knew as soon as they reached the Sky Forest, a bloody battle would begin.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 165 Encounter With A Demon (Part One)

Sky Forest was named for its spruces.

Soaring spruce trees could be seen everywhere. The trees were hundreds of yards tall, straight as spears, and thrust into the sky.

Standing at the entrance of the forest, the disciples couldn't help feeling as though there was something dark and dismal about the vastness of the dense trees.

Once all the disciples had gotten off the huge flying chariot, they were distributed into small groups before being allowed to head into Sky Forest. Every group contained ten disciples — five inner disciples and five outer disciples.

Zen was surrounded by the five inner disciples from Drizzle Peak as soon as he jumped out of the chariot.

"I don't give a shit what happened between you and Yale," a black-robed disciple said as he stepped forward, his voice haughty and supercilious. "You do as I say if you want to survive the forest. If you're going to behave as you did in the flying chariot, you will find yourself in the belly of the demon. Remember that, boy!"

"Don't get cocky when you don't have the right to be. You know what they say, 'the nail that sticks out must be pounded down'. You are just an outer disciple, and only a half-step into the nature level. You still need our protection during the trial. Why do you have to pick a fight with Yale and drag us into it? To be clear, we will not get involved if Yale comes after you later," another black-robed disciple added.

"I heard that you made quite a reputation for yourself among the outer disciples. But let me make it plain, outer disciples are at the very bottom of the pile. What you achieved was nothing compared to what inner disciples can do. Now learn your lesson and look before you leap," A third black-robed disciple said to Zen.

The remaining two disciples glanced at Zen coldly. Then the five inner disciples turned to head forward.

Gury, Henry, and the other two outer disciples followed quickly. As they passed Zen, each spared him a sympathetic glance.

Of the four outer disciples, Henry took great pleasure in seeing this.

This trail was extremely dangerous. If the inner disciples had decided to leave Zen to his fate, Zen would definitely be headed to his execution. So the sight of Zen being chastened by inner disciples filled Henry with great joy.

Zen smiled lightly at the rebuke from the inner disciples. But his heart turned cold.

Zen wasn't a cold-hearted man.

He had spared the lives of the Luo children even though they had bullied him and had also tried to kill him.

At Cloud Sect, things had changed for Zen. He felt a sense of belonging even though he had been at Drizzle Peak for a short while. For the first time in a very long time, Zen felt revived by the warmth of his friendship with Nory, Sean, Wurth, and the others.

However, the inner disciples had a hostile attitude toward him. Today, they drew a line between them because he was at war with Yale.

But it really didn't matter. Zen had never enlisted other people's help to protect himself. He had cultivated his powers to such a great extent that he felt self-sufficient. In any case, the future was unpredictable. Perhaps during the trial, the disciples would end up begging for his protection!

Zen's smile faded as this thought. When he stepped into Sky Forest, he was wearing his usual calm expression.

Sky Forest was different from the rain forest in the south. Spruce trees pressed close and formed a dense canopy that shut out the sky. Occasionally, some sunlight seeped through the leaves, but on the whole, the forest was very dim and quiet.

They heard strange bird chirping from time to time. Sometimes the birdsong was distant, sometimes it sounded very close, but nobody could make out where it was coming from.

Once they had entered the forest, the disciples were engulfed by the bleak atmosphere. Everyone was on high alert. After all, it was Sky Forest.

Sky Forest was not the front line of the battle. It was located between the Imperial Capital and White Emperor City. The White Emperor City was closest to the Shura Battlefield. Still, many demon scouts secretly crossed the front line and hid in Sky Forest. Although inner disciples possessed power comparable to ordinary demon soldiers, there were few absolute certainties in a fight. You never knew who would win until the last minute.

Henry, Gury, and the other two outer disciples of Drizzle Peak reached for their weapons as they moved warily behind the five inner disciples.

Compared to them, Zen seemed most relaxed.

His soul, which had been forged was way stronger than normal people, including the five nature creatures ahead.

So Zen was more sensitive than others. His senses were heightened to sense even the slightest noises like the wind stirring the grass. No sound could elude him!

As the Drizzle Peak disciples pressed further and further into the forest, they separated from the other Cloud Sect disciples.

Watchfully, they followed the trail in the forest for about twenty miles.

Then, there was a sharp crack. An inner disciple who had been sent to scout ahead had stepped on a dry branch.

"What happened?" Henry was the first to call out. He had never been in a situation like this and found that his nerves were strained all the time.

"Relax, Henry. It's no big deal. I just stepped on a branch." The disciple turned and gave Henry a mocking smile.

"Watch out!" Just as the inner disciple turned to speak to Henry, a huge snake emerged from behind a thick spruce trunk.

The snake's trunk-like body had a grey-green color that matched the spruce's bark. This camouflage had allowed it to hide in plain sight.

The snake lunged at the inner disciple, Its jaws opened wide as if it were going to swallow its prey whole.

Chapter 166 Encounter With A Demon (Part Two)

At that point, a jet of silver light skimmed over the snake's head, and a second later, the snake was cut in half.

"We haven't found demons yet. But there are other creatures in the forest as well. Be careful, Qiu." The inner disciple who had killed the snake said flatly, a shiny sword in his hand.

The inner disciple, Qiu saw what his peer had done. Qiu hurriedly cupped one hand in the other to salute him. "Thanks for saving my life, Cleve!"

Zen who had been trailing behind them saw how Cleve Lin had killed the snake. His brow arched. Even though Drizzle Peak ranked bottom among the other peaks, it didn't lack talented body refiners. Cleve Lin had shown exceptional power in this kill. The snake was only a fourth-rank beast, but Cleve's reaction wasn't much slower than Zen's.

Zen had his hand on his space ring at that moment. If Cleve had not killed the snake, Zen would have finished it with his flying knife.

Cleve nodded, took back his sword, and then led the team forward.

Cleve Lin was the leader of the Drizzle Peak disciples.

They did kill many beasts along the way, but they hadn't met any demons either. The five inner disciples complemented each other pretty well and killed some fierce beasts. Once the beasts were dead, they cut their bodies open and took the crystal cores.

Henry, Gury, Zen, and the other two disciples had been reduced to the role of bystanders.

It wasn't until noon that they stopped at the edge of a valley after a long stuttering journey.

"You and you, go find some firewood and make a fire," Qiu said curtly as he pointed at Henry and Gury.

Henry and Gury were two of the most talented outer disciples at Drizzle Peak. They had never been bossed around like this.

They felt deep resentment at Qiu's order, as a result of which, testiness crept into their eyes.

"What? Do you have a problem with that? If so, I have an easy solution. You don't have to obey my orders if you choose to explore Sky Forest independently. We protect you, and in return, you do as I say. We clear?" Qiu said coldly.

Henry and Gury exchanged sour glances. They had no choices but to obey Qiu. Their lives were in the hands of these inner disciples. And quitting the trial at this stage was not an alternative. Whether they liked it or not, they would never make it out of the vast forest alive without the inner disciples' protection.

They had no choice but to look for firewood.

"The rest of you should keep watch beside the valley," Qiu glanced at Zen and the other outer disciples as he commanded.

Zen wanted to say something but thought better of it.

The ten disciples were a team now. Qiu was not asking too much by putting them on watch duty.

Zen walked along the edge of the valley. When he identified an appropriate spot, he climbed on a huge slick stone to get a better look.

Sky Forest stretched before him. All he could see was spruce trees, an endless ripple of green.

"We're on a demon hunt. But we haven't seen hide nor hair of demons till here," one of the outer disciples beside Zen said.

"It makes sense. The forest is too vast, and the demons are too few. If you want demons so badly, perhaps you should go to the White Emperor

City. Once you're standing on the city wall, you can have as many demons as you like," the other outer disciple answered.

Zen fell silent at their words. Humans in the eastern region had built a veritable golden age of prosperity ever since the Burning Sky Empire was founded. But over the recent hundred years, the realm had been under constant attack by demons. As a result, the whole Burning Sky Empire had been put in an untenable position.

It was a blessing that the Empire had two men to rely on to control the situation. The first was the ultimate expert from the Burning Sky Palace, and the other was the leader of Cloud Sect. Both of these men had fathomless power.

Demons would have already taken the White Emperor City and even devoured the whole eastern region had it not been for these two outstanding men!

Smoke drifted from the valley after half an hour. And then, Zen and the other two outer disciples were called to return as the meal was ready.

They gathered around the campfire and ate their meal.

"Cleve, have you really killed a demon before?" Qiu asked as they ate.

"Yes. It was four years ago," Cleve replied with a smug smile as he ripped off a chunk of meat from a roe deer. "At that time, I was still an outer disciple of Drizzle Peak, and the Shura Battlefield was about to close. I entered the trial to slay demons. We cornered a demon soldier, and I made the lethal strike."

Killing a demon soldier as an outer disciple was something Cleve should be proud of. Nevertheless, he continued with a little modesty. "Still, it was pure luck. I was not as strong as I am now. If I meet a demon soldier now, I can kill it in three strikes."

Just as Cleve was prattling on about his history with demons, an inner disciple who had been busy devouring his meat, suddenly interrupted in a sharp, rasping voice, "Is that so? I'd like to see if I can survive three strikes from you. Show me your sword!"

All of a sudden, a terrifying evil spirit emanated from the inner disciple.

Chapter 167 Demon General (Part One)

At this moment, all the disciples were stunned, astonishment reflected in their expressions.

Once the evil spirit engulfed them, the disciples drew away from the inner disciple that had spoken.

"Shiiiiing!"

Cleve unsheathed his sword, pointed it at that inner disciple and yelled, "I believe that you are not Gavin. Who the hell are you?"

"Kekekeke..."

A weird chortle was heard from the inner disciple named Gavin Xu. Soon after the chortling finished, several sharp thorns stretched out of his body. Everyone present was shocked to see that not a drop of blood was shed even though the sharp thorns had pierced his skin.

"I have lurked in Sky Forest for quite a long period. In all this time, I have not noticed any traces of human beings. Now, I have finally encountered some human beings. I must say, the taste of human flesh is as delicious as I expected!" After making this horrifying statement, the inner disciple shot out a rather long, strange tongue and began to lick his lips. Afterward, his head crumbled into pieces and the flesh, brain matter, and bone bits were exposed.

It was at this moment that the others present realized that the inner disciple was a demon disguised as Gavin Xu.

"When did you swallow Gavin and hide yourself inside his body?" questioned?Cleve. He pushed his gleaming sword closer to the demon as he spoke.

As the demon grinned, it exposed rows of sharp teeth. With a smug smile, it answered, "You are nothing more than a lowly human being. Do you think it is necessary for me to answer your questions?" The demon let out an ear-piercing shriek as soon as it finished speaking. All of a sudden, dozens of demons darted out from one side of the valley. Not only were these demons extremely hideous, but they also emanated such strong evil spirit that the disciples trembled involuntarily.

"Kill them!"

yelled?Cleve resolutely. He knew that they could not flinch in front of these demons. No wonder Cleve was an inner disciple! He maintained calm, issued an order, and boosted the morale of other disciples all at the same time in a critical situation.

The disciples of Drizzle Peak were out of luck to have met so many fierce demons simultaneously.

It was common knowledge that demons often snuck into Sky Forest to scout their enemies' movements. It was also well known that they seldom reconnoitered in groups. After all, the demons couldn't underestimate the Imperial Army of the White Emperor City. The demons were aware that if they were scouted and detected by the Imperial Army, they would be killed. Since it was difficult to disguise their evil spirit, they seldom moved around in groups to avoid discovery.

However, a demon had now stalked, killed, and consumed an inner disciple, Gavin. What was worse was that it had camouflaged itself as Gavin and followed other disciples of Drizzle Peak. In doing so, it had given other demons the opportunity to track the disciples.

"Ah..."

A horrible shriek was heard from an outer disciple shortly after Cleve had issued the order.

Since the outer disciple had passed Aura's evaluation, he must have been courageous and mighty. However, several demon soldiers showed up in front of him at the same time. Overwhelmed by their evil spirit, he didn't know how to resist and counter-attack. As a result, he couldn't defend himself when a demon tried to bite his head.

Aware that fear was a powerful weapon, the demon soldier lifted the decapitated corpse so that other disciples could see it, thus intensifying their fear.

At this point, the four inner disciples had begun to attack the demon soldiers.

However, the color drained from the faces of others such as?Henry?and Gury. The power of so many evil spirits was so debilitating that these outer disciples were frozen in place. Aside from shivering and gritting their teeth, they found themselves incapable of moving.

Of all the outer disciples, only Zen stayed calm.

When the fight started, Zen had taken his broken flying knife out of the space ring. To avoid being flanked, he stood in a way that his back was facing the valley. His eyes squinted into slits as he observed the demon soldiers.

The demon soldiers acted like malicious ghosts that had just climbed out of the hell. In their eyes, the human beings in front of them were delicious food, and they were ravenous!

One of the demon soldiers targeted Zen.

It wielded the sharp thorns protruding from its hands and strode forward with long legs that were covered in scales. Zen stood calmly and watched the demon get closer to him.

"Now is the right time!" Zen mumbled to himself as the demon soldier came within attacking range. Zen's mouth quirked up a little at the corners, and the broken flying knife in his hand suddenly shot out.

"Puff!"

A dull sound was heard as the broken flying knife slid through the demon's head and flew out. Very soon, it swept back and sliced the demon's entire body. When the demon soldier's corpse touched the ground, it separated into two parts along the path taken by the knife.

"One," Zen counted. In a sense, this was the first demon that Zen had formally killed.

Before Zen had a chance to look around, another demon soldier pounced on him. Since the broken flying knife still lay embedded inside the dead demon's corpse, Zen gestured with his fingers. The broken flying knife swirled out and returned to Zen upon receiving the order.

"Boh!"

As the flying knife penetrated the second demon soldier's head, fluids gushed forth. All of a sudden, the demon fell to the ground.

"Two," Zen whispered as he prepared for the next demon soldier.

At this moment, Zen shifted his gaze to? Henry. His eyes widened in surprise when he saw two demons creeping closer to Henry? and Gury. With their sharp thorns brandished, it looked as though they intended to spring on the two disciples.

Zen could sense that the two demon soldiers were not very powerful. Henry? and Gury were ranked first and third respectively, among the outer disciples at Drizzle Peak. They were powerful enough to kill these demons.

But at that moment, both Henry and Gury were scared out of their wits. Their bodies trembled as they stood rooted to their spots.

Zen shook his head at this scene. He could not do much from this distance. He stamped his foot in frustration before dashing forward. When he was about 30 feet away, he tossed the broken flying knife.

"Puff, poop!"

The broken flying knife sliced the heads off both the demon soldiers.

As Zen walked over to Henry and Gury, he asked, "The two of you act like cowards. Are you certain that you wanted to come to Sky Forest to kill demons?"

Henry? was grateful and surprised when he realized that Zen had saved his life. But when they were spoken to by Zen in such a belittling manner, both Henry? and Gury felt a little ashamed.

The lack of action by Henry and Gury was not because they didn't dare to resist. They stood still in a daze, only because when they wanted to step forward to fight the demons, they couldn't move. It was as though their feet had been glued to the ground. The two hadn't felt fear like this before.

"I would never have thought that the top outer disciple of Drizzle Peak would be a good-for-nothing!" Zen sneered.

Upon hearing Zen's sneer, a red tinge crept on? Henry's neck and extended to his face. Henry's life had been very smooth. He had not faced any challenging hardships. Ever since he was little, everyone treated him with awe and admiration as he had been a genius. But now, Zen was cursing him.

Being humiliated by someone inferior was a fate far worse than death to Henry.

Chapter 168 Demon General (Part Two)

"You don't believe me? When faced by demon soldiers, you have not dared to move. Tell me. Aren't you a good-for-nothing?" Zen sneered as he questioned Henry again.

Henry couldn't bear it anymore and yelled loudly, "I am not a good-for-nothing!"

Zen nodded and responded, "Since you say that you are not a good-for-nothing, prove it to me. Those demon soldiers are as mighty as people who have reached the nature level. They are even a little weaker than you. Fight and kill them. Even if you die in the battle, it would be better than submitting yourself to the demons without a fight."

In essence, human beings had infinite potential. Provoked by Zen, Henry? bellowed and unsheathed his three-foot-long cyan-blade sword. His eyes turned red as he rushed toward the demon soldiers.

Now that? Henry? was on the verge of becoming an inner disciple, he stood out in terms of gift, talent, speed, and strength. In addition, he outperformed ordinary inner disciples. After Zen provoked him, Henry? exhibited, harnessed, and exerted deadly strength.

Zen was stunned to see Henry stir up gusts of wind and thunder with his cyan-blade sword. He wielded his sword with the aggression of an angered God. At last, he sliced a demon to pieces.

After killing that demon, Henry stared at its remains. Henry's chest heaved, and his eyes widened. He couldn't believe that he had executed a demon.

Only after Henry had killed the demon was he relieved from his debilitating fear. Henry? stood in a daze and grunted, "I've got it! I am no longer wreathed and badgered by the evil spirit. I have figured out why."

As he exclaimed, he switched his gaze to Zen.

By this time, Zen had been rushing toward another demon soldier. He spared Henry an apathetic glance before readying his broken flying knife for his next kill.

Zen had killed four demon soldiers.

Henry? saw the power and ease with which Zen was killing the demons. He sighed at Zen's abilities and his speed. His envy for Zen had changed into admiration by now. Another sigh escaped? Henry? when he secretly acknowledged that he lagged behind Zen in terms of strengths. He knew that Zen should be ranked as the topmost outer disciple at Drizzle Peak instead of himself.

The fight was so fierce that Henry didn't have much time to get lost in his thoughts. Immediately, he invigorated the life vitality inside his body to help the other inner disciples fight the demons.

Cleve's sword was a low-grade spiritual weapon. Nevertheless, it was powerful. He wielded his sword dexterously. When confronted with a demon at the very beginning, he swung his sword back and forth 30 times in the blink of an eye.

But none of his attacks were to the point.

"Didn't you say that you could kill me with only three strikes? But I have given you so many chances. Why couldn't you kill me?" the demon shrieked in a human tone as it taunted Cleve.

This further infuriated Cleve, who thereby stopped and thought over the matter. He felt as though there were anomalies about this demon as it had moved and dodged much faster than other ordinary demon soldiers. His eyes widened as a terrifying thought flashed through his mind. Cleve whispered, "You are not a demon soldier!"

"Gyuh, gyuh, gyuh, gyhu!" The demon burst into shrieking laughter. Immediately, many bronze colored sharp thorns stretched out of its tawny body. In a flash, it became several feet taller. From a distance, it looked as though the demon was as tall as a hill!

At the same time, its evil spirit was enhanced. It was more overwhelming than the evil spirit that was emanated from ordinary demon soldiers.

Within seconds, it filled up the whole valley.

Other disciples of Drizzle Peak who were fighting the demon soldiers were shocked at the scene.

Cleve was so scared that his complexion paled. His throat felt parched as Cleve realized what he was up against. Cleve gulped at the sight of the towering demon and mumbled, "Demon general!"

The demon general's strengths were far mightier than ordinary demon soldiers'.

But generally speaking, demon generals rarely haunted Sky Forest.

Their evil spirit was so overwhelming and perceivable that demon generals felt challenged when trying to keep their evil spirit from being sensed by the Imperial Army from the White Emperor City when they hid in Sky Forest.

But there could be exceptions! A demon general was standing in front of?Cleve, although all people present were confused as to how this general had slipped into Sky Forest unnoticed.

"I will kill you even though you are a demon general!"

yelled Cleve, who, at this moment, understood that he had no other choice but to face the demon general. Unlike Henry, Cleve had undergone the trial for slaying demons before and had ever killed demons. At the same time, he understood that no emotion was more useless than fear.

Deep inside, Cleve knew that fear would lead to his death faster.

At the thought of all this, Cleve summoned his courage. With a deep breath, he swung his sword against the demon general with the greatest strength he could exert. As Cleve's sword cut through the air, streaks of bright white light glittered on both sides of the blade. Others around were dazzled by the brightness to such an extent that they couldn't see the sword.

Only the demon general was capable of dodging Cleve's fierce attacks.

"Shiiiiiing, vzzzzt!"

A loud, crisp noise was produced as Cleve's sword clashed into a bronze colored sharp thorn. The vibrations from the clash traveled through Cleve's arm. A shooting pain jarred his nerves before Cleve felt his arm go numb.

Gosh! Cleve realized that something terrible was going to happen.

The demon general was waiting for this chance to counter-attack. How could it possible for the demon general to make it easy for Cleve to escape from his counter-attack?

Before Cleve could take a step back, the demon general extended one of its sharp claws. The claw hooked Cleve's sword, and with one swift movement, the demon general pulled the sword away from Cleve. As a result of the force used by the demon general, the sword arced through the air and embedded itself into the ground.

Cleve stared at his sword in dismay as it swayed to and fro. It had been dragged out of his hand by the demon general with such force that it had landed far from Cleve's reach. Before Cleve could think of a way to defend himself, the demon general extended another claw and aimed for Cleve's chest.

If he was unable to dodge in time, the claw would slice Cleve's belly open.

A malicious grin spread across the demon general's face as it prepared to kill Cleve. However, before its claw could slash Cleve's chest, the demon general roared in surprise and stepped back. He withdrew his claw like a streak of lightning. In the next moment, a broken flying knife sliced through the air between Cleve and the demon general.

The demon general's claw would have been chopped off by the broken flying knife had it not been withdrawn in time.

Cleve was stunned by his narrow escape. This demon general was not scared by his low-grade spiritual weapon, but why was it fearful of that broken flying knife? Cleve couldn't help but ponder upon this mystery. When Cleve turned to see where the knife had come from, he noticed that Zen was standing nearby. His arm was still extended as though he had just thrown the knife. Regret flashed in Zen's eyes.

"How cautious and agile it is. My flying knife even didn't hit him," sighed Zen as he straightened himself.

The demon general glared at Zen with its ugly and evil eyes. Fear was reflected in the demon general's eyes as it yelled in a shrill and horrible voice, "You...you are different."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Thank you for reading. Please leave your valuable review. It will help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top epic and paranormal fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Thanks for reading! The latest chapter is available on my website: moboreader.net with daily updates.

Or maybe you will love my other interesting books:

Mighty
Soldier King

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Mighty Soldier King

Cold CEO Vs. Sweet Wife

Jean Wen sacrificed herself for family interests. Before her husband divorced her, she made every effort to please him.

"You are inexperienced in bed," he said coldly.

"You! Give that land to my family, or I won't agree to divorce," Jean replied furiously.

"Fine. It is exactly what I am thinking about," he sneered.

Cold CEO Vs. Sweet Wife

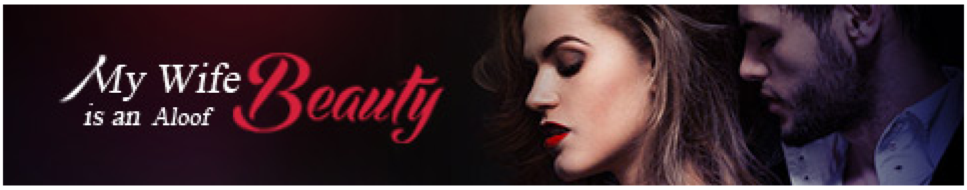
My Wife is an Aloof Beauty

Happiness was like a mirage to Daisy, the closer she got, the further away it went. She had just reunited with Edward when everything fell apart. An ex-girlfriend shows up, claiming to be carrying Edward's child. Her stepsister, whom her father abandoned her to raise, tries to seduce Edward.

And other things preyed on her mind -- why were Edward's parents acting so strangely? Why did her father hate her? And who was trying to damage her reputation in the military that she'd worked so hard to build? And why are you still reading this and not opening the book to find out?

My Wife is an Aloof Beauty

THE SUBSTITUTE BRIDE

When her sister ran away from the wedding, Autumn was forced to marry Charles. His name had been linked to innumerable ladies. He had different girlfriends for every day of a year. Autumn had never thought that she would fall in love with him.

The Substitute Bride

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

4

Content

Chapter 169 Blood Splattering
Chapter 170 Pear Needle Rainstorm
Chapter 171 The Demon-revealing Needle (Part One)
Chapter 172 The Demon-revealing Needle (Part Two)
Chapter 173 Battle In The Sky Forest (Part One)
Chapter 174 Battle In The Sky Forest (Part Two)
Chapter 175 Fighting Demons
Chapter 176 Real Courage
Chapter 177 Six Demon Generals
Chapter 178 Bathed In Blood (Part One)
Chapter 179 Bathed In Blood (Part Two)
Chapter 180 Not Allow Himself To Fall Or Die
Chapter 181 A Skilled But Greedy Doctor (Part One)
Chapter 182 A Skilled But Greedy Doctor (Part Two)
Chapter 183 The Shura Battlefield (Part One)
Chapter 184 The Shura Battlefield (Part Two)
Chapter 185 Smacking Yale In The Face
Chapter 186 Attack Of The Demons (Part One)
Chapter 187 Attack Of The Demons (Part Two)
Chapter 188 The Killing Intention (Part One)
Chapter 189 The Killing Intention (Part Two)
Chapter 190 Five-Clawed Golden Dragon (Part One)
Chapter 191 Five-Clawed Golden Dragon (Part Two)
Chapter 192 The Five-clawed Blackish Purple Dragon (Part One)
Chapter 193 The Five-clawed Blackish Purple Dragon (Part Two)
Chapter 194 Yolande
Chapter 195 In A Small Box (Part One)
Chapter 196 In A Small Box (Part Two)
Chapter 197 Governor's House
Chapter 198 The Attack From The Demon (Part One)
Chapter 199 The Attack From The Demon (Part Two)
Chapter 200 Fierce Fight In The Sky (Part One)
Chapter 201 Fierce Fight In The Sky (Part Two)
Chapter 202 The Demon’s Holy Fire (Part One)
Chapter 203 The Demon’s Holy Fire (Part Two)
Chapter 204 The Battle Of Opposite Forces

Chapter 205 Oceiros' Pillar
Chapter 206 The Battle Of The Life Vitality (Part One)
Chapter 207 The Battle Of The Life Vitality (Part Two)
Chapter 208 A Good Plan (Part One)
Chapter 209 A Good Plan (Part Two)
Chapter 210 A Narrow Escape From Death (Part One)
Chapter 211 A Narrow Escape From Death (Part Two)
Chapter 212 The Stubborn Girl
Chapter 213 The Reward
Chapter 214 The Phoenix Crystal And The Emerald Crystal (Part One)
Chapter 215 The Phoenix Crystal And The Emerald Crystal (Part Two)
Chapter 216 The Inlay
Chapter 217 The Power Of Zen's Fist (Part One)
Chapter 218 The Power Of Zen's Fist (Part Two)
Chapter 219 The Racing Heartbeat (Part One)
Chapter 220 The Racing Heartbeat (Part Two)
Chapter 221 Dragon Valley (Part One)
Chapter 222 Dragon Valley (Part Two)
Chapter 223 So Huge (Part One)
Chapter 224 So Huge (Part Two)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 169 Blood Splattering

Almost all inner disciples, including Cleve, thought that the outer disciples could not kill demons and that they had been selected for their courage.

In their opinion, the outer disciples were a burden to them.

Nevertheless, according to the rules of Cloud Sect, an action team tasked with killing demons must consist of five inner disciples and five outer disciples.

Before they set out from Drizzle Peak, Cleve and the other inner disciples had discussed how to treat the outer disciples during the mission.

Cleve had never imagined that an outer disciple would save him during the task.

He had no idea why the demon general was afraid of Zen's broken flying knife instead of his Light Splitting Sword.

"Since I'm special will you let me go?" Zen asked the demon general as he reclaimed his broken flying knife.

"Of course, not. The meat of special people is more delicious," replied the demon general before sticking his tongue out of his fanged mouth and licking his lips. "Ha ha ha!" the demon general laughed contentedly as if he had tasted Zen's flesh.

Then the demon general ignored Cleve and rushed toward Zen.

Seeing this, Cleve emitted a bright silver life vitality from his hand and directed it to his Light Splitting Sword. As if ordered, the sword flew toward the demon general. Cleve knew that they had to work together to kill the demon general. Otherwise, they would all die.

However, the demon general was not flustered by Cleve's attack. He dodged the path of the sword with ease. Then several bone spikes emerged from his back and deflected the sword.

A demon general was much stronger than an ordinary demon. Cleve and his teammates were faced with a life and death challenge during this fight.

Zen carefully observed each movement of the demon general.

He knew that if he missed even the slightest detail, it would mean his death.

The moment the demon general rushed toward Zen, Zen directed his flying knife toward the general.

Unfortunately, the demon general was much faster than Zen had estimated. Zen saw he avoided the circling orbit of the flying knife at an extremely high speed.

The flying knife didn't meet its target.

Zen gritted his teeth and decided to give the demon general a knockout blow. He awakened the cyan dragon in his mind, which now had more than a hundred glittering scales.

As he rushed toward the demon general, a tremendous force surged from Zen's body and focused on his fist. Zen's body had already been refined into a spiritual weapon, so he could bear immense power. Had such power been carried by any other humans, they would be destroyed by their strength before they could release it.

"Bomp!"

A booming sound echoed through the forest when the two fists collided.

The force with which Zen clashed with the demon general turned all stones around them into dust.

Zen's eyes widened as he felt himself being pushed back dozens of feet. He dug his heels into the ground to slow himself, but the reaction force was so tremendous that a heap of soil piled up behind Zen.

Ever since Zen's body had become a spiritual weapon, there had been no refining effect on his body when he clashed with ordinary people. However, the demon general's punch awoke the warm currents. Zen closed his eyes as the currents flowed through his body, enveloping him in a comfortable feeling.

According to martial arts practice, it was necessary for a cultivator who had been a half-step into the nature level to strengthen his belly and cultivate life vitality.

Strengthening the belly would enhance the endurance capacity of one's belly to bear the life vitality.

After a refiner had overcome this challenge, he could begin to cultivate his life vitality.

While the warm currents flowed into Zen's abdomen along the main meridians of his body, he felt as though a flame had been lit in his belly. He knew that these warm currents were strengthening his belly.

Zen wasn't the only one who had retreated dozens of feet during the clash. The demon general was in the same situation. His body had been flung back into the woods on the side of the valley. The impact had broken the towering spruce trees.

"Flop, flop!"

These spruce trees, which had grown for hundreds of years, were slowly uprooted and fell sideways.

Even though a demon's body wasn't as tough as an ogre's, Zen was fighting a demon general. When he got up from the ground, the demon general looked ashamed for he had been knocked back by a boy.

Though the demon general observed that Zen was special at first glance, he hadn't thought that Zen would be this powerful. From the strength competition just now, the demon general judged that the boy was stronger than him.

The demon general lumbered toward Zen. The ground trembled with the weight of his heavy feet hitting the forest floor. The demon general was so annoyed that he forced his way through the spruce trees, breaking them with a swing of his mighty arms. As he neared Zen, the demon general emitted a powerful, frightening evil spirit.

Cleve was shocked by what he had witnessed.

Even Cleve, who was considered to be strong among other nature creatures, believed himself to be much weaker than the demon general.

When he saw Zen and the demon general clashing into each other, he thought that Zen would die on the spot.

It was well known that a blow from a demon general would shatter the body of a person who was a half-step into the nature level.

But, Zen was safe and sound.

Both, Zen and the demon general were pushed back dozens of feet by the impact. What was more astonishing was that neither of them was seriously injured, let alone killed.

Cleve was confused. However, he didn't have time to waste. Zen's unparalleled power gave him hope of survival.

But when Cleve saw the demon general was returning while Zen was still lying motionless on the ground, he despaired again.

If the demon general had punched Cleve, he would be unable to get up. Zen was at a much lower level than Cleve. Perhaps he had been too optimistic when he thought that Zen would be able to stand and confront the demon general again.

Cleve wasn't aware of the real reason why Zen didn't get up.

As soon as his belly absorbed the warm currents, Zen jumped up and leisurely stretched his body.

The strength of the demon general was precisely what Zen needed to cultivate his body further. "Good guy, come on!" said Zen humorously, as he watched the demon general make his way back.

Zen, of course, had hoped that he would exchange a few punches with the demon general.

With the warm current generated in his body by the power of the demon general, Zen would be able to strengthen his belly and then cultivate life vitality sooner.

After the initial collision, the demon general figured out Zen's strength. Thus, he no longer underestimated Zen. Zen noticed that the demon general was emitting thick evil spirit from his brown skin. Two additional bronzed bone spikes also sprouted from his arms.

The demon general roared and rushed toward Zen. He had intended to impale Zen with the two bone spikes.

As the demon general neared, Zen stopped abruptly to avoid the bone spikes.

Zen dodged just in time, and the demon general missed him.

Humiliated again by his failure, the demon general smiled cruelly at Zen.

He opened his fanged mouth and released a deafening roar.

Then a dozen bronzed bone spikes sprouted from the demon general's chest, back, and arms.

Zen realized that the demon general was going to make it harder to dodge by sprouting additional spikes. Although he reacted quickly, it was too late. A bone spike was already close to Zen's chest.

Zen had no time to evade properly. With no other alternative left, he twisted his body to avoid being stabbed in his chest.

"Ouch!" cried Zen as pain coursed through him.

As Zen had twisted his body to evade the spike, it pierced his shoulder instead of embedding itself in his chest.

Using his bone spike, the demon general lifted Zen into the air.

The demon general released a chortle before stretching his mighty arms and grabbing Zen's feet. So massive were his arms that they looked as thick as tree trunks! Delighted with his victory, the demon general said, "The meat of a special human is more delicious. Ha ha ha!"

The demon general couldn't wait to tear Zen into pieces and swallow him alive.

Seeing this, the other disciples of Drizzle Peak who had been struggling to resist the demon soldiers sank into the depths of sadness and despair.

They knew what this situation meant for them.

Once Zen and Cleve were killed, the other disciples wouldn't stand a chance.

Unquestionably, they would all be devoured by the demons.

When Zen had collided into the demon general, everyone was surprised as he had survived. Seeing that he hadn't been injured gave the disciples a glimmer of hope.

But their hope was dashed soon.

At that moment, a sly smile danced on Zen's face.

Although demons were stronger than humans, they were not smarter than humans. The demon general was surprised to see Zen's smile. However, he dismissed the anomaly by telling himself that Zen was completely under his control. So he focused on tearing Zen's body.

"Swish!"

The broken flying knife flew toward the demon general all of a sudden. Of course, it was Zen's knife.

Zen had hurled his broken flying knife just before the demon general's bone spike stabbed him. Now, he gestured with his fingers and directed the knife to return to him.

"Ah!" exclaimed the demon general as he saw the broken flying knife.

The demon general reacted quickly. He shook his body to ward off the broken flying knife with his bone spikes.

With the demon general sufficiently distracted, Zen now had the time to release his second attack. He closed his eyes and focused. A soft yellow light appeared between his eyebrows. The light shaped into a long thorn and flew toward the demon general's head.

"Ow..."

Stabbed by Zen's Spiritual Thorn, the demon general bellowed painfully. Distracted by the pain, he had no time to notice the broken flying knife.

The flying knife hit the demon general in the chest.

At the same time, Zen placed his feet on the demon general's body and pressed the bone spike down with his full strength. More than a hundred dragon scales lit up at once. Zen quickly channeled the infinite power to his hand.

"Kirik!"

The force used by Zen snapped the demon general's bone spike.

Before the demon general could recover from the pain, Zen pulled out the bone spike from his shoulder and thrust it into the demon general's head.

"Ow...ow..."

The unbearable pain forced the demon general to his knees. In the next instant, he clutched his head and thrashed on the ground.

With the flying knife in his hand, Zen stood on the demon general's body and began chopping him into pieces.

In a while, the demon general's blood splattered all over.

Chapter 170 Pear Needle Rainstorm

Zen's flying knife was so sharp that hardly anything could withstand the blade.

Each slash cut the demon's wound deeper.

Zen wielded his knife like an insane butcher, slashing at the demon general wildly.

It was well known that demons were hard to slay, and even if a demon was seriously hurt, his health could be restored in a short period.

"Die! Die! Die!"

"To hell with you!"

yelled Zen. Now that he had the advantage, he wouldn't give the demon general a chance to heal.

When the demon's head, arms, and torso were all hacked off, and lay in bloody hunks, Zen stopped and gasped air into his lungs.

Zen glanced down at the remains of the demon general, ensuring that he was dead.

Seeing the horrific fate of their general, the ordinary demon soldiers fled, scattering.

The demon general's blood was splattered all on Zen, giving him a strong aura of death.

The disciples of Drizzle Peak gawked at Zen, a slightly fearful look flashing in their eyes.

Their fear didn't come from a little bit of the demon general's evil spirit that remained in Zen's body. No, the frightful manner Zen killed the demon general had terrified them. Right now, they saw Zen as the god of death!

Although Zen was only half a step into the nature level, the killing intent exuding from him scared the nature creatures!

As Cleve re-sheathed his sword, he approached Zen. After checking Zen's shoulder wound, he pulled out a small bottle from his waist. He got a pill and handed it to Zen before saying, "Here you go, this is a Flesh Restoring Pill from the Herb Pavilion."

Taking the pill without hesitation, Zen popped it in his mouth.

The Flesh Restoring Pill might not compare to the Red Cloud Pill Master Su gave him, but, a Flesh Restoring Pill was expensive for any inner disciple.

When they first exited the giant flying chariot, Cleve and the other inner disciples spoke ill of Zen, and yet, even after that, Zen saved them.

To make up for his earlier behavior, Cleve happily gave Zen a Flesh Restoring Pill.

Qiu and the other inner disciples went over to the demon soldier corpses and pulled the gray bead from each carcass.

"Demon cores!"

said Zen. He narrowed his eyes when he saw the gray beads.

The demon body differed from the human body completely. While humans' navels housed their power, demons' power was from within the demon cores.

The assessment of the task was based on the total number of demon cores accumulated. Thus, even though they had already lost two fellow disciples, they weren't about to forget to collect the demon cores.

After Qiu silently gathered up demon cores, he handed four of them to Zen.

The four cores were from the demons killed by Zen.

The disciple saw Zen's great strength, and he dared not rob him of the demon cores.

Cleve stabbed at the demon general's chest with his sword and dug out the core.

The demon general's core was twice the size of a demon soldier's core. Cleve handed the core to Zen and said, "Zen, here you go. This is the demon general's core!"

That added up to five demon cores that Zen received. He put them in his space ring.

If Zen could be placed first in this task, he would receive many points along with the mid-grade spiritual weapon.

There were many talented inner disciples from the thirty-three peaks, including ones from the Skytop and Blackrock Peaks. But, as long as there was a chance to compete against them, Zen wouldn't give up.

Two disciples were dead at the end of the battle, an outer one and an inner one.

"Alas! Such a shame that the demon soldiers swallowed them," said one of the inner disciples in a low voice.

Cleve shook his head sadly and added, "In a previous task to kill demons, the disciples encountered demon generals. But that time, the demon generals slaughtered one hundred and twenty disciples from twelve peaks. In contrast, we don't have many casualties."

It was lucky that eight out of ten of them survived after the encounter against a demon general and dozens of demon soldiers.

Henry's attitude toward Zen was changed too.

Before, Henry knew there were more talented disciples than himself, but he looked down on Zen.

Now, during the task of hunting demons, Henry learned a good lesson and recognized his weakness.

That was a discipline of sorts, honing Henry's personality.

After the remaining eight cleaned up the mess, they moved on.

The disciples' mentalities were changed.

Before the encounter, the inner disciples saw the outer disciples as a burden.

Now, it was accepted that Zen should be the team's leader.

Even Cleve agreed.

Trudging on through Sky Forest until the sun set behind the distant mountains, they didn't meet any more demons.

"Demons hunt at night. Let's find a place to rest," suggested Cleve, walking to one side of the line of disciples.

Zen nodded and said, "You're right, and it isn't suitable for us to wander around at night."

"There's firelight ahead!" shouted Gury.

Looking ahead, the team saw a bonfire burning in the distance.

Since there was a bonfire, it meant other humans, maybe disciples from the Cloud Sect's other peaks were there.

Now that a demon general had appeared, the team was very prudent. If they were with disciples from the other peaks, they would be safer.

So the team walked in the direction of the bonfire.

As the group neared the bonfire, they unexpectedly heard the sound of a trigger being pulled burst through the air.

"Phfft... Phfft... Phfft!"

Needles poured out of the sky at Cleve, who led the group.

"It's Pear Needle Rainstorm!"

Cleve's expression changed abruptly when he realized he couldn't avoid the needles. He unsheathed his sword quickly to protect himself. Nevertheless, Cleve's defense still had gaps, and too many needles flew at him to block. It was as though a monsoon might swallow him in an instant.

Since each needle was highly toxic, if any jabbed Cleve, he would be dead soon after.

A blur of a figure appeared in front of Cleve.

It was Zen.

Zen blocked the way between the needles and Cleve, completely, and let the dense needles pierce him.

Within seconds, Zen's body was covered by a large number of needles, which looked scary.

Seeing Zen, Cleve stammered, "Zen, Are, are you all right?"

Zen reached up swiping the needles off his body and with a smile, he calmly said, "Yes, I am fine! They are just like embroidery needles and unable to hurt me."

Cleve and the others couldn't say anything to Zen's statement.

Pear Needle Rainstorm was one of the most famous secret weapons of the Zhu Clan. Because the quantity and speed of the large needle no one could flee from it, usually.

The needles were extremely thin and able to pierce a nature creature's life vitality easily, penetrating the skin to release the poison at its tip. They were tough to defend against.

Yet, Zen seemed impervious to the toxic needles.

As Cleve, Henry, and the others saw Zen's calm look, only one word appeared in their hearts, monster!

Indeed, Zen resisted demons with his physical strength and was immune to toxic Pear Needle Rainstorm. What a miracle! It was like he was a deathless monster!

After Zen removed the embedded needles, he led the team to the bonfire.

Before Zen got to the bonfire, a voice called out in warning, "Stop!"

Chapter 171 The Demon-revealing Needle (Part One)

With the help of the light from the bonfire, Zen was able to study his surroundings. He saw about ten female disciples standing on a wide branch of a spruce tree.

The female disciple in the front gripped a long sword horizontally and looked nervous. She shouted at Zen, "Don't move forward. Which peak are you from?"

Zen raised his head and answered, "We are disciples from Drizzle Peak!"

Of the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect, only Lady Peak housed female disciples. Since only female disciples were standing on the branch, it could be assumed that they were from Lady Peak.

After Yan came to Lady Peak, the strength of the entire peak was enhanced. Although Yan was imprisoned now, the peak retained its average strength.

It was undoubtedly more powerful than Drizzle Peak, which was ranked at the bottom.

Since Lady Peak was the only peak among the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect to accommodate female refiners, it was the most popular peak among the male disciples. It was also the best place for male disciples to find companions.

The female disciple standing on the tree was named Nina. She was from the Zhu Clan, which was famous for their powerful weapon needles. Given her strength and cultivation level, she was an inner disciple at Lady Peak. Her strength and rank ensured that she was selected to lead her group during this trial to chop the demon.

"The Drizzle Peak? Stand there!" Nina Zhu warned again. Then she aimed a small jade box at Zen and the others from Drizzle Peak.

Although Nina Zhu was surprised that the Pear Needle Rainstorm was not effective on Zen, as the descendant of the Zhu Clan, she had more powerful weapons at her disposal. Thus she felt secure that she could confront him.

For example, the small jade box in her hand was named Shock Dragon. It looked ordinary, but Nina knew that if the Shock Dragon were released, its power would be equivalent to a full blow from an over-match at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Perhaps Zen felt the power hidden in the small jade box, which was why he was obedient.

Then Nina passed the jade box to another female disciple from Lady Peak before jumping down from the tall tree.

When she jumped from the branch, her black hair scattered. Fortunately, she had a soft, lissome figure. She landed agilely on the ground of the forest. Nina then ran her fingers through her hair as she cautiously approached Zen.

Once she got close, Zen could see her appearance clearly. She had fair skin, bright eyes and white teeth. She was short and slender but well-rounded. Under the light of the bonfire, she looked indistinct.

"Don't move!" Nina lifted her beautiful brows and warned, "My sister disciple is more timorous than me. If you move even a little bit, you'll frighten her and then she will release the Shock Dragon. Then, all of you will die!"

All disciples from Drizzle Peak heard the words 'Shock Dragon', and the expression changed on the faces. They had been at Cloud Sect longer than Zen, and hence, they were more familiar with the top seven noble clans. So, they had naturally heard of weapons such as the Shock Dragon. It was known that the Shock Dragon could kill all nature creatures in one second. There was no chance of survival even for creatures at grade 9 or 10 of the nature level once hit by the Shock Dragon.

"Since you carry the Shock Dragon, you must be from Zhu Clan, right?" Cleve asked.

Nina's expression hardened when she heard Cleve's question. "Nobody told you to speak. Don't say anything!"

Seeing Nina's expression, Zen laughed in a low voice. Nina's expression hardened some more. With a cold tone, she said, "I didn't tell you to laugh. You can't laugh, either!"

So Zen hurried to restrain his laughter. He stared at Nina with an innocent expression.

Zen's comical expression released the tension. As Nina laughed out, she waved her beautiful hand. Suddenly, a jade needle appeared between her fingers.

She grasped the jade needle tightly and waved it in front of Zen. Then she carefully checked the needle's color. Afterward, she walked to Cleve and repeated the action. She waved the jade needle in front of each of the eight disciples from Drizzle Peak.

At last, Nina sighed with relief and looked relaxed. She announced, "All right. Now I am sure there is no demon soldier mixed with you!"

Zen was curious and asked, "You can check that with your jade needle?"

Nina smiled, "This is the Demon-revealing Needle of the Zhu Clan. It is sensitive to evil spirit. As you know, a demon can eat a person and then disguise himself to look like that person. Despite a demon's ability to camouflage himself as his victim, he will spread a little evil spirit. When this Demon-revealing Needle touches an evil spirit, it will change from green to red."

Zen nodded. As expected, each of the seven noble clans had a unique strength. Zhu Clan was an expert in hidden weapons and all kinds of techniques to make such neat stuff.

"Sisters, you can come down. There is no demon among them," Nina turned to her group and announced.

Hearing that, the female disciples from Lady Peak hidden on the tree jumped down and settled around the bonfire.

Shortly after, the disciples from Drizzle Peak also sat on the ground around the bonfire. Zen asked, "You are so cautious. Have you also been attacked by demons before?"

As soon as Zen asked this question, the expression on all female disciples of Lady Peak saddened. Seeing this, Zen felt as though no words were needed to answer his question.

Nina nodded with tears in her eyes, "We thought it was not dangerous to take the trial to chop the demons this year as some senior brother disciples had vowed to protect us. Who would know that..."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 172 The Demon-revealing Needle (Part Two)

Cloud Sect arranged for this task of slaying demons on an annual basis.

Humans and demons had fought with each other for generations. Since demons hadn't stepped into the Burning Sky Empire for many years because of the protection of the Burning Sky Palace and Cloud Sect, most disciples were not aware of the danger posed by demons.

To train the disciples, it was necessary to teach them to bring their strength into play without being suppressed by the demon's evil spirit during a fight.

Since such experience necessitated confronting a real demon, Cloud Sect allowed for the disciples to hunt demons in the Sky Forest. As with any fight, there was always a life and death situation. It truly sounded terrifying.

But in fact, during the trial to chop the demon every year, it was rare for some disciples to die as only ordinary demon soldiers would be in Sky Forest to explore the way.

A demon soldier was not powerful. At least, all the inner disciples who could pass the test and enter Sky Forest were able to fight against them.

And the disciples of Lady Peak volunteered for the task this time as they had allied with the inner disciples from Blackrock Peak.

The disciples of Blackrock Peak were willing to protect the female disciples of Lady Peak.

Blackrock Peak was ranked second among the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect. Even if those who took the trial to chop the demon were not the most powerful at Blackrock Peak, their strength was sufficient for the task. Some of them were not highly ranked at Cloud Sect yet, but they were famous at Cloud Sect for their strength.

But when they explored Sky Forest, a demon general mixed himself inside the group.

"A demon general disguised himself and followed your group?" Zen frowned and asked.

Nina nodded, and sorrow was reflected on her face, "Yes. That demon general ate a disciple of Blackrock Peak and hid in his body. Later, he killed another one in a sneak attack. Other disciples of Blackrock Peak fought against them and protected us. They let us run away, but..."

When she spoke, several female disciples lowered their heads as tears filled their eyes.

When facing a demon general, the disciples were in an unfavorable position.

The most powerful inner disciples who took this trial were grade 4 or 5 in the nature level. They couldn't be compared with a demon general, who was essentially more powerful.

In this situation, it was very noble of the disciples from Blackrock Peak to sacrifice themselves so that the disciples of Lady Peak could escape.

The camp was silent now. All the people were lost in thought. They fixed their eyes on the fire and gently shook their heads.

"Don't worry. I will protect you this time!" Zen suddenly smiled and broke the sadness.

After Zen finished speaking, surprise was reflected on the faces of the female disciples of Lady Peak. They stared at him in a daze.

If Cleve from Drizzle Peak had said that, they wouldn't be surprised.

But Zen was only a half-step into the nature level, and not outstanding among the disciples from Drizzle Peak. However, they knew that Zen had said that just to comfort them.

Cleve saw that and said with a bitter smile, "We also met a demon general. Zen killed it himself. Without him, all disciples of Drizzle Peak would probably have been killed."

Many female disciples displayed a doubtful expression on the face after hearing Cleve's explanation.

Nina looked Zen up and down with her pretty eyes and smiled. She shook her head and stated, "I don't believe that!"

"Nina, I don't believe it, either!" Another female disciple shared the same opinion as the leader from Lady Peak.

Cleve smiled bitterly. If he hadn't witnessed Zen's victory over the demon general, he wouldn't have believed that a warrior who was a half-step into the nature level could accomplish such a feat either.

But, it was a fact even though the female disciples didn't believe that he had spoken the truth.

Zen didn't deny or admit to killing the demon general. He had reassured the disciples from Lady Peak just to break the ice.

A despairing soldier would surely be defeated. Anyone couldn't lose his courage at any time. As Zen saw it, Nina must have more than one powerful hidden weapon with which to protect herself. If she didn't lack the courage, she would certainly have the chance to win against a demon general.

As the night wore on, the thick crown of the spruce trees blocked the faint moonlight. It was dark in Sky Forest. Except for the light from the fire, the disciples couldn't see anything around them.

Occasionally, a giant beast would skim past the camp, rustling leaves and branches of the foliage.

Nina and other female disciples were exhausted after what had happened to them earlier that day. They leaned against each other and fell asleep.

The disciples of Drizzle Peak took turns guarding the camp and taking some rest.

The night seemed to drag on longer than usual. Not only was the disciple on guard filled with anxiety, but the ones who were sleeping couldn't rest well, either. Their nightmares would wake them.

During their torment, the darkness of the night only served to make the disciples more despondent. However, the night went by without any further incidents.

Zen didn't sleep the whole night. His soul had entered a realm that common people couldn't match. Even if he didn't rest for several days and nights, he would be in high spirits.

He sat with his legs crossed and practiced the second move of the Heavenly Ogre Fist, which was called Swarm of Ogres Surging.

When the sun rose the next morning, he was still sitting with his legs crossed. Zen opened his eyes as demonic life energy spread slowly. After meditating the whole night, Zen thought he had mastered more about Heavenly Ogre Fist.

Chapter 173 Battle In The Sky Forest (Part One)

As the sun crossed the horizon, the disciples prepared for another day of demon hunting.

The relief the disciples felt at having had an uneventful night was overshadowed by their fear and doubt. For a long time, only demon soldiers were seen in Sky Forest, which was the reason why the Sky Forest had become hunting ground for the disciples of Cloud Sect. The inner disciples could easily kill low-level demon soldiers, as these soldiers were simple-minded and not very strong.

But a demon general was more powerful than a demon soldier. And if demon generals were in Sky Forest, then all the disciples of Cloud Sect would become their prey.

Yesterday, Zen's team was not the only team to encounter a demon general. Disciples of Lady Peak had also come across one. Such a coincidence was rare and indicated that the number of demon generals in Sky Forest was far more than estimated.

It was common knowledge that it was relatively challenging for a demon general to sneak into and remain undetected in Sky Forest. The absence of the danger posed by demon generals in Sky Forest was one of the reasons why Cloud Sect selected the forest as the training place for its disciples.

But this year, the number of demon generals in the forest was beyond anyone's expectation. What drove them to the forest in such large numbers?

Although each of the disciples from Lady Peak and Drizzle Peak pondered over this anomaly, none could come up with a feasible answer. After all, White Emperor City formed a solid line of defense against the demons in the Shura Battlefield. How could these demon generals break through the defense line and sneak into Sky Forest?

Was something wrong in White Emperor City?

Needless to say, the disciples had many questions and doubts in their hearts and could not get answers or solutions. Thus, their concerns added to the anxiety they were already feeling.

They could not sleep well at night. When the sun rose, shafts of bright sunlight filtered through the green canopy and lit up the forest. The disciples collected their vitality, put out the fire, and continued on their way.

Although everyone was worried and tired, no one chose to give up. Besides, at this time, even if they wanted to give up, they needed to return along the same path. No one could guarantee that they would not encounter a demon on the way back.

Without another alternative, disciples of Drizzle Peak and Lady Peak decided to keep each other company and moved forward as per the original routing.

Since both peaks had encountered demon generals the day before, they proceeded with caution today. To prevent a demon general from lurking in the team by shielding under human skin, the disciples would act in groups. And every hour, Nina would test everyone with her Demon-revealing Needle.

In this way, they walked safely for around four hours. Suddenly, they heard a shout coming from ahead.

Then came the sound of explosions.

"There is a fight ahead!" Based on the noise, Cleve, who was walking in front of the team, surmised. He drew his sword from its scabbard as he prepared to join the battle. His previously relaxed expression now became serious. Without further delay, he instructed the team to get ready for battle.

On hearing the command, all disciples clenched their weapons firmly, regrouped to two teams by gender, and dashed toward the source of the explosion. They did not know who were fighting in the front, but they thought that this could be a battle between disciples of Cloud Sect and the demons.

When they moved closer, they could see what was happening in the forest. Their assumption was correct. The disciples of Cloud Sect were fighting fiercely with demons. For a time, the evil spirit being released by the several demons quickly dissipated the life vitality of the refiners. The evil spirit clashed with the life vitality, and the impact left the trees and grass around in chaos.

In the center of the battle, a young man with a black sword and a white sword in his hands attracted their attention.

Both his swords were simple in shape and forged in classic style. One was black, and one was white. They looked sharp in the young man's hands, as life vitality covered their blades. The young man swung his swords and generated layers of bright lights that bombed the area around him. He was fighting a demon general by himself, running neck-to-neck with his rival.

"Ah, he is Lenard Zhu! Lenard from Skytop Peak!" Nina murmured when she saw the young man.

Zen also noticed this young man from a distance. This inner disciple, Lenard Zhu, had remarkable strength among the disciples present. At the fifth grade of the nature level, Lenard could battle a demon general alone and had not been defeated so far. It was thus established that he was the most outstanding disciple.

There were many reasons why Skytop Peak was ranked the highest among the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect. One of those reasons was the outstanding abilities of its disciples.

It was uncommon for a peak to dispatch its best disciples during the trial to slay demons. But, Lenard from Skytop Peak was present this year. What was more surprising was that he was confronting a demon general by himself. That already showed the advantages of Skytop Peak over the other peaks.

Even with superior strength, the disciples of Skytop Peak were not fairing too well against the demons, as they were fighting two demon generals and dozens of demon soldiers.

Besides Lenard who was fighting one demon general, another three inner disciples were withstanding the attacks from a second demon general. Even though the three refiners were together, they could not match their rival and were struggling to keep the balance. If the demon general killed any one of them, the balance of victory and defeat would tilt. The situation was very dangerous for these disciples.

"Let's go and help them!" After saying these words, Cleve rushed into the battlefield and aimed his sword at one demon soldier. He summoned his life vitality, which enveloped the blade of his sword, thus making it glitter in the morning light.

The other disciples of Lady Peak and Drizzle Peak also ran toward the fight against the demon soldiers.

In previous trials, disciples would not intervene in a battle between disciples and demon soldiers as the situation was not dangerous enough to warrant interference.

Chapter 174 Battle In The Sky Forest (Part Two)

But this time, the situation was different. They had come across a few demon generals and faced substantial loss. They were uncertain about the fate of the disciples from Blackrock Peak. Even though they knew that the likelihood of the disciples from Blackrock Peak surviving the counter was slim, none of the disciples from Lady Peak and Drizzle Peak were willing to believe it. Under such circumstances, they needed to cooperate.

The circumstances did not improve after the disciples of Drizzle Peak and Lady Peak joined the battle, as these disciples were not involved in the fights with the demon generals.

Since demon generals were exceptionally strong, a disciple's chances of winning rested on his concentration. An accidental interruption might break the current balance between Lenard and his opponent, the three disciples and their opponent. In such a case, the generals would be able to kill the disciples easily.

With such concerns in mind, the disciples decided to help in the battle against the demon soldiers. Only one disciple rushed toward the demon general. That was Zen.

His target was the demon general who was pinned down by the three disciples of Skytop Peak. As per his estimate, these three disciples were the inner disciples at the fourth-grade of the nature level.

From what he could see, their strategy had been to form a triangular barrier and build an exceptionally effective offensive. Within this barrier, through their close cooperation, they were able to fend off the demon general's attacks. Judging from their current actions and movements, these disciples seemed to be under the same mentor.

No matter how powerful the demon general's attack, the three could find an appropriate angle to ward off its blows.

In theory, if the three could cooperate closely together, they could be three times stronger than if they worked separately. And with such power, they could match the demon general's strength.

However, there was a shortcoming in this strategy.

Because the barrier required close cooperation, each of the three disciples had to be precise in their timing, control, and angle calculations. If any of the three made a little mistake, such as taking a wrong step, the barrier would have a leak. Once the demon general caught this leak and seized the opportunity to kill one of them, the balance would be broken, and the lives of the other two disciples would be at risk.

After frequent and tense changes of positions and gestures, a loophole finally appeared.

One of the disciples was very nervous under the pressure of the demon general, and so he took a wrong step and went too far away from the other two. By the time he realized his mistake and tried to move back, it was too late.

The demon general had been frustrated by the three's barrier and soon seized this opportunity. With a roar, the demon general stretched its tawny palm and grabbed the inner disciple who moved a little far away.

The disciple had known that there was something wrong with the barrier as it did not work any longer. When he saw the approaching sharp claws of the demon general, his face turned pale. He closed his eyes in despair. In his mind, there was no escaping certain death.

Similar to his assumption, the bystanders felt their heart sink when they noticed that the balance of the three would be broken. Although they were struggling to fight against the demon soldiers, most disciples still paid their attention on the fight with the demon generals. They understood that the two demon generals were the key to the battle. Now, seeing that the demon general had infiltrated the triangular barrier of the three disciples, they felt nervous and worried.

Once the demon general killed the three disciples, Lenard would be besieged by two demon generals. Even though Lenard was strong, there was a slim chance that he would be able to fend off the attacks of two demon generals. And if Lenard died as well, it would not be long before the two demon generals turned to the rest of the disciples..... Then, they would all die.

Most disciples had thought of this scenario and were now considering alternatives. Some disciples contemplated escaping at this critical moment. Their logic was that even if one disciple survived, it would be better than all being killed by the demons.

But just at that moment, a figure rushed toward the demon general.

The man moved closer to the demon without any indication of slowing down. He kept running to the demon general at full speed! Most disciples recognized this man to be Zen.

Normally, a human's body was soft, as it was mainly made of flesh and blood while a demon's body was as hard as steel.

If a human used his body to collide with a demon, the result would be like an egg hitting a stone. What was he thinking? Did he want to risk certain death?

Most disciples couldn't fathom why Zen would charge at a demon general.

Only disciples such as Cleve and Henry from Drizzle Peak understood why Zen was sprinting toward the demon general. His body was abnormally hard.

"Ah, Nina! Look at Zen! Does he want to die?" One of the female disciples from Lady Peak shouted in surprise.

Nina had been watching Zen. Seeing his desperate run toward the demon general, she felt confused as to his intentions. She did not believe that Zen, who was a half-step into the nature level, could kill a demon general. But at this moment, Zen dared to sprint toward a demon general. She couldn't help but be in awe of his courage!

This young man was very promising. She hoped that he would survive.

As Nina prayed for Zen's well-being, the demon general, who had been focusing all his attention on the three disciples, turned in Zen's direction. A mocking expression grew on his face when he realized what was about to happen.

The human heading his way was not even a nature creature! How could this human boy think he could charge at him like this? Did he want to die?

At this moment, the demon general and the disciples all thought that Zen was looking for death.

But when Zen's small body finally hit the huge and hard body of the demon general, the unexpected result astonished everyone.

"Bump!"

A dull sound followed the collision.

The demon general, who was as tall as three mature humans, flew back with the force of the impact. His body crashed through dozens of spruce trees before stopping.

However, Zen seemed unhurt. He stood up and patted the dust from his body as if nothing had happened...

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 175 Fighting Demons

Demons expressed emotions differently from humans.

But, now, the other demon general fighting Lenard slowed down. His ugly eyes glared at Zen.

It was shocking to see the demon's astonishment in his eyes.

It gave Lenard a chance to attack.

But, Lenard unexpectedly missed his chance while swinging the black and white swords. He looked over at Zen with an astonished expression in his eyes.

If he hadn't seen it himself, he would never have believed someone a half-step into nature level could knock a demon general out with his physical strength.

Lenard was anxious. Wielding the black and white swords and with his secret martial arts, he was confident he could win against one demon general, but, he knew the strength of the three disciples from the Skytop Peak. The battle array from those three couldn't resist for long. As soon as the three failed, given his strength, he wouldn't be able to hold off two demon generals.

However, Lenard hadn't thought a warrior a half-step into the nature level would show up there. He saw the guy was dressed in a white robe, being an outer disciple unexpectedly.

The one in a white robe knocked the demon general violently miles away.

The abrupt movement surprised Lenard while giving him hope. He waved the black and white swords forcefully, aiming them at the demon general.

In the heat of the battle, Nina covered her small mouth and stared blankly at Zen.

Now, Zen's momentum was much more powerful than what she'd seen before. He had abnormal confidence, an arrogance in his dignified manner. It appeared as though nobody in the world would make it except him.

Her heart raced, although she didn't know why his energy made her heart thump faster. After all, she hadn't known Zen long, having just met yesterday.

At the moment, only the disciples from Drizzle Peak were calm because they'd seen Zen's physical strength and weird attack method before.

"Ouch!"

screeched the demon general, howling in pain as Zen hit him, sending him flying back miles. After slamming into the ground, he scrambled to get up again.

When he howled, the crazy evil spirit spread immediately. There was endless anger hidden in the evil spirit. Anybody could see that the demon general was indeed in a rage.

The demon general sensed Zen was unique too, but, at the moment, the furious demon general just wanted to tear Zen to pieces.

After the last fight, Zen knew a demon general's strengths and weaknesses.

Compared to humans, demon soldiers used the single attack method, mainly with pure strength and physical collision. The demon general was the same way, but the demon general could exert bone spikes from his body to strike. The bone spikes' tenacity was equal to that of a spiritual weapon. They came from the inner body and caught humans off guard.

Zen wasn't afraid to fight against him with physical strength.

Facing the furious demon general, Zen spread his hands. The demonic life energy stored in his naval flowed slowly through his meridian vessels.

Zen made a fist and moved his hand forward, pointing at the demon general who was charging him. He stood there calmly.

"Go!"

"Careful, the demon general has bone spikes!"

someone called out to Zen.

Even if Zen knocked the demon off guard with his percussive force now, many people stubbornly believed Zen wasn't strong enough to cope with a demon general.

Humans were used to comparing their strength with others.

For example, the person who reminded Zen was in the nature level, but when he was a half-step in the nature level, he wasn't able to last even one round against a demon general.

They reminded him out of kindness, but, Zen couldn't afford the distractions. He had to focus on the demon general rushing at him.

On the shoulders of the demon general were four bone spikes. When he was several feet from Zen, the four bone spikes ripped from his body to attack Zen.

Dodging, Zen lowered himself, moved back, turned and went to the side. His moves were coherent and smooth. He clung to one side of the demon general as he punched his rib.

"Ogres Shaking the World!"

Zen's move appeared light, but, every detail was, in fact, carefully calculated. He did his best to execute it flawlessly.

Compared to the considerable body of the demon general, Zen's punch was slight.

But when Zen punched the demon general, a vast dark purple shadow fist appeared and entered the demon general's body instantly.

The shadow fist appeared as quickly as it disappeared. Almost nobody noticed it.

Everyone just saw Zen throw a punch, but didn't know the horrible power hidden within it.

"Thwack!"

came the slightly muffled sound from the body of the demon general.

The demon general suddenly stumbled back, staggering and shaking, seemingly drunk.

Seeing the demon general's reaction, surprised everyone, even Zen.

Zen had used the Heavenly Ogre Fist against only one enemy, Vale on Hell Mountain.

But then, Zen's Ogres Shaking the World was resisted by Vale. His lotuses dissolved the move into nothing.

Due to that punch, Zen remained alive under the pressure Vale exerted.

So, Zen hadn't foreseen how mighty Heavenly Ogre Fist could be.

The demon general kept moving back in obvious pain. He raised his hand, and the brownish yellow arm unexpectedly fell from his body. From the broken appendage, a dark purple vitality spilled out, flowing nonstop. The demonic life energy swallowed all the flesh and blood from the arm.

At the same time, some demonic life energy emerged from the demon general's chest. Flesh and blood in the body of the demon general were 'eaten up' by the demonic life energy.

The demon general's death was extremely uncomfortable. Zen hadn't realized how strong the demonic life energy was. Until all flesh and blood were swallowed, the dark purple demonic life energy remained. When the demon general was completely 'eaten up', the energy gradually scattered, disappearing between heaven and earth...

All the disciples of the Cloud Sect present were warriors. More than half of them were nature creatures, so, they were naturally familiar with life energy and life vitality.

Yet, none of them had seen such aggressive life energy that could enter an opponent's body and swallow flesh and blood!

Although Zen knew demonic life energy had the feature of swallowing, in the past, it seemed to have only consumed the lotuses Vale miraculously transformed from the life energy and the purple life energy in Zen's naval. He hadn't thought that it could swallow flesh and blood of the demon...

So, it shocked Zen when he saw that his punch caused such horrible damage.

The demon was different from a blade locust.

Most of the blade locusts didn't have intelligence. The queen blade locust controlled even the blade locust officers. If the queen told them to court death or kill themselves, they would obey.

But, even the lowest level demons were self-aware and possessed some wisdom. They would feel fear like humans.

The demon general fighting Lenard of Skytop Peak saw his peer die a miserable death. He knew he couldn't defeat the man with the black and white swords after the long battle and looked to retreat.

But he couldn't control the situation.

In the beginning, the disciples of Cloud Sect were frightened, and nobody dared risk rushing the demon generals. But, when they saw Zen kill a demon general in such a short time, it roused their spirit greatly. So that now, they surrounded the remaining demon general.

The demon general feigned an attack, forcing Lenard back before attempting to run off.

"Swoosh!" the bright silver light sword that sliced the air was shot over as Cleve started to take action to block the demon general.

The demon general's body was solid still though. He ignored Cleve's light sword, allowing the silver light to cut his body. There were no serious wounds, only shallow ones on its skin.

Along with Cleve, other inner disciples started to move, but none of them could stop the demon general.

Just then, everyone felt a tremble in their ears. A buzz came, leaving pain in their ears.

Looking around for the source of the strange sound, they saw Nina holding a jade box, which was one of the weapons from Zhu family, the Shock Dragon.

She released the Shock Dragon.

When the Shock Dragon was touched, a steady flow of energy was activated. The jade box started to heat up and glowed. In an instant, a burning dragon-shaped life vitality rushed from the box.

Only the overmatches at the Illuminating Soul Realm could burn life vitality and gain a more powerful strength.

Zen stared at the colossal life vitality dragon burning and was amazed by the high level of Zhu family to make the hidden weapons. They honestly could make a weapon equal to the overmatch at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

The Shock Dragon was matchless in power and could kill any nature creature below Illuminating Soul Realm in seconds.

After the flying dragon rushed out of the jade box crazily, it flew ahead. With its power, it seemed to tear anything to dust that got in the way.

The demon general saw it and was scared too. It was one thing when a man a half-step in the nature level suddenly appeared and killed a fellow general just now, but this was something else.

The attack from this one little girl in the front terrified him even more.

The demon general sighed. Was it out of luck, or had the human promoted to this level? How could the younger members be so much more difficult to handle?

At a crucial moment, the demon general rolled on the ground in an awkward position and avoided the Shock Dragon's headlong attack. The Shock Dragon managed to hit the demon general, severely injuring his left arm.

'This little girl uses a hidden weapon like a machine. She doesn't have great strength, ' thought the demon general as he climbed to his feet and rushed at Nina.

'Unfortunately... Nina isn't at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Therefore, the attack from the Shock Dragon can't severely hurt the demon general... What is the demon general trying to do?' wondered Zen as he sighed while watching the demon rush at Nina. The first to react, he raced toward her.

Chapter 176 Real Courage

Zen, Lenard, and Cleve were the quickest to react.

But the three of them weren't as fast as the demon general.

After the demon general was close enough, he reached out snatching Nina up under his rib and then ran rapidly.

When Nina used the Shock Dragon to attack the demon general, she didn't realize that the demon would come after her. A terrified, uneasy expression was on her face as she struggled hard.

Unfortunately, her strength was no match against the demon general who squeezed her lightly, making her pass out.

Everyone grimaced as they watched the demon general take Nina away.

The female disciples from Lady Peak turned pale. After all, Nina was the center of Lady Peak.

"What do we do now?" "Nina was abducted by the demon general!"

"Who will rescue her?"

"She may not live!"

The female disciples wailed.

Cleve, Lenard and some other inner disciples were upset too. They thought with Zen there was a chance to win if they fought a demon general today. It was an odd twist when the demon general took one of them.

Should they chase him? That was unrealistic.

Even though Lenard could fight against a demon general, it was almost impossible for him to kill or chase a demon general.

Zen stood watching the demon general with an impenetrable expression on his face.

Usually, Zen would mind his business and not rush headlong to save the life of some woman who was irrelevant to him.

But the expression on Nina's face as she was swept up by the demon, reminded him of his younger sister, Yan.

Zen hadn't seen Yan's expression that day on Hell Mountain, but, he imagined she must have felt as helpless as Nina looked.

"Get him!"

Zen yelled through clenched teeth. The demonic life energy flowed through him, and power converged to his legs.

Running wildly, Zen followed the demon general.

Everyone present saw Zen's strength and knew he was the only one who could kill the demon general. If anybody present could save Nina, it was Zen.

Each disciple was filled with hope.

After Zen was out of sight, the others cleaned up the battlefield.

It was surprising to find only a few disciples injured, and none perished during the battle against the demon soldiers and their two generals.

They all knew that without Zen, it wouldn't be a matter of a few injured, most if not all of those present would have died.

Ten disciples from the Cloud Sect showed up after Zen left.

The ten disciples were members of Skywrath Peak. Compared to the disciples from other peaks, they were luckier. The demons hunting was going well for them. Except for some demon soldiers, they hadn't unexpectedly come across any demon generals.

The inner disciple, Yale Zhuge, led the members from Skywrath Peak.

Yale ranked second amongst the disciples from Skywrath Peak.

The disciples in the Zhuge Clan were far superior to other disciples, including Howard, Fren, and others in Skywrath Peak. So, Yale's position at Skywrath Peak rose accordingly. None of the other disciples dared offend a member of the Zhuge Clan.

As soon as Yale was close, he looked at Cleve with a straight face and asked, "Where's Zen? Did he die? His life should be mine to take. He wasn't good enough to die at the hands of a demon soldier,"

stated Yale. He mentioned someone everyone else was worrying about. Zen had saved everyone there just now, and here was Yale boasting as he strode onto the scene. Disciples from Skytop Peak, Drizzle Peak, and Lady Peak heard him and all at once were furiously glaring at him.

Cleve had an unfriendly tone as he asked, "Zen's most certainly alive, but you think you can take his life?" Cleve sneered and shook his head commenting, "You're not capable."

"How dare you! Care to repeat that?" shouted Yale coldly.

"Who do you think you are? Drizzle Peak is ranked the lowest out of the thirty-three peaks. How dare you say that?"

"You're Cleve, right? You might be a little famous at Drizzle Peak, but at Skywrath Peak, you wouldn't even be an inner disciple. Haha!"

taunted the two inner disciples on either side of Yale.

Cleve appeared ready to risk everything as he unsheathed the treasured bright silver light sword, pointing at the disciples from Skywrath Peak. "I'm nobody, but that doesn't mean I'm afraid of death. With your ability, none of you from Skywrath Peak is skilled enough to challenge Zen, let alone take his life!"

Cleve was impressed with Zen during the trial to slay demons.

Before this trip, Cleve was biased and even made threats against Zen. However, regardless of the past, Zen unexpectedly saved him from danger.

Cleve wasn't ungrateful, along with that he knew the gap between his strength and Zen's. He was open and brave about his shame.

After Cleve unsheathed his sword, one by one the other members from Drizzle Peak pulled their weapons out too, and soon the disciples from two peaks were facing off at sword point.

A sly smile spread across Yale's face as he stated, "Since when are the disciples from Drizzle Peak so tough? Do you really think you can defeat the members from Skywrath Peak?"

Skywrath Peak was ranked sixth, while Drizzle Peak was the lowest and ranked thirty-third.

Last time when the outer disciples from Drizzle Peak responded to a challenge issued by Vulture Peak, Zen saved the day alone.

It could only be imagined what the difference was between members of Drizzle Peak and Skywrath Peak.

So, Yale didn't take them seriously, except for Cleve who could resist, the rest weren't good enough to last for three rounds against him.

The members from Drizzle Peak bit the bullet and with terrible-looking expressions stood firm, even though they knew they were weaker than the disciples from Skywrath Peak.

But Zen had influenced them when he'd shown them that real courage was doing something even when you knew you couldn't win!

The battle was about to start, neither side was backing down, and Lenard slowly walked over, wielding the black and white swords.

"It may be difficult for Drizzle Peak to defeat Skywrath Peak. What if Skytop Peak joins?" commented Lenard casually.

"What? You Lenard?" stated Yale while keeping a straight face.

Among the Cloud Sects thirty-three peaks, Skytop Peak was the most powerful.

While Lenard wasn't the strongest inner disciple at Skytop Peak, he wasn't weak either.

Lenard nodded saying, "I agree with Cleve. You... You aren't good enough to go against Zen!"

Yale's face was clouded with frustration, and he asked, "Lenard, do you really want to be involved? Aren't you afraid of the Zhuge Clan?"

Lenard smiled, "I'm not a disciple from one of the noble clans, but Yale, do you think everyone is afraid of the noble clans?"

The Cloud Sect always favored disciples who had real strength and talent, and Lenard was definitely one of them. With Lenard's current position at Skytop Peak, even if the Zhuge Clan wanted to offend him, they would have to think it over and determine if the cost was worth it.

The Zhuge Clan wouldn't pay a price that large to deal with Lenard just because of Yale's trifling.

So, with the others at his back, Lenard feared nothing.

"Why? Why would your Skytop Peak stand up for Zen?" asked Yale. He was confused as were the rest of the disciples standing behind him from Skywrath Peak.

As the disciples from the most powerful peak of the thirty-three peaks, the disciples from Skytop Peak always had a very high opinion of themselves. When would they think much of a disciple from another peak?

But, unexpectedly, here they were, willing to stand up for Zen. There must be some reason.

Lenard chuckled and counted how many disciples from Skywrath Peak out loudly, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Stay alive everyone. It's interesting here in Sky Forest, right?"

"Why did you say that? We've met several groups of demon soldiers," commented Yale as he wrinkled his brows, wondering what Lenard was talking about.

Lenard snickered and said, "The demon scouts in Sky Forest aren't just demon soldiers like before; now, there are quite a few demon generals."

"Huh? Demon generals?" asked Yale as his expression changed suddenly.

All the disciples from Skywrath Peak looked frightened.

They were relaxed while it was only demon soldiers. After all, as long as the inner disciples performed well, then the task was as easy to deal with as blinking for them.

But, they knew the danger they faced once they heard Lenard say demon generals were here. After all, none of the members from Skywrath Peak could handle a demon general. If they met one, they probably wouldn't be able to escape. They'd have no choice but to die.

"Do you know why I said you can't go against Zen?" asked Lenard, a slight smile flickered in his eyes, and he added, "Zen killed a demon general."

Cleve interrupted, "No! He killed two demon generals! He killed one before today!"

While listening to Lenard and Cleve, Yale's complexion paled, and his expression became twisted as it transformed. However, at last, he firmly stated, "I won't believe it!"

Waving his black and white swords, Lenard didn't want to talk to Yale too much but said, "I don't care whether or not you believe it. If you go against Zen someday, you can challenge him as you like. I'm sure you'll be beaten like a dog. Now, I advise you not to cause trouble here. If you're afraid of death, just stay with us. If you're not, you can leave. But, if you keep making a fuss here, I think none of you ten guys can be my opponent."

Lenard's words made all the disciples from Skywrath Peak stop and think.

It was too shameful to stay there with the guy jeering at them.

They said there were demon generals in Sky Forest. If they met a demon general, how miserable would their fates be?

However, all the disciples from Skywrath Peak thought over for a long time and finally decided to remain. It wasn't a big deal to lose face, but, it was a big deal to lose life!

As for the issue of Zen and the Zhuge Clan... That was Yale's business and had nothing to do with them.

Chapter 177 Six Demon Generals

A shadow figure was dashing wildly through the Sky Forest.

Zen had raised his speed to maximum.

He concentrated the power of dragon scales into his legs and started to run like crazy.

With the immense power in feet, Zen tramped the soft soil into pieces and left a big hole like it was bombed. He ran so fast that his feet seemed like they were not touching the ground

and made a whooshing sound as he dashed through the forest.

At his speed, he would sometimes bump into trees or break branches along the way.

But Zen could not stop at any moment because even with that speed, he still couldn't catch up with the demon general. He could go faster, but then the demon general would just double his speed, leaving Zen with a greater distance to catch up for.

At first, when he started chasing the demon general and Nina, he could still see them at a distance.

But now, he could only see the figure of the demon general.

Both human and the demon general were running at a high speed.

If they ran at a normal speed, Zen and the demon general could keep running for one to two months. It was evident that the warrior and the demon general had surpassed the limit of life.

But they were not just playing around, instead, they were going at a high speed that no normal person could do.

And after running for an hour or two, the demon general gradually slowed down.

Even the demon general who was known for his endurance and toughness couldn't keep up with that speed without resting in between.

On the other hand, Zen's physical state was better than that of the demon general.

His strength was extracted from the scales of the cyan dragon embedded in his mind. Every time Zen's physical strength was used up, the dragon scales would light up and regenerate his strength to full capacity.

But the green light would eventually dim once the dragon scale power was already used up.

Apparently, the power of the dragon scale had its limits and it would eventually dry out if used too much.

'The demon general is slowing down. I think he won't last that long, ' Zen said to himself. But he didn't falter from running but instead kept his speed so he could catch up to the demon general and save Nina.

Meanwhile, the demon general also felt helpless and got anxious with the human catching up to him.

The demons naturally had greater body strength and endurance than humans.

Thus, the demon general underestimated the human chasing him and thought that he couldn't possibly outrun him.

At the start of their rat chase, the human was running a little slow and the demon general almost lost him. But suddenly, the human caught up to him and he was running at a crazy speed. It was as if the human had unlocked some sort of art to muster that kind of speed.

The demon general wasn't at all surprised. This human bloke already killed a fellow demon general which no normal human could've ever done. There was more to this human bloke than meet the eye and he could still have some hidden strength in his body.

But everything had its limits. This bloke was only half-step into the nature level so there was no way he could catch up to him even if he slowed down.

After all, he was a demon general and a half-step into nature level human could not possibly keep up with him.

The human didn't even have a life vitality, only life energy from his body. And from the demon general's experience, someone like this could be killed without breaking a sweat.

Despite all the demon general's rational thinking, it still didn't make sense to him.

He wanted to stop and put an end to the human bloke's life.

But the thought that the same human killed another demon general made him think twice.

The demon general needed help to defeat this human. So, on his way trying to lose Zen from his trail, the demon general sent out a signal to the other demon generals through his evil spirit. If reinforcement came, it would be easy for them to kill the human bloke.

Slowing down a little, the demon general regained some strength and continued running.

Zen knew that the demon general was a more dangerous foe than the one he had just killed. But despite the threat, he had to save Nina no matter the cost.

As he got closer to the demon general, Zen moved his fingers and the broken flying knife fell on his hand.

He shot the broken flying knife at the demon general.

"Whoosh..."

Combining Zen's speed and the force of his shot, the broken flying knife cut through the air and made a massive zing.

When the demon general heard the unfamiliar sound, he looked back to see what it was. The broken flying blade was approaching him at a speed of light. The demon general sneered and shook his shoulders. A bone spike appeared on his shoulder and shot back at the broken flying blade.

The demon general could use the bone spike to change the course of the broken flying blade by attacking it on its side.

But not knowing the power of the broken flying blade, the demon general planned to stop it head-on with his bone spike.

When the bone spike clashed with the broken flying blade, something inconceivable happened.

The bone spike was cut into halves. Its hardness and strength that was almost equal to a spiritual weapon had no match with the force of the broken flying blade.

The impact didn't slow down nor stop the blade and it continued to fly towards the demon general. It was fast approaching, and there was no time to summon another bone spike.

The demon general abruptly ducked and rolled to the ground to avoid the broken flying blade.

Zen caught up behind the demon general. He jumped and clapped his hands and purple demonic life energy started to accumulate. He then slammed the demon general with all his might.

The demon general found himself in a difficult situation.

Anticipating Zen's attack, the demon general didn't dare to fight back face-to-face. Instead, he rolled on the ground to avoid Zen's wrath. He picked up the unconscious Nina from the ground and commenced running.

Zen hit the soil instead of the demon general's face.

It created a big and deep crater on the ground.

The power of the Heavenly Ogre Fist overwhelmed Zen, but there was no time to be astonished.

He pulled out his fist from the ground and touched the iron ring with his thumb. Suddenly, the broken flying blade flew back to his hand. Once he had secured the blade, he ran after the demon general again.

Learning Zen's ability, the demon general was on heightened alert.

Now, every time Zen shot the broken flying knife to him, he would direct his bone spikes to hit the spruces on both sides. Each spruce was as wide as a person and it could change the direction of the blade once it crashed it.

So Zen tried to shoot the broken flying blade several times at different directions but made no good result.

At that moment, Zen and the demon general were back to their run and chase.

But it didn't last long.

The demon general finally stopped running and turned to Zen. He stared at him with his weird eyes and a harsh voice came out of his mouth, "Human, are you having fun chasing me?"

"Hoop..."

The broken flying blade spun and cut off the two spruce trunks before finally returning to Zen's hand.

Zen caught the flying blade and said coldly, "Put her down and I will let you go."

"Well, that's not going to happen. This woman's machine is interesting, and I must take her away," The demon general proudly replied.

"Then, I can't let you go." Zen pointed the broke flying blade to the demon general and lowered it down. Like a cheetah, Zen lunged forward to the prey with all his saved up strength.

The demon general laughed hysterically, "Really? We don't know for sure who will come out of here alive."

Suddenly, Zen sensed something strange around him. Evil spirits appeared at the same time.

Three demon generals?

No! Five!

There were now six demon generals with Zen.

Zen's face turned serious. It was not a joke to face six demon generals on his own.

With his current state, Zen could take on one demon general by himself.

Two demon generals would still be manageable for him.

But beyond three demon generals, Zen's chance of survival would be greater if he would just run for his life.

But with six demon generals, there was no time to run.

"Gee!" The demon general who took Nina let out a strange laugh. But despite the distorted look, Zen could still see that he was satisfied with the turn of events.

"Gee..."

The demon generals laughed all together.

Zen was surrounded by the demon generals

He had experienced many life and death situations before.

Under such a predicament, Zen knew that it was best to stay calm so he could think rationally.

He needed to save Nina even if it meant risking his life.

Even if he died, there would be no regrets.

"Poof."

Zen threw the broken flying blade to the ground and with great force, it went deep into the soil. He looked at the demon general in front of him and smiled slyly.

Seeing the expression on Zen's face, the demon general looked confused. He thought that the human bloke went crazy. How could the human still smile under the situation? He intentionally threw his only weapon into the ground. What was that kid planning?

"Gee, play whatever trick you want. But you will never escape your destiny. Your flesh is fresh and delicious," That demon said and licked his upper lip like a maniac. Then the demon general raised his arms and waved. The demon generals surrounded Zen, ready to attack.

Zen didn't listen to any of the demon general's crap. He knew they weren't human, and it was meaningless to communicate with them.

He stretched out his hands horizontally and his body started to rotate.

As Zen rotated, the broke flying blade was buried deeper to the ground and rotated continuously.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 178 Bathed In Blood (Part One)

Zen's body turned faster and faster like a gyroscope. The flying knife, which was connected to Zen by the ring around Zen's thumb and impacted by the centrifugal force, was spinning more quickly than Zen's body.

The soft soil on the ground and even hard stones would be instantly split if the broken flying knife hit them. Tree roots or soft-bodied animals like earthworms huddling inside the earth were certainly no match for the broken flying knife.

But judging by the state of the ground, the demons didn't notice any sign of the slightest stir.

The demon generals came closer and closer to Zen.

Two hundred feet...

One hundred feet...

Fifty feet...

Thirty feet...

As the five demon generals neared him, Zen was engulfed by their evil spirit.

But Zen, who stood in the middle, wasn't bothered by the evil spirit at all. His body was still spinning at a fast pace as if Zen had forgotten about the danger surrounding him.

"Now! It is time!"

yelled Zen. When the five demon generals were about ten feet away from him, Zen abruptly raised his hands, and his body soared high.

Under the ground, the broken flying knife mimicked Zen's movements. As Zen's body ascended, so did the broken flying knife. After marking a crescent on the ground, it flew toward the five approaching demon generals.

This time, the broken flying knife attacked the demon generals stealthily. This assault was beyond their expectations, and so, the demon generals failed to dodge. As a result, the broken flying knife swept across their bodies.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

One demon general's arm was severed.

The flying knife sliced through the chest of another demon general.

A third demon general clutched his abdomen as the broken flying knife sliced through.

The fourth demon general...

"Ow!" howled the demon generals in pain.

Initially, these demon generals thought that their prey was like a rabbit trapped at a dead corner and within easy reach. After all, Zen was only a human being. The demon generals had not expected that Zen's assault could be so incisive.

Zen hadn't planned this attack. He wasn't sure that it would work either. But seeing the demon generals had surrounded him, Zen had no other choice.

He knew that his move would fail if any of the demon generals decided to jump at him ahead of his attack. But it was a risk that Zen was willing to take.

Coincidentally, all five demon generals acted predictably. Zen controlled the movement of the flying knife so accurately that he was able to inflict severe wounds to all five demon generals.

In spite of that, Zen still felt heavy-hearted. Demons were physically stronger than human beings. While a human being would be incapable of fighting after such severe wounds, demons would usually battle to their last breath. The fight was not over yet!

While the demon generals were still howling, Zen seized the chance to rush toward the demon general that had abducted Nina.

Zen knew that he couldn't run away and leave Nina behind.

As he dashed toward the demon general, his broken flying knife swirled inversely behind him. Then, it suddenly shot at the demon general before Zen reached his target.

When the demon general had grabbed Nina, she fainted with the power in his hand. The demon general had been astounded by the attack on his five peers. He was still confused and stunned by how a human being like Zen could be so powerful. He didn't get back to his senses until the broken flying knife came into his sight. In the face of such an emergent attack, he suddenly lifted Nina and put her in front of his body to protect himself from the broken flying knife.

It was beyond doubt that the broken flying knife would penetrate through his body if the demon general were in its path.

But now that the demon general had placed Nina in front of himself, Zen was helpless. At last, he had no choice but to wave his hand and withdraw his broken flying knife.

Zen had expected to kill the demon general with this attack. But he had never thought that the demon general's dirty trick would ruin his plan. Although Zen's plan had failed, his mood wasn't affected at all.

For a battle between two races, no act should be deemed unfair. In such a battle, only when one race killed its opponent could it survive. Thus any method was considered, no matter how underhanded.

After Zen withdrew his broken flying knife, he summoned his demonic life energy. It coursed through his body like tidal waves. Immediately, Zen rushed closer to the demon general who had used Nina as a shield.

Deep in him, Zen thought it would be unnecessary for him to continue the battle once he saved Nina from that demon general's hands. And so, his strategy was to grab Nina and leave.

But when Zen neared the demon general, his face turned serious in a flash, as a bone spur was abruptly shot at him.

Even though Zen's body was as mighty as a spiritual weapon, he would be hurt if he were to be stabbed by the hard and sharp bone spur.

Thus, Zen moved sideways to dodge the bone spur.

"Thwip!"

Another bone spur shot toward Zen. Agilely, Zen stepped sideways.

"Thwip, thwip, thwip, thwip..."

All demon generals released bone spurs from their bodies.

The rate at which bone spurs were being shot at Zen, forced him to shelve his attack strategy and continue dodging. For a while, Zen eluded the bone spurs, but he found no opportunity to breathe or rest.

At the very beginning, there was still space for Zen to dodge. But as more and more bone spurs were released, Zen felt challenged to escape the attacks.

"Puff!"

A bone spur hit one of Zen's thighs. It pierced through the inner side of his thigh and came out from the outer side.

"Puff, puff, puff!"

Another long bone spur penetrated Zen's thigh from the back. As a consequence, he was unable to move. Other bone spurs hit Zen on his arms and thighs...

Although his body had been turned into a spiritual weapon, Zen still felt pain. When attacked by a palm or fist, a warm current would be produced inside his body, so that he would be neither injured seriously nor feel the extreme pain.

But now, seven or eight bone spurs had pierced different parts of his body. As a consequence, he was unable to stand or walk. Weak and unbalanced, Zen fell to the ground.

"Gyuh, gyuh, gyuh, gyuh..."

The demon general that had kidnapped Nina burst into laughter on seeing how severely Zen had been injured.

Chapter 179 Bathed In Blood (Part Two)

At this moment, some of the other demon generals that had been hurt by Zen's broken flying knife recovered. They stood up one after another and murmured to each other in their language. They were possibly discussing whether to kill this extraordinary human being or not.

After all, Zen had reached a half step into the nature level. It would be of great significance for their research if the demon generals caught him and took him back to their camp. Perhaps they could learn of Zen's secrets which had made him this powerful.

They knew that it was critical for one race to learn of its rival's strengths and weaknesses. In doing so, their race would only become stronger.

Previously, demons didn't have a culture. But through constant battles with human beings, they had learned something from human cultures and finally, developed their language. Furthermore, they explored human refinement methods step by step and took advantage of everything they acquired from human beings.

Afterward, both humankind and ogre realized that they should make up for their shortcomings by learning from their rivals' strong points. Hence, they destroyed their moral fences. Now, humankind and ogre had reached pacification through marriage and had learned from each other.

Drops of blood that flowed from Zen's wounds stained the bone spurs red.

For a majority of people, they would have died if attacked by several bone spurs at the same time.

Nevertheless, Zen didn't give up. He got down on one knee, stared at the demon generals in silence, and harnessed demonic life energy near his navel in secret.

He intended to destroy the bone spurs inside his body with the demonic life energy.

However great the adversity, Zen knew that he needed to keep calm. Only in this way could Zen get a chance to win...

While manipulating the demonic life energy, Zen reminded himself that he should be calm.

Suddenly, Nina, who had fainted when the demon general grabbed her, opened her eyes.

Her long eyelashes fluttered as she regained consciousness. As she opened her eyes, she saw that Zen had been injured and was kneeling. Several long bone spurs had penetrated his body and blood was flowing from all his wounds.

"Zen... Luo?"

Nina couldn't help yelling.

She had known that her life was in danger when the demon general had caught her.

But she had never expected that Zen would risk his life to save her. Looking at the demon generals around her, it further dawned on Nina that Zen had also been pushed into a dead end like her.

'This young man became acquainted with me only a day ago. And yet, he is willing to save me at such a great risk to himself...' thought Nina.

What Zen had done moved her a lot.

Upon hearing Nina's call, Zen responded with a flat smile. In this critical situation, he couldn't be distracted. He needed to focus on producing and harnessing demonic life energy to destroy the bone spurs little by little...

The demon generals encircling Zen were still negotiating and discussing with each other in their language.

Judging from their looks, Zen concluded that they seemed to have reached a consensus on how to deal with him.

Suddenly, a bone spur popped out on a demon general's arm and aimed for Zen's head.

"It seems that they have decided to kill me," mumbled Zen. His expression turned sour, and the demonic life energy that was destroying the bone spurs began working quickly when Zen saw that a bone spur was aimed at him.

As the demon general was about to shoot the bone spur at Zen, some muffled noises were heard from his body.

"Krrrrrrrr..."

The bone spurs embedded in Zen's body broke.

The demon generals paused. This gave the demonic life energy time to break the remaining bone spurs inside Zen's body.

Immediately, they fell on the ground. Without these bone spurs in his body, Zen regained his freedom.

"I won't allow you to live even if it means my death!"

yelled Zen. The second the words left his mouth, the demon general shot his bone spur toward Zen's head. Zen tilted his head to one side to dodge the attack. Soon afterward, he stood and approached that demon general.

During his battle with the demon generals, some of the bone spurs had penetrated Zen's back. Although the wounds initially dripped blood, the bone spurs acted as stoppers, plugging the wounds and preventing more blood from seeping out. Now that all the bone spurs had fallen off his body and Zen was moving to dodge the attacks of that demon general, the wounds began bleeding profusely.

Soon, blood gushed out like water from a spring. In an instant, it appeared as though Zen had bathed in blood for this battle.

As Zen was close enough to the demon general, he aimed a swift punch at the creature.

"Ogres Shaking the World!" yelled Zen.

"Bang!"

Despite his tall and strong figure, that demon general was thrown back several feet by the force of Zen's fist. Soon, he howled in pain as if tens of thousands of monsters were attacking his body.

One would be put in a rather miserable situation if demonic life energy poured into his body.

After Zen attacked the demon general, the demonic life energy poured into the creature and began dissolving his tissue and flesh.

A few moments later, wisps of demonic life energy were emitted from the demon general's eyes, mouth, and ears. At last, only a skeleton was left. The demon general's bones clattered to the ground while everyone watched, appalled by what they had seen. The demon general's body had vanished together with the demonic life energy...

Seeing that their companion had been killed so miserably, the expression on other demon generals changed.

They were shocked! It was beyond their expectation that a human being at a half step into the nature level could counter-attack under such a critical situation and kill one of their companions in their presence without any fear.

Except for his head, Zen was covered in blood. At this moment, his white robe, which was a symbol of an outer disciple at Cloud Sect, had been stained as well. No longer white, it now looked like a bloody robe!

Despite his severe wounds, unswerving determination was still reflected in Zen's eyes.

Chapter 180 Not Allow Himself To Fall Or Die

Actually, demons, humans, and ogres were all intelligent species.

Since they all had intelligence and the ability to think independently, demons and ogres all felt the same emotions that humans did.

Like love, fear, sadness...

At this point, Zen was covered in blood. Nevertheless, he stood before his rivals resolutely. The demon generals were overwhelmed by his perseverance and momentum. For a moment no one lunged at him!

"Zen... Zen, don't bother to save me. If you can break through, make your escape!" Nina cried in a low voice as tears filled her eyes.

Zen was not very tall, but at this moment, his lofty image as a hero was etched deeply in her heart.

Hearing Nina's words, Zen turned to look at her and responded with a faint smile.

At the crucial moment of life and death, his smile was heart-warming.

Holding the broken flying knife and wearing a robe soaked with blood, he confronted the demon generals bravely.

Then he heard a few words in demon language. The demon general who had taken Nina hostage was speaking.

As soon as he finished, the demon generals surrounding Zen assumed an aggressive pose. They seemed to be planning to rush at Zen together.

A streak of purple-black demonic life energy rose from Zen's hand. Zen intended to use all the demonic life energy in him. He held the knife in one hand to protect his chest, and made a fist with the other hand, around which the demonic life energy swarmed.

Zen was prepared to fight the demon generals, even though he was outnumbered and seeming out-skilled. His stance conveyed to the demon generals that they should confront him if they were not afraid of death.

When the first demon general ran forward, Zen took a step back. At the same time, another demon general rushed Zen with a bone spur aimed toward his chest. Zen did not dodge the bone spur. Instead, he dashed toward the demon general and allowed the spur to penetrate his body. What was even crazier was that he pushed his body against the bone spur.

"Puff!"

When the bone spur penetrated his body, Zen pressed against it and got closer to the demon general.

The part of the bone spur that came out of Zen's back had turned from bronze to scarlet. Zen's blood dripped down the bone spur's point...

Seeing that Zen had fearlessly stood up against the bone spur in his chest and even pushed himself closer, the demon general suddenly panicked. He wanted to break the bone spur to distance himself from Zen.

But, it was too late.

"Puff!"

Zen punched the demon general on the chest and infused his body with wisps of the demonic life energy...

Then, without sparing another glance at the demon general, Zen turned to meet another one. He knew that once the demonic life energy entered the demon general's body, nothing could save him.

The first one died...

Zen had barely turned his head when another bone spur pierced his body. With the same move, Zen rushed forward against the bone spur and drove his demonic life energy into the body of the second demon general...

The second one died...

Then, the third one died...

"Zen... Zen..."

Tears blurred Nina's vision as she watched Zen fight fiercely. Her eyes were now as swollen as two walnuts.

But she could not do anything!

Their enemies were demons, and she came from a different species!

She couldn't even beg them as she didn't know their language!

Zen could not hear anything. What sustained him was his unyielding faith!

To exhaust all the life energy in his body, to drain his strength, and to run out of his blood!

Zen was determined to achieve this. He would not allow himself to fall or die before he killed all of the demon generals.

Then the fourth one died...

The fifth one died...

Zen intentionally put himself in harm's way and killed five demon generals.

Now his body was riddled with bone spurs.

The previous bone spurs had only pierced Zen's limbs, not his vital parts.

But these bone spurs had penetrated his body, and almost every spur was lodged in his vital parts!

Zen was unable to walk anymore. The bone spurs that had pierced his body made him look like a hedgehog. He stood where he was, facing the last demon general.

To become a demon general, a demon soldier must go through numerous bloody battles. Otherwise, he would not have become powerful.

Compared with humans, demons were far more powerful in terms of both, willpower and physical resilience. Besides, they had a weapon growing in their bodies since childhood—the bone spur, and they were brought up with rigorous training that often decided whether they could live or die...

Even the last demon general who grew up under such brutal training was deeply impressed by Zen's willpower.

The demon general held Nina in one hand and pointed to Zen with a bone spur sticking out of his other arm. "Boy, I admire your willpower and courage, but you and I are different species. You have to die today..." he shouted.

In fact, all three present on the battlefield, the demon general, Nina, and Zen, knew that Zen's injuries were so severe that he would die even if the demon general just left him here.

But just to be sure, the demon general decided to kill Zen himself.

The bone spur on his arm began to contract under his muscles. Once the muscles rebounded to a certain extent, the bone spur would be shot out like an arrow.

Just as the demon general was about to shoot his bone spur, Nina's life vitality surged up!

She would not let Zen be harmed any more.

Nina's life vitality turned into fine red needles. Before the demon general could react, the needles flew toward their target.

Unfortunately, her attack didn't work. The demon general stretched out his arms and covered his eyes to block the attack. Then, he threw Nina far away with a wave.

Nina's delicate body smashed against the trunk of a huge spruce and slowly fell to the ground.

At this moment, this noblewoman, who had grown up with respect and care, showed her indomitable will. With a flip of her hand, she summoned a small golden box in her palm. Just as she was about to open the golden box, a short yet powerful bone spur shot at her and crushed the golden box.

This strike was not from the demon general who had grabbed her. Not far away, in the spruce woods, there were several more demon generals. One of them had shot the bone spur.

In addition, there were dozens of demon soldiers beside them.

Nina despaired at the sight of so many demon soldiers and generals. She gave up the struggle, looked at Zen blankly, and murmured, "I'm sorry, I couldn't help you..."

After the brief episode, the demon general told Nina, "Your resistance is useless. You really can't help him." Then he turned and pointed the bone spur at Zen again and yelled, "Get ready to die!"

Just as Nina and Zen thought that they were going to die, something happened.

A small silver sword appeared in the sky.

It began whirring, gathering speed with each turn. When it stopped spinning, it set its direction and thrust downward.

"Swish, swish, swish!"

The first small silver sword was followed by a second, and then a third, and a fourth...

Each small sword spun round and round, settled on its target, and fell free like a raindrop.

The small swords were made of life vitality, and each was sharp with frightening power.

The demon general in front of Zen was enveloped in a shower of silver swords before he could shoot his bone spur.

These small silver swords covered a very large area. They appeared not only above that demon general but also above the demon generals and soldiers hidden in the spruce woods.

This was a sword rain, controlled by death...

The demon generals and soldiers fled and screamed in despair, but none of them could escape death.

When the last small sword inserted itself in the ground, it turned into life vitality and vanished between heaven and earth. Silence descended on Sky Forest. All the demons had been wiped out by the rain of silver swords.

At this point, a man was suspended in the air.

He appeared to be a middle-aged man and was dressed in a dirty robe. His face was red, and his hair was tousled which made him look rather messy.

At the sight of the middle-aged man, Nina's lifeless eyes immediately lit up, and her face broke into a radiant smile. "Uncle Lennie!" she exclaimed with delight.

This ruddy-faced man turned out to be Nina's uncle, Lennie Zhu.

In the Zhu Clan, Lennie Zhu's strength was ranked in the top three among all the elders. He was an expert in turning life vitality into swords, but he was a bit untidy in appearance. Since he was usually slovenly dressed even when he went out, people had nicknamed him as the Messy Sword Genius.

"Nina! Are you okay?" he asked with genuine concern. "I came here as soon as I got your message!" Lennie Zhu stood on a small silver sword and descended slowly from the sky toward Nina. As he saw that Nina seemed fine, his worry dissipated.

The moment the demon general had caught Nina, she triggered an Immediate Messager. The Zhu Clan had designed the Immediate Messager for its family members. Once it was triggered, the nearest family members would receive news in an instant!

However, Immediate Messagers had a big drawback—rescuers, no matter how fast, often found it difficult to get to the scene in time. Usually, it was too late when rescuers arrived.

Lennie Zhu was supposed to be fighting with demons on the Shura Battlefield beside White Emperor City on behalf of the Zhu Clan. A big event in White Emperor City forced him to leave the battlefield. When Nina triggered her Immediate Messager, he happened to be close to Sky Forest. That was why he was able to reach her at this crucial time.

It seemed that Nina was not fated to die yet!

"I'm okay, Uncle Lennie! I'm fine! Save him! Save Zen!" Nina cried, looking excited.

When Lennie Zhu turned and found that Zen was covered in blood and that the corpses of a few demon generals were lying beside Zen, traces of shock flashed across his face.

'He looks very young! He is a disciple of Cloud Sect. He may have come to trial for slaying demons like Nina. Is this guy really so powerful that he killed a bunch of demon generals all by himself?' Lennie Zhu wondered.

'His robe is white!

If I remember correctly, the white robe should be the uniform of Cloud Sect's outer disciples!'

As Lennie Zhu sniffed the air, the?shock deepened on his?face and his eyes widened with amazement. He smelled a vestige of life energy and was astounded to discover that Zen was not a nature creature. He was only half-step into the nature level.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 181 A Skilled But Greedy Doctor (Part One)

As Lennie had served in the army for many years, Cloud Sect had become a little unfamiliar to him. He remembered that Cloud Sect had outer disciples and inner disciples. However, he could not recall whether the outer disciples included some nature creatures or not.

Judging from Zen's life energy, he believed that the extraordinary young man in front of him must be at a half-step into the nature level. What confused Lennie was that the young man's life energy was somewhat strange.

All people, including a few great masters like Lennie, couldn't believe that a person who was at a half-step into the nature level, could give such a superior performance!

Despite his injuries, Zen stood straight like a statue. Curious, Lennie walked up to the boy and reached out to touch one of the veins on Zen's neck.

"His heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys have been damaged, and all the veins have been ruptured...... He shouldn't be able to stand with such severe wounds. What a persevering man......!" Lennie said in astonishment before turning and asking his niece, "Nina, who is this young guy?"

"Uncle, please don't be concerned about his identity. He is severely injured, and we need to help him! Please save him. Please," Nina said in a trembling voice, "Can he be saved?"

Lennie smiled and replied, "The guy is so strong that he is still alive after his wounds. So saving him isn't impossible. Although there are many ways to heal him, each comes at an exorbitant cost. So, I have to ask you who he is."

Lennie had been in many life and death situations, and for Nina, he would pay any price to help her. However, for a stranger, he would be unwilling to go all out. So he needed to know who the extraordinary young man was.

"He...... He saved me. And he is in a critical condition because he tried to save me..." Nina gazed at Zen with mixed feelings.

Lennie was wise enough to assess the situation at first glance correctly. However, he needed to confirm his suspicions before proceeding. And so, he asked about the young man to see how Nina would react. When he saw Nina's expression, Lennie smiled because as an elder, he knew it would be impolite to ask about details that she would consider private. So he said, "Okay. Sure, we will save him!"

After he finished reassuring Nina, Lennie moved his finger, and a bright life vitality appeared in his hand. In an instant, the life vitality turned into an acupuncture needle.

The Zhu Clan was not only good at making and using hidden weapons, but it was also famous for the needle method named Yin-Yang Acupuncture Needle. The Yin-Yang Acupuncture Needle could be used for both, subduing an enemy and saving an injured person.

However, Zen's injuries were too severe for Lennie to cure. By using the Yin-Yang Acupuncture Needle, Lennie could preserve Zen's life.

"Bloop!"

Lennie made a slight gesture with his hand, and the long acupuncture needle was inserted correctly into Zen's Shenque acupoint.

Then, Lennie made another gesture with his hands, and more acupuncture needles appeared. Masterfully, Lennie inserted them, one by one, into Zen's Shanzhong, Rugen, Guanyuan, and Taiyuan points......

Nina watched with bated breath as Lennie repeated the action several times. After a while, all 14 important points in Zen's body had been covered.

After Lennie finished, Zen's eyes closed tight, and his wounds stopped bleeding.

Then, Lennie reached forward to draw out the bone spurs in Zen's body, one by one.

Seeing the severity of Zen's injuries, he had to admit that Zen was badly wounded. A frown appeared on Lennie's face and sweat beaded on his brow as he focused on the task of removing the bone spurs. Even though Lennie had experienced many wars, he trembled with fear when drawing out the bone spurs from Zen's body. He knew that a common person at the nature level would die once struck by a bone spur.

But how could this guy still be alive after so many bone spurs penetrated his organs? 'Is he really so tenacious?' Lennie wondered.

After removing all the bone spurs from Zen's body, Lennie pressed Zen's shoulders slightly. Then a little sliver sword made of life vitality appeared on the ground. Lennie used the sword to support Zen.

After that, he walked toward Nina to see if she was injured. Once he was satisfied that his niece was not injured, he placed Nina and Zen on a silver sword to fly them out of Sky Forest.

"Uncle, my friends are in Sky Forest..." At that moment, Nina thought of the disciples from Lady Peak, Skytop Peak, and Drizzle Peak.

"Don't worry. Many demon generals have sneaked into the Sky Forest and it has been known to White Emperor City. A rescue team was sent to search for and save the disciples of Cloud Sect," said Lennie.

Nina gazed at Zen who lay beside her. Then she turned and asked, "Uncle, why are there so many demon generals in Sky Forest? I remember, in the past, it was difficult to find a demon general in Sky Forest. This is why Cloud Sect has been sending disciples to slay demons in Sky Forest for so many years. In all this time, the disciples have only encountered one demon general. But in this trial, there were so many demon generals in Sky Forest. Is something wrong with......?"

After all, Nina was a member of a noble clan. She had a wide range of knowledge and great wisdom. When confronted with numerous demon generals, she immediately realized that something must be wrong at White Emperor City.

As was known to all, White Emperor City was located on Shura Battlefield. All these years, it had been the most powerful and important military pass in Burning Sky Empire.

Except for some insignificant demon soldiers who were unworthy of being captured, it was not easy for the demon generals who were far more powerful than demon soldiers, to escape from White Emperor City.

But this time, things were different.

Lennie nodded and said, "Yes, there is something wrong at White Emperor City. The demons of the Shura Battlefield are becoming more powerful. About half a month ago, the Imperial Army was defeated by the demons at the Shura Battlefield. The two towers have been occupied by them, and the Imperial Army had to retreat to White Emperor City."

Chapter 182 A Skilled But Greedy Doctor (Part Two)

Nina was stunned. For so many years, the people of Shura Battlefield had worked hard to progress against the demons. Little by little, they had built two massive towers, the Heaven tower, and the Earth tower, to resist the demons. However, this time, the situation seemed to be unprecedentedly grim, as the demons had now occupied the two towers......

Flying on the sword was faster than running on foot in the forest.

Lennie directed the sword to carry them northwest. They flew like the wind, and soon, they reached their destination. Nina gasped as she saw a big white city.

"It is the White Emperor City!"

Since all the buildings and walls in the city were made of dolostone which was white and very hard, the city was called White Emperor City for its white color.

Lennie and Nina landed at the gate of White Emperor City with Zen who was still comatose.

Several soldiers appeared at the gate and, seeing Lennie, said respectfully, "Sir, if you want to enter the city, please show your jade token and accept our checks to let us make sure that you are not dressed up!"

Lennie knew these rules, and so, he removed his token from his waist and handed it to the soldiers.

After checking the token carefully, the soldiers returned it to Lennie.

Then they waved at the other soldiers on the wall who were handling a big demon-revealing mirror.

The demon-revealing mirror worked in the same way as the Demon-revealing Needle of the Zhu Clan. It could also tell when a demon was disguised as a human. In this way, it prevented demons from entering the White Emperor City.

Zen, Nina, and Lennie were checked in the demon-revealing mirror.

After the confirmation, the soldiers bowed to show respect to Lennie and then opened the gate to let them in.

As White Emperor City was an important military pass, all of its buildings were designed to defend against enemies. The city was hence, built to be functional not aesthetic.

Since they weren't allowed to fly in the city, Lennie made a little silver sword out of his life vitality for Zen to lie on. Then, he and Nina walked beside Zen.

Soon, they arrived in front of a low building.

"Nina, Zen is seriously injured. Payne Xue is a highly skilled doctor in White Emperor City. If he agrees to help, Zen will heal quickly. However, it may cost us a lot of money!" Lennie whispered to his niece.

Nina pouted and said, "Uncle, I will save Zen at any price, and if necessary, I will sell the Tai-Yi Moxa Stick that my grandpa gave me..."

"No, no, you can't do that!" Lennie was astonished. The Tai-Yi Moxa Stick was a family heirloom of the Zhu Clan. He remembered that he didn't get the Tai-Yi Moxa Stick when he was young even though he had worked hard, but the master of the Zhu Clan, Bowen, loved his granddaughter Nina so much that he gave it to her.

"Why can't I sell Tai-Yi Moxa Stick?" Nina asked feigning innocence.

"Anyway, you can't sell it!" Lennie felt somewhat upset.

But Nina went on to say, "Okay, then I will sell the Secret Box..."

"Oh, no......!" Lennie became more upset.

"Then, how about the Ichthyosaur Pearl? Or the Double Star Loop? Or..."

Hearing that Nina wanted to sell all the family heirlooms, Lennie seemed to be more crazy than upset.

He cursed the family master, who spoiled Nina by giving her all these heirlooms.

Finally, Lennie stopped Nina and said, "Okay. Okay! I will pay all the medical costs to save Zen!"

Hearing that, Nina smiled demurely.

Then Lennie knocked on the door of the white building. After a few moments, a middle-aged man opened the door. Nina noted that he had a humpback and a mustache. When he smiled, his small eyes reflected wisdom.

"Payne, I need your help," Lennie said softly.

Seeing Lennie standing at the door, Payne Xue laughed sarcastically before speaking in a sharp voice, "Oh, it's you, Lennie! Last time we met, you declared that you would never ask me for help. Don't you remember?"

It was now clear to Nina that the two men shared an unpleasant history.

Payne was greedy. Even though he was a highly skilled doctor, he asked for too much money for his medical services.

Lennie remembered the incident Payne had spoken of clearly. Lennie's comrade had been injured at the Shura Battlefield. When Lennie asked for help, Payne quoted an outrageous amount, which angered Lennie. And that was why Lennie had called Payne a high-skilled but avaricious doctor!

Lennie also said that he would never ask Payne for help even if it meant that Lennie would die at the Shura Battlefield.

"I will pay you whatever you charge, all right?" Lennie hummed reluctantly. If it had not been for Nina, Lennie would never have asked

Payne for help.

Payne said in a sharp voice, "Sure. Since I love money more than people, I will forget what you have said in the past, and help you. Heh heh!"

Then Payne asked the three to come into his room.

Lennie walked to the jade bed in the room and placed Zen on it.

Chapter 183 The Shura Battlefield (Part One)

Payne walked over slowly and looked at Zen. He frowned when he saw the wounds on Zen's body. Then he turned to Lennie and said, "So many bone spurs have penetrated this guy that his body looks like a sieve! How awful!"

"If he were not so severely injured, I wouldn't have come to you," Lennie said crossly. Lennie had many kinds of pills with which to cure injuries. However, Zen was in a critical condition with a slim chance of survival. Lennie had no choice but to bring him to Payne.

Payne stretched out his fat, short finger and slowly pressed on Zen's neck. At the same time, he carefully avoided the acupuncture needles on Zen's body.

Payne moved his hand over Zen's body, pressing along the way. Finally, he reached Zen's belly. Payne frowned when he felt something unusual.

"This bloke's body... is weird! I have diagnosed thousands of people, but I have never seen such a body!" Payne said in surprise.

"Haha. He killed several demon generals single-handedly even though he is only a half-step into the nature level. I would be surprised if this bloke isn't special!" Lennie thought that all capable men had something extraordinary.

Some of them cultivated a special cultivation method, some had a unique magic weapon and some had an extraordinary innate capability.

The world was big, and it was filled with countless people who were either capable or could perform miracles. With their experience, Lennie and Payne were unlikely to be surprised at something they thought perfectly normal. Lennie continued, "Payne, stop pretending. You just want to raise the price. I warn you not to go too far!"

Payne smiled sheepishly, "What I have said is true. Have a look at this bloke's meridians. They are as hard as gold and iron. It is like his body is not made of flesh and blood. Can you find another like him in this world?"

"Cut the crap. Tell me what you want," Lennie stated unkindly.

Payne nodded and continued, "Since all five of his organs have been destroyed, he is in a serious condition. He has a slim chance of survival. I can cure him, but the price is..." Payne paused for a moment. Then he flashed three fingers.

"30 cubic crystals?" Lennie gawked with disbelief.

"Hey!" Payne sneered. Then he shook his head and added, "Three thousand!"

Lennie's face turned red. He screamed, "3000 cubic crystals? Are you trying to kill me?"

"If you can't pay that much then you can take him away. But remember this. It would be difficult to find another to cure him in all of White Emperor City." Payne waved his hand in dismissal.

"I will pay the 3000 cubic crystals," Nina said resolutely. All this while she had been standing in silence and listening to the men negotiate.

"Forget it. Nina, I promised you that I would bear the expense. How can I let you pay? I can afford the cost," Lennie mumbled. "It is only 3000 cubic crystals. Just consider it as my gift to my future nephew-in-law."

Nina's eyes widened, and her cheeks flushed crimson. Embarrassed by what Lennie had said, Nina shouted angrily, "Uncle! Why are you talking nonsense? I have known him for only one day!"

Lennie laughed, "One day is enough. What a chance meeting! He must be special for I have never seen you so worried about somebody."

"Uncle, if you talk nonsense again, I won't speak with you!" Nina threatened before turning away from Lennie.

"All right! I was just joking." Lennie tried to comfort her when he saw that Nina was genuinely upset with him.

At that moment, Payne waved his hand and announced, "Since we have agreed on the price, I will begin my work. Please, wait outside."

After driving them away, Payne pulled out four pills of different colors. He put the red pill in Zen's mouth and then crushed the remaining three into powder. He mixed the medicinal powders before sprinkling them on Zen's wounds.

The medicinal powder had magical properties. As soon as they fell on Zen's wounds, the injured flesh fell off, and new flesh began to grow. The skin grew so quickly that in no time, it fused with the new tissue on the other injuries. Within the blink of an eye, the bone spur wounds on Zen's body had healed.

But only on the surface! Zen's real wounds were inside his body.

Afterward, Payne stretched out his hand and began to remove the acupuncture needles Lennie had placed in Zen's body. Now, Zen's life was being protected by these needles, so every time Payne took one out, Zen's chances of survival diminished.

However, Payne had summoned his life vitality in his hand as well. As he removed a needle, he placed some life vitality in its place. Payne's life vitality was akin to fresh blood as it repaired Zen's internal injuries.

So each time Payne removed a needle and then applied life vitality, Zen's chances increased and decreased.

The process was slow and tedious and demanded all of Payne's energy. In no time, Payne's forehead was beaded with sweat.

Six hours later...

Payne walked out of the room.

Nina rushed forward and asked with concern, "Doctor Xue, how is Zen?"

Payne laughed, "You worry as though he were infected with some complex or challenging disease! He was just injured. He is fine now and will be better once he has rested for a day or two!"

Zen was critically wounded after his fight with the demon generals. If he had consumed high-grade pills such as the Red Cloud Pill or the Nine Turns Recovering Pill immediately after the battle, he would have recovered on his own and wouldn't have needed Payne's help.

However, there was a long delay, and Zen had become too weak. This was why Lennie had thought it necessary to bring Zen to Payne.

From the time Lennie placed the acupuncture needles in Zen, till he recovered, Zen was in a dreamless state.

After he woke, Zen took a few minutes to remember what had happened. When Zen looked around, he found that he was lying on a bed.

He stretched his hand and gingerly touched his chest. Shock was reflected in Zen's eyes when he realized that his wounds were gone.

"I am fine? All my wounds have healed?" When Zen found that there was nothing wrong with his body, he sat up. Then he jumped down from the bed and stretched.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 184 The Shura Battlefield (Part Two)

He walked back and forth for dozens of steps and tried to operate his life energy at the same time. Finally, Zen felt as though he was fine.

Although Zen had been in a dreamless state, he remembered what happened before.

He had faced six demon generals and fought against them, risking his life. He had used his demonic life energy and killed them all.

Even if Zen had the body of a spiritual weapon, it was difficult for him to recover after being severely injured by the bone spurs from the demon generals.

Before his strength and senses became weak, Zen remembered that countless tiny silver swords had fallen from the sky and stabbed the demon general...

While thinking back, he remembered that he had been trying to save an inner disciple named Nina.

Just at this time, the door opened. A lady dressed in a light purple dress stood at the doorway. A thin, long golden hairpin glimmered in her hair. She looked so pure and beautiful that Zen was in a daze.

"Why do you look at me in this way?" The lady smiled at Zen.

Zen blinked and finally dared to confirm after hearing her voice, "Are you Nina Zhu?"

It was said that the woman changed fast in physical appearance. She had been dressed in a black robe when Zen had first met Nina. Now, she was dressed in regular clothes.

Nina smiled and said in a low voice, "Please, call me Nina." A crimson blush crept on Nina's face. Till now, she had not asked a man to address her intimately.

"Nina," Zen said with a nod. he hadn't thought that calling a woman by her name was unusual.

"Where am I?" Zen looked out the window as he spoke. Several tall white buildings filled his view. The environment was strange to him.

Nina laughed before she said, "Follow me!"

Then she turned and left the room. With a small smile, Zen followed. On the way, Nina told Zen, "This is the White Emperor City!"

"White Emperor City? Is this the White Emperor City that is guarded by millions of soldiers of the Imperial Army?" While speaking Zen turned his head and looked around. He had read in a book that White Emperor City was made of dolostone and looked snow-white because of the stone's characteristic white color. The city also defended the Shura region...

Zen had hence, learned something about White Emperor City before. He knew that it was made of dolostone and was very magnificent.

Now that he had the chance to see the city, Zen was left in awe. It was a hundred times better than what people had described it to be. Moreover, the brilliance of the white architecture shocked him.

Seeing Zen's stunned expression, Nina covered her mouth and chuckled. Then she pulled Zen by the arm. As they passed a bend in the road, they reached the top of the city wall.

White Emperor City was founded on a large mountain. As it was a military fortress, the land had been flattened to accommodate the city. Since the city wall was built with the natural geographical difference of the high mountain, when they stood on the city wall, they were on the mountain top.

Zen gazed into the distance. The scene before him left him wide-eyed.

"This is the Shura Battlefield!" Zen whispered.

In the distance, there was a black crack which split the heavens and the earth. It was the strangest thing that Zen had seen! He watched as lightning curled around it from time to time.

It was said that this crack had been opened by the great avatar of the demon, which broke the fence between the two spaces.

Once upon a time, humans had almost killed all the demons that had walked out of the crack. However, humans were overwhelmed by the size of the crack.

Nobody knew how to repair this space crack.

As long as this space crack remained open, demons would hide among humans.

The vast land not far from the White Emperor City was shrouded in darkness. This was where the demon soldiers and generals banded together!

The Imperial Army in the White Emperor City fought at close quarters against the demon soldiers and generals all day long to resist their invasion.

"Everybody says that the defense of the White Emperor City is as strong as iron and that no demon generals can get past it. So why are there so many demon generals in the Sky Forest?" Zen asked.

Nina answered, "Have a look. The Heaven Tower and the Earth Tower have fallen. This is why the demon generals sneak into the forest..."

"It appears that White Emperor City is in trouble." Zen questioned as he observed the demon soldiers and generals gathering in the darkened land.

Nina nodded, "That is not the only trouble we face. My uncle said that the demons had sent four demon kings this time! In the entire history of the battle between humans and demons, such a thing has not happened. They probably want to take White Emperor City in one fight!"

If White Emperor City fell, the path of the demons would be smooth. The demon army would destroy everything on its way and invade the Burning Sky Imperial Capital!

Seeing Zen's anxiety, Nina smiled and asked, "Are you worried?"

Zen laughed, "Why should I be worried? If the sky falls, the tall guys will resist it. The demon king is powerful, but the humans of our Eastern Region are not weak!"

Zen's explanation was reasonable. The demons had called in an unprecedented army, but Burning Sky Empire had also sent many overmatches to the battlefield. White Emperor City had defended the battleground for many years, and this was not the first time that they were facing a crisis. Living in White Emperor City meant facing danger every day. So this situation was not an exception.

"By the way, we managed to leave Sky Forest safely enough. But where are the other disciples of Cloud Sect?" Compared with the safety of White Emperor City, Zen was more worried about the well-being of the disciples.

"Don't worry. Because there were demon generals in the Sky Forest, White Emperor City sent people to collect all the disciples in the forest. I will take you to see them!"

In no time, Nina brought Zen to the temporary residence of the disciples. As soon as Zen entered the spacious camp, he saw Cleve, Henry, and the others.

"Zen! Are you all right?" Cleve became excited when he saw Zen.

They knew that Zen was alive. They also knew that he had been in recovery for the past two days since his injuries were critical. They were naturally concerned about his recovery.

Zen shrugged and smiled, "See, I am OK!"

At the moment, Lenard and the others from the Skytop Peak stepped forward and surrounded Zen. Apparently, they were all worried about him as well.

Suddenly, all the disciples gathered around Zen and began chattering. Zen knew that the disciples of Cloud Sect had suffered significant losses in this trial to slay the demon.

Almost every peak had reported dead or injured disciples. Blackrock Peak had suffered the most as all ten disciples had died while protecting the disciples of Lady Peak. Besides the Blackrock Peak, all the disciples from three other peaks had been killed by demon generals.

As they spoke, several disciples from Skywrath Peak entered the camp.

The disciples of the Skytop Peak, Drizzle Peak, and Lady Peak saw the people from the Skywrath Peak and made a long face.

After Zen left to chase the demon general, they had a conflict with the disciples of the Skywrath Peak.

At that time, the disciples of Skywrath Peak thought they couldn't defeat disciples from Skytop Peak and gave up.

But after they entered White Emperor City, Yale, the leader of Skywrath Peak, had become arrogant again. It was said that Yale's elder brother was in the Imperial Army and had an important post in White Emperor City.

At this time, Yale saw Zen, and a sly smile grew on his face. He walked up to Zen.

Chapter 185 Smacking Yale In The Face

"Zen, you bastard, you're lucky you're not dead in the hands of the demon generals." Yale Zhuge said out loud, a sly smile hanging on his lips.

The disciples of Cloud Sect were positioned in White Emperor City, waiting to be picked up by their overseers. The narrow escape from death had alleviated their sense of danger and granted them much-needed relief. They reveled in their survival for the time being. Laughter rang out in the camp as the usually aggressive disciples engaged in cordial talk. Yale's loud voice broke this harmony and the others whipped their heads in his direction, annoyed at the remark.

"Yale, you were well-behaved in the Sky Forest. Now that we're in White Emperor City, you've become arrogant and rude. Is it because you're confident your brother would protect you?" asked Lenard rather sharply. Before Zen could respond to Yale's words, Lenard and Cleve shifted to move in front of him and blocked Yale's path.

"Why, Lenard, you're absolutely right. White Emperor City is my territory. You might be dominant at Cloud Sect, but you're nothing here. I advise you to stop meddling," Yale said, a hint of disdain in his words.

Lenard opened his mouth to spit out a fitting reply, but Zen held up a hand to stop him. The latter took a step forward. "I'm in a good mood today, Yale, so I'll give you a shot to save yourself. Get out of here!" Zen rested his gaze on Yale and said calmly.

Yale paled at Zen's words. He thought everyone would be afraid of him because of his brother's influence in the city. Zen stood in front of him with his chin tilted in defiance, mocking Yale's false sense of authority. He blinked in embarrassment. "Zen, you did kill the demon generals. So do you really think you're mightier than everyone else?" he scoffed, the tip of his ears reddening. "There are plenty of people stronger than you. You're not capable of driving me out!"

"I can't vouch for Zen's capabilities, but I'm quite sure you're not qualified enough to confront Zen," a melodious female voice sounded near Yale and he froze instantly. The disciples turned to the source of the mocking voice and saw Nina Zhu standing at a distance, a murderous look adorning her face.

The girl cocked a graceful eyebrow. She held a small jade box in her hand that was aimed at Yale.

Yale stared at her in shock, his jaw clenched. Others might not be aware of how terrible the hidden weapons of the Zhu Clan were, but Yale was a member of the Zhuge Clan, one of the top seven noble clans including the Zhus. He knew very well the destructive power of her inconspicuous, harmless-looking jade box.

If Nina pressed the button at the front and triggered the machine inside, the Shock Dragon would leap out and turn his bones to ash.

Yale stood rooted to his spot, not daring to move an inch. He cursed inwardly. Was this girl mad? Zen was the one he was challenging. It was none of her business. Did she really want to kill him over something so paltry? This altercation didn't involve her.

"Nina, this is between Zen and me. What's it to you, huh?" Yale asked, nonplussed.

"Zen told you to leave, so you should be making your exit now. Or do you think I won't dare to trigger the Shock Dragon?" Nina had her finger placed on the machine trigger of the jade box. Just one push and the Shock Dragon bound in the jade box would vault over.

Terror overtook Yale's face and he hastily took a few steps back. "Nina, don't mess around with me. This doesn't concern you. Besides, the Zhuge Clan is not afraid of the Zhus. You know my brother ..."

Just then, Zen reached out and stopped Nina. "Nina, don't worry about me," he said softly. "Put your box away. I'll deal with this myself."

Nina smiled at him faintly and shifted her finger from the trigger button. The hand that held the box moved behind her back.

"I'll give you one last chance. Get out of here." Zen walked over to Yale slowly, his low voice honed with veiled threat.

The noble clans valued their reputation the most. They could hardly stand to be humiliated in public. Yale had already learned that Zen could kill a demon general all alone by himself, so he dared not act rashly.

But since he had just recovered, Zen might not be as strong as before. Besides, Yale's brother would protect him in White Emperor City, so he had no reason to hesitate.

Here, the only person he feared was Nina Zhu.

She held a high position in the Zhu Clan. Even if Nina injured him or killed him, she wouldn't be held culpable for her crime because the Zhu Clan would spare no effort in protecting her. On the contrary, Yale, while being a direct descendant of the Zhuge Clan, was far inferior to his brothers, Josef and Fren.

Hearing Zen tell Nina not to interfere in this dispute, Yale heaved a silent sigh of relief. "What if I don't leave?" Yale said, narrowing his eyes at Zen.

"You really won't leave?" asked Zen and paused for a brief moment. Then he moved as fast as lightning.

Smack!

Zen struck him in the face with the back of his hand.

Zen was alive thanks to the doctor's medical prowess and his robust body. Fortunately, his soul did not get injured in the battle with the demon generals.

As long as he didn't die, he could recover ten times faster than ordinary people. Because his body was a spiritual weapon.

Yale was a noble offspring. He gaped at Zen even as his eyes bulged out, clearly shocked at being slapped in the face in front of so many people. His face turned red and his body became luminous with his life vitality, as if he were about to explode.

Just as Yale was about to condense it, Zen lunged and kicked him in his belly, scattering his life vitality.

Bam! "Still don't want to leave?"

Zen slapped him soundly once again as he asked the question.

Yale's strength was certainly not weak, a master as he was at the fifth grade of nature level. It was a great shame that he found himself too slow to fight back when slapped in the face.

He stood there pathetically, struck dumb with astonishment. Zen had managed to catch him off-guard!

As his mind went blank, his mind acted on conditioned reflex. Subconsciously, he gathered his life vitality to his belly once again.

The unexpected humiliation had made him forget how to dodge Zen's attack and fight back.

Each time he grew close to extracting his life vitality, Zen kicked him in the midriff to disperse it.

Thwack! "What about now?"

Zen taunted him with each slap, following up with another kick.

He did it ten times in a row, but Yale could hardly react.

Zen was known to have great strength.

Today, however, he used only about a third of it. If he had utilized it all, he could have knocked Yale's head off.

Yale's handsome face was now bleeding and swollen like a pig's head. It was hard to ascertain what he looked like originally.

The disciples of Skywrath Peak who stood behind Yale wanted to help him, but Cleve and Lenard had blocked their way. In strength, the disciples of that peak were no match to Lenard. Moreover, the disciples of Drizzle Peak and Skytop Peak, and even the female disciples of Lady Peak were watching closely, their eyes stuck to the scene unfolding in front of them. They could only stand by, fearful to step in and fight.

Smack! "Do you regret that you didn't leave when I first warned you?" Raising his hand, Zen was about to start another round of punches and kicks.

Yale staggered on his feet, about to collapse. Finally, he nodded profusely and begged, "Stop! Stop hitting me. I'll go, I'll go!"

He felt the sharp pain in his cheeks as unbridled shame coursed through him. No longer attempting to gather his life vitality, he disgracefully left the camp with the rest of the disciples of Skywrath Peak.

"We have advised him not to rouse Zen and try to attack him. But he didn't listen to us. In challenging Zen, he only brought shame to himself and his Clan," said Cleve, shaking his head.

Zen was only half a step into the nature level, but apparently, the nature creatures like Cleve and Lenard had all forgotten that. They believed that Zen's feat was far beyond others.

"Yale's brother is a counselor to the imperial army in White Emperor City. He would surely seek retaliation," Lenard said, furrowing his brows.

After all, they were not in Cloud Sect anymore, but in White Emperor City. If Yale asked his brother to avenge him, Zen would be facing a monumental complication.

The Zhuge Clan wasn't the strongest, but it was the most resourceful among the top seven noble clans. They were exceptional when it came to military strategies and battle arrays.

Yale's brother, Josef, did not display prominent strength either, although he was at the grade six of the nature level. After all, there were generations of talented masters in White Emperor City.

Josef had only become a counselor in White Emperor City by sheer virtue of his intelligence.

The position of a counselor was reverential in the city. Josef's success was closely linked with the support he got from the Zhuge Clan, but his own performance could not be disregarded. A mediocre man could never live long on the Shura Battlefield.

In skittering voices, The disciples reminded Zen to be careful of Josef.

Zen smiled calmly and in turn comforted them. But their hearts were still uneasy. After all, they were now in another's stronghold, without the protection of the Cloud Sect, and the army was usually not reliable.

Nina stood not far away, gazing at Zen in secret from under her lashes. She had made up her mind. No matter who tried to outmaneuver Zen, she would do everything she could to put an end to it.

Just as the disciples moved the topic of conversation to their return to Cloud Sect, a muffled sound was heard.

The noise, although not loud, seemed to come from the deep underground.

The very next moment, they felt the floor underneath them begin to tremble.

"It's the demons! They are attacking!" the soldiers shouted.

The incessant sound of a ringing bell broke through, and the disciples of Cloud Sect turned white, the blood draining from their faces at once.

Chapter 186 Attack Of The Demons (Part One)

Small chunks of rubble fell down the lower floors as quick footsteps rushed up the stony steps of the staircase. Zen, leading other disciples from Cloud Sect, climbed a side staircase to reach the rooftop in the barracks. When they reached their destination, the horrific view that greeted them stunned their group into silence.

The once clear sky was now dominated by swirls of dark, thick clouds and smoky fog.

In the distance, they could see an increasing mass of dark figures that had started to climb up the city's walls. They were demon generals and soldiers, who swarmed almost all the sides of the city wall like an incoming tide.

To make the dreadful scene even worse, black human-shaped demon birds with gigantic scaly wings emerged. They circled around in the air, each of them armed with black long bows and arrows.

Hundreds of the hideous demon birds carried demon generals and soldiers in their huge talons. Upon reaching the periphery of White Emperor City, the demon birds released the demon soldiers along with the demon generals from their grip, dropping them into the city.

The horrifying horde of demons in the sky weren't even the main forces of the opponent's massive army. They were only used as a prelude to make way for the truly formidable demons.

Back then, during the more peaceful times, the Heaven and Earth towers had prevented war from breaking out in White Emperor City for many years. However, when the demons unexpectedly occupied the two towers, they immediately planned and executed a direct attack at White Emperor City in such a short amount of time.

"Swash! Swash! Swash!" the loud flapping of the demon birds' scaly wings rippled through the dark atmosphere.

They proceeded to aim their arrows at the disciples of Cloud Sect who stood on the rooftop barracks after spotting them.

With their long bows aimed at their targets, the demons' black arrows rained down on the rooftop.

Luckily, the pointed tips of the arrows weren't that sharp, so all of the disciples were able to fend them off with their skills.

The most direct forms of defenses came from Zen. When the arrows came near, he pointed his finger at them and released a great amount of power which crushed the arrows.

On the other hand, Cleve wielded a sword that released a strong beam of silver light that formed a protective shield around him. The silver light from the sword was so powerful that it cut and repelled all the arrows aimed at him.

Meanwhile, Lenard handled black and white swords in his hands. The two swords gave off their respective powers as he expertly used them in combat.

The black and white intents of the swords not only resisted all the attacks of the opponent's arrows. They also spiraled upwards and struck back at the demon birds. Unfortunately, when the dual colored sword intents shot up in the sky, the demon birds had already dodged the attacks as they flew at an altitude too high in the air.

The resistance efforts of Cloud Sect's disciples were also aided by strong attacks from the highly capable imperial army of White Emperor City.

In comparison to the disciple's efforts, however, the counterattacks from the imperial army proved to be much stronger and more effective.

Down the chaotic streets of the city, the imperial army had lined up firing catapults that were loaded full with arrows.

The firing catapult was invented by the ingenious Zhu family. It was later promoted throughout the imperial army and eventually became one of the most efficient weapons for defending the city.

On a rooftop not far from where Zen was, three soldiers from the imperial army had set up a brightly colored firing catapult. The two of them attached a long arrow to its tip, while the other soldier violently shook its grip to stretch the bowstring behind the machine to its maximum limit.

"Buzz!" The sound erupted as they abruptly released the bowstring, making the deadly arrow shoot up to the sky.

The lethal arrow soared up more and became a tiny speck in the air, until it landed on its target.

Eventually, a loud boom was heard in the distance.

It turned out that the arrow had hit a demon bird and upon contact, it immediately exploded into smithereens. The demon bird let out a shrill cry and helplessly flapped the remnants of its charred wings as it burned in flames like a huge fireball. The burnt mass continued to combust and then finally fell down to the ground.

The army continued to fire the arrows into the air while huge balls of exploding flames burnt in succession like fireworks in a festival.

But the demon birds fought back as well by mercilessly dropping the demon generals and soldiers in their talons down to the firing catapults with great precision.

From the rooftop, Zen looked up and saw a dark figure swoop down and smash a gaping hole into the opposite rooftop. A tall figure suddenly emerged out of the hole which turned out to be a demon general. As soon as he got out, his steely eyes transfixed on the nearby firing catapult and the three soldiers who operated it, making it clear that he was set out to destroy the catapult.

The emergence of the demon general also caught the attention of the other Cloud Sect disciples. However, no one could beat him except for Lenard. So in that moment, no one else dared to stop or fight him.

The fear and hesitance of the army's side were palpable in the air, which prompted Zen to attach one of the two small rings that Master Su gave him on the hilt of his broken knife. Mustering his strength, he jumped from one rooftop to the next.

The three soldiers who manned the catapult turned white as sheet due to extreme fright upon seeing the approaching enemy.

They were the most ordinary soldiers, with their strength at the marrow refining level. They could fend off the demon soldiers with all their might, but they were next to nothing when faced against a demon general. One encounter would be enough to get them killed.

However, military orders strictly prevented them from holding back. There was a saying among the imperial army, which was "as long as he is alive, the operator must ensure that the firing catapult is not destroyed." Being in the army demanded their whole being to obey the strict order.

If one gave up the firing catapult and ran for his life, a more grueling punishment awaited him. Then again, their sense of honor as imperial soldiers did not allow them to escape.

The demon general drew closer and closer back on the scene. Two of the soldiers frantically continued to work around the firing catapult, while the other unsheathed his sword and summoned all the courage and strength that he could muster to face the demon general.

Even the small praying mantis could dare to stop a raging chariot, and it was the same for the imperial army who fought against the demons in White Emperor City all the year round. The ordinary soldier, despite being at the marrow refining level, was able to contain his fear and resist the demon's frightful aura. He pushed back his thoughts in his head and drew out his sword with shaky hands to confront the demon general.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 187 Attack Of The Demons (Part Two)

The demon general continued his ascent towards the catapult. The presence of the soldier in front of him proved to be no hindrance at all. In fact, he simply waved a heavy arm and slapped his body away upon reaching him.

The impact of the slap directly crushed the soldier's body which sent him flying to his death!

At this point, the demon general got much closer to the firing catapult.

The remaining two soldiers set up an arrow as fast as they could and fired it up at the sky. A demon bird and a demon general got hit and instantly became two balls of fire. Although the two soldiers looked calm and fearless on the outside, they clearly knew that death awaited them just like their companion.

Finally, the demon general had reached the catapult. When he was about to smash the two soldiers into pieces, he suddenly felt a dangerous presence from behind him.

However, when he turned around to look, the dangerous aura had vanished.

He simply shrugged it off and turned his head back to the two remaining soldiers. Just as he did so, a broken flying knife came to greet him in the face!

His eyes went wide for a fraction of a second as he tried to dodge the force but it turned out that it was too late. He instinctively blocked his face with his right arm, hoping his thick and leathery skin would save him from the weapon.

It was only when the blade of the knife had struck his skin that the demon general realized how foolish it was to use his arm to block it. It turned out the knife was not just an ordinary knife and it was far sharper than what he had imagined.

His tough and strong arm posed no resistance to the flying knife as it passed through his limb, slicing right down in the middle.

The knife's blade was able to cut through the arm muscle and went straight to his head.

"Puff!"

The demon general's hideous head was cut into two by the flying knife as it fell to the floor with a dull thud. His eyes remained bulbous and bulged even in his last moments, which showed just how shocked and in disbelief he was at his death.

The broken knife was drawn back by Zen, whose lips curved into a satisfied smile. He nodded in friendship at the two frightened soldiers.

The two soldiers who had just narrowly escaped death, smiled back at Zen in return, their eyes full of gratitude. If it wasn't for Zen's timely appearance, they would've joined the other soldier in death by now.

The other disciples of Cloud Sect had also joined Zen and the imperial army to battle the demons. Their limited numbers and strength obviously prevented them from provoking the demon generals, but they were fully capable of dealing damage to the demon soldiers.

After the first wave of their siege, the demon army hastily called for retreat. Even though this was only a minor engagement, they had lost many demons already. This did not gain them the upper hand or any advantage in the battle.

On the contrary, White Emperor City only lost a few dozen firing catapults and some ordinary soldiers. This made them lucky enough to fare much better than the demon forces.

It was true that they had beaten today's siege of the demon army. Despite this, it was clear that worry still lingered in everyone's hearts.

It was highly probable that the concluded siege would call the attention of the rest of White Emperor City's forces, which meant that the demons might storm the city at a much larger scale on a later time.

"We must leave White Emperor City as soon as possible!" an anxious voice sounded. It was proposed by one of Cloud Sect's disciples the moment they returned to the camp.

"Yes, this was only a small assault. If the demons mount a general offensive, the strong refiners in White Emperor City will have no time to even care about us," said another disciple.

The two disciples had a point. It was human nature to seek out the good and avoid the bad.

Since they weren't from the imperial army, they had no obligations to stay in White Emperor City.

It was true that White Emperor City had been impregnable for many years, and no forces were able to overcome its marvelous defenses and strength.

However, when the demons' attack had besieged them, the disciples did not even have a place to hide. This scenario would certainly be driven to a dead end.

"Wasn't there a letter back from the sect saying that an enormous flying chariot will be sent to pick us up soon?" one disciple piped up. The rest of them looked at each other in thought.

"Who knows? Maybe that chariot couldn't come because of the attack," another disciple speculated. A small lapse of silence enveloped the air.

It proved to be that the man was right in his assumption.

It was true that the enormous flying chariot which was supposed to take them back wasn't able to come because of the demons' offensive attacks.

Since the earlier fall of the Heaven and Earth towers, a group of demon birds that carried a handful of demon soldiers and generals in their talons had circled the rear part of White Emperor City and attacked any forces that defended or visited the area.

In fact, Cloud Sect had already sent two enormous flying chariots. Unfortunately, the first chariot was besieged by the demon birds in the rear area making it crash. Meanwhile, the second one was intercepted halfway.

It definitely cost a lot to build a huge flying chariot. After the loss of the two previous chariots, Cloud Sect decided to stop sending more. Instead, they planned to keep the disciples in White Emperor City until the demons withdrew.

"Even if no one will come to pick us up, we can go back by ourselves. We just have to avoid those demons. Don't you think so?" one disciple suggested. Majority of them agreed and quickly accepted this proposal.

Since no chariot would come pick them up anyway, they might as well take the disciple's suggestion and escape by themselves.

The disciples from Cloud Sect played no major role in the war. Furthermore, once the demons launched a full-scale invasion of White Emperor City, the imperial army would never arrange for any form of protection for them.

If only one or two demon generals landed near them, Lenard and Zen could handle it.

However, if they were attacked by legions of demon generals, who among them could defeat such a massive force?

It would be even worse if they were to face off a demon king, who could undoubtedly kill them in a second! In short, the disciples were too weak and incapable to fight in the war by themselves.

Just as they were in the heat of their discussion, the loud clanking of footsteps was heard through the other side of the camp's door.

It turned out to be a squad line from the imperial army.

The barrack door suddenly burst open, showing a general dressed in the imperial army's uniform. "All the disciples from Cloud Sect are allowed to leave except Zen!" the general announced in a loud, authoritative voice.

Chapter 188 The Killing Intention (Part One)

Zen stood in the crowd and stared at the general. The man looked strange, and Zen had never seen him before.

"Why can't I leave? Who are you?" he asked in a deep voice. If someone came looking for him, that could only spell bad news.

Suddenly, someone whose head was covered with gauze appeared from the side. "Zen, I have sworn that you will die with your boots on," he said menacingly. "Did you naturally think you can run for your life?"

Even with his face completely concealed, and only his eyes were seen, Zen still recognized his voice. It was Yale. Before the demon attacked the city, Zen had knocked some sense into him a few times.

"Oh, it's Yale. What did you do? Did you really ask your brother to come here?" he asked casually, though he grasped the flying blade in his hand. The general before his eyes was powerful. Apart from him, there were two soldiers on the side.

The soldiers appeared to be at the grade six of nature level. However, based on their decisive breath, their strength should not be underestimated.

In fact, Zen's own strength was far more powerful than what should be in the realm. Thus, he did not blindly judge the opponent's strength.

"I am Josef. I have heard about you from my younger brother. They said you've offended many members of our Zhuge family, such as Chad and Fren. Now, you hit Yale? Very few people dare to offend anyone in our family. Today, you came to White Emperor City where I will treat you well. My suggestion, however, is that you cut your own arms by yourself, wear this chain, and follow me. Otherwise... You will meet your doom!" As soon as Josef uttered the last words, he whipped out a chain used to capture prisoners, and belted it on the ground.

"Cut my arms by myself?" Zen raised his brows first, and then laughed loudly as though he heard a sarcastic joke. In a dauntless manner, he stated, "You are just a counselor. As a member of the imperial army, can you really act without being given direct orders in White Emperor City?"

"As the counselor of the imperial army, I certainly can't ignore the military rules. Regardless, I think no one would dare to talk behind my back if I deal with some commoners. In this situation, I can torture and kill you as long as I want. Who dares to oppose me?" Josef challenged, waving his hand.

Zen put the flying blade down and sneered, "If that's the case, I would like to see you try and kill me!"

Lifting his hands slowly, he poised himself in a fighting position. The disciples of the Drizzle Peak and Skytop Peak took out their weapons, one after another, and stood on each of his sides.

"Do you dare to fight on Zen's side? Are you not afraid of death?" Surprised, Josef did not expect these people to side with Zen. He did not anticipate that the elusive man had the group's support.

In the past, no one in their right mind wanted to be involved in the affairs of the Zhuge Clan. After recognizing that he had sorely overestimated the reputation of his family, his expression shifted into a look of dismay.

Lenard unsheathed his black and white swords and said, "Everybody says that the wisdom of the Zhuge noble clan is unparalleled.

So far, why are the members I have met not wise at all, but stupid?"
"What do you mean?" asked Josef.

"Maybe you won't encounter any trouble if you kill Zen. The trick is whether you can really make it happen. Besides, we have so many people here. Are you going to kill all of us? How will you explain that to the Cloud Sect? You are just a counselor. If the Cloud Sect blames the imperial army, do you think that you'd be safe under the protection of Zhuge family?" Lenard shook his head, appearing to be puzzled over Josef's logic.

When he slowly began to comprehend the man's words, Josef became frustrated. How could he have not thought about that?

Frankly, he had not expected the unity of the disciples of the Cloud Sect.

The counselor thought for a while and suddenly asked in a deceitful manner, "Don't you want to escape from White Emperor City? Now that the demons surround the city, it will not be easy for you to leave without getting hurt. I can send some people to escort you! Anyone who wants to leave, come over here! Take my side, and I will provide you a safe passage."

His beguiling promise gained the interest of several disciples immediately.

After all, there were thirty-three peaks in the Cloud Sect. The disciples of the other peaks had nothing to do with Zen. Naturally, they did not want to get involved in the affairs of the Zhuge family. Just then, only Lenard of the Skytop Peak took the lead to stand beside Zen. Others did not say anything.

Now that Josef had promised to protect them when they went down from the mountain, they were certainly more attentive than before. After giving his offer some thought, the disciples of the Cloud Sect finally came to a tough decision.

Slowly, one by one, many of them left their spot and approached the counselor. When no one else made a move, only the disciples of the Skytop Peak, Drizzle Peak, and Lady Peak including Nina were left on Zen's side.

After seeing that the number of the people beside Zen had decreased, Josef smiled again and stated smugly, "Except for Zen, the rest of you may leave. I dare say, only the fools do not know what to choose!"

However, as soon as Josef paused, he saw a blinding flash coming from the hand of a female disciple standing behind Zen.

The flash converged rapidly to form a dragon-shaped life vitality. Then it shot towards Josef with immense power.

"Ho!"

In that very moment, Josef sensed that his life was in peril. The mere thought of losing this way sent chills down his spine, so he willed himself to jump suddenly, and avoided the Shock Dragon.

The Shock Dragon rushed over all the way, with no signs of stopping, and finally hit a house behind Josef. The entire building did not stand a chance against it and collapsed in an instant.

"Bang!"

The house crumbled down, and there were smoke and dust all over the ground.

After his close brush with death, Josef wore a straight face. Even the soldiers he brought with him did not know how to react to the female disciple's attempt.

Although no one could still see Yale's face clearly, his eyes spoke volumes as they glistened with terror.

"Shock Dragon? Someone of Zhu Clan!" The furious counselor glared at Nina.

Chapter 189 The Killing Intention (Part Two)

Despite her recent actions, Nina looked calm and even sported a sneer. The female disciple did not open her mouth to speak while she stood beside Zen. As long as he was nearby, she could feel a sense of security, which was reassuring.

Those who came from noble clans rarely fought each other, as they were often aware of the other clan's strength. It was why they were cautious whenever they met someone from another noble clan.

However, the woman from Zhu Clan startled him with her reckless behavior. Josef had not planned to fight, but she tried to destroy him by releasing the Shock Dragon. Had he failed to evade the attack, it would have been the end of him!

Enraged by her audacity, Josef said, "I don't care who you are. Because of what you did, I will make sure you die today. No. I will make you serve my brothers in the army, and then kill you! You, and you, both of you get over here this instant. I am afraid there are demons lurking around. Kill all the resisters!"

Although Zen appeared to be calm after hearing the counselor's commands, there was a distinctive murderous glint in his eyes.

Indeed, Zen hesitated a little in the beginning. He did not wish to go up against Josef and all the people who chose to fall for the latter's deception. On the other hand, that did not mean that he was afraid of them.

After all, the opponent was an army man, and they were in White Emperor City.

If it were up to him, he wouldn't resort to an aggressive solution like fighting. In fact, he preferred Lenard's approach earlier. He almost subdued Josef by merely making him doubt his own judgments.

Alas, Josef's commands made it clear that some people were going to get hurt today. Nonviolent resolutions were out of the question, and Zen saw no way of changing that.

Anyone who knew him would know that his calm appearance was only a cover-up for the rage that was consuming his heart.

In a steady manner, Zen took one light step forward as though he were drifting.

When his right foot touched the ground, the power of more than a hundred dragon scales in his mind burst out.

Simultaneously, when he deliberately reversed the tip of his foot, an immense power erupted from the ground.

"Crack!"

With Zen's foot tip being the center of a circle, the hard ground started to split open and spread rapidly. A huge crack spread across the whole floor of the room, and then it crossed the wall. It even reached all the way up the roof.

With great force, Zen shot himself towards Josef like an off-string arrow.

The two guards on both sides of Josef were the quickest to react. Upon seeing Zen's powerful and explosive force at high speed, their expressions changed.

After all, he was only half-step into the nature level. No matter how powerful his strength was, it was limited. After the two made meaningful eye contact, they blocked Zen from reaching Josef as though they were two gates.

After facing Zen's power, the two did not dare to disregard it. They activated the life vitality all over their body and exerted the life vitality to create two khaki shields.

The two guards had plenty of combat experience, and their cultivation methods were superior. The khaki shields they made with the life vitality were not eye-catching but could repel the attack of the demon general.

They thought, 'It must be more than enough to block this bloke. He dashes at such a high speed. At this point, only the anti-seismic force is enough to stop him!'

"Get out!"

Zen dashed in front of them and swung his fists to punch the khaki shields.

His fists nearly pierced the life vitality shields, but not as much as he had wanted. Each of the shields had a thickness of three inches. As they were made from the life vitality, they decreased the hardness on purpose to effectively dissolve most of the opponent's power.

These life vitality shields were truly effective!

Even when Zen exhausted all the power of the dragon scales in his mind, he still could not break the shields.

However... an idea came to him.

When Zen realized that he could not break the life vitality shields with his strength, two wisps of demonic life energy arose in his fists.

When the demonic life energy soared into the life vitality shields, it was as though cold water was poured on the boiling oil. The demonic life energy swallowed and transformed the two life vitality shields rapidly.

The expressions of the two soldiers changed instantly. When they saw the dark purple life energy, they knew they were in trouble. Afraid that they might come in contact with it, they let go of the shields.

Being on the battlefield all year long, the two soldiers' instinct saved them this time. If they had not released their grip, the demonic life energy would have swallowed their corporeal bodies quickly.

But the two who just lost the protection of the life vitality shields were now destined to face Zen's fists directly.

"Bang! Bang!"

While they were off their guard, Zen punched the two defenseless soldiers in the chest. Both soldiers ended up flying backward like the off-string kites.

When he threw the punch, he did not apply all his strength. After all, the two were just under Josef's orders, and it was not all their fault. They did not deserve to die.

When the two soldiers were defeated, there was no one else to defend Josef from him.

As soon as Josef realized this, he wore an unreadable expression. It appeared as though he was assessing his situation.

He was a warrior at the grade six of nature level, but his abilities were cultivated depending on the pills. Unfortunately, he did not possess an astounding physical strength. The counselor was only good at strategy and military science.

Nevertheless, he was more than aware of the strength of his two guards. When they fought together, they could bring down four demon generals.

No matter how much Josef thought about it, he couldn't justify how Zen defeated the two guards so easily.

When Yale warned him not to underestimate Zen and not to see him as a refiner half-step into the nature level, he thought his plan was more than enough for a single prisoner.

Based on his warnings, Josef thought two guards was all it would take to defeat the man.

Alas, Zen's strength was beyond Josef's expectation.

At that moment, Josef was at a loss. He could do nothing else but take a step back!

Filled with inexplicable fear, the counselor fled from the fight. As a desperate attempt in causing a diversion, he threw willow leaf darts at his opponent while running away.

Zen did not take the willow leaf darts seriously, and let the counselor shoot them. Then, with these sharp darts going in his direction, he rushed towards Josef without batting an eye.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 190 Five-Clawed Golden Dragon (Part One)

Josef took to his heels and Zen chased closely behind, and they were soon running out of the barrack and onto the streets.

Josef was quick on his feet, but facing Zen's hot pursuit, he began to employ every trick that he could think of.

Seeing that the willow leaf darts didn't work on Zen, he fished out a piece of brown sign paper and cursed, "Soldier in armor!"

Josef tossed the paper note in the air. The paper went up in flames at once and a soldier wearing an armor materialized out of thin air. Facing Zen, he wielded a sword and slashed at the opponent.

"Smash to pieces!"

Smack! Zen threw a punch and the soldier vanished as instantly as it had appeared. Without pause, Zen opened his fist and shook it casually, before moving to gain ground on Josef.

Feeling cornered, Josef gnashed his teeth together in frustration. The very next instant he crushed the pendant that hung around his neck with his bare hands.

The pendant was an heirloom passed down by the Zhuge ancestors. It had been bestowed on him when he became the counselor to the imperial army, with claims that the pendant would come to his rescue in times of danger.

As soon as he crushed it, a pale blue nimbus of light surrounded him protectively, making him glow with an otherworldly aura.

"Smash it!"

Zen punched the light with his fist.

The luminous curtain trembled faintly but soon recovered its intensity.

"So strong?"

Zen frowned, his eyes glinting at the blue aura. The light curtain was indeed remarkable to resist the power of his fist. He assumed it was an heirloom from the Zhuge family. It obviously held ancestral power.

Pow! Smack! Smash!

Zen struck the cloak of light a dozen times in a row. It quivered palpably but he failed to make the slightest crack on its surface.

Josef exhaled as he watched the sight. If he could just hold on for a while, the reinforcements would come to his aid. This was White Emperor City, and he was the counselor to the imperial army, after all. How could Josef let this jerk show such impudence and run unrestrained on his own turf? Josef curled his lip. "Don't waste your time trying to break it open. It's the invaluable Nine-foot Spectroscope. Once it is released from the pendant, even the Illuminating Soul Realm is unable to crack it in such a short time."

Zen didn't give up and kept at it, but found that he really couldn't smash the curtain with mere brute force. Firmly, as if deciding on something, he nodded his head and a stream of demonic life energy rose from his palms. He swerved it in the direction of the curtain. In a flash, the sizzling life energy hit the curtain and infused in it.

It worked like a charm. The demonic life energy held the power of annihilation and devoured anything that came its way. It forced a crack into the curtain and spread to the other parts in a heartbeat.

"What did you do? How is this possible? What was that thing you used?" A vein pulsed in Josef's temple as he took in the scene, angered beyond belief. "Zen, this is White Emperor City. If you dare hurt me, you risk antagonizing the imperial army, with its millions of soldiers. Are you sure you want to do that?"

Zen scoffed at his words. Before the light curtain could be completely devoured by the demonic life energy, he squeezed one of his hands through the crack and caught Josef by his neck. "Oh? I risk antagonizing the imperial army with its millions of soldiers, do I? You are only a counselor to the imperial army. You think you represent each of those soldiers?"

"It's true that I don't represent the entire imperial army, but don't forget that my last name is Zhuge. If you provoke the Zhuge Clan, you become our enemy. We will hunt you down to the ends of the earth and make sure you die a painful death!" Josef announced, his eyes blazing a warning.

Zen exhaled sharply and tightened his grip on Josef's neck. "Hmm. Seems to me you Zhuge people are all the same. Using the name of your family to threaten and intimidate others. Except for that, what else can you do?"

Josef's hand shot up to seize Zen's own that held his neck. A sinister smile found its way to his lips. "There are many things we can do. One of them is killing you!"

Even before he finished speaking, a blue paper shaped into a symbol appeared on his palm. He placed it on Zen's hand forcefully and it burned into flames. What followed were tiny sparks of lightning

that rushed to surround Zen's body. They didn't harm him, instead, he felt that every muscle of his body had suddenly gone numb. In other words, he was paralyzed.

Sizzling sounds engulfed the air, and

Zen stood deathly still, unable to move an inch.

Josef roared with laughter. "You smug asshole. You didn't think I had this trick up my sleeve, did you? Hah! Now die!"

A brilliant sharp dagger popped out of thin air in Josef's hand, and he moved forward to stab Zen in his neck.

Josef knew his strength was not extreme, so he had many hidden weapons on him. Those little things could come handy in times of peril.

Unexpectedly, as the dagger reached Zen's body halfway, Josef felt a sharp pain shoot into his brain. Holding his head in his hands, he dropped unceremoniously on the ground and rolled over.

"Spiritual Thorn!"

Zen glanced at Josef coldly who was lying on the ground, groaning in pain. The murderous look in his eyes held no mercy.

As the lightning effect released by the blue symbol ebbed away, Zen moved his unfeeling body and picked up the dagger that Josef had let fall on the ground. He marched over to Josef in a split second.

"Stay where you are! If you dare kill the counselor to the imperial army, you become the enemy of the Burning Sky Empire!" At that moment, Zen noticed a black figure approaching him in the shadows. He heard a brief growl as his dagger moved toward Josef.

"Is it another representative of the empire?" His brows snapped together as he stabbed Josef sharply. "Death calls you!"

Chapter 191 Five-Clawed Golden Dragon (Part Two)

He pulled out the dagger fiercely, splattering blood on the dead leaves that surrounded Josef's body on the ground. Zen was not someone who condoned killing, but if he hadn't known how to use the Spiritual Thorn, he would have been the one dead right now. He could not afford to show mercy to anyone who wanted to take his life.

"You are dead!" The general from the imperial army sprinted to him, his life vitality surging up and turning into a Five-Clawed Golden Dragon. It was burning in red-hot flames. The heat waves rushed to Zen, crackling with terrifying power.

"Illuminating Soul Realm!"

Zen twisted his lips. This was the second refiner at the Illuminating Soul Realm he had encountered.

He had confronted Vale before, who was also an Illuminating Soul Realm refiner. Zen was weak before his formidable energy. He had no chance to fight back.

The Illuminating Soul Realm could burn life vitality and magnify its power by more than ten times. It could kill the nature creatures as easily as an ordinary person could kill an ant.

Zen clearly knew very well how potent the refiner at the Illuminating Soul Realm was. He could only step back and retreat.

But the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon, created by life vitality, seemed to have anticipated it. It pursued Zen forcibly, not giving up until it had swallowed him down its throat.

Just then, Zen heard Nina shout at him. "Zen, get down!"

Without hesitation, Zen leaned forward and rolled down to lie flat on the ground.

With a roar, the Shock Dragon flew above Zen's head and abruptly collided with the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon.

Nina's Shock Dragon was equivalent to a full attack of an Illuminating Soul Realm refiner, but she didn't have the ability to fully control it. Thus, powerful as the hidden weapon was, it couldn't hit the target accurately.

Zen leaned forward. The Shock Dragon crashed into the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon.

The attacks of the two strengths of Illuminating Soul Realm suffered a head-on collision at full speed. Undeniably, the power it produced was immense and terrifying. As the two dragons clashed, a gleam of bright light blazed forth. The disciples of the Cloud Sect and the imperial army soldiers shut their eyes instinctively.

As the light disappeared, the general of the imperial army walked over to Zen, his jaw clenched and his eyes livid. "Even if it seems that someone from the Zhu clan is backing you, you still owe me an explanation. Why did you kill Josef?"

Zen stood his ground and stared back at the general defiantly. Stepping forward, he coldly said, "He deserved it!"

"It's not up to you to decide whether or not he deserved it. His allegiance was with the imperial army, and only the army gets to decide his fate." Life vitality sparked in his hands. Soon, another mini Five-Clawed Golden Dragon took shape and hovered on his palm. "If you can't find an explanation, you must die!"

Zen spat out a mouthful of blood on the ground. The collision between the dragons had released too powerful an energy to withstand, and the after effects had injured him. "What? Do you mean to tell me I should not have fought back when he placed the dagger on my neck? Do you expect me to just sit around and wait for death?"

"The imperial army has millions of soldiers who are stationed at the White Emperor City. We have a strict code of discipline. If Josef wanted to kill you, he must have legitimate reasons!" the general said seriously.

"Ha, I'm surprised you can say such shameless things so casually to my face. If that's so, why do you ask me to give you an explanation? You can just kill me straight away!" Even as he said this, Zen's body was on high alert. The demonic life energy circulated inside of him, zapping through his spirit and bones.

It was true that the person he currently faced was at the Illuminating Soul Realm, but he would not sit still and await death.

"Oh? Then prepare to die." The general waved his hand, and the mini dragon took to the air and swelled into a gigantic Five-Clawed Golden Dragon. Flapping its strong wings, it circled the sky, emanating prodigious power.

With a roar, the general of the army pressed his hands forward in the air and the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon ignited into flames and hurtled toward Zen.

The dragon was born out of life vitality, and once the life vitality flared up, it was several times more powerful than normal.

Watching the sight in front of them, Cleve, Lenard and the rest of the people standing at the gates of the barrack went pale and wide-eyed in shock.

Zen was definitely capable of beating a demon general, and in their eyes, he had unmatched strength and skill. But would his power prevail against an opponent who was a refiner at the Illuminating Soul Realm?

Between the half-step into nature level and the Illuminating Soul Realm, there was an entire realm that stood like a wall.

The gaps between different strengths could be narrowed by other means, like super weapons, unique cultivation methods, talent, and technique.

But the gap between Zen and the general was a broad moat with no way to close the distance, and taking all things into consideration, it was impossible for him to surpass it.

The general of the imperial army declaring a war on Zen was equivalent to a death sentence.

Zen stood before the daunting Five-Clawed Golden Dragon and felt his life energy surging out of his body through his navel, like high tidal waves forging ahead, finally gathering into his fists.

"Heavenly Ogre Fist -Ogres Shaking the World!"

Zen had once used this punch to block the full blow of a refiner at the Illuminating Soul Realm before.

His strength and his technique must have risen up by several notches since then. He felt far less anxious facing the general than when he battled Vale. Zen figured that the general was not on the same level of strength as Vale.

As Zen struck the powerful blow with his fist, the demonic life energy gathered forward and molded itself into a purple-black shadow of a tight fist, smashing hard at the gargantuan dragon.

Chapter 192 The Five-clawed Blackish Purple Dragon (Part One)

As the spectators waited for the fight's next sequence with bated breaths, the golden dragon slithered around Zen and pranced on its five, large claws like a giant snake. Zen's Heavenly Ogre Fist was far weaker than that of the golden dragon's, and his power had been weakened a lot throughout the battle.

After all, Zen was still half-step into the nature level, which meant that he was only capable of condensing and exerting demonic life energy. Although demonic life energy was powerful as it was, it was nothing compared to the strength of life vitality. Apart from the incomparable differences between the two, the five-clawed golden dragon in front of him continuously consumed life vitality which only made it grow stronger.

Thus, the battle between the dragon and Zen was not the fairest. It was like pitting a chick against an eagle, and Zen was the much weaker chick.

"Boff!"

The unmistakable cracking sound of a punch was heard from the shadow of Zen's fist that collided against the five-clawed golden dragon. Right after the punch, the shadow stealthily slipped into the body of the dragon and vanished from their sight.

The general of the imperial army's lips curved into a flat smile when the shadow had vanished. He sneered at Zen's overestimation of his own strength and overconfidence about his own abilities. He used to think highly of his own "Magical Dragon Fist," but after a fierce attack, Zen even didn't flinch at all. Very soon, the golden dragon defused Zen's punch that he used his life energy to throw.

The spectators, including Lenard and Cleve, shook their heads at the sight of the attack.

The audience were witnessing what they had already expected.

It was completely impossible for anyone else present to battle a strongman who had entered the Illuminating Soul Realm, simply because in such a fight, they weren't powerful enough to counterattack at all.

In the audience, Nina's face had a serious and vexed expression. For this trip, she brought along three jade boxes with her, each containing a "Shock Dragon". She had previously called on her last Shock Dragon to counterattack the five-clawed golden dragon when it showed up for the first time, so she had none left.

Even if all her Shock Dragons had been used up, she still had an arsenal of other hidden self-defense weapons ready at her disposal.

For instance, she owned one "thunder stone," which was considered as one of the three most powerful weapons of the Zhu family despite its mere size and appearance.

The process for making a thunder stone was extremely complicated. In addition to the complexity of producing one, it was also made out of highly expensive materials. It would roughly cost about ten thousand cubic crystals to create a single thunder stone. It was like consuming ten thousand cubic crystals in one go, which meant it was too costly to utilize one.

For all those reasons, the Zhu family had only made seven thunder stones, one of which was possessed by Nina.

In the event that Zen couldn't defeat the golden dragon by himself, Nina was ready to throw one thunder stone at the creature to aid Zen's attacks.

Her slender hands clutched the small stone tightly. She grew increasingly nervous as she continued to watch Zen's battle against the golden dragon.

After the golden dragon crashed the intent of Zen's fist, it ferociously jumped at Zen right away. However, when it got quite close to Zen, something strange took place.

A little blackish purple spot suddenly showed up on the chest of the golden dragon, which swiftly began to grow bigger and bigger.

The incident left Nina's mouth agape at the mysterious scene that played out in front of them. She knew that the blackish purple thing was just Zen's life energy.

Zen's life energy showed up and dispersed slowly. Its dispersion gradually increased in speed, and when the golden dragon rushed very closely to Zen, the demonic life energy had completely engulfed the dragon.

The once glittering golden dragon had immediately turned into a blackish-purple skinned creature. The attack of Zen's demonic life energy had forced it to cease moving and stop in front of him, as if it was frozen into its place.

The strange occurrence took everyone by surprise, including the imperial army general whose face now wore a peeved expression. In this battle, he had previously exerted a Magical Dragon Fist, which called out the five-clawed golden dragon that attacked his enemy. Furthermore, he could still manipulate the direction where the golden dragon moved. He could even order the golden dragon to howl and roar in order to boost their morale to fight.

However, in this moment, the five-clawed golden dragon that he had tamed with his life energy had not only turned blackish purple, but also lost contact with him. In other words, he was currently incapable of keeping the dragon completely under his control.

His eyebrows furrowed as he thought about the situation. "What on earth has happened? Why did my golden dragon turn blackish purple? What the hell has this guy done to my dragon?" he muttered. Confusion and many unanswered questions filled his mind, all of which were beyond his comprehension.

In the battle arena, Zen was also quite stunned by the dragon in front of him. When he released the life energy, he had never thought he could manipulate the golden dragon. After all, he knew that he was only half-step into the nature level, so that was an impossible feat for him. However, the complete opposite happened as the dragon was now completely under his command. It was just too astounding especially for Zen.

Reaching half-step into the nature level meant that Zen could only isolate the life energy from his body and conserve it for now. However, the life energy usually wouldn't be able to kill his enemies if it didn't attach itself to any weapon.

Only if he had fully entered into the nature level, converted his life energy into life vitality, and turned his meditations into reality could he turn life vitality into substance and have the ability to kill his enemies under his control.

The blackish purple dragon in front of him still remained docile under his command. It had originally been converted from the imperial army general's life vitality, but was now under Zen's influence after it was consumed by his demonic life energy.

Zen's head whipped to the side for a moment. 'Then, how can I manipulate this five-clawed blackish purple dragon?' he thought.

As he silently asked himself, he came up with an idea. He immediately proceeded to separate his soul from his body and bewitched the dragon with his mind.

"Howl, rawr!" the dragon let out a thundering cry.

It was as if it had been woken up from a deep slumber. The huge monster began to ascend towards the sky, as its body started to slither around Zen's own.

Eyes wide with astonishment, Zen was completely amazed and pleased at the outcome of his magic. "That's it! I really can manipulate it now!" he exclaimed excitedly. The blackish purple dragon slithered this way and that, then lowered its head to face its current master. Zen gave it a gentle pat on the forehead as he stared smugly at the furious eyes of the imperial army's general, who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm.

All the spectators were utterly dazed by the scene. They were absolutely puzzled by how Zen got the general's dragon under his control, especially with only his half-step into the nature level abilities.

What had gone wrong? Just a few moments ago, they witnessed how the golden dragon was ready to kill Zen. But, how could the dragon turn into a blackish purple color and be under Zen's authority in just a blink of an eye? The dragon had really stopped its attacks against Zen and seemed to have been under his dominance.

Was there anything weirder than this in the world?

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 193 The Five-clawed Blackish Purple Dragon (Part Two)

Meanwhile, Nina's eyes glinted brightly with hope for Zen to win, as she also got lost in the same thoughts. The hand that tightly held the thunder stone in its grip still slightly trembled, but deep inside, she had realized that maybe, she had thought too much. Although Zen was only half-step into the nature level, it was true that he was a rare talent. Thus, it was no wonder that he got to keep the dragon under his control.

Even though his opponent had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, Zen had finally figured out a way against his opponent.

She was happy that Zen at least got to hold his own ground against a much more capable contender.

On the other hand, Lenard, who held a black sword and a white one, was in total disbelief. Under the current situation, he had contemplated if he should still help Zen or not.

It was true that Lenard was always too conceited. Although he didn't rank top ten in terms of strength on the Skytop Peak, he had a wealth of many other talents, wherein he had quickly reached one level after another at the fastest pace. Even if he was not in the top 10 rankings now, he would undoubtedly be included in the list in the future.

No vain man wanted to owe a debt of gratitude. It was completely opposite to their character.

Previously in the Sky Forest, Zen had saved Lenard's life. Because of that, he was protective of Zen in this battle against the general. However, it was simply because he wished to repay him the debt of gratitude.

Strongmen who were at the Illuminating Soul Realm were surely powerful. However, unlike them who entered this realm, Lenard was also cultivating a mystical skill. Once he had harnessed this skill, his strength would be significantly enhanced over a short period of time. He had been confident that his abilities would help Zen reduce the general's strengths in half, but whether Zen could defeat the general or not still depended upon himself.

Like all the other spectators preset, Lenard was also confused about which weird trick Zen had played. It came as no surprise that he was totally shocked by what Zen had achieved as well. Zen didn't flinch at all when faced with a fierce attack from the general who was at the Illuminating Soul Realm. He had even caught the five-clawed golden dragon and got it under his control. Lenard had never seen nor encountered anything more bizarre than this...

At this point, some people in the audience such as Cleve, Qiu, and Gury had witnessed what a "trick" was.

And just now, Zen had given "the trick" a brand new definition.

Since Zen was able to battle the general who had entered the Illuminating Soul Realm despite the fatal attack on him, perhaps all inner disciples of the Drizzle Peak were no match for him.

Henry and Gury were merely outer disciples, so naturally they weren't really clear about the situation of the inner disciples in Drizzle Peak.

However, on the other hand, Cleve and Qiu caught a glimpse of each other when they witnessed that the tables had been turned on Zen. Both of them silently agreed on one thing.

That was, although Drizzle Peak ranked the last among the thirty-three peaks, its inner disciples were absolutely not weak at all.

Ever since Master Su came to Drizzle Peak, she had found several highly talented disciples in quick succession. All these talented ones diligently cultivated their abilities to accumulate even more superior skills so that one day, Drizzle Peak would be ranked among the top of the thirty-three peaks.

In his opinion, Cleve had always been impressed by Harry Lu, Glenn Yu, and Charlie Liu who had ranked top three among the inner disciples. They all bore the expectations and hopes of Drizzle Peak.

However, Cleve now found that Charlie was no match for Zen, so were Glenn and even Harry, who ranked Number One among the inner disciples of Drizzle Peak.

Who was the dark horse then? From the current predicament of this battle, the answer was clear and definite. Zen, who was only an outer disciple, was the real dark horse.

The five-clawed blackish purple dragon dominated by Zen revolved around him in several circles, but after a while he realized that it was impossible for him to make this dragon be with him all the time.

The reason was very simple. It was because his life energy wasn't enough to let him dominate this dragon.

Once life vitality was converted into substance, one would always have to transfer his life vitality to the substance continuously so that the substance could always exist.

While Zen's body differed from an ordinary person's, the life energy inside him was far stronger than other people who were at the same level as him. Nevertheless, it meant nothing at all for a strongman at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

A few moments ago, Zen had directly overwhelmed the general's five-claw golden dragon by his demonic life energy and turned it into a blackish purple dragon--but now… The dragon under his control spun around him while it incessantly consumed his demonic life energy.

The dragon's ceaseless consumption of his life energy was so amazingly fast that Zen could already clearly see the drastic decline of his life energy near his navel.

"Since it is impossible for me to always get this dragon under my control, then I will... Go! Go and treat him in the same way as he has treated me!" he shouted.

He stretched a hand out and pushed the dragon gently as he yelled at it. Soon enough, the five-clawed dragon raised his head and roared. The ferocious sound echoed loudly throughout the arena and resonated strongly in the ears of everyone present.

After a while, the dragon abruptly and wildly hurled its body forward in an alarming speed, in an attempt to pounce on the imperial army's general who stood far away.

A spasm rippled out through the imperial army general's body when he saw the dragon rush towards him. Everyone would be in a sour mood to witness his opponent see through the trick, and now, the general was even going to be attacked by the very dragon that he unleashed to battle Zen...

Without any more time for over thinking, the general posed one of his hands like a claw. Another five-clawed golden dragon showed up in his hand in a flash. Just like the former dragon, this one also lunged on the five-clawed blackish purple dragon.

The dragons' bodies twisted and writhed violently against each other as they fought fiercely in the sky.

Soon enough, their battle had come to an end.

It turned out that the new golden dragon was far more vicious than the blackish purple one. After only battling for a few moments, it had torn the blackish purple dragon's body into pieces, and destroyed it into several parts.

A self-satisfied smile made its way on the general's face at the final outcome of the battle. "The dragon under your control is just an illusion! Your dragon has given itself away immediately after battling my five-clawed golden dragon!" he said triumphantly.

The truth was, the strengths of the two dragons weren't even on par with each other.

First and foremost, the newer five-clawed golden dragon was converted from life vitality, but the blackish purple one was only formed by life energy. In other words, their natures completely differed from each other. Moreover, the golden dragon consumed life vitality which significantly enhanced its power by a mile.

The battle was grueling and had everyone on the edge of their seats. The general had the upper hand at first. Then, Zen suddenly made a surprising move which turned the odds in his favor, but in the end, the general still won. Although the tables had been turned for his win, the imperial army general's smile didn't last long.

Chapter 194 Yolande

The five-clawed blackish purple dragon was savagely ripped into pieces by another five-clawed golden dragon. Then the demonic life energy that came out from the body of the dead dragon penetrated into the golden dragon.

The golden dragon became darker, and in a blink of an eye, it became a black dragon with its body bigger than before. It became more powerful and ruthless, more stunning than ever.

Zen smiled, "You may have suffered a loss but don't let it define you…"

The general of the imperial army witnessed everything and was amazed by the golden dragon's transformation. He jabbered, "How… How... How did it happen?"

The disciples of Cloud Sect that watched the battle were all speechless.

Zen was triumphant that dark purple life energy was whirling wildly around him like a strong electrical bolt.

And the victorious dragon swirled in the sky and then dashed to the general of the imperial army.

The general's face turned pale as he realized that this dragon was too powerful. Under the critical situation, he couldn't think of an appropriate way to save himself in such a short time and all of a sudden, another golden dragon appeared above his hand.

The disciples of Cloud Sect saw what happened.

"The general of the imperial army is a powerful man of Illuminating Soul Realm, but foolish. Is he courting death?"

"It's a shame that he is part of Illuminating Soul Realm. It's unbelievable… He is too foolish!"

The assessment of the disciples was right, as another five-clawed golden dragon was swallowed by the enormous black dragon of Zen and its size had tripled.

The five-clawed golden dragon was so huge that it could wind around a palace instantly.

Zen's dragon was now three times bigger than its original size. The giant animal glistened and swirled in the sky, and once it would go down, it could destroy the whole world.

Then Zen motioned to his giant dragon and waved his hand to it. The giant five-clawed dragon obeyed its master and dashed like a speeding bullet to the general. The dragon roared and howled at him.

The general was rigid with fear and regretted everything.

He defended Josef!

There were countless capable men in White Emperor City. Why did he ever choose Josef? He never thought he could lose his precious life because of this mistake.

But he did no wrong! That bloke was only half-step into the nature level, and he was a powerful man of Illuminating Soul Realm. Couldn't he fight with a small man who was just weaker? The general was lost in his hopeless thoughts. He was scared and deeply frustrated at the same time.

When the giant dragon went down to him and tried to get closer, a barrier appeared out of nowhere.

The barrier was a square box, enwrapping and protecting the general of the imperial army.

The barrier was so indestructible that… no matter how the giant dragon thumped and pounded heavily, it wouldn't destroy.

Zen witnessed everything from afar. He heaved a sigh, and it seemed that some powerful being was intervening.

It was clear to Zen that as he had created such a chaos in White Emperor City, he would definitely attract some powerful men.

He manipulated the giant dragon with all his might, but breaking the barrier was next to impossible. At long last, the demonic life energy that had engulfed the giant dragon was used up, and in a fleeting moment, it disappeared into the vast sky.

Just then, a young girl wearing a long and colorful dress with its hem dancing gracefully appeared from the sky.

The young girl waved her slender hand from the sky and the barrier that protected the general disappeared.

The barrier was from the young girl.

"Ah, is she..." The disciples of Cloud Sect cried in surprise.

"She is Yolande!" One disciple had spoken her lovely name.

"Oh, my God. It's my first time to see her. She is so beautiful yet aloof."

"She is called the Killer Girl."

All the disciples of Cloud Sect made a buzzing sound and whispered to each other. They were mesmerized by this young girl in the sky and thought they knew her so well as they talked about her with great familiarity.

Stairs appeared from the sky, and the young girl slowly walked down.

Only a person of Illuminating Soul Realm could fly in the sky, but the young girl was unique. At her every step, a transparent stair would appear under her feet. She walked down gracefully with the long colorful dress flying. The wooden shoes she wore on her snow-white feet clattered and echoed in the sky as she walked down.

She walked slowly, but in just one blink, she appeared next to Zen and faced him.

Zen looked at the young girl and studied her from head to foot.

Yolande looked like a blossoming girl coming out of age, and her face was round and chubby like a baby. Her eyes were grey as if a winter frost had covered them, they were lifeless as compared to Nina's or Aura's.

Zen couldn't find any life in her eyes. There was no sorrow or joy, not even a reflection.

If she didn't have any feeling at all, wasn't she a puppet?

Zen thought all of these but didn't dare speak his mind. He was a little nervous when facing Yolande.

She saved the general of the imperial army and her mighty power overwhelmed Zen. He stood still and didn't move for her to realize he wasn't her enemy.

"What's your name?" Yolande opened her mouth to ask.

She had the sweetest voice, like that of a nightingale. No woman's voice even that of Nina, Aura, or Coco, the singing girl in the Golden Wind Restaurant could surmount it.

But Zen didn't like her voice!

Her voice might be sweet, and mesmerizing but it sounded chilly. There were no emotions…

"My name is Zen Luo," Zen answered the girl.

Yolande answered, "Oh" and continued, "You are strange. You are still half-step into the nature level yet you defeated Hugh."

When he saw Yolande's face as she spoke, Zen thought it was laughable. She said he was strange but he couldn't get any emotion from her at all. She was equally strange as he was.

"Today, you used your unique life energy and transformed Hugh's five-clawed golden dragon. But I didn't find your moves challenging at all." From a distance, she then glanced at the general called Hugh and added, "You still couldn't control the dragon even with your mighty strength for long and all Hugh needed to do was just wait for your life energy to be used up."

Zen found the girl to be wise and shrewd. But why she looked so emotionless?

"But that's not important. You are in White Emperor City, and you offended our imperial army. It is a penalty of death. You may choose how you want to die, I will be the one to take your life." Yolande announced expressionless.

This girl...

Zen was speechless. She said she would take his life like it were easy as killing chickens.

She was so senseless and heartless that Zen felt hopeless.

"There should be a fair judgment. And I only fought back." Zen felt miserable and showed a long face again.

The people in White Emperor City were all unreasonable.

"There is no judgment. I only have the law. White Emperor City is founded by the imperial army. Any action that offends the imperial army is a kiss of death." Yolande said nonchalantly as she turned a deaf ear to his protest.

"What if I don't want to die?" Zen asked in reply.

"It's not for you to decide." After saying that, Yolande stretched her long elegant hand, and a translucent box appeared above Zen's head. It tried to cover him.

Zen knew he couldn't defeat her, but wouldn't accept his doomed fate. He rolled on the ground to feet away, and the box failed to cover its target.

Yolande, still not showing any expression from her face, walked slowly to Zen with her clattering wooden shoes. She gracefully waved her hand, and countless boxes appeared in the sky, rushing to Zen.

Zen skilfully avoided them one by one without a stop, but there were too many boxes. At last, he was forced to the ground, and a box covered him.

Zen touched the box, bit his teeth and punched it.

It was so indestructible no matter how hard he smashed.

When he was fighting with Josef, he shot him with a Nine-foot Spectroscope, and he couldn't break into the light, but it eventually swayed after he hit it with his strong fist.

But he couldn't destroy the translucent box that he was imprisoned into. It remained firm from his violent punch.

"I'll destroy you."

Suddenly, more than a hundred dragon scales lit up and glistened in Zen's mind. With the ferocious strength, he summoned all his power and punched the box, yet it remained unmoved.

"Demonic life energy. Devour!"

Zen released the demonic life energy and tried to swallow the box, but the demonic life energy which was powerful had lost for the first time.

"Broken flying knife!"

Zen took out the broken flying knife from the space ring. The sharp flying blade which could cut everything on its way couldn't even break into the box.

Meanwhile, Yolande's long colorful dress floated gently as she walked with her clattering shoes. She came to Zen, "It's no use. You couldn't defeat my enchanted barrier."

"Enchanted barrier? Is this an enchantment?" Zen furrowed his brow and was caught in deep thought.

"Since you didn't choose a way to die, I will make that choice for you." Yolande stretched out her snow-white hand and waved her slender fingers lightly. Within seconds, a sharp-edged, thin and glowing enchanted barrier appeared on her hand.

Its glow was blinding and she put the enchantment inside the box.

Zen was standing still and breathing heavily. If the enchantment was pushed in, it would cut through his neck…

Chapter 195 In A Small Box (Part One)

But wait. Zen wasn't hurt at all! Why?

For the very simple reason that he had squatted down as soon as he sensed that the enchantment was coming his way.

"What an idiot!" Zen gazed at her with a mocking stare.

However, Yolande's face remained emotionless even when she saw Zen avoid her attack so easily. No matter what happened, she had always been serious and indifferent; her face's poker expressions were undeterred by emotions.

She merely cast another enchantment in the direction of the box, which was as easily avoided as the one before it.

Zen had curved up as most as possible and the enchantment had swept over his head with a gust of wind.

However, he was now in quite an uncomfortable position. His head was bowed and his hands were embracing his knees. He had bent himself into a ball and couldn't even raise his head as the area above it had been blocked by Yolande with the entanchement.

Zen saw Yolande's little snow-white feet, but was in no mood to admire them. Right now, he was more busy with his resentment about being stuck like this.

'What a shame! How can I be forced into such a desperate situation and die like this!' he thought to himself.

Just then, Yolande bent down and squatted in front of him. She reached out and was about to cast an enchantment once again.

If she succeeded, both Zen's limbs and body would be rent apart into two separate pieces.

He was stuck and couldn't move at all. All he could do at the moment was swallow hard with despair on his face.

At that very moment, a small silver sword flew right towards Yolande.

Without so much as a glance in its direction, Yolande deftly cast another enchantment to block the sword that was about to hit her.

"Yolande, stop!"

Lennie's crystal clear voice rang across the entire area.

Nina had started the Immediate Messager again when she had found out that Zen was in danger.

Lennie himself had been searching for the remaining demons to break their siege of the city with a group of Kung Fu masters

when Nina had summoned him. He had rushed here after completing his task but hadn't expected to see Zen almost die at the hands of Yolande.

He wondered

how Zen had provoked Yolande, who was a well-known killer and extremely mindful of her emotions.

Yolande looked at him coldly and asked, "Why are you stopping me?"

"Because I want to know why you are trying to kill Zen," Lennie replied.

"He offended the imperial army and almost killed Hugh, so he must die," Yolande replied matter-of-factly.

"What? He almost killed Hugh?" Lennie was shocked and couldn't believe what he had heard. And the surprise was to be expected. Anyone who hadn't seen Zen fighting Hugh Xu would have taken it as a joke.

But Lennie knew that Yolande was emotionless, so she wouldn't have been lying to him. Since it was her statement that Zen had nearly killed Hugh Xu, then Zen must really have the ability to kill Hugh Xu.

"You must have misunderstood!" Lennie tried to reason.

"I've already checked it out. There was no misunderstanding," Yolande replied, and was about to cast the fatal enchantment towards Zen.

"Wait! Yolande, even if Zen committed a crime, it should be the Military Office to punish him, not you!" Lennie said.

He knew more about Yolande than anyone else and was using his wits to control her.

This Killer Girl was not only emotionless, but rigid as well. So it was almost impossible to ask her to help anyone. It was clear that if he wanted to save Zen, it could only be done by trying to invoke some rule that would stop her from killing him.

According to the rules of the imperial army, if the soldiers of the imperial army committed crimes or if there were conflicts between civilians and the imperial army, then soldiers would be handed over to the Military Office for adjudication. "Yolande, you should know that even if Zen is condemned to death, it should be the Military Office to execute him, not you," Lennie continued.

Yolande thought for a while, tilting her head like a naive little girl. Who would have thought that she had killed countless demons and humans!

"You're right! This person shall be locked up before being judged and executed by the Military Office." Yolande finally nodded in agreement. "But since a large troop of demons are attacking us, the Military Office has no time to judge such trifles. I'll lock him up and hand him over to the Military Office after the demons are defeated," she continued.

"You're not going to lock him up here forever, are you?" Lennie asked with a bitter smile.

"Why can't I?" Yolande asked, blinking her grey eyes.

Lennie felt a headache coming.

Zen felt the same way.

'Is she serious? I would die soon if I have to remain curling up in such a small space all the time!' he thought.

In the small box, Zen couldn't even raise his head or look straight. He was feeling stiff all over after only a short while in the box. 'I'd rather die if I have to stay in this posture for more than ten days, ' he thought.

He knew that in her nature, Yolande would absolutely do so.

Yolande suddenly stood up before Lennie could find a way to convince her to change her mind. "I've made my decision. I'll keep him in the box until the demons are defeated."

With that, she turned around and walked away. Zen moved slowly with her steps in the square box, like a pet following its owner.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 196 In A Small Box (Part Two)

"Hey! Hey..." Lennie shouted, trying to stop Yolande. But it was clear that she wouldn't change her mind unless he could win her.

Lennie was confident in his own ability. However, thinking of the magical power of the enchantment, he gave up the idea of fighting her.

Nina was anxious when she saw Zen being taken away by Yolande like a puppy. "Uncle, what do we do now?" she asked. She hadn't expected that even Lennie couldn't save Zen this time.

"Well, there's nothing I can do now. I hope Zen can hold on until some help comes his way." Lennie couldn't come up with any good idea except comforting Nina. Even the Lord of the city couldn't persuade Yolande to change her mind.

Zen was so depressed.

He wondered if Yolande was deliberately torturing him. The transparent box he was locked in was rubbing against the ground all the time and would turn over occasionally, so Zen had to face the ground in some cases and rolled over along the way.

When he was pulled forward by Yolande on the streets of White Emperor City, many soldiers and civilians came to watch.

"Hey, Yolande! Can you let go of me?" Zen pleaded, squatting in the box.

"Bang!" The box turned over again and Zen faced the ground again. It would take him a lot of efforts even if he wanted to see Yolande's feet.

"Since you're the offender here, why should I let go of you?" Yolande asked.

"I'm not an offender! I beat a guy named Yale who tried to kill me. He then asked his brother Josef to help him. However, instead of striking me down, he was killed by me. Then a guy named Hugh came. He wanted to kill me too."

Zen had figured out Yolande's way of doing things, and so was trying to convince her by logical or legal reasoning.

"It's useless telling me anything about that. Whether you're guilty or not is up to the Military Office to decide." With that, Yolande stepped forward and Zen began to roll again with the shaking of the box.

What Yolande had said nearly drove Zen crazy. This stupid girl was so stubborn! He could do nothing but curse her in his heart and sigh.

Finally, Zen "rolled" to his destination after a rather long and bumpy trip. He guessed that they had arrived at Yolande's home.

The building looked special. It seemed to be the kind that would be provided to high-ranking military officers of the White Emperor City. Yolande dragged Zen in and threw him into a corner. After that, she sat on a futon and began to meditate with closed eyes and crossed legs.

Zen was worried, but there was nothing he could do. During the hours of her meditation, Zen had to keep the same posture and couldn't even practice cultivation.

It was so boring! With incomparable difficulty, he managed to take out a book from his space ring.

Fortunately, he had accidentally thrown a novel into the space ring before. Now he could kill time with it at least. Although it was quite uncomfortable to keep tilting his head to read, he had no choice.

After several hours, Yolande suddenly opened her eyes before standing up and walking outside.

Zen looked at the door, but found nobody there. Then he began to knock the box with his head.

"Bang!"

The box rolled forward under the impact.

'Great!'

Zen thought excitedly. He twisted his waist, and the box rolled forward again.

"Come on! Let me try again!"

Then he hit the box with his leg, and the box continued to roll.

After a while, Zen finally mastered the method of keeping the box rolling. He could not only roll forward, but could also roll aside by hitting his head against the sides of the box.

Thus, he moved towards the door little by little through his rolling.

In front of Yolande's house was a staircase. Zen looked at it and took a deep breath before knocking his head hard onto the transparent box.

"Bang! Bang! Bang..."

The square box, with Zen inside, rolled down the steps all the way with several large bangs.

Zen got dizzy due to the bumps and when he finally recovered, he struggled to raise his sore neck. To his surprise, what he saw was nothing more than the skirt hem of Yolande's long colorful dress covering her long slender legs and her snow-white little feet.

As Zen looked up, he saw Yolande's emotionless face.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Yolande dragged Zen back to her house along the steps, bumpy all the way.

To prevent him from escaping again, Yolande now decided to take him with her wherever she went.

After a short moment, Zen found out that she was pulling him into the bathroom!

After leaving Zen in a corner, she began to untie her nine-color long skirt.

The girl seemed to have no self-protection sense against men at all, or she wouldn't have taken off her clothes in front of a man like this.

After taking off all her clothes, she stared Zen for a while with her grey big eyes. There was a rare expression on her face--she frowned!

Then she covered the transparent box with her nine-color long skirt before walking to a big wooden barrel and jumping into it.

Although Zen had read many books, he had never thought of himself as a gentleman. He knew how rude it would be to look at a girl nude, but it was impossible for a young man of his age to have no physical reaction at such moment.

'If you're afraid I'll see you take a bath, you should at least have covered the box a little bit more tightly. Why did you leave such a big bar area uncovered?' he thought to himself. Zen wondered what Yolande was thinking. From the uncovered area, he could see her clearly.

'Be polite! Keep your eyes away from her!' Zen kept on reminding himself in heart. However, his eyes turned uncontrollably to her.

Chapter 197 Governor's House

After dropping her skirt onto his box, Yolande jumped into the barrel and now, Zen could only see her lean shoulders and back.

As his eyes fell on her slender back, he was very astonished.

It was totally different from what he had imagined. The skin on her back wasn't smooth at all. Instead, it was covered with numerous scars.

These scars, like earthworms clambering on her back, seemed to have been left by various objects including whips and swords.

Based on Yolande's power and position, it would have been a piece of cake for her to remove them all. For example, it would be very easy for her to use the Skin Nursing Pill warmly welcomed by the women of Imperial Capital to heal her skin.

For the common people, the Pill wasn't so affordable. But for Yolande, it would have been easy to buy one.

'Does she want to keep these scars?' Zen mused in his heart, 'What has happened to this maiden and made her so nonchalant about herself?'

As Zen was pondering over this, Yolande suddenly stood up with a splashing sound and looked around. It didn't take her long to realize that Zen was peeping at her. Frowning, she waved her lily-white hands and her long, colorful dress draped itself over the entire box.

Now the box was completely wrapped and Zen couldn't see a thing.

He heard the ruffle of her putting on her clothes, and when the box was uncovered, he saw that Yolande was already dressed.

Now, she was in a loose white garment with four slender fingers unfolded by each of the long sleeves, which showed her slim body and made her look particularly cute.

But seeing her cold face, Zen instantly realized that she wasn't cute at all.

"Bang Bang Bang!"

She dragged Zen out of the bathroom.

From what he had gathered, Yolande seemed to have no interest in anything, except for martial arts.

As they entered her room, Yolande threw Zen-in-a-box into a corner and seemingly forgot about him. She sat on a cushion, closed her eyes, and began to meditate.

Zen was totally at a loss. If Yolande had really made up her mind to free him only after the Military Office reopened, he was going to be in great trouble, which was why he had to try his best to run away.

Having thought it over and over again, Zen shouted at Yolande suddenly, "Hey!"

Zen's "Hey" was very loud in the quiet room.

But Yolande sat still without any response.

"Hey!" Zen shouted again.

But Yolande seemed just like an old monk who was completely devoted to his meditation. She seemed to have closed all her senses and wasn't hearing anything from the outside world. She merely sat still, meditating, or practicing her martial arts.

"I will run away if you ignore me!" Zen nerved himself and threatened.

Seeing that Yolande didn't respond, Zen said again and then dragged himself towards the door.

As Zen passed by Yolande, he saw that her eyes were still closed, but her nostrils did spread slightly, maybe or maybe not in reaction to Zen's behavior. Zen chuckled to himself, 'Does she really plan to let me go?' Yolande was an eccentric girl, ruled only by rules and herself. So if something strange did happen while he was with her, Zen wouldn't be surprised.

He became braver and sped up towards the door.

As Zen thought that he was about to succeed in his escape, an invisible force raised the box he was in, up into the air and then put him into the same corner of the room silently.

Yolande's eyes were closed all the time as if Zen's return had had nothing to do with her.

Looking at her cold face, a heavy rage came over Zen, 'The damn woman... must be pretending! Her heart must be beating with joy!'

After struggling for a long while, Zen finally gave up on the thought of running away. Although it was night-time now, several huge pearls inset around the house had lit up the whole room.

Zen took out a book and read it with gusto.

After reading for a while, Zen felt a sense of numbness spreading over him. A streak of weariness struck him, and he fell asleep gradually.

"Dang Dang Dang Dang Dang!"

His sound sleep was suddenly interrupted by the loud alarm bells.

The enemy was coming!

Zed woke up in a shock. He knew clearly what these alarms meant.

It was now that Yolande finally opened her eyes. Wearing a pair of wooden shoes, she walked towards the window and looked outside.

Guessing that Yolande had to leave now, Zen felt happy secretly. He was thinking that Yolande wouldn't take him with her to the battlefield.

And Yolande did leave for the battlefield. Only she did not leave Zen behind but dragged the box with her.

'Damn! She must be crazy....' Zen cursed in his heart.

However, he had no choice but to be dragged along in the box, and finally, they reached a huge building.

It was the Governor's House of the imperial army, also known to be the most magnificent building in White Emperor City.

Zen rolled over in the box on the wide road leading to the Governor's House and was finally rolled into a big hall.

A large table was sitting lazily inside, and several people were sitting there.

They were the top generals of the imperial army, and all of them looked overwhelming. In Zen's eyes, they were unfathomable.

'They are all at the level of Illuminating Soul Realm?' Zen guessed.

As the top generals of the most powerful army in the empire, they were indeed much more powerful than anyone could imagine.

People, at the level of Illuminating Soul Realm, were powerful but rare standouts anywhere, but right now, in that very hall, there were 10 such standouts sitting at a table.

Among them, Zen saw the general Hugh Xu whom he had defeated the very same day.

Noticing Zen in the small box, Hugh glared at him.

Even though he was a master of Illuminating Soul Realm, he had been almost killed by Zen, a young guy of half-step into the nature level, which had made him lose his face.

Fortunately, no one knew about his defeat except for a small number of soldiers from the imperial army and Cloud Sect disciples as well as Lennie and Yolande.

Hugh had ordered all the soldiers who witnessed his defeat not to spread the news, or he would kill them mercilessly.

In Hugh's eyes, he was almost killed by Zen just because he had made a stupid mistake, and if they ever competed again, he wasn't about to let Zen find another chance to defeat him.

However, the competition was always like this. Even though personal strength was one of the most important determinants in a battle, many victories mainly came from the mistakes made by the counterparts.

Seeing the fury from Hugh's eyes, Zen looked away on purpose and peered at the other standouts of White Emperor City.

There were four standouts who awed Zen and made him feel threatened, and they were Yolande, Lennie, an old man with a cunning face and a middle-aged man sitting in the center at the table.

The middle-aged man with a full forehead was stout and looked affable, but his overwhelming might could be seen from his every move. What was more, there was something about him that screamed of his power automatically.

'He is sitting at the center, so he must be the chief commander of White Emperor City.'

Zen's guess was right. He was the chief commander of the millions of soldiers in the imperial army, and his name was Spencer Xing.

People from Burning Sky Empire had widely appraised Spencer Xing. Even though Zen had heard a lot about Spencer, he had never met him face to face. So when he saw him for the first time, Zen couldn't recognize him.

As Yolande dragged Zen into the hall, all the standouts looked at Zen with amazement.

Knowing what had happened, Lennie smiled. He knew that Zen was bound to suffer a lot after being caught by Yolande, the Killer Girl, because he himself would have endured great hardship if he had been put into a small box and had to squat for so long like Zen.

"Yolande, What's wrong with that man?" Spencer asked in surprise. He noticed that the man was in a white robe and looked like an outer disciple of Cloud Sect.

Though Yolande did something strange occasionally, it was unacceptable for her to take a guy at half-step into the nature level to such an important military conference.

"He is a criminal and he has committed a serious crime. I will send him to the Military Office after the Military Office reopens," Yolande replied with a cold face, walking towards her seat.

"A criminal? What has he done?" Hearing what Yolande said, Spencer was now more interested in Zen and asked.

However, at that moment, Hugh got extremely worried.

Because it would be a crying shame for him if everyone heard the news that he, a standout of Illuminating Soul Realm, was almost killed by Zen, a young man only half-step into the nature level. He tried hard to wink at Yolande, asking her to keep the secret.

But Yolande was an honest person and she couldn't understand what Hugh meant at all. Instead, she asked Hugh, "Hugh, why are you winking at me?"

All the other standouts were amazed, and began to link Zen with Hugh.

Lennie knew what Hugh intended to do, but he couldn't help anyone right now. He also knew that even if he had helped, the situation couldn't be changed because there was no one, not even Spencer, could stop Yolande from saying or doing anything. Seeing Hugh's worried face, Lennie couldn't help chuckling to himself, but he had to stifle his laugh even though he was laughing so much that it hurt his stomach.

"No, nothing..." Hugh waved his hand and replied. He scolded himself for being so stupid, because he had known Yolande was very ignorant, so how could she get his meaning?

Yolande stared at Hugh with confusion and said "Okay", and then she told Spencer, "This guy killed Josef today and almost killed Hugh as well."

"What?"

Hearing Yolande's words, all of them were astonished.

Chapter 198 The Attack From The Demon (Part One)

Dubious looks were plastered on everyone's faces and hushed whispers were heard in the room. If someone else had mentioned these words, people would take them as a joke.

It had been a while since Hugh entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. Although he wasn't the strongest refiner among the people at the Illuminating Soul Realm, he would definitely be a great power in front of the refiner of half-step into the nature level. Those in the Illuminating Soul Realm and half-step into nature level differed in strength, as was the case with a strong tiger versus small ant. It was a common knowledge among the people.

However, when did the Illuminating Soul Realm refiners become so weak that a refiner half-step into the nature level could defeat Hugh?

So, people at present felt confused to hear what Yolande had said just now.

On the other hand, all of them knew Yolande very well. She wasn't born to tell a lie and she was honest by default. If she said that Hugh was almost killed by the boy half-step into the nature level, it must have really happened. They wanted to believe what she said, but they couldn't see how it happened.

"Are you serious, Yolande?" Spencer asked. He was surprised to hear that too, and he could only ask about it on behalf of all the people present with them.

"Yes, Hugh would have died had I not interfered," Yolande replied in her usual calm tone.

Everybody fell silent again when they heard this. As they watched Zen again, a strange tinge of light shone in their eyes when they saw that Zen could defeat Hugh at the Illuminating Soul Realm by using only the strength that was just half-step into the nature level. What a strong and strange refiner Zen was!

Unlike the curious looks on most people, Hugh felt annoyed and shameful after Yolande's explanation as he was one of the heroes of the conversation. His face turned red like a mature persimmon. He flushed like the shade of cherries so deep that his skin almost turned purple. It seemed as though the blood would bleed away with a mere gentle press on his face.

"No, no, no, I wouldn't die even if Yolande did not intervene! I would only be seriously wounded at most," Hugh explained hastily. He couldn't help but stand up as he defended himself.

However, after he had finished, he realized that he was too dumb and impulsive to say that. He would have cried, if there weren't so many important people among them. When Hugh thought of the whole thing, he felt that he wanted the ground to swallow him up instead, rather than just stand here under the curious stares of so many people.

The first time Yolande mentioned that, they still held doubts even if they all thought that she was telling the truth. After all, the fact that an Illuminating Soul Realm refiner couldn't match against someone of a lower level was simply ridiculous and unheard of.

Everyone remained quiet. When Hugh yelled rather defensively awhile ago, he had admitted that Yolande had been right after all.

To be seriously injured by someone from the younger generation who was only half-step into the nature level, and to be defeated to death? Was there any big difference between the two?

"Ehem…" a barely audible cough broke the silence. Finally, Lennie, who had been silent the whole time, felt that he had something to say to clear the whole situation. He spoke, "I was also there at that time. The boy half-step into the nature level is called Zen Luo, and he has a good relationship with my niece. Today for some reason, he had certain conflicts with Hugh. I think Hugh's defeat is not really because he was less strong than Zen, but because of the fact that he was so careless and overconfident that he underestimated his rival. Thus, it led him into defeat."

After Lennie's speech, everyone looked at each other in doubt once again. Even after his explanation, they still couldn't fully understand the situation.

What? Since when did the powers of the Illuminating Soul Realm have to be careful when faced against the boy only half-step into the nature level? That was totally unheard of. It was simply preposterous!

When Spencer noticed Lennie's failure to solve the current dilemma, he ordered, "No matter what happened, the demon is now attacking our city. Yolande, you can't always take this boy with you, and he couldn't attend our Military meetings either. Could you let him go first? If this disciple from Cloud Sect, Zen, really did something wrong, he would be punished by the Military Office in the future." Even if Spencer was also quite interested in Zen, he didn't want to waste too much time on the investigation of this matter, especially that the demon was about to lay siege to the city. The key for them was to talk through things and find a solution.

"No, Spencer. If I do not lock him up, he would run away," Yolande said, shaking her head. Now, they were a bit lost on finding a compromise.

Even Spencer had no more ideas at this point. He knew that it was difficult to persuade her once Yolande had decided on one thing. He had to dissuade Yolande, he wanted to insist. But then again, he understood that fighting Yolande's nearly abnormally strong power, even though it was on par with his strength, wasn't an easy thing to do.

Furthermore, how could he waste his energy challenging Yolande when all of the imperial military forces had to deal with the demon's assault?

Now, the current problem was that Zen could not be allowed to attend their military meeting. Spencer therefore tried to think about alternative solutions. After a brief consideration, a smile broke on his face. "Yolande, how about I announce that I'm going to reopen the Military Office now? I'm going to ask the military officers to come here. You let Zen go and we could arrest him in the Military Office, where he couldn't escape," he proposed.

Yolande blinked her eyes and nodded without expression. "That's fine."

"That's good," Spencer said and promptly ordered the man beside him to inform the military officer to come here.

Yolande gently waved her hand. Her magic made the six pieces of indestructible transparent enchanted barriers which wrapped around Zen disappear immediately without a trace.

Once all the barriers left, Zen suddenly felt relaxed and comfortable. The imperial army still seemed to have reasonable people among their ranks. Perhaps, this imperial army governor wasn't that bad after all!

His joints popped in a satisfied sound when he stretched his body out, and then he stood up. He had to move his limbs for a bit before his stiff body returned to its usual state.

"Zen, you just have to go with the officers of the Military Office..." Zen heard someone whisper close to him.

It was Lennie, who closely approached him and secretly muttered in his ear, then gave him a knowing wink.

For most soldiers, the Military Office was a dangerous place. However, Lennie was confident that he could rescue Zen from that place. Josef, who was a counselor for the imperial army, was actually killed by Zen.

It was easy for Lennie though, to protect Zen through the Military Office.

In turn, Zen nodded to show his understanding. Soon enough several Military Office officers came in. Two of them carried out Spencer's command to take Zen out. They escorted Zen out of the room and quietly shut the door.

After Zen and the officers had left, Spencer began to arrange the Imperial Army's combat plan.

The remaining people in the room gathered around Spencer and the discussion started. "This time, the demon must have planned the attacks for long. Since the demon dares to attack the city at this moment, we must not despise them and must be extremely careful in the fight," Spencer said as he analyzed the current situation. The demon never started a fight without extensive preparation and unless they were fully confident to win.

For example, the Heaven Tower and the Earth Tower had been built so long ago that they had never been attacked head - on by the demon.

Last time, however, the demon came well-prepared and surprised the imperial army. The demon had successfully occupied these two towers with only one fight.

And now, they were planning to attack the White Emperor City. Who could know what the demons had prepared and on what great power were they going to rely?

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 199 The Attack From The Demon (Part Two)

To avoid making the same mistake of the imperial army protecting the Heaven Tower and Earth Tower alone, all of White Emperor City's people took it upon themselves to act accordingly. They dared not lower their guard and seriously took the demon's attack.

"The four demon kings who attack the White Emperor City this time are very strong, especially Aldrich and Oceiros. The power of these two demon kings is currently unknown and unfathomable. If the war starts, I suggest that some of us try to hinder Aldrich...." Spencer continued and recommended some guys among them. All the officers, especially those who were mentioned listened attentively.

As he spoke, Spencer gently pressed his hand flat before him on the tabletop. Then, in the middle of the table appeared some screen pictures. The said table was a huge Picture Slab. Displayed on the slab were the names of the four demon kings, and their respective strengths and weaknesses.

Based on this information, they started to discuss and work out their plan of action. Suddenly, Spencer's face changed, and his lips curved up into a wry smile. "It seems the meeting couldn't continue. I felt a few giant evil spirits flying straight to the White Emperor City!"

He didn't have to explain anything further. All of them knew that the huge, incoming evil spirits must be from the four strong demon kings Spencer had just talked about.

"In that case, let's just knock them down first!" an old man said. He had been standing nearby and hadn't said a word the whole time, until now.

Spencer nodded in agreement and said, "Let's get ready and fight!"

All of them obeyed Spencer's order and stood up to get ready. They dashed quickly out of the room, and some of them flew out from the roof of the governor's house like fast streams of light.

Meanwhile, Yolande did not move and stood in her original place. After a while, she too flew out with a tilt of the head, as if to remember something. But instead of flying through the roof opening, she rushed out through the house door and hovered low on the ground's rocky surface.

On the other hand, Zen and the military officers with him walked not too far away.

"You have to wait in the office these days when the demon attacks the city. Don't worry. I can see that the governor doesn't want to make trouble for you," one of the officers said.

When Zen heard the words of the officer, he nodded his head. It was better than staying with Yolande, regardless of where he went. It was really difficult for Zen to stay with Yolande as his body suffered to the point of curling up limply for a long time. He'd rather die when he thought about this possibility.

But suddenly, Zen heard a whistling wind behind him. His heart pounded nervously. His sense of danger prompted him to turn around and look, and there he saw Yolande flying towards him. Before Zen and the officers were even able to react, Yolande stretched out her little fist and punched Zen in the belly.

Although Yolande looked light, with a weight of less than a hundred pounds, her fist was really powerful and packed a punch.

Although Zen's body was like spiritual weapon, the strong assault of Yolande's fist made him curl inward like a shrimp. The pain began to spread from his lower belly throughout his body.

"Pock! Pock! Pock!"

A few transparent enchanted barriers covered Zen once again and pinned him down on the ground.

Upon seeing Zen trapped again in the enchanted barriers, one of the officers who escorted Zen shot Yolande a disapproving look and said, "Yolande, it is the governor's order to keep Zen in the Military Office. What are you going to do?"

"I felt worried about this man. It's better for him to stay with me," Yolande replied simply in return.

"But Yolande, the demon is attacking the city now. Are you sure you want to take this guy with you? How could you deal with those demon kings with such a burden?" one of the officials said. The official refused to give up and still wanted to persuade Yolande not to take Zen away. Otherwise, he did not know what feedback to report to Spencer.

"This is none of your business!" Yolande shrieked, stretching out her hand and waving towards Zen. Both of them hovered above the ground, and instantly flew away. Yolande flew deftly like a swift fairy and controlled the direction of Zen's flight.

"Ah......!" the sound of Zen's yell echoed loudly and then became distant bit by bit, as their flying figures began to disappear in the sky.

Up high in the atmosphere, Zen felt the sky and earth spin around in his vision and he saw White Emperor City below him. It became smaller and smaller until it was a tiny speck on the ground. They flew quite fast that they were already thousands of feet above the ground in a short time.

Zen turned back to face Yolande. He wanted to scold this woman severely. However, considering that she didn't care about anything, it would be useless to scold her. Zen decided to shut his mouth when he thought of this. Since right now he was like a delicate fish on the chopping block, he could only bear whatever Yolande wanted to do with him.

As they rose to a higher altitude, Zen could see the edges of the whole White Emperor City became ablaze with fiery red flames, and countless black spots began to rise up towards the city wall.

The black spots turned out to be fleets of demon soldiers and demon generals attacking the city.

Among the masses of dark figures, huge bursts of fiery flames continuously bombed everywhere. The imperial army's firing catapults and firing cannons sent balls of explosions to counterattack against the demon horde.

"Have the disciples of Drizzle Peak been evacuated or not?' Zen thought. He was deeply worried for his companions when he saw the horrible battlefield below. While the White Emperor City had never been broken through, there was so much uncertainty now. Even though the White Emperor City wasn't occupied, the strength of Drizzle Peak's disciples wasn't that strong enough and it was hard to ensure their own safety in combat.

Zen was still thinking of Drizzle Peak's disciples when he heard the sound of a tightly drawn bowstring, followed by a "t'chi, t'chi, t'chi" puff.

It was the sound of arrows being continuously shot from the longbows that greeted his ears.

The arrows apparently came from a flock of demon birds, who were just beside Zen and made him their target.

However, he did not worry at all when he saw the arrows coming at him. He did not know what kind of material the transparent enchanted barriers were made of, but seeing that his strength couldn't even break them, those arrows should have no impact on him and the barriers.

"Twang! Twang! Twang!"

Just as he expected, the arrows that were fired onto the enchanted barriers didn't leave any traces of damage. They all simply slid downward against its transparent surface.

Meanwhile, Yolande flew above Zen. Her snow-white dress billowed like a floating cloud around her. Her long, straight legs loomed below her dress, and her wooden clogs felt shaky on her feet. It seemed that the clogs would fall any moment now, but they still clung on to her feet.

The demon birds targeted her too, but the arrows all seemed to hit an invisible wall around her and fell down uselessly to the ground.

Suddenly, a faint light gleamed through the whites of her eyes.

She squinted her eyes in response. No one knew what kind of thing she had done. However, the transparent enchanted barriers around her body seemed to burst into pieces and began spread out. The fragments of the invisible wall broke into irregular shapes like triangles and circles. An invisible force pushed them towards the demon birds and scattered around them like crystal clear raindrops.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

The fragments immediately stabbed the demon birds. The crystal-like formations hacked the demons' bodies into pieces, their wings and other parts falling down in rapid succession.

"Clang-quack-clang-quack..."

Many demon birds burst into a shrill cry. They were even lucky to have had screamed out as most of them were instantly sliced and killed into pieces, their scaly limbs falling down to the battlefield below.

The sight of the falling demon birds made Zen shake his head. He took an almost gleeful delight in seeing the demon birds killed violently by Yolande. "Oh, demon birds, why didn't you find another rival instead? Why did you choose to provoke Yolande. You even did not have chance to fight!' he thought, and it made his heart feel somewhat happy.

Chapter 200 Fierce Fight In The Sky (Part One)

The bright moon appeared as though it were a silver pan hanging in the sky. With no clouds seen at night, it was indeed such a remarkable sight.

Upon raising his head and looking around, Zen noticed more than ten people not too far away floating in the high sky. As he slowly got closer, Zen started to recognize them. They were the powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm that he had seen in Governor's House earlier.

Meanwhile, in front of these powerful men were four giant animals floating in the sky as well.

All of these giant animals exuded a terrifying evil spirit. However, they were different from the evil spirits of demon soldiers and generals, as theirs could be seen!

Secretly, he could not help but be frightened. 'Their evil spirits are so strong! The four giant animals must be demon kings!' Zen thought to himself.

A demon king was the most powerful. It was the top-tier among all other demons.

In the past, every time a demon king was born, it would bring great damages and horrible deaths.

Before the Burning Sky Empire was founded, a demon king was a nightmare even for powerful men.

According to an ancient book, a demon king once fought all the way in the Eastern Region and destroyed hundreds of cities. He led his subordinates to massacre residents in the city. As a result, in the northwest of the Eastern Region, humans were destroyed and not a soul could be found for thousands of miles.

When the Burning Sky Empire was founded along with the Cloud Sect, the situation was secured at last.

In the last thousands of years, as all kinds of secret skills, cultivation methods, treasures, and geniuses appeared, the power of the demon king was gradually suppressed. Humans in Eastern Region hit back successfully and killed many demon kings.

Regardless, no wise man ever underestimated the strength of a powerful demon king. Especially not in the course of this battle as four of them had banded together. What made the situation worse was that among the four were two old famous demon kings, Aldrich and Oceiros!

"Humans, the demons will eventually occupy this area. If you are wise enough to surrender, I might give each of you a chance to stay alive," one of the demon kings said.

The demon king was different from a demon general who could only speak very little in a harsh voice. Conversely, the demon king could talk like a human. If people did not see his appearance and only heard his voice, they would think it was just a human speaking.

"Aldrich, White Emperor City is guarding the country here and won't make any concession. If you are wise, please retreat quickly!" It was Spencer speaking. As soon as he tightened his grip on a big hammer, the orange life vitality emanated from the weapon.

Although the life vitality did not possess great strength, the power hidden within it was terrifying.

Standing beside Aldrich, the demon king called Oceiros flapped the huge wings on his back as he spoke, "Quack, Aldrich. It is no use talking to these humans. Cut the crap. If you want to truly convince them, you must show them some blood and death."

After hearing what Oceiros said, all the powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm changed the expression on their faces. From the look of things, there was no way to prevent the battle today.

At the top of the city wall, the battle between the imperial army and demon soldiers and generals was a piece of cake.

What could really decide the war situation, however, was the battle in the sky.

More than that, humans had to take on the assault of four demon kings at the same time, which never happened before as far as anyone could remember. All the powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm had immense power, but they felt inferior to the demon kings floating before them.

"Hmm! You are right. The weak humans have a strong will. Generally, it is hard to persuade them. We can only teach them with a bloodbath!" As soon as Aldrich stopped talking, he sped up suddenly.

The people only managed to see a flash of the wings on Aldrich's back before he disappeared without warning. Then, they saw a black shadow descending from the dark sky. The demon king steered towards a powerful man of the Illuminating Soul Realm at an incredible speed.

Anyone who joined the Illuminating Soul Realm was, by design, a genius with elite talents.

Although the targeted man had prepared in advance, none of them imagined that Aldrich's speed would be so off the roof. By the time he reacted, it was too late for him to evade the demon king's attack.

"Poof!"

Three bone spurs had cut through the body of the powerful man in an instant. His body was ruthlessly crushed. Through the bone spur, the demon king could suck the man's flesh as well as blood all at once!

In no time, the three bone spurs dried him completely. When the demon king was done with him, only the shriveled skin was left to collapse on the ground lightly.

As the people witnessed the horror, their expressions vastly changed!

There were two kinds of demon kings.

One was the ordinary demon king, while the other was the demon king with a name, like Aldrich and Oceiros. The second kind was much more powerful than the ordinary ones as they could amplify their strengths continuously.

In the past, the imperial army fought against demons and defeated them many times. However, they had never killed Aldrich.

Since then, no one had projected that Aldrich could reach this level. Even Spencer did not see the demon king's speed clearly just now.

Aldrich curled his lips and said, "The human is delicious as always. What do you think? I can give you another chance. It is not late yet if you surrender now. Otherwise, I will eat all of you one by one in this way!"

"No way!" Spencer answered coldly. As the governor, he could not lose the momentum at any time. "Everyone, be careful. Aldrich's speed has increased a lot. Don't let him get close to you!"

While Spencer concentrated on warning everybody, Aldrich moved again unexpectedly. The latter flapped his huge wings and flew at a high speed. Again, no one caught him with his or her own eyes.

"Whoosh!"

All of a sudden, Aldrich appeared beside Yolande and caught her. "I will eat this white and tender baby!" the demon king said mercilessly.

Yolande was expressionless, though she reacted more rapidly than the powerful man whom Aldrich had swallowed just a moment ago. She shook her finger, and an invisible enchantment appeared like a shield in front of her.

Chapter 201 Fierce Fight In The Sky (Part Two)

However, Aldrich's strength was incomparable.

Even though Zen had applied all his power, he failed to break the transparent enchantment. However, Aldrich merely grasped it, and there was a clear sound of crushing.

To everyone's surprise, Aldrich's claw pierced a hole through the enchantment, and at that point, he tried to seize the girl.

Floating in the air, Yolande saw the demon king's claw reaching to grab her. Even so, she remained unmoved and just blinked her grey eyes. A light flashed on the broken transparent enchantment.

"Crack!"

In an instant, the enchantment repaired itself. The demon king's claw, which was passing through the hole of the enchantment, was cut off in the process.

When that happened, Aldrich howled in pain. His loud cry appeared to shake the dark sky.

However, when the demon king started to howl, another sharp enchantment protracted from the primary enchantment that cut his claw and soared towards him. While it clung to his broken arm, the light flashed again and turned into a box, which trapped the whole arm in it.

"Crack..."

Several more enchantments appeared in the box quickly and sliced Aldrich's arm into several parts.

Everyone who witnessed the gruesome outcome frowned. They could not help but wonder how painful it must have felt being in Aldrich's place. Secretly, they were just relieved it was not their hand that was cut in several pieces.

Zen was also terrified. It turned out that the name 'Killer Girl' was not out of nothing. In his opinion, the girl was more horrifying than the demon.

Aldrich was in pain and finally knew how to behave. He stumbled backward rapidly, just enough to stay out of Yolande's attacking range. The demon king glared at her with a contorted expression on his ugly face and said, "Woman, I will eat all of your body including your bones!"

The unfazed girl stared at Aldrich with her big grey eyes and retorted expressionlessly, "Such a chatty demon is rare!"

The black evil spirit on Aldrich's body rose suddenly. It emerged from his broken arm unceasingly and spun to tangle. After what felt like a quick few seconds, the broken arm was complete again.

"I will eat you! Come on, guys. Let's kill them. Tear these useless humans to pieces!" Aldrich commanded. When they heard his order, Oceiros and the two ordinary demon kings stretched out their wings and dashed towards the humans.

The Governor, Spencer, waved his big hammer with the life vitality burning. "Everyone, fight!" he shouted.

"Shoo..."

The life vitality on the figures of the powerful men rose immediately in different colors such as red, green, white, purple, and so on.

Their powers were so terrifying that they masked the light of the moon and stars.

In the sky, the rays of light furiously emerged one after another. Besides the rays, the life vitality developed into other things as well.

For example, Lennie's tiny silver sword and Hugh's five-clawed golden dragon. They were all swirling around and attacking the four demon kings.

Out of everyone, though, Spencer's power was the most outrageous. His life vitality formed a great god with a height of several feet that enveloped his entire body.

The great god held a hammer in each hand and banged them together with a thud. Then, he waved one hammer and tried to smash the demon king with it.

All four demon kings had powerful strength. They flapped their wings unceasingly and glided back and forth in the crowd. While dodging each attack, they simultaneously waited for an opening to retaliate.

Thanks to Yolande's counterattack earlier, she had provoked Aldrich to a point where the demon king ignored the other powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Instead of taking down others first, he rushed to fight her straightaway.

The girl did not show any expression on her face but reclined backward to retreat. She summoned and continuously flung transparent enchantments with her hands.

Her transparent enchantment was impregnable to Zen, and yet it collapsed as soon as it reached the demon king's strong body.

The entire time, Zen was floating beside Yolande. Seeing the battle between Aldrich and Yolande upset the man in a way he could not explain.

He felt he was out of luck, being involved in a battle of such an extreme level.

The demon king's strength was so horrifying. Although Zen was strong, Aldrich could probably crush his body to pieces at any time.

What was more, he did not have any chance to flee and was forced to watch their fight. As he felt he did not control his life, he could do nothing else but pray that Aldrich would not hit him.

"Ah!"

Just then, another screech suddenly caught everyone's attention. It appeared that Oceiros had killed another powerful man of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

The humans seemed to be at a disadvantage in the particular battle.

When Oceiros joined the two demon kings, they did not give their opponents a chance to breathe.

Meanwhile, Yolande made Aldrich run away from her repeatedly. The demon king she was battling was probably the fiercest and most powerful demon king among them.

Yet, no matter how many times he attacked, he could not get close enough to Yolande.

When they were chasing and running around, Zen heard another explosion. His eyes sought for the source, and in an instant, he saw the life vitality great god of Spencer wave the huge hammer and smash a demon king!

The attack of the hammer could probably smash an entire hill, but to everyone's surprise, the demon king only sustained an injury. He had such a strong body!

'Alas! On such a battle, all I can do is to cheer them on, ' Zen thought to himself and sighed deeply.

Perhaps Aldrich felt the pressure of his fellows and attacked Yolande more crazily.

Although the girl's expression remained detached, Zen could tell that her stress levels had shot up as well!

"Bang!"

After the demon king smashed through several enchantments, suddenly there was a bluish grey bone spur stretching out of his body.

No one saw it coming. As the bone spur was shot, it was not aimed at Yolande. Instead, Aldrich had planned to hit Zen who was behind her!

"Fuck..." When Zen saw the bone spur rushing towards him, he could not help but curse his twisted fate.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 202 The Demon’s Holy Fire (Part One)

Zen was trapped in the transparent enchantment. The space was too narrow for him to move his head, let alone to dodge.

Suddenly, the demon king attacked, and it was directed at Zen. The attack was so strong that it could rip Zen's body apart.

Zen was in a critical situation right now. Even if he could move, it was hardly possible for him to dodge Aldrich's bone spur with its speed. Even if he could see it, there was no time for him to react.

"I don't have enough power to destroy this transparent enchantment. But I bet for Aldrich, this would be like smashing a fragile egg. This might be the end of me!" Zen brooded resentfully as the bone spur attack got closer to him.

The moment the bone spur nearly stabbed him, Zen suddenly felt that a force lifted him up and slightly tilted him to one side.

The bone spur brushed past him and left a small graze on his face.

"A narrow escape!"

Zen breathed a sigh of relief. Though he was grateful, Zen was still surprised at Yolande's gesture of saving him in this very critical moment. He thought she didn't care for him at all.

But if Yolande did care, why did she bother to bring him along with her?

It was hard for Zen to decipher Yolande's mind.

But in fact, Yolande's mind wasn't complicated at all. She didn't have much consideration on things and only had one simple purpose.

Zen was undeniably guilty in Yolande's perspective. She thought he should be handed to the Military Office for trial and punishment. However, she was worried that the Military Office would eventually let Zen go, thus she decided to bring him along instead.

Her way of thinking might be considered odd by any other normal person.

Especially now that she was fighting the demon king, bringing Zen would be a burden to her victory.

Despite that, Yolande still believed that Zen's fate must be decided by the Military Office alone and not by the demon king Aldrich. Thus, she had no intention of leaving him behind to die.

Not only that she had to face the demon king Aldrich's attack, but she also had to protect Zen from being hurt.

Yolande would find it a strain even to handle an one-on-one fight with demon king Aldrich. Now she was under a greater pressure that she had to protect Zen at the same time.

As a demon king, Aldrich not only had unimaginable strength but also great wisdom that could compare to humans'. From his previous attacks, he assessed that Yolande's attention was diverted to protect Zen.

He used this to his advantage and launched simultaneous fatal attacks to both Yolande and Zen.

In every situation, Yolande had always been calm and composed.

Even a deadly situation wouldn't ripple Yolande's mind and heart. But at this moment, the situation was different because she had to handle two things at the same time – dodging Aldrich's attacks and protecting Zen from the bone spur shot.

In no time, Yolande and Zen were now at a disadvantage.

Aldrich took the opportunity and fluttered his two big wings, causing strong winds. Yolande could feel the mighty strength of the attack from the beast, and the nearer he got to them, the more ferocious he became. She was almost overwhelmed.

Being in Yolande's entrapment, Zen watched with horror as the attack unfolded to them.

Yolande grabbed Zen and dodged Aldrich's attack at the right moment. She flew, dived, and swerved left and right to avoid Aldrich. Zen was just there clinging onto Yolande and doing nothing.

The bone spur attacks missed him. But if one of those hit him, he would be dead on the spot. Anyone who was on his situation would tremble in fear and would have already given up.

"Hey, you can just let me go. Don't worry, I won't die from falling to the ground," Zen said. He knew he was slowing Yolande down. She had a better chance of winning over Aldrich if she wasn't carrying Zen. But she was stubborn as hell and refused to let him go.

Zen was no ordinary man. He could withstand a fall from a high level and still live.

"No. I know you'll run away as soon as I let you go," Yolande said seriously as she struggled to dodge a blow from Aldrich.

Zen didn't know whether to laugh or cry at Yolande's remark. He sighed, "Really? That's what you're worried about in this situation? I should be the least of your priorities now. There's no use of you keeping me alive when you're dead."

Yolande thought for a while. Her eyes narrowed with determination as she said, "You're right. Even if you run away, I can still catch you anytime. Get ready! I'll release you!"

But before Yolande could release Zen, Aldrich launched another fatal blow.

The demon king stretched his arms and legs and a black energy mass started to accumulate in front of him. It was the demon core of the demon king.

The moment the demon core appeared, it started to emit evil spirits. Instead of spreading randomly, the spirits seemed to be manipulated by some invisible force and they formed into certain figures like water being poured into a vessel. They finally became magic runes.

The runes were far from the characters used by the humans and each seemed to symbolize something. In no time, there were already hundreds of runes slowly spinning around the demon core.

"Yolande, watch out! It's the holy fire of the demon king Aldrich!"

Spencer called out to her from not so far away.

He recognized the runes at once since he fought with Aldrich before and had been possessed by him before. He felt the urge to warn Yolande of this attack.

Chapter 203 The Demon’s Holy Fire (Part Two)

The demon's holy fire was a technique only Aldrich could perform. Within the range of the demon fire, Aldrich's strength and speed would be immensely maximized.

But Spencer's warning came a little too late.

The demon core in the hands of the demon king suddenly burst into a black mist and immediately filled the surroundings.

"Whirr…"

Yolande tried to evade the mist, but it spread so fast that she was engulfed in it within seconds.

Zen was free falling to the ground when Yolande released him, but when he was about to hit the ground, the black mist enveloped him.

"Wait, what is this thing?"

Zen could feel the thickness of the mist as if he had sunk deep into a mire. There was nothing but darkness when he opened his eyes.

The black mist seemed to have devoured all the light.

Before Zen could adjust to the light, he suddenly felt a searing pain in his skin.

"What is this mist? It's slowly disintegrating my body!"

Zen's body was a spiritual weapon and it couldn't be destroyed by any normal weapon or even the three-corpse poison, which was the most fatal poison from the Eastern Region.

But the black mist was very different. It was like millions of small ants that could hardly be seen by the naked eye, gnawing on him bit by bit. Though his body had the strength of a spiritual weapon, the black mist could still bite his skin little by little.

What could he do about it?

If Zen could not find a way to deal with this, the mist would eventually nibble away his whole body and soon there would be nothing left of him.

But he was already at his wit's ends.

The demon king's technique was immensely powerful and there was no way to escape it. Aldrich was the strongest amongst the demon kings and even an Illuminating Soul Realm master like Spencer was no match for him. If the masters wanted to defeat the demon king, they needed to fight together. So how could Zen escape from the mist?

"I need to find a way to keep away from the mist since my corporeal body can't resist the effect of the black mist," Zen said to himself.

The mist was so thick that it took Zen tons of effort to move. Nevertheless, Zen had no other choice now. He had to move even at a slow pace in the dark just to get to the rim of the black mist.

As Zen endured the pain in his skin while braving through the mist, he heard fighting noises somewhere above his head.

"Bang! Bing! Bong!

He assumed that it was the sound of Yolande fighting back Aldrich's attacks.

Though Zen could not see exactly what was happening, he could sense that Yolande was in a difficult situation.

Before Aldrich had released the black mist, Yolande was already at the disadvantage. Now that the mist had surrounded everything, Yolande and Zen were in the worst situation.

Though the black mist had little effect on Yolande's strength, it was always the little gaps that would determine the success of an attack in the battle of the masters. And with the black mist enhancing Aldrich's power, Yolande must not put her guard down.

"Bang!"

A loud sound echoed in the surroundings. It was followed by the sound of Yolande moaning out of pain. It seemed that she had suffered a great deal of damage from the attacks.

But he couldn't care about anything else than escaping from this mist and from Yolande.

Although Yolande was a beautiful and sensible woman, Zen could remember how she tortured him and that angered him a lot. He didn't care whether she lived or died.

Zen only hoped that he could get out of the hateful mist. Now that Yolande was fighting with Aldrich, it was the perfect time for Zen to escape.

He struggled through the mist but finally reached the edge of it where he glimpsed a light from the White Emperor City.

When he was about to step out from the black mist into the White Emperor City, he bumped himself onto an invisible barrier.

"What is this? An invisible enchantment?" Zen was surprised and didn't believe that after all his efforts, he would end up being still stuck inside the black mist.

"No! I must not stop! I must break through this enchantment and get out of here as soon as possible. I can't be involved in this battle of the masters." Zen gritted his teeth and punched the invisible barrier out of frustration.

"Buzzzzz…"

With the power of over one hundred dragon scales inside his body, Zen smashed the invisible barrier again. To his surprise, a small crack appeared on where he punched.

There was still hope. Zen was overwhelmed with joy. At least the barrier was not as tough as Yolande's enchantment where his punches didn't have any effect. The invisible barrier could be broken if he would continue to punch it with all his strength.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

After three consecutive punches, the barrier trembled like the ripples of the river.

The waves flashed and shook more fiercely, but then it stopped. The barrier was still intact despite the powerful punches Zen threw at it.

'This is not good. With my normal strength, I won't be able to break through this barrier. Maybe I could use the demonic life energy and see whether it could break it, ' Zen thought.

Zen clenched his fist and raised it above his head. The demonic life energy started to accumulate in his fist, and he concentrated it to devour the barrier. But to Zen's surprise, the demonic life energy didn't do much damage to the barrier.

It was the strangest thing that Zen had ever witnessed. He had used the demonic life energy often and it had never failed him. So why now?

It didn't work and it was strange.

Chapter 204 The Battle Of Opposite Forces

'How about the flying knife? Will it work?' wondered Zen.

Then he took the knife out from his space ring and threw it forcefully towards the curtain of light.

Much to his astonishment, though the knife was old and shabby, it didn't cause damage to the curtain of light but instead, passed through smoothly.

It seemed that everything, even the life energy could penetrate and pass through the curtain of light freely except for Zen.

Zen remarked that his skills were no longer useful to him, and thus he had to rely on his own strength to get through this obstacle. Unfortunately, he had tried several times only to be disappointed.

He felt defeated as he heard Yolande's voice coming from the thick black mist above him.

"The Formless Enchantment! Break!"

As these powerful words were spoken, a roar of anger echoed in silence. It was the voice of the demon king Aldrich. At that same time, the black mist began to roll and release more intense energy.

Zen, who was near the curtain of light, distanced himself as waves of billowing black mists came rolling toward him.

With his feet on the curtain, Zen tried to escape from the surging black mist. He didn't know which way to go and soon a cloud of black mist enveloped him.

"Crackle..."

The destructive power of the black mist had intensified tenfold in a blink of an eye!

Zen's skin was scraped and it opened to an ugly wound. It bled profusely in horror.

When Zen finally struggled out from the cloud of black mist, to his dismay, there was another one moving on his way. The dark mists had started to cover every nook and cranny and he was now in a dead end with nowhere to hide.

In truth, Yolande was losing her power.

These black mists were from the demon's holy fire. It was the demon's cryptic secret which could only be used by the powerful and special demons.

How enigmatic it could be? This wasn't effective on Yolande as it could not hurt her at all. The problem was the demon king Aldrich himself. His intensified agility and strength allowed him to hide his presence in the fire. He could manipulate the demon's holy fire like a skilled warrior.

"Swoosh!"

There was a deafening sound of a bone spur passing through the air.

Yolande ducked to avoid it from behind, but at the moment of her avoidance, a pair of long and bony demon claws came down from above her head.

"The Formless Enchantment! Slash!"

With Yolande's cry, a thin transparent glow formed in her hand, and its sharp edge cut towards the claws.

"Bang!"

The powerful enchantment was easily broken by Aldrich, and its huge claws continued to move to Yolande.

Yolande gave a wink and a stern look flashed on her face. Her grey pupils became whiter as winter frost as she furrowed her brows.

If anyone had seen her expression, he would have been rather surprised.

Ever since Yolande arrived in White Emperor City, she maintained an indifferent look on her face. People noted that even the whole city were to be conquered and the entire Eastern Region occupied by demons, she would probably not show any emotions on her angelic face.

But on this fateful day, she showed an emotion and that was anger.

Her face became indifferent once again. This time, she didn't hide from the claws.

The demon king Aldrich was much stronger than Yolande, he didn't want to be defeated by a girl. And he was almost ready to crush this delicate human girl!

He was startled and provoked when Yolande rushed towards him. With a little snap of his fingers, he could smash the girl's delicate body.

To his surprise, Yolande came closer to him and he found that in her hand was a glowing blood-red enchantment.

"The Blood Prison Enchantment!"

"Swash!"

The blood-red enchantment expanded as soon as Yolande threw it. It was creeping quickly, and finally enveloped her and the demon king Aldrich.

When the Blood Prison Enchantment completely covered them, Yolande's life vitality gushed wildly from her navel like a strong tidal wave. Her life vitality had no color and invisible but nonetheless, precious. However, it was as powerful as Aldrich's evil spirit.

Yolande intended to use her life vitality to attack Aldrich!

But it would do her much harm as it would to the enemy.

However, in the demon's holy fire, Aldrich had an edge. It was Yolande's last bullet to beat him and he had no way but to match her life vitality.

She was determined to gamble her fate in one strike.

Aldrich couldn't escape from the Blood Prison Enchantment. As Yolande's life vitality rushed towards him, he roared in his uncanny voice, "Human girl, I will never be defeated by your life vitality!"

As he uttered his words, waves of fierce evil spirit were released from his body to Yolande.

The evil spirit was the demon's life vitality.

Yolande's life vitality and Aldrich's evil spirit collided. The two opposite forces like water and fire constantly interweaved with each other and produced a colorful light which carried an amazing power!

This was a dangerous combat and once it began, there was no stopping. The first one to retreat would lose the fight. So no one would stop until the very last drop of their life vitality was consumed.

The demon king Aldrich kept unleashing his terrifying evil spirit. He growled and growled while baring his sharp fangs to Yolande as he tried to threaten her.

To his disappointment, Yolande remained stolid and still. Her hands crossed, her white silk robe fluttering, and her life vitality flowed to him like a tidal wave.

At this moment, the battle outside the demon's holy fire gradually stopped. The three demon kings and the humans in the Illuminating Soul Realm were in truce.

The demon kings and the refiners from the imperial army focused their attention on the black mist.

The demon king Aldrich and Yolande were within the black mist and they were two of the strongest forces from each side.

The outcome of their battle would greatly affect the whole White Emperor City.

But the thick layers of black mist completely obscured what was inside, leaving them nothing to see about the on-going battle.

"Did Yolande lose? Her rival is the demon king Aldrich, after all," said one of the refiners in the Illuminating Soul Realm, with an anxious look.

"Don't worry about Yolande. She is different from the rest of us. She was born with the ability to become stronger when facing a stronger rival," stated another refiner who had great confidence in Yolande.

"The black mist of the demon's holy fire could disturb a soul, and we cannot see what's going on inside…"

"Look! Why is the bottom of the black mist dissipating?"

Then the curious crowd turned their eyes on the fire's bottom, where they saw a whirlwind vortex was sucking the black mist.

A man in the Illuminating Soul Realm descended, looked up from the bottom, and shouted, "It's Zen!"

"What?" Lennie was surprised with what he just heard. Then he moved to the bottom of the demon's holy fire on a silver sword and there he saw Zen lying at the bottom.

There were pieces of gold foils floating above Zen's body. They kept spinning into small whirlwind vortexes and then sucking the black mist.

"What…what happened to this boy... " Lennie murmured in disbelief.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 205 Oceiros' Pillar

Zen's body were going through different changes.

And it had happened before. For instance, he once absorbed Evil Lan's fire in a cave. There was also an instance when he absorbed the fire of the Earth's core in an underground cave in the south.

This made his body become a low-grade spiritual weapon.

But Zen didn't know that the black mist was also a kind of flame.

The demon's holy fire was a kind of flame that looked like a black mist because of its very low temperature. All the low-grade demons used it as a secret pill to cultivate their powers.

The way to refine a corporeal body with the demon's holy fire was similar to Zen's mysterious book about weapon refining.

The vortexes on Zen's body were absorbing the black fire quickly.

In a short amount of time, the demon's holy fire that wrapped Yolande and Aldrich was being swallowed by Zen unexpectedly.

And at the rate of his body's absorbing power, Zen could swallow the rest of the demon's holy fire.

The vanishing demon's holy fire harmed Aldrich, while Yolande regained her advantage at the battle.

The powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm who were on standby could not believe what they were witnessing.

They didn't agree with Yolande taking the burdensome Zen to the battle, but they couldn't bring it up during the battle.

And after Aldrich released the demon's holy fire, it became hard to tell the outcome of the battle.

But they had never imagined that Yolande's stubbornness could help them in this difficult situation. The little guy had unexpectedly absorbed the demon's holy fire.

One of the demon kings was not in the best fighting capacity with his injuries. And amongst the three demon kings, only Oceiros could salvage the situation now. If Aldrich got injured or died, the demons would be at a disadvantage.

It seemed that the demon kings were discreetly communicating using a secret skill. Their eyes were rolling continuously and then abruptly stopped. Then without verbal words, they started to move simultaneously.

They tried to approach the demon's holy fire from different directions.

The three demon kings aimed to prevent Zen from absorbing all the demon's holy fire. They knew that Aldrich paid a great toll at releasing the demon's holy fire in an instant so they couldn't let anyone destroy it yet.

As long as the demon's holy fire existed, Aldrich would still be invincible.

But if that bloke absorbed the demon's holy fire, it would greatly damage Aldrich.

The three demon kings staying outside the demon's holy fire would prevent Zen from absorbing all of it at any price.

The powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm saw through the action of the demon kings and knew exactly what they were planning.

"We have to stop them no matter the cost!" Spencer ordered as he waved his huge hammer.

The men prepared themselves to attack at Spencer's command.

At this moment, the battle between Yolande and Aldrich would decide the fate of the White Emperor City. If Yolande lost this battle, the White Emperor City would fall and the entire Burning Sky Empire would falter.

"Ho!" Hugh waved his hands and a five-clawed golden dragon appeared and attacked one of the demon kings.

"Shoo..." Suddenly, countless tiny silver swords appeared beside Lennie. They spun in the same direction and eventually formed into a huge blade storm that blocked the demon kings' way.

"Shoo!" Another powerful man threw three paper symbols and they became a huge thunderstorm in an instant. It flashed a dizzying bright light and released a terrifying momentum.

Each of the powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm had powers based on their unique skills and personalities.

"At any cost, we can't let them get near Zen. We must give it our all to protect the lad," another powerful man roared.

The powerful men attacked fiercely, but the three demon kings were ready to attack, and they rushed forward at maximum speed.

The injured demon king didn't rush over after he was trapped by Lennie in a huge sword array with a total of 1080 tiny silver swords.

This was Lennie's most powerful killing tactic called the Great Star Killing Array. When he was young, he was famous for his control over the Small Star Array made of 108 tiny silver swords.

Lennie dedicated himself in improving this technique until he could produce ten times the number of tiny silver swords which was now known as the Great Star Killing Array. This skill was ten times more powerful than the Small Star Array.

Lennie once used the Great Star Killing Array to kill the ordinary demon king. And now, he would once again use this technique to fight another ordinary demon king who was injured. When the demon king finally rushed towards him, 1080 tiny silver swords shot at him simultaneously.

No matter how strong the demon king was, he was no match to more than 1000 tiny swords that stabbed his body. At last, he got killed and fell to the ground.

With one demon king dead, only two demon kings were left to stop Zen.

One was an ordinary demon king that could easily be defeated. Under a joint attack of some powerful men, he was captured.

Now, the biggest challenge was Oceiros.

Oceiros was an old but powerful demon king like Aldrich. His strength was way more powerful than an ordinary demon king.

It needed Spencer and some of the powerful men just to stop Oceiros.

"Watch out all of you. Oceiros could use the Pillar anytime. If that's the case, I will stop him upfront," Spencer commanded the group and controlled his life vitality great god at the same time.

In the history of the White Emperor City, only Yolande and Spencer could battle Oceiros and Aldrich face-to-face.

While floating in midair, Spencer deeply breathed out. Then he breathed in quite deeply until his underbelly became bloated.

His life vitality great god with a height of several feet started to shrink little by little until it was finally compressed to a size that was double his body.

After the life vitality was compressed, its strength became a hundred times greater. This incarnation was almost like the real one.

His incarnation was like the customized armor that was instantly attached to his body.

This technique was almost like the "life vitality armor" only with some significant differences. The compressed armor from the huge life vitality god was much more powerful than the ordinary one.

Spencer steadied his eyes on the rushing Oceiros. With his high speed, he looked like a black line crossing the sky to the naked eye.

"Kill!" Spencer waved the huge hammers in hands and tried to directly hit Oceiros.

Simultaneously, other powerful men showed great momentum and rushed behind Spencer to attack Oceiros.

When the demon king saw the life vitality of different colors rushing towards him, he wildly flapped his wings and made a weird sound from his throat.

"Quack, you can never stop me! Oceiros' Pillar!"

The evil spirit emerged from his body and was congealed to form black pillars, and there were numerous chains attached to each of the pillars.

"Everyone, watch out for these black pillars. If you get caught by it, you will surely die!" Spencer said. He waved his big hammers to hit the pillars rushing towards him.

When the hammer hit the pillar, the chains around it rose quickly and targeted the hammer.

Spencer sneered and waved the other hammer.

"Bang!"

The hammer and the pillar crashed into each other at a high speed and it made a sound that echoed through a hundred miles away.

The battle between the demon army and the imperial army at White Emperor City abruptly stopped at the sound of the horrible blow. They looked up at the sky with fear in their eyes.

The Oceiros' Pillar was smashed to pieces by Spencer's hammer. It turned back to its original form as an evil spirit and then disappeared between heaven and earth.

The other powerful men were having a difficult time facing Oceiros' Pillars.

One of the powerful men waved his machete at the sight of Oceiros' Pillar approaching. When his life vitality was burning crazily, the machete turned into a blood cutter and tried to chop the pillar.

This powerful man was confident in his strength and technique. His blood cutter was a top-grade spiritual weapon and anything it had in contact with would surely be cut in halves. He had not met any weapon that could escape the wrath of his blood cutter since he reached the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"Crack!"

But the blood cutter didn't destroy the pillar completely and got stuck deep in the pillar. The powerful man was surprised to see that his blood cutter didn't succeed for the first time.

This cutter user was an old but famous refiner and reached the Illuminating Soul Realm without a sweat. If he were anywhere in the Eastern Region except the Imperial Capital, he would dominate the place and nobody would dare to provoke him. But unexpectedly, he couldn't cut through the Oceirus' Pillar.

He went to pull out the machete from the pillar but didn't make it.

When he came near the pillar, the chains entangled him together with his blood cutter and immediately trapped him inside the pillar.

Chapter 206 The Battle Of The Life Vitality (Part One)

The refiner's face was distorted because of the attack. He wanted to run his life vitality to break through these chains. But when he tried to do that, he found that his life vitality couldn't be formed.

He was then bound up to the Oceiros' Pillar, falling rapidly.

This was just one of the special functions of Oceiros' Pillar. Anyone who was bound to it would be unable to use the life vitality. The Pillar could lock the life vitality, and even the powerful men of Illuminating Soul Realm could not overcome it. They had to rely on their physical strength and fight like ordinary warriors.

There were also two other refiners being trapped by the powerful Oceiros' Pillar and falling toward the ground one by one.

Only Spencer could pound the Oceiros' Pillar to pieces with his brute strength. There were also two other powerful men of Illuminating Soul Realm that were able to avoid the attacks from Oceiros' Pillar by their special and agile moves.

"In addition to the Oceiros' Pillar, Oceiros is also very strong. Only we three are here now and we must do everything to stop Oceiros!" cried Spencer. And then he raised his mighty hammers and bravely met Oceiros head-on.

The other two refiners were also good at physical combat. Together with Spencer, they successfully subdued Oceiros' ferocious attack.

While the three men were fighting closely to ward off the attacks of one of the demon kings, Zen kept absorbing the demon's holy fire.

He absorbed it faster and faster and finally he had taken almost half of the demon's holy fire into his body.

The existing black mist was getting thinner. And one could see the figures of Aldrich and Yolande from time to time.

Aldrich's face looked dreadful amidst the black fog.

He was holding his strongest card and that was the demon's holy fire. As long as it was there, he was unbreakable. The holy fire not only could intensify his speed and strength but also could help him restore his evil spirit three times faster.

These were all the reasons why Aldrich wanted to use the life vitality to compete with Yolande with reckless abandon.

Inside the demon's holy fire, Aldrich's power and strength had been enhanced greatly like an immortal.

But now! It turned out to be much different from what Aldrich had expected. That damned human boy had consumed almost all of the demon's holy fire!

The demon's holy fire could be used to improve the physical strength of a demon. If a demon general could cultivate in the demon's holy fire, the possibility of progressing to a demon king would be increased ten times compared to when he refined in the normal world!

However, there was never a demon who could absorb the demon's holy fire intensely. Even Aldrich, the demon king himself, could not do such a thing!

Aldrich had used some special methods to lock up the demon's holy fire in his demon core. If he absorbed so much holy fire in one breath like Zen had done, his body would explode. He would definitely die, but this human boy was still alive now.

'Is he a real human? Oh, no... Who the hell is this boy? How could his body endure so much demon's holy fire?'

Aldrich could not understand that. Compared to the shocked and confused look of the demon king, Yolande looked calm. Although she was also a little surprised to see Zen absorbing the demon's holy fire, she did not pay much attention to think about this strange phenomenon. On the one hand, she did not have too strong curiosity about anything, and on the other hand, her understanding of demon's holy fire was far less than Aldrich. She did not know how strong and terrible the demon's holy fire was. For Yolande, it was just a fire from the demon

She kept summoning her life vitality from her body and fighting against Aldrich, life vitality to life vitality.

But the consumption speed of her life vitality was much faster than Aldrich's. At this moment, her face was pale because of excessive extraction of life vitality.

When Aldrich saw Yolande's pallor face, he formed a plan in his mind. After all, he was a demon king and he thought that his evil spirit must be more than the life vitality of this human girl.

Even in the absence of demon's holy fire, Aldrich was confident to win.

Spencer and the other two refiners who were combating with Oceiros felt elated to see that the demon's holy fire was getting thinner.

But when they realized that Yolande was competing with Aldrich on life vitality, their happiness disappeared.

The evil spirit of a demon king was far greater than the life vitality of a human.

Even though Yolande was special from the rest of the refiners of Illuminating Soul Realm, and her life vitality which was stored in her body was several times more than that of a normal refiner of Illuminating Soul Realm, she was no match to a demon king. Not to mention to compete with Aldrich, which ranked as one of the strongest demon kings.

"Go help her!" Spencer once again raised his sledgehammers to turn back an attack from Oceiros and then he took avail of such a short break time to ask the refiner of Illuminating Soul Realm beside him to help Yolande.

Once receiving the command, this refiner soon summoned his life vitality to generate a fire beneath his feet to quicken his speed, and then he was about to rush toward Yolande. All these refiners of Illuminating Soul Realm knew clearly that it was a critical moment for both parties who were competing with their life vitality. At this moment, Yolande and Aldrich were afraid of any outer distraction and could not spare any other life vitality to face the attacks from the others. Any distraction might lead to serious injury.

And the refiner who planned to intervene was known for his agility. That was the reason that Spencer had asked him to help Yolande. He could move faster than a speeding bullet. Just now he had bravely dodged the attack from Oceiros' Pillar because of his speed.

But just as he was about to make a dash, Oceiros also moved faster and stopped him from flying to Yolande.

Earlier, Oceiros wanted to stop Zen from absorbing the demon's holy fire since it was significant to Aldrich. Now, since the holy fire had been absorbed by Zen, Oceiros looked around, and noticed that Aldrich was actually competing with the little human girl with life vitality.

At that moment, Oceiros was completely certain that the little human girl would lose the fight.

Chapter 207 The Battle Of The Life Vitality (Part Two)

Therefore, instead of fighting against him, the refiners of Illuminating Soul Realm changed their plan and would like to save the human girl. Oceiros had to stop Spencer and other human refiners.

Everyone was so engrossed that they had overlooked one person who was lying on the light curtain, Zen.

Silently lying there, Zen felt a hot mass engulfing his body. It was as hot as the burning lava that he had experienced before.

The golden swirls had absorbed all the demon's holy fire and then converted to such a power that refined his body from head to toe once again.

'Ah, I do not want to feel this again!' Zen cried to himself. He sat up on the light curtain and shook his arms to ease his stiff body. Then, he felt something strange in his chest.

'Wow, what's this? A new spiritual texture is on my chest!' Zen was delighted to see this spiritual texture. Last time when he absorbed the fire of the Earth's core, he also found that a spiritual texture appeared on his chest, which symbolized that he had become the body of spiritual weapon. Now he had two spiritual textures on his chest!

One spiritual texture represented that he was a low-grade spiritual weapon. If he owned two spiritual textures, he had entered the middle-grade.

A smile rose from his face. But on the other hand, he was a little confused. According to the previous experiences, he must absorb the fire to refine his physical body. But how could he receive the same effect after absorbing the black fog?

He felt more confused now. The black fog which he saw was actually the demon's holy fire. It was also a kind of fire, but a special one and few people knew that.

Aside from the new spiritual texture, Zen found some other special things appeared on his body.

Two streak of unique runes had appeared on his arms, and in the middle of each one lay a blank space of the size of an egg. He lifted his arms and studied them for a while but could not find any clue to why they were there and what they were for.

But they looked vaguely familiar to him and he must have seen them somewhere before.

He had just absorbed the black fog, and now he was caught in confusion. He closed his eyes and tried to remember from where he had seen these runes.

After he thought for a while, he gave up and started to look around to see what was happening. He saw two figures above him. And Zen wondered, 'what are they doing?'

Zen still sat on the light curtain and looked up. Aldrich and Yolande were standing not far away, face to face. The way they stood was very strange. A ray of evil spirit was spreading forward and then was stopped by some invisible force.

Yolande's life vitality was formless and colorless. Zen surely could not see it. But due to his strong soul, he could sense Yolande's life vitality.

'life vitality against life vitality?'

Though his mind was still foggy, he finally understood what was happening.

After becoming a nature creature, refiners indeed could rely on life vitality to defeat the other side. Some would even cultivate to strengthen their life vitality. With strong life vitality, they did not need to face directly to an enemy in the battle. Instead, such cultivators would find an opportunity to drag their rivals to the combat with the life vitality. No actions, and no weapons. Just life vitality.

Although it was dangerous, it could maximize the advantage of life vitality.

When he saw the pale face of Yolande, Zen knew that she was in danger. She might lose in life vitality combat.

But Zen wasn't that anxious at all. He smiled and thought that it was safe for him to stay near the curtain of light. He lounged on the light curtain, looking up leisurely.

Yolande took a glance at Zen when he sat down. She then withdrew her eyes. She was focusing on the release of her life vitality and didn't bother to ask for Zen's help.

The first one to turn to Zen for help was Spencer.

Blocked by Oceiros, Spencer and other refiners couldn't help Yolande. But with the power of the life vitality, he could communicate with Zen and transmit his voice even from a distance.

"Zen! Yolande's victory is very crucial. It could impact the survival of White Emperor City. Could you do us a favor and help Yolande?" Spencer was aware of Zen's dramatic recovery and shouted to him for help.

On hearing this, Zen turned over from the light curtain. Spencer's inquire did have some impact on him and it sounded reasonable. In fact, if it was some other human being fighting before Zen, no matter who he or she was, he would have already gone up to help. His current behavior was just something related to what Yolande had done to him. So, he pretended to be an onlooker, crossing his hands before his chest.

However, what Spencer said was true.

If Yolande failed in the life vitality battle with Aldrich, the strength of the human refiners would be much lesser than now. Thus, White Emperor City would be in chaos and taken over by the demon. Zen himself might also die as he would be easily pressed to death by one finger of the demon kings.

With all these factors considered, Zen climbed up from the light curtain reluctantly.

Anyway, his slow move satisfied Spencer and other human refiners. However, their smiling faces didn't last long and soon turned to worried ones.

After all, this was Aldrich, a famous and strong demon king, while Zen was just a young man who was only half-step to the nature level.

They two fighters could not afford to be distracted in a battle of the life vitality as the rival might take the chance to attack.

However, Zen was so weak before a demon king. Aldrich might not need to spare too much of his attention and could kill Zen easily.

Anyway, they never knew the result if they did not try. And now, they could only rely on Zen.

The moment was suspended as all were looking at Zen, who was climbing up to the curtain of light and moving towards Aldrich...

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 208 A Good Plan (Part One)

The light curtain was egg-shaped, floating in the air.

Zen crawled to the edge of the eggshell and was only a few feet away from Demon King Aldrich.

There was a saying that people couldn't be distracted when competing in battle of life vitality, for Aldrich he believed otherwise. Being the demon king, he was beyond any human belief and standards so a slight disturbance wouldn't affect him.

Zen thought that if he had rushed without thinking, he might be stabbed by the demon king's spike and his life would be over before he knew it. At this point, caution was his only friend.

He thought that the safest way was to attack with his broken flying knife, but he didn't expect to kill demon king with one shot. But if he could injure him, it could cause a considerable amount of effect on the demon king.

With that in mind, Zen gently pressed space ring with his finger and shot flying knife towards the back of the Demon King Aldrich.

Meanwhile, the demon king was ranting about his carelessness in ignoring the human boy when he released the demon's holy fire.

He initially thought that the human boy was as weak as an ant. He wouldn't even pay much attention to a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm, so why would he worry about a meek human boy? He was confident that the boy would eventually be corroded when exposed to his demon's holy fire.

But Demon King Aldrich didn't expect that the boy would consume his demon's holy fire.

He found it strange for an ordinary human to stand his demon's holy fire, let alone consume it like it was nothing.

Witnessing this made him change his perspective about the boy. Since then, he didn't let his guard down at all.

It also made sense to the demon king why Yolande brought the boy to the battlefield. If Yolande didn't know that the boy had the ability to swallow the demon's holy fire, she wouldn't have brought him in here in the first place.

After he processed all the details, he now concluded that everything wasn't a coincidence, but premeditation.

And Demon King Aldrich believed that the humans had more tricks up their sleeves.

At that time, he sensed the flying knife that Zen shot at his back.

Before Demon King Aldrich had time to react, the flying knife already hit him at the back.

"That tickles. By the way, that's a nice flying knife, kid," Demon King Aldrich chuckled sarcastically.

But Zen was in disbelief when he saw how his flying knife stopped before hitting the demon king as if there was a great barrier that was protecting Aldrich.

Spencer and the other masters were fighting with the other two demon kings in the sky when they saw what was happening between Zen and Demon King Aldrich. They abruptly stopped and watched the combat nervously.

"Geez, what a pity!" Spencer shook his head in disappointment. 'The kid's strength is only at the half-step into the nature level and it isn't enough to deal with the demon king. If it were me, that flying knife would surely hit him and that demon king won't have the chance to escape. He would be dead in an instant, ' Spencer thought to himself.

The other Illuminating Soul Realm masters were also disappointed at the turn of events. "What is wrong with him? Does he really think he can beat that demon king with his half-step into the nature level?" said one of the masters.

On the other hand, Demon King Oceiros and the other ordinary demon king were a bit relaxed and were enjoying the scene. "That boy is stupid enough to fight Aldrich with his level. It's like going into a lion's den and presenting himself as food. He'll soon be crushed like an ant," Demon King Oceiros said to the other demon king.

Zen was nervous, but he had to take another shot at this. He gently pulled the ring on his finger to take back the falling flying knife.

He took several consecutive shots, but nothing even made it to Demon King Aldrich. The knife would lose its aim as soon as it got nearer to the demon king. One shot almost hit back at Zen, luckily, he was able to dodge it.

There was no chance he could kill the demon king with the flying knife. He changed to use the Heavenly Ogre Fist.

He took a deep breath and readied himself for the Heavenly Ogre Fist pose. He turned his original life energy to the demonic life energy.

"Ogres Shaking the World!"

With his commanding voice and pose, a purple-black shadow accumulated in Zen's fist.

"Go to hell!" shouted Zen as he threw the purple-black shadow towards Demon King Aldrich.

Zen was confident at the strength of his Heavenly Ogre Fist. He once defeated the Illuminating Soul Realm master Hugh with it, but Zen knew that his victory was only because Hugh was not 100% into their fight.

"Poof!"

But like the flying knife, the purple-black fist shadow hit an invisible barrier before reaching Demon King Aldrich.

Zen failed again. His face showed his disappointment and frustration.

'Damn! Both my flying knife and the Heavenly Ogre Fist didn't work.

There's no way but to approach him myself.

Damn it. But Demon King Aldrich is strong. His strength is far beyond mine. What if he attacks me and kills me in an instant?' Zen thought hopelessly.

"Listen to me, boy! If you stop this nonsense, I will let you live as my servant after I capture the White Emperor City," Demon King Aldrich shouted at Zen.

When Zen heard it, he was angered. He scoffed, "I'm sorry. I'm not interested to be anyone's slave."

"So, what do you want to be?" Demon King Aldrich asked Zen.

"I would like to be your master. What do you think?" Zen sneered.

Chapter 209 A Good Plan (Part Two)

Demon King Aldrich became furious, "How dare you insult a demon king like me? Do you know the consequences of your action?"

"Well, I'm not interested in finding out. I only know that the human and demon are enemies, so don't try to lure me into surrendering," Zen said coldly.

"I like you, unfortunately, you'll have to die. I hope you won't regret the choice you made." Demon King Aldrich heightened the speed and frequency of releasing the evil spirit.

Demon King Aldrich's strength intensified and the pressure in Yolande's shoulder became heavier. At that moment, her beautiful little face turned pale and she was struggling to hang on.

Zen looked at Yolande and saw that she kept that blank face even at a time like this. It made her look more pathetic in trying to look calm and composed.

Even though he didn't like Yolande, he was moved by her determination. "Well, there's no harm in trying again."

Zen also knew that he had no choice but to fight Demon King Aldrich. If Yolande lost in the battle, he would end in a more miserable situation than the people in the White Emperor City.

'This battle has to end now!' Zen made up his mind and jumped from where he was towards Demon King Aldrich.

He was close enough to Demon King Aldrich that he could reach the latter in one jump.

Seeing what Zen was doing, Yolande took this opportunity to release more life vitality from her body. With Demon King Aldrich distracted, she could now take him down for good.

It didn't matter what Zen would do as long as he could distract Demon King Aldrich.

As he approached the demon king, Zen shot a pale-yellow sharp thorn from his forehead and darted at Demon King Aldrich.

"Spiritual Thorn!"

He didn't expect to do much damage to the demon king. His only goal was to distract him.

But he was surprised to see that his Spiritual Thorn stabbed Demon King Aldrich's head.

"Wow! Way to go!" Zen shouted with joy.

The pale-yellow Spiritual Thorn did pierce Demon King Aldrich's head.

But unexpectedly, the demon king had no reaction at all.

Demon King Aldrich laughed hysterically. "I'm impressed! I didn't know you could launch spiritual attacks. But it doesn't really matter. You may be stronger than any normal human beings, but you're still no match for me. Only if your soul was a lot stronger, you could've already killed me," Demon King Aldrich said. "But since you failed, let me kill you instead."

Zen suddenly felt an invisible force rolling towards him.

All the while he thought that the invisible force could defend Demon King Aldrich from any outside attacks like his flying knife and Heavenly Ogre Fist. But he was surprised to find out that it could also be used to attack.

'What a tremendous force!'

He didn't have time to dodge it, so he just faced the incoming attack.

"Bang!"

With the power of the invisible force, Zen was thrown out.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!"

He hit the bottom of the light screen and bounced back repeatedly like a rubber ball.

After bouncing back for several times, the force of motion gradually decreased. Zen landed at the bottom of the light screen and fell unconscious.

"What now, kid? Tired already?" Demon King Aldrich laughed hysterically. "You're a brave ant to think you can bite a big demon king like me." Demon King Aldrich laughed again scornfully.

Yolande's eyes were fixed on Zen with her face still calm and unconcerned, but her eyes were wide and blinking rapidly.

The Illuminating Soul Realm masters saw everything, and they shook their heads in disappointment. It was ridiculous to hope for Zen to defeat any demon king. After all, even for the masters like themselves found it difficult to defeat a demon king especially Demon King Aldrich.

There was no way Zen could survive that massive force of an attack. All of them thought he was dead.

But lo and behold, Zen started to move. He raised his head first and got up.

He was standing as if nothing happened to him. He stretched his body and felt that that blow almost broke his waist.

Nevertheless, it was because of that tremendous power that Zen's body was now producing warm currents. The warm currents flowed into the center of his body and made him feel more comfortable.

He was willing to take more blows only if they couldn't kill him. It was his way of practicing to reach the nature level.

Seeing how easy Zen recovered from his attack, Demon King Aldrich trembled in fury.

Meanwhile, not from afar, Yolande's blank face changed. A sly smile crossed her face and her eyes were glowing with excitement.

The chance of seeing a blue moon was higher than the chance of Yolande ever smiling. If one saw Yolande smiling, they would even think it was a coincidence and not because she was happy.

Luckily, everyone was paying attention to Zen. No one saw the change in Yolande's expression, not even Zen who was busy planning on how to return the favor to Demon King Aldrich.

While Yolande and Demon King Aldrich continued to face each other, Zen was anxious in coming up with a plan. As he walked back and forth, he caught sight of Hugh in a distance and an idea instantly came to his mind.

He waved his hands in the air to attract Hugh's attention. Amongst the Illuminating Soul Realm masters, Hugh was the only one defeated by Zen in a battle. But despite that, it didn't mean that he wasn't good enough to be one of the masters. All that had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm were either the privileged or the most gifted.

Hugh soon understood what Zen was trying to signal to him.

In their last battle, Zen was able to absorb Hugh's five-clawed Golden Dragon and turned it into the Black Dragon with his demonic life energy. This could mean that Zen could absorb other people's life vitality and used it as his own.

Hugh knew exactly what Zen was planning. Without second thoughts, he stretched out his arms, released his five-clawed Golden Dragon, and sent it to Zen.

Chapter 210 A Narrow Escape From Death (Part One)

The two demon kings were able to prevent the Illuminating Soul Realm masters from passing. However, it was difficult to stop them from releasing their life vitality.

Despite everything, the two demon kings did not comprehend why the person had suddenly conjured a Five-Clawed Golden Dragon. What was he plotting to do?

The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon whirled in the sky, flying towards Zen at a constant speed. When the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon soared to a certain distance, Zen clenched his hands into fists and directly punched it.

"Ogres Shaking the World!"

A purple-black fist shadow came straight at the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon. "Boom!" The fist shadow penetrated into it, leaving a small black spot on the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon's body.

Initially, it did not seem to reveal any other effect. Then, in the blink of an eye, the little black dot spread quickly like wildfire. Soon, the entire Five-Clawed Golden Dragon turned into a Five-Clawed Black Dragon!

Zen manipulated the Five-Clawed Black Dragon into spinning in the air while wandering around.

Meanwhile, Lennie who stood in the distance suddenly seemed to recall something as his eyes brightened.

He waved his hand, and several silver swords flashed in it. As soon as the gleaming swords appeared, he launched them directly at Zen's direction.

Imitating Lennie's move, Hugh also summoned another Five-Clawed Golden Dragon from his hand and shot it towards Zen too.

Whether it was a Five-Clawed Golden Dragon or gleaming swords, Zen took on all of them without batting an eye. While still in his control, he made the Five-Clawed Black Dragon consume them.

After the Five-Clawed Black Dragon devoured them completely, it expanded more than twice its initial size.

At the sight of it, the Illuminating Soul Realm masters realized what had been on Zen's mind.

All this time, the two men were releasing the life vitality and providing it to the Five-Clawed Black Dragon!

Except for Spencer, whose life vitality was a huge incarnation, and was unable to be released, all the other people had taken out the life vitality from their bodies to shoot it towards Zen.

The Five-Clawed Black Dragon endlessly devoured the life vitality. Every time it did, its body became more massive, and its power grew mightier. After a period equivalent to the burning time of an incense stick, a gigantic Five-Clawed Black Dragon appeared in the sky!

Spencer was shocked to witness the power of this Five-Clawed Black Dragon. Clenching his fists tightly, he thought, 'The life energy of this young man is so terrifying! Despite being half step into the nature level, he attained an immense momentum. His move offered such a surprise!

It is so uncommon in the world!'

After seeing the Five-Clawed Black Dragon, Hugh's jaw nearly dropped. Who was there that could deflect such a fatal blow from this beast? Even if it were Spencer countering an attack from the Five-Clawed Black Dragon, he would surely be scared out of his wits too.

'No wonder I lost to Zen. It is not a disgrace as he is so powerful after all, ' Hugh thought.

Lennie smiled and said in a low voice, "Huh! Despite merely reaching the half-step into the nature level, the man Nina favors is indeed not an ordinary person."

Although dedicated to fighting back the evil spirits of Aldrich, when Yolande noticed the huge Five-Clawed Black Dragon, her eyes revealed shock while her grey pupils dilated. However, it only flashed for a second, and then she quickly regained her composure. It was a rare sight to see her taken aback by anything.

Unless it was something incredible, the girl did not typically display any kind of emotional response.

However, one thing was as clear as crystal, Zen's method was incredible enough to succeed in capturing her eye.

By taking advantage of the features of demonic life energy, and with the supply of the life vitality provided by the several Illuminating Soul Realm masters, he had produced such an intimidating and horrifying Five-Clawed Black Dragon. However, as colossal and majestic as it was, there was one fatal flaw!

If it were in actual combat, none of the Illuminating Soul Realm masters or demon kings would feel frightened of this Five-Clawed Black Dragon.

The reason was Zen's power still paled in comparison to the strength of the masters. Moreover, he was only at the half-step into the nature level. As a result, the speed of the Five-Clawed Black Dragon he manipulated was far from being as swift as the demon kings and the Illuminating Soul Realm masters.

No one was foolish enough to stand still and wait for the Five-Clawed Black Dragon to strike them.

An opponent could easily run away and avoid the dragon. Then, as soon as the Five-Clawed Black Dragon disappeared, they could return and end Zen's life.

Nevertheless, today's situation worked the best for this Five-Clawed Black Dragon to steal the show from everyone!

Aldrich was now contending against Yolande with life vitality. It was hard for him to be distracted, let alone move.

When he noticed the Five-Clawed Black Dragon though, his face had darkened. He could not imagine how Zen, a human brat, was able to create such a terrific dragon.

At the same time, the demon king became perplexed.

Aldrich thought, 'Is it a trap right from the start or is it just a coincidence?

If it is a trap, then they are engaging in some risky business. Did they really put all their hopes on a young human who only has half-step into the nature level? It is utterly impossible.

But if it's a coincidence, is it God's way of saying that I will die today?' The demon king refused to accept such a cruel fate.

It was apparent that beating the Illuminating Soul Realm humans was child's play. Yet, why had it suddenly turned out like this?

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 211 A Narrow Escape From Death (Part Two)

Not only did that brat, Zen, take away his demon's holy fire, but he now also conjured a titanic Five-clawed Black Dragon to take his life.

"I am not giving up!"

While Aldrich screamed in his heart, Zen had sent the Five-Clawed Black Dragon to penetrate through the light curtain and rush towards him.

As Yolande was willing to cooperate as well, she depleted most of her life vitality from her body while the dragon attacked the demon king. She was determined to kill Aldrich in one shot.

"Grr!"

The Five-Clawed Black Dragon tilted its head and growled while pouncing on Aldrich. It looked so powerful and intimidating that the earth trembled upon its roar. It opened its mouth and unwaveringly came at Aldrich.

Aldrich found himself cornered and caught in a dilemma. 'Should I dodge?' he thought.

However, Yolande would not let him escape. Without a doubt, the girl from the human clan would fiercely fight back until he was defeated. In that case, could he face the blow of the Five-Clawed Black Dragon without doing anything?

Was that even possible?

Even the powerful Aldrich was not sure he could withstand the attack.

Even if he could block the attack of the Five-Clawed Black Dragon and still come out alive by luck, the human girl who was right in front of him would still be around to take him down.

"Grrr… You human brat! I'll make you pay with your life!"

In his desperation, Aldrich finally realized that there was only one way left for him to survive, and that was to go all out!

Suddenly, the demon king reclaimed all the evil spirits. In the contest of life vitality, retrieving all of it was undoubtedly equivalent to suicide.

It seemed that Aldrich did not have any other choices.

At this moment, when he succeeded in reclaiming the evil spirits, Yolande's life vitality trailed closely behind him and overwhelmed Aldrich with devastating force.

"Puff!"

Filled with too much life vitality, Aldrich spat out a mouthful of evil blood. The evil spirits that emitted from his body had weakened, as he was extremely hurt.

Meanwhile, Yolande had consumed enough life vitality during the process when she competed with Aldrich. Otherwise, she would have directly killed the demon king by infusing all her life vitality into his body to make him burst out and self-destruct.

The injured Aldrich flapped his fleshy wings, his body moving to sidestep every attack of Zen's huge Five-Clawed Black Dragon. At the same time, he waved his flesh-wings and dashed at Zen.

It was apparent that Aldrich hated Zen to the core. The demon king looked extremely zealous to kill him as quick as possible for revenge.

Once Zen detected Aldrich's sudden attack, his face paled whilst becoming more alert. There was no time for him to reflect on anything else. Immediately, he made a run for it on the light curtain.

After all, it was not a demon general, but a demon king that was chasing after him!

If it had been a demon general that he had to face, he could have been capable of fighting back. However, as his opponent was the supreme demon king, he had no other choice but to run desperately. Judging from the current situation, even if he tried escaping, his chances of getting away unscathed were very slim.

"Shit!" he cursed as he ran.

Why did he have to endure such distress? Of all people, it just had to be him who was beyond unfortunate today!

Just then, a whistling sound caught his ear.

Without hesitation, he rolled onto the ground as though it were an instinctive response. The next instant, he could not help but be glad, as a steel gray bone spur had brushed past his ear.

Aldrich's bone spurs were ten times more powerful and rapid than a demon general's bone spurs. Although the bone spur did not cut Zen, the strong wind that came with the bone spur made his cheeks tingle.

Standing up from the ground, Zen quickly shot his broken flying knife without even lifting his head.

There was a huge gap between the demon king and him when it came to speed. Presently, it was very much impossible for him to fight through his vision alone; he had to rely on his instinct and other senses.

Needless to say, his instinct in fighting had matured through the many battles he endured in the past. Thanks to that, his aim was perfect as he shot the flying knife at the demon king.

Had his opponent been an ordinary demon general, the broken flying knife would have pierced through without any trouble. Nevertheless, that was not the case, as his opponent was Aldrich. Even though he was badly injured, and his remaining strength was only one-tenth of its normal amount, he was still the unconquerable demon king in Zen's eyes.

"Boom!"

In an effortless manner, Aldrich reached out his hand and slapped the flying knife away. The broken flying knife, which had never failed Zen, regrettably did not have any effect on Aldrich.

Although his attempt was futile, it had bought some time for Zen to escape. At the very least, he managed to run several meters away from the demon king during the distraction.

Unfortunately, his insane speed was beyond Zen's imagination. With a flap of his wings, Aldrich's huge body cut through the air and pounced on Zen like a savage beast.

"Human brat, go to hell!

I am going to devour your flesh and suck your blood dry!" Then, four bone spurs came out from Aldrich's body while they were all aimed at Zen from different directions.

If any of the bone spurs struck him, it would render his cruel destiny set in stone. As the enraged demon king intended to suck his corpse dry, Zen could already imagine himself perishing and turning into a mummy.

Chapter 212 The Stubborn Girl

Loud footsteps ran through the jagged, rocky surface. The hairs on Zen's back stood on their ends when he sensed danger behind him.

He continued to run away from the imminent peril, but it turned out to be useless. He knew where the danger came from, but he simply couldn't get rid of it!

He finally thought that since he couldn't get away, he'd have to turn back and fight!

With that in mind, Zen jumped up and turned around in the air. He saw that Aldrich had gotten close to his back and several bone spikes from his body got closer as well. The nearest one was only several feet away from his nose.

"Get it off!" a sudden scream was heard.

"Ah!"

A five-clawed black dragon had abruptly emerged above Zen's head and gave a loud roar. Its great, slender body directly swooped downwards from the sky.

Before, Aldrich was able to dodge that black dragon's attack, but the dragon didn't disappear. Now, Zen had it under his control and commanded it to stay parallel above him all the time.

After all, Zen's personal skills were quite useless. There was nothing he could do for now except control this huge black dragon to defend himself against the enemy.

Now, if Aldrich really decided to risk everything and wanted to kill him, he could end up dead even if Aldrich was under the attack of the huge five-clawed dragon.

If Aldrich decided not to, he could have a chance of survival.

However, Aldrich didn't want to resign himself to not fighting back. He saw his opponent was close at hand and he could kill Zen immediately, but the damned five-clawed black dragon in the sky quickly rushed down.

"Hah, do you think that you can run away?" Aldrich said disapprovingly. He flapped his large, scaly wings and maneuvered strangely to the side. He seemed to wait for the black dragon to turn away before he attacked Zen again.

Unfortunately, that didn't turn out to be the case for Aldrich.

Across him, a smile playfully danced on Zen's lips as he slightly waved his index finger. The black dragon then rushed down and suddenly changed its direction, then flew towards him. When it got nearer, it unexpectedly swallowed Zen in whole!

The huge five-clawed black dragon was made from Zen's demonic life energy, so when he was inside the dragon's body, he didn't get hurt, but was able to control the dragon to wrap him up.

Apparently, Aldrich never thought that Zen would use this skill. For one second Aldrich was already determined to take his life, but now he was completely hidden deep inside the body of the black dragon. Aldrich couldn't do anything to him anymore.

"Quack…" Aldrich screeched.

Dozens of livid bone spikes suddenly came out from his body.

The bone spikes hurled themselves towards the black dragon's body. The sharp ends penetrated it through, but Aldrich couldn't find Zen. He could only shoot randomly without an aim.

Meanwhile, Zen silently lay on the bottom of the black dragon and remained perfectly still. Bone spikes continued to fly back and forth above his head. He was calm on the outside, but he really felt scared. He had to depend on luck this time.

After a while, luck was on his side after all as not one bone spike hit him.

On the other hand, Aldrich couldn't do anything to Zen. He opened his mouth which revealed rows and rows of sharp teeth, then a deep howl resonated from within him. His scaly wings flapped and lifted him up to leave. He was heavily injured, and if something went wrong he would die in this place.

Just when Aldrich was about to flee, a blood-colored enchanted barrier suddenly appeared behind him.

"Blood Prison Enchantment!"

"Life-breaking Enchantment!"

"Nine-edged Enchantment!"

It turned out to be Yolande, who finally showed her trump card!

In fact, she had prepared for this for a long time. It took her quite a while until she perfected all of the three enchanted barriers.

If Aldrich had escaped in the beginning. Yolande probably couldn't stop that. Aldrich's real strength was still much more powerful than Yolande's, after all. Even if he was seriously injured, he somehow managed to run away.

However, because Zen irritated Aldrich and he chased him, Yolande had a chance to use the secret skill to recover a part of the life vitality and also, launch three kinds of powerful enchanted barriers.

Now, any of the three enchanted barriers was extremely powerful.

The peripheral vision of Aldrich still showed him that and he suddenly dashed to the edge. The first enchanted barrier was smashed, but the second layer had blocked him. The blood prison enchantment was immediately restored to its original state as well and had restricted Aldrich in its grip once again.

If only Aldrich was at his peak condition, even the three enchanted barriers would be no match against him. They were lucky that he was severely wounded now and couldn't break free.

"Zen, control your five-clawed black dragon to rush into the enchanted barriers!" a low voice was suddenly heard. It was Yolande, who floated in the sky not too far away.

To be honest, Zen actually didn't want to follow Yolande. He had no reason to listen to her at all, but after having thought about it for a while, he finally realized it was a chance to kill the demon king and as a human, he didn't find any reason to let that go.

In that case, Zen slightly shook his finger. The black dragon started to move again and directly lunged at Aldrich.

As the black dragon hurled itself forward, Yolande controlled the three enchanted barriers. A hole appeared on each of them, and the black dragon passed through the holes.

Like a mouse trapped in a cage, Aldrich dashed from left to right in the small and narrow passage of the enchanted barriers. He couldn't break them but his eyes darted to the huge, five-clawed black dragon under Zen's control rushing towards him.

When he realized that there was no way for him to escape death, Aldrich reluctantly soared into the sky and said, "Humans, you will pay a huge price sooner or later. Ah…!"

"Bang!"

Just as the dragon had neared Aldrich, the demon king's body exploded into flames when he committed suicide by using his demonic core.

The scene of a demon king committing this type of explosion suicide was horrible to see.

The dark energy from the explosion started to rise up gradually at crazily high speed and expand throughout the area. Yolande's three enchanted barriers had only restricted it for a while, before it suddenly burst out in a resounding wave with a loud, booming sound.

"Bang!"

After Aldrich had done the suicide, the light curtain under Zen's feet suddenly disappeared. He couldn't fly, and the resulting impact from the explosion pushed him to the ground.

On the other hand, Yolande was pushed back by the impact wave as well and her body was driven backward at a long distance. Her emotionless eyes caught a glimpse of Zen who fell to the ground. Her snow-white figure suddenly flashed and rushed hurriedly towards Zen.

When she had reached him, she gently waved a small hand above his body. Six more transparent enchanted barriers flew above to cover Zen and formed a square enchanted box to lock him in.

Zen looked at the transparent enchanted box around him, and he didn't know if he should laugh or cry.

He was locked in this way when he went up, and when he came down, he was locked again--but it was better now. He didn't need to squat unfairly this time…

After a short while, Yolande finally controlled the enchanted box and fell on the ground gracefully beside Zen.

Among the dark, thick cumulus clouds in the sky, the remaining ordinary demon king and Oceiros witnessed Aldrich's successful suicide attempt. Once they had realized that the general trend of attacking the city was gone, they flapped their huge leathery wings and called their troops back. They formed themselves into a black line and swiftly retreated right after.

Spencer and the other powerful men of Illuminating Soul Realm saw that the demon kings had retreated and knew that the humans had won the battle. They sighed with utter relief, and their forces flew back consecutively to White Emperor City.

The flames from the war in White Emperor City began to die down at the same time. The demon soldiers and generals attacking the city retreated, and the imperial army chased them away.

"Hey, when will you let me go out?" Zen asked. He knocked at the transparent enchanted box and waited for Yolande's answer.

In turn, Yolanda placed her hands behind and faced Zen. Her face wore an indifferent expression as she said, "Why should I let you go out?"

At her response, Zen's eyebrows knitted together in fury.

"I, I have saved your life anyway!" Zen shouted angrily.

However, Yolande simply blinked at him. "If you didn't save me, you would die--so it is not that you saved my life but you saved yourself," she said.

"..." Zen could not respond to that. After he thought about it for a while, he stated, "Even so, you don't need to lock me up all the time!"

"After sending you to the Military Office, I can let you go," Yolande replied.

When he heard Yolande's last words, Zen felt relieved. Under this situation, the Military Office of the imperial army wouldn't get him in trouble. While he did kill a counselor of the army from Zhuge family, he had also helped the army slay a demon king just now. That was a huge deal, so he believed that even Hugh wouldn't bother him again.

After a few moments, the powerful men of Illuminating Soul Realm finally descended from the sky one by one. Lennie and Spencer walked towards Yolande as soon as they landed.

When he saw Zen was still bound by the enchanted box, Spencer's eyes stared at Yolande. "Yolande, be quick and let Zen come out. Why do you have to lock him up till now?" he said.

But, Yolande only shook her head. "I will let him come out after giving him to the Military Office!" she firmly said.

The others, including Lennie and Hugh, had heard what Yolande said and stroked their temples in exasperation. This girl was truly extremely stubborn! Even under such dire circumstances, she still insisted on sending Zen to the Military Office!

Now, Lennie was not pleased by her decision.

"Yolande, you can't send him to the Military Office!" he said.

The girl's steely gaze turned to look at him.

"Why?" she simply asked.

"Because he has done a meritorious deed just now. He is a hero and has saved our White Emperor City!" he explained.

The powerful men of Illuminating Soul Realm, including Lennie and Spencer wouldn't usually get into a conflict with Yolande at ordinary times.

They had defended White Emperor City for a long time, and clearly knew about Yolande's character and attitude.

However, today would be different -- Lennie told himself that he wouldn't make any compromise.

Chapter 213 The Reward

For Lennie, it wasn't a big deal to send Zen to the military office because he believed they couldn't find any offense that Zen was guilty of. Even so, he would not allow Yolande to take Zen there.

"Even if people regard Zen as a hero, we couldn't turn a blind eye that he offended Hugh and even killed a military counselor. He should be subjected to a trial," Yolande said stubbornly.

"Yolande, please let it go!" Spencer persuaded her as he stood by Lennie's side. "Yes, Zen killed a military counselor and minded you, I investigated. That counselor from the Zhuge Clan provoked him and wanted to kill him first, but Zen overpowered him. Moreover, Zen fought with us against the Demon King Aldrich. So even if Zen had killed an officer of the Imperial Army, I would have still forgiven him with his crime!"

Spencer's words had absolute power. What he meant was very clear — he was the Supreme Commander of the Imperial Army. He had the authority to influence as to how Zen would be dealt with.

"I agree with that! And I don't want to pursue that matter. Now I know why Zen killed Josef, my fault," said Hugh as he stepped forward near to Yolande.

Yolande was silent for a while and after a careful thought, she nodded and said, "I will let it go!"

When they heard it, Spencer, Lennie and Hugh felt all relaxed and heaved a sigh of relief in unison. Although they were determined to go against Yolande, it was crystal clear that she could be stubborn and was used to getting her own way. She wasn't called a Killer Girl for nothing, since she was heartless and no one could stop her from doing what she wanted.

Then Yolande lifted her right hand. She snapped her slender fingers and the transparent shell around Zen began to soften, slowly turned into life vitality and was gone completely.

"Boy, you did a good job! You should be proud that you saved us!" Lennie stepped forward and patted Zen's shoulder. At the back of his mind, he thought Zen and Nina would be a perfect match!

Zen felt slightly embarrassed for such high praises and downplayed, "It was just a coincidence. If Yolande didn't take me to fight with the Demon King Aldrich, I wouldn't have the chance to kill him."

The truth of the matter, everyone doubted two things about Zen. One, why was he able to absorb the demon's holy fire.

It was known that the demon's holy fire was mystic and powerful. And just like every coin with two sides, the demon's holy fire could prove to be deadly to humans, while it was worthy to demons.

If an ordinary person was thrown into the demon's holy fire, it would corrode him to nothingness in a blink of an eye. Only the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm, such as Yolande, were safe in the demon's holy fire. Even so, her perception and sight was adversely affected in the battle.

But Zen was bizarre and though he was half-step into the nature level, he was seen as an ordinary person in the eyes of the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Unexpectedly, Zen not only got no injuries, but completely absorbed the demon's holy fire.

It was hard to believe!

Had Spencer absorbed the demon's holy fire even just a single drop, he would have been greatly hurt. But Zen had absorbed a large cloud of the demon's holy fire and yet he was still alive and unscathed. They could hardly believe it!

Second, it was Zen's life energy. When they were at the conference in the Governor's House, they didn't take time to understand his life energy though they knew that he almost killed Hugh because of it.

They were so impressed when Zen created a five-clawed black dragon and as they recalled it now, they realized that Zen's life energy was so powerful that he could even absorb other people's life vitality.

No one could create such a strong and ferocious five-clawed black dragon except Zen.

At first they thought that Zen might have used someone's life vitality to double its power, just like that of Hugh. But on the contrary, it would be difficult for Zen to combine his life energy and Lennie's life vitality, which was able to be formed too speedy silver swords.

There were people in their realm that were willing to contribute their life vitality to Zen. Thus, Zen could have been able to create such a huge five-clawed black dragon.

They needed to win the battle and that was the most important. The Demon King Aldrich had to focus on the battle and so did Yolande. Because of that, Zen was able to take the chance to attack the demon king. If the situation had not been like that, they couldn't have won since Zen's five-clawed black dragon wasn't as speedy as they had thought.

The stars had aligned that day and made it to such a magical ending. Perhaps that was an act of providence!

The men wanted to uncover the mysteries about Zen, but on second thought they knew it was not good to make him show his secrets, although he was only half-step into the nature level.

Zen was only half-step into the nature level, yet he had made such great achievements. They believed that Zen was destined to be a great man.

Finally, the men stopped their curiosity to flourish. Then Lennie put his arm around Zen and said, "Let's go to the Governor's House first!"

The White Emperor City was almost destroyed after the demon attack. It brought a large number of death toll and what was worse, the Imperial Army had lost several masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm. But through it all, it was regarded as a big win!

After all, they had eliminated two powerful demon kings! One of which was the powerful Demon King Aldrich, who was known to be savage and tough as an opponent.

After defeating the demon's army, the soldiers began to clean the rubbish which was one of the aftermath of the battle.

"Uncle Lennie, have you seen Nina and other disciples?" asked Zen as they arrived at the Governor's House.

Lennie was delighted and smiled from ear to ear and he thought that Zen had actually cared for Nina. But in truth, he misunderstood it as Zen was just concerned about all the disciples from Cloud Sect.

"They were escorted back by some people before the battle began," answered Lennie.

Hearing this, Zen felt relieved. The entire White Emperor City had been in chaos during the battle. If the disciples from the Cloud Sect had been stranded in the city, there might have been a lot of fatalities.

When the battle ended, many officers gathered in the Governor's House to report the number of dead soldiers in their teams.

A series of names and numbers were uttered and mostly were the troops of the Imperial Army stationed in the White Emperor City, to protect the north side from demons. Today they paid a respect to their fallen soldiers. They had won the battle but in the end, they lost thousands of lives.

As soon as the number of casualties and the loss of the White Emperor City were counted, a tribute ceremony began.

"As we all know, Zen gave us the greatest contribution to win the battle, who is an outer disciple from the Cloud Sect's Drizzle Peak!" Spencer exclaimed at meeting hall of the Governor's House. "If not for Zen's strength, a lot of us would have died and the entire White Emperor City would have been under the dominion of the demons. Zen, on behalf of the Imperial Army, I wish to express my gratitude."

When Spencer finished his speech, he bowed to Zen much to the surprise of the people around them.

Zen was overwhelmed as the Supreme Commander of the Imperial Army bowed to him. Like a scared rabbit, he stammered, "Gov… Governor, you are flattering me but I don't deserve such high praises."

"There was once a great man named Quin Yan, he knelt down to a beggar who saved a person's life. Today, you helped the Imperial Army win the war and thousands of lives were spared. Certainly, you deserve it!" Spencer told a story earnestly.

"It was said that Quin, a respected gentleman in ancient times, was once a poor man. He walked on the side of the river and saw a beggar save a person from the river. He had no money to reward the beggar, so he knelt down to salute the beggar!"

Spencer told a short story for Zen to consider and accept his praise.

"We can't give you a remarkable military feat since you are not a soldier of the Imperial Army, but as a representative of the Imperial Army, I am here to award you three treasures and you can choose the treasures yourself as you enter our treasure house!" announced Spencer.

"Three Treasures!"

"He can choose freely!"

The crowd got noisy and all their eyes sparkled with excitement.

Over the years, the Imperial Army had accumulated great fortune of treasures and only those that were priceless were kept at the Imperial Army's treasure house in the White Emperor City.

They were gifted to soldiers with extraordinary feats. Receiving this award was extremely hard and you were not even allowed to select one for yourself freely!

But Zen was given the honor to enter the treasure house and could freely select three treasures. Everyone knew there were tons of treasures and all the officers were envious of Zen.

After the meeting was over and everyone left, Spencer led Zen to the Imperial Army's treasure house.

The Imperial Army's treasure house was hidden below the ground. Zen was following Spencer as they walked underground along the dark narrow passageway. Spencer ignited a candle after he opened a heavy stone door, and the entire treasure house lit up.

Even in faint light, the whole treasure house blazed with golden brilliance, sparkling to its glory.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 214 The Phoenix Crystal And The Emerald Crystal (Part One)

The resources the White Emperor city had saved over the years couldn't be compared to those of the Cloud Sect and the Burning Sky Palace, but they were a lot more in number than those of the seven noble clans.

All kinds of spiritual weapons and treasures were stocked up roughly in the wooden frames on the wall, randomly pushed into nooks and corners as if those things didn't seem to be rare in the city.

Zen could choose any three treasures he liked, and he was glad to accept the offer.

He didn't have a strong interest in spiritual weapons as he had quite a stock of heavenly essence in hand, and he could easily barter it for the weapons.

He scanned the top rack of the frame, skipping past the spiritual weapons.

Spencer was surprised to see this. The spiritual weapon was of no use to the powerful men of Illuminating Soul Realm, but Zen, in his position, should be keen on them. His indifference was peculiar.

Spencer pointed to a pair of treasured swords at one side. "This pair of treasured swords are called the Double Ring Killing Swords. They are top-grade spiritual weapons with extraordinary power. If you choose them, they will only be counted as one of your three treasures, and are certainly worth more than their value."

Zen nodded but didn't answer. He still wanted to see the rest of the stock.

Spencer noticed his disinterest in the weapon and had no choice but to follow Zen as he stalked forward.

After walking for a while in the treasure house, Zen suddenly halted, his eyes locked on a wall not far away.

Three treasures hung on it. They exuded strong energy, but each of them looked incomplete.

The first one was an emerald knife. It seemed to be made of jade all over. Unfortunately, the knife point and handle were missing, and only the middle part of the blade was left.

It wasn't the blade but the purple crystal set in the middle of it that attracted Zen. The crystal was surrounded by a circle of runes.

Zen had seen the runes today. After the second spiritual texture appeared on his body, the latter had become equivalent to a middle-grade spiritual weapon. At that time, two rows of runes had appeared on his arms, same as those on the knife blade.

Zen frowned as he looked at the three broken weapons, lost in thought.

Suddenly, he discerned that the runes on his arms should be used to inlay.

Earlier, Zen had thought that the runes on his arms looked familiar, but he couldn't remember where he had seen them before.

There was a mention either in Evil Lan's secret collections about refining weapons, or in Chase's Weapon Refining Principle that this kind of runes were used to inlay a crystal.

The runes had never before appeared on a human body, so Zen didn't identify them immediately. But now, looking at the broken weapons on the wall with the runes marked on them, he instantly realized what they were.

Zen was struck dumb. It meant that his body was a spiritual weapon, and these crystals could be set in it!

"What is it? Have you taken a fancy to this stuff?" Spencer smiled. "These broken weapons were used by some powerful men of Illuminating Soul Realm. This knife here–it's called 'Jade Butterfly' and used to be the walking saber of Scholar Joss. It was a top-grade spiritual weapon, but unfortunately, it was destroyed by a demon king in a battle. The rest of the knife was broken and only the blade is left now. It's not worth a cent though. Its one and only valuable part is the Phoenix Crystal that rests on it."

"Can this Phoenix Crystal be used to inlay?" Zen asked.

"Of course. Jade Butterfly is potent because of the Phoenix Crystal's effect. I remember that Scholar Joss wielded this knife to cut a hundred times in the blink of an eye! The speed should give the credit to the Phoenix Crystal," Spencer explained, "so we kept the blade."

Zen nodded and pointed to the blade. "I will choose this one as the first treasure."

"Yes? Zen, are you proficient in refining weapons?" As far as Spencer knew, only a weapon refiner would be interested in the crystals. Was Zen capable of that? Could he really refine weapons with the Phoenix Crystal?

"Refining weapons?" Zen shook his head in the negative. He had a preliminary grasp on the method because of the Weapon Refining Principle, but he had not personally tested it so far. He couldn't claim to be a proficient weapon refiner.

Spencer blinked his eyes in surprise, but still nodded at him. "Zen, since you have chosen the blade as your first treasure, it is yours now."

The broken spiritual weapons had been hung in the treasury since long. Most people allowed to enter this treasure house were the members of the imperial army. There were weapon refiners in the army, but they wouldn't go to the battlefield to kill an enemy, and rarely got the chance to commit military exploits. They could hardly qualify to enter the treasure house and choose their reward.

Few people chose the crystals as a reward. The top-grade spiritual weapons were already assembled and aplenty. They were more suited to them.

"What about the one next to it?" Zen questioned.

Another broken weapon hung next to the blade of Jade Butterfly. It was a red spear that had been separated into several parts. Again, a blood red crystal rested in the middle of the spear point.

They watched as a dim red light flashed inside the blood red crystal. The light grew bright and dim from time to time, like it had its own heartbeat.

Chapter 215 The Phoenix Crystal And The Emerald Crystal (Part Two)

"This spear is named Tronson and is also a top-grade spiritual weapon. The crystal embedded in the spear point is an Emerald Crystal. Complemented with the Emerald Crystal, Tronson had the strongest penetrating effect and could easily penetrate an enchanted barrier," Spencer said patiently.

"Penetrate an enchanted barrier?" Zen stared at the crystal with interest. After getting locked in the box several times, he had become wary of Yolande's transparent enchanted barrier. Even if he got his hands on a weapon like Tronson, it was possible he would be unable to break her enchanted barrier. However, if he encountered other ones in the future, it could prove to be a handy weapon.

Spencer nodded. "Yes. Emerald Crystal's strength has a strong influence. Tronson was destroyed by the demon king Sheen. In those years, Sheen had mastered the skill of the enchanted barrier. Initially, the powerful men of Illuminating Soul Realm in White Emperor City could do nothing to Sheen, but the Emerald Crystal broke through his enchanted barrier. At long last, Sheen was defeated, but unfortunately, in the process, Tronson too was destroyed..."

Looking at the pieces of the broken Tronson, Zen could readily imagine the intensity of the battle.

"I will take this one too," Zen stated, pointing at Tronson.

"Of course. I will take it out for you in a while." Spencer smiled. "There is another crystal left. Would you like that too?"

Zen glanced at the remaining weapon that hung on the wall - a formidable broken ax. He shook his head. The crystal on the ax radiated with a brilliant light, but Zen only had two rows of runes on his arms that could inlay two crystals. The extra crystal would be impractical.

After choosing the two crystals, Zen walked down further.

The kind of riches the treasure house was heaped with were far beyond Zen's imagination. Besides all sorts of weapons, there were different types of defense treasures, jade symbols, hidden weapons, pills, and so on.

It boggled his mind. The treasury had almost everything in it, and each of the resources was valuable. Zen was nearly dazzled as his eyes scanned the hall.

Unfortunately, he only had one spot left. If the two crystals he chose weren't helpful to him, he would return one of them.

Zen sought for a long time and finally fixed his eyes on a small, inconspicuous box, probably used to store pills. He stared at it for a while before reading the words on the box out loud. "Nirvana Pill."

With a cautious expression on his face, he asked, "Is this the grade 6 Nirvana Pill concocted by the legendary pill refining master Churchill?"

Among so many pills, Zen had the sagacity to pick this one. He certainly had a good eye. Spencer smiled ruefully. There were all kinds of fortunes in the treasure house of the imperial army, but only a dozen of them were truly valuable, and the Nirvana Pill was one of them.

If one took the Nirvana Pill, he or she would be recovered of all wounds, no matter how dangerous they were. As long as the person had breath and could swallow the medicine, he would become right as rain in an instant. The pill could also cultivate the soul. If the soul was damaged or hurt in any form or manner, the Nirvana Pill could repair it.

At the same time, the Nirvana Pill could raise the consumer's strength to three levels. A warrior at the fifth step into the nature level could be promoted to the eighth step within three days after taking the pill.

The pill was exceptional magic but also had a fatal flaw. It could only be used by a refiner below the Illuminating Soul Realm, and was quite unusable to a powerful man of the Illuminating Soul Realm, such as Spencer.

Even so, the pill attracted the greedy eyes of the noble clans.

Many large families would donate a large quantity of life-saving objects to cultivate their elite disciples.

The Nirvana Pill was undoubtedly the best of the lot. It could cure the wounds of the body as well as raise strength in a short amount of time.

Regrettably, the creator of the Nirvana Pill, Churchill, died at an early age, when he was just 43 years old. Warriors commonly had long lives worth hundreds of years, but Churchill was short-lived, so he left only a few Nirvana Pills behind.

Its number had dwindled over the years as they were taken, so the pill had become rarer to find in the market. Initially, it didn't have a high cost, but it went up all the time. Today, a Nirvana Pill was worth nearly one hundred thousand cubic crystals. It was beyond the purchasing capacity of a nature creature.

More often than not, it was the elder of a family who bought the Nirvana Pill to give to the elite of a young generation.

The one who bought it didn't eat it, and the one who ate it didn't buy it, which meant that the Nirvana Pill's price had gone through the roof.

"This Nirvana Pill will be my third choice," Zen announced, nodding with satisfaction.

Truth be told, Spencer had planned to secure the pill for a younger elite in his family. As long as the young man gained some sort of accomplishment in the imperial army, the pill could be rewarded to him.

But now, Zen had picked it as his own, as one of the three treasures Spencer had promised him. As the governor of the imperial army, Spencer couldn't go back on his word, so he just nodded reluctantly. Zen's eye was far too clever.

Chapter 216 The Inlay

The Nirvana Pill had the greatest value of all treasures and the other two spiritual weapons only had a relatively low value. Those were selected by Zen.

As Zen observed the two spiritual weapons, he found that the only valuable parts of them were the Phoenix Crystal and Emerald Crystal that were inlaid on each weapon.

Typically, these two crystals were useless for outsiders but very practical for Zen.

After Zen left the Imperial Army Treasury, he was given a big room to stay. After the battle was won and demons retreated, the Imperial Army continuously sent people to clean the rubble brought by the destructive fight. So Zen was going to leave the White Emperor City after two days.

He was satisfied with the big room, but what he wasn't happy about was that his room was next to Yolande's.

Dealing with Yolande was uncomplicated as he only needed to avoid her wrath. Not to provoke her or at least stay away from her so she wouldn't lock him again inside the box...

When he settled down inside the big room, he took a refreshing bath and washed away all the filth of the past few days. He felt better afterward and sat down in a dark corner of the room. Then he took out and studied the broken Jade Butterfly from the space ring.

From what Zen knew, top-grade spiritual weapons were not usually inlaid with crystals. The power of this weapon might come from the crystal itself which was similar to a fairy weapon!

Undoubtedly, the Jade Butterfly was a great knife and might have served his owner faithfully. It was such a pity that it was destroyed.

"I will remove this Phoenix crystal first!" murmured Zen as he stretched his hands and tried to snag the Phoenix Crystal out from the knife but failed. He could try again with harder force this time but was afraid that the Phoenix Crystal would be chipped. For a moment, he didn't know what to do.

The crystal was precious to him and shouldn't be taken down roughly. There must be a smart way to do it. Then an idea hit him. In the Weapon Refining Principle, there was a trick on how to take down crystals. He took out the Weapon Refining Principle in no time from his space ring and scanned the pages.

The booklet had recorded and kept well-hidden secrets and that included tricks used by Chase in his lifetime. It encapsulated Chase's skills and experience.

Zen found what he was looking for and on this specific page, the methods on how to remove crystals embedded in treasures were recorded in detail.

Zen read the method carefully, word for word, and then his face sank with disappointment. He mumbled, "According to this book, life fire is needed to take down the crystal. Oh, this is tough."

Zen had been practicing two kinds of cultivation methods, the Purple Light Fist and the Heavenly Ogre Fist. Both methods generated life energy. Apparently, he must cultivate a new method to generate fire, if he really wanted to take down the crystal from the Jade Butterfly.

Zen was stunned for a moment as he held the Weapon Refining Principle in hands. Then a smile crossed his face, and his eyes lit. Since he needed fire, could he use the black fire from the huge furnace in his mind?

The black fire was able to extract the heavenly essence from the spiritual weapon and could imitate the functions of fire.

That left him one problem, the black fire was so powerful that it could burn everything on its way. He was afraid that the Phoenix crystal would be smelted by the black fire.

Zen was lost in his deep thought for a while, and his eyes lit up again. He made a heartfelt decision, and he decided to take the risk.

He then closed his eyes and began to communicate with the giant furnace in his mind.

"Whoosh!"

In a short while, a ray of black fire came out between Zen's brows, circling wildly around in the mid-air. Then it let out a quick, sharp sound when it saw the two broken top grade spiritual weapons and came rushing to them.

Zen's expression suddenly changed when he saw that the black fire was going to attack the weapons. He reached for the two spiritual weapons and shielded them in his hands to avoid the impact of the black fire.

"Wait, wait, wait. These are not smelted for you!" said Zen quickly.

The black fire had a soul, and it was clever and spiritual. It hovered in the air and moved around like it didn't want to heed what Zen had said.

Zen was amused when he saw that the black fire acted like a child with tantrums. Then he suddenly realized that he had a long spear called Tronson. There was a crystal embedded in the head of that spear, but the shaft was no longer useful to him.

He broke the shaft from the spear's head and handed it over to the black fire.

The black fire circled happily, flew towards Zen and swallowed the shaft.

The shaft was crafted from solid metal. Though it was very heavy and strong, it was melted like a candle. And then drops of heavenly essence appeared behind the black fire.

When he saw the heavenly essence, Zen blinked his eyes. He couldn't believe what he just witnessed!

Even though the shaft of the top grade spiritual weapon wasn't that valuable, it produced so much heavenly essence!

Zen counted them and was surprised to know that there were more than 40 drops of heavenly essence. It produced more heavenly essence compared to a top grade mysterious weapon.

It was unbelievable. It had been known that the higher the grade of the weapon, the more heavenly essence it could produce. The long spear had been battered from years of use. If it was a top grade spiritual weapon, and pristine, would it produce hundreds of drops of heavenly essence?

In his mind, he saw the black fire offered him the heavenly essence and then lit nine dragon scales. Zen summoned the black fire again.

Zen didn't intend to light the dragon scales, but rather to remove the crystal on this spiritual weapon by the power of the black fire, which the black fire didn't do yet.

Zen needed to outwit the black fire, for it was clever and unruly. Taking down the crystal was not as easy as he hoped it would be.

"Well, I've just given you a treat and now you are going to obey me!" said Zen as he held up the glistening blade of the Jade Butterfly, pointed his fingers to its runes. Then he further added, "You need to activate these runes, so I can take down this Phoenix Crystal. When it's removed, then the whole blade will be all yours!"

Speaking carefully, Zen instructed the black fire as if he was speaking to a child.

Zen raised the Jade Butterfly in front of the black fire. To his surprise, the black fire rushed to the Jade Butterfly and went straight to the Phoenix Crystal.

Seeing this, Zen was quick to move the blade of the Jade Butterfly away from the black fire.

"Ah, the black fire didn't follow my directions," said Zen with frustration. The flickering black fire was giving him a headache. Though it resided in the depths of his mind, it didn't completely belong to him, and he was having a hard time controlling it.

But giving up so easily was never Zen's character.

He still got plenty of time, and he could patiently teach this "little guy" to understand what he meant.

It took him four long hours to teach the black fire. It seemed to him that the black fire had finally understood that he wanted it to enter the runes.

The moment the black fire entered the runes on the Jade Butterfly, it lit up a light that wasn't too vivid.

Zen could see the runes move, the outer and inner parts twirled in opposite directions. He looked closely and saw the Phoenix crystal in the center of the runes waggled.

Then he gently shook the blade.

"Flip-flop!"

The Phoenix Crystal twitched and fell to the ground.

"Thank God. It's finally loose!"

said Zen with a beaming smile. He then waited for the black fire to emerge from the runes. When it was out, he threw the blade of the Jade Butterfly into the air. The black fire rushed to the blade like a hungry lion and devoured his reward. The blade soon disappeared, leaving drops of heavenly essence.

The Phoenix Crystal no longer had its color and luster after it was removed from the runes. Zen put it down and planned his next step. "Now, it's time to think how to inlay it on one of my arms," said Zen to himself.

It brought a shiver to his bones when he thought that a crystal would be deeply embedded inside his body.

Although he was a special human, a spiritual weapon in a human figure, it was still strange to inlay a foreign matter into his arm.

But he had to embrace it because it would make him more powerful.

The runes on his arm must be activated to inlay the precious gem into it. And they must be activated by the black fire. Although the black fire was a part of him, he must be very careful not to burn his arm with its powerful yet damaging energy.

"Well, I gambled once, and I will do it again!" said Zen as he made a decision to take the risk.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 217 The Power Of Zen's Fist (Part One)

Zen gritted his teeth at the thought and was ready to bet all on a single blow. He stretched out his arm and motioned for the black fire to go into the runes on his arm.

As a result of his intensive training, the black fire could now easily recognize the runes in Zen's arm and would instantly dive into them.

As soon as the runes absorbed the black fire, Zen's arm trembled a little. The extreme power of the black fire emitted heat and Zen could feel the warm sensation crawling from his arm.

Though the heat was overwhelming, Zen only felt relief rather than pain.

In no time, the runes started to rotate. When the inner and outer parts moved, the center of runes flashed a bright light.

As the runes began their ritual, Zen grabbed the phoenix crystal with his left hand and stuffed it in the center of the runes.

"Buzz!"

As soon as the phoenix crystal touched the runes, a blinding light sparked but runes stopped rotation and returned to normal. The phoenix crystal suddenly vanished.

Zen was stupefied and touched the spot where the phoenix crystal was. He pressed it and felt something hard beneath his skin. He assumed it was the phoenix crystal embedded into his skin.

After the black fire finally came out of the runes, Zen stood up and tried to move his right arm.

"It's time to test the phoenix crystal! Let's see how this can improve my speed!" In this room, all the facilities that Zen needed for his training were available and soon he found a stone man to practice boxing with.

Standing in front of the stone man, Zen squared his elbows and took a deep breath. Then he swiftly shook his fist at the stone man.

"Bang bang bang bang bang…"

In the blink of an eye, Zen threw twenty punches in a row and left marks on the stone man.

When he finally stopped, Zen's right hand trembled. He was surprised to see the agility of his right hand.

During his fight with a demon king, Zen had almost got killed. He realized that speed was a crucial element when fighting with masters if one wished to survive. That was why he chose the phoenix crystal to make up for his shortcomings.

Now that the phoenix crystal was on its place, Zen had only one crystal slot left to fill. He looked at his spear and examined the remaining crystal attached to it – the emerald crystal. According to Spencer, the emerald crystal had the special ability to destroy any enchanted barrier. The fact was that Zen's current strength could do nothing to enchanted barriers, and he wouldn't miss the chance to utilize the emerald crystal.

The method was the same. He carefully took it out from the spear and stuffed it onto his arm.

But unlike with the phoenix crystal, Zen felt nothing special after the crystal was embedded into his skin. Perhaps it was because of the nature of the emerald crystal that it could only be used to destroy any enchanted barrier.

After the two crystals were finally embedded into his skin, he returned to his secluded corner to rest.

The soldiers of the White Emperor City had been quite busy these days with rebuilding the defense facilities, and inspection on all the people of the city.

The inspection was necessary to ensure that no demon general could walk among the people of the White Emperor City because the demon generals could devour a human body without leaving any marks, and they could use the skin as their disguise.

"Bang bang bang!"

Zen heard a loud knock on his door.

When he opened the door, he saw several soldiers holding a demon-revealing mirror.

The head of the soldier group greeted Zen respectfully. Although he knew nothing about Zen or his achievements, he believed that anyone who was qualified to live in the area must be an important figure of the imperial army.

"Sir, we are currently doing an inspection in the whole city. May we request you to stand here?" the soldier said to Zen as he formally bowed.

Zen nodded and cooperatively stood aside. Then several soldiers placed the demon-revealing mirror in front of Zen and when his image was finally reflected in the mirror, the soldiers took it back.

When everything was cleared, the head of the soldiers thanked Zen for his cooperation and left. They went to the next room where Yolande was staying.

The soldiers knocked on the door, but there was no response.

The head of the soldiers ordered, "Keep knocking. There must be someone inside."

After a few attempts, the door finally opened and the soldiers were greeted by the expressionless face of Yolande. "What's up?" Yolande asked.

The soldiers were surprised to see Yolande. Unlike Zen, Yolande was well-known amongst the soldiers and her name held a great reputation in the city. The head of the soldiers stuttered, "Officer Yolande, we apologize for this unannounced visit, but we are currently doing an inspection in the whole city. We know you very well, but we have to follow protocol. We hope you can do us a favor and cooperate with us."

Clad in her usual nine-color long dress and a pair of clogs on her feet, Yolande stood at the gate and asked in a calm manner, "What is this inspection about? And why should I go through this inspection again?"

"Well, Because demon generals might be lurking here, and we are using the demon-revealing mirror to find them," the head of the soldiers told all the details to Yolande. Being known as the Killer Girl, Yolande was not someone these soldiers would trifle with. Although her facial expression was blank, she still looked intimidating and her aura sent shivers down the soldiers' spine.

"There's no way I am possessed by any demon general, so I don't need this silly inspection. Off you go then." Yolande was about to go back to her room when she heard a soldier speak.

Chapter 218 The Power Of Zen's Fist (Part Two)

"Officer Yolande, I'm afraid you cannot refuse. This is a direct order from the leader, and everyone is obliged to undergo inspection. Even the commander is no exception to the rule. So please cooperate with us." Though the soldiers were scared, they must follow and execute the military order.

But Yolande just looked at them without saying a word. She didn't intend to do the inspection at all and could care less of any military order. As she was about to close the door, Zen stepped forward and said, "In front of you are loyal and responsible soldiers. As a key member of the White Emperor City's guards, you should set a good example to them by cooperating in the inspection. Why are you making things difficult for everyone?"

The soldiers felt uneasy but still were grateful when Zen stepped in and spoke with Yolande. This was something these soldiers wouldn't dare do.

When Yolande heard Zen, she suddenly turned around. The hemlines of her dress were slightly lifted by her sudden motion, revealing her slim legs. She stared at Zen with her blank eyes and said, "It's none of your business, so I suggest you go away."

Zen sneered and said, "I know that I might be overstepping, but it's the right thing to do. It would make everything easier for you and everybody else. Besides, it will only take a few seconds."

But Yolande just kept on staring at him with her expressionless grey pupils. Suddenly, a transparent enchanted barrier appeared when Yolande flipped her fingers.

"Damn, she got a hot temper!" Zen raised his eyebrows and quickly stepped back.

He knew Yolande could be obstinate, but he didn't expect her to be so unreasonable. She was so easy to get irritated that anything would possibly result in violence.

The soldiers knew that Zen was only trying to help, but there was nothing they could do. They stood aside and prayed in hearts that Zen would come out of this alive.

Zen was moving at his top speed, which in Yolande's eyes was actually very slow. She could see his every move clearly and anticipate his next step.

He was now surrounded by several transparent enchanted barriers coming from different directions and trying to capture him.

As these enchanted barriers approached him and surrounded him, he lifted his left hand and a red light flashed from his arm. Using his fist, he smashed the transparent enchanted barriers in front of him with all the strength he could muster.

Before, Zen's powerful innate energy was no match for any enchanted barrier and his punch had little effect on it. But at that moment, Zen felt some strange red energy fired out of his left arm. It went through his left hand and finally hit the transparent enchanted barrier that was in front of him.

After the red energy slammed forcefully into the enchanted barrier, a small red crack appeared.

Zen was thrilled and punched on the red crack once again.

"Bang!"

With the crackling sound, the small crack spread throughout the entire transparent enchanted barrier and instantly shattered it into pieces.

The formerly invincible enchanted barrier was finally broken by Zen's fist!

"Ahhhh!"

The soldiers who were standing aside and watching the battle were shocked when the enchanted barrier shattered.

From the ranking they came from, these soldiers were well aware of how strong Yolande was and that she was an Illuminating Soul Realm master.

They knew that Yolande was the best in using enchanted barriers and only a few people, like the demon kings, could break her enchanted barriers.

The soldiers were initially worried that Zen would just suffer great damage in fighting Yolande, given his half-step into the nature level. But the young man took them by surprise when he broke her enchanted barriers. Having the privilege to stay here, he must also be someone special.

They didn't have a clue how he was able to muster such strength.

Even Yolande was surprised. Her usual expressionless eyes glimmered in surprise.

"How did you do it?" Yolande asked coldly.

Zen lifted his hand and smiled, "It's none of your business. Do you still want to lock me up? Nah, I don't think so."

"From the looks of it, the red energy in your fist is an effect of the emerald crystal. But how did you obtain it?" It wasn't easy to pique Yolande's interest, but this one did. Though she kept a poker face, one could tell that she was curious to know.

"I said it's none of your business. I suggest you move along with the inspection so these men can leave," Zen said coldly. He stood there with his hands behind his back, waiting for Yolande to comply.

"Oh, is that so? Then let's see how long you can keep up with my enchanted barriers." She stretched out her slender fingers and snapped all of them at the same time.

"Swish!"

Large numbers of transparent enchanted barriers appeared one by one. They started rushing towards Zen at a crazy speed.

"We'll find out!"

Zen was also looking forward to a fight. He could use Yolande's short-temper to gauge the strength enhanced by the two magical crystals.

"Bang!"

With the strength of the emerald crystal on his left arm, Zen slammed the enchanted barriers one by one, leaving a red mark on them.

He already knew that the red energy from the emerald crystal could weaken the stability of the transparent enchanted barriers. Even the tiniest taint could damage the transparent enchanted barriers.

After tainting the enchanted barriers with the red energy using his left fist, Zen started throwing punches into the enchanted barriers using the power of the phoenix crystal to destroy them completely.

Despite Yolande summoning enchanted barriers at a high speed, Zen just smashed them easily.

The pieces of the broken enchanted barriers shattered on the ground like rain.

Every tinkle was the sound of Zen breaking the enchanted barriers into pieces.

Seeing that her enchanted barriers were of no use on Zen, Yolande decided to change up her game. An intimidating aura started to emit from her body.

Suddenly, an enchanted barrier appeared, slowly encircling Zen. This newly summoned enchanted barrier was different from the first ones. From the color of this enchanted barrier, Zen realized that it was the Blood Prison Enchantment that Yolande used to deal with the demon king the other day.

Chapter 219 The Racing Heartbeat (Part One)

The Blood Prison Enchantment was, in fact, an exceptionally formidable enchantment.

Even a demon king like Aldrich spent a long time and a lot of hard effort just trying to break through it.

Such enchantments with great power were usually used against adversaries who were in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

If it were someone else who found that his normal enchantment had failed to trap Zen, he would end his efforts and give up immediately.

However, Yolande had a unique and controlled personality. When Zen lightly broke her enchanted barriers, the girl's levelheadedness never faltered. Instead, she did not hesitate to cast the Blood Prison Enchantment.

Her colorful dress swayed as she leaned on the edge of the Blood Prison Enchantment, wearing a pair of small clogs. "Can you break through the Blood Prison Enchantment, too?" she challenged Zen who was in the enchantment, a faint smile slightly visible on her face.

Standing in the middle of the enchantment, Zen felt it emanating a bloody aura. With his eyes fixated on her face, he suddenly cracked into a grin and said, "I thought you couldn't smile. Surprisingly, you have such an attractive smile."

His tough opponent blinked, revealing a hint of confusion in her grey pupils. Then, with a flip of her delicate hand, jets of bloody auras within the enchantment shot towards Zen.

From what he could remember, the bloody aura had the power to disturb the mind and drive people mad.

Under its influence, people with weak souls might even destroy each other.

When Zen felt hot while the bloody aura seeped into his mind, he could sense it striving to affect his soul. It made him a little excited.

Unable to deflect its invasion, he closed his eyes and felt himself entering the state of forgetting himself. When he opened his eyes again, however, there was only sobriety and calmness in his facial expression. To his surprise, it turned out that the Blood Prison Enchantment had little impact on him.

"I can crash the Blood Prison Enchantment as well!"

After the words left his mouth, he walked to the edge of the Blood Prison Enchantment and then swung a punch at it.

"Bang!"

The Emerald Crystal's power shot out of his left arm and into the enchantment.

Although the Emerald Crystal could restrain the Blood Prison Enchantment, the enchantment itself was exceptional. And as a result, when the Emerald Crystal's power condensed and formed a web, the enchantment's bloody aura began to devour the power.

Before Zen could enlarge the opening in the Blood Prison Enchantment, the bloody aura succeeded in swallowing and neutralizing the Emerald Crystal's power.

The triumphant girl's face broke into a thin smile again. "You said you could break the Blood Prison Enchantment. Then why don't you do it?" she taunted.

On hearing Yolande's provocation, Zen narrowed his eyes and contemplated, 'This Blood Prison Enchantment is much stronger than the transparent enchanted barriers. On top of that, it could also naturally fix itself. With my current strength, breaking through it is proving more difficult than I thought.

In theory, my demonic life energy could devour all kinds of life vitality. However, even though the enchantment possesses so much life vitality, it was futile trying to eradicate it that way last time.' He paused and frowned a little. 'As it can't be destroyed from the outside of the enchantment, what if I pour the demonic life energy inside the enchantment instead?'

A victorious glint flashed in his eyes. The idea did not sound far-fetched. While creating a small gap in the enchantment using Emerald Crystal, he could transfer the demonic life energy to its insides as well!

The man had no idea if his method would work, but with the situation at the moment, it was worth a try!

With this in mind, Zen started to relax and even had a long and exaggerated stretch.

"Why should I break the enchantment? Having me locked up like this is good. You can keep me here if you want," he said and laughed.

After Zen finished speaking, Yolande was at a loss for words. Although the girl was outstandingly intelligent, she was extremely simple. Now she had no idea that the man was deliberately trying to provoke her.

As she watched Zen stretch leisurely in the Blood Prison Enchantment, Yolande's competitive spirit finally burst. She did not realize that there were more expressions on her face today than in the last few years combined!

"You're hopeless if you give up. You have to keep trying anyway," persuaded Yolande, leaning on the edge of the enchantment.

"No, I do not want to try. You are in the Illuminating Soul Realm, and I am only half-step into the nature level. How can I break your enchantment?" Shaking his head solemnly, he thought, 'Yolande is too simple for her own good. It's so much fun to tease her.'

"How would you know that you really can't do this when you haven't even tried?" Yolande persisted, shaking her head.

"I can't do that! I just know," he said, waving his hand helplessly.

The girl's eyes flickered with disappointment.

For a moment, she just stood there as though she were thinking about something. Suddenly, she added, "Just have a try with all your might. If you ever do get to break this enchantment, I might consider giving you a reward."

"Really?" A surprised expression spread across Zen's face. Somewhat suspicious, he examined her pretty face and asked, "What's the reward?"

"Any reward you want as long as I can do it!" Yolande spoke earnestly. "Well…"

The man raised his eyebrows slightly. It was just what he wanted her to say.

Although, Zen never thought that the girl could come up with such a solution so soon. For a brief minute, he wondered if he should not have tricked her into such a situation.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 220 The Racing Heartbeat (Part Two)

Nevertheless, all reason to sympathize was lost when he remembered that she had been keeping him in such a confined space for such a long time.

"Okay, I'll have a try!"

After that, Zen took two steps toward the edge of the Blood Prison Enchantment, found a proper position, and began to launch his demonic life energy.

According to the nature of the demonic life energy, a trace of it was more than enough to make his plan work. As long as it could consume the bloody aura from within, the amount of the demonic life energy would shoot up.

Finally, Zen took a deep breath and threw a punch at the Blood Prison Enchantment.

With the Emerald Crystal's red energy, he made a small gap in the enchantment. Immediately as he had expected, the bloody aura repaired the gap with visible speed. The result was a clear repeat of earlier, but with one exception.

In this instance, he had injected a wisp of the demonic life energy into it, which quickly spread like a dye in the water.

When the bloody aura surrounded the demonic life energy, the demonic life energy began to counter and devoured it like no tomorrow. It seemed that the tables had been turned!

The demonic life energy spread quickly, and more rapidly. Then a fist-sized black blob appeared on the Blood Prison Enchantment, and a small patch of it turned black-purple. After what felt like a few minutes, the entire Blood Prison Enchantment finally turned all black-purple.

'Yes!' thought Zen elatedly. It meant that he was in charge of the whole enchantment!

Before anyone else realized what was happening, he tapped his finger gently on the Blood Prison Enchantment and shouted, "Break!"

As soon as it received Zen's order, the demonic life energy in the Blood Prison Enchantment promptly dissipated between heaven and earth. It did not take long before he completely broke the Blood Prison Enchantment.

The eyes of the imperial soldiers who were watching widened in great surprise. No one could believe what he or she was seeing.

Evidently, a man only half-step into the nature level had shattered the renowned Blood Prison Enchantment!

Everyone in the imperial army knew about the illustrious legend of Yolande's Blood Prison Enchantment. Two years ago, during a war at the Heaven and Earth towers, the girl single-handedly trapped three ordinary demon kings with it!

Albeit these three demons were not as powerful as the demon kings, Oceiros and Aldrich, they were still demon kings nonetheless! What was even more remarkable about this feat was that she trapped all three at once!

The siege of the three demon kings turned the war around. Imperial soldiers in the Illuminating Soul Realm cornered a powerful demon king and killed the three ordinary demon kings. Such an achievement provided a knockout blow to the demon army!

During that time, not only did Yolande round up the three ordinary demon kings, but she also valiantly defeated more than 3, 000 demon soldiers and generals. Ever since then, people called her the "Killer Girl" and the label had been widely known in White Emperor City. Soldiers who had participated in the war could clearly remember how bewitching and beautiful she was in her white dress stained with demon blood.

Still, a question remained in everyone's mind. Who was the man who had just broken through Yolande's Blood Prison Enchantment?

He wore a robe of an outer disciple of the Cloud Sect. Being half-step into the nature level, the man was just as strong as a centurion in the imperial army. The soldiers failed to fathom how a man of such low caliber had broken the enchantment.

Could Yolande have let him win?

Almost immediately, they dismissed this speculation. Although they were unlikely to encounter big shots like Yolande, they had heard many stories about her. According to old rumors about her personality, it seemed impossible for the girl to lose on purpose.

As the Blood Prison Enchantment disappeared, Zen approached Yolande with a bright smile and said, "Remember your promise? Now give me my reward."

"Of course," Yolande said with a nod. "Don't talk nonsense. Just tell me what you want."

"Well, then… Give me a kiss?" he said casually, pointing to his face.

Upon hearing Zen's words, the soldiers around him nearly picked their ears on instinct. The man's words came as a bolt from the blue. With such an odd request for a reward, they wondered if they had heard him wrong. Not only was this person skilled, but he was also incredibly bold. Despite the girl's reputation, he had the nerve to flirt with Yolande in front of everyone!

More than that, the powerful girl's promise was precious, but this man spoiled it with such a trivial thing as a kiss!

With a strange look on her face, Yolande blinked and said, "This request is too simple, I can do much more than this. Think it over and change it."

"No, this request is good enough," Zen replied, smiling and bending his face close to hers.

While looking at Zen, Yolande scowled as though she did not understand his logic. Then quietly, she walked towards the man, stopped in front of him, and tiptoed on the small clogs while leaning close to him.

A soothing fragrance overpowered his senses as the girl drew closer; her moist lips touched his cheek as light as a chicken's peck and then quickly moved away from him.

Even though she did not turn a hair, she did not say anything else and left to retreat to her room.

As soon as Yolande was back in her room, she sat on the futon used for her daily training. Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and tried to practice. To her surprise, she felt restless, which was a first as it was not in her nature to feel that way.

Bending her long legs, she rested an arm on the colorful dress while the other played with the hem. As her frown deepened, she stared blankly out of the window. "That's so strange. Why is my heart racing?" she murmured, sounding confused.

Chapter 221 Dragon Valley (Part One)

Zen was only a teenager, and he had only been joking when he asked Yolande to kiss him.

When remembering his experience of being locked up by her with her enchantments, he couldn't help but have come up with such an idea to revenge on her.

But surprisingly, Yolande kissed him on the cheek without any hesitation. After her lips had left his cheek, he gawked at her in shock for a while.

The soldiers standing beside them stared in shock too. They didn't expect that Yolande would have agreed to his request so easily.

"What's wrong with her?' they wondered as they shook their heads.

Ever since that little incident, Yolande spent almost all her time in her room, and Zen never met or saw her again.

On the other hand, Yolande was already used to this kind of life. In addition to defending the city with the imperial army, she had been practicing cultivation in her room for most of her time.

After some time, Zen was going to leave the city. He collected all his stuffs in a bag and hoisted it on his back before going out the door. He stopped in front of Yolande's house and looked at it for quite a long time before turning away.

He began his path to his destination on foot. Since all the disciples of Cloud Sect had left, of course nobody would send another giant flying chariot to pick him up. Thus, Zen had to go back alone.

Fortunately, the demon had been defeated and two demon kings had been killed. The demon's camps had reduced significantly as well. Furthermore, the imperial army in the White Emperor City had completely destroyed the demons in the surrounding areas and Sky

Forest. What was left to do was to plan the next counterattack to take back the Heaven tower and the Earth tower.

However, these had little to do with Zen because he was only a disciple of Cloud Sect, not a member of the imperial army.

When Zen had reached the boundary of White Imperial City, he headed for Cloud Sect.

The trip to White Emperor City had definitely given him a lot of experience. Aside from refining his body into a middle-grade spiritual weapon by absorbing the demon's holy fire, he had gotten two crystals which were quite helpful for increasing his skills.

Even more exciting for him was he felt a change in his lower abdomen. After he had been punched hard countless times, the warm currents gradually expanded his lower abdomen. Maybe it was time for Zen to transform his life energy to life vitality. Once he succeeded, he would become a genuine nature creature!

If everything went well, his skills and competence would improve a great deal!

These thoughts made Zen speed up more at a brisk pace.

In the middle of his trip, he suddenly realized that he had passed through Sky Forest and entered the northernmost county of Burning Sky Empire--G County.

Compared with the other counties in the Eastern Region, counties in the north were not that prosperous.

Aside from the fact that G County couldn't compare to the luxurious Imperial Capital, it was also much poorer than Zen's hometown, C County.

Despite this, Zen felt much better because after running wild alone for two days and nights, he could at least see people here. It wasn't a big deal for him to run half the land of Burning Sky Empire and return to Cloud Sect.

However, since he had no important mission to fulfill, it was unnecessary to rush. So, Zen took his liberties and walked into a restaurant to rest after entering G County.

The restaurant he chose was called Golden Moon Restaurant. Although it wasn't on par with Golden Wind Restaurant, it was already considered a luxury place for ordinary people. It could easily be taken as the most high-end restaurant in G County as well.

The doors were opened by a polite waiter. After his journey of two days and two nights, Zen looked weary and dirty.

Fortunately, the waiters of Golden Moon Restaurant were very experienced. They didn't look down upon Zen because of the way he dressed. On the contrary, they were quite respectful to him.

As far as the waiters were concerned, people like Zen could be taken as a warrior. These men were usually very rich and generous. These waiters had learned from someone that the warriors had a kind of currency called cubic crystal. One could buy more than ten Golden Moon Restaurants with a cubic crystal. In these men's eyes, gold and silver were nothing at all.

All those things they overheard about the cubic crystal were by no means empty gossips. But a small amount of the cubic crystals Zen held could easily make an average family become rich.

After Zen had sat down at a table by the window, a waiter came to take his orders. Soon enough, delicious dishes and food were served in front of him.

Since no one was dining with him, Zen didn't have to care about table manners. He continuously munched on the dishes and food on the table without even raising his head. Soon, there were only scraps of leftovers on the table.

Perhaps because Zen ate too fast, people at the neighboring tables shot him dirty looks and whispered among themselves. However, he paid them no mind at all. What he thought about instead was where to get a horse after dinner, so that he could continue his journey as soon as possible.

'If only I can get a flying chariot in G County!' Zen thought to himself, but he knew that there was little chance that his wish would come true. In a county of this size, it was possible however to buy a swift horse like the flying dragon horse or the lightning horse. Although not as fast as the flying chariot, they could help Zen to speed up his journey and save his energy. 'The waiters might know where I can buy a swift horse. I'd better ask them later, ' he thought.

As Zen busied himself with finishing the remainders of his meal, a group of guys had entered the restaurant and walked upstairs. They spoke rather noisily and looked quite arrogant. One of them reached into his pocket and pulled out two pieces of gold bullion, each piece of them was about the size of a fist. He banged them loudly on the table and looked around.

"Waiter, bring us the best wine and dishes of this restaurant!" he yelled. The man who seemed to be their leader stretched his limbs carelessly as he slouched on his chair and ordered the waiters in a raucous voice.

All the waiters were dumbfounded at the sight of the big gold bullion the man had slapped on the table. They immediately served these guys with much bowing and fussing over their meals.

Chapter 222 Dragon Valley (Part Two)

Meanwhile, Zen observed them for a few seconds and then went back to his food again. They spoke in such deafening volumes that everyone in the restaurant clearly heard their conversations.

The sound of the metal utensils clinking against plates mixed with their cacophonous voices. "Brother, are we really not going back to Dragon Valley?" asked a man among them.

The group's leader raised an eyebrow at the question. "Go back to Dragon Valley? You're just dreaming!

Do you even know who they are? Let me tell you, they are from top seven noble clans! No matter which one you provoke, they can even destroy our Bamboo Leaf Sect with a single finger!" he said with a wide-eyed expression. The rest of them just shook their heads at this fact.

"Alas! It's unfair! Our Sect has been staying at Dragon Valley for so many years, but now we have to leave because it was occupied by some powerful group! What a shame!" the man who sat beside their leader angrily exclaimed. It was true, and once again the rest of them nodded in agreement.

"Since we have no choice, we have to leave. Even though a strong dragon finds it hard to control a local snake in its place, our Sect is not even a local snake in their eyes! And who are they? They are even more powerful than strong dragons," their leader continued.

He spoke the words with such exaggeration, as if he couldn't find a better metaphor.

They continued to eat their food as they talked more about their current topic.

"Fortunately, they are generous. With those cubic crystals they gave us, we don't have to worry about our future life. Let's find some girls and have fun in the brothel tonight!" another one of them piped up. When one of them started talking about fun and brothels, the rest of their words drowned in Zen's ears.

He raised an eyebrow when he heard them talk about Dragon Valley.

The name was not unfamiliar to him, because he had seen it before on a book page when he had previously read the Weapon Refining Principle. There were two place names on that page--Cloudy Mountain and Dragon Valley.

They were not well-known places, so Zen was not that familiar with them. Besides, he had been busy with preparing the mission of the trial for slaying demons, therefore, he hadn't paid much attention to those two places at that time. But now, since he heard the name again, he carefully began to listen to the conversation of the group.

From what he could hear, Zen could tell that these guys came from a Sect named "Bamboo Leaf Sect", but they looked more like a gang of scoundrels. Since they said that they had been staying in Dragon Valley for years, then Dragon Valley must be their former base.

Now, they had been driven out from Dragon Valley by the top seven noble clans. To compromise for their loss, the noble clans had given them several cubic crystals.

A slight smile formed on Zen's lips. Since the Weapon Refining Principle could be sold at such a high price, there must be an amazing secret in it. Zen possessed the book, so he had every reason to know about this secret.

As soon as Zen finished his meal, he put down his chopsticks and walked towards the group of rambunctious guys.

"Dear friend, can I ask you something?" Zen asked with a smile.

The group leader felt a hand tap his shoulder and turned around. "What is it?" he asked in surprise, his eyes wide like brass bells.

"Can you tell me where's the place named Dragon Valley?" Zen asked.

Their table went silent for a few seconds.

Then, they all snorted. They looked like common civilians when they were in the county, but in the mountain, they were a gang of bandits who lived on robbery. It was only natural that they were reluctant to talk to an average person.

Besides, Zen looked so young, like an inexperienced teenager. The man shook his head and impatiently shouted, "Go away! Where is Dragon Valley? It's none of your business!"

However, Zen wasn't annoyed and instead, continued to ask, "It's in Cloudy Mountain, right?"

He briefly remembered that the Dragon Valley was located in the Cloudy Mountain.

At this point, the leader of the noisy group was irritated. His brows knitted and his eyes bulged in anger.

"Are you deaf? Whether it's in the Cloudy Mountain or not, it's none of your business! Young man, don't blame me if you don't go away!" he shouted.

Upon hearing those words, Zen narrowed his eyes into slits. The people on the table immediately felt an overwhelming wind-like shockwave roll out of him.

They were not average people and all of them had killed many others at some point. However, they had just reached the level of skin refining or flesh refining, and could only be taken as the junior martial art practitioners. Thus, it was impossible for them to bear Zen's attacks if he did.

The impact of the shockwave turned the faces of the noisy men from Bamboo Leaf Sect pale and green, and they couldn't help but fearfully grit their teeth and scream.

The green pallor of their skin didn't fade until Zen retracted the shockwave back. However, their faces still looked drained of color. They now realized that the young man in front of them was not a person to be trifled with.

After a while, Zen slightly touched his finger and procured a cubic crystal from his space ring. Then, he threw it on the table and ordered, "Tell me where's the Dragon Valley of Cloudy Mountain now!"

The group leader nervously glanced at the cubic crystal on the table and knew that he had no choice but to accept it, and tell Zen the address of Dragon Valley.

Small beads of sweat had formed on his temples before he spoke carefully. "Cloudy Mountain…is not big. In fact, it's rather small. You may reach it after getting out the north gate of G County and walking about 20 miles along the national road. Dragon Valley is located on the side of Cloudy Mountain. You'll see a bamboo forest when you climb up Cloudy Mountain. After bypassing the bamboo forest, you'll find a deep pool. Behind it, is Dragon Valley," he finished. After all, Dragon Valley was their former base, so the leader told Zen about its location quickly even when he was extremely nervous.

After that, Zen patted him jovially on the shoulder and said, "Good job! This cubic crystal belongs to you now!"

He then paid for his meal and walked downstairs. He decided that he must pay a visit to Dragon Valley.

As soon as Zen left, the noisy group's leader slumped on his chair. All his courage went down the drain now. "These assholes!" he cursed.

Another disciple of the Bamboo Leaf Sect who stood beside him couldn't agree more. "He's not only incredible in power, but also in generosity. I didn't expect that we'd get another cubic crystal so easily!"

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 223 So Huge (Part One)

Just as the big man instructed, Zen walked twenty miles on the main road after exiting the north gate of G County.

Considering his speed, Zen finished the 20 miles instantly.

And then, he saw a path which led to a small mountain not far from where he was standing. This would be Cloudy Mountain!

Sure enough, just as the big man had said, Cloudy Mountain was small in size and not famous. There were several similar mountains all over, and probably few people in G County knew about it.

After Zen climbed to the top of the mountain, he saw a bamboo forest on the side. Following the instructions given by the big man, Zen entered the forest. Almost immediately he heard the sound of water. When he looked around, Zen saw several small streams flowing down from the mountain and gathering in a pool.

"Dragon Valley must be just after this pool. I wonder what secret is hidden in the valley!"

Zen walked along the edge of the pool. Suddenly two voices came from the front. "Who dares to come here?"

Zen didn't get a chance to reply. The question was followed by the sound of something flying through the air. An instant later, Zen saw two flying axes spinning toward him at high speed.

Zen was not expecting hostility as soon as he entered the forest. However, his reflexes were quick. In the blink of an eye, Zen pulled out his broken flying knife and launched it at the axes. The broken flying knife made an arc in the sky as it cut through both of the axes.

With a small smile, Zen then peered through the dense forest for the people who had thrown the axes. Soon he saw two men standing not far away with axes in their hands. They walked closer to Zen as they spoke, "We are from the Yu Clan. You are not allowed to come here. Leave quickly!"

"What if I don't leave?" Zen sneered. When at White Emperor City, he didn't suffer the autocratic style of the top seven noble clans. So why would he listen to these people?

"You are courting death!"

"We will cut you like a human stick and plant you in the bamboo forest to warn others, in case someone else decides to break in!"

The two didn't give Zen a chance to reply. Instead, they rushed to him with the flying axes held firmly in their hands. When they were about three feet away from Zen, they threw their axes, aiming for Zen's arms and legs. They were truly going to cut his arms and legs to make him like a human stick!

Although the four flying axes were thrown at the same time, they arrived one after another.

Zen waved his right hand, and the energy emitted from the Phoenix Crystal on his arm spread through him. His arm moved swiftly.

He caught a spinning flying ax with his bare hand.

What was more, when Zen caught the flying ax, he was able to launch it back at the two guards. In an instant, he had caught and returned each of the four axes in succession.

When seen from a distance, it appeared as though Zen had deflected the path of the axes. However, he had caught them one after another and then thrown each back.

The effect of the Phoenix Crystal was surprising!

Usually, people would place a Phoenix Crystal in their weapon. However, Zen could inlay it in his body.

The two people from the Yu Clan were astonished to see that Zen had caught and thrown their flying axes back so skillfully. The two brothers were guards employed by the Yu Clan. They had practiced with the flying ax for dozens of years before being able to reach the stage where they could throw it over long distances and with high speed. Even they didn't dare to catch a flying ax once they had thrown it! But this young man had caught their axes. How could that be possible?

Zen didn't give them a chance to think about this question. As soon as he had flung the last ax, Zen rushed toward the two guards.

As he moved, Zen extracted the energy of the Phoenix Crystal and quickly spread it all over his body through the meridians. Then he felt as though his body was much lighter, like a leaf.

Having enhanced his strength, Zen's figure shot toward the guards like a ghost.

When the guards saw that Zen had caught their flying axes with one hand, they realized that he was not an ordinary person. They stopped to observe his movements carefully. As soon as they detected that Zen was rushing at them, they took out two more axes and aimed for his head.

Zen didn't give them a chance to swing their axes.

When flying past, Zen's broken flying knife mirrored his movements. Soon, one of the guards stood still with a shocked expression as a thin blood line grew on his neck. At the same time, Zen spun his body, and the broken flying knife copied the movement. The second guard's neck happened to be on the path of the broken flying knife. After the broken flying knife flew past, a cut on the guard's neck could be seen.

He had killed the two guards of the Yu Clan in an instant.

Zen put away the broken flying knife and walked past the bodies of the two guards.

The big man had shared that Dragon Valley was the base of the Bamboo Leaf Sect. In the valley, all kinds of weapons and liquor jars were placed at random, and some wooden houses had been built for them to live in.

As Zen walked around Dragon Valley, he didn't encounter any more people. It was strange that the only people he had seen so far were the two guards.

Chapter 224 So Huge (Part Two)

"This is weird. Since members of the top seven noble clans have come here, it is impossible that the Valley would be guarded by only two people from the Yu Clan. Where are the other people? Does the Dragon Valley have another passage?" Zen frowned and looked around. At the same time, he walked around the valley.

At last, Zen discovered many footprints on the ground of the valley. He raised his head and looked ahead. There was no passage in front. All Zen saw was three bamboos growing along the valley wall.

It was strange that these footprints led to the three bamboos.

Zen frowned and studied the three bamboos. The main root of each was as wide as the mouth of a bowl. Considering their size, these bamboos had been growing for many years. However, the bamboo in the middle was cut, and only half was left. When Zen observed the middle bamboo, he realized that it had been cut recently.

Zen thought for a while and then reached out to touch the broken bamboo.

A frown appeared on Zen's face. After touching the bamboo, he discovered that the broken bamboo was a virtual shadow.

"Magic array!"

Zen realized that a magic array had been placed here. On further thought, Zen figured that he could enter the array by cutting the bamboo.

The members of the Bamboo Leaf Sect had settled in the forest many years ago, and yet they had not discovered the array. Perhaps the entrance remained a secret as nobody had tried to cut the bamboo in the middle.

It became obvious to Zen that perhaps members of the top seven noble clans had cut the bamboo, started the magic array, and opened the entrance.

Zen prepared to enter the array. However, a thought stopped him. After a little hesitation, Zen pulled out a mask from the ring. He didn't fear members of the top seven noble clans, but he used the mask to avoid unnecessary trouble. After he left C County, Zen realized the importance of family background.

It wasn't long ago that Zen had offended Chad. Ever since that incident, many members of the Zhuge Clan had made it their mission to target Zen. It could be imagined that Zhuge Clan would continue to bring him trouble from time to time.

Using a mask would hence, avoid such incidents.

After wearing the mask, Zen followed the footprints into the array.

Zen was not unfamiliar with magic arrays. When entering Cloud Sect, he had experienced the magic array on the Bloody Mountain.

When he crossed the three bamboos, Zen felt that the sky and earth were spinning. When everything settled, the scene before his eyes was different. There seemed to be a weird space behind the mountain wall. Even though Zen had been prepared, he still felt stunned.

"Where am I?"

Before Zen's eyes stood a boundless forest. When seeing from a distance, he couldn't notice the difference. However, when he moved closer, every tree in the forest was over a hundred times bigger than that he had seen.

Even the grass in the forest grew to abnormal heights. The grass towered over Zen as though it were trees. Zen stood under their stumps and felt as tiny as an ant. Standing on the stump, Zen noticed that it extended dozens of feet in both directions. He couldn't see the whole tree!

"Is this really a magic array?" Zen had doubts. If this were not a magic array, where was he? Where in the world would one find such huge plants?

No matter where it was, Zen was sure that he was no longer in the Eastern Region.

What surprised Zen more was that there was a huge pink enchanted barrier in the sky, which covered a range of a hundred miles. This enchanted barrier was probably thousands of feet high and hundreds of miles long. Zen wondered what level of power a person must have to be able to make such a considerable sized enchanted barrier.

The edge of the pink enchanted barrier closest to Zen was behind the entrance.

Zen approached the pink enchanted barrier slowly. As he neared, Zen felt it emit terrifying energy.

"The energy of the Emerald Crystal claims to be able to break any enchanted barrier. Will it be effective against this pink one?" Zen was curious.

Since Zen felt that the energy spreading from the pink enchanted barrier was extremely dangerous., he stayed at a safe distance from the enchantment. Then he released the energy of the Emerald Crystal on his arm, which extended to the enchantment cautiously.

When the energy of the Emerald Crystal touched the pink enchantment, a tiny bolt of lightning shot out from the enchantment.

"Crack!"

The lightning swallowed the energy of the Emerald Crystal in an instant.

The tiny lightning looked ordinary, but it still frightened Zen as he could see that he would die if hit by the lightning. In fact, his whole body would be consumed by the lightning, and there would be nothing left to bury!

Zen gulped at the thought. Till now, he hadn't come across a person who could overwhelm him to this extent.

Besides, the pink enchantment wasn't alive. Despite the fact that it spread over a great distance, the enchantment still maintained a lot of power. Zen wondered if a legendary celestial being had made the enchanted barrier.

Zen wanted to try his demonic life energy at the beginning, but now he decided against the thought. It appeared that the enchantment wouldn't attack people. And so he chose not to provoke it. After all, if the lightning did strike him, Zen would suffer a painful death.

As Zen prepared to leave the edge of the enchantment, a creature appeared from outside the enchantment.

It was a tiger. A white tiger!

Had it been an ordinary tiger, Zen wouldn't be afraid. Not even if there had been thousands of them. But this white tiger was different.

This tiger was hundreds of feet tall. Standing before it, Zen felt as tiny as an ant.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

My top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Top romance seriess:

Trapped
Pentalogy

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses.”

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment. The man had already got what he wanted from her, but she couldn't understand why he still wanted to torture and haunt her.

Trapped Pentalogy (The complete story of Love is the Sunshine Series)

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

5

Content

Chapter 225 The Bright Fairy Palace
Chapter 226 Interesting Boy (Part One)
Chapter 227 Interesting Boy (Part Two)
Chapter 228 Giant Puppets
Chapter 229 The Black Wolf
Chapter 230 The Man-Eating Koi Fish (Part One)
Chapter 231 The Man-Eating Koi Fish (Part Two)
Chapter 232 The Eight Diagrams (Part One)
Chapter 233 The Eight Diagrams (Part Two)
Chapter 234 Desperate Melee (Part One)
Chapter 235 Desperate Melee (Part Two)
Chapter 236 Face To The Fight (Part One)
Chapter 237 Face To The Fight (Part Two)
Chapter 238 Seymour Took His Own Life
Chapter 239 The Trial In The Fairy Palace (Part One)
Chapter 240 The Trial In The Fairy Palace (Part Two)
Chapter 241 The Force Of One Hundred Men (Part One)
Chapter 242 The Force Of One Hundred Men (Part Two)
Chapter 243 Endless Steps
Chapter 244 Zen's Unshaken Determination
Chapter 245 The Contemplation Picture
Chapter 246 The Ghosts Of The Masters
Chapter 247 The Immortal Soul (Part One)
Chapter 248 The Immortal Soul (Part Two)
Chapter 249 Entering The Nature Level
Chapter 250 Outside The Valley
Chapter 251 The Lightning Horse Of The Li Family
Chapter 252 The Foolish Young Master (Part One)
Chapter 253 The Foolish Young Master (Part Two)
Chapter 254 The Commandment Hall (Part One)
Chapter 255 The Commandment Hall (Part Two)
Chapter 256 The Heaven-destroying Cudgel (Part One)
Chapter 257 The Heaven-destroying Cudgel (Part Two)
Chapter 258 The Seven Mysterious Demon Swords (Part One)
Chapter 259 The Seven Mysterious Demon Swords (Part Two)
Chapter 260 Saint Viana

Chapter 261 The Court Trial (Part One)
Chapter 262 The Court Trial (Part Two)
Chapter 263 Fight Hand-to-hand
Chapter 264 An Unfair Trial
Chapter 265 The Uproar During The Trial
Chapter 266 The Verdict And The Princess (Part One)
Chapter 267 The Verdict And The Princess (Part Two)
Chapter 268 The Mo Family (Part One)
Chapter 269 The Mo Family (Part Two)
Chapter 270 The Cultivation Places (Part One)
Chapter 271 The Cultivation Places (Part Two)
Chapter 272 The Lake Of The Magical Fish
Chapter 273 The Murloc
Chapter 274 Condensing A Fishtail
Chapter 275 Difficult To Believe
Chapter 276 Vibration (Part One)
Chapter 277 Vibration (Part Two)
Chapter 278 Argument (Part One)
Chapter 279 Argument (Part Two)
Chapter 280 Make Way For You?

Author's Note: Finally! Finished the translation job of chapter 280, so we can publish book 5 now. Have a nice weekend! By the way, Chapter 224 can be found in the end of the updated version of Book 4.

Chapter 225 The Bright Fairy Palace

When the white tiger climbed out from the woods outside the pink enchanted barrier, it saw Zen. It sneaked up to Zen with its big yellow eyes like a predator who found its prey.

"Roar!"

The white tiger roared. It was so loud that it could wake up the dead.

The tranquility of the forest was disturbed. Strange animals ran wild. A flock of birds was flying, beasts were running wildly.

The sound of the tiger's roar caused a vast wind as fierce as a tornado. This was no exaggeration.

The strong wind passed through the pink enchanted barrier without resistance. It lifted Zen up in the air and crashed him hard into a tree not far away.

"Clash!"

The wind hit Zen's body like a punch from an Illuminating Soul Realm master. His body was carved into the tree and he was unable to move.

He coughed out some blood and his face looked helpless. It was a good thing that he hit a soft trunk instead of hard rock. If it was the latter, he could've died in an instant.

"Where the hell is this place? Where are all these strange things coming from?" gasped Zen.

It took him a little rest before he could move his body. He tried to pull himself out the trunk, but it was painful. Luckily, his body was as hard as a spiritual weapon that could withstand any tremendous impact.

When he finally got out from the tree hole, he saw the white tiger still waiting for him outside the enchanted barrier like a predator ready to hunt.

When the white tiger sensed a slight movement, it raised its head with heightened alert.

Zen quickly hid into the tree hole. But this time, the tiger didn't roar and rushed directly to Zen.

The white tiger dashed towards the pink enchanted barrier. Zen blinked his eyes and prepared himself for anything that could happen. If the enchanted barrier could not stop the white tiger, then it would be the end of him.

Just when the tiger got in contact with the pink enchanted barrier, a spark came out from the surface. Soon, a bolt of lightning enveloped the white tiger.

Little by little, the white tiger's body started to perish. It started with its fur, then its flesh and blood, and finally its skeleton until nothing was left. When the beast disappeared, a huge demon core fell on the ground with a loud bang. One could only imagine how heavy it was.

It was indeed a massive demon core.

The demon core was radiating a fantastic glow. A stream of energy was trapped in it that contained an infinite power that Zen didn't know of yet.

'If the energy in this demon core is released, it could destroy the whole Eastern Region.' This was all Zen could think of now.

"I wonder how much I can make for it if I sell it in the Eastern Region market," Zen sighed as he looked at the demon core lying outside the pink enchanted barrier.

He squatted by the edge of the pink enchanted barrier admiring the demon core. It was lying in front of him, but he just couldn't get it.

For one, it was too big for his space ring.

And if not for its size, Zen could still not get it because of the pink enchanted barrier. It was a line that no one dared to cross. He had seen what happened to that white tiger that tried to pass through the enchantment. Even for a half-step into the nature level human like him, there was no chance he could survive it if he tried.

He could only shake his head in frustration. There was nothing he could do at this moment because he wasn't strong enough.

On the second thought, this was surely a magical place. But where was this place exactly? And where did that tremendous creature come from?

Good thing that the pink enchantment protected him. He could not imagine the disaster if the white tiger got into the Eastern Region. Could the Emperor of the Burning Sky Empire and the head of the Cloud Sect survive? No one knew for sure.

Zen was lost in his thoughts for a while but soon realized that he couldn't just wander around. He had to stay focus so he could find his way out. The strange forest was big, and Zen felt like an ant as he explored his way out.

Aside from the tall and sturdy trees, there was not even a shadow of other creatures in the forest. This was because the pink enchanted barrier was keeping them out.

Zen thought that if there was a strange creature even a worm, his life would be at grave danger.

In the middle of the vast forest, Zen found a road as wide as a thousand feet. From its width, he could tell that it was made for something else and not for a human to walk on it. Zen guessed that it was made especially for giants which were a thousand of his size.

Zen followed the forest path and ran at full speed for an hour until he saw a colorful fairy palace.

The fairy palace was a feast for the eyes. The buildings and pavilions were filled with luxurious ornaments and displays. It radiated mysterious lights of the seven colors that never existed in the human world.

The fairy palace was in the middle of the pink enchanted barrier. At the center of the fairy palace was a pink ray rising to the sky where it spread throughout the place that formed like a pink curtain.

"Oh, so that's where the pink enchanted barrier comes from. I wonder who the master of this wonderful fairy palace is. Maybe a fairy built this place," Zen thought. The only fairy he could think of was from the legend. But he wasn't sure because he had never met the legendary fairy.

'What could be the message that Chase left in the Weapon Refining Principle? And what does it have to do with this palace?' Zen was lost in his thoughts again as he walked towards the palace.

He arrived at the gate of the fairy palace and was more amazed than before.

The gate was at least five thousand feet high and colorful stones were embedded on it. He started to imagine how tall the fairy palace master could be.

The gate of the fairy palace was open. Zen looked at it and saw a three-floor high threshold. He walked towards the edge of the threshold and leaped upward. Soon he was flying across the threshold like a sparrow hawk.

As he jumped across the threshold, he saw dozens of people standing at the gate, all dressed elegantly. Zen knew that these people were all from the top seven noble clans.

They all looked tensed as if watching something important. But Zen attracted their attention with his loud entrance and lousy appearance.

"Hey, what's going on? I thought we kicked all of them out?"

"I told you. We should have killed all the people from the Bamboo Leaf Sect to save them from passing."

"Hey, the Huang Clan wouldn't do such deceitful thing. Everyone knows what we are doing but we could only care less. No one will dare to fight us," one of them said.

A long-haired woman from the crowd glanced at Zen and subtly said, "Yves, kill that guy. Cut off his head and hang him in the Dragon Valley. He should be a reminder that those who break in will face death."

Yves stepped forward from the crowd with a weird smile on his face. He slowly took out a dagger hanging on his waist and flipped it in his hand.

Yves's dagger had a snake-like blade and was longer than general ones. As he walked towards Zen, life vitality suddenly gathered under his feet and soon turned to black fog.

"Damn! That black fog again!" sneered Zen.

The top seven noble clan men were irrational and tyrannical, and they would kill people as they wished. Zen was familiar with their temper as he had faced some of them before.

These clansmen were superior and would deal fairly and reasonably only with the top seven noble clans. The lives of the other people outside the seven noble clans meant nothing to them, and they would kill them whenever they pleased.

With these in mind, Zen had thought of the only way to deal with them – that was to kill all of them.

Kill them all until they could feel fear!

The life vitality could be changed depending on its owner. For most killers, they turned their life vitality into black fog. Zen had encountered this form twice already.

The first time was his battle with the Black and White Fiends. The black fog produced by the Black Fiend did not harm him at all. He captured the Black Fiend with his strong soul and killed him in an instant.

The second time was when he challenged Demon King Aldrich's holy fire. It was more powerful than the Black Fiend's black fog. The demon's holy fire could isolate the spirit, block the sight, and corrode everything in its way.

Zen could tell from Yves' looks that he was an assassin. He assessed that Yves' black fog could be stronger than the Black and White Fiends'. But it didn't matter to Zen because he was determined to put an end to this.

Zen stood still with his back against the high threshold and watched Yves.

As Yves came closer to his prey, the black fog diffused and surrounded Zen. As soon as the black fog covered Zen's sight, Yves quickly made his move.

Yves stirred the black fog like a weightless wind, and it rolled over repeatedly.

Zen stood still with his arms crossed and the broken flying knife in his hand. He focused his gaze now on the rolling black fog, anticipating an attack.

"What's your name?" a soft voice came through the black fog. Yves was a man, but he sure had a sissy voice.

Upon hearing Yves' voice, Zen frowned and said, "Let's cut the talking. Isn't killing what noble clans like you want? So why do you want to know my name?"

"Oh! Don't get me wrong. This has nothing to do with the clan I represent. It's my rule to know the name of the person I will kill. As a ritual, you know. I have killed a total of 2, 461 people since I served the Pei Clan, and I can still remember all the names of the people I have killed," said Yves. Zen could not see his face through the black fog but could hear his voice.

"You don't need to know my name," he said indifferently.

"Why is that?" asked Yves in a confident manner.

"Knowing my name won't be any use for you because you'll be the one to die," Zen said coldly but in confident.

Chapter 226 Interesting Boy (Part One)

Yves stood stock-still in the smog when suddenly a peal of sharp laughter rang out of him. He sounded like a doxy. "Ah-hahah! Nobody has dared to speak to me in this manner since long ago. A young-ling just half-step into the nature level, saying this to me! Hilarious! If you don't tell me your name this instant, I will cut you a thousand times. I will carve out a thousand pieces of flesh from your body. Would you tell me then?"

The black fog rolled over Zen once again, and suddenly, he sensed a fierce killing aim at his back that would rush straight to his heart.

Zen's soul was exceptional. Some powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm could not be left standing as his opponent. Yves was just a nature creature. Zen discerned his opponent's position easily, perceiving from the killing aim that Yves was coming up with behind him.

Zen made a show of facing the front, as though confronting a formidable enemy there. He intentionally tried to trick Yves into thinking he had made a mistake as he prepared to strike his opponent once attacked from behind.

"Die!"

Zen felt the killing aim at his back grow even stronger. He figured that Yves was close at hand, so he waved the broken flying blade, showing Yves the back of his hand.

Poof!

Zen felt the blade hit someone and assumed its razor-sharp edge had stabbed Yves.

In an instant, another person materialized in front of Zen. It was Yves!

"Ah-haha!" Appearing out of nowhere, Yves lifted his snake-shaped dagger to cut at Zen's chest before retreating into the black fog. He roared with laughter. "You are only half a step into the nature level, but your reflexes have impressed me. You are competent, but... your strength is not enough! Just half a step into the nature level! Your understanding of the life vitality is not yet profound."

Zen stood shrouded in the black fog, his brows raised with worry.

It was strange. He had definitely sensed someone behind him, and his intuition told him that it had undoubtedly been Yves. Zen cut him with the broken flying blade, so how could he appear before him the very next moment?

What was going on?

But Yves didn't leave Zen much time to ponder over this question.

With Zen lost in thought, the black fog rolled again. "Ah-hah, you can't figure it out? Rest assured!

There have been many like you who couldn't unravel the mystery. They have already met the grim reaper!"

the sharp voice barked out. Zen felt the killing aim on his left.

'This time it's on my left?' As soon as the thought came to him, he diverted his attention. He waved the broken flying blade on his right in a fierce blow. 'It is on the right!'

Poof!

Zen's blade hit Yves once again. However, when Zen pulled it back, he didn't see any fresh blood on the edge. He furrowed his brows, a sense of foreboding looming over him.

'I was wrong. It was at the back!'

Stab!

Zen's back was cut sharply and he cried out. The snake-shaped dagger tore at his skin as hot blood welled up. Yves had struck him hard, and Zen's flesh was lacerated.

What the hell just happened?

Was this an illusion?

Zen had sensed the presence of a figure on his left, and then immediately thought that someone was on his right, and it should be just Yves!

How did the two of them disappear in the blink of an eye, while in the end, Yves attacked him from behind?

Bemused, Zen wondered if Yves was not one person but two or even three of them together!

But Yves had been alone when he walked over to Zen just now. From where did two more appear? What was strange was that the two of them were cut by Zen's blade, but seemingly nothing had happened to them. He heard no cries of agony or sounds of them falling to the ground.

"Ah-hhaha! Tell me your name, young-ling. If you tell me, I will make your death come a little faster. What's the point in suffering the pain of being cut a thousand times? You can imagine how you'll feel when my snake-shaped dagger slits into your flesh with every lash..." Yves' voice rang in the air.

'There is something wrong, ' Zen thought to himself. It must be Yves alone. The seven noble clans had found out in their own ways that Zen was only half a step into the nature level. He was not even worth mentioning in their eyes, so why would they send several others to take him on?

There was only one person here, Yves. So the two people who appeared on his left and right just now...

Comprehension dawned on him in a flash, as if he was struck by lightning.

"Don't brag," Zen sneered. "You really think you'll get the chance to cut me a thousand times?"

"Why won't I get the chance? You've already been cut by me twice... Only 998 slashes are left. I have plenty of time to play with you..." As Yves finished talking, the black fog rolled forward again. It appeared he would launch a third attack at Zen.

This time, Zen stood there blankly and waited for Yves to approach him.

Yves had a special plan of attack, and it always swung in his favor. This time, however, he had encountered Zen.

Zen's intuition sensed everything. He felt the same killing aim come from his left, front, as well as from the back.

Chapter 227 Interesting Boy (Part Two)

"As I expected, you plan to attack me from the front this time!" Zen suddenly dashed forward, and the broken flying blade hit the person on his front for the third time. When it hit Yves, Zen made a circular motion with his finger, and a dark purple demonic life energy surged in the air.

The dark purple demonic life energy was obscure and had a similar color to the black fog conjured by Yves. Unless one really looked at it, one would miss it.

The demonic life energy unfurled in the winds, unleashing itself from its constraints like sweeping riffles in a river.

When the energy touched the black fog, Zen smacked his head lightly as if rebuking himself. He shouted, "Alas, I guessed wrong. It isn't in the front. It must be... at the back!"

Poof!

Energy escaped from the Phoenix Crystal on Zen's right arm and his speed increased to a realm of horror. In the blink of an eye, he had cut the figure behind him more than thirty times.

Zen slashed the blade too quickly, so he didn't hear Yves's screeches until he pulled back.

"Ah..."

Zen wielded the blade again but didn't kill Yves. He slashed thirty times within moments and chopped off Yves's arms and legs.

He could have cut Yves into pieces by hacking him with his broken flying blade, but he didn't go that far.

Zen swept the black fog aside and trotted to Yves. Looking at the effeminate man, he asked coldly, "Do you still want to know my name?"

"How did you find me?" Yves screamed.

"Are you very curious?" Zen asked with a wry smile.

Yves's face was contorted in severe pain. "Tell me!"

"Go to the hell if you wish to find the answer!" After Zen spoke, the broken flying blade in his hand hurled into the air to stab Yves in the neck before shooting to the ground. Zen snapped his thumb and the blade flew back to him.

In the beginning, Zen had been misled.

Man's life vitality was wonderful and varied.

Yves's fighting ways had truly astonished him.

In truth, from the beginning to the end, Yves had been fighting against Zen alone. It was not the black fog that was a creation of his life vitality.

The black fog before Zen's eyes was nothing but a deceptive trick meaning to fool him. It must have been made to morph out of something else. Yves's own life vitality turned... into himself.

A human's life vitality could turn into lotuses, as was the case with Vale. Somebody else could morph it into an enchanted barrier, as Yolande did.

But Yves' life vitality had transformed into himself!

The person Zen had stabbed in the beginning was an illusion made out of Yves's life vitality.

When Yves attacked the first time, he turned his own life vitality into two false dummies.

He followed this plan of attack with Zen at the second time, and when he hurled it for the third time, Zen saw right through it and realized a solution.

While Yves fabricated an illusion of three fake opponents to attack him, Zen unfurled the demonic life energy in his body. It could devour another's life vitality. Zen figured that the counterfeit Yves in his front, on his left and on his right would be swallowed by his own demonic life energy.

The three of them were illusions created with Yves's life vitality, while the real Yves attacked him from behind.

After perceiving thus, Zen had decisively launched the attack at his back.

The black fog disappeared slowly after he killed Yves.

Dozens of people from the seven noble clans had watched Yves attack Zen before the fog enveloped the two of them, assuming that it would be an easy kill.

According to them, Yves was more than capable to take on the young man who had suddenly broken in

like a moth flying into a spider web mistakenly. Yves only had to reach out and pick him from the web before squeezing him to death.

As the black fog ebbed away to reveal Zen, one of the members of the noble clans glanced at the scene casually before gasping in surprise. "Well? Yves is dead?"

The long-haired woman also turned to stare at Zen, her brows wrinkled and lips twisted. "Quite interesting. He managed to kill Yves. It appears I've underestimated him."

"He's only half a step into the nature level. With that level of strength, he could take Yves's life? Interesting boy!" someone else said.

Zen didn't approach them after making the kill, instead, he turned to make a detour from the side.

However, at the same moment, the long-haired woman spoke out loud in a firm voice. "Who on earth are you?"

Zen stared at her, beady-eyed. "Who am I? That's got nothing to do with you. Don't bother frightening me with your names and titles. It's of no use. I want nothing to do with the noble clans. We go our own way without interfering with each other."

The long-haired woman hollered with laughter at his words. "How naive of you to say that!"

Zen swept the flying blade horizontally across his chest. "I don't know if I am naive, but anyone who dares to cross me will die, just like this one lying on the ground!" He motioned at Yves with his foot.

Zen seemed to have no scruple about the seven noble clans. They looked on in shock. Several of them emanated dangerous energies about them. If they really wanted to fight Zen, he would have no choice but to flee for his life.

However, Zen had seen what was in the Weapon Refining Principle, and he was not a fool. There was a great chance for the impossible to occur in this world, as well as in this fairy palace. He had no reason to shrink back.

"Ha-haha!"

"Ha ha..."

The members of the top seven noble clans stared at him and burst into raucous laughter, as if Zen had just made a joke.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 228 Giant Puppets

Yves was a negligible sacrifice for the Pei Clan.

Zen had only managed to kill Yves, whose skills in the martial arts were considered to be the worst among these people from the noble clans. The fact that he was conceited enough to say he would kill anyone who crossed his path was absurd!

Laughter rang endlessly until the long-haired woman finally said, "Leon, kill the boy. Don't let me down. He killed Yves, so evidently, there's something strange about him. Just pay attention."

Yves had been at the sixth grade of nature level, but Leon was at the eighth, which meant that the latter had more power.

Zen had killed Yves, who wasn't powerful enough. It incurred less contempt and wariness from the members of the noble clans. They thought that Zen only managed to kill one of their kin because he had been lucky.

But Leon Ye... Leon Ye was a lot stronger.

They told themselves that Zen was only half a step into the nature level. His good luck could not make up for the strength gap between him and Leon. According to the nobles, he was bound to be killed.

However, there were several of them sneaking interested glances at him. They were confused as to how this masked boy could kill Yves.

At the order from the long-haired woman, Leon rushed to Zen languidly.

Leon was different from Yves - the latter an unqualified assassin who talked too much.

On the contrary, Leon Ye was quiet and serious. He didn't underestimate any of his opponents. The masked boy might only be half a step into the nature level, but Leon would treat him as he would be a real enemy. He would not give the boy a chance to fight back.

"Sure..." Zen grew exasperated. None of the people listened to him. They just belittled and ignored him no matter what he did - whether he threatened, begged for mercy, or said anything else.

The only way to make them believe was to kill them. Only then would they understand that he wasn't to be trifled with and that they could not intimidate him.

Leon approached Zen strangely, keeping his intense eyes locked on his. The life vitality in his hands quickly morphed into two long green swords. Just about a dozen of feet away from Zen, Leon's movements turned peculiar. It confused everyone present as to why he was circling behind Zen, when his swords were about to stab the boy in the chest.

When Zen turned around, Leon leaped over him. His swords were brandished around his opponent, caging Zen and giving him no chance to escape.

"Death in All Directions!"

The motions of Leon's green swords seemed disorganized but he had successfully sealed all ways for Zen to retreat.

Leon, a man who never took things lightly, conjectured that Zen was doomed to die today. No one so far had survived Death in All Directions.

But as Leon swooped down on Zen with his pair of swords, he felt a sudden trickle of fear as he looked into his rival's eyes.

In the past, he had only seen dread, despair, or utter helplessness in his opponents' gaze...

This young man was different. His eyes twinkled with something akin to indifference and apathy, as if he didn't have a care about life and death. They lacked fear and seared him with a sense of calmness, and it led Leon to wrongly believe that the masked boy would not move an inch to fight him back, rather, he would die an unsung, cornered hero.

'Don't think foolishly! Just kill the guy. He is surrounded by Death in All Directions. He will die, no matter how he acts now!' In his heart, Leon managed to persuade himself of this.

However, as he got close to Zen, the latter smiled at him faintly. A sharp, yellow thorn took shape between his eyebrows and dashed out.

"Spiritual Thorn!"

Leon felt sharp pain shoot through him, unbearably bitter.

In severe pain, Leon couldn't concentrate on the fight for too long. The two green swords created out of his life vitality vanished into thin air.

Before Leon could figure out what had happened, a flying broken blade pierced into his forehead and gashed down through the rest of his body.

Warriors only got one chance to win a battle, so how could Zen let go of it? He killed Leon timely.

Dong!

Leon, a victim to the flying broken blade, fell to the ground lifelessly, an inanimate body torn into sharp edges.

"Gods, it can't be true! Leon has been killed!"

"The kid is a menace!"

A few of them had been paying attention and noticed that Leon used Death in All Directions to attack Zen. He had been inexplicably suspended for a while, and the next thing they saw, the masked boy's flying broken blade had slashed right through him.

It was all so strange!

Leon was a well-known master, while Zen's flying blade was nothing special in front of him.

Why didn't Leon avoid it? Why did he wait foolishly for the broken blade to kill him?

Instantly, some of them realized that Zen was not to be trifled with. He was no easy rival.

So what if he was only half a step into the nature level? That had to be misleading. The Pei Clan had already sacrificed two of their members at the steep price of their own ignorance.

The long-haired woman frowned even as her eyes blazed. "We, the Pei Clan, will not send anyone else to fight. Who will come forward to kill him?"

"I volunteer. I have rarely seen such a tenacious young man. Let me give it a try!" The man who spoke was old and holding a dragon-shaped cane in his hand. He welted his cane on the ground several times and life vitality gushed out, igniting with a fierce flame.

The old man was at the level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Taking note of the eagerness in the man's words, the long-haired woman smiled ominously. "Mr. Huang," she said. "It is deplorable to ask you, a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm, to fight this weak young man who's only half a step into the nature level!"

"It's nothing! I, Wilson Huang, never discriminate against anyone. This masked man's abilities are indeed strange. He slaughtered two members of the Pei Clan in a row like they were just lambs, which means that either he is quite powerful or just very lucky. I'll have to teach him a lesson personally!" Wilson tightened his grip on his cane, ready to fight Zen.

Zen ran his gaze on the figure of the old man and his cane, cautious now that he knew he was a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm. The elder was obviously leagues ahead of Zen.

He was aware that last time, Hugh had been narrowly killed by his Heavenly Ogre Fist. That was only because he had made a foolish mistake, giving Zen a chance to secure his victory.

If a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm played his cards right, Zen would have no chance against him.

Confronted with a master, Zen had no choice but to flee.

But before he could begin to make his escape, a tremor reverberated in the fairy palace.

The expression on the long-haired woman's face turned to stone. "Mr. Huang, give us a minute. There is something far more important to deal with."

Wilson, who had suddenly grown cautious as he ambled over to Zen, nodded in reply. "All right, as you say. Seems there's something more urgent." He lifted his chin at Zen. "As for your life, boy, it will be a piece of cake for me to kill you so long as you're in the fairy palace!"

The force of the tremors became stronger and stronger, as if an earthquake had hit them.

Soon after, a lightning leopard climbed over the huge square at the gates of the fairy palace, dashing quickly in their direction.

The speed of the lightning leopard was as quick as that of lightning. It was the fastest beast in the Eastern Region.

Many people admired the beast's awe-inspiring speed and were keen on paying a hefty price to keep it as a pet or spirit animal in their homes.

The lightning leopard must belong to one of the noble clans, but why was the ground quivering? With his gaze locked on the arch of the fairy palace, Zen grew wary.

The leopard sprinted through the arch, and soon, two giants were seen with maces in their hands, hastening after it.

The giants were like puppets without any vitality of their own.

In the Eastern Region, there were many creative and skilled craftsmen who could make sturdy puppets.

But no one could make such life-like puppets who looked akin to real people. Not to mention, the two puppets were like sky-high mountains, about hundreds of meters in height. The ground vibrated heavily as they scampered forward.

Every time the ground shook, Zen and the other people were propelled up into the air. They fell to the ground intermittently as the puppets made their way.

Fortunately, everyone present here, including Zen, belonged to higher levels. They could have been killed by the mere tremors if they were ordinary people.

Compared to the two giant puppets, the running lightning leopard looked like a small ant slithering forward.

Peng!

One of the giant puppets hurled the mace in his hand toward the lightning leopard.

The lightning leopard was on the ball. As the huge mace was tossed forward for a hit, the leopard dashed forward like a flash of lighting and evaded the terrible thrash of the weapon.

Complementing the stature of the giant puppets, the maces were as huge as half mountains.

What would it be like to get struck by half a mountain?

With the mace acting as the center of a wheel, suddenly a shaky ripple of the tremor, almost visible to the naked eye, pulsed on the ground.

It was as horrible as the tsunami as it spread across the square.

"God! My lightning leopard! If it gets caught in the shock wave, it would be killed! We wouldn't be able to get through the inner arch of the fairy palace!" A man cried out, apparently worried about the lightning leopard he had raised.

Chapter 229 The Black Wolf

The lightning leopard was fast but not as quick as the tremors that rocked the ground. If it got caught in the vibrations, it could turn into dust in an instant.

The people stopped whispering. The long-haired woman, who stood in the center of the noble clan members, stretched out a hand. Her long hair was rolled out like waves. A pale-blue light ball surged from her body, vanishing as soon as it had appeared.

The very next moment, the blue light ball surfaced around the lightning leopard's body as a visible shield protecting it.

When the tremors spread to its body, the ball of light dimmed a little, but it was apparent that it had devoured the power of the tremors. The lightning leopard was left unharmed as it ran, the two giant puppets hot on its heels.

The tremors swept forward, drawing closer to the members of the seven noble clans as well as Zen.

Several of them scuttled to nooks and corners in an attempt to avoid them. The distance made the energy of the tremors easier to bear but it was still beyond the endurance of the nature creatures.

Only the long-haired woman, Wilson and two other powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm stood unmoved like stones, letting the approaching tremors assault them.

Zen also did not budge from the other side of the square. He sensed the tremor gushing toward him until it finally burst through his body, knocking through with an impact that nearly threw him over. The tremor was like a warm stream of water that rushed through his insides. It began to scour his belly roughly.

At first, he tried to resist it but then stopped, sensing that he might be facing a breakthrough. Once his belly was scoured, it might help him reach the nature level. With this revelation in mind, Zen allowed the tremor to run through his insides even as it pained him.

Unfortunately, after the tremor left him, he didn't feel any change in his belly. Zen twisted his lip in displeasure. The tremor had been of moderate intensity. If only it had persisted for a few more moments! Then his belly could have been scoured thoroughly.

Not far away, the long-haired woman and the powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm stood frozen as they watched the tremor pass over Zen's body.

Did he want to die? He didn't move an inch as the tremor passed over him. Instead, he faced it as they had.

They were sure that the tremor would turn him into dust.

But as the tremor passed over, they saw that the masked boy didn't, in fact, turn to dust. He stood, staring ahead, his eyes twinkling with delight.

The nature creatures hidden in the corners weren't witness to the scene and didn't know that Zen had stood fearless before the tremor.

Shock was painted across the faces of the Illuminating Soul realm masters as they wondered what the boy's body was made of. How could he withstand such power? He was only half a step into the nature level. He couldn't transform his life vitality to protect himself. So how was he able to face the impact of the tremors? Such an unusual boy!

If they didn't kill him, he would certainly rise to unbridled power and play tyrant one day. The powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm were ruffled.

Some of them had the intention to kill him some time ago, but now wasn't the time to practice their aim.

The main goal of the seven noble clans as of now was to enter the inner door of the fairy palace.

The temptation of a palace of celestial beings was undeniable.

During their explorations before, they had discovered that the two giant puppets who guarded the inner door attacked any and all who tried to break in.

Previously, they had run into the two puppets. Several of their fellow comrades were caught off-guard and killed with their maces.

This time, however, the members of the seven noble clans were well prepared. One of them had brought the lightning leopard that could outrun anybody.

They planned to use the speed of the lightning leopard to provoke the two giant puppets. After it led them to the square, they would seize the chance to sneak into the inner door while the puppets chased the leopard busily.

What they had not counted on was for the masked boy to appear out of nowhere.

At first, the young man had seemed insignificant, so they sent Yves to kill him.

However, it was Yves who got killed instead. Not only him, but the young man managed to deceive Leon too. They might not have gotten rid of the masked boy, but the lightning leopard had successfully led the two giant puppets to the square. This diverted their attention.

No longer interested in killing the masked boy, the clans realized that they needed to act in haste and run to the inner door while the leopard kept the guards distracted.

While the seven noble clans were together in this mission, secretly, they still schemed against each other. There was a large amount of treasure in the fairy palace that would add to their riches if they could grab even one for the clan.

It was the long-haired woman who rushed to the front foremost. Several masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm followed her closely. The rest of the nature creatures too rushed to their side.

Zen stood at the square and watched them, knowing what to do next. He followed the members of the clans with quick footsteps. They had been clever in tricking the two giant puppets. This was a great opportunity for Zen to enter the palace too.

The masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm noticed Zen following them and sneered.

In order not to attract the attention of the giant puppets, they had left the masked young man behind for the moment. But apparently, he was insatiable. 'Shameless cretin!' thought a few of the people. He dared follow them to enter the inner chambers!

They had been planning to infiltrate the inner chambers for a long time now, and suddenly a boy appeared out of nowhere, wanting a share in their profit! It was unacceptable to them.

"Stop him. Tell him not to follow us. Just kill him!" the long-haired woman said from between her teeth, her eyes blazing with anger.

Wilson, who had been following the long-haired woman, ambled forward, wearing a disparaging smile on his face. His body was illuminated with bright yellow lights as he waved his hand. His life vitality surged forward and morphed into a few human figures, all as tall as him. Soon, they began to crawl on the ground, transforming into three khaki-colored aardwolves.

Flames were set ablaze behind the aardwolves, a result of the burning life vitality.

"Go, kill that kid!" Wilson roared in a deep voice.

Under Wilson's direction, the three aardwolves turned around and darted toward Zen, their sharp teeth glinting against the flaming backdrop.

The aardwolves pursued Zen, until finally they blocked him, coming to a standstill three feet away from him.

"The old guy's life vitality is the aardwolf?" Zen gave a small smile and swiftly pulled the demonic life energy from his belly, gathering it in his right fist.

This kind of life vitality avatar was his favorite. When the aardwolf in the front bolted over to him, he bent at the waist and punched it with his right fist.

"Ogres Shaking the World!"

A dark-purple shadow of a fist rushed out of his knuckle. With the aid of the Phoenix Crystal, the punch he threw was ten times faster than before.

The aardwolf was a lot more flexible than Hugh's Five-clawed Golden Dragon, but Zen's fist still packed a punch.

Wilson was still running to the inner door. This square was only a hundred steps' distance for the giant puppets, but that distance was like a dozen of miles to a small human. He kept up his speedy sprint even as he controlled his aardwolves.

When he noticed Zen throwing a punch at the aardwolf, his lips twisted into a smirk.

His life vitality was special. The aardwolves might look ordinary, but in fact, they could recover fully even when they were smashed to smithereens. It was a waste of effort on the boy's part to punch them with his fist.

Soon, however, he found that he couldn't laugh. The smirk stilled on his lips, like the frost of late autumn.

The aardwolf that Zen had punched blackened from head to toe. At the same time, Wilson sensed that he lost the ability to control it.

What a strange power. How did this kid do it? Wilson watched him, stunned. How had the boy grabbed one of his life vitality avatars and turned it to black, effectively rendering it out of his control?

He blinked his eyes in astonishment but consoled himself. It didn't matter. There were two more aardwolves left. He could kill the boy using them. Immediately, he waved his hand. The two aardwolves' life vitality was burning. The wolves scraped their claws on the ground with guided intention before howling loudly and darting to Zen.

Their life vitality burned ablaze. Without fear, Zen manipulated the recently turned black wolf to fight them.

The black wolf was made out of demonic life energy, which had devoured Wilson's life vitality. It circled the first aardwolf. The black wolf neared it and slashed at its body with its claws, transferring its demonic life energy. Soon, the aardwolf too was devoured by the demonic life energy and turned black.

Zen could kill the other aardwolf, but when he raised his hand to use the Heavenly Ogre Fist this time, a sudden thought struck him.

Since the aardwolf could be swallowed by his demonic life energy and come under his control, would the Phoenix Crystal somehow strengthen its power?

In an instant, he exerted the power of Ogres Shaking the World into his fist and punched the aardwolf, while also pushing the energy of the Phoenix Crystal into it.

The aardwolf hit by Zen's Heavenly Ogre Fist dropped to its knees and whined. In an instant, it changed colors. Now, it was a black wolf under Zen's control.

What was different from the other two black wolves, however, was that this one had a faint, bright purple energy spilling through it. It was the energy of the Phoenix Crystal.

"Let's try the speed!" Zen manipulated the black wolf, making it move with the energy of the Phoenix Crystal.

Woosh!

The black wolf burst forward like lightning, its speed more than ten times faster.

The lightning leopard, claimed to be the fastest animal in the Eastern Region, could not hold up in the face of this black wolf.

The members of the seven noble clans came running to the inner door. They paled as they watched the scene in front of them, the color draining from their faces.

Chapter 230 The Man-Eating Koi Fish (Part One)

"How'd it happen?" asked an expert in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Wilson's face darkened with fury as he raved, "I don't know! There's something off about him. He took my life vitality manifestations and strengthened one of the wolves, giving it an astonishing speed! I'll go back to finish him off."

Shaking her head, which sent her abundant hair swinging back and forth, the lady objected, "No, if you do it now, you will draw the attention of the two giant puppets, and all the time we've put in, our efforts would be a waste. We don't want that."

"So, we just let him follow us here?" asked one of the men, as he gave an angry look.

"We'll have plenty of time to get rid of him after we get in the inner doors. That isn't too difficult for us, is it?" snapped the long-haired woman with a sneer.

The brat had easily killed Yves and Leon. He had some unusual tricks. But, so what? He was nothing compared to the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"Good, that's settled then; Mr. Huang, you and Seymour will kill him as soon as we are admitted into the inner sanctum," ordered the lady with the long hair.

After reaching an agreement on how to proceed, they ignored Zen. The woman held out a hand, and dozens of incantations appeared in midair. A strong draft blew past them as the incantations darted to everyone's head.

The incantations allowed people to move faster, making everyone's speed increase over thirty percent.

The square stretched before them for dozens of miles, but, the companions reached the inner door in an instant because of how fast they were.

Relieved they were finally within the inner doors, everyone let out a long sigh. The price of the trip had been a steep one with so many lives lost during the journey.

A scowl was remained on Wilson's furious face as he thought about how he wanted to crush the masked boy with his bare hands.

"Well now, there's no need to wait since the boy wants to follow us. We'll just finish him here," commented the long-haired woman, almost giddy with excitement.

Wilson snorted coldly, "There are so many paths he could choose, but, he's hell-bent on his ruin. But, since his wish is to perish, this place will be his tomb!"

Standing next to Wilson was a man dressed in a green robe. The man in green was an expert among those in the Illuminating Soul Realm. His name was Seymour, and at that moment he was ready and waiting for his chance to settle a killing strike on the boy as well.

These two experts from the Illuminating Soul Realm would've been plenty to handle the boy, except this was the fairy palace.

Due to the location, there were far too many variables to take for granted they would be victorious. Prudence demanded they avoid any more trouble.

Moments later Zen came through the inner doors wearing a mask, with an enormous wolf walking alongside him. The wolf had been Wilson's two black wolves, until Zen merged them into one which was twice the size of the originals.

"Are you guys waiting for me?" asked Zen as he grinned.

"If I were you, I wouldn't be taking this so lightly. As a man half-step into the nature level, you should pride on your ability. Still you are not good enough to survive our attack," stated Wilson in a deep voice. For some inexplicable reason, his stomach knotted in apprehension when he saw the grin on the masked boy's face.

"He's bluffing. Cut the crap and let's get this over," said Seymour sneering. Poised to strike, a green light covering his body began to blink.

"Hold up," announced Zen while he waved his hand. When he was sure he had their attention, his smile broadened and he said to Wilson, "Did you notice there's something I didn't bring with me?"

A puzzled look crossed Wilson's face as he stiffened. Wilson had witnessed Zen made three wolves under his control. If Wilson remembered correctly, there was a black wolf missing. Before passing through the inner door, the savage black wolf was also beside the masked boy, fiercer and faster than the wolves Wilson had summoned.

"We've journeyed with the same goal, and I for one, see no reason for us to turn against each other. You have noticed that I strengthened the black wolf, and then I left it outside. Your lightning leopard couldn't compare to the giant puppets, but, if you wish, I can use the black wolf and lure the giant puppets here. Now, I am guessing, no one wants that, right?" Zen's voice was flat as he asked.

Zen had used a Phoenix Crystal to strengthen the black wolf, and then left it by the large square on the other side of the doorway. Even though the wolf wasn't right next to Zen, it was still under his control, and with lighting speed it would be a simple matter to lure the giant puppets there.

Since with one word from Zen, two giant puppets would be lured in and no one there would survive, the men stopped to think things through before laying a hand on Zen.

"You asked for it!" shouted Wilson. His temper ignited by Zen's words.

"Such a clever boy!" commented the woman with long hair, as she shot Zen a venomous look. Her beautiful eyes were murderously cold. "I have to say, that's actually really smart. Normally, there isn't a place for a man who hasn't entered the nature level, but… you've got a good point. If we don't cooperate, more trouble will plague us while we are at the fairy palace."

Nodding, Zen's smile spread, widening to reveal a row of gleaming white teeth before he commented, "Yes, that's the spirit. It's not cool for us to fight with each other."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 231 The Man-Eating Koi Fish (Part Two)

Zen's speech left the crowd speechless, from those in the nature level to the experts of the Illuminating Soul Realm and made them wonder where this kid got the nerve to talk like that. Even in the face of terrifying dangers, Zen remained calm allowing him to analyze the situation and counter possible attacks on him.

Such order was admirable and frightening at the same time.

Although the members from the top seven noble clans were unhappy with this unexpected twist, scowling ungracefully, for now, they abandoned the original plan, since if they tried to kill Zen, they wouldn't stand a chance of surviving.

That wasn't to say they'd accepted Zen as a teammate. It was all they could do to tolerate his presence, but, before dealing with Zen, they would have to check this place out.

Between the outer and inner doors was an empty, yet huge square which they'd explored thoroughly.

Behind the inner door things were vastly different.

After going through the doorway, a path paved in jade crossing over a pond came into view.

To an immortal in the Fairy Palace, it might be a pond, but, it was more like a huge lake to Zen.

"A pill refining workshop!"

"And a weapon refining workshop!"

"Look! A scrolls pavilion!"

Many of the greedy-eyed men screamed as they glanced around.

Smack dab in the center of the long path was a small pavilion as tall as a mountain. Branching out from the jade path were seven roads, each in a different direction, and leading to various refining workshops.

Pills, weapons, just how many treasures were there?

None of them could imagine.

There was only one certainty, and that was they had found a treasure trove of things that would benefit them greatly.

"Ah-ha!"

One of the Illuminating Soul Realm experts exclaimed as he bolted like the wind in one direction.

The Fairy Palace was fraught with so much danger that a tenuous coalition bound the top seven noble clans together, but, now that they saw the treasures laid out before them, their alliance instantly crumbled. Each greedy man knew whoever reached it first would have the upper hand.

Avarice turned their heads. Several members of the top seven noble clans followed closely behind the first man.

But, after a few hundred feet down the jade path, something strange happened to the first man.

Ripples spread across the surface of the pond before a red koi fish rose from the water.

Koi fish weren't a rarity to the noble clans who had numerous koi fish in their courtyard lakes.

Common koi fish were five, six inches long, with some big ones reaching ten inches.

However, the koi fish swimming below was gigantic and measured far more than one hundred feet long.

At first, the fish calmly stared at the lead man, its eyes bulging. Suddenly, the koi fish flipped its tail above the surface, and in the next moment, it leaped at the man.

There were no weak men in the Illuminating Soul Realm, add to that, this man, in particular, was a master in the Illuminating Soul Realm with instinctively quick reflexes. He saw the shadow as it rose over his head and immediately looked up. All he saw though was something gigantic was rushing at him from above, and he summoned his life vitality in an attempt to dodge to one side.

It was at that moment that the seemingly meek koi fish opened its mouth.

Koi fish didn't usually have teeth, but this one had a mouth full of serrated teeth. It was a frightful scene watching the lovely koi fish transforming into such a hideous, creepy monster.

After summoning his life vitality, he moved in a flash, making it impossible for the koi fish to bite him. When the fish missed, it rolled over on the path and plunged back into the water.

Onlookers stood in their trackers, startled by the scene and visibly relaxed when the man dodged the koi's attack. The episode reminded them they needed to be on guard at the fairy palace.

As the crowd collectively let out a sigh of relief, they heard splashing from every direction.

Looking around, the group saw dozens of koi fish leaping through the air.

The Illuminating Soul Realm master panicked for a moment, unsure of what he should do in this situation.

"Fly!" shouted one of the many spectators, reminding him.

When an initiate entered the Illuminating Soul Realm, that person would be gifted the knowledge of how to burn life vitality to soar in the air.

Given the courage, the illuminating realm master could get away from the koi fish, except, he hadn't been in a struggle to survive ever and his mind went blank with panic, like most of the noble clan men present.

It was only after being reminded that he remembered and with life vitality burning behind him, he shot straight up in the air.

But, his actions were too late.

The dozens of koi fish slammed into him midair, and they all fell from the sky. He crashed into the path with those fish landing smack on top of him and blocking most of the road.

All that could be heard were screams of pain from the man as those fish dropped down on him before diving back into the pond.

When the chaos ended, nothing remained on the path except blood. The man's body was gone.

Chapter 232 The Eight Diagrams (Part One)

Although the jade-paved path looked peaceful and tranquil, it was actually a deathtrap in disguise. The crowd was aware of this, so they turned back hastily and fled.

Luckily, they hadn't walked that far yet so they got to retreat in an instant. However, two Koi fish still managed to jump out and swallow two nature creatures among them.

A frown was etched on Zen's face as he watched the pond and stood motionless on the shore. It couldn't be better for him if these noble people explored the path before him.

It seemed that the fairy palace posed dangers far beyond their imagination.

They thought that the fairy palace would be a safe place, since a large enchanted barrier was set up to isolate the giant beasts outside. If any of them broke in, the fairy palace would become a palace of monsters.

However, nobody among them imagined that the Koi fish would block their way and threaten their lives.

The crowd still stood by the shore. Their eyes cast nervous looks at the pond, and saw the dense school of Koi fish that swam towards the jade path. A rough estimate would say that there were probably thousands of the giant Koi fishes in the waters, which was possible since the pond was as big as a lake.

No matter what kind of creature crossed the jade path or even went near it, let alone fell into the pond, the Koi fishes would jump out and instantly tear them up.

They frustratedly looked at the pill refining and weapon refining workshops from a distance. Nobody was willing to return from a treasure trove empty-handed.

The woman with long hair, old Wilson, Seymour, and the other Illuminating Soul Realm masters looked at each other meaningfully. After a little while, they all rose up high in the air by burning their life vitality.

It was worth noting that the Koi fishes could jump high as one thousand feet.

The shadows of the hovering Illuminating Soul Real masters reflected and rippled on the clear waters. Since they flew higher, the jumping fish couldn't reach them.

However, they were all aware that even if they could avoid the Koi fishes' attacks, there might be other disasters waiting for them.

Still, people under great temptation always risked their lives to seek out adventures. The greater risk they faced, the greater reward they would get.

Besides, if they gave up now, all their previous efforts would just be wasted. The Illuminating Soul Realm masters understood this and did not hesitate to fly towards a pavilion at the center of the pond.

Unlike the nature creatures, the Illuminating Soul Realm masters had the ability to fly. Thus, the nature creatures had no choice but to wait on the shore.

Meanwhile, Zen stood beside the lot of nature creatures and thought about what measures could be taken.

These Koi fish were fanged, numerous in quantity, and huge in size. But no matter how large they were, they were still fish.

If the Illuminating Soul Realm master who was previously eaten by the Koi fishes chose to sprint at a high speed from the beginning, he might not be captured so easily.

'After all, the Koi fish is simple-mind animal. It can't think and judge like humans do. And, the jade path is not too long. I should be able to run through it in really swift velocity.

Of course, it is too dangerous.

But speaking of danger, are there no dangers awaiting those Illuminating Soul Realm masters who flew over the pond? Life itself is a crisis. I'm not here for pleasure, ' he thought.

With those beliefs in mind, Zen decided to venture out into the jade path.

He stood at where the path began and took a deep breath. Then, he positioned himself into a sprint posture. Hushed whispers followed and many eyes were now fixed on him.

"What does he want to do?" "Is he crazy?"

"Is he trying to run through the jade path? Brad was at Illuminating Soul Realm, and much stronger than him, but even he didn't make it."

"Huh! Maybe he signed his own death warrant. It would be better for him to die now. We're not gonna let him remain alive anyway."

The nature creatures on the shore murmured among themselves. On one hand, they took delight in and wished that Zen would feed his body to the Koi fish. On the other hand, they envied Zen's courage. After all, they didn't dare act like Zen, even though they were nature creatures.

"Schhwaff!"

After one more deep breath, Zen darted out like an arrow shot from a longbow's taut string.

A tremendous force surged from Zen's body as he awakened the cyan dragon with more than a hundred glittering scales in his mind.

"Swish, swish!"

"Bam, bam!"

The moment Zen rushed forward, he heard the sound of the imminent fishes' flapping of tails and splashes of water. Countless gigantic Koi fishes leapt and bit at him, their mouths opened which exposed sharp teeth.

"Plop, plop, plop!"

However, all of the Koi fishes were unsuccessful and fell back reluctantly into the water behind Zen.

Meanwhile, whenever Zen felt that his strength slightly diminished, he would immediately mobilize dragon scales to refuel himself.

The sight of Zen's unbelievable speed had the nature creatures on the shore stare at each other with agape mouths.

It was true that a strong cultivator on a high rank of the nature level was not necessarily slower than Zen. They could also do what Zen could do. However sometimes, courage was needed more than strength.

They dared not dance in front of death, but Zen did.

By now, Zen had passed smoothly through the first half of the jade path.

At the second half however, some Koi fishes that awaited him from a distance jumped up in advance.

Chapter 233 The Eight Diagrams (Part Two)

"Let's see what that boy will do!"

"I'm sure he'll get eaten by the Koi."

Once again, the noble people talked haughtily among themselves and relished in telling each other about what miseries Zen would end up in.

However, Zen still noticed the obstacles and hazards around him with his strong soul, even when he ran quite fast.

As he neared the fish that waited for him along the way, Zen jumped up at a high altitude.

The Koi also jumped up from the jade path with a flick of their tails, and opened their mouths to bite Zen.

"Phoenix Crystal!" Zen chanted.

He had emitted energy from the Phoenix Crystal embedded in his right arm just in time for this critical moment. When he released the energy, he felt his body become lighter and his speed increased several more times.

Now, the fishes out of the water were less agile and powerful, and thus Zen had successfully escaped.

Finally, Zen hopped among the remaining Koi carps in the last parts of the jade path. He finally got to the pavilion after a lot of threats, but he got out unscathed.

The Illuminating Soul Realm masters who had previously flown to the pavilion were shocked to see Zen when he rushed down the jade path. Old Wilson's hate-filled eyes looked repulsively at his approaching figure.

'The boy sticks to us like an annoying dog, ' he thought.

Old Wilson's murderous glare did not escape Zen's eyes, but he simply shrugged his shoulders and said, "You know that my black wolf incarnated from life vitality is still fighting with the two giant puppets outside now. It's easy for me to bring them in."

When she heard Zen's words, the long-haired woman yelled to Wilson, "Wilson, not now. We have more important things to do. Don't rock the boat. He's already here anyway."

Old Wilson didn't say anything more.

After he composed himself, Zen circled the huge pavilion then realized why everyone stopped advancing at this place.

It turned out that it was a special pavilion that only allowed anyone to enter, but not to leave.

From the outside, the pavilion was huge, measuring at least tens of thousands of feet high. Except for its large size, its shape and form did not differ from those of an ordinary pavilion.

Inside it however, was a completely different scene.

Only if one walked in would they find a pink colored enchanted barrier which blocked the eight exits of the pavilion.

Perhaps some people had thought that as long as they entered the pavilion, they would be able to access their favorite treasure house. However, the pavilion was unexpectedly a cage that locked in everyone that would enter.

In the center of the pavilion, there were huge Eight Diagrams, around which eight Chinese characters were written respectively. The eight words in proper order were "Heaven," "Earth," "Thunder," "Wind," "Water," "Fire," "Mountain," and "Valley."

At a glimpse of those eight words, Zen suddenly remembered the information recorded on the inner page of the Weapon Refining Principle written by the master weapon refiner, Chase.

'Since the Dragon Valley was also recorded in that book, the information of the Eight Diagrams in the book should be related to this huge Eight Diagrams in front of me, ' Zen speculated.

Zen noticed there were stone sculptures scattered around in the pavilion. They were supposedly assigned to the positions of the eight Chinese characters in the Eight Diagrams. The goal was obvious: to get out of this pavilion, one had to use the sculptures to solve the diagrams first.

However, it was very difficult to figure out how to place the sculptures to each character of the Eight Diagrams.

It needed to be calculated accurately, and in precise numbers. There was absolutely no room for errors in the whole process.

In the case of a wrong placement, a fatal threat might befall on them.

Even though they were in plenty of potential peril, they had no better way. They were currently intercepted in the pink enchantment area. If they couldn't break through the pavilion, they would all die in the end.

Silence enveloped the pavilion as they tried to think of what to do.

"What do we do? Who can decode the Eight Diagrams?" a female voice asked. It was the long haired woman, who waited for an answer with anxious eyes.

"I can't. I don't know anything about the Eight Diagrams," said Wilson, and shook his head.

Others shook their heads too. There were some masters skilled at the Eight Diagrams among the seven noble clans, but they weren't with them now.

To everyone's surprise, Zen asked, "How about let me try?"

"You?" screamed Wilson as he viciously glared at Zen.

"You had better worry about your own life," he sneered.

However, Zen had expected that they would refuse his offer. Of course, it was impossible for them to hand over their fate to an unknown person in a mask.

At this point, everyone's mood had turned quite sour. This choice between life and death was a really hard test.

After a long while, someone spoke again. "Well, I'll do it," the long haired woman said and broke the silence. "I used to learn the Eight Diagrams. So I know a little bit, though I am not skilled," she added.

Nobody answered back. Even though they weren't confident enough with the long haired woman's ability, they had no other choice.

Everyone had acquiesced to remain silent, then the long-haired woman began the work of calculation and prediction. After a while, she suddenly looked up and emitted life vitality from her hands. Her life vitality covered the head of one sculpture like a cap, then slowly raised it up in the air.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 234 Desperate Melee (Part One)

A loud, rough rumble resonated from the rocky statue. Everyone's eyes were trained on the floating object.

The first statue was slowly dragged on the character "heaven." The floor slightly vibrated as it did so.

As he watched the scene unfold, Zen briefly remembered that Chase once wrote the number "three" beside "heaven" in his book. Thus, he assumed that three statues should be moved to the word "heaven".

Once the long-haired woman finished putting the first statue in place, she lowered her head and began to calculate again. When she got the result, she sent a second statue to where "heaven" was for the second time.

Shortly after, the woman had done the next calculation and moved a third statue to "heaven" for the last time.

A slight nod was given by Zen. It seemed that she appeared too modest when she claimed that she was not skilled at the Eight Diagrams. Her calculation on the first character was exactly the same as the book written by Chase. He only hoped that she could calculate all the next succeeding characters correctly.

When the three statues were finally placed on the character "heaven," the big "heaven" name carving emitted a golden light--the woman had done it right.

The positive outcome made everyone brim with confidence.

"Sandra's knowledge of formation is extraordinary!"

"How could she merely be proficient? She is qualified to be a formation master!"

The rest of the Illuminating Soul Realm masters showered her with flattery and other words of praise.

In return, Sandra only shook her head and slicked back her long hair. "Don't count the chickens before they hatch. It's the easiest to work out the first character of the formation. Deciphering a formation becomes harder and harder along the way. The chances of failing become bigger as the calculation gets more complicated," she said.

After she finished her talk, her head lowered once again. Then she continued to work on the calculations.

Six statues were next struck on the character "Earth," and this step she performed was also exact the same as stated in Chase's book.

This correct move gave Zen a confidence boost as well, as she got two consecutive calculations right.

Next, Sandra placed two statues on the "Water" character, and then nine statues on the "Fire".

The calculations she did for the first four characters were all correct, as bright golden rays of light emanated from all of them. The light was dazzling, but the real excitement came from the characters as everyone was firmly transfixed on them.

"It seems that this adventure will fare well after nearly so many misses. We can get the supreme treasures of the immortals soon," one Illuminating Soul Realm master exclaimed in excitement.

The calculations for the next four characters proceeded.

The next one up was the character, "Valley."

If Zen remembered correctly, Chase wrote "four" beside "Valley" which meant four statues were to be moved to the character.

Life vitality was unceasingly released from Sandra's being, and she struck four statues in a row towards "Valley." After the fourth statue was in place, she proceeded to drag a fifth one.

"Stop!" someone yelled abruptly.

It was Zen, and the moment Sandra began to drag a fifth statue he wasted no time in stopping her.

It was a crucial calculation that allowed for no mishaps, so Zen didn't want her to make any mistakes that would trigger the trap of the fairy palace and bring them all to hell.

However, one of them did not seem to agree.

"You stinking brat! What are you doing?" Wilson Huang stared at him and asked angrily.

Yet, Zen paid him no mind and shifted his attention to Sandra. "On the 'Valley' character, you should only put four statues, right? Are you sure it's correct to strike one more statue?" he asked.

A frown made its way to Sandra's face and she looked a little hesitant. She paused momentarily and thought about her calculation.

"I did the calculation and I am also not sure whether my answer is right. I'm not very sure whether it's four or five statues…"

At her response, Zen shook his head and firmly said, "Then it should be four."

However, Sandra still looked a bit doubtful.

"Was I wrong? But the result I calculated seemed to be five," she said with uncertainty.

Just then, an Illuminating Soul Realm master suddenly said, "Then just move five statues there. Sandra, don't listen to the bullshit of this brat. He's so disturbing!" "Stinking brat, we are already very gracious not to have killed you. If you continue to talk nonsense and interrupt Sandra, I will kill you immediately!" he added.

Wilson again echoed his sentiments and nodded in agreement. "Don't be muddled by this brat. He only wants all of us to die with him. What a vicious boy!" he shouted.

Anxiety crept its way to Zen's thoughts when he saw these two people act so unreasonably against him. "We sink or swim together. What makes you think that I will lie to you?" he asked incredulously.

"Shut up!" Wilson yelled and cut him off.

Life vitality constantly flashed on his body, "Stinking brat, talk one more time and I'll kill you immediately!" he angrily added.

Now, Seymour and other several Illuminating Soul Realm masters also activated the life vitality within their bodies. Their figures emitted bright flashes of light and terrifying power.

Zen felt pressed, so he had no choice but to shut up.

After a bit of hesitation, Sandra bit her bottom lip and finally chose to believe in herself.

Once again, a rocky rumbling sound was heard from a statue.

A fifth one was moved towards "Valley." Once it was placed into position, a click sound was heard, followed by the sight of "Valley" turning into a blood red glow instead of the supposed golden flash of light.

Everyone's faces were drained of color, and only then did they realize that Zen was right.

Then again, it was already too late for regrets. There was no use crying over spilled milk.

They felt the ground shake a bit as the Eight Diagrams suddenly began to rotate. When they gradually came to a halt, a white and black mist came out from the Eight Diagrams and formed several characters.

The writing read, "Desperate Melee!"

"What does it mean?"

"It's ominous! We must have fallen into a trap!"

All the Illuminating Soul Realm masters exclaimed in horror, their faces ghastly pale. The fairy palace was a dangerous place, and they were doomed this time.

Chapter 235 Desperate Melee (Part Two)

The characters disappeared into thin air. Shortly after a strip of life vitality was shot from the Eight Diagrams and was directly aimed at Sandra. She was instantly trapped, then in the next second the life vitality targeted the Illuminating Soul Realm master who stood beside Sandra and trapped him as well. It quickly trapped Wilson Huang too.

When the life vitality attacked Zen, he jumped in an attempt to dodge it. However, the life vitality's speed was just too fast like the speed of light, and the moment Zen jumped upward the life vitality seemed to sense his move and swerved accordingly. It successfully trapped Zen into its spell.

After all of them were trapped, everyone in the pavilion was connected by the strip of life vitality.

"What's it doing by locking us together?" one of them asked in panic.

Meanwhile, Zen lowered his head. Dumbfounded, he looked at the life vitality that had him tied up around the waist.

Suddenly, an idea struck his mind and he realized what the life vitality was doing to them.

The so-called "Desperate Melee" meant that all the people who were connected by the life vitality strip were to fight against each other--and in the final round, only one person would be left alive.

The rest of them seemed to realize this too, and they visibly trembled with shock.

They were all deep at loss, and cast anxious looks at each other.

It was really true that they were pitted in a killing game now!

Although the top seven noble clans held deep grudges against each other and competed against each other for their own benefits, they were now comrades in the adventure of exploring the fairy palace. It would be extremely difficult for them to kill each other when they were currently united as a team now.

It was true that they found it hard to kill each other in the noble clans, but it was easy for them to work together and fight against the outsiders that did not belong to the noble clans.

Today, there was at least one outsider that they thought would be easy to deal with, and that one was surely Zen.

"What the hell is the Desperate Melee? Let's kill this mask brat first!" Wilson screamed. He definitely itched to kill Zen ever since the start of the journey, so they would all be rid of him. Now, there was a justified reason for him to do so. As soon as he finished talking, all the bones in his body cracked. The life vitality within him burned madly and came at Zen.

Of course, Zen would not stand there motionlessly and wait for death. He hurriedly backed to avoid the attack.

Once Wilson lunged at Zen, the piercing sword intent came sharply at him. It stabbed Wilson on the back with a resounding crack, and penetrated right through his chest!

Wilson's head lolled to the side and he looked backward. He was flabbergasted when he saw Seymour, who held an exquisite jade sword in his hands and stood behind him. "Sorry. This Desperate Melee will only allow one survivor and it will definitely be me!" he said lightly.

He had analyzed the situation more thoroughly than Wilson did. Only one person could live in the end, and he clearly knew that the other Illuminating Soul Realm masters were his real opponents. Zen on the other hand, was merely a nobody who was only half-step into the nature level in his eyes. He was doomed to be killed by the others, so Seymour would let them do the work and didn't bother to do anything to him.

Thanks to Seymour's course of action, Zen got a narrow escape from death.

Just moments ago, the Illuminating Soul Realm masters all thought to kill Zen first. Now, they began to kill each other.

Even Sandra, who helped them to decipher the Eight Diagrams, was targeted by two of the masters as well.

Except for Zen, all the other people were Illuminating Soul Realm masters. Life vitality constantly burned through their bodies and made them move lightning fast in the fight. Thus, even if the huge pavilion was expansive, there seemed to be not enough space for them to dodge the attacks.

Different colors of light which represented different types of life vitality suddenly bathed the whole pavilion in a myriad of glowing and dazzling shades. The Illuminating Soul Realm masters of Huang Clan, Yu Clan, and Yun Clan all exerted their efforts to show their unique skills of killing people. All kinds of life vitality gleamed brightly and tangled in the air, while they emitted thunderous noises.

The people who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm were all wise people. They knew it was a choice between to exert all their efforts to kill others, or to be killed.

Now that everyone was busy and focused on killing each other, Zen became the least to be threatened.

The masters attacked and dodged each other, and many of them shot small glances at Zen. However, with the knowledge that Zen was only half-step into the nature level, they brushed past him and didn't bother to attack him at all.

They all thought that once they finished killing the others, it would be a piece of cake to get rid of this weakling. If they fought Zen now, they also had to risk being attacked by the other Illuminating Soul Realm masters behind the back, so they all decided to ignore Zen first.

A helpless look was etched on Zen's face as he looked at the life vitality that connected him to other people. No matter how this fight would end up, he would undoubtedly face one Illuminating Soul Realm master when it finished.

He almost killed Hugh by taking advantage of his Five-clawed Golden Dragon last time, but that was largely attributed to his good luck.

When it came to real strength, he was afraid that he would be no match against the powerful Illuminating Soul Realm masters.

"What should I do?" he muttered to himself. As he watched the Illuminating Soul Realm masters fought fiercely against each other, he brooded deeply in his thoughts. He got quite a lot of time to think as nobody was currently attacking him.

At this exact point of time, an Illuminating Soul Realm master suddenly summoned a giant hawk. The giant bird of prey squawked loudly and ferociously came at Seymour.

In turn, a green light flashed on Seymour and his jade sword glowed brightly. As he dodged the giant hawk, he waved his sword at the Illuminating Soul Realm master who summoned the giant hawk.

The aggressive battle Seymour had him in left no time for the Illuminating Soul Realm master to manipulate his giant hawk, which was formed from his life vitality. Thus, the great bird just hovered aimlessly above Zen's head.

Chapter 236 Face To The Fight (Part One)

After witnessing what had happened, Zen came up with an idea. He took the opportunity to summon the life energy in his body. He waved his fist as he shouted, "Ogres Shaking the World!"

When the black shadow formed by the demonic life energy punched the giant hawk, the color of the hawk began to change from grey and brown to black.

A smile appeared on Zen's face. He hooked his finger at the hawk and watched as the bird flew to him and settled on his shoulder under his instruction.

"Hey, young man!" The Illuminating Soul Realm master who had summoned the giant hawk shouted as he pointed at Zen.

"Haha...you'd better mind yourself!" Seymour ignored what the man said and continued to chase the Illuminating Soul Realm master with the jade sword in his hand.

The person who survived the battle would get everything in the fairy palace. Even if all opponents survived, the person with the rightful claim over the contents of the fairy palace was driven to kill his opponents as he didn't want to share the benefits with the others. After all, greed and selfishness are innate human qualities.

Zen walked on the edge of the pavilion with the giant hawk on his shoulder. He didn't intend on participating in the fight at this time.

If someone's life vitality avatar came close to him, Zen would instruct the black hawk on his shoulder to devour that person's life vitality.

After a short while, the black hawk began to grow in size. Soon, it expanded to over thirty feet in height!

What a giant monster!

The hawk was so big that it couldn't rest on Zen's shoulder any longer. Therefore, Zen ordered it to hover around and wait for his command.

Those Illuminating Soul Realm masters whose life vitality Zen had devoured were shocked and confused. However, because they were fighting with other masters who were at the same refining grade as them, they couldn't shift their attention to Zen. They watched helplessly as their life vitality avatar was consumed.

"Ah! Ah!"

A miserable shriek filled the pavilion as another Illuminating Soul Realm master was killed. A colorful spear had pierced his body. Of course, the owner of the colorful spear was an Illuminating Soul Realm master too.

Not far from them, two Illuminating Soul Realm masters were hunting Sandra with the same long-handled broadswords in their hands.

They were most likely twin brothers as not only did they have the same weapons in their hands, but their clothes were similar. Most importantly, they shared the same facial features.

In spite of her wisdom, Sandra was not good at attacking. Under the attack of the two brothers, she seemed to be losing ground.

"Sandra, don't run! You'd better take off all your clothes and let us have some fun!

The place is so small. Where will you run to?"

The twin brothers bullied and insulted Sandra as they chased after her.

Finally, the twin brothers had cornered Sandra. With no way out, she shouted angrily, "If you dare to do anything to me, word of your deeds will spread. Then even the Yu Clan will not be able to save your lives!"

However, the twin brothers didn't care about her warning at all. "Do you think anyone will live to talk about what we do today?" A smug smile spread on their faces as the brothers replied.

Sandra's face darkened as regret filled her. She remembered the young man in the mask who had reminded her not to move the fifth statue. 'He must know something!' she thought. Unfortunately, she didn't have the chance to undo her actions.

While being hunted by the twin brothers, she noticed that the young man in the mask had used a special method to swallow others' life vitality.

'Maybe he can help me.' Thinking about this, she looked around for Zen. Her beautiful eyes were filled with despair. When she found Zen, she waved to him. Soon, life vitality gushed out from her body.

After a short while, a huge blue light ball appeared over Zen's head.

Zen had seen such a light ball before. He remembered that to prevent the lightning leopard from being affected by the giant puppets, the long-haired woman named Sandra had wrapped it with the light ball.

'Why is she gathering so much life vitality? Is she transferring her life vitality to me?' wondered Zen.

Then he turned to Sandra and saw her nod at him. After that, she burned all the remaining life vitality in her body and then exploded with a loud booming sound.

"What a pity! She would rather die than let us have fun," one of the twin brothers said sadly with a shake of his head. Just then, he heard a gust of wind behind him.

With a puff, a knife pierced his chest. He looked at the broadsword and found it belonged to his younger brother. He turned around and stared at his brother with disbelief on his face. "Why? Why did you kill me?"

The younger brother shook his head and said, "Sorry! Since only one person can survive today, I didn't want you to become my last rival. I'll take care of our parents."

Zen couldn't help but sigh at the action of the younger twin brother.

If the long-haired woman had trusted him, these Illuminating Soul Realm masters wouldn't have killed each other. Now, they were caught in a battle to the death and had no choice but to kill each other.

From what he had seen, Zen understood that there was no basic trust, not even between brothers.

Seeing that the blue light ball formed by Sandra's life vitality before her death hadn't disappeared, Zen commanded the bird in silence. The black hawk shrieked as it flew toward the blue light ball.

After transforming the blue light ball into demonic life energy, the black hawk grew even bigger!

Zen wasn't eager to join the fight. He stood still and waited for a chance.

.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 237 Face To The Fight (Part Two)

When the Desperate Melee had been triggered, everyone was connected by a thin stream of life vitality. Since there were many people at the beginning, this life vitality had been quite disorganized.

However, as the battle continued, more and more Illuminating Soul Realm masters were killed. The life vitality stream connecting a person to the other participants would break after his death.

Now, only three connected streams of life vitality were left.

They linked Zen with the other two Illuminating Soul Realm masters, Seymour and an old man with a dragon head stick in his hand.

As Zen watched, Seymour fought the old man fiercely.

Since they had managed to survive to the end, both Seymour and the old man must be outstanding in terms of wisdom and competence.

Both opponents knew that only one of them could survive to the end and that the survivor would become the owner of the fairy palace treasure house.

The young man in the mask who had been watching them fight had only reached a half-step into the nature level, so they were not afraid of him at all.

Now, since they were just one step away from success, the fighting between these two Illuminating Soul Realm masters increased in intensity. The raging life vitality burnt crazily and its impact could be felt across all corners of the pavilion. Even Zen, who was watching from a distance, could feel it. To protect himself, Zen stood behind the black hawk.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Hearing several loud explosions, Zen walked out from behind the black hawk. As the burning life vitality faded, he saw Seymour standing with the jade sword in his hand.

He looked utterly bedraggled with torn clothes and burnt hair. Seymour cursed as he limped, "Fuck! Did you think I would die with you, old bastard? Dream on!"

Just then, Seymour realized that a stream of life vitality still bounded his chest. He had spent all his energy in fighting the old man and had forgotten that there was still a rival in the pavilion.

It came to Seymour that he needed to fight the young man in the mask. However, the thought didn't worry Seymour. A relaxed expression replaced the confusion Seymour felt when he saw the life vitality around his chest. To him, a young man who had just reached a half-step into the nature level was nothing more than a little beetle. Although he was badly injured, Seymour was confident that he would be able to crush the little beetle.

"Young man, you have two choices. Either you commit suicide, or you die by my hand. You'd better choose suicide so that you do not waste my time. Otherwise, as punishment, you'll suffer a lot before you die!" With that, Seymour gradually walked closer to Zen.

Zen narrowed his eyes and replied, "What if I don't choose any of them?"

Seymour shook his head and shouted, "You don't have a third choice!"

"Hahaha..." Zen suddenly burst into laughter. "Who do you think you are? Why should you decide my future? I have a third option. I will kill you!"

With that, Zen reached out, and the power of the Phoenix Crystal in his right hand was injected into the body of the black hawk beside him. After absorbing the power, the speed of the black hawk increased tenfold. Then it flew toward Seymour.

Seymour had already noticed the black hawk standing besides Zen. Not only had it increased in size after swallowing countless life vitality, but its power was also astonishing. Thinking about this, fear coursed through Seymour. However, he reminded himself that the person controlling the black hawk was only a young man at a half-step into the nature level.

With the control ability of a person at a half-step into the nature level, the black hawk would have no threat to him at all.

Since practitioners who were at a half-step into the nature level, had not learned how to transform the life energy in their body into life vitality yet, they were unable to skillfully control a life vitality avatar. Therefore, even if the black hawk were significantly powerful, it couldn't match Seymour, who could move as quickly as a ghost.

However, to Seymour's surprise, when the black hawk was infused with demonic life energy combined with the power of the Phoenix Crystal, its speed had increased tenfold.

With a whir, the black hawk turned into a strong wind and gushed toward Seymour.

Although Seymour had been injured badly when he was fighting the old man, as an Illuminating Soul Realm master, his speed and strain capacity were much better than an average person's. Even though he was limping, Seymour still managed to dodge the black hawk's attack.

"Your black hawk is truly remarkable. It has accumulated such tremendous power so quickly! Even I can't compare with it. However, although very fast, its speed is still not enough. You want to rely on this black hawk to defeat me? Dream on!" Seymour's eyes glittered as he shouted at Zen. Then, he threw himself into the air at an extremely high speed and swung his jade sword at Zen.

If an Illuminating Soul Realm master tried, he could reach incredibly high speeds. With a blink of an eye, Seymour, who had been some distance away from Zen, narrowed the gap between them to such an extent that he was now less than three feet away!

"Wow, so fast!" Zen shouted in shock. He immediately activated the Phoenix Crystal in his right arm. Then his speed suddenly increased tenfold. When supplemented by the momentary burst of power from his legs, Zen was able to push himself more than a hundred feet away. Thus, he narrowly dodged Seymour's sword.

Zen was at a half-step into the nature level, so he could neither burn his life vitality nor fly. Whereas, Seymour could do both of these. Seeing that his target had run away, Seymour gave chase.

As Zen was unable to fly like Seymour, he was inevitably at a disadvantage.

Chapter 238 Seymour Took His Own Life

Although Zen could borrow the energy from the Phoenix Crystal to improve his speed and avoid Seymour's attack, he knew that he would end up being beheaded by Seymour if he wouldn't fight back.

'I can't hide forever. I must fight back!' he thought as he dodged an attack from Seymour.

Before the attack, Zen planned to kill Seymour using the assimilation attack of the demonic life energy. But he realized that his opponent was not an ordinary nature creature but an Illuminating Soul Realm master.

'If only the giant black hawk can hit Seymour, I might have a chance to win this battle. But damn, he moves so fast! My black hawk can't do anything to him at his speed! What should I do?' Zen thought anxiously.

While Zen was lost in his thoughts, Seymour drew his sword and attacked him. With the burning life vitality on his back, Seymour cast a shadow that grew bigger as he got closer to Zen.

The growing dark figure awakened Zen from his deep thoughts, but before he could figure out what was happening, he felt a sharp pain on his shoulder.

"What the hell?" Despite the damage he made to Zen, Seymour was disappointed at the result of his attack.

Although his sword had no cutting edge, it was still a mid-grade spiritual weapon. He intended to cut off Zen's shoulder first before finally cutting his body in half. Unexpectedly, when his sword hit Zen's body, he felt a tremendous resistance.

"That's a surprise. But your bones can't be that hard. There must be something protecting your body," Seymour, floating in the air, said to Zen directly. "I guess I just need to chop your body bit by bit."

At that moment, Zen already had spiritual textures on his chest. His body had become a middle-grade spiritual weapon and become stronger.

However, no matter how strong his body was, he could still feel the pain that Seymour's sword left on his shoulder. If he couldn't kill this man today, he would be the one to die.

'No more hiding! Hiding won't keep me alive and won't certainly kill this ferocious man! If I want to kill him, then I should be fiercer than him!' Zen thought to himself.

"Stop trying! You won't defeat me even if you reach the natural level and use your life vitality. You won't stand a chance against me even if I am injured!"

Seymour said. The cyan life vitality on his back suddenly began to burn violently. He transformed into a cyan line and dashed towards Zen again.

'Stop dodging!' Zen commanded himself. He stood his ground with determination in his eyes.

'I will do everything to defeat him even if it costs me my life!'

More than one hundred dragon scales lit up simultaneously in Zen's body, while the broken flying blade flew towards Seymour.

After that, Zen controlled the black hawk and it flew towards him.

"Shashing!"

Seymour dodged the surprise attack from the broken flying blade. He had his sword in his hands and was ready to attack Zen in an instant. He was aiming for his neck so he could cut his head off. 'No matter how hard your bones are, I can cut you into pieces! I am an Illuminating Soul Realm master and I can defeat you!' Seymour thought.

"Bam! Bash!"

Seymour instantly attacked Zen, but instead of dodging it, the latter used his bare hands to hold the blade.

The blade pierced through Zen's flesh and got stuck in his bones. Blood flowed from his wound to the sword.

At that moment, Zen had already activated over a hundred dragon scales and grasped Seymour's sword like a powerful giant.

"How is that even possible?" Seymour tried to pull his sword out from Zen's hands but failed. He didn't expect that Zen could become stronger and tougher in an instant. 'Damn it! A man half-step into the nature level could not have such great power!'

Seymour tried to pull his sword out again with all his strength and it moved a few inches out. The blade cut between Zen's arms and ribs causing more blood to spatter.

But Zen had no intention to let it go. His eyes were glowing with determination to win this fight.

'I've been in the life-and-death situations before and this one is no different. Whether I live or die, I shall give my all into this fight!'

Seymour tried to draw the sword out of Zen's body, but still to no avail. At the same time, the huge black hawk was flying towards him fast. He started to get anxious.

He fought many battles to get to where he was today. Although his opponent was only a half-step into the nature level, Seymour still didn't belittle him. Every attack he made towards Zen was with full force and he didn't show any mercy.

When he knew that there was no way he could retrieve his sword from Zen's body, he gave up and stepped back.

Zen slyly smiled and said, "You're backing out? It's too late!"

A brown Spiritual Thorn popped up behind him and stabbed Seymour's head.

Seymour became an Illuminating Soul Realm master through hard work. He not only trained his body but also refined his soul with secret methods.

Zen's Spiritual Thorn suddenly appeared out of nowhere and stabbed Seymour, but it didn't affect him at all.

He might be in pain but didn't fall in agony like any other ordinary soldiers.

The attack distracted Seymour for a moment.

And at that moment, the giant black hawk flew down on him from the sky.

After he recovered from pain caused by the Spiritual Thorn, Seymour slowly came back to his senses.

Just as when he was about to step back and take cover, he realized that the black hawk with the Phoenix Crystal energy was only a few feet away.

Given that he had no time to react, he shouted, "Blue-jade Enchanted Barrier!"

Seymour wasn't good at using any enchanted barrier; however, he would usually use one to save his life in times like this.

He didn't use this trick since he became an Illuminating Soul Realm master, and he didn't think he would use it again to deal with a half-step into the nature level.

An oval-shaped, green enchanted barrier wrapped Seymour.

"Bang!"

It was just about the right time when the "blue-jade enchanted barrier" completely wrapped Seymour, the black hawk hit it with huge demonic life energy.

The "blue-jade enchanted barrier" was stable, and it successfully protected Seymour from the attack of the black hawk.

Seymour smiled when he saw that his enchanted barrier successfully blocked out the purplish-black life energy. Although he almost lost the battle because of his own negligence, he was glad to be still alive.

'That was close! For now, I must protect myself first, but my next attack will surely kill him!' Seymour stayed inside of the translucent "blue-jade enchanted barrier" with fury in his eyes. 'I will never let him die easily! I will torture him until he bleeds to death!'

"This blue-jade enchanted barrier is as strong as Yolande's enchanted barriers," Zen thought. He pulled out the sword from his ribs and threw it back, and the sword fell onto a huge pillar of the pavilion.

As he endured the pain of his body, he activated the Emerald Crystal and hit the "blue-jade enchanted barrier"

"Try as you might, but it won't work! Even an Illuminating Soul Realm master cannot break my blue-jade enchanted barrier, so how can a half-step to the nature level defeat me in this?" Seymour laughed hysterically. But his laugh broke off quickly.

Zen's attack left a red crack on his "blue-jade enchanted barrier". The lad then swung his fist and slammed onto the crack again.

"Crack!"

The cracks on "blue-jade enchanted barrier" were getting larger.

At the same time, the red energy was slowly penetrating through the cracks. Seymour wanted to activate his life vitality to repair the cracks, but the red energy was stopping him.

"No! This can't be happening! This is impossible!" Seymour screamed when he realized that the red energy was penetrating his "blue-jade enchanted barrier". He could imagine the fate he was about to face once the enchanted barrier broke.

"I don't want to die. Let me go, please. I promise I won't hurt you again!" Seymour pleaded.

Standing just outside the "blue-jade enchanted barrier" and looking at Seymour's pathetic face, Zen replied coldly, "That's not what you just said earlier."

"Please! I had no idea how strong you are until this happened!" Seymour continued to plead, "I really don't want to die. I can't die."

"But you forget this," Zen pointed at Seymour, "There could only be one winner in the Desperate Melee."

The "blue-jade enchanted barrier" soon became unstable as was fully covered with red cracks.

"Clack!"

And when it couldn't bear the pressure, the "blue-jade enchanted barrier" finally broke into pieces like glass.

Seymour tried to escape when the enchanted barrier broke to avoid the attack from the black hawk.

But just as he was about to dash out, there was a dull thud. Seymour's eyes widened in horror, and the pain was written all over his face.

There was a hole in Seymour's head and a lot of blood was coming out of it. And he fell to the ground lifeless.

The broken flying blade was there all along. Zen threw it outside the enchanted barrier in advance to stop Seymour if he ever tried to escape.

In other words, Seymour took his own life.

Seymour died and the battle finally ended. After Zen's life energy vanished, he descended slowly to the ground.

Chapter 239 The Trial In The Fairy Palace (Part One)

Generally, it would be quite hard for Zen to defeat an Illuminating Soul Realm master, simply because being half-step into the nature level was far from an Illuminating Soul Realm master's skills. In the battle to the death, Zen wouldn't have won if Seymour hadn't been badly injured.

Even for today, it was a pyrrhic triumph for Zen. But in any case, no matter how hard it was, Zen had persisted until the end.

Just in that moment, a series of dull sounds came from the Eight Diagrams. Zen looked up at the source of those sounds and saw that the statues had slowly moved away from the characters, and finally returned to their original forms.

When Zen didn't sense any danger from the statues' movements, he sat still on the ground to recover. After a short while of rest, he stood up.

His eyes scanned all the bodies of the Illuminating Soul Realm masters, and a sigh couldn't help but escape from his lips. If only they had believed him, the situation wouldn't have escalated out of their control.

'Ah, time can't be reversed. They might never believe me in such a zero-sum game anyway, ' Zen thought as he sighed again. He bent down and started to pick up the weapons in their unmoving hands. These weapons were of high value and strength and among them were quite a lot of low-level spiritual weapons, a small number of medium-level spiritual weapons, and even a top-grade one!

Since all of them were dead, the weapons now all belonged to Zen.

He carefully collected all the weapons and other valuable items and stored them into his space ring. Before he proceeded to the statues, he bent over the deceased bodies of his rivals and stood in silent tribute for a while.

After a few moments, he went and moved the statues based on the method recorded by Chase.

'Three for Heaven, ' murmured Zen, and then he pushed three statues to word 'Heaven'.

'Six for Earth, ' then, he pushed the other six statues to word 'Earth' accordingly.

'For the Water is...'

'For the Fire is...'

'The last one is...'

One by one, Zen had pushed all the statues to their corresponding pisitions as stated in Chase's record. After all of the movements were completed, the Eight Diagrams engraved on the ground slowly started to turn.

The outer ring of the Eight Diagrams turned several times until a clear sound of gear transmission could be heard.

"Brum!" At this point, it seemed that the outer ring's cogwheel had geared towards the inner ring of the Eight Diagrams.

After the gassy sound stopped, the inner ring started to rotate this time.

"Brum!" The other sound of the gear resonated again from the inner ring.

The two sounds had Zen withhold his breath. And his eyes were closely transfixed on the Eight Diagrams. He was so engrossed in the observation that he didn't even blink. It didn't take long before the Eight Diagrams flashed rays of white light.

'Oh yeah! I made it!' Zen mentally exclaimed.

He couldn't hide the utter delight that sparkled in his eyes.

When the euphoria passed, he started to wonder what would happen next after the Eight Diagrams had been opened. His heart fluttered wildly in his ribcage as he scrutinized every movement of the Eight Diagrams. Although he closely monitored its actions, he was still on high alert for any potential attacks.

The white light gradually faded away after a while, and then a human-shaped figure appeared in the center of the Eight Diagrams.

Zen watched the figure carefully and upon closer look, he found that this human-shaped figure was not a real human. It was a puppet, but as far as Zen was concerned, this puppet was the only normal thing in this fairy palace. It looked like the human-shaped puppet was of a human's average height, much like Zen.

He finally stopped watching the puppet closely and waited for its next move. After a while, the puppet began to speak in a low but excited voice.

"Three thousand years! I haven't seen a human for three thousand years! Finally, one person appeared and opened the Eight Diagrams!"

His rich tones echoed throughout the rocky walls.

The puppet's words took Zen by surprise. 'The puppet can speak!' he thought. Even though the puppet didn't seem to show any aggressive behavior, Zen stayed alert and kept his distance. It seemed that aside from being able to talk, the puppet could also express excitement.

"Who are you?" Zen asked carefully in a calm, polite manner.

Although Zen guessed he was a puppet, he still chose to show his full respect to him.

The puppet was mildly astonished before he answered.

"Me? Wow, my name? Oh! You can call me Saul. Yes, I am Saul. I am the servant of this fairy palace," he said.

It seemed that the puppet hadn't talked for a long time. So, his words came out a little too excitedly and he appeared quite talkative.

In turn, Zen nodded courteously.

"Saul? Thanks. Would you mind if I ask, are you a human or a puppet? I am sorry if my question would offend you," Zen said. Now, it wasn't the first time that Zen saw a puppet. However, even those best craftsmen could only make puppets that could only walk and move under their masters' commands. Such a puppet that could speak and feel like a normal human was indeed rare to see or hear. So, it was no wonder that Zen suspected Saul was a human in disguise.

The human-like puppet Saul's eyes were slightly downcast before he spoke. "Me? Of course, I am a puppet…but how I wish I could be a real human. Then I can become old with time and die when the life ends. Not like now, living for ever and ever is the greatest torture," he lamented.

His previous excitement was now replaced by sorrow and grief, and Saul's mood became sour and gloomy.

Upon hearing his answer, Zen felt a little confused. "We practice martial arts to seek immortality, and you have reached our ultimate objective and now live in this fairy palace. Why are you looking for death? I could not understand that," he asked.

In turn, Saul only smiled sadly and sighed. "If you were trapped in one place, every day without company--you could only talk to yourself, you would finally not want to talk or even just forget how to speak. I have been alone for thousands of years and would live lonely for the next few thousand years or even longer. Will you still want to live immortally? Or will you look for death, which might be a relief and an end to your current lonely life?"

Saul's gripes made Zen fall into silence. He did have a fair point. To be alone for thousands of years like Saul would make immortality a great torture. And death might be the next best thing. However, Zen was a human who understood the feeling of loneliness, but Saul was a puppet. So, he asked again, "Saul, you are only a puppet, how could you feel lonely?"

Saul just shook his head. "Even though my body was made to be a puppet, my inner soul was an abstract from a human soul. Thus, in some words, I am also a human, with human feelings and soul," he answered.

Abstract human soul to refine a puppet!

That was so strange that Zen had never heard about it. Such technique was so magical that it was almost unbelievable.

When Saul saw Zen's shocked expression, he didn't mind as if he was used to such a thing. "Anyway, I have finally seen you after three thousand years…

I finally saw the fourth person appearing here after waiting for three thousand years," he continued.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 240 The Trial In The Fairy Palace (Part Two)

"The fourth one?" Zen asked. Even though he was still in shock, he did not miss the key words in Saul's words. "So there are other people who have also been here? In the fairy palace?" Zen asked some more.

Nodding in agreement, Saul explained, "Of course, there were other people who had been here and opened the Eight Diagrams. But they all failed and died.

So, I hope that you can succeed. I do not want to wait any longer. I've had enough of it."

"All failed? All died? What does that mean?" Zen asked with a frown on his face.

It would seem that he would not like the things that were about to happen.

"If you want to be the master of the fairy palace, you have to pass the test. Of course, there are many dangers in the test--and if you fail, you will die naturally..." Saul explained slowly.

Zen's eyes slowly widened, and a lump formed in his throat.

"I will die if I fail? Then, can I choose not to attend the test and leave now?" Zen stared at Saul and asked hopefully. At this, Saul simply smiled.

"Hah, hah, hah," he chuckled. "It is okay to give up according to the regulations. My powerful master won't force others to become the new master of his fairy palace. Besides, only a truly qualified and contented man could inherit his property. However, I do not want to wait any longer," he added.

Zen pondered over Saul's words for a bit.

'Ah... in that case, I have to attend the test anyway. It seems that Saul has had enough lonely time and he would definitely force me to attend the test, even though the master of the fairy palace provided two options, ' he thought.

The hesitation in Zen's face did not escape Saul's gaze, and he went on to say, "Rest assured! In order to make sure you can pass the test, I will try my best to help you and give you guidance when I am permitted. I have waited for thousands of years and finally got you here. Even though the test is very dangerous, I will do my utmost to help you!" Saul said.

When Zen felt that he had no other choice, he simply sighed.

"Well, okay. I understand now. And how can I pass the test? When can I start? Where is the test place?" Zen asked.

With a wave of his hand, Saul said, "Come with me!"

He turned around and walked to the back. Just then, those pink enchanted barriers around the pavilion slowly faded away.

At this point, Zen looked at Saul who walked slowly ahead of him and thought about whether it would be better for him to use this opportunity to escape. As long as he could run to the jade path with his fastest speed, he could return back to the outer world. Those nature creatures waiting outside would not pose any great threats to him.

However, after having thought about it for one more time, Zen gave up his idea of escape. It had been hard for him to get inside the fairy palace and even harder for him to survive after the desperate fight with those powerful foes a while ago. How could he go back without anything gained? That would be very disappointing for him.

After he had collected his thoughts, Zen stepped forward and kept pace with Saul. It seemed that the human puppet didn't notice Zen's inner mental struggle and simply took Zen to the other jade path. This particular jade path led to another area in the fairy palace.

When Zen and Saul stepped on the jade path, those fishes gathered once again.

"Whap!"

One of the large fishes jumped out of the water and lunged towards the two of them.

"Look out!" Zen warned.

His eyes darted left and right to spot any attacks.

He had seen the strength of these fishes before. The way they tore and completely ate up one powerful man of the Illuminating Soul Realm in just a few minutes was still fresh in his mind.

However, his worries turned out to be useless. Saul turned his head towards the fish coming at him. He stretched out his hand, and then his fingers elongated like withered wood to a few meters long.

When his fingers made contact with the fish, he clenched his fingers and abruptly inserted them into the fish's body. The goldfish could only helplessly flap around its tail in the air but couldn't escape from Saul's hand.

Saul then slowly wrapped his hand around the fish and sliced it into pieces. The once huge, powerful Koi fish now looked like small, normal fish in Saul's hand. After that, he threw away the fish's remnants into the water.

"These goldfishes have lived here for such a long time that they have forgotten the rules. Several thousand years ago when master was still here, these goldfishes were much more obedient than they are now," Saul said as he slowly withdrew his fingers.

To see such a scene filled Zen's heart with fright. He felt lucky that he did not choose to escape. Otherwise, he might have been torn to pieces by Saul, just like the goldfish .Although Saul was a puppet, the strength he showed just now indicated that it would be easy for Saul to kill him in few seconds. Even the powers of those Illuminating Soul Realm masters could not match that of Saul.

That goldfish that was cut to pieces immediately attracted other goldfishes. They fought each other for the flesh and bones of the dead goldfish, even though this fish was their companion just few minutes ago. For a time, the originally small and calm pool waters rippled and rose up in waves, like the sea during a tsunami.

Fortunately, these goldfishes were not so stupid to challenge Saul and Zen again, after seeing that their compatriot had been cut into pieces just now. They just stayed beneath the water on both sides of the pool but dare not jump out to attack Saul and Zen.

Without the goldfishes' attacks now, the travel along the jade path became safe just like it was a normal path. However, as Saul walked rather slowly, it still took them some time to reach the end of the path until they crossed a door to another yard.

The door creaked a bit when Saul opened it. Upon stepping inside, the courtyard, Zen noticed that there were three puppets laid on the edge of the courtyard. However, these three puppets were not so delicate as Saul.

When Saul saw that Zen's eyes were focused on those puppets, Saul explained, "You can select anyone of these puppets. They are made for you!"

One eyebrow shot up in Zen's forehead.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"If you fail in the test, I will save you and take your soul out, then seal your soul in this puppet. Then you can stay with me for long time, as if you were not dead," Saul said as he pointed to the three puppets.

"Those souls of the failed challengers had lived here too.

However, my craftsmanship is not as good as the master's. I could only keep the soul alive in the puppet for a thousand years, but I could not make it immortal, just as what my master did to me," he finished.

Now, Zen had finally understood what Saul meant. In order to have a companion with him, Saul had made some puppets here.

Those who previously broke into the fairy palace and failed the test were made into puppets.

Even though Saul was not as good as his master in making the puppets, the appearance of these three puppets weren't so bad. They looked like they didn't have any major damages. However, the souls within the puppets had faded away after thousands of years.

When Zen thought about being sealed in the puppet by Saul if he failed the test, he couldn't help but feel scared. He swallowed nervously. It would be miserable to live a lonely life in puppet for a thousand years.

Chapter 241 The Force Of One Hundred Men (Part One)

However, at this moment Zen's primary concern was revolving around what the current test was all about.

"Saul, as you mentioned, this test was set by an immortal. But I'm only half-step into the nature level. How could I possibly undergo that test successfully?" Zen asked with a wide frown across his face.

If in fact the legendary immortal did set all the problems which would appear in the test, let alone Zen, even the greatest masters of all times from the Eastern Region would probably fail it.

Saul grinned upon hearing the response as he pointed to the things in the yard and said, "Look at everything in this courtyard carefully. Aren't they all over a hundred times bigger than you?"

Upon giving everything a second glance, Zen gave an accepting nod. It was evident that the courtyard was designed by immortals. Every wall there was over thousands of feet high, which made Zen feel like a little ant crawling on the ground as he walked through the courtyard.

"Don't you think it is strange that I showed up before you in this appearance?" Saul asked again, with a wide smile still persisting on his face.

The entire scene was indeed rather strange. From the moment he entered the fairy palace, all the objects were of massive proportion, except the puppet Saul who was about Zen's size.

"The test is designed to find the most suitable successor, so the candidate's strength is primarily taken into consideration. But obviously if the immortal modeled the test based on his own ability and strengths, then chances are that no one would inherit the fairy palace," Saul continued in a bid to instill confidence. "The test formulated only for pushing your limits. It means that the stronger a candidate is, the more difficult the test will be. If you can surpass your limits and excel your own standards, then you can pass the test!"

"Oh, now I understand. This is fair enough," Zen said, as he sighed in relief while his heart swelled up with adoration, 'The immortal really has far-reached supernatural power and intuition. The test is tailor-made for the contestants and the best of their abilities!'

The Desperate Melee was well-designed as well. The design would eliminate all unqualified competitors in the beginning, leaving behind the one true participant for the test.

Then Zen moved on with Saul. Soon they were in an enormous building with a threshold at the height of a few dozen feet. Saul then crossed the threshold with a hop.

Zen walked right over to the threshold, then he slammed his feet against the ground, and he came to the threshold's other side.

And on the other side, Zen saw a small talisman on the ground, and Saul was standing right beside it.

"Come here. Stand on this talisman and begin your test," Saul said patiently.

Zen found the palace like a minefield. Keeping in mind what Saul said earlier, he knew that the test would be very dangerous.

If and when Zen passed the test, he would be the fairy palace's owner. Inheriting such a majestic and esteemed fairy palace would be an enormous benefit to Zen.

With Zen's current strength and capabilities, he was far more superior than the other masters at the same level, he was even equipped to defeat nature creatures without much effort, but when the enemy was in the Illuminating Soul Realm, the situation was different...

For example, even though he actually did defeat Seymour today, one could not ignore that he was seriously injured too!

Besides, Vale was the disciple of the Cloud Sect, and was evidently more powerful than Seymour! Could Zen be his match and defeat him?

To be precise, if he wanted an actual shot to save his sister, he would not only have to deal with Vale, but also many other powerful masters in Cloud Sect.

Internally, Zen thought he was still too weak in Cloud Sect...

Bearing this idea in mind, Zen, without any hesitation, placed his foot on that talisman.

Not even a second after he placed his foot on the talisman that his head began to spin. The landscape around him changed within a fast flash and now Zen found himself in another world.

In this new contrasting different world, bright flashes of lightning lit up the sky and meteor shower fell in the distance, sounding their presence and the ground shook in waves like those of a majestic sea.

"The first thing is to test and quantify your strength," Saul's voice came through to Zen's ears. Zen very clearly understood that what he was seeing was just an illusion. But even then he could not deny that the environment looked and seemed very real, over a hundred times more real than mirage in Cloud Sect's Bloody Mountain, including the wind, rain, thunder and lightning or vegetation.

The fact to remember was that it was a test of strength!

But Zen didn't know how his strength would be tested at this point in this unfamiliar world.

He walked for a while before his eyes chanced upon a rope. There were many bare-chested men with powerful muscles standing along side the rope. The men appeared quite burly.

After counting the men standing across from him, Zen realized there were about a hundred men.

"Humph!" Upon seeing Zen approaching, the men leading the gang handed the strong rope over to Zen.

Zen grabbed the rope and suddenly felt light. His vision got blurry before the landscape changed yet again.

As his vision became clear again, Zen was standing on the top of a high mountain, still holding onto the rope. Those burly men were standing across him, holding the rope's other end.

Between the mountain tops was a ravine. Some preying birds were circling over the cliffs, looking at Zen insidiously. It felt like they were keenly waiting for the moment he would fall into the ravine, so they could swoop in and peck at his flesh.

In addition to this horrifying scene, the bottom of the mountain ravine was swirling with molten hot lava...

Chapter 242 The Force Of One Hundred Men (Part Two)

"It looks like if I fail or even flutter, I'm going to die," Zen muttered softly.

"Humph!" The strong men across the ravine grabbed the rope, drew a circle and tied it around their shoulders. Then they motioned Zen to tie himself with the rope, just as they did by imitating their actions.

"Is the test of strength a tug of war? How could I possibly match the strength of 100 men all by myself?" Zen, grasping the powerful men's intention and the test's concept, gently swung the rope and tied it around his shoulder in a strong loop.

Then Zen tugged at the rope and nodded at those men. The test of strength had been initiated.

"Hey-oh!"

With a sudden roar, the hundred intimidating men began to pull at the rope as hard as they could.

Even though Zen was well prepared, he suddenly lost his strong footing due to the sheer force of the hundred mighty men and slowly slid toward the cliff's edge.

After being dragged six or seven steps toward the opposite side, Zen put an end to it with all the strength he could muster. His feet gripped the ground, like a bull, and he stopped sliding as he adjusted to the steady position.

"This strength test is not so easy to pass and is deceptively tough!" Zen tried to lean back, stretching the rope straight and asserting more strength.

The collective strength of a hundred men was so great that despite his best efforts, Zen was dragged towards the cliff's edge.

Zen had not launched the power of dragon scales just as yet. He relied solely on his own strength against the strong men.

He gritted his teeth, flexed every muscle and every tendon bulged. However, even with all his strength, he could not hold his ground and slid toward the cliff's edge inch by inch.

'This is the limit of my physical strength, ' Zen realized. 'I'm only two or three steps away from the drop. If I don't utilize the power of dragon scales, I'm afraid I will fall into the ravine!'

"Come on!"

Zen shouted, and the dragon scales lit up in his head, giving off a green glow. Then, a rush of strength pushed into every muscle of his body like a sudden surge of electricity.

In a flash, Zen's power had exploded beyond what he expected!

Upon Zen's sudden surge of tremendous power, the rope creaked, and the hundred strong men were shocked into a movement towards the cliff's edge!

Just moments before the mighty men standing across were about to fall into the ravine, they suddenly let out a roar again at the same time.

"Hey-oh!"

The hundred men simultaneously pulled the rope and withstood the test of power while stopping it from moving toward Zen.

Thus, Zen and the strong men were in a match all over again!

'How did that happen?' Zen's mind was bubbling with curiosity. Over a hundred dragon scales inside his body had been ignited, and the force of each dragon scale was very terrifyingly mighty, not at the very least weaker than the strength of any man standing across him.

Earlier, Zen was barely able to withstand the power of these men only based on his physical strength. So now he activated the power of dragon scales, and his power would greatly surpass that of his opponents.

But with a loud yell, yet again the strong men actually steadied the rope!

What did this mean?

It simply meant that the strength of those men was not fixed and varied depending upon the opposition. As Zen's strength grew, so did their strength to level the field.

With the rope on Zen's shoulder, Zen used his overwhelming strength to confront the strong men in the dual yet again.

Neither side would budge and it grew tedious. Whenever Zen took a few steps back, the men then pulled him forward a few steps.

As a result, the tug-of-war became like a game of seesaw, with one side retreating and the other moving forward and then vice versa.

Zen's brow furrowed at the situation.

'It can't go on like this!' Zen thought to himself.

The men across him, his competitors were not real beings, but were magically made by the owner of this fairy palace with the help of illusions.

Moreover, this proved their strength was simply inexhaustible.

Unlike their unwavering strength, not only would Zen's strength fail, but his dragon scales would deter after overuse and needed a little rest before he could recover.

Evidently, if it went on like this, sooner or later Zen's strength would be exhausted and he would be dragged into the abyss by those men standing across him!

'I must win this situation as soon as possible. The more time this takes the lesser chances I have, ' Zen told himself.

But all of this was easier said than done. This strength test was too difficult than what he first anticipated!

"Boy, having a tug-of-war with a hundred people does not require only strength, as one may think, but also skills!" Saul's voice came through again motivating him. "If you had paid attention to the minute details, you'd have figured it out by now!"

"Details?" Zen was startled for a second upon listening to Saul.

"Yes. I can't tell you what they are. If I give you too many hints, I might be wiped out, so that's all I can say. The rest is up to you and I have said enough," Saul said in a soft motivating tone.

'Details?' Zen was lost in thoughts. 'On the face of it, the strength test seems like an unsolvable puzzle.

The strength of the hundred men opposite is equal to mine each time. So, when my strength is increased ten times, the strength of the opposite too will be increased ten times, and when my strength is increased a hundred times, the strength of the opposite will also be increased to the same level to balance the scales and make it a fair match.

That is to say, no one can win the opposition.

So what are these minuscule details?

There are a hundred mighty men...

When I pull the rope hard, they too pull it with equal might. The only difference is when they all tug at the rope together they all let out a roar.

Why must they always roar?

The roar... This difference doesn't enhance their strength. The immortal would not add any unnecessary element when setting the dreamland, so this was deliberately arranged and placed here. Everything has meaning and significance.'

The thought of that terrifying roar reminded Zen of a story he read as a child.

It was the tale of Lancang River. There was a shallow section of the river which small boats could cross, but big ships could not maneuver through.

In order for the big ship to pass smoothly, it must be pulled by men. Boat trackers pulled a ship along the shore with ropes on their backs, assisting the ship to move forward through the shallow water slowly yet steadily.

But despite dozens of men were towing a ship, their power was uneven and insufficient. If there was no unified force, it was impossible to drag the ship deep in the mud.

In order to combine the power of dozens of people, they would sing songs, which were actually some rhythmic slogans driving motivation and synchronous movements!

These slogans were used to synchronise their movements and combine their forces to ensure mobility and success.

At the thought of this, an idea suddenly occurred to Zen!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 243 Endless Steps

The most significant difference between them was that Zen was the only one on his side, whereas there were about a hundred people on his rival's side.

Here, Zen had an advantage as it would be impossible for so many people to act in unison as there must be a difference among a hundred people when they exerted their strength.

To overcome this shortcoming, they would roar when exerting themselves, and this roaring unified their efforts.

'This must be the so-called details Saul mentioned!' Zen was suddenly enlightened. Since Saul had reminded him, it must be the key to pass the test!

'Strength, unity...

I must find a way to disrupt their efforts so that they are unable to exert their strength simultaneously!' Zen thought.

He looked at those men with a weird smile and then gradually withdrew his strength.

After Zen reduced his strength by thirty percent, he was pulled toward the cliff edge, little by little.

After moving forward a few steps, Zen suddenly applied himself.

All his strength erupted in an instant!

Then, he was able to drag the rope back.

"Hey! Ha!"

The men roared when they found that Zen was striving to use all of his power. They deployed their strength at the same time to compete against Zen.

'It is just as I have thought!' Zen thought with a slight smile. When the men exerted themselves, Zen withdrew his strength again.

As he felt the rope loose, Zen applied more force.

Because he was alone, Zen could exert or withdraw his strength freely.

On the contrary, the men on the opposite side had to rely on their roaring to unify their movements.

After Zen had repeatedly exerted and withdrawn his strength, the roaring rhythm of the men finally became chaotic.

"Hey! Ha..."

"Ha..."

"Hey..."

Everyone was roaring according to their rhythm, so their strength wasn't unified at all.

Just then, Zen summoned all his strength again.

Even if the total strength of these men were equal to Zen's, because they were inconsistent in utilizing their power, they seemed to be weaker than Zen.

As a result, the men couldn't keep their balance any longer and slid toward the edge of the cliff, one by one.

As soon as one man fell off the cliff, their team would lose one percent of their strength. When Zen deployed all his power, more than thirty men fell. The strength of the remaining seventy men was only equal to seventy percent of Zen's power at that moment. And so, Zen had nothing to fear.

Zen felt more and more relaxed as with each exertion there were fewer people left on the other side. Finally, all hundred men had fallen into the ravine. And thus, Zen won the strength competition.

After pulling the whole length of the rope to his side, Zen felt the surrounding environment change. When he looked around, Zen noticed that he was back in the hall.

A smile appeared on Saul's face. Except for his lifeless breath, the puppet of the immortal was just like a real person.

"Well done! Since you were able to win with the slight hint I have given you, I feel more confident in your abilities now," said Saul.

"You call that a slight hint?" Zen asked with eyebrows raised.

Saul nodded and answered, "The strength test is relatively easy. If you want to be recognized by the immortal, you have to survive the test of the soul and the spirit. It is the most important part of the tests."

"Soul and spirit..." Zen murmured as he gazed at Saul. Zen knew very little about the soul. Oddly enough, none of the people from the Eastern Region had heard about this either.

In fact, compared to the others in the Eastern Region, Zen had already learned more about the soul. He had begun to cultivate according to the book, Spiritual Thorn and had now, reached the state of forgetting himself. After reaching the state, Zen had won against many masters.

So the soul of masters was vulnerable too.

A talisman appeared as Saul pointed at the ground. "The second test is a spiritual one. Now, since you have passed the test of strength, you have to take the test of the spirit. Be careful. The test is very dangerous. If you are careless, your soul will be removed. Then you will become a zombie-like idiot!"

Zen nodded without hesitation. Since he had passed the first test, he felt as though he should continue with the remaining tests. "Before taking the second test, I want to know how many tests I have to pass," asked Zen.

Hearing that, Saul flashed three fingers and said, "Three. But... strictly speaking, there are only two tests. Once you pass the first two tests, you would have the quality to take over the fairy palace. However, the third test is very important as your performance will decide what kind of reward you will get."

"Reward? What will be the reward?" Zen was a little surprised.

Saul smiled slyly and said, "I can't tell you more now. But I will share if you pass the second test."

Since Zen didn't have any other questions to ask, he moved forward and stepped on the second talisman.

As soon as he trod on it, Zen was transferred to the illusory again after a while of dizziness.

Unlike the realm full of lightning and thunder he had been sent to previously, the current realm was very quiet. There was a heavy mist in the distance, and the sky looked a little dark.

Zen was on a mountain and in front of him was a staircase with endless steps.

"The test of the soul is to climb this staircase. If you reach the top, you will pass the test." Saul's voice echoed across the mountain.

Climbing up a staircase? It sounded too easy. However, Zen knew that the stairs couldn't be as simple as they looked.

Since the first test was challenging, then the second test would undoubtedly be more difficult.

Standing before the staircase, Zen looked up. There were probably tens of thousands of steps in front of him. The further up he looked, the less Zen could see. After all, the steps were so high up that they were wrapped in mist.

Zen moved forward and cautiously placed his foot on the first step. A frown appeared on Zen's face when nothing happened.

He gingerly took another step. Again, nothing happened. Zen began climbing up step by step at a brisk pace.

In his present physical condition, ascending the staircase was as easy as walking on the ground. Even if Zen slowed his speed and climbed one step after another, he still moved up very quickly.

"The two-hundredth step..."

"The three-hundredth step..."

"The eight-hundredth step..."

"The nine-hundredth step..."

"The nine-hundred and ninety-ninth step..."

Standing on the nine-hundred and ninety-ninth step, Zen looked down and found that the steps behind him were hidden in the mist. Now he couldn't see anything except the mist and the step under his feet. A deep sense of loneliness coursed through him.

'There was nothing wrong with the first thousand steps. If I guess correctly, the real test should start from the next step.'

Thinking about this, Zen placed his foot on the one-thousandth step.

As soon as his foot touched the step, Zen felt a sharp pain.

"Oh! It hurts!"

Zen cried in a low voice. However, when he looked down, he couldn't see what had caused the pain.

'That's impossible!' he thought. Zen then wondered what had caused the sharp pain in his foot.

'My skin is too tough for any ordinary sharp object to prick it.' Thinking about this, Zen became more cautious.

Then he took another step.

"Ah!"

He frowned and couldn't help but cry out in pain.

After the pain subsided, Zen looked at the step. The moment he placed his foot down, a sharp grey thorn rose from the step and went into his foot.

The grey thorn had caused the pain.

"Soul thorn!" Zen's face turned pale in shock.

Although the soul thorn was not the same as Zen's spiritual thorn, they were similar as they could attack people's soul even if their skin was hard.

If Zen's soul had not been refined and strengthened by the black fire, he would have fainted from the pain of being pricked by the soul thorn.

His soul was strong enough, but his face still twisted in pain, as though he had tasted a bitter melon.

Zen raised his head and looked at the steps that extended to the skyline. 'How much pain would I have to suffer if my feet are pricked at every step I take?

It seems I have no choice but...'

Zen suddenly leaped forward. After several jumps, he had crossed twenty-three steps.

Although Zen was being smart by jumping, he was invariably pricked by the thorn when he did place his feet on a step. Zen gritted his teeth and continued as he rationalized that this was better than getting pricked at every step.

After jumping across dozens of steps, each time he placed his foot on a step, Zen would feel the pain of his soul being attacked by the thorn.

After leaping more than ten times, his soul had been pricked more than ten times too. Even though Zen's soul was much stronger than the average person's, he felt dizzy from the pain. Zen couldn't help but cover his head with his hands.

He had to sit down and rest.

Looking at the remaining steps, Zen took a deep breath. After he had recovered, Zen continued to climb.

After leaping across several hundreds of steps in one breath, Zen reached the two-thousandth step.

The moment he stepped on it, the environment around him changed.

Clusters of crimson flame replaced the soul thorns.

Zen guessed that they were not real flames as he couldn't feel any heat coming from them. However, when he stepped on them, Zen felt as though his soul was being grilled.

He would have preferred it if they had been actual flames. After all, Zen had developed a certain resistance to fire and could even absorb their heat as he had been refined by the lotus fire, the fire of the Earth's core, and the demon's holy fire.

However, the flame on the step was special as it wouldn't hurt his body, but it did attack his soul.

Chapter 244 Zen's Unshaken Determination

Zen's soul was getting roasted by the flames. In spite of his strong will, he couldn't bear the excruciating pain. He trembled and moaned in pain as he rolled side to side on the ground with his hands covering his head.

He found it hard to stand up, let alone take another step.

Zen slid on the 2, 000th step and eventually fell to the 1, 999th step.

Although he had to endure the pain of the soul thorns pricking him when he went down to the 1, 999th step, he looked so much better. He looked up at the steps above him and sighed, "This is harder than I thought. How can I overcome these obstacles?"

Zen had an iron will and never backed down from any challenges or difficulties. He triumphed over many predicaments with his perseverance.

But for the first time, he doubted himself.

The remarkable flame was terrifying and overwhelming.

"I can't quit now even if I want to," Zen murmured. There was no way he could back out now that he was inside the fairy palace. Besides, Saul told him that he would be accepted in the fairy palace if he could pass this stage of the test.

However, he couldn't even stand up steadily at the 2, 000th step, so how could he possibly move up another step?

Zen's soul had great strength that could withstand any pain, so there was no reason he should fear being burned by the flames.

His soul had been exposed to the black fire in his brain. The flame that he was now encountering was not even close to the power of the black fire.

But then, Zen could not endure the pain of his soul being burned.

"No, it can't be like this!"

The soul test was indeed quite dangerous. The puzzle must be difficult, but it could not be unbreakable. There must be a way to deal with this.

Zen stood at the 1, 999th step and thought for a while. His face lighting up with an idea, he said, "Ah! How can I be so stupid to have forgotten about the state of forgetting myself?"

Back when Zen was mastering the Spiritual Thorn, he inadvertently discovered the state of forgetting himself. In the sphere of nothingness, his consciousness would become subtle and he could ignore himself as if becoming the second person.

If he entered that state now, he could completely ignore the pain of his soul being burned. This was the only way he could think of that could help him pass the 2, 000th step.

Thus, Zen closed his eyes and began his meditation. The moment he opened his eyes, he could feel nothing.

He felt as if the world had lost ties with him, including his own body.

Zen was now ready to try the 2, 000th step again. With this renewed determination, he said to himself, "All right! Let's do this again!"

In his state of forgetting himself, Zen walked up to the next step.

When he finally reached the 2, 000th step, he felt so much better. The flame still burned his soul and he could still suffer a sting of pain.

But since he entered the state of forgetting himself, he could endure the pain and ignore it completely.

Now that he made a way to ignore the pain, he continued to move on and finally reached the 3, 000th step.

As he continued to ascend, the difficulty level of every 1, 000 steps became higher.

He might have found a way to surpass the challenge at the 2, 000th step by going into the state of forgetting himself. But he didn't know what was waiting for him on the 3, 000th step.

When he took a step on the 3, 000th step, he waited for something to happen. But after a while, he was surprised that nothing he imagined ever happened.

There was neither soul thorn nor flames that could burn souls. It felt that he was back before the 1, 000th step again.

Zen was doubtful, 'It can't be this easy, can it?'

As he observed, the farther he got into the soul test, the harder and more complex the test would be. There was no way that they would let Zen pass the test that easily.

Zen tried his luck and walked up a few more steps to see if anything would change. To his surprise, there still wasn't anything unusual.

"Well, I don't know what is happening. But this must be my lucky day!" Zen murmured as he went up straight. He could not comprehend what was happening with the test. If there were no more obstacles, he could finish the test in no time. But if there were, he was ready to deal with anything.

After he took a dozen steps from the 3, 000th step, he suddenly felt a gust of wind pass through him. It was so strong that he could not see clearly.

When the wind had passed, a lot of fierce creatures were approaching Zen from the higher steps.

The beasts looked like the monsters crawling out of the hell and each seemed to be ten times more powerful than Zen. No, they were one hundred times more powerful than him.

Zen got anxious at the sight of the beasts coming towards him, but he quickly calmed himself.

He took a deep breath and completely shut out the fear in his heart.

Looking by the beasts' appearance, Zen felt they could tear him to shreds in an instant.

But since this was the soul test, the purpose of these beasts was to test his soul and will.

With this thought, he knew not to be confused with appearances.

"They are not real. The moment I think they are, I will lose," he whispered to himself and repeated this like a mantra. Thus, he stood his ground and watched as the beasts rushed towards him.

Truly enough, the beasts were not real. They passed right through Zen and instantly vanished.

"Excellent! You have just reached the third but most dangerous stage of this test. If you had just a hint of fear in your heart at previous stage, the beasts would have devoured you!" Saul said from the outside. "As long as you can go through this stage, you will be successful to pass the entire test. Fight on!"

Saul said. This confirmed Zen's assumption that fear would have ended his life. If he showed a little fear or violence, the beasts would devour him.

Though it wasn't like the previous test where physical endurance was required, it was the most challenging for Zen.

His life depended on his mindset.

It was a test in between fantasy and reality. Zen admired the deity's tricky but wonderful mind for that test.

Now that Zen knew the difficulty of the tests he could possibly face, he became more vigilant.

After passing through that level, he continued to move up.

As he took his steps, he could smell blood and the thick mist around him slowly turned blood-red in color.

Zen caught sight of a man in a snow-white robe. Zen could not see the man's face clearly, but he looked familiar to him, the figure at least.

"Father!" Zen exclaimed in surprise.

Zen could not be mistaken. He knew the figure very well as it was imprinted in his memory even after all these years.

Mike was the name of Zen's father and he died three years ago. And every time Zen remembered his father, his heart was filled with endless sorrow. Until now, he had not told Yan the truth because he didn't know how.

The moment he saw his father, he could not help but feel excited.

He called him repeatedly, but the man didn't respond.

When Zen slowly stepped forward, the man suddenly looked up at him. Zen was surprised to see a face with no flesh at all.

He was stunned and froze in fear.

The skeleton let out a terrible cry and suddenly attacked Zen.

The skeleton was coming at him on high speed and there was no time for Zen to dodge. He suddenly felt a terrible pain as if his soul was torn apart.

"Ah!"

Zen screamed in pain as the skeleton munched on his skin.

The pain of the soul being eaten was extremely excruciating.

If he could not snap out of this illusion, the skeleton would eat him to death.

Zen was screaming with pain when he heard Saul's voice, "Hold on to your belief!"

"My belief?" Zen mumbled. His eyes widened in bewilderment, "What is my belief?"

Despite the pain of the skeleton munching on him, Zen reflected on his belief.

Since his father's death, Zen's heart hardened like solid rock.

When he encountered an illusory devil transforming into a group of fierce beasts, he was able to calm himself down and eventually passed the stage.

But when the illusory devil turned into his father's image, it hit him hard. He became vulnerable.

'My… my belief... is the relentless pursuit of martial arts mastery. Since I decided to follow this path, I must go on, and no one can shake my determination.' At first, he couldn't figure out his belief out of the pain. But with focus, he was able to remember what he believed in and what pushed him to take the test. 'Even if my father stops me, I will not falter or give up! No one can ever stop me in mastering martial arts!'

His eyes now glowed with fortitude.

The skeleton slowly weakened until it finally disappeared.

Zen gasped for air and sighed with relief. If his determination wasn't firm, his soul would have been bitten to death.

Without wasting any more time, Zen stood up and kept moving up. When he finally reached the top, the surrounding slowly changed and he found himself back in the hall again.

"Congratulations! You have passed the Soul Test! Now, you are considered the temporary owner of the fairy palace," Saul greeted Zen and smiled at him with excitement.

Chapter 245 The Contemplation Picture

"The temporary owner?" Zen was curious about this title.

Saul laughed, "Yes, this is the rule made by the third host of the fairy palace!"

"Then what can I do as a temporary host? Can I use anything?" Zen asked.

Saul shook his head, "No. You can only take the last test and get a Contemplation Picture."

"What is a Contemplation Picture?" Zen asked. He was thoroughly confused by now.

Saul was curious. "I don't know what world you live in! As a warrior, you don't know what a Contemplation Picture is?"

Zen had read many books, but he had never heard of the Contemplation Picture. So he shook his head and replied, "I really don't know."

"Although you are only at a half-step into the nature level, don't the warriors in your world have life vitality? Nobody can have life vitality avatar? I saw that many people fighting in the pavilion had life vitality avatars. A person needs a Contemplation Picture to have a life vitality avatar." Saul explained to Zen.

This explanation only confused Zen more. "The warriors in the Eastern Region cultivate life vitality avatar based on their cultivation method to meditate. Nobody needs a Contemplation Picture..." Zen responded.

"I see," Saul nodded. "In my opinion, the strength of the people at the Illuminating Soul Realm is low, but the powerful men at the Illuminating Soul Realm in the Eastern Region are much weaker than those at the same level I have seen. As they don't have a Contemplation Picture, their life vitality avatar is not powerful."

"Explain to me more clearly. If I want to have a life vitality avatar, I must have that picture, right?" Zen heard Saul repeatedly emphasizing on the significance of the Contemplation Picture. Although he didn't quite understand it yet, in his heart, Zen felt it must be important.

Saul smiled, "The powerful men in the Eastern Region can cultivate life vitality avatar without the Contemplation Picture. The life vitality avatar made from their meditation can't be passed down with a foundation. So their power will be much weaker. If you can turn life energy into life vitality and gain life vitality avatar through the Contemplation Picture, its power will be ten if not a hundred times stronger!"

Zen understood what Saul said.

It appeared that Saul and the host of the fairy palace did not live in this world. There was another way to cultivate in their world, and it was different from that in the Eastern Region. Something called the Contemplation Picture was needed to have life vitality avatar.

"In this case, how do I get... the Contemplation Picture?" Saul's explanation tempted Zen.

Saul laughed, "Didn't I tell you a few minutes ago? After you pass the first and second tests, you will take the third one. Your performance in the last test will decide your reward."

After saying that, Saul pointed with his hand. Several lights flashed on the wall not far away, and five pictures appeared from nothing.

Zen stared at the five pictures. They were blurry, and he couldn't see them clearly.

"These are your rewards. Each of the five Contemplation Pictures has a different power. The first one, the Heavenly Sword Picture is the worst, and the last one, the Sun Moon Stars Picture is the best. Which one of these you will get depends on how many tasks you complete in the third test. If you can finish the first task, you will get the first Contemplation Picture. If you can complete all tasks, you will get the most powerful Contemplation Picture." Saul stated.

Zen looked at the five pictures and became a little excited, "I am sure to get the Sun Moon Stars Picture!"

But Saul shook his head, "That is very difficult. I think, with your strength, you can get the second one, the Nine-day Cycle Picture or at best, the third one, Cloud and Flying Birds Picture."

"I must try."

After speaking, Zen strode forward and stepped on the third rune.

Although he had passed the first and second tests, the third test was also important.

Anyway, he was determined to get the best Contemplation Picture!

When Zen started to enter the third rune, he saw bubbles appearing from a marsh in front. In the next instant, murlocs, half-human, half-fish creatures, climbed out one after another.

"There are five tasks in the third test. The first one is to challenge elite murlocs. With your strength, this should not be a difficult task for you!" Saul's voice appeared beside Zen's ear.

Zen waited till the ugly murlocs had stepped forward before summoning his broken flying knife. Then, without hesitation, he rushed toward them.

"Kill!"

As Saul had said, these murlocs weren't very powerful. Each of the murlocs was probably a little more powerful than a blade locust officer.

But now, Zen's power had increased several times since his last visit to the south.

The broken flying knife was like a shuttle running back and forth, drawing a thin silver line.

"Poof..."

Every time one tiny line passed over, the broken flying knife would cut a dozen of murlocs.

Although the number of murlocs was overwhelming, the speed with which Zen sliced through them allowed him to kill about three or four thousand murlocs in half an hour.

At last, there were no more bubbles in the marsh. He had killed the first group of elite murlocs.

Zen stood on the bodies of the murlocs with narrowed eyes, waiting for more opponents. When none came, he sat down to rest. In no time, more bubbles appeared in the marsh.

"The second group comprises ferocious beasts that live in the marsh. Their number is smaller than that of the murlocs, but they are more powerful," Saul explained.

The ferocious beasts had huge bodies, like giant gorillas. With black faces and sharp teeth, their appearance was terrifying!

Zen lifted the broken flying knife and readied himself.

These ferocious beasts had astonishing strength, but they were not as flexible as the murlocs. What was more, Zen had the Phoenix Crystal on his right arm, because of which his speed was significantly increased.

When facing these tall, big ferocious beasts, Zen was like a butterfly. He flew back and forth among them without stopping.

However, as Zen soon found out, compared to the elite murlocs, these ferocious beasts had tenacious vitality. Even though Zen used the broken flying knife to injure them or cut open their bellies, the other parts of these beasts could still move freely. The only way to kill them was to cut off their heads.

It was difficult for others to penetrate the thick fur and skull of the ferocious beast with their weapon, but it was easy for Zen.

Till now, nothing except Yolande's enchantment could stop Zen's broken flying knife.

After an hour, Zen killed the last remaining ferocious beast from the marsh. He sat on a rock and tried to settle his chaotic breathing. Zen had been counting the number of beasts he had killed. There had been 466 beasts in total.

"The broken flying knife in your hand is nice... The second task was also easy, but you have to be careful during the third task. If you can't make it, you can choose to quit. The second Contemplation Picture, the Nine-day Cycle Picture is very good. The second host of the fairy palace mainly cultivated this picture," Saul reminded Zen.

The second host?

Zen was sure that Saul had not mentioned that the fairy palace had more than one host till now.

If Zen was aiming for a reward, he was surely going to get the best one. In his life, Zen had never thought of the two words, give up.

After a short break, Zen felt the ground tremble. He knew that the third task was about to begin.

"Crack!"

As the ground trembled violently, a ferocious breath came from the marsh. Having never heard such a sound before, Zen presumed it was from some nameless ancient monster.

In no time, a snake rose from the marsh.

"Snakes?"

Zen saw dozens of snakeheads emerge from the marsh. The heads looked up and swirled around the swamp. Only after the snakes had left the marsh, Zen found that the snakeheads were the heads of dire beasts. Under the snakehead, was a huge body.

"This is a kind of ancient beast - the nine-headed snake. The adult snake is powerful and strong, and you can never be its opponent. These are just infant nine-headed snakes. It should be noted that they have rank poison, and each head has a different poison. If you can't defeat them, I will let you leave the phantom!" Saul said worriedly. The environment set by the celestial being was dangerous. If Zen died in the phantom, his soul would be destroyed, which was something that Saul was unwilling to see.

Hearing the words rank poison, Zen showed a faint smile.

If another way of attacking was used, Zen would probably be frightened. But Zen had the body of a spiritual weapon, and he was not afraid of any poison.

"Can the snake poison harm me?"

There were a dozen of infant nine-headed snakes, and each of them was 100 feet tall. The snakeheads were strange with different colors, such as yellow, brown, and red. Some snakeheads were colorful and bright.

The snake with the brighter color had a stronger poison.

"Crack!"

The nine-headed snake in the front attacked Zen first.

Its nine heads sprayed saliva at Zen at the same time. He avoided the saliva. When the saliva touched the flowers and grass on the ground, a squeaking sound reverberated through the phantom. All the plants died, and even the ground turned black.

Zen was surprised by the potency of the poison of the nine-headed snakes. If an ordinary person touched a little, they would probably die immediately. Even nature creatures would avoid it when battling a nine-headed snake. They would lose their life if they were not careful.

But Zen was reckless. After he skirted around the poisonous saliva, he hovered on the ground before heading behind the nine-headed snake. He released the broken flying knife in his hand. It shot toward the body of the snake, like lightning.

"Whoosh..."

The nine heads of the snake were flexible. As soon as Zen positioned himself behind the creature, the snakeheads turned and sprayed poisonous saliva at Zen.

Zen couldn't avoid the poisonous saliva despite changing direction several times around the nine-headed snake. He summoned all his strength under his feet and bent his body in an arc. He didn't dodge the poisonous saliva. Instead, he rushed up under it.

"You... want to die?" Saul asked in surprise. He apparently didn't understand why Zen acted in this way.

"Buzz..."

The poisonous saliva was sprayed on Zen's body and corroded his skin. However, Zen stayed calm and rushed to the snakeheads in one breath.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 246 The Ghosts Of The Masters

"Go to hell!"

The broken flying blade cut through the air with high speed that it looked like a silver line to the naked eye.

"Bash!"

The heads of the snake were not as strong as Zen thought because they got cut off easily.

Without the heads, the snake would die. After its body wriggled in the air, its severed body finally fell to the ground motionless.

Standing on the dead body of the snake, Zen sighed of relief. At this point, he heard Saul's voice from the sky, "You really are surprising, kid! Who would have thought you're immune to snake venom? It looks like you can make it through this round."

The most difficult part of the third round was to face the venom of the nine-headed snake that could rotate its heads at any direction. But he was not afraid of snake venom at all so the hydra's deadly venom was useless. Zen killed it without breaking a sweat.

After hearing Saul's word, Zen smiled but he didn't relax. He immediately jumped and rushed towards another hydra.

"Go to hell!"

Zen was not threatened by the hydra's venom, so as soon as he approached it, he could quickly cut off its heads.

In total, Zen had killed six hydras in no time.

But the rest of the hydras realized that their venom had no effect on Zen, so they changed their attack strategy. When Zen attacked the hydra, it bit him and tried to swallow him whole.

Zen wasn't ready for such an attack, so he didn't have time to dodge it. He was swallowed whole by the hydra. However, only after a few seconds, the hydra's head burst open and sputtered blood all over its body.

The hydras were no match to Zen's brute strength, so he used this as an advantage to break the hydra's head from the inside.

"Go to hell, you beast!"

He went on a killing spree and finally killed all the hydras.

In this round, Zen had all the advantages that helped him finish the round faster and advance to the next round. For one, he was immune to all the toxins in the world. And two, the number of opponents in this round was smaller than the previous rounds, so he finished in a short time.

"Congratulations on passing this round. You can now get the Cloud and Flying Birds Picture as your prize for getting through this far. This picture dates far back. If you look at the picture, I'm sure you will benefit from it. You can make your choice now," Saul told Zen.

Zen shook his head firmly.

"Do you really want to go through the fourth round? Trust me, each task gets tougher as you move up and only the most gifted races can pass all the rounds. Well, you've done well, but you're still an ordinary human being so there's no way you can pass the next rounds. Take my advice and leave with the picture," Saul advised Zen. It wasn't an insult, but rather a kind counsel. Zen was the best compared to his own race. But being in the fairy palace for too long, Saul had seen many talents better than Zen.

"If I don't try, I will not know for sure. If I fail, at least I have tried," Zen replied decisively. No matter how difficult the next rounds would be, Zen would keep on trying because he wanted the fifth Contemplation Picture.

"I like your persistence and determination. I don't think you can do it, but if you want to try, then go ahead." Saul realized that there was nothing he could do to change Zen's mind, so he let him through the fourth round.

Zen stood in the front of a swamp, patiently and quietly waiting for the beasts.

Suddenly, tiny light balls appeared from the swamp making a squeaky sound. Zen got a little scared.

"These aren't beasts! What are they?" Zen asked.

"These are the ghosts of the masters who were eaten by the swamp. When they died, they still had unfinished businesses, so they became these little lights floating on the swamp. If you insist on going through this round, they may eat your soul!" Saul warned.

After Saul's warning, the little light balls suddenly transformed into what seemed like glowing bodies. The only thing missing was their feet, but it didn't matter because they could float.

The seven ghosts rushed towards Zen.

Having no weight, the ghosts moved fast. One second, they were floating on the swamp, and in the blink of an eye, they were already in front of Zen.

'How could they move so fast?'

Zen was taken aback by such an eerie speed. In his panic, he fired the broken flying blade towards the ghosts without thinking.

Expectedly, the blade just passed through the ghost and didn't do any harm.

"Aaahh!"

A ghost uttered a bitter cry with endless resentment before thrusting towards Zen.

The ghost moved so fast that Zen didn't have enough time to dodge the attack. He put his arms up to protect himself, but the ghost just went straight through his body.

Though the ghost didn't touch him, Zen felt a sharp pain as if he was bitten by an animal. The pain his soul felt was overwhelming.

Because of the pain, Zen couldn't react fast enough. Another ghost rushed towards him and caused Zen pain as it passed through his body.

"Ahhhh!"

The seven ghosts continued to make resentful cries and attack Zen's soul alternately. At this moment, Zen could not do anything but to endure each attack.

'The pain is too much! I must fight back, or they will eat my soul and kill me."

Zen felt another sharp pain in his body. He thought, 'These ghosts are like wild animals. What should I do about them?

Pure physical attacks won't damage them.

If that's the case, then I have to use this one."

When a ghost started to attack, Zen suddenly opened his eyes and shouted, "Spiritual Thorn!"

A gray thorn suddenly popped out of Zen's forehead and fired towards the attacking ghost.

Spiritual Thorn could turn a person's soul into a sharp thorn that could be used to attack another person's soul. This was the simplest or the lamest way of attacking a soul.

In the Eastern Region, there were not many studies on souls and how to defeat one. That was why the Spiritual Thorn was the basic method on how to attack an enemy's soul.

Now Zen thought that it was the only way to defeat the impeccable ghost.

"Shashing!"

The Spiritual Thorn attack was so sudden that the ghost attacking Zen didn't have time to avoid it and got hit by the thorn.

When it was stabbed, the ghost shriveled like a balloon until it finally disappeared.

"It worked!" Zen exclaimed excitedly. At first, he was getting discouraged by the seemingly impeccable ghost and just let them attack him. But he was relieved that the Spiritual Thorn worked at the ghost.

He felt ecstatic and saw a glimpse of hope.

But it seemed that he celebrated too early.

After the first ghost was killed by the Spiritual Thorn, the remaining six ghosts became smarter and more careful.

The ghosts moved faster than before and bit Zen quickly.

Despite the speed of Zen's Spiritual Thorn, the ghosts knew exactly when it would attack, and they could completely dodge it.

Zen was failing this time. He couldn't touch any of the ghosts by his Spiritual Thorn.

He was at the disadvantage in this battle. The pain made his soul weak and he started to feel dizzy.

"This is insane! I can't be beaten. I will kill you all!"

After several failed attempts, Zen closed his eyes and used the Spiritual Thorn to attack at random. He didn't use any logic of his naked eye and just followed his other senses when attacking.

And it worked! He had pierced a ghost.

"Only five left!"

Zen gritted his teeth. He stood up despite the dizziness and continued to fight.

However, the Goddess of Luck was not always on Zen's side. When he tried to use the same trick on the remaining ghosts, it didn't work again. The ghosts continued to attack him, and the pain became more overwhelming. His soul became more fragile and weaker.

"Well, look at you. You're not only immune to any toxins but you can also use your mind to attack your enemy. If you're lucky, maybe you can hit another one. But from how I see it, your soul attack is simple and lame. You might end up dead before you can quit," said Saul.

Zen was weak and could barely stand, but he was not giving up. He gritted his teeth and shook his head, "Just give me a little more time. I will definitely defeat them."

"How can you kill them? Your soul attack level is low. Turning your soul into a thorn to attack is a primitive method, but these ghosts have way more advanced thinking. You're just lucky to have killed two ghosts. Better give up now while you're still alive," Saul suggested, "These ghosts will attack you again. What can you do now?"

The five ghosts surrounded Zen from all angles.

It appeared to them that Zen was ready to give up, so they wanted to eat his soul completely.

Despite being surrounded, Zen just stood. He suddenly gritted his teeth and shouted, "Ahhhhhhh!"

As he yelled, a cyan dragon figure roared in Zen's deep mind.

The dragon's roar turned into an invisible cyan shock wave that spread out in all direction.

When the cyan hit the ghosts, they vanished instantly.

And in that instant, all the five evil ghosts vanished. The cyan shock wave dispersed them all in one attack.

Chapter 247 The Immortal Soul (Part One)

While Saul watched Zen beat all the evil ghosts, he remained silent for a while. Then slowly, he said, "Interesting! There appears to be a dragon lying dormant in your body."

A dragon? Zen did not try to deny it. In fact, there was not only one dragon inside his body --- but nine!

However, only the cyan dragon that lay at the bottom of his body woke up. Particularly, it was the dragon that killed the evil spirits. It was a shame that he could not tell when the other eight dragons were going to awaken. Perhaps, the next dragon might only wake up after the current cyan dragon's scales were completely lit up.

"Haha! Not bad at all! Indeed, you are qualified to proceed to the fifth round. Seeing that you have already passed four tests by now, I won't force you to give up anymore. Should you be successful in the final test, you will obtain the Sun Moon Stars Picture, which is the most powerful Contemplation Picture in the fairy palace. Your only chance at winning, however, depends on you going at it with all your strength. Since the attacks of the ghosts affected your soul, I can assist you with your recovery."

As a creature of wide knowledge and experiences, Saul had seen all kinds of people while staying at the fairy palace.

During his encounter with Zen, he had looked down on the man repeatedly. Nevertheless, Zen succeeded in conquering all the difficulties and consistently passed the tests one at a time. After a while, Saul could no longer intimidate the man and allowed him to advance to the next test instead.

As soon as Saul stated his intention to help, a halo of light descended from the sky and directly entered Zen's brain.

Suddenly, his soul appeared to be in a relaxed state, giving him a sense of pleasure and making him almost want to cry out in bliss. Despite Saul being just a puppet, he had casually displayed his surprising skills to cure people.

After the halo disappeared, Zen, who had been beyond exhausted, suddenly felt energized as his eyes beamed with high spirits.

After stretching his limbs in satisfaction, he turned to Saul eagerly.

"Okay, I don't think I need to take a break anymore. Allow me to start the final challenge now," Zen said, looking at the endless marsh before him.

While bracing himself for another fight, he could not help but wonder, 'What kind of opponent am I going to be up against in the last test?'

It was not long before an armored warrior appeared from the marsh. Squinting for a better look, Zen took in the appearance of his enemy.

The armored warrior looked as tall as he did, but the aura emanating from him was confusing.

"This armored man is only half-step into the nature level? It's incredible!"

Zen was dumbfounded. It never occurred to him that he would meet an opponent who was at the half-step into the nature level.

With Zen's current strength, even if he had to confront nature creatures, they could hardly stay alive in the battle, let alone opponents with only half-step into the nature level. So far, only the Illuminating Soul Realm masters could beat him.

It was going to be a piece of cake for him to deal with anyone of the half-step into the nature level. Because of this, Zen was perplexed about the arrangement.

"Do not look down on your opponent. The fifth and also the final test is the most difficult that you will have to face. The real strength of that armored man is about the same as yours, half-step into the nature level. If you are a nature creature, then so is the armored man," Saul explained.

Zen smiled lightly and said, "Then, I will definitely win."

"Huh?!" Saul exclaimed, looking at him in mild surprise. "How could that be so easy? Within the warrior's body, there is a strand of soul remnant from an unknown immortal. Although the soul remnant has no memory, it comes from the soul of an immortal. Thus, it has inherited the battle skills and styles of the immortal. Even though he is of the same level as you, you are not a match for him in terms of the cultivation method and actual combat experience."

"A strand of soul remnant from an immortal?" Zen repeated slowly.

Upon hearing Saul's words, his heart grew heavy and his facial expression turned glum.

The same strength, used by different people, would show different effects.

A great example was Zen himself. Even though he had only entered half-step into the nature level, it was rather easy for him to defeat nature creatures.

On the other hand, his opponent now was an immortal!

Except that, this immortal before him reduced his level to half-step into the nature level just to fight with him.

'I must be careful, ' Zen thought to himself. He became more vigilant than ever. Holding the broken flying knife, he gazed unwaveringly at the armored warrior not far away.

The armored warrior approached Zen at a slow pace, appearing as though he were only taking a leisure walk.

And as he continued to tread steadily, waves of life energy emitted from his helmet and armor.

"It is life energy!"

As the armored warrior was presently half-step into the nature level, he could not use life vitality. Therefore, Zen assumed that the matter he saw coming from the armored warrior was merely life energy.

However, the life energy seemed so strange. Instead of being a single color, there were several of them! Even more, the life energy constantly changed shades.

'What kind of cultivation method has he mastered that enables him to summon such vibrant life energy? No matter what, I'd better strike him first to gain the upper hand, ' Zen thought. Like a flying shuttle, Zen pushed off the ground and rushed towards the armored warrior. At the same time, he shot the broken flying knife straight at the armored warrior.

With a loud rustle, the broken flying knife rotated and came sharply at the head of the armored warrior.

Trying to outmaneuver the armored warrior, Zen thought of a strategy to subdue him.

For his plan to work, the armored warrior had to dodge the flying knife, and then that was when he planned to use the Spiritual Thorn. After that, he would retrieve the flying knife and initiate his fatal attack.

However, the armored warrior ruined his plan with a single move, one that was simple yet effective enough for him to avoid biting the dust so early in the battle.

In a very subtle manner, the armored warrior... tilted his head.

Chapter 248 The Immortal Soul (Part Two)

His execution to dodge the flying knife was swift, accurate, and concise. By simply tilting in one direction, the flying knife brushed past his cheek. It missed the target by only half an inch!

'He is so confident about himself. He knows the flying path of the knife as though it were the back of his hand!'

Zen thought and looked at the armored warrior, gasping in surprise.

Then he turned his thumb down and dragged the flying knife back, following the same route. With a lift, he then shot the flying knife at the backside of the armored warrior's head again.

His opponent slightly turned his head to one side, just as he did earlier. It was as though he had eyes on the back of his head, he successfully dodged the attack from the flying knife.

"Ah…" All Zen could do was wear a dumbstruck look.

His two consecutive attacks had both failed. To his astonishment, the armored warrior just got away with it so effortlessly. After attempting the best tactic that he could think of, he was now at his wits' end.

Just then, the armored warrior suddenly took his first offensive move; he rushed towards Zen at a rapid speed.

"Is this the strength of a half-step into the nature level cultivator?"

As Zen looked at the armored warrior who was speeding towards him, Zen's pupils dilated. He could not believe that a half-step into the nature level cultivator could run so fast!

It appeared that he had overlooked the similarity in the nature creatures' and Illuminating Soul Realm masters' reaction when they encountered him before. Truthfully, although his opponent had the half-step into the nature level, he also had the strand of soul remnant from an immortal.

Therefore, his real strength could not be measured simply as an ordinary half-step into the nature level.

While rushing towards Zen, the armored warrior extended his long skinny arms and manipulated the life energy to form two colorful curves in the air.

As soon as the curves appeared, they were quickly compressed and turned into two fist shadows, which he harshly struck at Zen.

At the same time, he suddenly advanced towards him. With lightning speed, the armored warrior dashed so rapidly that Zen was only able to see shadows of his body, which was barely visible to the naked eyes.

In the blink of an eye, the armored warrior halted in front of Zen. Pulling back his hand to gain momentum, he then threw his fist at Zen.

As luck would have it, while the warrior sped up, Zen had simultaneously injected the energy of the Phoenix Crystal into his body.

With the help of the Phoenix Crystal, his speed increased by at least ten times. Even then, he still fell a few steps behind compared to the armored warrior's speed.

With an ominous rumble, his opponent's fist hit his body and smashed him down onto the ground.

Despite sustaining minor damages, Zen was quick to counter the attack.

As soon as he fell down with a howl, he immediately hit the ground with his fists and sprang to his feet.

However, as soon as he stood up, he was struck with two fist shadows that were formed by the life energy. The fist shadows were too powerful that they hit his chest with a loud resounding thud. As a result, the armored warrior knocked him meters away. Zen rolled on the ground before he came to a halt.

The armored warrior did not follow up his temporary victory with hot pursuit. Instead, he continued to walk towards Zen at a steady pace.

Lying on the ground, Zen gasped as his chest heaved.

'This armored warrior is too powerful. He has prepared for his every move, and he sees right through my strategy. What should I do?' he thought to himself while frowning.

Still taking deep breaths, he rose to his feet. As he had reached this far, it was simply out of the question for him to give up so easily.

When he straightened up, however, the armored warrior noticed him and zoomed towards him again. His figure flickered, approaching Zen with unfathomable steps.

"Go to hell!"

With his eyes firmly fixated on his opponent, he swung his fist at the man as soon as he was within reach.

Unfortunately, despite his efforts, the punch missed the target again. What he hit was only the shadow of the armored warrior.

Suddenly, the armored warrior snuck behind him and placed his palms on his back.

Zen felt a horrible strength push him on his back, and then he tumbled on the ground where he hit his head on the soft soil. The impact of the attack made him plow through the path, leaving a trace of a long furrow on the ground.

Unable to help it, he spat out dirt from his mouth. Due to his terrible and uncontrolled landing, there was mud on his face, mouth, and even nose.

Regardless of all the continued attacks, he still stood on his feet and cleaned the mud off his face.

His only advantage was his exceptional body.

Although he had endured several attacks from the armored warrior, he still managed to stand and try again. Had it been someone else, the last blow would have wounded the person and ended the challenge.

Nevertheless, Zen's body had become strong after being tempered by the fire for several times. As powerful as the armored warrior was, his blow kept turning into a warm current, which served to wash Zen's belly.

"Pooh!"

After spitting out the aftertaste of mud in his mouth, he gazed at the armored warrior firmly.

The armored warrior moved extremely fast. If he continued to approach Zen at such a speed, it was nearly impossible for Zen to catch sight of his body. In this case, Zen would definitely lose.

"I'll try to narrow the gap between us and fight hand-to-hand with him," Zen thought

As he had a strong and tough body, it never crossed Zen's mind to hesitate in a close distance and hand-to-hand battle.

Without another thought, he threw his broken flying knife again. This time, though, the target of the flying knife was not the armored warrior, but to block his way of retreat.

At the same time, he shortened the distance between the armored warrior and him, reaching out his hand to pull.

But as soon as Zen had reached out, the armored warrior deflected his attack and simply shoved his hand away.

"Do you want to push me away? No, I don't think so!" Zen yelled.

When his opponent had deflected his left hand, he quickly used his right hand to attack the armored warrior.

But then again, Zen did not expect that the armored warrior's arms would be as flexible as the body of a spiritual snake. Quickly enough, the armored warrior twined his flexible arm around Zen's right hand and locked it firmly.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 249 Entering The Nature Level

Zen's wish had come true. If he could get closer, he would have a better chance.

Zen smiled. The dragon power erupted from his body. He lifted the armored man and intended to throw him on the ground.

If the armored man was only a half-step into the nature level, he certainly couldn't survive this.

However, before Zen had the opportunity to do so, the armored man wriggled free from Zen's arms. His body was as soft as a snake.

Zen had already decided to smash the armored man with his arms and fists. However, since the armored man clung to him closely, both of them lost their balance and fell to the ground.

Meanwhile, Zen stretched out his right hand and attempted to grab the armored man's neck. He failed because the armored man's throat was slippery. The armored man got away. He rolled over and pinned Zen under his body.

"Contortion!"

An idea suddenly popped into his head.

The armored man's moves reminded Zen of a body-building martial art form that the Eastern Region called contortion.

Ordinary people would practice several martial arts styles before entering the skin-refining level, and contortion was one of them.

However, after they entered the skin-refining level, these people would commit themselves to becoming a real master and they would give up practicing contortion. This was because the martial arts style was used for body-building and it was useless for the careers of real masters.

Zen had learned contortion in his childhood.

However, after he reached the skin-refining level, he started to learn Purple Light Fist, a method cultivated by his ancestors.

Zen had never thought that an ordinary armored man could use contortion this way. In his mind, contortion was only used for body-building.

Zen found his martial arts useless when battling this armored man.

'A strand of the immortal's soul can possess such unbelievable strength, ' thought Zen. Zen felt very depressed after being pinned by the armored man.

But Zen wouldn't give up easily as he was determined to get the fifth Contemplation Picture.

The armored man put his foot behind Zen and didn't move. Actually, he was motionless and extremely quiet.

He looked a bit arrogant. A strand of the immortal's soul still existed in his body, and it was intelligent.

"Fuck!" Zen cursed.

Zen erupted into fury and struggled to get free.

However, no matter how hard he tried to get up, the armored man pinned him down with his knee against Zen's body.

This time, Zen held his breath and waited for his opportunity. Before he toppled to the ground, he stepped forward suddenly and then turned a somersault. Then, Zen finally rose to his feet.

The armored man saw this and attempted to stop him. He followed Zen and stubbornly tried to pin him down again.

"Fuck yourself," said Zen, smirking unpleasantly.

Zen's breast suddenly burst, and red blood splattered everywhere. From his bloody chest, the broken flying knife appeared and flew toward the head of the armored man.

It cut through his head.

He was standing too close to Zen. Although he was agile and strong, the armored man couldn't see or avoid the broken flying knife. The armored man swayed and fell. A few seconds later, a beam of green light shot through the dead man's head.

The light flew around Zen and then disappeared in the blue sky.

Zen sighed when he saw the wound on his breast. Before he began to wrestle with the armored man, Zen had worked out a way to defeat him.

As the phantom of an immortal, the armored man had cultivated much better martial arts than Zen. Besides, he was extremely powerful and clever and could foresee all of Zen's moves in the fight. Thus, Zen had found it challenging to stop him.

However, the armored man seemed to be dull, mostly because he lacked the immortal's memories. Therefore, Zen bet that he could not remember anything else apart from the battle and the fight.

Finally, Zen used the broken flying knife to penetrate his chest and kill the armored man. The dull phantom would never think of such a vicious trick because no sane human being would hurt himself before killing the enemy.

"Haha," Saul's laughter echoed. "Such a treacherous man. I bet you would not have won had you challenged this armored man fairly," said Saul.

"I agree with you. Even I can't fight with an immortal, not even with a part of his ghost. Please, tell me. Have I passed this test?" asked Zen. The pain was overwhelming. Although the pain would disappear as soon as the battle was over and he left there, his breast wound was bloody and painful.

"Yes, you won. The Sun Moon Stars Picture is yours now. You have the honor of being the second man to possess this picture. The first man was the first host of the fairy palace. This is an achievement of which you should feel proud." After Saul said these words, a big opening appeared in the sky, and a ray of light shot down on Zen's body.

After the stars changed their position, Zen once again returned to the hall.

Saul stretched out his right hand and pointed to the Contemplation Picture far away. Then, the Sun Moon Stars Picture automatically flew toward Zen and stopped over his hands.

"Is this the Sun Moon Stars Picture?" asked Zen curiously. He stared at the picture hard and tried to figure out its mechanism.

However, it was strange that he couldn't look away from the Sun Moon Stars Picture. A magic power seemed to attract him so much that he couldn't remove his glance from the picture.

"What's happening?" asked Zen. Zen stared at the Sun Moon Stars picture and asked Saul, "Why can't my eyes move?"

He couldn't remove his eyes from the picture, which made him feel extremely strange. Zen couldn't even raise his head, not even if at that moment, an opponent rushed at him with a sharp knife in his hand. A powerful magic was attracting both his eyes and his mind.

"Haha! The picture does that to anybody who sees it for the first time. Be patient, and you will be able to look away after a while. The Sun Moon Stars Picture will grant you the power of the moon, sun, and stars. Besides, it will help further your martial arts practice. Since the picture is yours, you can look at it carefully for a few moments. Then, you'll control it, and it wouldn't be strange anymore," said Saul.

Zen found this occurrence to be both funny and annoying. He didn't expect this to happen at all.

Somebody had drawn a sun, a moon, and some stars on a piece of parchment.

Although it looked ordinary, the sun, moon, and stars were moving. The moon moved around the sun slowly, while the stars moved around the moon.

Zen attempted to look away from the picture and roll it up but failed every time. He had lost control of his body.

He had to listen to Saul's advice. Zen sat down and concentrated on the picture.

Sitting on the ground and looking at the picture carefully, he was lost in thought.

Demonic life energy began circling inside his belly. The longer Zen stared at the picture, the quicker the demonic life energy moved.

The energy flew to Zen's head, dispersed through his eyes, and finally shot into the Sun Moon and Stars Picture.

After the life energy entered the picture, it mixed with the stars and made them shine more. Then, the life energy once again wormed its way into Zen's belly.

In this way, the life energy went in and out of Zen's body and the picture again and again.

One time.

Two times.

A hundred times.

Saul saw this and appeared shocked as well.

"It's unbelievable... that you looked at the picture for the first time and you were capable of taking power from the stars and using it for yourself. Unbelievable!" Although Saul had never seen anybody use the power from the Sun Moon Stars Picture, he once witnessed the second host of the fairy palace learned from the Nine-day Cycle Picture.

This second host was a genius as well. Before he came to the fairy palace, he was much stronger and more powerful than Zen.

This formidable master could enter the first level of the Nine-day Cycle Picture only after contemplating the Nine-day Cycle Picture for half a year.

However, there were nine levels in the Nine-day Cycle Picture. In contrast, the Sun Moon Stars Picture only had three levels, which meant the sun, moon, and stars.

In respect of this, practicing the power and skills according to the Sun Moon Stars Picture seemed to be more difficult.

Zen just started to contemplate a few minutes ago, and now, he was capable of taking the power and strength of the stars. He was a genius!

Time passed. Three days later, Zen was still sitting on the ground.

After 3, 000 circles, Zen suddenly closed his eyes. He contemplated for a while and then re-opened his eyes. The stars were still shining brilliantly.

'The Sun Moon Stars Picture is marvelous. After absorbing the power from the stars, my spirit was lifted, and my soul was purified, ' thought Zen. He sighed deeply at the thought.

This was Zen's intuitive feeling. However, as one of the immortal's best pictures, the Contemplation Picture could do more than that.

Zen exerted his energy and allowed it to flow inside his belly, forcing the demonic life energy to come out of his body. He found that some starlight was shining in the dark and purple demonic life energy. It was beautiful.

"The demonic life energy can swallow all other life energies and life vitality, but it gets along with this starlight well... Wait!"

All of a sudden, something abnormal happened.

The demonic life energy disappeared from his hands.

"What's happening?"

Meanwhile, Zen felt the demonic life energy that was slowly flowing inside his belly began to give out heat. It was as though somebody had set a fire inside his body.

The demonic life energy was flowing more and more quickly in his belly, and the heat was accumulating.

The demonic life energy radiated from his belly and quickly rushed to all of his meridians.

The nature of the demonic life energy had changed. It had become much thicker and smoother.

"Am I... entering a new level?"

Chapter 250 Outside The Valley

Zen was pleasantly surprised.

With the demonic life energy flowing through his body, Zen stretched his hand and forced some demonic life energy out of his body.

The demonic life energy had changed indeed. Although it was still dark purple, it looked like thick dark purple fog.

"I have made a breakthrough!"

After being at a half-step into the nature level for a long time, Zen had finally entered the nature level!

The demonic life energy that was flowing in Zen's body was changing into life vitality. The thick dark fog in his hand was demonic life vitality!

After Zen entered the nature level, his strength was promoted to a higher degree.

It was more important that he had broken the barrier to the nature level, as in the future, Zen would enhance speed for cultivation.

"Congratulations. You are now a nature creature," Saul smiled faintly and praised Zen.

In fact, with Saul's vision, let alone a nature creature, even a master at the Illuminating Soul Realm was insignificant.

But Saul was only a servant at the fairy palace, and now, Zen was the temporary host. As long as Zen continued to perform well, he was destined to become the real host of the palace. Saul naturally had to respect him.

Zen nodded and smiled at Saul. After becoming a nature creature, Zen was one level closer to his goal.

Then he closed his eyes and started to consolidate his realm.

Three days later, Zen opened his eyes. As a nature creature, Zen felt that his body had changed.

His breath was longer and more forceful. It would take thirty minutes to take a breath.

After Zen solidified his realm, he jumped up and threw a punch in the air. This was the first move of the Heavenly Ogre Fist called Ogres Shaking the World.

When he threw the punch, a black fist shadow emerged rapidly. It was more solid and faster. Since Zen had absorbed power from the Sun Moon Stars Picture, the shadow glittered with the power of the stars.

Looking at the fist shadow, Zen curled his lips. Unfortunately, he had no opponent on whom to test the power of the Heavenly Ogre Fist. Zen considered Saul for a while. Although Saul remained expressionless, Zen shook his head and dismissed the idea. He knew that Saul's strength was endless. If he decided to test his new powers on Saul, there might not be a reaction.

There was much for Zen to celebrate. After all, he had become the temporary host of the fairy palace and had received the best Contemplation Picture. However, Zen was crestfallen when he learned that he couldn't use anything in the big palace.

If he could enter the pill refining room and acquire an elixir, could his strength be significantly improved?

The cause and effect of everything was a blessing. Since the third host of the fairy palace had made such an arrangement, it must be for a reason. Zen wouldn't insist on it, however.

Saul had informed Zen that he couldn't enter any other place in the fairy palace except the room in which he found himself. Considering the limitations, Zen thought it would be a waste of his time to remain in the palace.

Zen saluted Saul and said, "I have been in the fairy palace for a long time. If there is nothing else to do, I will leave."

"Oh?" Saul was astonished. "This fairy palace is the perfect place to cultivate, especially since the speed to congeal life vitality is several times higher than in the outer world. If you want to cultivate, the palace is the best place. Why do you want to leave?"

Saul had waited so many years to welcome the new host of the fairy palace. Now that Zen had become the temporary host, Saul hadn't thought that Zen would leave so soon.

However, Zen shook his head, "I have many things to do outside."

Saul thought for a while and then stretched his hand. A magical token appeared in his palm.

Zen couldn't understand all the complex patterns on the face of the token. However, he did recognize the word, Wind, that had also been engraved on the surface.

"If you want to return to the fairy palace in the future, you need to show this token at the entrance," Saul told him.

When Zen lifted the token, it felt heavy. It was not made of gold or iron. Puzzled, Zen studied the token. He was unsure of what metal had been used to make the token.

Before Zen left, a lonely expression filled Saul's eyes. Although Saul had the body of a puppet, he had a living soul. After waiting for so many years, his soul had suffered tremendously.

Zen was touched when he saw Saul's expression. Saul had helped him many times during the tests, and so he said to Saul, "Don't worry. You have waited thousands of years. Believe me. I will return soon. Although I am only the temporary host now, I will surely become the real host of the fairy palace!"

A faint smile crept on Saul's face. He said, "Come on. Maybe you can revitalize this fairy palace!"

What Saul didn't tell Zen was that after the third host of the fairy palace died, seven or eight temporary hosts had come to the palace one after another in the past. However, none could inherit the fairy palace.

Saul walked with Zen until they reached the gate of the fairy palace. As Zen took another step forward, Saul whispered to himself, "However... Ever since the first host, only this youth was able to get the Sun Moon Stars Picture. Even the second and third hosts of the fairy palace didn't qualify for it. Maybe he can complete the host's last wish."

...

...

After leaving the fairy palace, Zen walked inside the enchanted barrier.

To protect himself, Zen wore the mask again. When he returned to the Dragon Valley, he found the group of nature creatures from the top seven noble clans.

That group of nature creatures had been waiting beside the pond because they couldn't pass the jade path.

Owing to the enchantment's isolation, they couldn't see what happened in the pavilion in the middle of the pond.

After waiting for a long time, they had to leave the fairy palace. After all, the palace was dangerous to them.

If the two giant puppets who were led to the square edge returned, probably none of them would survive.

After exiting the fairy palace, they returned to Dragon Valley and waited patiently.

Perhaps seven or eight days had passed as they waited.

There was no news from the fairy palace, and they didn't see anyone leave.

The nature creatures felt restless. It was possible that the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm from their clans had died.

Anything was possible in the dangerous fairy palace!

Just at the moment, a light flashed between the two bamboos, and Zen appeared.

"It's him! It's the bloke in the mask!"

"He is alive. No way!"

"Where is my uncle? How is he?"

Seeing the masked boy, the nature creatures were astonished. Without hesitating, they began inquiring after their clan members.

Zen crossed the jade path and entered the pavilion safely. The nature creatures were clear about the strength difference between Zen and the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Since the pavilion was dangerous for the higher level people, they assumed that the bloke in the mask would be the first to die.

After all, he was the weakest among those who entered the pavilion. Although Zen had killed two nature creatures with some tricky tactics before, the nature creatures didn't think highly of him.

There was a natural chasm between nature creatures and the people at the Illuminating Soul Realm, which was impossible to cross.

Since only the bloke in the mask had returned, the people waiting outside couldn't accept that.

Some nature creatures asked Zen about the elders of their clans.

Zen sneered and lowered his head. He didn't intend on answering their questions.

He was not in the same boat as these people and didn't feel as though he owed them an explanation. At the same time, Zen didn't want to make trouble. As long as these nature creatures didn't get aggressive, he would let them go.

While Zen wanted to leave, the other people didn't allow him to.

"Stop! Do you want to leave?" Several nature creatures blocked Zen's path.

"I don't know you. If I stay as you have requested, will you treat me to tea?" Zen smiled faintly and mocked them.

The nature creature in the front replied coldly, "We can have tea. My clan has the best Heavenly Spirit Tea in the Eastern Region. If you can explain what happened inside, I will treat you to tea every day!"

Zen shook his head, "I am not interested. Goodbye!"

"What happened to the elders from my family? Where are they now?" The man was unwilling to step aside and questioned Zen again.

Zen's expression soured. "I will repeat what I said earlier. I don't know you. I am not in the mood to answer your questions. Get out of the way if you don't want to die!"

The strength Zen showed before had already left these people puzzled. After all, Zen could kill Yves and had taken Leon's life.

Although some of these nature creatures were more powerful than Leon, the distance between each of them and Leon wouldn't be large. Everyone was afraid of Zen for now.

The force with which Zen had spoken was so great that the nature creatures moved one step back. One of the men shouted, "Everyone, come together. He must know what happened in the fairy palace. Don't let him go!"

It was said that there was strength in numbers. Perhaps this was why the other men felt encouraged to the degree that they challenged Zen.

Everyone had been fearful of Zen, but they didn't believe that Zen could defeat so many nature creatures by himself.

Seeing so many nature creatures surrounding him, Zen narrowed his eyes and emitted a strong killing intent. He didn't want to kill more people, but these people from the noble clans were so hard to deal with!

"If you want to lose your life, come closer. I can fulfill your wish. All of you will die just like the people at the Illuminating Soul Realm in the palace!" Zen summoned his dark purple demonic life vitality and prepared for battle.

"What? All of them died?"

"How about my uncle?"

"No way! They are masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm. How can they die so easily? You are a liar!"

What Zen said revealed that all the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm were dead. Everyone heard that, but none of them could believe it.

Since the fairy palace was a dangerous place, all of these clan members knew that even masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm were as powerless as insects and could die of an accident at any time.

But they didn't believe it because they couldn't accept the truth.

Chapter 251 The Lightning Horse Of The Li Family

These Illuminating Soul Realm masters were all the backbone of the top seven noble clans. If they had been killed in the fairy palace, it would bring shame and dishonor on the top seven clans.

"I don't need to prove myself. Go and find out for yourself. It's none of my business. Listen, I'm getting out of here now, and if anyone tries to stop me, I will kill him!" Zen angrily said. He was about to leave when someone shouted, "You can't go without explaining to our Huang family! I won't let you leave here alive if you don't!" A nature creature from the Huang family blocked Zen's way. He turned his life vitality into a small green dragon that rushed towards Zen with an open mouth.

"Get out of my way!"

Zen shouted while firing the demonic life vitality from his hands.

"Peng!"

The demonic life vitality crushed the green small dragon before it could approach Zen. Although the green small dragon was transformed from life vitality, it wasn't swallowed by Zen's life vitality, because its grade was not high enough. After hitting the green small dragon, Zen went straight for the nature creature of the Huang family with sparkling stars on his hand.

Zen didn't use the Heavenly Ogre Fist. He just wrapped his hand with power by activating the demonic life vitality.

The moment that the demonic life vitality hit the nature creature, the sparkling stars suddenly exploded.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Each of the sparkling stars was only about the size of a rice grain, but its massive explosive powers shocked even the nature creatures.

The stars were destroyed one by one as they exploded.

By the time the explosions were over, the nature creature of the Huang family had totally disappeared.

Crushing the opponent into ash with just one hit! What an incredible power! The Illuminating Soul Realm masters were at awe by what they had seen. Even they couldn't have possibly made it.

The faces of the nature creatures turned pale in horror and surprise.

"He was just half a step into the nature level when he entered the fairy palace, but he was able to defeat Leon and killed him. Look at him now! He can now transform the life energy in his body to life vitality. He is progressing fast! Now that he has become a nature creature and his competence has improved significantly, we are now no match for him!" someone said in a low voice.

Zen looked around and asked coldly, "Does anyone else want to stop me?"

There was silence in the place. Not one nature creature would want to battle Zen now. After a while, a young man stepped forward from the crowd and said to Zen, "You must explain in detail about what happened in the fairy place."

"What if I don't want to explain?"

Zen said with fury in his eyes. Seeing how furious Zen was, the young man took a few steps back and calmed himself down. He continued, "If you don't want to explain, you'll have to make up for the loss of our top seven noble clans."

Zen laughed hysterically as if he just heard the funniest joke of his life. "Make up for the loss? Why should I do that? Who do you think you are?"

Zen had suffered a lot because of the noble clans, and since then, he had held a grudge against the noble clans.

Hearing that, the young man's face looked even paler. He continued, "Aren't you becoming a little too arrogant for your rank?"

The members of the top seven noble clans feared Zen's power, but they had seen various masters since they were young. Most of the top ten disciples of Cloud Sect came from the most gifted disciples of the top seven noble clans.

The nature creatures came from the noble clans were offended when Zen paid them no mind at all. They found it hard to keep calm at the arrogant young man.

"I'm too arrogant?" Zen chuckled and stepped forward and said, "Here's what I offer. Go back to your home and tell your elders that I will eliminate the noble clans one by one for the rest of my life. Then you'll see what real arrogance is!"

The other nature creatures were flustered with anger because of Zen's arrogance. However, there was nothing they could do because Zen was stronger than they were. He even had killed the nature creature of the Huang family.

As no one else stopped him, Zen finally left.

They said nothing until they were sure that Zen had left completely.

Once Zen was out of the valley, they started to discuss the matter at hand. It wasn't about the safety of the Illuminating Soul Realm masters anymore

but the arrogance and power of Zen instead.

"The grassroot men's violent nature will lead them to die young despite their skills and talent. The genius members from our Yu family are not inferior to him, and they are much more polite and modest than he is."

"Let's not worry about today. The young man in the mask would surely die soon! Let's wait and see! He must die!"

"I don't need you to tell me! We are the pillars of the Burning Sky Empire and all who oppose us must die! That young man is no exception!"

The nature creatures were boasting about their authority to one another. But none of them had dared to speak ill of Zen when he was around.

After leaving from Dragon Valley, Zen felt ecstatic somehow. He was sure that the nature creatures would talk about him behind his back, but he didn't care. He knew that the noble clans must be repressed so that they could feel fear.

When he arrived in G County, he thought of buying a horse to speed up his journey. He was looking for a fast horse, but the small place like G County only raised ordinary horses.

Seeing that Zen was eager to buy a good kind of horse, a hostler ran after him when he was about to leave. The hostler said, "Sir, I know someone who has the horse you're looking for."

"Is that so? Where can I find that person?" Zen was quite eager to buy a horse and didn't care who he would be buying the horse from.

The hostler pointed at a house in a distance and said, "The Li Family who live over there. They are the richest family in G County, and they own the fastest horse in this county. The young master always rides this horse around."

Zen smiled at the hostler and paid him some gold leaves which he took from his space ring. The hostler was happy and thanked Zen for his generosity. But he didn't forget to remind Zen, "The young master of the Li family is a short-tempered lad. If you want to buy the horse, you should have enough patience to talk him through it."

Zen smiled slightly and thanked the hostler for his advice. But whether he would talk to the young master patiently or not was up to his mood.

Following the instruction of the hostler, Zen walked through a street full of luxury buildings owned by the Li family. It was obvious because all of these buildings had a diamond-shaped wooden sign carved with the word "Li".

Shortly, he arrived at the gate of the Li mansion where he was greeted by two attendants in leather armor. They shouted at him, "Don't stand here! This is not a public place. If you don't leave soon, we will catch and imprison you for trespassing!"

But before Zen could talk back to the attendants, he heard a neigh of the horse. When he turned around, he saw a man riding on horseback coming towards the gate from the street.

Zen had better eyesight than any normal person and he could see the horse clearly from afar. He noticed that as the horse's feet touched the ground, it produced a blue spark. It had incredible speed, not something that he had seen from any other horse. It was indeed the horse he was going to buy!

At the blink of the eye, the horse had already covered a great distance of the long street.

As the lightning horse dashed through the street to the gate of the Li mansion, a cart carrying children suddenly came out of an alley.

It was a skinny old man who was pulling the cart. He didn't expect that a horse was coming at such high speed. He was stunned and could not move because of panic.

"What the fuck?" the man riding the horse cursed. He was young and aggressive. From the silk robe he was wearing, he must be the young master of the Li family.

All the bystanders on the street could not bear to look at what could possibly happen once the horse hit the cart. They were expecting the worst – that the kids and the old man would die if the horse turned over the cart and ran over them.

When the horse was about to collide with the cart, Zen came in between and caught the horse's forelegs to avoid the collision.

"It's dangerous here! Go and move your cart now!" Zen said lightly to the old man while he was lifting the horse's forelegs.

The old man was surprised by Zen's action. His eyes were still filled with panic. But he immediately moved the cart out of the way as Zen instructed.

Holding on to his horse to avoid from falling, the young man shouted, "Bastard, what do you think you're doing? Let go of my horse now!"

Zen's face darkened with fury when he heard the young man cursing him. He carefully put down the horse's legs to avoid hurting it.

"Are you out of your mind? How dare you stop my horse? You're courting death!" As soon as the horse was back on its four feet, the young man tried to snap his lash at Zen.

Zen caught the lash with his fingers and wrapped the end around his hand.

At that moment, the attendants at the Li mansion gate rushed over and shouted, "Let go of the whip, dumb ass! How dare you offend our young master! Kneel before our master now or you're dead!"

Zen sneered at the attendants and instead of letting the whip go, he pulled it causing the young man to topple down from the horse's back.

The young master was used to VIP treatment everywhere he went and didn't imagine anyone who would treat him otherwise; so, when Zen played him as a fool, he was stunned.

The attendants, however, were quick to make a move. They took out their weapons and pointed them at Zen, "You're in big trouble! If you had just knelt, we would have let you go after a hundred beatings. But we're afraid that we would have to cut you in pieces for what you did!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 252 The Foolish Young Master (Part One)

"Oh, really? So tell me how you will cut me into pieces? Where will you start? Here? Or there?" Zen taunted the attendants. He pulled the young master closer to him and placed his broken flying blade on the latter's throat.

"Are you insane? Let go of the young master now!" The two servants were furious, but they were careful as they moved closer to their young master.

Just then, the young master of the Li family realized what was happening and cursed out loud. "Bastard! You release me now and kill yourself with your knife to atone for your mistake! Or else, I will have you and the rest of your family killed!

The young master hardly finished his words as Zen slapped him hard across the face.

"Kill me and my family? Do you even know who I am? And what method will you use to kill me?" asked Zen in a deadly cold voice as he pushed the knife harder on young master's neck, enough to wound him slightly.

"How dare you slap me? Even my parents have never hurt me! You're dead! I shall –," the young master threatened even with his bleeding mouth. He was extremely arrogant and relentlessly cruel.

He could not finish his sentence again because of a short loud sound.

Zen had slapped him again, and harder this time.

The young master looked at him furiously and was about to say something again, but Zen slapped him one more time.

Seeing how their young master was being treated, the two servants held their weapons and attacked Zen. However, Zen kicked them one by one and they fell back to the ground.

After he took care of the two servants, Zen went back to handle the young master.

He wasn't really looking for trouble and didn't intend to get involved in such fight. He just wanted the horse.

Zen continued to slap the young master five or six more times. Finally, the arrogant and vicious local tyrant of G Country knew his place.

"Will you continue to curse?" asked Zen.

"No, I won't," the young master said in a quivering voice.

Zen smiled and said, "That's good to hear. You're doing the right thing. Actually, I didn't come here to scold you. I just needed one thing from you."

"What is it?" the young master asked in surprise. He then continued, "I don't even know you!"

"I want that horse, so I came here to make a deal with you," Zen said as he pointed at the lightning horse beside them.

"Ah!" The young master was not willing to sell his favorite horse to anyone or for any amount. As a slacker in the family, he never spent time dealing with any family business matters or cared for anyone but himself. But when he found out about the lightning horse, he dedicated his time and effort in acquiring the horse and since that day, he never wanted to depart from it.

But when he remembered how hard and painful Zen's slaps were, the young master became scared. He was caught in a dilemma and it had shown in his face.

"What's the matter? Don't you want to sell it?" Zen's voice suddenly turned cold.

"Yes, I do. I'll sell it to you." Sensing the change in Zen's tone, the young master quickly agreed. However, upon glimpsing the mansion gate, he came around and cursed, "In your dream, fool! Fuck you!"

The young master quickly turned around and ran. Just as that moment, a crowd walked out of the Li family mansion led by a wealthy looking man. The man walked with two escorts beside him and radiated a threatening aura.

Instead of going after the young master instantly, Zen stood still and stared at the group of people coming out of the mansion.

The young master ran towards the man and hid behind him. He said with tears, "Father, that bastard slapped me out of nowhere!"

The cheeks of the young master were swollen and there was blood on his mouth. He looked ragged, far from his usual elegant look. It looked like he was beaten up good by Zen.

The young master's father was the wealthiest man in the G Country and his name was Price Li. The young master was his only son and he had him after so many years of trying. Therefore, he couldn't help but spoil his son and he would do everything to protect him from any harm.

When he saw his son's severely injured face, his face turned pale. Price comforted his son then walked towards Zen with his two bodyguards. "Who do you think you are? How dare you hit my son?"

But Zen was in no mood to explain himself and said to Price, "Yes, I beat him. So what?"

Price Li was a man of real ability. He made successful businesses out of the barren land of G Country. When he talked to Zen, he could sense that the young man's arrogance was from his strength. But he didn't feel fear. "You're just a nature creature. How dare you beat up my son in front of my house? Do you really think that no one in G Country can defeat you?" he said. After saying this to Zen, Price gestured to his bodyguards and they stepped forward.

Price's bodyguards were the top of masters in G Country. One of them had reached the seventh grade of nature level, while the other one was at the eighth grade.

Zen was a little surprised about the strength of their martial arts.

Because in his hometown, the C Country, a master at fifth grade of nature level could dominate the whole county with his supremely strong power.

'Why do these two masters in G Country work for him as his bodyguards?" Zen was confused.

He stopped wondering about it when he couldn't get an answer. If he was still a half-step into the nature level, it would be difficult for him to handle these two masters.

But now that he reached the nature level, fighting with these two bodyguards would be an easy task.

After receiving the order from their master, the bodyguards closed in on Zen but didn't attack just yet.

Chapter 253 The Foolish Young Master (Part Two)

They sensed that Zen was only at a nature level, so they thought they could give him an easy time and let him give up on his own.

However, they were surprised that Zen took the first attack.

Zen didn't use the life vitality in his body this time. He used the Phoenix crystal on his right hand to maximize his speed, while he used the hidden power in his body to attack the bodyguards.

Because of his speed and force, the two bodyguards had no time to react to his attacks.

"Bam bam!"

He punched on their chests, which left a big dent there the moment his fist hit their body. They were thrown backward and hit the ground hard.

Zen used a lighter blow with the bodyguards. If not, they would surely suffer the same consequences as the nature creature of the noble clan in the Dragon Valley did. The nature creature was dissolved into a million small pieces with the power of his stars.

"Do you still have any questions for me?" Zen asked simply.

Price looked displeased at the performance of his two bodyguards. No one knew except for him how much he paid for these masters.

Some masters disdained money, so they would never agree to be someone's bodyguards no matter how much money was offered to them. Therefore, Price felt lucky that he even got two nature level masters to protect him. Since then, no one in G Country dared to oppose him.

He was surprised to see that his high nature level masters couldn't withstand a single blow from Zen. They were defeated easily by a nature level boy. Looking at them, Price knew that they could no longer stand and fight.

But Price had learned a lot in the cruel world of business. He was tactful and clever. He had been also arrogant because he thought that he was invincible because of his two strongest bodyguards.

But now, his belief was broken by Zen. The arrogant look on his face changed and Zen saw it in an instant.

"My dear friend, I am glad that you came to G Country. I apologize for my son's manners," Price said with a smile as if nothing serious had happened to his son or bodyguards.

Zen couldn't just beat up Price after he apologized. He just shook his head and said, "I didn't come here to beat up your son. I just came here to ask something from your son, but he was cursing so bad that I had to teach him a lesson."

"You're right. I know my son curses a lot and I'm sorry if he offended you," Price said while making an obeisance by cupping one hand in the other before his chest. Then he turned towards his son and shouted, "Quickly apologize to this friend!"

"But Father!" The young master covered his face with one hand and was not willing to submit. Apparently, he hadn't realized the situation they were facing.

Zen shrugged upon seeing the reaction from the young master. Price's son was obviously inferior to him.

"When I tell you to apologize, then you apologize. Why don't you just do it? If you don't, I'll beat you to death!" Price commanded his son in a serious tone. He had never been mad at his son. But at this point, he had to put down his pride to protect his family. He knew that Zen had an unimaginable strength that could kill them all, so he had to be very cautious when dealing with him.

Though the young master wasn't willing to apologize, he followed his father's order and bowed to Zen. He had never seen his father this scared and he also felt a wind of fear.

But Zen shook his hand and said, "It's fine now. I just came here to buy your lightning horse. How much did you pay for it? I will double it."

Price finally understood what Zen wanted from his son and he felt a little relieved. He smiled at Zen and said, "We are friends now. It would be embarrassing to talk about money with a friend, so I'll give you the lightning horse as a gift."

"Please, don't be like that. I won't take the horse for free. How much is it?" Zen asked.

Seeing that Zen was keen on paying for the horse, Price let go of the idea. He knew that some people didn't like to owe other people a favor and he was afraid to irritate Zen if he insisted on giving it as a gift. He then said, "This lightning horse is worth 2 cubic crystals."

However, he deliberately reduced the price. The lightning horse was a rare breed from the Eastern Region. Although they could not compete with the flying chariots that could fly people around, the lightning horse was not too much inferior. They had a reputation for speed and endurance. This lightning horse cost him 30 cubic crystals, but he just offered it for 2 cubic crystals.

Then Price heard a sound of colliding cubic crystals.

Zen reached out his hand and four cubic crystals fell from his space ring. Then he said, "I will pay you double. Do you agree?"

Price grinned and shook his hand. "Yes, I will make a profit out of this horse. I can't complain."

Zen nodded, turned around and mounted the horse. He looked back at Price and smiled before finally leaving. Price was a wise person and had the ability to see and understand the truth about people or situations. It was hard to imagine that his son was an idle good-for-nothing. Zen had wanted to jibe him about his son being a worthless piece of garbage, but he chose not to do it. He knew that Price was not a narrow-minded man, he just loved his son so much.

After seeing Zen leave, the young master said unhappily, "Father, why did you sell the lightning horse! You know that it's my –,"

Prince slapped on his son's face before he could finish his words.

It was the first time that he hit his son.

"I've told you to keep your nose clean and stay at home. If you offend ordinary people, I could clean up the mess for you. But if you offend those who have real great strength, you will die before you know it!" Price scolded his son seriously. But he also blamed himself for his son's ignorance because he spoiled him too much.

The young master covered his cheek with one hand and said pathetically, "I was wrong. But, Father, you bought that lightning horse for 30 cubic crystals. Why did you lie to him and say that you bought it for 2 cubic crystals? And he thought he was being generous for giving us 4 cubic crystals."

Price stared at him and sighed. If his son didn't resemble him so much, he would doubt whether he was his son. The young master was nothing like his father in terms of ability and cleverness. People always said that a great father would not raise a worthless son, but there was no cure for his son's foolishness.

Chapter 254 The Commandment Hall (Part One)

To be precise, the lightning horse was not just a horse, it was way beyond it as it was regarded as a kind of spiritual beast. And this unique spiritual beast was domesticated by some experienced and powerful people.

The speed at which the lightning horse started running was pretty average, but as it gained momentum, the speed would get faster and faster knowing no bounds. While carrying Zen on its back, the lighting horse was running at an extremely high speed and it appeared like a flashing light at this time.

For the several days along the way, Zen stopped occasionally to rest. After giving the lightning horse a little rest, he set off on his way without any delay.

Even so, it took Zen several days to get to the capital of Burning Sky Empire?from G County.

Upon arriving at the Cloud Sect, Zen left his lighting horse in a place where spiritual beasts were raised in Cloud Sect, and then headed straight to the Drizzle Peak.

Zen was away for a long time to slay demons. Those disciples, who had taken part in the trial for slaying demons, had returned to the peak early. Zen might be the last one, so he'd better hurry up.

Just as Zen walked up to the foot of Drizzle?Peak, and prepared to climb up the mountain, he spotted two people?standing along the mountain road. Dressed in a distinct purple light armour, both of them were Cloud Sect inspectors.

As the two inspectors saw Zen, they walked towards him, pointed at his waist and said, "Show us your disciple card before you proceed onto this path!"

The inspectors of Cloud Sect?had many permissions and rights. They mainly maintained the order for the entire Cloud Sect. But for the order at each peak, that would be something the masters should handle. So, the inspectors were in charge of all the places outside the peaks.

Upon hearing their request, Zen didn't question them and just took off his disciple card and handed it to the inspectors without even giving it a moment's thought.

One of the inspectors?grabbed it and after a quick glance, he gave the other inspector who was standing right next to him an expressive look in secret, before he turned to Zen and said, "Well, at the moment you can't go up the mountain. You must come with us."

"What is the matter? What's wrong with my disciple card?" crippled by confusion, Zen asked as his face appeared clouded. Evidently he did not know what was happening and what could call for such a drastic measure of reprehension.

"For now just follow us, you'll know when you get there," added the inspector. "Now stretch out your hands."

The moment Zen stretched out his hands, one inspector clapped his hands gently in what appeared as a silent command of a sentence. Within seconds a ray of?life vitality twined around Zen's wrists tightly. As the grip got tighter, the life vitality?turned into a green rope of thorns, and it bound Zen's hands tightly together serving the purpose of handcuffs.

"What the hell is going on here?" Zen yelled out defensively as he clenched his teeth. Zen knew very well that in the?Cloud Sect nothing happened beyond the rules. But to bind his hands without mentioning a concrete reason, this annoyed Zen to a great extent.

One inspector sneered and said in a sarcastic tone, "Oh, didn't I tell you? Just be patient. You'll know when you get there!"

Bottled down with his bubbling anger, Zen?closed his eyes and tried to calm himself down. He comforted himself, "We are inside the?Cloud Sect. I am sure they will not dare to harm me in any way."

The next moment, Zen was pushed onto a flying chariot by the two inspectors in a rather conspicuous manner.

With an understated elegance, the flying chariot sped through the Cloud Sect and soon stopped upon reaching a hill.

On the top of the hill, a gigantic iron plaque with the words "Commandment Mount" greeted them.

Just at the sight of the sign, a faint frown appeared on Zen's dull face.

According to what Zen had heard earlier, Commandment Mount was the "tribunal" of Cloud Sect. To be specific, a disciple?would be sent here to face trial when he made a mistake, or worse even committed a crime. And before he could face such a trial, he would be locked up here. And after the truth was revealed and justice was delivered, he would either be released or sent all the way down to the Hell Mountain?based purely on facts.

Even though the two inspectors checked his disciple card, and knew for a fact that he was Zen, they took him straight to the Commandment Mount. "Did I violate any?rules of Cloud Sect without realizing it?" Zen thought nervously.

As the flying chariot came to a smooth slow stop, one of the inspectors nudged Zen, "Get?off the chariot!" He pushed Zen from the shoulders indicating him to get off in a rather passive-aggressive manner.

The inspectors' attitude had changed all of a sudden. It truly reflected who they were and Zen?immediately realized that someone must have ordered them to do so.

A look of sheer disdain appeared on his face.

In that instant he decided, that irrespective of what an extremely dangerous place the Commandment Mount?was or even who was against him, he would not reflect any signs of fear and wouldn't surrender.

Right after calming himself down, he followed the two inspectors up the hill.

Walking up along the inclined mountain path, a black building with a stone reading "Commandment Hall" appeared across them.

Owing to the sensitive ears Zen had, he could hear the harsh and intimidating sound of whips and shrill screams echoing from inside the building. All of these were the sounds of officers in the Commandment Hall torturing disciples who had violated the rules and disobeyed commands to some degree. He wondered what would possibly be done on him in such a hall of shame...

After Zen entered the hall, he saw a middle-aged man dressed in purple and gold robe with flying fish on it sitting in front of the desk. He had a square face, and was black and solemn. He must be the chief judge.

The two inspectors pushed Zen to the front and stepped aside in a rather synchronised obedient manner. As it caught the middle-aged man's attention, he tapped the judicial mallet?on the desk with a loud thud, alerting everyone. The man commanded, "Who is this? Kneel down!"

"Kneel down?" Zen repeated as he opened his pursed lips, "I kneel to the heaven, to the ground and even before my parents, but I never kneel before others!"

"How dare you!" shouted the middle-aged man angrily as his facial expression froze suddenly. "You know the rules. A person who doesn't know how to behave?will die miserably!"

"The rules? Of all the rules, do tell me who created the rule of kneeling in the hall? The leader of Cloud Sect? Or you?" Zen inquired in a rather arrogant tone.

At the start of it all, to have a better understanding of the Hell?Mountain, Zen had investigated the Commandment Mount and Commandment Hall. So he was confident of his understanding about the rules and knew right from wrong in this regard.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 255 The Commandment Hall (Part Two)

It was very clearly written that?Commandment Mount did not have such great authority at the beginning, but with Cloud Sect's development, the interrogation methods were further developed and even modified. In order to improve interrogation of the disciples who violated rules, the?Commandment Hall replicated methods?of the judgement hall in the Burning Sky Empire.

However, there were no rules granting these methods in Cloud Sect.

As a disciple of Cloud Sect, Zen naturally and impulsively abode by all the rules of Cloud Sect. But as for the rules in the hall, that were nothing he needed to bother with. He didn't care what were they or what disobeying them meant.

The middle-aged man's name was Murry Qin. He was the deputy principal of the Commandment Hall. In all these years, on his trial list, there were over eight hundred disciples.

Murry Qin was about to lose his temper by the complete disregard of his commands and was about to show Zen what would come off by disobeying him. But then he thought of what he was told and held back his temper while adding, "All right, suit yourself and just stand there. Do you know why I summoned you here?"

"No, I don't have a clue!" answered Zen as he shook his head.

He really didn't know, let alone have an idea about which rule he had broken to be summoned here. Did he miss something, a small mistake or maybe even a big one?

After participating in the?trial for slaying demons, Zen?travelled out of Cloud Sect all the time and never returned. Before he got a chance to go to Drizzle Peak, the two inspectors brought him here. Even while retrospecting, Zen could not find the smallest tiny hint?as to what crime he could have committed.

With a sly smile, Murry Qin asked, "Hey hey, you sure you really don't know?"

"No, not even the slightest clue. I have no reason to lie to you!" said Zen?in an indifferent tone. He did nothing wrong, and he didn't disobey any rules, so he had nothing to be guilty about or even show any remorse.

"Well, if you don't know, I'll help you jog your memory!" said Murry Qin as he pointed at Zen. "A few days back, you participated in the trial for slaying demons, but you colluded with the demon and tried to kill Yale Zhuge instead! You nearly murdered?a Cloud Sect disciple. He was your mate and your companion. Even if you suffer a thousand cuts, it will not be enough for a punishment you deserve!"

Upon hearing Yale Zhuge's name, Zen suddenly understood what commanded his sudden presence in this hall.

"Alas," Zen could not help sighing. These people really got a nerve. Even if they wanted to kill him, they should have made up a better excuse for carrying out their indiscretion. They just shouldn't have said that he colluded with the demon.

The Burning Sky Empire and the demon had been fighting for over a thousand years. When it came to a collusion with the demon, a human would be too scared to approach. To protect themselves, they would stay away from any topics relating to the demon simply because it would bring genocide and unfathomable wrath to their families!

But Zen was not scared, instead, he was rather calm. Even though the middle-aged man knew everything about the demon, he still tried to punish him. This indicated his urge to punish Zen with a severe penalty. Evidently, someone was behind all of this conspiracy. Zen thought for a moment, he soon realized who was behind Murry Qin. It was most probably Fren Zhuge, namely Fren the loony.

Zen pulled himself out of his deep line of thoughts as he smiled and said, "You said I conspired with the demon, but now the question of the hour is what do you want to do with me?"

In cold harsh tone Murry responded, "You?committed a serious crime, you should prepare for a genocide. However, I learned that your clan was not involved in it, so you will be the only one to be punished!"

Suddenly, Zen took two steps forward as he stared at Murry Qin and smiled, "Now I'm here, do you want my life? Beat me if you have the strength and capabilities. That was just your excuse for killing me. Save your energy for later!"

To sentence him to death after just a few words? Murry Qin must be too naive! Moreover, Zen did not fear anything, let alone the Commandment Hall.

So without any delay, Zen blatantly stated their purpose. If they wanted to fight, he would fight but he did not have the patience to sit through their excuses. He had to get back to Drizzle Peak.

Murry Qin's facial expression changed, he sneered for a second before speaking, "Since this is what you want, guards! Show him the power of the heaven-destroying cudgel. I want to beat him to death! Zen Luo, prepare for your doom."

Just as Murry Qin finished speaking, four men appeared from the back holding four long golden cudgels. That would be the 'heaven-destroying cudgel'. The cudgels were made from a special wood which had a density and strength equal to and probably even more than iron. More importantly, the wood could break through life vitality.

Even if people were protected by life vitality, the heaven-destroying cudgel could easily penetrate the life vitality and pierce through the flesh, even a nature creature would be impaled and killed!

Actually, Murry Qin?felt some amount of guilt. The Commandment Hall?had no right to take a person's life, according to the Cloud Sect rules. Only the senior managers of Cloud Sect could sentence a disciple to death. The most he could do was to send disciples to the Hell Mountain.

But since he was entrusted, he had to handle it in any way. Their ultimate purpose was to take Zen's life!

If he?wanted to take a disciple's life, he would have to go forward in a smarter manner to avoid trouble. "I can't kill him directly, but I can beat him?to death," thought Murry Qin.

If Zen?revolted against the punishment, that would give them the license to kill him. If not, then they would beat him to death with the heaven-destroying cudgels!

Zen was prepared to fight at that moment. No matter who tried to take his life, he would let them pay the price and there was no exception.

But when he saw the four men came in with four cudgels, his heart was filled with joy, a feeling so contradictory to what he thought he would feel.

The last thing he feared was being beaten...

Now he was at the nature level, and was worried that nobody would beat him!

In this case, Zen gave up resistance. He wanted to see what would happen after suffering through the strokes. Would his strength and might increase?

Chapter 256 The Heaven-destroying Cudgel (Part One)

Zen stood still, without operating his life vitality.

The four men stood in four distinct positions with their heaven-destroying cudgels in hand. They aimed their weapons and struck at Zen simultaneously.

The four of them were at grade five of the nature level and had extraordinary strength. Moreover, the heaven-destroying cudgels could strike the body with a force unmatched.

Poof! Poof! Poof! Poof!

The weapons hit Zen's body hard, making dull sounds.

'People in the Commandment Hall do have some methods. The ordinary nature creatures could be beaten to death if hit hundreds of times in this manner, ' Zen thought, still not budging an inch. 'But my body is a middle-grade spiritual weapon. The cudgels' hit can't injure me with their moderate force!'

Under the beating of the cudgels, warm currents continuously surged in Zen's body, soaking his belly.

The four nature creatures kept hitting at him hard. After all, it was a rare opportunity.

Poof! Poof! Poof!

They hit him more than a hundred times in one breath.

Zen still stood unmoved and looked at Murry, who was looking on from a distance.

Murry was puzzled. The heaven-destroying cudgel was a good weapon to strike a nature creature. In the past, it had proven to be useful in beating them half to death. Why did this young man look unharmed even after being hit so many times?

"Hit him hard!" Murry shouted.

The four men were masters at grade five and had an endless stream of power in their bodies. At Murry's words, the force in their hands increased in an instant. In no time, sweat was built on their foreheads. Their cudgels struck blow after blow at Zen.

Poof...

The cudgels pounded Zen over and over, but he only felt a sense of happiness as the warmth soaked through his belly, lulling him into a kind of comfort.

If the cudgels continued to thrash him, the warmth would stroke his belly all day long, and in a short period of time, his strength would increase from grade one of the nature level to grade two...

Unfortunately, good things didn't happen so frequently or easily. He needed to seize this opportunity with both hands to make sure it happened.

If they sensed something wrong, they would stop hitting him. Suddenly, Zen twisted his face in agony and screamed.

"Ah... Oh..." He gritted his teeth and howled as if in pain, looking like he couldn't stand it.

Murry saw his expression and smirked. The guy finally couldn't bear it. "Beat him. Hit him hard! I want to see a fight!"

If Zen was beaten to death, Murry would get into trouble. According to the rules, the Commandment Hall could not put a disciple to death.

This little episode was not too troublesome for him though. In any case, someone or the other would help him cover it up.

"Ah, ah..."

The heaven-destroying cudgels beat Zen incessantly. His screams echoed in the Commandment Hall.

Tired of the thousands of beatings, the four men soon grew exhausted. It had taken up all of their strength. However, they soon sensed that something was wrong.

Even after being beaten up for so long, Zen still stood on steady legs. The expression on his face was miserable, but his complexion seemed fine. He didn't seem injured or hurt. He actually looked like he found the hits pleasant. Was he enjoying this? What the hell was going on?

Murry too perceived that something was odd. The man screamed without inflection. His voice didn't break and he didn't choke on gasps when he yelled in pain. Did the bludgeoning actually affect him, or was he faking it? How could it not hurt him? Was he not afraid of being clubbed to death?

That was possible!

Murry knew that the heaven-destroying cudgel was ineffective against the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm, but many nature creatures who were struck by the weapon in the past eventually knelt on the ground and implored for their lives, their bloody wounds clear evidence of their pain.

How could it have no effect on Zen?

Impossible!

"Hit him hard! I don't believe you are not afraid of being beaten!"

The four men thrashed him harder, putting even more strength behind the blows of their cudgels.

If such strong power was directed against a large boulder, it could turn it to dust. Against a block of gold or iron, it would cast a depression in it. But against Zen's body, it left no injuries whatsoever.

The nature creatures didn't have bottomless stamina. After hitting him with all their strength, the four men finally huffed their breaths and gave up, feeling like they had lost.

Now that they had used up all their energy, Zen dropped his masquerade and laughed out loud. "Hit me then. Continue to hit me. I haven't enjoyed this enough!"

Seeing the expression on Zen's face, Murry heaved a deep breath, wondering if he was dealing with a monster.

The four men stared back at him blankly, finding themselves in a fix. They still held the heaven-destroying cudgels in their hands.

There was no point in continuing to strike the boy because he was not afraid of being beaten. The four of them were merely wasting their respective strengths. But they couldn't stop hitting him, because Murry hadn't yet ordered them to stop...

They waved the heaven-destroying cudgels about, becoming more spiritless.

"There's no strength behind your attacks. Don't do it." Zen sighed and shook his head, but the strength in his body expanded gradually, until it shook with a tremor.

When the next blow of the heaven-destroying cudgel fell on his body, it repelled against the great force in him and the weapon shattered into several pieces, falling to the ground.

Zen immediately removed the life-vitality rope of thorns that was tied around his wrists.

"My time is valuable. I didn't come back to Cloud Sect for this mischief. I know who was behind what happened today, but I advise you not to get involved with me. Otherwise you will regret it!" Zen said, pointing at Murry who stood on the platform, before turning to leave.

Chapter 257 The Heaven-destroying Cudgel (Part Two)

He didn't come back to Cloud Sect to participate in this farce.

"How... how dare you! You dare to revolt against me in public!" Murry saw him leaving and was overjoyed. He could not take on Zen until now because he didn't have a legitimate reason to kill him before.

Zen could be in league with the demon. Murry could have put him to death after charging him for this crime, but he didn't have the right to do so within the laws. So he had just convicted Zen and hoped he would be beaten to death by the cudgels. But Zen survived easily. Murry wondered what his body was made of, or why he was not fearful of being bludgeoned.

If Zen had obeyed him just now, Murry wouldn't have known how to deal with him.

But Zen just revolted against him in front of an audience. He ridiculed the Commandment Hall, which gave Murry an admissible reason.

"You dare rebel against the Commandment Hall and try to escape. According to the rules, I can kill you!" Murry shouted, a judgment pen in his hand. He moved behind Zen.

At the same time, he saw a shadow of a figure appearing at the gates. The intruder laughed. "I come here by accident. Master Qin, why are you shouting?"

It was Fren.

He hated Zen to the bone.

Zen had beaten Yale almost to death during the trial for slaying demons. He killed Josef too, who had been appointed as the counselor to the imperial army with the help of the Zhuge Clan.

The incident had angered the Zhuge Clan. Their leader had announced that as long as any of them encountered Zen, they were allowed to take his life straightaway.

So Fren had come up with a plan. He told Murry to send someone to guard Drizzle Peak. When Zen finally came by, they took him to the Commandment Mount and charged him with a crime.

Regardless of whether he confessed to the crime, they decided to find a way to kill him.

If Zen didn't resist, they would beat him to death. If he resisted, it would be even better. In Cloud Sect, it was forbidden to kill one another for no reason.

But if Zen disobeyed the order of the Commandment Hall, they were allowed to kill him in Cloud Sect within rights.

It was a dead end either way, a trap especially set up for Zen.

Now Zen had revolted in public, so Fren naturally "happened to" pass by with an intention to rightfully kill him.

It was easy for the Zhuge Clan to kill an outer disciple of the Cloud Sect.

"Young master Fren! This guy didn't obey the order of the Commandment Hall. Instead, he has rebelled against us in public and tried to make an escape. I hope you can help me in this," Murry responded, playing along with the act.

Zen watched Fren for a while and then turned to Murry. "Do you really need to put on an act? I know what's going on," he sneered.

Fren laughed at him. "It doesn't matter if this is an act. Either way, you are going to die today! We want you to enjoy the show. It will be your very last source of entertainment!"

As Fren finished speaking, the momentum of his body increased. He was certain that this day was Zen's last. Even the Gods couldn't save him now.

Zen was cornered. He faced Fren in his front and Murry at his back. Still, he didn't let a hint of panic pass his face.

Fren was not a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Judging from his momentum, it seemed that his strength had increased since they had met last, but he was at about grade nine of the nature level. He had not yet reached the peak level.

Murry, who was approaching Zen from behind, was at the same level as Fren.

As long as they were not the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Zen could handle them with his current strength.

The dark life vitality surged quietly from the acupoints on Zen's arm.

"Fren, I said last time that my life remains in my hands only. If you want to take it, you can have a try... Unfortunately for you, you've missed the opportunity!" The demonic life vitality leaped out of Zen's arm. The subtle dark-purple force exuded a kind of darkness that appeared as if it could kill someone at any moment now. "With your present strength, you are not qualified to take my life. But I can take yours any time I like!"

Back at the auction house, Zen couldn't have admitted this to Fren, for he hadn't truly been the opponent.

But today, Zen had edged through the level and become a nature creature.

The change from life energy to life vitality was quite qualitative.

Moreover, he had contemplated on the Sun Moon Stars Picture and grasped the power of the stars. The demonic life vitality had made a spurt of progress.

The expression on Fren's face betrayed no fear. He could tell that Zen's body had undergone a transformation, but Fren had a good reputation in the Cloud Sect for his strength. Moreover, lately it had increased. "Hah. You arrogant man, you are just at grade one of the nature level, yet you're so conceited? I wonder if someday you get to enter the

Illuminating Soul Realm, will you kill everyone in our Zhuge Clan? I doubt you'll get the chance though, because you will be dead today!"

"Oh? If I enter the Illuminating Soul Realm someday..." Zen wrinkled his brows as if in thought. "I won't just stop with the Zhuge Clan. If the top seven noble clans make me unhappy, I will take all of their lives!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 258 The Seven Mysterious Demon Swords (Part One)

"How dare you!"

The arrogant words of Zen had enraged Fren to a point where he saw red everywhere.

Just then, everyone heard an abrupt sound of something soaring at incredible speed.

Swish!

From the side of the door, a thin willow leaf dart shot towards Zen.

As soon as he became aware of it, Zen calmly stretched out his hand and pushed the willow leaf dart away in a gentle manner.

At that moment, a charming woman entered through the door and yelled, "Fren, kill him!"

Upon closer look, it turned out that the woman was someone named Vivan, whom Zen had met at the Zhang Clan's Blessed Auction House in the past.

Seeing his woman had already made her move, Fren felt convinced that he did not have to wait any longer. Instantly, his hand glowed with an orange light, forming a big sword.

It was the Seven Mysterious Demon Swords, the Zhuge Clan's tier 4 cultivation method. After he had tossed it casually, the orange-red sword hung in the air while facing Zen.

It strangely appeared as though there was an invisible man, and he was holding the sword.

Then, the number of swords multiplied from one to several, as though someone had replicated the original sword many times.

The orange light in Fren's hand flickered unceasingly; one after another, big swords appeared from each flash.

In the end, there were seven swords in the air, with seemingly seven invisible swordsmen holding them.

"Kill him, now!" commanded Fren.

Raising their swords, the seven invisible swordsmen rushed towards Zen.

Some went to stab him horizontally while others cut him vertically. The seven invisible swordsmen united their efforts to ensure his defeat and marched from every possible direction to corner him.

At the same time, Vivan threw the willow leaf darts, flicking them at the speed of light at Zen one after another.

Seizing the opportunity, Murry sprang to attack Zen from behind. As he had taken numerous advantage of the Zhuge Clan, it was only natural for him to help Fren. While holding his judge's brush pen and using the life vitality as his ink, he wrote a big word in mid-air.

"SEAL!"

After Murry finished writing, the word 'SEAL' launched towards Zen in an instant.

As soon as the word had reached him, his demonic life vitality vanished all at once.

"What I have just done sealed off your life vitality. Let's see what you can do against it," Murry boasted smugly.

Upon hearing his cocky words, instead of panicking, Zen thought calmly, 'Since it can seal off the life vitality, perhaps it is a kind of enchanted barrier. That would mean the Emerald Crystal in my arm might work on it.'

"Bah! It's just an insignificant trick to me!"

After saying that, Zen raised his left hand slowly. With his head held high, he hit the giant word using his fist.

"It's no use trying to break my 'SEAL' with brute force alone," said Murry, shaking his head. Then he scorned disapprovingly, "You must be dreaming if you think that's all it'll take."

However, to his surprise, blood red energy gushed out from Zen's fist when it touched his 'SEAL' word and ultimately tainted it.

In a second, red cracks like a spider's web appeared on the word.

Then a strange cracking sound followed, which made Murry's eyes widen in shock.

His 'SEAL' enchanted barrier broke to pieces after Zen's single blow, and then it vanished into the air without much of a resistance.

After throwing a sarcastic look in Murry's direction, Zen deflected a series of willow leaf darts that Vivan had thrown at him. Murry could not help but remain speechless.

Since Vivan was not that strong, Zen did not worry about the willow leaf darts. Even if any of her attempts had managed to strike him, it could hardly cause any trouble.

In Zen's opinion, the real threat was Fren's seven swords, as they looked rather powerful.

These seven swords were from a tier 4 cultivation method, which could indicate something was likely unique about them.

Since it seemed as though seven invisible swordsmen controlled a sword each, dodging all the attacks was going to be quite a headache.

Even if he could easily deflect the swords, how would he destroy swordsmen who did not actually exist?

To other people, such a troublesome question might render them nervous --- but not Zen. Soon, he thought of a strategy on how to deal with the seven swords.

Whoosh!

Carrying a powerful gust of wind, an invisible swordsman went for Zen's head with his sword.

Contrary to Fren's expectation, Zen did not dodge his attack. In fact, he did not even look like he was going to counter the attack. Instead, in what could only be the simplest way possible, Zen reached out directly with his hand to catch the sword.

Thud!

With a playful grin, Zen gripped the hilt of the sword effortlessly, and then he pointed it at Fren. A taunting glint appeared in his eyes as he watched the priceless reaction on Fren's face.

Hiding the shock behind a brave facade, Fren narrowed his eyes and said, "It's good that you can catch a sword. Unfortunately, you only have two hands. I don't know how you catch the other six swords."

Under Fren's command, the other six swords launched a siege on Zen from different directions.

"Take it easy, you just wait and see!" Zen replied humorously. The demonic life vitality surged out of his hand and seeped into the sword in his hand.

In a moment, the color of the sword changed from orange to purple-black. Upon seeing the transformation, Zen let out a satisfied sigh.

Reassured by the familiar color, he let go of the sword. This time, however, he had taken full control of it.

As Zen signaled, the purple-black sword followed his every intention and hovered in front of him.

"Bang bang bang!"

The other six orange swords clashed with the purple-black sword one after another, as Zen maneuvered it expertly and blocked each fierce attack.

The color of Fren's face drastically changed while he watched the unbelievable scene before his eyes. Never in his dreams did he imagine that someone, let alone Zen, could take away one of his swords. On top of that, the man had total power over it now.

Chapter 259 The Seven Mysterious Demon Swords (Part Two)

Fren wondered, 'What strange cultivation method has he been practicing?'

Nevertheless, it was not the time for Fren to think about that. Because he wanted to kill Zen as soon as possible, he did not have any more time to waste. Though he had lost a sword, there were still six left in his control.

And so, while Fren waved his hand again, the invisible swordsmen raised his six swords. On his command, they were ready to attack Zen.

All of a sudden, some black and purple spots appeared on his six remaining weapons. Fren could only watch in horror as the spots scattered all over the swords.

"What the hell is going on?" Fren exclaimed.

With his eyes wide open, Fren noticed that the remaining six swords had lost contact with him. What just happened was beyond absurd!

In a state of helplessness, he watched the colors of his six swords change from orange to purple-black.

"I said you are no longer qualified to take my life. With your current strength, you should run whenever you see me.

It's a pity you were not smart to believe my words," said Zen seriously.

After the transformation of the demonic life energy into demonic life vitality, its ability to absorb and transform other energies became more frightening while the speed had greatly improved.

When Zen used the purple-black sword to prevent the attacks of Fren's other six, the opportunity for their blades to clash arose.

It was at that moment when the demonic life vitality of the purple-black sword transferred into the other six swords along the gaps of the blades.

Although infiltrated by only a small amount of the demonic life vitality, it was enough for the rest of Zen's strategy to work.

The demonic life vitality continuously altered Fren's life vitality at high speed. As a result, it was inevitable for Zen to seize command of the six swords eventually.

When Zen raised his arms, seven purple-black swords in mid-air spiraled around him.

Simultaneously, Vivan had not given up her attack. Once again, she threw ten willow leaf darts at Zen. However, he glanced at the woman who was hot, in both temperament and her body figure, with a cold smile.

One of the swords brushed in front of Zen and slightly knocked down those willow leaf darts. After deflecting every incoming attack, the sword rejoined the rank as though nothing had happened.

Under Zen's control, the seven swords aimed upward, whirling faster and faster, and getting closer to each other until finally, they united and compressed into a huge sword.

"Oh God!" exclaimed Fren, astonished.

"This is... This is the Heavenly Sword!

How did you know how to use our Zhuge Clan's Seven Mysterious Demon Swords?" Even with his own eyes, it was hard to believe what was happening.

The last and strongest move of the Zhuge Clan's Seven Mysterious Demon Swords was the unification of the seven swords known as the Heavenly Sword, a technique that was extremely difficult to cultivate. Only someone who reached the state of the Illuminating Soul Realm could achieve such a remarkable feat.

Therefore, even Fren himself could not utilize this skill at the moment. Only some elders of the Zhuge Clan who were at Illuminating Soul Realm could achieve the Heavenly Sword.

It was astonishing that Zen had not only seized all of the seven swords, but he also succeeded in condensing them into the Heavenly Sword.

Therefore, it was no wonder that Fren was so stunned.

Unbeknownst to him, Zen did not actually know how to use the Zhuge Clan's cultivation method of the Seven Mysterious Demon Swords. All he had achieved was merging the seven swords into a big one by utilizing the characteristics of the demonic life vitality. What a Heavenly Sword was, or how to activate one, was beyond his knowledge.

A genuine Heavenly Sword contained a trace of Heavenly Intent.

At his present cultivation level, the Heavenly Intent was not something Zen could master.

However, although the enormous sword in front of Zen did not contain Heavenly Intent, it still gave people a strong sense of deterrence.

It was this sense of deterrence that frightened Fren, as he thought that Zen could use the Heavenly Sword.

As he had witnessed the strong power of the Heavenly Intent emitting from the sword when family elders wielded it, Fren knew the Heavenly Sword's vast capabilities.

Frightened by the huge sword, Fren ran away for his life at once. In his haste to take cover, there was no time for him to distinguish whether the power that emanated from the sword was the real Heavenly Intent or not. As he was so convinced by its authenticity, he did not even think to doubt it at all.

"Oh, so you want to escape now?

It is too late."

As soon as Zen waved his hand, the huge sword, which was about ten feet long and several feet wide, directly shot towards Fren.

"Oh, no! Stop it. If you kill him, you will die!" shouted Murry quickly.

He never imagined Zen would dare to kill Fren. 'Does this fellow really know no fear?

If he kills Fren in Cloud Sect, who else could protect him?' thought Murry.

"Don't run, Fren. I'll kill him!" stated Vivan fiercely.

Soaked in an unknown evil spirit, Vivan's eyes turned blood red and her pale skin bloomed with red spots. Even the willow leaf darts she thrust were contaminated with blood. After noticing these details, Zen deemed that she must have been using some mysterious cultivation method.

"Are you still not giving up?" asked Zen, looking at the woman incredulously.

The huge sword not only blocked the willow leaf darts, but also absorbed the blood energy of the darts.

With its huge side panel like a door, the huge sword flew over and touched Vivan's enchanting body that had made many men think about it day and night.

Bang!

Knocked by the sword, Vivan flew against the wall with a muffled noise. Then slowly, she collapsed and lowered her head while losing consciousness.

Chapter 260 Saint Viana

At the same time, behind Zen, Murry wrote a big 'KILL' in the air with his brush pen before rushing toward Zen.

Murry couldn't calm down anymore. If Zen killed Fren, the Zhuge Clan would blame Murry! Then he would be in trouble.

Zen glimpsed at the 'KILL' and knocked it hard with his left elbow.

With a snap, the 'KILL' was crushed.

"Fren, you are so timid! You couldn't even protect your woman! I really don't understand why the others call you loony!" With that, Zen lifted his sword and rushed after Fren.

Fren usually came across as crazy and arrogant. Of course, it showed how powerful he was, as only powerful men could afford to behave in such an eccentric manner.

However, Fren found himself too weak in front of Zen. He was no match for Zen at all!

'It's impossible! It's impossible! Since he has just reached the nature level, how could he be so powerful?' Fren thought. Fren was so scared that he picked up speed. He wanted to get rid of Zen as soon as possible and dared not to turn around at all.

However, Zen chased after him and showed no intention of letting Fren go.

"Fren, running is useless! Show me how you are going to kill me now!" Zen wielded his sword as he pursued Fren.

After rushing out of the Commandment Hall, both men ran wild in the Commandment Mount.

"Zen, if you kill me, you'll be the enemy of the Zhuge Clan. Since you don't come from an influential family, how will you face the Zhuge

Clan?" Fren said, hoping Zen would let go of him for the sake of his family.

"Since I have already killed Josef, I don't care about the repercussions of killing another member of the Zhuge Clan!" Zen answered.

"I'm more important than Josef! I'm the hope of our family, and they will not allow anyone to kill me!" Fren cried. Had it not been for the dignity of a noble clan, Fren would have knelt before Zen and begged for mercy.

"Really? They won't allow anyone to kill you? Then let me see if I can kill you!" With that, Zen swung his massive sword at Fren.

"Wait!"

Just then, a man's voice loudly echoed in the air. His voice was so loud, like the booming of thunder that Zen felt his eardrum go numb.

Zen's face darkened when he heard the voice.

On the contrary, Fren's face lit up. He shouted in a hurry, "Saint Viana, help!"

"You have no chance now! Nobody can save your life!" With that, Zen swung his super huge sword at Fren. The sword left a streak of light in its wake.

"Young man, if you kill Fren, you will pay a hundredfold for your actions! And no one in Cloud Sect will be able to help you!" Saint Viana approached quickly. However, he was still so far from Fren that he could only hope to stop Zen by threatening him.

Zen hesitated for a short moment and then said lightly, "Too many people have threatened me. I hate being threatened. Now, Fren must die!"

"You!" Saint Viana's face flushed with anger. He was obviously enraged by Zen's arrogance. "Young man, you'll pay for your arrogance!" he shouted.

"I'll kill Fren, no matter what it takes!" Zen said and swung his sword at Fren without any hesitation.

With a puff, Fren was cut in half. Blood spilled all over the ground. Now, even an immortal couldn't bring him back to life.

If Saint Viana had tried any other method to persuade Zen instead of resorting to threats, Zen might have spared Fren's life. In fact, Saint Viana's threat only served to increase Zen's hatred for Fren.

"Young man, you're risking your neck! How dare you kill someone in Cloud Sect? Go to hell!" Saint Viana flew into a rage when Zen turned a deaf ear to him and killed Fren.

High in the air, Saint Viana threw a palm at Zen.

Saint Viana's hands were bony, like dead branches. When he reached out, his palm suddenly grew into a palm shadow of over a hundred feet in size!

The palm shadow was so powerful that

the stones, flowers, and grass around Zen were crushed by its impact. The floor around Zen sank and formed a concave palm print on the ground.

Zen could hardly breathe under its impact.

'The palm shadow is so powerful, and it hasn't even reached me. If I'm hit by it, I will die or be gravely injured!'

Thinking about this, Zen commanded his huge black sword to fly to the palm shadow.

When they collided, the huge sword was crushed, and the palm shadow remained unchanged.

Seeing that life vitality was ineffective against the palm shadow, Zen felt an unprecedented sense of crisis.

When the enormous black sword disappeared, the palm shadow kept inching toward Zen. Just then, Zen saw some sparkly stars floating above the palm shadow.

'That's the star power from the Sun Moon Stars Picture!' Zen thought. These stars were small in size. However, their power would be terrible when they exploded at the same time. Zen wondered if they could destroy the palm shadow.

"Explode!"

The stars exploded as ordered by Zen. Because Saint Viana was extremely powerful and Zen knew that he was no match for Saint Viana, he had no choice but to instruct the stars to erupt.

The star power was released.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Overwhelming energy was emitted after the explosion of each small star.

While a star could not destroy the giant palm shadow, after the explosion of thousands of stars, the overwhelming energy they released cracked the palm shadow.

Because Saint Viana had been furious, he had summoned all his power to his palm. The Fatal Palm was his unique skill, and he had defeated countless masters with it. He had thought that the arrogant young man would be crushed under his palm.

However, to his surprise, his palm shadow had been crushed by a string of explosions!

"Young man, you are really something! But I don't believe I cannot defeat you today!" Like pouring oil on flames, Zen's act of resistance enraged Saint Viana further. He waved his bony hands again, and two palm shadows appeared. When they were about to approach Zen, Zen's eyes glittered, and he withdrew at an incredible speed. Although he knew that he couldn't dodge the attack, Zen had to try as he would die if these two palm shadows hit him.

Just then, a beam of red light shone in the distance. A brief moment later, two green lights floated toward him.

One was an astonishingly beautiful young woman dressed in purple. She stood on a flying chariot, her black hair fluttering in the air. She shouted, "Saint Viana, please don't hurt him!"

She was cold and dignified when she spoke, like a saintess with great moral virtue.

She was Aura, Zen's master at Drizzle Peak.

The other person was a white-haired, affable old man who looked as kind as a neighbor's grandfather. He floated in the air with his fingers crossed behind his back. "Viana, stop!" the old man shouted.

If Aura had come alone, Saint Viana might not have heeded her request.

However, he had to take the old man's words seriously. 'Killing this young man is not challenging. So it's unnecessary for me to do it now.' Thinking about this, Saint Viana withdrew his palms. He turned to the old man and clasped hands in greeting. However, his voice was filled with anger. "Caspar, why do you stop me?" he asked.

The amiable old man was one of the ten Saints of Cloud Sect.

Although Saint Viana was also one of the ten Saints, he only ranked tenth, whereas Caspar ranked third.

Saint Caspar smiled slightly as he flew toward Saint Viana. He had a graceful figure, like an immortal. "Don't kill this young man. You must not kill him," he said.

Saint Viana snorted, "He broke Cloud Sect's rules. According to the rules, those who kill disciples in Cloud Sect should be executed. Why shouldn't I kill him?"

"Because he is my disciple!" Aura stepped on the flying chariot and flew forward. She said coldly, "If my disciple commits a crime, I should be allowed to decide the appropriate punishment. Besides, If you kill him before you know what happened, how will you explain your actions to the others?"

Saint Viana stared at Aura for a while. A wicked smile grew on his face. "You... you're the girl from the palace, right?"

"So what?" Aura lifted her chin in defiance and replied with an even colder voice. Very few people dared mention her identity in front of Aura because most people were scared of her.

However, Saint Viana wasn't afraid of her. If anything, he didn't take her seriously. "I'm a Saint at Cloud Sect! I have the right to punish our disciples. Whether I know about the incident that led to the crime or not is none of your business!"

"Really? Do you think Cloud Sect was built in heaven?" Let me tell you. It's still on the land of the Burning Sky Empire!" Aura shot back. She didn't want to compromise.

Saint Viana had been trying to suppress Aura with Cloud Sect but was ridiculed by her instead. No matter how well-known Cloud Sect was, it couldn't be separated from the Burning Sky Empire. Aura came from the Su family, and the emperor of

the Burning Sky Empire came from the Su family too.

The empire belonged to the Su family!

"Haha...How can an unfavored child represent royalty and the emperor of the Burning Sky Palace?" Saint Viana said ironically.

"Viana! Don't talk nonsense!" Caspar interrupted. Apparently, Saint Viana had said something improper.

However, Saint Viana was reluctantly to compromise too. "Caspar, why don't you let me finish? Am I wrong?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 261 The Court Trial (Part One)

The harsh words that tumbled out of Saint Viana's mouth saddened Aura quite deeply. It seemed like it had reminded her of something so painful, that it made her inconsolable to the point of not saying a word. The grieving look in her eyes looked quite heartbreaking!

"Phew!"

At that moment, a beam of silver light that came from the ground shot at Saint Viana.

In turn, he slightly waved his hand and simply flicked the flash of light away.

At the same time, Zen had jumped right onto Aura's flying chariot, which was more than one hundred feet from the ground and stood next to her.

"You old thing! How can you bully a little girl just because you are older? It's really a shame, a shame!" he said.

Now, Aura was Zen's master in martial arts even if she was only several years older than Zen. However, Zen had said that she was only a little girl, which made her feel somewhat strange. However, compared to Saint Viana who was more than 360 years old--she had to admit that she could be called a little girl indeed.

A smell emanated from Zen who stood in front of Aura, and she noticed it. She knew that he was just as nervous as her.

The masters of Cloud Sect and all the noble clans knew why Aura came to Cloud Sect and was willing to be a humble master at Drizzle Peak.

The reason why she came here wasn't a secret, but no one had ever spoken it out.

Nobody had dared to remind the reason in front of Aura.

When she reached Drizzle Peak, Aura hoped that she could forget everything about that and adapt herself to her new life as soon as possible.

However, Saint Viana had ruined that today when he spoke out the reason without consideration of Aura's feelings, which made her suffer a seemingly endless pain.

It was a relief that Zen could stand up to help her.

Saint Viana's eyebrows shot up angrily at Zen's words. He was positively fuming with anger.

"What did you say? What have you said just now?

Are you afraid to say it again?" he questioned Zen angrily. Since Saint Viana was one of the ten saints of Cloud Sect who were always adored by the people, and led comfortable lives just like immortals, no one dared to offend him.

However, this boy in front of him dared talk to him impertinently. It infuriated Saint Viana who was already inherently irritable. This was a fight around the corner waiting to happen!

Yet, Zen didn't seem to be bothered by this as he firmly stood by his convictions.

"What? Am I wrong?

You are hundreds of years old. Aren't you an old thing?

My master is only 20 years old. Compared to you, she is only a little girl, but should you bully such a little girl? It's true! Why am I afraid to say that again?" Zen said in a serious voice.

He then turned around to Aura and asked, "Master Su, am I right?"

When Zen turned to her, Aura's orbs locked with Zen's. His words had moved her deeply. Ever since Zen went to Cloud Sect, he had been causing troubles but now, he had bravely stood up to help her just in time…

He really was a good person.

Aura nodded at Zen and turned to look at Saint Viana. "Yes, why is he afraid to say it again? Saint Viana, it is nothing if he says it again. He can also say it for hundreds or thousands of times, or even make it up as a song or a poem to sing or recite everywhere, but what can you do about it?" she said coldly.

Her words were truth, but only added fuel to the fire that was Saint Viana's temper.

"You! Aura, don't think that you being in a noble position can prevent me from killing your disciple in front of you!" Saint Viana said in a bitingly cold tone.

Right now, he really had a strong intention to kill Zen.

Despite his threat, a smile graced Aura's lips and her eyes were full of determination. "Yes, you can. Of course you can. But can you kill me?" she said.

"No, of course I can't kill you because you belong to the royal family with a noble position--but you can never stop me from killing the boy standing by you!" Saint Viana harshly replied. At this, Aura only raised one fine brow.

"Sure, I can't stop you from killing him, but..." She deliberately paused in her words and turned over her slender hand. A token appeared, and etched on it were the words "the Emperor." The token she held was the Emperor's Token which could command the man in the Burning Sky Palace.

All of their eyes were transfixed on the token in Aura's hand.

"Have you ever seen the token? If you kill him, I will use the Emperor's Token to order the man in the Burning Sky Palace to kill you. I believe you can't run away even if you hide yourself to the ends of the earth!" Aura shot back. She looked really serious and her determined voice made people know that she would resist until the very last moment.

The arrogance was suddenly drained from Saint Viana's face when he saw the token.

As a saint of Cloud Sect, killing a person in front of the princess was not a big deal!

But...

The princess had the Emperor's Token!

However, the Emperor's Token was too valuable for the little girl to just use it to save an insignificant outer disciple!

"Will you waste an Emperor's Token to save this guy?" he asked in a low voice.

His aggressiveness awhile ago seemed to be replaced by calmness for now.

"How will you know if you don't try?" Aura said coolly.

Her words shocked Saint Viana and his face wore an unreadable expression. "Okay! But you have so many things to deal with in Cloud Sect, you can't keep him alive all the time!

What's more, even if I forgive him now, Cloud Sect won't forgive him, since he has killed a disciple of Cloud Sect. He has broken the Sect's rules and everyone knows, so you can't help him even though you are the princess!" he said angrily.

"I won't give protection to Zen if he really did something wrong, but punish him according to the rules of Cloud Sect. However, you as a saint, just want to kill Zen without any forethought, so could you tell me why?" she asked back in return.

Even though Saint Viana had changed topics to Cloud Sect's rules, Aura was quite clever and she surely had something to say in defense.

Now, Saint Viana only grunted wordlessly in response. Then after a while, he said, "Anyway, this boy must give a reason why he killed the disciple today!"

Chapter 262 The Court Trial (Part Two)

From where he stood, Zen shot him a truly incredulous look.

"Reason? You old thing! Only after I finished the trial for slaying demons, I was taken here by some people without any reason before going back to Drizzle Peak. They said without any evidence that I was a spy of the demons and beat me heavily with Murry, but they found they couldn't kill me easily. So, they ganged up with Fren to let me die! Do you think I would just stand there and let them kill me casually?

Do you think I would die willingly?" Zen asked, fury and seriousness clouding his voice. "I want to know, if you were me, what would you do?" he added.

However, Saint Viana only said, "Those are your own words! They are not believable!"

After he said those words, he slowly flew from the air to the ground. He went to Murry, who had remained silent and looked deep in thought. "Murry, as a judge of Commandment Hall, it is your duty to explain clearly what has happened today!" Saint Viana said.

At this, Murry rolled his eyes and a wicked grin was plastered on his face. "My honored Saint Viana, please don't believe this guy who told a lie. The information received by Commandment Hall indicated that the guy conspired with the demons during his trial for slaying demons, and as a judge of Commandment Hall, it is my responsibility to keep the disciples of Cloud Sect safe. However, if this boy was really possessed by a demon general and entered into our Cloud Sect, what should we do? Thus, I have to take some actions to find out if he is really a spy," he said.

Saint Viana nodded in agreement. "Murry, you are right, please go on!" he said.

"It was really unexpected that he didn't cooperate with us and he refused to be examined by Commandment Hall. What's worse, when he was in Commandment Hall, he has said something very offensive! Because of his arrogance and improper words, I asked to beat him to give him a lesson--but unfortunately, he turned around and ran away!

Just at that moment, I met Fren who was passing by, so I asked him for help. However, I have never thought Zen would be so cruel!

He killed Fren... You have witnessed all the following things, Saint Viana," Murry finished. A smirk was etched on his lips, because he knew that he was good at slandering other people's names. He was more than familiar with all the skills about framing other people. In addition to that, he had always harmed innocent people so it was a no-brainer for him to frame Zen.

After Murry finished talking, Saint Viana turned to Saint Caspar. "Caspar, now you know that this boy killed Fren and he broke the rules of Cloud Sect, so please tell us how to punish him!" he said.

Even from where he stood, Zen heard Murry's words and it made him mad with rage. "Murry, you are lying and you deliberately swap the right for wrong! Dare you swear what you have said is true?" he breathlessly asked.

"If I, Murry, has told a lie, I will be struck and killed by lightning," Murry simply swore with a smile. For him, to give such a swear came rather easy.

"Are you satisfied?" he added.

At this point, Saint Viana went back to his arrogant self. "This boy should be killed!" he declared.

Their current situation put Saint Caspar in a dilemma. According to Murry's words, Zen had undeniably broken the rules and should be punished. As a saint of Cloud Sect, he understood the importance of following the rules in dealing with different matters from the establishment of Cloud Sect to its development, or the whole Cloud Sect would be out of order.

If Murry's words were true, he would have no reason to protect Zen.

What was more, Aura was too straightforward which upset Caspar very much.

However, Caspar didn't expect that Aura would retort back. "Okay, so I ask to have a court trial for Zen!" she said.

"Court trial?

Well, it's easy to say!

But who gave this boy the right to have a court trial of Cloud Sect?"

Saint Viana said haughtily.

The so-called "court trial" in Cloud Sect was mainly used to judge someone outstanding who seriously violated the rules, and had a controversial behavior. So far, the court trial had never been organized for an outer disciple.

Only the elites of Cloud Sect were qualified enough to be judged through a court trial.

The court trial requested by Aura made Caspar feel uncomfortable and awkward. "The last court trial was just organized two years ago, and if we organize the court trial just for such a little thing, is it ...", he trailed off, supposed to ask a question.

"I insist on having a court trial", Aura still asserted firmly. "Saint Viana, you have thought it is indisputable to kill Zen. Are you now afraid to have the trail?" she added.

"Afraid?" Saint Viana said mockingly and laughed.

"Why am I afraid to have the trail? I witnessed with my own eyes that Zen had killed Fren, so why I am afraid?" he continued.

"Okay, now I am going to apply for the court trial, and I will do everything well so you two will not be bothered by the application," Aura said calmly. Her alluring but sharp eyes glittered with a hint of cunningness.

"Well, let the boy live two more days, but he must be kept in Commandment Mount and you can't take him away!" Saint Viana ordered. In return, Aura cast a comforting look at Zen.

"Sorry, you have to stay here for a couple of days, but don't worry, no one can frame you up once the court trial is organized!" she reassured him.

A smile lit up Zen's face as he looked at Aura. "Master Su, I am not worried at all. My life is not valuable, and anyone can come to kill me on the condition that he is powerful enough!" he told her.

As he said those words, Zen shot Saint Viana a knowing look.

After that, Aura maneuvered her flying chariot and landed it on the ground. Before the court trial, Zen had to be kept in Commandment Mount. A squadron of officers had arrived to take him away.

Just as Zen was about to be escorted to leave the scene, he suddenly thought of something. He turned to Aura and asked her in a low voice, "Master Su, could you tell me who was judged by the court trial two years ago?"

His question had Aura go quiet for a while before she answered, "Yan."

At this, Zen managed to plaster a smile on his face. "Who held that court trial? And who prosecuted?" he asked again.

"Can I tell you later?" Aura said with a hint of discomfort in her voice.

She shook her head and truthfully, she didn't want to answer his questions.

"Please tell me," Zen begged in a calm but steadfast voice, as he stared at Aura with burning eyes.

Chapter 263 Fight Hand-to-hand

The longer Zen stared at Aura the more she felt as though she were being grilled by fire. After a long while, she said, "It was the Yun Clan who prosecuted, and Saint Viana was in charge of the judgment, as well as Saint Adrian."

"Oh, I see." Zen smiled faintly and turned back to Saint Viana again with endless killing intention in his eyes.

Zen wouldn't let the Yun Clan go.

And he wouldn't let Saint Viana and Saint Adrian go either.

Zen knew about Yan. She wouldn't make a mistake like this. She must have suffered great injustice and humiliation in the major trial.

All these people must die!

Zen walked to Murry and swore secretly at the same time.

Murry told the people in the Commandment Hall to detain Zen and take him away.

As Zen was leaving, he passed the platform. Vivan who had been lying unconscious on the ground woke up.

During the fight, Vivan had attacked Zen with the willow leaf darts. Zen had retaliated by ordering the massive sword to hit her. Thrown to the wall, Vivian fainted.

The moment Vivan woke up, she had a bad feeling.

"Fren!"

After standing, she saw Fren. His body lay in two halves.

Seeing that, she became extremely grieved and cried out. At the same time, she turned to Zen with hatred in her eyes and said, "I will kill you!"

Zen glanced at her indifferently and shook his head. This woman had courage and insight. It appeared that her hatred for him would be unmitigated, so he stopped and smiled, "If you get the chance."

Zen left with the people of the Commandment Hall after speaking.

There was a prison for temporary detainees on the mountain behind the Commandment Hall.

At Cloud Sect, some people called it the Small Hell Mountain

as many disciples were tossed into prison without trial. Sometimes, the detainees were locked at Small Hell Mountain for more than half a year.

As Zen followed the people of the Commandment Hall to the mountain behind, he saw several circles made of round stones on the ground. Many runes were engraved on the stones.

"Sir, what are the stones and runes used for?" Zen asked as he continued to follow the men.

Someone from the Commandment Hall snorted, "These runes are of great use. The mountain behind our Commandment Hall is not as big as the Hell Mountain. If some of you guys fight, won't the mountain be destroyed? So Cloud Sect set these runes to confine your life vitality!"

"Can these runes confine life vitality?" Zen was shocked.

"Hehe, you don't believe it? You can try!" The man continued. Apparently, he had come across many people with the same reaction as Zen.

Zen nodded and then tried to summon his demonic life vitality, but after he focused on his belly, he felt no movement. Neither did he see demonic life vitality.

"It is true." Zen frowned. He felt insecure about his life vitality being confined. If someone attacked him, Zen would be unable to resist, and he could only depend on the strength of his physical body to defend himself.

On the mountain behind the Commandment Hall, there was a flat muster station, which was the temporary prison of the Commandment Mount. The stones and runes extended till here.

When Zen entered, he found many people in the muster station.

"All right. Since you are here, be well-behaved. Not only is your life vitality confined in the muster station, but you can't run away either. I advise you not to think about any trick or risk your life." When that man was about to leave with the others from the Commandment Hall, he suddenly turned and addressed the other people in the muster station, "This is your new friend. Give him a good greeting!"

It was not difficult to understand his subtle message. He had told the disciples locked in the muster station to 'greet' Zen.

In fact, on the way here, Murry had told him to do so.

Zen was not a fool. He understood exactly what was implied by that message.

But Zen didn't want to make trouble. Since he was in prison, he planned to be well-behaved. He knew he had to stay for two days and wait for news from Aura.

There were about seventy or eighty people in the muster station. Seen from their robes, they were a mix of inner disciples and outer disciples.

They gathered in groups of three to five people. When Zen entered the muster station, they whispered to each other and spared Zen unfriendly glances from time to time.

In no time, in the middle of the muster station, a disciple dressed in a black robe stood and walked to Zen.

The disciple in the black robe was tall and big. His stomach was unnaturally round and fat. He was a fatty.

The fatty swaggered to Zen and lifted his brows as he looked Zen up and down. He pointed at Zen's nose and stated, "Bloke, the place where you are sitting is my domain."

Zen looked at the fatty and felt as though everyone in the muster station was laughing at him. He stood and found another corner to sit in.

Zen didn't want to make trouble during his two-day stay.

But that fatty didn't let Zen go easily. He walked two steps forward and laughed, "I am sorry. This is also my domain!"

"Where can I stay?" Zen asked.

"You?" The fatty grinned, "Ha, a newcomer can only stay there!"

Afterward, the fatty pointed to the left side of the muster station. The corner housed the shared toilet for the disciples in prison. The fatty meant that Zen could only stay in the toilet.

All the disciples heard what the fatty had said and burst into laughter. A pleasant expression filled their faces at Zen's misfortune.

Zen didn't say anything. Instead, he closed his eyes. Apparently, this fatty was purposely annoying him under someone's order. He was not in the mood to respond to the provocation.

"I am talking to you. Didn't you hear me?" The fatty saw that what he said was ineffective and restrained his smile. He would play the tyrant here and wouldn't be benevolent. On the contrary, he was ruthless.

Zen opened his eyes and glanced at the fatty indifferently before closing his eyes again.

"You asked for this!" The fatty raised his leg. He intended to kick Zen. However, before his leg could connect with Zen, Zen leaned away and dodged the attack.

The life vitality of everybody in prison was confined. Since they wanted to fight, the detainees could only depend on the pure strength of their physical body.

Zen had closed his eyes to meditate. Because the life vitality couldn't be summoned here, he was unable to cultivate.

He tried to communicate with the cyan dragon sculpture in his mind. He wanted to see if he could borrow the power of the dragon scales since life vitality was confined in the prison.

Zen was pleasantly surprised to find that the runes didn't confine the power of the dragon scales.

When the fatty was about to kick him, he leaned away and avoided it. Then he opened his eyes and summoned all his strength to his leg. Zen dashed toward the fatty.

The fatty sneered when he saw that Zen chose to hit back. He stretched out his big hand like a cattail leaf fan and aimed it at Zen.

This fatty had been cultivating a special theurgy from childhood. After cultivating it, he became fatter and fatter. This was the price of the theurgy. The longer a person cultivated the theurgy, the fatter he would become. What people didn't know was that great power and strength was hidden under all the fat.

Each of the Cloud Sect disciples who were locked in prison had immense power.

If they could summon their life vitality, the fatty's strength would only be ranked among the top ten.

But because everybody's life vitality was confined, and this fatty had endless body strength, the fatty had been able to defeat them all.

None of the disciples had been able to win against the fatty in terms of pure physical strength in a hand-to-hand fight.

The disciples from Cloud Sect couldn't help but shake their heads when they saw that Zen chose to fight the fatty. They all thought that Zen would die. If this bloke was slapped by the fatty, he would probably be unable to stand. Anyone who had experienced the power of the fatty's palm shared the same thought.

But when Zen dashed at the fatty, he stretched out his hand and gripped the fatty's hand. At the same time, the power of the dragon scales was channeled to Zen's hand.

"Poof!"

The expression on the fatty's face changed. He felt that his opponent had strength that was identical to his.

"No way!"

Anyone who had dared to challenge the fatty since his childhood, stood no chance in a fight using only pure physical strength.

The bloke in front of the fatty was just at the first grade of the nature level. How could he resist the fatty based on physical strength?

But the truth was before his eyes. After Zen gripped the fatty's hand, he knocked with his backhand and jumped with one leg. Zen climbed onto the fatty's back and twisted the fatty's hand. With the other hand, Zen pinched the back of the fatty's neck. Then zen said coldly, "Don't bother me. Otherwise, I will rip your neck to pieces!"

While speaking, Zen applied more strength to pinch the back of the fatty's neck.

The fatty was apparently not easy to subdue. When Zen used more force, the fatty shook his neck. With so much smooth fat and meat on his neck, he was able to shake off Zen's grip.

At the same time, the fatty turned and grabbed Zen. Then he lifted his arm, and Zen found that his feet were no longer touching the ground.

After lifting Zen, the fatty spun him in the air. When the speed increased, the fatty threw Zen suddenly. He smashed Zen on a wall at the edge of the prison.

"Bang..."

The wall collapsed at impact, and Zen was buried under the rubble.

The fatty spat on the ground, "You are too young to fight me using only your physical strength."

The stones rocked as Zen attempted to stand. He smiled and shouted, "I didn't want to make trouble. I have considered staying here peacefully.

However, I have changed my mind. Since it is boring here, I will get good exercise when fighting you."

After saying that, Zen kicked the broken stones aside and walked to the fatty.

A cautious expression was reflected in the fatty's eyes.

After being smashed, this bloke could stand up calmly. It meant that the bloke was not as easy to handle as he appeared to be.

But it didn't mean that the fatty was afraid of Zen. The fatty had confidence in his physical strength.

The disciples in the muster station realized that the fatty had met a strong opponent today.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 264 An Unfair Trial

Even though the fatty had beaten the imprisoned disciples who were good at using their life vitality to fight, none were convinced of him. If the runes had not limited their life vitality, the disciples would have proved that they were much better than the fat guy.

The boy, who had just been brought in seemed to have the same talent as the disciples here. He didn't get hurt when the fat guy hit him. In any way, he was no worse than the fat guy.

"Hmm! The smartest thing for you to do is to lie on the floor and pretend to be dead. Now that you have chosen to stand and fight, don't blame me for not being kind to you." As soon as the fat guy had finished, he rushed toward Zen.

The last thing Zen, who had dragon scales and a spiritual weapon body, was afraid of was hand-to-hand combat.

Seeing that the fat guy intended to charge at him like a wild animal, Zen ran toward the fat guy at the same pace and posture.

When it came to physical confrontation, lager people would always have an advantage.

Before Zen hit the fat guy, he summoned the strength of over a hundred dragon scales and concentrated it on his shoulders.

The two men slammed into each other.

"He's so small. I'm afraid he'll be crushed to pieces by the fat guy."

"The boy thinks that he is strong and wants to fight the fat guy. Does he not want to live?"

The disciples of Cloud Sect whispered to one another.

"Bang!" A dull noise echoed through the prison when the two men's bodies collided with each other.

The fat guy felt like he had hit a high mountain.

Zen's strength was as endless as the tide of the sea.

The result of this confrontation stunned everyone.

Compared with the fat guy's huge body, Zen looked extremely thin and small.

Unexpectedly, the fat guy did not seem to have any impact on him, and he remained firmly where he was. The fat guy, however, took several steps back after hitting Zen. Then he suddenly lost his balance and fell to the ground with his big tummy like a ball.

Zen squinted and slowly walked over to the fat guy. He glanced at the fat guy who was lying on the floor, then squatted down, and asked, "Do you want to do that again?"

The fat guy felt as though his bones were broken. His face was white with pain. He now realized how powerful Zen was. He was much better than him in terms of both strength and body.

Faced with such an outcome, no one dared say anything more. The whole muster station prison was shrouded in silence.

The rule in prison was that the winner was the king.

Before Zen came, the fat guy was the strongest person at the muster station. Today, however, Zen beat him. As a result, no one else dared to embarrass him anymore.

They all knew that to challenge Zen was to humiliate themselves.

Zen got up, walked to the corner, and sat down. He ignored the fat guy who was still lying on the ground.

'Since I can't practice here, I'd better keep my eyes shut, ' Zen comforted himself.

As time went by, the sun rose and then set. Two days later, two people from the Commandment Hall took Zen away.

Before Zen entered the Commandment Hall, he felt the energy from several great masters.

As soon as he stepped into the Commandment Hall, Zen saw that the room was filled with people.

Zen's gaze fell upon Saint Viana.

Saint Viana looked sharply at Zen and gave him a cold snort.

A young man in a purple robe stood beside Saint Viana. 'He must be something!'

Zen thought as he carefully scanned the man in the purple robe. His eyes were so sharp that he suddenly noticed an Eight Diagrams, sewn with black thread, on the man's sleeve. 'He seems to be from Fren's Clan, ' thought Zen.

As soon as the man in the purple robe saw Zen, he stomped toward him, as if he was going to eat him alive. "Are you the man who killed my brother?"

The man's aura was astonishing. His questioning was like a flash flood, slapping Zen hard.

Zen, however, didn't move. He stared calmly at the man and said, "So what?"

"Since you killed my brother, you have to die. I want you and your family to be buried with my brother!" The man said fiercely.

Zen smiled, pointed at him, and said, "Since you say so, why don't you kill me now? Eh? Are you afraid of me?"

"You think I would not dare to kill you? Taking your life is no complicated feat!" The man's life vitality rose from the top of his head and became a beam of colorful light. Before he was about to attack Zen, he was stopped by a voice.

"Angelo! Stop it! You can't do that in front of so many elders!" An old man in a black hat was now standing behind Fren's brother.

Today, six of the ten Saints at Cloud Sect had come to the opening trial. So, everything had to be done by the rules.

The old man in the black hat standing behind Angelo Zhuge was Saint Leonard, one of the ten Saints at Cloud Sect.

Angelo Zhuge was Saint Leonard's personal disciple.

Looking at Zen who was standing in the middle of the Commandment Hall, Saint Viana said, "Now that he is here we should start the trial."

The Saints who sat next to Saint Viana nodded.

Cloud Sect's opening trial could only be started in the presence of six Saints.

In addition to the six Saints, several members of the Zhuge Clan were present as well.

All members of the Zhuge Clan were staring at Zen fiercely just like Angelo. They all wanted to kill Zen where he stood.

If the Saints weren't here, they would have rushed at Zen and hacked him to death.

Zen looked around, but he didn't see Aura.

'The opening trial was proposed by Aura. Why isn't she here today?' Zen thought doubtfully.

When Zen's eyes met Saint Viana's, a wicked smile grew on the Saint's face. "Your Master Su may not be able to come today."

"She can't come? What did you do to her?" Zen didn't care about whether or not Aura would come to the trial. He wanted to know whether she was safe. Now that these people dared to hurt his little sister, they were probably giving Aura a hard time as well. Although Aura's status was special and high, he knew these people didn't care about that at all.

"What can I do to her?" Saint Viana shook his head, and said, "She knows you're going to lose this opening trial. And she cannot do anything about it. So she's not coming."

When Zen heard Saint Viana's words, he breathed a sigh of relief and thought, 'It seems that he doesn't know why Aura is absent today.'

Even now, Zen believed in Aura. Now that she had made him a promise and asked for an opening trial, she must have found a way to save him. If she weren't sure, a smart person like her would never make such a fuss.

The shadow on the corona outside the hall pointed to the noon.

"Now that it's noon," said an old man in a purple hat, "Let's begin the trial."

In fact, several Saints felt that this trial was a bit of a storm in a teacup because previous trials were aimed at particularly important disciples in Cloud Sect, such as the personal disciples, or the top 10 inner disciples.

However, this trial was being held for an unknown outer disciple.

Had it not been for Aura's insistence, they would not have agreed to the trial.

However, the Saints were surprised to learn that Zen had killed Fren, the third son of the Zhuge Clan.

These Saints did not think that Fren was powerful, but they were confused about the whole matter. Zen had only reached the first grade of the nature level, while Fren was close to the consummation of the nature level.

The gap between them was enormous. Then how could this boy kill Fren?

The Saints were thinking, 'If this little guy, Zen, really killed Fren using only his strength, then he's a genius. We haven't seen someone like that in a century. He must have a bright future.

Unfortunately, if he is as bloodthirsty as Saint Viana has said, then we should get rid of him as soon as possible.'

Something similar had happened at Cloud Sect before. Seventy-nine years ago, there was a genius, Suibhne He, at Cloud Sect. Nine years after entering Cloud Sect, he broke through the Illuminating Soul Realm and gained the best theurgy in the world. He was invincible in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

In the end, however, Suibhne He betrayed Cloud Sect and became its sworn enemy. He wandered through the Eastern Region, massacring the disciples of Cloud Sect.

Cloud Sect had to join forces with the Burning Sky Empire to deal with Suibhne He. They had sent dozens of elite disciples to kill Suibhne.

In the end, Cloud Sect killed Suibhne at the expense of three Saints.

After that, Cloud Sect laid down a rule that placed disciples' moral characters above all, even their talent. They didn't want to train people who were gifted but harbored evil intentions, because it ran counter to the purpose of Cloud Sect.

Saint Zara who wore a purple hat slapped the square wood, and a formless curtain of purple light diffused through it.

When people were bathed in the purple light, they immediately felt calm. This was the peculiar effect of Saint Zara's life vitality.

"Zen. Tell me. Did you kill Fren with your sword in Commandment Hall?" Asked Saint Zara calmly. His voice was not loud, but it carried an inexplicable authority.

Even though he was being questioned, Zen felt very calm. Since Saint Zara was willing to question him rather than just throw a charge at him, Zen had a chance to defend himself.

Zen nodded and said, "Yes."

After hearing Zen confess his crime so directly, several Saints looked at each other in disbelief and thought, 'Why does he admit that he killed Fren so openly? Doesn't he know the rules of Cloud Sect? If he is proved to be a killer, then no one in the world can save him.'

Saint Viana smirked and said, "Now that you have confessed, there is no need for us to continue questioning you. If you kill someone, you must pay for your actions!"

"Yes. Saint Viana is right. You should pay for your sins! That's the rule!" The members of Zhuge Clan echoed.

Chapter 265 The Uproar During The Trial

Zen looked around at Saint Viana and the people from the Zhuge Clan, but continued to speak to Saint Zara, "Saint, if someone tries to kill you now, what should you do?"

Hearing Zen's rhetorical question, Saint Zara replied without hesitation, "If someone tries to kill me for no valid reason, I will kill him first."

Zen nodded, "Saint, you are right. Before someone kills you, you kill him first. Do you know where the sword I used to kill Fren came from?"

"I don't know," Saint Zara shook his head. He wasn't there when it happened so he couldn't possibly know.

Even Saint Viana who came in late that day didn't see what happened. Only Zen and Murry knew the truth about what happened that day.

"I will tell you the truth, Saint. The sword I used to kill Fren was his life vitality huge sword. He tried to kill me with that sword, so I grabbed it and stabbed him with his own sword to protect myself. So, with Fren trying to kill me that day, should I have just stood there and let him do it?" Zen asked in reply persuasively.

Doubt flashed on Saint Zara's face. "What you said may be a valid reason for your action. But I don't understand what a life vitality huge sword means."

"Saint Zara, if I may intervene. Fren used the Zhuge Clan's Tier 4 cultivation method called the "Seven Mysterious Demon Swords". He could transform his life vitality into seven swords when dealing with an enemy. But this bloke said that he just grabbed Fren's huge sword. How could one possibly just grab another one's life vitality avatar? This kid is obviously talking nonsense." Angelo stepped forward and intervened.

"Grab someone's life vitality avatar?" Saint Zara asked.

All the Saints present that day hadn't heard of such a cultivation method in this world and how another person could grab one's life vitality avatar.

Looking at Saint Zara's confused expression, Zen shrugged in disappointment. He couldn't believe that the ten Saints in Cloud Sect were ignorant about everything. They didn't even know about the Heavenly Ogre Fist that came from their own Heavenly Library in Cloud Sect.

"Saint Zara, if I may suggest. We should stop this trial now. It is obvious that this bloke is lying. He killed Fren, so he must be put to death!" Saint Viana announced coldly.

Zen said calmly, "I can't convince you with only words, Saint Viana. So maybe I can show you instead."

Saint Viana sensed that Zen was sincere with what he said, but he still felt doubtful that Zen could swallow someone else's life vitality.

Saint Viana had never seen or heard of such a cultivation method or ability to swallow someone else's life vitality.

The saints heard about the Heavenly Ogre Fist and they were present when the unique copy of Heavenly Ogre Fist was put in the Heavenly Library.

However, Heavenly Ogre Fist was rated as a Tier 5 cultivation method and the Saints hadn't heard about anyone who had successfully cultivated the method.

Up to that day, the Saints hadn't seen the Heavenly Ogre Fist or the power of the demonic life energy.

The news that Zen could use his life energy to swallow other's life vitality made an uproar in the White Emperor City.

That happened in the imperial army and made news across the White Emperor City without spreading to anywhere else.

"Fine. Let's see how you can grab other's life vitality," Saint Viana said. He then turned to Murry and instructed the guy, "Murry, release your life vitality avatar. Let's see if this young man can indeed swallow other's life vitality."

Murry got anxious when he heard Saint Viana's instruction. The saint wasn't there when Zen swallowed another one's life vitality.

Murry saw Zen's life vitality swallow Fren's seven life vitality huge swords. What was more interesting but frightening at the same time was that Zen turned the seven huge swords into one. That was the same sword that resisted Saint Viana's palms. Why couldn't the saint recall and understand?

Murry didn't have the chance to remind the saint discreetly. He obediently nodded at Saint Viana and pulled out the judge pen. He scribed a word in the air using his life vitality and pushed it towards Zen.

Zen watched as the life vitality word flew at him. He raised his arm and the demon life vitality was released between his fingers.

The demonic life vitality merged with Murry's word and instantly swallowed it.

Zen then waved his hand and the word obediently danced around him.

All the Saints witnessed it and their eyes widened in disbelief.

"That bloke was indeed telling the truth! He can actually swallow other's life vitality."

"What cultivation method did he use? No matter who wins in this round, I will definitely ask him about it!"

Only the real talented and powerful men knew how to swallow other's life vitality and what it meant to be able to do such a method.

On the other hand, Zen had used this method countless times and even defeated the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm with it.

Saint Viana couldn't believe what he saw. He was uncertain about the huge sword before, but now he remembered that day when Zen controlled a huge sword to kill Fren.

He thought that it was only Zen's cultivation method and had never imagined that Zen had the ability to control and use other's life vitality.

"Now that you've seen it with your own eyes, do you believe every word I said?" Zen asked Saint Viana. He then clapped his hands and the word made from life vitality gradually vanished.

Saint Viana kept a poker face and sneered, "Even if you have proven that you can swallow other's life vitality, it doesn't change the fact that you killed someone."

Zen shook his head, "As I've told you before, Fren tried to kill me. I was left with no choice but to kill him instead."

Saint Viana sneered again, "It's only your side of the story. Murry, please shed light to this story."

There were not many people present on that day. Aside from Murry and his subordinates, the woman named Vivan and Fren were the only few people present when Zen killed Fren.

Vivan couldn't testify against Zen but only hoped him to die soon.

So Saint Viana could only ask Murry to testify with one purpose in mind.

Murry chuckled and stepped forward the platform. He bowed to Saint Zara and told him everything he knew about that day.

But what he said was different from Zen's version, "That day, Zen spoke insolently in the Commandment Hall, beat me up and left me with injuries. Fren happened to be there and heard me crying out for help. He only did what he had to do and helped me arrest Zen. But we didn't expect that Zen had no mercy at all." Murry lamented and continued, "He killed Fren without hesitation. I tried to stop Zen and help my friend, but I was too late."

Apparently, Murry was well prepared. He didn't stutter when he was telling the story about how Zen murdered Fren.

Before going back to his seat, he looked at Zen and smiled slyly.

The other Saints walked towards Saint Zara. When all the Saints surrounded Saint Zara, he waved his hand and a light curtain made form purple life vitality covered the six Saints.

The Saints had a meeting inside the purple light curtain.

The light curtain blocked all the sound from inside, so people outside the curtain could not hear anything that the Saints were discussing.

The talk didn't last long, and Saint Zara finally waved his hand again and the light curtain disappeared.

All the Saints returned to their seats, and then Saint Zara made a serious announcement, "During the major trial today, it has been proven that the disciple of Cloud Sect named Zen disrespected the Commandment Hall by committing a murder in it. It was also proven that he murdered the inner disciple of Cloud Sect, Fren, without any valid reasons. Having an abusive nature, he doesn't deserve to live in this world among us."

Hearing the verdict, Zen couldn't help but laugh hysterically, "You've got to be kidding me."

Zen's laughter was so loud that the audience couldn't hear Saint Zara's voice.

He was so reckless, arrogant, and weird at the same time. Saint Zara and the people from the Zhuge Clan were thinking that Zen was insane.

Saint Zara gritted his teeth and roared, "Shut up!"

With his outrage, his roar and life vitality mixed

releasing a purple sound wave that dashed toward Zen.

When the sound wave hit Zen, his laughter stopped, leaving him with grave injuries.

Zen covered his chest and sneered, "I believe that Cloud Sect has a great reputation. But I can't believe that the Saints deal with situations in this manner. I may be inferior to all of you, but I am not as shameless as all of you. You look decent but you can't distinguish right from wrong."

"If you blabber and offend us again, I will kill you right away!" How could a junior speak ill of Saint Zara? This made the saint extremely furious.

But Zen continued to laugh. "It doesn't matter whether I die now or later. I don't easily get scared of any threats." The demonic life vitality in Zen's body flowed out suddenly and dark purple aura covered his whole body.

If Zen could not avoid death today, he might as well give his best to this fight.

"I will make your wish come true today!" Saint Zara pounded the table, and the life vitality all over his body rose immediately.

The saint had a limitless strength and power and if he wanted to kill Zen, there was nothing that the young man could do to escape it.

"Kill him! Kill that ignorant and arrogant man!"

"He will cause more scourge in the world if he stays alive for one more day!"

The people from the Zhuge Clan made noise about killing Zen. Even Angelo wanted to beat Zen, but since Saint Zara did the honor, he could sit back and watch Zen die.

But before Saint Zara could release his attack, a lazy voice came from outside the Commandment Hall, "Why wasn't I invited to the major trial?"

Chapter 266 The Verdict And The Princess (Part One)

Appearing at the entrance of the Commandment Hall was a graceful lady who proceeded to stroll in their direction. The lady was Zen's tutor, Aura.

There was more color in her face, and Aura seemed more energetic than she had been several days ago, and there was a unique air surrounding her.

Although Aura's strength was far inferior to the real power of the saints she faced, there was an intimidating deportment about her.

Standing tall and straight, Aura gave the impression of being on a high horse, cutting an imposing figure. Her presence was of a leader who possessed the tools not just to unify the entire country but to rule over it afterward.

Only direct descendants to the royal king had a natural authoritative bearing like Aura displayed.

After the humiliation Aura endured recently from Saint Viana, she spent two days in seclusion, pondering about many things. It wasn't until her last-minute decision to join the Commandment Mount today that Aura recognized her obligations, and inability to continue avoiding formal functions.

It also dawned on Aura that she should pick up her mantle and shoulder the duties she had previously shirked.

The thoughts Aura had left her wondering if they'd all forgotten her true identity, and name.

After all, Aura was the emperor's eldest daughter! At one time, Aura was once known as the Sky Princess and experienced loving adoration from thousands of citizens, as well as being respected, even worshiped in multiple countries.

In the wake of Aura's regal yet high-handed mannerisms, the saints present paled.

"Well, answer my question, why did the court trial start before my arrival? Who decided to proceed? I expect an explanation, immediately, Zara!" Cocking her eyebrow, Aura gave Saint Zara a stern look while calling him by his first name.

Being influential and reputable as Saint Zara was, he wasn't used to the treatment and stood there in momentary shock at the fashion he was being spoken to by Aura. His lips formed a slight 'o' before he quickly came to his senses and replied, "The trial was scheduled to begin today at noon. You were not present at noon, and it would have been impossible to wait, not knowing if you planned to show up."

"Is that so? Hmm, alright. So then, what was the verdict?" inquired Aura while she gestured with her hand. Instantly, six people scurried from somewhere behind her, bowed as they scooted away and within seconds returned with a chair.

The extremely delicate, yet exquisitely handcrafted chair stood more than nine feet high, embedded with agates, emeralds, and a variety of other gems.

The entire chair appeared to be crafted from golden silk jade hibiscus, a precious wood.

Golden silk jade hibiscus wood was so costly, and it was usually reserved for crafting elements of spiritual weapons, such as hilts of swords or handles for spears.

During recent years, there had been such a drastic decline from the golden silk jade hibiscus wood being exploited that the Burning Sky Empire made a public decree banning citizens from cutting, harvesting or keeping any wood found and ordering that it be immediately turned over to the Empire.

Anyone who defied the law and kept any of the wood secretly would receive a harsh punishment.

Going forward, only the handle's core would use the golden silk jade hibiscus due to its rarity.

In doing so, everyone could see just how valuable golden silk jade hibiscus wood was!

Yet, this precious wood was used to make a chair!

Furthermore, it wasn't merely pieces of the chair, but, the whole chair was carved from the golden silk jade hibiscus which would have made an enormous amount of handles and hilts for spiritual weapons.

The chair was so heavy that even with the six men working in unison, it was laborious work. Still, the muscular men bent down, visibly straining to lift the chair and carefully carried the chair to the hall. After they were finished, they silently vanished.

Aura turned and climbed the jade-emerald encrusted steps leading up to the chair. After seating herself in the chair, she extended her feet out, resting them on the pedestal of the chair, her slender legs tilting to one side. As Aura turned her attention to the proceedings before her, her expression relaxed as she asked, "Now, Zara, please, tell me, what was the trial's verdict?"

When the saints saw Aura's determination, they realized it wouldn't be easy for them to slip today's matter past Aura. There was no choice but to argue their position.

Saint Zara explained, "This guy murdered the third son of Zhuge Clan, Fren. In doing so, he violated the rules set by the Cloud Sect. Accordingly, he is to make reparations, with his life, for the life he took."

Aura nodded thoughtfully before commenting, "Yes, that is true. Saint Zara is right. It's appropriate for someone to pay for murder with their life. However, in this case, if Zen had killed Fren in self-defense, would he still be expected to pay with his life?"

"No, of course not!" huffed Saint Zara indignantly as he took a deep breath before explaining, "We got to the bottom of things during the trial, and learned on that day of the incident, Zen made rude comments and created a scene at the Commandment Hall. Those events forced Fren to have to come to Murry's aid to apprehend Zen. Sadly, Fren had no way of knowing that…"

Saint Zara's explanation was interrupted by Aura, who announced, "I want to know whether or not Zen admitted his guilt to such an allegation. Or, are you saying that Zen confessed this himself?"

"No, this was what Murry told us. As for Zen, he told us a completely different story," replied Saint Zara.

"Okay, then my next question would be why did you take Murry's side and reject what Zen said?" asked Aura. Her tone had changed from a carefree manner to a stern one as she looked down on Saint Zara fiercely. Between the fire in her eyes, and the inflection of her voice, everyone present, especially Saint Zara, knew there was no room for negotiation.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 267 The Verdict And The Princess (Part Two)

"Erm, well… That is…" stammered Saint Zara only to be cut off again as he stumbled over his thoughts.

"You were only considering that the man who was slain was part of the Zhuge family, a noble clan and that Zen isn't a noble citizen, but instead he's a nobody. If Zen had been killed by Fren that day, would you have cared at all?" asked Aura, the disgust she felt was heard in her authoritative pitch. There was an imperial air in her manner, and such a noble air could only have been inherited from her father, the king of all of the Eastern Region.

Although Saint Zara remained silent, it was Saint Viana, who stood beside him, and in a clear voice spoke, "Your Highness, as the owner of the Commandment Hall, Murry's an upright, scrupulous man and highly respected. When weighed against what Zen said, his words were more credible. If your highness were present, I think you would have believed Murry, over a statement from a murderer."

Saint Viana shrewdly defended the decision the court had made earlier.

After all, Zen was definitely the murderer. Murry's words were more persuasive. It was impossible for the saints to side with Zen over Murry.

Aura stared at Saint Viana up and down, which embarrassed Saint Zara a little. After a moment of awkward silence, Aura announced, "If that's the case, why didn't you wait for me before starting the court trial? I have evidence that shows Zen's innocence."

"You have evidence?" questioned Saint Zara with a surprised look on his face.

Saint Viana laughed as he commented, "Your Highness, you can't be serious. I was present the day that Zen committed this heinous crime. How could there be evidence that I am unaware of?"

"Of course there could be proof that you don't know about! Why would I show you any evidence I have? Just think for a moment, if there were no evidence of Zen's innocence, why would I request a court trial?" asked Aura, looking down from her lofty position.

After finishing her rationale, Aura clapped her hands.

The men who had brought the chair rushed in from outside the Commandant Hall.

Now, what they were carrying was not a chair, but a Picture Slab.

Carefully, the men set the Picture Slab on the floor beside Aura before once more retreating into the background.

Aura gracefully extended her hand, flexing one finger at the Picture Slab while her remaining fingers remained slightly curled, reminding onlookers of an orchid.

It wasn't long before the attention of those present was on the forms gradually coming into focus on the Picture Slab.

Looking around the room, Aura noticed everyone's faces paled at the sight of what was coming into view.

No one expected Aura to produce a Picture Slab with the events of that day recorded on it.

Even Zen was shocked. He couldn't believe what had occurred that day reappeared on the Picture Slab before him.

It also made Zen wonder why Master Su would have recorded what unfolded that day on a Picture Slab.

Doubtful as he was earlier that justice would prevail, Zen knew the truth would be exposed, and the saints would have to declare him innocent.

As the scene on the Picture Slab unfolded, it was as though the saints present were slapped in the face, the sting of humility lashing their cheeks like whips.

Pictures speak louder than words, so the saying went.

"Do you have anything to add, saints?" asked Aura while she slowly stretched her slender legs in the spacious chair, as if she were restraining herself from aggression and opting instead a more relaxed, even bored manner.

"Erm…" Saint Zara was at a complete loss for words now, and he shot a resentful glance at Saint Viana, blaming him for this turn of events.

After all, it had been Saint Viana who told him it would be all right to find Zen guilty and sentence him to death. He had even added that they didn't need to report anything to Aura.

In fact, when they made their decision, Aura wasn't even a consideration.

They hadn't expected Aura to show up and defend Zen so fiercely at such pivotal moment.

Admittedly, they'd forgotten. Aura was the supreme noble princess who was once regarded as the precious pearl of the empire and had the confidence and drive to attain anything she wanted.

It was only the incidents that took place in the palace years ago that depressed her and drove her to her decision to hide away, keeping a low profile as a tutor at the Cloud Sect later.

Today's demonstration though reminded everyone that Aura would always be Aura. Despite having some issues with the Burning Sky Palace, she was the royal princess of the Burning Sky Empire, and no one could deny it.

"Saint Zara, don't you think you owe me an explanation?" Since no one had spoken up, Aura broke the silence and directed her question at Saint Zara, the primary judge of today's trial.

As much as Saint Zara inwardly blamed Saint Viana, it was unrealistic to hope Saint Viana would step up and shoulder the blame which left him no option but lower his head as he said, "I am sorry, it was my negligence that led to the rash decision today. I beg your pardon, your royal highness."

"I can certainly forgive you. I wonder though whether or not Zen will forgive you. If I didn't arrive when I did today, he would be dead in the Commandment Hall by now. You should ask Zen," commanded Aura coldly.

It was clear that Aura intended to force Saint Zara to apologize to Zen.

Zen was a mere outer disciple at the Cloud Sect. It was utterly beyond anyone's understanding why Aura would require a noble saint to apologize to him.

As Aura's words sank in, Saint Zara and all the other saints' faces darkened.

Chapter 268 The Mo Family (Part One)

It was actually unnecessary for Aura to display her ruthlessness, but at least she had turned the tables on her and saved Zen, who was fortunately uninjured.

Whatever Aura had done, her sole purpose was to make everyone understand that she hadn't demonstrated her true power yet because she disliked being a show-off, but anyone who dared or even tried to annoy her would undoubtedly be a target for her sharp thorns, no matter who he or she was.

"My princess, do you think you have gone a little too far..." Saint Viana choked out.

At this point, he had no choice but to stand out just to say something. After all, this entire thing was on him; even Saint Zara had become his scapegoat.

"Am I out of line?" Aura questioned back with a shake of her head. Saint Viana didn't get to respond as she immediately followed up her answer.

"In fact, I haven't asked for too much at all. Because of your wrong judgment, Zen has been nearly put to death. Now, I only require you to say sorry to him. Is that too much? As an old saying goes, a fault confessed is half redressed. My request doesn't embarrass you that much!" she exclaimed.

"Although it is advisable for you to put it that way, but look at our identities. Our position is superior to Zen's. Then, how can we..." Saint Viana tried to explain. However, Aura was not having any of that.

Before he could finish his sentence, she abruptly cut him off and said, "Viana, Zen is a disciple I have chosen in person. Just wait and see his future achievements. He will become very powerful and enjoy a fairly high position. By that time, even all of you will have to look up to him.

And so, you don't need to make any excuse for not apologizing to him just because his current identity is inferior to you."

Now, she had even claimed that a group of saints would think highly of Zen in the future!

It wasn't very easy to become a saint of Cloud Sect. These ten saints had made considerable contributions to Cloud Sect's development. Only through nearly a century of hard work had they gained their current power and position.

In the Eastern Region, any of them would be admired by others.

However, just now, Aura had even firmly boasted and believed that Zen would be able to far surpass these saints in the future. All others present thought that Aura had been rather overconfident about Zen.

Then again, Aura was their princess, so no one dared to retort back at her words even if they wished.

After a while, Saint Zara spoke up.

"Ah, anyway, it was my fault today! Hence, I am supposed to apologize to Zen," he said and admitted his faults.

As soon as he did so, he took a step downwards from the front side of the hall and politely bowed down to Zen!

The sight of Saint Zara's bow did not paint a happy expression on other saints' faces. A dark cloud seemed to hover above their heads, as though a downpour threatened to fall out.

Although the one who was apologizing to Zen was Saint Zara, all of them felt humiliated as he represented all the ten saints of Cloud Sect.

After bowing to Zen, Saint Zara remained silent. Then, he walked straight out of the Commandment Hall.

A few moments later, all other saints followed suit and consecutively walked out.

Just then, the members of the Zhuge family left as well from the side door after casting deep and forlorn looks at Zen. Since Aura was there, it was almost impossible for them to get a hold of Zen and revenge Fren. They would disgrace themselves if they chose to stay in the hall.

Soon enough, only Aura and Zen were left in the Commandment Hall.

The entire hall was silent when Zen turned around and looked at Aura who sat on her throne, a smile etching on his lips. He then walked towards the throne as if he had a purpose. When he got closer to the princess, he clasped his hands together and greeted Aura with a smile, "My princess!"

The princess in turn leaped down from her throne happily and reached out her hand to playfully knock away Zen's own. "Now, you are even smiling at me. I asked you to take part in the trial for slaying demons. At last, many people came back from the trial, but only you didn't. Now, you have just come back, but troubles came your way as soon as you arrived here. As you see, how troublesome you are!" she teased.

During the trial for killing the demons, the demons suddenly invaded them. Thus, the disciples of Cloud Sect went back by big, flying chariot. However, Zen was left behind because he was imprisoned by Yolande. He had no other choice but to stay in White Emperor City.

After those events, he found some clues about the fairy palace when he passed by G County. That took up more of Zen's time and further delayed his return to Cloud Sect. Therefore, Zen got back much later than other disciples.

"Master Su, I am still confused by one thing," Zen suddenly blurted out. After a while, he asked, "Why is what happened that day presented by the Picture Slab?"

In reality, the fact that Aura had recorded everything that had happened the other day was merely a coincidence.

Zen hadn't come back from the trial for slaying demons after quite a long period. Although Aura had known from some other people like Cleve that Zen was fine and he was just held back by a master of the imperial army.

Based on Cleve's descriptions, Aura guessed that the one who had arrested Zen was Yolande.

In return, Aura couldn't do anything except to patiently wait for Zen to come back to Cloud Sect.

However, many days had passed then, but Zen still wasn't back. Aura couldn't help but worry about his safety, and even wanted to dispatch people to White Emperor City to pry into news about Zen's whereabouts.

Just then, when Aura occasionally opened her Picture Slab, she found out that she finally could track where Zen was.

Chapter 269 The Mo Family (Part Two)

She had fiddled with Zen's disciple card and because of that, Aura had even monitored Zen all his way when he went to the Hell Mountain alone last time.

Zen wore a disciple card all the time, and Aura was able to track wherever he was with her Picture Slab as long as he entered the territory of Cloud Sect.

Therefore, Aura's Picture Slab documented everything that occurred the other day. After watching the records of the Picture Slab, Aura discovered that Zen was threatened by Saint Viana. This discovery made her immediately get in touch with Caspar and rush towards the Commandment Mount together with him.

At this very moment, Zen asked her why the Picture Slab had recorded the events that transpired that day. At this, Aura didn't answer but gave a small chuckle. She was rather unwilling to tell Zen the truth.

"Today, they have said sorry to you and the matter has come to an end, but the saints have been infuriated. I am not fearful of them, but I am afraid that they would take revenge against you!" Aura said.

In turn, Zen nodded in understanding.

"I am very aware of this. Even if it isn't because of this thing, they will definitely refuse to let go of me.

But like them, I won't leave them off the hook either, especially Saint Viana and Saint Adrian!" he said.

He was certain that he had annoyed the saints today because they were forced to apologize to him in public. When Aura heard Zen's arrogant words, she only sighed heavily. Just now, she had forgotten who Zen was.

Deep inside her, she knew that Zen would not show that much hatred if he himself was hurt. However, if anyone dared to hurt any of his close relatives, it was beyond doubt that Zen would make them repay it at much higher costs.

However, Zen didn't act so ruthlessly this time... This reflected that Zen was humane.

"Well, let's save those for the future. Depending on your current strength, you are still unable to confront a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm, let alone these saints. To save your little sister, you have to further enhance your strength,"

Aura chided once again after a few moments.

Zen simply nodded in agreement at her words, and walked out of the Commandment Hall with Aura.

After taking the trial for slaying demons and the journey to the fairy palace, Zen had really improved his strength by a mile and immediately become a nature creature.

Outside the Imperial Capital, a nature creature would almost always occupy a dominant position and be powerful enough to maintain the survival of a small clan.

However, a nature creature meant nothing at all inside the Burning Sky Imperial Capital and Cloud Sect, where many people had reached even much higher levels.

Upon his return, Zen decided to set another goal for himself and then concentrated on diligent cultivation.

When he had returned to Drizzle Peak as its outer disciple once again, awe from the people and a sense of pride washed over him.

His amazing feats in the trial for killing demons had been spread and rumored among the outer disciples for quite a long time.

Before Zen became an outer disciple of Drizzle Peak, Henry ranked number one among all outer disciples.

However, in the trial for slaying demons, it turned out that Henry was no match for Zen at all.

"Zen has slain a demon general!"

"Lenard, the one from the Skytop Peak, has been only capable of breaking even with the demon general in the trial. However, Zen has even put the demon general to death!" These words of praise were showered upon Zen. It was even said that the whole Skytop Peak would have been totally defeated if it hadn't been for him.

"Zen didn't merely kill one demon general. According to the news from the Lady Peak, Zen even slew several demon generals together!"

These outer disciples murmured to themselves and sighed at Zen's fearsome strength at the same time. They had also sensed and encountered the evil spirit of the demons, but they already found it hard to resist the evil spirit of even just one demon soldier.

On the contrary, Zen could even defeat demon generals. He had surely made an idol out of himself among the outer disciples.

He had far transcended all of them and even Henry. Thus, a majority of the outer disciples firmly believed that even no inner disciple of Drizzle Peak could beat Zen.

"Wow! Brother, I have news for you. You are famous now!" Across the distance, Nory and Sean had spotted Zen. They rushed over to him and enveloped him in a bear hug.

After a while, they both stepped aside. Then, Wurth immediately wrapped Zen in another bear hug.

Soon after having caught up with each other, the four of them walked towards a restaurant. Since Zen had just come back, they naturally wanted to dine together and indulge in a feast of drinking.

Both Wurth and Sean were very excited. Before Zen's return, they had already heard different rumors about his excursions. At first, they even doubted if Zen had really confronted a demon general. However, Cleve told them in person that it was true and so, they finally realized that there was nothing impossible for Zen in this world.

Although Cleve wasn't in the list of top five among inner disciples, he had been strong and valiant enough. With that in mind, it was impossible for Cleve to talk nonsense.

The thought of the demon general and his strength still sent shivers up their spines. Even a mere glance from the demon general would frighten them out of their wits, but Zen was capable of even slaying the demon general, and just by himself. Compared with general outer disciples, he was far stronger. Therefore, although they had believed that Zen had succeeded in killing the demon general, deep inside them, they still felt it was a truly incredible feat for Zen to have achieved.

While they were eating and talking between plates and plates of delicious food, Zen noticed that Nory looked a little unhappy and uneasy.

He cast a worried glance at his friend.

"Nory, you seem to have something in mind. What's wrong?" Zen asked curiously.

Nory was from the Imperial Capital. He usually acted a little mindlessly. This made it seem that nothing could ever displease him. Now he looked kind of sad, so Zen thought that something must have happened.

At Zen's curious questioning, Nory's eyes suddenly widened in mild surprise.

"Ahh, it's nothing! Zen, I feel happy to see you come back today. Come on! Cheer up!" Nory said. He lifted his cup in the air to toast with Zen.

The more Nory behaved that way to conceal his true feelings, the more Zen felt that something was off. Instead of lifting his cup up, Zen asked, "Just tell me frankly if you treat me as your close friend."

As soon as the words tumbled out from Zen's mouth, both Wurth and Sean slowly shifted their gazes to Nory. At this moment, they had also noticed that Nory behaved a little weirdly.

After a short pause, Nory suddenly smiled at them. "In fact, it is not a big deal. My family is going to hold a party next month. In fact, our Mo

Family is also a noble clan, but lags relatively behind among noble clans..." he replied.

Upon hearing Nory's words, Wurth asked, "Nory, are you from the Mo family in the northern part of the city?"

Wurth's family ran businesses in almost all areas of the Imperial Capital, so he clearly knew about almost all of the families in that capital. Hence, he immediately guessed which Nory's family was when Nory told them that his family was also a noble clan.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 270 The Cultivation Places (Part One)

Nory nodded and said, "Yes, I am from the Mo Clan in the northern part of the city."

The Mo Clan was not a well-known noble clan, but there was a renowned ancestor in their history and his name was Jack Mo.

In his youth, Jack had joined the imperial army and led them to many victories. And because of his extraordinary feats, the Mo Clan was given the title of a noble clan at that time.

Nevertheless, there was no other influential figure that sprung up from the clan after Jack Mo. Thus, the Mo clan remained at the bottom amongst all the noble clans.

"If you're a member of a noble clan, why did you still join the initial exam of the Cloud Sect?" Zen asked.

If Nory was indeed a member of a noble clan, he didn't need to join in the initial exam of the Cloud Sect. But Zen could clearly remember that Nory did sign up for the exam with him.

With a smile, Nory replied, "My clan didn't grant me a noble clan certificate, so I needed to sign up for the initial exam like anybody else."

Wurth interjected, "From how I see it, you're in a bad place within your own clan. But, are you upset with the current affairs of your clan?"

Nory nodded and answered, "Well, that's true. Though we haven't had any influential clan member for many years, the rest of the clan members are making great efforts to help improve our clan's standing. I heard that my other relatives invited some of their friends they met in the Cloud Sect to our clan party. And here I am, doing nothing."

But Nory didn't tell them the whole truth.

In order to boost the clan's standing, it was not only necessary that the clan had its own strength and influential members; it also required the clan to have many great connections with other noble clans.

The connection with other clans was an essential aspect for a noble clan's standing and influence. In fact, it was mostly connections that could get a clan in good standing.

Nory didn't want to use his clan's influence to enter the Cloud Sect. He wanted to do it on his own, but the Mo Clan's big shot members were not impressed, and they ridiculed him for that. Thus, they didn't prepare a noble clan certificate for him.

Fortunately, Nory met Zen during the initial exam, and with the latter's help, he passed the exam and became an outer disciple.

However, being an outer disciple still didn't give Nory and his family the prestige they were looking for within the Mo Clan.

The clan party was an opportunity for every Mo Clan's member to parade their connections with the noble clans.

According to Nory, the young people of his age from their clan had already made friendly relationships with the other noble clans. This made it possible for them to invite them to the Mo Clan's party and even some of the members of the top seven noble clans were looking forward to attending the said event.

On the contrary, Nory didn't make that many acquaintances with the noble clans except for Zen, Sean, and Wurth.

After listening to Nory's story, Sean, who had been drinking, suddenly laughed and said, "Nory, stop being childish about it. It's not something you should be upset about. Why are you so insensitive? Aren't these two the best? Wurth and Zen are more influential than those kids from the prestige noble clans. I bet even in the top seven clans, there are only a few who could match these gentlemen's influence and credentials."

Sean sounded reasonable despite being drunk.

Although the Zhang Clan was not a noble clan, they had such vast wealth that most noble clans wanted to associate with them.

Even the combined small noble clans could not compare to the Zhang clan. They had the power and influence like the top seven noble clans.

And Zen had proven prominent strength.

The noble clans might have the most geniuses in their roster, But Sean asserted that none of them could match Zen's skill, strength, and power.

And at the rate Zen was improving, it was only a matter of time before he could transcend the notable disciples from the top seven noble clans.

Patting Nory encouragingly on the shoulder, Sean continued, "I have personally recommended the most notable people to you. Why don't you invite them to your clan's party?"

"I..." Nory stuttered. He hesitated a little.

Of course, Nory would like to invite Zen and Wurth to his clan's party. He just didn't know how to say it because of his inferiority complex from being constantly turned down. And Sean suddenly encouraging him made him a little embarrassed.

Zen and Wurth exchanged glances and then looked at Nory with a smile, anticipating for him to say something.

After hesitating for a while, Nory solemnly said, "Zen, Wurth, it would be my pleasure if you will come with me to my clan's party next month."

Zen and Wurth both nodded and smiled at Nory.

"Hey, what about me? Am I not invited?" Sean said, fooling around with Nory as he patted the latter's shoulder hard.

"Of course! How can I forget you?" Nory chuckled.

The four had the best night together as they drank their hearts out and did not go back home until late that evening.

When Zen was finally back to his place, he began to check his new possessions from his recent adventures.

During his trip to the White Emperor City, Zen obtained different new things. Aside from the two crystals embedded in his arms, he got a pile of valuable other things.

Some of those valuable things were the spiritual weapons from the Illuminating Soul Realm masters that Zen defeated in the fairy palace. When they died, their spiritual weapons didn't die with them. These weapons were left scattered on the floor and Zen kept them.

Chapter 271 The Cultivation Places (Part Two)

Zen even found four space rings and one of which had a spacious inner area than Zen's.

Even though the house provided by the Could Sect was big enough for Zen, his new possession could not all fit in his place.

He had to deal with them the next morning and arrange them so he could still have some space for himself.

On the next few days, aside from further cultivating his strength, he spent most of his time contemplating on the Sun Moon Stars Picture.

The picture indeed had quite a wonderful effect for cultivators of martial arts.

The last time he was at the fairy palace, he absorbed a part of the power from the Stars during the first contemplation, and now his demonic life vitality contained part of that Star power.

When he used the star power, Zen was overwhelmed by the energy that it released.

'I have only absorbed a little of that Star power. I wonder what will happen if I absorb all the powers of the Stars, Sun, and Moon. Will my demonic life vitality be more powerful than ever?' Zen thought ecstatically.

But contemplating the picture now, Zen didn't feel that same wonderful feeling he had the first time.

And he also noticed that he was having a hard time "seeing through" the Sun Moon Stars Picture at that time.

Aside from contemplating the Sun Moon Stars Picture, Zen also took the time to consider the means for cultivation.

The Cloud Sect was called the holy land for cultivators because it owned plenty of cultivation handbooks, and its most attractive feature was the excellent and conducive cultivation places it had.

Since Zen just became an outer disciple of the Cloud Sect, he was not aware of the cultivation places.

And he had been busy trying to earn points and even argued with Master Su on how he could earn points faster.

Just two days after Zen had returned to the Cloud Sect, Aura sent someone over to give him a jade manual since she knew that Zen wanted to further improve his strength in no time.

The jade manual had all the information about every cultivation place throughout the Cloud Sect.

In the manual, Zen had read about the Nine Yin Thunder Valley, which was a perfect place where one could use the Nine Yin Divine Thunder to refine the body.

Another one was about the Freezing Cave. From the name itself, the temperature in place was below the freezing point which was best to strengthen one's will and purify the heart.

The jade manual also included the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, where swordsmen could master their sword art ten times faster than any regular cultivation place.

Learning about these special cultivation places made Zen excited.

He scanned the pages of the jade manual when he came across the Great Gravity Road. Reading about it, Zen remembered the road with a strong gravitational pull that they took during the initial exam.

If he used the Great Gravity Road for his cultivation, it could speed up the refinement of his physical body. Even if he entered the nature level, body refinement was still important. He would definitely go to the Great Gravity Road for his further cultivation, but it wasn't his priority for now. So, he continued to read through that jade manual.

When he turned to the next pages, he noticed the Lake of the Magical Fish. According to the manual, one could hone his attack skills by killing countless phantom murlocs in a life and death situation under strong water pressure.

It was the perfect place for Zen and he intended to go there for his training.

From the flesh refining level to the nature level, Zen figured that there was no better way to improve his strength and power other than going through life and death situations.

The fighting experience during those situations was more valuable and important than those gained during daily cultivation.

But Zen's excitement was washed off when he read the small annotations at the bottom of the jade manual. He got a little disappointed.

It turned out that these places for cultivation were not free of charge.

And the costs were pretty high.

For example, an hour of cultivation at the Seven Star Sword Light Platform required forty points.

And the cultivation at the Great Gravity Road cost sixty points per hour.

As for the Lake of the Magical Fish, one hundred points were needed for an hour of cultivation.

These were too expensive for Zen.

Zen's points were already far more than that of other outer disciples. If Zen felt his points were not enough for entering these cultivation places, they couldn't afford the costs as well.

Even most of the inner disciples didn't have enough points to access the secret places.

But Zen could not be discouraged just by the costs of these secret places. He had received various tasks from Aura that earned him points, so he knew where to get the points from for his training.

He might find an easy task that could give him a couple of points, but it would surely take a considerable amount of time to earn enough points from easy hands for the cultivation places.

It was more likely that he would earn more points by completing a hard task. But a hard task would take him ten days to a half month and the points wouldn't be enough for an hour at any of the cultivation places.

One could buy points by exchanging a lot of cubic crystals in the Cloud Sect, but only the noble clans could do such a thing. Even if the average disciples had enough cubic crystals, they couldn't just exchange them for points.

The Cloud Sect was just like a huge company. Every month, the Cloud Sect spent a huge amount of money on the salaries of managers and other officers, as well as the monthly allowances and pills of the hundreds of thousands of the Cloud Sect disciples.

And in order to maintain the expenses, the Cloud Sect had to charge high fees for the use of some of its places.

In addition, the maintenance of the training sites also required a lot of crystal energy.

Chapter 272 The Lake Of The Magical Fish

The Lake of the Magical Fish was located on a hill in the south of Cloud Sect.

Compared to the mountains in the north, this hill was inconspicuous.

But the scenery here was surprisingly fascinating. In addition, Could Sect had built a neat trail to it with six-foot-wide cyan slabs.

Arriving at the hill, Zen saw a guard in brown standing solemnly.

After saying hello, Zen began to ask him about the Lake of the Magical Fish.

The guard studied Zen, and was confused by the white robe on Zen.

White-robe disciples at Cloud Sect were usually weak with few points. But the Lake of the Magical Fish did set requirements for the refiners who wanted to challenge it.

If they were not strong enough to meet those requirements, they would not get benefits from the lake, and might even be hurt inside.

"I want to refine myself in the Lake of the Magical Fish," Zen told the guard.

The guard thought for a moment, and then replied, "Was it your master who asked you to come here?"

At Cloud Sect, masters would suggest that their disciples refine themselves at the Lake of the Magical Fish.

Zen nodded at the guard, for he indeed learned about these secret refining places from Aura, his master.

The guard placed his hand in front of Zen, and said, "Then, please show me your disciple card!"

He checked Zen's disciple card. To his surprise, Zen had earned a lot of points. According to his experience, it was impossible for an outer disciple to own so many points unless he bought them with cubic crystals.

'Since he still wears the outer disciple robe, he can't be a member of any noble clan. Perhaps, he comes from a rich family, ' the guard thought.

Then he spoke to Zen, "You can't go in the lake to refine yourself now."

"Why not?" Zen was puzzled.

"Because another disciple is refining himself in it. He has been inside for an hour, and I allowed him two hours. Look," the guard pointed to the clock beside him. "He entered the lake at 11 a.m., and will come out at 1 p.m. Since only half of the duration has passed, you need to wait for an hour, please."

Zen looked at the clock. Both its hour hand and minute hand were at the number, twelve. As the guard had said, Zen had to wait for an hour.

Zen nodded, went to a nearby stone bench, and sat down.

He had thought that the disciple in the lake would come out only when his time finished. However, after less than half an hour, Zen saw a man staggering out from the other end of the trail. His clothes were wet, and the man trembled and gasped. His lips were pale, and his eyes seemed blank.

The guard immediately ran over to support him. "I told you. Refiners at the fifth-grade of the nature level are not supposed to refine themselves in the Lake of the Magical Fish. Refining is a slow process of accumulating, so even if you insist on entering the lake, you can't stay inside for more than an hour. However, you didn't listen to me, but insisted on two hours! Were you looking to torture yourself?"

He helped the disciple to sit on the stone bench. Only after a long period of rest, did the disciple recover. At the same time, he noticed Zen, and greeted, "Hey, Zen, you are here too!"

Zen nodded at him with a smile. Zen had recognized the disciple the moment he saw him. The disciple was Roger Meng with whom Zen had gotten acquainted when they fought against the blade locusts together in the south.

"Hey, long time no see, Roger!" Zen responded with a hold fist salute.

Zen owed Roger a favor. When the Zhuge Clan sent people to the south to kill Zen, Roger was one of the people who had saved him.

Roger studied Zen for a while before questioning, "No outer disciple is allowed to enter the Lake of the Magical Fish! So, you have been promoted to the nature level, haven't you, Zen?"

Zen nodded and grinned, "Yes, I have! I reached the level not long ago!"

"Then, it seems that this lake is not proper for you." Roger shook his head while taking out a rubber band to tie his unruly wet hair.

The guard nodded in agreement. "Though the rules of the lake indicate that all nature level creatures are allowed to refine themselves in it, I hardly ever advise those below the second grade to enter it. Even if they have broken through to that level, their refining time in the lake is not supposed to be too long."

"He's right. A brother of mine who ascended to the first-grade of the nature level expressed eagerness to refine himself in the lake. When he entered it, his strength didn't improve at all. Instead, he was injured as his life vitality was in disorder," echoed Roger.

Zen revealed a smile. "Thanks for the word of caution, Roger. But I've made up my mind that I must go into the Lake of the Magical Fish to refine myself, no matter what happens."

Since Zen was so determined, the guard and Roger knew that they couldn't convince him. Thus, they no longer tried.

"Well, now that Roger has come out, can I take my turn?" Zen asked the guard.

The guard nodded, and then inquired, "Since it's your first time in the lake, how long do you intend on taking?"

"What is the shortest time a person can spend in the lake?" Zen asked.

"Time is divided into units. Each unit is an hour long. You can choose how many units you want. I suggest you take one unit." The guard could see that Zen was confident of his strength.

But the guard had seen a lot of people leave the lake earlier than estimated, and some of them were at the seventh or eighth-grade of the nature level.

Taking the level into account, this first-grade guy was indeed weak, according to the guard's experience.

Though the guard understood that levels were not an indication of strength, but it must be accepted that they were related.

"Okay. I'll take two units." Zen stood from the stone bench.

"Two units? You mean two hours?" The guard was shocked. So was Roger.

Then the guard smirked as he wondered, 'Good! People's ambition only dies when there's no way out. After this guy enters the lake, he will understand how terrible it is.'

He detained Zen's disciple card, and let Zen pass.

Zen moved forward step by step along the trail that was paved with cyan slabs. After nearly thirty steps, he arrived at the end of the path.

Just as he was about to move forward, he heard a gurgling waterfall.

"Oh, this is magical!" Curious, he stepped on the trail once again. When both his feet were on the slabs, the gurgling sound would disappear. However, when Zen set one foot forward, the sound would replay.

"Interesting! This must be a magic array of sound set by a predecessor of the sect. The second time I took a step forward, what I heard was totally different from the first time!" After trying several times to confirm what he had discovered, Zen finally left the trail and kept moving.

Arriving at a flat ground, Zen saw a waterfall.

It was not high, only about thirty or forty feet. It was comparatively smaller than the famous waterfalls in the Eastern Region. But what made it unusual was that a deafening sound was created when the water hit the lake.

The noise was as loud as hordes of troops and horses roaring, even shaking the heaven.

That was why it could serve as a secret refining place for Cloud Sect.

Zen went to the deep pool and reached out to touch the clear water. He suddenly understood why the water made such a loud sound.

The lake looked pretty clear but it felt different.

Zen felt as though his fingers were going to be frozen by the low temperature of the water.

"Hiss..."

Mobilizing his life vitality, Zen dispelled the cold in his hand.

Besides, Zen was startled to discover that the lake water was absurdly heavy when he held some up!

"It is said that in the very depths of the Land of Extreme Chillness exists a kind of water named Heavy Water that was about ten times heavier than ordinary water. Could this be Heavy Water?"

In this case, aside from the unnaturally low temperature of the water, there must be heavy pressure under the water.

Therefore, it could be imagined that the lake would indeed be challenging for refiners that entered it.

Zen, however, didn't hesitate on the bank for a long time.

Two units would cost two hundred points or four hundred cubic crystals. Time was money!

So, Zen prepared himself, took a deep breath, and then jumped into the lake bravely.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 273 The Murloc

The heavy water in the lake was very viscous.

Zen jumped into the lake, but almost no water splashed. He sunk slowly after making a ripple on the surface.

Soon, Zen found that he descended slowly. When Zen was about one meter below the surface of the lake, he realized that he couldn't sink anymore. The buoyancy of the heavy water was astonishing.

'Adjust your breath and try to sink straight.' With this thought, Zen changed posture and lowered his head. He moved his hands and forced his body further into the water.

After a warrior entered the organ refining level, his internal organs underwent a qualitative change. He could rest without breathing because the air could operate automatically in the lung.

Since Zen had breathed in deeply while on the bank, the air he inhaled could sustain him for a long time.

"Plump..."

The heavy water in the lake was viscous, but it was clear. Even though he was three meters below the surface, he could see the surroundings clearly.

Zen had read about the Lake of the Magical Fish before. It was bottomless. It was said that a master at the Illuminating Soul Realm at Cloud Sect had once dived to the depth of 300 meters, but nobody could reach lower.

According to the reports of the disciples that had explored the lake's depths, it could be divided into ten layers.

The first layer extended from the surface to a depth of 30 meters. The second layer continued from 30 meters to 60 meters, and so on. The tenth layer was at the 300-meter mark.

Since this was Zen's first time at the Lake of the Magical Fish, he didn't set a goal. However, to refine himself in the lake cost him hundreds of cubic crystals. Since it was expensive, Zen was determined to make good use of the opportunity.

"I will see how deep I can reach!"

Zen waved his hands and pushed the heavy water in front of him. Slowly, he descended further into the water.

When Zen reached 20 meters, something yellow approached him.

Zen studied the creature. The beast had the head of a fish and the body of a human.

"Magical murloc!"

Zen had learned a little about the creatures in the lake before coming to the Lake of the Magical Fish.

A large-scaled magic array was set up a long time ago and surrounded the Lake of the Magical Fish.

Because it was an old magic array, it was said that it consumed a surprising number of crystals. Thirty years ago, someone in Cloud Sect thought this ancient magic array consumed too many crystals and wanted to close this secret cultivating place to save the sect from bearing the expense.

Many disciples at Cloud Sect objected to the proposal

as many nature creatures thought they could make tremendous progress when cultivating in the Lake of the Magical Fish. It was indeed true that several nature creatures had broken the bottleneck after refining here.

Although the Lake of the Magical Fish was saved, the price to use the lake went up from 25 points to 100 points. In this way, Cloud Sect could afford to continue maintaining the magic array.

The yellow magical Murloc swam in the heavy water freely. A black spear glimmered in its hands.

All Murlocs were natural swimmers. They had a layer of thin mucosa on the skin, which allowed them to swim in the water freely. Furthermore, they had gills on their huge fish heads, which let them survive on the bank and absorb oxygen from the water.

After the yellow Murloc saw Zen, it kicked its back legs like a frog and swam closer to Zen. At the same time, it aimed the black spear in its scaly hands at Zen.

Zen moved slowly in the heavy water.

He saw the black spear being aimed at him and wanted to dodge, but it was very difficult.

Zen moved his hands frantically to avoid the Murloc's attack.

However, despite his efforts, Zen only descended two meters lower.

Compared with the flexible Murloc who was cutting through the viscose water rapidly, Zen was as slow as a tortoise.

The black spear in the Murloc's hands sliced through the heavy water and inched closer to Zen.

When the spear point was about to stab Zen, he

curled up like a boiled shrimp.

Zen shrank and avoided the Murloc's black spear.

After escaping the spear, Zen rolled in the heavy water. Most warriors would hit back while dodging.

Zen thought that when he rolled, he would catch the Murloc as soon as he stretched his hand.

But when he turned and reached toward the Murloc, he found nothing was in front of him. That Murloc just kicked its legs like a frog's and quickly left Zen's attacking range.

Zen smiled bitterly.

Had they been fighting on the bank, Zen would have no trouble killing the Murloc.

But in the heavy water, it was extremely difficult.

This was the purpose of refining in the Lake of the Magical Fish. The heavy water pressure and high-intensity were used to suppress a warrior when fighting Murlocs in the deep water.

In the beginning, the warriors probably couldn't adapt. They would move clumsily and slowly or even be injured in the magic array.

But when the warriors adapted to the water's pressure and got over the difficulty to move, they would have a qualitative change to exert their strength and experience the battle.

Once these warriors left the heavy water and returned to the bank, they would feel relaxed.

After the Murloc swam ahead for a while, it turned and rushed at Zen again.

"No. If the battle continues this way, I will be unable to defend against the Murloc!" Zen considered his options for a long while and wrinkled his brows slightly.

As an idea flashed through his mind, Zen snapped his fingers, and his expression changed. The demonic life vitality was released through the finger. With some sparkles, it spread slowly in the heavy water.

Zen found that he could not control the demonic life vitality as freely as when he was outside the water.

Countless tiny turbulent flows and whirlpools were hidden in the lake. Being influenced by them, the demonic life vitality was pushed and pulled in all directions.

Soon, the demonic life vitality was scattered under the current, and it spread out into an irregularly shaped large net.

But this huge net couldn't stop the Murloc. On the contrary, the Murloc shuttled nimbly in the huge net and lifted the black spear as it prepared to rush at Zen again.

Chapter 274 Condensing A Fishtail

Zen was not mobile in the heavy water.

One reason was the pressure of heavy water, and the other was the irregular turbulence and vortexes.

Whenever Zen tried to move, he would not only encounter turbulence, but his movement would cause more disturbance. As a result, the flow of water around him became even more chaotic.

"The current..."

Zen focused on the demonic life vitality.

Out of Zen's control, the demonic life vitality began to drift with the currents.

As it spread, it revealed the turbulence that was invisible to the naked eye.

'I will either advance or go back if I swim against the current. Perhaps it's better if I follow the current.'

With this idea in mind, Zen decided to stop moving against the currents and instead followed them exposed by the demonic life vitality.

Around Zen, the current carried the demonic life vitality away. There was a sudden rush of water. As the yellow Murloc's long spear drew nearer and nearer to him, Zen, without hesitating, moved a little and was pulled into the current.

When Zen was sucked into the swift current, he was propelled by the force of the heavy water, and in a flash, he swam seven or eight meters.

The yellow Murloc was very fast, but Zen was dragged away by the current, which helped him avoid the blow.

The yellow Murloc was familiar with the currents in the lake. When he couldn't hurt Zen, he turned into the current and followed it toward Zen.

Murlocs were more flexible in water than Zen. Since the yellow Murloc was now in the same current with Zen, he was faster than Zen again!

"Alas! If he and I both take advantage of the current, the Murloc will still swim faster than me!"

Zen lowered his head and swam straight down. When he looked back, he saw that the yellow Murloc was moving twice as fast as he was, and charging at him with the long black spear.

In the midst of the turbulence, Zen had no place to hide. Helplessly he watched as the long black spear was thrust at him.

At this crucial moment, a vortex suddenly came up behind Zen. It cut off the current behind him and caught the Murloc.

Once in the vortex, the Murloc could only stare helplessly at Zen as it dragged him farther and farther away from his target.

Seeing this, Zen sighed, 'That was a close call. Thanks to the timely vortex.'

Avoiding this Murloc was a sign of Zen's good fortune. However, the underlying problem remained unresolved.

To refine in Lake of the Magical Fish necessitated that the master moved freely in the heavy water. Otherwise, even a top master would not be able to display his strong power.

'Everyone else would have experienced the same issues. I wonder how they overcame this difficulty.' With that in mind, Zen regretted not consulting Roger about the problem beforehand.

Zen was far behind the noblemen when it came to information. They had a huge network of contacts and were far more informed than Zen. Before coming to the lake, they would have asked others about basic skills and methods to deal with difficulties.

'Although these noblemen could learn such skills from others, the first person to get into Lake of the Magical Fish was definitely not as fortunate. If the first person to enter the lake could figure out how to deal with such issues, so can I!'

Thinking of this, Zen slowly released his life vitality again. Then, the demonic life vitality dispersed along with the current, looking like oil floating in the water.

At this point, his life vitality didn't play a big role beyond protecting him to a certain extent.

When Zen released his life vitality, he noticed a group of small fish swimming nearby. The fish were silver except for a reddish tinge on their heads.

They were red daces, which were so common that every family in the Eastern Region could afford them.

The fish swam freely. By contrast, they were more flexible in the water than Murlocs. They seemed to be unaffected by the flow of water.

For them, moving from one current to another required them to swish their tails.

'Swish? Tails?'

Looking at the way the red daces moved, Zen had an idea.

The swish of a fishtail created thrust, which allowed the fish to move deftly through the water.

The yellow Murloc used the power that his legs produced to move through the water. However, his speed and agility were not as good as those of the red dace.

Zen, on the other hand, moved awkwardly through the water on his hands, feet, and even used his body to propel himself forward. When under attack, Zen was so frantic in his movements that he failed to move forward. Instead, he went backward...

He did not have the yellow Murloc's frog-like legs, but he could imitate the red dace's tail.

Since Zen had broken through to the nature level, it was not hard for him to turn his life vitality into something substantial.

While practicing, a refiner could transform life vitality into a useful object simply by thinking about the object he wanted to mimic.

After practicing a refinement technique, many refiners often visualized a certain thing according to the methods of their refinement technique.

For example, Vale had practiced the Lotus Scriptures, a tier-4 cultivation method. And, so he visualized a lotus flower. In this way, his life vitality would be condensed into the same shape as the lotus flower, which was real and enchanting.

And Hugh, a master in the Illuminating Soul Realm in White Emperor City, had practiced a refinement technique about dragons. Since it was impossible to find a dragon, Hugh visualized the dragon sculpture. Then his life vitality turned into a dragon.

However, according to the immortal in the fairy palace, it was not a smart method.

It didn't matter what the life vitality would be after visualization. The important thing was whether the life vitality was improved in nature. According to the Sun Moon Stars Picture that Zen got from the fairy palace, Zen didn't care what his demonic life vitality could be turned into after he contemplated the picture, but he cared for the ascension of his demonic life vitality itself!

The longer the time of visualization, the more real the object that transformed from life vitality would be.

If the refiner visualized something that was about to mimic for a shorter time, the object would not only be less real, but it would lack form or power.

Zen wanted to turn his life vitality into a fishtail.

However, he had no reference because the red daces had gone. Zen could only visualize it from memory.

"Condense!"

Zen closed his eyes and released the demonic life vitality. Then he immersed himself in a deep fantasy, trying to imagine a fishtail.

Under Zen's control, the demonic life vitality gathered quickly and turned into the shape according to Zen's imagination.

Soon, Zen opened his eyes and looked behind to see what the tail that he had condensed looked like.

But the first glance left him speechless.

It didn't look like a fishtail at all.

Zen had spent a short while visualizing a fishtail because he just needed to imagine its general shape. As a result, the fishtail was just a black piece, not to mention being lifelike.

In addition, the edge of the fishtail was pitted, as if bitten by a puppy. What was more, the tail also had several big holes in the middle.

Zen started trying to manipulate the tail. To his disappointment, as the tail moved, the water flowed through its irregular edges and holes.

This tail didn't work well!

While the wobbling of this crude tail did create a small push, it was insufficient to solve Zen's current problem.

Therefore, Zen decided to meditate again.

Just then a shoal of red daces appeared on Zen's left and swam toward him.

These fish were not afraid of him. They almost enclosed Zen.

The red daces were to Zen's left, right, and flanks.

Looking at the fish, Zen thought, 'Since visualizing the fishtail from memory didn't work, I might as well use a red dace!'

Thinking of this, Zen gingerly reached out for the red daces.

Fish are extremely sensitive. Luckily Zen didn't release an intent to hurt them. Instead of avoiding Zen's hand, many fish darted past him. Some even touched Zen's skin.

Zen saw a chance, suddenly reached forward and grabbed a red dace.

The red dace swished its tail and tried to break free from Zen. But how could its struggle compare with Zen's strength?

The other red daces scattered when Zen caught one. The dense school soon disappeared, leaving only the one fish in Zen's hand.

Zen stared closely at the red dace that he had caught and took the opportunity to meditate again.

He emitted the demonic life vitality out of his body, and once again, tried to turn his life vitality into a fishtail.

Now that he had a reference in front of him, Zen's visualization naturally went smoothly. In a short while, the demonic life vitality slowly condensed into a fishtail behind Zen.

Although this tail was only purple-black, and the appearance was still miserable, it looked much better than the previous one.

Zen moved the tail a little and felt a huge push behind him!

As the tail swished more frequently, the thrust increased, and Zen moved quickly through the water, just like the red dace.

Once accelerated, Zen could move unimpeded through turbulence and vortexes.

Zen's face broke into a smile. He quickly adapted to the tail by swimming through the water.

After about half an hour of moving through the water at high speed, Zen felt as though his body was quite flexible. Although he still could not swim as fast as the red dace, he was much faster than the Murloc!

Then he swished the tail faster and dove deeper.

Chapter 275 Difficult To Believe

The journey of two meters downwards beneath the surface of the lake had cost Zen quite a lot of time, but once there, Zen dived deeply and shook the fish tail quickly, and his body swam forwards much like an arrow had been shot through the water.

In no time at all, he was approaching the fifty-meter mark in terms of depth.

As soon as he reached 50 meters, three more yellow dots appeared not far away from him. They were mere twinkles but became bigger very quickly. Once he could see them clearly, he narrowed his eyes, "Three Murlocs."

Even while facing just one Murloc in the lake, Zen had been in a difficult position a while ago. He had done nothing but run away passively.

So it was surprising to see that on seeing three Murlocs, he didn't choose to run away. On the contrary, he shook the fish tail attached to his back and rushed towards the trio.

The three yellow Murlocs saw him approach and quickly formed a defense pattern in the shape of a triangle, with one in front and two at the back. They had black spears in their hands, and the sharp spear-point showered the water around them with a cold light.

Zen rushed forward, but just as he approached the Murloc in front, he suddenly twisted his body, which made the fish tail at his back slap around crazily.

With the full propulsive force of the tail behind him, Zen turned around and avoided the spear that the Murloc had thrown at him with rather alarming force. At the same time, he turned around once more and gripped the Murloc's huge head.

"Die!"

Murloc heads were naturally the hardest parts on their bodies, but once Zen had fixed his hands, he could make full use of his peerlessly powerful strength.

He tore the fish head with enough strength to split it.

After the head was torn, the Murloc surely died. In no time, he turned into a ball of colorful light and disappeared in the water...

To be clear, the Murlocs in the Lake of Magical Fish were holographic projections of the magic array around the lake, and weren't real. The only indigenous species in the area were some red daces.

After Zen had killed the first Murloc, the other two waved their black spears from different positions, trying to spike Zen.

But Zen was reacting much more quickly than them. The only problem was that earlier, he wasn't used to this water. But now, he had mastered how to swim in the heavy water, and it was no problem for him to dodge two simple spears. As he tore the head of the first Murloc, the tail at the back of his body waved around, and he floated upward rapidly.

The resultant change in position afforded him the ability to avoid the spears at the same time as going on the offensive.

Suddenly, he spun a complete hundred and eighty degrees in the water, turned his head down, and stretched out his hand to grasp the two spears before the two Murlocs took them back.

Grabbing them hard, he pushed back with all his resolve and in an instant, the sharp spear ends had cut through the Murloc shells.

Although Zen couldn't hear any sound around him in the water, he clearly saw that the two Murlocs spread some colorful lights and then disappeared right in front of him... .

Outside the Lake of the Magical Fish, Roger and the guard were sitting on a stone bench and waiting quietly for Zen to leave the lake.

Roger had originally planned something else for the day, but once he saw Zen entering inside, he had postponed his engagement.

When in Dragon Fort in the south, Zen had shown astonishing strength.

At that time, he hadn't entered the nature level or become a nature creature, but the strength he had shown was enough to impress Roger.

Now they had been apart for many days, and Roger wanted to see what level Zen had been promoted to.

"This bloke didn't listen to my advice. The Lake of the Magical Fish is a magic array, but even so, the pressure under water is high since we use heavy water. If he can't control himself properly, he will get injured." The guard shook his head and stared at an array plate sitting beside him at the stone bench.

There were many kinds of arrays, such as magic array, killing array, maze array, impasse array and so on.

Each kind of array had a different purpose. For example, the magic array was set to cultivate and test. It was the most convenient one for the cause and had the best results.

All the magic arrays had a common point, and there was an array plate to control and monitor the operation of the huge array.

For example, when Zen had taken the Blooded Test on Bloody Mountain, Joshua was in control of the magic array used to release the ogre which had chased Zen.

The magic array plate beside the guard had the same effect. It could not only control the magical Murlocs in it but also monitor where the human in the magic array was.

"Gee, Zen has met the first Murloc, and it is chasing him now," The steward stared at the array plate and said.

Roger also moved close and looked at the array plate. It showed that a little yellow dot was approaching Zen quickly.

Roger had just climbed up from the Lake of the Magical Fish and was clear that the Murlocs in the lake were hard to deal with. When he had been here for the first time, he had received the family elders' directions and experience about how to resist those Murlocs. And he had taken a water-avoiding pill.

The pill was supposed to make a small life vitality film around the body. After Roger had taken it, he was able to upgrade his moving speed in the water by almost 50%.

Even after being so well prepared, he had been at a disadvantage when he had met the first Murloc.

After dodging several times, he had been spiked by the Murloc and then forcefully sent by the magic array out of the water...

"Zen is not a disciple from a noble clan. He seems not to know well about the Lake of the Magical Fish. It is a rash decision to venture downwards so early. I think he will probably be killed by the Murloc and sent to the water surface." Even if Roger tried his best to overestimate Zen, he didn't believe that Zen could avoid the Murloc's attack as soon as he entered the lake.

Zen was a genius, but mere genius wasn't equal to anything.

But boy! Soon after the small yellow dot had approached Zen, it slid off.

"This bloke is lucky. The first attack of the Murloc didn't hurt him," the steward laughed. He had been a steward of the lake for many years and had seen all kinds of situations.

Roger also nodded, "I agree that he was lucky, but he must be in a flurry now. I think it will be difficult for him to avoid it once again."

As soon as Roger finished speaking, they saw the small yellow dot rushing towards Zen again, and again they saw him avoiding the attack.

Then it showed on the array plate that Zen had started moving rapidly, with the small yellow dot giving chase. At last, it fell back unexpectedly. Zen had left it behind.

"Heehee! This bloke seems to be blessed with abnormally good luck!" The steward laughed.

Roger didn't reply and kept on staring at the array plate.

They could see that Zen wasn't moving but floating around in a daze.

"What is he thinking about? Doesn't he dare to dive lower?" The steward looked at the array plate and wrinkled his brows. Anyone who cared about what others thought of him would dive inside the lake and find a hidden place to wait around till the end of the time. That way, people wouldn't think that he or she couldn't survive for long in the lake.

After all, for some disciples from the noble clans, pride was more important than the point in Cloud Sect and the cubic crystal.

But Roger shook his head, "Zen is not a disciple from a noble clan, and he won't do that."

Of course, Zen wouldn't do that. The entirely unrealistic idea of pride had nothing to do with him. What was more, although he had enough money at hands with thousands of cubic crystals, he didn't want to waste them. It made his heart ache to spend 200 points in two hours. How could he waste time here?

This array plate could only fix Zen's position, but they couldn't see what was going on inside. The red daces group was not created by the magic array, and the array plate couldn't monitor them. So Roger and the steward didn't know that Zen had come to a stand-still to get used to the heavy water and figure out a solution.

When he finally started to move again, the array plate showed that he was at a tremendous pace.

"This, this..." The steward opened his eyes wide and looked at his velocity inside the lake, unable to speak out of astonishment.

Roger was also shocked when he saw the same, even though he had stayed out of curiosity and the hope that Zen would do something beyond his expectation.

And Zen's velocity in the heavy water was actually far beyond his expectation.

It was tremendous.

Even Roger couldn't reach this speed now, let alone when he had entered heavy water for the first time.

The small dot that represented Zen on the array plate moved at a high speed and then approached the three yellow dots. In no time, the three disappeared in the magic array plate...

Roger and the steward saw that but kept silent.

Till now, the hand just moved half a scale on the clock sitting near them. Just one hour had passed...

"Has this bloke been here before?" The steward stayed silent for a long while and finally asked.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 276 Vibration (Part One)

The steward had asked the question out of instincts. However, he remembered clearly that he had registered the disciple card for Zen for the first time today, which meant that this was surely the first time that Zen had entered the Lake of Magical Fish.

Compared to Roger, the steward's shock was even higher!

Nature creatures weren't the sole people to practice in the lake. It had faced its fair share of disciples.

There were different levels of difficulty inside the lake ranging from the surface to a depth of three hundred meters.

However, generally speaking, the most a nature creature could penetrate was the first five levels, i.e. from the surface to a depth of 150 meters. They almost always lost beyond that.

Besides, the water of the lake was also heavier than the usual ones, added to which, was the fact that

the deeper you went inside, the greater the pressure you would encounter.

At a depth of ten meters, the water pressure had only the weight of 500 pounds. However, at a depth of thirty meters, it could reach as much as 2000 pounds. And if one were to venture down to one hundred meters, the force he would encounter would be more than 10, 000 pounds. It was a horrible experience!

A depth of 150 meters was already the limit that the nature creatures could reach.

In addition to those horrific levels of water pressure, the practitioners had to face the Murlocs in the magic array each time they got cultivated inside the lake.

And the power of the Murlocs was supposed to increase with increasing depth.

The uppermost Murlocs were the weakest among all and were called as the fourth-grade Murlocs. Though not that hard to beat, they were no less powerful than a human being half-step into the nature level.

Between 30 meters to 60 meters, the yellow and light blue Murlocs would show up. The blue Merloc was smaller in size than the yellow one, but was more agile and moved faster.

So in a way, its competence was that of a first grade nature creature.

Beyond the 60 meters mark, more Murlocs with higher abilities and competence would appear.

Therefore, even if a nature creature had reached the ninth-grade of the nature level, he couldn't break the limit of 150 meters.

However, there was no shortage of gifted man in the Cloud Sect.

It was said that two hundred years ago, a gifted nature creature had dived to a depth of 190 meters under the lake. This was an accomplishment that usually could only be made by the practitioners of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

No one had ever approached or broken this record till now. However, that person was at the eighth-grade of the nature level, which was so much higher than Zen's level.

After he had killed the three Murlocs, Zen didn't stay afloat in the same position for a long time. Instead, he kept diving downwards.

He could dive at a rapid pace easily in his current condition by waving the fishtail on his back.

However, his intentions for visiting the lake were not the mundane practice of diving but to hone and cultivate himself.

As he reached a depth of over 60 meters, some blue Murlocs appeared in his surrounding waters.

The weapons they held were axes made of animal's bones. These blue Mulocs were a little smaller than the yellow Murlocs and their heads were flat and sharp.

Also, they moved faster than the yellow ones and were more offensive.

If Zen hadn't condensed that fishtail, he might not have been able to keep up the fight with the blue Murlocs for more than a single round.

However, when he faced the blue Murlocs, he could still maintain a certain advantage in speed.

Currently, there were six blue Murlocs chasing closely after him.

Although he was moving much faster than them, it wasn't easy for him to outrun them completely.

"Bang! Bang! Bang..."

The Murlocs had known that they couldn't keep up with Zen's speed and therefore had thrown the axes they held in their hands towards him.

When these axes rushed towards Zen, they rotated and produced several tiny bubbles as they rent their way across the water.

Three out of the six axes hit Zen from behind, and the rest of them went on and blocked his way.

'These blue Murlocs are far more aggressive than those yellow ones, and they are acting very swiftly. It seems that I can't get rid of them if I depend solely on my advantage in speed. I should try something else!' Thinking of a plan, Zen took out the broken flying knife from his space ring.

Ever Since he had dived into the lake, Zen hadn't used any weapon yet.

After all, the environment in the water was totally different from that in the air. His flying knife had always been fast in air but in water, he wasn't so sure.

If it lost any speed here, the impact of his flying knife would be decreased greatly.

The broken flying knife was still as sharp as usual. It swished across the water easily.

However, it seemed that its impact had been reduced significantly by the resistance of the heavy water. The flying knfe that Zen had thrown hit only one ax. Then it was lost to turbulence.

Fortunately, since the ax had been split apart by his flying knife, an opening showed up in front of Zen, and therefore, he found a chance to break out and seized it.

Actually, Zen's strength was much greater than those blue Murlocs, so he was wondering why the broken flying knife he had thrown out was much weaker than the axes those blue Murlocs had thrown out.

He kept on pondering the question as he dodged the Murlocs.

He had already made sure that the axes were nothing more than some common animal bones.

However, after being thrown out, they had kept on rotating at a very high speed and produced countless tiny bubbles.

Chapter 277 Vibration (Part Two)

After being wrapped by those bubbles, their speed had seemed to be increased significantly. 'Bubbles?

How were these bubbles produced? Was it because of the rotation of the axes?

If so, I can make my knife rotate too!'

Zen thought to himself. Then he hooked his thumb slightly, and the broken flying knife which had been flushed away flew back immediately.

The next time he threw out the flying knife, it was rotating at a very high speed too.

However, although its rotating speed wasn't slower than that of the axes, all that appeared in the water were some swirls. And after a short while, the flying knife even stopped rotating because of the water resistance.

'It seems that the bubbles were not produced by the mere rotation of the axes. They must have used some other method!' Zen thought.

In order to find the answer, when those blue Murlocs attacked him again, Zen reached out and tried to grab an ax while dodging the attack of the other ones.

But the moment he touched the ax, he felt a sharp pain in his hand.

He was shocked and drew his hand back immediately.

He found that several tiny wounds had appeared on his hand.

If his body hadn't been as solid as a spiritual weapon, Zen might have lost his hand there and then.

'I got it!'

He suddenly understood why those axes could produce so many bubbles.

In the course of their rotating, they were vibrating at an extremely fast speed, which was why a large number of bubbles were being produced.

After being wrapped by these bubbles, the axes would rotate like in the air, so their rotation speed increased significantly.

However, how did they manage to vibrate those axes?

Now Zen wasn't eager at all to dive downwards. Since his purpose of coming to the Lake of the Magical Fish was to cultivate, if he could acquire some skills while in the lake, then the points he had spent would be worth it.

Taking the advantage of his speed, Zen had left those blue Murlocs far behind.

Although these axes were a threat to Zen, they were not enough to kill him. Moreover, since he was in a magic array, even if he was killed because of his own mistakes, he wouldn't die in reality, and would be merely sent back to the surface of the Lake of the Magical Fish instead.

After keeping a certain distance from those blue Murlocs, Zen began to attract the axes to attack him.

When a Murloc was just about to throw his ax, Zen suddenly saw his short but strong paw become a blur.

Meanwhile, the ax in his hand turned into a blur too.

'I didn't guess it wrong. The Murloc's paw was vibrating rapidly at the moment he threw out his ax!' Zen stared closely at the Murloc who was about to throw the ax.

With the rapid vibration, a lot of tiny bubbles appeared. After reaching a certain number, the bubbles wrapped the ax completely, and it was then that the Murloc thew the ax out.

The world was big and full of remarkably wonders. Flowers, plants, animals, and birds were all unique and they each had their own unique set of skills.

Strictly speaking, the blue Murloc wasn't a mighty creature. However, they still had their own specific skill.

There weren't many other creatures who could vibrate at such a high speed. However, the blue Murlocs had done it with their strong front paw.

The corporeal body of an ordinary man couldn't increase his vibration frequency to such a horrible level.

However, it wan't a problem for Zen.

Because first, his corporeal body was much tougher than that of an average man, he could bear the negative effects caused by such intense vibrations. Second, the Phoenix Crystal embedded in his right arm had increased his speed significantly.

After knowing what had caused the vibration, Zen flashed through the water and dodged the ax which was flying right towards him. Meanwhile, he pulled his broken flying knife back and held it tightly in his hand.

The power of the Phoenix Crystal came out from his arm and spread all over his arm along the meridian of it.

"Vibration?"

Zen narrowed his eyes and began to swing his right arm up and down.

At the beginning, he swung his arm in a large range, as if he was waving it.

However, soon his swing range became smaller and his strokes became shorter.

With the smaller swing range, his speed became faster.

After a short while, his arm started turning into a blur gradually. Because of the extremely high vibrating speed, one couldn't even distinguish that it was an arm!

At the same time, a large number of tiny bubbles came out along his arm.

With the sound of gurgles, his arm started looking like it was covered by boiling water. As soon as the bubbles came out, they started floating upwards in the lake.

In addition to Zen's arm, the broken flying knife in his right hand was also vibrating at an extremely high speed.

"Hit it!"

With the high speed vibration, Zen suddenly thew the broken flying knife out.

"Glug! Glug..."

Of course, no sound of air breaking could be heard in the water. However, a string of intense and tiny bubbles appeared when the broken flying knife flew out.

With the technique, the speed of the broken flying knife had increased more than tenfold!

It flew only a little bit slower than it did in the air. And in the heavy water, such speed was already an amazing horror.

Now Zen's broken flying knives had dwarfed the axes thrown out by those blue Murlocs.

The blue Murloc not far away could never have expected that Zen would have copied their method in such a short time. As soon as he saw the flying knife coming towards him with a string of bubbles, he thrust forward with his frog-leg like legs, trying to run away.

Of course Zen wouldn't let go of him. Although the Murloc had already dodged the flight route of the broken flying knife, as soon as Zen pulled it, the broken flying knife arced in the water and cut at him who was immediately transformed into bright spots.

Chapter 278 Argument (Part One)

It was much easier for Zen to deal with the remaining blue Murlocs once he had mastered the trick of raising his speed through vibrations.

After shuttling a few more times, he killed the remaining five of them.

As the flying knife glided back into his hands, Zen continued to swim in the lake quietly. He looked down into its depth contemplatively. Without wasting another breath, Zen dived in.

He seemed to have forgotten that his reserve time was almost up.

"He killed each of the six blue Murlocs..." the steward mumbled grimly, seated on the stone bench next to the shores of the Lake of the Magical Fish. His face had turned dull in the state of shock.

On the other hand, Roger was mostly calm when he saw what happened.

He had gone for training once he returned from the south. Now that he was confident that he had greatly improved in his skills and strength, he came to the Lake of the Magical Fish for further practice.

When fully prepped, he could only dive in about seventy meters deep into the water. He knew there were many more blue Murlocs in the lakebed. He couldn't fight so many of them at once.

However, Zen, on his first go itself, dived deeper than even Roger could. He even killed six blue Murlocs! Roger didn't know what to make of Zen. The only word he could think of to describe him was 'extraordinary'.

There was no feeling of frustration in Roger's heart, even though Zen had clearly rattled quite a few of the others. He was good friends with Zen, and the latter had come to owe him a favor back when they were in the south.

Looking at the speed of his cultivation, Roger was sure his friend would become a man of great power. He thought of what Zen had promised him in the south, and figured that he would come to the Meng family's aid in the future.

The better Zen performed, the higher Roger's expectations would be with regard to him.

Just then, a group of people walked up to the slate.

There were about seven or eight of them, all dressed in jet-black robes, indicating that they were inner disciples.

Truth be told, almost all disciples who came to the Lake of the Magical Fish were inner disciples, most born and brought up in the noble clans.

Outer disciples were not powerful enough to dive down the lake at all, and there were only a few inner ones who could afford the points to practice in the Lake of the Magical Fish.

"Cao, is there anybody in the Lake of the Magical Fish currently?" asked one of the disciples from a distance.

The steward's last name was Cao, so everyone referred to him as that.

As soon as he saw the inner disciple, steward Cao got up and greeted them with a smile. "Hello, Bob. There is still a disciple in the Lake of the Magical Fish. He has it reserved for two hours. He should come out anytime soon."

Bob Pei? Roger, who sat on the bench next to where they stood, frowned as he heard the name.

The top seven noble clans always schemed against each other. They were well-versed in backstabbing and betrayal.

But no matter how fierce their secret battles were with each other, they pretended that all was good on the surface, never revealing their venomous thoughts.

Besides, the Pei family and the Meng family had always loathed each other.

This man, Bob, was a direct descendant of the Pei clan. He had the same status as Roger. However, Bob was several years older than Roger, so he was undoubtedly stronger too. He had already reached the nature level consummation, which was only one step away from the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Presumably, Bob had been making the best use of his time lately. Roger was sure that Bob was ardent in his endeavor to reach the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Despite the friction between the two families and Bob's obvious strength, Roger didn't feel threatened on seeing him. With an expressionless face, he sat silently by himself, avoiding Bob as if he hadn't noticed his arrival at all.

The young man named Bob Pei walked toward steward Cao, his footsteps hitting the ground with force. He stared at the magic array plate in the steward's hands. "How much longer would it take?"

"Bob, the disciple went into the Lake of the Magical Fish at two o'clock. He reserved it only for two hours, so he should come out at four. Look, the clock says the time is nearly up. He should be out soon," steward Cao replied politely, respect for Bob evident in his voice.

He was deferential toward Bob only because many elders of the Pei clan occupied important positions in the Cloud Sect. One of them was a superior he answered to. Cao needed to be in the good books of Pei clan if he hoped to get a promotion in the future.

Glancing at the clock, Bob huffed, "Time is already up. Call him out now!"

"Bob, please wait for some time. You only need to stand by for fifteen more minutes," steward Cao tried to persuade him. He knew Bob was an impatient man, but he couldn't pull Zen out of the lake right now when the boy was obviously training.

At the steward's words, Bod nodded and asked the group behind him to take seats.

After a while, steward Cao looked at the magic array plate and murmured, his brows drawn together, "Time is almost up. Why hasn't Zen come out yet?"

Roger glimpsed at the magic array plate and found that Zen was still underwater. He had encountered a few Murlocs, then it seemed he dived more than ninety meters into the depths. Did the boy have a limit at all? The pressure of the waves was very high at that kind of distance downward.

If Zen hadn't been exceptional, he would have been flattened into a meat pie by the intense pressure.

It was difficult for even a nature creature to fight the indomitable pressure faced down at ninety meters, but Zen looked like he strove to dive even deeper.

Roger was eager to know how much more Zen could get to. "Perhaps he wants to test how deep he can go!" he exclaimed.

"But the time is up, and there are some others waiting here..." steward Cao retorted in an anxious voice.

As a steward of the Cloud Sect, he had a good eye.

He knew well about Zen's potential, whose performance at the Lake of the Magical Fish was exceptional and rare amidst the talents at the Cloud Sect. With time, Zen would only get better. He was a boy to watch out for, as he would certainly rise through the ranks in the future. Cao was aware that soon he would need to curry favor with Zen.

Chapter 279 Argument (Part Two)

However, he knew better than to test the temper of the young man, Bob.

The disciples from the noble clans would never listen to someone they thought was beneath them.

Moreover, he knew that Bob had gotten into fights before regarding who should be prioritized to enter the Lake of the Magical Fish. His disputes always led to more trouble. Bob had an infamous temper.

Today, he found it distasteful to wait for fifteen minutes for someone. That said a lot about him.

Bob pulled a long face, his lips twisting with disdain. Usually, he was the man who was waited upon, even at odd hours of the day. How dare they ask him to wait for someone else for so long?

"Hasn't the disciple come out yet? Cao, you said he would come out at four p.m., didn't you? It's already four now," Bob reminded him in an unpleasant tone.

Steward Cao straightened sheepishly, a reassuring smile on his face. "Please wait for a minute. Just one more minute. He should come out soon."

Brusquely, Bob got up. "I won't wait for him any longer! The time is up. You should force him out now by using the magic array plate."

"I- I..." steward Cao stammered, his mouth gaping, not knowing what to say. Bob left him in a fix. He would undoubtedly offend Zen if he pushed him out through the magic array, but it would vex Bob if he didn't listen to his command.

It wouldn't be too consequential if he offended Zen now, who was just an outer disciple at present. He wouldn't pose a threat to Cao's position. But if he offended Bob, and Bob told his elders about the incident, he could make Cao's life at Cloud Sect difficult.

Appearing to think for a moment, steward Cao came to a decision. Neither of his options was likable, but he must choose the one that would bring him less harm. He would have to displease Zen today.

He opened the magic array plate, about to reach out to pull Zen out of the Lake of the Magical Fish.

But before he could do so, Roger, who was next to him, halted him in his action. "Steward Cao, you don't need to be in such a rush."

Steward Cao widened his eyes. "But, but..." Roger's words made his head spin. Roger was always friendly and courteous to him, but he was also a disciple from one of the top seven noble clans. If Cao could not afford to offend the Pei clan, he could not afford to do the same with the Meng clan either.

Bob threw Roger a cold look. He had spotted the Meng boy as soon as he got here.

The two families were always at odds with each other. The elders always had control over their tempers and they were cordial outwardly. They only expressed their displeasure and disagreements in hushed whispers and backhanded wisecracks.

However, the tempers of the younger lot were not easy to restrain. There had been many brawls between the young members of the families on several occasions in the Imperial Capital.

Bob had turned a blind eye to Roger when he saw him first.

He came here to train today, so he had no reason to argue with Roger. He had hoped that Roger would stay quiet so neither of them would have cause to encroach on the precincts of the other.

But he hadn't expected Roger to provoke him by interrupting steward Cao when he was about to use the magic array. Was Roger so eager to get into an argument with him?

Bob knew Roger's strength was far inferior to his. If a fight were to happen between them, Roger would undoubtedly be at a disadvantage. An image of the arrogant faces of the Meng family members rose up in his mind. It would do him good to teach Roger a lesson today, for the mere fact that he dared to argue with him!

"Roger, you know it's time for me to train. I can't wait for the boy forever if he has no plans of coming out," Bob said, his voice slightly shaking with anger.

Roger shook his head indifferently. "The disciple in the lake is my friend, and he has no intention of taking up your time. He reserved two hours, but it seems that the time did not end up being enough for him. Don't worry. I will pay for the extra hours on his behalf. I have enough points that can be docked."

Bob stilled, and the look he threw Roger was chilling. "Your points? You think you can pay for the extra hours he uses? Cao, is this permissible?"

Steward Cao had an anxious look on his face. He glanced at Bob before speaking to Roger, "Roger, I think I need to ask your friend to come out now. After all, the time he reserved is over."

"What? Can't I add more time on his behalf? I have plenty of points. You can take as many as you want. Not just two hours, my points are enough to pay for twenty more! You can keep docking them until Zen comes out of the lake," Roger said, his face hard.

He was always polite and kind, but when someone angered him, he could get quite overbearing.

Steward Cao was in an awful dilemma. He had no clue about what to do. He wanted to start the magic array and pull Zen out, but looking at the expression on Roger's face, he dared not to do it. On the other hand, it was not possible for him to dissuade Bob either. He knew all about Bob's terrible temper.

"They say that the Meng family members are good at assessing a situation and judging what to do, but I don't think you are quite adept at it," sneered Bob, a look of hatred in his eyes as he stared at Roger. Momentum slowly built up in his body as the words escaped him. He had reached the nature level consummation, which was only one step away from the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Roger stood up the moment he heard what Bob said, his eyes too darkening with malice. "You dare to fight me on the Cloud Sect grounds? Do you know the price you'll pay for that transgression?"

Chapter 280 Make Way For You?

Last time as well Bob fought at the banks of the lake. But at that time, his opponent was a young man from a small noble clan. Small noble clans were naturally inferior to the top seven noble clans. Sometimes, they had to bear the humiliation from the top seven noble clans. So it was not a big deal for young masters of the top seven noble clans to beat other people. If their elders offered apologies for their bad behavior, it might become a great honor to the small clans.

Roger was a young master of the Meng Clan, one of the top seven noble clans. But he was not as overbearing and unreasonable as most noble youth. Roger treated people with kindness. Since both Roger's and Bob's families were ranked in the top seven noble clans, a fight between them would cause a lot of trouble. It would also lead to conflicts between the two noble clans. Moreover, the relationship between the Pei Clan and the Meng Clan was already strained.

However, Bob was a reckless person.

Every martial arts cultivator had a obsession in his mind.

Some obsessed over possession as a strong desire to possess could give them enough momentum to break through bottlenecks in their cultivation.

Others preferred concession. They believed that moderate concessions could make the future smoother and brighter.

And Bob's obsession was possession. There was no concession in his dictionary. He had been selfish since his childhood. Everyone else had to step aside for what he wanted.

If Bob endured something reluctantly, his determination would suffer to the extent that it would slow his cultivation speed.

Although Bob knew it was unwise to fight Roger, he was unwilling to compromise. He had no consideration for the consequences of the fight. Instead, he was consumed with the idea of teaching Roger a lesson.

However, Roger was not a coward. Although there was a gap between his level and that of Bob, as a member of the top noble Meng Clan, he could be stubborn as well.

"Please wait! Listen to me first. Let's sit down and talk calmly. There is no need to be so tense," begged steward Cao. The two noble young masters refused to listen to each other and were about to fight. Steward Cao became anxious as the tension mounted.

According to the rules of Cloud Sect, except for formal challenges, any fight between disciples was unacceptable.

Nevertheless, these two young men were members of the top noble clans. They both had a powerful background and were not afraid of stirring up trouble. If not handled properly, steward Cao would offend the nobles, because no matter which side won, the affected clan would vent their anger on him.

"Forget it. The Meng Clan have become increasingly arrogant. Last month, they tried to get involved in the Pei Clan's pill medicine business. However, they were blocked by the Pei Clan's elders. If we tolerate the Meng Clan blindly, I am afraid that they will become more insatiable."

After saying that, Bob drew his long sword out of its sheath. It looked like Bob not only wanted to beat Roger, he also wanted Roger to bleed.

"Shiiiiiing!"

Seeing this, Roger also unsheathed his sword, even though his cultivation level was lower than Bob's. However, a refiner's cultivation level was not an indicator of strength. If Roger tried his best, Bob might not be able to defeat him.

The people escorting Bob stood aside and silently watched them.

If Bob were facing an average person like Zen, they would have rushed to help. But this time, Bob's rival was Roger. As outsiders, they knew that they should not intervene in conflicts between the two top noble clans. If they tried, these people would invite trouble, and then, even the Pei Clan wouldn't be able to protect them.

Just as the battle was about to begin, Zen sprung out of the Lake of the Magical Fish. The demonic life vitality running in his body drove the cold away instantly. The heat emitted by the demonic life vitality helped evaporate the water from Zen's clothes and hair.

As Zen exited the lake, a huge cloud of steam rose from his body.

Before Zen could look around for Roger, he sensed strong hostility in the air.

'Strange! Who are they? How can they fight here? This is Cloud Sect. Aren't they afraid of violating the rules?' Zen wondered as he studied the crowd from a distance. Zen cautiously approached the crowd.

Soon, Zen found Roger was arguing with a young man who appeared to be stronger than Roger in terms of both, momentum and level. When Zen saw this, his expression changed and he hurried forward.

'What's going on? Who is he, Roger?' Roger had helped Zen when they hunted the blade locusts together at the Dragon Fort. Since then, Zen regarded Roger as his friend.

As if steward Cao had met a great savior, once he saw Zen, he went forward and said, "Zen, you're here just in time. They are about to fight. Please talk to Roger. Stop the fight!"

"Why are they going to fight?" questioned Zen. Zen didn't know what had happened while he was refining in the Lake of the Magical Fish.

With his easygoing personality, Roger usually did not enter into conflict with others. But once he got angry, he could be very stubborn.

"Why did the man offend Roger?" Zen asked when he got no response.

Steward Cao explained hastily, "Zen, the young man opposite Roger is the young master of the Pei Clan, one of the top seven noble clans. You were in the Lake of the Magical Fish for more than two hours. I was going to bring you out, but Roger wanted me to let you stay. However, Bob refused as it was his turn. So they began to quarrel. If they fight, it will end badly for everyone. Please, persuade your friend!"

When Steward Cao saw Zen, he thought, 'As an ordinary person, Zen wouldn't want to get involved in the noble clans' dispute. Once he understands the matter, he will persuade Roger. After all, Zen is Roger's friend. So Roger may listen to him.

Moreover, Roger is weaker than Bob. So if a friend persuades him and gives him a way out, Roger won't go so far as to fight.'

But steward Cao was wrong. He had made a mistake when estimating Zen's character and his strength.

After hearing the steward's explanation, Zen nodded. Although steward Cao's narration was somewhat incomplete, Zen understood what happened and who was at fault.

"Go, Zen. Go and persuade Roger! I will speak with Bob." Steward Cao urged Zen.

Zen walked toward Roger.

Roger relaxed when he saw Zen.

Although Roger didn't think that Zen could defeat Bob, somehow, he had an inexplicable sense of trust in Zen. It seemed to him that Zen was capable of challenging strong people.

"This is none of your business, boy! I advise you not to meddle with the noble clans," said Bob threateningly as he looked at Zen up and down.

Bob was surprised to see that the person who had been practicing for two hours in the Lake of the Magical Fish was only at the first-grade of the nature level.

But Bob was curious about why a disciple at the first-grade of the nature level was allowed to enter the Lake of the Magical Fish. As for how Zen stayed for two hours, Bob thought that perhaps Zen didn't really go into the water, or maybe he hid in a corner and didn't dive into the deep area.

Bob was not really interested in how Zen had stayed for so long. What annoyed Bob was that Zen, a cultivator at the first-grade of the nature level, didn't take him seriously. Bob even thought that his dissuasion although rude, was for Zen's benefit.

Hearing what Bob said, Zen shook his head. "Roger is my friend. A friend in need is a friend indeed. If my friend is in trouble, I will naturally help him. What's more, I've just heard that you wanted to drive me out of the Lake of the Magical Fish. Is that true?"

Zen showed a harsh attitude toward Bob. It was evident that he was trying to help Roger. Since Zen had cleared his position, Bob had no reason to hesitate. If Zen was at the Illuminating Soul Realm, Bob might think carefully before fighting. But Zen was only at the first-grade of the nature level. What instigated Bob more was that Zen didn't come from an influential family. Bob was at the consummation of the nature level. It was difficult to find someone skilled enough to challenge Bob. Hence he chuckled and said, "Yes, you are right. So what about it? Every time I come to the Lake of the Magical Fish to practice, other people make way obediently."

"Yeah?" Zen replied scornfully. "I'm thinking, who are you to me? I should make way for you? Wishful thinking!"

"Tut-tut!" steward Cao said with a deep sigh. When steward Cao heard Zen, he had a feeling that the situation was not going to be peacefully resolved. If a fight ensued, everyone would get into trouble. A bitter taste filled steward Cao's mouth.

Previously, when steward Cao let Zen enter the Lake of the Magical Fish, he believed the boy to be gentle and suave. He hadn't expected Zen to have a hot temper. To be continued... Next book should be published before May 28, 2019. Your appreciation is the best encouragement for us to provide you fast and high quality translations.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

My top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Top romance seriess:

Trapped
Pentalogy

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses.”

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his

astonishment. The man had already got what he wanted from her, but she couldn't understand why he still wanted to torture and haunt her.

Trapped Pentalogy (The complete story of Love is the Sunshine Series)

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

6

Content

Chapter 281 The Chilly Water Drops
Chapter 282 Grabbed The Sword With Bare Hands (Part One)
Chapter 283 Grabbed The Sword With Bare Hands (Part Two)
Chapter 284 Real Strength
Chapter 285 The Report
Chapter 286 The Evil Plan (Part One)
Chapter 287 The Evil Plan (Part Two)
Chapter 288 Kite Skydeck (Part One)
Chapter 289 Kite Skydeck (Part Two)
Chapter 290 Zen’s Incredible Jump
Chapter 291 More Heavenly Essence
Chapter 292 Reputation
Chapter 293 Reputation (Part One)
Chapter 294 Helping A Friend In Need
Chapter 295 Yates Mo (Part One)
Chapter 296 Yates Mo (Part Two)
Chapter 297 Zen Was So Remarkable (Part One)
Chapter 298 Zen Was So Remarkable (Part Two)
Chapter 299 James Mo (Part One)
Chapter 300 James Mo (Part Two)
Chapter 301 The Mixed Element Blood Bracelet (Part One)
Chapter 302 The Mixed Element Blood Bracelet (Part Two)
Chapter 303 Unique Spear (Part One)
Chapter 304 Unique Spear (Part Two)
Chapter 305 Stay Calm
Chapter 306 A Great Many Weapons
Chapter 307 Pseudo Fairy Weapon (Part One)
Chapter 308 Pseudo Fairy Weapon (Part Two)
Chapter 309 The Threat From Wurth (Part One)
Chapter 310 The Threat From Wurth (Part Two)
Chapter 311 The Counter Attack (Part One)
Chapter 312 The Counter Attack (Part Two)
Chapter 313 A favor (Part One)
Chapter 314 A favor (Part Two)
Chapter 315 Simple Requirement
Chapter 316 What’s Holding You Back

Chapter 317 The Search For The Best Weapon
Chapter 318 The Nine Edges Sword
Chapter 319 Green Wave (Part One)
Chapter 320 Green Wave (Part Two)
Chapter 321 The Final Work Of Chase (Part One)
Chapter 322 The Final Work Of Chase (Part Two)
Chapter 323 Sword Granting (Part One)
Chapter 324 Sword Granting (Part Two)
Chapter 325 Sword Granting (Part Three)
Chapter 326 The Quenching Peak (Part One)
Chapter 327 The Quenching Peak (Part Two)
Chapter 328 The Explosion Of The Weapon Refining Furnace
Chapter 329 The Weapon Condensing Skill (Part One)
Chapter 330 The Weapon Condensing Skill (Part Two)
Chapter 331 Condensation (Part One)
Chapter 332 Condensation (Part Two)
Chapter 333 The Two Greedy Masters
Chapter 334 Basic Swordsmanship (Part One)
Chapter 335 Basic Swordsmanship (Part Two)
Chapter 336 Look Out For Yourselves (Part One)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 281 The Chilly Water Drops

A gust of wind blew gently against the seemingly cold atmosphere among the nature creatures. Did Zen not know who was in front of him? Or perhaps, was he not fully aware of the strength of the top seven noble clans?

From his worry-free face, it looked like he didn't take Bob seriously at all.

Now, Steward Cao truly regretted his decision. He should have explained Bob's identity further to Zen, and let him know that the top clan members were big shots that he shouldn't offend as he was a nobody.

However, Steward Cao quickly realized that even his previous explanation was useless. Zen already knew about Bob's social status but he still didn't take him seriously.

Upon hearing what Zen said, Roger's eyes also bulged in surprise. To be honest, he was moved when Zen stood beside him at this time. After all, Zen knew that Roger did just what he did to help him, so now he didn't hesitate to stand by Roger when they met a master at the top of the nature level.

However, Zen had been too arrogant. He didn't take Bob's strength into account.

When they were in the south before, Roger had seen Zen's unbridled and carefree attitude.

During that time, Zen wasn't a nature creature yet, but just at half-step into the nature level. Yet, he dared to use his soul to attack and injure Randall, who was at the fourth grade of the nature level, and directly reprimanded and insulted him.

But now it was a completely different story. He finally met someone who was a world different from Randall.

First of all, the difference of the strength between Bob and Zen was much greater than that between Zen and Randall at that time.

Furthermore, Bob had a completely different background from Randall. Randall came from a poor family that didn't have a good background, but was able to go up. However, Bob was a noble son of the Pei Clan.

At that time, Randall felt repressed by Roger's background and the pressure from Jon, so he could bear it.

But now?

What good came out after having irritated Bob?

At this point, Bob's facial expression suddenly changed. His fair-skinned face suddenly flushed a blood red shade, because apparently he was extremely angry. However, it was strange that the reddish tint on his skin disappeared while a red fog rose from the top of his head at the same time.

After a while, his complexion returned to normal.

From this incident, it was obvious that Bob used a special cultivation method to control his anger.

He had kept his rage in check, but that didn't mean he would forgive Zen. Many warriors would vent their discontent in their own ways to keep calm.

For instance, when in a fit of rage, some people would laugh wildly, others cried desperately and some even injured themselves just to calm down.

On the other hand, Bob's method was special. It looked like he drove out the blood that had flown to his head with some kind of cultivation method to keep calm.

Be calm. Only when he was calm could he figure out the best solution.

Now, Bob was actually deep in thought. His warrior spirit was "not to bear", but it didn't mean that he was a rash man.

There were only a few people in Burning Sky Empire who dared to speak insolently in front of him, which could mean that they must be from powerful families. Therefore, when he saw how Zen acted so boldly, he tried to figure out his identity.

No matter where this bloke was from, Bob was unwilling to let go. However, he would take different measures. It was true that the top seven noble clans had the power, but there were people above them. While Bob could be considered as wildly arrogant, he wasn't ignorant.

Bob's eyes glinted maliciously and he cast a murderous look at Zen.

"Who are you? Tell me your name!" he demanded loudly. Unless he was sure about Zen's true identity, he had better think twice before taking action.

Just as Zen was about to speak, Roger, who stood beside him, moved a step forward and gestured for Zen to stop.

While Roger truly appreciated that Zen was willing to stand up for him, he was worried that if Zen got involved in the conflict between the Meng and Pei clans, he would probably get into so much trouble. Thus, he wanted to save Zen.

"Bob, it doesn't matter who he is. If you are aiming at me today, come on!" Roger said boldly. However, Zen was not to be outdone just yet…

"I am the outer disciple at Drizzle Peak, Zen Luo!" he responded loudly.

So this Zen guy wasn't from a prominent family, but just an outer disciple from Drizzle Peak, the least powerful peak.

Reddish color rose again in Bob's face in anger. He felt like he was tricked.

This bloke was just an outer disciple from a poor family without any background, and he was only at grade one of the nature level. Why did he feel like he qualified to be so arrogant in front of Bob?

When he thought about how cautious he acted in front of this nobody, he couldn't control his rage.

"Good, Very good. Now the reptiles from poor families are more and more conceited. I guess the only way to deal with them is to do nothing but tramp them hard to dust!" Bob exclaimed.

The remaining bits of hesitation he had now thoroughly disappeared. His previous unfathomable unease towards Zen had only served to make him more furious, so he decided to attack now.

When Roger saw that Bob was about to fight, he couldn't help but feel nervous.

Even if he had greatly honed his strengths, he was not on par with Bob, who had already completed the nature level.

But, Roger was a resourceful man. The moment he saw the reluctance in Bob's eyes, he stopped Zen just now to protect him, and to also exert Bob's uneasiness towards him to temporarily hold Bob off. However, Zen didn't appreciate his gesture and instead, revealed to Bob his identity.

Now, Zen had just told Bob that he didn't have any background or support and was a mere nobody. "If you are capable, just kill me!" Zen goaded. This time, Bob now prepared to fight for real. There was no way Roger could stop it.

Alas, Zen had the outstanding talent, but lacked the observation and judgement skills for certain occasions, such as this fight. Roger could only sigh to himself.

The baby blue colored life vitality flowed through Bob's body as the treasured sword in his hand was unsheathed. When Bob unsheathed the sword, a light and long sound resonated from within it. The nice, translucent weapon spread the baby blue beams of light everywhere.

Bob wielded and waved the sword in his hand as the life vitality covered its see-through body and formed a succession of water drops.

That was the Water Drop Swordsmanship of the Pei Clan. The tenacious swordsmanship could be described as ruthless and fierce.

According to the rank of the cultivation methods, this swordsmanship was one of the tier 3 cultivation methods--but as the exclusive swordsmanship of the Pei Clan, it was said that it could be one of the tier 4 when judged by the rate.

High up in the air was Bob, who wielded the treasured sword against Roger and Zen. He now had a plan in mind.

Roger was from the Meng Clan and couldn't be killed, but Bob could teach him a lesson. While the life of the conceited and ignorant bloke would surely be taken away today.

When Bob waved the sword, countless water drops splashed and reflected with the transparent light under the sunshine. They formed a huge dense net and aimed at Zen and Roger.

The water drop made from the life vitality looked like the ordinary water drop, but both Roger and Zen clearly knew that they couldn't touch any of them.

"Zen, go away!" Roger screamed.

He held his sword in hand with rapt attention and aimed at those water drops. The dark red sword radiance with the thickness of a thumb swallowed and spat the drops successively.

Every time after the sword radiance exploded a water drop, a chilly power burst out from the water drop. It then expanded to the size of an ice ball and smashed the ground. Even the hard flagstone on the ground was smashed into fine, powdery smithereens.

The water drop exploded in the air but had such astonishing power. If it exploded on the human body, nobody knew what the effect would be.

At this moment, Roger rapidly waved the sword about, and the sword radiance unceasingly swallowed and spat to explode one water drop after another.

However, Bob had released more water drops. Even if Roger had exploded dozens of water drops in an instant, hundreds of Bob's water drops charged at him.

This left Roger almost no choices now. He didn't have the time to care about anything else. He had to wield the sword fast and try his best to destroy all the water drops.

While Roger was fully engaged in exploding the water drops, Zen suddenly gripped the back of his robe. Roger was abruptly pulled backward by an irresistible, great force.

Now, it was just Zen who faced the numerous water drops that flew in many directions.

Chapter 282 Grabbed The Sword With Bare Hands (Part One)

Each droplet of water contained a remarkably strong and numbing icy power.

One simple condensation of the moisture in the air could form such a powerful ice ball.

If these water drops touched anyone, the person could seriously get hurt.

After residing in a secluded area to practice for quite some time, Roger's abilities had improved a lot. It took a lot of dedication but now he had reached the fifth-grade of the nature level.

Despite everything, however, he found Zen effortlessly tossing him for more than a hundred feet away!

Immediately standing up from the ground, Roger tried to give Zen a hand. However, when he saw the man stand as steadfastly as a hill, a wonderful feeling overcame him.

'Is he so confident that he would succeed in his fight against Bob?' he wondered.

Truthfully, Zen was not a reckless person. In Roger's opinion though, he appeared quite irrational when he had lost his temper and picked a fight at Dragon Fort as well as the army camp. It did not seem to matter that most of his rivals were simply stronger.

On the other hand, the results indicated that he was a reliable and confident man, even before each fight.

'With Bob as his rival this time, does he really think he is more powerful?' Roger thought to himself. As soon as he made the assumption, he could not help but be skeptical.

Somehow, Roger thought he knew the big difference between the first grade and the top grade of nature level. Beside him, Steward Cao knew about it too. And Bob knew it even better than both of them.

It was common knowledge since all of them had practiced from the first-grade of the nature level to their present level.

But then, why was Zen so confident?

It was either he was, indeed, powerful enough to overcome his opponent --- or he was just another cocky idiot!

By the looks of it, Zen did not look like the second option. What could it be then? Was he perhaps powerful enough to win this battle?

With a gust of wind, Zen waved his fists in the air while the water droplets scattered.

Demonic life vitality unceasingly flowed before him as he waved his fists, forming a defensive barrier to protect himself.

The dark purple demonic life vitality reflected an unusual glow of light.

Inside the demonic life vitality, some glistening star strength emitted blue light.

"Are you trying to repel my chilly water drops with your life vitality alone?" Bob asked incredulously, and then he snorted. "Dream on! Like that's ever going to work!"

However, the man he was taunting remained silent. Paying no attention to him at all, Zen appeared to be rather calm and serious behind the demonic life vitality.

Although he was confident that he could repel every attack from different nature creatures, he knew that Bob's power had almost reached an Illuminating Soul Realm master's level, and the disciples of Cloud Sect had always been stronger compared to the practitioners outside.

Even though he felt the first drop of water tearing down the demonic life vitality barrier easily, he did not do anything to get out of the way.

Instead, he waited for a perfect chance in silence to retaliate.

Soon, more water droplets breached the demonic life vitality barrier, and they drew closer to him with barely any resistance.

Some of the water droplets were dangerously close to Zen, probably less than three feet away from him. The chillness emanating from these water droplets made him feel the sudden dip in temperature. A thin layer of frost covered his eyelashes and hair.

However, he continued to stand still as if he was being nailed on the ground.

After most of the water drops had entered the range of the life vitality, Zen abruptly shouted, "Explode!"

With an uncommon rumbling sound, he released the overwhelming energy of the star power in the life vitality.

Meanwhile, it triggered the explosion of the stars around it.

"Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!"

More stars exploded at once.

One by one, little by little, from point to surface and to the whole life vitality space Zen had arranged, a violent and overwhelming reaction ensued.

The energy released by the exploded stars emitted a dazzling white light.

The light was brighter than sunshine. Looking at it was nearly unbearable. If an individual glanced at the white light for even just a short moment, he would be unable to look at other things for a long while due to temporary blindness. Although impermanent, it would take a while for one's eyes to recover.

Except for Zen, the three other men lost their eyesight temporarily as they had watched the stars explode.

Zen had turned his head away and closed his eyes right at the time the overwhelming energy burst out.

When Zen opened his eyes again, the stars' explosion wiped out the chilly water droplets. Unlike him, Bob's eyes had not completely recovered from the white light yet.

Of course, Zen dared not to miss such a great opportunity.

Before Bob could see again, he had rushed towards him like a cheetah running on the grassland.

Although Bob could not see anything at that moment, he was still alert enough to counterattack.

All nature creatures possessed sharp senses such as taste, smell, hearing, and sight. So it was only right that Bob had acute senses.

Even with his eyes closed, he could still detect Zen's presence.

After seeing Zen's competency, Bob could not calm himself down anymore.

Initially, he had thought that Zen just wanted to use his life vitality as a barrier to block his attack. If so, the man would die rapidly, as the impact of his chilly water drop was much stronger than that.

To his surprise, Zen had taken a more direct and violent method!

Chapter 283 Grabbed The Sword With Bare Hands (Part Two)

He had triggered the explosion of his life vitality directly. Bob never imagined that the energy of the explosion would be so horrible, it even eliminated all his chilly water drops!

It was why Bob panicked. He wondered why Zen's life vitality was so powerful. The energy of the little stars in Zen's life vitality was so great that Bob's heart trembled.

However, as a master at consummation of the nature level, Bob's mind had already tampered in various kinds of situations in the process of cultivating from a beginner to such a high level.

He realized that besides keeping himself calm, he should counterattack his opponents immediately.

After sensing Zen's location, Bob waved his sword to him. He waved so hard that the sword, which was as thin as a cicada's wings, was almost bent to its breaking point. Then, tens of thousands of chilly water drops suddenly shot out.

'Anyhow, these water droplets should be able to hold off Zen's attack, ' Bob thought to himself.

However, he had gravely underestimated Zen's speed.

In fact, Zen had not dodged those water droplets, not because he could not deflect any of them, but that he just did not try.

Since the situation was quite different at this instant, he tried his best to suppress Bob.

The Phoenix Crystal in his right arm suddenly gleamed. The energy coursed through his veins and then spread all over his body.

"Whew!"

Suddenly, Zen turned into a blur. Like a gust of wind, he dispersed those chilly water drops from the sky covered by them.

Just then, the vision of Roger, Cao and Bob returned. When they saw Zen had turned into a blur, they were so surprised that they almost thought it was an illusion.

"How fast!" Roger could not help but cry out.

At the same time, Bob realized he could not perceive Zen either.

'Where's he?' he wondered, looking around. He placed his sword in front of his chest horizontally and maintained maximum alert as he waited for Zen to strike.

All of a sudden, Bob felt a small hint of wind coming from above his head, and then he waved his sword upward instinctively.

Reaching out from above the head of Bob, Zen aimed at Bob's sword blade.

'You want to grab my sword with bare hands?' thought Bob in surprise.

Immediately, he laughed and shouted, "You're dicing with death!"

The sword in Bob's hand was a middle-grade spiritual weapon. As it was made of the 'Polaris steel', it was extremely thin.

This particular sword had been sent to the weapon-refining workshop of his family before. After being burnt to red by the weapon refiner, the sword blade had become nearly transparent.

So one could imagine how thin it was! Being so thin, if the sword had been made of ordinary material, it would have broken soon after the slightest touch. Only when it was made with the Polaris steel, which was tough enough, could the sword be refined so thin.

Being so narrowly thin, it was much sharper than ordinary swords.

'How dare the young man grab my sword with his bare hands! Let me cut his hands off!'

Thinking about this, Bob shook his arm hard and the sword vibrated quickly before cutting towards Zen's wrist.

With a slight smile, Zen pushed his right hand forward lightly and pinched the tip of Bob's sword in the blink of an eye.

'So fast!' Bob shouted in his heart.

He wondered why Zen could control his speed to such a degree. Sometimes fast, other times slow. The man's moves were so unpredictable! Although Zen pinched his sword blade, Bob did not worry about it. He suddenly withdrew his sword and tried to stab Zen again.

Shocked, Bob's face turned pale when he tried to withdraw his sword. In spite of the advantages he had, he still failed to grab his sword back.

First, as he was holding the sword handle, whereas Zen was only pinching the sword blade with two fingers, it would have been much easier for him to apply force on the sword.

Second, Bob had reached the consummation of the nature level while Zen had just reached the first-grade of the nature level.

In every way one looked, Bob should have had an absolute advantage in terms of strength.

When Bob tried for the second time however, he failed again. The sword appeared as though it was embedded between Zen's fingers.

With an utmost disbelief expression on his face, Bob looked like he had seen a ghost.

There was no doubt that he had met many people who were born with great strength.

He knew a man who seemed to possess endless strength. When this man had just reached the marrow refining level, he was able to compete with the masters at half-step into the nature level.

However, even though they were born with great strength, they had their limit.

How could the strength of a corporeal body like Zen's have reached such an extent!

There was a world of difference between the top-grade nature level practitioners and the first-grade nature level practitioners. Now, because of Zen, Bob had changed his view.

No one saw it coming. Not even he could have imagined that he would somehow admit that Zen was much stronger than him.

After recovering from a brief shock, Bob immediately activated the life vitality in his body.

By any means, he was not someone who would throw in the towel so easily. Losing to a young man at first-grade of the nature level was very unacceptable for him.

The life vitality came out from his arm and emanated upward along his sword before solidifying into white snowflakes on the sword's blade.

Then, the snowflakes formed a long and thin line and quickly mounted on the tip of the sword blade.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 284 Real Strength

"Icy Seal! Freeze!"

"Crackle!"

After reaching the sword tip, these snowflakes suddenly turned into ice crystals. In an instant, they covered Zen's right hand. Soon, the right half of Zen's body was frozen.

Zen frowned as these ice crystals covered his hand. He used force to break them. However, these ice crystals were not normal. Even with the enormous power running through his body, Zen couldn't do anything to them.

"Ha-ha! They are not standard ice crystals. You can't break them with brute force. So what are you going to do with them this time, little boy?" Bob smiled coldly as his Icy Seal froze Zen.

Instead of panicking, Zen looked at Bob with calm eyes. There was even some contempt in his expression. With a sly smile, Zen raised his left hand. In the next instant, the Emerald Crystal in his arm suddenly erupted in bright red energy.

"Bang!"

Zen used his left fist to pound his right arm. A blood red mark glowed on the ice crystals covering his arm. And then, the blood red mark spread like a cobweb.

Next, Zen clenched his right fist and freed himself from the ice crystals.

"Lash..."

The Icy Seal on his right arm and body was instantly broken into tiny pieces of ice crystals.

"That's impossible!" Bob couldn't believe what he had just seen.

The Icy Seal was the quintessence of his power. He had spent a lot of time and effort making it work. The Icy Seal was so challenging to master that Bob hadn't succeeded until recently.

This was the first time that he had used the Icy Seal to fight against his enemy.

Bob's father had once told him that only burning life vitality of a person at the Illuminating Soul Realm could break the Icy Seal. It couldn't be broken by other kinds of force, let alone brute force. That was why Bob thought he could defeat Zen by using the Icy Seal.

'What the hell is he?

How could he break my Icy Seal?'

Bob felt as though he was going crazy. What had happened was an unprecedented blow to a proud man like him.

Bob was sure that Zen could see through all his moves. Any counterattack by Zen could push him into the abyss of death. He didn't know what to do.

'Why can't I defeat him? I've never lost to anyone!' Bob questioned himself.

Bob was a proud man. It was his pride that made him improve in martial arts so quickly.

He never allowed himself to lag behind others in any way.

But at the moment, the fact that he had lost to Zen had destroyed his pride and self-respect, which plunged him into melancholy.

At the thought of this, his eyes turned red, and the expression on his face grew ferocious. A wild voice shouted in his heart, 'I will never allow myself to fail!'

"Go to hell!" It was a fact that Bob had lost to Zen. The only way to rectify that was to kill Zen.

Although Bob might not be able to kill Zen using his strength, as a child of a top seven noble clan, he had an ultimate weapon with which to save his life.

Bob dropped his sword and lifted his hand. A golden rune, namely, the Golden Holy Rune, appeared in his palm. This was his ultimate weapon.

The Golden Holy Rune was small in size, but it cost the Pei Clan a fortune to have it tattooed on Bob's hand.

They had instructed Bob to use it only as a last resort.

Bob's life was not in danger and Zen didn't intend to kill him, so there was no need for Bob to use the Golden Holy Rune.

Bob, however, was now in complete turmoil. He didn't want to reflect on and face his failure.

He wanted to kill Zen. Only by killing Zen could Bob face himself.

Just as Bob was about to raise his hand, Zen kicked him in the head.

Zen had felt the horrible power contained in the Golden Holy Rune. If Bob used it against him, Zen would either die or be seriously injured.

A minor matter such as the fight between Bob and Zen was not reason enough to kill a person. So Zen thought that knocking the crazy man out was the best thing to do.

After being kicked, Bob felt as though he could not see anything. He stumbled back a few steps and then fell to the ground.

"Oh my god! Bob is down!"

"What are we going to do if he dies?"

At that moment, the disciples that had accompanied Bob shouted. All this while, they had remained silent.

Each of these inner disciples was well-respected.

Some of them were members of noble clans, but they couldn't compare with the lineal descendants of the top seven noble clans like Bob and Roger.

So after Bob and Roger argued, they stood quietly. They knew what would happen if they got involved in a dispute between noble clans.

Although they were hesitant to interfere in the fight between Bob and Roger, they were still worried about Bob.

In their eyes, Zen and Roger couldn't match Bob at all. So they were very confident about this battle.

However, none of them expected that Zen's counter-attack would change the battle's outcome.

Was Bob, a man who had reached the consummation of the nature level, so vulnerable to a man who had only reached the first-grade of the nature level?

This was crazy!

As the inner disciples gazed at Bob who was lying motionless on the ground, they began to worry.

However, as Zen stood next to Bob, they didn't dare to shout or approach him.

Zen cast a cold glance at them and thought, 'These people are smart enough not to admonish me. If they dare to say anything, I'll never forgive them!'

Steward Cao, who was standing nearby, went silently to Bob to check on his injuries. He was relieved to see that Bob was all right.

He realized that both Roger and Zen were not amateurs.

Steward Cao slowly helped Bob up and handed him to the inner disciples who were with him.

If ordinary disciples fought in Cloud Sect, then they would surely be expelled. This rule applied to members of ordinary noble clans as well.

However, the disciples of the top seven noble clans, especially a lineal descendant had many privileges. The top seven noble clans were the seven pillars of the Burning Sky Empire. Although Cloud Sect claimed to treat all people fairly, this was not the case. After all, Cloud Sect was in the Imperial Capital of the Burning Sky Empire. So it would naturally give them numerous privileges.

Cloud Sect would always turn a blind eye to influential people, such as Bob and Roger, as long as they didn't kill other disciples.

Steward Cao was terrified by the incident. He did not expect that in this fight Zen would render Bob unconscious.

"When we parted ways at Dragon Fort, I didn't think that you would improve so much. You beat Bob, who has reached the consummation of the nature level. And to think that you are only at the first-grade of the nature level." Roger still felt what had happened was incredible.

"I did make progress after leaving Dragon Fort," Zen said with a smile, "But I can't match you. You are much better than me."

Zen was talking about the difference in grades.

Compared to Roger, Zen's progress in grades was really slow. From the time they left Dragon Fort to the present, Zen had progressed from being a half-step into the nature level to the first grade of the nature level.

Roger, on the other hand, had moved up to the fifth-grade of the nature level in that short period, which surprised Zen.

Zen was born in an ordinary family, and everything he had achieved was through his hard work. Therefore, his speed of improvement was not as fast. His strengths were all honed in actual combats.

Ever since Roger returned from Dragon Fort, he started his retreat.

A training tower had been dedicated to his retreat. Everything became easier in the tower. During the retreat, he had taken a variety of elixirs. The Meng Clan knew that Roger was a smart man. So they gave preference to his cultivation and growth. Hence, it was not difficult for him to make tremendous progress in a short time.

Roger shook his head and said, "I did increase in terms of grades within the nature level, but I'm far worse than you when it comes to real strength."

Grades were not equal to real strength. Every martial artist accepted this universal fact.

Numerous people had reached a high level but had no real strength.

Roger had reached the fifth-grade of the nature level, but he still couldn't compete with Bob. While Zen who had only reached the first-grade took Bob down easily. Clearly, Zen was much better than Roger.

"You're not an inner disciple?" Roger was surprised to see Zen in a white robe.

If a genius like Zen existed in other peaks, he would have been an inner disciple by now.

Zen shook his head and said, "No, I am not." Since entering Cloud Sect, Zen had spent very little time at the sect. He had used most of his time to accomplish other things and had ignored sect-related tasks completely.

Zen didn't care if he became an inner disciple. Although he was just an outer disciple at Drizzle Peak, because of Aura, his treatment was comparable to an inner disciple.

Roger didn't know why Zen was still an outer disciple. In his opinion, the mentors at Drizzle Peak were just too stupid not to promote Zen. So he said, "In that case, you might as well come to Daylily Peak."

Chapter 285 The Report

Daylily Peak ranked fourth among the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect. As a result, it was a sought-after peak for the powerful clans. Moreover, most members of the Meng Clan opted to cultivate at this mountain. If Zen chose to shift to Daylily Peak, no one would dare to make things hard for him. Besides, Zen could benefit a lot if he was transferred to the peak.

Zen shook his head and said, "Thanks for the invitation. But I feel good at Drizzle Peak. Besides, it will not be easy for you to facilitate the transfer. I think it's unnecessary."

To transfer Zen to Daylily peak was more challenging than to reach outer space for an ordinary disciple. But it was a piece of cake for Roger. All he needed to do was to ask a favor from a member of his family to settle this matter. But Roger sensed that Zen had no intention of accepting his offer. As Zen had declined politely, Roger stopped trying to persuade him.

However, Roger sighed and said, "As you have not yet been promoted to inner disciple, I am afraid that you can't participate in the All Peaks Competition."

"All Peaks Competition?" Zen's heart flipped when he heard Roger.

"Oh? Don't you know that the All Peaks Competition is around the corner?" Roger asked curiously.

Zen shook his head. He had heard about the All Peaks Competition—it was held every three years at Cloud Sect. The results of the competition would decide the rankings of the thirty-three peaks.

All the disciples attached great importance to the All Peaks Competition as the rankings of the peaks would directly affect the assessment of the inner disciples and outer disciples, as well as various benefits attached.

Most importantly, the interval between the competitions was three years. Almost every three years, some disciples would make an impression in the All Peaks Competition and became the new shining stars.

"The All Peaks Competition will be held as scheduled at the start of the next year. With your strength, I believe you will perform well. But you're not qualified to participate in the competition until you become an inner disciple of Drizzle Peak." After thinking for a while, Roger added, "I don't know why Drizzle Peak hasn't promoted you to inner disciple yet. For outer disciples who want to ascend to inner disciple status, they need to participate in the annual inner disciple practice trial. But you have far exceeded the general outer disciples in regards to both strength and realm level. They should make an exception and promote you to inner disciple. If someone at Drizzle Peak is intentionally making things difficult for you, please tell me…"

Roger had overthought. And he did speak freely for Zen's benefit. It was indeed bizarre that Zen hadn't become an inner disciple with his strength.

However, what Roger didn't know was that no one was trying to sabotage Zen's growth at Drizzle Peak. Zen nodded and showed his gratitude to Roger for his friendliness. He also told Roger that he would try to become an inner disciple as soon as possible so that he could qualify for the All Peaks Competition.

Zen would never miss such a good opportunity!

By taking part in the All Peaks Competition, not only could he test his strength, but it would also serve as a challenge for Zen in his pursuit of martial arts. Moreover, he could cut a striking figure in the All Peaks Competition and win respect from everyone at Cloud Sect.

Till now, the strength Zen had shown far exceeded that of his counterparts. However, ever since joining Cloud Sect, he either encountered conflicts with noble clans or irritated the saints at Cloud Sect.

He needed an opportunity to show his progress and potential. And this competition was the perfect chance. He would surely grasp it as it was so important to him.

"Thank you for your support, Roger. I'm fine at Drizzle Peak. No one is trying to undermine me. I will definitely become an inner disciple before the All Peaks Competition starts." To become an inner disciple was not a very difficult task for Zen.

Seeing that Zen had no problem and seemed so confident, Roger nodded and said, "But you offended Bob today. He will surely act against you. In fact, I stopped you at the beginning because I didn't want you to get involved in a dispute between noble clans. But now I'm afraid…"

Today, Zen kicked Bob and rendered him unconscious. This was certainly a great humiliation to Bob. Bob was a vengeful man, and he would not let it go easily.

Zen had made another enemy for Roger's sake now.

Upon hearing Roger, Zen laughed, "Roger, I got into the fight, not because of the dispute between the Meng and Pei Clans. Even if I had been a bystander, Bob would not let me go. Do you think I will let someone like him insult you?"

If Zen hadn't stepped out at the right time, Bob would have crushed Roger.

Roger felt moved by Zen's words. All of a sudden, a sentiment surged to his chest that prompted him to say, "Okay. Forget it. There's no use dwelling on it. I feel so lucky to have a friend like you! Meng Clan and Pei Clan have always been on bad terms. If Bob wants to cause trouble for you, he needs to go through me first!"

The disputes among clans were tricky issues.

As much as the members fought with swords and spears on the battleground, equally they would intentionally sabotage each other. If the Meng Clan supported Zen, then members from other noble clans would consider consequences before hurting Zen.

When at Dragon Fort, Roger had helped Zen, but he hadn't pledged the support of the Meng Clan then.

Today, Roger showed his firm support toward Zen. One could see that he considered Zen to be a true friend.

Before Roger made this promise to Zen, he had thought it through. Bob was not the only person that Zen had offended. Previously, Zen had conflicts with the Zhuge Clan. By offering his family's support, Roger knew that the Meng Clan would risk offending the Zhuge Clan.

Nonetheless, Roger believed in Zen. Roger also believed that his decision was prudent.

Zen knew that Roger was being sincere, but at the back of his heart, he only regarded Roger as a friend. He didn't have the slightest intention to attach himself to the powerful Meng Clan by taking advantage of Roger.

Since leaving the Luo Clan, Zen had realized through numerous life-and-death battles that in this world, sometimes he could get a boost through the help of power and influence from others. However, such power and influence were never his own. He clearly knew that he still had to work hard to grow more powerful himself.

Zen continued to concentrate on practice after leaving the Lake of Magical Fish.

Although with his current strength, Zen could even beat any opponent at the consummation of nature level, he was still dissatisfied with his growth in the martial arts.

But this was what he had to endure if he wanted to reach a higher level. From the half-step into the nature level to the nature level, there was an obstacle he needed to overcome. After he got through this process, the road ahead would be smoother for him.

Although there was a small obstacle between the first-grade and the second-grade of the nature level, it was relatively less challenging to overcome.

Every cultivator knew that several obstacles existed between levels and that each difficulty was different. The only thing a cultivator needed was a good environment for practice.

For example, to refine in the Lake of the Magical Fish, the point one had to consume was beyond the standard that a normal person could bear.

This was expensive even for a person like Zen. He didn't have many points left in his disciple card, and they could only support him to practice about eighteen hours in the Lake of the Magical Fish.

In the following days, Zen visited the Lake of the Magical Fish to practice for two hours every day.

The first time that Zen dived into the Lake of the Magical Fish, he reached about 130 meters in depth. At that level, he would encounter Murlocs whose bodies were completely dull red.

The red Murlocks were huge. Even their eyes would glow red in the darkness. Once they started moving, the water would be stirred by their huge bodies.

Although Zen was able to shake them off temporarily, the number of Murlocks at that depth was overwhelming. Even if Zen managed to ditch one Murlock, several more would come for Zen.

One day, Zen tried to force a breakthrough, but unfortunately, he was besieged by the red Murlocks. He had no choice but to return to the surface.

Cao felt almost numb about Zen's performance in the Lake of the Magical Fish.

Zen had reached the 130 meters' depth, and this was the highest record he had till now. If Zen continued to dive deeper and reach 150 meters or 180 meters, then he would break the record of other disciples at Cloud Sect.

The stewards of the Cloud Sect, especially those in charge of the practice realms had an additional responsibility to record and report activities in the places that they guarded.

Zen's performance was eligible to be reported to the top executives. In this way, the top leaders would pay more attention to him or even give him more resources for practice as a reward.

Thinking of this, Cao recorded Zen's performance and submitted the file to the top leaders. If they saw the record and intended to cultivate Zen, Cao would be rewarded for discovering talent.

Cao assumed that an extraordinary talent like Zen would definitely catch the leaders' eyes. It was true that there were already numerous talented disciples at Cloud Sect, and there was no lack of prodigies. However, as the Cloud Sect was large in its scale, it was always thirsty for more talents to join.

However, to Cao's surprise, his report seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. It turned out that no one from the top was paying any attention to Zen.

To Cao's knowledge, this was impossible. He suspected that his report had gone missing somewhere and that perhaps the top leaders hadn't seen it.

With such a thought, Cao submitted another report.

The result was the same as the last time. There was no response or any news from the top leaders.

At Cloud Sect, it was not easy to get a position as a steward. Cao was a very smart man. He soon figured out the reason.

"I submitted the report twice, but there is no feedback from the top. This only means one thing—that the top leaders are giving Zen the cold shoulders deliberately," Cao thought. But as to who was behind all this and what was the person's intention, Cao didn't bother to think further. No matter who the person was, Cao was not in a position to worry. He was only an obscure steward, and he couldn't afford to offend anyone at Cloud Sect. Thus, he gave up the idea of claiming the credit of discovering talent.

Chapter 286 The Evil Plan (Part One)

In Lake Mountain, Cloud Sect.

Hidden deep in the center of Cloud Sect was Lake Mountain. The way up to the top was steep, and made harder by that fact that there was no path up to the mountain. It was impossible to climb it without any equipment. People at the Illuminating Soul Realm could fly to get to the top of Lake Mountain, while the rest could get there with the help of a flying chariot.

Despite the perilous travel, there were many glorious buildings on top of Lake Mountain. There was no doubt that it took a lot of trouble to transport the building materials all the way up to the mountain's summit.

A beautiful lake surrounded Lake Mountain, which only added more to its scenic beauty. People could have a good view of the wonderful scenery if they stood on top of the mountain, which was also a good way to relax the senses.

Many of Cloud Sect's saints lived on the elusive Lake Mountain.

A long, narrow pavilion was situated at one corner of Lake Mountain. Half of the pavilion was perched firmly on the cliff, while its other half was cantilevered over the edge. A great part of the pavilion was cantilevered and hung in the air. If an acrophobic person stood on the pavilion, he would surely shiver with fear.

The fragrant scent of tea wafted pleasantly in the air. An old man with a purple hat on brought the cup of tea to his lips, which was decorated with spun gold, and took a sip.

The old man was Saint Zara, one of the top ten saints of Cloud Sect.

As he sipped on the hot drink, a stream of bright light suddenly passed over the sky and traversed closer to him. After a moment, another old man appeared at the edge of the pavilion. It was Saint Viana, who ranked tenth out of the top ten saints of Cloud Sect.

The gust of wind from Saint Viana's descent nearly overturned the tea set on the desk.

"Viana, why do you break in full fury?" Zara asked with a frown.

Every saint had lived for hundreds of years. As they got older, they became calmer when facing different situations. However, Viana was different. He had always been ill-tempered for so many years.

An eyebrow slightly raised itself up to Viana's forehead.

"Well, Zara, do you know what I have found out? The identity of Zen, who was on the court trial last time, surprises me a lot!" Viana hissed. Saint Zara put his cup down and turned to look at him.

"Zen? Does it matter who he really is?" he asked.

This made him a bit confused. A few days ago, several saints got upset because the princess got angry at them just for Zen's sake. But that was a done deal, so they just let it go at that.

"His last name is Luo. Did you forget about the genius girl, who was from C County and was brought to the court trial two years ago?" Saint Viana reminded him. Something clicked in Saint Zara's head, and then he spoke.

"Yan?" The name was still clear as ever in Saint Zara's mind. He had lived for hundreds of years, but never had he come across any disciple who was as talented as Yan. Her last name was also Luo. Could it be that…

"Did you mean to say that Yan was related to Zen?" the question smoothly rolled out of Saint Zara's tongue as he thought about it.

Saint Viana nodded and said, "That is exactly what I'm thinking!"

The twinkling eyes of Saint Zara glanced at the tea set. "Well, the Luo Family isn't a big family, not even a noble one. But there are two outstanding talents in their family, it is amazing," Saint Zara quipped with a smile.

There were also many exceptional people in Cloud Sect, and their abilities greatly varied from each other.

However, supremely excellent talents like Yan and Zen were rarely seen!

After a short pause, Saint Zara continued to ask, "But even if it is true, so what?"

As opposed to Saint Viana, Saint Zara thought little of the matter. Many things had inevitably vanished like smoke as time passed by. Such was the way of life. Cloud Sect had lots of descendants, and talents were not new to the saints.

"Why doesn't it matter?

Zen is coming for his sister! He wants to save her! I found out that he had gone to Hell Mountain. I guess he wants to take Yan out!" Saint Viana exclaimed.

However, Saint Zara still appeared unperturbed by the matter.

"Yan is Zen's sister, it is human nature that Zen wants to help Yan out of Hell Mountain. But I don't think it is easy for him to make it..."

Saint Zara commented with a shake of his head. Then, he picked up the rosewood teapot and poured a stream of golden tea into his teacup.

Meanwhile, Saint Viana was still quite bothered.

"I won't have it! Zen is a gifted man, but he is also evil. He is practicing Heavenly Ogre Fist now. Once he succeeds in it, it is no doubt that he will work hard to figure out what we have done to Yan. I believe he won't let us off easily if he knows the truth! So we must destroy him while he isn't powerful enough!"

Worry had noticeably shaken Saint Viana right now.

He was different from Saint Zara. Saint Zara had never fought with Zen, but he had.

That one day when he tried to subdue Zen by using Fatal Palm, Zen had successfully stopped him. Zen had just reached the nature level at that time, but he was powerful enough to stop Saint Viana. Saint Viana was quite astonished by the strange phenomenon.

After that, he poked his nose into the matter, and then he found out that when Zen entered the Heavenly Library, he had taken the hidden book, 'Heavenly Ogre Fist'. To his surprise, Zen had successfully learned the skill!

It was true that Zen was just at the nature level now, but his learning capacity was vast and powerful. If he reached Illuminating Soul Realm, would it be quite possible for him to defeat Saint Viana?

If he went through Cloud Road some day, and was elected by Cloud Hall, then he could do anything to Saint Viana if he wished.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 287 The Evil Plan (Part Two)

What Saint Viana worried about deserved attention.

The person Zen cared about the most was Yan, and he most definitely wouldn't allow anyone to harm her. That fateful day on Commandment Mount, when Zen got the news that it were Saint Viana, Saint Adrian, and other saints who poisoned Yan in Hell Mountain, he wanted to kill them all then and there.

However, he wasn't powerful enough back then, so he could only restrain himself.

After Saint Zara finished his tea, he gently waved his sleeves and the tea set on the table completely disappeared.

"What you have said is reasonable. However, there are many talents in the world, but only few of them could become quite strong," Saint Zara said. He had thought otherwise. Cloud Sect had hundreds of thousands of disciples and at least ten thousand of them were talented, but only few of them could really be the strong.

"Is that so? Have you ever seen anyone who was at the nature level successfully escape from my Fatal Palm?" Saint Viana shot back.

"Well, it..."

Saint Zara couldn't find the next words to complete his sentence.

He was completely lost for words. When Saint Viana had first told Saint Zara that Zen had blocked his attack, he didn't believe it at all. It was hard for him to be convinced if he didn't see it with his own eyes.

However, Saint Viana had said it so surely that he was compelled to believe it.

If Zen was really so talented, once he became stronger, it would be bad for Cloud Sect because he hated Cloud Sect very much.

For the sake of Cloud Sect, Saint Zara must think about how to deal with Zen.

"When Zen practiced in Lake of the Magical Fish for the first time, he could dive to a depth of more than one hundred meters. Have you ever seen anyone who only reached grade-one nature level was capable of achieving it?" Saint Viana asked again. Silence hung in the air.

Once again, Saint Zara could only shake his head. What Zen had done did surprise him a lot.

"The steward who guards the deep pool has reported that Zen deserved some rewards and Cloud Sect's help, but I refuse it!" Saint Viana hissed.

"But it couldn't stop him. I am thinking that I should suppress him by cruel means!" he added.

"What do you mean by cruel means?" Saint Zara asked.

He wasn't as proactive as Saint Viana, but he was much calmer than him. Sometimes, it made him come up with some wonderful suggestions. After having thought about it seriously, he suggested, "There is a good way for us to suppress Zen."

His companion raised one eyebrow in mild interest.

"What is it?" Saint Viana asked.

"All Peaks Competition," Saint Zara said slowly.

If someone wanted to rise and be recognized in Cloud Sect, then being the champion of All Peaks Competition was a good way to achieve it.

The saints knew that Zen was outer disciple and that he had no right to take part in the All Peaks Competition, but they were more sure that if Zen wanted to become an inner disciple, then he could make it.

The saints were capable of killing Zen in a variety of ways.

However, they dreaded that Aura, who recklessly protected Zen, might be aggravated if they did so.

Aura had the Emperor on her side, and the saints clearly knew how powerful the Emperor was.

If the saints secretly killed Zen, there would be some traces that would inevitably be left behind. It would be easy for Aura to track down the saints by following the clues, which might put them in a dangerous situation.

However, killing Zen in the All Peaks Competition was different.

All the disciples of Cloud Sect would take part in All Peaks Competition to try to get a good position on the Cloud Sect list. The competition was not only about the ranking of the peaks, but also about the reputation and the ranking of the disciples themselves.

It was a normal thing for some people to get killed in the battle ring of the All Peaks Competition.

In every battle ring of All Peaks Competition, there were always some people who got out of control and killed their opponents.

If Zen was killed in such a way, even Aura knew that it were the saints who had arranged for it, she wouldn't be able to find any reason to look into what they had done.

In such a way, the saints could secretly achieve their goal.

Saint Zara only mentioned All Peaks Competition, but it was enough for Saint Viana to understand what he meant.

Playing tricks in All Peaks Competition was an advisable way to kill Zen. But Saint Viana was still a bit puzzled, and he asked, "What if Zen is unwilling to take part in All Peaks Competition?"

Zen was already qualified to become an inner disciple, hence he would also be allowed to take part in the All Peaks Competition if he wanted to.

However, what if Zen was unwilling to become an inner disciple and showed no interest in the All Peaks Competition?

If that was the case, then they couldn't implement their plan.

"It is impossible that Zen doesn't want to become an inner disciple. Aura has tried her best to train Zen, and it is her hope that Zen could get a good ranking in the All Peaks Competition. Besides, compared to the other 32 peaks, Drizzle Peak is the tail ender. I believe that Zen wants to improve the situation," Saint Zara said.

He was sure that this was the case for Zen.

"Well, you are right — but who should be sent to kill Zen? I should think about it seriously," Saint Viana said.

A brittle laugh escaped his lips. It was impossible for him to tolerate being offended by Zen, who was such a young man! He wouldn't allow it!

Then again, Zen was overqualified so choosing someone who could kill him in the All Peaks Competition would be a handful. However, there were still many masters in Cloud Sect, and Saint Viana would definitely be able to pick someone who was suitable for the task.

Chapter 288 Kite Skydeck (Part One)

While sitting up straight in the room, cross-legged, he eyed the Sun Moon Stars Picture before him with the utmost attention.

These past few days, he had not been to the Lake of the Magical Fish, as his points were just not enough.

It was during his journey to the south when he collected most of his points.

After he killed the blade locusts and acquired the crystal core from the queen blade locust, the points he had obtained became the envy of all the outer disciples of Cloud Sect.

Indeed, thousands of points was a huge number for any outer disciple. It did not cost him much if he only used them for some healing drugs and vitality cultivation elixir, which could help him in the practice.

Even when he went to the Heavenly Library once, it only took him a hundred points.

However, if an inner disciple used these points for practice, they could last for ten days or half a month at most.

If truth be told, Cloud Sect's points and rewards system was actually more than practical.

If one wanted to go to the certain places where he could practice and improve his strength rapidly, he had to help the Cloud Sect accomplish many tasks. Then, the points they obtained from the tasks could be used in practice again.

In the beginning, he had hoped to earn millions of points in a short time. However, after enduring many things, he now realized how na?ve he had been. The reality was, he did not only have to earn points, but he also had to use them to do other things. If things were to carry on at such a slow speed, collecting millions of points was going to be impossible.

Besides obtaining the points through accomplishing tasks, there was another way, which was to buy points with cubic crystals. Usually, two cubic crystals could buy one point.

At the moment, Zen had around twenty thousand cubic crystals. If he decided to bargain them for points, he could receive ten thousand Cloud Sect points.

Even though ten thousand points sounded like it was a lot, that particular amount would not last long if used for practice in the Lake of the Magical Fish.

With the rise of the depth in which Zen had leaped into the lake, the time it took would also accordingly increase.

It took two hundred points for two hours of practice in the Lake of the Magical Fish. If he had to practice for four hours each day, then he had to pay four hundred points on a daily basis.

That meant that ten thousand points would only last him for less than a month.

Other than the cubic crystals, Zen also had over six hundred drops of heavenly essence.

From the spiritual weapons he had acquired, he extracted over a thousand drops of heavenly essence. Nevertheless, he had not used all the heavenly essence in the dragon sculpture; he had over six hundred drops left with him.

In the past, fifty drops of heavenly essence with unknown sources were traded for as high as 120 thousand cubic crystals at the Blessed Auction House.

Therefore, if his heavenly essence could be sold at that price as well, then he could gain over one million cubic crystals at the auction.

However, the law of supply and demand controlled the commodities' prices.

Heavenly essence was a good thing, and it was a precious treasure without a doubt, particularly for those weapon refiners. Normally, finding and getting them only occurred with a bit of luck.

If six hundred drops of heavenly essence appeared in the market all of a sudden, the price could decrease due to the high amount of supply. In that case, the rate of fifty drops could not be 120 thousand cubic crystals.

Besides, Zen had the black fire that could help him gain more heavenly essence whenever he wanted. On the other hand, it was impossible to bargain so much at once.

'I will sell fifty drops in a bottle one at a time, ' Zen decided after a bit of contemplation. Simultaneously, he wanted to entrust the heavenly essence to Wurth who could sell it.

For a long time, not knowing whom to entrust them with troubled him before. On top of that, he was also unsure whether to disguise himself if he ever handed over the heavenly essence to someone.

It became clear over time to ask Wurth to sell them for him, as it was possible that the man would only assume that Zen got them by chance. Although, asking Wurth for the second or third time was surely going to raise suspicions.

Zen knew the saying 'An innocent man gets into trouble because of his wealth' all too well.

If anyone discovered that he had the ability to create heavenly essence, he could get into a lot of trouble.

Although a lot of misfortune seemed to surround him already, he still hoped to attract less trouble as possible.

Other than Wurth, however, Zen could not think of anyone else whom he could trust with such a delicate favor.

'Wurth and I are good friends, ' he thought. 'It is a good thing he is helping me sell the heavenly essence. His family is very rich, so I assume that he would not take advantage or do any harm to me.' As the saying went, 'Love your neighbor, yet do not lower your defenses.' At the end of the day, it did not hurt Zen to be cautious.

As soon as he came up with a good excuse, he left and headed for Wurth's residence. When he reached his destination though, he could not find the man anywhere.

After asking someone around the house, he found out Wurth was not in his room, and that he had gone to the Drizzle side peak to practice. Without wasting another moment, Zen went to the side peak to look for him.

Among the many side peaks of Drizzle Peak, intensive training became the central purpose for several of them.

Although these side peaks paled in comparison to the guarded cultivation places in Cloud Sect, at the very least, these practice spots were free to the disciples of the Drizzle Peak.

Chapter 289 Kite Skydeck (Part Two)

As it turned out, Kite Skydeck was one of the practice places in Drizzle side peaks.

To go to the Kite Skydeck from the Drizzle main peak, one had to pass a treacherous mountain road. As the path was really a vertical cliff, it was practically inaccessible.

There were wooden piles firmly thrust into the cliff by Illumination Soul Realm masters. Usually, they stepped on the piles to cross the cliff and reach the other end.

Cowardly inner disciples would probably shudder at the sight of the bottomless chasm below the cliff and did not dare to cross it.

Standing in front of the cliff, Zen glanced at the Kite Skydeck not far away, and then he jumped onto the piles without batting an eyelid.

The treacherous cliff seemed very dangerous judging by its appearance alone, but if one were brave enough, falling down would be out of the question.

After running at full speed for a few minutes, Zen reached the top of the Kite Skydeck. As he had heard that Wurth often went there to practice nowadays, he thought that he would find him there.

Panting heavily, Wurth's huge body quivered with each abrupt gasp he took. Beads of sweat dripped down his cheeks, drenching his white robe all over.

Although people who were out of shape tended to be lazy, Wurth was quite an exception.

On the contrary, he trained rigorously and so few people could match the efforts he put in each practice.

The Kite Skydeck was situated on a round side pick, and the towering main peak just stood on the right. On the side of the main peak that faced the Kite Skydeck was a steep mountain cliff. Its surface was very smooth as if a knife had cut it. There was almost no way for one to grasp and climb up.

Wurth was wearing a heavy load suit, which was completely made of lead. It weighed over a thousand pounds.

Taking a deep breath, he began to sprint towards the edge of the cliff.

"Bang, bang, bang…"

His heavy body in the heavy load suit caused a dull thud with his every step.

When he approached the edge, he drew a deep breath, leaped towards the cliff, and then he began to climb his way up.

Despite it being very smooth and with nothing he could hold onto, his resilient momentum made it possible to lug his heavy body as he quickly rushed upward.

On the Cliff, one could easily see visible red paint marks with numbers indicating the height: 5m, 10m, 15m, 20m, and etc.

With Wurth rising higher upward the cliff, he quickly passed the 5m, 10m, 20m marks, and finally, he did not slow down until he reached 30m where his strength wore off. It was only then when his plump body began to slide downwards.

'30m seems to be my limit…' Wurth thought to himself and shook his head in disappointment.

Such a test should be taken seriously.

It could demonstrate one's speed in sprint, strength, and response time.

The top mark on the cliff was 55m.

Rumors claimed there was once an outer disciple who had reached 55 meters. It was the highest record among the outer disciples in the Drizzle Peak. The outer disciple who had set the record smashed hard on the place where he reached with his palm, leaving a deep hand print.

So far, no one had ever surpassed the point marked by the hand print.

Nevertheless, this record was only within the outer disciples of the Drizzle Peak. If the nature creatures from the inner disciples of the Drizzle Peak came to challenge the record, they could definitely exceed the current top record.

As soon as Wurth slid down to the ground, an agile figure rushed onto the cliff.

The thin man was as agile as a monkey. He clung to the cliff and climbed up like a gecko. Sprinting at full speed, he quickly exceeded the height that Wurth had just reached and passed 40m. Even after passing the 40m mark, he maintained the same strength and took another leap. It was not until when he reached 45m that his strength dwindled and he began to fall.

The lanky outer disciple sneered at Wurth with a tint of derision.

Upon witnessing the man's triumph, Wurth could do nothing but stare back with his fierce round eyes.

The lanky outer disciple whose name was Wyatt Wu joined the Drizzle Peak last year. Although his strength ranked eleventh among the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak, he was still behind Wurth.

Due to his small figure, his agility came as a bit of a surprise. His performance had exceeded many people's expectations during his practice there.

In general, Wyatt usually reached over 40m to 45m at most. However, today he just effortlessly surpassed 45m, and almost hit a new record by getting to 46m.

It seemed that Wyatt had made further progress in improving his strength.

It was highly possible that none of the outer disciples of the Drizzle peak could reach 46m, let alone surpass Wyatt.

Truthfully, as a man from a rich and influential family, Wurth could inherit his family trade in the future. Even though he was only a common warrior with bone refining level, he could someday give orders to the masters of nature level. As the saying went, 'Money makes the world go round.' To command nature creatures, he only needed to pay more. It was a piece of cake for the Zhang Clan.

The descendants of the Zhang Clan possessed half of the head for a business genius, as well as sharp insight. On the other hand, when it came to the talent for cultivation, they were far behind the descendants of the seven noble clans.

However, Wurth was a disciplined man. Ever since he joined the Cloud Insect and the Drizzle Peak, his goal was to keep practicing until he made the breakthrough and became a nature creature.

As soon as Wurth prepared to sprint for the second time, Zen suddenly appeared on the Kite Skydeck before him to block his only path and broke the man's concentration.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 290 Zen’s Incredible Jump

"Wurth!" Zen called from a distance.

"Zen, what are you doing here?" Wurth asked, wiping the sweat from his face. He didn't know why Zen decided to suddenly visit the Kite Skydeck.

Although Zen had just joined the Drizzle Peak a few months ago, he had already upgraded from marrow refining level to nature level. He became more powerful than any of those outer disciples from Drizzle Peak, and with this, he could be an inner disciple soon.

With Zen's current level in the Drizzle Peak, it wasn't necessary for him to go to Kite Skydeck for cultivation.

The other outer disciples of Drizzle Peak immediately cast their eyes to Zen when they heard Wurth call his name.

Zen had become famous in Drizzle Peak with the improvement of his cultivation and his name would make heads turn.

The outer disciple named Wyatt was distracted upon hearing the name Zen and his eyes suddenly went ablaze.

Wyatt was a gifted and persistent practitioner. But because he had been born in an ordinary family, he had gone through trials and tribulations in the cultivation process in Cloud Sect. Being discriminated because of his family roots, he always wanted to prove himself by defeating others.

But he had no interest in challenging a practitioner like Wurth.

The person he wanted to challenge the most was Zen, and defeating him was the only significant victory for Wyatt.

Unfortunately, it was impossible for him to defeat Zen now. He had just reached the half-step into the nature level, while Zen was already a nature creature.

Wyatt had been cultivating on Kite Skydeck for a long time, so he thought that Zen would be no match for him if he challenged the latter to a climbing competition

When Zen was talking to Wurth, Wyatt came up to him in a suit weighing a thousand pounds. Then he gestured at Zen for a challenge before turning around and rushing to the cliff wall.

Wyatt gave his all and climbed like a monkey. Swiftly, he ascended from the ground. After a short time, he had ascended from 10 meters to 47 meters.

Wyatt didn't look down and continued to ascend without slipping.

Reaching 47 meters was his best record by far.

After reaching that height, he carefully slid down from the cliff, looking down at Zen with defiant eyes. As soon as he reached the ground, he came over to Zen and asked, "Do you want to try your luck? Look! There's a handprint on the wall of the cliff. It's said that the handprint was left by the most powerful inner disciple of our Drizzle Peak."

Wyatt knew that Zen had just upgraded from a half-step into the nature level practitioner to a nature creature.

Furthermore, the biggest difference between a nature creature and a half-step into the nature level practitioner was the life energy, not the corporeal body.

So Wyatt thought that Zen could neither surpass the height of the handprint left by that inner disciple nor reach the height that he just climbed.

Climbing the cliff didn't only require strength, but also the flexibility of one's body. The timing was also another significant factor. Since Zen hadn't tried this for once, he would have a hard time on this challenge.

Looking at Wyatt's arrogant face, Wurth couldn't help but feel disgusted. He knew that Wyatt only wanted Zen to look stupid in front of all the other disciples. Although Zen had made great progress in his cultivation, Wurth was worried that Zen would fail because it was his first time to climb a cliff. To save his friend from the embarrassment, he pulled Zen and said, "Zen, leave him alone. Let's have tea in the pavilion over there and catch up!"

Zen didn't want to waste time on such a trivial challenge, so he agreed with Wurth. But just as he was about to leave for the Pavilion, Wyatt suddenly said, "Hey, where are you going? You're not threatened by me, are you? How can a coward like you be called the best outer disciple in Drizzle Peak?"

Zen wasn't aware that he gained such title, but even so, he didn't care much for any titles or prestige at all.

Surprised by Wyatt's remark, Zen turned around and shrugged. "I'm not scared. I'm not just up for this childish stuff. But if you insist, then I guess there's no harm in trying. I don't get enough free time, so I guess it's a good chance to relax," he said.

"Zen, I don't think that's a good idea," Wurth tried to stop him. He had climbed this cliff before, so he knew that even though it looked easy, the cliff's surface was smooth and there was nothing to step or hold on to. One would need extra effort and familiarity of the cliff to successfully climb it. However, since Zen hadn't climbed it before, he would be at a disadvantage.

Zen waved his hand to cut Wurth off. "Wurth, don't worry about me. I have nothing to lose if I fail. I don't care about any title or prestige of being the best disciple. I would even gladly give it to someone who wants it," he said and chuckled lightly.

Hearing that, Wurth was certain that Zen had already made up his mind and there was nothing he could do to stop him. 'I don't know about this, but Zen might have a chance of winning, ' Wurth thought to himself.

Zen had always succeeded at any obstacles he faced. He would always overcome a difficult situation even when nobody thought he could succeed.

Wurth laughed and said, "You're right, there's nothing to lose if you try. It's not important how high you can reach." He made sure to say that out loud that the rest of the disciples could hear it. This way, Zen wouldn't be ashamed even if he could not successfully climb the cliff.

"This suit weighs a thousand pounds. But you can also try some lesser weight grade. We have the suits of a hundred pounds, five hundred pounds, and eight hundred pounds. Which one do you prefer?" Wyatt asked sarcastically as he took off his heavy load suit and lifted it in his hand.

Although he had given Zen some options, he stressed that he wore the heaviest suit so that Zen would feel the pressure. It would look fair if Zen would choose the same weight grade as his.

"It's your first climb on this cliff so it's okay if you choose the lightest weight grade," Wurth convinced Zen.

But to his surprise, Zen took the suit from Wyatt's hand and put it onto himself and jumped like a light feather.

Zen felt a little bit of pressure of the heavy loaded suit, but with his current strength, this weight meant nothing to him. Even without the power from the dragon scales, he could completely ignore the weight of the heavy load suit.

Zen walked up to the runway of the cliff and measured the distance from where he stood to the cliff.

"Zen, you can do it!" Wurth shouted beside him.

Zen nodded. He then took a deep breath and dashed forward the foot of the cliff.

The height he could climb depended on his momentum and strength. The faster he ran and greater his strength, the higher he could climb.

Although he was not considering this a competition, he was still serious about it. Even if it was a way to relax, he was still giving his all to this challenge. Giving his all in everything he would do was Zen's philosophy in life.

As he dashed towards the cliff, he activated the Phoenix Crystal in his right arm.

"Whew!"

Zen was suddenly surrounded by a thin barrier which was formed by the energy released from the Phoenix Crystal.

The barrier kept the wind out and removed the resistance as Zen ran.

The other outer disciples showed great interest when they heard Zen was going to attend the climbing test on Kite Skydeck. He was regarded as the best outer disciple of the Drizzle Park, so everyone wanted to see what was so special about him and whether he was as powerful as what they said he was.

All of the disciples stopped what they were doing and stood there to watch.

They were watching carefully when Zen suddenly appeared blur with his speed and motion.

"Oh my God! He is really fast! How can he do that?"

"It's unbelievable! He moves so fast that I can't even see him!"

"I wonder how high he can go. Do you think he can pass the height of the handprint? Who knows?"

The buzz of conversation grew. All the disciples couldn't even blink their eyes in fear of losing track of the running disciple.

Zen hadn't used his full strength. If he did, the other disciples wouldn't see him with their naked eyes.

This wasn't only to test his speed and strength, but also his control ability on timing. If he went on full speed, he could hit the wall. He had to adjust his speed and motion so he could leap up the wall swiftly.

Since it was his first attempt on this, he was just relying on his instincts.

As he approached the foot of the cliff, he pressed his feet hard on the ground, bent his knees, and pushed himself upward.

He zoomed upward at an incredibly high speed.

He just bounced off the ground, and his feet hadn't even touched the cliff wall.

Wurth was so surprised that his jaw almost dropped to the ground. He couldn't blink and talk because of the intensity of the challenge. 'He is not stepping on the cliff wall! How could he even keep that momentum from bouncing off the ground?' he wondered.

Technically, in order to climb higher, the disciples would have to push on the cliff wall with their hands and feet so that the rebound force could be produced.

But to everyone's surprise, Zen had reached the 20 meters mark with just the momentum from his initial jump.

"He is such a freak! How could he climb dozens of meters only relying on his bounce?"

"I don't know what to say. God is so unfair! I don't even want to live after I found the gap between him and me!"

Wyatt was looking on in the crowd. He said coldly, "One can't climb the cliff wall merely by bouncing off the ground. Let's say he could reach the first 20 meters by his initial jump, but he would certainly fall off later when his momentum reduces! Look, he is finally slowing down!"

With one bounce, Zen had reached the height of 27 meters. Now that his upward momentum started to fade away, he began to climb the cliff wall with the use of his hands and feet.

After his hands landed on the wall, Zen was surprised to realize that the wall was so smooth that he couldn't even find a place to apply force.

Chapter 291 More Heavenly Essence

In fact, there were points of the mountain wall that remained strong.

The disciples from Drizzle Peak climbed the mountain wall continuously. Wherever other disciples tramped, there were marks left behind.

As time went on, tiny hollows were etched into the mountain wall.

As some disciples practiced more, they discovered these hollows, and using them, they could climb higher.

Some hollows were used frequently, and they gradually sunk.

Viewed from below, the wall appeared smooth and flat, but in reality, it had many recesses.

After climbing its face hundreds of times, some disciples could remember each hollow. They needed to pay attention to where it was safe to tread the first few steps after they made the leap.

So, the experience in climbing this mountain wall was very important. Zen didn't have the experience and climbed it with just his strength. It was believed he would surely suffer losses.

Wyatt was able to reach a height of 47 meters because he was nimble and made good use of the recesses. From ancient to modern times, the people who could reach the summit was far less than those who initially set out climbing, so the higher one went, the fewer recesses in the face of the wall. They were also more indistinct and difficult to find, the higher one scaled.

Zen lacked the experience to find the niches in the mountain wall, but, he had an advantage, speed.

The Phoenix Crystal's energy played an important role. He slapped the mountain wall with both hands continuously while at the same time he tramped his feet into the surface quickly.

Zen was well aware that with the strength he currently possessed, he could slice into the hard mountain wall easily and catapult himself up to the top. But if he did that, it would be considered cheating, so he decided against it.

Zen could control his strength in a manner that it was imperceptible to see and as he slapped and tramped nonstop, his speed was once more quickened, unexpectedly.

"Wow, look at Zen's speed increase again unexpectedly. My Gosh!" shouted one of the outer disciples.

"Seriously? How'd that happen? It's beyond reason!" commented some of the outer disciples in confusion.

Normally, when disciples climbed the mountain wall, the higher they went, the slower they became.

At the bottom, the disciples would be at their strongest and speediest, and then because there was no place they could apply their force to at the midway, speed decreased, making the climb upward grow slower and slower.

Nobody could change the rules of relativity.

However, halfway up the wall, Zen's speed suddenly increased...

What did that mean? It meant Zen didn't need to store his force when he was at the bottom. He was even able to skip the dashing to accelerate. He could climb the mountain wall with the same stamina, whether he went 30 meters, 100 meters or even 1000 meters. It didn't seem to make a difference to him whether he climbed the mountain wall or ran on flat ground.

Given the information, this test to climb the mountain wall had no real impact on Zen.

First Zen passed the 30 meters mark, then 40, and accelerating as he went, he reached 55 meters and continued. Soon enough, he'd gone further than the palm print.

Stopping at 60 meters, Zen stretched his hand to pound the mountain wall.

"Smash!"

After battering at the stone surface until a deep handprint became visible, Zen turned and fell straight down.

"He's made a new record when he climbed for the first time. He's a nature creature and certainly different from us!"

"It's not a matter of him being a nature creature. The fact is, I've seen powerful inner disciples take the test, and although they reached 60 meters, it didn't go smoothly and they weren't anywhere near as fast as Zen..."

"Right. What other people have accomplished means nothing to Zen. If he wanted to, he could climb the mountain wall as easily as strolling across flat ground!"

While the other disciples were discussing Zen, he reached the bottom and approached Wyatt. While walking, he removed the weight-bearing suit and handed it to Wyatt, smiling as he commented, "I didn't do a very good job!"

Wyatt's expression remained stiff and bitter.

He wasn't just the outer disciple at Drizzle Peak who was ranked number one, but, he was also a fairly abnormal person. Nobody could find an outer disciple among all peaks of the Cloud Sect let alone at Drizzle Peak who could rival him. Which begged the question; why was Zen still an outer disciple?

Challenging Zen this way, was like him asking to be insulted...

Wyatt felt a deep sense of frustration.

After delivering the weight-bearing suit back to Wyatt, Zen went over to Wurth and patted his shoulder.

Wurth reacted deliberately with an exaggeratedly startled expression, but after Zen patted him, he had a smile on his face and laughed wildly as he said, "Ha-ha! I knew you would succeed. Zen, but, wow, you didn't just make it, did you?"

While he praised Zen, Wurth glanced from time to time over in Wyatt's direction. Zen had helped Wurth vent his anger. When he'd thought about Wyatt's earlier expression, Wurth had become enraged.

Given his station, Wurth didn't need to be annoyed about a warrior who was merely a half-step into the nature level, especially one who hailed from a poor family. He didn't take disciples who completed the nature level seriously, let alone one who was merely at half-step into the nature level.

The Zhang Clan wasn't powerful, but its wealth was famous throughout all of the Eastern Region.

Customarily, only a few of the disciples from the Cloud Sect were able to enter the Illuminating Soul Realm, and most of those masters were from distinguished noble clans. Of course, it was impossible for noble clans to have all the advantages, and there were always a few rare talents from impoverished families.

Most of the masters in the Illuminating Soul Realm whose families were common went to work as officials for the Zhang Clan.

Those officials who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm answered directly to the Zhang Clan.

It was the reason that while the Zhang Clan wasn't among the top seven noble clans, it was able to advance alongside any of them, at an equal pace.

Since Wurth was the third son of the Zhang Clan, even the officials at the Illuminating Soul Realm respected him. So, he didn't need to take Wyatt into account.

Being inherently robust, Wurth enjoyed immersing himself in studying martial arts presently, even though he didn't plan on going that far.

Having been crushed many times by Wyatt had left Wurth feeling enraged.

So, even though he didn't personally defeat Wyatt, it thrilled Wurth to have Zen's assistance venting his anger.

Wurth walked over to the pavilion alongside Zen, and then they sat on a stone bench.

Cloud Sect boasted a beautiful scenery and Kite Skydeck flanked Drizzle Peak which had an amazing view of the mountain to the west that they could watch.

"Zen, you specifically came here today. What is it that you want?" asked Wurth. A quick thinker, Wurth guessed that Zen owned something valuable that he wanted to commission Wurth to sell at auction. However, propriety kept him from blurting that out and he feigned ignorance.

Zen nodded and replied, "Wurth, I do want you to help me with something. But, I hope you can keep it under wraps for me, for now!"

Wurth gave Zen a deep, meaningful look as he said, "Zen, you are like a brother to me. You don't need to ask me to keep it a secret. Regardless of what it is, I won't tell anybody, even if someone is to try and kill me."

Zen chuckled, feeling rather embarrassed and said, "I know, I worry too much. Please, forgive me, Wurth. I know you're reliable, and I just over analyze things."

"No worries Zen. It's always best to be cautious! You've piqued my curiosity now, and it makes me believe you want to commission me to sell something very important for you," said Wurth eagerly. He knew Zen wasn't short-sighted and wouldn't tell him to make such a promise unless it was of great importance.

Last time, it was a crystal core of fire scorpion lion that Zen commissioned Wurth to sell, but, at the time, Zen didn't act as seriously as he did now. Wurth wondered if what Zen had now was much more valuable than a crystal core of fire scorpion lion.

Seeing the curiosity etched into Wurth's face prompted Zen to tap his space ring lightly. He opened it, and pulled a small cup from it.

Nobody was near them at the pavilion, and even if someone were to see it, it was highly unlikely any of the outer disciples from Drizzle Peak possessed the knowledge to recognize the substance that was in the cup. However, Zen still covered it covertly with his hand before handing it over to Wurth.

As Wurth stared at what was in the cup, his eyes widened, and in a hushed tone with a hint of surprise, he whispered, "Heavenly essence?!"

When Zen had the crystal core at auction, someone was selling some heavenly essence.

Wurth still recalled at the time, that the heavenly essence netted 120 thousand cubic crystals.

If one of the bidders hadn't given up and stopped bidding, the price of the heavenly essence would probably have kept rising in cost, to what could only be imagined.

"It appears that you have at least as much heavenly essence as what sold at the Blessed Auction House last time we were there. How many drops do you have here?" asked Wurth, his voice trembling in excitement as he wondered where Zen could have gotten any heavenly essence.

"I have 55 droplets of essence in this cup," replied Zen.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Wurth said, "Well, that explains why you were so hesitant. In your shoes, I would be even more cautious."

Zen chuckled and told him, "Well, I wouldn't if I only had the one cup of heavenly essence. I can offer you this much heavenly essence spread out over intervals of time. Please, Wurth, help me sell it at auction."

"Wait, what are you saying? Spread out over intervals! You mean, you have more than this?" asked Wurth. He was shocked, and took a sharp breath of air, the chilliness hurting his nose.

Heavenly essence was such a very mysterious substance that even now, nobody could figure out how it was produced. Even what they had sold at auction was unintentionally obtained by some warriors.

What Zen was implying though was that he had more heavenly essence, and because it was such a large quantity, it needed to be sold over time...

What did it all mean though?

Chapter 292 Reputation

Evidently, this meant that Zen possessed heavenly essence in a large quantity. More importantly, he might have even known how to make the heavenly essence.

Zen nodded. "Wurth, I want to sell the heavenly essence through an auction at Blessed Auction House which I have come to realize is a win-win situation for your family. That sounds right?" Zen laid down the incentives.

Wurth expressed his agreement with a rather enthusiastic nod.

"By now you must have gotten a thorough understanding of my doubts. I fear that your family must be under great pressure if the heavenly essence is to be auctioned several more times. Can you handle that?" asked Zen. He tried to express his concerns.

Wurth took a deep and heavy sigh.

Zen was right to worry and be concerned about that.

After all nothing in this world was certain and any thing could happen under any circumstance.

Even though Zhang Family was strong in terms of both their political and financial standing, it was still inferior to the top seven noble clans.

It was normal and easy for the Zhang Family to auction the heavenly essence once, because there had been other extremely lucky warriors who could get ahold of it.

However, if the Zhang Family were to auction heavenly essence every month, it would most certainly arouse suspicion and draw uneccesary attention.

And all of this would mean only one thing. Either some clients of the Zhang Family must have a large inventory of the heavenly essence or they had the very method of producing it in mass.

Once the noble clans chanced upon this significant development, they would put an enormous amount of pressure on the Zhang Family. One way or another, the Zhang Family would break under stress and confess as to how they came upon the heavenly essence.

There was a risk there, no man could deny it.

All of a sudden, Wurth chuckled and then addressed Zen, "You are getting too worked up and stressed, Zen."

This change in tone surprised Zen. After pausing for a moment Zen said, "Can you do anything to avoid this pertinent risk? Can you control your family completely?"

A smile appeared on Wurth's face as he spoke, "Zen, you barely know my family. With that said, you have no idea of how my family deals with troubles or reacts under any circumstance. Our auction house has been handling business for many years and has always managed to work out solutions for all sorts of problems. You'd be surprised at what all we can handle. Many warriors shared your doubts and were reluctant to sell their treasures at our auction house. What's more, some warriors, after killing people and taking away their weapons, wanted to sell them. However, since those weapons were illegal possessions, they also didn't want to face troubles and bypass the law. We had to come up with some ideas to ensure that they remained safe while selling those illegally-procured weapons at our premises."

Killing owners and taking away treasures had become a common occurrence reported almost every day and night.

Even those young men from the noble clans could be robbed of their spiritual and mysterious weapons and get killed in broad daylight.

Some spiritual weapons were taken away from others. Therefore, they couldn't be auctioned easily at the auction houses as there always ran the risk of previous owners of those weapons finding clues or even traces indicating the robbers or even killers identity.

The Zhang Family was clever and always managed to find alternative methods to solve problems and avoid the potential risks in this illegal business.

Right before the auction, the treasures would be hidden at some secret spots, and the addresses to these places were written on a piece of paper by some third parties. Then, this piece of parchment would be sent across to a responsible man from the Blessed Auction House, who would pick the treasures. In this inconspicuous manner, the entire auction would be conducted without even shedding light on the owners or the purchasers of the treasures.

Even employees of the Blessed Auction House didn't have a clue about who bought or sold the treasures.

When the auction was safely carried out, the auction house would make a small charge. The collected cubic crystals would be stored in an unregistered token and sent to the sellers. Then the whole transaction ended.

Wurth explained this entire sequence to Zen and then added, "Please don't worry. I'll tell my family to ensure the entire transaction to be carried out in this way. That way, your identity will remain unknown to everybody but me. In fact, no one will ever know you're involved."

Zen took a deep breath as he replied, "I understand." All this while he was concerned about how to hide his identity and sell the heavenly essence secretly. Now Wurth had worked out a clear path out of the transaction. Besides, the Blessed Auction House had been doing this for so many years that the sellers' interest was a matter of the utmost importance and would be protected.

"But, I will ask you again, are you sure you want me to sell the 55 drops of heavenly essence for you?" Wurth tried to crack a sly joke without even smiling.

"Haha, those cubic crystals may be a big fortune for other people, but not you, the third son of the powerful and wealthy Zhang Family. I have confidence in you, my friend," said Zen. Wurth had a big picture in his mind and wouldn't sacrifice his long-term goals for some short-sighted profits. Besides, Zen told him that he had already taken possession of more heavenly essence than these drops. Wurth would be a fool to illegally grab those 55 drops of heavenly essence and give up more of them.

He knew for sure that if he really did that, Zen would not sell any more heavely essences to him. Besides, Zen would get extremely annoyed. Wurth couldn't stay at the Drizzle Peak and had to guard carefully against Zen. His sacrifices would mean much more than a half million of cubic crystals.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 293 Reputation (Part One)

Wurth took the heavenly essences from Zen and delicately stuffed them into a beautiful emerald ring which was carefully on the ring finger of his left hand. It was a space ring.

When it was done, Wurth sighed and spoke out, "There will be an uproar if so many heavenly essences are sold in the Imperial Capital."

Heavenly essence was precious and immensely valuable because it could be applied to the weapons directly.

For example, a top-grade spiritual weapon could have qualitative changes if enough heavenly essences were applied to it. There was even a possibility of producing a fairy weapon from it.

Although considerable time and effort was required and lots of heavenly essences were consumed, the fairy weapon deserved it. Its holder would make huge profits even after the making costs were taken into account.

That explained why the heavenly essence was so valuable.

Wurth stopped practicing his martial arts and took off his heavy load suit. They returned to the main peak where they were to meet Sean and Nory.

"Zen and Wurth, I was looking for you," said Nory. He flashed a warm smile at them.

"What's up?" asked Zen. He felt confused.

Wurth patted Zen on his shoulder as he smiled, "Oh so, have you forgotten? A few days ago Nory very clearly mentioned that a party would be held among his clan men. He invited us to this party," Wurth replied.

Zen came from a humble clan which was even inferior to Mo Clan.

Therefore, he had very little knowledge about the great noble clans, their conventions or even norms.

However, Wurth had a better understanding of everything, and simply sympathized with Nory who felt helpless and sad living under the burden of a noble clan's name.

"I have been quite busy recently and almost forgot about this gathering. I must apologise. Will the party be held today?" asked Zen.

Nory nodded and answered, "Yes, today is the day."

They had made a promise to attend the party. So, they followed Nory and went to his house.

The Mo Clan, living in the northern part of the city, was commonly considered a declining one among the other clans of various sizes.

The hereditary system, in place, ensured that the descendants of a declining family could still hold onto the same title or rank despite the circumstance.

However, despite all of this, some clans remained unlucky, and disappeared completely.

For instance, once upon a time there was a powerful noble clan called Xiao Clan. Although it wasn't among the most ancient clans, in fact it was actually better and more powerful than the seven noble clans, since a galaxy of talents came from its descendants. This great clan held important posts both in the imperial army and in the Burning Sky Empire. Besides, some of them were even unprecedented masters of martial arts.

Once it became powerful and influential, their ambition too began to swell. Their people were busy in expanding the territory, contending for power and profits. There was a time when nobody could challenge them both in and out of the court.

Even members from the seven noble clans had to bow and show their respect to this expanding and powerful clan.

However, sooner than later the circumstances changed and the Xiao Clan was accused of conspiring against the royal family, which changed their fate forever. The whole Xiao Clan was destroyed and almost all of its people were executed within days of the accusation. Despite a few people surviving, the Xiao Clan could never recover from the disaster. The blow was too strong.

This tragedy served as a warning for everybody to whom privileges and power of noble clans were given by the emperor. He could withdraw these opportunities as fast as he had granted them when the situation arose.

The Mo family in the northern part of the city too had declined rapidly in the recent years, and no talents had come from this family. They would be deprived of their privileges and titles very soon if their situation didn't improve or they didn't find other powerful noble clans to live on.

A broad street stretched out in the northern part of the Imperial Capital and at the end of it stood a tall door almost 10 meters high. The gigantic door was painted red, two giant bronze lions were lying on their stomaches while appearing threatening and dangerous.

Those regular citizens living in the Imperial Capital could only imagine how wealthy those noble clans were, even the declining clans were beyond their reach.

Nory took Zen, Wurth and Sean through this grand door to the other world of cheer and luxurious indulgences.

The Mo family's mansion was spotlessly clean and was permeated with a jubilant atmosphere owing to the party and the never-ending line of arriving guests.

Four carp lanterns hung on the door. The bronze had been cleansed. A butler and two servants were standing before the gate, welcoming guests courteously.

The butler had been repeating the same action of smiling and bowing for several hours with unwavering enthusiasm. All of the guests were respected and esteemed members of the society. The butler had to make sure that they were satisfied with the service. So, he worked hard to please everyone. The smile on his face was professional and his manners were perfect.

However, when he saw Nory and his group, his behaviour suddenly changed. His fake smile disappeared, and instead he wore an arrogant and scornful look. "Young master, why are you back?"

Nory too evidently never liked this butler. Since his mother died, this mansion was no longer his home. In response to the butler's cold question, Nory answered, "What's wrong? So are you telling me that I shouldn't come back home today?"

The butler shook his head and responded, "You really misunderstood what I was saying. However, you're an outer disciple of the Cloud Sect now. Whether you come back home or not isn't important any more. Ha-ha," the butler chuckled nervously.

The butler emphasized on the words "outer disciple". He actually meant that even though the Mo Family was declining, they still didn't think highly of any outer disciple of the Cloud Sect or care. Besides, he warned that Nory would be a big fool to think that his position at the Mo Family had changed even the slightest bit.

Chapter 294 Helping A Friend In Need

Nory didn't feel welcome when he returned to his home. Since he was a child, he had always been despised and treated unfairly by the Mo Clan. And because he wasn't strong enough to fight back and had no family to back him up, he had to bear everything on his own.

Nevertheless, he was used to this treatment and it didn't bother him. However, Zen, Wurth, and Sean were not used to this.

Who did the butler think he was? He used to be a servant, but now he had been promoted to butler. Did that give him the guts to speak to them in that manner?

Amongst the young men, Wurth was the most furious. In the Zhang Clan where he grew up, no servant dared to talk like that in front of his master. Wurth frowned and asked, "Nory, is this the way all your servants speak to their master?"

Nory smiled and was about to say something, but the butler overheard what Wurth said and he got annoyed. The irate butler turned up his nose and faced Wurth with pride. "What do you mean, little fatso? What did I do wrong?" the butler asked aggressively.

Wurth frowned at him when he saw his arrogant expression.

Wurth was a good-tempered and honest man, but when someone annoyed him, he would put him in their proper place. If Wurth lost his temper, the Mo Clan's family party would surely be spoiled. Anyone who annoyed a member of the Zhang Clan would be given a good lesson they wouldn't forget.

But Wurth managed to hold his temper. He didn't want to make any trouble for the sake of Nory.

Nory felt very embarrassed for the butler's attitude towards Wurth. As a host of the Mo Clan family party, he couldn't let the butler treat the third young master of the Zhang Clan so rudely Nory roared at the butler, "Ralph! They are all my friends, so treat them politely!"

The butler chuckled. "Why? Who do you think –?"

Ralph couldn't finish his words

because he had sensed danger. He felt something ferocious was staring at him and he shivered.

When he looked back with pale face, he saw Zen's bright eyes.

Zen looked calm, but he had already released some aura from his soul that put a strain on Ralph's soul.

Now Zen became powerful enough that he could retrain someone's soul and made them unable to speak.

"Nory, let's just go inside," Zen said playfully.

Although Nory didn't know exactly why Ralph suddenly looked pale like he had seen a ghost, he guessed it must be because Zen had done something to him.

Nory patted Wurth on the shoulder and apologized, "I'm so sorry, Wurth! I know Ralph was arrogant and rude, but he doesn't deserve your anger. Let's just go inside, shall we?"

Wurth nodded and decided not to waste time arguing with a mere steward. He walked right behind Nory and Sean.

Zen walked right behind them, too.

Ralph felt like being released from strange pressure when Zen moved his gaze away from him. His body relaxed a little and he could now feel his voice came back.

Being restrained by Zen made him feel uncomfortable, Ralph felt the urge to scold him right there and then.

He had to admit that Zen's skill was uncommon. But it didn't bother Ralph a little because he knew that Zen had just reached the first-grade of nature level, and there was no way that Nory's friends could be that powerful.

Furthermore, Ralph didn't believe that a young man at the first-grade of nature level would dare to make any trouble at the Mo Mansion.

When he pointed at Zen and was about to say something rude, Zen suddenly turned around. He stared back at Ralph closely with a sly smile.

A gust of bright yellow soul power discreetly formed a sharp thorn and it went for Ralph.

The strain that Zen had put on Ralph was just a light warning so he would stop insulting them.

Unfortunately, Ralph wasn't that smart, so Zen had no choice but to give him a hard lesson.

"Ah!"

Ralph suddenly let out a shrill cry. Then he covered his head with his hands and kept on rolling and tossing on the ground looking miserable.

The two servants beside Ralph were terrified by what they were seeing. Their eyes widened in fear and they got anxious.

"Ralph, are you okay? What the hell is going on?"

"Did Ralph get cackle fever?"

Zen sneered, then turned and walked towards the yard of the Mo Mansion.

From the sounds they were hearing, his three buddies guessed that Zen was using the spiritual attack again. It was the same attack that he had used on the disciple of Vulture Peak named Jesse.

The attack had damaged Jesse a lot.

'Ralph got what he deserved for being rude!' All of them had the same thought.

Now Zen had caught up with them and walked alongside them.

The Mo Mansion covered a large area of land with numerous courtyards and houses. The houses had been built many years ago, but after a few repairs, they had regained their brilliance.

On their way, they saw the busy servants and maids with various food and snacks on their hands. They were in the middle of preparing for the feast.

After passing through several corridors and doors, they finally arrived at the reception room of the Mo Clan.

There was an open ground in front of the reception hall where an opera company had built up a stage. Several opera performers were singing on the stage.

Beside the opera stage were dozens of tables. Although some tables were not yet occupied, there were already many guests at the reception hall.

When Nory led his three friends into the reception hall, a servant immediately saw and recognized him. Though the servant didn't say anything rude to Nory, it was obvious that he wasn't taking Nory seriously. The servant coldly said, "Young master Nory, are they your friends? Just find yourselves a place to sit!"

Nory couldn't do anything but to guide his friends to a table that was not yet occupied. He found the table hadn't been arranged, so he needed to move some chairs by himself.

After Nory had prepared the table, the four of them sat down. Wurth was carefully looking at the guests coming in the reception hall. He shook his head and chuckled. "Nory, tell me. It's not easy to live in the Mo Clan, right?"

Nory smiled bitterly and answered, "Well, I'm used to it. I'm really sorry that you were treated that way."

"I don't mind at all. But do you have any brothers or sisters?" Wurth asked. They came here not to enjoy the feats, but to support Nory. But witnessing what happened since they had arrived, Zen and Wurth had made up their minds to protect Nory. If anyone tried to bully Nory, they would give them a good lesson.

Wurth was more thoughtful than Zen and Sean, so he wanted to know if Nory was from the direct branch of the Mo Clan.

Nory had understood what Wurth meant and he was kind enough to share to his friends the Mo Clan family tree.

Nory did not come from the other branches of the Mo Clan. In fact, he was a member of the direct branch of the clan and the eldest son of the former Mo Clan head.

With this, he should have been the most powerful member of the clan and no servant should dare to offend him. But why had he been treated as if he was a nobody?

Nory told them that when he was young, his dad had been defeated in a battle and been killed by the enemy's arrow. From then on, Nory and his family had lost the noble status.

Although he was still the eldest son of the former head, it was his uncle who had become the leader when his father had died. His uncle was never kind to him and treated Nory like a stranger.

"Your uncle is mean! Is there any other elder in your clan that would speak on your behalf?" Hearing everything from Nory, Wurth became more furious at the rest of the Mo Clan.

As the norm, the clan members should have treated Nory better after his father's death. But instead, they treated Nory unfairly and might have thrown him out of the clan if they had a choice.

"It's heartbreaking to grow up in such a cold family," Sean said angrily.

After sipping a cup of tea, Zen said lightly, "Then we have every reason to help Nory out. What should we do if these people start acting out stupidly and mess up with you again?"

Nory's story was quite like Zen's. They both lost their power in their clans after their fathers' death. And with this, Zen was more determined to help his friend.

Seeing resentment on their faces, Nory said, "Thank you for being here with me. I could really use your help right now."

Wurth laughed and said, "Then that's settled. I will take the matters into my hands if the members of the Mo Clan try to make trouble."

Normally, Wurth wasn't the type to put himself in another clan's business.

Because even if the Mo Clan wasn't big, it was still a noble clan in the north region and Wurth had no reason to offend them. He wasn't afraid of the Mo Clan at all because such declining noble clans like the Mo Clan were considered nothing compared to the top seven noble clans.

However, the Zhang Clan lived by the principle of not doing anything without profit. But why would he like to do such a thing for Nory?

Wurth had his own reason this time.

Based on his observations, Zen was worth an investment.

His intuition told him that this young man would reach an incredible level in no time.

Chapter 295 Yates Mo (Part One)

Throughout the Eastern Region, no one at the Illuminating Soul Realm would subject themselves to taking direction from anyone who was not an influential master.

There was a rich merchant of G County, and he could afford to employ several nature creatures as his personal bodyguards, which was rare for a man of his station. However, it was pure fantasy to think he could hire any of the masters in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Still, the members of the Zhang Clan could.

The Zhang Clan employed multiple Illuminating Soul Realm masters.

These masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm willingly remained in the employ of the Zhang Clan to assist with the clan at critical times because they valued the connections along with the resources that the Zhang Clan possessed.

More importantly though, since the Zhang Clan financially supported those same masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm while they were growing up, they served loyally.

This was the biggest reason the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm remained with the clan.

As the third son in the Zhang Clan, Wurth was raised in the environment which gave him a natural sensitivity to this aspect of how things were.

In Wurth's opinion, if Zen managed to defy the odds and gain entry into the Illuminating Soul Realm someday, his strength would rival any official at the Zhang Clan.

Therefore, Wurth wanted to invest in Zen.

He didn't invest money though because Zen wasn't lacking in that department, even going so far as to commission Wurth in the auctioning of heavenly essence which would in turn earn Wurth some money.

No, Zen had no need of Wurth's money, so, instead, Wurth invested his time, companionship in the form of building a friendship with Zen.

He knew how much Zen valued sentiment, friendship and respect above all other things, and although sometimes Zen would react emotionally, it was evident that he cared about his friends and brothers around him more than others.

For this reason alone Wurth was willing to help Nory and didn't consider the cost immediately.

Even if he put that aspect aside, Wurth would be involved because he viewed Zen and others as his brothers.

He was dwelling on that information, when a group of men and women entered.

A busy servant saw the group as they came in and stopped what he was doing to rush over to them. He nodded as he bowed and greeted them warmly, "Hello, Young Master Yates, welcome back. Please, have a seat here. This table was specially arranged for you and your guests."

While he spoke, several other servants hurried to set the chairs and table in order. They laid a soft napped tablecloth over the table before laying out fruit and snacks on it.

Young Master Yates smiled, graciously inviting his friends to sit down.

Zen glanced at the young master dressed in a black robe. When he glimpsed the companions, he noticed they too wore black robes.

The Mo Clan might be weaker now, but it wasn't difficult for the children to become inner disciples, and this only illuminated just how low Nory's position was in his clan.

After being seated, the young master Yates looked around the room, and when he saw Nory, he fixated on him. After staring at Nory, he glanced from Nory to Zen, Wurth, and Sean, noticing that the friends accompanying Nory were all outer disciples dressed in white robes.

Raising his thick brows, Yates sneered at Nory and asked, "Well there Nory, what brings you venturing out of Drizzle Peak today?" When he'd finished his mocking inquiry, the young master laughed.

Nory blinked obliviously as he replied, "As the rule, I normally attend family reunions, Yates, why do you ask?"

"Oh," responded Yates while he shook his head and went on, "I knew with your capabilities, you'd be accepted into the Cloud Sect and have the forte to persevere. But, can I ask you; why have you returned now, and with such loser friends?"

It wasn't news to anyone there how the inner disciples from Cloud Sect looked down on outer disciples, constantly.

Inner and outer disciples that were members of the same peak might get along well, but, inner disciples from any of the other peaks were unwilling to see outer disciples as anything more than their whipping boys.

All the disciples with Yates were from Egret Peak.

Egret Peak was sixteenth ranked peak at Cloud Sect, making it the midway point between the top and bottom.

The inner disciples with Yates noticed the Drizzle Peak logo on Zen's and Wurth's chests and rolled their eyes disdainfully. Considering that Zen and the others were from the peak that was the lowest ranking at the Cloud Sect, and on top of that, they were all outer disciples, Yates' companions saw Nory and his friends as insignificant.

Nory didn't care if he was being insulted, he'd been dealing with worse his entire life. However, he found it difficult to maintain self-control when his friends were, and in a menacing tone said, "Yates, these are my friends, not losers. You would do well to watch how you speak to them."

"Oh really?" replied Yates, with an inflection in his voice that denoted his growing interest. He stared at Nory's flustered expression, which always amused him, and had heard the exasperation in his voice, which he enjoyed. Yates asked, "So, they're not losers. Maybe you can share why you were placed in Drizzle Peak, the lowest ranking one within the

Cloud Sect? Logically speaking, the outer disciples from Drizzle Peak can be the least powerful of all the disciples at the Cloud Sect. At least, in my opinion. It is better not to enter the Cloud Sect than to remain at Drizzle Peak since it's where losers are cultivated."

"Yates, what the hell is that supposed to mean?" shouted Nory as he jumped to his feet angrily.

Only half of the guests had arrived, and the feast hadn't started yet. When other guests heard Nory shouting loudly, one after another turned to see what was going on, and even the actors up on stage stopped singing to see what was happening.

Yates concentrated on rising from his seat slowly, smirking, and having a tough time restraining the laughter he felt welling up in him. Nory was always such a weak target who Yates thought was easy to bully, until today. Odd that today Nory had been found to have a backbone. Yates wondered why Nory suddenly had the courage to stand up to him. Was Nory relying on these guys to stand against Yates?

Earlier when Yates entered, he had examined Nory's friends.

All the disciples from noble clans had keen vision.

First, he took in the fact that Zen, Wurth, and Sean were attired in white robes, then he scrutinized them to ensure they all came from lower class families without noble ties.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 296 Yates Mo (Part Two)

While Yates had assessed the three astutely, he was, in fact, wrong in his overall assessment. Wurth was a member of the Zhang Clan which wasn't a poor family. True, it wasn't one of the top seven noble clans, but, Wurth's family actually held far more power than an ordinary noble clan. After all, the Zhang Clan was the only family able to progress alongside the top seven noble clans, equally. If a rank were required, then the Zhang Clan would be counted as comparable to any of the top seven noble clans.

Of course, wearing his white outer disciple robe was deceptive, so, Yates wasn't at fault for misjudging Wurth as a nobody.

After his initial assessment, Yates had noted that the three weren't very powerful.

While Zen was a nature creature, he was just at grade one, and Wurth and Sean were only at half-step into the nature level.

Yates wasn't worried about their strength because he was at grade four of the nature level, while his friends were grades four and five, respectively. With their cumulative strength, Yates hadn't given Nory's friends a second thought, which led him to refer to Zen and the others as losers to their faces.

"Nory, when did you grow up? How brave of you to deem to talk to me like this today!" said Yates snidely as he frowned unhappily. With so many people in attendance today, Yates needed to teach Nory a lesson and give him a reminder of who he was addressing.

Wurth and Sean glared back at Yates, enraged. They hadn't thought Nory's family members would ignore his devoted enthusiasm, and they would suffer personal disgrace.

One member of Nory's group remained staunchly expressionless, Zen.

With calm, collected mannerisms, Zen picked up a kettle that was dark-red and enameled from the table and slowly poured some of the water over his hands. As he did, life vitality rose from within, to cover his hands. Under the heat of his life vitality, the tea water quickly evaporated into the air as steam.

When he had finished, Zen stood up, a smile plastered across his face. He patted Nory on the shoulder, and asked, "Hey Nory, who's this guy talking to you?"

Nory continued to glare as he ground his teeth, "He's my cousin."

"Oh, this is your cousin, right?" said Zen in an animated tone. He turned his attention to Yates, continuing to smile, and he said in a bubbly voice, "Since you're Nory's cousin, we're all friends here! I don't see a need for cousins to speak this way between each other. You're relatives. It's unhealthy to shatter the harmony."

"Us, relatives? Ha-ha!" remarked Yates snidely. After a brief pause he rolled his eyes, huffed and contemptuously added, "How does he deserve to be considered a relative of mine? Which member of the Mo Clan acknowledges that Nory is their relative?"

"Well then, since Nory doesn't merit being considered your relative, it makes this much easier now," said Zen while a faint gleam flashed briefly in his eyes, and he smiled slightly.

"Excuse me? Just what do you mean? What is easier?" asked a visibly confused Yates. What Zen said baffled Yates, and left him puzzled.

Chuckling, Zen sarcastically said, "Just now, I believe I heard someone refer to us as Nory's loser friends. Since you and he are family, for Nory's sake, we can bear it. However, you said you aren't relatives. Therefore, there is no reason for us to tolerate such insults!" Zen timed his words so that as he finished speaking and the words sank in, his life vitality congealed on his right hand, and at the same time, a fierce power spread from his body to engulf Yates and his companions.

There was a strong force within the momentum that came from deep in Zen, below his soul to where his killing intention was rooted.

From the time Zen and the others had arrived at the Mo mansion with Nory, they had endured every slight that was given. Now though, Zen understood there was no reason to stand on formal ceremony because they didn't need to stand for this mistreatment.

Up until now, Zen hadn't been willing to fight here. After all, this seemed to be a happy reunion for family members and guests at the Mo mansion.

Besides, Nory invited them in the spirit of goodwill and not to fight.

If Zen went too far, it would embarrass Nory and Zen didn't want to do that to his friend.

Consequently, Zen gave Yates a chance. If he acknowledged Nory as his relative, Zen felt they could discuss things, but Yates didn't seem to care about family ties, so, Nory had no reason to worry about the Mo Mansion's reputation. If it were left in shambles today, they wouldn't have gone too far.

Seeing the strong power Zen had suddenly radiated, Yates and his cohorts stood up one after another, all straight-faced.

Zen's momentum was astonishing; nonetheless, Yates and his companions hadn't seen Zen's full strength. They thought Zen was only a grade one in the nature level and accordingly, couldn't possibly be very powerful. With all of Yates friends in the nature level at grades four and five, if they fought now, the gap between the capabilities of each side would be considerable. In the blink of an eye, they might end up killing the outer disciples that Nory brought with him.

Each side prepared for the battle that was about to start.

Most of the guests who were watching possessed ordinary abilities, and because of that, no one dared to stop the fight.

It was at that moment that five, maybe six guests came through the door. They were female disciples in Cloud Sect.

As per the rules of the Cloud Sect, the female disciples wore either black or white robes, depending on their rank, when they stayed at the sect.

Nevertheless, the robes were ugly in the eyes of the disciples, so, whenever they had the opportunity to leave the Cloud Sect, they would change out of their disciple robes hastily to wear beautiful clothes, such as long dresses with patterns of birds in flight, or blouses that were embroidered, paired with skirts that bore designs of flowers on them.

These were the disciples of Lady Peak entering, and they had all changed before they'd arrived, and looked gorgeous.

"Is that you, Yetta?" Even though Yates and his comrades as well as Nory and his friends were at sword points with each other, Yates immediately noticed when the female disciples from Lady Peak entered the room. Excitedly he called out, "Oh, and there's Nina, an honored guest!"

Seeing the ladies, Yates no longer wanted to be at odds with Nory or his friends. He might have returned to attend the family reunion, but, his main reason for coming was that his cousin, Yetta, said she would be bringing some friends home with her, to give them a tour.

One of the friends with Yetta was Nina. Yates had developed a crush on her, and thought about her every day and night.

Chapter 297 Zen Was So Remarkable (Part One)

Yates had met Nina Zhu several times and not even during the course of his interactions, he had rather fallen in love with her at first sight.

Zhu Clan was one of the top seven noble clans in the empire and Nina belonged to the same. On the contrary, Yates was only a young master from a small declining noble clan. It was said that Nina had a very high position in the Zhu Clan. Although she was a girl, and she did not have much ascendancy in strength, she was deemed to be even higher in rank than the eldest son of the eldest branch. She was, so to speak, doted on by all family members.

With the large social gap between the two in mind, which was actually the gap between the two clans, Yates had already decided that the usual ways of wooing a girl would not work. When it came to marriages, the noble clans preferred that their sons and daughters be wed into families of equal status. Even with the strength, talent, wealth and status that Yates carried, marrying Nina was an unrealistic fantasy. If the Mo Clan sent a matchmaker to the Zhu Clan with orders to formally talk about a marriage, not only he, but the entire clan would be humiliated terribly by the Zhus.

Therefore, Yates did the only sensible thing that he could do, and asked his cousin Yetta to bring Nina to their house. Yetta was Nina's friend in Lady Peak, Cloud Sect. Yates was hoping to win Nina's heart through their mutual contacts.

Last time, Yates had heard that Nina was going to take part in the trial for slaying demons. Immediately, he had gotten desperate to pass the examination in Egret Peak as well. A pity there were so many talented disciples over there! Although he had passed the initial test, he was defeated by the other disciples in the second test and therefore, could not qualify for the trials. After all, Yates' strength of fourth-grade of nature level was not particularly overbearing against the inner disciples.

During Nina's stay in White Emperor City, Yates had also been concerned for her safety. However, after she had come back to the Cloud Sect, he was at a loss and couldn't find a reason to keep visiting her anymore. The family party was a good opportunity for him and therefore, when he heard about it, he strongly demanded his cousin, Yetta, to bring Nina to the party. In return, he promised to give her a low-grade spiritual weapon for her kind help.

Motivated by his offer, Yetta did her best to persuade Nina to join the party.

Once Nina came, Yates stopped fussing with Nory and his 'loser friends' anymore. Obviously, Nina was to be the center of his attention now.

"This is Miss Nina Zhu, the young lady of the Zhu Clan. Tell everybody!" Yates ordered his servant.

The servant announced over the hubbub of the party obediently, "Miss Nina Zhu, the young lady of the Zhu Clan is here!"

The noble clans would often loudly announce their guests' presence in order to show respect, which was also a way to show off their class and status. Normally, their names would be announced by the servants. If the host announced their names himself, it meant that the guests were extremely distinguished and the host valued them very much.

As a young lady of the Zhu Clan, Nina was certainly a notable guest for the Mo Clan. But since she was a woman, Yates thought it would be better to have her announced by a servant. If a direct son of the Zhu Clan, such as Hendy or Matthew, came, Yates would have announced him himself.

Interestingly, according to this custom, Wurth, the young master of the wealthy Zhang Clan required Yates to announce him personally.

Nory knew about the same, but couldn't take the initiative to announce him, since Wurth was a very low-key person and Yates didn't know him at all. In his opinion, all of Nory's friends who were in white robes of Cloud Sect were rabbles.

Nina was wearing a pink coat with a silvery moire today. For warriors of the nature level, the function of clothing was more of beautifying than resisting cold. They were said to be able to stand in the snow naked without feeling any cold!

The pink coat suited her and set off her delicate figure. And charming face made her stand off from the crowd, even though the women from Lady Peak sitting right next to her were also pretty.

She habitually responded when she heard someone say hello to her. In her memory, the inner disciple standing in front of her was most probably Yetta's brother. But he was still a stranger to her since they hadn't interacted very often.

After the servant had announced her, Yates courteously led Nina and the other girls from Lady Peak to their table. The servants had laid out the chairs diligently and they respectfully invited the girls to take their seats, drawing a chair for each one of them.

After sitting down, Nina felt someone gazing at her. Her eyes swept over a table nearby and suddenly settled on Zen's face.

"Zen?" Nina exclaimed.

She immediately got excited on seeing the man.

Here was the man who had risked his life to save her and squeezed his strength to kill the demon generals. Obviously, he had deeply branded an indelible mark on her heart.

On that day, after the fierce war between the imperial army and the demons in the White Emperor City, the disciples of the Cloud Sect had eventually been sent back, except for Zen.

Yolande had captured him for his fight with Hugh.

Nina had been really concerned about him. Before leaving White Emperor City, she had implored her uncle Lennie to protect him in any case.

Although her uncle had promised readily, Nina was still deeply worried.

Later, she had learned from correspondence with her uncle that Zen had not only survived the war, but had also made great contributions.

Chapter 298 Zen Was So Remarkable (Part Two)

With a strength of merely a half-step into the nature level, Zen had been able to establish brilliant achievements in war among the Illuminating Soul Realm masters. With all that news, Zen had risen to higher and higher levels in Nina's mind.

But once he had left the White Emperor City, Nina had been unable to hear any news about him.

She had even pondered the possibility of going out to look for him.

However, she hadn't done such an apparently disgraceful thing such as a girl travelling thousands of miles just to find a man. Although the customs in Burning Sky Empire were fairly open-minded, Nina, who was born in a top noble clan, was still quite conservative.

Later, she had received the information that Zen had returned to Cloud Sect and often went to Lake of the Magical Fish to practice.

She felt both happy and disappointed when she learned this.

She was happy that Zen had returned to Cloud Sect unharmed. She was also disappointed that Zen seemed to have completely forgotten her and only cared about his boring practice.

'How about I go see him?' Nina had entertained the thought for some time. However, with a noble lady's reserved character, she had stifled it in the end.

She had initially been hesitant to join today's party.

But her close friend, Yetta, had repeatedly invited her and finally, she had to agree.

She had never expected that she would meet Zen at the Mo Clan's party.

Nina had missed him so much, but it seemed that Zen was indifferent towards her.

'It was okay when I found out that he was addicted to his practice. What's disappointing is that he has time to attend the Mo Clan's party, but no time to see me. Has he really forgotten me?' Nina was sad.

But when she saw him raising his head, smiling at her with his clear black eyes, she forgot all about her complaints at once.

She ignored Yates who was being all brands of courteous towards her at that time and shifted her attention towards Zen.

Smiling like a flower, she went towards him. "I heard that you'd come back. Why didn't you come over to the Lady Peak to see me? Am I not your friend?" She complained softly.

Hearing their conversation, everyone present there was shocked.

Especially those who knew Nina's identity.

One of them was Wurth.

As the young master of the wealthy Zhang Clan, Wurth had been made to learn to sort out the relationship between the important figures in the Imperial Capital from a very young age.

Whether the elders of the top seven noble clans or the important descendants of them, their powers, abilities, character and hobbies etc., were supposed to be clearly remembered by the children of the Zhang Clan.

This was a compulsory course for them and couldn't be forgotten.

Hence, Wurth knew Nina more deeply than Zen.

Nina, the direct descendant of the Zhu Clan, though not very talented, was still quite loved by the elders of the Zhu Clan. Even though she was a woman, she had an advantageous position that other children in the Zhu Clan could not have.

Generally, in order to develop their clans, all the noble clans had made their own set of strict family rules.

They weren't aimed at any single individual and were to be obeyed by all.

If you only had average talent and strength and still didn't know how to work hard, then you would receive less and less resources from your clan.

But, Nina was an exception.

Her talent could only be regarded as above-average, but she was still a beloved daughter of the Zhu Clan and it could very well be said that the whole Zhu Clan was willing to give her whatever she wanted.

This was absolutely impossible in other noble clans.

Too much favoritism towards one child was bound to cause other children's dissatisfaction and discontentment. Over time, this would lead to the intensification of conflicts inside the clan, which was very detrimental to their development.

However, the Zhu Clan hadn't faced this problem.

On the contrary, they were all partial towards Nina, including the elders and the younger generation.

Wurth had studied all the nobles of the capital of Burning Sky Empire, but she still had special significance for him.

The reason for this was that the Zhang Clan had once planned on establishing a marriage with the Zhu Clan. It was decided to let Wurth's brother, Wick, marry Nina.

Marriages between the noble clans were very common as both clans would get to expand their power and wealth by the ceremony.

However, after inquiring about the thoughts of the Zhu Clan's elders and Nina herself through various channels, the Zhang Clan had given up on the idea.

The reason was the Zhu Clan's declaration that "Nina will decide who she has to marry by herself, and the elders won't interfere. They will always support her choice." Judging from Nina's character, she was a young girl with a fantasy about love. Therefore, marrying a man without love for the sake of family interests was bound to make her disgusted, which, obviously, was unacceptable.

After various analysis, the Zhang Clan had given up the plan.

Actually, the most critical factor behind the failure of the Zhang's plan was the idea of the Zhu Clan's elders. Most marriages were arranged by the parents of the prospective brides and grooms, and the clan elders at that time. The practice was even more popular among the noble clans since in that case, the marriage was not just about them, but the union of two clans. However, the Zhu Clan was intent on not restricting Nina for her marriage. From this point, one could clearly understand out how deep the elders' love for Nina was.

Because of this failed plan, Wurth today knew Nina better than other nobles. But at present, Wurth wondered how Zen knew Nina. He had never heard of any relationship between the two. 'Nina is complaining that Zen has never come to visit her, but Zen seems somewhat indifferent towards her.

You know Nina isn't an average noble girl. With her position in the Zhu Clan, she is even more powerful than the unloved princesses. How many people want to please her? How many young men are dreaming to marry her? But to everyone's surprise, Nina is courting Zen.' Musing, Wurth sighed with a strong feeling about how remarkable Zen was.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 299 James Mo (Part One)

Sean and Nory were not as surprised as Wurth.

Upon seeing Zen, this dainty, pretty girl complained that he did not visit her! Zen must have a lot of charm to bewitch her like this.

'When exactly did Zen meet Nina?' they wondered. 'Did they meet at the trial for slaying demons?'

"Hey, Zen, won't you give us an introduction? Is this your girlfriend?" Sean, who was older than Zen, teased him.

Nory was more flippant and straightforward. He straightened and gave Nina a solemn salute. "How are you, Zen's girlfriend?"

"Don't say nonsense!" Nina rebuked him, but her face broke into a flush. She didn't really seem to mind how Zen's friends addressed her.

Zen's friends were quite perceptive, so how could they not make out what that blush meant? Generally speaking, it was a universal sign indicating that a girl harbored a crush on a guy.

"Okay, fine! I won't talk nonsense anymore. I will reserve calling you that for the future!" Nory responded, casting Yates a short, casual look. Nory was naive but not ignorant. Yates had been particularly attentive to Nina ever since she walked in. As per what Nory observed, Yates obviously held some kind of affection for her. The more he teased Nina about Zen, the more dispirited and indignant Yates got.

"Humph!" Nina gave a snort and wrinkled her nose in chagrin. She turned to her friends, calling them from a distance. "Girls... Come here. I want to introduce you to someone. This is Zen Luo!"

Hearing this, a few girls came up to her, huddling and checking out Zen from head to toe with their wide, pretty eyes. They immediately launched into a stream of comments.

"So, this is Zen! No wonder you always talk about him, Nina. Listening to you describe him is not as good as actually meeting him in person. He is so handsome!"

"Yeah, his eyes are so bright, they seem to glow!"

"Wow, I should have taken part in the last trial of slaying demons too! How exhilarating it must have been to be saved by him from the demon generals!"

Zen had no idea that the stories of him defeating the demon general and saving Nina from the clutches of another five of them had spread throughout Lady Peak!

Apparently, he was more popular there than he was at Drizzle Peak.

Those sentiments were not widely shared by the disciples at Drizzle Peak. His fellow participants there were tight-lipped about his astonishing feats at the trial for slaying demons.

The female disciples talked in whispers among themselves, their faces lit up with excitement. Except for Yetta, who appeared disinterested and aloof, everyone sang praises of Zen and was in awe of his heroics.

Yetta, who was Nina's best friend, was, of course, aware of Zen's valor. Nina had described him more than once as a great hero. In addition, the other female disciples who had taken part in the trial took note of Zen's gallantry.

At any other time and place, Yetta too would have participated and expressed her admiration for Zen.

However, today, Yetta had invited Nina to meet her family at the repeated requests of her brother, Yates. She knew Yates had feelings for Nina.

She had not expected Zen to be here when she brought Nina along. What a strange coincidence. Now, Yetta was in a quandary.

It looked like it was Nory who brought Zen here.

Out of the tens of thousands of disciples at Drizzle Peak, not to mention many more in the entirety of Cloud Sect, why was it Nory who happened to be Zen's friend?!

Yetta looked at Yates, who stood at a distance, from the corner of her eye.

She watched quietly how her brother's face darkened with ire. He was not enjoying any of this.

Nina was like an unattainable goddess to Yates. He had admired and looked up to her ever since he first met her, like he couldn't stop himself from doing so.

He knew his chances of winning Nina's heart were slim, but that didn't mean they were in the negative. So, he wanted to give it a try.

Though the Mo family had almost declined now, it was still a noble clan. Yates was talented, and if he worked hard, he could become the next head of the Mo family.

When Yates became the family head, he would be qualified to court Nina.

It pleased him that his sister brought Nina to the house.

He had been preparing for this for a long time. He had even arranged for various entertainment programs for her. He would do anything to please Nina!

But not once had he imagined that he would encounter such a scene when Nina finally arrived at the Mo family's house. Judging by how she was acting, Nina had a crush on this guy, Zen.

A sense of deep frustration rose in his chest and took hold of him. Yates felt his strength slip away from him. Why was this happening to him?

Yates's friends, who stood around him, also grew gloomy and resentful.

They were well aware that Yates wanted to pursue Nina. However, judging from what was happening before them, things were not unfolding as they had hoped for.

Suddenly, Yates clenched his fists, a fierce look flashing across his eyes. A mad thought occurred to him. 'I will kill Zen by any and all means!'

Noticing his grim appearance, a friend next to him pressed his hand on his fist and shook his head slowly. "Yates, calm down," he said to him in a hushed voice. "Zen is unusual and very strong. It wouldn't be a good idea to come to blows with him."

Yates certainly could not kill Zen here.

Zen did seem powerful. The momentum that he unleashed was astonishing. Although he was only at the first grade of nature level, the disciples of the Cloud Sect knew that the realm was sometimes inconsistent when it came to strength. Moreover, according to what the female disciples surrounding Zen just said, he had killed some demon generals!

Chapter 300 James Mo (Part Two)

How much strength did a demon general have? Yates and his friends had never been to the trial of slaying demons, but they had heard a number of tales about demon generals. At Egret Peak, the disciples who qualified to fight them ranked among at least the top fifty of the inner disciples.

As for actually killing a demon general, they had not heard of any inner disciple at Egret Peak who had managed to do so.

However, since they had not seen Zen slay demon generals with their own eyes, and since what the female disciples were gushing about was hardly believable, it was debatable that Zen had really killed some.

Even if Zen's strength was really in line with his realm at the first grade of nature level, a show of Yates's antagonism right in front of Nina would be quite irrational. It would gain him the opposite of what he wanted. Not only would it make him an unfavorable person in Nina's eyes, but also, it would make her outright hate him.

At his friend's warning, Yates relaxed his fists. He understood that it would be unwise to make an enemy of Zen right now. Today, the Mo family was hosting a party, and if he got into a fight with Zen, the event was likely to fall through.

'I'll hold myself back for the time being, and after the party is over, I will deal with you, Zen!' Yates swore to himself. And Nory, how could he bring home this troublesome boy? He was courting death. Yates silently told himself to endure this until he finally got the chance to get back at Nory too. Watching Nina smile at Zen bashfully, Yates felt his heart break into pieces and bleed. Imperceptibly, he tightened his fists again, his fingernails digging deep into the flesh of his palms and gouging a few wounds.

Zen's soul was far more sentient than the average person.

Yates tried his best to restrain himself, but Zen still sensed the deep hostility directed toward him.

This hostility felt different than the previous one Yates had harbored against him.

He had previously shown his contempt, aiming to teach Nory's friends a lesson.

But now, Yates seemed to want Zen dead!

Zen, however, did not care for his malice.

Ever since arriving at the Mo family's house, Zen, Wurth, and Sean had been seething with silent rage.

They needed a reason to let off their steam, and in doing so, they wanted to help Nory reclaim his place in his family.

Yates would play right into their hands if he tried to provoke them.

Suddenly, four servants walked out of the living room and opened the door to the hall. Then a dozen people emerged out.

The man at the head of the crowd was lean and sported a goatee. His name was James Mo, and he was the head of the Mo Clan.

Zen sat at the table, quietly watching James Mo. His aura seemed restrained, but there was still a faint sense of menace about him. Clearly, he had his life vitality contained well inside of him. On that basis, Zen judged that he was in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"This is the head of the Mo family, James Mo, the only master of the Illuminating Soul Realm in the clan," Wurth whispered, his tone scornful.

Needless to say, each of the seven noble clans was supposed to have a number of masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm. In the Zhang family, few members belonged to the realm, but the officials under their command were all remarkable masters. In other words, only the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm were qualified to be the officials of the Zhang family!

As one of the noble clans, however, the Mo Clan had declined to a point that James Mo was the only living master of the Illuminating Soul

Realm. Wurth predicted that the Mo Clan would sooner or late be excluded from the group of noble clans.

"Father!"

Yates got up and strode briskly toward James Mo, throwing a deliberate glance at Zen and his friends.

After what had just happened, he had come to regard Zen as the greatest enemy of his life.

He, however, was a little unsure whether or not he could truly defeat Zen. So his first thought was to use his father's formidable power against his rival.

But Yates's eyes were met with sneers from Zen and Wurth.

In the eyes of the others, the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm were like Gods.

But for Zen and his friends, they were not particularly powerful or special.

Wurth could mobilize the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm with a single command. He had done so with men who were much more powerful than James Mo.

As for Zen, he had encountered and fought against many a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Not only did he embarrass Hugh, who belonged to the Illuminating Soul Realm at White Emperor City, but also he killed masters of equal strength inside the fairy palace.

Although Zen was aware that there was a gap between his true strength and that of a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he had also come to understand that the chasm could be overcome in other ways.

"Yates," James Mo said, patting Yates on the shoulder. Then he looked over to his guests. "I am deeply honored to have each of you present at the Mo family gathering. Please forgive me if you don't find the arrangements to your liking."

"You're much too modest, Master Mo!"

"It's an honor to be invited, Master Mo. You should have no reason to say otherwise."

Not all the guests present belonged to the noble clans. True nobility would not be caught dead attending a mediocre party such as this one.

Although the Mo family was on the verge of decline, it was yet a noble clan. Besides, many others depended on this family for their survival, so most of the guests were perfectly courteous toward James Mo.

With the polite remark, James Mo took his son around to greet the guests.

The people sitting at Zen's table were engaged in animated discussions.

Chapter 301 The Mixed Element Blood Bracelet (Part One)

Nina didn't want to sit at the table Yates arranged for her, so, she led her friends over to the table where Zen and the others were seated. There they all chatted amicably.

Sean, Nory and Wurth talked with them joyfully.

Females weren't allowed to be too close to men in Eastern Region, but they didn't need to be restrained at a reunion for the noble clans. The tinkling laughter resounded from their table now and then.

It had to be said that Nory was a perpetual optimist. Even after being bullied by everyone after coming back home, he still talked and laughed happily. It was as though he'd forgotten the distasteful events from just a few moments ago. From time to time, he shared a joke that made one or more of the female disciples double over in laughter.

In no time at all, after greeting other guests at several tables, James led Yates over to the ladies.

James smiled at Nina as he greeted her, "Miss Zhu, I am honored that you were able to attend the feast of Mo Mansion today!"

James' polite pretensions towards Nina were excessive.

As the head of the Mo Clan, James was a formidable man, and along with the influence his family wielded, he was also quite important within the ranks of the Illuminating Soul Realm. So, even though Nina was the beloved daughter of the Zhu Clan, there was no need for him to be this polite.

When someone was overly courteous to others to this degree, there was an ulterior motive.

In this case, a blind man could have seen the reason.

He knew his son, Yates was infatuated with Nina.

News of this sort was handled delicately between the noble clans. James was clear that although the Mo Clan had declined, if they could claim kinship ties to the Zhu Clan, it wouldn't be too difficult to imagine how it would benefit the Mo Clan in future.

But, if Nina wasn't a direct line descent of Zhu Clan, James wouldn't humble himself in this gallant manner by treating a woman of this younger generation so well.

However, having worked in the Imperial Capital for many years, James was not only sophisticated but, he was privy to the same intelligence Wurth had access to.

Through his sources, James knew that Nina's position within the Zhu Clan was special. If his son married Nina, they would have the powerful Zhu Clan backing them.

James knew it would be challenging, but he realized if he were successful, James would be fulfilling his son's wish while at the same time, he'd be ensuring that the Mo Clan came through a difficult time more prosperous and stronger. The benefits were so great that he'd decided he would help his son.

Although Nina appeared pure and innocent, she was born into a famous family, and from early childhood, she was subjected to social situations of this nature, so she was adept at dealing with people like James.

Nina rose hurriedly and replied, "Hello Uncle Mo, you are too kind. It's a great honor to be here at the request of Yetta."

James chuckled and responded, "Whatever brings you here, Nina, your attendance has raised Mo Mansion's fame. You're a good friend to Yetta, and as her uncle, I need to give you a gift to welcome you."

With that announcement, James pulled a small brocade box out that he'd hidden in his sleeve. Then, he lightly shook the container, and it fell spontaneously revealing a little bracelet delicately lying in the box.

The bracelet was entirely blood red, and while the color wasn't dazzling, it gave people a feeling of warmth after they saw it. The intricate piece of jewelry was quite extraordinary.

"Please, accept this gift of the Mixed Element Blood Bracelet in commemoration of our first meeting, Nina," stated James slowly and formally.

Gazing down at the Mixed Element Blood Bracelet, Nina's lips curled into a smile.

With her unique insight, Nina saw, at first glance, that the Mixed Element Blood Bracelet was extraordinary.

If she was correct in her assessment, the Mixed Element Blood Bracelet was created using a mixed element blood jade, which was a kind of jade produced in the east.

It was rumored that over in the east there was a mountain range called Snow Mountain that remained covered in ice and snow year round. When seen from far away, there was nothing peculiar about the mountain, and it looked like any other snow-covered mountain.

However, every year around March or April, Snow Mountain erupted. Any ordinary volcano spat lava, but when Snow Mountain erupted, fresh red liquid spewed forth.

The fresh red liquid looked like human blood, giving Snow Mountain the nickname Blood Mountain.

Before Snow Mountain exploded, many people traveled to it, but, they didn't go there for the fresh, blood-like liquid.

Rather than being helpful, the liquid was instead harmful to humans. The poison was hidden inside the red fluid. If a human was near it for any length of time, the toxin would affect him. A victim's face blackened, boils festered covering the body before an agonizing death. So, any ordinary people wouldn't dare go to Snow Mountain when it was due to blow its stack.

Only a nature creature could procure the fresh red liquid while avoiding the lethal toxins.

These nature creatures risked life and limb travelling to Snow Mountain to acquire the mixed element blood jade, which spurted from deep within

Snow Mountain when it erupted.

But, the mountain didn't give the treasures up easily, and there were only a few dozens to a few hundred of the mixed element blood jades to be found when the Snow Mountain erupted each year. Most nature creatures just relied on good fortune, determining that if none were found, it was simply poor luck, but, if one or two mixed element blood jades were found, it was very lucky. The cost of mixed element blood jades was so steep, that if only one were found, the nature creature would become wealthy overnight.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 302 The Mixed Element Blood Bracelet (Part Two)

When the mixed element blood jade was worn by someone, it could put the blood and vitality in the skin. As time passed, the blood and vitality in the human body would be stronger, thus he would promote his strength and even be in higher spirit.

Due to the miraculous effects that a blood jade instilled, it was regarded as invaluable.

However, it was extremely rare to find anything but small jades, which was fine, since most people wanted one that could be worn around their necks, like a jade pendant or tablet.

It appeared that the bracelet from James was carved from a single piece of a mixed element blood jade, and if that was the case, that would mean it started out the size of a fist, and this single bracelet was priceless!

However, the worth of the bracelet hadn't occurred to Nina.

It so happened that because of the status her clan elevated her to, Nina could request anything, including the family's heirloom, and immediately, she would be given what she wanted.

On her last visit to the White Emperor City, Nina even threatened Lennie with the sales of their family's most prized heirloom, Tai-Yi Moxa Stick, if he didn't willingly open his wallet, part with whatever money it cost, and bail Zen out of trouble.

Alongside that irreplaceable family heirloom, Nina had many valuable treasures that could outshine the mixed element blood bracelet.

Although the mixed element blood bracelet was a rarity that was priceless to others, Nina saw it as ordinary.

None of that mattered though, Nina couldn't accept a gift. She was neither a close friend nor a family member of the Mo Clan which made it highly inappropriate for her to receive a present as costly as this bracelet, especially considering this was the first time she met James as well as her initial visit to the Mo Mansion.

After gazing at the precious piece of jewelry for a moment, Nina slowly shook her head explaining, "Uncle Mo, regrettably, I can't accept your generous gift."

When Yates heard Nina's refusal, he gently lifted the Mixed Element Blood Bracelet from the simple, yet elegant box. His hands were slightly shaky, while he pushed it toward her wrist, smiled awkwardly at Nina and hurriedly blurted, "No, no, Nina, it's alright, honestly! It's only a bracelet. Why wouldn't you be able to accept it?"

Nina's cheeks had the faintest of pink flushes as she smiled demurely, and in a soft, near whisper she said, "No pain no gain. This is my first visit to Mo Mansion; therefore, it's improper to accept such a precious gift."

"Oh, is that all? It's alright for you to accept it! And you are welcome to visit here at my home again in the future. Won't it be nice if you come visit more often?" asked Yates laughing nervously.

Zen sat off to the side, furrowing his brow, slightly. He had never seen such shameless display from any guy, let alone two. Both father and son were behaving so obscenely. Nina had already politely declined the gift, but they were insistent and forcing it on her. It was an embarrassing scene to witness; he could only imagine what Nina was going through.

Just as Zen opened his mouth to speak up on Nina's behalf, he was silenced and another voice interjected from the other side of the table. He turned his head in surprise as he heard, "You cannot give this bracelet to another!"

It was surprising to hear the clear determination in Nory's tone. His face was emotionless, although his gaze hinted at being able to turn dark as he reiterated, "This bracelet can't be given away!"

A look of surprise covered Zen's face, and his mouth opened slightly in anticipation of what would come next.

Since arriving at Mo Mansion, Nory had remained tolerant the whole time, no matter what happened! He remained in high spirits when the servants cursed at him. Nory smiled when they ignored and evaded him. Even Zen, Wurth and Sean were bullied because of him.

So, why was Nory set off by James and Yates trying to give this bracelet to Nina? What made Nory tough all the sudden?

Whatever it was, it gave Nory the gumption to stand up to James, the head of the entire Mo Clan, and master of Mo Mansion.

When James heard the criticism in Nory's voice, he glowered and turned to face him. But, before James could say anything, Yates spoke up. His teeth were gritted behind a rigid smile as he said, "Nory, remember, it's not your place to talk!"

It was evident that Nory wasn't willing to accept submissively this time. He shook his head as he stood his ground firmly and replied, "No, you are wrong, it is my place to speak. You can't give this bracelet to someone else, because it was my father's. When he passed away, I looked for the blood jade bracelet and didn't know where it went. Now I see, it somehow ended up in your hands!"

"Nory, don't talk such nonsense! Since your dad died, I've always treated you well. Why would you accuse me of such a thing?" James was the head and master over the clan, and yet, here was his nephew, embarrassing him by exposing his lies. He turned his expression as foul and sour as his mood was shifting. But, he wasn't willing to confront Nory in such a public venue, and certainly not during a party, so, all he could do was change the subject, abruptly.

"Have you though? Have you treated me well?" Nory shook his head disappointedly as he continued, "Uncle, I don't care if you treat me well or not and you and I both know that. The great Mo Clan was unwilling to give me a noble clan certificate, which meant I had to pass the entrance exam to get accepted into the Cloud Sect on my own. I didn't bother bringing it up, because it was insignificant. After my father's death, you didn't give him a proper funeral fit for one from a noble clan, and I erred because I still didn't stand up to you. But, now, well now I only have one question for you, how did my father's blood jade bracelet disappear at the time of his death and yet, here you are, holding it in your hand?"

Nory's questioning panicked James, and a horrified expression flashed over his face. Just as quickly, James plastered a blank look and empty smile, reminding himself he was a famous noble lord. In complete denial, James smoothly said, "You are thinking too much Nory. This isn't the same blood jade bracelet that your father owned."

"Oh really? Uncle, do you think I am a fool, or do you believe I was too young to remember details? Well, either way, you're wrong! I remember specifics about my father's bracelet, like how on the back, 'Good Fortune" is engraved in large letters, and there're small runes inscribed alongside the letters. Tell me, uncle, do you think there were two such bracelets made?"

As soon as Nory stopped, everyone stared over to where Nory was glaring. The words, Good Fortune, were on the inside of the blood jade bracelet like Nory expected.

As all eyes turned from the bracelet to James and Yates, they stood frozen, neither of them was able to think of a way to wriggle out of this embarrassing development.

Chapter 303 Unique Spear (Part One)

Nory was completely certain that James could no longer find a way to prove his point now.

"Stop blabbering nonsense, Nory. We have guests here today. We can discuss the affairs of our family later in private." James rebuked him coldly. Men who were at the higher rung of the power ladder tended to crush their rivals with power rather than words, especially when they weren't entirely in the right.

Nory refused to give in even though he was facing the clan leader. "We can discuss it later. But you can't just give away the blood jade bracelet. It's not yours to give!"

"Shut up!" Yates snapped, unable to contain himself any longer.

He felt a pang of regret on hearing Nory's words. Perhaps it would have been best if he had thrown Nory and his lot out before Nina arrived.

He hadn't expected that they would cause so much trouble and make him look like a fool in front of Nina.

It was so embarrassing. The present he wanted to give out belonged to someone else. He didn't even dare imagine what Nina would think of him upon hearing that. The thought of Nina despising him just because of Nory's words filled Yates with uncontrollable urges to kill someone, especially Nory.

James said nothing. He was their elder and it wouldn't look good if this were to go on much farther. He decided he'd better stay calm, hold his breath, and see where this would lead. If only his son could handle Nory!

Nory was born to be a coward, a total waste of space. He was always scared of Yates. It was highly likely that Nory would just give up because what Yates had said.

But Nory didn't yield. A voice rang out before he could speak.

Zen had spoken before anything could happen.

"Shut up? Why should Nory shut up?" He grinned even though there was no laughter in his eyes. What he had witnessed had made him realize that this party would never have a peaceful ending. He would have to step in at the suitable moment.

"You should also shut up. Have you forgotten where you are? This is Mo's territory. You don't get to speak here, outer disciple." Yates hated Zen even more than Nory. He was first stealing Nina and now speaking out of turn. The guts of the man!

Nory suddenly stood up and declared in a loud, resolute voice, "I'm one of the Mo clan. Zen is my friend. Of course he can speak."

It should have been a jolly occasion to have the Mo's family members gathering here today. They all kept their voices down even though they were arguing with each other.

Nory's suddenly raised voice drew the attention of all the guests.

"You are a Mo? That is funny. Is there a place for you in the Mo clan? Nory. Let's have this clear, you have no right to set foot here from now on! Guards, throw him out of here!" Yates abandoned tact completely. His mind was worked feverishly and deliriously. He would chuck out Nory and his fellows first and then devise a way to finish them all.

Several servants answered Yates's call. They hurried over towards Nory menacingly with rods in their hands.

Nory shook his head and managed a sad smile. He tried to open his mouth to say something but the words seemed to have frozen in his throat. After a long silence he just clapped Zen on the shoulder and signaled his friends to leave with him.

Zen felt his heart sinking down as he saw the look on Nory's face. He knew how Nory was feeling right now and could relate to that emotion. This scene took him back to his time in the Luo clan. Back then he had been through the same thing and today, he couldn't help but feel it was his duty to do something for Nory.

With a smile, Zen shook his head and challenged, "Nory's surname is Mo. Sure he is a Mo member. At the same time, he is my friend. I'd like to see who dares to throw him out."

Yates let out a sneer and waved his hand. And the very next moment, those servants pounced on Zen, their rods rising and falling towards his head.

Zen scowled, his eyebrows drawing together. He swung his arm against the rods, which snapped at his touch just as his foot lashed out at the servants.

"Fuck off!"

These servants had only entered the marrow refining level. They could hardly dodge such a ferocious attack and were sent flying away by Zen's kick.

"They are fighting! That boy at the first rank of the nature level. He's got huge balls! Pick a fight here in the Mo's territory? How dare he?"

"Mo is still a noble clan even though it's on the wane. And James is an expert in the Illuminating Soul Realm. Where does this youngster get the nerve to defy James? If I'm not mistaken, he's only reached the first rank of the nature level."

"He embarrassed James. He is dead for sure."

The fight had become more appealing now than the food. Many people had left their table and gathered around to watch.

Yates had no time to butter Nina up now. He gave a cold smile and declared, "All these people who picked a fight here are mostly dead." A long spear appeared in Yates's hand as he tapped his finger. The spear lashed out, pointing at Zen. "They are dead, and you are no exception!"

Tension between them had finally reached the breaking point. Nina stepped back to one side, and the other female disciples from Lady Peak followed her.

Yetta went pale and said anxiously, "Yates, don't get into a fight. Just let it go!"

"Shut up. This is none of your business, Yetta. He has no respect and he will pay for it." All Yates could think about was that he had to kill Zen.

Chapter 304 Unique Spear (Part Two)

James was the elder and expert in the Illuminating Soul Realm. His sense of dignity was forcing him to stay out of the fight. This brat who had just reached the first rank of the nature level was the best among Nory's lot and he was way weaker than Yates. There was no point worrying about his son.

Even so, James still said, "This has nothing to do with you, Yetta. The youngsters want a duel, they can have one." Although he said so, it was obvious that James was encouraging his son to teach Zen a sharp lesson.

Yetta bit her lip and fell silent.

However, Nina gave Yetta a long look, her calm eyes surveying her face, and asked, "Why are you so worried, Yetta?"

Yetta shook her head. "I'm afraid that my brother will lose, Nina."

Yetta knew what Yates was doing was wrong. Still... He was her brother.

Her best friend Nina had told her loads of stories about Zen. She could tell from what she had heard that Zen wasn't as simple as he looked.

Nina gave her a smile. "Your brother will be fine."

Yetta blinked and asked, "Why? I mean how are you so certain?"

Nina replied calmly, "Your brother isn't qualified to fight with Zen. If it were your uncle, this fight would be more seemly."

Yetta's eyes widened in disbelief. She had heard stories about how Zen had fought with demon generals, how he had defied the Zhuge Clan in the White Emperor City, and how extraordinary his powers were. Still, comparing him with an expert in the Illuminating Soul Realm was beyond her imagination.

Nina had faith in her judgment.

Zen and his unique life energy had nearly killed Hugh in White Emperor City.

Back then he was only a half-step into the nature level.

Now he had become a nature creature and his powers had improved. Maybe he wouldn't win in the fight with the Illuminating Soul Realm expert, but he definitely stood a chance.

Despite what she had said, Nina was worried. In any case, Burning Sky Empire wasn't so far away from her home. If James was determined not to let it go, she could immediately mass some experts from her clan.

At this moment Wurth was thinking about the same thing as Nina.

Wurth knew full well about Zen's capability and was certain that Yates was no match for Zen. But if James stepped into the fight, it was highly likely Zen would lose. James had entered the Illuminating Soul Realm several years back. Even though he wasn't some top refiner in this level, he had the advantages of age and experience. If he was thick-skinned enough to fight with Zen, a youngster, Wurth had to do something.

Yates was filled with rage and hatred toward Zen. The spear leapt out of his space ring into his hands. And in the blink of an eye, the spear lashed out.

Yates's spear skill was very special. His spear wasn't very long, three feet shorter than the normal ones which were usually eight feet long.

It was made of Wind Willow Core. Wind Willow was extremely light. It was said that a hundred-year-old Wind Willow with bucket-like trunk wouldn't weigh more than a hundred pounds. A single common adult could carry it away on his shoulder after he sawed it down.

Wind Willow Core, the best part inside its trunk, was even lighter.

A spear made of Wind Willow Core was lighter and far more flexible. When you held it in your hand, you could hardly feel a thing.

Since the spear was so light, its owner could strike at blazing fast speed.

In an instant, Yates had launched twelve stabs.

This stroke would have enabled Yates to surpass all refiners at his level. By common consent, a spear caused more harm than a sword or knife since its wielder could use its point to penetrate the enemy.

But the long spear also had a drawback. It would take more time to withdraw it. If the enemy ducked the attack and fought the way back along the spear with a fast counterattack, the spear holder normally had no time to dodge.

Yates's spear was shorter than normal ones, which meant he could strike and withdraw it faster. This basically made up for the drawback of long spear.

What was more, Yates had infused the spear with life vitality which cut like sharp blades along the attack of the spear.

This life vitality blade extended three feet from the tip of the spear, which made his spear about as long as a normal one.

James nodded at his son's attack, an approving look on his face.

He had pinned all his hopes on his son. Yates had shown great talent ever since he was a child and was incredibly quick on the uptake. He had met a mysterious master in the outskirts of Imperial Capital when he was fourteen and that master had taught Yates a skill which was called the Willow Leaf Spear Art. James had checked it himself. It was a tier 4 cultivation method.

Yates was blessed with the kind of luck which made James believe that his son would surpass himself and lead the Mo clan to a whole new level.

That was why, he had spent all the Mo clan's money building the Willow Spear for Yates.

Mo clan seemed on the wane these years. But the fact was, James had invested all the resources in his son.

Yates had never disappointed his father until now. So far, everything had been excellent. Yates had excelled his peers in every way. Everyday, he looked like he was improving, his ferocity and velocity were better, and even the rate at which he improved was speeding up. Now he was at the fourth rank of the nature level and he could easily beat anyone at the same rank. James was sure that even a refiner at the seventh rank of the nature level wouldn't have the upper hand in a fight against Yates.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 305 Stay Calm

In a concealed manner, Yates tried to show off his skill in front of the cheering crowd. He gathered his life vitality and injected it right into the spear rod. Then while charging great power into the spear point, he rushed right at Zen.

"Wow, Yates has made progress again! Look, his spear's strength has grown by two inches when compared to earlier."

"Yates is such a gifted and talented man! He just became an inner disciple, however, his competence has been increased at a horrible pace!"

"The man hailing from Drizzle Peak is going to have a bad day. Yates seems to be showing no signs of mercy. All of the twelve stabs were pointed right at the vital parts of the young man!"

The disciples of Egret Peak, brought here by Yates, were discussing in a low voice.

Since they were all practitioners and also inner disciples of Egret Peak, they knew each other quite well.

Nory, Sean and Wurth had stepped aside and they didn't seem to be worried about Zen at all.

And their confidence in him was justified. As since they met, Zen had left quite an impression by defeating rivals with higher cultivation level. So the truth of judging competence by cultivation level didn't apply for Zen.

Even with this said, they had no idea about how powerful Zen actually was and what kind of masters he could defeat with the power he possessed. But at least, they knew that in the end the one who underestimated Zen would most definitely suffer a great deal.

Zen stood still for quite a while. He smiled indifferently as he spotted Yates stabbing at him with all his strength.

Yates was extraordinarily fast in wielding his spear. It was rare for a practitioner at the fourth grade of nature level to have reached such a high speed.

However, that was just how the average person saw and understood it.

As far as Zen was concerned, Yates' speed was nothing at all. At the most it felt like a slap on the wrist.

He stabbed towards Zen twelve times in a split second and all these aims were pointing and positioned right at Zen's critical parts, which would maim him.

Zen knew that even though Yates' speed was extremely fast, the twelve stabs couldn't reach him at the same time, so he had adequate time to dodge the spear and make a defensive move.

As the twelve points approached Zen, he suddenly moved and disappeared into a blur.

"It seems he got stabbed! Go to hell!" Yates cried out in his heart with joy as he wore a vicious smile. He was excited at the thought of actually hitting Zen, like a dart board. 'Even if you're admired by Nina, so what? It doesn't matter, you're dead!' he thought gleefully.

However, to Yates' surprise, nothing had turned out in his favor.

Not a single one of his twelve stabs had even brushed Zen let alone hit him.

In fact, he just realized that all twelve of his thrusts had aimed at Zen's shadow, not Zen.

He wouldn't be surprised if he had hit Zen's shadow only several times, but how could he have missed all the targets?

It was impossible! Zen shouldn't have reached such an outrageous speed!

It was no wonder that Yates stabbed so fast. After all, his spear was feather light and the tier-4 cultivation method he used was powerful enough to pierce through a brick wall.

Yet the stabs missed the aim, so the real question was how Zen moved so fast and how he kept dodging each and every different-angled stab coming at him in such a high speed.

Yates stared at Zen blankly, like he was watching a ghost, trying to understand what had happened because it was all so fast. He still couldn't believe what he had witnessed was true.

James, who had been watching from behind them was shocked too.

As a high-level practitioner, he knew even better than the others what an incredible level Zen had reached to be able to do what he had just done.

Technically, Zen wasn't that special. He hadn't learned any other skills except for the Heavenly Ogre Fist, so there was nothing special about his moves, nothing really.

However, just owing to this fact, it should have been more difficult for him to dodge Yates' spear.

'That young man dodged Yates' attack merely by quick steps!

Even a master who has just entered the Illuminating Soul Realm can't reach such speed and agility!

Is he really just at first grade of the nature level? It all seemed surreal.

Or maybe he is an Illuminating Soul Realm master, but has been trying to hide his true cultivation level deliberately for some reason?

No, that's impossible!' James disregarded his assumption immediately.

When a practitioner had reached the nature level, he could collect his life vitality and send it below the belly to cover his original breath, so that the others wouldn't know his true practice realm.

However, it was useless for the lower-level practitioners to use this method when they encountered higher-level practitioners.

James didn't think that Zen could top him but he still wondered.

Nina looked at Zen with a wide smile as he moved and dodged Yates' spear swiftly. She found the fight between them very interesting.

After the trial for slaying demons and returning to Lady Peak, she had always been talking about Zen. After hearing the name of 'Zen' so many times, her friends couldn't bear to handle it any more. So these young girls had begun to mock her when she mentioned Zen again.

"Really? Is Zen really so powerful as you mentioned?

Since he is so powerful, why wasn't he ranked on the Cloud Sect list?"

Although they were just joking, Nina remembered all these words.

Now her friends would see how powerful Zen was on the spot!

Whereas, Yetta, who stood beside Nina, looked very anxious.

Yetta had just reached the first grade of nature level, so with her current competence, she couldn't fathom the subtlety lying in the fight between his cousin and Zen. Even so, she knew the difficulty in dodging Yates' spear for Zen was much higher than the difficulty for Yates to thrust his spear.

Now Yates' face had turned pale. On the contrary, Zen looked very relaxed. He didn't seem to take Yates seriously at all. Just like teasing a mouse, he was just playing with Yates.

It seemed that Nina was right.

Her brother Yates was no match for Zen by any standards.

From Zen's expression, Yetta could tell that he was disdain to strike back. If he counterattacked, could her brother dodge the hit and survive?

She dared not to think further, because the consequence could be harsh.

At the same time, Nina's other friends kept discussing in loud voices.

"Wow! Zen moved so fast! He was so cool when he dodged the spear!"

"Only very gifted men at the first grade of nature level could reach such a high speed! But it's a pity..." A girl who stood behind Nina exclaimed with a sigh.

"Exactly! He hasn't come to visit Nina yet after returning. Is he attracted to some other girl?" Another girl slyly joked with Nina.

"You naughty girls! If you don't stop saying this utter nonsense, I'll stitch up your lips!" Nina exclaimed and was going to hit them, pretending to be annoyed with the unnecessary chatter. She seemed very confident about Zen, so she was still in the mood to romp with her friends in such circumstances.

"It's impossible! How could you move so fast?" Yates couldn't accept the truth. He held his spear tightly and took a deep breath, looking flustered.

Zen looked at Yates indifferently and shook his head. "The most important thing for a practitioner is to remain calm, especially when you are attacking your rival. You should relax and take a breath before stabbing. And only when you calm down, you could be more fast. But unfortunately, you have been distracted," he said.

"Stop! Don't try to trick me!" Yates yelled out. Then he held up his spear and stabbed it towards Zen with more determination. But, this time, his moves seemed to have totally spiralled out of control.

Since Yates couldn't remain calm as the fear of loss got to him, his speed wavered and was greatly reduced.

When he remained calm, he could thrust twelve stabs in the blink of an eye. However, since he had lost his temper, he could only thrust eight stabs within the same duration.

Therefore, with this attempt, it was even less likely for him to actually hit Zen.

James was a little shocked when he heard Zen, because he knew what Zen had said was an important rule that a practitioner should abide by under any circumstance. It was also the key for practising cultivation.

No matter what kind of situation he faced, even if it was death, a practitioner should always stay calm.

Most often, when a practitioner couldn't find a way to escape death, the negative emotions like rage, anger and etc. were useless, but instead they just sped up his death and brought him closer to his end.

The best way was to calm himself down and manage to find a way to get off the hook with his retrospective nature.

It was not until forty that James had realized the truth.

However, the young man, who did not even look 20, had already figured that out. How incredible!

On the contrary, his son Yates had lost his temper now. His spear's strength now appeared even longer, thicker and more powerful than before.

However, this didn't help him to speed up, but yet again slowed him down. Further more, instead of being specific, he had begun to stab aimlessly.

'Yates is no match for that young man. They're not even in the same level in competence, ' James thought to himself as he watched the duel.

Zen was still shuttling back and forth at an extremely high speed in gusts of spear waves.

After thrusting about forty-five stabs, Yates finally realized that no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't hit the target, not when it was Zen. Then with a roar, he waved his spear and used a sweep strike towards Zen as a last bid.

"I don't believe you will be able to dodge my attack this time!" Yates shouted in a hoarse voice.

However, Zen didn't dodge at all, but instead reached out and grabbed the spear rod.

Yates tried to draw his spear out of Zen's hand, but only realized that the spear didn't move at all, as if it was cemented in Zen's hand.

It was only now he had realized that Zen's strength was much greater than his.

'What level has he reached?'

Yates wondered. His eyes were filled with horror. Zen was not only much faster than him, but his strength too was incredibly high. How could a practitioner at the first grade of nature level be so extremely powerful? God was so unfair!

In Yates' view, a practitioner's competence should be proportional to the level he had reached to ensure fairness.

He knew that cultivation level didn't mean everything, but at least, it should be an important reference. Otherwise, there was no need to rank practitioners.

However, the principle of grading practitioners according to their competence didn't seem to work for Zen, not one bit!

Zen grabbed Yates' spear rod and suddenly shook his hand slightly. Yates immediately felt a violent vibration flowing through from the spear rod.

Zen had learned the vibration skill from the Murlocs in the Lake of the Magical Fish. When Zen shook his hand, the light spear rod began to vibrate in a similar manner.

Yates felt his hands grow numb with the raging vibration and now he was unable to hold his spear for a moment longer.

Chapter 306 A Great Many Weapons

Zen pulled the spear out, swinging it at Yates's head dangerously as he stepped forward.

The latter, however, was completely dumbfounded. He stood in shock and forgot to defend himself. All his arrogance, his resolve, and his confidence melted before Zen.

But suddenly, just as the spear was about to slam into Yates, a surge of blue vitality contorted into a protective shield, standing erect before him.

The spear hit the blue shield heavily with a clang.

The shield was so strong that it did not crack, instead, its strong counter-force had the spear shooting back to Zen.

Zen moved aside to avoid the spear and immediately took advantage of the counter-force to throw the weapon at the shield once again.

Clang, clang, clang!

The spear hit the shield seven or eight times in a row, but its blue surface did not crack. Zen tossed the weapon to the ground as his lips twisted into an unruffled smirk. His eyes shot to the man behind Yates.

The man behind Yates, responsible for blocking Zen's attack, was James Mo—Yates's father.

"Kid, you've already one-upped my son. Why do you keep attacking him?" James's voice was as frosty as ice.

Admittedly, James admired Zen a lot, for he possessed a strength far beyond the first grade of nature level that he belonged to. In the future, Zen would continue to progress leaps and bounds, and perhaps no one would be able to stop his rise.

However, he was also on Nory's side, which meant that he was James's enemy. James could not let Zen have his way.

"Why not? All his attacks against me were lethal to my life, so why can't I attack him in return? As a father, you have let your son so loose that he has become vicious to others! How do you still have the face to blame me? It's laughable!" Zen's words were derisive, and a lop-sided smile rested on his lips.

James flushed with embarrassments. How dared Zen insult the Mo family in front of so many guests?

They might not be big names, and most of them were not even refiners, but they had a reputation and entertained close relationships with the Mo clan.

James clenched his jaw in rage. He was a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm. He would not just stand here and be called names by a boy who was only at the first grade of nature level!

"It's none of your business how I educate my son! How dare you run amok in my own house! My son hasn't done anything to you." As an elder, James tried to sound reasonable and wise, but his tone betrayed his anger. Deep inside, he couldn't wait to get his hands on the flippant young man.

"He hasn't done anything? And I'm the one troubling people? You are ridiculous. I came to this gathering because I was invited by my friend, Nory. How is that running amok? It's your son who has been looking to find trouble with Nory from the beginning. And you! You took Nory's heirloom and refused to return it to him. You're the head of your clan, so isn't it you who is running amok by condoning that kind of behavior?" Zen snapped at him sharply, his nostrils flaring with anger.

Nory gaped at Zen. Listening to his friend defend him, his heart soared. He was lucky he could count Zen as a buddy.

Nory almost burst into tears before the audience.

Who had a spine? Zen did!

Even while facing a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he never yielded.

Nory had endured the slights of the Mo clan for years. Finally, it was Zen who had relayed his troubles before them.

As that thought came to him, Nory took two steps forward. He yelled, "Uncle James! Several years ago, you told me that my father was shot to death by a number of arrows, but that you didn't witness his death. How is it then that the blood jade bracelet, strangely appeared on your hand? What all have you been hiding from me? Is it you who is my father's killer?"

Ever since Nory saw the blood jade bracelet, he had been prevailed by that notion.

Before that, he had never suspected anything Uncle James said.

But Uncle James did imply that he was not with Nory's father when the latter died. So how could the bracelet be in his possession?

Why did Uncle James lie?

If he didn't kill his father, why would he need to hide the truth?

James was several decades old and knew well how to handle such a situation. A crafty sneer emerged on his face. "Nory, I can't answer that, but you can go to your father's tomb and ask him how he died!"

"Fine, let's accept that you can't give me an answer. But why did you have the blood jade bracelet with you?" Nory pressed him impatiently.

James realized that he could no longer avoid the question regarding the bracelet.

However, he had no plans of answering it. He gazed at Nory coldly. "Such a brat! I've been nothing but good to you, and is this how you repay me?"

"Good to me?" Nory revealed a bitter smile, "Haha, James, I'm young and cowardly. You knew that and took advantage of it. But did you stop to think that I'm not a fool? As the eldest son of the Mo clan, when was I ever treated the way Yates was? There is no servant in this house who shows an iota of respect to me! If you were good to me, how would they dare behave that way? It's all at your behest! You want to force me out of the Mo clan—"

"You spoiled wretch! Hold your tongue! I'm going to give you the lesson your father would have wanted to teach you!" James interrupted Nory, refusing to let him give voice to his suspicions. He swept a hand and his blue life vitality transformed into a long, blue sword in his hand.

Even before the sword could take its shape, he had it already brandished at Nory.

Did he really want to teach Nory a lesson? No! He was going to take his life away!

A majority of the members of the Mo clan had assembled here for the party.

But no one dared to stand up for Nory and say something to bring a stop to James's intentions.

Nory felt his heart sink at their indifference. At this moment, he held no sentimentality for this family.

"Hey, you don't deserve to be Nory's uncle. You have no right to educate him!" As the long, blue sword rushed at Nory, Zen punched right on the sword with the purple-black shadow of his fist.

As his fist hit it, Zen brought the star power of the demonic life vitality to the forefront, making it explode.

Rumble!

The starlight exploded into innumerable beams of destructive energy, devouring the long, blue sword of James in the blink of an eye.

Seeing Zen block his offense, James pressed his lips together in irritation. The boy was such a nuisance!

The reason why he didn't attack Zen, even though the latter attempted to kill his son, was that he had a few misgivings about him.

Zen was much stronger than other disciples who were of similar age. James wondered who Zen's master was, otherwise, how could he have gained such strength?

He knew he had to be careful in dealing with Zen, so he hadn't charged at him earlier. Besides, today's failure could ultimately prove to be a positive experience for Yates. At least he would understand that there were better and more powerful people than him in the outside world, which perhaps would urge him to work harder on himself.

But now, Zen had attacked James himself. James had intended to teach Nory a lesson, but Zen dared to put an end to it.

James snorted with contempt. "Do you really think you'll pay no price for standing against me?"

As he voiced out his threat, bursts of blue flames surged out of his body. His life vitality burned ferociously.

How terrible was the momentum of his Illuminating Soul Realm power! It flickered in the air menacingly, and those standing close to him were forced to retreat several steps back.

The burning life vitality danced in the air and began to transform into a great many weapons.

Machetes, swords, sticks, spears, and so on.

At the reveal of James's true strength, worry gnawed in Zen's gut.

He hadn't imagined James's life vitality could transform into so many weapons. James seemed to have a complex intellect. Abruptly, the demonic life vitality in Zen's arm began to fuse into his Phoenix Crystal.

James was stronger compared to Hugh...

Zen had been aware that helping Nory meant declaring war against James, but everything happened so fast that he didn't have the time to meditate on his actions.

Still, he resolved to face this head-on.

What the Mo clan did to Nory made his blood boil. Today, he must avenge Nory, no matter what happened next.

Zen raised the fist that carried the purple-black shadow of his demonic life vitality. Faced with a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he must give his best and not employ any carelessness.

Suddenly, Wurth frowned, knowing it would be hard for Zen to defeat a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm, given his current nature level. Wruth slipped his hand under his clothes and put one finger on the token on his chest, stroking it. An invisible wave began spreading out.

Unbeknownst to him, someone else had taken up the same action. That person, of course, was Nina.

'This guy! He really runs headfirst into trouble at every turn. How is it that he started a battle against the clan leader, at whose house he only came for a meal?' Nina curled her lips sardonically. However, she was still pretty proud of what her love had done.

After all, how many nature creatures were willing to lock horns with a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm?

So far, she only knew of Zen who had the courage to do that.

Moreover, he was only at the first grade of nature level.

With further training, he would be promoted to the ultimate grade of nature level, and be able to defeat every refiner of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

She knew Zen was capable of doing that, but it still worried her.

James was not weak. He was a lot more powerful than Hugh.

At once, she unclasped the Immediate Messenger in her hand to ensure Zen's safety.

The Imperial City in the Burning Sky Empire occupied a massive area, but it took only a second for the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm to arrive.

Meanwhile, James launched an attack at Zen.

His cultivation method was superior. Usually, refiners could transform their life vitality into only one weapon.

If they preferred to use swords, their life vitality morphed into swords. Most of them chose to do so to improve their strengths.

As for Hugh, he preferred to transform his life vitality into a Five-clawed Golden Dragon.

In contrast, James transformed his life vitality into a number of weapons.

Bola, chopper, and darts of different shapes and sizes...

The various weapons were pitched into the air. They followed their trajectories and hurtled at Zen from all directions, allowing him no room to escape.

Chapter 307 Pseudo Fairy Weapon (Part One)

With a sharp clank, a blue bola flew at Zen, but was smashed by Zen's fist in a flash.

Woosh, woosh, woosh…

After Zen got rid of the blue bola, several sharp arrows shot into the air, aiming at him. He dodged the arrows with ease, like a butterfly flitting in the shrubs.

Swish, swish…

As soon as he escaped the arrows, a large sword was slashed at Zen's head. Zen hit his palm hard on the sword, breaking it into two pieces with the help of the indestructible force of the stars. The pieces turned back into the original life vitality and dissipated.

"So many weapons..."

Compared to the nature creatures, the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm were a lot more powerful.

As per common knowledge, transforming the life vitality into too many different weapons also meant weakening the power of each of them.

With Zen's speed and defensive power, he thought that he had the potential to enervate James.

However, it turned out that he was wrong.

The strength of the Illuminating Soul Realm was incomparable. James shot out a number of weapons continuously, and they hurtled at Zen like endless stream of water.

Moreover, the weapons James conjured were all different from one another. As he fought them, Zen had no clue which of them would come at him next.

He mechanically dodged being hit by them.

"Huh! You cocky brat! You will pay for your arrogance!" James's nostrils flared in annoyance. He was the master of the Mo Clan, and Zen seemingly had no respect for that. He must make Zen see the real difference between a nature creature and an Illuminating Soul Realm master.

As he finished speaking, the blue life vitality that emitted from his skin grew even more dazzling. The weapons propelled into the air doubled in number, and instantly hurtled at Zen from every possible direction.

Zen tried his best to face the attack.

He smashed the weapons that he could, but for those that came too fast at him, he took advantage of his speed and dodged them.

James was obviously pissed off, otherwise, he wouldn't have launched such a fierce attack at him.

It was considered disgraceful for a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm to try to clamp down on a lesser ranking nature creature who was so inferior to him.

James was different from Hugh.

Hugh was a soldier who had no scruples about fighting Zen in White Emperor City. In the army, the idea of bullying the weak was considered fair and valid.

However, James belonged to a noble clan in the Imperial Capital. Not to mention, he was its head. He had no justified reason to go all out in a fight against a first-level nature creature.

But Zen's actual strength was not as little as it seemed.

James relentlessly summoned more weapons to attack Zen, but they had little effect on the latter. Occasionally, one or two of them hit him successfully, but they hardly caused injury.

Seeing this, James hesitated, wondering if he should resort to more powerful means.

As James pondered on this, Zen had already worked out a solution to the attack.

It was true that the weapons James summoned were huge in number, but there was an obvious loophole.

Since they came in large quantities, the power of each of them was less than that of the Five-clawed Golden Dragon that had been summoned by Hugh previously when Zen fought him.

The heart of the matter was the weapons just shot at him endlessly and he couldn't keep up with them.

Suddenly, as he faced the weapons that were flying at him, Zen's fists began to vibrate.

The minor tremors made it possible for him to hit the various weapons that came at him in consecutive strikes.

His strategy worked immediately.

Any weapon that rushed at him and touched his vibrating fist was smashed into smithereens at once.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Zen continued to punch the weapons and they continued to fall into pieces.

Despite the fact that James never ceased churning out weapons, Zen fought him tooth and nail. The speed of his fists matched the assault. Soon, the situation was in a tight deadlock.

James's eyes grew narrowed as he saw Zen handle the attack easily in the middle of the many weapons and smash them that he had transformed from his life vitality.

'Does this kid think he has the ability to fight me?' A cold smile found its way to James' face. He waved a casual hand and the weapons hung suspended in the air motionlessly. The attack came to a halt and James gently dropped his hand.

The weapons were like obedient pets, all coming back to James' side and surrounding him.

Zen looked at James warily, knowing that the latter was about to change his strategy of attack.

A master of the Illuminating Soul Realm had multiple means to win a battle.

James waved his arms, drawing a circle in the air.

The weapons too circled in accordance to his movements.

They circled faster and faster, following James' gesticulation. Soon, they were moving in a big vortex, eventually exploding into strips of blue life vitality that gathered in his hands. It was a hilt that first appeared in James's fist. Soon, as the life vitality in his hand swelled, it manifested the blade.

'He is turning his life vitality into a sword? Just a sword?' Zen looked at the movements with confusion. It looked to be a simple sword. If that was the only other thing James could do with his life vitality, his strength wasn't much to write home about.

'No, it can't be. It can't simply be a sword.' All of a sudden, Zen's eyelids twitched. A sense of danger rose in Zen's heart. He was sharp on his instinct. Whenever he sensed danger, it meant he was truly in deep waters.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 308 Pseudo Fairy Weapon (Part Two)

Zen was certain that James was not simply turning his life vitality into a sword. Just now, when the weapons melted into his life vitality and formed a vortex, a hint of milky-white color could be seen. It was… Heavenly essence! Zen gazed in the direction of the heavenly essence looming in the vortex, his eyebrows snapping together.

Heavenly essence was not easy to obtain. When a weapon refiner was about to temper a weapon, he could come to realize a few earthly and heavenly rules, that then could be used to forge the weapons.

The more superior a weapon was, the larger number of heavenly laws it contained.

So far, he knew of many weapon refiners in the Burning Sky Empire who had a knack for deciphering the Heavenly Law, and refining mysterious and spiritual weapons with it.

But there was only one person who had the ability to disintegrate a weapon and extract the heavenly essence from it—it was Zen himself.

Zen could get his hands on the heavenly essence using the black fire in his mind to melt a weapon.

How could James create it so easily?

The weapons he had thrown at Zen were not real; they were virtual ones formed with the help of his life vitality. Did James obtain the heavenly essence by dissolving the virtual weapons made out of his life vitality?

No, absolutely not. Impossible!

If James really could work such wonders, the Mo Clan wouldn't have collapsed into a decline.

Zen assumed that the heavenly essence he was seeing was not the real deal. It was something James had summoned through his life vitality—

an element of illusion. It was definitely not the same thing as the heavenly essence Zen had.

Even so, Zen still marveled at the technique. Those qualified to enter the Illuminating Soul Realm must undoubtedly have extraordinary skills.

Weapons were constantly sucked into the center of the vortex and smashed to pieces, releasing James' life vitality and the heavenly essence that gathered to form a sword in James' hand.

In this process of cohesion, the level of the life vitality sword upgraded continuously.

The low-level mysterious weapon morphed to medium-level, then to a high-level one...

Low-level spiritual weapon turned to medium-level, then to a high-level spiritual weapon.

Buzzz…

All of a sudden, the sword dazzled with a brilliant, blue light. The crowd which stood there gawking instinctively closed their eyes when they saw it.

Zen covered his eyes with his hands too. When he opened them to look at James, the long sword had already come into shape.

Glimmers of light lit up the surface of the long, blue sword. A tremor of shock passed through him at the mere sight of it.

"It is a fairy weapon!"

James was indeed powerful!

He could conjure a variety of different weapons, like knives, swords, hammers...

They might not hold a lot of power, but they were large in number, and each of them held a trace of the heavenly essence.

James broke the weapons into pieces and absorbed the life vitality and the essence to form a fairy weapon. It was indeed spellbinding to watch it happen.

However, there was still a difference between this contrived fairy weapon and a true one. One could use the real fairy weapon at any time. It could be used to defend oneself against the enemy and even be given to others.

But the fairy weapon in James' hand could be only used by himself. If he stopped the supply of his life vitality at any given moment, the weapon would gradually disappear.

This was a pseudo-fairy weapon, but its power was just about the same as that of a real one.

Theoretically, as long as James was granted enough strength and life vitality, he had the potential to cultivate a legendary sacred weapon.

Of course, this was only feasible in theory.

Every time a magic weapon went up a level, the heavenly essence required to sustain itself increased exponentially.

The long sword James held was only a low-level fairy weapon. It was likely he couldn't upgrade it to a medium-level one. No one had that kind of endless strength and power. Every time James summoned a weapon, he could only generate a tiny bit of the heavenly essence. Unfortunately, the life vitality within him was hardly enough to manifest a sacred weapon.

Zen knew it was impossible for James to manifest a medium-level fairy weapon, not to mention a sacred one.

However, even it was only a fairy weapon, the power it held was awe-inspiring.

"Boy! You brought this on yourself. You've forced me to take this action, and I'm afraid today won't end so well for you. Every time I cultivate my Ruin Sword, it needs to drink blood. Today, it's your blood that will feed it!"

Saying thus, James wielded the sword. Lifting it above his head, he slashed down at Zen.

At his movement, the tip of the sword morphed into the shape of a crescent moon. It was the sword energy.

Fwoosh…

As soon as the sword energy materialized, it rushed at Zen with formidable power.

"Watch out!" Nina cried out anxiously. The moment she saw the sword energy, her heart had leaped into her mouth. She wondered why none of her clansmen had come yet, when she had already sent for them through the Immediate Messenger.

The fairy weapon was a lot more powerful than the spiritual weapon. Although the sword energy looked ordinary, it came at Zen with fierce strength. If Zen failed to avoid the attack, he would probably be hacked into two pieces.

Nina placed her hand on her small jade box with hesitation. She was not sure if she should help Zen in this fight.

Wurth's eyebrows furrowed. James had no shame! How could he act like this under the gaze of so many others? James was a nature creature with extraordinary strength. It surprised Wurth that he used such a ruthless trick to charge at Zen.

His actions were no less shameless than an adult going all out to fight a child!

Could Zen get away this time?

Chapter 309 The Threat From Wurth (Part One)

At the moment, Zen had no plans of backing off. It did not matter whether it was Yates or James that he had to face. It was simply out of the question.

The reason why he did not back was simple. He was confident in his own strength.

However, when he saw the sword energy trying to destroy him, he could not help but start to retreat.

It was not out of fear though. He was simply not a fool or a coward. After all, his body, which was a spiritual weapon, possessed a defensive power much stronger than that of an ordinary warrior.

On the other hand, the opponent was a master at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

What he had in his hand was a fairy weapon, and no one would wish to be at the receiving end of the sword energy!

The sword energy did not have high speed at the beginning. In fact, it had the same pace as ordinary people who aimlessly trotted. However, after it focused on Zen as the target, its velocity greatly increased all of a sudden.

The sword energy brought a baby blue shadow in the air, and then it tried to cut Zen at an incredibly high speed.

It was rapid, indeed, but Zen was not slow either.

Moving backward, he swung a fist at the sword energy.

A part of him had hoped that the Heavenly Ogre Fist could counteract the power of the sword energy.

At that moment, he gave it his best shot and unceasingly tried to subdue his opponent's power. Each time he swung his fist, a dark purple fist shadow dashed towards the sword energy.

With the power of the Phoenix Crystal, he made dozens of fist shadows in an instant.

To his great surprise, however, the first fist shadow that had struck the sword energy went through it directly. The sword energy was unscathed.

'It's useless?'

When Zen realized that his attack did not affect the sword energy, he felt a pang of disappointment. Slowly, the reason dawned on him.

The sword energy merely emitted from a low-grade fairy weapon with strong power. It was not made from life vitality, so his Heavenly Ogre Fist could do nothing to it.

As soon as he saw that the first fist shadow had failed to counteract the sword energy's power, he reacted quickly and changed his tactic.

When the second fist shadow reached the sword energy, he decisively ignited the star power in his life vitality

"Bang!"

The explosion from the star power created a violent and bright light, releasing an immense force of annihilation.

On the other hand, right after the bright light disappeared, the sword energy showed no sign of weakening and still rushed to slash Zen.

'It's still useless, ' he thought to himself.

As all his methods had been weak against the sword energy so far, he could not help but feel a bit frustrated.

The master at the Illuminating Soul Realm was too powerful.

Even if the Mo Clan was only a declining clan, as the master, James still possessed a remarkably powerful strength, which was beyond what Zen had expected.

In the past, he had fought against someone at the Illuminating Soul Realm twice and did not suffer any loss. This time though, he deeply realized the horrible power of the masters at this realm.

Due to his astonishment, he thought but quickly forgot about his realm.

The nature creature and master at the Illuminating Soul Realm had a large gap in terms of strength.

There was a world of difference.

Zen could force James to show the master card, the Ruin Sword, and it was enough to make every nature creature in the world feel deeply ashamed.

If Zen could resist James' sword this time, then all the nature creatures might commit suicide. After all, Zen was only at grade 1 of the nature level.

When Zen retreated hastily, he had moved back to the edge of the courtyard. Facing the high wall made of green bricks, he did not have time to think and dashed to the wall with his tough back. In almost a humorous manner, he dashed through the wall and created a human-shaped hole, as if it was jerry-built.

Meanwhile, the sword energy trailed after Zen as if it was his shadow and entered through the hole in the wall. Except that the shadow was taller than Zen. It had the height of about nine feet, so it cut the wall with a tiny crack.

All the people stared at the wall with different expressions.

The people who stood on the Mo Clan's side naturally thought that Zen was going to kick the bucket, as they did not think that he could avoid the sword energy. How could a nature creature avoid the attack of a master at the Illuminating Soul Realm with all of his strength?

So far, Zen had deflected James' attacks with all kinds of weapons successfully. If he could stay alive despite the sword energy chasing after him, that would be incredible.

Meanwhile, the disciples of Cloud Sect like Wurth and Nina wore worried expressions. Without a doubt, they hoped that Zen could escape from death and avoid the sword energy. Regardless, they could not deny thinking that it was impossible.

"Bang, bang!"

The violent clash appeared continuously from the side of the wall. It appeared that Zen had run through so many walls just to dodge the sword energy.

At this time, Nina could not stand it anymore. Creasing her beautiful brows lightly, she tried to calm down and then spoke to James,"Master Mo, Zen is just a junior and has said something unpleasant to hear, but he doesn't deserve to die. Please forgive him."

At that moment, James still held up the long sword and pointed out the direction of the sword's tip with his fingers. When he was controlling the sword energy to chase Zen, he saw that it was almost about to kill him, but the man managed to run away because of Nina's interruption.

However, James was not anxious. If this sword energy could not kill Zen, James would have wasted so many years cultivating.

When James heard Nina's words, he smiled casually,"Since he has said something wrong, he needs to pay the price. I am just teaching him a lesson."

James was unwilling to let the man go. Although he said he was simply teaching Zen a lesson, how could the man stay alive if the sword energy chopped his body?

Chapter 310 The Threat From Wurth (Part Two)

"Teach him a lesson?" questioned Nina.

"Master Mo, please. You can't kill Zen! He saved my life. If you really kill him, I think the Mo Clan will not have a reasonable explanation to the Zhu Clan."

When Nina saw that her mediation was futile, she took a tougher approach.

In front of the powerful Zhu Clan, the small Mo Clan was hardly worth mentioning.

James wore a long face. Did Nina just dare to threaten him?

Compared to the powerful Zhu Clan, although the Mo Clan was also one of the noble clans, it was, in fact, quite powerless.

In all honesty, Nina's threat had worked. After all, her status was clear to James. If she employed the Zhu Clan's resources to defeat the Mo Clan, his clan would surely suffer.

There was no need to suppress the Mo Clan with weapons. After all, the Mo Clan was not wealthy, and their current income came from several mines in the south of the Imperial Capital.

However, with the power of the Zhu Clan, they could easily take away the economic lifeline of the Mo Clan, and thus, put the whole clan in imminent danger.

James thought about it carefully. Although the Mo Clan was a declining noble clan, sometimes a slight move in one part might affect a bigger situation as a whole. The Zhu Clan was powerful, but they had enemies. As a result, they could only take action after taking all things into consideration and therefore, might not listen to this little girl.

Moreover, he was the master of a clan and a powerful man at the Illuminating Soul Realm. A little girl hardly intimidated him.

Laughing, James said,"Miss Zhu, don't joke with me. If I ever do anything I shouldn't be doing, I will carry a rod and ask the Zhu Clan to spank me."

Indirectly, he meant that he was unwilling to yield. As Nina heard his response, she wore a straight face. Now, all she could do was hope that someone from the Zhu Clan would come soon.

Unable to speak, Nina pressed her lips tightly. At that moment, Wurth decided to step forward.

Earlier, Wurth had said that he would play with Zen today. But he had been watching the play for a long while, and saw that Zen was in trouble. While watching the man run for his life with James' sword energy chasing him, Wurth thought he had to do something.

"Mr. Mo, can I say something?"

Wurth saluted to James.

As Zen's speed was faster than he expected, James grew impatient. On top of having to concentrate on controlling the sword energy to chase Zen, he had to deal with these juniors interrupting him.

Granted, James could show some respect for Nina. However, what was wrong with this little fatty in front of him? Annoyed, he asked coldly,"What? Who are you?"

"I am the third son of the Zhang Clan. My name is Wurth," he introduced himself, clasping his hands.

There were many people with the family name of Zhang in the Imperial Capital of Burning Sky Empire. This fatty claimed he was from the Zhang Clan and the third son, so apparently he had to be from the Blessed Zhang Clan with treasures filling the home. Since he was "the third son", he was probably the son of the direct line.

Although Wurth spoke in a low voice, most of the people around him heard his introduction clearly.

It was at this moment that James controlled the sword energy and forced Zen into a dead corner. Because of Wurth's disturbance, Zen avoided the sword energy and turned to flee, which threw James into a fit of rage.

Still, he felt inclined to think about the problem at hand.

'The Zhang Clan?

This fatty belongs to the Zhang Clan?'

As soon as the thought dawned on him, he could not help but feel the onset of a headache.

For now, he could just ignore the Zhu Clan, as the Mo Clan did not have a direct common interest with the Zhu Clan. If the Zhu Clan wanted to close the mines of the Mo Clan, which although seemed easy, it would take a lot of effort. Other noble clans would also probably try to stop it.

Getting on the wrong side of the Zhang Clan, though, was another thing.

The Zhang Clan was not one of the top seven noble clans, and yet it nearly controlled the entire economic lifeline of the whole empire.

More importantly, the mines of the Mo Clan transacted through the Zhang Clan, and they settled accounts in the exchange shop of the Zhang Clan.

Although they could sell fire crystals produced in the mines to others instead of the Zhang Clan, this clan had the influence almost everywhere. If he offended the Zhu Clan, perhaps it would bring the Mo Clan a lot of big trouble, but there were solutions. It was not a totally lost cause.

While if he offended the Zhang Clan, it would be difficult to move a single step for the Mo Clan in the future.

What happened? Why were all the friends that Nory brought home difficult to handle?

He felt something was strange about it.

And he was not alone. Not only James felt this way, so did Yates who had shrunk in the side.

'Nory is just a disaster! He brought Zen to embarrass me, and now someone from the Zhang Clan is getting my dad in trouble.

Nory, I will kill you sooner or later.' With blood in his eyes, Yates stared at Nory.

The friends he had brought stood aside in silence.

His friends were also disciples from the noble clans. Their clans were much more powerful than the Mo Clan, but not as strong as the Zhu Clan and Zhang Clan, which was not one of the top seven noble clans. On such an occasion, they did not qualify to speak.

As they thought about how they had looked down on Nory's friends just now, they finally realized that although Nory appeared to be easy to bully, he was actually someone strong enough who just pretended to be weak. The same could be said about the people beside him.

Due to this realization, someone even looked at Sean up and down secretly and thought that this person would stand up and claim that he was also from one of the top seven noble clans.

They found Sean's identity quite mysterious.

This time, though, they guessed wrong. Unlike their presumptions, Sean was actually someone who came from a poor family without any background.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 311 The Counter Attack (Part One)

"Oh, you're the third son of the Zhang family. I didn't recognize you. Please forgive me!" muttered James in a rush.

The situation had him consider that he might have offended too many people when he tried all means to deal with Zen.

If he really killed Zen, it seemed that apart from the Zhu family, he would also offend the Zhang family.

"Master Mo, we have to measure and weigh the costs at times. Just as the saying goes, you need to take a step back and get some clarity on the situation!" Although Wurth didn't have much physical strength, he had deep insights into the human mind.

Perhaps James really strongly intended to kill Zen.

However, as head of his family, James had to ponder on numerous problems. In addition, he was not only implicated in a single matter, but also even acted on impulse just to protect the dignity of the Mo family. Although he protected the Mo family's reputation for the time being, how could the family live well in the future?

After observation, Wurth concluded that Nina undoubtedly showed great affection for Zen. After all, Zen had saved her life. If something bad happened to Zen there, it would be extremely difficult to provide the Zhu family with a sound and satisfactory explanation.

Moreover, Wurth himself would not remain indifferent provided that something did happen to Zen.

The Zhang family didn't have many rigorous requirements for its members. In addition, Wurth was the son of his father's principal wife, and his elder brother would shoulder the major responsibilities of the Zhang family.

Maybe it would not be an easy task to completely ruin the Mo family if Wurth tried persuading the Zhang family. Still, what about the future?

It was beyond any doubt that Wurth could destroy the Mo family as long as things went his way. Regardless of the intentions of the Zhang family or of Wurth, it was not a difficult thing to achieve. After all, the Mo family was only a small clan with rather small influence. The Zhang family would not feel the burden or pressure, no matter which of the seven major clans took a stand to speak for the Mo family.

However, James still looked hesitant.

At this critical moment, though, a wall behind James suddenly collapsed. A tinge of bright light was immediately emitted out of the collapsed wall.

Thwip!

The sound of a knife flying filled the space. As it turned out, the bright light was a reflection of Zen's broken knife.

This time, he was heavily and strongly overwhelmed by the energy of James' sword.

Previously, Zen had been able to confront Hugh as he depended on his demonic life energy. Moreover, he even killed Seymour inside a pavilion of the fairy palace. Zen could simply kill him as he fully engulfed a great deal of life vitality by taking advantage of the conflicts among the Illuminating Soul Realm masters. It was nothing as he seized the chance to kill Seymour when he was badly injured.

Today, though, Zen's demonic life vitality didn't seem to work. No matter how he tried, he failed to resist James' sword.

To fight off the blade's energy and avoid being dominated by it, Zen made his way here and there in the Mo Mansion as quickly and rashly as he could. The tiles and interiors of the house were crashed and wrecked, and a good many gates collapsed because of Zen crashing into them.

Although Zen tried all means to escape from James' sword, he still failed. Whenever he evaded the blade, he was closely followed as if it was a maggot attached to his bone. With such a determined foe, he was backed into a corner by the powerful energy of James' sword and was nearly killed too many times.

Still, Zen narrowly escaped the final strike of death every time with luck.

For now, Zen could escape by a thread, but it was only a matter of time that he would miss a beat and get killed.

It was an almost impossible task. Zen crazily racked up his brain to figure out a way to escape while running away like a madman.

After laying out his options, Zen deduced that it was impossible for him to unravel the energy. Since the energy was under James' control, he had to target James.

With this in mind, Zen ran all the way around the Mo mansion, so he could dash over to the guest hall.

While clashing into the wall with his corporeal body, he gently flickered his space ring. Suddenly, the broken flying knife flew out towards James.

There weren't many options for Zen in such a situation. If he had any other choice, Zen would not directly confront James, but he had to resort to his sole chance to stay alive.

Wurth's expression twisted abruptly as he heard a thundering sound from the collapsed wall and saw the broken knife, flying and beaming with a silver ray of light as it made its way towards James.

To save Zen, Wurth had put some pressure on James. As his way seemed to have worked, Wurth supposed that James would probably let go of Zen upon his persuasion.

But whatever Wurth had thought of and planned, it was beyond his expectations that Zen would even be able to lay his hands on James as he was closely followed by the energy of James' sword.

How troublesome the situation had become.

It made James even more hesitant as he debated killing Zen or not.

What would happen if he put Zen to death?

What could he gain from killing the man? At most, he could only help the Mo family and himself save face to certain extent.

The Mo family had already declined but its prestige might still be worth mentioning among ordinary folks, even if it meant nothing at all among the noble clans.

What was worse, James had already offended both the Zhu and Zhang families.

Had he known he would be in such a situation, James would have made some concessions. Since Nory claimed that the blood jade bracelet was his father's, nothing would have happened if James simply returned the bracelet to him. However, James forced Nory into something like hell.

Perhaps Zen would not have even laid his hands on the Mo family if James hadn't forced Nory that way.

Thinking of all that could have been, James felt regretful about Nory.

It was possibly the very first time that James felt such regret about his nephew even as he was coerced by everyone else.

Chapter 312 The Counter Attack (Part Two)

While James pondered over killing Zen or not, Zen acted first against him.

"The flying knife? I don't fear it at all. It means nothing to me," James blurted out arrogantly.

Just as he said it, he saw the broken flying knife heading towards him. Like a reflex, he lifted his long blue sword up and chopped up the weapon.

Although James' blue sword was made from his life vitality, it was as mighty as a fairy weapon as it had absorbed loads of heavenly essence.

In addition, James used his Ruin Sword when he chopped up the broken flying knife.

The chopping manifested James' unique and skilled swordsmanship as his long blue sword landed on the very center of the knife.

It was what he thought at first--that he could chop Zen's knife into two halves with his powerful sword.

But when his own weapon touched Zen's knife, it was immediately shattered broken.

"How is this possible? My sword was produced from my life vitality and it's even comparable to a fairy weapon. How could a broken flying knife destroy my sword?" mumbled James in shock.

Never could he have expected that Zen's broken flying knife would be so strong. As he watched his life vitality-based long sword get chopped into two by a knife, he was stunned agape.

The long sword was as hard as a low-grade fairy weapon. How was it possible that his sword was cleaved by a defective knife? The idea was still totally unbelievable for James even as it happened right in front of his eyes.

Still, the broken flying knife worked fast. As soon as the long sword was destroyed, it went straight for James' head.

In any other situation, it would be a piece of cake for James to escape such an attack, but James was still shocked by what had just happened to his weapon. While he was standing in a daze, lost in his defeated thoughts, Zen's knife dashed right for James' head.

As James snapped out of the daze, the knife was already extremely close to his face.

Faced with the cold weapon, he felt an intensely cold chill run up his spine. It was not until that moment that he realized that he would have been killed by a guy who had only reached the first grade of nature level if he hadn't come to his senses timely.

At the critical moment, James jerked his head away from the broken flying knife almost completely on instinct. His head was stiffly inclined sideways, only inches away from the attack he dodged.

Thwip!

The knife flew right by James' face, slashing his cheek and leaving a small wound on his face. A drop of blood trickled down as James' eyes widened.

Although he had fought several battles before, he couldn't help but feel rather chilled to his bone at that moment.

Previously, Zen had defeated James' son with his strength on the first tier of the nature level. In spite of Zen's amazing strengths and boundless prospects, James took for granted that Zen was less powerful than him.

In James' eyes, Zen was still like an ant, only a little stronger than others at his level. Considering what he achieved in the Illuminating Soul Realm, James thought that he could deal with Zen easily in any way he wished. Although Zen was capable of escaping his weapon and could stand his ground, James never thought that it meant Zen would be a threat to him and arrogantly scorned that Zen couldn't possibly inflict any harm upon him.

Contrary to his expectations, Zen could even put him to death, not only bring him harm.

If he hadn't instinctively dodged away from Zen's knife, James would have already been a corpse lying on the ground, the sharp weapon having pierced right through him.

Normally, people were scared when in danger of death. After narrowly escaping death, however, their fear would turn into an extreme fury.

Such was the case for James at that moment.

Originally, he wanted to ponder further upon what Wurth had said to him, so he could weigh the pros and cons of killing Zen, and hesitated because he had the option to only inflict mild punishment on the man.

Now, though, James was filled with rage. As a consequence, he thought of nothing but putting Zen to death.

Meanwhile, Nory, Wurth, Sean, and Nina were shocked frozen by the scene.

When James intended to execute Zen, Wurth threatened him, making him begin to change his mind about dealing with Zen. Alas, the incident was beyond all expectations.

Someone like Zen was able to counterattack James, someone who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"Huh, Zen was so strong. No wonder that many people spoke highly of his might…"

Given what just happened, Sean remarked with a wry smile.

On the other hand, Wurth heaved a heavy sigh and complained, "Ah, Zen nearly killed James and now he's in even greater trouble. It looks like we can't do anything but wait for the clan elders to deal with the current situation. It would be dangerous if James counterattacks Zen. Would Zen be able to endure the attack until the elders come?"

Standing straight and still where she was, Nina kept biting her lips. At this moment, she activated her Immediate Messager again, wondering why the Zhu family hadn't arrived yet. Something in the air made her feel anxious.

Even Yetta, who stood beside her, turned ghastly pale as well.

As a female member of the family, she didn't have any right to speak. On one hand, she hoped that her uncle would remain safe and unharmed against Zen, but on the other hand, it was clear to her how huge the trouble her uncle would cause to the Mo family if he continued to act willfully and arbitrarily. Perhaps Yetta's uncle still wanted to bet on a chance. In his opinion, Nina was only a female member of the Zhu family, so he concluded that her family wouldn't really lay hands on the Mo family only because of her.

However, as Nina's best friend, Yetta knew her well. There was no doubt that Nina would absolutely not let James go if Zen was truly killed.

Given that, she wondered what she should do.

"You son of a bitch. You looked for trouble deliberately, so you can't put the blame on anyone else," James retorted as his face turned grim. In the meantime, Ruin Sword suddenly beamed with a much brighter, brilliant blue light.

Whoosh!

Lifting his fake fairy weapon, James pointed his Ruin Sword at Zen, swaying it up and down for four consecutive times.

Chapter 313 A favor (Part One)

Every time he delivered a blow with the sword, yet a wisp of sword energy would appear. After he had chopped four times in succession, a total of four sword energies had appeared in the form of wisps, with each one being more powerful than the previous one.

These four energies added themselves to the one already chasing Zen and now, he was being hunted by a total of five sword energies, plus the original sword itself.

"I will chop you to pieces." James roared at him as he held the Ruin Sword in one hand and pointed at the sword tip with the other. He concentrated his will on controlling the five wisps of sword energy which were being telepathically ordered to chase Zen.

Zen reacted rapidly and in the only manner he could right now. After the assassination plot that he had so elaborately planned failed, he didn't stay there anymore and ran away immediately.

However, it wasn't going to be easy for him to get rid of James' chase. Since the first sword energy was already fixated on Zen, the remaining four only needed to follow the first one and they caught up with Zen easily.

Besides, James had hesitated just now and had not diligently controlled the sword energy, so until now, his attack hadn't been that fast.

However, now he was furious and wanted to take Zen's life. He had gotten deeply absorbed in controlling the sword energies and ordering them to jointly attack Zen, so their flying speed was much higher than before.

Zen desperately extracted the energy of the Phoenix Crystal and tried as much as he could to make his body lighter. Noticing a shadow in the wall, he quickly turned inside and found himself in a lane.

This lane was only about 100 feet long so after he had entered, it took him just a second to rush towards the end. Zen's speed reached an extreme high, but the flying speed of the sword energies was astonishing. They were just at the hem of clothes and would have chopped him up if he wasn't running so fast.

As soon as he reached the end of the lane, five wisps of sword energy came to a screeching halt at his back. The overwhelming speed with which they had been flying spread around their momentum and made his hair messy.

"Jump!"

Zen saw that it was difficult to dodge the energies in such a confined space, and he jumped high over the wall on the end. On the other side, he landed into the Mo Mansion courtyard.

However, the speed of the sword energies was too high to be contained. They cut at the wall that Zen had jumped across and broke it into several parts directly. Then, under James' control, the five energies changed direction and rushed towards Zen in the courtyard once more.

The whole affair of breaking the wall happened so fast that Zen didn't have any time to rest. As soon as he fell on the ground, he had to stand up and directly rush into a room in the courtyard. He dashed the wooden door and the back door of the courtyard into a collapse. After bringing down another wall to pieces, he continued running as if he was flying inside the mansion.

The servants of the Mo Clan suffered quite a bit due to his swashbuckling. They were busy in the Mo Mansion, just as the wall to their side exploded into several pieces abruptly. In fact, Zen was on a rampage across the whole house. However, the servants couldn't see clearly who was breaking the Mo Mansion down to pieces. They hid in the corners and trembled in fear.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

The thuds could be heard from time to time.

However, no matter how much Zen tried to increase his speed, he couldn't get rid of the sword energies. They were getting closer and closer to him and once had flown beside his belly several times. As long as they were close to him, they would take his life.

"Gee, why are there only three wisps of sword energy?"

While running crazily, Zen suddenly noticed the change on his back. There had been five wisps of sword energy chasing him originally, but two of them were gone now.

He frowned and knew that the two wisps of sword energy which weren't there couldn't have disappeared for no apparent reason at all.

The two wisps could have turned around and attacked him from the front.

Just as he was thinking about this, Zen suddenly heard two muffled thuds from the wall just in front of him. Then two weird cracks appeared out of nowhere in the wall, and the two wisps which had disappeared just now came out flying across and rushed towards him directly.

At the same time, the three wisps which had been behind him separated themselves suddenly and encircled Zen from three different directions.

"Damn it! I am surrounded!"

Zen couldn't dodge them anymore. There was a sword energy in the front, one at the back, and one each on the left and right. The last one was trying to kill him from above his head.

What should he do now?

In a second, Zen imagined several scenarios and several ideas flashed in his mind, but none of them could be used.

"I'll risk my life!"

Although he was surrounded by the sword energies from all five directions, the circle that the energies had formed wasn't exactly airtight, and there was still a tiny gap he could utilize to go through.

But if he went through such a small space between the sword energies, he might get killed as easily as a mosquito, or he might lose his arms or legs. Even so, it was better than dying. At least he could search for some elixir to recover his broken bones or cut body parts. If he lost his life, he would be done.

The question was, even if he could avoid the attack this time, what about the next? Right now he had healthy legs but was still unable to completely avoid the sword energies. If he was injured in this attack, there was not even a snowball's chance in hell that he could avoid it.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 314 A favor (Part Two)

He couldn't overthink the matter but just delayed his death. Just as he was about to go through from the side regardless of possibly getting injured, a voice suddenly ordered from his brain,"Bloke, stand still! I am here to help you!"

"Who is it?" Zen heard the voice but couldn't see the person who was speaking.

Instead of an answer, Zen found that the air around him was getting cold all of a sudden. Then countless ice crystals appeared and as soon as they showed up, they congealed with each other quickly to form a small ice wall.

They were all around him and in an instant, they had formed five walls in the five directions that Zen was being attacked from.

The sword energies immediately started trying to chop up the walls to pieces.

"Crack..."

The energies came chopping and five loud, simultaneous thuds were heard.

Zen was locked in the ice walls but could see clearly that the energies trying to cut through the ice walls had left several deep dents.

He breathed out deeply, but his chest was still heaving and trembling heavily.

It was too dangerous just now. If this powerful man had not helped him, he would probably have died with his body and his head landing in two spots at the same time.

The masters who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm were really too powerful. He thought of his actions and realized that he was too much at risk in the fairy palace. If he hadn't met the array of Desperate

Melee in the pavilion, he couldn't have stayed alive while fighting against the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"Alright. Bloke, come to the guest hall of Mo Mansion. Don't worry. I am here, and James won't dare to kill you!" His mystery savior casually told him.

As soon as he finished speaking, the ice crystal walls around Zen fell apart into several ice cakes beside Zen's feet.

Zen picked up one of the ice cakes and found that it was ice cold like a real cake. The water from it made his hand wet.

It looked completely ordinary but had been strong enough to resist James' sword energies. This person must be another master at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

When Zen had run away, he knew that Wurth just wouldn't have looked on with folded arms. 'Is this person an official of the Zhang Clan?'

Zen didn't know that when someone had released the ice crystal walls to save him, another person had flashed into existence right in front of James and pressed his sword tip.

The person was tall and big with a red face and thick hair all over his body. He looked like a woodcutter who had grown up in the mountains.

"Master Mo, if I were you, I wouldn't move!" The woodcutter lifted a black wood chopper, and on the edge there was a red light flashing continuously.

James didn't recognize the person, but when he looked at the wood chopper, a legend suddenly flashed into his mind and he shouted with a terrible expression,"You... You are West Mount Woodcutter!"

West Mount Woodcutter...

The West Mount was on the Shura Battlefield.

And the woodcutter was the person cutting the firewood on the mountain as the term suggested.

But there were no trees on the West Mount, so no firewood could be cut there. The only signs of life on the West Mount were demon soldiers and generals.

The West Mount Woodcutter had killed countless demons on that mountain.

His real name was Tyson Shi and he had stayed on the West Mount for three years.

It was known that the West Mount was near the home of the demons and almost at the entrance of their den, but Tyson had cultivated there for three years, without coming to any apparent harm.

He had utilized the demon soldiers and generals as firewood and chopped them while he had been cultivating himself.

Countless demon soldiers and generals had been killed by him.

More incredibly, he had stayed there for three years, but the demon kings had not been able to do anything to him.

At that time, White Emperor City was under heavy pressure. After the imperial army had lost several of their generals, their strength had melted away and they were in danger every time they faced an attack by the demons.

It was only because Tyson had cultivated on the West Mount and mercilessly killed demon soldiers and generals that demons' attack had been delayed.

From then on, Tyson Shi had received a great fame.

And he had been given the nickname West Mount Woodcutter.

Tyson was so powerful that he had slain demons in their den, avoided the demon kings' hunts and stayed on the West Mount for three years. Undoubtedly, he was a miracle.

So the title of West Mount Woodcutter spread, and people forgot his true name.

But when seeing the wood chopper in his hand, everyone would think of the woodcutter who had taken the demons as firewood to chop.

Tyson retired from the imperial army ten years ago. Even though the imperial army tried their best to invite him to guard the White Emperor City, he still chose to go back to the Imperial Capital.

It was said that Tyson would return a favor.

He was known to be an illiterate youth from the mountains with some innate miraculous powers.

After leaving the mountains, he had worked as a drudge in a powerful family. At that time, he had no experience or knowledge of any kind and didn't know about people's evil intentions. The son of the powerful family did something wrong and was about to be convicted by the government. So the powerful family paid a large amount of bribe to deal with the matter, and instead of the boy, they chose Tyson as the scapegoat.

Tyson was put in prison for no reason and sentenced to death unexpectedly. He was about to be beheaded after autumn.

But he was saved by someone on the day of his execution.

The person who had saved Tyson was a young master of the Zhang Clan.

Since then, Tyson had followed the young master all the time. Later, he had promoted his cultivation greatly. Then he had joined the army and made a great deal of contribution.

That young master of the Zhang Clan was the current master of the clan and Wurth's father, Jefferson.

That was why Tyson had left the imperial army and came back to the Imperial Capital in order to return the favor he owed to the Zhang Clan.

Chapter 315 Simple Requirement

It was said that Tyson's strength was incredible. But now, he was an official in the Zhang Clan and did not seek any reward as he valued the kindness of the Zhang Clan.

And this testified to the Zhang Clan's skill when evaluating talent. The Zhang Clan used to be an ordinary, small family. The ability of the clan to spot and nourish talent was what had helped the Zhang Clan to become stronger. With its rapid development, the clan kept its pace with the top seven noble clans.

When warned by Tyson, James stood still. He did not dare to move even an inch.

The firewood cutter didn't look very impressive, but he knew how powerful it was.

And from the expression on Tyson's face, if James dared to stir, Tyson would surely swing the firewood cutter at him, and show no mercy!

At the same time, the temperature of the courtyard suddenly dropped.

At the end of the year, when winter set in, everyone wore more clothes because of the cold. Some weaker servants had put on a cotton-padded jacket.

But the temperature dropped so sharply that the servants could not help but pull the collar of the cotton-padded jacket to keep themselves warm.

Specks of ice crystals floated in the air. They drifted slowly before turning into a human form.

"Whirr..."

When the ice crystals dispersed completely, the figure in the air became clearer. It was a young man with grey hair.

At the sight of the man, a lump formed in James's throat.

The person with the young face and the grey hair standing in front of James could only be Chand Zhu.

The Zhu Clan specialized in various kinds of needle methods and concealed weapons. Many famous masters of the Zhu Clan were good at using needles, swords, or concealed weapons.

But in the past ten years, there was an exception in the Zhu Clan whose name was Chand Zhu.

Chand Zhu was a strange and ineloquent man. Since he was not welcome in the Zhu Clan, he turned against the clan at a very young age. Eventually, he ran away from home and vowed to never return to the Zhu Clan. He disappeared for ten years.

When Chand Zhu returned after the long gap, his strength had advanced by leaps and bounds, and was fantastic. He even solved several big troubles for the Zhu Clan! Although this man was unsociable and strange, he was a member of the Zhu Clan. Since he missed his family, Chand Zhu returned.

"Uncle Chand! Were you able to save Zen?" asked Nina timidly as she looked at Chand Zhu.

Nina was close to everyone in the Zhu Clan except Chand Zhu. As Chand Zhu was strange, Nina spent very little time with him when she was a child. Thus, she wasn't very comfortable in his presence.

Chand Zhu smiled faintly and said,"Don't worry. The little fellow is all right. I have helped him to ward off the energies of those swords. Look, isn't he coming toward us?" Chand Zhu pointed in the direction from where Zen was approaching them.

A shadow flashed, and Zen flitted into the courtyard.

Just when uncle Chand contacted her by life vitality, she asked him to save Zen as Zen was in great danger. She wasn't sure how long Zen would survive among those sharp swords.

Upon seeing that Zen was safe, Nina breathed a sigh of relief.

As Zen walked into the courtyard, he saw the floating man with grey hair.

Although Zen did not see the face of the person that had saved him, he recognized the life vitality the person sent out. It was the ice attribute. The man's appearance and the life vitality allowed Zen to be sure that it was the man who had saved him.

Zen stepped forward and bowed to Chand Zhu. Then he said,"Thank you for saving my life!"

When speaking with Nina, Chand Zhu was very polite. But when he conversed with others, he was cold and indifferent. Chand Zhu lifted his chin and replied,"Don't thank me. I was helping Nina. You should show your gratitude to the right person."

Zen smiled and said,"Even so, I should be appreciative for what you've done," Zen then turned and smiled at Nina. Shy, Nina's big, round eyes blinked rapidly. Her eyes were as beautiful as the moon. What hidden in the bashfulness was a trace of pride.

At the moment, no one was more upset than James. He was not stronger than his opponents, Tyson and Chand Zhu. He had no choice now but to give up. James shook his hand, and the Ruin Sword made from life vitality turned into specks before dissipating in the air. Even the heavenly essence contained in the sword disappeared. The heavenly essence was congealed by James' life vitality, which was different from Zen's. Because the heavenly essence that Zen extracted from mysterious weapons might last forever.

After putting away his weapon, James smiled briefly and said to Tyson and Chand,"If you don't mind my asking, I'd like to know what brought you here?"

Since James was not strong enough to fight them, he decided to act like a scholar. At this moment, James thought that justice still stood on his side!

After James withdrew the Ruin Sword, Tyson took a step back and said,"I am not here unnecessarily. The young master of the Zhang Clan called. That is why I had to come."

Chand Zhu who was floating not far away ignored James' question. He felt that James had asked a foolish question. Since Nina was here, he had naturally been called by her!

"I am hosting a party at my house. But it seems that there has been a misunderstanding between me and some friends attending the event. There is no need to fight about such matters. If anyone was offended, I am here to apologize. First let me explain what happened as per my understanding. My nephew, Nory caused the dispute. This is a Mo Clan affair, and as the leader of the Mo Clan, I should handle this issue..." James wanted to avoid outsiders from meddling in matters pertaining to his clan. As for Nory, he would punish him after all this was done.

But before he could finish, Zen stepped forward and scolded him,"How is this a Mo Clan affair? Nory is my brother. His business is mine too. If you have something to say, say it in my presence!"

When Zen spoke, Wurth stood and walked toward Zen. Even Nina showed her approval by standing beside Zen and Wurth. It became clear that the two juniors of the Zhang Clan and the Zhu Clan were definitely supporting Zen.

Since Nina and Wurth backed Zen, Tyson and Chand Zhu also pledged their assistance by standing with Zen!

Seeing that Zen had stood up to James, surprise reflected in Tyson's and Chand Zhu's eyes.

'This young man is so courageous. Although he is at the first grade of nature level, he is not afraid of the leader of the Mo Clan...' thought Tyson Shi and Chand Zhu. They were impressed.

James's expression changed when interrupted by Zen. He was embarrassed! James had never thought that someone at Zen's level would behave in such an impudent manner.

He was going to spare him. But this guy was not smart enough. How dare he hold on to this matter!

A nature creature was not a challenge to James. If he could, James would confront Zen. However, he could do nothing as the Zhang Clan and the

Zhu Clan were standing behind Zen.

James felt as though he was getting a terrible headache!

James was not ready to reconcile?and stay silent. Instead, he wanted to fight with the boy. On second thought, however, James knew it would be impossible for him to take Zen's life in front of the two masters, Tyson, and Chand Zhu...

After a long time, James realized he had no other choice but to lower his head reverently!

Forced by the situation, James sighed before adding,"Please remind me, is there anything unclear?"

James was rumored to be indignant, but he had to hold back his anger in this situation. He had no choice but to be humble in front of Zen! A master at the Illuminating Soul Realm bowed his head to a nature creature!

James was really embarrassed. His face turned grey.

The inner disciples from Egret Peak that Yates had brought were also humiliated. Their faces darkened.

Yates was totally jealous. The person with Nory was fortunate to have two powerful noble clans' support. The two masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm in front of him were stronger than his father.

"Hey, hey," smiled Zen as he turned his head and grasped Nory by the shoulder. "You should ask?Nory!"

James' pupils shrank slightly as he gazed at the humble Nory.

Nory had always been a weak person in the family. And it looked like everyone bullied him.

Even when a servant scolded him loudly, Nory would smile and accept the treatment!

His position in the family was lower than a servant's.

James had never thought of asking Nory's opinion. How was that possible?

But in this case, James had to say,"Nory, what do you want?"

Nory was very nervous at the moment. He looked up and saw that all the people were staring at him. His complexion became pale.

But when he thought of his father's suffering, Nory couldn't suppress the anger growing inside him. Even his father's personal item, the?blood jade bracelet was in James' hand. Nory's expression turned cold.

'How on earth did father die? What happened? Why is the blood jade bracelet in James' hand?' Nory was confused.

Nory knew he would never be able to sleep if his questions were not answered.

But Nory knew that it would be impossible to ask James to face this matter at this moment and investigate his father's death. On the one hand, it was an old issue that had happened years ago, evidence might have gotten lost. On the other hand, he had no proof and he was just guessing and doubting. Getting James to tell the truth was extremely difficult.

Nory?pulled himself away from his thoughts and replied,"I want my father's blood jade bracelet!"

James felt relieved when he heard?Nory. It was not a difficult thing to return the blood jade bracelet.

Then James said as he nodded,"The?blood jade bracelet belonged to your father. I will give it to you!" As James finished, he stretched out one hand and turned it over. A box containing the blood jade bracelet appeared in his hand. The box flew forward. Zen gently pushed it, and the box floated in front of Nory.

Excitement filled Nory as he took the box and opened it to check the blood jade bracelet. After a while, he put the box away. But Nory was not satisfied. He wasn't worried about the blood jade bracelet. Nory was more concerned about his father's death! He wanted to know the truth.

But after thinking for a while, Nory sighed and said,"Besides this, I want nothing..."

Chapter 316 What’s Holding You Back

A cunning smile crossed James' face. As expected, his nephew was so easy to fool. He resumed his usual noble manner and gracefully said, "Then, today... "

"Wait!" Nina stepped forward and cut James off.

James frowned at the sight of Nina. Since he became the master of the Mo Clan, he had never met anyone who dared to interrupt him, until today. He was already quite annoyed when he was interrupted by these young people earlier. But at the sight of Nina, he tried to stay calm and asked, "Miss Zhu, what's the matter?"

"You almost killed Zen. Do you want to explain that?"

Most of the women tended to be petty and vengeful if they were offended. And Nina wasn't a gentle one and it was impossible for her not to bear grudges.

It was true that James almost killed Zen, and it was something that Nina would never tolerate.

James' face darkened. He already lost his face today, but Nina was still pushing and had no intention to stop. James looked sullen. "Miss Zhu, I stand with what I said earlier that we were all to blame for what happened. It was a misunderstanding, and if you really think that I overdid it, please don't take it to heart," said he.

Nina sneered, "I have warned you not to do anything rashly, but have you taken it to heart? If it wasn't for Uncle Chand, would you really stop? So tell me, do you really think that I could just shake it off?"

"Does Miss Zhu really want to dwell on it?" James retorted sullenly, feeling cornered.

"Yes, I do," Nina replied calmly.

"You really want to push it too far!" James had put up with her for so long but finally burst into anger as he couldn't hold his temper anymore. As the master of the Mo Clan, he had never felt so humiliated and he couldn't just let a young woman have her way all the time. He couldn't just tolerate her pushing him to this extent.

At this moment, Chand who was floating in the air said with a gentle smile, "Since Nina is still not satisfied with it, I'm here to help her." He then looked at Nina and continued, "Nina, please tell me what you want me to do."

Nina was about to tell Chand to give James a lesson, but she was stopped by Yetta who stood beside her and dragged her cuff.

Yetta's face looked pale as she pleaded in a faint voice, "Nina, please let my uncle go. Could you drop this matter and let it be?"

Yetta was the niece of James and Nina's best friend. She was caught in the middle of this situation.

Nina's heart softened by Yetta's pleading face. Finally, Nina sighed and said to Chand, "Uncle Chand, forget it. Let's not further discuss this matter."

Chand bore no resentment towards James. Since Nina gave the word, he had no reason to disagree. He flashed a cunning smile, then the ice crystals around him began to float until they covered all his body and he soon flew away.

Nory had gotten his father's blood jade bracelet, thus there was no reason for him to stay here any longer. He said, "Zen, it's time to go!"

Zen nodded and motioned for Wurth and Sean to leave.

Wurth said something to Tyson, and then Tyson followed him with the wood cutter in his hand.

Nina was the last one to leave. Earlier, she was determined to give Yetta's uncle a lesson but was stopped by Yetta. After she consoled her friend, she shot a cold stare at James, as if telling him, 'If it were not for my friendship with your niece, I would have definitely made you pay today!"

She followed behind them and yelled, "Hey! Wait for me!"

After Zen and all the others left, James sighed and waved his hand. The wooden armchair automatically came to his side and he slid into the chair as if he was paralyzed.

He had never been disgraced like this since he became the master of Mo Clan.

The other people of Mo Clan remained silent as they were afraid to taste the wrath of James if they dared to speak up.

But Yates, James' son, didn't hold back. He stepped forward and said to his father, "Dad, are you just letting them go like that?"

James sighed and said, "What else could I do?"

He knew that there was no way the Mo Clan could fight the Zhu Clan or the Zhang Clan. Mo Clan couldn't even hold a candle for the two clans, let alone act against them.

Yates gritted his teeth and his eyes turned red with anger. He felt like a trapped beast because they couldn't do anything. Thinking that it was Nory who started all this, he swore in his heart to make the latter pay.

But for Zen who beat him, he knew that there was no way he could return the favor. He was certainly not a match for Zen, even his father could do nothing to Zen. Thus, he could only drop his hatred towards Zen.

At that time, a steward suddenly rushed to them.

The steward intended to report something to James when he saw the other members of the Mo Clan wink at him, giving him the hint that the news could wait.

It was not the right time to disturb James with some trivial matters. And if he dared to do so, he would find himself in serious trouble.

But despite the consequences, the steward felt that James needed to hear the report. He looked anxious as he paced restlessly beside.

Yates noticed the steward's strange behavior and walked up to him. He then asked, "What's the matter?"

The steward looked at Yates and sadly said, "I just checked the mansion and found that three hundred and thirty-six rooms of the house were destroyed by that man."

"What?" Yates' face suddenly darkened.

Earlier, he had heard a loud explosion and assumed that it had caused great damage.

The Mo mansion had five hundred and sixty-one rooms altogether. To any clan, repairing the damage of their house and its rooms was not the problem. But the repairs done would greatly change the features of the house and would diminish the heritage value.

The mansion was inherited from the Mo Clan's ancestors. He didn't expect that the fight would damage over three hundred rooms. That was about half of the mansion and it was undoubtedly a great loss for the Mo Clan.

Upon hearing this news from the steward, Yates became more vengeful. Staring at the gate of the mansion where Nory went out, he murmured, "Nory, I swear that I will kill you myself!"

Despite retrieving the bloody jade bracelet, Nory was still feeling under the weather.

The usual jovial young man was looking depressed as he led the group outside.

Seeing Nory's sad face, Wurth and Sean could only exchange glances as they didn't know how to console their friend.

The fact that Nory's father was probably killed by his uncle was a hard blow on Nory's face.

With this revelation, they assumed that Nory would never come back to the Mo Mansion again.

Wurth and Sean didn't know how it felt to be betrayed by their own clan. But Zen could relate to Nory's feeling at that time, though he wasn't saying anything, He had a similar experience with Nory.

His father was killed by his uncles. After his father was killed, he was degraded to a slave, suffered all kinds of humiliations in the clan, and almost lost his life.

Zen suddenly quickened his pace to catch up to Nory. He gently patted Nory's shoulder and said, "Nory, do you want to know what really happened to your father and take revenge?"

Nory drooped his head and nodded, "Yes, I do. But I don't think I can take it."

"What do you mean you can't take it?" Zen smiled with derision, "How can you even live in this world? You better just jump into the Gold River and die."

The young men walked along the Gold River–the largest inner-city river in the imperial capital. The glistening water reflected irregular golden light under the sunset, making the whole river look as if it was plated with gold.

Glancing at the Gold River, Nory felt frustrated and said, "Yes! My father died in a frame-up and I can't even investigate it. Even if I found out the truth, I can't avenge his death with my own hands. I'd rather die now. Hundreds of people drowned in this river every year so it wouldn't matter if I drown myself in here. People won't care to see another body floating on the river."

Wurth and Sean were caught off guard by what Zen just said. He wasn't trying to console Nory. Was Zen trying to connive Nory to just commit suicide out of self-pity? They knew Zen wouldn't have such an absurd idea and he had his own ways of doing things. So, they put their trust in Zen and didn't interrupt. They chose to remain silent and watch how things would turn out. But if Nory would take Zen's words literally and decide to kill himself, they wouldn't just stand there and watch. They would stop him from committing suicide.

At this time, Zen smiled and said, "I was starting to think that you're a coward. Turned out you have more courage than I thought!"

Nory glanced at Zen in confusion and asked curiously, "Courage? When did you see me have that courage?"

"You're not afraid to die. You're not even afraid to kill yourself. What else would you fear? What's holding you back? If you dared to ask James in his face, he could try and kill you with his sword. But what could be worse than that?" Zen fired a battery of questions at him. "If you are not afraid of death, you'd better go all out to improve yourself. When you are strong enough, you can confront James and ask him. What else could he do to you? Since you already didn't care whether you live or die, why not die trying?"

Nory's heart suddenly beat faster after hearing Zen's homily.

He might be a soft young man who rolled up with punches, but he was full of stamina and determination to succeed. Otherwise, he wouldn't have entered the Cloud Sect even with Zen's help.

Nory knew that Zen was right all along. Life was a long and miserable journey. It was a pity if he would die in misery. He'd rather try and fail than fail without trying. The worst that could happen to him was death.

Those words were like a door of hope to Nory. He was not an ambitious man. In fact, he entered the Cloud Sect only to fulfill his daily task in practice perfunctorily and didn't even put on much effort during his free time.

But things had changed for Nory. His goal now was to trample Yates underfoot and question James in the face about his father's death. And the success of his goal heavily relied on his strength.

His eyes brightened with determination as he thought more about it. He clenched his fist, and his body trembled with excitement.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 317 The Search For The Best Weapon

When the others saw Nory's reaction, they understood his excitement. Nory said to Zen,"You're right! As long as I am alive, I have a chance to avenge my father's death!"

Seeing Nory fired up immediately, Zen smiled and said,"That's right! Use that as a motivation for cultivation!"

Wurth and Sean smiled at each other. They both admired Zen's charm to encourage Nory to fight back.

"Hey! Have you eaten enough at the Mo house?" Nina scoffed as she was being ignored for a while now.

Wurth touched his fat belly, shook his head and replied,"Of course not! I haven't had a bite fo food for a while. Where can we get a meal now?"

"I didn't eat anything either. Why don't we find a place to have a meal?" said Nina.

"Sounds good! Count me in!" Sean said as he raised his hands above his head.

After the battle between Zen and James, everyone was hungry and all they wanted to do was to find a restaurant to eat in.

There were many business districts in the Imperial Capital, and it would be difficult to navigate one's self in the Imperial Capital. Luckily, Nina, Wurth, and Nory all grew up in the capital and they were familiar with the business districts. In no time, they all figured out the best restaurant and headed there.

While having their meal, Nory drank a lot of wine but was still sober. The more he drank, the more active and lively he became. It had been a while since they all gathered for a meal despite all being in the Drizzle Peak. So, as they were enjoying a meal, they all chatted until midnight.

When they were about to finish, Nina's cheeks were noticeably turning red from the alcohol she consumed. She wore her long, ebony hair loose that fell on her shoulders like a waterfall. The curly bangs covered her forehead like a cloud. She looked almost like a beautiful fairy in the pictures.

Nature creatures usually had high resistance to alcohol especially when they deliberately controlled themselves.

But perhaps Nina was happy to meet Zen that she drank a little too much. The two girls who came with her had already walked behind Sean and Nory as they chatted with each other.

Meanwhile Nina and Zen walked together side by side.

Although it was already late in the evening, the nightlife in the Imperial Capital had just begun. Lanterns on the roof of the pavilions lightened the street as if it was daytime. People who walked along the road cast long shadows over the ground.

Zen could not help but notice the charming appearance of Nina and her beautiful face under the moonlight. He felt his heart beat faster the longer he stared at her.

"Hey, you haven't answered me yet. Why didn't you come to my peak and play with me?" Nina asked again. Given Nina's noble identity, it wasn't fit for her to say such things. However, she was happy and slightly drunk at the same time – which was obviously not the right mix.

This was how Nina usually behaved when she liked someone – that guy would be stuck in her mind for a long time.

But when she was sober, she could not dare ask Zen this question. Alcohol could make Nina pluck up enough courage to speak to Zen and that was why she had too much wine that night.

When Nina asked Zen the same question a few hours ago at the Mo Mansion, he did not answer it. But this time, he had no way to avoid it.

Zen tried to come up with a good excuse but ended up saying,"Well, I've been quite busy recently, and I just forgot it."

Nina curled her lips in slight disappointment. She knew that Zen was busy cultivating martial arts, but she thought he could have lied to her just to make her feel good.

However, Nina also knew that Zen was always forthright – the character that made him stand out amongst the playboys in the city. That was what she liked about him more.

Chatting for a while, they didn't notice that they already walked so far. They continued to walk on the side of the Gold River and finally parted ways in the middle.

Both Wurth and Zen had other things to do and did not return to Cloud Sect.

Wurth had to deal with the fifty drops of the heavenly essence that Zen had commissioned him.

Last time at the Blessed Auction House, the Zhang Clan auctioned a few drops of heavenly essence. After which, many people wanted to inquire if the Zhang Clan had more heavenly essence for them to buy.

Among these people were the powerful masters living like hermits and some members of noble clans.

The heavenly essence had many uses, one of which was to improve the quality of almost all kinds of weapons.

The possession of a high-grade weapon was the lifetime pursuit of every martial artist.

However, once a weapon was built, it was impossible to upgrade it unless it was thrown into a furnace for refinement, which was almost the equivalent of building a new weapon.

Therefore, the heavenly essence was the only hope for them. But the essence was rare and hard to obtain.

When people heard that fifty drops of the heavenly essence had been bought by the elder from the Huang Clan at the price of 120, 000 cubic crystals, they all regretted not attending the public auction. If they had taken part in the public auction, the hammer price of the fifty drops of heavenly essence would have been pushed up higher.

Since Zen commissioned Wurth to auction fifty drops of the heavenly essence, Wurth did much advance publicity. The more affluent people participated in the auction, the higher the transaction price would be.

As Wurth came back to the Blessed Auction House, he began to deal with the heavenly essence.

Although the Zhang Clan did not assess the fighting ability of its members, there were high demands for business skills to all the children.

Since at the age of ten, every member would get an account to record the money that they had earned for the Zhang Clan.

And on that ledger, Wurth always came in fourth place.

The top three were the elite children of the descendants of the Zhang Clan – one of whom was Wurth's eldest brother, Wick.

As Zen commissioned Wurth to auction the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion, it was a big deal on Wurth's personal account.

At the moment, there was a huge gap between Wurth's sales performance and that of the person in third place. The deal of the crystal core of the fire scorpion lion would help Wurth to close the gap.

And if this time Wurth managed to sell the heavenly essence, he would finally get into the third spot.

Furthermore, Zen had told Wurth that he had more than fifty drops of heavenly essence and he could provide them to Wurth continuously.

The Blessed Auction House had few valuable things that were worth more than a hundred thousand cubic crystals. If Zen could indeed steadily provide the heavenly essence to Wurth, the latter would even have opportunities to surpass the auction achievements of the other competitors and would eventually rise to the first place.

Whether it was for business or cultivation, Wurth was not the kind of person who would give up easily. But since his talent for martial arts was not as good as his brother Wick, he would be proud of himself if his auction achievements could exceed that of Wick.

Zen didn't worry about the price that his heavenly essence would fetch at the auction. He believed that because of the professional means of the Zhang Clan, the transaction price would exceed his expectation.

Moreover, since Zen had the black fire in his head, he could get heavenly essence whenever he liked. The fact that the black fire could extract heavenly essence was really a windfall for him.

During his battle with James yesterday, a considerable weakness of Zen was exposed.

Whenever Zen met a special kind of attacking method and his demonic life vitality could not play a role in the battle, he would be helpless.

When Zen could not deal with the sword energy released by James, he just fled. He also knew that even if he was able to dodge the sword energy, James would have used other killing skills. After all, Zen still couldn't stand a chance against a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

If only Zen got a great weapon, the situation would have probably been different.

At present, Zen's body was like a mid-grade spiritual weapon. Any general weapon could not hurt him. But if encountering an enemy who used a high-grade or fairy weapon, he wouldn't be able to survive it.

Although Zen's broken flying knife was his trump card all along, it could only be used in sneak attacks.

It was not a good idea to use the broken flying knife to fight against people in face-to-face combat.

At that time, the All Peaks Competition was about to take place.

The All Peaks Competition would bring together all the elite disciples of the Cloud Sect, and there was no shortage of powerful geniuses.

And Zen had been preparing for this competition all along.

Fortunately, the All Peaks Competition would be held after the Chinese New Year, so there was plenty of time for Zen to prepare.

As for the weapon, Zen had to find the best one to use.

The conventional weapons were hacking knives and swords. In the Eastern Region, most of the people preferred swords to knives.

Swords were deemed to be the best among all kinds of weapons. They could be used to hack and stab, and the cultivation books had more swordsmanship methods than any other skiils.

The knives, on the other hand, were also a handful. They couldn't be used to thrust someone, but they were more powerful since their blades were thicker.

But aside from knives and swords, other choices of weapons were bows, hammers, axes, spears, and so on.

Considering for a moment, Zen eventually decided to use a sword.

He remembered that his father once used a top-grade mysterious sword called the Green Wind Rider Sword. Unfortunately, it got lost.

Since his father used a sword, he believed he was also equipped to handle the said weapon.

After finally determining what weapon he wanted, Zen rushed to the Weapon Pavilion.

The business of Weapon Pavilion was booming as usual.

When Zen went inside, the waiters didn't pay attention to him. But the middle-aged shopkeeper who attended to him last time noticed him, his face lit up.

Last time Zen was there, he bought more than two hundred swords. That impressed the middle-aged shopkeeper and he remembered Zen since then.

The deal had brought the middle-aged shopkeeper a considerable amount of commission.

So when he saw Zen again, he couldn't contain his happiness and hurried to greet Zen.

Chapter 318 The Nine Edges Sword

"Mr. Luo, what a pleasure! How may I help you this time?" Having been in the business for decades, the middle-aged shopkeeper excelled at dealing with customers, and both his tone and expression were carefully adjusted.

But since Zen was a customer with a deep-pocket, the middle-aged shopkeeper was too excited that his voice was trembling.

"Oh? Hello, sir!" After exchanging greetings with the shopkeeper, Zen explained,"I'm here to see what weapons the Weapon Pavilion has in store for me."

The middle-aged shopkeeper wanted to ask Zen about the weapons he bought last time. 'More than two hundred mysterious weapons, sufficient to build up a private army. I wonder what he purchased so many for.' With a second thought, the middle-aged shopkeeper decided not to pose such a question, because he might violate certain taboo and offend the customer.

Thus, the middle-aged shopkeeper asked beamingly,"I'll be more than willing to show you around. What kind of weapons do you have in mind? Our Weapon Pavilion has recently acquired a fresh batch of mysterious weapons."

He assumed that Zen would like to take another shipment of mysterious weapon this time. But Zen shook his head and clarified,"This time I don't want any mysterious weapon. Perhaps next time. Right now, I just want to buy a sword."

Zen was not anxious to purchase mysterious weapons to prepare the heavenly essence.

He was biding his time until Wurth auctioned the first batch of the heavenly essence, then he would act according to the circumstances. Anyway, he still had over six hundred drops of the heavenly essence at hand. Even if they were bought at the auction, next time Zen would not release so many drops of the heavenly essence to the market at a time.

In the Eastern Region, he was the only one who could offer a stable supply of the heavenly essence and no other shop or brand was in this business. Being the exclusive supplier, Zen was aware that the heavenly essence was valuable because of its rarity.

If a big volume of the heavenly essence suddenly appeared in the market, its price would surely plummet. Therefore, the best method was to sell it in several small batches.

"A sword? What kind of sword do you want?" the middle-aged shopkeeper inquired.

"I'll know once I see. Take me to your showroom so I can look." Zen didn't have a specific idea of the sword he wanted, so he would like to look at samples first.

After all, it was hard to pin down the ideal one at first glance.

"Now that Mr. Luo only wants one sword, I won't suggest these ordinary ones on the first floor," said the middle-aged shopkeeper with a smile. He had already witnessed how wealthy Zen was. 'He has bought over two hundred mysterious weapons. And now that he only wants one weapon, these mysterious weapons won't be good enough for him.' "Let me take you to the second floor instead. The best items of our Weapon Pavilion are on the second floor!"

Zen nodded and followed behind the middle-aged shopkeeper.

However, before he could step onto the stairs leading up to the second floor, Zen was stopped by two guards stationed by the staircase.

"The access to the second floor requires the verification of membership for the Weapon Pavilion," one of the guards announced.

The second floor of the Weapon Pavilion housed many legendary weapons with incredible value. Thus, ordinary people were not allowed to enter it.

At this time, the middle-aged shopkeeper said,"Mr. Luo has not joined the membership of our Weapon Pavilion yet. But he is a distinguished guest of mine, so please let him pass through."

The two guards were hesitating at first. 'This is certainly a breach of the rules. If we let this brat pass through and he tampered or stole something, we'll jeopardize our jobs.'

At this point, the middle-aged shopkeeper was losing patience. He could not afford to upset his honored guest. Thus, he snarled,"Move it, you bastards! Get out of our way!" The middle-aged shopkeeper was desperate that he blurted out such curse at the two guards.

The two guards looked quite disgruntled. But considering the status of the middle-aged shopkeeper, they could only suck it up and retreated sideways to make a way for Zen.

When the two guards finally moved, the middle-aged shopkeeper spoke to Zen with a smiley face,"After you, Mr. Luo. I apologize that you must witness that. These two guards are just ignorant of the norms, so please don't blame them."

Zen gave a smile and replied,"It's fine. They were doing their jobs. We are actually putting them in a difficult situation right now." He could empathize with the two guards. Considering that they were just doing their duties, they did nothing wrong.

When they reached the second floor, Zen noticed that the second floor of the Weapon Pavilion was smaller compared to the first floor. But since there was no one there, it looked large and empty.

Although it wasn't very spacious, the room was well decorated to impress many distinguished guests. Even at a quick glance, one could see the elaborate designs of the room.

For example, the floor looked like it was carpeted with some sort of a handmade fluffy green rug. But in fact, the floor was constituted by a kind of plant called Earthy Fur Grass. The Earthy Fur Grass usually lived in the slits between high mountains in the south.

It felt soft and comfortable if you stood on it. And it would make the room it was planted in warm during winter and cool in summer. The royal palace first transplanted a turf at the back of the palace. Later, all the noble clans in Imperial Capital followed suit.

The Earthy Fur Grass was indeed an uncommon plant. Since there weren't many high mountains in the South, it immediately became rare and precious after the noble clans frenzied about it.

The small patch of the Earthy Fur Grass under Zen's feet was almost worth a hundred cubic crystals. And that had not even included the fee for the daily maintenance of the Earthy Fur Grass.

The poor could hardly imagine that a patch of that grass was too much and that they couldn't afford it even if they kept working for the rest of their lives.

Aside from the floor, the whole room was designed with other good things. For instance, the window beside Zen was made of transparent colored glaze, while the decorating frame around it revealed strips of natural cloud pattern, which showed that it was made of equally precious mica wood.

"This way, please!" Seeing Zen was looking around, the middle-aged shopkeeper was happy that his distinguished client was amazed by the glory of the second floor.

The boss of the Weapon Pavilion knew well his customers' mindset very well. The purpose of pouring so much time and money to decorate the second floor of the Weapon Pavilion was exactly to create such an effect.

At the sight of the expression of the middle-aged shopkeeper, Zen smiled faintly instead. He did not find luxury and comfort off-putting. He could also do with a lousy environment.

Following the lead of the middle-aged shopkeeper, Zen weaved through all the goods on the second floor.

Although the second-floor room was not as large as the first floor, there was a lot of good stuff in the exhibition.

As Zen walked along the hall, he saw an exhibition stand on the floor, and in the middle of it laid a weapon.

There were no mysterious weapons on this floor. Everywhere Zen looked, he could only see spiritual weapons and more advanced ones.

As Zen examined the stand, he saw a fully scarlet broadsword hanging on the middle of several iron sticks. And when he got closer, a wave of powerful force hit him. It was blazing and emitting enormous heat that scorched the Earthy Fur Grass around it.

From the looks of it, this broadsword must be a supreme spiritual weapon. It was certainly quite expensive.

Though he was curious about the broadsword, he didn't intend to own one. When the middle-aged shopkeeper noticed that Zen was interested in this broadsword, he eagerly turned around to introduce the sword to Zen.

But Zen shook his head and gestured the middle-aged shopkeeper to keep going.

They went on and passed by assorted weapons that Zen just skimmed through.

After passing by so many exhibitions, Zen finally stopped in front of one stand.

This stand displayed three swords

of different styles, shapes, and colors.

Zen was curious as to why they put the three swords together.

Sensing that Zen began to scrutinize the three swords, the middle-aged shopkeeper told Zen with a beam,"They are three top-grade spiritual weapons forged by the elder Chase when he was alive!"

"Chase?" Zen was taken aback. He did not know many weapon-refining masters.

But he remembered buying the Weapon Refining Principle of Chase at an auction. And after reading it, he was quite astonished by the ways Chase employed in weapon refining. This man had spent all his life researching about the art of weapon refining, and he indeed achieved a marvelous level unreachable by anybody else. Therefore, upon learning that these swords were forged by Chase, he became suddenly intrigued.

At the sight of Zen's expression, the middle-aged shopkeeper certainly knew that his client was eyeing for these treasures. So, he immediately flipped the lid open with his hands and unbuckled one of the swords. He took it out as he said,"These swords have a story full of twists and turns."

The middle-aged shopkeeper fished out the white sword first, turned the handle towards Zen and handed it to him.

Zen reached out his hand to take the sword. As it landed in his palm, he felt his arm was yanked downwards. "This sword is heavy!" Zen's arm strength was actually quite amazing. Even without the help of the dragon scales, Zen's strength was still impressive and above any other ordinary men. But grasping the sword single-handedly, he still found it rather heavy.

Normally, swords tended to be light and the blade was thin and nearly weightless. The thinner and lighter it was, the faster it could be thrust out and the sharper its energy would become.

But this sword was refined in the opposite norm. Zen had no idea what it was made of to be this cumbersome.

The middle-aged shopkeeper obviously knew the secret. He chuckled,"Mr. Luo, please let me tell you the story!" He called the handyman beside him,"Hurry up, fetch us two chairs here."

Zen found this funny but annoying at the same time. 'The shopkeeper is being overly helpful on the second floor. Why do we need chairs for just a story?' But as Zen was explaining that he did not need to sit, the handyman already put two chairs behind him and the middle-aged shopkeeper.

The middle-aged shopkeeper motioned him to take a seat. When they were finally settled, the shopkeeper began,"This sword is called 'Nine Edges Sword'. It weighs a hundred times of an ordinary sword."

"Nine Edges Sword?" Zen unlocked the sheath, drew it gently until half of the blade was already out.

Generally, when a sword was unsheathed, the blade would rub against the iron buckle on the sheath and create a clear whoosh sound.

But due to the weight of the Nine Edges Sword, Zen only heard a muffled thud as he drew it out.

The edge of this sword was also wider and thicker than other swords. The sword looked quite good with coated grid-like metal grains.

"This sword is named Nine Edges Sword because it has combined the edges of nine different swords," the middle-aged shopkeeper stated with a smile.

Chapter 319 Green Wave (Part One)

"Nine edges combined together? Wow, that sure does sound awesome!" Zen said in an astonished tone. In the first glance, he thought the Nine Edges Sword's edge was too thick, but now he didn't think so after he understood the significance of its name. He thought to himself, 'Even though the nine edges used to forge this sword are very thin, it is still hard to condense them into a tool which is as thin as this.'

The shopkeeper nodded in approval, "Chase's weapon refining skills are outstanding and irreplaceable. Only a genius like him could think of such an innovative way to optimally use the materials and forge such a mighty sword."

According to the shopkeeper's further explanation, Chase used a special kind of steel which had great ductility for the sword's purpose. His first step was to heat the steel until it softened and after that the matter was placed on an iron plate which too had been heated in a furnace filled with a special kind of charcoal for special effect.

This special kind of charcoal, mined right from the Cloud Mountain, could keep burning for over three months after being lit. After being heated for such a long time, the iron plate had become red-hot while maintaining a flat plane.

A dozen of muscular men would then be ordered to move a huge roller, weighing over ten thousand pounds, to keep flattening the steel on the iron plate.

After seven days of hard and constant work, the steel was condensed and compressed into a thin sheet which was stuck tightly to the iron plate. But now instead of putting it all into cold water, which was the common procedure in forging, the iron plate would be placed in normal temperature until it cooled down and the steel sheet fell off it naturally in its own pace.

After this long process, the kind of extremely thin steel sheets processed formed the basic material of the Nine Edges Sword.

Post the preparation of nine steel sheets of this sort, Chase merged them together one layer after another patiently to deliver the finest result. Each time he merged two layers of the steel sheets, he would add a concoction of different special materials and employed his special refining method, which was a well kept secret from the world.

It was a tedious process which required great patience, strength and determination.

After the steel sheets were all merged together, they would be put into a smelting furnace and using the fire generated by the weapon refiner's life energy, they would receive the final refinement. During this process, the weapon refiner added the heavenly essence into the weapon to further strengthen it giving it a special nature of its own.

In fact, Chase's way of forging the Nine Edges Sword was well known to the public.

Even so with such knowledge, no other weapon refiners was able to repeat the process with the same skillset to produce a masterpiece.

It was said that even the weapon refining master at the Burning Sky Palace tried his hands at making a weapon on the lines of the Nine Edges Sword. But he too failed to merge all of the nine steel sheets together and was only able to produce an incomparable "Eight Edges Sword".

"I didn't expect for this mighty sword to undergo so many processes and require so much effort to reach perfection," Zen spoke out honestly as he fully pulled out this sword from its sheath and waved it with vigour in the air. He appreciated the details and perfection of this weapon. Because of its heavy weight, it could generate a greater power as its user cut through his enemies with it. On the other hand, its user could also employ it as a sword to stab his enemies and perform swordplay if he had great strength to wave the tool smoothly.

"Despite its powerful features and magnificence, yet there is just one small problem about this weapon," the shopkeeper said as he took a heavy deep sigh expressing his disappointment.

"Oh really?" Zen asked immidiately with dripping curiousity, "This weapon seems perfect owing to its grand appearance and appealing functions. What is the imperfect part it conceals so well?"

The shopkeeper answered with a sorry look, "Actually, Chase was attempting to forge a "Ten Edges Sword" at the very beginning. However, he failed right at the last step. Had he succeeded, this weapon had the capability to have been a fairy weapon!"

"Oh, now I understand it." Zen stared at the weapon in his hand quietly almost like he was studying the details. It was already an extraordinary achievement to merge nine layers of steel sheets together, and it must be much harder to add just this last one layer.

The shopkeeper regained his smile and said, "Nonetheless, as a spiritual weapon, the Nine Edges Sword too is the best among other swords of the same rank. Are you interested to own it?"

Zen pushed the weapon back into its sheath delicately and said, "Before I make a decision, I want to have a look at the other two swords here."

There were still two other weapons in the showcase which Zen decided to examine carefully before he finally decided on one!

"Okay. I totally understand that you need to examine and analyse each carefully before you find a suitable spiritual weapon for yourself," the shopkeeper said as he took out the second sword carefully and handed it to Zen with a warm smile.

This sword was a unique beautiful green color including its hilt and sheath. It seemed to be made of jade.

Compared to the Nine Edges Sword, this green sword was on the other end of the spectrum in terms of appearance. While the Nine Edges Sword was extremely heavy which would intimidate those with poor strength who would struggle even to wave it, whereas this sword was almost as light as a feather, and Zen felt no strain on his hand when holding it.

"This sword is called 'Green Wave', it is another high-level weapon among the spiritual weapons. Like the other two swords here, it was made by Chase during his late experienced years. At that time, he had nearly exhausted his talent, but he still tried to challenge himself and wanted to produce another fairy weapon."

A weapon refiner's basis for distinguishing himself from the others as a master creator was the fact that he was able to produce a fairy weapon. This was an unwritten rule in the Eastern Region for the past thousands of decades.

Brady, the weapon refiner from the Wang family, Chase, and the weapon refiner at the Burning Sky Palace were all called weapon refining masters because each of them had managed to make a fairy weapon using their special skills and knowledge.

But what distinguished Brady was the fact that he had only produced two fairy weapons during his past lives, but that was enough to make his mark in the world.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 320 Green Wave (Part Two)

As for Chase, he was far better known and respected than Brady because he had made thirteen fairy weapons altogether putting him in a different league all together. Even during the entire course of the Eastern Region's long history, he was the only weapon refiner who was able to make such a significant achievement leaving a legacy.

All of those thirteen weapons were finished at his peak. He did try one last time to make another fairy weapon during his late years, but he had already run out of his great talent.

These three swords in front of Zen were Chase's last attempts at making a fairy weapon during his final days.

He exhausted the remaining inspiration and strength to make these three swords before he eventually died. Some strongly believed that he would have lived for several more years had he not exerted himself.

Zen pulled the sword lightly, and the sharp edge of the sword popped out of its sheath, it was that light and fast.

"Shiiiiiing! Vzzzzt..."

The green edge kept shaking, almost emitting strong vibrations, after it was pulled out of the sheath. Its ringing sound carried itself to the entire space around them, and it sounded refreshing and pleasing as a fairy playing a zither.

Zen lifted the sword and observed its movement casually. Its thin edge was so crystal clear that he could see through it. Everything he saw through this weapon was tinted green.

"It's a good sword," he praised as he admired the perfect piece of weapon.

Zen had a somewhat broad knowledge of weapons because he had visited the weapon house in White Emperor City, not to mention the fairy palace too. Even so, he couldn't help but feel amazed at the brillance and slender nature of this beautiful sword.

The shopkeeper smiled as he spoke out, "It surely is. Its raw material is the wings of the golden cicadas which give its colour and strength."

The golden cicada was one of level seven beasts. It was almost as rare as the fire scorpion lion which was a little higher up the rank. Evidently procuring golden cicadas' wings was not an easy task, but it was even harder to make a sword with them.

The golden cicadas had very hard and sharp wings which could easily cut through iron and leave a lasting mark.

However, the wings couldn't be used directly to make weapons. One reason was that they had poor ductility due to their great solidity. Aside from that, the wings could only maintain their supernatural power when they were still on the cicadas' alive bodies.

Once they were removed from the cicadas, the wings would lose their energies and soon become fragile almost instantly. After a short time, they would easily break apart just upon being touched so that they couldn't be used to make a weapon.

Owing to this very reason, the hunters needed to get the golden cicadas' blood and immerse the wings in it. After that, they had to rush back to the capital of Burning Sky Empire and hand the materials to Chase who would then use his knowledge and special method to preserve the wings.

In this way, the ductility and potence of the wings were balanced to the highest extent possible.

"Although Chase failed to make the 'Green Wave' into a fairy weapon, it is one of the best weapons among its rank. Its power and quality are extremely close to an actual fairy weapon!" the shopkeeper said with excitement as his face beamed with pride.

Zen held the sword with a tight grip in his hand and casually waved it in the air. Although he mainly learned about the Purple Light Fist instead of any swordsmanship, he still had some basic skills of using a sword because it was a required course for every warrior. His swift motion was smooth and sharp as he performed a set of swordplay with the Green Wave.

He could feel that the edge of this sword was quite different from a metal weapon. After all, its material was taken from a living creature, and there were numerous tiny spaces among the dead cells. Zen tried to inject his demonic life vitality into the "Green Wave", and the sword was immediately filled with his energies. Under the influence of his great power, the green sword turned into a color of deep purple.

"Mr. Luo, how do you like this sword?" asked the shopkeeper, trying to get an impression of his first thoughts.

Zen nodded lightly, "It's really a good weapon. I want to know about the prices of the Nine Edges Sword and the Green Wave respectively."

The shopkeeper pointed at the Nine Edges Sword as he answered, "Although these two swords are both high-level spiritual weapons, they differ a lot in their prices owing to their distinct properties. This Nine Edges Sword will cost you about 30, 000 cubic crystals, while the Green Wave will cost you 80, 000."

After hearing the shopkeeper's words, Zen was slightly astonished and taken aback by the high price.

He was prepared as he knew that the spiritual weapons would cost much more than his previous weapons, but he never once expected such a high number.

Despite that, he realised that the high prices were reasonable enough as they were high-quality after he pondered over it.

For example, he had once sold a crystal core of fire scorpion lion for 70, 000 cubic crystals at an auction. The crystal core could be used to strengthen the power of the fire generated by a weapon refiner or a pill refiner's life energies.

The main materials of the Green Wave were the wings of the golden cicadas which were close to the fire scorpion lions in their ranks. According to ranks of the beasts, the golden cicadas' wings might only be a bit cheaper than the crystal cores of fire scorpion lions.

Furthermore, the golden cicadas' wings still required more processes and refinement before they were finally trasnformed into the mighty Green Wave, not to mention that it was made by the famous Chase. To be honest, now after analysing everything, Zen felt that this weapon was being sold at a very cheap rate.

As he was not prepared to make such an investment, he didn't bring so many cubic crystals with him, but that wasn't a problem.

With the Blessed Draft Bank token that Wurth had given him, he could pay his bills on credit. As for the cubic crystals he needed to pay here, he knew that Wurth would handle it for him after he told him about the figure.

He was not worried because he still had fifty drops of heavenly essence in Wurth's hand, and those were worth much more than several dozens of thousand cubic crystals.

Chapter 321 The Final Work Of Chase (Part One)

The last instance when some heavenly essence was sold via an auction in the Blessed Auction House, the elders from noble families of Imperial Capital regretted that they were not present there that particular day for a long time. Or else the price of the fifty drops of heavenly essence would have been far higher than the few hundred thousand cubic crystals.

After asking for the price, Zen returned the 'Green Wave' sword to the shopkeeper and then in a following movement pointed towards the third one and asked, "Sir, could I know the name of the third sword?"

The shopkeeper gently placed the sword 'Green Wave' back on the shelf. He then looked at the third sword as he shook his head and said, "As per what I know about the third sword, I strongly advice you not to buy it and choose some other sword."

"Oh? may I know the reason?" Zen asked in an apparent tone of surprise.

"Well, I simply say so because the third sword is an unfinished one," the middle-aged shopkeeper responded in a soft hushed voice. "When Chase was forging this sword, he remained relentlessly awake for over two whole days. He began meditating after he took the refining fire back from the sword. And then he never woke up--Chase passed away in an upright sitting posture."

Zen raised his eyebrows and asked with curiosity, "Does this mean that Chase died from making this particular sword?"

"You could probably say that, but it would not be completely true or even reasonable. Around the same time, Chase's natural lifespan too was coming to an end and he knew it very well. But for him, to make a fairy weapon was far more important and superior over one more year of mortality. It really is a pity that the sword remained unfinished even with the way he exerted himself for excellence one last time. It could have been a fairy weapon if Chase did not die. So now it is less valuable because it is a semi-finished sword!" The middle-aged shopkeeper bobbed his head slowly to express the sense of regret.

"Since it is only an incomplete product, why would you place it here on the shelf with the other swords?" Zen asked. He went on with his second inquiry without a moment's pause, "Is there anyone who would buy a semi-product?"

"Hey hey," the middle-aged shopkeeper laughed at Zen's naive question and answered. "It is not ordinary either since it has the potential to become a fairy weapon with the right assistance. Being the final work of Chase, it is clearly worth something. I can show you its potential if you don't believe it..."

While the middle-aged shopkeeper was speaking, he grabbed the third sword off the shelf.

The next moment, he began comparing it with the other two swords Zen saw previously. The third one did not seem to share an on-par excellence. Its sheath appeared grey and there was no aura to be sensed at all. The first sword, Nine Edges Sword, was like a mighty warrior, which would immediately give people a sense of its intimidating power upon appearing.

And the second sword, 'Green Wave', was like an agile killer with an ethereal vibe, which would arrive without coming into notice in an extremely swift and efficient manner.

But the third sword appeared ordinary. It was like an airhead with a normal look, but without anything in his mind. The sword had lost its soul.

The middle-aged shopkeeper then pulled the sword out of the sheath. It was almost finished. When Zen's eyes focused on the edge, he raised his eyebrows without even realising it. The sword's edge was extraordinarily sharp. He could just sense the sharpness by looking at it. Except for the edge, all other parts, including the sword body, the handle and the sheath, seemed to be grey with grime.

"This sword is nearly finished. Chase passed away before the last final procedure, which is the most important and crucial to make a weapon.

And that is condensation," the shopkeeper spoke out. As he stroked the sword, he went on, "Condensation is to give the sword power with Heaven's derivative principle the weapon refiner learns so that the sword can have its own soul. And also because of this, weapon refiners can make all kinds of weapons, and the weapons can be thereupon divided into different levels. We put the unfinished sword here on display, just hoping that some fated weapon refiner would buy it and take it to its destiny!"

"Condensing depends on the weapon refiner's understanding of Heaven's derivative. But each weapon refiner has his own understanding of Heaven's derivative and it is different from person to person. If an ordinary weapon refiner bought it, the result of condensing would probably be not good enough for the sword. So the sword may become only a mysterious weapon, isn't it?" Zen enthusiastically questioned again.

The middle-aged shopkeeper agreed as he nodded, "Well, you're right. We only list the price ten thousand cubic crystals. If a weapon refiner has deep understanding of Heaven's derivative, the sword may turn to a fairy weapon. He can then sell it at the price of one million or several million cubic crystals. But over many years, several weapon refiners have seen the sword, but none of them can be sure to succeed!"

"Condensation needs the weapon refiner's understanding of Heaven's derivative and he needs to condense it into the weapon. How about directly filling the sword with heavenly essence?" Zen blurted out yet another question.

"Ha ha ha," the shopkeeper laughed loudly upon hearing Zen's words and continued, "Heavenly essence is the essence of Heaven's derivative. Of course it will be better than the original method!"

"Why don't they buy the sword and fill it with heavenly essence directly?" Zen was still puzzled.

"That is a good question. First, heavenly essence is very expensive, and people usually can't buy it even they have many cubic crystals. Second, the sword is an unfinished weapon. Who knows how much heavenly essence it would need? It is a hit and missing process depending on skills and knowledge of the subject. Let's assume it is a fairy weapon. It can't become a fairy weapon without dozens or even hundreds of drops of heavenly essence. Moreover, a weapon refiner can strengthen a finished high-level spiritual weapon. It will be a better choice and it also will definitely guarantee a good result." The middle-aged shopkeeper replied confidently.

Chapter 322 The Final Work Of Chase (Part Two)

"Oh, I see," Zen understood the entire concept.

'Heavenly essence is so precious that even people with lots of cubic crystals can't buy it as there have been only a few sellers of it for a long time.

And if a weapon refiner obtains heavenly essence, he would rather strengthen a spiritual weapon. High-level spiritual weapons are available for some people and they have been very familiar with their spiritual weapon. So it is reasonable to strengthen their spiritual weapon into fairy weapon directly rather than invest in this unfinished sword which may require an unsure amount of essence.

But this sword fits me well!

I have an abundance of heavenly essence. Even though I haven't learned all the weapon refining skills, the procedure of condensation is not difficult for me. I can surely give it a try!'

Zen was deep in thought for a long moment before he suddenly smiled and said to the shopkeeper, "I will buy this sword."

"What?" The shopkeeper didn't believe his ears, "Did you say you wanted the third sword?"

Zen nodded and replied in a serious tone, "Yes, I choose this sword."

"But," the shopkeeper hesitated realising what Zen requested. In fact the shopkeeper didn't tell Zen the entire story. The sword actually should not be sold as Chase had pinned his dying hope on the sword. The middle-aged shopkeeper still remembered what Weapon Pavilion's boss told him: if there was really the person who could successfully turn the sword into a fairy weapon, the sword would be rewarded to him for free!

Sensing the shopkeeper's hesitation, Zen felt strange and he asked, "Is there any problem? Isn't the sword's price ten thousand cubic crystals?

Do you request a higher price?"

"No, that's not the case!" the shopkeeper shook his head immediately upon hearing Zen's question. "It's not that. Let me tell you the truth. The Weapon Pavilion did not put the sword here for sale. What we really hope is to find a weapon refiner who could finish it. If someone really can do it, we will let him have the sword without any charge. But... But..."

The shopkeeper looked at Zen from top to bottom with a shocked look. Zen did not look like a weapon refiner even in his wildest dream!

"Oh, I see. What if I insist on buying this particular sword?" Zen asked curiously.

"Well, you can actually buy it..." Such a crucial deal could not be turned down or even be handled by the shopkeeper. So being undecided about this sword and lost in thoughts, the shopkeeper said, "I have to ask my boss about it! Could you please wait here for a minute?"

After Zen nodded and agreed to wait patiently, the middle-aged shopkeeper hurriedly rushed to a corner on the second floor.

Zen sat there waiting quietly and patiently just curious about the outcome. He began wondering who the boss of Weapon Pavilion was.

Within a few minutes, the shopkeeper returned in a hurry and said, "Mr. Luo, our boss wants to meet you. Could you please follow me there right away?"

Zen got up instantly. The middle-aged man then grabbed the third sword and led Zen forward.

Soon they walked to the corridor's end and winded up at another staircase. They went up and finally reached a giant red door.

The shopkeeper knocked on the red door ever-so-lightly prompting a woman's voice coming from the other side, "Come in, please."

'Is the boss of Weapon Pavilion a woman?' Zen wondered with awe.

Without hesitating for a moment, he followed the shopkeeper in.

Upon entering the room, Zen spotted a chair covered with a white tiger's skin. A woman sat on the chair in an entitled and regal manner. At the end of the wall was a fireplace, flashing sparks and blazing flame.

The woman was extremely beautiful and elegant. Her hair was pulled back into a bun at the back of her head. Her skin was a little tan, which accentuated her beauty in a different way. The woman leaned against the tiger skin's head, with one hand supporting her cheek graciously. She was looking in the door's direction. Although it was winter now, she didn't wear many clothes, nor did she wear shoes. Most of her skin was exposed making her appear tough.

The shopkeeper lowered his head in respect and fear the moment he entered the room without even looking at the woman once.

Zen raised his eyes and looked right at the woman. Suddenly, just as he looked at her, he felt stimulated and his heartbeat quickened. It seemed that he was controlled by the woman spiritually and physically. All of a sudden, he felt a thirst grow in his body and a sprawling heat.

'It must be a kind of flirtation skill!' Zen soon realised it

as he understood that all his reactions were abnormal.

There were some women in the world, who could master the skill of flirtation perfectly., while some other women could cultivate themselves to use flirtation soon after they were born. Some high-level flirtation even could be used in fighting as a means to distract people. And what was more, someone could even control her opponent with just a look, making him to surrender without putting up a fight willingly!

Whether the woman's flirtation was gifted or practised was not important. In fact, Zen didn't mind it at all. But he knew for sure that he had been influenced by her. No wonder the middle-aged man dropped his head at once upon entering. He probably knew that his boss had a high-level flirtation skill.

After all, flirtation, just like some illusion, was to control people's mind by misleading them and reading them.

If one had a strong soul, he would not be naturally controlled by flirtation.

Zen blinked his eyes and soon his mind turned blank. With his ability of forgetting himself, the woman's flirtation had no influence on him at all. So he recovered within a second.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 323 Sword Granting (Part One)

The woman yelled in cracking hoarse voice dripping with shock. She least expected that Zen would have the patience to withstand her flirtation. And what surprised her more was his thorough resistance and finally she felt powerless in front of him.

It was a common sense that Flirtation was a fighting tactic that worked mostly on men at younger age as when they hit puberty they were evidently attracted to the feminine nature the most. And at the moment, seeing this man who was less than 20-year-old and should be the easiest prey of her seduction, brazenly turn down her attempts, made her curious and more determined.

With this first encounter, the woman, who was in fact the owner of Weapon Pavilion, got a profound impression of Zen. A flame of curiosity was raging in her heart, and this possessed her and pushed her to pursue Zen and find out more about him.

"Is it you who want to buy that sword?" inquired the woman, passing a wide inviting smile to him.

Even though her voice remained broken and hoarse, the whole tone on the contrary was soft and appeasing. No one could deny the gentle and soft feeling that stuck in the heart. "You are right, that is me," Zen replied reverently as he nodded his head.

"Well..." The woman sighed with hesitation as she held out her hand to start brushing the white tiger's hair. With a polite yet shrewd smile still lingering on her face, she began to approach him. "Didn't Manager Qi tell you? This particular sword is not for sale," she said while gazing into Zen's eyes.

Zen smiled back with equal politeness and said, "Yes, he did. It is just that the sword attracted me so much that I will be so depressed if I cannot earn it. Do you think you could bend your rule this once and quote a price for it?" He pursued diligently.

Upon hearing his persistent attempt, the woman burst out into a small shrill laugh. She shook her head expressing her refusal and explained, "This sword is not any common sword on which I could bear to put a tag. It is a combination of the knowledge of Chase's last times on earth. He poured his lifetime's hard work, knowledge and dedication into this sword when making it. And I inherited it because he was my father's close friend. And according to his will, I am not allowed to sell it to anyone unless someone would be able to refine it into a fairy weapon, and in that case, the sword could be awarded with no charge at all. So right now, there is no point in mentioning any price if you have no ability to fulfil Chase's last wish."

After hearing her long speech, a small contemptuous smile appeared on Zen's lips. "What if I possess the ability to refine it into a fairy weapon? Then will you do as you just promised? Will then give it to me for free?" he asked, with a determined and confident light shinning in his eyes.

His confident aura grabbed the elder shopkeeper's attention who had been intently listening to their conversation the entire time. He lifted his head and scoured Zen from top to feet, wondering if he was just exaggerating about his ability or did he really posses such a faculty. From his first impression and glimpse at Zen upon his entrance into the shop, he had the faint feeling that Zen could not possibly be an ordinary person. And right now, he was surprised and amazed more than ever. Even though he had so many questions about Zen, he did not dare to vocalise them because his boss was present in their company. So he lowered his head yet again and waited for their further conversation with full concentration.

The woman pulled out a handkerchief from the pouch under her dress and started laughing enchantingly as she covered her mouth with the hankie which had delicately dyed roses all over it. "What a funny person you are, Sir. You are not even a weapon refiner, and not to mention you have no fire in your body yet you are confident that you have the ability to refine it. So what instils such confidence in you?" she asked in a rather firm mocking tone.

When it came to condensing weapons, fire was not the essential element in the whole process. However, it went without saying that anyone who had the ability to condense weapons must be a weapon refiner. From the moment she laid her eyes on Zen, the woman noticed that it was the life vitality that Zen was practicing not the fire. In other words, Zen was not a weapon refiner at the moment. And that was the reason why the woman doubted Zen's ability to refine the sword into a fairy weapon.

"I am afraid I cannot agree on the point you tried to make," retorted Zen exhuming confidence. "It is true that I have not reached the level of practising fire at the moment. But who said that you have to use fire in your body to refine a weapon? There can be another kind of fire that can be used to refine weapons as well. Am I right?" he asked with a certain degree of arrogance on his face. The woman sighed helplessly at his audacity.

Zen's confident words intensified her impression that Zen could not be a weapon refiner, or more accurately, she was almost positive that one could not high up to weapon refiner's level at such a young age. She felt Zen was just bluffing and flaunting in front of her as many youth of his age commonly would. Gradually, a strong desire to expose his lie arose in her mind. "Well then, if you are so certain that you could refine a weapon, then show me what you have got."

Right after saying that, the woman's face instantly turned to firm, serious look as she snapped her fingers. As the loud sound resonated and echoed in the air, the fire that had been blazing wildly in the furnace now began to dwindle. And before anyone could realize what was happening, the fire diminished into a bird-shaped flame and flew out from inside.

"Fire spirit!"

Zen cried in wonder beholding the sight before him. Actually when he entered the room and saw the fire the first time, a strange, odd feeling came across his mind and he felt the fire seemed different than the usual fire. But the idea never occurred to him that it could indeed be a fire spirit.

Only very special fire contained a fire spirit in it.

According to legend, the fire spirit originated in an ancient clan. There was story which said that with the continuous years of disaster and drought, the clan's elder invited a witch to disperse the bad omen that people believed to be the reason of their hardships. And from that time on, they set up a giant furnace and kindled the fire obeying the witch's spell. And henceforward, the clan only grew wealthier and stronger, and began to expand their territory. They then became the largest and the most powerful clan in the Eastern Region. And the fire that lit in the furnace had never been extinguished from the first day till this day. It became the most holy and divine symbol in the whole clan which kept their hopes and dreams afloat.

After the fire had burned for over one thousand years, a living spirit came out of it eventually, and it was never easy for people to see a fire spirit rising from any kind of fire despite of how long time it had burned. There were only a few fire spirits in the whole worldwide. And today, very luckily, they happened to come across one, a beautiful, delicate one.

Zen remembered the fire of the Earth's core that he absorbed in his body in the past. He believed that the fire had also burned in the cave under the ground for over a thousand years before he took it in at length. But even that fire did not possess the capability to produce a fire spirit.

As Zen was lost in his line of own thoughts wondering about the fire spirit, the woman broke the silence and resumed speaking, "I don't like my time to be wasted. You better be as strong as you claimed. So now it is your show time." Evidently, her tone carried a hint of mockery and despise.

Chapter 324 Sword Granting (Part Two)

As they stood there, challenging Zen in the confirmation test, the fire spirit flew around them with its golden, radiant body circling above as if it was a rainbow that fell upon them creating a beautiful sight to behold. Upon sensing antagonism in the atmosphere, the bird flew down and rested in the woman's palm. Tilting its head sideways, the bird watched Zen with its clean, golden eyes and chirped as if it could read its owner's mind and it too was terrorising Zen.

Despite the test, the woman herself attracted Zen's attention all the more.

He never once expected to come across such a mysterious, powerful woman with a fire spirit in her possession in the Imperial Capital. 'Who could she possibly be? How has she hidden in Weapon Pavilion for so long without no one ever noticing her capability and strength? Although she looks merely 20-year-old, but seeing the fire spirit acting so docile towards her, she could never be a common citizen. And moreover, how am I unable to detect her strength as I have always been able to with other people?

Such an extraordinary person who owns a fire spirit? I doubt even Cloud Sect would be able to raise such a capable person, ' Zen contemplated in his heart as he looked with an absorbed expression at the bird.

Nonetheless, Zen was exceedingly confident about his ability to display his fire in front of the mighty woman. He smiled vaguely and inquired, "So your proposal means that, if I could show you the fire, then you will give me the sword without any other strings attached?"

The woman smiled again and shook her head to express disapproval. "It wouldn't be that easy. You first need to prove yourself and that does not mean that you simply need to show me your fire. You know Chase, right? You don't really expect me to disappoint him, do you? If what you are going to display is just an ordinary fire, then I am sorry, you are not qualified and worthy, and I am not allowed to give the sword to you. Who knows what you will refine the sword into when you have no capability at all? Maybe a top grade spiritual weapon, or maybe your ability only allows you to refine it into a medium grade spiritual weapon.

If that is the case, I will fail Chase and his entire life's hard work and effort will vanish into thin air. That is the last thing I want," she said, staring right into Zen's eyes.

A contemptuous smile came across Zen's face. He walked up to Manager Qi who had been intently listening to their conversation and politely requested, "I am sorry, can you excuse us for a few minutes?"

Manager Qi was taken aback a little at first by his sudden request, but then in an instant, he exchanged an understanding look and retreated off silently obliging humbly. After being in business for so many years, he clearly knew that as much as he was filled with curiosity and eager to find out about Zen's true capability, comparing to his own pure curiosity, business always came first.

After Manager Qi left the chamber and the door was closed, the test officially began. Zen closed his eyes and started to make a connection with the giant furnace in his mind.

Within a short moment, a flame of black fire came spitting out, right from the middle of his brows, and began floating about in front of him.

It was evident that this fire would create a rise in temperature or even bring heat to the surroundings. And it was not easy for any kind of fire to withhold its heat inside. Even the fire spirit, though it had contained most of its heat inward, was not able to restrict it completely. It was just because that woman was an extraordinary person who could prevail over heat, then the bird could be able to rest in her palm without burning her. Otherwise, she could have suffered serious burns just by being so close to the fire spirit.

However, to their astonishment, the fire that Zen summoned out from his body was in complete dark colour exhibiting no sign of heat inside. It was as if a small phantom was floating, swaying around them and was trying to send across a message.

Within seconds, the black fire not only terrorized the woman, but also horrified the fire spirit. The moment the black fire came out, the fire spirit started to react in a rather odd manner with weird motion that the woman had never seen it exhibit before. Apparently, it had encountered a strong and powerful opponent this time. Its body began to shiver, its feathers all erected up, and flames of fires ejected from its mouth.

For a moment, the woman stood stone cold there in perfect silence. In her heart, she sensed the strong and profound power of the black fire swaying in the air between them. Her mind contemplated over the situation that she was caught in. She lost confidence that her fire spirit could power over the mysterious and rather cool black fire.

Once the fire spirit sensed its owner's fear, the terror in its heart intensified and it suddenly stopped emitting fire from its mouth. Then in an instant, he flew off and circled in the air for a few turns with hastened and tense flapping wings before finally swooping down and hiding back in the furnace again.

"This fire that you summoned out..." The woman started speaking rather discreetly as she asked, "Is it a fire spirit?"

Upon hearing her enquire, Zen did not answer at once. Instead, he watched his black fire that circled around in the air for a few more moments. And then again, he closed his eyes and recalled it back into his body. As the fire spirit had already admitted its inferiority to his black fire, there was no need to have the black fire wandering around any longer exemplifying his power. In all honesty, Zen did not have absolute control over the black fire at the moment. It came out partly because it was hungry and tried to find some prey.

The black fire had a wide range choice for food. In addition to its choice of devouring weapons, other fires could also be its food.

But after all, a fire spirit could never be a prey that it could often see, let alone get. Seeing the living, delicious fire spirit sitting across, it had been waiting eagerly to rush to his battle. However, to its disappointment, before it could chase after the fire spirit, Zen had already ordered it back.

The black fire had no choice but to obey him as Zen's body was its home that it must inhabit peacefully. And also, it was smart to know that as long as it lived in his body, Zen would provide food and shelter to look out for it. So after circling around in the air hesitantly for a short time, while lusting over the bird, it finally came down and disappeared into the middle of Zen's brows upon receiving the command.

After the test was completed, Zen turned to the woman who was still standing all frozen and numb with her mouth partially opened wide in shock as to what she had just witnessed. "I cannot say that it is a fire spirit. I am not certain myself either. But anyway, you saw the result. So I hope now you will fulfil our agreement that we decided upon," he reminded politely.

However, the woman remained silent. It was clear that she still needed some time to recover from the shock she received from witnessing the majestic black fire. So for a while, standing in a trance-like state, her mind was arrested by the thought about that black fire.

In the past, she had encountered a number of different fires and fire spirits. But nothing she had seen could even compare to this one and part of the shock came because she least expected to see it coming from this young man. According to her vast experience and knowledge about fires, it was not the disruptive strength and ability of releasing heat that defined their capability. On the contrary, it was the ability to introvert its heat inward that defined their power. The cooler, the stronger!

If a fire spirit had the ability to fly close over the wood without igniting it, then it was considered a strong and powerful fire.

Chapter 325 Sword Granting (Part Three)

The black fire that she witnessed, did not emit any heat. It might have sealed its heat so perfectly that it looked like a flame-like creature instead of a flame itself.

Then again, having this indescribable ability to conceal all of its heat which was supreme, how really powerful could the black fire be?

No one knew for sure, not even its owner Zen.

He just knew that so far, there hadn't been a single thing that the black fire could not destroy. Even those upper scale mysterious weapons that were made of the hardest material in the world, it could just as easily scorch them and dissolve them into heavenly essence before enjoying it. In its eyes, everything was just as soft and weak as candles and it could just easily make them his food.

The silence in the room prevailed. The woman glanced at Zen with a rather pensive look for a moment before she finally resumed, "You just proved that you have a special fire although I am not sure that if it is a fire spirit or what. But anyway, the main question is: how are you not a weapon refiner?" A look of doubt appeared across her elegant face.

"I admit I am not a weapon refiner." Zen smiled in a meek manner and continued, "However, I am very positive that I will be a weapon refiner one day. And I strongly believe that the day will come very soon. And I am pretty sure that I have the ability to refine this sword into a fairy weapon. So do trust my abilities!" His voice was infused with irresistible determination.

It was true that Zen hadn't been able to accumulate all the skills required to be a weapon refiner yet. But the major point of the entire thing was, he had now gathered more heavenly essences than any other person. And everyone knew that heavenly essence was the critical element in the process of refining weapons.

But what seemed funny was now a young man with no weapon refiner's degree or any relevant experience was claiming that he could refine

Chase's final work into a fairy weapon. This idea would have inevitably been mocked and teased if this woman had not witnessed his black fire with her own eyes just a few moments back. With her original hope to unmask his lie, now the woman began to hesitate over her decision. She never once considered that she would have to part with the sword. She started to believe that Zen could not be an ordinary, common person with the abilities he just showcased. He seemed to have a more depth of mystery than she thought he possessed.

She recalled the words her mentor had always said when he was alive. 'When could we have a talented person in Eastern Region? I am afraid I could not live that long to see one rise.'

A strong, vivid feeling struck her heart that maybe the time that her mentor had always longed for had now finally come, and Zen might be the person that her mentor referred to. And if that were true, there was no other option for her but to hand the sword out. She had to give it a shot and let loose of it now that she had gotten a glimpse of how powerful Zen was. With a gentle smile she consented, "Of course I will keep my promise." And without any delay and hesitation, she snapped her fingers and motioned the storekeeper to come in. After the man had entered, she ordered, "Manager Qi, grant the sword to this gentleman."

Manager Qi was taken aback upon hearing her request. He did not move at once, wondering if he had heard her wrong. He was confused as to what happened when he left just a moment ago. After all, the sword was the most precious thing that she had ever kept in so many years after Chase's death. 'Although this young man looks extraordinary and seems to posses some special talents, is he really competent enough to earn that sword?' he contemplated with a look of awe.

Noting his concern, the woman explained to clarify his mounting doubts, 'He has passed the test. So I need to keep my promise and reward the sword to him."

She seemed to have made up her mind. There were no way around it. After receiving the clear direction from his boss, Manager Qi came out from his trance and gave the sword to Zen.

After receiving the sword from Manager Qi, Zen cupped his hands in front and bowed slightly to show his respects and gratitude to the woman for granting the sword.

The woman nodded her head and said in an absent tone, "Well, I didn't grant you the sword because I thought you were the best option I saw. It is just that there hasn't been an exceptional weapon-refining master in Eastern Region for many years now. I once wanted to give it to Brady and the other master, but they both refused. I am not sure how much longer I have to wait to find another distinguished weapon-refining master. Leaving it here is just wasting time. I can see that you have got some power, talent and determination in you. If you are really sure about your abilities, then you can give it a go. Like what Chase wrote in his will, 'Everything has its fate, the sword will choose the right person when the right time comes.' You liked it at your first glimpse, maybe you two were destined to take this journey together."

Zen nodded with gratitude and thanked her once again before taking his leave. On his way back, he was filled with excitement and happiness. He was anxious to find out what kind of weapon he could refine it into using his heavenly essence and strength.

Meanwhile at the Weapon Pavilion, a small argument was sparked between Manager Qi and the woman. Unlike the subservient look he displayed earlier, Manager Qi now stood upright and frowned at the woman as he accused her, "What have you just done? You disobeyed our original rule, are you aware of that?" His voice was strong with protest and disdain.

With a careless shrug, the woman shook her head absently. Her eyes averted to the furnace in which her fire spirit was still trembling in utter fear caused from seeing Zen's black fire back then. After a short pause, she said in a tone intertwined with contempt and mockery, "Rule? Rules mean nothing in comparison to the dull reality. When was the last time you saw a talented master in the whole Eastern Region who had the capability to make a difference? I think I have lost track also now. Maybe there was one, the one who has been imprisoned in the Hell Mountain and there is no way to escape at the moment. Now the situation has got worse and messier. I am afraid if this turmoil goes on any longer, the whole Eastern Region will break down eventually and become an unknown, stark place that no one would like to come to."

Manager Qi shrank back with shock as he accepted what just happened. Much as he had been choosing to neglect the reality, he knew in his heart that the atmosphere in Eastern Region was becoming tense and uneasy. What she was saying was true and with that he decided to be silent. But no matter what, giving such a precious sword to such a young man still seemed like a slack and reckless decision. "But that young fellow is just a…" he paused, not knowing how he should express Zen's level properly. His face was drowning in a confused and querulous look.

"Just a what? A nature creature? So far, I have never been wrong at predicting people's future and judging their character. He might be just a nature creature at the moment, but I don't believe he will be at Cloud Sect forever. Very soon, he will be on his way to the upper level, and when the time comes, the sword we gave him will come in handy as a superior and transformed weapon," she said optimistically. As she spoke, a golden, radiant light shimmered in her large, attentive eyes. She looked as if a gorgeous, elegant peacock that was looking down at the other birds while displaying her enchanting, affectionate demeanor.

"What makes you so confident of his abilities?" inquired Manager Qi. The fear still persisted on his face.

The woman smiled and turned to the furnace. "You were not in the room when the test was carried out and that is why you remain so doubtful about my decision while I have confidence in his abilities. But even now look at the fire spirit in the furnace! I think it would explain everything to you," she humbly requested.

Puzzled, Manager Qi turned to follow the direction of the woman's gaze. To his shock, the fire spirit was trembling violently as if something bad and horror had frightened it.

Manager Qi's face turned pale in astonishment at the sight. It was the first time he saw the fire spirit in such an agitated, frightened state. "Why? What made it so terrified?" he wondered.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 326 The Quenching Peak (Part One)

Not spending a single piece of cubic crystal and much effort, he now got an unfinished weapon. What good luck he had!

Still, he knew nothing was for free, and sooner or later he would have no choice but to pay when they charged him.

Unlike the last time when Zen bought weapons from here, he realized that neither the shopkeeper named Qi nor the female boss of the Weapon Pavilion were to be regarded as normal people this time.

He wasn't that curious about the shopkeeper, but the woman's strength was powerful, and Zen couldn't detect the peak of her real strength, which made him more curious about just how strong she could be. Adding to her mystique was the fact that she'd raised a Fire spirit which was a very rare creature.

'Here, the Weapon Pavilion, such a small organization to handle weapon dealings, has so powerful people like them. Wow, the Burning Sky Empire is truly a good place with so many hidden talents!' thought Zen.

However, presently, Zen wasn't aware if there was another reason why these two were hiding out in the Weapon Pavilion.

Now that he was aware of them, he would keep a close eye on them.

It was early morning later, when Zen was back at the Cloud Sect, and he saw the peaks were covered with heavy clouds.

He didn't head to Drizzle Peak after passing through the gates into the Cloud Sect.

Instead, he strode toward the back gate, toward Quenching Peak.

Quenching Peak was adjacent to Hell Mountain and not included as one of the thirty-three Peaks.

One of Hell Mountain's active volcanic branches extended to Quenching Peak. It was used to refine weapons for disciples of the Cloud Sect.

Even though Quenching Peak recruited disciples too, it was a place to learn the art of refining weapons, and not to study martial arts.

As such, while the disciples of thirty-three peaks were assessed on their martial arts aptitude, within the Quenching Peak, the disciples' skills in refining weapons were gauged.

However, the Cloud Sect was not one of the prominent factions for refiners to study the art of weapons refining, so, there wasn't much of an influx of disciples pouring into Quenching Peak. On the other hand, there was always an issue with overcrowding at the thirty-three peaks with more than ten thousand outer disciples residing in each peak only at any given time.

Taking a tally of every disciple at Quenching Peak resulted in just about one thousand disciples.

However, that didn't mean the disciples at Quenching Peak weren't popular.

In all of the Eastern Region, there were very few people who followed the path to become a weapon refiner, and while none of the refiners at Quenching Peak was at the master level, quite a few of them were highly skilled.

Each disciple in all thirty-three peaks at the Cloud Sect was required to train in boxing first when they joined the Sect. Midway through the training period, the disciples had to have a weapon of their own. However, the average disciple wasn't able to afford to purchase one, since the price of weaponry was so steep, and a single piece of random mysterious weapon could set a disciple back a few hundred cubic crystals.

Therefore, the disciples at Quenching Peak were entrusted with the auspicious task of building weapons, and in reality, it was the only option for those disciples who weren't wealthy.

As a further incentive to support the Quenching Peak weapon refiners, the officials at Cloud Sect enacted a policy that granted perks for any of the weapon refiners that assisted in creating a weapon for the disciples from the thirty-three peaks. The perks included some extra points, which largely spurred enthusiasm for the weapon refiners at Quenching Peak.

The resident weapon refiners ranged from rich to poor. Refining materials were really expensive, and a failed project was more than a setback with the precious materials being nothing more than a pile of waste, leading many of the prospective weapon refiners to suffer losses they weren't able to recover from, and leaving them destitute.

Considering how few could afford trial and error at such excessive costs, the potential weapon refiners would first take their family finances into account, not their talent or passion in the art of weapon refinery.

Quenching Peak was not far from Hell Mountain and looked not so high in altitude. Zen stood at the foot of Quenching Peak, looking up. A shadow hung over Quenching Peak and Zen's gaze was drawn to the side, and he craned his neck further back, looking up at the towering Hell Mountain. Standing in the shadow of the Hell Mountain, people thought Quenching Peak resembled nothing more than a hill.

Zen noticed a plume of black smoke, steadily rising from the Quenching Peak which indicated the disciples were busily honing their refining skills. Throughout the tempering process, they had to maintain control to keep the core temperature of the fires within the furnace so the heat would be uniform. The thick, black smoke produced rising into the air now indicated that some disciples were not having a good control of the fire temperature.

If the fire temperature in the furnace was controlled properly, then soon the materials being refined in it would be burned completely, the fires would be extinguished, and no more smoke would rise up into the air above.

Walking along the flat, lower path leading up Quenching Peak, Zen soon saw the many buildings sporting identical roofs. Regardless of how long he had been in the Cloud Sect, it amazed him to see such distinctive steel and stone buildings. He was also left slightly in awe when he reached the top and the first thing he realized was that not even a single building was made of wood.

When he walked up the peak, he asked himself, 'Why aren't there any wooden houses here?' There were two reasons, Quenching Peak was an offshoot, yet, still part of an active volcano, Hell Mountain, which maintained unusually high temperatures year round. The second reason was the inevitability that in the process of weapon refining, sparks would be sent through the air, and a wooden building was nothing more than kindling for a prospective blazing inferno.

Zen had traveled to Quenching Peak in hopes of being permitted to use a refining furnace. He was grateful that it wasn't difficult to find a refining furnace at Quenching Peak. Zen didn't even need to know the way as he had to merely look skyward and make his way towards the rising black smoke.

Chapter 327 The Quenching Peak (Part Two)

After a long, steep hike, Zen found himself in the courtyard. As he entered, Zen saw a bronze furnace standing taller than an adult, which he knew as the weapon refining furnace.

Once, a while back, he'd been held captive in Evil Lan's cave, and confined in the bowels of a refining furnace, while Evil Lan tried for quite some time to refine him. Back then, Zen planned to keep Evil Lan's refining furnace. However, it was too big and he couldn't fit it in his Space Ring. So, he had to give that plan up.

Evil Lan was a weapon refiner at half-step into the nature level. Although his refining abilities were unique, he couldn't be compared to the disciples at the Cloud Sect. Runes were engraved into the shiny bronze surface of the furnace in front of Zen, and it was clear that it was more advanced than the furnace Zen remembered from Evil Lan's cave.

There were seven or eight disciples encircling the furnace, diligently working.

Based on Zen's observation of them, it was obvious that they were divided into inner and outer disciples like the thirty-three peaks. Yet, unlike the inner and outer disciples in the thirty-three peaks who worked separately in different places, the weapon refining disciples in Quenching Peak worked harmoniously alongside one another, with varying responsibilities based on level.

Most of the tasks that the weapon refining outer disciples were responsible for were the physical chores, including lifting, fetching supplies, carrying items and running errands for the inner disciples. While the outer disciples scurried around, bringing items to the furnace area, and removing others, the inner disciples were as busy at the bronze furnace ensuring the heat from the blazing flames remained consistent by spraying fire as needed.

Zen noticed as he entered the courtyard that one of the disciples in black robes up on the patio, was crouching on his knees and had a nonstop stream of fire shooting from his hand into the opening at the top of the furnace.

Several disciples donned in white robes, merely glanced up from the tasks they were busy at when they saw Zen walking into the courtyard, but, one outer disciple stopped what he'd been doing, walked over to Zen and said, "This is the Seventeenth Court of weapon refining. Strangers, are asked to keep their distance, and not approach the furnace!"

The disciples of Quenching Peak were titled according to the courtyard door number. As Zen walked through the compound, he'd seen each gate marked with a number, and the gate leading to the courtyard he'd just entered bore the number seventeen.

Since the project the disciples of the seventeenth court were refining today was a top-grade mysterious weapon, they were understandably more tense and taking precautions to be successful.

Refining a top-grade mysterious weapon was still challenging for the disciples. Although their inner fire was far superior to what Zen had seen in Evil Lan's cave, the disciples' skill and proficiency were still not on par with the levels Evil Lan had.

Seeing the aggressive looks of the outer disciples, Zen stopped.

One of the outer disciples approached, looking Zen up and down, noting he was a disciple from Drizzle Peak.

Generally, disciples from one of the thirty-three peaks, came to Quenching Peak to forge weapons, which was a good thing for them.

But Zen, wearing a white robe at the moment, was therefore commonly regarded as an outer disciple with no money or no power. He had no money at hand, let alone points which were difficult to obtain since there were very few tasks available for outer disciples to earn a decent point. Based on this assessment, he wouldn't be able to afford even the cheapest low-grade mysterious weapons.

As a result, the outer disciple coming to him didn't look friendly, and simply asked broadly, "What's up? Do you want to buy weapons?"

Zen shook his head and replied casually, "No."

He never thought highly of the mysterious weapons made by the disciples of Quenching Peak. Why would he buy any of them?

"Then why are you at Quenching Peak? Go away! Have fun somewhere else. Don't disturb our senior disciples from making a top-grade mysterious weapon! You can't afford what it'll cost, I'm warning you." His words were barely out as he waved impatiently and began to drive him out of the court. When referring to the top-grade mysterious weapon earlier, he was quite proud of it. The over a thousand disciples of Quenching Peak were divided into more than a hundred small courts, while the ones able to produce top-grade mysterious weapons were quite rare. Therefore, if their refining today succeeded, it would be a great achievement for them and all the disciples of the seventeenth Court, no matter outer or inner disciples, would receive a lot of rewards.

Of course, the rewards might be a lot, but, in Zen's eyes, it was too small to be mentioned.

Despite the outer disciple was driving him away, Zen didn't move. Instead, he stood in situ, shook his head again and said, "I just want to borrow your refining furnace."

When the outer disciple heard Zen, he was startled, and suddenly laughed and said impatiently, "Are you joking? Borrow our furnace? Do you want to refine any weapon yourself?"

"I don't want to refine any weapon. I just want to condense a weapon," said Zen seriously.

Weapon refining was a complex technology. Zen did not receive systematical training about it so he was not familiar with its first few steps, but the last step, condensation only depended on a weapon refiner's understanding of Heavenly Law. Zen might not have a deep understanding of Heavenly Law. But as he had heavenly essence in hand now, simple condensation should not be difficult for him.

"Heh, heh..." The outer disciple sneered. There was a saying that the difference in professions made one feel worlds apart. The disciples of the thirty-three Peaks were the practitioners of martial arts, not weapon refiners. Of course, it didn't mean that the tens of thousands of disciples from the Peaks could not have a weapon refiner. After all, the world was so big and there would never be a shortage of geniuses. Some of them not only practiced high-level martial arts but also were good at weapon refining.

"I've told you, don't joke with me here, when you are bored and have nothing to do. Just go somewhere else to find some fun. Get out of here, immediately! I need to close the door now!" said the outer disciple, losing his patience and starting driving him out.

Just at the moment, there was a commotion coming from the furnace.

Chapter 328 The Explosion Of The Weapon Refining Furnace

A tinkle echoed in the air before a black smoke billowed out of the weapon refining furnace.

When the outer disciple looked back at the smoke, his face suddenly turned pale and he cried out, "Oh, Harrison. What's wrong? Is there a fire shortage?" If the fire was not enough to burn the material in the furnace, the furnace would explode.

The inside and outside pressures of the furnace were different because of the high heat. In order to resist the high pressure in the furnace, the furnace wall had to be very thick.

But it was clearly impossible to resist the high pressure by relying on thick furnace alone. Certain materials would have different reactions when put into the weapon refining furnace. These reactions must be handled accordingly. Thus, a weapon refiner had to be well-experienced and resourceful to manage these reactions well.

This was why even without proper training, a lad at half-step into the nature level like Evil Lan could refine weapons far better than any disciples in Cloud Sect. If he had studied in Cloud Sect, he would have been able to refine not only top-grade mysterious weapons but also spiritual ones.

Zen sensed that the disciple of the Seventeenth Court who was operating the weapon refining furnace was already panicking.

It would be a big disaster if the furnace exploded.

The weapon refining furnaces of Quenching Peak were expensive. Each furnace was made of refined copper and rare metals for the inner wall. If the furnace did explode, these disciples couldn't afford the loss.

Thus, all the disciples of Seventeenth Court were flurried.

"Oh-oh, I'll go get a master!" exclaimed one disciple.

"The furnace will explode any minute now. It is too late to call master now," another shouted.

Those disciples were fussing around like ants on a hot pan.

"Harrison, try to use your life vitality to separate the sword embryo from other materials in the furnace," someone suggested to the disciple who was operating the weapon refining furnace.

The disciple named Harrison replied, "I'm trying my best to do it, but the sword embryo is closely attached to other materials. There's nothing I can do to separate them." He poured life vitality from his hands into the furnace to feed fire continuously. He was already sweating from the heat of the furnace and the anxiousness he was feeling that moment.

"Come on, Harrison, refuel!" the disciples encouraged. But unfortunately, Harrison was already running out of fuel.

Zen watched them without caring whether the furnace exploded or not.

But he thought that in order to borrow their weapon refining furnace, he should help them out. If the furnace was broken, there was no way he could refine his sword.

So without any second thought, Zen stepped forward to help.

"What are you going to do?" The outer disciple who had previously stopped Zen saw the latter again coming towards the furnace. He got angry at the stubbornness of Zen, and thought to himself, 'Why is this guy coming back again? Does he really want to be beaten up?'

The disciple suddenly punched Zen out of fury.

The disciples of Quenching Peak were mainly trained for weapon refinery, and not to cultivate strength. Thus, their strength in martial arts was worse than that of disciples of the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect. In general, Quenching Peak was weaker than the Drizzle Peak.

When Zen saw that fist coming for him, he suddenly quickened his pace to avoid the punch. He then continued to walk towards the furnace.

The outer disciple was shocked when he witnessed Zen's speed and realized that the latter wasn't ordinary. However, he didn't want Zen to disturb Harrison at any cost, so he shouted hurriedly to his mates, "Everybody, stop that guy. Don't let him get near Harrison! Hurry!"

In an instant, several disciples surrounded Zen but none of them could stop Zen.

The disciples were stunned to see Zen breaking through their siege so easily.

At that moment, one of them realized something and shouted, "Maybe he can help Harrison!"

The disciple was right. Zen intended to help Harrison in preventing the furnace from exploding. Once Zen reached the weapon refining furnace, he patted Harrison on the back before the latter even realized it.

Over time, Zen had developed his skill in utilizing the demonic life vitality.

When Zen first mastered the demonic life energy, he could not control its devouring power. But after a while, he learned how to completely control it and avoid devouring other people's life vitality. He learned that in order to do that, he should keep half of the demon life vitality and half of the purple life vitality in his belly.

As he patted Harrison, he softly said to him, "Relax!" The demonic life vitality started to pour from Zen's hands through Harrison's body.

Harrison got nervous at first, he felt relieved when he realized Zen's intention. He didn't expect that a strange young man would help him in this way. He had already reached his limit but thanks to the stranger, he could feel that his life vitality became powerful again.

The only solution to avoid the furnace from exploding was to use the life vitality to form a fire net and tie the sword embryo and other materials together.

The more intense the chemical reaction of the sword embryo, the faster the fire would be consumed. Once the life vitality of the weapon refiner was exhausted, the sword embryo would be freed from the fire net, then the explosion would occur.

At such circumstances, there was often no better way but to hold on despite the pain or abandon the furnace and run for life.

Zen's life vitality was pure that the fire in the weapon refining furnace burnt up again.

The red flames were crackling in the furnace. With Harrison constantly pouring the life vitality, the fire net was soon reinforced, and the sword embryo was firmly fixed in the fire net.

The disciples of the Seventeenth Court were relieved when they saw the fire strengthened and the reaction in the furnace came to a slow standstill.

They all looked at Zen with grateful eyes.

But still, they were surprised to see that this outer disciple had marvelous strength that helped Harrison through the big difficulty.

Harrison fed fire into the furnace for a long time then gradually stopped when a burst of white smoke billowed out of the furnace–indicating that the weapon refining was in good condition.

Before the furnace was opened, a weapon refiner would judge the success rate of refining based on the color of smoke that the furnace emitted.

A pure black smoke indicated that the success rate was at ten percent to twenty percent or in other terms, poor. While the grey color indicated that the success rate was from twenty to fifty percent. On the other hand, a pure white smoke indicated that the impurities in the sword embryo and materials were burned sufficiently, and the success rate was above eighty percent.

It was the first time for the disciples of the Seventeenth Court to refine top grade mysterious weapon, so they were not confident on the success rate. They didn't mind the black or grey smoke if the furnace wouldn't explode. But they were ecstatic when they saw that the furnace emitted a pure white smoke.

The disciples of the Seventeenth Court cheered noisily as the white smoke continued to rise from the furnace.

They celebrated as their first attempt to refine a top-grade mysterious weapon succeeded. It was going to be big news at Quenching Peak and the other disciples would envy them.

Although the white smoke was not an assurance that the refining would be a success, it was a good start for them and enough to make them happy.

With a satisfied smile on his face, Harrison sat on the ground and sighed of relief. They were able to save the situation of the furnace almost blowing up. He was grateful to have survived that life-and-death situation. But first, he must thank the person who helped him.

So Harrison stood up and bowed to Zen, "Thank you so much for your help, my friend. If it weren't for you, the furnace would have blown up and we'd be in great trouble. My name is Harrison Xu, the eldest disciple of the Seventeenth Court."

Zen returned the gesture by bowing and introduced himself, "I'm Zen Luo, the outer disciple of Drizzle Peak."

After greeting each other, Harrison asked, "Did you come to Quenching Peak to refine a mysterious weapon?" He waited for Zen to respond, but when the latter wasn't saying a word, Harrison continued. "I haven't mastered the skill of weapon refining. As you can see, we're in the middle of making a top-grade mysterious weapon, but it almost ended in a furnace explosion. Fortunately, you're here to help us. But if you're looking to refine low and middle-grade mysterious weapons, we can help you to make one."

Zen helped Harrison escape from the danger of a furnace explosion.

And to show his gratitude, Harrison was willing to refine a mysterious weapon for Zen.

But Zen wasn't looking to refine a mysterious or spiritual weapon. After considering Harrison's offer, he said, "I appreciate your kindness, Harrison. But I don't want to bother you. I just like to use your weapon refining furnace for a while."

"What?" Harrison exclaimed, looking at Zen with suspicious eyes. "But you are neither a weapon refiner nor a disciple of Quenching Peak."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 329 The Weapon Condensing Skill (Part One)

It was the first time that an outer disciple of the Drizzle Peak came to the Quenching Peak to borrow the weapon refining furnace.

Harrison heard about some gifted and talented disciples that not only practiced martial arts but also had great attainments in refining weapons.

But most of those talented disciples came from the noble clans and had great family backgrounds. Moreover, the weapon refining furnaces used by the noble clans were more advanced than those used by the disciples on Quenching Peak. So how could it be that a disciple came to Quenching Peak to borrow the weapon refining furnace from them?

"You heard me right. I want to borrow your weapon refining furnace for a while. But don't worry, I'm not going to use it to refine a weapon. I just want to condense a weapon," Zen explained in a calm tone.

Harrison was even more confused after hearing Zen's explanation.

From what Harrison could see, Zen wasn't a weapon refiner, so how could the latter be able to condense a weapon?

Condensation was a process where a weapon refiner condensed his understanding of the Heavenly Law into a weapon. Only after the condensation could the weapon be graded. Therefore, condensation was considered the most important process in refining a weapon as the amount of understanding of the Heavenly Law would determine the grade of a weapon.

There was a common belief that a thing could not exist without a basis.

If Zen wasn't a weapon refiner, how could he comprehend the Heavenly Law? And if he couldn't comprehend the Heavenly Law, how could he possibly condense a weapon?

This was the reason why Harrison was confused about Zen's plan.

But Harrison didn't see anything wrong in lending the weapon refining furnace to Zen for condensing a weapon.

After all, condensing a weapon was less risky than refining one, and the first wouldn't result in the furnace explosion. Besides, whether Zen succeeded or not was none of Harrison's business.

Moreover, Zen helped him earlier. If it wasn't for Zen, the weapon refining furnace could have exploded.

After considering all of these, Harrison finally said to Zen, "If you just need to condense a weapon, I will gladly lend you the weapon refining furnace. But you need to wait until my top-grade mysterious weapon is condensed. It will take me some time to condense it, though."

Zen smiled and replied, "I can wait. Take your time." With that, Zen turned and stood aside.

Harrison then sat in front of the weapon refining furnace and released the fire again.

But in reality, both fire and life vitality could be used to condense a weapon. The weapon refiner only needed to pour the life vitality into the weapon according to his own understanding of Heavenly Law to complete the process of condensation.

It was not good for condensation if the applied heat was too high. After all, there was a volcanic branch connected at the bottom of the weapon refining furnace. The said volcano continuously provided temperature to the furnace by the underground lava so the temperature in the furnace wouldn't be too low even if there was no fire released in it.

Zen knew about the underground lava and that was the reason he came to the Quenching Peak to condense his weapon. Since he didn't specialize in the practice of fire cultivation method, he was not confident that the demonic life vitality could be used to condense a weapon. Although condensation didn't require high temperature, the weapon refining furnace still needed a certain temperature to work.

Given Zen's circumstances, the weapon refining furnace on the Quenching Peak was the best and only option to condense a weapon.

Zen stood by and waited for a while. He saw Harrison poured the fire into the weapon refining furnace.

From his observation, the fire Harrison used for condensation was less powerful than for the refining. When Zen looked carefully at the fire, he sensed that the fire emitted a strange power that he didn't know how to describe in words.

Although the power that the fire emitted was extremely small, it couldn't be ignored at all.

'The power might be Harrison's understanding of Heavenly Law!' Zen thought in his mind as he looked awed at the power hidden in the fire.

The process of condensation was the most critical stage in weapon refining.

The duration of condensation depended entirely on the understanding of Heavenly Law and a little luck.

However, the duration of the condensation would not dictate the quality and the grade of the weapon after it was taken out from the weapon refining furnace.

There were stories about weapon refiners and the stage of condensation. Since this process involved the Heavenly Law, these stories became more legendary.

One of the legends said that there was someone who spent a month condensing a weapon. The weapon refiner didn't waste any time during the whole month of condensation that he ate and drank in front of the weapon refining furnace. He took that long because he thought that he hadn't condensed the weapon very well. And after a month of continuous condensation, he was able to condense a fairy weapon.

There was another story that a weapon refiner was screwed up with abnormal weather in the process of condensation. The weapon refiner had only half an hour to condense his weapon considering the lightning, thunder, and gale. But after all the challenges, he was still able to condense a fairy weapon.

These kinds of stories created misconceptions about weapon refining. They thought that the success of the weapon refining depended only on luck.

But in reality, the ability was more important than luck in the process of weapon refining.

In general, the weapon refining trainee like Harrison would take a long time in the process of condensation. It would take him two to four hours to condense a weapon.

But Zen was willing to wait. He stood aside and waited for Harrison silently.

Chapter 330 The Weapon Condensing Skill (Part Two)

Out of his expectation, the process of condensation was more successful this time. Zen saw Harrison withdrew the fire an hour later. He heard Harrison said, "Alas! It's done!"

The disciples of Seventeenth Court who were standing nearby also cheered when they saw Harrison finished the condensation process. "Harrison, you did it!"

"Come on! Let's open the weapon refining furnace and look at the first top-grade mysterious weapon of our Seventeenth Court!" someone said in an excited tone.

Harrison walked towards the weapon refining furnace and took off its lid. Right now, the temperature in the furnace was quite high, so he had to condense a fire on his arm to protect himself from being burned in the high temperature of the furnace.

When Harrison retracted his hand from the furnace, he was finally holding a sword in his hand.

The silver sword was shining, and it glittered under the ray of the sun.

"It's an actual top-grade mysterious weapon! I'd like to name this sword the Water Seeking Sword!" Harrison said as he took the sword in his hand and looked at it carefully. His junior fellow disciples rushed to him like a swarm of bees trying to get a look at the top-grade mysterious weapon.

Meanwhile, Zen walked slowly towards Harrison. He complimented him with a smile on his face, "You did it, Harrison! You have refined a top-grade mysterious weapon."

Harrison saw the casual glance that Zen threw at the top-grade mysterious weapon he just refined. It seemed that Zen wasn't really interested in it at all, so Harrison asked, "I have finished the condensation now. So, when will you use the weapon refining furnace to condense your weapon?"

"I'll do it now," replied Zen in a calm tone.

Harrison stood aside and stretched out his hand, gesturing for Zen to take over the furnace, "Take all the time you need."

Harrison was also curious about what Zen was about to do. He wanted to know what kind of weapon a non-weapon refiner could condense.

Zen tapped his space ring gently and took a sword out of it.

Harrison and other disciples of the Seventeenth Court were surprised at the sight of Zen's sword.

As for weapon refiners, they had good eyes for any weapon that they saw.

The sword in Zen's hand wasn't a common weapon although it hadn't been condensed. They knew the sword must be a masterpiece from a master of weapon refiner when they looked at it.

Just as Zen was about to put the sword into the weapon refining furnace, Harrison stretched out his hand again and stopped him. "Zen, this sword in your hand is of extraordinary quality. If you ask a master of weapon refiner to condense it, you can get a top-grade spiritual weapon out of it!"

What Harrison was trying to say was that Zen shouldn't condense this sword himself. The latter wasn't a weapon refiner, so Harrison was afraid that he could just destroy the extraordinary sword if he condensed it himself.

Since Zen had the ability to acquire such an extraordinary sword, Harrison thought that he could also afford a weapon refiner. A qualified weapon refiner could do the trick and condense a top-grade spiritual weapon. Just the thought made Harrison excited.

But Zen shook his head.

He didn't want to waste his time and energy to ask someone just to condense the sword for him. If he wanted a top-grade spiritual weapon, he could just buy it. Moreover, he had the chance to get a top-grade spiritual weapon in the treasure house of White Emperor City. But he let that chance pass by and just chose two crystals instead.

The reason he wanted to do it himself was to condense a fairy weapon with the use of the heavenly essence.

"Harrison, I appreciate your thoughtfulness. But I have to try it myself. I want to know whether I can succeed in condensing it or not," replied Zen with a smile. Harrison felt sorry for the sword after he heard what Zen said.

Zen was indeed a prodigal young man. Even though it was an extraordinary sword, Zen still wanted to condense it on his own without thinking what would happen to the sword if he failed.

Weapons couldn't be condensed repeatedly. If Zen wouldn't succeed in condensing it the first time, the sword would be ruined. Harrison still couldn't believe that Zen wanted to condense the sword by himself. It all sounded to him like a joke.

He wanted to stop Zen from condensing this sword himself. However, he wasn't the owner of the sword after all, so he wouldn't be able to convince Zen not to do it. And by the expression in Zen's face, there was nothing Harrison could do right now.

The other disciples of the Seventeenth Court didn't know what else to say. Just like Harrison, some of them were resentful for Zen's decision to waste such an extraordinary sword.

Zen just ignored the pitiful and angry looks of the disciples around him and put the sword in the weapon refining furnace.

"Zen, don't you need the fire to protect yourself from burning?" Harrison inquired in confusion. Harrison found another peculiarity of Zen. He noticed that Zen didn't get burned even if he put his hands in the furnace without any protection.

"Oh, the temperature in this furnace is not too high, so I don't need to protect my arm with the fire," Zen replied and smiled.

Harrison was suddenly at loss for words.

Although he knew Zen was a man of great power when he delivered the life vitality to help him earlier, he didn't expect that Zen could stand such high temperature. There was underground lava connected at the bottom of the weapon refining furnace, and he just condensed a weapon with the fire in it. How could it be possible that the temperature in the furnace wasn't too high?

The temperature was so high in the furnace right now that it might take only two seconds to make a pig roast if you threw one in it.

But Zen's arms weren't burned after he put the sword inside the furnace. There wasn't even a scratch on his arms. How was it even possible?

Chapter 331 Condensation (Part One)

After putting the treasured sword into the weapon refining furnace, Zen closed the furnace's door casually. Then he went to the seat, where Harrison refined the weapon a few moments earlier. It faced the weapon refining furnace's burner.

After Zen took his seat, the demonic life vitality appeared in his hand.

The demonic life vitality wrapped up around his hand within seconds.

The heavenly essence was a big deal. He let Wurth help him sell it at auction because he trusted Wurth and also honestly other than Wurth, he didn't have any better person to help him sell the heavenly essence. However, he also didn't want anybody but Wurth and himself to know that he had the heavenly essence. So owing to these conditions, Wurth seemed like the only option!

Of course, there was no way Zen would let the disciples in the Seventeenth Court before his eyes discover anything.

In order to meet the purpose, Zen had to do something about it. The demonic life vitality's colour was a deep brooding dark purple. He made the demonic life vitality wrap up around his hand with the space ring and then took out the heavenly essence from the ring.

The heavenly essence was mixed in the demonic life vitality and couldn't be spotted from outside.

After preparing everything in order, Zen pushed the demonic life vitality to shoot at the weapon refining furnace's burner, and the heavenly essence was wrapped in the demonic life vitality. He couldn't make it all perfect, so the real masters would find out.

However, Zen believed that the disciples in the Seventeenth Court couldn't perceive it.

The demonic life vitality formed a thick line and poured the heavenly essence in the weapon refining furnace one drop after another slowly and delicately.

Looking at the dark purple demonic life vitality, Harrison's eyelid flickered. He thought no wonder Zen's life vitality was heavy right now. The dark purple life vitality was actually unusual. Zen was only at grade 1 of the nature level, but his strength couldn't be belittled and was immense.

Even though the dark purple demonic life vitality was special... It was useless to refine the weapon.

Harrison saw very clearly that there was no Heavenly Law in the life vitality. In fact Zen didn't even understand the Heavenly Law. How could he use it to refine with such confidence then?

Several disciples in the Seventeenth Court all sighed in a synchronised manner expressing disappointment.

'Alas, it appears that Zen is just having fun, killing away time and wasting a brilliant sword...'

But Zen was not in the mood to care about what they thought instead just concentrated on the task in hand, that is refining.

It was true Zen hadn't mastered the Heavenly Law, so in fact, he was not refining but just watering the sword with the heavenly essence. It all came down to what level of the treasured sword could be at last.

On the contrary to what every one thought, he didn't have the confidence. After all, it was the first time for him to water the weapon with the heavenly essence. There was an extreme possibility that he might make a mysterious weapon or a waste product in the end because of his choice of the wrong method.

Once he put the demonic life vitality in the weapon refining furnace, Zen controlled the demonic life vitality to cover the treasured sword.

...

The magma in the underground fire vein slowly flowed through the passage under the furnace. And through the heat conductor, it transmitted the high temperature upward.

The treasured sword was placed in the furnace and began to bake owing to the magma's heat. It needed to maintain a certain temperature during the refining process, and the temperature in the furnace was just right, not too high or low.

After the demonic life vitality covered it, the first drop of the heavenly essence was supported by the life vitality as it dripped on the treasured sword's blade.

When the first drop dripped on the sword's blade, a metal coloured riffle formed on the bright and smooth blade. The riffle didn't spread to a large range but only an inch and then stopped, leaving a strange pattern on the blade.

Soon after, a second drop of the heavenly essence dripped on the blade and left another small pattern.

More and more drops of heavenly essence fell on the blade like the pristine drops of rain leaving behind one and another pattern.

At the moment, in a continuous movement the heavenly essence from Zen's ring was transmitted into the weapon refining furnace through the channel made of the demonic life vitality.

If some famous weapon refiners saw how Zen wasted the heavenly essence in this way, they would most probably get furious.

How the immensely valuable heavenly essence was getting wasted!

Most often, the heavenly essence was used to refine the weapon at the most crucial part. As it was said, you must use the best material at the key point to make the best of everything.

If they used the heavenly essence to refine a sword, it could only be used on the blade. If the heavenly essence was not enough, they might put it exactly on the edge of the blade following the saying.

Even though some effect of the heavenly essence would be lost, the effect would be better than that of a stick in the eye.

However, Zen didn't have the knowledge to economize and micromanage. He almost let the heavenly essence drip randomly, so it not only fell on the blade but also filled the sword's handle.

But even this treasured sword couldn't absorb the heavenly essence infinitely. There was a limit, which depended on the weapon refiner's attainment.

Zen put hundreds of heavenly essence drops in the weapon refining furnace in one go. The whole treasured sword was covered with the heavenly essence. From the blade to the handle and even the top, it was absorbing all that it could. It was saturated in heavenly essence.

Till now, Zen withdrew the heavenly essence which was not absorbed from the weapon refining furnace and made it return into his space ring.

The refining process was almost over and it took a short duration of somewhere around thirty minutes.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 332 Condensation (Part Two)

Seeing that Zen tore the demonic life vitality, the disciples in the Seventeenth Court felt confused. Harrison too stared blankly, "Are you done with it so fast?"

According to their knowledge about how to refine a weapon, the time would be either long or short, but Zen finished it in such a short time, which was uncommon.

Judging from this point, Harrison was sure that Zen was just having fun!

Zen replied with a relieved smile, "Yes, I have finished refining the sword."

"Zen, please open the furnace so that we can have a look at the result." Harrison didn't harbour any ill intention but was simply curious about what Zen wanted to do.

Zen walked to the weapon refining furnace. When he uncovered the furnace lid, a silver light suddenly reflected out from the furnace.

"Buzz!"

The sharp silver light was shinning brightly from the burner and dashed to the wall in the Seventeenth Court. One layer of the wall was cut by the light unexpectedly.

When Zen stretched his hand into the furnace and took out the treasured sword, the silver light on the sword rushed to the sky. An invisible wave spread around the sword.

"Buzz..."

For a second, all people at Quenching Peak found something unusual.

On the side behind the Quenching Peak, the ground fire vein extending from the Hell Mountain converged here and formed a pool with a depth of three meters. However, there was no water but rolling magma in the pool, so it could very simply be called a fire pool.

Around the fire pool sat two weapon refiners who summoned the body fire to mix with the magma in the fire pool.

These two weapon refiners were the masters at Quenching Peak: Jerrison Yan and Merk Jiang. Both of them reached grade 7 of the nature level. They didn't have powerful strength but had great knowledge on refining weapons. Although they were a great distance from a grand master, it was more than enough to be a master at Quenching Peak.

In order to make his fire purer, the weapon refiner would choose to contemplate the fire.

There were many kinds of fire, and the magma from the underground was one of them, but the fire in it was extremely violent.

After contemplation, they could increase their fire's power manifold, but their fire would thus become furious and hard to control.

So when the two contemplated the fire pool, they would take a "chill pill" every thirty minutes which would make them have a chilly breath.

In fact, the weapon refiners often chose the cultivation method with fire attribute, and the chilly stuff was a big taboo, but the chilly breath could spread all over the body and help them control the magma's fury to calm down.

When they concentrated on contemplating the magma in the fire pool, suddenly a silver wave flew past them and quickly moved far away.

Both of their expressions changed in an instant.

"This wave... The refined weapon of someone is out of the furnace." Jerrison displayed a cautious expression on his face, but he was unwilling to speak out his judgement.

However, Merk beside him expressed in advance, "This is an aftermath of a treasure coming out from the furnace."

Generally, any weapon with a rank, even including the low-grade mysterious weapon would have the aftermath when it was pulled out of the furnace, only the aftermath was slight, difficult to perceive for ordinary people.

While the wave made from the spiritual weapon was more visible. Even ordinary people could sense it, but it could not reach far away.

The fire pool beside Jerrison and Merk was not far away from the Quenching Peak, but the aftermath of the spiritual weapon naturally couldn't spread all the way here.

Only the fairy weapon could have such violent aftermath when it was pulled out of the furnace.

The aftermath spread to the fire pool and farther away but didn't tend to stop. The two refiners couldn't judge this weapon's grade.

"Who the hell can actually refine a fairy weapon at Quenching Peak?" Jerrison frowned and asked as his curiosity grew.

"Was Enio refining a fairy weapon?" Merk thought for a long moment but couldn't figure it out, so he had to guess.

Cloud Sect was not strong at weapon refining. There were nearly one million disciples in Cloud Sect, but only one thousand were willing to choose to cultivate weapon refining skills in Quenching Peak.

Only one weapon refining grand master appeared in Cloud Sect over these years, and he was one of the three famous grand masters in Burning Sky Empire, Enio Qian.

As soon as Merk expressed his thought, Jerrison disapproved, "No way. Why is Enio willing to refine weapons at Quenching Peak? He is a grand master!"

The weapon refining furnaces used by the disciples at Quenching Peak couldn't attract Enio's observant and alert eyes. The Nine-rune Earthworm Furnace Cloud Sect arranged for Enio cost a lot of money. It was a treasure not inferior to a fairy weapon in the eyes of the weapon refiners.

Enio was used to the Nine-rune Earthworm Furnace. How did he agree to use the ordinary copper furnace at Quenching Peak?

Merk replied, "I don't think it is possible, either. But Enio is the only one who can refine fairy weapons in Cloud Sect. How can anyone else even be able to refine a fairy weapon?"

"Since we can't figure out. Why not just head to the spot and have a look for ourselves?" Afterwards, Jerrison stood up and headed to Quenching Peak, and Merk followed him closely behind. Although they were weapon refiners, they had the strength at grade 7 of the nature level, so they had high speed. With that said they arrived at Quenching Peak in an instant.

In the Seventeenth Court, the treasured sword in Zen's hand had totally transformed, even though the treasured sword's shape hadn't changed. Before it was refined, it looked ordinary.

However, the whole treasured sword was now full of weird silver lights currently. If someone stared carefully, there were some runes on the blade of the sword indistinctly.

Harrison and the disciples in the Seventeenth Court were completely dumbfounded.

They opened their eyes wide and blankly stared at the treasured sword in Zen's hand. They wanted to speak but were astonished and unable to say anything, so they just wore a dull expression.

Chapter 333 The Two Greedy Masters

The weapon refiner was the most sensitive person towards weapons.

Although Harrison still couldn't believe that Zen had made a fairy weapon, the sword in front of him was the proof that the latter did it.

Zen held the sword's hilt and gently brandished it around. Then a satisfied smile crossed his face.

Zen noticed a texture at the bottom of the sword that looked more complex and beautifully-shaped than the spiritual textures on his body.

The more he looked at it, the more he realized that it wasn't a spiritual texture but a fairy texture.

The sword bore a fairy texture, and that could only mean that it was indeed a fairy weapon.

After wielding it, Zen suddenly turned and thrust the sword diagonally upward.

"Shoop!"

A beam of bright silver light rushed out from the point of the sword. It was so sharp that it pierced the eaves on its way.

The eaves at Quenching Peak were made of steel. But now, the ray of light from the sharp sword left a hole in the eaves just as if they were made of mud.

The damage was made from the power of the sword. Zen didn't even have to use his demonic life vitality.

'This sword didn't have a name before it was finished. Now that I ultimately condensed it, I will give it a name, ' Zen pondered. 'Because of its powerful light, I'll just call it Streamer!'

The sword in his hand suddenly gave a wave of tremor when he thought of this name.

"Eh?" Zen looked curiously at the Streamer Sword. It was said that a part of the magic weapon's consciousness would gradually awaken when it became powerful enough. Although it could not communicate with its owner directly, it could create some connection with the owner. It was the link between the sword intent and its owner's consciousness.

After the awakening of the sword intent, it would condense into a sword beast. Then the sword would finally be its owner's incarnation.

However, whether this sword could form into a sword beast was something that Zen wouldn't be able to know just now, so he shrugged off the idea for the time being.

What had just happened caused quite a stir, drawing all the disciples at Quenching Peak. These disciples in black or white robes all huddled at the gate of the Seventeenth Court, stretching their heads to try to peer in.

They were curious about who was the weapon refiner that had caused such a stir in the Seventeenth Court.

No sooner than that, the gate of the Seventeenth Court became overcrowded.

From not so far away, two figures suddenly sprinted and then firmly stopped by the gate. The two men came from the fire pool and were known by the names of Jerrison and Merk.

When they saw the crowd at the gate of the Seventeenth Court, they immediately realized that the wave was from here. This saved them the trouble of going door to door.

Seeing their masters had arrived, the disciples that gathered at the gate of the Seventeenth Court all made way for them.

"Who was refining the weapon?" Merk asked before entering through the gate.

But Jerrison's eyes were much sharper. As soon as he got into the Seventeenth Court, he glanced around and found Zen with the sword in his hands.

When Harrison heard Merk's question, he quickly came up to Merk and bowed obediently. "Master Jiang, it was me."

"It was you!" Harrison's reply led Merk to think that it was Harrison who condensed the fairy weapon that caused such a great wave. There were not many disciples at Quenching Peak and Merk knew every disciple very well.

Harrison had some talent, and through hard work, he could become a good weapon refiner.

However, his limited talent allowed him to refine medium-grade spiritual weapons at most. If he was painstaking with weapon refining and could luckily get some insights into this art, he might be able to be an outstanding weapon refiner and refine top-grade spiritual weapons.

Yet, Harrison was never meant to be a guru of weapon refining. He didn't have even the slightest chance of it. So, how could he forge a fairy weapon?

Thus, Merk couldn't believe that it was Harrison at all. But when he looked at Harrison's calm and cautious face, he didn't see a slight hint of a lie in him. This made Merk a little confused for a moment.

But Jerrison was quite calmer than Merk and couldn't be fooled easily. "What weapon have you just worked out? Is it the sword that that young man holds?" Jerrison inquired.

Harrison then realized that Merk had misunderstood him. He waved his hand hurriedly and said, "Master Jiang, I think you misunderstood what I was saying. That sword wasn't created by me. I just made a top-grade mysterious weapon together with the other disciples of Seventeenth Court. And that young man is Zen, a disciple from Drizzle Peak. He was not forging a weapon but condensing the sword!"

"So he condensed out a fairy weapon?" Jerrison questioned further.

"Yes." Harrison answered with a nod.

His quick answer silenced Merk and Jerrison momentarily.

The two masters were shocked.

The disciples of the 33 peaks all focused on practicing martial arts and had no clue about the way of weapon refining. But incredibly, this young man in front of them had just condensed out a fairy weapon.

During the years of studying the craft of weapon refining, the two of them had never heard of a non-weapon refiner condensing out a fairy weapon. They thought it was impossible and against common sense.

To confirm Harrison's claim, Jerrison walked over to Zen and asked, "Did you truly condense this sword?"

"You mean Streamer?" Zen raised his sword with a smile. "Yes, I did."

When Zen admitted it without hesitation, Jerrison gaped and his mind started to cloud with numerous questions. He couldn't resist asking, "How did you do it?"

Zen sheathed his Streamer Sword and replied, "That I can't tell you."

Jerrison knew that he crossed the line by asking that question.

Both body refiners and weapon refiners had their own secrets. No one would be so foolish to share secrets of refining methods with others. Therefore, it was an absolute taboo to ask others for their secrets.

If it was Enio refining weapons here, Jerrison would by no means ask him that question.

It was because Jerrison subconsciously regarded Zen as a junior.

Zen was just a teenager. He was one of the Cloud Sect's outer disciples who was just at his first grade of nature level.

Jerrison, on the other hand, was the Sect's master. Being the master of the Quenching Peak, he possessed a higher position than Zen.

Zen's reluctance to answer his question made Jerrison a bit resentful, especially that the young man was holding that fairy sword.

In Jerrison's view, it was a waste for an outer disciple to use a fairy weapon. The human heart was changeable and complex. Jerrison, who was only curious about the fairy weapon just now, suddenly had the greed for the sword. He quietly looked into Merk's eyes and was satisfied to see that Merk's eyes were also twinkling with greed.

In their eyes, Zen was like a kid with a treasure that they could easily snatch out of his hands. He should have the amazing secret about weapon refining. Jerrison and Merk would literally have a meteoric rise if they could get Zen's fairy weapon and methods.

They would no longer need to stay in Quenching Peak to teach a bunch of hopeless disciples.

If they could take away Zen's secret, they were likely to become the new gurus of weapon refining. They could become as prominent as Enio.

The children of the noble clans became the inner disciples as soon as they entered the Cloud Sect. While Zen was clearly an outer disciple, which they knew from the white robe he was wearing. And judging from his looks, Jerrison already knew that Zen came from the grassroots. Moreover, Zen didn't even have a furnace for weapon refining and had to borrow a copper furnace from Quenching Peak.

It was hard to stop an evil thought once it had started.

Jerrison grinned, and asked, "Oh, you're Drizzle Peak's disciple. What's your name again?"

"I'm Zen Luo," Zen answered lightly.

"Well, Zen, since you condensed out such an astonishing weapon in our Quenching Peak, we have to record it. May I have a word with you?" Jerrison whispered.

"Oh?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly and then nodded in agreement. "Sure," he said.

Zen ostensibly agreed to his request, but he knew that something wasn't right. He could clearly see that the two men were lusting for his sword.

Jerrison and Merk made no secret of their evil intentions. In their opinion, as the masters of Quenching Peak, the whole peak was their territory. And being an outer disciple from another peak, Zen could not absolutely refuse their request.

And if it hadn't been for the other disciples around, they would have already shown their ferocity.

A fairy weapon and the way to condense it– both of them could drive any weapon refiner mad.

Jerrison and Merk thought they had fooled Zen already. But little did they know that Zen didn't take them seriously.

The two men were both at the seventh grade of nature level. On the same level, the weapon refiners were weaker than the body refiners. Thus, the two were no match for Zen.

If they did show some malevolence toward Zen, the young man wouldn't mind giving them a severe lecture. It was a good way to test the power of his newly condensed Streamer Sword.

'Now that Zen has agreed to my request, it will be much easier to accomplish my goals, ' Jerrison muttered in his heart. He was highly delighted wondering if Zen was really a fool. Of course, it was better for him if he had really fooled Zen. He hoped that Zen would surrender his fairy weapon and the weapon refining method. That way, they could both spare him the trouble.

"Get out of our way! Move!" Jerrison cried and waved at the disciples at the door to make them leave the Seventeenth Court. "Stop watching!" When the disciples had finally all left, he said to Zen, "Zen, come with me."

Then Jerrison took the lead, followed by Zen, and then Merk walked right behind them. The two deliberately sandwiched Zen in between them, afraid that the fool would try to run away.

But they felt it was unnecessary. How could a disciple at the first grade of nature level escape from both of them? They made up their minds that if Zen didn't hand over his fairy weapon and weapon refining method, they would never allow him to leave Quenching Peak.

Zen then found himself led by Jerrison into a yard.

Chapter 334 Basic Swordsmanship (Part One)

This was the courtyard where masters could rest, as such, it was a quiet haven, away from people and distractions.

On entering the courtyard, Jerrison's eyes were drawn immediately to the sheathed sword that Zen clutched.

Generally, if a sword was sheathed, there was no aura emitting from it. However, the light from this sword shone so brilliantly that it even covered the scabbard.

Most refiners followed a simple rule of thumb and always chose the best materials used in creating the body and handle carefully when a sword was forged. However, they would avoid pouring heavenly law into the handle of the weapon, because it was wasteful.

Jerrison and Merk saw that the handle of Zen's sword was manifesting an intense amount of energy, even after he had inserted it into the scabbard.

'Did this guy waste his understanding of heavenly law on the handle while he was making the sword?

Oh, wow! How was he able to comprehend heavenly law? The workmanship is amazing; he has a remarkable ability to be able to craft such a good sword, '

thought Jerrison and Merk, becoming excited at the prospect.

"I can't believe you were able to forge such a good fairy weapon at such a young age. That's crazy! Have you given your baby a name?" asked Jerrison. All the while he stared down at the sword.

Usually, after a weapon refiner finished, he would give his new weapon a name to identify it. Zen's sword had no name earlier because Chase hadn't condensed it and wanted someone else to finish it. Zen had to name it.

Zen simply stated, "The name is Streamer."

"Streamer Sword? That's beautiful. A good name! I like it!" Jerrison nodded and said, "Yes, that's really a good name! May I see it?"

Zen shook his head in denial of Jerrison's request while he reminded himself, 'I'm no fool. My weapon is as important as my life. There was a wise martial artist once who said, two things cannot be shared, a man's weapon and his woman!'

Zen had barely finished making Streamer Sword and even though he hadn't used it in combat, he wasn't prepared to share it either.

When Zen rejected Jerrison's request, Merk piped up saying, "Master Yan is an excellent weapons refiner. He isn't a grand master yet, but, he'd be able to see if there are any flaws in your Streamer Sword. We're the masters of the Cloud Sect, so, you don't need to be on the defensive with us."

Zen still shook his head, but smiled as he spoke, "By the way, Master Yan was just telling me that he'd take me to make the record. So, where do I record it? I will work with you, if that's how it's done, but, if not, I'll go first."

All the two men were thinking about was how they'd be able to grab Zen's sword?

They were so eager to possess the fairy weapon in Zen's hand

that both of them were ready to risk killing him, thinking his fairy weapon was well worth it. They were in charge at Quenching Peak, and although the disciples would know about it, none of them would mention it as long as they had saved it properly.

"Of course, yes, you will need to do that. However, first, I have a question for you. How did you fashion your fairy weapon?" asked Merk, who unlike Jerrison, was blunt.

It appeared Zen appreciated Merk's directness, and he replied immediately, "I just told you that I wasn't able to answer your question."

"I'm afraid that's not acceptable. Since you're a disciple of the Cloud Sect, you're required to tell us your methods. Especially, any new discoveries, techniques, or secrets. If you fail to, you won't be permitted to continue with your cultivations," Jerrison said. Despite his grandiose words, Zen knew his evil mind.

"Huh? That doesn't sound right. Why do I need to share my method with you, if I made the weapon alone? That doesn't sound reasonable," said Zen, feigning naivety while there was sarcasm in his heart as he thought, 'I can see the true colors of both of you now.'

Jerrison smiled as he bobbed his head and said, "Oh, yes, you have to. Why else would we have so much manpower and use the amount of materials to train our outer disciples?"

"And, what happens if I don't?" asked Zen.

In reaction to what Zen asked, a flame suddenly burst from the palm of Merk's hand, and smiling wickedly, he said, "You won't leave Quenching Peak alive, if you don't tell us."

As Zen glanced at the flame dancing on Merk's hand, the smile on Zen's face was slowly replaced by a sinister look. "Oh, is that so? Are the two of you sure you can defeat me on your own? After all, you are only at seventh grade of the nature level. Since you've decided to threaten me, I'll show you Streamer Sword's power!"

Pulling the sword slowly out of its scabbard as he finished talking, Zen held it out, with the tip of Steamer Sword aimed at the two of them. There was a look of serenity on Zen's face, as though he didn't care that he was facing off against two masters.

Zen's bold actions shocked Merk and Jerrison, and they stood there wondering, 'What is he talking about? Only at the seventh grade of the nature level? After all, we're better than him, since he's only at the first grade of nature level! How could he dare look down on us?'

"Ha-ha! Drizzle Peak is the worst peak of all Cloud Sect's peaks, but they've cultivated quite an arrogant disciple! You are barely at the first grade of nature level, and yet you look down on us? That's hilarious!" Jerrison smiled as he extended his hand, and a purple flame appeared from his palm.

Each weapons refiner had his own unique flame.

The one dancing over Merk's hand was pink, and was as delicate as a peach blossom. Although the flame might seem weak, it actually held incredibly hot, destructive power.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 335 Basic Swordsmanship (Part Two)

Jerrison had a tiny strand of dark purple flame jumping around on his palm. Although the dark purple flame wasn't as strong as Merk's pink flame, it had a distinctive characteristic, the flame wouldn't be extinguished.

Specifically, the purple flame could set nearly everything in the world ablaze, even if it were on the surface of the water, giving it the appearance of being indestructible.

However, it wasn't a true immortal flame since a weapon refiner of his grade wouldn't be able to possess one.

It seemed Merk had no intention of letting the matter drop as he threatened, "You'd be wise to tell me the secrets of making the weapon and give me your sword, or you'll be nothing more than ashes when my flame finishes with you!"

Strands of demonic life vitality rose from deep under Zen's skin, amassing on his hands. As it grew, the demonic life vitality spread across his hands, engulfing the Streamer Sword. Zen became amazingly powerful, as demonic life vitality imbued with fairy weapon energy coursed through him.

"Have you forgotten you're masters at the Cloud Sect? Shame on you for acting in such a manner! Since I came to Quenching Peak and made a fairy weapon, you must realize I'm not afraid to face you! Didn't that cross your minds? And just look at yourselves now. You are acting so greedy! Fine, if that is how you want to be, you can pay the price!" stated Zen sneering.

"Merk, get on with it! Catch him, and I'm sure he'll tell us everything we want to know!" said Jerrison loudly. He was concerned after he saw Zen's dreadful appearance, but he kept his concerns to himself. After all, in his opinion, Zen couldn't be better than someone who was in the nature level at the seventh grade.

Merk stood next to him and didn't hesitate to wave his hand. As he did, two peach blossom-like flames rushed to Zen.

This was the first time Zen used Streamer Sword, and it was basic swordsmanship.

As the name implied, it was the most basic battle form of swordsmanship. There weren't many moves.

However, this swordsmanship technique was the most practical.

Of course, it didn't mean that basic swordsmanship was the best swordsmanship. Because with lots of others practicing it, the technique was familiar, and easier to counter.

But there was a problem with countering Zen.

He had a Phoenix Crystal in his arm. Using the energy of the Phoenix Crystal, Zen could be horribly fast with his sword.

Whatever it was, as long as its speed was improved to the extreme, its nature would be completely changed. For example, the leaves and flowers could also hurt people if they fell at an extreme speed.

Zen sneered as he watched the flames rush at him before lifting his arm, and slicing at them with the Streamer Sword. The move looked simple.

"Swish!"

As the Streamer Sword sliced through the air, it looked like a fluttering piece of long, narrow cloth.

The point of the sword plunged through the flames with demonic life vitality poured in little by little.

The two flying flames changed, transforming from pink to a light purple and then to dark purple.

The fire produced by a weapon refiner was actually a kind of life vitality. By turning life vitality into fire through meditation, they refined weapons. Demonic life vitality devoured the flames easily, just like it did to the opponents' life vitality before.

By the time the two flames reached Zen, they were completely engulfed and transformed by demonic life vitality.

Zen moved his fingers, gently, and the two dark-purple fires jumped to his hand. He smirked and said, "Were you going to burn my body to ashes with this?"

Since Zen's body was like a spiritual weapon, he wasn't in the least afraid of burning. Basically, he was a natural enemy to martial artists who practiced cultivation methods with fire attribute. Besides, their fire was used to make weapons, and not kill enemies, so its power was much worse than that of other martial artists who were practicing fire cultivation methods.

Merk was shocked that Zen could take his fire away, and as Jerrison watched, a grim look spread across his face too.

The saints of the Cloud Sect had been shocked at Zen's bizarre skills. Hence, it was natural that these two weapon refiners who couldn't be compared to those saints at all would feel astonished. They were wondering, 'What's with the dark purple life vitality in Zen's hand?'

Realizing Zen was a tough nut to crack, Jerrison reacted faster than Merk, and he knew he'd have to take Zen on himself. He thought he'd be able to beat Zen, considering that Zen's grade was so much lower than his. As Zen finished speaking, Jerrison's purple fire became a thread and darted at Zen.

As Jerrison's fire thread shot at Zen, he stood his ground, unflinchingly.

When the flame was close to him, Zen's demonic life vitality leapt over the short distance and devoured it.

He could have ended things with just his demonic life vitality, but, he'd just gotten the Steamer Sword today, and he couldn't help but want to use it. Therefore, instead of allowing the purple flame to be devoured by demonic life vitality, he rushed at Jerrison with Steamer Sword arched and ready to strike.

"Basic swordsmanship chop!"

There were seventeen basic swordsmanship moves. Chop, the most common move, made by the sword cutting from top to down.

As soon as he executed the move, he lifted his sword again.

The two moves seemed ordinary, but with Zen's quick moves, he'd instantly cut through all the fire threads, leaving tiny slivers. Of course, he couldn't kill the fire thread. After all, it wasn't an entity, and could grow back again.

Zen had a fairy weapon in his hand. Even if he couldn't use its true power, every move of his sword could extinguish another layer of the flames.

In light of Zen's attack, Jerrison's fire thread was cut down by Streamer Sword like a bamboo branch, until it disappeared.

Chapter 336 Look Out For Yourselves (Part One)

Jerrison and Merk glanced at each other when they saw that their fires were of no avail when it came to threatening and defeating Zen. Until now, they had been unafraid but this realization seemed to bring some tinge of fear in their eyes.

Perhaps they really were wrong. They shouldn't have treated Zen as an ordinary outer disciple. Furthermore, they should have paid heed to other aspects of Zen's ability rather than his mere cultivation level.

Although he had just reached the first tier of the nature level, he still had been able to produce a powerful fairy weapon and amazing life vitality using merely his strength...

Clearly, Zen was no ordinary person and they had miscalculated.

To be frank, both Jerrison and Merk had been completely dominated by avarice just now. As a result, they had not taken several factors into account which affected the situation they were in. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why Zen had so easily counterattacked against both of their assaults. It was only after they had pondered over their entire battle that they were coming to the realization that they might have been wrong.

Zen wasn't an ordinary target and they shouldn't have underestimated his powers.

Oh, well! The damage was already done now. No matter how much they regretted their rash decision to lay their hands on Zen without proper tactics, the situation was irreparable. Since they had chosen to battle Zen, their regret was useless and meaningless now. In addition, Jerrison and Merk hadn't given their best while fighting Zen. So they were thinking that Zen would lose if they started to strain every nerve in their battle.

Apart from getting themselves a fairy weapon directly, more importantly, they also had a chance to force Zen to reveal his secret on producing one once they defeated him.

As the saying goes, fortune and wealth are achieved through risks. To transcend himself and occupy the position he yearned for, one had to face a considerable amount of risks. And right now, both Jerrison and Merk thought that the risks they faced were worth taking.

"Merk, don't be lenient!" Jerrison warned his ally. His eyes were fixed on Zen as though he were a hawk. Suddenly, he took a spear out of his space ring. Along with that, a glimmer of bloody light was flashing on its tip, and two spiritual textures were imprinted upon it.

This spear was a medium grade spiritual weapon, named Beacon Spear. For Jerrison, this was his most satisfactory masterpiece.

At the same time, Merk brought a ghostly machete out of his space ring, on which two spiritual textures were inscribed. Just like the spear, this ghostly machete was also a medium grade spiritual weapon.

In general, warriors who were not born in big noble clans could hardly have their own superior weapons. Although both Jerrison and Merk were not from big noble clans, they definitely didn't lack money since they were weapon refiners. What was more, both of their spiritual weapons had been refined by themselves.

Zen stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his sword standing in front of his chest like a crouching dragon. His cold eyes were fixed on both of them.

As Jerrison kneaded his spear, it trembled intensely and wisps of purple fire surged into its pike. Then, the purple fire spread along the textures it had imprinted on till its tip. At last, the fire jetted out of one side of the pike tip. The purple fire spurted out on a nonstop basis as if it were a tassel of the pike.

Right beside him, Merk was wielding his ghostly machete, which had been refined with heretic techniques. As he was brandishing his machete, utter dreary cries and howls were heard from over the sky. It sounded rather miserable and terrible.

And at that moment, Jerrison and Merk did not hesitate at all. They directly besieged Zen, one from the left and one from the right.

Even though they were weapon refiners, they had been staying in Cloud Sect for several years now. Their achievements in martial arts were not as great as their attainments in weapon refinement, but the gap between the two wasn't that immense.

"Purple dragon circling around the sun!"

Jerrison's spear, which was pointed directly at Zen, shivered. Soon afterwards, the entire spear bent itself into a bow and suddenly, without warning, it shot abruptly like an arrow towards Zen. In very simple words, this was a mighty assault.

"Ferocious ghost engulfing the heaven!"

While Jerrison used the spear he was proud of, Merk, on the other hand, wielded his machete over the sky. As he chopped towards Zen, the giant knife in his hand emitted a streak of light from its end. Somehow, it was bright but black. With his chop, an ambient sound much like the whistle of ferocious winds was heard. It was followed by a long, desperate wail, like that of a ghost or a wolf in pain.

The attacks that Zen faced were enormous and, to be frank, rather extravagant compared to his response. In face of the two men, he gently moved back a couple of steps.

It was Jerrison's Beacon Spear that reached Zen's chest first, beating Merk's machete. Noticing it getting closer, Zen simply stepped sideways and easily dodged away. If it were anyone else, he would have been impaled on the tip of the spear and if not, he would have been burnt alive at the very moment that he dodged. A streak of light abruptly left the tip of the spear and directly dashed towards Zen's chest.

At the sight of this, Zen simply gave a sneer. Without any sign of worry or fear on his face, he slightly and gently swept the Streamer Sword in front of his chest, thereby blocking the light that the spear had emitted with its blade.

In general, swords were rarely used for defense, since their blades were rarely wide enough to properly block an attack. In addition, they could be easily broken.

In this case, however, as the streak of light from the tip of the pike touched the Streamer Sword, it bent the sword completely into a bow-like shape. It was true that the attack was powerful but after all, the sword was a fairy weapon and could not be so easily broken.

After blocking this second luminescent attack from Jerrison, Zen moved forward and used his basic sword tactic.

"Lift up sword!"

"Tinkling!"

A high pitched clanking sound shredded the atmosphere as Zen lifted up his sword to block and push Jerrison's pike away at an extremely fast pace.

"Circle parry!"

"Flick the sword!"

As Jerrison retried his moves, Zen defeated him in two easy steps. First, he directly knocked Jerrison's Beacon Spear off the ground. Second, he flicked his sword towards Jerrison.

All his moves were executed so fast that Jerrison never got time to react at all. Before he knew what had happened, his Beacon Spear was lying on the floor, chopped into pieces by Zen's sword. And when he did see that, Zen had already pointed his Streamer Sword at him right towards his face.

Now, Jerrison looked a little scared. Somehow, he felt that time was passing more slowly than ever right now, perhaps because he thought that he was right on the brink of death. As he saw the beaming bright silver light on Zen's Streamer Sword inches away from his throat, he knew that his end was near. He yelled loudly, "My life is destined!"

Even though he was totally certain that it was impossible for him to dodge Zen's sword now, and that his end was near, he lifted both of his arms up and crossed them in front of his chest in a desperate attempt to protect himself as if it was some sort of conditional response.

"Puff!"

The Streamer Sword stabbed into one of Jerrison's arms through two shinbones and came out of the other side. Then, it was withdrawn at the same rapid pace and flew straight towards his chest, finally ready to land the coup de grace. However, it suddenly stopped flying just as it pierced his clothes and pricked his skin.

The sudden stop astounded Jerrison. He could sense a tinge of chill running from the tip of the sword into his chest through the small prick it had made. He was totally sure that he would be undoubtedly put to death now. So why did Zen stop suddenly? Jerrison was confused.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

My top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Top romance seriess:

Trapped
Pentalogy

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses.”

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment. The man had already got what he wanted from her, but she couldn't understand why he still wanted to torture and haunt her.

Trapped Pentalogy (The complete story of Love is the Sunshine Series)

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
7

Content

Chapter 337 Look Out For Yourselves (Part Two)
Chapter 338 The Expensive Heavenly Essence (Part One)
Chapter 339 The Expensive Heavenly Essence (Part Two)
Chapter 340 The Seven Star Sword Light Platform (Part One)
Chapter 341 The Seven Star Sword Light Platform (Part Two)
Chapter 342 The Magnetic Aurora (Part One)
Chapter 343 The Magnetic Aurora (Part Two)
Chapter 344 Zachary’s Ultimate Limit
Chapter 345 100 Magnetic Auroras
Chapter 346 Zen’s Epiphany
Chapter 347 Delighted Grin
Chapter 348 Aura's Thoughts (Part One)
Chapter 349 Aura's Thoughts (Part Two)
Chapter 350 Inner Disciple Admission Test (Part One)
Chapter 351 Inner Disciple Admission Test (Part Two)
Chapter 352 The Fight For A Place In The List (Part One)
Chapter 353 The Fight For A Place In The List (Part Two)
Chapter 354 Ranking First Among The Inner Disciples (Part One)
Chapter 355 Ranking First Among The Inner Disciples (Part Two)
Chapter 356 The People He Wanted To Protect
Chapter 357 The Demonic Phantom (Part One)
Chapter 358 The Demonic Phantom (Part Two)
Chapter 359 Zen's Blazing Determination
Chapter 360 Meditation On The Stars (Part One)
Chapter 361 Meditation On The Stars (Part Two)
Chapter 362 Kenneth Shi (Part One)
Chapter 363 Kenneth Shi (Part Two)
Chapter 364 Huge Hammers
Chapter 365 Earthen Armor
Chapter 366 The Array Flag
Chapter 367 Anger (Part One)
Chapter 368 Anger (Part Two)
Chapter 369 Rocher (Part One)
Chapter 370 Rocher (Part Two)
Chapter 371 Mad-monster Hacking
Chapter 372 One Move

Chapter 373 Breaking Your Enchanted Barrier (Part One)
Chapter 374 Breaking Your Enchanted Barrier (Part Two)
Chapter 375 Heaven-Fire Killing Array (Part One)
Chapter 376 Heaven-Fire Killing Array (Part Two)
Chapter 377 Defeated Mack
Chapter 378 Giving Him A Good Beating (Part One)
Chapter 379 Giving Him A Good Beating (Part Two)
Chapter 380 Another Arrogant Genius (Part One)
Chapter 381 Another Arrogant Genius (Part Two)
Chapter 382 The Sword Step (Part One)
Chapter 383 The Sword Step (Part Two)
Chapter 384 The Crude Imitation (Part One)
Chapter 385 The Crude Imitation (Part Tow)
Chapter 386 Twins Fan
Chapter 387 Flying (Part One)
Chapter 388 Flying (Part Two)
Chapter 389 The Indestructible Physical Body
Chapter 390 Unrestrained Gambling
Chapter 391 The Reasonable Disciple Of Blackrock Peak (Part One)
Chapter 392 The Reasonable Disciple Of Blackrock Peak (Part Two)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 337 Look Out For Yourselves (Part Two)

Frightened, trying not to move a muscle, he shifted his gaze towards Zen, who looked rather cold. He saw nothing on his face but heard him snorting. Immediately after that, Zen pulled his sword back. Except for the fact that the sword had injured his arm, not a single wound had been made on his body by Zen. He was completely intact elsewhere. The Streamer Sword had been fairly sharp but even so, when Zen pulled it back from Jerrison's skin, no blood dripped off. Even the wound left on Jerrison's arm was remarkably small. It wasn't until after a long while that a few drops of blood trickled.

It was mere a minor injury for a nature creature. Initially, Jerrison had thought that his death at the hands of Zen was certain. After all, who would have spared one's enemy in such a situation? But it was totally beyond his expectations that Zen would pull his punches. Jerrison was completely confused about why Zen had let him off the hook.

After Zen took his Streamer Sword back, he turned around and made another move with his sword. "Chop upwards."

At that very moment, Merk's machete was shining with an intense light; a light which felt gloomy and terrifying despite its radiance.

"Bang!"

The bright silver light on Zen's Streamer Sword, which looked like a streak of meteors, was passing over the sky, interlaced with the light on Merk's machete. At the moment that the two lights converged, the wails and the howls became more sonorous than before. Immediately, a black shadow of a skull head started floating around the light of Merk's machete. Its mouth was wide open, and with its fangs showing, it was staring ferociously at Zen, as if it had sworn to mangle him.

But the light on Zen's Streamer Sword was extremely intense. It was interlaced and fused only for a short while and soon enough, the dazzling light that Merk's machete had emitted was shattered into infinite small fragments like confetti by Zen's radiance.

After the light of Merk's machete collapsed into fragments, it scattered away in all directions. Due to its effects, the ground around them which had been originally flat suddenly got full of bumps.

With the Streamer Sword swinging arbitrarily in his hand, Zen approached Merk step by step.

Merk's face was betraying his flustered emotions now.

Just now, he had adopted his best striking technique. In applying this technique, the "ghostlike wails and wolflike howls" were emanated to threaten and scare his opponent, which would render him less likely to defend himself. Apart from this outstanding technique, he had also made the ghostly machete all by himself. When he used his refinement methods in combination with this ghostly machete, Merk was capable of even challenging others with higher levels of cultivation.

And perhaps Merk was not as good as Jerrison at refining weapons, but his fighting capacity was still absolutely recognizable among weapon refiners.

Nevertheless, just now, Zen had merely swung his sword once by his most fundamental swordsmanship but the power that he had yielded and the defense he had put up had been deadly and mighty.

All warriors were required to cultivate different skills at the very beginning of their cultivation, including arts of fist duels, basic knife skills and fundamental swordsmanship... It was not until they grew up that they could choose what skills they would focus on during their cultivation dependent upon their strong points. Although Merk had been devoted to his life path as a weapon refiner, he still had certain knowledge about basic swordsmanship.

Thus, he was certain that the swordsmanship that Zen had adopted against him was only a basic skill. Hence, he judged that Zen wasn't used to employing swords.

If so, Zen must have harnessed some hidden skills that he had mastered, as he had been able to confront with and defeat Merk, merely by employing very fundamental moves.

By weighing all factors, Merk deduced that he might be no match for Zen...

As this idea came over to Merk, his brain totally went out of control. At this moment, all he could think of was escaping.

But as soon as he threw his ghostly machete away in an attempt to flee, Zen exclaimed, "Hey! I have already spared the life of that guy behind you, so I will naturally not kill you. Besides, do you think you can run away in this situation?"

Merk stopped immediately as soon as he heard Zen's words. To be honest, they sounded quite plausible. As Zen had said, Merk was in no situation to flee away based on his current strengths even though he strongly intended to run away. Just now, Zen could have directly killed Jerrison when he had stabbed his sword at him. However, neither of them was dead. Initially, Merk was rather confused about how the pair of them were alive in such a critical situation. At last, he realized that it was Zen who had pulled his punches.

Zen was not a philanthropist, but a warrior. For warriors, it was considered a taboo to be kind to their enemies, since they wouldn't be kind in return. Zen was quite clear that he would most likely be imprisoned, questioned, and interrogated closely about the secrets on how to condense fairy weapons if he failed to defeat Merk and Jerrison today.

And finally, he would be turned into a dead corpse and buried on a secluded hilltop whether he disclosed the secrets to them or not. As time passed by, he would be forgotten by the world.

Zen definitely would not have gone easy on them if this battle had taken place outside the Cloud Sect. In his opinion, anyone who dared to take advantage of him deserved to be killed whoever he or she was.

But after all, Merk and Jerrison were masters in the Cloud Sect. And many people knew that Zen had come to the Quenching Peak. If Zen killed them today, he would cause considerable troubles to Aura and himself, especially if the Cloud Sect investigated their deaths and found out the truth.

"I have spared your lives, only because you are masters in the Cloud Sect, although I badly wish to kill the pair of you, you black sheep!" Zen flatly insulted Merk and Jerrison. After a moment of pause, he added, "I have spared your lives today, so I think it is best if you understand one thing now. Shut up and order your disciples not to gossip about here and there!"

If Merk and Jerrison hadn't gotten this near-death experience in today's battle with Zen, it would have been difficult for anyone to shut them up and prevent them from spreading any rumors.

But as masters in the Cloud Sect, the two of them had a very important reason to keep quiet. Today, they had disgraced themselves. So, they were far less willing to let anyone know about how badly they had been defeated.

As soon as Zen ordered them, Jerrison immediately responded, "Please, don't hurt us! Rest assured that we will not gossip about what happened today! No one will know about today's events."

"All that group of people are my disciples. I will make them shut up. Then, they will not dare to reveal anything about what happened here today," Merk promised too.

Zen flatly smiled at their promises and stated, "I am just reminding you. It won't matter that much even if others come to know about today. From this moment on, you should look out for yourselves."

There were a thousand people on the Quenching Peak, and hundreds of people had witnessed Zen's refinement of fairy weapon. By this moment, all the disciples of the Quenching Peak knew about that. Zen didn't believe at all that Merk and Jerrison could really prevent so many people from revealing such a big secret.

It was only after Zen had left that Jerrison wiped the sweat on his forehead. They had been extremely lucky that Zen had some misgivings when he was deciding whether to kill Merk and Jerrison or not. Without his decision to do otherwise, Zen would have killed them without doubt. Besides, from his words, Jerrison had realized that Zen had let Merk and him off the hook not purely because of his misgivings. Deep in his mind, Jerrison felt that Zen didn't take the two of them seriously.

"Nowadays, all these young people are rather cruel," Merk remarked. He was picking up his ghostly machete from the ground. He hadn't recovered from the battles panic until now and it could be heard in his voice.

"You are wrong. It's wrong to say that all young people are cruel," Jerrison responded while shaking his head in disagreement. Except for the fact that he lagged behind Merk in terms of fighting capacity, he was much better than Merk in regards to his knowledge, experience and foresight. After some further thought for organizing his words, he continued, "Today's young people are still as cruel as before. But now, another cruel man has joined our Cloud Sect."

Zen had the strength and the capability to challenge Merk and Jerrison, both of whom had reached the seventh grade of nature level. Furthermore, he had defeated the two of them with ease and carelessness. His strength was such that they even saw his attacks coming. What was more unbelievable was the fact that Zen was capable of condensing and refining fairy weapons. So far, perhaps not a single figure like Zen had ever been seen in the Cloud Sect since its establishment.

"Hmm, what if he is cruel? He is just an outer disciple. I will surely play some tricks on him if I get a chance!" Merk swore in an angry, grudging tone.

However, Jerrison shook his head, sneered and responded, "Play tricks on him? You? Hehehe, Merk. I don't mean to blame you, but I have to say that you were defeated rather badly by him just now. Zen just didn't want to haggle with us. But do you still plan to play some tricks on him? If so, I think you will gain nothing but seek death!"

Merk was still unwilling to submit, but he spoke in a lower and lower tone. Like Jerrison, he also understood that men like Zen were sure to make some outstanding achievements one day. He should be grateful since Zen had not been so serious with him. After clearing his throat, he responded, "I was just complaining. However shrewd that guy is, he is not a clairaudient, so is it possible for him to hear what I have said about him?"

Chapter 338 The Expensive Heavenly Essence (Part One)

As Zen came out of Quenching Peak, he saw it was raining.

Rainy days were rare to come by in the dead of winter.

He looked up at Hell Mountain, located not so far off in the distance, and his eyes instantly hardened.

He used to think the mountain too far to get to. But as his strength increased day-by-day, he knew it wouldn't be too long before he finally rescued his sister.

Moving his eyes away from the mountain, he turned around and took off.

The All Peaks Competition would be a golden opportunity for him to display his talent. It would be the ultimate test of his strengths. Although there was still a long time to go before the competition was held, Zen was eager to make the best of every minute and second till then to prepare himself.

The competition was held every three years, and as it drew nearer, all the disciples began to feel a sense of urgency.

The outer disciples were anxious to shoot ahead of others and become inner disciples; while the inner ones were seeking to be awarded the higher rankings. The top-ranked ones in the inner circle were training themselves to obtain good scores in the competition.

Whether it was Skytop Peak, that ranked the first among the Peaks, or Drizzle Peak, that ranked the last, all the disciples including the mediocre and the highly talented ones were training hard.

Of course, Zen was no exception to it.

Entering the Lake of the Magical Fish would cost him a slew of points. Zen had practiced in it for two hours each time before, but now, he would need four, or even six hours in total. The points it would deduct from his card was rather astonishing. Each time he entered the lake, hundreds of points were on the line.

To ensure there were sufficient points in his disciple card, Zen had to trade away his cubic crystals. He had no choice but to let the Cloud Sect demand an outrageous charge from him—ten thousand cubic crystals in exchange for five thousand points. However, in order to practice, he had to make do with the deal.

Zen practiced continuously in the Lake of the Magical Fish for about a week. After hours spent fighting against the deadly Murlocs, he finally experienced a new breakthrough.

Having entered the nature level from half a step, he had already broken through a critical bottleneck on his road to the martial arts. Contrary to that, breaking through the first grade of nature level to reach the second was way easier.

But nature creatures faced the same bottleneck subsequently as well. For instance, breaking through the ninth grade to reach the tenth, which was the consummation of the nature level, was a constriction very difficult for them to sort out. Advancing from the consummation of nature level to the Illuminating Soul Realm was even more challenging. As a matter of fact, only one out of a hundred who reached the consummation of nature level could successfully leap into the Illuminating Soul Realm, while most of them found themselves stuck and unable to cross the choke-point.

It was a major achievement on his part to reach the second grade of nature level, but the points in his disciple card were almost depleted by now...

"Now I'm in trouble," murmured Zen as he returned to Drizzle Peak once he was done training in the Lake of the Magical Fish. His brows were deeply furrowed, and one could not see the joy of the breakthrough on his face. His points were quickly running out. It was not too severe a problem, but it was a tricky situation to get himself out of.

Zen could cultivate his body in the Lake of the Magical Fish, but the Streamer Sword he had acquired could not be honed in that place, which meant that he could not brush up on his swordsmanship there.

At the Cloud Sect, the most suited place for practicing swordsmanship was the Seven-Star Sword Light Platform. That place did not consume as many points as the Lake of the Magical Fish did. Every two hours in the lake docked him two hundred points, while the sword platform would only deduct eighty.

Zen guessed that it was probably because the Seven-Star Sword Light Platform had room for multiple people to practice simultaneously, whereas the Lake of the Magical Fish only had provisions for one person at a time.

His dilemma was that there were only about a hundred points left in his disciple card, which would enable him to practice at the platform for only two hours tops, and that was far from enough for him...

Feeling rather gloomy, Zen climbed onto Drizzle Peak, about to have a sumptuous meal before taking some rest. To his surprise, he ran into Wurth right after finishing dinner.

When Zen caught sight of Wurth, he felt like he had come across the God of Rain after enduring a lengthy drought. If Wurth had sold the heavenly essence Zen had entrusted him with last time, it would satisfy Zen's crying needs!

"How was the auction?" Zen was always calm and rational, but at the moment, he asked the question rather urgently.

Wurth was bewildered to see Zen so edgy. Previously, when he had auctioned the crystal core, Zen obtained a large number of cubic crystals. To the other outer disciples, that amount would be quite substantial. But now, looking at Zen's anxious face, Wurth deemed that his friend was badly in need of more cubic crystals.

Despite his confusion, Wurth didn't ask him about it directly. He merely gave a smile and said, "I did sell all your goods in the last auction."

"What was the final price of the deal?" Zen probed him. Even though he did not attend the auction, he would not be fooled on the price, because the sky-high rates of each of the items the Blessed Auction House sold off soon passed down among folks via word-of-mouth. Zen could easily inquire about the information from anyone.

Wurth grinned teasingly, choosing to keep Zen in suspense. "Take a guess!"

Watching his beaming face, Zen knew the selling of the heavenly essence was a success. The price should be good, certainly not lower than the price at the prior auction. After giving it a thought, Zen offered his guess, "One hundred and fifty thousand, right?"

Wurth shook his head, his expression unfathomable.

"Two hundred thousand?" Zen blurted, simply guessing a higher number.

"Not high enough!"

Chapter 339 The Expensive Heavenly Essence (Part Two)

"Two hundred and fifty thousand?" Zen slowly grew excited. Last time at the Blessed Auction House, he had watched the heavenly essence get sold at a price of one hundred and twenty thousand. Did the price double up this time because of Wurth's business acumen?

Wurth laughed and said, "Two hundred and eighty thousand!"

"That high?" At the figure, Zen's face showed gleeful surprise. How could the price of the same heavenly essence shoot up to two hundred and eighty thousand this time? That was a large margin compared to the one hundred and twenty thousand last time. For the life of him, Zen could not figure it out.

"It went for a lot more than I expected. The auction turned out to be so competitive this time." Wurth shook his head and locked his eyes on Zen. He went on with a smile, "You were in luck! Just happened to sell the goods when two great clans were engaged in refining their fairy weapons!"

"Two great clans?" Zen was still at a loss.

The two great clans that Wurth just mentioned were the Yu and the Yun clans.

It was assumed that the two clans were trying to polish their fairy weapons, so as to convert the low-grade ones into medium-grade.

From refining it to molding it into shape, each weapon had only one chance to get condensed. The condensation directly determined its grade.

Zen could condense the Streamer Sword back then because Chase was unable to do it. He left the chance to someone from later generations, who happened to be Zen.

When a weapon was already condensed and in shape, it could get difficult to upgrade it. One way was to melt it down, which was basically starting over again. Another was to embed crystals into it so as to enhance its power, but that enhancement was rather limited.

The last option was to infuse the heavenly essence into the weapon through secret means, upgrading it forcefully.

But the heavenly essence was so rare that it was possible for it not to be available for several years in a row. Plus, to make a low-grade fairy weapon into a medium-grade one, it normally required dozens, if not over a hundred drops of the heavenly essence, and that still could not guarantee a successful upgrade.

After so many decades, the Yu, as well as the Yun clan had in their possession three or so low-grade fairy weapons, but neither of them had a medium-grade one. In fact, the remaining five of the top seven noble clans owned one medium-grade fairy weapon each.

That was why the Yu and the Yun clan wanted the heavenly essence: to upgrade the weapons they possessed!

Last time, fifty drops of heavenly essence were bought by the Huang clan. And this time, with the hype surrounding the Blessed Auction House, how could the two noble clans miss out on the opportunity?

Since the start of the auction, the two families were hell bent on trying to outbid each other—raising the price up to one hundred and thirty thousand cubic crystals, that immediately blocked outside bidders. Next, the Yu clan and the Yun clan began to bid between themselves. They even sent their men to each other's tables to offer some give-and-take conditions, persuading the other to give up the bid in exchange for other monetary compensations and the like.

Unfortunately, the heavenly essence was too precious. Neither side was willing to let go of it. So, they had to compete with each other head-on.

Consequently, the auction turned out way fiercer than the last one. The price did not stop soaring. It finally went up to two hundred and eighty thousand cubic crystals. In the end, the heavenly essence fell in the hands of the Yu clan.

As Zen listened to Wurth's account of the above, he imagined how hot and vehement the auction must have been. He could even visualize the Yu clan bickering with the Yun clan, and if they had no scruples about maintaining their images as noble clans, he was sure they would have come to blows.

Wurth took out a small card from his pocket. The card was fully transparent and gleamed with a hint of green light. "Give me your token," he said to Zen. "After deducting the auction service charge, you're left with two hundred and fifty-two thousand cubic crystals. I'll transfer them to your token."

The service charge of the Blessed Auction House was separate for different persons. For normal people who wanted to auction off some items, the charge was twenty percent, or even thirty percent of the sale. It was the largest source of profit for the Blessed Auction House. However, Wurth helped Zen apply for the minimum charge, which only deducted ten percent of the sale.

Even though the charge was set at a ten percent rate, this single deal earned the Blessed Auction House twenty-eight thousand cubic crystals!

The deal would go down as an outstanding record in Wurth's file. So in reality, Wurth should be the one thanking Zen.

Zen took out his token from the space ring swiftly and tossed it at Wurth.

Wurth put the transparent green card and the token of the Blessed Draft Bank on each other. As pneuma started to surge from his hands, the transparent card gradually began to melt, soon combining into the token of the Blessed Draft Bank.

This transparent card was refined with the crystal core of a supernatural beast. It recorded the crystal quantity of the Blessed Draft Bank and was encrypted with special measures of security, so it was convenient and safe to use.

As the card enjoined into the token, the two hundred and fifty-two thousand cubic crystals worth of balance was recorded onto it.

"It's done! This was a successful deal. But Zen, last time you said you were in possession of more heavenly essence. Do you really have more..." Wurth asked his friend tentatively.

He knew Zen seldom lied. If Zen said he had some, it must be true. However, it was still rather difficult to believe that someone could provide so much of heavenly essence at any given moment. Unless Wurth saw it with his own eyes, he wouldn't be confident about it.

It would be great if Zen was truly in possession of it. Heavenly essence was the most elusive item in the Burning Sky Empire. Wurth could sell for Zen as much as he had, but... Did Zen truly have more?

A mysterious smile played on the corners of Zen's mouth. After he put away the token of the Blessed Draft Bank safely, he sidled Wurth into a secluded place and fished out a small bottle.

"Here are one hundred more drops of the heavenly essence. Whether it should be sold all at once or twice in parts, is your call," Zen told him, chuckling lightly.

Wurth's eyes widened to two round saucers. "You do have more! And these are a hundred drops..."

Wurth was rendered utterly speechless. Truthfully, he started to suspect that the amount of heavenly essence Zen actually had was far more than the one hundred drops he currently held in his hand.

Chapter 340 The Seven Star Sword Light Platform (Part One)

As a matter of fact, at the moment, Zen had over that amount of heavenly essence. Last time when he owned more than 600 drops of heavenly essence, he entrusted the auction of 50 drops to Wurth, indicating that he still had over 500 drops left with him. On another occasion, when he refined the Streamer Sword, it cost more than a hundred drops. Adding up all of these, including the bottle with a hundred drops of heavenly essence in his hand currently, Zen had a total of 400 drops of heavenly essence remaining.

"Since it's so popular and in demand, should the hundred drops be divided into two fifties and sold at two separate auctions or sold entirely at one auction? Which way suits you better?" Zen inquired with an apparent tone of curiosity.

"Well… Well, of course, the best bet is to sell it as a whole at one auction!" Owing to a sudden burst of excitement, Wurth spoke out in an abrupt high pitch, but he quickly covered his mouth and looked around carefully, turning his chubby head twice in a bid to check if someone was paying close attention to what he just said. After all, he could not expose the secret of his business, that the heavenly essence he auctioned was being procured from Zen.

Upon seeing his cautious behaviour, Zen was amused as he briskly responded, "Don't worry. Nobody was paying attention to our conversation!" As Zen's strength of soul was far more powerful than that of other outer disciples of Drizzle Peak and Wurth, even if he closed his eyes, he could easily detect if anyone was paying any attention to him.

"If any weapon refiner wants to upgrade a low-grade fairy weapon into a medium-grade fairy weapon, 50 drops of heavenly essence may not be enough. Hence, in their refining process, no weapon refiner will have the thought to save even a single drop of essence they have, that is to say, they will utilise all the heavenly essence into the furnace in one shot. The more amount of heavenly essence, the higher the success rate will be," Wurth explained what he thought in detail.

For example, if 50 drops of heavenly essence were mixed with a single low-grade fairy weapon for refining, the odds for its successful upgrade to a medium-grade fairy weapon was only approximately 20%, but if a hundred drops of heavenly essence were to be added, the odds of that success would witness a sharp increase to about 50%.

Therefore, this basically meant, the value of a hundred drops of heavenly essence, in fact, was way more than that of 50 drops of heavenly essence.

Just like the last time when Zen refined the Streamer Sword, he poured all his heavenly essence into the refining process, which could be termed as the right way to refine a sword. Nevertheless, he poured the essence all over the sword instead of focusing on the primary parts, which was considered a great waste of the valuable essence. Thus, it was reasonable to believe that he should have a large amount of heavenly essence.

"In that case, this time, Wurth, I am also counting on you for the auction!" Zen expressed in a rather sincere tone. Soon after that, Zen handed Wurth the bottle full of a hundred drops of heavenly essence.

The hundred drops of heavenly essence were gathered in the small bottle, like a hundred elves, emitting a silver-white glow. It appeared so alluring. Upon seeing so much heavenly essence, Wurth too felt a little overwhelmed, as he wondered where Zen got a hold of so much of it!

However, he knew very clearly that it was none of his concern as it was Zen's private business. He would certainly not be nosy and petty to indulge in any gossip about it. After carefully putting it into his Space Ring, he smiled and politely said, "Zen, thank you for the opportunity. I will surely live up to your expectation!"

This was the second time Zen had sold a hundred drops of heavenly essence, and according to Wurth's judgement, Zen would have a lot more of that in hand, and he estimated that the quantity was surely over a hundred drops. With that thought, he guessed that Zen had discovered a secret place, where there was a large amount of heavenly essence available for use or that he found a way to make heavenly essence! However, whether it was the former or the latter situation, it was Zen's own luck and destiny. Wurth would never interfere in those matters.

Currently, Zen was facing a money crunch, and at this crucial point, Wurth offered him another two hundred and fifty-two thousand cubic crystals earned from the auction, which was really a timely intervention that solved his pressing need for money.

The next day, Zen went to exchange 50, 000 cubic crystals for the 25, 000 points. Barely with any remaining, he rushed to the Seven Star Sword Light Platform.

Similar to the Lake of the Magical Fish, Seven Star Sword Light Platform was also a special area dedicated for practising martial arts. The only difference was that Lake of the Magical Fish, which was built decades back, could only accommodate one person at a time to practice, while Seven Star Sword Light Platform could accommodate hundreds of people to practice at the same time! This was quite the advantage.

Zen had thought that if hundreds of people could practice together at Seven Star Sword Light Platform at one time, then unlike the long waiting period in the Lake of the Magical Fish, he might not need to wait at all. Before that moment, when Zen went to Lake of the Magical Fish, he often had to wait outside for several hours altogether as someone was practising inside. What was worse, sometimes, he had to wait for many more hours, because someone else had reached before him and was waiting for a longer time.

The charge of Lake of the Magical Fish was rather expensive, but the practising effects were surprisingly good which justified the price, not to mention that hundreds of points were merely a drop in the bucket to those top noble clans, despite that it was an astronomical number to ordinary disciples.

But when finally Zen came to Seven Star Sword Light Platform, he was dumbfounded. Even here, there was a long queue of people waiting before him, and a ball park figure was that there were several hundred people waiting for their turn…

"How come there are so many people here?" Zen murmured to himself with increasing doubt and depression. Yet, it took him quite a few days to get here. So he still chose to wait and practice here. Watching the crowded place with a sad face, he slowly walked to the end of the queue to wait for his turn patiently.

The Seven Star Sword Light Platform was built six years ago by the Cloud Sect. Back then, it was said that a clan had discovered a polar magical stone in the north, 100 feet high and about 300 feet wide. After Cloud Sect discovered the stone's existence, it managed to buy it at a mighty cost.

Such a giant polar magical stone, even the great figures of Cloud Sect, could not transport all at once. Eventually, the giant stone was cut into six pieces, and each was loaded into a giant flying chariot, transported back and placed in the Seven Star Sword Light Platform.

Later, the Cloud Sect magic array masters placed magic arrays inside the Seven Star Sword Light Platform. With the added power of the polar magical stones, people could practice and greatly improve their swordplay skills there!

Although Seven Star Sword Light Platform could also act like the place for people to practice the use of all kinds of weapons including sword, spear, and stick, but it was gradually found that it had the best effect for improving swordplay skills. In addition to this, the number of people who practiced swordplay at the Cloud Sect was the largest. Gradually, the Seven Star Sword Light Platform basically became a special place dedicated to practice swordplay.

Chapter 341 The Seven Star Sword Light Platform (Part Two)

If someone came in with a saber, they would not be allowed to enter the premise.

As Zen drew closer to the crowd, he soon realised that there were two queues in front of him, one with many people while the other had much fewer people in comparison. He slightly knitted his eyebrows and wondered, 'Why two queues? Maybe it has the same rule as the entrance exam that those who got the written certificates of the noble clans would be offered privileges of waiting in the smaller queue?'

In the long queue, a rough estimation was that there were over hundreds of people, and they still needed to wait until the disciples practising in the Seven Star Sword Light Platform got out. Anyone who got a glimpse of the situation would know a long time waiting was inevitable. What was more, as the time for the launch of All Peaks Competition was getting closer, almost all Cloud Sect disciples were working hard for it. Therefore, the disciples outside would have to wait much longer than they usually did.

What Zen didn't know was that some people in the long queue had been waiting for an entire day, and some even longer!

As for the other queue, while people were also waiting in line, they didn't need to wait long before their turn, and meanwhile, there were only a dozen or so people waiting in line.

Upon realising the facts, Zen simply walked to the queue with fewer people.

"Well, my friend, may I ask why there are fewer people in line here?" asked Zen curiously.

The man Zen asked was a disciple clad in a black robe. After hearing his inquiry, he turned around, looked at him and saw that he was dressed in a white robe. With a disdainful look, he responded, "You had better line up in the other queue and stay there."

"Why is that? Are you saying that the outer disciples in white robes are not allowed to be waiting in this queue?" Zen asked such a brazen question only because he too realised that the people in this line were wearing black robes.

The man sneered at him twice, snapping sharply, "Didn't you see the strength of the people in this queue? This queue is for those who are to enter the grade eight, nine, or even ten of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform! However, those without such strength should remain in the line over there, which is for those who are to enter the grade one to seven!"

"Oh, so that is the case! I understand now..." Zen said in a happy tone, nodding. Finally, he realised the underlying situation here.

It turned out that this Seven Star Sword Light Platform had different rules and arrangements when compared to the Lake of the Magical Fish. Since the practice grade arrangement of Lake of the Magical Fish was designed long time ago, it was not so reasonable and suitable for now. As a result, every time Zen dived into the Lake of the Magical Fish, he had to dive from the first level.

The first hundred and fifty meters of the Lake of the Sea Fish were barely helpful to Zen's practice. Thus, it would waste a major chunk of his time during every practice.

However, the situation in Seven Star Sword Light Platform was quite different, which was directly divided into several grades according to different strength of disciples.Those weaker disciples would choose the first to the seventh grade of the platform for their practice, while those with stronger strength would choose the eighth to tenth grade of the platform.

The strength of those disciples wearing black robes in the queue here was not weak, basically with the grade seven to nine of the nature level, even one with the grade consummation, the top grade of the nature level. No wonder they were waiting in line separately here.

Based on the above knowledge, it would be easy for Zen to choose to wait in which queue.

Although Zen didn't receive any training on the swordplay, and he was using the basic swordsmanship, if in terms of real fighting strength, he was not convinced that he would lose to the disciples in black standing in front of the queue. Since they chose to queue here, Zen was also able to challenge the difficulty of over eighth grade.

As a result, Zen just stood quietly behind the short queue.

After the disciple in front of Zen turned back and saw that he had not moved, he responded in a loud and serious tone, "Why don't you move back to that queue? It seems like this is the first time you've come to the Seven Star Sword Light Platform? I would like to kindly remind you that choosing the level which suits you is the most important matter in the present. Although magic array is placed in this Seven Star Sword Light Platform, the Magnetic Aurora extracted from the polar magic stone is actually very powerful, and you may even get gravely injured if your strength is not enough to bear its attacking force! Weigh and understand your strength. Think twice before you jump to a conclusion. By the way, I strongly recommend you to line up over there!" As he finished his sentences, he pointed to the long queue parallel yet distant from the short one.

His voice was so loud that it immediately drew the attention of the disciples from the long queue.

Each practice at Seven Star Sword Light Platform not only consumed 40 points per hour, but also the price varied according to different grades Therefore, it was usually not affordable for the average outer disciples.

Hence, one could assume that most of the disciples in the long queue were in black robes, while only a small number of them were in white robes, who were believed to come from rich families that could afford the cost.

They did, however, now realise that Zen was an outer disciple in white robe!

All the disciples in the short queue were in black robe except Zen, who was clad in a white robe, which made the crowds feel pretty weird and agitated, not to mention that Zen had the lowest grade of nature level among other disciples in his queue, which made the situation worse.

They basically were at grade seven or eight of the nature level, even one at the top grade of the nature level, while Zen was only at grade two.

At this sight, many people were secretly and silently laughing at Zen. They thought to themselves that there were always some people in the world, who just did not know their own strengths and weaknesses; Zen, the disciple in white robe really didn't know his own grade well; after he was seriously injured upon entering the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, he then would finally learn his lesson and get a better understanding of his real grade and capabilities...

Although Zen was aware of their sneer and sly arrogance, he simply chose to ignore it. As for the disciple's "good words", Zen just smiled ever so gently and responded on a firm tone, "I am grateful for your kind suggestion, but I still stick to my decision and want to give this a shot!"

As the disciple in front of Zen realised that his kind persuasion was not working at all, he simply gave up, shook his head and whispered in a disappointed tone, "I am telling you, you are really biting off more than you can possibly chew!"

After a while, Zen saw a group of people walking out from the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, and the strength of those people appeared quite outstanding. Every one of them was a sword practitioner, carrying his sword on the back, instead of putting it in his Space Ring.

A lot of sword practitioners, in order to be more aware of their sword intents chose to keep their swords close to them and no matter what kind of situation, they would not be separated from their swords.

Seeing that the chests of those sword practitioners were showcasing the same symbol, a kind of rune, Zen knew that they should be the elite inner disciples from a certain peak of the 33 Peaks.

After that group came out, all the people in Zen's queue began to enter the field one by one.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 342 The Magnetic Aurora (Part One)

The steward just collected the cards without looking at the disciples' faces. But when he saw Zen's disciple card, he was surprised that Zen was an outer disciple. What was an outer disciple doing in this place? Since he became a steward here, he had never seen an outer disciple because this was not a place where an outer disciple should be at.

The steward then raised his head and looked at Zen. He looked down on Zen's disciple card again with a shocked look on his face. He said slowly,"You are Zen Luo, right? I must remind you that this is the entrance to the grade eight and above of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform. In consideration of your comprehensive strength, I'm afraid you're not yet eligible to enter. I suggest you try the other entrance."

The black?robe disciple who had been kind enough to persuade Zen had finished his registration. He then turned around and said to the steward,"You're just wasting your time. I just told him that, but he insisted on entering the eighth layer!"

The steward thought Zen might not be aware of the rules of the?Seven Star Sword Light Platform, and he was about to explain more to?him. But, upon hearing what the black robe disciple said, he soon realized that Zen intended to enter the eighth layer.

"Well, Zen Luo, the?Seven Star Sword Light Platform not only has? magic arrays. The polar magic stone also contains the?Magnetic?Aurora that could hurt people!" the steward continued.

"Save it. I also explained that to him. He insisted on doing that," added the black?robe disciple.

Then there was nothing more the steward could do but to shake it off. He was just a steward on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, not Zen Luo's master. His greatest obligation was to inform the disciples of the danger and difficulty. But if one didn't take his advice at all, then there was nothing more he could do.

So the steward accepted Zen's disciple card and handed a token to Zen. ? And since it was Zen's first time to enter the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, the steward gave him the instruction,"You can choose the grades when entering the?Seven Star Sword Light Platform with this token. The points deducted for every level are different."

"Hm, I see," answered Zen?as he reached for the token. Then he followed the black robe disciples inside.

The Seven Star Sword Light Platform?was quite a large and beautiful building. If seen from afar, it looked like an ordinary viewing deck. But when Zen came closer to it, he saw a small platform surrounded by balustrades?of white marble stones with various kinds of animals carved on them. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen by far.

As he walked further, he saw a small bridge floating in the air. The small bridge was wide enough for one person only. All the disciples could only cross the bridge one after another.

In the middle of the bridge, it diverged into branches that led to different platforms.

The black robe disciple walking in front of Zen suddenly turned around and smiled at Zen. He then asked,"Which platform will you choose?"

The difficulty of each platform was different. The right one was labeled "Eight", while the left one was labeled "Nine", and the middle one was labeled "Ten". The labels indicated the difficulty level of each platform.

As a first-time comer, Zen knew little about the difficulties of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform. He shrugged his shoulders and said,"I don't know. Which one will you choose? Maybe I'll just go with you."

The black robe disciple grinned and said,"I am at the eighth grade of nature level, but I can barely adapt to the difficulty of level eight." He was trying to imply that being an eighth grade of nature level, he could only cope with level eight difficulty. He doubted if Zen could withstand the difficulty of a platform according to his strength.

"All right, then! I will choose the difficulty of level eight!" smiled Zen faintly and then he followed the black robe disciple.

The black robe disciple shook his head?reluctantly. He had met so many people that overrated their strength, But Zen was one of a kind. 'All right. There's no easy way to learn before success, ' thought the black robe disciple. He then took the lead to the eighth level platform.

As soon as they stepped into the platform, the surrounding scenery suddenly changed. The magic array on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform was activated instantly.

The magic array of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform?wasn't that special, and it was even a little rough compared to the other magic arrays. This was because that the Seven Star Sword Light Platform was mainly used for sharpening the sword intent. And the most important thing for sharpening the sword intent was to concentrate the mind to achieve the combination of man and sword.

Upon entering the platform, the black?robe disciple unfastened a long sword that he carried on his back.

The long sword was tightly wrapped that the disciple in black robe needed to unzip many layers before finally revealing the sword. On the scabbard of the sword, a dragon made of gold was sitting on it looking very powerful and impressive.

The black?robe disciple slowly removed the sword from its scabbard, and a crisp chime was heard. He said to Zen with a smile,"This sword is called Candle Dragon. It is a middle-grade spiritual weapon!"

Despite having only a middle-grade spiritual weapon, this black robe disciple was proud of what he had achieved with his own strength. He might have been a noble clansman, but his clan wasn't strong compared to the other clans. And his family status wasn't high because he was born from an offshoot.

After all, it was rare for a black robe disciple from Cloud Sect to own a middle-grade spiritual weapon. Most of them might only have a top-grade mysterious weapon or a low-grade spiritual weapon.

"It's a beautiful sword. But to be honest, I have no idea how to cultivate on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform," Zen said as he looked around.

The magic array of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform was too rough and there wasn't even a scenic spot.

Gray mass was also everywhere, and the smoke grid?directly blocked the view. Compared to those delicate magic arrays on the Bloody?Mountain, there was a great difference.

The disciple in black robe pointed at a direction and said,"Do you see the two pillars in front of you?"

Zen looked at the direction and saw two pillars with?a crystal ball above each one.

Chapter 343 The Magnetic Aurora (Part Two)

"Follow me!" the black?robe disciple said as he held his sword in hand. They approached the two crystal balls. "See the name inside?" he pointed to Zen.

Zen fixed his eyes on the balls and saw that their names were carved inside. One of the crystal balls showed "Zen Luo", while the other crystal ball showed "Zachary Zhao". Zen presumed that Zachary Zhao was the black robe disciple's name.

"This crystal ball belongs to you. The moment the magic array on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform is activated, those polar magic stones will release Magnetic Aurora! The Magnetic Aurora will come in all directions, and you must split them with a sword! The power of Magnetic Aurora increases with difficulties. If you hold a common sword, I'm afraid a Magnetic Aurora will destroy your sword," Zachary Zhao explained patiently. He lightly touched his sword with fingertips. From Zen's perspective, he must have used the sword to deal with Magnetic Aurora many times.

Zen soon realized that the trial on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform? was to guard the crystal ball. If the crystal ball was broken, the cultivation would be over. The swordsmen were sharpening their sword intents with the continuous Magnetic Aurora.

"Rumble..."

Suddenly there was a clap of thunder from the sky.

"It's time to draw your sword! Quickly! Magnetic Aurora will soon come here! Each crystal ball can only bear three attacks and after that, it will be broken. And you will be out of the game. Be careful!" Zachary Zhao reminded.

Zen nodded and then took out his Streamer Sword from the space ring.

"Buzz..."

came a clear, melodious sound of a sword as he drew his sword.

This was the moment that Zachary Zhao was waiting for. He wanted to see what kind of sword Zen would pull out.

When Zachary Zhao looked at the Streamer Sword?in Zen's hand, he was totally surprised.

From the appearance, Zen's Streamer Sword was not as powerful as Zachary Zhao's Candle Dragon. Its shape was just like an ordinary long sword, but when one looked at the silver luster on its body, one could be thrilled.

Zachary Zhao didn't know how to feel when he saw a faint fairy texture on the sword. He paused for a second and stuttered, "It's... It's a fairy weapon!"

Zen lightly shook the Streamer Sword, the sword radiance spread? continually like an old dragon absorbing water. Then he turned to Zachary Zhao and said with a smile, "I think so."

He thought so?

Zachary Zhao felt bitter about meeting that grade two of nature level guy who was carrying a fairy weapon.

From Zachary Zhao's understanding, even a consummation of the nature level was not qualified to bring out the power of the fairy weapon and yield it. However, some consummations of the nature level were born noble and they might have the chances to be awarded fairy weapons from their elders.

But…

Zen?was just an?outer disciple, and his actual strength was at the second grade of nature level. It was impossible for him to have a fairy weapon either way.

However, Zachary Zhao didn't expect that the fairy weapon was not granted by others but condensed by Zen himself. And if ever Zen got this from someone, that must be the same woman who gave?him this semi-finished product at the Weapon Pavilion.

While Zachary Zhao was still in a daze from seeing Zen's fairy weapon, two bunches of Aurora were approaching them at a slow pace. They were translucent and thick as bowls, with flashing blue light.

"Is this the Magnetic Aurora?" Zen stared at the approaching Magnetic Aurora with the Streamer Sword in his hand. He raised it gently, readying himself to fight.

Zachary thought it was unfair that a grade two of nature level could hold a fairy weapon. 'What is going on in this world? Why is the world wasting such a magnificent weapon in Zen's hands? What can he do with that powerful weapon? How can it be any difference if he's holding the fairy weapon but could not maximize its power? It's no better than a wooden sword!' Zachary Zhao complained in his mind.

Furious, Zachary Zhao jumped up and waved his Candle Dragon in his hand towards one bunch of Magnetic Aurora. He wanted?to imply to Zen that it was not about the sword, but the person who used it. Even if he yielded a middle-grade spiritual weapon, the power it sent out was still far more powerful than Zen's!

"Dragon Roar Sword!" roared Zachary Zhao as he swung the sword towards the Magnetic Aurora.

"Roar!"

Dragon Roar Sword was an overbearing and powerful sword method. As he swung the sword, a dragon roar would be heard. It was an amazing scene.

A dragon shape sword energy was instantly formed, sending out a roar. It then rushed towards the Magnetic Aurora and garroted it.

The Magnetic Aurora contained sharp energy, which could be used to hone the sword intent. If the sword intent was sharp enough, then the speed of cutting the Magnetic Aurora would be faster. On the contrary, if the sword intent was not sharp enough, it would be difficult to break the Magnetic Aurora.

When Zachary Zhao's sword energy?hit the Magnetic Aurora, the Magnetic Aurora was crunched and then decomposed. Soon the Magnetic Aurora was torn into pieces by dragon?shape sword energy.

Upon seeing the decomposed Magnetic Aurora, a smile of satisfaction crossed Zachary Zhao's face. Apparently, his sword intent had improved into a higher level and became faster. This time, he could stay on?the eighth level for another half an hour.

After solving the Magnetic Aurora on his side, Zachary Zhao turned to? Zen. He was eager to see how Zen could exert the power of that fairy weapon.

Zen hadn't moved and didn't even say a word as he waited for the Magnetic Aurora to approach. After it was close enough, he suddenly moved, and his Streamer Sword cut through the Magnetic Aurora. Still, it was a simple chop.

"A simple chop?" murmured Zachary Zhao with an awkward expression on his face.

As a swordsman, he was very familiar with the basic swordsmanship. 'Didn't Zen practice other swordsmanship? Does he only know the basic swordsmanship? Performing the basic swordsmanship with a fairy weapon?

Oh my god...' Zachary Zhao was confused. He felt a little crazy at that time.

"Chuu!"

Because of this simple chopping, a half-moon-shaped silver light was formed instantly. It was dazzling. Along the direction of Zen's sword, the sword radiance cut through the Magnetic Aurora.

Unlike Zachary Zhao's dragon-shaped sword energy, Zen's sword radiance didn't make a sound when it staggered the Magnetic Aurora. The sword radiance cut through the thick Magnetic Aurora and then the Magnetic Aurora disappeared without a trace.

Chapter 344 Zachary’s Ultimate Limit

Everything happened too fast. In a blink of an eye, the jet of the Magnetic Aurora was destroyed. Zen only took a short time to complete the process, shorter than Zachary.

"..." Zachary's jaw dropped. With that short spell, he had experienced so much shock that his senses went numb.

Zen saw that Zachary was spacing out, but there were more Magnetic Aurora shots coming their way. He calmly cautioned Zachary, "More shots of Magnetic Aurora are coming! Watch out!"

Four jets of Magnetic Aurora were hurtling towards them now.

After taking an overwhelming hit on his self-esteem from Zen, Zachary felt chills through his veins and his face became more serious.

When it came to the practice of swordsmanship, it was crucial to maintain the sword heart, hone the sword intent, and be able to resist all kinds of disturbances to do away with any devil inside.

Just now, when Zachary saw the power of Zen, his heart became unstable. If his sword heart was flustered, his sword intent would be impaired affecting the power of the sword. A wavering sword heart was one of the great taboos for swordsmen.

Seeing Zachary recovered quickly, Zen slightly smiled, 'He is, after all, a swordsman practicing swordsmanship. I'm amazed at how fast he can stabilize his sword heart!'

Without another word, Zen put on his serious face in order to handle the jets of Magnetic Aurora.

The Magnetic Aurora shots came to them nonstop and the quantity kept increasing after every wave.

The first wave only came with one shot of Magnetic Aurora; the second one came with two shots; the third arrived with three shots, and so on.

To keep the crystal ball safe, it was vital to disrupt the speed of the Magnetic Aurora.

The Magnetic Aurora was a highly purified energy extracted from polar magic stones. This kind of Aurora was extremely stable and barely affected by external disturbances.

For instance, the dragon intent concealed in the dragon-shaped energy of Zachary's sword was effective in confronting enemies or killing supernatural beasts, but it would not impact the Magnetic Aurora that much. If one wanted to hack a jet of Magnetic Aurora, he still had to rely on his sword intent–or his sheer comprehension of the swordsmanship.

Hence, fighting the Magnetic Aurora was the best way to hone one's sword intent.

Zen and Zachary were hacking at the Magnetic Aurora continuously. They powered it through from the first wave all the way to the fifteenth wave.

A total of thirty Magnetic Aurora streaks zoomed over simultaneously. Zen and Zachary each handled fifteen streaks.

"Breakthrough!"

The light from Zen's sword was like glinting ripples on a lake charging towards those jets of Magnetic Aurora.

Bands of sword light blurred the scene, vanquishing all the Magnetic Aurora in an instant.

The fifteen Magnetic Aurora streaks came at varying speeds, but still, they couldn't match Zen's speed. In no time, Zen dissolved the fifteen streaks.

Meanwhile, Zachary's speed was not as rapid as Zen's. As he was working on his share of streaks, he already felt a bit strained.

It cost him a deal of time to finish each Magnetic Aurora jet. Though the jets were moving at a normal pace, they were all targeting the crystal ball. Zachary couldn't let one miss. Three damages would eventually cause the crystal ball to be ruined.

"Rumble! Rumble!"

Shots of dragon-shaped sword energy soared out from Zachary's Candle Dragon. As the Magnetic Aurora jets dashed forward, Zachary destroyed fourteen of them, but one slipped and continued flying towards the crystal ball.

Zachary attempted to block it, but he was too late. He could only watch the jet as it wedged towards the crystal ball.

"Clatter!"

A small crack spread from the bottom of the crystal ball.

Zachary's face darkened. He never thought that the first crack would appear on the fifteenth wave. He used to manage to keep the crystal ball intact until the seventeenth wave. Comparing from his previous performance, it seemed that he was regressing.

Zen, on the other hand, looked quite cool. He could give Zachary a hand, however, since the Seven Star Sword Light Platform was a place for people to polish their own sword intent, it would be meaningless to practice here if one resorted for other's help. Hence, Zachary could only rely on his own effort.

After the crack appeared on the crystal ball, Zachary got pumped up to fight. He even rushed in front of the Magnetic Aurora several times to brandish his sword.

Even though those Magnetic Aurora jets were not soaring too fast, one would still be severely injured if he accidentally got hit by any of them. Thus, Zachary's desperate act was rather reckless.

Despite the recklessness, Zachary's effort was quite effective when he was desperate. He was able to stop all the jets from sixteenth to seventeenth wave.

As always, Zen handled the two waves rather effortlessly, not missing any single shot of Magnetic Aurora.

However, when the twentieth wave arrived, Zachary let in another jet of Magnetic Aurora. Behind him, the crack already sprawled up to the middle part of the crystal ball. This was already a critical circumstance—if the ball was hit by one more jet of Magnetic Aurora and shattered, Zachary's practice would end.

After fighting off the twentieth wave, Zachary sighed. He then laughed and commented, "I did a pretty good job. Before this, I could at most pull it through till the seventeenth wave without missing any shot. Then, I would let one shot escape in each wave from eighteenth through the twentieth wave. But this time, I already made it to the twentieth wave. But anyway, I'm afraid I can't get through the twenty-first wave."

Zachary felt thoroughly dejected now. A while ago, he was still despising Zen for being unworthy of the fairy weapon. But to his surprise, Zen held it together with no difficulty at all. On the contrary, he himself was about to be knocked out any moment now.

Zen drew back the Streamer Sword and asked nonchalantly, "You'll never know it until you try, right? Besides, we're not really fighting on a battlefield, so there's no way you can die here. Only when you truly intend to risk your life can you possibly comprehend the ultimate art of swordsmanship. If you're willing to have another go, you can probably overcome the twenty-first or even the twenty-second wave. But if you give in, your game is over."

Hearing those words from Zen, Zachary felt a bit confused. He mused, 'As long as I act carefully, the Magnetic Aurora won't be able to hurt me. Maybe it's the right time to test my limits!'

With this resolve, Zachary's pupils narrowed, and a wisp of fierce energy unfurled from inside his body.

A swordsman's energy was originally extremely sharp. If one's heart kept generating such sharp energy, he could use his sword to defeat anything in the world.

The change occurred unknowingly. Even Zachary didn't notice that his comprehension of swordsmanship had become a bit more profound.

"The twenty-first wave is coming, go get it!" Zen said in a low but calm voice.

"Good timing!" Zachary's life vitality surged up instantly and gathered in the Candle Dragon sword. Then, he began to thrust the sword repeatedly, sending jets of dragon-shaped sword energy in all directions. The entire platform was drowned in the roars of dragons.

Zen was still moving steadily, waving his sword at all the streaks of Magnetic Aurora that flooded in from all directions. As the number of the streaks increased, Zen gradually felt stressed, but his stress was far less severe than Zachary's.

"Rumble, rumble, rumble..."

Zachary smashed twenty streaks of Magnetic Aurora at a stretch. However, there was one streak that escaped his defense, and it was shooting towards the crystal ball.

Although Zachary was hardly breathing now, and it seemed impossible to catch up to it. But he remembered Zen's words and thought he still had to go for it. Thus, he took a deep breath and galloped towards that streak of Magnetic Aurora with his sword energy raging in his hands.

"Roar!"

Just as the streak of Magnetic Aurora was about to crash into the crystal ball, Zachary's dragon-shaped sword energy destroyed it at the right time.

But since Zachary's posture for doing this thrust was incorrect, he fell heavily onto the ground, face down. When he scrambled to his feet, half of his face was black and blue.

At the sight of Zachary's face, Zen smirked, "Well done! You did your best!"

Zachary gasped and replied, "It went well and it's record-breaking for me. I did power through the twenty-first wave! I still couldn't believe it!"

Zachary had spent quite some time on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform. Before today, his best record was at the twentieth wave, but he got stuck. The one time he made it through the twentieth wave was because of other's help that allowed him to narrowly block the last jet of Magnetic Aurora and come to face the twenty-first wave.

Today, Zachary successfully conquered the twenty-first wave all by himself and entered the twenty-second round. It was indeed unbelievable!

The interval between waves of the shots was always short. Before Zachary could catch his breath, the twenty-second wave was already fast approaching them.

Although Zachary went all out, he failed to get through the twenty-second wave. The last streak of Magnetic Aurora relentlessly crumbled his crystal ball. Zachary was drenched in his sweat, as if he had just fallen into a river.

A martial art practitioner using a sword as his weapon was usually more agile than a practitioner using a spear or a broadsword, so he would seldom look like a mess. However, since Zachary just pushed himself to the ultimate limit, he looked quite a mess right now. And that was a brand-new experience for him.

He collapsed onto the ground like a paralyzed man. While he was trying to catch his breath, he saw Zen was still dealing with the jets of the Magnetic Aurora with composure. He could only think to himself, 'This guy is really a monster. He took the eighth level at the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, but he already faced with Magnetic Aurora with no difficulty.

How freaking powerful this guy is!'

Chapter 345 100 Magnetic Auroras

Normally, Zachary would just leave the platform after failing. But today he was eager to stay and watch how far Zen could go.

The groups of Magnetic Aurora emerged continuously with an increasing number, but Zen still unhurriedly chopped them.

25th wave of Magnetic Aurora...

30...

40...

50...

These shots of Magnetic Aurora rushed to Zen in large numbers. When Zachary saw the numbers of Magnetic Aurora, he felt his body froze. Zen, on the other hand, continued to cut them all. Zachary couldn't help but think that this guy had no limits at all.

When the sixtieth group of Magnetic Aurora came, Zen started to feel burnt out and he was slowing down.

"The Magnetic Aurora is just sensitive to the sword intent. Even if I have the sword radiance of the Streamer Sword, I still can't cut fast enough." Zen frowned. This meant that he still hadn't comprehended the sword intent to an acceptable level.

The sword was the top-ranked among weapons, and with its sharp blade, it could cut through anything.

Any swordsmanship skill wasn't only dependent on body strength. They were mainly pushed by the sword intent to release the sharp cutting force.

'What should I do to sharpen the sword intent more?'

After feeling the pressure, Zen finally started to think about it.

'Break! Break it!'

Zen swung his sword and cut through three shots of Magnetic Aurora in an instant, but more came rushing to him from far away.

Zachary looked at those shots of Magnetic Aurora and thought, 'It seems that Zen can't stand it anymore. There are too many shots of Magnetic Aurora. However, he has resisted more than 60 groups when it is just his first time and with the strength at only Grade 2 of the nature level. The strength is unprecedented. I think a second one can't be found in Cloud Sect even from ancient times!'

Zachary was born in a noble clan with a broad vision on things, but he made such a conclusion. He thought it was difficult even for the powerful geniuses to make the same record as Zen.

After swinging his sword crazily, Zen managed to resist the 60th group of the Magnetic Aurora. But one shot of the Magnetic Aurora almost knocked the crystal ball, so Zachary estimated that the next group would probably leave a crack on the ball. With this trend, Zen wouldn't be able to resist the 63rd group.

If that happened, that would be the most satisfying things for Zen. So, Zachary just sat aside and waited.

After successfully cutting through the 60th group, Zen suddenly planted the Streamer Sword in his hands into the ground and closed his eyes. He was lost in his thoughts.

'What the fuck is he doing?' Zachary looked at Zen curiously.

Zen was still with his hands on his knees. It didn't seem that he was summoning the life vitality to cultivate himself but was just thinking hard.

'How could he think in this time?' Zachary was speechless.

There were only a few seconds left before the next group started to rush in, and there was not enough time for Zen to think. And in no time, the dense Magnetic Aurora started to rush again.

"Hey, the Magnetic Aurora is coming. Will you just get up and deal with it?" Zachary shouted at Zen. There wasn't even a crack on Zen's crystal ball, and it would be a pity if he would give up now. But Zachary wanted to see how far Zen could go.

However, even after Zachary warned Zen, the latter remained still as if he didn't hear the first.

"Three shots of Magnetic Aurora are going to crash. If you don't move, you will have no chance!" Seeing the overwhelming Magnetic Aurora, Zachary started to get anxious. There wasn't any time left for Zen to act if the Magnetic Aurora started to close in on him.

The Magnetic Aurora got closer, but Zen seemed not to notice. Zachary started to worry more. When the Magnetic Aurora was only less than ten feet away from Zen's crystal ball, Zachary could only sigh, "Let it pass. He can already be outstanding at the Cloud Sect and there will be nobody else who can have the same result. He has proven his strength, and he can still come back for the challenge in the future!"

Suddenly, Zen opened his eyes.

Somehow, when Zachary looked into Zen's eyes, it seemed that Zen's imposing manner had changed–his eyes became sharper and struck directly at the heart.

The shots of Magnetic Aurora were already approaching the crystal ball at a high speed.

Zen held Streamer Sword in his hands and cut through the Magnetic Aurora nearest to the crystal ball.

Whoosh!

When the Magnetic Aurora touched Zen's sword radiance, it was destroyed instantly.

Earlier when the Magnetic Aurora touched Zen's sword radiance, it was just cut by the radiance and then gradually fell apart. But now, Zen's sword radiance became an unbeatable rival of the Magnetic Aurora. If the Magnetic Aurora was the fire, the sword radiance would be the cold water. After one poured cold water on the fire, the latter would be put out in the blink of an eye.

Whoosh...

More and more sword radiance appeared when Zen waved his sword. Each sword radiance destroyed a shot of Magnetic Aurora.

Soon, 61 shots of Magnetic Aurora were destroyed by Zen's sword radiance.

It took Zen far less time to resist the 61st wave of Magnetic Aurora than the 60th.

"Ah..." Zachary had never imagined that Zen could change after meditating for a while. He was petrified, 'Is Zen even a human being? No. He can't even be counted as an animal. He's not normal at all.

But he's not only abnormal. He's an abnormal animal.'

There was a joyful smile that crossed Zen's face.

At the start of the challenge, Zen's sword intent was in the basic state. In fact, he hadn't comprehended the sword intent more deeply than Zachary. After all, Zen hadn't used the sword these years.

But when he was lost in his thoughts, he felt that he had mastered about the sword intent.

With his understanding of the sword intent and his strength, he dealt with the Magnetic Aurora more easily.

'I want to know how many waves of Magnetic Aurora are left in Level 8.'

Since it was the Level 8 difficulty, Zen also knew that the number of Magnetic Aurora was limited and couldn't increase indefinitely. If it increased without a limit, not only the polar magic stones on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform but also the cultivators couldn't sustain it. Even a powerful man of Illuminating Soul Realm wouldn't be able to resist 1000 shots of Magnetic Aurora.

"The 70th group of Magnetic Aurora! Kill!"

"80!"

"90!"

"100!"

After Zen resisted 100 waves of Magnetic Aurora, there was no more movement on the platform.

"Gee? 100 is the limit?" asked Zen surprisingly.

Zachary got used to Zen's uncharacteristic expression. He nodded and said in a trembling voice, "The limit of the Level 8 difficulty is 100, but there were only a few people that could reach 100."

Any cultivator would try his best to perfect his sword intent.

For example, Zachary thought the difficulty of Level 8 was most suitable to cultivate his sword intent, so he kept practicing in this difficulty level. If he could resist 40 to 50 shots of Magnetic Aurora and felt that it had been successful, he would move to the next level of difficulty.

Meanwhile, at the gate, the steward suddenly heard a loud noise from the array plate behind.

"This noise… It's impossible. Has anyone resisted all 100?"

The steward got curious. Few people could be so persistent. The ones at the realm of consummation could break a certain level of difficulty, but they wouldn't do such a job which could consume much strength. They would prefer to challenge a higher-level difficulty.

When the steward picked up the array plate to look, he found that someone had resisted 100 on the Level 8 difficulty. He remembered that there were only two people who chose the Level 8 difficulty today–Zachary and an outer disciple named Zen.

Zachary often practiced on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, and this steward was quite familiar about his strength and knew that he couldn't pass more than 30 shots of Magnetic Aurora.

Could it be that outer disciple named Zen? The steward's eyes widened in disbelief.

Chapter 346 Zen’s Epiphany

The difficulty of each level on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform was set in consideration for the newcomers in Cloud Sect.

For example, if Zachary wanted to resist 100 shots of Magnetic Aurora with his current strength, he could only make it with the Level 4 difficulty. He would only be able to resist 86 shots of Magnetic Aurora in the Level 5 difficulty. He would be able to resist 57 shots of Magnetic Aurora with Level 6, but just 40 with Level 7. With Level 8 difficulty, on the other hand, he could only resist 21 shots of Magnetic Aurora.

Zachary had the strength at grade 8 of the nature level.

As far as the steward could remember, even the masters who had reached the consummation of the nature level couldn't resist 100 shots of Magnetic Aurora in the Level 8 difficulty. From his records, the one who got the best result resisted only 89 shots of Magnetic Aurora.

As the steward reckoned, it was impossible to resist 100 shots of Magnetic Aurora with the level 8 difficulty if one hadn't entered the Illuminating Soul Realm yet.

And the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm would generally prefer to cultivate in the Level 9 or even Level 10 difficulty.

"No, it can't be Zen. It may be Zachary, but it's definitely not Zen," the steward murmured. But the problem was, the steward knew about Zachary's strength and that the young man couldn't promote his strength greatly overnight to this level. When he had put his all in it last time, he could resist only 20 shots of Magnetic Aurora. But could he have resisted the 100 shots of Magnetic Aurora today? It felt like a dream to the steward.

After thinking for a while, he suddenly patted his head. The Seven Star Sword Light Platform was not far from here, so why not go and have a look?

So the steward rushed to the Seven Star Sword Light Platform hurriedly.

Whatever was happening in the magic array, he wouldn't be able to see it from outside the Seven Star Sword Light Platform. He could only see the people on the platform.

When he arrived at the platform, he saw Zachary and Zen. The latter was sitting with his legs crossed and seemed to be meditating for cultivation.

The steward climbed up to the platform from the path aside and then asked Zachary, "Who resisted shots of 100 Magnetic Aurora just now? Was that you, Zachary?"

Zachary shrugged and smiled bitterly. He pointed at Zen who was beside him, "It's him!"

"Is it really him?" The steward was startled. If Zen truly resisted 100 with his current strength, it meant that the young man could be equal to an Illuminating Soul Realm master in some ways.

Every warrior had his own special skill. People able to resist 100 shots of Magnetic Aurora could be at the same level as the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm to comprehend the sword intent, but they might not catch up with the masters with the comprehensive strength.

That was the normal situation.

The world was never short of a genius who was outstanding in one thing. But the steward was wrong. Zen wasn't only excellent in comprehending the sword intent, but he was good at every aspect.

No matter it was his strength or speed, his middle-grade spiritual weapon body was prominent. He might have mastered the life vitality, but it was not as good as the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm. After all, the masters could burn the life vitality and make use of the life vitality's power to the extreme, but Zen couldn't do it right now. It was the only point in which he was inferior to the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"What is he doing?" Seeing Zen sitting still, the steward got curious.

Zachary shrugged, "He must be in an epiphany."

"What? Epiphany?" The steward's eyes widened again. For a warrior, the epiphany was fate and it could only come out by accident. It would be great if a warrior could meet his epiphany once or twice in all his life. The steward hadn't thought that this bloke could meet the epiphany after resisting 100 shots of Magnetic Aurora. He hurried to question, "How long has he been sitting there?"

"Not long. After he resisted 100 shots of Magnetic Aurora, he has kept sitting in this way. I don't know how long he will sit. But even before resisting 100, he already had an epiphany. I'm not sure why he did it again–" Zachary was puzzled. When Zen was resisting the 61st group of Magnetic Aurora, he sat down to think. Nobody knew what he understood, but he comprehended the sword intent quickly. At that time, Zachary thought Zen could only resist the maximum of 63 shots of Magnetic Aurora. However, Zen had resisted 100 unexpectedly.

"What? He had an epiphany before?" The steward's voice was trembling. One epiphany was a great chance, but this bloke had the epiphany successively. How could that be possible? The steward couldn't understand it.

Seeing the steward's expression, Zachary felt relieved. The thought that someone also felt a strange feeling after knowing Zen's strength made Zachary happy. Now he got accustomed to the astonishment brought by Zen's skill. Whatever was happening to Zen seemed natural to him now.

"There will be others cultivating on the platform of Level 8 difficulty later. If he has the epiphany here, it will delay others' cultivation," the steward was nonplussed. Epiphany meant to comprehend something profound in a second. It usually happened in a short time, but the human's mind was mysterious, and sometimes, it would take a long time.

Zen remained sitting with his eyes closed. The eyeballs under his eyelids were rolling rapidly.

The basic swordsmanship was divided into countless parts in Zen's mind. In his brain, there were many figures showing every detail of the basic swordsmanship.

"Chop upwards."

"Intercept."

"Circle parry."

"Flick the sword."

"Raise sword..."

The basic swordsmanship was not a massive skill, but it was the purest sword method. After being revised and simplified by many swordsmen, every move was free of flowery and unnecessary action.

But there were many pictures running through Zen's mind, and even the simplest chop was explained in thousands of images. They covered even the slightest details from drawing the sword to chopping.

However, those images started to disappear simultaneously in an instant, and then vanished more and more quickly.

In the blink of an eye, there were only more than ten images left for the "chop".

"This basic swordsmanship..." Zen stared at it. The "chop" in Zen's eyes was still the same as before, but as he looked at it longer, he had a mysterious feeling. He knew it was the basic swordsmanship, but felt like something else.

After being simplified, the swordsmanship seemed to merge all the sword intent between heaven and earth into one movement.

Zen looked at the other basic swordsmanship movements, "flick the sword", "sweep horizontal", "lift up sword"...

Every movement looked ordinary and basic, but each of them hid a great mystery and made people unable to connect them with the common basic swordsmanship.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 347 Delighted Grin

'This is definitely not basic swordsmanship! Or this is a kind of basic swordsmanship that has never existed before!' Zen thought furiously. He was so shocked that he could only ascertain a vague idea of how the swordsmanship worked. He knew it was a great opportunity for him to study how unique it was. He needed to make every second count here to observe it closely.

At the moment, the steward of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform left the scene in a hurry to register a new group of disciples and then rushed back. He had to get back to Zen.

Initially, he thought it would not pose a problem with Zen practicing on the platform if no other disciple chose the eighth difficulty level. However, a few of the inner disciples had chosen the same difficulty level just now, and two of them were from the noble clans. So, the steward had no choice left but to bring it to Zen's attention.

If he left Zen on the platform and started the magic array without informing him, Zen, who was still sitting on the ground, was likely to get injured by the Magnetic Aurora flying from any direction. That wasn't what he wanted to see, so he had to alert Zen about it.

After stepping on the platform, the steward walked straight to Zen, but suddenly, when he was just about five meters away from Zen, he saw several sharp variations of energy flying in front of him as if threatening him.

Poof! The sharp bursts of power suddenly flew at the steward.

Fortunately, the steward had reached the nature level and reacted quickly, without hesitation. He moved a few steps back on instinct, but the clothes on his chest were slashed by the powerful strikes.

"It's the sword intent of protection..." the steward murmured, an unpleasant look taking over his face. The attack was undeserved.

Zachary too was astounded by what he just saw. He didn't realize that there was a sword intent of protection guarding Zen while he was in the state of epiphany. "Impossible! How could he get the sword intent of protection in such a short time? He only just started to use the sword, didn't he?" Zachary thought out loud.

"Only just started using the sword? What do you mean?" the steward turned to Zachary, asking him in reply. He didn't dare go up to Zen and shake him out his epiphany now, knowing he was guarded by the sword intent of protection. Standing rooted to the spot, the steward watched Zen from afar.

Zachary pointed at Zen casually and explained, "It seems that Zen is a novice with the sword! He used basic swordsmanship alone to resist the attack of one hundred Magnetic Aurora waves!"

"Basic swordsmanship?" the steward repeated the words in astonishment. He couldn't believe his ears. As the steward of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, he was a swordsman himself. He knew what basic swordsmanship entailed, and he also knew it was the knowledge granted to practitioners of swordsmanship even before they were six or seven years old.

Zachary's words resounded in the steward's ears as he mulled over them. There was no doubt that Zen was a rookie when it came to the sword, if he truly used basic swordsmanship to defend himself from the Magnetic Aurora. But how could he get the sword intent of protection with the mere practice of basic swordsmanship? Was Zen truly that talented? It felt quite unfair to the other swordsmen in the arena.

Soon, he heard noise coming from the bridge. A few of the disciples walked toward them, and one of them let out a shout as soon as he saw the steward. "Steward Song, don't keep me waiting for too long!"

These were the disciples wanting to start the magic array.

"Alas, I have no choice but to begin the magic array even though Zen can't wake up in time," the steward whispered to himself anxiously, assuming that the Magnetic Aurora wouldn't hurt Zen because of the sword intent of protection.

The disciples were dressed in black robes. When they saw the man sitting on the platform in contemplation, their faces twisted into confusion. "Hey? Why is he sitting and meditating here?"

"He just had an epiphany," Zachary told them patiently. "So, he needs to sit and meditate here for a while."

"Epiphany! Hahaha..." someone said, chuckling dismissively. The expressions on their faces were envious. "The epiphany is none of our business!" one of the disciples retorted. "He's delaying our practice!"

Zen's eyes flew open instantaneously.

Countless small fluctuations of energy emanated from him as he looked ahead. Each fluctuation consisted of a number of slender sword intents, and anyone standing next to him would have been cut into pieces in the fraction of a second.

"Slender sword intent? That's quite interesting! An outer disciple, just at grade two of the nature level, receiving the slender sword intent! Unbelievable!" a black-robed disciple cried out in surprise. He too was a disciple of the Cloud Sect, as well as a swordsman, so he was interested in others of the sect who practiced it.

"Slender sword intent?" repeated Zen as he heard what the disciple said. A series of fine silk threads stretched out from his hand as he reached out. The power the threads held was not necessarily more than those of the other methods of attack in Zen's arsenal, but the threads were large in number. That was an advantage.

"Excuse me, may I ask which peak you belong to?" the black-robed disciple asked, walking toward Zen with intent. "Would you participate in the All Peaks Competition?"

Zen was already two steps into nature level. An examination was to be held at the end of the year, and if he passed it, he would have the chance to become an inner disciple. The black-robed disciple assumed that Zen was likely to take part in the All Peaks Contest if his strength was good enough. And by the looks of it, it was. He would love to compete with Zen in the competition. As a swordsman, the disciple longed to fight another one.

"My name is Zen Luo, and I'm a disciple from the Drizzle Peak. I'm not sure if I would take part in the All Peaks Competition this time," Zen said calmly. He had been practicing for the contest and was keen on it as it would be a great opportunity for him, but at the moment, he was not an inner disciple and couldn't give a definite answer.

"I hope I can compete with you there," the disciple continued. "My name is Desmond Li. I'm an inner disciple from the Day Peak."

Fighting another swordsman would grant Zen a chance to comprehend the sword intent, so he was interested in this suggestion.

"There might be a chance for us if I take part in the All Peaks Competition," Zen said, nodding as he stood up. The magic array was going to start soon, so he could not stay on the platform for long.

Just as he was about to leave, Desmond Li stopped him in his tracks and threw him another question. "Wait a minute. How many waves did you combat in the magic array just now?"

Desmond Li was much stronger than Zachary. He could resist seventy-three waves even at the difficulty of level eight.

Keeping in mind the design of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform and the challenges it posed, only a master who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm was capable of resisting a hundred waves in the eighth difficulty level. Desmond Li, who could resist seventy-three, had already proved his skills. He was curious about how many Zen had resisted. It would tell Desmond Li the exact gap between his capability and that of this outer disciple who had just received the slender sword intent.

"Eh? I withstood a hundred waves," replied Zen in an indifferent manner, after which he straightaway walked down the platform.

"W-what?" Desmond Li stammered, dumbfounded as he stared at Zen's back. He opened and closed his mouth several times, unable to say anything else. The other disciples who stood behind him were much the same.

Zachary felt somewhat delighted when he saw their reactions.

Standing next to them, Steward Song also beamed surreptitiously. At the very least, he was not the only one astonished by Zen's abilities on the platform. As the steward of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, he knew well that Desmond Li often practiced wielding his sword on the eighth difficulty level. He also knew that Desmond Li was always proud of his achievement of holding out against seventy-three Aurora waves. It was a bit amusing to see the embarrassment on his face at meeting a more powerful opponent.

When Steward Song noticed that Desmond Li was still slack-jawed and in a state of astonishment, he added, "It's true. Zen resisted one hundred waves. As a nature creature, he is the only one who resisted that many at the eighth difficulty level. Besides, he is only into grade-two of the nature level currently."

Desmond Li and the rest of the black-robed disciples stared with wide eyes as they heard what Steward Song said, shocked at his words. With that, Steward Song and Zachary left the platform furtively, hiding their delighted grins.

Chapter 348 Aura's Thoughts (Part One)

The Seven Star Sword Light Platform was the perfect place to hone one's sword intent.

If a swordsman started practicing the skill at the age of six, he would grasp all the basics by the age of twelve, and become proficient by the age of sixteen. Afterward, if he yearned for further breaking through, he would have to go through life-threatening tests unless he was especially talented.

Nevertheless, a man can only live once. It might be easy to say, but when putting the words into practice, it would mean risking his neck to enhance his skill with the sword. One could only imagine how dangerous it was.

Regardless of whether one was a swordsman, a blade practitioner, or a boxer, all martial arts practitioners had to face such a problem.

Inside the Cloud Sect, however, there were plenty of magic arrays and secret realms to hone one's skills. Any outsider would be dying to own even one of those items, making the Cloud Sect regarded as the shrine of martial arts in the Eastern Region, attracting numerous talented, young practitioners from various counties of the Eastern Region who would squeeze themselves in at all costs.

Still, even for very talented young practitioners, there was no way to improve at the Seven Star Sword Light Platform as fast as Zen did. When he first entered the place, he had two epiphanies and was able to grasp things that many others wouldn't be able to comprehend in a lifetime, and he owed it all to his extraordinary insight and luck.

Even as he nailed the eighth level, he still felt like he hadn't reached his limit. Steward Song also urged him to enter the Seven Star Sword Light Platform and have a try at Level Nine.

Zen's performance was way too stunning. Steward Song was also eager to profit during the process of searching for gifted practitioners. But he was not aware that Steward Cao had done the same thing in the Lake of the Magical Fish. At that time, Steward Cao reported Zen's achievement to his seniors in an attempt of taking credit for it. However, he not only obtained zero bonus but got cold shoulders. After reporting several times, the seniors even sent an officer to Steward Cao to tell him off, leaving Steward Cao utterly muddled. At last, he gave up trying

Even if Steward Song did not encourage Zen in some way, Zen would still take a shot at it, for he was also curious about what his limits were.

'Can I break through Level Nine at the Seven Star Sword Light Platform? Or even attempt to challenge Level Ten?

Well, I can't do all that today. I've comprehended sword intent and learned a whole new set of fundamental swordplay. I still need to spend some time strengthening the new skills when I get back, ' such thoughts played in his mind as he trained.

The moment Zen returned to Drizzle Peak, he received a message saying that Aura needed him to go to her place.

By dusk, he was halfway up Drizzle Peak.

The gold setting sun projected the final wisp of energy for the day from the distant west. Under the freezing depth of winter, however, that wisp of energy dispersed before people could even feel its warmth.

Whirling wind swept across the peaks from the north. As it blew strong outside, people who were light and slim didn't dare step out of their houses.

At a pavilion halfway up Drizzle Peak, however, stood a woman in a yellow robe, leaning against a pillar in the corner. Her long yellow robe that trailed on the ground seemed to be her only outer layer. Although the robe's texture seemed warm and snug, it was barely enough to keep the cold out, as it was only tied around her neck and didn't even fully wrap around her.

Underneath the robe was a thin, silky gown in a lighter yellow. If she was an ordinary woman wearing such clothes standing in the pavilion facing the north, she would freeze to death within a couple of hours. This woman, however, who had achieved nature level consummation and was only one step away from the Illuminating Soul Realm, would not feel the chilling weather at all, even if she was standing in a world of ice and snow without any clothes.

The woman was Zen's tutor, Aura Su.

When there were others around, she tended to be strong and domineering. Even though she was a princess who had lost power, she was as confident as she used to be.

Still, when she was on her own, she always felt a little dismal. There were some secrets she held that had to be kept to herself, not allowing her to confide in other people.

In the eyes of those around her, Aura joining the Cloud Sect and becoming a tutor was merely a mischievous act. It was easy to interpret the decision as the powerful princess' way to goof off. Of course, Aura herself thought nothing of the sort.

Before she left the royal palace, she had already been unable to visit the man in the Burning Sky Palace for six months. That man was her father, Kane Su.

Though she had requested to see her father a number of times, her requests were denied every time. It wasn't normal at all. Once, she even barged into the imperial palace, only to find that her father's chambers were empty, with the sheets and quilt on the bed left tidy, as if her father had not lived there for a while.

Since then, Aura had been in doubt, thinking, 'Perhaps my father has already left the Eastern Region.'

Evidently, she was not the only one holding the same doubtful thought. At the palace, there were seven princes, and three princesses having discussed the issue in private. But the truth was tightly protected, out of anyone's reach.

As rumor had it, her father had long since gone out to experience the world without any intentions to return. It was even probable that he already died in some faraway place.

Such a rumor seemed far-fetched, but Aura didn't dare think light of it, as her father was an absolute king of mankind in the Eastern Region, the most gifted and knowledgeable emperor in the field of martial arts the Burning Sky Empire ever had.

In the past, the strength of the head of Cloud Sect always overtook that of the Burning Sky Palace. The Cloud Sect had a say in many matters, giving it the power to even change the fate of the Burning Sky Empire.

It was entirely possible because the Cloud Sect did not only have a head whose strength was overwhelmingly strong but also had a solid backup, the Cloud Hall.

Chapter 349 Aura's Thoughts (Part Two)

Countless powerful practitioners lived in the Cloud Hall. For them, both the Cloud Sect and Burning Sky Empire were merely parts of the land under their governance. Given this, the Burning Sky Empire could only endure the suppression of the Cloud Sect for fear that they might offend the Cloud Hall.

Fortunately, Cloud Sect was based within the Burning Sky Empire, so their conflicts of interest were few. More often than not, they would have to unite with each other. That was the reason the thriving Cloud Sect was still willing to cultivate many Illuminating Soul Realm experts and offer them to Burning Sky Empire as a gift in return.

However, since Kane Su took the throne, the entire situation was altered, for Kane's strength was as strong, or even more formidable than that of the head of Cloud Sect. Moreover, Kane Su had even joined Cloud Hall, making his status somewhat higher than the Cloud Sect head.

Such news was good for the Burning Sky Empire, as they could finally take the initiative on loads of issues, leaving Cloud Sect as more of a vassal. With that, word among the folks was that the Cloud Sect's influence was waning over the recent several decades while the Burning Sky Empire's power was only spiking up.

As a member of Cloud Hall, Aura's father had to facilitate it and assist in its involvement in various affairs.

There was no doubt that Kane was extremely powerful. From Aura's perspective, he was on a mountain so tall that no one else could survive the climb to the top. For all those years of Burning Sky Empire's existence, there was only one Kane Su.

Aura herself was not very strong. Because of her distinguished status as a princess, though, she had learned a great deal about the secrets of history and was well aware that there would always be someone better than herself. Even though Kane might have dominated the Eastern Region for a time, once he stepped out of its borders, he was nobody in the vast world.

Inside the Cloud Hall, there were already loads of members who were showing to be stronger than Aura's father, not to mention the head and vice-head of the hall, as well as its many elders.

With many showing such promise, it was possible that Kane had already met his downfall.

In the past two years, Kane did not hold court even once. According to the palace, Aura's father was in closed-door training, so the crown prince, Farrell Su, Aura's brother, was temporarily in power.

According to the laws of the Burning Sky Palace, if Aura's father did not show up within three years, the crown prince would take the throne and become the new emperor, meaning that Kane would be abdicated in favor of his son.

If he was truly doing closed-door training, such an arrangement was fine. But the thing was, the seven princes did not believe that their father was still around and they were quite certain that Kane was meeting his downfall outside the Eastern Region.

Such rumors gave the princes an opportunity to usurp the throne.

Over the past year, the seventh prince, Conn Su, had already been preparing to take the throne, blatantly cozying up to two of the top seven noble clans, the Yun Clan and the Yu Clan. Meanwhile, the third prince, Ray Su, was also getting restless as he tried to get on good terms with the Huang Clan and the Pei Clan. At that point, their intentions were evident.

In contrast, Aura's brother, the crown prince, Farrell Su, had far fewer connections than the other princes.

Since Farrell was the first son of the emperor, he was conferred the title of crown prince upon birth. As an heir, he began living in the Eastern Palace, spending day after day learning the art of ruling from many great scholars. Therefore, he had fewer opportunities to build up his connections as the other princes did.

Back then, who could have foreseen the disappearance of the emperor?

When Conn and Ray began working their means to usurp the throne, Farrell's status was put in jeopardy.

Anyhow, Farrell was still the official crown prince. Without the emperor's death being confirmed yet, the third and seventh princes had to stay put, bidding their time.

Throughout history, once it came to the fight for the throne, horrifyingly brutal results were inevitable.

There was no doubt that one side would do away with the opposing side, leaving no possibility for the fight to end up in a draw.

On the one hand, Aura worried for her elder brother Farrell Su. On the other, she was not keen on seeing the descendants of the Su Family turn against each other and fight to the death. Thus, she decided to join the Cloud Sect.

Although Aura did not want Cloud Sect to take control of the Burning Sky Palace, she could not find any other kind of means to intervene in the issue. The assorted noble clans in the Burning Sky Empire would probably only further aggravate the already tense situation. If the prince they supported were to be enthroned, they believed they would be able to prevail over the rest of the noble clans, so as to break the existing power structure and gain more benefits.

Even though Aura was a royal princess, she had no way to control the Cloud Sect and neither did Farrell as the crown prince.

With a lack of other means, Aura tried to find a qualified individual who could help Farrell by protecting and escorting him. Such a person, though, should not be a disciple of any of the noble clans, so she could only select from grassroots, which led her on her path to being a tutor in Drizzle Peak. Considering that Drizzle Peak was ranked last, most disciples were at grassroots level.

Aura was well aware that to place all her hopes on a disciple of Cloud Sect was fool's talk. Throughout history, many grassroots disciples had accomplished astonishing achievements. Still, compared to the disciples of noble clans, they were very few.

Left without other options, Aura just had to try it as a last resort to save the hopeless situation. If one of her disciples could luckily advance by leaps and bounds, or even pass the Cloud Road test and get selected by the Cloud Hall to be admitted as a disciple, there was a chance for the trouble at the royal palace to be sorted out.

Still, the probability of finding someone worthy was way too low, barely better than zero. It was no wonder others thought that going to Drizzle Peak was only a waste of time.

Chapter 350 Inner Disciple Admission Test (Part One)

Aura had assessed several geniuses to that date, and had also recruited a lot of talented refiners into Drizzle Peak from the Eastern Region. But until now, there was no hope she could see.

"Master Su!" Zen came looking for Aura in her room as soon as he got the message, but she wasn't there. He searched around for a while and finally caught up to her in the pavilion.

The pensive look on her face gave place to a smile as she saw Zen. "Here you are."

"You looked troubled just now, Master Su." His piercing eyes fell on her face and to his penetrating gaze, it was obvious that her smile had a fixed quality to it.

Aura responded by an instant change of the subject. She stared at Zen and asked, "What have you been practicing lately? Your eyesight seems to have improved a lot since earlier on."

She had reached the consummation of the nature level and therefore, could feel a special energy around Zen, hurtling and cutting in the air. Even her own protective life vitality felt slightly scratched by this energy. He must have learned some sharp 'intent' to create this effect.

It was rather like some refiners at the Illuminating Soul Realm knocking people out with just a gaze.

Zen might have learned a soul-attacking skill, Aura thought. Soul-attacking skills were similar to 'intent', but their theories were different. One needed to use one's soul to cast an attack for the former, but 'intent' was a realm in which refiners would continue emanating special energy all the time. Typically, the aura would have given people around them a sense of oppression.

Zen could have restrained his sword intent. But his instinct was telling him not to. He had just learned it and to be frank, even if he wanted to, he wasn't very practised at controlling it until now. So he just let his sword intent spread around naturally for a while until it was steady.

He gave a nod when he heard Aura's remark. "I picked up a sword intent on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform."

"A sword intent?" Aura asked, slightly taken aback. "I seem to remember that you prefer your fist."

Aura was under the impression that the only weapon Zen owned was a flying knife. It was sharp but to be frank, it served better as a hidden weapon to blindside the enemy than as a proper weapon to confront the enemy.

"I learned to use a sword recently. I've been practicing it." Zen smiled.

For a moment, Aura was speechless. How was this man able to comprehend a sword intent in such a short amount of time? He was just a beginner in the field.

Aura had to admit Zen had done some remarkable and amazing things in the past. He had challenged the outer disciples of Vulture Peak and had even fought with Vale, who was an expert in the Illuminating Soul Realm. What was more extraordinary was the fact that back then, he had been only a half step into the nature level. It was beyond dispute that Zen was an extraordinary genius.

Sword intent was a different kettle of fish, it was vague, elusive and abstruse. Some swordsmen in the past had gone to extreme lengths in the search for their sword intent. They carried their swords with them wherever they went and stuck with it every second of their life. Even sleeping and eating couldn't part them from it. They did it for decades but most of them never even got a glimpse of the intent their entire lifetimes and went into their graves full of regret.

But this vague power seemed to come almost effortlessly to Zen. How was that possible?

If there was one person who could climb to the very top and get into the Cloud Hall, Aura was counting on Zen as long as he survived his period of growing up.

Still… it was already too late.

The crown prince was about to ascend the throne in less than a year. And the king's third and seventh sons, who had been lurking out there and waiting, were sure to launch a coup any time they were ready. They might even do it the moment the crown prince was seated on the throne.

Zen had been making steady progress. But as a refiner at the second rank of the nature level, he wouldn't make much of a difference.

Aura realized that she was bemoaning fate. If only there were more time, things would be totally different. Just two or three more years and Zen could be the star disciple of Cloud Sect. Aura was certain of it.

Giving up was never an option for Aura. She had grown up in the royal court and the experience had made her mind sharper and wiser than most common men. Her decision to join Cloud Sect had seemed a bit rushed and naive when she had looked back on it, but she never regretted it. She was the kind of person who, after making a choice, stuck to it.

"You got to know the sword intent in such a short amount of time after practicing swordsmanship. That is very lucky..." For a moment Aura was at a loss for words. She had summoned Zen because she had intended to ask him to take part in the Inner Disciple Admission Test with the others. If he passed the test and became an inner disciple, then he could join the All Peaks Competition.

All Peaks Competition was held every three years. Aura had already made up her mind to make Zen have a go at it; not that she expected him to land in a good spot in the league table. He was only seventeen, a young boy with so much potential, yet not enough training. He would probably make it into the top spots at the next All Peaks Competition, but not now.

There were so many talented young people in this day. Zen had a very good fortune but god had showed almost the same amount of favor to some other top talents. That was the reason Aura didn't expect too much of Zen.

Chapter 351 Inner Disciple Admission Test (Part Two)

Following the train of her thought, she finally got to the point, "Now you have entered the nature level, which is enough to qualify you as an inner disciple. But you still need to pass the test. The test is tomorrow. All top thirty outer disciples are going to take it."

Zen nodded. This test should not be too stressful for him.

Seeing the look on his face, Aura added, "Do you have any idea why I want you to become an inner disciple of Drizzle Peak right now?"

"Does it have something to do with the All Peaks Competition?" Zen asked.

Aura nodded and replied, "I want you to take a shot at the All Peaks Competition. There's no pressure and I am not asking you to win it. Take it as a familiarization course. Soak up the atmosphere. There is one thing you'll want to keep in mind. The number of disciples who can compete is limited. The quota varies from peak to peak, basically according to the peaks' strength. Drizzle Peak has got seven places."

All Peaks Competition was a contest among all the top inner disciples from all 33 peaks.

But there was huge gap between the strength of the 33 peaks. For instance, Skytop Peak constantly topped the other peaks and a great number of its inner disciples had already reached the consummation of the nature level. Some had even entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. Drizzle Peak was nothing compared to Skytop Peak. The best of its inner disciple had just reached the consummation of the nature level.

It would be unfair if all peaks had same quantity of places. For example, a refiner at the consummation of the nature level could barely qualify to fight on behalf of Skytop Peak. Meanwhile the places of Drizzle Peak fell on those disciples who were merely at the fifth or sixth rank of the nature level.

Therefore every peak was allowed a different number of places.

Skytop Peak was the best peak and was allowed to send 43 disciples to fight in the All Peaks Competition. As for Drizzle Peak, seven places was all it got.

"Seven places for the top seven inner disciples from our peak. Which means you'll have to get into the top seven to qualify for a shot at the All Peaks Competition. I can't help you on that. You'll have to do it on your own." Aura told him slowly.

In Aura's view, Zen was capable enough to reach the inner disciples' top seven. Even though, he was still at the second rank of the nature level, his battle skills were enough to make up for the refining level gap.

Drizzle Peak's number one inner disciple had already reached the consummation of the nature level. And the disciple who had come seventh had reached the seventh rank of the nature level. If Zen's previous performance was kept in mind, then he had already clinched a place at the All Peaks Competition.

The ranking of the inner disciples was generated automatically based on their performance in the test.

There was no way to cheat on the ranking and you simply had to be at your best. If Aura abused her power to put Zen into the top seven, the other disciples were sure to raise several questions. Besides, she felt that there was no need to do so.

"Got it. So the test is tomorrow, right?" Zen nodded.

"Yes. It's on tomorrow morning. I will help you get ready for the test. Remember that your performance in the test will decide whether you can get into the top seven and fight in the contest on behalf of Drizzle Peak or not." Aura smiled, and was slightly relieved to see the look on his face. From that confident expression, it was evident that he was pretty sure of himself.

The next day Drizzle Peak's annual inner disciple admission test began.

The test was very important for all the outer disciples of the Drizzle Peak. The result would have determined their fate and whether they would find themselves promoted to inner disciple or not.

However only the top 30 of the outer disciples were able to take the test vying for the 10 places of inner disciples.

A middle-sized magic array appeared on the outer disciples' muster station. Obscure runes engraved around the magic array were emitting pale blue light, which meant that it had been activated.

Even though only the top 30 were allowed to actually take part, no disciple would have missed it for the world. This was such a grand moment that it attracted everyone's attention.

Aura and some other masters had already been there. The magic array had been set up a long time ago. But the maters needed to finish other preparations such as putting on crystals and activating the runes.

Before long, the outer disciples all arrived, including Henry and Wurth.

In theory, those who were able to take on others at the refining level would gain a huge advantage for themselves. It was believed that they would be the ones who would score big and be promoted.

But that was not always the case. Some disciples at lower refining levels with commendable fighting skills usually got higher scores. Once, there had been a disciple who had ranked 29th among the outer disciples, but had successfully fought his way into the top ten in the test. He was now an inner disciple of the Drizzle Peak.

"Zen is a nature creature now. He can be promoted to an inner disciple directly. Why has he come here to take the test?"

"What do you know about it? He can make an inner disciple easily. He is good. Rumors are floating around that he wants to get into the top 7 of the inner disciples list, so that he can have a shot at the All Peaks Competition. And this test, this magic array is his chance."

"Impossible. Drizzle Peak isn't that good, but still.... The seventh inner disciple has already reached the seventh rank of the nature level. Zen is good, but not good enough to beat a guy so many levels above him."

"Ha! Have you ever actually tested Zen's limits? Besides, why else would those black-robed disciples be here to watch the test? You can see from here. That black-robed disciple standing at the far side is Ben Wang. He ranks seventh among the inner disciples. He is supposed to join the All Peaks Competition on behalf of Drizzle Peak. But he is a bundle of nerves now. If Zen performs well, he will beat Ben and take his place."

The test had not yet started, but all kinds of news were spreading among people, much like wild fire.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 352 The Fight For A Place In The List (Part One)

Ben Wang, an inner disciple of the Drizzle Peak in the Cloud Sect, followed other disciples to have a look at the test of the outer disciples.

There was no need for him to worry as he was at the seventh grade of the nature level. He was much stronger than the one at the eighth place among the inner disciples of the Drizzle Peak.

A test like today's was normal among the inner disciples of the Drizzle Peak every day. Even the magic array itself was a regular training place for the inner disciples.

Ben's best performance on the test was a high score of 18 thousand, while the disciple in the eighth place only got 15 thousand. There was a huge gap between them, and Ben thought the latter wouldn't catch up soon.

But recently he heard a rumor that an outer disciple, Zen Luo, would attend the All Peaks Competition representing the Drizzle Peak.

There were only seven disciples that could attend the All Peaks Competition and they had been chosen by their ranks. If Zen Luo would attend the Competition as a disciple of the Drizzle Peak, Ben would lose his qualifications to attend the competition.

Ben hadn't thought of it first because there was no way an outer disciple could be stronger than an inner disciple. But after the practice of killing demons, another inner disciple, Cleve Lin, had confirmed that Zen was extremely strong and that he had beaten demon generals.

Although Cleve was a strong well-ranked inner disciple, he was not as good as those in the top ten. So, what he said could have only been partly true and he was just giving Ben a piece of information.

Despite that, Ben was still anxious and a little scared. That outer disciple had defeated demon generals, which was something he wasn't sure he could do by himself.

From this point, Zen could probably get a place in the top seven to represent the Drizzle Peak.

Today, the other inner disciples in the upper rank arrived to observe the test with Ben. These were the third-ranked disciple named Glenn, and the fifth-ranked disciple.

Glenn was a member of the Shi family. He had monitored Zen since the latter was at the half-step into the nature level. At that time, Glenn had predicted that if Zen would become an inner disciple, he could even rank as one of the best ten in the inner disciple list.

However, even if Glenn spoke highly of Zen, he still believed that the latter needed more time to practice before he could win a place in the inner disciple list.

But Glenn was still surprised to find out Zen needed a shorter time than he had expected. Only after a few months, Zen had reached the nature level. And now here he was, trying to win the seventh position of the inner disciple list.

Glenn gazed at Zen from a distance. He could see that Zen was very confident from his expression. Suddenly, Glenn started to think that Zen was not only aiming to be part of the top seven but win a higher rank in the disciple list.

But whatever place Zen would win, the one to be disqualified was Ben. It meant that Zen was not a threat to Glenn at all. And even if Zen surpassed his rank, he would still be qualified to participate in the competition.

When the top thirty outer disciples had finally arrived, the tutor announced the starting of the test.

The first disciple to take the test was Ziv Zhao, the 30th place on the outer disciple list. Since he had just entered the top thirty outer disciple list, it was impossible for him to win a place of the top ten. However, this test gave him an opportunity to use the magic array for free for his training. To most outer disciples, this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity was quite precious.

When Ziv went into the magic array, a column of white fog appeared and surrounded him instantly.

This medium magic array didn't have the ultimate scenario simulation to completely change the surroundings. It could only surround the person who attended the test and made a suitable scenario simulation for that person alone.

Soon Ziv dramatically quivered and then the fog disappeared slowly.

The tutor read Ziv's score out loud, "Ziv Zhao, 410 points. Failed."

If an outer disciple desired to become an inner disciple, the first requirement was to win a place in the outer disciple top ten list. The second requirement was to obtain at least three thousand points. If an outer disciple successfully won a place in the outer disciple top ten list but his points had not reached three thousand points, he could still not become an inner disciple. This could explain that the whole level of the outer disciples was too low, and he did not have the qualification to become an inner disciple.

But Ziv was still very optimistic. Although he was not satisfied with his performance, he now clearly knew his own strength. For the outer disciples, to know oneself clearly was a good strong point.

Some warriors had excellent talents and never met obstacles in their practice. They always wanted to win regardless of anyone who they fought with. If the warrior was narrow-minded, his defeat wouldn't give him the right idea to strengthen himself further. And this would create a huge barrier on his upgrading way and his achievement would be impossible to meet.

"The second one, Xu!"

"The third one..."

A disciple would averagely consume five minutes for the test. Some of them would take longer than ten minutes.

The points of the disciple went higher as the test moved forward.

The 13th disciple so far had the highest score at 3, 100 points.

This meant the thirteenth disciple had the qualification to be an inner disciple. But another requirement would still depend on the remaining twelve outer disciples' performances.

If from the remaining disciples, three got a score of less than three thousand, the 13th disciple could have the opportunity to be an inner disciple. But the chance of that was still very slim.

From the success of the thirteenth disciple, it could be concluded that the level of the Drizzle Peak had improved. This would make the competition even more challenging.

As the 12th, the 11th and the 10th completed their tests, it was announced that they all got more than 3, 000 points.

Chapter 353 The Fight For A Place In The List (Part Two)

The disciple of the 13th place felt hopeless. The remaining higher-ranked disciples couldn't possibly get a lower point than he got. This meant that he could be ruled out even though he had got more than 3, 000 points.

When Wurth Zhang came out of the white fog, he was wearing a satisfied smile on his face. His face said that he was confident about his performance.

The tutor then announced loudly, "Wurth Zhang, 4, 033 points!"

He was the first one to obtain a score higher than 4, 000.

The following test was no suspense at all. What they cared about was how many points the disciples could get. These outer disciples were excellent, and as long as they showed their actual strength, they could all turn into inner disciples.

After the tutor announced Henry Hao's score of 5, 500, it was finally Zen Luo's turn to take the test.

Most people paid attention to Zen's performance on this test.

All of the people were expecting that Zen would give the best performance, and he might probably get twice as high as Henry's score.

Some of the disciples turned to look at Ben since they heard that Zen was vying for the top seven inner disciples. But they knew that Ben's point was as high as 18, 000, so Zen would probably fail to surpass that.

"Well, Ben, are you nervous?" an inner disciple beside Ben asked.

When Ben looked around, he saw that it was the second-ranked inner disciple. Seeing his expression of schadenfreude, Ben felt a little annoyed. There could be a chance that Zen would get the highest point amongst the inner disciples, and if that happened, Ben would be ruled out of the competition.

Ben felt angry knowing that he had become the laughing stock. The second-ranked disciple was at grade nine of the nature level, almost at the consummation of the nature level. And Ben was so much weaker than him, so all he could do was to wait with his hand clenching tightly as Zen went into the magic array.

The All Peak Competition was crucial, and it was also a good opportunity for each of the disciples at the Cloud Sect.

The disciples who didn't have a good performance could show their extraordinary talents in some way. They could also have the chance to be the personal disciple of some big master in the Cloud Sect. There were a lot of such successful disciples every year, so everyone was willing to try.

Zen entered the runes and saw the runes shine in blue light. Soon, the white fog appeared and covered him entirely.

Compared with the magic array of the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, this middle-powered magic array was simpler. After he was covered in the white fog, the surroundings did not change, but some figures appeared from a place not too far away from him. The figures were walking towards him and tried to get him surrounded.

'Half-step into the nature level?' Zen showed a slight smile as he licked his lips.

All these figures were at half-step into the nature level, and with his current power, Zen could easily defeat them.

But there was only one challenge—the number of figures was large. Zen estimated that there could be almost one hundred of them surrounding him totally.

Zen took out his Streamer Sword. With his slight motion, he cut some of them with the Streamer Sword's radiance.

The figures that were cut soon turned into white fog.

"Come on!" Zen spoke loudly at them.

Zen's sword radiance was so sharp that once it cut the figures, they soon disappeared into the fog. The test seemed to measure how Zen could kill the figures.

Even though the figures were more than one hundred, Zen was able to finish them in a few minutes.

'Is that all?' Zen thought it was too easy for him.

But before he could say more to himself, other figures started to appear in front of him. The figures this time were stronger than the first group. They were almost at the same level as Zen.

There was a great gap between half-step into the nature level and the nature level. The people at grade two of the nature level wouldn't be able to bear Zen's sword radiance, but it took Zen longer to finish this group.

Some figures in the second group could even attack Zen while he was busy attacking the other figures.

Having extraordinary strong defensive power, Zen ignored their attack and focused himself on offense. This time, Zen killed them one by one sooner.

The figures dissolved into white fog as soon as Zen cut through them. Five minutes had passed, and he was able to regain some of his lost strength.

'Anyone else?' Zen held his sword tightly with radiance floating around it.

Soon, the third group appeared.

'This group is at the grade six of the nature level. Although they only have the basic power, I should still take them seriously, ' Zen told himself with a serious expression on his face.

Zen could defeat all of them if he fought them one by one. But the problem was, there were twenty of them.

One against twenty. Faced with twenty grade six of the nature level figures, Zen had to give his best.

"Bang!"

When Zen tried to cut the nearest one, the figure just fended off the sword. This caught Zen by surprise.

'The figures at grade six of nature level are really different from others I have encountered. They are much stronger. But do they think they can survive my fairy weapon?' Zen thought with a cold smile. Zen waved his sword hard, and a grating sound was heard when the Streamer Sword hit one of the figures' weapon. He cut the weapon and the man with one hit, and then the man turned into white fog.

After Zen killed one, another four figures charged at him. Zen couldn't take them all at once, so he had to have a plan.

He strode aside quickly to avoid their attack. At the same time, he began to fight back like a snowflake in the storm.

"Flick the sword!" Zen shouted.

Flick the sword was one of the most powerful motions in the basic swordsmanship. His hand holding the sword pulled back while his right foot was raised. His whole body tilted. Then he stamped his right foot on the ground. Together with the strength of his right foot, Zen's whole body formed a high mountain and crashed forward like huge stone falling from high mountain with great power towards the four warriors.

Chapter 354 Ranking First Among The Inner Disciples (Part One)

"Snap-hiss..."

The sword intent formed countless tiny whirlpools, which rolled round and round in front of Zen. They rotated in different directions and at varying speeds, shredding all the phantom warriors who were drawn into the vortex to pieces.

Although the sword skills used were still basic, they were different from earlier. After being simplified, these sword skills demonstrated the maximum power of the sword intent.

Zen swished his sword aggressively.

The Streamer Sword shuttled among the warriors at the sixth-grade of the nature level. It was so quick that it looked like flying silver light. The simplified sword skills were so mysterious and powerful that the warriors had no defense against them.

However, since the warriors had stepped into the sixth-grade of the nature level, Zen couldn't defeat them as easily as before. He needed to spot their weaknesses and then adjust his swordplay to kill them with one blow.

Even so, it didn't take him long to kill the twenty warriors at the sixth-grade of the nature level.

'I'm far from reaching my limit. But if this continues, the next group of opponents will be more difficult.'

Since there were twenty warriors at the sixth-grade of the nature level this time, Zen assumed that the next enemies would be warriors at the eighth-grade. Zen felt that he couldn't deal with twenty opponents at the eighth-grade of the nature level simultaneously.

Just as the thought crossed Zen's mind, a swirling mist covered the area. In the next instant, Zen saw some dim figures appearing in the white fog.

At the sight of the figures, a wry smile spread on his face. Zen's speculation seemed to have been too conservative. The opponents turned out to be ten warriors at the consummation of the nature level.

Despite the challenge, Zen was unwilling to give up. Zen knew that he would not be hurt in the magic array, and he saw it as a good opportunity to test his strength. Holding the Streamer Sword tightly in his hand, Zen strode toward the ten opponents at the culmination of the nature level. He wielded the sword and moved the basic swordplay to the extreme, the sword intent surging all over him.

Outside the magic array, the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak became restless as they had been waiting for a long time.

The time spent by the disciples who had participated in the test previously varied from person to person—it ranged from a few short breaths to several quarters. But, Zen had been in the magic array for almost an hour.

"Is something wrong with the magic array?"

"No, there isn't. The runes on the magic array are running well, and no rune has been damaged. How can the magic array go wrong so easily?"

"It's likely that Zen is so powerful that the phantoms inside the magic array are not strong enough to kill him."

"I'm not sure what is happening inside. We'd better wait a little longer, and then we'll find out."

Although the outer disciples of Drizzle Peak had a heated discussion about it, most were optimistic. Henry had stayed in the magic array for fifteen minutes, and he had won more than 5, 000 points. Since Zen had stayed in the magic array for almost an hour, the outer disciples wondered how many points that would have earned him.

The masters of Drizzle Peak had more information than the outer disciples, because of the magic array plate that was in their hands. They couldn't see what was going on inside the magic array, but they were able to read information about the magic array through the plate.

"Zen is stronger than his peers. Despite his abilities, how can he defend against ten opponents at the consummation of the nature level for such a long time?" one master asked as he gazed at the magic array plate in his hand. Although the master's strength was comparable with Aura Su's, he couldn't resist for as long as Zen had.

A glimmer of surprise showed in Aura's eyes.

She knew that Zen was growing stronger at an unprecedented rate. When he joined Cloud Sect and became an outer disciple at Drizzle Peak, he was only at the organ refining level. But he could defeat an opponent who had reached a half step into the nature level. While he was in the marrow refining level, he could defeat an opponent at the first-grade of the nature level. All of these victories showed that Zen's strength was far beyond his level of martial arts.

It was well known that there was a limit to how strong a person could be.

Judging from Zen's past performance, Aura knew that he could beat any opponent who was at a higher level than him. It was unsurprising, as many factors affected the strength of a person, such as the level of cultivation methods, the grade of weapons used, and many other various man-made factors.

A good example was that the disciples of Cloud Sect who were at the first-grade of the nature level could easily beat opponents from other counties in the Eastern Region, who had reached the second or third-grade of the nature level.

But, there was usually a limit to this kind of overstepping challenge. Zen's performance was far beyond her expectations. While he was only at the second-grade of the nature level, he could kill twenty opponents who had reached the sixth-grade of the nature level. What had amazed her even more was that Zen was able to resist the attacks of ten warriors who had reached the pinnacle of the nature level.

He was so powerful that no one could deny that Zen was a rare genius.

Aura's eyes widened in surprise. She could not believe what she had seen. Given the success Zen had achieved, she inferred that he was qualified to challenge a strong man who had just reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. It was incredible!

Aura didn't know that Zen had already killed a strong man who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. While Hugh, another person who had also reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, suffered tremendously in the battle against Zen.

Initially, Aura had asked Zen to take part in the All Peaks Competition just because she had wanted him to experience such a wide-scale challenge. After all, Zen's cultivation realm was too low, and he was only at the second-grade of the nature level. What was more, he was only 17 years old!

If Zen could continue to cultivate and improve himself at his current rate, she believed that he could get a good ranking at the next All Peaks Competition, which would be held three years later. Given that there were so many gifted disciples at Cloud Sect, Aura had thought that she had overestimated Zen's potential and capabilities when she advised him to participate.

Chapter 355 Ranking First Among The Inner Disciples (Part Two)

She hadn't expected Zen to demonstrate such extraordinary strength during the test!

Although the phantom warriors at the pinnacle of the nature level in the magic array only had the basic strength of this level and were not as powerful as the real ones, Aura could only deal with 2 or 3 simultaneously. During the test, she remained undefeated. However, she could not kill them. But Zen performed better than her. Not only did he resist the opponents, but he also found opportunities to fight back!

A red dot on the magic array plate disappeared in a few moments.

Every red dot on the magic array plate represented a phantom warrior who had reached the peak of the nature level. The disappearance of one red dot meant that Zen had managed to kill that phantom.

"He can fight back despite being attacked by ten men at the highest grade of the nature level. How does he manage to do that?" Aura and the other masters were wondering whether Zen had managed to elude his enemies by running away with some kind of rare body movement and footwork. But the warriors being killed in the magic array indicated that Zen was not running away. On the contrary, he was fighting back.

There was a huge gap between the inner and outer disciples at Drizzle Peak.

The outer disciples were reserved talents for the inner disciples, and only the ones that qualified could become inner disciples. Even at Drizzle Peak, which ranked last among the 33 Peaks at Cloud Sect, there was an inner disciple who had reached the pinnacle of the nature level.

While in the peaks ranking at the forefront, such as the Skytop Peak, some inner disciples had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm.

But Zen's performance proved that he was a top elite even though he was an outer disciple of Cloud Sect!

An hour later, people outside the magic array noticed that the white fog had begun to disperse. Finally, they could see Zen.

"It's over at last. He is a genius!"

"I want to know how many points he got."

Many outer disciples had been waiting for nearly two hours to see how many points Zen earned in the test. They hadn't thought that they would have to wait for such a long time.

The master checked the magic array plate and shouted, "Zen Luo, 55, 000 points!"

"Ooh ..."

Upon hearing the score, the disciples erupted with excitement. Several heated discussions began.

It was a staggering figure.

Wurth's and Nory's eyes were wide with excitement. As Zen's friends, they knew that he was strong. But neither of them had fought with Zen, and so they could not provide specific numbers to quantify his strength.

But the score helped settle the matter.

55, 000 points!

The number was twenty times more than Wurth's.

"Does this mean that Zen can beat twenty men of my strength simultaneously?" Wurth smiled and said.

Nory laughed and answered, "Twenty men? Is that all? I'm sure he can handle more. Haha!"

Obviously, a man's strength couldn't be measured by a specific number. Wurth couldn't win against Zen with his strength. If he decided to challenge Zen with support from others, he would need an army composed of soldiers of the same strength as him. A large number of people could drain Zen's power enough to defeat him.

Hearing Zen's score, Ben's heart sank. A reluctant smile replaced the hope he had felt. He knew he didn't have a chance anymore.

He had been overconfident before Zen finished the test. He had thought that Zen was only at the second-grade of the nature level. Ben had rationalized that no matter how strong Zen was, there was a limit. Ben had been practicing martial arts since his childhood, and he was the best in his family. With the help of the top three family clans of his county, Ben had entered Cloud Sect at a young age. Then he became the inner disciple without much effort.

Up until now, he had been the pride of his family.

So Ben had decided that if Zen's score exceeded his, he would challenge Zen. Although he was not quite sure of his victory over Zen, Ben still wanted to try. He wouldn't be willing to admit defeat if he didn't try once.

But when he heard the master announce that thrilling score, Ben gave up his plans.

55, 000 points!

Yehudi Zuo, who ranked the first among the inner disciples, had scored a little more than 40, 000 points. Yehudi had reached the peak of the nature level, while Zen was only at the second-grade of the nature level. It was shocking that Zen was stronger than Yehudi!

Considering Yehudi's strength, Ben had no courage to challenge him. Now that Zen seemed to be stronger than Yehudi, Ben was sure that Zen would trounce him. With that thought, Ben decided not to humiliate himself.

Zen earned 55, 000 points when he was at the second-grade of the nature level. He ranked first among the inner disciples at Drizzle Peak as soon as he became an inner disciple.

The news spread through Drizzle Peak like wildfire!

There had always been a huge gap between the inner disciples and the outer disciples. Any inner disciple could beat an outer disciple and become the top one among them.

However, Zen's progress was unparalleled! In less than a year of being a disciple at Cloud Sect, Zen had become an inner disciple at Drizzle Peak with such a remarkable achievement. This was a situation that had never happened since the founding of Cloud Sect. He had set a new record.

Although Zen was about to be promoted to inner disciple, he was still an outer disciple. So now, he represented the glory of the outer disciples!

Once he became an inner disciple, Zen would get more pills and money, and access to a few secret cultivation places that were reserved only for inner disciples. Although these secret cultivation places were not as good as the Lake of the Magical Fish and the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, disciples would not need to spend points when using these places. This made it an excellent alternative for inner disciples who came from ordinary families. Even some disciples from noble clans would choose to practice in these secret cultivation places, because not every gentry child could get the full support of their family.

The inner disciples lived on the top of Drizzle Peak, which was also the highest point of Drizzle Peak.

So, after passing the test, Zen was assigned a new house. He packed his luggage, put it into his space ring, and moved into his new accommodation.

As he climbed from the hillside to the top of the peak, he met many inner disciples dressed in black robes, all of whom cast curious glances at him.

In general, compared with the newcomers, the inner disciples who had entered the Inner Door earlier had strong psychological advantages. They looked down at the newcomers—like an experienced person looking at a green hand.

After all, the new inner disciples couldn't match them in terms of strength.

Zen, however, was an exception!

Chapter 356 The People He Wanted To Protect

It was said that no one taking the test could earn fifty-five thousand points, and even the legendary Yehudi, who had reached the consummation was unable to hit that mark.

What did it mean, if it was beyond even Yehudi's ability to achieve? The significance to that revelation was that Zen's combat level was higher than the consummation. Added to that, Zen was probably comparable to a master in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Everyone admired and hoped the best for him.

Rankings among the thirty-three peaks were determining factors in how the peaks fared and the award amount. The monthly pay of disciples in the top peaks, including Skytop Peak and Blackrock Peak would make the Drizzle Peak disciples green with envy.

Moreover, the Cloud Sect could send the masters of magic array to build magic arrays of a large scale as secret cultivating spots where the inner disciples from those peaks could practice their refining techniques away from prying eyes.

These secret spots probably couldn't compare to ones that were required to pay, but, that didn't make much difference because they were completely different from those on Drizzle Peak.

It was a rule of thumb at the Cloud Sect that only the powerful could enjoy better treatments.

Therefore, it was difficult for a powerful man to cultivate his skills at Drizzle Peak. In all the years of Drizzle Peak, only Yehudi, had risen so high, but, he remained stuck in the consummation, unable to achieve a breakthrough.

On the other hand, Skytop Peak and many other peaks attracted talented disciples yearly because of their competitive benefits.

As time went by, powerful men grew more powerful, and weak ones became even weaker. The gap only widened, gradually.

Although the situation improved with Aura's arrival, it would take more than just Aura's strength to make serious changes. Even Aura couldn't forcibly make the candidates choose Drizzle Peak over Skytop or Blackrock Peak and their perks. Why would they willingly come study at the least powerful peak of the Cloud Sect?

But now, finally, Drizzle Peak had a spark of hope. Zen was truly an exceptional disciple. Possessing such powerful strength, he might be able to compete with the talents from the other thirty-two peaks and win a better ranking among them for Drizzle Peak.

They might not have been dreaming as big as earning the top spot, but, even if Zen ranked in the top thirty to fifty disciples, Drizzle Peak would be rid of the moniker of being the worst ranked peak.

It was thought by some disciples that Zen would accomplish what Yan achieved that year.

Now, since Yan had only been incarcerated within Hell Mountain since two years ago, many of the disciples could still recall her brilliant record. As a girl, it was unusual for her to rank so high, but, she'd defeated so many opponents that she was a finalist. By her efforts alone, she earned the ranking of second for Lady Peak.

A lot of the disciples who indulged in gossip noticed that Yan and Zen shared the same family name, Luo, and whispers were abound that the two were brother and sister.

But, even with the resources available, the gossipers could't ferret out what relationship, if any, there was. All they could do was guess.

It was even more difficult to discern since Luo was one of the most common surnames in the world. How would they connect the two simply by a shared name?

After reaching the peak, Zen, Nory and the others who were just promoted to inner disciples underwent some formalities before trading the disciple cards and robes they had for new ones.

As part of his daily routine, Zen practiced at the Lake of Magical Fish as well as on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform. Here, he cultivated his entire corporeal body and the sword intent, respectively.

There were only two more months until the All Peaks Competition would be held which wasn't enough time in Zen's opinion. He needed every second possible to work on his refining.

Zen kept his routine for one week. No inner disciple dared challenge him. Even Yehudi realized that Zen surpassed him and gave up his plans of challenging Zen.

If he didn't challenge Zen, Yehudi could keep his pride, but, if he were defeated by a warrior at the nature level in grade two, like Zen, it would be mortifying for Yehudi.

At the end of the week, Aura came to Zen. Her news that she would be away for the following two months surprised him. She repeatedly advised Zen to practice hard over the next two months, and that she would return before the All Peaks Competition.

Zen didn't pay much attention to Aura's advice, but he was more interested in where she was going. Master Su seemed to be in such a hurry, which had him wondering if she'd met with some problem that was difficult to handle.

But, since Aura didn't offer an explanation, it would have been rude if Zen came out and asked her. When Aura was gone, Zen made a few discreet inquiries of the other masters at Drizzle Peak, but they didn't know either.

Zen thought back to several days ago, when he saw Aura sitting in the pavilion looking lonely. The sight of her affected him, and he found himself worrying about her. After all, she was the empire's princess.

He'd heard a rumor that the crown prince would most likely take the throne in a year.

Throughout history, every time a new emperor took the throne, it caused great strife and turmoil. The fight for the throne was crueler than what people imagined. Because failing was unacceptable in the fight for the throne, it would mean an endless abyss if the fight was lost. Barring death, nine generations of a family would face the humiliation of the defeat.

Whoever was to be the emperor had nothing to do with Zen, but, he was worried for Aura. Considering her identity, Aura wouldn't be able to avoid being involved in any disturbance.

As of that moment, Zen was unable to defeat either the eunuchs of the Burning Sky Palace or the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm from the top seven noble clans, but, if anyone harmed Aura, Zen would defend her, without hesitation.

In the past, the only one person Zen wanted to protect was Yan. Rescuing Yan from Hell Mountain was Zen's greatest desire. However, now, he had two people he would protect, Yan and Aura.

Warriors attached great significance to always improving strength. Without it, everything was out of reach, like a fantasy. Until at last, they turned to bones and dust, becoming stepping stones for other masters, with no day of their own.

Thinking about that, Zen practiced more strenuously over the next months.

During those two months, every secret cultivating spot at the Cloud Sect was full of disciples. Mostly, it was the disciples who were chosen to participate in the All Peaks Competition that remained cloistered in the secret cultivating spots, training nearly all day, every day.

Even the disciples not selected to take part in the All Peaks Competition were feeling the excitement, and wanted to improve aside the inner disciples chosen. If they could break through their cultivation before the finalized list of competitors was announced, there was a slim chance to be selected.

Since only one person was permitted to enter a secret cultivating spot like the Lake of Magical Fish at a time, it was always a race to get there first. Fortunately, Zen's endurance was greater than that of an ordinary warrior. Generally, when someone entered the Lake of Magical Fish, that disciple would be finished after about two hours, Zen, however, would remain for six to eight hours at a time.

So whenever Zen finished training at the Lake of Magical Fish, he would see a long line outside as he left. Steward Cao would be scowling and then look over at Zen with a bitter smile on his face.

When Zen practiced with his sword intent at the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, he would challenge himself, working until he couldn't train more. With his efforts he could resist more and more Magnetic Auroras.

At the difficulty level of nine, there was a dream-like color across the surface of the Magnetic Aurora, and, depending on the sword intent, it became more difficult to cut through it.

When Zen challenged level nine for the first time, he managed to resist fifty-two waves of Magnetic Auroras. He wasn't satisfied with this result, even though Steward Song peeping at him seemed shocked.

Only the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm could cultivate in the difficulty level of nine, and the weaker ones could only resist forty to fifty waves of Magnetic Aurora, but, Zen resisted over fifty on his first attempt. He'd only been at grade two in the nature level. If he advanced and entered the Illuminating Soul Realm oneday, would he be able to easily resist a hundred?

However, Steward Song underestimated Zen's horrible perception.

The sword intent was more outstanding after he'd practiced with it many times, and the sword radiance became saturated with energy and sharper.

The second time Zen entered the level nine difficulty, he resisted sixty-nine waves of Magnetic Aurora.

On his third session, Zen managed to resist seventy-seven waves of Magnetic Aurora.

Steward Song became used to Zen's progress, still, he was puzzled by something. A few days ago, he reported to the leader how Zen was progressing with his training. He thought such a rare talent like Zen shouldn't go unnoticed at the Cloud Sect.

Steward Song believed that after he reported his findings, he would be given some reward, but, he hadn't expected for the leader's response to be one of denials.

Even though it was a mere two words of 'no approval', it gave him a lot of information. While the talented outer disciples were reserved for becoming inner disciples, the inner disciples could be promoted to personal disciples of some masters, and all disciples at the Cloud Sect were considered in selections by the lofty Cloud Hall.

The Cloud Hall wouldn't miss seeing a brilliant talent like Zen, neither should the Cloud Sect, so, he'd reported what he learned to the leader, to no avail. The reaction he received suggested there was something amiss with Zen, like he'd offended someone in a high position, or maybe he was wrapped up in something sensitive.

Compared to Steward Cao, who reported information repeatedly and ended up in trouble, Steward Song was much wiser.

Aside from practicing at hidden cultivating spots daily, Zen had no free time. He spent his nights studying the Heavenly Ogre Fist.

As a fifth tier refinement method, Heavenly Ogre Fist didn't only offer Zen demonic life vitality. The first move he learned in the Heavenly Ogre Fist, Ogres Shaking the World, could only be used by consuming a large amount of Zen's life vitality and it could only attack one person at a time..

In the beginning, Zen thought the second move, Swarm of Ogres Surging, was a move to use conjointly, but as he meditated deeply, he found it wasn't that simple.

Swarm of Ogres Surging could turn life vitality into dark demonic phantoms.

As Zen sat in a secret cultivating room, he entwined his fingers into each other, and twisted himself into a complex posture. "Swarm of Ogres Surging, now!"

"Whirr..."

came the monotonous sound as dark purple life vitality unfurled around Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 357 The Demonic Phantom (Part One)

After the constant practicing of Zen, the demonic life vitality became darker as the purple color mixed in it gradually faded away. The tiny starlight embedded in it became more lustrous and brilliant.

Inside Zen's body, there were six streaks of life vitality flowing out. Under his control, this life vitality would form a silhouette of Zen, but a smaller version. This was the form of the demonic phantom.

Zen glued his eyes on the phantoms, pointed his fingers at them and uttered lightly, "Rise up!"

In an instant, the six demonic phantoms started flying in the room. As the demonic phantom itself originated from life vitality, it was weightless. Thus, it could fly briskly and fast. Moreover, the six of them flying around would make the best defense from enemy attack.

With Zen's current strength, he could only summon up to six demonic phantoms. However, according to the records from "Heavenly Ogre Fist", with much practice, those with strong psychic force could summon up hundreds of demonic phantoms.

Each demonic phantom could absorb the enemy's life vitality to strengthen its own–a special attribute of demonic life vitality. Once the demonic phantoms matured, their powers would be more terrifying.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…"

"Bang…." Something was flying crazily and crashing onto something. It just happened with a blink of an eye.

It was one of Zen's demonic phantoms. Due to Zen's relatively weak power, it slipped out of his control, crashed directly into the wall of his practice room and then penetrated through another two walls of the house, leading to the collapse of the half outer wall of the house.

The inner disciples' houses had a secret practicing room where they could conduct further studies and practice their own unique skills in their own time. The walls of these rooms were filled with heptyl gold–a kind of hard metal that isolated the soul snoop.

Obviously, Zen did not expect that the demonic phantom could be so powerful that it would directly crash through the hard walls made from heptyl gold.

"What the fuck happened?"

"Why did the walls collapse?"

Other disciples were surprised to see what happened and didn't understand what caused the hard walls to collapse. Zen's house was not far from the other inner disciples' houses; thus, they easily heard the loud noise, so they went to check out what happened.

Zen came out from the hole on the wall, wearing an awkward smile, and said apologetically, "I'm sorry! It's just a small accident while I was practicing."

The damage on the outer wall of the house was no big deal as a few civilian craftsmen could repair it. However, when they saw that the wall of Zen's secret room was also damaged, they could not help but gasp. They knew very well that the walls of the secret practicing room were made of heptyl gold and iron sand. It was supposed to be extremely solid to resist any impact, even one's whole might.

What kind of cultivation was he practicing exactly?

The onlooker inner disciples were all between five-grade to six-grade natural level. But even at a high-grade natural level, they couldn't be able to break the walls of the secret practicing room unless they had a high-grade weapon.

"Hey, Zen!" Just then, someone called out Zen's name abruptly.

Zen looked around and saw Cleve walking towards him. Since Zen became an inner disciple of the Drizzle Peak, he concentrated on practice at the secret room every day, thus hardly had any time to meet Cleve. The last time they saw each other was when they fought demons together.

"Hey, Cleve! Long time no see," Zen greeted with a smile.

"Yeah! Anyway, I am here to deliver a message from our senior disciple, Yehudi. He asked you to come over his house to discuss the matters of All Peaks Competition," Cleve said, cutting through the chase. Cleve had also locked himself in his own secret practice room to cultivate, and it was just a few days ago when he completed his secret practice. The desire to improve his strength was stimulated by Zen when they were both in a trial of killing demons.

During his long practice, Cleve made another big improvement in his strength. But when he saw Zen's strength jumped from half step to nature level into the grade-two natural level, he could not help but admire the progress that Zen was making. Moreover, being sensitive to "sword intent", Cleve could also feel the strong spiritual aura that Zen was emitting at present, even though the latter was just plainly looking at him.

'Has he already grasped the sword intent?

How did he do it?' Cleve's mind was racing wildly.

He had seen Zen's fighting technique and how the latter used to rely on his fists and his mysterious flying knife.

'When did he learn to use a sword?

And how could he have grasped the sword intent if he hadn't used a sword?' Cleve thought to himself.

Cleve had been practicing swordplay for decades, but until now, he couldn't grasp the sword intent at all. Sword intent was something that could not be learned easily. It would just come out naturally and only those with a high power of understanding would be able to figure it out.

'But for just a short period of time, Zen has grasped it?' Cleve asked himself.

Though Cleve found it hard to believe, the faintly discernible strong spiritual aura emitting from Zen was undeniably sword intent.

In front of many onlookers, Cleve couldn't bring himself to ask Zen directly. Anyway, he would find out later once Zen participated in the All Peaks Competition. At the Competition, Zen would inevitably encounter strong enemies that would require him to show his sword intent, if he had already grasped it. But deep down, Cleve could not bear the thought that he might be right about Zen. After all, the sword intent was not easy to acquire, at least for him since he still hadn't got it after many years of hard practice.

Chapter 358 The Demonic Phantom (Part Two)

"Matters about the All Peaks Competition? All right," Zen said and nodded. In any case, it would be quite important to understand the strength of the other disciples participating in the upcoming All Peaks Competition.

Meanwhile, in a decent pavilion on the top of Drizzle Peak, six disciples in black robes gathered.

They were the top second to seventh inner disciples from the Drizzle Peak.

The senior disciple, Yehudi, used to be the top first place until Zen outperformed him in the assessment test, and he didn't challenge the latter to win back his rank.

"Yehudi, I do think you have the power to challenge Zen. You are the best amongst all the disciples!" one of them said huffily.

"I agree. Yehudi, you must not let a young boy outrank you. His nature level is only second-grade, while yours is the top grade," another one seconded what the former disciple had said.

"What could be worse than to invite that boy over and discuss the All Peaks Competition with him? As a young boy who has just been promoted to an inner disciple, what qualifications does he have to sit among us?" one more disciple burst out angrily.

Apparently, most of them were not impressed with Zen being the first rank since he was too young.

Although he outperformed everyone in the test, it didn't warrant the disciples' respect towards Zen. For the inner disciples, Zen didn't deserve to be the top first.

According to the rules of the test, the ranking assessment must be carried out in the magic array, and the rankings would be determined by the inner disciples' score.

If an inner disciple was not satisfied with his own ranking, the way to dispute it was to challenge the inner disciple who outranked him.

The ranking would be decided based on the challengers' true strength in the battle ring.

With the previously concluded test, Zen outranked everyone by gaining 55, 000 points. He replaced Yehudi in the top first rank. Now, if Yehudi was not convinced by the result of the test, he could challenge Zen for a retest.

If Yehudi could win the challenge, then there would be no doubt that he deserved the top first rank. Yet, he never launched such challenge.

Yehudi took a sip of the tea, and then said with a smile, "In the Cloud Sect, strength is the most important qualification. Since Zen was able to get a high mark in the assessment, he has proved his strength, thus deserves to sit among us."

Yehudi, 19 years old, was two years older than Zen. His ability to step into the consummation grade of nature level at such a young age was a testament to his great talent.

One genius often tended to welcome another genius' challenge. Compared with the other disciples, Yehudi was obviously more generous.

"But there must be something wrong in that guy's score. Being only second grade of nature level, how could he be so powerful to get the highest score? I guess, he might have used a special trick in the magic array!" a disciple in a black robe said heartily. It would be hard for him to believe that a guy whose natural level was second grade could outrank them. Without seeing Zen's power with his own eyes, it would be hard for him to accept the conclusion of the assessment.

Yehudi simply shook his head. He had originally planned to challenge Zen, but a Master on Drizzle Peak, who was Yehudi's close friend, reminded him not to do so.

To convince Yehudi more, the Master showed him Zen's performance records in the magical array. In the records, Yehudi saw that Zen simultaneously killed the phantoms of 10 disciples whose nature levels were consummation-grade. From then on, he became aware that Zen was out of his league, and he could not afford to challenge the young disciple.

Although Yehudi could kill one phantom with his current strength, he wasn't sure if he could handle 10 phantoms at the same time. If he was in Zen's place, he could have ended in a disastrous situation.

He was finally convinced that there was no chance he could defeat Zen in a challenge.

Therefore, to avoid further humiliating himself, he accepted the conclusion of the assessment wholeheartedly.

Yehudi also understood that his ranking amongst the disciples in the Drizzle Peak was not a big deal. There was nothing he could lose if he lost it. What mattered to him most right now was the All Peaks Competition.

"Let's put that topic to rest, shall we? Let's focus on what's important–the All Peaks Competition. Zen's strength is truly outstanding and that's a good thing for all of us. If Zen can lead us to improve our rankings among the 33 Peaks, the Drizzle Peak will get more support from Cloud Sect. If that happens, we can build large-scale magic arrays at our Drizzle Peak and many more secret practice buildings. I believe that would benefit everyone; thus, we should give him our warmest welcome!" Yehudi said lightly.

When the disciples heard Yehudi's enlightening words, they stopped arguing and complaining. They thought that maybe Yehudi was right and that Zen indeed deserved to be with them, and since he had become a member of Drizzle Peak, they should stop attacking him behind his back.

Drizzle Peak was currently at the bottom of the ranking list–the weakest Peak among the 33 Peaks. Since the number of disciples who could attend the All Peaks Competition was only seven, they should be united as a team.

A few moments later, someone knocked on the door, and one of the disciples in black robe bellowed, "Come in!"

It was Cleve. When he heard the permission, he pushed the door open and whispered to Zen, "Yehudi and other senior disciples are already inside. You can come in there and join their discussion."

Although Cleve's strength was stronger than most disciples of the Drizzle Peak, he wasn't strong enough to be part of the top seven. As a result, he was not eligible to attend the meetings related to All Peaks Competition.

Zen thanked Cleve and stepped inside.

Yehudi looked at Zen, then stood up and said with a smile, "Are you Zen? This is our first time to meet you so forgive us if we don't recognize you. Nice to see you here. I'm Yehudi!"

"Nice to finally meet you, Yehudi. I've heard so much great things about you!" said Zen sincerely, greeting with his cupped fists.

"Please take a seat here," Yehudi said heartily as he pointed to the top seat next to him. The top seat originally belonged to him, but now he was willing to give it to Zen.

Zen didn't have any knowledge of the inners' seat arrangement, so he just accepted Yehudi's instruction. He walked over and took the top seat as Yehudi offered.

Chapter 359 Zen's Blazing Determination

"It is our great honor to be joined by the newest member of the inner disciples. Zen has passed the assessment, thus promoted to an inner disciple of Drizzle Peak. Congratulations and welcome to the team, Zen!" said Yehudi?with a smile as he clapped his hands.

Zen waved his hand and said, "Thank you, Yehudi. It's my pleasure to be part of this circle. I heard from Cleve that you are here to discuss the?All Peaks Competition?"

Yehudi nodded, "Yes, as the saying goes, 'know the enemy as well as yourself'. Since you just joined the inner disciples circle, you may not be familiar with some things. So, I was?instructed to discuss?the strategy?in the All Peaks Competition with you."

"What can our strategy be this time? The other peaks are obviously better than us, so how can we gain the advantage this time? I believe that the best we can do is to hold out for one day," said an inner disciple. These?words were implied to satirize Zen's strength. The inner disciple wasn't convinced that Zen could help them bring Drizzle Peak to a good place.

Hearing those words, Yehudi frowned slightly and said, "Human effort is the decisive factor in the competition. I agree that our peak isn't strong, but if we don't try, we will never know. It's always better to try and fail, instead of not trying at all."

Hearing Yehudi's words, Zen nodded his head in agreement.

Yehudi was right. Aside from strength, the determination was also vital to any victory. In martial arts, one without a strong belief would not go further in his career. A martial arts cultivator would rather lose than give up without even trying.

Yehudi?was two years older than Zen, and already at the consummation of the nature level. He had quite a good talent that played an important role in all his achievements. But aside from his innate talent, he also had strong determination to win.

Although the inner disciple's remark was intended for Zen, he didn't dare answer back after Yehudi refuted for Zen. After all, Yehudi was a well-respected disciple and considered as the leader in their circle.

"Can you tell me how strong the participants of the All Peaks competition are?" asked Zen directly.

The question was a little na?ve as expected from someone who just joined the circle.

The All Peaks Competition in Cloud Sect was held every three years. The information about all the participants was recorded and available for all the disciples to access. Nearly all the disciples were familiar with it.

Another inner disciple was ready to ridicule Zen for his stupid question when Yehudi stopped him. Yehudi then said, "Zen has just joined us here in Cloud Sect, so he probably doesn't know the details of the All Peaks Competition. That's why I asked him to join us today to discuss in detail the rules of the All Peaks Competition and our opponents."

Then Yehudi proceeded to share the details of the competition to Zen.

All the?thirty-three peaks in Cloud Sect would participate in the All Peaks Competition. Each peak would send a certain number of participants. The Skytop Peak would send the most disciples, while the Drizzle Peak would always have the least number of participants.

Aside from the disciples of the thirty-three peaks, there were also specially reserved seats for personal disciples of some masters.

In the Cloud Sect, the personal disciples were the top-notch disciples trained by their personal masters with great resources for practicing. They were the ones who usually progressed quickly.

There were also personal disciples who used to be?highly talented, but not anymore. However, they remained to be stronger than anyone in thirty-three peaks.

With their strength, the personal disciples would normally outshine everyone in the Competition and would become the top ten disciples of the All Peaks Competition.

And for the disciples of the thirty-three peaks, they would only end up in the top 20 no matter how strong and talented they were.

In conclusion, the All Peaks Competition was just meant for the top 20 strongest disciples and the rest were just for participation.

For the disciples of Drizzle Peak, they would be lucky if one of them would get into the top 100 of the competition. The disciples in Drizzle Peak were not as strong as the others and there was no more time to cultivate prior to the competition.

The Belltower Peak outranked Drizzle Peak in the last competition and ranked 32 among all peaks. One disciple of Belltower Peak entered the top 100 and was ranked the 97th in the All Peaks Competition, ahead of Drizzle Peak.

"The top 100? Are you confident that you'll get into the top 100 at least?" asked Zen as he crossed his fingers.

Yehudi smiled slightly and said, "To be frank, I am not."

"So, even a man at the consummation of the nature level like you can't get into the top 100?" Zen frowned.

"Not really. All I am saying is that I am not sure. It's a competition, so the odds are always different every time. For Skytop Peak, they usually send more than 40 disciples and the weakest of them has already entered consummation of the nature level. Some of them have already been in the Illuminating Soul Realm. It would be bad luck if we will be assigned to the same group with them," said Yehudi as he shook his head.

Drizzle Peak was nothing compared to Skytop Peak when it came to their disciples' strength.

One could only imagine that Skytop Peak chose its participants from a big group of high-powered men at the consummation of the nature level. If Yehudi was a disciple of Skytop Peak, even he was at the consummation of the nature level, he could not be eligible to participate in the All Peaks Competition.

But in Drizzle Peak, Yehudi was already considered as the strongest disciple.

Zen analyzed the situation. Drizzle Peak was in a quite difficult situation that the Skytop Peak's weakest disciple was already at consummation of the nature level, while the strongest was already at the Illuminating Soul Realm, not to mention the personal disciples. Vale?Wang was a high-powered personal disciple.

The strength of these personal disciples was unpredictable.

'What rank I can get in the All Peaks Competition?

And about my sister Yan, how strong was she at that time? Lady Peak was used to being one of the weakest peaks. But since Yan joined Lady Peak, it became the second strongest peak. How did Yan manage to lift the Lady Peak into the second rank?' Zen was lost in his thought.

There were a lot of questions in Zen's mind right now, but he remained calm. He continued to ask, "Yehudi, besides the rankings of the thirty-three peaks, are there any other rewards?"

"Other rewards? Of course, there are," answered Yehudi calmly as he shook his head, "But the personal disciples always get all the other rewards in the competition. There's no chance we can get our hands on those rewards. So, our goal is to get to the top 100 at least."

According to the regulations of competition, rewards?were given to the top 6 of the All Peaks Competition. With the personal disciples participating in the competition, even Yehudi wouldn't have the chance to get his hands on one of the rewards. Although he was strong, he understood that the power gap between the personal disciples and him was big. Thus, he would be realistic not to aim for the rewards anymore.

Yehudi continued, "The rewards of the All Peaks Competition are very tempting. The first place will get a Turbidity Clearing Pill. There will also be a fairy weapon of Cloud Sect, and a chance to walk on the Cloud Road!"

"A Turbidity Clearing Pill and the Cloud Road…" murmured Zen.

These two things were the dream of every disciple, so Yehudi didn't need to explain what they were.

That Turbidity Clearing Pill was a type of holy pill that would help one break through to a higher level after entering the?Illuminating Soul Realm. The Turbidity Clearing Pill was priceless.

Cloud Sect could not produce its own Turbidity Clearing Pills. Instead, these pills were issued by the?Cloud Hall. However, only 7 or 8 Turbidity Clearing Pills from the Cloud Hall were sent to Cloud Sect every year.

The Turbidity Clearing Pill was an in-demand item in Cloud Sect. The masters, saints and elders needed Turbidity Clearing Pills to finally get away from their status quo.

The demand would dictate the value of the Turbidity Clearing Pill.

Aside from the Turbidity Clearing Pill, there was the Cloud Road.

The Cloud Road?was not only a trial but an assessment.

Passing the Cloud Road trial, one could gain the support of the Cloud Hall– the upper land of the Cloud Sect. If a disciple qualified to join in the Cloud Hall, it would make a big difference.

Cloud Hall had a high social status in the world. Even King?Kane of the Burning Sky Empire would be treated as a disciple in the Cloud Hall and he had to show respect to every disciple in Cloud Hall.

"So, the Turbidity Clearing Pill and the Cloud Road will be awarded to the first place?" Zen asked again.

"The Turbidity Clearing Pill is for the first place only. The Cloud Road, on the other hand, will be a reward to the top 3 of the All Peaks Competition. They will be eligible to enter the Cloud Road for the trial," Yehudi answered. Though he didn't like that Zen seemed to be interested in the rewards more than the rank, he still explained everything patiently. He thought to himself, 'Is he only interested in the top 3?'

Basically, the top 3 were seemed to be reserved for the personal disciples. The disciples of the thirty-three peaks didn't even think that they could get to the top 10.

Thus, the disciples of the thirty-three peaks had no chance to enter the Cloud Road.

However, Yehudi was empathetic that he didn't want to break Zen's enthusiasm with the truth.

But the other black-robed disciples couldn't remain silent, so one of them stepped forward and chuckled, "Zen, do you really want to enter the Cloud Road?"

Zen looked at this black-robed disciple and replied coldly, "Yes. Is there any problem with that?"

"Hey, chill," grinned the black robe disciple. If Zen wasn't the top 1 amongst all the inner disciples, this black-robed disciple would burst into laughter.

The disciple could only flash a sarcastic smile.

Yehudi stepped in to thaw the atmosphere. He said gently, "If you practice harder, you will succeed."

Now Zen had the basic information of the All Peaks Competition.

To win the first prize, Zen would need to outrank all the thirty-three peaks' disciples and the personal disciples. That would be his tough mission.

Zen stood by the door of his room, looking at the stars in the sky. Yan was able to beat so many strong disciples on her own and led Lady Peak to the second place. As her brother, he must be able to prove himself as well.

"The Turbidity Clearing Pill will be mine, and I must enter?the Cloud Road!"

His eyes were blazing with enthusiasm. His sheer determination was like a holy flame burning brightly in his heart

Chapter 360 Meditation On The Stars (Part One)

Three days before the All Peaks Competition, all the thirty-three peaks' ranking lists would be frozen. During these three days, challenging someone to a duel was forbidden to determine the name list of the competitors.

Due to that, the day before they scheduled to suspend the ranking lists, competitions transpired in all the thirty-three peaks' arenas.

Some disciples appeared to rank low by hiding their true abilities from past matches. It was often on the last day when they would go all out, as they hoped to become the candidates of the All Peaks Competition.

Those who had already been on the list would also try their best to maintain their rankings for the reason that once they lost, they might fall out of the list.

Intense competitions were also going on in the arena of Drizzle Peak.

Apart from Zen and Yehudi, the other disciples who ranked from third place to the seventh place received a challenge to duel. The disciples who ranked ninth and twenty-second had even replaced the disciples who ranked sixth and seventh!

As soon as the ranking lists had been frozen, the name list of the participants for the All Peaks Competition was settled before the master of Drizzle Peak handed it in.

In the last three days, Zen did not go to the Lake of the Magical Fish and Seven Star Sword Light Platform for cultivation, but stayed in his room for meditation instead.

Both cultivation methods of Heavenly Ogre Fist and Spiritual Thorn were extensive and profound. The former represented the most basic method of life vitality attack, while the latter represented the method of soul attack.

In addition to meditating these two books, Zen continued to study the Sun Moon Stars Picture.

The first time he had seen the picture, Zen felt his eyes drawn to it. However, when he had seen it again later, he exhibited no such feelings anymore.

Among the Contemplation Pictures in the fairy palace, the Sun Moon Stars Picture placed first. It was evident that he couldn't completely comprehend the content it contained. Even so, he tried his best to contemplate.

In the first two days, besides practicing Heavenly Ogre Fist and reading Spiritual Thorn occasionally, he neither ate nor drank and put all his efforts into the study of the Sun Moon Stars Picture.

However, after over forty hours of contemplating, he felt he had achieved nothing.

On the morning of the third day, everything around him seemed suddenly distorted as he looked at the Sun Moon Stars Picture.

'Why am I dizzy? Is it because I stayed up too long?' Zen thought to himself, carefully patting himself on the forehead. In his present physical status, he would not have felt dizzy even if he did not eat or drink. Then it occurred to him that perhaps the origin of his dizziness had something to do with the picture being so exhausting. Although his soul was much stronger than the average after being refined in the fire, the Sun Moon Stars Picture was by no means ordinary, and his soul could not stand it after consuming so much energy.

To his surprise, after a blink of an eye, he found the surrounding space even more distorted. And as time went on, it had spun more and faster.

'What happened?'

Finally, he felt something was amiss.

When he had calmed down, he found that he was standing in front of that Sun Moon Stars Picture. After a short moment, with a stroke of confusion, he was sucked into the picture.

In the Sun Moon Stars Picture...

When Zen got his bearings, he found himself standing in a space, which was neither in the sky nor on the ground.

Not far away from the space, an enormous fireball glowed. Its flames emitted a dangerous deterrent.

'Is that... the sun?'

The man could not help but be in awe.

Although the Eastern Region had a very long history, no one from there had ever figured out what the sun was yet.

Thirty thousand feet above the ground was the tallest mountain of the Eastern Region. Rumors had it that because it was too high, there was hardly enough air at the top, and almost no one could endure it.

However, despite such a harsh environment, some remarkably powerful masters were still able to conquer it.

After climbing around ten thousand feet, there were strong gusts of wind. They were so powerful that even gold and iron would be crushed into pieces by the wind.

As a result, even those powerful masters could not repel its strength.

Even so, some masters had come for the sake of exploring. It was said that once a great master had broken through the hurricane and flown up with his very high power and robust body.

As much as he had thought that he could see the sun and the moon finally, after passing through the hurricane, he only found endless entwined cracks in the space, like a layer of thick fish scales standing straight up in the sky.

As for what had lain beyond this cracked zone, even the ancient master could not have provided an answer.

As humans could not explore the sky, legends about the sun, the moon, and the stars were more perplexing for them.

Thus, there were countless stories with sun, moon and stars as the theme.

Although he was far away from the sun while standing in the space, Zen was still shocked by its intimidating force when he looked at it.

'My current consciousness is in the Contemplation Picture. It must be God's intention that I get in here. It's a shame that I could only comprehend so little about the Sun Moon Stars Picture. With my current ability, it's too hard for me to contemplate the sun!' he thought to himself.

When Zen cast his eyes onto another ball, he saw a bright light, which was much quieter and softer than the feeling of tyranny that the sun had conveyed.

When looking at the sun, his eyes felt sour. On the contrary, as he gazed at another ball, his eyes felt a pleasant coolness and comfort.

It was the moon.

Zen noticed that a shadow had appeared on the moon. The shadow outlined the curve of the ball and caused it to present different shapes, which were the so-called first quarter moon, the last quarter moon and the like.

Behind these two giant balls were countless stars.

These stars were the exact objects that Zen had wanted to observe and study.

Chapter 361 Meditation On The Stars (Part Two)

Through his meditation the last time, he had already been able to condensate a small number of stars from his demonic life vitality.

When those stars exploded, they would release overwhelming energy.

However, the power of the stars was definitely more than that. It made Zen feel obliged to learn the mystery behind the Sun Moon Stars Picture a little each day.

Since he had already come in, Zen sat down with crossed legs and began to contemplate the bright stars in the distance.

'What a magical picture the Sun Moon Stars Picture is! How could the master who drew it construct the vast universe with only a picture?' he could not help but exclaim to himself.

Then, he began to sit still for meditation, eyes gleaming.

Suddenly, with horrible and overwhelming energy, a star rushed towards Zen over from a mysterious distance.

'Is it going to hit me?' he wondered and planned to dodge the star.

However, since it was his consciousness that had entered the picture, and not physically himself, he was unable to evade at all.

"Whew!"

In the blink of an eye, the star darted past him and knocked another star in the distance. As the star was so big, it looked as though it was going to strike him when, in fact, it was still far away from him.

These two stars collided and exploded. The overwhelming energy they released increased even more than tenfold!

The light emerging from the overwhelming energy formed a gigantic ring, brilliant but loaded with the breath of death.

'Stars collision?'

The only way Zen had triggered the explosion of the stars before was with his life vitality.

The overwhelming energy released from stars collision was more powerful than the one he had seen before. At the moment, he seemed to be in the midst of spiritual enlightenment.

After a long time, Zen pulled his consciousness back from the Sun Moon Stars Picture.

When he came out, he found the light of dawn had scattered out across the sky.

Through the meditation after entering the Sun Moon Stars Picture accidentally, he had improved in the use of star power.

Since today was the first day of the All Peaks Competition and it was already dawn, it was time for him to set out for the competition with the other six disciples of Drizzle Peak.

When they arrived at the platform on top of the Drizzle Peak, three masters were already waiting for them. Beside them was a middle-sized flying chariot.

To Zen's surprise, however, Aura was not among the three masters.

Before she left before, Aura had told him that she would come back before the All Peaks Competition.

'Why didn't Aura show up? Is she in trouble?' he wondered to himself.

After looking around, he asked, "Master Wen, it seems that Master Su isn't here. Do you happen to know why she didn't come today?"

Master Wen shook his head, and then answered, "Master Su hasn't been back to Cloud Sect ever since she asked to take a leave. I do not know why."

Although his response did not make him worry less, Zen had no choice but to nod. It seemed that Master Wen was oblivious about Aura's current situation.

When he got on the flying chariot with the other six disciples, his face showed a clear sign of concern. With a light blue glow, the chariot soared towards the west.

The All Peaks Competition was taking place in the west of Cloud Sect, and it had a big battle ring.

With all the excellent disciples of Cloud Sect in them, flying chariots came from every direction.

The minute the flying chariot had halted, Zen, Yehudi, and the other disciples jumped out.

Then, under the guidance of Master Wen, they went towards the battle ring. Suddenly, a voice caught everyone's attention.

"Hey, Wen!" a skinny old man greeted. "Are these the disciples of Drizzle Peak for the competition?"

He wore a skeptical look. "Just them?" The man was Master Wang. He was the leader of another team which came from Sea Peak.

Sea Peak was quite low on the ranking list. The team ranked twenty-ninth among the thirty-three peaks of Cloud Sect. Nevertheless, they appeared a little better than Drizzle Peak, as the number of their disciples who came for the All Peaks Competition was thirteen while Drizzle Peak only had seven disciples.

Upon hearing Master Wang's words, the three masters from Drizzle Peak had grim expressions on their faces. After all, Master Wen and the other masters came from Drizzle Peak. If their disciples did not perform well in the competition, it would reflect on them, and they would feel ashamed.

In the last competition, with Aura as the team leader, no one had dared to mock her. If they did, they knew that she would have instantly humiliated them back. However, since Aura was not there today, things were different.

Due to the name list showed the number of participants of each peak, Master Wang must have received the name list of all the participants for the All Peaks Competition in advance. So, it was clear he had only asked Master Wen to embarrass Drizzle Peak deliberately.

Likewise, the disciples behind Master Wang also measured up Drizzle Peak's disciples with mocking stares.

Snorting, Master Wen retorted, "What do you mean by 'just them'? Although Drizzle Peak only has seven disciples, each of them has their unique skills!

You think you'll do better than us merely because you have more disciples? Think again, Master Wang.

I highly doubt that matters!"

Master Wang looked at Zen and the rest of Drizzle Peak's disciples, and said in derision, "Unique skills? Are you serious?" he questioned, laughing loudly as he did so. "It seems you don't have many powerful disciples at all! Otherwise, why did you even bring someone at the second grade of nature level?"

The skinny old man continued to laugh in their faces.

As Zen had been walking in the middle of the team, nobody had noticed his cultivation level in the beginning. Now that Master Wang had pointed it out, however, he immediately became the focus of discussion --- and everyone's attention.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 362 Kenneth Shi (Part One)

Generally, the weakest of the disciples who were eligible to participate in the All Peaks Competition had reached the refinement level just below the consummation. Even the least powerful disciple at the Drizzle Peak was in the nature level at grade seven to compete last time.

While five out of the thirteen disciples from Sea Peak had attained the consummation level, the remaining entrants were refining at the eighth or ninth grade of the nature level.

It was rare for a disciple at grade two in the nature level competing in the All Peaks Competition.

It was unique, but there were talented disciples.

For instance, the disciples taught by the saints, and elders at the Cloud Sect were particularly vested individuals. They developed their fantastic refinement methods and possessed incredible strength which qualified them to enter the All Peaks Competition while still at grades two and three in the nature level, where they performed admirably.

Three years ago, at the All Peaks Competition, there had been a disciple named Jacques Wang, whose instructor was a great master in the Cloud Sect. He was ranked among the top one hundred even though, at the time, he was only at grade two of the nature level.

Anybody who sought to be one of the top one hundred had to be able to challenge the disciples refining at the consummation level. It was terrifying to think of just how potent a disciple's inherent energy would be one day, if he was able to go toe to toe against peers who were much stronger and able to refine at higher levels.

It was rumored that Jacques developed his abilities immensely over three years of refinement, which made him the top pick to be named the champion this year.

Jacques was known as a personal disciple. None of the support, facilities or refinement methods at Drizzle Peak could compare to his.

What personal disciples did was battle when they were still in a low grade so that they could test their strength. However, if an inner disciple from Drizzle Peak refining at grade two of the nature level took part in the competition, it would be considered ludicrous.

"Why? Why is it ludicrous?" asked Master Wen while snorting, "Zen might only be at grade two of the nature level, but, he has earned fifty-five thousand points in the testing. Thus, he merited the title of rank one in Drizzle Peak's inner disciples. Who here thinks he's at the low level and can mock him?"

"Fifty-five thousand points? You're exaggerating!" Master Wang retorted disdainfully.

No one outside Drizzle Peak knew how high Zen's test score was.

It was shocking to hear that a disciple in grade two of the nature level could earn fifty-five thousand points.

"I've heard that Drizzle Peak's the weakest, but I never heard the members are best at bragging. Hee-hee," scoffed a Sea Peak disciple.

"He got fifty-five thousand points? So he has contended with the joint attacks from the men at the consummation of nature level? Do you think those at the consummation level are feeble? Wow! The Drizzle Peak disciples take a significant risk by bragging!" added another disciple.

"His strength is only at grade two of the nature level. I don't think he's experienced the full and awesome power of someone refining at the consummation level. When it's time, I will show him first hand how great the distance between the expertise from those at the consummation level and his grade two techniques," disparaged a Sea Peak member as he glanced over at Zen.

Zen turned a deaf ear to their taunts as he moved ahead with the line.

After his intensive training over the last few months, Zen's ability to control his thoughts and reaction had improved so much that the ridicule from others no longer pulsed him.

It didn't take long for all the competitors to take their places on the competition field.

With the disciples from Skytop Peak at the front, all the disciples from the thirty-three peaks formed a semi-circle to the right hand side of the field. Over to the left side stood the personal disciples of saints, patriarchs and elders, who were wearing purple robes.

Set up at one end of the field was a square platform where a middle-aged man was sitting on a black chair.

Zen looked at the man. Although he was far away, Zen could indistinctly feel his power.

'This man seems stronger than the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm, but, he's repressing his energy. I wonder who is he. Could he be the head of the Cloud Sect?' wondered Zen to himself.

Zen's guess was correct. The man was the Cloud Sect's leader, Kenneth Shi.

Kenneth rarely appeared in public, preferring to keep a low profile, but the rules of Cloud Hall stipulated that his attendance was required at the All Peaks Competition which was a triennial event.

It was part of the leader's duties to select the disciples who successfully passed the trials in the competition and would be admitted to the Cloud Road and to enter the Cloud Hall.

It stressed the importance of the All Peaks Competition to test the strength of every genius.

When every disciple from the thirty-three peaks and personal disciples had arrived, Kenneth rose from his seat and made the announcement of the beginning of the competition.

On cue, an elder appeared, flying over the field. He carried dozens of copies of a long list, and as he passed each peak's group, he handed one to each master.

On the page were written the contestants' names, their competitors, and which round they would fight during.

There were over forty disciples listed from Skytop Peak, whereas there were only seven from Drizzle Peak. Overall, there were nearly seven hundred names listed, with more than six hundred disciples from the thirty-three peaks and more than fifty personal disciples.

Initially, many of the hopeful seven hundred disciples would be eliminated through group trials.

After Master Wen of Drizzle Peak looked over the list, he frowned, sighing deeply.

Yehudi took a step closer and asked, "Master Wen, who will our opponents be?"

Smiling bitterly, Master Wen handed Yehudi the list as he replied, "I want everyone to take a look at the list here to know your opponents."

Chapter 363 Kenneth Shi (Part Two)

Naturally, all seven Drizzle Peak contestants wanted to know their first opponents, so, they huddled around Master Wen. One by one, the disciples frowned as they examined the list.

Listed as Drizzle Peak's first round opponents were disciples from top ten peaks, including, Blackrock Peak, Daylily Peak and Azure Peak...

Since all the participants ranked higher amongst the inner disciples in their peaks, those from the higher-ranked peaks were supposed to be stronger. And apparently, they were indeed more powerful than the aspirants from Drizzle Peak.

"Alas, it seems that since we are from Drizzle Peak, we will be used as stepping stones for other disciples.." Master Wen said as he exhaled loudly. When he glanced at Zen and saw how calm he was, it affected the master.

Zen wasn't showy, but each time he appeared for a trial or competition, he went against the odds, and won, on behalf of Drizzle Peak. There was an air of confidence surrounding him.

Zen was calm now. However, at first, Zen's deportment was grave because of the importance the All Peaks Competition held, but, as the day drew closer, Zen's comportment became more balanced with an inner peace.

'Make no mistake', although Zen was not stressed out, he wasn't indifferent. Quite the contrary, he welcomed the competition and his mind was focused on the tournament.

Examining the paper, Zen saw his first opponent was a disciple who had reached grade nine of the nature level named Langdon Zhou of Azure Peak.

"Zen, I know Langdon very well. He has inherent superhuman strength with skill equal to someone at the consummation level. He is number nine hundred and thirty-sixth on the Cloud Sect rankings. You need to be careful," warned Yehudi.

Nodding thoughtfully, Zen asked, "Yehudi, what about you? Are you confident you will defeat your opposition?"

Casually smiling, Yehudi said, "No, since the rival is Mack of Blackrock Peak, and he's at the consummation level as well as being a magic array master, I am not confident."

A magic array master...

A magic array master had special methods of attacking. There were two variations of magic array. One was considered ordinary, affecting people mentally, much like the magic array used on Bloody Mountain to test disciples, but didn't cause anyone harm.

The other was a very powerful killing array and difficult to survive for the opponent. No one willingly chose a magic array master as a foe during the competition because of how easily an array master could deceive others.

Zen thought maybe Yehudi was just humble, since Yehudi said he wasn't confident, and yet, he remained outwardly calm, which was a good start.

Soon after, the first rounds started.

The field was divided to create nine smaller fields which held eighteen competitors simultaneously.

Around each field the saints placed enchanted barriers which prevented energy from permeating out and hurting innocent onlookers during the competition.

When the eighteen contestants were in their assigned areas, respectively, the fight commenced.

Out on the fields, life vitality of all variations sparked to life, dazzling the observers.

In the middle of one of the fields, a young girl wearing a yellow padded jacket was beaming at her challenger, a burly man who stood six and a half feet tall.

The two rivals appeared mismatched, which attracted the biggest crowd watching them.

"That's Jill Quan from Lady Peak! Did you know she's turning eighteen years old this year? And she's been at Lady Peak for only two and a half years now! I heard she's an amazing talent, and over that time she's risen from grade one to grade nine of the nature level! I wonder if she'll be able to pull off the same miracle that Yan did years ago?"

"Well, what Yan achieved wasn't easy, it was a miracle. Plus, Benjamin Long, Jill's rival, isn't weak. He's developed the evil refinement method and uses a horrifying blood red life vitality..."

As the two spoke, Jill's brawl began.

Even though Jill was short, she cut an imposing figure of perfect symmetry, with the agility and grace of a rabbit flying. Jill attacked Benjamin in a blinding, quick charge as soon as the light life vitality came alive, rushing out from the delicate jade-green sword she wielded.

"hee-hee," chuckled Benjamin. Obviously, he didn't take Jill as a threat, and he nonchalantly waved his blood-red machete in front of him. As he did, the life vitality appeared from within the blade. There was a noxious stench emitting from the life vitality, which meant harbored within it was a deadly toxin. The life vitality grew steadily and as Benjamin brandished his machete, swinging it around, wisps of life vitality, radiated throughout the area.

As fast and flexible as Jill was, everytime she rushed at Benjamin, his life vitality spheres forced her to fall back.

"You will never destroy my blood river cart! I encourage you to concede defeat and clasp your hands together so I can seize you!" taunted Benjamin while twisting his machete so that the life vitality flowing didn't slow down.

As Benjamin planned, the spheres spread across nearly the entire field, expanding further by the second which meant he would defeat Jill even if he didn't engage her head-on.

With seventeen or more circles of life vitality spreading out irregularly throughout the field, it didn't seem to matter how skillful Jill dodged it; she would run out of space to evade the toxic clouds soon.

Forcing Jill into a small corner finally, Benjamin smirked and said, "Little girl, admit defeat. If you become infected by my blood river cart poison, later I'll have to detoxify you. It's such a hassle detoxifying people, and it means I have to remove your clothes and then face to face..."

As Benjamin was casually spewing his inappropriate, and suggestive taunts, all the sudden, Jill was covered in the soft sunglow, and shrunk back before she vaulted up from her deceptive corner and rushed headlong at him.

Watching Jill's battle, Zen nodded and commented, "The big man will be conquered!"

Yehudi gave Zen a surprised look but kept quiet. He thought Jill was going to lose because she couldn't escape the circles of poisonous life vitality, which made it impossible for her to attack Benjamin while giving him a seemingly unconquerable position.

However, what happened next proved Zen to be right.

Chapter 364 Huge Hammers

Despite the overwhelming number of rings made from Benjamin's life vitality, there were still some gaps between each of the rings. Just as the fluttering of the life vitality rings made gaps that were large enough, Jill launched her attack.

Jill dashed forward, rapidly weaving through the life vitality rings!

Benjamin felt sort of complacent at first. He hadn't expected much from his opponent who seemed to be a delicate beauty. He would totally beat her in the first round without effort. But before his words faded, Jill's yellow figure was charging straight at him at an incredible speed.

But Benjamin's reaction was swift as well. At this juncture, he let out a howl and directed the scarlet machete in his hand at Jill. Then he swung the machete three times.

"Three strikes of Bloody Hell!"

"Clank, clank, clank!"

Jill was still smiling. Her pretty little face looked quite lovely. But absolute strength was concealed beneath her lovely appearance.

The jade sword in her hand was much smaller than Benjamin's scarlet machete—only at the length of two chopsticks or so. However, the short jade sword easily fended off the overwhelming power generated by the three strikes of Bloody Hell.

Disbelief was written all over Benjamin's face now. He attempted to launch another strike, but as a jet of cyan light flashed, the jade sword was pressed against his neck...

"Jill won. Benjamin lost!"

The referee announced the result of this match.

Yehudi did not realize what had happened until the result was declared. He had expected that Jill might turn the table with certain secret moves. But it really took him by surprise that Jill had made it in such a brisk and fierce fashion.

At this time, Yehudi shot Zen a look of deep significance. 'This guy does have sharp vision.'

The nine matches finished quickly. Disciples on the stage filed out, and the second group of disciples immediately marched into the arena.

Zen was among the members of the second group.

"Eh? Are my eyes deceiving me? Why is there a guy at the second grade of the nature level? Where did he come from?"

"It's true that he is only at the second grade of the nature level. Well, for a man who is two steps into the nature level, he must be pretty good for ranking among the contestants. I remember three years ago, Jacques who was also at the second grade of the nature level, made it to the top 100. So, don't think lightly of others! Bear this in mind—never measure the sea with a bushel, and never judge a book by its cover!"

"Bullshit! Think about how awesome Jacques was! He is a personal disciple, and astonishingly talented. Breaking through ranks and battling are just games for him. Both his cultivation method and life vitality are more powerful than his peers at the same rank. But this guy is a disciple of Drizzle Peak. Drizzle Peak is ranked last at Cloud Sect. That shows the quality of disciples at the peak! A man at the second grade of the nature level should be at the top of all its disciples and allowed to participate in the All Peaks Competition. How ridiculous! My younger brother reached the eighth-grade of the nature level this year. He was not eligible to represent our peak in this competition. Had I known this earlier, I would have transferred him to Drizzle Peak to help him qualify!"

Compared with the other 700 disciples, Zen was the least eligible for the competition. Only at the second-grade of the nature level, he was too conspicuous. And, so he attracted everyone's attention the moment he stepped onto the stage.

Even Kenneth's eyes were locked on Zen. Pointing at Zen, he asked, "Xu, what's going on? Drizzle Peak sent a kid at the second grade of the nature level?"

The All Peaks Competition was an opportunity to display the power of the most outstanding disciples from the 33 peaks.

Those who were selected to participate in the All Peaks Competition were considered elites of all the disciples. Among them, the weakest was at the eighth or ninth grade of the nature level. Some of the stronger contestants had reached the pinnacle of the nature level, and some had even entered the Illuminating Soul Realm!

Thus, it was not shocking for Kenneth to ask specifically about this contestant who was merely at the second grade of the nature level.

"Er..." The elder named Xu was a bit taken aback as well. He was also clueless as to why Drizzle Peak had dispatched a little guy at the second grade of the nature level to participate in the competition. After all, the ranking of the 33 peaks was determined according to their strength instead of their subjective calculations. Nonetheless, Kenneth's remarks were somewhat offensive. 'Is Drizzle Peak really so lame?' 'They can only send a guy at the second grade of the nature level to battle?'

"Well, perhaps the guy is strong or powerful," Kenneth muttered to himself.

By saying so, Kenneth gave Xu a chance to avoid embarrassment. "Some disciples may have obtained enlightenments by luck, so it's possible for a low-ranked man to challenge those at higher ranks." When speaking out loud, the elder named Xu found that his explanation was unconvincing, even to his ears.

There were indeed some geniuses who could fight against higher-ranked opponents. However, such geniuses never came from Drizzle Peak, because a majority of disciples from Drizzle Peak were from grassroots families or marginalized disciples in noble clans, who, since childhood, were fostered and cultivated with inferior resources compared to others!

If Zen were a personal disciple, Xu might have looked forward to his performance. However, Zen was an inner disciple, particularly an inner disciple from Drizzle Peak. What was more, was that he was only at the second grade of the nature level. 'Does he want to make a show of himself at the All Peaks Competition?' The elder named Xu was a bit miffed. 'Later, I'll question the masters of Drizzle Peak to find out what on earth is the matter!'

At the squared arenas, all the disciples were ready. The battle could be triggered at any moment.

Although nine combats were going on simultaneously, most eyes were focused on Zen's fight. The reason was simple—Zen's cultivation was just too eye-catching.

"Well, well, well, how lucky I am. I happen to be fighting a guy at the second grade of the nature level in my first round!" The man speaking was Zen's opponent, Langdon Zhou.

Langdon Zhou was not tall, but he was heavyset. So, he looked quite burly.

Azure Peak was ranked fifth among the 33 peaks. Naturally, Azure Peak had many strong combatants. Even though they were allowed to send 33 disciples for the All Peaks Competition, the number was still small when compared to the number of disciples at Azure Peak. To qualify for the All Peaks Competition, each of these 33 disciples must have battled each other fiercely!

Langdon Zhou had defeated a practitioner who had reached the peak of the nature level even though he was only at the ninth grade of nature level. In doing so, Langdon Zhou became eligible to enter the competition.

Zen gazed at Langdon Zhou blandly, saying nothing.

But Langdon Zhou furrowed his brows and said, "I really can't figure this out. The rules of the All Peaks Competition are loathsome, too loathsome. I've busted my ass just to get entry to this competition. But you, a little guy only at the second grade, qualified as well. I wonder why. Now that a guy like you can participate in the All Peaks Competition, I think it's time to scratch Drizzle Peak off the list of the 33 peaks."

Zen cracked a smile. 'This Langdon Zhou already despises me. Yet he still feels the need to provoke me with words. Perhaps it's an old habit of his.

When combatants duel, one often tries to provoke the other by remarks to force the opponent to reveal a flaw as he strikes. This is a widely known trick. But Langdon Zhou, a man who obviously doesn't take me seriously, still speaks condescendingly. He is too overbearing.'

"Your brain is too simple to figure out how I'm going to beat you. So you might as well stop thinking about it!" Zen bellowed all of a sudden.

"Really..." Langdon Zhou cackled. When the referee announced that the fight could begin, Langdon Zhou lifted two copper hammers from the ground and swung them at Zen.

Langdon Zhou was born with marvelously immense force. He was almost as powerful as those at the Illuminating Soul Realm. He stomped on the ground with the two copper hammers in his hands before charging at Zen as if he were a wild beast from a savage land.

The fact was that Langdon Zhou had more talents than just his amazing strength. His power was often underestimated. In the Eastern Region, human practitioners mainly focused on cultivating their life vitality, and the cultivation of their human bodies was merely subsidiary. Corporeal body cultivating was divided into five steps, which solely aimed at purifying the physical body, thus making it more compatible with a practitioner's life vitality.

And the impressive thing about Langdon Zhou was that he not only had immense strength, but he was also very deft at exercising his life vitality.

Just as he lifted the copper hammers, a wave of life vitality quietly spread out from his feet. This wave of life vitality was yellowish-brown. If one looked carefully, its stately aura could be detected.

"Deadly Swamp Trap!"

His life vitality oozed out and wrapped itself around Zen's legs, layer by layer, like a swamp, thus firmly rooting him to the spot...

Zen gasped with surprise. The attack Langdon Zhou made was pretty unique—simply forcing his opponent to stay still and then hurling the copper hammers at him.

The two-step move might seem very clever, but in Zen's view, it was too childish.

This move could be effective when used on nature creatures, as nature creatures were unable to fly. Langdon Zhou's Deadly Swamp Trap would certainly strand them. But what would be the effect of this attack on those at the Illuminating Soul Realm? Since practitioners who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm could fly, this move could not harm them.

So how would Langdon Zhou deal with opponents who were stronger than he was?

Just as the two huge hammers were about to land on Zen, a tiny smile broke out on Zen's face.

"That brat at the second grade of the nature level seems to be in danger now. Will he be crippled by Langdon Zhou's hammer strikes?"

"That guy does have bad luck for having Langdon Zhou as his opponent! No nature creatures can possibly escape Langdon Zhou's Deadly Swamp Trap."

Many disciples started to murmur. They did not care whether Zen would win or not. At present, they were concerned about whether or not Zen would die. After all, on more than one occasion contestants had accidentally killed their opponents in the arena.

"Zen, get him! You and Yehudi are the only hope of Drizzle Peak. Don't be defeated in the first round!" Master Wen whispered...

Chapter 365 Earthen Armor

Langdon was proud of his strength.

If he wielded his hammers with his full strength, even the warriors who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm wouldn't be able to defend against the attack.

Zen, who just entered the second-grade of the nature level, couldn't struggle to free himself from Langdon's Deadly Swamp Trap. It seemed that Zen would soon be a dead man.

Zen stretched his hands to deflect the hammers before they could hit his body.

"You're dead meat," Langdon shouted.

He snorted and struck. He didn't believe that Zen would dare to stop the hammers with his hands. The hammers had the power to destroy his body.

"Bang!"

Zen's two hands caught the hammers.

Langdon was wrong about Zen being too foolish and bold. Zen had managed to catch the hammers.

"Impossible!" Langdon couldn't believe what had happened.

"Unbelievable! The kid is also naturally strong."

"So that's how he qualified for the All Peaks Competition despite being at the second-grade of the nature level," one disciple murmured. Langdon was born with infinite strength. Even the warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm couldn't fight him easily and confidently. However, Zen caught his hammers with his bare hands. What tremendous strength Zen had!

Operating the two hammers was much easier than defending against them with bare hands.

Although Langdon was arrogant, he wouldn't dare to catch his hammers once they were in motion.

The fact that Zen could do so successfully implied that Zen enjoyed much greater power than Langdon. Langdon gulped at the idea that he might be fighting a losing battle.

Besides, the bronze hammers had been launched by Langdon at an accelerated speed. They could destroy warriors who had reached the peak of the nature level if they dared to use their bare hands in the fight.

Zen was unscathed and safe. 'What is his body made with?' Langdon wondered.

Zen had used a third of his dragon scale power to catch the bronze hammers. He had faith in his strength and knew that his body could use this power to resist the hammers.

Confidence was reflected in Zen's eyes as he stared at Langdon and smiled.

However, the smile on Zen's face looked terrifying to Langdon.

Langdon was proud of his strength. He refused to believe that another person could have greater physical strength.

Unable to control the emotions surging through his body, Langdon's eyes reddened. He couldn't believe that he had been humiliated by an inferior person.

"Wild striking!" Langdon roared.

Then, the hammers in his hands began to spin wildly.

"Bang, bang, bang."

No matter what strategy Langdon used to hit Zen with his bronze hammers, Zen would avoid them easily.

This fight was only an exercise to Zen.

Whenever his hands touched the bronze hammers, he felt warm currents being produced in his body. Finally, they accumulated in his belly.

Since the currents were refining his body, Zen wasn't in a hurry to finish this battle, although he could do that easily. He chose to defend against the bronze hammers with his two bare hands.

Even though there were nine fights inside the Arena, the battle between Zen and Langdon had drawn the attention of the audience.

"Zen is mad. Why doesn't he fight back? Is he a little masochistic?"

"These bronze hammers are one of the best mysterious weapons. And yet, Zen isn't hurt. Look at the large dents on the surface of the hammers. Is Zen's body harder than the mysterious weapon?"

Most disciples were shocked. Zen looked like a monster. They wondered what would happen if they had to defend against those two hammers.

"I wondered why a guy who has just reached the second-grade of the nature level was allowed to participate in the All Peaks Competition. Is nobody better than him among his generation of disciples at Drizzle Peak? Now I have the answer. He has tough skin to protect his body." Kenneth, sitting and watching Zen closely, nodded and smiled.

"Your grace, you are so wise. I guess Zen has great opportunities ahead of him if he has such an indestructible body." The elder named Xu chimed in hurriedly.

"I don't think so. So many young people have attended the All Peaks Competition. If Zen only enjoys superhuman strength and hasn't exercised any other martial arts, he won't go far," an elder named Huang interrupted with a disapproving shake of his head.

Kenneth disagreed and added, "I know that all disciples attending the All Peaks Competition hold at least one trump card. This young man, with his tough body, seems to have survived the attack of the two hammers. How can you be sure that his tough body is his only trump card and he has no other secret weapons to help him win?"

"What? Do you think he will survive and win?" asked Huang, shocked. As far as he knew, nobody could take a shortcut and win the competition. Even if Zen survived this fight against the wielder of the two hammers, his opponents in subsequent fights would be cautious. They would be well prepared and would work out other ways to beat Zen. Then, Zen's situation would be way more dangerous than this fight. Although his seemingly indestructible body was comparable to one of those mysterious weapons, Zen's future opponents would cut through his skin and meat with unknown weapons.

"Let's wait and see," replied Kenneth. "Anyway, All Peaks Competition is always fascinating as one gets to meet interesting young men."

At the other side of the fighting arena, a young man in purple robe sat on the ground, with his arms crossed before his belly. Pale yellow life vitality flowed inside his body. It was strange and terrifying to see Sanskrit words formed by his life vitality dancing around him.

This man looked majestic and handsome.

"Do you see the guy in the arena?" a soft voice was heard. Standing beside the young man was a girl in purple clothes. Her hair was midnight black, and her skin was white and unblemished.

"Yes. He's very conspicuous," answered the young man. His eyes remained closed. But how could he know of Zen's performance in the arena if he hadn't seen it?

The girl in purple clothes giggled. "But, can you win against him?"

The young man paused for a moment before replying without any emotion, "I suppose he must have exercised some special martial arts to build his body to perfection. However, warriors from Eastern Region rely on life vitality. If anybody dares to dedicate himself only to bodybuilding, he would be a fool, because his skills and inner power couldn't be polished further at later stages. Even though my body is inferior to his, my impenetrable defense built by my life vitality is much better. Yes, I can win against him."

"I agree with you. This guy is really interesting. I don't know where he comes from, but I want to drill two holes in his body," said the girl with a chuckle. Despite her beauty, the girl seemed bad-tempered and violent. If weaker warriors dared to fix their eyes on her, they would regret doing that.

"I don't think he will be among the top 100 warriors in this All Peak Competition since he just reached the second-grade of the nature level, although his body seems to be impenetrable. It's unlikely that you'll fight with him in the arena," said the young man.

"Ha-ha. I wish him good luck," replied the girl. She stopped talking and shifted her attention to the fight in the arena.

Although personal disciples of Cloud Sect were prohibited from attending the competitions during the early stages, there had been one exception. Three years ago, Jacques who just reached the second-grade of the nature level had to start at early stages and fight a way out so as to attend the next round of competitions.

"Bang, bang, bang."

The bronze hammers hit Zen's body again and again. The sound was deafening and echoed through the arena.

The other eight battles had finished. After the results were announced, the participants exited gradually. Only the fight between Zen and Langdon continued.

Langdon faced a dilemma. He wondered why his hammers could hit Zen's body but failed to hurt him. Zen was smiling despite being repeatedly hit by the two hammers. Langdon cursed. He desperately wanted to smash Zen's head.

When the hammers returned to Langdon, he was shocked to find they were filled with dents and cracks.

The noble clan where Langdon came from was neither rich nor powerful. It couldn't compare to any of the top seven noble clans.

There were only a few good-quality hammers for him to choose from. What was worse, it was extremely difficult for Langdon to pick two hammers with the level of top-grade mysterious weapon. He knew that he couldn't afford to lose his two hammers in this fight and buy new ones later. There was only one way out. He should try to find a capable hammer-smith to repair his hammers.

He had to win. Otherwise, he would lose both, this fight and his weapon.

If he lost his hammers in the fight with Zen, Langdon's fighting capacity would be significantly weakened. He didn't know what weapon he would wield in his next fight.

"Rolling Lightning Hammers," Langdon shouted.

Langdon suddenly stooped and directed the hammers to travel in a curved path. They seemed to be flying toward Zen's legs.

He hoped that Zen's legs weren't as hard as his body.

During the battle, Langdon had tried to defeat Zen by striking his face and chest. His Rolling Lightning Hammers attacked his opponent's legs, which usually were vulnerable owing to a lack of protection and exercise. If he succeeded, Langdon was sure that Zen's legs would be broken.

Then, Zen would have to beg for mercy.

His move was unexpected and a surprise to Zen. Langdon rejoiced when he saw the surprise reflecting in Zen's expression.

However, before he could act further, Zen's fists shot out toward the hammers.

"Bang!" Zen's iron fists pounded the bronze hammers. Two holes appeared on the special-processed ground of the arena as the two hammers landed on it.

Langdon tried to retrieve his hammers, but couldn't. Zen held the hammers tightly to the ground as if they were inset into the floor.

Participants of the All Peaks Competition were strong-willed and refused to give up easily.

Knowing that Zen couldn't be beaten without playing his trump card, Langdon decided to abandon his weapon. He shouted, and his life vitality was released. Instantly, it formed an earthy yellow armor around his body.

"Earthen Armor!"

Chapter 366 The Array Flag

After a long period of failed attacks, Langdon finally turned from the offensive to defensive, forming a thick shield by congealing layers of armor on his skin.

"Ha! My Earthen Armour can stand against the full strength of an Illuminating Soul Realm master's strike. You're mighty strong, but what can you do to me now?" he sneered. "No one can break my armor without the help of life vitality."

Originally, Langdon had no intentions to use this tactic. Talents emerged in large numbers during the All Peaks Competition, so many means had to be used at critical times in order to reverse the situation. If he didn't use it this time, he would definitely lose the competition.

As Zen's first opponent in the competition, Langdon wasn't very strong. Still, Zen was impressed that he had mastered so many techniques.

"Can you really withstand a full strength blow from an Illuminating Soul Realm master?"

Glancing at Langdon's Earthen Armour, a small smile played on Zen's lips. "In that case, let me try. Let's test the limits of my strength," he taunted.

"Crushing fist!"

In a sudden move, Zen slipped sideways and his strength rose as he mobilized half of the dragon scales' strength.

His corporeal body was much stronger than that of ordinary people, not to mention when it was combined with the strength of dragon scales. Half of the dragon scales' strength was able to increase Zen's corporeal body power by the dozens.

Poof!

The sound that came from Zen's fist punching Langdon's Earthen Armor was as though he had hit on earth ground. Langdon's earthen life vitality was supposed to be good for defense. His Earthen Armour was supposed to imitate the characteristics of the land that could bear the weight of anything. As it received an impact, it could instantly spread the offensive force throughout the entire armor, thereby weakening the opponent's striking power.

Thud, thud!

Upon being hit by Zen's fist, Langdon had to take two steps back, his face flushing red. Having assumed that Zen's strength had already reached its limit was a wrong move on Langdon's part. Under Zen's mighty force, the life vitality rolled over in Langdon's body and vented strong power, making it difficult for him to stand and he felt his Earthen Armour about to collapse.

"How can this be possible?" Because Langdon was born a strong man, he knew how difficult it was to increase one's strength even by a fraction when in limit condition. 'How come Zen's power increased so much in an instant?

Wasn't that already the limit of his strength? Or is he infinitely powerful…and he wasn't exerting much strength before?' Langdon was left puzzled.

Not missing a beat, Zen mobilized half of the dragon scales' strength and punched Langdon's Earthen Armour once again.

Thud!

With a heavy clunk, cracks started to form on the thick armor, as if it could shatter into pieces at any moment.

Langdon's face turned sickly flushed and after holding it in for a while, Langdon couldn't help but spurt out a mouthful of blood.

At this point, he realized he didn't have to go on.

Seeing Zen raising his fist, ready to dash over again, Langdon raised his arms and hurriedly shouted, "Referee, referee, I surrender!"

"Zen won, Langdon lost!"

The referee pronounced the competition results with a straight face.

Since Langdon conceded his defeat, Zen stopped his attack. Although there had been quite a few disciples who died in the All Peaks Competition, Cloud Sect didn't advocate fighting to the death.

Seeing Zen stop at that point, Langdon gasped with relief. 'A narrow escape! My opponent is a human-shaped monster…he destroyed my Earthen Armour. It's good I had it to protect me. A direct hit from him would have smashed me to bits.'

"Good job, Zen!" Pleased by Zen's performance, Master Wen's face lit up into a smile.

In the eyes of the Drizzle Peak masters, Zen was a special disciple. Because Master Su always took care of Zen in the past, the other masters didn't meddle in Zen's affairs. Even so, his many impressive performances were well known to them.

If Zen did well in the All Peaks Competition, the entire Drizzle Peak would benefit from it as well. It was not only a concern of honor--if the ranking of Drizzle Peak was raised, so would the rewards to its masters and disciples.

Most importantly, they would no longer be humiliated by the other Peaks of Cloud Sect.

Pointedly, Master Wen looked at Master Wang of Sea Peak, which was next to Drizzle Peak.

Wearing a sneer on his lips, Master Wang turned to his disciples. "Zen of Drizzle Peak is truly strong, but that's all he has. There have been many disciples born with extraordinary strength in Cloud Sect throughout the ages, but none of them have made any great achievements. York, it's your turn in a minute. You've been preparing for this competition for two years. Our Sea Peak's results depend on you. If you face that guy of Drizzle Peak, give him a knockout blow!"

Standing beside Master Wang was York, a determined and obedient disciple.

The comprehensive power of Sea Peak was stronger than that of Drizzle Peak and York was at the consummation of nature level. Sea Peak had three disciples at the same level attending the competition while Drizzle Peak had only one.

The masters and disciples of Sea Peak had a great ambition to raise its ranking into the top ten or so and they put their hope on York.

Hearing Master Wang's eager words, York simply nodded. Though he looked like a rather plain and ordinary fellow, his eyes gave off an extremely dangerous glint.

"Master Wang, I won't let you down. I'm sure I can defeat him within ten minutes," he responded as a confident smile crossed over his face. It didn't seem like he had taken Zen's performance into consideration at all.

And Zen's victory did surprise a number of people as his opponent, Langdon, was also a naturally mighty man. The forceful confrontation between the two was definitely eye-catching.

However, in the Eastern Region, the vast majority of cultivators were practicing life vitality and were contemptuous of simple strength. In their opinion, abandoning life vitality and merely using strength was typical behavior for a fool. Most people only laughed at Zen's performance, because mere strength was not much of a threat.

Though Master Wang and York kept their voices hushed, Zen had a keen sense of hearing and could listen in on their conversation.

Upon hearing their words, Zen didn't have much of a reaction apart from a smile.

After Zen, the next competitors of Drizzle Peak were Yehudi and another disciple.

Because Yehudi was the only disciple of Drizzle Peak who had reached the consummation of nature level, great hope was placed on him to succeed. His first opponent was Mack from Blackrock Peak who was not only at the consummation of nature level but also a master of magic array.

To be a magic array master, a cultivator was required with a high level of soul talent. Having reached the consummation of nature level and having attainments of the magic array at a young age, Mack had enough skill to prove he was a genius.

The killing array that a magic array master used in battle was mysterious and flexible, making it extremely challenging to keep up with.

It might have been a bad start to have encountered such a strong opponent during the first battle.

However, Yehudi was a strong-willed man who wouldn't give up so easily just because his opponent was strong.

After the eighteen disciples arrived in the Arena, the referee announced the beginning of the competition.

Mack was a rather short, dark-skinned man with pearly white teeth. When Yehudi made eye contact with him, he immediately felt a kind of chill run through his soul.

Such was the special ability of a magic array master--using his powerful soul to suppress his opponent's confidence.

With the cultivation of the Spiritual Thorn, Zen could also achieve this effect. However, the Spiritual Thorn, as a kind of fourth-tier cultivation method, was more prone to launch a surprise attack. Once the opponent was caught off guard, he gave his opponent's soul a strong stab and used his broken flying knife to make a sneak attack. This collocation method of the Spiritual Thorn and the flying knife was truly successful and had even been used repeatedly by Zen.

Unlike Zen's Spiritual Thorn, Mack's soul had a steady flow of power and was good at crushing opponents' morale.

There was no verbal communication between Mack and Yehudi when they first met on stage. As soon as the referee announced that the competition had begun, Mack tossed out a black-colored array flag. As if it were alive, it stood up as soon as it touched the ground.

"Deploy the black fog killing array!" Mack commanded the array flag.

Having reached the consummation of nature level, Yehudi's rich combat experience was evident. None of the disciples who had reached such a level could be anything but hard-working and diligent.

If Mack finished deploying the battle array, his combat effectiveness would be greatly enhanced, which would inevitably affect Yehudi.

Given this, Yehudi decided to take action as soon as Mack showed the array flag. A white spear appeared in Yehudi's hands instantly.

With that, Yehudi jabbed at Mack with his spear rapidly.

"Eh, can he use a spear?" Master Wen asked.

Never having seen Yehudi use a spear before, he was puzzled.

The disciples of Drizzle Peak looked questioningly at one another.

In their memory, Yehudi had never used weapons before as he accepted many challenges from inner disciples at Drizzle Peak. In his fights, he had always used boxing.

As soon as he began the competition, though, he brought out his weapon. His white spear was not of low quality, but a middle-grade spiritual weapon.

"Ha! It would seem that Yehudi has been keeping us in the dark," laughed Master Wen. It was clear that Yehudi hid his skill with the spear in order to use it in the All Peaks Competition. In the Art of War, it was said that "knowing oneself and one's enemy ensures invincibility." Conversely, the less the enemy knew about you, the greater your chances of success were.

However, another master of Drizzle Peak shook his head and told Master Wen, "Don't celebrate too soon. Yehudi is using his spear in the beginning, which shows that he's afraid of Mack's magic array. Otherwise, he would have left the spear to use in the following combat."

"You're right. But the competition has just begun. The outcome depends on Yehudi's performance," returned Master Wen.

In the battlefield, Yehudi's spear pierced the air. As it turned out, Mack was not only good at magic array, but also had good reflexes and he dodged Yehudi's spear like a fish comfortably swimming amongst rocks.

Failing to make any strike, Yehudi didn't follow Mack's figure any longer, knowing that the most dangerous thing wasn't Mack himself, but his array flag. Once the magic array was deployed, his chances of success would be greatly reduced.

Knowing this, Yehudi turned to stab the array flag down to the ground, wanting to destroy it.

When he stabbed at the flag with his spear, though, his expression suddenly changed.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 367 Anger (Part One)

Producing magic arrays required the use of array flags.

A magic array master mainly employed magic arrays during battles. However, they could not produce one during the fights. Instead, they prepared it in array flags ahead of time. In that way, when they needed to make one quickly during the fight, all they had to do was to set these array flags in particular places.

The most efficient way to battle with a magic array master was to prevent him from creating a magic array. Because as soon as the master had successfully made a magic array, he was at an advantage during the fight, and it would be hard to defeat him since an ordinary magic array and a magic killing array were very powerful.

Yehudi's spear did not stab his opponent, Mack. Unfazed, he stabbed at the black array flag on the ground.

The black flag appeared to notice Yehudi's motion, and so it released a burst of black fog. The fog rushed at Yehudi rapidly as it tried to cover him.

The black fog was one of Mack's attack moves through his soul.

To be precise, Mack did not use the black array flag to make a magic array. The black array flag was much like a defense move. When Yehudi had focused his attention on the black flag and then tried to attack it, it would release black fog to trap him.

Warriors did not generally allow their opponent to create a magic array in battles. However, the magic array master could use all kinds of methods to fight, and Mack caught Yehudi due to a careless move of Yedudi.

'Do you really think you can destroy my magic array flag? Dream on!'

A cold smile appeared on Mack's face. Soon, he took out other array flags in different colors and put them in different places.

At the time, Yehudi was already struggling against the first array flag. As that was the case, the addition of these other array flags did not sound good to him.

When Yehudi heard the whooshing sounds, he could not help but frown.

As Mack laid out six array flags this time around, he formed a hexagon with Yehudi in the center.

Then Mack took out the magic array controlling plate and offered his life vitality. The six array flags grew bright at the same time, indicating the activation of his magic array.

With great difficulty, Yehudi escaped the black fog from the first black array flag. Unfortunately, he soon found himself surrounded by Mack's magic array. Standing in the magic array, Yehudi had no choice but to watch out for all possible dangers and stabbed his spear constantly in different directions.

In fact, Yehudi had trained a wonderful skill in wielding his spear. Every time he waved his spear, it was as quick as a flying dragon, and it even had his life vitality shining at the end of the spear. It must have come from long hours of practice, though no Drizzle Peak disciple knew that Yehudi could wield a spear so deftly. The man must have secretly worked on it.

Even so, Yehudi was in the magic array at the time, and no matter how hard he tried, it was to no avail as no single one of his attempts touched Mack. Whenever Mack got close to him, it was as though he could not pinpoint the opponent's position!

On seeing Yehudi's disconcerted look, Mack smiled with great pleasure. Then he took out a black-and-red stick from his space ring and calmly moved behind Yehudi.

'My magic array has trapped you, and you can no longer distinguish truth from falsehood. Therefore, you should know by now that you are at my mercy!' Mack whispered inwardly.

Although Mack's array was not a killing array, it was a weird one. It could not cause any damage to the people in it. However, it could make many deceptive images of Mack. At the moment, Yehudi was preoccupied with stabbing the replicated images of Mack.

Even though Yehudi's spear skill was brilliant, he could not know which one was the real Mack while trapped in the magic array. Therefore, in this round, Mack thought he could surely win without difficulty.

However, when Mack drew closer to Yehudi and tried to hit the man with the black-and-red club, the latter seemed to have sensed something and turned around immediately to face Mack. At the same time, he thrust his spear instinctively.

"Swoosh!"

Thrusting the spear with his hand, the weapon flew towards Mack's chest at the speed of lightning.

Taken aback, Mack did not expect that Yehudi would recognize him among so many replicated illusions of him. The sudden burst of Yehudi frightened him extremely and for a quick second, he got stunned. Then he realized what was happening, took a deep breath, and quickly drew back with his greatest strength.

"Zzz!"

It was a little late for Mack to react; Yehudi's spear lacerated his clothes.

However, Yehudi did not stab Mack's body successfully and instead held his spear to follow Mack's body closely.

While deep in thought, Mack twisted to deflect the sharp end of Yehudi's spear, barely managing to do so.

'It is indeed unexpected, ' Mack thought to himself

His heart sank. Mack had thought he was surely going to win the fight after he successfully activated his magic array. On the other hand, he never expected that the man had such a great sensibility and could recognize him even with so many deceptive replicas as a distraction.

The power of Mack's magic array was outstanding, and Yehudi could not distinguish which image of Mack was true. The secret, though, was that

Yehudi himself had an incomparable sensibility and he could notice the killing intent from Mack.

These images might have been the same as his own true body, including the killing intent of him. However, Mack was not strong enough to make his magic array do that, and hence, Yehudi could find him from so many illusory images instinctually.

"I never expected you to have such a great sensibility. It is a mistake to look down on you the last time. Now that's it!

Let's see how you can get out of this!" Mack said, gritting his teeth. He took out a thin and long crystal and pressed it to the magic array controlling plate. Soon after the crystal was embedded in, seething energy emerged from the plate.

The plate could control the magic array. When Mack had put an extra crystal into it, the magic array's power increased.

Unlike earlier, Yehudi was not calm anymore. Standing in the magic array, he seemed to have seen something terrifying and continuously struck with his spear while simultaneously feeling perplexed by it.

Again, Mack held his black and red stick and snuck behind Yehudi with a stiff smile. While the latter pierced his spear in another direction, Mack waved his stick to knock Yehudi on his left shoulder with a strong force.

"Stick Skill With Heavenly Strength!" he shouted while using his most powerful motion.

Chapter 368 Anger (Part Two)

As a magic array master, Mack was good at making arrays but his attack strength was not very strong. Nevertheless, he was at the consummation grade of the nature level, and Yehudi did nothing at all to stop his motion.

"Bang!"

The move of Mack hit Yehudi and shoved him dozens of meters away.

Although Mack's stick had hit Yehudi, the latter rolled over on the ground and stood up quickly, his spear supporting him. He held the weapon tightly and brushed past him.

However, the man had retreated out of his reach, and thus Yehudi's spear did not get to graze him at all.

'I thought the bones in your shoulder had broken into pieces, but you seem to have a nice defensive strength. It doesn't matter. I have enough time, ' Mack thought with a cruel smile still on his face.

While continuing to attack Yehudi from back, Mack avoided Yehudi's spear.

"Bang!"

For the second time, he was able to hit Yehudi. This time, he succeeded in heavily striking the man on the back.

Unable to stand the impact, Yehudi's mouth opened as he cried in pain and blood simultaneously gushed out of it.

'Alas! It's unfortunate that Yehudi has matched with a magic array master. He cannot destroy the magic array at all. All he can do is wait and be mercilessly beat up!' thought Master Wen, shaking his head.

The highest-level disciple of the Drizzle Peak had been defeated in such a cruel way. Having to witness the bad circumstance, Master Wen was certainly annoyed.

"Yehudi just needs to admit defeat now.

Why is he still holding on? He wouldn't be out if he fails in this round, and yet I never expected that he'd be so stubborn!" another master said while frowning.

Meanwhile, Zen gazed at the fighting court carefully. It was true that admitting failure and giving up the fight was not a difficult thing in Yehudi's case, but Zen understood the man's refusal to do so. Yehudi's determination to step on the practicing road was very strong.

It was crucial to persist, for the sake of his determination to step on the road to strengthen himself. In the martial arts field, this was the most precious thing to bear in mind.

The reason why he did not want to acknowledge defeat easily was that he did not want to hurt his own resolve!

If he did that easily, his determination would soon collapse. As a result, in his future fights, he would just give up easily. If that became true, how would he grow up and improve himself?

Unless Mack rendered Yehudi totally out of action, the proud Drizzle Peak disciple would use his last strength to fight until the end. That was what a fearless warrior would insist!

Technically, Yehudi did not have exceptional talent. However, his strong determination had supported him to reach as high as the consummation grade of the natural level. Ultimately, practicing had brought him that far more than talent. Working hard and insisting were also necessary and far more important.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

None of the disciples of the Drizzle Peak expected that Yehudi would be defeated in his first fight in such a miserable way.

Mack's black-and-red stick might have looked wooden, but every experienced weapon refiner would see that it was actually made of hornbeam with hundreds of history.

After cutting hornbeam, it was then cooked for half a year in boiled oil. Then, after taking it out before it turned hard, people engraved runes with knives to make an array. Then they covered it with a layer of iron. In this way, the creation of the black-and-red stick was nearly as powerful as a high-quality spiritual weapon could be.

Mack's stick was not only heavy but also harder than ordinary metal. As he continued to smash Yehudi with it, the latter would probably not be able to withstand the impact and might even lose his life!

After a few more terrifying seconds, Yehudi had already been hit more than ten times. He was badly hurt and there were bruises all over his body; there were evidently some broken bones as well. Regardless, he still tried to bear all of his sustained injuries.

Mack's face continued to sport a cruel smile as though he was a cat playing with a mouse that he had trapped.

"That's enough!" Master Wen shouted loudly. Standing up angrily, he then walked towards the fighting court and shouted, "We, the Drizzle Peak, admit defeat in this fight!"

Mack stopped hitting Yehudi who was, by that time, half-dead. With a smile, he replied to Master Wen, "This does not seem to be following the rules, does it? You cannot speak on behalf of Yehudi." After uttering the last words, he let out a disdainful laugh.

As per the rules of the competition, Master Wen could not decide the end of a fight on behalf of a disciple--in this case, Yehudi. Only he who was in the battle arena could put a stop to the fight, which meant only Yehudi could admit his own defeat.

Then again, Yehudi was now lying on the ground and nearly dead. It was a horrible sight, and Master Wen could not bear to watch the disciple die in front of him. If Mack had continued hitting Yehudi, there was no doubt that the Drizzle Peak's disciple would have met his demise sooner rather than later.

"Little stinker, are you from the Ninety-foot Peak?" Maser Wen asked distantly. A hint of threat seemed to be clear in his voice as he spoke. Although the masters of the thirty-three peaks did not hold a lot of power, he could still do something covertly to Mack if no one was backing him. Moreover, Master Wen knew that he could also depend on Aura Su, who was willing to protect the disciples of the Drizzle Peak at all cost. Granted, she might not have paid Yehudi as much attention as she did to Zen, but if she ever found out that someone from another peak had beat up and insulted a disciple of the Drizzle Peak in such a gruesome way, she would never let it go. If Aura had been there that day, there was no doubt she would have come up and stopped it from happening as well.

"He is from our Ninety-foot Peak.

So what would you do, Master Wen?

Care to tell me?" An old woman spoke up, walking over with a cane. The old woman was the master of the Ninety-foot Peak. Although she did not have a high cultivation level, she had a high position in the Cloud Sect hierarchy. Rumors had it that even if a saint met her, she was still respected as Lady Hua.

On hearing the words of Lady Hua, Master Wen stopped in his tracks. The elder woman was a tough person he could not offend easily.

However, when Master Wen thought of Yehudi who almost died, he was furious all over again. The All Peak Competition was not a duel. Still, Mack was so cruel to his opponent. It was something that Master Wen could not stand. Just when he was about to argue again, the referee announced that Mack had won. Turning around, Master Wen realized that Yehudi had passed out.

It was the rule of the All Peak Competition that if one side gave up fighting or could not continue anymore, he was defeated. Yehudi could not bear the hurt and passed out, so the referee directly announced Mack won this fight.

Giving Mack a hard look, Master Wen jumped into the arena and took Yehudi away in his arms while everyone wordlessly watched them.

Chapter 369 Rocher (Part One)

Lady Hua patted Mack on the shoulder and complemented him, "Well done, Mack! Though you should take it a bit easy the next time. The rubbish of the Drizzle Peak doesn't deserve so much so as to make you use the magic crystal!"

The magic crystal was a kind of crystal stone which the magic array masters usually utilized to increase their array's power. In battle, Mack hadn't been able to completely trap Yehudi within his magic array. But when he used the magical crystal stone, the power of the magic array had suddenly increased several folds and made Yehudi completely defenseless.

Master Wen lifted up the injured Yehudi and walked down the arena. Hearing Lady Hua refer to the disciples of the Drizzle Peak as rubbish, he was heavily pissed off, and his mustache was shaking with anger. "You!"

Lady Hua glanced at Master Wen coldly, a smile finding its way to her wrinkled face. "What? You know very well that your peak always ranks the last. You only have one promising disciple, and that too is at the consummation of nature level. Oh, not to mention, we beat him like this. What do we call such contestants if not rubbish?"

Ninety-foot Peak had ranked eleventh among the thirty-three peaks and showed much potential. Besides, at only eighteen years old, Mack was very young. Moreover, he was not the top disciple of the Ninety-foot Peak. They were very ambitious at the time, aiming to get into the top five in the competition. For that reason, they had saved several trump cards up their sleeves.

Hearing the remark, the disciples of the Drizzle Peak all became very indignant. They stared at Mack and Lady Hua with fury. But there was nothing they could do since both of them were more powerful than most of them put together. They had no choice but to keep silent.

After Master Wen put down Yehudi gently, he took out a pill and prepared to stuff it into Yehudi's mouth.

Before he could, Zen handed him a red pill and asked, "Master Wen, give him this."

Master Wen narrowed his eyes and glanced at the pill Zen was handing over to him. Shock registered on his face immediately. It was the Red Cloud Pill.

Expensive as the fifth-grade pills were, Zen still could afford them with his fortune. Since he didn't have to worry about money, he usually carried such pills with him in case of emergencies.

However, Master Wen couldn't believe that Zen could afford such expensive pills. He assumed that it was most probably Aura who had given the pill to him. But Zen offering such an expensive pill to Yehudi was what really surprised Master Wen. He knew that it often took years of work for a nature creature to get such a fifth-grade pill. It was extremely generous of Zen to offer this pill to Yehudi.

What he didn't know was that Zen's fortune was nothing less than that of most senior masters. He was even richer than Aura herself.

Though Aura was a noble princess, her fortune was only about a hundred thousand cubic crystals. With that amount, she was the richest among the princesses. The royal family was not very good at doing business, so it was useless for them to own too many cubic crystals.

However, Zen could earn cubic crystals from selling heavenly essence. So for him, it was as if he was blessed with a never ending gold mine, capable of producing an incessant number of heavenly essence. So whenever he was out of money, he could just smelt some mysterious weapons, spiritual weapons, and the cubic crystals would just flow into his pocket as easily as it had left him.

After taking the Red Cloud Pill, Yehudi's pale face recovered its usual red color. The Red Cloud Pill was touted to be with remarkable effects. However, the problem was that its effects were felt rather fiercely. Yehuidi felt that something was dashing around madly within his body. The effects of the pill were instant but painful.

After a while, Yehudi woke up. He gasped heavily and reached out his hand to wipe away the sweats on his forehead. Then he apologized weakly to Master Wen, "I am sorry, Master Wen. I have disappointed you."

To be very honest, Yehudi didn't need to say sorry to Master Wen. Master Wen was not his teacher. And even if he were, Yehudi was fighting for himself and the Drizzle Peak, and no one particular was counting on him.

"It doesn't matter, Yehudi. You get some much needed rest and take care of your wounds." Master Wen continued, "We Drizzle Peak disciples always rank the last. Even if we fail again this time, the worst that could happen would be us ranking thirty-third. But there is nothing lower we can fall, right?"

Yehudi also sighed. His aim in this competition had been to get into the top 100. In reality, he wasn't weak and possessed several skills that he hadn't gotten the chance to perform in the last battle. It was unfortunate that he was not as good at the spiritual level, thus losing to the magic array master.

Since he had been deeply wounded during his first round, there was no way he could compete in the following rounds. Although the Red Cloud Pill would help him recover and it had no after-effects, he still needed to rest for a few days. This essentially meant that he would have no chance to fight in the competition again.

Something seemed to dawn on him suddenly, and Yehudi shifted his eyes towards Zen. He knew that he couldn't count on other disciples of the Drizzle Peak. They were all below the consummation of nature level and were unlikely to perform well, especially when he himself had been so badly defeated. But even though Zen was only at the grade two of the nature level, he still had the strength that could not be graded by his current realm.

"Zen, you are my last hope now," Yehudi told him faintly.

Zen smiled gently and assured him, "Yehudi, don't worry. I will make the disciples of the Ninety-foot Peak pay. Haha!"

Since the very start of the competition, or indeed ever since finding out that he had to take part, Zen's expressions had remained nonchalant.

However, that didn't mean he didn't care about his fellows. Yehudi was a very nice man in Zen's eyes. He hadn't borne any grudges against him after Zen had taken his place and become the top disciple in the Drizzle Peak. He also told Zen what he knew about the rules and other information of the All Peaks Competition, which had helped Zen immensely in his quest for a general idea about the competition.

So Zen made up his mind that he would take revenge on the Ninety-foot Peak for what they had done to Yehudi.

"Don't take the enemy lightly. The magic array is too powerful..." It was not that Yehudi didn't believe in Zen's strength. However, to break free from the magic array, one had to rely on spiritual powers. And it was a very difficult affair indeed to cultivate them. Even though he was at the consummation of nature level, Yehudi was still weak spiritually. Zen was at the second-grade of the nature level. His advantage was his inborn strong power. But breaking the magic array based solely on his inborn strong power was next to impossible and that was what had Yehudi worried.

But he didn't know that Zen's spirit was as solid as a rock after being tempered by the huge furnace. Since he had practiced the Spiritual Thorn and had reached the realm of forgetting himself, his spiritual level far exceeded that of his fellows. Even among the disciples who had reached the consummation of nature level, it was hardly possible to find anyone who could match Zen at the spiritual level.

Yehudi didn't want to discourage Zen, and was warning him for his own good. Zen nodded, reassuring him that he would be careful if his opponent was Mack.

Chapter 370 Rocher (Part Two)

While they were talking, eighteen warriors came into the arena to compete. But in this round, there was no disciple from the Drizzle Peak.

Suddenly, all the spectators started cheering loudly as they saw a person step into the arena.

The man they were encouraging was clad in a white robe. It was not the kind of white robe the outer disciples usually wore. It was made of silk and the man had a noble aura, carrying a Cyan-blade Sword on his back.

"It's Rocher from the Skytop Peak!" People were surprised to see him so early. With his powers, they had expected him to show up much later in the competition.

"No matter how strong Rocher is, he is not a personal disciple. He still needs to start from the earlier stages of competition."

"Just keep watching. We'll benefit from watching the fight between those strong contestants. It's also a good way to improve ourselves as we can learn a lot about martial art skills from them."

The appearance of Rocher Hua had given rise to much discussion.

"Rocher..." Zen shook his head. He knew nothing about this man. It looked like this man was very famous in the Cloud Sect. But whatever his fame or popularity, Zen had never heard of him. He was thinking that if he didn't know about this man, it would imply that he was ignorant.

When it came to the master hands in the Skytop Peak, Zen only knew Lenard Zhu. The real strength of the Skytop Peak could never be underestimated. Lenard was not the top disciple of the Skytop Peak, but he had the kind of strength which had enabled him to confront a demon general. Rocher Hua, on the other hand, whilst standing in the arena, had a commanding manner in his every movement, which put Zen on high alert.

However, there was no visible reaction on Zen's face, seeing which, Master Wen explained to him, "Rocher is from a humble origin. But he has special talents, which have rarely been seen for the past five centuries or so. He has reached the consummation of nature level at the age of eighteen. Furthermore, he grasps the sword intent more deeply than anyone else, and once, successfully broke a record which had been set by a master from the Illuminating Soul Realm. If you encounter him in the arena, you'd better give up."

As Yehudi had been defeated rather badly, Master Wen was greatly discouraged. From his point of view, all his hopes were pinned on Zen but the chances of winning the competition were extremely thin.

Rocher was a swordsman of the finest degree. Anyone who came to fight with him risked losing their lives as they were sure to be as easily killed by his sword as a chicken. The greater threat was that they couldn't resist and death would find them swiftly. No superficial injuries, or minor wounds; just a single, deathly blow and Rocher was done with you.

"I see, Master Wen." Despite saying so, Zen smiled. He knew that Master Wen was saying this with the good intention of protecting him from losing his life. But the good old master didn't know what was on Zen's mind.

A large number of powerful masters had gathered in the All Peaks Competition. Some of them were so powerful that Zen wasn't one hundred percent sure that he could beat them. However, since he had participated in the competition, he would do his best to move forward and would not stop until his last breath.

So when he saw Rocher's real strength, his heart trembled strongly. But not out of fear, no! It was the tremble of excitement that he could hardly control.

In the face of deafening cheers from the crowd, Rocher stood in the center of the arena.

His opponent was Damion Zhuge from the Skywrath Peak, another contestant at consummation of nature level.

Compared to Fren, Damion was a mild and calm person. Powerful as he was, he was not as famous as Fren.

So while facing his opponent Rocher, he acted very cautiously. He took out his sword and coldly asked his opponent, "Rocher, come on! Show me your sword!"

Rocher shook his head and smiled lightly, having no intention to take out his sword. "Huh! Show my sword to You? I don't need a sword to fight you."

Rocher was going to fight this man with his bare hands!

Damion gnashed his teeth. As a member of the Zhuge Clan, and a top disciple of the Skywrath Peak, he hadn't expected that Rocher would be so arrogant and confident that he would beat him without a sword.

"You don't want to use a sword? Then I will make you use one!" As soon as he finished his words, Damion lifted his sword and rushed towards Rocher.

"Triple Swords of Absolute Annihilation!"

The sword techniques that Damion had practiced could emanate prodigious power. Moreover, he knew that his opponent was not easy to deal with. So he employed his strongest skill first. There were only three movements in the Triple Swords of Absolute Annihilation, but its power became stronger with the advance of its movements.

Facing Damion's unique skill, Rocher suddenly moved. His technique was unfathomable. It looked as if he was standing there motionlessly, but in reality, he was actually rushing straight towards Damion. At the very moment he reached Damion, he suddenly stretched out two fingers towards him and

pressed them on the handle of Damion's sword.

A clinking sound was heard, loud and clear even over the hubbub and cheers of the crowd.

The ferocity and speed of this attack was such that Damion didn't even realize what had happened. Rocher had used only two of his fingers to gently tap on the handle of Damion's sword, and then it had dropped on the ground.

Within a second of this move, Rocher's fingers immediately pointed themselves at Damion's forehead.

Damion stood still when he realized what was going on. Given that Rocher was able to shoot his sword down with the intent of just two of his fingers, Damion had no doubt that the same two fingers could as easily blow up his head.

"I... I surrender..."

The gap between their real strength was too immense. And it was useless for Damion to continue the fight. So he surrendered without hesitation.

Rocher turned around and left without even taking a look at Damion.

The judge who was monitoring the round was also stupefied. It was not until Rocher had stepped out of the arena that he remembered that he had to announce the result. "Rocher won and Damion lost."

The crowds cheered with loud applause.

While his excellence compared to all the other disciples of the Cloud Sect was yet to be decided, one thing was for sure; Rocher was undoubtedly the most popular disciple in the Cloud Sect.

The popularity was largely attributed to his humble origins. From an anonymous boy to a powerful man who reached such a high level that he had broken the record set by a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm, his story was legend everywhere and contributed to his fame deeply.

The competition continued in the arena.

The group fights were supposed to eliminate three-fourths of the disciples. Every disciple had to fight at least two or three rounds. This was a long and tiring process.

Later, another three disciples of the Drizzle Peak entered the arena to contest in the rounds. But it seemed that their overall performance was not so encouraging. Except for Zen who won in the second round, all the other disciples ended in failure.

When it came to the eighth round, it was Zen's turn to fight again.

"Zen of the Drizzle Peak Vs York of the Sea Peak!"

The judge's voice came loud and clear. Master Wang from the Sea Peak suddenly laughed upon hearing this while Master Wen's face darkened.

York was in the good graces of Master Wang. Master Wen obviously sensed that York was a seeded player of the Sea Peak and his strength should not be underestimated. The Sea Peak had stayed silent in the past few years. They were actually accumulating their strength and lying in wait to surprise everyone in the All Peaks Competition.

Zen Vs York, God bless Zen!

Chapter 371 Mad-monster Hacking

"Hah, the Drizzle Peak disciples have been knocked out so soon! Thought they wouldn't have a chance to fight against us before getting eliminated. Their rotten luck! York, it's your turn now," Master Wang sneered.

York walked out from behind his master and stretched out to warm himself up. Keeping a fixed eye on Zen, he remarked to Master Wang, "Three moves. The boy will be beaten by me under three moves."

To York, Zen's strength of grade-two nature level was not even worth considering. It could never hold up to his own power. Zen had employed his stupendous innate strength moments ago, but how would that fare against York? No matter how much strength he had, his life vitality couldn't outmatch York's power and speed. 'Zen would be rash to try, ' York told himself conceitedly.

Overhearing the conversation between Master Wang and York, Master Wen rubbed his long face. He wanted to refute the claim but didn't know how to.

Previously, he had been somewhat confident about Zen and Yehudi, but the latter was defeated in the first round and had gotten himself injured. He couldn't join the next round, which frustrated Master Wen. The master could do nothing but endure York's taunt with some contempt.

This was how the warriors' world operated. Strength was respected, and the weak only had one of two roads to choose from: to endure or to die. Fortunately, this was Cloud Sect. In the world outside, the weak didn't have a chance to even endure.

"Three moves?" Zen raised his brows at that. His demeanor exuded tranquility, like he was impervious to all desires and passions.

But that didn't mean Zen would tolerate this. There were many powerful men in the world who deserved his tolerance, such as the head of the Cloud Sect, Kenneth, who was currently sitting on the platform. But

York wouldn't be one of them. Even if York was truly capable, he wasn't good enough to alarm Zen.

"Yes. Three moves would be enough for me to beat you. If there is no accident, I would only need two." York laughed with disdain.

"If you can't beat me in three moves, would you admit your defeat?" Zen asked him with a smile.

York snorted. "I know you are trying to provoke me. You want me to admit my loss if you counter my three moves? Fine. I concede. Three moves. If I can't beat you, I will admit my defeat!"

"All right! York, you are the number one inner disciple at Sea Peak. Remember, you are powerful enough to dominate anyone," Master Wang said to him. He wasn't worried about York's impulsive declaration, for he had evaluated York's strength to be close to the late stage of consummation. It would be easy for him to defeat a young disciple only at grade two of the nature level. As per his calculations, York could end the fight against Zen in one mere move, let alone three.

Zen curled his lip, not saying another word as he strode to the competition field.

The disciples of this round arrived one after the other. Soon, Zen was on the opposite side of York.

"Keep your eyes wide open. I want you to take notice as I defeat you with my three moves! Take out your weapon!" York announced as he took out a black-blue antique machete. He was a skilled swordsman, and his sword—a top-grade spiritual weapon—was named Murdering Chop. York got it by luck when he had been cultivating outside. It was his good luck charm.

The black-blue antique machete was his support, but his biggest strength was his understanding of the blade intent. He had honed his blade skills for ten years and finally managed to somewhat comprehend the intent. He wasn't very well-versed in it as of now, but he would master the machete intent someday!

The blade was a potent killing weapon, and the blade intent was fierce and overbearing. Although York knew only a little of it, it was enough to double his fighting capacity. He relied the most on this skill of his.

"Weapon? My fist is my weapon." Zen smiled at him casually.

There were many rounds in the All Peaks Competition and Zen was not confident about defeating some of the more powerful men. He didn't want to put the cards in his hand on display in this early fight.

Once he revealed his cards, his opponents would figure out a solution to his moves. The ones with more tricks up their sleeves would then find it easy to win.

"Doesn't matter what your weapon is. I will still beat you with three moves!" York laughed. "Wind breaking pole!" he roared out.

All of a sudden, York's black-blue antique machete turned into a heliciform cutter shadow which split into two pairs before breaking into four and then eight...

Zen stared at the cutter shadows, the expression on his face unreadable. There was potent momentum hidden in the cutter shadows which seemed capable of chopping everything surrounding them to pieces.

Of course, it merely 'seemed' capable of doing so. York looked to have comprehended a little bit of the blade intent, but Zen had mastered the sword intent to a small success. Moreover, York had cultivated his blade skills for ten years, but Zen had only been using the sword for less than a month, so there was a world of difference between their strength.

'This move cannot threaten me, ' Zen thought as he manifested the energy of the Phoenix Crystal on his arm and raised his speed by thirty percents.

There were still many rounds of the fight left, and the energy of the Phoenix Crystal was not limitless. And there was no need to make use of too much energy to avoid York's move. It would be enough to raise his speed by that fraction.

Zen shuttled through the cutter shadows like a flexible leopard. They couldn't touch an inch of him.

York furrowed his brows. Truth be told, Zen's speed was beyond his expectations, but when he saw Zen shuttle through the cutter shadows, he sneered. "You are courting death if you think you can escape my cutter shadows. Wind Spirit Gather!"

As York operated his life vitality, the cracking cutter shadows halted in the mid-air and floated around Zen.

The shadows further split into thirty-two pairs, for a total of sixty-four cutter shadows.

"Wind Spirit Gather. Gather-Kill!" York squeezed his fingers into a tight fist and the sixty-four cutter shadows abruptly diverted in their paths and rushed in Zen's direction to gather themselves.

If the sixty-four cutter shadows surrounded him, they would cut right through his body. York was already imagining how Zen would look by the time the cutter shadows were through with him: an utterly disabled man.

Crack!

However, York's day-dreaming was fruitless. Zen rushed to the front and smashed the cutter shadows before him with his fist, all in one go.

"Is his fist so tough?" York was dumbstruck. Was he hiding something in his fist? York surveyed Zen's fist from the distance, but found that there was nothing. Not even the life vitality was enclosed in his bare hands.

Most warriors practiced with weapons, but a few of them were also trained in fighting with their fists.

There was an obvious disadvantage of wielding power with one's fist. No matter how sturdy the warrior's corporeal body was, it couldn't be more resilient than a treasured weapon.

So when they cultivated at a later stage, it was advisable to cover the fist with their life vitality in order to defend themselves against a mysterious or spiritual weapon.

But York could spot no life vitality congealed in Zen's hands, which meant that Zen resisted the cutter shadows with his mere fist. For a second, York wondered if he had missed a trick.

He was unaware that Zen not only had hard fists, but also had a solid body similar to a middle-grade spiritual weapon with two spiritual textures. It had become so when he had cultivated in abnormal fires several times and absorbed their energy.

For too many times, Zen had made an escape when he was faced with a blade intent released by a powerful man of the Illuminating Soul Realm. It had been the case with James. However, now, when he came face-to-face with York's cutter shadows, he was able to stand his ground and would even allow them to cut him without injury.

But it could get too chaotic if Zen did that, so he chose to break York's cutter shadows with his fist instead.

"You've used up your two moves. This is your last chance," Zen said with a smile.

The power in his fists was obvious. The spectators present in the arena kept this attribute in mind.

The innate superhuman strength Zen had just shown did not particularly grab eye-balls. However, being able to break the cutter shadows to pieces with his fist alone attracted their attention. Most of the people who made a note of his power were the masters of the different peaks. If any disciples from their own peaks competed with Zen in the next set of rounds, they could inform them to be heedful of the impregnable fists.

"Bravo, Zen!" Master Wen, who was watching the competition from the sidelines, suddenly cheered. He could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

From the moment he led the disciples from Drizzle Peak to this contest, he had been suffering. Now, he could finally hold his head high. At the same time, he didn't forget to remind Zen to be careful. "The third move is still left!

Zen, watch out!"

"Come on, Zen! Defeat York!"

"He is a coward! If he can't defeat you with the last move, he will lose!"

The disciples from Drizzle Peak kicked up a fuss at the opportunity.

Master Wang from Sea Peak wore a straight, gloomy face. He couldn't figure out how Zen had refined his fists, but after realizing the power in them, he knew that York would find it difficult to cope with Zen.

York narrowed his eyes. Earlier, he had looked down upon Zen and his abilities, but he wasn't anxious or impetuous by nature. As a swordsman, he could easily brush aside any negative emotions.

After some while, York raised his black-blue antique machete slowly as the decisive words flew out of his mouth.

"Mad-monster Hacking! Break it!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 372 One Move

Among York's sword skills, Mad-monster Hacking was his most powerful move.

The refinement technique he practiced had some attributes of wind, since his martial arts emphasized being quick, hard and violent.

As he wielded his machete in preparation to hack Zen, whirlpools appeared before his black-blue antique machete. A sharp coldness could be felt from the consequently formed spinning currents.

The intents of blade, sword, and spear

were extremely difficult to grasp.

For even just coming to understand a bit of blade intent, York was already an amazing warrior. No matter what martial arts move he used, the blade intent greatly multiplied its power.

The only problem was that York was incapable of covering the whole machete with the blade intent, so he could only apply a little blade intent to the revolving aura on the blade before trying to hack Zen.

Given the situation, York actually felt that his use of the blade intent was enough to beat or even kill the man.

"How can you resist this?" murmured York with narrowed eyes.

A cold smile appeared on his face as he rushed towards Zen with the Mad-monster Hacking technique.

As his opponent dashed towards him, Zen squinted at the machete in the other's hands.

He could feel the blade intent flowing through the black-blue antique machete.

Be that as it might, the blade intent wasn't enough to hurt or even threaten Zen.

It hadn't been long since Zen started to feel and create the sword intent himself--he was already capable of using the intent at will. It would cover more than three square meters surrounding his body and if anybody attempted to enter his circle of defense, he could easily snap his fingers and they would be torn to pieces.

The blade intent, which York was so proud of, was nothing to Zen.

Before York's hacking technique could even reach Zen's body, Zen's eyes began to glow. His sword intent suddenly formed and immediately smashed York's blade intent to bits.

Because the real strength and power of Mad-monster Hacking lay in the blade intent, once it was destroyed, he was basically harmless to Zen.

"What the fuck?"

Zen's counterattack left York shocked and paralyzed.

The blade intent which he had taken a great amount of his effort and time in mastering disappeared in the blink of an eye.

'Impossible!'

The blade intent was formless and his understanding of its nature was profound and unforgettable.

It was indestructible unless Zen had created his own intent, be it sword intent, spear intent or others.

'Has he come to understand some kind of intent on his own?' Doubts began filling York's mind.

The lack of refinement in his attack made York let his guard down. Zen's counterattack was so swift and he withdrew it even more quickly, leaving York clueless as to why his blade intent disappeared.

Due to the doubts in his heart, his Mad-Monster Hacking technique began to sway unsteadily.

A capable warrior should have a strong heart and mind no matter what was thrown in his path. If he was swayed and began to doubt himself, he would find himself losing the fight.

Anyhow, Zen was already certain that York was no longer a threat after losing his blade intent.

Bang!

When Zen pounded at the blade of the black-blue machete and applied great power on it, York could no longer hold his weapon, causing him to back up quickly. Moments later, he freed himself from Zen and stood there, panting heavily.

Although he was well capable of finishing York off quickly, Zen didn't intend to defeat his opponent in a single move. Instead, he smiled at York and said, "You'll fail. You know that, don't you?"

"Fail?

Are you kidding me? My technique didn't work well today, that's all. Don't get cocky. I'll show you my real strength," York replied with heavy breaths, sounding rather desperate. Lifting his machete to wield it again, York intended to start another attack. All the while, he thought he failed due to his insufficient understanding of the blade intent. The idea that Zen was merely able to smash his blade intent didn't even occur to him.

"Ha! You have poor memory," Zen laughed with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Poor memory?" asked York, puzzled. "Didn't you tell me you would lose if you couldn't beat me in three moves?

You seemed so confident about that. Where's that confidence now, huh?" Zen chuckled as he taunted York.

His words made York take a nervous gulp.

After hearing Zen's remarks, York seemed rather embarrassed.

Because he underestimated Zen's ability to resist the Mad-Monster Hacking technique, York boasted of his skills in martial arts, certain that he could defeat the disciple of Drizzle Peak easily. However, things didn't go as well as he thought they would.

When he tried to use the third move of his technique, York realized that his blade intent suddenly disappeared. If he intended to keep his previous promise, it would mean that he had already lost.

However, he was standing where he was for the All Peaks Competition, not for a personal fight. If he lost the fight, he would lose any chance to compete with the other participants. It was too shameful for someone like York, so he refused to admit defeat or leave the arena.

On the other hand, though, he would be considered a promise-breaker if he refused to give up.

"York, you've already used up your three moves. Give up and leave the arena," a scornful voice came from a man in the audience.

"Shame on you! How could you break your promise? Admit your defeat, loser!"

Previously, the disciples of Sea Peak never missed the opportunity to laugh at those from Drizzle Peak. Now, it was Drizzle Peak's disciples' turn to fight back and mock York.

With an unpleasant smirk, Master Wen said, "Master Wang, your disciple promised to defeat his opponent in three moves. Surely he wouldn't go back on his own words, would he?" In truth, Zen worried him. The fact that he resisted York's three strong attacks so effortlessly was shocking.

Hearing the mocking tone, Master Wang shot a partly disapproving and partly embarrassed look at Master Wen. He had faith in York's strength in martial arts. Although York might lose during the next round when he had to fight those top-level disciples, Master Wang thought nobody could defeat him at the current stage.

What was worse, some excellent disciples from the top ten peaks also attended the group competitions. Because he wouldn't allow York to be defeated by them at the group stage, Master Wang couldn't let York keep his word and admit defeat.

With all that was at stake, Master Wang was facing a dilemma.

After a moment of thought, he finally decided that participating in the competition outweighed keeping a promise and his image as a warrior. Standing firm in his decision, he got cheeky and shouted at his disciple, "York, forget about your stupid promise. You're a good student, so focus on winning every fight in the competition!"

His words stirred an uproar among the Drizzle Peak disciples.

"Shameless! Promise-breaker! How dare you tell your disciple to do that?"

"Ha! You should change your peak's name to shameless or dishonest!"

"Promise-breakers fight for the shameless peak!

What a good match you are!"

Some disciples from Drizzle Peak mocked master Wang as they laughed rowdily.

The disciples of Sea Peak were energetic and cynical by nature. Therefore, upon hearing the Drizzle Peak disciples' taunting, they couldn't refrain from cursing back at them anymore. Before the fight at the arena could come to a conclusion, most of the audience were already busy squabbling among themselves.

The noises drew curious attention from disciples from the other peaks. It was quite a rare occurrence to see people quarreling at the grand All Peaks Competition.

"Quiet!"

A saint glided past the crowd and stared them down with a dark glare. The intimidating eyes got the disciples to shut up in an instant.

Back at the arena, York smiled awkwardly. "Master Wang's right. The competition is too important for me to give up over little trifles."

Turning to Zen with a determined look, he said, "Zen, I'll show you what I can do." With that, he wielded the machete once again and dashed across the arena.

"Trifles?

As the saying goes, a promise is worth a thousand ounces of gold. Does a promise really mean nothing to you?

Do you want to be known as a promise-breaker?

Someone who can easily go back on his word?"

As he avoided York's attack, Zen derided the other's inconsistent words.

"Shut up!"

Not able to stand Zen's accusations any longer, he concentrated on striking him down.

"Your fourth, fifth, sixth move…"

While warding off York's hacking, Zen counted each of his moves.

It was beyond York to predict how fast Zen moved and responded to his attacks. Exhausted from all his attacking, York had to try his best. Still, Zen remained untouchable, making it clear who was the more agile and cleverer one between the two. What was worse, whenever York made a move, Zen never failed to counter it and mock him like a joke.

"Your eightieth move…

Your one-hundredth move. Such a loser you are, York. You've made a hundred moves and still couldn't touch me."

Zen's laughs and mockery were relentless.

"Go fuck yourself." York's heart was filled with nothing but flames of rage, driving him to use the Mad-Monster Hacking technique once again.

"You made your move a hundred times, but failed to attack in every single one. Let me tell you the truth, York. I can defeat you in a single move." After rambling on with his taunts, the smile on Zen's face disappeared. In a single blow, he bent forward and punched York's chest before his hacking could do any harm.

Before that moment, it turned out that he was still hiding his trump card. Zen's move was so quick that the whole audience was stunned frozen by his tremendous speed and explosive power.

Bang!

With a powerful strike, York flew into the air and hit the enchanted barrier above the arena.

The entire area was divided with enchanted barriers into nine parts to avoid chances of the participants getting disturbed or influenced by the other contestants.

Luckily for York, the enchanted barrier was built soft and protective. Otherwise, his bones would have been shattered to pieces as his body slammed against it.

Still, the blow was absolutely crushing.

Several of his ribs were broken, and all he could do was lie on the barrier, shocked and terrified into silence.

Chapter 373 Breaking Your Enchanted Barrier (Part One)

Even though he had exerted himself to the extreme, Zen was still out of his reach. Since the competition started, Zen had been combating only by the dint of his body and speed—he had not yet even exercised a single bit of his life vitality.

'Is this guy really at the grade two of nature level?'

'He must be a monster…'

Seeing Zen strutting towards him with a smile not quite reaching his eyes and a chilling gaze, as if he was staring at a dead man, York felt a shudder run up his spine. In haste, he yelled at the referee, "I…I give up!

I, York of Sea Peak, give up!"

Void of any expression, the referee announced the result of the combat. "Zen won, York lost!"

As the combat came to a conclusion, the light curtain of the enchanted barrier retreated sideways. Clutching at his chest, York blundered all the way off the arena as though there was a devil on his tail.

"Zen, you're awesome!"

"That's right! You have to be harsh to guys who eat their own words!"

The turnout of the combat left the disciples of Drizzle Peak pumped up. Meanwhile, those from Sea Peak were left quiet and ashen-faced.

This time, Sea Peak not only lost the match but also their reputation. 'If York defeated Zen, we would still have a chance to turn the situation around. In the world of martial arts practitioners, the winners are considered heroes. If Sea Park won, we would be victorious. So what if one guy broke his word? Will you Drizzle Peak disciples complain like a whining housewife?' thought the members of Sea Peak in their hearts.

Believing that they would win, many of the Sea Peak disciples were ready to make a counterattack against the potential accusation of they breaking their words with their snide remarks.

However, York lost to Zen. That was way beyond anyone's expectations.

It was utterly unimaginable for the disciples of Sea Peak. Even as they watched the battle unfold, they could not understand why York fell so weak that he could barely strike a threatening attack, even as he went above and beyond the three moves that he promised he would use to defeat Zen. Instead, he was vanquished by Zen in a single blow.

The battle turned completely different from their expectations, so the disciples were still left in shock. In the face of Drizzle Peak's mocking, they felt their prepared snarky replies and words fail them. Now that they had just lost the match and disgraced themselves, they couldn't rack their brains enough to even find a retort.

Although Zen didn't go all out in the match, he still undoubtedly drew much attention, continuously changing the masters' opinion of him.

Another participant piqued their interest—Rocher, a man that was said to be a once-in-five-centuries genius from Skytop Peak.

Roger had always been confident about his speed, having accidentally obtained a secret manual on the method of movement entitled The Mystical Pace. The manual spoke more of a special pacing method than a method of movements—it contained a set of very unique prospects which could bring one's speed to its maximum capacity.

Because he relied on the lessons of The Mystical Pace, Rocher was able to defeat an expert in the Illuminating Soul Realm in one quick strike of the sword.

After seeing Zen's demonstration of instant bursts of speed, Rocher noticed something odd.

Although it looked intimidating, Rocher was not impressed by Zen's speed at all since it was still much slower than when he used the Mystical Pace. Upon a closer look, he noticed that Zen did not resort to any method of movement when he was in motion but instead seemed to have been moving solely with his explosive force.

The fact that he had reached such a fast and flexible speed without practicing any method of movement was what astonished Roger the most.

'If Zen ever starts practicing those methods and picks up his speed…' Rocher contemplated Zen's potential. 'This guy really is a freak.'

Oblivious to how Rocher perceived him, Zen simply made his way back to the Drizzle Peak team and took a seat in the corner as if nothing had happened, waiting quietly for the next round.

Master Wen and the other disciples did not dare go to bother him. Having won the two matches he fought in, he was probably Drizzle Peak's only hope.

Battles in the arena proceeded, one round after another.

At this year's All Peaks Competition, several amazingly powerful disciples of Cloud Sect showed up.

Both the lower-ranked peaks, such as the Vulture and Billow Peaks, as well as the top-ranked ones, including Skytop and Blackrock, were proven to have some extremely gifted disciples participating in the matches. The competition in the group match stage was unusually fierce.

Nevertheless, the performances of the Drizzle Peak disciples were far from satisfactory. Other than Zen who won two matches in a row, and another who lost two matches and won one, all the others ended in defeat.

Soon, it was time for Zen to fight his third match.

"Drizzle Peak's Zen versus Blackrock Peak's Mack!"

Upon hearing Mack's name, Master Wen's expression hardened, along with those of the Drizzle Peak disciples, who let the fury surface onto their expressions.

As a magic array master, Mack was not only highly powerful but very resourceful. Above all, he was a cruel man. It was Mack who tortured Yehudi, a seeded player of Drizzle Peak, right in the arena until he was unforgivably maimed.

During the group stage of the competition, the loss of one match was not so much of a big deal. As long as one won his following battle, he still had a chance to enter the next round. However, after being mauled in such a way, even if some mystical medicine could work its magic and heal Yehudi, it was impossible for him to take on another battle within such a short time.

It was no wonder that everyone from Drizzle Peak hated Mack.

"Zen, pay attention to Mack's magic array. The array that bastard sets up could be wicked," Yehudi reminded Zen before he went up to the stage. After having fought him previously, Mack's magic array still made Yehudi's heartbeat stutter with fear.

With a nod, Zen agreed. "Got it. I'll be more careful."

In addition, Master Wen advised, "If you find yourself no match for him, just throw in the towel. No need to force yourself to persist to the very end. This guy is a real monster inside."

Given that Zen had gained two consecutive victories already and was almost guaranteed an opportunity to make it to the next round, Master Wen didn't want Zen to push himself too much and he hoped his advice would keep Zen safe and sound until the next battle.

Though Zen nodded, he did not take the advice seriously. When it came to participating in such combat-based competitions, more often than not, the contestants were merely fighting for their esteem. Now that Zen had entered the All Peaks Competition, he was determined to win.

With fiery eyes, Zen stepped into the arena.

Chapter 374 Breaking Your Enchanted Barrier (Part Two)

"Eh?

Why another Drizzle Peak disciple? I seem to be destined to take on the whole of Drizzle Peak today." At the sight of Zen, Mack faked an innocent smile. Beneath the harmless expression lay his brutal, unconcealable nature.

"Yeah, it's sort of destined," Zen responded coolly. Although the disciple did not show much emotion when he witnessed Yehudi being tormented by Mack, in truth, a strong impulse took hold of him—to rush to the center of the arena and smash Mack to pieces. Still, this was the All Peaks Competition. With several saints, elders, and even head of the sect present, Zen couldn't dare to charge and attack Mack as he wanted to, no matter how confident he was about his explosive force.

Licking his lips maliciously, Mack asked, "That guy named Yehudi… he's the best in Drizzle Peak, isn't he?

Did you see how he ended up? If you're scared, don't worry, you can admit your defeat right now!"

As he taunted Zen, Mack pointed at the referee to the side of the battle ground with an genuine smile on his face.

No one could deny that Mack seemed like a sanguine boy. His tanned skin and strong build made him look very healthy and full of vitality. However, his style of fighting entirely contrasted his image.

"Admit my defeat?" With a drastic arch of his brows, Zen strolled up to Mack, cracking his knuckles. "I sure want to see what on earth you can do to make me admit my defeat."

Zen's body was nearly as hard and strong as a medium-grade spiritual weapon, so the periosteum in his knuckles was also peerlessly firm and tenacious—a loud crack could be heard from every flex of his knuckle.

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

The cracks reverberated across the arena like thunderclaps.

Although the other eight pairs already started battling and their weapons crashed and clattered against each other, still, their crashing sounds, shouts, and barks were all drowned out by the cracking of Zen's knuckles.

Many disciples darted curious looks at Zen, hardly able to imagine that a man could cause such loud, thundering sounds as he flexed his knuckles.

"That's nothing impressive! For a man who focuses on refining his body, the highest level he can reach is the marrow refining realm. Even if your corporeal body is strong, how much stronger can you possibly get? Ha!"

As Mack's smile disappeared, a flag appeared in his hand which he then tossed onto the ground before rapidly drawing back.

Technically, Mack's combat ability was not outstanding compared to all the others who had reached the nature level consummation. If he took on Zen purely with force, he was bound to lose.

Still, Mack held Zen in contempt because ultimately, the most pivotal factor the combatants of the Eastern Region counted on was life vitality.

When a man reached higher realms, he could strengthen his body to the extreme by solely exercising his life vitality. This would give him the power to destroy an entire land with a single blow. With that kind of power in mind, the combatants of the Eastern Region chose to refine their bodies only because they were getting their bodies prepared for the entry to the nature level.

Once they entered the level and acquired the power to control life vitality, no one would want to spend their time and energy refining their bodies, would they?

Given that, Mack was rather dismissive about body refinement. In fact, most of the martial arts practitioners in the Eastern Region had the same thought.

After shooting a look at the flag on the ground, Zen felt the corners of his mouth twitch. He then stomped his feet hard and abruptly darted towards Mack. Taking Yehudi's failure as a lesson, Zen definitely wouldn't let Mack set up his magic array so easily.

"Barging Fist!"

In the group stage, Zen had no intent to utilize his Heavenly Ogre First, so he accordingly adopted the most ordinary fist skill.

Although the Barging Fist was of the common kinds, when paired with Zen's horrifying force and speed, it was rather menacing.

When Mack saw Zen hurtle directly at him like a whirl of wind, a hint of terror flitted across his face but he recovered quickly. After all, the biggest threat to a magic array was not a powerful opponent. No matter how strong the enemy was, Mack could always find a way to win the fight as long as he manipulated the array properly.

What a magic array master feared the most was the lack of an opportunity to set up an array during a fight. Without it, he would be like a swordsman without a sword or a saberman without a saber. At that point, Mack was totally at his wit's end.

When he detected Zen's speed, his life vitality began surging in his hands. The man stuck out a finger and gently pointed at the flag on the ground as he exclaimed, "Grow!"

A bright light flew over the flag. Against the strong wind, it instantly grew into a huge flag and positioned itself in front of Mack to shield him.

However, Zen didn't give a damn about the flag. He simply sidestepped and dashed straight into Mack. Much to Zen's surprise, though, the flag swooshed in front of his eyes the moment he swept past the flag and now he was left in a circle once again.

"Huh?

There's something funny about this flag…"

Clearly heading forward, Zen could see that the flag billowed, guiding him to walk around it. If he hadn't experienced kinds of magic himself, he would have thought the flag to be quite eerie.

"So this is also a kind of magic array? I'll just destroy your flag and see what else you've got? Do you want that?" At this track, Zen stopped and immediately punched a fist into the flag of magic array.

Boom!

Under the immense impact of Zen's punch, jets of emerald green emerged below the flag—there was an enchanted barrier attached to the flag, keeping it protected.

"By the way, this magic array flag of mine is a top-grade spiritual weapon, called Star-shifting Flag. How could you possibly damage it?" Mack yelled smugly.

Now, he had bought himself plenty of time to lay out a large-sized magic array to handle Zen. His smirk was replaced with a languid expression as he took out another flag in no hurry, ready to build a new magic array.

"You said I can't damage it?"

With a sneer, Zen landed a ruthless blow on the Star-shifting Flag.

Wham!

Zen's left hand slammed hard into the flag. Apart from the pure force, he added a bit of energy from the Emerald Crystal in it.

The enchanted barrier of such little magnitude was nothing to Zen. Compared to the enchanted barrier of Yolande, this one was a far cry from it.

With that in mind, Zen believed that only a tiny amount of the Emerald Crystal energy would be enough.

In almost no time, red cracks began sprawling across the flag and its enchanted barrier collapsed in an instant.

"What?"

Across the arena, Mack still had several flags in his hands that had not yet been arranged in the proper positions. At the astonishing scene, Mack's eyes went so wide as if they could fall out of his eye sockets at any moment.

Chapter 375 Heaven-Fire Killing Array (Part One)

Mack seemed unconcerned, but nothing escaped his attention. He deliberately pretended to curse and mock Zen as he thought little of him.

However, he tried to remember every small detail of every potential opponent in the arena.

Mack used his unique methods to estimate everybody, including Rocher Hua from Skytop Peak, Vittoria Zhu from Lady Peak, and even Stark Xia from his own peak.

Mack?had seen Zen's strength, his speed and his impenetrable defense.

Despite of his feigned composure, Mack remained vigilant. Now that he was confronting Zen, he chose to use his Star-Shifting Flag first.

The Star-shifting Flag was considered to be one of the best spiritual weapons, not for the horrible damage that it could cause, but for the revolving magic array and the enchanted rune barrier inset on the flag.

Anybody who dared to come close to the Star-shifting Flag would find himself spinning uncontrollably. The spinning wouldn't stop until the enchanted barrier was broken or the Star-shifting Flag was destroyed.

However, shattering the Star-shifting Flag was extremely difficult.

Even the warriors who reached the Illuminating Soul Realm found it challenging and time-consuming to break the enchanted rune barrier.

But, none of those warriors was like Zen. He hit the enchanted barrier with his fist, and it broke. It seemed impossible. But it was true! The? barrier couldn't be broken by regular strength. But, Zen succeeded with brute force.

Mack was confused.

He?had no idea that the Emerald Crystal on Zen's left arm was the bane of the enchanted barrier. Even the barrier created by warriors who had already entered the late stages of the Illuminating Soul Realm could be easily restrained by the power of the Emerald Crystal. The enchanted barrier on the Star-shifting Flag couldn't endanger Zen.

The enchanted barrier was produced by inscribing runes on it. It would cost crystals to activate it. However, the Emerald Crystal could smash the barrier easily.

When Zen applied the power of the Emerald Crystal to the barrier, it formed bloody lines on it just like a spider web. He punched it again, and the barrier shattered.

"Bang!"

A loud noise was heard as if a glass had been smashed to pieces. Then, Zen wielded his fist and broke the flagpole.

The?Star-shifting Flag was a spiritual weapon—even the flagpole was made of rare wood. It was tenacious and couldn't be easily damaged by a sword. However, Zen was so strong that the flagpole broke into two pieces.

"My flag..." Seeing this, Mack trembled.

When he saw Zen step over the broken flag and walk toward him, Mack realized that there was little time left.

"How dare you break my flag? I'm gonna ruin you!" There was profound hatred in Mack's voice. Flames of fury were kindled in Mack's mind at the loss of his precious spiritual weapon. As a master of the magic array, Mack was often asked to set all sorts of magic arrays for the Cloud Sect. In return, he could earn cubic crystals or accumulate more points than other disciples. However, the destruction of one of his spiritual weapons was an irreparable loss.

Mack stretched his hand, and an array flag appeared. He murmured to himself, "Great and honorable warriors, please arise and fight for your humble servant! Heaven-Fire killing array! Go and kill my enemy!"

Nine array flags, with special killing spells inscribed on each, flew toward Zen and surrounded him.

It seemed that there was no escaping them!

It was a magic killing array.

Ordinary arrays could only produce illusions. Thus they imposed little threat to the people inside. The illusions were more likely to disturb people's minds, confuse them, and then trap them.

However, the magic killing array was different. These illusions could kill people.

What was worse, masters who produced the magic killing array, were good at hiding, being patient, biding their time, and finally striking a deadly blow.

"Heaven-Fire killing array!"

Although he was also a talented master of magic arrays, a saint from Cloud Sect was shocked.

To his surprise, he found a disciple from Cloud Sect who was capable of setting the Heaven-Fire killing array.

"I never thought that a disciple from the inner circle of Blackrock Peak would succeed in producing such a perfect and powerful Heaven-Fire killing array. Master Yu, you're well prepared, aren't you?" The saint smiled and said to Master Yu who came from Blackrock Peak.

Master Yu was proud of the praise he received from a saint. "Saint Yang, please. You're embarrassing me. Although Mack did this, its power is nothing when compared to yours," he replied.

Saint Yang shook his head and answered, "It's marvelous that a disciple who has consummated the nature level can set a Heaven-Fire killing array. With several years of practice, I believe that nobody in Cloud Sect will be able to beat him in the magic array. He's a real genius. I can give him that," said Saint Yang honestly.

Saint Yang?could only succeed in setting the Heaven-Fire killing array after he had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. In that regard, Mack was more talented than him.

On the other side, the force of the Heaven-Fire killing array was terrifying.

"The force of Heaven-Fire is stored in this killing array. I intended to use it when I battle with those personal disciples. However, I have to use it here and now, because you destroyed my Star-shifting Flag. Believe me, you'll regret your foolishness soon," laughed Mack wildly. He pulled out a magic array tablet from his robe and fiddled with it with his fingers. Then, lights of life vitality were connected with the array flags through the tablet.

Zen, surrounded by the Heaven-Fire killing array, felt as though the sky and the earth were spinning. Soon, he was engulfed by complete darkness.

This killing array separated people inside from the outer world. The audience had no idea what was happening inside.

Zen had witnessed the workings of a magic array many times. The illusions were created by the array flags to confuse an enemy.

Cloud Sect's Bloody Mountain and all other mysterious places used by warriors to practice their martial arts, had been using magic arrays. However, none of those magic arrays were as good as the fairyland in the fairy palace.

Chapter 376 Heaven-Fire Killing Array (Part Two)

Zen entered another space after the magic array engulfed him.

Inside, it was extremely hot. The parched earth was full of cracks, like the wrinkles on the face of a ninety-year-old woman. Zen looked around and saw several fire pits surrounding him.

Not far away, Mack was floating in the sky, smiling hideously.

"Zen, I love seeing my enemies suffer more than anything else. Seeing your face burn will cheer me. Your skin will feel scorched, and your face will be a mess. Your pain will excite me the most. Ha-ha! Now, I'm gonna burn every part of your body, and soon, you'll beg for mercy." Lights flickered on the magic array tablet. Then, the fire pits surrounding Zen were refueled, and a burning smell filled the air.

"Are these illusions? Is Mack an illusion?" Zen stood quietly and kept a sharp lookout. He wouldn't act till he figured out how this magic killing array worked.

"Bang!"

Flames erupted from the countless fire pits and flew into the sky. Then, dozens of stone men crawled from the fire pits.

The stone men were burning red, and flames could be seen extending behind their backs as if they were red cloaks that stretched into the sky.

The?stone?men?stood and then ran toward Zen. As the air became hotter, Zen felt as though his face was being scorched.

"The force of this Heaven-Fire killing array is formidable! I intended to advance from the group competitions while hiding my real strength and only using my body as my weapon. However, disciples of Cloud Sect are much stronger than regular warriors from the outer world."

Ordinary warriors who had reached the pinnacle of the nature level stood no chance to defeat him. However, Mack did impose a significant threat to Zen. Apparently, Zen made a mistake by under-estimating disciples from Cloud Sect. They weren't like the weak warriors from the other parts of Eastern Region.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

The stone men's footsteps echoed. As they approached, Zen finally responded.

The magic killing array, if created by some real masters, could lower the martial arts abilities of the people inside it. On top of that, the gravity inside the magical land could also be changed so that opponents couldn't walk, let alone fight or defend themselves.

Luckily, Mack had a long way to go, and his arrays had a weakness. Zen rushed to one of the stone men.

Since the burning stone men were nothing but stones, Zen planned to smash them one by one with his fists.

However, as he approached them, Zen felt the temperature rising sharply. The heat was almost unbearable.

"Go, before it's too late."

Knowing that he couldn't resist the crushing heat, Zen had to retreat.

"Ha-ha! I'm the God inside my magic killing array. I made the stone men, and they exist in my illusions. I imagined that they are made of falling stones from the sky. The fires are heaven fire, not regular fire. There's no escaping this, although it's said that your body is indestructible." Mack laughed coldly.

"Are?you the God in your magic array?" asked Zen. A sardonic grin lit up Zen's face. "Don't be a damn fool. You set this incredible magic array. I will give you that. But you're weak, and this is all that you can achieve. I'm sorry, but you lack imagination," he added.

A magic array master could set a magic array. But its power was limited, as it depended on the strength of its creator.

"Don't talk nonsense. Die!" Mack?stretched his hand and pointed a finger at the burning stone men. In the next instant, they quickened their steps and moved toward Zen.

Seeing?the looming threat, Zen gritted his teeth and rushed to one of them.

Although the heaven fire burning on those stone men's bodies was intense, Zen's body was extremely strong. It was equivalent to a mid-grade spiritual weapon and capable of resisting such kind of fire.

"Bang!"

Zen lashed out at the burning stone man closest to him. His fist penetrated its body, and a hole appeared. Seconds later, the hole became bigger, and many narrow cracks formed.

"Bang!"

The stone man shattered.

Mack uttered a heart-rending cry.

Some of his spirit had been put into the stone men. When Zen smashed one of the stone men, Mack felt the pain and screamed.

"They're weak, just like you. I'm gonna smash them one by one."

The fire left Zen feeling miserable, even though no real harm was caused to his body. He could bear more considerable pain than this.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Zen moved quickly and killed another two stone men within seconds.

Before Zen could turn and attack another stone man, he heard Mack shout, "Flame of meteorite, in my name, please burn everything! Explode!"

Zen was confused and hesitated for a moment.

Then, he saw the stone man explode. Since he was standing in front of the stone man, Zen was engulfed by the fire.

"You killed four of my stone men. That's quite impressive. Even practitioners at the Illuminating Soul Realm can't do that. But it is a joke that you're so confident and that you believe you can beat me," Mack? said to Zen and smiled coldly, as he floated in the sky.

The fire crackled on the ground. A long time passed before the fire finally died out.

The magic killing array could create illusions and use them to kill people inside. While people trapped in the array could get hurt, it wasn't their body that got damaged, but their spirit.

If Zen were burned to death inside the magic killing array, his soul could be severely wounded, and he would become an idiot.

"Burn, burn! After you know nothing and remember nothing, I'll take you out of this killing array. Then, I'll teach you how to behave yourself. Ha-ha!" He smiled. Mack could imagine the tremendous pain being inflicted on Zen. He imagined Zen was burning alive, and begging for mercy desperately. He would be like a fish thrown into a frying pan, and only death awaited him.

When the fire finally died out, a figure appeared. His body emitted a golden light, like a God. He looked intimidating.

Mack didn't expect this. His pupils dilated as if he had seen a ghost.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 377 Defeated Mack

"Fire...where's the fire?"

Mack stuttered, with a look of disbelief.

The fire on the stone men was not ordinary at all.

Even in the Heaven-Fire killing array, the power of different kinds of heavenly fire varied. Meanwhile, the effect of the force depended on the realm.

Mack had always been confident about the fire. Once, when he had gone out for cultivation, a meteorite fell and made a big hole in the ground. The flame had burned for three days and nights in the pit. During this time, Mack had observed and contemplated the flame.

Mack was lucky because not every practitioner had the opportunity to observe a meteorite's flame. Since then, the fire had become a powerful weapon for him.

However, Mack was unable to use the meteorite's flame at will. Only after the killing array had been arranged, could he transform his life vitality into this powerful flame and release it through the illusion.

While the stone men was an illusion created by Mack, the meteorite's flame was real.

At that moment, Zen stood before him, unscathed and surrounded by a strong aura. 'Why is he safe from the flame of the meteorite? Is he immune to fire?

No, it's impossible! Even the legendary son of fire can't be immune to fire. He can only offset the damage from the flame of a meteorite after his understanding of fire has reached a certain degree, ' Mack thought.

"I can't believe the flame didn't burn you! Stone men of flame, come on! Go!" Mack ordered with gritted teeth. The stone men rushed at Zen from all directions.

When attacked by fire, Zen's body would produce warm currents that would absorb the damage. During this time, Zen would be in a peaceful state. However, Zen noticed that the meteorite's flame had not changed his body much. He looked at the dense golden Sanskrit words on his body and shook his head.

At the very beginning, his body had been refined by Evil Lan's fire, then by the fire of the Earth's core, and the demon's holy fire.

Although the flame of the meteorite was powerful, its purity degree was much lower than that of the fire of the Earth's core and the demon's holy fire. Besides, since Zen's body had reached the middle-grade level of a spiritual weapon, the flame of the meteorite was not powerful enough to refine his body. That was why his body hadn't absorbed this flame.

In other words, Zen's body had refused to absorb the flame of the meteorite, because the level of the flame was too low. Instead of forming a golden whirlpool to absorb the flame, his body had released some golden Sanskrit words to protect him from harm.

With tens of thousands of Sanskrit words attached to his skin, Zen looked like a golden man. Now, he was fearless in the face of the stone men of flame.

A sneer appeared on Zen's face when he saw the stone men coming toward him.

"Break!" Zen shouted.

Then he reached out and punched them.

"Bang! Bang! Bang...:"

In the blink of an eye, Zen crushed a few more stone men of flame.

Now, the remaining stone men of flame had gathered around Zen. With a roar, Mack triggered the explosion of all stone men at the same time.

"Explode! I don't believe you can survive this explosion!"

In the illusion, a red flame roared hundreds of feet into the air.

Fortunately, the explosion had been triggered in an illusion.

According to the rules of the magic array, all the energy would be firmly controlled within the illusion, and not even a touch of energy would escape from it. If the magic array broke and began to leak energy, it meant that the magic array no longer worked.

The soaring flame lasted for a few seconds before it burst into the fire of the meteorite. Then it gradually faded.

Mack took a deep breath. 'I made it! I didn't expect Zen to be so difficult! I had to trigger the flame of the meteorite that I have fostered for so long! If a practitioner at the second-grade of the nature level like Zen is so powerful, then I will be no match for him when he reaches the pinnacle of the nature level!'

In fact, the illusion was Mack's spiritual projection. Now, since he was basking in the joy of success with a calm mind, the illusion was quiet.

However, a short while later, the wind rose, and clouds began to gather in the illusion. Mack couldn't keep calm any longer. Just like his mind, the peace in the illusion had been broken. The nearby ground began to shake, and the cracks on it expanded gradually. These changes reflected Mack's restlessness.

"Although the flame of the meteorite lit up at the same time, he remains unhurt!" Mack murmured, a touch of horror flashing in his eyes.

After blocking the flames of the meteorite, Zen waved his arm, and then the golden Sanskrit words gradually sunk into his body. He strode out of the huge hole in the ground and stared at Mack with a sneer. "Up until now, you have taken the initiative to attack me. Unfortunately, you couldn't hurt me! Now, it's my turn!"

Mack panicked. What scared him was that he didn't know what was going to happen. He couldn't figure out what kind of skill Zen would use and how powerful he was.

The best way to judge a practitioner's competence was by the realm and cultivation level he had reached. Of course, it didn't mean that one could rely on these completely. Access to better cultivation methods and weapons meant that those practitioners were more likely to challenge higher ranking practitioners. Sometimes, they would even challenge practitioners several levels higher.

Even so, they would have a limit! Practitioners at the Illuminating Soul Realm would have been bedraggled had Mack attacked them.

However, Zen wasn't. It was an incredible achievement for a practitioner who had just reached the second-grade of the nature level.

'Has he already broken through the Illuminating Soul Realm? Is he hiding his competence just for the Cloud Road and the reward? That's impossible! Everyone participating in the All Peaks Competition would have had to pass various tests. And their skeletal age would have been checked before the competition. So it would be impossible for Zen to hide his real cultivation level. Furthermore, those elders and saints are not that gullible!' Mack rationalized.

Mack felt tremendous stress and pressure since he couldn't gauge Zen's real competence.

"Go to hell! Hundred-men magic killing!"

Mack shouted and waved his hand. Then a hundred shadows appeared. They looked just like Mack and possessed about the same level of competence as him.

As soon as they jumped down, these shadows rushed toward Zen. They waved the spears in their hands. Mack wanted to overwhelm Zen with these shadows!

Zen's expression didn't change. The energy of the Phoenix Crystal on his right arm suddenly gushed and circulated through his body along his meridians. Now, Zen's body was as light as a piece of paper.

Next, he transformed himself into a thin line and dashed toward Mack.

"Stop him!"

Mack ordered. He waved his hand, and the shadows stood in Zen's way, blocking him.

Zen narrowed his eyes, and the dragon scales in his body were half lit. Even if only half of the dragon scales had lit up, the energy they would release would be incredible. Now, Zen seemed to have transformed into a ferocious wild beast. What was more horrible was that he was not only powerful but extremely fast as well.

"Puff! Puff! Puff..."

When Zen charged forward at a random angle, both the spears and the shadows turned into starlight and faded away in the magic array before becoming a touch of energy and returning to the array flag.

Soon, Zen had broken through the shadow wall made by the hundred shadows at the peak of the nature level. Then he aimed for Mack.

As the hundred-men magic killing was not his most powerful attack method, Mack hadn't meant to rely on these shadows to fight against Zen. In fact, the flame of the meteorite was his most effective weapon. However, since it could not harm Zen, Mack meant to buy himself some time when he summoned the shadows.

To his surprise, a hundred shadows at the peak of the nature level didn't cause Zen the least bit of trouble. Now, Zen was charging at him.

"Bang!"

Mack suddenly found everything turn blur. Then he flew out and slammed on the ground.

Outside the magic array, this round of the competition had ended. Since no other battles were ongoing, the audience focused on the fight between Zen and Mack.

Yehudi sat still and adjusted his breath. After eating the Red Cloud Pill, he needed to mix it with his life vitality so that the pill would spread through the meridians of his body. Only in this way could the effect of the Red Cloud Pill be activated.

Now, in spite of focusing on the Red Cloud Pill, he kept an eye on the battle ring.

Yehudi had always kept calm no matter what the situation. Because his mother was a concubine, he had been mistreated since he was a child. Later, he had become the best disciple of Drizzle Peak, step by step, through his efforts and extraordinary talent. Although Drizzle Peak ranked last among the thirty-three peaks, his cultivation was beyond most disciples of all the peaks.

Yehudi had never been self-content. He had seen many high-level cultivators, so he knew that his achievements were not worthy of being celebrated.

No matter what the conditions, he had always dedicated himself to his martial arts and climbed the peak of cultivation practice. However, he had received a setback from Mack today. Not just Yehudi, all the disciples from Drizzle Peak looked sullen and defeated.

Except for Zen. Yehudi was Drizzle Peak's principal disciple. In fact, many disciples didn't know Zen, but they had heard of Yehudi.

Yehudi was filled with shame. As the disciple with the highest cultivation level at Drizzle Peak, he had been defeated by Mack. And he hadn't been able to fight back. A sense of shame, like a ghost, hovered in his mind.

He felt as if a stone was being pressed against his chest and he could hardly breathe.

If Yehudi couldn't stop thinking in this way, he would be stuck at the pinnacle of the nature level, and he would be unable to make further progress in the future.

Now, he could only rely on himself or Zen to get rid of his mental burden. If Zen could teach Mack a lesson on behalf of Drizzle Peak, Yehudi would be relieved.

"Zen, you must win!" Yehudi encouraged Zen.

At the other end of the battle ring, Master Yu was talking with Saint Yang. The atmosphere of their conversation seemed very relaxed.

Chapter 378 Giving Him A Good Beating (Part One)

"Mack showed an extraordinary talent for the array as soon as he joined Blackrock Peak. You arranged a secret cultivation place for the outer disciples of our peak at that time, called the Brilliance Body Refining Array. Do you remember it?" Master Yu asked with a smile.

Saint Yang nodded and said, "I remember it. At that time, only a few peaks such as Blackrock Peak, Skytop Peak, and Azure Peak, owned secret cultivation places for outer disciples. The Brilliance Body Refining Array was what I arranged for outer disciples of your peak to refine their bodies."

Most of the outer disciples of Cloud Sect hadn't reached the nature level. Many of them remained at the marrow refining level, the 5th grade of the body refining realm. So Saint Yang arranged the magic array at that time to help the outer disciples clear the impurities from their bodies.

"One day, the array didn't work properly. I didn't know what happened. Maybe it was the torrential rain and the thunderbolt the day before that led to the malfunction. I knew you were busy, so I didn't want to bother you. But I couldn't find a person who knew how to repair the array. That's when Mack offered to help me. I didn't believe he could fix it as he was just a new outer disciple while the magic array was sophisticated and powerful. But I permitted him to try, and to my surprise, he did it! So far, the magic array has been running smoothly! Haha!" said Master Yu with a smile.

"Oh, really? He fixed the array? Well, well, I'll take a closer look at his battle. If he can make it to the top 100, I will consider accepting him as my personal disciple," said Saint Yang as he stroked his beard.

Master Yu smiled and said, "Mack has been focused on the research of array for years. He has great attainments in arranging magic array, while his fighting ability is relatively weaker." Master Yu knew that if Saint Yang accepted Mack as a personal disciple, he would get a huge reward. He was aware that it didn't matter whether Mack was good at fighting or not. Saint Yang was more interested in Mack's gift for magic array. What was more, Mack's ranking in the All Peaks Competition was not that important either. As the second most powerful peak in Cloud Sect, Blackrock Peak had many talented disciples, some of whom had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. They were the key disciples to the victory of the All Peaks Competition.

"It doesn't matter. One can practice step by step to improve his realms of cultivation. This is true for a person's fighting ability as well. But the attainments in the magic array are determined by his gift. If Mack is really a talented young man, I'll not overlook him." Saint Yang waved his hand and answered.

"Let's watch the battle first. I believe he should easily win the game. Look! The light of the magic array is turning dim!" As they talked about the battle, the light in the arena gradually dimmed, which meant that the battle on it was over.

Master Yu turned to the arena and was about to say something, but his voice was caught in his throat, and no words came.

Mack lost?

Mack was lying on the arena, while Zen stood in the center, straight as a tower.

Others might not know Mack's real strength, but Master Yu was familiar with what Mack could do. Even a strong man at the Illuminating Soul Realm would not find it easy to escape if trapped by Mack's magic array.

There was an incredible expression on Saint Yang's face. Mack's opponent was only at the second-grade of the nature level. How could he break and destroy the Heaven-Fire killing array? Even though Mack was only at the consummation of the nature level, and he couldn't unleash all the power of the Heaven-Fire killing array, it was unlikely to be destroyed by a disciple at the second-grade of the nature level!

Mack struggled to his feet. After Zen punched him, Mack felt as though he had been in a savaged head-on fight with a wild animal.

He struggled to open his mouth and wanted to tell the referee that he admitted defeat. As he opened his mouth, another powerful blow landed on his face.

"Bam!"

Zen gave Mack a bash on the nose and broke his nose bone.

An expression of fear came over Mack's face. He looked up at Zen and gasped, "Zen, how dare you beat me? The battle is ... over!"

"Why? It's not over. You haven't admitted defeat, nor have you passed out," said Zen scornfully.

Zen was avenging Yehudi. He would give Mack a good thrashing just as Mack had done to Yehudi.

Mack realized at this time that Zen, who appeared to be an ordinary inner disciple, was more ruthless than he had thought! He had no choice but to wait for the opportunity to admit defeat to the referee.

But as he opened his mouth, another punch came. Zen didn't give him the slightest chance.

"Bam!"

Zen punched him on the face. Blood spurted all over Mack's face, and a few of his teeth broke and fell on the ground. Although pills could cure these injuries, and broken teeth could regenerate, Mack was afraid that it would take him a long time to recover from the damage.

Zen didn't give Mack any chance to admit defeat. He controlled the power of his fists so that Mack wouldn't pass out. At the same time, he tried to make Mack feel as much physical pain as possible!

The referee watched the scene coldly. As a referee, he was just following the rules. He didn't care about the life and death of these disciples.

Seeing this, many disciples of Cloud Sect began to whisper among themselves.

"Zen is so cruel! He won't allow his opponent to admit defeat! He has gone too far!"

"You didn't watch the previous match, did you? In my opinion, Mack is getting what he deserves!"

"What do you mean?"

Chapter 379 Giving Him A Good Beating (Part Two)

"Earlier today, Mack defeated Yehudi, the top-most inner disciple at Drizzle Peak. But Mack didn't spare Yehudi. He went on beating him until Yehudi fainted. He didn't let Yehudi go at that time. I think it fair that he is now being attacked violently by Zen, who also comes from Drizzle Peak. Mack deserves it!"

"Oh, I see. He is getting what he deserves! But Zen is too strong. He is only at the second-grade of the nature level, and he can avenge Yehudi. It's incredible! He must be stronger than the Jacques years ago. Jacques was also at the second-grade of the nature level three years ago, and he was able to become one of the top 100 disciples. Considering Zen's fighting capability, he should be able to make it to the top 100, too. I think he is likely to be selected as a personal disciple!"

There was a lot of discussion about the battle, and many more people were giving their opinions.

"Good! Well done!" Master Wen jumped with joy and his face flustered with excitement. It looked as if he were the man who was beating Mack in the arena.

The disciples of Drizzle Peak held their heads high as pride filled them. Yehudi was the most excited. He sat cross-legged on the ground, but he was no longer focused on the absorption of the pill. His fists were so tightly clenched that his nails broke through the skin on his palm. Blood oozed from the wound.

"Zen, thank you!" murmured Yehudi. The humiliation brought by Mack and the subsequent shame Yehudi felt seemed to be gradually dissipating.

The disciples of Blackrock Peak, however, had sour expressions on their faces at this time. Master Yu's face darkened as he gloomily watched the battle in the arena.

"Master Yu, let me stop him!" said a man next to Master Yu. He wore a blue gown with dragons painted on it. A purple hat glimmered on his head, and a jade pendant dangled on his waist. His dignified bearing marked him out from the common people.

His surname was Su, and he was the sixth son of the Burning Sky Emperor. His name was Nile.

Nile inherited the cultivation talent of his father and entered the Illuminating Soul Realm at the age of 24. Unlike the third and seventh sons of the emperor, who were fighting for the throne, Nile immersed himself in martial arts and cultivation. He had no desire to pursue the throne.

If Nile had to choose which of his siblings would inherit the throne, he would select Ray, the third son of the emperor, because Ray was his elder brother, while the other princes were his half brothers. If possible, he was willing to help Ray ascend to the throne.

Master Yu shook his head and said, "No. If you go in the arena, you will break the rules of Cloud Sect. I'll stop him."

Master Yu walked up to the edge of the arena and shouted, "Zen, Mack has lost the game. Stop beating him!"

Zen struck Mack again. He gave an icy look to Master Yu. With an expression of contemptuous scorn, he asked, "Why should I stop beating him? When he was attacking Yehudi, I didn't see you come forward and stop him."

"How dare you! He is a disciple of Blackrock Peak!" Master Yu shouted. He was the master of Blackrock Peak. He thought Zen would obey his order, which would brook no interference. He wouldn't plead with Zen.

"Oh, So what if he is a disciple of Blackrock Peak? Do you mean the disciples of Blackrock Peak have higher status than that of Drizzle Peak? Do you mean the disciples of Drizzle Peak, Vulture Peak, and Sea Peak deserve to be beaten if they lose, while the disciples of Blackrock Peak are superior to them and shouldn't be beaten?" Zen asked.

Zen's words echoed the inner thoughts of many disciples.

Although Zen was merely pointing out the injustice in this competition, in fact, this kind of unfair phenomenon happened from time to time in Cloud Sect. Not every disciple was treated equally. When disputes occurred, it was usually the top-ranking peaks that decided who was right and who was wrong.

Over the years, the disciples and masters of peaks that ranked at the bottom had suffered unfairly.

Therefore, Zen's words mirrored what many disciples and masters of low-ranking peaks felt. Even Master Wang of Sea Peak, who had a feud with Drizzle Peak, nodded his head silently.

Strictly speaking, there was nothing wrong with the rules of Cloud Sect.

Absolute fairness didn't exist in the world. It was reasonable for Cloud Sect to pour good resources into the stronger peaks and the more gifted disciples.

But now, Zen stood victorious in the arena, while Mack was the one who was beaten. According to the rules of Cloud Sect, the stronger man set the rules. Zen's victory showed that he was more powerful, more gifted, and more promising than Mack, so his status should be superior to Mack's. Since his behavior hadn't broken the rules of Cloud Sect, why did Master Yu of Blackrock Peak object?

"You ... Do you know what will happen if you offend Blackrock Peak? In the subsequent battles, you are bound to meet more disciples of Blackrock Peak. If you let Mack go, I'll ask other disciples not to make trouble for you. If you don't agree, I'll let them return to you ten times the pain Mack has suffered!" Seeing that his persuasion didn't work, Master Yu resorted to threatening Zen.

"Really?" Zen threw another punch at Mack before sneering, "All right. I'll wait. I'll wait and see how the disciples of Blackrock Peak will return the pain to me!"

Zen was not afraid of Master Yu. He continued to hit Mack at his own pace. Mack was so weak that he had no power to resist. But Zen ensured that his attacks weren't powerful enough to let him faint, nor did Zen allow Mack the opportunity to admit defeat. It appeared as though Zen was gruesomely torturing Mack.

However, Mack seemed to have forgotten that he enjoyed humiliating others like this.

Finally, Zen kicked Mack to the sky. Mack collided with the light curtain of the enchanted barrier and passed out.

The referee declared, "Zen from Drizzle Peak won. Mack from Blackrock Peak lost."

Mack's failure had attracted the attention of many people.

A few people knew that Mack was not as weak as he appeared in this fight and that his magic killing array was very powerful. But they didn't realize how strong Zen was.

Most people didn't even know how Zen won the game. After all, the battle between Zen and Mack was carried out in the magic killing array, and the light curtain released by the array had blocked everyone's sight.

Kenneth was an exception. He glared at Zen and frowned. No one knew what he was thinking.

Chapter 380 Another Arrogant Genius (Part One)

Most disciples of Cloud Sect agreed with Zen's tit for tat as it was clear that Mack had gone too far and deserved that misfortune.

They were also deeply impressed and intimidated by Zen's cruel means.

Zen was quite ferocious for his age.

While the powerful disciples remained calm, the less powerful ones were looking at Zen with awe in their eyes. In their mind, they were thinking that if they met Zen in the battle ring, they would lose their momentum and confidence in an instant.

After all, that kind of thing that had happened to a disciple at the second-grade nature level was truly incredible.

It was known that the disciples taking part in today's All Peaks Competition were at least at the seventh-grade or eighth-grade of nature level. A half of these disciples were already at the consummation grade, while a few of them were masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

The Illuminating Soul Realm warriors hadn't seen the real strength of Zen as he chose not to show it so early. Thus, they simply noticed his cruel means and looked down upon him. After all, the gap between nature level disciples and the masters of Illuminating Soul Realm was still too big.

Apart from the rare geniuses like Rocher, it was impossible for the other disciples to compete with the Illuminating Soul Realm warriors. Rocher was already at the consummation grade, while Zen was quite far behind him. Zen's nature level was only at second-grade which wouldn't warrant the slight attention from any Illuminating Soul Realm warriors.

It was known to all that top inner disciples from each Peak seldom participated in the trial of killing demons. And although Zen had attended the trial and even showcased a remarkable performance, it wasn't a big deal like what happened to Lenard. Lenard was known for his great skills, but he could still not qualify to represent Skytop Peak in the All Peaks Competition.

So Zen's performance was insignificant for those highly-skilled legendary figures of each peak at that time.

As Zen walked out of the ring, Master Wen was thrilled. He wanted to run to Zen and hug him tight, but he held the urge.

Winning this match meant that the young disciple would stand out in the group competition. More importantly, Zen had avenged Yehudi's defeat and helped Drizzle Peak win after a long-time of humiliation.

If one would ask why Cloud Sect was divided into many Peaks, the answer was very simple. The purpose was to create competitions among the Peaks.

All Peaks Competition could be watched on site and through a live broadcast shown in a large Picture Slab.

If Zen didn't avenge Yehudi's defeat, it would be a big blow to Drizzle Peak's confidence. The disciples of Drizzle Peak would be ashamed and discouraged to cultivate their skills.

The Drizzle Peak's representatives in the Competition didn't know that the disciples left in the peak were tensed but fired up at the same time.

In the Drizzle Peak's main practice area, some of the disciples were practicing hard, while most of them were gathered around the Picture Slab to watch the live broadcast of the Competition.

In fact, when Mack hit Yehudi earlier, they had already been tensed and fired up.

They felt the pain of Mack's attack as if they were hit directly. They were filled with fury and even started planning to protest Mack's uncalled-for behavior.

Yet, when they saw Zen made Mack's head swell with his powerful punches, their indignation gradually faded, and they burst into loud cheers.

To be more exact, Zen's actions washed away their resentment and somehow brought back their Peak's pride.

"Zen has the power to defeat all the disciples from Blackrock Peak!" one of them even cried out.

Witnessing Zen's back-to-back wins, most disciples totally forgot Zen's current level and started to believe that he could make it to the top 100.

Getting to the top 100 was a breakthrough for the Drizzle Peak and it could be their best win in a long time.

However, there were still a few disciples who were not confident that Zen could defeat the other more powerful participants in the Competition.

"Let's not forget that Zen is only at the second-grade of nature level. But those in the top 100 are basically the masters of Illuminating Soul Realm. I'm afraid that Zen may not have the chance—," one of them said in a concerned tone.

But before the disciple finished sharing his thoughts, one of the thrilled disciples from Drizzle Peak interrupted him immediately and bellowed, "What are you talking about? Zen is the rare genius that we haven't seen in Drizzle Peak for a thousand years. Who cares if they are the masters of Illuminating Soul Realm? I have faith that Zen can defeat all of them!"

"That's right! We haven't seen his real potential yet. Who knows? Maybe his real strength is greater than the Illuminating Soul Realm," another disciple added proudly.

It might be that the disciples were blindly optimistic about Zen's strength. But since Yehudi was defeated, Zen had become the only hope for Drizzle Peak. Although they knew that Zen might find it hard to defeat the disciples at the Illuminating Soul Realm, they wanted to keep their hopes high.

The round of group competitions continued.

It was only through actual combat could the true strength and potential of a disciple be examined.

The winners would be qualified to enter the succeeding competitions, while the losers' journey in the competition would end.

As expected, there were new geniuses being discovered at the ongoing competitions.

To name a few, there were Jill Quan from Lady Peak, Rocher Hua from Skytop Peak, and Jason Zhu from Azure Peak.

After three rounds, the referee announced another key competition.

"Jeff from Skytop Peak versus Kim from Jade Peak!"

They were the two top-ranked disciples in the Cloud Sect List.

Not everyone could be part of the Cloud Sect List. Only those among the top 1000 strongest disciples could be included on the list.

However, this list would only be updated according to the regular competition performance of the major disciples in the battle ring. However, considering the progress that the disciples were making in cultivating their strength everyday, it was safe to assume that the list was not reflecting the actual strength of each disciple.

Given this circumstance, the Cloud Sect would make minor adjustments to the list every month. But the major significant adjustments happened every three years when the disciples' performance would be reevaluated through the All Peaks Competition. This way, the disciples would be accurately ranked based on the competition results.

All Peaks Competition attracted the participation of almost all the best disciples from Cloud Sect, except for a small number of those who chose to practice in their respective secret practice rooms or outside Cloud Sect.

There were more than 700 disciples participating in the Competition, so almost all of them were on the list.

Except Zen.

Although his improvement was rapid and he defeated some disciples on the battle like Fren and the outer disciples from Vulture Peak, his performances weren't recorded because none of them were from the list.

Moreover, the strength gaps of those disciples on the list were quite big.

To be included among the Top 1000 might be easy. The strongest Peaks could get their top 30 into the list, while the weaker Peaks like Sea Peak and Drizzle Peak could only get their top ten qualified disciples into the list.

However, to be included in the Top 400 would be more challenging. Most of the top 400 on the list were those whose nature level was at consummation grade, while the Top 100 disciples on the list were basically the masters of Illuminating Soul Realm.

The two people fighting on the battle ring now was Jeff Mu who ranked ninety-nine, while the other one was Kim Yue who ranked seventy-two.

Before the said battle, the disciples of Illuminating Soul Realm who participated in the group competitions either had beaten their opponents or their opponents admitted defeats the instant they came up to the ring. It was obvious that the disciples at consummation-grade of nature level would lose to those of Illuminating Soul Realm, so the former didn't bother to fight the latter. In other words, the common disciples with consummation grade didn't have such guts or the power at all.

Unless they were the freak geniuses like Rocher, they wouldn't mind losing to a greater opponent.

Mack, an array technique genius who had challenged Zen earlier, had the ability to challenge the disciples of Illuminating Soul Realm. His magic array was so powerful that even the masters of Illuminating Soul Realm would be trapped in it and it wouldn't be easy for them to get out of it.

It was only a pity that he had met Zen. Because of Zen's special body, he could completely endure Mack's fire and Mack had no way to defeat him. As a result, Mack was beaten up furiously. Even though he applied pills from Blackrock Peak, there was a high chance that he could not recover fast and that he would be disqualified to attend the All Peaks Competition.

Chapter 381 Another Arrogant Genius (Part Two)

Both Jeff and Kim were new entrants of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

There was a big realm gap between Illuminating Soul Realm and consummation-grade of nature level. When that gap narrowed, the disciples could be able to grasp the method of burning life vitality, and their fighting power would soar sharply.

Therefore, their competition naturally received a lot of earnest attention.

Jeff was the representative of Skytop Peak, the number one Peak among the 33 Peaks, which started increasing influence in recent years, while Kim represented the Jade Peak, a well-established Peak. The Jade Peak once occupied the top place of 33 peaks for a long time but in recent years, it gradually had a decline in its strength and gradually had been caught up and surpassed by these powerful peaks like Skytop Peak, Blackrock Peak, and Azure Peak.

But that didn't mean Jade Peak could be underestimated.

After all, it had gained many resource and benefit from Cloud Sect. It had the largest number of secret practice places amongst the 33 Peaks. Although these six secret places were not as good as those within Cloud Sect that charged points for practice, they were at least open to their disciples for free. Many of its disciples got great benefits, and they would practice day and night continuously. It was hoped that some day its disciples would make a difference and bring the peak back to its original place.

Kim ranked second place among all the disciples of Jade Peak.

Despite being in the second place, he had been cultivating for a few years so no one knew what level he had already reached. After all, the disciples of Illuminating Soul Realm rarely competed on the battle ring, and the Top 100 ranking had rarely been changed and would only be readjusted every three years.

And Jeff just broke through the consummation grade of nature level a year ago and entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. When at the consummation-grade of nature level, he was already on the top, and now his strength was even more unfathomable.

It was a crucial fight between two disciples of the Illuminating Soul Realm; thus, it received a lot of attention.

Both of them were willing to give their all in the competition.

As a matter of fact, neither Jeff nor Kim had failed in their previous competitions. Even if one of them lost today, it wouldn't be much of an impact to them and they would still stand out from the group competition because they were masters of Illuminating Soul Realm.

Yet, both were the top and powerful figures, how could they tolerate losing to another? The disciple's firm resolve and outstanding talent were the keys to enter such a high realm. While the talent was one thing that could not be improved, the will of martial arts was more important. Only those who had a strong resolve to never lose to other people could further improve in their martial arts.

If only for the sake of gaining an advantage, one could deliberately preserve his strength and made a compromise. This kind of trick might help a disciple win for a while, but he was doomed to go not very far along the road of martial arts.

While the two disciples of Illuminating Soul Realm were fighting against each other, their fighting scene was quite impressive, with a huge sound caused by the combustion and explosion of life vitality. The aftermath of the battle shocked a lot of disciples.

Jeff practiced the life vitality of the wind system with unpredictable movements. Kim, on the other hand, practiced the life vitality of the earth system that was steady and slow. Their fighting movements were changing rapidly, which was rather dazzling and breathtaking.

In the end, Kim had defeated Jeff by using a highly risky attack.

Witnessing Kim's victory, everyone was gasping in admiration. But despite Kim's marvelous strength, he only ranked the second place on

Jade Peak. With the current strength of its disciples, Jade Peak could once again rise to the top of the 33 Peaks.

After six rounds, Kim was assigned to fight with a Skytop Peak disciple again, and this time he was to fight against Rocher.

It was Rocher whose nature level was at consummation grade versus Kim at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Normally, any competition between disciples of such two different levels would be predictable. But because it was Rocher fighting, the result would be a mystery until the battle ended.

It was said that Rocher had the strength to defeat the disciples of Illuminating Soul Realm, but no one had ever seen it. Today was the first time that everyone would witness Rocher's strength.

"Aren't you going to draw your sword?" Kim asked in a cold tone. Since their match began, Rocher hadn't pulled out his sword. His hands remained clasped behind his back.

Rocher's action was an intolerable insult for Kim, and it was starting to irritate the latter. Any disciple at consummation grade of nature level fighting a disciple at the Illuminating Soul Realm without drawing his sword was deemed arrogant and crazy.

Insulting the master of Illuminating Soul Realm was the stupidest thing to do.

And everyone was shocked when they heard Rocher's response. "Why would I? I can beat you without it."

"Buzz..."

All the other disciples of Cloud Sect went wild and began to murmur to each other as they couldn't believe that Rocher had dared to insult the master of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

But the disciples of Illuminating Soul Realm from Skytop Peak were not surprised with what they heard. Some of them were wearing a smile of confidence in their faces.

"Rocher is going to defeat Kim with his bare hands!" one of them said in a proud tone.

"I agree! With his current strength, he doesn't need to use his sword," another disciple added immediately.

"Let's see how far he can stick to not using his sword. I know that with his current strength, he can go on with the competition without using his sword and still end up in the top 80. Maybe, when he faces one of the top 60 disciples, he will need to draw that sword!" one disciple shared his detailed analysis.

If others heard Skytop Peak's Illuminating Soul Realm disciples' evaluation of Rocher's chance, they would be surprised.

Rocher, a disciple at the consummation grade of nature level, would be included among the top 80 without using his sword? That would sound very ambitious and unreal.

Of course, those were the thoughts from Skytop Peak's disciples. But the disciples from other Peaks, especially Jade Peak, didn't think the same.

Although Jade Peak ranked only in the sixth place now, they still regarded themselves as a well-established peak and the senior peak amongst the other peaks.

"Rocher is too arrogant! We must teach him a good lesson!" one disciple roared angrily.

"I could only hope that Kim will not show any mercy to Rocher. He should give that arrogant man a taste of his most deadly attack so that Rocher will learn his lessons the hard way! That way, he can learn to be humble and modest!" another disciple said pointedly.

"It is true that Rocher is a rare genius. But does that mean he is a strong and powerful disciple? I don't think so. Let's see how he will take it after Kim defeats him! For sure he will meet his inner demon if he gets defeated in this match. It will be impossible for him to cultivate his strength in the future!" one more disciple suggested sharply.

The offensive and harsh reproaches and curses from the disciples of Jade Peak were clearly heard as they didn't intend to keep their voices down.

All the saints, the respectable elders, and even Kenneth had heard their dirty words, but they did not stop them. On one hand, Cloud Sect was not a place to cultivate elegant and refined scholars, but warriors, while on the other hand, by making the atmosphere competitive, the hidden potentials of each disciple would surely come out.

Just when Jade Peak's disciples were resentful and disturbed, the rest of the other peaks were in a much better mood. Indeed, Rocher was arrogant. As for the match result, they were looking forward to him being defeated by Kim. This way, Rocher would learn how to behave later.

Zen was standing behind Master Wen, looking at the next match on the ring. He was wearing a poker face, but his eyes were glued to Rocher who he believed was not an easy one to deal with.

His gut told him that he would soon face Rocher in the competition.

At the moment, the match between Rocher and Kim was about to start.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 382 The Sword Step (Part One)

Kim stood tall and solemn like a mountain.

To help himself stand out among the hoard of talented disciples at Jade Peak, and to rank the second place among the inner disciples, he had made an awful lot of efforts and sacrifices.

Frankly, he didn't hold any special talents. He was slower to learn martial arts than the others, who had strong comprehension abilities. However, he managed to surpass the brilliant minds at the peak and brought laurels to his name. It was the fruit of his tough labor.

Step by step, his strength had improved steadily. However, he seldom got angry and never belittled anyone.

A good head on his shoulders along with the great efforts he put in enabled him to be a hundred times stronger than the so-called geniuses.

Unbinding the spear on his back, Kim clutched it, saying in a cold voice, "Start the battle, and you will know if my strength is sufficient to force you to draw your sword. But let me state beforehand: I won't hold myself back even if you don't use your sword."

Rocher nodded at him. "Of course. In the battlefield, you should be in top form. I refuse to use my sword against you, though. I'm about to face many other competitors ahead, disciples much more powerful than you. My sword will be out when I fight them."

In truth, Rocher didn't want to draw his sword not because he looked down upon his opponents, but because he valued them.

The All Peaks Competition tested not only the candidates' strength, but also their endurance and strategy.

At the consummation of the natural level, Rocher possessed comparatively more strength than the others, but there was always a chance of encountering better competitors he had overlooked. Obviously, he wanted to come first in the contest. He wondered what levels his other opponents would be on.

Throughout the years, a number of genius disciples had attracted attention at the All Peaks Competition. There was Yan Luo in the last round, Humm Xu in the one before that, and Jakob Lou even before. But how many of them could be labeled competent enough to win the championship?

Only a few! In addition to the disciples belonging to the thirty-three peaks, there were personal disciples participating in the competition, who possessed more power and strength. Guided by famous masters, the personal disciples were obviously hard to beat. In the previous competitions, the top twenty spots had often been snatched by them, along with an odd rare genius or two.

Kim gave him a curt nod and stepped forward. As his foot hit the ground, an invisible wave rose up to spread around him. He tipped his arm, and the cusp of the spear in his hand flew out like a spirited dragon.

His startling, mountain-like momentum rushed out along the cusp.

Kim's body, meanwhile, began to expand more and more, until finally it was as tall as Mount Tai. The spear in his hand looked like a spiraled dragon.

"Dragons in the Air!

Come on!"

As he spoke, beams of life vitality rushed out and swirled around the spear. Seen up close, several vague forms of dragons—transformed by the life vitality—were discovered gyrating around it.

His first move was exceptional.

Just as Kim said, he didn't hold back because Rocher was at the consummation of the natural level. Instead, he put in his best, just like he always had in life.

"Dragons in the Air was powerful! How will Rocher defend this?"

"Honestly, it's impossible for Rocher to defend himself without his sword. The Dragon Spear Techniques that Kim just displayed has two subsequent attacks: first to shoot and then to burn the life vitality. Kim has only performed the first so far and it is already bewildering. What if he burned his life vitality too? It would have unimaginable consequences! Rocher intends to face all of this bare-handed? It would be a disaster!"

Kim's display of strength brought Rocher out of his state of mental repose. He now grew anxious. Moving aside speedily, he tried to dodge the attack.

"Trying to escape? Do you consider my Dragons in the Air so easy to run from?" Kim held the ten-foot, one hundred-pound spear in one hand. For a moment, it seemed as if it was a part of Kim's body, unusually flexible. No matter how hard Rocher tried to avoid it, its cusp would always be pointed in his direction. The distance between them was decreasing by the second.

So far, Rocher was unable to avoid it.

Suddenly, he performed a set of strange footwork.

Body skills and step skills could be of several types. Some were focused on flexibility, like A Hundred Steps in Maze. Some were complicated, bewildering and dizzy, such as Dainty Steps above Waves. However, whichever one Rocher resorted to among these, he was unable to escape Kim's spear cusp.

The spear technique Kim performed was steady, an unbeatable rival for radical and strategic moves.

Rocher's step skill, however, was special. Whenever he moved, a faint shadow of a sword took shape, pointing in a certain direction. He kept moving accordingly and with perfect speed in order to dodge Kim's spear.

"Sword Step! That's the Sword Step! Rocher has grasped the Sword Step!" someone shouted from the sidelines.

"My God! It's actually the Sword Step! Rocher is amazing! He hasn't even drawn his sword so far. How strong is he? With his Sword Step alone, he has proven himself superior to ninety-nine percent of the disciples at Cloud Sect!" another exclaimed.

The Sword Step was a unique step skill—the length of each step of a performer was exactly equal to that of their sword.

Since the step's length was predetermined, the Sword Step suffered a loss in flexibility. However, one's Sword Step could especially manifest itself out of one's own sword intent. If someone could grasp their sword intent well enough, their movements would become much faster than those of the average body.

Chapter 383 The Sword Step (Part Two)

Moreover, the Step Sword was an offensive attack. Every step stifled the airflow and in turn created cyclones containing one's sword intent, and the one performing the skill could volley them straight toward his enemies.

Crack, crack, crack...

Rocher took soft steps. He had practiced the Sword Step to small success, and because of his sword intent, the air under his foot was pushed down to create crisp vibrations.

With the aid of the Sword Step, he managed to escape Kim's attacks easily.

Zen was moved when he saw Rocher displaying his Sword Step skill.

In the past few days, Zen had practiced at the Seven Star Sword Light Platform a number of times to temper his own sword intent, which had contributed to a better understanding of it. He perceived Rocher's comprehension of the sword intent to be impressive, as exemplified by his fluid body movements. Yet, Zen didn't consider his own understanding of the sword intent any worse.

Before today, he had not realized that step skills could be influenced by one's sword intent.

All the swordsmen in the world held the same dream: to create their own Sword Step. In itself, it was not difficult to practice.

The biggest difficulty lay in blending the sword intent with one's step skill. From a certain point of view, the Sword Step was the primary form of unity of a swordsman and his sword.

The battle between Rocher and Kim continued. As Rocher avoided Kim's spear, the former jumped up toward the sky and somersaulted into a headstand position. He kicked his feet, creating endless cyclones with his sword intent, directly aiming at Kim.

Not neglecting Rocher's counterattacks, Kim rotated his spear rapidly. Rocher's cyclones of sword intent collided into the spinning spear, making a shrill noise.

Clang, clang, clang...

Rocher's sword intent was particularly powerful. Though Kim was as tall as a mountain and had managed to resist the cyclones, still, he was forced to retreat.

The battle didn't look like it would come to an end anytime soon. The disciples of Cloud Sect grew alarmed. Everyone's attention was fixed on Rocher and Kim, including that of the personal disciples. As for the other simultaneous battles on the stage, they went unseen, dismissed as impertinent.

Rocher's display of power was so astonishing that it had forced the personal disciples to take notice.

After all, Rocher had not even drawn his sword till now. Even so, he still had the upper hand in the battle after performing the Sword Step. It was indication enough of his mighty hidden strength.

The personal disciples were not stupid, nor were they born with arrogance. The reason they didn't take their opponents seriously was that most of them didn't deserve it. But now, faced with someone who might potentially be a threat, they would have to be on their best game. Otherwise they'd be the fools.

Everyone's eyes were glued to the stage. Zen, however, seemed to be making a series of strategic steps behind the crowd.

If somebody saw him, they would be startled to discover that he moved in the exact same manner as Rocher did on the stage!

The only difference between the two was that Zen didn't fuse his sword intent into the steps. Lacking of sword intent, the Sword Step seemed awkward and soulless.

"One step, two steps, three..."

Technically, Zen should not be able to imitate the skill step-by-step, watching it as he was for the very first time. Even if he possessed a good memory, the sword skills were far too varied and imbibed complex moves.

But the Sword Step could be guided by one's sword intent. Zen was able to commit the steps to memory because of his understanding of the sword intent.

Initially, he had to pause for breaks as he deduced the next steps while practicing.

But once he had figured them out and taken note of the relevant tricks, his speed increased—from one step in a breath, to two. As his understanding of the sword intent grew deeper, as he grew more familiar with the Sword Step, he could perform more steps in a single breath.

All too soon, he had mastered the Sword Step, fast as a cheetah.

'I'm now familiar with the Sword Step, but I'm still not skilled enough to fight against an opponent. I'll have to tailor my steps according to the attacks I'll face. It seems I can only improve in actual combats, ' Zen thought, shaking his head. One couldn't improve innate powers by practicing behind closed doors. All forms of the martial arts needed actual combats to test themselves, otherwise, they would be relegated to mere untried theories.

The disciples still watched the battle between Rocher and Kim as it unfolded on the stage.

Yehudi was the sole exception, concentrated as he was on his recovery.

The effect of the Red Cloud Pill involved four phases, and each phase took about an hour to complete itself. During this period of time, he concentrated on absorbing the pill's efficacy through his life vitality. He was now more stabilized in his injury, and as long as he didn't fight any others, nobody could tell that he had been injured.

He opened his eyes, only to find Rocher displaying the special Sword Step. That surprised him. He and Rocher were both at the consummation of the nature level, but Rocher's strength exceeded his. Rocher could subdue Kim, who was of the Illuminating Soul Realm, with the Sword Step alone! The difference in talent between them was huge.

Abruptly, he noticed that Zen had disappeared from his side. Turning around his head, he saw Zen stepping back and forth behind the crowd.

"What's he doing? Why is he pacing like that?" Confusion clouded Yehudi's face. The very next second, however, the expression on his face changed. "Huh? His footwork looks familiar... Well, I never! It's the Sword Step!"

How was it possible? How did Zen know the Sword Step? Astonishment consumed Yehudi.

What surprised him the most was that Zen seemed to have only just begun to learn the steps.

Chapter 384 The Crude Imitation (Part One)

Because of the multiple complex moves, it was nearly impossible to master the Sword Step in such a short time. It didn't matter how many times Rocher demonstrated before him, Yehudi would probably not be able to remember how to do it.

So, it was surprising how rapid Zen became proficient by mimicking Rocher's Sword Steps, and as if he were born with the Sword Step skills, Zen moved faster and faster.

Looking at the battle ring, Yehudi saw that Zen's steps were almost identical to Rocher's Sword Steps...

'Is this guy even human?' wondered Yehudi silently.

Zen's abilities stunned Yehudi. It wasn't surprising that Zen was able to beat the other opponents. After all, Zen earned over fifty thousand points during his assessment, so, Yehudi was aware that Zen was more adept than he was in combat.

However, as he witnessed Zen learn a skill that Rocher was most proud to have mastered, the Sword Step, that quickly, Yehudi was surprised. Zen had an unusual talent to be able to grasp the technique off the cuff as he did.

Just then, hearing a loud roar from the battle ring, Yehudi turned his head.

By now the battle between Rocher and Kim was in full swing.

Rocher had Kim pinned down using only his Sword Step.

Kim had been repressing his temper, and he was usually as sedate as a mountain when he didn't quickly erupt, but once he did, it was as volatile as a volcano, leaving his opponent to face the fire of his volcanic eruption!

"Dragon Shadow Kill!"

"Rawr!"

Along with the loud noise, several faint dragon images on Kim's spear came to life at the same time. They encircled the spear and penetrated the tip. All of Kim's life vitality was, in fact, compressed into about a footlong area of the spearpoint which altered its glow from the silver it shimmered to glinting in the sunlight.

Kim lunged, thrusting the life vitality imbued spear at Rocher.

Rocher was racing, and dodging, at an incredible speed around the ring, as he pushed the moves of his Sword Step method to its maximum. The shadows cast by Rocher's rapid speed might make disciples who were at lower levels believe over a dozen Rochers were in the ring now.

Additionally, because his legs were moving so fast it gave the illusion that Rocher was gliding across the field as though he were ice skating.

With his rival racing at such an impossible velocity around him, Kim was feeling dizzy and groaned inwardly. He couldn't even see Rocher now.

While the Dragon Shadow Kill move was formidable, it would be useless if he couldn't impale his adversary.

Kim thrust, but, his spear missed the target.

It was as though Rocher was a ghost, and as Kim's spear impaled the air where Rocher had been seconds before, Rocher darted behind Kim, and touched Kim's back with two fingers.

When a swordsman understood sword intent fully, he could manipulate even flowers or trees as though they were swords. So, the fingers Rocher rested against Kim's back were just like a sword which left Kim with the choice to either struggle hopelessly, or admit defeat.

However, the All Peaks Competition wasn't a duel to the death. And although it was a difficult blow to lose, where there was life, there was hope. Kim knew Rocher was quite talented and that it wasn't possible to win against him. Therefore, on weighing his options, Kim reluctantly admitted defeat.

After the match ended, Zen stopped practicing the Sword Step. He had a rudimentary grasp of it now, and was ready to incorporate it in real combat.

The bouts in the ring continued, with a winner and loser for each round, until it was Zen's turn.

"Next up will be Zen Luo of Drizzle Peak against Cecil Zhuge of Skywrath Peak!"

'Cecil Zhuge of Skywrath Peak?' speculated Zen. 'Could he be a member of the noble Zhuge Clan?' A look of confusion flashed across Zen's face, and just as quick, it was once more an unreadable expression. He had feuded members of the Zhuge Clan for a long time, but it hadn't crossed his mind that Cecil Zhuge would be his foe in today's competition.

"What?! Cecil Zhuge of the Illuminating Soul Realm! What rotten luck for you Zen. If you can't win, it'd be okay to yield now because one loss isn't important to group competitions anyway...." It wasn't the first time Zen heard these words from Master Wen, and although Master Wen didn't want to heap praise on their enemy or make light of his talents, it was still lousy luck that Zen was matched against a practitioner in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Almost every disciple of the Illuminating Soul Realm was among the top one hundred disciples, including Cecil Zhuge, who was ranked somewhere near number eighty-three!

Between the start of the competition and that moment, there hadn't been many surprises where members of the Illuminating Soul Realm were concerned. After all, the disciples from the Illuminating Soul Realm refined at a level far superior to any of the Cloud Sect's disciples who were in the nature level. With the exception of Rocher's victory, so far, such mismatched battles led to disciples of the Illuminating Soul Realm winning. But, Rocher's talent was well-known, so his performance wasn't really surprising.

Master Yu gloated when he heard the announcement that Zen's opponent would be Cecil Zhuge of the Illuminating Soul Realm because he despised Zen for nearly killing a Blackrock Peak disciple, Mack. "Humph! Well, now we'll just see how the little rat-refiner practicing at the second grade of nature level holds up against a disciple of the Illuminating Soul Realm!"

A little rat-refiner at the second grade of nature level...

So far, during today's All Peaks Competition, Zen was the winner in all the matches he was in, and the general opinion was that it was due, in part, to his good fortune.

Chapter 385 The Crude Imitation (Part Tow)

Essentially, since Zen was only at the second grade of nature level, it seemed obvious to most people that he was an opportunistic rat, who would come up against a mighty master, like a disciple of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and then he would be at a loss and end up pulverized.

'So, Cecil Zhuge is a member of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Maybe I will try out the Sword Step, ' mused Zen instead of worrying like Mater Wen did. When he was at a half-step into the nature level, he managed to get the upper hand during a fight against a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Now, having broken through the confines that had held him back, Zen was at the second grade of nature level, so, it shouldn't be as challenging to win against a disciple of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Zen had completely mastered the extraordinary, quirky and ever fluctuating Sword Step, but, he wanted to test it in a real fray.

The tall, handsome man with an effeminate air who stood arrogantly straight in the ring was Cecil Zhuge. In his hand was a fan bearing Eight Diagrams. It became apparent that the Eight Diagrams weren't patterns inscribed on it though, instead, they were slowly revolving against the fan, like they were alive.

"Zen Luo, this isn't the first time I've heard your name," said Cecil Zhuge as he shook his head disdainfully and continued, "There are quite a few members in my family who hate your guts, it seems. If you weren't a disciple here at the Cloud Sect, you wouldn't be safe, and you would've died a hundred times over by now. It seems your luck has run out! You're my opponent, and I'm going to destroy you. Now, listen..."

Interrupting the monolog, Zen impatiently said, "I've got to hand it to the Zhuge family. Each of you, first Fren, then Yale, Josef, and now you, with such an ego! Each of you has piled the crap higher than the last! Let's get on with this brawl! Unless, you want to save yourself the hassle and forfeit now!"

It shocked the disciples who were present when they heard Zen.

Earlier, it was Rocher arrogant and boasting he'd fight Kim from the Illuminating Soul Realm without a sword, but, in light of how Zen was behaving, Rocher's attitude was nothing.

Rocher could back up his words with his skills. Without drawing his sword, he took on a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

But, what could Zen do?

True, it was a remarkable feat that someone at the second grade of nature level had a winning streak, like Zen, relying purely on his agility and clout.

Nevertheless, most people thought it had been lucky that Zen hadn't encountered a very strong opponent, up until now.

In contrast to his previous opponents, Cecil Zhuge, was one of the top hundred ranked inner disciples and a true master of the Illuminating Soul Realm. The spectators couldn't help but think Zen had a mental issue. Taunting his rival the way Zen was doing only added fuel to the fire, and brought him closer to death!

"I won't talk nonsense with you, since you'll just argue, unconvinced until you come face to face with the grim reality yourself! Instead, I'll show you the difference between masters of Illuminating Soul Realm and nature creatures!" said Cecil Zhuge, seething. He'd been tipped off by his family, to do his utmost to kill Zen if he ran into him at the All Peaks Competition, and if he succeeded, his family would take responsibility!

In fact, it wasn't just the Zhuge Clan who wanted Zen's life ended during the competition. There was a disciple who Saint Viana arranged to kill Zen. Because of Aura, Saint Viana was uneasy about murdering Zen, and probably told the disciple to make it look like an accident.

Still, the ongoing conflict between Zen and the Zhuge Clan was publically known, so Cecil Zhuge had none of the apprehension of ending Zen's life!

Accordingly, Cecil Zhuge was blatantly ruthless right from the start. He waved his fan, bringing an evil wind of life vitality rolling at Zen.

Adding to the intensity, rolling thunder heralded lightning that was building within the amazing force of evil wind closing in on Zen...

As the violent onslaught barreled down on Zen, he made use of Rocher's Sword Step, and took a slow, calculated step.

After he'd won against Kim, Rocher had gone back to join the other Skytop Peak disciples. He wasn't interested in watching the other battles, so, instead, he was lying down, and resting with his eyes closed.

When he heard Zen's outrageous remarks, his eyes shot open in surprise. A knowing grin spread as he slowly shook his head before once more closing his eyes. Boasts were countless in such a vast, strange world. Anyone could talk big and gloat, but, it was a rarity to find someone able to back up the outlandish declarations.

Just as his eyes closed again, Rocher heard someone exclaim loudly, "What's going on? He knows the Sword Step method too?"

"Yes, that's definitely the Sword Step! Zen mastered the method as well!"

As the audience watched, Zen slowly made his way around the ring, performing the same maneuvers to the Sword Step method as Rocher did earlier, and dodged Cecil Zhuge's evil wind.

At first glimpse, some eagle-eyed disciples recognized the method and commented on Zen's performance. "That's the Sword Step. He's performing the technique exactly how Rocher did, but, Zen's Sword Step only appears identical. It doesn't contain the sword intent that Rocher used. How ridiculous, it's merely a crude imitation!"

"Ha-ha! Rocher used Sword Step, whereas this guy copied the motions and how they appeared, and hasn't learned about the sword intent within it. What's the use of that?"

The endless debating between disciples bombarded Rocher's ears. Intrigued along with being annoyed, he studied Zen as he moved around the ring swiftly. Suddenly, one of Rocher's eyebrows arched strikingly, and what he beheld left him pretty shaken up!

"That isn't true! Zen isn't taking simple steps!"

Chapter 386 Twins Fan

Sword intent was something that could not be expressed by words, only felt through other sensations, akin to some kind of ethereal power.

If one wanted to comprehend sword intent, one did not only have to spend decades practicing the sword but more importantly, one needed to have outstanding talents and remarkable opportunities.

That was why while there were many people who used swords, only a few of them had a deep understanding of sword intent. Those who could gain a good sense of its essence were in the good graces of the gods.

As he watched the battle, Rocher could see that there was no sword intent in Zen's Sword Step. Strangely, though, Zen's Sword Step looked very childish as if he was not skilled in the technique and only just began trying it out.

Rocher knew that the thought of Zen crudely imitating his Sword Step was untenable.

It was undeniable that the technique could only be performed under the premise that one had a true understanding of it. If the person did not fully understand it, imitating the movements would be fruitless as he would be unable to adapt to the trails and find the direction of the sword intent. Merely copying a stance should have meant nothing.

However, although Zen was unskilled in the area, his every step was not only close to that of Rocher's but exactly like it.

How was it possible?

It left Rocher deeply puzzled.

Unless… Zen had already understood the sword intent and was only hiding his capabilities.

Still, how could a disciple at the second-grade of nature level understand sword intent?

Reluctant to accept such an assumption, Rocher shook his head.

There was no doubt that Rocher was a talent. Although he might not be the strongest in Skytop Peak, he was the one who was the most favored. All talents were very arrogant and Rocher was no exception.

For Rocher, though, being arrogant was not a bad thing. With such an attitude, he could be driven to reach the top of the field of martial arts.

But if Zen really understood the sword intent and had a knack for the Sword Step as well…

It was a shocking idea. Looking at Zen's unmatured, rather awkward steps, Rocher sighed. 'This guy… Has he only just learned the Sword Step?

I haven't seen him employ this skill before. Did he get it after seeing my own Sword Step?'

As his thoughts stirred, Rocher didn't dare continue guessing. If his assumptions were right, it would mean a great blow to him.

Among everyone present, Rocher was not the only one to notice this.

Kenneth was also shooting strange looks at Zen.

Someone like Kenneth who had already reached a high level had the knowledge about the levels of the martial arts that the saints and elders of the Cloud Sect couldn't claim to have.

Although he was a swordsman and didn't have an understanding of the sword intent, he also noticed a strangeness about Zen.

The disciple seemed to be demonstrating the Sword Step he just learned.

The more steps he advanced, the more skilled he became. But did such talent who could pick things up so quickly even exist? The competition became more interesting with this second-grade nature level guy.

As Kenneth pondered over it, he saw the respectable elder named Xu, who was standing beside him, stroke his beard and smile knowingly. "Xu, are you noticing anything odd?"

With a little chuckle, Xu said, "Are you asking if Zen learned the Sword Step just now?"

Kenneth nodded. "I'm not very sure. Zen is a green hand in Sword Step. He's improving rapidly but under close examination…"

"There's something you missed. I did catch it, though, while Rocher battled Kim, Zen imitated Rocher's Sword Step outside the arena. It's surprising, really, how Zen was so quick to learn things. He copied Rocher's Sword Step in such a short time. He is indeed a talent. Huh… When I was watching him, he practiced for a period of only ten minutes. But he mastered the skills so quickly. As far as I can see, Zen already has an understanding of sword intent and knows it well,"

with another smile, Xu spoke slowly.

Although his cultivation was far from Kenneth's, Xu was a swordsman and knew about sword intent much better than Kenneth did. With that background, he could immediately recognize Zen's situation and give a valid explanation for it.

"Guess how long this guy will stay in this competition?"

Upon hearing the words, Kenneth suddenly popped the question.

"Well…

Understanding sword intent would do him a great help, seeing as he's mastering the Sword Step. This talent is extraordinary. But…" Xu shook his head. "He's only at second-grade of nature level. It's very difficult for him to defeat Cecil, and even harder for him to advance further in the competition."

"Oh?

Is that what you think? I was actually thinking he could enter the top thirty."

The thought brought a smile to Kenneth's face.

Xu, on the other hand, was surprised to hear the other's comment about Zen.

The top 30 of the All Peaks Competition was the same as the top 30 of the Cloud Sect.

The closer the ranks were to the top, the more difficult it would be for them to advance.

Entering the top 100 was already a challenge, even more so was entering the top 50. To enter the top 30 was a nearly impossible task, leaps and bounds more difficult than just getting into the top 100.

With what Kenneth said, did that mean Zen had the strength to compete with the personal disciples?

It was unthinkable.

Zen should feel lucky if he could defeat Cecil. But for a second-grade nature level disciple to defeat someone of the Illuminating Soul Realm?

There had been no such thing in the history of Cloud Sect.

The personal disciples were the best talents.

To Elder Xu's knowledge, Kenneth was not a person who would lie through his teeth. In truth, though, there was a great gap between Zen's realm and that of all the other opponents, making Xu doubt himself. Was he wrong in his judgment? Did Kenneth see something he failed to notice?

Anyhow, since Kenneth gave his remarks, Elder Xu would not refute him, but instead, he waited and saw how things moved along.

Doing his best to hide his sword intent, Zen demonstrated his Sword Step alone as he circled around Cecil.

As Cecil shook the feather fan in his hand, gusts of evil winds whirled towards Zen, brushing past him as Zen narrowly escaped every shot.

Seeing his performance, many disciples of the Cloud Sect who mocked Zen gradually began to shut up.

What was wrong with this copycat?

Why should anyone bother if he imitated Rocher's Sword Step?

Going back to the basics, Rocher did not, by any means, create the Sword Step. Moreover, if Zen mastered the rules of Sword Step without knowledge on sword intent, the only word that could describe him was genius.

Although Sword Step unaccompanied by sword intent only made one dabbler in the skill, Zen was able to move smoothly among the evil winds Cecil produced. How many disciples of the Cloud Sect could achieve such a thing?

"What else can you do but keep running?

You should know that by escaping, you'll end up with a more unsightly loss. The only way to go is by attacking. You're not qualified to be a warrior," Cecil shouted as he waved his fan. The whole arena was filled with powerful whirls of irregular winds but Zen was able to navigate through them with the Sword Step, remaining unscathed. Even the evil tornadoes had no effect on him.

Faced with Cecil's provocation, Zen felt no anger whatsoever and maintained the usual light smile on his face.

Zen was only avoiding him for the time being, because he didn't want to attack Cecil just yet. Although he already mastered the Sword Step, he had yet to use the technique in a real battle, keeping him at a green level. Since he needed to practice the technique and improve through real combat, he decided that Cecil was a suitable opponent for him to practice his skills on.

At the starting level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Cecil's power was neither very strong nor very weak. It just so happened that he hated Zen to his core, so he was certain he would show no mercy to the man if faced in battle. It would be a fight to the death. There couldn't be a more suitable opponent.

Seeing the smile on Zen's face, Cecil's irritation only grew. Although his Sword Step was awkward, Zen was as agile as a rabbit as he avoided the evil winds from Cecil's feather fan.

"Ha! Do you think I will just sit by and watch you run around?" Cecil sneered as he tightened the grip on his fan. All of a sudden, two streams of life vitality appeared in his hands.

It was bicolored life vitality.

Streams of black and white life vitality surged from Cecil's body.

There were only a few people in the world's history who had the bicolor life vitality. It was special as it represented two different kinds of life vitality which would merge in the belly.

Even in Zen's case, as he cultivated a little demonic life energy, he had to quickly consume all the purple life vitality in his belly, as it couldn't hold two different kinds of life vitality at the same time.

Seeing as Cecil was able to cultivate the black and white life vitality, it was either he had a special body that could accommodate multiple kinds of life vitality, or he had two bellies, each able to accommodate a single kind of life vitality. Or perhaps, it could also be that the Zhuge Clan had some kind of secret method that could use an enchanted barrier to partition the belly.

As soon as the black and white life vitality came out, it immediately rushed towards Cecil's fan and dove into the Eight Diagrams on the fan, making it begin to rapidly spin.

Flashing a cunning smile, Cecil lifted the fan and waved it harshly towards Zen.

"Twins Chaos Cyclone!"

The feather fan Cecil held was a top-grade spiritual weapon called "Twins Fan."

The said fan was a replica of an ancient fairy weapon called the Life Vitality Eight-Diagram Fan. A gentle wave of the fan could create terrifying and immense cyclones, capable of shaking the heavens and earth, turning everything to dust. As a replica, the Twins Fan was far from the capabilities of the Life Vitality Eight Diagram Fan, but it did inherit one-tenth of the power from the authentic piece.

With the bicolor vitality Cecil emitted, gales were blowing within the whole arena.

A tremendous cyclone formed, covering almost the entire area. The wind blade around the cyclone cut through the light curtain of enchanted barrier, crackling it with crisp noises.

"The Twins Chaos Cyclone can attack you from every angle. As long as you are within it, you will constantly suffer damage. I'll see how you can escape this time!"

As Cecil continued waving his Twins Fan, his movements turned harsher and the tremendous cyclone became more rapid in its speed.

It seemed that Zen had no way to escape as the cyclone engulfed the entire arena.

If he truly wanted to escape, he would have to find a way to leave the whole area.

Swoosh…

Because of carelessness, several winds blades grazed Zen's back. The sharp forces began scratching against his robe.

"Keep running! I want to see where you end up!"

As Cecil quickened the waving of his fan, the cyclone became more and more powerful.

Narrowing his eyes, Zen felt the wind blowing around him. Suddenly, he smiled terribly mischievously.

"Running? Why should I run?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 387 Flying (Part One)

The Phoenix Crystal in Zen's right arm was a special kind of crystal. The Phoenix Crystal was said to be a feather that a phoenix once dropped as it streaked across the sky in ancient times.

When the feather fell to the earth, it was enveloped by the resin of a pine tree. After thousands of years of evolvement, the tiny piece of essence that had been concealed in the feather spread through the resin and eventually formed the crystal.

That was the legend. No one knew exactly how the Phoenix Crystal came into being.

But a weapon refiner from the Eastern Region discovered the unique features of the Phoenix Crystal. He then inlaid the Phoenix Crystal into a weapon and found that it could reduce the weight of the weapon.

For instance, when the Phoenix Crystal was embedded into a ghostly machete that weighed 1000 pounds, its weight reduced to less than 200 pounds.

Although the Phoenix Crystal was pretty rare, there were still quite a number of weapons equipped with one. However, no one had ever tried to inset a Phoenix Crystal into a man's flesh!

After all, a human body was very different from a weapon. But due to the peculiar weapon refining method Zen had been practicing, he had managed to convert his body into a weapon. This was why he was able to embed the Phoenix Crystal into his arm.

When faced with Cecil's Twins Chaos Cyclone, Zen activated the Phoenix Crystal in his right arm. A smile appeared on Zen's face when he felt the energy from the Phoenix Crystal spread through his body.

As the energy of the Phoenix Crystal poured into his body, Zen felt his weight decrease sharply...

"Phew..."

With a whirl of wild wind, Zen began to move.

Zen was surprised that he didn't need to use any strength. Since he was as light as a feather, the wind simply picked him up. Now, he was flying over the arena in the wind, following the route of the wind and spiraling up.

"Gee, Zen is flying!"

"Only practitioners at the Illuminating Soul Realm can fly. But can he do it?"

"Something is not right. It looks like the wind has caught him. He is merely at the second grade of the nature level. It's impossible for him to fly."

"Nonsense! Caught by the wind? How can that be? Does he look like a kite to you? Even if the cyclone summoned by Cecil can carry people, it can't lift them like that!"

Disciples of Drizzle Peak burst into excited whispers. They were clueless about how Zen was able to fly.

Right now, Zen was circling over the arena along with the wind. Since he kept flying downwind, he was soaring in the same direction and at the same speed as the wind blades generated by the whirlwind. This direction kept him safe from those sharp wind blades.

Cecil, who was standing in the middle of the arena, was shocked. His mouth fell open in disbelief.

For a combatant like him who had entered the Illuminating Soul Realm, flying was not a difficult task. More specifically, since Cecil had been practicing using his life vitality like the wind, he was knowledgeable about airflows and wind momentum. He never thought that Zen would fly.

After hearing the discussions of the other disciples, Cecil was at a loss as well. 'Can this guy fly with the wind like a kite?

If Zen keeps heading in the direction of the whirlwind that I summoned, then there is no way for me to hurt him.

He is flying downwind, right?' Cecil's brows furrowed. Once more, he held up the feather fan. But this time, he fanned frantically in the opposite direction.

The Twins Chaos Cyclone was devised to cause a colossal whirlwind by letting the life vitality released from the Twins Fan in his hand disrupt the direction of airflow. Cecil could also control the wind blades inside the tornado.

It could be said that he was able to cut everything within the scope of the whirlwind into pieces with the wind blades.

However, since Zen was heading along the direction of the wind, he was able to dodge the numerous wind blades.

Having noticed that the Twins Chaos Cyclone had failed to harm Zen, Cecil began fanning in the opposite direction...

His actions generated a second Twins Chaos Cyclones. Never had Cecil done such a thing before, and so he had no idea what would happen.

"Bang—"

The two powerful but opposite direction cyclones crashed into each other. The clashing of the wind blades produced an ear-piercing noise. After that, the bigger turbulences that were caused by the collision hammered into one another at varied angles. The whole arena was in chaos and looked quite appalling.

Many disciples seemed horror-stricken. They all gasped.

In previous battles, practitioners at the Illuminating Soul Realm fighting against cultivators at the peak of the nature level did not go all out. Even during the battle between Rocher and Kim, they stopped attacking at an appropriate time. Although it was quite an excellent battle, it was less fierce than this one.

Now, as Cecil had demonstrated such intimidating power in an instant, several disciples imagined what they would do if they were sucked into the cyclone—'I'm afraid I'll be sliced within a second...'

Even Cecil himself looked rather tense. He was rooted to the center of the arena.

Since Cecil did not have complete control of the cyclone after he summoned it, the word "Chaos" had been used in the title of his attack method. In fact, the power of the Twins Chaos Cyclone was so horrid that everything within a 100-foot radius would be torn apart by the wind blades.

However, at the eye of the cyclone, the power of the wind was not as destructive.

This, however, changed since the two cyclones had collided with each other. When the two cyclones, which were equally powerful but headed in opposite directions, smashed together, they disturbed the airflow in the arena. Even being near the eye of cyclone was not as safe as before.

Chapter 388 Flying (Part Two)

Cecil who could sense the change of airflow as it occurred understood that he would need to move along with the eye of the cyclone to assure his safety. If not, he would be hurt by the wind blades as well.

As light as a swallow, Zen had been brought to the sky by the cyclone. He let the turbulent airflow propel him, and drifted with the wind.

Although Cecil's wind blades were quite sharp, they were inferior to James' sword energy.

James had condensed a ton of dreadful sword intent into his sword energy. If Zen were struck by his sword energy, it was no doubt that he would be cut in half. Zen had no hope to fight against James's sword energy unless he upgraded his body to the level of a fairy weapon.

What was more, Cecil's cultivation method was not quite suitable for a one-on-one challenge. Instead, if he were fighting on a battlefield, his Twins Chaos Cyclone might have played a significant role, because the range of the Twins Chaos Cyclone was large and it would destroy all combatants sucked into it.

To be frank, none of the members of the Zhuge Clan were good at fighting alone. Among the many cultivation methods passed from one generation to another within the Zhuge Clan, loads of them were on military strategy and tactics, as well as famous military formations. That was why the Zhuge Clan often dispatched their members to the Imperial Army as counselors. They were born to lead troops.

Thus, even if the wind blades cut Zen's robe, they did not have the power to penetrate his spiritual weapon-like body.

Gusts of violent wind carried Zen in the air. He was like a butterfly fluttering along with the wind and rain. Some thought he looked like a small boat rocked by a storm and frequently got swept away by huge tides but instantly steadied itself.

Quite a few people were anxious as they watched Zen. Sweat beaded their foreheads as they worried about his safety.

The All Peaks Competition, after all, was a contest designed to test the strength of disciples.

Very few would put up a desperate fight when they were still in the group stage unless they were contending for the top 50.

It would not matter if one lost one or two matches during the group stage. As long as they did not get eliminated, their goal was fulfilled. Some disciples would even go so far as to hide their real strength. Even if they went head-on with a much stronger opponent, to conceal their real power, they would often admit defeat on purpose to avoid exposing their ace cards too soon.

Accordingly, it was not wise to doggedly pursue a win during the group stage.

Zen, however, was an outlier. He would never admit defeat. Over time, Zen had gained a better understanding of his martial arts capability.

'To reach the top rank in martial arts, I cannot use tricks. Even when I know that there are thistles and thorns ahead, I should grit my teeth and power through instead of sidestepping them.

Though it's fine to sidestep a difficulty, my aspiration will fade if I continued to do that. What's worse is that I won't advance on the road of practicing martial arts. Since I am determined to head far down this road, I must not cheat. No matter what my challenge, I will march forward with gritted teeth!'

While Zen wanted to test his limits and push himself for the sake of his growth, what forced Cecil to the extreme was the enmity between Zen and his family. 'Killing Zen during this match would be perfect!'

Spurred by their motives, the moment Cecil and Zen faced each other, they began a life-and-death combat!

As the cyclone in the arena grew stronger and stronger, the airflow also grew intensive. All kinds of odd-shaped blades clashed with each other, before ricocheting in all directions.

"Thump..."

A wind blade flew right toward Zen. It cut through his robe and sank into his flesh.

Zen let out a muffled snort, but his heart leaped with joy—the wind blade could not harm him. It left a shallow scratch on his body, but it did not harm him severely. The impact of the wind blade, however, stimulated the warm currents, which in turn, started to cleanse his corporeal body.

'Now that these wind blades can't hurt me, I don't need to avoid them. Instead, I can let them strike me!'

Before, Zen had tried to curl as much as possible to avoid the blades. But now, he stretched out his arms and legs in the air.

"Zen is in luck. He has managed to not be hit by a wind blade until now. But, I'm afraid injury from this one collision will not be easy to bear! The blade probably severed his bowels!"

"Well, given the immense power of the Twins Chaos Cyclone, he is really, really lucky for not being minced yet. But this blow is the first of many. With a few more accidental hits like this, he will be mangled..."

"Why hasn't he surrendered? If I were him, I would have given up a long time ago. While there is life, there is hope. Even if I lose this year's All Peaks Competition, I can try again in three years. Regardless of this guy's strength, he is definitely a lunatic!"

As the disciples murmured between themselves, a huge wind blade suddenly flew in Zen's direction.

Imagining the damage the massive wind blade would do to Zen, many female disciples began shrieking.

The battle referee looked grave, and his complexion paled. According to the rules of the arena, only when Zen admitted defeat would the referee be able to rescue Zen. Now, with the wind blade about to hit Zen, he anxiously waited for Zen to shout "I give up!"

However, to the referee's surprise, Zen would rather collide with the wind blade than surrender!

Chapter 389 The Indestructible Physical Body

"Zen, just throw in the towel!"

Master Wen and the other disciples were silently praying for Zen to cave in. At that very moment, they didn't care about winning in the competition, but Zen's life.

However, Zen didn't listen and kept on rushing towards the wind blades.

The irregular-shaped thick blades attacked Zen from all directions.

"Poop-poop…"

Then the blades finally hit and stabbed Zen's body, creating sickening sounds.

The robe that Zen was wearing was still new, but it was instantly cut into pieces when the blades fell on it.

He looked like a firecracker from an angle bursting in an instant as the tiny pieces of his clothes scattered in all directions.

"It's too late. I'm afraid that he's been cut into pieces,"

a disciple murmured as he watched the pieces of Zen's clothes fly around. But to his surprise, when the view started to be clear, he saw a naked body in the air.

It was a nearly perfect body–smooth skin with a healthy metallic shine, physically attractive, well-proportioned, and full of power. The body didn't have any visible physical damage.

But as they looked closely, they saw some tiny marks on his body left by the blades that hit him.

"I can't believe it! How can he survive the attack from the blades without any damage?" a disciple said with disbelief in his eyes.

He wasn't the only one who couldn't believe what he was seeing. All the other disciples were also shocked.

Even Kenneth who showed no care for anything suddenly stood up and stared at Zen's body.

The disciples from Lady Peak who were silently staring at the naked Zen suddenly moved their eyes to Zen's lower torso. Their faces suddenly turned red and they let out a scream. They had to turn their faces away to hide their blushing cheeks and covered their eyes with their hands even though they still couldn't help peeping at him.

But there was one female disciple who just kept staring at the naked Zen. She pursed her lips into a smile and her eyes were filled with excitement. She said, "Patrick, it seems that you have boasted. I am afraid that even your King Kong Cover cannot match with his flesh skin."

Patrick Pei cultivated himself according to Buddhist doctrine and the nature of his mind was his vital asset. His creed in life was "not to be pleased by external gains, and not saddened by personal losses". In the past, he could always maintain his inner peace and let his mind be calm and stable no matter what the circumstances. However, at this moment, the surprise in his eyes was hard to conceal. Hearing the words from Tracy Mo's mouth, he replied with self-mockery, "You're right. I guess I have underestimated him. This guy's body is far stronger than I have imagined, and I wonder how he did it."

The martial artists in Eastern Region commonly practiced their life vitality after they stepped into the level of nature creatures, suspending the practice of the flesh body. And people seldom practiced both life vitality and flesh body. Therefore, both the Illuminating Soul Realm masters and Marrow Refining level practitioners were equal in terms of their body strength. The only essential difference between the two realms was their life vitality.

So it was uncommon to see Zen's strong body.

"Things are really getting exciting! I really want to make a hole in his body and hear him beg for his life." Tracy Mo said with her face showing uncontrolled excitement.

Patrick Pei smiled faintly and said, "His flesh is as hard as diamond and I'm afraid you can't cut it."

Tracy quirked her lips contemptuously, "I haven't fought with him yet. What makes you think I can't? I'm not a jerk like Cecil and it's easy to knock down someone like Cecil."

Patrick just shook his head and made no further comment. He continued to focus on the competition.

All the disciples who participated in the All Peaks Competition were extremely surprised with Zen's excellent performance.

But the person who was more surprised by the turn of events was Zen's opponent–Cecil. He was certain that Zen would die after he was hit by the cyclone of blades.

The Zhuge Clan had promised Cecil that if he could kill Zen, he would be rewarded with the White Jade Pill. Its value was beyond dispute because of the difficulty in obtaining one. For a person at Illuminating Soul Realm, this pill could greatly enhance his practice.

He had witnessed Zen dashed into the cyclone of blades and his clothes shattered into pieces. But he didn't expect to see him survive the attack without any wound or physical damage.

"You…"

Cecil stammered. 'What else can I do? I can't believe the blades didn't kill him.

Am I going to break that taboo? Is that the only way?' he thought to himself. Cecil gritted his teeth and hesitated for a moment.

He knew very well that he couldn't cut through Zen's body unless he used a forbidden martial art at the expense of his blood essence.

The power of the forbidden martial art was overwhelming that even Cecil himself could not fully control. And to use this forbidden martial art, he had to use his own blood essence. He was in the lower hand right now.

When he was lost in his own thoughts, several blades of wind suddenly surrounded him.

"This is no good! The two cyclones are intertwining with each other!" Cecil was not in a safe place right now, and all he could do was try to avoid the blades in the field.

The Twins Chaos Cyclone was so powerful that even Cecil himself was unable to control it. As a result, the match turned out to be surviving the wind of blades, and whoever survived it would be the winner.

Zen could easily dodge the blades with his strong body. But Cecil could not, and he could instantly die with just one hit from a blade.

These blades were everywhere except in the eye of the cyclone. Although Cecil was at Illuminating Soul Realm and could fly, he just continuously jumped to avoid the blades, appearing to be slightly embarrassed.

It wasn't only the blades that Cecil needed to dodge but also Zen's attacks.

Zen let himself be absorbed by the cyclone of blades but didn't pass a chance to attack Cecil. When the gust of blades wrapped Zen and pushed him towards Cecil, he took the opportunity to attack.

Though he had many ways to beat Cecil, he still chose the simplest and most straightforward way: the fist.

He knew that he would face more powerful disciples than Cecil in the following competitions, so he had to play all his cards well until he reached the final match. In fact, he didn't want anyone to find out about this physical body because this was one of his most powerful weapons.

However, at that moment, he couldn't control himself and just dashed into the blades of wind, shattering his robe into pieces.

Zen felt uncomfortable fighting naked and wanted to end their match sooner.

Watching Zen head straight for him, Cecil tried to avoid him. He assumed that Zen's strength must be the same with his body, so if Zen hit him with that fist, he would certainly be defeated.

His judgment was right, but his fortune was running out. Just as he was about to step back, a blade of wind suddenly appeared behind him.

Should he dodge it? But then he would be hit by Zen's fist.

Dodge Zen's fist? But then the blade of wind would finish him off.

After a moment, he chose to face Zen's fist. He quickly moved and successfully dodged the blade of wind behind him, and then Zen hit him head-on with his fist.

After being punched by Zen, he instantly regretted his decision.

If he could turn back time, he would choose to be cut by the blade of wind rather than be punched by Zen.

"Bang!"

Zen concentrated all his strength to his fist and slammed it onto Cecil's body. It was such a heavy blow that Cecil's body spun as he was catapulted like a sandbag.

Finally, his body hit on the light curtain of enchanted barrier and slowly slid down.

Then he lost consciousness.

The referee saw what happened and hurriedly ran to the field. The chaos cyclone on the arena was soon suppressed down with just a wave of the referee's hand. Then he announced, "The winner of this match is Zen from Drizzle Peak."

After he was announced as the winner, Zen stepped out of the field.

When Master Wen saw Zen exit the field, he ran to him and handed him a robe. Zen quickly put it on.

"Oh, Zen, you are a marvel! You defeated Cecil! Good job!" said Master Wen. He could no longer contain his excitement.

Although Zen had also beaten some strong opponents previously, Cecil was different. Unlike Cecil, his previous opponents were not on the high ranks in the Cloud Sect list. Cecil was at the level of Illuminating Soul Realm, and he ranked eighty-third on the Cloud Sect chart.

And now that Zen had defeated Cecil, his rank on the top 100 disciples was set in stone.

Just as Yehudi prophesied, Zen might make a remarkable difference for Drizzle Peak.

What made it more amazing was that Zen was only seventeen years old and at grade-two nature level.

It was indeed a miracle that a person at grade-two nature level would be in the top 100 of the Cloud Sect chart. If Zen could break through nature level and reached Illuminating Soul Realm in the future, he could be in the top rank of the Cloud Sect list and might be the first place in the future All Peaks Competitions.

Master Wen thought it would not be a long way off. He believed that Zen could do it in the next All Peaks Competition.

But little did Master Wen know that Zen didn't want to wait for the next All Peaks Competition. He was aiming to take the first place in this year's competition with his current grade-two nature level!

Chapter 390 Unrestrained Gambling

Ever since seeing Zen on the field, the disciples at the Cloud Sect had paid close attention to him.

However, at first they were interested in Zen because his refinement level was extremely low.

Jacques was in grade two at the nature level when he participated in the competition last time, but what made him stand out? As a personal disciple, Jacques was hand picked, implying there was something extraordinary about him.

On the other hand, Zen was from the least powerful peak, Drizzle Peak. No one thought there was anything special about Zen, instead they felt pity that there weren't stronger disciples at Drizzle Peak to join the All Peaks Competition. A lot of disciples from other peaks felt defeated because many of the more powerful members who were in the consummation level in their peaks weren't permitted to compete in the All Peaks Competition, but a little guy in grade two at the nature level from Drizzle Peak was eligible to join. This peak was unreal.

As the matches continued, the innate superhuman strength Zen possessed attracted attention from some members, while others thought Zen wouldn't go much farther. What use did his innate superhuman strength have? Warriors didn't rely on physical strength so much as the life vitality housed within a warrior's core being.

Zen might have defeated all the opponents in his battles so far, but, most of the disciples were either perplexed, not knowing how Zen was winning, or thought it was luck. Very few accepted that Zen had a true power, except the disciples from Drizzle Peak.

Still, Zen had taken down Cecil during this match.

Zen seemed to be like Rocher, with the ability to defeat someone of the Illuminating Soul Realm even though they only possessed the strength of a nature creature.

Most of the onlookers were unwilling to believe Zen was on the same level as Rocher though.

It was bad enough having one disciple at the Cloud Sect, whose performance bedeviled them, and destroyed their confidence, like Rocher did. Why'd Zen have to be like him?

After mulling it all over, the thought dawned on them that by defeating Cecil, Zen's achievement was far more terrifying than what Rocher accomplished.

Considering that Rocher was in the consummation level, his strength was closer to Kim's who was in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

It left them wondering just what the hell Zen's strength was. He was merely at grade two in the nature level! A disciple's strength at grade two in the nature level was so far below that of a disciple in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Three years ago, Jacques, a personal disciple, hadn't performed so well, but, Zen did, and even beat Cecil, who was ranked eighty-third of the top one hundred disciples.

None of that mattered. Regardless of how well Zen fought against Cecil, most people still thought Zen was inferior to Rocher.

Because Rocher had made a name for himself at the Cloud Sect, able to defeat a warrior of the Illuminating Soul Realm prior to the All Peaks Competition. Most people recognized that Rocher was a virtuoso and naturally, someone as gifted as that would be more powerful.

That was part of human nature. Two people at the same level, would try to outperform each other, but, when one was more powerful than the other, giving credit where due was honorable.

Not so long ago, everybody thought so low of Zen that it was believed he would do so poorly that he'd look like a buffoon during the All Peaks Competition.

During the competitions, people were surprised to discover Zen was not a buffoon, and everyone who had underestimated him was.

The strength Zen had displayed was like a slap in the face to those who considered Zen inept.

They needed to find someone more capable than Zen, so they'd chosen Rocher.

It wasn't long before many of the disciples who doubted Zen's prowess were comparing Zen's expertise and skills to Rocher's, with most of them preferring the latter.

"So, what if Zen has defeated Cecil? Cecil's fighting style isn't as strong in a one on one battle, and his refining methods are more suitable for team attacks!"

"If Zen goes up against Rocher, he will lose, hands down, and end up knocked on his rear!"

"True enough. Zen relied on innate strength and his abnormally strong physical form. He must've eaten something special, or maybe a treasure, which empowered him. It's a fluke, and not related to talent at all. He's in grade two of the nature level and seventeen years old! Therefore, his talent is ordinary, but Rocher, now he's unique! He's followed the rules, worked hard and hasn't gotten where he is through trickery."

"What's more, Rocher didn't show his strength off. Why, he didn't even draw a sword! While Zen relies only on his corporeal body. No matter how strong the body is, sooner or later he will meet someone truly powerful, what then? It'll consume all his strength!"

Chatter between the disciples from almost every peak was like this, except the disciples of Drizzle Peak.

When the disciples of Drizzle Peak heard the gossip, it upset them, but, since there weren't very many members from Drizzle Peak at the competitions, they couldn't influence popular opinion.

Beyond the All Peaks Competition field, Zen was the subject of choice as well.

Each of the thirty-three peaks at the Cloud Sect had a Picture Slab to watch the All Peaks Competition matches. The hottest topic in every peak, whether among inner or outer disciples, was Zen.

Over at Ninety-Foot Peak there was a group of inner disciples crowded around the Picture Slab in a heated debate.

Most of them agreed with the spectators at the competitions, that Rocher was more powerful.

Only a handful of disciples thought Zen was the more formidable adversary because he defeated a member of the Illuminating Soul Realm even though he only possessed the strength of a grade two refiner in the nature level. Hence, it was only logical to see that his expertise would be far superior to Rocher's, when he ascended to the consummation realm.

"There's no doubt about it. Zen is more capable!" one youth from Ninety-foot Peak announced as he shook his head.

"Oh come on, Zachary! You're blind and brainless if you think that! Are you aware that to some extent, Rocher has mastered the sword intent? And Rocher wasn't giving the match his full effort? If he drew a sword, Rocher would shred Zen's body into ribbons, easily, using the sword intent!" retorted another disciple quickly.

"Yeah, so? Rocher has been holding back and keeping how strong he is to himself. Isn't that what Zen does too?" countered Zachary as his lips slowly curled into a triumphant smile. Although he was a top disciple at Ninety-foot Peak, he, unfortunately, lost in the battle ring before the All Peaks Competition, which meant he didn't get the chance to compete this year. As a matter of fact, amongst the disciples who weren't taking part in the All Peaks Competition, Zachary might very well be the strongest.

"If you really believe that Zen will win, why not place a wager on him? Of course, if you're so sure, then you could bet your entire savings on him!" commented some of the others.

Disciples had been placing wagers on the outcome of the competitions from the start of the All Peaks Competition. The competitors were assessed on stats, including their strength, and the gambling was open to all the disciples that wanted to participate.

Technically it was against the rules, however, the Cloud Sect officials turned a blind eye to the gambling. After all, many of the disciples from the noble clans were placing and taking bets.

Rocher's odds were 1:1.2, while Zen's were 1:3.5. If the odds were low, it meant that people thought he was strong. Looking at how much lower Rocher's odds were, it could only be surmised that most people thought Rocher was more powerful.

Not to be brought down by the mockery his peers were dishing out, Zachary laughed loudly, "What makes you think I haven't already placed a bet? Actually, I wagered my entire savings on Zen at the very beginning, and since then I have tripled my capital. Do you want to see my cubic crystals balance? It'd frighten you! And, I'll keep betting on him! I'll add everything in my savings. Are you going to bet everything on Rocher?"

asked Zachary shocking everyone at Ninety-foot Peak.

Rocher's strength was incredible, but, he wasn't invincible. After all, Rocher was refining at the consummation of nature level. And the personal disciples hadn't started to compete. Additionally, there were some disciples in the thirty-three peaks that could beat Rocher, such as Wing Xie and Sheeny Wu from the same peak as Rocher, along with Even Bai and Dick Zhou from Blackrock Peak. They were all gifted and masters in the Illuminating Soul Realm, so, it was a great possibility any one of them might defeat Rocher.

Certainly there wasn't a madman who would risk betting all the savings on him. It was no big deal to Rocher if he lost in one round, as he could still join in the other group matches. But, if he lost a single time, anyone who was betting the savings on him would be... in serious trouble.

Still, Zachary was a madman, and risked everything on Zen winning.

His plan was so crazy, and it was ingenious! He would bet it all on Zen every round.

If he guessed right and Zen won every round, he would double his savings, and bring his total into the thousands!

Why was Zachary willing to risk so much?

Others said Zachary was crazy, but he was quite clear that he wasn't insane. On the contrary, he trusted his gut and Zen's strength.

Since he was the only one who'd felt Zen's abnormal, intense strength and knew how powerful Zen's sword intent was.

Zen could manipulate sword intent when he'd practiced with a sword for the first time and resisted a hundred waves of Magnetic Aurora on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform on the difficulty of level eight. A guy such as Zen couldn't be called a genius though, since he fit the description of a monster much better.

When they looked through the Picture Slab earlier, they saw Zen had started the Sword Step. Everyone laughed, mocking Zen because his Sword Step was a crude imitation, but Zachary didn't care. He watched carefully all the while with shock in his heart. He saw how immature Zen's Sword Step was and realized that Zen had barely learned the Sword Step from Rocher, unexpectedly.

After watching the Sword Step performed one time, Zen was able to initiate the steps and from there, practice it too. It was unbelievable. It was absurd, still, Zachary knew Zen could do it. Given how abnormal Zen's talent was, this method was nothing to him.

Because Zachary had seen a more abnormal aspect of Zen.

The confident Zachary watched the Picture Slab, a playful smile growing, and making his face light up.

"Come on, Zen. I'm addicted to gambling, but, these years, I rarely win. Just this once, let me bet, unrestrained, and win big!"

Chapter 391 The Reasonable Disciple Of Blackrock Peak (Part One)

The competition continued.

The disciples with poor strength were weeded out, while those with distinguishable power moved on with the competition.

Zen was already halfway through the competition, but he hadn't encountered a strong and remarkable competitor yet.

Meanwhile, there were two disciples who underestimated Zen when they first saw him. One was from Azure Peak, and the other from Blackrock Peak. Although the two of them were at nature level consummation, both had prominent and notable capabilities since they had been selected to participate in the famous All Peaks Competition.

At first, they were under the impression that Zen had defeated Cecil just because of luck, so they were confident that they could beat Zen easily on the field. However, to their astonishment, the result of the competition was not what they thought it would be. The constant blow and strike of Zen's hard fists gave them no chance to fight back at all. In the end, they ran out of power and spirit and lay on the floor exhausted.

There was only silence when the two fights were concluded. Everyone was astonished and amazed at how strong and powerful Zen was. They didn't know yet which realm he belonged to, but they were certain that the only person who could match his strength was Rocher.

The remaining part of the competition went on smoothly for Zen. Most of his competitors would just show up to the stage and fight him for a short time then eventually give up. A few of them would instantly admit their defeat by not showing up to the stage at all. They all knew the gap of their strength with Zen and didn't want to end up injured or wounded, so they wouldn't dare try. As a result, the competition became more like an amusement to Zen.

As the competition continued, the strengths of the talented disciples from thirty-three peaks were gradually revealed.

So far, Zen had eleven consecutive wins without any defeat, which evidently was an extremely notable score among all the competitors. Some of his fights brought the interest and applause of the people like the ones with Mack and Cecil.

Like Zen, Rocher was also winning consecutively. But in contrast, Rocher's strike was more definite and intense than Zen's. Also, he had defeated some strong and competitive opponents that made his demonstration much more significant than Zen's, no matter if it was the competition with Kim Yue from Jade Peak, the one with Shawn Xu from Ninety-foot Peak, or the one with the only one candidate of the Illuminating Soul Realm of Vulture Peak: Marvin Ma. None of those could easily be underestimated.

And what made Rocher even more dazzling and attractive was the fact that he did not pull out his sword in the whole competition.

A swordsman who didn't use his sword but defeated his opponents with his bare fists was unbelievable and amazing. Moreover, he gave everyone the fantasy of how quite powerful he must be if he used his sword.

People started to exchange their opinions enthusiastically about the result of the whole competition. Some even predicted that Rocher would get the final success in All Peaks Competition as a disciple of nature level consummation realm. The result would break the record of the whole Cloud Sect history.

As for Zen, much as he had displayed the remarkable outburst of his strength, he didn't draw as much attention from the audience as Rocher did in his rounds. It wasn't only because he was in a lower realm and was not sufficiently experienced, but because comparing to Rocher, he encountered some comparatively weaker competitors. People assumed that if he had faced a strong competitor like a disciple of Illuminating Soul Realm from Skytop Peak or from Blackrock Peak, he wouldn't have that consecutive wins.

Apart from Zen and Rocher who were maintaining the consecutive wins, Jill from Lady Peak was having exceptional performance as well. Like Zen, she was not even in the nature level consummation realm. She was currently in Grade 9 of nature level, so having taken down quite a few competitors of nature level consummation realm and one of Illuminating Soul Realm made her look extraordinary and notable among all the disciples.

As lots of the participants were ruled out and the competition was close to the next stage, only thirteen persons kept winning throughout the whole competition. Aside from Zen, Rocher, and Jill who were nature creatures, the remaining nine persons were: Wing and Sheeny from Skytop Peak, Even and Dick from Blackrock Peak, Jason from Azure Peak, Marshall from Daylily Peak, and Hansel from Skyrain Peak.

The audience got more excited and thrilled than ever. They were looking forward to seeing the competition take place between any two of these thirteen ever-victorious disciples.

The audience was expecting that the participants would demonstrate their best capabilities that would make the competition much more interesting than before. It would be unlikely to see some give-up scenario among these top participants.

As if hearing their hearts' desire, Cloud Sect announced the groups for the next round.

Zen's competitor was finally assigned.

"Zen from Drizzle Peak will compete against Dick from Blackrock Peak," the referee announced.

The announcement instantly brought a din of hot discussions amongst the crowd.

"I don't think Zen can hold onto his consecutive wins any longer now that he's going to fight Dick. Dick is not only a top disciple of Blackrock Peak, but also on the top fifty Cloud Sect list."

"The result is so predictable. I'm placing my bet on Dick. But it seems the compensation rate is low because many people have already placed theirs on Dick. What if I place mine on Zen? Any chance he can win?"

"There is no way Zen can defeat Dick. I guess Zen will just give up this time. To him, the consecutive wins is already a success. He has already earned the glamour and reputation from the competition. There is no point in confronting Dick and getting his ass kicked. Do you remember how hard Zen hit Blackrock Peak's disciple Mack last time? If Zen doesn't give up, then he is bound to be tortured badly. It will be more like a revenge than a competition to Dick."

In spite of how well Zen had performed in the previous rounds, no one was confident that he could beat Dick Zhou in this round.

The impression became even clearer when the final compensation rate came out. In this match, if Zen defeated Dick, the compensation rate would be one to nine. But if Dick won, it would be one to one. People booed at the vivid contrast of the compensation rate because it was as if the result had been fixed in ahead. Almost everyone bet on Dick.

After the referee's announcement, Zen prepared to get onto the stage.

Master Wen, who had been sitting next to Zen, was upset and worried by the time the competition was about to begin. As he was ready to remind Zen, the latter stopped him by waving his hand and smiled awkwardly. "Master Wen, please stop smothering me," he said.

Master Wen had always been protective of Zen. He was like a nagging mother, reminding and giving him advice all the time. But it was the same sermon that Zen would always receive. "You must learn to protect yourself. It does not matter if you lose. If you think you cannot defeat him, just give up. You have already been promoted into the next round anyway."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 392 The Reasonable Disciple Of Blackrock Peak (Part Two)

Zen had memorized them and could repeat them verbatim.

Master Wen smiled back at him but instantly turned into a serious face. "Don't forget that you hit Blackrock Peak's disciple Mack in the previous round. They must be holding the grudge against you. I am afraid Dick is planning to take revenge on you. Please pay attention to your safety," he reminded.

However, his concern did not shake Zen's resolution even the slightest. Instead, he clenched his fists hard with determination and said,"Master Wen, don't worry about me at all. No matter what, I will try my best. I may end up being defeated, but it is still better than giving up."

Seeing Zen this determined, Master Wen did not dissuade him any longer. He nodded his head in consent.

Although Zen had improved a lot in his training, Master Wen could not help but feel worried that Zen's stubbornness would do him more harm than good. After all, Dick was the most powerful disciple that Zen would be fighting against. He did not want Zen to invest his all into this one competition and end up losing his motivation for further cultivation. For Master Wen, there was no need for Zen to rush.

On the other hand, he could not persuade Zen to give up either. However, he had his reservations about this competition. It was unbelievable to him that Zen could defeat those personal disciples and the high-grade ones.

'He might not be the strongest, but he is absolutely the most persistent, ' Master Wen pondered. After going through many competitions, Master Wen knew the pattern clearer than anyone else that the final winner would be decided not only by his barren strength but also his persistence and resolve. If a disciple had great strength and unshakeable resolution, he would become unbeatable.

"I'm sorry for worrying too much. You're right. One must absolutely try his best whatever the outcome will be. And I believe that you will not disappoint yourself," Master Wen encouraged Zen.

Zen nodded and smiled. He finally looked at the stage with his eyes blazing with determination and walked up to it.

Among the small number of people who had bet on Zen, Zachary was the most nervous one. His eyes were locked on the Picture Slab as if it would disappear in the blink of an eye.

Just before the competition started, he had placed all his bets on Zen with a total of 1200 cubic crystals.

Given that Zachary was from a humble and simple family, the amount of his bet was already a big fortune. So where did he get that amount of cubic crystals? Usually, he would only go to Seven Star Sword Light Platform once a month for practice because his countable points would not allow him an extra trip.

But the competition today brought him wealth from the moment he placed his bets on Zen. And since Zen had won every round, he had already doubled his cubic crystals. From the original two cubic crystals, he had already made an unimaginable twelve hundred cubic crystals. He did not expect to earn this much by betting in the competition. But before this, he was disappointed that he didn't get to participate into All Peaks Competition. But the disappointment had vanished. With the amount he had already earned, he was now more eager to bet than to participate in the competition.

Now the compensation rate between Zen and Dick was one to nine, which was the highest compensation rate that he had ever seen. He could see from the huge gap that most people there placed their bets on Dick instead of Zen.

Choosing Zen instead of Dick in this competition was a big risk. But for Zachary, the risk was worth taking, so he had placed all his bets on Zen.

"Nine times more, nine times more. Zen, if you defeat Dick this time, I will serve you forever!" Zachary repeated these words as he folded his arms in front and prayed. If Zen won this round, his cubic crystals would soar up to ten thousand pieces according to the current compensation rate. That also meant that he could exchange five thousand points with this many cubic crystals. And with these points, he would be able to practice more on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform. For Zachary, today was the day that would define his future life, and he was willing to risk his all in this game.

In the din of the crowd, Zen walked up to the stage.

Zen and Dick both had eleven consecutive wins. But in this round, one of them was doomed to be defeated and end his consecutive wins.

Dick was already on the stage. Instead of Blackrock Peak's inner disciple robe, Dick was wearing a blue gown with a jade belt around his waist.

There were no strict requirements for clothes that the competitors should wear in All Peaks Competition. And the way Dick dressed himself in today was clean and neat that he looked more like a gentle and intelligent poet than a competitor. There was no sign of crucial killing in his eyes.

"Just admit your defeat," Dick said in a level, toneless voice as he watched Zen walked up to the stage and stood in front of him.

"Why?" Frowning his brows slightly in ire, Zen questioned.

"Because I am from Blackrock Peak. Since I joined them, my master was nothing but kind and caring to me. And since you beat Mack the last time, you cannot blame my master if he holds any grudge against you. He wants me to take revenge on his behalf, so you'd better be prepared," Dick replied, his voice still low and void of any emotions.

Hearing Dick's explanation, Zen averted his eyes to look at the crowd from Blackrock Peak and saw Master Yu seating in the center. He could see Master Yu's strong and vindictive eyes flickering with profound hatred as if it would blast out any minute and burn him. Zen then turned his gaze back at Dick and smiled contemptuously. "I can see that. But why bother warning me? It would be more interesting to beat me up than warn me ahead," Zen said, a flame of mockery flickered in his eyes.

Dick sighed and said,"That's not true. The fact that I am telling you this is because I don't think that it's your fault or Yehudi's. Mack did not behave himself in the first place and hit Yehudi. You hit him just for the sake of Yehudi and that's kind of a fair deal to me."

Zen was puzzled after hearing Dick's words. He had no idea that his opponent was such a reasonable man. After a short pause, Zen asked,"But you're still taking revenge on me for your friend Mack, am I right? Is that what's this competition going to be?"

"Frankly speaking, yes. But it is more of Master Yu's idea than mine. I don't want to lie to you. I am not fond of Mack either," Dick replied. A grimace of helplessness came over his face.

Indeed, Mack was a cruel and insidious man, and a humble and courteous person like Dick would never be his friend. Dick was the kind of a person who enjoyed a simple but full life, learning as much knowledge as he could in books and in life and treated his friends with integrity and politeness. He would never offend or bully anyone who was inferior to himself. So taking revenge on behalf of Mack was apparently an insult to him.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my [Author's Page]() to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to

refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

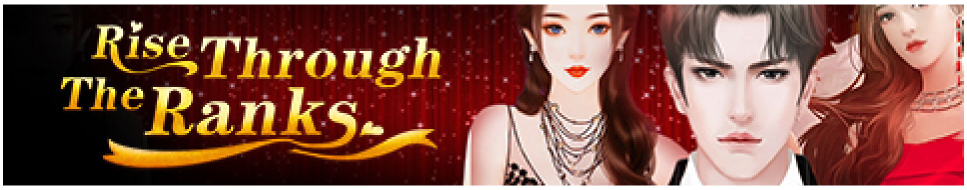

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

8

Content

Chapter 393 Kill Song
Chapter 394 A Serious Matter (Part One)
Chapter 395 A Serious Matter (Part Two)
Chapter 396 Borrowing Nature's Creative Powers
Chapter 397 Eye-opener
Chapter 398 Righteousness Song (Part One)
Chapter 399 Righteousness Song (Part Two)
Chapter 400 A Gentleman
Chapter 401 The Legendary Jacques (Part One)
Chapter 402 The Legendary Jacques (Part Two)
Chapter 403 White Bone Armor
Chapter 404 Extremely Arrogant (Part One)
Chapter 405 Extremely Arrogant (Part Two)
Chapter 406 A Surprise For Kenneth
Chapter 407 Flower-Picking Pointing (Part One)
Chapter 408 Flower-Picking Pointing (Part Two)
Chapter 409 The Antique Gentleman Sword (Part One)
Chapter 410 The Antique Gentleman Sword (Part Two)
Chapter 411 Catching The Blade With Bare Hands
Chapter 412 Losing Martial Arts Spirit
Chapter 413 Another Epiphany
Chapter 414 A Murder Plan (Part One)
Chapter 415 A Murder Plan (Part Two)
Chapter 416 All Yours
Chapter 417 Jill VS Tracy
Chapter 418 The Way To Infuriate Him
Chapter 419 Ridicule
Chapter 420 Flying Knife Versus Short Sword! (Part One)
Chapter 421 Flying Knife Versus Short Sword! (Part Two)
Chapter 422 Angry Leader
Chapter 423 A Way To Defeat Zen
Chapter 424 Punish The Saints
Chapter 425 The Blood Condensation Pill (Part One)
Chapter 426 The Blood Condensation Pill (Part Two)
Chapter 427 Samsara of Buddhism
Chapter 428 One Move

Chapter 429 The Legendary Beast Blue Phoenix
Chapter 430 Who Will Win This Round
Chapter 431 Burning Blood Essence (Part One)
Chapter 432 Burning Blood Essence (Part Two)
Chapter 433 Sparks (Part One)
Chapter 434 Sparks (Part Two)
Chapter 435 Crash Into You (Part One)
Chapter 436 Crash Into You (Part Two)
Chapter 437 Flood Dragon Bone Spear (Part One)
Chapter 438 Flood Dragon Bone Spear (Part Two)
Chapter 439 Down On Your Knees (Part One)
Chapter 440 Down On Your Knees (Part Two)
Chapter 441 A More Powerful Dragon Roar
Chapter 442 The General Explanation About Legendary Beasts (Part One)
Chapter 443 The General Explanation About Legendary Beasts (Part Two)
Chapter 444 Explanation
Chapter 445 An Unsolved Mystery
Chapter 446 I Believe In Zen Too (Part One)
Chapter 447 I Believe In Zen Too (Part Two)
Chapter 448 The Heavenly Sword (Part One)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 393 Kill Song

If it were up to Dick, Mack would be called a great talent as he was well accomplished in terms of magic arrays. The problem, however, was that he was also known to be a bloodthirsty butcher with a cruel propensity to kill.

The Cloud Sect valued its disciples' compliance with the sect's rules and submission to its strength without having any moral constraints on their behavior. Despite his dislike of the sect's doctrine, Dick felt powerless to change it. Instead of acting out against it, he would make sure to stick to his own principles when faced with a moral dilemma.

After some pondering, Dick thought to be grateful for Master Yu's mentorship in Blackrock Peak and it helped him make the choice to not directly refuse his Master's request. Nonetheless, he could still avoid a full-on fight with Zen by persuading him to surrender—he didn't want to hurt his rival so cruelly just to win like what Mack did.

A hint of surprise flashed in Zen's eyes as he never would have expected Dick to be such a righteous man. With a gentle nod and smile, he said, "The Cloud Sect is gathered with practitioners from all over the world. This is a place where the strong speak without any regard for moral conduct. Though many fellow disciples are talented and powerful, many are also as cruel and murderous as beasts. Compared to them, your righteousness is admirable. You're a diamond in the rough, truly. Still, I won't surrender to you!"

"But if you don't give in, I might have to hurt you after I defeat you…" Dick insisted.

Unable to refuse Master Yu's request, Dick promised him that he would teach Zen a lesson unless he surrendered beforehand.

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that. After all, we don't know who will come out the winner before we have a real fight. Besides, even if I start losing to you during the battle, you can pull your punches and leave chances for me to give in. I don't believe your master would blame you for that," Zen explained carefully.

Upon hearing his words, Dick replied with a smile. "Well, sounds like a good idea. Alright, let's get this over with."

With that, he pulled out an ink brush from his sleeve.

In the world of martial arts, there were many kinds of weapons. Only a few practitioners would choose a pen to specialize with, and among those who did, most of them used a "Judge's Brush"—a metal pen in the shape of a writing brush, similar to a piercer, and could be used to stab enemies.

As for Dick's weapon, it had a wooden stalk and a bundle of wolf hair at the tip—a real ink brush.

It was astonishing in Zen's eyes. Seeing a writing tool be used as a weapon was quite rare.

Still, Zen didn't dare lower his guard. After all, Dick was a top disciple of the Blackrock Peak—the second strongest peak among thirty-three peaks—and he was undoubtedly powerful, having defeated several people consecutively.

Being a strong contender himself, Zen understood that underestimating his rival would lead to deep regret.

After Dick pulled out his weapon, his black life vitality began flowing from his hands and drifting in the air around him. Gradually, it concentrated together and slowly transformed into a dense cloud of mist before turning into some mysterious black liquid.

When Dick held up his sleeve and dipped the brush into the matter, Zen realized that it was his ink.

His opponent just transformed his life vitality into a kind of magical ink.

Zen's brows shot up in surprise at Dick's special weapon. Although he couldn't tell what his rival was about to do with his tools, he prepped himself for his simple countermeasure—Zen would throw his punches.

In this battle, Zen wanted to exert his physical strength to the most extent and he decided not to make use of his life vitality unless defeating his rival with his fists turned out to be impossible.

Zoom!

In one smooth motion, Zen dashed towards Dick, moving across the short distance until he was right in front of his rival. From either side, he readied his fists and jabbed them towards Dick.

All the disciples of Cloud Sect were already aware of Zen's great physical power. In spite of the sudden attack, Dick's expression remained calm in the face of Zen's aggressive motions and the audience couldn't help but feel unnerved for him.

Most of the disciples had bet on Dick's victory while the few who wanted to speculate took the risk of betting on Zen.

If Dick took a beating in the first round, many of the betters would suffer a crushing loss.

Watching Zen approach him aggressively, Dick leisurely lifted his inked brush and pointed his brush at his opponent. As soon as he made the gesture, he suddenly sped up considerably.

In a blink, he wrote a word in the direction of Zen's left hand that read: "seal".

The word was written vigorously while also displaying a sense of solemnity.

After he finished with the word, Zen immediately felt all the strength in his left hand disappear, sealed by a mysterious power.

Although one of his fists turned weak, his right fist was still on track, only a few feet away from Dick's face.

Nonetheless, Dick's expression remained the same. In another swift motion, he dipped his brush in ink once again and wrote: "defend".

Compared to the former word, this one was much thicker and heavier in form.

Bang!

With unstoppable momentum, Zen smashed his fist into the heavy word which seemed to have taken on a real, solid form.

When he hit the object, Zen's face visibly changed.

Knowing that Dick was in the Illuminating Soul Realm, Zen didn't bother to save his strength and employed ninety percent of his physical strength and all the power in his dragon scales. Even with all that strength combined, the huge word written with Dick's life vitality ink didn't even budge.

"Again!"

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

After four punches, a crack finally formed on the huge word that acted as a shield. With another strike, Zen shattered it to pieces.

Simultaneously, Dick had already taken several steps backward. With a stroke of his brush, another "defend" appeared in front of him. Continuously this time, he dipped his brush in the ink and wrote the "defend" word in the air a number of times until he was surrounded by it.

"This is my 'defense song.' It can take on the damage five times before it breaks, no matter how powerful your attack is. As for that word which seals the strength in your left hand, it's my 'seal song.' It can stop you from exerting your strength or life vitality, so your left hand will remain useless for some time," Dick explained the defense he arranged.

His short lecture left Zen dumbfounded.

Generally speaking, it was malpractice for a refiner to tell his enemies about his own skills and their functions because his enemies would be able to come up with countermeasures with the information given. It was because Dick was so confident about his own power that he was open to detailing his skills. Moreover, his righteous moral standard demanded a straightforward attitude and behavior even in front of his enemies.

"Seal song?"

When he swung his left arm, Zen could feel how torpid and sluggish it had become. The "seal" word's influence seemed to have shut off the whole arm's strength.

"Right. You won't be able to break it but don't worry. The seal's effect will fade in two hours," Dick added slowly. Although they were in the middle of a battle, his quiet expression suggested they were in an academic environment instead.

"I can't break it? Are you certain?" Zen asked, raising an eyebrow.

He exerted the power of the Emerald Crystal in his left arm with his mind. Suddenly, the effective power against enchantments burst out and flooded into the word around his hand. After a few seconds, a red crack appeared on the word before it completely broke the word to pieces and vanished in thin air.

"What?" Dick's eyes flashed in astonishment. "Good job! Well, it seems that I was exaggerating. Although you're only two steps into the nature level, you have a very powerful means to stay in the winning streak. I'll admit I've underestimated you but that's just a small portion of the fight. Let's continue!"

With the eight "defend" arranged around him as his defense, Dick dipped the brush in more ink and wrote "kill" three times in a row before giving the command, "Go now."

The three words rushed towards Zen in sync. Amused, Dick reminded Zen in the same leisurely tone, "Watch out now, Zen Luo. My 'kill song' is very powerful, and you should deal with it with caution."

After the "kill" words appeared, the atmosphere of the competition field shifted dramatically. On the battleground, Zen could feel a strong homicidal intent radiating from the words and it was no less horrifying than a ruthless general on a battlefield who had slaughtered thousands of enemies.

As the words flew towards Zen, they arranged themselves into a triangle.

'Now I see. No wonder I can't feel any homicidal intent from Dick. He must have infused all of it into this 'kill song.' Okay…let me see how powerful this skill is now!'

With that thought, Zen raised his fists and rocketed towards the words.

Over the course of the battle, Dick proved to be a troublesome rival for Zen. With all the spells of defense he set up around himself, Zen had to attack several times before smashing through a single shield. Still, even if he was able to, Dick could easily replace the words while the defenses were under attack.

Even with solely his 'defense song, ' Dick was nearly an invincible enemy for Zen.

As he dealt with Dick's 'kill song, ' Zen's mind was distracted with thinking of how he could successfully break through the other's defenses.

Bang!

When he punched the first "kill" approaching him, he immediately felt a great counterforce from the solid word. Instantly, the huge word suddenly exploded and the impact pushed Zen backward.

Standing in the center of the field, Zen lost his balance under the immense power and his body was knocked from the ground only to be smashed against the enchanted barrier around the area.

Although the enchanted barrier was a part of the Cloud Sect's great array and could supposedly take an enormous amount of damage, when Zen knocked into it, the barrier visibly trembled under the pressure.

All the enchanted barriers had their limitations of impact they could take in while maintaining their shape.

Naturally, with the counter force of Zen's punch paired with the power of Dick's spell, the force had approximated the limitation of the barrier and a crack already started to form in its corner.

The referee was left astonished having noticed the damage. Enchanted barriers were meant to separate the competition field from the auditorium and protect the audiences.

No one would have expected the barrier to split from the force of a single attack between the two rivals. Zen and Dick's opposing strengths were beyond anyone's imagination.

Given the uncommon occurrence, the referee looked at an old man sitting in the auditorium—an elder of the Cloud Sect. Understanding the referee's questioning look, he simply waved his hand. Life vitality began flowing from his hand and injecting into the barrier which then became intact again.

After the hard crash into the barrier, Zen slid down the surface. For a moment, he sat quietly on the ground, downcast because of the blow he just took.

Chapter 394 A Serious Matter (Part One)

At the sight, the crowd began to discuss.

"Dick's blow is so terrifying. He could strike Zen into the air using only the kill song. He is so much stronger than Zen. Zen will lose in this round."

"I'm afraid the damage would be more than just losing the battle. The word 'kill' is so unfathomable. It contains terrifying power within itself. And I had a bad feeling when I saw this word. It seems as though it might bounce Zen's force back. That's to say Zen will suffer the damage of his own attack as well as the blow from the word 'kill'. Whether he can still stand or not, remains to be seen."

"Oh! I get it. Zen was hit by the innate superhuman strength from himself. I hope that he is unable to stand. Yes, he should not be able to stand. I bet all on him losing, and I lost my money in the previous rounds in which Zen fought and won. If he continues to win, I will lose all my money. I gambled on Dick being stronger. If Zen fails, I will recover my money and perhaps, even make a profit!"

"Don't worry. He won't recover from this attack. Even if his body is made of steel and iron, he can't withstand it."

In fact, except for the disciples from Drizzle Peak and the people who wagered on Zen's victory, almost all the other people hoped that Zen would lose. They prayed that Zen wouldn't stand after the blow.

Zen didn't get up. But it was not because he couldn't. He was thinking about how to deal with the current situation. Zen figured it would be best if he stayed down and used the time to find a solution to break Dick's word trick.

After careful consideration, Zen realized that it would be impossible for him to break Dick's defense merely using his body.

He had to rely on other methods.

The five defense songs continuously spun around Dick. And there were two kill songs around him. Although Master Yu had instructed him to kill Zen, should he find the chance, Dick was reluctant to do so.

A gentleman should observe moral standards. How could he take advantage of another's perilous state?

Zen must have suffered a significant backlash from the blow. He was lying on the ground motionlessly. It was possible that he was unconscious. If so, that would be the best outcome. The judge could announce that Zen had lost, thus ending this round.

"He can't stand..." Dick murmured as he gazed at Zen who was lying on the ground. He could explain to Master Yu that Zen had passed out, and that meant that Zen had lost. So he was justified in stopping his attack. But the moment Dick heaved a sigh of relief, Zen rolled over and jumped to his feet. Zen then took a moment to check if his body could still function well. A carefree smile lit up Zen's face.

Dick was surprised. He took a deep breath. It seemed that Zen hadn't been affected.

Dick knew that Zen's physical body was tough. Zen had already shown this in the previous battles. Dick was the kind of person who would not take action until he had worked out a good strategy. He knew where Zen's strength lay, but he didn't expect that Zen's physical body would be so strong.

While it was true that Zen's body far exceeded what a flesh body could do, it was not impossible to hurt him. Even his body was made of iron and steel, he should have been broken into two parts with the heavy blow. Only when his body reached the level of mysterious weapon or spiritual weapon could he withstand such an attack.

This was the only explanation Dick could come up with when he saw that Zen remained unhurt. He didn't know that his assumption was close to reality. Zen's body was indeed a spiritual weapon. Moreover, it was at the middle-grade level of a spiritual weapon.

Zen stretched his arms and legs before glancing at Dick who stood not far from him. In the next instant, Zen rushed toward Dick.

Zen knew what he was doing. Although it was true that he had hidden his real strength before, Zen understood that he could not hide it forever. Moreover, if someone really wanted to investigate, it would not take them much effort to discover the truth.

Since it was impossible for him to defeat Dick with his physical strength, Zen knew that he would have to employ his life vitality.

The moment Zen sprinted, streams of purple black life vitality surged from his belly. The demonic life vitality rushed to his hands through his meridians. To everyone's surprise, the demonic life vitality popped out from Zen's hands and blazed like purple black flames. The life vitality burned vehemently, and what a frightening scene it was!

Amidst the purple black life vitality, there were glints of sparkling starlight. It seemed to contain the power of stars that were hidden in the sky. At this sight, the audience was terrified.

"Oh? Zen employed his life vitality... How did I forget that Zen is a nature creature? Perhaps it's because he hasn't used his life vitality so far!"

"Nonsense! I have said it before. Some people tend to hide their real strength during competitions. So why can't Zen do the same?"

"But Zen's life vitality looks so formidable, putting a lot of strain on people. It seems to be unique. I really wonder what kind of cultivation method this is."

All the people were surprised. From the beginning of the competition, Zen had relied on his superhuman strength and his strong corporal body to defeat his opponents. They were not accustomed to seeing him use life vitality. Moreover, most of the spectators had wagered on Dick. If Zen won, they would lose all their money.

Chapter 395 A Serious Matter (Part Two)

Only a small number of people had bet on Zen. They had hoped that a newcomer would be able to prove himself during the competition. Considering Zen's performance, it was their turn to gloat. "I knew that Zen would have a trump card up his sleeve! Although he is only at the second-grade of the nature level, he has prevailed in all the fights. He is a capable man!"

Kenneth, who sat on the terrace high above the arena, was shocked when he saw the demonic life vitality gathering on Zen's hands. He studied the demonic life vitality—his eyes as sharp as two knives. Then he muttered slowly, "What just happened? If I see correctly, the life vitality in Zen's hands is demonic life vitality!"

Elder Xu, who was beside Kenneth, was also surprised. His face grew solemn. "Yes, it is indeed demonic life vitality! This guy mastered demonic life vitality. But how... How did he enter the Heavenly Library and obtain the Heavenly Ogre Fist?"

"Haha, the Heavenly Ogre Fist had been in the Heavenly Library for hundreds of years. Over the years, only three people have been able to get it before Zen. Two of them failed to master the Heavenly Ogre Fist, and the third was stopped by Uncle Kent who forbade him from practicing it. I never expected... that there could be someone who would master the Heavenly Ogre Fist," Kenneth said in surprise.

Uncle Kent, as mentioned by Kenneth, was the elderly man Zen had met when he took the Heavenly Ogre Fist from the Heavenly Library. Kent was a man of high standing, and so, Kenneth had to pay respect by calling him Uncle Kent.

"The Heavenly Ogre Fist is a tier-5 cultivation method. It has been said that it is impossible for humans to master it. I have no idea how this guy managed to do so." Elder Xu seemed envious. Even though he was a respectable elder, he had a keen desire to master the Heavenly Ogre Fist.

It was not that Xu did not have access to the Heavenly Ogre Fist. If he had paid a certain price, he would have had the chance to borrow it.

Unfortunately, Xu was getting old, and a tier-5 cultivation method was not easy to master. This method had been passed down from the ogres, and it was said that even the ogres had found it hard! Considering the circumstances, it would be an impossible task for Xu to master it.

"Humans can't master it?" Hearing Xu's words, Kenneth shook his head and said, "It is indeed difficult for hundreds of millions of people spread across the three hundred counties of the Eastern Region. But look at the whole world—the various sects, palaces, and holy lands. Talented disciples have unlimited resources from the time they are born. They get their talent from their powerful parents. Thus they have great gifts at birth. If they really want to master it, they probably could..."

Xu became silent upon hearing Kenneth's words.

Kenneth was right. The world was indeed massive.

The population in the Eastern Region had reached over a hundred million. Moreover, there were Western Region, Northern Region, Southern Region, and Central Region, and each of them was no smaller than the Eastern Region!

While the human population was not inconsequential by any standards, the distance between regions was over millions of kilometers. Humans scattered within the boundary of their region fought to defend themselves. Even if the demons attacked one of the regions, humans from other areas were unable to help due to the great distance. Moreover, the other four regions might not be reigned by humans. To Xu's knowledge, the humans in the Western Region had a hard life, as the Ogres controlled them. There, the status of humans was less than that of the ogres, and they had to bend their knees to ogres.

The ogres were widely distributed just like human clans. At the junction of the Central Region and the Eastern Region, there was a big ogre empire. Now, the Burning Sky Empire had allied with the ogres to fight against the demons.

If one looked from a broader perspective, the five regions were only a massive island in the world.

It was said that a person could only see the real continent after sailing across the boundless Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

With such a thought, looking back at Cloud Sect and imagining that there were trillions of creatures in this world, Xu wondered how difficult it would be for the most gifted disciple to master the Heavenly Ogre Fist.

"I feel ashamed. As the head of the sect, I wasn't informed that someone in Cloud Sect had mastered the Heavenly Ogre Fist until I saw it myself. Haha!"

In fact, quite a few people in Cloud Sect knew that Zen had mastered the cultivation method. It was certain that the ten great saints knew about it. But for some unknown reason, they chose not to report this to the leader. Moreover, they blocked a lot of news about Zen that showed his great talents during his practice.

"Your grace, few people can recognize the Heavenly Ogre Fist. I'm afraid that even if Zen showcases the skill in public, no one will be able to recognize it," Xu analyzed.

"Yes, you're right. But I will investigate this matter. If someone has been intentionally hiding this information despite knowing it is a serious matter, I will make them pay!" Kenneth said calmly.

Xu was astonished by Kenneth's vow. Although it had nothing to do with him, he could sense the intention to kill in Kenneth's words. Shivers traveled down Xu's spine. He had thought that this accomplishment would highlight Zen's potential. He didn't expect that Kenneth would attach such great importance to this matter. 'Is it really so difficult to master this tier-5 cultivation method?' He wondered.

Zen, of course, couldn't hear their conversation. Zen's knowledge was only limited to the Eastern Region. He had no idea what was behind the Heavenly Ogre Fist. He just happened to have chosen this technique to break Dick's defense.

Chapter 396 Borrowing Nature’s Creative Powers

Dick was levels higher than Zen. But when he saw the latter emitted a powerful life vitality in a short span of time, he started to become serious.

Dick was surprised to see Zen's body strength. But he thought that Zen had only the corporeal body strength, so he still didn't pay too much attention to him.

Despite Zen's powerful defense, Dick didn't fear him at all. After all, if Zen could not break through his power of defense song, Dick would never be defeated.

But seeing the life vitality Zen emitted all of a sudden, Dick knew that defeating Zen wouldn't be easy.

Dick was still curious as to why Zen didn't use the life vitality in his previous matches.

There were only two possibilities. Firstly, Zen didn't have a powerful life vitality, and Zen's most powerful shot was his enormous innate superhuman strength.

Secondly, Zen had far more power than he had expected, and he'd been hiding his own advantages during his previous fights because he didn't want others to know his trump card.

But based on his assessment, the first one was nearly impossible. Zen's body and strength were in such a formidable status so how could his life vitality be weak? Moreover, the two clouds of dark purple life vitality in front of him gave him the clue of how much power Zen's life vitality had. 'This power is really strong!' Dick thought to himself.

While Dick was lost in his own thoughts, he was retreating as his hand kept writing swiftly. The words of 'Kill' flew out from his brush pen simultaneously. This fight seemed to go on forever.

Dick had forgotten that Zen was only at grade-two nature level. He considered Zen as the most powerful opponent he had ever encountered in the battle ring.

"Kill, kill, kill..."

The words formed and flew out from the end of Dick's brush pen. They made an amazing array and rushed towards Zen.

"Thirteen Kills Array!"

The Thirteen Kills Array was Dick's most powerful attack move and his absolute killer.

But this final killer was not originally intended for Zen. He was reserving this attack move for the personal disciples of the big men.

The Blackrock Peak was the second-ranked peak in Cloud Sect. And being the top disciple of the Blackrock Peak, Dick had the ambition to be the top one in the All Peaks Competition. The personal disciples of the big men were stronger than most of the disciples from the thirty-three peaks, and Dick had intended to reserve that skill to them.

But now Dick realized that he needed to use that skill to Zen or he wouldn't have the chance to win this competition.

Dick could just admit defeat and give up at that moment. With his undefeated record in all his other fights, he could go on in the competition even if he had lost one or two rounds.

But Dick wasn't willing to do anything like that. He was a gentleman and he couldn't do such tricks. Besides, his opponent was just at grade-two nature level. If he truly wasn't as strong as Zen, he would rather lose to him than give up. He was a gentleman and he could not give up without even trying to fight.

Once the Thirteen Kills Array appeared, the fighting court was filled with killing intent and Zen felt a sense of oppression as if he was in hell. The face of the referee turned pale and hurriedly got out of the stage. The audience was just relieved that the enhanced barrier prevented the killing intent from getting out of the stage.

"It is the Thirteen Kills Array!" Zen was surprised to see the array made of thirteen words of kill rushed towards him.

One word could already have such powerful strength and it could resist his own strength. What was more if there were thirteen words? He then realized that he had to be serious and give it his best.

"Demonic phantom! Start!" Zen shouted.

Suddenly, there were six dark purple figures flowing out from Zen's back.

The six demonic phantom figures were in different shapes, but all of them looked like Zen. And as soon as they appeared, the demonic phantom figures rushed towards the killing array.

The array made of thirteen kills had power beyond one's imagination. As the first demonic phantom figure reached the array, the thirteen kills began to rotate around it. They formed a garrote around the neck of the demonic phantom figure.

But the demonic phantom figure was too tough to be broken that easily.

The clash of the array and the demonic phantom figure created a deafening sound.

"Cranking! Cranking!"

It seemed like something hard was put into a huge revolving gear wheel creating a grating sound.

"Click, click."

Cracks started appearing on the surface of the first demonic phantom figure. At the same time, three of the thirteen words of the killing array also began to crack.

As the scene unveiled, Dick's face turned pale.

The Thirteen Kills Array was powerful. Dick had done a lot of tests after he had successfully created them.

He tried to garrote wood and it went well. The whole block of tough teak wood was garroted into little pieces and turned into dust.

After that, he tried them with stones and got the same result.

Then he moved up with steel, mysterious weapons, and even spiritual weapons.

During Dick's tests, nothing survived his Thirteen Kills Array.

But things were different today.

What was special about Zen's demonic phantoms was that they remained in shape after being garroted. How did Zen do it?

Normally, the life vitality of a warrior could change its shape into a weapon by contemplation, but the weapon couldn't be tougher than any real ones.

That was why even though warriors could change their life vitality into any kind of weapon, they preferred to use a real weapon instead.

However, there was an exception to this norm, and that was James Mo. His cultivation method was so special that the life vitality sword he made could be as solid as a fairy weapon. That kind of sword needed a great amount of life vitality to support it. Aside from that, the life vitality sword required a lot of time to make. When James created his life vitality sword, he needed to change thousands of weapons and do tons of extra work before he succeeded. In short, it was a long and complex process.

The fight among warriors only lasted for a few minutes. And if a warrior had a fairy weapon at hand, he needed not to waste a long time to create a life vitality sword.

The only reason James created a life vitality sword was that Mo's family could not afford to buy a fairy weapon for him.

But most life vitality weapons lacked defense and they would surely not survive Dick's Thirteen Kills Array.

Zen's demonic phantom figure, however, was different from any life vitality weapons. It was not cut into pieces like any spiritual weapons when hit by Dick's killing array. That could only mean that his demonic phantom was nearly as hard as a fairy weapon.

There was something that Dick didn't know about the demonic phantoms. They were not contemplated by Zen. That was why they were different from other life vitality weapons. Zen only contemplated the sparkling starlight inside the demonic life vitality. As for the demonic phantoms, they were the results of Zen's leveled up Heavenly Ogre Fist.

'Zen is really different, ' Dick thought with a bitter smile on his face.

But soon his smile vanished. As a top disciple of the Blackrock Peak, he couldn't give up just because of Zen's outstanding demonic phantom. Although it was unexpectedly strong, Dick had more tricks up his sleeves.

He was a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm. His life vitality was far greater than Zen's, so he thought that if he kept fighting with Zen, the latter would end up consuming all his life vitality.

"Click..."

The three kill songs were finally shattered into pieces.

At the same time, Zen's first demonic phantom figure was also broken.

One demonic phantom at the expense of his three kills.

Dick had thirteen 'kill' words. After three of them were broken, only ten were left and their power was reduced.

If Dick wanted to break the remaining demonic phantoms, he needed to make more words.

He waved his brush pen and continued writing the word 'Kill'. Even if he needed more words to break one of Zen's demonic phantom, he could not be defeated that easily. He could keep up longer than Zen who was only at grade two of the nature level.

But before Dick could finish another word, he stopped upon realizing what was happening inside the fighting stage.

The broken demonic phantom figure changed into dark purple life vitality and it started to shape again. After only a few seconds, it was back to its demonic phantom figure once more.

"How is it possible?" Dick could not believe what he was seeing.

Dick was a warrior who had always kept his cool even in tough situations.

"This is insane!"

He tried to keep calm, but he was so astonished that he exclaimed.

For an ordinary warrior, the process of changing his life vitality into a weapon was not reversible. For example, Dick could turn his life vitality into words, but once the words were destroyed, they would turn back into original vitality then dissipated into the world again.

That was why the original vitality existed in the world.

During a warrior's cultivation, he would absorb original vitality into his body and turn it into his own life vitality. Once he used his life vitality, it would turn into original vitality again. And this was how it should always be.

In other words, original vitality was the creative power of nature. Human beings could absorb and use it from nature. It was like borrowing nature's creative powers.

And nature had always been generous. If the life vitality wouldn't turn back into original vitality, the original vitality would have been used up by now considering that there were a lot of people who absorbed and used it.

No humans could stop the natural cycle. Everyone would return the original vitality to nature after they had used it as their own life vitality.

But what did Dick see just now?

When his killing array broke Zen's demonic phantom, by nature's law, it should have been turned into original vitality and disappeared into nature.

But, to Dick's surprise, it gathered together and reshaped into a demonic phantom again.

It was beyond nature's law and human comprehension.

If Dick could see what was happening, so did the rest of the audience.

Having a slight knowledge about the Heavenly Ogre Fist, Kenneth wasn't that surprised. Although he could not practice the Heavenly Ogre Fist, he clearly understood the wonders of the cultivation method and had seen other people use it. But that was not the case to Elder Yu. He was astonished and couldn't say a word. He just heard about the Heavenly Ogre Fist, but never expected that it had so much power.

Also, the disciples who knew little about life vitality couldn't keep their excitement. They all roared in cheers and started discussing amongst themselves.

Chapter 397 Eye-opener

Most of the disciples of Cloud Sect knew little about heaven and earth, much less the mysteries of the sword intent and other forms of the martial arts.

The questions ranged in complexity. What exactly did sword intent mean? How was it structured? The sword intent was a different kind of mastery altogether. It was difficult to understand and imagine, otherwise, it would not have been arduous to practice it.

The disciples did not understand heaven and earth.

However, most of them were nature creatures, and a few were already into the Illuminating Soul Realm. So, they understood the transformation of life vitality well enough.

After entering the nature level, a person could gather life vitality in his belly. Then through contemplation, he could transform it into various elements.

As long as imagination was present, life vitality could metamorphose into anything.

For instance, Dick turned his life vitality into dark ink, to be used to write with his brush.

Some others converted life vitality into daggers and broadswords. A person could even morph it into a house for people to live in.

The six demonic phantoms that emerged out of Zen's life vitality didn't seem too astonishing of a feat at the beginning of the battle. Most in the audience felt that Zen's phantoms didn't compare with Dick's thirteen mighty words.

A single glance at the thirteen words was enough to sense their killing intent. Zen was only at the second stage of the nature level. How could his six demonic phantoms defend themselves against the attacks of the array of thirteen kills?

However, the crowd was soon stunned by what unfolded before them. A lone demonic phantom managed to successfully block the attack of the array of thirteen kills. Not only that, it broke three kill songs of the array in one blow.

Unbelievable!

A single formation of the demonic phantom had as much strength as that of a fairy weapon. What was even more sensational was that the demonic phantom could return to its original state right after getting smashed to smithereens.

"His life vitality transformed into an entity, which condensed to its original state right after getting smashed to pieces. This… is unbelievable!" a voice called out.

"Heavens!" someone else exclaimed. "Zen has a lot of power in him. How are those phantoms so strong too? Is this guy truly only at the second stage of the nature level?"

"I've said before that Zen must have his own trump card. Just because his cultivation level is too low, nobody bothers to investigate him. Otherwise, everyone would be on their toes when fighting against him!"

"Whether or not he has a trump card is not the issue. But his power is far too unusual! The entity formed from his life vitality can return to its original state after getting demolished to pieces. Who has ever heard of that? It's certainly my first time seeing anything like this, ever since I became a nature creature!"

For a while, the comments flew back and forth.

In the area for Skytop Peak, two tall men stood upright at the front of the line, gazing at the battlefield with indifference.

One of them was named Sheeny Wu, and the other was Wing Xie. The two were known to be the anchors of stability within the peak, the very foundations because of which Skytop Peak ranked first among the thirty-three peaks at Cloud Sect.

Three years ago, they had participated in the All Peaks Competition for the very first time and won the seventh and twelfth place respectively. This time, they wanted to reach to the top. Neither of them had lost a round so far in the group games.

Skytop Peak was indeed an abode for some of the most powerful disciples. They not only had two very talented students, Sheeny and Wing, but also Rocher, who was the best among the elite. Each of them was comparable to the personal disciples guided by the masters. Most people thought that Skytop Peak would rank first among the thirty-three peaks in Cloud Sect this year.

Sheeny had an ordinary appearance, but he always wore a faint smile. Talking to him, one could never guess what he was thinking. At the moment, he turned to Rocher and said, "Rocher, what do you think?"

Rocher's eyebrows were furrowed as he stared at Zen, who was immersed in fighting on the battlefield. Mystified, he shook his head and replied, "I can't understand. It seems he has practiced higher levels of cultivation. I myself have not done such things."

Sheeny turned to throw Wing a questioning glance.

"Hell, even Rocher doesn't know. How would I? Sheeny, don't ask me!" Wing said, also shaking his head.

Although all three belonged to the same peak, they shared a competitive relationship with each other. If they encountered competitors from a powerful peak such as Blackrock Peak, each of them was on their best foot. And if they had to fight against each other, they would still not hold back.

Victory or defeat was not what mattered to them. If they weren't on top of their game in every battle, it might affect their cultivation improvement.

Both Wing and Rocher knew that Sheeny wanted to pry information out of them. Wing didn't want to let him in on anything, but Rocher considered it no big deal. He mulled over the features of the demonic phantoms for a while, before saying, "If I'm guessing correctly, he has been trained on a high level of cultivation method."

"A high level of cultivation method?" murmured Wing. Rocher's words surprised him.

Rocher nodded. "It is well-known that the cultivation methods across the Eastern Region are classified into four tiers," he continued. "These methods are disseminated from well-known noble clans or the Cloud Sect. They have been passed down through generations since ancient times. Think about it. Is our practice only limited to four tiers of cultivation methods? The Eastern Region is only one of the five domains. Compared to the expanse of the Central Region, it is only two-tenths in size. And although the Cloud Sect is considered to be a large sect in the Eastern Region, it is not that outstanding, compared to the sects of Central Region. Everything else aside, I don't believe there are no higher quality cultivation methods practiced among prestigious noble clans across the entirety of Central Region. There must be at least a few! We just don't know about them yet. If we don't get out of the Eastern Region, we would never get acquainted with such wonderful cultivation methods."

Wing fell silent listening to Rocher's remark.

For a long time, he had refused to accept that Rocher had any extraordinary talent.

Wing and Sheeny always viewed each other as rivals. They had taken part in various martial arts competitions over time. Rocher appeared out of nowhere at Skytop Peak. Even though he was young and at the consummation state of the nature level, it was said that he could outmatch a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

To dispute Rocher's power, Wing invited him to participate in martial arts competitions several times. But Rocher ignored him. Rumors had begun to spread that his power was nothing to brag about.

But now, at the All Peaks Competition, Rocher's performance had dismissed such rumors. Listening to him, Wing was shocked.

Wing wanted to train himself in the Cloud Sect and the Eastern Region alone. In fact, he had worked out the plan a long time ago. He would cultivate within the Cloud Sect throughout his lifetime, which could end up in two possible paths for him. One was that he would get the position of a saint or senior officer at the Cloud Sect. Otherwise, he would join the imperial army to battle demons, and ultimately become a general.

The idea of leaving the Eastern Region had never even entered his head.

The Eastern Region was large enough for him to hone his skills.

In contrast, however, even though Rocher had become prominent within the Cloud Sect, he was still not satisfied. He wanted to venture out into the new world!

If a person considered himself trapped like a flea in a box, he could only soar so far. His vision determined the heights that he would chase in the future.

While Wing only wanted to train in the Eastern Region, Rocher was eager to travel the world to do so. Rocher might not be as powerful as Wing at the moment, but he would surely surpass Wing's achievements if he dreamed that big.

Wing and Sheeny didn't speak a word. Meanwhile, the battle grew intense.

Facing Zen's indomitable demonic phantoms, Dick felt pressured.

He waved his writing brush, and the kill songs rushed out of the sharp tip constantly, hovering over Zen to bolster the array of thirteen kills.

Initially, the attack was effective. As the kill songs smashed the demonic phantoms, some of the former also got destroyed. However, Dick had a lot of life vitality, and the words only cost him about ten percent of it. That could be ignored. He just needed to supplement the kill songs gradually.

But in a few moments alone, Dick began to face a new set of problems.

One of the demonic phantoms resisted the attacks of the assembly of thirteen words, while the remaining five divided themselves into two groups. One group went to intercept the new kill songs Dick created. He made new kill songs at gaps of a few minutes, during which two demonic phantoms blocked the paths of the new words.

Not a single kill song could come to the aid of the array of thirteen kills. They were outmatched, unable to defeat even one of the demonic phantoms in power. Finally, those supplement kill songs were destroyed by the demonic phantoms, and the latter remained uninjured. It was obvious that the demonic phantoms were indeed powerful. Only under the throttling force of the thirteen words would the demonic phantoms be destroyed, and in turn, they would break a few kill songs of the array. If it was a one-on-one fight, a lone demonic phantom was able to beat a single kill song easily.

Dick's heart sunk. He knew that if the array of thirteen kills did not get their replenishment, they would fall and the battle would be over soon.

The two groups of demonic phantoms separated themselves into two lines, and as Dick watched, three of them rushed toward him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 398 Righteousness Song (Part One)

"Boom, boom, boom!"

In an incredibly fast, almost thunderous speed, the demonic phantoms? struck. After two rounds of being struck by three demonic phantoms, a defense song beside Dick?cracked and began to disintegrate before falling apart. With only five defense songs around him, he could survive only eight or nine rounds of attacks by the demonic phantoms.

And considering the demonic phantoms' attack speed, he realized all his defense songs would be broken within a few moments. And if all the demonic phantoms hit on his body, Dick strongly doubted if he could survive even one round of the brutal attack!

At this time Dick was really?in a fix. He not only needed to write kill songs, but also defense songs. Dick was in possession of a magic pen, was extraordinarily brilliant in writing and also was a great master of cursive script. However, right now, he was too busy on writing the defense song and kill song to care about maintaining the attractive sleekness of his words. Instead, every word was written askew, and there was nothing to suggest that a master of cursive script had actually written them.

In fact, Dick's hand was quivering violently even while writing. On any other day, he?wouldn't write with such a shaky and unstable hand. At this moment, except pushing his life vitality to the limit, he cared about nothing.

Even though Dick?urged his life vitality to the limit on writing, it couldn't keep up with the loss of the songs. The number of kill songs in the Thirteen Kills Array?over there?steadily dwindled, and so did the number of defense songs?over here...

"One last defense song!"

A single defense song could only withstand two rounds of attack coming from the demonic phantoms. And owing to the increasing attack speed of the demonic phantoms, a defense song could be broken even in a breath's time. The demonic phantoms' power could never be estimated.

Dick who?was always calm, composed and gentle was now in a mess. He gritted his teeth as a sense of anxiety gripped him.

A while ago, he had made full preparation for the All Peaks Competition while also learning a powerful method. But this was his trump card which he planed to use when fighting those personal disciples.

The sooner he revealed his trump card, the less likely he was able to win the battle over.

Once his unique skill was exposed, he would inevitably attract the personal disciples' attentions, who would then consequently figure out the corresponding attack, which was why Dick hesitated with his move.

'To yield?' murmured Dick in a tone laced with defeat.

To yield was just to put an end to his winning streak but he would still be left with a chance to return again.

But Dick rejected the idea instinctively and almost immediately. By the gentleman's doctrines he practised, he was absolutely not allowed to yield. With a truly upright vitality, he would not make a detour because of the hard and steep way; he would not retreat because of the times were dangerous. If he gave up and yielded at this moment, he would regret it for the rest of his life, and would never be able to forgive himself. Then how was he able to practice?the gentleman's doctrines?

Alas...

"I never expect to be forced to play?my trump card in the group stage," sighed Dick with disappointment.

All of a sudden, the breath inside Dick's body exploded, even that sigh brought an increased oppression to the people. And then a great spirit? erupted out of his body baffling everyone around the field.

Dick?sent another?defense song as he began to write up in the mid-air with his writing brush.

However, Dick?was not writing a single word, but a sentence in that rushed moment. If there were a learned man, he would indeed recognize what he wrote.

"In the world there is the spirit of righteousness, taking many forms, bestowed on the everchanging

things. Below they are the rivers and mountains; above they are the sun and stars. With people, it is called the spirit of honor and fearlessness, so vast it fills the universe. When the empire is tranquil, one pours forth harmony in the splendid court...." (The Song of the Spirit of Righteousness, written by Wen Tian-xiang of the Song Dynasty, translated by Feng Xin-ming 2008)

"It is the Righteousness Song! Dick is writing the Righteousness Song."

"Awe-inspiring righteousness in the Righteousness Song. It is absolutely unbelievable that Dick has devoted himself to practicing the morally guiding righteousness very sincerely. The righteousness is a kind of intent, similar to sword, blade and martial art intents, which is more illusory and mystery than them, and more elusive to understand from meditation. I didn't think he really understood all of what it meant!"

"The battle is getting more and more exciting as it is picking up pace. Come on, Dick, beat Zen. I am all set on you!"

Because Zen?was prevailing after he called out the demonic phantoms. Everybody was extremely?disappointed. As things stood still, Dick? might not escape the inevitable outcome after all. He might even lose the fight.

But what was not expected was that with?the last defense song, he would write a?Righteousness Song!

Meanwhile, Zen?concentrated on manipulating the?demonic phantoms to break Dick's defense song, but just at the moment, he sensed a tremendous power and influence radiating from Dick!

This power was not sharp, but it was very thick, as if in possession of a collection of the general trend of the world. And it pressed over towards?

Zen. For a second, Zen's six demonic phantoms?were shaken up and Zen's control over them also got slower.

"The Righteousness Song?" Zen's pupil shrank slightly as his expression grew grim but dignified.

Sure enough, the strength of any of the top 100 disciples on Cloud Sect chart could not be underestimated by anyone! 'But it's all right. Let me have a good and fair fight with you!' shrugged Zen. Even in the face of righteousness's overwhelming force, Zen did not reflect an ounce of fear. Instead, there was a flickering and bright light lighting up in his eyes, and a turbulent energy emanating from his body.

Chapter 399 Righteousness Song (Part Two)

Dick, no longer scrupled by the demonic phantoms, kept on writing with much determination. And the words were getting more and more powerful, lively and vigorous!

After a while, the demonic phantoms failed to break his defense song, and Dick had written down the entire Righteousness Song neatly!

"Done!" Dick proclaimed in a confident tone.

The brush in the hand gently glided gracefully as he drew the finishing point.

"Droning droning droning..."

A whole song was suspending?at?Dick's side, constantly shaking and singing. The written words, with black ink, gradually emitted a radiating golden sheen.

Dick was now like a great ancient saint, sending out the sense of a power that usually made people bow to him, without the slightest resistance from the heart.

Dick's gaze swept across those demonic phantoms. The next moment he pointed a finger, and a golden light shot out from the Righteousness Song! This gleaming golden light ran through the demonic phantoms directly!

"Flip-flop!"

Within a flash, the demonic phantoms cracked, turned?into flashes and condensed into new demonic phantoms yet again.

"This is not possible. I can't believe that the life vitality is imperishable. Having been broken for so many times, they should be unable to recover..." Dick said in an indifferent tone as he immediately sprung his fingers continuously

Under Dick's control, flashes of golden light?seamlessly shot at the demonic phantoms. After being shattered repeatedly again and again, the demonic phantoms?were doggedly restored to their former condition each time.

Facing?Dick's attack, Zen's mind too was spinning at full speed.

Of course, those phantoms?were not immortal!

Between heaven and earth, everything was affected by the law of time, even life would come to an end eventually. Although, natural creatures were longevity, they could not live over three hundred years. The life of the?Illuminating Soul Realm?masters too was long, but it too could last only 500 years. While mysterious weapons could be preserved for 100 years, spiritual weapons could be preserved for 500 years and fairy weapons could be preserved for thousands of years.

But...

Compared to the world's vast history spanning over millions, even hundreds of millions, or even billions of years, these would all just be a fraction of a second.

The demonic phantoms kept being shattered, restored, and shattered, and restored...The cycle?continued in almost a vicious manner breaking hope.

The demonic life vitality inside?was constantly consumed. If the demonic?life vitality?was consumed to a certain process, in the end, the demonic phantoms simply could not escape the fate of cracking!

'How to break his Righteousness Song?' Zen thought in confusion.

Zen gritted his teeth and looked at the rows of words, then a thought hit him in the head. He immediately controlled the six demonic phantoms to rush towards the Righteousness Song.

While Dick remained calm, abstracting the righteous spirit of Righteousness Song in an orderly manner, and preparing to launch an attack towads the demonic phantoms.

The demonic phantoms would be crushed every time they flew out for a certain distance. However, the distance between them and the Righteousness Song would always be?close. In such an extremely difficult and tense situation, the demonic phantoms finally came to the top of the Righteousness Song.

Dick?was puzzled about what Zen was trying to achieve.

Once Righteousness Song was condensed out, there would be an endless righteous spirit. Moreover, on the Righteousness Song's surface, the words were also coated with a golden glory, which was also coming from the righteous spirit in a bid to protect this Righteousness Song.

If Zen wanted to use the demonic phantoms to smash the Righteousness Song, it would remain a mere fantasy!

With his unshakable confidence on the Righteousness Song, Dick didn't even bother to move the song in front of him. Instead, he just concentrated on crushing the demonic phantoms one by one.

But after those demonic phantoms?were?shattered, they didn't form any new demonic phantoms, but flashes of?life vitality appeared.

"So does this mean the damn demonic phantoms have finally shattered?" thought?Dick in his mind. But before he could take a sigh of relief, the scene before him rendered him speechless as he was gripped with a glimmer of fear and shock.

The flashes of demonic life vitality did not crack, and they did not re-condense into the demonic phantoms, but twined around every word of the Righteousness Song.

If the words were only twined by?life vitality, it was not worth Dick's concern.

The golden color on the Righteousness Song's surface?was the condensation of the righteousness spirit, and it remained unharmed by attacks from swords and cutters, even the mighty fairy weapons.

But as the demonic life vitality twined around it, it was swallowing up the golden light entirely!

"Swallow the golden light? No way!" Dick suddenly panicked, he did not expect that Zen's demonic life vitality?would be able to swallow the light entirely. It was swallowing his?Righteousness Song. Upon seeing many words on the Righteousness Song's surface slowly dim down, Dick was scared that the Righteousness Song?would be swallowed up entirely soon...

Dick suddenly looked at Zen, realizing that he should not have bothered himself dealing with the demonic phantoms before, instead, he should just beat Zen?with the Righteousness Song sooner. As long as Zen?was defeated, these demonic phantoms would fall back immediately.

Finally, Dick was clear about everything. He stretched out his hand and a thick and big golden light shot out from the Righteousness Song. It was almost six times bigger than the former light, which went straight towards Zen.

In the face of Dick's frontal attack, Zen sped up and suddenly dodged aside as if he was the wind itself!

Chapter 400 A Gentleman

The power of the golden light that burst from the Righteousness Song was more terrifying than Zen ever imagined.

It nearly clung to his back and swept past him. Although it didn't hit Zen, he felt the power behind it.

The righteousness was horrifying.

If the golden light, with its tremendous power, hit Zen, it would undoubtedly cut through his body.

The young man was confident enough about his body strength. Only with those who had been in the Illuminating Soul Realm for so many years being his rivals would he not dare resist the attacks with his physical body, like James Mo.

Apparently, after Dick had written the Righteousness Song, he had strength equal to James'.

Still, comparing Dick's strength to that of James' would not be appropriate because while Dick might have exerted maximum strength, the force utilized by James was not the strongest during their battle. To Zen's mind, the pressure was more from James than Dick.

While both Dick and James were masters in the Illuminating Soul Realm, the former had just entered the realm, while the latter was already at the advance stage.

The golden light missed Zen as it hit a light curtain of enchanted barrier, which momentarily blocked its radiance. However, it was not sufficient to completely stop the golden light. A wave resembling a ripple on the surface of the enchanted barrier appeared before the golden light penetrated it.

"Poof!"

Once it pierced the enchanted barrier, the golden light continued in its path and shot to the group of Vulture Peak. It whizzed past an ear of a disciple before boring into the ground where it left a dark round hole no one knew how deep.

The disciple from Vulture Peak turned pale and stood still as he felt the light by his ear. It left him speechless. Had it been any closer, the golden light would have cut through his head cleanly.

It was possible for anyone at the All Peaks Competition to be severely injured or even die due to influence in the aftermath of the contest owing to the intensity of the rivalry.

The master from Vulture Peak was now nervous and hurried to inform all the other disciples to move back. He was aware that if the golden light broke the enchanted barrier again, the disciples from their peak would probably not be so lucky.

There was also a change in the expression of several saints who guarded the arena. If the life vitality influence on the field caused serious injury to disciples outside, this would be considered an accident. To prevent this from happening, they joined hands and put the life vitality in the huge array of the enchanted barriers to immediately make them much denser.

"Chirp!"

Quickly, Dick weighed the situation.

He saw the demonic life vitality continuously devoured the Righteousness Song. Dick had to defeat Zen before the demonic life vitality swallowed all the Righteousness Song. Otherwise, he would be a failure.

As golden light from the Righteousness Song successively burst out to target Zen, he jumped, rolled, and dodged continuously, like a cheetah avoiding a hunter in the forest.

Both warriors were striving for that last chance to defeat the other.

If Dick managed to hit Zen, the latter would surely lose. But as long as Zen resisted the attack of the golden light, his demonic life vitality could devour the Righteousness Song, which was Dick's last backup. If his life vitality swallowed the song, Zen would win.

"Boom!"

The golden light was relentless and flew past Zen threateningly, hitting the enchanted barrier with a dull sound each time. Some of the shots hit the ground, leaving a small deep hole, its depth unknown.

As Dick grew more and more anxious, the golden light spewed out twice as fast putting Zen under a great deal of pressure.

"Phoenix Crystal, start all the energy!"

Zen pushed the energy of the Phoenix Crystal to the maximum as he released all his body strength. He dodged every shot in the limited space of the competition field and resorted to making virtual shadows. His strategy worked as every golden light hit just the virtual shadows.

However, the streaks of golden lights forced him to take cover in a corner.

'Damn it! It's a dead-end corner!' Zen cursed over his predicament.

He looked around to assess his situation.

Then his expression suddenly changed. The golden lights were shot from everywhere - left, right, and above. Although Zen moved with extreme speed, Dick discovered the dead corner where he had hidden.

Dodging was no longer possible. The only choice left was to rush head-on to Dick.

But when Zen came face-to-face with Dick, what would happen?

As long as Dick kept shooting golden lights at Zen, the latter would surely lose!

'The only thing to do is risk my life!' Zen decided.

There was no time for the man to think. With his foot, he kicked and turned into a sharp arrow, shooting ahead.

The move brought a faint smile to Dick's lips. Zen's speed was remarkably high, but he had one disadvantage: having only a few styles of movement.

Still, it was not Zen's fault because he hadn't had chance to develop proper body movements until now.

Seeing his rival move quickly, Dick anticipated Zen's directions to dodge in advance, forcing him to the corner.

With Zen unable to dodge the hits from Dick, his only option would be to rush to his opponent. But Dick already had a plan. As long as he blocked Zen from the front, his opponent would have no way to escape and thus lose.

"I never thought it would be so difficult to win against him," Dick muttered.

Sighing, he shot the last golden light that would block Zen's remaining passage.

Just when Dick thought the fight would be coming to an end, Zen suddenly executed an unusual maneuver.

The Sword Step!

The young warrior had not actually developed the required body movements, but he had partly mastered the Sword Step.

It astonished Dick to see Zen slowly executing the Sword Step, and his pupils dilated.

There was no doubt that his rival knew the move. When Zen fought against Cecil, Dick was also on the spot and remembered the fight clearly.

Back then, Zen's Sword Step didn't merit Dick's attention because he was not a swordsman, nor did he know the secret to the maneuver. Like most people, he thought Zen had just started to learn the skill, and imitated the moves awkwardly.

Besides, in their previous fight, Zen didn't engage the Sword Step, so Dick had forgotten the move during their tense battle.

But now, he panicked upon seeing Zen suddenly take the position for the Sword Step.

There was no doubt Zen's strength was remarkable, and that he could perform the Sword Step, which meant he had been planning to use this for a long time.

As expected, after Zen started with a weird step to the left front, he skirted around the last golden light by reclining his body. Then he continued to dash towards Dick with the unusual steps.

At that moment, the golden light on the surface of the Righteousness Song was finally removed by the demonic life vitality, which eventually devoured the entire song.

There was no time for Dick to marvel at the speed with which the demonic life vitality devoured the song. He was now face-to-face with Zen's innate superhuman strength.

Despite his heartbreaking defeat, it must be said that Dick remained a gentleman. He calmly stood in the hour of peril. The man bowed slightly and continued to wave the brush pen in his hand to begin writing the defense song in the air.

His moves were no match for Zen's high attacking speed.

The defense song was merely a shaking dike that was instantly destroyed by Zen's flood-like fist.

After breaking Dick's defense song, Zen threw a straight punch at his rival's face.

Fate had decided on the outcome of the competition. Dick closed his eyes without dodging unexpectedly.

However, Zen's fist stopped right in front of Dick's face abruptly, less than an inch away from his nose.

Seriously, Zen said, "I am giving you a chance to admit defeat."

Smiling, Dick opened his eyes and said, "Zen, you have the upper hand and can stop before going too far. You are a gentleman!

So, I am admitting defeat!" After saying this, Dick turned around and told the referee standing nearby, "I have lost this round!"

Despite his loss, he could be honest and straightforward. Being a gentleman had always been Dick's style.

It would be better if he could win, but if he lost, he wasn't going to be bothered by it. Dick didn't hope for everything to be up to expectations, but he wanted no regrets in his life.

The referee heard his pronouncement and proceeded to announce, "The winner is Zen from Drizzle Peak, and Dick from Blackrock Peak has lost this match!"

"Has he lost?" There was a buzz around them.

"So soon?" There was a quiet surprise. The final confrontation between Zen and Dick was over in an instant. Zen had quickly turned the tables that so many disciples had no time to react.

"What do you know?

Dick's righteousness doesn't allow him to push himself too far. What's more, considering Dick's character, if he admits defeat, that means he definitely can't win against Zen!"

Suddenly, there was whining!

"Ahhhh... My points!

I've lost more than 800 points!" A disciple was in deep sorrow. Eight hundred points was equivalent to 1, 600 cubic crystals. Even a disciple from the noble clans would be sad to lose that much money. He had bet on Dick and lost everything.

The happiest, however, was not Zen, or Master Wen, or the disciples from Drizzle Peak. They were the people who bet on Zen.

One of them was Zachary of Ninety-foot Peak, whose wild laughter reverberated in his peak non-stop. Most inner disciples thought he had become a fool, but no one dared say anything to his face. After all, Zachary was very, very strong. He didn't join the All Peaks Competition, but other than the ones who competed, he was the strongest among the spectators.

No one knew that Zachary also thought he behaved like an idiot standing and laughing wildly, but he was so happy that he couldn't control himself.

He had bet 1200 cubic crystals on Zen, and as a result, would make nine times more than he put in.

With Zen's victory, Zachary's total cubic crystals rose to more than ten thousand, a vast amount of money that he never imagined before, which now gave him a great fortune.

Every time he thought of his ten thousand cubic crystals, Zachary's heart would race and he would breathe quickly.

Would he continue to bet on Zen? Now that Zen had defeated Dick, the odds following this competition would certainly go down. After all, this had been a tough fight and Zen proved his strength and ability. No banker would be stupid enough to offer Zen high odds. Otherwise, they would lose everything.

'Even if the odds were 1:2, my ten thousand cubic crystals would double to twenty thousand, ' Zachary thought.

'That's twenty thousand cubic crystals!'

His expression turned vicious. He would risk everything, Zachary decided, so he continued to bet ten thousand cubic crystals on Zen.

Chapter 401 The Legendary Jacques (Part One)

Winning the competition against Dick was not easy for Zen. He didn't try his best during the fight and merely relied on the skills from the Heavenly Ogre Fist, so he was still fortunate to have won.

The fighting effectiveness of the demonic phantom, one of the skills of the Heavenly Ogre Fist, was so surprisingly good that even Zen was startled by it. While he had planned to use it when he entered the next round of competition, fighting with someone of Dick's ability by depending only on corporeal body and absolute power was no guarantee for victory.

As for the disciples of Drizzle Peak, while it came as a great surprise when Zen beat Dick, they were becoming numb to his victories because of his successive wins and his consistency in overthrowing their speculations.

Thus, when Zen descended from the ring, Master Wen found himself at a loss for words appropriate and sincere enough to congratulate the warrior's astounding victory. Instead of platitudes, he only laughed, grabbed Zen by the shoulders, and said, "You're clearly the lucky star of Drizzle Peak!"

Perhaps, because of Zen's efforts alone, the fate of Drizzle Peak would completely change. From the last place among the 33 Peaks, it might be able to jump to the front rank, much like Yan who, at that time, led the Lady Peak to surpass the other peaks all the way and pushed her team to the second place among the 33 Peaks.

With Zen's victories, none of the disciples of Drizzle Peak doubted his strength.

Dick was a completely different warrior from Cecil, whom Zen fought previously.

While also a powerful warrior of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Cecil was a relatively weaker one.

How did he differ from Dick?

Dick was the top disciple of Blackrock Peak.

And it was this team that ranked second among the 33 Peaks. Beating Dick in the competition was an indication that Zen had the strength and power to make the top ranking among inner disciples of the Cloud Sect.

Despite his achievements, there were still those who doubted Zen.

"Maybe Dick allowed Zen to win on purpose," one disciple proposed.

He was among those unwilling to acknowledge Zen's victory.

But as soon as he uttered the words, a large group of people cast disdainful glances at him and thought of the disciple as an idiot.

How could Dick even do that on purpose? And just supposing he lost deliberately, how could the warrior be stupid enough to lose to a disciple whose nature level was merely at the second grade?

It just was not possible. Plus, Dick was practicing the art of righteousness. It was quite unthinkable for him to deliberately let Zen beat him and accept his defeat in front of a very large audience.

Besides, Dick even used his strongest and deadly skill, the Righteousness Song, but still couldn't defeat Zen. So, it was not hard to imagine how powerful Zen was.

After several rounds of competition, the group tournament finally drew to a close. Zen participated in two other matches, one against an opponent whose nature level was at consummation grade, and the second against a disciple with the strength of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Without any suspense, both parties chose to admit defeat directly, and actually they didn't even start the fight.

These two opponents were smart enough not to tangle with Zen. 'Are you kidding me? Even Dick couldn't defeat him! If I competed against him, I would certainly suffer a crushing defeat.' Such similar thoughts crossed both their minds.

Besides, if it was an encounter with Dick, they would directly admit defeat. So with Zen, Dick's conqueror, who was much stronger, they opted to concede immediately.

At the end of the group competitions, more than 600 disciples were eliminated. Of those who made the cut, the number was fewer than 200.

The next round was a round-robin competition.

Rules of the round-robin phase were similar to those of the group competition. The main difference, however, was that at this stage, personal disciples would participate in it.

The strength of personal disciples had always been a legend in the Cloud Sect.

Records showed that in a good number of All Peaks Competitions organized by Cloud Sect, personal disciples almost often took the first place. And sometimes, what was more exaggerating was that the first to tenth places were all won by personal disciples! Considering all these facts, it was not hard to imagine how powerful and horrible personal disciples actually were!

After the fierce competitions earlier, Zen was sitting in situ to meditate and get a well-deserved rest.

Although Zen was in excellent physical condition, and his ability to recover was high, he still needed to get rest to be able to fully display his strength at every match of the All Peaks Competition. With his string of recent achievements, there was a big possibility that he would compete against the legendary personal disciples.

In the first match of the round-robin competition, a personal disciple showed up on the ring.

It was a young man with sharp triangular eyes, garbed in a yellow robe, with short hair and a clear forehead.

"Oh my God, it's Jacques!" someone, who recognized the young man, yelled excitedly while a hand covered his mouth.

"Wow, they even arranged Jacques to participate in the first match! This year's All Peaks Competition is truly full of fun and surprises," another disciple commented while looking very thrilled.

"Since Jacques joined the All Peaks Competition with the strength at the second grade of nature level three years ago, he disappeared in the Cloud Sect. Now, three years later, he's back!

I'm quite curious as to how much improvement he's made during the three years of practice," another one added with curiosity, eager to know more about Jacques.

"Ho, ho, ho! Even if he's made improvements, so what?

If Zen didn't show up, Jacques, who was at the second grade of nature level and included among the top 100 rankings, would stay as a legend. That's a rather rare situation in the Cloud Sect. However, at the same level, Zen could even beat Dick and jump into the top 50. I'm saying the gap between the top 100 and top 50 is quite huge. It's quite easy for anyone who enters the top 100 to make a few improvements in their rankings. But for those entering the top 50, they have great difficulty in improving even one place. In my opinion, Jacques' strength three years ago was much inferior to that of Zen's today," a senior disciple gave a more specific analysis.

"You're right about Jacques not being as good as Zen three years ago. But now, after three years of hard training, Jacques has also stepped into the Illuminating Soul Realm. And since he's been able to compete with those beyond his level, and now that he's entered the Illuminating Soul Realm, won't his strength be supposed during the competitions to be even more terrifying?

How can Zen be an equal opponent?" another senior disciple added his own positive analysis.

Those disciples were making comparisons between the two men because both Zen and Jacques participated in the Competition while they were at the second grade of nature level.

Chapter 402 The Legendary Jacques (Part Two)

After hearing those disturbing remarks, Jacques slowly walked to the edge of the battle ring, with his sharp eyes staring at Zen, and loudly and firmly said, "I want to launch a challenge against you!"

The dare made the audience sit up in attention. They didn't think Jacques could be so intense and straightforward. The disciples were merely comparing the two warriors and did not expect Jacques to issue a challenge to Zen.

Many of the spectators shared the same though. 'Zen is at the second grade of nature level, while Jacques has broken through the Illuminating Soul Realm. Presumably, his strength will be superior among disciples with the strength of the same realm. But for him, to challenge Zen is quite brazen and almost a form of bullying.'

In a low voice, Master Wen said, "Zen, don't say yes!"

He was afraid to offend Jacques. Although he was a master of Drizzle Peak, Jacques' mentor was either a saint, or an elder, whose status was far higher than his.

But Zen looked at Jacques without fear and dispassionately said, "Whether we fight or not, I follow Cloud Sect's arrangement. If according to the rules of All Peaks Competition, you and I are assigned to have a match, I will certainly not refuse."

His tone and attitude riled Jacques. "Are you afraid? Ahhh, don't worry. I won't let anyone say I am trying to bully you because of my more superior power. I will adjust my strength to the nature level and fight you fairly!"

He looked at Zen squarely, determination and pride burning in his eyes.

To his surprise, Zen burst out in laughter.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" Jacques' words ignited his fighting spirit. Sharply, he jeered, "Me, afraid? Jacques, do you know what fairness is?

I still stand by what I said previously. If we are to be assigned to the same match to fight each other, don't worry for my sake, or control your power because I promise to defeat you!"

Zen's pronouncements made the disciples of Drizzle Peak and all other peaks inhale sharply and hold their breath for several seconds.

At the same time, tens of thousands of disciples sitting in front of the Picture Slab also took a deep breath. While these disciples only had a view of Jacques on the Picture Slab, Zen's words were delivered clearly, and everyone heard this.

After Jacques challenged Zen, no one expected Zen to speak fearlessly or even say something as crazy as he did.

After all, he was only at the second grade of nature level. How confident was he to speak that way to Jacques?

But then Zen had spit out the words already. As the saying goes, spilt water cannot be gathered again.

Hearing Zen's words, an odd expression appeared in Jacques's face but soon vanished. Inhaling deeply, he replied, "All right! If you are not eliminated in the round-robin competition, we will have a chance to compete. But if you are eliminated before I can compete with you, you will not be qualified to play with me!"

Pride and arrogance made Jacques lay down his condition. Everyone was aware that Jacques had competed against several personal disciples and emerged triumphantly. His remarks were meant to tell Zen that he would never be defeated.

The personal disciple had the right to be arrogant. After all, three years ago, he displayed his impressive fighting ability while at the second grade of nature level. At that time, however, Jacques also experienced a sense of powerlessness with his second-grade strength as he faced the masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Now he was equipped with the strength of Illuminating Soul Realm that previously gave him that sense of being powerless. So, it was only natural for him to feel confident about facing opponents with the same level as his.

"Jacques!" A voice behind him boomed. "Please pay attention to the fact that your present opponent is me!"

As Jacques was busy talking to Zen, the man, with a low and serious voice, stood behind the personal disciple, his face gloomy.

The man was no other than the famous Stanley Pu, Azure Peak's top disciple, at the same time, a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Among the 33 peaks, Azure Peak ranked fifth. This meant he was one of those possessing the most powerful strength, and as a top disciple of Azure Peak, Stanley was naturally proud and even arrogant.

So it was infuriating that when Jacques stepped on the ring, he completely ignored Stanley's presence and instead went on to challenge someone at the second grade of nature level.

To Stanley's mind, Jacques' behavior showed he had no regard for his present opponent at all, but rather saw Zen, at only the second grade of nature level, as an adversary. So how could the arrogant Stanley take this kind of disrespect?

Dick lost to Zen, but Stanley was certain he would never lose to the Zen!

When Stanley's words finally penetrated Jacques' ears, he turned around, grinned and said, "You're my opponent?"

"That's right!" Stanley nodded to acknowledge.

As he prepared himself to face his opponent, Stanley reached out for a golden fan, a top grade spiritual weapon. It was an ordinary-looking object except that it stood out because the fan glowed with golden light. A layer of gold covered its surface, giving it a delicate and elegant appearance. Once it was unfolded, its edges became sharp as knives. A cut by the fan would be more painful than being sliced by a blade.

"All right," Jacques said. Inhaling deeply, he suddenly walked towards Stanley.

Although still annoyed for being ignored by Jacques, Stanley never let his guard down as he got ready to begin the match. In his mind, he acknowledged Jacques' reputation. With the strength only at the second grade of nature level, he challenged and defeated over half of the disciples on the Cloud Sect list. Now, with the strength of the Illuminating Soul Realm, the man was even more difficult to read.

So Stanley chose to launch a pre-emptive strike. By tossing his gold fan lightly, he completely unfolded the fan, enabling him to wave it around him randomly.

"Whoosh! Whoosh!" The sound of the fan whipping the air had everyone's attention.

As Stanley's hand flipped the golden fan rapidly, one streak of life vitality after another was being released by the spiritual weapon at the same time.

Stanley's life vitality was extremely special. He would always think of something very sharp so the life vitality pulled out by the golden fan did not transform into a particular object. Instead, it released a kind of gold thread as thin and fine as a hair strand. Had it not reflected a little golden light under the sun, it would have been hardly visible to the naked eye.

Like everyone else, Zen had his eyes wide open and glued to the battle ring, watching the match unfold. Once before, he experienced a similar attack. It was at the trial of Bloody Mountain, where Ryan used his spiritual weapon to draw out a kind of indestructible line of energy. During that test, Zen suffered scratches all over his body from the thin lines of energy that struck him.

Looking at the gold thread pulled out from Stanley's fan, Zen saw it was more powerful than the thin lines that came out of Ryan's spiritual weapon. Everyone in the audience waited curiously at how Jacques would deal with this.

And just as they began thinking of how the personal disciple would deal with the attack, Jacques simply walked towards the gold threads coming from Stanley's fan.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 403 White Bone Armor

Stanley's threads spread out like a spider's web. It was called Skynet.

Usually, during the fight, Stanley would try to force his opponent into the net. Once his prey was in the net, he would be shredded by Skynet's gold threads.

It would be a ghastly, bloody scene. So, Stanley hadn't tried this weapon in his previous fights. But now, he was facing a master's personal disciple. This was no time to hold back. He had to move very carefully. One wrong step and Stanley could be the one lying on the ground.

Stanley knew there was still a chance that Jacques would find a way to deal with Skynet. But Jacques seemed overconfident as he didn't even try to dodge it. Stanley's eyes widened when he saw Jacques walking into the net. It was almost impossible to crack Skynet from the inside.

'The fish is on the hook, ' Stanley thought. What choice did he have but to pull the thread thankfully? A cold smile danced on Stanley's lips. Men who had underestimated him paid for their ego with blood. Jacques might be smart and talented, but that wouldn't change the outcome of walking into the net. His ego would be his downfall. Stanley would see to it that Jacques shed more blood for this.

He dragged his thoughts back to the present and pulled his fan lightly. Then one of the gold threads moved, and the other threads moved with it. All the threads weaved in a special way. And now, they were rippling and twisting as they combined into a vast net. When ready, the net pounced in Jacques's direction.

The crowd tensed, and their faces grew grim at the scene.

The gold thread was as thin as a hair but as sharp as a steel sword. It could easily slice through a person's bone!

"My Skynet can cut through a spiritual weapon, let alone fragile flesh and bones of a human body. I know you have spent three years on your refining. But Jacques, you are dreaming if you think you can withstand my Skynet." As the Skynet inched closer and closer, space left for Jacques dwindled.

At first, Jacques walked over slowly. Then, he stopped and casually glanced at Stanley. To Stanley's surprise, Jacques was smiling.

There were so many emotions in Jacques' smile—scorn, contempt, indifference, and fearlessness.

Suddenly bloody mist exploded from his body. A second later, the mist turned into white bones. Layer upon layer of bones enclosed his arms, knees, and chest. It was a suit of armor made of white bones!

Something cold and sinister lurked inside those sleek white-jade-like bones, from which a dark aura emanated into the field. The sight sent a shiver down Stanley's back. For a short second, he felt like he wasn't facing Jacques but some ancient evil deity.

"Evil skill!" Stanley shouted. His expression changed as he sensed the dark aura from Jacques. He had never expected that Jacques would study evil skills.

"It's true. It's truly an evil skill! He has the smell of blood and death. I can feel it from here. I never thought Jacques would take this path."

"It is not an easy path. But if you are determined, the rewards are great. Evil refiners are much stronger than normal refiners."

Only the names of evil skills were handed down from ancient times. All the methods and theories had been devised in recent history. Refiners who studied these skills were very cruel, not only to others but also to themselves.

For example, the infamous evil skill, Blood Devil, would require the refiner to kill hundreds of thousands of creatures and build a pool with their blood. The refiner would then have to soak in the pool and exchange their blood.

Uncountable creatures were killed in the process of building the blood pool. Not only did the creatures suffer, but the refiners were also hurt as they needed to replace their blood with the blood in the pool. Blood exchange was safe when using the same type of blood, like a family member's blood. But inside the pool was a concoction of blood from humans, animals, and supernatural beasts. The exchange was painful. And the pain was the price the refiners had to pay.

Cloud Sect didn't ban evil skills. But killing for practicing evil skills was forbidden in the sect. Of course, some refiners studied evil skills secretly. In the process, if they broke the rules, they kept their actions a secret. The sect just turned a blind eye to such happenings.

The skill Jacques used was called Bleached Bone Distilled Soul. He got it by luck. The year before, Jacques had snuck into a secret area and found the dead body of an elder. The elder had been refining there. It seemed to Jacques that something went wrong with the elder's refining and at last, the elder spiraled into madness and died. Jacques took all his possessions.

Without warning, Jacques had brought this evil skill to light. The crowd was startled. They could not understand why Jacques, an extraordinary refiner, would learn evil skills.

They soon realized the reason.

This evil skill was more powerful than they could possibly imagine.

The white bone armor took form in the blink of an eye. As soon as Jacques's armor was ready, he shot toward Stanley.

"Pa!"

The first gold thread slashed Jacques's elbow and broke at the touch of his armor. The razor-sharp thread didn't leave as much as a scratch on the armor's surface.

"Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa!"

Once Jacques put on his armor, he was unstoppable. Soon, half the threads of Skynet broke at his charge. The sound of threads breaking was more like someone plucking at strings.

Stanley took a deep breath of the cool air. How was this possible?

No one knew about Skynet's power better than Stanley. He had tested it himself. It cut right through a medium-grade spiritual weapon and left a deep cut on a top-grade one. Now, it seemed incapable of harming Jacques's armor.

The white bone armor was condensed from life vitality. How could it have the hardness of a fairy weapon?

For a moment, Stanley thought that he was going mad. Automatically, he retreated. No disciple who was in the contest would concede defeat without a proper fight. They didn't come this far to lose. Since their performance decided their ranking, every match mattered.

Stanley had to do more than retreat. When Jacques reached the second-grade of the nature level, he had the power and speed of practitioners at the peak of the nature level. Now, Jacques had entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. To top it all off, Jacques had mastered an evil skill. There was no way Stanley could win this fight head-on.

"Splash!"

More gold threads appeared from his gold fan. At the same time, he leaped and soared in the air.

Only Illuminating Soul Realm experts could fly. But Stanley was only a newcomer in this realm, and he didn't specialize in wind life vitality. Although he wasn't very familiar with flight, Stanley didn't have other options.

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

As he flew, Stanley hastily laid out more gold threads behind him.

These gold threads were his best weapon. They had brought him so many victories. It seemed to Stanley that Skynet was invincible. But now he felt horribly powerless. It was as though his long-prepared killer weapon was only a child's toy to his enemy.

Jacques wasn't surprised when he saw Stanley flying. Another mass of bloody mist burst out behind Jacques. As the mist dissipated, two bone wings could be seen.

With a flap of his wings, the white-bone-armored Jacques shot up into the sky above the field like a white meteor.

Jacques was also a newcomer to the Illuminating Soul Realm. Normally, Illuminating Soul Realm refiners burned their life vitality to fly. Since newcomers' foundation was still unstable, their flight wasn't exactly fluid. But with his bone wings, Jacques gained a great advantage at speed and flexibility.

The gold threads left behind by Stanley were no challenge to Jacques. He threw himself against them and one by one the threads snapped.

"Don't push me!" Stanley roared at Jacques.

Jacques didn't bother to reply. Instead, he charged toward Stanley at full speed.

So far in the fight, Jacques had fought in a very simple way. He forged on in his white bone armor. But it didn't take a genius to figure out that his evil skill was more than that. Maybe Jacques felt as though he didn't need to take Stanley seriously. Winning would be easy.

In midair, Stanley's eyes turned red as he gripped his gold fan with his left hand. He said through gritted teeth, "Don't blame me now. You have crossed the line."

If there was one thing that Stanley couldn't bear it was being ignored. If Jacques treated this fight with the utmost seriousness and put all his attention into it from the beginning, Stanley would admit defeat knowing that he had been outmatched. But throughout the fight, it seemed like he was invisible to Jacques. He couldn't bear the shame. Stanley had to teach Jacques a lesson. There was a price to pay for arrogance!

"Gold Flower Fan!"

"Da!"

He pulled out his fan and unfolded it. Then he cast the fan in Jacques's direction. At the same time, the spiritual weapon's skill was activated.

There were numerous spiritual weapons in the Eastern Region, but very few spiritual weapons had skills. Generally speaking, a medium-grade spiritual weapon with skill had value equal to a top-grade spiritual weapon. The same rule applied to top-grade spiritual weapons and fairy weapons.

Why was the Phoenix Crystal and the Emerald Crystal that Zen had acquired so precious? That was because each of them could make a top-grade spiritual weapon comparable to a fairy weapon.

So, the activated Gold Flower Fan wasn't something to be trifled with.

High in the sky, the Gold Flower Fan split into numerous blade shadows. Each of the blade shadows spun frantically and flew toward Jacques. It seemed like these shadows could think. They attacked at the weak joints of the white bone armor like the elbows, head, waist, and knees.

Stanley believed that if he could take advantage of these vulnerable spots, there was no telling who would be the winner of this fight. He might even turn Jacques into a cripple.

A smile touched Jacques's lips. He didn't even dodge. Another bloody mist appeared around him. After the bloody mist dispersed, the white bone armor covered his entire body.

This scene brought a bitter taste to Stanley's mouth. Jacques had every reason to despise him. And there was nothing Stanley could do to deal with this white bone armor. As long as Jacques stayed in his armor, he was unbeatable.

As he thought about this, Jacques slammed into Stanley. In the next instant, everything went black. He knew nothing after that.

Chapter 404 Extremely Arrogant (Part One)

The competition between Jacques and Stanley wasn't so thrilling. Most of it was pretty boring since Jacques was overwhelmingly superior to Stanley in every aspect and dominated him every step of the showdown. There was little Stanley could do to protect himself against Jacques.

However, that did not mean that the elites of all the thirty three peaks and all the personal disciples present ignored the fight. Instead, they observed it carefully.

It was worth noting though, that the majority of them focused their attention on Jacques and did not care what happened to Stanley.

Three years ago, Jacques had become one of the top 100 warriors when he was just at grade two of the nature level, landing him in the list of legends of the Cloud Sect. Although Zen had already broken his record now, no one dared to ignore Jacques and his strength.

Moreover, Jacques had retreated to practice for three years and he was at the Illuminating Soul Realm at present. No one had seen him fighting over the three years, and no one knew how powerful he was now. That was the reason why those elites and personal disciples paid a lot attention to Jacques, who was one of their potential opponents.

Unfortunately, Stanley was defeated so fast that Jacques only had a chance to show off his incomparably sturdy armor.

But the set of white bone armor he was wearing was already strong enough to attract all elites and personal disciples' attention. Its defensive ability was comparable to a common fairy weapon, which could resist almost all damage inflicted upon it. Jacques, hidden and protected in the armor, could definitely win the competition, especially considering the fact that if the white bone armor couldn't be broken by his opponent, then there was no way to inflict damage directly upon him.

Zen, standing outside the battlefield, also paid attention to Jacques all the time, but he believed that he had a few countermeasures in his pocket to attack the white bone armor. Though the armor looked completely impenetrable, there were means such as the soul attack and flying knife which could break it. He was thinking that the flying knife with its sharp and penetrative tip might be strong enough to crack the white bone armor. There was also the rather strong fear and belief that the white bone armor wasn't Jacques's only ace in the hole. The only way to learn more about Jacques was in a fight itself.

Zen knew it wasn't easy to climb to the head of the list in the All Peaks Competition. Jacques wasn't necessarily the strongest of the personal disciples, but was already too powerful to be defeated easily. In addition, he had to compete with all the elite contestants from every single peak if he wanted to be the first.

Even though it was extremely difficult to compete with those disciples of great power, Zen was utterly indomitable. And instead of being the least afraid, he was immersed in a contradictory state of mind that was both exciting and calm. The thrill of the chase helped enhance his sense of fighting and kept him excited, and the calmness he possessed could help him assess his opponents clearly. Only when he was calm could he win a fight easily.

The round-robin competition came one after another.

Due to the participation of personal disciples this time, the round-robin phase was several times fiercer than the group phase. The contest between elites from every peak and the personal disciples was known to be one of the most wonderful and terrible attractions.

In the Cloud Sect, the status of the personal disciples was undoubtedly much higher than anyone else present. However, only a few lucky ones who were chosen by the elders and saints of the Cloud Sect had the chance to become their personal disciples.

And since it was considered bad form, they didn't show their discontentment on the surface, but in reality, they were always resentful of the personal disciples. 'Personal disciple? So what? Even the normal disciples of our thirty three peaks can also punch your shining teeth through the back of your skull. Doesn't matter that we don't have personal teachers, we are undefeatable!' the other disciples always thought in their mind. Therefore, the vast majority of disciples hoped that the personal disciples would lose in the competitions.

Unfortunately, these personal disciples were always superior to the inner disciples, and it was really tough for even the elites to stay in a fight with them and beat them. In the previous four competitions, three elite inner disciples had been defeated badly by these personal disciples.

When it was the time for the fifth competition, the referee announced, "Zen from the Drizzle Peak against the personal disciple, Vale!"

Vale?

Zen's brows frowned tightly as soon as he heard the name. Vale!

Vale had tried to force Zen to kneel down to him with great power on the day he had gone to the Hell Mountain! However, Zen had taken advantage of the strength of the dragon scales and his strong physical body to hold the pressure, and the Heavenly Ogre Fist had burst upon him under that enormous pressure!

But even if Zen had comprehended the Heavenly Ogre Fist at that time, he was no match for Vale at all. It wasn't to be forgotten that Vale had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm at that time and Zen wasn't even a nature creature!

Fortunately, Aura had come to help Zen out of danger in time, otherwise his fate wasn't hard to imagine.

That was only one of the reasons why Zen was angry. What made him even more annoyed was that Vale didn't want to beat him but actually wanted to be together with his sister, Yan!

Zen gradually unlocked his frowned brows at this thought and assigned a cold look to his face instead. He had never worn such an expression on his face ever since taking part in the All Peaks Competition.

Standing next to Zen, both Master Wen and Yehudi noticed that Zen didn't look good. After being together with Zen for a while, they now knew clearly Zen would never look cold no matter how strong his opponent was, and he would never concede the competition to anyone, not even the personal disciples. So, they guessed that there was something behind Zen's change of expression.

"Are you okay, Zen?" Yehudi asked carefully.

With a brilliant smile on his face, Zen replied, "I'm fine. I'm just in a bad mood, and I want to kick someone's ass right now."

"Kick someone's ass?" Yehudi repeated and gave a gasp of surprise at what he had just heard. He then turned around and looked at the empty battlefield. It seemed that Zen's opponent hadn't come out yet.

"Yes!" Zen replied in a firm tone. Keeping cold expression of his face constantly, Zen walked towards the battlefield step by step.

Vale wasn't at the scene of the All Peaks Competition, and he didn't show up until it was his turn to fight.

Chapter 405 Extremely Arrogant (Part Two)

After the cheers had died down, suddenly, there was a young man standing and walking in the air step by step, with both hands on his back. It seemed that there were some transparent stairs in the air so that Vale could step on them. And every time he took a step, a lotus flower bloomed right under his foot. Steps with lotus flowers! Those lotus flowers made Vale look gentle and aristocratic. Showing off indeed!

A great number of inner disciples were amazed at what they saw when Vale walked on the lotus flowers. Although most of them knew clearly that it wasn't difficult for him to do so since he had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, but the great power and presence when he stepped on the lotus flowers shocked everyone anyhow.

Amid the shock, a long scream was heard from the many female disciples of the Lady Peak. Vale's appearance had produced a kind of galvanization on the battlefield.

Sitting in the group of personal disciples, Tracy Mo pouted and sneered with a cold smile on her face, "What a disgusting man! What does he think of himself, a prince or something? Why does he always show up like this?"

After hearing Tracy's words, Patrick, who was sitting right next to her joked, "So do you want to poke some holes on his body, Tracy?"

"Of course I do! If I get a chance to compete with him on the battlefield, I am definitely going to poke more than a few big holes on his body! He's such a poser every time he shows up! I am going to leave him in such a state that he won't be able to pose anymore!" Tracy replied resentfully, still pouting.

Zen stood motionless on the battlefield. He kept silent as he looked up at Vale, who was coming down slowly in the air.

After he had stepped down on the battlefield, Vale greeted him with a smile on his lips, "How do you do, Zen? It's beyond my expectation that you can take part in the All Peaks Competition in such a short time!

What a surprise! I still remember what I said when we met on the Hell Mountain. I told you that I would give you three years to practice so that you have the strength to compete with me, but only half a year has passed till now. Don't worry, I'll show you mercy today. You don't need to look or act like you are facing a formidable enemy."

"Show me mercy? A formidable enemy?" Zen repeated what Vale had said just now and suddenly burst into laughter. "Hahaha...Vale, you know that was a nice joke!"

With an astonished look on his face, Vale asked, "What joke?"

"First, I don't need you to show me mercy! You are not qualified to do that! Second, I'm not regarding you as a formidable enemy! I'm just in a bad mood when I think about my sister Yan being grounded in the Hell Mountain to this day and you still in your fucking dreams! You want to sleep with my sister! I'm just not happy with that, you know? I look like this because I'm not happy, rather than what you said. I'm facing a formidable enemy, huh!" Zen replied and sneered.

A burst of noise came from the crowd after Zen finished his words.

He had spoken word by word, so everyone present had heard what he said clearly.

At first, they were confused why Zen had suddenly become so arrogant. He had always kept a low profile in the previous competitions, and had always kept silent. But now, he suddenly looked different. He was arrogant and conceited right now!

After Zen finished his words, the crowd finally learned the reason behind his anger, and they were extremely amazed to find out.

"What? Vale wants to sleep with Zen's sister? Who is his sister?"

"Zen talked about his sister just now! His sister is Yan!"

"Who is Yan? That girl who is still grounded on the Hell Mountain? Oh my god! Yan is Zen's little sister? I can't believe it! What fantastic geniuses they are! Yan is a girl of terrible power, and her brother is even more powerful than her!"

Some disciples whispered in the crowd.

People in the Eastern Region liked to practice martial arts, but the vast majority of them were male. This was evident from the fact there was only one Lady Peak for female disciples out of the thirty three peaks in the Cloud Sect.

Female martial artists didn't play an important part in the Eastern Region. After all, male martial artists far outnumbered the female ones, so a female genius in the field was several times less likely than a male.

For the same reason, female disciples were regarded as underdogs all the time.

But Yan didn't fit the stereotype of a traditional female disciple. Such terrible was her power that once, with her efforts, Lady Peak had managed to land itself on the second number among all thirty three peaks, when it was famous for always ranking last.

Although there were many legends in the Cloud Sect, almost all such records had been created by male disciples. Yan became an exception to this when she led Lady Peak. With her extraordinary talent, excellent strength and amazing beauty, she crushed almost all the disciples and stood at the top of the list in the Cloud Sect!

What made people feel even more awed was that Yan was less than fifteen years old when she had created the legend!

What an awesome genius she was!

Most of the disciples knew about the existence of Yan, but they did not know the details behind her story. No one knew exactly how Yan had offended the Yun family and why she was grounded in the Hell Mountain after the All Peaks Competition that year. It was said that Yan committed a crime and was immured on the Hell Mountain.

Zen got the information from Wurth when he was investigating what had happened to his sister earlier on. No one had more news than Wurth did in the Burning Sky Empire. He was a well-informed man.

Paying no attention to what the other disciples were talking about, Zen looked at Vale and continued, "As for the fucking appointed competition three years later! You made the appointment yourself! How dare you appoint a competition with me like that? Do you really think you have the ability to compete with me after I practice for three years straight? I would have definitely improved in that time, and you wouldn't be qualified to fight with me after that! But you know what, let's forget the three-year-later appointment and come back to this competition now! Do you think you have the ability to win the competition today?"

As a personal disciple, Vale couldn't maintain his smile anymore, even though that was his usual style. He had been insulted by Zen in the All Peaks Competition just now. Or, to put it bluntly, he was degraded and despised by Zen in front of the hundreds of thousands of disciples of the Cloud Sect. He stared at Zen with burning eyes, as if he wanted to cut him into pieces with his mere gaze. "Good! That's very good! There is a saying that the younger generation will surpass the older. That's great!"

Chapter 406 A Surprise For Kenneth

"Younger generation? Are you kidding me? Vale, you're only a little older than me. You may have reached the Illuminating Soul Realm earlier than I do, but it doesn't mean you're more powerful than me! How dare you call me younger generation?" Zen snorted.

The participants of the All Peaks Competition were shocked when they had known that Zen might be Yan's elder brother.

When they heard the conversation between Zen and Vale, they were even more surprised to see Zen's attitude toward Vale.

Zen had shown great potential that made him the most powerful among the top disciples of the thirty-three peaks.

As a practitioner at the second-grade nature level, it was a miracle for Zen to defeat Cecil. Besides, his victory against Dick with his magical purple and black life vitality was the greatest miracle of all time.

However, both Cecil and Dick were only the top disciples of the thirty-three peaks. They were still far from Rocher, Wing, and Sheeny when it came to competence, and there was still a long way to go for them to be on par with the personal disciples.

Jacques was just at the second-grade nature level when he had participated in the previous competition. But because he was also a personal disciple, his power and competence had already been far beyond his peers.

The All Peaks Competition was held in many sessions. In each session, the first up to the third place had been won by the personal disciples, and it was seldom that the disciples of the thirty-three peaks would get the top ranks. When the personal disciples gave their best in the competitions, the disciples from the thirty-three peaks would lose their chance to be on the top twenty.

From this point, it was easy to see the gap between the disciples of the thirty-three peaks and the personal disciples. Although the number of personal disciples was small, they had easy access to abundant resources provided by the Cloud Sect and they had personal masters to teach them. Therefore, all of them were powerful enough with their own unique skills.

Vale was outstanding even amongst the personal disciples.

According to the Cloud Sect List, he was part of the top fifteen last year. However, the personal disciples' ranking in the Cloud Sect List was not reflective of their actual power and strength.

Because they seldom competed with the others and they could improve their skills so fast, the ranking list was unable to measure their real competence at all.

Even if Vale had ranked fifteen in the Cloud Sect List, it could be that he had the competence to be in the first rank.

The other disciples feared Vale and would stutter at the sight of him, just like how they would react in front of an elder.

And because of that, the other disciples thought Zen as extremely arrogant in his manner of speaking with Vale.

Vale had always been indifferent, but it was hard for him to stay calm right now because of Zen's sharp tongue. But since he had a reputation to protect, he dared not to speak ill towards Zen. But the rage in him had turned his face pale.

After all, Vale was no ordinary man. After many years of cultivation, he knew that it was very important for a practitioner to stay calm all the time. So, he summoned his life vitality and an extremely beautiful lotus formed in his hand. He crushed the lotus into pieces and then a gust of cold air came out from the lotus pieces.

After a short while, Vale regained his composure. He then said with a slight smile, "You were trying to provoke me so that I would make mistakes in our competition. That way you would have a chance to win. Am I right? I have to admit, you managed to piss me off. But now you have to pay for it!"

As Vale finished his words, sparkly red lights appeared around Vale. Like clusters of flame, the red lights brightened and formed lotus flowers, then they floated towards Zen.

'Vale has further improved again! I can see it from the lotus. But I will try my best to fight him for myself, and for Yan too!' Zen thought.

He summoned the six demonic phantoms which spiraled out from his behind. They hit towards the lotus with incredible speed and strength.

Sitting on his big chair on the platform with his hands tightly holding onto the armrest, Kenneth asked, "Xu, the members of Cloud Sect don't seem to take me seriously. Are they still considering me as the head of Cloud Sect?"

Elder Xu was surprised at Kenneth's question. He asked cautiously, "Your grace, what makes you think that?"

"Zen is not only a potential disciple but the older brother of Yan as well. But how come I didn't know about this until today?" Kenneth asked back. Even though Zen was only at the second-grade nature level, he could already be on par with the Illuminating Soul Realm masters. That meant he must be extremely talented, but Kenneth wondered why no one had ever mentioned Zen to him. He seldom appeared among the disciples, so it was no wonder he knew little about Zen. However, how could those elders, the Saints and even the stewards of Cloud Sect turn a blind eye to such a talented disciple?

The very essence of Cloud Sect was to find gifted disciples in the Eastern Region for Cloud Hall. A reasonable set of rules in finding the talents had been designed in Cloud Sect. For example, if a steward found a disciple who performed well in the secret cultivation land, he would report it to his supervisor. Then his supervisor would report to the responsible person with a higher rank. When the higher rank official validated the newly found talent, the steward would then get a reward.

Under the rules, the disciples generally had little chance to be missed out if they were performing well.

Despite being a practitioner at the second-grade nature level, Zen had already defeated so many powerful disciples in the All Peaks

Competition. That was enough reason to prove that he was a gifted disciple.

Based on Kenneth's assessment, Zen possessed the highest talent in the world.

People were not born equal. Some practitioners were more gifted than the others and they could progress faster.

And talents were divided into three different levels: the heaven, the earth, and the human level. According to the competence of the Eastern Region, talents at human were considered geniuses. In other words, the disciples who possessed the human-level talent would reach the Illuminating Soul Realm faster than any other normal disciples.

As to the earth-level talents, the Cloud Sect would normally pay great attention to them. About half of the personal disciples and the inner disciples of the thirty-three peaks with the highest cultivation level could be regarded as earth-level talent disciples.

Heaven-level talents were rare gems, so disciples at this level were not only valued by the Cloud Sect, but by the Cloud Hall itself.

However, the talent level was only used to measure the potential for improvement of the disciples. It was something that could only be measured through comparison.

As far as Kenneth was concerned, Zen possessed the heaven-level talent at least. From his incredible performance, Zen's talent might have actually reached the saint level.

Kenneth was surprised at Zen's talent, however, that wasn't the reason he was angry.

What made him so angry was that no one had told him that Zen was Yan's older brother!

Yan was important for Kenneth so he wanted to know everything about her. But when no one told him about her brother becoming a disciple in Cloud Sect, Kenneth felt disregarded by the Cloud Sect.

"Maybe because it was Aura who took Zen to Drizzle Peak. Nobody dared to talk about Zen due to the special identity of Aura's." Xu reasoned out after thinking for a while.

"Aura? Is she the daughter of Kane?" Kenneth asked with a frown.

Xu nodded and answered, "Being Zen's master, Aura must have known how gifted Zen is. But I'm guessing that she deliberately did not report it to her supervisor."

"Xu, are you trying to defend the Saints and the elders and putting the blame on Aura? As far as I know, she is only a master of Drizzle Peak. And even if she didn't want to report it, there could be others who would and she can't do anything to stop them. I'm pretty sure that Zen has cultivated in some cultivation places. But why none of the stewards reported to me? I can't believe it and I won't accept your reasoning! Find out what happened and report to me immediately! Arrange someone to check Zen's cultivation record in the past few months. I would like to ask those stewards if they have gone blind!" Kenneth said angrily.

Sensing the anger, Xu dared not to delay. He immediately dispatched someone to check on Zen's cultivation records.

While Xu was busy calming Kenneth down, the competition in the battle ring became fiercer.

The lotus flowers were blossoming and formed a stream of lotuses, then started rushing towards Zen.

Each of the lotuses was about the same weight as ten bronze cooking vessels, and once these lotuses clung to him, Zen would slow down immediately. This was becoming a disadvantage for him.

At the moment, a homicidal intent of lotus summoned by Vale surrounded Zen. Vale tried to suppress Zen with the overwhelming homicidal intent of lotus.

'Does he think I could be easily suppressed? Dream on!' Zen thought.

The effect of Vale's homicidal intent of lotus on Zen started to diminish. Now Zen took the Sword Steps and kept moving around the battle ring as the six demonic phantoms he controlled knocked down the lotuses.

"Phew! Phew! Phew..."

With the incredible force of the demonic phantoms, the lotuses were crushed into pieces. Their petals scattered all over the ground, making the battle ring look like a mess. After a short moment, the petals transformed back as original vitality and disappeared in the air. By natural law, since these lotuses came from nature, they would eventually come back to nature in the form of original vitality.

Although the demonic phantoms were powerful, Zen could only summon six of them for now. Vale, on the other hand, could summon hundreds of lotuses with just a wave of his hand. Most of the lotuses had been crushed by the demonic phantoms, but there were still a few that escaped from the gap between the demonic phantoms, and now they were chasing after Zen.

Despite that, Zen wasn't afraid at all

because he could withstand the weight of the lotus from the beginning. And with that, he was more confident that he could absorb these lotuses with demonic life vitality.

But to Zen's surprise, the moment the demonic life vitality he released touched the lotus, the color of the lotus suddenly changed from bright red to lurid red.

Zen became more cautious at the sight of the color change. He abruptly stopped and stepped backward with extremely high speed.

Chapter 407 Flower-Picking Pointing (Part One)

All Zen did in defence was to take a mere step backward. The lotus in the forefront burst abruptly and with that burst, preternatural fire like a red lotus shot up in its place. The temperature of the preternatural fire was so high that it could have easily burned everything in the world!

Even though Zen had jumped back in time to avoid the core of the explosion, the fire still affected him through heat and shockwave. He was pushed back about another twenty feet by the explosion of the lotus and hit the enchanted barrier heavily.

"I know that your life vitality is strange, and totally different from regular ones. You seem to have that weird capacity to engulf my lotus and win even against that move. Last time on the Hell Mountain, you have shown me your abilities. Did you honestly expect me to make the same mistake a second time?" Vale remarked with a cold smile. "Are you seriously under the delusion that you can defeat me only with your weird life vitality? Let me tell you this: you are day dreaming! I said that I would give you three years, and I agreed to do that because you weren't qualified to challenge me then, and you aren't qualified to do so now. Defeating you was a piece of cake for me then! Today as well, you are going to be defeated in a second!" Vale continued his monologue.

While he was talking, Vale had been calling out extra lotuses continuously. The lotuses collided with Zen's six demonic phantoms. And even though he himself was speaking slowly, his homicidal killing intent focused into the lotuses was growing stronger and stronger. Suddenly, amidst the ones fighting the phantoms, another lotus appeared and bloomed slowly in the middle of the fighting platform.

These flowers Vale was calling out were normally as large as a man's hand, and bloomed in several different colors, with each color possessing its own different, unique feature and power. For example, the red lotus could afflict great damage by an explosion; and the icy lotus had an overwhelming capacity to freeze things. However, the one which had just appeared in the middle of the fighting court was totally different. It was white, and much larger than its fellow lotuses fighting the phantoms.

The white lotus began to grow fast. It had started off smaller than a penny, and had reached the size of a fist; then it grew as large as a barrel. And after a while, it transformed itself into a huge white bloomer about ten feet wide and five feet high.

Vale smiled as he stared at Zen and walked casually on the huge white lotus step by step, without the least bit of effort showing up on his face. When he reached the center of the white lotus, his spirit suddenly grew ten times higher than before. Now, he looked even more overwhelming and his aura seemed to have been multiplied.

It seemed as if his spirit was bursting out and impressing others with his great power as if it had turned into a substance that could be touched, instead of an abstract phenomenon.

"Clap, clap, clap..."

Several stone plates on the fighting platform were crushed into pieces by his spiritual force, as if they had been stamped on by numerous elephants.

What the audience were witnessing was just the power that Vale's spirit possessed.

Standing high in the middle of the white lotus, he looked much like an emperor! And the aura he gave whilst ascending atop the lotus was a reminder of a powerful ruler ascending onto his throne.

"To defeat you, I really don't need to do all this. But I want to show you just how puny you are, and force it deep into your mind. You should know that giving you three years was me thinking better of you than you deserve. You could develop a lot in that time. But don't forget that I also make progress every day. You will never defeat me in three years, or even in thirty years!" Vale looked down at Zen while he was making his speech.

The stones which were used to build the fighting court were specially made and there was a magical strengthening force to make them even harder than regular stone. Although they looked normal, their strength and tensile strength was more than that of several metals.

Crushing the stone into pieces meant the enchanted barrier of the fighting court had been crushed as well. The audience were totally awed to see that Vale had managed to destroy the barrier of the fighting court.

Under this huge force, Zen felt that his body had become several times heavier than usual. The gravity he felt was even greater than that on the Great Gravity Road where he took the initial exam.

"It's only a few dozens of times heavier than ordinary gravity.

You are such an arrogant cock! I think I should conquer your array first!" Zen replied coldly. Following his intention, over a hundred dragon scales in his body turned bright suddenly. At this moment, his force increased to an extent close to water bursting out from a dam. With this huge force, Zen rushed towards Vale against the gravity he had called.

"Is this tiny amount all the gravity you can muster?" Zen chided him. Vale smiled but didn't reply. Slowly, he raised his hand and one of his fingers pointed towards Zen gently.

"Flower-Picking Pointing with One Finger!"

With his motion, all the gravity of the fighting court disappeared and Zen felt as if all of it had been focused on him.

At Vale's command, the gravity inside the fighting court had been gathered into one point together and put on Zen's body! That essentially meant that the gravity he was already experiencing had been multiplied by Vale by a hundred times more!

"Boom..."

Zen's body fell onto the ground heavily much like a mountain sunk in an earthquake. He was forced to fall on the fighting court, and a deep crater appeared beneath his body due to his great weight, increased by Vale, making him unable to move.

Vale shook his head and said, "I can stop you from standing up only by using gravitational force. You are even not strong enough for me to have to use my weapon!"

Zen stood up from the crater and Vale, who was still standing in the middle of the white lotus, pointed at him again. And once more, Zen was pushed into the crater. All the disciples heard the booming thud again.

The fight between Zen and Vale had attracted the attention of all the disciples of the Cloud Sect and they were paying more attention than that they had to pay to anything else.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 408 Flower-Picking Pointing (Part Two)

"Vale is so powerful... But Zen has innate superhuman strength. We have seen how strong he was previously. But now Vale is using only one of his fingers and he has successfully pinned Zen in the crater. That guy isn't human, I am telling you!" One disciple remarked in awe.

"Don't say such nonsense if you don't understand what is going on!" Another disciple beside him rebuked. The he continued with a pause, "One finger? Do you think Vale can press Zen and make him not stand up only with one finger? Is Vale a supernatural being? The force pressing on Zen's body is not Vale's strength. He is using the white lotus under his feet to change the gravity distribution of the fighting court! In other words, Zen has been pressed by the gravity of the whole fighting court!"

"Even if what you say is true, it would take immense amount of skills on Vale's part to do it. Both of them are outstanding warriors. With his powerful strength, Zen can still stand up once again. If I were Zen, I probably have been crushed into dust..." The first disciple sighed.

While other disciples were discussing and murmuring, Zen didn't panic at all. Although he had been pressed into the crater again and again, he had been able to stand up every time successfully. Actually the gravity on him could not hurt him at all. On the contrary, his body was growing stronger under the high pressure as the warmth inside his body revitalized his power! So Zen remained calm and was not worried at all. It just looked like he was in a very awkward position for the time being. In Zen's eyes, appearances didn't matter. The most important thing was to make his body stronger and win the fight in the end!

Vale, at the same time, was also patient.

Previously he had been chided by Zen and he felt humiliated. Now, he just wanted Zen to lose his face for a longer time. In this way he could let other disciples see that Zen was not qualified to be his opponent at all! He felt pleased at this moment and hoped that this could last as long as possible.

"Zen Luo, didn't you always boast that you were very powerful? Didn't you think I was not qualified to be your opponent?. Why then, can't you compete against my single finger?" Vale asked in an ironical tone and an arrogant smile appeared on his face.

But to be honest, his remark that Zen couldn't compete against his single finger was exaggerated. After all, to maintain such a strong gravity was not a piece of cake for Vale himself. However, he was still very pleased to see Zen pinned down horribly!

When Vale felt happy, he forgot that he had actually regarded Zen as tiny as an ant. It was not a great achievement to defeat an ant. Now he was feeling happy to gain the upper hand in the fight against Zen. This meant that in his mind, Zen at least had the strength to compete with him and he had regarded Zen as his opponent.

He seemed to have completely forgotten the fact that Zen was only at grade two of the nature level.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Zen stood up again and again, and was crushed into the earth every time.

"Don't you have an extraordinary flying knife? Why not use it?" Vale sneered while keeping the motion of his fingers constant.

"You can attack with soul, can't you? Why don't you use that power?

I thought you were strong. But now you are just so so. Do you still remember the big words you so proudly uttered a moment ago?"

Vale sneered while he kept his pressure towards Zen.

Now the other disciples started another discussion that if Zen Luo possessed other methods of attack!

"He actually has a weapon! A flying knife? He hasn't used it since the very beginning!" a disciple said.

"According to Vale, Zen seems to have the ability of attacking with soul. But attacking others' soul is a difficult skill even to a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm, isn't it? How come Zen can do that? He is only at grade two of the nature level! Zen is really powerful beyond our imagination!" a second disciple answered.

Some disciples turned vigilant. It they could know the attacking method of Zen, they could do something in advance and get themselves ready for that attack once they had the chance to fight against Zen.

Vale had said these things deliberately. He wanted to discover all the secrets that Zen had. He hated him for everything he had said just now. Being one of the most powerful personal disciples, how could he be scolded by an inner disciple like that?!

Even Wing and Sheeny dare not do that, let alone someone as puny as Zen.

Zen walked out of the crater once again, and smiled. There wasn't a trace of panic on his face. "You are right about one thing. I am not strong enough. But I am not as weak as you are. Did you just count on the gravity to defeat me? You will be surely disappointed!"

Zen bounded up to his feet, and at the same time he began to dodge and avoid Vale's finger, which was responsible for the gravity redistribution.

"Boom..."

Vale pointed with his finger again but all he got was a disappearing Zen. The huge gravity made another crater in the ground but it was in vain. Zen had moved faster than Vale could react.

Vale couldn't believe what was happening. He pointed towards Zen again. And the same thing happened every time he did.

"Boom..."

"Boom..."

"Boom..."

As Vale pointed in different directions, the big craters appeared one after the other. Soon, the whole fighting court became completely uneven. Now, it looked more like a construction field than an arena.

While the disciples were amazed at their fighting, Zen's Sword Step had become extremely fast. But since he had hidden his sword intent, his Sword Step could not be used to attack his opponent like Rocher's.

Vale was a stout opponent, but Zen had other powerful rivals too. On the way to the top of All Peak Competition, there would be more than one tough competitors for him, so he had to preserve his secrets to the last moment.

"Is that all you can do? Escape? You are a coward!" Vale shouted to Zen. However, he didn't stop tracking Zen and still kept using his skill of Flower-Picking Pointing.

But this time, just as he released the force by one finger, Zen suddenly became twice as fast as he already was. He jumped highly towards Vale and the six demonic phantoms also ran at him. They had been waiting for a long time on the fighting platform. Zen, together with his six demonic phantoms, was trying to surround Vale in a circle.

"Oh I can do more than just running away!" Zen finally graced Vale with a reply. In a mere second, Zen had arrived closely to Vale with a slight smile.

His giant fist of life vitality suddenly formed and pushed towards Vale swiftly!

Chapter 409 The Antique Gentleman Sword (Part One)

Seeing the demonic fist dashing towards him, Vale raised his eyebrows, and waved his hands to summon his own weapons. Hundreds of lotus flowers fluttered in front of him, products of his own martial skills.

This was far from their first fight. At one point, Vale was attacked by Zen's fists on Hell Mountain. At that time Zen was just a half step into the nature level, but his fists helped even the odds. It was a reckless move, though.

The little boy, a novice only a half step into the nature level, had the nerve to start a fight with him! Vale was stunned and bewildered. Why would Zen do such a thing? But still, he had to admit those fists were a pretty impressive feat, especially for one so young.

When Zen was only half-step into the nature level, he could use life energy to throw those powerful fists. Now that Zen stepped fully into the nature level, his life energy had been transformed into life vitality. So his fists were bound to be more compact, heavier and more powerful!

Vale Wang was also a rare genius, and now he was the pride of the Wang Family. Not only was he a personal disciple, he stood head and shoulders above those other personal disciples. How could it be easy to fight him?

And he'd come up with a way to defend against Zen's Heavenly Ogre Fist.

The lotus flowers floating around him formed a triangle, and there was a big gap between any two of the hundred lotus blossoms. With his power, he sent the triangle rushing headlong at Zen's fists.

The moment the fists met the lotus flowers, the phantoms began to devour the blossoms in the front row. Immediately, the gorgeous red, lotus arrangement was transformed by the demonic life vitality, one flower after another.

In fact, in the previous competition between Zen and Dick, Zen had shown off the devouring power of his demonic life vitality. But, back then, most of the audience saw nothing out of the ordinary. Dick was the only one who saw everything clearly.

Back then, Zen's demonic phantom was transformed into life vitality to consume the life vitality powering Dick's Righteousness Song, making many people believe that they were using life vitality to compete with each other.

Only Dick himself understood what was going on—the horrible power of Zen's demonic life vitality. The truth was that Zen's life vitality was devouring his Righteousness Song. It took a bit to get through the golden layer of righteousness on the surface. If it didn't have that protective layer, it would be swallowed by Zen's demonic life vitality within a second!

The spectators weren't aware of how the demonic life vitality was used, but now they had a first hand education, as the red lotus flowers were devoured by the demonic black phantoms, turning them into black, twisted versions of themselves.

"What? Black lotus flowers?" one disciple asked doubtfully.

"Those lotus flowers seem to be the same color as Zen's life vitality! Oh, no, Zen's controlling the lotus flowers!" another disciple yelled anxiously.

"It's true! But what's really going on is that Zen's life vitality is devouring the lotus flowers. How did Zen manage that?" his fellow disciple said. "Why his cultivation method so weird—Not only it can reshape life vitality automatically after it is shattered, but also it can use his life vitality to devour other people's life vitality. Anyone who has this kind of power is invincible." "That's incredible!" one more disciple added, astonished.

"I thought Zen would suffer a crashing defeat when his rival was Vale, but now it seems that I jumped to that conclusion too early! Still, Vale's technique is pretty solid. He knew Zen's life vitality could devour his lotus flowers. You see the big gap between each lotus flower in the back of the arrangement? That makes it hard for Zen to devour them all at once." One more senior disciple made his analysis. He was obviously thrilled.

As the saying goes, laymen watch what's going on, while insiders figure out why. Some only saw the lotus flowers changed color; some could see that Vale's lotus flowers were devoured by Zen's life vitality while others figured out Vale had a way to deal with all this.

"If I hadn't studied your technique, I probably would have fallen to it. But now? A wise man learns from his mistakes. A wiser man learns from others!" Vale said in a cold tone, gesturing at the lotus flowers in front of him. At the same time, all the lotus flowers abruptly bloomed.

"Boom..."

When a single red lotus flower burst, the energy it generated was terrifying. Now that dozens of lotus flowers burst at the same time, the turbulent red lotus fire immediately enveloped Zen's fist phantoms and the black lotus flowers which had been devoured by his phantoms. The flames eagerly curled each flower to ashes.

Detonating his own lotus flowers and Zen's fist phantoms together was also Vale's last ditch. He was really out of options. Zen's black fist phantoms were too evil and too powerful. After Vale thought about it for a bit, there was no other way to break through.

Now even after he had come up with a solution, Vale just managed to hold Zen to a draw.

If he hadn't done this, the life vitality contained in Zen's fist phantoms could have devoured all of his lotus flowers. And if that happened, he would definitely be defeated!

"I've broken through your fists. Got any more tricks up your sleeves?" Vale said lightly, as more lotus flowers started blooming next to him. Zen's cultivation method was a rare one. But Vale's knowledge of the Lotus Scriptures was considerable, and he also had the advantage in the cultivation level. So, Vale was very confident right now.

Chapter 410 The Antique Gentleman Sword (Part Two)

In fact, in the depths of his heart, Vale was a bit scared about how fast Zen was improving. His martial arts skills grew by leaps and bounds.

'It only took 6 months for Zen to have the strength to fight against me. If he had three years to practice, it would be impossible for me to catch up with him!' Vale's mind was racing wildly.

This time, Vale had to pull all his trump cards, techniques and weapons in order to defeat Zen calmly and easily, striking a blow to his confidence and crushing him.

Martial arts depended upon the will to improve. But when a warrior was defeated, his will could be diminished. If the blow was too much to bear, then his will could be shattered. He would be haunted by this, and unable to improve anymore.

In Vale's view, Zen's strength played a major role in helping him overcome all the obstacles, and walking to the current stage of All Peaks Competition. However, no matter how powerful Zen was, his top ability was only at the second grade of nature level. His main advantage was that creepy purple-black life vitality!

As long as he came up with a solution to deal with that, he'd have Zen on the ropes.

Zen, who only had the power of nature level, was nothing more than a clown. So, he figured he had plenty of time to play with Zen in the ring.

"Tricks?" Zen didn't answer his question but repeated his word. Meanwhile, a faint smile made its way across his face.

So far, Zen had many cards that had not been used. However, he didn't plan to use these on Vale. While Vale was indeed powerful, he was not the most powerful. If he were to win the first place at the All Peaks Competition, he should keep calm and exercise restraint.

He would not, of course, show his cards simply because Vale taunted him. Only the mindless would be irritated by words.

"What can you do to me, if I don't have any tricks?" Zen asked defiantly.

'To be honest, Vale's approach is really good. We had only one fight at Hell Mountain. Yet, he managed to remember what happened there and even come up with that approach to block my life vitality attacks.

Generally speaking, the strong people seldom pay attention to the weak. At Hell Mountain, I was just half-step into the nature level. To Vale, whose level is Illuminating Soul Realm, I'm not worth mentioning. If I weren't Yan's brother, he wouldn't even look at me.

Just like an ant, no matter how special it is, human beings don't care if they step on one.

But strong as Vale is, he was able to figure out my special ability and come up with a way to deal with it. From this aspect, he is extremely meticulous.

Though he can cope with my demonic life vitality, what can he do to me?' So many thoughts had come to Zen's mind all at once.

With Zen's perfect physical condition comparable to the strength of a medium grade spiritual weapon, Vale could do nothing to him. Though the red lotus fire was quite lethal, and though it could bring real harm to Zen and even defeat him under the condition of the burning of life vitality, his demonic phantom was not weak, and shouldn't be regarded as a useless decoration!

As for the super gravity which Vale created by using the "murderous intent of lotus", it could only keep Zen firmly on the ground but not harm him. From Vale's perspective, Zen was just a copper pea that he could not chew or shatter.

"What can I do to you? Hum... You really think you're invincible? I'll show you the difference between your power and mine," Vale said with a slight smile, drawing a sword from his sleeve.

Vale's sword was special. Its body was only two fingers in width, but 3.6 feet in length. The long, narrow sword was also engraved with many simple and ancient lines, obviously an awesome and ancient sword.

It was known as the Gentleman Sword, a very popular sword in ancient times. In particular, high ranking officials, emperors and generals all wore such a sword. The key to its beauty was its thinness. Yet, due to the extreme thinness, it could be easily snapped. Gradually, the Gentleman Sword lost its popularity, and now everyone in the Eastern Region only regarded it as a useless decoration, fit more for a wall than a war.

But not all Gentleman Swords were easily broken, and the elite Gentleman Swords, made from top-of-the-line materials, could be fashioned into spiritual weapons and even fairy weapons!

The Gentleman Sword in the hand of Vale was such a fairy weapon, handed down from the ancient masters. Generation after generation kept it well. It was far more than just a charming, ancient sword and its shining blade was still extremely sharp!

When Vale held the sword, his whole vitality changed.

Standing among the white lotus flowers earlier before, Vale had the aura of a domineering emperor looking down upon his subjects. But now, when he held the antique sword in his hand, it made him look like a resurrected emperor, looking down at the lands he ruled with great ambition and arrogance!

"Wow, it's an antique fairy weapon! An antique fairy Weapon!" one disciple exclaimed. Recognizing Vale's sword, he was excited.

"Oh, my God, he didn't dig up the grave of an ancient monarch, did he? How did he get that antique fairy weapon?" one of the disciples asked in a surprised tone.

"I feel strong emanation of power! It's just a sword, but I can feel the great power of an ancient monarch. This antique fairy weapon is by no means an ordinary object. In ancient times, the owner of this sword must have been a strong master!" one senior disciple said.

Everyone was stunned by the Gentleman Sword wielded by the hand of Vale!

Chapter 411 Catching The Blade With Bare Hands

The Wang Clan that Vale came from was a big clan, though it was not one of the top clans in the Imperial Capital. In terms of fortune, it was unable to compete with the top seven noble clans. As such, the Wang Clan was unable to buy an ancient fairy weapon for Vale.

In fact, Vale obtained this ancient fairy weapon when he accidentally barged into a dust-laden imperial mausoleum. To secure this Gentleman Sword, Vale surpassed the traps and tricks set inside the tomb and got chased by a band of human skeleton guards whose cultivation level could rival those at the Illuminating Soul Realm. It was also true that Vale nearly died in the imperial mausoleum.

"This Gentleman Sword was the personal sword of Emperor Dillon, from the Imperial Dragon Dynasty in primitive times. Zen, your body is incredibly strong and firm. It is almost as if you were built with iron and steel. But I wonder whether you can defend against my sword," Vale said as he brandished the Gentleman Sword. A string of lotuses fluttered down around him.

Zen raised his brow as he stared at the Gentleman Sword in Vale's hand. He never expected that Vale would have an ancient fairy weapon.

Allegedly, in ancient times, weapon refiners could grasp the Heavenly Law more effortlessly than present-day refiners. Accordingly, earlier weapon refiners could easily become weapon refining masters. It was also said that weapon refining masters had an easier time when refining fairy weapons.

Later, a drastic world-wide change occurred. The Heavenly Law became far more obscure, which made it more challenging for weapon refiners to refine fairy weapons. As to the nature of the change and why the Heavenly Law turned more abstruse, no one knew the answer.

Therefore, ancient fairy weapons were more powerful than those produced in recent years. For instance, though the Gentleman Sword held by Vale had one fairy texture, which meant that it was a low-grade fairy weapon, its power could be at par with a medium-grade fairy weapon refined in this era!

Zen did not doubt that this medium-grade fairy weapon would cut his body—after all, his body was not stronger than a medium-grade spiritual weapon.

"Ancient fairy weapon? That must have cost a fortune! But are you sure that your aim is good enough to hit me?" As those remarks faded, Zen took a step forward. With the full power of the Phoenix Crystal coursing through his body, Zen moved at top speed, like a gust of wind!

Meanwhile, Zen's six demonic phantoms sprang. They hurtled toward Vale from six different directions.

Seeing the six demonic phantoms rushing toward him, Vale flipped his hand, and the white lotus under his feet unfurled six petals. The petals swept against the demonic phantoms and sent them up in the air one by one. The large white lotus turned out to be another sharp offensive weapon by Vale!

As the white lotus blocked the six demonic phantoms, Vale leaped gracefully before charging at Zen with the Gentleman Sword clenched in his hand. "I don't know how you achieved this. At the second-grade of the nature level, you can move at such speed! Without any knowledge of sword intent, you comprehended the Sword Step. You're surely one of a kind weirdo. But as I've said, it's no use. All that you rely on is of no use!"

In contrast to Zen's wicked Sword Step, Vale's movements were more elegant. Every time he took a step, a lotus blossomed under his foot. He just shuttled across the arena like a graceful swallow.

Due to the Flower-Picking Pointing that Vale had performed, many pits appeared on the arena, which affected Vale's swallow-like movements. But since Zen's Sword Step allowed him to make quick and unexpected turns, the present situation was in Zen's favor.

Despite all that, the distance between the two still narrowed.

Right now, everyone's heart shot up to their throats. 'Will Vale kill Zen?'

The reason why everyone watched this match so intently was not that Zen was a dark horse in this year's All Peaks Competition, or because Vale was the best of all the personal disciples. What interested the crowd the most was the grudge between Zen and Vale.

When the two were fighting, they kept mocking each other. Apparently, the two had already contracted enmity because of Yan. Although each disciple would go all out at the All Peaks Competition, few would fight desperately. Well, they all knew that when there is life, there is hope.

It was indeed wonderful to participate in the All Peaks Competition and obtain good marks. However, they did not think that winning at the expense of losing their lives was prudent.

Nonetheless, the battle between these two gripped in hatred was different. Both Zen and Vale wanted to stomp the other and keep him subdued forever. Thus, the battle was far more violent than previous ones!

Judging by the current circumstance, it seemed that each step Zen took was tightly blocked by Vale, who was now at an absolute advantage. In such a case, Zen had only two choices.

He would have to admit defeat or be killed by Vale. Anyway, the ancient fairy weapon in Vale's hand was not designed for chopping vegetables!

At this scene, Elder Xu edged towards Kenneth and asked, "Your grace, will you help Zen?"

The All Peaks Competition was the most authoritative martial arts contest in Cloud Sect. It was devised to test the levels of its disciples. Hence, the rules of the All Peaks Competition were rigid and harsh. For example, earlier when Mack was attacking and even torturing Yehudi, as long as Yehudi did not yield, the referee would not intervene.

Also, when Vale nearly demolished the entire arena with his Flower-Picking Pointing, the referee still did not step in, or suspend the match to repair the arena.

In normal cases, even Kenneth would not interfere in any on-going battle during the All Peaks Competition for the sake of his own business.

But Xu knew what Kenneth was thinking. From Kenneth's perspective, Zen was undoubtedly a talent worth further cultivation and education. And he had given Zen a lot of care and high praises, which was not Kenneth's usual style. He always seemed indifferent about the sect's affairs.

At this point, Vale was wielding the Gentleman Sword and trying to kill Zen. If Zen were unique, it would be a huge pity to let Vale destroy him.

Kenneth locked his eyes on Zen, furrowed his brows, and answered, "No need! Although this kid has been chased everywhere by Vale, do you see any trace of panic on his face? I guess this kid has a card under his sleeve!"

Elder Xu turned toward Zen. He found that Zen was still very composed. In fact, he was zigzagging with his peculiar Sword Step and seemed quite unflustered.

'But that only proves that Zen is a sedate guy who can stay calm when in peril. However, it doesn't mean Zen has no fear of Vale's sword!' In Elder Xu's opinion, Zen was a spent arrow, and he had no more chances to strike back. 'If no one interferes in the match, in perhaps a few minutes, Zen will be beheaded by Vale.

But based on the leader's behavior, it seems that he has no intention to come forward. If so, what else can an elder like I say?'

At this moment, Vale was inching closer and closer to Zen. When the distance was reduced to a certain degree, Vale's graceful figure landed on the ground again. A lotus bloomed after he lightly touched the earth with his toe. At the same time, the Gentleman Sword in his hand swung toward Zen.

This attack was not directed at any of Zen's vital parts. It seemed as though Vale was aiming for one of Zen's hands.

The power of this ancient fairy weapon was extremely overbearing. Although the domineering air dispersed from the Gentleman Sword was not commensurate to the appearance of the sword, it would not affect its power. An ancient fairy weapon could not only slice clean through iron as though it were mud, but also spiritual weapons, which would be as easy as dicing vegetables.

Predictably, even if Zen's body could match that of a spiritual weapon, he would still be hacked in half when the sword hit him.

Just as Vale launched this attack, Zen slid sideways as if he had a pair of eyes on the back side of his head. The movement allowed Zen to shift his shoulder an inch away, thus helping him to dodge the attack successfully.

At the same time, a sly smile surfaced on Zen's face. He turned abruptly to face Vale head-on. Now, the two were very close to each other.

"You're courting death!" It was beyond Vale's expectations that Zen would dare to fight him face-to-face. Vale flicked his wrist and directed the Gentleman Sword sideways to land another attack on Zen. Without hesitation, Zen stretched his hands and reached for the sword.

"Zen doesn't want his hands anymore, does he? Is he going to block the blade with his bare hands? Is he out of his mind?"

"How could a man catch Vale's sword with his hands? I'm positive that Zen will lose his hands!"

Seeing that Zen was attempting to block Vale's sword with his hands, many shook their heads. Confronting a blade with bare hands was not profound Kung Fu. Many people could do it. However, there were many preconditions. For example, their strength must be stronger than that of their opponents, which would ensure that they could stop the sword with their palms.

Since Vale was more powerful than Zen, and the sword that he was holding was an ancient fairy weapon, Zen's attempt was daring to the point of being considered reckless. Many in the audience were already picturing the bloody scene of Zen's hands being chopped off.

But the scene the crowd imagined did not occur.

Because Zen did not exactly catch the blade with his bare hands!

Facing the attack of the ancient fairy weapon, Zen, of course, was not so stupid that he would really catch it with bare hands. He had no intention of losing his hands!

He suddenly balled his right hand into a fist, took a turn, and punched the Gentleman Sword from the side.

'I can't launch a frontal attack on the ancient fairy weapon with my body. But I can smash the side of the sword!'

At Zen's counterstrike, a trace of sneer emerged on Vale's face. He found this trick by Zen very boring. 'Anyway, inferior people will always be weak. Even when they are cornered, they can't think of a decent counter-attack. Their only option is to resort to dull tricks!'

'It's easy to undo Zen's little trick. All I need to do is to draw the sword along the force of his punch, and then, swing at him once more. I aimed for Zen's left shoulder, but this time, I will target his right shoulder instead. Anyway, his little trick will not make a difference.'

But just as Zen's fist made contact with his sword, Vale's expression changed radically!

Vibration rolled out of Zen's fist. When this vibration flowed through the sword and spread to Vale's hand, Vale lost his grip and nearly let the Gentleman Sword fly out of his hand!

Chapter 412 Losing Martial Arts Spirit

As an Illuminating Soul Realm master, if Vale lost to a second grade of nature level disciple, he would undoubtedly lose his face.

Even though Zen was as strong as Hercules at that moment, it would be impossible for him to punch off Vale's sword by only his mere strength.

The cultivators at the nature level or above realms held their weapons not just by their own physical strengths but with the help of life vitality. For a swordsman, the effective wielding of a sword was a fundamental skill. The methods of wielding a sword were generally divided into two: the three-point sword-wielding method and the six-point sword-wielding method.

The three-point sword-wielding method was commonly used by the nature creatures. This method was used to fix the sword hilt in the swordsman's hand with the help of three streams of life vitality transmitted from three acupoints: one from the thumb and two from the little finger.

The six-point sword-wielding method, on the other hand, was used by Illuminating Soul Realm masters. From the three acupoints of the three-point sword-wielding method, the six-point sword-wielding method added three acupoints: forefinger, middle finger, and ring finger. So the sword hilt was tightly enveloped with life vitality in the six-point sword-wielding method. The Illuminating Soul Realm masters possessed thicker and stronger life vitality than that of the nature creatures which made it easy for the first to master the six-point sword-wielding method.

The ultimate swordsmanship was the so-called union of swordsman and sword. And it was based on the close connection between swordsman's life vitality and his sword. That was why when some people wielded a sword, there was an impression that the sword and the man had integrated into one.

Vale was an Illuminating Soul Realm master who could use the six-point sword-wielding method. And his Gentleman Sword was as light as a feather to sustain no forces, so it would be difficult for Zen to knock it down even with full strength.

But then again, Zen almost succeeded.

Zen's last punch wasn't very powerful because he had only turned on the Phoenix Crystal but hadn't mobilized the strength of dragon scales.

However, there was terrible vibration energy contained in his punch. And the moment Zen's fist touched the sword hilt, the sword began shaking heavily.

Although the amplitude was small, the frequency was quite high. The six streams of life vitality connecting to the sword were disrupted which almost made Vale drop his Gentleman Sword.

The violent vibration was transmitted to Vale's body through the sword hilt. His blood churned inside him, making him feel uncomfortable.

The audience was shocked once again by the scene.

Though they were not all swordsmen, most of the people in the audience had their own weapons. The wielding method of almost all weapons was the same. For example, wielding a spear required the warrior to use the life vitality from both hands but the acupoints were different from those of a swordsman.

If Vale's Gentleman Sword was a broad-bladed sword, Zen might have hit easier. But luckily, his sword was extremely thin and light.

But they couldn't figure out why Zen's punch had caused such effect.

Masters and disciples of Drizzle Peak were deeply relieved to see that Zen not only dodged Vale's sword but also launched a fierce counterattack.

Meanwhile, Elder Xu watched nervously at Zen's encounter with Vale. Seeing the effect of Zen's punch, he stared at Kenneth speechless.

"This boy always has a way to reverse the situation," praised Kenneth with a casual smile on his face.

Though they were sitting far from the combat ring and couldn't clearly see what was happening, Kenneth was able to guess the whole story more accurately with his unfathomable skill.

Zen didn't stop a second and punched at Vale frantically.

Zen could not afford to be sloppy. He had to seize every opportunity he had to attack.

Vale's reaction was swift too. Grasping his Gentleman Sword, he retreated quickly but Zen was stuck to him like chewing gum. Vale wanted to stab Zen with his sword, but the latter was almost attached to him that he couldn't use his sword. Moreover, Zen's every punch brought a strong vibration in his body that he couldn't concentrate his life vitality to form a lotus flower.

"Bam bam! Poof!"

It was raining punches on Vale. If he hadn't defused the force with his life vitality, he might have been severely injured.

After enduring a violent beating, Vale felt that the blood churning in his body upwelled to his throat. When he started to vomit blood, he realized that Zen had beaten him up well.

"Bang!"

Vale got another blow from Zen and finally had a chance to wield his sword. But Zen was quick to retreat. Taking advantage of this breathing time, Vale immediately condensed a lotus flower to protect him.

Vale thought that he could now have time to think about how he could cope with Zen, but the latter didn't give him any chance. Vale saw another punch coming right at him.

However, Vale was glad that he had got the countermeasure. He thought that he just needed to release his red lotus fire to burn Zen's life vitality and that could increase the distance between him and Zen.

Vale's plan was quite good, but he didn't expect that there would be a sudden change in the situation before the plan could even materialize.

As Zen's purple-black fist approached Vale's lotus flower, he noticed that there were bunches of starry lights sparkling around it.

Vale had already noticed these hidden sparkling lights in Zen's life vitality, but he chose to ignore them.

At that moment, the starry lights suddenly burst into a strong light, emitting tremendous energy. Vale's lotus flower was swallowed up by the energy before it could release the fire.

The light was so bright that it almost blinded Vale's eyes.

As Vale's eyes adjusted to the light, he saw Zen coming at him again and started beating him.

Vale was furious that he couldn't fight back. He spluttered, "Do you think I would back down in hand-to-hand combat?"

"Bam bam bam!"

Zen didn't say a word but responded with his fist.

Zen's fist was getting faster. His strength was at the maximum with all the dragon scales in his body lit up.

Vale's life vitality was indeed firm in protecting his body. But Zen used his shaking fist skill to shatter his life vitality and the power went directly into Vale's internal organs.

Even if he was made of iron, after subjecting himself to series of heavy punches, Vale spewed out a mouthful of blood. He felt his body becoming weaker as he leaned against the light curtain of the enchanted barrier.

The disciples who placed their bets on Vale couldn't believe what they had just seen. They never imagined that Zen would win the competition in a strange way.

In a round-robin competition, there were only a handful of disciples who would choose the hand-to-hand combat at All Peaks Competition.

It was because for the masters at the Illuminating Soul Realm, their life vitality grew faster than their physical strength. With mere physical strength, it was almost impossible to break opponent's body protection life vitality and attack him directly.

However, Zen was not like any other normal disciples. Aside from having a tough body, Zen also had tremendous strength. But his key to success was that he used the skill of vibration that he had comprehended during his practice in the Lake of the Magical Fish. That broke Vale's life vitality of body protection.

It was getting difficult for Vale to endure more blows and he nearly collapsed due to internal injury. Good thing he was able to lean against the enchanted barrier.

"I still haven't used the Lotus War Body. If I use that skill, you're no match for me," panted Vale, rubbing the blood off his mouth with his hand. Despite the physical damage, Vale wouldn't want to admit defeat.

Zen stepped forward to Vale and sneered, "You can use your Lotus War Body or whatever trick you still have. Take your time."

Hearing Zen's words, Vale barfed another mouthful of blood. With the injuries he had suffered, Vale might not be able to take part in the subsequent round-robin competition, let alone continue his battle with Zen. "I, I..." muttered Vale. The pain and shame left him speechless. In his current physical state, he knew he could no longer summon the Lotus War Body.

"Give up! You're no match for me now! Even if you use your Lotus War Body, what makes you think that I don't have any other skill to use against you?" asked Zen. Six months ago, beating Vale was just a farfetched dream for Zen. But today, at the All Peaks Competition, Zen defeated him only with his fist in front of entire Cloud Sect.

Vale raised his head feebly and looked at Zen with dead grey eyes.

'He's probably right. He hasn't used his flying knife yet. If Zen threw his flying knife when I was blinded by the strong starry light, I would have already lost my life.

During the combat, Zen hasn't even used his soul attack. Although I specially prepared a jade pendant to defend against his soul attack, I don't think it will work given the progress he has made from the last time we've met.

Despite being an Illuminating Soul Realm master, I can't even compete with a second grade nature creature. Am I really a genius or just being arrogant?' Vale dazed as he stood still on the same spot.

Vale had always been arrogant. But now, he couldn't hide his frustration and sadness. Zen noticed in Vale's eyes that the latter's spirit of martial arts had already collapsed.

Zen stared at Vale blankly, but he felt pity for Vale at the same time. Some people had a tenacious spirit of martial arts, and even if they had lost it a thousand times, they would always make it come back. But Vale was of noble birth and haughty in character and had never suffered hardships in his childhood. So now that he had become a master of Illuminating Soul Realm, any setbacks would be a great deal and he couldn't easily accept any failure. His spirit of martial arts instantly weakened, and this could result in some syndromes of martial arts cultivation going wrong.

Once Vale lost his spirit of martial arts, he would be hopeless to practice any further.

If he went wrong in martial arts cultivation, he could become a madman.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 413 Another Epiphany

After spiraling into the depth of madness, remaining calm after future setbacks of any kind, would be impossible for anyone to do.

Difficulties would bedevil the person, and he would bring more harm to his mind and soul by worrying.

Under the circumstances though, the individual needed to help himself, without others interfering or removing the problems.

Hall Chief Ouyang was standing back away from the competition field, scowling. He watched as his greatest source of pride, and chief disciple, Vale, was beaten, and deteriorated, succumbing to insanity, by Zen's hand in front of everyone.

However, he knew the only solution in this situation was to leave the afflicted person alone, since confronting someone in the grips of madness would result in sending the struggling victim into the abyss.

When a woman became angered, she could regain and maintain control, unless a well-meaning individual tried to comfort her, then the tenuous balance would tilt, and she would end up in tears.

Nevertheless, Zen approached the white lotus slowly. No longer filled with life vitality, the lotus was draining quickly, but, Vale didn't have time to care about the white lotus.

All the while, step by step, Zen drew closer, until he stood over the white lotus, looking down at Vale.

"I'll give you a chance to follow my steps! In three years, you can battle me! But, even then, you won't be able to beat me. Then again, if you aren't courageous enough to try, you may as well leave with your shame and die. Although your talent is outstanding, you lack determination to excel in martial arts. Look at you, a minor frustration and you fall apart, becoming impossible to calm. Even if you didn't meet your match yet, it wouldn't be long before you did...

This is a large world. In the Eastern Region alone, there are billions of people, add to that, there are ten times as many in the Central Region, or so I hear. Out there, genius disciples refine the cultivation skills above tier four from childhood and use all kinds of panaceas to improve. Their talents are inherited from their parents, and they have profoundly strong mentors to guide them. And just maybe, one of those geniuses can defeat you, even one as young as nine or ten. Heck, they can clobber me even now. Your pride is twisted! It's ludicrous! It's arrogance...

Only when you understand that your pride is deceptive, can you transcend it and begin to cultivate in earnest. At that point, you may have a chance to catch up to my level. If you don't though, you will be nothing but a loser your whole life. No. In fact, if you don't, it will prove that you were always a loser!"

Each word Zen said, cut into Vale's head, and felt like a knife stabbing over and over into his heart.

The more Chief Ouyang listened to Zen, the more irate he became, until he wasn't able to stand anymore and suddenly exploded, "Zen! You already won against Vale. Don't take things too far!"

Actually, Zen had already crossed the line, and instead of being critical, Zen had insulted Vale beyond reason. Vale teetered on the edge of spiraling into madness, and Zen didn't show signs of letting up.

Before the match most people preferred Vale over Zen, but watching him beat Vale, their feelings changed, and even now, many people were on Zen's side.

After all, most of the opinions were based on the fact that Zen came from a poor family, and was at a lower refinement level. Since Vale hailed from one of the noble clans and was a personal disciple under Hall Chief Ouyang, it was assumed that Vale was more powerful indeed. Add to that, Vale had attempted to have a relationship with Zen's sister, Yan. All these things made Zen the choice of the people.

However, after Zen's outburst, that was quickly changing.

Zen's critical tirade went farther than merely adding insult to injury. It was clear that Zen's hate-filled speech was intended to give Vale a final shove into the fire.

As he stood in the vanishing lotus, Zen ignored Ouyang, looking down at Vale, and Zen's gaze was reminiscent of a spring breeze. He carefully kept his face devoid of any other emotion because it was quite clear that if he smiled, even faintly, everyone present would just think he was taunting Vale more.

A collective sigh went up from the crowd. Most onlookers thought Vale was done, and the days of having the pleasure of watching a talented disciple favored by thousands of people were gone, and his future appearance would just be that of one more idiot of the Cloud Sect.

Just then, a virtual lotus shadow appeared under Vale's feet. The empty, sad expression was replaced by an intangible countenance. There was an otherworldly air about Vale as he seemed to gaze at everybody, and no one at the same time right before his eyes closed.

Time felt like it stood still while the virtual lotus shadow grew, spreading under his feet.

And then there was another holy, pure white lotus giving off a delicate fragrance which sprang up fast, and in a split second the blossom swallowed Vale, enveloping him.

"That's..." Ouyang was shocked, and he stopped talking, inhaling sharply in amazement.

Suddenly, Kenneth jumped up from his seat. He had known Zen would probably defeat Vale, but this turn of events was not something he could foresee. For a long moment, Kenneth stood silent with his mouth agape, and then Kenneth chuckled as he shook his head, and said, "I didn't think it was possible for me to underestimate Zen still! He knew Vale was on the edge of spiraling into madness and yet he knew if he incited Vale's ire, instead of him plunging into the abyss, Vale would embrace his devotion to martial arts. This is great! Just look, Vale has had an epiphany!"

Epiphany...

After the initial shock of seeing the white lotus materialize worn off, Elder Xu's blank gaze changed into one of admiration.

An epiphany was an opportunity that was rare and so significant that every warrior hoped for one, but, most of them, including Elder Xu, lived a lifetime and never experienced the epiphany. Realizing an epiphany was even more difficult for those talented, more powerful, and more advanced in martial arts training. After all, when the warriors were unenlightened in the ways of martial arts, that was when they were more open for a sudden epiphany. However, if a warrior gleaned a great extent of martial arts, it was more difficult to reach an epiphany.

Since Vale was in the Illuminating Soul Realm now, maybe his epiphany would greatly enhance his strength.

Who would have believed that Zen's observations would inspire Vale to such heights!

Throughout the calamity, Zen's serene deportment never changed which made people think he knew from the start what would happen.

"Considering Vale is already one of the top personal disciples, refining at the peak of grade-one Illuminating Soul Realm, if he has the epiphany now, none of the personal disciples will be his equal in battle!"

"It's undeniable that Vale's strength will increase greatly due to his epiphany, especially since only one of significance can instantly break through like that. But, it's better not to announce a personal disciple can't be beaten. The realm that the warriors have reached is important for them to compete, but Zen made headway against the common sense, and he's only in grade two of the nature level!"

"Exactly, also consider that Rocher hasn't drawn a sword yet. Who knows how terrifying he will be after he does?! Well then, maybe Rocher could defeat the personal disciple with the strength of consummation!"

With Vale cocooned in the epiphany, the match was paused. About five minutes went by when suddenly a cracking sound drew attention to the white lotus encasing Vale. The sound grew louder while a fine line expanded, spreading, and splitting until the entire lotus was filled with fissures.

Finally, an ear piercing explosion startled everyone as the white lotus shattered, and there, in the center was Vale sitting. He opened his eyes.

There was a new attitude about Vale, along with a fresh-faced, spry look in his eyes. His character seemed different, and the arrogance that was hidden in his drive earlier was gone now, replaced by a gentle, regal temperament.

"I always believed that my success would come during the All Peaks Competition, and it would be a simple matter of taking it. Easy, I thought! And that I would finish you in the first round of our match, even easier, but I just lost. I was beaten so horribly that I could hardly bear it. At first, I couldn't even understand how you defeated me, but, now I do!"

As large as the world was, even a capable genius should have appreciation, not like a person of narrow view.

It wasn't horrible when he was like a frog sitting in a well and had narrow view. However, it was terrible when his views were radically changed, and he couldn't stand the stimulation outside. Thus, he went spiraling toward madness.

Vale's instant epiphany broadened his mind and even gave him some insight into the spirit of the Lotus Scriptures.

Ouyang had told Vale at one time that the Lotus Scriptures was a tier 4 cultivation method, but its true power went far beyond the ordinary four tiers, and couldn't be placed in the same category with them.

Because the Lotus Scriptures was passed down from a mighty clan in Central Region, Vale needed to study it, to master the spirit and give full play to its power.

Although Vale comprehended a little about the spirit, he still needed some time to master all of it.

"Thanks!" said Vale humbly as he bowed to Zen before walking off the competition field. He walked up to Ouyang, bowing deeply, and he said, "Master, I have become inspired and want to remain in seclusion to cultivate. Therefore, I won't be able to participate in the rest of the All Peaks Competition's matches."

"Oh...?" Ouyang was at a loss for words. After all, he took the All Peaks Competition seriously. If Vale could just finish as one of the top three in the competition, Ouyang would be a very proud master. Moreover, the top three would have the chance to go to the Cloud Road, which would be helpful to Vale.

Seeing Vale's expression though, touched Ouyang's heart. Perhaps during the epiphany, Vale had comprehended something very important, and it must be the best course of action for him to stay secluded and master what he had learned. It wasn't the end of the world, after all, Cloud Road would still be there in three years. On the other hand, the epiphany was a great chance that most people never got....

So, Ouyang nodded and said, "Okay Vale, I will permit you to remain in seclusion."

The battle between Zen and Vale was extremely exciting. Who would have thought that Vale would reveal an ancient fairy weapon when he had the advantage over Zen, or that Zen would turn the tables somehow. Even now, no one knew how Zen had beat Vale's sword with vibration force.

Keeping everyone on the edge of their seats was how Vale teetered on the edge of the abyss after the battle, and wasn't able to control himself. Bringing the match to a riveting climax was Zen, as he provoked and verbally assaulted Vale which somehow brought on an epiphany....

Chapter 414 A Murder Plan (Part One)

After several dramatic turns took place between Zen and Vale, there were heated discussions among the crowd. At this point, they paid little attention to the other fights going on in the arena.

As Vale and Zen damaged the arena during the battle, a team of craftsmen from the Cloud Sect transported huge stones to the area and used them to fill in the damage done to the battle grounds. Later on, the elders helped rearrange the array and enchanted barriers before a new round began.

In this round, two personal disciples appeared on the stage but their opponents were all at the peak of the nature level. Their opponents had outstanding strength, based on the fact that they had come a long way before finally entering round robin. However, they were unlike Rocher who was extremely excellent, leaving them unlikely to make any surprise moves. As expected, the two personal disciples easily defeated them and won the victory.

After that, the round robin proceeded normally. All the personal disciples, save for Vale, won the battles.

The disciples from various peaks had also done an outstanding job this year. Jill, Rocher, and Wing all had winning streaks but their success came too easily as they didn't encounter any opponents stronger than them. That was why Sheeny from Skytop Peak failed when he battled against Willie Huo, a personal disciple.

The fight between the top disciples and the personal disciples was the highlight of the All Peaks Competition and what the disciples most anticipated to see. Zen and Vale's battle was indeed a feast for their eyes. Features of the fight had many twists and turns, including thrilling moments when the audience was certain that one of them would be killed—these scenes lingered in their memories.

In the corner of the area, Saint Viana sat on a cattail hassok, overlooking the entire arena and competition. As his eyes brushed past the large crowd, his eyes remained fixed on Zen.

His dry and stiff face, resembling pine bark, looked sullen.

"The last three generations of Luo Clan are all very ordinary. The last generation only has one nature creature. But in this one two super talents popped up consecutively. Yan is extraordinary with her rare, special body. But I didn't expect Zen to appear. Not only does he have innate superhuman strength, but his corporal body is tremendously strong and tough, almost to an extent of an abnormality. Moreover, he mastered the cultivation method of the powerful Heavenly Ogre Fist!

He may not be as gifted as Yan, but his strength in actual combat is even more terrifying than hers. I once offended him and punished Yan for a crime as well. Now, he certainly wouldn't cease his revenge. We'd better seize this chance when he hasn't yet fully grown into a master and knock him off his perch. This way we can avoid any future troubles." As he explained, Saint Viana was deep in thought.

Sitting in another cattail hassock was Saint Zara who was in repose with his eyes closed. Upon hearing Saint Viana's words, he simply shook his head and said, "You once said that you have arranged a disciple to assassinate Zen in the All Peak Competition. I don't know who the assassinator is, but if he wants to kill Zen, he must have at least the ability to match him in battle. In my opinion, it's very difficult to find such a person."

It was true that Saint Viana arranged an Illuminating Soul Realm disciple to assassinate Zen on the arena but the disciple wavered after he watched Zen defeated Dick.

Even as the top Illuminating Soul Realm disciple in the peaks, the assassinator was still no match for Dick. If the Illuminating Soul Realm disciple couldn't even beat Dick then how was he supposed to beat Zen? If he couldn't beat Zen then it was impossible for him to kill Zen.

Zen's true strength was revealed in the battle that made Saint Viana's plan go down the drain.

"Yes, it is indeed difficult to find someone in the Cloud Sect who could do the job. But there's a candidate." With a pointed look, Saint Viana slowly suggested a chance.

"Who?" Given the circumstances, Saint Zara was very curious to see who the other was talking about.

"Johanson Jiang," he replied.

"Do you mean that you want Johanson to join the round and kill Zen?" The idea had Saint Zara raising his voice.

With sharp eyes, Saint Viana said in a voice laced with sarcasm, "Saint Zara, you can say that louder, I don't think everyone heard you."

Although they were seated far from the arena, there were still many elders around and the leader of the sect was also present. If they really wanted to hear what they were talking about, it wouldn't be too difficult to do so.

Saint Zara's face turned pale and he lowered his voice. "I suggest that you give up. Johanson is my apprentice. If he kills Zen, are you sure Aura won't blame it on me?"

The idea made the other sneer. "If it were one month ago, I wouldn't dare have Johanson do the job as he is your apprentice. I had to look for someone from the disciples of the thirty-three peaks. But now, things have changed. Aura always gets involved in the internal strife of the royal family. Rumor has it that she was put under house arrest. She's now greatly troublesome herself. Do you think she has any time to mind Zen's business?"

In spite of the reasoning, Saint Zara still looked hesitant. "But Zen's excellent performance has already attracted the leader's attention. If Johanson takes action to kill, won't he anger the leader?"

"One can only be favored while he is alive. A dead talent is no longer a talent, he's merely a corpse," Saint Viana said with a sneer.

Finishing his words, he turned to look at Saint Zara who still had a hint of reluctance in his expression. Scornfully, he continued, "Don't forget that you also contributed to getting Yan into the Hell Mountain before. If Zen isn't killed, he will certainly enter the Cloud Hall with that talent or even become a core disciple. No matter how far he goes, there is possibility that he will suppress Cloud Sect by taking advantage of the Cloud Hall. Do you think we'll get away with that?"

Chapter 415 A Murder Plan (Part Two)

Magnificent and superior, Cloud Hall stood high above the Cloud Sect or maybe even the entire Eastern Region.

If even only a core disciple from the Cloud Hall came to Cloud Sect, the leader would greet him in person. Just from this, one could see that the Cloud Hall was much more superior to the Cloud Sect.

Because he knew that what Saint Viana was saying was right, Saint Zara remained at a loss for words.

If Zen could really enter the Cloud Road and then the Cloud Hall, the rest of their lives would be spent in fear. If Zen truly became a core disciple of the Cloud Hall or he made some contributions and got promoted to some important position in the Cloud Hall, it would be a piece of cake for him to get his revenge.

Probably, the best way to exchange their fate was to come for Zen now.

"Ah! I didn't expect that Aura would be trapped in the internal strife of the Burning Sky Empire so soon. If I had known this earlier, I would have killed Zen during the court trial!" With a firm voice, Saint Viana remained indignant.

On the day the court trial began, Saint Zara didn't take move because Aura had the Emperor's Token. The emperor of the Burning Sky Empire had strength, much about the same as Kenneth. It was said that the emperor even enjoyed a higher position than Kenneth did in the Cloud Hall.

If Aura had gone all out to confront Saint Viana and used the Emperor's Token, the latter would be in great trouble.

In the past two months, he didn't expect that the Burning Sky Empire had any internal strife. Of all the abundant news he heard about it, the most shocking one was that Kane had already died. Since the news came from the royal palace, it couldn't just be a rumor.

In fact, Kane was the person behind Aura. Now that he was gone, and the several princes were busily rivaling for the throne. In this situation, Saint Viana no longer felt afraid of Aura.

As Saint Viana analyzed the advantages and disadvantages, Saint Zara already got an answer. Now, it seemed that Zen was a threat they had to get rid of, otherwise, he would eventually become their biggest trouble.

Johanson was Saint Zara's pride. While Saint Zara ranked the last among the ten great saints of the Cloud Sect in terms of strength, his disciple Johanson made him feel honored. Although there were seldom any chances for personal disciples to compete with each other in daily life, they had to test their real strength in the competition and acknowledge their rankings.

In Saint Zara's eyes, he was not sure whether or not Johanson could get the first prize, but he was rather confident that Johanson could enter the top five.

That was to say, in the Cloud Sect, there were no more than four or five people that could pose a threat to him.

With that, Saint Zara firmly believed that the task of killing Zen would be as easy as a wink for Johanson with his great strength.

Confident in his disciple's abilities, Saint Zara sent a message to Johanson through life vitality, telling him to be prepared to enter the arena for a fight.

Meanwhile, Saint Viana arranged everything to make sure that Zen and Johanson would land in the same round.

All the while, Zen remained oblivious to the inner workings of the competition, clueless about a whole murder plan unfolding, leaving his death on its way.

At this point in battle, the entire arena turned heated.

"Jill from Lady Peak vs. personal disciple Tracy!"

The Cloud Sect had very few female disciples. So far, Jill was the only disciple from Lady Peak that hadn't yet been knocked out from the competition, while Tracy happened to be the only female personal disciple.

Both of them were God's favored ladies and both were very beautiful. A dainty woman, Jill was graceful and vivacious like a sika deer walking out of a forest in the early spring. Her natural beauty and friendly manners put people at ease.

Tracy Mo, on the other hand, was a tall, fair-skinned woman. In comparison to Jill, she was less lively and more attractive, her sexy figure making her look even more mature.

Even though it was a battle between two gifted, female warriors, truthfully, their strength far exceeded the majority of male disciples. Even if they were not flashily strong themselves, they could still attract much attention.

Like Zen, Jill also maintained her winning streak so far. While Tracy was a personal disciple, it was her first time entering the arena.

As she sat beside Patrick, she heard Jill's name be announced, followed by her own. "Patrick, I hate fighting women," she said, her lips pursed.

"Aren't you a woman yourself?" with a chuckle, Patrick said.

"Too weak," Tracy concisely spat out.

With a warning tone, Patrick interrupted.

"Jill is not weak. You don't know how many strong disciples lost to her. You'll regret it if you take her lightly."

The comment made Tracy's lip curl as her expression turned disdainful. With a sneer, she said, "Patrick, the strong disciples you mentioned are only rubbish among the thirty-three peaks. You hateful hypocrite! Obviously, their strength isn't worth mentioning, and I know you thought of them the same as I did. Yet you still referred to them as powerful ones. Did you say that intentionally to hint that you are a lot better than them?

Let's just drop it. Since Jill is really so strong, then I'll end her winning streak now. I wonder how strong I will be if I defeat her."

Finishing her words, Tracy walked towards the arena with grace in ladylike steps.

Having been mocked by Tracy, Patrick smiled helplessly and continued to sit in meditation, his eyes remaining shut.

Chapter 416 All Yours

Jill and Tracy stood in the center of the field and attracted every eye in the auditorium.

Murmurs could be heard from the male disciples. Both Jill and Tracy were as beautiful as faeries, but efficient and deadly, which was why all eyes were on them in this match.

"Who do you think will win?"

"Maybe Tracy. Anyway, she's a personal disciple, and she's older."

"Huh! Who cares? I hope they will go toe to toe in the fight. They had better really get savage and tear their clothes when they fight! I'd love to see one of these chicks half naked!"

The males got excited and made crude comments when they talked about women, not even bothering to lower their voices.

Those dreadful comments carried themselves into the ears of the two girls. Jill only replied with a tilt of her head and an angry glare, but Tracy, who had a much worse temper, wouldn't let it go that easily.

Although most disciples from the Thirty Three Peaks didn't know Tracy very well, she was well-known among the personal disciples for her cruel techniques—and a more violent temper than a man. If someone treated her as the inexperienced and innocent girl she appeared to be, he would definitely regret it.

Tracy slowly walked to the edge of the field and jumped off the stage.

"Wait, why did she leave the stage? Where's she going?"

"Isn't a fighter forbidden to leave the field before the competition is done? Is she surrendering?"

"Oh crap! I think you're in trouble, Bass. She's flaunting all the rules, and headed this way. We were too loud!"

They all watched as Tracy walked towards the crowd from Drizzle Peak. The one who made the worst comment was Bass Qin, an inner disciple who ranked sixth in the Drizzle Peak.

Tracy stopped in front of him, giving him an icy cold gaze. She stared at him for several seconds and suddenly smiled mirthlessly. Her beautiful silhouette added to the temptation in her bright grin. She asked, "You want to see my body?"

Though Bass had a big mouth, he wasn't an idiot. Tracy was smiling at him like an old friend, but he was well aware she was furious inside.

Bass was among the worst-behaved ones in the All Peaks Competition. He had lost seven fights while winning only one, and he had been knocked out quickly, well before the group games were done that day. He liked to talk a lot, but now he was scared silent. Tracy meant business.

He totally understood that he was courting death if he admitted it, so he shook his head vehemently and stammered, "N-no. You don't understand. Th-that wasn't me—"

But Tracy turned a deaf ear to his words and continued with the same smile. "Well, it's not impossible..."

"What?" All the disciples around them couldn't believe their ears. Was she serious?

"All you need to do is to gouge your eyes out afterward," Tracy added.

When they heard her words, the crowd felt their hearts sink with fear. They knew that she wasn't kidding.

"N-no, please..." Bass kept shaking his head.

"No?" Tracy laughed and said, "As you wish. You don't have to gouge your eyes out. You said those words with your mouth, anyway, so I want your tongue instead."

Bass paled at her words. He looked at Master Wen, trying to get him to say something to stop this.

Master Wen gave a grimace of annoyance. He resented Bass because this troublesome disciple not only shamed the Drizzle Peak with his poor performance, but also irritated Tracy with his loose lips. Nonetheless, he felt that it was excessive to cut Bass's tongue out. 'What a cruel girl!' he thought to himself.

As the Master in charge of the disciples from Drizzle Peak, he wanted to save face and stop Tracy from hurting his disciple. He stepped forward and said, "Tracy, this is all his fault. He shouldn't have said anything like that. I will punish him according to our rules in Drizzle Peak. Bass, apologize now!"

Bass turned to Tracy and apologized in a grovelling tone, "Tracy, I shouldn't have said those offensive words. Please forgive me."

However, Tracy ignored his apology and insisted stubbornly, "Choose: Your eyes, or your tongue."

"Er, I..." Bass was desperate. Even Master Wen wasn't able to save him.

Master Wen also felt it was really a knotty issue. He looked around and hoped others might step in. She'd left the field, so it was the duty of the referee and the elders to deal with things like this.

But the referee looked away, showing no intention of helping at all. As for the two elders who were supposed to be there, they were nowhere to be found. No one wanted to get involved.

Master Wen was in a dilemma. Although it was Bass's fault, Master Wen couldn't allow Tracy to do anything extreme to his charge. Why couldn't she just accept his apology?

Finally, Master Wen cast his eyes towards Zen.

Zen had just stayed in his seat silently since Tracy left the field. He had no intention of attracting her ire.

He believed Bass deserved to be punished.

In fact, he didn't think it was technically wrong to do what Bass did. If a warrior managed to irritate his enemies they might make a mistake during the fight. It was just good strategy.

But, this loser should have known better than to open his mouth. If it was Rocher or any other personal disciple, Tracy might have decided it wasn't worth the trouble. But Bass was weak, and Tracy would probably trounce him in a fair fight. He deserved to be punished.

Even though Bass was from the same peak as Zen, Zen didn't feel sorry for him at all.

He had taught Mack a good lesson for Yehudi's sake because Yehudi had provided him with information about the All Peaks Competition.

If someone did Zen a favor, he'd always return the favor with interest. This was one of his principles.

As for Bass, Zen didn't like his featherbrained behavior. He believed that Bass deserved everything he got, even if Tracy really gouged his eyes out.

Despite his dislike for Bass, when Zen met Master Wen's pleading eyes, he eventually sighed in resignation and decided to step up. After all, he knew that thousands of other disciples in the Drizzle Peak were still watching them through the Picture Slab, and that they would feel ashamed if they saw their fellow disciple being bullied by others.

He walked up to Tracy and said with a smile, "He's apologized. Just let it go. If you want, I can have him continue to say he's sorry til you've calmed down."

In Tracy's eyes, the disciples from the Drizzle Peak were a waste of space, and even Master Wen couldn't earn her respect. However, Zen was an exception.

Zen was a dark horse in the All Peaks Competition. Since the beginning of the competition, Rocher was the only one who earned the same kind of attention.

Rocher had long been a celebrity in the Cloud Sect. He was the youngest and strongest sword practitioner in Skytop Peak. On the other hand, Zen was a nobody before the All Peaks Competition. Out of the blue, he attended the event as a member of the Drizzle Peak and unexpectedly defeated many powerful rivals—including Vale.

But to call Rocher a dark horse would mean that Zen was a miracle worker.

"Sorry?" Tracy replied with a cold sneer, "Sorry is useless. If everyone said they were sorry, then no one would fight, and all our practice would be wasted. Is that what you want, Zen?"

Zen nodded, "You're right. Apologies are useless. If Bass was stronger than you, he wouldn't apologize. But I think it's excessive to remove his eyes or tongue just because he's weaker."

"Excessive? Since he's weaker, it doesn't matter what I want to do to him," Tracy said arrogantly.

"So if I beat you, can I do what I want with you? Or doesn't it work that way?" Zen challenged.

Upon hearing his words, the crowd around them fell into silence.

They had already seen how arrogant Tracy was, but Zen was worse. Everyone was shocked by his bold statement.

While his words were open to interpretation, the expression on his face said everything people needed to know. His meaning was sexual.

Tracy focused her gaze at Zen's face for a while before replying with a cold smile, "Fine. If you beat me, I'm all yours. As long as you promise to do the same for me if you lose!"

"Of course. So let Bass off the hook," Zen said flatly.

He hadn't intended to help Bass, but now that he got involved, he decided to clear up this mess.

Zen understood that he would have to fight Tracy in the round-robin match sooner or later. So he figured he'd make this bet with her now.

Still, he felt somewhat worried about that.

If he could beat her, fine. He wasn't really interested in anything else, and would probably just let her go. He didn't want to imagine how this wilful girl would torture him if he lost to her.

While Zen was distracted in his trance, Tracy suddenly shook her head and said, "Let him off the hook? I'm still pissed!" In just the blink of an eye, a gray light appeared in her hand and sped towards Bass.

Zen didn't expect that she would launch an attack so suddenly. But she was too close to Bass to stop her. All he could do was to cry out, "Tracy, no!"

Too late! The gray light flew towards Bass's chest and pierced his body, jutting out from his back.

Bass's eyes stared wide open with fears. He placed his hand on his chest and covered the hole there. The injury was on his left chest. If his heart was wounded, he would lose his life very quickly.

Zen checked the injury with his soul power and regained his composure. She hadn't seriously wounded the idiot. She selected a perfect angle that would come quite close to his heart, but didn't hit anything vital. The injury looked serious, but it was more for show. It might not even leave a scar.

He bled, to be sure. Not only that, he was in great pain.

So this was her punishment for Bass's offense.

After giving vent to her fury, Tracy turned on her heel and returned to the field, a smile on her face.

Chapter 417 Jill VS Tracy

When Tracy and Jill were standing in the battle ring, many disciples taunted them besides Bass. The majority of male disciples from the 33 Peaks would always talk like that as they considered women to be inferior. Why did Tracy only punish Bass that fiercely? Simply because she had figured that Zen would stop her.

With Zen's increasingly fantastic performance in the ring, Tracy's interest in him grew. Eventually, she thought that carving two holes in Zen's body would no longer be enough for her. And so, she came up with this crazy solution.

'Well, if I defeat Zen, how should I punish him?' Tracy thought as she walked.

According to the rules, if Tracy left the ring randomly, the referees would declare her as the loser of the match. However, Cloud Sect was biased toward personal disciples including Tracy. In addition, she had a powerful background. The referees would never take the risk of humiliating her! Irritating Tracy would only bring them bad luck. Thus, spontaneously, they pretended not to see her leave.

Jill had been waiting in the ring for a long time. She was an obedient girl who rarely lost her temper, and she was kind to people. Earlier, when the male disciples talked nonsense, she was offended, but based on her character, she didn't think of doing a cruel thing for revenge as Tracy had done.

After walking past Jill, Tracy cast an indifferent glance at her opponent. Then she shook her head and said confidently, "You have strong talent and strength, but you're not my equal."

"Why?" Jill lifted her chin in defiance. Disobedience reflected in her expression as she spoke with Tracy.

"From your expression, I can see that you're not ruthless enough, especially for men," Tracy said with a faint smile. "If you can't be ruthless, you're not my equal as an opponent."

Jill raised her eyebrows and said sharply, "Are you sure I am not your equal? I may not be ruthless toward men. However, that does not imply that I am not ruthless toward women."

"You can be ruthless with women?" Tracy repeated. Her smile grew wider. "I don't believe you!"

"Well, you can try and see if it's true," Jill said scornfully. Simultaneously, she flipped the delicate little jade sword in her hand. Jill's martial arts style was dexterous and quick. Although the killing spirit of her sword was not strong, Jill could quickly and easily break her opponent's defense. In almost every match, she had landed the jade sword against her opponent's neck and won the match.

Now that she was facing Tracy, a powerful personal female disciple, Jill knew that she couldn't hold back and had to do her best.

Before Tracy could react, Jill launched a fierce attack by using her special weapon. Just as Jill had said, she could be ruthless to women.

"Flower Lady Sword!" Jill cried.

Meanwhile, she took a step forward and brandished the sword. Immediately, a few streaks of life vitality were condensed and transformed into various kinds of flowers, which soon blended with her Flower Lady Sword. After taking a deep breath, Jill moved nimbly as she headed toward Tracy.

Also, a hundred attacks launched by Jill's sword in a short period were flying toward Tracy.

Jill was a serious girl. She was not only talented, but she also practiced extremely hard. To improve her swordplay skills, every day from early morning to sunset, she would practice, regardless of whether it was spring, summer, autumn or winter.

Every day, she repeated the same actions. She would swing her sword and draw back her sword, hundreds of thousands of times. Although it was monotonous and boring, she would practice every day.

She intended to reduce the time taken to launch a hundred sword attacks as much as she could.

At the beginning of her practice sessions, the time that Jill needed to launch a hundred sword attacks was 5 minutes. The effort taken would also leave her body drenched in sweat.

However, as she continued to practice, the time decreased from 5 minutes to 2.5 minutes.

Later, it was reduced to the time for fifty breaths and then for forty breaths.

And now, Jill only needed the time for three breaths!

What would the time for three breaths mean to her? Within the time taken for each breath, Jill would have to launch over 30 sword attacks. The sight was scary indeed!

The moment Jill raised her sword, most people saw a few sword shadows. Each of the sword shadows was accompanied by all kinds of flowers—peony, chrysanthemum, camellia, and so on.

Considering the number of swords and their speed, it would be challenging for any opponent to elude them. If a person with weak martial arts were to be stabbed by the sword, they would die on the spot.

But Jill was fighting Tracy. She was a woman indeed, but she also had special skills and could not be underestimated!

As soon as Tracy waved her hand, a weapon appeared, and then, innumerable blue-grey sharp shadows flew out of her hand.

"Ding, ding, ding…!" The crisp sound of weapons colliding with each other filled the arena.

It was impossible to count how many attacks the two female disciples launched against each other as the audience couldn't see the attacks. They only heard the crisp sounds generated by Jill's jade-green sword radiance hitting Tracy's blue-gray sword radiance.

The sword in Jill's hand was obviously not an ordinary weapon. It looked like it was made from jade, but when it clashed with Tracy's weapon, it made a crisp and melodious sound. It was also strong enough to not shatter on impact.

After the first round of confrontation, the two women took a few steps back. Jill's chest heaved as she tried to control her breathing, but Tracy seemed quite relaxed. A smile danced at the corners of her mouth. It was not until this moment that the audience could see that the weapon Tracy was holding was a blue-gray Emei prick.

"Wow, you are so fierce. I like you!" Tracy said with a charming smile.

For some unknown reason, goose bumps spread across Jill's body when she heard Tracy say that she liked her. Instead of replying, Jill readied herself to attack Tracy.

The two girls' martial arts styles were light and agile. Most male disciples were ashamed when they saw how graceful and quick the two women were.

Because of their speed, the fight between the two women was very entertaining. Whenever they drew closer to each other, Tracy and Jill would launch dozens of attacks in an instant. In the blink of an eye, the two women would either withdraw suddenly or make use of an advantageous situation to continue the attack. To the audience, Jill and Tracy looked like two pretty butterflies engrossed in a fascinating dance.

As a result, quite a number of disciples applauded loudly and heartedly.

At that moment, no one dared to make any dirty or mean jokes about them. Tracy's and Jill's strength had shown that the male disciples were wrong to consider women as inferior. It was estimated that at least 99% of the male disciples would not be able to resist a single attack from them!

The fierce competition between the two girls lasted for 15 minutes.

Then, a crisp noise was heard, followed by a scream from Jill. The crowd gasped as the jade sword in her hand fell to the ground. When the audience recovered from the shock, they saw the tip of Tracy's Emei prick pressed against Jill's eyebrow.

Yet, judging from Jill's expression, it looked as though she were unwilling to admit defeat. Perhaps she was internally scolding herself for making mistakes and not exercising all her strength.

Tracy then said, "Miss Quan, you seem unconvinced about your failure? It doesn't matter. If you don't want to surrender, I can give you one more chance. But you have to promise that if you lose, I will have the right to punish you in any way I see fit!"

After that, Tracy gently stroked Jill's face. Apparently, she was teasing Jill.

Jill was unnerved by Tracy's action. An expression of horror filled Jill's face. Hurriedly she turned to the referee next to her, and said, "I admit defeat!"

Watching Jill's facial expression change rapidly, Tracy was a little unhappy and murmured, "What? Why did you act like that? You look like you've seen a ghost. I'm not a ghost."

Jill picked up her jade sword and walked down from the battle ring, thinking, 'Actually, you are more terrifying than a ghost!'

The competition between the two top female disciples was entertaining. Yet, since it was a competition between women, it was not bloody enough. On the whole, many disciples had significantly widened their horizons and they had become aware of the fact that the speed of martial arts could reach such an impressive state!

Once the excitement died down, most disciples prepared for the next two matches.

The first was a match between Rocher Hua and Jaden Wen, a personal disciple. In the second match, personal disciples, Yasser Yuan and Kimi Shi would battle against each other.

In the previous match, Rocher did not draw his sword. His decision was regarded as arrogant and shocked everyone. He also succeeded in infuriating Jaden. As a personal disciple, he had never been subjected to this kind of insult before.

But at the end of the match, Jaden had been defeated. The result showed everyone that Rocher was right not to draw his sword.

The second match between the personal disciples, Yasser and Kimi, was equally fascinating. It almost destroyed half the battle ring. In the end, Kimi gained an edge on Yasser and won the match.

These two matches could be regarded as the highest level of competition between Cloud Sect's disciples, as whether it was Jaden or Yasser, or Kimi, the three disciples had qualified to be in the top 10 in Cloud Sect's List!

The gap between the disciples in the top 100 and those in the top 50 was not huge. However, the gap between disciples in the top 30 and those in the top 15 was greater. For the disciples who had reached the top 10 ranks, it was almost impossible to find a way to improve their ranking as their opponents were rare geniuses with special and powerful skills!

In the next match, the referee suddenly announced, "Zen Luo from Drizzle Peak will fight the personal disciple, Johanson Jiang!"

"Oh, my God! Johanson! It is said that Johanson is qualified to be among the top five in the Cloud Sect List. He is also said to be highly-skilled and a personal disciple of Saint Zara. I do not know how Zen will deal with him. The match between the two will undoubtedly be very interesting. Wow, this is exciting! I must say that this year's All Peaks Competition is really impressive!" cried one of the disciples excitedly.

"What? He is the personal disciple of Saint Zara?" Zen's eyes narrowed when he heard the other disciples. His expression reflected his vigilance.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 418 The Way To Infuriate Him

At Cloud Sect, Kenneth bore the most power. If Kane, who had an astonishing amount of talent, didn't take over the reins of the Burning Sky Palace in the Imperial Capital, the head of the Cloud Sect would dominate the entire Eastern Region.

The vice leader held the second highest amount of power. The elders were next in the hierarchy, followed by the saints.

In truth, the power that a saint was granted depended a lot on his age. If their talents weren't good enough, they would remain stuck at the Cloud Sect. The exalted Cloud Hall had no interest in admitting those of mediocre talent.

In the past, Zen had had conflicts with the saints. At the court trial that day, it was Saint Zara who had conducted the trial on him.

Naturally, Zen was more alert now, knowing that his opponent was Saint Zara's disciple.

Johanson didn't wear the purple robe of the personal disciple. Instead, he had donned a solid black coat. He was dark-skinned and thin, and he stood opposite Zen like a weak child, with no apparent momentum emanating from his person.

If the crowd didn't know that he was, in fact, Johanson, they would dismiss him as a frail student on appearance alone. The inconspicuous boy did not look like the top disciple of Cloud Sect that he was.

Everybody had the momentum. For instance, a child had a childish momentum, a general had an executioner's momentum, while a scholar had a civilized momentum. The momentum was on display for everyone at any given space or time. The momentum of the ordinary, however, was not as eye-catching as that of the warrior.

It depended on the human's blood and vitality. After cultivation, warriors usually showed signs of bearing stronger vitality than ordinary people. They could be as tough as bulls, and thus exuded stronger momentum.

But Johanson could restrain his momentum. Apparently, he knew the secret to conceal it.

Stepping on the competition field, Zen summoned life vitality to his body. He was not afraid of those who appeared to be tough outwardly, but were timid inside, such as Vale. Zen could see through Vale immediately. But this Johanson... he appeared to be a mystery.

Just as the referee declared the battle open, Johanson laughed, the voice hollow and strange. Without another word, he began the fight.

Black life vitality spread across his body continually, flowing behind him like ribbons of broken fabric as he moved. Floating in the air, he looked like a ghost.

As Johanson flew around Zen, the black shadows remained behind, still in mid-air. The shadows were different from Zen's demonic phantoms which acted like silhouettes. The black shadows, on the other hand, were similar to Johanson's own body, as if each of them was a duplicated figure of him.

'The life vitality avatar has donned the shape of his body. The cultivation method he has practiced seems to be either of illusion or assassination, ' Zen reflected, realizing that he knew what Johanson intended to do. The black shadows on the competition field blended in with his black coat with ease and could act as his shield when required. Johanson wanted to bend the atmosphere of the battlefield to his favor.

Zen fixed his attention on Johanson, not betraying his emotions. He didn't dare relax. Johanson was certainly aware of Zen's gaze on him. His movements were languid as he arranged the black shadows. The more black shadows on the competition field, the more chaos there would be. The scenario would work to his advantage.

After a while, Johanson sped up. His figure disappeared from the competition field, finally escaping Zen's attention.

'Is he hiding somewhere?' Zen frowned as he scanned the black shadows floating one after another. He couldn't lock in on Johanson's position.

For this type of assassination attack, Zen did not have an answer. Johanson had concealed all of himself. Zen had to plan and take the action afterward. Once Johanson attacked him, he would fight back.

But would Johanson give him that opportunity?

Johanson floated in the air, one among the many dark shadows. He looked at Zen indifferently. He had already targeted Zen, but didn't spread the killing intent as of yet. Hiding the intent was one of his many talents.

Johanson also cultivated the martial arts, but unlike most warriors, he mainly practiced the assassinating method.

Once, there had been a tribe called the Shadow Group in the Eastern Region. It was said that the headquarters of the group was on the other side of the continent, and that the Shadow Group in the Eastern Region was only a sub-sect.

Even as a small branch, it had made praiseworthy achievements in the history of the Eastern Region.

At least ten emperors, including three of the Burning Sky Empire were killed by the assassins of Shadow Group.

The members of the group were specialized in assassinating. They had the confidence to kill an opponent more powerful than them.

The Shadow Group's existence was a great threat to the Burning Sky Empire, as well as to the top seven noble clans. No emperor or powerful man wished to live in the vicinity of killers who threatened their very existence.

Three hundred years ago, the Burning Sky Empire joined hands with the Cloud Sect and the top seven noble clans to slaughter the Shadow Group. The group of assassins in the Eastern Region gradually fell apart. They hadn't been able to recover in the past three hundred years.

Johanson was born during this period in the Eastern Region, a genius of the Shadow Group.

He had the innate talent of hiding breath and soul force far beyond others of his age. These two strong points ensured he'd go far on the road of assassination.

His aim was to get out of the Eastern Region and make his way to the Shadow Group's headquarters on the other side of the continent, so he could compete with the young talents belonging to the same sect and tribe as him. The Cloud Sect and the Cloud Hall served as mere springboards for his talent.

For an assassin, it was most important to gather information first. This was his first time to fight in the All Peaks Competition. But, he had watched each round of battles keenly and made mental notes of the varieties of strength and features of the disciples participating in the contest.

The display of strength by Zen, who was currently only at grade two of the nature level, had surprised Johanson. It seemed that the boy had talent not inferior to his. Zen had such rare power at a lower level. If he stepped into the Illuminating Soul Realm someday, would he defeat the powerful men sitting at the top?

As Johanson had watched the contest while shrinking into a corner on the sidelines, his master, Saint Zara, suddenly informed him to prepare for battle, his opponent being Zen. His master required him to kill Zen.

"In the battlefield, you must kill Zen, but pretend it is an accident."

Johanson was the best among all geniuses. He was not jealous of any other, nor afraid to fight an exceptional talent. Only after he had successfully fought another genius would he prove his outstanding skills. Even before, he had wanted to be in a battle against Zen.

His master wanted him to murder Zen.

It was an accepted notion that the fist was blind. A few disciples were killed in accidents at the All Peaks Competition every time.

However, nobody dared to kill an opponent on the competition field brazenly.

His master's proposal excited Johanson. The idea of killing a genius made him smile inwardly, and he accepted the order calmly.

In conceit, he thought he would kill Zen in an instant.

Zen was like his prey. Johanson wanted to trap the prey, watch as he squirmed and struggled in vain, see the fear take over his face before he died of regret. He wanted to overpower Zen completely.

The black shadows were his shadow killing array, a network of traps set up by him.

But the expression on Zen's face made Johanson unhappy. Being trapped, Zen should be fearful. At the very least, he should show signs of panic.

But he didn't find any hint of alarm on Zen's face. On the contrary, Zen looked calm and tranquil, as if he wasn't aware that he had been taken as prey.

It was not amusing in the least.

Johanson felt it necessary to pressurize him even more.

"Hahah..."

Johanson laughed horribly.

A depressing atmosphere could demoralize the prey and make him nervous. Chaos was the perfect set-up to reveal one's weakness. It was a frequent way of assassins to trap their opponents thusly.

When the group attempted an assassination late hours into the night, some of them cried out with voices like those of ghosts. The restless prey was too dumbfounded to react intelligibly and it was a sure-shot kill within mere seconds.

As Johanson burst into peals of cold laughter, the dark shadows laughed along with him. One could not grasp his location from the sounds.

"So you can laugh? I thought you were dumb!" Zen spoke out.

Hearing that, Johanson stopped laughing. Was Zen implying that he was an idiot? Was Zen tricking him? Johanson grew furious immediately.

At the same time, Zen began to move. Six demonic phantoms appeared from behind him, rushing toward Johanson swiftly.

Johanson breathed in deeply and spurred his figure to transform into a black shadow. One of the demonic phantoms flew past his ear.

It was a narrow encounter, but it was dangerous.

Zen smiled. "What a pity. You have cultivated well enough that you're able to hide. But being irritated by me, you've shown me where you are!"

The boy had an acute sense of perception!

He could sense where Johanson was by judging his emotional fluctuation alone...

"Nice. You have some good skills, but you can't match me," said the black shadows of Johanson, all at the same time.

"If you think I'm not worthy of being your opponent, stop floating around me just to find opportunities. Come out and beat me. It should be easy for you. But I know you wouldn't do it because you are a coward. Why would I believe I can't outmatch you?" Zen retorted, still with a smile.

Hearing this, Johanson's anger almost flared up again, but he restrained it. What had happened? He knew how to remain calm, so why was he being so capricious at this boy's clear provoking words?

'Stay calm!'

Johanson told himself as he recited the Ten Commandments for an Assassin mentally.

As a mature assassin, one must guard himself against arrogance, indiscretion, anger...

Between killing and getting killed, it was a hard psychological game to play.

Chapter 419 Ridicule

While Johanson recited 'The Ten Commandments for an Assassin', Zen Luo sat on the ground. He asked the referee loudly, "Sir, since my opponent will not fight with me face-to-face, can I just sit here and rest?"

The referee inside the arena looked confused. Since each warrior had a unique way of fighting, he did not answer Zen's question.

But Zen had asked the question loudly enough for the audience to hear.

Of all the fights during the All Peaks Competition, the ones in which Zen participated were the most interesting. Zen had drawn more attention than most participants, including Rocher!

As Zen was only at the second grade of the nature level, there was a huge skill difference between him and the other contestants. Every disciple was curious to see how Zen would perform in the competition.

Moreover, Zen's last fight against Vale had so many ups and downs. The disciples were expecting to watch a more lively fight!

However, this battle between Zen and Johanson was not as per their expectation. From the beginning, neither side spoke to the other. They stood on the court, face-to-face and then attacked each other only once. They even didn't collide into each other! The fight seemed dull.

Zen's words confirmed what the audience had felt. By speaking out loud, Zen was letting the onlookers know that it was because of Johanson that the fight was boring.

"Shit! What's the matter with Johanson Jiang?" a disciple asked. "Zen is sitting on the ground and doing nothing. And Johanson does not dare to attack him!" he added.

"Is this a competition? I'm feeling sleepy," another disciple said. "Is it true that Johanson is a personal disciple of a saint? Maybe he was only boasting as he cannot face Zen! He can't be one of the top five disciples on the list! It looks more like he is one of the last five!" a third disciple remarked.

"That's true. Maybe Johanson is the timidest personal disciple. He has not shown up before now, nor does he dare to fight. Why doesn't he just admit defeat? I am falling asleep waiting for some action!" another disciple added.

What Zen had said was an eye-opener. Soon the disciples were even more dissatisfied with what Johanson was doing and started to discuss among each other.

Seeing what was happening, all the personal disciples, including Patrick and Tracy, smiled.

The personal disciples in the audience knew why Johanson was behaving peculiarly. Johanson's ambition was to be a top assassin. It was impossible for an assassin to fight against others face-to-face like a regular warrior. Asking an assassin to fight like that was the equivalent of expecting an archer to compete with cavalry.

Assassins were experts in moves that killed a person in one hit. Johanson might attack only once, but that was enough to decide the result of the match.

This was why fighting against an assassin was boring. Anyone who understood this would know that a silent fight was even more dangerous than a regular one! Not all conflicts were settled with visible weapons. Sometimes psychological warfare or psywar was required.

Johanson had done this well from the beginning. At least as per Tracy, Patrick, and the other personal disciples, Johanson had performed perfectly. He had successfully remained hidden. Neither Zen nor the personal disciples at the Illuminating Soul Realm were capable of finding him.

But Zen's comment had destroyed everything Johanson had worked for.

The sarcasm from the audience made it seem like Johanson's high-level hiding skills were something they could ridicule.

Patrick Pei, who was always serious, said with a smile, "Zen is naughty! I want to know how Johanson is feeling now. He must be hiding somewhere nearby."

"HaHa, I think he is probably inflamed with rage!" Tracy's eyes shone as she replied, "I am more eager about fighting against Zen! After I win, I can do whatever to him, right? What should I do to punish him?"

"Aren't you worried that you may lose? If that happens, Zen can do whatever he wants to you!" Patrick laughed as he asked her.

Tracy's expression conveyed that she didn't quite care. Then she giggled and said, "If that's true, then I will allow him to do anything to me! Who knows what he will do?"

Everyone was rendered speechless at Tracy's comment. Patrick rolled his eyes and sat on the ground. He could do nothing to this crazy girl, and he was always speechless due to her eccentricity.

At the same time, Johanson who was hiding nearby clenched his fists. He was upset.

He understood why his master instructed him to kill Zen. His opponent was truly a wicked guy.

He was troublesome and fiendish!

Hearing the acerbic comments from the audience, Johanson was tempted to rush out and kill them one by one! But instead, he closed his eyes and tried to restrain himself.

The disciples of each peak were as weak as bugs when compared to Johanson's abilities. He could kill them using only his finger. But now they dared to criticize him and even defamed him. How could they have the courage to do that?

This was all Zen's doing! He was the only one to be blamed.

The more Johanson thought about it, the more he despised Zen. Just as Johanson was contemplating his feelings toward his opponent, Zen turned in Johanson's direction, as though he could sense something. A pensive expression could be seen on Zen's face as he continued to stare in Johanson's direction.

Johanson felt anxious at once. He calmed himself and continued to recite 'The Ten Commandments for an Assassin'.

'Control myself. Control myself...

Guard against arrogance, rashness, anger and...'

Johanson was now in such a situation. He was annoyed but had to hold back his emotions. This was a frustrating situation to be in.

Johanson had thought that he could easily control the fight against Zen. He wanted Zen to panic and fear him. He had intended to drive him insane, step by step. Then he could conquer Zen's defensive force spiritually and make Zen breakdown. But now everything seemed to be in the opposite way.

Zen sat on the ground leisurely and even closed his eyes to rest. Johanson became more and more furious when he heard the onlookers' comments.

He could not stand it anymore!

If this continued, Johanson knew he would become too anxious and would probably expose his position to Zen. So, he decided to attack Zen as soon as possible.

The comments from the disciples were another reason that drove Johanson to act prematurely. He was ranked the fifth among all the disciples of the Cloud Sect and yet, he was being spoken about as if he was a failure!

The black shadows that had been floating in the sky now started to whirl. And Johanson mixed with them and moved at the same speed.

Even though Johanson chose to start the fight, the disciples still spoke poorly about him.

"Johanson finally made a move. The rumor is that he is practicing the skills of an assassin. And as an assassin, Johanson must learn how to be patient. I can't believe he decided to start this soon. I can tell that he will lose the competition!" one disciple said.

"I agree with you. Being an assassin, Johanson should act like an assassin. I heard that there was an assassin in the Easton Region who concealed himself for half a year to kill his target. That is what an assassin should do! Johanson is far from being that assassin. He doesn't even have the right attitude!" another disciple continued the conversation.

Hearing what the disciples were saying, Johanson very nearly went mad!

'These idiots are going too far. When I was waiting and didn't fight, they said it was boring to watch the fight. Now I have decided to fight, the disciples still have a reason to speak badly about me. They don't know when to stop!' Johanson muttered in his mind.

A moment later, Johanson had no time to consider what the disciples were saying. Once an assassin decided to commerce, he must kill his target in one strike! He could not change what had happened before, and now, he must kill Zen!

The black shadows whirled faster, and so did Johanson.

Since Zen was still sitting on the ground with his eyes closed, Johanson felt as though something was not quite right. Zen seemed not to care about what was happening in the arena.

As Zen was still as calm as before, to Johanson, it appeared as though Zen was looking down upon him and provoking him! Johanson decided to implement his plan.

'It doesn't matter what you plan to do or how highly others speak of you. You are going to die!' Johanson thought.

An assassin would not hide his aura at the moment he started his move.

When a leopard hiding in the grass rushes at an antelope, it roars at the same moment. The sound not only terrifies the prey but it also freezes it for a short moment, thus giving the predator a good opportunity.

Johanson was the leopard while Zen was his antelope.

A nearly solid aura rushed toward Zen. It was Johanson's killing intent!

And his killing intent was unique. A force of his soul was hidden in it.

Even a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm could not stand Johanson's attack. Zen was only at the second grade of the nature level. He would be unable to bear this killing intent especially since it included a soul attack!

Johanson had collected some information about Zen. He had watched the fight between Zen and Vale from the beginning to the end. Johanson also noticed a detail that Vale had said something about one of Zen's trump cards. Zen seemed to be able to attack with his soul.

But Zen was only a warrior at the second grade of the nature level. How strong was his soul?

Johanson had eaten a soul-nurturing herb each day since he was a baby. The price of a soul-nurturing herb was very high. One plant cost as much as over a hundred cubic crystals!

Although the Burning Sky Empire had destroyed the Shadow Group, the Shadow Group was still wealthy. And most of their fortune had been spent on Johanson who was their only hope.

Even the eldest sons of the top seven noble clans could not afford to eat a soul-nurturing herb each day! It was true that the top seven noble clans had the money to buy many soul-nurturing herbs. But, they could not pile all their resources onto one person. That was too risky.

However, the situation was different for Johanson. He was the only hope of the Shadow Group in nearly three hundred years. He was the only talent among them all!

Having eaten so many soul-nurturing herbs, Johanson had felt his soul grow day by day. And after he had cultivated his soul for so many years, Johanson was confident that his soul was more powerful than that of the warriors at the same level as him.

That was why he didn't pay attention to Zen's soul attack. In his eyes, there was no comparison between his soul and Zen's!

In Johanson's mind, he could easily turn Zen into an utterly useless person without a soul just by using his killing intent!

'Zen Luo, let me see how you will deal with my killing intent!' Johanson scoffed in his mind.

Chapter 420 Flying Knife Versus Short Sword! (Part One)

Now that Johanson decided to strike, he wouldn't limit himself to only using the soul attack.

Once an assassin made a move, he would go for the kill!

Of course, if his opponent had been somebody else, Johanson might have shown him mercy, or say, not caused a fatal injury to his opponent.

Now that Johanson had regarded Zen as a man he must kill, he would not reserve his strength!

Just as Johanson launched the soul attack, a beam of bright light shot out from his hand.

The light warped into the shape of a short sword—a snake-shaped short sword!

The short sword was Johanson's family heirloom. It was a fairy weapon that had been passed down within their family for several hundred years! When the Jiang family was undermined by the Burning Sky Empire 300 years ago, most of its treasures and fortunes were kept in one of the secret realms of their Shadow Group. Thus the snake-shaped short sword was preserved within the family, and eventually, it was handed down to Johanson.

He preferred to first, befuddle his opponent's mind with the soul attack, and then, cut the opponent's throat with the snake-shaped short sword. Although this assassinating method was quite simple, it was almost impossible to guard against it!

In most cases, as long as the opponent's soul was not strong enough to resist his soul attack, in no way could he escape from Johanson's snake-shaped short sword!

Even though Zen's flesh was incredibly strong, he could not be able to fend off the snake-shaped short sword!

Therefore, as per Johanson, by implementing his two-step attacking method, there was no doubt that Zen would die!

"Go to hell!"

'I'm destined to be a world-famous assassin while you are doomed to be reduced to a pile of bones.

As to the little locusts that mocked me from the audience, they are bound to admire me, and to listen to legends about me!'

However, at the precise moment that Johanson's soul attack targeted Zen's mind, an unexpected event happened!

The soul attack, to put it simply, was a confrontation on a spiritual level.

Since Johanson had been consuming the soul-nurturing herb since he was a child, his soul was much stronger than those of ordinary people.

The soul-nurturing herb was a precious plant, but its effect on enhancing a person's soul was quite limited.

That was something no one could change. Even Cloud Sect had no books on soul cultivation method other than a few manuals on the use of soul attack!

It was just too difficult to cultivate one's spirit. Accordingly, to nurture one's spirit with the soul-nurturing herb was a very difficult and expensive project in the first place.

But Zen's spirit had been refined by the giant mysterious smelting furnace.

It could be said that the inhuman suffering thoroughly re-molded Zen!

Although there were ways to strengthen one's soul and some ascetic practitioners would adopt very drastic measures to prepare their souls, a human soul was a fragile thing. Any carelessness might damage it, and if the injury was severe, the man would become an idiot.

But when Zen's soul was being refined by the black fire, it was also being repaired by the seven-colored lights of the huge furnace!

After being tempered like that Zen's soul was indeed quite resilient.

In comparison to Zen's soul, Johanson's soul seemed weak and fragile!

Therefore, when targeted by Johanson's attempt to kill, Zen merely felt a little alarmed. The moment Johanson's soul attack reached him, Zen's eyes widened a little, but he did not react at all.

The result of a battle between souls would often come out in one second.

According to legends, some mighty practitioners could battle in the spiritual space. Two peerless martial arts experts could determine which was more powerful solely by combatting with their souls. In that case, the power of the soul attack would practically equal the attacker's strength. However, that kind of contest was not something that Zen or Johanson could try at present.

"A soul attack?" Zen sneered. After warding off Johanson's murderous soul attack, a grayish spike was formed in his mind. The spike shot out from between Zen's eyebrows and lunged straight at Johanson.

At the same time, the broken flying knife also appeared in Zen's hand.

A broken flying knife!

Zen's attack strategy was very similar to Johanson's two-step assassinating method!

They both exploited the soul attack to unsettle the mind of their opponent, and then, took advantage of his disoriented state to assassinate him with a knife.

Zen had chosen not to use this method until now because, on one hand, he hoped to hide his ace card till the final stage, and on the other hand, this method was Zen's killing move.

In light of the sharpness of the broken flying knife, Zen was afraid that he might lose control and kill someone by accident!

It was true that the contenders in the arena would try their best to win. In such competitive situations, some participants would occasionally be seriously injured or even die.

However, given that the arena was not a real battlefield, Zen let his values and morals guide him.

In this situation, however, Zen had decided to use his killing method, as from the start, he had sensed that Johanson was determined to kill him. The minute the battle began, Johanson had established that he was not aiming at defeating Zen, but he wanted to kill him.

As to how to distinguish good from the evil, Zen had a simple belief—if others treated him well, he would also be friendly toward them. However, if others intended to murder him, he would return the favor!

'Being kind to your enemy means being cruel to yourself!'

Although Vale, his opponent in the previous fight, was very obnoxious, Zen did not detect any trace of murderous intent from Vale! Vale was merely seeking to subdue Zen and to thwart his martial arts aspirations. Thus, Zen decided to be merciful toward Vale, and even gave him a helping hand when he deviated into madness!

Chapter 421 Flying Knife Versus Short Sword! (Part Two)

In contrast, Johanson had decided to kill Zen. And so, Zen had no scruples anymore!

In fact, Zen had been on his guard for Johanson's killing intent since the very beginning. And Zen could tell that Saint Zara and Saint Viana were behind all this. Nonetheless, he couldn't be sure. Therefore, he would not point it out in front of all the disciples of Cloud Sect as he had no evidence yet.

While keeping a lookout for Johanson, Zen also figured out what he was thinking. If Johanson wanted to have a prolonged tangle with Zen, Zen could do nothing about it.

However, now that Johanson was enraged by his one remark, Zen knew that despite his great power, he was not a very skilled assassin. And that was why Zen just flopped onto the ground and said offensive things that would lead the disciples of Cloud Sect to provoke Johanson further.

As Johanson felt that Zen had blocked his soul attack, his expression changed!

He came to realize that he had made a huge mistake!

'The soul attack of Zen that Vale just described is definitely one of his trump cards!

How can it be? How is it possible? His body is already formidably strong for a man at the second-grade of the nature level, but how can his soul be so tough as well? My soul attack didn't hurt him at all? Is he a human being?'

Just as Johanson was trying to rationalize his opponent's abilities, Zen had launched his counterattack, the Spiritual Thorn.

In an instant, the soul thorn pierced Johanson's brain. Johanson felt a powerful force assault his soul, and the pain caused nearly sent him into a coma.

But compared to Zen's prior opponents, Johanson's performance was fairly great.

As Johanson had been nourishing his soul since childhood, his soul was far stronger than that of a normal practitioner's. Hence, Johanson's soul managed to withstand Zen's Spiritual Thorn.

As a result, even though Johanson was in excruciating pain, he did not pass out. He might have lost the match on the spiritual level, but he still had his snake-shaped short sword.

'Once this snake-shaped short sword penetrates Zen's body, there is absolutely no hope for him.'

However, precisely at this moment, he saw the broken flying knife emerge in Zen's hand.

'A broken knife?' Johanson snorted. 'He wants to repel my snake-shaped short sword with that thing?'

His snake-shaped short sword was a fairy weapon!

Even if Zen's broken flying knife were also a fairy weapon, after being damaged, the heavenly essence it contained would disperse as time went by. The more severe the damage, the faster its heavenly essence would dissipate.

At the sight of the broken flying knife in Zen's hand, Johanson assumed that it was, at best, as powerful as a low-grade spiritual weapon.

And he had no chance of stopping Johanson's snake-shaped short sword.

However, the moment the two weapons clashed, Johanson was dumbstruck.

The broken flying knife in Zen's hand knocked the snake-shaped short sword into the air. And Johanson's eyes widened when he saw that the clash left a distinct dent in the blade of his snake-shaped short sword!

What surprised him more was that the dent had not been caused by a right-angled collision of two flying blades. It was merely an outcome of the snake-shaped short sword flitting across the broken flying knife from one side.

If the two had collided head-on, Johanson's snake-shaped short sword would probably have broken!

'What the hell is that broken flying knife? How can it still be so powerful even when it's damaged!'

Johanson was stupefied. While he was frozen in place by the shock he felt, the broken flying knife soared toward his forehead. When Johanson realized what was happening, he was scared out of his wits. If the broken flying knife injured him, he would die.

The instinct for survival suddenly surged inside Johanson. He leaned back to dodge the broken flying knife. The escape was narrow as the broken flying knife did scrape Johanson's forehead as it skimmed over his face. Fortunately, the gash wasn't too deep.

When Johanson drew himself back, he hid among the shadows in mid-air.

Zen jumped to his feet with a jeer, beckoned with his left hand, and the broken flying knife flew back to his hand.

The two fought at top speed. This time, it happened in a blink of an eye, but it was way more dangerous than any previous battles.

The disciples also realized that Zen and Johanson were risking their lives in this battle!

The seriousness of the contenders and the stakes were so high that the disciples watched the fight with bated breath! Then, they were dazed for quite a while before they began to discuss it.

"How risky! I never knew that Zen has a weapon! His weapon is a broken flying knife!"

"That knife is definitely not a normal knife. The snake-shaped short sword that Johanson is holding is a fairy weapon. But when Zen's damaged flying knife clashed into it, the snake-shaped short sword got a dent, while the broken flying knife was still intact. This means the broken flying knife is at a much higher grade than the fairy weapon!"

"Zen is indeed hiding his true potential and his attack strategies. I wonder what else he's got!"

"Humph, you're so ignorant! Let me tell you what else Zen has got. Just now when Zen and Johanson attacked each other with their weapons, they were also engaged in another fight—a battle on the spiritual level. It seems that Johanson lost to Zen, and he suffered from that soul combat."

There was a large assembly of talents at the All Peaks Competition. Although a moment ago Zen and Johanson concluded an attack in just one second, only a handful of people had caught on to what had really happened.

"What?"

At those words, many disciples showed disbelief on their faces.

Chapter 422 Angry Leader

Born with innate superhuman strength, Zen had a super strong corporeal body. Even if he were hit by a spiritual weapon, he wouldn't be hurt. No matter how much the other disciples envied him, it didn't matter.

But what if his soul was also that powerful?

That would be totally unfair. Why did God favor Zen that much?

Every warrior had their own special strength and style. Swordsmen were dexterous; blade-men were domineering with destructive power, while assassins had strong hidden abilities, not to mention the ability to kill with a single hit.

Those who claimed they were strong in every skill simply meant that they were weak in every aspect. If you had a lot of different talents, you'd be mediocre, because specialization was the key to success. If you put in a lot of time practicing one skill, your other skills would suffer.

But Zen was an exception. He was perfectly well-rounded.

It was almost an impossible dream. And it was hard to believe it happened to Zen. He was only a boy of seventeen, and he had only achieved the second grade of the nature level!

If people did not believe it, that was understandable. In other words, they admitted that Zen just defeated Johanson in the spirit level, but didn't want to believe that someone of his age was so well-rounded.

Seeing the disbelief on people's faces, the disciple shut his mouth. They didn't want to hear more about it, so he said no more.

But another disciple backed him up. "He's right. Johanson lost to Zen in the soul battle, because he was weaker. I don't know how strong Zen's spirit is, but I'm sure Johanson's spirit is far less powerful. It's easy to tell the powerful from the weak."

The result of spirit competition between two warriors could be easily and immediately determined. And it would hardly change.

Hearing another disciple say the same thing, the rest of the disciples took a deep breath, dumbfounded and lost in silence.

When you're comparing goods, get rid of the poor quality one. When this was applied to people, the poor ones could not survive. The saying was not to judge, but simply to say that a man should be happy with what he already had, and not compare himself to others.

As time slipped by, Zen went from the little disciple of Drizzle Peak that nobody knew to the man with extraordinary talents, a superstar in the All Peaks Competition. He overshadowed the vast majority of the disciples! Now that Zen was a superstar they looked up to, they would never challenge him.

That was how it always was. If someone was a bit better than you, you might challenge him. But if he were much stronger than you and had earned all kinds of accolades, then you'd never think to compete with him.

The image of Zen in their hearts was like an insurmountable mountain, which they would not be able to conquer even if they tried with their whole life.

Kenneth, head of the Cloud Sect, knitted his eyebrows as he watched the fight in the arena.

Based on his strength and judgment, it was easy for him to figure out that the Zen-Johanson fight was risky, so risky that it might result in the death of one or both of them, especially if any of them didn't properly control their strength.

The warriors were not the delicate flowers in the greenhouse. To be strong warriors, they had to go through their baptism of blood and fire. That was why Cloud Sect would assign so many dangerous missions. That was also why so many warriors chose to join the military to gain more experience. Only walking on the edge of death could they push their potential to the extreme and know what they were truly capable of.

However, Kenneth still had a hint of doubt deep inside.

'Why is Johanson fighting so hard, so ruthlessly? It seems like he's not fighting to win but to kill. Is it because he hates Zen so much?' he thought quietly and doubtfully.

Kenneth did encourage disciples to give full play to their own strengths, but he didn't want to see any of them die as both of them were Cloud Sect's genius disciples. Besides, Zen's talent and strengths were considerable, so he cared about the boy more. Kenneth even had plans for the boy, if he survived. Thus, if Zen were killed by Johanson, he would be a little sad.

Just then, a steward showed up. He was ordered by Elder Xu to find out Zen's information in those practicing places recently. This man now handed Elder Xu a jade slip.

Elder Xu took the slip, turned around and handed it to Kenneth directly.

Kenneth took it, unfolded it and began to scan it. After finishing reading it, he furrowed his brows more tightly.

When seeing Kenneth's heavy face, Elder Xu asked carefully, "Your grace, what did it say?"

Kenneth threw the slip to him and said in a pissed tone, "Check it yourself!"

Elder Xu unfolded the slip and had a quick scan. Then, his face also grew heavy abruptly.

"On Fire Day, in the month of November, Zen practiced at the Lake of the Magical Fish for the first time. He dived in, and attained a depth of one hundred and thirty meters under water. He's only at the first grade of the nature level. Yet he could do such an amazing feat. So he is a rare genius of our Cloud Sect. If he could be well trained, he would be capable of miraculous achievements. Written by Steward Cao."

"On Water Day, in the month of December, Zen entered the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, and resisted 100 waves of Magnetic Aurora at the trial with the eighth difficulty and also grabbed the sword intent. From the founding of our Cloud Sect till now, I have not seen such a disciple. He is a rare talent that comes along once in a million years. Written by Steward Song."

When he finished reading this, his face grew heavier.

Kenneth sneered and said, "The first time at the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, he could pass the trial at the eighth level. Hum, since the establishment of our Cloud Sect, I believe that there has not been such a strong disciple. What's more, he even had an epiphany about the sword intent. It seems that Zen is still hiding his real strength now. If it hadn't been for the All Peaks Competition, I wouldn't even have known about him! It is one of the duties of the stewards to find out Zen's rare talent. If they can do this, they will be richly rewarded."

After a pause, he continued slowly, "But such reports, which should be delivered to me, were intercepted by several saints! It was done by Saint Viana and Saint Zara, right? So these guys, who reached the top grade of Illuminating Soul Realm by virtue of the resources of Cloud Sect, now think they can do whatever they want?"

As Kenneth said, he stared at the match and raised his eyebrows. "I don't know how the two old men and Zen are connected. But now it seems that they are trying to kill him, and at the All Peaks Competition of all places! Johanson is Saint Zara's personal disciple, right? No wonder his first attack against Zen was a deadly action!"

Elder Xu's face suddenly changed again when he heard Kenneth's words.

It was true that Saint Zara and Saint Viana did have beefs with Zen, based on the slip. But, requiring their own personal disciple to kill Zen at All Peaks Competition? Would they go that far?

And after Kenneth said that, Elder Xu also noticed that Saint Zara and Saint Viana were actually trying to kill Zen through Johanson's deadly attacks!

"Your grace, should I stop the competition now?" asked Elder Xu earnestly. Although it wasn't a good thing to stop the competition abruptly, this was necessary.

"No!" Kenneth said. He refused directly, waving his hand, which startled Elder Xu. He then explained his reasons, "Johanson is likely weaker than Zen. He probably won't succeed. Let's just wait and see!"

The fierce battle between Zen and Johanson in the battle ring still raged.

Now that Zen's broken flying knife had made its debut, he didn't have to hide it any more.

Johanson was hiding in one of the shadows. It was a brilliant move, but the arena was only so big, and there were only a hundred or so shadows in the arena. It was just a matter of time before Zen found the right one.

"Demonic phantom!" Zen shouted to summon his skill.

Six demonic phantoms answered his call, and he directed them to penetrate the shadows. The phantoms did so, one by one. If Johanson stayed hidden, one of them would definitely find him.

At the same time, the broken flying knife in Zen's hand revolved around him madly. Every time the broken flying knife flew out, it would pierce a dozen shadows in an instant.

By using both methods, Zen could force Johanson out of the shadow sooner or later.

Just after Zen's phantoms had swept through a corner, his broken flying knife rushed towards the shadows ahead.

Johanson jumped from a black shadow, his hiding place exposed. Once again, he brandished the snake-shaped sword in his hand, and rushed Zen.

At the sight of the snake-shaped sword, Zen scoffed coldly and directed his broken flying knife to block the attack.

"Ding!"

The flying knife and the short sword collided, notching the snake sword.

Both sides of the sword's blade had been cut, weakened. Another direct clash like that would make the sword completely destroyed.

Johanson was experiencing a hardship, but he couldn't complain loudly. Now, he was chased around the ring, Zen's knife nicking him here, slashing his uniform there. He seemed to have performed worse than Zen's previous rivals.

Yet, in fact, he was stronger than Vale and the other disciples, at least better than most personal disciples!

Johanson was at least ranked in the top five disciples of Cloud Sect, possibly even higher.

He was absolutely deadly with his two main tactics, defeating most of his foes easily.

Six months ago, Zen used a spiritual attack together with the broken flying knife and almost killed Vale. And now, Johanson, with the strength of Illuminating Soul Realm, executed two powerful moves, and the results weren't hard to imagine.

His two moves, however, were completely blocked by Zen.

His spiritual attack not only failed to kill Zen, but instead, Zen took control of the situation.

As for Johanson's short sword, well, it was just useless. He had no idea where Zen got his broken flying knife, but even the broken knife was ten times more powerful than his sword!

Johanson really couldn't figure out why he was in such pain now.

As a result, he was desperate and wanted to give up. Moreover, he even had a hunch that if he didn't admit defeat now, Zen would probably kill him.

Just after he was forced out, he again quickly ducked into another shadow. Meanwhile, as he was about to admit defeat, he heard a voice delivered secretly to him by life vitality.

The voice gave him an order, and his expression changed all of sudden.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 423 A Way To Defeat Zen

It was Saint Zara who had spoken through his life vitality.

Her original plan was to let Johanson pretend to kill Zen "unintentionally".

An unintentional killing was likely to happen in the matches between the Kung Fu masters. With Johanson and Zen being both amazingly powerful, the first move must not falter. Otherwise, Zen could find an opportunity to fight back and defeat Johanson.

Amidst a heated battle, it would be difficult for someone to stop mid-attack, especially when using full force.

And with Johanson's sword that aimed to kill at first strike, unintentional killing would be a reasonable excuse for Zen's death in the battle ring.

Saint Viana's plan would have been perfect, however, no one expected that Zen had concealed his real strength all this time.

Johanson thought that his soul attack could defeat Zen, but instead, it was Zen's soul attack that caused the first much damage.

Even his snake-shaped short sword was completely defeated by Zen's broken flying knife.

How was it even possible?

It was only then that they realized that Zen had concealed his real strength.

And since Zen's strength was far beyond Johanson's, the unintentional killing plan had failed.

Johanson felt Zen's killing intent. He would die if he wouldn't concede now.

But Saint Zara told Johanson not to concede.

"Keep on fighting, Johanson!"

Johanson's face turned gloomy. How could Saint Zara expect Johanson to keep fighting with this crazy guy? Zen's broken flying knife alone had inflicted great damage to Johanson. What more could Zen's other attack do to him?

"Master, if I don't concede, I will die in Zen's hands!" Johanson wailed through his life vitality.

Zen was now breaking Johanson's shadow covering. It was only a matter of time before Zen could completely break the shadow covering, and by then, it would be too late for Johanson to escape.

"Don't worry, Johanson. I have another plan! I can control the magic array on the stage and form an attack to Zen using it. What you need to do is disguise it as your own and let others believe it is from you. I'm confident that we can kill Zen with just one hit!" Saint Zara continued.

"Can you really do that? Aren't you afraid the other elders will discover our tricks?" Hesitation was clouding Johanson's eyes as he saw Zen continuously destroying the shadows.

There was indeed no absolute fairness in the All Peaks Competition. Take for example what Tracy did. She had broken the rules of the competition but was not disqualified by the judge, because what she did was still tolerable by the elders.

However, Saint Zara's idea was somewhat impractical because he wanted to take advantage of the magic array to kill Zen intentionally. If the elders found out, he would face grave consequences.

Johanson wasn't sold in the idea, but he didn't know how to tell Saint Zara that he refused.

His birthright as a member of the Shadow Group had greatly contributed to his present achievements.

But the group had been living a miserable life since they were defeated, so when Cloud Sect learned that Johanson was a member of Shadow Group, he wasn't allowed to join the sect. But if it weren't for Saint

Zara's support, he wouldn't have the chance to be a disciple of the sect. Moreover, he had become an inner disciple with Saint Zara's support.

The kindness that Saint Zara extended to Johanson was the reason the latter couldn't refuse.

"Quit worrying! They won't notice! Besides, it doesn't matter if I kill Zen. There are many people who will be happy to see him dead. Perhaps no one wants to see him alive. Just get ready and do as I tell you!" Saint Zara uttered again.

Saint Zara wouldn't take the risk of this plan if it wasn't for Saint Viana having his back.

This was one risky step to take, but they were willing to do it.

Johanson was about to convince his master not to do it, but before he could say anything, Saint Zara had already launched the attack.

The stage of the All Peaks Competition was surrounded by a huge magic array which provided various energies and enchanted barriers. Some of the enchanted barriers divided the whole stage into several parts, allowing more than a pair of competitors to battle at the same time. The most important function of the magic array was to keep everything in the stage to avoid hurting the audience with battle debris.

But this wasn't clearly the only function of the magic array.

As saints of Could Sect, Saint Zara and Saint Viana knew how to deliver an attack to the stage through the magic array.

"Go to hell, Zen!" Saint Viana created access through the magic array, and then Saint Zara launched his attack.

All of a sudden, a vortex emerged beside Johanson. Since the black shadows covered them completely, everyone on the stage didn't notice it.

At that moment, they were still in shock of Zen's counterattacks.

But Zen perceived a strong power in the black shadows.

"Now what?"

Zen readied himself for anything that would come his way with the flying broken knife in his hand. His face had a trace of doubt in it.

He started to feel fear by the presence of that unknown strong power. 'Is this Johanson's real strength? Was he just toying with me all this time and decided to show what he is really capable of?' he wondered.

This situation was becoming unfavorable for Zen.

He felt danger all around him and his heart started to pound harder.

Johanson had been hiding behind those black shadows for a long time. If he had such a powerful martial arts attack, why didn't he use it earlier?

Zen couldn't comprehend how Johanson could possibly make this frightening attack.

But there was no time to think as a purple light suddenly came out from the black shadows!

The light rapidly hit Zen and its momentum almost stifled his breath.

There was no way this strong power was from Johanson.

Someone else was helping him!

Was it Saint Zara or Saint Viana? They were bold to dare play a trick in the All Peaks Competition. They really had the nerve to break the rules of the competition.

"Wow! Johanson started to strike back!"

"This attack is powerful! When did Johanson become this powerful? Was he just concealing his real strength all this time?"

"He was just promoted into the Illuminating Soul Realm. It's impossible for him to make such a powerful attack with his current level!"

The top disciples of Cloud Sect were also in their early stage of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

The early stage of the Illuminating Soul Realm ranged from grade one to grade three. Once the disciples reached grade three of the Illuminating Soul Realm, the sect would choose the most talented disciples to join the Cloud Hall through various works. Those who didn't make it would choose to join the Burning Sky Empire to temper themselves through wars. Floyd, or also known as the Flying Dragon General, belonged to the second category. Since he was not qualified to enter the Cloud Hall, he chose to take part in the army instead.

The most ordinary disciples, on the other hand, would be part of the sect staffs. With further cultivation, they could be promoted as hall chiefs, then saints, then elders, and then vice leader in the future.

Johanson was only at the grade two of Illuminating Soul Realm, but the strike he just made contained the power equal to the ultimate grade of Illuminating Soul Realm.

At the sight of the immense attack, the poker-faced judges showed signs of surprise and disbelief.

All the genius disciples of each peak were shocked as well. They did not expect that Johanson could produce such a terrible blow. The question now was-how could Zen defend himself this time?

Zen was stressing out at this moment.

If he had expected the attack, he would have summoned his demonic life vitality to devour those black shadows and strike back. However, it would be useless now. There was no way he could defend himself.

In the Commandment Mount, Zen once blocked the attack of Saint Viana just because he wasn't thinking clearly and just made random blows. Zen also considered that Saint Viana didn't give his all because the first was just a junior level disciple. There was no way a Saint would waste his energy for a low-level disciple.

But today was different. Saint Zara had been saving up his strength and intended to kill Zen with one hit.

It would be impossible for Zen to block that attack from a master in the ultimate grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

But no matter what, he must defend himself.

Zen's martial will was firmer than any other disciples.

Even if he suspected that someone was helping Johanson and he felt like a rabbit being chased by a lion, he was fearless and determined to win.

Fear was just a useless emotion adopted by the weak to defend themselves from the shame of losing.

Zen summoned the six demonic phantoms and formed a straight line to block the purple light.

Crack, crack, crack!

The powerful demonic phantoms were instantly penetrated by the purple light.

'It's no use! I can't handle this attack…"

With the demonic phantoms broken, Zen resorted to his flying broken knife. He threw it directly into the light.

Whoosh!

The sharp flying knife cut the powerful purple light into two parts.

But it was still useless.

The purple light was cut into two parts but continued to shoot toward Zen.

Without any idea left, Zen chose to evade from the purple light.

The audience was becoming anxious and worried about Zen. They held onto their seats tightly, trying to comprehend what was happening.

"Oh no! Zen can't withstand it!"

"Johanson's desperate! Did he make the attack at the expense of his own life?"

"If it's Johanson's real strength, he can become the Champion of this year's All Peaks Competition! After all, who can really defend and defeat Johanson's attack? Rocher? Patrick? Tracy? Wing? None of them can! No one in this competition can block that attack!"

However, just when everyone thought that Zen would die from the attack, a huge roar sounded not from afar.

"How dare you?"

"How dare you!!!"

The voice echoed through the valleys.

It was like the snoring of an ancient beast from far away!

Chapter 424 Punish The Saints

The growl pierced through the thin air and came loud and clear to everyone's ears. Hundreds of thousands of disciples, including the disciples who had received punishments at the Hell Mountain, and the inner disciples and outer disciples from the thirty-three peaks, felt the sound ringing in their ears at the same time.

"Who is that? Who made that horrible sound?"

"It's coming from the foot of the mountain. But why is it still so loud after traveling all this way? Is it a human sound?"

At that moment, the faces of many outer disciples turned ghastly pale. In their mind, the person who could roar that loudly must be someone out of legend.

The disciples from the thirty-three peaks were shocked into silence, and one could imagine how terrified the disciples around the arena were.

But the sound grew ever louder, this time it reached critical mass. The force of it knocked many disciples and even some masters down to the ground.

Only a few people could withstand it, like Rocher, Wing, and a few personal disciples. But their faces were all pale. Obviously, it cost them much life vitality to resist the horrible sound wave.

In fact, the sound wave was actually a form of highly condensed energy. Ninety-nine percent of the sound wave condensed into a bright yellow ripple, rushing directly into the arena and breaking the purple light into pieces.

At the same time, Johanson, who hid in the black shadow, stumbled and fell out from his hiding place. He was near the bright yellow ripple, and it was a devastating attack. Right now, his face was as pale as a piece of white paper. After he fell, he spat a mouthful of blood.

The sound wave was well aimed. It came precisely to its target without missing an inch. It suddenly disappeared after it smashed the purple light in front of Zen.

Zen was also affected by the force emitted from the sound wave, but not that seriously.

'Obviously, the shout is meant to stop the contest. But who did that? That thing is incredibly strong...' Zen thought. Shocked as Zen was, he felt fortunate that the sound wave wasn't aimed at him. If the sound wave just came at him, he would have been shredded by it.

In a short while, a middle-aged man appeared out of thin air, at first transparent, then very real, floating in the air. It was the leader of the Cloud Sect—Kenneth.

He was followed by Elder Xu.

"It is probably the leader who roared that way."

"It's incredible. The roaring of the leader just saved Zen! But why did the leader help him?"

"Is this the real strength of the leader? It's stunning. If he hadn't gathered the sound and focused it that way, everyone would have died from it!"

At this time, the referees and the several elders all pressed their hands together and bowed to Kenneth, "Your grace!"

Zen raised his head and looked at Kenneth. He stood there silently, myriad feelings beginning to stir in him.

'The supreme level of the martial arts is indeed powerful beyond imagining. But when can I reach the level of the leader?' Zen wondered.

Kenneth glanced at Zen casually and then he said seriously, "Viana, Zara, you old bastards, come on out here!"

The disciples were all confused now.

Viana and Zara? Was he referring to Saint Viana and Saint Zara, two of the ten great saints in the Cloud Sect?

Did the leader roar just because of them? Most of the disciples couldn't understand why the battle had anything to do with the two saints from the Cloud Sect.

Though the disciples of the Cloud Sect couldn't figure out what was happening, some Hall Chiefs and the elders had already had a clue.

The purple light released by Johanson just now was not really from him.

It was undeniable that Johanson was a talent and rare to be seen in this century. With his family's help, he also had very good chances at a good career.

But as a beginner of the Illuminating Soul Ream, how could he possibly release such mighty power?

In fact, at the moment the purple light appeared, several elders already saw that it was actually from Saint Zara.

The elders were worldly-wise and they all chose to keep silent to keep drama at a minimum. Although it violated the rules of the competition to cheat, Johanson was the personal disciple of Saint Zara, while Zen, he was only a talented warrior of humble birth. Who would take the risk to speak for a nobody?

But they were wrong. They had held their positions for a long time—maybe too long. Those saints and elders had already forgotten the original reason why the Cloud Sect was established.

As the holy place for martial arts in the Eastern Region, the Cloud Sect was not a place the saints and elders stood to profit or provided for their retirement. The purpose of the Cloud Sect was to look for talented disciples across the entire Eastern Region and send them to the Cloud Hall.

That was also the reason why Kenneth seldom handled the affairs in the Cloud Sect. But he had to be present in the All Peaks Competition that took place every three years. Because he needed to inspect the talents of the Cloud Sect and send the most brilliant stars to the Cloud Hall.

Zen, in his perception, was the most eye-catching pearl that he had met since he became the leader.

He even had the hunch that if Zen was sent to the Cloud Hall where galaxy of talents from all regions gathered, his talent would eclipse everyone.

Since the moment Kenneth noticed Zen's talent, he had kept watching every round that Zen joined with great interest. He had paid more attention to Zen than to those personal disciples who also displayed extraordinary talent.

One of the reasons was that Zen came from a humble family.

Kenneth himself was also from a humble background. He knew many of those personal disciples had all kinds of resources available when they started. While Zen's family had not much at all. He couldn't afford the best teachers, the fancy equipment. The only way he could have achieved as much as he did was through great talent.

However, the pearl that Kenneth treasured was under fatal attack from the saints of the Cloud Sect in full view of the public.

It not only disgraced him, as he was the leader, more importantly, it had actually crossed the line.

The faces of Saint Viana and Saint Zara went ghastly pale. They stumbled towards Kenneth, their calm, sage-like manner abandoned.

Seconds before, Saint Zara's fatal attack almost succeeded, and a smug smile already found its way to Saint Viana's face. In Saint Viana's eyes, Zen was a locust, a bug to be squashed, regardless of its skill at hopping around.

No matter how much strength Zen hid inside himself, there was no way he could live through a fatal attack from Saint Zara.

But just they were about to cheer, a roaring smashed the purple light from Saint Zara into pieces.

The moment they heard the roaring, their hearts trembled vehemently.

They realized that they were wrong, and they had made a big mistake.

Yes, it was true that no one would take Zen's side, not the elders, saints or Hall Chiefs. They had no reason to act against Saint Zara and Saint Viana in order to speak up for Zen. Moreover, they barely knew Zen, so it wouldn't do them any good to help him.

But they both forgot Kenneth.

Probably because Kenneth hadn't been around for a long time and he kept his hands out of the Cloud Sect's affairs.

That gave Saint Zara and Saint Viana the false impression that they could control everything in the Cloud Sect.

And their misunderstanding led to their bold plan of killing Zen at the All Peaks Competition.

"Your...Your grace..."

They cringed and bowed down to Kenneth.

"I don't know what gave you the nerve to do this. Did you suddenly become as stupid as dogs? Or you have already forgotten my existence? How dare you try to kill a contestant at the All Peaks Competition?" Kenneth scolded harshly.

"Oh, my god!"

It was not until they heard Kenneth's words that the disciples of the Cloud Sect realized what had happened.

It turned out that the purple light did not actually come from Johanson, but from Saint Zara and Saint Viana.

The ten great saints were all at the supreme level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and the purple light was, of course, not something that Zen could resist.

But what exactly had Zen done that offended these two saints?

It seemed this was no longer important. The issue at hand was that Kenneth was extremely angry.

Those two saints were too shameless. They dared to attack a young disciple in the arena. The other disciples were all indignant about this. But the atmosphere was tense around the arena, and the nervous tension had stretched across a board. No one dared discuss it.

The disciples from the thirty-three peaks were pretty mad to know this.

Now the masters from the thirty-three peaks brought the top disciples to attend the All Peaks competition. The rest hundreds of thousands of disciples already watched the scenes through the Picture Slab. All the disciples, including the outer disciples and inner disciples, bristled with rage and their eyes flamed with anger.

"What's going on here? Why the hell would saints kill someone at the All Peaks Competition?"

"It is said that the Cloud Sect has the strictest rules. I'm afraid that those rules are only applied to disciples like us. But the saints can do what they want!"

"Punish them, the way you would punish a disciple! They can't get off scot free, even if they are saints! They should be killed! Killed! Killed!"

The disciples of the thirty-three peaks were all filled with immense chagrin. But as the venue for the competition was far from the thirty-three peaks, no one possessed the ability to shout that far like Kenneth did.

"Your grace, please let me explain. It is true that I did interfere in the battle. But I lost my head. It was Saint Viana. He egged me on..." Saint Zara was not a cruel man in his bone. He did hesitate before he took action. And it was Saint Viana who pushed him to make up his mind.

"Zara, don't slander me. Johanson is your disciple. And you released the purple light to attack Zen. Why do you lay all this on me?" Saint Viana had no choice but try to keep himself clean from this matter. But as he spoke, he noticed the murderous look in Kenneth's eyes

He suddenly realized that Kenneth was about to kill them!

They tried to assassinate a disciple in the fight during the All Peaks Competition, under the watchful eyes of all the disciples of the Cloud Sect. If no one got punished for this, the reputation of the Cloud Sect would be greatly harmed.

But what was the price for breaking the rules? The answer was obvious.

Thinking of this, Saint Viana suddenly flew into the air. He zoomed off into the distance.

Compared to Saint Zara, who tended to slowly consider everything from every angle, Saint Viana was a decisive and ruthless man. He knew that the only way he'd be able to stay was to face death. He figured if he could escape, maybe he'd stay alive.

Seeing Saint Viana fly away, Kenneth sneered. Then he raised his strong arm and suddenly thrust it into the air, aiming straight at the flying saint.

Chapter 425 The Blood Condensation Pill (Part One)

The blow dealt by Kenneth's hand disturbed the spiritual energy of heaven and earth.

His fist let out a faint yellow light, which shot straight up into the sky, chasing the direction of Saint Viana's escape. Everyone present had their eyes fixed on that light.

With admirable cultivation base, he being at the Illuminating Soul Realm, Saint Viana made full use of his life vitality to escape at a super fast speed.

The speed was so astonishing that Saint Viana quickly turned into a mere speck in the sky in a blink of an eye.

As astonishing as Saint Viana's speed was, it could never compare to the velocity of the light released from Kenneth's fist. This light seemed to travel through space before it hit the small speck in the sky in an instant!

People with excellent vision watched in horror as the light struck Saint Viana and instantly burst into pieces before finally falling towards the ground like a rain of blood.

Long distance notwithstanding, Kenneth still managed to kill Saint Viana with just a fist. The sight sent a chill up everyone's spine. Kenneth's power was beyond everyone's imagination.

Rooted to the spot was Saint Zara. Seeing the tragic end of Saint Viana stunned him. And his now ashen face showed how scared he was.

In his fear, the idea of running away at that very moment crossed his mind. He thought that with their fast speed, they could run in different directions and there would be at least one person who could successfully escape and survive. But when he thought about the idea again, he considered it quite childish aside from being ridiculous.

Kenneth's eyes bored into Saint Zara's as he uttered coldly, "Zara, considering your great contribution to Cloud Sect all these years, and you were only egged on by Viana, I've decided to just punish you by ordering you to spend the rest of your life in Hell Mountain."

While Saint Zara was at the peak of Illuminating Soul Realm, he had to submit to a lifespan and, at most, there were only 30 or 40 years left for him to survive. He would be staying in Hell Mountain until the end of his life.

But of course, it was better to be alive than dead. And there might be another chance to turn things around as long as he was still alive. So there was no question that he would accept the punishment and nodded, thanking Kenneth for sparing his life.

After that, Kenneth turned to glance at Johanson, who lay motionless on the ground like a dead dog. Kenneth's roar left him unconscious. Shaking his head, he sighed. Kenneth didn't have to concern himself with people like Johanson. As it was, there were severe punishments in the Cloud Sect's Commandant Hall waiting for him.

From Johanson's unmoving figure, his eyes fell on Zen.

As Kenneth turned to look at him, Zen had a feeling that the man just looked right through him. But after a while, he heard Kenneth say, "You are not bad." Then he tossed Zen something small and black and said, "My roar may have injured you internally. Take this pill as it will benefit you a lot. I would like to see you put force in your power in the next competitions."

Catching the black object, Zen looked at it closely. It was a pill. Examining its outer cover, he saw nothing special about it.

Once he had said the words, Kenneth left the field, flying back to his seat without a backward glance. Just then, Elder Xu went up to Zen and in a kind tone said, "Take the pill. It's a Blood Condensation Pill that not only heals all internal injuries, but is also good for your pneuma and blood."

The truth was Zen was not hurt by Kenneth's roar.

Like everyone present, Zen was affected by the tremendous force of Kenneth's roar. However, his body was not easily hurt and didn't suffer that way.

Judging by Xu's tone, he thought the pill must be very precious. Besides, how could he refuse a favor from the leader?

What Zen didn't know was how much Xu, and everyone who understood how valuable the pill was, envied him.

While the Blood Condensation Pill was used to heal internal injuries, this was only an extra function. Its most crucial effect was to increase pneuma and blood.

The impact of pneuma and blood on people couldn't be stressed enough. Having high amounts of both components could help someone quickly recover after injury. On the other hand, a lack of pneuma and blood would result in excruciating pain during a long illness which might be caused even by a small wound. Aside from having an effect on the speed of wound healing, enough pneuma and blood played an indispensable role in endurance and physical strength.

"The winner is Zen of Drizzle Peak! The personal disciple Johanson is defeated," the referee announced.

After the result of the competition was made known, two stewards went out to the field and carried Johanson away.

After witnessing Zen's excellent performance in the competition, the disciples of Cloud Sect had a clearer impression of the young Luo's strength.

Before meeting Johanson, people thought there was a chance for Zen to enter the top 10 since he was not expected to beat the personal disciple, who was anticipated to be in the top five. No one certainly expected Johanson to be completely overpowered by Zen in assassination, which was the personal disciple's specialization.

The power of the young Luo had become unfathomable in the disciples' eyes.

Still, what was most important for Zen was Kenneth's earlier comment about him.

"You are not bad!"

Kenneth was the leader of Cloud Sect and considered a divine figure of the Eastern Region.

There once was an emperor of the Burning Sky Empire named Kane, who was stronger than Kenneth. But since his disappearance, Kenneth became the No. 1 in the Eastern Region.

Hearing the No. 1 in the region say "not bad" undoubtedly was a great honor for Zen.

With Zen earning high praise from Kenneth, who would dare look down upon him?

Despite Kenneth's praise, it was not enough for people to believe Zen could take the first place in the All Peaks Competition.

Chapter 426 The Blood Condensation Pill (Part Two)

However, it was undeniable that Zen was not a weak person, and the disciples had to admit this, including the fact that he was strong enough to be among the top-ranked disciples of Cloud Sect.

After the intermezzo, the competition resumed and Zen returned to the base of Drizzle Peak.

The ones most worried about Zen's safety were of course Master Wen and the Drizzle Peak disciples. All they could do was stand by helplessly, unable to help Zen in his match. After all, the leader and saints were present, thus preventing them from speaking a word in front of them.

Everyone held their breath until they saw Zen land on his feet safely. Upon his return, they were just as filled with envy seeing the pill given by the leader to Zen. Although they had no idea what the Blood Condensation Pill was, since it came from the leader, they knew it must be a rare treasure.

Finally, Zen sat down and took the pill.

The Blood Condensation Pill had a unique taste and instantly melted in the mouth. It released a strong smell of blood, and Zen almost felt that he was not taking a pill, but sucking fresh blood.

After several minutes, Zen could feel the blood pulsing through his body and his face burning and turning red. The rush of blood flow was twice as fast as normal. It was the Blood Condensation Pill in action.

As previously explained, it was expected to increase pneuma and blood. The rapid flow of blood was good for the body and the faster it flowed, the more distinctive the promotion.

With the pill's effects released to the maximum extent, Zen could feel the blood burning in his vessels.

Rather than discomfort, Zen felt himself full of energy.

He smiled as he took a deep breath of satisfaction.

While Zen was meditating and absorbing the pill, the competition continued in high gear.

For the other disciples, Zen's assassination by saints was only an episode in the All Peaks Competition. They understood that what was most important was getting a good result in the competition.

As the round-robin competition went underway and reached the later stages, the fighting in the field was getting more and more intense.

All the disciples of the 33 peaks were making desperate efforts to push their final ranking.

In cases where they were matched up with a top disciple from the other peaks or a personal disciple whose skill was far above their own, most would simply throw in the towel to preserve their strength for the next round of fighting. If they came up against a well-matched adversary, they spared no effort to fight and win.

These were often fierce matches where they had to bring out all their potential.

After another seven or eight rounds of round-robin competition, it was again Zen's turn to fight, after the drawing of lots.

When the referee saw Zen still seated on the ground and meditating, he assumed the fighter was still absorbing the pill and didn't know whether to interrupt him or not. The pill from the leader was very precious. It would be a sin to waste even just a little of it. So, he announced, "Zen has not finished absorbing the pill. We will put off the match."

Right after the announcement, Zen suddenly opened his eyes and said aloud, "No! There is no need to break the rule for me."

Zen's pronouncement threw the referee in a dilemma.

He worried that it might upset Kenneth if he allowed Zen to continue. Although he was not directly under Kenneth's power, just one order from the leader could get him in trouble. "But..." the referee hesitated, and left the sentence unfinished.

"I have completely absorbed the pill. It was nothing serious and I can go on," Zen said seriously.

He stared at the referee to show he was ready.

Taking a deep breath, the referee stopped arguing after Zen's declaration. He felt a sense of relief and a smile spread across his face. "Then please head on to the field," he instructed Zen.

Just as Zen stepped onto the field, the man at the other end of the field called out, "I give up!"

The man who declared himself defeated was Jose Zhangsun. As a personal disciple, he was one of the top disciples of Daylily Peak and was of no ordinary talent. He had straight victories except for one loss to Wing.

Everyone was stunned to see Jose concede defeat to Zen. Personal disciples always beat ordinary disciples. No one had ever witnessed a personal disciple throw in the towel without a fight!

This year's All Peaks Competition had indeed changed the logic of the disciples. Or perhaps it could be said that the performances of ordinary disciples were simply astounding.

Aside from Zen, Rocher was also a dark horse in the All Peaks Competition this year. He had defeated two personal disciples in succession without even using his sword. It had been incredible.

In addition to Zen and Rocher, Wing and Sheeny also defeated several personal disciples.

People were shocked when Jose admitted defeat before even facing Zen. In their view, he had the potential to be in the top 10.

However, it was his bad luck to meet Zen, whose spectacular performance impressed everyone. And it took everyone by surprise to see that Zen was also a master of soul attack. Even Johanson, who had trained his soul intensely, could not withstand Zen's soul attack, let alone Jose.

It was extremely difficult to practice the soul.

And most martial artists never got the chance to even reach that level.

In the several rounds that ensued, when people faced Zen, no sooner had the competition started than most would toss their hands in defeat. So, Zen just moved from the field to his seat without actually fighting.

Tracy had become very depressed.

After several rounds of drawing lots, she still hadn't met Zen.

She already harbored thoughts of having someone play a trick in the drawing of lots to arrange it, so she and Zen ended up in the same group.

After that incident, even a fool could see that Johanson versus Zen was not just spontaneous. The two saints had designed the entire thing to kill Zen. At this point, even she was in a special position in Cloud Sect, no one dared to help her cheat in the lot drawing.

Each time when it was her turn to draw lots, she would murmur his name, again and again, hoping to get Zen to be her opponent. But the results of the competition raised her hopes repeatedly.

Chapter 427 Samsara of Buddhism

Still feeling very upset, Tracy heard the referee announce, "Next Wing of Skytop Peak will fight the personal disciple, Patrick!"

Making a face at Patrick, Tracy gestured at him. "Patrick, it's your turn!"

After giving her a gentle smile in return, he made his way toward the battle ring.

Among the personal disciples, Patrick seemed like a special one. Instead of the usual aggressive attitude the others showed, he always appeared friendly and seldom had any disputes with anyone.

With this kind of behavior, it was difficult to know his true competence.

Even so, it was common knowledge that he was rather capable since he ranked second in the Cloud Sect List.

The one who ranked first in the list, Evan Li, was still practicing his cultivation in a secluded place so, in this round-robin, his name wasn't included in the draw lot box.

If Evan didn't show up before the competition ended, then Patrick would be the most powerful participant in this session of the All Peaks Competition.

All the top ten disciples in the Cloud Sect List were very powerful.

These talents improved remarkably fast in daily cultivation and none of them was overconfident about winning against each other if they had to battle.

When it was Patrick's turn to compete, the personal disciples perked up and cheered because so far, the personal disciples' performance in the competition was uncharacteristically poor.

In the former All Peaks Competitions, they had always been highly regarded so it would be a shame if none of them could turn the table for this one. Their previous achievements were nothing short of brilliant. In one of the former All Peaks Competitions, the top twenty spots were all filled in by personal disciples.

This time, it seemed unlikely for them to achieve such success because many of the personal disciples had already been defeated by the disciples of the thirty-three peaks in the competition.

Often condescending in attitude, the personal disciples were frustrated with the huge difference from previous competitions. One could imagine how frustrated they must have felt, so they were eager to find a leading personal disciple that could redeem them. Patrick was the most suitable person for the job.

"Patrick, crack down that Wing guy!"

"We believe in you! You'll win back honor for us personal disciples!"

In the previous competitions, not a soul would have expected to hear such words come out of the crowd of personal disciples, as they seemed to be above such things.

Because of how things were turning out, their attitudes seemed to shift. Never would they have expected to see so many powerful disciples among the thirty-three peaks.

Patrick's opponent, Wing, stepped into the battle ring with a machete in his hand. Having won several rounds in a row, he looked rather refreshed. Looking at Patrick, he said, "I've been waiting for the battle between us for a long time."

"Really?"

Still maintaining his gentle and friendly demeanor, Patrick offered a smile.

"Since Evan isn't here, I'll be glad to compete with you. If I win, all of the thirty-three peaks will see that the personal disciples are nothing special!"

Although Wing was smiling, he wasn't doing it because he had Patrick's friendly nature.

Three years ago, Wing had been defeated by several personal disciples in the competitions, driving him to practice cultivation hard since then. Now, it was time for him to redeem his dignity in the All Peaks Competition.

Seemingly agreeing with Wing, Patrick merely shrugged. "I don't think we're all that special either."

With a shake of his head, Wing carelessly circled his machete in the air. "You personal disciples are just arrogant from the bottom of your hearts. Just because you said it doesn't mean you really think that way.

But it doesn't matter! I will convince you completely!" Wing continued.

Hearing that, Patrick nodded once again and stretched out three of his fingers. "You're right. Maybe we are still a little arrogant deep down. This arrogance tells me I can defeat you with three moves."

The crowd started reacting.

"Three moves? I know Patrick is powerful but I don't think he can defeat Wing with just three moves. He must be boasting!"

"Impossible! Wing has just won several rounds against personal disciples in the competition, so they should be a matched pair. It's too early to tell who will win. I don't believe Patrick can defeat Wing in three moves."

"Hmph! What's the big deal about being second on the list?

To defeat Wing in three moves…

How arrogant these personal disciples are! Patrick's asking to be humiliated if he can't defeat Wing in three moves!"

The disciples of the thirty-three peaks always challenged each other when they were in their own peaks and wouldn't dream of admitting they were less powerful than those of another peak. However, in the face of personal disciples, they would unite to fight against the outsiders.

As he heard Patrick, Wing burst into laughter and snorted. "Well, since you're so confident about yourself, show me how incredible those three moves are!"

With that, Wing gripped his machete and rushed toward Patrick.

The machete Wing wielded was a high-grade spiritual weapon. However, it was rather special because of the two crystals embedded into the blade.

Generally, a high-grade spiritual weapon embedded with a single crystal would be considered a low-grade fairy weapon. It was much more difficult to embed two crystals into the blade, so Wing's machete should be similar to that of a middle-grade fairy weapon.

"Heavenly Powerful Machete, Triple Waves!"

As Wing shouted out his attack, an aggressive aura radiated from him.

With a sudden wave of his machete, three shots of sharp cutter energy rushed towards Patrick like waves of the sea. These "waves" could attack him thrice with each of the attack's impact dramatically increasing. The power of the first wave was terrifying enough, so one could imagine how incredible the doubled power of the second wave and the further doubled power of the third wave would be!

According to the tier-4 cultivation method, "Heavenly Powerful Machete", practitioners could actually summon four or even five waves. Moreover, each additional wave did more than just double the previous attack power. Three waves would attack six times and four waves would attack ten times.

With Wing's current capabilities, he could only summon three waves. Still, it was enough for him to defeat most of his opponents in the competition.

In the face of such a strong attack, Patrick remained his calm smile without a hint of worry on his face.

As the outrageous cutter energy came close, a shadow of a huge bell appeared from behind Patrick.

Clang!

Clang! Clang!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

When the three waves collided with the impenetrable defense formed by the bell, six clear and melodious sounds echoed in the battle ring.

Everyone had life vitality to protect themselves, however, it took great skill and mastery to shape it the way Patrick had as he transformed his life vitality into an impenetrable defense. He might have been the only person able to transform his life vitality into an impenetrable defense. With that, he was able to fend off the attacks from powerful practitioners, such as Wing.

"Since I used this impenetrable defense, one of my moves is considered done. I've got two left, now," Patrick said, still so composed for someone in the middle of a fight.

Wing's face darkened as he saw that Patrick wasn't taking him seriously. Counting even the defense move when Patrick should only be counting attack moves showed that he believed he could easily beat Wing in only two moves. As the best disciple of Skytop Peak, Wing couldn't bear the humiliation.

"Since you're talking so big, I'm going to force you to defend yourself! You'll shut up after three defenses!

Heavenly Powerful Machete, Shattering Chop!"

With that command, the machete in his hand immediately turned into hundreds of grey cutter shadows, almost enough to wrap around Patrick completely.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

A string of bell rings filled the arena once again. Patrick's defense was indeed impenetrable. "You've used your defense twice. Now, you only have one move left, right?" Wing asked deliberately.

With a nod and a serious expression, Patrick simply answered, "Yes, I only have one move left."

The fact had Wing arch an eyebrow and wave his machete back at Patrick once again. "Then show me how you can beat me with one move!"

It was clear that Patrick couldn't defend against Wing's third attack. With only one move left, he could choose to either attack or defend.

Wing's machete was destructive. Although he failed to break Patrick's impenetrable defense twice, if anyone else had dared to resist his machete, they would have been chopped to pieces by now.

"Show me what you'll do!

Heavenly Powerful Machete, Shura Chop!"

For the third time, Wing shouted his move and waved his machete toward Patrick. The Shura Chop was the most powerful cutting method Wing had learned. Its blade intent was undoubtedly remarkable.

Compared to sword intent, blade intent was blunter but more powerful.

Like a powerful king with years of battle experience in the field, Wing waved his machete with a domineering aura.

Just then, Patrick used his last move—it was the only attack move he needed.

"Samsara of Buddhism!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 428 One Move

The Buddhist cultivation method was a class of its own. Despite being low-key and mysterious, it had its own strong power.

Since there wasn't any book about the Buddhist cultivation method even in the Heavenly Library of Cloud Sect, nobody knew where Patrick learned these Buddhist cultivation methods.

Patrick said he would use three moves, but it was only one move. He resisted Wing twice with the impenetrable defense made from his life vitality.

The move he was about to use for counterattack was called The Samsara of Buddhism.

The samsara in Buddhism was described as the ultimate destination of a dead person's soul. The soul of a dead person wouldn't just disappear but would be sent to any of the six realms of existence, namely three good realms (heavenly, demi-god, human) and three evil realms (animal, ghosts, hellish).

At the moment, six small golden balls were suddenly beside Patrick. These small balls were bright gold on the surface with different characters engraved on each representing the six realms.

Patrick hadn't cultivated enough so the small balls were in such a state. If he was able to achieve a higher level of the Samsara of Buddhism from his cultivation, there would be six different small worlds within the balls like the space in the space ring.

However, there was no living thing in the space ring, while the six small balls had real worlds in them.

If these small balls could create six worlds, Patrick's strength would be so unimaginably powerful. Even Kenneth would probably be killed in seconds.

As soon as they appeared, the small balls started to spin rapidly that they formed a whirlpool in front of Patrick.

Patrick's cultivation method looked nothing special. After he summoned the Samsara of Buddhism, only a gentle and ordinary whirlpool appeared.

But this was the nature of the Buddhist cultivation–it looked gentle and common, but nobody would dare to deny its strong power.

"Put on an air! Break it!"

Wing waved his treasured machete and tried to shatter it.

The Shura Chop was Wing's strongest attack, but he never used it in his previous matches because the opponents didn't deserve it.

Wing might be arrogant, but he was no fool to turn a blind eye to Patrick's powerful might. Patrick didn't become the second best in Cloud Sect for nothing.

So Wing exerted all his strength. Even a lion would use all its strength to capture its prey. And since Patrick was stronger than Wing, the latter must not falter at all cost.

Wing congealed the cutter intent into a much stronger grey cutter light which was stronger than that made from the life vitality. When Wing finished cultivating this move, he had used it to cut a 200-foot-high mount.

He cut through the whole mount with the Shura Chop once.

The machete was one of the top weapons. The warrior cultivating to the extreme could even split the mountain and ground effortlessly.

As soon as the fierce cutter energy appeared, the air around the arena moved rapidly and howled sharply as if unable to bear the overbearing cutter energy.

"Whoosh..."

The cutter energy suddenly rushed into Patrick's six whirlpools.

The outermost layer of the whirlpools was instantly cut into pieces as soon as the cutter intent touched it. Like splitting bamboo, the cutter intent chopped Patrick's gentle whirlpools layer after layer.

Seeing that his machete was successfully cutting through Patrick's whirlpools, Wing sneered,"Let's see how well you can resist it!"

Wing could smell his victory over Patrick.

With his position in the Cloud Sect, Patrick would naturally keep his promise. Wing didn't have the confidence that he could keep on fighting Patrick if the latter wouldn't surrender after the three-move covenant.

But the smile on Wing's face gradually faded.

As his Shura Chop went deeper, it gradually slowed down until it couldn't penetrate anymore and eventually stopped.

'What is happening? How could he stop my blade?' Fear brushed onto Wing's face when Patrick just easily grabbed his cutter intent.

Patrick remained expressionless as he stretched his hand to direct the whirlpool into a different direction at high speed.

The Shura Chop stuck in the whirlpool spun without a stop until…

"Boo!"

A violent shock appeared in the air, and the Shura Chop flew backward to Wing.

'Is this my own Shupra Chop? But why is it trying to attack me? No, this is more powerful than my Shura Chop! Patrick...'

Nobody knew more about the power of the Shura Chop than Wing, but he found out that the Shura Chop in the whirlpool was more powerful and horrifying than the one he released.

'Retreat!'

Wing knew that there was no way he could defeat the opponent, so he chose to retreat. But his speed wasn't enough to avoid the Shura Chop. In the blink of an eye, the Shura Chop was already in front of him.

Wing couldn't dodge it anymore, so he just blocked with his treasured michete in front of him.

"Bang!"

Although Wing's treasured machete blocked most of the cutter intent, the strong cutter intent spread and tore Wing's robe into pieces.

Despite the force he applied, Wing was still knocked back into the light curtain of the enchanted barrier and slowly slid down. Wing's robe was cut into rags and he had suffered injuries so deep that his bones were exposed.

Wing leaned against the light curtain of the enchanted barrier, staring blankly at nowhere.

He was depressed. He was ready to be defeated, but he didn't expect to lose with a grievance–being defeated by his own most powerful attack move. And the power of the Shura Chop from Patrick's weird whirlpool had doubled.

"Three moves are more than enough to defeat you," Patrick glanced at Wing indifferently and then turned to leave.

The disciples of the thirty-three peaks were silent after watching the battle.

So far, the top disciples from the thirty-three peaks had been performing their best this year–Zen, Wing, Rocher, and Sheeny to name a few.

The famous top disciples who weren't taught personally by masters did better than the conceited personal disciples. This fact made the inner and outer disciples of the thirty-three peaks proud. So, it didn't matter if they were from poor families because they could still defeat the personal disciples with their perseverance.

But then there was Patrick. He showed up on the competition to teach the disciples a lesson–

that even such a genius top disciple like Wing from Skytop Peak would be defeated with only three moves. No, it was just one move. From the beginning of the competition to the end, Patrick only attacked once, but Wing had lost the capacity to fight.

This brought back the fact that the personal disciples were terrifying and powerful.

"Patrick, you are awesome!"

"Patrick, you didn't use three moves. You just resisted Wing twice and used his own move against him!"

"That's right! Patrick could defeat these disciples from the thirty-three peaks with only a half move. Now, let's see how these disciples will react!"

"Patrick is not even the top best personal disciple. And the top best disciple, Evan, is still staying secluded for now. If he shows up, he will defeat all the disciples of the thirty-three peaks. It's a dream to defeat the personal disciples. Maybe in the next life, they will have the chance!"

To be frank, the personal disciples didn't have a good performance in the All Peaks Competition this year because many of them were defeated by the disciples from the thirty-three peaks. For example, three personal disciples were defeated by Wing, while two personal disciples were nosed out by Sheeny, and Zen won over too many of them.

The personal disciples were losing their faces. They were known to be more powerful than the disciples from the thirty-three peaks in all aspects. They were the cream of the crop in Cloud Sect.

So when personal disciples started losing to the disciples from the thirty-three peaks, the group of the personal disciples felt embarrassed.

Fortunately, Patrick avenged them and proved that the personal disciples were unbeatable. They once again became bold and elated.

"Why are you shouting? You only have Patrick, while we have Rocher, Zen, and other geniuses. We have a shot in winning the All Peaks Competition this year," some of the disciples from the thirty-three peaks retorted upon hearing the satire remarks from the personal disciples.

"Zen? The disciple at the second grade of the nature level? Rocher? The one at the consummation of nature level? Don't be silly! You just have these two disciples, but neither of them is a match for Patrick! You really can't stop daydreaming, can you?"

the personal disciples answered back sarcastically.

The disciples from the thirty-three peaks and personal disciples started to taunt each other and then flung abuses.

The Cloud Sect elders and the referees didn't stop the commotion.

Any warrior mustn't lack the warm blood. The whole Cloud Sect was like a cage of crickets and they let the disciples fight against each other in it. The last one standing would be cultivated to be more talented and powerful than others.

Only the human was not cricket. The fight in Cloud Sect was not to kill limitlessly. They set reasonable rules to inspire the warm blood of the disciples and let them develop their greatest talent.

The quarrels and abuses got more tense. When they were about to fight, two elders coming from above released two violent powers that frightened all the disciples.

"That's enough! Your strength can't be proven with your mouth, but only by fighting in the arena!"

The fight among the audience finally ceased. But both the personal disciples and thirty-three peaks disciples wanted to get their pride in the next rounds.

The referee finally announced the next round,"Zen from Drizzle Peak versus the personal disciple Tracy."

Chapter 429 The Legendary Beast Blue Phoenix

Hearing the referee announced the next match, Tracy flashed a smile. Standing on the battle ring, she looked at Zen with her pretty eyes and said in a happy tone, "After I've waited for so long, the moment finally came! Zen, I can't say that this is your lucky day. I suppose you cannot run away anymore!"

Zen looked at Tracy with a slight smile and said indifferently, "To be honest, unlike you, I'm not looking forward to this fight at all."

"Why?" asked Tracy, pouting her lips.

"Because I don't know what I'll do if I win," Zen said flatly.

Tracy had challenged Zen and said the losing party would be punished at the discretion of the winning party.

"Are you sure you can beat me?" Tracy asked boldly, raising her fine eyebrows gently.

"I guess so," Zen said lightly and nodded rather positively.

"All right. I just planned to give you a little punishment, but now I have changed my mind. Once I defeat you, you'll be my horse and I will ride you whenever I want. You bend your knees and arms like a real live horse!" she said without the slightest intention of joking.

After that, Tracy raised her slender fingers to her head and took two Emei pricks from her hair.

The two one-foot-long Emei pricks were her hair ornaments when not used as weapons.

"Ah, that's a risky gamble and the stake is just too high! How could she ask Zen to be her horse?" one disciple complained.

"She is really going too far. If Zen loses to her, he has to listen to her every order!" another disciple added with full of concern for Zen.

But since every disciple had seen what Tracy had done to Bass, no one dared to provoke her. Nobody would know what would happen when they irritated the little demon. She would completely disregard the rules of the competition and just punished everyone to her liking.

"I agree, but only if you can really beat me!" Zen replied shortly.

"Very well! It seems that you still look down on me," Tracy said, slightly pouting her lips. "Then you are bound to regret!"

She exercised her skills and turned the two Emei pricks in her hand into two blue-grey sharp shadows rushing towards Zen.

In her previous matches, Tracy had already shown her remarkable speed. Many disciples of the Cloud Sect were astonished about it and regarded it as total perfection.

Just as the two sharp shadows were about to pierce through Zen's body, he easily avoided them by a gentle movement of his feet.

Tracy surely went all out in this match.

Patrick once commented that if Tracy's talent ranked the second place among the disciples in Cloud Sect, then he thought no one would dare to rank the first place.

Although Tracy's talent was second to none, unfortunately, she did not like to practice persistently. She would practice her skills for a few days and then do stuff that was just a waste of her talent for the other days.

Despite having less time to practice, she still had amazing strength and power.

"Feather Pricks!" Tracy shouted as she exercised her special skill.

With her own special skills, Tracy created several ghost shadows.

Once the speed of anything, whether it was human or other objects, reached ultra-high, the ghost shadows would occur.

Zen could also produce his own ghost shadows.

But Tracy's ghost shadows were particularly special because they were not just shadows, but the replica of Tracy with the same strength.

"Well!" Zen said lightly as his eyes slightly narrowed. Sooner, dozens of ghost shadows surrounded Zen. Each of them replicated Tracy's movements and each was holding an Emei prick as they fired sharp blue-grey shadow attacks toward Zen.

Tracy's approach was somewhat like Johanson's, except that Johanson's shadows could only hide his real body, while Tracy's could launch an attack.

But Tracy didn't have Johanson's brilliant hiding skills, and with Zen's magnificent spirit-sensing power, he could tell Tracy's location in a blink of an eye

Although Tracy's dozens of ghost shadows were launching more than one hundred sharp blue-grey shadow attacks against Zen, he just ignored most of the attacks, kept holding his broken flying knife and constantly waved on his side to block the flank attacks.

"Ding, ding, ding..." came the sound of the collision.

With the broken flying knife in his hand, he blocked hundreds of blue-grey shadow attacks in a short time. The attacks launched by the ghost shadows were just phantoms that didn't do any harm to Zen even though they pierced through his body.

Seeing that Zen was able to dodge her attacks with his tiny flying knife, Tracy suddenly changed her fighting strategy. Now instead of surrounding Zen, she chose close combat.

The two disciples used short weapons.

Tracy's Emei pricks were sharp, but Zen's reaction was quick. They had launched millions of attacks against each other instantly.

They were moving too fast that the audience could only see their shadows and hear their weapons colliding.

"Your attack is really not effective to me. And with that level, I can defeat you in an instant," said Zen confidently. His defense was effective considering that he was only using his broken flying knife. His strength was also considerably greater compared to his opponent.

Tracy knew that he was right. She could feel that Zen's power was beyond hers. Zen could block her attacks by gently moving from side to side, while her body was starting to numb. Starting to slow down her attacks, she stared at Zen with her pouted lips and said, "I guess you're right. Maybe it's time to use my trump card."

Patrick, who was sitting with the audience, suddenly stood up when he heard what Tracy said. No matter how stable and calm his character was, he could no longer remain cool. He persuaded earnestly, "Tracy, it's just a fight. There's no need to use that!"

Patrick knew that if Tracy was forced to use that move, even he could not defeat her! But once that move was activated, it would have a great impact on Tracy's physical condition.

"But he left me no choice! If I don't use that move, I'm going to lose to him!" Tracy said, with a trace of grievance on her face. Apparently, she was extremely unwilling to lose.

"You know that you're not as powerful as him, so you will lose one way or the other. It's just one match! Losing this one will not affect any of your standings! Tracy, if you feel you can't win, just admit defeat now! I'm sure Zen won't mind. Zen, do you agree with me?" said Patrick seriously.

Zen smiled and said, "Absolutely! I won't punish Tracy or do anything embarrassing to her."

Tracy shut her lips tight and was still a little reluctant to give up. Just as Zen and Patrick thought that Tracy was ready to admit defeat, she suddenly said, "No! I won't return the same favor if I defeat you!"

After that, the two Emei pricks in Tracy's hand twirled lightly and rushed towards her temples.

The Emie pricks pricked the acupuncture point in her temples, then another 16 acupuncture points in her arms, calf, and neck, leaving red dots all over her body.

This process happened so fast that Patrick hardly had any time to stop her. He had no way but to heave a deep sigh. As he had expected, it would never be that easy to dissuade the unruly Tracy. Now, Zen would meet a horrible opponent.

After the sixteen acupoints were punctured, Tracy's momentum changed rapidly.

The audience could clearly see the life vitality mingled with blood emitting from the 16 acupoints and continuously condensed behind Tracy.

"The body of Blue Phoenix activated!" Tracy said. Tracy's voice was changed from her original naughty and lovely tone to current supremely majestic tone.

"Blue Phoenix? Is this what I think it is? The legendary beast Blue Phoenix? Why does Tracy have the body of Blue Phoenix? Is she actually a legendary beast?" one disciple exclaimed doubtfully.

"Blue Phoenix is such a noble legendary beast. How did it become a disciple of Cloud Sect? I guess she was born with Blue Phoenix blood in her body!" another disciple analyzed carefully.

"I used to think that Tracy's strength is not very strong, probably only a little stronger than Jill and weaker than Wing, Sheeny and other similarly powerful disciples. But I did not expect that she was born with the blood of the legendary beast. With that blood running through her veins, I don't think any disciple could compare to her!" another disciple commented excitedly.

The Cloud Sect disciples had all heard about all sorts of legends about the legendary beasts

but none of them had seen any of them.

And now that the personal disciple Tracy had the blood of the legendary beast Blue Phoenix, it was a mind-blowing revelation for everyone.

According to the legends, the strongest super legendary beasts belonged to the four major races: Cyan Dragon, Crimson Rosefinch, White Tiger, and Black Tortoise. The other less powerful super legendary beasts were the Roc, Blue Phoenix, the Nine-Colored Deer, and so on.

As the blood boiled inside Tracy, she was gradually emitting more life vitality that slowly condensed and transformed into a faint shadow of Blue Phoenix.

The Blue Phoenix shadow was faint, but it exuded a strong sense of power.

Even the Elders who were maintaining the order of the competition showed caution on their faces. Although they could sense no threats with Tracy's current strength, the sight of the legendary beast impressed them.

"I don't know why, but I hate you. I hate your look and your behaviors, so I must teach you a good lesson!" said Tracy arrogantly. At the moment, her momentum had completely changed. From her evil and righteous character, she turned into a noble and superior goddess!

Zen was a little speechless at the sight of the changed Tracy. Judging from Patrick's tone, it seemed that Tracy couldn't activate the body of Blue Phoenix at will. He also had no clue as to when and where he had irritated the little girl that resulted to this.

Originally, he thought it would be easy to win this match, but he absolutely did not expect the Tracy had a hidden trump card.

After her transformation, her presence was dominating that it almost suffocated Zen.

'It looks like it's time to take things seriously, ' Zen thought to himself as he took his Streamer Sword out of his Space Ring.

Zen had planned to use the sword only when fighting with Rocher or Patrick. Yet, in the face of the transformed Tracy, Zen had no choice but to use it because he knew that if he continued to hide strength, he was most likely to be defeated by Tracy!

Chapter 430 Who Will Win This Round

Tracy stood elegantly at the center of the competition field. The shadow of the Blue Phoenix behind her looked indistinct and blurry, yet it radiated an overwhelming aura. Tracy looked like a sacred goddess that everyone couldn't look at her graceful figure directly.

The audience was left in awe by the dramatic change in the competition field.

It was a mind-blowing fact that one of the disciples of Cloud Sect among them could have the power of a legendary beast.

To everyone's mind, it would be nearly impossible for Zen to beat Tracy now that she had used the power of the Blue Phoenix. They were expecting that Zen would do the best thing—to admit defeat.

But to their surprise, Zen took out his sword instead.

"A sword? Does Zen have a sword? But he is a body refiner, so how could he use a sword? I don't know what to believe now!"

"I agree. I don't know when Zen has become a sword practitioner. Other than that, it looks to me that he is carrying a fairy weapon!"

"What the heck? Does this mean that Zen has never shown his real strength in his previous matches? So, neither his flying knife nor his soul attack was his real ace! I can't wait to see what his real trump card is!"

The audience had not yet recovered from the shocking fact that Tracy had the power of the Blue Phoenix, and now they were yet again treated to another revelation.

Zen, who was only in grade-two nature level, had astonished the audience by consecutively defeating rivals of nature-level consummation, Illuminating Soul Realm, and those personal disciples. And yet he still had some new tricks to show. Zen had instantly become an unfathomable figure in everyone's eyes.

His mysterious image was a result of his endless powerful means of fighting. After he employed many different skills to beat his rivals, the audience became unclear about the limit of his real power or whether it had a limit or not.

When the audience saw Tracy's Blue Phoenix, they thought that Zen would be defeated this time. However, when Zen pulled out his sword, the result of the fight became uncertain again.

'They are really amazing!' many disciples thought to themselves. Most of them would never be able to reach the same level as the ones in the competition field right now.

Among the audience, Rocher quietly watched the match on the stage. His sharp gaze fixed on Zen who was holding a sword in his hand, and his eyes were filled with eagerness to fight.

Rocher and Zen had something in common.

They were both a dark horse in this All Peaks Competition. Both were skip-level challengers, although Zen did it better by defeating an Illuminating-Soul-Realm practitioner; while Rocher performed just as expected with his level at nature-level consummation.

But it didn't necessarily mean that Zen was far more powerful than Rocher. The latter was a sword practitioner, but he hadn't used his sword in front of any of his rivals yet, which made him as unfathomable as Zen.

Rocher was interested in Zen after he saw the latter's Sword Step. He was eager to fight Zen, but it was a pity that they hadn't encountered each other in the round-robin match.

The moment Zen took out his sword, he understood it wasn't luck that brought the Sword Step into Zen's hands. Zen was also a sword practitioner, and he must have understood the sword intent as well!

It was almost impossible for a sword practitioner to master the Sword Step overnight despite the deep of the sword intent. Rocher was quite certain about that because he had spent three months learning the Sword Step. But as for Zen, he had managed to grasp the Sword Step just after he saw Rocher use it in the competition.

Rocher was proud of his own talent, but he had to admit that Zen was an exceptional one.

'I believe that we'll eventually meet in this All Peaks Competition. I'm looking forward to it, Zen Luo!' Rocher thought to himself as he took a deep breath.

Standing on the high platform and watching the fight below, Kenneth smiled and said, "Tracy is indeed a willful girl! The power of the Blue Phoenix will consume most of her energy, but she still chose to use it in this competition. She's overdoing it, but it's somewhat a good thing! She manages to force Zen to show another skill. I didn't expect that he is able to use a sword. Go ahead, boy! Show me how proficient you are with your sword intent!"

Elder Xu stood there dumbfounded as he watched the unexpected development in the competition field. He eventually said, "Well, it's the age of the young generation now. It's gratifying to see that there are so many talented young disciples in our sect."

"You're right, Xu. Who do you think will win this fight?" Kenneth turned to Xu and asked.

With knitted eyebrows, Xu thought for a while before replying, "Now that Zen decided to use his sword, it must be one of his ultimate skills. Otherwise, he wouldn't have given up his original fighting style. However, even though Zen has understood the sword intent, it will still be hard for him to beat Tracy after she stimulated the power of the Blue Phoenix. I think it's still going to be Tracy."

"Really?" Kenneth looked down at the competition field again and said, "It's very likely that things will go like this. Although Tracy can only use a small part of the Blue Phoenix power, it's still enough to make her almost invincible among the Illuminating Soul Realm. However, for some reasons, I believe that Zen will again perform another of his miracles in this match!"

"A miracle is no longer a miracle if it happens too frequently," rebutted Elder Xu, "Zen has defeated too many stronger rivals in this competition and I don't think it's going to happen again."

Kenneth was convinced with his words and didn't proceed with the discussion. He finally said, "Well, let's just wait and see what the result will be."

Zen had the silver Streamer Sword athwart his chest, but he suddenly pointed the sword towards the ground and said, "I need to ask you one question before we continue with the fight. Why do you hate me so much?"

Zen didn't like to be hated by others for no reason, especially by such a beautiful girl who had powerful strength. He felt aggrieved because he didn't think he deserved Tracy's wrath. He couldn't understand why Tracy showed this much hostility towards him.

"To be honest, there is no reason at all. I just can't help but feel disgusted when I see your calm face, and I really want to give you a good beating!" Tracy said in a cold voice.

Surprised with what he heard, Zen teased, "Well, you can try!"

After that, he slashed his sword at the ground, and mighty sword intent started to flood in his body.

With a good grasp of the sword intent, a sword practitioner could defeat any opponent. The best example was Rocher who had used his Sword Step and some other skills to beat many rivals. Wing was merely a green hand in the blade intent, but that was enough to help him stand out among the disciples from the thirty-three peaks.

The intent of the weapons was something indistinct and insubstantial, but it was undoubtedly powerful.

Tracy also started her attacks after Zen finished his words.

The Blue Phoenix was a supernatural bird that was said to be a branch of the super legendary beast Phoenix. Although it possessed the same great speed of the Phoenix, the Blue Phoenix didn't inherit the divine fire of its legendary ancestor. On the other hand, it had developed the ability to control the wind.

When Tracy moved around in the competition field, all the air was stirred up with her motion.

This was totally different from the way Cecil controlled the winds. Cecil could control the winds by spreading his life vitality in the air and vibrating it to stir up winds. In Tracy's case, she could directly control the winds as it was an instinct of the Blue Phoenix.

In other words, Tracy became the master of the winds through the power of the Blue Phoenix.

Her slim body seemed to drift freely in the air. Her figure disappeared in Zen's eyes as she moved with extreme speed.

"Zoom..."

She approached Zen quietly like a light breeze.

The breeze blew lightly against Zen's face like the one in an early spring day, but he could feel a strong homicidal intent in it.

Tracy appeared next to Zen out of the blue and suddenly stabbed Zen with her two Emei pricks.

"Sword intent, shield my body!"

In the danger of Tracy's sudden attack, Zen surrounded himself with sword intent to protect himself.

"Ding ding ding..."

The collision of Zen's sword intent with Tracy's weapons created a pleasing sound.

Zen's sword intent was strong, but it couldn't force Tracy to step back. As a blue light flashed in Tracy's eyes, she suddenly strengthened and her Emei pricks cut through Zen's sword intent and stabbed directly at him.

"Poof!"

When he realized that the sword intent wasn't strong enough to stop Tracy, Zen quickly used the power of the Phoenix Crystal in his arm to increase his speed. He tried to avoid Tracy's attack but to no avail. The Emei pricks stabbed his shoulders and they started to bleed.

"Damn it! She's powerful!" Zen wiped off the blood from his wounds and coldly stared at Tracy.

"I planned to leave only two injuries in your body, but now I changed my mind. I'll make you bleed to my heart's content!" Tracy announced in cold tone. Her voice and character changed after she had used the power of the Blue Phoenix, but her willfulness remained the same.

"Oh really?" Zen said sarcastically.

"I'll stab you one more time for every smile you dare to show in front of me! That's eleven stabs now!" Tracy warned with the same cold tone.

"It's not fair to increase the price!" Zen said, acting as if complaining. He wasn't threatened by Tracy's warning. He just did that to tease Tracy and see her full potential.

"Twelve now!" Tracy spat angrily, gritting her teeth.

"You can just stab as much as you want! But only if you have the power to do it!" Zen lifted the sword in his hand and assumed an attacking posture. Earlier, he was just testing if his sword intent would pose a threat to Tracy or not. But this time, he meant serious business.

When Zen wielded his sword in that manner, the audience, including Kenneth, was stunned into silence.

"That's basic swordsmanship!" everyone broke the silence.

To their surprise, Zen was performing the first movement of the basic swordsmanship.

Chapter 431 Burning Blood Essence (Part One)

Basic swordsmanship?

The crowd at the current match in Cloud Sect was rendered speechless by what they just saw. Never was such a basic technique used against a powerful opponent.

There was only one person who was somewhat glad in the sea of astonished people--it was Zachary, from the Ninety-foot Peak.

He had already seen what Zen's excellent basic swordsmanship was capable of, so he understood why the people were shocked by what he did.

'Maybe Zen's skill just shook them to death!' he thought. Back when Zachary first saw Zen use the basic swordsmanship on the Seven Star Sword Light Platform, he wasn't faced with a tougher opponent.

However, now that he was fighting a much stronger foe--he still used the basic swordsmanship! Because of that, Zachary believed that the people were more surprised or even uneasier than he was at that time.

The basic swordsmanship was the first set of sword techniques that most martial artists came across. There were also other kinds of primary techniques such as the basic spearsmanship, basic fist position, and so on.

In general, an aspiring martial artist would master the whole set of the basic swordsmanship in his childhood, then practice the other kinds of swordsmanship later on using the basic set as the foundation.

The basic swordsmanship was quite simple, so it was hard to fight powerful enemies with it because it lacked advanced tactics and power. Therefore, no one would use this kind of swordsmanship in such a grueling fight.

It was like using a one-plus-one algorithm to solve complex math problems--so one could imagine just how strenuous that was!

"Has Zen turned into a complete fool?"

"How could he use the basic swordsmanship with a fairy weapon? Does he think this battle with Tracy is a joke?"

"Fighting with the basic swordsmanship in the All Peaks Competition of Cloud Sect? That has never happened before, but now it just might make it into history, since the founding of Cloud Sect!"

"Well, I don't know what to say. Perhaps it means that Zen has given up, and the basic swordsmanship is only a symbolic resistance?"

Among the surprised spectators, Sheeny and Wing conversed animatedly about Zen. Sheeny watched the competition from outside the battlefield, while Wing sat on the ground and healed his wound.

Sheeny licked his lips and continued to watch. "What's Zen doing? Would he really use basic swordsmanship against Tracy, who has activated the body of the Blue Phoenix?" he asked in disbelief.

Meanwhile, Rocher's brows furrowed slightly as he watched the fight. With his impressive insight into swordsmanship and sword intent, he noticed that something was wrong with Zen's use of the basic swordsmanship. It was indeed the same technique, but there was also something different about it when viewed from Zen's perspective. It felt strange, but Rocher couldn't put it into words. He just instinctively felt that Zen's swordsmanship wasn't as simple as they thought. "Maybe Zen's basic swordsmanship only looks like the actual basic swordsmanship?" he said.

"You must be kidding, Rocher. The basic swordsmanship is the foundation of all the swordsmanships. After countless generations of practice, it has been extremely streamlined, so it's impossible to make any changes to it at all. You might know that better than I do," Sheeny replied with a smile. He also used the same weapon, but his Reaching Sun Sword was particular about the sword power. He hadn't understood the concept of sword intent yet.

"I don't know," Rocher answered and shook his head.

"I just have some doubts about that," he added.

At that exact moment, Zen finally made a move.

"Chop!" he cried out.

His attack was just a simple move with moderate speed, and it wasn't really what one would call outstanding.

However, right after Zen had finished cutting with the sword, Rocher suddenly stiffened in shock.

"The chop seems to be…"

He was now at a loss for words. His eyes gawked at Zen as if he was an incredible monster. It seemed that no one else could impress Rocher with the use of basic swordsmanship.

Sheeny's eyes widened in astonishment as well. He couldn't say a word and was in a daze for a while, "Monster…" he blurted.

Although what Zen had done was just a simple move, he had practiced and simplified it in his mind numerous times.

It was easy to turn a simple thing into something complicated, but to make a complicated thing simple was another story.

The basic swordsmanship was a kind of swordsmanship which had already been simplified for thousands of years by countless generations. However, Zen had simplified it once again many times.

The greatest truths were the simplest, and true enlightenment was in nature itself!

It was safe to assume that Zen's basic swordsmanship was no longer the original one, but a new set that he created and belonged only to himself!

Meanwhile, Tracy, who was currently in the closest range to Zen, felt a strong sense of threat.

She knew it was a simple move of chop, but she was also aware that its strength wasn't as simple as it looked. There seemed to be many hidden mysteries in Zen's version of the move with the sword.

"It's amazing that you have such special swordsmanship, but you are still no match for me if you only have the sword!" Tracy declared.

The shadow of the Blue Phoenix behind her suddenly radiated a bright beam of light, and the life vitality in her hands gradually increased.

"The claw of the Blue Phoenix!" Tracy shouted.

After that, she bent her fingers and formed several sharp blue nails using the mix of blue light and life vitality, then immediately tried to claw Zen.

Five blue claw imprints, each containing the ferocious strength of the Blue Phoenix, appeared in the air after Tracy tried to tear Zen.

The Blue Phoenix was one of the legendary beasts. Even though there was just a small part of the Blue Phoenix's blood in Tracy's body, she was still a terrifying force to reckon.

Most of the disciples in Cloud Sect thought that Zen might win the competition with his rare move of chop, but when they felt the immense strength of the Blue Phoenix in Tracy's body, they changed their minds.

Chapter 432 Burning Blood Essence (Part Two)

It was hard to predict who would win in the fight since both Zen's and Tracy's strengths exceeded the normal level of the other disciples in the All Peaks Competition. Even their previous battles and experiences weren't of much help. Only when the match was over could they conclude the winner!

"Zoom!"

The sword that Zen held cut upward, right through the five blue claw prints.

An ear-splitting screeching sound, similar to claws scratching a smooth surface, came from the collision between Zen's Streamer Sword and the five blue claw prints.

"Oh my god!"

"What is this noise?!"

"It makes me dizzy! I'm going to vomit!"

A lot of disciples who practiced poorly found the screech quite unbearable. Even those disciples who had reached the nature level consummation had gone pale--they were a bit uncomfortable, but they could tolerate it for the time being.

Those disciples who had reached the level of Illuminating Soul Realm frowned slightly and barely reacted to the sound.

A fierce sword intent wrapped the three-foot sword's simple chop and continuously melted the unusually aggressive claw prints. However, the claw of the Blue Phoenix was quite powerful too. If one were to look closely, they would find countless small wind shears around the claw prints which endlessly tore at the Streamer Sword.

Fortunately, Zen's Streamer Sword was a fairy weapon, so it was strong enough to resist the small wind shears' attacks. If it was just a mysterious or a spiritual weapon, it would've been torn into two by now.

After a mere second, Zen's chop of the sword had finally taken over the blue claw prints and hacked them into pieces.

"The blue claw prints are broken..."

"It looks like Zen's sword is stronger than the claw prints!"

"Zen only had an advantage over Tracy because of his weapon!" one of the disciples in the crowd said. "After all, he has a fairy weapon in his hands, and Tracy has nothing except her claw!" he added.

"Are you sure that Zen had edge over Tracy just because of his weapon? Have you forgotten that Zen is just at the grade two of the nature level, while Tracy has already reached the Illuminating Soul Realm?" another one of them countered.

When they realized what the latter just said, they all gasped in shock. They felt dumbfounded when they forgot what Tracy could do.

She could rely on her great blood strength and the body of the Blue Phoenix. Moreover, she had already reached the level of Illuminating Soul Realm. On the contrary, Zen was only at grade two of the nature level!

Grade two of the nature level…

It was a level lower than all the other disciples' levels in the All Peaks Competition. It was at the bottom of the level list of all the inner disciples of Cloud Sect.

However, Zen stood on the battlefield of the All Peaks Competition and took part in the hard challenges one after the other, which they all couldn't have imagined. They didn't know what to say about the huge skill gap between them and Zen. It was quite amazing!

Meanwhile, Zen paid absolutely no attention to other people's comments about him at that moment. After he slashed Tracy's claw prints into pieces with the sword, he kept going with it and performed another move. "Pick upwards!" he shouted.

It was another simple move from the basic swordsmanship. Although it looked like it was easy to counterattack, it seemed that Zen was the only sole master of this move! Even powerful men like Kenneth and Elder Xu couldn't find any flaws in Zen's swordsmanship now.

Despite that, of course, it did not mean that they would lose to Zen in the competition. There was still a huge gap in skill between Zen and them, and they could easily defeat Zen with their immense strength.

They couldn't win when faced with the move, though.

Tracy had always kept her cool ever since she had activated the body of the Blue Phoenix. She looked like an incorruptible goddess when she had released massive amounts of power. However, that all changed a little now because of Zen's attacks.

She was a playful girl by nature and didn't like to practice. However, she could defeat most of the disciples in the same rank because of the body of the Blue Phoenix and her extraordinary talent, even if she didn't practice a lot.

Thus, she still had a chance to win after she had activated the body of the Blue Phoenix--even if she fought against the mighty Patrick.

Before her fight with Zen, she thought that she could quickly finish the competition after she activated the body of the Blue Phoenix--but she didn't expect that Zen could cut the Blue Phoenix's strongest killing trick of the claw prints, and he had even fought back now!

For Tracy, Zen was just like a small toy for her to play with.

That was how she had always viewed Zen.

However, the small toy refused to obey and paid her no attention. Tracy, who had always been proud and stubborn, found it unacceptable--and it was why she was angry.

Maybe other people, and also even Zen might find her reason for getting angry unfathomable--but that was just how Tracy was, and how she had always been. She wanted to give Zen a lesson and decided that it would be in the form of bleeding holes on his body.

And that was what she did. Two Emei Pricks pierced Zen's shoulder when the body of the Blue Phoenix was activated.

However, Zen had the upper hand when he raised his sword. Tracy felt that she was no match for him anymore!

'Zen is just at grade two of the nature level. Maybe he is special, but how can he even compete with me?

How can he fight against me?

He's just a nobody among hundreds of thousands of disciples in Cloud Sect! He is just one among the countless grains of sand!

How can he win against me with the fucking basic swordsmanship, which he learned from nowhere!' Tracy angrily thought to herself.

"I will never lose to you!" Tracy gritted her teeth and angrily declared.

Her eyes began to blaze a fiery red. It only meant one thing: she was going to burn the blood of the Blue Phoenix.

At that moment, Patrick, who stood next to the battlefield, saw that Tracy was forced to retreat by Zen's basic swordsmanship. When he noticed the ruthless and vicious look on Tracy's face, he knew what was going to happen.

His mouth immediately went dry. "Tracy, don't be stupid! Zen, Tracy is going to burn the blood essence! It will damage her body for life! Stop her!" he shouted, panic evident in his voice.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 433 Sparks (Part One)

In the bright and warm sunlight, the Streamer Sword shone exuberantly. As it traveled across the air, the light spots reflected all through its body from the sun started to dance on the surface.

As Zen lifted the sword right up to Tracy's throat with a simple flick, the light spots traveled slowly from the hilt to the tip. Right now, the sword blade was just a mere inch away from Tracy's pure white neck. Or one could say that Tracy was only an inch away from certain death now.

The distance was so short that if Zen's Streamer Sword had flung forward even slightly, Tracy's head would have certainly fallen off.

"Stay down! I don't know the first thing about this burning blood essence. And if you jeopardize your life span, that's none of my concern. But I know your strength might increase a lot with this spell. So of course, I am not going to give you an opportunity to utilize it. You stay put. Or you die!" Zen was expressionless in his threat, even though his demeanor was frightening. His voice sounded very cold, and seemed to possess no tenderness even towards this beautiful woman. As if to enforce his stance, the Streamer Sword in his hand shoved a centimeter forward. Under his fine control, its tip pierced her delicate skin and wisps of blood started trickling down from the fine cut that it had made.

The reason behind his stern stance was that even though he was clueless about what that burning blood essence was, he knew that it could have increased Tracy's strength to a terrible extent, especially if the price of doing it was her life span. Now that Zen had gained an advantage in this game, he had decided that he wasn't going to give her any chance now.

Tracy sensed the icy sword intent pressed against her neck and her taut shoulders seemed to loosen a bit. Right now, she was rooted to the spot like a puppet who had been left free on its strings.

In her entire lifetime, she had never been so close to death before.

At the sight of her almost defeated, Patrick, who was standing outside the arena, breathed a sigh of relief. Zen had already claimed that he would give Tracy no quarter, and right now, he had succeeded in at least subduing her. As to whether he was going to kill her or not, Patrick was not so worried about that.

He had never practiced swordsmanship, but he had heard of it from people and he knew that swordsmanship required a fine character of the practitioner. 'That doesn't mean it would demand the practitioner to obey the Five Commandments and the Ten Commandments like the Buddhism cultivation method I am practicing does, ' he thought to himself, 'but its minimum request is that the practitioner has to be upright in his moral ideologies.

Being able to go so far in swordsmanship shows that Zen is not a heartless man and has a strength in his character that not everyone might have. The remark he just made was probably a bluff to scare Tracy.'

The reason Patrick could analyze the fight so deeply could be attributed to his advanced age. The numerous winters which lay behind him allowed him to see the world differently and become more perceptive. That way, he had a lot of experience in analyzing people.

However, Tracy was still very young and her mind couldn't have gone far. She couldn't have known that Zen was bluffing.

The harsh remark that he had made and the poker expressions on his face immediately intimidated her. 'He... truly won't hesitate to kill me!'

Tracy was the sort of person who seemed quite petulant and merciless when things were progressing normally. But if one were to say the truth, she was just a highly gifted girl who had not even grown up completely yet. And even though she was sometimes tasked to go on adventures for Cloud Sect, she was always accompanied by several disciples who could protect her if things, at some point, went terribly south ways.

But right now, she was alone, and facing such an awful bloke; someone who had declared that he would chop her head off if she didn't stay still.

Her long lashes quivered for an instant, and the rim of her eyes turned red. Then, much like flowers were blooming in ultra fast motion, bean-sized tears started rolling down her cheeks and dropped onto the ground with clear clatters. Very soon, a paddle of tears had formed at her feet.

If Zen were to express his emotions truly right now, he would say that he was feeling quite awkward for bringing a girl to tears with his sword. After all, his sword had nibbled at her neck. If possible, he would have chosen not to fight with Tracy, who, being frank, was giving him a headache. But he also knew that now was not the time to be soft-hearted. If he let his stance loose and let her burn that damn blood essence, then it was highly probable that he would not have been able to secure a win in this match!

"Crying isn't going to help you. Admitting your defeat is your only option." Zen clarified indifferently.

Suddenly, Tracy glanced over her shoulder, which gave Zen quite a turn and he hastened to draw back the Streamer Sword a little. The very next moment, he heard Tracy moan. In a soft voice she sobbed, "I admit my defeat!"

Then, the referee, who had been standing to a side for a long time now, finally nodded and announced, "Zen from Drizzle Peak, won! Tracy, a personal disciple, lost!"

After Zen had withdrawn his Streamer Sword, Tracy lowered her head and bustled off the stage. Outside the arena, Patrick tried to comfort her and patted her head, his face brimming with affection. However, Tracy shook his hand off like a cranky child, and then stumped into a corner and sat down, her cheeks swollen in her anger.

She was pouting. As someone who had been taking care of Tracy like a big brother for a long time now, Patrick knew everything about Tracy's temper. 'Well, it's alright. Perhaps experiencing some failure will do some good to her mindset and she might be less cranky in the future!

The important thing is that Zen did a great job in the arena. At the very least, he stopped Tracy from burning her entire blood essence at the expense of reducing her life span...'

Burning blood essence was something a practitioner would do only in extremely dire circumstances. Cutting down one's own lifetime in order to win a match was the sort of thing that probably only Tracy would do.

Therefore, Patrick turned his face towards the arena and nodded at Zen, giving him a grateful smile.

Zen smiled back as well before stepping out of the arena.

They both knew that they were bound to spar soon.

Watching Zen exit the arena triumphantly, Master Wen felt all sorts of feelings well up inside his heart.

He had been leading Drizzle Peak for a long time now and from the very first time that his disciples had participated in the All Peaks Competition, his biggest dream had been to see one of them wedge his way into the top 100.

Chapter 434 Sparks (Part Two)

He had pinned a lot of hopes this time but with Yehudi's failure at the very beginning of the competition, the hearts of Master Wen and other masters of Drizzle Peak had sunk to the bottom.

However, to all of their surprises, Zen had powered through every match and overcome every opponent, regardless of how strong they were. He had kept on winning all the time and had finally arrived at stage that he was in now. Master Wen's hopes now lay on him now.

Apart from letting out a cry of exclamation, he truly did not know what else to say.

'It's a pity that Aura is not here to see this. I wonder what would her expressions be if she could see her favorite disciple achieve so many things..' Master Wen wondered in his head.

'Unfortunately, a rumor has swept through the entire Burning Sky Empire these days—the Burning Sky Palace is suffering from an internal strife. Some princes are scrambling for the throne, and somehow Aura is involved in it. What a shame...'

Master Wen was, after all, a master from the same peak as Aura was. The two knew each other well, and that was one of the primary reasons he had been keeping an eye on the Burning Sky Palace and collecting information about Aura. But given that his position was not very high in the hierarchy, he was not so well-informed as Saint Viana was. Accordingly, he had no idea that Aura had already been put under house confinement.

Considering the complete lack of messages from Aura, he naturally deducted that Aura was not doing very well and might even be under some sort of confinement.

Unfortunately, there was nothing that he could do to help her.

And at that moment, Master Wen's eyes lit up suddenly! He had had an idea.

'Zen!

Perhaps Zen can help Aura!

He has just defeated Tracy. As long as he doesn't act below par, there is no doubt that he is going to make it to the top 3! He is totally qualified to try the Cloud Road!

If he really does pass the test of the Cloud Road and gets admitted into the Cloud Hall, he would be able to assist Aura.

If Zen joins the Cloud Hall, then it is true that most probably, his strength won't be able to match Elder Xu or Kenneth of Cloud Sect in a short spell, but I am sure that he is going to be of a lot of help. After all, if inside the Cloud Hall, his future is going to be limitless, which means that even Kenneth would have to take his words into account!

Ever since Kane, the emperor of the Burning Sky Palace, disappeared, Kenneth has been the only one who could command the place.

Cloud Sect has played an indispensable role throughout the history of the Burning Sky Empire. It even helped several emperors fight their way to the throne. Cloud Sect was even powerful enough to take control over the whole Burning Sky Palace in the past once.'

'But ever since Kane has marched into the Cloud Hall with his amazing talents, his power has become even more impressive than Kenneth's, and that gave him more leverage. The moment Kane started to rule the Burning Sky Empire, it began to break free from the control of Cloud Sect. After all, Kane's position is not beneath Kenneth's.

Kane and Kenneth are both working for Cloud Hall, and that is the sole reason why the powerful Burning Sky Palace and the mighty Cloud Sect have had no serious conflicts until now.'

'However, with the disappearance of Emperor Kane, whose return to the empire alive and well is uncertain, it's a good time for Kenneth to take over again in this turbulent situation. Unfortunately, Kenneth does not seem tempted by this idea and that beats me completely. Instead, he has just let those princes fight each other in the palace.'

Based on all the information that Master Wen had collected, all he could do was analyze the situation and come up with plans. Other means and ideas were simply out of his reach given his present position.

Staring at Zen, who was sitting cross-legged a short distance away, Master Wen decided to have a serious conversation with him when the All Peaks Competition was over. He believed that Zen would not ignore the hardship Aura was enduring. After all, he couldn't have forgotten the grace that Aura had bestowed on him.

When the round-robin came to this point, the ranking of most of the participants had already settled, with only the top 5 somewhat disputable!

First to mention were two black horses—Zen and Rocher, both of whom had not lost a single match so far. Zen had even vanquished Tracy, who had the body of a Blue Phoenix. In light of that, the entire crowd was under the impression that he could be one of the top 3. However, his exact position in that trio wasn't decided yet.

Rocher still had not unsheathed his sword, but had still managed several victories, which meant that his power was unfathomably high. Ever since he had gotten into the round-robin, he had easily defeated his opponents without demonstrating any impressive skills, so everyone believed Rocher had the ability to make it to top 5.

Next were Patrick and Jacques. These two were the best out of all personal disciples. If everything went their way, then the crowd had a general agreement that they would end up the champion and the runner-up respectively.

As to Tracy, she seemed quite dispirited over her last failure, so no one knew whether she would come onto the stage again. But if she did, then there were very high chances that she would find herself in the top 5.

However, no matter how much they calculated, there was one more person who was probably going to influence the ranking of the All Peaks Competition. Once he entered the competition, then it was certain that every participant was going to fall one rank lower.

That figure was Evan.

Evan had earned the title of the top personal disciple on Cloud Sect and his powers were widely acknowledged all around. Everyone respected him and thought that he would always remain the top disciple.

However, Evan was still in the middle of a close-door training and no one knew if he was going to come. They were all wondering whether he would meddle in the final of the round-robin. Therefore, he was an unpredictable factor, which was excluded from their calculation at the moment.

More importantly, it was the ones above them who would determine the order of top seats on the Cloud Sect Ranking as well as the ranking of this All Peaks Competition. What the crowd was most concerned about was the confrontation among them.

Of course, that did not mean that these disciples did not care for the contests among other participants. After all, the competition for the top 100 was directly going to decide the ranking of the 33 peaks, and that was, perhaps, the second most important thing for the disciples.

As the people looked on with great expectations, waiting for the next round to begin, wondering who was going to come next, the referee finally declared the opening of a highly crucial match, "Personal disciple Jacques versus Zen of Drizzle Peak!"

Previously when Jacques had stepped into the arena, he had proclaimed that he wanted to challenge Zen. He had been so sure of himself that he had promised he would restrain his Illuminating Soul Realm cultivation within the nature level. But it turned out that Zen was even more arrogant, and had answered that Jacques did not need to restrain his level of cultivation and they were going to have a fair duel when the time came!

The duo had become quite hostile towards each other even before coming on-stage. Now, with their match up next, they were finally going to encounter each other during the round-robin.

Every single person in the audience knew clearly that they now had a huge drama to watch!

Chapter 435 Crash Into You (Part One)

Jacques got popular at the All Peaks Competition when he rose to the top last time, a clear black horse in the running. As a personal disciple who was only at grade two of the nature level, Jacques making to the list of top 100 had shocked the disciples of Cloud Sect.

He managed to overturn the status quo and did well in the more difficult challenges against the higher-level disciples.

His miraculous performance had long been discussed by many delighted spectators.

It was largely assumed that nobody else would be able to achieve the same feats as Jacques, for it was truly difficult to face someone who had been in the higher level.

Nobody thought his record would be bested after three years. The young man, Zen, broke it easily with his fierce postures and astounding strength.

At grade two of the nature level, Jacques had made an impressive record at the All Peaks Competition when he got into the top 100. But in the same competition, Zen had broken records again and again to make it to the lists of the top 100, top 50, and then to the top 5. The records he made were nothing short of a miracle in the present and past combined.

Latecomers could only marvel at the records in shock. In the years to come, some people found it hard to believe that Zen had really achieved all that. After all, they hadn't been there to witness it.

Jacques was arrogant. For him, it was no big deal to be one in the top 100 list when one belonged to grade two of the nature level. He had steeled himself to face every tough challenge at the All Peaks Competition three years ago. He didn't care about his record, but it bothered him that Zen broke it.

Because of that, everyone would compare him to Zen.

Jacques wanted to quash such comparisons straightaway, so he decided to defeat Zen in a match. It was why he challenged Zen as soon as he got to the competition field. Unfortunately, they hadn't drawn each other's names on the round robin before.

"It's destiny. You can't escape it," Jacques spoke as he stood before Zen.

"Hmm? When did I escape?" Zen asked him with curiosity.

Jacques laughed. "Perhaps you didn't, but you are still afraid to compete with me. Am I wrong?"

"Afraid?" Zen smirked casually as if he had heard a great joke. After thinking for a moment, he said, "Why should I be afraid? Didn't you offer to fight me by lowering yourself to the nature level? Even if you decide to lower yourself to the consummation of nature level, I would outmatch you. Do you really think I'd be afraid of you then?"

"Yeah, I do remember Jacques saying that. At that time, I thought his proposal was well-meaning, but now... now I think it's funny," one of the spectators whispered.

"That's true. Zen may lose to Jacques with all his strength, but he can't lose to Jacques if he's at the nature level. Jacques was just showing off," his friend said.

"But didn't Zen refuse the offer? Why is he bringing it up now?"

Jacques did say that. But after some thought, he realized that although he could unquestionably crush Zen with his current strength, he would not best Zen if he lowered himself to the consummation level, let alone the nature level.

Zen had rejected the offer before, but he hinted at it again. His only purpose was to embarrass Jacques. Jacques certainly wouldn't be tricked. He huffed, saying, "I did give you such an offer, but you refused it. It's not that I didn't give you a chance! You missed out. Your bad!"

"But I don't want that opportunity. I just want to let you know that I am not afraid of you or hiding from you, so you don't need to lower your cultivation level. Now do you understand?" Zen laughed at him.

Jacques grimaced. He had no interest in arguing with him.

In fact, this kind of verbal back-and-forth between warriors was part of the battle.

It was just like when two armies went to war, the general of one side would provoke or abuse the other.

They did it to frustrate the other's spirit and indirectly weaken their opponent's fighting resolve.

Warriors did the same. It was all about momentum. If an opponent was in bad spirits, the momentum shifted to the other. A warrior, when rightly motivated, put forth his best foot in battle.

"You have a ready tongue, but it doesn't matter. When you face my full wrath, Zen, your tongue alone will remain!" As he said thus, Jacques's life vitality started to spread about, layer upon layer of blood-fog erupting, that at once turned into a sheet of thick and solid armor.

The law of conservation could never fail. A person gained as much as he paid for. Balance of energy was to be maintained. Jacques's cultivation methods were evil, for which he had paid a huge price. Many of the evil cultivation methods were far stronger than others from the same tier.

Case in point: the evil method of Bleached Bone Distilled Soul. It was a tier four cultivation method, but it was more powerful than the ordinary methods of the tier. The best of those ordinary methods could not eclipse the Bleached Bone Distilled Soul.

The set of white bone armor had an ominous defensive power, and even Zen's body, which was a spiritual weapon in itself, was inferior to it.

After Jacques summoned the white bone armor, Zen released his demonic phantoms.

Jacques didn't expect to see the six demonic phantoms. "Won't you use a sword?"

Zen's unnaturally good basic swordsmanship had left a deep impression in Jacques, which was one of the reasons he didn't dare to lower his cultivation level.

In the past, he wouldn't have cared about what Zen thought. Even if Zen didn't need him to, Jacques would have lowered himself to fight Zen. After all, Jacques had formed a habit of challenging those who belonged to higher levels of cultivation. A youngling of a low level challenging him? It seemed ludicrous to him. Jacques was so conceited that he refused to accept it.

Chapter 436 Crash Into You (Part Two)

However, when he saw Zen use his basic swordsmanship, he realized that if he lowered himself to the nature level, he would never be able to defeat Zen. Jacques had to abandon the plan then. Reluctantly, he admitted that Zen might have more talent and potential than him.

"It's not my time to use it yet," Zen said as the demonic phantoms flew around him.

"If you don't use it now, you will not get another chance!" Jacques was onto Zen before he even finished speaking, darting over to him in moments.

His white bone armor had overwhelming defensive power. Even the armor of the fairy weapon was inferior to it. His armor was made out of his own life vitality and did not burden him with weight. It was connected to his mind, so he could control it more smoothly as if it was an extension of his body.

Jacques stood before him, a threatening aura emanating from him, but Zen was in no hurry. Zen controlled his six demonic phantoms mentally and they rushed over to Jacques at the same time.

Bang!

Jacques, covered with the white bone armor, was like a human-shaped chariot that hit the six demonic phantoms.

His white bone armor was tough, but the demonic phantoms were not weak either. At the first hit itself, the demonic phantoms intercepted Jacques.

Jacques took a slow, deep breath and sneered. Several more patches of blood fog exploded, surrounding him. The almost-perfect white bone armor now had some new modifications. Two horns were added to it, leaving it more defensive than ever.

"I didn't expect your summoning to have this kind of strength. Let's see how you resist me this time!" Jacques bolted to Zen once again. He was truly confident about his strength. Without using any complex techniques, he tried to smash Zen, singularly relying on his white bone armor.

He was right to be so self-assured. The white bone armor had been upgraded. When the demonic phantoms bumped against it for a second time, narrow cracks appeared on them, knocking them to pieces and turning them to dust, back into the demonic life vitality.

"So you wanted to block me with that trick? Hah... let's see you try again." Jacques grinned victoriously as he sprinted over to Zen.

However, before he could take even two steps, the six splintered demonic phantoms congealed again and dashed over to him.

"Did you even watch me fight before?" Zen smiled. "My demonic phantoms can't be broken so easily."

Unlike in the ordinary cultivation methods, the demonic phantoms were made out of life vitality. They were avatars that Zen borrowed from the heaven and the earth, but he didn't need to return them if they were broken. They could be congealed repeatedly, taking shape to fight the enemy once again.

It was still early in the battle. The demonic phantoms recovering after being crushed into pieces brought Jacques much trouble.

He had wasted five minutes on these phantoms already.

"Jacques attacks too simply. He wants to defeat Zen by just trying to knock the phantoms around?"

"He is definitely more talented than that. But he likes to keep it simple and crude. Zen, however, is not easy to handle. He is a very patient fighter."

"He really is patient. When Jacques tried to hit at those demonic phantoms, Zen acted as if he had all the time in the world to take a rest."

It was an exaggeration to say that Zen took a rest on the competition field. But mind-controlling the demonic phantoms was easy for him as Jacques tried to resist them over and over again...

Jacques was so adamant about wanting to win the battle with his all-conquering white bone armor that Zen decided to be patient. There was no time limit for battles on the competition field. Even if Jacques fought the demonic phantoms again and again for a year, Zen would still wait patiently.

After being at it for more than ten minutes, Jacques finally realized that he was acting like a fool. He was well-shielded with the white bone armor, but he could feel the disciples at the sidelines muttering disparagingly as if he was an idiot.

It was meaningless to bother with Zen's demonic phantoms.

Jacques straightened up, finally thinking clearly. He suddenly doubled up his speed. Making a detour around the demonic phantoms, he moved to attack Zen.

"You've finally stopped mucking around?" Seeing Jacques approach, Zen smiled faintly. He too sped up, but not to escape. To Jacques's amazement, Zen dashed into his shoulder.

"Am I seeing this correctly?" one of the disciples in the crowd wondered out loud. "Zen plans to confront the tough armor with the strength of his body?"

"Jacques is wearing the white bone armor, that means he is hidden behind a brilliant defense shield," someone said. "Nothing except a fairy weapon can break into his armor. Zen is not using his sword. He wants to use his physical body. That's why he is slamming into Jacques."

"Are you serious? Jacques is like a human-shaped chariot. He can crush opponents with the white bone armor alone. I accept that Zen has an innate superhuman strength and that his body is tough, but how can he survive running into Jacques's shield?"

Jacques too seemed stunned and curious, but then his face shifted to show glee. He had been afraid that Zen would play a kind of guerrilla war with him. If Zen had dodged him at first and then kept evading him, it would be difficult for Jacques to attack him. However, this guy didn't run away. Instead, he dashed at Jacques? 'Is he insane?' Jacques wondered. 'Fine, as you wish. I will disable you, so that nobody would dare compare you with me again!'

Just as they were about to bump into each other, the dragon scales in Zen's mind lit up.

Chapter 437 Flood Dragon Bone Spear (Part One)

More than a hundred dragon scales were activated simultaneously, generating even more power for Zen's body like flood peaking between canyons. The energy that flowed through his body was so intense that his shoulders became swollen, and his blood vessels were distended as if dragons were flying on the surface of his skin.

As they were about to collide, Jacques laughed and then roared, "I will smash you to pieces!"

However, Zen managed to avoid the sharp horns of Jacques' white bone armor and directly hit him on the shoulder!

"Thud!"

With the strength of the two opposing forces, their collision created a loud thudding sound that echoed.

To the surprise of everyone who witnessed the violent impact, Jacques, in his white bone armor, was knocked down and then thrown from one edge of the fighting ground to another. And finally, he slammed into the light curtain of enchanted barrier!

In the past, some disciples also crashed into the same barrier with the force of a single punch.

Designed to protect disciples from collisions that usually took place during such contests, the light curtain of enchanted barrier was very soft.

Its primary function was to separate disciples from viewers during competitions, so it was not built to withstand powerful collisions. But Zen summoned all the explosive forces from the dragon scales as he slammed into Jacques.

If Jacques, in his white bone armor, was referred to as a war chariot, Zen was then regarded as a ferocious beast.

Such powerful and pure force was unleashed on Jacques, causing him to hurtle backward. This collision force exceeded the limit the enchanted barrier could bear. Spectators could only see from outside the barrier when the light curtain shook a few times and were aghast when they noticed cracks in the structure like those in a broken mirror before it finally burst into pieces.

While it helped absorb some of the collision force on Jacques, it could not prevent him from flying out into the field. Without any sign of slowing down, he was thrown into the crowd, crashing into any object along his path.

Fortunately for Jacques, he was headed towards the area where Skytop Peak disciples were. They saw what happened to him, so, Rocher, Sheeny, and even Wing, who was still in recovery, immediately stretched out their hands to catch the flying disciple. It was the only way to halt the oncoming Jacques and help him to get up.

Once Jacques was finally upright, the disciples from other peaks felt relieved and relaxed a bit. But they were still somewhat fearful that it could happen again.

It was fortunate there were several powerful disciples from Skytop Peak. There might not have been fighters strong enough to hold him back if Jacques hurtled towards the direction of either Drizzle Peak or Vulture Peak. And that would have resulted in many being injured or worse, killed.

Though Zen had displayed innate superhuman strength since the very beginning, he had never discharged all his ultimate power before that collision.

So, at this point, everybody was still shocked by the energy he had thrown at Jacques, nor could they understand what took place.

Not everyone was fortunate to have innate superhuman strength, which made them extraordinarily powerful. For martial artists, being born with superhuman strength might give them an edge, especially during fights, but people usually did not take this advantage seriously.

Strength was a fundamental component in battle. A fighter with innate superhuman strength would have a distinct advantage during competitions. However, the body's physical strength was limited, unlike one's life vitality, which had the potential to grow. The strength derived from life vitality was usually dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of times greater than the normal body's strength.

In that case, no matter how great the power derived from human body was, it was still not enough to knock down Saint Viana with a single punch from a long distance, much like what Kenneth did.

And this was the reason why martial artists were all focused on refining the life vitality and paid little attention to pure body refinement. They did not think that body refinement did much to enhance their refining life.

With little opportunity for progress in pure body refinement, why even give it importance or attention?

So how was Zen able to do what he just did? Everyone who witnessed this was astonished.

How could he overthrow Jacques who wore white bone armor? He didn't even have any protective gear and only used his body to make the collision. So, how did he manage that? Did their minds play tricks on them just now? Was it an illusion that they saw?

They all looked at one another, only to find similar confused expressions in everyone's face. If only one person witnessed it, the scene might have passed as an illusion. But many saw it at the same time, so it had to be real.

If that was what precisely happened, then what came to mind was the enormous power Zen had showed just now, and everyone was suddenly terrified. The talented disciple had done exceptionally well to the astonishment of the entire Cloud Sect in this All Peaks Competition.

While most of those present were confused and scared, Jacques, who was one of the heroes in the scene, had even more mixed feelings. He finally stood up with the help of his companions. Before colliding with Zen, he had been very excited, expecting to see this arrogant young fighter get smashed to pieces before his eyes. But as they crashed into one another, the excitement was replaced by confusion. No one knew better the power Zen used to fight than Jacques. Being hurled out of the battlefield, he was no longer confused but fearful. Now, there was only a look of helplessness on his face.

He knew in his mind that Zen was a tough fighter. Prior to their meeting, Jacques also considered himself fierce with sufficient strength to defeat his opponents. To his surprise, Zen was more ruthless and tougher than himself. Confident in the capacity of his white bone armor, Jacques threatened to crush Zen to pieces. But Zen, without a hint of fear, didn't even dodge his attack but instead met him head-on with hard crushing power to overwhelm him and then finally had the upper hand.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 438 Flood Dragon Bone Spear (Part Two)

At this point, Jacques still had not lost the fight. Under the rules, the fight would be over only when one of the fighters admitted defeat or could not fight again. Otherwise, the competition did not stop. Although he had been thrown out of the field by Zen, it might be because the light curtain of enchanted barrier was not sturdy enough to absorb the impact of the collision and thus, cracked. Unless Jacques admitted himself beaten, he had to continue the battle.

By now, Jacques' emotions were complex and indescribable. It was akin to one skilled Chinese go player being matched up with a chess player, but this chess player also had the skills to play go and ultimately won over the go player using the latter's strategy.

Being defeated in what he considered his jurisdiction was far more frustrating and humiliating for Jacques than any loss he had suffered in the past.

Still, he had to return to the fighting field regardless of his feelings and thoughts. Now, his previous arrogant face was replaced by a serious look when he stepped back on the field. Jacques stared at Zen, knowing he must go all out in the coming battle.

Although he had prepared to fight, there were still doubts in Jacques' mind. He had tested the strength of his white bone armor. Zen slammed into the armor with extreme force. If his body were not tough enough to endure such force, his bones would have broken like the enchanted barrier.

But when Jacques returned to the field, he saw Zen standing calmly, without any visible injury. 'How did he do that?' Jacques wondered. It confused him more. Unlike the jumble of emotions that Jacques was feeling, Zen was very much relaxed. After his opponent's return, he just waved his arms, rubbed his hands to prepare, and with a taunting smile, said, "Another hit?

I'm ready for that!"

The daring words left Jacques speechless, his heart nearly plummeting. He nearly felt blood rise to his throat and come out of his mouth. At the same time, what initially seemed like tiny misgivings now turned into incredulity.

His white bone armor could easily withstand the attack from a high-level spiritual weapon. It was impossible to penetrate this armor unless it was a fairy weapon. But now with Zen standing there without any injury after colliding with his metal covering sent a frisson of fear down his spine.

Did that mean that Zen's body was as tough as that of a high-level spiritual weapon?

If that was the case, was he still human?

Too many thoughts and possibilities were popping up in his chaotic mind. Before facing Zen in battle, Jacques enjoyed challenging people of a higher level and always came out victorious. He attributed this to his tough white bone armor. But now that he was defeated by a person who only made use of his physical abilities, Jacques felt lost. Any confidence he gained from his previous achievements now seemed insignificant.

Unknown to Jacques, he was the first to test Zen's physical strength. Before this competition, no one knew the limits to Zen's physical abilities. He was only injured once, and that was because Tracy, with the power of Blue Phoenix, stabbed him. Other than that episode, no one came close to testing his limits.

In their battle, Jacques overestimated the toughness of Zen's body.

The strength of Zen's body was similar to that of a mid-level spiritual weapon. It was only recently when he entered this level, and then he reached the peak of this spiritual weapon level after these days' refinement. Anyway, there was still a huge gap between his body and the high-level spiritual weapon.

But it was Zen's experience and combat expertise that was a crucial factor in this encounter. He bumped into Jacques' white bone armor with his shoulder. When they slammed into his opponent, his tight and powerful shoulder muscles eased some of the collision force. On the other hand, the force Jacques unleashed towards Zen's body was automatically transformed into warm currents, which his seemingly mystical body absorbed.

Even though Zen was only a middle-level spiritual weapon, he possessed a magical power which other spiritual weapons lacked, and which was not easily understood.

As far as the spectators were concerned, they had witnessed Jacques in many successful fights with his hard white bone armor, and this defeat by Zen was his first. Seeing his serious face now, they understood that Jacques would be trying his best in the next round.

"You surprise me, Zen! You really are interesting. It seems I have underestimated your strength. It is unrealistic to vanquish you with pure strength alone," Jacques sneered.

His remark had Zen raising an eyebrow. He answered, "Or you can also say that is a naive way of thinking."

"I have to admit that yes, I was too naive before." Jacques didn't care for the sarcasm in Zen's words, so he gave him a cold smile. "But now, you will have a taste of my real power. Just a reminder, you will later regret this.

You will regret standing here to fight me," he said menacingly.

After issuing the threat, Jacques began to generate a mass of blood fog in his hands. Compared to the previous blood fog, this one had more strength and intensity. It was almost like the blood left by some wild beast from an ancient savage land with highly unusual blood vessels.

When the cloud of blood gradually dissipated, a bone spear appeared in his hands. The spear shone with a pale green light, and on top of the bone were layers of complex runes.

He raised the bone spear and stabbed it towards the sky. Instantly, a dragon's roar emanated from the weapon.

"This is the bone spear made from a section of a flood dragon's spine. You are very lucky to be the first to taste its power in the All Peaks Competition!" With a glint in his eyes, Jacques enunciated each word.

Flood dragon...

Flood dragon was a category of the dragon, although it was far from being a genuine dragon. It was neither a super legendary beast nor even a normal legendary beast. And it would never come close to Tracy's Blue Phoenix.

Unfortunately, while Tracy might have the blood of the Blue Phoenix, her current strength was still not enough for her to master the total power of the Phoenix.

In Jacques' hand was a part of the dragon's spine. Just how powerful the flood dragon bone spear was, no one knew for sure.

But right after Zen heard the dragon roar from the bone spear, he felt subtle changes in his mind. He sensed the cyan dragon on the giant furnace in his mind shook a little, which was followed by a barely perceptible roar from the creature.

The dragon language was strange and complicated, and one Zen did not comprehend. Many of its syllables were barely audible or were undetectable by human ears.

So, it took him by surprise that right this moment, it was clear to him what the dragon's roar meant.

'What?

You want to eat that bone spear made of the flood dragon's spine?' he asked in his head. Once he understood the dragon's intent, a strange look came over Zen's face.

Chapter 439 Down On Your Knees (Part One)

In Zen's inner mind, there were nine giant dragons that lay on a mysterious smelting furnace. Each appeared as natural as a living creature.

The nine dragons seemed like engravings on the surface of the furnace. However, Zen was highly suspicious that they were not decorations at all, but real dragons with their own consciousness.

For now, though, only one cyan dragon seemed to be gradually regaining consciousness as Zen's heavenly essence had infiltrated its body. But from the moment it started to move until now, it had not communicated with Zen.

So how did Zen realize the dragon's awakening? There had been two occasions when he was in crisis, and the dragon roared to help him get through those predicaments. The first was during the selection of the cultivation method at Heavenly Library, where he had to face the dominant pressure of Vengeful Beast. The second was during a fight against terrifying and angry ghosts in fairy palace.

Other than those two occasions, the nine dragons usually seemed like decorations, lying quietly on the furnace without any smell of living creatures.

But today, that one cyan dragon took the initiative to communicate with Zen. Why?

It even told him about wanting to devour Jacques' bone spear.

t was true that the mysterious smelting furnace had provided an undeniably large contribution to his current achievements, which he attained with great effort one step at a time. Without the furnace's support in forging his body and spirit at the beginning, and improving his martial arts skills tremendously, it would have been hard for Zen to leave the Luo family home.

While Zen was not aware of the origin of the furnace, he understood that the mystical equipment, with the nine dragons on it, as well as the black flame it produced, was highly valuable and powerful beyond his imagination, and should never be shown to anyone else.

Even after using the black flame in the smelting furnace to melt his weapons and extract the heavenly essence, Zen would still carefully entrust Wurth with its auction. He never dared market it himself, for fear that should a setback occur during sales, someone watching might use it against him to plot something evil.

He once heard an old maxim that said the precious stone landed its innocent possessor in jail. Zen took this to mean that an innocent man could get into big trouble because of his well-known wealth. Based on Zen's present strength, once the secret leaked out, any advantage it might have would be lost and instead, it would only endanger his life because of those who would be after his treasure.

So why was it that the cyan dragon was now sending him a message, asking for help to devour the bone spear?

A very low-grade dragon, the flood dragon was only a subspecies. Despite its low grade, it belonged to the dragon family.

After some thought, Zen came to the conclusion that the dragon smell hidden in the flood dragon's spine attracted the attention of the cyan dragon, making it extremely look forward to devouring the bone spear, so it had to communicate with him.

But in doing so, the cyan dragon left Zen in a dilemma.

Without a doubt, Jacques was powerful. Although Zen used the power of dragon scales to knock him down and drive him out of the battle ring earlier, it didn't mean that the young disciple had more advantage over him. Jacques just underestimated his opponent's power, and in trying to crush Zen with brutal strength, he did not expect to get a dose of his own medicine.

Because of arrogance, Jacques failed to display his real strength.

Now with the dragon bone spear in hand, he got ready for a real fight. Examining the weapon in his hand made him sigh. This bone spear constantly exuded a sense of majesty, which was a deterrent inherited from its ancestors and born in its blood.

Meanwhile, Zen was unsure if he could defeat Jacques considering his top-grade power and weapon, which gave the man all the right to be arrogant.

Under such circumstances, it would be quite tricky to snatch the bone spear so the cyan dragon could devour it.

While Zen was contemplating on an efficient attack, Jacques launched his offensive against Zen. The fighter gently put the bone spear on the ring, as it was being infused with his life vitality continuously. Glancing at his foe, Jacques sneered.

"Supreme dragon power!" he shouted to announce the movement he was about to make.

Though a nonliving object, the bone spear was still made from a dragon's spine. The formidable power of the dragon blood hidden inside it suddenly increased by a hundred times shortly after it was stimulated by Jacques' life vitality!

"All dragons are created to be formidable!

It is the fate of thousands of creatures to end up prostrating themselves before the feet of dragons. I suggest that you prostrate yourself before me!" It was with a faint smile that he confidently made this declaration. A moment ago, Zen drove him out of the ring with such a strong force that embarrassed him in front of so many people. In fact, it cost him far more than shame. Therefore, he wanted not only to win this competition but also to humiliate Zen in equal measure.

After the formidable dragon blood power activated by Jacques' life vitality was suddenly released, it flowed towards Zen without warning, like a tsunami with enough power that could topple mountains and overturn seas!

In fact, such daunting power of the dragon race was very similar to the momentum of a human race. The top-grade power of the human race, like Kenneth's power alone, was enough to weaken the stamina of the hands and feet of an ordinary person, and even made him drop to his knees.

Compared to human race, the dragon race's power was more terrifying, and sharper.

Ninety percent of the power was pouring itself into Zen, while the remainder was headed to places around the battle ring.

When disciples from each peak sensed the horrendous pressure coming from such power, everyone's face turned dreadfully pale, and disciples with lower cultivation base looked as if they were standing on ice and snow, teeth chattering from the cold, and making loud noises.

'Poof!' came the sound of a body collapsing.

One disciple, without any warning, fainted and fell to the ground.

Casting a glance at Elder Xu, Kenneth said, "I seem to have witnessed too many of the unexpected in this year's All Peaks Competition. This time, unexpectedly, Jacques could even get the spine of a flood dragon."

The spine of a flood dragon could be used to forge weapons and refine pills. After taking this pill, a person's body would be reborn with a trace of the flood dragon's blood!

Such a valuable treasure would arouse even Kenneth's interest.

Of course, because of who he was, Kenneth naturally would never do anything such as stealing Jacques' bone spear.

"Three years ago, I said that Jacques was a man of great luck. As he develops further, he may be able to get more chances and draw even more good luck. I'm afraid this time Zen might be defeated," Elder Xu commented.

Chapter 440 Down On Your Knees (Part Two)

Kenneth laughed and asked, "When you said Jacques was very lucky and will likely have several other chances, does that mean that Zen could not obtain such good fortune?" He pointed at the flying knife in Zen's hand and said, "Look at his knife, the Heavenly Ogre Fist he displayed, and the basic swordplay methods he mastered by himself! Which one would you say is ordinary?"

"Your grace, you are right. I may still have some prejudice against him, knowing that Zen's strength is only in the low grade. The overwhelming force of the flood dragon has had adverse reactions on many disciples. I shall go down to help them!" Elder Xu said hastily. He made the remark after seeing the painful expressions on lower grade disciples' faces. After quickly jumping down from the high platform, he waved a wrinkled hand gently in the air and watched as emerald green life vitality transformed into a curtain of light, shrouding areas around the battle ring.

The flood dragon's power made many disciples feel like lingering in the ice and snow, naked, and there was no way for them to resist the lure of the cold. If this continued for an extended period of time, it could damage their spirits.

But as soon as the light curtain from Elder Xu's hand lightly swept over them, everyone suddenly felt as if they were dressed in thick cotton clothes and were warm enough to withstand the extreme cold.

If a mere ten percent of the power released from it could cause so much pain for many disciples, what was the effect on Zen, who was absorbing the remaining 90 percent? Everyone was now curious how the young disciple was dealing with it.

With Elder Xu's help, the crowd resisted the flood dragon's power and began to watch the situation in the battle ring. They desperately wanted to see what happened to Zen at that moment.

Compared to regular mortals, Zen's spirit strength was far stronger. When he entered the Tier 4 Cultivation Method Hall of the Heavenly

Library, he did not need the help of the cyan dragon, but instead, relied on his own spirit to resist the pressure generated by the intent of the Vengeful Beast. But as he entered the hidden room behind the Tier 4 Cultivation Method Hall, he was attacked head-on by the spirit of Vengeful Beast. The cyan dragon in his mind helped Zen resist this surprise attack.

What made Jacques' flood dragon bone spear more dangerous was that a secret cultivation method strengthened its power. So the spear produced 30 percent more power compared to energy released by the Vengeful Beast!

Under the attack of such overwhelming power, and to that extent, it was not very hard to imagine the situation faced by Zen at the moment.

But unexpectedly, Zen gritted his teeth and chose to bear the hardship.

Through the cultivation method written in the Spiritual Thorn, Zen exercised his spirit and entered into a state where he forgot himself enough to deepen his spirit strength step-by-step.

As a result, even if the flood dragon bone spear's power was daunting, Zen still managed to resist its attack successfully for the moment.

But its effect on the warrior was not good. His usually ruddy face was as pale as a sheet at that moment.

"Well, I must say it's a surprise that you can resist my attack for quite a long period, so now, I want to see how long you can hold against it!" Jacques challenged Zen.

After delivering the threat, he pounded the bone spear hard on the ground, which awakened the flood dragon that began to roar.

The first roaring sound echoed throughout the arena.

Furious, Jacques demanded, "Get down on your knees!"

"Roar!"

"Get down on your knees!"

Then, the dragon roared once more.

"Get down on your knees!"

As Jacques pounded the bone spear on the ground thrice in a row, the dragon answered back with a furious roar every time.

As a consequence, the dominant power of the spear kept pouring into Zen like a surging wave three times as well, each wave stronger than the previous one. Meanwhile, the words "get down on your knees" that Jacques kept barking at Zen, were likewise filled with indisputable majesty as if demanding him to come before the order of the king in heaven and on earth!

"How can Zen resist such power? If it were me, I'm afraid my spirit would have been destroyed and my body would already be a pile of dust at this moment," one disciple, fear written on his face, said.

"My God! Jacques is a monster. How could he launch such dangerous attacks? Even if Elder Xu helped block the pressure, my knees are still quite weak, and I would want to get down on them..." another one added.

"Alas, Jacques' previous attacks using that white bone armor were quite bold but simple. And I did not expect him to launch his spirit attacks in the same manner. What's more, such brutal attacks are so powerful that it's impossible to resist!" said another disciple, who was awed by everything he witnessed.

Even though Elder Xu was helping disciples seated among the audience resist the pressure, they continued to quiver in fear upon seeing the situation on the battle ring.

Patrick, seated on the ground, heard loud dragon roars that urged him to open his eyes slightly. There was a grave look on his face. But after a few moments, he shut his eyes calmly this time. The Buddha cultivation method was broad and profound, and perhaps, he already had a way to deal with Jacques' bone spear.

With the long sword on his back, Rocher heard the three roars of the dragon. His fingers trembled at the sound and had to touch the sword handle behind him. As the disciple felt his sword, he heaved a gentle sigh. His eyes reflected the flickering light as he closely watched the ongoing competition in the arena.

Meanwhile, in the arena Zen felt as if his spirit was shaking under a big storm, like a leaf hanging precariously on a tree branch, which at any time could be swept away by the wind to any place.

But oddly, even with his perilous situation, Zen was tenacious in resisting the attacks.

This competition was undoubtedly the most dangerous one for Zen. Earlier, he had won all the way and had never been so close to being defeated.

In truth, the strength gap between Zen and Jacques was not so wide. But rather than his own strength, Jacques depended on the power of the dragon bone spear that was in his hand. Zen, on the other hand, only trusted his own spiritual strength to combat the offensives.

This was because he wanted to see the extent of his resistance.

Not long after, a trace of blood was slowly oozing from the corners of Zen's mouth. While spirit attacks made idiots out of people or broke their brains into pieces, they would never hurt people intentionally.

In order to stay awake, he bit his tongue so hard that blood trickled out his mouth.

Taking a deep breath, he said in a cold tone, "Who do you think you are?

You think you can order me to get me down on my knees?

You? Humph! You're not competent enough to demand that!"

Chapter 441 A More Powerful Dragon Roar

Jacques was a little surprised when he saw that Zen still had the strength to rise to his feet and speak.

Although Jacques had more powerful skills, he hadn't expected that Zen would have resisted his attack with his soul.

It meant that Zen could withstand the power from the flood dragon.

The flood dragon bone spear in Jacques' hand was made of the third section of the flood dragon's vertebra, which contained the most vigorous energy and blood among all sections.

Besides, to refine this bone spear, he had asked one of the most well-known weapon refining masters, Brady to draw thirteen lines of array Sanskrit on it. From among these, six lines of the array Sanskrit were able to initiate the power of the dragon bone while the other seven lines were used to amplify the power of the spear.

Each line of the array Sanskrit had cost him about one hundred thousand cubic crystals! So he had spent one million and three hundred thousand cubic crystals for all thirteen lines of array Sanskrit.

Jacques was more surprised than the onlookers to see that Zen had survived the attack from such great dragon power, because only Jacques knew how powerful the dragon bone spear was.

"This is quite unexpected," Jacques said, disappointed. After all, he had put a lot of efforts into this attack and had expected to defeat Zen with a blow. It seemed he had miscalculated Zen's competence. "You withstood my attack, but your soul has been injured badly. Although you're good enough to bear the power of the three dragon roars, if I use more powerful attacks, you will die or become an idiot. If you admit you're defeated now, I will let you go."

With his personality, Jacques wasn't the kind of person to show mercy to his opponent. However, maybe because Zen had withstood the three dragon roars, he changed his mind and decided to give a chance to Zen to throw in the towel.

"Do you mean that I should thank you because you asked me to admit that I'm a loser?!" Zen wiped the blood off his lips and asked.

"Yes! Since you have almost used up your strength, I don't think you are capable of continuing the fight," Jacques answered with a shake of his head.

Zen continued with a smile, "I admit that you have something to be proud of and be admired for by most disciples of Cloud Sect because they might not reach your level in their lives. However, no matter how strong you are, there's always someone stronger. I don't believe you are stronger than I am. You are not in a position to ask me to surrender!"

Jacques' eyebrow shot up. He wondered why Zen was speaking this way in such a situation. 'Either he is an idiot, or he has something to fall back on. Obviously, he is not stupid. Does he have some powerful skills up his sleeve?' he wondered.

Just as Jacques was contemplating the situation, the demonic life vitality behind Zen was forming into demonic phantoms.

Zen wouldn't admit failure in the competition. To earn the top position during the All Peaks Competition and to become the best disciple of Cloud Sect, he couldn't back off just because of a minor setback. He had won several rounds of the competition already. And so, it wouldn't affect his ranking if he lost in the competition with Jacques. However, Zen firmly believed in the 'Never Surrender' principle.

Furthermore, he remembered that the cyan dragon had requested his help in securing and consuming the bone spear.

So there was absolutely no reason for him to give up.

"Then don't blame me for the consequences," Jacques said. The arrogance in his eyes faded and was replaced by extreme seriousness.

Since Jacques had been able to reach such a high level, he must be a top class talent too. Since he knew of his abilities, he had always been arrogant and proud. However, Jacques couldn't figure out Zen's real competence. He thus decided not to brag too much. Otherwise, he wouldn't be taken as a talent, but as an idiot instead.

He could tell that in this fight with Zen, he should not only be more cautious, but also he should try his best.

Now, two top-class talents from Cloud Sect started attacks at the same time.

"Demonic phantoms, go!"

With Zen's order, the six demonic phantoms scattered and then approached Jacques from different directions. Soon, they were in front of Jacques.

Jacques glanced at these demonic phantoms indifferently. Then he rotated the bone spear in his hand and thrust it toward them.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!..."

all six demonic phantoms were hit in the center of their bodies. In the next instant, they exploded and turned into wisps of demonic life vitality.

With the magical power of these demonic phantoms, even if they had transformed into demonic life vitality, they could gather together and form demonic phantoms again. However, that didn't happen this time. Surprisingly, the demonic life vitality didn't disappear but continued to spread in the air instead.

In fact, Jacques had not caused this irregularity in the demonic phantoms' properties—it was Zen who had caused this deliberately.

Demonic life vitality was violet black and could block light and vision. It wasn't long before the demonic life vitality soon covered the center of the battle ring.

The other disciples of Cloud Sect were confused when they found that they couldn't see anything in the center of the battle ring.

"What the hell is this? Why did Zen spread the life vitality? Now we can't see what's going on in the battler ring!"

"What are you talking about? A competition is a competition, not a show! They were battling with their lives, not performing for you! If you want to watch the show, go to Imperial Capital. It's easy to find well-known performers there. Then you can enjoy their performance as long as you want!"

"Zen still hasn't given up despite being in such a difficult situation. He must have some powerful unique skills that he hasn't used before. Who knows how many powerful skills he has!"

If Zen had any other choice, he wouldn't have blocked the vision of the other disciples with the demonic life vitality.

Since he had promised the cyan dragon that he would help consume Jacques' bone spear, he couldn't expose the swallowing process to the public.

Even though Zen had blocked the visibility of the battle ring with the demonic life vitality, he had no confidence in his success when battling with Jacques. However, he was determined to do his best.

Jacques glimpsed at the thick demonic life vitality around him, and then injected a touch of his life vitality into it.

In the blink of an eye, Jacques' life vitality was swallowed by the demonic life vitality and turned into demonic life vitality.

Jacques said with a slight smile, "I have heard that your demonic life vitality can swallow others' life vitality. It is indeed special! It seems to be at par with my Bleached Bone Distilled Soul. I don't know why you spread the demonic life vitality in the battle ring, but what you did is in vain. I will now use my most powerful skill to end this battle!"

Zen was covered in the demonic life vitality, so it was impossible for Jacques to see his face or expression clearly. Since visibility was low, Zen took out his Streamer Sword.

Obviously, the competition between them was drawing to a close.

Jacques initiated the attack first. With a pinch, the array Sanskrit carved in his dragon bone spear emitted a golden light. After his life vitality had thoroughly circulated through his body, he delivered a most powerful blow.

"Multiple Stabs!"

Jacques shouted as an incredible pressure was released with the blow and formed a stream of air.

Now Jacques had concentrated all the power of the dragon bone spear at the spear's tip. In the light of the golden array Sanskrit, the air stream condensed from the pressure was coated with a thin layer of gold. It lingered around the spear tip slowly.

With a thrust of the spear, a loud dragon roar was released. This time, the roar was twice as loud as the last ones.

Everyone was shocked

when they heard the terrible roar. However, they didn't know what was happening in the battle ring as Zen had blocked their vision with the demonic life vitality.

"Zen has been losing ground. Now I guess he has been defeated."

"Yes. But it is possible that aside from being defeated, he has been turned into an idiot as well."

"It was not easy for Drizzle Peak to find such a super talent like Zen. It will be a pity if he becomes an idiot in the All Peaks Competition!"

Master Wen's face paled when he heard the disciples' discussion. He worried that something terrible might happen to Zen.

Yehudi's wound had healed. He stood beside Master Wen and said, "Master Wen, don't take their words seriously. Zen has been in danger many times before. However, he always turned the situation to his advantage. I'm sure that he will be fine."

"Yes, but I'm afraid this time is different. You saw that the three dragon roars hurt Zen. Now Jacques has combined his attack with the dragon roar. It will be difficult for Zen to stay safe," Master Wen said, depressed. He had placed all his hope on Zen.

Yehudi sighed. In fact, he wasn't sure that Zen could dodge Jacques' attack either. After all, Jacques was extremely powerful. His incredible bone spear gave him a bigger advantage. Since the current situation did not favor Zen, Yehudi could do nothing other than comfort Mater Wen. "Maybe...Zen figured out a way to get rid of the danger."

Yehudi didn't even believe these words.

Just then, another deafening dragon roar came from the mist of the violet black demonic life vitality.

This time, the dragon roar was louder

than any of the previous dragon roars.

The difference between them was significant. If the previous roar of the flood dragon could be compared to a roar from a child, then this roar of the dragon sounded as though it came from an adult.

Words couldn't describe the difference between these roars.

The roar brought a sense of desolation, antiquity, and dignity...

Even if a person exhausted all words in the human vocabulary trying to describe the roar, he wouldn't be able to.

Elder Xu who had been shielding the impact of the dragon roar was shocked too because even he could sense the menace now.

Chapter 442 The General Explanation About Legendary Beasts (Part One)

Warriors would howl at the very mention of the phrase "powerful momentum". It was a term which included both power and momentum, and that, in simple terms, meant immense amounts of force or strength. The warriors with the strong martial arts skills could perform this powerful momentum to the extreme, and it alone could be used to suppress or even attack his/her opponents.

But one needed to keep in mind that "strong" and "weak" were not absolute concepts but a relative comparison. Although the momentum contained in the flood dragon had been extremely strong, it still had a hard time affecting and threatening people like Elder Xu. This was because Xu was formidably stronger than Jacques! Therefore, it was reasonable to venture the guess that such strong momentum could not have been launched by Jacques.

Whoever launched it forth would soon be found out. The more pressing matter on hand was that Elder Xu, first ranker among all the elders of the Cloud Sect, only weaker than the head and vice head of Cloud Sect, was not the only one feeling threatened just now.

If even he had been affected, then it was not surprising that the situation of people less powerful than him would clearly have been worse.

The referee in charge of the match between Zen and Jacques had seen sense a long while back, as he had run out and was now standing at a place he believed to be safe before Jacques took out the bone spear.

The referee wasn't weak by any means. But the battle had spread out far too wide for it to be measurable by common sense and common level. The referee was not a fool. He knew exactly that even being involved in the aftermath of this match would end badly for him and therefore, he had no desire to stay any close.

But even with his foresight, he did suffer quite a blow due to the aftermath.

The loud roar from the dragon was so intense that its voice felt like a sledgehammer repeatedly hitting on his head. He felt a loud humming voice in his brain and lost his unconscious with a tumble down to the ground.

He had been standing the closest to the ring at the time of the match, and therefore, was the one most affected by the roar.

And the disciples watching the match were in no better situation than he was.

After all, the referee had very recently entered the level of Illuminating Soul Realm, and was still affected. The disciples, who were watching the All Peaks Competition, on the other hand, were from a variety of levels, with many of them at the consummation grade of natural level. Worse, some of them hadn't even reached that point yet and therefore, were extremely hurt.

Fortunately, Elder Xu's reaction upon hearing the roar had been quite rapid. As soon as he had felt that the dragon roar was exuding unimaginable amounts of momentum, Elder Xu had acted just like he were being confronted by a horde of formidable enemies. He had exercised his skills to force out all his life vitality, and made it pour out like a waterfall. This had let him strengthen the light curtain that was protecting the audience, though it wasn't going to protect them completely.

The green life vitality driven out by Elder Xu was so strong and full of energy that the wrinkles on his bark-like hands all disappeared when it infiltrated slowly into his arms. As a result, his hands now looked white and tender.

The cultivation method he was practicing and utilising today was based on superior understanding of vital energy. It was so special that it could rejuvenate him and protect him as well as many others. To be honest, instead of being scared, he was kind of depressed, and even found the whole affair annoying, albeit a bit funny. A match between two junior disciples, Zen and Jacques, had made him react as if he was being threatened by formidable enemies. That was kind of embarrassing to think about.

The situation was slightly funny in his mind, but he still had to take it seriously. If he didn't handle the power gushing forth from the dragon roar in a careful way, there were extreme risks involved to the life of every one else and a distinct possibility that a vast majority of those disciples from each peak would be seriously injured!

"Rise up!" Elder Xu bellowed and the green light curtain formed by his life vitality immediately surrounded the periphery of the battle ring!

Yet, the powerful momentum of the dragon roar was not a means of direct attack, but a spiritual force. It could not be contained physically. The green light curtain formed by Elder Xu could not directly block it, and all it did was greatly weaken its power. All due respect to Elder Xu, because if he hadn't reacted this quickly, there would have been several deaths until now.

And even with him greatly weakening the momentum, there were still a lot of disciples who felt dizzy as soon as they heard the roar, and as if that wasn't enough, some disciples with still weaker strength directly passed out.

Even personal disciples like Wing, Sheeny and Dick, who were supposed to be among the top disciples from the 33 peaks with strength extending far deep into the Illuminating Soul Realm, looked pale and had to run their respective cultivation methods to resist the formidable momentum!

Patrick, meanwhile, was still sitting on the ground. Though he was affected by the roar, his eyes went deep and his palms clasped themselves together devoutly. He began to utter something silently. Actually, he was exercising his Buddha cultivation method. With his command, six golden balls appeared abruptly and kept spinning around him, trying very hard to block the powerful momentum outside his body. Since Buddha cultivation method was broad and profound and his own cultivation method was unique, when compared to Wing and other disciples, his situation was naturally much better. Even then, he wasn't in a very good situation, and was afraid to relax even for a second lest the momentum hurt him beyond repair.

Rocher, who had not even touched his sword on his back in any of the fights, was now gripping it tightly with his right hand. His pupils had turned a rather furious shade of flame. The sword, which had not been pulled out from beginning of the competition till now, had always been his greatest reliance. But right now, even though he had not been standing in the ring, there was a strong impulse inside his heart to draw the sword. With great effort, he eventually held it back. With the strength of the shield of his sword, it was quite enough for him to block the momentum the roar had exuded.

Kenneth, head of the Cloud Sect, once again stepped down from the high platform.

His body was burly but he walked down step by step lightly, as if he was walking gracefully on air, like a general possessed by the heavenly god. The expressions on his face were more serious than ever right now, and he was troubled inside, though he did not show it.

"What's going on? How can the dragon roar have such a strong effect?" Kenneth asked seriously with the usual calmness and indifference written on his face, suddenly and finally replaced by a doubtful expression.

Elder Xu shook his head and replied, in an extremely concerned tone, "Jacques is so powerful that he can exercise the dragon bone spear to this extent. I am afraid that Zen… " his voice trailed off.

"No!" Kenneth replied abruptly and shook his head. He was thinking of a lot more than Xu was, so he was obviously more confused than the latter. Then, he continued, "No flood dragon is powerful enough to exude a momentum like this."

In his eyes, Elder Xu's analysis of the event was too cursory and simple. It was flawed. He simply thought that the dragon roar had been let out by the flood dragon's bone spear, but Kenneth did not believe so.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 443 The General Explanation About Legendary Beasts (Part Two)

His disbelief didn't arise from the thought that flood dragons could not have burst out a momentum of that degree. Indeed, they were perfectly capable. The momentum that had just broken out in the battle ring was strong and for the disciples of the younger generation, it was certainly extremely frightening. But in eyes of Kenneth, Elder Xu and other elders who were at comparable levels to them, it hardly deserved a mention in powerful forces of the time.

If a real flood dragon had burst out a roar, it would have been powerful enough to turn an entire hilltop into powdery dust.

It wasn't the power that Kenneth found formidable. Instead, it was the feeling that roar was giving Kenneth which made him ponder and had him worried.

There was something about it, as if it had experienced a nirvana and was now standing at the highest level, looking down on all living creatures as if they were nothing at all. This kind of otherworldly feeling could not have been brought onto him by a flood dragon at all.

The flood dragon was an aquatic creature with power over storms and floods, but was not a legendary beast. It was merely a close relative of one since it had dragon lineage behind it.

What Kenneth was worried about was the fact that such a powerful effect could only have been achieved by A GENUINE DRAGON!

He started pondering over things. The idea was a bit far-fetched but the effect he felt was coming from a super legendary beast!

"It's not from a flood dragon?" Elder Xu asked in astonishment. His eyes were full of an incredible expression. "Are you trying to suggest that it has come from a genuine dragon instead?"

Kenneth nodded slightly and replied in a solemn tone, "Yes, that's exactly what I'm thinking right now."

"Impossible…" Elder Xu immediately denied the idea when he heard it, almost out of reflex, completely forgetting that he was talking to his leader at the moment. "A genuine dragon doesn't exist. It is the product of legends, and a figment of our imagination!"

The world was a big place. There were some people who had practiced hard and made their way to the peak level of martial arts. Then there were those who liked to make up stories and legends about martial artists and legendary creatures.

Several years ago, a book called "The General Explanation about Legendary Beasts" suddenly found itself on the market and gained quite a bit of popularity. It spread all the way from the Central Region to the Eastern Region, with various pirated versions, and its popularity was such that the number of copies sold on the black market too was unfathomable.

All the public's common knowledge about legendary beasts and super legendary beasts had been derived from the same book and therefore, was not too trustworthy.

There were remarks in the book which had suggested that Genuine Dragon, Crimson Rosefinch, White Tiger, and Black Tortoise were the only four super legendary beast races to thrive in this world. There were others too, who belonged to the super legendary beast class; unique, powerful, but unable to thrive or reproduce to increase their numbers. For example, the Sky-Devouring Beast, the Nine Colored Phoenix etc.

It also spoke of creatures less powerful than the super legendary beast, though still quite incredible. These included the Roc, an unfathomably gigantic bird which could transform into a fish, the Blue Phoenix, the Nine-Colored Deer, and so on.

The book was full of legends about those beasts and had even gone so far as to describe a war between the Genuine Dragon and the Crimson Rosefinch, which had changed mountains and rivers, made stars fall down, and, in one strange moment, even turned the heavens and the earth upside down.

The contents of the book were pretty fascinating, but many strong people sniffed at them, because the authenticity of those contents it described could not be verified.

According to them, these unverifiable things were basically legends; stuff of novels could not be taken seriously. And after all, if someone did claim that the dragon was a super legendary beast and it existed, how could it ever be verified? And how could someone be convinced about the ranking of the four super legendary beasts without a shard of proof?

The flood dragon, on the other hand, could be easily proved as an existent creature, because it did exist and even thrived in the regions that extended across the globe.

Denied by Elder Xu, Kenneth heaved a long sigh, and then explained: "I fought for the Cloud Hall about ten years ago, and I saw the flood dragon during one of my missions. Although I was only able to catch a short glimpse of it, the powerful momentum emitted by the flood dragon affected me very much. I knew there and then that I would remember it for the rest of my life."

"Your grace, you have actually seen a flood dragon?" Elder Xu asked in amazement. The flood dragon, with its blood relation to the dragon lineage was still very close to a legendary beast.

Kenneth nodded and continued in a serious tone, "I can very surely say that the momentum of that flood dragon is basically the same as, or at least similar to the momentum that burst out from Jacques's bone spear. It was a very harrowing experience for me back then, and I can't have remembered it wrong."

After a pause, he went on, "But the dragon roar which just emanated from the ring is completely different from the flood dragon's roar. What's more, the feeling inside it was much more profound and meaningful. I am fairly certain that these two voices belong to two entirely different creatures."

After thinking for a while based on the facts that Kenneth had provided, Elder Xu was also immersed in the same doubts as Kenneth, 'How exactly could Jacques do that? How could he tap into the momentum of a genuine dragon and exude such strong force? Was it the bone spear made from the spine of the flood dragon in his hand? That was completely impossible!'

As a general rule, Kenneth could have easily detected the real situation through his superior spiritual sense. But right now, there was a demonic life vitality that had completely spread through the arena and no one could see through it.

There was something about it that stopped anyone from seeing through it with naked eyes and even spiritual sense as powerful as Kenneth's could not penetrate it at all.

As a result, all Kenneth could do was wait for the demonic life vitality to disperse gradually.

The stewards of the area, by contrast, were quite busy at the moment. Each of them was roaming around, holding a small bottle in their hands, filled with pills that had the power to nourish souls. As soon as they saw a disciple who was feeling unwell under the impact of the dragon momentum, they gave a pill to him. It was worth noting that the pill wasn't enough for those disciples who had passed out completely. The stewards had to perform emergency medical procedures on site to help them. Therefore, right now, the scene of the All Peaks Competition was very noisy and haphazard.

Master Wen, also under the impact of the dragon roar, felt unstable and his head was full of a buzzing, humming noise, which was giving him a headache.

At this moment, however, he was not worried about any possible damage to his spirit, but about Zen's safety, considering the fact that under the impact of the little bit of momentum which had dissipated from the battle ring and crossed into the audience area, even after it was half weakened by Elder Xu's green light curtain, Master Wen's spirit was still damaged.

Now that Master Wen was hurt, what about Zen who was standing almost at ground zero?

Although Master Wen didn't want to figure out the question, his face turned deadly pale when he thought of an answer.

Chapter 444 Explanation

Apparently, more than one person wanted to know the result. And Master Wen was the most anxious.

Except for the disciples who had fainted, all other onlookers stared intently at the fighting court.

As the demonic life vitality cleared slowly, a thin figure was seen standing in the arena. He didn't appear to be athletic, but he was full of strength. He was not tall, but people looked up to him.

"Zen!" Master Wen could not help exclaiming in excitement. At this moment, his eyes were full of tears, and he almost cried.

A fierce discussion began among the disciples. "Unbelievable! Unbelievable! Who can tell me what happened just now? Why is Zen standing there while Jacques is lying on the ground?" one disciple asked with disbelief.

"Are you asking me? I don't know either. I actually don't understand this fight at all!" another disciple answered.

"It was obviously Jacques who was attacking Zen. After all, his attack method used the roar of a dragon. But why is Zen standing while Jacques seems to be hurt? This makes no sense!" a third disciple exclaimed with an astonished look.

The result of the fight was beyond the expectation of the audience. They could not understand what had happened.

Zen shook his head. The Streamer Sword in his hand trembled when he took a deep breath. His eyes became brighter than before as his soul had upgraded once again.

Facing Jacques' attack method, Multiple Stabs of the Dragon Bone Spear, Zen could bear it with his Streamer Sword. But he felt it difficult to stand the power of the flood dragon attached to it. Even though Zen had tried his best, he was unsure of Jacques' defeat as the power of the flood dragon was so strong.

However, when Zen started fighting with his Streamer Sword, the cyan dragon in his mind also joined in. The cyan dragon roared and controlled the power of the flood dragon in a second. When Jacques heard the cyan dragon's roar, he was stunned.

This reaction gave Zen enough time to summon the black fire inside his body. In the blink of an eye, the black fire consumed Jacques' flood dragon bone spear.

Zen didn't expect the result of the melting process. Previously, the black fire would melt a weapon and extract heavenly essence. However, when the black fire melted the flood dragon bone spear, some drops of blood were extracted. These blood drops were different from a person's blood. Regular blood was liquid in form and would splash when it fell on the ground. But these blood drops bounced against the ground like a ball...

In the end, the black fire transported the drops of blood into Zen's mind and gave them to the cyan dragon. Of course, the cyan dragon swallowed them.

At the same time, two rays of shining light appeared from the mysterious melting furnace. One of them went into Zen's head, and the other flew into Jacques' head.

The shining light contained mysterious strength, and it could speed up the recovery of an injured soul. Even if someone's soul had been severely hurt, the shining light could help the soul become as healthy as it was. This was exactly what had happened when Zen opened the mysterious melting furnace for the first time. The refinement process repeatedly destroyed Zen's soul, but the shining light helped it recover every single time.

The cyan dragon roared with such a great force a moment ago that Jacques' soul had probably been irreversibly damaged. If the shining light had not been used to treat Jacques, he would probably become an airhead.

The seven-colored shining light not only healed Jacques' soul, but it also strengthened it. Zen was certain about this.

As Zen had sacrificed Jacques' flood dragon bone spear to the cyan dragon, he felt it was his responsibility to give something in return. Hence, his action was like a secret trade. Considering that the seven-colored shining light healed and strengthened Jacques' soul, it was probably equal to if not more valuable than the spear. From this perspective, Jacques did not suffer a loss at all. The only debatable point was whether or not Jacques would have agreed to swap his precious weapon for the service of the seven-colored shining light.

With the Streamer Sword in hand, Zen waved to the audience to show that the fight had ended.

The referee had woken up by now. He swallowed a pill to nourish his soul. Even though he had been injured and didn't have any strength, he struggled to announce expressionlessly, "Zen Luo from the Drizzle Peak won. And the personal disciple, Jacques Wang has been defeated!"

Just as Zen was leaving the arena, Kenneth and Elder Xu appeared in front of him.

"Your graces," Zen cupped his hands and bowed to them. What goes around, comes around. Zen had known that it would be impossible for him to leave without permission since such an unusual thing had happened to him.

The expression on Kenneth's face showed that he was still in shock. And it was the same with Elder Xu!

They felt the same way as the other disciples in the audience area—they were confused and didn't understand what had happened in the fighting court.

Kenneth thought that he knew everything about Zen. He had learned that Zen was practicing the Heavenly Ogre Fist. And he also knew that the Heavenly Ogre Fist had been inherited from the ogres. A copy of the book, Heavenly Ogre Fist had been preserved in the Heavenly Library and Zen had borrowed it.

Kenneth knew that Zen's soul attacking method was called the Spiritual Thorn and that it was a tier four cultivation method. As per Kenneth, it was an excellent achievement for Zen to have reached such a high level. It was also commendable that he had strengthened his soul despite being so young. While he could understand all these things, Kenneth was still in awe of what Zen had accomplished.

Zen's flying knife, although broken, was still a precious weapon with a long history. He must have obtained it by sheer luck. It was hard to tell its worth, but Kenneth didn't pay much attention to it at all. As the head of Cloud Sect, he would never be jealous of a disciple's precious weapon. Not to mention that the flying knife was not a perfect one. Kenneth wasn't that impressed with the flood dragon bone spear either.

Another advantage that Zen had was his mysterious basic swordsmanship. Kenneth guessed that Zen must have learned this on his own. Kenneth also spoke highly of the fact that Zen was intelligent and that he had tremendous potential.

All of these facts dictated how Kenneth felt about Zen. Such a talented disciple had impressed Kenneth to the point where he had decided to send Zen to Cloud Hall!

As a matter of fact, Kenneth had been quite precise in his evaluation of Zen. If Zen was measured by the talent system of 'heaven, earth, and human', Zen was at least at the heaven grade. Kenneth used the two words 'at least' as he thought that Zen had the potential to reach a higher level of talent than a 'heaven-grade' person.

Regardless of Zen's talent and his abilities that differentiated him from ordinary people, he could not have survived the dragon roar!

Kenneth had examined Zen's body using his senses. He didn't feel as though Zen had suffered from any injuries. On the contrary, Zen's soul seemed to be stronger than before! If Kenneth, the head of Cloud Sect, could speak rudely, he would have asked, 'What the hell happened? Who can tell me?'

"Zen, congratulations on winning this fight," Elder Xu spoke to Zen first. He had noticed that Kenneth had chosen to stay silent. After quickly glimpsing at Kenneth Shi, Elder Xu continued, "Could you tell us what happened here? Why is Jacques lying on the ground?"

"Elder Xu. I don't know how to answer your question. Jacques and I competed in the arena. One of us had to lose, and one of us had to win. It was either him or me. I'm not sure what else you expect me to say," Zen answered. Although he wore a serious expression, Zen's eyes gleamed with slyness.

Elder Xu smiled mockingly. And then he added, "I hasted to ask my question. Perhaps I wasn't clear. I want to know what happened during your fight. How did you defeat Jacques?"

"Actually, I don't know either," Zen replied in a confused tone. "Jacques came at me with his flood dragon bone spear. When he used the Multiple Stabs of the Dragon Bone spear, I had to use my sword to fight back. Just at that moment, Jacques released a dreadful dragon roar. I felt lost, and I couldn't think clearly. Soon after the roar, some rays of seven-colored shining light appeared. That was when Jacques fainted. Strangely, when the seven-colored rays of shining light touched me, I healed..."

Since Zen had swallowed Jacques' flood dragon bone spear, he had to make up this story. In his explanation, some parts were real, and some were not. These statements came together, and no one could tell whether his story was true or false.

"Seven-colored rays of shining light?" Elder Xu asked in surprise. He thought hard but still could not tell what a seven-colored ray was. Even more confusing was its quick-healing effect on a severely injured soul. He knew some pills were particularly helpful in treating people with damaged souls. But these pills could not work so quickly. If a person's soul had been damaged too severely, the pills might not work at all! The soul of a person was very fragile and difficult to heal.

"Seven-colored rays of shining light?" Kenneth also felt puzzled. He repeated the words as he thought of the possibilities. 'Could it be from the Seven Star Herb? But that is impossible. There should not be such a herb in the Eastern Region, ' Kenneth thought. 'The Seven Star Herb is a legend. It is said that if one is close to a Seven Star Herb, the herb will give off rays in seven colors. It is good for the soul. But if a Seven Star herb does exist, it will change the color of the heaven and the ground. Everyone will be able to see it. It is impossible to hide the herb. How could such a thing happen to Zen and Jacques today?'

Zen was glad to see that he had successfully misled Kenneth. So he continued his explanation, "I don't know what happened just now. And how is Jacques?"

At this moment, a steward walked up to Jacques and examined his body. After that, he said, "You graces, Jacques seems to be all right. He is unconscious, but he will wake up soon."

Kenneth nodded and remained silent as he contemplated his options. He furrowed his brows as he glanced at Zen. He was still confused as Zen's explanation had not answered his question.

"Let me wake Jacques, and we can ask him," Elder Xu said. As soon as he had finished speaking, his hand glowed with a green life vitality. Elder Xu walked up to Jacques and directed the green life vitality to Jacques's body in a steady stream.

After a while, Jacques blinked his eyes. "Where am I?" he asked slowly.

Zen became nervous. After all, Jacques was the closest to him when he had swallowed Jacques' flood dragon bone spear. If Jacques had seen that, and he reported it to them, there would be trouble.

Chapter 445 An Unsolved Mystery

Jacques had just woken up and he was confused. Unconsciously, he reached for his dragon-bone spear, only to discover it was missing.

"Now, where is my spear?" questioned Jacques feeling the panic welling up.

His dragon-bone spear was extremely important to him, and he had a connection to it after owning it for such a long time, which was why he discovered so quickly that it had gone missing.

"Is it in your space ring?" asked Elder Xu curiously.

Elder Xu and Kenneth had glanced around and didn't see Jacques' dragon-bone spear either and wondered if he had put it away.

"No," responded Jacques, but, then he wondered if he could be wrong, so he searched his space ring, and still didn't find it. "Impossible! How could my dragon-bone spear just vanish?!" exclaimed Jacques, giving Zen a suspicious glimpse.

Zen motioned to Jacques with a wave indicating he didn't have anything to do with it.

"Jacques, what happened when you and Zen were battling? Why did I hear a dragon roaring?" Elder Xu enquired about the incident again, even though he'd asked Zen earlier. What Zen told him hadn't made him feel any better.

Jacques racked his brain trying to think, 'Where did I put my dragon-bone spear?' He remembered that he was stunned by the roar of the dragon as soon as he started fighting with Zen, so, the details of his fight with Zen were fuzzy.

"I... I don't recall. I can remember the deafening sound of a dragon roaring, and the fight with Zen, but, beyond that, everything is a blur. I don't even know what happened later," Jacques said, shaking his head as he tried in vain to remember anything more.

Jacques' account of what happened relieved Zen because he would've been in trouble if Jacques told them it was Zen that made the dragon roar. Zen had previously used his demonic life vitality to block their vision, and that would raise suspicions since Elder Xu and Kenneth were both pretty smart guys. It wasn't easy to fool them.

"The roar comes from within your dragon-bone spear, right? Why's it so powerful? Is it because the explosion of your dragon-bone spear caused such a powerful dragon roar?" Since Jacques couldn't remember any details, Elder Xu offered some suggestions.

"That's right?" What Elder Xu said made Jacques hesitate. Although he couldn't remember what had happened, the final roar was far louder than what the dragon-bone spear had done previously. The shock of the roar was like a red-hot iron poker being seared into his heart, and he'd probably never forget how it felt.

'But, where did that last roar come from?'

Jacques remembered that Brady, the great weapon refiner who built the dragon-bone spear told him that there was still a remnant of a dragon soul within the bone. However, this dragon spine and its soul were tens of thousands of years old. Over time, this soul had almost disappeared, so, its power was feeble.

Brady hadn't completely destroyed the soul, but he had used runes to seal it. To him, the soul had long since lost its power of resistance, and sealing it within the spear increased the dragon-bone spear spirit.

"Did the dragon soul break the seal and choose to destroy itself?"

Jacques wondered aloud.

Elder Xu nodded in agreement as he pondered, 'That could be what happened, but where did the glow come from?' As he thought about it, he asked, "Jacques, did you see a colorful glow in your mind?"

"Colorful glow?" asked Jacques bewildered, and wondered, 'A colorful glow? I was out like a light. How could I possibly see any glow?'

"Well. Does it feel like your soul is any stronger?" Elder Xu questioned.

"Huh? My soul?" As soon as Elder Xu asked him, Jacques realized that his soul did feel different. His soul seemed to feel more sensitive and somehow steadier. It felt stronger.

At the Cloud Sect, there were some secret medicines for soul cultivation, which had healing effects on the soul. If the disciples here wanted to strengthen their souls, they had to take the medication for decades. However, even when they did, the effects weren't noticeable. Jacques' soul had become much stronger in the blink of an eye, which made him extremely happy.

But, Jacques was frustrated at the loss of the dragon-bone spear.

If it had happened to anyone else, they would have fainted at the shock. However, Jacques wasn't just talented, and he was also lucky. Although he was devastated at the loss, he believed his luck would drop something better in his lap.

After all, his dragon-bone spear exploded, and now his soul was much improved. If he had to choose between strengthening his soul and owning the dragon-bone spear, he would've given up the dragon-bone spear without hesitating since the means of improving a soul were few and far between.

And he just knew, he would land a better weapon down the road.

However, he didn't realize that it was because of Zen that his soul had grown stronger. Of course, Zen wouldn't be so obtuse as to tell him.

Elder Xu gave up questioning after asking twice without a clear explanation.

Kenneth shot a meaningful look at Zen before leaving. He hadn't detected anything wrong with the story, but deep down, his gut told him Zen had something to do with what happened.

It was just a guess. Kenneth liked Zen very much, so even if he were keeping something to himself, Kenneth wouldn't interfere.

The battle's effects were so great

that all the disciples were affected in various degrees with the exceptions of Rocher and Patrick.

Many of the disciples had to take medicine to heal their souls because of the damage done to their souls. If Elder Xu hadn't intervened in the battle in time, the consequences would have been severe.

After the break, the All Peaks Competition continued with a new referee on the field.

It shocked many spectators when Jacques failed, and Zen was more and more frightening to everyone.

How many people could survive a dragon roar like that? Many of the audiences believed the champion of the All Peaks Competition would be Zen, but, there were still some who did not feel that way.

After all, Patrick had an unfathomable power, Rocher still hadn't used his sword, and Evan was top-ranked on the Cloud Sect's list, and hadn't shown up yet!

Zen was able to resist the terrifying dragon roar though, which suggested he had an unusually strong soul, but so what?

Fighting other contestants shouldn't rely on their soul strength alone. It should also include their cultivation method along with their life vitality. Since everyone had different styles, Zen's soul strength ranking didn't necessarily mean that he would win the competition. No matter how great his soul was, he couldn't resist Rocher's sword, and he couldn't break through Patrick's defenses either.

It led many of the disciples to believe that Zen wouldn't be the All Peaks Competition champion.

These three sat out while everyone else continued participating in the competitions. As the competition went on, the peaks' rankings were determined.

Rocher, a Skytop Peak disciple, and Zen representing Drizzle Peak were in the top three, which meant one of those two peaks would be the winner, and the other would be the runner-up.

That meant that Drizzle Peak, the peak that was the lowest ranked, would surely be one of the top two of the thirty-three peaks! Add to it, if Zen defeated Rocher, then Drizzle Peak would jump from the bottom straight to the top.

This rise in rankings would mean massive changes for Drizzle Peak. For example, Drizzle Peak would get a monthly stipend along with more medicine, and the statuses of the disciples of Drizzle Peak would increase. Additionally, Cloud Sect would give them more resources, such as building practicing platforms on Drizzle Peak. In short, Drizzle Peak would enjoy many more perks than previously.

So, even if the final results weren't out yet, everyone was excited at Drizzle Peak already.

Both the inner and outer Drizzle Peak disciples had a gleam of excitement. Having been selected as members of Drizzle Peak had been very trying for the disciples because it was the worst of the thirty-three peaks. None of them had expected that a disciple who single-handedly improved Drizzle Peak, brought it up until it was one of the top two. And more surprising was that he was still only at the second grade of natural level.

The Drizzle Peak disciples never dreamed there would be such a great achievement, and still had a difficult time believing it, even though they were there, and witnessed it!

Zen's best friends, Wurth, Sean and Nory were all excited. Like the other Drizzle Peak disciples, they were proud of Zen's achievements, and even felt honored to know Zen.

They had all seen Zen's strength and thought Zen to be an extraordinary person, so they believed he could win! When the All Peaks Competition had begun, they thought Zen would at least make it into the top one hundred. However, when Zen made it into the top one hundred with ease and then the top eighty, fifty, twenty, five and now the top three, they felt he could make it to the number one ranking.

Every improvement was a miracle. If the competition was a play, then the ending would reveal that Zen was the son of a miracle.

Master Wen's eyes were filled with pride. He was content seeing how much Zen had achieved. He would be satisfied if Drizzle Peak became the second ranked of the thirty-three peaks.

"During the last competition, Yan, Zen's sister, miraculously brought the Lady Peak up to rank two by herself. Now, three years later, Zen is performing the same miracle," said one of the Drizzle Peak masters as he sighed admiringly.

Master Wen shook his head as he said, "It's a miracle, but, then again, Zen's much stronger than Yan!"

Chapter 446 I Believe In Zen Too (Part One)

Yan was undeniably a superb talent of Cloud Sect. An idea of her talent could be taken from the fact that she had bested Zen in both grade and speed. When it was time for the All Peaks Competition, she had already reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, and if that wasn't enough, she was only 15 years old at the time.

On the other hand, Zen was 17 years old at the moment but was merely at grade two of the nature level. So compared to Yan, Zen was quite slow in cultivation speed. However, that did not mean he had been totally overtaken.

When it came to fighting capacity, he was several notches above Yan.

Not only her, he was above almost all personal disciples. In the previous All Peaks Competition, the performance of disciples which were competing on behalf of some peak was not so good.

The top three, and even the top five places were all occupied by personal disciples, who had easily outwitted the disciples from the peaks.

But this year, the competition had been fiercer than ever and of the top 3 contenders, two were fighting on behalf of peaks. They were Zen and Rocher. What was more, neither one of them was at the Illuminating Soul Realm. This was the first time in history that such a result had been seen and until today, such a result was beyond anyone's imagination.

Zen and Rocher weren't the only black horses to break the record. The top inner disciples from other peaks like Wing, Sheeny, Jason, and Jill had also managed to defeat the personal disciples quite easily.

So this time, the peak disciples had prevailed over the personal disciples in the All Peaks Competition.

Among the personal disciples, only Patrick had managed to land a spot amongst the top five. It was up to him now.

As the pillar of the personal disciples, he had mastered the mysterious Buddhist cultivation method and his real strength was too deep for common men to predict. It was all on him now to defend the dignity of the personal disciples. If he lost too, then the year was going to be remembered forever as one when the personal disciples failed completely.

"Zen, Zen.." Master Xu of the Skytop Peak murmured the name, lost deep in some thought.

Master Xu had a good memory, and even if he hadn't, Zen wasn't the sort of person he would have forgotten easily. He still remembered the time when Zen had entered the Bloody Mountain for the trial practice. Not only had he managed to defeat a master like Ryan, he had also killed the only grade five unreal beast of the Bloody Mountain in the end. That way, he had earned the only black crystal fragment for his practice. This was a remarkable achievement, because ever since the time the Bloody Mountain was established, no disciple had ever earned the black crystal fragment.

From that moment onwards, Master Xu had become determined to get Zen on his side. He wanted to invite Zen and ask him to join the Skytop Peak. For this sole purpose, he had even gotten into quite an argument with Aura.

Unfortunately, not only did that argument go south for him, Aura had also won Zen's heart first. He didn't know what kind of method she had used to persuade Zen, but he was completely devoted to her now.

Foiled in his attempts, all Master Xu could do was think viciously, 'Although Zen is a potentially expensive diamond in the rough, does this Drizzle Peak which ranks the last possess any ability to carve him into a shining jewel?'

Zen had swept everyone aside and stood aloft in majesty. He had shown extraordinary talent in the All Peaks Competition and had even become the key opponent of the strongest disciple of the Skytop Peak - Rocher.

If Master Xu was given another chance, he would have definitely made another offer to him at a higher price when he was at the Bloody Mountain. As it turned out, Master Xu's initial assessment was wrong. A diamond needed to be polished. Zen... Zen was Platinum. He shone everywhere! There was no need to polish him. He seemed to be gold replenished with ever growing spells.

But alas! Master Xu had already missed him and that much could not be changed. Aura had already beaten him and enlisted Zen first. Master Xu heaved a sigh and shook his head. Fortunately, Rocher was there fighting for the Skytop Peak. His strength and potential was not lesser than Zen. It was yet to see who was going to be declared the final winner.

The round robin continued. More and more disciples whose names were in the lottery box were wiped out. With each passing round, the probability of Patrick, Rocher, and Zen getting pitted against each other increased.

Under every one's gaze, the steward went on drawing lots to decide the competitors of the next round. Finally, after numerous rounds, when he gave the names of the next contenders to the referee, the referee immediately announced, "Rocher of the Skytop Peak Vs Zen of the Drizzle Peak!"

"Finally it happens!"

"The showdown between two super talents of the Cloud Sect! I feel like my blood is going to rush out any moment!"

"Will Rocher use the sword? I really want to see his sword. What does it look like? Draw the sword!"

Rocher looked very calm. He slowly walked towards the arena. Against his graceful steps, Zen also ambled inside, looking calm and relaxed.

After they had arrived at the center of the arena and were now facing each other, Zen smiled and asked, "Everyone wants to see your sword today, Rocher. Is it really your plan to let it hang at your back during the entire competition?"

Rocher shook his head and smiled as well, "I said this before, I didn't use my sword because there was no need to. I never wanted to make a mystery out of my sword."

"But what about now?" Zen asked.

"Of course I am going to draw my sword." The crowd hooted after Rocher finished his words, Rocher reached out his slim fingers and grasped the sword on his back. He slowly drew it out from the sheath, inch by inch, each unit making the crowd go wild.

"Rocher is finally drawing his sword! We have waited for the moment for so long. It looks like Zen is the opponent that he is really worried about!"

"What kind of sword on earth is that? I really can't wait to see it!"

All the disciples gazed at Rocher's hand without batting an eyelid, curious about what the weapon was going to look like.

When Rocher finally took the sword completely out of the sheath, all the people were amazed.

"What's this? A rusty sword? Hang on, do swords rust?"

"No silly. They don't."

"So what, is that a common iron sword? My God! The sword that Rocher has kept with him all the time is turning out to be a load of crap!"

"Huh! Only a narrow-minded person like you is going to think it's crap. With Rocher's strength and knowledge, do you honestly think he is going to put a piece of crap on his back?"

"Okay, you're smart. So tell us what kind of precious sword would rust."

The sword Rocher had taken out was indeed covered with red spots.

The weapon refining skills of the Eastern Region had made it possible for any weapons, even the mysterious ones, to get preserved for decades. If well maintained, the spiritual weapons were supposed to last several hundred years without rusting out or losing their shine and sharpness. As for fairy weapons, they could last as long as a span of thousands of years.

Chapter 447 I Believe In Zen Too (Part Two)

A sword that wouldn't rust wasn't sure to be the best, but a rusty sword was definitely not a good choice.

However, here, the strongest swordsman among the young generation of the Cloud Sect was using a rusty sword. It was hard for the disciples of the Cloud Sect to accept this. They had great expectation for the sword.

Rocher was unaware of what was being discussed among the crowds at the moment. He slowly lifted the rusty sword and pointed it at the ground. "This sword is called the 'Blood-corroding Sword'." He slowly said, "The red spots on the blade are not rust spots, though they look like them. They're droplets of blood!"

Zen was a little astonished on hearing Rocher's words. The disciples who were mocking the fact that what Rocher was flashing was only a rusty sword also received a shock.

But whose blood would remain so fresh even after thousands of years?

Generally speaking, if the blood from a common human had splashed on the sword, it would have become dry immediately and formed some blood spots. But after a period of time, the spots would fade and gradually disappear. No human blood stains would last for over three years.

But the stains on Rocher's Blood-corroding Sword had lasted for thousands of years! Was it the blood from some legendary beast?

"How can blood remain fresh for so long?" Zen was also very curious. There was a feeling inside him that the blood could emit some magical power.

Rocher shook his head and replied, "I don't know. But this Blood-corroding Sword has helped me a lot in comprehending the sword philosophy. It also has its own soul that connects with mine. I am telling you this as the courtesy a fellow swordsman shows to another."

Zen smiled. Rocher was an interesting person, and polite too! Zen also took out his sword from the space ring. With a tinkling sound, the Streamer Sword was drawn out from its sheath.

"My sword is named 'Streamer Sword'. It's a low-grade fairy weapon. The body of the sword was made by Chase," he told his opponent slowly.

"It was made by Chase?" Rocher asked curiously.

As a swordsman, Rocher was interested in all kinds of swords. The last time that Zen had taken out this sword in battle, Rocher had curiously felt that it was somewhat familiar, as it was almost the same one he had seen at the second floor of the Weapon Pavilion. Several unfinished swords made by Chase were placed there.

But he clearly remembered that the swords he had seen hadn't been condensed yet, so he was thinking whether he could have been wrong.

But when he heard that the Streamer Sword was also made by Chase, Rocher was sure that it was the same one he had seen at the second floor of the Weapon Pavilion.

But that sword hadn't been condensed, how could it suddenly become a fairy weapon?

To clear his doubts, Rocher immediately blurted out, "If I remember correctly, this sword was one of the three weapons that Chase had refined before he died. But it was only an unfinished work as he hadn't managed to condense it yet. I wonder who helped you in finishing the final condensation process."

To Rocher's knowledge, the three great weapon refiners who were still alive did not have the ability to condense a fairy weapon of this grade. He was asking this out of curiosity. He then added, "I am only a little curious to know which master is able to refine a fairy weapon and helped Chase finish his work after Chase died. If you don't want to comment, or are not allowed to, you can stay silent."

Generally, a weapon refiner was more familiar with the weapon that he had refined himself. And it was easier for him to infuse his comprehension of the Heavenly Law into the weapon in the condensation process.

If someone other than the refiner himself wanted to condense an unfinished sword of Chase into a fairy weapon, it would have been very difficult.

At least no one in the Eastern Region could have accomplished it.

Hearing Rocher's question, all the disciples were also very curious to know the answer. It seemed that there was a story hidden behind the sword. As the disciples of the Cloud Sect, they more or less knew about the legend of Chase. And quite a lot of people knew that Chase had left this piece of his work unfinished before his death.

They were also itching to know the answer.

"Haha! I can tell you. This sword was condensed on the Quenching Peak by me," Zen answered honestly after thinking for a while. Rocher had been frank with him, so he didn't want to hide anything from him. Moreover, Zen had no qualms about letting everyone know this. Since he had chosen to attend the All Peaks Competition, he was going to gain a lot more influence and fame now. As long as he gained enough influence, several of his problems were going to be automatically solved, like Aura, Yan, and some of his own problems.

"You condensed it all by yourself? At the Quenching Peak?" Rocher was deeply surprised and his pupils narrowed.

Zen nodded. "To put it more precisely, I used the weapon refining smelter of the Quenching Peak to condense it."

Hearing this, the crowd burst into an uproar.

"Oh boy! Did I mishear? Zen condensed a fairy weapon by himself! Has he already reached the level of a weapon refining master?"

"Come on! A weapon refining master? That gets on my nerves now. Can't you ever stop exaggerating?"

"He must be bragging unreasonably about this. Any person's energy has got limits. He would have had to practice martial arts to reach such extraordinary level of fighting. Is it really possible for him to condense a fairy weapon at the same time?"

"But this is not something easy to brag about. Anyone can find out. There are so many disciples in the Quenching Peak. If it is a lie, they would expose it immediately. Zen has no reason to tell such a stupid lie."

Hearing this, Kenneth exhaled deeply. He glanced at Elder Xu who was sitting next to him.

Getting his message even without him saying anything, Elder Xu nodded and said, "I will send someone to the Quenching Peak to confirm it."

Weapon refining masters were also very important to the Cloud Sect. No wonder that Kenneth was attaching such great importance to the matter.

"Do it immediately. Then get news to me as quickly as possible. But I don't think the result really matters." Kenneth heaved a sigh and shook his head.

Elder Xu asked, "Do you believe Zen's words that he condensed the sword himself?"

"What do you think?" Kenneth asked back.

"I believe him." Elder Xu replied with a smile.

Kenneth pointed his fingers at Elder Xu. He didn't know what to say about Zen's talents that he had shown along the way. He finally replied, "I believe in Zen, too. He has already given me a lot of surprises. Forget about the claim that he can refine a fairy weapon himself. Even if he claims that he is the reincarnation of an immortal, I will also believe it."

There was probably not a single other soul in Cloud Sect who could get such a comment from Kenneth.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 448 The Heavenly Sword (Part One)

Elder Xu was stunned at what Kenneth said. It was quite high praise.

Kenneth worked for the Cloud Hall and his knowledge went beyond the entirety of the Eastern Region. He had seen the other side of the world.

Billions of people lived in the Eastern Region, and the Central Region was over ten times larger than the Eastern Region. The five regions in total did not dominate the globe as one thought. They were but a small corner of the main continent on the map.

The world was composed of people as many as the number of sand particles in the sea. It was almost impossible to keep count of.

In this vast population, there were a number of geniuses. Zen had good talent and even better luck, but it was likely that there were people more powerful than him out there.

Truth be told, Elder Xu was shocked at Zen's performance. The younger generation was better than the last, but could he really afford Kenneth's evaluation of being the reincarnation of an immortal? What did it mean for the world?

Watching Elder Xu at a loss for words and looking like he couldn't accept Kenneth's statement, the latter smiled softly. "Just kidding. Elder Xu, don't take it so seriously."

"..." Elder Xu was more than a hundred years old. Hearing the leader make such a joke out of the blue, he remained petrified for a while, not knowing how to react.

"But Zen is truly special. No big shots were from his family in the past. It could be that his background and bloodline is ordinary, but in this generation, two heavyweights have been discovered already, Yan, who has a peculiar body constitution, and then Zen, who has incredible strength. They appeared successively. Don't you think that's a strange coincidence?" Kenneth asked him.

Elder Xu shook his head. "Yes, it's a perplexing coincidence. But I don't find it too strange."

Kenneth looked at the competition field and watched Zen's Streamer Sword reflecting the sunlight, with specks of gold glinting as the weapon flexed. He said, "In fact, I don't find it strange either. I just feel that heaven makes surprising arrangements. It must be fate. Zen could be the dragon hiding in deep waters, but that wouldn't stop me from pushing him ahead. His current performance is exemplary. If he gets achievements in the Cloud Hall someday, it would benefit me."

To enter any sect in this wide world was not easy, but the Cloud Hall would welcome a genius. After all, if a sect wanted to develop and get stronger, they must discover and cultivate these unmatched talents cyclically.

If Zen made massive achievements in the future, Kenneth would stand to gain a lot from Cloud Hall.

Elder Xu nodded silently. As a subordinate, he could not speak up and interfere in the leader's arrangements. Kenneth seldom showed up. The fact that he was willing to talk to Elder Xu for so long and that he opened up to his subordinate was enough.

On the competition field, Rocher remained silent. He needed time to digest the shock Zen had brought on.

After a while, he said, "I started learning swordsmanship when I was six years old, and then comprehended a small part of the sword intent at the age of ten. When I was thirteen, I grasped the sword intent. And then I entered the consummation of nature level at sixteen. Even the ones who have reached the early stage of the Illuminating Soul Realm do not qualify to be my opponents. In the Eastern Region, few people are worthy of my admiration. Patrick was the first to deserve it. Zen, you are the second. But make no mistake, I will use all my strength in this round. I will leave no stone unturned."

Zen nodded. "Start the fight."

The two geniuses didn't need to partake in offensive speech in this battle. They had real strength, and they were solid and firm like massive rocks.

They knew that neither of them could get a rise out of the other through loose talk. Furthermore, a swordsman took a path of justice. What they learnt from each other through their swordsmanship would be invaluable. They wouldn't get so far with throwaway words.

Buzz!

Rocher inched his Blood-corroding Sword closer to himself and the weapon seemed to hiss. Shifting his feet, he began the strange Sword Step.

Watching Rocher, Zen couldn't hide the admiration in his eyes. If he was honest, Rocher comprehended the sword more deeply than him.

Zen hadn't been cultivating the sword for long. He might have comprehended the sword intent and even caught up to Rocher in this skill, but he couldn't blend himself with his sword like Rocher. The latter was a natural at this.

Rocher's Sword Step grew faster and faster, sword energy cyclones manifesting under his feet continuously.

"I will begin as well!"

Zen too moved his feet to the rhythms of the Sword Step.

Although Zen carried out his Sword Step according to Rocher's, there was a slight difference between the two.

Rocher's Sword Step was smooth in effect. Seen carefully, each step was calculated and equal in length to the three-foot long cutting edge of his Blood-corroding Sword. His Sword Step appeared soft but hid the killing intent cleverly. Once the edge was exposed, the killing intent would make itself known too.

On the other hand, Zen's Sword Step looked random, yet natural. His steps were not as soft as Rocher's, but appeared more potent in power.

The two stepped forward, setting a tempo with their feet as they faced each other on the competition field, looking for loopholes and mistakes in the opponent's moves.

But since they had cultivated to this level, they knew how to hold on to their nerves. They wouldn't make mistakes easily.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn't matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

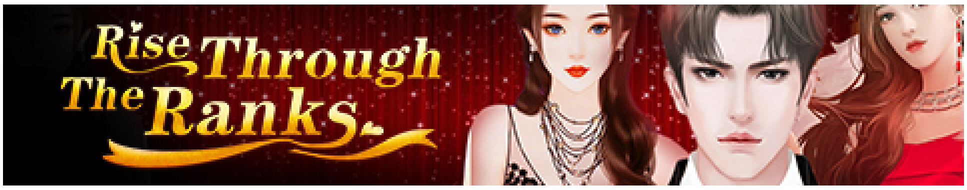

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

9

Content

Chapter 449 The Heavenly Sword (Part Two)
Chapter 450 Four In One (Part One)
Chapter 451 Four In One (Part Two)
Chapter 452 Blood Burning (Part One)
Chapter 453 Blood Burning (Part Two)
Chapter 454 The Sword Mountain (Part One)
Chapter 455 The Sword Mountain (Part Two)
Chapter 456 Killing Sword Mountain (Part One)
Chapter 457 Killing Sword Mountain (Part Two)
Chapter 458 Demon Night
Chapter 459 Sword Spirits
Chapter 460 Killing Way (Part One)
Chapter 461 Killing Way (Part Two)
Chapter 462 The Cheating (Part One)
Chapter 463 The Cheating (Part Two)
Chapter 464 Sword Washing Pool (Part One)
Chapter 465 Sword Washing Pool (Part Two)
Chapter 466 Follow The Genius' Steps (Part One)
Chapter 467 Follow The Genius' Steps (Part Two)
Chapter 468 Number One Peak
Chapter 469 Acalanatha
Chapter 470 Two Million Cubic Crystals
Chapter 471 Hidden Facts (Part One)
Chapter 472 Hidden Facts (Part Two)
Chapter 473 Yan's Homicidal Intent (Part One)
Chapter 474 Yan's Homicidal Intent (Part Two)
Chapter 475 Return Home For Revenge (Part One)
Chapter 476 Return Home For Revenge (Part Two)
Chapter 477 The Power Of His Fist
Chapter 478 The Body In The Diamond-like State
Chapter 479 Breaking The Diamond-like Body
Chapter 480 Karma Fire
Chapter 481 Going Crazy
Chapter 482 The Way Evan Came On Stage (Part One)
Chapter 483 The Way Evan Came On Stage (Part Two)
Chapter 484 My Queen (Part One)

Chapter 485 My Queen (Part Two)
Chapter 486 My Master
Chapter 487 The Laughingstock
Chapter 488 Broken Sword (Part One)
Chapter 489 Broken Sword (Part Two)
Chapter 490 Intercept
Chapter 491 The Rewards
Chapter 492 A New Beginning
Chapter 493 Tristan Luo (Part One)
Chapter 494 Tristan Luo (Part Two)
Chapter 495 It's Useless To Apologize
Chapter 496 Back To The Martial Arts Hall (Part One)
Chapter 497 Back To The Martial Arts Hall (Part Two)
Chapter 498 Not Interested To Know You
Chapter 499 The Blood Prisoner
Chapter 500 All The People Stood Up
Chapter 501 The Expectations Of The General Public
Chapter 502 Invulnerable Body (Part One)
Chapter 503 Invulnerable Body (Part Two)
Chapter 504 Do You Really Think You’re That Strong

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 449 The Heavenly Sword (Part Two)

Their Sword Steps appeared to interlace with each other even as they competed, looking like a beautiful dance of sorts. The disciples of Cloud Sect were dazzled and expressed it in raised voices.

"This... This is so captivating!"

"It's a treat for the eyes. If I can practice the Sword Step this way someday, I would be so strong at the nature level!"

"Huh. If you want to learn the Sword Step, you would need to comprehend the sword intent first. If you do comprehend it, you would be invincible at the nature level, but do you really think you can do it?"

As people talked, Rocher struck first. Deciding to tip the balance scale, he launched an attack.

He slid in his steps as if there was oil under his feet. When he finally stopped, thirteen sword intent cyclones dashed in Zen's direction.

Six sword intent cyclones came from the front, three cyclones from the left and the right respectively, and the last one was from the air above. They moved in a whirlwind, blocking Zen in all directions.

"Nice." Facing the thirteen sword intent cyclones coming at him, Zen too performed a slippery step. He created four sword intent cyclones. Even if his own sword intent cyclones were fewer than Rocher's, each cyclone was larger and more potent.

Poof...

The sword intent cyclones of the two opponents collided with each other and then shattered in the hit. It was a dead heat.

Just then, Rocher unsheathed his sword.

His attacks always went this way. At certain times, he wouldn't launch an attack at all, but once he attacked, he would fight non-stop, not giving any leeway. He had no plans to give the opponent a chance to even breathe halfway.

"Megrez Sword!"

This was Rocher's first time wielding his sword in this round.

When he wielded the sword, his breath seemed to change. The Blood-corroding Sword in his hand blurred.

What was stranger was that Rocher pointed the sword upward, the hilt tipping toward the ground. Zen felt the strong sensation of pressure, as if the sky had fallen on him.

'Has he cultivated the Heavenly Sword? He can borrow the power of the heavens?'

Zen wondered at the scene before him as he raised his brows.

Obviously, Rocher seemed to have borrowed heavens' powers to subdue Zen.

The natural law of the heavens was profound. Millions of generations of humans couldn't see through it to this date. The power of the heavens was unmatched. After all, if the sky fell, who could fight it?

But Rocher seemed to have borrowed a little of this power. He didn't have enough strength and hadn't yet touched the threshold of the natural law of the heavens, so he only had a tiny bit.

But even that little bit of heavens' power was so dreadful that it gave Zen a hard time. He felt like he had a terrible dead weight over him, making him unable to breathe.

'Rocher is really powerful, but... this power was borrowed, and he can't control it. My own swordsmanship is certainly all in my control!'

Zen chose not to retreat. Instead, he hit back with his basic swordsmanship. "Chop!"

He made a simple arc. It was the most basic movement, but the power hidden in the sword was beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

The greatest truths were the simplest of all. They reached the same goal by different means. No matter how they changed, they couldn't get to escape the simplest of sword moves.

Crack!

The two swords collided with each other, a clear sound resounding in the arena.

Many swordsmen would retreat if they didn't have the upper hand in the sword move and then try to attack more aggressively.

However, neither of the two seemed to want to back out.

Clang...

In the blink of an eye, the two opponents wielded their swords at each other seven or eight times in a row. They dodged the quick attack efficiently. It made the onlookers gawk at them in wonder.

Both of them looked calm, as if they were not fighting with swords but sitting across each other in a silent game of chess.

The disciples on the sidelines appeared far more nervous than the two on the competition field.

Among warriors, swordsmen were the kings. They were also the most in number.

As Rocher and Zen fought, the disciples of Cloud Sect held their breaths at the spectacle before them. Some swordsmen even clinched their fists, beads of sweat trickling on their foreheads.

As swordsmen, they comprehended what was happening in this match.

The disciples wouldn't understand a fight between top powerful men of the Illuminating Soul Realm or those of other higher levels, let alone comprehend its intricacies.

On the other hand, Zen and Rocher were strong, but not much more powerful than the other disciples. As long as the swordsmen got a gist of what was occurring behind the swordsmanship, they too could promote themselves. Some of them might even experience breakthroughs in such a situation.

"They have wielded the sword fifty times now..."

"A hundred times..."

"A hundred and fifty times..."

"Ugh..."

Rocher sighed heavily, at last moving back in silence.

He realized he couldn't prevail against Zen when it came to swordsmanship, so it was meaningless to fight him through sword moves.

There was simple power hidden behind Zen's basic swordsmanship. But when the simple went to the extreme, it became more complex. However, this was not a contradiction. It was just a complicated tactic.

Rocher couldn't see through Zen's basic swordsmanship.

As soon as Rocher stood steady at a distance, he drew a circle with the sharp sword in his hand casually. Life vitality spread out around him. Mixed with the sword intent, it made the Blood-corroding Sword buzz with life.

"The light and dark swordsmanship! I am not cruel, but I must prove the power of the heavens!"

Momentum spread across Rocher's body. His demeanor seemed to have changed, as if he were a spokesman of heaven in a world of humans. He looked like he was the son of heaven.

"Megrez Sword! Dubhe Sword! Merak Sword! Phecda Sword! Start all four kinds!"

Chapter 450 Four In One (Part One)

There were hundreds of ways to use a sword and a hundred other ways to use it spiritually. The swordsmanship Rocher had been practicing was called Heavenly Sword. This was a very potent cultivation method that did not belong to tier 4 or tier 5. In fact, even the second tier methods did not contain this illustration, simply because of the fact that the method did not belong to any tier at all.

This cultivation method was highly special—it was constituted by only one illustration, which was called the Heavenly Sword Illustration.

The illustrious method had turned up around eight hundred and seventy-five years ago, and at that time, it had stirred up quite a bit of turmoil in the eastern region.

The noble clans, the Burning Sky Palace, the Cloud Sect, and all the independent mighty practitioners as well which were scattered across the numerous counties of Eastern Region had chased it like a lion chased its prey. They had been extremely eager and the illustration had seen its fair share of blood. Rumor had it that the Heavenly Sword Illustration contained a powerful theurgy; if one mastered it, he/she would grasp the concepts of heavens and attain immortality!

Hundreds, thousands... No one knew just how many outstanding figures lost their life to the battle for this illustration.

In the end, it had been Cloud Sect itself which had managed to defeat all other competitors and obtained the Heavenly Sword Illustration. Later on, it was sent to the Burning Sky Palace for safe keeping.

The news had made a lot of practitioners grind their teeth in resentment. They wanted the illustration for themselves but they could not afford to mess with Cloud Sect or Burning Sky Palace. None of them had ever dared to break into the heavily guarded Burning Sky Palace and try to steal the Heavenly Sword Illustration. People had thought it was going to be hidden forever but things had gone South.

Exactly one year later, several copies of the Heavenly Sword Illustration appeared in market! It was said that those copies had been leaked from the Burning Sky Palace itself!

Why the palace leaked the copy of such a powerful method, no one had a clue. Rumors said it wasn't intentional. But the practitioners had still scrambled for them, even though they were just copies! If they failed to get one by force, they were even willing to pay a high price to buy one. A simple piece of paper, available in trash cans, once printed with the illustration could go for as high as the equivalent of about six hundred pounds of pure gold.

The practitioners still didn't find the price outrageous, even though the common folks of the city said that it was appalling even for such a powerful cultivation method.

Several business minded clans and merchants had bought a copy with a large sum of fortune, and then made several more of it to sell on their terms. Even at half price, the sheer demand was so high that they made another fortune with it.

Pretty soon, there came a time when almost everyone in the Eastern Region had managed to land himself a copy of the Heavenly Sword Illustration. The parchment then became like salt and its price began to plummet. Slowly the 600 pounds equivalent price turned into a single figure.

This had happened because, being a simple piece of paper in the first place, there were now too many people who were producing copies of the illustration.

That was only the secondary reason. A far more important reason arose when every single practitioner found that he or she just could not figure out a single thing about the Heavenly Sword from the Heavenly Sword Illustration...

They failed to understand it no matter how hard they tried, and had no clue what the heck it was...

Feeling that they had been fooled, those practitioners naturally became angry and dumped the Heavenly Sword Illustration on streets and in skewers as if it was nothing but trash.

This way, the highly powerful cultivation method found itself as the most widespread one among the Eastern Region, and also the cheapest one.

It was possible to practice this cultivation method, that much was certain. But the ability and the talent that its comprehension required was just too much for any one to master.

In the last eight centuries, among millions of practitioners in the Eastern Region, there had been three extraordinary guys who had successfully managed to master the method against all odds.

Zeki Zhu who lived 633 years ago, Matias Xuanyuan from 400 years ago, and Zain Ao from about a 100 years ago were the only ones to have mastered it. Till now.

And even though the three were all highly gifted, they had still only managed to learn three parts. The Megrez Sword, the Dubhe Sword, and the Merak Sword were the first three parts of the method but not the complete story. One could combine the whole into one if only one were gifted enough.

In so many generations throughout history, the three had only learnt the first three parts. From that legend, it was easy to imagine just how hard it was to practice the complete Heavenly Sword. And that was why few practitioners chose to practice this impressive cultivation method in spite of the easy access to its Illustration—it was just not designed for ordinary people! Its legend had spread far and wide and finally, after 875 years, Rocher had achieved the fourth part of the method!

"The fourth part, it's the fourth part! Rocher has grasped the fourth part — Phecda Sword—of the Heavenly Sword Illustration! Good heavens! He is the first one to manage that in 800 years!"

"Yeah, he is going to be a legend! Hang on. It seems like Rocher has not only been able to grasp the fourth part, he is going to display the four swords all at once. He is gonna merge the four swords and use them all at once! Zen is a goner now for sure!"

"I agree. Now Zen is going to be in trouble. You know, I once heard that each part of the Heavenly Sword can draw support from the power of the heavens. It is said that any practitioner who can manage the Heavenly Sword is a man favored by God, or we could call him son of God. Once the four swords are out, Zen will definitely lose!"

"At first I thought that Zen was the one more powerful between the two, but I think we now know that in front of Rocher, Zen has no chance at all!"

A tiny shadow of a seed suddenly burst open before Rocher. Then, a fine tread emerged on the top of his head and abruptly shot up into the sky. In an instant, a gigantic whirlwind tornado appeared in the sky. As it came into being, it cascaded down towards the ground at a furious pace.

Chapter 451 Four In One (Part Two)

Soon as it touched the ground, it started to dissipate like mercury spilled onto the earth. This whirlwind was the vitality between the heavens and the earth!

The vitality itself was extremely violent and dangerous, especially when it had not been refined by practitioners and transformed into life vitality yet. But due to that precise reason of not being refined, it still contained a trace of the natural law in it.

In fact, it was said that when a practitioner reached higher levels of cultivation, and entered stronger realms, he would, in theory, be able to utilize this vitality between the heavens and the earth at his will. It was almost like commanding the world!

However, merely at the rank of nature level consummation, Rocher could not directly make use of the vitality. That did not matter today. The Heavenly Sword never actually "used" the vitality. It merely "drew support" from it and that, it could manage without Rocher's help.

Even drawing support from the vitality meant that Rocher was extremely powerful beyond thoughts and imagination.

"Four in one!" He commanded.

A faint shadow of a sword intent appeared around Rocher's Blood-corroding Sword. He had employed the sword intent to trap the natural law inside his sword. Using this extreme momentum which could generate ultra high quantities of impulses, he thrust immediately at Zen.

Although sword movements were of great importance in combating, the role those movements played could be outshone by the absolute power the sword carried.

As the sword shoved forward, it was like the sky had flipped over! The very air seemed to vibrate and twist. The sun seemed to shimmer!

The power of Rocher's four-in-one sword was formidable to say the very least. But it completely differed from Jacques's soul attack, and was not supposed to cause any damage to one's spirit.

Therefore, the audience was just a bit out of breath due to the overbearing air of this sword, unlike the last time when Zen and Jacques battled; in that battle, their souls had been bled dry of courage and they were almost gone. This time around, their souls were intact.

At the sight of Rocher's sword, an opponent who was a little wimpish or didn't have a strong willpower would have practically wanted to turn around and flee, because he wouldn't have had the guts to face it!

The disciples of Cloud Sect who were standing or sitting off the arena were already so unnerved; one could imagine just how Zen was doing on stage.

At this moment, Zen felt like he had entered a fairyland!

Everything looked ethereal, and there was only one gull on this land. He was standing by an endless coastline all alone, watching the entire sky collapse and bear down upon him.

This was not a spiritual attack. And all the scenes Zen saw were just a series of illusions caused by the menacing air of the sword.

"It's just some support he has drawn from the heavens and the earth, but the effect is already so amazing. What a powerful method! It's dangerous too, a bit too extreme for my taste."

Clutching his Streamer Sword, Zen cried to the sky, "How do I tackle this one?"

If this were any other disciple facing such a situation, he or she would have most probably been on the verge of having a nervous breakdown. Once his heart went unsteady, he would lose the battle right away and wouldn't find any more chance to turn the tables!

However, Zen's heart had long since become as tough as a rock. Even if the sky had really caved in this time, he would have fought through till one of them won. And this? This was only a bluff that Rocher made up with the help of the vitality his method was drawing support from.

As the illusion advanced on him, Zen's life vitality slowly began to circulate inside him, almost as if in self defense.

His demonic life vitality gradually climbed up along the hand that was holding his sword. Stars were glittering above the dark purple aura of life vitality which was fluttering around the Streamer Sword. The stars themselves were roaming around in spirals or ellipses.

"Flick the sword!"

This was the most powerful move that Zen had grasped by himself whilst learning 'basic swordsmanship'.

Simultaneously as his sword stabbed forward, the spots of starlight strewn across the demonic life vitality suddenly sprang to life!

In theory, each of these spots could release a shot of overwhelming energy, which was already quite potent.

But right before the All Peaks Competition, Zen had, without any prior intentions, unexpectedly entered the Sun Moon Stars Picture. In there, he had received an insight on how to boost the power of the starlight while he was observing and meditating.

It was theorized that the collision of even two spots of starlight could make the already overwhelming energy 10 times more dangerous!

"Boom!"

With a deafening bang, two of the spots crossed paths and clashed, radiating blinding rays of light as if two real stars in the sky had bumped into each other.

Precisely at that very second, Zen's sword lunged forward.

Aided by the fusion of the stars, his sword was now carrying fierce and terrible amounts of energy.

'He has merely taken advantage of a bit of the vitality between the heavens and the earth. Meh! That aura is nothing, Rocher. Even if the sky had actually fallen down, I would have still crumbled you!' Zen bellowed inside his mind, strengthening his resolve even more.

Rocher's four-in-one sword converged with Zen's sword. At that moment, both of the contestants saw the towering determination in each other's eyes!

They were both determined to win in any possible way!

"BANG!"

With another loud clang, a ball of blazing light instantaneously rose from the arena.

As its shine increased and reached blinding levels, everyone felt the heat and became blinded for a moment.

After quite a while, the audience gradually started to recover their vision. What was going on! Slowly, as the arena came into focus, they saw that Zen was still standing in the same spot he had been, as motionless as a statue, while Rocher had been forced five steps backward, with a trace of blood hanging at the corner of his mouth.

"Holy cow! Zen's one sword attack pierced the monstrosity that Rocher conjured up!" A disciple shouted indecorously.

Chapter 452 Blood Burning (Part One)

Surprisingly, the battle between Zen and Rocher was less ferocious than that between Zen and Jacques. At least for the moment, it looked like that.

After all the cyan dragon's roar during that particular event had been terrifying, shocking, and destructive. It was the sort of thing that Zen would never forget.

Although Zen's horrible strength had erupted fighting with Jacques, his battle with Rocher was more fascinating. This was because most of the previous battle had been fought secretly.

Zen had used his demonic life vitality to shroud the fighting pit in mist and not let anyone see. Though the audience had heard the terrifying roars of dragon, they had no idea what was going on inside that mist.

But this battle, between Zen and Rocher, was something else!

Both of them were swordsmen who had a thorough understanding of the sword intent. They were considered one of the best sword masters in Cloud Sect and the battle between them was extremely balanced; so much that it could have ended in a stalemate.

One of them was a once-in-a-century genius who had already penetrated deep into the supernatural mysteries inside the Heavenly Sword Illustration. Therefore, he was capable of using the power of the heavens against his enemies. The other man, a simple and noble practitioner, wielded his sword in a mysterious but basic way. He refused to cower even while confronting the heavens' power. His sword was held smartly and he fought back effectively.

Seeing this, all the disciples of the Cloud Sect were unimaginably excited. After Rocher's failed Heavenly Sword demonstration, they were now looking forward to seeing something much bigger and more shocking.

The elder disciples of the Cloud Sect had already witnessed the All Peak Competition many times in their lives and they had, at times, even been able to anticipate the outcome. However, none of the previous competitions could have been compared to this.

"Rocher's abilities in wielding a sword are unbelievable. I mean he is the first guy ever to enter the fourth level of the Heavenly Sword. And he is the first in eight centuries. And Zen... Zen's more than that. He has even been able to confront the forces of the Heavenly Sword with some basic sword methods. I have never seen anyone defeating mystical things with basic skills all my life."

"It's unfair. When I was practicing the sword, the wizard in my village told everybody that I was born to be a great and successful swordsman. But it turns out that I'm just a joke compared to these two guys."

"Zen is the sort of person you'd call crazy. He succeeded in making use of such ordinary things to defeat such superpowers. How could he manage to exert enormous power by wielding his sword in some basic ways."

While the disciples discussed the battle, the elders and the saints who were watching the battle from outside the fighting pit sighed that their time was now gone. This era now belonged to these young and talented disciples. So many talented and excellent disciples had shown themselves in this All Peak Competition, each with their own area of expertise. One of them would surely grow up and start a glorious, new era.

Rocher wiped the blood from around his mouth. He stared at Zen coldly, surprised.

He had thought that his Four-in-One art of fencing was powerful enough to beat Zen and had never expected Zen to survive that. However, he had clearly under-estimated his opponent and his fighting capacity.

Zen just flicked his sword, which had exerted a simple but extremely powerful force, in which the force of the stars was hidden. It had been strong enough to shield him against heavenly forces.

What surprised Rocher the most was that Zen had created the force of stars merely with his life vitality instead of borrowing its power from other places.

Even after that, how could he defeat the Heavenly Sword?

In contrast to Zen, practicing the art of Heavenly Sword and trying to learn from the Heavenly Sword Illustration had allowed Rocher to communicate with the heavens. It was a rare thing to accomplish but Rocher had succeeded, despite all odds. Therefore, he had become the real master of the Heavenly Sword.

This way, his powers just now had come from the heavens themselves. He had actually borrowed the heavenly forces for this attack.

None of them were his.

However, the forces of the stars were the ones Zen had artificially created through contemplation. How was that even possible? Did he accomplish this by looking at the stars?

It was rumored that some warriors from the Eastern Region had once tried to look at the stars and contemplate to enhance their martial arts.

After they had entered the nature level, all of them were known to be trying so desperately to find some strange things for their contemplation.

They would carefully look at sword, knife, bow and arrow, stone, tree, house, picture or other strange and seemingly unrelated things.

Some had even gone further and tried to look at the stars, the moon, and the sun.

But the stars were far away and subtle. How could they succeed in borrowing power from stars? How could they turn their life vitality into the force of stars?

And even if some of them had managed to make some progress, none of them had actually succeeded in figuring out the spirits of the stars. When they had tried to turn their life vitality into stars, all they had got in return was useless stones. There was no force near the stars to find. Nothing.

Therefore, those warriors had abandoned the seemingly powerful but actually useless things like the moon, the sun, the stars, the sea and the mountain. These things only looked impressive or even imposing. However, time and time again, they had failed to empower the warriors.

It was worth mentioning that some talented folks had accidentally figured out how the star force worked but those were just legends. And none of them had ever risen from the Eastern Region.

Rocher had no idea that Zen didn't have to contemplate and search for the stars in the sky. He just needed the Sun Moon Stars Picture, which didn't belong to this world at all.

The strength of the masters who had drawn and produced the Sun Moon Stars Picture had been unimaginable.

"I thought that I had no rival at the same level with me. Even the warriors who have reached the Illuminating Soul Realm would have surely suffered defeat at my hands. I have only one rival, Patrick. If I was fighting with him right now, I would have stood a 50-50 chance of success. However, if I, with strength of the nature level consummation, had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, it would have been impossible for me to lose!" Rocher remarked slowly.

Patrick remained motionless and showed no emotions on his face, sitting cross-legged and with his eyes closed.

Then, Rocher added, "I need to think bigger and go to a larger world. The Eastern Region is too small for me and discourages me to grow up or become stronger. I have the whole world ahead of me to conquer. I need to challenge the thousands of talents born in this world. I need to do better than this little Sect. After the All Peaks Competition, I don't care if I'm allowed to walk across the Cloud Road or not. I will go to the Central Region and find a bigger world to conquer."

Chapter 453 Blood Burning (Part Two)

Hearing Rocher's brave and bold words, all the disciples took a deep breath.

None of them had ever thought that Rocher could be so ambitious.

Everyone had dreams. Warriors from humble backgrounds wished to reach high levels so as to help their family's survival and to seek better social status for themselves. Business minded folks wanted to make vast amounts of fortune in this world.

However, warriors from the noble clans dreamed bigger. They had to fight their way out among their brothers and sisters, contending for the position of the head of the whole family. Then, they would make great efforts and spend vast amounts of time in leading their family to a place where it could stand out among all the other clans and families. However, none of them had ever dared to compete with families from other regions.

The Central Region was much bigger than the Eastern Region. The top seven noble clans could ride roughshod in the Eastern Region but they would be a completely fool if they ever dared to do that in the Central Region.

Rocher was either remarkably brave, or foolishly bold. He thought that he could beat those families from the Central Region and from the other parts of the world.

The world was vast in size. Most of it hadn't even been explored yet.

He was more like a beggar from a small town in his efforts; a person who had no idea of how big his country was. However, all of a sudden, he had announced that he would be the king one day.

This sounded laughable. But, even an emperor, before founding the Burning Sky Empire, was born a beggar before he had finally become a ruler.

Anybody with such an ambitious plan was better than most of the disciples from the Cloud Sect.

"Meeting you before I leave the Eastern Region is such a surprise to me. Zen, do you know that? You, with just two steps into the nature level, used some basic sword techniques and beat my Four-in-One sword. I practice the Heavenly Sword and that allows me to strike a sympathetic chord with the heavens. I think our meeting is a gift from the God. Perhaps you're a test to me. If that is the case, then I simply have to defeat you and move further, because I can't defy the wish of God."

The blood on Rocher's Blood-corroding Sword seemed to come alive and vibrated slowly on the blade itself. A few seconds later, a seed appeared between his eyebrows. He raised his sword slowly and calmly told him, "I have prepared this for Patrick. But now I have to use it to defeat you."

Suddenly, the seed ruptured.

With a crack, blue light shot from inside Rocher's eyes, and his temperament changed fundamentally.

"My precious sword, I'm appealing on behalf of the heavens. Help me and drive the endless cycle of birth, death and rebirth."

"Bang! Bang!"

With the spell that Rocher had just used, the weather suddenly became more violent and fought itself restlessly.

"The wind rises!" Patrick remarked, eyes still closed.

Sitting outside the fighting pit, he could even feel the currents moving around him, which was the abnormal phenomenon Rocher had caused and now, those currents seemed to be in his command.

The wind got stronger as the vitality from the skies and the earth accumulated into one more and more quickly.

The sword technique used by Rocher in the last round was called Four-in-One Sword, which had gathered the power from the sky to strike Zen.

It had looked like the sky itself was falling towards Zen, trying to crush and kill him.

However, this time it was different. Rocher had collected the sky's strength and was holding it in his sword.

A few moments later the wind stopped and Rocher stood there with his sword in his hand. The currents of a violent storm were now trapped inside his sword, begging to be released. At this very moment, he was extremely normal, except for his blue eyes.

He seemed like a regular sword man, standing there quietly.

However, this seeming silence was a great threat to Zen. He clearly knew that the strength behind his abnormal calmness was much more terrifying than his Four-in-One Sword had been.

That did not mean that Zen was afraid. At this moment, he found that his blood was racing around in his veins and his heartbeat was accelerating more and more quickly. He was getting extremely excited.

'I come from a humble family. Before joining the Cloud Sect, my biggest dream was seeing my sister one more time, though it hasn't been achieved yet. But my dedication to the practice of martial arts is no less than you, Rocher. I also really want to climb up to the top of the mountain and see the big world.'

Thinking about this, Zen's eyes suddenly became as red as burning fire. He wielded his sword, and the sword intents which were now being released, looked like lotus flowers in full bloom. The demonic life vitality he had hidden, was mixed with starlight and flowing on his sword.

Both of them gathered their strength for a long time before their swords finally clanged one more time. One more furious move about to decide the outcome of this battle.

However, only normal impacts were produced and limited power was released.

In comparison, the fencing in the last round had been much more terrifying and stunning. To be very frank, even the training of the disciples usually looked more stunning than this round of sword fight.

Two sword shadows met for a moment and then they separated. Not even a sound was made.

"What's happening? Much cry and little done? I thought the whole world would be turned upside down once again. Such a disappointment!"

"Is it over? Is it done? Who won? Is the referee saying anything?"

"What's he trying to do? Trick us? It's gonna be a total disappointment. I have been waiting for this for such a long time. I just can't believe that the game is over in such a simple and ordinary way."

The sudden end of the competition gave rise to much discussion among the audience. None of them knew what had happened.

On the other hand, the saints of the Sect and even Patrick kept their eyes open, as they stared at the fighting pit, surprised and shocked.

Tracy, hiding in a corner, had to cover her mouth to prevent herself from screaming out, because she seemed to have figured something out. She also looked horrified.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 454 The Sword Mountain (Part One)

One might remember that although Tracy was strong, her strength lay in her talent and blood, rather than in her diligence.

As far as knowledge and experience was concerned, she was nowhere close enough to the saints and elders of Cloud Sect, or even Rocher and Patrick. So naturally, the reasons for their surprise were quite different.

Patrick was surprised because he understood what had happened inside the combat ring.

Tracy's shock did not arise from the fact that she had understood something, but because her Blue Phoenix's blood was tingling inside her body. Even though not knowing what had actually happened, the tingling phoenix blood inside instinctively sent a feeling of fear all across her body, as if some sort of natural defense mechanism. The tingle was enough to tell her that something extraordinary had happened around her. The Blue Phoenix was a legendary bird and was capable of extremely strong perception skills. It could sense things. If there was any danger in the surrounding environment, the blood of the Blue Phoenix would tingle, warning the owner of the danger.

This was why Tracy was shocked and had almost screamed out.

Patrick didn't have the blood of the Blue Phoenix and therefore, could not sense something unusual. However, he had already noticed that the skills utilized in the fight between Zen and Rocher had been far beyond their cultivation levels. This also meant that whatever had happened was also not some common phenomenon.

"If my eyes don't deceive me, then their swordsmanship has just reached the most perfect level there can be. Both Zen and Rocher have taken inspiration from the fight and both reached the consummation level of the sword intent." Patrick muttered under his breath. An expectant expression, almost ecstatic secretly flashed on his face because he thought that he had finally found his match.

Until now, there was only one disciple in the entire Cloud Sect who ranked stronger than Patrick did among the hundreds of thousands of disciples being trained every day. Evan was the strongest disciple of the Cloud Sect and of course, above Patrick. His identity was somewhat special. Strictly speaking, he shouldn't have been counted as a disciple of the Cloud Sect, and Patrick should be the Number One disciple in the sect.

For that reason, Patrick had paid little attention to the All Peaks Competition at first.

With his strength, and Evan not participating, no one would have been Patrick's match. It didn't matter whether he faced the top disciples of the thirty-three Peaks or personal disciples of the saints and elders of Cloud Sect. The final result of this All Peaks Competition did not make him curious or expectant since no one could have inspired his fighting will.

But as the competition progressed and Zen and Rocher gradually showed their strengths in the round robin competition, Patrick found that the All Peaks Competition had become more and more interesting.

He had been deeply impressed by Zen's victory over Tracy and Jacques and Rocher's unique Heavenly Sword. The competition had become more fascinating than ever.

Finally, he had found someone who could have matched him in this competition.

Both Zen and Rocher had the ability to fight him and could, perhaps, even defeat him in some stroke of luck. He should become serious now.

However, he completely disagreed with Rocher's claim that he had a fifty percent chance of defeating him.

It was not that Patrick despised Rocher. On the contrary, he deeply admired the contestant and was impressed by the fact that he could master the four swords of the Heavenly Sword just at the consummation of nature level. When he himself had been at the consummation of nature level, he had been much weaker than Rocher was right now.

After Patrick's practice of the Buddhist cultivation method, his personality and mentality had become very relaxed, and he was very open-minded when looking at the problems in his life.

In his eyes, the highest possibility Rocher could have had of defeating him was not fifty percent, but thirty percent.

To be honest, that was a very high evaluation indeed. After all, Patrick was a strong master at the Illuminating Soul Realm while Rocher was at the consummation of the nature level. The gap between their cultivation level was vast.

But things were different now. Patrick hadn't expected that Rocher would be able to comprehend the consummation of the sword intent. He realized that his assessment of Rocher's ability had indeed been lower than he deserved.

Patrick deemed that Zen was slightly stronger than Rocher. Although he hadn't been as remarkable as Rocher, he had used a lot of skills one by one during the fight, which had stunned the audience. In view of such an opponent, Patrick, who had always been calm, had become a little restless. The important part of being a warrior was to not let your enemy get into your head and Zen had managed that.

And who knew if Zen was hiding more skills up his sleeve? This unfathomable feeling made Patrick realize that of all the contestants in this year's competition, Zen was perhaps the most deserving to fight with him.

Patrick thought to himself, 'However, it is difficult for him to defeat me. It is highly probable that he will be restricted by his low cultivation level. What gets me is that at his current strength, it is weird to see him only at second-grade of nature level.'

What was more unexpected was that Rocher and Zen had reached the consummation of the sword intent at the same time in battle.

The sword intent was an artistic conception which was extremely difficult to comprehend and equally difficult to master.

Why was there no sound when the two swords clashed? The audience was shocked because when Zen's Streamer Sword and Rocher's Blood-corroding Sword, two first-class weapons had collided so hard, no sound was heard. It was as if they were made of paper.

The reason for this lack of bang with the flash was that as soon as they realized the consummation of their sword intent, they had entered a perfect state of epiphany, and it had suppressed the sound completely in an instant.

It wasn't that they were not powerful enough. Rather, all their life vitality and bodily strength had disappeared at once when they had reached the consummation of the sword intent. At that moment, the only thing for them to possess was the sword intent. Everything else would have gone blank to make way for it and therefore, there was no sound.

Chapter 455 The Sword Mountain (Part Two)

Patrick looked at Zen and Rocher, then closed his eyes. He hadn't had a psychological fluctuation in his brain for a long time, but today there was a slight perturbation in there. He wanted to make it go away, since this was a great taboo in practicing Buddhist cultivation method.

"No fluctuation is calm, no change is constant. Sooner or later, I will have to fight the two. And I will defeat them. Calm down, calm down!" Patrick murmured to himself.

"Did they both just realize the consummation of the sword intent at the same time?" wondered Kenneth. He couldn't help rubbing his rough hands together with an expression of ecstasy on his face.

There were not many people in the world who would be able to comprehend the sword intent. One who could cultivate the sword intent was considered genius and was sure to become a successful practitioner in the Eastern Region. As for those who could realize the consummation of the sword intent, they were often listed among the top ranks of the Cloud Sect! All the saints and elders wanted such top disciples listed under them as personal disciples.

Rocher was a man of ordinary origins. After he was admitted to Cloud Sect, numerous elders had wanted to take him under themselves as their own disciple because of his excellent performance. But Rocher felt a strong sense of belonging to Skytop Peak and was not willing to be a personal disciple. Therefore, he had been staying at the Skytop Peak until now.

Zen had cultivated swordsmanship only for a short time, and his skills of Sword Steps had been learned from Rocher stealthily. Until this competition had taken place, most people in Cloud Sect didn't even know his name. So no elder had been keen on recruiting him to be his own disciple.

The Cloud Sect attached great importance to the disciples who had got the great achievement on the sword intent, so did Kenneth, the head of

Cloud Sect. Because these disciples had unfathomable future potential, and Kenneth would recommend them to the Cloud Hall.

After this round of the competition, Kenneth was satisfied that he had found two disciples who had realized the consummation of the sword intent at the same time in battle. To the best of his knowledge, such a thing had never happened before.

It could have been called a once in a lifetime experience.

And to be honest, such a thing happening in the middle of the fight was even beyond the swordsmen's expectations, let alone Kenneth's.

The superior abilities of the two guys were enviable. Some people were thinking that sometimes, life really was unfair.

When someone had realized the consummation of the sword intent, they would enter a special state. This state had the power to shake both time and space and even bend reality itself.

Not much was known about it. All Patrick knew was that sound and life vitality would dissipate when a cultivator realized the consummation of the sword intent, but he didn't understand the principle.

As leader of Cloud Sect, Kenneth had broad and profound knowledge, so he knew the reason.

The two swordsmen were so powerful that they had both entered into a special state of epiphany that accompanied the consummation of sword intent, especially when it happened at the same time. This state would cause a slight dislocation of space around them.

Elder Xu cast a meaningful look at Kenneth and saw him in an ecstatic state. Kenneth laughed on his curious glance and told him, "I've found treasures."

It seemed certain that Zen and Rocher would pass the exam of Cloud Road, since they had reached the consummation of sword intent at the same time. There was enough in that to make Cloud Hall attach importance to them. And Kenneth was confident that Zen and Rocher would both perform excellently on Cloud Road anyway.

To be accurate, Kenneth's evaluation of them was not 'excellent' but 'good'. After all, the Cloud Road was not easy to pass through. He had to keep a margin in his evaluation.

Right now, Zen and Rocher were on the ground, blissfully unaware of everything around them in a state of epiphany.

Right now, the most important thing for them to do was to explore the sword intent and the mysteries that lay deep within it.

There was no need to worry about winning the competition at the moment. Consolidating what they had just comprehended was the first task right now.

However, not everyone was as knowledgeable as Patrick or Kenneth and therefore, most of the disciples couldn't understand what was going on.

"What the hell are they doing?" "This is competition time. Are they really going to cultivate right now?"

"Boo! This is so boring! They didn't fight much yet. There was just some sloppy fencing, and since then, they have been sitting on the ground motionless."

"Is the competition over? Who won?" "They are wasting our time. Are they going to fight or not?"

Just as the crowd's complaints were getting loud, Elder Xu flew over them and snapped in a low voice, "Shut up you all! Zen and Rocher are cultivating in a state of epiphany. Don't disturb them! If anyone makes the least amount of noise after this warning, he is going to be expelled from Cloud Sect immediately!" he warned.

Hearing the warning from Elder Xu, the disciples became instantly quiet and didn't even dare to breathe abnormally.

Cloud Sect attached great importance to training talents and did not tolerate anyone disturbing those talents. They focused especially on the geniuses which stood out from the disciples.

It could be said that the value of several geniuses, such as Zen, Rocher, Patrick and Tracy, were almost equal to the value of hundreds of thousands of ordinary disciples combined.

Being a genius meant that one could stand out from the hundreds of thousands of disciples, while mediocrity would only remain unknown. Cloud Sect was very tolerant. Every disciple would get a variety of benefits and welfare as soon as they entered Cloud Sect. But Cloud Sect was cruel too. The resources it showered on the gifted were far apart from those it allowed the ordinary people to have. That was the system.

Zen felt that he was in a strange state. It was supposed to be dark and he should not have been able to see anything since his eyes were closed. But right now, he could see a mountain standing erectly in front of him.

It was a mountain with swords struck on it everywhere, protruding like rocks here and there.

Chapter 456 Killing Sword Mountain (Part One)

The mountain that stood in front of Zen looked like a wild beast from ancient times.

There were hundreds of thousands of swords embedded in the mountain, one on top of the other, from the bottom to the top.

"These swords..." Zen, amazed by the sight, was suddenly at a loss for words.

It was hard not to gasp in awe as he looked at those long swords protruding from the mountain.

The metal blades at the foot of the mountain were not high grade. But all were classified as mysterious weapons, whether low-grade, middle-grade, or top-grade. A variety of sword types were in that mountain.

There were wide blade swords, short-handle swords, serpentine swords, jade swords, and so on.

The mysterious weapons of different grades spread from the foot of the mountain to the top. But when Zen examined the slopes closer, he discovered the swords embedded there were not all the mysterious kind. There were also spiritual weapons!

The spiritual weapons only covered the lowest portion of the mountain. Looking further up, Zen found many more fairy weapons halfway up its slopes!

To his amazement, there were low-grade, middle-grade, and even top-grade fairy weapons!

Even a low-grade fairy weapon was tough enough to make the martial artists of the Eastern Region go crazy. Disciples from the declining noble clans like Nory, and even family-owners like James, didn't have a fairy weapon yet!

The top seven noble clans might have more low-grade fairy weapons, but on average, each family would only have a few of these, at most.

Middle-grade fairy weapons were even rarer. Only five of the top seven noble clans owned this type of weapon. The Yu and Yun Clans were the two that did not have middle-grade fairy weapons.

Each of the top seven noble clans was fabulously wealthy and were known for having illustrious family backgrounds. And the inheritance that came down to the Yu and Yun Clans was no weaker than that of the other five clans, so it was puzzling why they had yet to possess a middle-grade fairy weapon. So, it was not difficult to imagine how precious the middle-grade fairy weapon was in the Eastern Region.

As for the top-grade fairy weapon with three fairy textures...

It was already legendary. It might exist in the Eastern Region, but no one had ever seen it.

However, there were many and various fairy weapons halfway up the mountain. There were tens of thousands of middle-grade and top-grade fairy weapons as far as the eye could see.

And it shocked Zen to see so many of these fairy weapons stuck in the mountain. These were clumped together like cabbage, which anyone could take at no cost.

"It will likely ignite every scale of the cyan dragon in my body if I can swallow all these mysterious weapons, spiritual weapons, and fairy weapons!"

In his excitement, Zen didn't realize he had voiced out his thoughts.

His gaze wandered further beyond the fairy weapons, and Zen found there were other swords that spread from the mountainside to the top ridge. What grade of swords could those be?

"Sacred weapons..." Zen murmured in wonderment.

If people of the Eastern Region found it hard to imagine a top-grade fairy weapon as a kind of powerful weapon, what more would they think about a sacred weapon?

What exactly was this sword mountain anyway?

Why was the mountain immediately visible to him as soon as he comprehended the consummation of the sword intent?

Clouds and mists shrouded the upmost part of the mountain, so Zen was unable to see what was on it. But based on the way those swords were arranged presently, would there be divine weapons on top of the mountain?

Using his present insight, Zen could well imagine the power and strength of the sacred weapon. But the might of the divine weapon was beyond his imagination. He had no idea what the divine weapon looked like, nor could he visualize its strength.

He had a sense that in imagining, he would make it appear ridiculous.

As an example, he thought of peasants from remote mountains who believed the shoulder pole used by the emperor to carry water was made of gold since the royal leader had a lot of gold and silver jewelry. And that was ridiculous.

Inhaling deeply, Zen took a drink of water, restrained his cranky thoughts, and approached the sword mountain. When he reached the first mysterious weapon, he attempted to pry it out. But the low-grade weapon remained deeply embedded in the mountain and could not be pulled out.

Initially, Zen thought his strength was insufficient, thus his failure. But after expending all his energy, it remained stuck in the ground, hardly moving an inch.

Suddenly, Zen clearly heard a voice in his head.

"It's a sword on the Killing Sword Mountain, so you cannot pull it out even if it is a mysterious weapon," he heard the voice say. It sounded quite old to him.

Aghast at what he was experiencing, Zen stood still and asked, "Who are you?"

"Who am I?" the voice spoke, and then laughed.

"I've been inside your head for so long yet you don't even know who I am?" There was a hint of desolation and majesty in his tone as he replied.

"The cyan dragon?

You're the cyan dragon!" Zen blurted out.

The young disciple could not believe what was happening.

He had suspected a long time ago that the cyan dragon had his own consciousness as a dragon. But he had never taken the initiative to communicate with him until Zen competed with Jacques on the battlefield. The cyan dragon's goal then was to secure the flood dragon bone, and this was what eventually prompted him to roar so he could communicate with Zen.

It was with the help of the cyan dragon that Zen finally defeated Jacques and swallowed the flood dragon bone.

So technically, Zen didn't defeat Jacques with his strength alone but with the help of the cyan dragon.

However, it didn't seem fair to Zen to give all the credit for the victory to the dragon. After all, Jacques also took advantage of the flood dragon bone spear in his hands.

The birth of a genius always depended on several aspects: strength, talent, adventure, and luck. And you could not do away with a single one of them.

"Yes, you are right. I am the cyan dragon in your mind," the dragon made the confirmation.

It was when Zen ignited the first of his dragon scales that the cyan dragon woke up.

But he didn't have much reserve energy to communicate with the young disciple after waking up. He had been confined to the mysterious smelting furnace for so many years and was far too weak.

Chapter 457 Killing Sword Mountain (Part Two)

Although the heavenly essence could help the cyan dragon restore a fraction of his strength, there was only a little of this essence. There were too many scales on his body, and more than a hundred dragon scales only occupied a small section of him.

When the cyan dragon noticed that piece of the flood dragon bone on the battlefield, he finally decided to communicate with Zen. Usually, a cyan dragon hardly paid attention to a small part of the flood dragon's spine. As a genuine dragon, he thought the flood dragon was just a kind of beast many generations away from him. Therefore, there was not much genuine dragon blood within a flood dragon.

Regardless of how little genuine dragon blood there was in a flood dragon, it would still help the cyan dragon, already too weak at this point, recover. Even a small amount of genuine dragon blood as a supplement could slowly restore the cyan dragon's strength.

After swallowing the spine of the flood dragon, the cyan dragon finally regained strength and was able to communicate with Zen.

"Did you just say this is the Killing Sword Mountain?

Does this only exist in my mind?

Why can't I pull out the sword stuck in this mountain?" Zen fired the questions rapidly in a show of confusion. Since the cyan dragon knew what this mountain was, he must also be aware of the secret of the Killing Sword Mountain.

"Haha! How is it possible that the Killing Sword Mountain exists only in your mind?

The Killing Sword Mountain is a sacred place for practicing sword skills. It cannot belong to any one person. But it is almost dreamlike," the cyan dragon explained. Smiling gently, he went on, "There was a resonance between your soul's consciousness and the Killing Sword Mountain when you comprehended the consummation of the sword intent, and then you were chosen to practice in the mountain. It is an opportunity for you!

And your opponent today, the boy named Rocher, must have gone for practice in another place, but I guess wherever that is, it cannot compare to yours here. The one who has the chance to be chosen into the Killing Sword Mountain is... Hahaha!"

Abruptly, the cyan dragon stopped what he was saying as he laughed out loud.

As curious as he was, Zen didn't dare ask the cyan dragon any more questions since it seemed he no longer wanted to say anything about the Killing Sword Mountain. What Zen was most concerned about now was how to practice in the sacred mountain.

No sooner had he thought of the question when the cyan dragon continued, "The Killing Sword Mountain is one of three sacred places for practicing sword skills. More than that, it is a way of practicing the killing sword skill! When the swordsman comprehends the consummate sword intent, there will be a slight chance for him to project his consciousness into the Killing Sword Mountain and have a contract with it. And what you need to do now is climb the mountain!

Those swords under your feet? They are actually projections of weapons left by climbers who came before you. They are simply projections of other people's weapons, so of course, you can't pull them out!"

Incredulous, Zen asked, "All those swords were left by others?"

Only then did he understand why he was unable to pull any of the metal blades embedded in the Killing Sword Mountain.

"There is no need to feel strange about that. The world is much bigger than you can imagine, and there are billions, no, trillions, of creatures practicing sword skills. Just as you have the chance to cultivate your skills in the Killing Sword Mountain, so do others. How high you can climb the mountain depends on your ability," the cyan dragon continued to speak in a calm tone.

"Climb the mountain? That's easy!" Zen said confidently.

Although the Killing Sword Mountain's aura came out much too strong, it was only a mountain after all.

Mocking laughter was followed by, "You can give it a try to test whether or not it's easy. But let me remind you that the higher you climb the Killing Sword Mountain, the more benefits you will reap. It's a rare opportunity for you, so you must take it!"

Once the cyan dragon had finished speaking, he kept quiet, just waiting for Zen's performance.

The cyan dragon's words were replayed in Zen's head. 'The higher I climb the mountain, the more benefits I will get.'

Staring at the swords scattered on the mountain, Zen arched an eyebrow, inhaled deeply, then took on the challenge. With the Streamer Sword in hand, he advanced towards the Killing Sword Mountain a step at a time.

He had only taken two steps when a few low-grade mysterious weapons suddenly began to vibrate. Then to Zen's surprise, a handful of sword intents shot out from those very weapons and headed towards him.

Several thoughts raced in Zen's mind as he tried to comprehend all that was happening.

'These sword intents come from the masters of these low-grade mysterious weapons.

And they're at the marrow refining level?'

He furrowed his brows in fascination.

Based on what the cyan dragon just said, only those able to comprehend the consummate sword intent had the opportunity to practice on the Killing Sword Mountain. But at the same time, not every swordsman who fully understood the sword intent had the chance to get to this mountain!

Because he comprehended the consummate sword intent when he was at grade two of the nature level, Zen was considered talented enough, yet someone was even more skilled than the young disciple!

How could any person understand the consummate sword intent at the marrow refining level?

The thought was a great shock to Zen. This kind of genius couldn't exist in the Eastern Region or even the Central Region, and for that matter, it was rare anywhere in the world!

So it was truly unbelievable!

Although unsettling, Zen wasn't depressed by his discovery.

'There is always something unfair in this world, ' he thought.

Using himself as an example, Zen recalled he was imprisoned at age 15, while disciples from the noble clans had the privilege of taking pills, practicing tier 4 cultivation methods, and using spiritual weapons that even masters of ordinary families did not have.

And yet, all of these warriors had been surpassed by Zen by leaps and bounds.

It took a very long time to practice and be a master in martial arts. Maybe it seemed inconceivable for Zen to comprehend the consummate sword intent at the marrow refining level, yet there was no question that he was a man of great power. After all, he surpassed the descendants with great family backgrounds and supreme blood. They were born with gifts that others couldn't even imagine, while all Zen had now was only enough for their meals.

But when Zen thought about all the inequity in the world, he didn't care about them one bit.

Since he wasn't born to a family with a great background, he would try his very best to take everything he desired little by little!

"Break into pieces!" Zen shouted.

Chapter 458 Demon Night

Within seconds of facing the sword intents released by the low-grade mysterious weapons, the Streamer Sword in Zen's hand flashed brilliant silver lights. In the next instant, the sword intents were smashed to pieces.

Zen continued to walk after breaking the sword intents.

Now he faced the sword intents released by middle-grade mysterious weapons. The sword intents from middle-grade weapons were more powerful than those of low-grade mysterious weapons.

Regardless, Zen's sword intent destroyed the sword intents from the middle-grade weapons.

Zen walked briskly on the road leading to the mountain. The sword intents from the mysterious weapons had failed to block Zen's way.

Every time Zen smashed the sword intent from a sword, the sword would immediately become obedient. It would stop vibrating and emit dots of light that resembled fireflies. These dots of light would then rush into Zen's body.

At first, Zen tried to avoid the light dots. But when he found that there was no escape and that they posed no threat to him, he gave up dodging them.

"What are these light dots?" Zen asked.

"Haha. These light dots are the spirits of the swords. The swords have spirits hidden in them. They are the embryos of the sword beasts. But the low-grade mysterious weapons and middle-grade mysterious weapons contain only a few sword spirits. You can accumulate them little by little. When you get enough sword spirits, your sword will cultivate a sword beast." The cyan dragon clarified.

So that explained it!

The more sword intents he killed, the larger the number of sword spirits he would accumulate.

The Killing Sword Mountain was not very big. Within a short while, Zen had smashed the sword intents from numerous low-grade and middle-grade mysterious weapons. When he reached the foot of the mountain, Zen encountered high-grade mysterious weapons.

The sword intents from high-grade mysterious weapons were easy to destroy despite being stronger and sharper than the previous sword intents he had encountered.

As Zen strode forward, the Streamer Sword in his hand glowed like a silver-white ribbon, strangling and slashing sword intents around him.

"Buzzzz..."

"Buzzzz...."

As sword intents were smashed one by one, swords fell by Zen's feet, and colorful sword spirits dashed toward him.

As Zen walked past the foot of the mountain, he crossed the region with low-grade spiritual weapons and reached the range of high-grade spiritual weapons. He was nearing the mountainside now.

"The Killing Sword Mountain is not as difficult to conquer as it seems," Zen said as he looked at the mountainside that he was approaching.

Hearing Zen's words, the cyan dragon realized that he had probably given Zen too much hope. He chuckled and said, "Yes, it's easy because of your abilities. The owners of these swords were at least at the level of consummate sword intent. You have an advantage as your sword intent is more consummate and stronger than their sword intents, and relatively, you will feel easier when climbing the mountain. However, as strong and sharp as your sword intent may be, you are able to climb to the half-way up the mountain at best. This is your first time climbing the Killing Sword Mountain, and your performance is not bad so far."

Not bad...

As the cyan dragon's comment sank in, Zen realized that his achievement was only slightly above average.

But Zen didn't plan to stop and stick his sword into the ground there. He needed to challenge his limit, and see how far he could go with his sword.

"Buzzz..."

The moment he climbed on the mountainside, a treasured sword suddenly soared toward him with a sharp noise.

"Is it a fairy weapon?" Zen gazed at the purplish-blue treasured sword not far from him. The handle of the sword was carved with a fairy texture. It appeared to be a low-grade fairy weapon.

Zen expected the purplish-blue sword to emit sword intent like the other swords he had encountered before. But soon he found that he was wrong.

A shadow of a purple-haired girl popped out from the fairy weapon. The girl was extraordinarily beautiful, but she had no corporal body. She was ethereal, like a soul. She stretched her arm, and the purplish-blue sword flew to her hand. In the next instant, she swung the longsword at Zen.

"Ah... What's this? Do souls exist on the Killing Sword Mountain?" Zen asked in confusion.

"It is not a soul, but a fully-grown being of a sword spirit. You can get more sword spirits if you kill her," The cyan dragon replied.

Zen examined the girl carefully. The shadow of the purple-haired girl looked lifeless, and her expression was blank. If it were a human soul, it would be the same as the souls of any human being in the world. It should have shown some emotions. Since the shadow didn't display any emotions, it was not a soul. As the cyan dragon indicated, she was the spirit of the sword.

"Smash!"

Three quick tinkling sounds reverberated through the mountainside.

Zen tested the shadow's swordsmanship by striking her with his sword thrice. Unexpectedly, the purple-haired girl showed extraordinary swordsmanship by easily deflecting all three blows.

Moreover, after she blocked Zen's attack, she swung her sword at Zen. She was returning the attacks!

The purple-haired girl's subtle sword techniques were unfathomable. Although the sword intent released from her sword was no match for Zen's sword intent, he realized that he had to take her seriously.

"Circle Parry, Lift up Sword, Chop!"

Zen lunged at his target with three basic swordsmanship moves. They were simple movements, but they contained deep sword laws.

A metallic tinkling sound was heard.

Within the first two movements, Zen had managed to disarm the purple-haired girl. His last move broke her sword.

After the purple-haired girl turned to pieces, her sword returned to its original place on the ground. The purple light spots released from the girl's body flew into Zen's body.

The sword spirits contained in the fairy weapon were tens of times more than those in spiritual weapons.

Zen's Streamer Sword was also a low-grade fairy weapon, but Zen had failed to condense sword spirit in his sword. And it was more unlikely for him to be able to condense human-shaped sword spirit. Zen assumed that the owner of the purplish-blue treasured sword must be someone very special.

He stood still for a moment and gazed at the purple sword. Then Zen strode forward and continued his journey.

When he began to encounter more fairy weapons, Zen felt more challenged.

Those who could own a fairy weapon must match if not exceed Zen's level. So the means they employed in fighting were not limited to sword intent only.

For example, the purple-haired girl conjured from the purplish-blue sword was a signal for more challenging battles. Just like the purple-haired girl, Zen encountered numerous strange sword spirits in later battles.

There were ferocious tigers, pythons, crocodiles, and even dragons, as many forms of sword intent as one could imagine.

As it became more difficult to kill sword intents, Zen had to work harder to deal with them. When he encountered low-grade fairy weapons, it only took about three strikes for Zen to kill them. For middle-grade fairy weapons, it took him over ten hits. Some sword intents were so powerful that it would take dozens of attacks. Thus his pace in climbing the mountain slowed.

"Do you feel the difficulty levels increasing?" The cyan dragon smiled. "It is only going to get more challenging as you ascend. But you have already done a good job reaching the half-way point of the mountain. If you insert your sword into the mountainside, you will be connected with the Killing Sword Mountain. That will benefit you a lot."

"Insert the sword into the mountainside?" Zen raised his head and looked ahead. Several mountain ridges stood proudly behind the mountainside. And the swords on the ridges were all sacred weapons. The masters who had owned these sacred weapons far exceeded Zen in terms of strength. Given Zen's current power, he was like a little ant in front of those masters and could easily be tramped to death.

"I'm going to insert my sword on the ridges!" Zen announced firmly as he had made up his mind.

The higher the sword was placed on the mountain, the closer his connection to the Killing Sword Mountain would be, and the more benefits he would get. Anyone who took the challenge had hoped that they could insert their swords at a higher place.

"The ridges? Haha…" The cyan dragon laughed and then said, "It is impossible. With your current strength, you would barely cross the half-way point of the mountain. The sword intents in high-grade fairy weapons are already stronger than you. And the ridges are where the sacred weapons stand. You are not a match to the masters who own the sacred weapons."

"Let me try," Zen's unyielding spirit motivated him to aim higher!

"Okay, go ahead!" The cyan dragon had expected Zen to be persistent. He had been in Zen's mind for so long. Although most of the time he was dormant, from his observation, the cyan dragon had a fair understanding of Zen's traits and qualities. Zen's decision to pursue martial arts was as firm as a rock, and his determination surpassed that of average people.

But in this world, only real strength mattered. No matter how strong one's heart was, reality would show a person how cruel life could be.

Moreover, the rules of the Killing Sword Mountain were very rigid. The cyan dragon was forbidden from helping. Therefore, Zen could only rely on himself.

In such a case, how was Zen supposed to cross the range of fairy weapons and climb up to the ridges?

"Huh! There is a low-grade mysterious weapon!" Zen's eyes brightened as he found a low-grade mysterious weapon on the mountainside. The hilt of the sword was very common and in a style similar to that of a standard military longsword. It didn't appear special.

However, two words, "Demon Night" were carved on the hilt.

"Look at this. Now explain to me why it is impossible for me to reach the ridges? Someone inserted a low-grade mysterious weapon on the mountainside!" Zen said while pointing at the low-grade treasured sword.

It stood out among the fairy weapons around it.

The cyan dragon was also very surprised. He smiled and said, "Oh, it is from the Demon Night. It's no wonder that they can insert a low-grade mysterious weapon here on the mountainside."

"The Demon Night?" Zen asked curiously. He didn't know what the name on the hilt stood for.

"The people from the Demon Night are different from humans. It would be fair to say that this race surpasses most of the species. They are the group with the most horrible strength! It is said that the children from Demon Night race begin cultivating while they are in their mother's womb. That way, when they are born, even though they are new-born babies, these children are full-blooded and with strength equivalent to humans at nature level. In other words, they are born as nature creatures." The cyan dragon smiled lightly.

"Born as nature creatures…" Zen gasped in astonishment.

Countless human warriors practiced martial arts for decades and stubbornly overcame all challenges regardless of cost to them, with the purpose of entering the natural level. Zen didn't expect that such a species existed where babies were born at the nature creature level!

This was so unfair!

No wonder that the swordsman from the Demon Night was able to insert a low-grade mysterious weapon into the mountainside. They were indeed a species that could do wonders beyond anyone's imagination.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 459 Sword Spirits

"The world is so vast and full of wonders beyond your imagination. If you can truly climb to the top of martial arts, naturally, you will be able to appreciate some of these wonders, but… It's just too difficult. Even the Demon Night, a race so naturally powerful, is nothing compared to the various races across the world," heaving a sigh, the cyan dragon shook his head.

'Such a powerful race is nothing in the context of the whole world?' Zen was shocked.

Having realized that he had exaggerated a bit, the cyan dragon quickly added, "But even though mankind has some innate weaknesses, they can still achieve great things. You don't need to feel dejected. In light of your talent, luck, and…" he trailed off. Although he wanted to mention the mysterious smelting surface, he eventually stifled the thought and said instead, "You may still have a shred of hope to reach the peak."

At that moment, Zen's sparkling eyes caught the cyan dragon's attention. It was as if stars were gleaming in his bright orbs—the dragon could tell that he was looking forward to the challenges in the days to come.

'This kid didn't listen to a word I said…'

Zen's reaction brought the cyan dragon a hint of gloom.

As a member of the immortal dragon race, he had not had a taste of melancholy for who knew how many years.

In the end, all he could do was shake his huge head. 'Perhaps I did underestimate this young man.'

Just then, Zen flickered his eyes on the mysterious weapon left by the Demon Night and said, "Cyan dragon, I am a man of humble birth. Though I've had my achievements in Cloud Sect, I won't be complacent or gloat about what I've done, nor will I stop working hard so I can eventually live an easy life! We, humans, have a will to persevere and keep taking steps forward, even against a crowd of a thousand men.

Whatever or whoever gets in my way ahead, I will overcome them!"

'Merely a thousand men?'

Almost like instinct, the cyan dragon wanted to retort.

But Zen continued to explain. "Of course, this doesn't only refer to the literal figure. It's inevitable—I'm going to have to challenge countless strong creatures in the world, the talents among maybe thousands, millions, or even trillions of creatures!"

Since ancient times, there were those who shot for the stars always, without a doubt, had extraordinary talent and great perseverance.

As Zen grew up, he encountered astonishing geniuses, one after another, and his horizon grew wider and wider. The martial artist had met Jacques, Rocher, Patrick, and many more.

The stronger his opponent was, the firmer his aspiration became to climb to the peak of martial arts.

In the eyes of the cyan dragon, Zen's current power was like that of a tiny ant, maybe even less. However, the man's burst of resolution and desire to dominate reached the dragon's heart.

'This little guy is pretty interesting. It's a shame…it would be delightful if I could wake my third brother and discuss this with him. Well, let's just wait and see, ' muttered the dragon in his head. As a matter of fact, the nine dragons came from the same clan.

Somehow, they had turned into sculptures and stationed themselves around the mysterious smelting furnace. Now that the furnace entered Zen's mind, the nine dragons naturally followed.

As far as first impressions went, the cyan dragon did not think very highly of Zen. Judging by his standards, Zen seemed rather mediocre in all aspects. To the dragon's surprise, however, he found that the young man had been progressing at a speed that was utterly beyond his expectations.

Considering the talent that Zen currently had, the cyan dragon could easily give him a positive review.

Being an everlasting creature, the dragon had come across too many geniuses—too many to find anyone that was truly special. Thus, praise from the cyan dragon was more than enough to prove Zen's outstanding gift. What was more, the cyan dragon could tell that the kid's potential was even growing further. Perhaps, one day, the dragon would no longer find it proper to regard Zen with a mere, 'pretty good.'

Without another word, Zen continued to climb the mountain from halfway.

When he approached the low-grade mysterious sword that the Demon Night left behind, the seemingly ordinary sword abruptly shot out a jet of sharp sword intent.

It was utterly murderous. Like a god of death, it hacked relentlessly at Zen's head.

'No sword spirit has been fostered yet?

Even though the cyan dragon said the Demon Night was extremely powerful, it's still hardly possible to foster a sword spirit with a low-grade mysterious weapon. Even without sword spirit, this sword intent is already way too fierce!'

Without hesitation, Zen swiftly activated the phoenix crystal in his right arm. The Streamer Sword he was holding transformed into an assemblage of silver flowers, each containing a trace of sharp sword intent.

Clank, clank, clank….

It was only when he launched ten strikes with his sword that Zen was able to get the ferocious sword intent smashed.

Despite his frantic strikes, the Demon Night's sword still buzzed in a frenzy for a while as if it was unwilling to admit its defeat. Eventually, it quieted down and a ball of scarlet sword spirit escaped the object.

It was extremely small—the size of a rice grain, perhaps, and far too small compared to the sword spirits Zen had seen before. In the past, when Zen destroyed similar matured swords, usually, hundreds of sword spirits would come fluttering out from the weapon, each much larger than the scarlet one before him.

But when the rice-grain-sized sword spirit shot straight into Zen's body, he instantly sensed a special change stirring inside him.

Since the spirit was rife with intent for killing, the bloodthirsty aura soon contaminated the sword spirits Zen had acquired.

His spirits came in various colors, but they could not mix together. Without a way to utilize them, Zen had no choice but to merely store them inside his body.

However, after this scarlet sword spirit injected itself inside him, its strong intent for killing infected all the rest of the spirits.

The colors of the sword spirits began to shift gradually.

Whether they were black, yellow, or blue, every single sword spirit turned red and merged together. As they mixed together, they began to form a single figure—a human form.

"This is…

This is sword spirit transformation!" The huge cyan dragon in Zen's mind stirred with excitement. It should be noted that few things in this world could thrill a dragon. It wasn't Zen's great strength that got the creature pumped up but the fact that he had transformed his sword spirits within such a short time.

Even the cyan dragon, who had met numerous geniuses and talents, found the moment to be surreal. 'It happened too soon, didn't it? How did it turn out like this?

It should be impossible…

Indeed, Zen has collected many sword spirits along the way up the Killing Sword Mountain…But it should have taken him a long time to combine the spirits into one. That has nothing to do with his talent—it's just the way of the sword spirits. Nobody can simply cut corners when fostering them. It's bound to be a dull and lengthy process.

One should have to go through the absorbing and merging process over and over again. Each merging can take years. And he must continue doing it until the sword spirits mature.

But how long did it take Zen?

He merged his sword spirits shortly after he stepped onto the Killing Sword Mountain? Impossible…'

Leaning against the smelting furnace, the colossal cyan dragon quietly observed the merging of sword spirits within Zen.

Before this moment, he had kept disheartening the boy, no matter how extraordinary he was, he could hardly gain the recognition of the dragon—after all, the geniuses the creature had met were indescribable in the words of mankind. But not even the dragon could disregard the rapid fusion of the sword spirits.

Surprising a dragon was already something Zen could brag about for a lifetime. However, at that moment, he paid no attention to the cyan dragon as he focused all his attention on the on-going change in his body.

The sword spirits kept gradually merging together. Slowly, the head appeared, then the trunk, the arms, the legs…

In the beginning, the figure's outline was very fuzzy, like a clay figurine shaped by an amateur. Soon after, it grew more and more detailed and distinctive.

First came the figure's chest. The originally flat surface swelled up into two plump breasts, leaving Zen dumbstruck.

"Goodness… why did the sword spirits turn into a shape like this?"

The absurd change was truly astounding. Its arms grew slimmer and slimmer until they were as thin as a lotus root. At last, the sword spirits turned into an exquisitely carved woman. Her garments, facial features, and eyes immediately came into being.

Undoubtedly, the woman was extremely gorgeous. But her eyes were as sharp as a knife, which made her look like a volcano about to erupt. In spite of the fact that she was just conjured by sword spirits, her appearance was of utmost beauty. The murderous air she was emitting was exactly the same as that of the rice-grain-sized sword spirit.

'What on earth is going on?

I've never seen this woman…so why have my sword spirits transformed into such a shape?'

Zen was left utterly bewildered.

Staring at this beautiful human-shaped sword spirit, Zen just couldn't figure it out.

If he could choose, he certainly wouldn't let his sword spirits transform into a woman—it was too awkward. The problem was that the transformation of sword spirits was very different from the transformation of life vitality. Life vitality's transformation was shaped by the practitioner's subjective mind. Sometimes, when a practitioner was halfway through the process and was unsatisfied with the figure, he could easily undo it and begin reshaping life vitality in his mind again. It wasn't a big deal, and many people were capable of doing it.

However, the shape of sword spirits was not up to the practitioner himself. Instead, it was formed by the many sword spirits inside the practitioner at the specific time it was being shaped.

Thus, the practitioner had no control over its shape.

At the sight of Zen's baffled look, the cyan dragon snickered.

"Cyan dragon…what the hell is happening?" Not understanding why it turned out like this, Zen had to ask the dragon.

"If I'm not mistaken, this woman your sword spirits turned into is the owner of that sword," the dragon replied blandly.

"Ah?

No way…" At the dragon's explanation, Zen turned pale with fright. "The Demon Night aren't human beings…are they?

Why does she look like this?

Even fairer than humankind?"

By men's aesthetic standard, this woman constituted by all the sword spirits looked nearly perfect at every angle.

Zen's experiences had brought him face-to-face with demons, ogres, and the like. The appearance of ogres was fairly acceptable to Zen. As for the demons he ran up against in the White Emperor City…well...that picture was too horrible. If a weak-hearted man glanced at it, he would probably have nightmares.

When Zen heard about this race from the cyan dragon, he thought that since it was called the 'Demon' Night, they should look like the demons he was used to facing—perhaps with more mouths or pairs of eyes.

To his total astonishment, this woman from the Demon Night was utterly gorgeous—she was even more impeccable than human beings in several aspects.

Chapter 460 Killing Way (Part One)

The girl could be described as perfect in every sense.

But Zen, ever so keen, noted there were still slight differences between the girl and ordinary human beings. Her ears, for one, were unusual.

These were long and slender, and unlike most ears, their top had an acute angular shape. Instead of human ears, hers resembled those of a cat's. Still, the girl appeared quite charming. Another distinction was her legs or the length of them. Hers were longer than most women's, but went perfectly with the rest of her body.

"Who set the rules anyway that only a human being can look this way?

Demon Night has always been like this. In their eyes, it is the human beings who have the similar appearance to theirs," the cyan dragon said slowly.

"This girl is actually alive, isn't she?" Zen wondered aloud.

His mind was full of questions, but this was the first he voiced out.

The cyan dragon nodded and replied, "Each sword in the Killing Sword Mountain has an owner, and all the owners are alive. In case anyone dies, their swords will be buried deep in the mountain. Since the woman's sword is here, she is probably somewhere out in the world."

At the cyan dragon's words, Zen stared at the girl with a weird expression on his face.

That meant his sword spirit had transformed into a girl of Demon Night for some unknown reason. How would it be if he met the real person in the future?

Of course, the likelihood of that ever happening was very small.

According to the cyan dragon, Demon Night did not exist in the same world inhabited by Zen.

"I would like to name my sword spirit Lily," he said with a smile.

There was a slightly whimsical tone in his voice.

Cultivating his sword spirit in such a short time was a big help in boosting Zen's strength. At least the sword spirit could serve as a support, helping Zen go further up on the Killing Sword Mountain.

It was a spiritual connection that Zen had with his sword spirit, so he had complete control of her, including her thoughts.

As soon as Zen came up with a thought, she would do it as he expected.

In a sense, the sword spirit was part of the disciple's being. If Zen gave a sword to her, an enemy would be practically fighting against two people.

And the sword spirit could do so much more than fight.

Some skills of the double-sword system required the sword spirit to engage in combat. But Zen usually did not choose to do this in most circumstances. He preferred to integrate the sword spirit with his Streamer Sword.

When the sword spirit integrated with the Streamer Sword, a red light would appear on the surface of the weapon and release a strong killing intent.

Breathing deeply, Zen thought, 'The mountain is called Killing Sword Mountain. So it is intended to cultivate martial artists with killing skills! I didn't choose the way of cultivating my sword skills before. But I'm now walking the killing way without realizing it.' He stared intently at the Streamer Sword with a powerful killing aura in his hand.

He kept thinking. 'Killing is not a bad thing. It is an important method to show and uphold justice. It is said to prevent violence through violence. That should be the real meaning of the killing way of practicing sword skills.'

After a while, Zen got ready to continue and left behind the sword of the Demon Night.

Covered by the sword spirit, his Streamer Sword gained at least forty percent more power! Thousands of fairy weapons were stuck on the mountainside. Even when facing mature sword spirits, Zen easily defeated them. He climbed even faster than before.

Soon, Zen came to the edge of the mountainside and didn't even feel slightly tired. A road appeared before him on the mountain ridge.

Then he saw a blue sword blocking his way.

Luxurious best described the sword. Black silk was used to cover its handle, adorned by a five-colored tassel. The entire metal blade looked so intricate, yet it was very striking.

The sword's body, meanwhile, was shining and gave off blue light. There were even icy crystals on the blade's surface that waved gracefully. It truly looked magnificent.

It was Zen's first time to see a sacred weapon such as this. It was at the lower grade of a sacred weapon.

The disciple understood that it was not a real sacred weapon. The sword was merely a shadow while the actual sword was still in its owner's hand.

As Zen drew closer to the sword, the weapon suddenly quivered. Soon the sword was being pulled out of the ground, and a light blue figure stood in its place. The figure now held a sword and pointed it at Zen.

Mumbling to himself, Zen said, "The same thing is happening like that in the fairy weapon area. It is only a more mature sword spirit. The only difference is that the low-grade sacred weapon is much stronger than a fairy weapon." Staring intently at the blue shadow, he raised his Streamer Sword and pointed it at the image, ready to kill any time.

But before Zen could even move, a hint of hesitation made him suddenly stop. There was something quite strange here.

This sword spirit seemed to be different from the others he previously encountered.

It wasn't a mystical thing like other spirits but seemed to have a life of its own. And then the sword spirit opened its mouth and began to talk!

"What? A young man at the second grade of the nature level can break into the mountain ridge?" The blue figure spoke with a tone of disbelief.

Taken aback, Zen raised his eyebrows in question while keeping the sword in his hand. This time, he spoke, "You're just a sword spirit. Why can you talk?

You look like there's some part of your soul there!"

This figure amazed Zen. He had killed so many mature sword spirits, some of whom could shape themselves. But all of them only had dull appearances. While they were extremely competent in the practice of sword skills, Zen still managed to defeat them because they couldn't think for themselves.

But this blue figure standing before him could not only talk but even feel surprised. Apparently, it had a soul, however little, and a mind of its own.

"I can't understand it. How a person at grade two of the nature level can successfully pass the mountainside and end up here," the blue figure looked confused, and his brows furrowed with concern. Inhaling, he said, "But this is the end of your climb. You can stick your sword here. There is no place for your weapon if you go farther."

Chapter 461 Killing Way (Part Two)

Everyone aspired to stick their sword in a higher place.

Because the higher the ground where it was embedded, the more resources a person could collect from the Killing Sword Mountain.

However, resources of the Killing Sword Mountain were limited. The situation was no different from that of the Cloud Sect.

And this was why all the weapons at the foot of the mountain, including mysterious, spiritual, and fairy weapons, would release their sword spirits to prevent other climbers. One could only climb the mountain step by step using his own strength until he reached a higher place. That was the way to obtain more resources.

The blue figure's remarks had Zen raising his eyebrows while his face became long with worry.

Grateful to be given the opportunity to reach the Killing Sword Mountain, Zen vowed to climb as high as possible.

He had been fighting hard to pass the mountainside with the help of the sword spirit. Why would he stop here?

If a man could have a sacred weapon, even a low level one, it was impossible for Zen to defeat him in real life. And even someone like Kenneth Shi, who was the head of the Cloud Sect, strong as he was, could not beat such a man in their real world.

But this was the Killing Sword Mountain now. What the man actually had was only a sword and a small part of his soul.

How could Zen back off from here?

"I don't want to stick my sword here. I have a higher target," Zen declared.

A smile formed on the blue figure's face. "You have a higher goal?

You, a young man at grade two of the nature level?

I was aiming for the top of the Killing Sword Mountain! But I discovered I was not as strong as I had expected and had to stick my sword here. Do you think you are stronger than I am?"

"You will have your answer once we test our strengths," Zen quickly answered.

Since he was merely a part of a soul, Zen didn't want to talk anymore. He was ready to fight.

The blue figure smiled and said, "Your arrival here did surprise me since you're only grade two of the nature level. More importantly, you have your own sword spirit. Is this your first time coming to the Killing Sword Mountain?

I am a Man on the Ice Sword, named Iceni. I really admire your talent. But this will not change the outcome. I am at a level much higher than yours, and what I have learned about sword skills is far greater than what you know."

After he finished saying this, Iceni waved his sword towards Zen.

"Clink!"

Two swords smashed into one another.

Technically, Zen's sword, which was a low-level fairy weapon, should not be able to hit a sacred weapon. There was a huge gap between his sword and that of the blue figure's.

But because a sword spirit covered Zen's sword, its strength was greatly enhanced. It was this that enabled him to attack a sacred weapon, like that of the blue figure's, even with just a fairy weapon.

After only one round, the blue figure spoke again in surprise, "Oh...You have become adept at the basic sword skill... No, not just adept. But your sword skill seems to have been enhanced.

How can that happen?

How can you simplify it to such extent?"

The blue figure's face registered astonishment that seemed to say he did not understand Zen's sword skill at all.

Each warrior who could impel his sword on the grounds of the Killing Sword Mountain was a talent on his way to cultivate further sword skills.

Of course, there were still distinctions among talented people. For instance, some men only came to the Killing Sword Mountain once, right after learning the consummation of sword intent the first time, but some others could do it a second time as they went further and progressed to a level higher than the consummation of sword intent.

There were many fanatics of sword skills, who were fascinated by all types of sword skills.

Apparently, the basic sword skill Zen used just now managed to attract the blue figure.

"Interesting. Wonderful. A basic sword skill can have such great power. It's true that the world is so big that nothing is surprising anymore. A young man like you can master such an amazing basic sword skill. I know now how you've gotten this far on the mountain!" the blue figure spoke to Zen.

Waving his sword simultaneously, he continued, "But I will not let you go on. There is no place for you up there!"

Impatience had Zen replying, "You keep mentioning grade two of the nature level. How about you in the real world?

You're only a piece of a broken soul with a spirit. I also have my sword spirit, yet I am here completely. Are you so sure you can prevent me from going on?" With a cold smile, the young disciple started to stir his sword. He refused to listen to the garrulous blue figure. What he wanted was to cut this blue image and its sword spirit into pieces as soon as possible.

"You arrogant young man! I have lived hundreds of years and practiced sword skills for as many years. My understanding of sword skills is beyond your imagination or comprehension. I am strong enough to stop you!" Suddenly, there appeared a bright blue light from the sword of the blue figure. Together with the bright blue light were cold currents. With the metal blade completely wrapped in icy currents, it was freezing but gave off an extreme killing intent!

With just enough arrogance, Zen sneered at the blue figure and remarked, "After hundreds of years, you're still here on the edge of the mountain ridge. Your strength is just so-so!" Without warning, Zen used his sword spirit. And instantly, Zen's Streamer Sword produced a strong killing intent.

And this one seemed to have the sense of hell.

Chapter 462 The Cheating (Part One)

Killing aura was also referred to as the malicious aura.

The gestures and expressions of soldiers and bandits, who had killed many people with their swords and knives, were filled with a malicious aura. As they had murdered numerous people, they were bound to be tainted with this killing aura.

Sometimes, the killing aura was so powerful that it could confuse the human mind and distract them on the battlefield.

If a person were corrupted with an intense killing aura, it would negatively affect his martial arts cultivation. At a critical time, that person could also be possessed by his inner demon and be trapped in the endless thought of killing methods forever.

Once upon a time, there was a young man named Trent Yu. He hailed from the Yu Clan, one of the top seven noble clans in the Eastern Region. Trent Yu practiced these killing methods. As he increased his practice in killing methods, Trent Yu's character turned increasingly cruel, and his killing means also became more vicious. In a short while, he had massacred innumerable people at random.

At first, the Yu Clan protected Trent Yu. After all, at that time, all things were dominated by power and strength, and the practice of killing methods had obvious benefits to the promotion of strength. In fact, its power was extremely terrifying. According to Trent Yu's growth rate, he would soon become the backbone of the Yu Clan. Therefore, they allowed Trent Yu to kill randomly.

However, as time went by, Trent Yu killed more and more people, and once, he even killed two men from the Yu Clan. Then, the members of the Yu Clan realized that Trent Yu had gone crazy and that the killing aura had entirely dominated him. He had, by then, become an egoistic killing machine.

Sadly, by the time they learned of the facts, it was already too late. The power of the Yu Clan was insufficient to arrest Trent Yu. Thus, the Yu

Clan united with the other six top noble clans to carry out the encirclement and arrest of Trent Yu. However, he killed a majority of the members who had volunteered to help. This act, in turn, increased his killing aura.

After that, Trent Yu only continued to grow stronger. Finally, Cloud Sect was alerted. As a result, the sect immediately issued a hunting order and sent its top ten saints, and three elders to hunt him.

Nevertheless, despite being hunted by so many powerful masters, Trent Yu managed to escape.

At that time, Trent Yu was considered a murderous demon in the Eastern Region. While he was on the run, he kept killing innocent people. No matter which prefecture and county he fled to, Trent Yu would massacre people to cultivate his killing aura.

This man had become a nightmare for all the people in the Eastern Region.

Even the leaders of Cloud Sect felt as though they were at their wit's end and that they had no way to deal with Trent. At this time, Trent Yu went missing. No one knew where he was and why he had disappeared.

Many people guessed that either Trent Yu was hiding somewhere to escape being hunted or he was practicing his killing methods in a hidden corner.

Three years passed, and no one had any information about Trent Yu. Until one day, a woodcutter in the W County found Trent Yu's remains and his blood-stained sword when he was on the way to a mountain to cut wood.

It turned out that Trent Yu was not hiding. Instead, while practicing, he had been possessed by his inner spirit demon. As a result, he had gone mad and been killed by his killing aura.

There is a proverb that says: As a man sows, so shall he reap. Although the practice of the killing method could sharply improve a person's martial arts, its deadly side effect was that the power was so strong it was beyond a person's ability to control it. Trent Yu had killed too many people with his sword, and it was bound to bring him bad karma!

The killing aura was indeed Trent Yu's greatest strength, but it was also his biggest nemesis—one that could kill him.

Zen did not choose the killing way to practice his sword skills. However, it was fate that led him to figure out the sword intent at the consummation grade. For the same reason, he unwittingly entered the Killing Sword Mountain.

Or, the unfathomable God of fate gave Zen a hint that sooner or later he would go on the path of killing, which was why it was arranged for him to enter the Killing Sword Mountain.

The Killing Sword Mountain was a sacred place for swordsmen. It was one of the three swordplay holy lands.

As it was a sacred place for trillions of living creatures, only a few lucky people would be chosen to enter. So, the Killing Sword Mountain was of great use to swordsmen.

As long as the swordsman inserted his sword into the Killing Sword Mountain, he could establish a connection with it, release his killing aura, and deposit it in the special place of the Killing Sword Mountain. That way, he would not be subjected to the attack of the killing aura during his practice!

And when the swordsman needed the killing aura, he could get it back from the Killing Sword Mountain.

The Killing Sword Mountain was like a bank where a person could deposit and withdraw his killing aura, kind of like real banks in the Eastern Region where a person could deposit and withdraw cubic crystals.

Also, according to the rules of the Killing Sword Mountain, the higher the place where the sword was inserted, the more malicious aura the swordsman could deposit and withdraw!

It was necessary to know that the killing aura was a very valuable asset, and it was also called the malicious aura. When it was used to drive many cultivation methods, it would significantly improve a disciple's power. Especially when a disciple was practicing a unique cultivation method that would use malicious aura, it would generate an oddly good effect.

For example, if a streak of malicious aura could increase the power of a cultivation method by one degree, then two streaks could double the power of the cultivation method, and so on.

However, there was always a limit to the malicious aura owned by disciples who practiced the killing method. Moreover, they needed to be careful about being attacked by the malicious aura and to prevent themselves from being controlled by their inner spirit demon.

Therefore, the practice of killing method was regarded as a double-edged sword! Powerful though it was, it could at any moment cause damage to anyone who practiced it.

Chapter 463 The Cheating (Part Two)

However, the swordsman who entered the Killing Sword Mountain was able to store his malicious aura in it! In this way, he could avoid the damage caused by the malicious aura, which was the main purpose of the Killing Sword Mountain. It was also the reason why the Killing Sword Mountain was considered a sacred place for swordsmen.

The lucky swordsman, who inserted his sword into a place of high altitude, could deposit and withdraw more malicious aura.

This was Zen's first time at the Killing Sword Mountain. To be able to enter Killing Sword Mountain was already a matter of great luck for him. It was unknown whether he would be able to enter the Killing Sword Mountain again. Maybe a person only got one opportunity to access the mountain. It was possible that even after making a huge breakthrough, Zen might not be able to enter the Killing Sword Mountain.

Just like the Iceni, an ice sword master, perhaps his strength was now very strong, and according to general knowledge, he was supposed to insert his sacred weapon higher than on the edge of the ridge. However, he did not get the chance to enter the Killing Sword Mountain, so his sacred weapon could only be firmly inserted on the edge of the ridge, without any higher improvement.

So this time, Zen was determined to insert his sword in a higher place.

When attacked by the spirit of the sacred weapon, Zen did not reserve his strength. He exercised his highest martial arts and top-grade weapon.

The people who owned sacred weapons were influential enough to rule a region. According to Zen, Iceni might have had strength equivalent to that of people like the top leader of the Cloud Hall.

Even if the sacred weapon contained the sword spirit and only a little of Iceni's spirit, it would be difficult for Zen to defeat him even after employing all his skills.

"Ice Freeze All! Just watch me freeze you!" Iceni's spirit said arrogantly.

Then, he summoned the sword spirit to attack Zen. As soon as the sword attack was launched, Zen felt cold. Even his consciousness seemed to be freezing. His surrounding space was filled with a chill, and he could see ice crystals forming.

Zen was not afraid of fire and heat as his body could resist different kinds of flames. However, there was no way for him to deal with the cold. As he was surrounded by such extreme cold, his speed was significantly reduced, and he had no way to fight harder.

"Lift up the sword!" Zen said quickly.

With his sword lifted, soon, the malicious aura of his sword spirit, Lily was released.

That malicious aura turned into pieces of silk thread and split the ice crystals in an instant!

With the help of the malicious aura, Zen's sword broke Iceni's cold attack.

"That's impossible! Your malicious aura can't be so strong!" Iceni's spirit said, startled. Since Iceni was able to step into Killing Sword Mountain and he also practiced killing swordplay, he had a thorough understanding of the malicious aura.

The malicious aura in Zen's body was not strong at all, but the malicious aura in his sword was powerful.

What Iceni didn't know was that Zen's sword spirit had just been condensed and that the malicious aura was not Zen's, but from his sword spirit, Lily.

"Poof!"

"Snap, snap, snap..." the sound of something breaking echoed across the mountain.

After Zen broke Iceni's extreme cold attack, he lunged his sword toward Iceni's spirit. The sound of shattering glass reverberated through the mountain as Iceni's spirit had been pierced by the sword.

Soon afterward, the sacred weapon returned to its original place, and a large number of blue light spots gushed out of the sacred weapon and flew into Zen's body.

"This killing aura, or malicious aura, is so powerful! No wonder the woman from the Demon Night could carry a low-grade mysterious weapon up the mountainside," Zen muttered in excitement. He now finally understood that she could insert such a low-grade mysterious weapon in the mountainside because she relied on her extraordinarily strong malicious aura!

"If that is so, then the Killing Sword Mountain will be beneficial to me. Should I insert my sword in it now?" Zen mumbled as he thought of the possibilities. Since he had defeated Iceni's spirit, Zen now crossed over the mountainside and stood on the ridge, a level higher than before.

He looked up and found that although there were not many sacred weapons, as compared to the number of fairy weapons, the number of sacred weapons in front of him was enough to make him skeptical. Since Iceni's sword spirit, hidden in the first sacred weapon he encountered, was so powerful, it was not hard to imagine how much stronger the sword spirits from other sacred weapons would be.

"Zen, I think today's progress is enough. It is truly amazing that you were able to reach the ridge. The Killing Sword Mountain is filled with countless talents, and the master of every sword you see is a talented swordsman. These masters have figured out the sword intent at the consummation grade. You only have the strength of a cultivator at the second grade of the nature level. Now, you are able to break through these barriers and insert your fairy weapon alongside these sacred weapons. This is an outstanding achievement," the cyan dragon said slowly. "Equally, I am afraid that you won't be able to defeat the next sword no matter how hard you try."

A sacred weapon not far from Zen flashed a golden light. It was a broad-edge sword that was wider than Zen's body and over seven feet long. To be able to handle such a sword, the master must be a colossus. What stressed Zen more was that on the surface of the broad-edge sword, there was still a hint of reddish energy. If Zen guessed correctly, that energy would be malicious aura that had been compressed to an extreme extent. Even a simple glimpse of the sword was terrifying to Zen.

Zen was self-aware. He knew that with his current strength and the malicious aura of his sword spirit, he was able to defeat Iceni's sword spirit, and to walk up the ridge. Indeed, this was a good result and perhaps, the best he could do at the moment.

However, Zen did not seem to be ready to stop at this point.

He took two steps back and gripped the Streamer Sword firmly. Then, with a deep breath, he sprinted forward.

"Zen, oh, my..." the cyan dragon in Zen's mind said helplessly. He knew exactly what Zen was planning on doing.

Since he hadn't made a successful breakthrough, Zen threw his sword forward hard.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 464 Sword Washing Pool (Part One)

The higher one could insert his sword in the mountain, the greater his benefit would be. It wasn't easy though.

Anyone who came here would obviously try his best and insert the sword at the top of the Killing Sword Mountain. This would ensure maximum benefit, but only if it was so easy! One needed to go through several challenges to defeat the sword intent hidden in those swords. There was only one path to the top of the mountain, and the sword intents were on that path. Zen had to defeat them.

However, he clearly knew that he couldn't win over the sword spirit of next sword, as it was too powerful, so his only option was to throw the sword to the mountaintop.

This was a mystical area and no one knew whether Zen was the first person to do so since the Killing Sword Mountain had been made. However, if he had succeeded, his sword would have landed higher in the mountain.

Deciding that throwing was his only option, he chose it. Zen was born with superhuman strengths. When he threw his sword, he also activated all the power in the dragon's scales.

The Streamer Sword, under his power and the dragon's too, drew a bright silver arc of light in the air as it hurled in a parabolic path, almost like a meteor streaking over countless sacred weapons. It soared upwards and far!

With the extreme initial velocity, it took the sword three breaths of time to lose its upward power and begin falling towards the earth. Then it slammed into the middle of the mountain ridge, where the top grade sacred weapons were stuck. As a lower grade fairy weapon, the Streamer Sword was clearly visible among them, like a lion in a zebra herd.

Seeing this scene, the cyan dragon paused for a moment, too astonished to speak. The Killing Sword Mountain was a special sacred place and it had its own rules, which everyone had to follow. Breaking them would mean immediate expulsion. Powerful as the cyan dragon was, he dared not to help Zen from the beginning to the end lest he broke the rules and was punished. And Zen's sword throw made him worry that the idea might violate the rules of the Killing Sword Mountain.

If the Killing Sword Mountain did not acknowledge Zen's sword inserted in such a manner, the sword would bounce back. He was even more afraid that Zen would be expelled directly from the Killing Sword Mountain for this reason.

But Zen's sword was safely inserted into the mountain ridge. Then it emitted soft splendor, which demonstrated that it was establishing a connection with Zen. Obviously, Zen's sword had been recognized by the Killing Sword Mountain. He did not need to reach there himself. Only his sword did.

"Did that really work? I totally did not see that coming!"

Whatever had just happened went way over the cyan dragon's head. He had lived for hundreds of thousands of years and was much older than Zen, but he suddenly found that Zen had refreshed some of his ideas.

To be honest, Zen had just wanted to try the idea and see whether reaching higher in such a manner was acceptable or not. He hadn't expected it to actually work!

It was a pity that he was not strong enough. If he had been stronger and with enough brawn, maybe he could have thrown his sword right to the top of the mountain, where it could stay among the divine weapons or perhaps, some even higher ranks of the weapons.

Of course he knew that he couldn't be too greedy. The Streamer Sword had landed in a fairly good spot which far exceeded his expectations.

After the Streamer Sword lodged itself into the ridges of the Killing Sword Mountain, Zen suddenly felt some changes taking place in his body. There was a very special feeling in his mind, as if he was beginning to get connected with this huge sword mountain! As if he could talk to it. An invisible passage seemed to have been formed between his body and the Killing Sword Mountain which could let him reach higher places.

Suddenly, before Zen could carefully understand and analyze that feeling, the Killing Sword Mountain collapsed out of the blue in front of his eyes. With the loss of the whole world of the Killing Sword Mountain, his consciousness retreated from it immediately and he found himself back in the arena.

When his consciousness returned, the cyan dragon smiled and told him, "I'm so impressed. It really surprised me when you were able to throw and lodge the sword so high. This way of killing is a good way to be strong, so make good use of it. Now, I've done enough, and I feel like taking a nap. Bye!"

Even though the cyan dragon had devoured a piece of dragon bone spear earlier on, he hadn't received much energy from that. After all, the dragon bone spear was too small for a gigantic genuine dragon.

As the cyan dragon gradually fell asleep, Zen opened his eyes and woke up.

"Zen is awake! He's awake! Finally! Now some action!"

"It took him so long to learn the consummate sword intent."

"Hey wait! Rocher hasn't woken up yet. It's taking him longer!"

Zen glanced at Rocher who was sitting close by. His eyes were still shut and he didn't seem to have retreated from whatever place he had gone to yet.

According to the cyan dragon, in the moment of understanding the consummate sword intent, Rocher would have been sent to another place in order to be tested and granted new skills.

The Killing Sword Mountain was only one of the several hundred sacred cultivation places in the world. He couldn't know where Rocher had been taken and why he hadn't woken up yet.

However, just at that moment, Rocher opened his eyes suddenly.

As his eyelids flickered and his pupils came into focus, there was a sudden outbreak of fierce sword intent from his body. It formed a huge cyclone into the sky, and several flashes of terrible lightning and thunder loomed into the air, traveling across the cyclone.

"Is there a kind of thunder power in Rocher's sword intent?" Zen's eyes narrowed slightly, a little surprised. The blue lightning Rocher was emitting seemed quite powerful. Combined with Rocher's sword intent, the lightning was emitting a faint trace of natural law.

"It looks so powerful, almost like true lightning in the sky! Alas, I envy Rocher having such a great opportunity. He had an enormous breakthrough and all he did was sitting there for two hours. How do I find myself opportunities like that?"

"Don't even think about it. You wouldn't be able catch up with him even if he hadn't mastered the consummate sword intent! Now he is even more powerful."

"Would you look at that? Zen has also grasped the consummate sword intent, but he seems to have gained less power. When he woke up, he didn't burst out such an eye-catching effect."

Zen smiled as he heard the audiences' remarks.

Chapter 465 Sword Washing Pool (Part Two)

The greatest gain he had achieved in his epiphanic state was to establish a connection with the Killing Sword Mountain. This wouldn't have been visible immediately to the audience but he would feel the effects. After he had practiced the killing sword skill, the benefits of that connection would appear and increase gradually. His second greatest gain was the sword spirit. Born with powerful malicious aura, Lily had now become a great battle force that Zen could rely on as soon as she came into being.

But he hadn't let Lily appear in front of the public just yet. She was hidden inside Zen's mind, and her aura naturally did not spill over. Therefore, no one noticed that there was an entirely new person hidden inside him.

Rocher's sword intent overflowed for a long time, and then slowly calmed and restored. Rocher took a deep breath and let it out slowly. A peaceful and delighted smile appeared on his face. With Rocher's grave character, such a happy expression could indicate only one thing: that he had gained a lot in his sleep.

That he had!

As soon as he had understood the consummate sword intent, he had been pulled into a place called the Sword Washing Pool!

As someone who was crazy about swords and intents and legends, Rocher had paid special attention to the stories of the masters. The Sword Washing Pool had been mentioned in a book he had read. The book had said it was a semi-holy place.

So, on finding himself granted an opportunity to go into the Sword Washing Pool, how could he restrain his excitement? After all, only a very small number of people among the tens of millions of swordsmen would have received such an opportunity. Not everyone would have managed to perfect the sword intent and even if they did, they weren't sure to be allowed to enter the semi-holy land to improve their sword intent.

Cultivating in the Sword Washing Pool could not only improve his sword intent, but could also add a special attribute to it.

So Rocher had dipped his sword into the Sword Washing Pool and began to practice his intent.

After a long time, changes had taken place in the Sword Washing Pool. The water of the pool had emitted glaring blue thunder and lightning, which had poured crazily into Rocher's body and his Blood-corroding Sword. In the end, the thunder and lightning had merged with his sword intent, granting it several new powers.

With that in his mind, he had named his new sword intent as the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent.

Thunder and lightning was a kind of natural phenomenon, which was also seen as a divine punishment. The Heavenly Sword Rocher was practicing was already powerful in attack. Now its attack was greater after being mixed with the strong natural powers of the world. Thunder and lightning could have dealt catastrophic damage to his opponents. It was quite obvious that the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent could enhance Rocher's fighting capability greatly.

"Congratulations, Rocher, it looks like you got a great opportunity in your state of epiphany." Zen congratulated him with a smile.

Rocher nodded. He didn't need to be modest. To be able to cultivate in the legendary semi-holy place was enough for him to show off his good fortune.

The person with such kind of good fortunes was favored by the heavens and was destined to be a great man. There wouldn't be a second one for a thousand years in the whole Eastern Region. If he continued to be modest, it would be hypocritical in nature.

"I tried my best in my last attack, but I still couldn't defeat you. That means I have already lost the game," Rocher said slowly. "But since both of us understood the consummate sword intent at the same time, the battle had to be suspended in between. With that situation taken care of, I want to challenge you once again with both of us at a higher level of swordsmanship now."

Zen nodded when he heard Rocher's words. "Ok, I accept your challenge. Let's see who wins the final battle."

The disciples of Cloud Sect had been sitting in their places for more than two hours, waiting for Zen and Rocher to complete their epiphany. They were all quite bored now.

Those who had been watching through the Picture Slab were in a slightly better state. They could have left the Picture Slab for a while to do what they wanted to do when there was nothing interesting to see. But those on the scene of All Peak Competition were unable to do so.

This naturally meant that as soon as they heard Rocher say that he had lost, they were fired in anger and ready to swear and shout.

'We have been waiting for you for so long and all you can do is admit defeat? Boo! Are you kidding?'

Then they heard Rocher say that he would challenge Zen once again. They cheered at once.

The Heavenly Sword of Rocher had been so powerful. Now that he had understood the consummate sword intent and there was an additional thunder and lightning power in his sword, how strong could he be now? That remained to be seen but one thing was clear: there was going to be much flash and much bang now in the arena.

"Can he defeat Zen and turn him into a piece of lightning-struck burnt wood with his sword?" One of the disciples asked.

"I am not sure whether he will chop Zen into burnt wood pieces or not. But I can say for certain that Zen is a difficult opponent to deal with," answered another.

"Yes. You know? I used to think that Zen would defeat Rocher easily. But it's hard to say now. Obviously, both of them have grasped the consummate sword intent. But Rocher seems to have gained more benefits than Zen did. When Zen woke up from the epiphany, he showed no signs of a sharp increase in strength. And Rocher emitted lightning himself. It seems that Zen has clearly not gained much from the epiphany," A third one remarked.

The state of epiphany was a great opportunity for the martial art refiners but not everyone was sure to reap remarkable benefits from it. Anything could happen in that state. Sometimes, people entered the state of epiphany, but ended up getting nothing helpful from it. Stories like this could be found everywhere.

Rocher raised his Blood-corroding Sword slightly. After he had understood the consummate sword intent, every sword cyclone around him was more and more aggressive now, and there was a trace of thunder and lightning hidden inside them. Rocher knew clearly that the power of thunder and lightning he had obtained from the Sword Washing Pool was by no means ordinary. They were definitely more powerful than any mortal man could imagine.

He was confident that he could defeat Zen this time.

As Rocher was building up the power of his sword with full confidence, Zen called upon the sword spirit in his mind. Lily faded into existence gradually at his side.

"Wait what...! There is another person inside the arena! And she is a beauty! Where did she come from? What happened? What's going on?" A disciple shouted out uncontrollably.

Chapter 466 Follow The Genius' Steps (Part One)

Lily's features and appearance weren't consistent with an average person.

Her hair looked softer, and there was a fresh and young aura about her with a cropped beveled fringe.

Under those soft thin locks of hair resided her white and delicate face. With all parts of her face exactly matching with each other, she was highly attractive and beautiful. Right now, her pretty face was expressionless. But it could be imagined just how charming she would be if she started smiling.

Her costume was completely different from what was usually worn in the Eastern Region. Even the Central Region wouldn't have been bold enough like her. Unlike the conservative style of women across those regions, her dress style was much more open and bolder. For example, the upper armor she wore only covered her upper chest, showing her good figure and shape. Her bare waist looked even more slender under the armor she wore. Her long and slender legs were also visible in the short dress she wore. Even though her height was similar to that of Zen, she looked taller because of the differing ratios of their figures and her slender legs.

It had to be said that Lily, with her amazing figure and remarkable face, had perfectly copied the appearance of that lady from the Demon Night. She looked vividly beautiful even with her stiff expression. Almost every single member of the audience was baffled by her good looks and sudden appearance. Instead of trying to venture a guess to the identity of this beautiful lady, they were confused about from where this lady had come from.

There were also several spectators who were following the competition from outside the arena. For example, in Lady Peak, a large picture slab had been kept in the center of the hall.

Normally, the female disciples of Cloud Sect were more fastidious about their environment than male disciples. An example of it could be seen at Drizzle Peak where the disciples had just put the Picture Slab on the muster station. The muster station was full of dust, but they didn't mind and were now around the Slab to see the direct broadcast of the competition.

On the contrary, the female disciples of Lady Peak had cleaned the hall and put pieces of cushions around the Picture Slab. They had also prepared many snacks, such as spiced nuts, green tea melon seeds, and so on to enjoy along with the fight. It was almost as if movie night was going on. All the disciples were sitting around the slab, gossiping and eating as they enjoyed the All Peaks Competition.

Among them, Nina was leaning on a cushion and her eyes were closely following Zen's figure. Sometimes, she would sit straight when Zen's rivals were strong. Her only focus was Zen and she had watched all his competitions.

Some of her close friends knew clearly what was going on in her mind. Therefore, at the beginning, they had made jokes at her, "See! Our, oh sorry, HER dear Zen wins again!"

Even though Nina had pretended to be angry at the jokes, she had actually felt warm and happy and was blushing in her heart. The thinking of young girls was sometimes just simple and direct.

However, with the rapid rise of Zen's rank in the All Peaks Competition and his unexpected performance, he had attracted the attentions of the entire Cloud Sect, including most of the female disciples. Some special meanings had added themselves to their eyesight or rather, their gazes. Obviously, all the young ladies wanted to love and be loved. The meteoric rise meant that Zen's status was constantly rising in the eyes of those female disciples.

A character like Zen was sure to have brilliant future!

Because of this change, Nina's friends had stopped making jokes about Zen and her and focused on the competition now.

The world of martial artists might sometimes be very warm, but most of the time, its occupants were snobbish and realistic. Both Nina's appearance and family background could have been easily ranked as top level in the whole Eastern Region. Many people had adored her as an unreachable goddess. They had not even dared to dream of dating her simply because of the big gap between their normal life and this goddess' life.

In that way, one could even consider Nina and Zen the perfect match. One had a beautiful appearance and a notable family background, while the other was a gifted, brilliant, and talented disciple. However, since Zen was not from a noble clan, it would have seemed that he was inferior to Nina.

But with Zen's good performance in the All Peaks Competition, the situation was changing.

Zen had showed some excellent talents so far, and he definitely would not stay in the Eastern Region forever. It was natural that he would seek for better opportunities out of the area and travel around, which would let him show off his strength in a bigger world. The Eastern Region was too small. At this moment, Zen was easily qualified, or even exceeded the qualifications required to marry the princess of the Burning Sky Empire.

With a similar thought tossing and turning in her mind, Nina was having mixed reactions to Zen's outstanding performance. On one hand, she felt happy for Zen. And on the other, she felt a loss in her heart.

The first time she had seen Zen, she had carefully maintained her sense of superiority and pride before Zen, staying at a minimum distance. But this young man had grown rapidly. Such a fast growth rate had made her breathless and at the same time, made her feel that the distance between them was getting broader and broader.

Deeply indulged in these complex feelings and thoughts, there was a little lapse in her concentration right in the middle of the competition and she lost track. When she regained her consciousness, she suddenly found that a beautiful girl was standing beside Zen. She felt even more depressed now.

'Who is that girl? How could she suddenly appear and why is she standing by Zen?' Nina had many questions to ask, but it was obvious that none of the people around her could answer those.

She was not the only one to have such inquiries.

Actually, almost no one could understand what was going on and wanted to ask, 'Who on earth is that girl? How could she appear like a ghost out of nowhere without any sound and sign?'

Even some saints who were present could not understand what had happened!

"Sword spirit! A sword spirit with a body! Elder Xu, don't tell me that Zen has just obtained this sword spirit! And don't say that this sword spirit is a newly formed one!" Kenneth murmured, with his eyes fixed upon the girl in the arena.

Hearing the remarks from Kenneth, Elder Xu felt speechless and depressed. He didn't know what to say and therefore, did not respond directly. However, he also complained in his heart, 'What else can I tell you? Can't you see everything clearly by yourself? You also know that a swordsman needs to comprehend the sword intent completely before he can condense his sword spirit. And it normally takes years of time for the sword spirit to be condensed into a human shape. And only remarkably amazing swordsmen with extreme talents can do that after years of training. Some swordsmen in the past could not condense their sword spirits even though they have completely mastered the sword intent.' Apart from Elder Xu's arguments, one's destiny also played a big role.

Chapter 467 Follow The Genius' Steps (Part Two)

But Zen's destiny was obviously too good! Even Elder Xu felt jealous in his heart. Normally, with his powerful strength and temperament as a high-level refiner, he could have dealt with any unexpected case in front of him calmly. Someone had even joked that he would not have blinked his eyes even when the mountains fell down. But this time, Elder Xu could not maintain his calmness. Such a supreme talent and luck had made nearly everyone feel jealous.

Even someone as calm as Patrick also felt surprised to see Zen's progress. His eyes sparkled and when he saw the sword spirit, he sprang out of his meditation. Normally, the essential condition of cultivating Buddhist method was to stay calm and hold an even temper. Patrick had a very fine temper and could be considered an outstanding Buddhist refiner. However, he could not keep his usual calm nature at this moment.

His story just now was like a monk who had chanted sutras all day long and lived a regular life. He would wake up in the morning with the sound of the bell in his temple and end his day after hearing the pounding of the drums. He would care the least about the wealth, relationship and love in the world. Buddhism was his whole life. He was sincere in his prayers and hoped that one day he could inherit Buddhism. But one day, his quiet life was broken. A small monk had come to the temple and it had not taken him long time to come across Buddha and receive the inheritance from Buddha.

So, on encountering this kind of thing, Patrick could only laugh bitterly and at the same time, secretly scolded in his heart, 'Fuck! This is unfair.'

Besides, Tracy was also pestering Patrick, continuously barraging him with questions, "Patrick, what on earth is that? I feel that she is not a real human! How could this woman appear so suddenly?"

Owing to her divine legendary beast blood, Tracy's instinct was sensing that Lily wasn't human and might be special. She could identify that Lily was not a real human, but she could not know what Lily actually was.

"That is a sword spirit!" Patrick was getting a little impatient by her non-stop inquiries and told her directly.

"Oh, really?" Sensing his impatient mood, Tracy pouted her lips. She did not know why Patrick was unhappy. How could he be unhappy? The sword spirit was not a special thing that they had never heard of before. How could it make Patrick's temper short? Hmmm!

Back inside the fighting field, Rocher had just condensed his own Extreme Thunder Sword Intent and had been very proud of that. But when he saw the appearance of Zen's sword spirit, he could not help it and a shiver ran across his whole body. People who did not know exactly what had happened to him would have thought that he had received an electric shock by his own thunder.

Then he just forced a weak smile on his face. That was a very, very bitter smile. He shook his head and remarked weakly, "I thought it was very lucky for me to meditate and form the thunder intent in the Sword Washing Pool, which let me combine it to my sword intent. After all, the famous Sword Washing Pool is an area where no one from the Eastern Region has ever been lucky enough to be allowed to enter for thousands of years. I was really happy and proud to come across this lucky chance. But I have never thought that you were able to condense your sword spirit and even form a human-shape out of it!" Rocher took a deep breath to calm himself down after this long speech.

His words cast a light to most of the disciples. Only after his explanation did they actually understand what had happened inside the arena.

"Sword spirit! That woman beside Zen is his sword spirit! Is that true? I cannot believe my ears!"

"But that is totally, utterly, impossible. I remember reading in a book of sword refinement. There were some records about the sword spirit in there. It said that after reaching the consummate sword intent, the sword refiner could form his sword spirit. But it can take at least three to five years if everything goes smoothly. And moreover, it can often take up to dozens of years to form it into human shape. Some sword refiners never get to form their sword spirit even after they have got the consummate sword intent!"

"Are you kidding? Is your book about some false refining method? Zen just meditated the consummate sword intent for a couple of hours, and now, you can see that he has a sword spirit by his side!"

"I don't know yet. That is the record in the book. I suppose, the record would not be wrong. I think what happened is that Zen has refreshed the record in the book. He might even have broken it and set a new one!"

No wonder that they were all so confused. Zen had directly transformed his sword spirit into a human-shaped one, which had shocked even the cyan dragon in his mind. The cyan dragon had lived for a long time. So long that no one knew exactly how old the cyan dragon was. In his eons of life span, the dragon had witnessed so many outstanding refiners or special events but had never seen someone condensing his spirit so fast into human shape. If even the dragon was stunned, it would clearly be even harder for the people of the Eastern Region to accept the fact that Zen had condensed the sword spirit and then formed a human shape from it in only a few hours. So, Zen had really broken the record in the book.

"Zen, the place where I practiced the consummate sword intent is Sword Washing Pool, which is a semi-sacred region. Would you mind telling me where you have been? What did you experience there?" Rocher asked out his doubts and then added hastily, "It would be fine if you think that is confidential."

Zen shook his head. In his mind, there was nothing confidential regarding the place where he had got the consummate sword intent. He answered directly, "A mountain. It is called the Killing Sword Mountain."

"Killing Sword Mountain!" Rocher's eyes narrowed into slits in shock.

The Sword Washing Pool could only be considered as a semi-sacred site. There were a lot of sacred sites much above the Sword Washing Pool. As far as Rocher could remember, the Killing Sword Mountain, the Tidal Sword Tomb and the Heavenly Sword Tablet were the top three sacred sites for practicing sword skills.

If he could choose, he would have most likely selected the Heavenly Sword Tablet, which was the best fit for his Heavenly Sword cultivation method. He would have been able to gain more if he had practiced his sword intent there. However, he did not have a choice. It all depended on his fate. It was always sacred sites which chose a person, and not the other way around. He, Rocher, was not qualified at all!

"You are too strong, Zen. I thought that I might not be as strong as Patrick before, but I always believe that I could catch up with him one day. But you, Zen, you are the first person whom I don't have the confidence that I can catch up with." Rocher murmured, with a sad look in his face. "However," he kept speaking, "there are too many talents in this world. The number is too big for me to imagine. Maybe I can be considered a genius in the Eastern Region but nothing in the Central Region! But I want to catch up with you. Even if I cannot keep pace with you, my efforts will help me achieve more progress!"

If he could not catch up with a genius, then he would probably follow the genius' steps closely.

It was not hard to figure out that Rocher had a good temperament. At least, he was not driven mad by jealousy and had not generated a private demon in his heart, which would have definitely blocked his road of refinement.

"Therefore, even though I know it is hard for me to win, I still want to continue our fight! I will insist on my sword refinement and will never give up!" After saying that, he raised his Blood-corroding Sword. He summoned his life vitality to drive the thunder and lightning flow around his sword and displayed the consummate sword intent. In this way, he stabbed at Zen.

Chapter 468 Number One Peak

There were many reasons why Zen admired Rocher. One of them was his humility.

Since Rocher was born from nothing, it wasn't always easy for him to stay grounded after he achieved great success in practicing.

Some disciples who were also born from nothing became extremely proud after having made some achievements. They regarded themselves as the pride of heaven. They thought that they were so virtuous and talented as if nobody on earth could beat them. Thus, they gradually slacked off in practicing. Even if they were talented disciples, their arrogance slowly diminished their will of martial arts--and they became just mediocre disciples with time.

However, Rocher wasn't conceited or rash. He still had a good attitude and state of mind even though Zen's performance had made him feel hopeless and desperate. He didn't feel discouraged at all. He even told Zen that he would try his best to follow in his footsteps even though he couldn't surpass him.

Maybe other people were more gifted than Rocher, but only a few of them were as benevolent as him.

Now, although Rocher had spoken modestly, his move with the sword wasn't modest at all. Zen wouldn't dare underestimate this move.

The Heavenly Sword of Rocher could originally use the extremely terrifying power of heavens. After he had comprehended the consummate sword intent, his sword intent became even fuller and fiercer.

More importantly, he had comprehended the power of thunder in the Sword Washing Pool!

Now, he had both the powers of thunder and the heavens!

When the two of them were combined, the power of the sword would be equal to the punishment of heaven!

Meanwhile, Zen's face stiffened in horror as he looked at the sword with the punishment from heaven.

The sword spirit, Lily, instantly spilt into small fragments of sword intent under Zen's control and attached herself to the Streamer Sword in Zen's hand.

In reality, Zen wasn't that skilled in controlling the sword spirit. If he could use the sword spirit well, he didn't need to attach Lily to the Streamer Sword after he called her out. He could attach her directly to the Streamer sword through his body.

However, it was just a skill. Zen would control it in time as he became better in using the sword spirit.

Lily's malicious aura was quite strong, and it was unknown how many creatures she had killed to have such a powerful malicious aura.

When she stood next to Zen, she was able to contain all of the malicious aura in her body. However, the strong and fierce malicious aura suddenly burst out when she was attached to the Streamer Sword.

A butcher who slaughtered cows and pigs everyday would have an increasing amount of malicious aura in his body as time passed. This kind of aura was relatively weak, and only sensitive people could feel it. Others wouldn't say he looked murderous, but most people couldn't feel this kind of weak malicious aura anyway.

Dogs were always the most sensitive to the malicious aura. It was why they always barked at butchers when they saw them on the street. The malicious aura that emanated from the butchers made the sensitive dogs quite afraid.

Thus, it followed that malicious aura posed a threat to creatures. It had a stronger negative vibes compared to other kinds of strengths and auras.

For example, just a look from the war veterans who had fought for a long time, would make some people feel absolutely terrified. That was the kind of effect that the malicious aura had.

At present, the malicious aura in Zen's body wasn't that strong. Although he had entered the Killing Sword Mountain due to fate and passively chose the killing way to cultivate his sword skills, the malicious aura couldn't be gathered in just one night.

He had just started practicing the killing sword skill and his malicious aura was still weak, but it didn't affect his usage of Lily's malicious aura.

As soon as Lily was attached to the Streamer Sword, the turbulent malicious aura instantly burst out.

The crowd felt that it was a demon, and not a human who stood in front of them, under the influence of the malicious aura.

And, the devil was so cruel that he would cut off their heads at any time and in any place.

Some timid disciples even felt their legs tremble at the presence of the strong malicious aura. Their knees buckled and they crumpled down to the ground.

"Oh my!

Zen became a devil!"

Some disciples began to shout hysterically under the malicious aura's influence.

"What a horrible killing aura! What exactly has he gone through? He didn't have the malicious aura before, but why did he suddenly have a strong malicious aura now?" some of them exclaimed.

However, they were still clearly awed by the sight.

After a while, the two powerful auras instantly collided with each other.

Rocher's sword symbolized the power of heaven. He looked like he was an angel from heaven at that moment, sent to punish the criminals of the world for their sins.

On the other hand, Zen was like a devil raised against the heavens. His killing sword skill seemed like it could slaughter every creature in the world! To be the god of heaven through killing! To resist the strength of heaven through killing!

"Bang!"

A loud, booming noise came from the two powerful swords when they collided with each other.

The thunder and lightning, which looked like a punishment from heaven, hit Zen with sword intent after sword intent. In turn, the malicious aura in Zen's Streamer Sword turned into spools of long threads and charged at the thunder and lightning as well. Some of the long threads shattered into pieces when they crashed against the thunder and lightning.

However, the long threads seemed to flow endlessly. After the thunder and lightning broke a series of the threads, another wave of threads burst out and rushed towards Rocher.

After a while, the abrasion from the countless long threads had weakened the power of Rocher's sword. The malicious aura finally disintegrated the surging thunder and lightning not long after.

The killing sword skill was a highly strong and powerful skill of swordsmanship. Zen didn't get to practice the cultivation method of the malicious aura, so he couldn't fully use the power of the killing sword skill--but he still defeated the sword of Rocher. Had he practiced the cultivation method that matched the malicious aura, its power would've been ten times stronger than it had been just now.

Although the killing sword skill was strong and powerful, it had a disadvantage. If the practitioner's body had too much malicious aura in it, demons would consume him and in the end, he might be destroyed by the malicious aura. Fortunately, Zen wouldn't have such trouble since he had a resonance between his soul consciousness and the Killing Sword Mountain.

After his move with the sword was defeated by Zen, Rocher took back the Blood-corroding Sword and returned it to its sheath.

However, the winner was still in doubt when Rocher took back his sword.

Then again, Rocher still chose to take the sword back and end the competition. It wasn't because he didn't want to fight anymore, but rather, he knew that Zen would also try his best if he gave his all in the fight--but he would still lose in the end.

He would do his best to fight back if his opponent was roughly as strong as him, because he might have a chance to win. However, Rocher had already lost to Zen when they comprehended the consummate sword intent. Moreover, his strength was far behind Zen's now.

Thus, it was useless to fight with Zen anymore since he would definitely lose to him in the end anyway.

"I lost!" Rocher declared.

The referee who stood next to them heard Rocher and proclaimed the winner.

"Zen, the disciple of the Drizzle Peak won! And Rocher, the disciple of the Skytop Peak lost!" he announced.

"Number One! We are Number One!" someone shouted.

Several masters of Drizzle Peak happily clapped their hands and celebrated Zen's victory with each other.

Meanwhile, Master Wen's eyes slightly moistened. Zen defeated Rocher in this competition and finally became the first out of all the disciples in thirty-three peaks.

Since Zen was ranked first among all the disciples in all the peaks, then Drizzle Peak became the first out of all the thirty-three peaks because of him!

The Drizzle Peak, which used to rank the last among all the peaks, suddenly became first! It was a miracle and it was all because of Zen!

The masters and all the disciples of Drizzle Peak couldn't believe the news. They thought it was unreal, as if they were in a sweet dream. If so, they hoped that they would never wake up from the dream.

The next and last opponent Zen had to fight was Patrick.

So far, no one had pushed Patrick to do his best in the competitions. He was the top disciple in Cloud Sect, only next to the extraordinarily talented Evan. It wasn't easy to gauge his real strength.

Zen clearly knew that it would be tough to win against Patrick in their upcoming competition.

Before he had comprehended the consummate sword intent, he wasn't that positive about his fight against Patrick. But now he had comprehended it, and the sword spirit Lily boosted his confidence in the competition.

However, it was still hard for Zen to determine what his chances were.

After all, he didn't know Patrick's real strength, and he didn't have a reference to measure it.

He just hoped that there would be someone powerful to fight against Patrick first.

Unfortunately, only a few disciples had the ability to challenge Patrick. Wing was a man of great power, but Patrick defeated him in a second. Jacques was powerful too, but Zen had already swallowed up his flood dragon bone spear so he couldn't do his best to fight Patrick anymore. As for Tracy, Zen thought that she wouldn't go all out to fight Patrick and surrender instead--although she tried her best and activated the body of the Blue Phoenix when she fought against him.

However, to Zen's surprise, Tracy was picked in the draw lots to compete against Patrick on the battlefield.

Just as Zen had guessed, Tracy cheerfully surrendered as soon as they got on the battlefield.

'The girl is only cruel when she fights against me!' Zen thought and shook his head.

Fortunately, the Lord expressed his wish to look after Zen. Thus, the referee drew lots again after Tracy surrendered, and Patrick's name was drawn once more.

This time, he was slated to compete against Rocher!

A smile formed on Zen's lips. Not everyone could force Patrick to do his best in the competition, but Rocher was the best man for the job.

However, Zen wondered how long Rocher would last, or if he could directly defeat Patrick.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 469 Acalanatha

Either way, both possibilities worked in Zen's favor.

Now, on the Cloud Sect List, the only opponent left for Zen was Patrick.

Although Evan ranked first in the previous competition, he was still held up in a secluded place for cultivation. Usually, such cultivation period could either be long or short. With the level Evan reached, he would be staying in that place for three months at least or one year at most. Therefore, his chances of making an appearance at this All Peaks Competition were slim.

That was how Patrick ended up as the last disciple to compete Zen. If he was defeated, then Zen would rank first among the Cloud Sect disciples.

The match between Rocher and Patrick had generated a lot of interest.

While Zen previously defeated Rocher, it didn't mean he was a weak fighter or competitor, because it was really not easy to gain advantage in the competition with Zen, who was dubbed a monster for the manner he had beaten his opponents.

As far as the other disciples were concerned, it was unbelievable that a human at the second grade of the nature level could be so powerful, and the only way they could explain this was to say Zen was a monster.

For them, it made sense that a monster had some kind of super power that a human did not possess.

Both Rocher and Patrick had demonstrated great competence at the start, so the battle between them would be very fierce.

When the referee called their names, Patrick and Rocher walked to the battle ring.

Still keeping a low profile, Patrick said lightly, "Rocher, I've been waiting for this competition for a long time."

"Me too." Rocher nodded.

The two had been observing each other for a long time, so there was no need to say more.

After comprehending the consummate sword intent, Rocher had gone to the Sword Washing Pool to practice cultivation and his ability increased considerably. However, competing with Zen humbled him slightly and he had realized that no matter how powerful he was, there would always be someone more powerful than him.

On the other hand, Patrick appeared very modest and till now had not demonstrated his real competence yet. He was like a volcano in the heavy twilight.

Nobody knew what kind of power this volcano would unleash once it erupted.

It was Rocher who thrust his sword first. Using the Sword Steps, he immediately advanced towards Patrick.

In the beginning, they didn't use much strength and seemed to be thinking of suppressing each other with their skills. Obviously, Rocher had the advantage in this aspect because he had both sword and Sword Steps.

However, when Rocher was close enough to Patrick and was about to attack, he realized how wrong he was about his opponent.

Still without a weapon, and not even using the Samsara of Buddhism for this competition, Patrick was already powerful enough and could put up a good fight.

With the protection of golden lights flashing above his hands, he simply patted Rocher's sword with his bare hands.

"Bang! Bang! Bang..."

Twelve times Rocher thrust his sword, but Patrick's fighting speed never slowed down as he parried each thrust. Like scattered leaves in the wind, his big strong hands floated in the air and slapped at Rocher's blade.

Everyone was shocked when they saw Patrick block Rocher's sword attack with bare hands. His form looked so powerful. Even Zen, who had dazzled other disciples with his sturdy build, couldn't parry Rocher's sword with bare hands alone.

However, some disciples with eagle eyes learned this was not the case at all.

The palm method Patrick was using right now called the Grand Leaf Palm Method was perfect both in strength and speed control. It looked as if he was patting the edge of Rocher's sword directly although, in actuality, he was only tapping the blade from the side and pushing it away.

To deflect the quick attack of Patrick's Grand Leaf Palm Method, Rocher kept on changing his Sword Steps. However, whether near or far from Patrick, Rocher couldn't break through his defense.

As the pace of attacks picked up, Patrick began to use more skills that he had never shown in front of the other disciples.

Grand Leaf Palm, Shadow Finger, Prajna Palm, Pattra Leaf Finger, Wisdom Knosmos Finger...

Rocher was dazzled by these magic cultivation methods of the Buddhist, and the other disciples were stunned too.

Everyone had so many questions in their minds, and things to say.

"How could Patrick have learned so many cultivation methods of the Buddhist?"

"He must have robbed the Sutra depository of some temple!"

"Don't be silly! There is no temple in the Eastern Region. All the famous temples in the Central Region have a longer history than our Cloud Hall, so he couldn't have robbed any of these."

Since Buddhist cultivation methods were quite mysterious and not widely spread, these methods Patrick was demonstrating in his fight with

Rocher seemed more valuable, and nobody could tell where he had learned all these methods.

The situation in the battle ring was gradually controlled by Patrick, who relied on his dazzling palm and finger cultivation methods for a counter-attack. Rocher failed to take advantage in the battle with his Blood-corroding Sword and even had to withdraw on several occasions when under attack by Patrick.

Realizing that he couldn't compete with Patrick in skills, Rocher stepped back and raised his sword to accumulate strength.

As momentum converged in his body, Rocher started to summon the Heavenly Sword.

Sensing the energy emanated from Rocher's body, Patrick turned sober. Although Zen had broken through the attack of Rocher's Heavenly Sword, it didn't mean his opponent was too weak to fight. Rather, Rocher had failed because Zen was just too strong.

"Samsara of Buddhism!"

As soon as Patrick shouted, six golden beads appeared on his side.

The beads were called Six-realm Beads because they contained the strength of six realms.

When Patrick summoned the Six-realm Beads, they began spinning slowly. Patrick had defeated Wing with these beads in the previous competition. In that match, he had absorbed Wing's attacking strength by directing it to the beads, then used that strength on Wing leading to his defeat.

So this time Patrick summoned these beads again, Rocher became more cautious.

"Heavenly Punishment Sword!" Rocher shouted.

He knew how powerful the Six-realm Beads were, so he needed to use his most powerful skill. Many of the disciples nodded in agreement with his wise decision. Had they been in Rocher's place, they would have taken the same action. Because if Rocher didn't go all out, his strength would be absorbed by Patrick and he would end up being passive in the competition.

The power of the Six-realm Beads might be horrible, but they did have their limit. If Rocher could get past that limit, he would be able to break the Samsara of the Buddhism!

With the overwhelming pressure from Rocher's Heavenly Punishment Sword, a stream of full sword intent as thick as a bucket rushed towards Patrick.

After several buzzes, the Six-realm Beads started spinning at an extremely high speed.

The beads were spinning so fast that they looked to be forming a golden circle in the process. In the blink of an eye, Rocher's sword that completed the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent got pulled into the circle.

"Block!"

As Patrick's eyes glinted, the force field in the golden circle began changing radically. The sword Rocher had thrust had reduced in speed, and now looked like it was about to be blocked in the golden circle.

If Rocher's sword ended up blocked, Patrick could easily reverse the Six-realm Beads and strengthen the attacking strength from Rocher before bouncing it back. That would undoubtedly lead to Rocher's failure.

Of course, Rocher was not about to let that happen. Since he would give his all, there was the possibility of burning and releasing all his life vitality.

"Are you trying to block my sword?

No way!' he thought. Because of Rocher's momentum, the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent in his weapon went berserk. Every bolt of lightning it released was now as thick as an arm and looked like trapped beasts attempting to break out of the cage.

A series of snaps were overheard, until cracks finally appeared on Patrick's golden circle.

There was no doubt it could no longer withstand the tearing of the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent.

Discussion among the crowd grew. "Look at that! Rocher's sword is indeed more powerful!"

"Since ancient times, defense has always been more difficult than attack. Patrick may be powerful, however, compared to a mere defense, attacking is still the best defense."

"If the golden circle breaks, defeat is certain for Patrick!"

As minutes passed, it seemed like the golden circle was on the verge of collapse because more cracks were showing, and it even began shaking.

Taking advantage of the favorable situation, Rocher roared, "Break!"

This was instantly followed by a loud ripping sound.

The Extreme Thunder Sword Intent used by Rocher finally ripped the golden circle.

But the battle was not over yet. Patrick, who was now frowning, was suddenly bathed in golden light. He stretched his arms, and a shadow appeared behind him.

There was a slight gasp from the crowd as a Buddha emerged.

Unlike other Buddhas that were always smiling, this one looked like he was in a rage.

Buddhas generally had two expressions. He looked peaceful as he smiled while in meditation. On the other hand, when he wanted to teach wicked people a lesson or alert the masses to get rid of their sins, his face took on an aggressive look.

"It's Acalanatha!

How could Patrick summon Acalanatha?

Is he a descendant of Acalanatha?"

The questions were fired by one disciple, while others around him stared at him, thinking he was an idiot.

The Buddha was far different from the legendary beast.

Moreover, monks in temples were not allowed to be intimate with women, so it was impossible for them to sire an heir.

So how could a Buddha have any descendants?

Realizing he had said something wrong, the disciple's face flushed pink. "Maybe Patrick is the reincarnation of Acalanatha!" he suggested.

"Yes, that's probably it! Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to learn so many of the Buddhist cultivation methods!" another disciple shouted in agreement.

"No wonder he's so powerful!

He's the reincarnation of Acalanatha! Rocher is not likely to fight the shadow of Acalanatha!"

At this point, Patrick appeared calm. On the other hand, the shadow of Acalanatha behind him looked horrible with its angry expression.

"Acalanatha Palm!"

As Patrick cried out, he clasped his hands then pointed at the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent lightly. Then a palm appeared in the air before it swept towards the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent.

Chapter 470 Two Million Cubic Crystals

Acalanatha's virtual shadow pushed Patrick's palm, and the result was equal to Tracy's grip as she aimed at Zen.

But obviously, Patrick's strength was more powerful.

His strength wasn't due to bloodline heritage but from Acalanatha's reincarnation.

On the golden palm were rows of Sanskrit flowing and spreading golden light continuously.

Feeling the power of the golden palm changed Rocher's expression. He finally escaped from Patrick's Samsara of Buddhism, but that meant suffering from the horrible pain.

He wondered, 'Is this Patrick's real strength?' Staring at the huge palm while gritting his teeth, Rocher borrowed more vitality from heaven and earth, and additionally, some of heaven's power. The sharper extreme thunder sword intent, from the bottom all the way up, tried to resist the palm.

This move would decide the victor and loser.

Rocher thought, 'If I win, it will be my pleasure; if I lose, it will be my destiny.'

Bang!

The loud sound was a result of the golden palm meeting the blue thunder light, and this dazzling glow made it difficult for people to open their eyes because it felt like a star exploding in the competition field.

However, Zen, who was outside the competition field, was not one of them.

The light spots reflected on his brown pupils as he watched every movement of the two people fighting.

Shaking his head, Zen predicted, 'Rocher will be defeated.' Earlier, Rocher said his chance of winning over Patrick was fifty percent now, and this would increase to ninety percent once he entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. Rocher had clearly underestimated his opponent.

With his current strength, Rocher didn't even have a ten percent chance of winning against Patrick.

To be fair, Rocher had a fantastic breakthrough. He had comprehended the consummate sword intent and washed his blade in the Sword Washing Pool, the semi-sacred place.

And this strength should be enough to cover the shortage of his lower level. In other words, Rocher thought that if he stepped into the Illuminating Soul Realm, he had a ninety percent chance of beating Patrick. But he was quite naive to think that.

Acalanatha's reincarnation of Patrick was too powerful.

And this was quite disturbing.

If Rocher had a next better chance and broke into the Illuminating Soul Realm, he would probably have the strength to compete with Patrick.

The radiance on the competition field had disappeared. Rocher supported his shaky body with the Blood-corroding Sword. His lean, controlled face now had a sad look.

A youth confident of becoming more powerful with every battle suffered defeat repeatedly. He now seemed frustrated.

But frustration had a different effect for every individual.

There are extremely arrogant people whose dedication to martial arts is limited. So, once defeated, this kind of person easily breaks. Eventually, he would stop training and even suffer from mental problems, making it difficult to make a comeback for the rest of his life.

On the other hand, there are arrogant people with a stronger commitment to martial arts. Thus any setback only serves to develop their courage, and they practice harder for the future. These people seek more opportunities to win and ultimately have the last laugh.

"I was defeated!"

With this declaration, Rocher put the Blood-corroding Sword on his back, and the sorrow earlier seen in his face, immediately disappeared. Apparently, he was the latter.

"You are the first one with the strength of nature level consummation to force me to release the honored Acalanatha. You don't need to have the metal load. With your developing gift, if you're in the same realm as me, I probably won't defeat you," Patrick stated casually. As he said this, the virtual shadow of Acalanatha behind him gradually scattered.

Saluting, Rocher replied," I have just lost. I can't deny the truth. I will not find an excuse on our different levels. But I hope we will have another chance to learn from one another here in the future."

Acknowledging the salute, Patrick nodded. He had to respect such an opponent.

After coming down from the competition field, Patrick focused his eyes on Zen and said calmly," Zen, there's only one round left in the All Peaks Competition. And that's the match between you and me."

The young disciple nodded and wondered what made Patrick say that.

"I need several days to summon my Acalanatha again after I use it once. Would you like to fight today or in three days?"

Patrick was hoping the answer would be in his favor.

The Acalanatha was powerful, but with Patrick's present strength, he had no energy to release it continuously. Once this was summoned, it would take several days to recover before it could be put to use again.

What Patrick wanted was for Zen to choose what day they would compete.

If they fought now, Patrick couldn't use all his strength.

At the end of the All Peaks Competition, both Zen and Patrick would lose interest in their ranking.

The champion of the All Peaks Competition could receive a Turbidity Clearing Pill and a fairy weapon.

Besides, the top three earned the right to walk on Cloud Road.

Even if Zen was defeated, Kenneth could probably reward Zen with the Turbidity Clearing Pill and fairy weapon. His decision would depend on the strength and the talent Zen had displayed.

"If I can't compete with your peak strength, my warrior spirit won't be pleased," Zen smiled.

Fighting did not faze Zen. If Patrick's strength was not at its peak, even if he defeated Patrick, the battle Zen had looked forward to for a long time wouldn't be perfect. There would be no satisfaction with that kind of victory, so Zen didn't have a reason to choose to fight now.

So, it was best to wait.

"Okay, in three days. I will wait for you!" Patrick nodded in acknowledgement.

That meant the All Peaks Competition, which had lasted for a few days would be paused.

In fact, the results had already come out, but only the No. 1 and No. 2 positions were held in suspense to see who between Zen and Patrick would occupy the slots.

The No. 3 spot belonged to Rocher, Tracy came in at No. 4, and Jacques was No. 5.

This was how the Cloud Sect List looked at present.

Of the thirty-three peaks, Drizzle Peak was suddenly on top, with Skytop Peak dropping to second place. The other thirty-one peaks had new rankings.

All the disciples outside the competition field started to leave. Zen went up to the platform, directly to where Kenneth was seated.

In the past, someone would hoot at Zen before he even came close to the platform, demanding him not to go any nearer.

But now, the saints and elders remained silent. It was now quite clear that Zen was a person that Kenneth paid great attention to. Moreover, this little guy's future attainment would be hard to evaluate. Yet, it would still be easy for him to surpass those saints.

"Sir," Zen greeted Kenneth with a salute as he stepped on the platform.

"What is it that you want?" Kenneth asked.

But with his insights, how could he not figure out what Zen was thinking?

The talented disciple came to him now because of Yan.

"I want to see my younger sister," Zen replied.

"You mean Yan?" Kenneth inquired.

He was curious to know more.

Zen nodded and said," I hope you can release her. One thousand years, one million points, equal to two million cubic crystals. I can pay for that."

His offer came as a surprise for Kenneth.

As it was previously announced, Yan would be locked in Hell Mountain for a thousand years. But there was a rule in Cloud Sect that if someone paid one thousand points, her sentence would be reduced by one year. Therefore, it would take a million points, equivalent to two million cubic crystals, to save Yan.

But two million cubic crystals was no joke. And Kenneth was very curious how Zen could accumulate so many cubic crystals.

It was not easy to take out two million cubic crystals even for any of the top seven noble clans. After all, these families possessed fixed assets, and how could they have so much cash?

Yet here was Zen, a warrior from a poor family. Knowing the fortune of the Luo family, getting even several cubic crystals would be difficult, let alone several million.

Finally, he had to ask. "Where...

Where did you get so much money?"

It was out of curiosity that he was asking.

"Hmmm, it doesn't matter where I got that much money. The point is, can these cubic crystals be used in exchange for my sister's freedom?

If it can, I certainly have so many cubic crystals to pay you," Zen explained.

With his current method, it would be so easy to make money.

Fifty drops of Heavenly Essence could be sold for 250 thousand cubic crystals at an auction. He refined only a hundred mysterious weapons and got hundreds of drops of Heavenly Essence.

Even if a large quantity of Heavenly Essence was on the market, and the price would go down, it was still not difficult to collect two million cubic crystals.

Furthermore, Zen could seek Wurth's assistance. It was believed that given Zen's current performance, he could get enough favors from the Zhang Clan. It would not be a problem to borrow two million cubic crystals from the clan. After all, they were the wealthiest family in the Eastern Region, and even the top seven noble clans were poor compared to the Zhang Clan.

Though Kenneth seldom showed up at Cloud Sect, he was very clear about the Eastern Region territory. If Zen was confident to take out two million cubic crystals, Kenneth could easily guess that it had something to do with the Zhang Clan. Otherwise, it would be impossible for the disciple to accumulate such a large fortune.

With Zen's current talent and strength, he had a very promising future and would be worth the investment of the Zhang Clan, Kenneth thought.

Finally, Kenneth sighed," Alas..."

"No?"

The young disciple was a jumble of nerves, but outwardly, he looked calm.

Since entering Cloud Sect, Zen was clear about his purpose: to save his sister and get her away from Hell Mountain at the soonest possible time.

If it was possible, Zen didn't want Yan to stay at that mountain one minute longer.

That was why he always strove for the one million points. Even if he had to spend some points in practicing cultivation methods, he only invested in himself when he had the confidence to earn more points.

However...

"No. Even if you pay two million cubic crystals, which are one million points, you can't take her away," Kenneth said while shaking his head.

"Why?" Zen implored.

As he gritted his teeth, his heart raced faster and his eyes were slowly turning red.

Chapter 471 Hidden Facts (Part One)

How could Zen not be angry?

There were two important parts of his life—martial arts was the path on which he wished to harvest his achievements, and Yan was his most cherished, beloved little sister.

To make it to where he was, Zen had sacrificed a great deal only to suddenly be told that all he had done was in vain. The dream that once seemed so close to him slipped right through his fingers just before he could reach it. How on earth could he possibly take it easy?

Meeting Zen's eyes, Kenneth was neither fazed nor afraid. With a plain smile, he simply said, "You don't have to be so angry. Yan was imprisoned in Hell Mountain for a reason. And as her brother, you deserve to know why."

"Out with it, then," said Zen with a dark scowl at Kenneth, darting a fierce glare of hate.

Even though Kenneth was way stronger and more powerful than him, who was able to kill him in a single strike, at that moment, Zen didn't care one bit. Hatred and determination drove him, bolstering him to man up, showing no sign of cowardice.

"Yan is supposed to be the disciple in Cloud Sect with the greatest potential. As you know, not many female disciples enroll in Cloud Sect, leading to Lady Peak's depopulation. Among those girls, only a few are truly good. You see, Jill is one of the most talented there, and yet, she didn't get a very good result in the competition," said Kenneth slowly. Pausing for a moment, he caught Zen's attention. "But Yan is different.

Unlike those lesser girls, Yan possesses true talent. I have high expectations for her. I can see even greater potential in her than in you, Zen.

Do you know what our purpose is? Do you know why we bother to establish a Cloud Sect here in the Eastern Region?

We, Cloud Hall, aim to attract all the talents of the Eastern Region!

Once their true potential is identified, they would be sent to Cloud Hall for further learning. The world of warriors is a world where only the fittest survive. To make it here, one has to endure fierce competition and strong opponents. And as numerous geniuses as there may be, there is a hunger here for true super-geniuses, who will be cherished and nurtured by all sects.

According to my judgment, you are very gifted in martial arts, Zen. Normally, from higher to lower, we divide the potential for martial arts into three grades—Heaven, Earth, and Human. However, an even greater grade than Heaven is Saint. You've got tremendous potential, Zen, so much that your grade is somewhere between Heaven and Saint. Your talent may be remarkable, but still, no match for your sister's. She's a Saint-level talent! How can we afford to send a Saint-level talent to Hell Mountain?

Yes, she hurt the Yun Clan's eldest son and disabled him. But that was nothing compared to her future achievements. Even if she slaughtered the whole Yun Clan, I, Kenneth, would still back her up!"

As Kenneth went on, he stood from his chair, overcome by his determination. His strong hands were clenched tightly behind his back to the point of his knuckles whitening. The expression on his face seemed more emotional than usual.

At that moment, Kenneth's passion was so compelling that when faced with him, one would barely be able to breathe easily.

Were Zen an average disciple, he might have yielded to Kenneth's strength and knelt down. But because Zen was just as resolute, he managed to stay calm and composed in front of Kenneth's overwhelming demeanor.

Beside them, seeing Zen handling himself easily, standing up straight, Elder Xu felt a sense of relief and remained where he was. Though he was ready to help Zen resist, lest he be hurt by Kenneth's strength, to his surprise, Zen looked neutral, as if he was barely affected by the former's power.

However, although Zen kept a calm facade, deep inside, he was rather shocked by Kenneth's words as he brooded over what he was just told.

In the beginning, he thought Yan was confined to Hell Mountain because of her severe offense to the Yun Clan, and everything that followed was the clan's retaliation. It seemed, now, that his guess was wrong.

According to Kenneth, Yan was the most promising disciple of the Cloud Sect, and he would do anything or go against anyone to protect her. Though he might have been exaggerating to help emphasize his point, his words revealed a certain truth—in Kenneth's eyes, Yan was more important than the entire Yun Clan!

So why was she imprisoned in Hell Mountain, then? What did Kenneth say was the reason behind it?

Seeing that Zen was lost in thought, Kenneth paused for another moment. With a sigh, he looked up at the boundless sky and said, "You Luo Family have been mediocre for generations. But suddenly, a pair of geniuses were born. I would say that your births were God's design. God's will works in mysterious ways, after all, as is how we all ended up here. Whatever happens to you has been predetermined before your birth. It's fate that Yan was sent to Hell Mountain, and fate doomed you to be unable to do anything about it. But one's fate can be changed. By working hard enough, one day, you will take a step beyond the Illuminating Soul Realm, and even refine yourself in the Internal Elixir Realm. With all that, you might be able to free your sister from confinement. I believe that one day you will. But not now.

Right now, you're too weak. You haven't yet reached your full potential. You're too weak to achieve your dreams and too weak to save your beloved ones.

You may have amazing talent, but the world is vast and full of people with talent. There are many talented people but very few truly accomplished ones. Not many talents can survive the hardships and come out strong."

Kenneth's shots of 'too weak' at him made Zen's heart sink.

He couldn't help but be apprehensive.

Yan seemed to be in greater trouble than he thought and Kenneth didn't have a say in her release either.

Moreover, Kenneth's requirements sounded completely impossible.

Enter the Illuminating Soul Realm, and then step beyond it?

Become one of the Internal Elixir Realm warriors?

Such stages were out of Zen's reach. But he knew that Kenneth wasn't trying to humiliate him—Kenneth was trying to tell him how powerful the opponents were and how radical the challenges he would face if he were to set his sister free. Compared to Internal Elixir warriors, Zen's strength was like that of an ant. If they met in battle, he would be blown away like a grain of dust as he turned into literal ashes.

Chapter 472 Hidden Facts (Part Two)

"Sir, I don't quite understand yet. If my sister is so important to Cloud Hall, why was she sent to Hell Mountain? Was it because of her great potential?" asked Zen.

Kenneth nodded but after a moment, also shook his head. With another defeated sigh, he continued,"Not just that. Apart from her aptitude in martial arts, she was gifted with a special peculiarity. Her body is suitable for energy storing. She has what is called the 'Purple Power Body'."

"Purple Power Body?" asked Zen with an arched brow.

He had never heard of such a thing.

"You heard me right. It's a special natural talent passed on by blood, inherited only by women. And when a woman of Purple Power Body enters the Internal Elixir Realm, her Internal Elixir is called the Purple Power Elixir—very different from the usual ones, and more powerful than that of common people. A woman with Purple Power in the Internal Elixir stage is someone far beyond her peers of both genders," explained Kenneth.

"I see…My sister is a remarkable woman, it seems. Do you mean someone is coveting her natural talent?

Can this Purple Power Body be taken by force?" asked Zen.

Now, he felt that he was finally close to the truth.

"Such a special talent is extremely rare—one in a trillion. And as only women can possess this particular skill..." Kenneth's countenance was severely serious as he continued,"There is one thing that can be taken from them—their virginity.

There's this overlord of the Central Region who wants to set out a Lustful Demon Array. To do so, he needs to find three women who have the Purple Power Body and they all have to be in the stage of the Internal Elixir Realm."

Virginity and lust…

As Zen heard the pair of words, his face turned darker and more furious.

Unlike normal cultivation methods, there were also evil techniques for one to refine the self and gain inner energy. These evil methods required the practitioners to practice evil deeds, and some had to be acquired through sex with virgins.

Apparently, this overlord of the Central Region was one of those who used such evil means. His goal wasn't a common one, for he required the virginity of three Purple Power Bodies of the Internal Elixir Realm. One could hardly imagine how powerful this overlord must have been.

"Didn't you say that the Purple Power Body was extremely rare, possessed by only one in a trillion? And he wants three? How is that possible?" questioned Zen. However powerful this overlord might have been, his pursuit seemed to be in vain. The Purple Power Body was so rare that only one woman out of hundreds of millions possessed it and yet the overlord wanted to find three of them. What was more, he needed all of them to be in the Internal Elixir stage. How could that be?

With a shake of his head, Kenneth slowly said,"I have no idea. These matters are far too high up for me to fathom. Three Purple Power Bodies of the Internal Elixir stage sound impossible to find but some masters in the Central Region have unimaginable means to get what they want. With their superhuman skills, they know everything that's happening between Heaven and Earth. There is a possibility that they might find three women that match the criteria eventually, and that's why we sent Yan to Hell Mountain. Practice or punishment—it's merely an excuse. Yan's imprisonment is truly for protection. We are trying to protect her from this overlord and from all the others who would use her."

Now, it all made sense. It was no wonder his sister had been confined—a mission of protection disguised in punishment.

Though he could finally sigh in relief, sadness built up inside Zen.

It was all his fault, he believed, being too weak to protect his own sister. Once her true nature was exposed to the public, Zen couldn't even imagine what would happen to her.

After everything, he knew that he owed Kenneth an apology. Cloud Hall had done all they could to protect his beloved Yan.

But there was another question that still hung over his head—was this overlord within the authority of Cloud Hall or from the other forces of the Central Region?

Irritated at the situation, Zen contemplated on the matter.

In spite of his anger, he was no fool. For the whole time he spoke, Kenneth sounded sincere in his authority. But he didn't owe Zen an explanation. After all, Kenneth was a senior member of Cloud Hall and would do things in Cloud Hall's interest. If the overlord was also a member of Cloud Hall, Kenneth would never stand against him for Yan's sake.

If that were the case, they could no longer rely on Kenneth's kindness.

'Time, ' Zen suddenly thought. 'I need time to improve and become stronger, ' he swore deep inside. 'For Yan's sake…and my own sake…I must become stronger. The sooner I do, the better.'

"Is it possible to arrange a meeting with my sister?"

After a thought, Zen suddenly inquired.

With a smile, Kenneth nodded his head and promised,"Of course you can visit her. You're also allowed to bring her out of Hell Mountain for a while, but not too long. The overlord already knows about Yan's talents and has paid quite a few visits to Cloud Sect. To protect Yan, we lied to him and said she was still in her confinement. If he happens to spot her outside of Hell Mountain, we'd be exposed. All of us, especially Yan, would be in severe trouble."

"I understand. Thank you for your advice, Sir. I'll go meet her now," he calmly said.

After the fierce struggle inside him, he restrained his anger and excitement. Too much caring and overthinking might lead to confusion when dealing with problems in the long term. Hearing about Yan's situation, Zen decided to keep his mind even. What he needed now wasn't to vent his anger but to find a solution to the problem.

"Elder Xu, take Zen to Hell Mountain," ordered Kenneth.

Following the command, Elder Xu summoned his transportation vehicle. An emerald green leaf of five square feet appeared beneath his boots. Urging Zen on, Elder Xu told him,"Stand on the leaf, Zen. I'll take you to Hell Mountain."

After bowing his head to Kenneth, Zen stepped on the leaf. Once he steadied himself, the leaf fluttered up and shot right up into the air.

The thought of seeing his sister made Zen's heart race in excitement—he could barely keep it in, now.

Chapter 473 Yan's Homicidal Intent (Part One)

As if aware of Zen's fierce emotions, Elder Xu said without turning to face him, "I know you are very emotional after hearing about your sister's matter. I'm not as wise as the sect leader, but I hope that you will listen to my experience gathered over several hundred years of life."

"It would be an honor to learn from you, Elder Xu," Zen replied respectfully.

Elder Xu was the most powerful elder in Cloud Sect. He was subordinate to Kenneth and the deputy leader. Despite his power and influence, Elder Xu wasn't a member of Cloud Hall. Being a behemoth over the continent, Cloud Hall paid little attention to Cloud Sect in the Eastern Region. Instead, Cloud Hall nominated a sect leader and a deputy leader to take charge of Cloud Sect.

"You are a great talent, which is why the sect leader is paying special attention to you. If you can pass the test of Cloud Road, Cloud Hall will appreciate you. After that, you will grow into a mighty figure and achieve great things, which are beyond my imagination. However, you have to remember this. You should learn to endure silently before you are powerful enough. Attracting unwanted attention might get you killed. Only by staying alive will you have the opportunity to achieve your dreams and to save your sister from her fate."

Zen was shocked by those words. He stared at Elder Xu's back.

It seemed that Elder Xu had managed to read his mind.

After all, Zen's biggest weakness had always been his sister, Yan, and he couldn't keep calm about matters related to her. When Kenneth told him about her situation, Zen had been so distraught that he forgot to behave respectfully in front of the sect leader.

Perhaps Kenneth wasn't offended as he had a good temperament. This time, Zen wasn't punished for being rude. However, what if it had been someone else? Then what would have happened to Zen? What if it had been the man who was planning to employ the Lustful Demon Array and take Yan's virginity? That man was far stronger than Zen, and it would not be challenging for him to kill Zen. If Zen lost his cool and fought with that man, he would be courting death.

"I'll keep that in mind. Thank you for the warning, Elder Xu," Zen nodded and said.

Elder Xu replied with a brief nod. Although Zen's matter had nothing to do with him, the uncontrollable resentment on the young man's face reminded Elder Xu of an experience in his younger days. It was similar to Zen's current circumstance. Still weak in the past, Elder Xu had forced himself to bite the bullet and hold a grudge until he was strong enough to take revenge.

His advice to Zen had come from a lesson Elder Xu had learned earlier on.

Zen had impressed Elder Xu with his excellent performance in the All Peaks Competition. According to Elder Xu, Zen's future was full of promise, and it would be a pity if he died because of his hatred.

The large leaf on which they stood flew in the sky at high speed. After a while, Hell Mountain appeared before them.

A volcanic vent spewed molten lava on the top of Hell Mountain. It seemed ready to erupt. Black ash and steam rose high in the sky from time to time and carried with it the terrible smell of sulfur.

A girl in green clothes sat on a platform with her closed eyes in meditation.

Her life vitality flowed around her and continuously transformed into different shapes. At first, there were naughty fish that looked vivid and kept jumping and swimming in the air. After several seconds or more, the fish changed into butterflies and danced gracefully around the girl.

It was a hard job to control one's life vitality so smoothly, and even James, the head of the Mo Family who could turn his life vitality into many different weapons, would pale by comparison.

After all, weapons were objects and were relatively easy to imagine. This girl could change her life vitality into alive animals that moved so vividly, and her understanding of life vitality's transformation was far more remarkable in this respect.

After a while, the girl opened her eyes and stretched her hand. Her life vitality flowed out from her white, slender fingers and slowly formed the face of a man. It was a face with bright eyes and graceful eyebrows, and it looked true to life—it was her brother, Zen.

"I want to know how everything is with my brother. It is time for the All Peaks Competition, but according to brother's level, he might not qualify to attend it." She shook her head and pursed her lips.

They had exchanged a brief glance from a distance when Zen had visited Hell Mountain some months before. They hadn't even seen each other's faces clearly, but Yan was aware that Zen was just an outer disciple at that time.

It was hard for an inner disciple to attend the All Peaks Competition, let alone an outer disciple. Only those who stood out from among the inner disciples were qualified to participate.

She thought, 'Although Zen has talent, there is still a large gap between him and the top-ranked inner disciples. I wonder which peak he belongs to. Drizzle Peak is the lowest ranked peak among the thirty-three peaks and has few talented disciples. So he might still have the opportunity to participate in the competition if he is in Drizzle Peak.'

At that thought, she stared at Zen's face, which she had created with life vitality, and smiled happily.

Just at that moment, she detected the vibration of someone's life vitality in the air with her keen perception. She looked up at the sky and saw Elder Xu on his huge leaf. He was flying toward her.

"Who's that?" Yan murmured when she noticed another figure standing behind Elder Xu. As she recognized the second man, Yan's eyes widened in surprise. Gradually, the expression on her face changed from doubt to astonishment and then amazement. She almost couldn't believe her eyes!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 474 Yan's Homicidal Intent (Part Two)

After a while, Elder Xu's huge leaf reached the mountaintop and landed steadily on the platform. Zen stepped out from behind Elder Xu and stared at his sister in astonishment.

Brother and sister stood frozen as they locked eyes.

They had dreamed about their reunion thousands of times, but when it really happened, they were so surprised that they found it difficult to believe.

Elder Xu stood aside silently. Although he had witnessed many departures and reunions during his past life, he still felt touched by the scene. The world of martial arts was cruel, yet it didn't lack such warm moments between families.

"Brother!" Yan stood from the ground, rushed toward Zen, and threw herself into his arms without a second thought.

She hugged her brother tightly. She was so excited that she forgot that she was a sixteen-year-old girl instead of a little kid.

They had been separated for many years, and they had never thought that they would meet again in such a place and under these circumstances.

Zen stroked his sister's hair affectionately as complex emotions coursed through him. They enjoyed the joy of the reunion and hugged for a long time before pulling away and observing each other.

Over the years, Yan had grown as tall as Zen, and the little girl in his memories had changed into the beautiful young girl who now stood in front of him.

"Zen, how did you come here? It should have been prohibited. But Elder Xu has escorted you here." Yan asked. She knew that Zen had become an inner disciple as she noticed his black clothing, but she didn't understand why he enjoyed such special treatment from Elder Xu.

"I attended the All Peaks Competition," Zen replied with a smile.

"Really?" asked Yan, her eyes widening in surprise. There was a hint of doubt in her expression. After all, Zen had only been a half-step into the nature level six months before, and it would be difficult for him to reach the threshold of the All Peaks Competition no matter how much he had progressed.

Zen nodded.

"What is the result?" asked Yan. She had taken part in the event previously and had got a good grade. Thanks to her outstanding performance, Lady Peak had ranked second among the thirty-three peaks. In the past, Yan had been defeated by a personal disciple. Despite that battle, she was ranked eighth in the Cloud Sect Chart, although her name was removed from the Chart after she was sent to Hell Mountain.

"There's still one fight left before the final result is announced," replied Zen.

"One fight left? What do you mean?" Yan asked perplexedly.

Elder Xu chuckled from the side and piped in, "He's right. There's still one more fight. It will be held in three days, and it will decide who takes the first place and who ranks second in this All Peaks Competition."

"What?" Yan covered her mouth with her hand, and her brown eyes were filled with astonishment. "The first place and... the second? But brother, you... You are only at the second grade of the nature level now, right?"

"Yes," Zen said, still smiling.

"But, but..." Yan found it difficult to believe their words. However, she knew of Elder Xu's status at Cloud Sect. She believed that there was no need for him to deceive her. Aside from that, it was Elder Xu who had brought Zen to Hell Mountain, and the special treatment further proved that Zen had achieved excellent results in the All Peaks Competition.

Yan stammered several times. When no words came out, she smiled with embarrassment. The childish innocence on her face added to her beauty.

After a while, she recovered from her astonishment and said with a smile, "That is great! I always knew that my brother is the best!"

Despite her astonishment, Yan accepted the incredible fact in a short time because she believed in her brother.

In her mind, Zen had always been invincible. Perhaps, for this reason, it didn't take her long to overcome the doubt she had initially felt.

"Zen, how is our father?" Yan suddenly changed the topic.

Zen's expression hardened when he heard her question. His sister still didn't know that their father had passed away.

He wondered, 'How should I tell her?

I can't conceal the truth from her.

Even if I don't tell her now, she will find out, sooner or later.'

After hesitating for a while, Zen eventually said honestly, "Our uncles murdered him."

"W-w-what?" Yan stammered, shocked by the grievous news.

"Bryson and Ken were two ruthless beasts. They murdered our dad to steal the position of clan head," Zen explained in an icy cold voice.

"Zoom!"

The life vitality around Yan's body transformed into numerous sharp spines all of a sudden. Her Purple Power Body contained more life vitality than others at the same level. What was more, she absorbed energy from the air at a much higher speed. Owing to these two reasons, Yan didn't always keep all her life vitality inside her body as most people did. Sometimes, she even needed to spend some excessive vitality purposely.

And now, she used the life vitality around her body to form spines, which displayed the monstrous homicidal intent inside her and allowed her to vent her fierce emotions.

Chapter 475 Return Home For Revenge (Part One)

As she was imprisoned on Hell Mountain, Yan had been separated from her family members for several years. She was also almost completely isolated from the outside world. Yan did not expect that when she finally saw her brother, Zen, she would hear the news of her beloved father's death.

Yan felt great sorrow, and the urge to avenge her father was strong. Killing desire boiled inside her.

Yet, her killing desire was shown in a very gentle way. Even though her eyes became red and welled up with tears, she still looked elegant and beautiful. In her brother's eyes, she looked like a little wounded female leopard, on the edge of bursting with her grief and anger.

Obviously, he had sensed the life vitality, in the shape of sharp spikes, floating around her. Yan practiced a unique cultivation method. It was so special that the life vitality around her was a reflection of what she was thinking, which meant that she could visualize her thoughts through her life vitality.

She turned her head suddenly, and all spikes were aimed at Elder Xu.

Her abrupt action startled Elder Xu. Of course, with his strength, Elder Xu was naturally not afraid that Yan would hurt him. Instead, he was worried that Yan would not be able to withstand the grief she was feeling. After all, she was still a little girl, even younger than Zen.

"Elder Xu, I want to leave Hell Mountain for a few days," Yan said calmly.

Elder Xu was lost in silence for a while. According to the rules, it would be unwise for him to allow Yan to leave Hell Mountain. Cloud Sect had imprisoned Yan at Hell Mountain in the name of cultivation. If she left and something dramatic happened, it would hurt Cloud Sect's reputation.

"Didn't our sect leader give her that permission before? He said that my sister, Yan, could leave Hell Mountain for a short time," Zen reminded Elder Xu about the permission given by the head of Cloud Sect.

"Well, I am not saying it's impossible," Elder Xu said as he thought, 'After all, the Eastern Region is not close to the Central Region, and even if Yan leaves for a short while, the people in the Central Region may not find out about her leaving.'

"In that case, please allow me to leave for a while. Although I am trapped on Hell Mountain in the name of my practice, no one dictates that I have to practice all the time and that I can't go out for a walk and some fresh air, right?" Yan reasoned calmly.

She had long known about the fact that she had been chosen to be a sacrifice for an evil array by a certain mighty master. Yet, she had decided how she would deal with the fact.

If someday in the future, that mighty master managed to gather three women with the Purple Power Body and the cultivation level of Internal Elixir, Yan would commit suicide if she had not found alternatives. In this matter, she was indifferent, unlike Zen, because she could choose to kill herself at any time and no one could stop her.

"I can apply for permission on your behalf from our leader. But I need to know what your purpose for leaving Cloud Set will be." Elder Xu asked, wanting to confirm the details.

Yan looked at the distant mountains with cold eyes. Although she was a girl, she was also a warrior practicing martial arts. If she didn't have a strong heart after stepping on the road to practice martial arts, she would have no long-term development. Thus, although the terrible news of her father's death saddened her, Yan would not behave like other girls by immersing herself in grief and self-pity.

The world of cultivators involved blood, killing, cruelty, and firm will. Still, she was not completely cruel and cared for her brother and father. Now, her father's death hardened Yan's heart and made her appear harsh.

She gritted her teeth and uttered four words, "Return home for revenge!"

These four simple words sounded powerful and full of killing aura!

Hearing Yan's words, Elder Xu nodded. He understood Yan's reaction. It was impossible for anyone to swallow such pain, and any cultivator would kill those who had murdered a member of their family.

Elder Xu then looked at Zen as he waited for his answer. Elder Xu did not care about the private business of the Luo Clan, but he knew a little bit about it. As Yan's brother, Zen should make decisions about such matters.

Zen heaved a big sigh. He knew that he had to return home to handle family affairs. After much thought, he said, "I've been away from home for so long. It's time to return. But there is still one last competition between Patrick and me! After the competition, we'll head home."

"All right! I also want to watch this competition. I want to see for myself if my brother is lying! Are you that awesome?" said Yan, blinking her eyes.

Elder Xu said with an awkward smile, "You little girl, I am a senior elder. Do I need to lie to you about this kind of thing?"

"It's possible!" Yan said as she adjusted her mood and gave a soft smile. Her smile was so dazzling that it lit up her face and added a layer of soft splendor and beauty.

Although Yan believed in Zen, she still found it hard to accept. How could her brother compete for the first place during the All Peaks Competition only through his strength at the second grade of the nature level?

She wanted to see it with her eyes.

For the next three days, Zen practiced in a secret room and processed everything he had learned from the All Peaks Competition.

The most important thing for a cultivator was talent and foundation.

For example, although some disciples from the top seven noble clans might have high talents, their actual combat effectiveness was not strong.

On the one hand, they did not work hard to practice, and more importantly, they took well-refined pills to cultivate and improve their cultivation level. Thus, their foundation was somewhat unstable despite their virtually high level.

It was not impossible to practice by taking well-refined pills, but before taking the pills, one should build a solid foundation.

If his foundation were not stable, it would negatively affect the top level that one might reach, which meant that he might meet the ceiling and could not make a breakthrough.

Chapter 476 Return Home For Revenge (Part Two)

Some talented cultivators would choose not to boost their progress. On the contrary, they would suppress their level until it could not be suppressed and then they could make a natural breakthrough in their current level!

Although Zen's level was improving very slowly, a major reason was that he had not taken any well-refined pill. So far, he was at the second grade of the nature level, but his foundation was far more stable and solid than other cultivators.

However, after the All Peaks Competition, Zen had a subtle feeling that he was about to make a breakthrough, and this feeling was growing stronger and could not be suppressed anymore.

After three days of practice in the secret room, Zen left with improved strength. He had now reached the third grade of the nature level.

During these three days, Zen was busy practicing and comprehending. As a result, he felt that with the blink of an eye, these three days had slipped away. Not only had he made a breakthrough in his level, but he had also acquired a certain understanding about the killing aura, or the malicious aura.

After establishing a connection with the Killing Sword Mountain, Zen had researched on the fundamentals of the malicious aura, and he found that the malicious aura was actually a kind of strange energy.

Earlier, Zen felt that the malicious aura was a destructive force. After all, killing and slaughtering other living creatures was a catastrophe for them.

Yet, Zen quickly overturned the idea after he took advantage of the malicious aura that came out of his sword spirit, Lily. He studied the aura and tried to find answers to his questions.

The malicious aura was quite different from a destructive force—it was actually a life force.

When any creature was being slaughtered, it would be very reluctant, angry, and sad. It would curse the beast that killed it so that the beast wouldn't have a peaceful and natural death. Then, the creature would die with deep resentment.

And a malicious aura was formed in such a situation. As a matter of fact, it was a kind of cursing force reserved by a dying creature at the last moment of its life.

Even if a creature was rather small, such as an ant, it could still curse before its death. But the ant might not have a mind of its own as it worked for the queen ant all its life. And so, how could it send out the power of a curse?

Zen did not understand about that. So he concluded that it was due to the miracle of the Creator!

But ants were so small and weak that the force of their curse could be almost negligible. The stronger the creature was, the more powerful its life energy would be, and the more powerful its curse would be!

The force of these curses was attached to the body of the killer, and as time went by, it gradually formed the malicious aura!

Because a malicious aura was originally the cursing power released by a living creature that was unwilling to die but was killed, it was regarded as something harmful.

Nevertheless, there were so many geniuses in this world. At some point, a genius invented the method of using a malicious aura to transform what was originally harmful to his body into his way of attack! Malicious auras contained life force, and naturally, they were very powerful. Yet, as the saying goes, every coin has two sides. Despite the power, malicious auras also had terrible effects. The greater the number of creatures killed, the larger the number of malicious auras earned by a cultivator. In the process, the disciple who practiced this kind of cultivation method might be inadvertently attacked and controlled by the malicious aura in his body. As a result, he would become mad.

But for Zen, the negative effect of a malicious aura was not a problem. He had connected with the Killing Sword Mountain, where he could deposit and withdraw malicious auras as he wished.

The only problem for him was that he was not a bloodthirsty killer and he had no source of malicious auras. The more malicious auras he consumed, the fewer it would become.

The problem could only be solved later as he hadn't found any feasible solution so far.

Currently, he had to focus on his last competition. The area around the battle ring of the All Peaks Competition was now filled with more people than any competition before.

Because the previous competitions were over and this was the final match between Zen and Patrick, the highlight and championship event of the All Peaks Competition, the disciples of Cloud Sect, whether inner or outer disciples, were no longer restricted to watching the match on site.

The senior leaders of Cloud Sect had made a rule that each disciple who wanted to watch the match on site needed to pay one point for the entrance fee. After all, a large organization like Cloud Sect would not want to lose such a brilliant business opportunity.

A point was not a significant cost for inner disciples. Even for the common disciples who were promoted as inner disciples, they could more or less complete some tasks to earn some points. What was more, some of the inner disciples who did not qualify to participate in the All Peaks Competition would be happy to enter the arena at the cost of one point.

It was a well-known fact that watching a competition was a great way to improve strength, and perhaps, the onlookers would experience a sudden epiphany and make a breakthrough in their current level.

But a point was too costly for outer disciples. Only disciples from noble clans could bear such a cost. Even so, they gnashed their teeth when they used two cubic crystals to exchange for a point. The poor disciples were worse off—they didn't have enough cubic crystals and couldn't complete tasks in exchange for points. Finally, they had no choice but to miss this great opportunity and watch the competition through the Picture Slab with the function of a live broadcast.

The picture quality on Cloud Sect's Picture Slab was pretty good, but it was not the same experience as watching the match from the arena.

The points collected during the competition were estimated to be over a hundred thousand based on the number of the disciples on the site of the All Peaks Competition. In fact, there were so many disciples that they surrounded the arena in several concentric circles!

Yan wore a purple mask and stood in a corner. Her perfectly shaped eyes were filled with astonishment when she saw how many people had come to witness the match. She had attended the All Peaks Competition before, but she had never seen so many onlookers on site and such a large-scale competition like today. 'Has Cloud Sect developed far beyond my imagination in the past few years? I keep hearing so many of them talking about Zen. Since when did my brother gain such popularity?' Yan wondered.

Even Yan, a rising star, didn't receive so much attention and such popularity the year in which she participated.

Her mind was unable to find rational answers to all these questions. But in a few moments, she didn't want to think more about it. Her long eyelashes flickered as she took a deep breath. Then her eyes narrowed into crescents the moment she saw Zen walking into the arena and waving at her!

Chapter 477 The Power Of His Fist

Zen stood in the middle of the field and waved at Yan in front of a hundred thousand disciples of Cloud Sect. His action caught their attentions.

"Who is over there? Who is Zen greeting?"

To satisfy their curiosity, the disciples looked in the direction Zen was waving at.

And they saw a beautiful girl in a veil. Slender and tall, she was as graceful as a dustless cyan lotus.

Although she had veiled her face, her bright eyes were charming enough to catch everyone's attention.

"Who is that girl? She is so pretty!" one disciple exclaimed.

"I have never seen her before," another disciple answered. "Her eyes are so bewitching! I imagine everyone will be swept off their feet by her exquisite features if she removes her veil."

"Take off her veil? Would you dare? Although she has hidden her cultivation base, I am sure she is no less capable than the others. At least you're no match for her."

"Alas! Zen is so lucky. If only I could meet such a beautiful girl!"

The disciples spoke in hushed tones, and their voices were full of envy and jealousy.

Sensing so many eyes on her, Yan felt a little nervous. After all, she hadn't seen such a magnificent spectacle for a long time.

Nina glared at the beautiful veiled woman.

Since paying just one point would enable her to watch the match from the arena's side, she decided not to miss it. One point was nothing to her.

But she was surprised to see Zen waving at a woman after she arrived at the scene.

Nina had never seen any woman around Zen before. But since the All Peaks Competition began, Zen was often surrounded by women. Nina pouted, full of displeasure.

She didn't know that the veiled woman was Zen's sister, Yan. She was jealous for the wrong reason.

While the disciples were talking about the mysterious woman, Patrick entered the field.

In his last fight with Rocher, he had summoned Acalanatha to defend against Rocher's Heavenly Punishment Sword that was with Extreme Thunder Sword Intent.

The power that he had showed in that fight was so awesome that it impressed everyone.

It was not until then did they realize that Patrick had hidden his strength so well. It was no exaggeration to say that Cloud Sect was really full of unnoticed talents. Patrick was still so young, but he had so much power, and he was the reincarnation of Acalanatha! People had every reason to believe that his future achievements might not be less than Cloud Sect's leader, Kenneth.

As for Zen, the disciples regarded him with an uneasy sense of foreboding.

Although Zen had also beaten Rocher and owned the sword spirit, the arm was no match for the thigh. How could he compete with Patrick, who was the reincarnation of Acalanatha? There were many extensive and profound mysteries in Buddhism. Cultivating according to the Buddhist doctrine, Patrick had achieved a strong cultivation base. Although Zen was outstanding, he paled in comparison with Patrick, no matter in his martial arts level or the strength that he had shown.

"Somehow, I have the feeling that Zen is going to win," said a disciple.

Then another disciple echoed his words, "I have the same feeling, although when Zen fought with Rocher, the power that Zen has shown was not as strong as Patrick's. We know that at the very beginning of the All Peaks Competition, Zen was just an ordinary disciple. As the end of the competition drew near, his strength grew steadily as he keeps breaking through in every fight."

"Yeah, you are right. Zen is, indeed, a strange person. Every fight he participated in looked treacherous and hard to win no matter who he was battling with. He always won unexpectedly whether his opponent was at the consummation of the nature level or the Illuminating Soul Realm or even Rocher. Maybe he can win this time against Patrick. Haha!"

On the whole, the majority of disciples thought Patrick would win, while the rest hoped that Zen would win.

The most apparent difference between Patrick and Zen was that they were in different realms. If Zen could beat Patrick when he was just at the second grade of the nature level, what was he going to achieve when he reached the Illuminating Soul Realm?

Standing firmly on the field and with eyes focused on Zen, Patrick said solemnly, "I appreciate that you gave me three days to rest. I suppose that if I don't summon Acalanatha, I'll have a hard time beating you."

Zen slowly drew his sword from its sheath. He shook his head slightly and said, "It is not me but my dedication to martial arts that chose to fight with the strongest opponent. A genuine warrior wins a competition fair and square.

If I exploited your weakness to secure my success, I would feel pent-up, and my inner desire would not be satisfied."

Cultivators often encountered a variety of bottlenecks. If negative affection simmered inside them, they would feel a tightness in the chest and would not break through, so their practice would be suspended.

Therefore, regardless of victory or defeat, Zen opted to fight with Patrick only after he was sure that Patrick was in good physical condition.

"I see," said Patrick, with a gleam of admiration. "I haven't seen such an ambitious and brave person like you in a long time."

As Patrick cultivated himself according to Buddhist doctrine, he could keep his present peaceful state of mind only by following the ten commandments of Buddhism. But Zen had trained himself as per sword skills. Without prerequisite commandments that he could stick to, the nature of his martial arts was proof that he was a self-possessed person.

Apart from Zen's strong soul and indestructible body, he was also a man with a firm will. Patrick had to admit that Zen was a powerful opponent.

"No more delays. I am going to win this fight." Upon finishing his words, Zen thrust his sword toward Patrick. The sword dazzled in the sunshine. Just like Rocher, Zen also decided to cast the first stone.

Patrick was so powerful that it was better to gain an advantage by attacking him first. Rocher's strategy was the same as Zen's, but unfortunately, Rocher had failed to seize the initiative, and Patrick had defeated him.

With a smile, Patrick struck back at his opponent. He brought his hands together and exerted the Shadow Finger by pointing the forefingers and the ring fingers at Zen while keeping the remaining fingers attached loosely.

Patrick naively assumed that he could retaliate against the attack. But it was Zen that he was dealing with, not Rocher.

Rocher was a born swordsman, and he extensively relied on his weapon, the Blood-corroding Sword.

Zen was an all-rounder! He wasn't entirely dependent on his sword when battling his opponents. He had other weapons besides the sword.

"Ding!"

Zen's sword made a slight metallic sound and was deflected from Patrick when Patrick's fingertips sent out a blast of powerful air current.

If it had been Rocher, he would have tried to steady his sword and then counter-attack by exerting the Sword Step to cope with the situation.

But Zen had a different style. After jerking his sword away, Zen aimed his fist at Patrick.

"Dragon scales, come on!"

With the power of over one hundred dragon scales, the muscles on his arms began to swell like a balloon being inflated. Blue veins stood out on his arms and looked as though small dragons were resting on them.

Patrick had not expected that Zen would strike him with only his fist. What was even more surprising was that Zen was not using his life vitality.

So when Patrick saw Zen's punch heading his way, he underestimated the power of the fist and paid little attention to it. He thought he could dissolve it by using the Grand Leaf Palm Method. But when Zen's fist came closer, Patrick was rather stunned, and the color drained from his face.

The power of Zen's fist was far beyond Patrick's imagination. He had no choice but to form a golden bell to protect himself. In the past, when under attack, Patrick could always keep his mind and stayed calm. But now, his heart was pounding in his chest. He thought, 'Is this guy a human being? Only deities in Heaven can have such strength!'

"Dong!"

The fist struck the bell.

The golden bell was indeed very solid. But under the force carried in Zen's fist, although it did not shatter, it became veined with cracks.

The power in Zen's punch had been so great that Patrick was catapulted away. His body soared through the air until it hit the light curtain of enchanted barrier.

The elders of Cloud Sect had predicted that the fight between Zen and Patrick would be fierce, and many disciples would come to watch the competition. To avoid accidents, they had reinforced the light curtain in advance. Therefore, even after such a violent impact, the enchantment only slightly wobbled and did not break.

"Zen pushed Patrick away with merely a fist! It is a miracle!" a disciple said with a startled look on his face.

"You don't favor Patrick? Well, what can I say to you?" said another disciple who assumed that Zen would win. "And this is not the first time. I guess Patrick is going to show his tour de force and I bet Zen will be able to fight back."

"Zen is nothing without his strength. It is too soon to assume his victory. And Patrick hasn't fully exerted his strengths and skills yet."

"But do you know what the limitations of Zen's strength are? He hasn't even used life vitality."

More and more people engaged in a discussion. Gradually some of them began to quarrel, and the dispute turned into a verbal battle.

Among the bickering disciples, only one person stayed aloof. Zachary. Keeping his hands behind his back, he said with a flicker of a smile, "Proceed with your arguing, for all I care. Anyway, I have made enough money."

In the final round, Zachary didn't gamble on Zen or Patrick. He had bet his money on Zen in every match, and he had won every bet. His wealth now could only be described as immeasurable. His banker in the gambling game had gone bankrupt.

Learning from that lesson, other people chose not to gamble with Zachary if he bet on Zen. No one knew whether Zen would continue to win. If Zen should lose, well, they would be relieved. But if he won, they would also go bankrupt as Zachary had a lot of money to wager with.

So Zachary didn't really care who was going to win. He had won enough money, anyway. And he might be the only one among the whole Cloud Sect who became a moneybags after the All Peaks Competition. He owed his wealth to Zen, and so he genuinely hoped that Zen would win.

As Patrick picked himself up from the floor, a serious expression passed over his face. He had never felt as embarrassed as he did at that moment.

Chapter 478 The Body In The Diamond-like State

"Guard against complaining. Guard against anger. Guard against arrogance. Guard against impatience. Guard against greed. Guard against sex. Guard against..." Patrick Pei recited the principles in his mind.

He had a strong intellect, but that didn't mean he was without emotion. A human being couldn't possibly function without sentiment. Only a fairy man could resist feelings, not a human.

However, Patrick had great restraint. He might have looked uneasy after Zen's hit, but he recovered in a relatively short amount of time, successfully calming himself down through his silent recitations.

His mind was a flat, tranquil ocean with no movement in the waters. Suddenly there appeared ripples, about to become huge waves in lieu of the disturbance. But then the waves settled down once again under Patrick's control, and peace prevailed.

"How is it possible that you have such great strength? There must be a limit to your innate superhuman power. Your strength contradicts the restrictions of nature creatures," Patrick said seriously as he gazed at Zen.

Previously, Zen had utilized all of his strength. Most people who were witnesses to it didn't have sharp eyes like Patrick. He could see the unparalleled power in Zen.

He was correct. Zen's strength, in fact, exceeded the limits of nature creatures.

Strength could not be utilized without limitations. It required powerful muscles. If Zen had weak muscles when his body held this kind of extraordinary strength, it would not support him.

In reality, Zen's body had strengthened hundreds or even thousands of times by now. It had become a middle-grade spiritual weapon. Clearly, his body had no problem supporting his superhuman strength.

It was his best-guarded secret. But he could not tell Patrick that. So he said with a smile, "Can I choose not to tell you?"

"Of course," Patrick said, nodding. "But I am still confident about my own strength." Just as he said this, the golden bell vanished into the air. Golden life vitality effused out of Patrick's body, enveloping his skin. He seemed to shine, made up of pure gold.

Patrick seemed to be in a similar state as when Zen's mysterious runes had appeared on his body. But in fact, they were two different situations.

When Zen's body had begun to absorb the flame, the golden runes turned into little whirlpools.

On the other hand, Patrick was enwrapped in his golden life vitality as if he was made up of gold.

"Body in the Diamond-like State! His body is in the Diamond-like State!" one of the disciples shouted out loud.

Watching Patrick transform himself into the Body in the Diamond-like State, Rocher sighed mentally. He had just made Patrick show his strength of Acalanatha shadow, but apparently, Patrick had more tricks up his sleeve. The Body in the Diamond-like State was surely another one of his trump cards.

'Body in the Diamond-like State?' Zen wondered to himself. Looking at Patrick's golden, shining figure, Zen clenched his fist in anticipation, eager to fight him.

Zen had the body of a spiritual weapon. It was so strong that perhaps even the body of Kenneth Shi—who was the head of the Cloud Sect—was outmatched. The other people at the Cloud Sect cultivated only their life vitality. Few could practice both the life vitality and the corporeal body. It was exceedingly hard to do so, and there was a limit to human life. If a person wanted the best of both worlds, perhaps he would end up learning neither of them well enough. That way, it wasn't advisable for most people to practice both.

Strictly speaking, Zen did not cultivate both. The body refining technique was totally different from his way of 'getting hit'. Zen was not cultivating his body, instead, he was refining a weapon, namely his body.

His method of refining his body, although not a legitimate technique, was a lot more powerful in terms of the results it showed.

As Patrick exhibited the Body in the Diamond-like State, Zen didn't seem perturbed. He wasn't preparing to fight, instead, he put his Streamer Sword back into his space ring. The behavior confused the disciples in the audience.

"What is Zen doing? Did he just put his weapon away?" one disciple asked.

"I don't get it either. It doesn't make sense that he does not want to use his sword after Patrick employed the Body in the Diamond-like State. Is he admitting his defeat?" another disciple murmured.

"Does he want to fight Patrick with no weapon but his body? Zen's corporeal body is strong, but can it face the Body in the Diamond-like State successfully? What's wrong with him?" someone voiced his opinion, as astonished as the other two.

Everyone seemed to freeze with amazement.

They knew that Zen had innate superhuman strength and that his body was extraordinarily powerful. It was how Zen won the fights in the first tier of the All Peaks Competition by defeating his rivals.

Zen did have a remarkable amount of strength, but it wasn't limitless. Therefore, in the second half of the All Peaks Competition, Zen used his sword to fight the battles, without relying solely on his innate superhuman strength and his body. The audience regarded this as pragmatic and sensible.

The corporeal body could not be considered superior to one's life vitality. Facing some of the rivals who were not as strong as Jacques or Rocher, Zen could defeat them with his bodily strength alone. But now, facing Patrick in the Diamond-like State, Zen chose to not use his sword?

It came as a surprise to most disciples. They couldn't believe their eyes.

Patrick wasn't using a weapon because he was using the Body in the Diamond-life State. The golden coating on Patrick's skin was made out of life vitality. It wasn't his ordinary body at play. In this circumstance, how could Zen think he'd manage to fight without his sword? Did he not want to make it out of this alive?

At this moment, the most surprised person on the sidelines was Yan Luo.

Yan sat amidst the crowd, her eyes clinging to her brother Zen.

Having defeated so many disciples and reaching to the top, she knew Zen was strong. Yan hadn't watched Zen fight earlier, but she knew it in her heart.

She never thought her own brother could be this strong, that he could defeat so many who were on a superior level to his own.

'It would be diamond cut diamond, ' Yan told herself as she cheered for him.

'How confident he is!

Zen, I believe you. Fight!'

Yan was not sure her brother could defeat Patrick with his muscles alone. Although she believed in her brother, she still felt nervous. Her sweaty fingers clenched and unclenched themselves in her fists.

Zen and Patrick looked like two beasts from some savage land. They watched each other, staring into the other's eyes sharply. Suddenly, they rushed forward simultaneously.

Both of them ran at high speed. They used their strongest moves and neither of them could defend himself.

The two collided with each other. There seemed to be no skills involved in this; it was pure hand-to-hand combat. Watching the pair, the sheer beauty of bodily strength was not lost on the spectators.

They fought with their bare fists. The audience was thrilled; the disciples could hardly breathe.

Pow!

Bang!

Crack!

Zen didn't seem as strong as Patrick when it came to fist-fighting. Patrick had learned different kinds of refinement methods. His fist movements were complicated and involved several elements.

However, Zen was stronger when it came to his corporeal body.

The Body in the Diamond-like State could survive more strikes than Zen's body, which was a spiritual weapon. Patrick's body was also more solid and capable of defending itself, but Zen could mitigate Patrick's powerful blows by transforming them into warm currents as a way of refining his own body.

Under these circumstances, Zen was at the forefront of the battle and took advantage of it.

Moreover, he could utilize the power of the dragon scales in his body. He would not be outdone in a competition of strength. All in all, he was actually stronger than Patrick.

In each round of their fight, Patrick attacked Zen three or four times, but the latter fought back only once. His one strike was far better than the totality of Patrick's assaults.

"Ah! Zen has been hit again!" a disciple exclaimed.

"I can't watch it anymore. If I were beaten like that, I'm afraid I would have died already!" someone responded.

"It would be a mercy if you just died that easily! Don't underestimate Patrick's power. If he hits at your chest, he would be sure to leave a big hole in your body!" a third disciple corrected them.

"Zen won't be able to fight anymore if he keeps getting beaten up like this!"

What they were saying sounded reasonable. But the truth escaped them, for the situation on the arena was quite different.

Patrick had been most confident about his Body in the Diamond-like State. He had planned to use it against Zen's Streamer Sword, for he thought that would be his biggest threat.

But as it stood now, Zen wasn't using his Streamer Sword at all!

It was Zen's own choice. Patrick had no say in it.

But the results were unexpected. The more Patrick fought, the more surprised he got. He could hardly keep calm. Now, his mind was like the turbulent waters in an ocean as huge waves rolled over.

It appeared that Zen was not afraid of being beaten up.

Patrick knew how strong he was. He might not have innate superhuman strength like Zen, but he could use his life vitality to the fullest. Zen's body should not be able to resist the power in Patrick's fists.

But as Patrick watched Zen, reality contradicted his previous notions. 'How strong is Zen's body? It can't simply be measured on a scale of human physicality. He seems like a beast!' he thought.

'Damn! I shouldn't have used the Body in the Diamond-like State at all!' At this moment, Patrick seemed to have forgotten about Buddhism doctrines. He already broke a commandment out of the ten: that he must never swear, whatever the circumstance...

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 479 Breaking The Diamond-like Body

In breaking a record, Zen had made a man as prudent and calm as Patrick pissed and even resort to cursing.

Worse, things looked awkward in the arena.

From everyone's point of view, it appeared as though Zen was at a disadvantage. He ended up getting beaten most of the time. He only fought back occasionally, after taking three or four strikes.

But what was strange was that the more blows Zen took, the more excited he became. His eyes brightened up and glowed with radiant vigor. On the other hand, Patrick, though he did most of the beating, seemed upset and depressed, as if holding a bear by the tail.

What no one knew was that warm currents steadily streamed into Zen's body. That was why he didn't suffer. On the contrary, the flow of currents made him feel content. How could he not be excited with such a stimulus of joy?

It was thrilling for audiences to watch the two fight hand-to-hand. But for Patrick, he thought it a dull game and only felt bored. Still, he had to endure the match and continuously beat Zen.

After a while, the golden light around Patrick dimmed, especially in areas where Zen repeatedly hit him, like his chest and arms. The light around these points slowly faded, revealing the natural color of the flesh.

The Body in the Diamond-like State was said to make one's body indestructible, but in fact, it mostly depended on the golden light surrounding the body. After the golden light barrier suffered excessive blows, the life vitality forming the barrier would scatter. And that meant the Body in the Diamond-like State was rendered useless.

"Oh my god! It's broken, The golden light barrier has been broken by Zen's physical strength, bare-handed. I was right. Zen is indeed a monster!" someone cried out.

"No, he's not a monster. He's a magic weapon, a magic weapon in a human form!

He is foolproof against beatings!"

The disciple who made the last comment couldn't believe what he was seeing. He unwittingly praised Zen when he described him as a human-form magic weapon. Actually, he hit the nail on the head. Beyond that, Zen was a magic weapon constantly being refined through every battle, tempered by the beatings he sustained from every foe.

In the final attack, Zen thrust himself on Patrick and shattered the golden light shimmering over his enemy. With a painful moan, Patrick backed away a few steps before halting. It was evident he had suffered an internal injury.

However, Patrick disregarded his injury. What he cared about was losing to Zen in their hand-to-hand fight. That made him a failure. And it irked him that Zen still had that cheerful smile on his face as if he didn't get beaten enough.

By this time, Patrick even entertained illusions that Zen specially put on that smile to entice him to beat him up more. But it was a whimsical thought that Patrick knew he should never feel proud to voice out. After all, there was no one in the world who was crazy enough to invite beatings to themselves. He was sure Zen was not a masochist.

Still, there was no way of ever knowing if what was running in his head was the truth.

Meanwhile, Zen felt that he didn't get beaten enough. Had it not been for fear of arousing suspicion about his remarkable body, Zen hoped that Patrick would throw several more punches at him.

Shaking his head, Patrick mocked, "It seems that I overestimated myself. I thought I could defeat you with my corporeal body, but I guess I was overly naive."

The battle was not over. A golden shadow appeared behind Patrick as he released all the life vitality from his body. Slowly, the shadow took on the form of a Buddha.

Acalanatha had two forms.

The first was called Wrath Manifestation, where the Buddha showed an angry face. Patrick had used this to defeat Rocher's Heavenly Punishment Sword.

The second form was called Bodhisattva Manifestation, where the Buddha wore a smiling face.

Although the Wrath Manifestation had an angry face, it was not the most powerful dharma-laksana. Acalanatha's strongest form was actually the Bodhisattva Manifestation.

The shadow behind Patrick was becoming a clear shape as his life vitality gathered strength and condensed.

What appeared was not the same Buddha that Patrick had used to fight Rocher. The truth was that the Acalanatha had a Buddhist allegorical expression. There was a gentle smile on his face, as if enjoying a warm spring breeze. But this was really the Bodhisattva Manifestation of the Acalanatha.

Patrick meant business this time.

"The Buddha is different this time. He's smiling. And he's not as intimidating as the Buddha Patrick used to defeat Rocher the last time," one disciple observed.

"Yes, I agree with you. In the last fight with Rocher, the Buddha had a vicious look, and he gave us the shivers even with a mere glance at him. But the smiling Buddha right now doesn't look intimidating at all!" another one said.

"You idiots! That is the Bodhisattva Manifestation!"

The discussion among the crowd reverberated in Zen's ears. Staring at the lofty shadow of the Acalanatha, Zen's face turned more serious.

The disciples all talked like a bunch of idiots. How could they even think that the Buddha's strength had anything to do with his expression? Whether he smiled or not, wasn't the point.

Besides, Zen could sense hostility in the Buddha's smiling eyes. And he looked more horrifying than the angry Acalanatha!

Taking out the Streamer Sword from his space ring, Zen was determined to go all out in this fight.

There was a wicked gleam in Patrick's eyes. He clasped his hands and held his palms together. After several seconds, he suddenly opened his hands and clapped at Zen.

At the same time, the Bodhisattva Manifestation of Acalanatha that was behind him reached out his two palms to swat Zen!

Alongside the Buddha's huge hands, Zen was about the size of a mosquito. The disciple had no doubt that he would either be flattened or crushed if those palms slapped him.

A loud clapping sound rang out.

A thunderous sound echoed in the field once the Buddha's huge golden palms slammed together.

But Zen reacted quickly enough. The second before the Buddha's palms met in an attempt to squash him, the disciple soared upward like a shooting star and leaped high into the air.

Unfortunately, flying wasn't one of Zen's skills. And no matter how high he rose into the air, the young man would eventually fall. There was nothing for him to hold on in the air, so there was no way to escape Buddha's fury.

Through all this, Patrick's eyes never wavered from Zen. In a flash, he raised his hand and gestured a backhanded slap. Buddha mirrored the movement and was ready to swat Zen.

"Bam!"

This time, the palm caught Zen. The tremendous force of the hand hitting Zen sent him back into the air. The momentum slammed the disciple into the light enchanted barrier. He bounced off the barrier and fell heavily to the ground.

Created by several elders of the Cloud Sect, the enchanted barrier was as solid as a rock. But a large hole was left after Zen rammed into it.

"Patrick should have used this strategy earlier so the fight wouldn't last so long. He could have manipulated the shadow of the Acalanatha to attack Zen at the start. That way Zen would have no chance to come near him," one disciple said.

While others agreed with his comment, most did not.

These disciples remained silent. What they were more concerned about was whether or not Zen would be able to rise again.

Being hit by the Buddha shadow with such force from his huge palms meant hitting the ground hard, and most likely not being able to stand up again. Worse, there was the risk of losing one's life due to the impact or getting bones crushed and it would even result in a body explosion.

In this case, that person was Zen, so no one in the audience dared to draw any conclusions. They accepted that Zen was a unique being. He was nothing like any human they knew, so they couldn't judge the current situation using the usual common senses. People would find it hard to believe if Zen would easily be killed by Patrick.

Right now, they stood transfixed while watching all that was happening.

After suffering a violent attack, which to an ordinary person would have been a fatal blow, Zen slowly got to his feet. His eyes remained firmed. It looked as if Patrick didn't hurt him too much.

But while he was not badly injured, Zen realized he was still in a lot of trouble.

The shadow of Acalanatha moved too fast. The Buddha's palms moved simultaneously with Patrick, and at the same speed. Thus, when Patrick waved his hand, the Buddha would make the same movement at the same time.

What made matters worse was that while Patrick's hands were only a few inches long, Acalanatha's palms were seven to eight times bigger! As

Patrick maneuvered his hands almost in a flash, the two huge palms mirrored the same movements just as swiftly.

It all happened too fast. Zen could hardly dodge the attacks, let alone approach Patrick.

He knew that if he couldn't get close to Patrick and attack him, he would definitely lose this battle. And while Zen had the stamina, his energy was consumed through the protracted fight. Patrick, meanwhile, could easily attack him with a simple wave of his hands. If it would take him the whole day, and through the night, to defeat Zen, Patrick would only be very pleased to repeat the same movements, probably even without batting an eye.

While Zen was racking his brains to find a solution to his problem, the huge palms came at him again. Patrick was relentless in his attacks, refusing to give his opponent time to think and regroup.

While thinking, Zen continued to dodge the assault against him. Only this time when he swerved, the disciple made a surprising move. Zen tossed his sword up in the air!

The Streamer Sword circled the air several times before falling.

The move had everyone in a daze, when suddenly, a blood red shadow soared out of Zen's body. The shadow instantly condensed into a shape as soon as it was released. It was Zen's sword spirit, Lily.

Once Lily was out, she rushed towards the Streamer Sword, grasped it, then accelerated and pointed the weapon at Patrick.

As Lily was a swordsman herself, she was capable of using the sword in the fight. However, Zen only had one metal blade at this time and needed it to ward off an attack by Buddha. Thinking quickly, he tried dodging the huge palms of Buddha while manipulating Lily into attacking Patrick at the same time.

Chapter 480 Karma Fire

Lily hailed from the Demon Night. She had slender legs and malicious aura. After Zen's visit to the Killing Sword Mountain, she became his sword spirit.

Zen commanded Lily to take the sword and attack while he evaded attacks from the two palms! There was no time for Zen to think about other things, as the slightest distraction would lead to a mistake, and the two big palms would hit Zen!

But, when Zen could not avoid Acalanatha's palms, he caught a glimpse out of the corner of his eye and was shocked!

Lily began to rotate as soon as she held the Streamer Sword. At the same time, her malicious aura formed a helix, as if a storm were materializing around her, and then rushed to Patrick at high speed.

She seemed to be dancing. And the sword was a prop in her dance—a dance that brought death...

"W-ha-t, what is this sword trick?" Zen was dazed.

Although Lily was Zen's sword spirit, he didn't know her. So far, Zen had summoned her and then attached her to his sword.

Aside from her enchanting appearance, Lily was no different from the other sword spirits Zen had seen on the Killing Sword Mountain.

Zen had encountered a variety of sword spirits while at the Killing Sword Mountain. These varied from primary forms of sword spirits that had no shape at all, to only being points of light. And as Zen climbed higher, the sword spirits became more advanced—many sword spirits had forms, of which the most common was the human form.

Even so, these sword spirits were near-mindless. Basically, they could not speak, and their faces lacked expressions.

Except for Iceni whom Zen had encountered at the end. Iceni manipulated his sword spirit by injecting a touch of his soul into it.

But there was no soul inside Lily. This was why Zen felt strange when she used such an unusual attack skill after Zen summoned her!

As Lily spun faster and faster, the number of malicious aura spirals increased.

In the beginning, Patrick didn't care too much about Zen's sword spirit. All he needed to do was concentrate on driving the body of Acalanatha. As for the sword spirit, even if she were holding the Streamer Sword, all Patrick had to do was dodge her attacks.

It was beyond Patrick's expectation that Zen's sword spirit could control a sword so skillfully.

What was this sword trick? It was a dance! The difference was that Lily was using a sword trick in her sword dance. She had a real sword!

Unsure of whether he could escape from Lily's unusual sword dance, Patrick had to withdraw a palm from his attack on Zen and aim it at Lily.

After one of the hands was withdrawn, the pressure on Zen reduced. Patrick could not juggle two attacks simultaneously. So it was impossible for him to handle Zen and his sword spirit at the same time. That was why Patrick decided to crush Lily first. That would earn him more time.

The Acalanatha palm was extremely fast. Patrick envisioned the huge fingers would grab Lily in the blink of an eye, and then squeeze hard.

However, Lily's intensity not only exceeded Patrick's imagination, but it also went far beyond Zen's assumptions. Apparently, Lily was strong.

Acalanatha's hand had smashed Rocher's Heavenly Punishment Sword once. But it was not impressive when compared with Lily's sword dance!

As the Streamer Sword swirled in circles, its tip drew lines of malicious aura. The spiral-shaped malicious aura burst and covered Lily. She was like a hedgehog now. One could imagine what Acalanatha's palm would end up with!

Not only was the huge palm smashed, but the fingers had also been cut off.

And Lily did not stop there. Since Zen had commanded her to attack, she wouldn't be still until she had reached her target, Patrick.

Patrick felt helpless. He had not underestimated Zen. On the contrary, although he had accurately estimated Zen's strength, he hadn't been able to imagine everything Zen was capable of.

The first thing that surprised Patrick was Zen's strength. He didn't know why Zen?was so strong. Even his physical strength was beyond the limits of a human body. Where the hell did his strength come from? What was his secret?

What astonished Patrick, even more, were the anomalies in Zen's flesh. His body was in the Diamond-like state and was unlike human flesh!

While these were two aspects that Patrick?could bring himself to accept, there was one beyond his understanding.

Like Zen's sword spirit. Patrick?could see that this sword spirit had formed not long ago. Zen had been able to give a new-born sword spirit shape. Patrick could see that?Zen?was a true talent and a rare opponent. Most ordinary people would be unable to match him.

Even though he was able to give the sword spirit a form, how could she be that strong? A sword spirit with a sword trick? An unfathomable sword trick?

Patrick?had nothing to say now...

And Patrick was not the only one who was left speechless. So were the 100, 000 witnesses.

Lily's long, straight, white legs gleamed among the spirals of malicious aura. Her face was expressionless but?young and beautiful as if she were a Valkyrie?sent down to Earth by God. Her sword dance was impressive, and so was her sword trick. Also, her dance was enchanting and moving. Nimble on her feet, Lily was not only gracious but as fierce as a dragon.

Her long hair flew with her movements and covered half her face, like the lotus jade!

Unable to defend against the sword dance, Patrick was forced to retreat. Seeing this, a fierce discussion began among the crowd.

"I am jealous. Why the hell didn't something like this happen to me? I wish that I had such an?amazing sword spirit. I would spend my days just watching her!"

"Jealous? I am more than jealous! I want to bow in worship to the sword spirit. Is she really?a sword spirit? Who can tell me whether or not she is a real sword spirit? She is a goddess!"

"I'll tell you the best way to get a sword spirit like her. Dream! There may be a beautiful sword spirit in your dream! Do you want it in real life? Hum, not even in your next life!"

Yan?kept an eye on the whole process. She bit her lip as she tried to control her erratic breathing. She was unsure of what Zen?had gone through, and what changes had happened to him. These changes and experiences had?helped her elder brother to master endless ways of fighting, ways that could be used individually as a trump card if put on others!

"My brother is too strong..."

Rocher watched and shook his head again. Patrick's palms could?easily break his?Heavenly Punishment Sword, but it could do nothing to Zen's sword spirit. This was too strange and hard to accept.

In a way, Rocher's attitude was expected as Zen had also used his sword spirit when fighting him. But Zen had summoned Lily into his sword at that time and had been inspired by Lily's malicious aura when attacking his opponent.

The problem was that Zen didn't practice the skills of using malicious aura. And so, his application of the malicious aura was at a very low-level, and he had relied entirely on the power of the malicious aura to break the Heavenly Punishment?Sword.

Lily knew sword tricks and used the power of the unusual sword dance to exert the malicious aura efficiently. This was what Zen had not thought of doing.

In other words, Lily seemed stronger than Zen...

Under the situation, Patrick was?finally forced to the edge of the fight field.

Behind him was the light curtain formed by the enchanted barrier. He was left with only two options, accept defeat or face Lily's sword dance.

In other words, he had no way back.

Seeing that Lily was nearing, Patrick closed his palms again. There was a Buddha seal in his eye, a golden Buddha seal.

"Suffering in the body?is good for the mind. Do not be shaken by the outside world. Allow no distraction in the heart..."

Patrick?began chanting. As Lily's sword dance approached, he seemed to give up resistance.

But the Buddha seal in his eye suddenly broke, and its contents filled the pupil of his right eye. It now appeared as though his right eye was shining with gold.

Everyone knew that Patrick was about to make a big move.

But Patrick had already applied the Acalanatha's virtual shadow. What else could be stronger than the Acalanatha's virtual shadow?

Of course, after the golden light bloomed in his right eye, the right eye of the Acalanatha's virtual shadow?from behind him was also filled with the golden light. And under the shining golden light, the broken palm of? Acalanatha's virtual shadow was condensed again.

The moment the palm was condensed, Patrick once again put his hands together. When he pulled them apart, a flame?appeared in his hands. It? was a black cyan flame.

The action corresponded with the palm of the Acalanatha's virtual shadow—a bigger cyan flame appeared between the giant palms!

"Green Lotus Karma Fire!"

Chapter 481 Going Crazy

Evil Karma could scorch a person like fire, so the name of Karma Fire was given. That was a purely evil fire, which among other things, was also the name of the fire set in hell by the guilty.

In Buddhism, there were two kinds of fire that were the most powerful, both equally as strong. One was the Emptiness Fire of the Bodhisattvas and the other was the Karma Fire.

Known to all were the unimaginable virtuous merits of the Bodhisattvas, and how karma touched all creatures was unfathomable.

"I believe the green lotus lives in a corrupted, evil world, but it remains unaffected. It yearns to burn everything throughout the world and turn it into hell with endlessly burning fires..."

The burning Green Lotus Karma Fire that appeared in Patrick's hand, divided into two flames. One was large, and the other was small. The small one had hundreds of lotus blossoms and tried to burn Lily, while the vast Green Lotus Karma Fire in Acalanatha's virtual shadow hand immediately slammed to the ground.

The power of the Green Lotus Karma Fire was incomprehensible.

After the small Karma Fire lunged at the normally malicious, aggressive Lily, she lost the spirit to fight, unexpectedly.

Although Lily had much malicious aura, and she wasn't weak, there was no way she would be able to resist for long. Zen saw that and got her to retreat with the Steamer Sword.

Lily transformed into blips of bright light before re-entering Zen's body, and Zen quickly placed the Streamer Sword into his space ring.

Step by step, Zen fought Patrick, and forcibly made him release the fires.

The commoners were enraged, and blood splattered all around within five steps. If the emperor was furious, millions of people would die!

Everything worldwide would burn when the Buddha was seething.

The Green Lotus Karma Fire spread with an overwhelming momentum making it hard for the Cloud Sect's hundred thousand disciples on the field to breathe. There was screaming and yelling as they panicked, bolting and trampling each other as they scurried for safety.

Some disciples were smarter.

They watched the others as though it were a play, even though, if the Green Lotus Karma Fire kept burning, everything would turn into dust. Such things had occurred several times before, when battles on the competition field injured spectating disciples, like the time the dragon roared during Zen's competition against Jacques, which left many disciples at the All Peaks Competition wounded.

Although the competing disciples at the All Peaks Competition were the top ranked of each peak, there were about a hundred thousand disciples watching them today, and they were much weaker than the ones before. If they hadn't run they would be burned to dust now.

However, the Buddha was able to restrain the Karma Fire and wouldn't let it hurt innocent creatures.

When the immense Green Lotus Karma Fire that was in the hand of the Acalanatha virtual shadow smashed, suddenly, obscure, mysterious symbols appeared on the ground of the field, imprisoning the massive Green Lotus Karma Fire.

Around them, the elders noticed Patrick's blow was too powerful, and they prepared to steady the light curtain of the enchanted barrier by joining hands. But, they stopped, standing there staring, as they noticed that the Green Lotus Karma Fire wasn't spreading beyond the field. It was being contained!

One of the elders shook his head and sighed, "The fire of the Buddha is special. I've never seen a cultivation method able to restrict its power to spread." The elder speaking had such strength and insight that he could launch as powerful an attack as Patrick, but, he wasn't able to limit the power within the competition field precisely.

"Since the flame can't spread, it is more concentrated on the field, and its power is more focused and more powerful. Zen must be miserable..." added another elder as he bobbed his head in agreement.

As the disciples noticed that the horrible Green Lotus Karma Fire wouldn't spread beyond the field, they calmed down. But, the area and Zen were engulfed in the burning Karma Fires.

The Karma Fire had a peculiar effect, though. With only a glance, the onlookers would feel their emotions being stirred as their darkest deeds resurfaced within, and left them with the feelings of blame rising, which would incinerate them.

"Wow! I am merely watching the flames, and my eyes ache! How much more intense this is in the field! I wonder how it will feel being burned in it?"

"Why not go find out? Since the Karma Fire is from the lowest regions of hell, it will surely make you happy!"

"I wonder how Zen will feel in the Karma Fire. Can he resist the Karma Fire's hellish burning?"

At this juncture, most people weren't worried whether Zen would win or lose, but they were too concerned about his safety! After all, Patrick's Karma Fire Hell was so dreadful and was a deadly kill.

They thought it was a mistake earlier, when Zen kept constantly pushing Patrick, who was Acalanatha's reincarnation. Why would Zen think anything good would come from harassing Buddha?

As the Cloud Sect's most talented disciple throughout history, would Zen have his downfall?

Nina's face was etched with deep lines of worry. She might be down because Zen's performance outshone hers, but, that didn't mean she didn't care about him!

Just then, the onlookers saw a single person trying to walk onto the field. It was Yan!

She didn't know if her elder brother could survive the Karma Fire Hell, and all she knew was that she couldn't stand by, doing nothing, while he was in danger!

Yan summoned her life vitality into a streamer to get closer to the field quickly. The life vitality formed a circle and flew around her. Instantly, it turned into spikes of flashes of black light. She knew she had to break the enchanted barrier before getting onto the field.

Just then one of the elders appeared in front of Yan, blocking her.

"You aren't allowed to enter the field. There hasn't been a declaration of who the winner or loser is," said the elder as he authoritatively floated there with his hands clasped behind him.

Yan had competed in the All Peaks Competition. How could she not know the rules? Unless one side admitted defeat or became comatose, it wouldn't be decided. But, they couldn't just allow Zen to be seen burning in the Karma Fire Hell. How could that even be judged?

"Move Aside!" said Yan, her beautiful, bright eyes shone with a cold fire. From her point of view, the competition rules were nothing in comparison to her brother's safety!

"The rules of the competition are what they are, and I'm afraid I cannot move aside," said the elder shaking his head.

Yan stared at the Karma Fire as it burned more and more ferociously, and a fierce killing intention lit up her cold eyes as her body's life vitality emerged, pouring out endlessly, turning into multiple black spikes. Each spike had a gloomy light flashing and they aimed themselves at the elder.

"Do you want to fight me?" asked the elder in a deep voice. A huge astrolabe emerged from the elder's body, and the great force of a starry sky appeared.

This left the elder at an unexpected stalemate with Yan.

Since no one could see what was going on in the burning fire, the dispute outside the field easily drew their attention.

"Look, down there everyone! It looks like there's about to be a fight! Wait! Isn't she the girl in the veil that Zen greeted earlier?"

"She's about the same age as us, and yet, she is brazen enough to confront an elder, and her momentum isn't inferior..."

"Is that his woman? It looks like she's trying to save Zen. Why are all his women so powerful? It's not fair!"

There was no doubt that every elder at the Cloud Sect was monstrous, and a hundred years old at least, so they couldn't be weak, but, Yan didn't even think about that.

Yan and the elder were about to battle, when someone suddenly shouted, "WHAT?! Look! Everyone, look! I think I just saw Zen!"

"Really?! Zen wasn't turned into ashes by the Karma Fire? Huh? Wow! And check it out! His body is shining bright like a golden light. Has this guy cultivated the Body of the Diamond-like State?" said another onlooker as he stared over at Zen.

Yan turned towards the onlooker, and then, following his stare, she looked out and saw her brother. As expected, Zen was bathed in a golden light. Enveloped in the flames of the Green Lotus Karma Fire, Zen was unharmed, and tiny golden whirlpools covering his body seemed to be absorbing the flames touching him?!

The Karma Fire power was so horrific though, so, how was her brother able to absorb the fires into himself? How could his organs bear the burning of the Karma Fire?

Yan was puzzled that Zen wasn't being injured by the Green Lotus Karma Fires, but, she was also relieved to see he was okay. She looked at the elder with a seemingly apologetic look.

Looking down at the slight frame of the girl, the elder couldn't stay mad, and let it go. He shook his head, believing the girl just cared too much for Zen.

Amidst the Karma Fire Hell, Patrick felt as though he'd fallen into an ice house! He couldn't feel the heat of the Karma Fires, and stared blankly at

Zen...

'This guy isn't even afraid of the Karma Fire? And now he is actually absorbing the fire?' Patrick thought he must be going crazy.

Chapter 482 The Way Evan Came On Stage (Part One)

For several years now, ever since he had started practicing Buddhist cultivation method, Patrick had been proud of his emotional stability, more so than his strength.

As someone who had been an Acalanatha in his previous incarnation, he was more stable than anyone else in the world could be. No matter how serious the problem was, he could have dealt with it calmly. As the old saying goes, the Buddha is in one's heart rather than anywhere else. This essentially meant that taking it easy and remaining calm was the way of the Buddhist method. As an expert practitioner, his heart was always like a lake, placid and still.

But today was the day of the storm. Today, the lake was not calm as usual. First there were a lot of ripples and then a large wave had come. With increasing temperature, it was now nearing an active volcano.

Patrick felt like he was going to puke blood. How on earth was Zen doing that?

The Green Lotus Karma Fire was the very definition of Hell on Earth. It was extremely powerful and had no defense! Patrick didn't need to be told just how dangerous it was.

He would have felt a lot better if Zen had merely used some secret weapons or some new move to defend himself from the Green Lotus Karma Fire temporarily, but the problem was that he wasn't afraid of it at all. It was almost as if the flame was nothing to him. And the worst part was that there were even whirlpools around Zen that pulled the Karma Fire into themselves.

This was unacceptable for anyone in the world.

When he was fighting against Rocher, Patrick hadn't really shown his cards. He was keeping them safe because as far as he was concerned, those hidden moves were enough for him to beat Zen. But even though all of those moves were new, every single one of them had been completely blocked. Most importantly, Patrick hadn't planned to use the Green Lotus Karma Fire in the first place. He'd never expected that Zen could make him use it.

The moment he was forced to the edge of the arena by Zen's sword spirit, Patrick had started thinking of the possibility that maybe Zen had a way to stand against his Green Lotus Karma Fire.

His initial assessment was that even if Zen could do that, it wouldn't last long. The fire was supposed to last a very long time, and while Zen was busy defending himself from the fire, it would be difficult for him to resist Patrick's other attacks. Patrick was clear about the power of his moves. He knew this one surefire way to make Zen vulnerable.

But Zen had chosen a completely different path. He wasn't defending himself from the fire; he was absorbing it.

Patrick didn't even have a chance to fight. He was too baffled to do that. All he really wanted to do was ask: where had the fire gone?

It would seem that Zen's body had absorbed the fire. But that fire was supposed to be lethal to others. Somehow, it seemed beneficial to Zen. It was something that could refine his body.

Actually, Zen had been beaten by Patrick too many times for his fire to have any effect now. The practice had made the warm currents in his body flow through every one of his vessels which was actually very comfortable.

Now the fire was burning inside him and he felt that he was becoming stronger and stronger instead of feeling a sense of burning. The scalding hot flow inside him didn't make him feel ill, but warm and comfortable instead.

It could be compared to a blacksmith making weapons. First, he needed to melt it, then beat it, and finally, temper it.

Zen had been going through this process since the time his body was refined to the level of a mysterious weapon.

The golden whirlpools around him were absorbing the Green Lotus Karma Fire faster and faster. The fire didn't spread much far since it was trapped in the arena because of the runes on the floor. This apparent concentration made the situation seem worse.

Initially, the Karma Fire had risen high in the sky and seemed to burn more and more furiously.

But as Zen kept absorbing it constantly, it gradually slowed down and became smaller by the second. Now Yan and some sharp-eyed people could finally see the two men fighting in the arena.

As time went by, the Green Lotus Karma Fire became smaller and smaller. The initially dense blaze now looked like small, red, furious clouds scattered in the arena's air and they kept on being absorbed by Zen's whirlpools at a very fast speed.

Finally the last bit of fire was gone. The whole arena was clear again.

Zen's expressions became pleased and happy as a new spiritual texture appeared on his chest due to Patrick's Green Lotus Karma Fire. Now he had three of them which meant that his body had been refined to a top-grade spiritual weapon.

Another such symbol and his body would probably become a fairy weapon! He wondered what that would be like!

After he saw everything that had happened, Patrick shook his head. "Let's stop!" he said curtly, deciding to give up the fight. Although there were several moves that he hadn't used yet, but if Zen had blocked the Green Lotus Karma Fire, Patrick didn't think it would make any difference or indeed, much sense, if he went on fighting.

He actually felt unlucky to have Zen as his rival.

Zen had also defeated Rocher earlier on in the competition, but Rocher hadn't lost as badly as Patrick, who was supposed to be better than him.

An important reason for this was that Zen had defeated, absorbed, or defended all of Patrick's deadliest moves without flinching.

Chapter 483 The Way Evan Came On Stage (Part Two)

For example, the golden bell defense that he had used in the beginning was of no use when faced with Zen's extraordinarily strong power. After that, he had used the move of the Diamond-like Body, but even that hadn't been able to shake Zen's spiritual weapon like body at all.

And then he had tried the Acalanatha Shadow, which was supposed to deliver quite a fight for Zen since he wouldn't have been able to find a way out.

But at that moment, out of nowhere, Zen's sword spirit Lily had showed up with the sword dance, using her malicious aura to its upmost. Even the Heavenly Punishment Sword was supposed to be no match for the Acalanatha Shadow, but Lily's sword dance had beat it easily anyway.

It had actually taken Zen himself by surprise as he didn't have any idea why and how Lily was so powerful.

And then it came to Patrick's best card—Green Lotus Karma Fire. Anyone who saw it would have thrown in the towel immediately. How could a human body stand that furious fire?

Patrick never could have expected that his best card would turn out to be the reason he would call it quits.

It just happened that Zen was not afraid of any kind of fire. Instead, his body craved fire to refine itself and make itself stronger. The Karma Fire was hell to others, but to Zen, it was like Alice's wonderland. He couldn't like it more; to Patrick's chagrin, he absorbed every bit of it like an alcoholic enjoying a glass of beer.

If it wasn't for that, Patrick wouldn't have lost.

"Patrick, there's no need to feel frustrated. It's not that I am stronger than you. It just happens that some of your best moves weren't as effective as usual, but that doesn't mean they are not powerful enough." Of course

Zen could understand how upset Patrick was. Anyone in his shoes would feel the same. As a warrior, he didn't want his opponent to feel upset.

But to his surprise, Patrick suddenly closed his eyes and took a deep breath with his palms pressed together in front of him. When he opened his eyes again, his face had suddenly become much calmer. "Life is like a river and the Buddhist path is like a raft. Make the best use of the raft and it will take you to the shore. How can I reach the shore if I get upset just because of one failure? Thank you, Zen!"

Karma lies in one's destiny. It was a eureka moment for Patrick after experiencing all the coincidences and witnessing the unusuals these days. He was wise and clever because he had been an Acalanatha in his previous incarnation, and this meant he could get to understand more of the Buddhist Dharma through many trivial things in life. Now his heart was like a calm and still lake again.

He turned around and told the referee, "I give up."

The referee nodded at him, pleased with Patrick's calm intake of defeat, then announced the results of the All Peaks Competition, "Zen from Drizzle Peak won and Disciple Patrick lost."

After the announcement, one of the elders came onto the stage and announced the Cloud Sect ranking.

The audience erupted in a buzz of conversation as the results were announced. After the fight going his way just now, it was Zen who now ranked first among all the disciples. While everyone was busy talking about the results, suddenly there was a flash of white light in the south.

It was coming straight towards the stage at a furious pace from far away like a shooting star moving across the night sky.

As everyone stared at it, it got closer and closer.

Both Zen and Patrick stared at it too. When it was only a few miles away, they realized the flash of white light was actually a man flying with the force of his life vitality. The problem was that now he was only a couple of hundred feet from the stage, but he showed no sign of slowing down. It looked like he was going to crash onto the stage head first.

Five hundred feet, three hundred feet, one hundred feet from the stage...

"Hey, watch out!" Zen wanted to warn him, but it was too late.

"Crash!" There was a loud noise.

The man in the white light crashed head first right into the stage. But he didn't stop—the inertia made him roll over and over again on the stage floor like a ball. Finally he stopped and rose to his feet. Since he had landed head first, his neck looked very weird, tilted to one side in a strange way, like it had been broken. But the man held his head with both of his hands and twisted it with a sharp crack. It sprang into position again and now, he looked relaxed and comfortable.

The young man, in his twenties, looked handsome in some ways but not all. There was something strange about his features—his eyes, nose, and mouth somehow didn't look right together, and sometimes they even seemed funny.

The way he had showed up in front of everyone was embarrassing, even shameful. But no one was going to laugh at him or doubt his strength. Anyone else who had hit the floor head first would have died immediately of blunt force trauma; but this young man had survived unscathed, which was clear proof that he was no ordinary person.

Patrick let out a sigh. The man had a habit of always showing up in such unusual ways, causing absolute chaos. But still, he greeted him politely, "Nice to see you, Evan."

So that was it! The young man was actually Evan Li, the real top disciple of the Cloud Sect ranking and supposedly the most powerful disciple in the entire Cloud Sect.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 484 My Queen (Part One)

The way in which Evan had showed up abruptly was so peculiar and at the same, laughably stupid, that the over one hundred thousand audiences on site were dumbfounded.

Since he could fly in the sky, it was reasonable to believe that his strength was at least above the level of Illuminating Soul Realm. And being able to step into the level of Illuminating Soul Realm was adequate to show that his talents were by no means weak or limited. If so, the audience was bewildered as to why he acted like an idiot just now?

"Who is this idiot on earth?" Finally, one of the disciples couldn't help it and burst out due to strong confusion.

"Hush, keep it down. Don't call him names. Didn't you see Patrick was respectful to him just now? If my guess is right, he is the famous Evan Li. He is more powerful than Patrick!" another disciple scolded in a low voice.

"Isn't he supposed to be practicing martial arts in his secret chamber these days? What's he doing here? Has he finished practicing and come out already? Hang on. That might also mean that the All Peaks Competition's not finished yet?" the former disciple asked, now looking pretty excited.

After the disciples had witnessed that Zen had defeated Patrick, or rather, Patrick had admitted defeat, they had begun waiting for one of the elders to announce the rankings and changes of the entire Cloud Sect List. Not in their farthest dreams had they expected the famous Evan would show up abruptly at the end of the competition.

Now they became thrilled and began to look forward to the stunning competition which might take place between Zen and Evan if they agreed.

After all, a hundred thousand disciples of Cloud Sect had each spent a point, which equaled to two cubic crystals as well as the whole asset of an ordinary family in an ordinary county to come and watch the competition on site. They wouldn't have wanted it to end just like that!

Yet, seeing Evan's behavior which was much like a dumb person, the members of the audience were worried whether the competition would ever start or not.

"Hey, Patrick! Look at you so gloomy. You look like a dead fish. Did you just lose?" Evan asked with a stupid smile on his face. He always behaved like an arrogant sod and would have said anything he wanted to, completely ignorant of others' feelings.

Patrick was used to that. He simply nodded and replied, "My strength is not as good as that of Zen. So, my failure is just how it has to be." Although he talked to Evan in a seemingly respectful way, he really did not want to say too many words to him anymore. Whenever and wherever Evan showed up, he sure as hell also brought endless trouble with his stupid personality. It was infuriating.

Evan, though looking like an idiot, was not easy to be fooled around and obviously, wouldn't stop asking until he got a satisfying answer. He then went up and put his arm on Patrick's shoulder and asked, beaming, "What do you mean by 'just how it has to be'? I am sure that you are upset and don't want to accept it as the final result, right? I detect that the strength of your opponent over there is only at the second grade of nature level! Losing to him? Oh, Patrick, you humiliate me! You should be embarrassed too. Would you like me to win your honor back? I am telling you, I can beat the shit out of him just like that."

"No, thank you. Evan, I attend the All Peaks Competition just for learning from other competitors, not to incur hatred…" Patrick replied quickly with a heavy face. Yes, he was right—he didn't know how to deal with Evan's unruly and teasing manner.

"I think it's still necessary for me to win your honor back! Let's just say that's the way 'it has to be', shall we? As for the reward, I will not ask for too much. How about printing several books about the basic Buddhist cultivation methods you have figured out and giving them to me as a reward, deal?" Evan burst out in laughter on hearing his own words.

'What the hell?' Patrick roared silently deep inside. Yet, he just refused calmly, "No, thank you. Evan, I still have some other business to handle right now..."

Just as Evan and Patrick were having the conversation, the elder who was in charge of announcing the rankings asked him, "Evan, did you make another breakthrough during the practice in your secret chamber?"

"Yes, and I made three breakthroughs in a row, jumping from the third grade to the sixth grade of Illuminating Soul Realm straight." Evan replied, stretching and yawning. It was almost as if improving his level was as simple and natural as eating and sleeping. He was an arrogant yet powerful personality indeed.

There were some ancient treasures, such as super well-refined pills, which could help warriors in making quick breakthroughs in the Illuminating Soul Realm. However, this kind of well-refined pills was very rare in the Eastern Region. Most of the pills refined by Eastern Region alchemists were aimed for nature creatures.

Besides, Evan had a solid foundation, and obviously, he didn't need to rely on well-refined pills. He relied entirely on his own ability to make three breakthroughs in a row, which substantially showed that his talent was really appalling.

"Well, good to hear that! However, since you have reached the sixth grade of Illuminating Soul Realm, I am sorry to tell you that you will be removed from the Cloud Sect List according to established conventions. Now, I will announce the final rankings of the All Peaks Competition," the elder said in a happy tone.

According to the established conventions of Cloud Sect, the strength level required for the All Peaks Competition and Cloud Sect List was capped, and the strongest participants were not allowed to be beyond the third grade of Illuminating Soul Realm. Anyone who was able to train beyond this level would be automatically removed from the List and disqualified to attend any of the related competitions.

With his earlier strength level, he did have the qualification to participate in the All Peaks Competition. But that was a little while ago. When he had walked out from his secret chamber, his strength had leapt directly from the third grade of Illuminating Soul Realm to the sixth grade. This was not only beyond the capped requirement, but also very slightly weaker than the topmost grade of Illuminating Soul Realm. That was to say, it wasn't going to be a long time before his realm became comparable to the saints, or even the elders with relatively weaker strength.

What was more, it was well known that Evan had a solid foundation. This was unlike many saints and elders in the Cloud Sect who were unable to make breakthroughs after a particular level, and therefore had to achieve their current strength only with the aid of well-refined pills. In terms of real strength, he might not be too far from them.

Under the above situation, it was obviously not fair to allow Evan to attend the All Peaks Competition.

"No! Elder Ge! No matter if I am alive or dead, I will always be Cloud Sect's disciple. Why do you want to remove me from the List? Please! I really want to attend this year's All Peaks Competition and I really have to! Although I have made breakthroughs, my name is still on this year's list of All Peaks Competition Participants, right?" Evan argued strongly, trying to convince Elder Ge and the others.

Chapter 485 My Queen (Part Two)

Elder Ge also hesitated at the moment. Evan's case was really special. He was indeed registered on the list of eligible disciples to participate in this year's Competition, but he had been practicing in his secret chamber and had showed up only at the end of the competition.

"Just allow him to fight! There's nothing special about it! Isn't it just one more match?" one disciple bellowed.

"We want to see it! Evan is also Cloud Sect's disciple. Why can't he attend the All Peaks Competition?" one more disciple bellowed, rather unwilling to lose such a good opportunity to watch another wonderful match.

"Yeah. Seconded! Why can't he be allowed? It doesn't make any difference to have one more match!" another disciple added loudly.

At this crucial moment, several disciples began to kick up a fuss about it.

From their points of view, if they could watch one more match, especially the one between Evan Li and Zen Luo, it would have been a great bonus for them! After all, they had each spent a point on the All Peaks Competition, and although Evan really looked like an idiot, it could not be denied that he was really powerful.

Immediately, a hundred thousand disciples of Cloud Sect got thrilled and began to chant, spontaneously and repeatedly, "One more fight!". Looking down at the enthusiastic audiences, Elder Ge gradually wavered, but there were still some thoughts in his mind that held him back. Of course, Zen had already created so many miracles. But since he and Evan were not at all at the same level of strength, Zen had no chance of winning this competition, which meant it would not be a fair competition. In fact, he had half a belief that Evan was trying to bully Zen.

While seeing so many people were supporting him, Evan stared at Zen arrogantly, as if he were looking at a little weak sheep. He impatiently said again, "Elder Ge, look at that! Everyone is waiting for this fight. I think you should make the decision as soon as possible!"

Just then, things took a dramatic turn!

Yan, who had been standing outside the battle ring, suddenly walked inside and yelled furiously, "Evan Li!"

When Evan heard his name called out, his eyebrows narrowed. He had heard this voice before. Suddenly, he remembered exactly who would make such a voice and his face changed abruptly. A bitter expression appeared on his face. He asked in a trembling voice, "You, you are…"

"You dare call me directly by my name and defile it with your vile tongue?" Yan cut in immediately, walking two steps closer to him and staring at him with her clear and beautiful eyes.

'Well," Evan tried to reply with an awkward look on his face. He shook his head immediately after thinking about it for a second. "No. I don't dare to do that!"

Yan was wearing a veil. But the others could see that she had raised her eyebrows. Meanwhile, she asked proudly with a smile in her eyes, "Then what is it that you call me?"

"Umm... I..." Evan replied hesitantly, even more embarrassed. "In front of so many people, I would rather not say it out since it would be…" It looked like Yan had caught on to his Achilles' heel. He no longer seemed confident and proud.

"Really? Did you forget your vows?" Yan reminded him coldly.

Evan was now full of deep regrets inside. He thought to himself bitterly, 'Earlier, as soon as I walked out of my secret chamber, I was surprised to hear that a super genius from Cloud Sect has emerged at the All Peaks Competition. I decided to rush to the site and check him out. I wanted to see who this genius was and to have a go at him. When I arrived here, Patrick has already been defeated. This seemingly genius disciple whose strength is only at the second grade of the nature level has managed to defeat Patrick. I was really interested in fighting with him. It would have been so great. Never have I ever expected to meet Yan in person here.

Isn't she supposed to be locked up in Hell Mountain right now? If I had known she was here, I wouldn't have come here today. Honestly, I am really not interested in All Peaks Competition's reward, and even if I defeated Zen with my current strength, I guess the head of Cloud Sect wouldn't give me any reward!'

At the same time, when hearing Yan mention his vows, Evan suddenly became dejected, like an eggplant that had experienced cold frost, and finally dropped his head, saying reluctantly in a low voice, "My queen!"

"Well, that's my good boy!" Yan remarked, laughing out with great satisfaction.

Seeing such a scene, Zen found him speechless. What had just happened? And how had it happened? When did his sister become a queen? Why would he call Yan his queen? And as soon as Yan had asked him to call her that, Evan had obeyed. How come he, with his level of strength was so obedient to Yan's orders?

The disciples who were watching the scene were also completely stunned on hearing it.

Did Evan just call the veiled woman his queen?

He was acting like an idiot, but he was probably the strongest disciple of the Cloud Sect right now. How come he called the woman his queen? She was probably below him in strength. Who was this masked woman on earth? Wasn't she said to be Zen's girl?

Soon, all sorts of guesses about the woman's identity spread over among the audience. Some said she was Kenneth's daughter, while some said she was Yan. Anyway, almost all sorts of speculations were thrown about.

"Do you have to fight with Zen?" Yan asked one more question.

Evan was at a loss since he didn't know how to answer her question. Earlier, he was eager to fight with Zen and beat him up, but now, Yan had showed up unexpectedly and had made him call her queen in public, he was really not in the mood anymore.

When she could not hear any reply from him, Yan proposed slowly, "If you really want to defeat Zen and prove your strength, it is still feasible. Now that you are at the sixth grade of Illuminating Soul Realm, the competition between you and Zen will be quite unfair. Even if you win, you will still be accused of bullying him, and you will not have much fun. Why don't you just compete against him in swordplay? I mean, both of you don't use your life vitality, making it a pure swordplay competition."

When hearing Yan's proposal, Elder Ge's eyes lit up and widened in joy. Immediately, he seconded the idea briskly, "That's an excellent proposal. Evan, you are also good at swordplay. It would be fair for you two to compete with each other in pure swordplay."

In fact, Elder Ge had witnessed Zen's basic swordplay. As someone whose strength was not top among the elders, he still had a decent ranking and knew a thing or two. Thus, it was easy for him to know that Zen's swordplay was really formidable. Therefore, he supported Yan's proposal. Apparently, he was also trying to set up a trap for Evan.

Patrick, standing next to Elder Ge, also had a secret smile inside. He had competed against Zen, so he obviously knew what was going on. 'This time, I believe that Evan definitely will fall into a well-set trap as he has never had the chance to figure out the real strength of Zen's swordplay before. It's true that Evan can beat Zen if they use their real strength to compete. However, in terms of pure swordplay? Hahaha…Evan, you are staring complete failure in the face, ' he thought happily and stealthily.

"Compete in pure swordplay?" Evan replied carelessly, rubbing his nose. "I, Evan, have never been afraid of anyone in pure swordplay! All right! This final match will be a competition of our swordsmanship skills only!"

Previously, as Yan had seen Zen condense his sword spirit, she speculated that Zen's attainments in swordsmanship were certainly not low, but she had not seen the formidable powers that lay behind that talent. The reason she had put forward such a proposal was that she simply didn't want to see Evan defeat Zen with a dominating advantage and strength in the competition.

What she didn't know was that she had inadvertently set up a trap for Evan, just as what she had done years ago to defeat and tease him.

Chapter 486 My Master

Evan Li dreaded meeting Yan like a rat feared a cat.

At that time, Yan was the top disciple at the Lady Peak. She had excellent talent and was exceptionally strong. Yan was comparable to the personal disciples in terms of strength.

The difference between Yan and Zen was how they had become famous.

Zen became a powerful and well-known disciple all of a sudden. Before that, his extraordinary talent and strength had been known only by a few people, including Roger Meng, Zachary Zhao, and the disciples of the Drizzle Peak.

While Yan had gained popularity differently. She had been granted special admission to Cloud Sect on account of her talent. She had been taken good care of since she became a disciple of Cloud Sect. Most people at Cloud Sect watched her and protected her. As a matter of fact, she had faced almost no obstacles during her time at Cloud Sect.

The only trouble Yan suffered was that she had to handle numerous pursuers.

Yan was as pretty as a fairy. She was nice to everybody around her, and so everyone liked her. Since she had tremendous talent, Cloud Sect regarded her as one of the most important disciples. A girl as perfect as Yan, of course, was attractive to the young disciples of Cloud Sect.

Disciples without outstanding strength, talent, or powerful background did not dare to express their feelings to her, as Yan was too excellent.

So only the elite disciples from the top seven noble clans dared to convey their interest in Yan.

Fancy Yun, Yun Clan's young master had been Yan's most ardent admirer. In the end, Fancy Yun paid a painful price—Yan cut off his penis. And that was why Cloud Sect claimed to have imprisoned Yan at Hell Mountain.

Evan, one of the most outstanding personal disciples, also admired Yan at that time. But Evan always behaved kind of dottily, and some disciples egged him on to purse Yan and to tease her at the same.

At that time, Evan was at the top of the Cloud Sect disciple list. That meant he was the strongest disciple among all disciples at Cloud Sect. Yan had found it challenging to cope with Evan.

But Yan was smart and found a way to lure Evan to bet with her.

Evan was very strong, and his talent was far beyond that of other disciples. Even in such a huge sect, his skills and talents would ensure his promotion to principal disciple.

Since he had won the final fight of the last All Peak Competition, he had the chance to pass Cloud Road and enter Cloud Hall.

It was said that Evan did go to Cloud Road, but during the examination, he felt tired and actually fell asleep...

Being selected for Cloud Road was a dream that all disciples of Cloud Sect shared, regardless of whether they could pass it or not.

But to everyone's surprise, Evan had fallen asleep there...

Kenneth Shi was enraged due to Evan's behavior. He had thought that Evan would pass Cloud Road and become a principal disciple of Cloud Hall. But reality had been too far from his expectation. After Evan returned, Kenneth imprisoned him at Hell Mountain for a whole year!

After that, everybody could see that Evan was a fool.

Yan also understood that and made a bet with him. Of course, Evan lost. Yan was not as strong as Evan, but she was much smarter than Evan. She used her intelligence to trick him.

Evan didn't learn his lesson and bet more than once with Yan.

Evan lost a significant number of points during their first bet. After gambling against Yan the second time, he lost his sword. The third time, Evan had nothing worthy left to give, so they made a deal that every time Evan met her, he had to call her 'my queen'.

Although Evan was not clever, he understood that it was humiliating to call a little girl "my queen", especially as he had been the strongest disciple at Cloud Sect and the girl was much younger than he was.

From then on, Evan didn't dare to meet Yan anymore. He tried his best to avoid her. If he really had to confront her, he forced himself to call her, my queen.

Three years ago, he won the All Peak Competition easily. And he had improved dramatically during these three years. Had he fought against Zen, it would have been unfair, and everyone would feel as though he was bullying the weak.

Since Elder Ge had agreed with the suggestion, Zen didn't say anything else. He was willing to fight, of course.

Although they could not use their life vitality, Evan was confident in his sword skills!

"Since we will only fight with sword skills, you cannot complain that I bully you, and you must admit defeat if you lose. Are you agreeable?" Evan asked while staring at Zen.

Zen nodded, "I understand that sword skills have nothing to do with a person's strength. It depends on how much we learned. Of course, I won't say that you bully me."

"Good," Evan replied. With a quick nod, Evan smiled and removed a sword from his space ring. The sword looked ordinary and of a low quality. Despite its appearance, the sword was a top-grade mysterious weapon.

Being the strongest disciple of Cloud Sect, it was expected that Evan would use a fairy weapon or even a middle-grade one. No one thought that Evan would use a mysterious weapon.

It was common for outer disciples to use a top-grade mysterious weapon.

Evan knew that the sword's quality was too low for him, but he only laughed in embarrassment.

He had owned a fairy weapon, but he had lost the bet and had to surrender it to Yan. And Yan never thought about returning the sword. So, Evan only had a mysterious weapon.

"Ting!" A metallic sound was heard when Zen took out his sword. He was serious now as he knew that Evan was stronger than Patrick. Although he looked a bit crazy, Zen had a hard time identifying Evan's weakness.

Zen estimated that Evan was thrice as strong as Patrick.

The thought that perhaps he wouldn't be able to defeat Evan, dawned on Zen.

Zen knew that he had to try, even if they were only using sword skills. After all, as Zen said before, sword skills had nothing to do with life vitality. But, Zen knew that he had to take Evan seriously.

"Good. You have great potential. But..." Evan stopped mid-speech and gazed at Zen curiously. "Are you going to fight me with basic sword skills?" he asked.

Zen nodded and replied, "Yes, I am."

"You are insulting me! I refuse to fight!" Evan shook his head and said, "If you don't want to battle, you can tell me. Why do you want to use basic sword skills to fight against me? Am I not strong enough for you?"

"If you refuse to fight, you can admit defeat," Zen answered calmly.

"Admit defeat? That is ridiculous! You are asking me to admit defeat because you intend to use basic sword skills? Let's do it this way--I'll fight against you without a sword. If you can force me to use my sword during our match, I will call you, My Master!" After he finished his sentence, Evan returned his sword to his space ring. Evan laughed coldly. An indignant look replaced the curious expression he had before. Apparently, he was convinced that Zen was humiliating him by only using basic sword skills.

After hearing Evan's declaration, all the disciples, including Yan, and the masters looked at Evan as if he was a fool.

They shook their heads and thought, 'Evan is really a fool.'

Evan had cultivated in isolation for a long while. He hadn't had the chance to watch the process of the All Peak Competition. But most disciples had viewed it from the arena or through the Picture Slab.

Zen had impressed everyone except Evan with his mysterious and powerful basic sword skills.

Although Evan's position was high on the disciple list, none of the disciples thought Zen would lose if they only fought with sword skills. On the contrary, they believed that even with Evan's skills, a draw would be the best result he could achieve.

And now he wanted to battle Zen without a sword. He hadn't considered that Zen could force him to use his sword. If Zen did, did he actually consider calling Zen "My Master"? He was really naive!

Previously, Evan had to suffer the humiliation of calling Yan, My Queen. If Zen were to defeat him, wouldn't Evan look twice as foolish?

Since Evan insisted on acting like an idiot all the time, no one reminded him of his past mistake. That meant that Evan had made a trap for himself and that he would step in it without any hesitation.

"Okay. Since you insist, let's begin," Zen replied. Zen didn't want to say anything else to Evan. As soon as he finished speaking, Zen attacked.

Zen's first move was the most common one, stabbing levelly with all his strength focused on the tip of the sword. This sword skill was called horizontal stab.

Evan had been indifferent at first. He was so confident that he believed he could avoid the attack with his eyes closed. Just as Evan took his first step, his face paled.

"Gosh! This is..." At this moment, Evan's expression changed.

Chapter 487 The Laughingstock

Like Evan, the remaining one hundred thousand Cloud Sect disciples were shocked by what they saw!

Everyone knew Zen was exceptional at the basic swordsmanship. However, Evan had foolishly boasted in front of all disciples that he wouldn't need to unsheathe his sword in his fight against Zen. He must have been out of his mind!

But, the sad fact was, most of the disciples had the same mindset as Evan.

Earlier, when some of the disciples had seen Zen's fundamental swordsmanship, they were impressed, and spoke highly of his basic swordsmanship. When that was passed along, it became deeply rooted in the minds of the rest disciples, which made them feel Evan's bragging and looking down on Zen ridiculous.

Thus, they had been waiting, on edge, to watch Evan fail, and would be equally thrilled if Evan yielded to Zen.

At that moment, all those one hundred thousand disciples shared a single thought, 'You always boast about yourselves, just because you are a personal disciple. Do you think you're invincible? Now, let's see how you handle Zen and his swordsmanship! Wait and see, you will submit to Zen, and admit that he is your master!'

Evan was feeling embarrassed that he had talked big and regretted it thoroughly since he wasn't able to walk the walk.

How on earth was Zen's basic swordsmanship so seemingly exceptional?

There was no other swordsmanship that was more ordinary than what Zen had adopted. It was only horizontal stab, and that, to be honest, was the most straightforward, yet simplest move used in basic swordsmanship.

An opponent using this style of swordsmanship could be easily outmaneuvered by shooting the sword out. Horizontal stabbing was the first move that most swordsmen studied first. To lay a solid foundation for future swordsmanship skills, a juvenile usually practiced horizontal stabbing at least a thousand to ten thousand times.

It was just the horizontal stabbing move, so, why was Evan finding it impossible to dodge in any direction from the assault?

It appeared to be just the basic swordsmanship. How was it possible for Zen's moves to be this awesome? Evan felt like he was going crazy.

Naturally, he didn't know Zen had done brilliantly in the All Peaks Competition purely using the basic swordsmanship. Zen only adopted simple swordsmanship, yet, it was challenging for Evan to dodge. A hundred thousand disciples watching thought it was natural for Evan to be in a difficult situation.

It seemed it was only Evan who wasn't aware of Zen's extraordinary performance so far at the All Peaks Competition utilizing just his basic swordsmanship.

After all, Evan had outperformed everyone using his strength since three years ago and was the most talented disciple in Cloud Sect.

Since then, his strength had enhanced greatly.

Noticing the razor sharp blade slashing the air as it headed towards him, Evan unconsciously reached for his sword. Recalling his promise, he stopped himself, and instead turned abruptly, contorting his body and barely escaping Zen's attack.

Just now, Evan had managed to avoid Zen's first sword attack, but it put him in an extremely awkward position. Then came Zen's second strike! A third sword attack followed! Then, the fourth sword attack...

Evan's head cleared, and he realized he wouldn't be able to keep on dodging Zen's sword attacks even if he used all the body techniques he knew. However, he still had difficulty because he had boasted that he wouldn't draw his sword in the fight with Zen. At least that was how

Evan felt. If he unsheathed his sword to confront Zen now, he would have to acknowledge Zen's superiority and refer to him as his master.

With this in mind, Evan determined stubbornly that he had no choice but to continue resisting Zen's attacks without his sword.

Without hesitation, Zen thrust his sword forward a second time, using horizontal sweep! For the horizontal sweep move, one should keep the blade horizontal while swinging it quickly. The force was exerted upon the front of the sword's edge near the little finger.

As the sword drew closer, Evan gritted his teeth again and abruptly moved to avoid it. The tip of Zen's Streamer Sword nearly sliced Evan's back. If his blade had been raised just a little higher, Evan would have been injured.

The third sword attack was called sword pointing.

When using sword pointing, one should keep his wrist relaxed and then quickly flick it with great force in order that the sword tip could abruptly strike the opponent in a downward motion which caused the force to travel to the tip.

Zen used these three basic swordsmanship techniques in combination.

Since Evan found Zen's first and second offenses so severe, he would run out of steam with this third swordsmanship assault against him, and soon enough, he would be struck by Zen's sword if he stuck to not drawing his blade. Evan would be defeated if he was struck by Zen's sword whether or not he was injured.

After his position was worsened, Evan gritted his teeth and unsheathed his sword in spite of his promise. Ingeniously taking advantage of the situation, he swept Zen's sharp sword away.

Now, there were at least a hundred thousand disciples paying close attention to the battle between Zen and Evan. All of them had opinions on how many attacks Evan could withstand before he pulled his sword out.

Some of them thought Evan could resist five sword attacks, while others considered six sword assaults would be Evan's limit. There were a few disciples who had been watching Evan's dodging capabilities and thought he would hold out till the tenth strike though.

They had all guessed wrong. Evan had no choice but to unsheathe his sword when Zen took the offensive for the third time.

"The sword is drawn. Did Evan unsheathe his blade already?"

"Will he address Zen as his master? Or, will he break this promise?"

"Well, he really has no choice but to keep his word on this! He made his promise in front of so many people! "

Unsheathing his sword, Evan was filled with regret and a grudge swelled from deep inside him! All the blame was his though, and his boastful words! He shouldn't have been rash, and should never have made that promise without just cause! Even though he regretted it, there was nothing he could do at that moment. What was said was like water spilled, and could not be taken back. Besides, Evan had made the promise publicly with one hundred thousand Cloud Sect disciples present!

If he acknowledged Zen as his master, he would be thoroughly disgraced, but on the other hand, if he refused, Evan would be untrusted among his peers.

Away from Evan, a slight knowing grin could be seen on Zen's face as he held fast to his sword without saying a word.

Even now, Evan hesitated because he wasn't sure what to do next...

Evan felt as though he was going stark raving crazy!

"Say it! Call him Master!"

"Come on. Call him Master!"

"Call him Master!"

yelled merciless disciples, with others joining in after the first troublemaker shouted. Suddenly, there were hundreds and thousands chanting the taunt together.

Elder Ge stood there dumbfounded. He couldn't believe Evan was that unpopular with his fellow disciples that they would have him humiliate himself publicly like this. Why were the disciples of the Cloud Sect against him?

The fact was though, that it couldn't be said all the disciples showed hatred toward Evan, just like it couldn't be concluded that Zen was favored by them.

It Evan hadn't arrogantly boasted, they wouldn't have treated him so rudely. But, from the very start of the fight, Evan had taken for granted that he was superior, and everyone was very glad to witness the failures of people like that. The greater the fall, the happier the bystanders were.

A hundred thousand people shouted in unison, making the very grounds shake. As the chanting grew louder and louder, it seemed the scene would stay with Evan the rest of his life!

At long last, Evan ground out through clenched teeth, "Fine! I will refer to him as my master!"

Evan thought he would be able to seize the chance and call Zen "Master" quietly, while all other disciples were loudly chanting. However, all of them fell silent all of a sudden as if they were of one mind. It became so deathly quiet that one could even hear a pin drop! Additionally, all eyes were on Evan, with their ears wide open...

"Are you teasing me?" asked Evan, feeling like he would burst into tears any moment. Evan was feeling reckless and a little mad, but he wasn't a fool. How could he have cultivated himself and reached the level he was if he had been?

Evan realized it was impossible to make excuses to not to keep his promise. At last, he gave up and with shagging shoulders, he yelled, "My Master!"

"Ha!" Not far off, Yan couldn't stifle the laugher when she heard Evan calling Zen his master. As she laughed, her chest and waist bounced, trembling like a paper flower.

Many times, Evan had lost bets, and yielded to Yan, calling her "Queen". Now, as promised, he was calling Zen "Master". But, it was Evan's own fault! So, Evan didn't deserve pity from anyone!

The silence broken by Yan became an uproar as most of the disciples burst out laughing too. Their uproarious laughter echoed throughout the field, ringing in Evan's ears! How sensational the laughingstock was!

Evan blushed as blood rushed to his cheeks. He was more furious when he saw Zen smiling and knowingly nodding at him.

'I'm your senior in Cloud Sect. I just called you "My Master", and are you so shameless that you responded by nodding in agreement? Well, I will make you regret that!'

After the roaring laughter gradually died down, Evan added, "Yes, I underestimated you earlier. Now, I'd like to fight with you again, but, this time with swords. The loser will acknowledge the winner as his superior, and address him as "Master" whenever we meet in the future. Zen, do you accept my challenge?"

Zen was stunned! He listened to what Evan said and stood there dumbfounded while firmly glaring at Evan.

All one hundred thousand disciples stared at Evan in shock with their mouths agape....

Evan was behaving like a fool, even now. Zen had agreed to decide the winner of the All Peaks Competition based on swordsmanship. Now, Evan was making another outrageous request?

Evan realized his request was a little rude. He felt he couldn't do more than grit his teeth and add, "Well, I can't force you to, but, let's formally fight against each other using swordsmanship techniques!"

As soon as Evan finished speaking his mind, his long sword trembled, and he pointed the tip at Zen! Suddenly, Evan's face turned hard.

Even though it was only a mysterious weapon, Evan looked extraordinary, as if the weapon he held were a fairy or sacred weapon.

Zen felt as if Evan was like the Iceni on Killing Sword Mountain. Since Evan was a senior disciple at Cloud Sect, he could not be a simpleton!

Chapter 488 Broken Sword (Part One)

Despite the occasional madness, Evan still was the strongest opponent Zen had ever encountered.

Chances were Zen would have long been defeated if refinement techniques or life vitality was allowed in this battle.

After all, there was a gap in inner energy between the two fighters. Undoubtedly, Zen's foundation was solid, and this made him stronger than other warriors in the same stage. But Evan was solid in foundation, too. He didn't raise his energy abruptly through pills, but accumulated strength through regular exercise and practice.

However, Zen wasn't frustrated that Evan was stronger than him. He knew that if he worked hard enough, he would also reach the sixth stage of the Illuminating Soul Realm. And in time, he would reap greater achievements than what Evan had accomplished.

But improving his level was not the primary goal. Right now, his focus should be on the sword fight.

"The swordsmanship you are employing is very unusual. The basic swordsmanship is already the simplest form when using a sword, but yours seems to be even simpler than the basic. I don't know how you managed that, but I know there's always a way to crack it!"

That said, Evan straightened himself and poised for another attack. As he held himself and charged for the strike, his mental aura was so strong no one dared to look him in the eye. At that moment, Evan was a completely different person, nothing like the aimless, silly, dignified, and proud fighter he was known to be.

And the change was so abrupt that it caught the audience by surprise. Not many were capable of understanding what was happening.

"I will conquer your simplest swordsmanship technique with a most complicated one!" he declared. And as he started to attack, the sword in his hand began to shake violently.

Suddenly, it tinkled, and as it continued to make noise, the sword vibrated harder, leaving numerous images of a sword around it.

Like thousands of peonies blooming simultaneously, under Evan's careful control, the shadows of swords took shape. They formed thousands of flowers made of swords, which were as beautiful as they were deadly.

"Falling Flowers Sword!" Evan's hands were steady and his eyes fierce.

And as a storm of swords swept through the field, he roared.

Like the spectators, Zen was in awe. 'What an expert swordsman! And that sword is beautiful and lethal!' The young disciple held his breath as he continued to be dazzled by the overlapping and extremely complicated sword flowers overhead.

He now understood what Evan meant by "cracking the simple swordsmanship with a complicated one."

The method indeed proved to be very effective.

In fighting a swordsman, one had to discover the flaws in his swordsmanship. However, this Falling Flowers Sword was not only gorgeous in its effect, but likewise deadly in its complication. It was not that there was no flaw in a complicated swordsmanship, but the complexity of the Falling Flowers Sword helped to cloak its imperfections. It would take Zen some time to learn of the flaws in Evan's swordsmanship.

But Zen didn't have the luxury of time. When two swordsmen were in combat, the one who slowed down would lose the fight. Zen had to bite the bullet and keep up with his skillful opponent.

Sighing inwardly, Zen lowered the tip of his sword and kept the weapon close to his left side, allowing its strength to reach the front of the blade. Then he extended his left middle and index fingers until they straightened and pressed on his right wrist.

"Circle parry!" he announced.

He focused all his energy on this move.

The "circle parry" was one of the basic swordplay skills employed for defense. Since he was fighting a very tough opponent, Zen had only to assume a defensive pose then step back.

"Chink!"

The sound of metal against metal went on non-stop as the swords clashed. In what seemed like a second, Evan's sword hit Zen's weapon countless times, forcing the young disciple to stumble back.

It took Zen seven or eight full steps to regain his footing. And he didn't have enough time to recover his breath before Evan advanced again, sword in hand, fury in his eyes.

"You think simplest is the strongest?

Bah! I say your sword is not strong, but soft. So, how are you going to defeat me with that?

Show me! Defeat me with your pliant sword! You're merely a novice at the second stage of nature level. And a beginner like you won't be able to see through my swordsmanship. When I take a stab at you, my sword will strike you twelve times. That number is square with a second stab, so the sword strikes one hundred and forty-four times. And my third stab? It's one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight strikes of a sword! I dare you to fight back against this downpour of attacks!"

Sneering at his retreating opponent, Evan tried to make Zen feel threatened. Hundreds of thousands of flowers blossomed around his swords, emerging endlessly, as fast as his eyes could follow as he thrust his sword at dazzling speed.

Watching from a short distance, Yan's brows wrinkled. She was aware that not enough cultivation was Zen's serious disadvantage.

'If my brother had practiced sword skills for as long as Evan did, he would have won the fight. After all, his simple swordsmanship is certainly more practical than the Falling Flowers Sword, and performs better in combat, ' Yan thought.

But the most skilled fighter wasn't always the strongest. A fighter's overall strength should include every aspect - mental, physical, and spiritual - working as a whole.

After all, Zen had defeated Patrick in their previous encounter. And that was due to Zen's brilliance in martial arts, his prudent use of his unique skills pulled out of his sleeve.

If Zen had stepped into the consummation stage of nature level, he wouldn't have to rely on his present skills to defeat others. At that stage, when a fighter's energy storage was full, any surplus energy could be used to nurture his or her soul. And the fighter would acquire the power to communicate with the universe.

And if he could enter the Illuminating Soul Realm, more significant changes would happen to him. His strengths, reactions, eyesight, and sense of timing and coordination would be further enhanced.

Lost in thought, Yan quickly shook her head to return to the situation at hand. Her brother's eyesight was keen. If he entered the Illuminating Soul Realm, the Falling Flowers Sword would be nothing to him. He would easily notice the flaws the moment Evan executed his first move. But her brother needed to grow further, so for now, Evan remained too powerful an adversary for him.

"Clang!"

The new attack had Zen taking several more steps back.

At the moment, he was not far from the edge of the combat field. If backed into a corner and left with no room for retreat, he would no doubt lose the fight.

Gaining advantage again, Evan burst into laughter.

With a big smile, he yelled at Zen, "You seem to be out of tricks.

You and your sword are beaten!" That said, he sneered.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 489 Broken Sword (Part Two)

The senior disciple's sword clinked again and a thousand flowers formed to launch countless attacks. He had much faith in his skills and didn't think Zen could see through his rapid moves. The only outcome he saw for Zen was defeat.

Also watching from not far away was Elder Ge, who shook his head at what he saw. Zen was a good disciple and a skillful fighter, but he was no match for Evan, yet. Even though they were competing in swordsmanship, Evan's energy storage gave him the advantage. The combat wasn't fair for Zen.

Up until that point, Zen had blocked two of Evan's attacks. But he had reached his limit and was close to the extreme. All he could manage now was the defensive posture "circle parry", but had no other means to attack.

In a sword fight, defense was often the worst. Many textbooks said that "the best defense is offense". Thus many swordplay schools had even abandoned teaching defensive skills and instead focused on offensive skills. As long as opponents were pinned down during a fierce attack, victory for the one with the upper hand was inevitable.

That was Evan's current strategy. He intended to disrupt Zen with his quick attacks, then defeat him at the third attack!

But just as everyone thought Zen would lose the fight, all of a sudden, something happened.

"Clink, cli - clunk!"

As Evan's attacks were deflected, the tinkling sound continued to ring, when all of a sudden, a loud clunk permeated the air causing the entire combat field to vibrate. It was Evan's sword, and it had cracked during collision, its front half gone.

"W...what?"

Evan held the broken sword and stood frozen in a posture for attack. His eyes nearly popped out of shock.

Everyone stared at him in silence, Zen included.

No one expected to see this happen! What kind of fighter broke his weapon in the middle of a fight? Was that not being irresponsible and unprofessional?

From where she stood, Yan giggled and gloated.

Only she knew the reason why the sword snapped. Commonly, senior disciples like Evan owned fairy weapons. But Evan lost his in a bet with Yan. He should have exchanged points to get another one, but he had been too busy improving his strength to earn points and get a new sword.

So all this time, Evan was only using an ordinary mysterious weapon.

That was also the reason why he entered this competition. He wanted to take the opportunity to ask Kenneth for a favor - a new fairy weapon.

According to the tournament guidelines, the first prize was a fairy weapon.

So this whole time, Evan was merely using a make-shift weapon that was mediocre at best.

A mysterious weapon was no match for a spiritual weapon, let alone a fairy weapon. But Evan had somehow used his regular sword in a fairy-weapon way.

If he didn't use the Falling Flowers Sword to attack, he would've saved himself from the embarrassment. The sword would not have broken so soon. Usually, in fights, swords crossed several times.

But the Falling Flowers Sword was different. For those using this, the speed of the attack was a critical factor. And for every second, the sword thrust thousands of times.

In their previous combat, Evan chopped at Zen with his sword countless times but was blocked each time. So, his make-shift sword collided with Zen's Streamer Sword for many, many times.

How could an ordinary mysterious weapon withstand such forceful collisions?

And finally, the stress due to the collisions accumulated to create a mass that caused a change in the shape of Evan's sword, resulting in damage.

Looking at the damaged sword, Zen breathed a sigh of relief and momentarily relaxed. He knew a broken sword did not mean victory for him. After all, this was merely a friendly competition, and Evan could always borrow a sword somewhere.

But this setback gave him a chance to recover, regroup, and take time to think of a way to defeat the Falling Flowers Sword.

On the other hand, Evan wanted to scream out loud.

He was on the verge of winning, but the bloody sword denied him the victory. How could his sword snap at this crucial juncture?

He tossed the broken sword violently, and with a mournful face approached Elder Ge for help.

"Elder Ge, could you please lend me a sword?"

Reluctantly, the Cloud Sect elder shook his head.

"I don't use a sword, so how can I lend you any."

Hearing the reply, Evan looked at the one hundred thousand disciples watching the match and begged, "Would any of you lend me a sword?"

To his utter dismay, no one responded to his request.

Disheartened, Evan swore in his mind, 'Damn it! I am the most senior disciple of Cloud Sect. How dare these people deny me like this! I swear to God that if I don't enter Cloud Hall and remain an Elder in Cloud Sect, I would kick everyone's sorry asses!'

Finally, he threw Yan a hopeful glance. Before he could speak, the female warrior had already anticipated him.

"And what should you call me?" she teased.

Although Yan was no longer kept in Hell Mountain, her true identity was still a secret. She didn't want Evan to call her by name.

Evan understood what she meant. With a resigned sigh, he said, "My Queen, can I have my Cloud Return Sword back?"

"What did you say? Your Cloud Return Sword?" Yan's eyes flashed. Her brows were raised to mock Evan.

"Oh no, no! I didn't say that. I mean, you're the current owner of the Cloud Return Sword. Can I borrow your Cloud Return Sword, please?" The senior disciple knew he had to ask nicely. After all, he had lost the sword to Yan, and he had to rely on her mercy to use it again.

His tone pleased Yan, and she looked at him with a smile of satisfaction. But as Evan thought she was about to lend him the sword, her smile disappeared. She answered coldly, "No, you can't."

"Goo...what? What did you say? You said no? You piece of..." Evan felt like swearing but held back his tongue. Yan was his last hope. And Cloud Return Sword was originally his weapon, which he used for a long time. The sword was so familiar to him like it was a part of his body. Using it again would give him the edge. And submitting to humiliation was his only choice.

But the true reason for refusing Evan was simple. Yan had spotted Zen immersed in meditation and she knew he was thinking of ways to defeat Evan. She was simply buying him time.

The fight was not a fair competition. And it was reasonable for her to help her brother to win.

As neither could convince the other, Zen decided to interrupt. He opened his eyes and with a confident smile suggested to Yan, "Let him borrow the sword."

Chapter 490 Intercept

The competition made Yan nervous but when she saw Zen's smile, she obediently nodded. Her brother said that he had a solution in mind, so she brought out the Cloud Return Sword and gave it to Evan.

Evan stretched out his arms and took the sword. He gently stroked its snow-white body, which was made of a special material. It looked like wood, not gold or iron. However, a metallic sound could be heard when the blade was touched.

"Alas, I have no choice. I couldn't use my life vitality. With this broken mysterious weapon, I can't continue the contest. Now, it will be better after I take my Cloud Return Sword!

I think this sword wouldn't break again. I'll see how you will resist it, Zen!" he declared.

After that, Evan lightly turned his hand and the snow-white sword's shadows formed consecutive trochal disks, which ceaselessly spun around his hand.

In turn, Zen lightly shook his Streamer Sword.

"Take action," he casually said.

Evan lifted the Cloud Return Sword and shook it again, then the snow-white sword released a torrent of snow-white sword radiance.

"Defeat it!" Evan shouted.

Layers upon layers of snow-white sword radiance rolled back and forth like clouds.

Then they rushed towards Zen, the killing intention hidden well within it.

Since they were only allowed to use the sword at the competition, and no usage of life vitality or other cultivation methods was acceptable, Evan was unable to strengthen his sword, a mysterious weapon with life vitality. He knew his weapon was fragile and would suffer when it resisted Zen's fairy weapon, so he always restrained his strength and didn't dare release all of it.

Now that Evan had the Cloud Return Sword back and didn't have any hesitations, he attacked more quickly and forcefully.

When the battle ensued, Zen still defended and resisted with the circle parry!

Twang...

Twang...

A muffled sound, like a woodpecker boring a hole into a tree trunk, was heard when the Cloud Return Sword chopped Zen's Streamer Sword.

"You look confident and I think you've found a way, but for some reason you still defend passively. You disappoint me," Evan said with a frown as he inclined the sword radiance in his hand.

"If you go on, you will drag out your feeble existence at most. If you're forced to the edge of the competition field again, you will surely lose. Don't waste anymore time. Just admit defeat, you'll even look better," Evan chuckled in a low voice.

Sword radiance after sword radiance spread like clouds from his hand once again. He waved the sword freely as it was a leisurely thing to do.

Meanwhile, Yan, who stood not far away, was confused.

Her brother appeared confident and must've found a way to resist the Falling Flowers Sword, which had endless sword radiance like falling flowers--so why hadn't he changed his move yet?

Why did he still use the circle parry to resist Evan's attack?

The spectating crowd only shook their heads when they saw that Zen still tended to lose after Evan changed his sword.

After all, many people expected to see a good performance from Zen. They hoped that he would become more powerful when he resisted a strong opponent and defeat Evan with sword moves.

However, Zen had only forced Evan into a difficult position with the basic swordsmanship in the beginning. After Evan drew the sword, he continuously suppressed Zen, who couldn't hit back.

It turned out that way since they still had a huge difference in strength.

Now, everyone in the crowd waited to see Zen be defeated.

Zen continued to move backward to the left of the competition field. Five steps, ten steps, fifty steps, one hundred and fifty steps…

As he did so, he secretly counted his steps.

The whole competition field was two hundred steps wide, and there were less than thirty steps behind him now. However, his face remained stoic and he continued to calmly resist with the circle parry.

One hundred and ninety steps...

One hundred and ninety-five steps...

One hundred and ninety-seven steps...

The smile on Evan's face got wider. When he had forced Zen to the last step, he laughed harshly and said, "Go down, Zen. You have lost!"

When Evan was about to chop with his sword, a blast of power suddenly surged from his waist, through his shoulder and arm then to his wrist. Zen had unsheathed the Streamer Sword like a dragon that slithered out of a cave.

Crack!

The Streamer Sword's blade successfully blocked the three-inch part of the Cloud Return Sword's blade.

Since the Streamer Sword had blocked it, Evan's well-prepared sword radiance was destroyed.

A frown formed on Evan's forehead. He tried to shake off more sword radiance with his backhand, but Zen seemed to have expected his move and waved his Streamer Sword again. Zen chopped on the three-inch part of the Cloud Return Sword in the same way and resisted Evan's attack once more.

"Intercept!"

This move was one of the basic swordsmanship moves especially used to intercept the opponent's sword move.

It was impossible for Zen to directly resist the Falling Flowers Sword with his current strength. The move was so complicated that he couldn't clearly see its true moves.

After he thought hard for a long time, Zen finally figured out a way.

It was true that he couldn't resist the Falling Flowers Sword, but he could resist the sword before the radiance appeared.

Zen ensured that Evan wouldn't be able to use this swordsmanship. Every time Evan tried to raise his hand, Zen's "intercept" blocked the Cloud Return Sword in advance. Zen's swordsmanship was smooth, steady, and accurate.

"You!" Evan exclaimed.

Now it was his turn to feel desperate.

Whenever he started to use the swordsmanship, which was always ready, it was blocked by Zen. He was so frustrated.

It felt like when he wanted to scream, someone would cover his mouth every time before he could even do it.

His voice was held back, so it was impossible for him not to feel annoyed.

The problem was, it didn't happen just once or twice. Evan had waved his sword a dozen times, but Zen blocked it all with numerous intercepts in a short time. Evan was so angry to the point that he almost spat blood out after Zen destroyed his well-prepared swordsmanship.

Thus, Evan wanted to move backward and stay further away from Zen.

However, if he moved ten steps backward, Zen would follow him with ten steps as well like a shadow and keep the three-inch distance from him. Evan thought that he couldn't get rid of Zen unless he summoned the life vitality.

Evan had the higher cultivation level than Zen. It was common knowledge that his body strength should be more powerful. Therefore, he hoped to get rid of Zen's sword with his great bodily strength and forcefully use the Falling Flowers Sword.

However, when Evan started to release his strength--he found that Zen's sword was as heavy as a small mountain and he couldn't get rid of it.

How was that possible?

Why was this guy's strength so powerful?

Even didn't know that Zen's terrifying strength had shocked many people too, and he wasn't the first one.

He was going crazy!

Evan was truly humiliated indeed!

He was unexpectedly defeated by a junior at grade two of the nature level, with the basic swordsmanship!

He was always shameless and out of his mind, but he didn't take the way of martial arts lightly. Otherwise, how could he be ranked number one in Cloud Sect?

It could be said that the martial arts was his greatest pride!

Everyone could laugh at his idiotic mannerisms, but nobody could look down on his cultivation on the way of martial arts.

However, what could he even do if he was depressed? Zen made sure Evan couldn't use the swordsmanship so he couldn't attack at all.

If he could summon the life vitality, he would have forced Zen's sword away and chopped him to pieces with it. However, the point was the rule had already been set and he would lose if he used the life vitality.

'Am I really inferior to Zen in the swordsmanship?' Evan thought subconsciously.

The people began to exclaim and chatter excitedly among themselves.

"Things have changed! Zen truly defeated Evan in swordplay!"

"Zen's basic swordsmanship is truly strange. If I can learn the basic swordsmanship, I can also defeat Evan with only the sword move, without using life vitality!"

"You're just bragging. Can you go up there and try?" one countered.

He added, "Everyone thinks that Evan is an idiot, but if you take him as a fool, you will be a fool. It's not a coincidence that Evan has been the number one."

Zen had successfully turned the tables, and it was beyond the hundred thousand spectators' expectations. After all, Zen was forced by Evan's sword to the left side of the competition field, then to the right, then left again. Zen was so patient and calm that he only hit back when it was almost his last step.

In the crowd, Yan couldn't help but nod appreciatively as she watched her brother's performance. She didn't misjudge him--he had found a way, but she didn't expect that he would resist so strongly that Evan lost the power to fight back.

This time, it was Zen's turn to force Evan to the corner of the competition field.

Chapter 491 The Rewards

"Clang!" Zen cut on Evan's sword.

As he raised his sword, Zen stopped him with another intercept. It was a basic swordsmanship, but the move was flawless.

Evan drew the sword.

"Clang!" Tension gripped him.

The senior disciple took the sword again.

"Clang!" a third time.

Everyone waited with bated breath.

But Evan was unable to perform his move. "Do not intercept my sword again, okay?

Please," he begged.

The once arrogant face turned mournful.

People watching the match heard Evan's shameless words and were shocked speechless.

Keeping the sword posture, Zen gently held the Streamer Sword and silently shook his head.

"Well in that case, there seems to be no other way.

I'll fight it out with you!" Evan shouted. There was a swift change in his facial expression. A while ago, he was pleading with Zen. In a snap, there was now a ruthless look on his face.

At the same time, Evan's sword technique also changed.

The Falling Flowers Sword was a very light and agile swordsmanship. As Evan changed to another form of swordsmanship, a powerful momentum came out of his body as his feet remained firmly fixed in the arena like a mountain god.

Taking a step to retreat, Zen's swordsmanship changed accordingly. He knew he could not block Evan's next attack with "intercept."

His opponent was strong, so he had to be stronger to subdue Evan's sword trick!

"Groundbreaking Sword!"

As Evan called out his next move, a steady and destructive sword shot out from his hand, and it was nothing like a cutter. A cutter usually went in the way of mighty and strong, but the sword typically went in the way of smart and agile. It was rare to see such powerful sword shot.

And the shot was likely to cut through the mountains and even split the earth!

As the shot was released, Zen's eyelids fluttered involuntarily, and his wrist dropped causing the sword tip to collapse.

"Flick the sword!"

Flick the sword was the most powerful move in the basic swordsmanship.

Once simplified, the power of it became even purer, and one could not escape the fate of chipping!

"Boom!"

The sound jolted the audience.

The flash when the two swords collided was made more intense by the sudden sound heard in the arena. Then they saw a white sword spinning like a roulette wheel before falling to the ground. It became clearer to everyone that Evan's Cloud Return Sword had been flicked away.

And then to everyone's surprise, Zen was pointing the Streamer Sword's tip against Evan's chest.

Shocked at what just happened, Evan stood motionless, disbelief written all over his face. His chest was heaving as he breathed heavily. The result of the competition exceeded his expectations.

But the disciples around the arena seemed to have anticipated this scene.

Zen hadn't lost a single combat since the All Peaks Competition started.

In the swordsmanship competition, Evan had been suppressing Zen, although the tide suddenly turned in this battle. It was clear to everyone present that Zen's victory was inevitable, considering the young disciple's ability to become stronger and more powerful when facing stronger opponents, and this was Zen's most impressive characteristic.

Even Evan could not stop Zen from winning.

What an exceptional talent!

What was most unusual was the fact that Zen's performance had completely convinced everyone watching the competition. If he had failed, it would have been a strange turn of events.

"You lost," Zen said with a faint smile.

But Evan refused to accept his defeat. "No! I don't accept that!

You are no match for me!" Evan screamed.

He was now hysterical.

"Evan!" a voice boomed. "You have lost," Elder Ge rebuked the senior disciple. He wore a long face to show his displeasure as he entered the battle field. The Cloud Sect elder had been watching the battle and was very clear about the result.

"If I could use life vitality, it just needs three moves to beat you. Three moves would have been enough to defeat you!"

He argued with reluctance.

On the other hand, Zen was too lazy to pay attention to the idiot. He carefully wiped the Streamer Sword and returned it to his space ring.

Then he said, "You're right. I really couldn't beat you if we both applied life vitality. But I am sure that before long, I would defeat you."

"You..." Evan choked on his words and was unable to finish. The young Zen was right. Evan was unsurpassed for his great talent, but Zen was even more talented. Without a doubt, even Evan would have a hard time beating the younger disciple should he have more time to practice.

But Evan wasn't afraid of that. Casually, he said, "I don't care about the future. At least now you're not my opponent!" Then with more bravado, he challenged, "Let's fight again with life vitality. Come on!

If I don't defeat you with three moves, I will call you my master!"

Evan was clamoring for another fight with Zen. Just as he finished speaking, a hundred thousand disciples thought of the same thing: Evan was an idiot. And he deserved the reputation of an idiot.

With a smile, Zen looked back and as he was about to walk down the fighting field, he said, "I am not interested in being your master." Then he jumped down the fighting field and walked over to Yan.

He left the still unwilling Evan in a daze in the arena. Seeing Evan still standing there, Elder Ge had to shake his head. 'Has the man no shame? Okay, let it be, ' he thought. Then he threw Evan out of the arena.

Then Elder Ge began to announce the rankings of the Cloud Sect Chart.

Evan was used to being in the first place, and this honor could have been his once again. But that was not to be the case now.

It was his bad fortune that he competed with Zen on swordsmanship.

Because of his defeat, Evan fell from first to second place, and then he was removed from the list.

Now, without a doubt, the first place on the Cloud Sect Chart was occupied by Zen Luo, followed by Patrick Pei in second place, while Rocher Hua took third place.

The rankings from first to one hundred was announced by Elder Ge loudly. Meanwhile, there was no need to read the succeeding nine hundred because the list was going to be posted in thirty-three peaks of the Cloud Sect for every disciple to check their rankings.

The Cloud Sect Chart was the highest honor for every disciple of the sect. As long as you were one of 1000 on the Cloud Sect Chart, you were part of the elite one thousand from the tens of thousands of disciples.

By checking the Cloud Sect Chart, many disciples would practice and encourage themselves, hoping one day their names could be on the list, too.

They could aim for top 100, top 10, top 3...

For many disciples, achieving this dream might seem impossible.

But now, they've seen a disciple at stage two of nature level achieve that. Perhaps, it was almost unimaginable in many disciples' eyes. If they didn't see it, they would never have believed it. What an inspiration for others.

Believe it or not, they witnessed something unimaginable take place before their very eyes, and in the end, they agreed Zen deserved the first place. His impressive defeat of Evan in swordsmanship meant no one could question Zen's strength. He not only displayed amazing talent in martial arts, but he was also the biggest miracle since the establishment of the Cloud Sect!

And they believed there would be no similar miracle in the future.

After announcing the results, Elder Ge turned to Zen and said, "Zen Luo, the leader asked to see you. Rocher Hua and Patrick Pei, you two are to go with him."

The three looked at one another.

When Elder Ge finished speaking, a flying chariot stopped in front of them, and a steward escorted the three disciples aboard. Then the flying chariot headed westward.

The other disciples could only look at them with envy. They all knew that one reward for the top three was the Cloud Road trial.

To walk on Cloud Road, one needed a million points or two million cubic crystals.

That was to say, as top 3, each disciple won two million cubic crystals for himself. Many big noble clans might not be able to afford it. And even for the top seven noble clans, it was difficult to offer such a huge amount of cubic crystals.

With a small smile, Yan glanced at the downhearted Evan, "Why are you not one of them? "

Evan tried to sound callous, "Who knows?

I'm not interested in the Cloud Road. The leader might not even be willing to let me go..." He shrugged.

Evan had been to the Cloud Road but fell asleep midway, which made Kenneth angry. It was not a big deal for Evan to fail the Cloud Road trial. But what made him furious was that some people from Cloud Hall knew that and sneered at him for it. It greatly embarrassed Kenneth.

As for Evan's future, Kenneth could have other plans for him.

Standing on the flying chariot, the strong wind whipped across their faces. Within an hour, they came to a mountain in Cloud Sect. In the mountain was a simple palace, and it was here where the leader of Cloud Sect lived. It was known as the Cloud Palace.

The Cloud Palace had a very distinct architecture. Its cornice was rolled up like clouds. Were it not the home of the leader, it looked more like a fairy palace, sitting high on a mountain.

Finally, the flying chariot fully stopped on a platform in front of the palace's gate. The steward that escorted them during the ride now led them inside Cloud Palace.

In the middle of the vast palace stood Kenneth. He stood motionless like a statue, with thick air puffs coming out of him.

Zen, Patrick, and Rocher walked in together, stopped in front of Kenneth and saluted him.

The leader looked closely at the three disciples, satisfied, and nodded to acknowledge their presence. Their performances at the All Peaks Competition considerably impressed Kenneth. Both Patrick and Rocher had performed far better than the talents in previous battles.

He was disappointed last time.

That time, the first place went to that damn Evan. Although his performance was strong, Kenneth was not pleased with him.

For the last three years, his mates at Cloud Hall had been sneering at him after Evan fell asleep on Cloud Road. That depressed him a lot. This time, he was going to shock those people. Of that, he was quite confident.

He would finally shut their mouths for scoffing at him all this time!

Fortunately, the result of this All Peaks Competition did not disappoint him. Not only was he impressed by the talented Rocher, but with Patrick as well. Both of them performed strongly.

More importantly for him was that Zen took first place!

After looking over the two disciples, his eyes finally settled on Zen. "Zen Luo, there will be a Turbidity Clearing Pill for you as a reward for taking the first place. There will also be a fairy weapon for you. Now, you can choose which fairy weapon you want." His eyes twinkled while saying this.

Excitedly, Zen asked, "Fairy weapon? Can I choose the one I like?"

He couldn't stop bobbing his head in excitement at the thought of owning another fairy weapon. Because of Lily's impressive performance, Zen was desperate for another fairy weapon. She proved to be stronger than he was, as she executed the sword dance and malicious aura at the same time. So, Zen was looking forward to getting another fairy weapon.

Chapter 492 A New Beginning

Zen stood deep in thought and stared at the floor. If he had two fairy weapons, he could give one to Lily and keep the other, so their fighting capacity would increase more.

However, he wondered what kind of fairy weapon the leader would give him.

The fairy weapon came in three grades: low-grade, middle-grade, and top grade.

There was a huge difference between the low-grade and the top-grade fairy weapons.

Zen didn't expect the leader to give him a top-grade fairy weapon. After all, it didn't exist in the Eastern Region so it was unrealistic to dream of having one.

Still, he would be glad if the leader could give him a middle-grade fairy weapon.

When Kenneth noticed Zen's expectant face, he shook his head and smiled. He then clapped his hands and indicated for the stewards to bring out the weapons.

The Cloud Sect was a rich place with a long history, and it had many fairy weapons. Kenneth didn't bring out the most powerful weapon every time--the weapon's grade depended on the disciple's strength.

The Cloud Return Sword that the idiot, Evan, had chosen last time was a powerful fairy weapon--but he didn't cherish it at all. He even lost it to Yan in a bet! Kenneth felt really sorry for that sword.

This time however, Kenneth thought that he wouldn't make the same mistake and trusted that Zen would cherish the fairy weapon given to him. He had high expectations for Zen. He hoped that Zen would not only pass the trial of the Cloud Road, but also surpass the other disciples. That way, the people of Cloud Hall wouldn't trouble him anymore.

Shortly after, a dozen stewards emerged from behind the hall. They each held a long, narrow jade box in their hands.

The stewards stood in a row, and exhibited the weapons in the jade boxes in front of Zen one by one.

There were all kinds of swords in the jade boxes, and three of them were middle-grade fairy weapons! Others were all low-grade fairy weapons.

It was known that there were only a few low-grade fairy weapons even in the top seven noble clans, and there was only one middle-grade fairy weapon in each clan at most. What was more, two of the top seven noble clans didn't even have a middle-grade fairy weapon.

Furthermore, the top seven noble clans had various types of fairy weapons, including spears, knives, swords, and so on.

Kenneth knew that Zen was a swordsman, so all the weapons in the jade boxes were swords, three of which were middle-grade weapons.

There were so many swords of the fairy weapon type in the Cloud Sect. What more about the other kinds of weapons?

How many knives of the fairy weapon type were there in Cloud Sect?

And what about the spears as well? Therefore, it was safe to say that Cloud Sect was so wealthy, that maybe the Burning Sky Palace was only less than half of it.

Meanwhile, both Patrick and Rocher gasped in surprise, and then looked enviously at the swords in the boxes.

Rocher was especially jealous of Zen now. Although his Blood-corroding Sword was already strong enough, all swordsmen loved swords. How could he just stand there indifferently while he looked at the glimmering swords of the fairy weapons?

Unfortunately, only the first placer in the All Peaks Competition would be rewarded a fairy weapon, so he wasn't eligible for the award.

On the other hand, Zen's eyes swept over the fairy weapon-class swords one after another. All of them caught his attention, especially the three middle-grade fairy weapons.

The first middle-grade sword's whole body glittered green. Its blade seemed to be made of amber and had some strange runes embossed on it. It felt odd to look at the sword because the weapon seemed to look back as well, as if it had peeked into the soul of its observer.

'The sword must have a strong soul power!' Zen thought.

The second middle-grade sword looked rather ordinary and even had a blunt-looking blade. It was a heavy sword. There was a saying which went something like, the more mundane an object looked on the surface, the more extraordinary and exquisite it might be. Although the sword wasn't sharp, it might have devastating attacks. Maybe it could shatter a house if it was thrown on the ground.

However, Zen didn't need this kind of sword for the time being.

Finally, Zen fixed his eyes on the third middle-grade sword.

As soon as he stared at it, he felt a strong killing spirit rush inside him.

The sword was a vibrant blood-red. Both the sword's blade and hilt were bright crimson, as if they were really made of blood. Moreover, the strong malicious aura that emanated from it made Zen feel that countless creatures had been slain by this sword before.

"What's the name of this sword?" Zen finally asked.

A smile curved up the corners of Kenneth's lips.

"I knew you would be interested in this sword. It's the Blood Drinking Sword!" he answered.

"Blood Drinking Sword?" Zen repeated.

"A good name," Zen added and nodded appreciatively. A great amount of power of Lily's sword dance depended on the malicious aura. The sword had a strong malicious aura too, so both of them might become more powerful if Lily wielded this sword. Thus, Zen wanted this sword after he had thought about it for a while.

At that moment, Kenneth suddenly spoke up,"I know you will choose this sword. Although the killing way of cultivating sword skills is powerful, it's not easy to practice in this way and you'll have to pay a heavy price. It's dangerous to practice in the killing way, so do you still want to continue this way?" he asked.

Kenneth had seen Zen use the malicious aura once. While the killing way was dangerous, he didn't interfere with the disciples' training in Cloud Sect, and he certainly wouldn't stop Zen from practicing it. As long as Zen didn't do anything ruthless such as slaughtering or killing innocent people, it would be fine.

However, the killing way wasn't a good choice in most people's eyes. After all, if the practitioner couldn't control the malicious aura in his body after a certain level of practice, the malicious aura itself would attack him. Thus, the practitioner might lose his mind and spiral into madness, and he would probably die in the end.

Now, Kenneth knew Zen had the malicious aura but he didn't know where it came from. What was more, nobody could feel the existence of the malicious aura in his body when he restrained it. Kenneth wondered if Zen had a special way to restrain the malicious aura inside him.

Everyone had their own secrets, so Kenneth wouldn't ask too much about it.

However, Rocher knew that Zen once went to the Killing Sword Mountain. That was where Zen had gotten the malicious aura!

Therefore, he knew that Zen definitely had a special way to restrain the malicious aura.

"Yes, Sir. I want to get the Blood Drinking Sword!" Zen said.

His face was firm and absolute as he made his choice.

It was clear to Kenneth that Zen was definitely a determined person, since he had achieved many great things with such a strong talent. He knew that Zen wouldn't change his mind just because of his words.

On the contrary, he would even doubt Zen's perseverance if Zen gave up the killing way, and the sword as well because of his doubts.

Each way of practicing sword skills had their own difficulties. What a real, powerful swordsman needed to do was to choose his own way of practicing, and hold on!

"Well, in that case, I will respect your choice. The Blood Drinking Sword is yours now," Kenneth said as he clapped his hands. The steward who held the Blood Drinking Sword immediately walked to Zen and presented the weapon in front of him. The other stewards closed the remaining jade boxes and left the hall.

Rocher inwardly swallowed and his eyes remained glued to the other stewards' backs as they left the hall. He couldn't do anything except watch them walk away with those swords. After all, he wasn't the first placer in Cloud Sect.

Meanwhile, Zen held the Blood Drinking Sword in his hand and waved it for a bit. Then, he put it into the Space Ring and stood next to Rocher and Patrick.

It was clear that the awarding of Zen's fairy weapon wasn't the only reason Kenneth wanted them to be with him today.

After the last steward left the hall, Kenneth took out a small square jade box from his waist and threw it to Zen.

"It's the second award, the Turbidity Clearing Pill," he told Zen.

The Turbidity Clearing Pill was a medicine that was needed to take after a disciple reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, so Zen couldn't take it for now.

When the disciples reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, everyone of them would hit a bottleneck that was hard to pass through. Thus, they needed to take the Turbidity Clearing Pill to help them practice.

The preciousness of the Turbidity Clearing Pill didn't need to be explained. Only a few Turbidity Clearing Pills were produced in the

Cloud Sect every year, and even those saints and elders greedily coveted it.

After Zen put the pill away, Kenneth spoke again. "The reason I called you here is that I want to talk to you about the Cloud Road," he said.

At his words, Zen, Rocher, and Patrick turned serious.

The Cloud Road was a matter of great importance for their future prospects.

Many martial artists in the Eastern Region could only reach the nature level even after they practiced for over a lifetime.

The martial artists who were nature creatures had life spans and strengths far beyond ordinary people, and they could live quite a good life in most parts of the Eastern Region.

However, as Cloud Sect's top disciples, they looked forward to making great achievements in a bigger world and not only in Cloud Sect.

Thus, passing the trial of the Cloud Road and getting into the Cloud Hall was the beginning to the bigger world!

Chapter 493 Tristan Luo (Part One)

When Kenneth saw that the three disciples all wore serious expressions, he simply smiled at them.

"Don't worry. The Cloud Road in the Eastern Region is not as difficult as you have imagined. What is more, you are more powerful than your peers. I'm sure that all of you will do great in the Cloud Road trial!" he said.

Meanwhile, Rocher still looked a bit skeptical.

"Master Shi, is the Cloud Road really a road?" he asked. "Yes, it is. But in reality, the name Cloud Road isn't quite accurate. It's just what we call it here in Cloud Sect. Its original name was Trial Road for Cultivators," Kenneth said slowly.

The three disciples nodded thoughtfully at Kenneth's words.

The martial art cultivators of the Eastern Region saw Kenneth as just one of the many strong men from Cloud Hall.

On the other hand, they saw the emperor of the Burning Sky Empire as a member of Cloud Hall as well.

Once a disciple passed the test of the Trial Road for Cultivators, he was eligible to join Cloud Hall. It meant that he would have the same status as the leader of Cloud Sect and the emperor of the Burning Sky Empire.

It was why the cultivators in the Eastern Region liked to call it the Cloud Road, also known as a road to Cloud Hall. Some legends even said that once a disciple passed Cloud Road, he would likely become an immortal.

Of course, such legends were obviously exaggerations. However, these legends showed just how much they yearned for the Cloud Road.

Unfortunately, history showed that only a selected few were ever qualified to set foot on the Cloud Road. For most people, that road was destined to exist only in their imaginations.

"You should know that the three of you aren't the only ones on the trial road. Since there is still a month before the trial road begins, I expect you to be better prepared and achieve good results after a month," Kenneth said. The three disciples nodded obediently in understanding.

The other good thing was Kenneth could also get a great reward if the disciples of Cloud Sect got good achievements in the Trial Road for Cultivators. If these outstanding disciples managed to join Cloud Hall on his recommendation, he could get more rewards.

It was the reason Kenneth tuned in attentively to the All Peaks Competition and the strengths of the top three disciples.

Upon hearing what Kenneth had said, the three men began to fantasize about the events and arrangements for the coming month. However, they all knew that the trial was so important for them that they would do their best to pass and get good grades.

As for what they would encounter on the road and who else would attend the trial, Kenneth spared them the details. They would know everything when the trial came.

After their discussion, they left Cloud Palace but Zen didn't return to Drizzle Peak. He had one more important thing to do. He would go home.

He would fix all the problems of the Luo Clan before he would set out on his way to the Trial Road for Cultivators.

Soon enough, he had arrived in the Luo Clan property in the C County.

A servant swept the fallen leaves in the open space in front of the Luo house.

It was particularly cold this winter. All the members of the Luo family weren't happy during the Spring Festival.

The grand activities that were elaborately prepared in the past years such as the sacred ceremony, the worshiping of ancestors, and walking around the holy mountain, were rushed this year.

Everyone in the Luo clan, from the master to the servants, were overcome with anxiety.

After the previous master of the Luo clan, Mike Luo had died, the clan's status dropped sharply in the C County.

When the top families of C Country met to discuss the distribution of mines in the northern part of the C County a few days ago, they didn't call the master of Luo clan to attend at all!

That only meant that they completely excluded the Luo family from the distribution of benefits, and they wouldn't receive any of them anymore.

Some members of the younger generation of the Luo clan were dissatisfied, and claimed that they would make the top families pay for their decision. However, what they had said was useless. Bryson, the current master of Luo clan, did not raise any objections to the decision.

When the servant thought of this, he shook his head as he swept the floor. The Luo clan might become an ordinary and unremarkable small family in the C County under the control of Bryson. But it wouldn't make much to do with him. He was only a servant here. He wouldn't lose anything even if the Luo clan was gone. The worst-case scenario for him was to lose his job and leave here.

As he swept the floor, he heard a sudden noise coming from the Luo house. He looked around and saw a man flew out of the door and fell heavily on the ground.

The man was covered in blood and bruises from head to toe. "Grey, you're just a servant!" he shouted angrily.

The sound of a set of heavy footsteps followed. "I'm a descendant of the Luo clan. How dare you kick me out of my house?" the man yelled.

Grey emerged and stepped on the door's threshold with a smug smile on his face.

"How dare me? Do you mean I can't drive you away?" he asked.

"Okay. Do you dare step inside the door again?"

Several burly men stood next to Grey.

They looked at the child of the Luo family who sprawled on the ground with the same sarcastic expression as Grey.

This child was quite stubborn. Even though he was badly hurt, he jumped up from the ground and dashed to the gate of the Luo house.

But before he could even cross the gate, two strong men immediately followed him and caught his hands.

The two strong men were at the bone refining level, while the child of the Luo family was only at the skin refining level. He was obviously no match for these two men at all. Thus, he couldn't move when the two men seized him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 494 Tristan Luo (Part Two)

He could only scream in anger. "Grey, you bastard! I'll fucking kill you!"

There was only a sinister smile on Grey's face.

Then he raised a thick stick he held in one hand, lifted it up, and smashed it hard against the child's legs.

"Snap!"

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

The sound of fractured leg bones came after the stick's heavy blows.

"Ouch!"

"Ouch!"

"Aaaahhhh!"

The child screamed in agony as his legs were broken by Grey.

The two strong men then carelessly threw the child away. His smaller body tumbled down the stairs and he lay in pain on the ground.

This child proved to be really stubborn. Even with his broken legs, he still wanted to climb back to the gates of the Luo house. He pulled himself up heavily on the steps as droplets of blood fell on the ground.

The servant who swept the grounds looked at the scene and sighed. The blood stained the steps and he would have to clean them again.

It did not mean that he felt no sympathy for the child. He had worked diligently for the Luo clan for several decades, and had deep feelings for the family.

It was just that the current Luo family was no longer the family it used to be.

These things occurred almost several times every month, and he had gotten used to it. It was nothing he could handle. It was clear that the Luo family was problematic, but what could he do as a mere servant?

"Come on! Climb up here!" Grey said.

He went up the steps and kicked the child in the chest. The little boy had managed to climb up the stairs, but he fell down again.

"You climb so slowly, like a tortoise!" one of the strongmen laughed.

The other one laughed as well.

The servant only shook his head and continued to sweep the ground. Just then, he spotted two people who headed to the house not too far away.

They turned out to be a man and a woman.

The man looked quite handsome. His eyes were bright as if they were lit by the stars themselves.

The woman was unnaturally beautiful. She looked like a goddess from the heavens. To look at her he felt like he had desecrated her.

'Who are they?' the servant thought.

'Why are they heading to the Luo house? Are they just passing by?'

He had so many questions in his mind.

Soon enough, he stopped thinking those thoughts because the man and woman were in front of the gate of the Luo house.

Zen walked to the gate, followed by Yan.

The beautiful scenery of their hometown, C County, made them happy upon their arrival. However, the happiness faded as they got closer to the Luo house.

When they saw what had happened at the door, Zen couldn't restrain himself any longer.

Meanwhile, the child continued to desperately climb up the stairs. He was in such severe pain that he had gone pale. It was only by sheer will that he managed to climb up the steps.

He knew that no matter how hard he tried, it would be in vain. But as a child of the Luo family, there were some things worthy to fight for at the cost of his life!

When he had climbed up to the gate once again, he suddenly found two people who stood next to him. He didn't know them. 'Who are they? Why do I feel that the man's face looks familiar?' he thought.

At that moment, Zen squatted down beside the child.

"Tristan, what are you doing?" he asked.

'Why does he know my name?' Tristan was confused. He was so curious that he had forgotten the pain of his broken legs. He gritted his teeth and struggled to talk.

"I'm going home. Grey, that fucking bastard. He has no right to kick me out of my house!" he spat out.

"Attaboy," Zen said. Then he took out a pill from his space ring and gave it to Tristan. "Take it and then climb back. There are no black sheep in our Luo clan!"

Tristan slowly raised one hand and took the pill.

"A pill?" Although he was badly hurt, he could still distinguish the pill and its value. It must be worth a lot of money. Tristan swallowed the pill without hesitation.

A warm feeling soon pooled in his stomach and a cool sensation hit his legs. The wounds on his body healed quickly at a fast rate. After a while, the pain in his legs had disappeared completely!

'What kind of pill is this?

How can it heal my wounds instantly?

I'm afraid that the best pill in my Luo family can't be compared to this pill. It is 100 times more effective than the best pill in the Luo family, ' Tristan thought.

He was definitely shocked. He turned over after a bit and stood up from the ground.

Meanwhile, Grey and his men became angry.

"Who are you? How dare you meddle in our business?" he asked furiously. He could see that Zen and Yan weren't ordinary people, but he didn't recognize them.

It was normal for him not to recognize Yan since she was only a little girl when she left the Luo house. Now, she had grown into a beautiful young lady.

As for Zen, he had changed a lot. He was now in his teens, and the cultivation had made his figure bulkier. His temperament was even more impressive, and his appearance was quite handsome.

Therefore, Grey and Tristan didn't recognize them at once.

Zen and Yan didn't seem to hear what Grey said. Zen turned to Tristan and said, "Tristan, let's go home." Tristan looked at him confusedly.

Go home?

He was surprised at Zen's words. 'Did he say go home? Only the children of the Luo clan can call this place home, right?'

Suddenly, something flashed in Tristan's mind. He then looked at Zen with wide, ecstatic eyes.

When he was about to call Zen's name, Zen nodded at him. He put his hand on Tristan's shoulder, his eyes filled with resolution. He turned to Yan and nodded to her as well.

"Come on, let's go home!"

Chapter 495 It's Useless To Apologize

It was at that precise moment that Tristan suddenly recognized Zen. He looked at him in surprise.

There were two shocking events which had taken place within the Luo Clan last year.

The first one was that Zen had been taken away by the weapon refining master Evil Lan, and the second one was that Perrin had been disabled at the Cloud Sect.

No one knew whether Zen was still alive or not after his capture, and where he was now.

It was still a mystery who had disabled Perrin's skills.

All the Luo Clan members remained tight-lipped about these two events.

Initially, they had all thought that Zen must have died. Since the weapon refiner Evil Lan was said to be extremely wicked and cruel, Zen wouldn't have had a chance to escape his clutches.

However, as time went on, rumors spread among the Luo Clan. Someone still believed that he had died, but others said that Zen was still alive and had become a disciple of Cloud Sect, the holy land that every practitioner yearned to go to.

Although they described many details which sounded quite real, most members of the Luo Clan didn't believe it. After all, they had witnessed Zen being taken away by Evil Lan, who was supposed to be the most vile person among his contemporaries. Besides, it wasn't that easy to become a disciple of Cloud Sect.

After years of training, Perrin was the only child in the Luo Clan who had reached the cultivation level high enough to be accepted by Cloud Sect. As far as the Luo Clan was concerned, Zen couldn't have been on par with Perrin at all, so most of the family members didn't take the rumors seriously.

Before they could completely recover from the shock of Zen's being taken away, Perrin's skills had suddenly been disabled and he had been sent back home from Cloud Sect.

It was a big blow to the Luo Clan.

Each clan in C County paid great attention to the training of their young generation, and many of them would do anything that was required to send their children to Cloud Sect for cultivation.

These clans didn't expect much. They just hoped that their children could become an inner disciple of Cloud Sect and reach the nature level. Even that was a big reward for them.

Mike Luo had only reached the nature level many years ago and that was a big deal.

For most people, a nature creature was powerful and talented enough to be the backbone of a clan.

It meant that even if a clan member was just an outer disciple of Cloud Sect, no other clans would have dared to challenge it so easily.

The other clans feared that if this outer disciple ever happened to reach a high enough level of cultivation, he would seek revenge.

Perrin had already reached the nature level and had even played up to a noble clan, the Wang Clan.

Since everyone thought that Perrin would have a promising future and took him as the most powerful person in C County, the remaining clans had dared not to challenge the Luo Clan even though it wasn't as powerful as it had used to be.

Perrin's being disabled and his subsequent expulsion from Cloud Sect had broken the only backbone of the Luo clan. This made it vulnerable to potential enemies.

Now there was no place for the Luo Clan in C County and the businesses and mine fields which used to belong to it were taken over and divided by the others.

Life had become difficult for the clan members.

Later, they had overheard that it was Zen who had disabled Perrin.

The rumor seemed even less credible, since Perrin had made great progress after taking the Magical Pill of the Luo Clan. Even if Zen were still alive and had experienced some adventures, there was no way he could have competed with Perrin.

No one had believed the rumor

until Tristan saw Zen today.

'As someone who has rebelled against the Luo Clan, Zen has dared to come back, which means he must have mastered extremely powerful skills. He might have already reached the nature level!' Tristan thought.

With the help of Zen, Tristan was able to walk and even slowly climb the staircase. Since his legs had just been healed, his bones couldn't stand heavy load at the moment and he had to walk slowly. Even so, Tristan was shocked by the amazing curative effect of the pill.

"Stop! If you don't stop, we'll have to use extreme force!" Grey shouted coldly. Although he was arrogant, Grey wasn't stupid. From the auras that Zen and Yan were exuding, he could tell that they were not ordinary cultivators, so he was afraid to offend them. And after seeing Zen take out a pill and cure Tristan's broken legs so quickly, he was more certain of his own judgment, since it was almost impossible that such a magic pill could be found anywhere in C County.

Turning a deaf ear to Grey's threat, Zen continued to support Tristan and help him climb upstairs, and Yan followed behind the two closely.

"Stop them! How dare they act wildly in front of the Luo Mansion!" Seeing that his threat didn't work, Grey shot a venomous look at Zen and Yan. He couldn't figure out what level they had reached. However, he could tell that they were very young, so they wouldn't be able to compete with the whole Luo Clan at their current competence.

Hearing his order, several sturdy men immediately rushed downstairs.

Tristan was a little worried, since all of these guards were at the bone refining level, and they were greatly competent.

But he also knew that since Zen had dared to come back, he must have had his own advantages.

When the sturdy men had rushed several steps forward, suddenly, a number of black spots appeared in front of Tristan.

In the blink of an eye, these black spots turned into sharp thorns and flew toward the guards at a furious pace.

With several puffs, a hole appeared in each of their chests, piercing their armor and bone.

Blood flowed out from these cavities and a confused expression appeared on their faces.

They seemed to be wondering just what the hell was going on

and how these black thorns had suddenly hit them.

They hadn't seen Zen and Yan do anything, so they couldn't understand why they were... dead just like that!

With several bangs, the sturdy men fell down on the ground before they could even let out a shriek.

Streaks of killing aura gushed from the dead bodies of the guards and floated toward Yan. They didn't come toward Zen or Tristan because it was Yan who had summoned the black thorns and killed them. To protect Yan, Zen drew the killing aura in his direction.

'I really should start practicing sword skills in the killing way from now on!' Zen thought and looked at the corpses on the ground indifferently, then he assisted Tristan to move on.

Grey was stunned now.

He was bewildered about what had happened. How could such powerful men, who had reached the bone refining level, had been killed in an instant without sound or light? 'The young man and the young woman didn't attack just now, then how the hell did my guards die? What kind of skill did they use? Are they devils or ghosts?' he wondered.

"Who the hell are you? There is no fight between you and our clan, and we haven't hurt you. Why..." Grey was so scared that he almost could not finish his words. The horror in his heart was about to make him cry.

Finally Tristan reached the top of the staircase with the help of Zen. "Can you walk by your own now?" Zen asked gently.

"Sure!" Tristan answered in a firm and confident tone.

"Follow me," Zen told him shortly.

He then walked straight toward Grey and asked, "Grey, you have really forgotten me, haven't you? "

Grey was confused. 'How does he know my name? Why did he say that I have forgotten him? Who is he?'

Grey measured Zen up and down and suddenly his face turned pale. Although Zen's temperament had changed a lot, his facial features remained the same.

"You! You... are Zen!" Grey's eyes were filled with disbelief. How could Zen come back and become so powerful?

'Zen?'

The servant who had been sweeping the floor stopped when he heard the name. He looked at him, as shocked as Grey was at the sudden come back of this man.

He had been working here for several dozens of years, so he was quite familiar with the Luo Clan. He looked at Zen carefully and became sure that it was nobody else.

The young woman standing behind Zen looked familiar too. She resembled Mike who had died many years ago. Hang on. She must be Yan!

The servant had never expected that the two siblings would ever come back! He was so excited that his hands began to tremble. If he hadn't been holding the broom with all of his strength, it would most probably have fallen down.

"Since you know who I am, then you should also know why you have to die today!" With that short and curt statement, Zen drew a sword from his space ring slowly.

"I... Please! Don't kill me! Please! Zen, I know I shouldn't have treated you like that. I'm sorry! Please give me a chance! I can..."

Before Grey could continue, an icy light flashed in front of him.

A wound appeared on his neck and blood oozed from it.

"I... I..." Grey covered his neck with his hands and then fell onto the ground, gagging. As his trachea had been cut open, he could only look at Zen with his eyes begging for mercy, hoping that Zen would give him a pill just like the one he had given to Tristan and save his life.

Zen stepped forward and looked at Grey's fat face. "It's useless to apologize. Otherwise, why would we ever need weapons! "

Chapter 496 Back To The Martial Arts Hall (Part One)

Yan looked at Grey's fallen body indifferently and without a single trace of sympathy. She immediately followed behind her older brother, Zen. Having left the Luo Clan a few years ago, she was not familiar with Grey. Yet, in her opinion, since her older brother killed him, he must not have been a good person.

As Tristan passed by Grey, he spat on Grey's face and followed Zen as well.

After a while, when Grey's twitching corpse had stilled, a murky vapor left his body and flew toward Zen. It was a malicious aura, the power of curse formed by someone who was unwilling to get killed.

The more strength a living creature had, the heavier was the malicious aura formed on his death.

An insignificant and weak figure like Grey had a small malicious aura.

However, Zen wouldn't reject even such a small amount. The more malicious aura he absorbed, the higher his strength would be. Today, he was to kill all his enemies in the Luo Clan with the toughest means possible, which meant using his killing way of practicing.

In the olden days, Zen's father, Mike, had been much too good to his brothers out of a feeling of benevolence. Eventually, his two younger brothers, Bryson and Ken, murdered him.

Although Mike had been soft-hearted and responded to evil with kindness, in the end, he still suffered the fatal disaster of getting killed.

Zen had long decided never to follow his father's path.

Stepping into the Luo house, they saw the wide muster station.

When Zen left Luo Clan, he was forced to fight his younger cousin Andrew at the muster station while desperately seeking to stay alive.

Yet, at the end of the fight, even when he beat Andrew, his uncle Ken didn't keep his promise that he would allow Zen to leave the Luo residence!

The noise outside the front door had attracted the attention of the people in the house.

Yet, since they were at a distance, they did not hear the conversation between Zen and Grey. They never suspected that outside the door were Zen and Yan, the two descendants who had left Luo house long time back.

In any case, killing someone on the front doors of the Luo house was a mighty offense.

"Who are you? How dare you kill our steward!" someone roared in anger. A couple of them drew their swords, pointing them at Zen and his companions.

"Who are they?" Zen asked Tristan—who stood behind him—in an indifferent tone.

"Group of thugs hired by Grey. Some family members of the Luo Clan protested because they were not satisfied with the family asset arrangement. So, Grey hired these people to threaten those members," Tristan explained quickly.

"Indeed," Zen said simply, nodding.

The Streamer Sword Zen held glistened with a cold, silver flash of light. Whichever way he wielded the sword, this cold light flashed, splashing blood. Zen killed the thugs with no second thought. The strength of each thug lay in simple flesh-refining or bone-refining level. They didn't have the slightest advantage in front of Zen, and their skills offered them no resistance.

Plop, plop…

One by one, the thugs collapsed in a pool of blood.

Not far away from the scene, some descendants of the Luo Clan watched Zen in horror. They wondered who sent this malefic killer. Was this the end of the Luo Clan?

Desperate and eager to escape, they still did not dare make noise in fear of attracting Zen's attention. Their legs felt like lead, so heavy that they were unable to move a single step.

The terrible thought that it was the last day of the entire Luo clan flashed in their minds. They would get killed on the hands of this madman. Horror filled their insides slowly even as they fumbled, thinking on a plan of escape.

But why was Tristan following this man and woman? Had he brought them here? Did he accompany the killer? The thoughts struck them unbidden. It was entirely possible that Tristan was an accomplice, judging from the way he stood close behind the killer.

Just as the descendants worried about their fate, wondering who Zen was, Tristan announced in a firm voice, "Do not panic, my fellow members of the Luo Clan. He is Zen, our young master! As a matter of fact, he is the true master of our clan now!" Immediately, the crowd grew noisy, lost in a buzz of excitement.

"Zen?" a member cried out in amazement.

"He's Zen?" a second member repeated, startled.

"Zen!" a third member yelled, sounding thrilled and happy.

Despite the change in Zen's temperament, they seemed to immediately recognize the young boy in him now that they were told his name.

Like an old and long-lost friend that they hadn't seen in some time, Zen was in their faintest memories. Somehow, they couldn't remember him until his name came up, and then, the rich recollections surged up in an instant.

"Of course, he is Zen!" another one of them recognized Zen, confirming this out loud.

"Yes! He is our young master!"

"No, he is the master of our clan now! He's the son of our former master, Mike. The eldest son of the eldest branch of the Luo Clan! Since Mike passed away, the leadership should pass down to Zen. He must become the new master of our clan!" The members of Luo Clan were astonished but thrilled to have Zen back.

Moments before, they had been nervous and horrified, but now, their moods elevated from terror to joy.

Zen was back, and he had such great power! The Luo Clan was not to be destroyed. In fact, it was to be saved by Zen.

The Luo Clan was slowly being ruined since Bryson, the current master of the Luo Clan, allowed those thugs to run amok inside the house. But they were still members of the Luo Clan, and none of them wanted to see their own family wasting away! It was the reason they did not want to leave the Luo Clan. They were born and brought up in this clan, which meant that their roots belonged here.

Even if the roots were rotten to the core, they were still reluctant to leave. Yet, they could do nothing but swallow the pain as they watched the Luo Clan grow decadent slowly, crumbling away ceaselessly only to eventually be destroyed.

But at this very moment, they understood.

Chapter 497 Back To The Martial Arts Hall (Part Two)

They understood that Zen came back to bring light and hope to the Luo Clan. Thanks to him, the clan would be saved.

The members rushed over to Zen one by one, gathering around him in a circle.

Many of them had tears in their eyes that threatened to spill over. They were much moved by Zen's arrival for it brought hope for their family. It was hard to express this appreciation in proper words. They were truly touched.

"Hey, you guys! You welcome my older brother but forget about me?" asked Yan from behind them. Her eyes blinked and her lips turned down in a pout.

"Brother?" one of the members heard Yan's words and had a close look at her. "My God! It's Yan!"

"Yan is back, too!" someone yelled loudly.

"What? Didn't Perrin tell us that Yan was locked up in the Hell Mountain?"

They didn't have comprehensive knowledge about the Hell Mountain, only that it was a place that held complete misery—the place any disciple of Cloud Sect who violated the rules was thrown into to suffer endless torture and inhuman treatment.

Once, Yan had been the best descendant of the Luo Clan. She had been admitted to Cloud Sect especially because of her great talent in the martial arts. It had been a proud moment for every member of the Luo Clan.

Later, they heard that Yan was punished and imprisoned at the Hell Mountain. No one received any information about her ever since. They still didn't know what happened to her in all those years.

Now, to their amazement, Yan was back!

And Yan's strength seemed… profound—too great to be detected by them. How strong was she now? It seemed that the momentum exuding from her body was a million times stronger than Bryson's.

Zen was at the third grade of the nature level and was restraining his real momentum. The descendants then thought that Zen's strength was comparable to Bryson's. It might even be slightly better than his, but not much more. Of course, they still felt that Zen's strength was sufficient enough for him to take over the master's position of the family even at such a young age.

Meanwhile, they sensed that Yan's strength was far stranger from theirs.

Seemingly, she had stepped into the level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. The life vitality inside her body felt much more delicate and the momentum she emitted was simply impossible for them to ascertain. Bryson paled in comparison to her strength. He was at a much lower level and far weaker than Yan.

Although Yan's actual strength was comparable to Zen's—even a little bit poorer than his, the members of the Luo Clan concluded that she was much stronger.

The little girl who used to run around in the yard of the Luo house all day long had now become a girl with such formidable power! It was incredible.

"Keep walking!" Zen interrupted simply.

Armed with his Streamer Sword, Zen shuffled forward inside the Luo house, followed by his companions.

Those who dared to resist him, show hostility, or were identified as enemies of the Luo Clan were to be killed by Zen instantly without demur.

Any member of the Luo Clan who was willing to side with Zen followed behind him. Some members from the other branches of the Luo Clan too tagged along.

After all, they were all members of the same family. They were supposed to be each other's flesh and blood, to stick together through thick and thin. Zen intended to rid the Luo Clan of the unpleasant sores that plagued it through cruel means, and if any of the members showed signs of genuine repentance, Zen would allow himself to forgive them initially and spare their lives. Yet, after he was through sorting out the affairs of the family and putting it in the right order, he would still punish those who had bad behaviors, as per the rules of the family.

The further they walked, the larger the number of people who joined Zen's entourage became, and the greater momentum the group had.

Unwittingly, Zen led his team members to the doors of the Martial Arts Hall.

Seeing the hall where he had been punched and tortured for two whole years, all sorts of emotions welled up in Zen.

At the moment, many children were exercising martial arts inside the hall.

How did they exercise? They threw punches after punches at the men before them, most of whom were prisoners sentenced to death but bought by the Luo Clan at high costs. The prisoners were tied up and unable to resist, most of them on their last breaths thanks to the continuous blows.

Yet, a small number of them were not condemned as prisoners. Such was the case with Melvin, who was a member of the Luo Clan. At this very moment, wearing a piece of leather armor to protect himself from getting punched too hard and dying, he was handcuffed and shackled while being beaten violently, punch after the next punch.

Melvin was born with superhuman strength, and although he was the son of a concubine, he had good talent. He had punched Zen back during his training. Later, after Zen hit Grey, he had approved of Zen's behavior.

In Zen's view, he was one of the members of the Luo Clan who were both courageous and honorable.

But according to the current state of affairs, his courage and uprightness meant that he was bound to offend an increasing number of people. As a result, he ended up being framed by vile characters: punished, locked in the dungeon and turned into a training tool.

The person who was punching Melvin was Miles, the son of the second branch of the Luo Clan. He was also Perrin's younger brother. Since Perrin's rank as the young master of the Luo Clan was now abolished, the title was naturally taken up by Miles.

A young man in a yellow robe stood next to Melvin. "Little rat, I see you're quite enjoying yourself," he said. "This looks very interesting. Let me try too, would you?"

"Well, Darcy, if you so want to," Miles said, a wide smile on his face. "Go ahead!"

"But if I throw a punch at him, I'm afraid he'll die. What should I do?" asked the man named Darcy.

"Darcy, there is nothing to be afraid of. These training tools are just that—tools. Nobody cares if they die. Rest assured and punch him as you wish. Even if they die, nobody will trouble you. Haha!" Miles said to him, smiling courteously while he threw a contemptuous glance at Melvin.

Melvin, all battered and abused, burst out with a heavy face, "Miles! Even if I, Melvin, am the training tool, it's only for the purpose of training the members of the Luo Clan. He is an outsider. What allows him to punch me?"

Chapter 498 Not Interested To Know You

At that time, Melvin had the exact same idea as Zen in the past.

'I have broken the rules of the Luo Clan so I was downgraded to a slave. I serve as a training tool, and it is my destiny.

As a training tool, the children of the Luo Clan beat me for training or testing their strength. But there is someone who can not beat me!' Melvin thought.

When he heard Melvin's words, Miles hit the slave with a powerful blow before shouting, "Melvin, you're honored to be beaten by Darcy!

If you say anything more, I will beat you to death!"

The blow had Melvin doubling over.

But he was also a hothead. Through gritted teeth, he shouted back, "Miles Luo! You have humiliated the entire Luo Clan! You're even worse than your brother Perrin. The people Perrin had good relations with were the great ones from the noble clans of the Imperial Capital. Who is your brother Darcy? He is only a man from the Huang Clan of C County! The Huang Clan is low-ranked, and people from that clan have not been given the right to talk to members of the Luo Clan. And now you're kissing his ass?

Bah!" Melvin smirked.

His remarks caught Darcy's attention.

"Our Huang Clan is so low and not qualified to talk to your Luo Clan?"

This time, Darcy's expression turned cold.

Seeing Darcy's face, Miles hurriedly gave a smile and bent over. "Darcy, do not mind this guy. He just had to say something. I will punish him harshly later!" he assured. It was necessary for Miles to speak to Darcy carefully.

"No, let me do it. I'll teach him what unqualified means!"

As soon as he finished saying this, Darcy started to focus his life energy and soon reached a high spirit.

Darcy Huang was the young master of the Huang Clan, which had developed quickly in the past years in C County. But no one knew where the master of the Huang Clan found resources that allowed him to achieve three levels continuously. Now, he was at the fifth grade of the nature level.

The master of the Huang Clan was probably the fighter with the highest level in C County!

Given the circumstances, the Huang Clan was naturally flourishing gradually, and other clans had to admit them to be the number-one clan and play up to them. As a result, the Huang Clan stood to receive most of the benefits in the county.

And most of them belonged to the Luo Clan. In other words, the Luo Clan's wealth had been swallowed up by other clans in C County, and the Huang Clan had amassed it.

Despite the situation, the Luo Clan would never dare say anything unfavorable. And this was the reason why Miles had to flatter Darcy. The moment he antagonized Darcy, the Huang Clan would be annoyed, and the ending would be worse for the Luo Clan.

And because Miles was good at pleasing Darcy, and building a good relationship with him, the Huang Clan didn't eat up all of the Luo Clan's property.

However, this just prolonged the agony of the Luo Clan, because they were on the way to decline soon.

In Darcy's view, the Luo Clan was a bunch of deplorable people, including Miles. But since Miles always said something to please him tremendously, Darcy didn't mind being followed around by him.

Now all of a sudden, a human punchbag had the nerve to look down on the Huang Clan?

Did he really want to die?

Out of all the big clans inside C County, who would dare say anything bad to his face? Certainly not the destitute Luo Clan, or so he thought.

With Darcy focusing his strength, his life energy became more powerful and could hit Melvin with enough force to take him down.

And Darcy's potential power did not go unnoticed by Melvin, whose face turned pale.

He knew that Darcy hitting him on the body could mean his death!

But while this was the case, Melvin refused to humble himself. Gritting his teeth, he vowed not to beg for mercy. He was aware begging would never work on someone like Darcy. So Melvin would rather not humiliate himself before dying.

With his innate superhuman strength and exceptionally strong form, Melvin still held on to slim hope that he could withstand the onslaught of punches Darcy would surely give him.

He leaned back slightly, so his chest appeared somewhat inclined. The posture would help diminish the power of Darcy's blow, which he would surely deliver at full strength.

With a mocking smile, Darcy roared, "Nothing you do can save you! You're only an ant to me. I will have to die if I can't beat you to death!"

He already had a killing intent.

"Heart-broken Fist!" he hollered.

A shiver ran down Melvin's spine.

That meant the power of the punch Darcy would unleash would be equivalent to that of five horses! If the blow landed on Melvin's body, he would feel like being smashed by five horses.

"You go die!" Darcy screamed.

Ugly laughter followed, although his expression was fierce.

Despair had Melvin's face turning pale. He was suddenly afraid that he could not bear the onslaught of power this time.

But just as Darcy's fist was about to land on Melvin's body, a shiny silver object rushed towards Darcy.

If he continued to punch, his arm would be cut off.

Stunned by the attack that came out of the blue, Darcy pulled back his fist while gritting his teeth in anger. With a hateful expression, he turned around to withdraw the energy he was about to throw off. "Who was that? Who dared to attack me just now?" Darcy thundered.

Both Zen and Yan looked at Darcy coldly without speaking, as though talking to him was so disgusting.

It was at that moment that Tristan spoke loudly to the other members of the Luo Clan. "Everybody, stop for a moment. Please get ready to follow us." Waiting to see who would follow, Miles smirked.

Then with a cold smile, he turned to speak, "Tristan Luo, who do you think you are?

What makes you think you can speak here, huh?"

There was heavy silence.

Tristan was a member of an insignificant branch of the Luo Clan. He didn't have a significant position at all. As Miles expected, he could start throwing threat that would frighten Tristan enough to make him stop.

But Miles' remarks annoyed Tristan, who retorted, "You are Miles Luo, right? And who do you think you are?"

It was satisfying to see the stunned look in Miles' face.

"You?!" Miles blustered.

Now extremely confused, Miles thought, 'Is Tristan crazy?

How dare he say that?! How dare he talk back to me!

He must have someone to back him up, ' Miles kept thinking.

All of a sudden, he found several members of the Luo Clan had gathered there, following a young man and a young woman. "Are you launching a rebellion? Aren't you afraid of breaking the rules of the Clan and you'll end up either imprisoned or even becoming human punchbags?" he asked.

The group laughed loudly after Miles finished talking. Then Tristan spoke out aloud, "Rebel? Ha! Ha! Ha!

The new master of the Luo Clan is here. So, Miles Luo, you are the one who's rebelling!"

Stunned, Miles repeated, "The new master?" He looked at Zen from head to toe, then smiling coldly, said, "Do you think you can find someone else to help you and this one can be the master?

That's ridiculous!" he scoffed, then laughed. "How childish you all are!

When my father comes out, all of you will have to die!" he threatened.

He now sounded crazy.

"Someone else?" Tristan asked before pointing to Zen. "He's not just anyone," he said with a shake of his head. "He is the new master of the Luo Clan, Zen Luo!"

It was with great pride that he said Zen's name.

"Zen Luo!" Miles repeated the name without realizing he did so. The name sent a shiver up his spine. He couldn't believe his ears.

Meanwhile, the men at the Martial Arts Hall were unaware of what was happening. Tristan's behavior had confused them. In their eyes, even if the Luo Clan was declining, they were not willing to have someone else take over the master position of the Clan.

But this man wasn't just anyone. He was Zen Luo, the son of the former master of the clan.

Hearing the name, the men immediately recognized Zen. Now they understood why so many members of the clan were following the young man.

"'Zen Luo?" Miles murmured incredulously.

'Is he really back?' He asked the question in his mind.

A smile of surprise lit up Melvin's face. 'Is that man truly Zen?' he continued to wonder.

He had never stopped thinking about Zen, wondering if he was still alive.

All they knew was that Zen was abducted, but no one witnessed him die, or found his dead body.

Although he had selected Zen to be his punchbag long time ago, Melvin still thought highly of the former young master of the clan and was awed by his great courage.

And Melvin thought it would have been a pity if that man with great courage would end up dead.

"Zen...

I can't believe you came back," Melvin murmured. Suddenly, the strong man's eyes welled up with tears, and his nose started to sniffle.

In view of several astonished men, Zen slowly walked up to Melvin and said, "Long time no see, Melvin. How did you end up being a human punchbag?" He looked at the older man waiting for an answer.

"That's a very long story," Melvin sighed.

"Then tell your story later. Let's talk about what's happening now. I saw someone wanted to beat you to death. Is that true?" Looking in the direction where Darcy stood, Zen asked Melvin, "Is that the guy?"

He approached with full confidence and swung his sword.

With Zen nearly cutting his arm, Darcy became even more furious! "Is this guy going to bring me trouble? How dare he do that! Doesn't he know who I am?

He's really dancing with death!' Darcy thought bitterly.

"I am the man who wants to beat him to death. What do you want to do about it?" he sneered. He asked again, "Do you know who I am?"

Raising an eyebrow, he waited for acknowledgement.

But Zen just shook his head and replied, "I really don't..."

Zen moved his fingers and his sword started to quiver.

"I am..."

But Darcy was rudely interrupted.

"Swish! Swish!"

Before he could finish talking, Zen's Streamer Sword shifted. The action was so fast like a shiny flower flitted by and slashed Darcy's neck.

"I am...

I am..." Darcy gasped.

With his eyes opened wide, Darcy found he could no longer speak. In the dying seconds of his life, he was as confused as he was regretful.

'Why didn't you let me finish what I was saying?

If you knew who I am, you would certainly not dare to kill me!

What a pity I'm about to die! My father will take revenge for me.' This was Darcy's last clear thought.

Looking at Darcy's wide open eyes before his last breath, Zen shook his head calmly before saying, "I'm not interested to know who you are."

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 499 The Blood Prisoner

The first time Miles laid eyes on Zen, he had been too shocked to react.

In his head, he kept thinking over and over, 'Why did this guy come back?'

But what happened next stunned him more, that was Darcy's unexpected death in Zen's hands.

How could Darcy have died this way?

Was Zen crazy?

Darcy was the young master of the Huang Clan. Would the Huang Clan let this pass without retribution given the way he was killed?

Darcy died on the Luo Clan's territory, and it only meant catastrophe for the Luo family.

Trembling, Miles asked, "Z..Zen, do you know who you killed?" He felt terrible after witnessing Darcy's death.

Shaking his head, Zen replied, "I already answered that, didn't I?

I am not in the mood to know."

"I don't care about your mood. Darcy is the young master of the Huang Clan. Are you aware of this clan? The master of Huang clan, the most powerful clan in C County now, is at grade 5 of the nature level. Darcy died here. All the members of the Luo family will be killed!"

No longer able to control his fear, Miles howled.

When the others heard this, they all had a worried expression.

A fighter at grade 5 of the nature level would definitely be considered a powerful man in C County.

Was Zen qualified to resist the Huang Clan?

Glancing at Miles with indifference, Zen snapped. "Shut up! Otherwise, you might end up dead, too."

The look Zen gave him made Miles tremble even more, as if a viper was staring at him. But he gritted his teeth and retorted, "You... If you dare to kill me, my dad...

How can my dad...

just let you go?" Miles asked weakly.

"So, if I don't kill you, will Bryson let me go?" Zen sneered.

He was slightly enjoying this.

"Right. You're back this time to court death!" Trying to sound brave, Miles thought of his father and felt relieved. Bryson had greatly improved his strength, broken the pass of marrow refining realm, and reached grade 3 of the nature level.

"Court death? Me?" Zen laughed.

He looked at the pavilion beside the martial arts practicing field and then trod on the wall with one foot. Then he jumped up like a civet cat and instantly climbed to the top of the pavilion.

From there, he could look down at tier upon tier of buildings, within the Luo mansion.

It took many years for the Luo family to arrange the buildings, as well as fix the courtyards and pavilions in the mansion, so they turned out exquisite and well-designed, like gardens in foreign lands.

Zen muttered to himself, "In the eyes of the noble clans in Imperial Capital, these houses are hardly worth mentioning. But my family has been managed well from generation to generation. I will not allow Bryson to destroy these!"

Breathing deeply after minutes of introspection, Zen shouted as he summoned his life vitality. "Brothers of the Luo family, listen to my orders.

Here is Zen. I am back!

All the members of the Luo family, whether young or old, regardless if you are direct or collateral descendants, everyone with the family name Luo, come to gather in the martial arts practicing field! And this is a special call to Bryson and Ken, two bastards!

Come out to suffer death!" Zen declared.

His voice was loud and clear, which was due to that he summoned the life vitality, to help spread his voice far away and even down below. Those in the lower basement heard him distinctly as if the voice was right beside their ears. "Zen?

Zen Luo?

Zen?" A lot of people kept saying his name.

"Zen is back?"

"Is Zen coming back?" There were whispers of excitement.

Every member of the Luo family in every part of the mansion heard his voice and became excited.

They didn't know what happened, or why Zen decided to return, but since he was back and dared to come to the mansion, it meant a lot to them.

At least, Zen didn't fear Bryson.

In a pavilion beside a pond, Perrin sat on a wheelchair and stared at the ripples without expression.

Although the pond and the scenery around it were beautiful, he was in no mood to appreciate them.

A disabled warrior was like an ordinary person losing an arm or a leg. His lifelong pursuit and faith was gone.

After being disabled by Zen in their fight on Hell Mountain, Perrin lost his value before the Wang Clan.

The truth was, Perrin was born to an impoverished family and had no right to claim ties of kinship with the Wang Clan. Perrin might have been somebody in C County, but in the Imperial Capital, he was only a nobody from a humble background.

Billy could make friends with Perrin because of Yan. The reason for this was that at Cloud Sect, Perrin was the only one related to Yan by blood at that time.

However, when Zen appeared in Hell Mountain, Billy and Vale knew that Zen was Yan's older brother.

The truth was, even if Zen didn't incapacitate Perrin on Hell Mountain that day, the Wang Clan would still have abandoned him since he was no longer of use to them.

So after Perrin was carried away that day, the Wang Clan just sent several people to take him back to C County and even threw him at the gate of the county like a piece of junk.

And since coming back home, he had never once felt happy but always seemed to be very anxious.

What if Zen came back to kill him someday?

By Perrin's estimation, Zen would be back in three to five years. As long as he didn't perish from an accident, he would return home sooner or later.

The day Zen came back would be the day he would run out of luck, and his father Bryson, as well as uncle Ken, would also face misfortune.

However...

He didn't think that day would come so soon.

When Zen spoke in his deep voice, it was like thunder from a blue sky that burst in his ears. And Perrin's already pale face turned ashen.

"Why is he back so soon?" the disgraced fighter murmured.

He tried to think of a good reason, but failed.

And unfortunately, there was no one to answer his question. Only two kingfishers quickly flew past the pond, causing ripples that spread slowly.

In the innermost hall of the mansion, Bryson was cultivating with his eyes closed.

What made him different from the other members of the Luo family was that everything he knew about Zen came from Perrin, so he was also worried about the same things as the disabled warrior.

One thing Bryson knew was the Cloud Sect accepting Zen as a disciple. But he was unclear about Zen's progress later and what happened at the All Peaks Competition recently.

"He's back after only one year?" Bryson whispered.

The timing was worrisome.

Once he learned that Zen entered Cloud Sect, Bryson had a deep crisis awareness. Under a crisis awareness pressure, he cultivated day and night and broke the bottleneck by accident, thus reaching grade 3 of the nature level unexpectedly.

It was a miracle for someone who was over fifty years old!

"So what if you've become an outstanding talent after only one year?

I have also made great progress. Now, I have reached grade 3 of the nature level...

If you had been patient and cultivated at the Cloud Sect for ten years, I would probably be scared of you. But after only one year, are you sure you can be a worthy opponent for me? And even if you are my opponent, how can you be sure that he will also see you as his opponent?"

He kept talking to himself while looking out the hall's window.

But a squeaking sound alerted him.

All of a sudden, the wooden door of the hall was opened.

"Bryson, Zen is back!"

There was panic in Ken's voice as he made the announcement.

Glaring at his brother, he snapped, "I have ears.

How could I not have heard such a loud voice?"

"What should we do?" Ken asked with a hint of desperation. He kept pacing back and forth.

"What should we do?

What can we do?

What other choice do we have but to risk our lives? Release that person! We have done him a huge favor, and now it's time for him to repay us!" Bryson said.

Shortly after, Bryson stood up and looked towards the direction of Zen's voice. He stretched out his hand and his life vitality appeared.

Thirteen treasured swords hanging on the wall were suddenly unsheathed and floated behind him.

Then Bryson headed to the Martial Arts Hall.

Staring at Bryson's retreating, Ken gritted his teeth, and ran in the opposite direction.

He headed towards a cellar in Luo Mansion. This was a special cellar, and nobody knew about it except Ken and Bryson.

Entering the deep cellar, Ken unlocked a door with two keys. When he pushed the door open, the strong metallic smell of blood from inside assailed his senses.

A hoarse voice from the inside called out.

"Who is it?"

"It's Ken!"

"Do you come to meet me because of that bloke?"

Hoarse laughter followed. Because of life vitality, Zen's voice was able to penetrate even the deepest parts of the mansion. So that person inside the room obviously heard him.

He also heard Zen call Ken and Bryson bastards and decided he must hold a grudge against the two.

"Yes, Mr. Blood Prisoner. We're asking you to do us a favor!"

It was humiliating to beg, but Ken had to do it.

There was laughter again. "That bloke's voice is full of strength. You're coming to me because you can't handle him, can you? He must be very powerful. Do you take me for a fool?"

The Blood Prisoner laughed a third time.

But Ken persisted. "Mr. Blood Prisoner, we have offered you much blood and flesh in the last several days, and we let you eat at least ten living people... If we can't defeat that bloke, then most likely no one will help you collect the blood and flesh of living people in the future. And for sure, Zen will find you. If you are exposed..."

He was grasping at straws.

"Are you threatening me? Hmmm. I can help you once. And in return, you need to find one hundred living people within one month for me to suck their blood and eat their flesh!" he said. That was his condition.

"A hundred living people..."

Hesitation mixed with desperation showed on Ken's face. There were many people in C County, but it was impossible not to be noticed if one hundred living humans disappeared for no reason. And it would surely mean trouble for the Luo family.

"Just forget it, if you can't do it. I will simply go somewhere else!" The cold voice spurred Ken to action.

"I can bring it to you, Mr. Blood Prisoner. I will do as you say!"

Nodding, Ken bowed and prepared to leave.

"Hahaha! That's great!

I will also suck this bloke's blood and eat his flesh!"

With that said, the Blood Prisoner walked out of the cellar leaving a trail of metallic odor behind.

Chapter 500 All The People Stood Up

The man Ken Luo called the Blood Prisoner had appeared in C County and its neighborhoods.

He had cultivated himself by a demonic method of eating the blood and flesh of living humans. There had been many people from the counties who went missing in the recent years.

The missing people weren't noticed at first, until one day someone had accidentally entered the Blood Prisoner's cave. He found tons of human bones and soon enough, the truth was revealed to the public.

After the case was reported to the superior level, Burning Sky Empire sent some professionals to arrest the Blood Prisoner. The Cloud Sect also offered a reward to anyone who would capture him, so many elite disciples participated in the search after they had accepted the task.

Although the Blood Prisoner was quite strong, he didn't stand against so many high-level people. Therefore he was badly hurt and escaped to any place he could find.

Meanwhile, Perrin Luo was just dismissed by the Cloud Sect and sent back to the Luo Clan. He told Bryson Luo that Zen had a great leap in progress and had already entered the Cloud Sect.

When Bryson knew that Zen was still alive and had been a disciple of the Cloud Sect, he suffered a serious illness. He and Zen were sworn enemies. The Cloud Sect seemed to be the perfect place to cultivate a warrior. When Zen reached a high level after five or ten years, he would surely come back. What would Bryson do when that time came?

He felt greatly pressured. Whenever he thought about Zen, he couldn't fall asleep for the whole night.

Thus, after Bryson recovered, he continuously improved his strength because of the pressure he felt.

Not only did he become a nature creature, but he also reached as high as the third level.

It was known that as a warrior grew older, his bones would toughen and it would be harder for him to improve greatly. The fact that Bryson's achievement of such a high level was all because of Zen.

But even though Bryson achieved such a feat, he didn't feel satisfied. The Cloud Sect was too strong, as seen from Perrin's experience. Perrin improved greatly and had grown into a nature creature in a short time because he got a little help from one of the noble clans, the Wang Clan.

If Zen had enough time to grow, Bryson still wouldn't be able to defeat him.

When Bryson was at a loss on what to do, he met up with the Blood Prisoner, who was on the run from government arrest.

The Blood Prisoner was undoubtedly powerful. He had to escape to random places because of his injuries. In the end, he hid himself in the cellar of the Luo Clan.

Bryson hadn't found the Blood Prisoner in the cellar at first as he was really good at hiding himself. However, after several people were reported missing, Bryson realized that something was up.

Now, the news about the Blood Prisoner had become sensational. Soon enough, Bryson deduced that the Blood Prisoner had hidden in the Luo Clan.

However, he didn't try to arrest the Blood Prisoner as the others did. Instead, he covered the truth about the missing people, and now only he and Ken in the Luo Clan knew the truth.

Ken didn't report the facts to the local government. He found the Blood Prisoner by himself and offered to help the Prisoner—not only would he help the Blood Prisoner, but also give the Blood Prisoner living people to eat!

Those servants and members that had doubts about the missing people in Luo Clan were sent to the Blood Prisoner by Ken himself.

For a long time after that, Bryson occasionally abducted one or two men and threw them in the Blood Prisoner's cell. They helped the Blood Prisoner regain his strength by offering live people he could eat.

At first, Bryson gave the Blood Prisoner the slaves, the death row. Later on, there weren't enough slaves anymore, so Bryson and Ken looked for people from the outside and abducted them.

That was also why Melvin became a human punchbag because there were fewer slaves left in the Luo Clan.

The reason Bryson chose to do those was mainly because of Zen. He thought that Zen would come back sooner or later. If he kept the Blood Prisoner in the Luo Clan, he felt that the Blood Prisoner would surely defeat Zen.

However, he didn't expect that Zen would come back so soon. It had been only a year since Zen left. Even though Zen could improve himself considerably, how strong could he be in such a short time?

Thus, Bryson thought that he could defeat Zen by himself since he was also strong enough now.

But just to be sure, he still asked Ken to tell the Blood Prisoner that Zen had shown up. The Blood Prisoner hadn't completely recovered yet as his current strength was only 70 percent of his best, so there was a huge difference. After all, Bryson didn't have any magic pills for him and only offered him some live people.

'However, the current Blood Prisoner must be strong enough to defeat Zen, ' Bryson thought.

He then went out of his room and jumped on the roofs of the Luo Clan property like a dragonfly that skimmed on the water's surface. He rushed quickly towards the Martial Arts Hall.

When he entered the Martial Arts hall, he saw that the members of Luo Clan were gathered around Zen. More members were still coming and joined them as well. Most of them were young ones from the fourth and fifth branches, but there were also many members from the second and third branches.

Meanwhile, Zen stood in the center. He was dressed in a cyan gown and had a gleaming sword in his hand.

"Zen Luo!" Bryson shouted.

"You unfilial child who betrayed the Luo Clan! You actually have the guts to come back?!" Bryson wanted to steal the spotlight first so he yelled arrogantly. Then at the same time, he took out his thirteen swords. The swords were covered by purple life vitality and glimmered a violet hue.

"The Luo Clan is my home. Why won't I come back?" Zen said and looked up.

There were no signs of fear on his calm face.

The members of Luo Clan had been oppressed by Bryson for a long time, so all of them chose to side with Zen and regarded him as the new master. However, they were still nervous in the face of a high spirit like Bryson's.

Bryson had been the master of the Luo Clan for many years and had imposed his authority on the young people for a long time. Although the members were confident in Zen, they were still worried. If Bryson defeated Zen, they could only imagine what he would do to them.

Therefore, many members moved away from Zen a bit under the pressure of Bryson's presence.

This way, at least they would have a mutual position if Zen failed!

"Zen is the new master of the Luo Clan. Why can't he come back?" Tristan exclaimed. When Melvin heard him, he also felt emboldened to say something.

"That's right. Zen is Mike Luo's son. It is natural that the son should inherit his father's position. Why can't Zen come back?" he said. Then he added, "But you, Bryson Luo, you did drastic things and made Luo Clan decline!"

"You are actually the unfilial child of the Luo Clan!" he declared lastly.

The other members began to shout together too.

Those who had hesitated just now changed their minds and soon joined the group to shout as well.

During his reign, Bryson allowed some people to commit violations, including Grey. They were also unfair in distributing resources. Thus, many of them did not want to support Bryson anymore.

When Bryson saw how the young members acted, he coldly said, "Do you all want to betray the Luo Clan?"

"We are not betraying the Luo Clan!

We are betraying you, Bryson Luo! The Luo Clan does not belong to you alone. It belongs to all of us!

But you're different, Bryson! You think that you own it!" Tristan shout back.

"Go to hell!" Bryson exclaimed in rage.

At this point, Bryson had snapped. His eyes glinted with killing intent and one of his thirteen swords shot towards Tristan at once.

The members felt nervous when they saw what Bryson had done. After all, none of them could fight against him.

The sword was so quick that before anyone could do something, it arrived in front of Tristan.

"Ping! Ping!"

Two sharp sounds followed and the sword was cut into pieces.

Zen waved his Streamer Sword and looked up at Bryson. "Is that how you treat the people of the Luo Clan? In your eyes, they should be at your mercy. You can do whatever you want to them. Is there any difference between your family member and an animal in your eyes?" he asked icily.

"Zen is right. Once I did something that didn't please you, you wanted to kill me. What do you think we are?

Bryson, we have the same family name and we are related. Do you still remember that?" Tristan asked as well.

He felt that he had nothing to lose now, but what he could do was to believe Zen and trust Zen's strength!

Just now, he was right. Zen could protect him from Bryson's attacks.

Thus, Tristan said those words fearlessly. He was a young man with low status, but he actually blamed Bryson face to face. This was beyond his imagination until Zen came.

Bryson didn't respond to Tristan, but he stared at the Steamer Sword in Zen's hand.

The thirteen swords were all middle-grade mysterious weapons!

It had cost Bryson a lot and a long time just to own the thirteen swords.

However, Zen's sword had cut one of his thirteen swords in a mere second! Zen's gleaming sword immediately caught his attention

'It sliced my weapon so easily as if it has cut a vegetable!

What level is that sword? Is it a top-grade mysterious weapon? Or is it a low-grade spiritual weapon?

A middle-grade spiritual weapon, perhaps?' Bryson could not help but wonder.

However, Bryson had never expected that Zen's sword was a fairy weapon. He had never imagined it!

Moreover, he had never seen a top-grade spiritual weapon in his life, not to mention a fairy weapon.

Chapter 501 The Expectations Of The General Public

It was rare to see a low-level spiritual weapon in C County.

In the past when Mike owned a high-level spiritual weapon, he stood out in the whole of C County and became the envy of numerous people at that time.

But time had changed. As several large-scale mines were discovered and exploited in C County, warriors became richer. Now, a few spiritual weapons were seen in C County.

The master of the Huang Clan was the one who prospered most rapidly with the thriving mining business. He was so wealthy that he could even afford a middle-level spiritual weapon.

Living in C county, Bryson's knowledge was limited to spiritual weapons. On the other hand, when it came to fairy weapons, Bryson thought that they were legends.

As Bryson gawked at Zen's sword, Zen said in a cold voice, "Bryson, did you hear that? That is how the junior members of the clan see you in their hearts. As the master of the clan, you have proved to be a complete failure."

Bryson smiled mirthlessly. The twelve long swords behind him began to tremble. "How dare you say I'm a failure! These children are only trying to cause trouble. Do you think a child's lie can oust me? Do any older members support you?"

As soon as Bryson finished speaking, three middle-aged men walked into the Martial Arts Hall, followed by a dozen children of the clan.

"We support Zen," the middle-aged man who led the team said.

"Bryson, you have gone too far in these past few years…" another middle-aged man added.

The three middle-aged men were Zen's uncles.

After they heard Zen's accusations, many of which implicated Bryson, they gathered the clan's children and rushed to the hall.

"Cletus, Hodge, and Chet! You want to rebel against the Luo Clan?" Bryson's face darkened as if a rainstorm were looming.

He knew that if elders in the clan stepped forward, then the matter would grow more serious. Zen's uncles were the heads of the other branches of the Luo Clan. As long as they chose to rebel, the members belonging to their branches would also follow them.

"Bryson, we're rebelling against you, not the Luo Clan!" Cletus Luo said.

They had long been dissatisfied with Bryson's and Ken's actions in the clan. However, what had prevented them from revolting was their concern that no one else was eligible enough to serve as the new leader. And, most importantly, no one dared to be the first to rebel against Bryson.

None of the clan branches felt as though they were strong enough to lead this coup. They were also aware that Bryson would slaughter the first person to rebel.

All they needed was an opportunity.

Once Zen returned, the older members felt that he was trustworthy. So they chose to back Zen unanimously.

Bryson sighed when he heard Cletus Luo. He sneered. "Okay, so this is how it is. If a wall starts tottering, everyone wants to shove it. But I tell you, you… will all regret it."

At this time, they heard the sounds of a walking stick hitting the floor. The noise was coming from the gate of the Martial Arts Hall.

The clicking sound neared.

A grey-haired aged man ambled toward the hall with the help of two servants. In his hand, he held a crutch. The man was about ninety and on the verge of senility.

With great effort, the old man finally managed to reach the gate of the hall. He paused a while to take a breath before speaking in a hoarse voice, "Bryson, we… we will not regret our decision!"

The old man was a senior member of the clan. He was one of the few remaining members from the last generation and enjoyed high respect. He was Mike's grandfather. In terms of relationships, the old man would be Zen's great grandfather, Bridger.

"Grandfather, you also came?"

"Great grandfather has come here. He can't walk. How did he make it?"

"Great grandfather also supports Zen! Today, we will unite and topple Bryson!"

The children of the Luo Clan were in an uproar.

Bridger seldom appeared in public because of his senility. However, his seldom appearances couldn't change the fact that he was the oldest living man with the highest seniority in the Luo Clan.

Despite the fact that he could barely walk, nobody dared to ignore him.

After all, sometimes, seniority overweighed strength when it came to matters pertaining to the clan.

"Grandfather, you…" Bryson was speechless.

'My grandfather, who has one foot in the grave, also came to make trouble for me. Is there anyone in the Luo Clan who will show any support for me?

Huh! It is all because of Zen. You all just took the opportunity to stir trouble because Zen returned. Just wait and see how I slice Zen into pieces later. Then I'll see what you have to say.'

As the thought coursed through Bryson's mind, he felt more hatred for Zen.

Zen walked through the crowd and stopped by Bridger's side. He bowed and said, "Great grandfather."

Bridger reached out with a trembling hand and said with his hoarse voice, "Zen, the Luo Clan is now at a dead end. The bastard who stands up there is the cause of our misery. We feel very sorry for what was done to you and your father. The Luo Clan disappointed you. Now, you are the only one who can save the Luo Clan."

Zen nodded and said, "Great grandfather, I know. That's why I came back."

The truth was that Zen had returned not because he wanted to take something from the Luo Clan.

In fact, he was wealthier than anyone else standing in the hall. The Streamer Sword, for example, was so expensive that even if all the assets in the Luo Clan were sold, they wouldn't be able to buy one-tenth of the sword.

But the Luo Clan was Zen's family. It was the place where he grew up. He had the same blood as the other members of the clan.

After he finished speaking, Zen jumped onto the roof. He gazed at Bryson coldly and said, "Bryson, did you hear that? Now you know what the clan members think. Who is the legitimate heir of the clan? What is the aspiration of all the people in the clan?"

Zen roared, "I am the direct descendant of the clan, and I'm the legitimate heir. This is the expectation of the general public, and this is the aspiration of all the people.

You, Bryson. You killed the eldest son of the clan and usurped the position of leader of the clan. You went against the trend of the times and let undesirable behavior of trouble-makers go unchecked. The wall falls not because everyone is shoving it, but because you do not deserve to be the wall of the Luo Clan. A person who commits many injustices is doomed to fail. This outcome suits you well!"

Zen's?rebuke came in a loud voice and with a stern expression. Every word was like a hammer that hit Bryson's heart hard.

Zen knew that he was strong enough to crush Bryson. There was no need for him to speak so much. But he didn't plan to kill Bryson like this.

Yes, Zen hated Bryson to the core. Bryson had framed and killed Zen's father. He had squandered the family's fortune to satisfy his desires. He had locked Zen in the cellar and treated him like a dog.

Such hatred could not be erased with only a hack on his neck.

Zen's words hit home. Bryson's face paled, and his expression became sullen. After a short while, Bryson trembled intensively and spat a mouthful of blood.

"Bryson spat blood!"

"What happened? Zen only said a few words. How could that have made Bryson spit blood?"

"Is he afraid of Zen? Or is it because Zen's criticism distressed him so much?"

The children of the Luo Clan were dumbfounded.

Yan stood at the back. She glared at Bryson. While the children were stirred up by Bryson's reaction, Yan remained nonchalant. She was not surprised at all.

Everyone practicing the martial arts had a warrior spirit. It represented their belief, likes, dislikes, world views, etc.

The warrior spirit was, in fact, a kind of belief. The warrior spirit could be very fragile. Warriors had to reinforce their determination to strengthen their warrior spirit continuously.

Some warriors would provoke each other at the start of a fight. Some would resort to unfair means to weaken their opponents. They intentionally pointed out their opponents' weakness or ridiculed their strength and derided them. These were all tricks that meant to weaken the enemies' warrior spirit. If anyone's determination in martial arts wavered or cracked, the opponent would seize the chance and defeat him.

When Bryson saw Zen and all the people that supported him, Bryson's belief that he was the natural leader of the Luo Clan faltered. A crack began to form in his heart which was dedicated to martial arts.

And later, Zen denounced him and listed every fault and unfair action. Every word spoken by Zen rang in Bryson's ears. It was loud and clear and hit every nerve. Almost in an instant, Bryson's warrior spirit was breached by Zen. His determination for martial arts began to waver violently.

As the sudden bouts of anger and anxiety damaged his heart and mind, Bryson's body was affected. The damage had led to his mouth filling with blood.

"You spat blood, that shows that you have a bit of humanity left in you. You feel some guilt. But…" Zen shook his head and said, "It is too late. You have already led the Luo Clan into an abyss. I will clean up the mess you have made, but the price will be your life."

"Hahahahahaha…"

Bryson suddenly laughed hysterically, almost madly. The roar of laughter continued for a while before it stopped.

"Yes, you're right. As you said, I'm sinful. But so what? You want to end my life? What makes you think that you can defeat me? If you died, who else in the Luo Clan would dare to act against me? Ours is a world that is ruled by strength!" Bryson went berserk, and his expression looked sinister. He shouted, "I'll kill Zen, then you, you and you, you old bastard Bridger, Cletus Luo, Hodge Luo… Who else dares to be rebellious? And say unfavorable things about me?"

As soon as he finished, blood spurted from Bryson's mouth. Streams of malicious aura oozed from the blood. The deep purple life vitality that was attached to his swords turned to bloody red.

Every sword emitted a strong stench of blood as if those swords had slaughtered thousands of creatures.

"Zen, come on! Since you joined Cloud Sect, you must have grown in strength. Let me see whether all you have is a sharp tongue!"

Chapter 502 Invulnerable Body (Part One)

As they sensed the smell of blood flowing from Bryson, all the children of the Luo Clan fell into shock.

"What a dense smell of blood! This is not a cultivation method of our Luo Clan!"

"Bryson has been practicing the Purple Light Fist, hasn't he? But why did he suddenly switch to another one?"

"It seems to be... Blood Evil Force!" "Isn't it the cultivation method that the Blood Prisoner is infamous for? Why would Bryson adopt this wicked method?"

Hodge and the others all turned pale.

A while ago, when the C County government attempted to hunt down Blood Prisoner, a criminal infamous for his dark cultivation method, they released a detailed order for arrest that contained an elaborate description of Blood Prisoner's appearance, physical characteristics, and the cultivation method he usually employed.

Judging by the scent of blood coming from Bryson, his cultivation method was practically the same as the description of the Blood Evil Force that was written on the official notice. However, Hodge was not perfectly certain about his assumptions, therefore he did not want to jump into conclusions.

After all, Hodge and the other members of the Luo Clan had never seen Blood Prisoner in person. Also, the details from the order of arrest were insufficient and quite vague for them to correctly identify and recognize the wanted criminal.

Although they could not exactly pinpoint the relationship between Bryson and Blood Prisoner, Hodge was sure of one thing, and it was the fact that the cultivation method Bryson was practicing was definitely indecent, dark and forbidden.

The sound of swinging swords against each other filled the air. "Swish, swish, swish."

After Bryson moved his fingers, 12 swords suddenly rose up behind him and shot up to the sky as they left 12 streaks of their trajectory in the air.

Fear struck in the eyes of the members of the Luo Clan. Looking at the terrifying sight of the flying swords above their heads was like facing Death himself.

As the swords continued to soar in the sky, the vile smell of dark blood grew stronger as if demons were flying all over the heavens.

Many of the Luo Clan members had their hearts jump up to their throats as they watched the swords come after Zen to take his life. They all grew cold in terror. They thought,"Can Zen really fend off those swords? As strong as his power is, is he truly an equal match against Bryson?"

But they all knew Zen would head on no matter what. 'Now that Zen wants to reestablish the Luo Clan and save it from falling apart in this abyss, the most crucial task for him is to defeat Bryson!

If Zen fails to do so, then all he has ever said will only be empty words. Surely, we, who follow Zen would suffer too.' Considering Bryson's temper, perhaps all the people present in the Martial Arts Hall today would be persecuted!

'So, can Zen really make it?' they wondered.

Back then when Zen tried to run away from the Luo Clan, it was Bryson who forced him back using his flying swords. As each sword came at Zen, he had to take a step back, because at that time, Zen did not have the guts to fight against those swords.

However, Zen saw things differently now. Though the scarlet life vitality attached to those swords gave off the strong, sickening odor of blood, Zen could sense that the smell was not pure enough. This only meant Bryson led a half-hearted attack with the swords.

Even the life vitality of any collateral descendant from a small noble clan in the Imperial Capital would be far purer than Bryson's.

While the frightened Luo Clan members fearfully saw the flying swords like serpents descending from the sky, Zen saw them differently. To Zen Luo, the blood-stenched swords of his uncle Bryson were merely tiny bugs he could easily crush.

Zen keenly watched as the 12 swords separated and swooped down and bolted towards him. With a cold smirk on his face, he effortlessly leapt down from the roof, his feet light as a feather. He landed on the courtyard wall, and quickly rushed to Bryson.

The swords darted at Zen one after another, trying to impede him as he charged towards Bryson.

But Zen was as agile as a monkey. Whenever the swords were about to hit him, Zen always managed to dodge them by a fraction of an inch.

The members of the Luo Clan were in awe — amazed at what they saw that they almost threw into panic. After all, as far as they were concerned, if Zen made the slightest mistake, he would instantly have 12 holes in his body.

The most powerful seniors in the Luo Clan were very impressed with Zen's fighting skills. Zen Luo earned their utmost respect when he showed his unfaltering fearlessness as he swiftly moved through the rushing swords that flew past him, dodging them with the finest precision and timing.

"Only a man who has absolute confidence in his swiftness and moving techniques dare to face 12 flying swords of death! Zen… ... is already that powerful?"

After running all the way to the end of the wall despite the dangerous attacks, Zen leapt towards a small platform. Just before Zen landed, Bryson let out a sneer.

"Zen, do you really think you can escape from my swords? Your confidence blinds you. You're too predictable. I calculated that you will be stepping on this platform. Well, now I'll watch how you get away with this one!"

As Bryson's remark faded, the 12 swords abruptly shot towards that platform. At this point, Zen was still up in the air, unable to duck anywhere.

"Go to hell!" Bryson angrily shouted. Bryson flashed a mocking smile as he watched Zen struggle to fight through his swords. He thought to himself, 'This kid is still too young. If Zen had practiced martial arts in Cloud Sect for at least a decade or so, then I'm afraid he could surpass me and I wouldn't be able to equally match him as rival.

But now, even though Zen has improved greatly, I have achieved a milestone as well. I have inherited the Blood Evil Force from no other than Blood Prisoner himself. Now I am not only stronger, but my skills and power have been enhanced as well!

Zen, you are not my equal!'

Chapter 503 Invulnerable Body (Part Two)

Unexpectedly, Zen made a move that had the audience shouting in fear,"Ah crap, don't jump there!" A member of the Luo Clan shrieked,"Bryson sneaked an escape-proof net on that little platform from the start! How clever of him. Maybe all his previous attacks were well-thought of and calculated only to lead Zen to his trap!"

The Luo Clan members could only imagine the worst that could happen in this clash. It seemed as if the tables had been turned and Bryson took over the upper hand of the battle. Some of them even closed their eyes because they knew they wouldn't be able to bear the unholy image of dripping blood from 12 swords piercing through Zen's body.

Even the seniors of the Luo Clan who, just a few moments ago, were speechless in amazement, were at a loss for words for what they were seeing right now. Disappointedly, they sighed,"We never thought Zen could fall into Bryson's trap so easily."

At this point of the battle, Melvin and Tristan nervously had their fists clenched tightly, praying for a miracle to come even if Zen's chances of winning seemed so slim.

Meanwhile, standing at the back of the crowd, Yan could not help but shake her head and heave with a sigh, 'With Zen's almost indestructible body, those swords would not hurt him even if they deeply pierce into his flesh.

I wonder what kind of expression will be on Bryson's face once he realizes Zen will beat him to death." Yan smirked.

Bryson was feeling so thrilled that he could feel the surge of adrenaline, rushing though his veins. He wanted to give Zen a more tragic death, and so he wielded more life vitality to increase the fury of his swords by 50 percent! With this overwhelming power, not only could the swords pierce through Zen's flesh, but they could stab all the way through his body and leave 24 holes of free-flowing blood.

Once the flying swords lunged at Zen, the excitement in Bryson's face faded in an instant. Suddenly, his expression grew bemused, bewildered at what he just saw before his eyes.

'How come... How come Zen didn't get penetrated by my flying swords?

It seems like the swords just bounced off the moment they touched Zen's flesh, doesn't it?

But how can it be possible?

There is a slim possibility that Zen's protective life vitality has warded them off. But I saw it clearly that what those flying swords targeted was Zen's corporeal body.

Could a man's corporeal body be that invulnerable?

No way!

Those flying swords are propelled by the Blood Evil Force!

Although the Blood Evil Force is a tier 3 cultivation method, this cultivation method pursues the way of killing, allowing me to get twofold progress with half the effort. Its power is way more formidable than those at the same tier. It's almost as powerful as a tier 4 cultivation method!'

The members of the Luo Clan were dumbfounded. They couldn't believe what they just saw.

In fact, they felt relieved that Zen suddenly regained the upper hand — his performance was just beyond their imagination. They were in shock, but deep down inside they were all cheering Zen on.

In the eyes of those members of the Luo Clan, Bryson was a tyrant with supreme power. His power and strength were so overwhelming, that he could effortlessly end the life of anyone in the Luo Clan.

Because of this, no one dared disobey him.

If they did, only one thing awaited them — death.

However...

When Bryson launched this full-power strike, Zen fought it off simply with his indestructible body.

The 12 flying swords just ricochetted off of Zen's body, not even leaving a single cut nor a simple scratch.

"This has to be the invulnerable body mentioned in the legends," mumbled one of the members of the Luo Clan.

Even when Bridger, who was dim-sighted from old age, saw this miraculous scene, two lines of tears rolled down from his eyes. He then exclaimed with his old, husky voice,"Indeed, justice always prevails. Now, Mike can truly rest in peace knowing he now has a worthy successor."

Glaring at the flabbergasted Bryson, Zen demanded coldly,"You tell me, how should I dodge you? Actually, I never even considered running away from you. Though you and I are both at the third rank of the nature level, the gap between you and me is beyond your imagination!"

Zen hopped from the small platform once again and dashed over towards Bryson.

Still, Bryson was not to be underestimated.

Since his strongest strike did not turn out the way he pictured it to be, he could tell that Zen's strength had now grown out of his league.

Bryson's body grew cold out of fear. With the overwhelming fright that was surging through him right now, only one thing popped up in his head — escape.

But how could Bryson outrun the indestructible Zen? When Zen picked up his speed, he caught up to Bryson within barely a second.

During this desperate moment, Bryson had no choice but to yell. "Help me!"

But at this point, Zen already landed behind Bryson. He muttered icily,"Even if a king were here, he couldn't get you out of this now!"

Zen smacked his fist into Bryson's back. The impact of his punch sent Bryson crashing through a house nearby.

Suddenly, a chilling voice sounded not too far,"Who dares to hurt my disciple? I'll eat you up alive!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 504 Do You Really Think You’re That Strong

A blood-colored figure was dashing from a distance, and not far behind it was Ken Luo following the figure.

Of course, Ken must have heard Bryson's cry, so he came running to his brother's aid.

"What the hell? How could Zen defeat Bryson?" Ken could not believe it at first.

But before he could even realize what just happened, he heard Blood Prisoner called Bryson his 'disciple'.

When did Bryson become the Blood Prisoner's disciple?

Although Ken knew that Bryson had kept the Blood Prisoner in the Luo Clan's cellar in order to fight against Zen, he still didn't agree with the Blood Prisoner's cultivating method.

The Blood Prisoner got his strength from eating people's flesh and blood. It was a heinous act, thus Ken believed it was the wrong path to take. Cooperating with a person like the Blood Prison was the same as asking a tiger for its fur. Any person who came close to the Blood Prisoner would eventually be eaten. But for Bryson to take such a risk, Ken knew that his brother had no other choice.

But Ken didn't know that Bryson had become the Blood Prisoner's disciple and started to learn the evil practicing method.

Still puzzled, Ken kept following the Blood Prisoner without any second thought. After all, it was necessary to immediately deal with the matter at hand.

Zen hit Bryson by only one hand. With the intensity of the attack, Bryson smashed into a house but was immediately followed by Zen. Although the latter used only half of his overall strength, Bryson still found it difficult to dodge the attack.

Soon, the members of the Luo Clan saw Zen pulling a man by his collar as he walked out of the ruined house. Despite the man's face covered in blood, everyone recognized that it was Bryson Luo.

Zen had defeated Bryson with just one casual punch.

The members of the Luo Clan were satisfied with the sight of the defeated Bryson. They had clearly underestimated Zen's strength before.

Suddenly, the blood-colored figure appeared. The faces of all the members of the Luo Clan turned pale when they realized who the blood figure was.

His body was red all over and it looked like the man had only flesh and blood with no skin at all.

The strong odor of blood reminded everyone of hell.

Even without looking at his face, everyone quickly recognized him.

The notorious evil man was described in the official announcement in detail, and the moment he appeared, the members of the Luo Clan started murmuring about him.

"The Blood Prisoner! It's the Blood Prisoner! He's actually staying in our house!" a young man exclaimed.

"The Blood Prisoner just called Bryson his disciple. Has Bryson made the Blood Prisoner his master?" another one asked in surprise.

"So that must be the reason. I realized that Bryson has a strong smell of blood in him. He finally learned 'Blood Evil Force' from the Blood Prisoner! So that explains the sudden disappearance of people from our clan! Bryson was practicing…" the third man said aloud.

The members of the Luo Clan were not as strong as Zen, but they were not foolish. Although Bryson tried to shake off the fact that people had been disappearing in the clan, he could not stop people from suspecting when the number of missing people started to increase. So, in order to cover it up, he forbade people from talking about it.

Though it was strange, no one imagined that Bryson and the Blood Prisoner had something to do with the disappearances.

But seeing the Blood Prisoner, people finally realized what happened before.

The evil person who ate live human beings was living among them, and the master of the Luo Clan had actually learned the cultivation method of the Blood Prisoner.

The Blood Prisoner drifted in the air, his hair waving back off his head. He stared at Zen with his red eyes then licked his lips and shouted to Zen,"Put my disciple down and let him go. If you follow my order, I will show you mercy by killing you before I eat your body. But if you don't, I will swallow you alive and you'll know the pain of dying slowly."

The Blood Prisoner had a mania for eating people alive. He relished seeing them struggling and enjoyed listening as they screamed in pain.

Fear could make a person's body more appetizing to the Blood Prisoner. That was why he would always start with a person's hands or feet and look at the expression on their faces as he gradually ate them alive.

"Swallow me alive?" Zen repeated the Blood Prisoner's words as if mocking him. He sneered at the Blood Prisoner,"Aren't you afraid that your teeth may break if you eat me?"

"You fool! You're only at the third grade of the nature level. Do you know my level?" The Blood Prisoner replied to Zen. A cold smile crossed Zen's face.

"You're just at the first level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Why are you so arrogant? Do you really think you're that strong?" Zen asked. He sneered at the Blood Prisoner and laughed hysterically.

Hearing Zen's remarks, the Blood Prisoner was dumbfounded.

He thought Zen was only a nature creature and didn't know what the Illuminating Soul Realm was at all. He asked such a question to intimidate Zen.

Unexpectedly, Zen could exactly tell his strength level but didn't even panic. The Blood Prisoner suddenly felt something peculiar with Zen.

But the Blood Prisoner could not tell what it was. The gap in terms of strength between a nature creature and an Illuminating Soul Realm practitioner was huge. Although the Blood Prisoner hadn't completely recovered, he was much stronger than the creatures at the same level since he was practicing the ways of killing skills. Normally, a nature creature would be intimidated to even look at him.

But since when could a nature creature look down at an Illuminating Soul Realm practitioner?

However, the Blood Prisoner knew very little about Zen.

In the Cloud Sect, there were all kinds of talents with strengths beyond ordinary people's imagination. So, defeating a cultivator at a higher level was not rare inside the Cloud Sect.

Of course, the case where a nature creature, like Zen, challenged an Illuminating Soul Realm practitioner and actually won was a rare spectacle.

In the small counties of the Eastern Region, the difference in strength amongst the cultivators was not evident, hence it was impossible for a nature creature to challenge an Illuminating Soul Realm practitioner.

That was why the Blood Prisoner could not understand Zen and why the latter didn't even panic upon knowing his strength. 'Is it possible that there is someone stronger behind him?' the blood Prisoner wondered.

His strength could be amongst the top in the faraway counties of the Eastern Region, but compared to the disciples of the Cloud Sect, he was amongst the ordinary.

The Blood Prisoner wasn't as strong as Dick from the Blackrock Peak even when he was in his best psyche. Not to mention that he had suffered damages already.

For Zen, defeating the Blood Prisoner was a piece of cake.

"You're such a fool! Let's see if you can keep up with your arrogance once I chomp on you!"

Just after the Blood Prisoner finished his remark, some string-like blood came out from the bare part of his body.

The scene was dreadful as if the Blood Prisoner pressed his own blood out by force. The blood strings blew directly toward Zen.

Zen was still holding Bryson by the latter's collar. He said coldly to Bryson,"I thought you were as cruel as a beast. But now I can see that you are eviler than a beast! How could you learn evil method from such a devil? I can tell you, Bryson, you are not only evil but also more foolish than a beast!"

Bryson felt Zen's hands seized him tightly. He had no other hope but for the Blood Prisoner to kill Zen and save him. 'If the Blood Prisoner fails, I will surely be dead!' Bryson thought in his mind.

Being seized by Zen, Bryson had lost much energy and he felt as weak as an old dog. But despite that, he still didn't want to give up hope.

In his eyes, if the Blood Prisoner was willing to act then he had nothing to worry about.

If Zen would be killed, then Bryson could still be the master of the Luo Clan.

"You will end up being eaten by the Blood Prisoner! There's no way you can escape that!" Bryson laughed crazily. Bryson seemed to be mad although was almost out of breath.

"Is that so?" Zen said calmly. He had totally ignored the blood strings and went on talking to Bryson,"I will let you live to see how weak this man you're counting on is..."

After finishing his remarks, Zen pulled Bryson away and walked towards the blood strings.

The Blood Prisoner was determined to defeat Zen in an instant. But after he heard Zen's remarks, his eyes turned crueler. He said coldly,"How can a nature creature be arrogant in front of me? People look up at you like you're a rare gem. I hope you will never regret it!"

"Regret what?" Zen shook his head.

He didn't try to avoid the blood strings, instead, he offered his hand and allowed the blood strings to wrap around his hand.

Seeing how the events unfold, the members of the Luo Clan felt nervous but surprised at the same time.

In their eyes, it was expected for Zen to defeat Bryson since the first had entered the Cloud Sect.

But defeating the Blood Prisoner was a different story. Even if Zen was the strongest amongst the Cloud Sect, the Blood Prisoner was still an Illuminating Soul Realm practitioner.

Even if the Blood Prisoner was only at the beginning level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he was as strong as a warrior god in C County.

A nature creature could make huge achievements inside C County, so what more could an Illuminating Soul Realm master do?

Why did Zen allow the blood strings to wrap around his hand? Why didn't he fight back? Wasn't he afraid of being captured by the Blood Prisoner?

If Zen told them that he was confident to defeat the Blood Prisoner and that letting the blood strings wrap around his hand was on purpose, they wouldn't believe it. They were confused as to why Zen was so calm and didn't even avoid being captured by the blood strings at all.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

10

Content

Chapter 505 The Malicious Aura Crystal (Part One)
Chapter 506 The Malicious Aura Crystal (Part Two)
Chapter 507 The Head Of The Luo Clan
Chapter 508 The Guide To His Fate (Part One)
Chapter 509 The Guide To His Fate (Part Two)
Chapter 510 The Guide To His Fate (Part Three)
Chapter 511 Negotiation
Chapter 512 Worried About Aura
Chapter 513 Feathery Star Hall
Chapter 514 Challenging Zen (Part One)
Chapter 515 Challenging Zen (Part Two)
Chapter 516 Horizons And Sensibility
Chapter 517 Two Pupils
Chapter 518 A Lesson Learned The Hard Way
Chapter 519 The Right Price For Loyalty
Chapter 520 Misunderstanding
Chapter 521 The First Place (Part One)
Chapter 522 The First Place (Part Two)
Chapter 523 Smashing Through The Walls (Part One)
Chapter 524 Smashing Through The Walls (Part Two)
Chapter 525 Pointing Out The Problem
Chapter 526 Powerful Internal Elixir Realm Warriors (Part One)
Chapter 527 Powerful Internal Elixir Realm Warriors (Part Two)
Chapter 528 A Huge Face
Chapter 529 Yan Needed Zen's Protection
Chapter 530 I Will Protect You (Part One)
Chapter 531 I Will Protect You (Part Two)
Chapter 532 Space Windstorm
Chapter 533 The Space Rules
Chapter 534 The Red Sect
Chapter 535 Successful Sword Intent
Chapter 536 Miserable Failure (Part One)
Chapter 537 Miserable Failure (Part Two)
Chapter 538 The Gate To The Cloud Road
Chapter 539 Envy (Part One)
Chapter 540 Envy (Part Two)

Chapter 541 Parallel Move
Chapter 542 A Sea Of Lava
Chapter 543 Appearance Of The Red Fire Snake
Chapter 544 Watch A Play
Chapter 545 The Angry Disciple
Chapter 546 The Evil Fire Mobula (Part One)
Chapter 547 The Evil Fire Mobula (Part Two)
Chapter 548 Disqualified (Part One)
Chapter 549 Disqualified (Part Two)
Chapter 550 The Blinding Arrogance
Chapter 551 The Ghost-faced Spider
Chapter 552 The Array Of Twelve Earthly Branches
Chapter 553 The Real Challenge On The Cliff
Chapter 554 The Man In A Black Cloak
Chapter 555 The Blue Treasure Box
Chapter 556 Outraged
Chapter 557 Through The Fire
Chapter 558 The Blood Vigor Of A Nine-headed Dragon
Chapter 559 The Puppet Killer
Chapter 560 When All Hope Was Lost

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 505 The Malicious Aura Crystal (Part One)

Zen had resisted Bryson's flying swords attack easily with his bodily strength. In fact, he had beaten Bryson so hard that the latter had gotten seriously injured. This had shocked the members of the Luo family, who were now, admiring Zen's strength heavily.

Initially, they had thought highly of Zen, but just like what had happened in the All Peaks Competition, no one really believed that Zen could defeat Dick of the Illuminating Soul Realm with his strength at a mere grade 2 of the nature level.

However, that was then. Right now, Zen was at grade 3 of the nature level but he was facing an opponent at the Illuminating Soul Realm, the Blood Prisoner, wanted by the government and chased for a long time by Cloud Sect.

Unless someone actually witnessed it, it would have been impossible to believe the outcome.

After the blood streaks released by the Blood Prisoner entangled Zen's arm, they tried to enter Zen's skin, like several thousand worms or centipedes trying to crawl inside.

His own refined blood as well as strong malicious aura was hidden in those streaks, which could even cut into an iron plate several centimeters thick. The Blood Prisoner could suck the flesh and blood from people whose body had been engulfed by those powerful rope-like streaks. But that was under usual circumstances.

Normally, the person whose blood and flesh were swallowed by him would have become a shrunken, sucked skeleton, miserable and quite dead.

"Scream, Bloke. Let out your sad and shrill cries!" The Blood Prisoner's terrible face without any skin on it shrieked and showed a merciless smile.

But just as his streaks tried to enter Zen's body, the Blood Prisoner suddenly felt that something was horribly wrong.

This time, his invincible blood streaks couldn't penetrate this pathetic man's skin.

How was that possible!

To be honest, the Blood Prisoner experienced more of Zen's strength than Bryson.

Bryson had tried to kill Zen with his flying swords, which were being controlled only with a little bit of life vitality. After the swords had bounced away from Zen's body, Bryson had thought that it was impossible and was wondering whether Zen had a special treasure to protect his body.

But the Blood Prisoner had directly used the blood streaks made from his own life vitality to penetrate Zen's skin. He could have directly gathered the information reflected from those blood streaks. The intensity and the strength of Zen's skin was far beyond his expectation. His all-conquering blood streaks were completely ineffective on Zen.

When the Blood Prisoner was stunned, Zen sneered, "You must be tired from all that floating about in the air. Why don't you come down!"

Suddenly he made a fist with his hand entangled by the blood streaks and pulled with his mighty strength which had surprised even the Blood Prisoner himself. At the same time, he threw a punch at the ground severely.

"Bang!"

The great force with which his hand hit the ground left a big hole. Before the sound of this punch could be completely dissipated, another loud bang was heard. The Blood Prisoner, pulled down from midair by Zen's heave, fell heavily on the ground at a furious pace and made that second bang.

Countless cracks appeared on the ground and a human-shaped hole got indented not far away from Zen. From the hole the disgusting smell of blood started rising continuously.

After a short while, a volcano of blood burst out from that hole suddenly and it splashed on the ground all over the periphery of that hole. The slate on the ground blackened immediately, and several furious hisses could be heard. In an instant, the slate melted. The blood volcano had a strong corroding effect.

In no time, a hand made of pure blood reached out from the hole. When the Blood Prisoner emerged, he was covered completely by a layer of crimson-colored light, so akin to blood as to be easily confusable with it. He was like a creature which had been born in a blood pool.

"I am surprised. Can a simple disciple of Cloud Sect be so powerful? You are just at grade 3 of the nature level, but you can force me to burn my blood and do such a miracle!" The prisoner's face was also covered with that disgusting light and only red slits were visible where his eyes should have been. At that moment, he didn't look like human anymore, but a blood ogre.

Seeing that the Blood Prisoner had changed and the momentum on his body had increased greatly, Zen was also astonished.

It appeared that the killing way was really a shortcut. If it was not so easy to be swallowed by the malicious aura when practicing in the killing way, nobody knew how many warriors in the world would take this way. The Blood Prisoner was only at grade 1 of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and his foundation was not as steady as the disciples of Cloud Sect, but he could promote his strength greatly after he used the secret method to arouse the malicious aura in his body.

Nobody knew how many creatures the Blood Prisoner had killed across his years of practicing and hiding. Each time he killed someone, he could accumulate more malicious aura which he could later utilize. With that in mind, Zen really was not in the mood to talk with him. He moved suddenly and started a weird step. Lifting the Streamer Sword in his hand lightly, he chopped his enemy, hoping to end him once and for all.

"Die!" The sharp Streamer Sword chopped with a silver radiance and the blade rushed towards the Blood Prisoner.

"That's going to be of no use." The Blood Prisoner waved his hand. Layers upon layers of blood-colored crystals suddenly emerged from his arm, like blood-red emeralds and formed a thick armor on his arm. There was a strong malicious aura hidden in each of those crystals and the sword couldn't possibly cut through them all.

"Crack..."

Zen's sword radiance chopped several crystals to pieces but was blocked at last.

The Blood Prisoner sneered, "Your strength really surprises me, but you are bound to be my delicacy!"

"Poof!"

Six blood-red bone spikes emerged from the Blood Prisoner's body instantly. Each of them was several feet long, and resembled the disgusting legs of a spider. They surrounded Zen immediately.

"Be a part of my blood and flesh!" The Blood Prisoner ordered and laughed wildly. The six bone spikes tried to hit Zen!

Chapter 506 The Malicious Aura Crystal (Part Two)

Just at that moment, a beautiful young girl suddenly floated in and casually asked, "Zen, need some help?"

The Blood Prisoner hadn't even been able to detect that the young girl was there before hearing her voice, 'When did this young girl come? Was she here the entire time? Why didn't I, or rather, why couldn't I notice her?

Is this girl a cultivator of the Illuminating Soul Realm?

Who is she? Is there actually a young girl of the Illuminating Soul Realm among the members of Luo family?'

Even though Zen's strength had astonished the Blood Prisoner, this guy was a nature creature and couldn't defeat him. The Blood Prisoner wasn't powerful enough, but he was still able to fly. Zen was a nature creature and couldn't catch up with him, so the Blood Prisoner had a great advantage and confidence when fighting against him.

But it would have been different if Zen, along with all his strength, also had the help of a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm. And this young girl was at a cultivation level several grades higher than him. The Blood Prisoner didn't have the confidence to defeat her.

"No thank you sis. I don't need any help. I am going to end this battle now." Zen replied sweetly with a smile.

What did that mean? The Blood Prisoner couldn't understand. Zen thought he could end this battle without the girl's help? His tone suggested that he was about to kill the Blood Prisoner at any time? 'Is this guy so na?ve as to believe that?'

Before the Blood Prisoner could recover from his shock and come to his senses, he saw another silver light flashing in Zen's hand and rushing towards his face.

The silver light was the broken flying knife!

It came instantly and unexpectedly. Hurriedly, the Blood Prisoner tried to dodge, but before he could even move, he felt a severe pain which almost stopped his mind.

"Boo!"

The broken flying knife flew right across the Blood Prisoner's neck, dismembering it from the body as easily as hot lava through butter. Fresh blood spurted from his broken neck.

The Blood Prisoner's head rolled down to one side, and the gloomy red light in his eyes dimmed slowly. It turned out that it was in fact him, who was too na?ve.

Seeing the inclining dead body of the Blood Prisoner, Zen shook his head. When it came to plain and simple fighting capacity, the Blood Prisoner, with his ability to turn into a blood ogre was powerful indeed. At the very least, he could have easily defeated Dick and was perhaps, even qualified to fight against Jacques.

Unfortunately, warriors practicing in common places other than the Cloud Sect had very few resources around them and were rarely able to find a chance to cultivate the soul. Such warriors couldn't have resisted Zen's Spiritual Thorn attack.

If Zen had wanted to end the fight sooner, he could have easily used that attack and turned the Blood Prisoner's mind into a complete mess. The latter would have been left a complete idiot in that case.

On the other hand, warriors who practiced and grew up in Cloud Sect had either a powerful soul or a special way to protect the soul.

After the Blood Prisoner had died, malicious aura emerged from his body and rose continuously for some time. Generally, the malicious aura was colorless, but if being strong enough, it would often be a bright shade of red. And given a large enough quantity condensing all at once, it could even turn fresh red.

However, the malicious aura of the Blood Prisoner was even worse--dark red!

'He had taken in so much malicious aura! How many creatures had this guy killed?' Zen thought indifferently.

The malicious aura entered Zen's body continuously and gathered inside. If one were to compare, the malicious aura Zen had gathered after killing those people just now was hardly worth mentioning against this large amount from the prisoner's body.

It was a long while before the aura in the body of the Blood Prisoner had finished gathering into Zen's. It finally turned into three dark red crystals.

'Three blood-colored crystals stand for three wisps of malicious aura, I believe?' Zen could feel that these three blood-colored crystals had a special energy, which was made from the curse of thousands of creatures, cast before they died. It was obvious that the curse of dying people was not something nice to hold on to.

However, everything had its advantages and disadvantages. The malicious aura could devour a person's body if kept long enough, but if the person made use of it, its powers could be significant and terrible. For example, the Blood Prisoner didn't have a foundation as solid as Dick had, but the strength he had burst was far more powerful than Dick's, which was the result of the malicious aura.

'These three wisps of malicious aura are hidden in my body, but they can be harmful to me. Fortunately, I have connection with the Killing Sword Mountain and can keep them on the mountain.' Zen ordered in his mind. The three wisps of malicious aura disappeared from inside his body in an instant, and appeared on the mountain. He sensed a new energy flow somewhere in his body.

'Wow. It looks like it's super easy to save the malicious aura on the Killing Sword Mountain. I wonder how much malicious aura I can save there.'

While Zen was lost in his thoughts, a figure standing not far tried to flee. This was Ken.

It was beyond his imagination that Zen could have killed the prisoner so easily.

After all, the Blood Prisoner was being chased by the government and Cloud Sect jointly. He was supposed to be almost invincible in these counties. The government and Cloud Sect had sent several powerful men to surround and attack the Blood Prisoner, but he had still managed to run away.

Now his neck had been cut off by Zen in an instant...

Ken felt a chill running through his back. In his mind, he couldn't think of anything else except to flee.

However, just as he had moved a few steps, a young girl blocked his way out of nowhere. She had a really big smile. Yan asked in a low voice, "Uncle, where are you going?"

Chapter 507 The Head Of The Luo Clan

There was a murderous gleam in Ken's eyes as he stared at the lady. She might look as elegant and dainty as a lotus blossom, but, he knew she was as vile as a demon.

"Cut me a break here. After all, I'm your uncle, Yan!" begged Ken, knowing he couldn't escape her!

"Oh? Do you think I'm such a sweet child who will blindly obey you?" Yan studied him closely, and her eyes were full of apathy as she thought back a few years, to the loss of her father. Although she was young, it was a significant blow to her. Glaring at her uncle, she cruelly dismissed his begging.

"Bryson was the one who orchestrated your father's death! I—I had no part in the matter!" stammered Ken.

Nodding, Yan said, "That's true. It would have been impossible for you to murder my father since he was superior to you. But, I have to find the truth to what happened to my father. Therefore, I won't let you go!"

Immediately, Ken's face paled, and he frowned. There was an ominous yet sneaky flash in his eyes as he said, "What? Well, if you don't let me leave, then… Then, you can go to hell!"

Ken was the most attractive man from the Luo Clan, and his fair-faced skin looked as pure as jade, contradicting that he was forty years old. Right now, however, deep lines twisted Ken's face so much, which gave him a stern appearance. He looked like a different man entirely. Suddenly, three boxes gleaming with an iron radiance appeared in his hand.

"Thunder Kill Halberd!"

When Ken's eldest son, Andrew, fought Zen, he had used this halberd's less formidable counterpart, the Thunder Rob Halberd to attempt to assassinate Zen. Now, here was Andrew's father, facing off against Zen's sister with the Thunder Kill Halberd!

A hundred or so years ago, an ancestor in the Luo Clan had the great fortune of procuring the Thunder Kill Halberd, a sort of hidden mechanical armament. There were only three rounds of halberds in total. Because of how precious it was, the members of the Luo Clan never used it, and Ken wouldn't have drawn the Thunder Kill Halberd if he didn't need to.

Even though the Thunder Rob Halberd was an imitation of the Thunder Kill Halberd, it performed excellently, pointing to how powerful the Thunder Kill Halberd was.

"Chink! Chink! Chink!"

A metallic sound came, and dragon-like lightning exploded from boxes, transforming into halberds. They shot at Yan, immediately penetrating her body. Ken scowled at her, and within his heart, he was shouting, 'Ha! These halberds are in you now and will shatter you from your core! You'll be destroyed, from the inside out!'

An acrid stench of flesh smoldering filled the air as Ken eyeballed Yan and imagined how the lightning in her was raging, burning her as it ripped her apart. He was sure that Yan would be demolished at any moment now!

But, after standing there, watching for a long time, nothing happened, and the stink of lightning was entirely gone! Yan looked unharmed.

'What? This makes no sense!' thought Ken, perplexed at what went wrong.

As Ken watched intensely, he had been imagining so many possible outcomes, from Yan being rent in two to her exploding and pieces of Yan flinging throughout the area. But, even considering the possibility of her using her powers to defend against the onslaught, Ken never envisioned she would be unscathed!

Ken's jaw dropped, and he stood in complete silence, unable to wrap his head around the idea that the halberds were absorbed into Yan, and yet, she remained unaffected!

"Uncle Ken, this way please. There are many people waiting for you in the Martial Arts Hall," said Yan as she waved her hand dismissively.

In the Martial Arts Hall.

Although the Luo Clan had declined, with their property having been appropriated and divided amongst other clans, and the once prolific income had dwindled, still the numbers of the family members were substantial and all the children of the Luo Clan had already gathered in the Martial Arts Hall.

As a matter of fact, there were approximately seven or eight hundred people present at today's gathering.

The crowd cast disparaging eyes at Bryson as he lay expiringly on the Martial Arts Hall platform. He used to be cruel, and people shuddered when they saw him. And after Ken was sent to the hall by Yan, he huddled himself up not far away from Bryson, shivering.

What happened today, was pivotal in the Luo Clan's future, everyone knew it!

A dreamlike, magical moment unfolded before them. Although many of the spectators had been hoping Bryson would be knocked off his pedestal, it was unimaginable that that day had come so fast!

Zen had just returned, but, his overwhelming might had manifested the fantasy into actuality!

They knew Zen was the person who could turn the Luo Clan around. What shocked them the most though was Zen and Yan's exceptional strength.

There wasn't a doubt in anyone's mind that no one compared to Zen and Yan in C County. These two could undoubtedly lead the Luo Clan to prosperity, which would positively serve the children.

Suddenly, the spectators saw Bridger heading to the platform. He tottered with the help of two retainers.

Although Zen had defeated Bryson and was the expected head of the household, he couldn't just usurp Bryson's position by force. Instead, he needed a respected elder with high prestige to announce that Zen was the leader.

Zen's strength was obvious, but, he was merely a junior member in the family.

While the Luo Clan was an ordinary clan of the Burning Sky Empire, the regulations for the tribe were the same for the great families. And a person's position couldn't be determined by strength alone, it also depended on his influence and status.

After all, if Zen took over as the head of the Luo Clan by force alone, then what was the difference between him and Bryson?

It was just a short yet rigorous walk for the elder man to get to the platform. When Bridger finally got up on the platform, he paused, gasping for breath. Having endured many ups and downs during his life, Bridger didn't excite easily, and his usually empty, jaded stare was bright and brimming with enthusiasm. After he'd caught his breath, Bridger said in a husky, calm voice, "Zen, son of Mike, the former master of the Luo clan, is the proper member to succeed his father to the position as the head of the Luo clan. Bryson and Ken butchered, our former chief, Mike, taking his place, and for such are vile reptiles! What Zen has done brings what we lost back to our clan. From today on, Zen is the leader of the Luo clan! What do you say to this?"

"Zen's our chief as it should be!"

"Bryson's a worthless asshole whose cruelty left many of our family members living pitifully. Zen has proved to be the popular sentiment!"

"I support Zen!"

Now, there could be no objection.

The men had great insight and knew Zen's strength was far superior to anyone in C County. They also thought that a figure like him mightn't care about hoarding the treasures passed from generation to generation in the Luo Clan at all.

Actually, the family members should court Zen.

The idea crossed everyone's mind, including Bridger's. Bridger had seen many years and based on his experience and intuition he knew that as long as they had Zen leading them, the Luo Clan would have a successful future!

"Ahem!" Bridger cleared his throat, attracting the room's attention, then he went on to declare, "With no objections, I declare Zen as the head of the Luo Clan!"

When Bridger was done with the announcement, Zen stepped forward. Instead of a long, flowery speech, Zen just offered one sentence.

"I will make those who took Luo property compensate it double!"

Thunderous applause rose through the crowd!

That simple promise was enough to get everyone excited.

Having been under the absolute control of Bryson, and with other clans bullying them, they had to be a patient and friendly clan, for the sake of the common good, so, the clan had declined over time.

Now, not only did they not have to tolerate any bullying, they could make them pay for past treatment!

As the applause died, Zen turned to Bryson with a look of disgust and demanded, "Now, Uncle Bryson, you will tell me how my father died!"

"Hee-hee-hee," chortled Bryson. Bryson's shoulders shook slightly, and he had a weasel-like sneer while he lay on the floor and spat out, "Why ask me? You already believe I killed your father, so, fine! I killed your father!"

Zen shook his head, flatly, and said, "No, my father was at the nature level, and you weren't strong enough! Therefore, there must have been someone else!"

"And you think that I'm going to tell you?" questioned Bryson. He had a wry grin and his eyes sparked with an odd gleam as he continued, "If you promise, before everyone here, not to kill me, then, perhaps, I could be persuaded to talk."

Zen pursed his lips tightly as he slowly shook his head.

"If I'm going to die whether I tell you or not, why would I be stupid enough to tell you anything?" jeered Bryson.

Since Bryson refused to tell Zen the truth, Zen turned his eyes at Ken, hoping to get the answer. But before Ken said anything, Bryson warned, "Ken, if you tell him, he will kill you immediately. So keep your mouth shut until you die."

Hearing what Bryson said, Ken kept his mouth shut tightly. It appeared he'd decided not to talk!

A chilly smile spread across Zen's face, "Do you really think I can't make you talk?"

As he spoke, a translucent sharp thorn appeared between his eyebrows and shot at Bryson.

Chapter 508 The Guide To His Fate (Part One)

For Zen, at his current level, the Spiritual Thorn could play two roles in his battles.

The first role was to attack his opponents stealthily. The soul thorn had surprisingly good effects on the cultivators who were weak in their souls, or those who lacked strong protection and soul-defense. As Zen's soul thorn attacked the cultivators, merely an instantaneous loss of consciousness could mean failure, or even worse—death in battle.

The second function was to punish people. The feeling of penetration into one's soul was excruciating, the agony indescribable. To give a perceptible measurement, the pain it imposed on one's soul was at least ten times greater than that caused by penetration into one's physical body. The human body's capacity to bear pain was restricted. So, when people felt a lot of physical pain, their minds stopped controlling their bodies. Without commands from the nervous system, they simply fell into a state of shock. A person did not experience pain when he or she passed out. Coma was the best elixir one could hope for when one was in that kind of physical pain. However, one's soul could never lose consciousness, no matter how much pain it endured. The soul thoroughly tasted every single splinter of that pain.

Whew! Zen released his soul thorn without hesitation.

As the soul thorn hissed and made its way to stab into Bryson's head imperceptibly, a low groan escaped Bryson's lips at the pain he felt. His distorted facial expression told the others of the suffering he was enduring. Bryson's affliction also warned the others how terribly sorry they would be if they dared disobey his orders and betray the Luo Clan.

Yet, Bryson still kept his mouth shut, not giving out the information that Zen needed. He knew that he would die immediately after he told Zen the secret, which was worse than being kept alive in such a painful state —even if he didn't believe his soul could take the agony anymore. The discord with Zen was not a small one. It was related to the murder of Zen's father. Zen would certainly avenge his father's death by killing

Bryson, the murderer. In Zen's mind, that was the only end to the hostility he felt.

The only thing Bryson could do was to tolerate the pain that Zen imposed on him. He bit his lip hard to stop himself from moaning, but sweat trickled down his face all too quickly as the ache became too much to ignore.

"Is that enough pain for you?" Zen asked him coldly.

Still, no words slipped out of Bryson's mouth.

"It's fine if you don't want to talk," Zen said as his gaze fell on Ken.

Ken was visibly shaking as he watched Bryson. He knew he himself was capable of enduring far less pain than what his brother could. Before Zen could say another word, Ken answered him quickly. "I'll talk! I can tell you everything you want to know. It was the Qi Clan! Ford Qi, the head of the Qi Clan. It was he who killed Mike. He killed your father with his own two hands! Please, Zen, please don't kill me. I was just a…"

Bryson sighed silently as he heard Ken's words. 'My idiot brother is entirely unreliable!' he thought to himself.

Zen nodded, replying, "Very good!"

As Zen waved his arm, the sword in his hand flexed, reflecting a cold, sharp beam of light. It ran straight at Ken. Ken's face paled, his entire body shaking more than ever. As the sword almost reached Ken's forehead, it was redirected. If it had pushed just a few inches farther, Ken's body would have been lying lifelessly on the ground. However, the sword changed direction and pushed into Bryson instead, without hesitation.

Poof! The sword cut off Bryson's neck, and his head fell onto the ground.

Zen had once said that he wouldn't kill anyone from the Luo Clan since they were family. He shared their blood, which was why back on Hell Mountain, Zen had only disabled Perrin but hadn't taken Perrin's life.

However, today was different. Zen had to sentence Bryson to death. Zen needed to kill him on his own. Bryson was one of his father's killers. He had been the primary conspirator in the murder. Zen had to avenge Mike's death and the first step in doing that was taking Bryson's life. Being an accomplice in Mike's murder aside, Bryson was also always regarded with general disgust. Everyone in the Luo Clan hated his guts. If Zen hadn't killed Bryson today, he wouldn't have been able to earn the trust of the youngsters in the clan. Deep down, these people had been fearful of Bryson ever since Mike's death. It wasn't hard to gather that little fact even if they didn't convey it to Zen. Zen would have to leave the Luo Clan one day, and after Zen left the clan, they would be afraid that Bryson would rise to power again. He would have come back in the future if Zen hadn't killed him today. Each one of the members would have a price to pay by then. So they wanted Bryson dead—it was the only way they would feel safe in the Luo Clan. For the youngsters, as well as for the good of the clan, Zen had been committed to wiping out this concern of theirs.

Bryson Luo had to die.

Zen was all too aware of how everyone released their harsh breaths as they witnessed Bryson's death.

Several wisps of malicious aura escaped Bryson's corpse. Zen knew Bryson had been the disciple of the Blood Prisoner. He had learned the Blood Evil Force from his master. Still, Zen did not expect Bryson had that much amount of malice aura amassed in his body. It seemed that in order to improve his strength and levels, Bryson had killed a lot of people, much more than Zen had expected.

Eventually, the malicious aura that broke loose from Bryson's body gathered and condensed into a blood-colored crystal.

Adding up the blood-colored crystals Zen had collected before, he had four of these crystals in total now.

Chapter 509 The Guide To His Fate (Part Two)

Zen was already thinking of how to utilize the malicious aura in these blood-colored crystals. Since he had already accumulated some malicious aura and he would keep accumulating more and more malicious aura in the future, it would be best if he chose and learned a cultivation method that would help him make good use of it. But for now, he would have to resolve the leftover issues of the Luo Clan and clean up its disloyal troublemakers.

Zen turned to face the members of the Luo Clan, announcing loudly but solemnly, "Bryson Luo has now been executed. Ken Luo remains to be sentenced. Ken was the secondary conspirator in my father's death. He doesn't deserve a death sentence for his crime, so I leave you all to decide how to punish him. Tomorrow, I'd like to pay my respects to Luo's ancestral graves. I will personally visit and pray at the tombs of our ancestors for a prosperous future of the Luo Clan." After his announcement, Zen handed over the entire business of the Martial Arts Hall to his other uncles and the other elders of the Luo Clan. Having executed the troublesome Bryson Luo, Zen's job here was done. He trusted that after taking control of the Luo Clan, the elders would tackle the rest of the issues better than he would.

After hearing Zen's announcement, Ken's pale face finally regained a bit of color. He had thought himself doomed to die. The idea that Zen would keep him alive never occurred to him. As he watched Zen turn around and leave—his strong, broad back coming into view—Ken's eyes glazed over with awe for his nephew. Zen was no longer a small boy. He had grown up to become a man who could well handle the affairs of the Luo Clan. Even in heaven, Ken's brother, Mike Luo, would be happy to see his son lead the clan into a new flourishing era.

The Dragon Garden was where the eldest branch of the Luo Clan had lived before.

But since the death of Mike Luo, the eldest branch had declined. The Dragon Garden had been sealed up, becoming a forbidden place for anyone in the Luo Clan to enter.

Sometimes, people walked past the Dragon Garden to take a quick glimpse at it, but seldom did anybody step inside.

Due to neglect, the estate saw many weeds cropping up here and there, as high as an adult person. The walls of the garden had thick layers of dust atop of them.

Today, dozens of Luo Clan servants rushed to the Dragon Garden to tidy it up. They swept the ground, removed the weeds, and pruned the bonsais. So dedicated were they that the place was as good as new in no time. It was transformed from a cold and desolated place into one that radiated joy and liveliness, all in half a day. This renewed Dragon Garden had been the reminiscent of the olden days for everyone in the Luo Clan. They all missed those golden days when the Luo Clan had still been the strongest clan in C County.

As Zen and Yan finished their meals and walked into the Dragon Garden, they were stunned at the scenery before them.

Zen didn't give any orders to the servants to clean up the Dragon Garden, but there were some thoughtful ones in the family who always did more than they were asked to.

As Yan stepped inside, a wide smile across her lips, she made her way to a swing in the corner. When she had been a toddler, this had been her favorite place to play. So much time had passed. In all these years, the original ropes of the swing had decayed. She saw that they were replaced with a pair of new ropes that the servants probably tied up earlier today.

Sitting on the swing, she swayed back and forth as it moved in the wind. Her long slender legs hung in the air. It reminded her of freedom. She might be physically restrained because of the existence of that evil man, but at this moment, she didn't care. Her mind was free as her eyes roamed across the beautiful sky. She had her wonderful, loving brother at her side and nothing else could make her happier. Seeing the heartfelt smile on Yan's beautiful face, Zen smiled too. This was the first time he saw her smile so freely since their reunion with each other. To Zen, it felt like his happiest moment after so many years of separation from his sister.

Yan was still a little girl. She was just forced to take a lot of brunt on her small shoulders, all because of her special physical constitution and her extraordinary talent.

Even now, she couldn't escape those restraints.

Although Kenneth had agreed to let Yan come home with Zen this time, he had warned Zen not to try to help her run away, for it would be in vain.

The evil man had already imprinted a mark on Yan. Wherever she escaped, no matter how far, he would find her. Revolting against such a powerful man so blatantly and publicly would not be a good idea, at least not at the moment. If that man found out about Zen's defiance, things could only get worse for them.

At first, Zen had wanted to take Yan into the fairy palace, which was so mysterious and astonishing that even Zen found it indecipherable.

However, Zen was only the temporary owner of the fairy palace. There were so many things that he was not authorized to do there. He couldn't be sure the palace would be safe enough for Yan to stay in.

Yan was still on the swing. The sun was setting. As the last rays of sunlight glimmered on Yan, she looked as beautiful as a painting, beyond description in words.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 510 The Guide To His Fate (Part Three)

His eyes resting on her wide smile, Zen clenched his fists tighter and made himself a silent promise to protect his little sister till his dying breath. Even if one day he had to sacrifice himself for that, he would hardly hesitate. He would exhaust the last of his strength to give his sister Yan a safe, secure, and happy future. To Zen, she was the most important person, his invaluable treasure, the only family member he had left.

What Zen didn't know was that everything was destined under the law of the world. Whatever he might encounter, experience, and suffer was set in stone for him. It would undoubtedly be a journey of hardships, but Yan Luo would act as the guide to his fate, the light that paved way for him to march forward. This was Zen and Yan's destiny, but neither of them realized it at the moment.

Early morning next day, the elders of the Luo Clan followed behind Zen as he climbed the hill that was in the backyard of the Luo house. It was a blessed site.

This was the Luo Clan's cemetery. Several tombstones were dug into the ground. They loomed silently and solemnly on the hill. The ancestors of the Luo Clan slept soundly in this tranquil and dignified atmosphere.

Zen prayed piously to the fathers of Luo.

As the new leader of the Luo Clan, this was the first ritual that signified his venerable status.

Three bamboo incense sticks had been lit up by the servants. Zen held them in his hands and bowed three times in front of his father's tomb. Having finished the worship ritual, Zen left the graveyard, his expression becoming sterner. The intention to kill was clear in his eyes. Some of the people in C County must die for their sins!

Meanwhile, in a room located on the highest story of the Crescent Building in C County, five people sat around a table, discussing things of significance.

The five were the leaders of the current top five clans of the C County.

They represented the Huang Clan, the Qi Clan, the He Clan, the Zhang Clan, and the Chen Clan. These days, nearly all the mineral resources, the shops, and the gambling stalls in C County came under their jurisdiction.

The Luo Clan had once ranked first—being the richest, strongest, and most powerful clan that had suppressed all others in the C County. However, as the Luo Clan began to fall and decline, its place at the top had been replaced by the others. Gradually, the Luo Clan had ebbed away and dropped to the sixth place. The properties that had once belonged to the Luo Clan were snatched up by the other five clans. Now, the Luo Clan had become so insignificant and dispensable that no one even cared to mention it.

"Zen Luo! He must die! My son Darcy was killed in his hands. I have to avenge my son! Does Zen believe that with the Cloud Sect to back him, he can breach protocol and kill anyone he wants? He can't take what he wants so ruthlessly!" A man shouted, so much in anger that his face went red.

It was Chuck Huang, Darcy's father. He sat at the helm of the round table and was the head of the Huang Clan.

Chuck had a lot of children, but Darcy had happened to be his favorite. He was Chuck's first son and the most talented among all of Chuck's offspring. Chuck had wanted to devote everything, every resource that belonged to the Huang Clan on Darcy, for his growth and education. Darcy would have been worthy of this investment. What Chuck hadn't expected was that rat Zen to come back to the Luo Clan. Before Chuck could do anything about it, Darcy had already been involved in the conflict within the Luo Clan and killed under Zen's sword for some unknown and inexplicable reasons. Chuck only knew that a friend whom Darcy had been hanging around with recently was from the Luo Clan, but how did that relate to Zen? Why did Zen kill Darcy? What was the connection between the two? How did they even meet? Did Darcy do something to attract that kind of hatred from Zen? And how deep was this hatred that Zen just killed Darcy without even a second thought?

After all, Darcy had been the Huang's heir. He had been quite a talent among the younger generation, not to forget that he belonged to the most respected clan of C County. Chuck knew nothing of the affair, but he trusted his son to be the innocent one. How was he supposed to endure his poor son's death?

"Well, I do agree with you. I believe Zen must die too. But how are we going to deal with him? I've heard that even the notorious Blood Prisoner, who was wanted by the government at any cost, has been killed by him. Chuck, I doubt you are unfamiliar with the Blood Prisoner's strength or how powerful he was," Ford replied, worry etched across his face.

Truth be told, the one who feared Zen the most at the moment was Ford himself.

The other heads might be afraid of Zen at some level, but they didn't have any real and profoundly irreconcilable issues with him. They had nothing more than some small conflicts or disputes regarding the interests of their clans. Zen had no vendetta with them. The Worst case scenario, they would have to relinquish the industries and properties they had robbed from the Luo Clan and give them back to Zen. Maybe they would even compensate some more with money, and they would be fine. Even Chuck could move on from the death of his son and refrain from avenging Darcy. He could swallow his resentment for Zen. But it wouldn't be the same for Ford. He had killed Zen's father, Mike Luo, personally! It was not even slightly similar to encroaching on the benefits of the Luo Clan. Once Zen learned the identity of his father's true murderer, he would not forgive Ford. Zen would kill him! Ford could already foresee his miserable ending. The chances of him remaining alive were slim, to say the least.

Now that Bryson had been executed, then his cowardly brother, Ken, must have already given Ford away. It was only a matter of time before Zen marched to Ford's place and took his life.

The Huang Clan, the He Clan, the Chen Clan, and the Zhang Clan had the choice of surrendering their wealth to oblige Zen and seek his forgiveness. Their heads could make grants to the Luos for the safety of their clans. But Ford Qi, he would have to surrender his life! All to quench Zen's burning fire of hatred and revenge! For the redemption for his sins, Ford would have to die in the hopes that Zen would at least spare the Qi clan.

Chapter 511 Negotiation

"He wants us to give the property back to the Luo Clan?

Keep dreaming!"

Chen Clan's master coldly scoffed at the idea.

If one clan possessed more property in C County where resources were now scarce, then the other clans wouldn't have enough. The situation drove all the clans to compete fiercely.

After murdering Mike with Zen's two uncles, Ford had managed to grab a lot of property from the Luo Clan. Since then, the Qi Clan had ranked second in C County, right next to the Huang Clan.

The Chen Clan, the He Clan and the Zhang Clan had gained much profit from Mike's death and now they were reluctant to give the benefits back to the Luo Clan. Because all the clans had many servants and guards to feed, if they gave back the property to the Luo Clan, they wouldn't be able to live as comfortably as they were accustomed to.

Although Ford originally intended to return the property to the Luo Clan, it was clear that even if he did so, Zen wouldn't let him go. It was high time for the clans to unite and fight against Zen. "Yes, since the Luo Clan was not powerful enough, it's only natural that we should take over its property!

It's impossible for Zen to take all these back by himself.

We should discuss how to go against him."

"Maybe it was just a stroke of luck that he defeated the Blood Prisoner. Since the Blood Prisoner was badly injured, he could barely keep up with the fight and he might have been ninety percent down. It's no surprise that Zen defeated him. Besides, Zen is just a nature creature. I don't think he is a match for us."

The master of the He Clan sounded certain.

Upon hearing his words, the others pondered for a moment.

While they had, indeed, been frightened by Zen's power, what the He Clan's master pointed out made them re-evaluate Zen's true competence.

After some arguments, they finally came to the conclusion that it was impossible for a practitioner at grade three of the nature level to defeat the Blood Prisoner at full power. Zen was only able to kill him because his opponent's power had declined severely because of his injuries.

"Hump! Since he's not as powerful as we thought, there's nothing to be afraid of. I'll kill that bastard!" with a trace of malice flashing in his eyes, Chuck proudly declared.

Among the clan masters present, he was the most powerful and in turn, he was more confident than the others.

"With Chuck leading us, we'll definitely kill that bastard!"

Ford readily agreed with the others.

"Yes, we must suppress the Luo Clan. Zen and Yan are already so powerful at such a young age. If we don't suppress them, they'll keep getting stronger. We might..." Before the He Clan's master could finish his words, a sudden chuckle came from outside the room.

Since the Crescent Building belonged to his clan, Chuck had instructed all the servants not to let anyone else come upstairs. "Who's there?" he shouted with a frown.

"It's just funny…seems like I arrived just in time. I was thinking about looking for you individually in your mansions.

Now that you're all gathered here, you have made things so much easier for me!"

Suddenly, a big hole formed on the window and a person jumped in through it. The mysterious man with a handsome face and starry eyes was no one but Zen.

Ford's eyes began to twitch with anxiety. Since Zen dared to come, Ford had a strong feeling that something terrible was about to unfold.

Hearing Zen's taunt, Chuck couldn't contain his anger.

"Zen, how dare you come here!" He stared at Zen viciously, as if he was about to swallow him alive.

With an indifferent look at Chuck and the other clan masters, Zen said, "I came here to negotiate," turning his eyes to Ford, he continued, "But I will also be taking a life."

Ford's heart sank as he took two steps backward under the overwhelming murderous intent in Zen's eyes.

"Negotiate? If that's true, you wouldn't have jumped through the window!"

The Chen Clan's master had to point it out.

"Well then…

That's my bad. Can I sit here?" Zen asked, pointing at an empty chair. Before the masters could even say anything, he nonchalantly took a seat anyway and gestured at them to sit down.

'The bastard is too calm…' they thought, not knowing what to say.

Knowing that Zen was strong, they preferred to negotiate before resorting to force so they held their tongues and sat down.

It was quiet for a moment as Zen poured himself a cup of tea and took a long sip as if they had all the time in the world. Finally, he started explaining, "I'm here for two things. First, all of you, representing the top five clans in C County, have taken a lot from the Luo Clan."

"So what?

Do you expect us to just hand them all back over?"

He Clan's master snorted.

With a dangerous smile, Zen put two fingers up and said, "If you give our clan back twice as much as you stole from us, we'll consider the matter settled."

"Ha!" The master of the He Clan burst into laughter. "Dream on!

It's already impossible for me to give the resources back. You can't expect me to give you double!

This is ridiculous. Young man, are you joking?"

With that, the other clan masters burst into laughter as well, much less afraid of Zen than they used to be. In their eyes, killing the already-weakened Blood Prisoner wasn't that big of a deal. Even if Zen hadn't fought him, he would probably have died from his injuries.

"Ah...you only have this one chance. If you don't answer me now, you'll have to pay the Luo Clan back in triple," ignoring their jeers, Zen said with a serious tone.

"Who the hell do you think you are?

Even without you demanding us to pay you back, I won't be letting you off easily. I'll be taking revenge for my son!" With a harsh slam on the table, Chuck made a broad knife appear in his hand. With a wave, a strand of heat was emitted from the knife before it rushed toward Zen.

Seeing Chuck making his move, Ford joined him with his half-flute-half-dagger weapon. It was a smart choice considering the fact that Zen was no ordinary opponent. Otherwise, he wouldn't have had the guts to get involved in the fight. As soon as Chuck began to attack, Ford knew he had to help so that they could take Zen out immediately.

Once Zen was killed, they would have nothing more to worry about.

However, there was a world of difference between Zen's skill and theirs.

When Zen came out of the fairy palace and became a nature creature, he had already been able to defeat disciples at grade eight and grade nine of the nature level.

The clan masters in front of him now were much worse than those noble clans' children in terms of talent, resources and weapons.

It was no surprise that Zen could easily defeat them.

In an instant, a sword appeared in Zen's hand. It was the Streamer Sword.

Two sword radiances were emitted from the weapon, penetrating the large table and rushing toward Chuck and Ford at incredible speed.

"Puff! Puff!"

Two right hands fell to the ground before the other clan masters could even realize what was happening.

Blood gushed from Chuck's and Ford's broken arms.

After a short while, their wounds stopped bleeding, leaving them in shock. Because it happened so fast, they hadn't felt the pain kick in yet.

The masters of the He Clan, the Chen Clan and the Zhang Clan couldn't believe what they had just seen.

To think that Chuck and Ford, the most powerful clan masters in C County, lost both their right hands in a single round! If Zen hadn't shown mercy, the two would probably have lost their lives.

With this in mind, the other three clan masters felt very lucky to have been spared. If they joined the other two in the attack, they might have lost their hands as well.

Zen thrust his sword so incredibly fast that none of them clearly identified his sword method, leaving them at a loss for how to block his attack.

What they didn't realize, however, was that even if Zen thrust his sword slowly, they had no chance of winning, as his sword method was based on the principle of 'simplicity is the ultimate sophistication.' Even Evan, the Number One disciple of Cloud Sect, couldn't break Zen's attack. How could the clan masters even dream of doing it?

"Chuck, I killed your son because he tried to kill a member of the Luo Clan when they were at the Martial Arts Hall of the Luo Clan! Darcy is your son, so he is important to you. Same thing, the member of the Luo

Clan is important to us! I killed Darcy because he deserved it." Coldly staring at Chuck, Zen raised his voice.

At that moment, Chuck felt rather idiotic, like a joke, and he didn't dare try to resist Zen's words.

With more power, one can speak more proudly. Now, Chuck realized that although he had reached grade five of the nature level with no one in C County who dared challenge him, his achievements were nothing at all in Zen's eyes.

Putting three fingers up, Zen said, "Now you have to pay us back in triple. Listen to me. If you don't agree now, you'll have to pay back in quadruple!"

'Pay back three times as much? That would mean shelling out so much more than what we got from the Luo Clan. We'd have to give up part of our own property worth twice the value of the one we gained from the Luo Clan.

This is just too much!'

Chapter 512 Worried About Aura

It was true that Zen's requirements were too much, but what could they do?

He had cut off Chuck's and Ford's hands easily just now, and the masters were powerless against him.

Not to mention that Zen asked them to return the properties three times, even if he asked for thirty times, they still had no other choices.

The masters felt ridiculous now. They had guessed how strong Zen was before and planned to fight him by organizing a group.

However, Zen broke in right in front of them and subdued all of them with his much stronger power.

At that moment, Chuck kept silent, even though Zen had killed his son. He was a wise man as he had put the Huang Clan at the front lines of C County, but he knew that they couldn't defeat Zen since he was too strong.

Although Chuck had more plots and strategies, they would only look foolish in a battle against Zen, a man with such huge strength. Zen had defeated the strongest of C County, so who else could stop him?

The room remained dead silent as all of them had no other choices and mentally felt so weak.

The property that took them great efforts to obtain should be returned intact to the Luo clan, and they were even asked to compensate three times its value. The masters found it so hard to accept, so they all kept quiet.

Meanwhile, Zen fiddled with the delicate teacup in his hand. The water slowly swirled inside as it was affected by Zen's aura, and none of them knew how he did it.

The masters felt the water wave around because of Zen's aura, no doubt.

The force Zen gave off gradually increased. It not only contained Zen's strong soul power, but also a bit of malicious aura.

The paper-thin window lattices couldn't bear the force and cracked little by little, the sound audible enough for all the people to hear.

The malicious aura grew even stronger. They all felt their throats run dry, and their breaths fell short. It was impossible for them to just calmly sit down.

"If you can't decide in ten seconds, I'll make it four times," Zen said slowly. The water in his teacup seemed to boil as the little drips continuously jumped up and down.

"I agree!

The Zhang Clan are willing to return the property of the Luo Clan! On top of that, we will also give you three times of it as compensation," the master of the Zhang Clan exclaimed. He was the first one who couldn't bear it anymore and gave in.

"We also consent and we will compensate!

We will return the mines and gambling business to the Luo Clan!" the master of the He clan said with gritted teeth. In truth, these masters couldn't tolerate it any longer, but they tried their best to not speak it out.

Now that one of them gave in, the rest felt disheartened and did the same as well.

In the end, Chuck also nodded his head and said, "Our Huang Clan also agrees to pay the loss of the Luo Clan."

"Okay. You've made the right choice," Zen said with a slight smile on his face. Then his eyes turned to Ford. Although Ford had said yes to him, he had other problems with Ford. "Ford Qi, where is my father's sword, the Green Wind Rider Sword?" Zen stared sharply at him and asked in a low voice.

Ford's heart sank. Since he had lost an arm already, he internally hoped that Zen would let him go if he compensated for the Luo Clan. However, that seemed to be just a dream now.

The other masters looked at him pitifully. Years ago, he, Bryson, and Ken plotted to kill Zen's father. The masters had heard about it more or less.

"Zen, please. I can return you your father's sword. But since so many years have passed, can you just let it go? We, the Clan of Qi, can compensate for it five times its value! No, we offer six times!" Ford said hastily.

Ford couldn't almost speak as he realized he was close to death.

"You're asking me to let it go?" Zen asked coldly. "In your eyes, my father's death should not be mentioned, like a gasp of the wind.

You're the master of the Qi Clan. Don't you feel ridiculous saying that?

I don't want my father's sword anymore, or your compensation either—but I ask for your life!"

The immense pressure Ford felt made his legs feel as heavy as lead. However, he still tried his best to run outside.

When Zen saw Ford escape, he didn't go after him. However, when Ford opened the door, he saw a girl who stood outside. She had long legs and a beautiful face. She was so pretty that people's hearts beat fast at seeing her—but her eyes held a strong killing intent. Moreover, she held a sword in her hand.

Ford felt that the blood-red sword seemed to have consumed countless amounts of people's blood. It was as if it could also absorb his own blood.

"Who, who are you..."

The girl didn't respond. She simply turned around and changed into a storm of malicious aura, then charged at Ford.

The malicious storm could break Patrick Pei's Acalanatha's shadow. Ford could not bear it at all. He was cut into pieces in a second! Yet, the girl didn't seem to have a real body. Her snow-white skin and strange clothes didn't get stained by Ford's blood at all.

When the masters saw the girl at the door, they all became numb with fright. Chuck even forgot to apply pressure to the wound of his broken arm, so he bled profusely.

The girl seemed to be more frightening than Zen!

How come they never heard of her? Was she Zen's sister, Yan?

However, she seemed not. Although she looked pretty as a girl, her eyes were thin and she wasn't human at all. Why would such a strong, non-human being follow Zen?

Zen felt satisfied when he saw the scared looks on the masters' faces. He came today not only to ask for the property the Luo Clan had lost, but also to build his presence in C County.

He would go to a bigger world and wasn't sure when he would come back. Yan would do the same as well.

These masters weren't strong, but they had great ambitions. If he and Yan left, these people would probably seek out the property of the Luo Clan, and there was no one strong enough to protect his clan.

That was why Zen had done it himself!

He wanted to let them know that he could easily destroy their clans.

Now, he seemed to have gotten what he wanted. If the masters were wise enough, they shouldn't cause any troubles for the Luo Clan anymore.

After that whole fiasco, a great number of people recently visited Luo clan.

The first group were the fifty representatives from the government of C County. They brought plenty of treasures and came to show their gratitude under the lead of C County's highest official. The treasures they brought were the reward for killing the Blood Prisoner. The government previously announced that anyone who found the Blood Prisoner would be rewarded greatly. However, there should be more rewards for Zen as he killed the Blood Prisoner by himself.

As for the fact that Bryson had hidden the Blood Prisoner in the Luo Clan, the official seemed to have forgotten it even though the Luo clan should be condemned for that. The official thought he should try his best to please Zen, so of course he didn't dare mention that.

Moreover, the deeds of the houses, mines, gambling businesses, and markets from the top five clans all went to the Luo Clan. Any piece from the deeds could make an ordinary family wealthy—and now they piled up in front of the Luo Clan like a small mountain.

The members of Luo Clan all looked different now. Everyone of them felt happy and ecstatic. Who knew that Zen could change the fate of the Luo Clan in just a few days? No one could've done it, including Bryson and even Zen's father, Mike. Zen was the only one who had done it in the many generations of the Luo Clan.

One fine morning three days later, the servant who cleaned the gate area of the Luo Clan got up early. He fixed himself and after that, grabbed his broom and started to clean the area around the gate.

There were too many visitors during these days and he cleaned it every day to keep the gate area neat. In his eyes, the gate was like the face of the Luo Clan.

He cleaned the area carefully and didn't feel tired at all. He felt energetic, even.

As someone who had worked for the Luo Clan for dozens of years, he was really glad to see the changes in the Luo Clan happen. Besides, the new housekeeper had offered to give all the servants a salary raise. All of their salaries had been tripled!

So, why didn't he feel excited about it?

All of this was brought about by Zen.

The servant carefully swept the ground and made this area as clean as possible.

At that moment, a young man walked out of the gate with a girl after him.

The young man was handsome. He greeted the servant with a 'good morning, ' then the girl after him smiled and nodded at him. The girl was so pretty that it stunned the servant.

The servant realized that he forgot to greet them when they had disappeared at the corner of the street.

'The master of the Luo Clan has left in this way...' the servant thought with a last wistful glance.

C Country's problems had almost been solved. Even if Zen wasn't at home, the Luo Clan could develop well. The Luo Clan had become the top clan of C County, except that its members weren't the strongest.

The compensation the five clans gave was equal to sixty percent of C County.

Now, Zen didn't have much to do there and he had more business to do outside the county. That was more important to him.

Zen still remembered that Aura Su hadn't appeared until the end of the All Peaks Competition.

The public knew that the princes were vying for the throne of Burning Sky Empire. Except for the Cloud Sect that didn't bother to show their preference, the top seven noble clans and many other small ones had chosen the prince they supported, in hopes of getting great benefits after their chosen prince would ascend to the throne. The whole Imperial Capital had become quite tense.

Aura Su was Kane Su's first daughter. As the Sky Princess, she was destined to be involved in this battle.

The world of political struggle was cruel, so Zen was highly worried for the proud princess. Was the dignified and noble royal safe?

Chapter 513 Feathery Star Hall

The sound of the bell ringing resonated through the beautiful dusk skies. However, the gates of the Burning Sky Palace remained open.

As a royal palace, its gates were normally closed at dusk. Anyone would be denied access to and from the palace until the next sunrise.

But in the past few days, the closing time of the palace gates was postponed to 9 o'clock in the evening.

It was said that the crowned prince was quite exasperated about it and even released an imperial order requiring the gates of the royal palace to be closed before dusk.

However, this crowned prince had apparently lost his power and could not make his people fulfill even his simple requests. He was like a tiger without its fangs. The gates of the palace would remain open until late hours. The members of the high society such as the heads of the noble clans and the military generals would access the palace gates freely as if they were in their own home.

A lot of people already learned that the crowned prince was on hot waters by observing the closing time of the palace gates. Perhaps it was only a matter of time before the crowned prince would be deposed.

Now, the third prince and the seventh prince were eager to act. But since each was conscious about the other's strength, they had to be discreet which allowed the current crowned prince to keep his title for now. However, once a winner between the third prince and the seventh prince was determined, the ending of the crowned prince was inevitable.

Recently, the third prince frequently held feasts in his Feathery Star Hall, while the seventh prince hosted his in the Fiery Moon Mansion. They invited a wide range of guests to their places, trying to draw more people over to their side. And that was the reason why the gates of the Burning Sky Palace started to close at very late hours.

Zen did a rough investigation about the current situation of the Burning Sky Palace. Although there were a lot of issues remained unraveled, all Zen wanted at this critical moment was to see Aura. And as to who would be the emperor of the Burning Sky Empire, Zen could not care less.

He finally arrived at the palace gate. But before he could step on the other side, several imperial guards blocked his way.

"Stop right there! This is the imperial palace. We need to report your arrival before you can step in. Please state your name and the person you want to visit. Hand me your visiting card as well." An imperial guard asked Zen dryly.

Normally, no one would have the guts to go through the palace gates unless he was a representative of certain influential association. Therefore, that imperial guard was already being polite to Zen given that he had noticed that the latter was merely at the third grade of the nature level.

Zen greeted him with cupped fists and said, "I'm here to visit the Sky Princess! I don't have a visiting card, but here is my disciple card of Cloud Sect!"

"Zen Luo?" The imperial guard glanced at Zen's disciple card. Even though Cloud Sect was an A-list sect for learning the martial arts, its outer disciples as well as some inner disciples were not allowed to access the Burning Sky Palace. However, Zen was an exception to the rule.

After being the first place at the All Peaks Competition held by Cloud Sect, Zen became famous not only within Cloud Sect but also amongst the assorted noble clans. Now, even the common people knew his name.

That imperial guard was a man of the third prince, and he was aware that the third prince was in badly need of real talents.

Cloud Sect was the largest and the most influential organization in the Burning Sky Empire. It was said that once Cloud Sect meddled in, it would be up to Kenneth who would be the next emperor of the Burning Sky Empire.

However, this time, Cloud Sect did not pick a side in this political struggle. The head, elders, and saints of Cloud Sect all kept their lips tight on the matter of the throne competition and avoided any involvement in it.

Thus, neither the third nor the seventh prince obtained the support of Cloud Sect despite their efforts. Though the third prince was disappointed at this fact, he was still comforted that neither of them had the upper hand.

Now that there was no way to cozy up to the core members of Cloud Sect, the third prince began to target its disciples. When the All Peaks Competition was over, he delivered invitation cards to the top 100 disciples on the Cloud Sect Ranking list.

Zen, the number one on the Cloud Sect Ranking, was certainly invited. Actually, the third prince regarded him as the most important talent he must win over. After all, many of the top 100 who came from noble clans had already taken a side, such as Patrick from the Pei Clan. Given that the Pei Clan already sided with the seventh prince, there was no hope for the third prince to befriend Patrick.

By contrast, Zen was one of the grassroots having no noble clan to back him up. But despite that, he had taken first place at the All Peaks Competition. With such strength and talent, he must have a promising future. Naturally, he became a major target of the third prince.

But to the third prince's disappointment, it appeared that Zen immediately left Cloud Sect after the All Peaks Competition. He had sent his men to Zen's place hoping to invite him over, but they failed to see the disciple there.

And right now, upon hearing Zen's name, the heart of that imperial guard thumped aggressively. 'If I bring Zen to the third prince, I might receive a huge credit!' Therefore, the imperial guard put on a more cordial and courteous face. In his eyes, Zen had become a huge 'prize'.

"I can't believe it! You're Mr. Luo! This way, please!" The imperial guard welcomed Zen with a smile.

Zen looked quite baffled at the sudden change of attitude of the imperial guard.

The third prince wasn't the only one who placed his men among the imperial guards—the seventh prince made the same move. If Zen was discovered by a man of the seventh prince as well, he would probably be dragged into the fight of the two princes. After all, as they were competing to grow their influence, similar incidents had occurred more than once or twice.

Although Zen did not know what the imperial guard was getting into, it was convenient to have somebody usher him through the Burning Sky Palace that he had never visited before. Thus, he followed the imperial guard and stepped onto a winding passage inside the royal palace.

After a while, Zen saw a brilliantly illuminated hall ahead of him. Voices fluttered into his ears, as well as the gongs and drums blending with the opera singing.

As he was walking along the hall, he saw a plaque saying 'Feathery Star Hall' hanging on the eave.

"This is where the Sky Princess is?" Zen asked the imperial guard, his brow furrowed.

The imperial guard smiled and answered, "Mr. Luo, you'll know once you go in. If you want to see Her Highness, you will need the permission of the man inside this hall."

'The permission of the man in this hall? Who is the man?'

But before Zen could ask, that imperial guard yelled at a servant of the Feathery Star Hall, "Quick, report the arrival of Zen Luo from Cloud Sect!"

Soon, a throng of people marched out of the Feathery Star Hall. The man taking the lead was wearing a golden jade crown and a yellow robe decorated with gold-thread boa designs. As he rushed up to Zen, his every move vibrated an air of superiority, as though he was born to be a ruler. Even though he deliberately tried to stay humble, others felt like he was gazing down upon them.

"What an amazing surprise! Zen is here! Please forgive me for not welcoming you myself. It's a great pleasure to finally meet you in person!" the man greeted Zen beamingly.

"And you are?" Zen scowled, his face sort of sullen. He was here for Aura but instead met with this stranger.

"I am Ray, the third prince! Today I happened to have set up a feast inside. Zen, please come in!" At this moment, Ray was overjoyed. He had sent out invitations multiple times to Zen but failed to have his presence. So, he was surprised to see Zen visit him on the latter's own accord.

'The third prince...'

Whenever the ordinary people encountered some royal member, they would instantly be on their hands and knees to pay their respect.

But practitioners of the martial arts did not have to stick to that rigid norms. It was noted that in the world of martial arts, only the strong were respected. So even though the emperor owned thousands of troops, he would not be given any different treatment. He could easily be beheaded by any strong warrior if his strength was weak.

Take Nile, the sixth prince, as an example. He also participated in the All Peaks Competition but was soon eliminated halfway through the contest. He did not get any preferential treatment because of his royal identity.

Sensing the over welcoming spirit Ray gave him, Zen knew that the third prince was dragging him into his league. But Zen had no intention to meddle with the political tussle in the Burning Sky Palace. He immediately clarified, "Your Highness, I did not come to the Burning Sky Palace for you. I'm here for the Sky Princess."

Hearing Zen's words, Ray's face slightly hardened.

Meanwhile, the crowd surrounding Ray began to shout, "It's such a great honor for you that our third prince invited you in! No one cares who you're here for!"

"I have never met such an arrogant brat before. His Highness already debased himself to greet you out here, but you refused to go in. Who do you think you are?"

Ray motioned those men to quiet down, and they instantly fell silent. Surprisingly, the smile on his face was broader. "Her Highness is resting in her Shine Hall. If you want to see her, I can bring her here to you."

Zen shot a few cold looks at the men behind Ray. Most of them were at the nature level, while three of them had just entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. Then, he replied to Ray straight-faced, "That'll be great. I'll wait here for Her Highness!"

After that, Zen followed the third prince into the Feathery Star Hall.

Chapter 514 Challenging Zen (Part One)

As the third prince of the Burning Sky Palace, Ray held a grand banquet today to entertain guests, and everyone who showed up was known for their fame and prestige.

As soon as Zen stepped into the grand hall, he immediately sensed several people with powerful life vitality, who, as far as he could tell, were masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"Offer Zen a seat!" the third prince immediately commanded after he and Zen entered the hall.

Instantly, six or seven maids showed up, walking briskly with small steps. And then a square table with fresh fruits and a variety of meats and a chair were placed in front of Zen.

Since Ray promised to bring Aura to his banquet, Zen sat down and waited patiently. As for the prince, if he was truly determined to win Zen's support, the warrior decided he would handle the matter carefully.

He didn't quite expect Ray to act so quickly. As soon as he sat down, Ray walked back to his seat and raised his jade cup with a smile and said aloud, "Zen, you won first place in the Cloud Sect's All Peaks Competition, and I've always wanted to see you since then. But you were not in Cloud Sect during the past few days. Thus, I never got the chance to meet you. Today, you have come to my humble palace, and I am deeply honored. So, I'd like to propose a toast for you. I will drink first to show my respect for you!"

The majority of Ray's banquet guests heard the prince's respectful words, but many could not hide their skepticism. These people were not from the Cloud Sect. Instead, a number of them came from the top noble clans and were strong enough. Also, some were even at the level of Illuminating Soul Realm. However, the prince had never honored anyone in public like that before.

Although the championship of the All Peaks Competition held by Cloud Sect was a prestigious title, these guests from the top noble clans had limited appreciation for it. Since they were never a part of Cloud Sect, these people would never have a clear perception of the strength of the disciples from this group. In their view, Zen was simply an insignificant guy at the third grade of the nature level.

'The third prince is only being polite to you, showing his considerate and kind character. I didn't expect you to be so arrogant about it!

Who do you think you are?' one of them thought furiously after noticing Zen's hesitation.

At that moment, all the rest of the guests shared the same thought.

As Zen watched Ray raise his head and drink every drop of wine in his jade cup in one gulp, he hesitated, which the other guests interpreted as a sign of arrogance. But the young warrior knew he could not embarrass Ray in front of so many people. As a show of appreciation and respect, Zen also raised his cup and drank the wine in the same way Ray did. However, he felt the need to clarify some things with the prince. "Your Highness, I wish to apologize. But this time, I really came to visit Sky Princess, and not you."

As he uttered the words, the faces of many of Ray's banquet guests grew even darker.

"Who do you think you are?

Why do you think you have been offered a seat at the Feathery Star Hall, huh? It is only because the prince thinks very highly of you and respects you!" one of them spat out with disdain.

"I have never seen anyone so arrogant and act in such a manner. Do you know where you are right now?

The Royal Palace!

You don't know it clearly, do you, hick?" another guest burst out angrily.

"There is nothing special about being a disciple of the Cloud Sect. He doesn't even know the basic rules of the Palace. How can you be so arrogant?

A champion is supposed to act this way? I think Cloud Sect's reputation at this point has been unearned!" a third guest huffed.

Even Zen was taken aback by the reaction and felt as if his words stirred a hornet's nest. One after the other, guests admonished him. To begin with, they had not been pleased with Zen's presence at the banquet. But what drew their ire was that he said his purpose was not to visit the prince but to see the princess after Ray proposed a toast in his honor and drank all the wine as a sign of respect. Did this kind of embarrassment not deserve being reprimanded in public?

Ray smiled lightly after hearing his guests' indignant remarks. But, he was quite shrewd and well-bred. In his view, powerful and talented men were naturally proud, and Zen's behavior just now was not something unexpected.

"It doesn't matter," Ray said. "Anyone who comes to my Feathery Star Hall is my guest."

"But Your Highness, while he may be your guest, he does not have the right to be rude!" one of them argued.

"Yes, I agree with you! If indeed he is that strong, we'll say nothing and let this go. But I'm afraid that while outwardly he may be strong, inside, he is weak and is merely pretending to be a powerful man," another guest added.

The nearly violent rebuke continued until a man in white stood up from the table and said to Ray with his fists cupped to show respect, "Your Highness, since everyone is in high spirits, I would like to compete against Zen to bring some entertainment for the guests, as well as learn from him!"

"That would be nice! After listening to the opera and watching beautiful ladies dancing, we feel quite bored to have drinks only. A martial arts competition would add a lot of fun to drinking!"

The guest who spoke was thrilled at the prospect of the competition to stir things up in the banquet.

Nodding, Ray said, "Since everyone is so excited and looking forward to having fun, I don't want to be the bad guy who spoils everyone's expectations. So Zen, what do you think of the proposal for a competition?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 515 Challenging Zen (Part Two)

A slight frown formed in Zen's face, and he didn't immediately reply. Truthfully, he was feeling somewhat helpless.

How could he not see through Ray's tricks?

It was apparent that supporting a proposal for a competition was meant to test Zen's real strength. But he wasn't even there to attend the third Prince's banquet. He came to see Aura. Suddenly, for no reason, he was being asked to fight with someone. And the disciple was in no mood for something as dull as a competition.

Seeing Zen's silence, the man in white sneered and said coldly, "Are you afraid of competing with me, Zen?

Afraid of being defeated and losing face?

Anyone who comes as a guest of the third Prince is one with real skills, and if you lose, then you will have to get out of here!"

"That's right! It's not easy to be a guest of Your Highness!" one of the guests roared.

"The third Prince never treats guests who are losers!" another one spoke up excitedly.

It was hard not to sigh once Zen saw the excited and indignant stares of the guests who all looked at him as a competitor.

By now, the third Prince should have gained the support of several powerful clans, the most important of which were a few top noble clans, including guests attending the banquet today.

But the resources offered by the third Prince were bound to be limited. If Zen was involved, they were afraid that he would scramble for part of Ray's resources. As a result, these people regarded him as their common enemy.

And the third Prince allowed these people to provoke and challenge him to test his real strength, as well as to determine if Zen was worthy of being recruited as a member of his pool of talents.

"If Zen really doesn't want to participate in the competition, then let's just drop it. Since everyone has come to my Feathery Star Hall, all of you are regarded as a friend. Please don't ruin the harmonious relationship among you guys over a small matter," Ray declared. He simpered after speaking.

While his statement might have sounded as if he wanted to help Zen with his present predicament, there was a hidden agenda behind it. He wanted to goad Zen into agreeing to the challenge.

The man in white shook his head and huffed, "Since the prince has said so, then forget it! It's just so boring here!"

"So, the Cloud Sect's disciple is such a wimp," another guest said.

The insults kept coming.

And as they were getting dirtier and harsher, Zen furrowed his brows tighter. Then an idea clicked in his brain, and with a smile, he said, "Since everyone is in high spirits, and I have nothing to do here, it won't be too much trouble for me if I accept the challenge and provide some entertainment for you guys!"

As soon as Zen finished talking, the man in white suddenly turned his head, and a trace of excitement flickered in his eyes. 'Good! I'm glad you choose not to bear the insults and accept my challenge. I was so afraid that you might swallow the humiliation and do nothing about it!' he thought.

As a guest of the third prince, the man in white couldn't be more aware of what Ray meant, and he would surely try his best to figure out Zen's real strength during the fight.

Clapping his hands, Ray declared with glee, "Good!

I sincerely appreciate your participation and the fun you would bring to us. To add more excitement to today's competition, I'd like to offer a thousand cubic crystals as a reward for anyone who could beat Zen." The Prince laughed as he made the offer.

As expected, his guests at the banquet, all of whom were warriors, immediately became excited.

A thousand cubic crystals were definitely a huge sum of money for those warriors who were not born from the top noble clans.

It was a rather sneaky trick by Ray, as he was now encouraging these warriors to take turns in fighting against Zen, hoping to tire him out and eventually defeat him.

In his mind, Zen sneered. 'What? So they will take turns to fight against me?' Zen was not afraid of having several opponents. His endurance was far beyond that of ordinary warriors as his body possessed the function of a spiritual weapon. Moreover, since Zen decided to participate in the competition, he would not only defeat his opponents but also terrify them with his tough moves. After a few rounds of competition, he was sure not many of the warriors would dare to challenge him.

After a while, they cleared the center of the Feathery Star Hall to make way for the competition.

Once there was ample space, the man in white began to float in the air. Although warriors could fly after entering the level of Illuminating Soul Realm, there were differences in their flying techniques. In the case of the man in white, his flying method was elegant and flexible as he moved naturally and swiftly like a swallow. After circling in the air, he gently landed on the carpet and stared at Zen with an unmistakable challenge in his eyes.

On the other hand, Zen only sauntered towards the carpet, his pace neither fast nor slow, but was very calm.

"Remember my name," the man in white with his fists cupped, told Zen. "I'm Doug Zhuo! I hate people who pretend to be very important personalities in this world. So when I meet such people, I have to beat the hell out of them!" he said gruffly.

"Poof!"

It was hard not to laugh as soon as Zen heard Doug's words.

Dressed in white, Doug looked gentle and elegant and was good-looking and talented, but his words were so crude. The immense contrast elicited an unexpected burst of laughter from the Cloud Sect's disciple.

"Hmmm... I hope you can still laugh aloud later!" Doug said in anger.

Using his hands, he started to spread out a little dark red life vitality. The life vitality kept growing through his fingers, and he eventually condensed, then transformed it into ten long claws. At the same time, two wings, which were also produced by condensed life vitality, appeared in Doug's back.

Seeing the changes in Doug's appearance, Zen raised his eyebrows slightly and thought quickly, 'Since Doug is a guest of the third Prince, he probably has some special skills. He was likely contemplating a kind of flying bird and then transformed his life vitality into claws and wings. So it must be his speed that's exceptional.'

As Zen stood to reflect on this, Doug's wings flapped, and he began to charge towards the Cloud Sect's disciple so fast that the only thing the audience could see was a string of shadows moving swiftly.

Chapter 516 Horizons And Sensibility

Today, they got together at the prince's banquet to promote their relationship and the fight was to enliven the atmosphere. However, many of them were infuriated, because they thought Zen was too arrogant and rampant. Seeing that Doug Zhuo made his move to fight Zen, all others exclaimed loudly.

"Doug independently invented body tactics of his own. He called his body tactics after his own name. Using these tactics, Doug can move and dodge elusively that his opponents can't track where he is. Just wait and see. He will enlighten Zen's horizon and Zen will know what martial arts achievements truly are!"

"It will be better if Zen bleeds. He will clearly realize that no subordinate of the third prince is weak!"

"I agree! I hope everything you say will happen. At the third grade of nature level, Zen will be unable to react against Doug's assault. Thus, his cultivations are not worth mentioning at all for Doug."

It was believed that Doug moved quite fast. In addition, he was as agile as a flying swallow. He could move from one place to another and it would be extremely difficult to anticipate where he was.

Zen didn't move and remained calm like a mountain, his eyes squinting and trying to find out where on earth Doug was.

Since his opponent fought him barehanded, Zen didn't use his sword either. He swung a fist at Doug immediately when he detected the infinite residual shadows left by Doug from his swift movements.

At this critical moment, Doug's wings suddenly trembled. He moved along an inconceivable trajectory, thus dodging away from Zen's attack. Soon enough, his sharp claws scratched Zen's right side.

"He got hit!"

The claws left three little marks on Zen's clothes.

"Well done! Doug's move is awesome and illusionary like shadows!"

"That guy can't counterattack against Doug at all. In the beginning, I was not sure how powerful he was. But is the Number One disciple of Cloud Sect that weak? How shameful!"

"Cloud Sect? The holy place for acquiring martial arts? This will be a big laughingstock! Doug didn't even give full play to his strengths!"

Amidst those people's scornful looks, someone stood out and spoke up for Zen. It was Gale Huo. Like Zen, Gale was also a disciple of Cloud Sect and ranked top on the Skywrath Peak. However, he was born into a poor family, so he had been drawn by the third prince to his side. Despite his extraordinary strengths, he considerably lacked resources for cultivation. It was the third prince who could offer him all these resources, so he chose to stand by this prince's side.

But since he could no longer withstand others' contempt for Zen, Gale, who had ever taken part in the All Peaks Competition, retorted while shaking his head, "As you have mentioned, Doug hasn't given full play to his strengths. Zen didn't either. Disciples of Cloud Sect are not as weak as you think. You can change my family name if Doug could defeat Zen!"

"Gale, how can you boost an outsider's morale? Is Zen really that strong?" someone said with great anger.

"I am not boosting his morale. What I said was based on facts," replied Gale with his gaze fixated on Zen. In the recent All Peaks Competition, Zen's performances were amazing and breathtaking. Deeply impressed by how Zen defeated his opponents in the All Peaks Competition, Gale could hardly forget about Zen's strength.

On the other hand, it was Doug who was more shocked than anyone else at this moment.

The dark red sharp claws in his hands were condensed by his life vitality. Using these claws, he initially thought that he could tear up or at least leave three deep notches on Zen's shoulder. However, Doug discovered that Zen's body was as hard as a steel plate.

But the comparison didn't make sense, because even a steel plate could be torn apart by his claws. It was difficult to describe how strong Zen's body was. For the sake of describing it, it could be said that Zen's body was as hard as some high-grade defense spiritual weapons.

How could a body be that strong?

Was it possible that this guy was a monster?

Doug was not a disciple of Cloud Sect but a vagrant cultivator.

In the Eastern Region, cultivators generally developed in three paths. The most excellent ones such as Zen and Rocher naturally joined Cloud Sect.

Some cultivators had joined the imperial army and improved themselves through blood and fire. Cultivators such as Jon, Floyd, and Spencer were soldiers of the imperial army.

The weakest cultivators were born as vagrants. They lagged far behind the disciples of Cloud Sect in terms of tactics they learned. Unlike the imperial army, these cultivators were not always on the verge of death. Even though they had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, their strengths were just mediocre.

They differed more significantly from disciples of Cloud Sect in terms of horizons and sensibility.

For instance, Doug was totally confused and didn't know what he should do next when he discovered that he couldn't completely diffuse Zen's body defense using his shrewd blow, although he had given Zen a heavy blow at a fast pace.

Doug's move failed because of his poor sensibility, inadequate inheritance of cultivation methods, and too unitary assaults.

The best examples of sensibility were Rocher and Patrick. When both of them discerned that Zen was physically overbearing, they changed their tactics to deal with him. Dick, on the other hand, could adapt his ultimate skill Righteousness Song when he was challenged with Zen's demonic phantoms.

Except his wings and sharp claws, Doug really couldn't think of a better way to unravel the mystery of Zen's body which was like a spiritual weapon.

Doug was upset about the current situation. Now, he found himself in a dilemma that he could hardly retreat. He had actively provoked Zen, but at this moment, he was incapable of breaking down Zen's body defense. He realized that he would bring great shame to himself if he failed.

"Doug, come on! Go ahead! What are you afraid of?"

"Go for his torso next time!"

Doug was deeply infuriated in his mind upon hearing those urges. 'Damn it! You all do nothing but yell on the side! Try it yourself if you can!' At this moment, Doug wanted to surrender.

However, he had a strong feeling that the third prince was watching his fight with Zen. If he acted over rashly, the prince would surely be disappointed. Thus, Doug could do nothing but grit his teeth and dash towards Zen again. This time, he gave his best and harnessed all his strength. At last, he ran so swiftly like a wind that his entire body moved in a spiral motion with an intent to strangle Zen.

"Doug's spiral!"

This was also a tactic created by Doug himself.

Staring at the direction of Doug's spiral, Zen slightly nodded. This martial tactic seemed to be a little like the "sword dance" of Lily. It could be reckoned as prototype of the "sword dance". Nevertheless, there might be considerable differences in might between this martial tactic and the sword dance. Lily drove a spiral dependent upon the malicious aura, whereas Doug relied upon his own life vitality to impel the spiral.

While "Doug's spiral" approached him, Zen didn't dodge. After his battle with Patrick, the third spiritual texture had appeared on Zen's body, and from that moment on, his body had become as mighty as a top-grade mysterious weapon. As a result, it was totally impossible for Doug to hurt Zen's body.

Anticipating that Doug's ten sharp claws were going to strangle him, Zen suddenly stretched out his arms and made a pose to defend himself from the sharp claws.

All bystanders burst into laughter as soon as they saw Zen's defense pose.

"Zen was already scratched once, but it seems that he forgot what it felt like. Doug's claws are extremely sharp. Even a thick steel plate can be drilled and penetrated in a flash by Doug's sharp claws when combined with his spiral. Am I right?"

"This time, Zen's arm will be badly injured or perhaps broken!"

"I have never seen such a stupid cultivator before. Can you tell me how he has been listed Number One in Cloud Sect?"

When all bystanders were indulged in their reckless gloat and discussion, Doug's spiral finally swirled around for Zen's arm.

"Biff, biff, biff, biff..."

But to the bystanders' surprise, Zen's arm wasn't smashed by Doug's spiral.

Doug's claws stopped on Zen's arm and couldn't penetrate Zen's skin at all.

At the sight of this, the smile on all bystanders' faces vanished.

All guests of the banquet had the same thought with Doug – 'Is Zen really a monster?'

In general, one would be deemed physically strong if he had overbearing physical strengths. However, one's physical strengths were limited no matter how strong he or she was. After all, human bodies were only covered by a thin layer of skin, beneath which there was flesh. A beast's body, on the other hand, was covered by a thick and hard shell. Human bodies couldn't be that rigid.

It was not until today that they had realized that one's body could be so strong and rigid that it couldn't be hurt at all. Zen proved that for them when he stood there still even after withstanding a forceful attack.

This was no longer a mere fight but a taunt.

Only if one's strength was much greater than his opponent's could he taunt his opponent.

As they noticed the flat smile on Zen's face, many guests understood that Zen had never cared about their opinions because all their strengths meant nothing at all for Zen.

Meanwhile, Ray's eyes gleamed. From his current situation, he realized that Zen was really a rare talent. This made him more determined to rack his brain to recruit him.

At the very beginning, Ray didn't show much curiosity about Zen's strengths and all he cared about was the latter's reputation. In his opinion, if he could have Zen, the top disciple of Cloud Sect, knock-on effects would occur in that sect. Zen was just like a key for Ray to develop sound relationships with Cloud Sect.

But now, Ray realized that Zen was also like a sharp sword. Besides, Zen was only 17 years old. With his strength and everything he had achieved so far, he would have a bright future!

Chapter 517 Two Pupils

Doug's spiral attack only lasted for one second before Zen smashed it with one punch that ended the fight.

Their sparring in this kind of occasion didn't need to be brutal. The winner would be decided when he prevailed over his rival, and Zen was showing overwhelming superiority now.

Though he was defeated, Doug was sincerely convinced that Zen possessed great power. His eyes were filled with reverence as he stared at Zen.

Zen hadn't used any weapon or any life vitality during the fight, and he hadn't even moved a step from his original position. With that, Doug was convinced that Zen's real strength was unfathomable.

Despite his frustration, Doug felt a yearning for the Cloud Sect. He was a newcomer to the Illuminating Soul Realm, and he thought he could still join in the Cloud Sect if he became stronger.

But he didn't know that a talent like Zen was quite rare to see in the Cloud Sect.

In the competition from three years ago, the only talent who had attracted much attention was Evan. This year, Cloud Sect was fortunate enough to witness several talents in the All Peaks Competition.

Rocher, Patrick, and Zen were some of the talents from this year's All Peaks Competition.

"Please forgive me, Your Highness. I let you down. I was defeated in this challenge," Doug turned to Ray and said respectfully with cupped hands.

Ray nodded and said, "Don't mind it, Doug. A talent like Zen is rare to see even in a thousand years, so it's not a shame to be defeated by him."

'In a thousand years? Is it just an exaggeration?' many people thought to themselves, doubtful about Ray's words. After all, there were millions of people who could be born into the Eastern Region in one thousand years and it was not possible that only one of them could be this gifted.

Although Zen had defeated Doug quite easily, there were still many cultivators at Ray's disposal who were much stronger than Doug that felt ill-affected.

"Your Highness, please allow me to fight with him!" a man called Perry Song stood up and offered to fight Zen after Doug returned to his seat. This was a strapping, intimidating man who looked like a vicious bandit with a black patch over his left eye. Zen couldn't tell whether it was just an ornament or was to cover a blind eye.

"Do as you wish," Ray nodded in approval. He then looked at Zen.

As far as Ray was concerned, everything in this world had a price and could be bought.

He was aware that Zen showed antipathy towards him and wasn't willing to join his camp.

Nonetheless, he believed that Zen would change his mind if he could provide the latter with enough benefits. Zen was undoubtedly a great talent, yet he still needed many resources to strengthen himself before he became powerful enough.

The Cloud Sect might do its utmost to satisfy Zen's needs, yet a refiner would always try to get as many resources as possible. And Ray planned to use this fact to draw Zen over to his side.

Ray had taken part in the competition for the throne with his control over a great number of resources. Even the crown prince would seem poor in comparison with him. And Conn, the seventh prince, possessed far fewer resources compared to Ray.

'Zen, show me what your real strength is now. The stronger you are, the more I will consider offering you, ' Ray thought to himself.

The ferocious look on Perry's face twitched as he stood in front of Zen. He took out a saber from the sheath hanging on his waist. It was a black saber which appeared to be extraordinary.

"Hey, young man! You have managed to hog the limelight with your strong body, right? Can you defend yourself merely with your body from my saber?" Perry asked with a cold sneer.

"No," Zen said emotionlessly as he shook his head. Even though his body was already a top-grade spiritual weapon, he wouldn't just stand there and get slashed like an idiot for no reason.

His brief, unexpected reply left Perry dumbfounded.

"Then show your real strength in front of me now!" With that, Perry jumped into the air and slashed the black saber at Zen with unstoppable momentum.

"Earth-breaking Slash!"

Facing Perry's aggressive attack, Zen showed no intention of dodging it at all. With his feet standing firmly at his original position, he took out his Streamer Sword. With his arm against his chest, he turned his palm outwards and lifted the sword over his head horizontally.

"The Basic Swordsmanship, Raise Sword!"

This was the skill in the Basic Swordsmanship which could be used to defend and to reverse the attack at the same time.

Zen didn't use this sword skill when he fought with Evan in the past because it was half defensive and half offensive. It was used to fend off the rival's sword while returning with a slash. Evan's Falling Flowers Sword attack was too quick. Even though Zen could defend one attack from him, he could barely catch up with the succeeding attacks.

But Perry's case was different. Obviously, Perry's attack pattern was violent yet simple. Although it looked overwhelming and powerful, it had no flexibility at all and could only beat the enemy with one attack at full strength.

"You want to defend my black saber with this slender sword? You're nuts! You'll surely be defeated this time!" Seeing Zen used the Raise Sword of the Basic Swordsmanship, Perry hesitated for a second whether he should exert all his strength or not. If Zen couldn't defend his attack, it was very likely that his saber would cut Zen's sword in half and then his body.

However, when he saw the aloof look on Zen's face, instead of reducing his strength, he added more power into his hands. There was a violent and savage aura surrounding him, and it seemed as if he would really break the earth with this slash.

"Bang!"

With a loud bump, Perry's saber knocked heavily on Zen's sword but didn't cut it broken as he expected. His violent attack had no influence on either Zen or his sword. Unexpectedly, Zen pushed Perry's saber away with a spinning of his body and then quickly pushed his sword towards Perry.

Perry was taken aback by Zen's counterattack. Contrary to his expectation, Zen had such great power that he not only fended off his attack but also returned him with one stab. Perry wondered, 'How is it possible that he defuses my attack so easily with the Basic Swordsmanship?'

In desperation, Perry tumbled to a side hurriedly to avoid Zen's sword. His swarthy face turned pale as he got up from the ground.

'Why is the Basic Swordsmanship so powerful in his hand?'

At that moment, Perry couldn't help but doubt whether all the years he had spent on his saber were wasted. If it wasn't the case, he couldn't understand why Zen could defend his attack so easily with the Basic Swordsmanship.

Ray suddenly clapped his hands at his seat.

He praised, "I have heard the story that you defeated Evan merely with the Basic Swordsmanship. To be honest, I had high doubts about it when I first heard it. But now, seeing it with my own eyes, I know it's true. I really appreciate your simple way of using the sword!"

Many sword refiners who were present also nodded in agreement. There was something special about Zen's Basic Swordsmanship. Everyone had learned about the Basic Swordsmanship as a required course, but no one would dare to employ it in a fight. Maybe Zen was the only one in this world who had done that.

Though being praised by Ray, Zen still had no expression on his face. He stood still where he was and never moved one step.

As for Perry, it was hard for him to accept the fact that his "Earth-breaking Slash" was fended off by Zen's "Raise Sword" so easily. Perry was a very righteous man, but one of his shortcomings was that he was usually too proud to admit failure and today was quite a big failure especially in front of a large audience.

He fell silent for a while. Gritting his teeth tightly, he eventually lifted his hand and took off the black patch covering his left eye.

It was the first time that Perry would take off his patch in front of other people, the followers of Ray. Most people had thought that it was a blind eye, so they never asked about it to avoid irritating Perry. However, to their surprise, Perry's left eye was in good health. There was only one odd thing about it.

"Two pupils!" some called out in astonishment.

There were two pupils in Perry's left eye, and it looked weird.

It was also the first time for Zen to see a man with two pupils in one eye. Two pupils–where one pupil appeared larger than the other.

It was said that a man with two pupils in one eye could see through his enemies and find out their weaknesses.

But it was hard to say whether the rumor was real or not because people with two pupils in one eye was rarely seen by others. But since Perry showed his eye in this circumstance, it must have some special functions.

Zen held his sword tightly in his hand but remained extremely calm. He didn't think it as a bad thing if Perry could really find out his weakness because it would help him know better about himself.

Perry's left eye narrowed a bit before radiating a ray of faint light which shot towards Zen and covered the latter's body.

It was true that Perry's two pupils could help him find out his enemies' weaknesses. The only downside of this function was that it would cause a severe headache for many days after he used it. That was because it required a powerful soul while Perry had no means of strengthening his soul.

For that troublesome reason, Perry never used it under normal circumstances.

But today was different because he didn't want to suffer from a dismal failure in front of Zen. He had lost his face because of Zen, and he wanted to earn his reputation back.

However, he didn't expect what he saw as he glanced through Zen's body with his left eye. He was totally stunned. 'What on earth has happened to this young man?' he wondered.

Chapter 518 A Lesson Learned The Hard Way

Perry's left eye would normally see two colors once he scanned a person's body: black and white.

The black part would indicate a person's weakness.

Everybody had their own weaknesses. Even the most unusual defensive cultivation method also had Achilles' heel. If the attack was focused on one's Achilles' heel, one would surely be in critical condition.

But Perry's eye could only see white all over Zen's body. There was no hint of black part at all.

….

The same thing had happened before. Perry could see the weakness of the opponent through his dicoria, but it wasn't the case all the time. If the opponent was too powerful like the masters at the top of the Illuminating Soul Realm or a high-rank defensive weapon, he wouldn't be able to see through.

But Zen was just at grade 3 of the nature level. So why couldn't Perry see through him? Could it be that Zen didn't have any weakness? Or because of his current cultivation level, he couldn't find Zen's weak point?

Perry was having a hard time analyzing the situation.

Perry's diplocoria was a powerful talent, unfortunately, he didn't have a high-level cultivating talent or a powerful soul. If his cultivation could reach the same level as Dick or Jill at Cloud Sect, with his diplocoria, he probably could advance at an equal pace with Rocher.

After he was accepted by Prince Ray, he cultivated himself with all kinds of panacea and managed with an effort to enter the Illuminating Soul Realm. But with a shaky foundation, the method to forcefully promote his cultivation made it hard for him to make progress to reach a higher level in the future, so he would probably stay at the Illuminating Soul Realm all his life.

But he mostly relied on his diplocoria talent, which was also the reason that he was valued by Prince Ray.

However, he couldn't see through his opponent today which he found weird and alarming at the same time.

What Perry didn't know was that after Zen cultivated his body to a top-grade spiritual weapon, his weakness became too little. Perry could only see the weak point of a cultivator who was not on a higher level than the Illuminating Soul Realm, or the weapon which was under a low-grade spiritual weapon.

"Perry, what are you doing? Haven't you seen this guy's weakness clearly yet? If you see clearly, just go and fight!" Someone shouted impatiently.

Most of the guests present at the banquet knew about Perry's ability. His diplocoria was quite capable and he could see through the opponent's weakness at first glance. Any cultivator would be at a disadvantage if his weaknesses were visible to his opponent. Everyone was convinced about his talent in the beginning.

They thought that Perry would go ballistic instantly after he took off his eyepatch. But unexpectedly, he stared blankly at Zen. What happened?

After a long while, Perry saluted to Zen, "Sir, you are a special person. I am convinced!" After saying, Perry returned to his seat without looking back.

"What's going on? Perry just admitted defeat? But they have just exchanged one move!"

"Perry is not a coward. If there is a slim chance to turn the tables, he will insist. If he admits defeat, perhaps he is really inferior to the guy!"

"Why does Zen deserve Perry's compliment?"

Ray was also surprised. Perry's strength was not the most powerful among all his guests, but it was difficult to find another talent with the same diplocoria as his in the world. If his cultivation was not too weak, he could absolutely be one of Ray's assistants.

"Perry, can you explain why you admitted defeat?" Ray asked with a smile.

Perry picked up a liquor cup on the table and chugged the liquor down, then replied, "I can't see through Zen's weakness. If my guess is right, he has a perfect body!"

"A perfect body?" Ray was stunned.

The people were also startled to hear what Perry said. This evaluation was too much.

How could someone so perfect exist in the world? At most times, perfect was just an adjective. But for Zen to have a perfect body, it seemed like a big joke for everyone.

"I can't find any weakness in his body given that his cultivation is only grade 3 of the nature level! Your Highness, do you consider it as a perfect body?" Perry asked in reply cautiously.

Ray understood Perry's words and nodded. When he looked at Zen again, he got excited. What Perry said might not be true, but he would still bring in such a person as his subordinate.

"Your Highness, please allow me to fight against him!" A silver-haired young man stood up.

But this time, Zen said, "Your Highness, I come here to see Sky Princess!"

He was not afraid of fighting against many people one by one. In fact, until now, Zen hadn't moved a single step or shown any of his real strength. However, he didn't come here to fight against Prince Ray's subordinates.

"I understand, Zen. I have sent someone to take Sky Princess here, but it will take some time. This man just wants to learn from you. Please accept it," Ray smiled. He had foreseen this point. Anyway, he was the only one who could bring Aura here. If he wanted to forbid it, Zen wouldn't see her.

Zen showed a long face and didn't say anything, but there was some annoyance in his eyes. If he wouldn't beat them hard, these guys probably wouldn't stop. While thinking, Zen smiled, "If that's the case, please come up, Sir!"

As the silver-haired young man came up, Zen suddenly rose to fight.

This time, Zen lit up more than 50 dragon scales in his body and started the energy of the Phoenix Crystal on his right arm.

After raising his speed, Zen was like a nimble and rapid leopard cat. The young man thought Zen would stand and resist the attack passively as he did in the last two rounds. But just as the young man prepared to make his move, Zen was already close at hand.

He was ready to resist Zen's attack unwillingly. But as soon as Zen's punch hit him, he changed his expression. The strength was as powerful as the tide in the sea, and he couldn't cope with it.

Bang!

Only with one move, Zen smashed the young man and he flew out. He crashed many pieces of furniture in the Feathery Star Hall where he landed.

"How dare you!" Seeing what happened, someone shouted at Zen angrily. This was not a formal combat. But Zen didn't want to show mercy or respect.

"What's the fuzz? You must prepare to be beaten before fighting with me. If you can't keep up with me, better not challenge me!" Zen spoke coldly. If he kept saving his strength, the fight today probably wouldn't end.

Ray still smiled, "Never mind. All of you just have fun today. Collateral damages can't be avoided when practicing." In Ray's opinion, it was better if they fought more intensely. Only in this way could they force Zen to show his real strength.

Since Ray said that, more people volunteered to fight Zen.

"I want to have a fight!"

Bang

Another one was punched away by Zen.

"Please allow me to fight!"

Bang!

One more was smashed away by Zen's fist.

"Can I have a fight?"

Bang!

...

In just an hour, eight people were punched away by Zen. He kept throwing punches ruthlessly.

The first young man punched away by Zen had no injuries. But the succeeding opponents were beaten up so bad that they spit blood or had broken bones. Prince Ray gave them expensive pills for recovery, but they needed to rest for ten to fifteen days to fully recover.

In the end, nobody dared to challenge Zen, and none of Prince Ray's young subordinates could defeat Zen.

The old guys at the top of the Illuminating Soul Realm could defeat Zen, but they didn't want to lower themselves to "learn from" him.

After frightening Prince Ray's guests with his own method, Zen saluted again and expressed in a cold voice, "Prince, if I can't see Sky Princess, I have to leave and look for her by myself!"

However, Ray was still unhurried and seemed to see through Zen. He nodded, "Zen, I have something to show you. And after that, you can see her!"

Afterward, Ray clapped his hands.

In no time, a group of maids-in-waiting walked out from behind the palace with brocade boxes of different sizes in their hands.

The group of maids-in-waiting was followed by three foreign almost nude ladies. The three ladies had nothing on except two bright silver pads to cover their boobs and lower parts.

They looked different from the ladies in the Eastern Region–with sunken eyes, white skin, slender legs, and special styles. And because they were almost naked and walked with fascinating and mincing steps, they released a deadly charm to the male audience.

As they walked out, all the men focused their eyes on them. Some men could not resist the temptation as their eyes turned red and their mouths started to dry.

"Your Highness, what's the meaning of this?" Zen frowned and questioned.

Chapter 519 The Right Price For Loyalty

Pointing to the three enchanting exotic girls, Ray smiled and told Zen,"They are the Yen people from the Western Region. They are still virgins. And you must have known that the virginity of Yen woman contains vigorous blood energy. If you cultivate with them, you can take their virginity and gain their blood energy at the same time."

The blood energy had great benefits to the cultivators.

If a person was energetic and vigorous, he could quickly recover from any injuries. So, if a cultivator had vigorous blood energy, their wounds could heal at an incredible pace.

But the common way to enhance one's blood energy was through endless exercises, and it would take some time. In fact, it was as challenging as exercising the strength of soul.

The pills that could enhance the blood energy were sold at sky-high prices just like those that could strengthen the soul.

And the three girls of Yen nationality in front had such precious blood energy.

It was indeed a double benefit for a cultivator to enhance his blood energy by cultivating with enchanting beautiful women in bed. It was a temptation that almost no man could resist.

The three Yen girls had the hottest bodies that all man would crave for.

Zen looked away from the girls and was about to speak when Ray walked to a brocade box and opened carelessly. Inside that box, there were three light-red crystals emitting thick life vitality.

The life vitality of the crystals was unrefined and had to be absorbed into human bodies to replenish their life vitality.

"The supreme life vitality crystal is the currency of the Central Region. It can replenish a cultivator's life vitality in an instant. At the current exchange rate, the value of a supreme crystal is equivalent to one million cubic crystals of the Eastern Region," Ray stated. The expression on his face was as if saying that those three supreme crystals were not the best. He was trying to hype Zen with the next boxes as if there were more valuable things in them than the supreme life vitality crystals.

The currency used in the Eastern Region was cubic crystal. The cubic crystals could buy fancy things like flying chariots and the Picture Slabs. But the energy in the cubic crystal could not be directly absorbed by the cultivators.

The cultivators of the Eastern Region could only acquire life vitality from their cultivation activities, but it would take time. If at a critical moment there was a shortage of life vitality, it would be difficult to replenish it in a short time.

But life vitality crystals such as the supreme crystal could solve this problem. It contained the purest and ownerless life vitality that required no refining and could be easily absorbed into the cultivator's body.

As mentioned before, a cultivator's life vitality didn't come from his body. It was the energy of nature. The cultivator could only borrow this energy for his own use, and ultimately, had to give it back to nature. On the other hand, Zen's demonic phantom had achieved that state where he could borrow the energy from nature without the need to return it. Even so, the supreme life vitality crystal was more powerful that it could replenish the life vitality by itself like a battery and it instantly became the currency in the Central Region.

But this kind of thing was just unimaginable in the Eastern Region.

When faced with danger, a cultivator would be able to replenish his life vitality and improve his strength and skills by using the supreme life vitality crystal. Thus, it was said that the supreme crystal was a life extension for a cultivator.

At the sight of the three high-priced supreme crystals, the guests at the third prince's banquet were astonished.

"Your Highness, I–," Zen wanted to say something, but Ray wasn't listening to him because he knew he was about to be rejected by Zen. He went to the next brocade box and opened it.

Inside was a soft hedgehog-armor with a bronze glow glittering on its surface. At first glance, everyone noticed that it wasn't an ordinary armor.

"The soft hedgehog-armor is a low-grade fairy weapon. It has super defensive characteristics. It is made of golden silk which can isolate your body from all the forces of life vitality." Holding the armor in both hands, Ray described the armor and showed it to the audience.

The armor was a low-grade fairy weapon used for defense. In addition to its defense feature for sharp weapons, it could also isolate the attack of life vitality.

Because defensive weapons were extremely rare, the low-grade defensive weapons were almost as valuable as the top-grade offensive weapons. Hence, the value of this soft hedgehog-armor was equal to a top-grade offensive fairy weapon.

However, in the Eastern Region, it was a priceless treasure because no top-grade fairy weapons ever existed here.

The guests looked at Zen with deep jealousy as he was being offered a priceless treasure in a golden platter.

However, there was nothing they could do but to conceal their jealousy. They were inferior to Zen in terms of strength so they could only just sit there and rot away in jealousy. In the previous battles, they took turns to fight Zen but were defeated easily. Moreover, Zen was only at third grade of the nature level, so he had limitless future potential. He was worthy of the third prince's money and attention.

To the other guests' dissatisfaction, the prizes presented to Zen were already too valuable, but the third prince was not yet done. He went on to open the next brocade box.

"Your Highness, please stop! Why are you showing me all these stuff?" Zen cut in. "Don't open the rest of the boxes! I don't want to know what's inside," Zen made a cold remark trying to dissuade Ray from opening the rest of the boxes.

Hearing this, Ray instantly stopped reaching for the next brocade box. With a faint smile on his face, he said,"Zen, you are a smart man. I believe you know what this means."

"I know you're trying to get me to join your camp. Am I right, Your Highness?" Zen asked calmly. His straightforwardness shocked all the guests at the banquet.

Still, with a smile on his face, Ray replied,"It isn't just to simply join my camp. I want you to help me build an empire!"

With his eyes shining with hope, he continued,"If I ascend to the throne, I will unify the far south and the northwest, which will expand the territory of the Burning Sky Empire by ten times. Above all, I will dominate the whole Eastern Region and make it a vast empire that can compete with the Central Region. Zen, your future development is unpredictable. You will certainly become a great help to me in the future. Let's work together to bring the Eastern Region into a new glory!"

Ray was a very ambitious and clever man. So, as soon as he knew that Zen wasn't interested in his treasures, he made him picture a vision to persuade the young disciple to join him.

The cultivators were just humans that hoped to mark a spot in history. And by giving them a vision, it would eventually attract them to join the cause.

It was an ultimate glorious thing to help the emperor in expanding his territory. They would go down in history with tremendous contributions that would be admired by future generations.

"I am sorry, Your Highness. I have no intention in joining any group or factions," refused Zen.

Whatever the third prince was offering would not attract Zen into his side. Much to the prince's dismay, his plan didn't work as he wanted.

One of Zen's life goals was to pursue the ultimate of martial arts. He was determined to look down at the world from the summit of martial arts. His other goal was to protect her sister, Yan.

According to Kenneth, Yan was staying in Cloud Sect safely. But she would eventually be taken away by the man in the Central Region one day.

There was not much time left for Zen. He still needed to progress rapidly until he would be able to compete with that man. Only in this way could he change his sister's fate.

Perhaps he had one more goal at present, that was to protect Aura, Master Su of Drizzle Peak. As to the future emperor of the Burning Sky Empire, whether it was Crown Prince, Third Prince, or Seventh Prince, Zen didn't care at all.

After being rejected mercilessly by Zen, Ray's smiling face stiffened. He didn't say a word for a while.

Seeing the dismay in the prince's face, some of the guests couldn't control themselves and shouted abuse at Zen.

In their opinion, Ray favored him so much, but Zen was being too arrogant. Each of the boxes contained a precious gift and there could be more in the other boxes. Even the top seven noble clans could hardly receive such high rewards from the royal family.

"Zen, are you really this stubborn? Can't you be just grateful at the Highness' kindness? His Highness appreciates you so much, but you keep on refusing him. Who do you think you are?" "Even if you are talented, you can only compete with a cultivator at the beginning of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Any master at the high grade of Illuminating Soul Realm can easily defeat you."

"There are many masters working for His Highness. In comparison, you're nothing but a bum."

"Are you challenging His Highness, lad? Or you're just playing hard to get? But let me tell you, don't be too greedy. Greed often ends badly!"

The guests scolded Zen one after another.

Ray waved his hands to hushed them. His face looked quite complicated.

He realized that Zen's attitude was resolute and he had misjudged Zen's character. He thought that there was no deal in the world that could not be done with some high-priced gifts. He felt that he was inexperienced in reading people's mind.

Despite being rejected, Ray admired Zen's talent and didn't want to give up.

He puzzled himself over the matter of what Zen really cared about.

Soon, his eyes brightened with joy and his face lit up into a smile again.

He had tried to attract Zen with wealth and status that he completely forgot what Zen really wanted–his half-sister, Aura. He thought that he finally found the right price for Zen's loyalty.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 520 Misunderstanding

Ever since Zen Luo had entered the Feathery Star Hall, his focus hadn't been on himself or on anyone or anything in the great hall itself. His only reason for staying and waiting was to wait for Aura Su.

Ray already knew about the relationship between Zen and Aura. He had a vast network of informants at his command. Aura had been Zen's master when she was at the Drizzle Peak.

However, there was something Ray didn't understand. If they only called each other master and disciple, why did Zen care about Aura so much?

In any case, it wasn't important for Ray to know why Zen cared about her. The fact that Zen cared about Aura a lot was enough for him.

Zen turned a deaf ear to the conversations of everyone else inside the Feathery Star Hall. He seemed bored and after a while, he asked Ray directly, "Your Highness, it has been a long while. Why isn't the Sky Princess here yet? Have you been teasing me from the very beginning?"

"Please relax. The Sky Princess will be here any time." A smile appeared on Ray's face again. He seemed to be in a mood to keep Zen there as long as possible.

...

...

The ambience in the Shine Hall was soft and there was a slight radiance in it.

It had been quite busy in the past but right now, it was desolate and quiet.

Only a very few necessary servants still stayed in the hall. Others were not even allowed to get close to it.

Being under house arrest was not a very pleasant thing. Aura was bored and had started to learn embroidery skills from an aged servant.

Right now also, to while away the time, her deft fingers were holding a silver needle and guiding a colorful string through a piece of white satin. Being pretty smart, Aura had found it easy to learn.

Delicate patterns were appearing on the satin gradually. They were neat, flexible and well-colored. Her skills had become much better than the aged servant herself now.

But right now she was merely staring at the pattern and keeping still. She felt depressed that she could do nothing under this house arrest.

'Did the All Peak Competition end?

What performance could Zen Luo achieve?

Among the top one hundred?' Aura talked to herself inwardly, To be honest, in Aura's eyes, if Zen was able to be among the top 100, she would have felt greatly satisfied. Thinking about this, Aura's smart eyes turned crescent. If Zen really managed to succeed in this endeavor, the Drizzle Peak's rank would go much higher this time.

She chose Zen from thousands of disciples. Aura really did seem to have a talent of spotting the occasional grain of wheat among large piles of chaff. And her loyalty lay to the Drizzle Peak, so much so that being a master there was better than staying here.

If she had not left the Drizzle Peak, she would not have been involved in the political struggles of the Imperial Capital.

But somehow, she could not remain unaffected due to her brother. The crown prince was her brother.

It was a pity that she could not change the overall situation even though she had returned to the Burning Sky Palace. The palace where the crown prince stayed had been sealed off and no one was allowed to go in or out. Ray claimed that he had done it in order to protect the crown prince, but in reality, both her and the crown prince were under house arrest. As the sister of the crown prince, and the most favorite daughter of the old Emperor, she was under the same situation as him.

It was so boring here!

How great would it be if she could go to the Cloud Sect!

She threw her hand in the air and the satin she was working on flew out and landed on the clothing shelf nearby. It had become a nearly-finished job but she had no idea who she made it for.

Walking on the smooth ground with her bare feet, Aura felt angry. But there was no one in here on whom she could vent her anger. It was becoming too much to stand now and she felt like her resolve would break. There was even a possibility that after a short while, she would take her sword and fight against the aged eunuchs in the palace!

At this moment, a voice came from outside the hall.

"Your Highness, Prince Ray asks you to go to the Feathery Star hall!"

Hearing that, Aura blinked in curiosity. 'Who is going to meet me in there?

What is going on? Does Ray want to kill me now?' She thought. There was a cold smile appearing on her face.

Theoretically, Ray would not kill her before the result of the competition between Ray and Conn came out. Ray had lots of resources and supporters while Conn was backed by the group of the old eunuchs. These eunuchs didn't show up in normal time, but they were a group of great power that could not be neglected.

'Before the results of the fight between the two princes come out, my brother and I should theoretically be safe.

But what does Ray want to do right now? Why has he asked me to go to the Feathery Star Hall? I hope he isn't going to recall the happy time of growing up with me, his half-sister!' These thoughts kept going on in her mind as she walked towards the Hall.

Familial obligations existed only as a formality among the royal people. Once there was a conflict of interest, the result would always be decided through fights. Being blood related would change nothing.

Aura walked out of the Shine Hall in a green grown. Coming to think of it, she had not come out of her hall for a long time up till now.

It was almost as if she was a prisoner being released from her cell. She could not help shaking her head. It was a pitiable state that the Sky Princess had been put in and quite embarrassing too.

On her way to the Feathery Star Hall, Aura breathed the fresh air freely. She forgot the situation of being imprisoned for the time being and enjoyed her temporary freedom. It had really tortured her to be under house arrest.

Soon Aura came to the Feathery Star Hall. It wasn't unexpected that there were several lamps burning inside. Ray had a party going on with people every night. He did this to try and pull them towards his side. This would allow him to gain more support.

Conn, who was the seventh prince and her half brother seemed to be a lot calmer and more composed than Ray. Except the masters of some top noble clans, Conn barely had connections with any warriors at all. Ray and Conn had different plans. No one could tell whose idea was better and it would only come to light once things had settled in the future.

Entering the Feathery Star Hall, Aura started looking for Ray. Having been under house arrest for such a long time, she wanted to speak sarcastically to Ray. She felt that even though Ray was stronger than her, she could still vent some of her anger out using her words.

All of a sudden when she was looking for Ray in the crowds, she found a familiar figure pacing about.

He looked hauntingly familiar to her. When she saw his face, her eyes opened wide in shock.

Zen Luo?

How did he get here?

"Is he taking Ray's side? Is he here to swear loyalty?"

A bad idea appeared in Aura's mind.

In Aura's eyes, Zen deciding to take Ray's side did not change the overall situation at all. There were already too many powerful people on Ray's side. Some people, who looked like ordinary guests were actually at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Zen, a nature creature, could not be thought much of.

Aura just felt terrible about it since Zen joining him was akin to her being betrayed.

Aura thought about the conversation she had had with Zen. She had believed in him so much and had even expected that Zen could create a miracle. She had hoped to see Zen grow strong in the future and help her to change the overall situations.

Now thinking about it, she felt that she had been too naive all that time. At about twenty years old, she was not a little girl anymore. How could she believe in a young man so easily?

Maybe Aura had been under house arrest for such a long time that she had become over sensitive now. She felt that she had been betrayed and wanted to cry when she saw Zen standing beside Ray.

It seemed that she had found out an elite and cultivated him with great efforts, but the elite was now standing on the other side of the game. She felt bad even though it had not been wise of her to have put so much hope on this young man. Zen could not have changed the overall situation by himself at all.

"Master Su!" Zen caught her in his glance and became excited. Of course Zen didn't know Aura had several negative thoughts going on in her mind right now. Zen was simply happy to see her safe.

To him, Aura was not his master, but an elder sister. She had helped him a lot every time he had faced difficult situations. He had survived them with her help and belief. That was one of the important reasons why Zen had come to the Burning Sky Palace as soon as he had come back to the Imperial Capital.

He must pay back the kindness of Aura.

However, there seemed to be a cold frost in Aura's eyes. She replied coldly to Zen, "Yes? Do you have anything to talk to me?"

'Since you have chosen to be on Ray's side, I don't suppose I am as important as I was before. So why did you want to see me? Do you want to show off the relationship between you and Ray?' Aura thought angrily.

"Are... are you all right?" Seeing Aura's cold reaction, Zen was stunned and didn't know what to say.

Aura smiled coldly and replied in a chilly tone, "Fine, I am always fine. I grew up in the Burning Sky Palace and this is my home. Why wouldn't I be fine?"

Zen was puzzled. Looking at the cold expression Aura was touting, he tried to find out the reason why she was acting that way. But no matter how hard he looked, he could not know what was wrong with Aura. Why did she have such a cold attitude? Was she really fine under house arrest?

"But..." Zen was totally lost and did not know what to say.

Chapter 521 The First Place (Part One)

Aura found Zen's response strange and wondered why Zen looked a little uneasy. She had misunderstood Zen. It was a mistake on her part to take it for granted that Zen had thrown himself into Ray's lap.

"But I heard that you had been placed under house arrest. I came here to free you today!" Zen finally recovered and declared in a firm tone, with his gaze fixated on Aura.

He was confused as to why Aura was so cold and unkind to him. But right now, thinking of his purpose for coming here, he decided that he had to make every possible effort to achieve his end. Even though Aura was reluctant, Zen wasn't going to rashly change his mind. This was just who Zen was.

"Free me from house arrest?" Aura questioned back in a daze. Very soon, she added, "Will you be able to do so?"

In Aura's opinion, it was improbable that Ray was going to put Zen in an important position even if Zen had decided to stand by Ray's side and become his subordinate. After all, too many talented and capable people served Ray, so Zen was not indispensable for the prince, especially since he was only a nature creature.

"How would I know if I don't try!" Zen smiled.

Upon hearing Zen's calm and sure reply, Ray chuckled all of a sudden, strolling over to him. He told him, "Zen, it is not impossible for you to take Aura away!"

'It is not impossible?' mumbled Aura. She was shocked by the prince's words. She was even doubting her ears right now.

In political conflicts of a royal family, attention was particularly paid to ruthless attack against opponents. Aura couldn't believe it at all that Ray was going to let go of her so easily.

So why had he said something like that? How could it have been possible for Zen to make Ray concede?

Ray nodded and continued with his gaze fixated on Aura, "But with one condition!"

Zen's face turned gloomy when he heard the words coming out of Ray's mouth. Without any thought at all, he could easily guess what condition this guy was going to propose.

Zen was able to figure out the condition, but Aura couldn't, and thus, she asked, "What condition?"

"My sister, I will allow you to leave the Shine Hall and be free if Zen agrees to join me!" Ray stated in a simple tone.

'What?' Aura grumbled. Ray's condition astounded Aura, who mumbled deep in her mind, 'Hasn't Zen thrown himself into Ray's lap already? Are they play-acting? Why is he saying that he will free me if Zen joins him? What on earth is going on?' Aura was totally confused. She was lost in her complex thoughts and couldn't clear up her mind.

Of course, Ray turned a blind eye to the fact that Aura was deeply indulging in her own wild thoughts. He had his own viewpoints.

In fact, Ray believed that Aura was not critical for his cause. Perhaps she had developed some interpersonal relationships with the top seven noble clans, which might be helpful for the crown prince. However, right now, the top seven noble clans had already taken sides. The crown prince was just in name only and like a puppet. Thus, it was completely impossible to reverse the situation.

Therefore, it wouldn't matter at all even if Ray let Aura out. No problems would be caused further as long as the crown prince was still under his control.

However, it would be a great deal for Ray if Zen was willing to join him on the premise that he let go of Aura. Based on Zen's strengths, Ray would have a greater chance to gain support from Cloud Sect. If that really ended up happening as Ray had planned, it would be beyond doubt that he would win very soon.

However, Aura was not satisfied by Ray's condition at all. She stood there in bafflement for quite a long while. As she snapped out of her daze, she suddenly switched her gaze towards Zen and asked, "Zen, I still don't know your ranking in this All Peaks Competition. How did you score? How far did you go?"

The only thing that made sense to Aura was that Ray's condition might be associated with the All Peaks Competition, or else how could it be possible to exchange her freedom for Zen's loyalty! 'Unless... Zen has made some amazing achievements in the All Peaks Competition. His achievements were so amazing that Ray feels satisfied with his fighting tactics, ' Aura guessed.

'But it would mean nothing for Ray at all even Zen has been ranked among top 100. Did Zen manage to land in the top 50?' No, wait! That was not enough for Ray to pay so much attention to Zen. If Zen had been put in the list of top 20, there was a small likelihood that Ray would speak highly of Zen's tactics, but it was still impossible for Ray to let Aura go just because of that rank. Did Zen win one of the top ten places? Or top five? Or top three? Aura's guesses kept on inching closer, even though

she herself felt that her guesses were rather ridiculous. Since all her guesses were absurd, she had no choice but to ask Zen.

However, contrary to all of her expectations, Zen touched his head and responded gently, "Master Su, I won the first place!"

"The first place..."

Aura's voice faltered before she could finish her sentence. Perhaps she was the last one to have come to know about this and also the one that was the most shocked to hear the news.

After all, she had always been the one to show the greatest concerns for Zen. In addition, she had been placing the greatest hope on Zen for getting good results. And even if she hadn't been, she was Zen's master.

Chapter 522 The First Place (Part Two)

Regretfully, she had been put under house arrest inside the Shine Hall and couldn't receive any news of the outside world. As a result, she could only guess and infer in her mind whenever she thought about how well Zen would be able to perform in the All Peaks Competition.

But upon hearing her question, Zen had immediately replied to her that he had won the first place. Although he had responded in a low voice, Aura felt as if a streak of lightning had flashed across her brain and hit her. It was evident how sensational that piece of news was for her.

Aura was sure that it was impossible for Zen to lie to her, but the news was really unbelievable, since she hadn't seen the announcement made by the Cloud Sect, and hadn't personally looked at the list of rankings released by the Cloud Sect or witnessed the fight.

Zen's strengths seemed to have been improved and reached the third grade of nature level. Aura could easily detect all these improvements and changes in Zen. But what if Zen had reached the third grade of nature level? How could he have battled with the top disciples of all thirty three peaks? How could he have fought and won the disciples who had directly learned skills from elders and saints?

In spite of her great doubt, Aura could do nothing but believe in the news. Only when she believed could she understand why Ray had put forward such a condition to set her free.

Thinking from Ray's standpoint, Aura confirmed that she would surely make the same choice as Ray had if Zen had really won the first place among all disciples of Cloud Sect.

In fact, Zen's words had been proven true by what Ray had stated.

When she had been feeling rather bored in the Shine Hall, Aura had calculated that perhaps Zen would have been able to climb onto the list of top 100 contestants. But which place could he exactly win? Top 90? Or top 80? Aura was even not sure how many times she had made guesses about that. Now, she had realized that she had never guessed right.

'Is Zen's great achievement in the All Peaks Competition enough for arousing great concerns of Kenneth Shi?

Can Zen take me away from here since he has come to the Burning Sky Palace?'

As Aura was overwrought by different questions, her heart was beating very fast. She could even hear her own heartbeat.

On the other side, Zen turned around towards Ray and replied, "Your Highness, I have already told you very clearly that I will not take any sides in this battle!"

Ray seemed to have expected this answer from Zen's mouth and questioned calmly in response, "Then, Zen Luo, do you think that you can take the princess away without giving anything in return?"

As if Zen had discerned the threats in Ray's words, he unsheathed his long Streamer Sword. "Shiiiiing". The sound of Zen's sword being drawn from a sheath was heard clearly across the hall. Then, he declared sternly, "I never thought of taking Aura away without a fight. Since your highness seems to consider that I won't be able to make it, I would like to prove it!"

Hearing that Zen was calling her name so intimately, Aura throbbed a little and some unusual feelings crept into her mind. 'Didn't this guy always call me Master Su? Now, why is he calling me by my name directly?' she thought to herself.

Zen carried his sword in one hand, walked over towards Aura and took her by her hand. Then, he said, "Let's go!"

It would have been rather offensive to directly hold the princess' hand, but for some reason, Aura didn't seem to have any aversion towards it. Instead, she followed closely behind Zen.

But when they had just taken two steps, an old man stopped them near the entrance of the Feathery Star Hall. This old man was not tall, but his nose was sharp and aquiline. He looked deadly ferocious, and some domineering pressure could be felt from his very posture.

"Zen, I really admire you. But my admiration can't be the excuse for you to look down upon me. You were able to challenge masters of the Illuminating Soul Realm dependent upon your strengths as a nature creature. And today, all those guests present in this banquet are no match for you. In spite of this, do you think that you can take her away safely?" Ray said, spreading out his hands.

"Ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm?" Zen asked, his eyebrows knitting as he stared at the old man.

Standing at the entrance emotionless like a robot, the old man was still blocking their way. He was a master at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, so even other masters present in the great hall had a strong sense of oppression from him even though he was just standing there. It was almost as if he could kill them just by his looks. As this old man firmly gazed at him, Zen felt beads of sweat transpiring on his back.

It had been a long period of time since he felt such a strong sense of oppression last time.

"Ray, do you dare to try and kill me?" Zen asked coldly.

Ray shook his head very calmly and responded, "To be honest, I do not. Now, you are ranked Number One in Cloud Sect. How would I be able to explain it to Kenneth if I kill you?"

"Since you dare not, then why do you... try to stop me today?" As Zen was saying that, he turned back and moved forward with a flick of his sword. Immediately, the energy of the Phoenix Crystal on his right arm fully emancipated by itself. In the meantime, all dragon scales inside his body lit up, as he had almost exerted all his strengths!

Evan hadn't stepped into the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm yet, but Zen had been only capable of battling him in terms of sword play. Although this old man's gift and even his foundation were not as awesome as Evan's, he was not weak. Zen significantly lagged behind this old man in terms of cultivation levels.

To confront with such a strong master, Zen had no choice but to adopt his mightiest tactic.

Chapter 523 Smashing Through The Walls (Part One)

Seeing that Zen's sword was coming at him with such mighty force, the old man felt a tinge of surprise.

In fact, even if it had been some other master in his place, with greater powers at his disposal, he would also find Zen's unfathomable, ingenious and seemingly basic movements of swordsmanship strange.

This wasn't so because Zen's abilities and moves were unbreakable. Even tactically the most sound of his moves would fail to make up for the enormous and undeniable strength gap that lay between the two.

As Zen flicked the sword at him, the old man turned around with his short yet powerful stature to dodge the incoming attack. At the same time, he did something mentally and a short spear popped out of nowhere, lunging straight at Zen's Streamer Sword.

Clink!

The pointed head of the spear collided with Zen's streamer Sword and let out a crisp tinkling sound. Though neither of the two weapons stopped in their paths, the spear slightly sank down. The old man seemed surprised. Obviously, he hadn't expected that Zen's long sword could contain such mighty force. His face darkened a little and he sneered as he injected a bit of grey-colored life vitality into his short spear. Now, he decided to beat back Zen's sword by relying on his life vitality.

Zen backed a few steps when faced with that force. Then, without taking a breath, he lunged at the old man with his sword once more.

One strike, two strikes, three strikes, four strikes…

Every move that Zen made was impeccable and his performance of basic swordsmanship was, perhaps, second to none. Unfortunately, such basic moves were of no use and his attacks were constantly deflected by the old man's life vitality.

Zen's face was clouded. His level in the martial arts really was very low.

Even though he excelled at swordsmanship, which had given him the confidence and the ability to win over the aged man's short spear, in this fight, his opponent didn't seem fazed about his talent in this area at all.

What they were doing was equivalent to a skilled boxer fighting with a two-meter high giant of a man. In such a case, techniques failed to come into play.

Zen didn't give up though. With each passing deflection, his strikes came fiercer than ever, exerting all his efforts. Beads of sweat began to form on his forehead.

Women all tended to fantasize, and Aura was no exception.

She had fantasized about numerous scenes in which Zen was fighting, but never had she ever dreamed of the things she was witnessing in those moments.

Her hand was firmly in Zen's grasp, his grip unyielding. Her palm was wet with Zen's sweat and with her own.

Seeing that Zen's sword was fiercely whooshing forward and flashing brilliant silver streaks in the air, Aura felt greatly delighted. Although she knew that Zen was not a match for the old man, she still felt surprised that Zen had grown and cultivated so fast. Today, he was developed enough to possess the strength to confront the old man.

Half a year ago, Vale had suppressed him easily, and he was at the initial level of the Illuminating Soul Realm then. But today, Zen had the courage to battle against a master at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

At that moment, Aura didn't mind the fact that she had been under house-arrest at the Burning Sky Palace the last several weeks. She was happy to see Zen's growth and it had taken all the sadness and boredom off her mind.

However, no breakthrough occurred in the fight even though a long time elapsed. Zen grew anxious, while the old man looked more at ease than ever before. The short spear had blocked all of Zen's strikes. It was like a cage that firmly locked Zen within its control.

The old man smiled with derision. He now had the situation under his control. Zen was still so young and he believed that he wouldn't be able to break the lock formed by his short spear.

While the old man showed his smug face, Zen's eyes flashed a hauntingly beautiful white light. A shadow of a figure rushed out from his body. At the same time, the Blood Drinking Sword sprang out from his space ring. Lily, freshly unleashed from inside him grabbed the Blood Drinking Sword before she reached her highest point and stabbed at the old man.

All this happened so sudden and so fast that from the moment Lily took the sword to the time she directed the sword towards the old man, it seemed that time had not passed.

As a master at the peak of Illuminating Soul Realm, the old man had a sharp sense. Even though he had used his short spear to lock Zen's sword, he still had enough extra energy to mobilize his senses. He could handle anything at ease even at the mere rustle of a few leaves caused by someone stealthily approaching him.

But it never occurred to him that a person would rush out from Zen's body. This was incredible.

More unsettling was the strong malicious aura that person was emitting.

So the first reaction the old man had was not to attack, but to hold his short spear horizontally, trying to deflect Lily's stab.

The problem was that his short spear was only a low-level fairy weapon.

Even though he was at the peak of Illuminating Soul Realm, he had very few spears at his disposal, let alone a short spear equivalent to a middle-grade fairy weapon. It was considered highly difficult to obtain such weapons. However, Lily was no ordinary person.

And what she held in her hands was a middle-level fairy weapon. Moreover, the cultivation technique Lily was utilizing in her attacks was a kind of malicious aura. It was, to use the common phrase, super-powerful.

As soon as the sharp blade of the Blood Drinking Sword touched the wooden hilt of the short spear, there was a flash of red light and the low-level fairy weapon directly broke into two parts.

The old man reacted quickly. At the very moment his short spear was broken, he immediately retreated a few steps back. But he was too slow compared to Lily, and the Blood Drinking sword still stabbed into his chest and drops of blood came out from the wound. The old man crazily fled backward, and Lily ran behind him in hot pursuit. She followed closely behind at a brisk, powerful pace, her pretty figure dancing every step of the way. She was determined to catch him and kill him.

"Let's go!"

Lily's dancing steps and movements seemed delicate but her swordsmanship was very powerful. However, even she was not a match for the old man. She had just happened to pop out and catch him off guard. After the latter had come back to his senses, Lily might not be able to withstand his attacks.

Chapter 524 Smashing Through The Walls (Part Two)

Holding Aura's hand, Zen raced away rapidly. Aura could feel a mighty force drag her forward. She didn't need to take any steps to follow him, since that mighty, invisible force was pushing her and she felt like she was riding on a cloud.

After running for a while, a vermilion wall appeared in their path and blocked the way. All the walls in the palace were painted in vermilion and were one meter thick. However, Zen didn't stop. When he finally approached the wall and got close enough to it, he simply bumped into it without any hesitation at all. As a result, the wall cracked open and a big hole appeared in it.

Zen grew more and more uneasy, looking like a caged beast. He had brought his strength and speed into full play. While Aura, who was standing behind him, cracked into a smile.

She had been caught in the Shine Palace for quite a period of time and today, she felt very pleased to see that Zen had grown so strong. She was blissfully happy. She looked as if she was intoxicated. She followed Zen silently as she watched his broad back. It almost seemed to her that she really didn't care whether they could get out of the Burning Sky Palace or not.

More importantly, Aura was clear that it was impossible for Zen to get out with her.

"Your Highness, let us go and stop this man."

The guests of the Feathery Star Hall volunteered to accompany the old man behind Zen.

Ray turned a deaf ear towards them. He was busy gazing firmly at Lily who was now fighting with Uncle Kyle.

Kyle was the old man Zen had been fighting. He was a trusted follower of Ray, and also an elder of the family.

As Lily initiated her sword dance, Kyle panicked. Now, with his spear broken into two by her sword, it was very difficult for him to deflect Lily's sword dance.

But after several rounds, Kyle finally took control with his life vitality. He became more valiant in the fight. Gusts of winds came from his palms and streams of life vitality escaped from his body which helped him withstand the attacks of Lily's sword dance. He was finally successful in forcing Lily to retreat.

At this moment, Lily's eyes, which were originally full of malicious aura, suddenly flashed a dark shade of red. She turned into a dot of red light and whirled around the Drinking Blood Sword, rushing out of the Feathery Star Hall. As Lily was Zen's sword spirit, their hearts were connected. Zen clearly knew that Lilly would not be able to hold on for too long, so he immediately summoned her back.

Kyle cupped his hands and bowed to Ray, "Your Highness, please let me go and catch Zen."

Ray shook his head and refused, "No. We have already created quite a stir with the loud noise your fighting made. I have sent a message to Hendy."

"Hendy? Your Highness, do we really have to bother Hendy for this matter?" Kyle was slightly surprised.

"Yes. We didn't have to do that earlier on. But now, a group of hateful eunuchs have come in the middle. What else can I do?" Ray sneered.

Kyle frowned as Ray's words sank into his mind. If the eunuchs got a hand in this matter, there was going to be great trouble.

"Come with me tonight. Things are getting a little tricky now." Ray floated up in the air and flew out of the Feathery Star Hall. Although he had never taken admission into the Cloud Sect, as the most competitive prince of his generation, he still was pretty talented. And the resources that came into his hands were no less than the resources that any elite disciple of the Cloud Sect could enjoy. He had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm long ago.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Several walls were smashed into pieces with loud crashes accompanying each hit.

Seeing them whirling through the palace, many maids and eunuchs shrieked in horror.

When he was hitting the walls, Zen was also applying a slight vibration with his hands. At the moment he touched the wall, his body vibrated intensively with a low amplitude. Therefore, the impact on the wall was destructible. And every time Zen casually smashed into the wall with his body, the wall cracked into a hole as big as two meters high.

Zen's face and head were covered with ash and mud, and he looked like something the cat had dragged in. Aura was in stark contrast to him though. She was following closely behind him, looking immaculate, with no signs of dirt or ash on her at all.

"Why the hell is this accursed Burning Sky Palace so big?' Zen got frustrated now. He had gone in a straight line the moment he had gotten out of the Feathery Star Hall and he had broken dozens of walls along the way. It was beyond him why he hadn't walked out of the Burning Sky Palace yet.

"The Feathery Star Hall is situated at the left-front of the Burning Sky Palace. You're heading into the very depths of the palace since you took a right. If you continue on this route, I'm afraid you will have to walk through the whole palace before we see the light of day. No wonder you feel that the palace is so big," Aura replied slowly with a graceful smile.

Zen lost his head upon hearing her. "Oh my god! Why didn't you tell me that earlier?" He was depressed. It turned out that he had been headed the wrong way all the time. He was going into the depths of the Burning Sky Palace instead of getting out. What a disappointment!

"It's okay…" Aura replied in a low voice.

"Okay? Why? If we had taken the right turn earlier on, we might have already gotten out of the Burning Sky Palace!" While talking, Zen smashed against another wall and they entered into a beautiful and delicate garden. The idyllic scene in the garden was quite a feast to the eyes, with several birds singing in the air, flowers casting forth their fragrance, and trees throwing a pleasant shade on the ground. They felt as though they had entered a fairyland.

Under a willow tree sat a young man wearing a purple hat. In front of him was a string plucked instrument. He was plucking those strings gently with his slender fingers and a sad melody engulfed the air.

Looking at the young man, Zen suddenly stopped. It was not that he was afraid of the young man. He could sense that the young man's strength was at the initial level of Illuminating Soul Realm at best. And Zen would certainly not take him seriously.

It was the three people who were standing beside the young man that made Zen hesitate. Those men were clad with kohempcloth archer uniform. And they were wearing a black belt connected by white jade on their waists.

Zen could not figure out the real strength of these three men. He could only sense from the aura they were emitting that the strength of the two men standing on the side were relatively weaker. And the man who was standing in the middle was even stronger than Elder Xu, and among the masters Zen had seen, he might be only lesser to Kenneth.

"I said it was okay, because I knew you would not be able to get me out of the Burning Sky Palace..." Aura replied sweetly with a gentle smile.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 525 Pointing Out The Problem

Putting the crown prince and the Sky Princess under house arrest was not the sole decision of the third prince. In truth, the seventh prince had been in on the plot, too.

The crown prince was more like a pawn, but he could not be discarded at random though he was quite useless. After all, with the outcome of the throne battle still in suspense, neither the third prince, Ray, nor the seventh prince, Conn, was willing to tackle the crown prince.

If either of them made a move against the crown prince now, the other would accuse him of usurping the throne. Both of them knew they could not carry such blame on their backs.

But if one of them deposed the crown prince after he gained an absolute advantage, nobody would dare step forward to speak for the crown prince.

The young man with the purple hat swept his fingers along the zither calmly. The music was at times loud and sonorous, at other moments more sorrowful and euphemistic. It was quite an exquisite play.

"Who is he?" asked Zen.

"He's Conn, the seventh prince," Aura answered him.

Hearing Aura's voice, Conn stopped playing at once. He smiled, calling out in a bright and clear voice, "Sister Aura, good evening to you!"

Aura bit her lips, saying, "Well, good to see you too, brother!"

"Tonight, the Burning Sky Palace was so clamorous that I couldn't fall asleep. So, I came out to play a piece. I wonder if Sister Aura and the friend beside you are interested in hearing my piece?" inquired Conn with a smile.

"No, not at all!" Zen replied flatly. He had no patience in dawdling over social etiquette with this young man. At first glance itself, Conn's uncanny appearance revealed him not to be a too decent guy. Zen just tugged Aura forward, attempting to walk through the hole in the wall and find a way outside.

However, the moment he moved, a waft of wind whirled in. Two men stood at the hole that Zen had created in the clash!

The two of them moved in such an eerie fashion that Zen failed to see how they came to be there. It looked like they had been stationed in that hole all along, when just a second ago, they had been beside Conn!

"Our seventh prince is seldom in such a good mood to play. Please hang around and listen, won't you?" one of the two said, his words more of a demand than a request. To Zen's surprise, his voice sounded as high-pitched as a woman's.

With the two men in the way, Zen tilted his head dangerously, snarling, "You two darn eunuchs!"

Calling someone a eunuch at the Burning Sky Palace was not an act of insult. In fact, a eunuch occupied an official position in the palace, and not everyone was qualified for it. Almost anyone who could be classified as a eunuch was powerful.

If Zen had simply called them 'two eunuchs', the two would have probably not minded it.

However, Zen referred to them with an insult. The expression on their faces turned unpleasant. After all, their martial art skills were quite extraordinary. They might not be a match to Elder Xu, but they could surely take out other elders of Cloud Sect.

The two of them were certainly top-of-the-range practitioners in the Eastern Region.

"You rat, you're lucky our seventh prince is in a good mood today. Otherwise, you wouldn't have been standing there spewing insults right now. You're merely at the third grade of nature-level. Who do you think you are to talk that way?" one of the eunuchs sneered.

"Well, I might not be a big shot, but at least I can have kids and continue my legacy!" Zen said outrageously, giving them a slight smile.

Aura could not help but let out a giggle, her face turning red at the words. Zen just poked fun at the physical defects of the two eunuchs. It was too audacious!

To become a eunuch, one had to be castrated, that was to say, get his manly part removed. But it was not an entirely awful thing because without it, a man was able to maintain his male vitality inside of his body and practice some unique cultivation methods.

Since eunuchs did not indulge in sex, besides taking on the responsibility of looking after their masters, they had enough time to concentrate on practicing the martial arts. That was the reason the eunuchs of the Burning Sky Palace were a group not to be neglected: many of them were martial arts experts.

Lacking the manly part was, nevertheless, not a thing one reveled in. It was a sore spot for nearly all eunuchs that they avoided addressing.

Still, Zen pointed it out, so how could the two eunuchs not feel their blood boil?

"You! Rot in hell!"

Sure enough, one of the eunuchs was incensed and not able to stifle his fury. He flicked his wrist and three nine-inch long black needles darted at Zen.

The black needles were not the usual ones. It seemed that they contained a certain peculiar form of life vitality that wrapped itself around the needles and protruded like a serpent sticking its tongue out.

Zen, of course, sensed the power concealed in the weapons.

It was just that the strength of the eunuch was too overwhelming for Zen to contend with. He made an attempt to dodge the three needles, but before he could duck them, they were in front of his eyes.

Clank, clank, clank!

Just as the three black needles were about to hit Zen's forehead, three sharp noises were heard.

An invisible, enchanted barrier seemed to have swooped in before Zen and blocked the needles. The needles collided with the obstruction without sinking in even the fraction of an inch and then proceeded to drop to the ground.

"Wasim, don't kill him!" said the eunuch behind Conn in a cold voice, the one issuing the powerful energy of the barrier. Evidently, the enchantment was his work.

A hint of a sardonic grin climbed onto Aura's face. Even if the three black needles that the eunuch cast were lethal, she was not much worried, for she knew that Conn would dare not do anything to Zen.

Since Zen was the winner of the All Peaks Competition, he was bound to join the test of the Cloud Road. If Zen, a man Kenneth had selected for the program, died at the Burning Sky Palace, Conn would land himself in big trouble, and so would Ray.

The two princes were fighting for the throne, scheming openly as well as in secret. But if they riled Kenneth, there would be no way either of them could become an emperor.

The strong always had the last word. Even the emperor had to bow before those stronger at the martial arts than him. It was how the world was running.

Aura was wise enough to perceive this. She was positive that Zen would not encounter any real danger at the Burning Sky Palace. She also knew that she had no way of escaping this place. So why not go along with Zen's antics? It was shocking for him, but it was fun and made her feel lighthearted, if even for a few moments.

"Mr. Luo, you are not powerful enough that we should allow you to misbehave at the Burning Sky Palace. I'm telling you, stop this now," Conn said in a bland but strong voice.

"Stop it?" Zen cast Aura a long look. He would never give up on what he was determined to do. "Your Highness, what must I do to make you release Aura and me?"

"Release you two?" Conn shook his head indifferently, playing a few notes before continuing, "You can go, but Sister Aura cannot, unless..."

Zen frowned, probing, "Unless what?"

"Unless you take a side. You may side with Ray, or with me. Your choice," Conn announced, beaming up at him.

Conn's requirements were different from Ray's. He already had the eunuchs backing him up. Now he only needed to rope in some of the patriarchs of the seven noble clans, whereas Ray needed to recruit all kinds of capable men.

A man like Zen, however, was a special talent, no matter where he went. Conn certainly would not mind securing the skills of such a genius. It would mean Conn had access to unlimited potential on his side.

"What if I refuse to give up?" Zen asked him in a frosty tone.

Conn Su smiled, replying, "I don't like making threats, especially when you have the Cloud Sect backing you. I really don't want to make an enemy out of you, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't dare to! I advise you to conduct yourself well from now on."

As he was speaking, the door to the yard swung open. The third prince, Ray, entered the scene. Following Ray was a throng of guests who had come to attend that day's feast, including the old man who was at the final level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Among the people was a stout man who wore black robes.

Catching sight of the fat man, the corners of Zen's eyes seemed to twitch. The royal palace was not short on impressive talent. The plump guy was certainly not inferior in strength to the eunuch standing behind Conn!

Ray shot Conn a shrewd glance before speaking to him with a smile. "My favorite brother of all! How carefree you are. Playing the zither on such a dark and windy night. I heard you say you'll hunt Zen down. Well, it's not what an honest man would do!"

These days, the two princes hardly got along. They were as incompatible as fire with water. Some said they would soon battle it out in a war of life and death.

The expression on Conn's face turned ice cold when he caught sight of his brother. "What does that have to do with you?" he demanded viciously.

"It sure does. Today, Zen finally consented to honor me with his company at my Feathery Star Hall..."

"..."

As the two princes stared daggers at each other, the followers behind them stood still.

This kind of confrontations had occurred numerous times already. But so far, the two had restrained the conflicts to verbal spats alone. If they got violent, the entirety of the Burning Sky Palace would soon be drenched in blood.

As the two princes argued, Zen suddenly bellowed, "Enough!"

Hearing Zen's shout, the two princes stood dazed. Soon, faint smiles curled their lips. They might fear each other but neither of them took Zen very seriously, given that the latter was hardly at top levels of the nature-level. His strength was praiseworthy, but not so impressive to them. If he joined any of their leagues, it would be great for them. But even he didn't, it was no big deal.

Zen threw them a sullen look. "Your highnesses, today I might lack sufficient strength to get Aura out of here. But could I point out a problem?"

"What?" asked Ray.

Conn rested his fingers on the strings of his instrument, his hard eyes fixed on Zen.

"Right now you might overpower me with help from those willing to back you. But one day, when I return with my accomplishments at cultivation, would you wish to watch your empire get run down to the ground?" Zen asked them in a quiet but awe-inspiring voice.

Chapter 526 Powerful Internal Elixir Realm Warriors (Part One)

Neither Ray nor Conn expected it, and they were astonished!

Then the two of them laughed loudly as if they'd just heard a hilarious joke.

Echoing their laughter, the entourage standing behind the princes laughed heartily as well.

Behind Ray, the guests guffawed, laughing so hard that some were doubled over, clutching their bellies.

Zen's threat was the funniest joke they'd ever heard.

"Did I hear him right? Did he say that he would destroy our country? My word, this boy isn't in his right mind."

"The empire has survived many threats, and is still standing. It's strong, and will stand forever. How dare he threaten us? Has he lost his mind completely!?"

"I thought I had confidence! This man takes the cake! Ha-ha! He has so much bluster that his wind could cause a tornado!"

Even the usually serious, taciturn chief eunuch smiled, as did Hendy.

Zen was indeed a genius from the Cloud Sect, the type of genius that came once a millennium.

But, as with any title, genius, denoted potential, and not necessarily what he had already achieved.

Many geniuses were born into the world every year, but, few endured long enough to mature into seasoned warriors because it was the age of survival of the fittest!

A few worked to make their way up towards the top, whereas the rest blended into the crowd, or worse yet, became nothing more than a heap of bones on the ground. The world might be full of opportunities, but it also demanded precise moves. One wrong step could mean doom, on any given day. A genius would be wise to maintain a low profile if he wanted to survive. As a fledgling, which Zen was, he'd made a grave mistake.

Because the Burning Sky Empire was like a huge monster. It was the largest, and strongest empire in the Eastern Region, making this a superpower to be reckoned with.

On the grander scale, there were more prominent countries than the Burning Sky, and, no country could remain the most powerful in this big, evil world.

And one day, doom was bound to befall the empire, but not at Zen's hands.

In order to destroy the Burning Sky Empire, Zen would need to be as formidable, if not stronger, as Kenneth, and as far as Ray and Conn could see, that was a slim to none possibility. Zen had the same odds of being as powerful as Kenneth, as being struck by lightning walking down the street, on a bright, sunny day.

Ray sighed loudly and said, "Zen, I was about to draw you over to my side. But, I see now that you are brainless, so, I give up!"

Conn shook his head and echoing the sentiment, added, "Normally, anyone bold enough to offend either of us would be dead by now. You aren't like them though. Since you are about to submit yourself to the Test of the Cloud Road, you won't be killed. However, you do need to be taught a lesson!"

At that, the chief eunuch stepped from behind Conn with an explosion of power bursting from within him, building around him, and billowing like endless sea waves.

As the pressure continued to increase, it rose above the level an Illuminating Soul warrior possessed, and everyone there became overwhelmed with the crushing force, particularly, Zen.

Now Zen realized that the eunuch was stronger than he'd initially thought. Instead of being at the consummation stage of Illuminating Soul Realm, this guy was an expert warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm.

The Internal Elixir Realm was a level Zen hadn't learned much about, yet.

And the only warrior Zen knew who was at the Internal Elixir Realm was Kenneth.

It had been just the other day that Zen had witnessed Kenneth's strength in battle. Kenneth's destructive power shocked the entire Cloud Sect population when he threw a single strike, which eliminated Saint Viana as he attempted to escape, and turned him into a pile of charred, bloody entrails and flesh.

Although Zen presumed the eunuch's strength was the same as Kenneth's, the eunuch didn't strike at Zen. Alternatively, the eunuch used his energy, building it to crush Zen's soul.

The intense pressure exerted weighted Zen down and it felt as though he was sinking in a large lake with thousands of pounds of cold water, where the force made it impossible for him to breathe.

Concurrently, Hendy moved, releasing his hidden strengths, and forcing a tremendous amount of pressure onto Zen.

As Zen felt the intensity, he determined Hendy was a warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm too.

Albeit, there were subtle differences in the strength wielded by each assailant. If the eunuch's force was like the rippling, icy-cold lake, then, Hendy's was a high mountain, falling on Zen's soul with brutal intensity.

Together, the two were a savage pair, and most opponents crumbled quickly. If Zen had been an ordinary warrior, he'd be dead by now!

The impact of the pressure each attacker forced onto Zen challenged his soul, while it tortured his physical form.

Having a body forged and enhanced like an indestructible fortress meant it was easier for Zen to deal with bodily harm. And while he could virtually ignore the corporeality pressure exerted on him, the real difficulty was the weight pushing against him mentally.

"Zen!" Aura called out in an anxiety-ridden voice. Even if the two masters promised not to hurt Zen physically, they could decimate him mentally, which would cause more damage than any physical attack, and yet, wouldn't be violating the rules.

She was worried, but, she couldn't do anything about it.

What could she do though? When Zen was faced with Vale, she used her title as a deterrence.

When Zen was attacked by the saints, she helped him out again, by utilizing her position and power to resolve the dilemma.

Now though, there wasn't any way for her to help him!

Her current situation was complicated. She wasn't able to fend for herself because her brothers looked down on her while her title and position were nothing special to them. How could she deter her brothers and their escorts to help Zen?

Her eyes grew large, brimming with anxiety, but she was helpless.

Chapter 527 Powerful Internal Elixir Realm Warriors (Part Two)

Aura stamped her foot in nervous anger. Just when she would have acted rashly, she felt Zen's arm seize hers. She looked over and saw Zen shaking his head, before giving her a calming tranquil glance, even though the pressure pushing in on him was so intense that he couldn't make a sound.

When Aura saw the look in his eyes, she was dumbfounded. She knew that he was silently telling her he would endure and not to worry.

Zen's soul was firmer and stronger than most fighters. All this time, Zen had defeated many fighters, not only warriors that were the same rank as him, but the ones who were above him, at the preliminary stages of Illuminating Soul Realm.

But strong as his soul was, it wasn't stronger than that of an Internal Elixir Realm warrior. When a fighter entered the Internal Elixir Realm, he was addressed as an expert and treated respectfully throughout the Eastern Region. The Internal Elixir Realm warriors were representative of the elite martial art warriors that the Eastern Region offered. And when they used their might against Zen, it was a stiff trial.

"Cra-aa-ck!"

Under the immense pressure, Zen's soul began to shudder. Subconsciously, his voice vibrated in his throat. Still, he gazed at Aura with comforting warmth.

Aura could sense the agony he felt though, and looking in his eyes, she saw his pain deep in there. She knew Zen was close to the brink of destruction and failure. Zen was indeed the genius who took first place in the All Peaks Competition, and he did it even though he was at the nature level. Still, there were warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm and also the Internal Elixir Realm above the nature creatures.

Next to them, Zen might as well have been an ant. He'd been proud of the intensity of his soul, but, it was no longer an advantage. It was just a matter of time before he was beaten, and crushed until only ashes remained.

Aura took Zen's hand in silence and squeezed it so tightly that her knuckles began to turn white from the force.

She had the urge to kneel before her half-brothers and beg them to let Zen go.

Experience had taught her that no amount of pleading with them would work though. There wasn't much family affection in the royal family, and they'd endangered themselves before struggling with each other. The only way that her brothers would listen was if Aura offered something that they were interested in having.

What should she do though? How could she possibly help? Desperately racking her brain for an idea, Aura began to feel overwhelmed, and couldn't recall ever feeling so vulnerable and fragile. Her eyes welled up with tears.

Alongside Aura, Zen's soul shook more violently and was on the verge of giving way. If his soul disintegrated, he would never recover his sanity, and he'd be an idiot forever.

The chief eunuch and Hendy reined in their assault when they saw how close Zen was to the edge, allowing him a small respite. Since they were aware if Zen suffered irreversible damage, it would aggravate Kenneth and bring trouble to the two princes, they didn't want that to happen.

Suddenly, a thunderous laugh was heard in the sky above them.

"Ha-ha-ha! Bullying my disciple, what powerful Internal Elixir Realm warriors you two must be! Shame on you!"

As soon as the newcomer finished speaking, an invisible force spread and enveloped Zen. The barrier of protection stopped the storm of pressure from falling on him, ricocheting it back at Hendy and the chief eunuch.

Hurt by the injuries the two got from the rebounding, they groaned and turned pale. The eunuch suffering more retreated a few paces. The two of them stared at the newcomer with disbelief.

"Boom!"

As the colossal figure, he slammed into the ground from the air, and his feet crushed the stone tiling.

Standing in front of them was an unshakable mountain of a man!

"Master Shi!" Aura's eyes glistened as she shouted joyfully.

Kenneth nodded in acknowledgement before he gave Zen a glance and asked, "You still alive over there?"

Zen bobbed his head and took a deep breath. The color returned to his face quickly and he was able to think straight. Only moments ago, he'd been at a critical juncture and thought his soul would give out.

In his mind, the cyan dragon gave his head a slight disapproving shake and said to himself, 'His soul is always absolutely safe with me here.'

The dragon was still too weak to remain awake for long since the Killing Sword Mountain, and had been sleeping soundly earlier. When Zen was attacked, and the pressure became unbearable, the cyan dragon woke up, and, even though he remained silent, he watched Zen and his two opponents. But, the cyan dragon was only there to observe and didn't intend to rush to his aid because Zen needed to overcome every obstacle on his own.

Zen might be gifted, intelligent, and blessed, but for him to be truly strong, he needed to be able to manage alone. Outside forces, after all, would be another's power, and Zen couldn't rely on others all the time.

Since there was a light-ray within the furnace that was capable of repairing any soul damage, instantly, the cyan dragon planned on waiting until Zen's soul had been disintegrated.

Unfortunately, Kenneth interrupted his plans when he suddenly appeared, saved Zen, and prevented Zen's soul from disintegrating.

Actually, Kenneth had been there, watching for some time too. He hadn't showed himself until a critical point came and Zen was about to fail.

Of course, Kenneth didn't know that the cyan dragon was in Zen and could have saved him at the last minute. So, to ensure that Zen didn't end up mindless, he needed to step in and help. After all, Zen was the most significant disciple participating in the Cloud Road Test. Therefore, Kenneth needed to prevent any accidents from befalling him, especially any that would damage his soul and leave him an idiot forever.

This was why he had shown up, and forced the two attackers to retreat.

Chapter 528 A Huge Face

Once Kenneth descended from the sky, others who were floating in the air also slowly landed. All the elders from Cloud Sect were present, including Elder Xu, who rarely made a public appearance.

Elder Xu was highly skilled at using cultivation methods related to life. When he landed, he walked up to Zen and advised him, "Stop resisting."

Heeding the advice, Zen felt the slow infusion of green life vitality into his mind.

"What?"

Ordinarily, being pressed down by two Internal Elixir Realm warriors could cause severe damage to one's soul. So, it surprised Elder Xu to find out this was not the case with Zen. His soul sustained no serious injuries but was slightly weaker. And this would only take a day or two for the warrior to restore himself.

Having witnessed Zen's performance, Elder Xu was aware that his soul was stronger than that of ordinary martial artists, yet he was still surprised. 'Those two are so strong that I dare not despise them. I didn't expect this boy to make it through. So, it is quite impressive.'

"Master Shi!"

Recognition had him standing up quickly and Conn bowed to Kenneth.

Meanwhile, Ray, who was on the other side, also carefully bowed to Kenneth.

Even the emperor had to bow when he saw the leader of Cloud Sect, not to mention the two princes.

When others saw Kenneth, regarded as the strongest man in the Eastern Region, they were shocked.

To everyone's surprise, Kenneth didn't even bother to look at Conn or Ray and ignored them completely. Instead, he walked over to Zen, patted him on the shoulder, and smiled. "How ambitious you are! That's my boy. You want to wipe out this country?

That's great! I'm in!" he laughed.

When he heard Kenneth's words, Ray felt that his heart was in his throat, and became extremely nervous.

Meanwhile, Conn forced a smile, which was worse than a cry.

If Kenneth wanted to wipe out the Burning Sky Empire, he could.

When Kane was still alive, the emperor of the Burning Sky Empire was more powerful than Kenneth. Over the years, the empire grew in prosperity and strength because of him.

But now, Kane was missing. Who could match and compete with Kenneth in the Burning Sky Empire?

Eunuchs flanked Conn. One of them was a master at the primary level of Internal Elixir Realm and Conn's strongest supporter. Although powerful, he was still no match for Kenneth.

There was Hendy, who assisted Ray, and had likewise reached the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm.

However, even if Hendy teamed up with the chief eunuch, they didn't stand a chance of conquering Kenneth.

Other than Kenneth, there were vice leaders, elders, saints, and other excellent people in Cloud Sect.

So, it was quite impossible for them to confront Cloud Sect.

If Kenneth wanted to, he could kill them all, and recommend someone from other clans to be the emperor.

He could even end up as Emperor of Burning Sky, and no one would have any objections.

"Sir, wasn't that a little inappropriate?"

Though frightened, Ray spoke politely.

"Inappropriate?"

Kenneth laughed arrogantly. "So what?" he said. "You think you can bully people? And why do you refuse to let anyone else fight back?

You think you're the one... The Son of Heaven?"

The view that the emperor was the Son of Heaven was nothing more than the opinion of ordinary people, or the words of the ruling class used to influence lesser people.

Son of Heaven?

That was the last thing martial artists would believe.

They were trained to practice cultivation methods against the heaven. Tough-minded martial artists didn't care if their enemy was the heaven or the heaven's son.

In a squeaky voice, one eunuch reminded, "Master Shi, you made a deal with our Emperor that you would stay out of Burning Sky Empire's affairs."

Sneering, Kenneth said, "I know you stupid eunuch would bring this up. Relax...

I have no interest in your country's internal strife, much less in destroying it. I only want to tell Zen that he can return to you after he passes the test of Cloud Road, and enters Cloud Hall." He added, "I will never allow anyone outside the Cloud Sect to bully my disciples."

Even with Kenneth reprimanding them, the eunuchs showed no signs of displeasure but felt relieved.

Their greatest fear was Kenneth interfered in their struggle. If they upset the man, he would probably support the crown prince. In that case, they would have to turn over the throne to the crown prince. After all, no one dared to confront the Cloud Sect.

Throwing them a cold look, Zen said coolly, "I will live up to your expectations."

Conn and Ray looked at Zen and felt slightly anxious.

Although both men had gathered intelligence on Zen, they continued to underestimate him in view of the present situation. In particular, they misjudged Zen's talent and strength, as well as his status in Kenneth's heart.

They had thought Kenneth would stay out of this business, as long as they didn't kill Zen, but only taught him a lesson.

No one actually hurt Zen, but this already infuriated Kenneth. Why did Zen make the leader of Cloud Sect think so highly of him? What on earth was the man capable of doing?

Perhaps in time, he would be as good as Kenneth.

"Let's go!"

Raring to get out of the place, Kenneth didn't want to speak to them anymore, so he started getting ready to leave.

Briefly hesitating, Zen said, "Sir, Master Su..."

But he was interrupted. "Of course, Aura will leave with us. And no one will dare to stop us!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Kenneth flew away. His rising figure was like a soaring mountain. According to the rules, flying over Burning Sky Palace was strictly prohibited, but Kenneth didn't care about rules at all.

In mid-air, something occurred to Kenneth so he said, "By the way, Kane once told me that if he died, you could fight each other. And the winner can sit as the emperor. But I warn you, if you kill the crown prince, I will not let you go!"

The man's words made Conn and Ray frown slightly.

Kenneth's word was the law, and it was infallible. In the past, he had stayed out of the affairs of Burning Sky Empire. But now that he had said it, they must follow his orders. After all, he was the strongest man in the Eastern Region.

He refused to let them hurt the crown prince. This order meant that Kenneth provided special protection for the prince. But for Ray and Conn, it was nearly impossible to seize the throne without hurting the crown prince.

Yet, they were bound to obey Kenneth.

Aura was clearly in an excellent mood. Then a green leaf suddenly appeared at Elder Xu's feet. Zen and Aura together stepped on the leaf. As Aura glanced at her two younger brothers, she broke into a smile.

Looking at the guy next to her, Aura couldn't help thinking, 'I didn't think he could do it.'

Before the All Peaks Competition, Aura did entertain such fantasies, but she thought her dream was unrealistic.

However, in less than a month, Zen was able to make that dream come true, and this was quite surprising.

The situation inside the palace had not changed, and Aura understood this. Her brother, the crown prince of Burning Sky Empire, was still unable to change his fate. However, with Kenneth's protection, there was a chance to change the situation.

Since Kenneth valued Zen very much, the young disciple could have the power to destroy the country in the future.

Talks about destroying the Burning Sky Empire was merely a threat. Even if Zen had the strength to wipe out the country, he would never do that. After all, martial artists at that level were not interested in being emperors at all.

The highest goal ordinary people aspired for was to be an emperor. Martial artists, however, had even loftier goals.

In the days when Kane held so much power, he barely cared about the state of affairs. It was the crown prince who handled everything in Burning Sky Empire. As emperor, Kane often accepted missions from Cloud Hall and ventured out to fulfill them. He was not so much an emperor as a martial artist.

In their return to Drizzle Peak, Aura and Zen received a warm welcome from the peak's disciples.

Drizzle Peak was completely different at this point. Numerous practicing realms and magic arrays were built to provide disciples with a better environment for improving themselves.

As the first among thirty-three peaks that was able to move from the last place to first, Drizzle Peak made history. And this remarkable change benefited all of Drizzle Peak's disciples. They thanked Zen for everything he had done, and Aura, for having brought Zen to Drizzle Peak.

However, their joy was shortlived. Something bizarre caused it to disappear.

One day, a huge face suddenly appeared in the sky of Cloud Sect.

Chapter 529 Yan Needed Zen's Protection

After Zen returned to Cloud Sect, he continued cultivating without interruptions.

There was only a half month left before the start of Cloud Road. If Zen had not visited the Luo Clan, he would have focused entirely on cultivation.

Meanwhile, both Rocher Hua and Patrick Pei had been absorbed in their cultivation.

Rocher had stayed in the Seven Star Sword Light Platform and didn't leave even for a second. There, he could not only add greater flexibility to his sword, but he could reinforce his strength as well.

Patrick didn't visit any practicing locations. His Buddhism cultivation method could not be improved by visiting any training places. His skills could only be enhanced through meditation.

Zen's sister, Yan, didn't go back to Hell Mountain

as there was only a half month left before Zen had to go to Cloud Road. Since Yan rarely got the opportunity to spend time with her brother, every moment was precious to her.

Usually, Yan watched as Zen practiced. She gazed at her brother as he exerted himself during his refinement. What she wanted was simple—to be around her brother. She didn't have much more to ask for.

However, It seemed to be unfortunate for Yan—such a tiny wish of her was still hard to come true as she would have to say goodbye to her brother soon. Sometimes, Yan thought it would have been better if she and her brother had been born in an ordinary family. In that case, they would have been ordinary people and they could spend their lives peacefully. There wouldn't be so many difficulties and disasters in their lives, and they wouldn't have to work so hard to pursue something.

Once a person decided to become a cultivator, hardships were part of their destiny. Not only would they obtain a lot, but they would also lose a lot.

Today, Zen had chosen to refine while sitting at the top of the mountain in Drizzle Peak. He was trying to use his life vitality to get past the bottleneck of grade four of the nature level.

As a matter of fact, Zen had accumulated enough strength to break through on his own. He could simplify the process by consuming some pills as well. However, Zen's foundation and basic strength would suffer if he chose to use pills. Furthermore, taking help now would make it more difficult for him to break through a higher level in the future.

Each time Zen improved, it had happened naturally. Each time his life vitality reached its limit, Zen would achieve a breakthrough. Since he had never taken external help when refining, it meant that his foundation was extraordinarily solid.

Just as Yan was watching Zen, a windstorm began.

Thick clouds, like bales of cotton, were pulled closer as though grasped by an invisible hand.

Yan's hair fluttered in the breeze. As the wind picked up speed, Yan's hair flew around her in a tangled mess. Zen also sensed the threat and frowned.

The clouds in the sky thundered as they crashed into each other. Soon, they took the form of a human face!

"What is this? Great signs from heaven?" Zen asked loudly. As he stared at the sky, Zen could feel the power radiating from the clouds. The force was so strong that even Kenneth Shi, the strongest one at Cloud Sect could not compare with it!

People beside Zen and Yan had noticed such a large, abnormal cloud formation. All other disciples of Cloud Sect and even some people at the Imperial Capital were frightened by it.

The face was so large that so many people could see it! Many people who saw the face wondered if it was God.

Religious people fell to their knees and burned incense in reverence. They prayed to the skies with the hopes that the phenomenon was a blessing.

But some warriors knew that God had not forced the clouds together to form a face. This was orchestrated by a man with great power who had projected his life vitality into the sky.

What level would a person have to be at to case his life vitality to a faraway place and shape it as his face?

Even though the warriors understood that this was no heavenly act, they were terrified. The man capable of such a feat must have power far beyond their imagination. They couldn't even begin to imagine how high this person's level must be. To the warriors in the Eastern Region, this man might as well be God as his power was so unimaginably frightening.

Respect and admiration reflected on the faces of the warriors as they looked at the huge face in the sky.

Hearing Zen's question, Yan smiled and shook her head. She didn't think that this phenomenon was connected to her.

But soon, Yan found that she was wrong as her fate was decided in the next few minutes.

Several seconds after its appearance, the lips on the cloud face began moving. "Kenneth Shi! Kenneth Shi! Come out now!"

The sound seemed to come from the sky, and each syllable was as loud as thunder.

People cowered in fear as it sounded like the voice was exploding beside their ears.

"The huge face in the sky has come to meet Master Shi?" Zen's heart beat faster. Although he knew the huge face had not come for him, he felt a sense of foreboding.

"Kenneth Shi, Come outside!" The voice roared.

Soon a black dot flew to the sky. It was the leader of the Cloud Sect, Kenneth Shi.

"Where is Yan Luo? Isn't she refining at Hell Mountain? Why did I sense that she was not at Cloud Sect a few days ago?"

Each word from the large face's mouth was as loud as thunder. Zen's eyebrows shot up when he heard the face in the clouds asking about Yan. Moments later, his face paled and killing intent appeared in his eyes!

The person who was projecting his vitality here was asking about Yan!

Zen glared at the large face without blinking as he wanted to memorize all the features. Never in his life would he want to forget what this powerful man looked like.

After all, this was the man who planned to make the Lustful Demon Array! It was this man who wanted to rob Yan of her virginity.

The more power that radiated from the colossal face, the smaller Zen felt himself be. In the past few years, he had refined and cultivated his strength to inspiring levels. However, when confronted by the power of this man, Zen felt as weak as an ant. As angry as he was, Zen didn't feel as though he could leave an impression on the man.

After Kenneth whispered something to the huge face, the face turned to Yan and said, "Hmmm, Her improvement is too slow. You only have one month left to send her to me. Of course, I have ways to help her into the Internal Elixir Realm!"

Stunned expressions could be seen on the faces of all the people and cultivators after they heard what the huge face said.

Was it so easy to step into the Internal Elixir Realm?

A warrior had to pass numerous challenges and spend several years completing tasks before entering the Illuminating Soul Realm. Reaching the consummation of the Illuminating Soul Realm was as rare as a diamond in the rough. A man at the culmination of the Illuminating Soul Realm could rarely meet a rival in his life.

The Internal Elixir Realm was even more demanding!

A warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm was the sovereign existence in the Eastern Region.

It was estimated that perhaps no more than ten cultivators at the Internal Elixir Realm existed in the Eastern Region.

But, now the face said that he was going to help Yan step into the Internal Elixir Realm! Even though Yan had great talent, helping her reach the Internal Elixir Realm would require superhuman skills.

But no one thought that the huge face was exaggerating. By changing and projecting his life vitality over Cloud Sect, this person had already proven that he had unimaginable power. So people thought it was reasonable for him to give such incredible reassurances.

Several disciples of Cloud Sect felt jealous of Yan. The chance to enter the Internal Elixir Realm meant becoming one of the strongest people in the Eastern Region. And almost everyone had dreamed of achieving that!

But Yan didn't feel the same way as the other disciples.

Once the huge face stopped speaking, Yan rushed to her brother and hid in his arms. Her slim body trembled from fear.

The entire time that she was imprisoned at Hell Mountain, Yan knew what awaited her in the future. But she didn't fear it as much then as she thought she could choose to die. If she was forced to do what she was unwilling to, she could find an opportunity to end her life. At least her body would be untouched by a man she didn't like.

At that time, Yan was desperate. There was no hope in her life, and of course, she was not afraid of anything.

But now Yan had found hope through her brother.

Once she had found hope, she looked forward to extending it and dreamed that it would come true. At the same time, she feared that she would lose all her hope.

This fear is what made Yan tremble.

Zen held his sister and tried to calm her. He felt as though his sister was like a poor baby deer with great fear in her heart.

"Yan, please try to relax. I am always here." Zen looked at the huge face while he reassured his sister. He now had a better idea of the obstacles he would face in his path.

He knew he would have to conquer these by himself! That meant he needed to kill this man!

Kenneth seemed to be whispering something to the huge face again. Shortly after, the huge face replied, "Okay! Good. If I don't see Yan Luo in a month, Cloud Sect will no longer exist in the world! You can try if you don't believe me! Haha!" After he finished, the large eyes of the face in the clouds turned toward Drizzle Peak.

Zen stiffened. Apparently, he could feel the glare of the huge face. Zen didn't try to hide. His eyes glistened with determination as he stared back at the huge face.

"Oh?" The man found Zen's reaction to be unusual. But he didn't say anything. Instead, after flashing a cold smile, the huge face disappeared from the sky as if it had never been there.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 530 I Will Protect You (Part One)

Deep inside, Zen thought that as the massive face went away, he sneered at him.

When a cultivator made so incredible cultivation achievements, he would occupy an unimaginably high position. For such a cultivator, feminine charms were probably not that important.

No matter how many women he wanted, he could have them anytime and all the time.

Rather than attach great importance to Yan's appealing looks, he attempted to take her virginity only for the Lustful Demon Array and cultivation.

Perhaps, this person had the wrong impression when he saw Zen holding Yan in his arms. But, great men like him were quite indifferent to people like Zen, whose existence was like that of ants.

The final sneer he gave reflected disdain, contempt, indifference and disregard.

It wasn't until the massive face was out of sight that Yan finally raised her head. Even she was shocked by her own reactions. It had been a long time since something terrified her. But maybe she only seemed fragile because she was with her elder brother.

"Brother, what shall we do?

I don't want to be captured and taken away by him!" Yan said anxiously.

She looked seriously worried about the possible things that would happen to her.

And her brother was helpless to make her stop thinking about it.

In truth, it was even impossible for him to take Yan away from Cloud Sect. First of all, based on Zen's current strengths, he was no match for

Kenneth. Second, the person projecting the enormous face in the sky had left imprints on Yan's body. It might be impossible for them to elude this man in the case that Zen managed to escape with his sister.

"Yan, that man will do nothing to you before you reach the Internal Elixir Realm through cultivations. Now, what you have to do is wait," Zen said in a firm tone, as he stared at her slightly innocent face, hoping to make Yan calm down.

Coldly, Zen vowed, "Wait... we will make him wait, and then I will put him to death."

"Put him to death..." Yan murmured.

Generally, ordinary people would never think of resisting such a strong master, but Zen's firm assurance made Yan think her brother would really do what he said.

Could her brother make good his vow?

'Perhaps, brother only said this in an attempt to console me and make me calm down, ' Yan thought.

That man who projected the enormous face in the sky might be a top master in the Central Region. And it was a fact that these masters' tactics were sometimes incredible. They were even capable of destroying mountains, rivers, and streams by merely raising their heads and feet. And this was what made them the top leaders of the warriors' world.

If Zen stood before these top figures, he would seem like an ant to them. But he solemnly vowed to challenge and kill the lion. Would that be possible?

Although Yan didn't believe that, she still nodded at her brother in acknowledgment with a forced smile.

But Zen had an inkling as to Yan's thoughts since his sister wasn't very good at hiding her feelings. When he noticed the skepticism, he reached out to tousle Yan's hair and asked her with a smile, "Well, what's wrong? Don't you trust me?

When you were on Hell Mountain, did you ever think that I could win the All Peaks Competition?

Did you believe that I could get you out of Hell Mountain?"

She somehow knew her brother was teasing, so her mouth twitched. After a few moments, she winked at him and then quickly gave him an honest response, "No, I didn't believe that!"

"Ahhh... so, only when things happened did you choose to believe in me. Yan, you don't trust your brother, do you?"

He smiled at Yan with a raised eyebrow.

While his words sounded a little plausible, they were not entirely right. Yes, Zen had created some incredible miracles, and Yan acknowledged her brother's remarkable achievements.

However, to create similar miracles again in the Central Region might be more difficult for Zen this time.

Maybe, one hundred men as mighty as Kenneth would be no match for that top master even if they fought together against him.

"Yan, look at me," Zen appealed while fixing his eyes on his sister. In a serious tone, he continued, "I swear to you with my loyalty to martial arts that everything I have said to you is true. I promise to kill that person!"

"Ahhh..." Yan stammered.

She covered her mouth with one hand before she could finish her statement. After several seconds, Yan went on, "Brother, you don't have to use your loyalty to martial arts to make a vow."

It was inadvisable to swear so rashly and arbitrarily. If Zen failed to keep his vow, his promise would bewitch him during his cultivation of martial arts in the future. At the same time, his strengths would not improve at all, unless he fulfilled his promise.

Thus, very few warriors were willing to swear with their loyalty or dedication to martial arts.

Nonetheless, it was clear to Zen that the master with that enormous face had already become a barrier to him, the one that he must clear if he ever wanted to reach the peak of martial arts. Whether Zen swore to do that or not had no difference because he was aware that he would be able to achieve greater things in martial arts as long as he killed that man.

And he made that vow only because he expected to set his little sister's mind at rest and ease her worries.

"Bam! Bam! Bam!"

As he descended from the sky, Kenneth clapped his hands loudly. Aura was beside him. Before this, the princess was on the hillside, but when she sighted the weird image in the sky and heard the enormous face speak, Aura naturally knew that the face appeared because of Yan. So, she rushed over by taking a flying chariot.

"Well, that's great. Well done!

Cloud Sect disciples are, without a doubt, heroic.

Aura, you truly have an eye for choosing such an excellent disciple for Drizzle Peak!" Kenneth declared.

The laughter that followed echoed everywhere.

Chapter 531 I Will Protect You (Part Two)

"Master Shi," Zen stood and greeted him with a salute.

To acknowledge Zen's greeting, Kenneth nodded and said, "I think you have heard what that man said."

"Yes, I did," Zen replied with a nod.

"That man is so powerful that I dare not go against his orders, so I can do nothing but take Yan away and hand her over to him. I hope that you won't blame me for not looking out for Yan's safety, Zen," Kenneth said while shaking his head as a show of extreme helplessness regarding the current situation.

"Master Shi, you're thinking too much. How can I blame you for this?" Zen responded.

He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"While I fully support you in your vow with your loyalty to martial arts to put him to death, let me remind you that it is quite challenging to kill him... In the Central Region, there are still several people who can be paired up to fight that man, but it might be impossible to find someone to kill him," Kenneth sighed.

No one in the Central Region was powerful enough to kill him?

When Kenneth said this, Zen was slightly surprised before he realized that the man was indeed a top strongman in the Central Region.

There were distinctions between winners and losers in top strongmen's fights. But killing their opponents in these battles was a little difficult for them. After all, warriors were neither timber piles nor beasts. Aside from their exceptional strength, top strongmen were skilled at fleeing and dodging. When two top strongmen fought with each other, it was extremely hard for either of them to kill the other if anyone ever tried to escape.

Other than being shocked, Zen's eyes didn't dim at the information fed to him. Shortly after, his eyes gleamed to manifest his inherent self-confidence.

Seeing the young disciple still look that confident with so great willpower for fighting, Kenneth could not help but admire Zen tremendously.

Although Kenneth was mightier than Zen, he knew not to speak out when in front of that prominent figure. Instead, he held his breath in fear, as was a common practice among warriors. The weak ones had no choice but to yield to protect themselves. If they didn't know how to measure and consider the current situation, given their weak strengths, death was inevitable.

It was clear to Zen the enormous disparity in strength between that man and himself, but he chose to maintain his self-confidence. It was unexpected for Kenneth to realize that Zen was much more loyal to martial arts. The greater his loyalty to martial arts, the higher the likelihood for Zen to achieve greater things in his career as a martial artist in the future.

"Master Shi, I have yet another question," Zen blurted out.

"What is it?" Kenneth prodded with a firm nod.

"Just say it!" he said loudly as Zen hesitated.

"What on earth is that man's name?" Zen demanded.

He wanted to know who this mighty person was.

"His name?" Kenneth asked in surprise.

After thinking awhile, he continued, "He is known as Evil East Lord in the Central Region.

But his real name is Eddie Cui!"

"Evil East Lord... Eddie Cui," Zen repeated that man's names several times to imprint them in his mind. Then, nodding, he said, "Master Shi, thank you for telling me this."

Since Eddie had given orders to capture Yan and turn her over to him, Kenneth decided it was no longer wise to make the same excuse that Yan was training in Hell Mountain. For fear that he would be on the receiving end of Eddie's might, Kenneth had to send Yan out of Cloud Sect. As head of Cloud Sect, he also felt somewhat depressed for not being able to protect his disciple. Kenneth was helpless to do anything to save Yan.

But he had to face up to realities. In terms of strength, Kenneth was far stronger than Zen. And since he held a higher position, he was also far-sighted. Hence, he had a clearer understanding of how dreadful and horrible Eddie was.

However, Zen had one advantage over Kenneth, and that was his youth. Since he was still very young, Zen had infinite potential for further exploration. There are ups and down in every human being's life, and no one could accurately predict his or her destiny. If Zen could put the Evil East Lord to death as he had sworn to do, this would be entirely dependent on his luck.

To this end, the first step for Zen was to take part in the subsequent test of Cloud Road. His final destiny would depend upon the achievements he would collect along Cloud Road, and if he could gain support from the Cloud Hall.

In the early morning of the following day, Yan was set to leave. As she stood on the Bluesky Parking Ground, Yan turned back from time to time while heading towards the chariot. Judging by her eyes, it was evident that she was reluctant to leave her brother Zen.

With one foot already on the staircase extending towards the enormous flying chariot, Yan abruptly turned around, ran over to her brother and gave him a bear hug.

Since she was ten years old, she and Zen had been seldom together. After this separation, the two didn't know when they would meet again, or if they even would.

Parting was just a matter of time. Although she was reluctant to leave, Yan finally stepped aboard the huge flying chariot, which ascended slowly towards the sky.

Staring through the glass window of the huge flying chariot, Yan sat there still in a daze. On the other side of the glass, Zen gently waved his hand and then assumed a pose.

His posture was quite familiar to Yan, who had seen it in Hell Mountain. So, naturally, Yan understood what this indicated.

It meant 'I will protect you!'

Chapter 532 Space Windstorm

As Zen's experience got deeper, his mind gradually became stronger and more tranquil. Evidently, he was not as impulsive and irritable as before.

He was distressed about Yan's departure, but he quickly buried the emotion in the deepest recesses of his heart.

A few days later, Zen, Rocher, and Patrick gathered at the Cloud Palace. The time for the Cloud Road trial had finally come.

It was a most important day for them. The mindsets?of all three were different. Rocher?was looking forward to it as he had been wanting to? go to the Central Region since long. He was eager to hone his sword in the outside world. And Patrick, as?the reincarnation of?Acalanatha, hoped to acquire?a greater inheritance.

To Zen, however, this felt inevitable. He was as if a toddler taking his first step.

"You three, come with me!" Kenneth?walked out of Cloud Sect. With a roll of his sleeves, he took the three of them with him, flying in a certain direction.

They had mused that their path to Cloud Road would be similar to Yan's travel, that was to say, a ride on a giant flying chariot to the Central Region.

The location was too far off from the Eastern Region... It would take half a month for a giant flying chariot to cross the vast mountains situated halfway.

However, Kenneth flew with them in the opposite direction.

Before long, a mountain appeared in front of?them, the one inside?Cloud Sect. It was not a well-known mountain. It seemed that Cloud Sect had not made use of it—no construction was done on it. It had no buildings. All in all, it was ordinary.

But as they flew to the front of the mountain, Kenneth lowered all of a sudden, instantly landing at the foot of the mountain.

Doubt climbed on the faces of the three disciples. They had no idea what Kenneth was up to. Was it possible that the legendary Cloud Road was hidden inside the mountain? The mountain was shrouded in much mystery. What secrets did it hold?

"Follow me," Kenneth said without further explanation, leading the way.

Trailing behind him, the disciples soon reached the front of the mountainside. Kenneth waved his hand and the shadow in front of them slowly dissipated, revealing the wide, gaping hollow of a cave.

The four entered the cave. They walked down a long corridor that ended in a vast and circular space.

In the middle of the circular space, they found a platform about ten feet wide and two feet high. On this platform were various carved runes that Zen, Rocher, and Patrick did not recognize. They also found six crystals around the platform.

"What kind of crystals are they? They seem to contain such pure life vitality! Could they be..." Rocher said with enthusiasm, his voice trailing off as he considered the possibility.

Patrick too was shocked at the pure and rich life vitality emanating off the crystals. A surprised look flashed across his usually calm eyes.

Zen smiled wryly and said, "Those?are?life vitality crystals. They are? supreme crystals!"

"They have the highest grade?" Rocher asked, taking in a deep breath. He had wished to go to the Central Region, so he had a thorough understanding of what he would find there. He was aware that?the Central Region was rich in life vitality crystals, but he did not expect to find that these were, in reality, supreme life vitality crystals.

"Yes, those are supreme crystals," Zen said, confirming once again. "It is said that the value of a supreme life vitality crystal?is equivalent to that of one million cubic crystals. So, the value of these six must be six million cubic crystals. Are the supreme crystals?required to start the magic array?"

"You're correct. We ask for one million points for a test in Cloud Road is because two million cubic crystals?are the cost to open the Cloud Road," Kenneth responded with a smile. "However, Zen?was a bit wrong. The supreme crystals are not required to start the magic array. That only needs the consumption of the cubic crystals. This is a transmission array, capable of transporting us one hundred thousand miles to the Cloud Road."

"Transmission array?" At Kenneth's words, the three disciples were taken aback.

According to the legends, the world's most powerful ones could transmit in space. They could?exert enough force required to move in the wide universe, sending themselves or a thing a million miles away in an instant.

It was the skill of some of the most powerful people on the planet. Now, there stood a transmission array in front of them, which was capable of transporting them to a hundred thousand miles away!

Seeing the surprise on their faces, Kenneth continued, "This kind of transmission array may be rare?in the Eastern Region, that's why you are surprised. In fact, in the Central Region, it is quite common. A transmission array depends on solid runes and can only transfer people to the corresponding location. There is a fundamental difference between this and the 'instantly transporting' that some powerful people use."

So that was what it was...

Rocher nodded in agreement. This was one of the reasons why he wanted to go to the Central Region. The region was so prosperous. Comparatively speaking, the cultivators of the Eastern Region looked like country bumpkins next to those of the Central Region.

It was just like the time when grassroots cultivators in the counties of the Burning Sky Empire walked into the?Imperial Capital. Flying chariots were almost extinct in the counties, but they thrived everywhere in the Imperial Capital.

"Well, it's about time. Step inside!" Kenneth took the first step up the stone platform, placing his feet on its runes.

Zen, Rocher, and Patrick followed?him.

"There is some discomfort the first time one makes use of the transmission array. You should stay as close to me as possible!" Kenneth told them.

Truthfully, what Kenneth wanted to say was that this particular transmission array was pretty old, a bit shaky and run down. The establishment of the channel was not very stable. Getting through it might pose some dangers.

The Eastern Region was remote, and the Cloud Hall hardly paid attention to it. The original construction of the transmission array happened because of the Cloud Sect. But after its construction, the lack of maintenance meant that now it was somewhat dilapidated.

Upon hearing Kenneth, the three shuffled closer to him. Kenneth?waved his hand and the six supreme crystals around the platform burst into pure light, and that was evidence of their burning life vitality.

The pure energy was dazzling, but it did not make the eyes uncomfortable. Rather, it gave the onlookers a very intimate feeling.

The life vitality of these supreme crystals could be directly absorbed by the cultivators.

Rocher himself could not help but absorb the life vitality of the crystals. Kenneth hurriedly stopped him, shouting, "Hey! Stop that! This life vitality will drive the transmission array."

Startled, Rocher halted in his action. Giving an embarrassed smile, he wiped his forehead uneasily.

Zen and Patrick smiled at each other. Actually, they too had wanted to do just that and had hardly restrained themselves.

All of a sudden, the light got brighter. The four?of them entered the channel...

"Is this a space channel?" exclaimed Zen as he floated in the air, glancing down at his surroundings.

The space channel?was surrounded by a blue mass. They moved toward the front ceaselessly and with high momentum. Zen couldn't detect what the speed was. Under such circumstances, his concept of space seemed to have completely disappeared. He was only aware that they were moving very, very fast.

Rocher and Patrick?too were curious. It was a novel experience for anyone who stepped into the transmission array channel for the very first time.

Suddenly, about five minutes later, a bright blue light appeared in the front.

"What's that?" Rocher asked eagerly.

As Kenneth looked down to see, his face changed. "Stay behind me!" he shouted. "That's space windstorm!"

The three were not sure what the space windstorm was, but from the looks of it, they knew that the power would be too great to withstand.

Even Kenneth did not want to encounter the space windstorm. It didn't occur every time. This time, they had not been as lucky.

Facing the space windstorm, Kenneth's giant body bulged up, tiny spots of yellow life vitality?gathering on its surface, spreading quickly.

"Ha!" Kenneth roared loudly, yellow life vitality expanding to something ten times larger. It morphed into a giant shield to protect the group of four. At the same time, the space windstorm swirled, making its way to them.

Sizz, sizz...

The space windstorm tore apart Kenneth's?life vitality incessantly. A peculiar sound, like that of an electric current, echoed through the channel.

Kenneth's life vitality did not stop flowing, still wanting to resist the space windstorm.

As Kenneth fought it, Patrick and Rocher?seemed to be holding their breaths. This was horrible. A slight mistake from Kenneth, a moment of lost concentration, and they would get rolled into the storm, their bodies turning to ashes!

Zen's emotionless eyes, however, were fixed on the space windstorm.

"Zen, what are you looking at?" Rocher whispered to him.

Patrick looked at Zen strangely. Although the space windstorm was a sight to behold, any pair of eyes would exhaust themselves looking at it for a long time.

As?Zen?watched the space windstorm, a bright-blue storm penetrated? Kenneth's life vitality shield like lightning, shooting directly into Zen's eyes!

Chapter 533 The Space Rules

A snake-like streak of lightning suddenly extended and twisted from the bright blue windstorm. It rushed towards them, but even Kenneth's heavy life vitality shield couldn't resist it.

Kenneth was undoubtedly powerful, but even he was afraid of the space windstorm.

Patrick and Rocher would probably be burned to ashes if they ever came close to it.

Thus, even Kenneth was shocked for a second. He wondered why this space windstorm had penetrated his life vitality shield without any difficulty at all.

He was dumbfounded, while Rocher and Patrick were white as a sheet with fright.

They were the top geniuses of Cloud Sect and had more than enough experience. They had lived in all kinds of crises and even survived challenges on the edge of life and death.

However, they didn't want to die with any grievances. It was just unfortunate that they were blocked by the space windstorm when they passed the transmission array.

The three of them stared blankly at the space windstorm that shot into Zen's eyes. Would it make his head explode?

After a while, something strange happened. After the space windstorm shot into Zen's orbs, he didn't react at all, but a blue light shone in his bright eyes.

"What's going on?"

"Zen, are you okay?"

Rocher and Patrick rushed to Zen to see if he was fine, but they were still afraid that their voices would alert the dense space windstorm of their presence.

Meanwhile, Zen's eyes were blank. He had heard Rocher's and Patrick's calls, but he only reacted after a while.

"I don't know what happened…I just stared at this space windstorm, and that's it," he said hesitantly.

He randomly stared at it for no reason, but was that it?

Patrick and Rocher didn't believe him at all.

However, Zen indeed didn't do anything. He was just curious about the space windstorm and wanted to check if it had hidden secrets.

But, he was abruptly lost in a trance. It felt like he had understood everything in life. It was like when one suddenly found out the solution and completely understood the obscure arithmetic rules, and then solved the complicated subject in one go.

There was a pause before Zen spoke.

"It seems that I…have understood a little about the space windstorm. I found the rules for their arrangement, but I can't see clearly…" Zen continued to speak with uncertainty and a blank look in his eyes, but he realized that some things had changed.

The space windstorm was originally a mess made from countless blue space lines, like a streak of lightning. However, Zen had now seen that the space lines were in fact, arranged according to certain rules, even if they looked messy.

Yet Zen only found a few arrangement rules, which might be just one out of a million or even ten million rules!

When Kenneth, who had concentrated on stabilizing his life vitality shield, heard what Zen said, he immediately trembled. Even though he was occupied, he managed to turn his head around and looked at Zen. He was always calm and steady, but his eyes looked doubtful.

"What? Zen, did you say you found the arrangement rules of this space windstorm?" Kenneth asked.

He couldn't control his shock and his voice shook as he spoke.

Zen nodded in agreement, but then shook his head.

"Just a little bit. I can't understand most of it, but I can see a few!"

A little bit…

The windstorm that brewed in Kenneth's heart was probably even stronger than the space windstorm outside.

These things were space rules, and this guy saw through them in a single glance?

Although it was a bit impressive, it made him too strange.

The space rule came down from the rule of the world's origin.

The rule of space and time was everywhere. Every day, when people woke up, time passed, and when they left the bed to walk on the floor, space changed.

Space and time always accompanied human life.

However, space was stable at this time, and people felt its existence. But as for the space rule… It was impossible to comprehend it. Anyone could look at a mountain and see its beauty, but nobody could look at the sky and master the artistic conception of space.

Still, it was different on the transmission array because it had broken the space and built a space passage connected to another transmission array. Moreover, the space was made from the energy of the supreme life vitality crystals by force, so the space in it was a bit unstable.

The unstable space easily showed its weakness. In fact, the space windstorm was made from the weakness and the excess energy produced after the space was broken.

Such a space windstorm in the short-distance transmission array couldn't be called as a real space windstorm. It was said that a space windstorm in a long-distance transmission array was terrifying, and even Kenneth would instantly turn into dust if he ever faced one.

Then again, since the space windstorm was the space's weakness, someone might see it through, and maybe even master some space rules.

It might be...

It was possible, but it was extremely hard to find little bits of rules from the messy space windstorm. Kenneth found out with his insight that there was no one who had made it.

But now, it seemed that Zen had made it? Kenneth doubted what Zen had said, but there was actually some space windstorm that broke through his life vitality shield and entered Zen's eyes a while ago.

His life vitality shield was heavy and thick, without any loophole. Otherwise, the little space windstorm might have hanged Patrick and Rocher.

Thus, Kenneth assumed that the bright blue light was not the space windstorm, but…

a few space rules.

Apparently, Zen could even master some space rules when he passed an old transmission array. Kenneth was speechless.

On the other hand, Rocher and Patrick didn't clearly see the hidden meaning, nor were they as shocked as Kenneth. They even wondered why Kenneth reacted so strangely.

It would be weird if Kenneth wasn't surprised.

He thought of one thing, a task that was once released in Cloud Hall. It was so difficult that he couldn't finish it. If he had twice his current strength, he might have a 20 percent chance of finishing it and probably 80 percent chance of dying.

If anyone completed such a dangerous and difficult task, he could be rewarded to cultivate in the Sumeru Space of the Cloud Hall for ten days.

The Sumeru Space was kind of an independent space opened by the Cloud Hall. It was different from the independent space ring, and living people could enter the special Sumeru Space.

Inside this particular space was a broken stone inscription where some space rules were hidden.

The reward of this tough task was to cultivate in front of the stone for only ten days. However, the price was too high.

Furthermore, the space rules hidden in the stone inscription were too few. It was quite hard to master the space rules depending on the stone inscription. Only two or three out of one thousand people who had entered the Sumeru Space had mastered the few space rules.

Those one thousand people were strong enough to have completed such a difficult task, so they qualified to enter the Sumeru Space.

They were much, much more powerful than Kenneth. Each of them were so perfectly talented.

It could be said that the space rule was quite precious. It would be a great help for Kenneth if he could comprehend some space rules. So many cultivators more powerful than him scrambled for it.

However, today, he took Zen to the transmission array for the first time, and Zen understood it.

It was no surprise that Kenneth was really jealous of Zen for a second. He didn't know if he was jealous of Zen's luck or talent.

Zen was at only grade 3 of the nature level, but he had the sword spirit avatar and comprehended some space rules. Kenneth wondered what he did when his cultivation was of the same grade. It was safe to say that this man was abnormal and his extraordinary skills would make anybody jealous.

"Sir, Zen said that he had seen some rules. What are they?" Rocher asked.

He was curious when he saw the astonished look in Kenneth's eyes.

"Ehem," Kenneth simply coughed and decided not to explain to them. The trial on the Cloud Road was about to start. If he mentioned the space rule, it would just frustrate Rocher and Patrick and impact their performances. It was better not to say anything...

Just then, it got increasingly brighter in the front. Kenneth seized the chance to change the topic and announced, "Get ready. We're arriving!"

Chapter 534 The Red Sect

The earlier one learned the space rule, the better it was.

The truth was, Zen himself didn't understand what it meant to learn something about the space rule.

As the four people went through the transmission channel, the light around them suddenly switched off. They had finally arrived at their destination.

The other end of the transmission channel was also a platform situated on a small hill. There were stretches of historical remains around this hill.

The remains seemed to have been there for thousands of years, and most of the houses had already collapsed. It was hardly visible that a huge palace used to stand there.

Kenneth Shi held the three and left the platform. They flew following the direction of the ruins.

Some black dots were seen far away in the sky. As the dots grew larger, Zen saw they were actually a group of people.

The group's leader was someone with unfathomable strength. By Zen's estimation, the man was almost at the same level as Kenneth. The nine people following him were all beginners in the Illuminating Soul Realm. All of them looked outstanding from ordinary warriors, and it was easy to see they were the top ones at their levels.

"Kenneth, hi. Why are you coming so early this year?"

The head of the group greeted Kenneth with laughter.

But when he saw the man, Kenneth smiled coldly. He was not friendly with the guy.

The group leader was named Eddy Wei. He held the same position as Kenneth Shi. Both were sent-out stewards of the Cloud Hall.

The Cloud Hall was a sect in grade four. There were several sects in grade one or two in the charge of the Cloud Hall, and they sent talents to the Cloud Hall each year. For example, the Cloud Sect was a sect in grade two in the charge of Cloud Hall. Kenneth not only headed the Cloud Sect but was at the same time a sent-out steward of the Cloud Hall.

Meanwhile, Eddy Wei was the head of another sect in grade two, the Red Sect.

Although both the Red Sect and the Cloud Sect were in the second grade, their positions were entirely different. The distinction was seen through the number of disciples attending the Cloud Road from each sect.

There were nine disciples following Eddy. All of them were beginners at the Illuminating Soul Realm. And they were all the disciples attending the Cloud Road.

On the other hand, only three disciples followed Kenneth.

Without any explanation from Kenneth, the three realized the vast difference between the two sects.

Although both in the same grade, the Red Sect was based in the Central Region. The region was more prosperous, populated, and stretched out more. Naturally, the outstanding talents would have much more than those from the Cloud Sect in Eastern Region.

It was, therefore, reasonable that there were more disciples with superior strength in the Red Sect, and the Cloud Hall allotted more slots to the Red Sect for the entry into the Cloud Road.

But the Cloud Hall was not to blame for this situation. It was but natural to distribute more resources to teams with a greater number of stronger members. The case was similar to that of the All Peaks Competition and how it treated the Drizzle Peak. There were dozens of people from other peaks, such as the Skytop Peak to attend the competition, but there were only eight from the Drizzle Peak. And the difference in numbers was based on the average strength of the disciples.

Obviously, there was competition between Eddy and Kenneth. Both were stewards of the Cloud Hall. The more outstanding disciples a sect found, the more commendable the sect's head was.

In the years before Zen arrived, Eddy had always been winning. The numbers and quality of disciples from the Red Sect were better than those from the Cloud Sect in Eastern Region.

But things changed last time when a disciple named Evan, from the Cloud Sect, participated in the trial of the Cloud Road.

The disciple was hailed the champion of the All Peaks Competition last time with an absolute advantage. And he should have achieved an excellent performance in the Cloud Road test. Kenneth had high expectations for him, hoping he could perform better than the disciples from the Red Sect. Unfortunately, Evan fell asleep while on the Cloud Road.

Because of this, Eddy laughed at Kenneth many times to mock him. And this was the start of animosity between the two men.

The performance of disciples who attended the Cloud Road trial was very critical to the grade two sects that they represented. However, equally crucial was the qualifications and the number of disciples selected for the Cloud Hall. If there were more disciples, who could pass the Cloud Road trial successfully, the head of their sect would be given a higher ranking, and could also receive extra rewards.

Although Kenneth didn't reply to Eddy, it did not stop his nemesis from talking. He gave the three disciples behind Kenneth a good look, surveying them from head to foot, before giving the Cloud Sect leader a sarcastic smile. Finally, he said, "Kenneth, correct me if I'm wrong. The Cloud Sect in Eastern Region seems to have gotten worse over the years. Am I right that your situation has become so bad?"

Of the three disciples Kenneth brought this year, only one was at the Illuminating Soul Realm—Patrick Pei. Rocher was at the consummation of the nature level. The most unexpected of them was Zen, who was only in the third grade of the nature level. In the eyes of their opponents, who didn't know the facts, this was a joke.

Disciples behind Eddy were also discussing this. "I noticed it a moment ago. Do you think their Cloud Sect is still a grade two sect? Don't they have millions of disciples? Couldn't they have found three in the Illuminating Soul Realm?" one of the nine disciples asked, as he lowered his voice.

"Maybe they can't. The Eastern Region is an untamed land. The best warrior in that place is probably at the Illuminating Soul Realm now," a second disciple offered.

Laughing, one said, "The most ridiculous of them all is the one at grade three of the nature level. There's no mistaking that he's only in the third grade of the nature level. If he were a member of the Red Sect, he would not even qualify as an inner disciple. I'm quite envious of him, though. If I had known all that, I would have sent my little brother to the Eastern Region. He would surely top them all with a great advantage and have a chance to be part of the Cloud Road. My brother is only a little weaker than me and didn't enter the top ten. So, he does not have the chance to enter the Cloud Road. Damn! This stupid guy in their Cloud Sect is quite lucky!" another disciple said aloud.

After Eddy's words, the disciples behind him started to whisper among them and their voices became louder gradually.

Kenneth was not an even-tempered man. But because of his arrogance the last time he had prematurely declared their victory, which turned out to be embarrassing. At that time, he said he was certain that Evan could win the championship. When this did not happen, Kenneth ended up being ridiculed. So, in the meantime, he decided to shut his mouth from then on. He had a lot of faith in his three disciples. 'Let's see who's going to get the last laugh.

The idiots from the Red Sect really think I am so good-natured like the Bodhisattava made of mud?

These little guys are just beginners in the Illuminating Soul Realm. What gives them the right to say mean things about my disciples in front of me?' Kenneth thought unhappily. As the head of the Cloud Sect, Kenneth could be unprincipled when it came to protecting his disciples. So it was a great shame for him that Yan was taken by others. But in the eyes of other sect leaders, they felt it was reasonable since this was something they couldn't prevent from happening.

He snorted loudly. "You little guys! Just shut your mouths!"

After he finished speaking, Kenneth threw off incredible energy towards the disciples.

Seeing what just happened, the faces of nine disciples turned pale. Kenneth was a warrior of the Internal Elixir Realm. His aura could press them to death!

But just as quickly, a yellow light curtain appeared as Eddy waved his hand. It halted most of Kenneth's aura. With a smile, Eddy said, "Kenneth, don't be so serious. The young men were only discussing among themselves. Don't mind what they're talking about."

This time, Eddy let the term "young men" pass. But Rocher and Patrick refused to allow Kenneth to face an awful situation.

Since Zen was the champion of the All Peaks Competition, both Rocher and Patrick regarded him as their head. So, the two turned to look at Zen for guidance.

But Zen continued to think about the space rules after he emerged from the transmission array. He was far from looking sharp and kept looking around all the time. Patrick and Rocher had no idea where Zen's mind had gone off.

The young disciple was slightly stunned. After he saw a bit of the space rule, he didn't feel any difference when he was in the transmission channel. But now, since he came out of the transmission array, he suddenly felt different.

He felt a tremendous change in the space around him compared to what it was before.

Every single thing seemed to have a distinct outline, and what Zen saw with more clarity was that everything around him was three-dimensional, allowing him to get the exact measurements—height, length, and width—of everything.

What was happening now must have been an impact of the Space Law he had learned. Initially, he thought it wouldn't be of any use to him at all. But now, Zen felt his mind was all messed up, and he could not concentrate at all.

"Zen! Zen!"

Two hands were patting him on the shoulders.

"What?" Zen snapped out of it.

Then he noticed Rocher and Patrick were saying something to him.

But Zen's behavior had the disciples of the Red Sect bursting into laughter.

"Ha ha ha! The little guy at grade three of the nature level looks so foolish! He seems to be having some problem with his head!" one disciple said while laughing.

"I guess so," another one agreed, and continued with a laugh, "I really wonder how the stupid guy will take part in the trial of the Cloud Road."

The disciples from the Red Sect were overjoyed. Zen's behavior greatly amused them, and also further boosted their confidence.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 535 Successful Sword Intent

Hearing the disciples who had just reached the Illuminating Soul Realm laugh at Zen, Kenneth was a little annoyed. He was clear why Zen had been abstracted. He shouted, "Before laughing at the others, you should make sure your competence is higher than them at least!" Then he turned to Zen and said, "You have known something about the space rules via the space windstorm, right? It's normal that you felt a little dizzy and you will be okay after you get used to it. Even we, the old generation, are interested in learning the space rules. However, only very few people understand the rules. You should consolidate what you have learned and properly use it in the future."

Zen nodded and answered, "I got it."

'What?' Hearing what Kenneth said, Eddy was shocked. From the way Kenneth talked, Eddy could tell that he wasn't lying. Besides, it was said that there were some truly gifted disciples who could understand the space rules in the space tunnel and some incredible gifted disciples had cultivated according to the space rules via space windstorm.

Eddy stared at Zen for a while and then shook his head. "Kenneth, I don't believe it!" He was clear what it meant to understand even a little bit about the space rules. Although Kenneth and he had reached a high cultivation level, they hadn't had an opportunity to learn the space rules, not to mention cultivate the rules.

Kenneth said with a shrug, "Eddy, I was not talking to you and nobody will force you to believe."

"He is talking big! It's impossible!"

"I don't believe a practitioner at grade three of the nature level could understand the space rules!"

After all, the disciples of Red Sect came from the Central Region, so they were experienced and knowledgeable. Some of them had heard about space rules, but none of them had ever seen it, so they didn't believe that Zen had seen it. They thought Kenneth had said so deliberately to save face.

In fact, Eddy thought the same way.

'Talking big?' Zen raised one of his brows. Although he was dizzy, he had heard the sarcastic remarks about Cloud Sect from Eddy and his disciples. Since Kenneth had a high expectation of him, he wasn't going to let him down.

Zen spoke in a quick and rapid streak, "Since all the disciples of Red Sect could speak at will, then as the disciple of the Cloud Sect in Eastern Region, I would like to tell you what I'm thinking. In my opinion, Red Sect is nothing but crap! Although you have nine practitioners at the Illuminating Soul Realm here, none of them is match for me! I'll knock their teeth out!"

Nobody expected Zen to put it so bluntly. Even Kenneth was shocked. 'The young man is my type!' Kenneth thought.

Kenneth had a bold nature, so he particularly disliked those yes-men. He was satisfied with what Zen had said. He knew that Zen had said that for the dignity of Cloud Sect.

The buzz of angry outcry rose among the disciples of Red Sect.

If it was Patrick who had spoken like that, they might not be so angry. However, when it came to a practitioner at grade three of the nature level, things were different.

"Hey, the guy from Eastern Region! Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you say we are crap? If you are powerful, you should have the guts to compete us. Otherwise, you're just a talker! A braggart!"

"It is inconceivable that a practitioner at the third grade of the nature level should dare to say that the practitioners at Illuminating Soul Realm are crap! It seems we have to compete with him to prove ourselves!"

the disciples of Red Sect shouted. Obviously, they wouldn't let go of Zen if he didn't accept their challenge.

Neither Kenneth nor Eddy spoke. They were planning to have their own disciples to suppress each other's disciples.

Just then, Rocher approached the crowd and said, "Since Zen ranked first in our All Peaks Competition, he is the best disciple of our Cloud Sect. You should challenge me first. If you can't defeat me, then you don't have any chance of beating Zen."

"What? That young man is the best disciple in your Cloud Sect?"

Many disciples of Red Sect dropped their jaws to the floor in surprise.

'What's wrong with Cloud Sect? Why is the disciple at a lower cultivation level more powerful than those at higher cultivation levels?' they wondered.

It didn't make sense for the lower member of Cloud Sect to be the most powerful. Of the three disciples of Cloud Sect, Patrick should be the most powerful. Sitting next to him should be Rocher. Following behind the other two should be Zen. Having just reached grade three of the nature level, Zen should be much inferior to the other two in competence and power.

So when Rocher said that Zen ranked first, the disciples of Red Sect could hardly believe it.

"Well, let's defeat the guy with a sword on his back first before giving a lesson to the guy at the third grade of the nature level," a bald young man who had just reached the Illuminating Soul Realm snorted.

Hearing that, another disciple in Red Sect said at once, "Akiba, you don't have to fight them in person. Let me do it!"

"Yes! Akiba, you're the best disciple in Red Sect, so it's not necessary for you to fight them in person. They're not worth it!"

Akiba shook his head and said, "You should conserve your strength so that you can perform well in the process of the Cloud Road test. It won't consume me too much energy to defeat them."

When they were talking, all the disciples had reached their destination, a semicircular platform.

At the end of the platform was the entrance of the Cloud Road. Now. Everyone was focusing on the competition between the best disciples of the two Sects.

After landing, Eddy chuckled and said, "Akiba, it's just a competition. We have the same origin with this Cloud Sect, so you should be careful not to hurt its disciples."

Eddy's insincerity showed with the glint in his eyes and the way that he brushed off the word competition. If he had not indulged his disciples to provoke the others, the 'competition' would not happen. Now there was still some time before the start of the Cloud Road. Among the sects under the jurisdiction of Cloud Hall, only the disciples of Cloud Sect and Red Sect had shown up. The disciples of Iridescence Sect, Auspice Sect, Brumous Sect and Cloud Hall hadn't arrived yet, so Kenneth wanted to have his disciples compete with the disciples of Red Sect. He had great confidence in his disciples.

He didn't worry about Zen, because Zen had never let him down, and sometimes, his performance had even shocked him. Patrick was powerful in competence and stable in performance. Rocher was very gifted, and his achievement in sword method had reached an incredibly high level.

They could rank top three in any session of All Peaks Competition. So many gifted disciples had emerged in this All Peaks Competition.

Thinking about this, Kenneth smiled cunningly. He patted Rocher on the shoulder and said, "If you can defeat him, I will give you a middle-grade fairy sword as reward!"

Hearing that, Rocher became exited. He had already had a lower-grade fairy sword. However, as a man addicted to excellent swords, the more, the better. Even if he didn't have any chance to use it in the future, he could put it in his collection.

"Master Shi, don't worry. I won't let you down!"

Rocher was on par with where Evan had been three years ago. Because of this, he was extremely confident in his own competence. Without Patrick and Zen in the competition, Rocher would have ranked first in the All Peaks Competition of this session.

After the crowd stepped back, Rocher and Akiba were left on the spacious platform. They stood face to face.

Akiba shook his head and said, "You're Rocher, right? I don't think you have the qualification to be my opponent."

"Why?" Rocher asked, confused.

"Because I rank first in Red Sect, but you only rank third in Cloud Sect," Akiba snorted, "You should be flattered to have the opportunity to compete against me!"

A smile appeared on Rocher's normally emotionless face. "I agree with what Zen just said. Red Sect sucks! Even the competence of its best disciple is just so-so." With that, Rocher drew his Blood-corroding Sword from the sheath.

"Hahaha..." Akiba laughed hysterically and then pulled his sword out. The sword was cyan in color and it obviously was a middle-grade fairy weapon. "This sword is called Dragon Sword. It is a middle-grade fairy weapon. Since the grade of my weapon is higher than yours, I will show you what successful sword intent is!"

Hearing that, the other disciples of Red Sect were pleased. They didn't hold All Peaks Competition like Cloud Sect did, and they held Sect Competition instead. In this year's Sect Competition, Akiba had shown incredible competence and defeated all his opponents depending on his successful sword intent.

"Akiba, come on! Show these people what successful sword intent is!"

"Haha! I guess they will be frightened out of their wits!"

"Akiba is only nineteen years old. However, he has already comprehended successful sword intent. I believe he will be a great master of swordsmanship in the future. What he has achieved is good enough even in the whole Central Region!"

Zen, Patrick and Rocher were all puzzled.

In their eyes, successful sword intent was not that powerful, so they wondered why it was worth bragging about? They couldn't believe the level of the disciple who had ranked first in the Sect Competition was so low!

Chapter 536 Miserable Failure (Part One)

No wonder that Zen and the others were confused.

There was no specific cultivation method for the illusory sword intent. Some people were lucky enough to be able to comprehend the sword intent without help.

Depending upon his great achievements in sword intent, Rocher could kill his opponents from any part of the world. He rarely found a worthy challenger during the All Peaks Competition. However, Zen had defeated him at the All Peaks Competition. This was because like him, Zen also had a thorough understanding about that sword intent, and they both mastered the consummate sword intent during the competition.

Since two disciples with knowledge of consummate sword intent were seen during the All Peaks Competition, this showed that Akiba's successful sword intent meant nothing.

In fact, one couldn't make great achievements in sword intent so easily.

Grade two sects valued sword intent a lot. Even Cloud Hall attached great importance to cultivate disciples who understood sword intent. They encouraged disciples to learn even a bit of the sword intent. It was said that disciples who comprehended a bit of sword intent might not achieve consummate sword intent. Since learning such intents led to a higher likelihood of successful cultivation, all sects would support their members in their quest to learn sword intent.

Streaks of sword intent were produced on Akiba's Dragon Sword. At this sight, Akiba forced a complacent smile as he pointed his sword tip at Rocher and said, "Unsheathe your sword, and let me take a look at your swordsmanship!"

Upon hearing Akiba's words, Rocher responded with a small smile. His Blood-corroding Sword trembled a little. Likewise, sword intent hovered around his sword like cyclones. As time passed, the sword intent became more evident. The hidden sword intent had been presented in perfect shapes. In addition, streaks of thunder and lightning were emitted.

This was called the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent!

As Akiba saw perfect sword intent hovering over Rocher's Blood-corroding Sword, his eyes widened, and his mouth twitched. Soon, he blurted, "This, this is... perfect sword intent..."

"Could I be mistaken? He is ranked third in Cloud Sect, and yet he has comprehended and mastered the perfect sword intent! Are some special thunder attributes hidden in the sword intent?"

"No, that's incredible. Where did Cloud Sect find such a talented disciple?"

"Perhaps, I am wrong. I could be mistaken. It is possible for Cloud Sect to achieve good results. But, I still cannot believe that this guy ranks third in Cloud Sect! He should be the top-ranked disciple at Cloud Sect!"

Eddy was also greatly shocked. He never thought that Rocher's sword would have streaks of perfect sword intent. Since Rocher was ranked third at Cloud Sect, the disciples in the first two ranks would have inconceivable skills and strength! Where did such extraordinary men come from? How could it be possible for Cloud Sect to have so many outstanding disciples?

Kenneth burst into laughter when he saw the expressions on their opponents' face. He was very satisfied with the result as it was as per his expectation.

Three years ago, Evan's accident had made Kenneth the laughing stock for others. At that time, Eddy had teased him mercilessly. Today, Kenneth finally re-gained his reputation to a certain extent. Thus, he couldn't help laughing.

Akiba fixated his gaze on those wisps of perfect sword intent. He was overwhelmed as complex emotions coursed through him. Then, he stated, "This perfect sword intent is not ordinary. It also exhibits certain attributes of divine thunder. If your life vitality does not condense divine thunder, then how have you integrated it into your sword intent?"

Rocher didn't need to tell lies or cheat. Thus, he replied flatly, "I have comprehended consummate sword intent. I also washed my sword in the

Sword Washing Pool. I then mixed the sword intent with a thunderbolt, thus contributing to the formation of the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent."

"Sword Washing Pool..." Before Akiba could finish his sentence, the corner of this mouth twitched.

Every swordsman dreamed of going to the sacred places for swordsmanship. This Sword Washing Pool was a rare, semi-sacred place. Since such a place was extremely rare, Akiba would be willing to wash his sword in the Sword Washing Pool even if it cost him half of his life.

Akiba sighed at how lucky Rocher was, and he strongly felt that God was unfair.

Rocher laughed when he noticed Akiba's reaction. He was not sure if Akiba would faint upon learning that Zen had visited the Killing Sword Mountain, the sacred land for swordsmanship.

"You are really awesome. You have been able to comprehend perfect sword intent at such a young age. I admire you a lot. You are also lucky to be able to cultivate sword intent at the Sword Washing Pool. Nevertheless, you are behind me in terms of cultivation levels. I will still be able to defeat you even though I am no match for you in sword intent."

Akiba, who had endured many mental sufferings, made a move at last.

"Streaming Swordsmanship!"

As he wielded his Dragon Sword, ripples continuously diffused in the sky. Akiba lunged his sword forward, forming perfect curves in the sky and giving people a strange illusion.

It seemed as if he could stab Rocher to the point and defeat him by this sword move.

Rocher and the audience saw that Akiba's sword was aimed at Rocher.

Rocher's mind was affected for a short period. However, when a tiny streak of thunder and lightning flashed before his eyes, Rocher's mind became clear as before.

"The Streaming Swordsmanship takes advantage of the characteristics of flowing water so that people will believe that what they see or hear is true. This is really awesome, but... your sword can't compare with my Heavenly Sword!"

After Akiba's attack, Rocher took a Sword Step by dodging left and right.

"Sword Step... This guy has mastered it as well," mumbled Akiba. Seeing that Rocher had easily escaped from his Streaming Swordsmanship, Akiba became more agitated. He now truly believed that God seemed to have blessed Rocher unfairly.

Chapter 537 Miserable Failure (Part Two)

However, Akiba didn't know that apart from the God's blessing, Rocher had also cultivated hard.

Rocher had never rested since the beginning of his swordsmanship practice. For more than a dozen years, he carried the sword with him even during meals and sleep.

To achieve the same progress as Rocher, a cultivator could not just rely on luck. Instead, painstaking efforts, hard work, persistence, and hardships were vital for success.

After taking a few steps away from Akiba, Rocher lifted his Blood-corroding Sword and pointed it toward the sky. Shortly after, energy of heaven and earth began to surge in the sky. In the next instant, dim thunder and lightning flashed across the clouds.

"This is... Heavenly Sword!" As Akiba felt the terrifying momentum, his facial expression changed abruptly.

On the other side, Eddy's eyes twitched. Rocher had mastered the use of the Heavenly Sword. It became even harder to believe that Rocher was ranked third at Cloud Sect. Eddy was certain that no one would shake him from this belief, even if they beat him to death.

Could a person at the third grade of the nature level be a match for Rocher? How could this be possible?

Rocher had proven his strengths no matter Eddy believed it or not.

In the turbulent sky, Rocher induced streaks of heavenly thunder.

When Rocher battled with Zen during the All Peaks Competition, he hadn't used his Heavenly Sword in combination with heavenly thunder despite his mastery of combining thunderbolt with sword intent in the Sword Washing Pool. After all, he needed some time to adapt to the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent since he had just learned it for the first time.

After a month of cultivation, Rocher had become more proficient with the use of the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent. While initiating the force of heaven, he also triggered the heavenly thunder, thereby leading to the horrible scene in the sky.

"This swordsmanship is extraordinary..."

Both Zen and Patrick gasped when they saw Rocher's new move. It was true that they had beaten Rocher during the All Peaks Competition. However, they could now see that Rocher could not be underestimated. Only a month had passed since the All Peaks Competition, and yet, Rocher had mastered the essence of that move. Now, he was able to harness mightier strengths with this move.

"Gosh!"

muttered Akiba as his face turned livid. Before this fight, he had been confident about his victory. But at this moment, he was cursing himself for having annoyed the disciples at Cloud Sect.

At this point, it didn't matter if he regretted his actions. He had no other choice but to fight until the end!

"Ocean Immensity of Streaming Swordsmanship!"

As Akiba adopted this tactic of his Streaming Swordsmanship, numerous ripples surged like seawater and slowly gushed out beside him.

Now, he only hoped that he could resist Rocher's sword with his Streaming Swordsmanship. Fortunately, the Ocean Immensity was a swordsmanship tactic useful for defense, and it could engulf all moves like an ocean.

Akiba had previously diffused assaults from much stronger masters by using this tactic.

However, when his move met Rocher's, the ripples died...

Rocher produced irresistible power and might by using the force of heaven in combination with heavenly thunder, which deflected the ripples created by Akiba's Ocean Immensity. Apparently, Rocher was in an advantageous position.

"Tinkling!"

A sound was heard when Rocher's sword clashed with Akiba's Ocean Immensity and unraveled it. At the same time, his sword collided with Akiba's Dragon Sword.

Immediately, the Dragon Sword flew out of Akiba's hand. After swirling over the sky for quite a while, it embedded itself in a stone table. The Dragon Sword was so sharp that it could easily pierce the stone table as though the table were a piece of bean curd.

"I...I lost..." yelled Akiba in a daze. He couldn't believe that he had been defeated so quickly...

Rocher responded with a flat smile. Then, he returned his sword to his sheath, stepped back, and stood behind Kenneth where he had been before the fight.

At this moment, all disciples of Red Sect who stood on the other side fell silent. Akiba had been the strongest among them. Since Akiba had been beaten by Cloud Sect, it was pointless for them to continue challenging and fighting.

Eddy laughed in embarrassment. At last, he cupped his hands, bowed to Kenneth and said, "I would like to congratulate you. You have got such an outstanding disciple! Your disciples will undoubtedly be valued once they join Cloud Hall!"

Since his disciple had won in the fight and put his sect in a favorable position, Kenneth snorted and replied with a sneer, "Well, we hope so. Rocher is quite talented, but he only won the third place at this All Peaks Competition. The quota for our Cloud Sect is too limited, or else more of our disciples would have joined the Cloud Road."

If Akiba's skills qualified him to take the Cloud Road, then Tracy and Jacques would have also been eligible. Regretfully, Cloud Sect only selected three disciples for the Cloud Road.

"Oh? Kenneth, Rocher is so gifted, but he only won the third place. On the contrary, the winner is a cultivator who is only at the third grade of the nature level. I am bewildered. How did this guy beat Rocher?" Eddy asked with great curiosity.

In fact, all disciples of Red Sect were baffled by this question. It was difficult for them to believe that Zen's strengths were enough to defeat Rocher since they hadn't witnessed that match.

To answer their questions, Kenneth laughed and stated, "If you want to confirm whether or not this is true, select an older disciple of your sect to battle with Zen. Then, you will witness his abilities and understand why he was able to defeat Rocher. Am I right? Heh, heh!"

Chapter 538 The Gate To The Cloud Road

All the Red Sect's disciples instinctively turned their attention to Zen when Kenneth finished talking and some of them were looking forward to competing against Zen.

No matter how powerful Rocher claimed Zen was, his strength was only at the third grade of the nature level, which was an unchanged fact at the moment. From their experiences, the gap could be narrowed by real strength, however, the larger the gap, the more difficult it was to narrow the expanse.

They held the strength of the Illuminating Soul Realm while Zen was only at the nature level. The gap between them was... incredible, indeed. Perhaps, they would be able to save face and reclaim their honor by defeating Zen.

Eddy, the head of the Red Sect, naturally had an opinion too. He considered the various aspects as he mulled things over, 'Akiba is our Sect's top-ranked disciple, and he was defeated quickly, which was humiliating to me. We'll lose face if we aren't able to beat any of their disciples. That would be quite a blow to confidence in the Sect. Hoffman ranks second here, and his strength's almost on par with Akiba's. Come to think of it, Akiba had only a slight advantage over Hoffman when they battled.

Maybe, if I were to send Hoffman out against Zen now...'

Feeling as though he were being stared at, Eddy stopped meditating on his next moves and looked around. He then caught a glint in Kenneth's eyes and a hint of a sly smile on his lips. Almost intuitively, he realized he shouldn't go with the idea he had.

Another thought struck him, 'Wait a minute, Kenneth knows Zen's ability is only at the third grade of the nature level, and yet, he invited our disciples to compete against Zen. What could it mean?

Hmmm, Kenneth's confidence in his capabilities must mean Zen is far more powerful than Rocher!

I'd be an idiot not to believe what Kenneth told me earlier. If Zen's that extraordinary, he might really have some insight into the space rules...'

Although Eddy had reached the result himself, he still found it difficult to believe. Flipping back and forth, he also knew his summation was based on sound facts. So, in the end, he decided to trust his instincts.

"Sir, I would like to challenge Zen," volunteered Hoffman.

Eddy shook his head and said firmly, "No, you need to conserve your strength for the upcoming trial of the Cloud Road!"

"Bu-but!" stammered Hoffman in protest, not wanting to give up. He didn't understand Eddy's concern. If he were beaten by Zen though, it would be another humiliation for Red Sect, and Eddy couldn't bear a second humiliation in a single day!

"I said no, and that's final!" stated Eddy in a terse tone as he scowled.

Hoffman's heart sunk as he witnessed the dark expression that crossed Eddy's face. As the leader of the Red Sect, Eddy's word was law. He had the final say, and what he said was more effective than any command given by the Emperor.

While Hoffman didn't want to give up so easily, he had no choice but to follow Eddy's order. In the end, Hoffman retreated after a brief nod of respect to Eddy. As he backed up, he glared at Zen.

Unable to witness the failure of the disciple of the Red Sect, Rocher and Patrick frowned, and a trace of pity showed in their eyes. Earlier, they were both beat by Zen and suffered humiliation, and thus, seeing anyone else being beat by him would have thrilled them.

At that moment, there were more people headed towards them, and they were getting closer.

"Look, the members of the Auspice Sect are coming," Kenneth announced in a light, casual tone as he squinted to make out the people headed towards them.

The small group was walking quickly, and in a few seconds, they were there. The leader of the newest group, was a healthy, yet, much older man in white and with a ruddy complexion. He led seven disciples from the Auspice Sect to participate in the trial, which was fewer than the Red Sect. Consequently, based on how many participants there were from each Sect, the overall power of the Auspice Sect was slightly weaker than that of the Red Sect.

After the groups greeted to each other, the older man in white led his disciples to an empty spot to quietly await the trial of the Cloud Road. The disciples from the Auspice Sect stared intimidatingly at their competitors.

Any disciple able to participate in the trial of the Cloud Road was a top disciple from each sect, and since they stood out as the top-ranked members of their respective factions, they also tended to be arrogant and proud. The disciples from each sect weren't just egotistical about their skills, but they also thought very little of the geniuses from other sects.

Soon after the arrival of the members of the Auspice Sect, the disciples from the Iridescence Sect showed up.

Instead of casting disapproving glances at the newest arrivals, all the other disciples' faces brightened and they openly stared in admiration.

Of course, there was only one reason these male disciples reacted in such a manner, and that was because the Iridescence Sect was a faction of all-female disciples!

The top female disciples were as beautiful and delicate as flowers in full bloom. More importantly, they were highly talented and quite powerful, which made them perfect counterparts to the men present in regard to together cultivation. It was a method that allowed a man and a woman to train side by side to develop their respective and mystical martial arts, while it also would significantly improve their health, longevity, and power.

As the Iridescence Sect's disciples appeared, many disciples that were already present had a strong desire to chat the ladies up, and there were a few men who were unable to contain their excitement and whistled.

Unfortunately, the head of the Iridescence Sect was an older lady who always had a sour, severe expression with a fiery temper that matched. She squelched the growing tension and desires felt by the male disciples with a pure raging cry. Kenneth, Eddy, and the older gentleman in white kept silent because they knew exactly the consequence of irritating the sour-faced older woman.

After another five minutes ticked by, the Brumous Sect's disciples showed up, followed by the disciples of the Cloud Hall.

In addition to the top disciples from the five second-grade sects, offshoots of Cloud Hall, participating in the trial of Cloud Road, there were also the primary disciples from Cloud Hall who would join the trial.

The trial of the Cloud Road actually took place in a secret area, so, alongside the trial, there were immense opportunities to earn treasure waiting within.

But, there was also an upper limit of a disciple's strength permitted. The Cloud Hall would only allow disciples who were below the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm in, and the disciples with higher levels couldn't enter.

That was why the highest cultivation level of the disciples in the Cloud Sect was the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Once a disciple reached above that level, he would be removed from the list of the Cloud Sect's disciples and become a Cloud Sect's steward.

For instance, after making consecutive breakthroughs, Evan was now at the sixth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and wouldn't have a chance to participate in the trial of the Cloud Road.

The Cloud Hall's disciples all wore the same white robes and were staring ahead with blank expressions as if they were oblivious to the presence of disciples from other sects.

"Hey, did you notice how overbearing and arrogant those Cloud Hall's disciples are!" whispered Rocher.

Zen nodded, and in a low voice, he replied, "Well, it's not really a surprise. According to our leader, each sect has a different grade classification. Our Cloud Sect, as a small sect of second grade, is developed with the support of the Cloud Hall, whereas the Cloud Hall, as a fourth-grade sect, is a more powerful sect. It couldn't be more natural for them to be arrogant."

Zen realized the Cloud Hall disciples weren't just overbearing, but some of them were emitting intense vigor and momentum even.

When disciples of the Illuminating Soul Realm sent out such powerful momentum, Zen guessed that they might have true blood from some legendary beasts, just like Tracy, or they might have some secret cultivation methods.

Indeed, this meant that the Cloud Hall's disciples shouldn't be underestimated.

The disciples of Cloud Hall were headed by a middle-aged man who looked about the same age as Kenneth, but, clearly, his status and strength were superior to the other leaders present.

As soon as he arrived, the leaders of other sects, including Kenneth, Eddy and so on, walked up to him, each greeting him with a low, respectful bow.

The middle-aged man, Fernandez Fei, was an Elder of the Cloud Hall, and his title was much higher than that of the other sects' leaders, who were ordinary stewards of the Cloud Hall.

"Well, since the disciples from each sect have arrived, the gate will be open and the trial of the Cloud Road will commence soon. I believe you have been fully warned about the dangers and any risks present during the trial, so, I won't repeat them!" announced Fernandez.

After delivering his short declaration, he jogged to the other end of the platform.

At the end of the platform stood a circular, arched door that had small holes dotting it. Fernandez stood under the arched door and then life vitality crystals shot from his space ring nonstop as he waved his arms gently.

The life vitality crystals were dense and all embedded themselves into the small holes that dotted the arched door.

"Wow! Those stones are all supreme life vitality crystals! I think there are more than two hundred holes! That means there are over two hundred supreme crystals being used!" Zen exclaimed while he rubbed his nose. The Cloud Hall was very different, and as a fourth-grade sect, it would be that generous.

Zen had believed himself rich. By melting, refining mysterious and spiritual weapons, he could easily earn a lot of cubic crystals. Yet, one million cubic crystals were equal to a single supreme life vitality crystal while two hundred supreme crystals equaled four hundred million cubic crystals...

It crossed Zen's mind that with such a large fortune, the Cloud Hall could even buy the top seven noble clans!

Naturally, Zen wasn't the only one startled. Except that the Cloud Hall's disciples looked calm, the other sects' disciples all were staring at the arched door with mouths agape.

When all the supreme crystals were inlaid, the door trembled, and a gray swirl appeared in the middle of the doorway. It continued to spin, as if it would suck the onlookers in and drag them to hell.

Many disciples were itching to attempt diving into the whirlpool, and taking the preemptive leap into the secret area, in order to gain an advantage, until they heard Fernandez loudly declared, "The gate to the Cloud Road is now open. Disciples of the Cloud Hall will enter first!"

Cloud Hall's disciples in white proceeded slowly, and confidently toward the portal. Meanwhile, they raised the corners of their lips slightly as they walked by the disciples of other sects.

Other disciples looked their condescending faces and wanted nothing more than to soundly thrash them on the spot, teaching each one a lesson, and rubbing their smug expressions off. However, considering how famously powerful the Cloud Hall's disciples were, they didn't dare to do that and just bore their arrogant attitudes in silence.

"They're in now, Zen. It's time for us to go inside!" stated Patrick.

Zen nodded as he walked towards the whirlpool.

Chapter 539 Envy (Part One)

The Cloud Road was a trial where all new disciples had to test their art of refining. Moreover, it was also a path of opportunities.

It was full of various challenges that the disciples must do their best to overcome. The whole process manifested their strengths and exposed their weaknesses. Additionally, whether some of the disciples would be lucky enough to find their opportunities or not would come to light. Some disciples might have the ingrain abilities to practice, but they might not have the chances to acquire the precious instruments on Cloud Road. Some of them might be lucky, but they might be incapable of seizing those kinds of opportunities.

The Cloud Road was unlike the transmission array, as Zen realized that the Cloud Road felt quite different, and nor did it resemble the Bloody Mountain of Cloud Sect since the Cloud Road wasn't a magic array made through some kind of skill.

Zen felt as if he had just stepped into a door when he walked into the whirlpool. Suddenly the surroundings changed, much to his surprise.

"Another world..." Rocher murmured. His curious eyes attentively looked into the distance.

He saw a world that he had never seen or heard of. It was a world of decay and destruction.

Before they had set out, Kenneth had told them about Cloud Road's situation in full detail.

There were indeed some special places of mystery in the world, but they were unknown to ordinary people. These places of mystery didn't physically exist as they could only be accessed by people who achieved enlightenment in thinking. Zen went into the Killing Sword Mountain only after he had grasped the essence of the consummate sword intent. Now, the Killing Sword Mountain did not belong to the world the naked eye could see. It belonged to another world, and so did the other places of mystery.

This section of the road before them was actually a valuable place where an ancient sect practiced the refining arts many years ago, but it was now in ruins.

The ancient sect might have declined and finally vanished thousands of years ago. Thus, the place had been forgotten and was left as a relic. Visitors from the outside world were rare. However, opportunity brought it to the hands of the Cloud Hall, and they sealed all the other entrances to this place except for the one where the transmission door was built. Since then, the Cloud Hall had always controlled this world of mystery and its possessions.

However, all the precious instruments and heritage items in the relic were long gone before the Cloud Hall had taken over it. It seemed that they chose this place as one session of the Cloud Road because it was also where the ancient sect's disciples tested their refining techniques. The Cloud Hall took advantage of the place's former design and used it as its own testing site for the disciples of the grade-two sects led by the Cloud Hall and the Cloud Hall disciples.

Anyone who passed the test would be viewed as an elite disciple of the Cloud Hall, and would be awarded and trained with their best resources.

"Let's go! I'll wait both of you at the end of the Cloud Road!" Patrick grinned before stepping ahead towards the unknown world. Before them was a wide road which branched into numerous trails that led into different directions.

Of course, Cloud Road was highly likely to be made of various roads and various possibilities. One's choice of road to take would definitely make a difference to the difficulties and challenges they would have to face.

Meanwhile, Rocher nodded and walked ahead as well.

However, Zen stayed instead of following his two companions. He was in a trance again.

In a complete and intact world, it was impossible for one to perceive the world's edges no matter how far their eyes could see. The best view there would be was no further than the horizon that could be seen on top of the highest mountain in the world. And the view beyond it was unknown, as all the naked eye could see was sheer blurriness.

But, the world Zen saw was shattered. The sky was split into huge fragments with wide clefts between them. Some clefts had jagged shapes as if a wild dog had bitten them. Some had straight and narrow edges and spread far to the ends of the sky as if they were lines drawn by Mother Nature. Overall, the place painted a weird picture beyond imagination.

Zen had become sensitive to the space ever since he had understood some rules of the space. Those irregular clefts were no more than entangled lines in the eyes of others, but they were beautiful as far as Zen was concerned.

What mighty and powerful force shattered the world into fragments? That kind of force was beyond Zen's imagination. He just stood on where he was, and meditated on the force that caused the place to be such a shocking scene. But of course, he knew that the time given to finish the Cloud Road was limited and the entrance would be closed if all the supreme life vitality had run out. However, he couldn't figure out the reasons behind the ruins.

Meanwhile, Kenneth observed their actions outside the entrance of Cloud Road at the same time Zen was in contemplation. He began to get worried.

It wasn't hard for all the sect heads to observe the actions of each of their disciples through the Picture Slab. All the disciples had set out their journey on the Cloud Road, except for Zen. He just stood by the entrance and blankly watched the sky. His weird behavior definitely caught the attention of every sect head.

"What's the problem with Zen?" Kenneth asked. He was fully aware of the kind of person Zen was as well as the destiny he must face. Unlike Evan, Zen was careful enough not to do anything irrational. But why had he stayed there for a long while since his entry to the Cloud Road, and refused to leave? 'Was there anything wrong? What happened?' Kenneth could not help but ask internally.

Suddenly, Eddy burst into laughter. "Wow, will it happen again, Kenneth? I still remember how Evan fell asleep on the Cloud Road three years ago! If I'm not wrong, he's a disciple from the Cloud Sect, right?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 540 Envy (Part Two)

His words brought back the memories to all the other sect heads. They all burst into a fit of laughter because of Evan's funny story.

In truth, Evan was a talented refiner. He would've entered the Cloud Hall if he hadn't fallen asleep on the Cloud Road. It was also highly possible for him to have outperformed all the other disciples in the contest. However, his careless nature prevented him from being the first place. Nobody expected for him to fall asleep along the way! They could still recall how enraged Kenneth was by Evan's doing. He looked so terrifying at that time that they all feared he would kill Evan as punishment.

Would history repeat itself?

"Don't worry Kenneth. You have brought your most excellent disciples, and they're all smart. Even your third most excellent disciple captured the essence of the consummate sword intent. This disciple might have found something and meditated for that reason. Do you agree, Kenneth?" Eddy said in a seemingly joking tone. He had somehow harbored a kind of animosity towards Rocher. It wasn't because he hated him, he just felt envious of Cloud Sect's good fortune. He really didn't expect that a disciple from Cloud Sect had understood the consummate sword intent.

"What did you say, Eddy? Did you say that a Cloud Sect disciple has understood the consummate sword intent?" Fernandez turned towards Eddy and asked in astonishment.

"Yes, Master Fei. The disciple is just the third most excellent disciple in the Cloud Sect. I wonder how smart the first and the second most excellent disciples of the Cloud Sect are if the third best one is at such a high level?" Eddy said with a smile.

Fernandez nodded his head, showing his interest. "That's interesting. The consummate sword intent is of great importance. Even the Cloud Hall would be extremely interested in the disciple who has understood it. I'm really surprised that the disciple is just ranked third in the Cloud Sect. Kenneth, would the first and the second most excellent disciples defeat the one who has understood the consummate sword intent?" he continued.

Those were the words Eddy wanted to hear from Fernandez. Since he and Kenneth were of equal status, Kenneth could ignore him and refuse to answer his questions. However, he couldn't do that to an elder from the Cloud Hall.

A smile formed on Kenneth's face. "Master Fei, all disciples of the Cloud Sect have witnessed the All Peaks Competition. We have hundreds of thousands of disciples in the Cloud Sect and we treat them all equally. It's impossible to fabricate the competition results. Rocher is the disciple who has understood the consummate sword intent and is ranked at the third place in the competition. The disciple who is in the trance at the stone gate is Zen, the first among all excellent disciples of the Cloud Sect ranked according to the competition results," he responded politely.

"He? The first among all excellent disciples of the Cloud Sect? But he is at the grade three of nature level!" Fernandez exclaimed dubiously. He found it hard to believe that a disciple who was just at the initial stage of refining could defeat Rocher, who had mastered the consummate sword intent.

Fernandez's capabilities exceeded far beyond those of the sect heads of the Internal Elixir Realm in front of him. But even with his tremendous wisdom, he couldn't figure out how Zen had defeated Rocher.

Kenneth felt uneasy of Fernandez's doubts. He just smiled and said in an honest tone,"The consummate sword intent is of course, powerful, but it is not invincible. Besides, Rocher is not the only person to grasp the essence of the consummate sword intent. Zen has understood it, too. In addition, Zen got a precious opportunity after he understood it. It was an opportunity that led to a more valuable secret place than the Sword Washing Pool!"

Eddy suddenly coughed a few times because of Kenneth's words. As a cultivator in the Internal Elixir Realm, his ability to control his body under extreme conditions was beyond ordinary people's imagination. However, he couldn't stop coughing and couldn't put his mind at ease. He was so shocked by what Kenneth had said that he lost control of himself.

Almost everyone were surprised by Kenneth's words as well. They all looked confused, as if they couldn't figure out what Kenneth meant when he said "The consummate sword intent is of course, powerful, but it is not invincible." Eddy felt extremely proud when he had finally cultivated a disciple who mastered the successful sword intent. He had never thought that Kenneth had trained his disciples to use the consummate sword intent, not to mention he had successfully trained two of them!

All the other sect heads also wore faces of shock or envy. Even Fernandez was suspicious.

"Zen is at the grade three of nature level. How could he be bestowed with such a great opportunity? According to the records of some ancient books, the Sword Washing Pool is a semi-holy site. Kenneth, you said the opportunity Zen acquired had brought him to a place much better than the semi-holy site. Did he visit a sword holy site?" he asked.

Kenneth nodded,"Zen didn't tell me where he went, but I have sensed a substantial amount of malicious aura in him. So I guess he must have gone to the Killing Sword Mountain, one of the three sword holy sites."

Fernandez's face finally changed after Kenneth's explanation. The holy sites were sacred places all refiners dreamed of going. They were categorized into more sacred and less sacred kinds. The Killing Sword Mountain was one of the most famous sword holy sites, and the best one among all the sacred places. Fernandez never expected that such a young man, who had just achieved the grade three of nature level, had gone to that famous holy mountain. Envy gradually surged within him.

Chapter 541 Parallel Move

"Hey! Zen is really lucky. Since he is so talented, he meets the criteria to receive a Cloudy Vastness Pill, if he can rank among the top five during the Cloud Road trial. I'll make this suggestion after that," Fernandez Fei said calmly.

Hearing Fernandez's words, everyone, including Kenneth, was astonished.

Cloudy Vastness Pill!

This was the Cloud Hall's secret pill. Even the stewards, like Kenneth and Eddy, would find it challenging to get one. It would only be given to them if they made a vital contribution to the Cloud Hall.

It boosted a cultivator's basic strength without any side effects. It could make their basic strength more stable, and also help a cultivator break through bottlenecks quickly.

After hearing what Fernandez said, Kenneth felt as though Fernandez was unfair.

Over time, Kenneth had made great efforts to select outstanding disciples for Cloud Hall. What did he get in return? Of course, he wanted the reward offered by Cloud Hall.

Now, before Kenneth had earned Cloud Hall's gratitude for his efforts, Fernandez promised Zen a reward!

Although Zen had been discovered and cultivated by Kenneth, and Kenneth was so proud of Zen, Kenneth, as a warrior of the Internal Elixir Realm, also had a strong desire to gain the pill.

Guessing what Kenneth was thinking, Fernandez laughed and said, "Kenneth, if Zen achieves a position in the top five, I'll certainly report your contribution of selecting outstanding disciples. Your reward from Cloud Hall will not be overlooked."

After Kenneth heard this, excitement flooded him. "Thank you, Elder Fei!"

The other people present, especially the heads of other sects, did not have any expressions on their faces, but all of them sneered at Kenneth secretly. 'The top five? Only in your dreams! No disciple from a grade two sect has been able to achieve such a high position during the Cloud Road trial!'

There were five grade two sects under the supervision of Cloud Hall, namely, Cloud Sect, Auspice Sect, Iridescence Sect, Brumous Sect and Red Sect. Each sect had selected several disciples this year to attend the trial. In total, there should be about forty to fifty disciples from the five sects. And another equal number of disciples from Cloud Hall attended the trial as well.

However, there was a huge skill gap between the Cloud Hall disciples and those from the grade two sects.

It was almost impossible for a disciple of a grade two sect to secure a position in the top ten, not to mention the top five. Over the past few hundred years, there only had been two disciples from Iridescence Sect and Auspice Sect who had managed to figure in the eighth and the ninth ranks, respectively. Aside from these two, in all the other competitions, the top ten positions were all obtained by Cloud Hall's disciples.

In the previous Cloud Road trial, Kenneth had boasted that Evan would be the champion. Kenneth had been laughed at during these past three years because Evan had failed. However, most of the leaders from the other sects had been jealous of Kenneth as Evan had secured the top rank during the first half of Cloud Road. It was a pity that Evan fell asleep during the trial and had become a joke at the end.

If what Kenneth had said was true, then Cloud Sect would attach great importance to Zen. All the other grade two sect leaders knew that Zen was a disciple at the third grade of the nature level. Thus, he was far weaker than any other disciples. How could he compete with the disciples of Cloud Hall?

Moreover, it was known to all that the disciples of Cloud Hall were already the most talented ones selected from millions of cultivators. And all the participants attending this trial had been selected from those talented ones, so they were all super-elites of the Cloud Hall!

Cloud Sect, a grade two sect, was far weaker than Cloud Hall. Its resources, including cultivation methods and other skills that inherited from older generations were minor in comparison to Cloud Hall.

So, as long as the five grade two sects could select one or two disciples who would successfully pass Cloud Road and become a disciple of Cloud Hall, the leader of the sect would be honored. How could they imagine that a disciple from Cloud Sect would feature in the top five places?

"But Zen has been standing at the gate of Cloud Road all the time. I'm worried that he will not have the opportunity," Fernandez said while shaking his head. While they were talking, Zen remained in one place and stared at the space around him.

"This silly guy!" Kenneth became anxious. He really wanted to lash Zen with a whip. 'Why do you keep staring at the sky? What is attracting you so much?

What are you looking at?' He questioned Zen in his mind. Suddenly, Kenneth realized something and laughed bitterly. "Now, I know what Zen is doing."

"What is he doing?" Fernandez asked curiously.

"Cloud Road is an isolated, secret place. It is a shattered world as well. There are blocks of space fragments in the sky. So, Zen is probably learning the space rules now." Kenneth chuckled as he shook his head.

Kenneth was in a dilemma. On the one hand, he was proud of having such an extraordinarily outstanding disciple as this had brought him a great honor. On the other hand, he felt anxious about the current situation. Zen's performance was very important to him, but Zen insisted on learning and didn't go further! Did he forget he was competing in the Cloud Road trial?

"The space rules? Kenneth, are you kidding me?" Although he was the Elder of Cloud Sect, Fernandez was astonished by Kenneth's reply and had to ask.

"Stop talking like that! Kenneth Shi, you have been praising this guy, a disciple at the third grade of the nature level for a long time. You claimed that he learned consummate sword intent. That's believable. Now, you are saying that he is learning the space rules. Do you have any limits, Kenneth? I'm warning you. Do not be as ridiculous as the last time!" The glum old lady from the Iridescence Sect said impatiently.

Except for Kenneth, no one else had seen Zen perform his skills. Kenneth had spoken so highly of Zen's abilities that the leaders of the other sects felt terrible.

The leaders of Auspice Sect and Brumous Sect didn't say anything. But the old lady was really bad-tempered and burst out first.

"Lady Long, I never lie! I can't force you to believe me. When I brought Zen into the transmission array, we encountered space windstorm. He..." Kenneth continued.

"Okay. You can keep exaggerating!" Lady Long said with a cold smile.

Just at this moment, Fernandez said, "Look, Zen is moving!"

All of the people turned their attention to the Picture Slab and started observing Zen.

Frankly speaking, each leader preferred to watch disciples from their respective sects. But only one Picture Slab was available to them, and Fernandez was interested in Zen due to Kenneth's introduction. He had insisted on watching Zen. So, there was no chance for the other leaders to view their disciples. This was another reason why the leaders of other sects were angry with Kenneth. 'Every sect selected their geniuses to participate in the trial. Why should we only watch Zen? We should also be monitoring our disciples!' all the leaders thought this way.

While inside Cloud Road, Zen seemed to see more lines in the sky.

He watched the space fragments moving slowly like clouds. They were being blown by the space windstorm and drifted slowly. Then, they collided with each other, divided into pieces, and merged into a big one.

But this was probably happening at a very high altitude. Thus, Zen did not have the opportunity to examine these movements closely. Even if he could fly that high, he would probably be shredded by the space fragments as he was too weak to do much now.

Zen turned his eyes to the ground and smiled bitterly. Though he had been enlightened after his close observation, Zen found that the number of lines hadn't reduced. On the contrary, he saw more.

Previously, when he was standing by the gate, Zen had only seen outlines of the architecture and mountains.

Now, Zen could see other lines as well. Although they were only an inch or a foot in length, Zen understood that there were lines everywhere in the world!

"What are these lines? They cannot be the cracks of the space fragments. If they were, no one could live in such a space!" Zen walked to one of the lines. Hesitantly, he raised his hand and tried to touch it.

But he felt nothing! It seemed as though he could see the line, but he could not feel it.

However, when Zen's hand stayed there for a few seconds, he felt something!

Zen's figure suddenly turned blurry, and he felt as though he was following this thin line.

The thin line was only one foot long! It was almost as long as an adult's stride. But Zen felt he could move freely inside the one-foot line and his speed was incredible!

The excessive speed at which Zen was traveling made it look like there were countless shadows of Zen inside the one-foot space.

However, these shadows did not appear due to the high speed. A shadow appearing due to high speed was an illusion of a person's eyes. All of Zen's shadows appeared and vanished at the same time.

Zen's legs didn't move, but his body shifted about a foot as he followed the thin line. Even Zen felt strange as if he had become a ghost and made a parallel move in the space.

'This way of moving is weird and also interesting, ' Zen thought. When Zen left that line, he found that there was another one in front of him. This line was about a half foot in length. The moment he touched it, Zen moved forward another half foot as the ghost did.

The more he looked, the more lines Zen found. And as with previous lines, Zen touched the lines and moved inside them.

In this way, he didn't move forward very fast as each line was only half a foot or so long, and some were a little longer. And Zen had to make an effort to look for the line and get close to it. The reason why he did so was that he found this phenomenon fascinating. At the same time, he thought about the implications of this ability.

Zen didn't know that his behavior had stunned the leaders of all the sects as well as the Elder of Cloud Hall who were watching him outside the trial.

Chapter 542 A Sea Of Lava

"Lady Long, do you think it is necessary for me to continue?" Kenneth said with a smile.

Lady Long glared at Kenneth but said nothing. She merely sniffed. After all, she was suffering humiliation now because she laughed at Kenneth unreasonably.

"The movement is very strange. He must have learned something about space rules, but only a few," Fernandez Fei said with surprise as he stared at Zen who was moving in the Picture Slab.

"A few?" The leader of Auspice Sect shook his head and added, "Master Fei, please forgive me for disagreeing. If I am not wrong, Zen's using Saint Morphens' Mystical Pace. Anyone who wants to try Mystical Pace can't do so without understanding the first level of the space rules!"

The leader of the Auspice Sect dressed in white was older than Kenneth. Fortunately enough, he had gotten the chance to enter the Sumeru Space of Cloud Hall to study the space rules inscribed on the stone. Though he hadn't earned mastery in the methods about space rules, he had studied and learned enough to be able to speak confidently with Kenneth about it.

Zen's movement was the same as that of Saint Morphens' Mystical Pace. They both seemed to be moving forward along an invisible line while keeping the same body posture. After mastering Saint Morphens' Mystical Pace, a person could move a long distance. However, Zen could only move a foot at a time because he wasn't familiar yet.

Fernandez nodded and said, "It's true! It is Mystical Pace, but the young guy is only a beginner, and he has understood very little of these space rules. This is why he can only move in such a broken space. Can't you see that the guy appears to be staggering as if he were looking for something?"

The leaders stared at the Picture Slab and noticed that Zen wasn't moving along the test road in a straight line but a wiggly one—he was taking a few steps left and then turning to the right.

"If my guess is correct, he must be using the seams of the broken world to practice Mystical Pace," Fernandez said slowly. "The test road is part of the fragmented world, which isn't stable. In the broken world, besides the severed seams in the sky, many other spaces have begun to collapse. Even though the space of the test road isn't crumbling, there are enough existing seams for Zen to move like that!"

Fernandez was very confident in his conclusion because he believed a common person could never work out the space rules so easily. "It can't be denied that Zen did learn something about the space rules. However, in the outside world, it will be difficult for him to find the seams of the broken world, and he can't create the seams like Saint Morphens does... It's astounding, though. Zen is so young, and yet, he has learned such things, which makes us old men feel terribly ashamed!"

Fernandez was very powerful, but he hadn't mastered space rules yet. When he failed to comprehend space rules years ago, he had turned to fire rules to make himself stronger.

The leaders also nodded in agreement because Zen's performance was truly extraordinary and they admired his ability to learn so quickly

Since there were so many branches along the test road and the time was limited, Zen had to decide a direction after he had tried to find out the right road many times, and reach the destination before the Cloud Road closed.

So, Zen chose one of the lines along which to move forward.

The test road was a secret place in the ancient palace. Flying was not allowed here, so even though the disciples of the Illuminating Soul Realm had been walking for some time, they couldn't be far ahead of Zen.

The surroundings of the test road were very strange. Peculiar low-lying plants grew everywhere. The air was thick with a weird mist that appeared mysterious and dismal.

Zen had run for about 8 miles but had not encountered any danger.

The test road was also called Cloud Road. Passing this test secured a disciple's admission to Cloud Hall. So, there was no doubt that as a participant moved forward, he would encounter more challenges. The more easily Zen moved forward, the more careful he became as he knew that unknown dangers were just around the corner.

"A diversion!"

"A second diversion!"

As Zen ran along the road, he found that several diversions had been placed. Each detour led to a different area with varying difficulty levels.

Zen picked a direction and went forward. Soon, the small plants along the road changed.

The plants that had earlier been below his knee level grew increasingly. A few short moments later, they were taller than a strong man.

As Zen walked carefully on the road, a plant moved.

The plant, as tall as a man, looked like a weeping willow with many drooping branches. As Zen walked under a branch, it lashed at him.

Each time the branch moved, there was an earsplitting sound. Countless jagged spines appeared at the end of the branch.

A common warrior would not have been able to dodge these surprise attacks. He would soon have many gashes on his skin and would be covered in blood.

What was more, it was difficult to avoid the lashes as the branches were flexible, and they could adjust their length. Once a person neared the plant, he would be surrounded by its branches.

"Squeak..."

Just at that moment, the plant squeaked like a rat. It appeared to be excited!

But just as the branches were about to swing toward Zen, he released sword intents.

"Consummate Sword Intent!"

"Creak, creak, creak..."

The sword intents formed a cyclone. In it were several pairs of sharp scissors, and all the branches trying to reach Zen were cut into small pieces and scattered all over the ground. No branch could get through Zen's sword intents to hurt him.

"Squeak!"

The plant screamed when hurt by the sword intent. The ground shook as the plant uprooted itself and drew back.

"Amazing! The tree can run..." Zen was stupefied.

The uprooted rhizomes looked like spider legs crawling on the ground. The plant, now mobile, drew back quickly and after a while, it disappeared into the thick bushes.

Zen didn't chase the plant because killing strange plants was not a requirement of the test. He also knew that this plant wasn't powerful as it hadn't been able to wound him. However, that didn't mean that more dangerous things would not be waiting for Zen in the thick brushes.

Without further thought, Zen went on his way.

Being attacked by such a plant relaxed Zen a little.

He was convinced that the test road was used to confirm a cultivator's worth. The challenges on the road were not placed to kill him. However, the road wasn't under the supervision of Cloud Hall, and so there might be some dangerous places beyond the control of Cloud Hall. Zen believed that he should patiently follow the road and that the beasts or monsters around wouldn't be much more powerful than that plant.

And Zen was right. The difficulties in the first part of the test road were easy to overcome. Most disciples were attacked during that period. Even though the attacks varied depending on the path they chose, the cultivators who accepted the test were mainly the best disciples from the grade two sects, and nearly all of them passed the test.

During his time on the road, Zen was attacked by several plants, one of which was shaped like a big fan with sharp teeth on its edge. It had tried to swallow Zen, but he smashed the plant to pieces. Another plant looked like a Mimosa Pudica with big leaves spreading on the ground. As Zen stepped on a leaf, all the other leaves engulfed him.

The green leaves seemed to be very tender, but actually, they were unbelievably tough. Using the power of the dragon scales, Zen forcefully broke the leaves.

After overcoming such difficulties, Zen finally got to the end of the path. An unusual warmth enveloped him. Dazzling bloody light shone from behind the hill in front of Zen.

As Zen climbed to the top of the hill, he found a sea of lava on the endless ground...

"How can I cross it?" Looking at the endless sea of lava, Zen felt a little helpless. Though he had a body of top-grade spiritual weapon to protect himself in the fire, it was unrealistic for him to swim across the sea.

Zen wondered how the other people had crossed it. After all, they didn't have the secret weapon he did. The test road couldn't be designed like this! Something must be wrong!

At that time, Zen noticed several other disciples standing beside the lava. They seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

Chapter 543 Appearance Of The Red Fire Snake

Four disciples stood by the lava sea, two were ladies from the Iridescence Sect and the other two were guys.

As soon as the male disciples saw Zen, they rolled their eyes, glancing at him disdainfully. Zen recognized them immediately as elite members of the Brumous Sect. When they had first arrived escorted by their leader, they had noticed Zen at that time.

Considering these two elitists thumbed their noses at even the Illuminating Soul Realm disciples, there was no way they would take a disciple at the level of nature creature like Zen seriously.

Actually, aside from Zen and Rocher, who were both nature creatures, the lowest ranking disciples participating from the Cloud Hall and the other five sects were at the first level in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Unbelievably, at the third grade of nature level, Zen was the lowest ranking disciple at the trial.

Regardless of how Zen tried to keep a low profile, there was no way for him to go unnoticed. He was at the third grade of nature level and surrounded by disciples who were at the Illuminating Soul Realm, which made him as conspicuous as a firefly lighting up the sky at sunset on a warm summer night.

Zen hadn't planned to cross the lava ocean yet. Like the other four disciples, first, he wanted to observe what he would be up against silently. He'd seen a hundred-foot long black wire, suspended over the ocean which got Zen thinking. He thought, if he could reach the line, he could travel down the length with his understanding of the space rules.

But, he realized that it wouldn't work because the ocean was boundless, and if he were going to cross it, Zen would need enough force to propel himself more than a hundred miles, and the line fell substantially short of the far side of the ocean.

As Zen stood there puzzling out how to cross the lava, one of the male disciples waved at Zen and indifferently said, "Hey you! Yeah, you, over there! Come here!"

Zen's face darkened into a scowl as he stood where he was, staring back at the disciple, and responded, "Who? Me? Why? What's up?"

"Cut the crap and just get over here!" said the other Brumous Sect disciple in a huff.

By the condescending tone that the two elite disciples used, Zen knew they took it for granted that they could boss him about because he was at the third grade of nature level, and he wouldn't be taken seriously as a refiner.

At first thought, Zen was going to handle the situation by snubbing the two, but, as he took a deep breath, he calmed down, and in that second, Zen decided against it. The Cloud Road trial wasn't like the Blooded Test. Throughout the Blooded Test, contestants could attack each other, and the magic array guarded them so that no one would die.

But, there was no magic array at the Cloud Road, so, if anyone were to perish, it would be final.

Plus, the purpose of the trial was not to win any fights. Instead, the participants needed to traverse the Cloud Road.

Beyond any of that though, Zen assumed he could get some useful information from them about the lava ocean.

Plastering a broad grin on his face as the thought came to mind, Zen walked over to them and asked, "What's up, bros?"

"Listen up! We've decided that when the Sea of Raging Fire has subsided, you're going to be the first one to cross it. Got it?" barked the male disciple viciously. He probably thought Zen could be easily intimidated.

One of the disciples from the Iridescence Sect glanced at Zen with a compassionate look and said, "Adler! Don't be like that! It's cruel!"

Grinning, Adler Pang added, "And what's wrong with being cruel? I want him to obey me! It's strange that a disciple at the third grade of nature level would be permitted into the Cloud Road. The rules are too lax. In the future, if I become an elder at the Cloud Hall, I'll make sure the rules are changed!"

"You? The Elder of Cloud Hall? You are quite ambitious, aren't you, Adler?" commented the other Iridescence Sect disciple with a playful smile on her face.

Zen couldn't care less about Adler's boasts to the Iridescence Sect ladies. He focused on what he'd just learned. Zen now knew that the lava ocean was the Sea of Raging Fire and that when the sea ebbed out, the fires waned. That seemingly small piece of information meant the genuine road appeared during low tide after the fires abated.

Other disciples had probably crossed the ocean already, during the last low-tide. Now, the other four disciples and Zen were going to wait until the next ebb and cross.

Zen deduced that Adler Pang wanted him to go first because there were other perils aside from the fires.

If that were what Adler wanted, then Zen would lead the way, blazing the way for the others, concluded Zen silently.

They had only waited for about five minutes before the ocean's lava lurched abruptly.

Sizzzz! Pop! Splat!

As the lava swelled, pressure built before the sizzling bubble burst, spewing the sweltering heat everywhere.

"The fires of the Sea of Raging Fire are subsiding!" exclaimed Adler. He gave Zen a fiendish glance and said, "When you see the road under the sea appear, move forward!"

"I order you to move forward, and you have to do what I say. If you start with any nonsense and decide not to do what I tell you, then there won't be any hope of you finishing alive!" threatened Adler callously.

As the fires abated, a row of round stone pillars appeared on the ocean floor. Each stone support was the same size as a round table, with seven or eight meters between each of them, and continued over the horizon. The group would be able to cross the sea by stepping from one to the next.

Not giving a wit for what Adler said to him, Zen quickly studied the road before rushing headlong and jumped through the air to the closest pillar.

"Wow! He's incredibly fast!" exclaimed Adler in surprise. Then turning to the others, he said, "Okay! It's time to head out! Let's follow him!" The group of four took off, heading out after Zen, leaping to the first pillar, and then the next.

Zen darted along, leaping from pillar to pillar without slowing down. Watching him speed ahead agilely, the group surmised he would cross the Sea of Raging Fire in no time at all.

Just as Zen reached the two-mile mark, a ball of flames suddenly shot up in front of him, just off to the left. It didn't look like these were lava flames, and on top of that, the fire shooting up appeared to be alive!

"A fiery evil spirit?"

wondered Zen aloud, furrowing his eyebrows.

A fiery evil spirit was a lifeform that was born within the flames. Once, Zen had absorbed some fire of the earth's core, which could form a fire spirit as well. But, the fire he met at the cave wasn't aged, so, it didn't develop into a fiery evil spirit. At the time, Zen didn't possess the strength to escape a real encounter against a fiery evil spirit.

After the first fiery evil spirit appeared, more followed, pouncing onto the pillars. It was evident that the fiery evil spirits were an obstacle designed to block passage.

Glaring at the fiery evil spirits, Zen elected not to waste time on them, and with a wave of his hand, his purple-black life vitality appeared and formed six vortexes on either side of him.

"Demonic phantom!"

Suddenly, six demonic phantoms appeared and savagely lunged at the fiery evil spirits.

The fiery evil spirits appeared sentient and grew ferocious at the sight of the demonic phantoms coming at them, and their flames grew more vehement, burning hotter, and charging at full tilt towards the demonic phantoms that rushed at them.

Snuff! Snuff! Snuff!

It was plain that the fiery evil spirits weren't expecting the demonic phantoms that were unleashed by Zen to be as powerful. In the instant that the fiery evil spirits slammed into the demonic phantoms, flames exploded. Before the demonic phantoms engulfed them, their flames were extinguished.

Because the fiery evil spirits had no real form, existing only as a highly condensed flame, they gained strength from their extremely high temperatures that they produced, which made them vulnerable to the onslaught from the phantoms.

On the other hand, Zen had formed the demonic phantoms using his life vitality. Although the high temperatures harbored by the fiery evil spirits could cause damage to Zen's life vitality, it wouldn't be able to harm Zen very much.

Snuff! Snuff! Snuff!

As more fiery evil spirits slammed into Zen's demonic phantoms, they suffocated, the flames remaining blazed just ahead of Zen. With the demonic phantoms clearing the path ahead, Zen stepped forward steadily.

More fiery evil spirits were ahead, and after seeing what happened to the other fiery evil spirits as they were pulled irresistibly to the demonic phantoms, they plunged into the Sea of Raging Fire, knowing they would be unable to escape the fate that befell the ones who'd just been snuffed out.

"Ha-ha! I knew it was wise for him to lead the way!" chuckled Adler, proud of his bullying tactics.

"His strength isn't half bad! He surpasses usual nature creatures. But, he isn't a match for us," remarked another disciple, grinning.

As Zen forged the way ahead, the four disciples only had to follow him, and were rather relaxed.

Just then, a large lava bubble rose up from the Sea of Raging Fire, appearing ahead of them. As the bubble expanded, a giant snake head popped out of the lava.

All color drained from Adler's face, and he shouted, "Dammit! It's a red fire snake! What do we do now? Fuck! What shit luck!"

"Let's take it on, together. Even though the red fire snake is ferocious, we can beat it, if the four of us work together!" encouraged a female disciple of the Iridescence Sect.

"Let's wait a minute, and see how he handles it!" declared Adler. There was a devious smirk spreading across Adler's pallid face as he came to an abrupt halt, and raised his arm to stop the other three disciples from rushing ahead.

Envy being just another part of human nature, in the eyes of the four disciples, Zen would never be an equal match. However, Zen was more talented, as well as being more advanced than when they were in the third grade of nature level. If at some point, Zen gained entry into the Cloud Hall, he would undoubtedly outrank them in no time.

If however, Zen were careless and fell into the sea, and was cremated, or if he were to battle the red fire snake, and be devoured, they wouldn't be unhappy about his fate.

Chapter 544 Watch A Play

Everyone would be thrilled if Zen killed the red fire snake. After all, they wouldn't need to put a lot of effort into dealing with this huge monster. However, in their opinion, the chance of that happening was slim. There was a higher likelihood that the red fire snake would swallow Zen.

Zen had noticed this red fire snake while running. It was so huge that Zen assumed it would be more difficult to handle than the fiery evil spirits.

Because of its giant body, the snake moved slowly. Zen watched as the snake lifted its head from the lava and then its neck. Gradually, it raised its head.

Looking at the red fire snake's slow movements, Zen gritted his teeth and summoned the energy of the Phoenix Crystal on his right arm. He doubled his speed and shot out like an arrow as he made several virtual shadows on the stone pillars.

"Hmm? That guy wants to break through by force?" Adler sneered.

"Will the guy pass over the snake? I believe his speed is sufficient..." another disciple from the Brumous Sect frowned and asked.

"No way. The red fire snake looks slow because of its size. But the fact is that it is not slow!" Adler must have prepared well before entering Cloud Road.

Just as Adler said, after the huge red fire snake stretched its head and the upper part of its body emerged from the lava, it opened its big mouth and rushed at Zen.

Seeing the red fire snake dashing toward him, Zen increased his strength by 30 percent with every step, "Pass over it!"

"He can travel faster," stated the shocked male disciple from Brumous Sect.

Adler laughed, "Heehee, he must have activated some secret skill. Even then, he is not quick enough! And this guy has no way back. If he can't avoid the snake, he will surely die!"

A horrible heat enveloped Zen as the red fire snake closed in. The huge snakehead grew bigger and bigger. He could even see two burning snake teeth!

'I am not quick enough! If I continue this way, I will probably head straight into the red fire snake's mouth!'

As this thought crossed Zen's mind, he activated all the dragon scales in his body. The dragon scales released a brilliant light, and all their power was channeled to Zen's legs.

"Jump!"

Zen commanded as he placed a foot on the stone pillar. Despite being shaky, the solid stone pillar had been standing in the Sea of Raging Fire for many years. Such was the force released by Zen that two clear footprints were left on the sunken surface of the stone pillar.

Since flying was forbidden on Cloud Road, Zen thought his only alternative would be to jump.

Zen looked like a shooting star as he shot across the sky and left a dark contrail. He managed to dodge the red fire snake's attack.

"How... can he jump so high? Is he a locust?" the male disciple from Brumous Sect asked in astonishment.

The two female disciples from Iridescence Sect couldn't hide their bewilderment as they watched Zen in midair...

After reaching the Illuminating Soul Realm, disciples could fly. And so, this height was not impressive. What surprised the disciples was that Zen couldn't fly, but he was able to reach this height only with the strength of his feet. How strong was his leaping ability? Could his legs bear it?

Adler turned ghastly pale. He wanted to distract the red fire snake by sacrificing Zen. Then, he and the other disciples would seize the chance to either pass over or jointly attack the snake. Unexpectedly, Zen jumped high and crossed the creature safely...

Even the red fire snake didn't expect Zen to sail past it. The red fire snake became agitated at having missed its target. It raised its massive head and roared. Then it opened its mouth and spat fire in Zen's direction.

Zen jumped again. He landed on another stone pillar safely. Although he could feel the heat from the fire released by the snake, he didn't look back. On the contrary, he continued to jump forward. With another high arc, he avoided the red fire snake's attack.

Seeing that Zen had escaped again, the red fire snake roared and then turned its head. It glared at Adler and the other three disciples with its eyes that were as big as beans.

Adler looked at the red fire snake and gulped. Such was his frustration that Adler wanted to scream.

Zen had not only escaped the red fire snake's attack, but he had irritated it as well. Now, he and the other three disciples would have to deal with this furious snake...

"Jump, jump..."

After evading the red fire snake, Zen continued to go forward by scaling the stone pillars ahead of him.

'The second phase of Cloud Road is so difficult. What is waiting for us next?' Zen thought as he continually jumped from stone pillar to stone pillar.

He didn't have long to contemplate the situation. As Zen jumped to another pillar, he noticed something unusual. He felt as though the sea level was rising.

'The tide comes so soon?' Zen became anxious. This was unreasonable. The tide came after he had traveled only a short distance. How fast did he need to be to cross the Sea of Raging Fire?

Zen thought that he might be mistaken. So he observed the stone pillar in the front. In no time, the lava sea level rose by two inches. It was the tide!

He wouldn't have sufficient time to cross the sea. If the tide continued at its present speed, all these stone pillars would be covered by the lava. Perhaps he had to swim in the lava after all...

Upon thinking a little more, Zen couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. The other disciples walking on Cloud Road couldn't pass the Sea of Raging Fire like him. He had a special body and could resist the power of the lava, but the others including Rocher, Patrick, and the elite disciples from Cloud Hall wouldn't be able to survive in the lava.

How could they pass the fire sea? Were they supposed to die in the hot lava?

The lava in the Sea of Raging Fire continued to rise as Zen pondered over the issue. He estimated that it would take the lava ten or fifteen minutes to cover the stone pillars.

At this moment, a high platform appeared in front of Zen.

Zen's eyes widened in surprise. That was it...

The platform was the solution! The disciples could use the stone pillars to cross one part of the fire sea. Once the tide started to rise, the disciples needed to wait on the platform. After the tide subsided, they could continue.

Without hesitating, Zen jumped to the high platform and stood on it.

What surprised Zen was that several disciples from other sects were already on the high platform. They appeared to be injured. The skin on the disciples' bodies had turned black from being scorched by the fire. Some were healing their wounds while waiting on the platform.

They were astonished to see Zen, who was at the third grade of the nature level. They had not expected someone at his level to pass this part of the road. One of them asked in surprise, "How did you resist the attack of the three red fire snakes?"

"Three? I saw just one." Zen was shocked. It turned out that there were more than one huge monster!

"Oh," the warrior nodded. "Perhaps someone killed the other two red fire snakes. However, it is beyond our expectation that you have come this far since you are only at the third grade of the nature level." The disciple glanced at Zen one more time before closing his eyes again and focusing on healing his injuries. Not only was dealing with burns troublesome for cultivators, these disciples knew that they had to heal before continuing. After all, their time on Cloud Road was limited, and they had several more challenges to face.

Zen wasn't injured. He stood on the edge of the high platform and looked around. The rising tide of the fire sea would come slowly. He wondered what happened to the four disciples from the Brumous Sect and the Iridescence Sect.

When he glanced down, Zen heard a loud explosive sound. He saw a huge flame rising to the sky. It was almost as if it were a mesmerizing fireworks display.

In the next instant, four small dots were dashing along the stone pillars.

Zen smiled. It seemed that the four disciples had wasted a lot of time trying to fight the red fire snake.

If the four disciples had cooperated with him earlier, they would have killed the red fire snake quicker. Even though Zen had not killed the snake, he had explored the way in the front. Now, the four disciples would follow him without doing anything. How could Zen let them take advantage? Did they really think he would be easily bullied?

Although he had dodged the red fire snake first, he left an angry snake for the four disciples to face. It was enough to slow them down.

Since they had wasted plenty of time, and the lava tide was rising, they would have nowhere to go...

However, the four disciples had almost reached the platform. That would show that they had activated secret skills to raise their speed.

Despite their skills, they couldn't outrun the lava tide that was inching closer to the stone pillars. Since the pillars were only three inches thick, the lava would cover them in no time. Then, they would have no place to step on.

Zen was not a philanthropist. These guys invited trouble, and he would be happy to stand on the edge of the high platform and watch the situation play out.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 545 The Angry Disciple

"Rush! Rush!"

"Hurry! Hurry!"

The two disciples of Brumous Sect were sweating heavily, their faces turning red. They had done their best to up their speeds and could not get any quicker.

A female disciple of Iridescence Sect behind them waved her hand and a ribbon of blue life-vitality emerged out.

"Breeze without a Trace!"

It was an auxiliary cultivation method to enhance the speed of the disciples.

Soon, a set of breezes floated around the four disciples.

The breezes flew to their legs, and the four disciples appeared to run quicker.

"The platform is right there. Everybody, hold on!" Adler shouted.

Although the platform looked not too far away, the lava sea level had risen as high as the stone pillars. Now, the lava spread across their surface, covering every inch of them as the seconds passed by.

Watching the stone pillars get enveloped by lava, Adler gasped in despair.

"Ahhh! I am burnt!" Another disciple of Brumous Sect stepped in the lava by accident, his foot toasting into a dark color. He dared not halt though and tried to keep going forward. He knew he would die if he stopped moving.

Only four stone pillars were left in front of them. If they managed to use them, they could jump onto the platform.

But the four stone pillars were like the gates to hell. They were now out of their sight! That meant they had to step into the lava before they could get onto the platform.

A female disciple from Iridescence Sect gritted her teeth, shouting, "Freeze A Thousand Miles!" A small icy, crystal rune materialized on her pretty face.

The move was called 'Freeze A Thousand Miles', but of course, it could not freeze the entire lava sea. In such hot conditions, its impact was greatly reduced. The frost only spanned about thirty feet.

However, it was enough to save their lives.

The frozen frost cooled down the lava, turning it into a solid black mass. The four disciples stepped on it and got on the platform before it could melt.

Just as they jumped onto the platform, the lava melted the frost layers. The stone pillars disappeared. It was a sea of fire around them.

The two male disciples threw themselves onto the platform heavily. The one from Brumous Sect covered his feet and groaned out of pain as he got to the safety of the platform. His feet had been burnt black.

The two female disciples from Iridescence Sect too sat on the platform, panting heavily, their chests heaving up and down.

Adler straightened, taking out a pill from his pocket and putting it in the hurt disciple's mouth. He then took out a jade box from his space ring. It had some green salve in it. Adler smeared the ointment on the burnt foot.

"Eh?" Some of the warriors on the platform looked on curiously. The two disciples from Brumous Sect had come with proper preparations in advance for the fire sea. The green salve was a specialized treatment for burnt skin. It seemed very effective.

After Adler had rubbed in the salve, the disciple stopped groaning. Still, it took a while for him to recover.

Finished with addressing the burnt foot, Adler turned his gaze onto the other warriors. His eyes shifted to Zen in the group. Staring at him, he said coldly, "It was your fault. I'll give you two options—you jump down by yourself or I push you. Which one do you prefer?"

"Oh?" There was a smile in Zen's eyes when he asked, "How was it my fault?"

"You agitated that snake before running away yourself. We had to take great pains to kill that snake together. It cost us plenty of time. If we had been any slower, the four of us would have died in the lava." The more Adler said, the angrier he got. Fury exuded from his body in waves. "You deserve to die."

Zen's smile crumbled. "You think I agitated the snake?" he asked. "That's ridiculous. Would it have cheered you up if that snake had eaten me instead? Your lives are precious but mine is not? That doesn't sound very reasonable. You were the ones hiding behind me. If you hadn't wanted that snake to eat me, why did you waste time asking me to lead the way for you? The four of you should have died in the lava... And it would have been fitting. You don't deserve my sympathies at all!"

Hearing this, the other warriors shook their heads. It was true that the two disciples did not deserve any sympathy. They wanted a shortcut and to use others to lead the way. A warrior should not expect such easy ways out.

Moreover, Zen successfully dealt with the snake, all by himself. How could they blame Zen even if he agitated it?

"Sympathy? Ha ha! Who do you think you are? Why do I need your sympathy?" Adler replied, smiling thinly. He pulled out a dark golden spear from his space ring. Waving and pointing it at Zen, he said, "You were not willing to lead the way, were you? Well, in the world of warriors, strength is what decides everything. It's perfectly reasonable. You are not as strong as us, so you must serve as cannon fodder when asked, or die! Understand? But it's too late for you now. I will never grant you another opportunity to serve us. You must be killed!"

"The world of the warriors? Strength decides everything?" Zen repeated Alder's words in a low voice. "I agree with what you said. However, you don't seem to know the real meaning behind your words. Either that or you are not aware of who the stronger one is between us."

As Zen finished talking, he took out the Streamer Sword from his space ring. Some elements of the sword intent whirled around the Streamer Sword, forming dozens of sword intent cyclones.

Seeing what was about to happen, the other warriors could not stay calm. One of them stood up, saying, "If you two want to fight it out, you can do it after the trial.

Don't fight here! If the platform turns over, all of us will die!"

The platform was supported by many thick columns beneath it. This way, it looked rather like a fan.

The construction was not very solid. Besides, Cloud Road was years old, and so were the columns. If Zen and Adler battled here, the platform would probably collapse.

None of the others wanted to see that happening.

"Adler, please don't fight here. Let him go for now," one of the female disciples said, even as the other voiced out her agreement.

Adler looked at the sword intent cyclones with a cold expression. However, he was curious. 'He seems to have learned the sword intent, and it seems to be excellent. It looks better than the slender sword intent. Is it the successful sword intent?' Adler wondered, in disbelief of what he was seeing. This had come as a surprise to him.

Adler himself was not good at sword skills. He used a spear, which was why he didn't realize that Zen did not have slender or successful sword intent. It was the consummate sword intent!

But to Adler, it was not so important that Zen had learned the sword intent. What was more important was that Zen was only at the third grade of the nature level, while Adler was the top disciple of the Brumous Sect. He had secured the third position in the Sect Competition of his sect.

If not for the two female disciples, Adler would have rushed to the front of the Cloud Road in no time at all.

"All right. I agree this place is not suitable to fight. Let's not do it here. You're lucky, Zen, otherwise, I would have mauled you like a dog!" Adler waved his spear once more before putting it back into his space ring.

"I am willing to fight here," Zen said, ignoring Adler's words

"You?!" Adler had assumed that since he had let Zen go easy this time, the latter would play nice to them. But Zen seemed not to mind it at all. Was he wishing for his death?

Like everyone else, Zen feared death. Only those who didn't have love in this world desired death. Zen, however, had everything he could ask for. He didn't want death. His reason for proposing a duel was that he knew the hot lava could not hurt him, seeing as how his body was a spiritual weapon.

If the platform turned over, Zen would not die, although the others might.

Zen found he had nothing more to say to Adler. He found a corner and squatted down while waiting for the lava sea to wane.

Chapter 546 The Evil Fire Mobula (Part One)

"You don't stand a chance of walking out of here alive!" taunted Adler as he sneered at Zen. Ignoring Adler's threat, Zen waited patiently in silence. Walking away from Zen, Adler found a quiet spot to sit and meditate.

As the exhausted group reached the platform, the only safe place here, they were so weak and they nearly collapsed. If the group's need for this refuge hadn't been so dire, they would not have risked their lives to land on the platform. Each disciple found himself a place to rest, meditate and replenish his depleted store of energy. Previously, the disciples had only been part of some practice activities and not facing certain life-threatening circumstances or exerting themselves as much as they had just now. With stiff muscles and sore bodies, the disciples took their time to heal, so they wouldn't have to endure crippling injuries for the rest of their long lives.

Looks can be deceiving. The Sea of Raging Fire was immense. Before the fire receded, the surface looked calm and still. However, the heat was rising, colliding with the cooler air, and hot lava created violent swirling waves of flames. The group saw that in the distance, yellow-white flames flicked where the fire burned the hottest. The disciples also noticed some unknown small creatures who were cocking their heads and staring curiously back at them. Sporadically, tiny flames shot out from their mouths. They dived in and out of the molten lava waves as if they were fish.

These creatures were alien to any other known life in the world. They didn't just survive in the scalding liquid of the lava, and it was their natural habitat. So, they would likely perish if they were parted from the element for any length of time.

While contemplating over the little creatures he saw, Zen couldn't help but experience a great sense of gratitude for how the fire sustained the mysterious creatures. His curiosity was peaked as he considered how vast the Sea of Raging Fire was and what other unknown life might have flourished in this environment that was unique to this area.

If Zen were a bit stronger, he would have taken the risk, and leapt at the chance to explore this magical environment. Nevertheless, aside from the haunting self-pity that he wouldn't be able to satiate his curious mind, there was nothing he could do.

The short respite Zen had in a corner on the platform gave him the opportunity to relax, and focus on his slow, shallow breath and allowed him to reach a deeper state of meditation. In his deep reflective state, Zen felt his strength start to return quickly. As Zen subconsciously examined the trials so far, his thoughts inevitably turned to the road behind, before he looked ahead to what lay ahead.

Just like what they had gone through, there would be another high platform that they'd need to find and climb for refuge to save themselves. The timing was vital and it would determine their success or failure. Consequently, the disciples knew they needed all their strengths. As soon as the tide was low again, they'd need to get to another platform as fast as they could, or the flames would be able to knock them off the pillars.

About an hour later, the tide changed and the Sea of Raging Fire's flames receded.

"The sea is ebbing!" mumbled one of the disciples, guardedly. Since the trial was the sort that one mistake would cost them their lives, he wasn't sure if the pounding of his heart was from excitement or fear.

As the molten lava tide receded and when it was low enough to reveal the stone pillars again, some of the disciples had already started to march down from the platform.

Time was pressing. In order to complete the challenge within the given time, some of the disciples ignored the dangers willingly and walked ahead of the group even though the waves lapped at the pillars, and were high enough to engulf and scald the group members if the currents changed.

After the first disciple jumped off the high platform, a second, and then a third followed.

Sitting on the edge of the high platform, Zen looked out at the Sea of Raging Fire. Although the tide was lower, the situation was still dangerous. Most of the disciples had already gone off the platform, so he pulled himself up to his feet. His muscles became taut, and he curled his back down a little to prepare for a jump. Then he somersaulted through the air twice before agilely uncurling himself and landing precisely on one of stone pillars.

Alongside the stone pillar, the violent lava swelled. However, it didn't scare Zen. Undaunted, he continued forward.

Watching Zen's figure becoming smaller in the distance, Adler bit his lip in ire and turned around to glare at the other disciple from his own sect. "How are you feeling now?" Adler asked sharply.

The disciple sighed in dismay and shook his head. His concern and gratitude shone in his eyes as he gazed at Adler and said, "That's a shame. Perhaps we should wait for the next low tide."

They didn't really have much choice though. So, the group decided to stay on the platform and wait for the tide to cycle through once more. Alder hoped that when the waves rose and fell again, the injured disciple would have enough energy to get up and fight during the next challenge. At the moment, they had no choice but to wait. The two Iridescence Sect female disciples refused to keep their company any longer. They folded their hands together politely and bowed gracefully. In a quiet voice, one of the ladies said, "Adler, we hate to leave you here. But, the tide has subsided. So the next challenge has started, and we need to keep moving. Our hope is for you two to catch up very soon."

After that, the women jumped off the platform to one of the stone pillars below. Watching the graceful, elegant figures as they soared through the air, the scarlet flames rising like butterflies around them and accentuating their forms, Adler and the injured disciple shook their heads helplessly. From the start of the trial, the two men knew the women were only following them to be protected.

They couldn't blame the two women either. Under such circumstances, the men would inevitably bring them danger if they stuck with the men in the challenge behind. Resolutely, the two women decided to make their move, leaving Adler and the other disciple behind.

Being left alone only intensified Adler's hatred of Zen. Grinding his words through his teeth, he said, "This bad luck is caused by that bastard from the Cloud Sect who is in grade three of nature level. I swear on all that's holy that if I catch him, I'll rip him to shreds, and make him kneel before us as he begs for mercy." Zen was so far ahead that they couldn't see him anymore. It wouldn't be easy for Adler to catch up and win the challenge. He thought it was Zen's fault his peer was injured, and they fell behind during such an important competition. Waiting there helplessly, made Adler detest Zen even more.

Actually, it wasn't Zen's fault in the slightest bit. At the start when they entered the Sea of Raging Fire, Zen even helped them slay the fiery evil spirits and ensured safe passage for them to cross the fire sea to the high platform. Nevertheless, there were always some people who blamed others and would never recognize their negligence or mistakes.

Chapter 547 The Evil Fire Mobula (Part Two)

Zen had met many people like Adler, and chose to ignore them instead of letting their negativity affect his choices during challenges like this.

Approximately eight disciples were participating in this round of the challenge. The challenge wasn't like other competitions though. Here, they needed each other to overcome all the obstacles that were in their way. If they had tried to fight their way individually, no one would pass this round. Everyone knew the situation very well. So, without hesitation, they united together, except Adler and his company who remained behind.

They continued to encounter terrifying, unusual creatures as they made their way from pillar to pillar. Every time they encountered a creature, they instantly formed a circle and eliminated it from all directions.

It went without saying that every disciple there was the strongest and the best one selected from their sect. A common disciple without any remarkable strength would never be able to make it this far. Even the two Iridescence Sect female disciples had extraordinary speed and flexibility, making it possible for them to avoid being attacked by the creatures while eliminating them swiftly. So united, all the disciples marched to the next high platform without much difficulty.

'This is the right way to do it. Those two from the Brumous Sect were idiots. It was crazy for me to think of them as teammates at first, ' Zen thought as he rushed along. In reality, none of them thought of one another as a teammate. They knew they had come together only to stay safe. It wouldn't be a surprise to any of them when the final competition started and the current truce ended with them drawing swords against each other.

"Look! Over there! What the hell is that?" one of the disciples yelled behind Zen, and rousing him from his thoughts.

Stopping immediately, Zen turned around to see what it was. His sharp eyes looked to where the disciple pointed. Not far in the distance, a stream of fluid lava rolled up, and sped towards them. Something gigantic was headed at them under the waves of lava.

The group shrank back at the sight as they wondered what it would be this time. All they knew, was no matter what, it wouldn't be anything nice or pleasant.

The unknown creature cut through the lava at breakneck speed as it closed in on them. It sprang up above the lava's crest.

An ugly creature sprang up in front of everyone, astonishing them. Its mouth hung half open, snarling horribly. It was ten feet wide and resembled a fish, but comparatively, it was a hundred times uglier. With a triangle shaped body and an unmatchable long tail, it looked like a giant kite soaring in the sky. What surprised them the most was the long tail with barbed hooks covering its scales, giving it the appearance of a demon's tail in a childhood storybook.

"That's an evil fire mobula! Watch out! Why are there so many of them?" yelled a disciple.

After the first mobula rose from the fire sea, the molten lava began to vibrate and the fluid lava began to ripple in at least thirty spots, which meant there were at least thirty evil fire mobulas headed at the group.

"Move! Hurry, everyone! Get away from there!" cried another disciple.

Hearing the alarm in his voice, everyone stopped staring in a trance-like state and rushed from the mobulas. Unlike other unknown creatures they had defeated, evil fire mobula wasn't a monster they could overpower easily, not to mention there were so many coming right at the group.

However, astonishingly, the mobulas were much faster than they expected. Splashing through the fluid lava, they drew closer and closer to the disciples.

Running away from the mobulas, Zen watched in awe as a wave of fire rushed past him and reached a disciple. A mobula suddenly sprang from under the lava, speeding to strike at the shocked victim.

Sensing the danger, the disciple instinctively pulled out a shiny, golden saber from a sheath and began slashing at the monster without even turning to face the mobula. It all happened in the blink of an eye. As soon as the saber was drawn, the icy light reflected brilliantly, amazing the other disciples.

"The successful blade intent!" Zen couldn't help shouting excitedly. He knew that the successful blade intent was a top grade blade skill that could only be manipulated by powerful, talented people. He would have never expected that this disciple, who looked so fragile and weak, would be powerful enough to have the successful blade intent.

With the screeching sound of metal meeting flesh and bone, they watched as the saber sliced into the evil fire mobula's body as easily as a hot knife cutting butter.

The saber struck so swiftly that the mobula had no time to dodge or react.

However, this giant, monstrous sea beast, was so massive that one strike was not enough. Although it wasn't a fatal strike, the pain was intolerable. The mobula instinctively turned sideways and whipped its demonic, barbed tail fiercely at the disciple.

The disciple saw the lethal tail. Gathering all his strength in his arms, he lifted his saber up and brought it down on the mobula's vicious tail.

As the saber hit the tail, there was a clunk sound.

It rebounded, leaving the mobula's tail unharmed. Sparks flew as the saber collided with the tail as if metal hit metal.

How hard was that tail? For a moment, the stunned group stood there. Their minds boggled by the scene before them. Seeing the successful blade intent was surprising enough, but seeing a gigantic fish that was able to withstand the hit of the saber? How could it be possible? If they hadn't seen it with their own eyes just now, the group wouldn't have believed it.

As surprised as they were by the mobula's indescribably hard tail, if they stood there, as though numb, the group would face inescapable disaster from this intelligent monster. As the disciples stood there transfixed, watching the man's second cut fail, the mobula had gotten close enough to attack him with its tail.

Needless to say, it would mean certain death if the mobula were to drag him down into the burning lava that would incinerate his flesh from his body.

While the other disciples stood there dumbstruck, Zen sensed the extreme danger and composed himself. Without hesitating, he pulled his Streamer Sword out and jumped high in the air as he raised his sword. The cold metal gleamed blindingly. As he came back down to the ground, he brought the Steamer Sword down, silently and swiftly onto the mobula tail in front of him.

Zen's blow struck nerve endings in the tail, leaving the evil fire mobula screeching in pain.

The mobula let out an ear-piercing shriek, and its long body twisted as it dived under the lava.

A piece of tail, once attached to the mobula, hung in the air for a moment before it crashed down onto the stone pillar.

It wasn't until then that the disciple being attacked realized that Zen had saved his life. He would be dead if not for Zen. Not knowing how to express his gratitude, the disciple just stared at Zen awestruck and full of gratitude.

Chapter 548 Disqualified (Part One)

He might have been powerful, but Zen had already consumed most of his strength and energy to cut off the tail of the mobula using his consummate sword intent. He was still confused as to the composition of the mobula's broken tail.

After picking it up and briefly inspecting the broken tail, Zen tucked it inside his space ring. Beast tails like this were quite rare. In the future, he could probably use it for refining weapons. If not, he could make money out of it by selling the rare object at a high price.

"My friend, thank you very much for saving my life," said the warrior, whose hands were cupped to express his heartfelt gratitude to Zen. Naturally, it was clear to this warrior that the tail of the mobula was of great value. But since Zen was his savior, he thought it was inadvisable to battle it out with him for this rare and valuable object.

This warrior was among those from the other grade-two sects, who were at levels much higher than Zen's. Zen was only at the third grade of the nature level. Thus, it would be understandable if these warriors looked down on Zen. Warriors at these levels would have taken for granted that the young fighter lagged far behind them. But since Zen was his savior, the warrior completely changed his mind and even began to admire him. He had attempted to kill the evil fire mobula by using his skilled blade intent and harnessing all his strength.

But his blade didn't even hurt the mobula's tail at all. On the other hand, Zen easily sliced off the tail with his sword. The warrior guessed that Zen even hadn't used all his strength when he did this.

As he analyzed what had just happened, the warrior decided that he couldn't rashly annoy this guy with such mighty strength.

"That's alright. Since we're taking the same path, it's natural and unavoidable to need each other's help!"

Even before he could finish speaking, several more mobulas jumped up, one after another, to attack the warriors on the stone pillars.

In the face of these beasts' assaults, the warriors masterfully displayed their unique and incomparable skills.

How would it be possible for them to pass the Cloud Road easily? If they were unlucky, they would risk their lives on their way to complete the trial. At this critical time, every warrior was giving his best to fight off the beasts. Rushing forward, they tried every means to slay the mobulas, whose numbers never seemed to dwindle.

"Ahhhh!" one warrior screamed.

A mobula had dragged him into the lava pit. His life vitality protected him from being hurt, while he was only stuck in the lava for a short while. Then, another five or six mobulas emerged and pulled the warrior deeper into the lava.

At the sight of this, several warriors' faces turned ghastly pale. That was the first warrior killed on Cloud Road.

All other warriors present there were top disciples from different sects. They were all exceptional fighters honed by a variety of life and death situations. What was clear to every warrior was that if they wanted to get out of their present situation, emotions like fear or anxiety had no place there. Their only option to get out of this dangerous situation was to fight desperately.

They stood a better chance of moving ahead if they continued to fight, but death would be inevitable if they so much as flinched.

Most of them knew this to be true, but it was still hard for them to act accordingly. In this situation, elite disciples were perceived to have been mentally stronger than ordinary disciples.

"Fight! Run faster!" they heard the suggestion.

"Be careful. Don't just concentrate on attacking the devil fishes. For us, what's more important is to dodge their assaults as fast as we can!"

Silver flowers flashed on Zen's long Streamer Sword. He had no intention of killing all those mobulas at all because these devil fishes attacked him in large quantities. Thus, it was utterly impossible for him to kill every single one of them. And because the devil fishes were not small, more time would be needed if Zen wanted to harm any of the fishes seriously.

While Zen weighed the pros and cons, he was busy dodging and would counterattack when a devil fish got close to him.

By fighting and dodging this way while running, the warriors at least managed to dash seven or eight miles. It was only then that they gradually escaped the clutches of the devil fishes.

Except for Zen, most of the warriors had run out of breath. What was worse, the two female disciples from Iridescence Sect were sweating all over, and appeared to be extremely exhausted.

But staring at the boundless Sea of Raging Fire and dense stone pillars, no one could rest at ease. For the time being, they could do nothing but grit their teeth and run ahead non-stop. If they slowed down their pace moving forward, tides of lava would rise. Then, they would be on the verge of death.

One of the warriors patted his pocket. Instantly, ten medicinal pills appeared in his hand. As he swung his hand randomly, the pills flew in different directions towards the other warriors, so every person present got one pill. Soon afterward, he ordered, "Eat it! These pills are helpful for you to restore your physical strength and life vitality to certain extent."

To cultivate and produce life vitality within their bodies, warriors needed to meditate. Pills that were effective for replenishing life vitality were of great value wherever they were. Today, this warrior contributed ten medicinal pills all at once. This contribution was considerable.

Contributing the pills was a wise move. Defeating the flock of devil fishes by himself was impossible. He needed the collective effort of every warrior to defeat the creatures. He thought that replenishing the warriors' life vitality and enhancing their physical strength would double their efforts to escape before they finally left the damned place.

And he was right. The warriors no longer encountered any other ferocious living creatures. Unfortunately, another disaster awaited them.

Chapter 549 Disqualified (Part Two)

"Tides of lava are rising!" a warrior exclaimed.

"I also saw that. But now, we're not quite far away from the next high platform. It's right ahead of us!" another disciple responded. He pointed towards the direction of the coming platform.

It was the second high platform in the Sea of Raging Fire, and was much bigger than the first one. It looked like a castle in the air. Beneath it, the platform was supported by dozens of pillars. Beside this platform was a road extending forward. What was intriguing was a small island near the platform!

The island was just amid the Sea of Raging Fire.

"Rush over quickly to the platform! Then, we will be safe!"

While they might have been considerably surprised to see an island in the middle of the Sea of Raging Fire, the warriors still focused their attention on the high platform. They had to talk about everything else after they handled the problems at hand.

Hope was coming. All of the warriors put their hopes on the high platform ahead. Consciously, they quickened their pace without being reminded by other disciples. As they reached the towering platform, every warrior heaved a sigh of relief. This platform was about thirty feet high. When the warriors arrived, all of them leaped onto the platform.

There were no exceptions, because Zen also steadily stepped onto the high platform and then planted his feet there securely.

"This high platform is in the middle of the Sea of Raging Fire. In other words, we are somewhere halfway," a warrior explained while wiping the sweat on his forehead.

"It is said that there is a hidden test on this high platform. Substantial benefits await the one who can successfully go through this test," another warrior blurted out, as he stared at the island behind the platform.

"A hidden test?" Zen said curiously.

His heart was throbbing as he correctly guessed that the hidden test should be on that small island.

Top masters of Cloud Hall badly wished to gain benefits from the Cloud Road, but they couldn't come here on their own owing to their higher cultivation levels. As a result, they had no choice but to train younger disciples so that they could have the chance to come here and explore for them.

Compared to the elevated platform they had just passed, there were many more people crowding this platform. The previous platform was merely for warriors to protect themselves against the tides of lava. However, the second platform was a resting place for warriors. At this time, about twenty warriors filled the platform, including disciples from Auspice Sect, Brumous Sect, Iridescence Sect, and Cloud Hall.

But why were Patrick and Rocher not there? Craning his neck, Zen didn't see any disciple from Cloud Sect.

'Perhaps, they have moved ahead, or stepped into the hidden test, ' Zen thought.

"Shall I go to the island?" Zen suggested. There was no hesitation in his voice when he spoke. He knew it was a rare chance for him to get the qualification he needed to step onto the Cloud Road. And Zen wanted to seize this chance.

Although there were tremendous risks in undergoing the hidden test, Zen was convinced that enormous possibilities were going to open for him.

At the thought of this, Zen didn't sit down for meditation like other warriors. On the contrary, he walked straight towards the passageway at the end of the high platform.

His decision to go to that small island shocked other warriors. Zen was only at the third grade of nature level. But did he want to face the challenges in the hidden test? Did he want to die?

Every time when disciples took the Cloud Road, many of the elite warriors undertook challenges at the hidden test. But how many of these fighters were lucky enough to get the chance to succeed? Instead of gaining any benefit, challengers were either severely injured inside, or worse, ended up dead after going through that pass. As the saying goes, people die in pursuit of great wealth, while birds die for food.

Everyone was welcome to take risks to go through the test, but they must be fully aware of their abilities to determine if they could survive the pass or not.

Beside the entrance of the passageway stood two disciples dressed in white robes. Both of them were from Cloud Hall.

When they saw Zen walking up to them, their mouths curved at the corners. There were hidden sneers in their eyes, both directed at Zen. When the young disciple reached the entrance, one of the disciples yelled, "Stop!"

Looking at the two guys who stood in his way, Zen, his eyebrows slightly furrowing, shot back, "What's wrong?"

"Now that disciples of our Cloud Hall are in there for the test, all other people are not allowed to enter."

It was one of the Cloud Hall disciples who spoke with a sneer.

"What? Ahhh... hahaha! Every person here is taking the test of Cloud Road. So, why are we not authorized to enter?" Zen demanded. A dark cloud seemed to hover over his face as he spoke. In this world, it seemed there were always people looking down upon others, especially those they believed were inferior to them.

For instance, in the beginning, when Zen just joined Cloud Sect, disciples from noble clans believed themselves to be superior and looked down upon the young disciple. Now, disciples from Cloud Hall were behaving in the same manner. Did they truly believe that Cloud Road was developed only for them?

But Zen guessed it right.

And it was true that these disciples took that for granted. After all, they were the rightful representatives of Cloud Hall. In their opinion, all guys from grade two sects under the jurisdiction of Cloud Hall were inferior and not qualified because they were not on equal footing with them.

Since some of the Cloud Hall disciples had already entered the passageway for the hidden test, the two men at the entrance thought those from other sects were naturally "unauthorized" and disqualified for going through the pass.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 550 The Blinding Arrogance

Several other practitioners were also annoyed by what the disciple of Cloud Hall had said. They had been planning to try their luck in the hidden test, but they were blocked outside the gate. Since they had no guts to fight with the disciples of Cloud Hall, they just anxiously stood aside.

"Don't you know your place? You're not qualified. You could only be a genius in the second-grade sect, but not in our Cloud Hall. In here, you're nothing at all. I bet you won't even rank on the list of top one-hundred in Cloud Hall!" one of the Cloud Hall disciples said and laughed.

His words offended all the practitioners of the other sects. Even some practitioners who hadn't planned to enter the island had a look of anger on their faces.

"Really?" In a blink of an eye, Zen suddenly appeared in front of the Cloud Hall disciple and grabbed him by the neck. He then dragged him to the edge of the high platform and had him hanging off the edge.

Down the platform was a vast land of fire. If Zen loosened his grip on the disciple's neck, the latter would directly fall into the fire.

"Ah! Let go of me!" the disciple cried out angrily. He didn't seem to realize what was happening even after being attacked by Zen.

"Let you go? If you insist. But don't blame after." Zen slightly loosened his grip. As the disciple slid down a little, he realized he would die once Zen fully loosened his grip and let him go.

"Asshole, pull me up!" he cursed in rage.

"You still have the guts to curse me given the situation? I really admire your courage!" Zen said and suddenly loosed his hands. Feeling his own body weight starting to pull him down, the disciple's eyes were filled with horror. He couldn't say even a single word now. But to his surprise, he didn't fall. Zen was pinching his collar with two fingers.

His life was now at the mercy of Zen's two fingers and his own collar!

The two Cloud Hall disciples had thought that they were able to keep the other practitioners out of the hidden test without saying much. Because the Cloud Hall had a reputation and its disciples were known for their unrivaled skills and competence, the practitioners would not dare to break in the hidden test.

With that, their vanity and arrogance would be gratified.

The guy who was now hanging on the edge of the platform had thought that being a Cloud Hall disciple, he could have forced the countrymen to yield. With his current competence, it should have been difficult for Zen to control him easily. He didn't think that Zen would have dared to attack him. But he was blinded by his arrogance and underestimated Zen. Now, his life was on Zen's mercy.

'Is this guy crazy? Isn't he afraid of our Cloud Hall?' the disciple wondered. He was nervous and dared not to struggle at the fear of falling.

'You'd better hope that your collar is strong enough to hold your weight. Now, tell me if I can enter the hidden test," Zen ordered with a friendly smile. But in the disciple's eyes, he could see a smile of a devil.

Meanwhile, the other Cloud Hall disciple's face turned pale out of fear for his pal's life. He asked, "Do you know what you are doing? Are you trying to challenge Cloud Hall?"

Zen turned to him with an elusive look. Under his gaze, the disciple became even more scared. "All of you also want to pass the Cloud Road test. Right now, you're just ordinary Cloud Hall disciples wanting to be elites of Cloud Hall. I wonder why you think you have the qualification to represent Cloud Hall. Maybe your dad is the ruler of Cloud Hall?" Zen said sarcastically.

"I...," the disciple stuttered. Although their rankings were relatively high compared to the ordinary disciples of Cloud Hall, these two disciples were not special and couldn't be on par with the real elites of Cloud Hall. They also came here in the hope of getting promoted by taking the Cloud Road test.

"Now, do you still want to block me out?" Zen asked with a slight smile. "My fingers are feeling sore. You better make up your mind fast."

With that, Zen slightly loosened his grip on the disciple's collar and the latter slipped down a little. The disciple's collar was almost at the tip of Zen's fingers.

The miserable disciple was more frightened than ever. His eyes widened, his breathing became heavy, and he couldn't move.

"No! We won't block your way anymore! Just pull him up, please! And you can be on your way!" the other Cloud Hall disciple answered immediately. They didn't expect that a young practitioner at grade three of the nature level could be that tough. They couldn't say no anymore out of fear that Zen would finally loosen his fingers.

After hearing what the other disciple said, Zen put a little strength on his fingers then pulled the disciple up. The disciple fell on the ground with his face slamming on the platform.

As soon as he felt the platform, the disciple quickly jumped up and pulled out a dagger. The overwhelming life vitality erupted from his body in an instant. Now that he was out of danger, he was going to challenge Zen.

But before he could thrust his dagger, a wound appeared on his arm.

A stream of blood gushed from the wound

and a portion of his arm fell onto the ground together with his dagger.

Zen shook his Streamer Sword. Blood was dripping down from the tip of the sword. Zen said coldly, "You thought I was just messing with you, didn't you? You thought that I would let you go harmless? You thought that I wouldn't kill you just because you are a Cloud Hall disciple?"

Seeing the sudden turn of events, the other practitioners on the high platform went silent.

'The young man is so fucking tough!' they thought.

The two female disciples of Iridescence Sect covered their mouths with their hands, afraid to make a sound that would attract any attention.

At first, they thought that Zen was overconfident by challenging Adler of Brumous Sect. In their mind, Zen had challenged Adler in the thought that the latter wouldn't fight him on the high platform.

Now, after Zen cut off the Cloud Hall disciple's arm, they realized that he wasn't afraid of Adler at all.

They couldn't imagine what would happen next.

All the practitioners on the platform were top disciples in the second-grade sects. They might not be at par with the top ten disciples of Cloud Hall, but they were not afraid of these two disciples. What they revered was the authority of Cloud Hall.

Whether they came from Brumous Sect or Auspice Sect, the moment they had become the disciples of their sects, they had known about the Cloud Hall being a fourth-grade sect. The leaders of the second-grade sects could only be stewards in Cloud Hall. How supreme Cloud Hall was.

It was also the reason the practitioners dared not to offend the Cloud Hall disciples even though they were more powerful than them.

The Cloud Hall disciple was stunned to see his arm cut off. He covered the wound with his hand and shouted, gritting his teeth, "How dare you cut off my arm! I..."

But before he could continue, Zen had thrust his Streamer Sword at him and pricked the skin between his eyebrows. A few drops of blood oozed out from the wound.

"I'm not in the mood to listen to your nonsense! I have heard too much and I'm tired of it. So, if you dare to speak one word more, you're dead!" Zen blankly said.

Hearing that, the Cloud Hall disciple began to shiver. Since he was able to enter the cloud road, he should have outranked the ordinary disciples of Cloud Hall and Zen for that matter. However, at that moment, he couldn't stop his body from trembling.

The other Cloud Hall disciple remained quiet. It would only need a short time to set his companion's broken arm and heal the wound, but he couldn't use this arm to perform his skills in a long time.

After putting his sword back into the sheath and stuffing it into the space ring, Zen walked to the path beside the platform. All the practitioners watched him leave with eyes filled with awe.

But until now, Zen hadn't even used any powerful skills. In reality, many of the practitioners present at the platform were also skillful, but they didn't dare to step up to the Cloud Hall disciples.

Chapter 551 The Ghost-faced Spider

Standing at the arched gateway, Fernandez laughed, "That's amazing! He is indeed a brave boy! He's a promising disciple, Kenneth. You must have put a lot of time and effort on him!"

Seeing Zen's performance, Kenneth was relieved. Zen was not only powerful, but his mind and ways of doing things were also a lot better than that of Evan.

Truth be told, the Cloud Hall disciples' arrogance came from the power and influence of the Cloud Hall, and that gave them the nerve to suppress the disciples from the second-grade sects. But they were not all to blame. Anyone who had become the disciples of the Cloud Hall would do the same. But Zen had a strong resolution compared to other practitioners.

He knew his opponent's identity and was aware that he could attract the attention of the Cloud Hall with his strength and skill. 'Yes, it's true that you're a disciple from Cloud Hall. But I will soon become a Cloud Hall disciple who is way better than you. We're on the same level, so you couldn't suppress me by the name of Cloud Hall! You're pathetic!' Zen thought.

His understanding of this matter showed that he had extraordinary strength, great vision, and confidence.

But when Kenneth heard Fernandez's remarks about him putting a lot of efforts on cultivating Zen, his face blushed.

As the leader of the Cloud Sect, Kenneth had paid attention to Rocher, Patrick, Jacques, and Tracy, but he never noticed Zen. He had never heard of him, let alone got to know that Zen was Yan's brother.

Zen was like someone popping out of nowhere. If it was not in the All Peaks Competition where Zen emerged as the victor with his great strength, Kenneth would have never noticed this young man.

Therefore, it was ironic that Kenneth had never put any efforts on cultivating Zen, or given a little bit guidance to him.

So hearing Fernandez's words, Kenneth could only force a smile and laugh it off.

Kenneth was riding high in this Cloud Road test with Zen winning the recognition from Fernandez. Moreover, Rocher and Patrick also stood out among the contestants. Through the Picture Slab, Kenneth saw that Rocher and Patrick had already crossed the second phase of the Cloud Road.

As for the leaders of the other four sects, they could only watch with envy. Eddy remained silent. Rocher ranked third in Cloud Sect and he made a sweeping victory over all Eddy's Red Sect disciples. Moreover, there were Patrick and Zen whose strength were beyond imagination. Eddy was already hopeless that his disciples would win over Kenneth's.

"No matter how powerful Zen is, if he meets Frank and Lennon of the Cloud Hall, I'm afraid that he would be in trouble. I guess I just have to wait and see how he will deal with them." Fernandez shook his head and smiled. "I hope that Zen won't irritate them too much when he confronts them, otherwise he would end in a bad shape."

"Frank who? Are you referring to Emanuel's son, Master Fei?" The leader of the Iridescence Sect suddenly said with a smile. The old lady had kept a straight face all the time, and it wasn't until she heard the name of Frank that she cracked a smile.

Fernandez nodded and replied, "Yes. I heard that Emanuel is also paying a lot of attention to Frank's performance in the Cloud Road test. He has planned to come here to watch for himself but was held up by some urgent affairs in the Cloud Hall."

The leader of the Iridescence Sect grinned, showing her two broken teeth, "Frank is the real talent, an outstanding disciple indeed. Don't compare Frank with that nobody."

"Lady Long, how can you say that? Zen is somebody. I know your eldest disciple Lois Jin is engaged to Frank. But that doesn't give you the right to belittle a disciple from Cloud Sect!" Kenneth was unhappy to hear Lady Long's words. Although he knew Lady Long was not a person to be trifled with, he didn't want anyone to insult his disciples especially

Zen who gave so much honor to him. The best he could do for Zen was to step up and defend him.

"Huh! He is only a boy from the grassroots. I can say anything I want about him! Unless, of course, his name is gilded with gold. But is it? Yes, he's a surprisingly strong young man, but in my eyes, he has too many irons in the fire. I'm sure that he can't go too far! Frank and Zen are all on the Cloud Road. They will meet each other soon. I need not say more. Just wait and see. Moreover, I…,"

Lady Long babbled on and it gave Kenneth a headache. All the other leaders chuckled in a playful manner.

Everyone knew that Lady Long was a tough person to tangle with, and Kenneth was not wise to make trouble for himself.

It was a lost cause so Kenneth just calmed down and suppressed his anger. Though he didn't refute verbally, he was cursing Lady Long in his heart repeatedly. 'Huh! Let's see! Zen is never easy to be defeated as he appears. It doesn't matter if Frank is Emanuel's son, or if Lennon has exceptional strength. Those things do not matter to Zen!' he thought.

While the leaders were talking, Zen had made his way to the passage at the back of the platform.

The so-called secret test was not really hidden from the public view. There were stone pillars on the Sea of Raging Fire along the passage and anyone would immediately notice the place. So, it didn't make sense why it was called a secret test.

Also, entering the small island was not a pre-requisite to cross the Cloud Road. So, this small island could be considered an optional test in the Cloud Road.

When Zen reached the end of the passageway, he set foot on the small island.

The boiling lava hit on the rocks like waves and would eventually harden into a layer of black rock. It continuously hit the rocks, forming layer after layer of hardened black rock. It started to look like a wrinkle in human skin.

Zen was in awe to see a small island on the Sea of Raging Fire. More strangely, there were plants growing there.

From its name, the Sea of Raging Fire, it was known that the place was a sea of lava. The air smelled of sulfur. The cultivators' bodies were strong enough for them to withstand it. But if a normal human would come here even for a short time, he would immediately be choked by the smell and pass out.

So, Zen was surprised to see some plants on the island. The plants needed oxygen to grow, so he was amazed that the plants managed to survive given the air condition. Zen was in awe and it made him appreciate marvelous things that the Creator made.

Before this, Zen had met plants which could crawl on the ground. So nothing much could shock him given that he was in such a weird world full of shattered floating remnants.

He was starting to get sick of the sea of lava. So, now that he entered the jungle, he felt much relaxed.

While enjoying the pleasant scenery, Zen's guard was up. It was a secret test after all, and he knew that it wasn't going to be easy.

He saw a passageway in the jungle. As he got closer to it, he saw that it was blazed by someone with brutal force. The tree branches that were cut off by hacking knives could be seen everywhere and there were also randomly scattered footprints on the ground.

He assumed that it was the doing of the Cloud Hall disciples who were here before him.

Zen was happy that he could save a lot of effort with this passageway in front of him. He walked on it without hesitation.

But only after a few steps, he heard a rustling sound, but it immediately disappeared.

He turned around but didn't find anything strange. To make sure, he even used his spiritual force to sense the surroundings. But still, there was nothing except for trees and plants.

Zen began to walk again. But after another few steps, he heard the rustling sound again.

"What's it?" Zen frowned and paused. He looked around, but there was still nothing.

Despite seeing nothing, he was sure that he was being followed. It was good at hiding itself that even his sharp sense failed to detect it.

Whenever he started to move, the rustling sound rang in his ear. Zen turned around swiftly and this time, he saw that the trees were covered with numerous spiders as big as a fist. Aside from their size, there was another weird thing about them; it was strange that they had the face of a ghost.

"Ghost-faced spiders? And they are huge!"

The ghost-faced spider was rare and seldom showed itself, but such creature was widely known in the Eastern Region. On its back was a ghost face and it was extremely poisonous. The ghost-faced spider could be used as a medicine, to make pills, or to make poisons.

But the commonly seen ghost-faced spiders were small. Zen hadn't seen a ghost-faced spider as big as a fist. Moreover, those creatures seemed to have the ability to camouflage. They could hide their breaths and if they lurked behind the leaves, Zen could not detect their existence.

Many ghost-faced spiders were hanging on the trees, and they cast greedy eyes on their prey as if preparing to press on him simultaneously.

"Go away!"

With his eyes on the spiders, Zen slowly stepped backward to the direction he was heading. The consummate sword intent emanated from the Streamer Sword he was holding, and it began to rotate.

The spiders zoomed towards him with rustling sounds.

As Zen made a move, the ghost-faced spiders swarmed around and jumped onto the treetops. They were trying to submerge Zen with their huge number.

Chapter 552 The Array Of Twelve Earthly Branches

The first eight ghost-faced spiders jumped up and rushed to Zen. He could see their poisoned teeth with the black luster flashing. Apparently, there was rank poison hidden on them and if they bit him, he would be paralyzed or worst die instantly.

Zen was not afraid of the ghost-faced spiders' poisoned teeth. His body was a top-grade spiritual weapon and couldn't be invaded by any poison. He just thought that it was disgusting to be covered by such sick stuff.

"Break!"

Whoosh...

Countless sword intent cyclones chopped the ghost-faced spiders.

Clang...

Zen was surprised to hear metal clanging when his sword intent chopped the ghost-faced spiders.

"It is that hard?"

Zen's consummate sword intent was extremely sharp. However, it couldn't cut off the ghost-faced spiders' defense. It just chopped them away.

The ghost-faced spiders that Zen hit rolled several times on the ground but immediately climbed up in safety. As they opened their mouths, they created a buzzing sound and rushed to Zen again.

If Zen would exert all his strength, he could kill these ghost-faced spiders. He assessed that the spider's defensive power was weaker than the mobula's. But killing the spiders one at a time would take so much of his time.

So, Zen just drove them away with the sword intent, and then he moved forward on the way the disciples from the Cloud Hall had explored.

After escaping the ghost-faced spiders, Zen was finally out of the jungle. He then found himself in a spacious valley where he saw the disciples from the Cloud Hall.

It turned out that the Cloud Hall disciples also encountered the spiders. In this spacious valley, there were countless dead spiders piled up. Not so far away from him, twelve disciples from the Cloud Hall were on position and arranged in an array.

Cultivators could use life vitality and cultivation methods to perform some powerful arrays.

The twelve Cloud Hall disciples combined their cultivation methods. Their array was learned from the Cloud Hall and had great power. The ghost-faced spiders came around in a group. The youth dressed in a white robe standing in the middle made the order: "Heptyl Metal Stab!"

The six people on the left stretched their left hands simultaneously and pressed an acupoint on their own right hand. The life vitality of the six combined and a golden spear congealed on the ground. The golden spear stabbed the spiders in an instant.

The youth in white ordered once more, "Snake Fire Burn!"

The other six disciples summoned the life vitality and created a red fire that was powerful. It rushed to another group of spiders and burnt them to ashes instantly.

The youth in the middle saw Zen and the spiders following him. He wore a long face and said, "The Cloud Hall disciples are going through a pass. Why did they let somebody else in?"

After the youth in white spoke, the other twelve disciples all stared at Zen with their straight faces. Apparently, they didn't want others to enter this small island, so they dispatched two disciples to guard the entrance of the high platform. They didn't expect anyone would come in. What happened to the two disciples sent out to guard the entrance?

The sword intent in Zen's hand increased and formed a body-protecting shield to closely cover him. Those ghost-faced spiders attacked him but could do nothing to him as they were immediately driven away by his sword intent.

Hearing what the youth in white said, Zen stood there and sneered, "Does your family own the Cloud Road? Just because you're going through a pass, I can't come in? Hilarious!"

The thirteen Cloud Hall disciples were stunned, and especially the youth in white. He wanted to warn this guy and just drive him away, but unexpectedly, this guy was a little arrogant.

"Huh! You're digging your own grave!" the youth in white suddenly shouted, "Water Wind Kill!"

The youth in white was ruthless and decisive. He wanted to hang Zen using their great array without remorse.

The great array of twelve disciples at the Illuminating Soul Realm had a terrifying power.

Zen could only kill one ghost-faced spider by one wave of his sword with all his strength. If he used the broken flying knife, he would kill them more quickly. But he could never be quicker than this great array. Any life vitality attack could kill many spiders.

Seeing the grey wind pressure form and move towards him, Zen changed his expression and moved backward immediately.

Damn it, the youth in white from the Cloud Hall was ruthless and overbearing. He started a fight with someone he just met.

A lot of people were overbearing, but they needed the strength. Facing the great array arranged by the Cloud Hall disciples, even Zen could do nothing but run to the other side of the valley. He had to hide his strength for now.

"You want to escape now? It's too late!" The youth in white sneered and waved his hand. The Water Wind Kill produced by the great array kept on following Zen.

This wind pressure was truly dreadful and almost destroyed everything on the way including the ghost-faced spiders.

Because of his body of a top-grade spiritual weapon, Zen could resist the wind pressure. If he got caught by it, he would probably be seriously injured. In the face of the Water Wind Kill, Zen immediately raised his speed to the maximum level. For now, he had no choice but to change direction continuously and dodge rapidly.

The Water Wind Kill under the control of the youth in white followed Zen like a shadow.

"Sword Step!"

In a hurry, Zen started the weird Sword Step and changed directions instantly. He turned left and right to dodge, appearing here and there.

Then Zen made a detour and arrived at the back of the valley, finally out of the sight of the disciples from the Cloud Hall. The Water Wind Kill eventually lost its target and dashed to the cliff of the valley aimlessly.

With the power of this wind pressure, it could make a big hole on the cliff as Zen thought. But surprisingly, something weird happened.

When the wind pressure cut the cliff, a bright yellow light appeared on the surface of the cliff. The light covered the cliff, and no matter how the wind pressure cut it, it couldn't be broken.

'What is this? There is an enchanted barrier on the surface of the cliff? Is this a part of the hidden test?'

Everything on the Cloud Road was created and arranged by the powerful men many years ago. Since it was called the trial road, the hidden test must be mainly used for testing their skills. Zen met those ghost-faced spiders as soon as he entered the small island, but he still didn't know what he was being tested for.

Zen was unclear, so he didn't go anywhere else randomly. The Cloud Hall disciples knew more about the Cloud Road than him, so they must have a purpose for killing the spiders in the valley. Zen hid in a corner of the valley to secretly watch and observe those disciples.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the arched door, Zen was shown on the Picture Slab.

The power of the Water Wind Kill just now was too terrifying and Kenneth couldn't look. If Zen was rolled in, his demise was certain. Fortunately, Zen was quick.

"Lennon is not easy to handle. Zen is just making trouble for himself and he will surely suffer losses," Fernandez shook his head and expressed.

"Hmm, Frank is more powerful than Lennon. Zen ran away like a hare upon meeting Lennon. If he chanced upon Frank, he would have a worse end. Kenneth, you should teach your disciples at Could Sect to know their places. After all, they only have one life." Lady Long grinned as she saw Zen being chased down by the Water Wind Kill.

However, Fernandez shook his head and said, "There is no certainty here yet. Those Cloud Hall disciples on Could Road are certainly on the top. The Water Wind Kill is from the array of Twelve Earthly Branches arranged by Lennon and other twelve disciples, and it is difficult to resist even for the powerful men at the early stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, let alone Zen. He has made the right decision to run away."

Kenneth also seized the chance to retort Lady Long, "Master Fei is right. That's thirteen people versus Zen. I don't think Zen is weak as you said. Moreover, they can't arrange the Twelve Earthly Branches Array all the time. Zen may have the upper hand on this after all!"

Chapter 553 The Real Challenge On The Cliff

Zen also realized what their weak points were, so he didn't leave.

Although the young disciple in a white robe had great strength, Zen was not frightened of him at all. He would be bolder if the other twelve disciples hadn't formed the array of Twelve Earthly Branches.

He was in bad luck just now. He just hardly entered the valley when the twelve disciples formed the powerful array, and unfortunately, he was the first person that was attacked by it.

However, it was impossible for these disciples to keep this array all the time. Therefore, if he was careful enough to keep a proper distance from them, he would be relatively safe.

Lennon Zhao ordered the twelve disciples to continuously kill the ghost-faced spiders. There were many ghost-faced spiders covering almost every inch of the small island, but they died every time they were attacked by the array of Twelve Earthly Branches. Hence, eventually, the ghost-faced spiders were reducing in numbers.

After fifteen minutes, there were fewer ghost-faced spiders rushing from behind the woods. Finally, the surviving ghost-faced spiders realized that they could not defeat these disciples by the virtue of quantity, so they had fallen back to the woods.

After the ghost-faced spiders had disappeared, Lennon raised his hand and commanded with a wave, "Disperse!"

The shining circle of life vitality under their feet broke and disappeared. Then the twelve disciples relaxed their wrists and ankles. Finally, they could take a break.

The array of Twelve Earthly Branches had great strength, but it was difficult to form. It required a long time and great energy.

"Lennon, how to pass the hidden test? Are we here only to slaughter these ghost-faced spiders?" a disciple asked.

Lennon smiled faintly and said, "Of course not. The ghost-faced spider is only a small obstacle for us. The real challenge is on the cliff!"

"On the cliff?" the other Cloud Hall disciples simultaneously raised their heads and looked towards the precipice.

With a wave of his hand, Lennon ejected a swallow-shaped dart towards the precipice of the valley.

"Ding!"

These disciples expected that the dart would penetrate the rock of the precipice with Lennon's strength.

However, to their surprise, the swallow-shaped dart bounced off a light screen the moment it touched the surface of the precipice.

"The enchanted barrier. What is going on?" a Cloud Hall disciple asked.

But this time, Lennon didn't say a word. Instead, he walked along the surface of the precipice and kept touching it.

Other disciples were curious about Lennon's weird behavior. They gathered together and looked at him. At the same time, Zen, who was hiding in a corner, also peered at him remotely. Although he had found out about the enchanted barrier covering the precipice earlier, he still had no idea what its function was.

Not long after, Lennon seemed to touch a gear and instantly, the whole valley started to quake.

There were rumbling sounds as the earth moved.

It was as if a giant was pushing the valley and the sound echoed making the ears tingle.

Just then, the look on the disciples' faces changed and Zen also raised his eyebrows in surprise.

The shape of the precipice was changing.

Caves formed on the precipice one at a time, while some sections of rock stuck out of the precipice.

"Killing the ghost-faced spider is just a warm-up. Now what we are facing is the real hidden test!" Lennon said faintly.

"What is it? A treasure chest?"

"Yes, it is. It is radiating a weird aura which means that the chest itself is a good treasure!"

"These treasure chests look extraordinarily valuable. What is inside?"

Treasure chests were displayed on the rocks that stuck out. Their shapes were about the same, but they were in different colors.

The treasure chests on the lowest layer of the precipice were red, while those on the second layer were blue. The silver treasure chests were on the third layer, while the golden ones were on the fourth layer. And the treasure chest on the fifth layer was black.

'These treasure chests probably were set by the builder of the Cloud Road to reward the disciples who pass the test. But what can be the rewards inside these chests? Weapons? Magical pills? Or perhaps cultivation books of lost supreme techniques?' Zen thought to himself.

No matter what were inside the treasure chests, the rewards must be huge and precious. If not, the young disciple in white robe would not have spent so much time and energy activating the hidden test.

The color of the treasure chests might stand for the degree of the reward.

The red treasure chests were at the lowest position and the number of them was the largest. So, perhaps they contained the smallest rewards.

The number of the blue treasure chest was less than half of the red treasure chests and they were placed one layer higher than the red chests. Therefore, the rewards in the blue treasure chests must be better. On the third layer, there were only six silver treasure chests.

And there were two golden treasure chests and only one black treasure chest on the top layer.

At that moment, a disciple suddenly said, "Look! Some treasure chests have been opened."

Zen looked at the direction that disciple pointed at. Indeed, six red treasure chests on the right side were opened.

Looking at the treasure chests carefully, he found that other chests were also opened – three blue treasure chests and one silver treasure chest. But the golden treasure chests and the black treasure chest had not been opened yet.

"These treasure chests are left by the builder of the Cloud Road as rewards for those who can pass the hidden test. Some disciples got rewards successfully. However, the builder of the Cloud Road was gone. Without the supply of new rewards, of course, there will be empty chests. Eventually, there will be nothing more," the young disciple in white robe slowly said. "We can choose the chests and take them away from the precipice! But it is not easy to get the treasure from the chest. The higher position the chest is in, the more difficult it is to get the treasure. Besides, each person gets only one chance. If you fall from the precipice, you will not have another chance to climb it!" he continued.

"It is just to open a chest, right? How difficult can it be?" As the Cloud Hall disciple said it, he rushed to the precipice first and chose one chest.

Now that these disciples could get there to take the hidden test, none of them was stupid. There were so many treasure chests on the precipice and the Cloud Road had opened for so many years. It was hard to tell how many disciples ever took the test. However, only about ten treasure chests were opened. Hence, it would be very difficult to get the treasure from the chests.

The disciple wasn't greedy and just aimed for the red treasure chest. It was the closest one to him and with just a leap, he could reach that rock platform.

That disciple leaped on the rock platform in an elegant manner with the red treasure chest only one step away from him. However, when he was about to open it, a sharp sound echoed from the cave beside the rock platform and his facial expression suddenly changed.

The sound came from a strong wind blowing through a cave rapidly.

"Hoo hoo hoo... Hoo hoo hoo..."

The strong wind suddenly came out of the cave, blew that disciple and made him lose his balance. The disciple reacted quickly and used a technique to fix himself on the platform. However, it didn't work. He was being pushed to the edge of the platform by the strong wind.

Knowing that the technique was useless, he got down and tightly held onto a protuberance on the surface of the platform. Although the pressure decreased, he could still not even raise his head because the wind was too strong. He could only hold onto the rock platform with both his hands, but his joints had turned to pale because of overexertion.

It was a rare opportunity for the disciples to take part in the test on the Cloud Road and no one was willing to let the chance slip. The disciple was determined to get his hands on the treasure chest. He clenched his teeth and struggled in the wind.

Zen shook his head and thought, 'He can't do it.'

Lennon also shook his head. He was not surprised because he had expected that the first disciple would fail.

After struggling for about half a minute, that disciple could not resist the strong wind any longer and fell heavily from the rock platform.

"Bang!"

Seeing what happened, the other disciples of Cloud Hall walked over and carried him up.

Those who cultivated martial arts had good physical quality, therefore, that disciple didn't get badly injured. After all, he was a master of Illuminating Soul Realm.

"I'll try again! I can't lose!" That disciple was not willing to quit. He thought that he just failed because he had never expected the wind to attack. If he could just resist the wind and try again, he might get the red treasure chest successfully.

As soon as he finished his words, that disciple rushed to the precipice once more.

Chapter 554 The Man In A Black Cloak

Lennon shook his head and answered,"I'm afraid that's not possible. Each of us only has one chance to go there. And you can no longer get close to the cliff after you fall for the first time."

That was true. When the Hall Cloud disciple tried to get close to the cliff, he was blocked by an enchanted barrier. He rushed toward the enchanted barrier and bumped his head heavily leaving his forehead bleeding. Even the Water Wind Kill from the Twelve Earthly Branches Array could not break it.

"Everyone can only try once. If you fall, the enchanted barrier will not let you go in again. So, take your time. We can try one at a time," Lennon said.

Seeing what happened to the first disciple, the other disciples hesitated. They were reckless in the beginning because they thought the first one to try would get the best rewards. But now all of them saw how the first disciple failed. What could happen to the rest? From there, they realized that there was no need to hurry.

They decided to let others go first while the rest could watch. This way, they could assess the difficulty and come up with a plan on how to deal with it better. But none of them seemed to want to be the next one to try.

At that moment, a man wearing a black cloak suddenly appeared from the jungle. He rushed towards the cliff like a plume of black smoke.

"Who is that?"

Lennon's face sank at the sight of the man in a black cloak. He quickly took out a green Caltrop Pike. He pointed it to the man and tried to stab him swiftly.

Lennon was quick, but to everyone's surprise, he missed. The black figure was jumping forward the cliff, and when Lennon attacked, he stomped his feet midair and his body suddenly changed position.

Everyone knew that flying was not allowed in the Cloud Road. They assumed that the black figure also knew about this because he jumped to change direction. This was an unusual skill.

This made it difficult for Lennon to attack, hence he failed to stab him.

When they realized the possible threat, the other disciples took out their weapons. Meanwhile, the black figure continuously jumped in different directions. As the disciples attacked, he rolled himself to avoid the attack and continued rushing into the enchanted barrier in front of the cliff.

After he passed the enchanted barrier, he was finally safe. The enchanted barrier would be his shield from any outside attacks.

'That's an amazing skill!' Zen sighed to himself. His eyes widened in awe in the dark. Zen could not take his eyes off the strange man.

He didn't look like a disciple from the Cloud Hall but from one of the five second-grade sects. Each sect had its own unique power. Although the disciples from the Red Sect were not doing good in the Cloud Road at the time, there should be some outstanding ones from Auspice Sect and Iridescence Sect.

"Come on! Let's seize that guy!" the disciples from the Cloud Hall shouted from the outside.

Lennon's face turned black and he shook his head again. "This cliff only allows one person at a time. If he's in, all we can do is wait."

"So, you mean we'll just wait here and watch him take all the boxes away?" one of the disciples asked angrily. For the Cloud Hall disciples, all the boxes on the cliff belonged to them. Even if they could not take them all, they didn't want anyone to take them.

Lennon felt angry, too. But right now, there was nothing he could do but wait. A while ago, they encountered the arrogant guy at the third grade of the nature level. Lennon did not hesitate to kill him immediately with the Water Wind Kill of the Twelve Earthly Branches Array. He clearly knew how powerful the array was! Even himself could not bear the power of the array made by twelve disciples at Illuminating Soul Realm.

But this guy was able to escape from the Water Wind Kill using his weird steps.

This fact annoyed Lennon to a great extent. 'What does he think of the disciples from the Cloud Hall? Does he think we are so easy to deal with that he can just come and go freely in front of us? And he's just at the third grade of the nature level!' Lennon bitterly thought. Even an ordinary disciple could defeat such a guy, but he successfully escaped from the Twelve Earthly Branches Array!

They were the ones who defeated the spiders, hence they deserved to get all the treasures. But now another guy appeared and went ahead into the cliff. There was no way that Lennon could accept this. For him, it was unreasonable for this guy to just show up and take the loot without doing any work.

"The boxes are not easy to take. Calm yourselves! Let's make an array! Even if he's lucky enough to get a box, he cannot escape from us!"

At Lennon's command, the twelve disciples started to make the array as they stared at the cliff. Once the guy in black cloak left the cliff, they would attack him at once. With the power of the twelve disciples at the Illuminating Soul Realm, he would surely die even if he got the box.

The guy seemed to ignore what the twelve disciples were doing and walked calmly to the platforms on the cliff.

Outside the Cloud Road, Fernandez laughed and asked,"Who is that disciple? He dares to defy Lennon. I must say, he's as brave as Zen!"

"There's no doubt that he is Lewis from our Auspice Sect, Elder Fei. Even if he's wearing a black cloak, I can tell from the way he moves," the leader of the Auspice Sect said with a smile. He was an old man in a white gown. He was excited to watch Lewis Baili.

A better performing disciple was the crowning glory of a sect leader. The leader of the Auspice Sect was feeling proud at that moment.

"Good! Lewis is doing very well. Now, it's up to him how many boxes he can take in one shot," Fernandez sighed and went on talking. "There are too many secrets in the Cloud Road, but unfortunately, we can no longer enter it since we're now higher than the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. But I can still remember that the things inside the red boxes were very attractive, even to us! If my memory serves me right, it's a secret medicine to strengthen the soul. The ones in the blue box are more unusual,"

Kenneth nodded his head and said,"You're right. Sixty years ago, I attended the Cloud Road. At that time, Osmond joined us. He got the blue box and later improved his strength greatly. Thus, he became the elder of the Cloud Hall!"

"Yes, Kenneth. And if I'm not mistaken, Osmond's talent was not as good as yours before you attended the Cloud Road. Presumably, the thing in the blue box is an extremely good chance. So, Osmond is now the elder of our Cloud Hall, while you're only a steward," Lady Long said beside them with a cold smile.

Kenneth didn't feel upset. Instead, he said,"Good chance relates to a practitioner's luck. Anyone can become the elder of the Cloud Hall. But the fact that Osmond became the elder of Cloud Hall was not just because of luck or the blue box. He was destined for it. I don't think I have the need to be jealous."

"Kenneth is right," Fernandez agreed and nodded his head. "The head of our Cloud Hall got the silver box. But you can't say the reason for our great leader's position and strength is just because of that silver box."

"What do you mean? It was our leader who got the silver box?!" The sect leaders were astonished. It was the first time that they had heard about it.

Fernandez nodded and replied,"Yes, but no one followed suit. And not to mention the gold and the black boxes. They remained unopened for the past years."

The leaders of the sects watched the boxes on the cliff through the Picture Slab. They all yearned for those boxes. Being as strong as they were now, it would be so easy to take away these boxes. But the Cloud Road did not allow them to enter for the second time. It was such a pity!

"Look! Lewis has jumped onto the first platform. As the rules of the cliff, one can only get one box of the same color. If Lewis gets a red one, his next target should be the blue one," Fernandez said slowly.

"Lewis, can take that red box! I know he can!" The head of Auspice Sect had high confidence in Lewis. Lewis Baili was his favorite disciple and the most outstanding talent of the Auspice Sect in thousands of years.

The platform Lewis was standing on was exactly the one the first disciple from the Cloud Hall chose but failed to take.

As soon as Lewis jumped on the platform, a sharp sound echoed from the cave. It meant that the fierce wind would appear very soon.

"Blow him off!"

"Let's wait until he falls down. We will cut him into pieces then!"

the disciples down the cliff shouted. Apparently, they were ready to attack Lewis anytime he fell off the cliff.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 555 The Blue Treasure Box

"Hooo... hooo... hooo..."

The wind kept blowing violently out of the cave, whistling with strong gusts like an ancient behemoth's breaths.

It whipped across Lewis' cloak and made rustling noises, but the man's feet were stable as if deeply rooted on the stone platform, so no matter how hard the wind blew, he was unmoving, standing steady as a mountain!

"That guy..."

Disciples from Cloud Hall were stunned as they watched Lewis, whom they never thought to be so powerful that he would choose to face the wind's momentum head on.

"Hooo... hooo... hooo..."

After Lewis resisted the first attack of strong gusts, the wind suddenly increased momentum and blew more violently. Aside from the increasingly brutal onslaught of air, there were wind blades rushing towards Lewis.

"Wind blades? Good! Cut him to pieces!"

a Cloud Hall's disciple shouted.

With his head covered by a cloak, the other disciples couldn't see Lewis' expression. However, because of the blast from the wind blades, he was suddenly moving in a very unusual way.

Commonly, when there was a blast of strong wind, a person would even get blown away as long as he retreated slightly. Surprisingly, Lewis remained firmly in place.

The audience saw him slowly zigzagging his way forward. Because of the strange way he was walking, he successfully avoided the frontal attack of the wind blades. But he didn't retreat, and moved along the stone platform one step at a time, towards the red treasure box!

'What strange steps! The cloak boy may be adopting the method that sailors use when sailing against the current!' Zen thought. He was closely observing Lewis' movement and then suddenly, his eyes brightened.

If an experienced sailor wanted to row upstream in the water, he would not paddle against the wind. The better option was for him to row sideways as if zigzagging, to effectively make use of the upwind's pressure to help him move forward. The boats would always move forward in a zigzag whenever these were sailing against the current.

Cleverly, the boy in a cloak was using the same principle to move along. The strategy was two-pronged: the wind's force did not hold him back, and to a certain extent it even served as additional support, and at the same time, it helped him evade the wind blades.

"Wow, the cloak boy is so brilliant!" Zen exclaimed. He was very impressed by how Lewis succeeded in fighting off the strong winds.

On the other hand, the faces of Cloud Hall's disciples turned deathly gray. No one ever imagined how the cloak boy was able to escape being harmed by the wind blades. But what was more astonishing was that Lewis wasn't retreating but instead moving forward against the wind.

The Cloud Hall's disciple, who was earlier blown away by the violent wind, was the most astonished among his group. Initially, he felt disappointed, unwilling to admit his failure, which he attributed mainly to lack of preparation time. But now it seemed that even if he had withstood the onslaught of the first gust of wind with sheer strength, he would not have coped with the second gust followed by the wind blades.

Obtaining the red treasure box was very tempting. But to do so, the challenge for anyone was as tough as reaching for the sky.

In fact, based on the number of treasure boxes being opened, one could determine how difficult it was to accomplish this. Cloud Road test was held once every three years. And to date, so many trials had been staged, yet, only a few treasure boxes had been taken away. Every three years, there were so many top disciples from the five second-grade sects and the Cloud Hall who would participate in the Cloud Road test. Yet, even with their remarkable skills, only a few of them managed to get the treasure boxes.

Since the treasure box was so tough to obtain, the opportunity and benefit hidden in it were not only tempting but also astounding.

Lewis inched his way towards the red treasure box, continuing to walk sideways, in a zigzag pattern. Finally, he stood in front of his goal and opened it. The moment he did so, the violent wind blowing from the cave slowly stopped.

"He's got it!" one disbelieving participant excitedly announced.

A second voice bellowed, "The cloak boy opened the red treasure box!"

"Damn it! I was hoping to get that red treasure box, but he got it ahead of me!" another participant yelled in irritation.

Many of the Cloud Hall's disciples were utterly envious of Lewis' success, and a number of them broke out into curses to display their frustration. How could they not be jealous of such a feat?

Although these disciples from Cloud Hall were unsure of getting the red treasure box, they harbored high hopes of being able to get to it. In their minds, the treasure box was like a beautiful woman they had always coveted. While they knew there was only a slim chance of pursuing that beautiful woman, there was still a glimmer of hope in their hearts. Now, there was no time to start the pursuit because she had already become someone's lover. So at that moment, it was not hard to imagine the depression and grief they felt.

After opening the red treasure box, something black popped out of it, the shape of which seemed to be continually changing. After the thing appeared, it crept into the brow of the cloak boy, who stood motionless on the towering platform. Not a muscle moved as the black creature slowly slipped into his brow.

'I heard that inside the red treasure boxes on the cliff's first layer are rare treasures of the world that can make one's soul stronger. And it looks like what I have heard is right, ' Lennon thought as he nodded secretly. But he was in no hurry. There were still many other treasure boxes on the cliff. Any person wanting a treasure box could only take one of each color. Sooner or later, Lennon thought he could enter the cliff and take a treasure box that belonged to him.

After standing there for several minutes, Lewis ascended to a higher part of the cliff and this time, tried to reach for the blue treasure box!

"As the saying goes, a man whose heart is not content is like a snake that tries to swallow an elephant. The red treasure box is already difficult to obtain. And now he's trying to get the blue treasure box? Forget your fancy dream!" one disciple from Cloud Hall burst out angrily at the cloak boy.

"Everybody, get ready for the boxes now! I guess as soon as he arrives there, he's going to fall..." another disciple from the Cloud Hall shouted.

He remained skeptical of Lewis' abilities.

Meanwhile, Lewis was busy climbing up the cliff as agile as a monkey, swinging extremely fast until he reached the second floor.

Just as he reached the second stone platform, a raging fire burst out of the cave behind the platform!

"Boom!" came a loud sound from where the fire originated.

Huge flames nearly covered the entire stone platform, and the fire was akin to a giant monster spreading its long hot tongue, roughly forty or fifty feet long. And the whole valley of the secret area slowly felt the horrors of heat.

Even the Cloud Hall's disciples, who stood at the bottom of the valley, sensed a sharp rise in temperature, and they easily imagined the heat emitted by the fire.

"So...so freak fire! How does he expect to get that box?" some timid disciples of Cloud Hall yelled. But Lewis wasn't the only crazily courageous disciple. There were other ambitious warriors, including Lennon, who were aiming to get not just the red treasure box but also the blue treasure box.

But once they saw the huge flames, one by one, they gave up the idea immediately. Even with their current strength, it was impossible for them to obtain a treasure box under those conditions. If they pushed themselves to climb up, losing face was a small thing compared to something more horrible like getting themselves killed.

With his back closely pressed to the platform, Lewis covered his body with a layer of cyan life vitality that seemed to be formed by a secret cultivation method, which could endure the horrendous heat of the fire.

It was because Lewis was down on the ground that he was not directly facing the enormous flames. So, the only thing he had to endure was the aftermath of the fire.

With a layer of life vitality protecting his body, Lewis slowly crept on the platform and crawled towards the blue treasure box.

"God, he's going to get it! Wow, I am so jealous of him now. The reward in the red treasure box is so fantastic that it can strengthen the human soul. I'm quite curious about what's hidden inside the blue treasure box," one disciple could not help but say with a tone full of envy.

"Other than be envious of him, what else can you do? Just suppose you are allowed to go up there, would you dare to get the box? From here, we can feel the power of the fire at the bottom of the valley. If you go up, the heat can melt you within a few seconds!" another disciple spoke up.

Everyone watched as Lewis moved carefully, one small step at a time. There was Zen, and the many disciples from Cloud Hall staring at his figure attentively, as well as heads of all sects outside the Cloud Road.

They saw that he was aiming to get the legendary blue treasure box, and everyone there was astounded.

Back then, the Cloud Hall's head managed to take the silver treasure box, which was only a grade higher than the blue treasure box. But now, it was the cloak boy, who at such a young age, was able to get the blue treasure box. No wonder those heads of all sects envied him.

However, when Lewis was just a few feet away from the blue treasure box, the fire stopped abruptly.

Since Lewis was quite smart, he had figured out how the cave's mechanism worked. He knew that by opening the blue treasure box, the device would cease to function, and the assault against him would stop. He based this on what happened after he removed the red treasure box on the first floor. Then Lewis presumed there would be two attacks on this floor.

He noted that on the first floor, the first attack of the strong wind was triggered by the gale mechanism, while the second attack was a mixture of wind and wind blades.

So it was logical that with the fire mechanism found on the second floor, the first attack was in the form of a big fire. And although the second attack didn't happen, it would be something more terrifying than huge flames.

To resist the fire attack, Lewis tried every effort, including lying down on the ground. He assumed that he would be unable to ward off the second attack so the moment the fire stopped, he rushed towards the blue treasure box, attempting to snatch it as fast as he could before the launch of the second assault.

To quickly close the distance, Lewis leaped through even before the eye could blink. Then he stretched out a hand to seize the blue treasure box, but when his hand was only two or three inches away from the box, suddenly, a loud "boom!" shattered the air.

At the sound, Lewis' face changed dramatically. He acted like a nimble rabbit and quickly retreated.

Chapter 556 Outraged

Surprisingly, an enormous fire ball rolled out from the inside of the cave.

The ball was as tall as a man and as dangerous as a falling stone from Heaven. It flew towards Lewis who stood outside the cave. If he was hit directly, he would be blown to pieces.

Lewis lamented his lost chance to open the blue treasure box himself. He was quite close to his target when the fire ball came.

However, he had to retreat. Otherwise, he would have been burnt into ashes and died.

He managed to move around and avoid the burning ball, but in turn he fell from the platform.

"Such a pity. He was so close to success!"

The old man in white clothes from the Auspice Sect said remorsefully as he patted his leg.

"He would've surely gotten it if he had just extended his arms further or stood a bit closer to it," Fernandez added and shook his head.

However, other masters felt differently. Lewis' failure even pleased some of them.

"Prepare to finish this guy!" The disciples of Cloud Hall watched him closely and readied to strike.

Suddenly, someone hurriedly shouted. "Don't be a fool! Get out of here before it's too late!" The disciples from the Cloud Hall scrambled in different directions. The fireball was a giant flaming stone with an extremely high temperature.

The disciples had planned to use the Twelve Earthly Branches Array against the guy in the cloak, but the burning fireball suddenly appeared and foiled their plan. They had to quickly undo the array to avoid the risk.

Lennon didn't expect this as well. He had to abandon the Twelve Earthly Branches Array against his will, even though he was the best among the disciples of the Cloud Hall. He was confident that he could deal with the guy in the cloak even without the help of the array. Therefore, he decided to personally defeat the guy in the cloak.

However, the guy in the cloak moved when they failed to establish the array. His cloak unfolded and revealed huge bird wings. He flapped them, flew high above, went past the forest, and then disappeared completely. Lennon lost his chance to catch him.

"There's no escape from this. He still has a long way to go, I'll find him eventually one way or another," Lennon said coldly. Suddenly, he sensed someone or something's presence.

A figure appeared from the other side of the valley and approached the enchanted barrier just as he cursed the cloak guy's escape.

"Look, it's the guy who is at the third grade of nature level," a disciple from the Cloud Hall who first saw the newcomer shouted excitedly. However, Lennon didn't seem pleased.

"Keep quiet, kid. I've seen him already," he scolded the fussy disciple. Other disciples from the Cloud Hall now turned their attention to Lennon and looked at him with surprise. Lennon's real strength had always been beyond their imagination, and he was calm and confident all the time. It looked like nothing could interest or annoy him at all.

On top of that, they had never heard him curse before.

However, this time…

It was obvious that he was pissed.

The anger was so evident in his eyes that he desperately wanted to strangle the man in front of them to death.

He gritted his teeth and glowered at Zen.

Zen felt Lennon's murderous gaze and looked back at him. He suddenly decided to do something outrageous. "Bite me if you can!" he said.

Flames of fury burned in Lennon's body. He couldn't believe that a guy with such limited martial arts skills dared to challenge him so boldly.

He was already outraged a while ago when the guy in a cloak hid his face with the cloak and sneaked through the light curtain under their noses.

However, Zen was bolder. He strutted confidently, got inside the light curtain, and challenged him with such a shameful remark. Lennon found it unacceptable.

He couldn't hold back his emotions anymore. He thought he had illusions. He had worked really hard over the past few years and finally became the top-level disciple of his generation--but how could someone from the second-grade sect think so little of him? Was he insane? Had he lost his mind?

Lennon grudgingly raised a finger and said in a low voice, "I don't know you or your master, but you will die today. I promise that nobody will come to your rescue."

Even with his threat, Zen just blinked and smiled. He seemed unbothered by Lennon's warning. But he was in no mood to bicker, so he turned around and started to climb.

Beside the Picture Slab, Kenneth felt offended. "Such an arrogant young man," Kenneth commented.

On the contrary, Fernandez didn't mind at all. "Lennon's proud. He surely felt mad when he was tricked by Lewis and Zen. But I'm a bit worried about Zen. If he succeeds today and becomes an elite of the Cloud Hall, he has to guard against Lennon. After all, Lennon is from the famous South Wang-Zhao Family."

"South Wang-Zhao Family?" Kenneth asked in surprise. That explained the boy's proud and arrogant behavior.

The South Wang-Zhao Family was actually formed by two families--the Wang Family and Zhao Family merged together. Both of them were renowned at the southern Central Region. They had good relations and finally decided to merge into one third-grade family.

The top seven noble clans in Eastern Region only had the first-grade power, while the Cloud Sect was considered as the second-grade power.

The third-grade power was lesser than the Cloud Hall, but it was still an important existence in the Central Region.

"I know. After Zen has walked through the Cloud Road, I'll tell him to be cautious," said Kenneth, and nodded in agreement.

The treasure boxes must be acquired one by one. The red treasure box was the first in line.

Two people had climbed to the first floor a few moments ago, which made Zen well-prepared for it. He would surely take the red treasure box.

Suddenly, a strong wind blew.

Even people swayed with the gale-like force of the wind.

The first Cloud Hall disciple, who had reached the first floor was too weak to resist the wind. He fell.

Trapped in the wind, Zen leaned forward by exerting his physical strength, just like the cloaked man.

The wind was strong, but couldn't make Zen sway.

"It's just too easy for Zen. It's even much easier for him than for the cloaked guy."

"I think he'll get the red treasure box."

Some Cloud Hall disciples were speechless. The disciples from the second-grade sects had always been humble since their sects were inferior to the Cloud Hall. Besides, the advises they received, the drugs they used, and even their masters were nothing compared to those from the Cloud Hall. Thus, they always appeared weaker and less confident before.

Today however, was different. The appearance of the cloaked guy and Zen completely changed the situation and people's opinions.

"Hoot, hoot, hoot..."

Wind blades stabbed at anyone who dared to come to the first floor.

The second round of attacks in the cave commenced.

"Wind blades?"

"Demonic Phantom!" Zen shouted. He decided to use the phantoms to block the blades for him.

Zen cursed. He didn't intend to consume too much of his inner energy at the beginning.

He was determined to take as many treasure boxes as possible. The blue, red, and silver treasure boxes were the ones he wanted.

Ambition ran through his blood. Ever since he decided to walk on the Cloud Road and compete with other participants, he had tried to seize each and every chance to win.

Some things for enhancing the soul could be hidden inside the red treasure box. What about the blue and silver treasures boxes? What kind of treasures were there? Would they be more precious? Zen could only imagine and guess. What about the golden treasure box?

Or the black one?

Zen had no idea which floor he could get on. He just wanted to climb higher and higher.

Six demonic phantoms bravely faced the sharp wind blades. The cloaked guy successfully dodged the dangerous blades with his surprisingly fast agility, while Zen just used his indestructible body.

Two demonic phantoms blocked the wind blades and were repeatedly cut in the process.

Although the phantoms had a solid and sturdy built, there were marks left on their bodies.

As time passed, the two demonic phantoms in the front couldn't bear the damages any longer. They finally shattered and broke.

When the two phantoms disappeared, another two phantoms took their places. They continued to block the wind blades and shelter Zen. He had six phantoms. The two shattered ones re-shaped themselves and waited for their time to replace the others.

Meanwhile in the forest, Lewis had taken off his cloak and revealed his handsome face. His hair was red, and a wicked smile lit up his features. He was widely considered the most charming man in Auspice Sect.

He didn't escape, although Lennon was really outraged. He chose to hide himself in the forest and see what would happen next. Only a confident disciple dared to risk his life just to have some fun.

Lewis was in good mood. It seemed that nothing would depress him, not even when he failed to acquire the blue treasure box.

"Such an interesting guy! How could he work out such a method to block the sharp wind blades? Those six sculptures shaped like humans are quite weird. Whenever they shattered, they would re-shape themselves. If I'm not mistaken, he's already practicing the tier-5 martial arts skills. I thought I might meet some competent rivals, such as Lennon and Frank, although neither of them is capable of winning against me. But a guy who just reached the third-grade of nature level unexpectedly showed such amazing inner energy and remarkable abilities. Perhaps I have underestimated other cultivators and martial arts practitioners all over the world," Lewis sighed.

Chapter 557 Through The Fire

Devastated, the disciples were speechless. They were all elite disciples of Cloud Hall with skills and strength equal to the top disciples of any second-grade sect.

However, when compared to Zen, they were nothing, as unworthy as the dirt on the earth.

But Zen didn't care how people regarded him. He just concentrated the demonic phantoms in front of him and rushed forward. In a blink of an eye, Zen was able to approach the red treasure chest.

"Vroooom."

Just as when Zen reached the chest, a whirling sound echoed. The mechanisms inside the cave stopped working and the fierce wind disappeared without a trace.

'Here it is!' Zen cheered inside.

As he was fumbling over the treasure chest, Zen seemed to have triggered the mechanism that would open it. There was a 'clicking' sound and the lid of the chest snapped open.

But before he could realize what was happening, an irregular mass of black material floated out of the opened chest. It looked alive, soft and was moving.

Zen tried to touch the mass, but his fingers went straight through the black material.

Puzzled, he studied the intangible substance some more. When he leaned closer, the matter wriggled and writhed, rushing towards the part between his eyebrows.

A very cool and refreshing power waved through Zen. He felt like that he was bathing in ice and snow. The chill penetrated his brain, not unpleasantly, but like a good refreshment on a hot day, clearing away his anger and anxiety.

His soul was enhanced and purified; his spirits lifted.

Zen didn't know how long he was out. When he woke up from the short meditation and opened his eyes, the black mass was gone. It was absorbed by his body.

Because Zen's soul was intensified and stronger than many disciples, his ability to digest energy was faster than Lewis. Apparently, Zen was much stronger than Lewis in that context.

Normally, this dark substance would greatly enhance the soul strength. It had a similar effect on Zen but the result on him was less apparent.

It was like comparing a landowner with many acres of land to his name with a peasant. If a landowner acquired more acres, the changes wouldn't be that visible. But when a peasant acquired acres of land, the change would be obvious.

Zen was the landowner in the analogy. He possessed a soul energy twenty times larger than the black matter. Thus, the growth of acquiring the black matter wasn't visible at all.

Therefore, it looked like he had only little improvement in soul strength.

After he opened the red chest, he climbed further up the cliff. His next target was the blue treasure chest.

Lewis failed to reach the blue treasure chest. As he watched Zen continue, he taunted with a sneer, "What an idiot! He should've stopped at the red chest. Hasn't he learned how difficult the next one can be? Does he think he has what it takes to open that blue chest? I don't think he has any plans on how to open the blue treasure chest."

"Congratulations, Master Shi! Your disciple has opened the red treasure chest!" the leader of Auspice Sect said with a smile.

Kenneth laughed, "Thank you. Your disciple, Lewis, has opened it, too. The honor also belonged to him."

"Forget about it! Lewis found it difficult to get there. But your Zen got there effortlessly as if walking on level ground."

Hearing them bragging with each other, the leaders from Iridescence Sect, Brumous Sect, and Red Sect rolled their eyes in dismay.

It was the only thing they could do since none of their own disciples had made it to the red chest yet. Being able to open at least the red chest, the two disciples were already considered luckier than most. Not many participants made it that far for the past many years.

Out of nowhere, Fernandez suddenly announced, "Look! Zen has climbed to the second stone platform!"

The audience turned their attention to Zen again. His movements were not as elegant as Lewis', and his pace was relatively slower. But his actions were effective, and cliff climbing wasn't difficult for him, since he was a warrior practicing in martial arts.

"But can he survive the fire?"

"Why hasn't he squatted down? No one wants to be burned in the face!"

the sect leaders discussed. At the start, they thought Zen would imitate Lewis' approach, get down on the ground, avoid the direct impact of the flames, and slowly crawl over.

But to their disbelief, Zen didn't do any of that. He stood on the stone platform, facing the raging inferno.

"What does he plan to do?"

"Is he going to use his flesh against the blazing fire?"

"What is he doing? He could be burnt to death!"

called the audience in shock. When the leaders stared into the Picture Slab, they couldn't believe what they were seeing. The look on their faces was indescribable.

Being a cultivator of nature level, Zen's body wasn't strong enough. It would be impossible for him to resist the fire with his mortal body alone.

Even the master cultivators at the stage of Internal Elixir Realm had to use life vitality for defense.

They were cultivators who practiced life vitality power, but they wouldn't stand a chance in the burning fire, unlike those cultivators who refined their skins, muscles, and bones.

"Kenneth, is Zen also a body refiner?" asked Fernandez who noticed the calmness on Kenneth's face.

If Zen also was a body refiner and fed on herbs and fruits with innate vitality, he might have a chance to survive the fire.

However, Kenneth shook his head and said, "I have no idea, either. Judging by his incredibly strong body, he seems to be one. But I've never sensed any forceful energy in him, not even a sliver of such strength. That tells me that he's not a body refiner. But these two phenomena contradict each other. It has puzzled me for a long time, and yet I still can't figure it out."

Zen's performance in the All Peaks Competition had impressed many people. The body strength he had showcased was still fresh in their mind as if it just happened yesterday.

The strength of Zen's body was outrageous. It was tough in defense that even Patrick's Green Lotus Karma Fire couldn't hurt him a bit. But as everyone witnessed, Zen didn't possess a sliver of forceful energy.

Forceful energy was different from life vitality. It was the strength generated from the process of body refining and owned by body refiners only. Like the life vitality practicing cultivators, body refiners also needed greater forceful energy to refine their body further and obtain larger power.

"What? I have never seen such a strange disciple before." Hearing Kenneth's remarks, Fernandez looked surprised. He was amazed and worried at the same time.

Kenneth nodded in reply, "He is, indeed. And every word I said is true. You know I've never lied."

But neither of them knew the true reason why Zen was different from the ordinary disciples. He had obtained a strong body not by practicing body refining, but because his body was "forged" into a weapon. And since his body was a weapon, no "body refining" practice could work on him, and thus no forceful energy was generated.

While the leaders were still in awe, the blazing fire flared up and rushed towards Zen.

BOOOOM!

Raging flames engulfed him, turning him into a burning torch.

But Zen stood steady and blocked the flame into the stone platform.

The tongues of fire wreathed fiercely and burned everything with their fiery breath. And not for long, Zen's clothes were burned to ashes.

Naked, he felt a little indecent and embarrassed. As a disciple practicing in martial arts, he didn't know any magic to protect his clothes. And since his clothes weren't so durable, they were often easily worn out. But he had a few spare clothes in his space ring which he could put on later.

However, burned by the blazing flame, golden runes began to appear on his body as he initially planned.

When he first saw the flame, he thought it as a chance to intensify his body further. He decided to use it for reinforcement to refine his body to a higher stage. Right now, his body could be compared to a spiritual weapon, and with the use of the flames, he planned to forge it into a fairy weapon.

However, when the flame engulfed him, he proved that his calculations were wrong and na?ve.

The flame was powerful, though it did not seem to be of high rank. It was the type of empowered flame to forge the weapons, but it couldn't be used to refine his body.

And the runes, although they appeared in the fire, they didn't rotate and assimilate the power in the flames.

'Not my day, indeed!' Zen was a little grumpy. But he adjusted his mood and charged forward, breaking through the flames.

However, he didn't know that his behavior had caused a buzz among the audience, and the whole thing just went ballistic.

Far away, Lewis was lurking on a tree. He had used a secret method to slow his breathing, hiding from the other disciples and the ghost-faced spiders.

At the start, he was sitting between the branches, chewing a stalk of grass out of boredom. But when he saw Zen walked into the flame and moved forward smoothly, his mouth dropped open in shock. The stalk of grass fell from his jaw to the ground.

"Motherfucker! What the hell just happened?" Lewis was overwhelmed by the scene.

He had been viewed as the best disciple of Auspice Sect, a once-in-a-millennium genius.

He was so much better than other disciples in his sect that he won the first place in the sect competition with ease. The disciple who won the second place was no threat to him, not to mention the others.

And in this Test of Cloud Road, only two other disciples caught his attention: Lennon Zhao and Frank Zhuo. They were the top two disciples of Cloud Hall.

The leader of Auspice Sect also repeatedly told him not to mess with these two guys.

Thus, in the hidden trial he had to go through, he covered his face with a cloak, lest he would be conspicuous and hated by Lennon and cause trouble.

But unexpectedly, he realized that there were many able men competing in the test. In addition to the disciples of Cloud Hall, many skillful disciples from other sects also took part.

At the start, he didn't pay much attention to the other disciples. He had so much confidence in himself that he thought no disciple was stronger than him. And only regarded the other skillful disciples as "not bad".

But this Zen of the third grade of nature level suddenly showed up. His martial arts skills and power control surprised all the audience. Seeing him conquer the flame with his bare body, Lewis had to admit that he was no superior to Zen.

Chapter 558 The Blood Vigor Of A Nine-headed Dragon

The disciples from Cloud Hall at the base of the cliff were stunned by Zen's astounding performance.

They had imagined many possible ways to withstand that flame, but nobody had ever thought that someone would dare to and be able to pass through it in this way.

"It seems that his body is immune to fire. Gosh, I didn't know there was something like this in this world!" some disciples couldn't help but blurt out in astonishment.

Lennon, who was standing on a rock, fell silent as he stared at Zen. He revealed no emotion on his face—it was as if he were numb with shock.

As a disciple of Cloud Hall, he knew how difficult it was to reach each of those treasure chests. According to the tales he had heard, the one who had been the furthest was the head of the Cloud Hall who had managed to reach a silver treasure chest.

Now, Zen was about to succeed in opening a blue treasure chest. It was highly likely that Zen would reach the silver ones next.

Lennon thought, 'But, he is just at the third grade of the nature level. Does it mean that he has greater potential than me?'

Lennon understood that he was no match for Frank, but he could hardly convince himself that he was weaker than this young man from a grade two sect.

Immediately, Lennon felt his heart flooding with many complex emotions, including resentment and reluctance. It was difficult for him to accept this fact.

The flame on the cliff was being belched out by a magical device, but it couldn't threaten Zen as his body was covered with gold runes.

All that he needed to look out for was the second-phase attack in this cave—the huge fireball.

That man in a cloak had been chased away by that huge fireball after he passed the flame, and Zen wouldn't repeat the mistake.

"Hoo..."

The flame gradually went out as he moved on. Zen became more cautious as he knew that the second-phase attack was imminent.

Unlike the man in the cloak who had approached the treasure chest rashly, Zen was calm and composed as he stared at the cave.

Those who tried to chance their luck usually lacked confidence in themselves, and that was why their efforts would fail. If that guy in the cloak had tried his best and employed all of his means when he confronted the fireball, he might have managed to get the treasure.

Zen stopped at a distance from the treasure chest. He held the Streamer Sword in his hand and created six demonic phantoms around his body.

Although his demonic phantom wasn't his most powerful means, it was useful on many different occasions and was convenient to use.

As soon as the flame disappeared, a ray of red light shone from inside the cave. After that, Zen heard the sound of a rolling rock coming from in front.

"Bang!"

With a loud rumble, a huge fireball appeared out of the blue and shot toward Zen with unstoppable momentum.

The platform on which Zen stood was very narrow while the rolling fireball was as tall as Zen. There was no place for him to hide at all.

With the huge fireball approaching him quickly, Zen directed the six demonic phantoms to fly toward the fireball, one after another.

"Boom!"

The first phantom shattered as soon as it collided with the fireball.

"Boom!"

The second disappeared as well.

"Boom!"

And then, the third.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Zen's demonic phantoms were very powerful, but they were as fragile as porcelain in front of the fireball and quickly fell apart.

The inability of the demonic phantoms to stop the fireball didn't trouble Zen much. He had already achieved his purpose of using those phantoms to slow down the fireball. With a sharp glint in his eyes, Zen then let out an enthusiastic shout and lifted his sword.

His body was bursting with the power from the dragon scales, and his figure grew in size and strength because of that.

"Stop here! Break now! Flick the sword!"

Zen's Streamer Sword shone brightly as it filled with his life vitality. It yielded tremendous power as Zen swung it at the fireball.

Even though there was a hill in front of Zen, it would crumble under his powerful attack. The inside of the fireball was a round rock that was as hard as iron. It rolled toward Zen with great momentum but was eventually stopped by his sword.

Zen was pushed back several feet by the fireball, but he quickly managed to steady himself.

He yelled again in excitement. At the same time, he tightened his grip on the sword and swung it.

With a snapping sound, a crack appeared on the surface of the rock.

The crack spread and soon, the fireball split into numerous smaller pieces and flew in different directions.

Fragments of the rock kept burning as they fell from the platform and onto the base of the cliff. The disciples below cried out with fear when they saw that and scattered in all directions to avoid those fragments.

"I made it!"

Zen felt his heart beating with excitement, and his face beamed with pleasure. He returned his Streamer Sword into his space ring and sauntered toward the blue treasure chest.

He could almost feel the envious glare of the other disciples and the resentment flooding their hearts.

Zen slowed his pace purposely as if he was enjoying that wonderful moment before he opened the treasure chest. He wanted to annoy the Cloud Hall disciples.

Anyhow, the platform was only seven or eight meters in length, and Zen soon reached the treasure chest and put his hand on it.

Although he was excited, Zen's enthusiasm grew by leaps and bounds when he actually touched the treasure chest.

He thought, 'The red treasure chest at the lowest rank contained a valuable drug that could strengthen my soul. What will the blue treasure chest hold?'

Suddenly, a snapping sound came from inside the treasure chest.

After that, it started to shake severely.

"Oh my god! What's this?" Zen was taken by surprise by the sudden change and moved one step back. He thought a fierce beast was about to rush out and attack him.

In the next second, the treasure chest opened by itself. A red shadow popped out from inside and lunged at Zen.

Without a second thought, Zen lowered himself as soon as possible and tried to dodge it. However, the red shadow moved quicker than him. Although it failed at its first attempt, the shadow quickly changed its direction in the air and rushed at Zen again. It moved like a living creature full of fresh vigor.

It was too late for Zen to escape this time. He could only watch helplessly as the red shadow flew toward his chest and merged with his heart.

The instant before the red shadow entered Zen's body, he saw its shape. The shape reminded Zen of a creature he had met in the past.

Zen had encountered some nine-headed snakes when he was in the Fairy Palace. This thing in front of him looked the same as those creatures, although it was only a shadow made of blood.

After the blood shadow disappeared in his body, Zen felt as though his heart had stopped.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

Soon thirty seconds passed by, but Zen still didn't regain his heartbeat. An ordinary person would have been at death's door when his heart stopped beating for such a long time, but Zen only felt as though his body was in a peculiar state.

After staying still for a while, a loud sound was heard as his heart began to beat again.

"Lub!"

"Lub!"

"Lub-dub!"

His heartbeat was so loud that all the disciples of the Cloud Hall below could hear it clearly.

Zen's heartbeat had to have been tremendously powerful as it could be heard from such a long distance!

All the other disciples at the base of the cliff looked up at Zen with stunned expressions.

Lewis licked his lips and shook his head before spitting enviously, "Damn it! I would have tried my best if I had known that there was such good stuff inside the treasure chest. I would have got it if I hadn't given up!"

He felt very regretful. There were many other trials in Cloud Road, so he wanted to hide some tricks up his sleeve. After all, his main goal was to pass the Cloud Road test. However, he hadn't expected that the treasure inside the blue chest could strengthen a cultivator's vigor. He had seen the process, and he knew that Zen's heart had become much stronger after the blood shadow merged with him.

Fernandez shook his head as he watched the scene in the Picture Slab. He said, "God, it's a blood vigor of a nine-headed dragon! What's more, it's a mature nine-headed dragon! Does this remind you of something?"

"Elder Osmond used to be chased by an enemy who cut his hands in their fight. He ran away at full speed and evaded the enemy. After three days, when he returned, his hands had recovered. Although his new hands were still weaker than the ones he lost, he managed to kill his enemy with a surprise attack." Kenneth nodded at Fernandez's question before sharing the story. He was Osmond's best friend, and so, he remembered this matter.

"We all know that Osmond has a powerful vigor, but few of us know that it's due to this treasure inside the blue treasure chest. The blood vigor of the nine-headed dragon can strengthen the vigor of a cultivator. Zen is fortunate enough to get it." The head of the Auspice Sect said with a sigh. He felt it was a pity that Lewis didn't get it.

Fernandez smiled and said, "Well, maybe it's just a part of it. I bet that Zen is unsatisfied even though he has the blood vigor. His next goal is the silver treasure chest. The head of Cloud Hall was the only one to open a silver treasure chest. I wonder whether Zen will also get it..."

"Huh, are you kidding?" Lady Long interrupted with a cold sneer, "It is just dumb luck that he reached the blue one. You say that he still wants to open a silver one? Maybe in his next life!"

"What do you mean by that, Lady? Zen didn't do anything wrong to irritate you, nor did he contend against Frank, your disciple's fiance. Why do you keep making disparaging comments about him? Do you think that I, the head of Cloud Sect, am deaf to your words?" Kenneth shouted with fury. He had tried to endure Lady Long's sarcasm, but he couldn't contain his temper anymore.

Chapter 559 The Puppet Killer

There was only a Picture Slab outside the Cloud Road, and whenever Frank and her disciple, Lois appeared in the slab, Lady Long would be all smiles and praises for them.

She regarded Frank as though he were her son, whereas she treated the other disciples participating in the Cloud Road like they were worthless. Besides, in her opinion, only Lois was qualified to stand beside Frank.

As an elder of Cloud Hall, Fernandez was quite familiar with all the disciples of Cloud Hall. He knew of Frank's and Lennon's skills and background. Naturally, his focus was on other disciples, such as Zen, Lewis, Rocher, Patrick, and a few others who performed outstandingly well in the test.

Funnily enough, whenever Zen appeared on the Picture Slab, Lady Long could not help but disparage him.

It would be fine if she only expressed her contempt for Zen once or twice. After all, she was a woman, not only of bad temper but also of great strength. It was unexpected for Lady Long to have a deep prejudice against Zen, and for her to belittle Zen every time. How could Kenneth tolerate her irrational behavior?

When Kenneth finally spoke up, the other sect leaders felt greatly elated and applauded him secretly.

Although Lady Long's caustic remarks were mostly directed at Zen, she was also rude to the other disciples. This, of course, had triggered dissatisfaction among the other sect leaders, but they all held their anger like Kenneth before.

"Humph! What's the future for a guy from that little place in the east? Eastern Region? Eastern Region? Humph! How can you call that place a region? How ridiculous! What are you staring at? Yes, I'm criticizing the Eastern Region as well. Zen has already offended Lennon, which is tantamount to provoking the union of the Wang Clan and the Zhao Clan. What will he achieve in the future? How ignorant and stupid he is! I think Lewis is smarter than Zen. At least he covered his face when he robbed the treasure chest..." sneered Lady Long, knocking her cane on the ground.

Kenneth, who was a forthright and impetuous man, appreciated Zen's courage to fight Lennon openly. So he protested against Lady Long, not caring about the consequences. "What's so great about the union of the Wang Clan and the Zhao Clan?" he argued gallantly after a short laugh. "The fact that someone offends the South Wang-Zhao Family doesn't mean the person has to worry about severe consequences instead of continuing with their practice. The union of the Wang Clan and the Zhao Clan is significant. However, they will be a third-grade family. Lady Long, don't forget that our Cloud Hall is a force at grade four. Can a member of this big family suppress an elite from Cloud Hall? You're overestimating the union! You boosted the morale of the other side and lowered our own! Lady Long, are you still a member of Cloud Hall?"

"You! When did I endorse another side and lower our own?" Lady Long snapped back.

Kenneth intended to use Cloud Hall's power to put pressure on Lady Long. If Zen successfully passed the Cloud Road, he would become an elite disciple of Cloud Hall, and then he would naturally be given sanctuary in Cloud Hall. Besides, a fourth-grade sect, of course, didn't fear a third-grade family.

"You were rambling about the consequences Zen would face for provoking Lennon. What? Will you now deny what you just said?" Kenneth questioned, twisting his lips into a sneer.

"I... I..." Lady Long was speechless.

Just then, Fernandez stopped their argument. "Enough," he shouted. "Stop arguing about this little thing. Zen is going to reach the third treasure chest!"

As these words were spoken, Kenneth's and Lady Long's eyes flew to the Picture Slab at the same time.

Kenneth knew how hard it was to obtain a silver chest, but he had a hunch that Zen might be able to open it!

In the All Peaks Competition, Zen exceeded everyone's expectations in every contest and eventually won. Kenneth thought he would succeed this time, too.

At this point, however, Zen felt an excruciating pain in his chest.

Ever since the blood-red nine-headed dragon penetrated Zen's heart, every heartbeat seemed to hit him like a sledgehammer. In other words, every time his heart beat, he felt a sharp pain, which was almost unbearable.

In addition, when Zen's heart thumped wildly, the blood vigor of the nine-headed dragon in his body flowed continuously to various parts of his body. This pain was in addition to the pressure he felt in his heart.

His heart raced dozens of times before the pounding subsided, and the force of the hammering gradually faded away. This meant that Zen had absorbed the nine-headed dragon's blood vigor.

The force of vital energy and blood billowed in Zen's body. It made his vital energy and blood surge like waves. Zen suddenly sensed that he had boundless power.

At this point, he, of course, became aware of the value of the nine-headed dragon's blood vigor.

When Zen was in the Burning Sky Palace of the Eastern Region, the third prince had offered three gorgeous women. These women were from the Yen Group and had powerful vital energy and blood in their bodies. By taking their virginity energy, one could acquire the power of their vital energy and blood, which was a great benefit for cultivators.

Zen speculated that the power of the three stunning women's vital energy and blood was probably less than a tenth of the power of the nine-headed dragon's blood vigor.

Many cultivators were eager to secure the virginity energy of the three beauties at that time. Zen wondered how desperate they would be to possess the nine-headed dragon's blood vigor, and what would be its value. Zen was sure that their yearning for it was beyond belief!

When his heart rate returned to normal, Zen decided to move on without a break!

What was in the silver treasure chest? Zen couldn't help wondering about the contents of the treasure chest. After all, when the prize in the blue treasure chest was so precious, the contents of the silver treasure chest would be even more valuable.

Zen climbed the cliff slowly. The cliff was so rocky that there was no shortage of places to put hands and feet, so it was not difficult to climb.

After selecting a silver treasure chest, Zen walked toward the stone platform.

"I must get the silver treasure chest!"

Zen murmured as he stood on the stone platform. A determined look flashed in his eyes. He knew that taking the silver treasure chest would be far more dangerous and difficult than getting a blue one.

Faced with an unknown challenge, Zen was on his guard and focused on the dark cave.

"Clank! Clank! Clank..."

A rhythmic, crashing sound came from the cave.

It seemed as though something was about to emerge from it.

Zen was not the only one who was nervous. All the onlookers wanted to know what test he would have to pass to get the silver treasure chest in the third tier.

Lennon remained motionless. He stared intently at the platform where Zen was standing. According to his strength, the goal Lennon set for himself was to reach the silver treasure chest in the third tier. The leader of Cloud Hall had taken a silver treasure chest in the third tier. Although it was impossible for him to become a powerful leader simply from the prize in the silver treasure chest, if Lennon obtained the silver chest, it would show that he was as gifted as the leader of Cloud Hall.

To become an elite disciple would be a great honor and provide him with considerable resources! If he had the same talent as the leader of Cloud Hall, who would dare to ignore him?

Thus, Lennon observed intently, unwilling to overlook a single detail. If he could grasp these details and figured out how to deal with them, his chances of winning the silver treasure chest would increase by at least 30 percent.

In this sense, Zen climbing the cliff first actually benefited Lennon. At least Zen's exploration of each tier was a demonstration for Lennon.

However, this didn't mean that Lennon forgave Zen. On the contrary, he hated Zen's guts... Lennon hoped that Zen would make the most of his power so he would know what danger was in the third tier. But he didn't want Zen to make it through and get the silver treasure chest. In short, Lennon had complicated feelings and thoughts about this situation.

"Clank! Clank..."

The noise grew louder, and soon, a strange thing appeared at the mouth of the cave.

"Is this a puppet?" Zen mumbled.

It was hard for him to define what it was.

It looked like a puppet made of pillars. Zen couldn't think of anything to compare it to. Given that it could move automatically and didn't breathe like a living creature, Zen could only call it a puppet.

But the puppet's arms and legs were made of shiny metal pillars, at the end of which there were no hands or feet but sharp blades that gleamed in the cold light. Obviously, these blades were of high-grade material. Besides, its head, shoulders, and many other parts also had a lot of blades.

Apparently, this puppet was made for killing. It was a puppet killer!

As soon as the puppet exited the cave, it rushed toward Zen.

With every step it took, the blades on its feet were driven deep into the stone platform.

As it quickly approached Zen, its thin, and metal column torso suddenly began to spin. In the same instant, its arms also rotated at high speed, like a windmill, trying to injure Zen.

"What should I do to deal with it?" Zen whispered as he racked his brain.

Puppets didn't have weaknesses as human beings did. Zen reckoned that the puppet would have a core to power it, so he just needed to smash that core.

The problem was that Zen didn't have much time to observe the puppet and find its core. At this moment, he was standing on the edge of the platform, and if he could not withstand the puppet's first attack, Zen would fall off the cliff and lose the test.

"Its waist!"

Excitement flickered in his eyes as Zen abruptly bent down like a tiger that was readying itself to attack its prey! This ready stance of attack was called the Crawling Tiger Move. When the puppet rushed forward, Zen kicked his feet off the ground like a pouncing tiger. At the same time, he pushed his Streamer Sword horizontally.

The puppet's waist was a long, slim iron pillar. Zen felt confident that he could cut it off with this move!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 560 When All Hope Was Lost

Using his strength, Zen waved the Streamer Sword to create silver shadows and cut through the puppet's waist.

Ting!

It was a good hit! But unexpectedly, Zen didn't even scratch the puppet's body. It seemed to be made of some hard metals. Zen could feel his hands becoming a little numb from the sword's vibration.

"It's so tough. Even a fairy weapon can't cut it!"

Before Zen could wave his sword for the second time, the puppet started to move. Its body slightly tilted, and the rapidly rotating blades rushed towards Zen.

Two blades were too fast for the naked eyes to see. They almost looked like silver plates that reflected too much light.

Ping!

In the face of the incoming knives, Zen stepped back swiftly. He rolled to the ground, barely avoiding the attack of the puppet.

He thought he was safe, but to his surprise, the puppet started to make the knives cut through the ground. It was aiming to cut the platform into two so Zen would fall!

The puppet was too smart as if it had a mind of its own.

Usually, a human-made puppet could only follow the simplest instruction. It would get confused if the instruction was a little complicated.

But this puppet was different. After it forced Zen back, he knew to cut the platform to make Zen fall off. Apparently, it had the ability to think.

Zen didn't have much time to think about it. His main objective now was not to fall off the platform, not because he was afraid of the disciples from Cloud Hall waiting for him outside the enchanted barrier, but because he wouldn't get the silver box if he fell. Moreover, Zen also wanted to try for the gold boxes above. He wasn't sure if he'd make it to the black box, but it was worth the try. He would not give up once there was a chance.

Zen was not too ambitious and had a good attitude. He was always determined to give his best to seize any opportunity. But if after all his effort he could still not obtain it, that meant that he wasn't strong or lucky enough. Zen would always accept defeat humbly.

Take for example the fairy place hidden in the Eastern Region. Apparently, it was a very good chance for Zen. However, he was only the temporary owner of it. If Zen would really become the owner of it, he could benefit much more. But he didn't insist further because he knew his strength and capacity.

It was important to do something hard, but sometimes self-consciousness was more crucial!

Today was different though. He felt that he had a chance on this one, so there was no way he would let it pass without giving it a try.

The puppet was still cutting the platform. Zen heard a harsh sound and saw rubble flying in all directions. With the current pace of the puppet, the part stretching out of the cliff had already been cut in half. And if the puppet continued with its pace, the platform would soon fall off due to its own weight.

"Stop cutting!"

Six demonic phantoms rushed towards the puppet from different directions. Zen knew that the puppet's body was strong, and his six demonic phantoms might not stand a chance, but at least they could stop the puppet from cutting.

Six loud bangs echoed.

Just as Zen expected, his demonic phantoms hit the puppet like they were eggs smashing the stone!

The material used to make the puppet was surely the hardest Zen had ever seen. If the puppet could be sold outside the Cloud Road, the price would be exorbitantly high.

While the six demonic phantoms were hitting the puppet, Zen put the Streamer Sword into the rotating silver plate in hope of stopping the 'windmill'.

"Crash!"

The Streamer Sword went through the silver plate. The sword's tip part got stuck in the puppet's waist and the middle part had barely stopped the knives from rotating. The force of the knives rotating had resulted in the Streamer Sword to be deformed.

With his fairy weapon deformed, Zen felt bad, but he had no choice. The puppet was too hard to be cut, and it was also so damn smart!

Just as when Zen struck the puppet's body with his sword, the puppet's metal columns started to reshape itself! It turned longer and shorter simultaneously!

Two long metal sticks suddenly stretched out from its legs. With three knives on each top of the sticks, they looked like paws. The paws then swiftly moved towards Zen, and in a matter of seconds, Zen's legs were locked.

Splish! Splish!

Zen's ankles were trapped by the paws. The knives started to cut Zen's skin and almost reached his bones. He was bleeding so badly.

This was the first time that Zen was hurt after he entered the Cloud Road.

Zen's body was a top-grade spiritual weapon which meant that normal attack could not hurt him. But these paws were different because Zen could be injured.

He was just lucky that his bones were stronger than his muscles and the knives could not cut his bones. If it was another disciple, the bones in his feet would surely be cut into pieces.

But despite that, the situation was becoming too bad and dangerous. Zen could not move because his feet were locked. Before Zen could move his arms, another two sticks started to stretch out from the puppet's shoulders.

Splish! Splish!

Now, the second pair of paws trapped Zen's wrists. They were digging through Zen's flesh. Blood started to squirt out of Zen's wrists until his wrists were covered in blood.

Zen was now completely locked and unable to move.

He appeared to be a fish on a chopping board ready to be cut down into pieces.

The puppet seemed to know that a normal attack would not work on Zen. A sharp object spiked out of the puppet's chest and it rotated fast aiming for Zen's chest.

Seeing what was happening, the Cloud Hall disciples waiting outside the enchanted barrier were stunned. They could not talk, holding their breath in fear.

It was too thrilling.

The Cloud Hall disciples thought that the test would be easy for them. Everything went smooth in the beginning. They didn't face any dangerous situations even when they passed through the Sea of Raging Fire.

They also defeated the ghost-faced spiders easily at the start of the hidden trial. With their consecutive wins, they felt that the Cloud Road was not as difficult as it was said to be.

It was easy to pass the trial with skills alone, however one also needed chances and good luck. Challenges came with chances and good luck.

If a disciple didn't try to seize these chances, it was like they found a treasure, but didn't take anything. Any disciple wouldn't want that to happen.

But seeing what was happening to Zen, they understood that if they were not strong enough, they wouldn't have a chance for the treasures. They would only be miserable!

Looking at the powerful puppet, Lennon just shook his head. On one hand, he felt happy seeing Zen suffer. On the other hand, he had to accept the fact that he would have died earlier than Zen if he had climbed the third platform.

Outside the trial field, Kenneth was silently staring at the Picture Slab. His face was dark and cold like iron.

The Cloud Road was a dangerous place. Once the disciples were in danger, there was nothing their leaders could do but watch.

The other leaders of the sects knew that Kenneth was feeling bad right now. Even Lady Long who had always spoken sarcastically to Kenneth was speechless. She dared not to say anything bad to Kenneth, afraid that the latter would turn his anger to her. Deep down, Lady Long felt happy at the turn of events.

Zen was eager to reach the third platform with his limited strength. Who could stop him? But with his current level, there was no way he could succeed before the others. However, he insisted on attending the hidden trial and wanted to obtain extra good chances. He seemed to be ignorant at what he could achieve being only at the third grade of the nature level.

Fernandez sighed while shaking his head,"With its purplish metallic color, I can tell that the puppet is made of 'Purple Dark Iron'. This material is used to make extremely hard top-grade fairy weapons. It will be impossible for Zen to break out from the puppet."

Seeing Kenneth's pale white face, Fernandez didn't say more. He could only say much and only hoped that Zen had other methods to escape from the puppet and jumped off the platform.

In such a situation, no one had thought about the silver box at the other end of the platform. They were all focused on Zen and wondered if he could escape. Even if he obtained the box, there would be no use if he was already dead.

Could Zen escape from the puppet? Or was it his end?

Meanwhile, Zen was thinking hard. After all he'd been through, he wouldn't let a puppet kill him.

With all his limbs trapped, he had no choice. Out of the blue, Zen shouted. As his voice echoed, all his energy burst out. All the dragon scales on his body lit up simultaneously and raging power filled his body in a second.

Then Zen was trying to shrink his body despite the pain. He was too desperate to escape from the puppet regardless of the consequences. It was all or nothing for him now.

But the puppet remained still. From there, Zen realized the huge gap between his power and the puppet's. He felt like a kid trying to kick down a sturdy tree.

It was hopeless. At that moment, Zen felt like he could do nothing. His eyes lay on the ground and suddenly, his eyes lit up. He noticed that the puppet fixed itself on the ground by planting knives into the platform. Zen wasn't sure of his plan but it was the best he had right now. There was no loss in trying after all. For the first time, he stopped struggling and lay down on the ground calmly.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

11

Content

Chapter 561 Space Teleportation
Chapter 562 The Inheritance From The Blood Fiend Emperor
Chapter 563 The Shadow Wolf King
Chapter 564 The Choice Between Life And Death
Chapter 565 A Dead End
Chapter 566 Twists And Turns (Part One)
Chapter 567 Twists And Turns (Part Two)
Chapter 568 The Flying Yaksha (Part One)
Chapter 569 The Flying Yaksha (Part Two)
Chapter 570 The Picture On The Picture Slab Disappeared (Part One)
Chapter 571 The Picture On The Picture Slab Disappeared (Part Two)
Chapter 572 A Rare Herb (Part One)
Chapter 573 A Rare Herb (Part Two)
Chapter 574 In Despair
Chapter 575 So Much Life Vitality
Chapter 576 Allocation (Part One)
Chapter 577 Allocation (Part Two)
Chapter 578 Floating Stones (Part One)
Chapter 579 Floating Stones (Part Two)
Chapter 580 The Flood Dragon Spirit (Part One)
Chapter 581 The Flood Dragon Spirit (Part Two)
Chapter 582 The Treasure Key (Part One)
Chapter 583 The Treasure Key (Part Two)
Chapter 584 I Swear (Part One)
Chapter 585 I Swear (Part Two)
Chapter 586 Snatch My Body Shell
Chapter 587 Lost (Part One)
Chapter 588 Lost (Part Two)
Chapter 589 Angry Girl
Chapter 590 The Treasure Box Flew Away (Part One)
Chapter 591 The Treasure Box Flew Away (Part Two)
Chapter 592 Heavenly Fruit Tree (Part One)
Chapter 593 Heavenly Fruit Tree (Part Two)
Chapter 594 Unexpected Breakthrough

Chapter 595 An Exchange Of Favors (Part One)
Chapter 596 An Exchange Of Favors (Part Two)
Chapter 597 The Unboxing Of Surprises (Part One)
Chapter 598 The Unboxing Of Surprises (Part Two)
Chapter 599 The Lighting Of The Lamps
Chapter 600 A Secret Left Untold (Part One)
Chapter 601 A Secret Left Untold (Part Two)
Chapter 602 Troublesome Frank
Chapter 603 Like Father, Like Son (Part One)
Chapter 604 Like Father, Like Son (Part Two)
Chapter 605 Voice Message
Chapter 606 What Did She Say
Chapter 607 The Cloud Hall Token
Chapter 608 Confidence And Courage
Chapter 609 Evil East Lord
Chapter 610 The Great Present From Tia (Part One)
Chapter 611 The Great Present From Tia (Part Two)
Chapter 612 Lose Control Of The Body
Chapter 613 High-Speed Spinning (Part One)
Chapter 614 High-Speed Spinning (Part Two)
Chapter 615 Spear Of Annihilation (Part One)
Chapter 616 Spear Of Annihilation (Part Two)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 561 Space Teleportation

In the past, Zen didn't absorb all the heavenly essence because he had already decided to sell the rest of these to accumulate more cubic crystals.

When he was in the Eastern Region, his strength from more than a hundred dragon scales was already sufficient to fight off the few opponents matched against him. He could easily beat his foe whether he was of the same level as Zen or if he was a master of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

But at the moment, this strength seemed inadequate for fighting off the puppet. Zen wished he had some idea about the puppet's combat style earlier so he could have absorbed more heavenly essence. If it were only possible to light five hundred dragon scales now, or even more, he would be able to tear the puppet into pieces by hand.

However, each time Zen thought about his physical strength, he almost always forgot certain considerations.

Because of the tremendous strength of dragon scales, the young disciple needed to consider how much of it his body could bear. If his body was unable to withstand the power of five hundred dragon scales, he might be torn apart before he could tear his opponent into pieces.

Although his body as a spiritual weapon was extremely strong, there was the danger it could collapse if there was too much power in it.

Coming back down to earth, Zen couldn't break away from the puppet's claws now, but he noticed one detail about the puppet.

It seemed to be fixing itself with only two sharp blades on its feet, which meant that it wouldn't be easy for the puppet to stand firmly and keep itself from falling.

Looking at the awl as it inched closer to his heart, Zen moved backward with all his strength, and the puppet suddenly began to sway. Then he leaned slightly towards the puppet with a swaying angle, which forced his opponent to pull the two sharp blades on its feet out from the stone platform to balance its body!

Suddenly, the harsh sound of blades rubbing at the stone platform assaulted Zen's senses.

Grabbing Zen's hands, the puppet retreated a few steps and reeled right and left as it took each step, while the sharp blades in its feet bored holes one after another into the stone platform.

Standing firmly on the blades was awkward for the puppet, and Zen's intense struggling to escape made it shake even more violently.

As the puppet kept on retreating, Zen was getting closer and closer to the silver treasure box, and as soon as he touched this, the combat would be over. And it seemed he was very close to succeeding.

What happened next took Zen completely by surprise. When the puppet couldn't hold its balance as it continued to retreat, a long hook suddenly darted out from near its foot and shot straight into the platform. Aside from the hook, there were two spikes at its end that were firmly embedded on the stone platform.

"Damn it! Its..."

Flustered, Zen couldn't help but let out expletives.

When an opponent was so powerful that he couldn't win by strength alone, Zen could only turn to his ingenuity. But under the present circumstances, it was difficult for him to make use of creativity. And the last thing he expected was for the puppet to quickly figure out a way to deal with the situation.

'This puppet is very smart!

Does it have inherent wisdom?' Zen wondered. 'Or, is there a human soul behind it?'

The young disciple remembered a servant named Saul in the fairy palace. He was also a puppet but with a living soul in him. More significant was the fact that Saul made three puppets and implanted these with human souls when he was grounded in the fairy palace for a long time.

Since the technology for implanting human souls into puppets existed in the fairy palace, Zen thought it might also be in use in Cloud Road.

But at this time, it made no difference to Zen even if he figured out that there was a human soul in this puppet. After regaining its balance, the puppet's awl began to buzz again and headed straight into Zen's chest.

"How can I avoid this awl?" Zen murmured. His brows furrowed tightly as he thought of his predicament.

During critical moments, such as life and death situations, keeping calm was necessary because only a clear mind would recognize opportunities that opened in an instant.

So, Zen took a deep breath to keep himself calm. He knew that death would come faster to those who panicked.

There was a glimmer of hope when Zen took advantage of the puppet's temporary instability and pushed it several steps away. But the audience was disheartened once the puppet was able to position itself securely on the platform. At that moment, they thought the young disciple would be dead soon.

There was no possibility of escape for Zen when the puppet firmly locked him on the stone platform. Everyone who watched couldn't figure out what else Zen could do to escape the puppet.

All of a sudden, Zen caught a glimpse of a black line not far from his right hand.

These black lines were visible everywhere in the broken space of Cloud Road. The Cloud Road had begun to shatter, and this space was no longer as solid as the world. Also, several flaws were becoming evident.

In time, these space flaws would eventually become space cracks after thousands of years, and by then, the Cloud Road would likely fall apart and break into pieces.

However, Zen was unaware that these black lines were the weakness of space, nor did he know of the space flaws.

What he did know was that by using these lines, he could perform an act of teleportation.

Before he stepped foot on Cloud Road, Zen had been able to comprehend some of the Space Law, so he could see the black lines and tried moving along these lines. He knew that he was not technically moving then but was teleporting himself with the help of these lines.

Teleportation using the space rules referred to the act of disappearing from one place then appearing in another location almost instantly.

And when Zen moved using these lines, he was actually teleporting through space. He was thrilled by the fact that it took him almost no time to move from the front of the line to the end.

And as excited as Zen was with this magical way of moving, he thought it was not practical at the moment. The main reason for this was because he had to rely on these black lines if he wanted to teleport. However, the black lines were not long enough to allow him to move far away. The longest black line was only dozens of feet long, while the shortest only measured a few inches.

The length of the black line in front of Zen was only one foot, although this would be sufficient for him to escape the puppet's claws.

With four sharp claws firmly gripping Zen's wrists and ankles, it was fortunate that he still had a little room to move. But at that moment, there was hardly time to think of other ways to escape because the awl was less than half a foot away from his heart. If the pointed tool pierced his heart and crushed it, Zen's strength would hardly matter because he was sure to die.

Once again, Zen gathered all his strength and unexpectedly stretched out his hand, although it was not enough to reach the black line. There remained a considerable gap between the tips of his fingers and the black line.

"Only two inches away!"

"Come on, you're almost there!"

By now, the awl was almost on Zen's chest, and its tip had already pierced his skin. Zen felt the power of the tool's constant rotation and penetration.

"Come on! I can do this!" Zen gnashed his teeth as he pushed himself.

He was straining so hard to hold out his finger so it would finally reach the black line.

The moment Zen touched the black line, his body stretched out and dissolved into thousands of tiny shapes that traveled along with the black line. Finally, he was free of the puppet's claws.

The four claws used by the puppet to catch Zen all ended up empty as if Zen vanished into thin air.

What indeed happened was Zen successfully teleported himself by using the Space Law that he learned.

And while he didn't teleport to a long distance but only two feet away, he had escaped the puppet's claws!

The puppet was so stunned to see what had just happened that it was rooted to its spot and forgot to attack Zen.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Zen rushed to the silver treasure box without a moment's hesitation. As soon as his hand touched the box, the metallic luster, which made the puppet's structure shimmer, faded slowly.

Instantly, the rasping sound of blades rubbing against the stone platform was heard again.

The puppet retracted the hook, so its body returned to its original form, and went back to the cave. But as it re-entered the cave, the puppet seemed to turn around and gave Zen a last look.

Placing his hand on the silver treasure box, Zen smiled at the puppet and asked, "You are in the puppet, aren't you?"

At the question, the sound of blades rubbing the stone platform suddenly stopped.

And the puppet halted all of a sudden and stood still.

"I know you're in this puppet. If you have any way to release yourself from the puppet, I can help you, as long as you tell me what I can do for you," Zen continued.

After a few seconds, the puppet started to move again and walked towards its cave.

As long as a human soul remained implanted into a puppet, that person would become indestructible and even immortal. And while it sounded good, it wasn't all that great. After all, living in a puppet was a terrible experience for human beings. At that time, death wasn't what the human soul feared anymore. Instead, what was more dreadful for them was being alive.

What came to mind was Saul. Zen remembered how excited Saul was to see him when he got into the fairy palace. The disciple eventually learned from Saul that living as a puppet for tens of millions of years was terrible! So Zen was quite aware of the horrors of living as a puppet.

And this made him think that the soul inside this puppet could be having a problem similar to Saul's. Unfortunately, it seemed that this puppet was only programmed to kill, but not communicate with Zen. If indeed there was a human soul inside the puppet, it should be able to communicate with others, unless the soul was also sealed.

"Hahaha!" Kenneth broke into laughter. He was standing beneath an arch at the entrance of Cloud Road, shaking in laughter.

Joining him in laughter was Fernandez, who shook his head at the same time. "Unbelievable! Unbelievable! There is always a way out! As soon as he got into the space, Zen had the ability to find these black lines, so he was able to save his life now by taking advantage of it. It's amazing!"

"Zen is one lucky boy! Imagine being able to escape the puppet's clutches!" Kenneth excitedly declared. Just a few seconds ago, he believed that Zen would certainly meet his end this time. He didn't expect there to be a space flaw for the young warrior to use. It was fortunate that Zen had mentally grasped the Space Law and managed to escape from the puppet when he took advantage of this knowledge.

Chapter 562 The Inheritance From The Blood Fiend Emperor

For cultivators, destiny was only an illusion.

But many cultivators tended to believe in destiny. That was why in the cultivators' world, there had been a profession related to destiny. People engaging in this profession were called destiny masters and they claimed to help cultivators improve their destiny.

Nevertheless, most cultivators sneered at destiny masters and thought that all theories about destiny were false. For the lack of a better word, destiny masters were swindlers. Many cultivators spent a great deal of money in hiring destiny masters to better their fate before they took on adventures in some mysterious areas but still were often heard to have died tragically and miserably.

Therefore, the existence of destiny was still rather controversial and no definite conclusion had been reached.

People in the same rank as Kenneth and Fernandez usually believed in the existence of destiny. But it was impossible for them to find "destiny masters", who dared not to cheat on them either.

Speaking of this, Zen had been able to escape from that puppet's assaults just because of his own destiny.

People with good destiny were always not that easy to kill. They could even survive on the verge of death.

The sect heads and Fernandez had great admirations for Zen's destiny aside from his success for having gained the silver treasure box.

This big world was full of wonders. There were mysterious, dangerous, and ominous places. Despite great dangers, there were great opportunities to be gained from these areas. The higher the risk, the greater the rewards could be. It would all depend on if one would be willing to risk his own life to get the rewards.

"Some years ago, the head of Cloud Hall opened the silver treasure box. Today, Zen will open one as well," Fernandez said, heaving a long and heavy sigh. Soon enough, he added, "I feel that I have to report this to my superior."

When Kenneth heard these words out of Fernandez's mouth, his heart got filled with great joy. If Zen could have a great reputation, that only meant more benefits for Kenneth. There was no doubt that Kenneth would benefit more if Zen's performances could arouse the interests of the Cloud Hall head.

Standing in front of the silver treasure box, Zen could not hide the excitement on his face.

Lennon knew about the value of this silver treasure box, but Zen didn't and had no idea that the first silver treasure box was opened by the Cloud Hall head.

Zen only knew that he got the silver treasure box as a fruit of all the hardships he had gone through.

He would surely think highly of the treasure chest because it was obtained through hardships and efforts.

"Clatter!"

The click of opening the box was like music to Zen's ears. It was the sweetest he had heard so far.

Zen was expecting to find inside the box something that he could directly integrate into his body to enhance his physical strengths. But beyond his expectation, he found a dark green jade slip inside.

The color suggested that it was made of the purest jade.

"Is this a rare book about cultivation methods?" Zen asked himself, his eyebrows arched up and down out of his curiosity.

As he was about to pick up the dark jade slip, Zen felt something strange. Instantly, the jade slip diffused into streaks of dark green light and spiraled up along his arms to his brain.

'What kind of jade slip is this? How could it penetrate directly into my brain?' muttered Zen. He was totally stunned and felt rather confused.

It wasn't the first thing that had infiltrated his brain in the course of the Cloud Road trial. When Zen obtained the red treasure box, he found something black inside it. It was a type of overpowering drug for a soul. Thereafter, he obtained the blue treasure box which contained blood vigor of a nine-headed dragon. Both items were a type of energy that penetrated his brain.

However, Zen was surprised to see that the jade slip could diffuse into streaks of green light and slip into his brain. It was the most baffling and confusing thing he had seen in the Cloud Road.

After his brain absorbed the diffused jade slip, it was as if all texts of that slip got transferred to his brain.

Each word looked deadly desolate and depressed as though each stroke had the ability to kill people.

"Malicious Wheel of Life and Death. A tier five cultivation method.

As Blood Fiend Emperor, I have developed this cultivation method based on what I have comprehended all my life. This cultivation method can drive an enormous amount of malicious aura. It can kill gods and Buddhas.

Malicious aura originates from the curses of living creatures. It mustn't be used to..."

It was a book about a tier five cultivation method!

The person who created this cultivation method was known as Blood Fiend Emperor. The name rang a bell, but Zen could not figure out who that man was.

However, he was very clear that the word "Emperor" in that person's name had a different meaning from the Emperor of Burning Sky Empire. In a secular world, there was always an emperor that ruled ordinary people. But the term emperor had different meaning in the cultivators' world.

The word "emperor" in the Blood Fiend Emperor symbolized the crowning glory for a cultivator. Only leading and top masters were qualified for the title of emperor in the big cultivators' world.

Blood Fiend Emperor was an emperor level master. This land was an ancient relic and Blood Fiend Emperor was perhaps the former owner of this relic.

This ancient land was so vast that it was possessed by a top sect. As tens of millions of years passed, the relic had gradually eroded. Zen didn't know if the Blood Fiend Emperor was still alive or not. But at least, the Blood Fiend Emperor had recorded his own cultivation method on the jade slip and placed it here in order that his cultivation method could be further inherited.

This jade slip had been stored there for many years. It was so amazing that Zen was the one that had opened this silver treasure box at last. Was a book on the same cultivation method also stored in other silver treasure boxes?

The fact was that each silver treasure box contained a jade slip of different cultivation method. All of them were Blood Fiend Emperor's inheritable cultivation methods but Malicious Wheel of Life and Death was the best one.

The head of Cloud Hall had gotten the second best cultivation book, namely the Fiendish Blood Cultivation. So far, this cultivation method had turned into one of the most powerful tactics for the head of Cloud Hall.

These dark green jade slips were categorized as soul jade slips because all the characters were engraved by their owners' soul.

At that moment, Zen felt like all the words on the jade slip had shown up in his brain. In fact, the soul jade slip was extraordinary. It would be impossible for Zen to write down the cultivation method verbatim from his brain on a piece of paper because of some taboos added to this soul jade slip. Zen would find it difficult to remember the words even if he forced himself to write down the cultivation method. He would either fail to convey the meaning of the cultivation method or wrote it down wrong.

Zen would be unable to impart the cultivation method carved on this soul jade slip to anyone else unless he could skillfully cultivate and master it.

This jade slip could prevent others from stealthily acquiring Zen's cultivation method.

Therefore, even if someone who was far more powerful than Zen showed any interest in this rare book and coerced Zen to write down all content of that cultivation method, it would be highly impossible for Zen to do so.

Zen, who had owned a book about a tier five cultivation method, clearly knew how powerful and mighty tier five cultivation methods were. Although he had not thoroughly comprehended the Heavenly Ogre Fist, no one clearly knew how dreadful the demonic life vitality was other than him. By using the demonic life vitality, one was capable of engulfing and possessing others' life vitality. Meanwhile, the demonic phantom was helpful for battling. These amazing effects could be only achieved by people who practiced tier five cultivation methods.

In addition, Zen had gone to the Killing Sword Mountain. To acquire, practice, and master the killing way, one would require malicious aura.

Now, Zen had stored some malicious aura in the Killing Sword Mountain. To give play to the might of malicious aura, Zen had to practice a cultivation method related to it. Thus, the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death proved to be very useful for Zen.

Zen badly wished that he could sit down right away to practice the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death, but since he was now on the Cloud Road, it was unrealistic for him to cultivate there.

It was not until this moment that Zen suddenly felt his hands and feet itchy. Only after this did he notice that the wounds on both his hands and feet were even healing slowly.

"Hey, these wounds are healing fast!" mumbled Zen out of astonishment.

Earlier, that puppet's four claws had left large wounds on Zen's wrists and limbs and he never expected the wounds to heal quickly. But now, the blood had started to coagulate, and scabs began to form on the wounds.

All this should be attributed to blood vigor of the nine-headed dragon. It was said that even if one head of the dragon was cut off, the dragon could still survive and the head would regenerate. The most amazing gift of it was its ability to regenerate. With the help of his mighty power and blood circulation, Zen physically could recover faster. Thus, his wounds healed more quickly.

Letting his wounds heal on their own, he now shifted his attention to his next target, the gold treasure box.

But this time, Zen acted more cautiously. He wanted to obtain not only the gold treasure box, but also the black one, because he was now sure that each box had something that would benefit him.

Having put his life in danger to obtain the silver treasure box let Zen know what to expect in obtaining the gold and black treasure boxes. He guessed that it would be more difficult to get these boxes.

Did he have to take even these two boxes? Or would he be contented with the silver box he had just obtained?

Chapter 563 The Shadow Wolf King

On the fourth floor, the two chests glowed with a dark golden light, tempting the warriors. Their eyes twinkled in a similar fashion.

So far in the test of Cloud Road, no one had been able to get their hands on the golden treasure chest.

Even head of Cloud Hall was never rewarded with it.

The gold treasure box was a great attraction to the other warriors, and Zen also found it particularly alluring.

He had received the rewards of three treasure boxes up until now. Each reward was greater and rarer than the one that came before it. Consequently, he was better aware of the merits of the treasure chest than the others.

The first floor was the reward that could improve one's spirit strength significantly; the second was the blood vigor of the nine-headed dragon, while the third floor was the Blood Fiend Emperor's secret manuscript that described the tier 5 cultivation method! What kind of a reward did the fourth floor conceal? And what about the fifth?

The rewards must be unimaginable.

However, Zen was not reckless enough to face the tests of the fourth and the fifth floors. He didn't want to die an early death like most others who challenged them.

In order to get the reward of the silver treasure chest, Zen had undertaken great risks. He had almost gotten himself killed. Considering his present strength, he was afraid he would be dead meat if he even attempted to get the reward in the golden box.

Treasures, weapons, and cultivation methods were important, but his life was infinitely more vital at the moment.

Moreover, Zen's level was still very low. He would always come across more opportunities to achieve the rewards once his level improved. According to Kenneth, the disciples who fell under the third-grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm were sanctioned to enter the test of Cloud Road. If he became an elite of Cloud Hall, he might be allowed to re-enter the Cloud Road. After all, Cloud Road came under the purview of Cloud Hall. As long as the rules were stipulated by their men, he would have chances aplenty.

Yet, even as Zen chose to abandon the chest at the moment, he was still curious to see what the test of the fourth layer entailed.

As he mulled over it, he slowly climbed along the cliff, then leaped to stand on the edge of the fourth stone platform. As he stationed himself there, he saw two red beams of light illuminate the cave. A low but heavy whimper resounded.

"Gods! It's a fierce beast!" Zen blurted out.

Fear crept up Zen's heart, soon spreading across the rest of his body. At the moment, he felt as if his heart was grabbed by an invisible force. He felt paralyzed like he was unable to move.

What kind of a fierce beast was this? And how did it possess such formidable power?

Even while facing the demons in the past, Zen had never been so terrified.

Pop-pop, pop-pop... Zen's heart thundered in his ears.

'Run!' Zen told himself.

The prospect of facing some ferocious beast inside the cave made him instinctively want to run away from the stone platform. He wanted to jump down and just escape.

Just as he was about to leave the platform, the beast in the cave emerged. It was so fast that Zen only saw the hint of a black shadow race to him—a pair of striking blood-red eyes fixed on his form.

The beast rushed at him with the speed of light, and even though Zen had jumped off the platform earlier, the beast still managed to catch up to him. It attempted to slash at him with its front claws.

'Snap!' came the noise of something breaking.

The clothes covering Zen's chest were torn apart. Luckily, he himself didn't get hurt.

Without hesitation, Zen rolled down along the cliff. As he leaped in the air, he adjusted his body and landed on the ground stably.

As soon as his feet hit the ground, he was eager to escape.

He remembered that the disciples of Cloud Hall were all watching him covetously, as if he were their prey. The huge array form they had created was a great threat to him.

Suddenly Zen froze, sensing something wrong.

"Aroo—" He heard the roar of a wolf from above him.

He looked up and saw the fierce beast standing on the edge of the stone, howling at the sky.

The disciples of Cloud Hall were struck dumb by the wolf's roar, their feet as if turning to ice—unable to move at all. Some of the feeble ones collapsed to the ground, their feet unable to support them.

Even Lennon, the top disciple among the lot, looked pale as he stared with unease at the beast on the stone platform.

The beast looked like a wolf, but it was much larger than a normal one. Its body was dark as a shadow. Zen didn't know what it was, but Lennon couldn't be more aware of it.

'It's the Shadow Wolf King. I didn't expect… the golden treasure chests on the fourth floor are being guarded by this fierce beast. No wonder no one has taken one box yet. If this beast keeps an eye on the chests, they are designed not to be taken away by anyone at all, ' Lennon thought, his brows furrowing.

The Shadow Wolf King was a legendary fierce beast. It was a kind of shadowy creature that was, in fact, no longer a creature in terms of its nature.

After that loud howl, the Shadow Wolf King watched Zen with wild eyes for a moment too long before sauntering back to its cave.

The ferocious look almost stalled Zen's heart. Fortunately, he had not ventured to challenge the fourth floor. Zen put a hand on his chest, patting it as he heaved a long sigh. That was when he saw Lennon watching him from the corner of his eyes.

To his surprise, however, Lennon did not attack him by using the big array form.

The disciple next to Lennon reminded him of it. "Lennon! Don't you want to kill that boy?"

Lennon didn't say anything or even move. He merely stared at Zen in silence.

Seeing the lost look on Lennon's face, Zen edged away swiftly. He didn't want to stay and waste his time any longer. Zen couldn't figure out why Lennon was behaving like that, but he was lucky that he hadn't been attacked.

It was not until Zen was well inside the jungle that Lennon slapped the disciple on his head. "Kill him?" he snapped. "Do you want me dead?"

The disciple, wincing in pain as he held his head, responded, "Lennon, didn't you say you wanted to kill him before? Besides, if we use the Twelve Earthly Branches Array, it would kill the boy in an instant."

"You're an idiot," Lennon said in a huff, throwing him a disdainful look.

It was not that Lennon didn't want to kill Zen, but he didn't yet have that courage to do so.

After all, as someone born in the clan of the third grade, he was very well aware of his situation. Presently, there were five sect leaders and an Elder watching from out there.

If Lennon had killed Zen before Zen got the silver box, it wouldn't have been a big ordeal. At most, a leader of a second grade sect would make some trouble for him, but his strong family would well handle it. He was from the South Wang-Zhao Family, after all.

Yet, the situation was completely different at present. Zen opened the silver box. Over the years, only head of Cloud Hall had managed to do so. This meant that Zen had the same potential as the head—perhaps even greater potential. Because Zen had opened the silver chest when he was only at the third grade of the nature level, a much lower grade than that of head of Cloud Hall. Back then, when the head of Cloud Hall entered the test of Cloud Road, the warrior had already stepped into the level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Zen's outstanding performance had certainly grabbed the eyes of the senior leaders of Cloud Hall.

Lennon didn't dare to offend Fernandez, one of the Elders at Cloud Hall, let alone their more powerful senior leaders. It would be easy to kill Zen using the Twelve Earthly Branches Array, but it might be hard to explain to Fernandez why he did it. If Fernandez reported that crime to head of Cloud Hall, Lennon would land himself in big trouble.

Perhaps it would even be the biggest trouble he would have to face.

Lennon's guess was accurate.

Fernandez had previously watched Lennon fight Zen with a big smile. Zen's talent was good, and his performance amazing, but there were too many geniuses from the five sects of second grade, not to forget the many geniuses at Cloud Hall. Still, Fernandez had been impressed by Zen's previous performances. That, however, was not enough to warrant Fernandez to protect Zen.

But now, things had escalated. After Zen received the silver treasure box of the third floor, Fernandez's opinion of him rose sharply!

The moment Zen fell from the fourth floor, Fernandez's heart sunk, his face darkening with worry. He had feared that Lennon would use the Twelve Earthly Branches Array to do away with Zen. Unfortunately, he hadn't been able to send Lennon a message; otherwise, he would have warned the top disciple not to act rashly. Even his family power would not be able to back him if he went through with killing Zen.

Fortunately, Lennon was a smart boy. He had shrewdly assessed the situation and decided not to aim the array at Zen.

Watching Zen leave safe and sound, Fernandez felt his mood brighten up once again.

Zen walked along the road that he had earlier taken to the lush jungle. As he made his way, he took out a robe from his Space Ring. Peeling off the cloth that the wolf had torn apart, he changed into the new robe. Just as he finished, he frowned, sensing that someone was spying on him. "Show yourself!" he said out loud.

Immediately, a shadow dropped down from the sky, landing onto the ground. It was the cloak boy, Lewis.

"You are amazing!" Lewis said earnestly. "You actually got the treasure chest of the third floor. It's unthinkable! Can I come with you? Be your team member?"

Zen glanced at the cloak boy dismissively, shaking his head. "I don't work with people who don't show me his real face," he said indifferently, looking away.

He soon heard the sound of rustling and looked in the direction of the boy.

The cloak boy had taken his cloak off, revealing a handsome face etched with a trace of wickedness. "My name is Lewis Baili," he introduced himself.

"I'm Zen Luo," Zen said simply.

They continued to walk ahead after the introductions. The test of Cloud Road was only halfway done. Zen couldn't be more aware of the importance of coalition as the test went along. The following ones would be even more difficult. Unfortunately, Rocher and Patrick had left earlier. But Lewis was strong too, and he would prove to be a good partner to him.

Lewis, however, was quite verbose. For a while, he kept asking Zen questions, bothering him, which made Zen regret agreeing to the partnership.

Zen walked out of the jungle and saw the upsurge of the Sea of Raging Fire. "The Sea of Raging Fire is beginning to recede," he said. "Let's go."

Chapter 564 The Choice Between Life And Death

Lava washed over the exposed bare rocks as the Sea of Raging Fire receded. Numerous cultivators not far away flew down from a high platform and landed on the stones. They leaped forward from one rock to another and rushed forth.

Behind the other cultivators were Zen and Lewis, who both quickened their paces. They were on high alert as they followed the rest of them.

As they trailed behind the group, Zen intentionally increased his speed to get rid of Lewis. However, he didn't expect the guy to be much faster than him. When Zen sped up, Lewis kept up; when Zen slowed down, he also slowed down. Moreover, Lewis kept talking to him by his side.

"Zen, what on earth is in the silver treasure chest on the third floor?" Lewis asked. Zen only rolled his eyes at Lewis' question.

Was he really that naive to believe that Zen would answer his question?

Lewis didn't miss the impatience in Zen's eyes. Although he felt embarrassed, he smiled and continued talking. He changed topics instead and said, "The hidden test was so hard. Do you think so too, Zen?"

'Hard?' Zen thought to himself.

The answer was yes.

Ever since he had stepped on Cloud Road, he didn't find the tests difficult except for the hidden one. Several elite disciples had previously died in the former tests. It was because they were unlucky, or they simply weren't good enough to be called as elites.

He did have to admit that the hidden test was ridiculously difficult.

When he chanced upon the hidden test, he aimed for the black treasure chest at the top.

It turned out that despite his best efforts, he only got the silver treasure chest on the third floor and those below it.

The Shadow Wolf King on the fourth floor was more powerful than Zen had imagined. He wouldn't gamble his life with no certainty of success. Thus, he backed off the challenge.

It was clear that the hidden test was immensely difficult. The elite disciples of every sect found it extremely hard to even get the red treasure chest on the first floor. The disciples of Cloud Hall who were eligible to enter the Cloud Road were equal to the top disciples of a second-grade sect. However, they too had failed to obtain the chest on the first floor.

The level of difficulty on each floor determined the preciousness of the treasure in the chest. Maybe it was even impossible to find such treasures in the Cloud Hall.

If it were the Cloud Hall who had arranged all the tests, would they really put "Malicious Wheel of Life and Death," a tier 5 cultivation method, as a reward in the chest? It was highly impossible.

Such a top-level method was unlikely to be accessible even for Kenneth, and more so as a reward in the Cloud Road for the disciples.

Thus, how could it have appeared there? Perhaps the answer was hidden in the "Blood Fiend Emperor."

A strong man had once lived in this place and was called emperor. It was safe to say that the ancient ruins were a region of a sixth-grade sect.

For some reason however, the sect fell apart and the Blood Fiend Emperor got injured, so he had to leave. Before he left, he hid all the treasures in the Cloud Road. That made the tests more difficult.

It was the most plausible reason why the hidden test was so excruciating but yielded amazing rewards.

Therefore, the treasures in the golden and black treasure chests must be the most coveted heirlooms of the sixth-grade sect.

However, they were all guesses--but Zen was determined to get those two treasure chests, whether his speculations were right or wrong. As for how to obtain the chests, it took time to plan it out.

"Hey! What are you thinking about? You haven't answered me yet," Lewis said when he saw Zen had spaced out. Zen curled his lips.

He didn't really want to talk to Lewis so he sped up, but the guy was like a sticky candy that he couldn't get rid of.

Just then, a column of molten lava that was about a hundred feet high, suddenly emerged from the Sea of Raging Fire in front of them. The molten lava shot up high in the sky, then rained down. A lot of hot liquid splattered down to where the disciples stood.

"Careful!" someone cried out.

The cultivators heard the warning, so some of them exerted their life vitality to protect themselves. Others used the protection treasures as a shield against the raining lava.

Zen also emitted a sword intent, which wrapped around him and whisked away the molten lava.

Meanwhile, Lewis used his black cloak. It looked ordinary, but it was a magic treasure. Not only did it conceal his breath, it also formed a special force field which enabled the molten lava to slip down the cloak when it splashed on his body.

The rain soon cooled to a damp mist and the column of lava disappeared. However, it was just the calm before the storm. A huge monster suddenly rose from the Sea of Raging Fire. It was a thousand feet high with a body as big as a mountain.

"Fire Whale! It's a Fire Whale!" one disciple exclaimed in panic.

"Keep calm. The Fire Whale has a very docile temperament and it seldom attacks humans. We can guarantee our own safety as long as we do not enrage it."

Zen looked at the huge Fire Whale in deep shock. He didn't expect for such a monster to have appeared in the Sea of Raging Fire.

The giant whale poked its head above the lava and lazily swam around. It looked similar to the ordinary whales because they all had blue backs and white abdomens. Their only difference was the Fire Whale had red stripes on its back.

No one could allow themselves to disturb such a monster. It could splash the lava around to at least a hundred feet high with its tail if it got angry, and they would all be killed in an instant.

Zen had previously planned to swim across the rest of the Sea of Raging Fire, but now it seemed impossible.

Although his invulnerable body could withstand the burning lava, he couldn't imagine how many other terrible creatures were in the sea. He wasn't sure if he could fight against all of them.

Everyone moved so cautiously so as not to disturb the Fire Whale. They all moved slowly and held their breaths.

Fortunately, the Fire Whale seemed to have no interest in these tiny humans. It surfaced for a breath of air, then slowly dived down and disappeared.

The cultivators heaved a long sigh of relief when the whale swam away. They picked up their speed and continued to swiftly run forward.

Another wave seemed to approach them as they progressed. Luckily, the cultivators had already jumped on a high platform before it arrived, and successfully avoided the surging tide.

Zen thought there would be no one on the platform, because the third platform was the same as the first platform and they were just temporary resting places. The disciples should have left when the tide had gone out. After all, the end of the Sea of Raging Fire was just up ahead and no one would waste time staying on the platform.

However, to Zen's surprise, the third high platform was full of people.

It seemed that all the disciples of the five second-grade sects and Cloud Hall had gathered in the small platform.

"Rocher?" Zen called out. He immediately spotted him among the group.

When Rocher heard his name being called out, he whipped his head around and saw Zen. "We are trapped here," he said bitterly with a wry smile.

"Trapped here? Can't we get through?" Zen asked. Rocher just shook his head. "I'm afraid we can't. The rocks ahead of us have been badly destroyed," he answered.

Zen's forehead creased when he heard this.

"How could the rocks be destroyed?" He was surprised. He never imagined that such an emergency could happen.

Although several rocks were damaged on their way behind, they left a short gap just enough for them to jump across.

This time however, more than a hundred rocks in front of them were destroyed. None of them could jump quite far, and flying was forbidden on the Cloud Road.

Therefore, all the warriors were trapped.

In such a case, people found it both funny and annoying that they didn't know what they should do. They had a hard time getting here. Did they have to go back to the way they came from? Thus, most of the cultivators decided to return to the high platform to make a countermeasure first.

Zen looked around and didn't see Patrick. "Why isn't Patrick here?" he asked.

The platform wasn't that big, so he should have easily found Patrick if he was there. Zen was confused. Patrick had gone ahead of him, but he never met him along the way and he wasn't on the platform as well. Where did he go? Was he dead already?

Zen thought that it was unlikely for Patrick to die on the Cloud Road due to his strength.

"He has chosen another way," Rocher said with a smile.

"Another road?" Zen asked. "I have never heard that there was another road," he added. He was even more surprised.

"Yes, there is. Frank, Lois, Patrick and the other two disciples have all chosen that way. There are only a few damaged rocks on that road and it isn't that hard to cross," Rocher explained.

"So, why didn't you take that way?" Zen asked. "Because that road is called Death Road," a disciple of Cloud Hall coldly interrupted. Rocher nodded in agreement.

"According to the disciples of Cloud Hall, there is a fork in the road ahead. It diverges into two roads. One is called Life Road, the other is called Death Road," he added. The Cloud Road was certainly full of mysteries.

Almost all the disciples had chosen the Life Road when they were in the fork.

Although there were once disciples who had chosen the Death Road, they didn't survive in the end.

As time passed, the people had gradually forgotten about the Death Road and believed that the Life Road was the only way.

The so-called "Death Road" was actually not a road, but just a trap. For them, it was a way that led to death and no one could ever get through it.

Chapter 565 A Dead End

Gazing at the Sea of Raging Fire, Zen got lost in thought again. His heart sank, as he realized that the difficulty level of the Cloud Road test was higher than he had expected.

Now he understood why the previous hidden test had been so difficult.

The Death Road was a concealing test, too. Compared to Life Road, it was tougher. Since the difficulty level of the test was much higher, the Death Road seemed to have become a dead end.

Few passed the test. This led to this test bearing the name Death Road test.

Since the test was so difficult, besides competence and power, luck was also a vital virtue. Zen figured out that the secret of the Cloud Road might lie in the Death Road, "Let's take the Death Road too," he said to Rocher.

The platform was not huge and most of the practitioners were on it, waiting to try their luck. When they heard Zen was about to pick the Death Road, a distrustful expression appeared on their faces.

'Are you joking?

Frank and Lois are powerful, so they have a slim chance of passing the Death Road. However, as a practitioner at the third grade of the nature level, how dare you take the same road?' Everyone was of the same opinion, but none of them reminded or warned Zen and they just let him have his way.

Zen had nothing to do with them, so they didn't care about whether he would be alive or dead at all.

Although more than a hundred stones had broken on the Life Road, the practitioners could find a way by pooling the wisdom and efforts of everyone together.

For example, earlier, the female disciple of Iridescence Sect formed a provisional road for the practitioners by condensing the lava with her own cultivation method. This induced a cooling effect and that would bring help. If the practitioners who possessed such skills could cooperate well, they would be able to jump onto the Life Road. The practitioners were discussing how to cooperate by using resources they had and how to control the timing, so that they could reach the destination earlier and with no strain.

Rocher pondered for a short moment. However, before he could answer, Lewis who had been consulting in the crowd and getting ideas moved closer to Zen. He shouted, "Excellent idea! I'll pick the Death Road too!"

Zen rolled his eyes in disbelief. He knew it was difficult to get rid of Lewis. Since he offered to join him, Zen had no option but to agree.

"Then, count me in!" Rocher said. He had been hesitant when Patrick asked him to go with him. Maybe in his eyes, he had a better chance to pass the test by cooperating with Zen.

When the tide of the Sea of Raging Fire fell, the other practitioners were still planning on passing the Life Road. On the other hand, Zen, Rocher and Lewis had jumped off the platform.

A practitioner snorted, "Why there are so many daredevils! Three more people are asking for death!"

"What do you mean by 'more'? Are you saying that Frank is asking for death by taking the Death Road?" The disciples of the Cloud Hall were fuming with anger. In the back of their minds, nobody could be on par with Frank, and Frank could go everywhere he pleased.

All the disciples of Cloud Hall had cheered up when Frank took the Death Road after the tide had ebbed last time.

In their mind, the Death Road was not that horrible and those who had perished on the Death Road were practitioners without enough proficiency. However, Frank differed from those practitioners. They believed that he had no problem passing the Death Road.

It made them so mad and fume with anger when they heard someone hinting that he might be dead by taking the Death Road.

Seeing how angry they were, the rest of the practitioners went mute. However, they were not of the same opinion as these disciples of Cloud Hall. Since the other practitioners had dared to try the Death Road, they shouldn't be much inferior to Frank. Life was so precious for everyone, so without confidence, this would be the last road they would have taken.

As the disciples of Cloud Hall were aggressive, none of the other practitioners dared offend them, and no one uttered a sound to them. All they did was to speak silently.

Taking the opportunity that the tide was ebbing, Zen, Rocher, and Lewis rushed forward along the stones. Soon, they came to an intersection.

The intersection extended to two roads. However, both of them seemed to be broken off by some powerful wild beast. There were more than a hundred broken stones on the road on the right. This could mean only one thing that it was the Life Road. Normally, the practitioners would choose the Life Road to pass the lava sea. Different from the road on the right, only several stones were broken on the road on the left. It was the Death Road.

"Let's jump over!"

Since he had picked the Death Road, Zen rushed downwards and then jumped over without hesitation. In a blink of an eye, he reached the opposite side.

Rocher was a determined and ambitious person too. He had thought it over before joining Zen, so he wouldn't change his mind. Then he took a sigh of breath and jumped over as Zen had done.

Now it was Lewis' turn.

"Yippee!"

Lewis jumped in the air like a hawk and even shook his cloak into the shape of two wings. Then he stepped on the air to rebound himself higher, screaming.

Rocher looked at him and couldn't help showering him with praises. "Excellent job!"

Zen rolled his eyes and snorted, "Another idiot!"

Lewis' style was like Evan's, but he was a little more normal than Evan who was always so hyper. Otherwise, Zen would have tried all his efforts to get rid of him.

"Now we're heading for the Death Road. Let's go!"

The three moved forward on the stones in a row.

After they had run for a while, the lava of the Sea of Raging Fire began to wave again.

"The tide is rising. Why haven't we reached the end of the road yet?" Zen said, in disbelief.

Lewis looked very disappointed. "Now I know why it's named Death Road. That means it is a road without end. If that's the case, we will immerse in lava!"

"Cheer up! Come on!" Zen said with encouragement. The Cloud Road had been originally set for testing the disciples of a grade six sect. Zen didn't believe that the Death Road was a death end. He was sure that Blood Fiend Emperor wouldn't have created such a road to cheat the disciples, as it was meaningless.

"Zen, look over there!" Rocher who had been dumb all this while pointed ahead.

The stones extended to afar and then disappeared somewhere. It was a dead end!

Lewis shook his head with a sad look and said, "I'm right..."

"You are such a jinx!" Zen hurled insults at him. His heart sank when he saw it was a dead end. However, he kept going, and his fight spirit grew. This was all he needed right now.

Now the tide of the Sea of Raging Fire began to rise, so it was too late to retreat. What Zen could do was to try his luck. He still didn't believe that the designer of the Cloud Road had made a road to trap the practitioners.

"What shall we do? I don't want to die!" Lewis cried out while he was running.

"Oh, no! I have a promising future and I don't want to drown in the Sea of Raging Fire!

Mom, please forgive me! My wish of always taking care of you has been cut short. I can't take good care of you any longer..."

When Lewis was screaming his lungs out, Rocher had already jumped onto another stone. He turned around, grabbed Lewis by the collar and then pulled out a sword from his back before placing it against Lewis' neck.

"Stop screaming! Or this will be the end of you!"

Rocher wasn't a blabbermouth like Lewis, and he wasn't that patient like Zen. So, when he faced the Death Road and the rising lava, he felt a great deal of pressure.

Besides being very verbose, Lewis had also been used to calming his nerves by screaming when he was under ordeals.

Just like someone would pull his hair or keep on eating when they felt nervous.

While releasing his own stress, Lewis conveyed his pressure to Rocher and Zen.

"No, don't kill me! I promise to keep my mouth shut. Is that okay with you?" Lewis pleaded.

In fact, if not because he hadn't been defenseless, with Lewis' current competence, Rocher wouldn't have caught him so easily.

Rocher wouldn't end his life. He grunted and threw him onto the stone before proceeding.

Zen looked at Lewis with a slight smirk on his face and shook his head. He then followed Rocher forward. Lewis still drew a long face but kept his silence. He had to be still.

As they were approaching the end of the Death Road, the lava tide was closer to them. It distressed them and their hearts pounded. If the lava tide rose to a certain level, that would be their end. They held their breath as they waited for the turn of events.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 566 Twists And Turns (Part One)

400 feet...

300 feet...

200 feet...

Their eyes gazed at the stones that loomed before them as they drew nearer to a dead end. Could they still survive in such a desperate situation?

The atmosphere grew more tense as their uncertainty increased. If it was a common dead end, they had no choice but to die.

"Colors! They have different colors!" Zen suddenly shouted. He was the first one who noticed the difference in color. He found that there were rows of runes on the stone pillars' surfaces at the dead end.

"March!" Rocher said and rushed forward. His eyes glinted as he charged with gritted teeth. Although he didn't know what the runes meant, he saw a silver lining. Besides, they had no way back.

The lava tide surged again. The stone pillars would be soon submerged in it, since only the tops of the pillars were visible now.

There were ten stone pillars in the dead end, and every pillar was circled by runes. When Zen stepped on them, the runes lit up.

He swiftly moved past ten pillars, and each one of them lit up.

Finally, Zen came to the end. Suddenly, a vortex appeared.

The dark bluish-grey vortex was similar to the vortex that they had encountered under the arched gateway of the Cloud Road.

"A road!" Zen exclaimed. His eyes brightened and a smile found its way to his face. It turned out that he was right in the gamble.

At the same time, Rocher had followed and caught up to him. When he reached the last pillar and stepped on it, a vortex appeared in front of him as well.

Did that mean everyone had a vortex?

At that moment, another person rushed to the scene. Lewis looked like he fell into the waters but was able to grasp at a life-saving straw. When he saw the vortex, he raced so fast that he was even quicker than Zen and Rocher had been. He even jumped into the air with his unique bodily movement skills which he took much pride in, and landed steadily on the last pillar.

"Ah?"

But he didn't see a third vortex appear in front of him.

'What happened?' he wondered. Lewis blanched. The lava tide surged higher and had already reached the pillars' surface. Why wasn't there a vortex for him? "Damn it! I don't care. I'll just jump in any of the vortexes."

As soon as he finished his words, he jumped into one of the vortexes. However, when he got in halfway, a huge repelling force pushed him back.

"This is not the vortex you have triggered. You can't go in. Did you miss any pillar just now?" Zen asked in a heavy tone. Meanwhile, the lava rose higher and higher.

"Ummm...it seems like so..."

Lewis' nerves were on edge. He got too excited when he saw the vortexes that he jumped over the fourth pillar and missed it.

"Go back to step on it!" Zen said. "But... but..."

The fourth pillar was almost submerged by the lava tide already. The runes flickered in the view as the orange glow of the lahar rose continuously.

"Okay. But we don't care if you die or not," Rocher said coldly and then he turned to Zen, "It's time we went inside. Let's go, Zen!"

After Rocher spoke, Lewis flew into the air with gritted teeth. He hovered above for a while, then landed effortlessly on the fourth pillar. It wasn't a surprise for him to make it as he was skilled at bodily movement himself. He was like a giant bird that soared in the air as he lit the runes on the pillar with his tiptoe, then he swiftly came back.

All the pillars were now submerged by the lava. Zen and Rocher already jumped into the vortexes. Unfortunately, Lewis had nowhere to stand on now.

"I'll step!

Step!

Step!"

Luckily, Lewis had mastered extraordinary bodily movement skill. If it were Zen or Rocher who was in the same situation, they probably would not succeed. Lewis could gain momentum and fly into the air. He was able to maintain the height he reached in the air with the help of his cloak.

He looked like a hen that struggled to flap its wings when he performed his special method. Unfortunately, he fell down despite his great efforts to maintain balance.

In the end, Lewis fell into the vortex and left a downward parabola-like trace in the air.

After he fell into the vortex, he fell heavily on the ground with a resounding thud.

He clutched his right foot in his hands and groaned in pain. Apparently, his foot was hurt.

The lava already covered the pillars when he fled the place, and the molten liquid was extremely hot. Even Lewis only touched the pillar with his tiptoe, some lava was splashed on his foot.

Not everyone had an indestructible body like Zen. It was extremely painful to be burned by the lava.

Suddenly, there was a clattering sound.

Rocher threw Lewis a small bottle. "Take it. It is Ice Pill for treating wounds from empyrosis."

Lewis looked at him gratefully. He took the pill and put it into his mouth.

As Lewis swallowed the pill, Zen and Rocher looked around to check the surroundings.

The road they had chosen was the Death Road, but the test they had gone through just now wasn't as difficult as they had imagined. They could easily conquer it as long as they were firm enough. Since they picked the Death Road, then the real test lay ahead.

They seemed to have entered a separate space after they went through the vortexes. The space was dim and the sky was grey, with only a few flashes of light in it. The surroundings had a depressing effect. It was like a cramped place where daylight would never come.

There was a jungle in the distance. The darkness in the jungle was even more frightening, as no one knew what mysterious and powerful beings would lurk in there.

"Let's go!" Zen announced. Rocher followed him closely. Lewis hurriedly stood up and hobbled along behind. Although cultivators usually recovered rapidly and Lewis took an Ice Pill from Rocher, it still took some time for the wound to heal completely.

Chapter 567 Twists And Turns (Part Two)

Now, Lewis regretted that he hadn't obtained the blue treasure box. If he had gone all out to take it and had sucked the nine-headed dragon's blood vigor, his small wound would've healed immediately.

They had reached the dark jungle, but they barely saw anything except the tiny glimmers of light. They only moved forward by instinct.

Lewis had shut up this time. It was a critical moment and he wasn't dumb, otherwise he wouldn't have had such a high strength level. He would be headed towards an early grave if he dared to rant or even speak in such place.

They had only walked in the dark and quiet jungle for a short while before they suddenly heard something swish in the air and shoot towards them.

Whoosh!

The sound was faint but Zen had heard it.

"Be careful!" Lewis reminded. Fortunately, Zen had reacted quickly.

He reached out his hand and pulled Rocher back. Then, they saw a small, dark narrow shadow brush past them. However, it grazed past Rocher and hurt his arm.

The fabric that covered Rocher's arm was cut open and revealed a small scratch on the skin.

"What's that?"

Rocher held his Blood-corroding Sword in his hand and cautiously looked around.

The small black shadow didn't seem to be a hidden weapon like a dart, since they all saw it swerve its direction after it hit Rocher, and disappeared into the jungle again. It was more like some kind of creature.

Meanwhile, Lewis sniffed the air and his eyes widened. "I saw it. It is a kind of a tiny bat. It has very thin, sharp wings like a blade. This kind of blade bat has hurt Rocher," he suddenly blurted out.

"How did you see that?" Zen asked curiously. A giggle escaped Lewis' lips.

"I have a special talent to see things in the dark. As long as there is a glimmer of light, I can see everything clearly without difficulty. Even if it's so dim here, I can still see clearly as if we were in broad daylight," he said.

It turned out that he had an inborn night vision.

It wasn't until then that Zen noticed that Lewis' eyes had a blue flash of light. His eyes were similar to those of cats, which could see things in low-light conditions.

"Be careful, dudes. There are a lot of them around..."

As soon as Lewis' words sank in, they heard a wave of rustling sounds. It looked like the bats came in groups as the swishing sounds engulfed the air.

A large number of black shadows rushed towards them in the dark. They had extremely sharp wings, which left long and narrow cuts on anything they hit.

At that moment, sword intent appeared and circled around Zen and Rocher to protect them. It formed a cyclone which firmly wrapped them up within its shield of protection.

Any blade that came to attack them would be instantly smashed into pieces by the consummate sword intent.

Although the blade bats had sharp wings and were numerous in number, they were actually quite weak individually. Zen's and Rocher's shields of sword intent were the bane of the bats and it killed all of them that tried to attack.

"Ah..."

However, Lewis didn't have the tough sword intent that Zen and Rocher possessed. He had no choice but to wrap his body within his cloak. That way, he completely hid his scent.

Those bats didn't have eyes. They sensed the existence of humans in a very special way. Lewis' magical cloak prevented his scent from being detected.

Even though the three men all had their own ways to protect themselves, they were still on high alert. The Death Road was not an empty name. It wasn't that easy for them to get through.

They headed forward and there appeared a vortex not far away.

"Still leading us to another place?"

Zen's face darkened.

"Where will we be led to?" Rocher had a hunch that it was not a good sign. They were headed deeper to a dead end that would eventually lead them to death.

What humans feared the most was not a monster or a ghost, but uncertainty.

If they discovered a ghost, they wouldn't be so scared as they saw what it looked like.

Before they embarked on the Cloud Road, they were aware that there would be a path that led them to the finish line. Although they knew they would face many difficulties along the way, at least they knew where the road headed to.

But now, the road they trod on was the Death Road. They had no idea where it would bring them to.

Then again, there were no other better choices. They went through the vortex. An explosive sound was heard when they landed, followed by blazing flames that rose up in the air.

"It is the Karma Fire!" Zen screamed. He had recognized it at first sight. The flames were the Green Lotus Karma Fire from Patrick.

But, who was he fighting against? This trick was Patrick's trump card that he usually didn't utilize until someone forced him to do so. When Patrick had initiated his Acalanatha shadow, this technique was only usable again after several days. Moreover, he usually didn't employ it unless he was in great danger. It was clear that Patrick was in a tough situation.

"Who is Patrick fighting against?" Zen asked as he looked at the direction where the flames came from. "I don't know. Let's go check!"

Zen strode forward and moved quickly to where the flames were from. They were rivals in Cloud Sect back then, but they were all now in Cloud Road.

They were in the same team now since they all came from Cloud Sect. Thus, Zen naturally thought that he must help Patrick at this critical moment.

Chapter 568 The Flying Yaksha (Part One)

Flames from the hell suddenly blazed up, lightening almost half of the night sky.

Zen and the other two ran to the Karma Fire, breaking down branches and twigs on the way as they moved along. Even the trunks of thousand-year trees were instantly chopped into pieces by the consummate sword intent.

As Lewis saw Zen advancing like that, the corners of his mouth twitched, 'That two are just unbelievable! They both have the consummate sword intent. Are they really from a second-rate sect?'

Although Lewis was a babbling kind of guy, he was quite confident about his strength. Although he was able to come all the way there, he still had a feeling of having no advantage over Zen and Rocher.

Despite that, Lewis had something he was always proud of. 'If I let my power out all at a time, I may have a chance against them, ' he thought to himself.

As Zen and the other two got out of the woods, they were astonished at the scene that had unveiled in front of their eyes.

There was a crater with a radius of 1000 feet and was stretching outside the woods. It looked like it was caused by a fierce battle. At the middle of the crater, a blazing bright Green Lotus Karma Fire enveloped Patrick. He was fighting against a beast!

The beast had two wings on its back, a horn protruding from its forehead and a face of a bear. It was standing on its two hind legs, basking in a pool of silver light.

Patrick's Karma Fire was well-known in the Cloud Sect. Last time, Zen successfully threw off Patrick's Karma Fire only because of his special spiritual weapon-like body. Plus, at that time, he didn't take the Green Lotus Karma Fire head on but was simply immune to its power.

However, the beast had successfully resisted the scotching Karma Fire that Patrick cast and it was even battling Patrick in the same fire!

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

That beast stumped forward, raised its beefy arms, and wrestled Patrick, who already was in the Diamond-like State.

With merely three blows, Patrick was sent flying out of his Karma Fire and fell heavily onto the ground. The impact caused a deep dent on the earth.

"That power is quite terrifying!" Seeing that, Zen's pupils had narrowed. 'That power is probably much more formidable than when I activate all of my dragon scales!' he thought.

After repelling Patrick, the beast spread its wings and made another charge at him. Obviously, this time it intended to kill Patrick.

Precisely at that moment, a white figure dashed from the verge of the huge crater—it was a disciple of the Cloud Hall! Clutching a thirteen-inch long spear, that disciple flickered his wrist. Instantly, the spear weaved its way towards the beast as if it were a poisonous snake.

"Fogbow streaking across the sky!"

A jet of sharp spear intent shot out from the white spear as if it could pierce through anything in the world.

Zen was stunned at the sight of the spear and its power.

"Whoa! That man is really powerful!"

It was the first time that Zen saw someone that powerful from Cloud Hall since he started the test.

When he was taking the hidden test in the valley, he did come across a powerful opponent. That disciple was Lennon, the disciple in charge of that large magic array.

Zen didn't know Lennon before, but still, he sensed his intimidating power. But based on Zen's observation, Lennon was on the same level as Lewis in terms of strength. Perhaps only a mite stronger.

Thus, Lennon's power was not a threat to Zen at all.

But the man fighting in the crater was different. His attack using the spear already posed a huge threat on Zen. If it were Zen who was targeted by the spear, even with his body like a high-grade spiritual weapon, he would probably be torn apart like a sheet of paper. Judging by that one strike, Zen knew that the man's power was way stronger than any of the usual Cloud Hall disciples.

"That spear intent must be a consummate one!" Rocher commented.

Cutters had cutter intent, the swords had sword intent, while the spears had spear intent as well.

The intent attached to such weapons would improve along with the development of the relationship between the practitioner and the weapon itself. As the practitioner familiarized himself with his weapon, the weapon would also get to know its owner. Gradually, the practitioner would have a perfect command of his weapon.

"He is Frank Zhuo from the Cloud Hall. It's normal for him to display that strength," Lewis noted, curling his lips.

"Frank Zhuo," Zen murmured. He had always believed that on the road of pursuing the martial arts, one just had to keep going.

If there was a chance to outstrip an opponent, then, he ought to do it; if the opponent was out of his league, he should work harder to catch up with him and be on his team.

In fact, Rocher did the same thing. When he found he could not surpass Zen, he chose to follow Zen's paces and try to keep up with him. If Zen scored something, he would certainly gain some achievement as well. For Rocher, it was a helpless choice, but it was indeed the smart one.

Given that some people were simply born with special talents or strong physic, no one could deny the fact that there was always someone more able, perfect, and powerful in the world.

Thus, whether Zen would finally outpace or follow behind Frank, one thing was for sure–he just needed to challenge Frank.

However, now wasn't the right time. With so many unknown creatures attacking them as they proceeded down the Death Road, Zen was left with no choice but to help those in the same boat as him.

Swoosh!

The beast that had warded off the Green Lotus Karma Fire was hit by the spear! That white spear penetrated through the beast's arm.

A ferocious look surfaced from its face and suddenly let out a deafening howl, making everyone's ears tingle.

Chapter 569 The Flying Yaksha (Part Two)

The beast then pounced on Frank!

It was three meters high, large, and bulky but quite agile. Flapping its wings, it swooped down upon Frank repeatedly.

Despite being under attack by the fierce beast, Frank was still very calm. He continuously hit with his spear every time the beast struck at him.

"Sky-breaking Thrust!"

"Recurring Thrust!"

"Circling Thrust!"

Each time the spear lunged forward, it hit one of the beast's palms. After several thrusts, the palms of that violent beast were bleeding profusely.

"Frank, go get it!"

Shouted a woman who was standing on the side together with a group of people.

Since Zen and the other two hadn't met any female disciple in the Cloud Hall before, they assumed she was from the Iridescence Sect.

"She is Lois Jin from the Iridescence Sect. I heard that she is engaged to Frank, so she must be Frank's fiancée," Lewis came out to explain.

'Smart guy.' Shaking his head, Zen gave a smile. 'This Lewis does like gabbling and self-talking. Still, he is quite well-informed, ' he thought to himself.

Being tall, slender, and otherworldly good-looking, Lois looked like a perfect match for Frank. The two seemed destined to be with each other.

"Let's go to them. Seems that Frank's got enough strength to tackle that beast," Zen suggested. Then, the three walked towards the group.

At that point, Lois and her league happened to notice Zen and his companions. They all looked astounded, apparently taken aback by the fact that there were more people who dared to enter the Death Road other than themselves.

After observing the fight between Frank and the beast even for a while, Zen thought that Frank had it all under control, so they simply decided to hit the road. However, something unexpected happened before they could go around the beast.

As the fight continued, the beast suddenly let out a bellow before clapping its wings to draw a few steps back. The silver light around it slowly dimmed, but the next second, layers of golden scales started covering its body.

"Be careful! This Flying Yaksha is going through a transfiguration. It'll become much stronger!" a Cloud Hall disciple behind Lois cried.

Lois looked over her shoulder, casting a startled glance at the Cloud Hall disciple. Even Frank was bewildered as he heard that remark.

Since Zen and his companions just arrived here, they had no idea what was going on. They reckoned that the Cloud Hall disciple was a knowledgeable guy. Frank, however, was totally mystified by this fact.

Frank had entered the Death Road along with four other people—Lois, Patrick, Brumous Sect's Zade, and a Cloud Hall disciple.

Many Cloud Hall disciples had managed to get onto the Cloud Road. They had even outnumbered the disciples of any other sects. Nevertheless, with his remarkable memory, Frank could call everyone by their names.

But he found himself unable to recognize the Cloud Hall disciple.

It was absurd because that Cloud Hall disciple was not supposed to exist. However, he did encounter him on the Cloud Road.

Frank also noticed that the Cloud Hall disciple was quite familiar with this Death Road. When everybody started considering giving it up because the Death Road of the Sea of Raging Fire was a dead end, it was the Cloud Hall disciple who urged them to hold on and assured them that the exit was right at the end of the road.

Surely as he said, plenty of whirls appeared just as they reached the last stone on that dead-end road.

After jumping into the whirls, the Cloud Hall disciple appeared to know the Death Road ahead of them as his own palms. He helped them avoid loads of dangerous spots before they barged into the nest of this Flying Yaksha by accident. And that was how they got the Flying Yaksha chasing them all the way here.

None of them knew that the beast was called Flying Yaksha until the Cloud Hall disciple cried it out loud. Naturally, they started to have some doubts.

'Who is this Cloud Hall disciple?' 'Why did he take the Death Road with us?' 'What's his game?' Frank was baffled by those questions.

Of course, Zen had no idea about those scruples Frank and Lois had. But as he saw the Flying Yaksha beginning its transfiguration, his face grew serious as well.

'This Flying Yaksha was already pretty strong in its normal shape. If it completes the transfiguration and becomes more powerful, I bet no one can subdue it!'

"Rocher, let's go to fight it together!" Zen called out as he fished out the Blood Drinking Sword.

Rocher also drew out the Blood-corroding Sword over his shoulder. He gazed at the golden Flying Yaksha in the air, his eyes as sharp as blades.

"I don't need your help. If you strike, you'll just get in my way!" Frank said as he brandished the spear in his hand. Apparently, the arrival of Zen and his companions would not be of any help for Frank. He believed they would be a drag on his team.

After all, the three were fairly low-ranked—one was merely at the third grade of the nature level, one had just consummated the natural level, and the other one was at the first grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

They should have known better than to step onto the Death Road. Now that they did, they were just extra burdens for Frank.

From his perspective, Lois and Patrick were the only two eligible to fight by his side. As to Zade Zhou from the Brumous Sect, he would have died a thousand times if not for Frank's protection.

Frank was very confident about his strength, though he was rather arrogant. Since he had absolute power, he didn't mind taking care of a few more people.

But if others wanted to butt in on his fight, they should first ask themselves if they had the same strength as him.

And it was evident that Zen did not have that kind of strength. Therefore, Frank chose to confront the transfigured Flying Yaksha on his own.

Chapter 570 The Picture On The Picture Slab Disappeared (Part One)

Zen smiled slightly and remained silent when he heard Frank.

In comparison to Zen's indifference, Rocher looked rather angry and said, "Gosh! This guy is too cocky!"

"If Frank says you're in his way, then you are in his way. If you want to survive on Death Road, you'd better do as told!" Lois, Frank's fiancee, warned Rocher when she heard what he said.

Rocher pouted and wanted to retort, but Zen stopped him. He then heard Zen say, "Forget it, Rocher! Since Frank is so confident of his strength, we're happy to watch him defeat the Flying Yaksha alone."

Both Zen and Rocher were at the nature level, and before showing their real strength, they did look like weaker that of any average disciple from the Cloud Hall.

However, sometimes, being underestimated by others was not a bad thing, especially on the Death Road, a dangerous area. Since Frank was willing to be the hero and block the attacks of the golden Flying Yaksha himself, it would be advantageous for Zen and Rocher as they wouldn't have to fight. They could simply watch him.

Lewis, who was standing next to Zen, did not speak. Although he had outstanding strength, Lewis was not very bold. Otherwise, he would not have given up the treasure box in the second tier so easily.

"Oh, right! We need to check if Patrick is all right first. He has been attacked by the Flying Yaksha thrice. I'm worried he might have been hurt," said Zen. Concerned, he hurriedly walked to the edge of the big pit in search of Patrick.

By the time they reached the edge, Patrick had climbed up. The golden light protecting him was slowly fading away. Although he did not appear to have been badly hurt, he looked a mess and was covered with dirt. Meanwhile, his breath seemed a little weaker.

"Patrick, are you all right?" Zen asked, genuinely worried.

"Zen! Rocher! You guys are here, too!" At the sight of his two companions, Patrick exclaimed excitedly. Joy reflected in his expression. Unlike Frank, Patrick knew clearly about the strength of Zen and Rocher. Zen was much stronger than him, a fact that had been confirmed during the All Peaks Competition, while during his battle with Rocher, Patrick found that Rocher was only a little weaker than him.

The Death Road was full of deadly traps, and if Zen and Rocher were to join him, it would definitely be advantageous to him.

Patrick's injury was not serious. Yet, the problem was that to fight against the Flying Yaksha, he had used the power of the Acalanatha. As a result, for the next few days, he could not be able to use it. Since he had temporarily lost this ability, Patrick's combat effectiveness was significantly weakened.

As they spoke, Frank engaged in a fierce fight with the golden Flying Yaksha!

Of course, the Flying Yaksha was extremely strong, and the corporeal body of this kind of fierce beast was quite appalling. However, Frank's spear was also extremely sharp!

The so-called "horizontal saber, vertical sword, piercing spear" referred to the following three arguments: the saber was usually used to chop, and the momentum of a saber could be powerful; the sword had the ability to cut and pierce, while the spear's attack mode was relatively single, focusing on piercing only.

As the spear was used to penetrate only, its piercing function was the strongest among the three kinds of weapons.

Together, with Frank's spear intent of consummate grade, the spear attacks launched by Frank could perforate any object within his attacking space.

But, after the Flying Yaksha transformed, a layer of extremely hard gold scales appeared around its body as a defense against any attack!

Earlier, Frank had been able to break through the Flying Yaksha's defenses, but now when Frank's white spear collided with the gold scales of the Flying Yaksha, it was blocked. The attacks were only able to leave several tiny marks on its surface.

"Howl," the Flying Yaksha emitted a roar.

This time, it relied on its strong corporeal body, so it pounced on Frank recklessly.

Frank, on the other hand, continued to retreat from its violent attacks with his dexterous body moving skills.

"We are really… going to watch him and not offer any help?" Rocher asked anxiously. When he saw that Frank was retreating continuously and seemed to be in great danger, a hint of worry appeared on his face. Although Frank was annoying, he was really powerful. If they wanted to get out of the Death Road successfully, they knew that they must unite. Thus, Rocher found it hard to stand still and watch the Flying Yaksha kill Frank.

Zen, however, shook his head and said calmly, "His fiancee, Lois, isn't offering him any help, which indicates that Frank has reserved his strength. Otherwise, Lois would be more worried than us."

Rocher then saw that Lois was standing calmly not far from them. Her arms were wrapping around her chest as she watched Frank. The expression on her face reflected that she had great confidence in him.

Zen's speculation was correct. Lois did believe that Frank could beat the Flying Yaksha and trusted her fiance's strength absolutely.

Frank was a little embarrassed after being pushed back over 100 feet by the Flying Yaksha. But, a calm expression remained on his handsome face. If one looked carefully, they would see a small smile on Frank's lips.

If he kept retreating, Frank would be driven into a dead-end corner with a boulder about twenty feet high. Then, the onlookers noticed Frank sneering before stepping closer to the boulder and kicking it. The force with which Frank kicked the boulder was so tremendous that it left a deep pit in the boulder.

With the force of the kick, somehow, Frank's body maintained a straight line with his spear and began to spin fast.

As Frank's body spun, a whirling vortex formed at the tip of his white spear. It continuously absorbed the spear intent and created a highly condensed strong energy!

As the strong energy was not condensed with life vitality, but with the spear intent of consummate grade, the power it contained was beyond imaginable.

"I didn't know that the spear intent could be used in this way," Zen said in surprise. He then exchanged a glance with Rocher. The expression on their faces showed that they had been enlightened.

Although Zen and Rocher had figured out the sword intent of the consummate grade, they had not tried to condense sword intent to that extreme extent. This was for several reasons, including the fact that their knowledge about sword intent was limited.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 571 The Picture On The Picture Slab Disappeared (Part Two)

Also, during the recent many years, they were the only two people who had figured out the sword intent of the consummate grade in Cloud Sect, and thus, nobody at Cloud Sect could offer them any useful suggestions.

Frank's situation was, however, different from theirs. As a disciple of the Cloud Hall in the Central Region, he would have many opportunities to meet well-known masters. Any of them could offer him useful suggestions. Together, with his diligent practice, once he had figured out spear intent of the consummate grade, he would learn how to condense the spear intent easily.

Therefore, disciples of Cloud Hall were at an advantage in this respect.

"Super Spinning Spear!" Frank bellowed as he summoned one of his powerful skills.

As he spun at an extreme speed toward the Flying Yaksha, Frank was integrated with his long white spear. It looked like he had become a part of it.

The Flying Yaksha also felt the power of Frank's attack. But, as the attack had been launched so suddenly, it didn't have any time to respond. It could only cross its arms in front of its chest to resist the attack with the hopes of withstanding the attack with the strength of its corporeal body.

"Snap, snap, snap…" The sound of something breaking filled the silence.

The hard gold scales around the arms of the Flying Yaksha shattered. Frank's spear, infused with his spear intent of the consummate grade, finally managed to pierce through the Flying Yaksha. Taking advantage, Frank pushed the spear deep inside it.

After the white spear penetrated the Flying Yaksha's arms, its momentum remained unabated. It then pierced through the Flying Yaksha's chest.

It was indeed, surprising to see the Flying Yaksha be defeated in such a manner. It looked as though the Flying Yaksha were a skewered shrimp waiting to be grilled!

"Aaugh, aaugh, aaugh..." the Flying Yaksha roared as pain coursed through its corporeal body.

It had extremely strong vitality. Even though the spear had penetrated its viscera, it was still alive. Yet, since the spear had impaled its arms, it could not launch an attack. Just as it tried to pull its body out of the white spear with its feet, Frank raised the spear high in the air.

Then he thrust the white spear rod into the ground. The Flying Yaksha that was still attached to the spear's tip now looked like a flag. It struggled constantly, and its wings fluttered as it attempted to free itself. However, its efforts were futile. Over the next few minutes, the Flying Yaksha struggled less and less as it gradually lost its strength. As the Flying Yaksha released its last breath, its head dropped.

"Frank! You did it!" Lois said with excitement. She rushed toward Frank. Such was the confidence she had in Frank that she took it for granted that he would kill the Flying Yaksha.

Zade Zhou, a disciple of the Brumous Sect, also followed Lois and congratulated Frank on his success with cupped fists, "Frank, you are so amazing! You killed such a fierce beast with your spear! Your highly-skilled martial arts are worthy of admiration. That's right! I admire it so much!"

Yet, the Cloud Hall's disciple, who had just reminded Frank, still frowned as he said coldly, "The Flying Yaksha is not a particularly powerful fierce beast on the Death Road. Killing it is not a big deal. The real challenges still await us!"

Hearing his cold words, Lois was unhappy, and she retorted sharply in a cold tone, "Frank tried his best to kill the Flying Yaksha, which means that he saved your life. Now, if you are not grateful to him, we'll not take it personally. What did you mean by what you just said?"

Then the Cloud Hall's disciple fell silent for a while before he said, "I'm just telling the truth."

At that moment, Zen and his companions also walked toward Frank. Patrick introduced Zen and Rocher to Frank in high spirits, "Frank, they are disciples of my sect. On the Death Road, with their help…"

Without waiting for Patrick to finish, Frank nodded and broke in, "I understand. Now, follow me. And I will protect you all. But remember, don't move out of my protection area!"

Hearing that, Patrick slightly frowned, while Rocher and Zen also wore a heavy face. 'Although this guy is not a bad person and his strength is also strong, he is just too cocky, which makes me deeply annoyed.' They all held such thought at that moment.

Just as Rocher was about to say something, Zen smiled and once again stopped him. 'The Death Road is full of threats. I'd like to see how far Frank can go. We will always find opportunities to prove our strength. Not to rush, ' Zen's mind was racing fast.

Frank did not pay attention to the expressions of Rocher and his companions. He shook his long spear, threw the Flying Yaksha's body on the ground, and launched a spear attack toward the Flying Yaksha's chest. After the spear cut through, a demon core fell out of its chest.

The demon core of a fierce beast was precious. Frank would never miss the opportunity to collect one. After disposing of the Flying Yaksha's body, Frank continued his journey on the Death Road, followed by Lois and Zade.

Rocher's pride led him to believe that they would have managed fine on the Death Road without Frank. He was convinced that Frank was not the only one who could pass the tests on the Death Road. However, since Zen insisted that they put up with Frank's attitude and follow him, Rocher had no choice but to go along.

As for Lewis, his original purpose was not very clear. Thus, he didn't overthink Frank's attitude and followed him like the other people.

After everyone set out, the Cloud Hall's disciple standing in situ suddenly raised his head, smiled strangely in a certain direction, and then stretched his hand to squeeze something hard between his fingers in the air, as if he were crumbling something into pieces. Then he clapped his hands gently and followed the others.

The action resulted in the disappearance of the picture being broadcasted on the Picture Slab, which was placed at the entrance of the Cloud Road!

Chapter 572 A Rare Herb (Part One)

There was only one Picture Slab outside the Cloud Road. Each time one of the leaders wanted to observe a participant, the pictures had to be shifted from one disciple to another.

Among all the disciples, Zen Luo and Frank Zhuo were the most frequently watched ones.

Some time ago when Frank and some other disciples entered Death Road, the Picture Slab could not track them anymore. Lady Long became anxious when she couldn't track her favorite disciples.

As the leader of the Iridescence Sect, she knew of the dangers on Death Road. Over time, not a single disciple who had entered Death Road had survived.

"What is Frank doing? He's taking Lois to a living hell!" Lady Long complained loudly now and then.

If she could see the pictures from Death Road, Lady Long might have felt better. But now that Death Road could not be tracked and she could not see anything, Lady Long was worried about Lois.

As time passed, Zen, Rocher, and Lewis also entered Death Road. This time the Picture Slab could keep track of them!

When Zen met Frank and the other disciples, Fernandez and the others saw Frank on the Picture Slab.

After catching a glimpse of Frank and Lois in the picture, Lady Long felt a little relieved as both of them were safe.

Eagerly, Lady Long watched Frank kill the Flying Yaksha. His demonstration of strength pleased Lady Long tremendously, and she began to speak highly of Frank.

However, in the end, the mysterious disciple from Cloud Hall turned his eyes towards the Picture Slab and flashed them a weird smile. The smile surprised all the sect leaders and Fernandez.

How could this disciple from Cloud Hall see the Picture Slab?

The sect leaders watched as the mysterious disciple squeezed the air with two fingers. In the next instant, the picture on the Picture Slab disappeared. How could he interfere with the working of the Picture Slab?

Why did he do that?

Fernandez and the sect leaders exchanged puzzled glances.

"I've never met this disciple in Cloud Hall." Fernandez's face paled.

Having led all the disciples from Cloud Hall to the trial, Fernandez had attended the roll call and seen each of the disciples attending the trial. Since Fernandez had an exceptionally good memory, he could remember everyone he had met. But somehow, Fernandez did not recognize this disciple!

"How did this happen? Who is he? Could he be a disciple from another sect?" Lady Long asked with concern.

"It's impossible. A beginner at the Illuminating Soul Realm cannot cheat me by disguising his appearance!" Fernandez shook his head as he did not agree with Lady Long. One of the conditions for entering the trial was that a disciple's strength could not be higher than the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. If a disciple were at a higher grade, the space of the trial would refuse him.

"If he is a disciple from Cloud Hall, why don't you recognize him? Isn't that strange?" Kenneth also felt as though something was wrong about this situation.

The five sects had only selected a few disciples. While there had been nine from Red Sect, only three disciples had been brought from Cloud Sect. Disciples from other sects could not enter the transmission array, especially in front of the sect heads.

Considering the strict conditions for entering the transmission array, it was highly unlikely for a disciple from another sect to mingle in the crowd of disciples from Cloud Hall. Furthermore, the transmission array for Cloud Hall was located at Cloud Hall headquarters. If a disciple with a strength lower than the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm were to cheat in Cloud Hall, he would be caught.

Thus, the only possibility was that this disciple was from Cloud Hall. Perhaps, he was an ordinary disciple who was not eligible to attend the trial but had entered the transmission array secretly.

This was the only logical explanation.

However, another question still bothered the leaders. How could he stop the Picture Slab? Earlier when Fernandez could not track Frank, the leaders had been unable to explain the occurrence. Perhaps, this disciple had done something to prevent it.

Even Kenneth or Fernandez would not have been able to interfere with the working on the Picture Slab just by a hand gesture!

Moreover, why did he do that?

Fernandez gritted his teeth and tried to ignore what had happened. Since he could not find satisfactory and logical answers to these questions, he turned the Picture Slab to the other disciples. However, most of them were still discussing how to pass the Life Road.

"Fernandez, don't you want to do something about it?" Lady Long could not let it go. "It is clear that the mysterious disciple intends to do something terrible. How can we just sit here and not take action? Frank is the son of Emanuel Zhuo. Fernandez, if something unexpected happens to Frank, how will you explain it to Emanuel?"

Although Lady Long was worried about Frank, she cared more about her disciple, Lois. But Lois was not important enough to change Fernandez's decision. So, she mentioned Frank.

Fernandez became annoyed with Lady Long's questioning. After all, he had led the disciples into the trial. Now, there was a stranger among them. How would such a mistake reflect on him? Fernandez smiled coldly, "Explain? What do you want me to explain to Emanuel? The reason why his son is not strong enough to pass the trial?"

"You..." Lady Long had no answer for Fernandez. After all, her position was not as high as Fernandez's. Maybe Fernandez was not stronger or at a higher position than Emanuel. But their difference was negligible. Moreover, Lady Long was unreasonable by forcing Fernandez to do something.

The fact was that only disciples no higher than the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm could enter the trial. All the people outside the trial could do nothing more than watch. Now, the Picture Slab could not trace some disciples anymore, so watching them had become impossible.

Chapter 573 A Rare Herb (Part Two)

The disciples inside the trial, including Frank, did not know what had happened, of course.

Eight disciples moved forward under Frank's leadership. Meanwhile, Patrick told Zen, Rocher, and Lewis what had happened before they had arrived.

The Death Road was full of whirlpools. Each vortex was an isolated space with a different path. Sometimes the disciples would encounter two or even three whirlpools at the same time. The layout of Death Road was so complex that it was a maze.

After accidentally trespassing into the home of the Flying Yakshas, the disciples had found themselves being chased by three Yakshas. Since two were small, Frank had been able to kill them. The big Yaksha, however, had been too strong. The disciples had known that a fight between them and the strong Yaksha would have attracted other evil animals. So, they ran away as they intended to lure the Yaksha into a safer place, where Frank eventually killed it.

"That disciple from Cloud Hall cautioned us that the Yaksha was not the strongest beast on Death Road. If it's true, we will soon encounter more trouble." Patrick shook his head. Death Road was far more challenging than they had expected.

The problem was that despite passing through several whirlpools, one by one, it seemed like an endless cycle. They would eventually trespass into another powerful beast's home. If that happened, all of them might end up in a more miserable situation.

"Who is that disciple from Cloud Hall? Why is he so familiar with Death Road?" Zen asked.

Patrick shook his head. "I don't know. Frank has questioned him several times, but he refuses to reply."

As they spoke, Zen studied the disciple from Cloud Hall. He was not tall and looked like an ordinary person. Somehow, Zen felt as though there was something strange about him. But he could not tell what it was.

Unexpectedly, the disciple noticed Zen's gaze and turned to look at him. His eyes were deep and calm.

"How sensitive is he?" Zen's heart tightened. The space in which they were walking was dimly lit, and Zen had only glimpsed at the disciple causally. Yet, the disciple still felt Zen's glare. His sensing ability was stronger than Zen's, even though Zen had a strong soul.

Just at this moment, Lois spoke, "There is another transmission door. It's different from the previous one!"

"We really don't know what is behind it," Zade, a disciple from the Brumous Sect said fearfully.

When chased by the Flying Yaksha, Zade had been close to death several times. Luckily, Frank and Patrick had rescued him. Death Road was too dangerous for him!

Despite the problems faced, Zade had gained something precious. The reason why the Yaksha had chased them was that he had found a rare herb called the Gelid Herb. It had considerable value in the Central Region! One piece of Gelid Herb could be sold for five supreme life vitality crystals!

In the Eastern Region, that figure would amount to five million cubic crystals. Zade was indeed, lucky to have found the herb.

When Zade was picking the Gelid Herb, the Yaksha discovered them. He was lucky enough to survive the Yaksha's attacks. Moreover, other people, including Frank, didn't know that he had successfully collected the Gelid Herb. This was also advantageous for Zade as it meant that Frank was guarding him for free. Zade was undoubtedly proud of his discovery.

"Let's go. We have no other choice," Frank said as he walked into the whirlpool first.

With a sigh, the other disciples also entered the whirlpool after Frank.

"It is so cold here!"

After they exited the whirlpool, a cold air enveloped the disciples.

"Whir!"

The broken spaces were not very large, so it was hardly windy. But this place seemed to be different.

After Lewis exited the whirlpool, he shivered and suggested, "Let's go to another way. This place is very frightening!"

"No one is stopping you from leaving," Frank replied.

Lewis was stunned. Of course, he would not dare to leave alone. If he did venture out by himself, there would be a slim chance of survival.

"There's probably something evil here which is why it is so cold, and the wind is so strong," Patrick said with a serious expression.

"We have no other choice but to go forward, regardless of whether good luck or back luck awaits us. Let's go!" Frank said, and began walking forward.

Considering Frank's calm demeanor and his ability to gather the others, he appeared to have leadership traits. However, deep inside, he also felt alarmed by the situation. But Frank knew that if he showed fear, it would affect how the other disciples perceived him. They might no longer have confidence in him or allow him to lead them unchallenged.

Zade cautiously glanced around him as he followed the other disciples. Suddenly, he noticed something unusual.

A black plant, not far from his position, seemed to waver in the wind.

The plant emitted a dark light. As it was black and in a corner, most of the disciples hadn't noticed it.

Ever since Zade discovered the Gelid Herb, he began paying greater attention to the plants around. Soon, he found another rare herb.

Although he didn't know what it was, everything on Death Road was precious. This plant had unique features that Zade had not heard of before. And so, he thought the plant might also fetch him a good price in the market.

Zade approached the plant without being noticed by the others. He was thrilled with his good luck. Despite being strong and killing a challenging creature by himself, Frank had only got a demon core of the Flying Yaksha whereas Zade had obtained two rare herbs. What was even better was that none of the other disciples knew of his luck! If they passed Death Road successfully, he would be the biggest winner!

Just as Zade's hand touched the rare herb, something unexpected happened!

Chapter 574 In Despair

"Watch out!" Zen cried.

He was the first person to notice something had gone wrong.

When Zen looked back to see what was going on, he saw Zade bending over to pick up a herb and right behind him was a dark figure. In one swift movement, a hand turned from the dark mass was suddenly covering Zade.

Everyone turned right away when they heard Zen cry out loud. Zade looked frightened as he was grabbed by the dark figure.

He sprang to his feet right away but to no avail. The dark figure had already grabbed him by then.

Everyone could see Zade being enveloped by the black mass, which now looked like a black cloth. Zade tried to wriggle himself free but the black mass was too strong.

Soon, Zade withered, having exhausted all his energy. The dark figure had enveloped Zade completely, coughing out only a few bones.

"Zade- Zade was swallowed by that stuff. Those are his bones!" Lewis spewed out, teeth chattering, and eyes filled with fear.

He had never seen anything like that before–he never thought it was possible that such a thing could exist, something that could eat up a man in the blink of an eye.

"It's a Dark Devil Phantom! Everybody... Watch your step!" The disciple from the Cloud Hall suddenly raised his voice to remind them.

At this moment, everyone just wanted to get rid of the dark figure–they didn't even want to put a name on such a horrible thing. Right now, their priority was to survive. Just a few moments after they were warned, the same kind of dark mass had spread on the ground and was slowly closing in on them.

"Run, everybody! Run!" Frank yelled. He looked serious and determined.

This unknown Dark Devil Phantom was even more terrifying than the Flying Yaksha because that evil beast could be killed. Meanwhile, they had no idea what a Dark Devil Phantom was more so how to destroy it. The Dark Devil Phantom looked like a sticky mass and Frank didn't even know if it was alive. What use could his spear be?

"Ahh!" Lois let out a scream as one of her legs was dragged by the Dark Devil Phantom.

Frank gritted his teeth, took his spear out and stabbed it on the Dark Devil Phantom that had a hold on Lois' leg. As soon as the spear touched its surface, Frank grabbed Lois and dashed off.

At this time, the Dark Devil Phantom had spread majority of its substance on the ground leaving little room for running. If they stopped, the Dark Devil Phantom might catch them.

In a world as small as this, it was not unusual to run into Dark Devil Phantoms. These dark stuff only hunted living creatures as their vitality was what attracted them.

The moment the eight of them stepped inside this world, the Dark Devil Phantoms already smelled them. They were able to follow them discreetly since Dark Devil Phantoms moved slowly and took the form of whatever they were in like thick liquids.

"Frank! I'm so scared! I don't want to be swallowed up and be left with nothing but bones!" Lois screamed as she and Frank raced fast. As the strongest female disciple in the Iridescence Sect, Lois possessed powerful strength. Unfortunately, women were not as brave as men. When Lois saw what happened with Zade, she shrank in fear.

"Don't be scared. I'll protect you!" Frank said to comfort Lois. Frank, though, wasn't really sure how they could escape. While his spear skills were undeniably strong, it didn't seem to be doing enough damage on the Dark Devil Phantom. At best, he made a dent on the stuff but it only grew back, like liquid.

The fastest runner among them wasn't Frank, Zen, or not even Rocher but it was Lewis.

He was the quickest of them all while the most timid too. While they were banned from flying, he maximized his speed by staying afloat as long as possible.

Lewis stayed ahead of them until he stopped. He stared ahead and he looked dumbfounded.

Just ahead of them were large groups of Dark Devil Phantoms coming towards them. Each one was about ten feet high and all headed towards them like a moving mountain.

Frank, Lois, Zen, and the others had just caught up to him. They felt their insides twist and turn at the sight of this. They realized they were being purposely attacked by the Dark Devil Phantoms.

"They're everywhere! What are we going to do?" Rocher asked anxiously. Rocher pulled out his sword and bit his tongue to distract himself with the pain.

Zen also unsheathed his sword. He let out a gasp, "We have no choice but to fight our way out!"

Frank remained resolute all throughout as he led the attack. At this point, there was a line of blood splattered across his white spear and if one looked closely, one could tell that it was in the form of a dragon.

Frank built up his strength and aimed it at the mountain of Dark Devil Phantoms.

Within a split second, a powerful gust of spear energy appeared. It whirled and shot forward! The power of this blow could have destroyed an actual mountain!

"Swish... "

The spear was able to attack six Dark Devil Phantoms all at once. It created a hole in each of their bodies. According to their power on defense, there was no way they could have countered this attack.

However, the Dark Devil Phantom wasn't a beast nor a creature–it was a special form of life or a being made of energy. While Frank's attack was extremely powerful, it only took a few seconds for their bodies to heal as if no spear had pierced it before.

"It didn't work. Physical attacks don't work on them..." A dark shadow cast on Frank's face.

What a proud man he was! In terms of talent and strength, he was the best among the young generation in the Central Region! None of his peers in the Cloud Hall could match him! To him, even Lennon, who was known to be the hope of the younger generation under the South Wang-Zhao Family, didn't even hold a candle to him.

No matter how difficult it got, he always wore an easy smile on his face as if he lived and breathed hardships and challenges.

But for the first time ever, he felt powerless and helpless before the Dark Devil Phantoms.

He shuddered at the thought of him and Lois dying in this disgusting place, on a pile of bones.

'Why did I bring Lois here?' he asked himself. He realized it was his pride. He was so sure that he could overcome the Death Road. Overconfidence led to arrogance and arrogance often led to stupidity.

'Looks like I'm gonna die here due to my own stupidity. I never should've brought Lois...' Frank tightened his grip on Lois' hand as he thought it all over. But he knew it was no use crying over spilt milk.

All the others felt their hearts drop when they saw the despair on Frank's face. As the Dark Devil Phantoms slowly closed in on them, everyone drew back and formed a circle on their backs.

Zen quietly whispered, "Don't give up!"

The look on Frank's face was enough to keep everyone dejected despite Zen's words of encouragement.

Only the disciple from the Cloud Hall stood without a hint of fear on his face. However, he merely stood along with the others, doing nothing too.

"Rocher, you've learned the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent, and the Dark Devil Phantom is a kind of evil thing. All evil things are afraid of the refinement techniques of thunder attribute... " Zen suddenly said.

Rocher's eyes lit up. He was just as dejected as everyone else when he saw the look on Frank's face but Zen was making sense which to him, was a ray of hope.

In fact, Patrick's Green Lotus Karma Fire should have some effect on Dark Devil Phantoms too. Unfortunately, Patrick had already used the Acalanatha's shadow once which prevented him from summoning the Green Lotus Karma Fire again.

As Rocher drew his sword, Frank cast a brief glance at him with his dim eyes before shaking his head. Rocher was just a nature creature. Even if he had practiced the refinement technique of thunder attribute many times before, how effective would his technique be?

However, what happened next stunned Frank.

When Rocher raised his Blood-corroding Sword toward the sky, an infinite momentum rushed to his sword and at the same time, a large amount of heavenly thunder was sucked into it.

"It's... consummate sword intent!" Frank muttered. "How is it possible?"

How could a nature creature perform the consummate sword intent? Frank didn't achieve the consummate spear intent until he entered the Illuminating Soul Realm so he never thought that a guy at the peak of the nature level could master the consummate sword intent!

The most amazing thing was that the thunder he drew was not made up of life vitality but heavenly thunder! Heavenly thunder and the thunder that was condensed by life vitality were completely different–the power of the latter could not be compared with that of the former! Frank was astounded!

"Crackling!"

"The Extreme Thunder Sword Intent!" Rocher shouted. "Heavenly Swords! Four swords in one!"

Rocher was well aware that these Dark Devil Phantoms were not afraid of physical attacks and that what could really hurt them was the heavenly thunder in his Extreme Thunder Sword Intent.

He was already in a state of panic and he was willing to do whatever he could to destroy the Dark Devil Phantoms.

When the Extreme Thunder Sword Intent struck two Dark Devil Phantoms, they were suddenly enveloped in lightning just as they sparked and evaporated.

"It worked!" A gleam of hope shone across Frank's face.

"Patrick, this disciple from your Cloud Sect is... really powerful!" When Frank saw Rocher's Extreme Thunder Sword Intent, he sensed that Rocher would have as much potential as he did after he entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. He had to admit that he had underestimated Rocher.

But at the moment, Frank was glad he was wrong.

Patrick startled everyone with his comment. "Rocher is indeed strong," he chuckled, "but Zen is more powerful. Even I'm no match for him, he's the strongest disciple in our sect."

"What?" Frank was so stunned that he had forgotten for a moment that they were in a battle with Dark Devil Phantoms. "You mean the guy at the third grade of nature level?" Frank asked in disbelief. "You think he's better than you?"

Chapter 575 So Much Life Vitality

Frank had thought that Patrick was the only one strong enough to fight with him.

Back then when they were battling the three Flying Yakshas, he used all of his might to not only defeat, but kill a Yaksha. Channeling every ounce of strength he had left, he attacked, dodged, and fought against the strongest one. Patrick unleashed the Acalanatha shadow. But the Yaksha's defense was so intense that Patrick was still defeated.

Patrick gave blow after blow, threw punches against the Yaksha, but his defense was too weak. He kept on targeting his enemy's strong body that he forgot to defend his own.

As the battle came to an end, the Flying Yaksha finished Patrick and gave him three last blows before he was on the floor, bruised. Although defeated, Frank still believed in Patrick' strength and courage as a fighter. After all, the Green Locus Karma Fire was all too powerful.

Maybe Frank could easily break Patrick's Body in the Diamond-like State with his spear, but he could not bear the Green Locus Karma Fire Patrick could give off.

Comparing warriors of the same level was a very difficult thing to do, let alone fighting off one another just to see who the better warrior was. Would battling it out give the answer? Frank was all too confident, thinking that he would have this one in the bag, that Patrick was just another competitor he would bruise.

As for Rocher and Zen, Frank didn't pay attention to them at all as they were at such a lower cultivation level than him and they didn't show their strengths.

Seeing the two nature creatures, Frank suddenly remembered what Patrick had tried to say to him before. "On the Death Road, with their help..."

Frank interrupted Patrick at that time as Frank believed that even the most ordinary disciple of the Illuminating Soul Realm was useless and weak. How could those two nature creatures be of any help? He had shown his respect to them even when he thought the two of them were useless to him!

If he had known what would happen later, he should have asked more about them. In this way he would not have been so embarrassed now. The embarrassment was kicking his gut!

It was such a shame that Frank was too proud. He had always been like this, even as a little boy. It had now become a trait of his pride. The two could have helped him in his time of need!

Frank felt his face slightly flush out of embarrassment.

Rocher's Extreme Thunder Sword Intent could kill the Dark Devil Phantoms that were swarming them. With the great power that his sword had, he waved it numerous times to kill his foes. Dark Devil Phantoms were cut, but there were too many of them. Each time he killed one, more and more came in.

Rocher was running out of strength. He battled ferociously against the Dark Devil Phantoms that kept on appearing. He gasped heavily, and dropped to the floor as he could not swing his sword any more. He could not do it alone especially when he had just learned the skill!

Seeing Rocher become exhausted, the disciples got tensed.

Zen, standing in the corner, frowned at the sight of the battle. He thought of ways on how to defeat the phantoms.

The Dark Devil Phantom was pure evil. It was pure energy. It didn't have any real body.

Zen, pondering a solution, suddenly realized something. 'If it is a kind of energy, as the life vitality is, can my demonic life vitality swallow it?' Zen asked himself inwardly.

It was possible. After all, Zen's demonic life vitality was truly remarkable and powerful. His demonic life vitality could turn whatever it swallowed into the same life vitality continuously. If this was true, then they would defeat the Dark Devil Phantoms.

Zen raised his hand, waving, and six demonic phantoms appeared out of thin air, surrounding him.

"What is he doing?" Frank and the others were surprised at what Zen was doing. As Zen waved his hand, the six demonic phantoms appeared to be ready to swallow the Dark Devil Phantoms that were attacking them.

Seeing Zen's efforts to try to defeat the Dark Devil Phantoms, Frank thought of his attacks on the Dark Devil Phantom with his spear a moment ago, which didn't work. 'It's useless, ' Frank shook his head and thought. 'He is trying in vain.'

To Frank, seeing six demonic phantoms summoned at once was amazing, but still useless compared to the dark force that was about to swipe them all.

"Peng! Peng!"

The sound of six demonic phantoms colliding with the Dark Devil Phantoms filled the atmosphere.

Frank sighed as he had already known it was useless and a waste of time. He now doubted what Patrick had told him about Rocher and Zen. Rocher was definitely strong, but Zen seemed not.

"Zen, normal attacking is useless to the Dark Devil Phantom." Patrick reminded Zen.

"I know," Zen nodded. He controlled his six demonic phantoms to turn them into pieces and then into demonic life vitality.

"Swallow!"

Zen's plan was working. The demonic life vitality could swallow other energy and turn it into life vitality.

Zen sensed the changing demonic life vitality in his body. Soon, a smile started to appear on his face. He opened his eyes. "I did it!"

"What? Hmm... What did you do?" Rocher asked while panting.

Zen didn't reply and just looked at the demonic life vitality with a smile on his face. He could feel his life vitality swallowing the Dark Devil Phantoms. His demonic life vitality was growing!

The other disciples were looking at Zen, looking confused. 'Is Zen crazy?' they thought.

Suddenly, a huge hole inside a Dark Devil Phantom appeared. Purple life vitality shoot out of it.

"What's that?" Frank asked with his eyes opened wide.

All the people, including that mysterious disciple from the Cloud Hall, stared at the life vitality changing right before their eyes.

After the first Dark Devil Phantom burst, the other five followed. Soon there were great amounts of purple life vitality. The Dark Devil Phantoms Zen's demonic life vitality collided with had disappeared completely. The Dark Devil Phantoms disappeared since they had been swallowed by Zen's life vitality.

Zen waved his hand in the air and the six clouds of demonic life vitality gathered together and formed a huge cloud with a diameter more than 100 feet long. Zen shouted, "Go!"

Dark purple arrows of life vitality were continuously shot from the super huge cloud of demonic life vitality.

Zen never conceived an "arrow" before so the arrow was heterocercal--very unequal. But it didn't matter. What was more important was that there were great amounts of arrows.

'That purple life vitality is Zen's? How did he do it?' Frank was puzzled and asked himself silently. In his eyes, Zen just did an amazing thing. He did not understand it at all.

Seeing and facing something one could not understand, he would feel amazed. Frank was amazed now.

Lois and Lewis were also got astonished. They stared at Zen and wondered what had happened after Zen's demonic life vitality rushed inside the Dark Devil Phantoms. Why did the Dark Devil Phantoms disappear? And how did there appear so much extra life vitality all of a sudden? They couldn't believe their eyes!

Even that mysterious disciple from the Cloud Hall seemed to be surprised. He looked at Zen with mixed feelings and spoke in a very soft voice, "He is actually practicing 'Heavenly Ogre Fist'. Maybe he can help me!"

Seeing such an amazing feat from Zen, this reminded Rocher and Patrick of something--Zen had already done this when he attended the All Peaks Competition.

During the fight between Zen and Dick, Dick wrote his 'Righteousness Song' by his life vitality. In the end, the 'Righteousness Song' was swallowed by Zen's demonic life vitality.

It had happened quickly, and only a few people noticed it, including Patrick and Rocher. But they couldn't care less and did not pay too much attention to it. Now, Rocher and Patrick suddenly realized how overwhelming Zen's life vitality was!

What happened next surprised them even more.

Under Zen's command, thousands of small arrows were shot into the Dark Devil Phantoms. Then, the Dark Devil Phantoms seemed to have been struck by lightning and stopped moving.

The whole area seemed to be frozen and all the Dark Devil Phantoms stopped moving. Frank and other disciples stayed quiet. Looking at what was happening in front of them, they were expecting something to happen. What happened next did not disappoint them.

Zen waved his hand again and shouted, "Go!"

Soon after, slight sounds of explosion were heard continuously in all directions.

"Peng! Peng!"

Hundreds of Dark Devil Phantoms exploded at the same time and purple demonic life vitality flooded out of the Dark Devil Phantoms.

Only one Dark Devil Phantom was enough to make Zen's belly full. Now there were hundreds of Dark Devil Phantoms swallowed by Zen's demonic life vitality. What a great amount of life vitality!

The great amounts of demonic life vitality were drifting in the dark sky like huge clouds.

There were too much demonic life vitality in the area that if Zen tried to absorb all the demonic life vitality, his body would explode.

All of the people looked at the purple life vitality like clouds while quailing. They had never seen such a huge amount of life vitality together like this! The people had never seen anyone who could give off such a great deal of life vitality in a short time! Even the head of the Cloud Hall could not deal with so much life vitality inside the body!

After a while, they heard Zen spoke, which made them feel both humored and annoyed. "It is a great pity to waste so much life vitality..."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 576 Allocation (Part One)

The purple cloud of life vitality finally dissipated. Everyone's gaze traveled from the sky to the ground, and finally stayed on Zen's face.

Unlike the other people present, Rocher and Patrick were not so surprised. They had witnessed Zen's magic many times before and knew how outstanding Zen's strength was. Zen had used the demonic life vitality to swallow Dick's Righteousness Song on the fighting field. However, at that time, the scale and impact weren't as big as they were now. Therefore, they didn't expect that Zen's demonic life vitality could absorb those Dark Devil Phantoms.

Not many people had seen the unusual strength of Zen's demonic life vitality, so it was no wonder that they had underestimated him. The leaders of the imperial army such as Yolande and Hugh were the first ones to know it. In addition, Seymour and some other cultivators who had entered the fairy palace before were deeply impressed by Zen's demonic life vitality. However, those soldiers weren't interested in spreading that news. And those cultivators like Seymour had died in the fairy palace and they even didn't have a chance to share it.

Therefore, except for Rocher and Patrick, Lewis, Frank, Lois, and that disciple of Cloud hall were quite shocked by what happened. Their hearts hammered loudly in their chests as they couldn't believe their eyes. They had never expected for a nature creature to cause this scene! They all lapsed into silence to digest what they just saw. After they had gotten over the initial shock, they started to think about Zen's question.

"We do not have a magic weapon to store this extra life vitality. I am afraid that we have to waste it," Lois commented. She knew that there was a magic weapon called the Cup of Life Vitality, which could temporarily store life vitality. However, even when they had one at hand, it wouldn't be of much help since it had a very limited capacity and couldn't store the mass life vitality in front of them. Lois observed the cloud-like life vitality and thought again.

"In that case, just let it explode," Zen said lightly with a smile on his face, as if he didn't feel pity about the life vitality being wasted. "Close your eyes!"

As soon as he stopped talking, the little stars within the demonic life vitality burst one by one. They radiated fierce and dazzling flashes of white light. The speed of the explosion then accelerated, and more than one star exploded at the same time. Such massive life vitality explosions generated bright white light which was shining in the small dark world and made the world as bright as daytime. The white light was so bright that no shadows could be seen.

Everyone immediately closed their eyes by reflex because of the strong light. The intense light was even brighter than the sun. Even Zen himself couldn't bear it and shut his eyes as well. The others were shocked again, unlike Zen who just remained calm. These people couldn't help but marvel at the powerful explosion of life vitality. They were afraid that if this kind of power were all channeled to one cultivator, even the cultivator of the Internal Elixir Realm wouldn't be able to resist. 'How can there be such an abnormal and powerful cultivation method in the world? Is Zen refining a tier 5 cultivation method? However, Cloud Sect is not a top-level sect. So, how could they obtain a tier 5 cultivation method?' Frank and others thought in their hearts. They had so many questions but decided to keep them in their minds.

At that moment, only one person did not close his eyes. It was that disciple of Cloud Hall. It seemed that he wasn't affected by the intense light. On the contrary, he even widened his eyes and carefully stared at the starlight in the sky. His face had an unreadable look on it. 'No, the explosion power is not from the demonic life vitality itself. I can sense the power of stars. Has Zen comprehended the power of stars? How did he get the power of a star and play it to such extent? How did he do it?' he thought. Before he could get any answers, he fell into a deep thought.

He was right. If Zen relied only on the demonic life vitality, he wouldn't make such big explosions. He did not burst the demonic life vitality like what the others assumed. Instead, he exploded those stars inside the demonic life vitality. Even though the disciple from Cloud Hall had extensive experience and refinement knowledge, he could never know that Zen had obtained the Sun Moon Stars Picture in the fairy palace.

No matter what they thought in their minds, the light gradually faded. They opened their eyes when they sensed that the light wasn't that harsh anymore. After that, they noticed that some patches of black objects had appeared on the ground.

Those black objects were as soft as cake and were about the size of a human fist. They were scattered everywhere.

"What are they?" Lewis yelled. He immediately stepped forward and picked one up to examine it. A surprised smile crept up on his lips. "These black objects are the same with those in the red treasure boxes in the hidden trial! They can enhance the strength of the soul!" Lewis said with thinly veiled excitement in his voice.

"What? These can enhance the soul?" Frank cocked one eyebrow and asked in surprise. Even someone as proud as he couldn't ignore these black objects if they could really enhance the soul. However, he still had some doubts because these things had spread everywhere here. 'Are they really so useful as Lewis said?' He wondered.

Aside from Lewis, Zen also noticed the appearance of these black objects. And he knew more than Lewis. It seemed that these black objects appeared after he had killed the black phantoms. They were almost the same with those in the red treasure boxes.

Lewis was very clear about the value of these black objects. They could strengthen the human soul, which was hard to be refined by normal refinement methods or by taking magical pills. Just swallow them and then the people would obtain enormous benefits. It was not hard to imagine how precious they were! However, there was a slight difference between these objects and those in the red treasure boxes. When the black objects in the red treasure boxes appeared, they automatically entered the brain and took effect as if they were living creatures and had their own thoughts. But these black objects now did not automatically do these things.

Meanwhile, Lewis had gotten a bit impatient to find out the reason, so he tried to swallow one. 'Idiot!' Zen scolded in his heart. When he was about to stop Lewis, the disciple of Cloud Hall coldly said, "These are the poisonous essences of the Dark Devil Phantoms. If you swallow one directly, it will corrode your organs in one second. Try to taste it if you want to die."

At that point, the essence of Dark Devil Phantom was already on Lewis' lips. After he heard what the disciple of Cloud Hall had said, he immediately spat it out without hesitation. "Oh, really? How come?" He turned to the disciple of Cloud Hall and asked.

Chapter 577 Allocation (Part Two)

"The black object you obtained in the hidden trail is the soul essence. It did come from the same source as these black objects here. The soul essence is the reason why the Cloud Road has the Dark Devil Phantoms. But they have used a secret special method to remove the toxin from the essence of Dark Devil Phantom to make the soul essence," the disciple of Cloud Hall explained coldly.

"Does it mean that the hundreds of essence of Dark Devil Phantom here could be refined to around ten pieces of soul essence?" Zen asked. He was caught by the disciple's words and decided to question him after a quick thought.

If a piece of soul essence could have a little increase in the soul power, it meant that if they could refine ten pieces of soul essence, they could have a considerable increase in the soul power.

The disciple of Cloud Sect nodded, which indicated that Zen's assumption was correct.

All the people's eyes lit up with pleasant surprise after they had heard these comments.

The Death Road was the biggest hidden barrier on the Cloud Road. The most important reason why people chose to enter it was that they hoped to get great opportunities and benefits on the road, even though it might be very dangerous. They knew that the danger and benefits always went hand in hand.

Therefore, they started to fight and sometimes, even almost died on the road. However, they hadn't gotten anything good or seen any opportunity, which was the saddest thing for them.

Thus, they were ecstatic to see so many pieces of essence of Dark Devil Phantom in this place. What a big opportunity for them! Hope filled them like how the sunshine finally shone in a long, dark night.

Although the essences of Dark Devil Phantom had not been refined, their value after being refined was invaluable because of their effects on the soul strength! Even in the Central Region, pills which could strengthen the soul were rare and mostly were extraordinarily expensive.

These pills also had heavy side effects. They would increase the soul strength, but they would bring burden to the human body after being swallowed. Some would even generate toxic objects in the human body which were hard to be cleared of.

However, the soul essence in this place could directly increase the strength of the soul by a big volume. If this was not a big opportunity, what else could be called as a big opportunity?

A strong soul was good for oneself and did not bring any harm. Those with strong souls could even directly suppress their opponents by their power from the soul with just a thought, even without any movements.

"Then, how do we allocate them?" Frank asked the most essential question. The disciple of Cloud Sect shook his head without any hesitation.

"I don't need them," he said nonchalantly.

Frank glanced at the disciple of Cloud Sect. 'This guy knew himself very well. I did not plan to allocate anything to him. It is good that he said that first, ' he thought.

Lois, Patrick, and Lewis remained silent. Everyone would like to have as many as possible of these good things. However, they didn't help just now. So, they also wondered how they would allocate the black objects.

A smile suddenly appeared on Frank's lips when he noticed that everyone kept silent. "I have a proposal. How about 30% to Zen? He made great efforts to get the essence. Then 20% to Rocher, and Lois, Patrick and I evenly split the rest?" he said

"How about me?" Lewis asked as his face visibly darkened. Even though he wasn't that brave, he wasn't bad when it came to strength. Frank's proposal left him out, which made him angry.

However, Frank didn't seem to notice his dark face.

"Except for running away, what else did you do? Why do we need to give anything to you?" Frank sneered coldly.

"Are you serious? Do you think that because you're Frank, you can talk nonsense?"

Lewis' voice suddenly changed. It looked like he was replaced by someone else in a split second. His voice became muffled and powerful, and his eyes shone like two glittering rubies.

Lewis' strength wasn't bad, because he had the dual soul in his body! The second soul was much stronger and did not appear in most of situations unless awakened. If Lewis had called out this stronger soul in the second layer of the hidden trial, he would have gotten the treasure box there. However, he chose not to do that, and he didn't have the chance to go back to the second layer after he had fallen from the cliff.

However, Frank sneered again when he saw the change in Lewis. His white spear suddenly appeared in his hand. "It seems that you have concealed your actual strength before. That makes sense. Anyone who dares to enter the Death Road should have some special strengths. Otherwise, you would've died like Zade," he said in an icy tone. He added, "Anyway, what you did before doesn't matter. Now, do you want to challenge me?"

He was surprised by these people here. They had all showed their optimum strength before him one by one. Rocher was the first, followed by Zen. Now, even the timid Lewis had his own secret power. It seemed that Frank had underestimated them before. There were no weak people here!

"If you do not change the allocation plan, of course I would challenge you!" Lewis declared. After he said those words, he pulled out a wide machete with a thorny back from his black cloak.

When Rocher saw that they were about to fight, he quickly went to stop them. "That's enough! Frank, your allocation plan is ridiculous, not to mention that Lewis isn't satisfied. Even Zen and I do not agree with you!"

"What do you mean?"

It was Frank's face that had darkened now.

He thought that he was the authority in the team, but now he felt that he had lost control of this temporary group. Or maybe, they had never considered him to be the leader in the first place. They simply didn't think there was a need for one. It had been Frank's own thought all the way.

The loss of control made Frank uneasy. As far as he was concerned, such kind of supreme talent like he should be the born leader. He was the one who made decisions every time when he took adventures with other disciples of Cloud Hall.

However, two people had expressed their disagreement when he said his plan. That had never happened before!

The air was tense among them. Zen glanced at Frank and said, "Rocher and I have eliminated the Dark Devil Phantoms here. I only need 50% of them."

"And I need 20% of them. You can split the balance among yourselves," Rocher followed.

Meanwhile, Patrick didn't say anything. However, he agreed more with Zen's plan. Whoever contributed the most efforts should be given the most. They would all have been killed if it weren't for Zen and Rocher. In that case, nothing was to be allocated.

Chapter 578 Floating Stones (Part One)

If Zen and Rocher took 70 percent of the Devil Phantom essences, and even if the man from Cloud Hall didn't take any, the remaining 30 percent would be divided among four people.

"You two are taking 70 percent? Do you think Frank and I are just foils for you?" Lois asked coldly. The woman was clearly unhappy with the proposal. She strongly believed that the Devil Phantom essences belonged only to Frank and herself.

And Frank made sure to express his displeasure as well. "Zen, I'll give you 30 percent on account that you made some contributions. But I wasn't expecting you to be asking for so much, and wanting to take half of the essences. I am not a pushover, or easily persuaded, I tell you. I'm a tough nut to crack."

With a sharp look, Zen said, "I don't care whether you're soft or tough, anyway. Rocher and I will take 70 percent, and that's it!"

Frank signed and a long blood dragon appeared on the white spear hilt in his hand. Waving the spear slightly, he directed its point to the ground. Then solemnly he said, "I don't like internal strife. But if anyone in the team tries to stir up trouble and disrupt our harmony, I don't mind teaching him the lesson and making him learn the rules first!"

When he saw that Frank was poised to fight, Zen also took out his Blood Drinking Sword. He shook his head and said, "Frank, you have good strength, but if you think you can become a leader with your strength alone, I can only say that you're too arrogant."

Once he finished speaking, the consummate sword intent began to gather on the Blood Drinking Sword. The consummate sword intent was like a little spirit that danced happily on the point of Zen's sword.

Meanwhile, Rocher came to stand by Zen and also summoned his consummate sword intent.

'They both have consummate sword intent?' Frank thought. His eyebrows shot upward at the sight of the sword intent on Zen's Blood Drinking Sword. Frank might be arrogant, but he was not a fool. Rocher alone was already a threat to him. And here came Zen, who was even more powerful than Patrick.

It was disconcerting to find out that Zen had the eerie purple black life vitality, and now he also learned the young disciple had the ability to condense consummate sword intent! All this made Frank a little uneasy.

If he had a one-on-one fight with Zen at this point, Frank was unsure that he could definitely beat the young warrior. Now with Rocher thrown into the mix, the situation was tougher.

As Frank continued to hesitate, Lewis went to Zen's side and in his deep voice he said, "I agree with Zen's proposal. If you have any issues with it, we can solve it through a fight."

There was silence. Since Patrick didn't seem to have any intention of getting into a fight, and the man from Cloud Hall also didn't say anything, the arrogant Frank finally caved in and lowered his head in embarrassment.

Frank had never caved in to anything throughout his life. Though a small concession, it was still difficult for Frank to accept the truth. The real problem was that in this situation, he was at a gross disadvantage. Even if he had taken the entire Devil Phantom essences, they still had to find their way out of this Death Road. It was probably unwise for him to battle three people at the same time.

"All right, I agree!" Frank gritted his teeth. While he nodded, he remained frustrated by the situation.

Quickly, they picked up the Devil Phantom essences scattered everywhere on the ground. They divided the essences according to the proportion agreed upon, with Zen taking half of them.

Watching Zen stuff bunches of Devil Phantom essences into his space ring, Frank could not help but be mad. However, he had no choice but to grind his teeth and accept the situation. Blowing out a breath, Frank thought, 'When I get out of Cloud Road and come back to the Cloud Hall, I will make you pay then!'

His father, Emanuel, was a member of Cloud Hall. It would be a piece of cake for him to deal with these elite disciples who just recently joined the Cloud Hall.

As for the Devil Phantom essences they had taken, Frank would certainly make sure each one of them returned all to him. Every Devil Phantom essence was invaluable, and there were hundreds of it.

After dividing the Devil Phantom essences, Frank turned silent. Suddenly, he was no longer commanding and overbearing as he was earlier. As the group continued their journey, Frank didn't lead the team. He and Lois walked together in front, while others followed behind in silence. If not for the fact that the Death Road was fraught with dangers, the newly established team would have already split apart.

Like the man from Cloud Hall said, this small world came to serve the purpose to cultivate those Dark Devil Phantoms. But except for these apparitions, they didn't meet any other beasts in this small world.

When they came to the end of the road, a vortex appeared. It was red and looked like balls of fire incessantly rotating.

At the sight of the fire-like vortex, the eyes of the Cloud Hall disciple suddenly brightened.

On the other hand, everyone else turned vigilant.

They had entered different worlds since embarking on their journey on Death Road, with each world full of danger. Just now, everyone almost died. Now, with the red vortex in front of them, how could they not be on high alert?

However, since they were already on Death Road, there was no way back. Their only choice was to keep moving forward.

"Hey, what does this red vortex represent?" Zen suddenly asked. He was speaking to the man from Cloud Hall.

The man, who acted mysteriously and didn't want to reveal his true identity, seemed to know a lot of things about Death Road.

From the beginning, his face had no expression. But when he heard Zen's question, all of a sudden, he let out a mysterious laugh and said, "What does it mean? We'll know it when we get inside."

Before Zen could ask any more questions, the man took a flying leap and jumped into the red vortex.

After the man jumped in, the world they were in suddenly started to shake. Zen raised his head and looked at the sky. There appeared several cracks there. The cracks were similar to what he had seen on Cloud Road. These were signs that the small world was ready to break into pieces.

"Quick, let's get inside!" Zen commanded. He jumped in without hesitating.

Then Rocher, Patrick, Frank, and Lois all followed and leaped into the red vortex.

When Zen got out of the vortex, his head was down as he fell. So it was quite strange that he could see no ground, and he just kept on falling downward!

Swoosh!

The wind whooshed past Zen's ears. Then he saw the Cloud Hall disciple also fall from the air. At the same time, he found the vortex's exit, which was situated above the abyss.

The abyss below was dark and seemed bottomless. Nobody knew how deep it was. But if they continued to fall like this, death would probably be the end of them.

Soon, however, Zen found several stones floating in the air. The objects were irregular in shape. Some were as big as a table, while others were only the size of a fist. No one knew what kind of force would keep them afloat because none of them was affected by gravity at all.

"The stones are only good for jumping on!" the young warrior murmured to himself. As the thought crossed his mind, Zen saw the Cloud Hall disciple suddenly gain momentum in the air through leaping. He twirled his body before being able to stand steadily on a floating stone.

Chapter 579 Floating Stones (Part Two)

Because of excellent dexterity, the Cloud Hall disciple finished with a fantastic landing. His bodily movement skill was even more perfect than Lewis'.

And Zen followed suit by doing a backflip to change his position in the air. He came at one of the floating stones and attempted to snatch it. Unfortunately, his skills were not as consummate as Lewis. So, the stone began to turn once Zen applied too much force on it. Luckily, however, Zen had grasped a corner of the stone. He followed the stone to twirl around until he could steady himself on top of it.

Raising his head, Zen saw Frank and Patrick both trying their best to catch a stone.

Meanwhile, Lewis slowly resumed his flamboyant manner after getting into the vortex. Taking advantage of his superb technique in bodily movement, he jumped on the floating stones like a dragonfly skimming the surface of the water. Meanwhile, he let out non-stop shrieks to demonstrate that he was affected.

After everyone had a stone and stabilized themselves, the Cloud Hall disciple suddenly pointed his finger above and said, "Look, up there! It's the exit of Death Road!"

When people heard him, they were delighted. They all raised their heads and followed the direction of his finger. They could see floating stones everywhere in the abyss. At the top of the abyss was a bright light. They could even see shattered floating remnants there.

They only needed to get up there, with the help of the stones, to safely leave the Death Road.

Finally seeing the silver lining made them glad. However, there was also a bit of disappointment. They took the risk to brave the Death Road hoping for a bigger reward. But in truth, they were only able to take away a portion of the Devil Phantom essences. And they were far from satisfied with it.

For now, survival was the priority. And coming out of Death Road alive would make them all heroes.

Giggling, Lewis remarked, "It's not as difficult as it seems..." He stepped on a small stone as big as a fist and wiggled his body as if playing in a variety show. What Lewis was doing was showing off his bodily movement skills.

The Cloud Hall disciple gently smiled and said, "Not difficult? The difficult challenges will come soon enough."

As soon as he finished speaking, they heard several unmistakable booming sounds in the air.

A loud bang, bang, bang filled the air.

"Look down there!" Patrick shouted as he pointed at the black abyss below. A tremendous head was now approaching. It turned out to be the head of a colossal flood dragon!

But why was its head so huge? The head alone seemed to have filled the whole abyss. And there were big chains on the flood dragon's head. The clinking sound everyone was hearing came from the chains.

"It's the flood dragon. Go up quickly!" came a warning shout. At the warning, Frank lifted Lois, and they both jumped up onto the floating stones as they darted upward at lightning speed.

Nothing frightened them as much as the enormous flood dragon. Though not a legendary beast, there were two notable things about the flood dragon: it was related to the genuine dragon, and it had dragon blood.

During the All Peaks Competition, Jacques amazed everyone with the power that emitted from a flood dragon bone in his hand. Now, the creature right below them was a living and grown-up flood dragon, and no one knew how many millennia it had lived. And with merely a howl, that size of a flood dragon was enough to turn anyone into ashes, completely obliterating them.

"Up! Up! Up!" they screamed.

Every person scrambled to safety without a moment's hesitation. To accomplish this, they stepped on the floating stones in the hopes they could get rid of the terrifying flood dragon.

While all this was happening, the Cloud Hall disciple had fixed his eyes on Frank. Then he frowned while thinking. Not long after, he finally shifted his gaze from Frank and settled on Zen.

A chilly smile broke the Cloud Hall disciple's face to indicate his satisfaction after he had identified Zen as his target. Then before the young disciple could react, he was running toward Zen at what seemed like five or six times the normal speed.

What was it like to enhance one's speed by five or even six times?

Even before, the Cloud Hall disciple was already a lot faster than Lewis, who had good bodily movement skills. But now, his speed surged five or six times faster, and that meant one could hardly catch his shadow with the naked eye when he was moving.

Intent on sprinting up to the top, Zen was surprised when he suddenly heard a swishing sound coming from below.

A hidden weapon slicing through the air was the only thing capable of making such whistling sounds. But when Zen turned his head around, he saw that it was the Cloud Hall disciple who came at him.

"Wow! That speed is so incredible! How did he do that?" Zen muttered in surprise. Unable to believe that the man was coming at him, Zen furrowed his brows.

"Is he looking for trouble with me?" he wondered aloud. Right from the start, they had been on guard against this mysterious Cloud Hall disciple. But since he never showed any wicked intentions, they reluctantly allowed him to tag along with them.

Sensing that the Cloud Hall disciple was about to attack him after he stepped on the floating stone, Zen whirled and ended up with his sword pointed at the man.

The movement he executed was downward chop of the basic swordsmanship!

"Since you want to cause me trouble, you'd better be prepared to die!" the young warrior declared.

With the flood dragon in hot pursuit, Zen couldn't afford any mishaps. It was too dangerous, and even a small mistake could mean paying with his life.

Thus, Zen had to go all out to get rid of the people who stood in his way.

The basic swordsmanship move displayed by Zen confused the Cloud Hall disciple. But after a while, he smiled and without hesitation, grabbed Zen's Blood Drinking Sword with his bare hands.

The smile didn't escape Zen, who thought it looked weird. It evoked a feeling of fascination as if a gentle lady was the one smiling at him. But the man standing before him was definitely a man!

However, there was no time for Zen to ponder on this. He didn't expect the Cloud Hall disciple to use a very clever trick in grabbing his sword.

Because of his exceptional strength, even though the disciple was at the beginning level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Zen was already considered a warrior without a match. He might not be able to thwart Frank's spear attack, but there were other ways to beat him.

Although only at the first grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm, the Cloud Hall disciple was brave enough to grab Zen's sword with his bare hands. The move was so daring. It was incredible.

The Cloud Hall disciple smiled eerily at Zen then said softly, "You're going down with me!" Before Zen could react, he felt his clothes being dragged down by the Cloud Hall disciple until they fell from the floating stone and into a deep, dark pit.

Right below them was the enormous flood dragon, which was rapidly rising, making the situation twice as dangerous.

Chapter 580 The Flood Dragon Spirit (Part One)

Given the current situation, all the disciples were desperately trying to get out of the abyss. So consumed were they about their safety that they didn't worry about how the others were doing.

Rocher jumped quickly from one floating rock to another higher floating rock using his Sword Steps. When he encountered tiny floating stones, he would crush them with his sword intent.

As he was nearing a safe distance, Rocher turned to check if his companions were all right. The color drained from his face when Rocher saw that Zen was falling toward the flood dragon.

"Zen!" he exclaimed in horror.

Rocher's scream attracted the attention of others who were struggling to climb up. They swiveled to see what had happened. Astonishment reflected on their faces when they saw Zen.

When Frank noticed that the disciple from Cloud Hall was pulling Zen toward the mouth of the flood dragon, a cold sneer appeared on his face. He had long felt that something was suspicious about the Cloud Hall's disciple. He had even considered the possibility that the disciple was plotting something sinister! As the Cloud Hall's disciple had not done anything unusual and evil, Frank didn't bother to figure out what he was plotting.

He had certainly not expected the disciple to become crazy and drag Zen to the flood dragon's mouth!

'Zen, you deserve it! Yet, you still have so much Dark Devil Phantom essence. If you die in the abyss, I'm afraid I won't be able to get it. What a great pity that is!

Never mind! You are so powerful despite being at the nature level. If in the future, you become an elite disciple of the Cloud Hall, you may be one of my greatest enemies!' Thousands of thoughts were running through Frank's mind when he saw the danger Zen was in. Frank, no matter how overconfident he was, had to face these facts.

'In that case, the belly of the flood dragon is a good place for your grave.' Frank smiled at the thought.

As he climbed up, a wide smirk replaced Frank's disgruntled expression. He had been dissatisfied with the earlier distribution of the Dark Devil Phantom essence. But now, the thought of Zen dying pleased him, much like that a warm, spring wind was stroking on his face.

Frank did know that he had missed a rather rare chance. If Zen hadn't shown up, this big opportunity would have been his. Unfortunately, Zen's presence changed Frank's destiny forever.

To some extent, Frank suffered a significant loss because he was not strong and lucky enough! And since Zen was much stronger and luckier, he was in a position to rob Frank of this opportunity.

Meanwhile, Rocher and Patrick were in a bleak mood. They had faced the trials of Cloud Road with Zen. It had never occurred to them that Zen would die here...

Zen felt the disciple from Cloud Hall grabbing him as they plummeted toward the flood dragon. Now that the disciple had come closer, Zen wrinkled his nose as a familiar scent enveloped him.

At that moment, Zen seemed to recall that the Cloud Hall's disciple walked awkwardly. Somehow, the disciple's gait seemed rather feminine. Thinking of that and the disciple's strange and charming smile along with the familiar fragrance...

'That's right! The Cloud Hall's disciple is a woman!' Zen concluded.

However, at this point, such a conclusion was useless to him. Even though he had figured out that the disciple was a woman, what could he do to her?

The colossal flood dragon was at the bottom of the abyss. Since Zen and the disciple were hurtling toward it, the flood dragon kept its mouth open in preparation to swallow them. To Zen, being swallowed alive was a worse fate than falling into the abyss.

"Why... Why did you have to drag me down?" asked Zen nervously as they fell further into the abyss.

The disciple smiled. Her smile confirmed Zen's earlier suspicions. Indeed, this disciple was a woman disguised as a man! "Because I chose you!" Her voice was as soft and gentle as a summer breeze.

"What do you mean by that?" Zen asked. Unable to understand her cryptic message, bewilderment reflected in his eyes. Zen thought it was a waste of time trying to decipher her puzzling answer when all they had were a few precious moments before they died. 'I do not know her at all, so there can't be any bad history between us. Why choose me? Why did she pick me to die with her?' Zen wondered.

The disciple from Cloud Hall said no more. Instead, she pushed Zen under her as they tumbled toward the flood dragon.

The flood dragon sensed that they were close enough, so it opened its mouth suddenly and swallowed them in one giant gulp.

As soon as the flood dragon closed its mouth, darkness engulfed Zen and the disciple. Subconsciously, Zen clung to the disciple from Cloud Hall. Together, they crashed and tumbled down the insides of the flood dragon. The continuous rolling movement made them dizzy and disoriented.

Fortunately, the insides of the flood dragon were soft. As such, Zen and the disciple suffered no injuries from the impact of the fall and the subsequent tumbles. After a while, Zen and the disciple's momentum slowed down before they finally came to a stop. Zen's shoulder collided with something soft.

Zen pressed the soft object with his hand and said in a relieved tone, "Well, luckily, the inside parts of the flood dragon are soft. Otherwise, we would have suffered severe injuries from our fall."

"Remove your hand!" screeched the disciple.

At once, Zen felt his arm being grabbed and twisted before he felt himself being thrown away.

It was not until Zen landed on another spot that he realized that he hadn't been touching a part of the flood dragon but her breast instead…

"You're not pretending anymore? Why do you dress like a man?" asked Zen as he glared in the disciple's direction even though it was dark.

"Hum!" the disciple from Cloud Hall snorted coldly. Then a dim light appeared in her hand—illuminating the surroundings at once.

To Zen's surprise, she didn't feel the need to hide her identity anymore. Thus, she removed her facial disguise and showed her true self.

In the faint light, still dressed in the white robe specially made for Cloud Hall's disciples, the woman appeared almost angelic. Her loose robe did little to hide her well-shaped figure. Her dark hair was casually placed on her left shoulder. Zen admired how natural and attractive she appeared.

Even though the light was dim, he could still see her fair skin and beautiful features. She looked gorgeous, even though she was not wearing any make-up or jewelry. Zen was stunned for a while.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 581 The Flood Dragon Spirit (Part Two)

"You are so beautiful. I don't understand why you're dressed up like a man," Zen said abruptly.

"It's none of your business, all right?" said the woman coldly.

Zen smiled and continued, "You are right. It was not my business. However, you dragged me down here. I believe it's only fair for me to ask for a reasonable explanation. We're stuck inside the flood dragon now, right? Tell me, what exactly were you trying to do? And… Are you really at the first grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm?"

Although the woman's strength appeared to be at the first grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm, a moment ago, she had seen through the secret hidden in his basic swordplay skills within seconds. What was more surprising was that she had broken his swordplay using only her hands. This was impossible for disciples whose strength was only at the first grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

'Isn't Frank supposed to be the strongest participant? He should be the most powerful among the disciples who have just entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. Even compared to the warriors in the Central Region who have recently advanced to the Illuminating Soul Realm, Frank would rank at the top. It is possible to imagine Frank reacting in an instant. Armed with his long spear, Frank could be powerful enough to break through my basic swordplay. However, it would be impossible for him to make a breakthrough with his bare hands.

However, cultivators beyond the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm are banned from participating in the Cloud Road test. From this aspect, the woman cannot exceed that level, ' Zen rationalized.

Based on the conflicting details, Zen felt rather confused. Thus, he had to ask the question to clarify his doubts.

"You asked a meaningless question. I wouldn't be able to participate in the trials of Cloud Road if I were not at the first grade of the Illuminating

Soul Realm," the woman replied coldly.

"Then how could you break through my swordplay with your bare hands?" Zen asked, puzzled.

"Why should I tell you?" the woman lifted her chin in defiance as she spoke.

"Explain why you brought me here, inside the flood dragon?" Zen continued.

"Why should…? I'll tell you later!" the woman said as she glared at Zen. Her attractive eyes shone with mischief and radiance.

After a while, Zen and the woman felt a violent trembling. Finally, after a loud sound, the shaking stopped. Zen presumed that it was because the flood dragon had rushed to the abyss and then slowly returned to its nest.

"Let's move forward!" the woman said before turning and walking past Zen.

"Where exactly are we going? Are we safe in this flood dragon?" Zen couldn't help but ask with curiosity.

"If you don't shut your mouth, I'll never speak to you again. Just follow me," said the woman as she walked in front of him. Although her voice was cold, it was also silvery and lovely. Zen found himself attracted to her.

"At the very least, tell me your name. Otherwise, I won't follow you," Zen said and stopped walking. He knew that the woman seemed to have plans for him, which was why he wouldn't die anytime soon.

When she heard his request, the woman thought for a few seconds and then said, "You can call me Tia…"

"Tia?" Zen asked with a smile.

"Yes!" she said quickly. With a last glance at Zen, the woman turned and marched forward.

To Zen's surprise, the flood dragon's inside seemed to be empty and dry. If it were a live flood dragon, both he and Tia would have landed in its stomach. But under the dim light held up by Tia, Zen discovered that human beings had transformed the inside. Instead of a stomach, Zen and Tia were walking in a palace.

At this point, the cyan dragon in Zen's mind spoke with him, "This flood dragon was transformed a long while ago. Don't worry. It is dead."

"A dead flood dragon? But just now…" Zen replied in his mind.

"Well, as you can see, it was transformed by humans. They drained its blood and soaked its skin and flesh using a secret method so that its body would not decay. Then they converted it into a puppet," the cyan dragon explained.

"Why are you speaking to me after such a long silence? What do you want?" Zen asked bluntly. The cyan dragon in his mind was always in a deep sleep. He would only wake when intrigued by something. Even when Zen was facing a life-and-death crisis, the cyan dragon would not show. After experiencing this several times, Zen had figured out how the cyan dragon worked.

"Hoho, you sneaky boy…" Despite having lived for thousands of years, the cyan dragon had become impervious to sarcasm and lack of respect. He didn't mind that Zen had figured out his character and had spoken in such a direct way. He continued, "The flood dragon's blood was drained a long time ago. Even its bone marrow has been totally absorbed. Thus, its body has no use or value. So low is its value that it cannot be compared to that bone spear made from the flood dragon's bone. At least that bone spear still had the blood of the flood dragon. So, its body is no longer useful to me. However, I can sense that the flood dragon's spirit is hidden somewhere. I want to devour that spirit!"

"Flood dragon spirit? Didn't you just tell me that the flood dragon died a long time ago?" Zen asked doubtfully. According to Zen's understanding, if the flood dragon's corporeal body had died, its spirit was bound to be gone as well.

"It's not easy to control a flood dragon puppet. The best way is to extract the flood dragon's spirit, refine it, and seal it in somewhere near the puppet. That's also the most effective way," the cyan dragon explained.

'Good method! The sixth-grade sect had such strength. Not only did it kill this flood dragon, but it also drained its blood, extracted its spirit, and refined it to make a flood dragon puppet. How unusual is that? Is this the work of the Blood Fiend Emperor?' Zen wondered.

"However… I can feel that the seal of the flood dragon's spirit seems to have loosened a bit. The nature of flood dragons is lewd and evil. You and the woman... Be careful," the cyan dragon said seriously.

Zen nodded slightly as he stared at Tia's back. She was still walking in front of him. After studying her for a while, Zen asked, "I have another question. Do you notice something unusual about her? Why is her strength so terrifying?"

Chapter 582 The Treasure Key (Part One)

"Are you referring to the girl named Tia? Well, I noticed her ever since you entered the Death Road. When compared to you, her strength is immense and extreme. But despite this she must want your help, as she led you to fall from the floating stone along with her," the cyan dragon said in a prophetic manner.

"What I truly want to know is why and how did she come to be so strong." This was now the greatest mystery in Zen's heart, leaving it in a knot weighing him down like an anchor. Why was she so strong as she had just reached the Illuminating Soul Realm?

The cyan dragon thought for a long moment before composing his thoughts and saying, "In my opinion, it's likely that she has practised some unique cultivation methods, such as Nine Spirit Returning Cultivation or Twelve Turns Penancing Cultivation. In fact, it's not at all likely that she has just reached the Illuminating Soul Realm."

"Really? If that is the case, then how did she enter the Cloud Road?" Raising his eyebrows, Zen reckoned that it didn't make sense logically.

The cyan dragon smiled humbly and said, "This kind of cultivation methods is so powerful that she has to practice anew repeatedly. For example, Nine Spirit Returning Cultivation requires the practitioner to give up his powers, which are brought by his practice, nine times. And he must restart from low level each time with equal rigor and determination. The practitioner will make a radical breakthrough only after that. It seems not to be the first time she has reached this cultivation level. So, her real level may be the later stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, or even a higher level."

The words shocked Zen so much. The later stage of the Internal Elixir Realm? Even higher level? Was her real level actually possibly that high?

"This kind of cultivation method is powerful enough to be equal to anything. Once one completes all the practices, his strength would be well over the power of people of the same level. However, each cultivation method requires different boundary conditions to restart. So, I can't know her real level. Although her level has fallen to the Illuminating Soul Realm, her experience, insight, and power are well beyond the usual younger generations, including you. It is not a surprise that she saw through your swordsmanship and destroyed it without even using an actual weapon," said the cyan dragon.

After hearing the cyan dragon's words, Zen looked at Tia's lightsome back in awe and admiration. Her level seemed to be higher than that of Elder Fei of the Cloud Hall. Then why on earth did she enter the Cloud Road?

Zen made blind and disorderly conjectures behind Tia. At the very same moment, Tia was searching for something in the dim light. After a moment of vigorous hunting, she found out mechanism in the corner. Subsequently, she pressed on it and injected a life vitality.

The entire life vitality flowed rapidly along the lines of the mechanism in a symmetrical manner. And soon, the whole interior world of the flood dragon was lit up bright.

When Zen raised his head, he saw the whole world inside the flood dragon. As the cyan dragon said, the flood dragon had been transformed. The world now looked like a small palace.

After Tia lit up the world, she looked around and said to Zen, "You, follow me!"

So Zen followed Tia's footsteps. Both of them suddenly heard a "click" sound just after walking a distance. It seemed that they had opened a mechanism. On both sides of the walls, six small doors opened, from which six dark golden snakes slowly crawled out!

The metallic sheen on these six small yet intimidating snakes was the same as that of the puppet killer whom Zen had encountered in the hidden test. The materials used for making them must include the same metal.

This shimmering metal was much harder than Zen's Streamer Sword. There was no way for Zen to destroy this metal with his current level of cultivation and he knew his bounds well.

However, with the broken flying knife's sharpness, Zen was confident about cutting through the metal. But he had no intentions of using it, when he was on the Cloud Road.

As soon as the six snakes appeared, they opened their metal mouths, revealing their dark golden teeth which in a dark twisted manner were appealing. And they rapidly catapulted themselves toward Zen and Tia with strong force.

"Ding! Ding!" Zen instantly drew out his Blood Drinking Sword as his Streamer Sword was broken by the puppet killer and smashed the two puppet snakes. But even though they fell to the ground as their momentum was broken, they were not hurt at all. As Zen was trying to find a way to destroy the puppet snakes, Tia reached out with one of her hands and caught a puppet snake. Then there was a flash of the life vitality in her hand. She had already torn the puppet snake into two with a slight twist of her wrist.

"Wow!" Zen was shocked by her power, which made his heart beat rapidly and muscle tremble. What an immensely horrifying strength! Although Zen had just seen a fraction of the special kind of life vitality she possessed in her hand, her strength was obviously not weak even when considered without the help of the life vitality.

Now, there was nothing to do but follow Tia. The remaining several puppet snakes too were grabbed by her bare hands in a similar manner as she tore each snake apart into two pieces and threw them away. It looked like she was tearing into noodles, seamlessly.

Zen grew happy as he saw Tia throwing the puppet snakes away one-by-one. It was not only the materials of these puppet snakes alone that had a high value. It was the manufacturing engineering too that added to its high value.

When Tia saw Zen collecting all of the puppet snakes, she gave him a scornful look. "You don't have to collect them. If you help me reach my goal, they will hold no value."

Chapter 583 The Treasure Key (Part Two)

"…" Faced with her apparent display of dismay and despise, Zen felt a pinch of hurt. But he still continued collecting the "bodies" of the six puppet snakes into his space ring before following Tia.

After walking in the world inside the flood dragon for a distance, Zen spotted a red light from not too far away, in which something was fluttering rather violently. Zen curiously asked, "What's that?"

"That's the key!" Tia said as she spotted the key and accelerated her pace with a happy expression upon seeing her target.

"Key? What does this key unlock?" Zen asked as he approached from behind her. It turned out that the red light was a circular tripod furnace used for refining pills. Now, the tripod furnace was full of fire, in the centre of which was a long, narrow and slowly fluttering spar. Was this spar the key that Tia mentioned?

"The key was used for inheriting the treasures of the whole Cloud Road! Before the destruction of the sixth-grade sect, all the treasures were put into the Cloud Road. As long as you get the key, you could obtain all the treasures!" Tia looked at the crystal key in the furnace up and down with admiration.

"Do you really mean all the treasures of the Blood Fiend Emperor?" Zen was so shocked that he opened his eyes wide and took a deep breath. It was a sixth-grade sect that the Blood Fiend Emperor had, while the Cloud Hall was only a fourth-grade sect.

It was no wonder that the treasures in the hidden test of the Cloud Road were of such enormous value. The Blood Fiend Emperor might have put part of his treasures into it. The Cloud Road was so long. It was definite that there was bound to be more than one hidden test along the way.

How huge would all the treasures be then? A clear look of shock and bewilderment was set all across his face.

Tia fixed her eyes on Zen and asked, "Why do you know the Blood Fiend Emperor?"

"Ah? That I will never tell you." Tia had many secrets, which gave Zen an idea to do the same thing.

Upon hearing what Zen said, Tia did not indulge into a detailed inquiry, but instead continued to stare at the furnace and said, "I have been here once, but I did not get the key. It was far too difficult."

Once before? Just thinking about the question, Zen learned the reason almost immediately. According to what the cyan dragon said, she needed to practice anew, and not only once. The last time she practised anew, she sneaked into here secretly. So she was so familiar with the Death Road.

"Why?" Zen looked at the furnace and said.

"The tripod furnace was way too powerful, and there was an enchantment that I couldn't destroy at the time." Tia stared at Zen with burning eyes and suddenly said, "Didn't you ask me why I brought you here? This time, I was going to cooperate with Frank. I planned to deal with the tripod furnace with my own power and break the enchantment with Frank's spear. But then I changed my mind. Frank's spear has strong penetrating power, but it might not be able to break it completely. As you have practiced the Heavenly Ogre Fist, and I could provide you with enough life vitality, choosing you is a safer bet for me to ensure success."

After hearing what Tia said, Zen finally completely understood her motivation. She was looking for a powerful helper in the case as she alone couldn't obtain the crystal key without any assistance and support.

At first, Frank was the best choice. Among the disciples of the Cloud Hall, he was the most powerful. And he majored in spear skills, which had the strongest penetrating power. Using his spear, he would be able to break the enchantment. However, Zen's appearance led Tia to believe that he was more likely to break it than Frank. So he was pulled into the flood dragon's mouth. If Zen had not appeared, it would have been Frank that was here at the moment who would have gotten the opportunity.

In fact, Zen was slightly perplexed by the facts. With Tia's own mighty strength, couldn't she break the enchantment? However, Zen knew that Tia would never answer this question honestly. So instead he just waited and watched patiently to figure it out for himself.

"Well, say no more. Just, follow my command, take the crystal key!" After Tia finished speaking, she sat down on the ground. With a pair of delicate hands placed on her abdomen, she began to gather her life vitality and then pushed it toward the tripod furnace with determination.

As Tia's palm winds blew past, the fire in the furnace suddenly burst into raging flames owing to the sudden interference. Soon, a fire flew out, and turned to be the shape of a daunting dragon!

"Stand aside now! This is a fiery dragon spirit! It is a kind of fiery evil spirit, which is extremely powerful and mighty!" This time, Tia carefully and with calculated moves dealt with the fiery dragon spirit with a cautious expression across her delicate face. A piece of sky blue gem appeared as she turned over her hands, which sent out a wave of cold air, and immediately reduced the surrounding's temperature.

Tia patted the gem ever so lightly and stretched out one of her delicate fingers. Her fingertip was going round and round over the gem, which seemed like she was guiding something out. Zen saw her finger drawing several small circles and then gently pulled forward. "Go!"

Suddenly, an ice phoenix came out from the gem, which yelped and flew toward the fiery dragon spirit.

Chapter 584 I Swear (Part One)

The fiery evil spirits could be divided into various kinds. The ones living in the Sea of Raging Fire weren't really big, but as for this one in the furnace, it was considerably stronger than the typical fiery evil spirits.

Even a small fiery dragon spirit which was as big as a man's arm had been condensed from the flames. When it went higher up, the heat that was radiating from it was so insufferable. But as luck would have it, the ice phoenix which had just been released by Tia from her precious gem was just as powerful.

As a result, the fiery dragon spirit and the ice phoenix got tangled up with each other, binding and resisting the other. Ice is capable of obliterating fire, while fire, on the other hand, could also melt ice.

For every instance that the ice phoenix descended onto the dragon, the heat and light emanating from the fiery dragon spirit seemed to be weakening a little bit. But in that same moment, flame suddenly rose from the furnace, and once it had coalesced into the dragon's body, the heat and light would both be restored in no time.

And each time the fire dragon spirit set off for an attack, the ice crystals over the ice phoenix's body got thawed a little, and the phoenix gradually decreased in size.

When she noticed that the melting of the ice phoenix had already reached a certain point, Tia instinctively grabbed her precious jade and stroked it with her candle-like fingers. Then, a cold air condensed using the life vitality began to drift away. When the cold air reached the body of the ice phoenix, the phoenix would dramatically increase in size in an instant.

The battle between the ice phoenix and the fiery dragon spirit appeared to have reached an impasse. The ice phoenix had Tia's help in replenishing the cold air, while the fiery dragon spirit also had help, for as long as the flame in the furnace didn't die out, the fiery dragon spirit wouldn't die just as well.

"While I'm fighting against this fiery dragon spirit, you should go ahead and find a way to break the enchanted barrier," Tia relayed over to Zen.

"The enchanted barrier?" Zen asked under his breath.

Suddenly, he saw a blanket of dull purple light materialize around the stove. The stove was located in the farthest depths of the body of the flood dragon puppet, and there were several protections surrounding it. Zen began thinking what Tia said was true. If this crystal key was not of great importance, then why would there be a need for placing multiple layers of protection?

Clenching his fist, Zen then hit the enchanted barrier as hard as he could, channeling the strength from the dragon scales he had with him.

"Bang!"

The sound that was emitted by Zen's fist striking the enchanted barrier seemed as if he had actually hit an iron wall and the barrier still remained unscathed.

"Relying on your physical strength alone wouldn't be able to cut it," Tia remarked. "This isn't just any common enchanted barrier, it has been constructed utilizing the force of space, so basically, it's actually a thin compressed layer of space."

Tia's explanation left Zen completely dumbfounded. "You mean to say, what I have to do is to break a thin layer of space? Just how am I supposed to pull that off? I hope you're not forgetting that the Internal Elixir Realm is not my specialty."

Putting a crack on that thin blanket of space would be quite hard even for a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm, shattering it, even more so. Although, it could be possible if a cultivator at a higher level within this realm gave it a shot.

"Stop overthinking things! Of course, it's not an actual enchanted barrier of space, since the space has just been compressed to a very thin sheet. If it was really an enchanted barrier made from space, there's no way I would have bothered coming here in the first place, because then I'd just be wasting my time from trying to do the impossible."

Truth be told, she originally intended to have Frank break the enchanted barrier using his spear. Frank was the best among the warriors she had met prior to that point.

The spear's capacity to penetrate something had the greatest force compared to every other weapon. Furthermore, the Spear of Annihilation, the skill which Frank had mastered, had immense power that it had the greatest potential to penetrate the enchanted barrier. Down the line, however, Tia realized that it would be best to choose Zen instead, because he had already cultivated the Heavenly Ogre Fist, an ability which could let him transform the life vitality an immeasurable number of times. And she, fortunately, possessed such an enormous amount of life vitality that could easily be transferred to him.

"This would be the best time to make use of your Heavenly Ogre Fist! I'm going to transfer my life vitality to you," she instructed. Then, a stream of pure, thick life vitality began pouring toward Zen coming from her hand.

Upon seeing the life vitality seeping from her hand, Zen remembered what the cyan dragon had told him. Such a dense and powerful life vitality undoubtedly wasn't something a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm could possess. Despite the fact that her cultivation level had already been lowered down and her strength was still in a weakened state, she was still significantly much stronger than him.

Zen unleashed a demonic phantom at once, allowing the demonic life vitality of the phantom to merge with Tia's life vitality.

The instant it was consumed by Zen's demonic life vitality, the color of Tia's life vitality changed into a shade of purple-black.

She transferred her life vitality at an intense speed, and Zen's demonic life vitality was reconstructing it at full tilt just as well without having any trouble keeping up with her at all. In just a short period of time, Zen had already produced a mass of purple-black life vitality hanging around him.

"Isn't that enough already?" Zen wondered. The enchanted barrier standing before him was so unyielding. Thank the heavens he hadn't forgotten about his Emerald Crystal, which happened to be designed for breaking enchanted barriers.

"Not yet. But we're almost there," Tia kept shaking her head. "That's it! Just a little bit more!" Tia insisted, taking out four pieces of supreme life vitality crystals. She clutched the supreme crystals tightly to draw up the life vitality contained within them.

The life vitality bottled up inside the supreme crystal was so pure and intense that there was a chance Zen's belly might not be able to handle even one of the crystals' vitality. Even so, Tia was a bit special, for she could absorb four at the same time. That being said, it wouldn't be so hard to picture out just how strong her belly's bearing ability truly was.

As expected, immediately after absorbing the life vitality from the supreme crystals, she transferred everything again so she could supply Zen with enough force.

This was the new plan Tia came up with. There could also be a possibility that Frank's spear might not be able to pierce the enchanted barrier, but Zen's Heavenly Ogre Fist gave them better odds of pulling it off, so long as the power provided by the life vitality was adequate.

Zen's demonic life vitality devoured every bit of the life vitality that seeped from her and transformed them into the purple-black form. Just as he was about to drain the last bit of life vitality she had, she took out a few more supreme life vitality crystals, shattering them to absorb the life vitality.

Chapter 585 I Swear (Part Two)

The two of them kept on doing that repeatedly, and as a result, the demonic life vitality surrounding Zen was gradually getting bigger and bigger.

Even though the volume of the demonic life vitality which they transformed this time paled in comparison to the previous one that was made by swallowing up the Dark Devil Phantoms in the small world of the Death Road, it could be said that it was still rather massive.

As all of that was happening, the fiery dragon became much, much more agitated, and its striking power just got even more aggressive. She quickly caught on that she couldn't afford to get distracted any longer, so Tia decided to focus on the battle between her ice phoenix and the fiery dragon spirit.

"Go now, quickly! Smash the enchanted barrier into smithereens. I pray that you succeed!" Tia wished Zen luck with a voice filled with anticipation.

During her last attempt to do it, she had failed miserably. As she was trying to break the enchanted barrier, the fiery dragon spirit suddenly appeared to throw her into disarray. She brought Zen with her this time as she couldn't handle it alone. She was determined to succeed with his help.

Zen stretched out his hands upward and went about condensing the demonic life vitality.

The tremendous force that was going to be transmitted by such a rich life vitality should be quite massive. With its help, Zen's power had the potential of becoming stronger than even those of the masters at higher levels of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and it might also achieve the strength of those at the lower levels of Internal Elixir Realm.

If he got supplied with enough life vitality continuously, the power resulting from it could last for an indefinite amount of time and be enhanced.

Of course, that was what you'd call the ideal state, or at least it was, in theory. This was something that wouldn't really be practical to use in an actual combat though, because rarely would anyone be able to get an opportunity to siphon life vitality from another person, and then there was also the lengthy period of time one would need to spend during the process. And no opponent would ever be foolish enough to just sit back and relax as you prepared for your attack. Nevertheless, that option just so happened to be the perfect one for them to take for the situation they were currently in.

Zen was under the assumption that Tia must be quite familiar with how the demonic life vitality worked. His demonic life vitality had been condensed to the extreme, that even the star lights he had been carrying with him got compressed into sparkling diamonds.

"Break it this instant!" Gathering up all of his strength into his arm, Zen darted toward the enchanted barrier as fast as he could.

Witnessing this much awaited moment, Tia's heart was pounding like a drum and her breathing pattern had been thrown off due to so much anticipation. This was the moment she had been waiting for. It was a matter of utmost importance in order for her to be the one to inherit the treasures of the sixth-grade sect.

But Zen's movements suddenly came to a halt while he was still in mid-air.

"What's the matter? Why did you stop all of a sudden?" With her eyebrows deeply furrowed, Tia questioned him.

"There's something I've almost forgotten about," Zen replied, appearing to be a bit concerned.

"And what might that be?" Tia pried further, raising her voice. The abrupt change in her mental state caused the form of the ice phoenix to go unstable and start shaking all over. She just didn't have the time to deal with any other problems at such a crucial moment.

"What if you still decide to kill me once I finally get the key for you?" Zen wanted to make sure with a serious tone.

"You..." There was an instantaneous change in Tia's facial expression. She was visibly quite agitated.

However, the question Zen asked was a reasonable one. The warriors' world was well-known for its cruelty. You could kill someone for even just a small gain and still no one would even bat an eye, it was nothing out of the usual. What was more, this was a crystal she wanted to get a hold of to acquire the inheritance of a sixth-grade sect, something that the cultivators of Central Region would dream to get their hands on?

It wouldn't be surprising if Tia tried to kill Zen when she finally got the key. In her eyes, that could be the best course of action to take since dead men told no tales.

Zen was just going along with whatever she said, but he was in no way a mere fool, he was far from that. There was no logical reason for him to easily trust a stranger.

"You don't have to worry about that, I won't kill you. I can even give you something in return to make it worth your while, because I am..." Tia stopped in her tracks before she could finish what she was trying to say, a hint of skepticism appeared on her face.

"It doesn't matter who you are or what it is that you're offering to give me. You have enough reasons to kill me, so it wouldn't be able to guarantee my safety, unless you swear with the will of martial arts," Zen insisted.

No one in their right mind would just carelessly swear with the will of martial arts unless it was a matter of utmost importance.

Swearing with the will of martial arts was even more powerful compared to swearing to God. An oath, pledge, promise, swear, vow or whatever it was that one might refer to it as, God had no interest in such nonsense.

But once a warrior had sworn with the will of martial arts, an inner demon would manifest in his heart. If the oath got broken for whatever reason, he could end up being devoured by his inner demon one day. Even if he could somehow manage to hold back the power of the inner demon, it would make it quite difficult for the warrior to improve and attain any further progress in martial arts in the long run.

For that very reason, the thought of mindlessly swearing with the will of martial arts scared a lot of warriors because it could very well bring ruin unto themselves.

"Who do you think you are? Do you see yourself as someone qualified to make me swear to the will of martial arts?" Tia's glare was fixated on Zen, jeering at him coldly. Who would've thought he'd be able to come up with such an atrocious idea?

"Well then, does that mean you don't need me to break down the enchanted barrier anymore?" Zen heaved a heavy sigh.

"How dare you say that to me?" Tia yelled at him out of frustration.

Shrugging his shoulders to annoy her even further, Zen blurted out in a cold tone, "There is nothing I wouldn't dare do."

He was aware that he could stay safe inside the flood dragon puppet's body for as long as he didn't do things so hastily. 'I shouldn't be wasting my time here with her. It would be better for me to just look for a way out and leave as soon as possible, ' he pondered.

Upon noticing that Zen was planning to leave, while still having to deal with the fiery dragon spirit, Tia was thrown into a state of confusion in a blink of an eye. The goal was already within reach, but there was always something that could go wrong along the way.

Just a second after watching Zen take a few steps away, Tia clenched her jaw and declared, "Okay, you win this time. You said your name was Zen, right? Now that I remember your name, I will make sure you'll regret this. But now, you can rest easy. I promise that I won't kill you. I swear this to the will of martial arts!"

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 586 Snatch My Body Shell

Zen smiled with satisfaction and said, "One more point. I shall take half the heritage of the sixth-grade sect."

"Half?" Tia was enraged. "Half the heritage of the sixth-grade sect? Do you know what that means? You are not able to bear that. It's too much for you!"

Cloud Hall was merely a fourth-grade sect but enough to be highly reputed in the Central Region.

And the only fifth-grade sect could rank No.1 in the Central Region. If this sixth-grade sect did not wither away and lasted till now, it was definitely the most highly reputed and all other sects and forces would kneel before them.

Though the sixth-grade sect founded by the Blood Fiend Emperor had been destroyed, and most of its heritage had been seized as time passed, Cloud Hall could not match the sixth-grade's legacy that remained.

Apparently, Tia thought Zen was greedy.

Zen chuckled. "Don't worry. I am a big eater. Of course, you could choose to refuse and deal with that enchanted barrier by yourself!"

"Howl!"

The fiery dragon spirit roared and knocked the ice phoenix down. The surface ice layer of the ice phoenix turned to steam due to the high temperature.

Tia was forced to calm down and deliver freezing air to the ice phoenix via the jade.

'It seems I have no choice but to reach a compromise with this guy.' Tia thought, 'His condition sounds exorbitant, but how much inheritance could he carry by himself? Perhaps this is not a bad agreement. After all, he is a disciple of Cloud Hall, and he is honorable.'

After thinking through her options, Tia knew she had no other alternatives. She gnashed her teeth as she replied, "Okay, I promise. By my will of martial arts, I swear I won't kill you and that I will give you half the heritage!"

Tia was reluctant. She had schemed and tried several times before coming this far. It was hard to accept that half of her reward would be taken away.

Hearing Tia swear by her will of martial arts, Zen smiled, turned, and moved toward the enchanted barrier. He then threw a punch at it.

"Snicker!"

The enchanted barrier did not shatter under the impact. However, a red cobweb-like vein spread across it.

This barrier was far stronger than Yolande's. Even though he yielded the energy of the Emerald Crystal, Zen could only cause such a subtle vein, which was invisible to the naked eye.

"Emerald energy?" Tia was intrigued, and her beautiful eyes reflected the shock she felt.

'How could this guy summon the energy of an Emerald Crystal by using his mortal body?

Very few people possess an Emerald Crystal. It has limited usage as well. Thus, it's difficult to get one. Even if people acquire one, they are likely to set it in their weapon.

But how can Zen's punch be powered with the energy of an Emerald Crystal? Did he set the Emerald Crystal in his body? How could that be?

The human body rejects most gems, and some are fatal as they are poisonous. An Emerald Crystal will affect a human body even if it's nontoxic. But Zen's punch shows the energy of an Emerald Crystal, which indicates that he must have set it in his body.

But how could he utilize and control this energy? His body is not a weapon, after all.'

Tia was intelligent enough to recognize Zen's cultivation method and identify his basic swordsmanship at first sight. However, she didn't know that Zen's body had become a spiritual weapon. He was a weapon! That was why the Emerald Crystal could be set in his body.

Though shocked, Tia knew she selected the right person to help her break the enchanted barrier. After all, Zen yielded the energy of an Emerald Crystal. At the same time, she realized she knew little about Zen.

The enchanted barrier was so robust that it couldn't be broken by one punch, but one crack was enough.

Then……

"Break!"

This time Zen threw a blow with his right fist. Simultaneously, he released the condensed demonic life vitality.

"Heavenly Ogre Fist!"

Having learned from the experience of breaking Yolande's enchanted barrier, Zen threw this punch at the red cobweb-like vein. The billowy demonic life vitality flowed into the enchanted barrier like a flood.

This layer of enchanted barrier contained a hint of spatial power, which was so strong that the enchanted barrier remained intact though Zen had done this much. However, the internal space of the enchanted barrier had filled with demonic life vitality.

At this very moment, Zen whispered, "Explode!"

The starlight mixed with the demonic life vitality exploded, and dazzling light was emitted.

"Rumble……"

Cracks finally appeared. These cracks spread, and within seconds, the enchanted barrier collapsed with a loud crash.

"It is broken!"

While Zen dealt with the enchanted barrier, Tia battled with the fiery dragon spirit. She was delighted when she heard the barrier break. She pressed down with two fingers, and the ice phoenix screeched as it subdued the fiery dragon spirit.

At this moment, a flow of purple light rushed into the furnace.

It was so fast, yet Zen and Tia recognized it to be a tiny flood dragon!

"This is the spirit of the flood dragon. Zen, catch it!" The cyan dragon's voice exploded in Zen's mind.

However, the tiny purple flood dragon was well prepared as it rushed into the furnace as soon as the enchanted barrier broke. What was worse, it carried the crystal key in its tail as it fled.

"Ahahah, I have the heritage of the sixth-grade sect. Using this, I will be able to rebuild my body. I will take back all that I have lost!" The flood dragon's spirit cackled as it spoke.

Tia became upset when she saw the flood dragon's spirit flying away with the crystal key. She returned the ice phoenix into her jade, ignored the fiery dragon spirit, and turned to chase the flood dragon's spirit.

Zen followed her as he wanted the crystal key and the flood dragon's spirit.

However, the two did not notice that the fire extinguished when the fiery dragon spirit returned to the furnace. An instant later, a giant fiery dragon rushed out of the furnace. The fiery dragon spirit grew tenfold before it chased Zen and Tia.

Although as tiny as a human's arm, the flood dragon's spirit still flew as fast as before even though it was carrying the crystal key. Fortunately, there was only one long and narrow path through the dragon's body. Thus, the flood dragon's spirit could not shake Zen and Tia quickly.

Tia was infuriated with this situation. After innumerable trials and hardships, and compromising with Zen by giving up half the heritage, she had still not achieved her mission.

Quickly, she pulled out her jade and crushed it between her fingers. Once the blue jade had crumbled, the phoenix lost its place and began flying around Tia.

Tia murmured, "Ice phoenix! Possess me!"

The little ice phoenix warbled and rushed toward Tia. Then, she was surrounded by a crystal sheen. It seemed as though she were wearing ice armor. Even a pair of ice phoenix wings sprouted from her back! From under the wings, two long phoenix feathers extended to the ground. Overall, Tia looked as though she were wearing a gorgeous evening dress knit from ice.

"Tia merged with that little ice phoenix?" Zen said, astonished.

Tia's speed increased manifold. Without waiting for Zen, she doubled her efforts as she chased the flood dragon's spirit!

Under normal circumstances, Tia was twice as fast as Lewis. And now, her speed was far more than Zen's, so she left Zen behind as she caught up with the tiny flood dragon's spirit.

This was a great chance for the flood dragon's spirit to alter its life. It was not easy for it to escape from the seal, and so, it would not give up easily. Holding the crystal key tightly, it flew as fast as it could. Since spirits had no weight, it wasn't hard for the flood dragon's spirit to gain speed.

"Zoom, zoom!"

Tia waved her hand, and a row of ice darts flew to the flood dragon's spirit. The spirit dodged the ice darts.

The ice darts missed their target and crashed into the wall. As tremendous ice power was released, the wall became covered with a layer of ice and frost before it cracked.

'Ice power is horrifying! I'm afraid I will become an ice sculpture if the darts hit me.' Zen thought.

Though terrifying, the ice power was useless as the flood dragon spirit was extremely nimble. It escaped all the ice darts Tia had thrown at it. However, continually dodging Tia's attacks slowed down the flood dragon's spirit. Tia got closer and closer.

The flood dragon's spirit realized that it could not get rid of Tia like this. So it swerved into a crevice in the wall.

Now that the ice phoenix had possessed her body, Tia could yield its power effectively. She spread her arms, and two thin ice swords appeared in her hands. She swung the swords, crumbed wall, and rushed into the hole.

Zen saw what Tia had done and found himself impressed by her abilities. Without hesitating, he followed her into the crevice.

The instant he entered the hole, he felt as though something was wrong.

The wall was a part of the flood dragon's flesh. It hadn't been transformed by humans yet. And so, the inner space was still a soft flesh wall.

Furthermore, many globoids were floating in the upper space.

After looking upwards, Tia said, "You won't escape!"

Then she jumped and flew to the upper space, the two long ice feathers trailing behind her.

However, the floating globoids fell at this crucial moment. Tia swiveled her swords spontaneously to cut all the globoids.

"Sough……"

The balls burst and released a yellow smog that filled the space. The gas released smelled fishy and sweet and carried the metallic scent of blood.

Right after Tia was overwhelmed by the smog, the flood dragon's spirit rushed to Zen and yelled, "I will snatch your body shell first!"

Hearing this, Zen paused for a while and then replied, "Are you sure you want to snatch my body shell?"

Chapter 587 Lost (Part One)

Zen was after two things. He had come all the way first for the crystal key. Second, the flood dragon spirit was also his target. The cyan dragon inside him was stirring—he could feel his hunger, hot and red and impatient.

"The flood dragon spirit is either bold or foolish," he chuckled, the sound filling his ears. "Since he's so eager to claim his abode in your body, let him enter. I'll be sure to take care of him well." Zen felt a rumble as the cyan dragon's arrogant voice coursed through his ears.

And so Zen kept still, letting the flood dragon spirit enter. His presence flashed inside him like white hot lightning.

"Ha-ha! This is all too easy! Foolish mortal. He dares face me without any protection," the flood dragon taunted in self-satisfaction. "Your body will be mine, mortal. I will leave not even a trace of your soul! You have a fine body, solid and strong. I'll start with your flesh and savor your muscles, until not even a fiber is in place. You will be my new shell, and then I will acquire all the refining heritage and arts of the sixth grade sect passed from the ancient time. No one can stop me now. I'll be the emperor! The only master of the whole world!"

After having been sealed for ages, the flood dragon had lost his control, his spirit turning crazed at the first taste of freedom. Without any obstacles upon entering Zen's mind, he grew more and more self-possessed. He roared in wild laughter, the sound piercing and devastating in the crevices of Zen's mind.

Zen was in an imminent danger. The flood dragon spirit was a much stronger soul than any human. He had to be careful. One mistake, and the dragon would take over his body as his new home. The dragon knew the disparity of their strength. There was no way for a weaker soul to guard itself against the attack of such a strong spirit. It could easily be forced out from the body it belonged to. The flood dragon spirit howled in his victory as he occupied Zen's mind.

However, his arrogance didn't last long.

The dragon's roar came to a sudden halt. The first thing he saw was a huge furnace, its embers smelting. Coiled around it were nine dragons, each one so vivid and lifelike that no one would have taken them as mere decorations carved on the surface of the burning furnace. The flood dragon's laughter died down in sudden shock at the sight.

The cyan dragon twined leisurely on the furnace, fixing his eyes upon the flood dragon. Before the cyan dragon, he seemed no more than a puny snake.

"What… Is that a dragon? A genuine dragon?"

All of the flood dragon's kind would cower in the presence of a real dragon. They were down below the hierarchy as pseudo dragons. To hide their true nature as inferior creatures, they dressed themselves in the dragon's name and lived under the noble species' shadow. They feared dragons not because they were less capable in terms of magic, but because of the abject blood running in their veins.

In the wider scheme of nature, the weak bow down to the strong. The flood dragons were born in the lower rank of creatures. Here, in the presence of a genuine dragon, the flood dragon spirit felt sheer dread creep on his skin. "Why is there a dragon?" he thought with his trembling body.

The real dragon on the mysterious smelting furnace, however, took no interest in answering the question. He squinted his burning eyes at the flood dragon, as if measuring him. In truth, had the nine dragons not been sealed on the furnace, none of them would waste their time and energy in killing a flood dragon for nourishment. It was unfitting of their dignity.

However, as things stood, they had no other choice, being sealed on that smelting furnace. They had to find something to curb their hunger, and the flood dragon happened to be present. Tonight, he would do for a meal.

The cyan dragon was famished. Even the lowly flood dragon would do. Just as how a vagrant might eat anything in the face of starvation, nature would take its course and the instinct for survival would win over.

The cyan dragon opened his mouth, and at once the flood dragon spirit felt a strong pull, as if he was being swept into a black hole. It happened so quickly that the flood dragon spirit could not even let out a scream before there was nothing but darkness.

There was a quiet crunching until the cyan dragon gave off a powerful belch. It was by no means a satisfactory meal, but even the barest of meals would be a feast to a starving soul. The spirit of the flood dragon was refined, and having some remote relations with the dragon, he was good enough to reinforce the energy of the cyan dragon's soul.

Zen paid no heed to all the tangled warfare in his mind, keeping his attention on the crystal key. It was already gone the moment the flood dragon spirit appeared. He scanned around with his eyes in search of its traces. Suddenly, a flashing light above caught his attention. He looked up and found the key glistening in the darkness. The flood dragon spirit had hung it high above in the air.

The pungent odor that had hung heavily in the air had begun to disperse along with the sallow smog after the flood dragon's disappearance. When the air had cleared, Zen saw Tia walking from behind the last traces of the yellow film of air. She suddenly jumped into the sky like a nimble bird, fetching the crystal key when it was within her arm's reach. A smile broke across her face when she looked at the key in her hand.

She had been dreaming of the crystal key for so long a time, and finally, she had it in her hands.

Just as Tia held the crystal key, a fierce roar rumbled, shattering the temporary peace. The head of a huge fiery dragon poked out from entrance of the cave that Tia had just damaged.

"The fiery dragon spirit! It's still here! But it's so big now! What happened?"

Both Zen and Tia were momentarily shocked at the sudden sight of the huge dragon.

The fiery dragon spirit was a fierce species with tremendous power. Tia had already been struggling with its attacks in its smaller form. How could they deal with it now when it had grown so large?

The fiery dragon spirit caught sight of the crystal key in Tia's hand. It let out a fierce roar and dashed towards her at a fast speed, its eyes fixed on the key.

"Back off, Zen."

Tia warned, her voice hard with seriousness. The lines of her face tightened as she prepared for the fiery dragon spirit's attack. Stretching out her arms, she formed an ice column between her wrists. It was about the height of a human. At its core, a tiny feather of ice phoenix gleamed in the confines of ice.

It was a real feather of the ice phoenix.

Tia had summoned a small ice phoenix when she had been fighting with the fiery dragon. It was a spiritual projection, a creature imagined through techniques of meditation.

Many warriors could create and give a physical form to various things and species from their minds. These creations dissolved once they were used. Some warriors, however, were capable of bringing creatures into actual being. It was a rare skill, made possible only with the strongest of minds. Tia had been meditating for a long time before finally summoning the ice phoenix, and she had given life to the spiritual creature. Like a familiar, the ice phoenix went wherever Tia would, and owned a power much stronger than other spiritual creatures.

Chapter 588 Lost (Part Two)

But creatures born from projections

were no match to real legendary beasts, and the ice phoenix was actually one of them. It was one that owned terrible power. Even a small feather from it would produce catastrophic energy.

Tia put one hand on the top of the ice column. At her movement, a freezing draft suddenly flew from the ice column to form layers and curtains of frost and ice. In the blink of an eye, all the ice rushed towards the fiery dragon spirit like roaring sea waves.

The fiery dragon spirit was the guardian of the crystal key. It would fulfill its duty, no matter the cost. Despite the stinging cold from the frost and ice, the dragon stood its ground. Opening its huge mouth, it breathed out a column of flame. The ice began to melt at the touch of the red, hot fire. The ice thinned with every second until the fiery dragon spirit rushed forward and broke it into pieces.

It was an unyielding battle. As the fiery dragon spirit kept breathing out flames that melted the ice, Tia didn't stop for a single second in creating more curtains of frost and ice from the ice column. No side was willing to surrender.

"It's freezing!" Zen felt his skin pebble from the frost. He crossed his arms in front of his chest, rubbing with his hands in an attempt to call for heat. There was a dramatic drop in the temperature. His eyes roamed his surroundings, and he saw nothing but whiteness. Even the breaths he huffed were foggy and streaked with ice.

As his eyes fell on Tia, a strange feeling had befallen him. It was as if his every sense had blurred everything, and all he could see and hear was the woman in front of him. The fiery dragon spirit attacked relentlessly with its flame. The flickers lit up Tia's face. Shadows danced across her features, bathing her in an ethereal light. She was a vision that possessed Zen's senses.

He traced the few wisps of hair that had dropped to her cheeks. She was now wearing an armor made of ice, wrapping around her body closely. The hard armor fit her so perfectly and followed the graceful lines of her figure. Zen looked at Tia's beautiful collarbones, down to the curve of her chest. She heaved from exertion, and Zen caught his own breath at the sight of her.

For an unknown reason, his heartbeat started to chase one after the other. He heard the deep lungfuls of breath that he took, and he felt as if his own body was on fire despite the coldness of the ice surrounding him. Zen soon caught up to his own thoughts. He burned in confusion and embarrassment at the foreign feelings that had taken hold of him. The middle of a battle was the last place for his impulses. However, despite his struggle to hold on to his consciousness, he sank down into a trance once again.

Tia felt Zen's eyes. His gaze was even hotter than the flames that threatened to reach her from the fiery dragon. She turned and cast him a look. Their eyes met, and a strange feeling slowly made its way to her. She stiffened at his gaze, as if a soft feather was caressing her skin. Her left hand remained on the top of the ice column to call out more frost from the ice phoenix feather, but her other hand, in a subconscious movement, found its way to her hair, tucking the strands behind her ears.

Her skin was in contact with ice, but why was there a burning feeling inside her?

Confusion flooded through her. Her instincts spoke to her in barely audible whispers. An unknown sensation was making its way through her skin. In the midst of a battle, the only heat she had felt was from her own body. Why? There was no explanation for the warmth in her flesh. She gulped in air, trying to cool the impulse, but it was in vain. Even the ice in the air could not smother the flames in her body. It was as if a primitive instinct was making itself known to her.

She swallowed and licked her lips, and sweat broke out from her skin. For the first time in her life, she felt her composure shaken. That burning feeling both drew and scared her.

Determined not to succumb to instinct, Tia tried her best to take control of her body and suppress the strange feelings in her. Ripping her eyes away from Zen, she put another hand on the top of the ice column and concentrated on holding the fiery dragon spirit back.

But it seemed that Zen had a weaker will than Tia. Surrendering to the unknown feelings, he twisted his body and stretched out his hands to catch Tia's. His body thrummed with heat.

He felt the moist film of sweat on Tia's hand, mirroring his own. The heat between them contrasted with the ice and frost that covered all around them. Tia struggled to retrieve her hand from Zen's grasp, but he responded by tightening his hold on her hand. She stopped struggling at the motion and conceded to the warmth of his fingers.

His touch was a distraction. Tia found herself unable to completely focus on the use of the ice column. She looked at Zen, her eyes gleaming as the flames hid and brightened them at intervals. His own eyes saw through hers, and she gazed back, forgetting embarrassment, and forgetting even the situation they were in at the moment.

"Ow..."

The brief lapse had cost them dearly. A piercing roar was heard from the direction of the cave entrance, and the fiery dragon spirit let out a violent column of fire from its mouth to break all the curtains of frost and ice. It charged forward and finally broke into the cave.

"Oho!"

Tia screamed at the sudden change. It happened so quickly that she didn't have time to think what to do next. In her haste, she just kept pouring more and more of her life vitality into the ice column to reinforce its power. The ice column glared and gave off a much more intense coldness. Frightened and surprised by the terrible cold, the fiery dragon spirit retreated and withdrew from the cave.

The ice thickened and the cave turned more and more cold, but the ice did nothing to sate the burning thirst in Zen's and Tia's bodies. They held each other's hand and clung to each other so closely, their fingers intertwining. Neither of them broke contact and stayed in their places, as if they had been frozen together by the ice in the cave.

Neither Zen nor Tia had ever experienced such feelings before. They had no clue what to do under such a circumstance. They kept holding each other's hand, consoling themselves with the small relief they found at the touch of each other's skin. For now, it was the only way that worked.

However, the small contact, far from satisfying, only intensified Zen's desire. Tia's skin exuded warmth, and filled him with a longing for what they were holding back. His eyes turned red for the burning impulse, and his mind was thrown in total havoc. He just wanted more. It was like a parched man's desire for more water after having a drop. He stepped closer to her and stretched another hand to her body. He wanted nothing more at that moment than to hold her into his arms and caress her with softness. Tia was fully aware of what Zen's intention was. She too, felt the perils of the fire, but her body could not refuse him.

At this moment, Zen heard a faint roar from the cyan dragon in his mind. His voice echoed repeatedly like a warning, and he felt a strong stabbing sensation. His head felt as if millions of needles were piercing at it. The harsh pain finally brought him to full consciousness.

"What's happening?" Zen let go of Tia's hand as soon as he came around. He looked at her and then at the surroundings, his face twisted in confusion. His mind was still sluggish from what happened earlier, as if he was just waking up from hypnosis.

With a grin, the cyan dragon replied, "I have warned you that the flood dragon is lascivious by nature. The space you are in at this moment is actually the flood dragon's sex organ. The yellow smog you saw earlier is a kind of natural aphrodisiac. It's very potent."

The flood dragon's sex organ had a natural effect of arousing any species' desire. For some, it was a holy drug. In some martial arts practices, warriors would engage in a peculiar ritual where sexual intercourse with the opposite sex would play a key role in reinforcing their power. For those martial artists, the flood dragon's sex organ was the best ingredient to use for concocting aphrodisiacs.

Although the huge flood dragon had been changed into a puppet, the part where its sex organ was housed was not damaged. The flood dragon spirit escaped all the way into this part of its body, and it was cut open by Tia afterwards. As a result, the yellow powder scattered into a mist. For its great aphrodisiac effect, a tiny portion of such yellow powder would be sold at an outrageous price in Central Region.

"Aphrodisiac!" Zen exclaimed with wide eyes. "I thought I was immune from any poison?" he asked.

"It's an aphrodisiac, not poison. You cannot resist its effect, of course," the cyan dragon replied disinterestedly.

Zen sighed in secret. He was fortunate that the cyan dragon had helped stop him from making a mistake. He could not have fought off the aphrodisiac on his own.

Zen raised his head, finding Tia walking towards him in a dazed state. She stretched out both of her hands for him and her eyes were glazed over with a strange gleam.

Zen brought a hand to his head when he realized what was happening. He was not the only one who was affected by the yellow powder. Tia had inhaled the mist as well, and from the looks of things, she must have taken more of it than him.

Chapter 589 Angry Girl

Tia's eyes were so beautiful that it looked as if they were the clear waters of autumn. The mesmerizing colors swirled in her orbs, charming anyone who happened to gaze upon them.

Even if Zen was in a fully conscious state and looked straight into her eyes, he would be too nervous to know what to do with his heart pounding strongly in his chest.

If a fiery dragon weren't approaching, Zen would be able to fully appreciate her beauty, however, the fiery dragon could rush in any time. It wasn't a good moment to admire the woman.

"Hey, hey!" To wake her up, Zen tried to shake Tia by the shoulders twice.

However, Tia seemed to be in a fully unconscious state. All she could do was to barely use her left hand to transmit the life vitality to drive phoenix feather in the ice column with her right hand touching Zen's cheek gently.

Her cold, wet, little hand caressed Zen's face, delivering the primitive desire in her heart.

Slowly, Zen swallowed, still in a daze. 'God knows why this happened.'

As he tried to say something to wake her up, she suddenly placed her fingers into his mouth.

When Zen felt Tia's cold fingers and caught the cool, sweet smell of her sweat, his mind fell back into a disturbed state.

As an inexperienced young man, Zen couldn't resist this kind of temptation, even in a conscious state—he couldn't help kissing her white, fine fingers that looked like thin roots of scallion.

At this moment, the fiery dragon spirit at the mouth of the cave roared fiercely before rushing back into the cave.

The rumbling roar abruptly woke Zen from the semi-conscious state. As a result of the urgent situation, he bit Tia's fingers on instinct.

"Ahhhhh!"

Because of the stabbing pain in her fingers, Tia recovered from the coma and withdrew her right hand in an instant. Simultaneously, a lot of life vitality released by her right hand made the fiery dragon step out of the cave once again.

But her time awake was rather short. After the dragon was driven away, she turned to Zen and stared at him pointedly.

Almost pushed to the point of craziness, Zen reluctantly said, "Oh, I'm going to deal with that dragon spirit myself!"

Then, he sidestepped Tia's outstretched hand and hit her hard on the back of her neck with his arm. Because of her body's overwhelming power, Zen had to use over sixty percent of his power just to stun her.

Bang!

After a dull thud, Tia fell into Zen's arms. As he embraced her soft body, he got a whiff of her delicate fragrance, leaving him a little reluctant to put her down.

Afterward, he did put her on the ground. Since Tia lost control of the ice column in her comatose state, the fiery dragon came into view once again. At this moment, it looked down upon Zen.

The dragon spirit was furious after a series of fierce attacks—it was no surprise that it would burn down the two people in front of it to ashes.

'I shouldn't have let her deal with that fiery dragon from the start!'

Given the situation, Zen was fairly annoyed.

When the roaring dragon spirit lunged at Zen, it suddenly felt a sense of danger as if it had just encountered its most powerful enemy.

Although it felt scared subconsciously, the fiery dragon was not very smart and didn't know what exactly was its source of fear. In its mind, the only thing it knew was that it had to guard the crystal key. If the two humans wanted to take it away, the dragon would kill them.

Whoosh!

At this moment, the black fire appearing between Zen's eyebrows was shot straight at the dragon in one go, looking like a flying black kingfisher.

Although the black fire was much smaller than the dragon spirit, it successively swallowed the head, the body, and the tail of the huge creature until it was transformed into a single little black flame before disappearing completely into the fire.

Windy sounds filled the air. Finally, it flew back to Zen's head.

Suddenly, everything was quiet. Only white cold air was still emitted by the ice column with phoenix feather in it.

Looking at the unconscious Tia in his arms, Zen found it hard to imagine that there was so much explosive force in her thin body.

After coming out of the cave, Zen put her down and made her lean against the outside wall.

While the crisis was temporarily resolved, Zen seemed to be lost, not knowing the way out. Hoping that the aphrodisiacs no longer had any effect on Tia after she woke up, he waited for her to regain consciousness.

In order to avoid staring at Tia in a daze, Zen sat cross-legged beside her to meditate. Before she woke up, Zen adjusted his body and began practicing.

Normally, Zen could enter the practice state instantly. Once he went into that kind of focused state, he often got lost in it, losing his sense of time as the days passed by quickly.

But that day, Zen failed to concentrate—he hesitated to even open his eyes and glance at the girl in front of him.

While Tia was unconscious, her ice armor did not disappear and its long phoenix tail wrapped around her legs making her look like a phoenix that was curled up on the ground.

With her eyes closed and eyelashes fluttering, she looked like she was dreaming about something.

Although Zen was a man with great concentration and attention when he practiced, what happened beside the ice column that day almost made him fail to suppress his own excitement.

The whole situation was torture.

To fight his urges, Zen entered the cave and stepped out with the ice column on his shoulder. Sitting beside it, he was surrounded by layers of cold air and sank into practice state again with a calm heart.

When he entered the mouth of the flood dragon with Tia, Zen did not get too many benefits. However, his cyan dragon and black fire became stronger since then—it showed to be a great result.

Zen sank further into the practice state.

As time went by, Zen kept his eyes closed as he turned the life vitality in his body at a constant rhythm.

Suddenly, an extremely strong wind blew against Zen's face. When he opened his eyes, they were met by a palm hitting on his chest before Zen was heavily knocked against the wall.

Standing there with long phoenix feathers scattered on the ground was Tia, gritting her teeth angrily, "What did you do to me just now?"

Getting up from the ground, Zen rubbed on his chest. Thanks to his great body of spiritual weapon, the force of her palm was not too strong for him. Still, the incident left him rather upset. "What did I do? I didn't do anything to you! You should ask yourself that question!"

His return made Tia's face instantly turn red as a tomato. However, her color went back to normal when her body was enveloped by cold air.

Although she was in a nearly unconscious state, she could still remember what happened just earlier. Although they did not do anything that might cross a moral line, as a girl who was always in an authoritative position, she couldn't easily accept the sort of thing that was rather shameful to speak aloud.

'It seems I'll have to kill him…'

With her quick temper, Zen was most definitely on her kill list.

Unfortunately, having sworn to the will of martial arts, she couldn't kill him.

Puzzled at the moment, Tia put on a confused expression.

If Fernandez saw such an expression on her face, he would certainly be surprised by the fact that this exceptionally vigorous girl, having shaken heaven and earth in the Central Region for many years, was suddenly in an uncharacteristically hesitant state. He wouldn't believe her confusion

Still, Tia failed to find a solution after pondering over it for a while. Finally, she gritted her teeth and said as coolly as she could, "You'd better forget about this whole thing. Give me the crystal key! We're going to get the treasure."

As he handed the crystal stone to Tia, he mumbled with a twitch of his mouth, "Sure, I can forget it. But it looks like someone will remember it forever…"

"What did you just say?"

Hearing his snide remark, Tia snapped her head back to glare at him.

"No…

I didn't say anything."

Since it seemed unwise to try and argue with an angry woman who looked like a female lion ready to pounce, Zen merely shook his head with a seemingly innocent smile on his face.

Chapter 590 The Treasure Box Flew Away (Part One)

On Zen and Tia's way back, both of them went through the flood dragon's body without a word.

Perhaps they felt a little embarrassed or they might be angry at each other.

The two of them finally arrived at the head of the flood dragon. Zen looked at its tightly-shut mouth. Some runes were engraved on the rows of its huge teeth, which were interlaced with one another. The Blood Fiend Emperor must have made great changes to the dragon's teeth when the huge flood dragon puppet was made.

However, how could they get out of it since the mouth of the flood dragon was closed?

Even if they could go outside, most of the floating stones were probably destroyed. Flying was prohibited in the trial, and it was also hard to climb up the abyss wall!

Just as Zen thought about it, Tia coldly looked at him and took out the crystal key without a word. She pointed it towards the wall beside her and pressed it hard onto the surface. The wall should be the rear part of the dragon's mouth. It had also been rebuilt, and lots of runes were engraved on it.

Tia pressed the crystal key following the runes.

When Tia did so, Zen felt the ground quake under his feet. He then heard the sound of a chain scratching stone outside. The flood dragon rose continuously. Tia actually had the flood dragon puppet under her control!

Zen gawked at Tia in shock. "This flood dragon puppet was the holy beast to protect Blood Fiend Emperor's sect. It's normal to control it with the crystal key," Tia said icily when she saw Zen's reaction.

The flood dragon rose to the top as the chain scraped the wall on both sides of the abyss. Zen felt the dragon's body shake dramatically when it broke through the top gateway. The metallic sounds of chains breaking were heard. It turned out that Tia made the flood dragon puppet escape from its chains by controlling it.

Suddenly, a huge flood dragon appeared in the sky above the Cloud Road.

Meanwhile, Frank, Rocher, and the other disciples had passed the Death Road. They were far ahead of the other disciples. Now, they had entered the fourth part of the trial called the "Thrilling Icy Plain." In addition, they found another hidden trial there and obtained great rewards.

All of them had gotten a lot especially Rocher. He had even received a top-grade fairy weapon. Even Frank was a little envious of him. It seemed that luck had blessed Rocher more than him.

Just after they had gotten the hidden rewards and resumed their path forward, they saw the huge flood dragon in the sky.

Their eyes were a mixture of fright and surprise as they looked at each other.

Why was there a huge flood dragon? Was it the flood dragon in the abyss? Did it swallow Zen and that mysterious disciple of the Cloud Hall? But why was it in the sky now?

They had so many questions in their minds.

After a while, Frank's lips curved into a cold smile. "Let's go and move on. After the Death Road, the fourth part of the trial has also been different and there will be greater rewards waiting for us!" he said.

All the cultivators, who were on the Sea of Raging Fire, had started to enter the Life Road. Although many stone columns were broken, they successfully passed the Sea of Raging due to their good plan. The whole ordeal was extremely dangerous but thankfully, no one died. Only one disciple got burned by the lava due to his carelessness.

Just after the disciples passed the Life Road, they also saw the huge flood dragon in the sky.

"Oh my! What a huge dragon!" one disciple shouted.

"Why is there a huge dragon inside the trial? What does the dragon want to do?" another disciple exclaimed.

The disciples were thrilled as they watched the gigantic flood dragon up in the clouds. Fortunately, the huge creature was flying away from them. Otherwise, they would be in a great disaster.

Outside the trial, Fernandez noticed that all the disciples had looked up. He adjusted the Picture Slab to watch the sky as well.

The sight of the huge flood dragon in flight greeted the eyes of the sect leaders and Fernandez through the Picture Slab.

"This is a flood dragon. It is a mature one that has lived up to at least fifty thousand years!" Fernandez exclaimed in shock. He did not expect to see the flood dragon. He could tell its age, but he didn't see that the flood dragon was actually dead and was now only a puppet.

"A mature dragon that has lived fifty thousand years? Why did it show up in the trial?" a sect leader asked. The other sect leaders were also puzzled as well.

The flood dragon was quite powerful and they could never defeat it at all, so the disciples in the trial didn't stand a chance. If the flood dragon wanted it, all the disciples could die in a second.

The sect leaders and Fernandez probably did not know much about the trial. The whole trial was located in the legacies of a sixth-grade sect. Thus, there were always some forbidden places and a holy beast to protect the sect.

If a disciple trespassed in the forbidden place and released the holy beast, all the disciples in the trial would end up dead!

Moreover, the holy beast could get out of the trial area and attack people outside. Thus, everyone was in danger.

"It's alright now as the flood dragon seems to have left."

The sect leaders and Fernandez were greatly relieved when the flood dragon's figure disappeared through the distance.

The flood dragon changed its direction every now and then under Tia's control. She then took her Picture Slab from her space bracelet. She could see the world outside the dragon body with the Picture Slab. Now they were above the Sea of Raging Fire.

"What are you looking for?" Zen asked curiously. Tia only stared at Zen with hatred and did not respond.

She mentally blamed Zen for her misfortunes as she had never been in such a low place since her birth, until now. However, there was nothing she could do to him!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 591 The Treasure Box Flew Away (Part Two)

She instead concentrated on controlling the flood dragon puppet and carefully searched above the Sea of Raging Fire.

"There it is!" Tia suddenly exclaimed excitedly. They saw an island in the Sea of Raging Fire. It was totally deserted and there wasn't any path to it.

There was also a huge blood-red enchanted barrier outside it, which covered the whole island.

"Get down," Tia said, then she drove the flood dragon puppet down. When the flood dragon puppet got close to the blood-red enchanted barrier, a huge hole suddenly appeared in the barrier and the flood dragon puppet went inside.

There were many buildings on the island. In front of the gate was a huge square. A huge black column stood in the center of the square.

When Tia saw that Zen was confused probably by the presence of the black column, she drove the huge flood dragon's body and made it twist around the column. After many rounds, the head of the flood dragon finally landed on the ground and at the same time, its mouth opened.

Zen carefully walked outside the flood dragon's body and raised his head to observe the column. 'If the huge flood dragon directly lands on the ground, it will need a large area. It is really smart to let the dragon's body twist around the column. It spares much room and is also convenient. How smart of the Blood Fiend Emperor!' Zen thought.

A large main hall stood behind the huge square. There was a tablet on the hall with three words "Blood Fiend Hall" inscribed on it. It looked like it was the original home of the Blood Fiend Emperor.

Meanwhile, Tia also walked out of the dragon's body with the crystal key in her hand. She went to the platform at the center of the square first instead of the Blood Fiend Hall. The feather of the Ice Phoenix trailed on the ground behind her, and Zen followed.

There was a crystal cube on the small platform that measured two feet long on each side. The inside of the cube seemed to lack a small piece that was needed to form a groove.

Tia looked around the small platform and stared at Zen, then said, "You'd better get close to the platform."

"Why?"

Zen still asked even though he got closer to the platform.

Tia didn't answer his question but put the crystal key into the groove of the cube instead.

The moment Tia had inserted the key, the ground started to shake as if there was an earthquake. The whole square shook and trembled.

"Bang!"

At that moment, Zen saw that numerous light spots appeared. It was not from the sun, because there wasn't the sun in this space at all. The light spots on the square should be some special runes.

Some of the runes were big and some of them were small. Some were shaped like the petals of a huge flower, while others were like rotating gears. Their shapes and sizes varied from one another.

The one common thing about the runes was that they all started to rotate in the same direction. A slim, long, line of light appeared from each of the runes as they rotated at a certain speed. Then, the light flew in all directions.

The lines looked like pieces of an arc that were meant to connect all the places inside the trial. What Zen didn't know was that one of the lines had flown to the hidden trial inside the Sea of Raging Fire, where Zen had obtained the silver treasure box.

When the light line rushed toward the hidden trial, Lennon was down on the second platform. He was burned black all over. If one didn't look carefully, nobody could tell that it was a human.

Meanwhile in the valley, all the other disciples from Cloud Hall had left. Lennon was the last one who jumped on the platform. He wanted to be well-prepared for it, so he got delayed until the last minute.

Just like Zen and Lewis, Lennon had also obtained the red treasure box on the first platform. It clearly cost him a great amount of life vitality and strength, so he chose to rest and recover first. He chose to meditate and recuperate until he was in the best condition since the hidden trial had no time limit.

After quite a while, Lennon stood up and confidently jumped on the second platform. He mentally thought about the guy at the third grade of the nature level who managed to get the silver box. He could easily do that since he was the top disciple of Cloud Hall. It would be ridiculous if he could not!

He faced the flame and fireball, and tried his best with gritted teeth. In the end, he had survived!

Lennon was completely exhausted after he had passed the trial on the second platform. He was severely burned. He successfully passed the trial because of the temptation of the blue box in front of him.

As long as he had the blood vigor of the nine-headed dragon, he could obtain huge power and his body could recover in a short time!

However, he was too badly hurt that he couldn't walk anymore. Thus, he crawled forward slowly. Even if the blue box was ten feet away from him, it seemed so far away like the end of the world.

Still, Lennon pushed himself. "It doesn't matter! It will be worth it to obtain the blood vigor of the nine-headed dragon!" he encouraged himself with gritted teeth. With great pain and a whole lot of effort, he had almost touched the blue treasure box.

Just before he offered his hand, a light line suddenly shot towards the blue box and covered it.

Then, the blue box turned around and raised itself. It flew away and followed the light line.

'What? It is flying away?' Lennon asked himself in shock. Stunned and dumbfounded, he stared at the flying blue treasure box.

Chapter 592 Heavenly Fruit Tree (Part One)

After exerting so much energy to get here, Lennon never thought the blue treasure box would fly away before his yes.

But it wasn't only the blue box that had suddenly vanished. All the crates, including the two golden treasure boxes and the black treasure box which were at the very top, were seen floating along the luminous beam at the same time.

"What the hell is going on here?" Lennon muttered to himself. Already too exhausted, he had no energy to shout abuse.

But strange things such as this happened also in other places.

In the fourth stage of Cloud Road, which was called Thrilling Icy Plain, Frank killed three devil icy snowmen. By executing them, he was finally able to mount a new stage.

To kill the three snowmen, he not only relied on his excellent skills but also made use of the three talismans, given by his father. These talismans were extremely valuable. Frank had been through several life and death situations, but he never brought out these amulets. This time, without hesitation, he took them out to conquer the three devil icy snowmen.

He had no other choice. The rewards of the fourth stage were generous. He couldn't imagine how incredible the reward would be after he killed the three devil icy snowmen.

When he walked up the steps made of ice blocks, he saw a steaming pool of blood.

"A blood pool..." he whispered. He raised his head and looked at the wall. Frank read the words on the wall - 'flood dragon's blood', and those words appeared as flying dragons and dancing phoenixes.

It was flood dragon's blood! Frank was amazed.

While the flood dragon's blood wasn't a patch of a Genuine Dragon's blood, it would still greatly benefit the warrior if he soaked himself in it for some time.

So Frank felt it was worthwhile for him to use the three talismans!

He strode towards the blood pool in high spirits. However, before he could approach the pool, a strong beam of light shone over the blood pool. Then like the boxes, the blood pool appeared to travel along with the light until it vanished.

"What just happened? How did it fly away like that?" a stupefied Frank asked. He wasn't the type of person to give up easily. Faced with the strange situation, he immediately used his spear to tap the ground then flew toward the pool. However, just as he touched the ray of light, Frank was thrown off instantly and bounced before rolling down the steps made of ice blocks.

"Frank! What happened?" Lois screamed. She looked extremely worried as she rushed toward Frank and bent down to check him. Then she helped him get up.

In Thrilling Icy Plain, only Frank among the five was able to catch up with the three devil icy snowmen, who were all quite strong. It wasn't easy defeating them. To terminate the enemies, Frank needed his best skills and the three talismans, and still, it nearly cost him his life. But when he was about to succeed in getting the reward, the blood pool suddenly disappeared.

"What! What on earth is going on?" Frank bellowed. He shook off Lois' hands and stared with disappointment at the place where the blood pool once was. He was reluctant to accept the fact about its disappearance.

Rocher, Patrick, and Lewis also stared up at the sky with puzzled looks. There wasn't only one ray of light in the sky. There were as many as seven or eight rays of light interlacing in the air. They were all stumped about what was happening on Cloud Road.

Besides Death Road, Sea of Raging Fire and Life Road, strange things similar to this also happened in all the other places. Even near the entrance of the Cloud Road, there were rays of light in its numerous roads.

The Cloud Road was all abuzz because of those rays of light. It was impossible that Fernandez and the sect leaders didn't know about it.

"What on earth is going on? Why do strange things like this happen on Cloud Road?" "I have to report it to our superior!" a shocked Fernandez said.

Looking up at the rays of lights, Kenneth shook his head. He muttered, "Although Cloud Road is a broken world, its destruction will still take hundreds of thousands of years or even millions of years. It should be in the stability phase now, so why are there irregularities? Is it because of the flood dragon?"

The leader of the Auspice Sect spoke up, "It will make no sense to inform the superior. Our leader is practicing in a secluded place now."

A worried Lady Long looked at the group. She said, "But how about the disciples on Cloud Road? If they were killed by the rays of light, what should we do? Their lives are of great importance!"

Every three years, disciples who passed the Cloud Road's exams could enter Cloud Hall, which meant they automatically became the elite disciples of Cloud Hall. Once they were part of Cloud Hall, they would receive excellent training and education. If all these elite disciples died at this time, it would be a huge loss for Cloud Hall.

"We could only wait and see. I'm hoping that this isn't a bad omen!"

While Fernandez observed the rays of light at random through the Picture Slab, his face turned ghastly pale.

Zen, who stood on the square, then realized why Tia had asked him to stand near the stone terrace.

And he now also understood why there was one light spot after another on the square!

These very light spots were what drew the treasured objects and treasure boxes on the Cloud Road through the light beams.

Suddenly, they heard loud crashing sounds.

Several treasure boxes pounded heavily on the square.

"The boxes!" Zen cried out. His eyes widened in shock at the sight of them. Those red treasure boxes appeared before his eyes were precisely the ones hidden in the secret test! It would cost much to get any one of these boxes. But now, they had been put casually on the square.

Again, the crashing sound jolted Zen.

Before Zen could react, six or seven blue boxes, three silver boxes, two golden boxes, and one black box came into view. He was too stunned over what he saw.

Chapter 593 Heavenly Fruit Tree (Part Two)

His mouth hung open at the sight of so many treasure boxes. And the young disciple remained this way for quite a while until his face felt stiff and numb.

Thanks to the silver box, Zen successfully obtained the manual of 'Malicious Wheel of Life and Death' left by the Blood Fiend Emperor. With this ability, Zen could become more powerful. Now, he wondered what the golden boxes and the black box contained.

And the temptation to find out was so great!

"Have you ever gotten any of the boxes?" Tia suddenly asked Zen. The question came out of nowhere as Zen continued to stare at the treasure boxes.

Shrugging his shoulders, Zen nodded modestly.

She glanced at the boxes again, and Tia found there were only three silver boxes remaining. But there were once four of them. Tia knitted her brows as she asked, "You did get three treasure boxes, right? Did you take the silver box?"

There was a total of five silver treasure boxes in the valley. With the head of the Cloud Hall taking away one of them, there had still been four of them left. But now she could only see three. It was obvious that someone else took one too, so Tia turned to Zen to ask.

When Zen nodded, Tia was taken aback. She was well aware of how tough it was to get the silver box.

Although she was capable of getting the box, too, Tia only tried doing it once. It was by accident at a later time when she found out the real secret behind the Cloud Road trial. Since then, she decided never to waste her time on the Sea of Raging Fire.

Because no matter how powerful she was, it was still impossible for her to get all the treasure boxes at the same time. It was more advisable for her to take the containers once by taking advantage of the crystal key left by the Blood Fiend Emperor.

Once she took action, Tia had to do her best and get all the boxes in one go.

When Zen, who believed that half of the boxes should be his, was walking closer to the containers and wanted to open one, Tia immediately stopped the disciple and dragged him back.

All of a sudden, something round was falling down in front of them, and it hit the ground with a loud thud, enough to crack the blue bricks.

That was the blood pool.

Although the blood pool crashed heavily on the ground, the flood dragon's blood was viscous that none of it spattered out of the pool. The spurting blood beads would always bounce back in the pool.

"Well... What is it?" Zen asked impatiently.

Although unfamiliar with the blood pool, Zen knew this was extraordinary based on the scent of the blood in the pool.

"The pool is full of flood dragon's blood. You can soak yourself there later. For now, however, just stay here and don't move around because there will be other things dropping down," Tia told Zen. She felt discontented now. And one of her flaws was being inconsistent. Tia clearly disliked Zen, so it was a wonder that she had saved him just now.

Why didn't she just let the blood pool kill him? This way, it wouldn't be her fault even if he was killed. And it would make no difference to her will of martial arts.

However, it would be a waste to get rid of a talented fighter like Zen, who deserved high-grade training, Tia argued in her head. It would be a great loss for Cloud Hall if the disciple ended up being killed by the blood pool.

This was the excellent excuse that came to Tia's mind.

Suddenly, a big bang shook them.

At this time, there was something else falling down from the sky. It was a fruit tree with ten fruits. The size, color, and luster of each fruit were different from each other.

And Tia couldn't hide her surprise and happiness when she saw this particular fruit tree.

"A Heavenly Fruit Tree!"

Like most people, Tia had never seen a Heavenly Fruit Tree before. They mostly only heard about it through legends. In the Central Region, nobody else would have ever seen this tree.

It was at a secret auction in the Central Region where Tia had seen a heavenly fruit by chance. After being preserved for thousands of years, the fruit still remained plump and full. According to the auctioneer's description, it was the fruit of the Heavenly Fruit Tree.

Legend had it that there were only a total of ten heavenly fruits in the world. Each time one of the ten fruits was eaten, a new one would grow in the Heavenly Fruit Tree. However, there would never be more than ten fruits in the tree.

Besides, each heavenly fruit functioned differently. And with the magical effects from every fruit, they became extremely precious.

"I did not expect that the Heavenly Fruit Tree was planted in Cloud Road. And I didn't know that it once belonged to the Blood Fiend Emperor. It is beyond my expectation. It is really hard to imagine how powerful and strong his sect was!" Tia muttered. "There are ten fruits in the Heavenly Fruit Tree now. This means that the one at the secret auction was eaten by someone. Otherwise, there won't be ten in the tree!"

It made Zen wonder why Tia was so excited and happy. But it was easy for him to assume how extraordinary the tree was. He believed that half of the treasure here was his. And since there were ten fruits in the tree, he felt it was reasonable for him to eat five of them. It was truly an excellent deal.

As Zen wondered how delicious the heavenly fruits would be, another shadow hovered in the sky. Then the shadow dropped straight down and was embedded on the ground.

What fell was a grand sword that was ten feet high.

Chapter 594 Unexpected Breakthrough

Not far off, the gigantic sword was impaled deep into the ground.

Although the exquisite blade was buried to the hilt, under the earth's surface the sword stood about ten feet in all, and it was one foot wide. Aside from the dark coloring, there were ruby red lines along the length of the metal masterpiece.

Even buried deeply in the ground, as it was, the giant sword was imposing and gave the impression that it was an aggressive beast of prey.

Above ground, the hilt stood as tall as Zen, and seemed impossible for any man to wield!

"It's the sword of Blood Fiend Emperor," said Tia smoothly when she caught a glimpse of the sword. As far as she was concerned, this sword wasn't suitable for her, although it would be precious to most of the male warriors.

Since the sword was buried at the Cloud Road's exit, Tia had seen it many times before, as any disciple who had already passed the test.

Over the years, many members from Cloud Hall had unsuccessfully tried to pull the sword from the ground. Even the disciples who possessed superman strength couldn't budge it!

One of the many reasons no one had been able to retrieve the sword was its weight. Still, since disciples refining at the Illuminating Soul Realm lifted things much heavier than the sword, there must be another reason no one had pulled it out. It turned out that an enchanted barrier safeguarded the blade, and unless it was shattered, no one would be able to get the sword!

Because the burial place for the sword now was the heart of the plaza, the enchanted barrier protecting it vanished.

"I would think that the Blood Fiend Emperor was a human too, but, how was he able to wield such a colossal sword?" questioned Zen as he stared at it curiously.

Although Blood Fiend Emperor might found it not difficult to wield such a sword, it was still too long for any regular man. So, how could anyone battle enemies using it? It would be cumbersome, and when Zen visualized it, he was confused.

A brooding expression crossed Tia's face, and she added, "Well, of course, it belonged to the Blood Fiend Emperor. But, why would you think he wielded it himself? Couldn't his sword-spirit have been the one using it? After all, if his sword-spirit was immense or if the emperor infused the two, it would've been a tremendous help to him."

"Sword-spirit?" echoed Zen questioningly. What Tia was saying intrigued Zen.

Since a puppet had ripped the Streamer Sword to pieces, Zen had been using the Blood Drinking Sword, which meant he didn't have a sword for his sword spirit, Lily.

As Zen had been looking at the giant sword, he'd been contemplating giving it to Lily.

However, it crossed his mind that even though Lily was slim and much taller than Tia, she might not be strong enough to wield it.

Seeing Zen's eyes light up in interest, Tia smirked and proposed, "Let me guess, you have a sword spirit too?" Sword intent and sword-spirit were entirely different things, and even though Tia had seen Zen's sword intent previously, she found it hard to believe that anyone at the nature level could possess a sword-spirit.

Even before Tia finished speaking, a form emerged from within Zen's body. The humanoid was nearly as tall as Zen, and as slender as Tia, with pointy ears on her perfect face.

"Wow! I see you really have a sword-spirit!" exclaimed Tia in surprised excitement. Tia didn't possess such power or skill at grade three of nature level, so, she underestimated Zen, never believing he might have such things, even though Tia did know Zen was exceptionally talented in the martial arts. She also never considered that he could be concealing his actual abilities from others.

He had a sword-spirit that had already taken human form.

Anger and jealousy were rising in Tia's heart at the sight of Zen's sword spirit, and she spat, "You're disgusting! You shaped your sword-spirit to look like a woman?"

Lily actually was a sexual woman. After all, She was a member of Demon Night.

The Demon Night relished their sexuality and adopted many customs that humans enjoyed. She generally wore very few clothes, leaving most of her body exposed. Her waist was slim, her legs seemed to go on forever, being long, fit and alabaster. Covering her breasts was a fabric made of leaves.

Tia held little respect for any female creature wearing clothes like that!

Generally speaking, Tia knew that sword-spirits altered themselves to suit their masters' will. However, Tia was wrong about Zen. Zen's sword-spirit was unlike any other, and he didn't manipulate her appearance at all.

Unsure how to defend himself against her wrongful accusations, Zen scowled in frustration.

Actually, Tia, was a woman of considerable insight, and she was aware that the sword-spirit had taken her form through special ways.

She walked up to Lily, and carefully examined her perfect face before she smiled coldly, and said, "Your sword-spirit is impressive. If you can use the Sword-Spirit Wielding Sword skill well, I don't doubt that the giant sword of the Blood Fiend Emperor will be yours!"

"Sword-Spirit Wielding Sword skill? What's that?" wondered Zen aloud.

"Don't act like a fool! You know damned well what it means! Your sword-spirit is capable of fighting alongside you while wielding a sword, and you can manipulate her like a puppet!" snapped Tia giving Zen an impatient look, as if he were a dolt.

Many warriors took a great deal of time, and put in a lot of effort into cultivating their sword-spirits so they could use them like a puppet in battles. However, although Zen had an interesting sword-spirit, he seemed to know nothing about any of this.

"Huh! Do you mean like this?" With that Zen tossed the Blood Drinking Sword to Lily. She caught the blade and suddenly changed from demure and quiet to an intimidating, aggressive looking adversary.

Until now, she had looked more like a delicate tree nymph, with no facial expression and being emotionless. However, as soon as she gripped the sword, her demeanor flipped, and she looked like a savage ready to slaughter anyone at Zen's order. She skillfully handled the Blood Drinking Sword.

She made eye contact as she gracefully danced in a rehearsed routine. Her beautiful body and sexy clothes didn't detract her will or ability to slay an enemy, instead, her every action entranced a foe.

Even women couldn't avoid her charm.

Tia watched, in dumbfounded shock while Lily swayed rhythmically.

Only a powerful, skillful sword-master could see how unique Lily's skill was.

Both Rocher and Kenneth saw she was skilled in the arts of the sword dance. However, Tia was even better at assessing talent than either of them. As an influential figure in the Central Region, unbelievably, she couldn't find a single flaw in her dance.

If Tia was a warrior who wielded a sword, she would definitely ask Zen to teach her to dance like that!

"Is this what you meant by Sword-Spirit Wielding Sword skill?" questioned Zen as he stared at Tia.

Staring back into Zen's eyes, Tia wondered if Zen deliberately ordered Lily to dance in such a seductive way. She paused momentarily and then replied, "Yes, it is! However, before you are able to brandish this giant sword, you will need to transfer some of your sword-spirit into it. That way, you can use it as much as you like!"

Zen focused, directing his mind to a singular thought, and as he did this, some red dots sparkled on Lily's body. He moved the sparkles from her to the giant sword.

Lily's body seemed paler, as the red rays shot from the blade's intricate lines.

"Rise,"

ordered Zen. Lily jumped and landed lithely on the hilt of the giant sword. Her long, pale hands pushed the grip, and the blade moved. She drew the sword, effortlessly.

Although the blade appeared to be too long for Lily, she balanced it comfortably, handling the sword as though it were created for her from the very beginning.

After she swung the sword, she thrust it back in the ground, and without hesitating, she became countless spots of sword-spirit before she returned to Zen's body.

"I want the giant sword," stated Zen. Apparently satisfied with the sword, Zen smiled.

"Then, it is yours," replied Tia smoothly. She actually wanted Zen to have the sword. If his sword-spirit was capable of wielding this sword, it could help Zen reach a higher martial arts level.

Just then, the sky's light dimmed, blocked by something falling to the earth.

Masses of meteorites and dark steels which were used to refine weapons were dropping from the air. Eventually, a verdant garden revealed itself, guided by the light. When the garden landed in a corner, Tia raised her eyebrow and hurried to it.

Effective herbs required a very long time to grow, and no one felt obliged to tend to them since the demise of the Blood Fiend Emperor. Thus, thousands of years had passed while the herbs grew, untended. They would be priceless on the market as long as they were intact with the changeable and severe weather.

"This is the herbal garden…" Before Zen finished his sentence, Tia turned, grabbed hold of Zen's hand, led him to the exit and threw him, muttering, "The herbal garden will never be yours! Wash up!"

Zen felt his body lift off the ground, and he sailed through the air. After the unusual flight, he landed in the dragon blood pool, and within a few seconds, Zen felt his skin burning.

He hadn't expected the dragon blood to be that hot.

Since Zen's body was designed for weapon refinery, he could endure regular fire, easily. However, blood of a dragon was far hotter than any regular fire. The experience was extremely strange for Zen.

However, the strange feeling only lasted a short time. As his body adjusted to the high temperature, he felt more comfortable, and it felt more like he were taking a hot spring bath.

All over him, Zen's pores opened as he soaked in the blood bath. As he soaked, he absorbed the nutrients contained in it. Relaxing, his eyes closed and he started to practice his martial arts. However, his mind opened, as he meditated.

Seeing Zen's eyes closed, Tia scowled as she began to gather herbs. To recover her strength fully, she still needed several essential herbs, and she hoped to find them amongst the herbs in the garden.

Approximately an hour later, Zen's eyes shot open, and his lower abdomen shook slightly. Life vitality flowed through him. Soaking in the dragon blood bath had inadvertently led to a breakthrough.

Chapter 595 An Exchange Of Favors (Part One)

Though Zen had made rapid progress to his refinement, it was still not enough.

He knew that his progress was still far from those members of the noble clans in the Eastern Region. Took for example his friend, Roger. Zen first met Roger while he was completing a task that the Cloud Sect had assigned to him. Roger was only at grade one of nature level back then. But when Zen had seen Roger again after a few months, he could tell that Roger had quickly progressed to grade five. It had amused Zen how much Roger improved in a short period of time!

However, it was common knowledge that some martial arts cultivators could use some pills to speed up their progress. When they did, their cultivation base would normally be unstable. It was like hastening the baking of a pastry. The outside looked good, but the inside would turn out to be half-baked. But some cultivators would opt to pay the price of unstable cultivation just to speed up their progress. However, a half-baked cultivation base would often have a bad effect on their further progress.

Nonetheless, it was the pride and reputation these cultivators were after. Despite having an unstable cultivation base, once a cultivator reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, he would immediately become a respected figure in the Eastern Region. This was enough for many cultivators. Without a stable cultivation base, progressing from Illuminating Soul Realm to the next level would be like a thread passing through a needle hole. Hence, some cultivators would forget about progressing from Illuminating Soul Realm to Internal Elixir Realm and other higher stages of martial refinement.

But Zen wasn't like everyone else. He had a very solid cultivation base. Sometimes, he would even restrain himself from leveling up until his body made a breakthrough on its own. This was the same as men's nocturnal emission which happened naturally after a long period of accumulation.

Inside the pond, Zen had finally stabilized his new breakthrough. But instead of relaxing, he continued to sit in a lotus position and do his breathing exercises. He felt that staying in that environment for a longer period would be helpful to his body.

Although it wasn't a real dragon, the flood dragon's blood contained so much strong and pure power. However, due to Zen's low refining level, he could only absorb a limited amount of that power. The flood dragon's blood was a priceless treasure even for a grade-six sect, so it was only fitting that it was stored in this elegant pond. The flood dragon's blood seemed endless in this pond, so even if Zen stayed in the pond much longer, the blood wouldn't dry out.

While he was meditating, Zen heard an embarrassed titter coming from his mind. It was from the cyan dragon.

The flood dragon spirit that the cyan dragon had absorbed had nourished him and made his waking hours longer.

Zen tried to ignore him. He focused his mind on meditating. However, the cyan dragon grew more irritating. So, Zen was left with no choice but to acknowledge it. "What do you want?" asked Zen.

"Finally, I thought you would seriously ignore me! I was just wondering… Can I absorb the rest of flood dragon blood?" the cyan dragon asked with an awkward smile.

Zen could not help but roll his eyes. The cyan dragon had been deliberately ordering Zen to get whatever he wanted in the past. It wasn't the type to "ask" or wonder what he could or could not get. But this time, to Zen's surprise, the cyan dragon was asking him a favor.

Zen thought that maybe the cyan dragon was embarrassed to ask for more because he just got his fair share of the flood dragon spirit.

But despite the plea from the cyan dragon, Zen could not immediately answer because the flood dragon blood didn't solely belong to him. But he also saw this as an opportunity to get something in return from the cyan dragon. He pretended to think, then sighed, "As much as I want to, I can't. You know Tia owns half of the flood dragon blood. It's up to her who to use her share of it."

But the cyan dragon wasn't born yesterday. He told Zen, "Well, you just got played by that girl. She's a smart ass, you know. The herbs in the herbal garden are of greater value than this pond of blood. Say, that eighty-thousand-year-old Lunar Anesthesia Herb alone is equal to this pond full of blood. I don't think she would need her share of the flood dragon blood! Come on, think about it!"

Obviously, the cyan dragon had a wide knowledge of everything. He knew exactly the value of things and wouldn't be fooled by anyone even Zen. Zen could also estimate the value of those herbs just by scanning them with his soul.

Both the Lunar Anesthesia Herb and the flood dragon blood were valuable to Zen, but not to the cyan dragon. Even the valuable Heavenly Fruit Tree that Zen would die to have could only be described as "not bad" by the cyan dragon. If it wasn't for this awkward situation, the cyan dragon would never take the flood dragon blood seriously. But because of the experiences that put him in such occasion, he had no other choice but to consume the flood dragon blood in order to regain his strength.

"But still, she has the right to her share. And if I take it all by myself, I'm afraid she won't let me see another day," Zen insisted stubbornly as sly guilt flashed in his eyes.

The cyan dragon fell silent for a while. He was assessing the situation and finding ways to make Zen agree to his bidding. Suddenly, he said, "Okay, tell me what you want. I can do anything under my power. Maybe, I can teach you something useful. Say, our cultivation method? Sounds good, eh?" the cyan dragon said. Sensing that he had aroused Zen's attention, he continued, "However, I must warn you. The cultivation methods of dragons like me aren't suitable for you because your body is still very weak. Even if I teach you some of our cultivation methods, you won't be able to use them with your current strength."

Zen laughed. He knew that the cyan dragon had sensed his eagerness to learn any new cultivation method, but he had to act like he was not that interested. "Hey, I never asked for anything in return. Besides, I have never agreed to give you Tia's share. But since you're offering, who am I to resist? I'll accept it with pleasure," Zen said laughing.

"You're a cunning but smart boy! Fine! I'll teach you a set of rune-making methods. It's one of the best attainments we dragons have acquired in runic learning," the cyan dragon said proudly.

He had long planned to teach Zen something useful. Imparting even a little part of his broad knowledge to Zen would benefit the latter a lot. But he had held the thought for a while since Zen's low refining stage would limit his ability to grasp or exert the cyan dragon's inheritance.

But seeing the improvement in Zen's strength and his stable cultivation base, he finally decided to teach Zen the methods of writing runes. After all, runes were widely used in this world and could be applied to many different fields. If Zen would become a runic expert, he could deal with many troublesome situations without the help of the cyan dragon.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 596 An Exchange Of Favors (Part Two)

Runes took many forms and could be used for different things. For example, a magic-array expert was a special type of runic experts in the Eastern Region. A large array was usually made of hundreds or thousands of runes, and it required special runes to build magic arrays.

Runes could also be used in refining weapons. For example, if a weapon refiner could use some special runes while refining a weapon, it could increase the success rate of the refinement and the weapon's grade would also improve. The same process was used for refining pills.

Upon hearing the cyan dragon's offer, Zen could not help but smile. It could be recalled that he had earned his money mostly by selling his heavenly essence. He had thought about becoming a weapon refiner by right of his heavenly essence but had only learned the way of smelting. He hadn't even once tried the most important part of refining a weapon.

But if the cyan dragon could teach him the method of using runes, it would be much easier for Zen to master weapon refining.

Without hesitating, he immediately answered, "Hey, I like that idea! That's exactly what I have in mind right now. If you can really teach me, you can absorb as much flood dragon blood as you want. As for me, I've absorbed what I needed, so it's useless for me now."

"You're a tricky bastard!" The cyan dragon felt annoyed but had to accept that he was tricked by Zen.

Meanwhile, in the herbal garden, Tia was patiently counting and recording all the herbs. Each herb required a specific method of handling, otherwise, they would immediately wither once touched. For example, the rhizome herb called Nurturing Primrose would produce the sound of a crying baby when casually touched, then eventually withered in one breath and lost its value. The Fiery Dragon Saliva, on the other hand, contained a fiery toxin that would infect people when they touched the plant.

Hence, Tia dealt with all the herbs accordingly. As she was carefully dealing with the herbs, the thought of Zen bathing in the pond came to her mind. She blushed momentarily but shrugged the indecent thought off her mind. She focused on the idea on her mind that some herbs in the garden could be added to the flood dragon blood that would purify Zen's life vitality and refresh his body.

Though she envied Zen's current status, she wasn't a stingy person. She believed that Zen held great potential for the Cloud Hall. She wouldn't want to waste such a great talent. As she had seen it, Zen could muster a sword spirit that had a real shape when he was still in a low refining level. And that proved that he could be a promising talent to the Cloud Hall.

With excitement, she dug up those herbs and headed towards the blood pond. She couldn't keep her mind off the thought of seeing Zen half naked in the pond. She blushed again, and despite the attempt to shrug it off her mind, she couldn't. As she approached the pond, an unexpected view greeted her. She froze in stunned silence.

Instead of a half-naked Zen, she saw a completely empty pond. "Where's the flood dragon blood?!" she asked in astonishment. She was dumbfounded to see that all the flood dragon flood had disappeared after Zen stayed in it for some time. How could that be possible?

The flood dragon blood was a priceless treasure. It would be extremely improbable for an ordinary human to absorb all the energy in its blood. In fact, it would be a great achievement for an ordinary person to even manage to absorb several drops of the blood at once. Tia could still remember leaving the pond full just some moments ago, only to come back to nothing. Absorbing that amount of flood dragon blood would cause a person to suffer a violent death. A normal body would not be able to contain the huge power in the flood dragon blood thus it would explode. It was like filling up a small bag with water. The bag would expand but it could only take so much water that it would eventually explode once it reached its limit. This would be the same fate even for a powerful cultivator like Tia.

"The flood dragon blood? I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it. I absorbed all of it while you were gone." Zen replied in an apologetic tone. He couldn't tell Tia what really happened. He also felt somehow guilty about giving all the flood dragon blood to the cyan dragon without letting her know first.

"What did you say? You absorbed all of it? That's absurd!" Tia's eyes widened in astonishment as she stared at Zen. She couldn't imagine that Zen managed to consume so much flood dragon blood and still be here talking to her as if nothing had happened.

Nonetheless, she knew Zen hadn't left the pond and there was no way he could move the blood somewhere else. Thus, even though it was hard to believe, she knew that Zen wasn't lying about absorbing all the flood dragon's blood.

"God, that's a pond full of flood dragon blood!" Tia said in dismay as she approached Zen. Her face darkened a little in disappointment. It might be true that the flood dragon blood was no use for her, but it could serve as a reward for the disciples in Cloud Hall.

"Didn't we make an agreement that we will share all of these treasures? Now, since you consumed the flood dragon blood all by yourself, I don't see a need for me to share these treasure chests with you now!" Tia spat angrily as she glanced at the treasure chests on the ground. Since there was no way to return the flood dragon's blood, she might as well play with Zen a little.

"Hey! That's unreasonable!" Zen argued back. "You've taken all the herbs from the garden! The Lunar Anesthesia Herb alone is more valuable than the pond of blood. Do you seriously think you can trick me?"

"You're haggling like a woman! Or maybe, I should also own half of that giant sword of Blood Fiend Emperor. Do you want it that way?" Tia rebutted. She liked it when Zen was getting annoyed.

They had quite a quarrel over the rest of the precious inheritances of the grade-six sect. Although Tia was just playing around, she liked the idea of getting square with Zen after he had selfishly consumed all that flood dragon blood. Zen, on the other hand, wouldn't agree on anything that Tia offered.

And after failing to reach an agreement, they both agreed to open the treasure chests first.

Once they saw what was inside each box and how one could use the item, then they could determine how to divide the treasures.

Chapter 597 The Unboxing Of Surprises (Part One)

Tia and Zen had reached a consensus that both of them would get an equal share of everything they would get.

When they decided to open each box, they went for the red treasure boxes first. Each red treasure box contained a black item, the soul essence refined from the essence of the Dark Devil Phantom. It could either be traded at a decent price or used to toughen up a soul without any side effects. Zen got seven of those red treasure boxes.

After putting away their share of red treasure boxes, they opened the blue treasure boxes next. Unlike the red treasure boxes, the blue ones contained more precious treasures, the blood vigor of nine-headed dragons. Out of the six blue treasure boxes, Zen got three.

Looking at his stack of red and blue treasure boxes, Zen was filled with excitement. He couldn't wait to see what the other boxes held and how many he could get. He then stared at Tia without saying a word.

"What are you staring at?"

Tia questioned angrily. She was ill-tempered and sitting beside the half-naked Zen who kept on staring at her was a bit overwhelming. But she had to remain focused. Although she had promised to equally share the treasures with him, it was just normal for her to feel great regret. If it was any other disciple, Zen wouldn't get half of everything. Fortunately, Tia was more open-minded in practicing martial arts. She could look beyond these treasures for the greater good of the Cloud Hall. Besides, for Tia, Zen would be the most priceless treasure that the Cloud Hall could have.

Finally, Zen said while his eyes were still fixed on Tia, "With all these treasures, I'm afraid my space ring would run out of space." He waved his hand helplessly at Tia.

The space ring that Zen was using was still the original one. Although Evil Lan's space ring didn't have a high capacity, its space had been enough for Zen.

But with all the treasures he had now, it would be hard for him to keep them all in his space ring.

Thwip!

A streak of silver light flickered in front of Zen. It was from the space ring that Tia tossed at him.

Zen caught it and looked at it for some while. He was stunned when he realized the high capacity of Tia's space ring. As Zen assessed, the space in that space ring might be enough to hold half of an island.

The space ring was quite valuable, and it was specially designed for women. Zen noted that the outer surface of this space ring was designed with a little life-like phoenix made of heptyl gold.

"Thank you! I'll put up with this space ring for the time being," Zen said smilingly as he admired the space ring that Tia lent to him. He started to put his share into the space ring.

After Tia tossed the space ring to Zen, her face looked colder. Zen's remarks appeared to be ungrateful for Tia. She hissed to herself, 'This dumbass is really ungrateful! The more he gets, the more he wants!'

She shrugged off her annoyance and proceeded with the task at hand. After equally allocating the red and blue treasure boxes, Tia moved on to the three silver treasure boxes that she had obtained. She could feel her hands were getting cold. These silver boxes might contain more valuable treasures. She carefully opened each silver box, holding her breath for the wonder awaiting them.

As expected, the silver treasure boxes indeed contained far more valuable items. Inside each box was a soul jade slip with a record of the Blood Fiend Emperor's previous cultivation methods.

Previously, Zen had got the Blood Fiend Emperor's unique skill known as Malicious Wheel of Life and Death. Now, he didn't desire to know more about the cultivation methods recorded on the remained three soul jade slips. After all, Zen knew that it would be difficult for him to assimilate if he learned too many cultivation methods at the same time.

Hence, Zen gave the three soul jade slips to Tia, and this gesture satisfied her a lot.

However, Tia wouldn't practice the cultivation methods on the Blood Fiend Emperor's three secret books either. Though it was no use to her, she was sure that the elders of the Cloud Hall would make every effort to get these secret books if they were used as rewards and prizes.

The Cloud Hall had five grade two sects affiliated to it. Thus, it was arduous and difficult to manage all these sects well. If the Cloud Hall could offer such precious rewards, each sect would try to be the best, making the work easier for Cloud Hall. Therefore, pays and rewards should be given to the top elders, stewards, and disciples.

After Tia put all the silver treasure boxes into her space ring, she moved on to the gold treasure boxes with greater anticipation.

As Tia opened one of the gold treasure boxes, she saw a defective stone carving.

She didn't bother with it first, but as she looked closely, her eyes suddenly gleamed.

Like Tia, Zen was also completely attracted to the golden stone carving even though it was very small. The feelings that overwhelmed him at that moment were somewhat like the feelings that he had when he saw the Sun Moon Stars Picture for the first time.

"Hey, smart guy! So, you figured this out again?" Tia asked sarcastically as she gave Zen a hard look. This time, she really didn't believe that Zen could easily see what the stone carving revealed especially that it was his first time seeing it.

The gold stone carving contained space laws. A wise disciple would be able to see through and comprehend some space laws when he mediated beside the stone carving in the Sumeru Space of Cloud Hall.

Tia was able to understand the space laws immediately upon seeing the little stone carving. The stone carving inside the Cloud Hall was defective as well. However, it was cyan blue, and its space laws were nothing compared to the golden stone carving in front of her.

In general, only those people who understood some space laws could sense and experience how powerful and awesome the space laws of this stone carving were.

A mediocre disciple would mistake such a stone carving as an ordinary stone especially if it was the first time that he encountered it. He would even discard it immediately after he picked the stone carving up.

But Tia saw how differently Zen was gazing at the stone carving. He looked at it as if he knew what this kind of stone was and seemed to be contemplating this stone carving very attentively. However, Tia had enough of Zen's showy attitude that she sneered at his feigned observation of the stone carving and didn't believe that he could actually comprehend space laws.

In view of the current level that Zen had reached, Tia thought it was rather incredible that he cultivated the consummate sword intent and could turn his sword spirit into human shape. Apart from this, Tia had also felt that Zen's soul was far more powerful than those of others who were at the same level as him. But even so, there was no way for Zen to truly see through the space laws that easily.

At first, Tia looked at Zen with a disdainful look. But her ridicule was replaced by great astonishment when she realized what was actually happening. For her, it was unbelievable.

After stepping onto the "Death Road", Zen had never shown his power of space. He had only used that power once when he tried to get the silver treasure box. It was only Fernandez and several sect heads who had witnessed Zen's application of the power through the Picture Slab. However, Tia didn't know that until now.

Chapter 598 The Unboxing Of Surprises (Part Two)

As the light on the stone carving became dimmer, she realized that Zen had comprehended the power of space reflected from the stone carving and was really contemplating the space laws.

Like the cyan blue stone carving inside the Cloud Hall, the power of space contained in this type of stone carvings was not infinite. When the cyan blue stone carving was rich in the power of space, it would emit a faint light. But the light would become dimmer once the power was mediated by an elder. Upon its depletion, the power of space would be restored naturally by the stone carving. But only after the restoration could one really proceed with the mediation.

This was just the reason why strict time limits were set upon contemplating on stone carving in the Cloud Hall. These time limits were respected by everyone who contemplated the stone carving.

The same phenomenon was true for the defective gold carving. In the course of Zen's mediation, the golden light over the stone carving was dispersing. This only meant that Zen had comprehended some of the space laws and the power of space had been constantly consumed.

At first, Tia had intended to satirize Zen. But at that moment, Tia was only amazed by what Zen was doing. She had forgotten about satirizing Zen. Right now, she became more impressed by Zen's talent. Deep in her mind, she was reevaluating the potential of this young guy.

When she first met Zen, Tia merely perceived him as top talent from a grade two sect. Although he looked as though he only had relatively mediocre accomplishments in cultivation, he exhibited fairly great potential for future development.

After all, everyone who was eligible to step onto the Death Road was among those with great potential. Among several people who had started their journey on the Death Road, Frank was the most outstanding. Apart from him, all others such as Rocher, Patrick, Lewis, and Lois could not be underrated either.

But after Zen showed his Heavenly Ogre Fist and the perfect sword intent, Tia assessed that Zen could outperform Frank.

All the power that Zen had was totally beyond Tia's imagination. Now that Zen could even comprehend the power of space, Tia believed that even the top disciples from the most powerful grade five sects would be no match for Zen.

In Tia's book, there were very few talented figures in the Eastern Region. And in the past years, no disciple there had been found to be especially gifted or outstanding. So, how could such an extraordinary person like Zen be suddenly cultivated in a grade two sect? This puzzled Tia a lot. In the assessment of Cloud Hall, the disciples in the Eastern Region lagged far behind those in the Central Region in terms of inheritance of cultivation methods and distribution of resources.

It was like participating in a long-distance race where one had already failed at the starting point. The Eastern Region had nothing to brag about with other regions.

"Now, I remember! The fiery dragon spirit wasn't killed by me! But why..." Tia's eyes widened as she realized that she had overlooked that.

Earlier when she was fighting against the fiery dragon spirit, Tia mistakenly took some overpowering drug. As a result, she was not quite conscious and thus unable to resist attacks of the fiery dragon spirit. She didn't know what happened next after she lost her consciousness. When she came back to her senses, the fiery dragon spirit was already dead and only Zen was with her. Now that she remembered it wasn't her that killed the fiery dragon spirit, it was Zen after all.

Over so many years, Tia had never been so intimate to any man. Zen was the only man that she had ever been physically attached to. She couldn't help but blush every time when she remembered her moments with Zen. But she didn't want him to know, so she tried to forget those times. Hence, she unconsciously overlooked all about the death of that fiery dragon spirit.

Remembering those times, Tia's face became red and she felt embarrassed to look into Zen's eyes. She took a deep breath to regain control over her body.

Tia still had a doubt about the death of the fiery dragon spirit. She thought that no matter how mighty Zen was, he couldn't have been able to confront and defeat the huge fiery dragon spirit with his current cultivation level. But now that the fiery dragon spirit was dead, was it really killed by Zen? How was that even possible?

Tia knew that Zen wouldn't reveal the truth unless she asked him. But whatever it was, Tia was sure that there was still something she didn't know about Zen. This intrigued her so much that she wanted to get to know him better.

'This young guy will surely enjoy great fame in the world in the future...' Tia mumbled to herself in a daze as she stared at Zen who was still seriously contemplating the golden stone carving.

After quite a while, the light over the stone carving was getting dimmer until it finally completely vanished. It left Zen's eyes stained with a tinge of the golden color. Apparently, he had substantially comprehended the space laws.

Zen slowly turned his eyes away from the golden stone carving to Tia. He subtly smiled and spoke to Tia, "What did you say?"

To sneer at Zen, Tia would have said, "You've figured out what it is again?" However, what Zen had just accomplished slapped Tia on the face. Tia could do nothing but snort coldly as a response to Zen's question. By that moment, it had become useless and meaningless for her to further dispute over Zen's strength. Without formally replying to Zen, she shifted her attention to another gold treasure box and opened it.

When she opened the gold treasure box, she found an array pattern which was for protecting the grade six sect.

It was useless for Zen but would be of great value for Tia. With this array pattern, the Cloud Hall would become more powerful in defending against its enemies. But it would be uneasy to deploy an array to protect the Cloud Hall. Tia showed it to Zen and told him what it was used for.

Zen raised no objection to Tia's possession of this array pattern. Although it was helpful for protecting a sect, it was of no value for him.

By now, there was only the final unopened box, the black treasure box.

With all the wonders they had seen so far, Tia's hand was still shaking. The gold treasure boxes proved to have far more valuable items than those of the first boxes they had opened. Now that they were moving onto their last box, a black treasure box, Tia's expectation became higher. What could be more valuable than those in the gold treasure boxes?

Tia examined the box first. On the outside, this black treasure box looked a little weird. All other treasure boxes were either red, blue, white, or gold. Only this one was colored black.

If there were some gears or magical spells inside the treasure box set by the emperor himself, both Tia and Zen would be in danger.

But as Tia carefully pulled the lid of the black treasure box, they saw a swarthy oil lamp inside.

Tia pulled it out and looked at it closely. It looked nothing special, but was like the small oil lamps used by ordinary families. Zen also looked at it closely while Tia was holding it. He was still baffled when he saw that Tia's eyes became wide in astonishment again.

"This is the enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb!"

Chapter 599 The Lighting Of The Lamps

Zen wasn't sure what was special about that lamp, but Tia was dumbstruck at the sight of it. It made the other things left Blood Fiend Emperor pale by comparison.

Heavenly Fruit Tree and flood dragon blood both belonged to the inheritance of the grade 6 sect

which could certainly help the Cloud Hall reach a new level.

But they were not a must at present because the Cloud Hall, as a grade 4 sect, was developing rapidly and leaving behind those at the same grade. If Tia could succeed in improving her strength, it was highly possible that the Cloud Hall would rank as grade 5 soon.

This enchanted lamp, however, was different.

There was a celestial tomb in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars which was thousands of miles away from Central Region.

The celestial tomb was literally the tomb of a celestial being.

But even the celestial beings were not immortal. It seemed that their infinite life expectancy also had an end. That was the incontestable power of time.

When an immortal reached his ten thousand or even tens of thousands of years old, there would be some irreversible and noticeable changes in their bodies: "Filthy Clothing", "Falling Hair", "Sweating Armpit", "Stinky Body", and "Restless Mind". Once the immoral reached the "Restless Mind" stage, he would become mortal and die.

These five stages were so-called Five Aging Processes of the celestial beings.

It was said that this tomb was owned by Mist, a celestial being from the mundane world. At the end of his very long life, probably for tens of thousands of years after he became immortal, he went back to his homeland once he reached "Restless Mind", the last stage before vanishing permanently.

A hundred years after his return, he built a celestial mausoleum at the bottom of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and buried himself in it, giving it the name "Celestial Tomb of Mist".

As a deadly attraction, the tomb attracted many cultivators who were willing to risk their lives. Unfortunately, many of them died trying to get in there. The Chaotic Ocean of Stars had long been a forbidden area for human beings and being guarded by the celestial beings, it became more dangerous than ever. So the tomb was not accessible for everyone.

For the past tens of thousands of years, nobody had harvested anything from the Celestial Tomb of Mist. No one ever succeeded in breaking into it and those who attempted lost their lives.

As a result, people chose to stay away from the celestial tomb, and thus the Celestial Tomb of Mist finally rested in peace.

Nevertheless, two thousand years ago, several enchanted lamps appeared in the Central Region. They looked like ordinary oil lamps, except that the name of Mist was carved at the bottom of each lamp.

For this reason, the rumors went around.

Some believed that these lamps were guarding the Celestial Tomb of Mist. If the nine lamps were lit up, they would create a portal to the tomb.

The top cultivators managed to find six of them, which were now in the possession of some high-grade sects.

To get into the tomb, they agreed to light the lamp at the same time. But with only six lamps in their possession, success was just wishful thinking. The rest of the lamps were nowhere to be found, although they were possibly in the possession of some unknown masters.

It was almost an impossible mission to locate the three little lamps in the vast Central Region, so the sects in power came up with a solution–Lantern Lighting Festival.

For common people, it was a festival where they lit the lanterns and released them into the sky. Children loved this day because they could enjoy all kinds of beautiful lanterns and have fun on the streets.

But for the masters in the Central Region, it was the time to light up the enchanted lamp!

They made an announcement to the world, hoping that everyone who owned one or several of these lamps could light it at the same time during the Lantern Lighting Festival.

At the edge of each lamp, there were some small marks and when other lamps lit up, the corresponding number of marks would glow.

Two hundred years ago, only six marks glowed at each year's event which meant that only six enchanted lamps were found.

However, 150 years ago, something unusual happened–an extra mark glowed. Someone had found the seventh lamp and was ready to break into the celestial tomb. If the owner had not dreamt about it, he would not even dare to light it up.

Another 30 years had passed since the seventh lamp was lit up. And now another lamp was lit up. It was the eighth lamp!

The Central Region was thrilled at the news. Every cultivator and sect made all the efforts to ensure that they were ready for the last one which might open the path to Celestial Tomb of Mist. Some believed that it would happen in the next three years after the eighth lamp was lit up.

But 30 years had already passed since the eighth lamp, but there wasn't a sign.

"Surprisingly, the last lamp the Central Region has been waiting for was in the hand of Blood Fiend Emperor. If I hadn't got the inheritance of Blood Fiend Emperor, their wish would never come true," Tia concluded calmly.

Listening to Tia's story about the lamp, Zen sighed. He could not imagine that the celestial tomb was that amazing and attractive.

Was it related to that fairy palace? The fairy palace was beautiful, but it was no use for Zen because he was only a temporary owner and could not make use of anything in it.

"This enchanted lamp..." Zen pointed at the oil lamp.

"It's mine," Tia stated. Noticing the dissatisfaction in Zen, she added, "You belong to the Cloud Hall anyway. If there's a chance to explore the tomb, I will certainly take you with me."

"Nonsense! Are you really from the Cloud Hall? Can you prove that? You haven't told me anything about your identity yet!" Zen was more convinced of the importance of the enchanted lamp now, so he would not easily give up.

Tia stared at him, "Do I look like a bad person?"

"You made up your background and changed your appearance to sneak into Cloud Road, aiming for the inheritance of Blood Fiend Emperor. What do you think?" Zen grinned.

Finding it hard to convince Zen, Tia threw a token to him, "This is my communication token. You can talk to me through it in Cloud Hall."

"The Cloud Hall token?" The token was white and bright as snow with several clouds carved in the back. In the middle of the token, there was the name of Tia.

With merely a token, Zen was still not sure of her identity, but he had his own assumption.

The Cloud Road could only be opened by several specified sects under the Cloud Hall. And it wasn't the first time for Tia to enter the Cloud Road. The only explanation for why she could succeed for several times was that she herself might be from the Cloud Hall.

Zen hoped to force Tia to tell him the truth with those questions so that he could be saved from all the guessing. But it seemed that she would rather give him her token than tell him her real background, and there was nothing Zen could do now.

Most of the inheritance from Blood Fiend Emperor was here now. While Tia believed that these were left behind by Blood Fiend Emperor because they were not the most important ones and he didn't need them anymore, Zen thought these were more than enough.

He took some of the treasures and stored them in the space ring and let Tia pack up the rest.

Then Tia searched around the plaza again, but she found nothing valuable. Satisfied with the harvest, she took the crystal key and ascended the flood dragon puppet.

The flood dragon puppet was a very important one in the inheritance from Blood Fiend Emperor. Although the cyan dragon didn't bother to devour it as the puppet had lost all the vital energy and blood, the giant flood dragon puppet was still priceless to Cloud Hall.

If a war broke out, this flood dragon puppet could function as a war machine and could cause dreadful damages to the opponents with only one roar.

They took the puppet and flew across the sky over the Cloud Road. Those who were struggling forward could only envy their luck.

Frank saw the flood dragon as well. He suspected at once that Zen and that mysterious disciple could have survived. Could the flood dragon be a test on the Cloud Road? Or was it a shortcut?

After all, the flood dragon appeared after they fell. What a coincidence.

But he didn't believe in coincidence! Frank didn't think they could have survived, so he decided to put those thoughts aside. Watching the blood pool that he aspired to fly away was a heavy blow for him. He was profoundly demotivated and felt worn out.

Like a gambler who had just lost all his fortune, he had no interest in other's outcome.

Before long, the flood dragon puppet stopped at the exit of Cloud Road. As the giant dragon mouth opened, Zen jumped off first. He turned around and asked, "Aren't you coming with me?"

Tia smiled and suddenly looked very serious. She patted the dragon's mouth and it closed. The dragon flew into the sky swiftly again, leaving Zen confused.

Women were indeed incomprehensible. Zen shook his head and walked towards the eddy in the exit.

Meanwhile, Frank and the others were marching on the fifth stage of Cloud Road while others were mostly stuck in the fourth stage. Only one person was left behind alone.

Standing on a stone pillar in the Sea of Raging Fire, Lennon was left speechless seeing the broken stones before him...

Chapter 600 A Secret Left Untold (Part One)

Several leaders along with the elder Fernandez Fei were waiting anxiously under an arch.

Among the five leaders, the most anxious one was surely Kenneth.

Three disciples of Cloud Sect had taken the Death Road and he had heard nothing from them ever since. He didn't know what happened to them, but the first thing that came to his mind was they didn't make it.

Auspice Sect, Iridescence Sect and Cloud Hall had one elite disciple each that took the Death Road. The Cloud Sect, on the other hand, might lose all his elites in the Death Road. So compared to Cloud Sect, the two sects were still fortunate.

At first, Kenneth had high hopes for these three disciples.

The three disciples could rank first or second in the other sects.

So, he had thought that in the Cloud Road test, the Cloud Sect disciples would be able to make a splash and bring honor to the sect and himself.

But he did not expect that they would suffer heavy losses on the Death Road.

Aside from Kenneth, several leaders of the other sects and Fernandez also looked worried.

The death of Frank might not affect the status of Elder Fernandez, but how could he explain it to Frank's father, Emanuel?

Just as their faces were clouded with worry, the crystals on the arch suddenly lit up and the cyclone whirled faster.

"Eh?" Fernandez was surprised, "What is going on? Has someone come out?"

"How could it be possible? No one could ever pass the test so quickly!" Kenneth was startled to see that as well.

But they soon calmed down and thought about it in their minds: Through the Picture Slab, they got to know that most of their disciples were still struggling in the fourth stage and that there was still a whole fifth stage of the Cloud Road waiting for them. They estimated it to be at least a few more hours before they could get out.

But if anyone was to come out at this time, it could only be the group led by Frank.

So, did they pass the Death Road?

Just as when the leaders were expecting to see Frank and his team, a figure suddenly emerged from the cyclone.

"Zen!" Kenneth suddenly called out with great excitement and agitation at the same time.

It was hard for the other leaders to fathom what Kenneth was feeling at that moment.

He had always believed that Zen had good luck on his side and that his fate was already arranged by God. After he found out that Yan was Zen's sister, he had an intuition that Yan was guiding Zen all the way. Even after the martial artists stepped into the Internal Elixir Realm, most of them still believed in the disembodied thing called fate.

In Kenneth's opinion, Yan's tragic experience was fated by God to push Zen to run toward the peak of martial arts.

Although it sounded like nonsense, he still believed in it. Somehow, he had confidence in Zen and believed that he would not die easily in the Cloud Road.

At that moment, his expectation became reality, and of course, he got excited. And what made it more exciting for Kenneth was that Zen got the first place in the Cloud Road test!

In the past, the first place had always belonged to the Cloud Hall disciples and there had been no exception.

Until then, Kenneth couldn't even imagine a Cloud Sect disciple winning the first place. But Zen indeed broke the tradition and even completed the Cloud Road with astonishing speed.

Normally, the first disciple would not come out until 150 or more supreme crystals with life vitality were consumed. But this time, only after a hundred supreme crystals were consumed, Zen came out. Did he find a shortcut?

At the sight of Zen, the leader of Iridescence Sect, Lady Long, and the leader of Auspice Sect, an old man in white, craned their necks to look behind Zen hoping to find their disciples.

But even after waiting for a long time, no one came out after Zen.

Lady Long's face suddenly darkened. She rushed toward Zen like a ghost and put her stick to Zen's throat. With one wrong move, Zen would die. She then snapped, "Hey, you! Tell me where Lois is?"

Lady Long was at Internal Elixir Realm. She had great strength and power.

As a martial artist, her strength was on a par with Kenneth's. She released strong energy that overwhelmed Zen like a mountain. Her presence made him unable to breathe properly. If disciples with weaker strength were suppressed by the energy, then at best, they would feel their spiritual energy and blood being obstructed; or worst, they would get injured and fall to the ground.

After passing the Cloud Road, Zen's spiritual energy had become stronger. He had not only soaked his body in the flood dragon's blood but also had eaten the blood vigor of that nine-headed dragon. So, in the face of the overwhelming power, he suffered an energy stasis but quickly recovered.

Lady Long's arrogance annoyed Zen. He was a stubborn person with instinctive obstinacy. If she had asked him nicely, he would tell her the news about Lois. But she didn't. Therefore, Zen replied plainly, "I have no idea."

"You have no idea? How can it be possible?" Lady Long sneered, "You took the Death Road with Frank and the others. I have seen it with my own eyes! How dare you lie to me? If you don't tell me the truth, I'm afraid that your good luck won't help you today! So, you'd better…"

Lady Long was in the middle of ranting when she suddenly felt a dangerous force approaching.

She took a deep breath and backed away. Then, a shadow of a huge fist appeared at her feet. The impact of the fist shadow hitting the ground left a big hole on it. The ground tiles, the stones, and the mud under the ground tiles, were all wiped out by the force.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 601 A Secret Left Untold (Part Two)

Kenneth gave it his best shot to exert the fist. At that moment, his face was overcast, and his eyes were wide open–he was extremely angry. But even if he was furious, he had precise control over the strength of the fist. Zen was only a few feet away from Lady Long, but the damage was only limited to Lady Long's location, and Zen was not hurt at all.

"Bitch! How dare you bully my disciple? Do you not know my presence in here?" Kenneth roared at Lady Long.

"You! How dare you threaten me? Do you think I'd be afraid of you?" Lady Long waved her stick, ready to hit Kenneth. She felt frightened and angry at the same time. The power of the fist was quite strong that if she hadn't dodged it in time, she would have been injured and possibly have been dead.

"Then bring it on!" Kenneth clenched his fists and stood straight with a sneer on his face.

"Calm down, everyone!" Fernandez stepped in and stood firmly between them. "Lady Long, don't be absurd," he said coldly to the woman, "If you continue to make trouble, I'm afraid that I have to teach you a lesson myself!"

Amongst them, Fernandez was an elder. Compared to others, he had higher status and greater strength that even the likes Lady Long and Kenneth could not match.

Looking at Lady Long's vexatious behavior, he eventually ran out of patience.

Zen was only a junior who had just gone through a series of tests along the Cloud Road, but Lady Long treated him so mean. Fernandez couldn't stand her cruelty towards the young Zen. Furthermore, he thought very highly of Zen and favored the promising young man. Wherever he could be, he would always be outstanding. If ever he would come to Cloud Hall, he would surely be the hope of Cloud Hall.

"Elder Fernandez, I…" Lady Long tried to argue. But seeing the looks on Fernandez's face, she didn't dare to argue.

"That's enough of your nonsense, Floret Long. You shut up and stay there. Don't let me say it again!" His tone of voice held an unmistakable threat. There was no doubt that he would teach her a lesson if she continued to talk rubbish.

Zen burst into a snigger when he heard Fernandez call Lady Long's name —Floret.

He didn't expect such an old woman to have such a fancy name.

Looking at Lady Long's long and darkened face, Zen couldn't compare her with a flower even when she was young. Zen knew it was immoral to make fun of other people's names, so he tried to stifle a smile but failed.

In fact, Zen wasn't the only one. Several leaders also couldn't help laughing when they heard Fernandez call her by the name "Floret". As for the old man from the Auspice Sect, he also smiled and shook his head.

On the other hand, Lady Long who had a well-developed instinct for anger got furious. She considered it so humiliating to be laughed at by a junior. She looked like she was about to explode, and her wrinkles became more visible. Her anger was about to simmer over.

But Fernandez was standing right in front of her now and he had just warned her, so she didn't dare to take any action.

Then Fernandez turned to Zen and said in all seriousness, "Zen, I know you, Frank, and the other six disciples have taken the Death Road. Why haven't I seen them come out yet?"

Hearing Fernandez's inquiry, Zen replied, "We have met some troubles in the Death Road and I fell into an abyss. But they have gone out of the Death Road safe and sound. I guess they should still be on the Cloud Road by now. Don't worry, I figure they will soon come out."

The exit of the Death Road was right above that abyss. For Frank's group, they were all with powerful strength. If they passed the Death

Road, the succeeding tests in the Cloud Road should not be too difficult for them.

Fernandez felt relieved to hear that the other disciples had also passed the Death Road. The long livid face of Lady Long finally relaxed. Although there were still many dangers in the Cloud Road, given the disciples' strength, they should be able to cope with them.

"You just said that you had fallen into an abyss, then how did you get through the Cloud Road so fast?" Fernandez found it strange and asked.

The other several leaders were also puzzled. It didn't make any sense that Zen could come out in such a short time. Did he find any shortcut in the abyss?

"Can I keep it as a secret?" asked Zen.

"If you don't want to tell me, I will respect your decision. You may leave the secret untold," Fernandez smiled.

The other leaders also wanted to know whether there was a shortcut in the Cloud Road. If there was such a shortcut, then they could inform the next disciples who would take part in the next trial in another three years.

But since Zen had refused to tell them the truth, they couldn't force him to. They all had the same idea that they shall ask him about it in the future. In their view, Zen was sure to become a disciple of Cloud Hall. Once he was in Cloud Hall, they would have plenty of opportunities to inquire about the said shortcut.

Instead of waiting at the arch with the leaders, Zen then walked away. He sat on a small space and began to meditate.

Within two hours, the cyclone under the arch began to whirl again, and then Rocher came out of it.

The moment when Rocher appeared, the first person he saw was not Fernandez nor the other leaders. It was Zen who was meditating not far away. He froze as soon as he saw him.

Chapter 602 Troublesome Frank

The way they passed through the final part of the Cloud Road was clearly different from that of Zen, who walked slowly on that part.

Led by Frank, five of them had eventually finished the fifth stage of the Cloud Road. A smooth path that led directly to the finish line of Cloud Road greeted them at the end.

At that moment, all of them wanted to be the first place.

The Death Road was much shorter than the Life Road, so if they chose the former they could save time. It also meant that the possible first placer could be among the five of them.

However, Frank still regretted not getting the blood pool.

The first one who got aware of the current situation was Lewis. Although he was carefree, he had a keen mind. Then he made a dash for the finishing point.

The others soon realized what happened as well, and rushed out when they saw Lewis run ahead of them.

Now, it was time to see who had the best speed and endurance.

Although Lewis was extremely quick and had a strong, explosive power even stronger than Frank's, he had a low endurance.

They were still far from the destination. Lewis was far ahead of the other four people in the first half of the race.

However, Frank eventually caught up with him with his extraordinary speed and endurance in the middle of the race.

An unexpected incident suddenly broke out. When Lewis boosted his speed, he attacked Frank. It was as if he turned into someone else.

It was clear that Frank got very angry about it.

He was both regretful and upset when he was reminded of the chance he lost last time. Thus, he was determined to take the first place this time. However, he never thought that Lewis would make things difficult for him. 'How can you treat me like a sickly cat? I'm actually a sleeping tiger!' Frank thought. Thus, he began to strike back as he had a burst of speed.

They only wanted to disturb each other, so they didn't really fight that much.

A few moments later, the other three had also caught up with them while they fought.

Frank and Lewis kept on fighting, which slowed their pace down, thus making Rocher become the first one who rushed into the whirlpool.

Now, Rocher thought that he was the one who won the first place. However, when he looked around, he saw that Zen had already sat beside Fernandez and the other masters.

Rocher could hardly believe his eyes at this moment.

Zen was unexpectedly there as if by magic. It was really an incredible thing.

'This is absolutely impossible. No one can explain this!' Rocher thought.

'At that time, I witnessed Zen fell into the gaping abyss. Even if he was lucky enough to have defeated the flood dragon and survived, how did he run ahead of me?' he thought again.

Rocher and his companions kept going forward without any breaks after they had passed through the Death Road. According to their plan, the five of them would arrive at the destination first since the Death Road was much shorter. They would make a record that was unprecedented in history.

However, he saw Zen had already been sitting in meditation to practice when he got to the finish point. It seemed that he had waited at that place for a long time.

How could Rocher think that Zen came here by riding a flood dragon puppet? Besides, he had spent a lot of time dividing the treasures on the island with Tia.

On the other hand, another person had arrived while Rocher stood there in a trance. It was Frank.

He looked livid as he gasped for breath. It took him a great effort to get rid of Lewis, who was quite hard to deal with.

"I've only gotten second place…"

It was hard for Frank to accept the fact that he had fallen behind Rocher. To be the first in everything was his motto. For him, there was no point in being second place.

'If Lewis hadn't gotten in my way, I would definitely have been first place. He's like a mad dog, so dealing with him took long. I will lay my hands on him after he gets to Cloud Hall, ' Frank thought.

However, Rocher heard what he said and shook his head. "You're not the second to arrive," he said.

"What? Can you say that again?" Frank was stunned. He obviously did not understand Rocher's words. At first, he thought that maybe Rocher would say something to console him, like "If Lewis hadn't disturbed you, you would have been first."

"You finished third," Rocher answered.

"The third place?" Frank said. He couldn't believe what he heard. "Who got the first place?" he said with a glare.

Rocher pointed at Zen who was not far from them. "He's the first to arrive here," he said.

When Frank saw Zen, he was so stunned that his eyes widened to the size of a plate. "Zen? How can he be here? Isn't he dead already?" Frank asked in shock. He was more confused about this compared with Rocher.

He had never imagined this.

He never thought that Zen had conquered the flood dragon and eventually got the first place.

Could it be that…

Could it be that the flood dragon had brought Zen here?

Frank was an intelligent man, so he had thought of that possibility. However, he was confused as to why the flood dragon didn't eat Zen and sent him to the terminal point of the Cloud Road instead.

Was it possible that the flood dragon didn't eat people, but helped them pass through the Cloud Road?

It wasn't easy for him to think all of those scenarios. However, he would have never imagined that the flood dragon was really a controlled puppet. Moreover, he had never thought that the blood pool, which he tried so hard to get, was obtained by Zen! He had barely imagined that the rewards Zen had gained were tremendous!

It was Zen who stole everything that belonged to him, he thought.

Many things in the world were the results of serendipity. If Tia had dragged Frank into the abyss instead of Zen, Frank might still have failed to destroy the enchanted barrier with his white spear and get the treasures of the Blood Fiend Emperor.

After a while, Lewis had arrived after the whirlpool revolved for a bit.

Frank stopped thinking about how Zen came first to the destination and turned to Lewis. "Lewis, how dare you block me!" he shouted angrily. "I will make you pay the price!"

He was still mad about the situation, although he was aware that he wouldn't have gotten the first place even if he had run ahead of Rocher.

Lewis simply laughed at Frank's words.

"Haha, I just wanted to stop you. But what can you do to me?"

"You…"

Fury consumed Frank so much that he couldn't say a word. What he wanted to do the most was to fight with Lewis.

At that exact moment, the old man in white from the Auspice Sect appeared and said, "Lewis, come to me!"

Lewis was the personal disciple of the old man and was also the pride of the Auspice Sect. The old man was afraid that Lewis might suffer defeat. He also didn't want to offend Frank's father, Emanuel. Thus, he called Lewis to his side just in time.

Meanwhile, Lewis was also surprised to find that Zen was still alive.

The next one who came out of the whirlpool was Patrick, followed by Lois.

The cultivation method Patrick had practiced was that of Buddhism, so he failed to run fast. Thus, in terms of running, he was only a little quicker than Lois. The two of them rushed out of the whirlpool at almost the same time.

They were also amazed at how Zen had come here and looked at him in shock.

"Why do you all look at Zen that way?" Fernandez asked. "It's really amazing that Zen has outrun all of you, but you don't need to stare at him like that. He isn't a ghost!" he said.

Zen stood up from the ground when he saw Rocher and Patrick. He went up to them and clapped them on the shoulder with a smile.

The three disciples of Cloud Sect had passed through the Cloud Road and got the first, second, and fifth places, respectively.

Kenneth was quite satisfied with the results. Their sect only had three places for this competition since they were just a second-grade sect. However, their three disciples who participated in the match all ranked in the top five.

For Kenneth, this had made him even happier than when he found a buried treasure!

"Zen, I saw you fall into the abyss. Weren't you eaten by that flood dragon?" Frank suddenly asked Zen sharply in front of everyone. "Doesn't that flood dragon eat people? Did you come to the destination by riding that flood dragon? Where is the mysterious disciple of Cloud Hall? Is he with you?" Frank fired more questions at him.

He was aware that Zen wouldn't answer his question in private. Thus, he chose to ask Zen in front of Fernandez and the other masters.

That was his real intention.

Fernandez and the other masters all looked at Zen when they heard that he had met the flood dragon.

'This guy really wants to cause me more trouble…' Zen thought with a frown.

Chapter 603 Like Father, Like Son (Part One)

Most of the disciples who had chosen the Death Road had survived and come out from the Cloud Road. The result wasn't as they expected because Zen was the first one who got out, but both Lady Long from Iridescence Sect and the old man from Auspice Sect were still satisfied since their disciples made it out of the Death Road alive. It was generally a happy ending for everyone.

While the rest were celebrating their own victories, the leader of Brumous Sect was quite displeased. He could not help but frown and then asked, "Hold on, Zade is still not here. Where is he? Why isn't he here?"

Hearing Zade's name rang a sad bell in the ears of every disciple present at that moment. Everyone stared at the leader of Brumous Sect in silence. Their eyes were speaking, but they couldn't seem to find words to express what they knew. Frank looked around to see who would break the news about Zade. However, when he realized that no one was brave enough to say a thing, he finally spoke, "The Death Road has claimed his life.

Zade was swallowed by the Dark Devil Phantom when he was picking a herb."

When the disciples started to come out from the Cloud Road one after the other, the leader of Brumous Sect had the bad feeling that Zade didn't make it. As he watched the disciples come out, he was becoming more convinced that Zade didn't survive the Death Road. He knew already, but he wanted to hear it from the disciples, and Frank's words were the closure he needed.

The world of cultivators was cruel. Even the toughest disciple in the world could meet his demise at any moment with one wrong judgment. Though Zade was courageous enough to try for the Death Road with Frank, his strength was not enough to survive given that he was only at the fourth place in Brumous Sect.

It was a gamble for Zade to take the Death Road this year. He could win and if he did, he could at least be in the sixth place in the Cloud Road. Unfortunately, luck wasn't on his side this time and being part of Frank's team didn't assure him of success. He failed at the expense of his own life.

The leader of the Brumous Sect was disappointed, but he couldn't do anything at this moment. He didn't know that Zade's greed would cost him his life. If only he wasn't so greedy to pick the black herb, he would still be alive by now.

After telling what he knew, Frank then turned his gaze at Zen. He vowed that he wouldn't let him get away with it easily. Moreover, he was curious at what happened to Zen at the Death Road. Everyone else also fixed their eyes at Zen. They were still saying nothing, but their gazes were saying so much that got Elder Fernandez wondering. Frank noticed the change in Elder Fernandez's expression and took the liberty to explain, "Elder Fernandez, forgive me for speaking. But I would like to tell you the reason we're all staring at Zen. From what we have witnessed in the Death Road, he is supposed to be dead. But it's a wonder that he's here with us now unharmed."

"Dead? What do you mean? What happened to him in the Death Road?" Fernandez asked curiously.

"The last challenge in the Death Road was to climb up the floating stones in a huge abyss. We were all there taking that last challenge and we saw him being dragged down by a Cloud Hall disciple. We couldn't be mistaken. It was him, and I believe everyone else saw it, too!" After he spoke those words, Frank looked at Zen and slyly smiled. He knew that Zen would not tell him the truth if he asked the latter himself. But Zen wasn't stupid to defy Elder Fernandez. Frank was sure that Zen would tell the elder the truth if the elder asked Zen directly.

"I see. Well, Zen said that he fell into an abyss, but he missed that part where he was dragged down by someone," Fernandez said as if trying to comprehend what really happened.

Earlier, Zen didn't want to tell everyone about what happened, and Fernandez respected his decision. But now that they heard half of the truth about what happened, everyone else including Fernandez became curious. The ball was now in Zen's hands to say something about him being dragged down by a mysterious Cloud Hall disciple.

The attention the topic was getting fired up Frank. He liked that Zen was not in the hot seat and the fact that the latter could not lie in Fernandez's face. He slyly smiled again and continued, "Again, pardon me for saying. But it is also likely that Zen hasn't told you about the flood dragon down the abyss."

"A what?" Fernandez was surprised upon hearing this. He hadn't moved on from the fact that Zen was dragged down by a mysterious Cloud Hall disciple, and now he was hearing another amazing event at the Death Road.

Earlier, Fernandez and the leaders of each sect had learned from the Picture Slab that there was a huge dragon on the Cloud Road. They saw the rays of lights appeared in the sky and the Cloud Road seemed slightly different.

They had never expected that the flood dragon was originally down in the abyss.

"As soon as we entered the abyss, we were chased by that flood dragon. Apparently, the flood dragon wanted to devour us, and our instinct told us to run. Zen, on the other hand, was dragged down to the mouth of the flood dragon by that Cloud Hall disciple. We didn't know why, and we assumed that they both died. But we were surprised to see that he had not only survived but also completed the trial ahead of us all. It was strange, but I am not in the position to ask Zen myself," Frank said to Elder Fernandez. He was suggesting that Elder Fernandez had the right to ask Zen about what happened. Frank grinned at Zen and was waiting for his response.

But to Frank's dismay, Zen remained calm and indifferent as if he didn't hear a thing that Frank said.

Unlike with Zen, Frank's word aroused Fernandez's curiosity and that of the rest of the sect leaders.

From what Frank had said, they concluded that Zen had a connection with the flood dragon and the Cloud Hall disciple. If not, how could Zen have survived that fall unharmed?

Even Fernandez himself would avoid such a full-grown flood dragon at all cost. With his strength, Fernandez could survive that flood dragon, but not without a scratch. So, how did Zen survive from the mouth of the dragon unharmed? Perhaps Zen was indeed lucky. Even so, he could at least have some scratches, or wouldn't finish ahead of everyone. The only viable reason was that Zen had some connection with the flood dragon.

Kenneth became curious about it as well. He was eagerly waiting for Fernandez to ask the question so they could all finally hear the truth from Zen.

Without waiting for Fernandez to speak, Zen took the initiative to explain himself. First, he made a palm-and-fist salute, then said, "Elder Fernandez, please forgive me. It's not that I don't want to tell you the truth, but I made an oath with that disciple not to tell anyone anything."

It was clear that Zen wouldn't say anything. It seemed that he wasn't lying either about the oath. And with that, everything that Frank said to get the truth from Zen was put in vain. Zen knew what Frank was thinking and thought that it was naive for Frank to do such a thing.

Chapter 604 Like Father, Like Son (Part Two)

Fernandez looked at Zen and pondered for a while. He took a deep breath, then he said, "Zen, I will respect your decision to honor your oath and I won't force you to tell. But I must ask, who is the disciple who dragged you down that flood dragon's mouth? Is he really a Cloud Hall disciple?"

Zen knew that it was imperative that he told Elder Fernandez about the identity of the said disciple because it concerned the safety of the whole Cloud Hall.

"He said that he was from Cloud Hall and I believe it. But as to his real identity, I'm afraid he didn't tell much," Zen said as he shook his head.

Fernandez sighed and said, "You know that the Cloud Road is the place where our elite disciples are tested and selected. But I also believe that everyone has his own secret, and we must respect it. I will drop this matter, for the time being, Zen. But I hope you can give us an answer in the future."

Zen nodded and smiled. He was relieved that Elder Fernandez didn't push more about the issue for the time being. As he stepped aside, he swiped a look at Frank.

Frank was dismayed. He saw the proud look at Zen's face as Elder Fernandez politely dismissed the issue. Frank felt indignant seeing that Zen got away with it easily.

But what Frank didn't know was that Zen was now Elder Fernandez's apple of the eye. After the Cloud Road test, Zen's future potentials and importance had already surpassed Frank's. With this, Fernandez was unwilling to offend Zen by pushing him to tell the truth. For Fernandez, there was a time for everything, and that matter was none of his business for now. Moreover, now that Zen was a Cloud Hall elite, Elder Fernandez wanted to be on his good side.

Elder Fernandez's words were final. The topic was finally put aside for the moment, and no one would know what really happened to Zen inside the flood dragon.

After everyone had settled, the disciples stood behind their leaders and waited for the rest of the disciples to get back from the Cloud Road.

After a few hours, a dark figure suddenly flashed from a distant ruin. With its speed, no one could tell who it was.

Fernandez nodded when he saw the dark figure. He smiled and said, "Well, this is a surprise. I didn't expect Emanuel to come anyway."

Upon hearing it, Frank looked carefully. When he finally recognized who the dark figure was, he shouted, "Father!"

Judging from his restrained imposing manner, it was hard to tell how strong he was. But it was safe to assume that he was at the same level as Elder Fernandez.

"Fernandez!" As he arrived, Emanuel made a fist-and-palm salute to Fernandez. The latter immediately returned the salutation.

Other leaders also acknowledged the presence of Emanuel and made their salutations, "Master Zhuo!"

"I'm glad to be here, everyone," Emanuel gave them a slight nod. Then he immediately turned to his son and asked, "Frank, how was the trial? Tell me, what place are you in this time?"

Before he could even greet his father, Frank's face turned clouded upon hearing the question. He could not afford to look at his father as he said, "I only take the third place."

"What? Did I hear it right?" Emanuel was surprised knowing that his son only made it to the third place. For so many years, Frank had always made it to the first place, and Emanuel was never expecting any less from his son.

Frank was born into a wealthy family. Everything was specially supplied to his family. They even had the red rice called dragon blood rice which contained vital energy which if you had eaten for ten years, its benefits would show up.

The dragon blood rice was so expensive that it was impossible even for the emperor from the Burning Sky Palace in the Eastern Region to eat it in every meal.

But Frank always had dragon blood rice in every meal. It was common for their family.

Frank had all the best things in life–from the rice and other food, to the cultivation methods, and the people who taught him. It could be said that Frank had lived an abundant life from the day he was born.

Emanuel had poured all his heart into his son. He made sure that Frank would get all the best things to help him become better. And Frank, in return, had not disappointed him. He had inherited Emanuel's talent in learning the consummate spear intent.

With such excellent cultivation base, it was expected that Frank would always win the first place. He did for the past years. But something unexpected happened this year, and Frank had finally had the bitter taste of failure for the first time in his life.

Emanuel was quite concerned about this year's trial at the very beginning. However, with his busy schedule, he couldn't arrive in time. But as soon as he got things done, he rushed here to hear the good news from his son. He could even taste the pride of being the father of the most elite Cloud Hall disciple and could not wait to see that envy in each sect leader's eyes. But to his dismay, his son only made it to third place.

Emanuel was rather disappointed. It was as if cold water was poured on his head when Frank told him the bad news.

He was confused at that time. He couldn't think of any other disciple who could outshine his son if that kind of disciple ever existed in this lifetime. Could it be Lennon from the South Wang-Zhao Family? But how was it possible? No one in the Cloud Hall could outperform Frank. Even if they tried their best to improve, Frank was still way ahead of them. How could any disciple from those second-level sects have such strength?

"Tell me, who made it to first place?" Emanuel asked.

Frank pointed to Zen who was standing not so far away from them.

Emanuel looked at the direction his son was pointing at. He was expecting someone at his same level. But to his further dismay, it was only a disciple at the fourth grade of nature level and his name was Zen.

Watching from his position, Fernandez sensed that something bad was about to happen. He knew Emanuel's temper and that the latter was not a magnanimous person to allow others to outperform Frank. Fernandez was worried that Emanuel might try to embarrass Zen.

Kenneth had also noticed that, but as a steward of Cloud Hall, he had no say in Emanuel's presence. He had only hoped that Fernandez would intervene in time.

Then Frank whispered something to Emanuel, then everyone saw a subtle smile crossed Emanuel's face. He then made his way towards Zen with that smile on his face.

He could still not believe that the disciple who outranked his son was only with the fourth grade of nature level. It was the most ridiculous thing he had heard so far in his life. With what Frank had told him about the trial, Emanuel was now pretty sure that Zen won the first place with just mere luck.

"So, Frank told me that your name is Zen. Is that right? I owe you congratulations on winning the first prize. Now that you have become one of the elites of Cloud Hall, we will focus on training you," Emanuel said. "But my son has told me something about the Cloud Road that concerns me. And I believe, for the sake of the Cloud Hall, you should explain to us everything that has happened during the test and how did you become the first one out of the Cloud Road."

Chapter 605 Voice Message

Emanuel Zhuo adopted a commanding stance and then bluntly ordered Zen in a firm voice.

He declared that Zen had to recount what had exactly happened on the Cloud Road to the smallest detail. In other words, he subtly hinted that it would be wise if Zen wouldn't conceal anything about the event.

Emanuel thought that he had spoken to Zen clearly and politely enough. His stance differed from Fernandez's. Fernandez had been quite old. Although he still acted as the Cloud Hall's elder, these days he was mainly responsible for dealing with mundane affairs like choosing elites among disciples. However, Emanuel was in the prime of his life, and his strength was at its peak. As a mainstay of the Cloud Hall, he looked down upon Zen. Perhaps he would have treated Zen with less respect if he hadn't won the first place.

Emanuel clearly knew that everyone was vying to obtain the treasures on the Cloud Road, since all of the treasures were inherited from a grade six sect.

A few moments ago, Frank had informed him that a flood dragon had appeared on the Cloud Road. Furthermore, Emanuel knew from Frank that countless streaks of light were manifested on the Cloud Road, and then all of a sudden, all of the treasures were assembled together in one place.

Even though Emanuel himself couldn't step onto the Cloud Road, his son still had a chance to enter.

The gateway to the Cloud Road was only opened every three years, because of the enormous amount of crystals necessary to trigger the opening. Specifically, it would cost hundreds of supreme life vitality crystals to trigger an opening. Emanuel schemed that he was willing to spend that exorbitant amount of crystals in opening the gateway to the Cloud Road once again so that Frank could attempt to obtain the treasures, as long as he could glean useful information from Zen.

He would benefit greatly from the treasures inherited from the grade six sect.

All eyes were trained on Zen as soon as the command was uttered from Emanuel's mouth.

Frank blatantly sneered at Zen, muttering to himself, 'I have asked you to tell me the whole truth before, but you outright refused. Now, my father is here, demanding you to reveal that same truth. My father doesn't play around.'

Gloom was apparent on both Kenneth's and Fernandez's faces, silence befalling them. It would be inappropriate for them to speak for Zen, because they would surely offend Emanuel. As for the other sect leaders, they didn't say anything either, as Zen was not a disciple of their sects, and in fact, they were also curious as to what Zen had encountered on the Cloud Road.

Both Rocher and Patrick could do nothing but sigh deeply in despair. They surmised that Zen had no choice but to reveal the truth.

Contrary to their expectations, Zen blinked multiple times, stared Emanuel right in his eyes and stated, "Master Zhuo, I survived the Cloud Road entirely because of my own good luck. Why should I reveal anything to you? Is there any reason why I should tell you?"

From the start, Emanuel had expected Zen to reveal the truth in its entirety, or he would conceal just a little bit of the truth, but he never expected this outright rejection.

As Zen questioned why he should recount the story to Emanuel, the faces of the five sect leaders and Fernandez portrayed expressions of disbelief.

'This guy is asking for it, ' they all thought. Emanuel was so ill-tempered that the stewards of the Cloud Hall were often scared out of their wits when they crossed paths with Emanuel. However, Zen, merely a young disciple who hadn't even been selected as an elite, dared to question Emanuel that way...

Zen definitely knew how powerful Emanuel was in his position. Upon hearing Zen's defiant words, the sect leaders began to admire Zen for his great courage. At the same time, they also got worried.

Frank who was standing in the sidelines had his mouth agape in disbelief. He even thought he was having a nightmare.

Ever since he was a little kid, he had never witnessed anyone who dared disrespect his father. Even the folks at the Internal Elixir Realm didn't have the nerves to speak to his father that way. Zen was only a nature creature. How could he...

Frank could sense his father's immediate fury. He also knew that death was now the only choice for Zen. Even though he himself was Emanuel's son, he dared not utter a single word, for fear that he would further infuriate his father.

"Why..." Emanuel repeated that word slowly, his face appearing like an expressionless mask. Soon, he burst into laughter and continued, "Ahhh ha ha, you asked me why? Do you take me for a fool just because you think that you've reached a much higher level after you won the first place on the Cloud Road? You are merely a nature creature, so you are in no position to question me. Now, let me tell you the reason, you ignorant wretch. You are an insect in my eyes. You can be gone from this world in an instant. That is reason enough for you!"

Unlike others, Emanuel was rather calm. It seemed that he didn't need to showcase his fury and power to match Zen's imposing manner.

It was precisely because of this that Emanuel was scary.

However, Zen remained unblinking and composed. It was impossible for him to reveal anything that he encountered on the Cloud Road to anyone else. On the other hand, he wanted to glean more information about who Tia was.

As the cyan dragon guessed, Tia was definitely more powerful than the disciples at the Illuminating Soul Realm, and might have practiced some cultivation methods which required people to practice anew repeatedly when reaching a certain point. These cultivation methods were rather hard to master and refine, but one's power would increase exponentially if he or she successfully mastered the methods.

Tia might be a powerful plater at the Cloud Hall if the cyan dragon's guess was correct. Zen dared estimate that Tia might even be more powerful than Emanuel at least.

"What if I don't tell you anything?" Zen replied flatly with a wry smile. At this moment, he had secretly siphoned life vitality into Tia's token.

"Heh. Since you refuse to reveal the truth, I am not interested in listening to your words anymore. Instead, I will search the source, your soul." Emanuel didn't threaten Zen at all, but intended to directly scour Zen's soul.

To search Zen's soul, Emanuel had to directly access Zen's brain to invade it, using a secret technique that let him skim through Zen's memories. Only the most powerful people knew this technique.

As Kenneth heard that Emanuel was going to search Zen's soul, he found it hard to keep silent. Zen was, after all, a disciple of his Cloud Sect. And so Kenneth hurriedly stepped forth and said, "Master Zhuo, Zen was out of his mind just now. Please grant him another chance!" As soon as he pleaded, he turned around to face Zen and reprimanded, "Zen, reveal all to Emanuel instantly! You must not conceal anything from him!"

Kenneth spoke to Zen in a stern voice, since he was afraid that Emanuel would really scour Zen's soul. Soul searching was not a small thing.

One whose soul was scoured would suffer various mental damages when the memories were extracted. In simpler terms, Zen would turn into a simpleton if his soul was to be searched.

"Kenneth, fuck off," Emanuel retorted loudly, blatantly disregarding Kenneth's position.

"Master Zhuo, there is no need to be so worked up on some naive boy. Please, for my sake..." Kenneth begged with a smile while bowing with his hands clasped in front of him.

"Fuck off, I said!" Emanuel yelled coldly. Then, he promptly added after a few moments of consideration, "Kenneth, tell me why I should do this for you."

"Sir, don't beg him anymore," Zen said expressionlessly.

Since the cyan dragon was protecting his soul from intrusion, Zen did not fear the soul search. The cyan dragon was a hidden advantage Zen possessed. Although he seemed to still be very weak at the moment, he had consumed the flood dragon's spirit and drunk an entire pond of the flood dragon's blood. Zen believed that the cyan dragon wouldn't ignore him in his crisis.

Besides, Zen was still waiting.

He wanted to see if Tia would grant him a favor.

In spite of Kenneth's pleadings, Emanuel approached Zen with long, powerful strides. Kenneth, who stood beside him, dared not impede him. In the current situation, Zen still stood where he originally was, but he was a little short of breath.

When Emanuel was only about a couple of steps away from Zen, a small piece of rune suddenly appeared near Emanuel's ear. A few seconds later, a little spark shone and burnt up the rune in an instant.

All the sect leaders present recognized the rune, which could transmit voice messages over a long distance by the use of one's life vitality.

Emanuel's ears perked up as if he was listening to an unseen voice. Soon afterwards, he frowned and looked rather sullen, staring at Zen with a complex expression.

Moments which seemed like an eternity passed by as everyone was waiting with bated breath. A few seconds later, Emanuel glared at Zen and sneered, "You better thank your good luck! Frank, let's go!" As soon as Emanuel uttered the words, he flung himself into the sky and hovered for a few seconds. Then, he quickly dissolved into a gray shadow and rapidly disappeared.

Frank was dumbfounded and confused by his father's words.

At the beginning, Frank silently wished something horrible to happen to Zen as he watched in silence. He wanted to witness firsthand his father searching Zen's soul so that Zen would be reduced to a bumbling idiot. Frank would have been so ecstatic to witness such an event.

On the Cloud Road, Frank felt that Zen was mighty. It was clear how Zen was an absolute threat to his ascendancy at the Cloud Hall. Thus, no outcome would be greater than Zen's demise.

However, Frank never expected his father to abruptly give up scouring Zen's soul. What went wrong? Why was a voice message suddenly transmitted with the aid of life vitality? Who would be so powerful? Who was able to change his father's mind that quickly?

Although Frank's mind was plagued with questions, he dared not utter a word as he noticed his father's grim expression. Instead, he just gave Zen an intense look and flew closely behind his father.

At this moment, only the sect leaders, Fernandez and Zen stood where they had been. They were all very much confused by the sudden turn of events.

Like Frank, they were also wondering who on earth had sent a voice message that convinced Emanuel so easily.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 606 What Did She Say

Emanuel enjoyed a very high position in Cloud Hall.

He too was an elder like Fernandez, but the latter was an old man with little potential for any further progress and belonged to the inferior group.

On the other hand, Emanuel was in the prime of his life and was in a peak condition for martial refinement. Due to his formidable strength, he was one of the most powerful elders in Cloud Hall.

The message rune that had reached Emanuel's ears for several seconds only comprised of a few words. There were only a handful of people who could persuade Emanuel into leaving with such a short sentence.

But who could it be?

Zen had entered the Cloud Road for the first time. He had never been to the Central Region before, and had never gotten the chance to know any top leaders of Cloud Hall. Given that, who could be the person who decided to step in and help him?

Several sect leaders were puzzled pondering over that question.

Kenneth focused his eyes at Zen with a convulsed expression on his face. Suddenly, the young disciple of his own sect started to seem strange to him.

He believed he knew Zen well and prided himself for being one of the only people who knew his secrets. But it was finally becoming clear to him that there was a lot he didn't know.

Zen was a nature creature, but that didn't help reduce Kenneth's shock at what he had done in front of Emanuel.

Even though Zen wasn't threatened by Emanuel anymore, Kenneth's head was still full of worries. "You were acting impetuously, Zen," he said.

Following Kenneth's words, Fernandez nodded and said, "I agree. I don't know who are you relying on but I don't think it's a wise choice for you to act out against Emanuel. He left you unharmed today, but don't forget you have to face him many times in Cloud Hall. If he decides to go against you, you will be in great danger."

Fernandez had almost figured out who had helped Zen, as there weren't many possible answers. As far as he knew, the only people who could ask Emanuel to leave were the current and former Cloud Hall leaders. The former leader hadn't showed up in public occasions for over a hundred years.

It wasn't a big stretch to assume that the current Cloud Hall leader was the only possible person who could have asked Emanuel to leave. But that wasn't it. The next question that pestered Fernandez was if Zen even knew the Cloud Hall leader to that extent? How did they know each other? Where did they meet?

As per what Fernandez had heard, the Cloud Hall leader had been in a closed-door cultivation for two years. If that was indeed true, it was impossible for them to meet each other.

"Elder Fernandez, Mr. Shi," Zen bowed to Fernandez and Kenneth with cupped hands, "Thanks for your concern. I know I've overdone it, but I had no other choice. After all, my experiences in the Cloud Road matter a lot. My sanctity will never allow me to tell them to anyone else, even to Master Zhuo! What's more, even if I did as he asked me to, do you think he'd have let me go easily?"

Zen's words had a tone of authority and reason. Both Fernandez and Kenneth fell silent after he finished. They knew this young disciple was right.

Emanuel's immense progress in martial refinement in the past two years had enhanced his position in the Cloud Hall but at the same time had also stirred up his arrogance and hubris.

If Zen really had yielded to Emanuel's threats and told him the secrets of Cloud Road, the unscrupulous elder would still have been doubtful of his words and found another excuse to search his soul.

The weak always became lambs to be slaughtered. Zen had already learnt this during his time in the Eastern Region and knew it would be no different here in the Central Region.

Right at that moment, the other disciples in the Cloud Road finished their trials.

"Hooray! I'm in the first place this year!" As a shrill shout of joy emerged from the exit of Cloud Road, a disciple rushed out with a victorious smile on his face. He had taken lead in the Life Road, sure that nobody had arrived before him. Being the first disciple to finish the trial made him feel like he was living a daydream. He himself knew Frank and Lennon were far more talented than him and how difficult it was to stand out among all the disciples.

However, Frank had taken the risk and chosen the dangerous Death Road. As for Lennon, he had disappeared during the whole process. Naturally, this disciple believed he had finished first.

But the daydream didn't last too long. To be specific, it ended as soon as he saw Zen, Rocher, Lois and Patrick. His happy smile froze and his laugh started to sound harsh to his own ears. With his face twitching, he looked away and silently stepped aside.

"I'm the second!" Another disciple emerged behind him, rushing out of the exit with the same excitement he was exerting a while ago. Being in second place too was a satisfying outcome. But this disciple then raised his hand and saw the other disciples before him. The look on his face changed dramatically just like the first one.

"And I'm the third!" another one shrieked.

The comical scene repeated yet again, amusing the sect leaders and Fernandez as it alleviated the tense atmosphere that persisted a few moments ago.

Gradually, more and more disciples passed the trials. The last one to finish was Lennon.

In fact, he was almost on the verge of failing the test. He had no ways to head the Life Road which had a broken part, nor did he have the courage to choose the Death Road. He was left with no choice but to return to the platform alone, waiting for the end of the test thinking he was sure to die.

In this stage of isolation and helplessness, he suddenly saw a flood dragon flying toward him from a distance. Frightened by the giant creature, Lennon tumbled on the ground, almost falling into the rolling lava in the Sea of Raging Fire.

To his surprise, the dragon didn't hurt him, instead stretched out its tail toward him in a friendly way.

Accepting its kindness, Lennon decided to take his chances. If he didn't, he would anyway die waiting for the end of the Cloud Road test. This dragon was his only chance of survival.

He climbed on top of its tail and crawled to its back. The dragon sprinted into the sky with a wild roar and swiftly carried him to the Life Road.

Even though he was the last one to finish, he felt happy enough. The only thing that mattered to him was that he had escaped death with a narrow margin. How did the rank matter when he felt so great simply to be alive?

After all the disciples finished their trials, they gathered around Fernandez, who then majestically announced the list of disciples who had qualified for admission into the Elite House of Cloud Hall.

Other than the millions of disciples in the five subordinate sects, the Cloud Hall also had another group of disciples who were directly under its own charge. Frank and Lennon belonged to this group, which nearly comprised of a million disciples.

Although that sounded like a great figure, it wasn't, relative to the population of the Central Region. In fact, the number of disciples under Cloud Hall was smaller than many other grade-4 sects. For example, the Bloodwood Cliff and the Nine Star School both had at least 4-5 million disciples.

As for the only grade-5 sect in the Central Region, it had over ten million disciples, which could amount to an entire country's population!

Nonetheless, not all disciples succeeded in their martial refinement. Over ninety percent of them ended up in the nature level and only a small portion achieved the Illuminating Soul Realm, which too wasn't that big of a deal.

It had to be combined with marvelous strength and great talent to attract the attention of top leaders and train under their elite sects.

Zen, Frank, Lois, and every other disciple who passed the Cloud Road were all selected from millions of disciples. Each of them was already at the top of the tree, but needed to pass the test of Cloud Road before they were qualified to join the Elite House.

Every disciple of the Elite House was Cloud Hall's hope for the future!

As Fernandez read out the names on the list, Zen was distracted looking for Tia in the crowd. He looked all around him multiple times but couldn't find her.

Tia truly was a master of disguise. She had managed to conceal her real identity not just from Zen, but also Fernandez.

However, she wasn't able to deceive the cyan dragon despite her perfect disguise.

"There she is, the third one to the left of the disciples!"

The cyan dragon's voice came from within Zen's head as he squinted his eyes to make out Tia's form in the distance.

He followed the dragon's words, and as he stared at her ordinary face, he found her looking back at him at the same time.

She pretended to just be glancing at him when she caught him staring at her. She was trying to figure if he could see through her disguise.

To her surprise, Zen's eyes were dead stuck on her, like he saw her clearly. Had he recognized her? That was impossible! She was confident about her disguise. Zen wasn't even a cultivator of the Internal Elixir Realm. He couldn't be able to see through her!

What she didn't know was the disguise did not function before the cyan dragon. The mighty creature could locate her very soul.

Tia put up a nonchalant face even though she was a bit uncomfortable with Zen's eyes fixed on her. Soon, though, the pretense had to be given up. Why was that? Because she noticed a faint smile appearing across Zen's face, as if he was saying, "Be done with the tricks! I already know who you are!"

'He's a damn pain! He really did find me out!' she thought to herself. She pouted, glaring at him angrily. She pursed her lips together and sent him a message with her life vitality, "Stop staring at me, or I'll gouge your eyes out."

Zen laughed with no fear at her words. He knew Tia was in a higher position than Emanuel. She was the one who had driven him away with just a sentence.

He had no worries because even though Fernandez had found out Tia's real identity, he would never dare to expose the truth.

"Hey, what did you say to Master Zhuo with that message rune a while ago?" Zen asked, returning a message with his life vitality.

Tia smiled slyly and replied, "I told him it was none of his business and asked him to get out of here immediately,"

Zen was rendered speechless! Although he knew she was in a very high position, he hadn't expected her to have been so rude to Emanuel. Now Zen knew why had Emanuel's face been so low when he left silently.

Chapter 607 The Cloud Hall Token

Morning came in a burst of light and color, sending a stream of light into the waking world.

In other places, one could only see rainbows after rain stopped. However, it was something that was as commonplace as a stray cloud in Cloudy City.

The view could always be traced back to the giant rock floating above the city, and the magnificent palace built atop it, floating over the land like a cloud borne sentry.

The palace was surrounded by layers of clouds, and only when the sky was crystal blue could the citizens see the vague outline of the palace. The sight of it rendered the onlookers speechless. It was a masterpiece of architecture- an ode to its very workmanship.

For those who had chanced to lay their eyes on the palace, it was a view worthy of the gods. And whoever lived in it was seen as such.

In the eyes of mortal men, many martial artists were no different from ranks of gods. They were the closest examples of divinity on Earth. These men could accomplish incredible feats exceeding an ordinary mortal- they could fly in the sky, burrow into the depths of the Earth, move mountains and drain the seas. Some of them could even live for hundreds or thousands of years. What else could they be except gods?

But, like the ordinary civilians of the city, there were also martial artists for whom the magnificent palace held a different meaning. It could not compare to the true palaces of the gods in the tales and legends of old, but it was something that signified it. Cloud Hall, another name they called the floating palace, was a fourth-rate sect which was famous in Central Region.

Cloud Hall was built on this giant floating rock whose origin was unknown to all. When it was built, there was an array absorbing the energy around the palace for the martial artists in it. The energy it obtained was so immense that even the clouds surrounding the Cloud

Hall were drawn to it, forming a curtain of white and hiding the palace from view.

That day, the array in Cloud Hall's left side began shimmering. Beams of light fell to the Earth, and from it, people began to walk out one after another.

Zen instinctively sniffed the moment he stepped out of the light. He was feeling light-headed. The rich vitality in Cloud Hall had almost gotten him drunk with energy. His body thrummed with the excesses. There was no place in the whole Eastern Region foliaged with such dense energy.

Patrick, Lewis and Rocher, the disciples of the second-rated sects, were having the same feelings as Zen. Their legs gave off slight trembles from under them.

Upon seeing them seemingly affected by the rich vitality, the disciples from Cloud Hall all cast them haughty glimpses.

These supercilious bunch, including Lennon, had not cultivated themselves in Cloud Hall. For most, they trained themselves in a place called "Cloud School" in Cloudy City. From there, handpicked disciples who were the finest of finest, like Lennon, were given chances to enter Cloud Hall. As for Frank, he often cultivated in Cloud Hall thanks to his father.

Since they were all disciples of Elite House of Cloud Hall, they were befitting of entry to Cloud Hall.

Following Fernandez, the disciples headed towards Elite House.

The gargantuan palace towered over Zen and the others. They fixed their eyes on Cloud Hall, unable to take their gazes off its grandeur. The most illustrious of praises fell short of its magnificence. It was a truly incredible sight to behold.

A floating palace was hard for one to fathom, but Zen thought it would be possible to understand the mechanism if he started with its basic principles.

He had already seen floating rocks back in Cloud Road. These rocks seemed to repel gravity, hence they were capable of floating in the air. A palace could be built on a floating rock, if it was big enough.

But Cloud Hall was gigantic structure- it needed a rock which should be as big as an island in order to support it. As for the origins of a rock of such size, it was something that was beyond Zen's knowledge.

Mist floated around like a translucent curtain of moisture, lending a surreal aura to the place and making the disciples look to be walking on air. They walked through Cloud Hall following Fernandez.

Before long, they arrived at the Elite House.

All of the disciples, regardless of their origins, were thrumming with excitement. After years of fierce competition with others, they finally became an elite disciple of Cloud Hall. It was a much-coveted position, the pinnacle of their calling, for many of them.

However, for Zen, it was only a beginning.

Fernandez led them to Elite House and handed them over to another person. Soon enough, murmurs filled the hall as the disciples began chattering with one another in uncontainable excitement. There were exchanges of stories, and the disciples from Cloud Hall even started boasting of the things they saw and heard. After all, growing up in the Central Region had a lot of advantages. They had a wider experience than the disciples from the second-rated sects. Lewis and other disciples all listened to their tales carefully and with interest.

It seemed that a rank system would be employed in Elite House. It closely resembled the point system of Cloud Sect.

"Everyone in Elite House will be given a Cloud Hall Token. It comes in five different colors: purple, yellow, golden, cyan and red. Each of the colors represents ranks of power. With these tokens, we can enter countless mystical places to cultivate ourselves. Since we have just entered Elite House, we start with the lowest rank. The red Cloud Hall Token will be given to us."

"But don't you look down upon these red tokens. The mystical places we can enter with it are hundred times better than the places where you used to cultivate yourselves!"

In the middle of their boasting, two steward guards of Cloud Hall came in.

Zen sized the two up and found that they were all in Internal Elixir Realm!

Though their momentum was inferior to Kenneth, they were martial artists of impressive prowess. It only went to show how Cloud Hall was filled with people of overwhelming power and talent. From here on, Zen knew they had their work cut out for them.

One steward guard of Cloud Hall cast a sweeping glance over them, his face unreadable. "Now, you will be given a Cloud Hall Token. This token will serve as a pass to Cloud Hall and mystical places for cultivation. Do not be careless with it," he said sternly.

Then, he began calling out names according to the list.

A disciple would step forward and take his Cloud Hall Token upon being called.

True to the words of the disciples from Cloud Hall, the ones who had just entered Elite House were given a red token, the lowest rank.

A glimpse of the Cloud Hall Token reminded Zen of the voice-transmitting token Tia gave him. Both had clouds carved in their surface. The only difference was that the token Tia gave him was white, while his was red.

According to the disciples of Cloud Hall, the Cloud Hall Token was ranked by five colors, namely purple, yellow, golden, cyan and red. He wondered what rank was the voice-transmitting token that Tia had given him.

While Zen was pondering over this, the guard suddenly called out his name. A look of surprise flashed across the faces of the two men--Zen, at the sudden sound of his name; the guard, upon seeing the color of the token.

It was purple. A while ago, he was given the Cloud Hall Tokens. Knowing that it would be for the newcomers of Elite House, he did not bother to check them one by one and threw them straight to the space ring. All he would do was pass them out to the new disciples one after another and call the name on its back.

Or so he thought. He gaped in astonishment at the purple token he was holding in his hands. For a moment, he thought that there had been some mistake.

Why was it purple?

There were very strict rules about the colors of the Cloud Hall Tokens giving out, precisely because it was what decided which kind of mystical places the disciples could go into.

Under normal circumstances, the new comers would only be given a red Cloud Hall Token.

However, it was true that there had been some exceptions. For instance, there had been times in the past when cyan Cloud Hall Tokens were given to the new disciples. Those who possessed a great deal of talent were given this in place of the red one. But the chances were very slim. The most recent case of this happening was almost a decade ago.

Even the leader of Cloud Sect, Kenneth, only had a golden Cloud Hall Token- a middle ranking. These two stewards at the Internal Elixir Realm only had a cyan Cloud Hall Token. The golden token was a dream, which would take much more time and work for them to realize.

A golden Cloud Hall Token, would mean the opening of more mystical places- ones that were far better than the ones at the accessible to a cyan Cloud Hall Token holder.

But getting a golden Cloud Hall Token was a feat of extremely difficulty. Even long years of service at Cloud Hall had not been enough.

So how was it that this kid, a newcomer of Elite House, could get a purple Cloud Hall Token?

There must have been a mistake. It might have been a mix-up. There was no other plausible explanation for it.

Zen came to his sense quickly and stepped forward to take the purple Cloud Hall Token. To his surprise, one of the steward guards told him to wait, without further clarification. He then trotted away with the purple Cloud Hall Token.

Soon, the hall was filled with the low sound of questioning murmurs. "A purple Cloud Hall Token? Even if Zen is the champion of the Cloud Road, there is no way that he would be given one!"

"Is this some sort of joke? The purple Cloud Hall Tokens are usually given to the elders, and even then, only a few of them manage to obtain one. How is it possible that Zen would be given one?"

"Poor man. Soon enough his excitement will turn out to only be disappointment. He's no different from us. A red Cloud Hall Token is more than enough to him!"

Before long, the steward guard came back with a complicated expression. "This purple Cloud Hall Token truly belongs to you," he said.

The words that he uttered were like a thunder clap in the clear sky, silencing everyone in the room with shock.

As an old saying goes, people don't worry about poverty, but fear the unfair distribution of wealth. Since everyone else were given a red Cloud Hall Token which represented the lowest rank, why was it that Zen got the purple token? It was ridiculous!

Chapter 608 Confidence And Courage

Seeing that Zen had received a purple Cloud Hall Token, the disciples from the five grade two sects reluctantly accepted the unfairness. The disciples from Cloud Hall couldn't.

"Zen? Who the hell is he?" "That bumpkin from Cloud Sect who won the first place?" "The disciples of Cloud Hall used to win every time. Why didn't any of the participants who won previously get a purple Cloud Hall Token?"

As the crowd's complaints got louder, a Cloud Hall steward snapped at them, "Shut up! If anyone makes any noise after this warning, I'm going to have them removed immediately!"

The disciples knew that Cloud Hall floated in the sky thousands of meters above the ground. Since most of them were at the Illuminating Soul Realm and could fly, they wouldn't die if they got thrown out. But they understood what the steward had meant—he wasn't going to have them thrown to the ground. He was threatening to remove them from Cloud Hall.

Therefore, the disciples kept quiet. They had practiced since childhood to meet the eligibility for admission to Cloud Hall. And most of them carried the hopes of their entire family. Even though they envied Zen, they were unwilling to be expelled from Cloud Hall because of this.

In fact, the two stewards envied Zen as well. As the Internal Elixir Realm masters, they hadn't received a purple Cloud Hall Token yet either. They also wondered why Zen was an exception. "Does he have a special relationship with our leader?" one of them asked. "She is well known for being chaste. I've never heard of her having a boyfriend," the other answered.

The cultivators' world was unfair, and the stewards had already become used to it. Since there was no other logical explanation, the Cloud Hall stewards assumed that Zen had a powerful background and that they shouldn't mess with him.

Therefore, the two stewards greeted him with respectful smiles. One steward even bowed a little as he handed Zen a purple Cloud Hall Token with both hands.

Then, the two stewards explained the rules and regulations of Cloud Hall to the disciples. They even spoke about matters that required attention, such as how to use the cultivating places and facilities, the forbidden areas, and so on. There were so many rules in Cloud Hall that it took the stewards about an hour.

After that, the two stewards allowed the new disciples to leave the Elite House. Zen walked out with Rocher and Patrick. They had intended to get some trivial articles and find their rooms in the Cloud Hall.

As soon as they exited Elite House, their eyes fell on a massive map on the wall.

"This is the map of the Central Region," Rocher said.

In the past, Zen had thought that the Eastern Region was vast. But now, as he saw the map of the Central Region, he understood why some people said the Eastern Region was a small place.

On the corner of the map, the orientation and size of the Eastern Region had also been plotted. In contrast, if the Central Region was an elephant, the Eastern Region was only a little pig. The two were not at the same level simply from the perspective of the territory included in each region.

Lewis walked toward the three young men as they studied the map. He had followed Zen since they met on Cloud Road. "The map is very detailed. Almost all the forces in the Central Region have been marked out." Lewis said as he analyzed the map.

It was not difficult for the cultivators in the Central Region to get this information. However, as warriors from the Eastern Region, Zen, and his friends were seeing a map of the Central Region first time in their lives.

Zen not only located Cloud Hall, which was labeled as a grade four sect on the map, but he also saw the other three, grade four sects, namely, Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect, and Mysterious Luna Hall.

Cloud Hall was the strongest among the grade four sects, which was only a little inferior to the grade five sect. And the three grade four sects, Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect, and Mysterious Luna Hall, were also just slightly weaker than Cloud Hall as they had many Internal Elixir Realm masters.

Ethereal Spirit Sect was the only grade five sect. It was located in the heartland of the Central Region. That place was called Ethereal City. As a grade five sect, Ethereal Spirit Sect was both larger and stronger than Cloud Hall. It was said that the leader of Ethereal Spirit Sect had cultivated to a realm that ordinary people couldn't understand.

Zen tried to keep the information in his mind. He soon noticed that there were several names marked on the map. So he asked with curiosity, "What about these names?"

"Well, not all strong people like to establish a sect. Some of them are loners who prefer free life. Since they do not belong to any sect or group, we mark their names on the map," explained Lewis. He had always been a fan of gossip, so he was well-informed. He pointed at the south end of the map, "Look at this one! The Venerable Starry is a strong master in the south of Central Region."

"Are all the strong cultivators listed here?" Zen asked. Zen scanned the map with anxious eyes as he asked. It was as though he were searching for something.

Only a handful of people had been identified on the map. Undoubtedly, all of them were top masters, beyond the Internal Elixir Realm, in the Central Region. And there were only about ten people in all.

Zen's eyes soon stopped on a name, Evil East Lord, Eddie Cui.

This was the man who had taken Zen's sister, Yan. When Zen saw the name, his eyes narrowed. Even though he tried to control his emotions, Patrick and Rocher could feel his anxiety and hatred.

Patrick and Rocher knew that Zen was under great pressure. When they were at Cloud Sect, they had also seen the giant face appear in the sky. At that time, they had only known him to be a strong warrior from the

Central Region, but they didn't know his name. Now, seeing Zen's eyes fixed on the name, they guessed who it was.

Obviously, Evil East Lord was the cultivator from the Central Region who had taken Yan.

"Lewis, how about this man?" Zen pointed at Eddie's name and asked.

Lewis' eyes blinked rapidly before he said, "The Evil East Lord! His skill is just so-so." He wanted to play a joke with his new friends.

"Just so-so?" Patrick and Rocher exclaimed at the same time and stared at Lewis with a strange expression.

"In other words, there is no match for him in the Central Region. Even the leader of the grade five Ethereal Spirit Sect has to acknowledge his superior skills. Eddie is the strongest person in the Central Region. He deserves the name, Evil Lord," Lewis praised.

Hearing Lewis' words, Patrick and Rocher shot him a dark look. They thought that Lewis must be a fool. Otherwise, why would he say so much to people he was meeting for the first time.

Zen glared at the map as if he hadn't heard anything.

Lewis' answer didn't surprise Zen. He knew exactly what kind of powers this man must have had to be able to force Cloud Sect to hand over Yan. Moreover, Cloud Sect was under Cloud Hall's supervision. So, Cloud Hall must know about the incident.

Cloud Hall was afraid of Eddie as well!

Cloud Hall was the best of the grade four sects. It ranked second to the only grade five sect, Ethereal Spirit Sect. If Eddie could force Cloud Hall to listen to him, he must, indeed, be extremely powerful.

Eddie was known as the Evil East Lord, the Number one cultivator in the Central Region.

In comparison to him, Zen was as insignificant as dust.

Anger, fear, desperation—all kinds of negative emotions coursed through Zen. He knew that these emotions would not benefit him. All he could do was stay calm and silent to control himself.

"Hey, Zen? Why do you ask about him? He is so famous. Haven't you heard of him before at Cloud Sect? No? Your Eastern Region is too remote," Lewis started nagging.

"I have more information about him. You might be interested. It's said that he is going to arrange the Lustful Demon Array. He is looking for the top three beauties to cultivate together and ... You know what I mean, right?

He also wants to be emperor and establish a holy kingdom in the Central Region. It would be a real feat that no one has achieved in Central Region for thousands of years. Hey, what's wrong with you? How come you are leaving without me?"

Lewis stopped his nagging as Zen left without saying a word.

Rocher and Patrick followed Zen. But before they left, Rocher scolded Lewis, "Shut up!"

"You idiot!" Patrick added.

Lewis stood there with a look of shock. "I didn't provoke anybody, did I?" He scratched his head with wonder.

Unfortunately, the map only allowed Zen to get a rough idea of the distribution of forces in the Central Region. The map was not very detailed. After all, it was impossible for Cloud Hall to disclose top-secret information on a map and show it to all.

"Zen! Wait!"

Rocher and Patrick ran to Zen, who was hurrying forward.

"What's up?" Zen responded without looking back. Sadness and helplessness filled his heart.

Like any hard-working student, he had set a grand goal, hoping that one day he would achieve it. He spared no efforts to pass the final exam with a high score. But he was frustrated when he found that although outstanding, he was still far from his goal.

His grand goal was like a star in the sky, high above him, blinking and taunting him. He could only look up at it, but not reach it.

It was not that Zen was not good enough. It was just that his goal was in the sky, and that his current ability kept him at ground-level.

Even though Zen had never given up, challenging the most powerful cultivator in the Central Region would be suicide. His ambition was high, but he had to accept the cruel reality.

"Eddie is indeed very powerful," Rocher said as he raised his eyebrows. "He is the strongest man in the Central Region. I'm afraid that if he chooses to, he can destroy Cloud Hall. But, I have a hunch that one day, you will kill him!"

Patrick nodded, "I believe that, too."

Hearing what they said, a trace of a smile flashed on Zen's face. After a while, he grinned and turned to them, "Do you guys really believe I can do it?"

"I'm not comforting you. If other people hear us, they may think that we're daydreaming. But I really believe it will happen," Rocher stated, and Patrick agreed with him as well.

Their faith in Zen's abilities rekindled his hope and ambition. Zen's deep eyes shone like stars. "Now that you believe in me, I will believe in myself too. One day, I'll kill him," Zen declared as he gritted his teeth.

Although Zen didn't know how far he would go on the road to martial arts cultivation, he had to face this strong enemy sooner or later. He needed courage and confidence, both of which he had regained now.

Chapter 609 Evil East Lord

At the same time, in the easternmost area of the Central Region, there was a huge mountain range.

The mountains seemed to stretch into the sky. The range was so high that it safeguarded the continent from the tsunami in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. Owing to the altitude of the range, all the peaks were covered in a thick layer of snow, some as deep as 100 feet! The range was called a dead zone as it was impossible for people to climb out if they accidentally fell into the snow.

Even cultivators at the Illuminating Soul Realm dared not to go deep into the mountains even though they could fly. The snowstorm raging on the mountaintop was so fierce that the wind stung like knife blades. Besides, several unknown monsters, beasts, and terrifying creatures lived on the mountain range. Since these creatures could survive such harsh conditions, they were not easy to deal with.

However, today, the snow on the highest mountain in the range had melted completely.

The snow-covered peaks of the mountain range had been accumulating snow for thousands of years. Today, the snow on one peak had disappeared, revealing the black mountain that stood out in contrast to its nearby snow-capped peaks.

A strong and bare-torso man panted on the mountaintop. A grey flame burned behind him. Beneath his feet, lay a snow flood dragon that was 500 feet in length.

Snow flood dragons lived in the land of snow and ice. They were born fierce and powerful!

The fierce snow flood dragon lay beneath the man's feet. Many parts of its huge body were burned.

"Little Eddie! Didn't you say that you would take me to see the snow and eat a snow flood dragon's heart? You melted all the snow on the mountain. How do I see snow now?" A woman dressed in a fox-fur robe levitated in the air behind the strong man. She positioned herself such that it appeared as though she were lying on a bench beneath her.

Her voice was so enchanting and sweet that people would be enraptured upon hearing her. What was more exciting was that she wore no other clothes except the fox-fur robe, which covered only her breasts and private parts. Other parts of her body were uncovered, and her skin was so fair that it was whiter than the snow.

"Your seduction and complaints will not work. You wanted to see the snow, and I brought you here. You want to eat the snow flood dragon's heart……" The strapping man bent down and removed the heart of the dying snow flood dragon. Fierce creatures like the snow flood dragon had strong bodies. Though it had been seriously injured, the snow flood dragon's heart still beat vigorously.

The woman was frightened when she saw the pulsating and bloody snow flood dragon's heart. "Oh! Little Eddie, there is so much blood. How will I eat it?"

"Do you want me to bring a chef here?" The expression on the strapping man's face darkened.

The enchanting woman floated to him slowly and wrapped her fair and thin arms around his neck and said, "Little Eddie, I did not mean that. But on the day you practice Lustful Demon Array, you must have three Purple Power Bodies' virginity energy…… I have been reserving my body for you for thirty years. If you cannot find the third Purple Power Body, am I supposed to wait another thirty years?"

The strapping man suddenly grabbed the enchanting woman's hand, pulled her into his arms, and smiled flirtatiously. "Don't worry. Yan's talent is no less than yours. Breaking through the Internal Elixir Realm just needed one or two years. I already know of another Purple Power body. It won't take me long to find it, and then I can satisfy you. I will satisfy you well!"

Then, the strapping man ran his fingers on the enchanting woman's body, leaving a trail of the snow flood dragon's blood on her skin. The frightened woman screamed.

The strapping man was the Evil East Lord. And the enchanting woman's name was Marilyn Si.

Marilyn was a Purple Power Body like Yan. She had been following Eddie for thirty years and had reserved her virginity till now for his Lustful Demon Array!

Most women were unwilling to cultivate the Lustful Demon Array. In fact, the Lustful Demon Array was not an evil cultivation that would sacrifice a female to a male. It was a huge cultivation that would benefit both genders. So, the Lustful Demon Array was beneficial for both Eddie and Marilyn.

When flirting with Marilyn, Eddie suddenly turned serious.

"Little Eddie, what's the matter?" Marilyn asked with a sweet voice.

Eddie sneered and said, "Interesting! Very interesting! I sense a hint of killing intent!"

Eddie practiced a special cultivation method. Combined with his talent, the cultivation method could help him sense another person's intent to kill him!

The Evil East Lord, who was famous in the Central Region, had been envied and hated by several people. Since he was not a god, he couldn't hear people's thoughts.

However, he could sense their strong killing intent!

Only an enemy determined to kill him could generate such a strong killing intent! It meant that the enemy despised him so much at this moment that the enemy must kill Eddie.

Though he could sense the existence of the killing intent, Eddie could not locate the enemy.

"Oh?" Marilyn said with a puzzled look. "Who dares to challenge our little Eddie? Aren't they afraid of being identified, chased, and killed by little Eddie?"

"Ahah," Eddie laughed. "The strange thing is that the enemy seems very weak. But why would someone hate me so much?" Eddie was confused. 'The master of the killing intent seems powerless in comparison to me. But his willpower is so strong! Who could it be?'

"Whatever. If your enemy isn't powerful, then there's no need to worry," Marilyn chuckled and stretched out her hand, and daubed Eddie's face with the snow flood dragon's blood.

Eddie appeared calm, but he didn't stop thinking about this mysterious enemy. He had sensed similar killing intent thousands of times during his life. Over time, many people had tried to kill him.

Assassinating, killing, murdering…… They had used all kinds of means and failed. There had been no exceptions!

Eddie was too lazy to deal with those whose killing intent was meaningless. There was even a time when he had to shut down this troublesome sensing ability. So many people had been eager to kill him that he always had this sense of foreboding. The stress of continually receiving warnings was grueling for Eddie. And while several people had actually dared to try, no one had succeeded.

But today, the hint of killing intent from this mystery enemy had been so strong that it shook Eddie to the core. He was confused. While his enemy had strong killing intent, he was as weak as an ant. So why did Eddie feel a bit nervous?

Eddie was cautious though he looked like an unwary man.

If he could learn of his enemy's identity, he would probably kill this person. Unfortunately, he could only sense the killing intent, but not who it came from.

Zen did not know that the moment he decided to kill Eddie, his opponent could sense his killing will even though he was a hundred thousand miles away.

And Zen had not even spoken the words out loud!

His will of martial arts was always strong. But today, he knew how large the gap was between him and the Evil East Lord. And for a brief moment, Zen doubted himself.

But he calmed down and reassured himself. Zen's will of martial arts had now become stronger than before.

Seeing Zen's confidence restored, Rocher and Patrick were very happy.

Zen now needed to practice in Cloud Hall as he needed time to digest what he got from Cloud Road.

Sitting cross-legged in the practice room, Zen rotated his hands like a wheel disc. The life vitality spun alongside his hands. As he rotated faster and faster, it became a whole circle.

"The Malicious Wheel of Life and Death was the most powerful attack method for the Blood Fiend Emperor. Unexpectedly, it's not complicated to practice!"

Looking at the rotating life vitality wheel, Zen smiled slightly. Though far from the first level—Exterminating Wheel—he had pretty much succeeded in giving it a proper shape.

Cultivation methods concerning malicious aura had some advantages. They were easy to practice and more potent than other cultivation methods. Since it was a shortcut, countless people had been attracted to it. However, it did come with the risk of the cultivator being controlled and consumed by the malicious aura! But Zen, who had been to Killing Sword Mountain, did not have such a risk.

"How about trying the power of the Exterminating Wheel?"

Thinking of this, Zen extracted a piece of the malicious aura.

The moment the blood red malicious aura was put into it, the malicious aura rushed to the practicing room with the rotation of the Exterminating Wheel.

The malicious aura was so powerful that it broke through the floor of the practicing room, several layers of the wooden flooring, the thick rock layer, and then over 400 feet of floating stone before hitting the ground, a kilometer away.

Meanwhile, an alarm sounded outside the practicing room.

Chapter 610 The Great Present From Tia (Part One)

"Did I really punch a hole through the floor of the Cloud Hall?" murmured Zen in surprise. A look of horror spread across his face.

The power of the Exterminating Wheel had far exceeded his expectations. The raw power it produced shook him to the core. A ray of light shone through the tiny hole on the floor of the practice room.

"All disciples in the practice room clear out!"

Amidst the long wailing warning tune of the flute, Steward Xiao's voice boomed.

Steward Xiao was one of the two stewards who handed out Cloud Hall Tokens to the disciples a few days ago. Upon hearing the summons, Zen reluctantly removed the Exterminating Wheel and took a deep breath before he started for the door and promptly walked out.

Outside, he found several disciples of the Illuminating Soul Realm looking at Steward Xiao in states of confusion. It seemed that they all had no idea why the alarm was sounded out of nowhere, nor did they know why Steward Xiao called them out there while they were busy cultivating.

"Who was it..." Steward Xiao asked in an expression of barely concealed anger.

Before he could finish his question, Zen stepped forth and presented himself. "I apologize, Steward Xiao. I accidentally punched a hole through the floor in my practice room."

The practice room on this floor was located at the lowest level of Cloud Hall, and not far below was a floating stone, surrounded by warning runes. No one had ever touched the floating stone before.

All the practice rooms in Cloud Hall had myriad layers of protection. To use the practice room on this floor, one only needed to show the red

Cloud Hall Token. So all those who practiced martial arts in this level were mostly new disciples of the Elite House. Given that the new disciples were relatively weak compared to the other batches, it was expected that they would cause little to no damage in the practice room, and so there were no strong shields on this floor.

No one could have ever expected Zen's Exterminating Wheel powered by the malicious aura could be so powerful as to punch a hole through the practice room shields and break the floating stone of Cloud Hall.

If the culprit were anybody else, the stern steward would have punished him accordingly without hesitation. Unexpectedly, upon learning that it was Zen who broke the shield, Steward Xiao's face immediately relaxed and all fury dissipated from his expression. His mouth formed into a huge grin and he said, "Oh, it's you, Zen. It's not your fault. The shields of the practice room on this level are weak. If you want to keep training, you can make use of the upper floors. This kind of accident will be avoided for sure!"

Once a purple Cloud Hall Token was obtained, this qualified Zen to use the best practice room in Cloud Hall, which could only be used by the elders. Those rooms were made with the mightiest pig iron, and could withstand even the full force of a cultivator at the early stage of Internal Elixir Realm.

Noticing the sudden change in Steward Xiao's mood, several other elite disciples were struck dumb for a moment and eventually sighed in unison upon realizing how fickle the steward was.

However, they could not help but admire Zen. Zen, after all, had strong forces backing him, while they didn't have a single one.

When Zen was conversing with the steward, the vitality that resided in between heaven and earth became erratic and suddenly converged towards the direction of one of the practice rooms.

Steward Xiao's face darkened yet again as he sensed the movement of vitality. Before he could speak, another explosion burst forth and the room that gathered the vitality blew to pieces. In the blink of an eye, a dark figure flew out of the practice room and stumped to the ground. The very next second, the figure slowly stood up and rubbed his forehead.

It was Rocher...

Steward Xiao's head immediately ached as he surveyed the scene. This batch of elite disciples seemed to be stronger than any other batch. Zen just punched a hole through the floating stone mere moments ago, and this guy apparently decimated the practice room.

Rocher shook his head to shake off the grogginess. At the sight of the stern steward's face and Zen, he sheepishly muttered an apology, "I'm sorry for the ruckus I caused, Steward Xiao. I lost control of my strength for a moment while practicing."

"What's your name?" snapped Steward Xiao. He was unkind to everyone except Zen.

"Rocher Hua," Rocher answered plainly.

"You will compensate for the destruction you have caused. Since you have just arrived at the Cloud Hall, and lack the necessary points, I'll record it first and then deduct the necessary points when you earn later!" Steward Xiao declared boldly.

"Steward Xiao, Rocher and I are from the same sect. If you really want to charge him for the accident, you can just charge it to me," Zen interjected.

"Charge it to you?" Steward Xiao froze for a moment and then his face relaxed and his tone became noticeably softer. "In that case, I'll have to let it go," he said with a faint laugh. "I must warn you, though, to avoid the destruction of the practice room from now on!"

When Steward Xiao left, Rocher heaved a sigh of relief and turned to Zen with a mischievous smile. "Thanks, Zen! Man, what you said really had some effect!"

Zen looked at him straight with an inquisitive shine in his eyes and asked, "Did you just break through?"

Rocher nodded in acknowledgement and chuckled, "I had a vague idea that I was going to break through on the Cloud Road, but what I didn't expect was that I didn't get into the Illuminating Soul Realm until now."

There was a great barrier between the nature level and the Illuminating Soul Realm. Rocher had been in the consummation of nature level long enough, and in terms of talent, he might not be as outstanding as Zen, but he was not inferior to any of the other elite disciples in Cloud Hall. Thus, as his power had accumulated to a certain degree, he naturally made a breakthrough.

"By the way, Zen, have you acquired the method of distilling Devil Phantom's essence?" Rocher eagerly inquired.

Zen and Rocher both gained a ton of Devil Phantom's essence along the Death Road. According to Tia, the said essence couldn't directly be used, since it was highly poisonous in its original state. Zen, though not afraid of any poison, wouldn't rush to consume it. It would be pointless to do so.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 611 The Great Present From Tia (Part Two)

Considering that the Devil Phantom's essence had soul strengthening properties, Zen asked, "Do you really need it now?"

Rocher nodded, smiled bitterly and continued, "Cultivating the Heavenly Sword requires a really strong soul. I can hardly keep it up without a tough soul."

To take advantage of the heavenly momentum, the practitioner must be able to withstand the powerful momentum of both heaven and earth in the first place, and then diverted the heavenly momentum towards his opponent through the sword. How could a practitioner deal a strong blow if he himself couldn't handle the momentum?

Rocher's soul wasn't weak before, and it was at least strong enough to bear the sword, but after he stepped into the Illuminating Soul Realm, his soul couldn't handle the heavenly momentum anymore. This could all be attributed to the fact that now he was able to draw more of the vitality between heaven and earth and take advantage of even more heavenly momentum, but this also meant he needed to take on even more momentum within his soul.

The accident was caused by Rocher's failure to control the gathered vitality, causing it to implode and detonate, blowing up the entire practice room where he was cultivating.

Zen flashed Rocher a faint smile and said, "I'll help you ask about extracting method for the Dark Devil Phantom's essence, but I have something for you in the meantime. You can use this first." With that said, Zen tapped onto his space ring and promptly took out a red treasure chest.

Rocher's face lit up like a Christmas tree when he heard that Zen would inquire about the purification process. Since Zen had narrowly escaped from the flood dragon's jaws, Rocher also realized that the mysterious disciple from the Cloud Hall also survived. Zen didn't tell him who the disciple was, and Rocher dared not ask.

He was about to thank Zen when he saw a delicate red treasure chest appear on the palm of Zen's hand. "What is it?" he asked, his eyes full of curiosity.

"Go on, open it! Then you'll know," Zen chuckled, deliberately maintaining the suspense.

With gusto, Rocher opened the chest. The very next second, some kind of black matter shot towards the middle of his eyebrows.

Like Zen's first time, Rocher reflexively tried to dodge, but failed spectacularly, so the black soul essence stuck to him.

Feeling no ill intent from the black matter, Rocher closed his eyes and accepted the nourishment for his soul. It felt incredibly comfortable as if his soul was being caressed by a pair of soft invisible hands. To his amazement, his soul grew stronger at an alarming rate!

When Rocher opened his eyes again, his eyes could see so clearly. "It's.. Oh my god.. Zen, it's some kind of soul enhancer!" Rocher exclaimed with an excited look.

Zen had a huge grin on his face as he nodded and said nothing.

Zen's sudden display of generosity embarrassed Rocher. Rocher, who was badly in need of soul strengthening, and was a proud man by nature, was at a loss for words when he found himself owing Zen big time.

"It's just one of the treasure chests that I found on the Cloud Road. That is the soul essence that was extracted from the Devil Phantom's essence..." Zen tried to ease Rocher's discomfort. "Don't look at me like that. It's not that valuable," Zen emphasized while looking at Rocher with amusement on his face.

Zen still had several red treasure chests just like this one, and he had not used them yet. So, giving Rocher one of these chests wasn't that much of a loss.

But Rocher thought differently. Having accepted the chest, he took this as a big favor to him. In fact, the elite disciples of Cloud Hall who watched them thought the same. Their faces were various looks of admiration. Zen had just become the richest man in their hearts. They all wanted to come over and form friendships with Zen...

The elite disciples in the room all came from good families. As members of the Central Region, the worst of their families was at grade two, whose power was comparable to Cloud Sect. However, they were all reluctant to give away treasures like soul essence.

"Well, we're from the same sect, so forget about it," Zen gently muttered.

Right then and there, he heard a soft, sweet voice. "Hey! You've been at the Cloud Hall for several days, but you haven't even contacted me!" whined the voice. "It was because of me that you got a purple Cloud Hall Token, and you haven't even showed me a shred of gratitude! How insufferable you are!"

Tia had given Zen a message token, so they could communicate without even a message rune. Zen, however, was taken aback when Tia's voice suddenly spoke in his ear.

Zen should have thanked Tia, not only because of the purple Cloud Hall Token, but because he hadn't encountered any difficulties yet since he came to the Cloud Hall. He could practice to his heart's content thanks to her!

Zen had a really hard time when he first entered the Cloud Sect. Now the treatment he received in the Cloud Hall was drastically different from then, and most of the people here showed him respect.

"Now tell me why I should show you my gratitude? I haven't forgotten that I should have a half share of the Heavenly Fruit Tree. Besides, there are a lot of things that actually belong to me, but I haven't received them yet. So who should I really be thanking?" Zen passed on his words via the message token using a small amount of his life vitality.

"You call yourself a man? How can you be so evil? Besides, your present realm is just too low, and it's certainly not the right time for you to devour the Heavenly Fruit. Just keep trying to improve your strength, but.. It's too boring cultivating in the practice room, so I'll give you a great present, hee hee..." Tia laughed.

Hearing Tia's laughter, Zen found her voice so horrifying that it almost turned his blood to ice. He had a terrible feeling about what was coming next.

Chapter 612 Lose Control Of The Body

The top of the Cloud Hall was wrapped in a mass of thick clouds. The palace at the top was not made of bricks and stones, but it looked like it was made out of piled-up mysterious ice. It was just an ice palace.

The pile of mysterious ice was crystal clear and it was radiating cold gas. Even in midsummer and under a cloudless blue sky, it seemed like the ice wouldn't be melted away by the sun.

If a normal person approached the ice, his blood would freeze within a few seconds, and his whole body would become stiff and lifeless just like a sculpture.

Tia's white, naked feet were dangling from an ice-carved throne, and she stared at a high Picture Slab in front of her with smile, reclining lazily in her throne. Beside her, a small phoenix made of ice nestled in her arms. It looked more beautiful than before with bushier feathers.

Next to Tia stood a middle-aged man in cyan, a solemn expression upon his face.

"All right, Morphens. Now it's your turn," said Tia.

Morphens was one of the Cloud Hall Elders and as such, he was good at the skills of space and illusion. He, alongside Emanuel, was regarded as the backbone of the Cloud Hall; they were equal in their power and cultivation level.

"Is it all right that we do so?" Morphens asked a bit hesitantly.

"What's the matter? This guy is so annoying and I've really been wanting to teach him a lesson for a long time!" Tia replied, wrinkling her small nose.

"Even if he took half of Blood Fiend Emperor's heritage from you, he is still a disciple of the Cloud Hall. As you said, this boy has a wonderful talent for cultivation, and he could be classified as a saint-level genius.

Thus, he deserves the heritage, and we should help him improve in the Cloud Hall," Morphens reasoned, shaking his head.

Tia glanced at Morphens. Her eyes narrowed. "What should we do? I know that better than you! Just do as what I said," she said coldly.

Morphens immediately felt a bit stressed. Nodding, he replied, "Now that you believe acting in this way can hone Zen, I have no comment."

In truth, Morphens wasn't at all worried about Zen's safety. He knew that the boy would be okay. However, it was Tia's behavior that he was concerned with. 'Our leader... is too young!' Morphens sighed internally and then reached out his hands. Ten light spots appeared on each of his fingertips and quickly turned into white energy lines that stretched out of the ice palace.

While this was going on, Zen was still talking with Tia. "What gift? Could you say it clearly again?" he was asking.

Just then, Zen suddenly felt a trace of energy fluctuations around himself. Because of Tia's words, Zen had a feeling that something bad would happen, and his first instinct was to dodge the energy.

As they looked on, Rocher and the other Cloud Hall disciples were puzzled about why Zen was acting strangely.

Then Zen was standing so still, as if someone had charmed him to stay unmoving.

"Zen, what's wrong with you?" asked Rocher.

Zen didn't answer, but just ran upwards.

By now, Zen found he had lost control of his body, like there were many thin lines connected to his body. These lines were stimulating his muscles and made him run.

In other words, his body was being controlled by someone.

This was just one of Morphens' abilities—he could take control of others' bodies and make them do things before they could sense that anything was wrong.

However, the ability would have a limited effect during actual combats. On the one hand Morphens didn't need to control someone weaker than himself, but on the other hand he was also not able to control someone stronger. In fact, the biggest thing of the ability was to control puppets. While he used this method to control puppets, the combat effectiveness of the puppets would be greatly enhanced, and he could almost do anything by using puppets at will.

Zen was running farther into the Cloud Hall and very soon, he was at a gray building.

Under Morphens' control, he ran up to the door of the gray building and kicked at it hard.

The gray building was a competition field where the disciples of Cloud Hall competed with each other. However, the disciples were at different power levels, and those coming to this gray building usually held red or cyan Cloud Hall tokens.

These disciples were just into the Illuminating Soul Realm for a short time, and, among them, the one having the highest power level was around the level six of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Some disciples were fighting against each other in the fighting field, and when Zen kicked down the door, he could see all of these battles. The most eye-catching competition was the battle between Frank Zhuo and Finlay Zhuo!

Finlay was Frank's older brother, three years older and much stronger than Frank.

Regardless of his power, Finlay's status in the Zhuo clan was lower than Frank as his cultivation talent was not as good as Frank's.

Frank was believed to be able to surpass his brother as long as he kept practicing hard.

But at the moment, Frank could not rival Finlay. They were holding spears and fighting against each other. The crowd around the battle could only see their fast moving figures. They cheered each time one of the brothers moved.

After all, they were Emanuel's sons and they really had great power! At least, they proved that their power was far beyond the others at the same refinement level!

Boom!

All the disciples turned to the door at the sound of it being kicked open, and they ceased all fighting.

It was a fighting arena and there were many talented disciples. If someone said some provocative words, he would be beaten. So, one usually kept a low profile when he came here for fear of being bullied too much.

So the disciples all had a look of confusion on their faces as they looked at who it was that kicked open the door.

When they saw that Zen was just a nature creature, they were stunned. They wondered how a nature creature could become one of the Cloud Hall elite disciples. They didn't understand why a nature creature would be so arrogant.

Most of the disciples didn't know Zen. After all, Zen had joined the Cloud Hall only a short time ago, and only those coming in with him knew him. Inside the arena, only Frank knew him.

The disciples stared at Zen. What the hell did this guy want to do?

Zen actually was rather upset. He cursed Tia internally when he figured out what her so-called gift was.

He was not afraid of challenging any opponent, but he thought that Tia was a bit too anxious. He was planning on practicing for a while and advancing onto a much higher level before coming to the arena, but here he was, controlled and at the area without his own free will.

However, the disciples didn't expect the next words that would come out of Zen's mouth.

After Zen—controlled by Morphens—stepped into the arena, he flipped off all of the disciples and crowd present and yelled, "You losers! Who dare challenge me?"

It became dead silent, and Zen wanted to cry; he had no intention at all to cause harm or say those ugly words, but he was powerless to control even his fingers. Nothing he did, as well as nothing he said, was his doing. It was all Morphens' doing.

'Damn it, Tia! I will teach you a lesson later!' Zen roared internally.

Suddenly, he felt as if he had regained control of his own body. Slowly he moved, trying to confirm this, and when he saw that he indeed had control again, he took a deep bow before the crowd and the disciples inside the area. "Sorry! I came to the wrong room..."

He straightened and turned to exit the area, but behind him, Finlay sneered loudly, "Are you sure you want to go back out after saying those arrogant words? No way!" He raised a hand and made a small gesture; the doors shut closed.

"Hum, how funny!" Finlay jumped out of the fighting field and walked toward Zen. "Among the Cloud Hall elite disciples, there is even a nature creature. That is really unusual! And this guy even dares to challenge us. What an arrogant idiot! Did you ask us who dared to challenge you? Well, let me tell you. I will!"

Zen stretched out his hands and made a gesture of apology. Then he smiled and said, "Just now... What you've heard was not said by me! I can explain..."

"Brother, he is that Zen Luo! He got first place on the Cloud Road this year!" Frank said from behind Finlay.

A noise of recognition rippled through the crowd and the disciple. They had not met Zen personally, but already, they had heard his name. Already, Zen had a reputation at the Cloud Hall; everyone knew him by name. It was widely known that he was very powerful but was at low cultivation level.

"Oh! So, you are the one who made my father angry," said Finlay coldly. "Don't try to explain anything!"

Frank stepped forward in front of Finlay. "Brother, you do not need to do anything to him. Just watch. I can beat him easily! These guys from small towns are so haughty! They need to learn a lesson or two!"

Zen was watching the brothers, his mouth agape a little. At Finlay's words, he closed his mouth and an expression of resolution appeared on his face. He had wanted to explain his being under control and forced to say what he did, but now he wanted to play into their presumptions about him; he wanted to act more haughtily.

"Do you want to teach me a lesson? Well, I just want to say that back to you!" Zen said coldly, wrinkling his forehead slightly.

Chapter 613 High-Speed Spinning (Part One)

When Zen had entered the Cloud Hall, he honestly wanted to keep out of trouble. He still needed time to think about what he had obtained in the Cloud Road. The best thing to do was to focus on practice and stay away from any distractions.

However, Tia obviously didn't let him have his way. She had done a bit of a trick.

The real strength she exhibited in the Cloud Road was only at the level of Illuminating Soul Realm. According to the cyan dragon, she had drawn out her original cultivation base and started over. Since she had just returned to the Cloud Hall only recently, it was impossible for her to level up so rapidly. Thus, Zen assumed that there must be some Cloud Hall masters who had her back and did a trick to control his body.

'This hateful woman! Is she going to ruin me?' Zen thought.

Then again, he had already made a spectacle, so he had to face the consequences. This was Tia's scheme--she took him by surprise, so now he couldn't escape. Besides, even if he wanted to escape, there was no way he could evade trouble now.

Meanwhile, Frank raised his eyebrows and his eyes glinted fiercely.

He had never hated on anyone since he started to practice in the Cloud School. He had always given off the impression of a young, handsome gentleman and he seemed to have a special aura around him.

He never got issues with the others because he never paid attention to those on the same level as him. Moreover, he certainly didn't take whatever they did to him to heart.

When it came to Zen however, Frank found it hard to be open-minded. He had always thought that he was the best of the best and the most fortunate among everyone. He thought that no one in the same level could be on par with him. However, the journey on the Cloud Road was a big blow for him. He never thought that a strong opponent came from a mere second-grade sect. Based on Zen's talents or potential, it was highly possible that he might surpass Frank in the future.

Frank thought that he was the most gifted and talented in the Cloud Hall ever since it was established. He would never allow anyone like Zen to threaten his position. Thus, he had long planned to find a chance to cause trouble for Zen.

Firstly, he wanted to force Zen to tell him the secret of the Cloud Road. Secondly, Zen had a lot of Devil Phantom essences with him. How did such precious things fall into the hands of a nobody from the Eastern Region? Wasn't that a big waste of the treasure?

On that day when his father Emanuel had questioned Zen, Emanuel suddenly received a message through the message rune. He retreated after he got the message, which was strange. Frank had no idea what had happened. But since his father didn't explain anything, he planned to get what he wanted all by himself.

"Zen, do you think that you can do anything you want with what you achieved in the Cloud Road? You're not qualified to teach me!"

Frank's shoe roughly scratched the ground as he stood in an offensive stance. "If you don't believe this," Frank started, lifting his white spear as he pointed it towards Zen. "Then the spear in my hand will make you believe!"

Cultivators who sparred with each other for practice and skills improvement seldom directed the point of a spear or a sword at their opponents. It was provocative. Unless it was a real battle or the person just hated his opponent, nobody would act so imprudently in usual cases.

Frank had felt like the latter. Even if Zen had shown how strong he was, he was still nothing to Frank.

Zen cast a cold look at the spear's pointed end. Frank's spear was quite powerful. He realized that this battle was inevitable. Patrick's Green Lotus Karma Fire failed to just burn the Flying Yaksha's skin, but Frank had killed it with his long spear.

"Fair enough. It's true that it's not my place to decide who can teach a lesson to whom, so let's see if your spear can have the say over my sword," Zen calmly said as he slowly drew out his Blood Drinking Sword.

As soon as he finished his words, he struck first to gain the upper hand. He stood in a very strange stance and charged with the equally strange Sword Steps. The Blood Drinking Sword cut into the air and shot straight at Frank.

The spear's advantage lay in its length. "What made one thing stand above others could be summed up to four short words--a little bit more," as the saying went. It was why Zen had struck first. He wanted to quickly get close to Frank to engage him in a dogfight.

However, Frank had practiced with the spear for over a decade. How could he not know what Zen had thought?

He swiftly turned and made a gesture of attacking. The spear energy suddenly appeared and formed a solid wall, then its irresistible force attacked Zen.

It was impossible for Zen to dodge the spear energy, no matter how fast or strong his movements were. Thus, he had no choice but to back down.

The attack drew a distance between them, so there was enough room for Frank to use his spear in any way he wanted. He wielded it more fiercely as the spear's point flashed silver lights. It constantly charged at Zen's chest, but Zen had managed to dodge it with his Sword Steps.

"Air Stab!"

"Cycle Stab!"

"Spiral Stab!"

Frank swung his spear around and did three movements in a row. He rushed aggressively towards Zen as the long spear sliced through the air and stirred up a gust of wind.

Zen grew more cautious as he fought against Frank's quick moves and excellent spear techniques. He constantly used the circle parry to deflect Frank's attacks. However, the building space was limited, and every move Frank did with his spear came too close at Zen. Thus, Zen was forced to back down a lot, and was finally cornered when Frank used the three consecutive spear movements.

Frank's eyes glittered with smugness. He had already gauged Zen's real strength through the test on the Cloud Road. Zen was stronger than Rocher, and a little stronger than Patrick. Compared to him however, Zen still fell behind.

If Zen had already entered the Illuminating Soul Realm, Frank wasn't sure if he could beat him. Unfortunately…

This guy was too impatient. Zen was only a nature creature but he dared to challenge Frank. He had recklessly courted death!

Since he asked for it anyway, Frank decided to satisfy him and make him know how defeat felt.

"Super Spinning Spear!" Frank shouted.

He suddenly flew into the air. His body and his spear became one. Then he rushed forward at Zen who was driven to a dead end.

Chapter 614 High-Speed Spinning (Part Two)

When they were in the Cloud Road, flying was forbidden. Frank had to use a technique where he pushed his feet off the ground and leapt. But now they were in the Cloud Hall, so Frank flew directly into the air.

Zen couldn't move backwards anymore as he was stuck in a dead end. His face scrunched into a frown as he observed Frank whose body integrated itself with the spear, and fiercely lunged at him. Zen recognized that it was the technique that killed the Flying Yaksha. It was quite a powerful technique. He had seen Frank use it before.

Although Zen's body was a spiritual weapon with a strong defensive power, he estimated that his body was still weaker than the Flying Yaksha after it transformed into a golden one. Since the Super Spinning Spear attack had killed the Flying Yaksha, then it could surely kill Zen.

"It's impressive that a nature creature could reach such level. But for me, he won't be able to resist this blow from Frank," a Cloud Hall elite said.

"Of course, he's surely dead this time. It's true that this technique is Frank's secret weapon, but not his most powerful one!" Finlay, who watched the battle on one side, said with a laugh. "If Frank used his Spear of Annihilation, even I would need to be careful while fighting him," he added.

"This guy has the talent and strength which entitled him to his arrogance, but he is too impatient. I'm afraid he could really sweep all of us away when he enters the Illuminating Soul Realm," another Cloud Hall elite commented as he watched Zen with mixed feelings. He was quite impressed by Zen's use of Sword Steps.

Frank's Super Spinning Spear had almost reached Zen in the blink of an eye. The fast spinning spear point formed a strong vortex, which looked like it could grind anything that came near it into smithereens.

At that moment, Zen suddenly rolled his eyes. A purple-black light lit up the tip of his Blood Drinking Sword. It was his demonic life vitality.

After that, Zen slightly turned his wrist, and the Blood Drinking Sword began to turn at the same time as well. The sword drew a perfect circle in the air in a flash, then the demonic life vitality on the sword's tip followed the circle's path. The faster Zen turned his wrist, the quicker the circle spun. After a short while, an Exterminating Wheel appeared in front of Zen.

Frank also saw the black ring, but thought nothing much of it. His Super Spinning Spear was extremely powerful. It could turn anything that came in its way into ashes. A powerful weapon could beat ten warriors that came at it. No matter how ingenious Zen's trick was, his game was only a child's play for Frank.

However, when the tip of Frank's spear poked the black ring, a strong force suddenly pushed him to spin at the circle's speed. His spear's point was now firmly attached to the black ring as well.

"What happened?"

Frank suddenly felt dizzy. He had to maintain a high spinning speed to use his Super Spinning Spear technique. Now, the black ring made his spinning speed many times faster.

The Cloud Hall elites that watched the battle also noticed there was something very strange. At the beginning, they thought that Frank intentionally sped up the spinning. In the Super Spinning Spear technique, the faster the spear spun, the more power it could produce.

But… hadn't Frank spun too fast? The speed was too much that they could barely see Frank's face. He now looked like a dazzling flash of bright light because of his high-speed revolution. His body twisted around like a silver carp in surging water.

A smile crossed Zen's face. He already had a clear idea about the properties of the Exterminating Wheel due to his practice in the past few days.

The first technique of the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death seemed to use the life vitality to form a high-speed spinning life vitality wheel. The spinning life vitality wheel sucked in anything that went into it, and then it shot them out.

Zen didn't fully understand the theory behind this technique yet because he hadn't completely mastered the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death. He was at the very initial stage of the Exterminating Wheel.

Moreover, before he used this skill, he only assumed that the Exterminating Wheel might suck Frank's spear into it. That was when Zen decided to give it a try. If the Exterminating Wheel failed to resist Frank's spear, then he would immediately summon Lily and the huge sword of the Blood Fiend Emperor. He would use the huge sword to deflect Frank's attack. However, most of the disciples of the Cloud Hall had seen the huge sword when they were on the Cloud Road. It would certainly cause a spectacle if he used the sword.

It surprised him that the Exterminating Wheel had worked well. At least Frank didn't look too good now.

The wind whistled past Frank's ears. He spun and spun more rapidly and he couldn't stop. He now felt very dizzy and couldn't think clearly because the speed was too much. He couldn't even say a word now because of the ultra-high speed of spinning. He could only grasp his white spear to keep him upright.

Several Cloud Hall elites were also stunned. They didn't have any clue what was happening now.

Finlay certainly didn't know that the black ring Zen conjured was the technique in the Blood Fiend Emperor's Malicious Wheel of Life and Death. However, he sensed that Frank was in trouble. "That's enough! Let go of Frank!" he shouted coldly.

However, Zen turned a deaf ear to Finlay. "He has hands and legs. If he wanted to stop, he could just loosen up his hands and get out of it himself," he sneered.

It was true that Zen's Exterminating Wheel only locked Frank's spear, but not his hands and legs. If Frank dropped his spear, he could get out.

"I'm telling you to let him go!" Finlay said icily once again. He lifted his bloody red spear and was prepared to fight.

"Okay. All of you in the Zhuo family are unreasonable. You can't win in a one-on-one fight, so come in groups. Shame on you. Alright, I'll release him." Zen seethed, then waved his hand to stop the Exterminating Wheel.

The Exterminating Wheel went into a halt, but Frank still spun crazily fast. The Exterminating Wheel's force had stopped, but the inertia transferred the high-speed spinning into Frank and threw him up to the ceiling. His body hit the ceiling and left a gaping hole in it, then he fell on the ground with a loud thud.

Chapter 615 Spear Of Annihilation (Part One)

Watching the scenes unfold before them, the elite disciples of Cloud Hall were struck dumb, unable to get a word out.

Most of them were at level four, five, or six of the Illuminating Soul Realm, a little higher than Frank. But if they really fought Frank out in battle, none could defeat him, for he was a heaven-level talent. He was far stronger than he looked and often fought warriors at higher levels with little difficulty.

But now, Frank had been challenged by a disciple of a lower level.

The elites could not wrap their minds around the fact that the boy was only at grade four of the nature level.

Frank was a beginner at the Illuminating Soul Realm. He could easily make dead meat of a disciple at grade four or five. The elites would have found it acceptable if both sides were at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Not to forget, Frank had an array of unusual talents and resources under his belt. His father had made sure he had been carefully cultivated. His one meal would probably cost many other warriors everything they owned. How could any of them compare to that?

But then what about Zen? It was a profound gap between grade four of the nature level and initial stage of the Illuminating Soul Realm. The other disciples found it incredible that the young boy, still wet behind the ears, had challenged a practiced disciple. Everyone was all too aware of the marked difference between them.

But now, they couldn't help but realize why Zen had been so arrogant before. He was strong enough to challenge even Frank.

As the other elite disciples stood looking shocked at what was happening, Frank emerged out of the hole. At the moment, his hair was disheveled, his eyes blazing red with fury. His current appearance strayed from his usual look of cold elegance.

Frank looked unhinged, like an enraged animal. His gaze stared daggers at Zen. "Zen!" he called out hoarsely. "I don't care who is backing you. You must be killed!"

Previously, Frank hadn't planned on killing Zen. That day after Frank's father heard someone's voice message in his ears, he instantly left without a word. It was surmised that the voice message came from a senior of the Cloud Hall. It might even have been Cloud Hall's head herself.

Frank hadn't wanted to put Zen to death at first when he decided to fight him.

But now he raged uncontrollably. Any sense of rationality and wisdom had vanished like ice in hot weather. Bits of gray death aura hovered over his body, as if belonging to a man who had been dead since a long time ago.

The dragon texture appeared over his white spear, blood-red light glittering inch-by-inch on it. Once the red illuminated starkly, it started to turn dark. As it did so, a black dragon texture materialized, replacing the previous red one. It had a clear and strong death aura.

"Frank, do you mean to use your killing skill?" Finlay asked, his face turning pale. He hadn't expected this, for Zen was at such a low level compared to Frank.

Hearing Finlay, the other elite disciples, too, lost color on their faces.

The skill was the Spear of Annihilation.

Most of them had heard about this skill, as it was Emanuel's unique talent. Emanuel had become famous for it.

It was said that only a warrior with an innate talent for communicating with the ghostdom could practice the skill of the Spear of Annihilation.

Ghostdom was something that was supposed to be indecipherable to the warriors of this world. The records mentioning it in secret books and legends did not go into much detail either.

There were only two people who had this talent and they were Emanuel Zhuo and Frank Zhuo. It was the exact reason why Emanuel cherished Frank so much, even though Emanuel had so many other heirs. Frank had the same special ability as him. In fact, Frank might even surpass his father once his full potential was developed.

Death aura radiated from Frank's body, flying undisguised around his white spear. Engulfed in it, Frank was a figure of terror.

Tia and Morphens stood inside the ice palace at the top of Cloud Hall. They stared at the Picture Slab without blinking.

"Frank is about to use his skill of Spear of Annihilation. He cannot yet wield it fully, but it is still powerful enough. I'm afraid Zen cannot survive it," Morphens said. As per Morphens, Zen would find it unable to bear Frank's Spear of Annihilation. Just as its name suggested, the skill demanded absolute annihilation. Frank had suffered a heavy hit by Zen just moments ago. He would surely spare no effort in using this skill.

An icy fog hazed Tia's vision, her eyes looking momentarily surprised. "Don't worry. Let's see how Zen fights it. I think he can do it. The power of the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death is not weaker than that of the Spear of Annihilation."

Tia was familiar with the Spear of Annihilation. Before going to the trial, Tia had been attentive of Frank's Spear of Annihilation and had planned to ask him to break the enchanted barrier. But later, she chose Zen. Perhaps this was how it was meant to be.

How powerful was the Blood Fiend Emperor? Since he had chosen the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death as his main cultivation method, how could its power not compare to that of the Spear of Annihilation? Even though Zen had practiced the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death for only a short period of time, Tia was still confident in him. More importantly, this would be a great test for him.

Although Morphens had heard that Tia could obtain the inheritance of the Blood Fiend Emperor with Zen's help, he still doubted Zen's power. Like most other warriors, he thought Zen's cultivation level too low.

Tia seemed not to worry about Zen in this situation. Morphens didn't say anything more, choosing to gaze at the Picture Slab instead.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 616 Spear Of Annihilation (Part Two)

Wisps of gray death aura gathered around Frank's white spear. A single glance at it hurt the souls of the warriors as if they had been damaged somehow. With the white spear in his hand, Frank was like a spirit from the ghostdom. "My skill of Spear of Annihilation can destroy every way in the world! Zen, let me see how you fight me now!" he bellowed.

Watching the extremely powerful spear, Zen's expression was grave. He began his Exterminating Wheel at once.

At the same time, he drew three pieces of malicious aura from the Killing Sword Mountain.

The cultivation method employed in the use of malicious aura was usually extraordinary. One piece of malicious aura could equip the skill with great power, while three of them could do that much more.

However, Zen had not stored up too much of the malicious aura. When he had been back at the Luo Clan, he received some malicious aura after killing the Blood Prisoner. Then he entered Cloud Road and gathered some piecemeal, stocking in the Killing Sword Mountain. Besides that, he also gained some on the Dead Road by killing hundreds of Dark Devil Phantoms in battle.

Zen felt reluctant to use so much of his malicious aura in a single fight alone. But he had to pull out all stops contending with Frank.

"Zen Luo, you must die!" Frank roared again.

The Spear of Annihilation together with the strong death aura rushed at Zen. The bystanders felt their hearts tighten. Frank had inherited it all from Emanuel. No one knew exactly how powerful the skill was, but all of them sensed the great strong force reverberating behind it.

At the same time, Zen waved his sword, the three bits of malicious aura blazing forth.

Generally, a warrior who had cultivated in the killing way had abundant malicious aura with him. Others could sense it when upon seeing such a warrior. Zen's sword spirit, Lily, was such an example. If he called her out, others could sense the malicious aura in her at the very first sight itself.

But things were different with Zen. When Zen had put his malicious aura in the Killing Sword Mountain, he looked quite ordinary, as if he did not have any of that aura with him. Now that his malicious aura had emerged out, he looked like a malicious god himself.

"What? How does he look so different now? He has such a strong malicious aura! He didn't seem like he practiced in the killing way before, did he?" an elite disciple asked.

"You are right. I never sensed any malicious aura in him before. So how did he...?" someone else commented.

"It's incredible that Zen chose the killing way. Isn't he afraid of getting hurt by the malicious aura?"

Just as the elite disciples looked on in wonder, Zen put the three pieces of malicious aura into his Blood Drinking Sword. He raised a foot and pulled back his arm, his body tilting forward as the sword rushed at the Exterminating Wheel swiftly.

Ping!

The malicious aura, as thick as a man's arm, swerved toward Frank ominously.

Generally, the elite disciples did not use their real powers when fighting each other. They stopped before they hurt their opponents for real.

But at the moment, both Zen and Frank seemed to want to use their best skills. The other elite disciples standing close and watching them now stepped back, fearing getting hurt by this great power.

Ping!

They had expected the two would make quite a stir when they started fighting. But this was beyond their imaginations. They heard a light brittle sound. Zen's Blood Drinking Sword had hit Frank's white spear.

As if in a daze, the other elite disciples saw with their very own eyes how Frank's white spear started to crack. Little by little, the medium-grade spiritual weapon splintered like rotten wood until it was nothing but a number of lone white fragments.

The white spear kept breaking from the pointy end like a chain reaction until the malicious aura arrived at the handle that Frank's palm was circled around. The onlookers saw how his arm twisted into an unbelievable shape. Then they heard the same noise of a crack coming from his arm.

The bones in his right arm had been shattered into pieces just like the white spear in his hand.

"Ahhh!"

The severe pain made Frank shriek. He collapsed, rolling over on the ground in agony.

Finlay Zhuo rushed over to Frank, taking out a fresh, white pill. He put it in Frank's mouth. Although Frank took the healing pill in time, his right arm barely recovered. It was certainly not as strong as it had been previously. A broken bone could be healed by pills, but it would take a long time for Frank's arm to fully recover. Moreover, even if the bones were all healed and patched up, the arm would not be as strong as it used to be.

Finlay's face fell. He stood up, watching Zen with a cold smile. "I never expected you to be so powerful. You not only survived Frank's Spear of Annihilation but also broke his arm." Finlay clenched his jaw, barely holding back his anger.

Zen blinked, smiling calmly. "Spare me your accusations. Frank would have killed me if I hadn't broken his bones. In some ways, I was kind enough to break only his one arm. I should have taken his life for what he wanted to do to me."

"Go to hell!" Finlay stared at him menacingly. As Finlay shouted, his blood-red spear flew at Zen.

Finlay was at grade nine of the Illuminating Soul Realm, which meant he was close to consummation at the realm. He was far stronger than the other opponents Zen had met.

However, as Finlay's spear zoomed at him, Zen's body suddenly drifted into the air. He was flying!

Seeing this, the elite disciples were stunned. Their eyes widened, rounding into saucers. They were gobsmacked. Was Zen actually a nature creature? If so, how could he fly?

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was

comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality 12

Content

Chapter 617 Forced Arrogance
Chapter 618 The Fist
Chapter 619 The Divine Texture
Chapter 620 Scorn (Part One)
Chapter 621 Scorn (Part Two)
Chapter 622 30% Discount (Part One)
Chapter 623 30% Discount (Part Two)
Chapter 624 Preparations For Drawing Divine Textures
Chapter 625 Perfect Brushwork (Part One)
Chapter 626 Perfect Brushwork (Part Two)
Chapter 627 Destroy A Beginner's Confidence (Part One)
Chapter 628 Destroy A Beginner's Confidence (Part Two)
Chapter 629 Ridicule
Chapter 630 Bidding (Part One)
Chapter 631 Bidding (Part Two)
Chapter 632 A Dilemma (Part One)
Chapter 633 A Dilemma (Part Two)
Chapter 634 Puzzled Tia (Part One)
Chapter 635 Puzzled Tia (Part Two)
Chapter 636 Felix Was Unlucky
Chapter 637 The Wonders Of Cloudy City (Part One)
Chapter 638 The Wonders Of Cloudy City (Part Two)
Chapter 639 Western Region
Chapter 640 Got A Pig (Part One)
Chapter 641 Got A Pig (Part Two)
Chapter 642 The Golden Opportunity (Part One)
Chapter 643 The Golden Opportunity (Part Two)
Chapter 644 From Under The Ice
Chapter 645 Lady Poison-blood
Chapter 646 A War For The Dragon Soar Arena
Chapter 647 The Upper World (Part One)
Chapter 648 The Upper World (Part Two)
Chapter 649 Imprisoned
Chapter 650 The Blood Of A Genuine Dragon
Chapter 651 The Obelisks
Chapter 652 The Provocation From A Monkey

Chapter 653 Baptism By Laws
Chapter 654 Scramble
Chapter 655 The Martial Arts Contest
Chapter 656 Tormenting The Soul
Chapter 657 May The Stronger Soul Win!
Chapter 658 All In Vain
Chapter 659 Cyan Dragon's Request (Part One)
Chapter 660 Cyan Dragon's Request (Part Two)
Chapter 661 A Second Genuine Dragon (Part One)
Chapter 662 A Second Genuine Dragon (Part Two)
Chapter 663 The Head Of The Dragon Abyss Palace
Chapter 664 I Don't Like You (Part One)
Chapter 665 I Don't Like You (Part Two)
Chapter 666 A Gift To Someone Who Is Worthy (Part One)
Chapter 667 A Gift To Someone Who Is Worthy (Part Two)
Chapter 668 Time To Return
Chapter 669 Are You Courting Death
Chapter 670 Any Other Volunteers (Part One)
Chapter 671 Any Other Volunteers (Part Two)
Chapter 672 Letitia Ning

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 617 Forced Arrogance

All these supreme disciples, including Finlay, were confused.

No matter how strong Zen was and how great his talent, Zen was still a nature creature in essence. Even though he had successfully challenged cultivators at higher levels, he was still a nature creature! He should not be able to go beyond the limit of nature creatures!

For example, one of these conditions was that nature creatures could not fly.

This limitation was related to the principle of life vitality. Only after entering the Illuminating Soul Realm could cultivators fly and stay in mid-air by burning their life vitality.

In this way, no matter how high a nature creature's jump, he could not stay in the air and would eventually fall to the ground. There had never been a nature creature breaking this rule from the earliest times to the present day.

But what had they just seen? Zen had stayed steady in the air after he avoided the shot from Finlay. They could not believe their eyes, and they could not understand this incredible feat.

Their expressions also revealed their complicated inner feelings.

Unlike the people below, Zen was very calm as he levitated in the air. His lips moved slightly as a subtle smile danced at the corner of his mouth. He lowered his voice and spoke to Tia via her token, "I didn't expect that you would be kind to me!"

However, the smile was wiped from Zen's face by Tia's response. "If you die like this, how will my hate be relieved?" Tia chuckled, "I prefer to torture you slowly and gradually. After today, you will come here and challenge the elite disciples of Cloud Hall every day! Wouldn't that be more interesting than a quick death?"

Hearing this, Zen forced a wry smile. Although it was beneficial for him to have the support of a powerful cultivator at Cloud Hall, it really didn't have to be cultivated in this way.

However, Zen did not have other choices.

And his opponent did not give him much time to think about alternatives. Finlay was surprised to see Zen fly, but that did not mean that he would let Zen go easily. Flying was a normal ability for cultivators at the Illuminating Soul Realm, not to mention that Finlay was at the ninth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

After a brief moment of surprise, Finlay recovered and focused on his battle with Zen. He turned his weapon towards Zen.

However, Zen was incredibly agile in his movements. He effortlessly dodged Finlay's attack. Finlay chased Zen around the area for a while. Unfortunately, he lashed out with his weapon dozens of times but could not injure Zen.

Finlay had not figured out how and why Zen was so agile. A light ray had cut through the space and connected Zen's body to Morphens' hands in the other place. This invisible ray allowed Morphens to control Zen like a puppet.

In this situation, it would be impossible for Finlay to catch up with Zen. Even if he could, Finlay was no match for Zen. After all, Morphens' puppet controlling skills had reached the legendary Fusion Realm, which meant that he could transfer his strength to Zen during the fight. So, Finlay was not combating with Zen alone. Instead, he was fighting against Zen and Morphens.

After seeing this chase and running match for some time, Tia stretched and yawned before saying, "Okay, that's enough for today. We'll let Zen provoke them again later. It is better to keep the disciples fuming. Otherwise, there will be no interesting play tomorrow."

Morphens nodded as his rough fingers moved dexterously, controlling Zen's actions as per Tia's order. Zen was like a puppet again. His helplessness was reflected in his eyes. Zen couldn't do anything, and he even couldn't control his mouth. He shouted proudly, "Hah, hah, hah.

Are you really the elites of Cloud Hall? I believe you are nothing. I will come here every day to accept your challenges. Let me see how strong you are! You idiots!"

The elite disciples of Cloud Hall had changed their minds about challenging Zen when they saw his super strength. However, Zen's haughty declaration had successfully motivated them to fight. They had encountered arrogant people before, but none had ever humiliated them to such an extent. As disciples of Cloud Hall, they were also very talented that they were considered geniuses. Fueled by their passion and confidence of their abilities, these disciples would not bear Zen's insults. For a moment, the grey building filled with agitated retorts from the disciples!

However, their comments did not affect Zen. He broke the gate of the building and flew away.

After hovering in the air for a while, Zen finally fell to the ground like a normal nature creature. Only at this moment could he regain control of his body. He felt speechless and helpless and shook his head slightly. He said to the token again, "Tia. Or should I call you young master? Could you stop playing with me like that? I beg the beautiful young lady to be merciful!"

However, Tia did not change her mind after hearing Zen's appeal. Her excited voice was transferred through the acoustic token. "No way! Rest for the remainder of the day. We will continue tomorrow morning!"

Zen wrinkled his face as he thought about his dilemma. He couldn't find a logical way to dissuade Tia. He felt as though he were dough, being kneaded by Tia in whatever shape she liked.

Zen accepted his fate. After all, he also benefited from such practice. He had acquired a deep understanding of the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death after using it in actual combat this night. So, he did not rest, as Tia suggested. Instead, he cultivated diligently through the night. Then, early the next morning, he sensed a little energy wave close to him but did not get the chance to dodge it. When the energy entered his body, Zen trembled slightly before losing control of his body again.

He then opened the door and ran toward the grey building.

"Do you think it is necessary to be here so early?" he asked gloomily. Fortunately, Tia did not deprive Zen of his right to speak. He could only resist verbally.

"I told you before. You need to go there every day." Tia replied calmly.

By now, Zen had become famous throughout Cloud Hall for beating Frank and speaking audaciously to the other disciples of the Elite House.

The strength of the disciples of Elite House varied from the initial phase to the highest level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. These young and energetic disciples felt angry when they heard Zen's words. How could a new disciple be so insolent? They wanted to teach him a lesson so that Zen would know the true extent of their strength and recant his insult.

The grey building was initially used as an internal practice place for the disciples of Elite House. Not many would exercise there, as these disciples were either busy with their assignments or their cultivation.

However, hundreds of cultivators were present in the grey building today. And most of them were between the fourth and sixth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Few were between the seventh and ninth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

The disciples of Elite House had been selected from millions of cultivators. Everyone was exceptionally talented, at least in comparison to human-level talent. There were also some geniuses of earth-level talent and a few disciples that had reached heavenly-level talent. Now, they stood in the grey building, chatting about Zen.

"I want to see this nature creature! I have never encountered such an arrogant boy in my life!"

"He hasn't arrived yet. Is he afraid of death, which is why he has not dared to come? I heard that this boy could fly even though he is only a nature creature. That is so strange!"

"In my opinion, if that boy said he would come, then he will. I do not understand his plans, though. How does he benefit from offending the disciples of Elite House?"

"Who knows! Some people are happy to speak nonsense. Everyone here today would be happy to beat him severely so that he will remember not to speak so pretentiously again."

Just at this moment, another young man in brown linen entered. He was tall and strong. His shape was similar to Kenneth's. He had a broad forehead, and his eyes were as sharp as an eagle's.

"Look, that is Fred! He has also come here!"

"Oh my god! Even the cultivator at the highest level of the Illuminating Soul Realm is present today. Zen is going to die, right?"

Someone who knew Fred Li walked up to him and greeted him, "Hello, Fred. You also heard yesterday's challenge?"

Fred nodded and smiled as he spoke, "Yes, I just finished one task, and have some free time. I heard a very arrogant disciple recently joined Elite House. So, I came here for some fun. I want to see who this boy is and why he is so arrogant."

"Fred, why don't you teach him a lesson? The young guy is really crazy. He comes from a grade two sect in the little Eastern Region. He has no idea about the outer world! So, he thought he was the best of all the disciples and looked down upon all of us!" A disciple told Fred angrily.

However, Fred shook his head and said honestly, "Everyone has confidence. And many people are ready to challenge him. He will receive his lesson. He is just a nature creature! Even if I win, there will be nothing to blow off."

"Fred is right. He is just a nature creature. There is no need for Fred to challenge him! He doesn't deserve the chance to practice with Fred!" The other disciple commented.

"There he comes! Look!"

Zen finally appeared at the door of the grey building. Even though he was unwilling to move, his body was out of his control and stepped into the building.

The disciples of Elite House glared at Zen with sharp eyes. Most of them were seeing Zen for the first time.

Before today, many of the disciples did not believe that Zen, with the strength of a nature creature, had defeated Frank. Now, as Zen stood before them, the disciples were surprised that the rumor was true. What was even more shocking was that Zen had not even reached the peak of the nature level. He was only at the fourth grade of the nature level!

If Zen had not been so arrogant, most people would be amazed by Zen's strength. If Zen was so strong at this level, would he have the power to challenge cultivators at the Internal Elixir Realm when he entered the Illuminating Soul Realm?

However, since Zen had been so proud, the disciples of Elite House were displeased and would not praise Zen. So, they glared at Zen, with killing intents in their eyes. It seemed as though they wanted to vaporize Zen on the spot.

At the same time, they also noticed something strange. He had an innocent and honest expression on his face even though his words were haughty, "Hmmm, all the unskilled elites are here. Have you been waiting for me for a long time?" After saying this, Zen's face turned black again. Then he quietly cursed Tia a million times.

Chapter 618 The Fist

Zen's words ensued an uproar from the martial artists present.

They instantly exploded in irritated shouts like a busted warehouse full of gunpowder.

"Son of bitch! He is really as arrogant as he is said to be. I'm afraid he has forgotten who he is."

"Go ahead! Let's tear this guy to pieces!"

"Yeah! Let's finish him off!"

More shouting had ensued as the disciples clamored for Zen's destruction. If looks could kill, he would be dead by now.

Even Fred wasn't pleased with Zen's words. His eyes scanned Zen up and down in an attempt to see through him. He felt something strange when he first met Zen, but he couldn't put it into words.

Morphens' strength was powerful enough to manipulate puppets as he wished since he reached the Fusion Realm. He could almost do anything he wanted. Even if Fred was at the consummation of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he could only smell out a rat in a suspicious situation but not know everything about it.

Footsteps echoed as Zen strode forward. He suddenly felt the energy threads being drawn out of his body for a moment, then he regained control again.

However, at that moment, he'd rather not have it. It meant that he had to face the group of elite disciples by himself. They were so livid that they wanted to finish him off now.

"Zen, I challenge you to a duel," a disciple said. He was at the sixth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. He stepped forward and faced Zen.

A light smile crossed Zen's lips as he tried to calm himself. He shook his head. "I will accept your challenge, but I want to make a rule," he said.

"Haha! That's funny. Since you're so insolent, why do you still need a rule?"

"Aren't you an expert in martial arts? Even if we all fight together against you, we're no match for you. I believe you don't really need a rule. Do you?"

"Quiet down, let's hear what he has to say," someone said.

With those words, the people calmed down. "I only accept three challenges each day, and I have the right to choose the challengers," Zen said.

He came up with the idea just now. He didn't want to offend the elites of the Cloud Hall, but he knew Tia wouldn't stop until she got the results she wanted. Thus, he had to find a middle ground. If Tia and the elites refused, then he would rather stand there and let them beat him up to death.

"Are you joking? Didn't you say that you wanted to challenge all the disciples of the Elite House? Why did you say you would only pick three of us now?" one of the disciples was upset. "Just let it be. Anyway, is there any weak person in our Elite House?" another disciple asked.

The elites looked around the area to find their weakest member. "We shall just give him the right to make the choice. Let's see how powerful a nature creature could be," another disciple urged. The rest of the disciples swelled in chorus. They thought that it was impossible for Zen to find an opponent he could match with.

After the crowd calmed down again, Zen looked around in silence. His eyes finally landed on one disciple. He held out a finger and pointed at the disciple who was at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. All of the elites present were at high levels, and the one he chose might be the weakest.

"Haha! This guy has cleverly chosen his opponent. He chose Warren!"

"Warren, he picked you! Does he think you're a pushover?"

Meanwhile, Warren Shangguan's face darkened. He flexed his wrists and did some stretches to warm up. He looked at Zen defiantly and said, "Did you pick me because I'm only at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm? Did you think I'm a weakling?"

Zen only grinned at him and nodded. He actually didn't want to rock the boat, so he didn't choose the most powerful one of them. At that moment, he could only blame that wretched Tia. He mentally cursed her, but he couldn't tell the disciples the truth.

"Well, you've shown that you can choose wisely, but you will regret your decision. Even if I'm only at the fourth grade of Illuminating Soul Realm, I've killed people who are at higher levels than I. You can't turn back once you've taken a dark path," Warren said. A grim smile appeared on his face after he finished his words.

"Let's cut the crap and get down to business," Zen simply said. He was tired of talking nonsense. He had no other choice, so he wanted to end the fight as soon as possible. He thought that Tia wouldn't let him die, and her real intention wasn't hard to guess: she just wanted to train him through a series of intense fights. However, her method was so harsh that it ruined Zen's reputation.

The elite disciples of Cloud Hall spared an open space for Zen and Warren. Then, they stood face to face in the middle of the open grounds.

Warren's weapon was a pair of metal gloves, which looked quite ordinary. He put them on and then stared at Zen. "What's your weapon?" he asked.

"This is enough," Zen said and waved his fist.

"Haha!"

"He must be mad!"

"Warren has his own fists as his weapon because he's excellent in fist fighting techniques. Even people with weapons in their hands are no match for him. I can't believe someone dares to fight Warren with only his bare hands!"

Laughter erupted throughout the open space at Zen's words. Warren also laughed in disbelief and said, "I have to remind you that ever since I started learning martial arts, I have been using my gloves. They call me the Iron Hand, because my fists are very hard. Even if I do not wear gloves, they are comparable to the spiritual weapon."

Zen just looked at him disapprovingly and pursed his lips. 'So what? My whole body is just a top-grade spiritual weapon, ' he thought. Of course, he didn't say such offensive words in public. He simply nodded and said, "I see, thanks for the heads-up."

After Zen spoke, he still didn't draw out his sword. Angry as Warren was, he didn't bother to argue with him. He just wanted to send the guy to hell as quickly as he could.

Warren Shangguan raised his fist, lowered his body, then charged like a dragon towards Zen. "By the way, once I've initiated a combat, I can't stop until the fight is over. So even if you're very weak, I won't pull my punches," he said with a wicked smirk.

Upon finishing his words, he struck a vicious punch surrounded by bronze life vitality towards Zen.

"Take him down, Warren!"

"Warren, show him your Swelling Fist! Knock him out!"

"It seems that Zen's body is just as fragile as glass to Warren. It wouldn't be a problem for him to kill Zen in just one shot."

The spectators chattered ceaselessly among themselves while Zen remained calm as ever. Ever since he knew about Eddie's real power and status, he kept telling himself that he must put in more effort if he wanted to improve his martial arts skills and save his sister. He must practice even a thousand times harder than the others.

Although Tia had a violent training approach, it was for his own good. She hoped that the variety of intense fights would harness his potential, so he could become stronger.

The opponents he would face in the future weren't just at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm, but at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm or Internal Elixir Realm. Maybe some of them would even be at other higher realms.

Thus, he practiced his cultivation day and night. Just a few days ago, dozens of dragon scales within him had woken up because he had absorbed some of the heavenly essence into his brain. Thus, the cyan dragon's scales gave him more strength and power.

However, he didn't wake too many dragon scales up. Each scale already had immense power on their own. Although Zen's body was like a spiritual weapon, it could only contain a limited amount of power. If he awakened too many dragon scales, his body wouldn't be able to handle it and he would probably die.

With his current power and superior flesh body, it wasn't impossible for him to fight Warren with only his bare hands.

"Swelling Fist!" Warren roared.

He finally used the much awaited fist fighting technique. His fist burst with a golden light as it instantly powered up.

"Come on! Blow him up to pieces!"

"Punch his head off!"

"Beat him to ribbons! Let's see if he still dares to be so arrogant in the future!"

Warren felt his morale getting boosted up by the crowd when suddenly, Zen's two hundred dragon scales lit up and flashed a bright light. All his muscles immediately swelled up which made him look stronger than ever. They bulked up so much that his veins popped out under his skin, and his body looked like it was about to burst.

At the same time, he quickly released the energy of the Phoenix Crystal from his right arm. Therefore, his blow had the maximum impact in both speed and strength.

"Heavenly Ogre Fist!" Zen roared as he shot out his fist.

"Bang!"

The fight between the two men now became a match of strength. Martial arts movements became irrelevant now as what mattered more were strength, speed, and the capacity to bear blows.

Warren and Zen hit each other's bodies at the same time. However, when their punches had landed, Warren looked fearful, while Zen just smirked.

Although Warren was called Iron Hand and his fist was on par with a spiritual weapon, it was still just a fist and his flesh body was only a bit stronger than the other cultivators. However, Zen was different. His whole body was a top-grade spiritual weapon, and he had three spiritual textures on his chest. Just one more advancement, and his body would become a fairy weapon. How could Warren compare to him?

When Warren's fist landed on Zen, he only backed a few steps because of the punch's impact. He then felt a gush of warmth that coursed throughout his body and flooded his belly. It brought him a lot of comforts.

On the other hand, Zen's fist powered by two hundred dragon scales had thrown Warren away.

Warren's massive body hit several elite disciples before it finally hit the wall. He had lost consciousness and lay in a heap in one corner.

A wave of silence suddenly filled the whole hall, as if there were not a single soul in it.

Chapter 619 The Divine Texture

If Zen had defeated Warren with some other skill, the disciples wouldn't have been so shocked.

Although Warren was powerful, his competence was only a little higher than Frank's, who had just reached the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Since Zen had defeated Frank, he was likely to win in the battle against Warren as well. However, to everyone's surprise, he beat Warren with his bare fists!

Warren's fist techniques were renowned in Elite House. Anyone who knew of Warren's abilities would drop his jaw in shock at the news of his defeat. Generally, martial arts practitioners preferred to use weapons to enhance their attacking power, and very few liked to fight with their bare hands.

Many cultivators also learned fist fighting techniques to minimize their weaknesses and to supplement their strengths.

However, Warren considered his fists to be his most powerful weapon. He had cultivated to such an extent that he had complete confidence in his fist fighting techniques! Ever since he became popular, his competence was obvious to all. So no one dared to underestimate the power of Warren's fists.

Since Zen was a swordsman, his greatest skill should have been his swordsmanship. No one expected his fists to be so strong and powerful.

That was what confused the disciples.

This was like a proud and competent archer defeating a swordsman with a sword instead of a bow and arrow.

Such a significant difference would be a devastating blow to his opponent's self-confidence. And it seemed as though Zen was quite good at it!

Rocher stood in a corner with his sword resting on his back. He smiled lightly because he knew why the Cloud Hall elites were so shocked. Zen seemed to be versatile and had no apparent weakness. He was particularly outstanding in terms of physical strength, body firmness, and swordsmanship, which he cultivated by following simple principles.

Anyone who had any of these advantages would be able to defeat many powerful martial arts practitioners.

Fred Li raised his brows in surprise.

As one of the most powerful Illuminating Soul Realm cultivators, his thoughts differed from the others. It was normal for Warren to strengthen his body, and improve his strength and fist fighting techniques with life vitality.

However, instead of strengthening his body with life vitality, Zen had only injected his life vitality into his fists. Only a body refiner could do this.

People would refine their bodies before reaching the nature level. After reaching the nature level, the air flow in a cultivator's body would be routed through their navel, so they could begin to practice life vitality related cultivation methods. Compared to body refining, life vitality cultivation was more powerful.

However, that didn't mean it was hard for a cultivator to reach a high cultivation level by refining his body. And, so a small group of people chose body refining. The problem was, compared to demons and ogres who were born strong, people had no advantage after body refining.

What Fred found most puzzling was that he didn't sense the unique, forceful energy of body refiners emitting from Zen. The forceful energy was quite similar to life vitality. However, it couldn't be transformed into specific shapes by meditating. If Zen were a body refiner, it would be impossible for him to have no forceful energy. Without an extremely strong body, Zen wouldn't have been able to defeat Warren.

That was why Fred was astonished.

He had attended the competition today to watch Zen. Fred knew that Zen wouldn't answer his questions, and this was the only way to observe Zen's abilities. For him, Zen was anything but ordinary.

Zen stood in the middle of the hall and stretched. As he looked around at the surrounding disciples, he asked with a slight smile, "Is there anyone else who wants to challenge me?"

After a short moment of silence, a disciple stepped out from the crowd and said, "I will!

I don't believe that you are powerful enough to defeat Warren! I'm sure that Warren wouldn't have lost the battle had he been careful enough!"

"Gary, kill that guy!"

Seeing that the disciples were so eager to fight him, Zen felt a headache coming on. He just wanted to frighten them so that they wouldn't dare to challenge him, and that was why he had used the most powerful blow in the fight with Warren. Unfortunately, it seemed his approach didn't work.

The disciples of Elite House had been chosen from tens of thousands of disciples. This was quite different from how disciples were selected in the Eastern Region. Before coming to Cloud Hall for cultivation, disciples had already proven their abilities. So they were quite proud of themselves and wouldn't accept Zen's criticism easily.

"Young man, you should pick me. I promise I won't break your hands and feet!" Just then, another two sturdy men stepped forward. Their bodies were so huge that they almost blocked Zen's vision.

Both these men had reached the sixth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Zen knew that Tia was forcing him to explore his potential in this way. Zen was smart enough not to select an extremely powerful opponent. With a slight smile, he cast his eyes on a skinny, but energetic young man. This young man was at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm too.

"Albert, that guy picked you! Don't let us down!" someone said before giving the young man named Albert a push.

Albert Yue was a little surprised that Zen picked him because he had only planned to watch the competitions. He hadn't intended to challenge anybody. Furthermore, he was still in shock after Zen's victory over Warren. As he had no confidence, Albert waved his hands and asked, "Can you pick anybody else? I'm here not for the competition. I'm just here for fun!"

Zen nodded. Since the young man didn't want to fight him, Zen wouldn't force him.

However, the other disciples of Elite House didn't agree. They shouted, "Albert, you have reached the highest level of Wind Swordsmanship, haven't you? Then why are you so scared? If you beat that guy, I'll give you five high-class life vitality crystals."

"Albert, if you don't accept the challenge, I'll break your legs!"

"Albert, he is just a nature creature. Why are you so scared? Your family will be ashamed of you! If you don't fight him, I will tell your dad!"

Under pressure from the other disciples, Albert seemed to have no choice. He was born in a second-grade clan, which was as powerful as Cloud Sect. So it would be embarrassing for his clan if Albert dared not fight with a nature creature.

Albert frowned as he looked at Zen. Then he shrugged in defeat as he had no choice. Finally, he unsheathed his sword and walked toward Zen.

Since Albert had just learned successful sword intent, he was no match for Zen. Besides, as he was reluctant to fight, Albert kept on defending instead of attacking during the battle. And so, after twenty moves, Zen defeated Albert.

Zen's victory set off an uproar in the building. More than ten Elite House disciples stepped forward to challenge Zen. Those who considered them unsuitable to face Zen, cowered in corners as they were afraid Zen would select them next.

Finally, Zen pointed at another disciple who seemed to be trembling in the corner. As before, Zen trounced his new opponent. Then he said with a smile, "Let's call it a day! Return early tomorrow morning, and we'll continue with the challenges!"

With that, Zen turned and prepared to leave. However, these disciples wouldn't let go of him.

"You want to leave? Dream on! I won't let you go unless you fight me!"

"Stop him! This guy has been playing tricks all along. He only battled with disciples whose competence was lower than his? How could we let go of him?"

"Zen, you have to confront me before leaving!"

These disciples rushed toward Zen and were about to fight. Like a stoke of wind, Zen floated through the gap between the crowd, and then he flew higher and escaped the grey building.

Fred was shocked when he saw Zen floating away at an incredible speed. Although he had reached the pinnacle of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he had no confidence to catch Zen.

"This guy..." Fred smiled bitterly and shook his head. He thought Zen had performed well as he dared to challenge the disciples of the Elite House and showed great competence in the competitions. However, when he saw Zen flying at shocking speed, Fred knew that he had underestimated him.

However, Fred didn't know that Zen was under the control of Saint Morphens, like a puppet.

Saint Morphens was so powerful that a cultivator at Internal Elixir Realm was no match for the puppets he controlled. Since Fred was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm, of course, he couldn't defeat these puppets either.

"Damn it! I didn't expect him to fly! What the hell!"

"I have never seen a nature creature fly before, and in such a way and at such speed!"

"it doesn't matter as he will come again. Let's discuss how to deal with him!"

Zen was going to challenge all the disciples of Elite House. He had been following the practice of selecting three opponents each time. If he picked the relatively weaker disciples each time, the disciples could take no action.

After Zen had left, someone proposed a solution. If the weaker disciples didn't show up the next time, then Zen would have to choose more powerful disciples to fight.

These disciples racked their brains as they tried to figure out how best to teach Zen a good lesson so that he wouldn't be so arrogant.

Zen knew that he had offended the Elite House disciples. However, since that was what Tia wanted, he had no other choice.

Every martial arts cultivator knew that they had to improve through battles. Many of them were often killed by their opponents. However, Zen could challenge anyone he wanted and leave the battle ring at a critical moment. Not everybody was as lucky as Zen.

In the evening, after cultivating for a while, Zen opened the red and blue treasure boxes, one by one. The soul essence in the red treasure chests could strengthen Zen's soul, and the blood vigor in the blue treasure chest could benefit his energy and blood.

Both the soul essence and the blood vigor were precious to cultivators. Zen knew that the Elite House disciples would find a way to deal with him and suppress his arrogance. He intended to improve as quickly as possible.

After devouring all soul essences in the red treasure boxes, Zen felt that his soul strength had increased by thirty percent. When he closed his eyes, Zen could feel a constant sense of comfort coming from his soul. After a while, he opened his eyes and said to the cyan dragon, "You promised to teach me how to make the rune. Do you think my soul is strong enough to learn it?"

After a short moment, the cyan dragon's lazy voice could be heard from the depth of Zen's mind. "First, I must correct you. Although they sound like the same thing, we are not talking about making runes. We call it divine texture."

Chapter 620 Scorn (Part One)

Humans on earth had a deep understanding and knowledge about runes, which gave them more information on how they were able to utilize the runes. Runes were not only there as characters, nor alphabets--they were even more important than the weapons that protected warriors' lives.

The runes were widely used in many areas. As such, the Cloud Sect's cultivation places were established with magical arrays that were made of runes and other materials. Many weapons were seen inscribed with runes on their blades. These weapons were revered. Not only were these weapons used for protection, but rather they were enforced with great power.

When it came to guarding, there were different kinds of sect protecting arrays which were closely related to runes. For pill refiners and weapon refiners, they used fire runes to strengthen the flames' power. All beings should be thankful for the runic experts who gave their time and effort into studying those materials. If it weren't for them, the powers and wonders of the runes would not be harnessed.

The cyan dragon's divine texture was otherworldly, a heritage from another broader world. Its conception was far beyond the common runes people knew. And its creation, design, and power were so intricately well thought of that the runes in the Central Region were no match for it. The divine texture's powers were among the cream of the crop, exceptional.

"The divine texture? So...can I start practicing the divine texture now?" Zen asked nervously while containing his happiness.

"Yes, you may. But even if you take the soul essences, you might not be able to handle it since yours is still not very strong. Moreover, if you must start to learn the divine texture at this very moment, mind that you will only be able to master the lowest grade. Are you sure you want to learn it now?"

Zen replied, light glinting in his eyes, "Rome was not built in one day. And the longest journey begins with the first step. If I don't take the first step, when will I ever start?"

"Yes, you're right. Drawing the divine texture would consume a lot of your spiritual power. But at the same time, it is a good way to temper your spirit. This is the right time for you to learn it..." The cyan dragon continued. Slowly and firmly, he said, "But the first step of creating the divine texture is to infuse your spiritual power to the tip of the paintbrush."

"The tip of the paintbrush? What paintbrush?" Zen asked with confusion.

"Of course it is the paintbrush that is used to draw the divine texture. But it seems that you don't have all the materials needed to draw it. If you really want to learn the technique, you must first gather all the materials," the cyan dragon said lightly.

"I think it won't be difficult for you to infuse your spiritual power to the tip of the paintbrush. After all, you have already practiced Spiritual Thorn and have already comprehended the process of turning a soul into a thorn. Gather and prepare the materials tomorrow, then I will teach you to draw the first divine texture stroke. After that, I'll assess whether you have the talent to master the skill."

Then a list of materials appeared in Zen's mind.

Zen felt giddy seeing the cyan dragon's list of materials. Runic experts or weapon refiners didn't become masters in one day. No one became experts in a day. It was all about patience, practice, and heart. It was just like the case when Zen wanted to refine weapons with the heavenly essence. The real technique of weapon refining could not be grasped by relying only on the guidance book of the weapon refining master Chase. Even if there was a famous teacher who could demonstrate each step and give guidance, it would still be extremely difficult for him to go anywhere by relying on his own understanding of the skill.

And that was why some Cloud Sect disciples from the noble clans and the Cloud Hall disciples from the influential families despised someone like Zen, who was from the grassroots. People from the noble clans were people born with silver spoons in their mouths. But Zen was different. He had to double up his efforts into achieving his goals for he didn't have much. The noble clans had the resources to get anything that they had wanted. If they had wanted to learn anything, their family could have easily hired a famous teacher and their performance couldn't be as bad under the guidance of a successful master.

That was also why it was difficult for the disciples from the grassroots to stand out, as ninety-nine percent of these disciples were already left behind when they were born.

Doors were opened for a chance at mastering multiple skills. Now that Zen had finally found the legendary teacher, the cyan dragon, nothing could stop him from achieving greatness.

The sun shone brightly on Zen's face. He got up, yawned and stretched. He was about to go to the dining table for breakfast when suddenly, he felt his body trembling uncontrollably. Saint Morphens was controlling him. He wasn't able to do anything but be the victim. He struggled with it, fighting the Morphens controlling his body when suddenly, his body flew out of the room and zoomed towards the grey building.

To Zen, fighting three battles a day was a big burden. He had to stand out among the disciples, proving to himself and to others that poor family couldn't make him less of a warrior.

Yesterday, only about one hundred disciples were there in the grey building. But today, when Zen entered the hall, he was surprised by what he saw. There weren't one hundred people. The people doubled!

Zen could not believe his eyes. So many people were in the hall that a warrior could not pass without having to break the sea of people. He wasn't sure how many disciples were usually there in the building, but he was sure that it wasn't this many. As the name suggested, only the elites were allowed to enter the Elite House. Warriors had to go through numerous and difficult tests to be ever considered worthy of entering the Elite House. Even the warriors of the Cloud School, which was affiliated to the Cloud Hall, and the warriors of the other five great sects, had to undergo the series of tests. Was this a regular scene?

Zen was baffled. He never thought of meeting this many more people than ever before. More than that, he was surprised at the sight of some Internal Elixir Realm masters in the hall.

Zen raised an eyebrow. He had unintentionally poured scorn on them. But it was not his doing. He was controlled by Tia. Did they have to make such a fuss? Those Internal Elixir Realm masters were not the members of the Elite House, Zen supposed.

In all honesty, those Internal Elixir Realm masters were not from the Elite House. Zen thought of a reason for their presence--his manners. Stories of Zen's unruly manners for the past two days had spread around the Cloud Hall.

All the disciples of the Elite House knew that there was a new member who was extremely arrogant. And that new disciple was only a nature creature. The news was not only known to the disciples of the Elite House. The news spread even to other members and masters. It was not surprising that even some of the elders of the Cloud Hall knew about this obnoxious nature creature.

And Fernandez was one of elders that was stirred by this news.

When Zen was on the Cloud Road, Fernandez had shown special care for Zen. Within his ability, he would like to speak for Zen, vouch for him to get him out of any trouble. Fernandez saw Zen's potential. He saw that Zen would become an extraordinary disciple in the Cloud Hall in the future. He got great talent. And it was only a matter of time for him to achieve success. Fernandez believed in him.

Chapter 621 Scorn (Part Two)

But Fernandez didn't expect that Zen could ever behave that way. He was surprised to hear that Zen, a new member of the Elite House, just sent out a challenge to everyone in the hall. What an ambitious warrior! It was all too soon.

Driven by curiosity, Fernandez decided to go to see the scene himself. He was an elder, and it was not appropriate for him to make an appearance in the grey building. Eager to see what was happening, he made himself invisible.

As soon as Zen reached the grey building, Fernandez uttered a surprising sound. With his level, he was able to notice the glimmers of light that surrounded Zen. "What happened? Zen is being manipulated!"

Fernandez was confused. His eyebrows moved closer together.

Just like using a thread to control a puppet, the puppet master was able to deprive anyone of the control of their own bodies. The most famous puppet master of them all in the Cloud Hall was saint Morphens. Aged as Fernandez was, he was a highly esteemed elder, a wise man indeed. Fernandez soon pieced every clue together, solving the mystery of how Zen could act so differently. And he just figured out what might be the case.

"I got it," Fernandez exclaimed. Fernandez had known Zen for so long and he knew Zen would never act like that. Even if Zen had every right to boast about his strength and skills, he would not still do it. Fernandez believed that Zen knew better. He wouldn't be so bored to do such a stupid thing.

If it was not Zen's doing, then the commotion must have had something to do with the leader of Cloud Hall.

Fernandez was able to see through the facade. He knew what was behind all this. The disciples of the Elite House had no clue that it was a trick. They were really infuriated by Zen's arrogant manner these two days. Warriors in the hall looked like they were about to burn a witch. Their hands were clenched, jaws set, and knuckles popped. They were all ready to give Zen the lesson he would remember for the rest of his life. They were ready to beat him up into a pulp!

The fight commenced. Punches were thrown. One, two, three punches were dodged by Zen. Fists were flying across the hall. But to everyone's dismay, Zen had defeated three Elite House disciples. All three were at the fifth grade of Illuminating Soul Realm. Zen did not know what to make of the situation. He fled and left the angry disciples behind.

Zen still chose the weak opponents. He knew what he was capable of and thought that it would have been a huge mistake to choose disciples at the seventh or eighth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. After all, he was allowed to choose his opponents since the Elite House disciples had no other way to deal with him.

After competing in the fight, Zen was tired, his muscles ached, his body weakened. But this did not stop him. He was focused on the mastery of the divine texture. He rushed to the market of Cloud Hall, limping a bit. He could not believe himself that the exhaustion brought by the fight made him almost forget about the materials he must get for the cyan dragon.

As a community, the disciples of the Cloud Hall created a market that provided convenience for the disciples. They traded, sold, and bought from the stores. The biggest business alliance in the Central Region, the World Commercial Alliance, also had a store in the market.

The market was at the edge of the Cloud Hall. Walking towards the end of the street, Zen saw the vast sea of clouds, They were a live reminder of what beauty was. It was so unreal, he could not see the ground because he was literally tens of thousands of feet high in the air!

The smell of forged metal filled the air. Books written by masters lay on the ground. The noise of traders bargaining, the hustle and bustle of the busy market street flooded the atmosphere. Zen flipped through the stalls as if they were book pages in search for the store which could give him the materials he needed.

He came across this store. He looked for a signage, but he found none. He looked up, down, sideways, nothing could determine which store he was in. He walked a little bit to the left and he saw this big board, with something written on it. But the text was so small that all he made out of it was that they were small characters carved in ancient calligraphy. He squinted his eyes to see what they read--World Commercial Alliance.

The World Commercial Alliance was not foreign to the disciples at all. It was well known in their area. In fact, the organization had a strong background. Rumors circled in that although the World Commercial Alliance didn't belong to any sect, when it came to the strength and influence, it was even more powerful than the Cloud Hall. It was almost a fifth grade organization. Not too much of an intimidation to the customers, but also not the weakest. The World Commercial Alliance played a neutral ground--it never got involved in any sect fight, never got too political.

Zen walked into the store, his eyes wandered and saw all kinds of materials showcased on the shelf.

Zen's eyes widened as there were a wide variety of strange materials. He saw something like Stapelia Variegata Linn, Wood Thunderlight Stone, and even a block of rotten cloud basswood that lasted for over thirty thousand years. The rare, the strange, the beautiful, this store had it all.

The mastery of runes required a deep learning and understanding. It was a heavy and important topic to learn because the art of runes contained and covered everything. Thanks to the studies of the ancient men from tens of thousands of years ago, warriors could harness the potential that the runes gave them. They created the technique through hard study and experiment and refined it along the way. And it became what it was today--a powerful and magic martial arts technique.

In the store, an old man was sitting behind the counter. The man lowered his head, with a round glass in his hand. Looking intently on the material on his other hand, he seemed to be examining the small and closely-written characters on a jade pendant. The jade was very special, perhaps because it was, after all, a rare and ancient jade. The characters on it were very strange, an unknown language to Zen.

"Boss!" Zen called out after he entered the store.

The old man was startled as he had been too focused on the thing he was doing. He raised his head and saw Zen. When he found that the customer was only a nature creature, he seemed confused. The people who came to this market were mostly at the level of Illuminating Soul Realm or above. As he knew it was rare for a nature creature to enter the Cloud Hall. Even if anyone in the Cloudy City wanted to go to the market, they at least should have the ability to fly up here. But only Illuminating Soul Realm cultivators were able to do that.

"What's up?" The old man asked in an angry tone. It was irritating to be disturbed, and worse, Zen was only a nature creature, and that didn't deserve any respect.

"I want to buy some materials, and a paintbrush to draw the runes," Zen said while looking around, avoiding the old man's eyes.

"Materials and paintbrush? You want to make runes? You?" The old man asked, let out a little laugh, a glint of mockery in his eyes.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 622 30% Discount (Part One)

It wasn't really because the old man looked down upon Zen. Only that judging from his eyes and expressions, his behavior seemed too weird.

The old man had been selling raw materials his entire life. He was considered one of the most famous figures in the World Commercial Alliance, Cloudy City Branch. He was familiar with the magic array experts and runic experts of Cloudy City. The most famous weapon refiners and alchemists were his acquaintances.

He was even friends with some magic array experts of Cloud Hall, as a result of which he also had a knowledge of runes.

Magic arrays were composed of runes and it wasn't an easy thing to learn to draw the runes.

Usually, young apprentices who wanted to learn to draw runes were required to have a mentor, who taught them the art in person. In a way, the mentors prepared them with all kinds of tools right in the beginning. It was strange for new apprentices to buy the tools by themselves. After the purchase and some practices, as soon as they accumulated certain experience and knowledge, they required better rune pens.

It wasn't difficult to guess Zen was a brand-new freshman. Learning runes seemed just like a passing fancy for this young man. With his little knowledge of runes, he might have thought drawing runes was simply just to draw some brushes with a pen.

Some young men thought impulsively and wanted to learn new skills immediately in the spur of the moment. In reality, only a few could manage to acquire the skills successfully. The old man had seen many such agog freshmen. As far as he knew, if they didn't bear with the training, the materials they bought from him would simply go to waste. This was precisely the reason why he didn't want to entertain Zen's requirements.

But Zen ignored his attitude and spoke seriously, nodding his head, "Yes, I want to learn runes. I want to try some simple ones first. Here is the list of materials, and could you please help me prepare them?"

He handed out the list to the old man. Everything on the list was based on the cyan dragon's request.

According to the cyan dragon, these materials were only to draw the basic divine textures.

However, even the lowest level of divine texture seemed to require abnormally expensive materials. Even though he wasn't particularly aware of the price of the materials, he knew that these materials must cost a lot.

Casually skimming through Zen's list, the old man's expression changed drastically.

Angrily, he said, "These are the materials you want to use to practice drawing runes? Are you kidding me? Get out! Leave, right away! And don't waste my time!"

He got up from his chair, almost pushing Zen out of the room.

Zen was shocked. What kind of behavior was this? The old man's sudden outburst pissed him off and he continued to stand firmly. "It is not reasonable for you to reject a customer's request. You sell the materials and I pay you, that's how it works. Why are you chasing me out?"

The old man scowled with eyes glaring at Zen. Impatiently, he responded, "The materials you are asking for are used to make four-star runes. They aren't used by ordinary runic experts! Didn't you say you needed them for simple ones? How do you plan to use such high-level materials to draw simple runes? Just because you are a customer you think you can cheat me!"

Zen was dumbfounded! Right at that moment, he heard the cyan dragon's voice in his mind, "Oh, really? Well, my divine texture is comparatively higher than your world's runes. It seems like the requirement of four-star runes here is the same as that of our one-star, basic level texture."

In a nutshell, in Zen's world, if the runes came from the experiences summarized by the generations of runic experts for thousands of years, the divine texture was the accumulation of the upper world's billion years of practice. The two things were totally different in terms of conception, the way of inheriting and the effects.

It was like a kid who just learned to speak trying to understand the profound knowledge of a scholar.

Despite the lag between the runes here and the divine texture, Zen felt speechless at the old man's refusal. How were the higher-level materials different? What would happen if he used these materials for basic practice?

He was ready to take the risk and made up his mind at last.

"I would like to buy these materials," he said, "And this is no trickery. I will pay you the full amount.

I don't understand why you would refuse the trade in front of your eyes. You sell, and I pay. That is all that should matter to you."

"Shut up, boy! I don't want to sell you these materials! Even if you pay double the amount, I won't sell them. I don't want my materials to be wasted by irresponsible, young men like you." This old man truly had dignity. Any other man in his place would only care about the benefits, apart from trying to maintain a good personal relationship with his customers. It was rare for a seller to push his customers away due to his own self-righteousness. He sat back in his chair, determining not to sell anything to Zen. Ignoring his presence, he resumed investigating the ancient jade as he was before Zen had appeared with his illogical demands.

Zen was in a dilemma. He did not know how to deal with him. His shop was the biggest in the market. Disappointed, he decided to step out and take his chances somewhere else. Right then, the cyan dragon's voice spoke in his head again, "Don't leave, Zen! I have a solution to convince him to sell you the materials."

"Really? What do you propose?" Zen asked with eyes wide open.

"Do you see the ancient jade in his hand? It is a piece of phoenix ancient jade. The texts recorded above are in ancient phoenix words. This old man has no way of understanding and decoding the words written on it. If you tell him the meaning of these words, maybe he will sell the materials to you," the cyan dragon explained.

"Hmmm... that is a fair point, but I do not know the meaning of those words either." Zen rolled his eyes despondently.

"Hmmmm..." the cyan dragon replied, sensing Zen's impatience. He explained further, "I know you can't read the ancient phoenix language, Zen, but I can!"

The longevity of the dragon was beyond Zen's imagination! Not only did he know the ancient phoenix language, which itself was rare, there were only a few languages he didn't know.

Chapter 623 30% Discount (Part Two)

Zen was pleased and impressed at once! He knew he had to adopt some strategies to get his way. He walked back to the counter, but the old guy didn't want to talk to him at all now. Zen had no choice but to cry out the words that the dragon fed him. "Use the fire generated from the stars as a sacrifice in the lotus lake, praying for prosperity in the next life..."

The old man was deeply absorbed in studying the words inscribed on the ancient jade. It didn't matter to him whether Zen was there or not. These ancient jades in his hand held high historic and collection value and were very hard to be evaluated.

With that, the texts on the jade only added to its preciousness and original value. It was said that the ancient jade of the phoenix clan had been passed down from the ancient phoenix nationality. If people could decipher the characters, it would benefit the refinement greatly.

However, it was extremely difficult to decipher these words. This old man had been trying to study the words for more than one and a half years. He had even compared them to some ancient books in his collection, and yet had only been able to understand a few words.

When Zed walked to him again, he got very irritated upon being disturbed and immediately frowned at him. He had just opened his mouth to scold him when he was cut off by Zen. His expression changed from annoyed to bewildered the moment he heard Zen reciting the words that matched with the words he had decoded already.

He was tongue-tied, flabbergasted, and shocked! His mouth fell open in surprise as he stared Zen's moving mouth. Gaining his senses, he got up and started to listen intently.

But at the same time, Zen stopped and shut his mouth, giving a gentle smile to the old man. Steadily and silently, he kept smiling at the old man.

"This.." the old man said as he reached for the jade, lifting it to Zen's eye level. "Can you... er... Young man, will you translate the remaining for me?" He asked with purity in his eyes. He truly was an honest man, who respected his materials, his trade, and his study. According to Zen's translation, the old man understood that these words did not speak of any opportunities. This jade seemed to be buried with an inscription about the memory of a dead person.

Even though he had already been certain of this, he still wanted to know the meaning given that he had invested so much time studying it. Knowing the meaning would only add to his dedication. The translation would also increase the price manifold, if he were to sell it.

Noticing the old man's piqued interest, Zen smiled and started to walk toward the exit jokingly.

The man who was trying to drive him away just two minutes ago, now ran eagerly to make him stay.

Zen had only translated the text partially. How could he let him leave!

"Young man! Listen to me!" he shouted behind him. "Don't be so impatient. Come and sit down. Let's talk some more, shall we?" He clutched his sleeve and pulled at it.

When the owners of the surrounding shops noticed this, they were surprised. They found this utterly strange! They had been doing business in this city beside him for many years and were all very familiar with his unreliable temper. He prided himself because of his reputation in the World Commercial Alliance. Some people even liked to say he dealt with people as if his eyes were located at the top of his head! They had never seen him being so kind and desperate with anyone! How could he forget his pride and plead to a young man, a mere freshman?

Zen kept trying to leave, even though that wasn't his intention. The materials on the list that the cyan dragon had provided could also be purchased in Cloudy City. But if he could buy everything in the Cloud Hall shopping area, why bother? He simply wanted the old man to ask him a few more times to come back.

The old man courteously brought a cane chair for Zen to sit on, then handed him a cup of warm, fragrant tea.

Seeing that Zen had become less reluctant to stay, he said, "Young man, I was wrong! Would you please translate the second half of the jade text for me?"

It was as if someone had solved a riddle he had been trying to solve all this time! Now, Zen had come and told him the solution, but only half of it. How could that not instill a desperate sense of curiosity in him? Half knowledge would only make him sad. He needed to know the rest to attain balance and peace of mind, or his heart would never stop jumping up and down. Part of him wished Zen hadn't told him anything at all. At least, that way, he wouldn't have been on edge like this.

Unlike the old man, Zen was much more composed. He picked up his teacup and sipped from it slowly, pausing before he put forth his cards. "Yes. I do not mind telling you the rest at all, but on one condition," he said.

"What is it?" The old man asked immediately.

"I want to buy all the materials that are in the list, and I want a 30% discount," Zen said firmly, smiling innocently.

The old man fell silent, a trace of hesitation appearing on his face. The materials Zen was asking for were not cheap. The old man was only a steward in the World Commercial Alliance and didn't have the authority to do a bargain like that. If he provided the discount, it would be at a personal loss.

But his wish to know the meaning of the text meant much more than the loss. He thought of all the pros and cons and finally made up his mind. Gritting his teeth, he looked at Zen with a convulsed expression and said, "Okay, that's a deal!"

He had done a quick calculation in his mind, concluding that he would pay for the loss entailed from his own pocket. Anyway, the sales price after the discount was only slightly lower than the cost. He wouldn't have to pay a lot to make up for it. Besides, he was convinced that it was worth knowing the meaning of the text.

Chapter 624 Preparations For Drawing Divine Textures

Zen didn't expect that this matter was impeccably solved because the cyan dragon helped to interpret that particular ancient phoenix text.

Not only did the old man completely change his attitude towards him, but he also promised to sell the materials at a discounted price of about 30 percent.

Because the old man showed him genuine sincerity, he had no qualms interpreting the second half of the text on the jade. The old man listened with great attention, apparently intending to memorize every word of it.

When he had finished translating, the old man's weary eyes lit up. And he asked respectfully, "Young man, where did you learn the ancient phoenix language?"

As far as he knew, there was once ancient phoenixes existing in this world, but this species had already died out long ago. Sadly, their descendants were nowhere to be found.

Zen definitely deprived him of the truth. "Sorry, I can't tell you," he chuckled. "But if you come across words or texts you don't know, you can ask me to decipher them. I think I should be able to interpret them all."

Upon hearing that Zen might need his help, the cyan dragon immediately grumbled in Zen's mind, "Hey Zen, cracking this text for you doesn't necessarily mean that I promise to interpret anything else in the future. Besides, I can't possibly know all of them even though I do know a lot of languages..."

On the other hand, the old man's face changed at what he heard.

If the young man had uttered such arrogant words before translating the phoenix language, the old man would have taken off his shoe and aimed its sole in hitting Zen's face right there and then. How many strange languages were there in the world! And how could anyone possibly know all of them? Some species had left their writing in the world when they had fallen. If this was the case, who could recognize their writing?

This young man bragged about himself too much!

Considering Zen had effortlessly transcribed the ancient phoenix language, the old man decided not to contradict him directly. He surmised that there was a possibility that Zen might know some out-of-the-ordinary words or language and he might need his help later on. Although he found Zen's words unfavorable, he still respectfully stated, "Good, good. Are you a disciple of the Cloud Hall? From the look of you, you must be a disciple of the Elite House. May I have your name, please? I might require your aid sometime later."

Zen let out a smile, and after disclosing his name to the old man, he uttered, "All right, please prepare the materials I need."

The old man nodded. Then he called out for his two clerks, who emerged from the store a few moments later, waiting for his instruction. The old man took the list of materials that Zen was offering him. Then he threw it to the two clerks, and ordered, "Go get these materials ready." Then turning to face Zen again, he suggested, "Mr. Luo, if you want to learn to draw runes, you will be needing a special pen. There happen to be some in here. They are not the best, but they are great for practicing drawing."

Afterward, he opened a drawer, took out a penholder from it and put it on the table. Several runic pens were arranged meticulously on the penholder.

These runic pens varied in style and material. Some were made of jade, some made of animal bones. "I recommend this one for beginners," the old man said, pointing to one of the runic pens. "This runic pen is made of broken jade. When you use it to draw runes, your soul power will be able to seep through the cracks between the pieces to the tip of the pen, so it will be easier to write."

Zen felt tempted by the old man's introduction. He thought that it would be easier for him, a beginner, to draw runes with a lighter runic pen.

He was about to decide to buy the pen when the cyan dragon resting in his mind voiced out, "Don't choose that one, pick the one next to it."

Then Zen's gaze shifted to the next pen. Pointing to the metal runic pen, Zen inquired, "How is this one?"

"You have a sharp eye, but I don't recommend this one," the old man stated and shook his head. "It is made of hematite, more than three times the weight of an ordinary runic pen. It will not be easy to lift and will be hard for the soul power to penetrate. I really don't recommend it. Only senior runic experts will choose this style."

Zen became hesitant because of what the old man said, but then the cyan dragon stated again, "One of the purposes of asking you to draw runes is to toughen your soul. So what's the use of the runic pen made of broken jade? Listen to me, buy this one!"

The cyan dragon was, after all, his teacher of runes, so Zen had to take his advice and choose this runic pen made of metal.

The old man's thought was opposed to Zen's insistence of having the metal runic pen since it was quite heavy to lift. But still, he took the runic pen out and handed it to Zen so as not to offend him.

As soon as he took the runic pen from the old man, Zen felt it was indeed heavy. While its weight was nothing to him, it would have a considerable impact on drawing runes. After all, every rune was so precise that if he couldn't hold it steady, a single stroke would ruin the rune.

Soon after, the two clerks had the materials on the list ready.

These materials, though rare, were all used to draw the most basic divine textures. Thus, they were not particularly hard to find. After inspecting the items, Zen asked about the price. "How much are all the materials?"

The old man did a little calculation with his finger and replied, "800 mid-grade life vitality crystals. Giving you a 30 percent discount, it will be 560 mid-grade life vitality crystals."

"560 mid-grade crystals..." Although it was a cost that Zen could afford, he couldn't help lamenting how expensive the materials were.

He already had acquired general information of the currencies in circulation in the Central Region and their exchange rates with other currencies. Low-grade life vitality crystal was the base currency here, and the rate of exchange with the cubic crystal was basically one to one. And 100 low-grade life vitality crystals were equivalent to 1 mid-grade life vitality crystal.

That was to say, the value of 560 mid-grade life vitality crystals was equal to 56, 000 cubic crystals.

"Can I pay with cubic crystals?" inquired Zen. Before leaving the Eastern Region, Zen gave part of his heavenly essences to Wurth to look after and took out a lot of cubic crystals for his use.

"Cubic crystals?" The old man was a little surprised. He had guessed that Zen might be from an exalted family or even a descendant of one of the elders of Cloud Hall, but Zen's question denied his speculation. As the cubic crystal was the currency of the Eastern Region, it indicated that Zen was supposed to come from that little place.

The currency of the little place could also circulate in the Central Region, but it tended to trade at a discount to the local currency. "Yes, you can pay with cubic crystals," replied the old man. "But a single cubic crystal can only be exchanged for half a low-grade life vitality crystal..."

The old man's words made Zen depressed. At the rate of exchange that the old man mentioned, the cubic crystal was even less valuable than he knew, and it would cost him 112, 000 cubic crystals to buy these materials. 'That's unreasonable!' Zen complained bitterly in his heart.

Noticing the frown on Zen's face, the old man grinned, "I can't help it. You may ask others about the exchange rate, and you'll know the currency of the Eastern Region is worthless in the Central Region!"

Luckily, Zen was carrying a lot of cubic crystals, and he didn't bargain again. But he thought that if the old man asked him for help again, he would exploit him severely.

Reluctantly, he paid the old man 112, 000 cubic crystals before he left the market with the purchased materials.

The old man, with a complicated look, stared at Zen's back, sighed in his heart, 'What a strange young man! And what a waste of materials! 112, 000 cubic crystals aren't a small sum of money. The youth of this generation is really unpredictable...'

Back at his place of residence, Zen began preparing for drawing runes.

These materials could not be used directly, but needed to be processed first. Drawing the divine texture was purely technical, and Zen knew nothing about it. But under the guidance of the cyan dragon, his teacher, he handled the materials himself at ease.

Potent kudzu roots, for example, needed to be ground into fine powders.

Besides, the roots of Gelid Herb should be cut and kneaded before mixing with another material which was cloud ash.

It took him a long time just to mix the materials. Moreover, any of the procedures could not go wrong, or else he had to throw out the wrong mix and start over.

An hour later, Zen was finally finished mixing the materials.

Zen then languidly picked up the runic pen and took a deep breath. Although the cyan dragon had taught him out, he was still a little nervous for the first time to draw divine textures.

Holding the runic pen up, Zen closed his eyes and meditated. Soon, a pale yellow soul appeared between his eyebrows. However, it was different from the soul when he launched the Spiritual Thorn. The move of turning a soul into a thorn, in the Spiritual Thorn, was for the sake of attacking enemies, so the soul must act extremely quick and with profound fierceness. But this time, he was trying to introduce his soul power to the point of the runic pen to draw divine textures! So, the slower his soul went, the better!

When Zen's soul filled the runic pen, its point drew the first stroke on the paper.

Chapter 625 Perfect Brushwork (Part One)

The divine texture for meditation was among the first that Zen had learned under the cyan dragon's instruction. It was a kind of meditation rune.

This particular rune was usually placed in a practice room or on a furnace. Its energy could reinforce the meditative state of its cultivator.

Practice necessitated much concentration. Akin to an artist refining his craft, a cultivator required great reserves of concentration. The meditation rune would be of much use in calming nerves and eliminating distractions.

According to the cyan dragon's words, the divine texture for meditation was one of the simplest among the one-star divine textures. Its lines were definite and uncomplicated.

However, this feat was very easy only for the cyan dragon himself.

At the first stroke of Zen's pen, a dull, grey line marred the smooth surface of the paper. The edges were messy, an insult itself to the brush. It was an obvious failure. Zen had only begun familiarizing himself with the weight of the brush and the consistency of the ink.

"Beginnings are the hardest part," the cyan dragon said in good-natured jest.

Zen shrugged his teasing aside, the ribbing not particularly wounding him. He didn't think that he could succeed on the first try either. There was much work to be done, and he knew perfectly well that it would not be easy. According to the art of painting divine textures that the cyan dragon had taught him, he needed to meld his being with the pen, distinguishing the ingredients in the ink with subtle perception. Only after arranging the materials in their proper order with his spiritual energy would the stroke follow his hand and create a sleek, polished line.

Taking a new sheet of paper, he focused in silence for a while before continuing his attempts. He could turn his soul into a thorn and enter the state of forgetting himself, but it appeared that perception was not his strong suit. He was not good at feeling things with his soul.

The Spiritual Thorn required nothing more than a rough shooting at his enemy's direction. It was the first time that Zen had to maintain control of his soul power in such a painstaking and meticulous manner.

After collecting his thoughts, Zen raised his hand and touched its tip to the paper. At the contact with the sheet, the tip shone with a cyan light.

'I made it!'

Zen thought in excitement. But the cyan light disappeared as soon as it arrived, dying down at the small movement of Zen's hand. Zen took a closer inspection of the stroke: its first half contained a cyan color, and the rest of the line still in a dull grey hue.

"I guess this is another failure,"

the cyan dragon laughed at him again.

The sound of the dragon's laughter was starting to tug at Zen's nerves. Turning to the source of the offending sound, Zen said irritated, "Stop your wisecrack now! Why don't you show me and do something useful instead?"

The cyan dragon appeared taken aback by the demand. "You want a demonstration? Of a one-star divine texture?" the dragon asked in disbelief. A one-star divine texture was an insult to his divinity.

The cyan dragon's expertise lay on the art of divine textures. He paled to the other eight dragons on the furnace in measures of strength or martial techniques, but he would not be bested with the brush. Even the Grand Marvelous Array, the shielding array of their race, was arranged by his own hand.

And here was this mortal, asking a creature of his rank to paint a one-star texture. The dragon was wide-eyed at the ridiculous request.

Nonetheless, he eventually deigned to give a demonstration. He had given his word to teach the boy, and so he should keep it.

The cyan dragon didn't have a real body, but he could teach Zen with his spiritual power. He instructed, "Hold your pen higher!"

After following the dragon's words, a small streak of light burst from Zen's forehead to the pen. The cyan dragon projected a part of his soul into the brush. After it had combined with the brush, the dragon spoke once again, "Try once more now."

Zen moved his pen on the paper with a gentle stroke. A beautiful cyan line appeared on the paper. It was nothing short of perfection. The masterful way of handling the ingredients in the ink was evident in the clear, refined line on the sheet.

Zen was unable to take his eyes off his handiwork. He sat silently and marveled at the utter perfection of the brushwork.

"How do you like it, boy?" The cyan dragon's voice came from Zen's mind.

"It's amazing!" Zen praised sincerely.

"Of course it is! What do you take me for?" the dragon scoffed, then his voice turned serious. "You don't have to push yourself to get everything right immediately." The dragon paused thoughtfully before adding, "Your second attempt was incomplete, but you have actually grasped the technique. Even runic experts cannot achieve that in such a short amount of time. For many, it takes months."

Despite laughing at the mortal's earlier failures, the cyan dragon was surprised at how quickly Zen had comprehended the key to the strokes. It had come so naturally to him.

"Months? That long! Is it so difficult?" Zen's shoulders slumped in dejection at first upon seeing the disparity of his skill next to the dragon's but after learning that he was doing better than most people, his motivation returned. The fact that he seemingly had a natural aptitude for the skill brought his determination back.

His lips curled into a confident smile. He changed the sheet once again and held his brush again.

Furrowing his brows in concentration, he spoke to himself. 'Try to feel the ingredients in the ink with my soul…'

Focusing his energy, he sifted through the particles of the ink, envisioning the proper strokes. 'There are four ingredients in the ink. The Potent Kudzu Root has the largest quantity, while the Gelid Herb is the smallest. I need to put the Gelid Herb particles to the bottom. Only in this way can I make full use of the Potent Kudzu Root.

Chapter 626 Perfect Brushwork (Part Two)

The Potent Kudzu Root is cyan in color, in the same shade of the glinting light of the cyan dragon's work. If this is so, then the most important material of this divine texture must be the Potent Kudzu Root.' Zen analyzed in his mind, breaking down the materials into their smallest particles.

'Now!'

Fixing all his concentration on the tip of the brush, he pressed it against the paper. He could almost feel the contact in his skin. All of a sudden, a strong cyan light, similar to the one he saw earlier came off from where the brush was in contact with the paper.

'What? How did he do it?' The cyan dragon was shocked at the flawlessness of Zen's brushwork. When he regained his composure, his thoughts were accompanied with complex emotions. 'It seems that I have underestimated this boy!'

At Zen's third attempt, he was able to make full use of the materials in the ink and fulfilled their functions perfectly.

This was the so-called "perfect brushwork", by runic experts.

A perfect brushwork of a one-star texture was a paltry feat for the cyan dragon to achieve. However, it was unimaginable for Zen to be able to do it only at the third attempt.

'There could only be one possible explanation for this, ' the cyan dragon thought to himself as he looked at Zen. 'The boy was born with the gift for painting divine textures.'

Such genius was impressive even to the cyan dragon's eyes. If other runic experts in Central Region knew about this, they might fall unconscious from shock.

The cyan dragon's knowledge and experience enabled him to quickly understand and accept Zen's incredible achievement.

But runic experts were a different matter altogether. For them, the perfect brushwork was something of similar nature to a miracle, the perfect blade to a blacksmith. Most runic experts were not able to achieve it in their lifetime. At most, they would arrive at seventy to eighty percent of the materials' functions. One who could achieve ninety percent would be upon the ranks of a master.

But here was Zen, achieving it at his third attempt. What did this mean?

It was like a blacksmith creating the perfect blade after a third trial. It was, quite simply, unbelievable.

The most important part of painting divine textures was the ability to control the materials in the ink. After Zen's successful attempt, there were no other difficulties for him. The only thing left was for him to pay attention to the intersections of different lines.

The structure of a one-star divine texture was not at all complicated. Zen moved his pen according to the cyan dragon's instructions, and lines started to stretch and cross on the paper.

It was not long before Zen finished the last line and connected it with the first line. Gradually, the cyan light in the lines paled until they disappeared, and a complete divine texture of twenty-four lines appeared on the paper.

"It's finished!" Zen's face lit up in excitement as he traced the strokes on the paper with his eyes.

The cyan dragon fell silent as he watched Zen's first accomplished piece of work—a one-star divine texture for meditation.

With Zen's perfect brushwork, this one-star texture could be as powerful as an ordinary two-star texture.

After a long while, the cyan dragon opened his mouth, "You did a fine job. A little more, and it will be as if I had made it myself."

The cyan dragon praised in half-truth. Now that Zen had achieved the perfect brushwork, the effect of his texture should be the same as the cyan dragon's. But the dragon could not admit this. After all, he had to save face after teasing Zen's failure some moments ago.

Besides, Zen had a long way to go. Divine textures of higher ranks required much more materials and had more complicated steps. Accomplishing a one-star texture was a far cry from the more complex textures. There was a greater control needed for materials. As of the moment, it was something beyond Zen's current skill.

"How can I use this meditation rune?" Zen asked as he picked up the paper with divine texture and observed it carefully.

The cyan dragon decided to pause his musings and focus on the matters at hand. "Runes are usually used in an array. Since you don't need to arrange an array now, you can activate the rune directly with your life vitality," he answered.

The magic-array experts in Eastern Region were also runic experts. Mack, the disciple of Ninety-foot Peak who had fought Zen during the All Peaks Competition, was one such expert. His runes were painted in his array flag and were activated through his magic-array plate. For those magic-array experts in Eastern Region, they usually employed the use of cubic crystals as energy sources. In the Central Region, the life vitality crystals were used instead.

Zen nodded after hearing the cyan dragon's words. He put up the paper on a wall and then transferred some life vitality into it.

The divine texture shone as Zen's energy flowed through it. Cyan rays broke out from the symbol and Zen immediately felt refreshed at the touch of the warm light. It was the same feeling that one had after waking up from a restful sleep. He felt the tense knots of his muscles relax, and his exhaustion dissipated like the night being forgotten at dawn.

'This divine texture is very effective! I wonder how much I can sell this for, ' He thought to himself.

At first, Zen had thought himself to be a rich man, but he found out that his 100, 000 cubic crystals was not even worthy to be considered a fortune after he came to Central Region. He decided to inquire about the price of this divine texture the next day.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 627 Destroy A Beginner's Confidence (Part One)

After Zen finished drawing his first meditation divine texture, he did not stop.

The reason why he bought so many materials was to practice his skills of drawing divine textures. The materials were enough for him to make ten divine textures.

Zen did not want to waste these materials so he started to make his next one.

Even a runic expert could not keep making runes without any rest as the strength of his soul was consumed during the process of making runes. When one's soul strength was not enough, one would feel tired and sleepy, and once the exhaustion hit, it would be difficult to concentrate.

Having strong soul strength, Zen now could continuously make eight divine textures. Now he managed to finish the eighth one with great difficulty and before he could start the next divine texture, he felt uncomfortable all of a sudden. His head felt terrible as if it was about to explode. He could not focus his attention anymore. Out of sleepiness, he accidentally stroked a bad stroke with his brush pen, and the drawing wasn't perfectly completed.

One should be careful when he made runes. With one tiny mistake, the whole rune could be ruined.

"This is your first time making runes and you cannot consume too much of your soul strength. It will be a big loss if you use up your soul strength and damage your soul," the cyan dragon said. At his words, Zen felt a comfortable freshness in his head. Soon he felt much better.

Because the cyan dragon had swallowed the flood dragon spirit and blood, he became more active recently and had more strength to help Zen.

When he heard the dragon's warning, Zen's heart was tightened. He realized that it was really a haste for him to practice drawing the divine texture for such a long time. Nothing could be accomplished on the first try. Zen must stop now before it was too late.

After that, Zen focused on his cultivation. Besides learning the skills of making the divine texture, he also had to face the disciples of the Elite House as usual.

It became almost like a mandatory course for Zen. Every morning, Zen's body was controlled by Morphens. He had to enter the gray building, where he battled against the disciples from the Elite House.

In order to defeat the disciples from the Elite House, Zen had to use every skill he had learned. At first, Zen could handle this by his powerful body and the strength of the dragon scales inside his body. But as the mornings passed, there would be more and more disciples who would challenge Zen, and many would assess him for his weaknesses; they would be better and better at knowing how to defeat him. Zen felt much more pressured. There was an instance where Zen had to use his unique skill of Spiritual Thorn, and even once he had to call out his sword spirit, Lily, to help him fight.

The disciples of the Elite House were also surprised. In their eyes, Zen was so tenacious that it was really a tough thing to defeat him. Each disciple who fought against Zen was stronger than the previous one, but Zen seemed always to have special skills to defeat them.

The last one to fight against Zen that day was at grade six of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Although this disciple was not the strongest of all the disciples of his level, he was strong enough to defeat Zen as there was a very large gap between the level six of the Illuminating Soul Realm and the level five, the level of the precious disciple that Zen defeated. However, this disciple at the sixth level was still defeated by Zen in the end.

After the three fights that day, Zen finished and went away from the building. He wanted to go to the market of the Cloud Hall.

He had spent lots of cubic crystals buying the materials for making the divine textures. Now he wanted to know whether or not the divine textures he made could be sold in the market.

Zen was unsure, and on his way to the market, he was riddled with uncertainty. After all, the meditation divine texture was just his first practice. He planned to go to the shop of the old man from the World Commercial Alliance. Since he had done a great favor to the old man the day before, he figured that the old man wouldn't turn him away even if his divine textures couldn't be sold.

Tia, in the ice palace, felt dissatisfied with Zen. She was looking at Zen through the Picture Slab with her eyebrows knitted in confusion.

"Why does he want to learn the skill of making runes? He doesn't cultivate himself for enough time. Why does he waste his time and energy?" Tia wondered aloud. Tia did not feel content. The reason why she helped Zen was that she had a plan in her head. But Zen's cultivation was too low now and she could not carry her plan out. That was why she asked Zen to play against the disciples from the Elite House. She wanted Zen to improve as much as possible in the shortest possible time.

In her eyes, Zen didn't yet have enough time to cultivate himself. And now that she saw Zen was spending a lot of time and energy on drawing the divine texture, she thought that he was wasting his time.

In Tia's eyes, runes were too profound for Zen to learn in a short time. Many runic experts and magic array masters could only have great achievements after they spent a lot of time and energy learning it. Zen hadn't learned runes before and now he wanted to learn runes. It was impossible for him to succeed in such a short time, and Tia could not wait that long.

Morphens, who was standing near her and heard what she said, laughed. "Lady, it is normal for a youngster to try something new. If he knows how difficult it is to learn runes, he will give it up naturally. Don't worry about it."

"No," Tia said, raising her finely plucked eyebrows. "I cannot wait. Zen must enter the Illuminating Soul Realm. I don't think he has time to learn about the skills of making runes. He must stop it now."

At her words, Morphens looked at her and internally gave a sigh. 'She is actually worried about herself. She has reached the last stage of her cultivation method, the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess. She should concentrate on her own cultivation. Even though Zen has good talents, he is too young.'

But Morphens dared not speak out his thoughts. Everyone knew that Tia, the head of the Cloud Hall, was a person of strong mind and strong character. She did not change her mind easily.

Chapter 628 Destroy A Beginner's Confidence (Part Two)

When Tia had finished talking, she fired a message rune. "Felix, please come here to my place."

'Felix?' Morphens did not understand. He looked at Tia, a puzzled expression on his face. "Miss, what do you want Felix to do? You will not ask Felix to teach Zen the skills of making runes, will you?"

Felix Zong was the best runic expert of the Cloud Hall. The protection array Tia obtained from the Cloud Road was given to him and Felix had been studying it since. How powerful and profound the protection array of a sixth grade sect was! So Felix was very busy now. It would cost countless resources to set up the protection array. However, once they thought about how powerful it was, they also felt excited. If they could build up that protection array, the defense of the Cloud Hall was surely strong enough to bear any hits from all sects in the Central Region.

Because of this, it was worth setting up a protection array even though it would be costly.

That was why Felix shut himself in his room and had not gone anywhere else. He kept himself busy with studying the protection array, wanting to set it up as soon as possible.

He was in his room, pouring over his studies of the protection array when Tia called. In a moment, he flew to the ice palace as quickly as a beam of light. He bowed to Tia. "Miss, what can I do for you?"

Tia nodded her head and asked, "Felix, how's your progress with the protection array I gave you?"

"Miss, I am estimating what materials the protection array needs. I will give a list of all the materials needed later. But it will take some time to finish," Felix replied.

"Okay. I need you to do another thing today," Tia said.

Morphens looked at Tia curiously. 'Is it true that she will ask Felix to teach Zen the skills of making runes?' he wondered. Then he heard Tia's words. "There is a young disciple who doesn't know how difficult it is to make runes and he wants to learn that skill. I'm asking you to give him a blow. It will be best if you can destroy his confidence in learning the skills of making runes and make him give up."

Morphens nearly collapsed to his knees. He could not believe what he was hearing. The head of the Cloud Hall asked Felix to come over just for this? Tia was fussing over such a minor matter.

'Okay. She is the head of the Cloud Hall. All of us should follow her instructions, ' Morphens thought, feeling helpless to do anything.

Contrary to how Morphens felt about Tia's request, Felix seemed interested. "Miss, could I ask who this young disciple is? What star runes can he make?"

"You probably have heard about him. His name is Zen Luo. As for the star of his works, I think he just started to learn the skill," Tia said with her lips pursed.

Felix laughed and said, "I know him. He is that guy who claimed to challenge all of the disciples of the Elite House! I see. I promise you that I can destroy his confidence in learning the skills of drawing runes. He will give it up and never touch them again!"

"Good. Now he is on the way to the market. You can go now," Tia said, nodding at him in dismissal. Tia believed Felix's skills of making runes without a doubt, or she would not give the protection array to him.

After bidding farewell to Tia, Felix flew out of the ice palace and directly to the market. He was considering how he could go about finishing the work the head of the Cloud Hall had asked him to do. Having such a high level accomplishment of making runes, he thought it to be a piece of cake to destroy the confidence of a beginner. He was sure that he could even cause Zen never to think about runes ever again.

Soon, he arrived at the market; right at that moment, he spotted Zen, who entered the shop of the World Commercial Alliance.

'The fourth grade of the nature level. It must be Zen, ' Felix told himself, seeing Zen up ahead. There were few nature creatures in the Elite House and Zen was the only one that was at the fourth grade. Felix went into that shop without any hesitation.

The old man of the shop of the World Commercial Alliance was holding a brush pen and writing down the sentences from an ancient jade. He had memorized the words of the ancient divine race that Zen had translated for him, and now he was trying to write them in the vernacular.

Seeing Zen come in, the old man was surprised, but he didn't ask why Zen had come yet again. Instead, he bowed his head in greeting. "Mr. Luo! Nice to see you! What can I do for you today? Do you still want to buy some materials here?"

'If Zen really wants to learn the skills of making runes, the materials he bought yesterday should be enough for him to use for a long time, ' the old man thought to himself.

Before Zen could respond, there was a voice from outside. "Lasseter, long time no see. How are you these days?"

So the old man was named Lasseter Shang. He always stayed in the shop in the Cloud Hall and Felix was the most famous runic expert who always came to his shop to buy something. Felix and Lasseter were on very familiar terms with each other.

Hearing the voice, the old man recognized it as Felix's voice. A smile appeared on his face. Actually Lasseter was not always bad-tempered or he could not be the steward of the World Commercial Alliance. Customers like Felix were always welcomed in Lasseter's shop.

"My business is just so-so. Please come here more frequently. We are all counting on you," Lasseter replied with a smile, gesturing to his men to fetch Felix some tea.

As he entered the shop, Felix looked over at Zen. He smiled. "And who is this young man, may I ask?"

"He's a disciple of your Elite House. He just started to practice the skills of making runes. Oh, by the way, that reminds me..." Lasseter turned back to Zen and said kindly, "This is the best runic expert in the Cloud Hall. Zen, If you really want to learn the skill of making runes, it is a good idea to ask for his advice."

Chapter 629 Ridicule

Zen had been taught to produce the divine textures. The rune production techniques of Central Region were nothing compared to it.

But he did hear Lasseter's instructions. Felix was the top runic expert of Cloud Hall; a person with great influence, whom Zen wouldn't even dare to offend. This was why when they met, he immediately bowed respectfully. "I'm just an amateur. I may not even be half as professional as you are when it comes to rune production. But I do hope to learn from you and I wish you could put me under your tutelage."

Felix didn't respond to him. Instead, he eyed the young man from head to toe. He was incredibly proud of his accomplishments in rune production. He wasn't someone to teach amateurs the basics. Besides, his visit today was ordered by Tia, who had commanded him to criticize and belittle Zen. How could he possibly provide Zen with any directions?

"Show me what you've got," Felix stated straightforwardly.

Zen nodded quietly, accepting the instruction. He had been planning to have the divine textures he drew yesterday evaluated. Even if they were novice work, he wanted to see where he lay in mastery. "I bought some materials yesterday and drew these two dev—I, I mean, runes, overnight. Please have a look at them,"

Zen said, stuttering in between his speech. He didn't want Felix to know that his work was divine textures. He wished Felix didn't hear his stutter.

Luckily enough, they didn't figure it out, but were shocked nonetheless. Their eyes were wide and their mouth opened slightly in disbelief. How could Zen have turned the materials into a rune within just a day?

Lasseter was even more dumbfounded than Felix. He knew Zen was nothing but a newbie, with barely little to no knowledge in rune production. At the beginning, he had assumed that the materials Zen bought would have turned into waste by now. He had been even pitying the materials Zen bought since they were top-tier quality. Men who didn't know how to handle the materials should have destroyed them by now.

It was something every runic expert had to experience in order to learn and improve in their craft. That was why it cost a lot more money to cultivate a runic expert than a master warrior. But using level-four materials in the beginning was a risk because nobody would ever have crafted a rune at this stage.

Lasseter had been expecting that Zen would ask for more materials. But Zen exceeded everyone's expectations by being able to produce a rune this quickly.

What did Zen think a rune was? A picture with several strokes of whatever material? Just a bunch of doodles and sketches?

Lasseter cleared his throat before speaking. "Mr. Luo. You have just learned how to produce runes. Are you telling us you've completed not one, but two runes, after just a day's worth of practicing? That's impressive. Come, let us have a look at your masterpiece!"

Felix felt like laughing out loud. He now understood where Zen's arrogance was coming from. He understood why Zen challenged all the disciples of the Elite House. It wasn't because he had the ability. It was because Zen was insane! This man couldn't be of right mind. Nobody could have drawn a rune on his very first try, and he wouldn't dare proclaim that he'd succeeded. Did Zen even know what a rune was? He probably didn't. There was no way he could know and be this arrogant to say his creation was a rune.

"I'm also interested in Mr. Luo's work. Let's have a look," Felix said mischievously. He could see his assigned work done; he could completely ruin this man with just a few words!

Zen complied almost immediately. He took out one of the divine textures from the space ring and presented it to Felix. "Please feel free to critique the work. I know I may still have a lot to improve on."

Zen stepped back to let his superiors inspect his work.

Lasseter and Felix walked up to the desk and fixed their eyes on the "rune". The longer they had a look at it, the wider their grins got. What the hell was this?

Although the runes and divine textures were originated from the same material, divine textures had been passed down for thousands of generations. The complexity of divine textures exceeded the imagination of any runic expert of Central Region. And that was why Zen's "rune" looked obscure and bizarre to the two of them. In their eyes, there was no technique in his drawing whatsoever.

Before Lasseter could shred him to pieces, he decided that Felix should speak first. Felix was also tasked to shrink Zen's pride down to size. According to Tia, he had to prevent Zen from learning rune making. But seeing what Zen had made, he didn't have to worry about accomplishing his task. Zen had absolutely no idea about what runes were. Zen had the audacity to think that his "scribbles" were at par to what runes really were.

"Listen, lad. Runes are like small magic arrays. They'll only work if the connection within the lines is first established. An amateur would have been able to get that immediately. But you... You not only ruined the material; you missed every key point in learning rune production. It's garbage. I don't think you're equipped to practice in this field any longer. You aren't suited for this profession," Felix said coldly, sneering at the young man.

Zen was shocked by what he had heard. He was simply asking them to evaluate his pieces, not his work ethic or talents. He hadn't even met this Felix before. Why was he being so rude towards him? As shocked as he was, Zen tried to keep his emotions in check. He merely smiled and nodded towards Felix, before turning to Lasseter. "Manager, what do you think?"

Lasseter cleared his throat and waved his hand dismissively. "I think Felix has made my point for me." On the inside, Lasseter was laughing to himself. 'Evaluate? What's there to evaluate? This piece of shit? If you hadn't helped me translate the Phoenix Clan's ancient language, you would have already been driven out from here.'

Zen, confused as he was, actually took the hint. 'Is my work really that bad?' Zen thought quietly, shoulders slumping dejectedly.

He tried to wrack his brain for a reason. 'Cyan dragon! Cyan dragon! Come out! Did you trick me? Were you just lying when you told me about the divine textures?'

The cyan dragon kept quiet. What Zen didn't know was that the cyan dragon was absolutely furious. He thought Zen's works were magnificent, so much that he even thought about making Zen his protege once he trained more.

What Lasseter and Felix said was like a slap on the dragon's face. His temper was starting to boil up. 'Who cares what those idiots think! The two of them know nothing about divine texture. They don't know what they're talking about.' The cyan dragon couldn't help but curse the two men in displeasure.

'What? Are you saying it's their fault then? So what do I do?' Zen asked.

'What do you do? You leave, of course! These two idiots do not know what they're doing. Do not dignify their hideous standards by responding to them, ' the cyan dragon said angrily.

Zen was hesitant. He knew what the cyan dragon was capable of. He knew that the cyan dragon must have at least an extensive amount of knowledge considering how long he had been alive. But at the same time, he didn't want to offend Felix and Lasseter if he didn't take their criticism well. But before Zen could even say anything, Felix spurred him out of his train of thought. "Just forget about this training, young man. Martial arts could bring you fame and fortune if you're focused on that instead."

"You may be right. But let's get back to the runes, shall we? I don't think my rune is so bad. You said it was garbage, but we haven't even activated it yet. Could you take a look again after we activate it?" Zen suggested.

Felix shot a look at Lasseter and he had done the same. They smirked together.

In Central Region, mastering rune production was a skill that had been passed down for thousands of years. Those who were able to produce runes were divided into two schools: The North, and the South. Normally, a runic expert would need to master in one specific school. Felix, however, was able to hone his knowledge from both fields. His skill and knowledge was what got him the position as Cloud Hall's top runic master. He was adept at drawing both the delicate rune types from the south and the ferocious rune types of the north. That gave him some leverage and credibility for Zen to believe him. If what Zen made was truly a meditation rune, it must be something that Felix had never seen before; a feat so impossible to happen. Felix shook his head in frustration. "How dare you, young man. Do you really think that this... abomination of a scribble is a rune? No special tools or special materials would be able to activate such a thing if you can't even understand the basics. Your drawing is not a rune. I've said this many times. No matter how much energy you have put in there, that 'thing' cannot be activated."

Felix spat angrily. Zen, seemingly defeated, sighed heavily. It would be impossible to knock some sense into these men. They didn't have the heart to believe in Zen and this incredibly unique rune.

Instead, he was going to convince them by showing them. Zen walked closer to the rune. With a wave of his hand, a string of energy flowed into the divine texture.

Almost immediately, the divine texture lit up. The meditation rune began to glow softly in light cerulean blue, a sign that the potent kudzu root was activated. At the same time, energy seemed to emanate from the meditation rune, almost immediately striking the three men.

Under the cyan glow, the three of them had suddenly felt incredibly refreshed and light-footed, ready to seize the day with new found energy. It also felt like their spirits had been lifted.

Feeling the immediate effect of the rune, Lasseter was dumbfounded. He knew how powerful Zen's rune was compared to those he had seen in his life as a merchant's.

Felix's face, however, was wracked with horror.

What Lasseter must have deduced was correct. It was powerful. But since Felix was one of the best runic experts in Central region, he was able to pinpoint several characteristics about Zen's rune.

Felix noted the rune strokes. Before they were activated they seemed so poorly made and amateurish. But now that they glowed, he knew what that light was and what the rune had meant. Felix began to stutter as he realized what it was. "I...It's... This color... It's the Perfect Brushwork!"

Chapter 630 Bidding (Part One)

Now it was clear why Felix had been so surprised.

That being said, the Perfect Brushwork still appeared to be rather unremarkable in the cyan dragon's eyes. The upper world was just too vast and massive. Even amongst all of the various species, powers, and influences, talents almost seemed like they came a dime a dozen.

In order to achieve excellency in the mastery of the divine texture, one must first become proficient in the basic skill called the Perfect Brushwork.

But Zen managed to leave the cyan dragon quite amazed after finding out that he was able to comprehend the Perfect Brushwork within a span of just one day. That was also the main reason why the cyan dragon damned both Felix and Lasseter, referring to them as stupid idiots. They were nowhere near being qualified to give any remarks on the divine texture.

Even though the cyan dragon was under the assumption that the Perfect Brushwork wasn't that big a deal, that wouldn't necessarily mean that Felix would also have the same point of view.

The fact of the matter was that Felix wasn't really able to fully grasp the Perfect Brushwork. And it wasn't just him either. Of all the runic experts residing in the Central Region, none were able to get the hang of it.

The Perfect Brushwork had been in existence for such a long time in the history of the Central Region, but that was almost eons ago. Two millennia prior to this day, a runic expert named Arnold Feng had unravelled the secrets of the Perfect Brushwork and activated the properties and energy of the materials while drawing the runes. Therefore, from that moment onwards, he became known as the "son of runes".

Up until now, a huge portion of his works was still being kept by the people in the world. Of those works, the most famous piece of work was the sect protecting array belonging to the Ethereal Spirit Sect, making it the lone fifth-grade sect located in the Central Region. That sect protecting array was an outstanding example of Arnold Feng's masterful skills. Thanks to the sect protecting array, the Ethereal Spirit Sect was able to survive a string of catastrophic events and develop from a simple third-grade sect and end up being the strongest as well as the only fifth-grade sect in the Central Region at present.

Ethereal Spirit Sect was able to become a fifth-grade sect, largely thanks to the verity that it was able to bring forth a number of gifted people from generation to generation. However, the sect protecting array was also a very significant component to that. If not anything else, it somehow sheltered the Ethereal Spirit Sect from being annihilated by a cataclysm.

Arnold Feng had a lot of accomplishments under his belt. Of course, the sect protecting array surely wasn't the only surviving piece left in the world. There were numerous other rune fragments, a large portion of which had already been through the passage of time, therefore, there was no way for them to be activated ever again. Having said that, one could still say that there were still a lot of collectors enticed by them for the sole reason that they had been crafted by the renowned Arnold Feng. Generally speaking, they could go for outrageous prices beneath the black market or possibly inside an auction.

It seemed like Felix had been blessed with enough luck to be able to witness the Perfect Brushwork be performed once. It happened during the time when he went along with the head of the Cloud Hall to go for a visit on the Ethereal Spirit Sect. The Ethereal Spirit Sect was so eager to put on airs so they activated a small portion of their sect protecting array. It was at that moment that he got extremely amazed by the Perfect Brushwork of Arnold Feng. Even at present day, he could still vividly see the scene playing out in front of him, making his heart start racing. It was a feeling filled with not just adulations, but most importantly, reverence toward the master who mastered the Perfect Brushwork.

So when he finally laid his eyes on the execution of the Perfect Brushwork for a second time, he was so captivated by the meticulous Perfect Brushwork before his very eyes, somehow forgetting the fact that it had been done by Zen himself.

Lasseter just stood there completely dumbfounded as he had no idea just what to make of it. He had a much too different perspective compared to Felix. As a trader, a merchant, of course he had heard of the Perfect Brushwork. Despite the fact that he had never seen it before himself, he was quite aware of how much the runes works of Arnold Feng were priced in the market even if they had already lost their effects.

As one would expect, the runes constructed by Arnold Feng were being sold at such ridiculous rates only because of his fame. The Perfect Brushwork, on the other hand, seemed like it would be such a good selling point. And it could even be activated, so what more could one ask for?

With a simple whistling noise, Felix shifted his gaze over to Zen. Resting his hands on Zen's shoulders and shaking them, he enthusiastically asked him in high spirits, "Do...Do you know who created this meditation rune? Could you please tell me?"

Watching Felix's behavior, Zen rolled his eyes and glared at him intensely. 'Is this truly the mightiest runic expert at the Cloud Hall? Surely, he must be a fraud.' Zen was in doubt. Then, he tried to reply as calmly as he could, "Would you please take your hands off me? I'll tell you once you let me go!"

"Please forgive me. I'm sorry about that," Felix instantly loosened his grip and apologized. He realized that he was indeed acting impolitely. Nevertheless, he didn't really give a damn, for he must know the answer to his question. "So, now, would you mind telling me the name of the person who created this meditation rune?"

Puckering his lips, Zen replied, "Haven't I told you already a second ago? Weren't you listening?"

"Who?" Felix and Lasseter asked simultaneously, clearly a bit confused.

Zen felt like he was about to lose his mind, because he honestly thought that he had already made it clear enough for them. Even the dumbest of people in the world would be able to figure out that he was talking about himself. Sadly, these two men were real birdbrains who couldn't understand that at all. Heaving a heavy sigh, he said, "This meditation rune was my own creation."

Fixating their gaze upon Zen, the two men promptly shook their heads almost instantaneously and blurted out in unison, "I don't believe you!"

"Believe it or not, I couldn't care less. Boss, would you mind helping me appraise the worth of this meditation rune?" Zen couldn't afford to waste any more time arguing with Felix right there. After all, he didn't owe him anything to indulge his curiosity.

Squinting his eyes, Lasseter simply bobbed his head. Being the businessman that he was, he never really dwelled on stuff like doubting things presented in front of him. The only thing that mattered to him was how much it was going to sell, not who made it or where it came from. That was how the mindset of a businessman should always be.

"Appraise? Evaluate? No, no, no, you can't just go on selling something like that!" Felix stopped Zen in his tracks, much like a deranged man.

Chapter 631 Bidding (Part Two)

Hearing Felix's remark, Lasseter and Zen got so upset. Even though Lasseter and Felix were quite fond of each other, business was strictly business, and an acquaintance was just an acquaintance. They were two quite different kettles of fish altogether!

The reason why Zen came here was to make some money from selling his work of meditation divine texture, but Felix, for whatever reason he might have, was trying to get in his way from doing that.

"What I'm trying to say is that if you're planning to sell it, then it would be best for you to only sell it to me!" Felix interjected.

Shrugging his shoulders, Zen made it obvious that it didn't really matter who would buy it, for as long that he could make some money out of it. But Lasseter and Felix couldn't see eye to eye. Lasseter blurted out, "Felix, what are you trying to do? Zen came to my store of his own volition to do business with me, but you just randomly broke into my store and what? You went ahead and tried to steal my customer!"

"So, what? Why should it matter? When you get right down to it, this place is under the ownership of the Cloud Hall. So, why shouldn't I be allowed to come here and do my business as well?" Being the runic expert of Cloud Hall, despite the fact that Felix was merely at the medium stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, he had the privilege of having a high position in the Cloud Hall. His position was actually just a tad bit lower than that of Emanuel, Saint Morphens, and Elder Osmond. He wasn't inferior to any of the other general elders.

Be that as it might, Lasseter wasn't fazed in any way, and still didn't have the slightest intention to give in. "This place belongs to the Cloud Hall? Are you trying to pull my leg right now? This market was built by the World Commercial Alliance. In fact, it's still sponsored by them. Do you have the nerve to say that straight to the face of the head of the World Commercial Alliance that this market is owned by the Cloud Hall? If you dare say something like that, then I will cease going on with this meaningless banter and leave the premises at once!"

Watching in the sidelines as these two were having a discussion just made Zen even more restless. 'For what logical reason could I be wasting time standing here in silence not having sold my meditation divine texture yet?' he was lost in thought. Zen interrupted them and said, "Stop arguing. I'm the owner of this rune, so it's only right that I get to decide whom I want to sell it to. Let's make this simple, the one who has the better offer gets to have it, understood?"

The men had been left at such a loss for words upon hearing the proposal. Only then were they able to come to the realization that the best way to address the issue lay in Zen himself.

"Did I hear that right? Bidding? I think that's a great idea!" Lasseter was a little surprised at first, but after just a moment, he was already grinning like a Cheshire cat. As a part of the World Commercial Alliance, he had an edge whenever it came to things like auctions and bidding as opposed to Felix, and most of all, he had a lot of money to burn.

Felix clenched his jaw and pried, "For how much would you be willing to let it go? Just give me any amount and I will give you the money right away. It doesn't matter how much."

A broad smile crept onto Zen's face as he listened to them. 'Well, isn't this just great? This is precisely what I have been looking for, ' he thought, trying to hide his excitement. After pondering about it for a while, Zen said, "Considering how much money I have forked out for the materials the day before, the meditation rune cost me just about ten thousand low-grade life vitality crystals. So, now, I'm thinking of doubling that, making it twenty, so it should be about twenty thousand."

"Are you serious?" The starting bid Zen had recommended utterly baffled them.

A meager twenty thousand life vitality crystals... Was that really all that he wanted? Was this guy serious?

Had it only been a common rune, it would still go for a price significantly higher than that. Was this guy out of his mind?

"Five hundred thousand low-grade life vitality crystals." For the reason that they would have to make him an offer he couldn't refuse for the rune, Lasseter decided to go at it rationally and started bidding immediately, a hint of excitement filled his eyes. In terms of runic knowledge, he indeed couldn't hope to measure up to Felix, but if it was all about business, Felix wouldn't be able to hold a candle against him.

Since Felix detested Lasseter so much for arguing with him, he shot him an intense glare and yelled, "One million low-grade life vitality crystals! I'm more than willing to trade for it with a supreme life vitality crystal."

A single supreme life vitality crystal was worth one million low-grade life vitality crystals. Felix jumped the gun and offered a price twice as much as that of Lasseter's.

"Two supreme life vitality crystals." Lasseter doubled the amount without batting an eye. There was just no way he'd lose to someone like Felix.

"How about four supreme life vitality crystals?" Without letting Zen get a chance to think about Lasseter's offer, Felix shouted out and just continued bidding a higher amount.

Listening as the price kept rising up, Zen could literally feel the blood surging to his brain that he was beginning to get a little lightheaded. Just imagine, a single supreme life vitality crystal would be equal to one million cubic crystals! Meaning four supreme life vitality crystals would be worth as much as four million cubic crystals! Never would he have thought that making the divine texture could be of great help for him to earn a huge sum of money! But how was it that a simple meditation divine texture piece could be valued at such an absurd amount?

Truth be told, this meditation divine texture wouldn't really be worth that much anywhere else. In reality, the meditation divine texture was not that powerful. However, what piqued Lasseter's and Felix's interest the most was not its function, but the technique of the Perfect Brushwork which could be utilized through it.

And solely for that purpose, namely, the Perfect Brushwork, this divine texture could be much sought-after and worth a lot of money.

"F...Five..." At that point, Lasseter started to get reluctant. Because he was a businessman first and foremost, he was well aware of his limitations. It was true that the Perfect Brushwork was employed in this meditation divine texture work, but the true worth of this work would only be put on display through the way of trading. Offering too high an amount, he could end up losing a lot of money in the process.

And yet Felix's eyes still brightened up even after hearing that. Letting a conceited smile slip, he yelled again, "Ten! I offer you ten supreme life vitality crystals!"

It was evident that, at that very moment, he had, without a doubt, absolutely forgotten his goal to stop Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 632 A Dilemma (Part One)

A runic expert was considered a money-making machine these days. The cost of becoming a runic expert was high, but it was worth the investment because it could guarantee great returns. Hence, being a runic expert had brought many riches to Felix' pocket. However, ten supreme crystals were still an extremely large expense to Felix despite having huge savings.

Lasseter who was richer than Felix was unwilling to buy it at such high cost, as this meditation rune could only be used to soothe the nerves when cultivators practiced themselves but was useless in combat. Its value was not worth its price.

Moreover, the source of this meditation rune posed a big mystery to everyone. They wondered where Zen could have gotten such an expensive rune.

Generally, the most expensive runes known to all cultivators were drawn by Arnold, the Son of Runes. Although the runes he had drawn already lost their value, they could still be sold at a sky-high price in auctions. It was because those are the last runes Arnold had drawn before he drew his last breath. His death put an end to such talent in the Central Region and no one had taken his place being a talented rune expert ever since. The last runes he had made were considered collector's items and had become quite expensive.

But the rune before Lasseter and Felix appeared to be still useful which indicated that the person who drew it was still alive. It might not be considered a collectible yet, but because of the existence of this rune expert, even Arnold's last runes could lose their "collectible" status and their prices would crash.

The value and price of a rune could soar high if the person who drew it had died. That was the case for Arnold's runes. However, this runic expect with such great talent could be a treasure to any sect. It would be a shame to let such a talented runic expert go to waste.

Considering all these, Lasseter found it difficult to eventually give up.

"Fine! I'll take the ten supreme crystals then!" Zen said with a slight smile.

When Zen agreed to the price, Felix immediately took out ten supreme crystals from his space ring and handed it over. Zen was so delighted to see the ten supreme crystals full of pure life vitality in his hands. But he had to play it cool, so he tried to hide the excitement on his face. These ten supreme crystals were equivalent to 10 million cubic crystals. But that was based only on general equivalent exchange. Considering the market price of each supreme crystal, Zen could exchange them for a total of 20 million cubic crystals!

In the past, Zen thought that refining heavenly essence was already profitable business. If given ample time, he could make a lot of money with his heavenly essence. But in the Central Region, Zen realized that the money he was making out of refining heavenly essence was nothing.

After handing the payment over to Zen, Felix took the divine texture from Zen. He was holding it delicately like a baby and was totally absorbed in the bliss of divine intoxication. Felix had once seen the Perfect Brushwork on the sect protection array of Ethereal Spirit Sect, and he fell in love with it at the first sight. He was captivated and stunned to see it for the first time, but never really considered owning one. But now, he finally got himself a rune drawn with Perfect Brushwork. Though it was only a meditation rune, he was still fascinated by it.

Lasseter just stood there and watched as Felix got the rune from Zen. He was also a collector and had once seen the authentic work of Arnold. But as a merchant, he must always remain calm and not let his emotions drive his purchase. Lasseter was also keen on this rune, but he was hesitating to spend ten supreme crystals on it.

Lasseter then looked at Zen carefully. He was trying to comprehend how Zen could have possibly gotten this meditation rune. It was highly unlikely that Zen had drawn it himself. But if Zen had acquired it from someone else, he should know where the runic expert was.

Lasseter couldn't keep his mouth shut. He was eager to know where the said rune came from. So, he washed the suspicion off his face, smiled, and asked, "Mr. Luo, where did you get it?"

Zen was still immersed in the joy of getting the ten supreme crystals. He heard Lasseter's inquiry and sensed the suspicion in the latter's tone, but he didn't care. He just laughed and said, "I have told you several times that I drew this rune myself. I even bought the painting materials from you yesterday."

Upon hearing this, Lasseter thought that Zen just didn't want to tell the truth. But he was not the type to just give up, so he continued, "This is no time for a joke." The expression on Lasseter's face changed, but he tried to keep his cool. He continued, "Mr. Luo, if you know this runic expert, please introduce me to him. I'd like to personally meet him and buy as many runes as I can from him directly."

"Sure! I still have seven runes here. If you really want them, I can sell them to you!" Zen smiled broadly. Without looking at Lasseter, Zen took out other seven meditation divine textures from his space ring and casually tossed them on the table.

Felix was still overwhelmed with his newly acquired meditation rune. He thought that it was the most precious rune and no one else could have it aside from him. But when Zen tossed seven more of the same runes, he was speechless.

How could that be possible?

When Lasseter saw those runes, a smirk crossed his face. The old cliché was proven true: Elderly people are more experienced. When Zen first offered the meditation rune, Lasseter kept his calm and stopped bidding for it in time. He understood the power of waiting, and now he believed it was a wise decision after all.

In this world, the worth of an item depended on its amount or number. When an item was rare and unique, its price would certainly soar and only the richest person could afford it. But as the number or amount of the said item increased, its worth would be lesser. Lasseter also took this into consideration earlier that was why he didn't bite into Zen's bidding.

"Are they still useful?" Lasseter asked as he examined each rune carefully.

Zen didn't respond. He just poured seven rays of life vitality from his wrist into these seven divine textures. Instantly, the textures lighted up, filling the whole room with cyan light glow.

Lasseter's eyes gleamed at the sight of the glowing runes. He couldn't believe his eyes. His heart felt like exploding, but he regained control over his emotions. He must remain objective. He finally said, "Interesting. I will take them all. But the price…" He looked at each rune again, carefully assessing its market value. He didn't want to pay ten supreme crystals for each rune. After all, their value had already gone down due to the increased numbers.

"Your runes are likely to be of a new kind, and because they are drawn with Perfect Brushwork, their efficacy will be 30% higher compared to the normal ones. But as you know, meditation runes are of limited use. So, how about five supreme crystals for all the seven runes?" Lasseter grinned. He was haggling at a very low price. He gave Zen the impression that his runes wouldn't cost more than one supreme crystal each. It was a "take it or leave it" deal.

Chapter 633 A Dilemma (Part Two)

But Lasseter's offer was sound and reasonable. After all, these divine textures were not considered as a combat class. They were just the prototypes from Zen's practice. Even though the efficiency of the runes was better than that of ordinary meditation runes in the Central Region, it was impossible to sell them at an extremely high price. Moreover, Lasseter offered the price because he had never seen such rune pattern in Central Region and thought it was worth studying.

Felix had bought the first meditation rune for ten supreme crystals out of the sour of the moment. At that time, he wouldn't let Lasseter have it, hence, he instantly bid ten supreme crystals for it. Lasseter was stunned at Felix' offer and decided to just give up. But it turned out, Lasseter got the last laugh.

Considering what Lasseter had said, Zen smiled and said, "Deal!" Besides, he had nothing to lose. These were just his prototype and five supreme crystals were more than enough.

"No! I object! That's not fair!" After hearing Zen agreed with the deal, Felix was pissed off. He had just paid ten supreme crystals for just one meditation rune. But soon after, Zen had agreed to give Lasseter seven meditation runes for half the amount what he paid for one. He felt scammed. He wouldn't allow Lasseter to get the seven runes for only five supreme crystals.

"Why not?" Zen was not the type to hold grudges, but Felix's scornful words echoed in his ears. It was as if Felix intentionally embarrassed him in front of another person, and that was something he wouldn't let go easily.

"I gave you ten supreme crystals for one rune just now, so how come he can buy all seven runes for five supreme crystals only? That's quite a difference, and it's not fair!" Felix said with bitterness. He felt like he was cheated by Zen. The happiness of acquiring a rune with Perfect Brushwork was replaced by anger and bitterness towards Zen and Lasseter. Though it was easy for a runic expert like Felix to make money, the ten supreme crystals were still a great deal of money for him.

"What do you mean?" Zen said with a cold smile, "I didn't force you to buy the rune for ten supreme crystals, did I?"

"No, you didn't," Felix said as he shook his head. "But–,"

"So, that's it! Our deal is done, so don't ruin this next deal for me!" Zen said. He sat down on a chair without looking at Felix. He turned to Lasseter and said, "Please settle the account and then give me the painting materials on my list."

With a triumphant smile, Lasseter carefully sorted out the seven meditation runes while telling his helper to prepare the materials on the list. He felt victorious not only by acquiring the seven runes at a small price, but also being one step ahead of Felix on this deal.

Felix was pulling a long face now, but he could do nothing. He looked at the rune which cost him ten supreme crystals and told himself he wouldn't be so imprudent in the future. It was a lesson that he learned at a high cost.

He wanted to get his money back from Zen by all means. But he suddenly remembered that his main task was to embarrass Zen. How could he almost forget it?

Felix thought to himself, 'Wait a minute! Zen kept on saying that these meditation runes were drawn by himself. Maybe it is true! Otherwise, he couldn't have gotten the eight identical runes. The runic expert must at least achieve master level before acquiring the talent of Perfect Brushwork. Each rune is a priceless item for any runic expert, and they wouldn't let anyone have it unless for a higher price. So, why would a master, even if he is a nameless hermit, give his works to such a young fellow?'

There was only one way to prove his assumption, and that was to ask Zen himself. Felix cleared his throat, and asked, "Did you really draw these runes?"

Zen was getting irritated, but there was no use to get mad at Felix. He just nodded casually, "I believe I have told you a hundred times already. I don't like repeating myself."

"But…" Felix wanted his argument to be good as to not let Zen dodge the question. He stuttered at first, but with his fast thinking, he suddenly came up with a good idea. He took out a runic pen from his space ring and set painting papers and ink on the table. He then said, "To see is to believe. Now, show us what you've got! Prove it right now!"

Zen looked at the runic pen that Felix was forcefully handing him and winked, "There's no need for me to prove anything to you."

"You must! If you claim to have written these runes by yourself, then, you must prove it. Otherwise, you're just blabbering and that's bad for business," Felix said hastily. His desperate action to embarrass Zen didn't do any good to his reputation. As the chief runic expert of Cloud Hall and an elite of the Internal Elixir Realm, he had been looked up to by Zen. But now, something about his actions made Zen think twice.

"Sorry, I'm not interested!" Zen said. He pushed aside the runic pen and took the five supreme crystals and the painting materials from Lasseter.

He was about to leave when Felix suddenly headed him off and begged, "Come on, please!"

Lasseter watched how Felix tried to embarrass himself. He just shook his head in disappointment. In the Cloud Hall, Felix was considered more honorable than the Elders. With his status in Cloud Hall, he was respected by everyone. No one imagined that he would be a nibble humble pie in front of an inferior.

Zen stopped. He stared at Felix then turned his eye at the livid runic pen. He then suddenly said with a smile, "Fine! Looks like you give me no choice! I will do it in one condition."

"Name it!" Felix asked eagerly.

"If I can prove that I drew these runes myself, you will give me your runic pen." Zen chuckled. He looked at Felix carefully, studying the changes in his facial expression. Deep down, Zen was enjoying every bit of this deal.

Felix had dug his own grave by challenging Zen. If he agreed and Zen lost, he could gain back not only his reputation but also embarrass Zen.

But what if he lost and Zen could prove that he wrote the runes himself? He was in a dilemma right now. He couldn't afford to lose his special runic pen to an inferior.

Chapter 634 Puzzled Tia (Part One)

The runic brush pens greatly differed from one another. A well-chosen one could be of great help to a runic expert.

The one Zen had bought from Lasseter's shop was made of hematite. Beginners often chose this kind of pens to use. Although it was easily controlled by the soul, Zen thought it was too heavy to wield freely. The runic brush pen was used to draw simple runes. If the user made a mistake, the rune would be ruined.

However, some huge arrays consisted of hundreds or even thousands of runes. For instance, the sect protecting array Tia gave Felix was estimated to have more than thirteen thousand runes! Even the smallest mistakes weren't tolerated in the making of such large scale arrays. Although some individual runes might be replaced in case of mistakes happening, it was crucial that the most important one in the center of the sect protecting array, which contained thousands of lines, be made with no mistakes at all. If there was even a single, tiny error, the whole array would fail to perform its function.

Thus, a good runic pen was important for a runic expert to make a huge rune.

Felix's pen was made from the tip of a fiery cloud bamboo. The bamboo tip could remain soft and alive up to a hundred years. Moreover, it nurtured the strength of a soul that was put into the bamboo tip. Both the outside shell and the tip of the brush pen were made of the best materials. It had a good weight, was comfortable to hold, and had a stable brush tip.

This runic pen was worth at least three supreme life vitality crystals in a market.

Since Felix was the top runic expert in the Cloud Hall, he, of course, had more than one runic pen. However, this bamboo one was his favorite and he always carried it with him wherever he went.

"It's fine if you don't want to give me this runic pen," Zen said to Felix and said no more. But before Zen could step out of the shop, Felix made up his mind and decided to agree with Zen. "Okay. If you can show me the perfect brushwork, this runic pen is yours."

A satisfied smile crossed Zen's lips. He was willing to showcase his skills in exchange for a free, top runic brush pen. However, when he saw the runic ink Felix brought out, he frowned. "What is this ink for?" he asked.

"This is used for drawing the three-star rune, Sun Flame Rune," Felix answered. The rune he mentioned was a frequently needed one. Many cultivators had asked him to make it, so Felix prepared enough ink and carried it with him all day.

"I'm not familiar with the Sun Flame Rune. I just started learning how to draw runes and I can only make one-star ones," Zen shook his head and explained. In fact, Zen only could draw the one-star meditation rune. However, Felix didn't intend for Zen to make the three-star Sun Flame Rune. He only wanted him to draw a line to show his perfect brushwork. Since the materials of the ink and its manufacturing process were both different from Zen's own meditation divine texture, Zen then brought out his own ink.

'He just started learning rune-making a little while ago. He only knows how to draw the one-star rune, but he can draw runes with perfect brushwork. It's so strange, ' Felix thought. 'If he's really a beginner, it would have been hard for him to hold the brush pen perfectly. How can he do perfect brushwork then? It really is unbelievable!' Felix wondered in his mind.

Then again, Zen confidently told him he was a starter, so Felix thought that he probably wasn't lying. Felix felt that his case was really weird. It was like a newly born baby that could speak out a profound poem at his first time to open his mouth. It was really beyond Felix's imagination.

With that in mind, Felix decided to keep watching. He really couldn't believe that Zen could do perfect brushwork. If it was really true, he was willing to give Zen his precious runic pen, as he thought that it was well worth it.

A little excitement coursed through Zen as he held the black runic pen. This runic pen was excellent. It was suitable for his hand and felt perfect. When Zen divided a piece of his soul and put it into the runic pen, he didn't feel cold like before. On the contrary, he felt that a piece of his soul was dipped in warmth. It felt quite comfortable.

'This runic pen must belong to me!' Zen mentally told himself.

Zen smiled as he dipped the runic pen in his ink. Then, he started to draw on the paper.

At that moment, all eyes were on the runic pen's tip, including Felix, Lasseter, and even all the shop's waiters. They didn't believe Zen and wanted to see how long he could go on with his pretending.

The moment that the pen tip touched the paper, Zen had stratified all the materials contained in the ink. He had continuously practiced drawing eight pieces of the runes last night, so he was very familiar with the features of the materials needed to make the meditation rune.

A beam of cyan light suddenly shone and a perfect line appeared on the paper.

"Incredible. It's really incredible," Felix repeated to himself. When Felix saw the cyan light, he was so shocked that he couldn't say anything at that moment.

Meanwhile, Lasseter's expression suddenly changed as well. As a member of the World Commercial Alliance, he had a sharp sense. He immediately realized how precious Zen was.

'Zen's future achievements probably won't be lesser than Arnold's. Our World Commercial Alliance must keep a good relationship with him at any cost! I have to report this to the headquarters of the World Commercial Alliance!' Lasseter thought.

A perfect line slowly stretched on the paper. The skill of perfect brushwork was clear in all the energy in the ink. Soon enough, the brush tip had left the paper surface. "This runic pen is mine now, isn't it?" Zen asked Felix with a smile.

Chapter 635 Puzzled Tia (Part Two)

Felix nodded. He stared at Zen with an amazed expression on his face as if he had found a priceless thing.

At that moment, Felix really admired Tia for her sharp insight. Tia was right. Zen was really outstanding and it was worth cultivating him at any cost.

As the top runic expert in the Cloud Hall, he and the others had heard a lot about Zen. They clearly knew that it was Tia who made Zen challenge the Elite House disciples.

Since Tia was quite young, a lot of elders secretly blamed her. They all said that she had made a big mistake. What Tia actually meant to do was to make all the Elite House disciples serve as practice targets for Zen. Even if Zen had such amazing talents, was he worth being cultivated like this?

Because Tia was short-tempered, most elders didn't tell her off to her face and secretly complained about her instead. Although Tia was still at the Illuminating Soul Realm due to her cultivation method, the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, there was still someone very powerful backing her in the Cloud Hall.

Before, Felix also secretly agreed with the elders. He was even reluctant to accept this task that Tia asked him to do. Why would he bother to destroy Zen's confidence in learning how to draw runes. It was selfish of Tia to do so. She had used so many resources for Zen's cultivation, as if the Cloud Hall belonged to Zen himself!

But now, Felix was sincerely convinced by Tia.

It was really worth to cultivate Zen with all of the Cloud Hall's resources. But Tia had only used the Elite House and just one person, Morphens to do so, which he now thought was not enough.

Zen happily put the runic pen into his space ring. He came to the market today and gained a lot. He had not only sold out all the divine textures he had made yesterday for good prices, but also obtained an excellent runic bush pen. How could he not be happy about it?

"Many thanks to you guys," Zen said to them with a smile, and left.

Felix and Lasseter glanced at each other. Both of them realized how precious Zen was. Lasseter paid more attention to Zen's commercial value, while Felix thought about how Zen could be useful to the Cloud Hall.

They wouldn't have much conflict, but they had different interests. The World Commercial Alliance was called the uncrowned king in this world. Although Zen was a disciple of the Cloud Hall, they could not stop Zen from having a good relationship with the World Commercial Alliance.

Felix left the shop hurriedly and flew toward the ice palace as quickly as light.

The ice palace was located at the top of the Cloud Hall. It was covered with freezing fog now. The little ice phoenix stood guard at the gate of the ice palace. It was time for Tia to cultivate herself.

The Sutra of Empyrean Goddess was difficult to practice. One had to give up his cultivation all nine times in a row. In each time, one must start cultivation from the nature level. Then, the cultivation level would be improved bit by bit until it reached the Internal Elixir Realm. After that, it must be given up again. This must be repeated nine times.

This meant Tia needed to cultivate herself nine times unlike others who only needed to do this once.

Some cultivators without such an excellent talent could not break through the Internal Elixir Realm, even if they had practiced hard for hundreds of years or their whole lives. Moreover, even if they succeeded, most of them would stay in that realm and it was hard for them to improve and reach higher.

However, finishing all these levels wasn't hard for Tia since she was so talented. Besides, all of her energy meridians had gotten through after she broke through the Internal Elixir Realm by the Sutra of Empyrean

Goddess for the first time. So each time Tia gave up her cultivation, she only needed half a year to recover.

This was the last time Tia had to give up her cultivation. It seemed like she would recover soon. When Tia was in the Cloud Road, she was only at the grade one of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Now only one month had passed, and she was at grade seven of the Illuminating Soul Realm. She would soon enter the Internal Elixir Realm and even a higher level.

Tia's head was down as she sat in the ice palace. Wisps of life vitality turned into a frozen aura, and whirled around her like glittering diamonds.

"Szzz!"

A message rune was suddenly sent into the ice palace. It burned itself near Tia's ear.

Tia frowned slightly. Everyone in the Cloud Hall knew that it was her cultivation time. No one dared to interrupt her unless something significant happened that needed her attention.

However, after the message rune finished burning itself, Tia's eyes shot open. The ice in her eyes melted and disappeared in her pupils.

She waved her hand slightly. Soon the freezing fog of the whole ice palace was dispersed and scattered around. Then, it gradually turned into shards of ice on the ground.

"Please come in," Tia said coldly. However, she also looked confused.

'What on earth does Felix want to say? He surely knows that I am cultivating myself now and he still used message rune to interrupt me and ask to see me.

I just asked him to destroy Zen's confidence in learning making runes. Did anything unusual happen?' Tia thought before Felix came in.

After she started to practice her skills, Tia naturally did not have time to watch the Picture Slab. Thus, she did not know what had happened in Lasseter's shop.

Chapter 636 Felix Was Unlucky

Felix rushed into the ice palace. He almost slipped and fell as he walked too fast on the ice palace's slippery floor.

It was rare for a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm to have such an accident.

"Felix, what is happening? Why are you in such a hurry? Did something happen to the sect protecting array?" Tia asked before Felix could greet her as usual. Tia frowned as she could not understand why Felix was in such a rush. What perplexed her more was his expression. He appeared frightened. 'He didn't come here for Zen's case, did he?' Tia told herself.

"No. There is nothing wrong with the array. I'm here because of Zen," Felix said quickly. "Oh, no. I apologize for my rudeness." Felix quickly bowed to Tia and greeted her respectfully.

"Zen? What happened?" Tia nodded her head and asked, "That's why you came dashing in here?"

Her brows wrinkled as Tia felt that it was unreasonable for Felix to interrupt her cultivation because of Zen. Felix could have waited until the next day. Tia felt as though Felix was behaving strangely.

From what she knew, Felix could have shamed Zen into abandoning his quest to learn the skills of drawing runes. He could have directed Zen's focus toward cultivation instead. After all, most cultivators did so.

"Yes, exactly, Miss. I want to talk to you about Zen," Felix nodded and replied to Tia reverently.

"What is it? Did you do as asked? Did Zen lose his confidence to acquire rune making skills?" Tia asked. Tia smiled slightly. Felix was Cloud Hall's top runic expert. His knowledge of runes was unparalleled in the Central Region. It would surely be easy for him to deal with a beginner like Zen. Tia knew that Felix did not need to do much. A little dissuasion from Felix would have been sufficient to stop Zen.

Felix had thought the same before he met Zen. When he learned that Zen had finished drawing some runes, he planned to comment on his works harshly. After all, most beginners would make several mistakes when they made their first runes. Felix had such vast knowledge of rune making that he would be able to identify mistakes in the work of a runic maker with exceptional skills. Zen was a beginner, and so, his mistakes would be easier to identify.

However, Zen had made runes unlike any that Felix had ever seen. How could he criticize Zen as planned? Seeing that rune had been activated and that Zen had used Perfect Brushwork, Felix felt embarrassed about his skills. Of course, he was not qualified to criticize Zen's work. Felix didn't even know how to use the skill of Perfect Brushwork! How could he destroy Zen's confidence regarding rune making when Zen knew more than Felix?

"No, Zen didn't," Felix answered, shaking his head.

Tia asked in surprise, "What? You are looking pale. What happened exactly?"

Felix cupped his hands to Tia and replied, "Miss, Zen has a remarkable talent for runes making. I believe we should not prevent him from learning these skills. His future achievements will probably be higher than that of Arnold Feng, the Son of Runes!"

"Arnold Feng?" Tia was shocked. Although Tia did not know much about runes, she had heard about the famous 'Son of Runes'. Cloud Hall had gone so far as to preserve two works of runes made by Arnold.

But after hearing Felix's explanation, Tia was more puzzled. 'Arnold was the most outstanding runic expert of the Central Region. No one has ever matched his level of expertise. Can Zen reach a higher level than Arnold in the future? Is Felix insane? Or did Felix think he could talk nonsense to me?' Tia was lost in her thoughts.

Then her face fell and she said angrily, "Felix, do you know what you are talking about? This is absurd! Are you teasing me?" Tia's tone conveyed a subtle warning to Felix.

Tia, despite being young, had become the head of Cloud Hall. However, she didn't have much authority. After all, talent and qualifications were required to become the head of Cloud Hall! Tia was not old enough and did not have many qualifications. Since she lacked complete authority, she had a hard time controlling the elders of Cloud Hall. That was why Tia asked Felix if he was teasing her.

"I dare not, and Zen is a runic genius! His talent for runes is even better than his martial arts. He just started to learn how to draw runes, and he has acquired the skill of Perfect Brushwork. It is said that Arnold grasped this skill in his forties." Felix shook his head quickly. As a matter of fact, Felix attached great importance to Zen because of the lines of Zen's runes! Apparently, Zen drew the runes with his unique style, which was different from the two typical styles, the northern style and the southern style.

Zen seemed to have created a new type of runes by himself! Few people were able to create runes. This was particularly true now as there was a lack of new types of runes. It could be said that creating a new type of runes could be as tricky as learning of the skill of Perfect Brushwork. Even Arnold, at his time, invented only three new types of runes.

Of course, Felix did not know that what Zen had drawn was not a rune at all. It was the divine texture. The first divine texture made by Zen was called meditation divine texture. Its function was to calm one's mind. Since Felix was not knowledgeable about divine textures, he thought Zen had drawn a new type of rune. Although Felix sensed that the meditation runes Zen made seemed to calm one's mind better than a regular one, the effect of the meditation runes was difficult to quantify. So Felix could not compare the effects of the divine texture made by Zen with the regular meditation runes.

If Zen could make runes for attacking in battles, Felix would have a better chance of sensing the differences.

Hearing what Felix said, Tia smiled and asked, "Felix, is Zen really such an outstanding genius?"

"Yes, Zen is. I am sure he..." Felix answered Tia's question. An ice awl flew toward Felix while he was still speaking. Surprised, Felix jumped up high. He barely dodged the ice awl.

Tia's expression had turned cold. An ice awl shone in her hand. Apparently, it was Tia who was attacking Felix.

Although Tia's cultivation base was lower than Felix's, he was a runic expert who was not good at close combat, even though he was at the Internal Elixir Realm. Felix spoke with a bitter smile, "Miss, I'm serious. I would not lie to you."

"Is that true? I'm also serious!" Tia said coldly. After she finished, Tia waved her hand a second time. Several foot-long ice awls shot toward Felix again.

Felix racked his brain for a solution. He needed to convince Tia before she killed him! The more he thought about it, the more Felix felt his plan would work. Quickly, he pulled out the meditation rune that he bought from Zen with ten supreme crystals, and threw it at Tia.

"Miss, I'm telling the truth. If you don't believe me, please look at this!" Felix rolled over the slippery ground and pulled out his life vitality into the rune and said, "This is Zen's work!" Felix almost shouted out the last sentence. At this moment, Felix was terrified. He was really unlucky!

But he had no other choice. Had he not seen Zen draw the line with his own eyes, Felix would not have believed it either. It was challenging to convince Tia that Zen had more talents in making runes than Arnold, who was a born runic expert!

The meditation divine texture began to shine as Felix's life vitality entered it. Tia stopped attacking Felix when she saw the green light. Surprised, she reached forward and grabbed the paper.

Tia was by no means a runic expert. Even though she couldn't tell what kind of rune this was, or how effective it would be, Tia could see that the rune was beautiful! The lines of the divine texture were mellow and smooth. She could tell that the lines contained a sense of perfectness.

"Is it true? Did Zen draw this?" Tia stared at Felix as she spoke. Ice crystals appeared in her eyes, and her cold tone tightened Felix's heart.

"Exactly, Miss. Zen drew this. I don't know how he learned the skill of Perfect Brushwork," Felix answered with a bitter smile on his face.

"Oh, I see. This is why you disturbed my cultivation, right?" Tia nodded and asked.

"Yes. This is the reason. I'm afraid that I cannot finish the task you assigned to me. Maybe Zen can help with the protection array in the future," Felix explained. Then he continued, "The protection array of the Ethereal Spirit Sect was drawn with the skill of Perfect Brushwork. Combined with the array of the grade six sect, Zen's skill will make our Cloud Hall's protection array be the strongest one in the Central Region!"

Tia did not reply. She never expected this would happen—Felix was unable to destroy Zen's confidence to learn the skill of drawing runes. On the contrary, he was convinced of Zen's potential.

Could this young man, Zen, be such a genius? Tia was lost in her thoughts for a long while. When she realized that Felix was still in the ice palace, She waved her hand to dismiss him. "I know what you mean. Please leave me alone for a while, and I'll consider what you have said carefully."

Felix sighed with relief and left.

After thinking about it for a long time, Tia returned to her seat. Thick fog covered her body again. Before her beautiful face disappeared in the fog, Tia gave a slight smile.

'I will let him continue and watch how high he can go, ' Tia thought before she started cultivating again.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 637 The Wonders Of Cloudy City (Part One)

Of all the divine textures, the one-star divine texture was the basic.

Some divine textures were considered much more powerful than one could ever imagine. The power of the divine texture was indicated in the number of stars in its name. The seven-star divine texture, for example, was only the size of a palm but it could destroy a piece of land instantaneously. It had the power to destroy the whole Central Region. It was a powerful tool that could fall into the wrong hands and destroy the world.

Zen still had a long way to go before he could master the seven-star divine texture drawing skill. Even the cyan dragon itself couldn't draw it as well as his soul energy had dried up. But even if the cyan dragon could, Zen still didn't have the right materials to draw the seven-star divine texture with.

However, Zen was very interested in acquiring a four-star divine texture called "Soul Breath". This divine texture had a special function of doubling the efficiency of cultivation without any negative effect.

His low cultivation had been his biggest worry since he entered the Central Region. But acquiring the divine texture called "Soul Breath" would be very helpful to him. He could improve his cultivation level much faster with the help of the divine texture.

At an early age of eighteen, Zen had reached grade four of the nature level. With this achievement, he was already good enough in C County. However, in the Cloud Sect, such achievement was just average. Comparing with the other disciples in the Cloud Sect, Zen was just ordinary. And when he finally came to Central Region, his achievements were nothing at all. Zen's cultivation base was solid, and he had even challenged the Illuminating Soul Realm masters. However, he still might not be able to escape death if he fought with a practitioner who reached the pinnacle of the Illuminating Soul Realm or the Internal Elixir Realm.

Thus, improving his cultivation level had become an urgent concern he needed to address.

Zen knew that Tia might have already figured that out too, so she had arranged the disciples of Elite House to compete with him in hopes that this would help him improve. However, Zen also knew that in achieving the maximum breakthrough in cultivation, one would also put his own life at risk.

But the disciples of Elite House were not idiots. Among them were some high-rank practitioners of Cloud Hall who had figured out Tia's deliberate plan of sparring Zen with them. Furthermore, the plan had a loophole in favor of Zen–he could either choose to fight when his opponent was relatively weak or escape when his opponent was more powerful, and no one could catch him. Besides, the disciples of Elite House needed to fulfill the tasks assigned to them by Cloud Hall or cultivate in other locations.

So there were a few times that Zen went to Elite House only to find out that there was no one available for him to challenge.

Tia finally gave up after realizing that her plan wouldn't work. Without any means to progress his cultivation, Zen took some of his necessary belongings and then left Cloud Hall to collect the materials of the divine texture called "Soul Breath".

As the new day came, the golden rays of the sun shone over the walls of the Cloud Hall. The morning breeze whispered through its halls and slowly drifting clouds covered the entire Cloud Hall. Zen was standing at the edge of Cloud Hall. He was mesmerized as the sun waved its rays in between the valleys. He took a deep breath and jumped.

Zen could use the flying chariot provided by Cloud Hall, but he decided not to. He took this as an opportunity to test the one-star Wind Feather he had just made. In the Upper World, Wind Feathers were only provided to disciples who were at the levels below the Illuminating Soul Realm. Thus, many disciples would opt to use the flying chariot. It was the first time for Zen to try it. After putting on the Wind Feather, Zen instantly felt a frail wind brush his body. It could only mean that despite not having reached the Illuminating Soul Realm yet, he could fly with the help of the Wind Feather.

The wind became stronger.

With the wind whirring through his body, Zen jumped down a height of more than a thousand meters. With the combined energy released from the Phoenix Crystal and the natural power of wind, he floated like a leaf in the air. He had never felt this light in his life. After finding an ideal landing point, Zen slightly slowed down and let the wind take over. He floated freely but slowly before finally landing on the ground.

This method was quite the same as the one Lewis had used.

Meanwhile, two nature creatures who were on their way to town were stunned when they saw Zen who appeared to be flying. They couldn't believe their eyes. Zen was also a nature creature like them, but he was already able to fly.

These two practitioners came from Cloudy City. They were aware that there was a grade four sect called Cloud Hall from a thousand meters above this area. They guessed that Zen must have floated down from that sect. Cloud Hall was known to be a great place where only very talented cultivators had the opportunity to practice. So, did that also mean that a nature creature from Cloud Hall could fly? Even after giving it a thought, the two nature creatures could not comprehend the possibility of a practitioner on their same level could learn how to fly. It was beyond anyone's imagination.

Zen had seen the two nature creatures as he was attempting to land, but he ignored their presence. He rushed toward Cloudy City along the road he picked. Before taking on this journey, Zen had asked Lasseter about the branch of the World Commercial Alliance. He was told that it was in Cloudy City, hence the reason he was here.

As he successfully landed, he immediately made his way to Cloudy City. As he entered, Zen couldn't help but notice the difference between the Central Region and the Eastern Region.

With Cloud Hall and Cloud School located here, Cloudy City could be considered as the main city in the Central Region. Despite its size, it was still far better compared to the Burning Sky Imperial Capital in the Eastern Region.

Chapter 638 The Wonders Of Cloudy City (Part Two)

Top powerful clans were also present in the Burning Sky Capital, such as the top seven noble clans and the royal family. Cloud Sect was located there too, which was a grade two sect. Aura's royal family could only be regarded as a grade two force too, while the top seven noble clans had no rank.

The Cloudy City, on the other hand, had eight grade three sects. This did not include the Cloud School as it was affiliated to Cloud Hall and they shared the same system.

On way to Cloudy City, practitioners at the Illuminating Soul Realm could be seen everywhere. And if one was lucky, he could even see some Internal Elixir Realm practitioners. They walked in the streets in small groups. Their only purpose in coming to Cloudy City was to buy some supplements.

On the streets of Cloudy City, no one paid attention to Zen. Though he was known in many other locations, in here, he was nobody. It was quite a relief for Zen because he didn't like much attention. This would make his journey a more pleasant one.

He followed the instruction that Lasseter gave and immediately found the location of the branch alliance.

Zen also had done some research about the World Commercial Alliance. He found

out that although this alliance didn't rank in the power list, the power behind it was striking. It was even a little higher than Cloud Hall and at par with Ethereal Spirit Sect, the most powerful sect in the Central Region.

Given its striking power, Zen was expecting to see a grand location of the branch. For the first time, he was concerned that he wasn't dressed enough to enter its office. However, when he finally reached the location, he was stunned. The branch alliance kept a very low profile. It was located among the dwellings and if not for the two Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners guarding the gate, no one would think that this was a special place.

When Zen approached, one of the Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners gestured to him and said coldly, "Stop! This is the branch of the World Commercial Alliance. This is no place for a child like you. Now, turn around and be on your way!"

The World Commercial Alliance owned many shops in the Central Region, so generally, its branch wasn't involved in retail businesses. The practitioners would usually come here only for important issues or block trading. And these practitioners should have reached at least the pinnacle of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Internal Elixir Realm, or any level higher.

Upon seeing Zen, the two Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners immediately recognized that Zen was just a nature creature. Given his level, he was not qualified to enter the gate. Thus, the two Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners insisted on driving Zen away. "Hey, buddy! You better leave soon. Don't waste our time. Our patience is short!"

Zen didn't like the attitude that the two Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners showed him. He frowned and thought, 'The World Commercial Alliance seems to think highly of itself! If I didn't need something from them, I wouldn't have come here!' Then he took out an invitation letter from his pocket and tossed it to them. He said, "This is the invitation letter the World Commercial Alliance gave to me!"

One of the Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners picked up the invitation letter. He thought that it was a bluff that Zen was trying to play. He was smirking as he opened the letter. But when he read the name of Lasseter, his attitude immediately changed and the smirk on his face was wiped away instantly.

Lasseter was an ordinary steward at the headquarters of the alliance, but he was the top at the branch. He had that reputation at the branch, and everyone knew who Lasseter was. So, it was just customary that these two practitioners guarding the gate became curious as to why Lasseter would have given an invitation letter to a nature creature.

Despite being Illuminating Soul Realm masters, they could only become the doormen of the branch alliance. That meant that even at their level, they still didn't deserve a high-ranking position. So, it was a bit odd for a mere nature creature to be greeted and welcomed by the alliance. 'Is he related to Lasseter? Does he come here for a job?' they wondered.

While they were in a dilemma, a burst of loud laughter roared from behind them. When they turned to see, an old man appeared from the gate and walked towards Zen with a smile. He greeted Zen politely, "You must be Zen! Welcome, my little friend! I apologize for being late. I hope you can forgive me!"

Their jaws dropped open in shock. They immediately bowed before the old man as a sign of respect. They could feel their breath becoming heavy and their hearts pumping harder. It was no other than the leader of the branch alliance named Michael Mo.

'What's going on? Is this guy some bigwig? Why is Michael greeting him in person?' The two Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners were so stunned that sweat started to show on their face. They could feel the mighty presence of Michael.

They almost believed that Zen was a big shot when they heard him say, "There must be a mistake. Could you please tell me who you are?"

'He doesn't know Michael?! But why Michael is so polite to him? This young man..." Though they didn't like Zen's straightforwardness towards Michael, they were worried that Zen would speak ill about them to Michael. Given the arrogance they had shown him earlier, it was highly possible. This could be the end for them.

"My name is Michael Mo. Zen, may I invite you to come in? Let's discuss in detail over some tea," Michael said with a smile. The tone in Michael's voice felt like he was talking to his senior.

Zen politely nodded. As he was about to follow Michael, he glanced at the two Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners indifferently. The two practitioners were relieved.

The look on Zen's face appeared to them as calm. If he wasn't that annoyed, they guessed that he wouldn't rat them out in front of Michael.

As Michael's and Zen's figures eventually faded from afar, they started to wonder as to who Zen really was.

Chapter 639 Western Region

Zen entered the building with Michael Mo, trailing behind him. Once he was inside, it dawned on him how completely different the inside was from the outside. The branch of the World Commercial Alliance was luxuriously decorated. There wasn't a single area that looked ordinary inside. 'This place is exquisite, ' Zen thought, feeling impressed.

The World Commercial Alliance was a commercial organization and had survived for many years. In spite of its current prosperity, it was believed that it might decline one day. Thus, it clearly had to keep a low profile if it wished to do high profile jobs.

For the World Commercial Alliance, Zen was an important guest, so Michael welcomed him in person. To be sure, such a warm welcome was given to Zen because they learnt about his identity.

Earlier, Lasseter had submitted a portfolio containing all seven rune works of Zen. The prolific works left everyone, including those people from the headquarters of the World Commercial Alliance, shocked. All members of this alliance were well aware about the value of a runic expert who was excellent at Perfect Brushwork. Therefore, the World Commercial Alliance had decided to ingratiate Zen at all costs.

Although Zen was a member of Cloud Hall, the World Commercial Alliance generally didn't get itself involved in the struggles among sects. Since Zen was a runic expert, it was concluded that there would be a lot of room for cooperation with this guy.

After Zen took a seat, Michael clapped his hands. In a blink of an eye, two beautiful maids appeared and served them tea. The tea brought a wonderful fragrance to the atmosphere.

"Zen, do you come here to purchase materials or to sell runes?" Michael asked, without wasting anytime. He wanted to get to the gist of the matter.

"I do sell runes. But my visit here is mainly made to buy certain materials and some news," Zen replied curtly.

Michael nodded, taking out a square nameplate. The entire nameplate was inlaid with gold and jade. In the center of the nameplate, "Zen Luo" was inscribed. The nameplate looked really exquisite. "Zen, our sub-alliance has exclusively made this nameplate for you. With this nameplate, you are entitled to get discounts from the branch of the World Commercial Alliance located in any area. You are now considered as our most respectful customer. In addition, we can sell our materials to you at a 20% discount. Moreover, we intend to buy your runes at a price a little higher than the market price,"

Michael stated in a professional manner. Zen reached for that exquisite nameplate as a smile crept on his face. 'People of the World Commercial Alliance are really astute! They apparently have made this nameplate for quite a long period. People here seem to be really generous. They have offered me such a privilege without imposing any condition!' he thought.

People of the World Commercial Alliance were not fools and everyone knew that. Moreover, no merchant would sell hens on a rainy day. It was beyond doubt that they expected something in return from Zen. However, Zen couldn't help but feel impressed with their conducts which were so pleasing.

'It is always a pleasure to deal with clever people. Besides, I am really on the lookout for a channel to sell divine textures. Undoubtedly, the World Commercial Alliance is the best option for me, ' Zen thought excitedly. He was unable to conceal his gratification.

Soon afterwards, Zen handed several of his divine textures to Michael.

"These are one star runes, but they are as effective as ordinary two-star runes once they are triggered..." Zen explained.

Michael took the runes from Zen. As he analyzed different routes of the runes, he unconsciously nodded his head in approval. As soon as Michael saw Zen's mediation runes the first time, he figured that they belonged to a different school from the ordinary ones. These runes followed totally different routes which couldn't be drawn without professional help no matter how gifted he was.

Now Michael had verified what he thought was true. Yet, what he didn't know was that the runes that Zen had drawn were actually divine textures.

Michael casually released his life vitality and lit up the textures. At the sight of bold and perfect strokes on the textures, his face beamed with a bright smile. Judging from the novel routes and Perfect Brushwork, Michael concluded that he could sell the textures at a good price. Thus, he handed the textures over to the servants beside him and asked them to have the textures evaluated.

In actuality, Michael had no interest in one star or two-star runes. But he was hopeful that Zen would be capable of drawing four-star, five-star and even six-star runes as he grew up. 'This is going to be awesome, ' Michael thought with his heart brimming with pleasure.

"Zen, apart from selling runes, do you need to buy any materials?" Michael questioned casually.

He was very confident that he could get all materials within the Central Region. In consideration of Zen's current cultivation, he assumed that the materials Zen required wouldn't be beyond his reach. Hence, Michael was hell-bent on helping Zen get the materials that would be handy for him.

Upon Michael's questioning, Zen nodded and responded, "I want to buy two bottles of celestial soul liquid, a purple thunder bamboo plant which has survived for more than 5, 000 years, a withered ginseng plant which has survived for 1, 000 years, and..."

Michael gaped at Zen anxiously as he heard his requests.

All these materials mentioned by Zen were top-grade materials. Both the celestial soul liquid and the purple thunder bamboo were known as rare treasures, which were occasionally seen over several years or perhaps even decades. Most of the time, the World Commercial Alliance would sell these materials as soon as they got hold of them. There was always a huge demand for them. In the Central Region, the elderly people especially dreamed of owning these materials.

"Zen, our commercial alliance would be more than willing to sell these materials to you if they had been available. However, they are too precious and rarely seen. It takes over a decade to get a glimpse of them.

Hence, I can only assure you that I will inform you as soon as I get any news about these materials," Michael explained with a rueful smile.

Zen nodded without any tinge of suspicion. In truth, he had already known that these things were too rare to be collected so easily. Hence, he had come to the alliance for the major purpose of getting some news.

Before Zen could speak, Michael added, "Recently, someone reported a piece of news about purple thunder bamboo to us."

"What's the price for the news?" asked Zen curiously.

Michael smiled and replied, "Zen, the news is not a secret, so it is of no great value. To celebrate having a friend like you, I will privately offer you the news as a gift." As soon as Michael finished, he burnt a message rune. A short while later, someone came with a map. Michael reached for the map and then handed it over to Zen while saying, "But Zen, I don't suggest that you look for the purple thunder bamboo by yourself."

A good many warriors would do anything to get these rare treasures. But the task was not as easy as it seemed. Moon Mountain was the place where the precious treasures were kept. And it happened to be an unsafe and dangerous place.

In Michael's eyes, Zen was skilled at Perfect Brushwork and incomparably gifted in drawing runes. But in terms of strength, Zen had only reached the nature level, so his cultivation achievement was far from enough for going to the mountain. 'Getting the rare treasures is not something he can do, ' Michael thought and shook his head.

However, he had no say in it. It was up to Zen if he would go or not. But Michael thought it was his responsibility to warn him. Naturally, it was impossible for him to stop Zen. Once Zen left, Michael's face contorted with a frown. "Are elders of Cloud Hall so silly? They permitted Zen to freely stroll outside the Cloud Hall as he wished?"

Other sects would rear Zen like legendary beasts if they found that Zen was such an excellent runic expert. They would be in constant fear that some mishap would happen to him. Hence, Michael was a little puzzled to realize that Cloud Hall let Zen live the life as he pleased.

Then one month had passed. All areas which were 5, 000 miles away from Cloudy City in the southwest and outside the West Mountain Pass were categorized as Western Region, where local customs and practices differed from those in the Central Region.

Zen was dashing along the official road to Western Region. It was not because he enjoyed walking there on foot. Instead, he was compelled to do it. His flying chariot brutally crashed half a month ago. And in the Western Region, it was extremely difficult to buy a galloping horse. Thus, he had no choice but to tire himself by walking on foot.

He sprinted all the way towards the west, feeling all his energy getting drained out of his body.

The Western Region was a vast territory with sparse population. In general, no one was seen over hundreds of miles. Now, a small town came into Zen's view. Beside the road, a small plaque was set up. On that plaque, Everest Town could be seen.

As soon as Zen arrived at this town, he rushed into a tavern.

A waiter of the tavern, wearing a braid, came over to Zen. He behaved cordially and spoke with a rather strong accent, "Sir, this way please!"

Feeling a little out of breath, Zen nodded and followed the waiter's lead upstairs.

As soon as he reached the second floor, he felt something was amiss. To begin with, there were very few guests. And when he made his way, he found all waiters and the manager were looking in his direction. He felt that they had malicious intentions.

'Why are they glancing in my direction? What do they want?' he wondered, feeling bewildered. However, once he sat down, his thoughts went back to food. His stomach was growling with hunger.

The waiter with the braid came over to Zen with a menu. In the most friendly tone, he asked, "Sir, these are special dishes at our tavern. Would you like to have some?"

Zen swiftly scanned through the menu. Placing the menu back, he nodded and said, "Yes, go ahead and serve me all special dishes!" Traveling outside, Zen was open to experimenting different tastes. He was never hypercritical about wine, meat or food.

The waiter shortly replied, looked back and made a gesture to the manager. Afterwards, the waiters exchanged glances with each other. They seemed to be communicating with each other using their eyes.

However, Zen sat calmly, not bothering to ask what the matter was. But in the pit of his stomach, he had a bad feeling. He assumed that his meal was going to be a disappointing one.

Chapter 640 Got A Pig (Part One)

Food never looked so good! The smell of onions and garlic filled up the tavern. Juice was oozing out of the tender meat as Zen sliced through it. He ate like he had not eaten in days! It was just too homely. Zen immediately grabbed another serving of the tavern's special.

Everyone in the tavern looked at him intently. Cunning smiles crossed the faces of the several servers standing beside him. They looked at him with desire, like Zen was a prey ready to be killed and eaten at any moment.

Having been to the Killing Sword Mountain, Zen couldn't be more sensitive to the paranoia and the killing aura, like when some people were ready to kill him. Nevertheless, he devoured his meal since his hunger was more important than being threatened. How could he not see through the threat by the several men?

The meal was so delicious, too delicious in fact. No threat could make him stop from eating since he was too hungry to even think about all those men. They dissolved into the background. The fighting could wait. Food was more important. He went with the eating as he grabbed more and more servings of the delicious meal in front of him.

Zen gorged on the food. With the clock ticking and Zen finishing one dish after another, the smiles on the several men faded away gradually and instead, were replaced by confused expressions.

Soon, Zen gobbled all the dishes on the table. Then he turned his head to the servers and grinned, with some meat sticking out of his teeth, "What's with the look?"

The several men who wore their hair in plaits were embarrassed. They lowered their heads, trying to hide their scrunched up faces. "No...nothing..." they faltered.

"Were you thinking why the poison in the food didn't work on me?" Zen asked smugly.

Hearing Zen's blunt question, the several men's face turned pale. The manager who stood not far away suddenly sneered and ordered, "Action!"

The several men around all drew out a small mechanical device from their waists. The end of the mechanical device was connected to a dark gold rope. Not thinking twice, they immediately shot their devices at Zen.

With swishing and whooping sounds, seven or eight dark gold ropes came directly at Zen's head. Almost in the blink of an eye, Zen was bound by the ropes. From their skillful moves and flawless cooperation between each other, Zen could see that it was not their first time to do the trick. It was flawless, like they had done it multiple times to different victims. It seemed not just one prey had been caught.

A skillful warrior as Zen was, he had all the time to dodge the ropes, but he did not budge this time. Instead, he let nature take its course and was bound by the ropes that locked him into place.

The manager smiled smugly and walked to Zen's side with a gloating look. "It did come as a surprise that the poison wasn't working on you. Yet, having known that your food is poisoned, you did not do anything. The joke is on you, lad. You didn't know that the ropes have special structures that can stop your life vitality from working. Haha! Good job, everyone! We got another pig today! Take him to the back!"

Hearing the manager's words, Zen didn't panic. He stood there, bound, having a resting face, and with no emotion whatsoever. His eyes were blank, and no words came out of his mouth. He only thought of one thing--if he was only a common nature creature who got tied up by these special ropes and his life vitality rendered useless, he might have really been in trouble. However, Zen had a strong muscular body. All the training and fighting made this scenario a tad bit easy for him to escape. Although firmly locked up by the ropes, it was still very easy for him to break free. Piece of cake.

"Got a pig? What do you want from me?" Zen asked curiously. There was still no trace of panic on his face. Rather, he was very composed even he was trapped.

The nonchalance Zen was giving off annoyed the manager so much. Every warrior he caught as his pig lost their head in such situation. But why was the guy in front him still so calm? The manager sneered and said, "You are going to die anyway, so stop wasting your breath." Annoyed and feeling confused, he ordered his men, "Take him off!"

Following the manager's command, several men carried their pig towards the back yard of the tavern.

As soon as they landed on the backyard, Zen noticed something. He was not the only one, not the only pig. To Zen's surprise, twenty-odd other warriors were locked up at the place, too!

The people in the Western Region looked different as they all had sunken eyes, and the clothes they wore differed from that of people in Central Region. Zen immediately thought that those victims were warriors, more like nature creatures from the Central Region. He also noticed that one Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator was among them. The dark gold ropes that bound him were doubled compared to ropes used on other warriors.

With a heavy thud, Zen was thrown to the ground. The several men left the back yard immediately, not even bothered by the possibility that Zen could escape.

As soon as Zen struggled to stand on his feet, he heard one of the warriors mutter, "Alas, here comes another pig!"

Zen slightly frowned and asked, "What do you mean?"

'The manager said something about a pig. Were they taking men as pigs? What is all this?' Zen wondered.

"Hey, man, which sect are you from?" The warrior smiled and asked with contempt.

Zen blinked his eyes, trying to look alright and replied, "Cloud Hall."

Hearing where Zen came from gave the other warriors a sense of disbelief.

The Central Region housed several sects including what they called the second grade sects. There were hundreds of them in the Central Region. And even much more for the third grade sects. But for the fourth grade sect, however, there were only a few. And the Cloud Hall, however, ranked the top in the fourth grade sects.

The Cloud Hall enjoyed a very high reputation among the hundreds of millions of warriors in the Central Region. It was like the Cloud Sect of Eastern Region.

The other warriors in the backyard could not help but let out a little laugh despite being held captive. 'This guy is clearly lying, ' a warrior thought. The disciples who were able to enter the Cloud Hall were elites strictly selected from tens of millions of warriors. And that nature creature guy claimed that he was from the Cloud Hall. That was totally nonsense! There must be some kind of a mistake.

Zen noticed both the mockery and disbelief in their faces. But he didn't care. Believe it or not, he was just being himself, just answering truthfully to a question being asked to him. He continued, "You haven't told me what it means by calling us pigs yet."

"That's to say we are just like pigs that will be the lunch for the beasts. Now, could you just shut it?" The warrior said impatiently. Other warriors who heard this all showed a downcast look. Knowing that they were going to die shortly after, who had the mood to explain anything to Zen? They would all die anyway. Why even bother?

Zen believed in his skill. He knew he would be able to save all of them if he did try. He was going for a long shot. "Explain to me, and I can save you," Zen said lightly.

Chapter 641 Got A Pig (Part Two)

The warrior snorted and laughed, his head tilted to one side. "You? You are only at the fourth grade of nature level. Your cultivation base is even lower than me, and you can save me? Haha! A pig and a clown wrapped into one package. What an entertainment system!" spoke the warrior at the seventh grade of nature level who looked down upon Zen. Everyone thought of Zen as a joke, an obnoxious man at the fourth grade of nature level. Who was he kidding? They were all doomed. At least, that was all in each and every one of the pigs' minds.

This gangster tavern was set up to catch nature creatures. The ropes that tied them up were mixed with heptyl gold threads, and structures which could suppress their life vitality. If the life vitality of a warrior was suppressed, he had no way to get rid of it. All the other pigs then realized that there was even an Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator who was also trapped there!

As soon as the warrior stopped his laughing from all his mockery, he heard a cracking sound. "What was that?" asked the warrior. His eyes widened and his jaw dropped at the sight of one of the gold ropes broken by Zen. How did he do it?

Firm as rocks those special ropes were, they were not able to resist Zen's force supported by dragon scales. Zen summoned the force of one hundred dragon scales. Inch by inch his body glowed, including his eyes. He lifted his hands and split them apart. There was a loud noise. He successfully destroyed one rope.

Several warriors who had seen the scene were dumbstruck. The strength of this guy's corporal body was so terrifying! How could he possibly do that? Was he all that powerful? All the warriors were in awe, their faces paled. All of them were in shock, they started to think that Zen was no ordinary nature creature. What could he be hiding? What strength could he possiblely possess? He broke the rope without using his life vitality and that was beyond his supposed skill and strength.

Still in disbelief after seeing what Zen did, they knew that they had a chance at escaping the prison-tavern that they were in. This situation gave them a silver lining, a chance to live. They also knew they should keep quiet about this, as they might be watched by someone else--a guard who could easily tear the escape. They all turned to Zen and said in a soft voice,"Help us untie the rope!"

Zen said slowly,"You should tell me first what is going on and what exactly the pig thing is?"

At this time, several warriors scrambled to answer his question. One voice on top of the other, it was getting out of hand! One of the warrior said,"Have you heard about the news that purple thunder bamboos appeared in Moon Mountain?

"Yes." Zen nodded. This was also the reason why he came here.

"The Moon Mountain is extremely dangerous with numerous horrible beasts lurking inside. In order to get the purple thunder bamboos, some warriors hired local men to catch someone like us, and then they would use us as pathfinders, like a scent trail, if you think about it. If we meet some strong beasts, we will become their food. Just like pigs," The warrior said with gloomy face.

The Moon Mountain was the home of the purple thunder bamboos. Their growth required a special environment, making the mountain the perfect place of them to thrive. The purple thunder bamboos grew underground for years or even decades. They grew slowly when they were underground. Even they had hid underground for decades, they only grew by several inches. But once they broke the soil, they could grow to several meters or even over ten meters within a couple of weeks.

Some purple thunder bamboos might hide underground for hundreds of years or thousands of years, like a flower taking its time to bloom. Once they broke through the soil, they could easily grow to several dozens meters in a short amount of time. After thousands of years of hiding, Mother Nature would welcome their birth with an abnormal phenomenon-- thunder, lightning and heavy rain to glorify their presence. It was, after all, a mother's instinct to give such an elaborate and beautiful ceremony to open the doors to a beautiful creature.

To the warriors, it wasn't necessary for them to get those thousand-year-old purple thunder bamboos. They would be very happy if they were able to obtain the younger ones which had lived for decades. The ancient bamboos were too difficult to get. Any warrior who could get that would be lauded. Despite the dangerous path that the Moon Mountain had for its visitors, there were still many warriors who wandered at the foot of the mountain, hoping to get the purple thunder bamboos.

Several days ago, people saw a purple lightning flash through the sky in the shape of a dragon. It was so bright that it had lit up almost half of the sky. The gossip flew around the town like the morning breeze. Thus, this gave many warriors an idea--they predicted that a purple thunder bamboo might have emerged and that it might be at least one thousand years old. The lightning was enormous, bearing the idea of what kind of bamboo might have grown in the mountain. And judging from its size, the bamboo was most likely to have lived over ten thousand years!

Taking advantage of the news that flew around town, evil minds met and came up with such a destructive idea--catching warriors and sending them out to the woods as a bait for ferocious beasts to chew on, like pigs.

"It turned out to be such a story." Zen then understood what they were all there for, in the backyard of the gangster tavern. Some people were just willing to be so vicious to use such unscrupulous ways to gain advantage over other people, even if it meant to put innocent people's lives on the line. Zen shook his head, stretched his arms forward, and enabled the dragon scales force once more.

"Snap! Snap... Snap!"

Each of the ropes around Zen's body were cut and fell to the ground. "That hurt a bit!" exclaimed Zen while feeling his reddish wrists. He stood up, held the knife that popped out of his pocket, and sent it flying across the whole backyard, untying every single one of the golden ropes that tied the other warriors.

Within seconds, the ropes on the twenty-odd warriors were all untied.

Many ropes were cut, thus making sounds everywhere. The sounds became a loud noise that alerted the men in the tavern. One man shouted,"The warriors in the back yard are running away!"

"Running away? That's impossible!" The only Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator present sneered and was truly furious. He closed his eyes. Life vitality surged out from his body and materialized into sharp swords that charged at the direction of the tavern.

With his command, all the other nature creatures all started to attack. Life vitalities were exuded from restless bodies. Several knives were thrown. A flying knife was dodged by Zen an inch close to his face. Others relied on their body strength and threw blows at the nasty gangsters. One, two, punch, three, kick, four, dodge...all the warriors wanted to escape. All they had to do was immobilize these good-for-nothing tricksters!

All the men in the tavern were no match for these angry prisoners. They fought in numbers. They might be only at the nature level, but they fought as a group and this only made them stronger and invincible. The gangsters' dirty tricks didn't do them good this time around.

The gangsters were caught off guard for they did not expect that the poison would not work on Zen. More strangely, Zen was not affected by the dark gold ropes' ability to suppress life vitality. What was going on with Zen? Who was he?

With a rumbling sound, the warriors reached out their arms. They joined hands and struck the whole tavern down to the ground.

"Damn! I got trapped and controlled by these craps? Really? You call these gangsters fighters?" said one warrior smugly as he rubbed off some dirt from his shirt. "What a shame!"

"That's too little damage for revenge. Kill them!" "How dare a group of martial art practitioners use such dirty tricks!"

Up in the sky, several men appeared in mid-air. One of them exclaimed,"Eh? Why were these pigs able to run away? Myron, is this how well your useless men are doing?"

Another man in the mid-air, gave out a confident smile and snorted,"Don't worry, none of them will be going anywhere!"

Hearing other voices aside from theirs made the warriors wonder who else might be with them. All the warriors in the backyard raised their heads, and looked up to the sky. What they saw turned their faces pale.

In mid-air stood three Internal Elixir Realm masters!

All of them were frozen at the sight of the masters in mid-air. Quick on his feet, the Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator came to his senses and shouted,"Everyone, run!" As soon as he was finished, he leapt into the air, not looking back at how others were doing. It was an escape after all, and everyone was out for themselves. He and everyone else tried to get out of there as soon as possible. But the moment he took the leap, one of the Internal Elixir Realm masters raised his hand and waved. A huge palm appeared in the air. The palm slapped the Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator. He froze. Time stood still. In mid-air, his arms spread wide, and his legs were dangling. This was his end. The force rammed him so hard that it radiated throughout the whole tavern.

With a deafening sound, the Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator was hard as rock. With one swish of the wind, he was smashed to pieces. His body turned into pink mist--he was literally blown off, piece per piece, with every organ shredded into bits and pieces along with his own blood splattered around everyone's faces. And just like that, the Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator was no more than dust.

Blood was everywhere, and everyone was covered with the Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator's remains. Witnessing the scene, all the nature creatures, including Zen, stood there, stupefied.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 642 The Golden Opportunity (Part One)

In the presence of the three masters of Internal Elixir Realm, no one dared to move. It was as if everyone's body had been frozen.

Anyone who dared to offend the masters would suffer the same fate as the Illuminating Soul Realm practitioner. That man was punched so hard that his whole body appeared to have been crushed.

Even Zen who was always ready to risk his life had not moved. From his assessment, he had a slim chance of successfully escaping from the power of the three masters. It was a chance he wasn't willing to take yet. He remained quiet but unsettled. He could sense that something terrible was about to happen!

"You! If you move, you'll die!" one of the masters of Internal Elixir Realm said nonchalantly. His creepy eyes looked around.

There was no option but to heed the order of these masters. Everyone remained quiet and still. After quite some time, more than a thousand practitioners appeared on the town road. Most of them were on the nature level. It appeared that they were all tied with ropes with no chance of escaping.

They had caught so many people this time! It wasn't just a small number, but an alarming number of captives. At this rate, they could wind up all the nature level practitioners in no time. Did they intend to go to the Moon Mountain to get the purple thunder bamboo?

The troop of captives was being guarded by some practitioners who was walking along the two sides of the road. These practitioners suddenly tossed dark yellow ropes at Zen and all his fellows.

Zen and his fellows could not dare to defy the three masters of Internal Elixir. So, against their will, they heeded the orders from the guards.

They were also tied by the ropes and then joined the rest of the captives.

As he made his way to join the captives, Zen's mind got clouded with thoughts. He was confused as to why they caught many practitioners. Zen knew that acquiring the purple thunder bamboo was quite a challenging task. And the purpose of capturing practitioners was to use them as guinea pigs. Their captors would force them to acquire the purple thunder bamboo on their behalf. But it would entail the risk of losing their lives. However, for their captors, it would give them the hints on how to successfully acquire the bamboos. But the number of captured practitioners here was too high. As Zen estimated, it was beyond what was needed. So, what on earth were they planning to do?

In the middle of his deep thoughts, Zen was interrupted by a sudden noise. A young man in purple, about 29 years old, approached their flock. He appeared to be also a master of Internal Elixir, but on a higher level than the other three.

As the newly arrived master of the Internal Elixir joined them, the three other masters of the Internal Elixir saluted and greeted,"Young Master!"

The young man in purple acknowledged their salutations, and directly asked,"Are they enough?"

"Sir, we have captured a total of 1, 036 people!" One of the masters confidently answered.

"Great! You've done a great job in finding so many people in such a short time. I will sure to reward your good work and loyalty once we get back to the sect." The young man praised the three masters. He was smiling as he looked at the flock of captives.

"It's our honor!" One of the masters of Internal Elixir Realm replied with great joy.

The other two of the masters of Internal Elixir moved to command the captives. The captured practitioners were treated like pigs. They had been pushed around and bullied by the masters. They were even asked to walk forward in a straight line.

Meanwhile, Zen took it as an opportunity to concentrate. Though he was held captive, he tried to recalculate his chances of successfully escaping.

'There are now four masters of Internal Elixir. Two of them are on the primary level, and one is on the intermediate level, but their leader is on the senior level! Damn it! I should have done it earlier when there was only three masters of Internal Elixir. And what's with so many captives? It doesn't matter now! No matter what they will do, I have a feeling that it's not going to be pleasant!

So, I must escape. But how?' Zen had thought harder. The dark yellow rope tied to him was not the problem. In fact, he could easily get away from it. However, after he got away from the rope, he would have to face the wrath of the Internal Elixir masters. One wrong move could be the end of him. Zen's power was nowhere near the masters of Internal Elixir. One snap, his body could be crashed. He had to rethink his options. There was no use in escaping if he was already dead. Or could death be his only escape?

In Zen's estimate, the troop could be made up of more than one thousand people tied together, which restricted their moves and made them advance slowly. After walking for nearly half a day in the almost endless road, a dark mountain finally came into view. The mountain that resembled a huge elephant was called the Moon Mountain.

The breathtaking view almost made Zen forget that he was held captive. Upon arriving at the foot of Moon Mountain, the young man in purple took out a jade pendant that looked like a small dragon. He held it up and shook it. The jade pendant seemed to tell which way they should go.

Zen looked at the dragon jade pendant. It looked familiar but he couldn't tell where he had seen it. Suddenly, he felt a quiver in his head.

"Hey! What's the matter?" Zen was taken by surprise by the quiver in his head and thought that it came from the cyan dragon. He concentrated his mind on the cyan dragon and asked him,"What's wrong?"

A moment later, Zen could hear the cyan dragon laughing in his mind.

Zen got a little annoyed by the insensitive gesture of the cyan dragon at this time. He scolded,"What's wrong with you? Can't you see that I'm in great trouble right now? Does that make you happy?" He was a little irritated now because he couldn't think of a way to escape. He felt hopeless with his situation and the cyan dragon's insensitive remark was not helping him at all.

"What do you mean you're in great trouble? I don't think so. From how I see it, this can be your golden opportunity!" The cyan dragon said calmly.

Golden opportunity? Zen was more confused than he was earlier. He couldn't see the golden opportunity that the cyan dragon was referring to. And even if there was, he couldn't comprehend how he could make use of that opportunity in the presence of four masters of Internal Elixir Realm. Zen was still annoyed at the blabbering cyan dragon. He said,"I don't have time for mind games. Can you be more specific?"

Chapter 643 The Golden Opportunity (Part Two)

Though the cyan dragon could be irritating at times, Zen knew that he had a broader horizon at the world. It was one thing that Zen admired from the cyan dragon. Everything that Zen valued the most was nothing in the eyes of the cyan dragon. This included the Perfect Brushwork, the consummate sword intent, and all the treasures that Zen acquired through a great deal of effort.

So, if the cyan dragon said that it was his golden opportunity, then Zen could not argue with that.

"As I said, this is your golden opportunity. But of course, you will need my help! Don't think of running away. Just bear with it a little longer. If he can really find that place, with my help, you can reach the level of Illuminating Soul Realm instantly!" The cyan dragon said. After a pause, he continued, "I think I know what he is looking for."

'Reach the level of Illuminating Soul Realm!' Zen got lost upon hearing these words. He didn't seem to have heard what the cyan dragon was saying. He was now more curious about what could happen and the purpose of the young man in purple for leading all of them to the Moon Mountain.

Zen originally thought that they would be used as baits in the Moon Mountain. But contrary to what he initially believed would happen, two of the masters of Internal Elixir Realm looked for the way themselves and killed all the beasts they encountered so all their captives wouldn't be hurt.

The beasts in Moon Mountain could be cruel and strong, but the power of the masters of Internal Elixir Realm was far greater. Hence, killing beasts was a piece of cake.

The young man in purple would occasionally take out the dragon jade pendant to determine the way they needed to go. Afterward, he would ask the troop to follow him. But as they moved farther, it became clear that their destination wasn't the top of the Moon Mountain. They were being led to somewhere else.

"Hey, cyan dragon, do you know where he's taking us? Please tell me!" Zen asked the cyan dragon again. He was growing more impatient since all his calculations were wrong from the start. If the cyan dragon hadn't appeared, he would have decided to escape and wouldn't know what the man in purple was up to.

But the cyan dragon didn't say a word. He just smiled and then added, "You'll know once we get there. If you can make it there alive, I will help you reach the level of Illuminating Soul Realm. And there can be more benefits that you can ever imagine!"

Zen sensed that the cyan dragon wouldn't give him more details even if he asked. So, to save him from getting more annoyed, Zen stopped asking. But he knew that the cyan dragon and the other "things" inside his body wouldn't surely do something harmful to him.

Another half an hour of walking had passed. As they were all taking the twisty mountain road, a sunken mountain creek suddenly emerged with a fancy tower magically glittering in the middle of it.

The tower was about 100 feet high, full of strange lights, with a huge monster sitting on top of it. There was no mistaking, and it–it was a winged dragon!

The winged dragon with an embossed forehead twined on the tower. Its sharp teeth were showing as it waved its claws.

"I found you at last!! You may look like a purple thunder bamboo from the sky, but you aren't. You are Dragon Soar Arena! Now, I will have all my dreams come true! Ha ha ha!" The young man in purple laughed crazily. His eyes were glistering in a strange way.

The three masters of Internal Elixir were happy to have reached the conclusion of their journey and tried to flatter their lord, "Congratulations! My lord, you finally found the Dragon Soar Arena!"

Upon hearing the young man's laughter, the winged dragon stretched its neck and roared at the troop.

"Roaaar!"

It was so loud that all the practitioners of nature level were frightened. In fear, they all knelt down and covered their heads with their arms.

"Go and take everyone there! It's time to feed the dragon!" The young man in purple said as he waved his hand. He seemed to be delighted at the sight of the Dragon Soar Arena.

The practitioners guarding the troop started driving the troop by waving their whips. They yelled at the captured practitioners; however, no one moved. Even Zen didn't dare to take a step.

In the minds of each captured practitioner, they would eventually die no matter what they chose. But they wouldn't willingly obey the last order and be eaten by that dragon.

Some of the captured practitioners were enraged and started cursing, "You're all fucking cowards! You won't make us kill ourselves! I would rather die here than be eaten by that monster!"

"I would rather die than help you in your purpose!"

Upon hearing the commotion, the two masters on the primary level of Internal Elixir rushed to the troop. They caught several practitioners and forcefully threw them into the mountain creek. The practitioners rolled down the creek like rocks, but before even hitting the ground, they were bitten and swallowed by the winged dragon. It happened so fast that those eaten didn't have the chance to scream for their lives.

The unfortunate fate that those practitioners met had frightened the rest. They initially thought the winged dragon wouldn't eat people. But upon seeing it with their own eyes, they became helpless.

The captured practitioners of nature level were thrown to the mountain creek one by one. The rest could not do anything but wait for their own fate. The two masters on the primary level of Internal Elixir kept on throwing the practitioners into the creek, while the ferocious winged dragon ate all them all without any hesitation.

Now, there were only eight practitioners that stood in front of Zen. It would eventually be his turn. He grew anxious and could not think straight. Finally, he asked the cyan dragon, "Now, tell me what to do! I believe you won't let me be eaten by that dragon!"

Chapter 644 From Under The Ice

'From here you jump, and head to the Dragon Soar Arena gates as fast as possible. I'll handle the rest!' the cyan dragon commanded, smoothly.

A feeling of relief washed over Zen. Till now, the cyan dragon hadn't done anything that served no purpose. Since the dragon seemed to know exactly what to do here, Zen decided to do as suggested.

One after another, he watched the nature level warriors as they were tossed from the mountain. Then it was Zen's turn. The two warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm took hold of Zen's limbs and hurled him at the mountain stream, where the winged dragon waited.

As Zen dropped from the slope, he watched the winged dragon gobbling up the other warriors that landed before him. It finished them as Zen fell, and turned its attention to Zen. Suddenly, the winged dragon craned its neck and snapped at Zen.

'Now, cyan dragon!'

screamed Zen in his mind as he wrestled free of his bonds. He realized he was outmatched, and would have to rely solely on the cyan dragon to escape with his life!

"Huh!"

uttered the young man in purple thoughtfully with a trace of surprise as he watched Zen break free. His surprise changed quickly, and a wicked grin spread across his face because he felt Zen's struggles were in vain. Whatever Zen did, there was no escaping the winged dragon.

Unknown to the young master watching, just as the winged dragon's jaws snapped shut over Zen, within Zen's mind, the cyan dragon sounded a mighty roar!

"Raawwrr!"

echoed the roar through the mountain stream.

The reverberating roar filled the ferocious winged dragon with fear, and its head shot back. The winged dragon huddled in a ball in the Dragon Soar Arena, with wide eyes filled with uncertainty and alarm.

Its fear to the dragon roar was reasonable, for winged dragons had evolved from flood dragons, who were born with an innate fear of true dragons, whereas the latter were naturally powerful, legendary beasts, if not the most frightening of all.

Jaws dropped as the master warriors watched. Shock etched in the face of the young master as he stepped forward.

Considering the winged dragon was beyond his capabilities, he didn't dare get any closer than that!

"He...How! How did he manage to create a dragon roar that powerful? Does he have a secret weapon that I'm not aware of?" mumbled the young master quietly, as he studied Zen top to bottom as he sprinted. Suddenly he remembered something and his devious smile returned, giving his face an evil look as he muttered, "Well, even if he escapes the winged dragon's attack, he wouldn't be able to get into the Dragon Soar Arena!" As he clutched the jade dragon-shaped pendant tightly, the young master's expression darkened. The medallion he held was the most valuable treasure his clan had, passed from one generation to the next for as long as anyone could remember. It was the key to the Dragon Soar Arena, and without it, the arena couldn't be opened.

Kicking at the mountainside to attempt to slow himself, Zen dropped quickly. In a blink of an eye, he touched the ground and his feet sunk deeply into the soft earth. Immediately, he sprang up from the dirt and rushed at the Dragon Soar Arena.

He knew he couldn't lower his guard even though he'd intimidated the winged dragon with the cyan dragon's roar, because it would attack without hesitation once it realized the cyan dragon was merely a spirit.

'The gates are locked!' shouted Zen mentally as he rushed at the arena gates.

'Have faith! Keep going!' said the cyan dragon calmly.

As soon as Zen got near the gate, the cyan dragon spirit reached out with his claw and touched the gates. Suddenly, the etched ring-shaped seal gleamed as it mimicked the dragon. There was a clicking sound and the gates sprung open.

'Now! Enter!' ordered the cyan dragon loudly within Zen.

Zen reacted instantly, jumping through the gateway. The gates slammed shut behind him.

All the master warriors watching, including the young master were dumbfounded, and their mouths dropped open.

"How?! How on earth did he open the gates!?"

shrieked the puzzled young master. He couldn't fathom how Zen got in the arena without the jade pendant. He glanced down at his treasured jade pendant, and thought of how ironic the situation was.

Originally, the plan was for him to wait until the winged dragon was full from devouring the warriors flung to it, and then take that opportunity to walk into the arena. How could anyone anticipate that one of the nature creatures could escape the winged dragon and enter the arena before him! They were supposed to be so much weaker and unable to escape with their lives! Indignant and disturbed, the young master ordered, "Hurry! Toss the rest of these idiots off the mountain!"

When the gates closed behind Zen, he was teleported to a strange place. He assumed he was still in the Dragon Soar Arena, but there was a faint white glow in the spacious area surrounding him, and in the middle stood a spiral staircase.

"Why's there a staircase here, cyan dragon? Is the arena a tower?" wondered Zen aloud, as he stood in front of the stairs on the first floor of a tower.

The cyan dragon chuckled heartily, and stated, 'Just climb the stairs, and you will find out! I wouldn't have told you to come in here if it wasn't to your advantage!'

Zen bit his lip, and the bullet. Now that he was there, he walked up to the second floor.

Unlike the bare walls on the first floor, dragon reliefs adorned every wall of the second floor. The dragon-shaped patterns were lifelike, and as Zen stared at the images, they changed!

In the next moment, Zen was standing atop a large piece of ice surface, looking down at his reflection in the shimmering glass-like ice. He nearly doubted his eyes, but, everything felt so real.

"Are these reliefs magical? Am I experiencing an illusion?" asked Zen as his face scrunched into a scowl.

"Keep going! You need to reach the top floor! If you fail to, you will be rejected, and will never get to try again!" shouted the cyan dragon impatiently. He ignored Zen's question. He seemed to care a great deal about this, as he urged Zen to continue.

Zen felt the urgency and kept silent as he obediently climbed higher. If he was rejected by the arena, he would be teleported out to where the winged dragon and the master warriors waited. If he were trapped by them, his fate would be worse than death.

Just as Zen nodded in agreement, the ice beneath his feet shattered, exposing huge cracks, as if something huge was beating from under the ice! Soon, the lines expanded!

"Cra-acck!"

When the ice broke away, countless in number, thirty to forty-foot tall creatures lunged up from the depths, snarling and bearing sharp tusks.

He recognized that the monsters were ferocious polar beasts, which made Zen's heart race fearfully, but, he regained himself quickly and remained still and silent as he quickly devised a plan.

Moments after the enormous creatures emerged from under the ice growling at Zen sinisterly, they launched at him, attacking!

"Sh-wish!"

The sound of Zen's Blood Drinking Sword as he unsheathed it mixed in with the snarling beasts' howl. Zen poised for combat, facing the beasts fearlessly.

Though the fierce beasts had nearly limitless power, they were somewhat slow to react. Targeting one beast, Zen took the chance. He jumped, lunging Blood Drinking Sword at the beast!

"Stab!" Zen shouted as he prepared to use a basic swordsmanship move.

Belatedly, the beast tried to escape. Searing pain ripped through the monster as the sword sliced into it, and it howled long and loud.

Zen didn't stop, or give the wounded beast a thought as he easily slit its stomach wide open, and rushed toward the next victim.

'Huh? What?'

he wondered, noticing something weird suddenly. He had thought the polar beast would vanish, transforming into spots of sparkling light in the magic array when he killed it, but it didn't. The creature lay there, bleeding, and howling as it died slowly. Finally, it fell silent, in a pool of its blood on the ground.

'It can't be a magic array if the beast isn't disappearing! Is all this real? No, no that isn't possible!' thought Zen, with a look of surprise. At first, he thought he was trapped in a magic array, and that the beasts were illusions. But, he quickly rejected that idea when he saw the bloody corpse. Where was he, then? Was he transported to some weird place? Wasn't he in the Dragon Soar Arena?

The cyan dragon heard his questions, and chortled before he replied, "Of course it isn't a magic array. It's far superior to any magic array. It's an array that was arranged with divine textures. Your mortal mind cannot comprehend it. All you have to do is climb to the top!" After he finished explaining it to Zen, the cyan dragon's laughter reverberated through Zen's soul.

Just then, something weird happened, again. A mass of malicious aura rose from the polar beast's corpse, and charged at Zen. A malicious aura was pure curse power that could only be generated by living creatures when they died holding a grudge. Seeing it appear, Zen was sure that the beasts were not shadows, but instead they were real.

A small dot yellow light shot from the polar monster's body, too, and flew at Zen. Before he could react it ploughed into his abdomen.

'What on earth? What's happening?' Feeling the light as it merged with his energy, Zen had a look of doubt on his face. But, there was no time to think. There more polar monsters were standing by Zen ready to pounce on him.

Zen moved at full speed, weaving between the monsters. Whenever he could, he took a chance, and thrust his sword through another beast, slicing through as many as he could. In a flash, the corpses were piled like a mountain of red, wet ice.

As the death toll increased, the malicious aura masses' count rose on the ice, and more spots of yellow lights shot into Zen's body.

When the light points accumulated to a certain extent, Zen felt a feeling of fullness in his belly, precisely where his energy was stored. 'What in the hell is happening!?' Zen asked himself.

Chapter 645 Lady Poison-blood

There was a feeling of fullness engulfed him making him feel more animated. Briefly, he closed his eyes, savoring the entirety of the moment when he suddenly felt the surge of life vitality tightening in his belly. Unknown to the experience, panic coursed through him. Then it began spinning and spreading out wildly–extremely out of his control!

"This is... Wow!" The sense of trepidation quickly dissipated on Zen's face when it dawned on him what was going on. Realizing he finally broke through to the fifth grade of nature level, his face beamed with happiness.

'Is it because of the yellow spots?' he wondered in awe while still relishing on the tingling sensation around his body.

"Hey! You get it, boy." The cyan dragon's voice rang in his mind at the inopportune moment, knocking him out of his serious musing. "It's the Lucky Light of our Genuine Dragons. Let me tell you, it is very crucial in reinforcing your strength. It works wonders for martial artists with low cultivation levels," he explained to Zen, rolling his eyes loftily.

Zen was fully aware of what he must concentrate on at present, and that was to promote his cultivation. Based on his assessment of himself, he was moving at a snail's pace. He believed that his progress was too slow! However, the reality was exactly the opposite of how he viewed his current capabilities. By all accounts, he was now improving at a decent rate in the Cloud Hall.

Thinking that he still heard nothing of Yan, his dear sister, at this time, the intensity of his determination to get better doubled. He needed to focus and to hurry! How could he not? He was about to face the Evil East Lord whose strength was mysteriously unfathomable to him. So putting first thing first, he braced himself to his most urgent task, which was to upgrade his cultivation and strength. Although he acquired a lot on Cloud Road, his cultivation did not improve much there!

"How amazing is the Lucky Light! When the guy in the later stage of Internal Elixir Realm comes in, does it mean he is going to break through the Internal Elixir Realm?" probed Zen.

"In dreams!" the cyan dragon snorted coldly. "The Lucky Light only works for refiners with cultivation below the Internal Elixir Realm, but has no effect on refiners in the Internal Elixir Realm! Bear in mind that the main reason is the Dragon Soar Arena. It has just shown up after waiting for thousands of years to produce a large amount of the Lucky Light. Now that you've absorbed most of it, those who will come next will only receive a small amount!"

Each time the Dragon Soar Arena was used, it would take some time to accumulate and generate new Lucky Light. This time almost all the Lucky Light was in Zen's hands. Even if the later martial artists passed through the second floor, he might only get a little of the Lucky Light. Zen, who was the first to arrive, was lucky enough to receive most of the Lucky Light at once.

There was no doubt that Zen had a fascinating stroke of luck this time. This was why the cyan dragon insisted that he should not run away.

"I see!" Zen stated as his face exuded inexplicable radiance. If he would gather all his attributes and climb all the way to the top of the Dragon Soar Arena, then he could possibly break into the Illuminating Soul Realm in no time! In that case, the speed of his improvement would be totally unheard of in the world. It would be really incredible!

As the life vitality in Zen's belly stopped spinning, the surroundings of the divine texture array slowly dissipated. So he passed through the second floor.

Zen continued and strode over to the stairs leading to the third floor. He had just reached the stair when he heard the sound of the door opening and closing from below!

"Oh, no! Somebody's coming in!" Zen's face darkened all of a sudden. He guessed that the young master entered the Dragon Soar Arena after he had fed the winged dragon.

"Take your time. Just climb at your own speed," said the cyan dragon in a calm voice.

Zen trotted up the stair and responded, "But I don't climb as fast as he does."

It took Zen five minutes to slaughter the polar beasts, but it would only take a few dozen seconds for a refiner in the Internal Elixir Realm to eradicate them. Then he would quickly catch up with Zen.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! The divine texture array of the Dragon Soar Arena is developed based on the strength of the man climbing the Dragon Soar Arena. If he is in the later stage of Internal Elixir Realm, the beasts he will encounter should be several times fiercer than you have encountered. So don't worry, he won't get to be faster than you!" The cyan dragon chortled.

Zen was reassured to learn how the array worked, but a new doubt flitted across his mind. "Since the Lucky Light in the Dragon Soar Arena cannot promote his practice, why would he climb it?"

"You'll know when you get to the top of the Dragon Soar Arena!" Instead of explicitly answering the young man's question, the cyan dragon kept him in suspense.

When Zen stepped into the third floor, the surroundings suddenly became hazy abruptly obscuring his vision. After the scene whirled in a seemingly endless circle, he found himself in a thick forest. Sharping his senses, he initially took a tentative step forward while letting his eyes scan the area closely. The place sent chills along his spine as he delved deeper. There, in the middle of the forest, a bunch of golden pythons were coiled up in trees. Noticing his presence, they glided down hissing venomously at him!

Zen gave a smile and swung his Blood Drinking Sword toward those pythons. To him, these golden pythons were points of Lucky Light and traces of malicious aura!

When he was fighting with these golden pythons, there was an accident occurring outside the Dragon Soar Arena.

After having been fed, the winged dragon was lazily entrenched in the top of the tower and coldly stared at the three refiners in the Internal Elixir Realm, not far away. The three refiners were waiting outside patiently after sending their young master into the tower. However, they got a little nervous facing the ferocious winged dragon, so the three of them distanced themselves.

At this time, the bright Milky Way suddenly appeared above them, and almost lit up half the sky. The three refiners in the Internal Elixir Realm looked up and saw a few horses running in the air and pulling a carriage towards them!

The carriage left a myriad of glistening lights in the passing sky, as if it were driving on the Milky Way.

At the sight of the carriage flying in the air, the three refiners went pale.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed one of the refiners. "Someone else also found about the Dragon Soar Arena!"

"The carriage... It's Lady Poison-blood of the Bloodwood Cliff! What should we do? Lady Poison-blood is coming!"

"What can we do? We can do nothing about an old freak in the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Fortunately, young master has gone in, or he may not be able to get any benefit from the Dragon Soar Arena!"

In a few moments, the carriage had reached the top of the stream and stopped in mid-air. Then a woman of graceful bearing stepped out of the carriage. She looked exceedingly charming, and there was a coquettish look about her, making her look like a ripe apple.

This woman was Lady Poison-blood from the Bloodwood Cliff, an existence beyond refiners in the Internal Elixir Realm, and one of the best in the Central Region!

Lady Poison-blood cast a casual glance at the Dragon Soar Arena. "That's funny," she chuckled in a soft voice. "I thought the unusual sight in the Western Region couldn't be just because of the purple thunder bamboo. Looks like it's right for me to come here myself. The Dragon Soar Arena has shown up!"

After soliloquizing, Lady Poison-blood turned her eyes to the three refiners in the Internal Elixir Realm. Then she crooked her finger towards the three and said, "You three, come here."

On hearing her words, the three refiners immediately felt profoundly scared. Although they were very reluctant to approach Lady Poison-blood, they did not dare to resist her order. After all, the beautiful Lady Poison-blood was actually a cold-blooded, ruthless woman.

"Are you from the Xue family?" asked Lady Poison-blood softly.

"Yes, my lady!" replied one of the refiners. The Xue family was a force of grade three. Although grade three was next to grade four, there was a striking difference between the forces of the two grades!

Lady Poison-blood nodded, and said with a smile, "It seems that the young master of your family has gone in. Am I right? I've long heard that the Xue family inherited the blood of the dragon. It turns out, the rumor is true!"

"Our young master is indeed in the Dragon Soar Arena," said another refiner. "Only our young master's dragon-shaped jade pendant can open the Dragon Soar Arena, so the Dragon Soar Arena belongs to our Xue..."

Before the refiner could finish his sentence, Lady Poison-blood stretched out her hand, and with a gentle flip, a dragon-shaped jade pendant was in her hand. "Do you mean this kind of dragon-shaped jade pendant? I also have one!" stated Lady Poison-blood. "Looks like the Dragon Soar Arena should belong to my Bloodwood Cliff!"

Then Lady Poison-blood took a faint look at the winged dragon. Although it was a bit troublesome to deal with the dragon, it was not difficult for her to get rid of it.

"Lady Poison-blood..." The refiner, in the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, reluctantly called her name. But as Lady Poison-blood only gave him a slight glance, he immediately shut up. In the world of martial arts, only a man of great strength could reason; people without strength were worthless!

The Dragon Soar Arena was a very useful treasure for both sects and families. It was because the Lucky Light was generated in the tower every once in a while, and was very helpful for their disciples' practicing! Although Zen came first and took away most of the Lucky Light this time, it would be produced again after a certain period of time.

The winged dragon was prostrate on the Dragon Soar Arena, its eyes fixed on Lady Poison-blood. This was the first time it had felt threatened since it appeared with the Dragon Soar Arena.

However, while Lady Poison-blood was thinking about how to obtain the Dragon Soar Arena, croaks of crows rose suddenly from the air. There was a flock of crows, blotting out the sky and flying towards the Dragon Soar Arena.

At the sight of those crows, Lady Poison-blood's face crumpled. "It's Raven! That old man always fights with me for treasures and makes trouble for me!" she complained in a bleak voice.

Chapter 646 A War For The Dragon Soar Arena

The crows were like black stains in the azure sky, flying too fast that they seemed like dark blurs. In a span of a few moments, they were already hovering above the mountain stream.

Mocking laughter resounded through the valley, "Hahaha! Lady Poison-blood, it seems that someone has got ahead of you." Above the group of crows was a man donning a black ghost mask. It was hard to tell how ancient the man was. As Lady Poison-blood called him an old man, he must have been around for ages.

"So what, huh? I got here way before you did, so the Dragon Soar Arena belongs to me, alone!" Lady Poison-blood remarked coldly.

Raven grinned upon hearing this. "Lady Poison-blood, you are still one of the top martial arts practitioners in the Central Region. Don't be so unreasonable."

"Oh? What if I am that unreasonable? Do you really think I'll be scared of you?" Lady Poison-blood stated matter-of-factly.

Hearing the feuding between these two powerful masters, the three Internal Elixir Realm cultivators from the Xue Clan sighed deeply. They feared that the Xue Clan might not get their fair share of the Dragon Soar Arena this time around. They only hoped that their young master would have good fortune in exploring the Dragon Soar Arena.

As Lady Poison-blood and Raven were in a heated exchange of insults and taunts, a roar resounded loud and clear from nearby.

The intense roar rattled everyone present.

A tremendous flood dragon appeared in the sky and swam towards them.

"A flood dragon!" Lady Poison-blood's face darkened.

"No, I can't feel its life essence. This is merely a puppet!" Raven said. No one could see his exact expression with the mask concealing his face.

Having heard the roar of the flood dragon, the winged dragon guarding the Dragon Soar Arena roared back, the sound like the rumble of thunder. The winged dragon seemed to utilize the roar to further manifest its immense power. There were too many masters coming here today. Even a powerful creature such as the winged dragon also got nervous and felt threatened.

When the flood dragon approached closer, they saw it open its mouth. Three people were standing in the middle, with the incumbent leader of the Cloud Hall, Tia, front and center.

Tia had been practicing in a secluded place for a whole month, and now the aura around her had changed substantially. It was apparent that she had already leaped to the Internal Elixir Realm from the Illuminating Soul Realm. Tia had dispersed her cultivation base nine times, and every time she had to restart from scratch. She never encountered a single bottleneck in regaining her cultivation base. The rate she improved her cultivation level was extremely fast. Within a month, she had already entered the Internal Elixir Realm.

"The Cloud Hall! Letitia Ning! Where... did she get this flood dragon puppet?" Raven asked.

Lady Poison-blood, who was standing beside him, also looked at Letitia Ning with admiration. As the leaders of the fourth-grade sects, they knew clear as day the significance of a flood dragon puppet to a sect. In times of conflict between sects, the summoning of a flood dragon puppet was usually the key factor in turning the tides. It was a powerful and strategic weapon to employ.

Letitia merely chuckled and said, "Oh! So you wanna know huh? I'll tell you unless you agree that Dragon Soar Arena belongs to me."

They just couldn't let Letitia take the Dragon Soar Arena. All the important people present were fourth-grade sect leaders. The Dragon Soar Arena was a much coveted prize. Letitia's request definitely put the pressure on Raven and Lady Poison-blood.

They dared not underestimate Letitia as a simple Internal Elixir Realm cultivator. Letitia had mastered the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, and they were all familiar on how incredibly powerful this technique was. As soon as she regained her original cultivation base, she would surpass them completely. Furthermore, there was an extremely powerful figure in the Cloud Hall who had her back.

However, it was unlikely that Letitia could take the Dragon Soar Arena that easily. The tension was thick in the air as no one wanted to give ground.

Several minutes passed since Letitia and her colleagues arrived, now a massive ship appeared in the sky and started barreling towards them. The way the ship moved was strange. It sailed in the sky as if in a way of teleportation, constantly shifting and leaping from one space to another.

Letitia pouted and complained out loud like a little kid, "I knew the people from Ethereal Spirit Sect would get involved!"

After the ship drew to a stop, seven men flew out of the ship and descended elegantly. They were all clad in soot black robes, and their appearances and expressions were exactly the same. These were the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit.

"The leader of the Ethereal Spirit Sect didn't come, but he did send the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit." Raven sighed.

The seven warriors were septuplets, their souls eternally bound to each other. Although Raven could deal with any one of them in a one-on-one fight, he could never match the power of the seven combined.

After the seven warriors descended from the gargantuan ship, they all bowed to Letitia, Raven and Lady Poison-blood all in sync with each other. They apparently were polite and possessed good manners. As the only fifth grade sect in the Central Region, the Ethereal Spirit Sect was humble and always kept a low profile.

The seven warriors stood in a neat line beside them. No one dared utter a word. But everybody knew that they also came for the Dragon Soar Arena. In any case, the most powerful sect usually didn't have to say anything. Their raw aura and strength spoke for themselves.

"It's just a God-forsaken Dragon Soar Arena. Why does everyone get all nosy.." Raven said while scratching his nose under his mask.

"What? Just a Dragon Soar Arena? Then what do you think you're doing here? You might as well just give up now." Lady Poison-blood felt oddly irritated.

"Now, why should I give up? You want to take me on, huh?" Raven muttered with an icy tone.

Landing a firm gaze at Raven, Lady Poison-blood said, "Raven, are you saying you want to start a war?"

There were a lot of sects present in the Central Region, and also a lot of countries. But most of the sects overtook the countries, possessing a lot of power. If a war broke out amongst sects, it would be fiercer than the strife among countries. The war would plunge the common folk into misery and suffering as the Central Region would flow with blood.

The Central Region was once in turmoil during the past war. But with the emergence of several fourth grade sects, and the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the situation soon stabilized.

Raven was flustered upon hearing Lady Poison-blood's words. As a matter of fact, several fourth grade sects were desperately trying to catch up with the Ethereal Spirit Sect. With Letitia accomplishing the last level of the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, she might as well lead the Cloud Hall to the fifth grade level.

The fragile peace the Central Region currently enjoyed stemmed from the delicate balance among the powers within the Central Region. In fact, once the balance tipped over to one side even a fraction, a war among the sects was inevitable.

After a short wait, the people from the Mysterious Luna Hall had just begun to arrive.

Finally, Letitia just smiled gracefully and said, "It seems that it is indeed time for us to sit down and enjoy a nice, long talk."

Zen had no idea what was transpiring outside. At this moment, he was just wild with joy. In the Dragon Soar Arena, Zen forged ahead, killing enemies left and right, and taking in the Lucky Light and malicious aura into his body.

As the Dragon Soar Arena just came into the world, the Lucky Light it had accumulated over thousands of years constantly flew into Zen's belly and filled the space. Zen could feel that his spirit became fuller and stronger. And his cultivation base surged along the way. When he ascended the fourth floor of the Dragon Soar Arena, he already entered the ninth grade of the nature level, only one step from the consummation of nature level.

Zen had always had a solid foundation in martial arts. This was due to the fact that he had spent a lot of time and energy consolidating his martial arts foundation. Though he was better grounded than many common warriors, he fell behind in rising his level. But once his power erupted, his level in martial arts would rise in leaps and bounds, at the speed that no other warriors could ever hope to match.

Ever since he set his mind on mastering martial arts, Zen had never been so pleased as everything had gone smoothly so far.

As he ascended the Dragon Soar Arena higher and higher, the difficulty rose accordingly.

When he reached the fourth floor, Zen was able to decimate his opponents with the Blood Drinking Sword. However, when he got to the fifth floor, he was astonished to see his challenge ahead - a full-on heavily armored cavalry contingent. The whole floor was packed with heavy cavalry. There might've been thousands.

Facing the cavalry head-on, Zen felt restrained to get through with only his Blood-Drinking Sword. So he summoned Lily as well. With the huge sword in her hand, Lily was a born killer. Every time she swung her behemoth of a sword, it would cut a swathe through the large group of soldiers and chopped them to bits.

At that moment, the malicious aura and spots of Lucky Light poured into Zen's body and were rapidly focused on his lower body.

Soon enough, he breezed past the fifth floor.

With no regard for anything else, Zen rushed upwards the sixth floor.

After he reached the sixth floor, he found it strange that it was empty. The divine texture array of the sixth floor apparently hadn't been activated yet.

'Is this the top floor, then?' Zen wondered to himself. He didn't expect this would end soon, as he hadn't gotten enough Lucky Light to improve his level. He was now at the peak of his nature level, and only with a bit more Lucky Light, he would be able to enter the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"Haha! Finally we arrive at the top!" The Cyan Dragon who remained mum finally spoke.

Zen glanced around to check his surroundings. He soon found a circular divine texture hanging by the sloped ceiling. He turned to the cyan dragon and said, "You still haven't told me why we're doing all this and what will happen when we conquer the top floor."

At this time, the young master who was at the premium stage of the Internal Elixir Realm was rapidly catching up. If he failed to climb to the top, he'd be in great danger.

"Do as I tell you. Now, get closer to the circular divine texture," the cyan dragon ordered.

Zen nodded in assent, and then walked towards the sloping wall. He stopped and stood still upon reaching the oval divine texture.

As soon as he stopped, a tiny flicker of soul was infused onto the divine texture. It then began to revolve slowly. Suddenly a flash of light poured forth and went directly towards Zen.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 647 The Upper World (Part One)

At that point in time when the light enveloped Zen's body, he heard some footsteps inching closer from behind him. As it turned out, it was actually the young master of the Xue Clan, whose cultivation was at the later stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. He had managed to breeze through and reach the sixth floor!

Beneath that blinding light, Zen felt as though his entire body had been set ablaze and burnt down into cinders. From what he could make out of it, his body was being reduced to ashes and his physical form was fading away slowly into nothingness.

"You?!" This plan of the young master of the Xue Clan had already been set in motion so long ago. He went through lengths just to reach Zen in time. He took great efforts to chase Zen behind him. But at the very end, he had been just a couple of seconds too late, and the last thing he saw when he got there was Zen's smiling face fading into the light.

A few moments before Zen had entirely vanished, the cyan dragon was able to transfer a fragment of his soul directly to him and alter the divine texture to just the bare minimum without getting caught.

The second Zen disappeared completely, a white light materialized right above the Dragon Soar Arena, beaming upward into the sky. It passed through a chunk of clouds, strong wind, and dense space cracks, vanishing at the edge of the sky.

"What the...?! That was amazing! The young master of the Xue Clan really managed to pull it off! It seems he has already been transferred somewhere else!" Letting out a sigh of relief, the Lady Poison-blood's eyes were glistening in amusement. As she stared up at the Dragon Soar Arena, she wore an enthusiastic look on her face.

It had been long rumored that the Dragon Soar Arena was actually the channeling passageway of the vast world built by the Genuine Dragon. A person who had access to it could be transferred straight into the Upper World. This just went to verify that the legend was indeed true. The passageway really existed!

The inhabitants of the world Zen had been in had no means of flying into the Upper World, not even if they somehow managed to pass through the Nine Thunder Turns. All throughout the past millennia, no one had ever flown into the Upper World.

Not a single person, living or dead, could understand the logic behind it.

There were various explanations how the Dragon Soar Arena had been revered that much by the grade-four or five sects. One of those reasons was that it could be of great help for their disciples to improve their cultivation skill. The Lucky Light of the Genuine Dragon had an even greater effect compared to that of the other pills out in the market for strengthening their cultivation ability. And the Lucky Light had no side effect whatsoever!

One other reason was that the Dragon Soar Arena was, in reality, a ticket to the Upper World. Humans had a chance to step foot in the Upper World by passing through the road located in the Genuine Dragon world. A lot of the strongest warriors standing at the apex couldn't find a way to break through and reach even higher up even though they had been lucky enough to persevere at the Nine Thunder Turns. With a lifetime spanning a couple millennia, they eventually reached the end of their lives and withered away becoming figures only existing in the history books.

Life span was a limitation which mere human beings could never hope to overcome in this world. If they could get to the Upper World, only then would they be capable of existing at a higher form. It gave the warriors living on this side of the world something to strive for, an end goal.

Literally seconds ago, Lady Poison-blood discovered that the young master of the Xue Clan had stepped foot in the Dragon Soar Arena. Now, after gazing upon the white light rising toward the sky, she was under the assumption that it must be the work of the young master of the Xue Clan. Little did she know that the young master of the Xue Clan had actually been left behind, standing on the sixth tier, fuming with intense rage.

"This is so confusing! What is happening here?" the young master of the Xue Clan yelled quite furiously. He had already lodged the dragon-shaped jade pendant into the slot beside the divine texture just as he was supposed to. However, for some reason, the divine texture still hadn't been activated.

'I'm quite certain that the guy has been transmitted away a little while ago. Just how in the world was he able to make it work without having a dragon-shaped jade pendant in his possession?! Why isn't it working? What am I doing wrong? Why can't I do it?!' the young master of the Xue Clan thought, beginning to get frustrated. There was a grim look that crept onto his face. One thing he wasn't aware of was that moments before Zen had left, the cyan dragon managed to stealthily alter the divine texture a little bit.

After a couple of attempts and pondering about it for quite some time, the young master of the Xue Clan took off the dragon-shaped jade pendant. In that instant upon taking off the jade pendant, the round divine texture started lighting up once again.

"I made it work!" the young master of the Xue Clan screamed his lungs out feeling so exhilarated. Hurriedly pacing toward the light, it didn't take too long until his body began to fade and he ended up vanishing into thin air.

Letitia, along with everyone else noticed the light beaming from the top of the Dragon Soar Arena again, and they all shot a baffled look at it. 'A while ago, a person has just been transmitted away. So, why is it lighting up again out of nowhere?' everybody was wondering deep inside.

Out of the people who happened to witness the second beam of light coming from the arena, it was solely the three warriors in the Internal Elixir Realm that were delighted to see it once again. 'Our young master has successfully been transmitted as well!" the warriors thought to themselves. The three knew fully well that the first light could only mean that the strange guy who went into the Dragon Soar Arena first had been successfully transmitted and not their young master. They were quite concerned about their young master upon seeing the first beam of light. But right now, their minds were finally put at ease. Given that they failed to secure the Dragon Soar Arena, they were still fortunate enough to send their young master to obtain some experience in the Upper World. Supposing that their young master somehow managed to break into the Virtual Tribulation Realm, they would have a chance to bring the Xue Clan from grade three all the way to grade four.

Then, from out of the blue, something they weren't anticipating took place. Everyone saw the light gleaming once more and a figure materialized from that light, one who appeared to be in a precarious state. Tossing and turning in the air for some time before he came to a halt, he eventually stood up on the ground. Examining his surroundings, he asked, "Where the hell have I been transmitted to?"

Chapter 648 The Upper World (Part Two)

"Y...Young master?" one of the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm from the Xue Clan called out to him.

It was then that the young master of the Xue Clan instantly came to wrap his mind around what had just happened. If they were standing there next to him, it must have been a failure of a transmission. After going through such lengths, he ended up being made a fool out by that young man. Unable to hold himself back and control his temper, the young master of the Xue Clan yelled out, seething with anger, "I failed to get transmitted straight into the Upper World. What the hell happened? Where did I go wrong?!"

"Young master, there's a crowd of people watching..." the warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm whispered under his breath to remind the young master.

Upon realizing what the warrior meant and coming to his senses, the young master lifted his head up. In an instant, his face turned pale. There was a group of warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm hovering in the sky just right above him.

Raven peered down at them and questioned the young master of the Xue Clan, "Little man, who was it that got transmitted earlier?"

The young master of the Xue Clan might have been revered as a high-level warrior through the eyes of the nature creatures and warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm, but in front of the best and strongest warriors of the Central Region, he looked like a lamb who was at their mercy.

With that in mind, he had no choice but to answer Raven's question truthfully, "The person who has been transmitted away was a man at the nature level. I have no idea who that person was, but he was so swift that I got left behind!" Right after he was done answering Raven's question, the young master had a look of resentment written all over his face. He was having a hard time comprehending what Zen had done to get transmitted while he himself failed to do so.

"A nature creature?" Letitia tried to confirm, seeming to be utterly bewildered. 'This nature creature must have been a brave one. Even warriors like us at the Virtual Tribulation Realm have to take some time to get ourselves ready if we could be transmitted away. It is rather surprising that a nature creature was able to pull it off today, ' she thought, her eyebrows knitted out of annoyance.

Without any clue whatsoever of Zen's whereabouts, of course, she never would've thought it was him who had actually been transmitted. All things considered, there was just a tremendous amount of living warriors in the whole world! It could even probably amount to billions of warriors in this world and the actual number of nature creatures was innumerable. So, it would be quite difficult for Tia to guess the possibility of Zen turning out to be that nature creature.

Even though they all could sense something unusual, no one actually bothered to dwell on it too much. The top priority of the sect leaders at the moment was to acquire ownership of the Dragon Soar Arena.

Lady Poison-blood then declared to the warriors waiting in the area, "We should settle down and discuss this peculiar occurrence. But first and foremost, shall we go ahead and come up with a decision on how we're going to deal with the winged dragon?"

The winged dragon let out a mighty roar. The winged dragon was not merely a pure animal. It actually had a mind of its own. As the designated guardian beast of the Dragon Soar Arena, he sensed an ominous threat. Lying In front of this great number of strong opponents, it was difficult to survive, not to mention to guard the Dragon Soar Arena...

Zen could feel that he was floating in the void. Every single fiber of his being had been torn into shreds and was moving at breakneck speed.

Soaring at such an unfamiliar state, Zen even lost his sense of time and had no damn clue where he was.

After quite some time, Zen had the sensation of his body beginning to materialize, albeit slowly, much like a jigsaw puzzle. Eventually, his body abruptly trembled drastically, and finally, he had arrived at his destination.

'Where am I? Where have I been transported to? What is this place?" Zen had a lot of questions in his mind.

Scanning the area, it was hard to miss the cyan city right in front of him. And as he looked back from where he came, he saw rows of transmission arrays! Lifting his head up and shifting his gaze upward, the transmission arrays stretched as far as his eyes could possibly see. From what he could wildly guess, it looked as though there were approximately more than a hundred thousand transmission arrays!

"Such a huge quantity of transmission arrays!" Zen found it hard to fathom that he could not help himself from thinking out loud. The sheer amount of transmission arrays truly astonished Zen.

From where Zen had been residing, constructing a single transmission array would cost a great many supreme crystals. But from where he stood, he laid his eyes on a hundred thousand transmission arrays. How fascinating that scene was!

The cyan dragon, however, did not even bat an eye. He told Zen, "A single transmission array is connected to a Dragon Soar Arena. You might assume that the hundred thousand transmission arrays are quite a lot to take in, but the fact of the matter is that they are simply parts of our Genuine Dragon's world. By now, you should understand that this city was constructed for Dragon Lineage Humans like you! It is merely a fragment of your whole existence..."

The Genuine Dragon constituted not just the actual dragons, but the Dragon Lineage Humans as well. The anatomy of these so-called Dragon Lineage Humans held Genuine Dragon blood inside them and they also had the ability to learn the most powerful cultivation methods put into practice by the mighty dragons. In truth, there were even a handful of warriors who were much more powerful than the Genuine Dragon!

All in all, there was actually a vast number of Dragon Lineage Humans residing in the Lower World. That was the main reason why the Genuine Dragon decided to build lots of Dragon Soar Arenas acting as the passageway for the Dragon Lineage Humans in the Lower World to gain access to the Upper World.

So, the best fighters of the Central Region were extremely eager to fly straight to the Upper World through the Dragon Soar Arena. When all was said and done, it was the quickest path that the Genuine Dragon designed for use of the Dragon Lineage Humans.

Surveying everything around him for a second, Zen walked toward the cyan city. At this point, a handful of guards riding on some strange creatures appeared and walked over to Zen and surrounded him. The weird creatures seemed to be half human and half avian.

Chapter 649 Imprisoned

Cold, calculating eyes scrutinized the burly squadron of guards. However, Zen couldn't gauge how skilled they were.

After Zen was rounded up, the head of the guards, who sat behind the half-man, half-bird monster measured him up and ordered his men,"This guy is not a member of our clan but he used the Dragon Soar Arena without our permission. Lock him up for a thousand years before releasing him!"

After he finished speaking, a small green ball appeared in each of the guards' hands. The balls shot out lines of green threads at Zen and soon enough, he was bound tightly.

The team of guards then dragged him away to the cyan city.

Zen had no chance to explain himself during the whole ordeal.

'Imprison me for a thousand years! Are you kidding?' Zen thought and smiled bitterly. "Cyan dragon, it seems the members of your Genuine Dragon family are not friendly!" he complained.

"Ha! That's because you don't have the essence and blood of our Genuine Dragon family. Since you're not a member of our family in the Lower World, then you would be punished for using the Dragon Soar Arena without our permission. Don't worry, you'll be released after a thousand years," the cyan dragon said with a laugh. He thought that this wasn't a big deal. "I made this rule many years ago," he added.

The Genuine Dragon family was huge. In addition to genuine dragons, it also included different races that had blood relationships with it, such as the Dragon Lineage Human race. It was one of the powerful races in the Genuine Dragon Family.

Many of these races lived in the Lower World, so the Genuine Dragon Family had built many Dragon Soar Arenas for the Lower World. These Dragon Soar Arenas were used to carry only the Genuine Dragon Family members to the Upper World. If anyone of other races tried to use it, they would be imprisoned for a thousand years as punishment.

The young master of the Xue Clan who had reached the Internal Elixir Realm tried to use the Dragon Soar Arena. However, he failed because the cyan dragon had changed the divine texture on the Dragon Soar Arena. The funny thing was that because he didn't succeed, he narrowly escaped being imprisoned. Otherwise, he would die in the prison, since even an Internal Elixir Realm practitioner only lived until eight hundred years at most.

Zen didn't know what to respond to what the cyan dragon said. He wasn't twenty years old yet. He could only live until three hundred years at most with his current cultivation base. He wouldn't even live to see a thousand years to be released.

"Take it easy. I'm a member of the Genuine Dragon Family. Although I can't show up in public for some reason, I won't let them do anything harmful to you," the cyan dragon said lightly. Zen felt a little relieved to hear that.

After a while, they soon reached their destination.

The city was so big that it had walls as high as a mountain.

Some huge textures that spanned several miles were etched on the city wall. They interlaced with each other and made a complex pattern.

Zen looked at the textures on the wall with awe. He wanted to look at them for a bit longer, but he was being dragged by the guards. "They're divine textures! Wow! They're so huge!" Zen exclaimed. "Did you draw them?" he asked. The cyan dragon explained with a laugh,"Ha! This city belongs to the Dragon Lineage Human race, who are a collateral descendant of our family. It is used exclusively for greeting the family members from the Lower World. Why would I have drawn this for them?" I won't even draw textures for the main cities of the Dragon Lineage Human race!" he added.

In terms of skills, the cyan dragon might not be the best in the Genuine Dragon Family. However, he had every reason to be proud when it came to the divine textures. After all, he had drawn the Grand Marvelous

Array, which was the core protection array of the Genuine Dragon Family. In the Genuine Dragon World, there were many cities of such kind. The cyan dragon obviously wouldn't draw divine textures for them.

After a few minutes, the guards dragged Zen through the city gates.

Zen carefully sized up each person he could along the way. However, he couldn't figure out their cultivation base, except for a few of them who were Illuminating Soul Realm masters, and some were even Internal Elixir Realm masters. It was clear that the members of the Dragon Lineage Human race knew some mysterious method that hid their real cultivation base. Zen thought that they must have extremely high cultivation levels.

After a while of traveling, Zen was taken to a grey building with drab iron fences around it. Zen knew they were in the prison now.

Shortly after, Zen was stuffed behind the iron bars near the prison's entrance. Then, the iron door was closed with a bang.

Some prisoners, who were either lying down or sitting on the ground were scattered in the cell. Some of them meditated in a cross-legged position.

Zen glanced at them and realized that some of them were Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners, Internal Elixir Realm practitioners, and even a few Virtual Tribulation Realm masters. They weren't from the Central Region. Zen guessed that they might have come from different areas of the Lower World. They must've been considered powerful in where they came from.

"They must be the stowaways who, like me, tried to come to this world through the Dragon Soar Arena. They will be imprisoned for a thousand years too!" Zen shook his head. It was definite a bad idea to come here through the Dragon Soar Arena if a person had no essence and blood of the Genuine Dragon Family.

In the Lower World, Virtual Tribulation Realm practitioners were highly powerful in the region where they came from. However, when they reached this city, they would be imprisoned for a thousand years and were as obedient as cats. This rule of the cyan dragon was so...

"What shall I do now? Since you took me here, you must be able to find a way, right?" Zen asked. A light smile crossed the cyan dragon's lips.

"Take out a piece of paper and the mixed ink," he said confidently.

Zen nodded and laid out the pre-mixed ink and a rune paper on the ground in front of him. A tinge of the cyan dragon's soul was released after he raised the rune brush. When it merged with the brush, Zen began to draw on the paper.

When the prisoners saw what Zen was doing, they grew curious. "I didn't expect that you're a runic expert. Why did you come here through the Dragon Soar Arena?" a practitioner asked with a smile.

Although Zen was just a step away from the Illuminating Soul Realm, he might be the lowest among these stowaways in terms of cultivation level.

He didn't respond and continued to focus on drawing the divine texture instead.

"Hey! I'm talking to you! Are you deaf?"

The practitioner who had asked Zen was an Internal Elixir Realm master. He was an arrogant person in the Lower World, so he couldn't help but be enraged when Zen, a nature creature, had ignored him.

"Why are you so noisy? If you shout again, we'll kill you!"

several guards yelled as they walked towards the cell with spears in their hands.

The practitioner crouched on one side in fright and didn't dare to make any noise again. Before, the practitioners had tried to fight against these guards when they first got out of the Dragon Soar Arena. However, even the Virtual Tribulation Realm masters didn't get a chance to fight back before they were arrested. Moreover, this practitioner was just at the Internal Elixir Realm level so he was obviously no match for them.

Some of the practitioners began to talk cautiously among themselves when they saw the divine texture Zen had drawn. "It's unbelievable that he knows how to use Perfect Brushwork, at such a young age!"

It was rare everywhere to see a runic expert who could use Perfect Brushwork.

However, it wan't Zen, but the cyan dragon himself who had drawn this divine texture. After the drawing was finished, the runic brush left a line of strange characters on the paper's margin. Zen couldn't read any of these characters, so he guessed that they were the dragon texture marks the cyan dragon had drawn.

"It's done! Give this divine texture paper to the guards and ask them to hand it over to the lord of the city," the cyan dragon said. Zen nodded and collected the things on the ground.

Then, he walked towards the gate of the cell and carefully knocked on the iron bar.

"What is it?" a gruff voice asked. The guards walked over and looked at Zen coldly.

"Please help me give this to the lord of the city," Zen said and passed that paper of divine texture to the guards.

"The lord?" They looked at each other in surprise, then burst into laughter. "Our city lord? Don't you know what a big man he is?"

"These practitioners from the Lower World all acted the same way. Who do they think they are!"

"That's why we should keep them in the prison for a thousand years. This is the only way they'll know what kind of place this is!" the guards said.

Zen wasn't annoyed by what they said. He just waved the paper of divine texture in his hand and said,"Can you have a look at it before deciding to hand it over to the city lord or not?"

The guards glanced at the paper upon hearing Zen's words. When one of them saw the dragon texture marks on the margin, he was shocked. He grabbed the paper from Zen's hand and asked in a trembling voice,"Where did you get this?"

Chapter 650 The Blood Of A Genuine Dragon

Zen just rolled his eyes when he saw that the guards got worked up over the divine texture.

Just then, a voice seemed to speak in his mind. It was the cyan dragon. "Just tell them that you encountered a Taoist priest called Josh in the Lower World and he gave you the divine texture," he said.

Zen nodded then told the guards what the cyan dragon said to him.

The guards cast each other serious glances upon hearing Zen's words. Shortly after, one guard nodded at Zen and opened the iron fence's door for him, and released him from the prison.

The stowaways from the Lower World looked at each other in amazement when they saw that Zen was released.

'What did the nature creature do? Why did they let him go?' they wondered.

"You stay here. I'll report this matter to the lord of the city," the guard told Zen. After that, he rushed outside with the divine texture.

"Cyan dragon, what message did you leave on the divine texture?" Zen asked. A sly smile crossed the cyan dragon's lips again.

"I just left a breath of my soul on it. The guard didn't recognize it, but he knew the dragon mark I left," he explained.

"I see," Zen nodded.

The cyan dragon continued to tell Zen more about the place. The city they were in was not the main city of the Genuine Dragon World. It was built as a place where the Dragon Lineage Human elites could cultivate.

Even the members of Dragon Lineage Human who had ascended to the Upper World must pass the trial before they could enter the Genuine Dragon World. It was so that the Genuine Dragons made sure that those selected were geniuses of their race. On the other hand, the message the cyan dragon left on the divine texture was a request for Zen. He asked the lord of the city to give Zen a chance to train here.

Zen knew this, and nodded in affirmation. If Zen wanted to embark on the top level of martial arts in his life as a martial artist, he must cultivate himself hard. Although the cyan dragon had helped him a lot, Zen couldn't rely on him all the time.

The cyan dragon had saved him from a thousand years in prison, which was indeed a great act of kindness he would never forget. Now, the training in the Upper World that he asked for Zen was also another blessing. If Zen could take the trial, he would gain many benefits.

"Now that you have returned to your hometown, why don't you reveal yourself to them?" Zen asked curiously. The mysterious furnace, the black flame, the cyan dragon, and the eight other dragons in it were all a huge mystery to Zen--and that mystery had led him to where he was now.

When the cyan dragon heard Zen's question, he got silent for a moment.

"Even if I come back, so what? Something that cannot be changed, still cannot be changed," he said with a heavy sigh. There was a hint of sadness in the cyan dragon's voice when he said those words.

It made Zen feel sad as well. The cyan dragon had been on his mind for a long time and Zen thought highly of him. He had seen many great things. It was no doubt that nothing that happened in the Lower World was even enough to surprise him.

Now, it seemed that he also had a high position in the Genuine Dragon World.

However, the sigh he just let out brought Zen a feeling of familiarity. It reminded him of the days when he suffered humiliation in the Luo Clan. Perhaps, the cyan dragon also had an unspeakable past.

Zen didn't get to the bottom of it. He knew that with his current strength, he was still weak in the Lower World, let alone in the city of the Upper World, which lay on the outskirts of the Genuine Dragon World. He was just like a small speck of dust and couldn't offer any help to the cyan dragon.

Though he didn't have the ability, he did have the determination.

After quite some time, the guard finally came back. He nodded calmly at Zen and threw him a token. "I have informed the lord, and he allowed you to train with the other cultivators. Come with me," he said.

Zen gave him a knowing nod. He had no doubt about the cyan dragon's capabilities, and he believed the city lord would even come to meet him in person if the cyan dragon asked.

Zen took the token and followed the guard out of the prison, while the envious eyes of the other stowaways in the cell stared at him.

The guard led him through half of the city. What impressed Zen the most was the vast size of it. They rode a half-man, half-bird monster on the way, but it still took them a long time to get to their destination, which was another square of the city.

The building there was huge, but not exquisite. After they landed at the square, two old men approached them. Zen couldn't gauge their cultivation bases. Maybe they had covered them up with a secret technique, or they had extremely high cultivation bases and Zen simply couldn't see them at all.

"Who is he? He is not a Dragon Lineage Human, but just an ordinary human. Why was he sent here?" one old man asked when he saw Zen. "No, there seems to be a trace of flood dragon force in his body. He might have absorbed the blood of the flood dragon. But even then, he still could not be regarded as a Dragon Lineage Human," another old man added with a shake of his head.

Just then, the guard who had brought Zen to this place spoke up,"The lord has granted him a token, and said that this person was specially approved to participate in the training."

"Is this an order from the lord?"

There was a look of surprise on the old man's face. He took a closer look at Zen and wondered what kind of relationship there was between he and the city lord. He could not figure out how the lord had anything to do with this guy, who was merely a nature creature.

He thought that since the lord didn't show up, they had an ordinary relationship. He felt relieved when he thought about it.

"In that case, come with me. I'll let you get the blood of the genuine dragon first. Then, I will take you to participate in the training," the old man said.

"The blood of the genuine dragon?"

Zen was stunned. He did not expect to get the blood of the genuine dragon just by participating in the training.

"Every Dragon Lineage Human that has ascended to the Upper World can receive a drop of genuine dragon blood to increase the concentration of blood in their bodies. Although you are an outsider, you can also receive a drop of genuine dragon blood according to the usual practice, since the lord has approved," the old man said with a nod.

The Dragon Lineage Human was the human being who had inherited the Dragon Lineage. The blood concentration in the Dragon Lineage Humans varied. Some people had a low blood concentration in their bodies, while others had a high blood concentration. For instance, Tracy's body had a medium concentration of Blue Phoenix's blood. However, no matter how high or low it was, they would be given a drop of genuine dragon blood.

"Give me the token. I will use it to get the blood of the genuine dragon," said the old man.

Zen handed over the token, as he told the cyan dragon in his mind,"Your dragon family is really generous."

"Hey, we're genuine dragons. An adult genuine dragon is thousands of miles long. Its blood can drown out the entire Central Region. So one or two drops of blood of genuine dragon isn't really much," he said confidently. The cyan dragon seemed to have fun poking at Zen's ignorance.

Zen clicked his tongue in admiration. This super legendary beast's power was really beyond his imagination.

"Come with me," the old man told Zen. After the old man took Zen across the square, they arrived in front of a purple hall. He asked Zen to wait outside before he went inside the purple hall.

After a while, the old man came out. He threw the token along with a small jade bottle towards Zen. "There are several rooms for cultivating over there. You may choose one to absorb this drop of genuine dragon blood. Come to me after you have absorbed it. And then you can participate in the training," he said.

Zen held the bottle in his hand and felt as if there was a living thing that wanted to escape inside it.

Following what the old man had said, Zen randomly picked out a training chamber. He closed the door and sat down on his knees above a futon, then carefully opened the small bottle.

"Pop!"

An oval drop of blood jumped out of the little bottle and floated in front of him.

Although it was only a drop of a genuine dragon's blood, Zen could feel its indescribable power.

"If you keep watching, you might as well let me swallow it up," the cyan dragon said in jest.

Of course, Zen knew he was just joking. He played along and said with a pout,"There is only one drop. Let you swallow it up? No way."

After that, he stretched two fingers, which sent out a plume of life vitality. It quickly wrapped around the drop of blood, and went into his mouth.

The blood of flood dragon that he had immersed his body in when he was on the Cloud Road was very thick. Even if it was splashed outside, it would automatically coagulate into one body. Zen had thought that blood was amazing before he saw how unbelievable the blood of genuine dragon was. This drop of blood from a genuine dragon seemed to be spiritual. It was trying to break free from Zen's life vitality.

However, the power of merely one drop of blood was still too weak, and ultimately it couldn't escape its fate of being swallowed up by Zen.

When Zen had swallowed down the blood, he felt that the blood in his whole body seemed to boil gradually. Then, the drop of dragon blood quickly spread throughout his body and blended with his own blood.

Chapter 651 The Obelisks

Zen felt power course through his veins. The legendary beast's blood mingled with his own, his body flushing at the sudden surge of strength. He could feel his flesh stretch and tighten, like a wall trying to contain the energy threatening to burst forth from within.

It was a long time before his skin went back to its original complexion.

"Whew..." Zen heaved. Inside him, there was an unmistakable warm glow, as if every pore in his body was opening.

With the drop of genuine dragon blood in his vessels, Zen was, in a sense, a Dragon Lineage Human.

He came out of the practice room and was face-to-face with the old man once again, his age-wizened eyes boring into his. After a long look, his face broke into a calm smile and he remarked, "You look much better." The old man took a step back and continued, "Now you are one of the Dragon Lineage Humans. Come with me!"

Following the old man's steps, Zen walked past the building and saw the obelisks in the distance. Countless practitioners sat behind the stone pillar, their faces wrought in concentration, as if deciphering a puzzle.

They were some distance away from the obelisks, but Zen had sensed an aura of mystery about them.

"Those obelisks–" Zen had just opened his mouth, but was cut short by the old man.

He already knew what Zen was about to ask. "Those pillars that you see are obelisks of souls that contain the power of various Original Laws. Visualizing them enables one to grasp the old teachings more deeply."

Zen gasped as he looked at the massive obelisks towering over them.

On Cloud Road, he had obtained a broken stone carving about the size of a palm. And yet, right here in front of him were so many obelisks, each one of them a thousand times larger than the stone carving, and they stood in glorious completion.

"In the process of grasping the old laws, you will have to put your soul on the obelisk of souls. It would grant you a deeper connection to spiritual energy, but a word of caution," the old man paused, throwing a short but meaningful glance to Zen before continuing, "Do not take on too much. Otherwise, there will be irreparable damage to your soul. Such a short-sighted gain would be all for naught."

Zen nodded in understanding. Then, he approached the obelisks and walked around, taking in their forms one at a time. Each of the huge pillars was hundreds of feet high, all of them shrouded in a gray, mysterious aura.

Zen marveled at the obelisks. No two were the same. Some of them emitted a scorching smell, and Zen recognized the inscriptions on one hard surface. It was the script of the Fire Law. The heat dissipated as he moved along to others. This time, a freezing mist emanated from the obelisks. 'These must be the Ice Laws, ' Zen thought to himself.

His heart was pounding as he continued to circle the obelisks, understanding dawning upon him. On these surfaces were recorded various Original Laws! The pillars stood over him in their grandiose strength, almost forbidding in their power.

These laws were the purest forms of intent. Zen's sword intent, for instance, was an extension of the Metal Law. The Extreme Thunder Sword Intent, which Rocher had mastered, was the fusion of the sword intent and the Thunder Law.

The connections between intents and the Original Laws were deep and inherent. However, it was much easier to master intents after grasping Original Laws. After all, all kinds of intents sprung forth from these laws.

Eventually, Zen paused at a cyan obelisk. There was an uncanny feeling of familiarity that drew him to the pillar.

'There is the power of space within this obelisk, ' Zen thought to himself, surprised even at his own certainty.

When he first passed through the space windstorm, he was able to have a small grasp of the Space Law from it. Then, through the broken pieces of the space on the Cloud Road and the stone carving, he was able to understand even more, but his knowledge was fragmented, like small pieces hovering in his mind without him understanding where the different parts connected. Now, standing in front of the obelisk containing the Space Law, he was filled with desire to understand it fully. It was as if the obelisk was calling out to him. He could almost taste its power, and his body thrummed in anticipation.

Zen sat on the ground and closed his eyes in meditation, like the other practitioners in the field.

The old man of the Dragon Lineage Human had been watching him since he approached the obelisks and was surprised at his choice. 'How interesting, ' he thought to himself. "The boy chose the obelisk that records the Space Law. If time is king, space is ruler... The two laws are the most powerful among all the Original Laws, but they are also the most difficult to master. For this boy to choose this… He definitely has courage," he spoke to himself.

Zen took a deep breath and focused. His senses were awake. He could feel the air on his skin, and the Earth vibrating under his feet. "Soul visualization is using the soul to touch the obelisk," Zen said to himself calmly. Then, a thread of his soul came out of his body and stretched out like a wisp of smoke, gradually approaching the obelisk in front of him. Once the strand touched the surface, his soul was suddenly pulled into the pillar.

"Huh?"

Zen was startled at the sudden happening. He was now attached to the obelisk as a simple soul.

Looking up, he saw that the souls of other practitioners were climbing up the obelisk. Some of them were already at the middle.

"It shouldn't be too hard to climb the obelisk." Without hesitation, Zen followed suit and started to climb.

The soul was weightless, so Zen speculated that it would not take much to reach the top. However, as he took a step upward, the inscriptions on the obelisk extended a repulsive force, as if trying to push him away.

"This must be from the Space Law! It is testing me," Zen reckoned. "With my understanding of the Space Law, this would not be enough to push me away!" Steeling himself, Zen gripped the obelisk and slowly moved upward.

After scaling ten feet, he felt the force from the obelisk grow. Against its repulsive force, the slightest distraction would cost him and he would be pushed down.

Zen furrowed his brows, slowing his ascent. "I never thought it would be so difficult to climb the obelisk!" Zen gritted his teeth against the force, realizing that his earlier guess was definitely wrong.

Just then, a soul above him was pushed down. The moment the soul was pushed away, one of the practitioners sitting on the ground fell forward with a violent tremble. When he got up, there was a faint trace of blood on the corner of his mouth, and his face had a hollow look. It seemed that his soul was badly hurt.

"He must have forced himself too much. If I'm not careful, I'll end up just like him." Witnessing the cruel scene, Zen felt a small seed of fear growing in him.

However, he had never been someone who cowered, even in the face of cold terror. There was no way he would pass up the opportunity that many could only dream of.

Cautioning himself, he began to ponder on how to overcome the repulsion. If the force kept getting stronger, there was no way he could stay on the obelisk.

Just then, the lines on the obelisk caught his eye. He noticed that the haphazard lines seemed to be arranged in a regular pattern. His eyes flickered with realization. The obelisk and its inscription existed to be comprehended by a practitioner. Without proper understanding of the law, one would not be able to climb it.

With this newfound insight, Zen took another glance at the other souls. He watched as some stayed in their position, their eyes glued to the writings on the surface.

"I see now," Zen nodded slightly. He was no longer in a hurry to climb. Taking his time to observe the obelisk, he was soon immersed in its dense lines.

Zen began to meditate, and his mind was freed from all thought. At that moment, all that remained was only his soul and the intricate lines of the pillar.

At this point, he heard the cyan dragon's voice echo in his mind. "This boy… He truly possesses remarkable understanding."

A dragon of his stature was rarely in awe of anything, but he couldn't help but admire Zen's persistence.

The Space Law flooded Zen's mind as he focused on the mysterious lines, trying to disentangle the string of words and symbols as they filled him.

Five minutes passed… Then ten… Then fifteen...

Zen's soul had been lying motionless on the obelisk, trying to grasp the law in it.

After what seemed to be an eternity, Zen sensed the gradual waning of the repulsive force from the obelisk.

"I was right!" He said to himself. "The deeper the understanding of the laws, the higher a soul can climb," Zen concluded.

By the time Zen almost fully comprehended the Space Law, he could barely feel the obelisk's repulsion.

"Now!"

Feeling much lighter, Zen started to climb up again! This time he picked up his pace, climbing up fifty or sixty feet at a stretch.

Along the way, he passed the souls of many other practitioners.

One of them was at the Internal Elixir Realm, and he relied on his understanding of the Space Law to resist the repulsive force. When he saw Zen pass himself so quickly, he looked astonished. "Is this guy crazy?" he muttered in bemusement.

And perhaps Zen was, indeed. At his speed, the twenty or thirty practitioners above him were left behind almost instantaneously.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 652 The Provocation From A Monkey

"What?"

An incredible expression also appeared on the face of the old man who had brought Zen here.

His duty was to identify those talented people from the Lower World, who were good at learning the Law Power.

After all, it was almost impossible for the disciples from the Lower World to have such a high level of Law Power, the contents of which were recorded on these obelisks. For example, level-one Fire Law was recorded on the obelisk of Fire Law and level-one Space Law was written on the obelisk where Zen was.

'This guy has finished a third of the journey in such a short time, which indicates that he has grasped a small part of level one of Space Law.

How can he climb so fast?' The old man thought, surprised.

It was a rare opportunity to acquire the knowledge on the obelisk. So some martial arts cultivators had stayed here for a long time. The men from Dragon Lineage Human had been here for half a year, a year, or even longer.

It was relatively easier to learn Law Power directly from the obelisk. However, the old man had never seen a man climb so quickly on the obelisk of Space Law.

'The only possible explanation is that the boy has studied Space Law before and has some achievements, which allow him to climb so fast. Once he stops, he may not be able to climb up any further.' The old man rationalized as he tried to think of a convincing reason.

It seemed that this was the only explanation for Zen's speed.

What the old man wasn't aware of was that Zen had merely learned a small part of Space Law by chance.

The space repulsion grew more intense when Zen climbed about a hundred feet. At this stage, he felt a sharp pain.

'The space repulsion is getting stronger and stronger. I need to stop now!'

Thinking of this, Zen stopped climbing and continued to learn the Law Power on the obelisk. By this time, he was ahead of most cultivators on the obelisks. Only a few people were ahead of him now.

The old man kept staring at Zen as he wanted to prove his suspicion to be right.

At this moment, a middle-aged man accompanied by several young martial artists approached the old man.

That man said to the old man with a strange expression, "Elder Wei, how many elite disciples did you select this time?"

Elder Wei answered coldly with a frown, "None. Have you selected suitable candidates?"

The middle-aged person beckoned to several young people behind him and laughed, "These four men of our Dragon Lineage Human will definitely be elected as the elites! Haha!"

There were two men and two women standing alongside the middle-aged man. They had reached a high level of cultivation base. Hearing what the middle-aged man said, they suddenly became quite confident.

These four people were undoubtedly the most outstanding people from Dragon Lineage Human. They not only had a high cultivation base and basic skills, but they also had an impeccable pedigree.

Then Elder Wei looked up and down the four young disciples and said with a feigned smile, "Zack! Congratulations! I wish all of them are selected as elites!"

The old man gnashed his teeth as he spoke.

Elder Wei was one of the guides of Dragon Lineage Human. It was normal for guides to compete with each other. The fact that Zack selected several young cultivators with a great gift and then showed them to Elder Wei made him very angry.

However, these young martial artists didn't know what Elder Wei meant. One of them even bowed to him and said with a laugh, "Elder Wei! With your blessing, we will certainly make it!"

"Humph," Elder Wei's face was clouded. He didn't want to speak to these young disciples anymore. He began to look at Zen again and wondered what was wrong with him.

He shrieked when he caught sight of Zen again. 'How did this boy continue to climb further?' Elder Wei was too surprised to speak.

Before the conversation with Zack, Zen had been stopped by the strong spatial repulsion. It appeared as though he couldn't climb anymore. Who would have expected that Zen would rise at an alarming speed?

Twenty feet......

Fifty feet......

One hundred feet......

Before long, Zen had reached the second half of the obelisk of Space Law.

"Wow! He learns the law so fast!" Elder Wei muttered with an amazed expression.

Although the Law Power recorded on the obelisk was merely at level one, it was extremely difficult to learn. And Space Law was even harder to grasp.

If this guy were climbing on merit, he would certainly be qualified to be an elite!

"Oh, yes! This young man belongs to my team!"

Elder Wei mumbled, patting himself on the back. He had almost forgotten that Zen was a cultivator on his team. He had ignored Zen mainly because this boy didn't have the blood of Genuine Dragon in his veins. In fact, Zen earned a place in this competition because of the city lord.

Seeing Elder Wei's surprised expression, Zack looked at the stone tablet that was not far from them. A sardonic expression replaced his smile when Zack realized that Zen had finished more than half of the journey on the obelisk of Space Law. Then he said to the several martial artists behind him, "Now, it's time for you to learn the Law Power on the obelisks! I have told you what I know! Now, you have to climb up the stone tablets to understand the rest."

"Yes, Elder Zhao!" One of the cultivators spoke, "I'll also choose to learn Space Law!"

Zack waved at him and said with a laugh, "Christopher, compete with that boy! You can climb further in the blink of an eye! I believe in your talent!"

Christopher Shu nodded in agreement and sat in meditation beside the obelisk. As soon as his soul was attached to the stone tablet, Christopher began to climb. Within minutes, he had overtaken most of the cultivators.

"Haha, Christopher has learned a big part of the level one of Space Law. It is so easy for him to learn the Law Power," Zack said happily.

Elder Wei's face darkened when he saw that Christopher was about to climb ahead of Zen.

Christopher Shu climbed so fast. It appeared as though the spatial repulsion didn't exist at all.

However, Zen was still concentrating on studying the Law Power on the obelisk. He didn't notice Christopher approaching him.

Christopher gave Zen a challenging look when he reached Zen's side.

Zen shot him a surprised backward glance before continuing to study the Space Law on the stone tablet. It had never occurred to him that he was a valuable chip in the competition between two elders.

Christopher continued to climb. He didn't stop until he consolidated his lead in this competition. Then he said to Zen, "Haha, boy, you are as slow as a tortoise!"

'Where is this idiot from?' Zen thought with a frown. However, he chose to pay no attention to Christopher's taunt and kept on studying the Law Power.

To his surprise, Christopher climbed down unexpectedly and spoke again, "I am talking to you. Do you hear me?"

As an influential figure in the Lower World, Christopher grew up with the feeling that he ought to be respected. He was outraged when Zen ignored him.

"Could you please not climb up and down like a monkey?" Driven beyond endurance, Zen shouted.

"Climbing up and down also needs skills! Boy, come on, go ahead of me!" Christopher sneered.

Zen didn't talk any more. On the contrary, he shifted his focus to the knowledge on the obelisk. He was unwilling to take notice of this kind of boring provocation. Moreover, he had climbed the obelisk to learn Space Law, not to compete with others.

Seeing that Zen didn't want to talk to him, Christopher got bored and then climbed up again.

However, Christopher stopped climbing after about twenty feet as he needed to learn the new knowledge on the obelisk. Otherwise, he would fall from the stone tablet as a result of the strong spatial repulsion.

Of course, Christopher was confident of his capability and was sure that he could grasp level one of Space Law in a short time.

However, at this moment, Zen also began to climb, his eyes glistening.

Chapter 653 Baptism By Laws

Christopher's original plan was to stop and try to understand the law in the obelisk before climbing up, but the space repulsion was becoming stronger and stronger. If he continued to climb in this way, he would be pulled down by the repulsion in no time.

But then he saw Zen climbing. Christopher had always been proud of the talent he was born with and considered himself superior in that regard.

Seeing Zen climbing while he was stuck in this dilemma made his blood boil. He could not let this happen!

The very thought of defeat was unacceptable to him, especially against Zen.

He was only short of eighty or ninety feet from the top of the obelisk. Both of them climbed with fast pace.

The only difference was that Christopher was desperate and anxious while Zen was relaxed and composed. After understanding the Space Law in the first half of the obelisk, he had figured how to suppress the pull of the space repulsion, which then became much softer than before. As a result, he was able to climb much quicker and without any opposing forces affecting him.

On the other hand, Christopher's situation was bad. Before they began the climb, he was under the impression that his understanding of the Space Law was much better than Zen's. At the near end of the obelisk, he had almost reached the limit of resistance. He couldn't stop to comprehend the Space Law under such a critical situation.

He had no strength to go on but he didn't stop. Defeat was not an option!

He gritted his teeth to summon up the courage and power to resist the space repulsion and hurled himself higher. But the higher he climbed, the stronger the repulsion became. Each movement was harder than the one before.

While their souls climbed the obelisk, their bodies sat still on the ground. Christopher's body had turned red and was constantly shaking, while Zen's body sat in peace, just like his soul. He behaved calmly and his breath was steady.

At last, the climb came to a halt. The two seemed to have reached the final part at the same time, which was only thirty feet below the top.

Both of them couldn't go ahead from this point. There was an invisible barrier blocking their path. It was the space barrier.

"Seems like we have to stop," Zen said, blinking aggressively. He still needed some time to comprehend the Space Law to break through the barrier before them. But that wasn't a big problem as he already had some knowledge of it. Even at this height, the space repulsion didn't exert a lot of impact on him.

Next to him, Christopher stood passively. His situation wasn't so good. He had been relying on the solid force of his soul to keep going further with a lot of difficulty, hoping to reach the top without any stops. In the face of this sudden barrier, he was caught off guard. His senseless rush had to be brought to a stop.

The flimsy space barrier lay like a natural pit across him. With the strength that remained, it was impossible for him to force his way through.

He couldn't meditate the Space Law under the strong space repulsion.

He saw Zen adapting to the new surroundings effortlessly. Right then, Zen cast a glance at Christopher, shaking head slightly, and then continued to ponder over the Space Law, with a faint smile on his face.

The smile made Christopher lose his mind!

Under the obelisk, Elder Wei stood with a happy smile on his face. "This boy does not even have a strong bloodline, yet his skills and depth of understanding are amazing! It seems like we are harboring another elite disciple in the Dragon Abyss Palace!"

Elder Wei belonged to one of the Dragon Lineage Human forces called Dragon Abyss Palace.

Zack Zhao belonged to another force of Dragon Lineage Human called Dragon Blaze Hall.

Elder Wei clapped with joy. On the contrary, Zack stood annoyed and unhappy, stomping his feet with nervousness. He could also see the current status on the obelisk. At the first phase of climbing, Christopher's speed was really fast. But that had nothing to do with the power of his understanding. It was mostly driven by the experience he had attained in the Lower World. He had already comprehended much of the Space Law there, which should help him fight with the space impulsion from the obelisk.

If he could behave sedately and gradually understand the Space Law on the highest phase, he wouldn't have a lot of difficulty climbing to the top. But he wasn't focusing on winning, but rather on competing with Zen. Zack was concerned about his behavior, knowing that his situation was awkward. Christopher needed to understand the Space Law in order to go further with such a strong space impulsion against him. Zack wished he hadn't decided to use his remaining solid power of his soul to go further, as it was almost completely exhausted. Only a silly and foolish disciple would do that.

It didn't matter what the Elders were thinking at the base of the obelisk. Zen especially didn't care about what other people expected and thought of him. He calmed himself down and concentrated all his mind to feel the lines of the Space Law that spread across the obelisk.

To climb to the top of the obelisk, one option was to directly break through the space barrier by force. Zen considered that option too, but it was obviously impossible for him to do that. The space barrier was created by complying with certain rules of the Space Law. He only needed to figure out what the rule was and then he would be able to pass through the barrier.

Besides mentally trying to comprehend the rule, Zen also tried to touch the barrier with his soul. As he had assumed, the inner side of the barrier was a space independent in itself.

He wondered if he would be able to travel freely if he fully understood the Space Law of this layer. As he thought deeper and deeper about it, he got really excited.

The Space law was one of the most powerful laws among the Original Laws. It was said, if time was a king, then space was the ruler, which best described the power of these two Original Laws.

There were many geniuses in the vast Central Region who could comprehend the Original Laws, and even more who could understand the conceptions that were derived out of them. However, there weren't many warriors who had made great achievements in the understanding of the Space Law and the Time Law.

For example, Morphens' Mystical Pace was the basic implementation of the Space Law. The core logic was to first shake the space by sudden and enormous force, thus making the space unsteady, which would then generate black lines like those that had appeared on the Cloud Road during the trials. The black lines were a symptom of space collapse.

Morphens could use these black lines to move around, hiding his body movement in the space, keeping him from being sensed by his opponents. The method he used was called Mystical Pace, which meant a pace which was so agile that it could confuse anyone. This was the fundamental use of the first level Space Law.

Such an implementation wasn't really of a very high level. Zen could easily make use of it. He had tried this many times in Cloud Road. But he didn't have the terrific power that Morphens owned to force the space into unsteadiness and create the black lines.

If Zen understood the Space Law in the obelisk completely, he wouldn't need any force to cross the barrier and could travel for the short distance in the air.

Zen couldn't contain his excitement at the thought!

The only question remaining now was how he could pass through the transparent space barrier, using what he had understood about the Space Law.

As Zen gradually absorbed himself in the Space Law, Christopher finally understood that if he kept competing with Zen this way, he would be shot out of obelisk in no time, which would bring no benefits, obviously, and also hurt his soul.

Injuries on the soul did not impact him greatly as he had confidence in recovery. But his most outstanding characteristic was not the mastery of the Space Law, but the capacity of his soul. Even though he could obtain various panaceas to heal his soul from the great powers he was born into, he did not want to challenge himself at the expense of his health. Moreover, it would be humiliated for him to fall from the obelisk in front of so many refiners.

Having struggled both physically and mentally, Christopher finally decided to give up and started to step down from the obelisk to where the space impulsion was within his ability. 'I must learn the Space Law step by step to improve. I have never figured Zen would be good at the understanding of the Space Law, but that's okay... I shall have many opportunities to defeat him in the future, ' Christopher thought, consoling himself, as he stepped down.

While this was happening, Zen was completely immersed in the comprehension of the Space Law. He stared at the lines of the obelisk and was completely unaware that Christopher had left.

As he gazed at the lines with utter concentration, his memory of the Space Law reflected in his mind, like two rivers meeting in an estuary, like a jigsaw puzzle coming to fruition. As these pieces were combined to make a full picture, the key point of the Space Law suddenly hit him. He squinted his eyes at the space barrier again, this time with a confident smile on his face.

'Space barrier! I can break it!'

He reminded himself. With this new-found confidence, he stopped clinging to the obelisk and let his hands go. His body lifted up in the air and he started to pass through the barrier with a sudden rush.

This space barrier could not have been broken by any physical force or through the soul.

Zen's intention was never to break the barrier, but to pass through it. And that was what he was doing now... His soul was like a fish swimming in the water effortlessly. He floated through the barrier with grace and finally reached the top.

Looking at Zen at the summit, Elder Wei smiled with immense glee and said with a tone of surprise,"In less than six hours of time, he has transformed from being completely unaware of the Space Law to having full understanding of the first level of it! I think the word elite is not enough to describe his talent!"

He looked all around him and burst into a happy laughter.

'Less than six hours?' Zack thought with shock. His heart was frightened to hear that. The obelisk was engraved with the existing Space Law to save refiners from exploring it bit by bit everywhere, but it didn't mean that the time could be shortened to as short as only six hours. At least, Zack had never heard of such a miracle. 'In that case, this young man really is genius! A genius of geniuses! From which Lower Word did this man come from?' he wondered.

The two elders, Zack and Wei didn't get much time to think or discuss anything, because all the law obelisks around them suddenly started to tremble, producing a great sound and ultimately, a chaos among the viewers.

The obelisks shook as if there was an earthquake, but that was impossible!

Confused, Elder Wei looked up. He saw flashes of Law Power shooting at Zen, all converged together.

"What is this? Is this the baptism by laws?" His eyes glistened with wonder, enchantment and total surprise.

Chapter 654 Scramble

These obelisks could be dated back to ancient times. The words on them were engraved by master cultivators from the Genuine Dragons, as they had a better understanding of laws than mortals.

Cultivators from the Lower World could not compete with them in terms of comprehension of laws. Thus, these obelisks were placed here to help Dragon Lineage Humans from the Lower World to improve their understanding of laws.

Among the varieties of laws, the fundamentals included Fire Law, Wind Law, Time Law, Space Law, and so forth. Laws evolved from these fundamentals were numerous, for example, the Artistic Mountain Conception was an evolution of the Earth Law, and the Heavenly Law was a satori from both the nature and Metal Law by weapon refiners.

Cultivators had varying affinities with different laws. Zen had chosen an obelisk that recorded information about the Space Law to cultivate. Elder Wei believed that Zen had enough affinity with the Space Law, which would aid in his understanding and cultivation.

Watching the events unfold in front of him, Elder Wei found that he had been wrong. His theory was far from the truth.

Everyone turned their eyes to the top of Zen's obelisk, including the cultivators who were still attached to other obelisks. No one could stop staring.

Such a strange thing had never happened before, at least in their lifetime. Everyone was confused, even Elder Wei. After thinking for a while, he finally realized that it was the legendary baptism by laws. As for other people present, they had never heard about the baptism by laws, and hence, they could not figure out what was happening!

All they could see was that the obelisk was constantly shaking, and the Law Power continuously converging toward Zen. Every cultivator envied him.

What was worse, as the obelisks were shaking so wildly, some cultivators' souls could not stay attached to their obelisks. Most of them had struggled to reach a safe place on the obelisks. Some cultivators were not so lucky. As the shaking continued, more and more cultivators' souls were knocked down. This was definitely a horrible accident.

Since baptism by laws was not a mystery for the elders, Zack Zhao also figured out what was happening. "Baptism by laws...it has not happened for so many years."

Baptism by laws would not improve the strength of a cultivator. As a result, even though Zen was experiencing it, his strength and cultivation would not be boosted. Baptism by laws was simply a way to increase a cultivator's affinities with laws.

Cultivators were born with affinities for certain laws to some extent. Some had close affinities with the Thunder Law, while others had special affinities with the Wind Law. And Zen, a typical example, showed his close affinity with Space Law by achieving a little power of Space Law through space transmission.

What was more, after going through the baptism by laws, his affinities would be increased for all laws. That was to say, if Zen were to cultivate the Thunder Law or Fire Law, he would not meet many troubles.

This was a gift. If a cultivator wanted to get a baptism of laws, he or she had no choice but to wait for the chance.

Zack and Wei had been Elders for many years. All the information they had about baptism by laws came from other people. Unfortunately, neither of them had seen such an event.

They would never have imagined that such a miracle would happen and that Zen would receive the gift.

Christopher was among the cultivators. He was now securely attached to his obelisk and staring at Zen with hatred. Although he didn't get a chance to figure out what was happening, what he did know was that Zen had taken center stage.

Christopher was born into a noble family with noble blood. And the blood of the Genuine Dragon in his body was the richest in his whole family. Even his ancestors could not compete with him. He had been the focus of everyone's attention ever since he was born. People envied him from his childhood. As soon as he reached the age of twenty, Christopher was sent to the Dragon Soar Arena. He was supposed to fly to the Upper World and become a member of the great race—the Dragon Lineage Human.

In the beginning, Christopher thought that even though he was now one of the Dragon Lineage Humans, he would still be a privileged person, who would be surrounded by praise and envy. However, something happened that was beyond his expectation. As a new cultivator here, he had not shown his talent yet, and everyone's attention had been focused on this young man in front of him. Zen had stolen his spotlight!

How could Christopher tolerate this?

But he knew there was nothing he could do about it. Christopher couldn't even climb the obelisk of the Space Law. Was he eligible to judge? Christopher gritted his teeth and refused to focus on the unfairness of this situation. He continued to cultivate the Law Power from the obelisk because he was determined not to lose to anyone!

Standing on the high peak of the obelisk, Zen silently received the baptism from the Law Power. Although the Law Power was continually washing his soul, he didn't feel much. As the baptism continued, Zen sensed a connection with these obelisks. But this was not the actual state. To be more accurate, it was a connection between Zen and the Law Powers!

"It seems... these obelisks are calling me..." Zen murmured.

He didn't summon his soul to his body until the Law Power finished the baptism. He opened his eyes and stood slowly. Something had changed.

"M-Mr... I don't know your name, my friend." As soon as Zen stood, Elder Wei quickly approached Zen, with a warm smile on his face. His attitude towards Zen had changed from before.

Previously, Elder Wei didn't take Zen seriously because he was not a clansman of the Dragon Lineage, but a stowaway who only had a few drops of flood dragon's blood in his body. Moreover, according to the rules, he would be imprisoned for a thousand years.

Zen was lucky as the landlord had asked Elder Wei to take care of him. That was why Elder Wei had broken the rules and gave a drop of Genuine Dragon's blood to Zen to protect him from being imprisoned.

"You don't even know his name? So he could not have been a member of your Dragon Abyss Palace, right? That's great! My friend, are you interested in joining our Dragon Blaze Hall? There are 9, 316 halls and 1, 300 palaces here. We are confident that Dragon Blaze Hall can make it to the top 200! If you join us, I can bet that you will do well in the future!" Zack said, with a big smile on his face.

Zack was unfamiliar with Zen's potential and talent, and both his cultivation and strength were not insignificant. Zack only wanted to recruit Zen because the laws had baptized him.

After all, baptism by laws could be very helpful in his further cultivation. In the future, Zen would have close affinities with any laws, which meant that he would not face obstacles when cultivating laws! Zack had been guiding cultivators from the Lower World for numerous years. He had tremendous experience in identifying and selecting good cultivators. Of course, he knew the importance of baptism by laws!

After hearing Zack's proposal, Elder Wei's face darkened. He said coldly, "Zack, this friend has consumed a drop of Genuine Dragon's blood from the Dragon Abyss Palace. Isn't it quite impolite for you to poach him from us? I think you should know that we are not easy to mess with!"

"Oh! No wonder the blood of the Genuine Dragon inside him is weak. It turns out that Dragon Abyss Palace has merely given him a drop of Genuine Dragon's blood! How generous you are!" Zack smiled ironically and continued, "My friend, if you join Dragon Blaze Hall, I will give you ten drops of Genuine Dragon's blood right now. What do you think? It's a great deal, right?"

"Nonsense! Leave him alone. We are not so stingy. After I report your achievement to our supervisor, you will get everything you want. Ten drops of Genuine Dragon's blood are not worth speaking of." Not to be outdone, Elder Wei fought back.

Zen was speechless.

Zen hadn't intended to join any party when he flew to the Genuine Dragon World from the Dragon Soar Arena. However, the rules seemed not to work like that. Zen had to choose one party, and it was hard for him to resist the temptation being offered to him. Zen had previously thought of completing the trials here and then returning to the Central Region as there were still many issues that needed to be worked out, especially saving Yan, who was the most important person in his life.

He had not expected things to go in a different direction. Before him stood two Elders, scrabbling to secure him for their group.

'Ten drops of Genuine Dragon's blood...' Only one drop was enough for Zen to feel a dramatic change in his blood and veins. If he consumed ten drops of blood, the change would be more fierce than Zen could imagine.

Finally, Zen nodded to Elder Wei, "Sir, my name is Zen Luo. As I was in a hurry, I couldn't tell you my name in time. It's my fault. Please forgive me."

After hearing his reply, the warm smile returned to Elder Wei's face. "Of course I forgive you, my friend. Zen is a good name! Now that you have succeeded in the challenge of your obelisk, and are lucky to have ranked as an elite, you are qualified to take the next trial. Since you have just received the baptism by laws, you can also choose to cultivate laws on other obelisks. The choice is yours..."

"I would like to cultivate other laws first," Zen said promptly. He had now realized that the phenomenon he had endured was called baptism by laws.

As he was going through the baptism by laws, Zen felt a strong desire to cultivate the other obelisks. But he couldn't do that before because of the restrictions. Now, there was no reason for him to miss the chance.

Zen and Elder Wei ignored Zack and continued to have a pleasant conversation. Zack's face darkened as he was in a bad mood.

Chapter 655 The Martial Arts Contest

Both the Dragon Abyss Palace and Dragon Blaze Hall were institutions run by the Dragon Lineage Humans, which were beyond Zen's reach.

Even if he had to join the Dragon Abyss Palace, it was no loss for him, but benefits.

Now, he only cared to improve his strength. Since he had developed an affinity for other laws, Zen wanted to study the other obelisks and acquire their knowledge.

After walking around the forest of obelisks a few times, Zen chose the obelisk that recorded Fire Law. Without hesitation, he sat under the obelisk and started his meditation.

At the same time, in the Central Region, the competition for the Dragon Soar Arena reached a critical phase.

Each sect was arguing that the Dragon Soar Arena rightfully belonged to them, and each sect was trying to depreciate the other sects. They were quoting everything they could to prove that they were the rightful owner of the arena.

More and more forces joined the debate, including the independent cultivators. These cultivators were not members of any sect. They were master cultivators who developed on their own. However, they had proteges and off-springs to look after, and some wanted to start their sects, which was why they were also fighting for the arena.

The argument continued between the people coveting the arena. During the heated debate, the sects and independent cultivators learned that the only way to obtain the arena was to show military force. And only the strongest would win.

Although everyone coveted the arena, they had no idea what they were fighting for. They believed that the arena was a passage to higher places. However, it was a road of no return. The only thing the arena could bring them was death. When human cultivators entered, they would be imprisoned by the dragon for a thousand years. Without no escape, the powerful cultivators could only age, decay, and die.

Moreover, when Zen was transported to the higher place, the cyan dragon had tampered with the divine texture etched on the arena. After that, even if someone passed through the sixth floor of the arena, the circular pattern would only push them out, not transport them up again.

If the cultivators had known that, they'd feel stupid about clamoring to claim the arena. It was irrational for all these sects to start wars among themselves for a blocked passage that would only bring death.

However, just before the situation became out of control, the dispute was settled by the World Commercial Alliance when it stood out and mediated among various forces.

Although the World Commercial Alliance was not a sect, it had great power and influence in the Central Region. More significantly, it had good relations with all major sects and a neutral stance. The alliance was the only force that could settle disputes and establish peace.

And the proposal they tabled was simple. They suggested transporting the arena to Oracle City, which was the location of the World Commercial Alliance's headquarters. Then, a Martial Arts Contest would be held for all the sects and independent cultivators.

However, there were strict restrictions on the participants. All contestants had to be under the preliminary stage of the Internal Elixir Realm as it would be unfair for the young cultivators if the masters were allowed.

After the contest, the person who won the first place would have the arena. The World Commercial Alliance would reward the second and third places, and the prize would be generous as one could imagine.

In fact, such contests were held regularly by the World Commercial Alliance. Every ten years, the alliance would organize a grand tournament, inviting all the sects of the Central Region. Although the contests were expensive, it was an important way for the alliance to maintain good relations with all the level-four and level-five sects. Through the tournament, the alliance would befriend the young talents of major sects.

Such liaisons allowed the alliance to do business with various sects. Little by little, they had built tremendous influence and strength, surpassing that of all the sects except the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Therefore, the cultivators didn't find it strange when they heard the alliance's suggestion. After all, there was little difference between this tournament and the old ones.

After thorough consideration, most sects accepted the proposal and agreed to join.

And their choice was rational. If they disapproved of the proposal, the ones fighting for the arena would be the master cultivators, instead of young, talented disciples. And if that were the case, the whole Central Region would be in danger of being destroyed. The Dragon Soar Arena was indeed a rare treasure, but no one wanted to acquire it at the price of slaughtering trillions.

After a discussion, all the major sects including Cloud Hall, Bloodwood Cliff, and Mysterious Luna Hall accepted the offer. The World Commercial Alliance began to prepare for the Central Region Martial Arts Contest at Oracle City.

Hearing the news, all the young men rubbed their hands in excitement. If they could win the Dragon Soar Arena for their sects, they'd be rewarded with support and resources. Although the first prize was difficult to win, all the top ten winners would be highly rewarded. The World Commercial Alliance wasn't frugal. The prizes they offered were great treasures.

In the following weeks, the proposal and upcoming contest became the talk of the town. Even some hermits were said to enlist for the tournament, aiming to win a good place in the competition.

Since Zen was cultivating in a remote city in the Genuine Dragon World, he knew nothing about the tournament.

After the baptism by laws, he had strengthened his connections with all the laws, but he didn't randomly choose any law to learn.

Like Space Law or Thunder Law, most rules were divided into ten levels, and the higher level one learned, the higher the strength in the field he could use. These obelisks, however, recorded only the first level of various rules, the most accessible level.

Thus, Zen chose only the obelisks that documented the Original Laws, such as thunder, fire, earth, and wind. These were the fundamental laws that made up the entire physical world. If a cultivator wanted to achieve great success in martial arts, he had to understand the Original Laws. It was essential for Zen to understand these basic rules.

It took Zen three days to read the obelisks, one after another, thus giving him greater knowledge of the first stages of all the Original Laws.

Zen didn't try to study the remaining obelisks as they explained extensions of the Original Laws.

For example, the obelisk next to Zen emitted strong sword intent and rumbling thunder. It obviously contained a Law Power of thunder and metal. Its application in martial arts was Extreme Thunder Sword Intent, which Rocher was practicing. Presumably one of the Dragon Lineage Human master warriors had once mastered this sword intent, and recorded it here.

Over the three days, Zen read nine obelisks, which showed his potential in martial arts. His learning not only impressed Elder Wei but also made Zack jealous.

After entering the Genuine Dragon World, most cultivators would stay in the forest of obelisks for tens or hundreds of months.

Not everyone had an affinity with the laws, which meant that many people faced difficulties learning them. For example, cultivators, who used skills that caused thunder damage had to master the laws relating to thunder to improve their skills. But if they had low affinity for thunder, they would comprehend the relating laws very slowly. It would take them forever to study even one obelisk.

Many cultivators who sat alongside the obelisk had been grappling with the laws for a while.

And this was why Zen's learning speed shocked everyone.

After another three days, he moved toward a new area, led by Elder Wei.

"The obelisks are the first assessment for the people who have entered. It is important for cultivators to understand the laws of the universe! This understanding is more crucial than the energy store or martial arts skills. Only the cultivators who have passed will move to the next training session. The next session will teach you how to improve your soul power," explained Elder Wei with patience. He smiled kindly at Zen.

"Soul power..." Zen murmured thoughtfully and nodded.

He hadn't received any systematic soul strength training yet. There was no such thing in the Eastern Region. Till now, Zen had forged his soul in the mysterious furnace and learned the skill of Spiritual Thorn to improve his use of soul power. Also, the Dark Devil Phantom essence he assimilated had helped boost his soul strength. But still, there had been no systematic training.

Therefore, it was necessary for him to participate in a targeted training. Although his soul power was stronger than most of his peers, Zen needed to learn the skills to improve it and use it.

When they finally arrived at their destination, Zen saw a strange black ball floating in the sky. The black ball was unlike anything Zen had ever seen. It was about two hundred feet in diameter. On its surface, strings of purple lightning swirled continually. As Zen studied it, he seemed to see a dark object wriggling inside.

"What is that?" questioned Zen as he felt a heavy spiritual pressure being released from the ball.

Elder Wei answered softly, "It is a prison that contains a dead Owl Beast. Its soul is searching for a way to escape. In the years that it has been trapped in the black ball, it has turned into an evil spirit. And not an ordinary one, but a Fighting Soul, a Jasper Fighting Soul."

"Fighting Soul? Jasper Fighting Soul?" Zen was puzzled.

Chapter 656 Tormenting The Soul

Elder Wei just told Zen about the Fighting Soul Realm. But it was the first time that Zen had heard it because it was not familiar in the Eastern Region.

Nevertheless, it was what Elder Wei had expected because no one in the Eastern Region had owned one. The strongest cultivator in the Easter Region was at the same level as Kenneth. Even Kenneth, who was the leader of Cloud Sect, did not own a Fighting Soul, let alone a more powerful Jasper Fighting Soul.

It was no surprise for Elder Wei that Zen didn't know much about the Fighting Soul also because he was only at the consummation of nature level. Had he been at the Internal Elixir Realm, he might have known about Fighting Soul.

If it was any other disciples, Elder Wei would have sneered at that person's ignorance. But it wasn't any ordinary disciple. It was Zen. Elder Wei had acknowledged and respected Zen because of his excellent performance and talent. Elder Wei took the time in explaining it in detail.

The souls of an ordinary human and some other species were naturally fragile, except for those whose soul was innately strong.

When a fragile soul was damaged or injured, it would make the person weak for several days. A more serious injury would put a person into mental retardation. Once one's soul was broken into pieces, his physical body would instantly turn into dust.

If one could cultivate his soul to reach a certain level of strength, not only could he use his soul directly in the battle, but he could even launch a soul battle.

However, training a soul was not as easy as training the physical body. But the result of the hard training would worth it. One could reach the Fighting Soul level.

"That's interesting. But how can I get into the Fighting Soul level?" Zen was intrigued with what Elder Wei had just told him. He had only dreamt of reaching the Internal Elixir Realm. But now that he had known about the Fighting Soul level, he had shifted his focus on this far better cultivation level.

Elder Wei felt an indescribable joy of superiority over Zen. Not only that he had interested him in the Fighting Soul topic, but now Zen would also need him as his mentor. Smiling, he said, "To be frank, you certainly don't have an opportunity to own a Fighting Soul let alone a Jasper Fighting Soul in the Lower World. People from the Lower World have naturally weak souls. Your soul can be compared with that of many cultivators at the Illuminating Soul Realm. However, you still need more practice to get to the Fighting Soul level."

Zen had always believed that his soul strength was already at the best level given that it was refined through the mysterious furnace in his mind. However, after hearing the assessment of Elder Wei, he realized that his soul was not yet strong enough.

But instead of being annoyed and depressed, he became more motivated to improve his soul strength.

"Elder Wei, please tell me what to do," Zen asked respectfully.

Elder Wei smiled at the respect that Zen had shown him. He felt more superior now, but he had to hide his excitement over it. He calmed himself and pointed at the big black ball and said, "Put your soul into it, and you will understand."

"Put my soul into it?" Zen asked. He didn't understand what Elder Wei was saying. Even if he put his mind into it, he still couldn't understand what the action was pertaining to. He then said, "You're kidding, aren't you?"

Zen was not clear about the strength of the Jasper Fighting Soul. However, he felt that he would not be able to resist the soul pressure that the black ball would release. With the current level of his soul, he wouldn't be able to fight the Owl Beast ghost head on. He assessed that he would instantly be killed if he confronted it right now.

Sensing the concern through Zen's eyes, Elder Wei comforted him. He said to Zen, "Don't worry. Our training is designed very well, and we won't let you die here. Look at all the other people who are practicing here!"

Elder Wei pointed to Zen the other practitioners in the training field. Zen had seen that their souls had already entered the black ball while their bodies were either sitting or lying near the black ball.

"The elites from the Lower World are also training in the black ball. It is a rare opportunity for them. Once you grasp it, you will surely benefit from it," Elder Wei added. When he saw that Zen had understood the concept of the training, he then proceeded to explain the rules of the black ball.

After listening to Elder Wei's explanation, Zen's worry faded away. He nodded in understanding and went straight to the black ball. He sat down, crossed his legs, and started meditating. When he finally settled down, Zen released his soul into the black ball. The moment he opened his eyes, he found himself inside the black ball and he could see nothing but darkness.

His soul suddenly felt intense stinging pain. He couldn't tell where the pain was coming from or what the feeling was. It felt like there were countless flying knives stabbing his soul. Sometimes, he felt like he was being roasted in a fire or freezing in cold.

"Gnash..." The pain was excruciating. He was trembling, his teeth grinding together in pain.

Without a physical body, his soul was fragile. Even if his soul was stronger than other cultivators' souls, he was still unable to bear the pain.

While he suffered great pain, Zen suddenly noticed a beam of pale-yellow light. The pain clouded his mind and without thinking, he rushed towards the light.

As he rushed towards the light, Zen felt less soul pressure and the pain had subsided gradually. His body felt like a burning log that was instantly covered by a block of snow. His throat felt like a dry desert that was splashed by cold water.

When he came closer, the light gradually mended his soul.

It was paradise! When he opened his eyes again, he saw the other cultivators' souls gathering around the small oil lamp warming themselves up.

There were many little oil lamps like dots around the dark space. The soft light they emitted protected the souls of the cultivators from the powerful pressure.

Aside from the little lamps and the cultivators around each, Zen noticed a huge Owl Beast ghost chained by lightning at the center of the space. Zen realized that terrible soul pressure was coming from the ghost's body.

Some cultivators would move away from the little lamps from time to time to challenge themselves with the soul pressure from the Owl Beast ghost. They would stay outside the protected area until they couldn't bear the soul pressure anymore, and then they would return near the lamps to regenerate their souls.

The soul training was quite similar to the first soul training Zen got from the mysterious furnace in his mind. During that time, his soul underwent alternate destroying and repairing. However, the pain was a hundred times more intense compared to what he was experiencing now. Also, the furnace could heal the soul much faster than these lamps.

Because of that training, Zen's soul became tougher.

Other than his first soul training, the soul training in the black ball had many similarities to various cultivating methods.

In this cultivation method, one's soul would be constantly beaten and sharpened, but as a result, the soul would gradually become more powerful. But in the Lower World, there was no such little oil lamp to repair their souls. If their souls were damaged, they would eventually become idiots.

But with these little oil lamps in the black ball, the soul training became easy.

This opportunity was rare for a person at the consummation of nature level like Zen. So, it was natural for him to seize it.

Without waiting until his soul had fully regenerated, Zen rushed out of the protection towards the terrible soul pressure. The instant he moved away from the little lamp, the soul pressure swept Zen away.

The soul pressure was not getting any lighter in any way. One could only rely on this willpower to endure the pain. However, most people could not stand the soul pressure for more than six seconds. After that, they would immediately return to the protection area to regenerate their souls.

Zen, on the other hand, stood firmly in his place outside the protected area. He challenged himself to endure the pressure a little longer. Soon, his teeth started to grind.

"Just a little longer…" Zen told himself.

Three seconds...

Six seconds...

Thirty seconds...

After half a minute, Zen's soul started to tear apart like a cotton-padded jacket being shred into pieces.

"Now!"

When Zen felt that he was about to lose consciousness, he moved back to the side of the small oil lamp. Once back into the protected area, he felt his soul began to regenerate.

"Hey, newcomer! Do you really need to push that hard?" a cultivator who sat beside the little oil lamp said with a smile on his face.

These cultivators had been in the black ball longer than Zen. They had already experienced the brutality by the soul pressure and were very clear of their limit. They couldn't hold the pressure for more than fifteen seconds. So, when they saw Zen tried to hold it for thirty seconds, they were stunned and felt jealous at the same time. The newcomer had easily outperformed them!

Zen just smiled back at the cultivator and said nothing. He concentrated on regenerating his soul. Now, after his soul had been completely regenerated, he left the protected area once more.

He did that repeatedly. After a few times of enduring the soul torment of the Owl Beast ghost, Zen could now endure the pain longer.

At his first try, he could only hold for 30 seconds. As he repeatedly went in, his endurance had lengthened to 36, 60 until he could endure for 120 seconds.

Soon after, Zen could endure the pain for at least 5 minutes. It was the longest time that a cultivator had endured the soul torment of the Owl Beast ghost.

The other cultivators saw his improvement and were amazed by his speed.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 657 May The Stronger Soul Win!

The soul pressure from the Owl Beast's ghost in the black sphere would cover the cultivators' souls. However, the soul pressure was not distributed evenly.

A practitioner would suffer less soul pressure when they got to the edge of the black sphere. But as they moved towards the center of the sphere, the soul pressure would become more overwhelming.

There were six circles of the sphere. Each circle had a different level of soul pressure, and this pressure would exponentially increase as the circle became closer to the center of the sphere. In other words, the closer the circle to the center of the sphere, the strongest the soul pressure would become. Zen, like most of the cultivators in the black sphere, was now at the outermost circle.

After repeatedly practicing at the outermost circle for half of the day, Zen could feel his soul becoming stronger. He was now ready for the second circle. When he had finally regenerated his soul once more, he went straight for the second circle.

The cultivators regenerating their soul around the oil lamp were stunned to see Zen's next action. Some of them had been in the black sphere for months now but still didn't dare to advance to the center. But Zen, who had only practiced for half a day, was already going for the second circle.

The speed of Zen's progress could be attributed to his current soul strength before he had entered the black sphere. It could be noted that his soul was tougher than an average practitioner. Also, he didn't waste any time. He could have opted to stay within the protected area longer, but he chose not to. Once he felt that his soul had regenerated, he would immediately go back to the outermost sphere. The time he spent strengthening himself in the outermost sphere was longer than the time he spent regenerating his soul.

On the other hand, most cultivators would spend most of their time resting near the little lamps than struggling on the outermost circle. Their souls could not stay in the outermost circle longer because of the pain and agony. It would take them two to three hours to complete a run, while Zen could complete dozens of runs in the same period.

As Zen was about to enter the second circle, two pairs of men and women approached the edge of the black sphere. Actually, Zen knew these four people. They were the group he had met in the area of the obelisks. One of them was called Christopher.

Christopher was considered one of the best among those ascended from the Lower World. With his remarkable talent, he was able to work his way from the Lower World to the Upper World. In the process of understanding the laws, he had climbed both the obelisks of the Space Law and the Fire Law. Given this accomplishment, Zack considered Christopher as an elite disciple who deserved the highest commendation.

However, all of those had changed when Zen arrived. He had gained the favor of Zack when he was able to comprehend the Original Laws, except the Time Law, in just three days after he went through the baptism by laws. It was the fastest comprehension ever recorded in history.

With Zen's existence, Christopher's confidence was trampled. His light had become a firefly compared with Zen's sun. Since then, Christopher had held a grudge against Zen.

Christopher had never felt this humiliated in his life before. He grew up being constantly praised for his wit and talent. Thus, he developed an arrogant and self-righteous character. So, after Zen stole his thunder, he blamed Zen instead of reflecting on his own shortcomings.

Christopher would probably have taken his revenge on Zen immediately if he hadn't just arrived in the place. If he had arrived earlier enough, he could have familiarized himself with the place and strengthened his soul ahead of Zen. This way, he could have stricken Zen as soon as he met him. However, that was not the situation.

As soon as he walked into the black sphere, the surging soul pressure of the Owl Beast's ghost enveloped him. "So this is the soul pressure, huh?" A cyan light suddenly appeared on the surface of Christopher's soul and completely covered him. The soul pressure of the Owl Beast's ghost had hit the cyan light continuously, but it remained stable and blocked all the soul pressure.

The three cultivators who had come in with Christopher were also covered with a layer of cyan light. The cyan light acted as their protective shield from the tormenting soul pressure from the Owl Beast's ghost.

Christopher was associated with a powerful force that excelled in practicing soul and had secret methods for it. As the core of the force, Christopher took pride in his great achievements in soul cultivating. It was the feather on his hat. He had never met anyone who had a stronger soul than his.

When the other cultivators sitting around the oil lamps saw the entrance of Christopher and his group, they were stunned. These cultivators' souls were not strong enough to enter the second circle even though they had been here for a long time. But the four who just came in and hadn't practiced yet were leisurely walking towards the next circle.

When Christopher entered the second circle, he felt that the power of the soul pressure had doubled. He was surprised but adjusted very quickly. Despite the stronger soul pressure, the cyan light that covered him remained stable and firm. The other three, on the other hand, were unable to resist the overbearing soul pressure. The cyan light around them began to shake, and cracks started to appear on its surface. But before the cyan light finally broke open, the three walked up to the nearest little oil lamp in the second circle.

Christopher looked at his companions with a mocking smile on his face. He was somehow glad to see his companions failing to bear this circle's soul pressure. That felt like a confirmation that he was stronger than the three of them. Christopher then headed straight for the third circle. On his way to the third circle, he noticed Zen not far away from where he was.

"Great, I can finally catch this guy!" Christopher's eyes gleamed almost wickedly; resentment seethed within him.

Christopher had many chances in the Upper World to take revenge on Zen. However, he didn't want to offend the Dragon Lineage Human.

Besides, he was in the Upper World where no one could save him if he got into trouble. Though his family was considered one of the elite clans, they had no influence in the Upper World. In the Upper World, they could be compared with small ants in a big world.

But in the black sphere, no one would care. After all, the practitioners in the black sphere were all from the Lower World that no one would pay attention to.

With his mind made up and hatred in his heart, Christopher hastily strode over to Zen.

Meanwhile, Zen was concentrating on honing his soul while he kept up with the soul pressure. He had no idea that Christopher was coming. As Zen moved forward in the second circle, he became a little closer to the center where the Owl Beast's ghost was located. Although the pressure on the second circle was just twice the one on the first circle, it was still too much for Zen.

In the first circle, Zen was able to refine his soul to the point where he could move without the help of the little oil lamp. But as soon as he stepped into the second circle, he was back to the starting point. He could only endure the soul pressure for about a minute and then had to go back to the oil lamp to regenerate.

While Zen was regenerating near the oil lamp, he saw a cyan flash coming right behind him—a soul was attacking him!

Zen wasn't expecting anyone to fight him in this place. He didn't like the surprise attack while he was cultivating his soul. But without thinking, he quickly sidled away from the attacker at the crucial moment. Then, he immediately approached the nearest oil lamp to regenerate while keeping an eye on the attacker.

"It's him!" Anger showed on Zen's face as he recognized his attacker. He asked in a cold tone, "Hey, asshole! Why are you attacking me?"

Christopher shrugged his shoulders and cracked a ferocious grin. "I just don't like your face, that's all!"

Zen closed his eyes for a moment. As soon as the little oil lamp completely restored his soul, he opened his eyes again and fixed them on Christopher. "I know a lot of people who don't like me. You're not the first, and you won't be the last. But I must warn you, they all ended badly. So, are you sure you want to fight me?" he stated with a cold smile.

"Cut the crap!" Christopher sneered. Then his hands began to reshape and turned into knives.

Zen's eyes narrowed as he watched Christopher's hands turned into knives.

It wasn't a surprise at all. After mastering the Spiritual Thorn, Zen understood that a man could turn part of his soul into knives. As soon as Christopher's hands transformed, he attacked Zen using his hands or knives without any hesitation.

Zen certainly wasn't going to stand there and be slaughtered. He left the oil lamp and ran along the second circle towards the next oil lamp. It was annoying to be interrupted when one was concentrating on practicing. Unfortunately, Zen met a mindless, arrogant and unreasonable guy!

"Christopher's fighting the guy again... "

"Of course he will fight that guy. You know Christopher, he has never been insulted in his life. So those who dare to humiliate him would surely suffer his wrath!"

"It's his fault. He relentlessly took the spotlight from Christopher. Now, he's meeting his doom!"

The three practitioners who had come with Christopher stood by the oil lamp and whispered to each other. Without Christopher's help, they wouldn't be able to come to the Upper World through the Dragon Soar Arena. So, it was just fitting that they would take his side.

The other practitioners in the black sphere watched as the two men fight. They momentarily forgot the reason they were here as they watched in amazement.

As it was already very painful to practice under the intense soul pressure, these practitioners were just grateful not to be trashed into idiots. The soul pressure was taking all their energies that they had to come to these little oil lamps to regenerate. However, it was incredible to see that some people could have that energy to even fight in this tormenting environment. It was ridiculous but surprising at the same time. However, these practitioners started to worry about Zen as he was being chased by Christopher.

It was dangerous to fight under the soul pressure. If Zen was to be killed by Christopher, he could become an idiot under the tormenting soul pressure.

The black sphere had turned some great cultivators into idiots. Because of their senseless arrogance, some cultivators had pushed themselves too far to tolerate the soul pressure. Their souls were eventually damaged that they didn't have the energy to come back to the oil lamps. Hence, soul pressure crashed their souls and turned them into idiots.

"That guy is obviously running out of luck!"

"If I were him, I would take back my soul and stop practicing for a while!"

"You're right. He'll be fine if he leaves the black sphere. But why does he push himself too much?"

The cultivators talked while their backs were on the oil lamps. The fight between Zen and Christopher was a good excuse to stay near the oil lamps a little longer. They watched the fight as if it was a leisure play.

Chapter 658 All In Vain

It didn't cross Zen's mind that another soul would try to kill him while his soul was in the black ball.

Now, Zen had to deal with the Owl Beast's evil spirit which was suppressing him while simultaneously dodging Christopher's attacks.

"You can go to hell!" shouted Christopher passionately as he lunged at Zen, swinging his sword.

As agile as Zen was, he was able to weave and dodge around the place, not only narrowly escaping the strikes as Christopher came at him, but, Zen also healed his soul in between attacks by quickly getting closer to the oil lamps.

The second circle of the black globe was ring-shaped. Christopher chased Zen in the ring, and after several rounds, Zen acclimated to the ring and suppressed the forces. A few times, he noted, he could even skip an oil lamp and wait to mend his soul at the next oil lamp.

When Christopher failed to catch Zen, he became infuriated. He raised his blades that were transformed from his two hands as he growled, "Spiritual fighting skill! Ghost Fighting Blades! Let's see how you escape now!"

Christoper was a refiner at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and had used this precise technique before to slay the soul of a master in the Internal Elixir Realm.

Burning green sparks shot from the two blades and Christopher's shadow snuck up on Zen. While he lunged forward, he swung his blades at Zen's soul.

He came towards Zen at lightning speed, making it impossible for Zen to dodge the blades. If they struck him, they would slice his soul to pieces.

"Oh? Spiritual fighting skill? I can do that!"

Since Zen couldn't shake the incoming assault off, Zen focused, changing a portion of his soul into a sharp thorn and sending it at Christopher.

"Spiritual Thorn!"

Strictly speaking, changing a soul into a thorn was similar to turning a soul into a blade which was a skill employed by Christopher, and it was not considered a spiritual fighting skill. It was used to transform part of his soul to attack.

But, since Zen had spent his time evading Christopher's attacks, steadily, he hadn't taken the time to employ his Spiritual Thorn which left Christopher with the impression that Zen was a coward, unable to fight and unwilling to do more than run.

From the moment he employed the spiritual fighting skill which he took great pride in, Christopher was determined to destroy Zen's soul and focused his full attention on maintaining his blades.

Suddenly, Zen countered Christopher's attack with a violent onslaught which left Christopher no time to dodge the sharp soul thorn headed at him.

It took only a second from the moment he saw the soul thorn for it to pierce Christopher's soul.

"Aaahh!"

Christopher howled in pain as his blades crumbled, and turned to dust. He had held off using his spiritual fighting skill until he thought the time was perfect, but only to find it to be a complete failure. Instead of continuing his assault, Zen put some distance between himself and Christopher as he dashed over to the next oil lamp to mend his soul.

Christopher's soul had a severe wound, leaving him no choice but to locate another small oil lamp to heal himself. He glared angrily at Zen like a large cat hunting prey.

With his back to Christopher, the corners of Zen's mouth turned upwards in a slight grin.

The majority of warriors in the black globe weren't practicing anymore. They squatted under oil lamps watching the show.

As Christopher utilized his spiritual fighting skill, the warriors discussed the fight. Basically, they thought Zen would lose. And the only way Zen would escape was to withdraw his soul from the black globe and return it into his body.

They didn't expect Zen to conjure a sharp thorn out of the blue. His move not only saved his life, but also knocked his opponent out, turning the tide of the fight.

"That guy was so calm and from the start all he did was run. It appears he was saving a trump card for the time after his opponent used spiritual fighting skill. How smart!"

"He has the foresight to think ahead, and surprise his opponent. He made his opponent look like a fool!"

"Maybe that's a good thing. He can use this chance to take on the challenge and temper his soul..."

"Oh, no! Is the suppression from Owl beast evil spirit not enough for him? It's unimaginable that he has another one chasing him."

Although the warriors didn't think Zen could devise strategy, they were agreed that Zen was really very special. Who knew? Zen might intentionally stir up a fight and temper his soul.

After Zen's attack, there was an unbearable amount of pain in the huge hole torn into Christopher's soul. He managed to heal traumatic wound under the oil lamplight, but, the fact that he suffered the gash at the hands of such a brat, was depressing!

Christopher was most proud of his soul. While he was in the Lower World, he had slain the soul of an Internal Elixir Realm warrior with his spiritual fighting skill! What extraordinary glory! His tale had shocked all the citizens of the continent he hailed from!

Now, using the same spiritual fighting skill, he failed, and worse, a nature creature had hurt him!

He turned his soul into a thorn? What the hell? That was complete crap!

True, in the Eastern Region, the Spiritual Thorn was seen as a mysterious refinement method of tier four. However, the reason it was a tier four cultivation method was purely because it concerned the soul. To Christopher, it was a controversial method kept outside mainstream refinement techniques. After all, the technique involved a single thorn. It might work the first time, but, the second time someone used the skill, his opponent would have learned and been fully prepared.

Christopher was exasperated, and he ignored something about the Spiritual Thorn's judgement. When a warrior fought another, whether he lost or won, was momentary. The Spiritual Thorn was meant to be a surprise attack. The technique was never created to be used a second time during an attack. From this perspective, the Spiritual Thorn could take an opponent by surprise and damage his soul greatly. In fact, it was very practical at the soul level.

It was only Christopher who thought in such a limited manner.

Mostly because he was the one who was beaten.

"I'll chop you up, Zen!" seethed Christopher through gritted teeth. His body flashed green and he dashed at Zen again.

This time, Christopher was ready! He assumed that Zen's Spiritual Thorn would be useless against him and he thought, 'Let me see how you escape my spiritual fighting skill this time!'

While Christopher was healing his soul, Zen was seizing the moment to practice. When he saw Christopher heading his way, he ran along the second ring.

Christopher was in hot pursuit of Zen. His strength returned as if he had taken a powerful pill. He didn't give Zen any respite, and within a short time, he caught up to Zen.

"Keep running! I'll see how you can escape. Ghost Fighting Blades!" As Christopher flailed his two blades, his eyes firmly focused on Zen, on guard against Zen's soul thorn attack.

But, as Christopher's Ghost Fighting Blades was about to slice into him, Zen blinked and smiled smugly at Christopher. In a flash, Zen vanished.

"Where? Where did he go?" Christopher had been excited and thinking about how he would take Zen's life soon. However, his target suddenly left his sight. He was dumbfounded and for a moment, he didn't react.

"Look out! Christopher! He pulled back his soul!"

"His soul left the black globe and returned to his body already!"

shouted the two female warriors who were near Christopher.

"Damn it! I see now!" Christopher howled furiously. He wasn't an idiot, so, how possibly he hadn't known? In the next instant, Christopher pulled his soul back from the black globe, taking it back into himself.

The moment Christopher's soul was in his body, his eyes flew open, and he saw Zen, not too far away, stretching his arms and neck. He was pissed!

Taking a large big stride forward, Christopher rushed toward Zen as he screamed, "You! You can go to hell!" He balled his hand into a tight fist, ready for a fight.

Facing a master at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Zen was calm and smiled gently, "Are you sure you want to fight me, here?"

Christopher's face fell as he glanced around and noticed the armed guards. He paused, holding his fist mid-air.

Since arriving, Christopher was still unable to see the armed guards' and elders' strengths, and he found that very odd! But, needless to say, the level of strength that the Upper World masters possessed was beyond imagination. It definitely wasn't a good idea to fight in front of the armed guards.

"Hey! What are you doing? No one's allowed to fight here! Anyone violating this rule will be sentenced to a thousand years in prison!" chided an armed guard.

Christopher loosened his fist in resignation. He pointed at Zen and said, "Sooner or later, I'll get you! If you don't want that, you had better stay out of the dark globe forever!" Afterward, Christopher took a step back.

In the face of idle threats, Zen smiled, and flexed his muscles. Then he jumped back into the black globe.

The minute he was back in the first ring of the black globe, Christopher jumped in from the other side. Zen quickly went to the second ring and according to his plan, began practicing.

However, Christopher was persistent, and was set on defeating Zen. As long as Zen was in the second ring, Christopher would stalk him!

Zen seized every chance to practice. He planned that if he found he wasn't able to dodge Christopher's spiritual fighting skill, he would pull his soul out of the black globe.

Christopher was obstinate beyond reason. Even knowing it was in vain, he went continuously after Zen. They played mouse and cat many times. When Zen's soul finally was able to withstand the suppression of the second ring, he went to the third ring without hesitating.

Chapter 659 Cyan Dragon's Request (Part One)

The mighty oppressing force subjugating the soul in the third ring was twice as powerful as that in the second ring, and thus fourfold as that in the first ring.

The moment Zen crossed the threshold of the third ring, the unseen force almost knocked him off and dominated his body at once. He gritted his teeth as he felt the push and pull against his soul, which was being tightly pressed and squeezed into an irregular shape like a piece of rag. The intensity rendered him barely breathing, but he didn't resist. As a small smile was seen slowly forming on his lips, he embraced the massive force in total surrender!

Surely, he was a really bright spark. He silently thanked himself up for being wise enough to get well prepared. He had anticipated that this was bound to happen anyway. So the moment he gained access to the third ring, he braced himself hard and dashed straight towards the tiny oil lamp emitting a soft light in the center.

Christopher never slowed down a bit in chasing his target. As a strong and determined opponent, he followed Zen closely at his heels, no matter how fast the latter could run. And there wasn't much difference in time which they took to burst into the third ring.

In contrast to Zen's calmness, Christopher wore startled expression on the sudden impact of the strengthened force emanating from the third ring.

The strong cyan light shield surrounding Christopher's soul was comparably weaker against the mighty oppressing force in the third ring. The layer of cyan light, which wrapped his soul perfectly to protect it from any harm, cracked unexpectedly!

His soul was characteristically more powerful than Zen's soul. But having it exposed directly unprotected now against the mighty oppressing force that was quadrupled in strength, he felt he was close to the limit of his endurance. He grimaced as he focused his gaze towards the nearest oil lamp. Under the massive oppressive force, he gathered an ounce of his strength and advanced towards the direction of the soft light strenuously with clenched teeth, determined to reach it.

The area of the domain was mapped out of having the outer rings larger than the inner rings. Therefore, the third ring was much shorter than the first ring in terms of circumference.

Since there were 32 oil lamps in the first ring, the number of oil lamps would be lessened gradually as the ring turned smaller and smaller. As a result, there were only 16 oil lamps in the second ring, 8 oil lamps in the third ring, 4 oil lamps in the fourth ring, and 2 oil lamps in the fifth ring. As for the sixth ring that was the nearest to the owl beast devil spirit, there was only one oil lamp in it.

Gearing himself up, Christopher watched Zen closely. However, his cyan light was becoming weaker and weaker under the attack of the mighty oppressing force, and its power was slowly dwindling away. When his shielding light had finally lost its ability to protect his soul, he was as vulnerable as Zen. They were on an equal footing now.

Zen dashed for the next oil lamp at the same time when Christopher rushed out of the protection range of his oil lamp. Both of them had to recover their soul energy with the power of the oil lamp.

In this way, they moved forward strenuously, with Zen always ahead of Christopher to occupy the next oil lamp. Each oil lamp had become their rest station to replenish their energy for the next one. Christopher felt the urge of annoyance as he was always one lamp behind of Zen. And in spite of all his effort, he was unable to narrow the distance.

Admiration filled the hearts of all those warriors who were watching the fierce contest under the oil lamps. They respected Christopher for his perseverance in following Zen and his ambition to overtake him. But what stunned them the most was Zen's surprisingly rapid progress. No one among the spectators had expected that Zen would enter into the third ring at so fast a speed!

The soul energy would be promoted fast and dramatically if the soul could practice in the black ball. Once it reached the sixth ring, it would enter the Fighting Soul Realm.

The word "Fighting" in the Fighting Soul Realm indicated that it was a realm in which the soul could directly participate in the fight. The soul would have the extreme fighting ability once it passed into the Fighting Soul Realm. Instead of being weak and in need of some protective measures, it would grow much stronger, and thus could be filled in as a weapon to kill enemies.

The most ordinary leaves and flowers would be much stronger than some fairy weapons and even some sacred weapons, once they were filled with the fighting soul in the Fighting Soul Realm. That was the most powerful ability of the fighting soul in the Fighting Soul Realm!

All the warriors who were able to practice in the black ball would hope for their souls to enter into the Fighting Soul Realm. But to reach the Fighting Soul Realm, it was by no means an easy job! The forging of soul, however, had nothing to do with a forger's accumulation of energies. So it was natural that some practitioners who had entered the later stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, and even some capable practitioners in the Virtual Tribulation Realm, were unable to have any opportunities to knock the door of the Fighting Soul Realm.

"Christopher seems to have lost his mind! There's no way for him to overtake his opponent!"

"It's useless. Zen is ahead of him all the time. Christopher is just wasting his energy. What he could do to Zen if he really surpasses him?"

"Hey, do you know who Christopher is in the Lower World? A talent! A big name! He has no choice! He must win his face back since he was defeated by that guy. It's understandable why he is unwilling to lose again in this contest."

The three companions of Christopher continued to discuss, feeling somewhat ridiculous for Christopher's stubbornness in catching up with Zen. He had never relaxed a single moment in chasing Zen, as he had a strong desire of overtaking Zen and killing him. He didn't know, however, that after so many circles of run-and-chase, Zen's soul was getting stronger and stronger.

Chapter 660 Cyan Dragon's Request (Part Two)

At the very beginning, when they came into the third ring, Zen felt the pain extremely unbearable under the mighty oppressing force once he left the protection range of an oil lamp. So he must move swiftly to every oil lamp ahead basically for protection. But then, as he was able to stop at every other oil lamp, and then every other two oil lamps, the distance between them widened.

At last, Zen had finished his first circle in the third ring and was just closely behind Christopher. It was only then Christopher came to realize what the distance there was between him and Zen. Upset and disgraced by the fact, Christopher turned around all of a sudden to pursue Zen in the other direction.

The funny scene provoked a loud fit of laughter and howling cheers among all the warriors watching. Christopher seemed stupidly confused at Zen's tricks.

The two of them had played the game of run-and-chase in the third ring for nearly four hours. At last, Zen seemed to have had enough fun in this game. He flashed a brilliant smile at his opponent before he casually slipped into the fourth ring.

In this circle, the oppressing force was eightfold as powerful as that in the first ring!

With Zen infiltrating the fourth ring, Christopher was burning with anger in eagerness to follow him as well. He was determined not to lose his face at this round. So he fixed his mind solely on how he would exact revenge with Zen. Only then would he give up! At the spectator side, all of his three companions were observing him keenly. They started to feel uneasy as they stared at him, giving Zen a black look. Anticipating his intention, they yelled at him. He needed to be stopped. "Christopher, what are you doing? There's no way for you to bear the oppressive force in the fourth ring. Do you understand?"

Christopher had suffered exhaustion under the attack of the mighty oppressing force in the third ring. His cyan light, a powerful shielding weapon that he was so proud of, had become useless in front of the fourfold oppressing force. How could he deal with the massive force in the fourth ring that was eightfold as powerful?

Approaching the tiny oil lamp for Zen in the fourth ring was as easy as falling off a log, so Christopher followed suit, totally ignoring the warnings from his companions. Never did he expect that a disaster was waiting for him as his soul began to collapse swiftly soon after he had set his feet into the next ring.

Audible gasps were heard from his companions as their faces turned ashen. They became dazed as they stood motionless, frightened at such a catastrophic accident. Panic gripped them, but they were unable to do anything. They had no abilities to enter into the third ring, how could they reach the fourth ring to save Christopher?

They were left with no choice but to helplessly watch Christopher's soul shatter into fragments in front of them.

The sharp, throbbing pain from his soul finally awakened him. His obsession with defeating Zen and killing him had landed him in a blinded irrational state. He was so furious at his ruin and at Zen himself. So he had sworn to defeat him no matter what it took him—even at the cost of his life. The catastrophic incident brought back his rationality. Now, it registered to him that the fourth ring was indeed a cruel realm, with a very slim chance of survival. More so, if he would be unsuccessful in his attempt to reach any oil lamps or he failed to return to the third ring, his soul would definitely shatter into pieces. Then his body would become nothing but a soulless shell.

At this critical moment, he seemed to be at a crossroads. He remained kneeling on the ground while he made up his mind. Contemplating that his decision would have a long term consequence, he immediately engulfed himself into silence.

Soon after, his body went rigid as he summoned his inner core to use his family's secret method to burn his soul.

With a crackling noise, a light flame was ignited on the surface of his soul. That was the flame of the soul!

This method of burning the soul would bring much severe damage than the burning of the blood in the body. But he had no better choice. He had to do this to survive. By burning the soul, the flame of the soul could produce massive energy to resist the overwhelming power from the intensified oppressing force in the fourth ring. Taking this opportunity, Christopher retreated to the third ring, where he fixed his soul with the help of the healing power of the oil lamp.

Although the oil lamp could heal the damaged part of Christopher's soul, the burned part of it could never be recovered. Therefore, this kind of self-salvage through the burning of the soul would bring substantial damage to him forever.

His face turned pale after such a disastrous accident. Though he was deathly frightened, he quickly masked his fear. He continued to gaze at Zen. The oil lamp that Zen occupied was not far away. But the power of the intensified oppressing force was far beyond his ability to bear. If he had kept going on regardless of all the risks, his soul would collapse before he could reach the oil lamp.

A bad sense of frustration surged in Christopher's heart when he looked at Zen's smiling face.

He had already been defeated by Zen when they competed with each other in comprehending the Law Power. As a capable practitioner in the field of the forging of soul, he was confident that Zen was by no means his match.

But he lost again, in such a demeaning way in the field he was capable of and in everyone's presence. The sharp gap between him and Zen disgraced him to the extreme. And nobody could ever understand how frustrated he was at this shameful moment! Christopher let out a sigh in helplessness. That was the only thing he could do at the most humiliating moment in his entire existence.

Zen paid no attention to his opponent after he had entered the fourth ring. He focused on his sole purpose—to forge his soul.

The fourth ring was quite close to the owl beast devil spirit. Its body looked like a bear, but the length of its face closely resembled that of a dragon. And a sharp beak was protruding replacing its mouth. The fierce-looking ugly creature fixed its gigantic eyes on Zen, watching his every move.

Suddenly, the owl beast devil spirit opened its huge beak to let out a strange wild scream.

"Ga..."

With that loud piercing cry, a group of black smaller devil spirits rushed into the fourth ring in quick succession.

Those devil spirits were not too big and seemed like a miniature version of the owl beast devil spirit that had let out the scream. They ran and wandered about in every corner of the fourth ring.

"What..." exclaimed Zen with a frown at this unexpected sight.

The fourth ring was strategically situated near the owl beast devil spirit. On top of that, its mighty oppressing force had grown to eight times as powerful as that in the first ring. He had conquered this great challenge by channeling his utmost attention and energy in dealing with this massive force. What could he do now with so many devil spirits swirling?

The devil spirits dared not approach nearer him because they were fearful of the oil lamp illuminating the sphere, making Zen safe as long as he was within its protection range.

But whenever he tried to walk out of it, the devil spirits would rush over him like overwhelming water. Zen shook his head, realizing he was in a difficult situation now.

Unpredictably, the cyan dragon, who had kept in silence all the while, spoke in Zen's mind.

The cyan dragon had sunk into silence the moment when Zen began to practice. Zen didn't think his sudden utterance would be a good omen.

"Zen, I'll devour that owl beast devil spirit after you run into the sixth ring," the cyan dragon said unexpectedly.

"Eat that owl beast ghost?" Zen exclaimed with a doubtful expression splattered in his face, as the cyan dragon's words had startled him. The owl beast devil spirit possessed a far-fetched and unimaginable power. It was already hard to burst into the Fighting Soul Realm, but it would be harder to cope with the owl beast devil spirit which was in a realm higher than the Fighting Soul Realm in power.

"How is it possible?" Zen prompted.

Chapter 661 A Second Genuine Dragon (Part One)

The cyan dragon laughed and said,"The Owl Beast devil spirit has been tied by the Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock and has become extremely weak. It is almost as weak as me. What you need to do is merely break the Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock. I will deal with the rest."

Zen listened carefully but doubt made his expression turn bitter soon. "How can you do that for me? If you swallow the Owl Beast devil spirit, how will I explain its disappearance to the others?"

This Owl Beast devil spirit had the Jasper Fighting Soul and wasn't easy to capture. If Zen swallowed it in front of so many warriors, he would have no way to explain it.

"Don't care about them. You can pretend to be insane... You can do whatever you want as long as you help me swallow the spirit. Needless to say, it will be of great benefit to you as well," the dragon said convincingly with a playful chuckle.

Zen's heart tightened at the dragon's words. With the vast knowledge the dragon had, he spoke of the spirit so highly. Zen had no reason to think otherwise. This spirit seemed to be extremely skilled and powerful.

"How can it be any good to me? Please tell me that first!"

Zen asked back hurriedly, starting to give away his fear.

"I plan to use a part of the Owl Beast devil spirit to nurture myself, and some other part to wake my seventh elder brother. The rest of it can be used to build a soul seed for you," the cyan dragon replied with confidence. It seemed like he had all things planned in his head.

"To wake your seventh elder brother?" Zen repeated the cyan dragon's words in confusion. First of all, he was surprised to hear that the cyan dragon had a brother, let alone a seventh one!

Zen tried to recall the time when he first came to know the cyan dragon. In Zen's soul sea, there was a total of nine genuine dragons. At the very beginning, all of them were like statues, completely lifeless. As Zen started to use heavenly essence in great amounts and swallowed the flood dragon bone spear, one of them gained consciousness and recovered. No other dragons were affected.

Even now the other eight dragons stood like statues around the giant furnace, frozen mid-action, as if the breath of life was taken away from them abruptly. The cyan dragon who spoke in Zen's head, too, had recovered very, very slowly.

Zen presumed the seventh elder brother who the dragon had mentioned was one of those eight dragons around the furnace, but he had no way of knowing which one of them it was.

The cyan dragon was back into the Genuine Dragon World now, but couldn't show himself for some reasons. Once Zen finished his training and returned to the Lower World, he would barely get the opportunity to meet a powerful soul like the Owl Beast devil spirit. Even if he did, he wouldn't be able to defeat it easily. This was why the cyan dragon asked Zen to use this opportunity wisely.

"My seventh elder brother is very good at practicing bodies. And your body has become a spiritual weapon with the help of the furnace. If your body keeps improving, it will grow into a fairy weapon. After you became a nature creature, the warmth produced by your body while practicing it could only nurture your own energy center. That wasn't very helpful to you. It's a pity you cannot continue improving body!"

The cyan dragon explained calmly.

But truth was that he was only feigning this calmness. Actually, the dragon was thinking about how Zen's body was so special and there was no other like it anywhere else in the world. If Zen kept practicing his body like this, the dragon couldn't even imagine the things he'd be able to accomplish in the future! The very thought excited the dragon but he didn't tell anything about it to Zen.

"Improve my body?" Zen asked, bobbing his head from side to side.

He had thought about practicing his body before. But fact was, most warriors in the Eastern Region and the Central Region did not practice their bodies, but cultivated their life vitality instead. The method of cultivation of a body refiner was completely different. The warriors who practiced their bodies needed to cultivate themselves with a kind of forceful energy.

Compared to life vitality, forceful energy burst out from the body quicker, fiercer and more directly.

The only problem was that cultivating both the body and the life vitality was very difficult and there were only a few people out of the entire human population who had even tried doing that.

After a moment of silence, Zen's eyes shone brightly. 'I have made great progress already, yet I am not powerful enough!' he thought. 'If I attempt to fight against Eddie, the Evil East Lord, I'd be killed in the blink of an eye!'

His soul quivered as he thought about being weak in the face of adversity. A sort of rush filled him up, then he ran to the small Owl Beast ghosts without even asking the dragon what a soul seed was.

'Let me kill them all!' Zen told himself in his mind.

He had no practice in the fighting skill of the soul, but the Spiritual Thorn was a good weapon to kill the small ghosts. There were a lot of these small ones but none of them was as powerful as Zen thought they were.

Zen killed one Owl Beast ghost after the other, and returned to the area lit with the little oil lamp. He repeated this process several times and each cycle only made his soul stronger.

Many warriors gazed at Zen in the inner circle with jealousy which soon turned to depression. Compared with Zen, the speed at which they were cultivating was so low that they didn't know how long they would take before getting into the inner circle. They were eager to step into the Fighting Soul Level.

They watched as Zen kept moving, fighting his way through one circle to the other. Before long, he stepped into the fourth circle. The warriors around had no choice but to accept that Zen was far more talented than them. Some of them could not even be compared with him.

After entering the fourth circle, his soul grew slower. Still, he fought for two whole days before returning from the black ball. After a whole day's rest, he went back to the black ball and continued his cultivation.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 662 A Second Genuine Dragon (Part Two)

It took him three whole days to cross the fourth circle and finally enter the fifth circle. He needed to enter the sixth circle for the cyan dragon to put his plan in action.

Zen also understood clearly that even for the cyan dragon, it was a difficult task to swallow the Owl Beast's evil spirit, since the dragon, too, was currently weak, even though he talked as if this was a piece of cake. Still, the result they would get post fighting the evil spirit surpassed the efforts they needed to put in.

While Zen cultivated himself day and night, Zack Zhao decided to send out a message to someone. He went to the transmission platform in the huge city and put a jade pendant into it, which carried his message.

The Genuine Dragon World was a world different from the one where Zen had stayed. Its magnanimity was beyond everyone's imagination!

Even the Dragon Lineage Human area was only one out of its ten thousand parts. The message jade pendant needed to fly about 300 billion trillion miles before arriving at the Dragon Blaze Hall which was where Zack came from. Sending this message cost him a lot. If it wasn't for Zen, he would never have done it.

Recently, Zack had been going through numerous books to understand the things around him more deeply. He found that the last time the baptism by laws had occurred was eight thousand and four hundred years ago to a person with the family name of Meng, who was now the head of the Green Dragon Palace.

And now, it had occurred to no one else but this young boy from the Lower World.

It did not mean Zen could become the head of some dragon palace after the baptism. A warrior only grew into someone with power under the influence of factors like luck, cultivation, epiphany and fate...

Yet, the baptism had at least guaranteed the fact that Zen had the opportunity.

Dragon Blaze Hall would never want to miss out on the chance of enrolling such a talent.

What Zack did not know was that merely six hours before him, Elder Wei had also sent a similar message. His message was already flying to the Dragon Abyss Palace, which was 250 billion trillion miles away. Elder Wei had the advantage of old age. He was a highly experienced and thoughtful individual. He also knew Zack wasn't someone who gave up easily, so he took his actions first and invited the person of a high position in the Dragon Abyss Palace to handle this matter. Because he had sent them the message, they wouldn't blame Wei even if they somehow didn't succeed in attracting Zen to join them. If the official from the Dragon Abyss Palace lost to the Dragon Blaze Hall, Elder Wei would still be spared of the blame.

While both Wei and Zack waited for the effect of their reinforcements, Zen inched closer and closer to the Owl Beast evil spirit.

If one had to understand how difficult it was to break through the Fighting Soul Level, they could look at the Dragon Lineage humans who had flown to the Genuine Dragon World. Most of them were still in the first circle and a small part of them in the second circle. Barely any had entered the third one.

The fourth circle was completely devoid of warriors and then there was Zen, fighting all alone in the fifth!

Quack!

The Owl Beast at the center of the black ball felt something unusual, as if it was being approached by a very powerful soul. Only, it was hidden inside Zen's body.

When Zen stepped into the fifth circle, it started to give out loud howls. But the Soul-nurturing Thunder lock had restrained it tightly and it had no other way to fight against Zen except to exert a great pull and give off his soul power pressure.

No other warriors in the black ball could face the spirit. Some of them couldn't even walk in a straight line at times when the Owl Beast radiated its soul power.

Crackle!

As soon as Zen stepped out of the little oil lamp's glow, his soul cracked a bit due to the constant soul power pressure. But his soul had become very powerful due to practicing for days on end. This crack was merely on the surface level. Before, his soul could've been pierced by another's soul power pressure easily, but not now.

The fifth circle took the longest time to be crossed. It took Zen thirteen days to adapt himself to the high soul power pressure. After its constant subjection, his soul had grown to be stronger than ever. At this point, even if Christopher inflicted a cut on his soul, it wouldn't make a difference.

At that moment, Zen prepared himself standing at the edge of the fifth circle, and asked the cyan dragon,"Are you ready? I can step into the sixth circle if you are."

The cyan dragon answered in all earnestness,"Yes, I am. Be cautious when you enter. When I break the Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock, it will lead to a higher soul pressure."

Zen was merely a soul without a body now so he could take a deep breath to relax himself. He stood with back arched down, squinting his eyes and carefully looking at the humongous Owl Beast evil spirit. He counted to three in his mind and rushed into the sixth circle.

The other warriors were merely onlookers now, thinking Zen was determined to break through the Fighting Soul Level. They had no way of knowing he had just charged at the Owl Beast evil spirit itself!

Precisely at that moment, the huge transmission array located at the center of the city lit up. A man in a fur coat appeared out of it, with a flame burning in his pupils. Stepping out of the array, he looked all around him with a calm expression. He was no one but the second leader of the Dragon Blaze Hall!

Zack got alerted immediately. He had been anxiously waiting for him. Presently, he walked over to him and greeted him excitedly. "Mr. Nian! How nice to see you here! I have been waiting for you here for too long!"

Chapter 663 The Head Of The Dragon Abyss Palace

Alan Nian, the vice leader of the Dragon Blaze Hall, was a person of great power. His rank was next to the head and his competence was beyond everyone's imagination.

An organization as powerful as Dragon Blaze Hall had arranged for a vice head to greet Zen, so it was obvious that it took Zen seriously.

Zack too was very excited. If he could get Zen to join Dragon Blaze Hall, it would be a great achievement for him.

"So, where is this young man who withstood the baptism by laws?" Alan asked Zack as he greeted him. He was very curious regarding this boy everyone was talking about.

"Sir, he is being trained for the elite and refining his soul,"

Zack answered with an uncalled urgency.

"Then take me there," Alan said in a commanding tone. He looked quite composed but his eyes gleamed with flames.

They started walking toward the training ground. Standing at the edge of it, Alan asked, "Which one is...what's his name...Zen?"

Zack pointed his finger toward a slim and handsome young man. Alan measured him up with his sharp eyes and just like Zack had informed him, he didn't find anything special about Zen. He was just a juvenile at the young bone age and had just reached the consummation of the nature level. Alan was a little doubtful of his abilities.

"Did he really activate the obelisk and go through a baptism by laws?"

Alan asked.

"Yes, sir. I wouldn't dare joke about such a thing!"

"Hmm.. I'll talk to him after he finishes his practice," Alan said, nodding his head with a gentle smile on his face. Countless practitioners put immense effort to join Dragon Blaze Hall each year, given its immaculate reputation. It would be a piece of cake for Alan to compel this young man from the Lower World to join them.

As he finished speaking, a black ball floating not very far away from him started to vibrate.

A loud clash of several brittle sounds filled the air. The sounds reverberated in the atmosphere for some time, before the Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock on the surface of the black ball finally cracked.

"What is going on?" Alan asked as the flames flashed in his dilated pupils. "Isn't the Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock used to imprison the Owl Beast evil spirit? How could it crack like that?"

Zack was too shocked to answer. He simply kept staring at the upheaval that was taking place in horror.

The cracking continued as the practitioners who were practicing in the black ball drew their souls back.

"Hurry up! Run!"

Having drawn their souls, they ran straight out of the training ground.

Seeing how scared they were, Zack rushed to the ground and stopped one of the practitioners. "What's going on?" he asked. "What happened to the ball?"

"I... I don't know. That guy just rushed over to the Owl Beast evil spirit! And then the Thunder Lock broke, letting out the Owl Beast evil spirit!" the boy said, stammering with fear. The boy didn't know Zen's name, but he was aware of him due to the fame he had gotten from breaking through the obstacles of different rings in the black ball. He was among the many practitioners who were very impressed by Zen.

"Which guy?" Alan asked the boy, having come to the scene rushing after Zack.

"That one! He is still sitting there!" The boy pointed at Zen, who sat in close vicinity.

The Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock was on the verge of breaking down. No one dared to stay in the black ball for another second, scared that they'd be killed in no time. The Owl Beast evil spirit was capable of killing anyone in its way. All the practitioners including Christopher ran for their lives without a second thought.

Zen alone sat in the entirety of the ground, looking determined and striking.

Alan frowned at him in disbelief. "He is just a nature creature! How can his soul be powerful enough to stand the Owl Beast evil spirit?"

he asked in Zack's direction.

"Of course it can! He entered the core from the outermost ring of the black ball within a month. The ball cracked the moment he approached that Owl Beast devil spirit!"

The practitioner didn't know Alan and hence replied spontaneously. However, he guessed the man in front of him was a high rank leader, making him feel a little relieved, which was why he didn't run away like the others.

"Sir, Zen might have..." Zack started but then stopped in the middle of the sentence.

Alan replied nonchalantly, "No matter how capable he is, he cannot survive in a fight against the Owl Beast evil spirit. Seems like I came here for nothing!" He stared at the black ball hovering in the air with a complex expression. If what the practitioner had said was right, and Zen truly had walked into the internal ring within a month, he definitely deserved to be explored by Dragon Blaze Hall.

"It's a pity! He is not lucky enough to join us!" Zack said regrettably.

As they talked, several people appeared flying above the training ground. They couldn't have been ordinary people as it was forbidden to fly in this city.

The man who led them was tall and sturdy, garbed in silver armor. Many dragon textures were engraved on his shoulders. He appeared like someone who was a born warrior!

Alan recognized him as soon as he spot him and flew up in an instant, greeting him with his fingers crossed, "Hi, Dennis!"

Dennis Tang was the lord of the city. His position was even higher than Alan in the Dragon Lineage Human race.

"Hello, Alan! I didn't expect to see you here! What happened?" Dennis asked with his eyes stuck to the black ball in the training ground. It had costed him a lot of energy to catch the Owl Beast devil spirit. It was very hard to cope with a spirit which had Jasper Fighting soul. This was why they had arranged for a Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock after capturing it. The reason they had gone to so much trouble was to get the cultivators to practice by taking use of the Owl Beast devil spirit.

Although it was an effective cultivation method, soul practicing couldn't be finished in a short time. Practitioners who were not particularly persistent didn't stick out. Custom was, if a cultivator stepped into the sixth ring, he could practice his soul to the Fighting Soul realm. However, there weren't many people who could achieve that.

"I just got here. A practitioner told us the Thunder Lock broke down the moment this boy Zen broke into the sixth ring," Alan said, shaking his head.

"Zen?" It was Elder Wei who spoke from behind Dennis.

Dennis looked back and asked, "Yes...what's wrong with him?" Dennis was unaware of Zen, which was why he didn't give a loud reaction at the name. When Alan told him he had broken into the sixth ring, he thought Zen was simply persistent and hence could reach the high level in soul cultivation, as many other practitioners before him had done the same in their time.

"Zen is the stowaway you pardoned. He has just reached the pinnacle of the nature level. In other words, his soul is still weak. He shouldn't be able to break into the sixth ring in such a state!"

Elder Wei said in total surprise.

Dennis was surprised too. "Oh, I remember that!"

Some time ago, someone had presented Dennis with a paper of divine texture, with a sentence left by the cyan dragon on it, who was one of the forty-nine Genuine Dragons and called Josh!

For Dennis and other big shots here, the Genuine Dragons were like gods! They had never had a chance of even spotting one from a distance. These dragons were extremely valued as even the Dragon Lineage Human masters relied on these powerful dragons!

Years ago, nine of the forty-nine dragons had disappeared due to a mystical case they were involved in. Till date, nobody knew where they were or what had happened to them. Even people on levels as high as Dennis couldn't figure what had happened to the highest level members of the Genuine Dragon family. He didn't even need to know the detailed truth as long as he knew the nine dragons had disappeared.

When he saw the divine texture paper with the cyan dragon's message, he was utterly surprised and couldn't contain his excitement. This meant he could finally get in touch with a bigwig like Josh! What a great stroke of luck! But when he read the dragon's words on the margin, he had been a bit disappointed.

Josh had written to Dennis that he had met Zen by chance in his travels. Although Zen wasn't a member of their family, if he flew up through the Dragon Soar Arena, Dennis could take him as a member of the Dragon Lineage Human race along. Josh had also warned Dennis not to reveal this news to anyone, or his life would be in danger.

Dennis wondered how the nine dragons had disappeared so mysteriously. There had to be a shocking conspiracy behind it!

The warning had scared Dennis. He knew if he got involved in this fight, he could die without even knowing the cause of it.

Dennis hadn't told anyone about the issue until now and hadn't even asked the name of that stowaway.

He wasn't really a coward. One would expect someone in the position of the city lord to be courageous and able. But even the masters of the Dragon Lineage Human race wouldn't like to be involved in this sort of a fight, let alone a city lord like him.

He was surprised the person who had caused the trouble of the day was no one else but the stowaway he had pardoned.

"Wei, is Zen the Lower World practitioner who experienced the baptism by laws?"

A woman wearing a red palace dress appeared from behind Wei and asked him. Her face radiated with beauty and charm. The most impressive thing about her was the blood-red mole in the middle of her brows, that almost made her look coquettish.

Flames flashed in Alan's eyes as they landed upon her beautiful face. Smiling lightly, he bowed and said. "Madame, I didn't expect to see you here!"

This woman was no one but the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace.

The woman didn't answer Alan and descended toward the black ball. The Dragon Abyss Palace and the Dragon Blaze Hall didn't get along too well.

Chapter 664 I Don't Like You (Part One)

The head of the Dragon Abyss Palace had flown straight into the black ball and was devoured in the blink of an eye.

The Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock right above the black ball was uncontrollably surging with immense destructive power. However, she was still kept safe and sound somehow.

The second she soared into the black ball, the only reaction she had was, "Huh?" with her gorgeous eyes wide open...

She had more than enough strength to hold back the strongest Owl Beast, so defeating such a weak one would be a walk in the park.

The thing that managed to surprise her was not the Owl Beast itself, but Zen's soul just lying in the distance.

The Owl Beast just vanished without a trace! The only thing she could make out was Zen's soul resting in the middle of the darkness.

Just what could have possibly happened here? How the heck did all of this happen? And where in the world did the Owl Beast go? Baffled and left utterly dumbfounded, the head of Dragon Abyss Palace had a hard time wrapping her mind around what on earth had just transpired.

"Bang... Bang..."

On the other hand, the other portions of the Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock simply persisted on overflowing with an endless supply of thundering light. Zen's soul was repeatedly getting bent out of shape with diverse colors, which looked much like the oil on the water drifting away into vibrant ripples.

"Wow! This is unbelievable! His soul could end up bursting forth into the level of the Fighting Soul!" Upon noticing that, she was beginning to get serious, with her curiosity quite piqued. Elder Wei had briefed her that Zen had undergone a baptism by laws, so she immediately flew straight toward the black ball solely for the purpose of helping Zen.

Little did she know that Zen could probably attempt reaching the level of Fighting Soul! 'Isn't he someone on the nature level? Just what exactly did he do to be capable of reaching the level of Fighting Soul in such a short span of time?'

She was completely perplexed, because all throughout her whole life, she had only witnessed a handful of skillful warriors—who were either on or above the level of Internal Elixir—successfully reach the level of Fighting Soul. Come to think of it, even some of the ones already on the level of Virtual Tribulation Realm had failed to reach the Fighting Soul level. Surely, this was a special one!

Lifting her head up a little, the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace walked over to where Zen was. When she stretched out her arms and extended her hand, a dark red pill appeared out of her white wrist. The pill, rather than being round, actually had an unusual shape, and it was bouncing continuously, akin to a living creature.

Slowly but surely, she carefully tossed the pill forward and it went right into Zen's soul.

Despite the fact that Zen was dead set and focused on breaking through the higher level no matter what, he somehow still managed to notice a girl wearing palace clothes, who had been standing in a place not too far away from him, pulling out a weird object and throwing it at him. That being said, the only thing that shifted was the look on his face, because this was just such a crucial moment for him in order to reach the Fighting Soul level.

"No reason to be alarmed! The pill is essential and it can also be of great assistance to your soul," he perceived the voice of the cyan dragon inside his head. To be triumphant over the Owl Beast, the cyan dragon had actually gone the extra mile, and now, he was already worn-out, so he thought that it would suffice to simply remind Zen without mentioning any further details.

As luck would have it, those words were enough to help Zen ease up and let the pill pierce straight into his soul.

The pill, much like red ink fanning out in the water, scattered everywhere the moment it entered Zen's soul, Due to the effects of the pill, every color moving all over Zen's soul accumulated much faster and as for his soul, it gradually became much more rigid. Upon reaching a certain extent, a red light suddenly illuminated him.

Zen's soul returned to his body without incident the second the red light emerged, and with that, the first thing he did was open his eyes.

If a person's soul had enough strength, his eyes would be shining with radiance and vitality. That was how they were able to track down some of the most powerful men whose eyes were shining brightly and burning with energy.

Zen's eyes were glowing remarkably just like two stars soaring in the dark sky, letting it be known to some masters that Zen had successfully attained the Fighting Soul level.

The Fighting Soul was just a castle in the air hopelessly being chased after by most warriors.

If one was fortunate enough to reach the Fighting Soul level, his soul would be completely altered, making him significantly stronger than ever before! At this point, the soul wasn't weak in any way whatsoever, and it even had the ability to attach itself to leaves or falling petals perhaps to engage in battle with an enemy. That was the reason why people had been saying time and time again that falling leaves and flowers could become deadly through the skills of a powerful warrior.

But when all were said and done, it could be beyond a mere mortal's capability to reach the Fighting Soul level.

Only a select few amongst all of the warriors on the Internal Elixir level could hope to train and reach the Fighting Soul level for the sake of increasing the strength of their soul! A majority of the warriors in the Virtual Tribulation Realm couldn't ever reach the Fighting Soul level in their lifetime!

Zen, a warrior whose prior achievement was reaching the nature level, had attained the Fighting Soul level. What an astonishing feat!

The warriors who had experienced training side-by-side with Zen were not as surprised as opposed to everyone else, the reason being that they had witnessed first-hand Zen's progress and rapid improvement and they also watched as Zen stepped into the inner circle from the outer circle in order to move closer to the Owl Beast.

Dennis, Wei, Alan, and a few other people weren't able to see what occurred in the black ball, and all they knew was that a guy who was at the nature level shouldn't have been capable of reaching the Fighting Soul level at all. It was an utterly inconceivable idea in their eyes.

Chapter 665 I Don't Like You (Part Two)

"Hold on just a second, why does it seem as though there's some sort of unusual attribute contained inside his Fighting Soul?" With his glare fixated on Zen, Dennis sensed that there was something out of the ordinary being exuded by Zen's body.

Elder Wei realized in an instant what Zen had been through and let out a smile, "If I'm guessing correctly, our leader decided to hand over to him a Ganoderma Soul Pill produced by the Dragon Abyss Palace."

Alan forced a dull smile and remarked, "Your Dragon Abyss Palace was quite the generous one. A Ganoderma Soul Pill is much too costly even if its power is rather below mediocre." After saying that, he went down to the ground and whispered to Zen under his breath, "Zen, be one of us with the Dragon Blaze Hall, and I can promise you that you will have a bright future ahead of you. Banding together with us, the finest within the realm, I assure you, would be the best decision you're ever going to make in your lifetime!"

Knitting his eyebrows, Zen shot Alan a glance. Indeed, he could feel the power of everyone there, but Alan's way with words made Zen feel nauseous and totally repulsed, prompting him to ask the person standing close to him, "Who might you be? For what reason should I become a member of the Dragon Blaze Hall?"

"Aha, who I am is but a trivial matter, what you need to understand is that there are billions of aspiring warriors whose dream is to become part of the Dragon Blaze Hall. Sad to say, the ones who are actually qualified are few and far between! If you were to join our Dragon Blaze Hall, you are going to be destined for greatness, and I'll even throw in an extra 50 drops of Genuine Dragon blood on behalf of our Dragon Blaze Hall!" Alan's eyes were already blazing with triumph as he was quite certain that his offer to Zen would be hard to refuse. For a warrior coming from the Lower World like Zen, a drop of Genuine Dragon blood was more than sufficient to entice him, and 50 drops, even more so!

Zen smiled at him and responded with a straight face, "Thank you! I appreciate it! I really do."

Upon hearing that, Alan's face brightened up, and he was already grinning much like a Cheshire cat. He was under the assumption that his discernment was on point that the guy on consummation of nature level would be much too thrilled. It couldn't have been further from the truth though, as Alan's smile barely even lasted for a minute.

Zen added immediately, "But I'm afraid I can't accept your offer, because I'm not interested in joining the Dragon Blaze Hall."

"Why is that? 50 drops of Genuine Dragon blood was still inadequate? The Genuine Dragon blood can dramatically increase your blood concentrations! Weren't you aware of that?" Alan blurted out subconsciously, his eyes darkened out of confusion. Zen's response greatly agitated him, to such an extent that he seemed to have momentarily lost track of the high position he was in as well as his morale, causing him to act far too different from how he usually did.

"It's not because of the Genuine Dragon blood," Zen explained.

"If not that, then what should matter even more?" Alan pried further with great intensity. His full strength was far greater than Zen could ever fathom, so there couldn't possibly be anyone who wouldn't be overwhelmed by the power Alan exuded.

If he hadn't attained the Fighting Soul, Zen's soul would have been destroyed instantly when faced with such intimidating strength which Alan gave off. However, at that point in time, Zen had already successfully reached Fighting Soul level, meaning he was capable of resisting such an enormous amount of power with ease.

"It's quite simple, really. Because I don't appreciate the way you speak to me," Zen answered in all honesty and then walked directly to the girl wearing palace clothes who just came out of the black ball. He was aware that during the time when he was planning to reach the Fighting Soul level, that girl was the one who helped him, and truth be told, he was actually a man with a heart filled with so much gratefulness.

"You!" Alan clenched his fists and gritted his teeth as a result, his eyes instantaneously fuming with intense hostility. Oh, how he longed to kill Zen! That man, Alan, was seething with anger due to Zen declining his offer to join the Dragon Blaze Hall. To add insult to injury, Zen even had the nerve to talk to him like that, leaving him downright infuriated.

Prior to that point, no one had ever found the guts to talk to him that way, so let alone a man of the meager nature level.

Everyone had heard of Alan's immense power! To Alan, killing Zen swiftly would be just a piece of cake. However, Zen had the audacity to humiliate him! How could Alan let that one slip?

As luck would have it, at that very moment, the words from the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace managed to diffuse Alan's desire to annihilate Zen.

"Zen has a point. Since he isn't fond of you, what other reason would he have for joining the Dragon Blaze Hall?" the girl wearing the palace clothes giggled at the scene in front of her.

The girl's remarks helped Alan get to thinking.

Alan was actually just a vice leader, and amongst the Dragon Lineage Human, he was significantly much inferior to the girl who was the leader of Dragon Abyss Palace both in position and in power. So, of course, he couldn't just kill Zen right in front of the girl!

"I don't know how to thank you enough, Madam. Thanks for lending a helping hand when I was attempting to reach the Fighting Soul level!" Zen leaned over to pay his respects.

"Ha-ha." Hearing Zen's words of gratitude, the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace merrily roared with laughter.

"Madam, you look rather young, akin to a girl of sweet sixteen! Is referring to you as Madam a bit too much?" Zen clarified, unable to hold back his laughter.

Hearing Zen's way of speaking toward their head, elder Wei couldn't help cursing him deeply in his heart, 'This Zen... such insolence talking about our leader's age casually. Do you have some kind of death wish? Just how badly do you want to get sent straight to the hell?'

Chapter 666 A Gift To Someone Who Is Worthy (Part One)

Every martial arts cultivator had undergone rigorous martial arts refinement that improved their physical fitness and endurance.

They were able to surpass human limitations even the standard human lifespan. Thus, they could live longer than any normal human.

An ordinary human could rarely live more than one hundred years. The martial arts cultivators, on the other hand, could live much more than one hundred years. And the martial arts cultivators at the same level as the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace had an average lifespan of ten thousand years.

The head of the Dragon Abyss Palace looked like a sixteen-year-old girl, but her actual age was already beyond a human's imagination.

The actual age of the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace might be unknown or had been lost in counting. But it could be traced back as to when she was actually sixteen years old. At that time, Zen's ancestors had not yet been born in this world. Even the empires that existed before the Burning Sky Empire had not yet existed.

But Zen was so naive about this fact that he even thought the head of the Dragon Abyss was sixteen years old.

It sounded offensive, but she didn't mind it at all. On the contrary, she was flattered. Despite her age, she was still a woman who required that kind of attention and flattery from time to time. But since she became the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace, no one dared to speak to her so casually that she rarely heard such kind of flattery.

Women always wanted to look young despite their age. They required that kind of validation, especially from men. And the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace was no exception. After all, she was still a woman.

The craze of women wanting to look young even after they aged had created a need for anti-aging pills. But these anti-aging pills were quite expensive in the Upper World. The head of Dragon Abyss Palace had spent a lot on anti-aging pills to remain young-looking all these years. But despite that, no one had praised her youthful look and glow.

So, Zen's words was the most flattering thing she had heard in her lifetime. She felt that her efforts in keeping her youthful look had paid off when a man finally took notice.

"Silly! Stop flattering me now! Just call me aunt," she waved her hands and giggled. She had to be realistic about their age gap and set the right atmosphere between her and Zen.

Zen did no longer argue and just heeded her orders.

Then she continued with a smile, "I heard from Elder Wei about your intention to join our Dragon Abyss Palace. Is that true?"

"Yes, that's right," Zen answered. Indeed, Zen had intended to be part of the Dragon Abyss Palace.

Upon hearing this, the head of Dragon Abyss Palace reached out her hand and flipped it over. Then, out of the blue, a bottle appeared. "There are about twenty drops of Genuine Dragon blood inside this bottle. You can use them to increase the concentration of Genuine Dragon blood in your blood."

When Alan heard this, he gave a cold snort on the side. He had previously offered Zen fifty drops of Genuine Dragon blood as a reward, but the latter didn't take it. Now, the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace was offering him lesser drops of the said blood and Alan thought that Zen was being a fool in this deal.

Suddenly, the head of Dragon Abyss Palace turned her hand over again and said, "Now, this is a drop of Genuine Dragon Blood Essence. It's not the ordinary Genuine Dragon blood. You can use it to save your life at a crucial moment."

This time, Alan's eyes had nearly popped out of his head.

Dennis, Elder Wei, and Zack were also astonished at the current offer. They didn't say a word, but their eyes were showing great eagerness at the sight of that one drop of Genuine Dragon Blood Essence.

The Genuine Dragon Blood and the Genuine Dragon Blood Essence sounded alike, but they were essentially different in all aspects.

A Genuine Dragon's body contained an amount of blood enough to wash away a whole continent. Hence, the Dragon Lineage Human had plenty of Genuine Dragon Blood to give away to their younger members as rewards.

However, the Genuine Dragon Blood Essence was quite rare compared to the Genuine Dragon Blood. The Dragon Lineage Human built 936 halls and 1300 palaces in total. From the 2, 000 branches of the race, some of them were lucky enough to possess over one hundred drops of Genuine Dragon Blood Essence, while the rest only had dozens of drops.

Hence, the other halls and palaces were eager to get even one drop of this precious treasure.

If the heads of these halls and palaces had the chance to acquire it, they would immediately use it to strengthen themselves.

The Genuine Dragon Blood Essence was equivalent to one thousand drops of the Genuine Dragon Blood–that was if someone was willing to exchange their Genuine Dragon Blood Essence for some Genuine Dragon Blood.

But just now, the head of Dragon Abyss Palace casually gifted one drop of the Genuine Dragon Blood Essence to Zen. It was quite an extravagant gift! If anyone was offered the Genuine Dragon Blood Essence, he wouldn't think twice and would just blindly accept it.

Zen must be flattered by the gift that the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace was offering. Alan, Dennis, Elder Wei, and Zack were all taken aback by her generosity towards Zen. They didn't think that she could be that generous to anyone.

Dennis who envied Zen right now had to ask, "Do you really intend to give it to him as a gift? The Genuine Dragon Blood Essence would be too much of a gift to that boy?"

The head of Dragon Abyss Palace, however, raised her eyebrows at Dennis and said, "Of course I do. Did you hear me stutter? Have I ever changed my mind?"

Dennis waved his hand. He didn't mean to offend her by asking. He said, "No, I didn't mean to question your generosity. I just feel that Genuine Dragon Blood Essence is rare. It's the most valuable thing to just be gifted to anyone."

Dennis could not shrug off that feeling. The Genuine Dragon Blood Essence was one of the Dragon Abyss Palace's most important treasures. It seemed too good to be true that the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace would just give it to someone from the Lower World like Zen who was not even qualified to be in their presence. Dennis sensed that it might have something to do with the dragon named Josh. Or perhaps the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace had found something else.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 667 A Gift To Someone Who Is Worthy (Part Two)

However, Dennis could not bring himself to ask these questions. Besides, he had got the message from the cyan dragon, so he wouldn't dare to interfere with Zen too much. Moreover, no matter what he thought about it, there was nothing he could do right now. Whatever it was in Dragon Abyss Palace head's mind, it was none of his business.

While Dennis had somehow figured it out that it was all because of the cyan dragon, Elder Wei, Alan and Zack still had difficulty in uncovering the truth.

They were still wondering why the head of Dragon Abyss Palace offered to give the Genuine Dragon Blood Essence to Zen.

But among the three, it was Elder Wei who felt particularly disgruntled.

He was one of the lucky ones to get a drop of the Genuine Dragon Blood Essence as a reward for his significant contribution to the Dragon Abyss Palace. However, it didn't come on a silver platter. He had almost lost his life to deserve that kind of reward.

But Zen had just arrived in the Dragon Abyss Palace and hadn't proved anything yet, but still got a drop of Genuine Dragon Blood Essence as a gift. What was so special about Zen that the head of the Dragon Abyss Palace had favored him that much?

But despite his envy, Elder Wei believed that it must be Zen's good luck that brought him that fortune.

"It's a special gift, so it is just fitting for me to give it to someone who is truly worthy," said the head of Dragon Abyss Palace. She then turned to Zen, beaming a smile and said, "Zen, do you agree?"

"Yes. What you said is truly right," Zen replied happily.

Afterward, he took the munificent gifts from her hand.

"Cyan dragon, do you think that she has noticed something about you?" Zen asked the cyan dragon in his mind.

"Probably. She's a smart woman, and she might have noticed something when you entered the level of Fighting Soul. But this is not the time to worry about it. I think she understands what she should do," the cyan dragon replied. His tone was rough and weak. He hadn't completely recovered from his fight with the Owl Beast ghost.

Zen didn't think that the head of Dragon Abyss Palace would just give him the gift because of his great talent. She must have sensed the presence of the cyan dragon within Zen, otherwise, she wouldn't treat him any differently.

Acquiring the Genuine Dragon Blood Essence was a rare opportunity that no one would pass. And getting it without doing anything was a once-in-a-million chance. Zen must have been truly lucky that the universe collided for him to get this rare opportunity.

Zen immediately stored the Genuine Dragon Blood and Blood Essence in his space ring. At once, Dennis walked up to him and said, "Zen, there's one thing I need to ask you about."

"I'm listening, Sir," Zen bowed to him with clasped hands. He wasn't sure what did he owe Dennis to get this attention. Or was he getting into trouble?

"You were the last one who left the black ball, and you reached the level of Fighting Soul near the Owl Beast ghost. But after that, it disappeared from the Soul-nurturing Thunder Lock. Do you know what happened to it?" Dennis asked directly.

Dennis had the feeling that Zen had something to do with the disappearance of the Owl Beast ghost.

Everyone had the same thought. It couldn't be just a coincidence that the Owl Beast ghost had disappeared simultaneously when Zen had made the new breakthrough.

Dennis couldn't still figure out why the Owl Beast ghost had just suddenly disappeared. It was bothering him for quite a while and now was the right time to finally know the truth. Despite reaching the Fighting Soul level, it would still be impossible for Zen to defeat the Owl Beast ghost just like that. What could have happened to the Owl Beast ghost if it hadn't been killed by Zen?

Zen had foreseen that this would happen when he agreed to the cyan dragon's request.

But just as the cyan dragon had told him, Zen played dumb in front of Dennis.

"The Owl Beast ghost? I don't know, I just…" Zen said with a confused look on his face. He stuttered to be more realistic. "When I heard the crack of the Thunder Lock, I saw the Owl Beast ghost jumping on me. That's all I could remember. After that, I lost consciousness."

The part where he lost consciousness was true.

When the cyan dragon destroyed the Thunder Lock, the influence of the Owl Beast ghost was released and overwhelmed Zen. His soul could still not stand the impact of the Owl Beast ghost even if he had improved it. In the sixth circle inside the black ball, the pressure upon Zen's soul was already thirty-two times stronger than that in the first circle. And when the Owl Beast ghost was freed from its chains, the pressure became stronger and harder to bear.

The combined pressure from the sixth circle and the Owl Beast ghost's influence had made Zen's soul almost split up. Luckily, the cyan dragon had activated the furnace on time and its colorful glow had repaired Zen's soul. With the help of that mysterious colorful glow from the furnace, Zen had managed to enter the level of Fighting Soul.

"You really don't know?" Dennis asked again. He didn't believe that Zen didn't know what happened. He could see through Zen's eyes that the latter wasn't telling the whole truth. "You better tell me what you know because the Owl Beast ghost is an important treasure of our city. There must be something you know about the disappearance of the Owl Beast ghost."

Chapter 668 Time To Return

Zen couldn't think of a better explanation for the disappearance of the huge Owl Beast's devil spirit. However, it was an undeniable fact that it disappeared when he was around.

Dennis was polite by asking this way. If it were not for Josh and the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace, he would have arrested the culprit already.

Seeing the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace offering Zen a drop of Genuine Dragon blood essence, Dennis understood that he couldn't harm Zen. Moreover, Zen was somehow involved with Josh and the mystery of the nine dragons. So, he was eager to stay out of this matter.

But it was troublesome to catch an Owl Beast's devil spirit. Zen had to compensate Dennis for his loss! Dennis knew that it would be useless to ask a cultivator, who was at the consummation of nature level for repayment. He said that intentionally to test the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace.

As he had expected, Zen stayed silent, and it was the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace who spoke first, "It is only an Owl Beast's devil spirit. We, Dragon Abyss Palace, can pay for it. But Dennis, do you really want me to catch an Owl Beast's devil spirit for you?"

It was no easy feat to catch an Owl Beast's devil spirit. It usually took a bit of luck to find one. Even if a cultivator found an Owl Beast's devil spirit, it would be extremely difficult to catch it.

Since the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace offered to compensate Dennis, he didn't plan on making things difficult. If he offended the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace, she might take Zen by force. And then he could do nothing about it.

So he decided to end the matter for the moment.

"Let's go!" Alan waved his hand and left with Zack. Since the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace had offered a drop of Genuine Dragon blood essence to Zen, Alan knew he had lost and that it was meaningless for him to stay. Even though the leader of the Dragon Blaze Hall had come in person and made the offer, he couldn't tempt Zen. Offering a Genuine Dragon blood essence to a boy at the consummation of nature level? It was a complete waste! The leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace must have been out of her mind.

Seeing that Alan had left, the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace smiled. She turned to Zen and said, "Although you have a solid foundation, your cultivation base is still very low. This is the city that leads to the Lower World. There are a lot of training methods that will help you to improve. I suggest that you refine the Genuine Dragon blood essence here. And after that, you can come to the Dragon Abyss Palace through the transmission platform."

It was a good suggestion. But Zen shook his head and said, "I'm afraid I won't be able to accept your offer this time. I came to the Upper World purely for cultivation. But I have unsettled issues in the Lower World. So, I can't go to the Dragon Abyss Palace at the moment."

Zen knew that he would benefit tremendously from joining the Dragon Abyss Palace.

In the world where Zen came from, cultivators who wanted to grasp the Law Power had to learn through the inscriptions on broken obelisks.

But in the Upper World, there were complete stone carvings, and various cultivation methods that were beyond Zen's imagination.

However, it was unrealistic for Zen to stay in the Genuine Dragon World. He still had a lot of things to do in the Central Region. Ever since he had embarked on the road of martial arts, Zen had only had one priority—to save his sister, Yan.

Yan was at the Illuminating Soul Realm, and she had only to make one breakthrough to cross the big realm gap and reach the Internal Elixir Realm. It might be a great challenge for any other cultivators to achieve this. Even if they spent hundreds of years, they might not surpass the big realm gap, which was as difficult to cross as a nature chasm.

But with Yan's great talent, and Eddie's methods, it was not as challenging as it seemed for Yan to enter the Internal Elixir Realm. There wasn't much time left for Zen! He had to hurry.

The leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace nodded and said, "If you have unfinished things in the Lower World, your cultivator spirit won't be fully focused. This will certainly hinder your practice." Then, she took out a small amulet. "This amulet can save you in times of danger. I can't help you further. The success of martial arts depends on your efforts."

What the leader said echoed the thoughts of the cyan dragon.

If the young generation of a clan were offered too much help, it would do more harm than good as their will of martial arts wouldn't have much chance to be tempered. And it would be hard for them to make any achievement without strong determination.

Zen nodded. He couldn't agree with her more. As the saying went, a gentleman should continually strive for self-perfection. The success obtained by relying on others was not success in a real sense. Only by improving oneself would a cultivator be able to win respect from others.

Seeing that the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace had offered Zen an amulet, Dennis was surer that she had seen something in Zen. He assumed that she also had some knowledge about the mystery of the nine dragons. The only other explanation could be that she wanted to take a risk by betting on Zen.

Although Dennis was the leader of the city, he didn't dare to get involved in this. After all, the higher the award, the greater the risk. This was a serious matter in the Genuine Dragon World. If the Dragon Abyss Palace thought they could take a share, Dennis couldn't stop them even though he envied them. He decided to act like he had not seen it.

After the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace left, Elder Wei led Zen to a cultivation place. Zen had comprehended some laws and tempered his soul. Now, the next step was to improve his cultivation base. Although Zen had ascended the Dragon Soar Arena and his level had reached the consummation of nature level, his progress was still too slow.

Before they went for the next practice place, Elder Wei gave Zen a set of equipment. It was the equipment that every common disciple of the Dragon Abyss Palace would get. To Zen's astonishment, the basic set of equipment turned out to be a low-grade sacred sword, and a treasured body protection garment at the low-grade of sacred level.

These sacred weapons were much sought-after in the Central Region. But here, they were equipment for common disciples. Zen was flustered. Things were so different in these two places.

... .

Time passed quickly in the Upper World. Zen's cultivation base was improved rapidly in the secret cultivation places of the Upper World. Within two months, Zen made a breakthrough in the consummation of nature level and entered the Illuminating Soul Realm. And with consecutive breakthroughs after that, Zen successfully entered the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"It's time to return..."

Standing at the gate of the city, Zen looked at the hundreds of thousands of teleporters that spread endlessly in the sky. At the same time, Zen's life vitality began to burn. His body soared to the sky like that of a flying bird. Finally, he jumped into the teleporter that had brought him here.

Once in the teleporter, a gentle light was cast on Zen. With the light shining on him, Zen's blood and flesh disintegrated into small particles. As the light above the teleporter became brighter, the numerous particles rushed into the sky with the light.

Oracle City, known as the capital of tens of thousands of merchants, was the most prosperous commercial center in the Central Region. In the city, as long a person had money, he could get everything he wanted.

Oracle City was able to prosper largely because of the World Commercial Alliance. The headquarters of the World Commercial Alliance was situated here.

The news that the Dragon Soar Arena had been moved to the Oracle City got around fast.

And the Martial Arts Contest also provoked much discussion among the people in the Central Region.

The Martial Arts Contest that was held every ten years in Oracle City was the focus of all the cultivators in the Central Region as it would decide the future of all the sects.

The leader of the Ethereal Spirit Sect and the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit had shown extraordinary talent in the Martial Arts Contest decades ago. As long as a cultivator got a top ranking in the contest, he could have a place of his own in the Central Region in the future.

But this time, the Martial Arts Contest would take place ahead of schedule. It was all because of the Dragon Soar Arena. Everyone knew that the Martial Arts Contest held this year would be fiercer than ever, and of course, more splendid.

So after the news was released three months ago, many cultivators from different places gathered in Oracle City. For this reason, the inns and taverns were all jam-packed. And the prices rose accordingly. The cost for an inn room for one night, which was usually several low-grade life vitality crystals had now soared to tens of low-grade life vitality crystals.

In an instant, cries of discontent rose all around. But the people could do nothing about it. If they wanted to have fun, they had to pay.

The Dragon Soar Arena was placed in the center of Oracle City, with fences and armed guards surrounding it. Meanwhile, Cloud Hall, Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect, and Ethereal Spirit Sect all sent people to guard it.

In fact, the elders of the sects had gathered here a couple of days earlier. Aside from them, people from the World Commercial Alliance also took command here. No one dared to put their hands on the Dragon Soar Arena. If someone tried to take it, he would be courting death. The several big sects sent people to guard the Dragon Soar Arena to declare that they also had a share in it. It was a way to showcase their powers and intimidate others.

Today, the weather was good. After summer began, a rain cooled the hot weather that had lasted for days.

A large number of cultivators stood around the Dragon Soar Arena. They were watching it and discussing it. These cultivators were not qualified to participate in the contest, but they heard that the Dragon Soar Arena was the most valuable reward for the winner. It was enough to tempt people to come to look at it.

"It is said that anyone who enters the Dragon Soar Arena could fly into the Upper World! And he will become an immortal or a god. What a treasure! Everyone must covet it!"

"No wonder so many big sects are fighting for it. I will spare no efforts to get into the sect that wins the Dragon Soar Arena!"

"Huh! The sects competing in the contest are at the fourth grade or above. Forget about the Dragon Soar Arena. Do you think you have the ability to enter one of them now?"

As the several cultivators discussed the contest with interest, a bright light suddenly appeared in the sky. The light seemed to be like a meteor that was falling from the sky rapidly. It shot to the top of the Dragon Soar Arena.

Chapter 669 Are You Courting Death

"What's that?"

"Tell me. Is it possible that an immortal is coming down from the sky?"

"Yes, probably! The Dragon Soar Arena is conjoined to the Upper World. Who knows? We can most probably even see an immortal!"

The onlookers discussed among each other but failed to notice what was happening around them.

Even though they were oblivious, the warriors who stood guard for a while, knew what was going on.

The guards knew that somebody had returned from the Upper World. It was most probably the nature creature who had flown away from the Dragon Soar Arena a few months ago.

After moving the Dragon Soar Arena to the Oracle City, the main sects had all tested it. They even ordered the warriors to pass the six layers and commenced the transmission array with a dragon-shaped jade pendant. Regardless of their efforts, however, all of them failed to be transmitted in this particular way.

The moment the white light appeared, the warrior that was supposed to fly to the Upper World was thrown out of the Dragon Soar Arena.

The nature creature was allowed to be transmitted to the Upper World. However, after he'd made his way to the Upper World, no one else was permitted to follow him. It was no doubt that there had indeed been something unusual happening to the nature creature as no one was able to follow him.

To discover the reason, several runic experts had entered the top part of the Dragon Soar Arena. Their studies concluded that there was something wrong with the runes in the transmission array.

The runic experts in the Central Region, of course, were not allowed to know about the divine texture. Even though they comprised the idea that the reason why other warriors could not be successfully sent to the Upper World was due to the runes, they failed to figure out what the actual problem was. As they were unaware of the divine texture, there was nothing they could do about it.

For this given reason solely, the young master and the leader of the Xue Clan were both taken to the Oracle City for questioning.

Thinking about the nature creature the young master had encountered that day, he told them his looks, age, cultivation situation and any other possible feature he could think of.

There were, however, far too many nature creatures living in the Central Region. With the limited information about him, it seemed next to impossible to know who it was. So, the truth remained unknown to all of the warriors.

That was the reason why each sect had sent their warriors to watch over the Dragon Soar Arena. Their primary concern was to observe it and discover exactly how the Dragon Soar Arena could work by learning from the nature creature.

The warrior sent by the Cloud Hall was considered to be one of the strongest elite disciples of the Elite House, Fred Li, who had reached the consummation level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Discovering and looking at the white light, Fred started to move. He proceeded by stepping on the ground with a pair of simple shoes and then rushed to the gate of the Dragon Soar Arena.

This nature creature turned out to be the key to the Dragon Soar Arena! A Dragon Soar Arena where warriors could not be transmitted to the Upper World was only one place for the warriors to cultivate themselves. So, it was the nature creature who made the arena still valuable.

The Dragon Soar Arena was an adequate cultivating place. However, if it wasn't able to connect the Upper World, it would not have any relevance for the sects to fight over.

Fred was the first to stand guard at the gate of the Dragon Soar Arena, followed by the other warriors. Most of the warriors were at the completion of the Illuminating Soul Realm and the strongest ones in their sects. They all understood the importance of the nature creature, which led them to make the decision to bring Zen back to their sects.

Each of them had a goal to be the first to enter the gate. There were so many people wanting to enter the gate, that the crowd managed to block nearly the entire opening of the gate.

Looking at the Dragon Soar Arena's gate, the disciples felt extremely nervous even though all of them had achieved a high level at the consummation of the Illuminating Soul Realm. In their eyes, it was the nature creature who was in the Dragon Soar Arena. However, there was still a chance for a super powerful figure from the Upper World to be in the arena.

Those who were super powerful could not be defeated. They had strength beyond their imagination and could easily make mountains collapse in an instant.

Should it be a fairy, the situation would be better. However, if it were creatures that liked killing others, it would be a nightmare and they could most probably be killed by one hit.

Although there was always a chance of something bad happening, all of them stuck to the gate of the Dragon Soar Arena. The nature creature was far too important for them. If they were able to bring him back to their sects, they would most definitely create a contribution to their sects and additionally, receive rewards beyond their imagination.

Every warrior at the gate had anxiety.

The expressions on their faces shifted from one feeling to another.

"I hear footsteps!" Someone in the crowd said in a fearful voice.

All of them remained silent and listened carefully. There were indeed steady footsteps which could be heard from the inside of the Dragon Soar Arena.

"It must be a human being," another one added.

With the sound of the footsteps drawing closer, the warriors became extremely nervous. Even Fred, who always kept calm, furrowed his eyebrows and a serious look appeared on his face.

Poop!

Suddenly, the gates of the Dragon Soar Arena were opened.

Seeing the warrior standing behind the gate, all the disciples at the consummation level of the Illuminating Soul Realm were astonished.

How could he be a warrior in the Illuminating Soul Realm?

Previously, they tried to guess what was in the Dragon Soar Arena countless times. It could probably be the warrior at nature level, or an immortal, or even the exceedingly powerful Genuine Dragon. Other than that, it could even have been a completely new and unknown creature.

Despite their ideas of what it should've been, all they saw in front of them, was an ordinary warrior, who had reached the third level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

What happened?

While most of them felt surprised, Fred managed to open his eyes widely. He was left stunned by the one who was standing in front of them.

After a while, his lips moved and he spoke, "Zen Luo..."

'How can it be Zen? Isn't he a nature creature? Oh, mine! That nature creature who has been transmitted away successfully was Zen? How could it be? Only three months have passed! Zen astonishingly improved from his nature level to the Illuminating Soul Realm within as short as three months? Is Zen at the Illuminating Soul Realm now?' Fred was extremely confused.

Actually, Fred was a disciple with discretion. Even the elders of the Cloud Hall managed to speak highly of him as he was relatively mature. The elders also praised Fred's warrior spirit, which was quite impressive and strong. As long as he focused on himself, as well as his cultivation, he would manage to obtain countless accomplishments in the future.

However, now Fred was overwhelmed by the thoughts of confusion. He was really shocked, which left his head completely blank.

Fred was, in fact, just as confused as the other warriors. However, nobody knew Zen. Thus, all of them managed to recover from their astonishment relatively quickly. Whoever he was, they would capture him first as he was nothing but a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

The first one to start his action was Bevis Tu from the Mysterious Luna Hall. As he stretched out his hand, all of his bones made crackling sounds. His five fingers seemed to become longer, much like the paw of a devil. He charged at Zen and tried to grab a hold of Zen's head.

"What do you want?" After Zen pushed the gate open, he saw a crowd of warriors at the consummation level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. They seemed fierce and as though they were ready to attack him.

"What are we doing? Come with me! If you stay here, you will be killed!" Bevis said as he gave a cold smile. In his eyes, Zen had only reached the third level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. It was thus, easy for him to catch Zen.

"Stop!" At that particular moment, Fred had managed to recover. He finally realized what was happening. His feet stomped on the ground slightly. Using the technique of Long Fist, he charged at Bevis.

The Long Fist was very ordinary as it was generally practiced by the majority of warriors.

It was indeed the case, the same with Zen's basic swordsmanship. Many warriors practiced the basic swordsmanship once they commenced practicing their sword skills. This technique was also practiced by most of the beginner warriors.

However, different people had distinct methods of practicing the Long Fist. Fred, for instance, managed to stick to practicing the Long Fist for dozens of years. He even managed to achieve a level high enough to simplify it to its essential nature.

Bang!

After a single punch, Fred managed to have Bevis from the Mysterious Luna Hall retreat!

"Fred Li, what is your goal here? Do you want to be killed?" Bevis shouted angrily. He started his action first. However, he then stepped back. How could he not be angry?

Although Fred managed to stop Bevis, he could not prevent others at the same time.

"Ha-ha, little guy, you'd better come with me." Mason Jiang from Bloodwood Cliff laughed. At the same time, his two hands stretched towards Zen like scissors.

'Oh, no! That's too bad.' Fred recalled to himself. His heart sank immediately. A warrior like Bevis was tough enough for him to fight against. However, how could he manage to prevent other warriors who had similar powers?

The life vitality in Mason's hands, was extremely sharp. He tried to attack Zen's face, while at the same time targeting Zen's legs. His attack to the upper body, was a mere gesture while the lower body was the actual intended attack. In fact, he was planning to strike his legs so hard, that it would break Zen's legs. His only thought was that it would be easier to take Zen away by breaking Zen's legs first.

Seeing Fred stop one of the warriors in his tracks, Zen wanted to say something, but never expected another warrior not to give him a chance to do so whatsoever.

This annoyed Zen greatly.

"Are you courting death?" Zen asked coldly.

Zen clenched his fist, his body drifting backwards like a ghost, which allowed himself to dodge Mason's attack easily.

Then Zen's fist stretched out as fast as lightning. Before Mason could even react, Zen punched him on the chest heavily.

Pzzz!

Though at the consummation level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Mason was thrown at quite a distance. Mason's body broke the handrail, which wasn't even close to them. He then hit several onlookers. Before he managed to stop, he additionally destroyed a few houses.

The warriors that wanted to seize Zen, still managed to keep their gestures. However, they were left stunned, standing still in their tracks like zombies.

Chapter 670 Any Other Volunteers (Part One)

The levels of cultivation had significant differences in terms of power and strength. The cultivators at the pinnacle of the Illuminating Soul Realm were far more powerful and stronger than the third grade of the same Realm.

Hence, the practitioners who had reached the pinnacle of the Illuminating Soul Realm had rushed to Zen in high confidence.

Since they had already reached such a cultivation level, they thought that catching a third-grade practitioner like Zen would be a piece of cake.

It was an easy way to make contributions, hence, everyone rushed to catch Zen.

When Fred faced Bevis of the Mysterious Luna Hall, others took it as an opportunity to chase down and attack Zen simultaneously.

Among those who were attacking Zen, Mason was swiftest and most vicious. He didn't care whether Zen would be injured or broken. If he could still breath and talk, that would be fine. He vowed to catch and take Zen back no matter what it could cost him.

Mason took the initiative and started the attack. As the others saw this, they could do nothing but feel bad for Zen. They knew that once Mason put his heart into something, he would surely do anything to get it done. And now that he was determined to catch Zen, the latter could only wish to see another day. If Zen got hit by Mason's attack, he could lose his legs and might not be able to walk again…

However, something unexpected happened.

Before anyone could realize what was happening, Zen had already hit Mason with one blow. The blow was so powerful that Mason flew out. He hit on several houses and knocked them down before finally hitting the ground. He was badly injured that even if his wounds healed, it might take half a year to completely recover.

And with the time he needed to fully recover, he might miss his chance to participate in the upcoming Martial Arts Contest.

Mason was considered one of the best practitioners who had reached the pinnacle of Illuminating Soul Realm. Although Fred and some other practitioners were better than Mason, he still ranked fourth among them.

They didn't expect that he could be defeated by someone who was in the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. But seeing that he was easily knocked down by Zen with just one blow, it created an instant fear among the rest of the practitioners. Their confidence gradually faded that no one dared to make the next move.

They still couldn't understand how Zen did it considering that Mason's strength and power were beyond his.

Fred was also stunned to see how Zen just easily knocked down Mason with just one blow.

He knew Zen better than anyone who was chasing Zen right now. He had witnessed Zen fight with other practitioners at Cloud Hall. Zen's courage in challenging practitioners in the Elite House had piqued Fred's interest. He was only a nature creature then, but he already had that confidence in himself. The Elite House disciples had taken Zen's confidence as arrogance and they were offended by his lack of respect towards those who had reached a higher level of cultivation.

But later, Fred had learned from a trusted source that Zen didn't want to challenge the Elite House disciples just because he felt like it. He wasn't acting on his free will. The so-called "challenge" was designed by the head of Cloud Hall.

But whether it was arrogance or confidence, his competence wasn't something anyone could underestimate. It was indeed rare for a nature creature to challenge Illuminating Soul Realm disciples, but Zen wasn't the first one to do so. However, the disciples that Zen had challenged were not ordinary Illuminating Soul Realm practitioners. They were the disciples of Elite House–the creme of the crop. They were the chosen few from over ten thousand practitioners in Cloud Hall.

No one expected that a nature creature would ever challenge the disciples from Elite House.

However, after Zen won many challenges, he suddenly disappeared, and no one knew where he went.

The chief rune master was devastated and angry at the turn of events that he quarreled with the head of the hall several times and insisted on finding Zen back.

The Cloud Hall had sent someone to look for Zen. No rock was left unturned, but to no avail. Zen was out of radar. Everyone had lost hope in finding him.

Of all places, Fred didn't expect to see Zen again in the Dragon Soar Arena. The last time he had seen Zen, the latter was only a nature creature. But now, Zen had already reached the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Fred wasn't surprised at how strong Zen became, but he was sure that the latter had a lower cultivation base than Mason. But despite that, Zen was still able to inflict great damages to Mason.

'What happened to him in the past three months? How was he able to improve so much in a short time? It's amazing! He's really an interesting subject. It's either his competence has significantly improved or the practitioners at the pinnacle of the Illuminating Soul Realm have become weak. Either, Zen has proved his incredible strength once more!' Fred wondered. He could defeat Mason himself, but not with just one blow as Zen did.

Back in the day when Fred was still in the Elite House, he had already sensed something different in Zen. Fred had seen the great potential in Zen and believed that the latter was no ordinary disciple. He had foreseen that Zen would outperform him in the next three or five years.

Fred was right on everything about Zen. However, it didn't take Zen three or five years to do it. Just after three months, Zen was able to improve himself. And now, he had become what Fred had thought of him.

Fred had always believed in the spirit of martial arts. But just now, he started to doubt it. He felt frustrated to see Zen defeating Mason so easily, but there was nothing he could do but to bury his frustration in silence.

Chapter 671 Any Other Volunteers (Part Two)

When Mason finally hit the ground unconscious, Zen glanced at the rest of the practitioners in front of him. He could see the fear in their eyes and knew that no one would dare to attack him. But he continued to taunt them,"Any other volunteers? I'm just warming up!"

Bevis of the Mysterious Luna Hall was speechless. He froze and felt cold sweats coming out from his body.

He had just missed the fate that Mason had suffered. If it weren't for Fred who blocked his attack aimed at Zen, he might be the one knocked down by Zen. He wouldn't be able to dodge that attack. 'What on earth was that? What kind of fist attack technique did he use on Mason and how was it so powerful?'

Bevis was left confused.

Bevis was smart, but it was only natural that he couldn't completely comprehend the fight attack technique that Zen had used on Mason.

The Virtual Tribulation Realm masters like Saint Morphens even needed to destabilize the space before using the Mystical Pace, but he was still unable to comprehend the complete first level of Space Law. Neither the broken stone carving on the Cloud Road nor the one in the Cloud Hall was the complete Space Law! Hence, no practitioner was able to comprehend the complete first level of Space Law.

Zen, on the other hand, had completely comprehended the first level of Space Law when he was in the Upper World.

In the Upper World, the best cultivation resources were within Zen's reach. The cultivation resources in the Upper World were much better than those in the Central Region. It was also the reason why many high-ranking practitioners from the Central Region wanted to go to Dragon Soar Arena.

Afraid of what might happen to them, no practitioner dared to challenge Zen. They all took a step back in the hopes of avoiding the same fate as

Mason. Catching Zen would be extremely beneficial for them however, they would be putting their lives on the line by doing so. They knew that even if they could catch Zen, they wouldn't be able to enjoy the fruit of their labor if they were dead.

"Zen, it's a pleasant surprise to see you here! Of all places, I didn't expect we'd meet again in Dragon Soar Arena. I should tell you that our Cloud Hall leader has gone crazy looking for you!" Fred said with a smile. Despite the trouble he had caused the head of Cloud Hall, Fred was sure that the latter would be so damn proud to know that one of her disciples had entered the Dragon Soar Arena. It would be the best thing that could happen to Cloud Hall.

"I know," Zen nodded. He immediately recognized Fred. They had met back when he was still in the Elite House. "Can you tell me where am I? How come the Dragon Soar Arena has been moved here?" he asked.

It had been a long time since Zen came into the Dragon Soar Arena. He noticed the many gorgeous buildings in the nearby area and thought that he might be in a big city right now.

Fred could understand the confusion that Zen was in now, but there was not the time for him to answer his question. He said,"It's a long story. For now, let's leave here right now. Our leader is in the Oracle City, too."

"Right! Let's go!" Zen said in agreement. When they were about to leave, Zen noticed that though the practitioners had stopped attacking him, they still didn't want to let him go. They were still blocking Zen's exit. It was starting to get annoying for Zen, but before he could lose his temper, he calmed himself down. "Don't do anything foolish or I won't hesitate to kill you all!" he threatened.

The practitioners from Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect, Ethereal Spirit Sect, and other grade four sects were already scared of Zen after he easily defeated Mason. However, it didn't mean that they would just give up. Since they could not afford to catch him, they could at least not let him go at any cost.

They could buy time until reinforcement could come.

With the upcoming Martial Arts Contest, the masters and disciples of different sects had gathered in Oracle City. While Zen was busy with Mason, someone had secretly burned the message rune and sent the message out. Once the reinforcements had arrived, it would be difficult for Zen to escape. These practitioners believed that Zen would be no match for either the Internal Elixir Realm masters or the Virtual Tribulation Realm masters.

"Everyone, listen up! Zen is a disciple in Cloud Hall. If you treasure your lives, you'd make way for him. Or suffer the consequence…" Fred said coldly.

Fred chose to stay neutral at the beginning because he didn't know that Zen was in the Dragon Soar Arena. But now that he and Zen had finally met, he wouldn't just standby anymore. Anyone who dared to challenge Zen was challenging the Cloud Hall.

Though fear in the practitioners had intensified, no one backed down.

"I guess you all chose to die! I'll make it quick!" Zen shouted. He didn't want to waste any more time in this place. He had a rough time to come back to the Central Region. Now that he was about to step out of the Dragon Soar Arena, he wouldn't let anyone stand in his way. But these practitioners were getting into his nerves and they left him no choice but to fight. When he raised his leg, space began to vibrate. Then like a ghost, Zen floated away.

Now, Zen was completely out of the Dragon Soar Arena. He was about to attack the practitioners who were blocking his way when he suddenly heard a voice. The voice said,"Don't be such a big mouth! Maybe the one to be killed is nobody, but you!"

The voice was sweet and gentle that it made Zen stop momentarily.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 672 Letitia Ning

That was when he saw a young woman floating closer. He stared at her long legs which were bent as though she was reclining. He followed the fit looking limbs up, gazing at her torso and the near perfect curves the woman had. He looked higher, finding it impossible to look away from the flawless oval face. With a pert nose and full lips, she appeared a vision. Her high cheekbones served to draw attention to the seductive allure of her doe-like emerald eyes framed by her ideally arched brows. As she stared back at Zen, she narrowed her captivating eyes flirtatiously.

Blood rushed to Zen's face as he gazed at the young lady, and he felt an irresistible impulse to do anything she asked wash over him.

"Wow! Her flirtation skill is frighteningly strong!" exclaimed Zen kitting his browline curiously. A slight quiver went through his soul before he felt his body return to normal, the fog in his brain cleared, and he could see clearly once more.

"Huh?" Lady Poison-blood uttered, as a bewildered look crossed her face. Her flirtation skill was exceptional, and it was especially potent against young men! 'That's odd?! Based on his bone structure, he's seventeen, eighteen the oldest. That's when boys are becoming men, and lacking experience. They are already easily swayed by the opposite sex, and unable to resist my flirtation skill! He was only affected for a few seconds and managed to break the enchantment. How's that possible?' deliberated Lady Poison-blood, baffled.

Naturally, she didn't realize that Zen's soul was at the Fighting Soul Level! It would be nearly impossible for anyone with such a powerful soul be bamboozled by her flirtation skill!

"What I am doing is not your business!" snapped Zen grimacing.

"It's–it's none of my business? The man you injured was my Bloodwood Cliff disciple! Do you really believe you can leave here, unscathed? Are you delusional?" she spat out venomously. A wicked gleam in her eyes, her voice became a purr as she continued,"If you like dreaming that much, why not come dream with me?

After the wet dream we conjure up, there won't be anything but you, in a state of complete satiated relaxation..." After her proposition, Lady Poison-blood's raunchy laughter filled the air.

It was obvious to Zen that her flirtation skill was an unhanded method of sucking the vitality from men, and he was unmoved. He deduced that a wet dream with her would leave a corpse in place of a man.

Lady Poison-blood's flirtation skill was extremely intoxicating! She could use the skill while laughing. As her sweet, alluring voice flooded the air, the other men present, including Fred, felt their blood boil.

The effect was more pronounced on the low-level practitioners that were in earshot. Hearing her voice reverberating, the men became flushed and had a glazed, dreamy look in their eyes. As the delirium washed over the men, they stared, unable to think straight, with their mouths hanging open and zombie-like at the beautiful young woman.

Staring at Lady Poison-blood, Zen grinned smugly and said,"You remind me of a poem I read. You are an attractive, striking lady, but..."

"I'm touched by your high praise! Tell you what, I'll make you feel delightful and important."

"But.... No, I'm not interested in older women. I'm sorry," Zen annunciated each word slowly. His voice was cold and even.

What Zen said stilled Lady Poison-blood's seductive manner, and her beautiful face twisted in rage. Within seconds, she went from a delicate, graceful looking butterfly to a venomous scorpion as wave after wave of malicious aura poured from her.

"You're nothing more than a boy at the Illuminating Soul Realm. I was gracious and kind, as a way of giving you credit, and you dare to be rude?!" screeched Lady Poison-blood wickedly. "You! Young man, you are courting death!" As the leader of Bloodwood Cliff, Lady Poison-blood was one of the most formidable practitioners in the Central Region, and a junior practitioner of the Illuminating Soul Realm had humiliated her! A spectator could only imagine how infuriated that made her!

As her malicious aura got closer, Fred's face changed! How could Zen or he deal with someone at the Virtual Tribulation Realm?

Fred was a bit of a stickler in many ways. While the members of Mysterious Luna Hall, Bloodwood Cliff, and Ethereal Spirit Sect quietly burned their message runes, Fred did not!

Thankfully, unbeknownst to anyone, Zen had the foresight to contact Tia by activating the communication token. He had faith she would arrive soon!

Even though Lady Poison-blood was intent on slaying Zen, his back was to the Dragon Soar Arena, and if Zen flew again, he could lure her into the Genuine Dragon World! If that happened, Lady Poison-blood would be imprisoned for a thousand years because she wasn't a Dragon Lineage Human and had no blood of the Genuine Dragon.

Additionally, the leader of that Dragon Abyss Palace had given Zen an amulet. Of course, he would only use that when there was a crisis.

As he was alert to a possible surprise attack, Zen's eyes were pinned on Lady Poison-blood! With his current strength, it would be a great test for Zen to fight someone at the Internal Elixir Realm, so, he knew he needed to remain vigilant facing a master at the Virtual Tribulation Realm! He planned on returning to the Dragon Soar Arena as soon as Lady Poison-blood made her move!

Just then another old man, dressed in black and wearing a mask, appeared in the sky. His voice boomed as he shouted,"Lady Poison-blood, if your wish is to slaughter this boy, you will have to wait until after I ask him a question!"

"Seriously? Raven, you're interfering in my affairs again?" shrieked Lady Poison-blood as her face darkened.

The masked Raven grinned evilly and answered,"It's not my intention to interfere. But, what he knows about the Dragon Soar Arena matters! How could I stay away before hearing the secret?"

"He's my prey though!" argued Lady Poison-blood passionately.

Raven didn't seem moved by her pleas. "He's the prey of whoever catches him! Is it written across his face that he is yours? He isn't a member of your Bloodwood Cliff!" Raven turned, and staring at Zen threateningly said,"Boy, I advise you, to come with me and give me the secret of the Dragon Soar Arena. If you do, I promise to give you a quick, clean death, or if you don't, I will brutally torture you! I'll make you regret your birth!"

The old man before Zen was a master at the Virtual Tribulation Realm!

Fred's face paled. At this point, he remembered he needed to inform the hall leader quickly, but before he could reach for his message rune, Zen whispered,"I already asked for help!"

Zen hadn't said anything to Tia, but he did have a communication token, and once it was activated, a sound rang out, nonstop, that would lead Tia straight to Zen.

"Okay, good!" Fred replied, becoming a little calmer. His reaction was beyond reproach. After all, he had only reached the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and was not even at the Internal Elixir Realm, which meant, he wasn't a match for these old weirdos at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. In this case, he had to call on the hall leader to save them. However, what would they do if the leaders from Bloodwood Cliff and Black Mountain Sect attacked them now?

Just as Fred was becoming flustered again, he heard a clear crisp, ethereal yet cold voice.

"Regret? Do you think our Cloud Hall disciples would regret so easily?" Crystal clear snowflakes fell haphazardly from the sky, and an invisible chill quietly spread.

With steely, sharp eyes, Tia glared at Raven and Lady Poison-blood while she slowly floated down near the Dragon Soar Arena.

Her strength had grown immensely over the last three months. Her abilities were largely improved. Three months ago, Tia was in the final stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, now though, her strength was at the

Virtual Tribulation Realm. Since she was originally at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, it wasn't a breakthrough.

"Letitia Ning, do you believe you can intimidate me because you are back up at the Virtual Tribulation Realm? You know, you're still no match against me, right?" shouted Raven frostily.

'Oh yeah, Tia's full name is Letitia Ning, ' Zen reminded himself silently.

Letitia sneered, and chuckling in a low tone, she stated,"True, I haven't finished practicing the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, and my cultivation hasn't fully recovered, yet. You're not afraid of me, but..." Letitia dramatically paused before she continued,"Are you afraid of my master?"

At Letitia's words, the color drained from Lady Poison-blood's and Raven's faces.

Lady Poison-blood, Raven and Letitia were both leaders of grade four sects. However, the Black Mountain Sect and Bloodwood Cliff were ordinary grade four sects, while the Cloud Hall was an elite, top grade four sect!

There was a gap between the elite top sect and ordinary ones.

It wasn't Letitia but her master that made the Cloud Hall the elite, top grade four sect! However, her master had gone into seclusion and abdicated. She had little involvement in the Cloud Hall's day to day affairs and appointed Letitia, as the leader in her absence.

When Letitia finished practicing the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, she would be able to promote the Cloud Hall to a higher level. Then, the Cloud Hall would be the second grade five sect in the Central Region.

Lady Poison-blood and Raven might not be afraid of Letitia, but they didn't dare offend her master.

"Even if your master is here, you can't take Zen. He's part of a major event that involves the Dragon Soar Arena operations. He has no choice but to share the secrets with us!" said a new arrival as he led a group toward them. They were from the Ethereal Spirit Sect, and it was clear they had come on foot.

When Letitia saw them approaching, she furrowed her brow line.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

MASTER OF MARVELS

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Master of Marvels by Eastern Sword

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality 13

Content

Chapter 673 Three Fat People (Part One)
Chapter 674 Three Fat People (Part Two)
Chapter 675 A Reluctant Compromise
Chapter 676 The Secret Of A Thousand Years (Part One)
Chapter 677 The Secret Of A Thousand Years (Part Two)
Chapter 678 Zen's Resentment
Chapter 679 Letitia‘s Little Secret (Part One)
Chapter 680 Letitia‘s Little Secret (Part Two)
Chapter 681 Pass Or Fail (Part One)
Chapter 682 Pass Or Fail (Part Two)
Chapter 683 Pass The Test
Chapter 684 The Strong Warriors At The Pre-qualifying Match
Chapter 685 A Special Magic Array
Chapter 686 Defending The Pagoda
Chapter 687 Reinforcing The Pagoda
Chapter 688 What Just Happened Here
Chapter 689 Shooting Like A Comet
Chapter 690 Cheating (Part One)
Chapter 691 Cheating (Part Two)
Chapter 692 A Real Puzzle (Part One)
Chapter 693 A Real Puzzle (Part Two)
Chapter 694 Hatred Evil Attack
Chapter 695 Upgrading Two Levels In A Row
Chapter 696 Letitia's Feelings
Chapter 697 The Giant Turtles
Chapter 698 He Was Cheating (Part One)
Chapter 699 He Was Cheating (Part Two)
Chapter 700 What Can You Offer
Chapter 701 Avoiding
Chapter 702 The Primordial Energy (Part One)
Chapter 703 The Primordial Energy (Part Two)
Chapter 704 The Fate To Lead The World Of Chaos (Part One)
Chapter 705 The Fate To Lead The World Of Chaos (Part Two)
Chapter 706 Refining Acupoints (Part One)

Chapter 707 Refining Acupoints (Part Two)
Chapter 708 The Opening
Chapter 709 A Bully Is Always A Coward (Part One)
Chapter 710 A Bully Is Always A Coward (Part Two)
Chapter 711 Making The Entry
Chapter 712 The Gift
Chapter 713 The Unveiling Competition
Chapter 714 Come On Stage
Chapter 715 With All Its Strength
Chapter 716 Deathly Fist
Chapter 717 Offensive!
Chapter 718 Thunder Law
Chapter 719 Transcendent Divine Might
Chapter 720 The Gap (Part One)
Chapter 721 The Gap (Part Two)
Chapter 722 A Present (Part One)
Chapter 723 A Present (Part Two)
Chapter 724 A Present (Part Three)
Chapter 725 The Proposal
Chapter 726 Not Pretty
Chapter 727 Zen's Purpose
Chapter 728 Do I Look Weak

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 673 Three Fat People (Part One)

Lady Poison-blood from Bloodwood Cliff and Raven from Black Mountain Sect could be easily dealt with. They were good, yes, but not ones who could scare a warrior off. Although belonging to the fourth-grade sects, both Bloodwood Cliff and Black Mountain Sect were still very different from Cloud Hall, because the latter was well known as the best fourth-grade sect, housing some of the brightest warriors with huge potentials to be honed.

The fifth-grade sect, Ethereal Spirit Sect was different. It was the largest, and most influential force in the Central Region apart from World Commercial Alliance.

Lady Poison-blood's and Raven's faces lit up at the sight of Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit coming to them.

At the Martial Arts Contest, tension rose high as the belonging of Dragon Soar Arena would be decided there. Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect, Mysterious Luna Hall as well as some independent warriors would have a chance to get it.

However, Dragon Soar Arena wasn't the key problem here. Investigation results showed that runes on the Dragon Soar Arena had already been altered and Zen was the only guy who was able to use it to fly to the Upper World. What on earth did Zen do to those runes? Because of this commotion, the focus was shifted from the Dragon Soar Arena to Zen. What could he be hiding? Zen was nervous, his eyes averted every single one of the other warriors who were in the area.

If Zen didn't tell the truth about Dragon Soar Arena, it would be useless even though those warriors had got it. They needed the arena to enter the Upper World, and that was the only thing that mattered. Its functions for martial arts refining weren't that important to them.

Nobody expected that a disciple from Cloud hall knew the Dragon Soar Arena best. They could not let Zen go, after all, their ultimate goal was to go to the Upper World through the arena.

Everyone was confused on how such a warrior of low cultivation level be able to understand those complicated runes. Where did he get the knowledge? Who taught him? The people in the area were so quiet, but their thoughts were so deafening. To everyone's knowledge, only one sect was capable of making Zen stay at the scene--the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Their words were the orders which couldn't be defied. The most powerful warriors dictated the rules in the world. They were the gods. Anyone who would dare defy the words of the gods would suffer terrible consequences.

Lady Poison-blood's and Raven's eyes rolled. 'Cloud Hall warriors will never be at the same level as Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit!' they thought. They gloated over the idea that Cloud Hall would find it hard to deal with Ethereal Spirit Sect which was more powerful and influential. What was more, there were still two extremely powerful and strong people in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Even Letitia's master couldn't beat them easily. They were very skilled. In fact, they were two of the most feared in the competition.

They wanted to know how Letitia would respond to their presence. Lady Poison-blood and Raven wanted to intimidate Letitia.

The frown on Letitia's forehead began to melt. Her eyes seemed to be as deep as sea. She was in trouble. Would she, the leader of all the disciples in the Cloud Hall, fail to protect one of her disciples? A leader would do anything to protect her members. Letitia looked over her shoulder and saw that there were snowflakes falling from the sky. She just shrugged it off.

"Zen serves the Cloud Hall. I don't know how's he related to the Dragon Soar Arena, but he's one of my people and I feel obliged to protect him. Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect and Ethereal Spirit Sect, none of you will succeed in forcing me to give up my disciple."

At this moment, Letitia sounded calm, with a regal aura. She was revered as a leader in the sect and she announced her decision with a look of grim determination.

Suddenly, a loud quack was heard from the sky.

There was a pause with what everyone was doing. People all looked up and saw the icy phoenix flying across the sky. The phoenix was bigger and more mature than ever before! Everyone noticed that it had already grown up. Spanning ten feet in length, its body, which was made of ice, showed the shivering beauty of frost in every angle.

As soon as the icy phoenix appeared, it flew towards Letitia and landed in front of her. The phoenix burst a loud quack, tucked its wings, and gazed at Letitia as if it were waiting for her to react.

Letitia raised her head, and looked up to the phoenix. She felt her body was shrouded by the icy light radiated by the icy phoenix. Inside the light, Letitia's small body was hugged by the opaque ice, her visibility cut in half. Light grew brighter and brighter. A few moments after, icy crystals gradually formed around her. Inch by inch the crystals covered her whole body, nothing was spared.

The icy crystals fused together and finally became an icy armor covering Letitia's body. Every part of her body was protected, which made her figure flattering. Even if a thousand arrows were to be set free, she would still be alive with this kind of armor that she had.

The icy light slowly disappeared, leaving her whole body visible to the naked eyes. To everyone's surprise, even phoenix feathers started to grow on her back like wildfire.

Letitia blinked, and she noticed icy crystals hung on her eyebrows. She stretched out her hand, looking at all the other things that had changed since her metamorphosis. Then everyone noticed that an icy blue halberd had appeared on her hand.

This halberd, made of unknown kind of ice, was as long as the phoenix. It was so long that two Letitias could measure it up.

Zen raised his eyebrows, confused. Last time on the Cloud Road, he had never seen Letitia using this halberd. He couldn't imagine that such a tiny girl had the strength to wield it in a battle.

Was this the warrior Letitia? Zen looked at her with great interest.

The stone-faced Lady Poison-blood and Raven felt disappointed. They had wished and expected Letitia to behave herself and stay out of it. But she was never ready to give up Zen. Although Cloud Hall could never succeed in defying Ethereal Spirit Sect, Letitia still wanted Zen to grow even more under her wings.

Letitia had already made up her mind to protect Zen as well as any of her disciples. Whoever tried to put her warriors in trouble, she was ready to fight for them even if she was going to fight such unfriendly and vicious warriors. Was she crazy for doing this?

Chapter 674 Three Fat People (Part Two)

The icy halberd on Letitia's hand made the atmosphere fiery. Her eyes began to flash light, ready to destroy anyone who would want to mess with her people. Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit showed no emotion on their faces as they moved forward. Each of them took a fighting position, and they together set a battle formation and drew their swords all at the same time.

Leader of Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit asked in a tone of disbelief, "Letitia, do you want war with Ethereal Spirit Sect?"

"No, I want nothing but peace from you. But I have to protect Zen. He's a disciple of Cloud Hall," Letitia said coldly, showing no emotions at all.

Hearing Letitia's words, Zen was touched. He was very much unwilling to drag the Cloud Hall into war. He never meant to start it, and never meant to have anyone clean up his mess. He started this, and he should be the only one to end this. As touched as he might be from what Letitia was showing him, he did not want anyone to be in trouble for defending him. He then thought of a plan that would settle this dispute by himself.

"Cloud Hall has been developing well and rapidly over the past years. A lot of improvements have been made by you and your people. In ten years, I believe Cloud Hall will have an equal position with the Ethereal Spirit Sect," leader of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit announced. "But... Letitia, you're overconfident and proud. If I were you, I would keep a low profile and keep my head down. Cloud Hall is going to pay for fighting with the Ethereal Spirit!" he added threateningly.

"Don't be a fool. I know Cloud Hall is looked down upon by Ethereal Spirit Sect. But don't think you can defeat us easily. You'll have to take Zen over my dead body. But you must have forgotten, there're more than dozens of sects in the Central Region. When you're weak because of our fight, I'm afraid that other sects may harbor malicious intentions towards you. By then, can you keep yourself and your sect safe?" Letitia replied coldly and smugly. She did make a point.

There had been a delicate, but beautiful balance between sects in the Central Region. No sect was a hundred percent sure that it could defeat all of other sects without itself being destroyed first. It was an unspoken truth. Even if Ethereal Spirit Sect could destroy the Could Hall first, it would be seriously weakened. With weakness oozing out of their sect, they would be hunted by the more power hungry ones, the fourth-grade sects. Ethereal Spirit Sect would end up with a more miserable destiny than the Could Hall.

"Letitia, I think you have some wrong ideas about us. If Ethereal Spirit Sect deigns to teach you a lesson, how will Bloodwood Cliff dare to take advantage of this and hurt Ethereal Spirit Sect?" Lady Poison-blood hastened to vow.

Raven echoed and added, "I totally agree with Lady Poison-blood. Ethereal Spirit Sect has the full and complete support from Black Mountain Sect. We'll keep it safe. Black Mountain Sect and Ethereal Spirit Sect will be allies in the future."

Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit were not naive, and didn't believe any words or vows from Raven or Lady Poison-blood. Warriors were connected by nothing but profits, gains and interests. To gain profits, both of them would break their promises without hesitation.

Letitia's warning reminded Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit of the possible consequences of this fight between them. Their faces changed. They talked using their life vitality to avoid any words coming out of their mouths. Suddenly, their faces exuded assurance, and their concerns or doubts completely disappeared. Leader of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit shook his head and said, "Letitia, there's no need for you to worry about the future of my sect. No matter who protects Zen, we'll take him. Whoever is protecting him is fighting a losing war."

With those words, Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit changed their stance, and lights appeared beneath their feet, through which they were connected together. The shape of a glowing Big Dipper was formed around them. They raised their hands at the same time, with the exact same gesture and movement. They seemed to have become one existence.

This vital battle was about to erupt. No matter who won, a general war between Cloud Hall and Ethereal Spirit Sect would still happen. The tension between the two sects was so visible that they could light a campfire when they crossed paths.

Letitia didn't cower or retreat. She wielded her halberd bravely, and the icy lights began to coagulate around her body, giving her the protection against those possible shots from the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit.

At this moment, three fat people appeared from out of nowhere and walked to them.

They didn't fly or use martial arts. They were like regular people. They just simply walked up a long path of Oracle City, panting for breath. Their bodies were jiggling as they ran up to meet them.

Those three fat guys had big and round head, more like bald. They had bellies as big as a pig's. They wore clothes with copper cash, and walked in such a funny way that you would think them as three clowns or some silly sons of a wealthy landlord. They were bouncing as they walked.

Although all of them were fat, nobody would confuse them with one another. You could still tell them apart.

The first fat guy seemed to be weak and lovely, with fair skin as smooth as silk, with eyes that would sparkle when you called his name. His eyelashes were so long, so full and so elegant.

The second guy was dark skinned, and he looked like he was sun kissed. He had a fierce-looking face. He would look like a ferocious wild boar if he had a pair of tusks. Anyone who would meet him would initially be threatened and scared.

As for the third guy, he had a fine color in his rosy cheeks, like he had so much joy in the world. He seemed to be as kind as a Maitreya Buddha, willing to do anything to help others. He had a smile plastered on his face wherever he went.

They were catching their breath from all the walking. After all, they weren't really physically fit.

They stopped before the Dragon Soar Arena, extremely tired. Clearly, their huge bodies had been their great liabilities. Every step took them a lot of effort, making them sweat.

The fat guy, with the lovely expression on his face, took several deep breaths and rested his arms on his hips, before saying, "Stop, stop!"

Chapter 675 A Reluctant Compromise

The sound of screams ripped through the wind, and at once the Septuplets of the Ethereal Spirit stopped, placing their sword sidewards, their lights disconnecting and waning slowly.

On the other hand, Letitia quickly put her ice halberd behind. Curling her legs, she sat down on it, the phoenix feathers falling down like a gorgeous curtain.

It was almost unbelievable that the three fat men's breathing changed so much after running around. They looked like any other common person. In fact, they appeared to be even lower than warriors. But the leaders present knew better. None of them dared look down upon these three men.

Of the three, the lovely one was called Dillon Shi. The vicious-looking one was named Hobbes Yan, and the red-faced one was Haber Mo.

These seemingly feeble men were the three managers of the World Business Alliance.

The alliance didn't belong to any particular sect. It had started off as an organization established by a group of businessmen who had control of over seventy percent of the life vitality mines and eighty percent of all the businesses in the Central Region.

With this much power and resources at their disposal, it was an unspoken but uncontested knowledge that their members were the strongest force in the Central Region. They were comparable to the sixth grade sect and were on the level of a sacred place, a destination that many warriors yearned for, but only a few handful reached.

A sect that was able to achieve a sixth grade level could be bestowed the title of a sacred place.

Such knowledge about the World Commercial Alliance was accepted as fact. Their power had even been compared to the sacred place. There were none disputed word about their strength, but the most astonishing fact was that it developed so quietly, far from people's notice.

The three fat men, for instance, who were also old masters at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, looked like weak, defenseless bumpkins who could be bullied by just anyone. There was no power emanating from them at all.

Despite this, no one could lay a hand on them. Not Cloud Hall, not the Ethereal Spirit Sect……

Since Letitia had arrived, the area around Dragon Soar Arena had become the center of Oracle City.

The two old men in the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Letitia's master, and many more warriors- both those who belonged to sects and those who did not- all kept a close watch on this place.

Oracle City was a big city, but even its breadth couldn't stop these old geezers from coming here in a flash. But they had other motives in mind.

The one called Dillon made a respectful bow in front of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit and Letitia. A smile lit up his face as he said, "Everyone, you all came here as guests of Oracle City. It is really not a becoming behavior to fight with one another. How about sitting down and discussing it peacefully, like the esteemed men that you all surely are?"

Letitia looked at Dillon, and shaking her head, said, "Mr. Shi, Zen belongs to Cloud Hall. He will be leaving with me."

"So what if he belongs to Cloud Hall?" Lady Poison-blood cut in. "If that guy continues to be selfish and won't tell the secret of Dragon Soar Arena, this Martial Arts Contest in Oracle City will be all for nothing! What's the use of a Dragon Soar Arena without the function of sending people to the Upper World?" she spat, her eyes burning with contempt.

The leader of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit chimed in agreement. "Lady Poison-blood was quite right. In my opinion, Zen is not only the disciple of Cloud Hall, but also the key to the prize. He is the sole person who possesses the secret of Dragon Soar Arena," he said while nodding his head.

Dillon laughed and said, "It does make sense. People are gathered here today for the Dragon Soar Arena, through which they could soar up to the Upper World. But victory would indeed be useless if one does not know the secret of the arena." He paused, seemingly in thought before turning to Zen. "In that case, it would be good for everyone if the young man tells us all the truth behind it."

At Dillon's words, everyone's eyes were fixed on Zen once more.

Dillon had spoken like a true arbitrator. It was the World Commercial Alliance who held the Martial Arts Contest. To some degree, they did have the obligation to ensure the function and use of the Dragon Soar Arena to the victors..

Zen blinked and opened his mouth to speak, but before he could utter a word, Letitia had already moved in front of him, stubbornness written in her face. "Zen, don't tell them anything," she said sternly.

"But……" Zen attempted to argue. He was a mere disciple of Cloud Hall, but he understood what was going on at that moment. Even the three managers of World Commercial Alliance were here. Dillon, the naive-looking one of the three fat men, spoke in a gentle manner but Zen knew that his real aim was to coax the truth out of him. Under the scrutiny of everyone at present, Zen felt as if he was facing a wall. He had no choice but to speak the truth.

While it was true that Cloud Hall possessed much power, keeping the knowledge of the Dragon Soar Arena would mean making an enemy of the World Commercial Alliance- an undoubtedly formidable group. There was no telling what chaos would ensue if the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance would engage in battle.

What was more…… It would not be a big deal if he told the truth, because what he was about to say would undoubtedly be terrible knowledge even to wizened ears.

"I said no. There would be no buts!" Letitia seethed at his attempt to do otherwise.

"Letitia, do you really think Cloud Hall would be able to fight with so many Sects?" Lady Poison-blood sneered.

Raven also threatened them. "Stop being stubborn. Do you want to see Cloud Hall fall into ruins?"

Lady Poison-blood and Raven knew that the World Commercial Alliance was on their side. Emboldened by this knowledge, they threatened Letitia flagrantly.

Letitia's eyes blazed in rage, her knuckles white from the pressure of her fingers. Curled marks were appearing on her palms as she tried to restrain her temper.

It was at this moment that she felt a tug at her dress. Turning around, she found Zen grinning at her with a sly twinkle in his eyes.

'What is this guy going to do?' Letitia thought, not understanding his intentions.

"Stop acting like a spoiled child. Let me tell them……" Zen said.

"Like a spoiled child?!" she snapped. It seemed that Zen was forgetting who he was talking to. She was the leader of Cloud Hall! She had hidden her real identity on Cloud Road, so she could forgive Zen's disrespect to her then. But now was a different matter altogether. How dare he talk to her like this in front of so many people?

However, Zen ignored Letitia's anger and turned to the others. "Respected Leaders, if you had only talked to me civilly like Mr. Shi here did, I would have told you the truth without hesitation. Actually…… Dragon Soar Arena has got back to normal."

"What? We can soar up through the Dragon Soar Arena now?" Lady Poison-blood asked, looking at Dragon Soar Arena at the distance.

"What do you mean? Explain it. How did the arena get back to normal?" Raven questioned, reluctant to believe Zen's words.

Letitia looked at Zen with her eyes wide open. She didn't understand what Zen was plotting. She had done all she could to help Zen carry the weight of the secret, but in the end, he still spoke the truth out so easily. What was he thinking?

The Zen that Letitia knew would never have done such a thing. There must be something else behind his actions.

"Zen, can you explain it in clearer terms?" Dillon asked, his face now serious. "Dragon Soar Arena couldn't function well before. How can it be back to normal now?"

"That day, I was hunted by a young man at the level of the Internal Elixir Realm." Zen began. "In desperation, I altered the runes on the sixth floor of Dragon Soar Arena. You were unable to soar up after then. But I have put things back in place just now, and it would be just as before."

"Altered the runes? Humph. You are making irresponsible remarks! Even the top runic experts in the Central Region cannot alter the arena's runes. They are far too abstruse. So how could a mere disciple have done it?" Raven sneered. Several leading sects had already inferred that the problem was in the runes of the sixth floor. After reaching this conclusion, they had sent for the best runic experts in the Central Region to try to fix the problem. However, all their efforts had been in vain. Not one from the experts was able to decipher the runes. It was far too sophisticated for current knowledge to understand.

Zen shrugged, then looked at Dillon and said, "The World Commercial Alliance's branch in Cloudy City must have failed to pass the message to you. If they had, you should have surely known my ability on runes."

Zen said this nonchalantly, and then everyone turned to Dillon.

Dillon stared blankly for a moment, shook his round head, then suddenly patted his head with his hand and said, "Zen? Zen Luo! I have totally forgotten about it!"

A couple of months ago, Michael, the leader of the branch of the World Commercial Alliance in Cloudy City delivered a message. A runic expert with the perfect brushwork had appeared. From then on, Zen would be someone that they kept under close watch. But Dillon did not connect the Zen in front of him to that Zen who was a runic expert.

How could he have failed to remember this? Squinting his eyes, Dillon nodded to the people of Virtual Tribulation Realm and said, "Zen was right. In terms of mastery of runes, no one but Arnold could compare to him in the whole Central Region!"

As soon as he finished, an astonished silence befell upon the gathered crowd.

Chapter 676 The Secret Of A Thousand Years (Part One)

The fact of the matter was, what Dillon was actually intending to say was that as Zen got increasingly powerful, eventually, even Arnold would end up being no match for him. Besides, Zen had already grasped the Perfect Brushwork at such an early age. On the other hand, Dillon had examined and analyzed the meditation runes presented by Michael painstakingly. Perfect Brushwork was not just the focal point of those runic textures. Their brand-new composition was just truly awe-inspiring as well. An adolescent wouldn't have a ghost of a chance of drawing them, but Michael wasn't really the type to fool around and make fun of things of this sort. So, Dillon had no choice but to take his word for it.

"Mr. Shi, did you show up alongside Zen just to trick us?" Lady Poison-blood questioned him in utter bewilderment.

Raven was also shaking his head. If they hadn't witnessed it with their very own eyes, there was probably no way they'd ever trust Dillon's words that Zen could rival Arnold at all. What did this entail?

All of Arnold's unparalleled and never-before-seen rune accomplishments had already been deeply ingrained in the hearts of the citizens. How could Zen's runes ever hope to hold a candle to Arnold's?

"Dillon isn't trying to deceive you. As strange as it might seem, it's the truth!" Hobbes, wearing a vicious expression on his face, spat.

These three mighty fat men were worlds apart in regard to their temper. Dillon was quite unpredictable but still knowledgeable. As for Hobbes, he was much like a bear with a sore head.

"Hobbes, pull yourself together," Dillon said, shaking his head and feeling a bit irritated. "If you're having a hard time accepting that fact, why don't I just go ahead and show you the runes that were drawn by Zen? You might think that your eyes are playing tricks on you, but you'll be satisfied once you see them personally. He's only the second ever runic expert who has grasped the idea behind the Perfect Brushwork in the Central Region!"

Just as Dillon was about to dispatch someone to get a hold of Zen's runes, Zen suddenly let out a heavy sigh. These powerful men at the Virtual Tribulation Realm seemed like they really had a loose screw. A little irritated, he blurted out, "It would be such a bother. As I've mentioned before, the Dragon Soar Arena has gone back to how it originally was. Why don't you just go send someone there to check it out?"

Upon hearing Zen say that out loud, all the strong men at the Virtual Tribulation Realm had been left dumbfounded.

For sure, they weren't really dim-witted. However, they became stiff from being at such a loss for words because of what Dillon had just told them. As he said, Zen's skills were in the same league as Arnold's. This lit a fire under the warriors, piquing their curiosity in Zen's runes as they reflected on whether Dillon was telling the truth or not.

With their memories jogged by Zen, they recalled what had transpired on that day.

"That's a good idea. We can ask someone to verify Zen's claim! Jordan, you go ahead and give it a go!" Raven opened his mouth before anyone else, and then he tossed a dragon-shaped jade pendant he was holding to a warrior belonging to the Black Mountain Sect.

Jordan also attacked Zen just moments ago. But Raven's words made his spirit soar that he almost sprung up immediately.

For Jordan, this was, without a doubt, the perfect chance. Most warriors, including the ones at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, had no access to the Dragon Soar Arena to reach the Upper World to train themselves, let alone those who belonged to the Internal Elixir Realm.

"Very well! I shall leave at once." At Raven's behest, Jordan marched toward the arena.

The other green-eyed sect leaders could only watch from afar as Jordan stepped foot into the arena. If Zen was speaking the truth, Jordan was in for an unbelievable deal.

The warriors were silently biding their time down at the arena for the reason that it would take quite a while to make one's way up from the first to the sixth floor.

After approximately one hour, Jordan ultimately passed the trials within the arena and scaled the summit.

"Buzz!"

A moment passed by and a ray of white light emanated from the topmost portion of the arena.

Now, the gaze of the bravest and mightiest in Oracle City had been fixated on the light. Even those elders who hadn't shown themselves before focused their attention on it as well.

"Shoot!"

A towering pillar of blinding white light ascended from the arena and pierced right into the sky, vanishing into the farthest ends of the heavens!

"Was he able to pull it off?"

The leaders were raging with excitement. Jordan arrived at the arena and flew away, proving once and for all that Zen's claims were indeed true.

Witnessing all of that with her own two eyes made Tia even more doubtful, feeling like something was quite amiss. Could Zen really be that good? Why would he be so considerate as to repair the rune on the sixth floor without asking for anything in return? Could he have some ulterior motives?

Most of the other leaders were thinking the exact same thing. After Jordan took off from the arena, Raven was actually holding an extra jade card in his hand. "This right here is Jordan's life jade card. If Jordan ends up dying, this is going to be shattered."

Stating that, he then nonchalantly tossed the jade card onto the top of the arena, leaving it there to spin continuously. It would actually take so long before they could find out whether Jordan was safe or not, but they weren't really aware that there was a good chance Jordan wouldn't ever be coming back.

Now that they had concrete proof that the arena had been brought back to its original state, the strong men at the Virtual Tribulation Realm decided to just relax and take it easy. Time was on their side, so there was no need to be in a hurry to check whether the arena was secure or not.

Chapter 677 The Secret Of A Thousand Years (Part Two)

In fact, they weren't as excited to fly into the Upper World. On the contrary, what they truly wanted was to gain possession of the arena and simply prepare for themselves an easy way out.

The stronger the warriors had become, the more terrified they were of death. Despite the fact that they lived a long life, they would still have to die at some point. Time, much like a sharpened knife, would be the enemy who would end up giving them a fatal blow at the final moment of their lives.

Meaning to say, as soon as they reached the moment when they started feeling as though they had one foot in the grave already, they would go to great lengths to seek treasures, desperate to extend their lives by any means possible, or even dive into the jaws of death just to reach the Kingdom of God and train themselves.

If they, for whatever reason, failed to get a breakthrough in their training, they could still place their hopes and dreams on the Upper World and look for chances to make a breakthrough. That was precisely the way of thinking of most of the strong men at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

"There you have it. So, can I go now?" Zen asked, tipping his head and looking over at Dillon.

Dillon just bobbed his head and said, "Given that the dilemma of the Dragon Soar Arena has been solved without a hitch, I don't think there's anyone who could stop you in Oracle City."

The strong men at the Virtual Tribulation Realm who were silently watching simply chose to pay Zen no heed. The fact of the matter was, to embarrass an innocent young man at the Illuminating Soul Realm wasn't an honorable thing to do. Be that as it might, the problem of the arena was just a little too complicated that they ran out of other options and had to do it.

Letitia, glaring at Zen with a grim expression, huffed in revulsion, and took off.

Zen, wearing an aggrieved smile, went after her without delay.

"What reason could you possibly have for fixing the arena?" Letitia channeled her indifferent voice to Zen through her life vitality, akin to that of a cold breeze whistling.

Zen couldn't help but laugh and answered sincerely by also using his life vitality, "All of that is a lie!"

"A lie? You mean a trap?" Letitia was at such a loss for words. Knowing Zen's personality to such a great extent, she was certain that he wasn't someone who would do something to benefit those he didn't know. For that very reason, she just couldn't wrap her mind around his motive for fixing the rune.

Zen appeared as though he had been deep in thought for a moment before going on and stating, "The arena is actually connected to the Genuine Dragon World. That is also the location where the Dragon Lineage Human resides. Any human without Genuine Dragon blood running through their veins will be imprisoned for a thousand years."

"What? What did you say?" Letitia's jaw dropped as she looked at Zen in utter disbelief. "Is that true? Are you serious?"

"Mm-hmm." Zen nodded in response.

Those who did not possess Genuine Dragon blood in their bodies would be imprisoned for 1, 000 years.

Even those strong men at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were able to live for over a thousand years. Raven had already been living for more than 400 years as of the moment. If he were to rise up above toward the Upper World, it was highly likely that he would die there!

"But how on earth were you able to come back here from the Upper World? This doesn't make any sense at all!" Letitia threw in her question out of confusion. Her otherwise perfectly sculpted eyebrows had been knitted all of sudden because of that.

Zen, as luck would have it, was able to avoid the imprisonment of a thousand years with the aid of the cyan dragon, but there was no way in hell he could tell Letitia the truth as easy as that.

He was deeply moved with Letitia defending him just now. With that in mind, he spoke softly, "It's not something we should be discussing out in the open. Let's go somewhere safe."

Taking into consideration the fact that the Martial Arts Contest was about to begin, a lot of the elders with elongated ears in the Central Region had gathered in Oracle City.

Letitia bobbed her head in agreement and said, "Understood. Follow me."

Consequently, Letitia led the way as the two of them flew all the way into an opulent palace in Oracle City. As one might expect, it was constructed by the World Commercial Alliance to accommodate VIPs. Letitia, evidently, was a VIP.

As soon as Zen stepped foot inside the palace, Letitia waved her hand over to him, and a huge snowflake pattern materialized on the ground. As it expanded, an enchanted barrier emerged to envelop them.

"Now, no one will be able to eavesdrop on our conversation in here. Be honest with me. You mentioned that the warriors who flew into the Upper World would beyond doubt be imprisoned for a thousand years. How did you make your way back here?" Letitia queried.

Grinning from ear to ear, Zen brought out a little container he got from the space ring and tossed it over to Letitia. "As stated by the rules of the Dragon Lineage Human, every human who has a drop of Genuine Dragon blood in their system shall become one of them. Take this. This one is for you!"

Letitia examined the bottle, inside of which was a drop of blood pulsating rhythmically. In spite of the fact that she was rather capable and well-informed, she gulped instinctively struggling to come up with a response. "So, you're telling me this is what Genuine Dragon blood looks like?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 678 Zen's Resentment

With the years he spent in this colorful world, Zen had also heard of a few things about the Genuine Dragon.

The Dragon Lineage Human had its descendants scattered all over the world. Where Zen was from, they had remained in power for a time but were eventually thrown off their rule.

They had kept some beasts alive as their familiars- some of them were the flood dragon, the winged dragon, and horned dragon. When their power was toppled, the beasts became ownerless and wandered.

The records about the True Dragon dated back to 160, 000 years before, at a time when a far-reaching battle between the union of seven divine kingdoms and the Dragon Lineage Humans was happening on the other side of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

Even though the Dragon Lineage Humans had inherited power from the Genuine Dragon, they were defeated by the alliance of the seven kingdoms. One of the goals of the alliance was to wipe out all the Dragon Lineage Humans. Even after their victory, they continued to pursue and kill the descendants as they were running away.

But desperate men were the most dangerous. When those Dragon Lineage Humans were cornered with no way of escape, they offered millions of their lives to their ancestors. With enough people being killed as sacrifice, they opened a tunnel from which they summoned a Genuine Dragon.

According to old retellings, the dragon that emerged was of such massive size that people who laid eyes on it were not even able to tell where it ended and began. From the front, there was a glimpse of its head, its eyes burning in the darkness. Then, after it breathed out once, the tunnel collapsed, leaving no trace of the dragon.

The world's energy was too weak to support the legendary beast. Despite millions of sacrificed souls, it was only enough for a moment. With one breath, the dragon disappeared.

However, the Dragon Lineage Human's sacrifice had not been in vain. So powerful was the dragon that even just its breath was strong enough to annihilate people from all three of the seven kingdoms. The four kingdoms that existed today were those who had survived.

The Dragon Lineage Human had all but vanished, but the people had not been able to forget the dragon, inspiring both awe and terror to those who had laid eyes on it. Those who lived to tell the tale passed it on, and its legend was a living and breathing story. Hundreds of thousands of years had changed the surface of the world considerably- mountain tumbled and seas had become mulberry fields, but the image of the Genuine Dragon was as fresh as yesterday in people's minds.

The Genuine Dragon had power beyond anything that anyone could conceive.

Which was why Letitia was surprised.

That day when Zen left Cloud Hall secretly, Letitia had found him. She had seen him in Cloud Road, and so she had a clear idea of his abilities. Luck was on this man's side. He would not be killed easily. It was no surprise that he managed to get in Cloud Hall, along with the best of the best.

Now, Letitia was wondering if she had misjudged him.

He was giving away a drop of Genuine Dragon blood so casually, as if it was an ordinary market trinket. Why would he do that?

Letitia herself possessed some things as valuable as this drop of Genuine Dragon blood, but no amount of wealth on the face of the Earth would make her give them up.

'Is he that generous? Or is it that he is just stupid?' she thought to herself in shock.

Seeing Letitia's confused look, Zen's face broke into a grin. "You don't want it? If that's the case, then you can give it back," he said, reaching for the vial.

"Bang!"

At this, Letitia slapped Zen's hand away, her beautiful eyes glaring at him. Then, she put the vial away.

Somehow, Letitia found herself forgetting her position in front of him. She was the leader of Cloud Hall. Elders of the Virtual Tribulation Realm would bow to her in reverence.

And yet, here he was, a mere disciple without any reputation, speaking to her so casually. What made matters worse was that Zen knew her position, but seemingly showed no regard for it. 'Should I remind him of my position?' Letitia thought in irritation.

She was pulled from her thoughts when Zen suddenly said, "Tia, I heard the others talking about the Martial Arts Contest. Is this for the Dragon Soar Arena?"

Letitia nodded. "Yeah. The Dragon Soar Arena appeared three months ago. Normally, the Martial Arts Contest was held every ten years, but there were great disputes among the famous sects, so the World Commercial Alliance decided to hold the Martial Arts Contest this year in advance in order to put an end to the quarrels. Whoever wins would get the Dragon Soar Arena as reward." Letitia paused for a moment before continuing, "However, the Dragon Soar Arena is a road to death. Without Genuine Dragon blood, it will be of no use for a person to win it."

Letitia shook her head. She was clearly astonished with Zen's news.

"Are people from Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect, and Ethereal Spirit Sect the only ones to compete?" He asked.

Hearing Zen's question, Letitia looked at him with confusion and then answered, "Not exactly. There will be people from other fourth grade sects including Mysterious Luna Hall, some gifted disciples from the third grade sects, and even the independent ones who have joined no sect."

"Independent warriors?" Zen asked, his curiosity piqued.

Letitia nodded again. "Almost all of the famous ones will come here. There is the Confucianism Sage named Winston Liu, the Venerable Starry, and the Evil East Lord named Eddie…. They will come with their disciples," she explained.

At the mention of Eddie's name, Zen's eyes flashed with the intent to kill. It was a momentary glint, but Letitia had caught it.

'He seems to be particularly interested in Eddie. Did something happen between them? But how?

Zen is from a second grade sect in the Eastern Region. There is no way he would have encountered Eddie before.'

All of a sudden, Letitia's eyes widened as understanding dawned upon her. She turned to Zen, who met her wide-eyed gaze with his own steady one.

"You understand?" Zen asked, his voice uncharacteristically cold.

Letitia nodded.

It was easy enough to guess what Zen's intention was. It was Letitia who had sent Yan to Eddie. Even now, she had a strong impression with Yan, who possessed the Purple Power body.

Yan and Zen were both from Eastern Region, and Zen had shown great hostility to Eddie. Letitia understood quickly what Zen planned.

As the leader of Cloud Hall, Letitia's foremost interest would be making Cloud Hall stronger. She held Cloud Hall's safety and reputation in her hands. She could not put her own selfish desires over her responsibilities and put Cloud Hall at risk. Yan was a gifted disciple from the second grade sect attached to Cloud Hall, but fighting Eddie would be unreasonable.

A great silence fell between them as Letitia searched in vain for the right words to say.

To Zen, her silence was like air blowing on the embers of his anger.

He had kept Yan in his heart secretly like a forbidden memory. He had told no one about what had happened to him and Yan, except Rocher and Patrick.

Kenneth had ever explained to Zen why Cloud Hall let Eddie take Yan away. At that time, Zen knew that Eddie was too powerful to fight against and he watched his dear sister get taken right in front of his own eyes. In his silence, he had unknowingly watered the seed of his resentment. Now, its branches burst over with poisonous fruits.

"Don't you think you owe me an apology?" He said through gritted teeth. "If you could protect Yan as you did for me just now, she wouldn't have been taken away!"

Letitia visibly tensed at the face of Zen's anger. "I…" she began, but was interrupted.

"Is it because the secret of Dragon Soar Arena is more valuable to you than Yan's power? Is that why you saved me but not her? If I didn't know the secret of Dragon Soar Arena, would you have left me behind like you did to her?" Zen shouted, his eyes burning with rage.

Despite her position as the leader of Cloud Hall, Letitia was young. She was carrying a huge responsibility upon her shoulders, but her heart was still tender. She felt stinging in her eyes as guilt crept inside her chest.

She had fought side by side with Zen on the Cloud Road.

The time she spent with him was when she was her most free. She forgot her position, her responsibilities, and just like people of her age, she was allowed to make her mistakes.

If other people saw that a master of Virtual Tribulation Realm, the leader of Cloud Hall, was being questioned by a mere disciple, they would have been at a loss for words.

Her delicate oval face twisted in guilt, like a reprimanded child in the brink of tears. She hung her head down and murmured, so softly that Zen almost missed it, "Sorry..."

He wanted to tell her off and curse, and say that her apology made no difference, but seeing Letitia's expression, Zen became soften.

He clenched his fists. It was no use to blame her.

The warrior's world was cruel. Eddie joined no sect and he was an independent warrior, but he was the most powerful one in Central Region. Even the Ethereal Spirit Sect would not want to upset him, let alone Cloud Hall which was much weaker sect!

As the leader of Cloud Hall, Letitia had only done what she had to.

"Right," Zen grunted.

Looking at Zen, Letitia opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out.

Suddenly, an old woman's voice sounded, "Young man, it is the Evil East Lord who has taken away your sister. If you're brave enough, go to find him and save her. Do not pass the blame on Cloud Hall. This matter is your concern."

Zen was shocked at her words. An old woman with silvery hair was walking towards them, her back hunched from old age. She went through Letitia's enchanted barrier without any difficulty.

Letitia welcomed her quickly, holding her arm and addressing her as "Master."

Chapter 679 Letitia‘s Little Secret (Part One)

Although the old lady looked to be senile, there was breathtaking force in her cloudy eyes. Her halting steps seemed like they concealed profound skills.

Before Zen heard Letitia call the old lady master, he did not understand who she was. In fact, the old woman was the one behind the success of Cloud Hall.

Although Letitia had such a great talent that she had almost finished the final stage of the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, which was the top method skill, she was still too lightweight for the position of head of Cloud Hall.

The old lady didn't respond to Letitia's greeting but said to Zen, "You are only a disciple of the Elite House. How dare you question the head of Cloud Hall to her face? Enlighten me!" The old lady then turned to Letitia. "Tia, you have made a mistake. How can you stand there and allow a disciple of the Elite House to speak like this? Don't you think you are losing face here, as the head of Cloud Hall? What about your authority? You, the head of Cloud Hall, actually apologized to him!"

Letitia opened her mouth, wanting to point out to her master that Zen was quite unusual. However, she was afraid that her master would then ask her why.

Why was Zen so unusual? She could not answer such a question. She never insisted on her authority before Zen. That was the reason why Zen was different... But if she really said that, her master would have all the more reason to admonish her.

"Eddie Cui plans to set the Lustful Demon Array to break through the limitations of death. He wants to find three warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm. Each of the warriors must have a Purple Power Body, which is rare," the old lady said to Zen in a hoarse voice. "The Purple Power Body is exceptional, but it is uncommon. What's more impossible is that Eddie wants three of them! But he has finally found two. One is your sister, Yan Luo, and the other Marilyn Si. If Eddie can find another one, he can use his Lustful Demon Array with success. Marilyn will take part in the Martial Arts Contest as Eddie's disciple. If you are powerful enough, you can kill her at the contest."

Hearing this, Zen's eyes sparked with excitement.

Was it true that the other warrior with a Purple Power Body would attend the Martial Arts Contest?

A Purple Power Body was rare and out of the ordinary. Eddie would not be looking for the last one even till now, after preparing for the Lustful Demon Array for so long, if that wasn't the case.

If Zen managed to kill Marilyn, it would surely spoil Eddie's plan, or at least delay it.

Facing Eddie, who was too powerful, he could not defeat him now. Zen felt helpless at the prospect of fighting him.

By the time Zen's cultivation base was powerful enough to fight Eddie, the latter would have probably found the third warrior who had the Purple Power Body. He would have successfully completed his Lustful Demon Array.

"You mentioned that I could kill Marilyn? What is her cultivation level?" Zen asked.

"She's at the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm," the old lady replied to him, her face unreadable.

At these words, Zen's lips twisted. Although he had flown to the Upper World through the Dragon Soar Arena and his power and cultivation level had greatly improved, he was still not certain about killing a warrior who was at middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm.

"If you do not want to face her, get out of here. Don't hesitate like a coward. You don't have the right to blame others, including my Tia," the old lady said in an unfriendly tone. She was still not happy that Zen had forced Tia to apologize to him.

"Is killing others at the Martial Arts Contest allowed?" Zen threw her another question.

The old lady smiled coldly. "The upcoming Martial Arts Contest is not a game. You think it will be the same as the All Peaks Competition of Cloud Sect? How wrong you are! The contest is not for the faint-hearted!"

The fights of the sect were merely hints to real battles outside. Although there were people who got hurt in the fight or even died, for most of the participants, the fights were like games. Usually, they did not kill their opponents.

But the Martial Arts Contest was an entirely different ballgame.

It was common knowledge that a number of warriors were killed every decade at the Martial Arts Contest of Oracle City.

The warriors were from different sects. They were unaware of each other's identities. They showed no mercy at the Martial Arts Contest. It was all about fighting duals.

The winner went onward and upwards. If one lost, however, he was under the mercy of the winner. If the latter was kind enough or in a good mood, he might spare the loser's life. Otherwise, the loser would be killed straightaway without being shown any sympathy.

In short, the Martial Arts Contest was a field for gladiator battles. Due to the Dragon Soar Arena, each sect paid more attention to the Martial Arts Contest. They were more eager to win the top spot. It was but natural that the contest was very fierce.

Someone once remarked that the Martial Arts Contest held by the World Commercial Alliance every decade or so was a small-scale sectarian war. It was an opportunity to test the strengths of each sect in peacetime.

"Are there any conditions for a warrior to attend the Martial Arts Contest?" Zen voiced out another question.

Before her master could get in a word, Letitia demanded, her eyebrows furrowing, "Are you planning on attending it?"

"Of course I am!" Zen looked at Letitia, determination etched across his face.

Zen had always been planning to take part in the Martial Arts Contest. He was already a member of the Dragon Lineage Human. That was to say he belonged to the Dragon Abyss Palace. He was dependent on the Dragon Soar Arena if he wanted to fly to the Genuine Dragon World. It was obvious that the arena was crucial to him.

Chapter 680 Letitia‘s Little Secret (Part Two)

"Do you know the cultivation levels of the others who attend it?" Letitia asked him again.

Zen thought for a moment before shaking his head. "I really don't."

Letitia gave him a bitter smile, also shaking her head. "You don't even know how the others are situated, yet you plan on attending the Martial Arts Contest? The warriors who take part in the contest could be at any level below the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. They are elite disciples cultivated by old geezers of level four or five sects! Are you certain you can fight them? With you being at the third level of the Illuminating Soul Realm?

You are not strong like Blake, Benson, and some other disciples of Cloud Hall. You're not even in the running.

Moreover, the candidates attending the contest have already been chosen. If you wish to attend it, you have to attend it as an independent warrior and get the qualification by yourself.

If you like the idea of getting yourself killed in the process, I won't stop you," Letitia spouted out, her words a firm warning. Zen grew silent.

"I must attend the Martial Arts Contest," he said as she looked at him coldly. "I must obtain the Dragon Soar Arena, and Marilyn must die!"

Making this announcement, Zen turned around and left without bidding them goodbye.

"You!" Letitia had previously planned to warn Zen not to attend the Martial Arts Contest, because she knew he would probably die otherwise. But Zen's short speech had not given her any leeway to fully convince him.

However, the old lady, Letitia's master, smiled appreciatively. She had lived for long and was very experienced. She had been angry that Zen blamed Letitia. Being a warrior, Zen must know when to admit to his responsibilities.

"You are not allowed to leave!" Letitia outstretched her hand as she rebuilt the enchanted barrier. She had been back at the beginning level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. It was easy for her to stop Zen.

But at the same time, Zen's body started to shake. He looked like a ghost; like a rippling figure under water. As he shook, he got past the enhanced barrier that Letitia had made with no scruples, as if it did not exist at all!

Letitia and the old lady could not believe their eyes. It seemed incredible!

They wondered if there was something wrong with their visions. What just happened?

One couldn't deny Letitia's cultivation base. She was at the beginning level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm!

Besides, she had sacrificed her cultivation strength nine times now, and her power was far greater compared to ordinary warriors who were at the beginning level of the same realm. Her enchanted barrier was exceptionally strong, but just now Zen passed it so smoothly, as if it wasn't present before him at all. What on earth did he just do to surpass that?

"If my eyes serve me correctly, Zen seemed to utilize the strength of the Space Law. Also... he seems to have learned that Law quite well. Even Saint Morphens, is not able to perform as well as Zen," the old lady said, recovering first. She shook her head disbelievingly.

Morphens had learned the Space Rules like few others could. However, he could use his Mystical Pace in the weak space, which was entirely different from what Zen did. Zen passed Tia's enchanted barrier with ease. It seemed that Zen didn't do anything fancy, but his moving skills themselves contained a profound understanding of the Space Rule.

Letitia wanted to catch up to Zen. But the old lady, her mentor, was still here. She hesitated, trying to hold herself back.

"That young boy... is unusual. If he insists on attending the Martial Arts Contest, just let him go," the old lady said calmly. She threw Letitia a meaningful look. "Which brings me to my next question. Tell me, why did you stop him from attending the Martial Arts Contest? I'm curious."

Letitia blinked, answering, "No matter what Zen has done, he is a disciple of Cloud Hall. I would feel tremendously guilty if he is killed!"

"Is that right? If so, then what about the others? Aren't Blake, Benson, and the others disciples of our Cloud Hall too? If he feared death, he shouldn't have started to cultivate the martial arts in the beginning." A smile lingered in the old lay's opalescent eyes as she finished her words.

"I don't know what you mean, master," Letitia spluttered, still acting the naive little girl.

The old lady sighed, her expression becoming grave. She had lived for so long. How could she not see what was blooming between Letitia and Zen?

The way Letitia talked to Zen was so different from how she reacted to others. She did not behave like she was the rightful head of the Cloud Hall at all! How could her master not put two and two together then? She knew the secret Letitia was harboring.

The old lady knew that Letitia and Zen had gone through something together at the Cloud Road, however, she did not know exactly what had occurred. It did not matter, in any case. As long as Zen continued to have breakthroughs and could be powerful enough, she wouldn't mind marrying Tia off to Zen.

As per her point of view, Zen truly was a rare genius. His potential was as great as Tia's. For the sake of his cultivation, using up all the resources at Cloud Hall would be worth it.

It was a pity that Zen was too weak right now. Not all geniuses got the chance to grow without a spanner in the works. Zen expected to kill Marilyn and declared a war against Eddie Cui in the process. It wasn't certain that Zen would survive the Martial Arts Contest at all.

Chapter 681 Pass Or Fail (Part One)

It was quite a busy day at Oracle City. All the restaurants, hotels, and teahouses were filled with tourists, martial artists, and cultivators of different levels.

The Martial Arts Contest had surely piqued the interest of almost half of the martial artists from the Central Region. But not all of them were qualified to take part in the contests. Still, these martial artists went all the way here just to watch the battles between the great masters of different sects. It was going to be a worthwhile trip if they could learn a new fighting technique from these masters.

Some of these practitioners were even hoping to get an epiphany from watching the fights. Though there wasn't any assurance to it, it was worth a try.

Zen was asking around for the Martial Arts Contest registration booth, but no one seemed to really take him seriously. After several attempts, someone had finally pointed him in the right direction.

Although the contest was open to all practitioners in the Central Region, there were limited available slots. Hence, some pre-qualifying matches were designed to identify the qualified participants to the Martial Arts Contest.

But the pre-qualifying matches were intended only for the practitioners from unknown sects who at least reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. And only after passing these matches could they move on to the Martial Arts Contest.

While for the famous sects, they each could get three to ten reserved slots in the Martial Arts Contest. This meant that participants from Cloud Hall, Bloodwood Cliff, Ethereal Spirit Sect, and other top sects could get into the Martial Arts Contest without going through the pre-qualifying matches.

Some top individual warriors could also get a reserved slot to participate in the Martial Arts Contest.

The Cloud Hall had five reserved slots and the list had already been sent to the World Commercial Alliance which held the Martial Arts Contest.

Despite being a top disciple of Cloud Hall, Zen didn't get a spot. So, in order to take part in the Martial Arts Contest, he needed to go through the pre-qualifying matches.

When Zen arrived at the registration booth, it was crowded with practitioners who wanted to sign up for the pre-qualifying matches. Every now and then, Zen could hear applause and cheering coming from the big crowd.

Despite being physically strong, he couldn't get his way into the crowd that easily. He pushed them away, braved through the thick crowds until finally making his way to the registration booth.

He found an old man with a mustache sitting at the center, guarded by four strong and tall men without shirts on. They appeared to be practitioners at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, giving off a more terrifying vibe. It seemed that they were assigned to sign up the practitioners.

As Zen looked around, he realized that these practitioners were just bystanders with no intention of signing up for the contest.

Zen was figuring out how to sign up for the test. He kept on looking around, waiting for someone to sign up so he could see. Suddenly, a practitioner walked up to the old man and said loudly, "I want to sign up." The practitioner took out a supreme life vitality crystal from his pocket and threw it on the desk in front of the old man.

The old man then said, "Well, then. Try your luck, kid. Punch this stone as hard as you can."

He was pointing at a square, human-sized, pale green stone. There was nothing special about this stone on the surface, and nothing unusual would seem to come out of it.

Zen sensed something weird about the stone, so he tried to scan it with his mental powers. But to his surprise, it totally blocked his soul and therefore, he couldn't tell what was in that stone despite scanning it thoroughly.

Without another word, the practitioner urged the bystanders to back off as he made his way towards the stone.

When the crowd stepped back and made room for him, the practitioner then stood back a little. The life vitality inside his body frantically fluctuated. He gave off a fierce and powerful aura as if he had been practicing a tough cultivation method.

"Ha!" the practitioner roared. His feet moved smoothly like there was water on the floor as he threw his fist towards the pale green stone.

The practitioner seemed to have reached the eighth stage of the Illuminating Soul Realm. If it was indeed an ordinary stone, it would instantly break into pieces once the practitioner hit it. Zen was observing the practitioner quietly. Everything he would learn from here could be quite useful for him. Zen took a deep breath when the practitioner was about to hit the stone. The practitioner threw his fist at the stone… but it didn't move or even shake a bit.

Only a dull thud was heard. The punch was strong and powerful, but it wasn't enough to even scratch the stone.

The old man casually glanced at the green stone. He then wrote something on his note and finally declared, "Failed! Next, please!"

The practitioner was stunned to hear the results, but he couldn't do anything. He left with a broken heart, shaking his head as he moved away from the registration booth.

'What a waste of supreme life vitality crystal! He didn't even get a second chance! Darn it!' Zen thought to himself, feeling pity for the practitioner. This was how the World Commercial Alliance made money. It was unfair, but nothing was indeed fair in this world.

Now Zen understood why only a few practitioners would sign up for the contest. A supreme life vitality crystal was not cheap; it was equal to more than a million low-grade life vitality crystals. For the second and third grade sects, and numerous famous families in the Central Region, supreme life vitality crystals were nothing; but not for any ordinary practitioners. Even most of the practitioners at the Illuminating Soul Realm could not afford to spend a supreme life vitality crystal.

Chapter 682 Pass Or Fail (Part Two)

However, even though some practitioners didn't pass the pre-qualifying test, they didn't think that the supreme life vitality crystal went to waste. They took it as a payment for a great opportunity to broaden their horizons. Pass or fail, the practitioners couldn't take back the supreme life vitality crystal.

When the first practitioner left, another practitioner tried his luck.

The practitioner had a crew cut and calm eyes. He was carrying a navy-blue machete on his back. He walked up to the old man, carelessly tossed a supreme life vitality crystal on the desk, and then walked towards the pale green stone.

"I wonder if he can make it!"

"He has reached the top-grade Illuminating Soul Realm. I think he can make the magnetic stone change its color."

"I won't be so sure. Earlier, two practitioners has also reached that realm, remember? But they failed anyway."

The crowd exchanged opinions with each other. As Zen listened, he finally got to know that it was a magnetic stone. It was quite different from any other ordinary stones that even the practitioners who reached the top-grade Illuminating Soul Realm would have failed to affect it.

The practitioner with the machete approached the green stone, but he didn't do anything. He just stood slackly and simply waved his hand towards the stone.

There was nothing at first. Then a sound of wind came.

Then suddenly, the wind rushed towards the stone and hit it hard.

'Wow! That's sharp and fierce! He applied a bit of the principle of wind.' Zen thought to himself. This man hadn't even reached the Internal Elixir Realm yet, but he had the strength that could not be underestimated. It was quite rare that a practitioner who had only reached the top-grade Illuminating Soul Realm could do that. With the power that this practitioner showcased, Zen knew that that practitioner was someone he must not ignore.

Then there was a loud noise! A bang!

As the stream of air hit the stone, it didn't move an inch. But then, something unexpected happened–its color suddenly changed from green to red.

The red color only lasted nine seconds, then the magnetic stone turned green again.

"Wow! Can you believe it? He just did it from a distance, but he made it! He's incredible!"

"I'm afraid that even in those fourth-grade sects, only a few practitioners are able to do that. Don't get me started that he has only reached the top-grade Illuminating Soul Realm!"

"Yes, I agree with you. The magnetic stone has remained red for nearly fifteen seconds. For the practitioners of the top-grade Illuminating Soul Realm, I don't think that's an easy task. Perhaps he's the only one who could do that among those who are in the same realm."

The old man with mustache glanced at the practitioner who had just succeeded and smiled slightly. He then said, "You passed! What's your name?" Then he took the writing brush and a nameplate, ready to write.

"Owen Ao," said the practitioner.

Upon hearing his name, the bystanders seemed to have remembered something and then shouted, "So it's him! He's the man who has killed three thousand Shadow Wolf Kings on the Woollen Grassland on his own!"

"What? Killed three thousand Shadow Wolf Kings all by himself? Why didn't I hear about that?"

"The Woollen Grassland is far away from the center of the Central Region. It's just common that you don't hear about it."

Owen Ao just stood there and didn't mind the bystanders' chitchat. After he took the nameplate from the old man's hands, he left to sign up for the contest according to the instructions of the World Commercial Alliance.

The crowd was still discussing Owen Ao when he left the place.

Zen was now ready to take his chance. He walked up to the old man, took out a supreme life vitality crystal from his space ring and put it on the desk.

"Oh my god, he is at the third grade of Illuminating Soul Realm? I am daydreaming? I can't believe it!"

"Whoa! He's even richer than he looks! How can he afford a supreme life vitality crystal?"

"I guess he's a brat from some third-grade family. Maybe he's just here to play and not to compete with others seriously. A supreme life vitality crystal is not cheap. He's just wasting his money!"

"You bet! He might as well just donate it to the Alliance instead to save him time!"

Zen's cultivation level was so low that he created a stir when he showed up here for the pre-qualifying test. The crowd became more excited than when they were discussing about Owen Ao.

Although practitioners who had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm could take part in the pre-qualifying test, only a few had truly succeeded. The magnetic stone was already a great obstacle and no one knew if there could be another test after that.

Most of the practitioners who had passed the test were at the top level of the Illuminating Soul Realm and some had even reached the Internal Elixir

Realm.

As of to date, the number of the practitioners of the Illuminating Soul Realm who had passed the test was less than ten. Out of those who passed, most of them were already at the eighth or ninth level of Illuminating Soul Realm. That meant that they were almost the best martial artists among those who were in the same realm.

But standing before them right now was a practitioner of the third-grade Illuminating Soul Realm who was about to take on the challenge. The bystanders who didn't sign up for the pre-qualifying test were just there for the drama. They wanted to see which one of the challengers would pass and which one would fail. And for them, Zen was considered rather weak and they were looking forward to seeing him fail and eventually embarrass himself.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 683 Pass The Test

It was noon. The sun was blazing hot. Zen passed by a lot of warriors who looked at him with confusion. He did not pay any attention to these comments around and walked straight to the side of the magnetic stone. He stopped before the stone and started to examine it carefully.

He found the magnetic stone to be very strange. He sensed something strange about it, some energy he had never felt before. Even the Law Power in it was very special from all the other powers he had learned.

As the most basic constitution in the world, the Original Law existed almost everywhere. Just like mountains and boulders that contained the power of the Earth Law, various peculiar flames also contained the power of the Fire Law and the Space Law was seen everywhere in the vast space. Everything had a law, following a certain path and rule.

However, most ordinary people could not sense them, understand or even get use of them. It took special skill to understand most of the laws that were known to mankind.

The magnetic stone contained the power of seven Original Laws, which were the laws of Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, Earth, Wind and Electricity. All these seven Original Laws were evenly interwoven with each other which gave Zen a very peculiar feeling.

The previous cultivator named Owen used the Wind Law to inspire the Wind Law stored in the magnetic stone. This was responsible for the change of the magnetic stone's color.

'Using one power of the Original Law could make the magnetic stone change. What if I use the combined power of seven Original Laws? What will happen?' Zen suddenly had such an idea in his mind. Even he himself did not know why he had come up with such a fantastic idea.

Little did he know that he was not the only one to have such an idea.

The magnetic stone was indeed, a very unique stone. It did not belong to metal nor iron classification. It was so hard that neither sharp knives nor spears could break it. Even such a small piece of magnetic stone could not be broken by the all-out blow by a refiner of Virtual Tribulation Realm. It was harder than diamond, with very exceptional strength and durability.

This magnetic stone was excavated from the Magnetic Sacred Mountain in the extreme depths of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. Not discovered by any human, it weathered at the top of the mountain and then dropped down after millions of years of natural evolution.

Some refiners also inferred that it should require the master of seven Original Laws which were contained in the Magnetic Sacred Mountain to process or disassemble the magnetic stone.

At this point, it was almost impossible for the refiners of Central Region to do that. Thus, this stone was very precious, indeed.

"Combine seven laws? Young man, what an audacious idea!" The cyan dragon said, his voice echoing in Zen's mind. After swallowing that evil spirit of the Owl Beast, the cyan dragon had rarely said anything. Maybe because he seemed to be very busy with absorbing the soul power of the Owl Beast. Swallowing the spirit of the Owl Beast helped him recover from his weakness.

"What did you mean? Is it really that hard to mix seven pieces of Law Power?" Zen asked, confused by the cyan dragon's statement.

"Yes, very difficult. Besides, the magnetic stone here is not just an ordinary magnetic stone. If you can achieve a certain level of power in the future, maybe you can take the whole Magnetic Sacred Mountain. Don't think about the mountain too much now. It's such a great treasure, but for you now, you'd better not overthink." The cyan dragon explained calmly.

Zen's eyes widened. He felt surprised with his heart jumping hard when the cyan dragon mentioned that the magnetic stone was not an ordinary one. No one knew how many precious treasures the cyan dragon had met before in his lifetime! For example, the precious blood of the Genuine Dragon was just considered ordinary by the cyan dragon. After all, he belonged to the Genuine Dragon, and the amount of blood he had was beyond measure.

Bearing the cyan dragon's extraordinary comments in mind, Zen again carefully examined the stone in front of him. He scrutinized every nook and cranny that the stone possessed.

'Magnetic Sacred Mountain, the legend of Dragon Lineage Human, the secret furnace, and nine Genuine Dragons. What are the connections among these?' Zen thought in his heart. He realized that there must be something beyond extraordinary that had happened in the universe which the cyan dragon refused to talk about.

"The young man is staring at the magnetic stone blankly! What is he thinking about?"

"Don't waste the time if you are too weak! Just punch it and go! If you are afraid of embarrassing yourself, why would you come here?"

"Hey, man! There are still a lot of people in queue, waiting to pay money for the test. If you don't want to try, leave! Okay?"

Many cultivators around Zen shouted angrily.

Hearing the urging sound of the public, Zen shook his head. He seemed to overthink what the cyan dragon said. He was not as strong as the others in the Central Region, and it was useless for him to think about it too much.

Coming around the idea, Zen slowly and firmly raised his fist into the air.

To change the color of the magnetic stone, he needed to stimulate at least one Law Power.

Those cultivators at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm had no profound understanding of the Law Power. For example, Owen's practice of the Wind Law only relied on the basic application and theory. In fact, he did not understand the Wind Law by himself.

The Law Powers by nature were very difficult to be understood. Technique and a lot of patience were needed in order to master laws. Even Morphens understood only the surface of the Space Law. The Space Law needed very special understanding, as it was one of the most difficult laws in the world.

'Since I cannot mix two pieces of Law Power, I will just use one single Law Power, the Thunder Law!' Zen thought. A surge of electricity was running through his arms. He then raised his hand and a lightning bolt came out of it, thin and weak looking.

How could this be possible? How was Zen able to summon such weak lightning? He did not cultivate the refinement method with the Thunder attribute.

"Well, what a tiny and thin lightning. This man is a joke!"

"Is this the strength of Illuminating Soul Realm? I could not believe my eyes!"

"The power of this lightning, I am afraid, might be even weaker than a normal nature creature. What a shame!"

The refiners around Zen burst into laughter when they saw the thin bolt of lightning appear out of Zen's hand.

Zen knew how small and weak his lightning bolt was--even weaker than those generated by nature creatures. It was even far from the power generated by Rocher's Extreme Thunder Sword Intent.

However, not everyone laughed at him. The old man across the table had sparkle in his eyes at the sight of the tiny bolt of lightning and a look of astonishment could be seen on his face.

'What a pure power of thunder!'

Not everything small could be considered weak. This old man marveled at the sight of the bolt, his heart racing with excitement. He was also wondering why the power of this lightning looked so weak when the young man owned such a pure power of thunder. This scene went against the common knowledge the old man had.

After charging his tiny bolt, Zen raised his fist, aimed, and hit the magnetic stone hard.

"Bump!"

This punch hit the magnetic stone, generating a light cracking sound.

Zen stepped backward, his eyes illuminated with wonder, and he observed the changes that were happening with the stone.

Most of the refiners who doubted Zen became quiet and stared at the stone. They didn't think that such a weak lightning could change the color of the magnetic stone. They leaned closer, expecting to see something worth laughing at.

Everyone was staring, including the refiners, Zen, and the old man. And in a few seconds, the color changed from green to red. Everyone was shocked.

"Look! It changed!"

"How could it be? His punch just now was not powerful! How could it change the color of the magnetic stone?"

"Maybe there's something wrong with the stone!"

Everyone was so thirsty for the news that they plastered their eyes into the magnetic stone. They wanted to know everything.

Three seconds drove by.

Six seconds passed.

Thirty seconds passed.

Everyone counted and kept their eyes on the magnetic stone, incredibly. And the magnetic stone remained red and did not change the color back.

According to the rule set by the old man, as long as the color of the magic stone became red, refiners could register successfully.

Some powerful cultivators, such as the independent refiners of Internal Elixir Realm, could change the color of the stone and sustain it for around twenty seconds. That was pretty impressive!

Some weaker refiners, such as the ones under the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, could change colors, too. But the change could only last up to two seconds. But still, it counted as passing the test, as per the rule.

Owen, the refiner from Woollen Grassland who took the test before Zen, used the power of the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Real to change the color. He was able to change the color of the magnetic stone and sustain it to up to nine seconds! Even that was already impressive.

But now, a new warrior held the record.

The refiner at the level three of Illuminating Soul Realm had sustained the color for more than thirty seconds!

Upon the stone's color changing, a lot of people were convinced that maybe the stone was indeed, broken. Thirty seconds had passed, and it had not yet reverted back to its original color, green. The longer the color stayed red, the more suspicion aroused.

Forty seconds passed.

Count was still going on and one minute passed.

The magnetic stone stayed the same, without any sign of changing back to green.

"I cannot believe that even the magnetic stone would be broken!"

"Maybe it has been punched for so many times that it got broken"

"The magnetic stone is broken by punches! Are you kidding? The magnetic stone had fallen from the sky to a sacred mountain. How could it be broken by punches? It's more powerful than that!"

After five minutes, the color started to change, fading from red into green.

Noticing the change, Zen nodded slightly, then walked up to the old man with mustache and asked, "Did I pass?"

The old man, a wise judge for the test, stared at the magnetic stone with a blank face. He was an expert in his field that he had more knowledge than the refiners around him. To the old man's delight, the magnetic stone was not damaged at all by frequent punches, not by wear-and-tear. It was still functioning properly.

The old man was still in deep thought when he heard Zen's words. He looked up to Zen in such astonishment, still disoriented, and said, "Yes, you have passed!"

Chapter 684 The Strong Warriors At The Pre-qualifying Match

"What? He passed the test?"

"Something has to be wrong with the magnetic stone! He couldn't have passed otherwise! Does World Commercial Alliance have such low prestige?"

"Is this a joke? Maybe I'll try it too! For all I know, I could pass."

The old man's announcement regarding Zen's passing of the examination caused quite a buzz in the atmosphere. Most onlookers were not convinced by the verdict.

The vast majority of warriors present were at the Illuminating Soul Realm, with their grades ranging from seven to nine.

They had come to join in the fun of the pre-qualifying match. At the same time, they also wanted to see the strength of other warriors to estimate whether they could defeat them, and to gauge their chances of qualifying.

To their disappointment, even being on the eighth or ninth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm seemed a bit weak, especially in competition against those who had reached the consummation.

Not all the warriors were from large families. Many independent warriors, or those who were from minor sects, had very little money in their pockets. But a number of them carried a supreme life vitality crystal, which they were reluctant to give to the old examiner.

After all, the passing rate was too low. It was very difficult for the warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm to earn a supreme crystal, so they didn't want to take a risk. It was very likely they would lose their crystals and never get anything back.

A fellow at the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm had somehow appeared among these people. The power of thunder and lightning in his weak punch was low, but due to this very punch, the magnetic stone's color had changed for a total of 5 minutes!

It was hard for them to believe what their eyes showed them, so they began to wonder if the stone had broken.

Who could this young man be? It was Zen. Whether he passed or not had nothing to do with these warriors. Still, when the old man announced Zen's passing, they were jealous enough to complain. "Why? Why and how did he pass?"

"If he passes, all of us pass!"

"The World Commercial Alliance has lost all of its credibility. This is obviously cheating!"

"What are they even thinking? It is impossible for a guy at the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm to pass the pre-qualifying match! He is sure to die at the Martial Arts Contest!"

As the warriors complained and whined, the old man rebuked, his cold face frowning with displeasure. "Shut up!" he said.

The warriors' ears buzzed at the sound of his voice. The look he gave was so cold that it could've turned water into ice. It only made sense for them to quiet down sensibly.

The old man's eyes scanned the place as he tried to hide a deep sense of contempt. 'How stupid these people are!' he thought. Zen's power of thunder and lightning was indeed very weak, but it was incomparably pure. It also seemed to contain very strong power of Thunder Law.

"Warriors! Don't forget that I have the final say! If I say he passes, he does. If you can perform the same way, then do it!" said the old man in a frigid voice, not bothering to give any explanation. He then turned to Zen, and asked with a pleasant smile on his face, "What's your name, young one?"

"Zen Luo," Zen answered in his usual deadpan voice.

"Zen Luo," the old man repeated the name, wrote it down on a nameplate with his brush, and handed it to him.

Zen didn't stay any longer. He had signed up and could attend the pre-qualifying match. Taking the nameplate, he took his leave.

As soon as he left, a bunch of warriors rushed up to the old man and gave away their hard-earned supreme crystals. They thought the World Commercial Alliance had either done something to the magnetic stone or that the stone itself had just behaved wrongly.

Some smart warriors believed the stone had gone wrong, because the World Commercial Alliance wouldn't pull off frauds in such a flagrant way. It seemed completely unnecessary for the alliance to change the color of the magnetic stone. What benefit could they have out of it?

The old man hadn't even imagined that the income at the registration table would soar so highly after Zen's passing of the examination.

More and more warriors lined to sign up, presenting their supreme crystals willingly, hoping they could pass the examination too.

Before Zen passed the test, they were all hesitating as they weren't confident in their own strength and abilities. Without confidence, how could they pass? The truth was most of them didn't pass.

The old man, however, went wild with joy! As the elder of the World Commercial Alliance, he was upset to have been appointed to be in charge of the registration. But now, he felt like thanking Zen for the sudden increase in his income due to the supreme crystals that came his way.

After his successful registration, Zen traveled through Oracle City, and soon found the place where the pre-qualifying match was to be held.

It was a gigantic, distinct palace with walls inlaid in gold and jade, denoting the powerful financial resources of the World Commercial Alliance.

About 400 warriors were standing in small groups in the hall.

The pre-qualifying match had been going on for 10 days. All of them knew well about the forthcoming examination. Clearly, they were soon to compete against one another. They had proved their strength by passing the test of the magnetic stone, and couldn't let down their guard in front of other powerful competitors.

Zen arrived at the gate and showed his nameplate to the guard, who in turn gave him a peculiar look but then let him in.

He attracted the attention of most warriors as soon as he entered the hall. Their eyes zeroed in on him in surprise.

The warrior named Owen was also among the crowd. He too stared at Zen, scanning him from top to bottom before he heard people mumbling about how he had succeeded although he was only at the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Owen was one of the few warriors who had passed the examination at the consummation of the Illuminating Soul Realm. That itself was enough to fill him with pride. Most of his peers couldn't change the color of the magnetic stone even slightly, while he did it dexterously. He turned the color of the stone to scarlet red for a total of nine seconds.

He had also outshone many warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm.

That was why he couldn't even expect a warrior who was only at the third grade to pass the examination.

"Well, he's marvelous," Owen said coldly with his head down, smirking.

He only knew that Zen had changed the color of the magnetic stone, but not that he had done so for 5 minutes!

None of the other warriors of grades much higher than him had even reached near this duration.

Certainly, Owen wasn't the only one keen about Zen.

In this palace, even the weakest warriors had reached the consummation of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Most of them had reached the early-stage Internal Elixir Realm and a small group had reached the middle-stage Internal Elixir Realm.

These were some of the best independent warriors. They were all earth-level talents or higher. They had gotten what they had without using the resources of influential sects.

Two warriors at the middle-stage Internal Elixir Realm stood leaning against the wall, their eyes closed. Neither of them opened their eyes, but they had sensed the unusual restlessness in the hall.

One whispered to the other, "Don't you find it strange that this fellow is only at the third grade of Illuminating Soul Realm and still qualified?"

The other warrior opened his eyes, looked around lazily, spotted Zen and then closed his eyes indifferently. "Yeah, he is at the third grade. But it seems like he has some special gifts. Maybe he just understands some laws deeply."

"Do you want to play tricks on him after the match starts?"

Contrary to the other warrior, this one showed a keen interest in Zen.

"Meh... Don't bore me. Our goal is the main draw match. Don't cause any trouble," the other one replied, still not bothered.

In the face of all these warriors that were obviously talking about him, Zen stood with a calm face. He was as normal as he was before he passed the examination. He was a warrior. Occasionally, he suffered from violent mood swings, which was when his will of martial arts shook a bit. But when he was determined to achieve his goal, he would always stick to it no matter how difficult it was.

And now, to kill Marilyn, which he was determined to do, he needed to pass the pre-qualifying match.

Chapter 685 A Special Magic Array

Soft footsteps echoed as Zen entered the palace. A white-faced refiner immediately appeared in front of him and insolently eyed him from head to toe, his arms crossed against his chest.

"Wow, the third rank of the Illuminating Soul Realm! I'm curious as to how you have signed up for this," the white-faced man said. He grinned toothily at Zen, but Zen just glanced at him.

Based on his life vitality's fluctuation level, Zen gauged that he had just entered the Internal Elixir Realm.

"Get out of my way," Zen said coldly.

He was here to take the pre-qualifying match and not to stir up trouble. Plus, this was the World Commercial Alliance's place, so the Alliance wouldn't just stand by and do nothing if a fight ensued.

"Tsk tsk," the white-faced refiner shook his head. "So much pride, so little talent. Tell me, how did you pass the test of the magnetic stone?"

Zen frowned a little, and his eyes looked defeated. It seemed that wherever he went, he always came across some people who wanted to make things hard for him. He thought for a second, then he smirked, "You really want to know?"

"I said I'm curious, didn't I? Have you got no ears?" the refiner said. He cocked one eyebrow as he waited impatiently for Zen's answer.

"Curious or not, it's none of your business. How I passed the test of the magnetic stone is no concern of yours," Zen calmly answered him and stressed each syllable of his words.

Laughter erupted from the refiners around them. It was amusing to see a refiner at the Internal Elixir Realm get mocked by a refiner at the

Illuminating Soul Realm.

Of course, the white-faced refiner didn't think that it was amusing at all. Being laughed at brought a rather odd-looking flush to his sickly pale face.

"You…" he said with gritted teeth. He positioned himself into an offensive stance, ready to pounce on Zen.

However, Zen just stared at him without even a hint of unease. He was motionless as a crocodile that lurked in a deep pond.

In the Upper World, Zen had not only learned the nine Original Laws, his soul had also entered the Fighting Soul Realm. On top of that, he had ingested a drop of Genuine Dragon blood essence, and ten drops of Genuine Dragon blood in the Dragon Lineage Human's refining sanctum in the last two months. After that, his refining level skyrocketed and his body became much stronger.

Now, he was already at the third level of Malicious Wheel of Life and Death, a tier 5 cultivation method.

When Zen had reached the first level of skill, he had easily defeated Frank. He was still a nature creature at that time. Now that Zen had stepped into the third rank of Illuminating Soul Realm, his strength improved greatly and manifested itself at the Dragon Soar Arena. Moreover, he had also fought with Mason from the Bloodwood Cliff. With his knowledge of the Space Law, he had seriously injured Mason with just one blow.

It would be a good chance for Zen to get a general idea of his capabilities if the white-faced refiner tried to pick a fight.

Thus, Zen's face remained impassive, but every part of his body tensed up quickly and quietly. He was ready for any incoming attack from the white-faced refiner in no time.

Just as the white-faced refiner was about to launch an attack, a steward of the World Commercial Alliance walked towards them.

His face was dim as he warned, "Whoever fights here will be banned from the pre-qualifying match and expelled from Oracle City!"

The white-faced refiner's expression changed instantly at the steward's words. He already had the chance to enter the pre-qualifying match, and he clearly didn't want to lose it and get expelled. All he could do now was to hold back his anger.

"Just wait and see!" he said through gritted teeth and pointed a finger at Zen's face. "I will make you suffer in the pre-qualifying match!"

"I hope so," Zen answered icily.

Whether it was the pre-qualifying match or the main draw match, Zen would face them in his best condition. That was why he didn't restrain himself at all. He adjusted his fighting spirit to its best.

All the other refiners were surprised when Zen didn't flinch at all and answered quite confidently. This refiner was only at the third rank of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Did he really think he could win the fight against a refiner who had just entered the Internal Elixir Realm? Or, did he have some trump cards up his sleeve?

The Central Region was a huge and densely populated place, with billions of refiners that lived in it. 'There are all kinds of fish in the sea, ' as the old saying went. It was no surprise if refiners with special talents turned up, considering the number of refiners who lived in the region.

However, only a few people thought so. Most of the refiners still didn't think much of Zen. In their eyes, Zen was just a green boy at the Illuminating Soul Realm, and his arrogance would just lead him to an early grave. It was impossible for him to pass the pre-qualifying match, and face the white-faced refiner after. He was simply putting a rope around his own neck.

At that moment, a middle-aged refiner in a brown overcoat went in front of the palace. Everyone knew that the pre-qualifying match was about to start, so Zen was no longer the center of attention.

"Thank you for coming all this way to attend the Martial Arts Contest. It is a great honor for us, the World Commercial Alliance, to hold the contest and have everyone here," The middle-aged refiner said in a booming voice.

As expected from a commercial organization, the World Commercial Alliance was good at rhetoric throughout the Martial Arts Contest. It was why it had won over many outstanding refiners, among which were independent refiners who were even just as good as some leaders of the fourth-grade sects.

"Congratulations on your successful registration! Now it's time for the pre-qualifying match. After this, three people will be selected to enter the main draw match," the middle-aged refiner announced.

"Only three places for the main draw match? This is going to be very tricky..."

"Three out of several hundred people. A long shot for everyone."

"Ha, I will be one of the three people!"

When everyone heard that only three people would get into the main draw match, they began to chatter all at once. Their discussion gave away their mindsets and warrior spirits. It also separated the lions from the sheep.

Some refiners were worried about how they hardly stood out, and some were confident about winning. Others silently calculated their chances.

All their expressions varied from being expectant, cautious, prudent, and anxious.

If anyone noticed Zen's face at that moment, they would find that his eyes were ignited by the persistent belief of winning.

The pre-qualifying match was held every day before the main draw match started. It meant that each day, three people were selected for the main draw match.

If Zen couldn't get to first place in the pre-qualifying match, he might as well quit the main draw match. After all, his goal was to kill Marilyn Si. Marilyn was already in the middle of the Internal Elixir Realm. She also had the Purple Power Body like Yan, and had been cultivated by Eddie. It wasn't hard to figure out how dangerous this enemy would be.

So, this was just the first step.

"And here are the rules of the pre-qualifying match…" The middle-aged refiner began to talk about the rules of the pre-qualifying match in a clear, loud voice. The four hundred refiners in the area also quieted down and listened carefully to the rules.

There was a 'match' in the pre-qualifying match--but instead of simply being a match, it was also a test. To be more precise, it was an enormous magic array the World Commercial Alliance set up.

This magic array could top all the other arrays that Zen had ever seen. The one he had seen in the Cloud Sect was like a kid's toy compared to this magic array.

The middle-aged refiner spent half of his time elaborating on the rules, then took a step aside. Then, he uncovered the curtain that hung over the palace wall with a single wave.

"Now that you all know the rules, it's time to get into the magic array!"

The middle-aged refiner added with a smile, "Good luck to you all!"

Behind the curtain was a big black shadow, which was the entrance of this huge magic array. The participants of the pre-qualifying match formed a line in front of the entrance and disappeared into it one by one.

Zen was the last to arrive, so he was the last in line. The middle-aged refiner had seen Zen before he entered and was surprised at his refining level. However, he smiled at Zen and said, "Good luck to you."

"Thank you," Zen said calmly, then entered the magic array.

The middle-aged refiner rubbed the bridge of his nose. It was incredible. The pre-qualifying match was held for several days. Even refiners at the peak of the Illuminating Soul Realm were rare in the pre-qualifying match, but here was a refiner at the third rank of the Illuminating Soul Realm. However, the middle-aged refiner sensed Zen's confidence! Did he really think that he could get into the main draw match?

After Zen entered the magic array, he found himself in the middle of a vast white space. Little by little, the outline of the surrounding scenery revealed itself.

On the lush grassland was a pagoda, which was as tall as three people. Two words which read "Zen Luo" were inscribed on it. An archer with a long bow stood on the pagoda.

"What an interesting magic array!" Zen said as a smile crossed his face.

Chapter 686 Defending The Pagoda

According to the rules that the middle-aged man narrated, the pre-qualifying test consisted of two stages.

At the first stage, the contestants would need to defend their pagodas. Their performances would determine how many points they got. The pre-qualifying test was all about the points. Only the top three contestants, who got the most points of the lot, would qualify to enter the main draw match.

Zen's points were on display on one side of his pagoda. It said zero at the moment. A crystal ball, recording the times the pagoda had been attacked, was set up on top of it.

A resounding toll came from the sky as Zen observed the situation.

As the sound trailed off, a thick line of black dots appeared at the end of the grassland.

"There they come!"

Zen's eyes glittered. His gaze focused on the black dots. Spiders with three eyes on their heads marched at him. Dim light shone from their eyes. Individually, these three-eyed spiders were not dangerous, but when they showed up together in numbers, they could be perilous.

As per the rules, they were to attack Zen and his pagoda. The pagoda would get destroyed if attacked more than twenty times, which in turn would mean that Zen got knocked out of the contest.

Zen had to kill as many spiders as possible and keep them away from the pagoda if he wanted to be in the running at all.

When they closed in on him and came within a certain range, the bowman on his pagoda drew an arrow and launched it.

The shaft went hissing through a three-eyed spider and sent it collapsing on the ground.

The pagoda in itself had counterattacking capacity. Each time a shaft flew from its top, a three-eyed spider was killed. The bowman was as quick as a snake. The arrow seemed to kill its prey wherever he sent it.

However, despite the bowman's accuracy, he could only kill one spider at a time. Too many three-eyed spiders swarmed towards the pagoda. It looked like a sea of spiders was about to flood the arena. The bowman wouldn't be able to defend the pagoda all alone by himself. Zen had to contribute in the fight.

"Kill!"

Zen charged at the spiders at the right time.

The creatures were not tough to deal with, but because there were at least a thousand of them, Zen and the bowman needed to kill them as swiftly as they could. Otherwise, Zen would fail at this stage, even in the case that tens of the three-eyed spiders managed to pass and attack the pagoda.

With a single swing of his sword, more than a dozen spiders were hacked to pieces, turning into spots of light of different hues and colors, then vanishing into nothingness.

Zen swerved his sword and leaped here and there. Wherever his sword went, the spiders got chopped up and disappeared. Together with the archer, whose help was undeniable, soon Zen took out most of the three-eyed spiders.

The first round of attack wasn't so difficult, so he decided not to use his more destructive moves. He was not the quickest in this match, but that was fine. The number of the remaining three-eyed spiders was dwindling fast. Zen angled his body and charged again, slashing at any spider coming into his view. Since the pagoda could take twenty attacks at most, a smallest mistake on his part could be disastrous.

Just as Zen had assumed, compared to the other contestants in this magic array, he was rather slow at his task.

Standing at the top of his pagoda, Owen looked at the sea of three-eyed spiders and drew his machete from over his shoulder. Cyan gales spiraled around him. He waved his arm at the spiders and shouted, "Blade Storm!"

Centering around him, the gales spread out in all directions and turned into half-moon shaped blades, cutting the spiders to pieces on their way.

The pale-faced man, who had provoked Zen just a moment ago, was now swaying like a phantom. It was not until the three-eyed spiders were about thirty meters away from the pagoda that he roared with a gloomy smile, "Ultimate Phantom Hand!"

Countless phantom hands emerged from his body as he shook it. Each of them dashed toward a three-eyed spider, clutched it, and smashed it to smithereens until it turned to a speck of light and vanished.

In the palace outside of the magic array, three elders looked on. With them was the middle-aged man who had explained the rules to the contestants.

One of the elders was Michael, the head of a branch of World Commercial Alliance. He had met Zen once before.

This Martial Arts Contest was the grandest event of World Commercial Alliance. Michael himself had been sent over from Cloudy City to supervise the event.

"The four hundred contestants being examined today seem stronger than those from yesterday. The first contestant to finish the task used up only nine seconds or so. Even the slowest one used a mere five minutes," the middle-aged man said. The large Picture Slab before him caught his eyes.

Almost as huge as a wall of the palace, it not only displayed what was happening inside the magic array, but also recorded how many times each pagoda had been attacked. In the first round, all the contestants had defended their pagodas well. None of the pagodas was attacked by the spiders, so the original number, "20", beside each contestant's name remained unchanged on the Picture Slab.

Michael nodded. "Indeed. It seems the competition is quite fierce today." His eyes shifted to the contestants who were the slowest to kill the three-eyed spiders. When he saw Zen's name on the Picture Slab, his eyebrows raised in two arcs. "Show me the images of this person," he said to the middle-aged man.

The latter wondered why Michael was interested in the teenager named Zen. Operating on the Picture Slab, he remarked, "This boy is strange. His strength is only at the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm, but to everyone's surprise, he managed to pass the entrance examination. However, he doesn't stand out among the contestants. He was the last to finish the first task."

"It's him!"

As Michael saw Zen's face on the Picture Slab, his face broke into a delighted smile.

"'Him?' Who is he?" asked the middle-aged man.

Only the heads of the major sects and the senior leaders of World Commercial Alliance were aware that Zen had come back from the Dragon Soar Arena. The middle-aged man knew nothing of it.

"This young lad is the runic expert who performed the Perfect Brushwork. He's a member of Cloud Hall," Michael replied with a smile.

"The runic expert who can do Perfect Brushwork! And a member of Cloud Hall! This boy? Have you taken the boy for somebody else?" the middle-aged man asked and then his mouth twisted into a pout. Working for World Commercial Alliance, he knew how important a runic expert was. Moreover, he could do the Perfect Brushwork. 'If he really is who Michael says he is, why did he sign up for the Martial Arts Contest? Besides, as the peak of all fourth-tier sects, Cloud Hall holds a few places for the main draw match, so its disciples don't have to compete against the third-tier sects and independent warriors to pass the pre-qualifying test and enter the main draw match. In addition, runic experts ordinarily don't even know how to fight, so why is he here?' Doubts flew to the middle-aged man's mind one after another.

"I know him. It is him," Michael confirmed. "Alas, I don't know why he took part in the Martial Arts Contest either."

"No wonder he was so slow in the first round. It took him five minutes to exterminate the spiders. I'm afraid he won't make it to the fifth round after all."

"The fifth?" Michael shook his head and smiled. "He is supposed to make it to the tenth round."

Another elder grinned at this. "Elder Mo, I think you think too highly of this young man. The seventh round is the beast attack. I assume the boy will only make it to the sixth or seventh round at most. He's likely to fail in the sixth round."

The elders knew the magic array like the back of their hands. It wasn't easy to defend the pagoda. As the levels progressed, the beasts too successively got stronger. The first rounds were relatively easy, but after the fifth round, every task got at least twice as difficult as the last one.

Although the elders disagreed with each other about which stage Zen was likely to fail at, they all agreed that he wouldn't pass the examination.

After all, it was common knowledge that runic experts weren't strong. And Zen was only at the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

About a dozen martial arts practitioners, who were at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, had passed the entrance exam already. This time, all the contestants who had passed the pre-qualifying test and who also ranked among the top three were at high grades of the Internal Elixir Realm.

So much weaker than them, how could Zen pass?

Chapter 687 Reinforcing The Pagoda

The members of the World Commercial Alliance didn't underestimate Zen. After all, this magic array wasn't designed for the warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm like Zen, nor for those who already reached the peak of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

In fact, the massive magic array was particularly designed for the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm. There weren't many warriors at the peak of the Illuminating Soul Realm that were permitted to enter it. However, they were able to make it to the sixth or seventh wave of attacks before their pagodas were destroyed.

"Let's see. Anyway, it's amazing that a runic expert could pass the registration examination by simply changing the color of the magnetic stone," Michael said with surprise, shaking his head. Although he admired Zen's rune accomplishments, the magic array hadn't tested the rune level. However, it did test the strength of the warriors.

"Actually, I'm also curious about how this guy passed the registration examination," said the middle-aged warrior with a smile.

Zen's cultivation was far too low to be noticeable. He was a warrior at the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm and attracted the gaze of other warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm.

The middle-aged warrior continued, "I have already sent someone to ask Xiao to bring the records of the examination today. I don't even know whether he's on his way here."

While they were talking, an old man arrived. The man standing at the gate was Xiao, whom the middle-aged warrior had mentioned before. He was exactly the examiner with the moustache, who was in charge of the registration.

Michael greeted Xiao with a broad smile on his face, "Hello, Xiao. You've arrived at the perfect moment, as we were just talking about you."

Xiao nodded. His eyes had already shifted to the huge Picture Slab. He then asked, "What's the result of the warrior, Zen Luo, in the magic array?"

What he said confused Michael and the middle-aged warrior a lot. Michael asked, "Why do you want to know his result?"

With a smile, Xiao shook his head without saying anything at all. He then narrowed his eyes on the Picture Slab, where Zen's picture was displayed vividly, next to all of his personal information.

"He is the 392nd to pass the first wave?" A look of surprise graced Xiao's face. "What a low result," he muttered.

Zen's result was beyond his expectation. He thought that Zen had the potential to do much better than that.

Seeing Xiao's surprised expression, Michael and the middle-aged warrior grew even more confused. Michael said, "What's wrong? This result is quite normal. He is just a runic expert at the third grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm…"

"A runic expert? Are you serious?" Xiao shrieked while interrupting Michael.

Michael continued with a smile, "Oh, you're so forgetful. Don't you remember? I got this news from Cloudy City. A promising runic expert emerged in the Cloud Hall over there. He has performed Perfect Brushwork and has the potential to become a remarkable runic expert one day."

Xiao screamed in disbelief, "Oh, good lord!"

"What?" Michael asked impatiently. 'What's up with Xiao today? He seems different, ' Michael thought.

Xiao threw a list over to Michael, "Have a look."

Michael stared at Xiao with confusion on his face and then proceeded to open the list. He discovered that Zen Luo was the first name on the list.

It was the list of results of the registration examination. Generally speaking, the one with the highest score ranked first. When Michael saw that Zen was the first, he grew even more curious. He then moved his eyes and saw Zen's result, which was 5 minutes!

"Heh…" Michael had a really bad cough. "What... 5 minutes? Xiao, did you make a mistake?"

What was the magnetic stone?

Excavated from a magnetic mountain, located in the depths of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, it seemed very strange. It was not gold or iron and nothing could destroy it. It couldn't be refined or used for weapon refining either.

After the World Commercial Alliance received it, they studied it for decades. However, none of the refiners in the Central Region knew what it was supposed to be used for. Finally, they found that it could perceive certain Law Power, which was why they made use of it as a stone for testing.

Michael tried that magical stone once. Even he was only able to change its color for a period of thirty seconds. Moreover, he saw personally that Hobbes, one of the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance, beat the stone with his sophisticated Fire Palm. However, he could only change the color for a period of one minute.

Michael began to doubt whether Xiao was playing tricks.

Xiao looked him straight in the eyes. "Michael, what do you mean by that? Is it necessary for me to play tricks? Zen Luo has nothing to do with me!"

Xiao and Michael were the elders of the World Commercial Alliance, but Michael was the leader of the branch, which meant that his status was a little higher than Xiao's. Xiao worked at the headquarters. Even though he was marginalized in recent years, he didn't need to care about Michael's feelings.

"Well…" Michael was somewhat embarrassed. He tried to diffuse the tension in the room with a smile, "Don't take it to heart. I'm just really struggling to believe it."

Xiao wasn't angry at all. If he hadn't seen what Zen did with his own eyes, he wouldn't believe it either. He only focused his eyes on the Picture Slab and said, "My goodness... I've never seen anything quite this strange. He didn't seem to have practiced the cultivation methods with Thunder concerned. Instead, he simply used the power of Thunder Law. I've never seen such a pure power of Thunder Law before."

Xiao couldn't figure out the reason.

If a warrior was proficient in the power of some kind of Original Law, he would certainly practice the cultivation method concerning that power. For example, Xiao was proficient in the power of Wind Law, which was why he practiced it, so that he could get the most out of it. It was something that all of the clever warriors did.

However, since Zen was so proficient in the Thunder Law, why didn't he practice its related cultivation methods?

What Xiao said shocked the elders of the World Commercial Alliance and the middle-aged warrior. If Zen really did that, he surely wasted God's gifts.

However, they were oblivious and didn't know that Zen was proficient in more than just the Thunder Law. As a matter of fact, he had grasped the power of nine kinds of Original Laws but only managed to use the power of the Thunder Law on the magnetic stone.

"Even so, it doesn't mean that he could pass the pre-qualifying match and get a place in the main draw match," said the middle-aged warrior, shaking his head.

Michael also maintained his own view, "Indeed. Even though he has already acquired a substantial amount of power of the Thunder Law, his cultivation is far too low."

Xiao touched his moustache and replied, "I think Zen Luo is qualified to enter the main draw match. Michael, let's make a bet."

Michael laughed. He didn't say anything. He obviously didn't accept the bet.

While they were talking, the second wave of attacks commenced in the magic array.

Zen was still studying the points beside his pagoda. He was surprised at the ingenuity of the magic array. After he killed the three-eyed spiders, he got a total of 1, 000 points.

He didn't count the number of spiders in the fight. It seemed that he had killed exactly 1, 000 spiders, resulting in one spider offering one point.

These points were the key to getting three places. Most importantly, they could even be used to reinforce the pagoda.

The middle-aged warrior had also mentioned this rule before. With waves of attacks, the beasts in the magic array would become so strong that warriors wouldn't be able to kill them by themselves. So, that was why they had to make the best use of their points. With the upgrading of the pagoda, its strength would improve and help the guardians.

"1, 000 points for reinforcement!"

Zen placed all his points into the pagoda without the slightest hesitation.

Instantly, his points recorded next to the pagoda returned to zero. At the same time, the pagoda was shrouded by a red light. Soon, the red light dissipated, allowing for a new pagoda to appear.

The reinforced pagoda had risen one meter in height. The edge of the pagoda was inlaid with a golden pattern, which made it even stronger.

Moreover, there was one more bowman on the pagoda, which meant that there were a total of two bowmen.

How much could this pagoda possibly be reinforced with more points?

While Zen was looking up at his pagoda, a bell rang out in the sky. The second wave of attack was about to begin.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 688 What Just Happened Here

Zen leaped to his feet and stood at the top of the pagoda. From where he was standing, he could see the horizons unfold before him. It was a breathtaking view to see.

However, when he turned his eyes to the end of the grassland, he saw something strange. As he looked carefully, he realized that it was a group of ogres running violently towards him. The ogres were wearing silver armor with one shoulder exposed. Each ogre was holding a spear in each hand. They marched towards Zen in formation.

"They plan to use spears to launch long attacks!" Zen was rather impressed than worried. He raised his brows, and then rushed towards his enemy without any hesitation.

The ogres ran surprisingly fast. If these ogres got any nearer to Zen's pagoda, they could just throw their spears simultaneously and destroy the pagoda. So, Zen was left with no choice but to launch an attack and kill them all before they could get any nearer.

"Zap…"

The two bowmen on the pagoda covered Zen and killed two ogres with their arrows.

Meanwhile, Zen rushed to the ogres and was about to launch an attack, but something unexpected happened.

The ogres roared at that time.

"Brouhaha!"

It was so loud that anyone within a mile radius could break their eardrums. After the roar, the ogres' eyes turned crimson red. Then, they raised their spears and started to attack Zen.

"What the heck? So, now they can attack on their own!"

Zen initially thought that the ogres were only after his pagoda, but it turned out that they were also after him. He wasn't prepared but quickly dodged them. He flashed through the rain of spears, brandishing his Blood Drinking Sword to return the favor.

The ogres were far stronger than the three-eyed spiders. They were also different in some ways. The three-eyed spiders only targeted Zen's pagoda and didn't launch a direct attack on him. The ogres, on the other hand, were actively attacking Zen while running at top speed.

Fortunately, the number of ogres was smaller than that of the three-eyed spiders.

"Charge!"

While he was avoiding the spears, he was swinging his sword at the ogres, cutting their throats. He could cut four ogres' throats with just one swing.

Zen could have killed these ogres instantly, but he chose not to. He had a new insight about the minimalist way when he practiced in the Upper World. It was a set of basic swordsmanship which he thought could still be further simplified.

Right now, Zen still didn't know the limits of minimalist ways. So, he had no idea how far the set of basic swordsmanship could be further simplified and what further changes could be made.

With his little understanding of the minimalist ways, he needed a lot of practice before he could make breakthroughs. So, he was forced to use the basic swordsmanship to kill these ogres although it was quite inefficient.

While he was on it, he suddenly realized something about the minimalist ways.

During the first stage of the pre-qualifying match, Zen had no intention to exert so much effort. Given that this was only the second wave of attack, there was no need for him to fight hard.

Zen didn't mind if he was taking too long to kill those ogres than any other practitioners. The ogres were scattered everywhere in the grassland. In the first stage, Zen had it easy because nothing gave him a problem.

"Kill!"

Zen had quite improved in handling ogres. When he first took the Blooded Test, he was chased all the way by an ogre and could do nothing about it. But now, he could kill these well-equipped ogres one after the other like getting in the wheat. Soon enough, he was able to kill almost all the ogres.

As soon as he killed all the ogres, he looked back with a surprised expression in his face. Unexpectedly, there were still two ogres left.

The two ogres with red eyes rushed towards the pagoda as they waved the spears in their hands.

They were fast and getting much closer to the pagoda.

"Shit!"

The pagoda could only endure twenty attacks before it collapsed. The two ogres had four spears and could attack at the same time, which meant that they could damage the pagoda four times in one shot.

This was only the second wave of attack from the magic array, so if the pagoda was attacked four times now, Zen might find it difficult to endure the next attack.

Zen was starting to get worried when suddenly, two sharp arrows pierced through the hearts of the ogres and they fell to the ground.

"That was close!"

Just now, Zen was somewhat careless. He was focused on perfecting his basic swordsmanship and had hoped to make new breakthroughs in a minimalist way. With that, he almost let the two ogres slip through the net.

Luckily, the two ogres were shot dead by the two bowmen on his pagoda. It was thanks to the upgrade he did on his pagoda from the last round that the pagoda remained intact.

Meanwhile, in the palace, Michael, Xiao, and the middle-aged warrior just shook their heads when they witnessed Zen's performance. They were quite disappointed but glad to see Zen holding up somehow.

"In the second wave of attack, the ogres weren't that strong. As you can see, none of the 400 warriors were attacked. However, Zen's pagoda got almost attacked by the two ogres. Luckily, he managed to stop that with the help of his two bowmen. I have to say that this may affect his performance," said Michael emotionlessly.

The middle-aged warrior echoed, "You're right. If he's having trouble dealing with the second wave, I am afraid he will not be able to handle the black turtles in the third wave. We all know that the defense of black turtles is well organized. If he can manage that, I bet the best he can make is the fourth wave."

Xiao was a bit more confused. He then said, "I know he has learned the power of the Thunder Law, but why didn't he use it? Why did he keep using his sword?"

Zen could have killed the ogres at an extremely fast speed without even using a trick. But compared with others, he was still slower. Others could kill all the ogres with one swing, while Zen chose to do it one by one.

This confused Xiao. He knew Zen could have defeated all these ogres faster than anyone else. But to his surprise, he didn't.

Zen didn't have an idea that the elders were watching him from the Picture Slab. But even if he knew, he couldn't care less.

Killing the ogres got Zen 3, 000 points and he once again used it all to reinforce the pagoda immediately.

In this magic array, one had a chance to be in the top three by grabbing other participants' points.

The ten attacks on the first stage would eliminate most of the candidates. By the second stage, the pagodas would play a very crucial role in fighting with other candidates, destroying their pagodas and grabbing their points.

Therefore, it was necessary to reinforce the pagoda before the second stage.

Zen reinforced the pagoda for the second time. A red light flashed, and the pagoda was reinforced once again. Then, golden patterns appeared on the surface of the pagoda. Suddenly, the number of the bowmen became three, and their bows and arrows also changed.

As he looked at the blackish green arrows, Zen still felt threatened.

"In no time, the pagoda will be formidable if I continue to reinforce it," Zen said to himself as he gasped in admiration.

Meanwhile, other warriors were also reinforcing their own pagodas. This would make the second stage extremely difficult. By then, he would have to be cautious with dealing with other participants because their pagodas would probably be reinforced to the maximum.

Soon, the third wave of attack in the magic array began. The black turtles started to appear from a distance. As Zen saw them, he became cautious now. He couldn't be careless this time like he was with the ogres. Besides, these black turtles were different from the ogres. They had the ability to defend themselves, so Zen could not use his basic swordsmanship on them.

Meanwhile, in the palace, Michael was no longer interested in Zen because of his previous performance. He immediately turned the Picture Slab to the most outstanding warrior he thought.

"Owen is indeed strong. In the first two rounds of attacks, he came out in front. He just reached the peak of the Illuminating Soul Realm, but he already surpasses most of the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm," said Michael, as Owen's image was shown on the Picture Slab.

"That's right. He's undeniably strong and very likely to get a place. If he succeeds, he will be the only warrior at the peak of the Illuminating Soul Realm to enter the main draw match," Xiao nodded.

"I think he can easily take care of those black turtles. The wind blade he condenses is very destructive. Black turtles won't be able to resist his attack," agreed the middle-aged warrior.

They could see that Owen was killing the black turtles in quite a fast speed. The shells of these black turtles were tough and hard. They could be used to make great defensive armor. Excellent weapon refiners could even turn the black turtle armor into fairy weapons.

The number of black turtles around Owen was starting to decrease. In a blink of an eye, almost half of black turtles were already killed. If he could keep this pace, Owen could get the first place in the third wave of attack. Michael's pride was about to burst, but when he accidentally glanced at the edge of the Picture Slab, he was stunned. He saw the progress of other participants and couldn't believe his eyes.

Zen's name was on it. Michael saw something surprising.

The Picture Slab showed that Zen had successfully withstood the third wave of attack.

"What just happened here?" Michael could hardly believe what he was seeing.

Xiao and the middle-aged warrior eyed each other, wondering what Michael meant.

Michael didn't say a word but just switched the Picture Slab to show Zen's images. When they looked at the Picture Slab, they didn't see anything special. But when they kept looking, they kept their emotions to themselves. They saw that Zen had already killed all the black turtles around him!

When the ogres almost got Zen, they had given up all hopes for him. So, they switched to Owen and watched his progress. However, unexpectedly, Zen had killed all the black turtles.

Owen's speed of killing black turtles was still the fastest, but Zen had finished. Surprisingly, Zen was twice faster than Owen. They didn't expect this because of his previous performance.

Michael and others just realized that they had missed something wonderful.

"Take a look! What's that?" the middle-aged warrior said as he pointed at something besides Zen.

Beside Zen, there was a stunning girl tiptoeing on the ground and holding a huge sword. It was 30 feet long.

Michael didn't expect this to happen. He was rooting for Owen moments ago, but then Zen outperformed Owen. A bitter smile crossed his face. He said prudently, "I take back everything I have said. Zen is an unpredictable warrior. His talent isn't limited in drawing runes. We can't just regard him as a runic expert. The girl beside him is a sword spirit, and this sword spirit has a human figure!"

Chapter 689 Shooting Like A Comet

Since passing the Cloud Road challenge, Zen hadn't used his sword spirit.

Seeing a fully formed sword spirit was unusual, and only a few possessed one, even amongst martial artists at the Internal Elixir Realm, but, Zen's sword spirit was already fully formed.

Zen knew next to nothing about his sword spirit.

Typically, after someone went to the Killing Sword Mountain, he'd get a large amount of unformed sword spirit. After that, the warrior had the challenge of forming the mass.

What Zen achieved, when he molded his sword spirit in one sitting was an unprecedented feat that happened because of the Demon Night. The sword spirit formed after Zen defeated the young girl from the Demon Night, without him having time even to meditate before the sword spirit took the shape of the girl from Demon Night.

Unsure of the reason, Zen had asked the cyan dragon about the sword spirit, but all the cyan dragon could tell him was that the Demon Night was mighty enough to command a divine realm, which meant the race wasn't inferior to the Genuine Dragon. And the secrets of the powerful Demon Night were unknown by any other.

At the moment, Zen couldn't deduce the mystery.

Up until now, Zen hadn't seen Lily's true power, but since their encounter with the giant sword of the Blood Fiend Emperor, her power grew rapidly.

As the black turtles charged at them, Zen gave Lily a command and watched motionlessly. Lily looked like a ribbon of red crimson silk streaking as she darted at the turtles with the massive sword of the Blood Fiend Emperor slung over her shoulder effortlessly.

Each turtle was one hundred feet long, and the four-foot thick shell made each turtle a challenge for Zen to slay. Being that thick shelled made the black turtles hardy. Though they moved quite slowly, it was still a big challenge to kill them before they were close to the pagoda.

Whereas, quite the contrary, Lily sliced through the sluggish beasts as easily as hacking into watermelon. The thick shell was nothing more than a piece of paper under the might of the sword of the Blood Fiend Emperor. Lily's lithe form gracefully flexed as she swung the colossal, sharp sword, and slaughtered every turtle in short order.

After completing the task she was ordered to do, Lily stood expressionlessly and still, looking like a gorgeous, carved puppet.

As he sat quietly on the pagoda, Zen issued a command mentally. In response to Zen's summons, Lily instantly turned into a red shadow and returned to the pagoda.

Confused, the middle-aged martial artist's eyes widened as he stared at Lily's slender figure, and said, "Zen's sword spirit is extraordinary!!"

"Extraordinary? How so?" Although Xiao and Michael were at the Virtual Tribulation Realm and were both quite powerful, more powerful than the middle-aged martial artist, they didn't know more than it was a sword spirit, since neither of them wielded a sword.

The middle-aged martial artist reached into his space ring and pulled out a long, high-level fairy-weapon sword, and gently swung it. A slightly taller, resolute-looking figure, dressed entirely in black appeared next to him holding two swords, one ebony, and the other white.

"This is my sword spirit. The difference between Zen's and mine is obvious, I assume," stated the elder in a bored tone as he gestured in the direction of the slender sword spirit.

Looking the piece up and down, Michael sized it up and after a moment nodded, "Truly it is quite different from yours!"

Smirking, the middle-aged martial artist asked, "How does mine differ?"

"Well, yours is very ugly!" said Michael.

"Uh..." The response left the middle-aged man dumbfounded momentarily.

Xiao chuckled and stated, "Michael is right about how hideous your sword spirit is!"

Truly, it was quite an ugly sword spirit. There wasn't even a distinct line between the eyes or nose. All they could tell was that it was shaped like a man. The middle-aged martial artist was both frustrated and amused at what he was told, "Yes, it's ugly. But, that's not the point I was trying to make."

The formation of a sword spirit was a lengthy process, during which the sword spirit was influenced by its owner, and a sword spirit respectively had its figure at the end of the process. It took more than forty years for the middle-aged martial artist to form the one he showed them.

Aside from the fact that it was nearly impossible for Zen to have formed a sword spirit at such a young age, albeit, there were always a few exceptionally gifted who could. But, Zen's sword spirit was nearly identical to a real, living, breathing woman!

Zen's sword spirit, resembled a woman so closely that from her temperament and appearance, right down to the strands of hair, she could pass for a human woman! A sword spirit like this would need hundreds, maybe thousands of years before looking flawless like Lily.

It took a while for the middle-aged martial artist to explain to Xiao and Michael.

Since the middle-aged man was one of the best swordsmen in Central Region and had devoted himself to swordsmanship over dozens of years, he would know about sword spirits. Add to it, his sword intent was at the consummation level, which gave him an insight into sword spirits that most people could never comprehend.

Previously, Zen showed Lily to Rocher, Kenneth and Letitia. Rocher was in Eastern Region when Zen showed her off, and it was impossible for him to know anything because he didn't have a sword spirit then, or now.

As for Kenneth and Letitia, they weren't swordsmen, therefore, they couldn't pick out subtle differences.

But, that wasn't the case for the middle-aged martial artist. Hence, compared to Michael and Xiao, he was far more surprised when he saw the sword spirit, Lily.

"Hundreds or thousands of years? Is that even plausible?" asked Michael, a shocked expression on his face.

The middle-aged martial artist nodded and calmly stated, "I'm pretty sure that it would take hundreds, possibly thousands of years to form a sword spirit like this!"

Xiao sighed, rolled his eyes and softly added, "Cole, don't talk in such absolutes... Who had the confidence to say Eddie would be the most powerful martial artist in Central Region years ago? And look at him now, he's not even forty years old now!"

At the mention of Eddie, they all fell silent.

Among the independent martial artists in the Central Region, Eddie, the Evil East Lord, was considered nearly a freak!

In the Central Region there were martial artists who were backed by a sect, and there were others, out on their own known as independent martial artists. Men who joined a sect were usually more powerful than independent martial artists. Sects had a large variety of resources enabling them to train disciples more effectively which meant there were always many powerful martial artists in the sects.

However, independent martial artists were not a negligible force in the Central Region because of their tremendous numbers. At least six out of ten were not in a sect. Compared to the disciples from sects, the independent martial artists were no match to them.

But, they had greater numbers. There were several super talents among the millions of independent martial artists! Though the independent martial artists weren't protected or trained by a sect, they were usually more powerful and famous than those with a sect backing them.

Independent martial artists, like the Venerable Starry, became famous over time and their strength was no less than that of the leaders of the sects.

They were elders who had already made a name during hundreds of years. But, Eddie was different.

His reputation rose, shooting like a comet through the heavens and he became the most powerful man in the Central Region! Even the World Commercial Alliance, Ethereal Spirit Sect, Cloud Hall and the other grade four sects didn't dare offend him because he was the mightiest man in all of the Central Region.

Allegedly, Eddie had demanded the head of the Cloud Hall to give him a female martial artist that possessed a Purple Power body. Cloud Hall had no choice but to obey.

It was unusual for men as powerful as him to not be ambitious. There was word on the street that Eddie's goal was to unite all of the Central Region and found an eternal kingdom!

If he achieved his goal, the World Commercial Alliance and Ethereal Spirit Sect would be the first to fall!

Given their long life spans, it was highly plausible that powerful men such as Xiao and Michael would witness the storm that would ensue when Eddie accomplished his goals. No one could be sure how the World Commercial Alliance would end.

At the mere mention of Eddie's name, everyone fell silent, as they felt the dark cloud descending on the World Commercial Alliance. As a matter of fact, Eddie was trouble for the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the sole fifth grade sect, too!

"Xiao, you mean to say that Zen will rise up like Eddie did?" questioned Michael.

Xiao shook his head thoughtfully and said, "I cannot say if that will happen. There are hundreds of thousands of martial artists with the ability to become someone like Eddie. Although Zen is more powerful compared to his peers and he is remarkably talented, it'd be virtually impossible for him to be as mighty as Eddie. But, still, he's far more likely to become that mighty than his peers!"

Michael laughed nervously and added, "Even if that's true, the World Commercial Alliance cannot use any help from him. Though he is here for the pre-qualifying match, he is a disciple from Cloud Hall, not the World Commercial Alliance. However, he's still someone who likely won't fail to garner our favor."

Chapter 690 Cheating (Part One)

Just as these people were discussing Zen and the current situation of the test, the middle-aged cultivator glanced at the Picture Slab and remarked, "Now we enter the fourth round of attack."

Upon hearing the announcement, Michael and Xiao immediately shifted their gaze at the Picture Slab.

During the third round of defense, it was quite astonishing how Zen managed to climb into the leaderboards and take the lead in killing black turtles. At the same time, Michael, along with everyone else, was checking how Owen was doing, a cultivator at the consummation of Illuminating Soul Realm, thus missing the scene of Lily, the sword spirit, killing black turtles.

Taking what the middle-aged cultivator said into consideration, Michael and Xiao were burning with curiosity. They could easily tell at a glance that Zen's sword spirit was peculiar. But why? What had made it so special?

In their minds, they only thought that Zen's sword spirit was too beautiful to be true. With a set of elongated ears, it appeared as if the sword spirit was somewhat inhuman. No one had any clue as to which race it could be classified into because it had been gifted with such a flawless physique and quality.

The attacks in the magic array were steadily becoming much, much more vicious.

Not a single one of the cultivators had been defeated in the span of the first round of battle against the spiders with three eyes as well as the second round of battle with the ogres holding spears, and there wasn't even a single pagoda that got destroyed as well.

But the moment the third round of attack arrived, seven of the cultivators' pagodas had already gotten damaged by the black turtles. And the state of affairs just got worse as one by one, the competitors were getting eliminated. Only a few of them would survive during the fourth round of attack.

When the bell started tolling, Zen heard a shrieking noise coming from above him and looked up to check what was happening.

"What is that? Does that mean the fourth round of attack is going to come from up above?"

Without a warning, a dark cloud full of creatures swarmed toward Zen from the sky.

Not until the dark cloud was already floating right in front of Zen's face was he able to realize that it was actually a large group of crow zombies.

These crow zombies consumed carcasses for sustenance, causing their beaks to get covered with toxic ptomaine at all times. Even the bladder located under their beaks stood the test of time, eventually adapting and evolving to store toxins. Crow zombies had been notable for their quick attacks and for being unforgiving creatures. If you finished off one of their kind, the rest would definitely come for revenge to besiege the enemy. They were the creatures whom cultivators greatly despised.

"These fearsome crow zombies are flying all over the place, moving much swifter than the armed ogres ever did! I guess it would be safe to say only a handful would be able to make it through this round!"

The instant the archers protecting Zen's tower unleashed a flurry of their arrows, Zen, along with his sword spirit, Lily, hightailed toward the sky straight away.

"I'm gonna put an end to every single one of you!"

Zen was surrounded by his consummate sword intent, slashing right through all of the crow zombies which were three meters away from him in all directions with ease, basically turning them all into mincemeat. The man went berserk through the lot, and every move he made, the lifeless bodies of crow zombies went down one by one like rain drops. Before they could even make it to the ground, all of the bodies transformed into blinding specks of light.

For this assault phase, Zen exhausted about half of his power, or else, he couldn't have possibly lasted that long.

These wretched crow zombies let out a series of grating caws.

They dove in with reckless abandon, spraying their reserves of toxin all over Zen while thronging him.

Zen had been completely enveloped by a shroud of dark green toxic gas.

If any other person were to inhale those toxins, they would most certainly fall dead on the spot. But it was quite a different case when it came to Zen. Possessing a body of spiritual weapon which was immune to the toxins, he was simply left completely unscathed.

Zen didn't even bat an eye even though he got surrounded by lethal fumes, much less Lily. She actually laid waste to more crow zombies than Zen did.

She gracefully soared through the skies much like a little fairy, and no one had a ghost of a chance of stopping her. Lily waved her great black sword, which moved so swiftly that it appeared as though it was a flower of death. Wherever the flower bloomed, pieces of crow zombie plummeted. This helped Zen's points displayed on the tower side to increase.

"Sixty seconds for the fourth round of attack to be fought off!" Zen reckoned how much time they had spent fighting and shifted his gaze into the distance, "That's..."

Zen flew over to finish off those crow zombies and looked even farther. The grassland, which had been constructed using magic array, was uneven and a bit bumpy.

Zen peered at a distance and made out the figure of one cultivator killing crow zombies in another grassland.

However, it looked like the man was having a hard time dealing with them. Those vile creatures flocked him from all sides and spewed out huge amounts of toxic gas, causing the pitiful man to keel over out of fear.

Zen examined the state of his own tower. Given that he had already cleared out the group of crow zombies which had been roaming around it, he was positive that the tower wouldn't be in any real danger, at least until the next round of attack arrived.

The rules stated that the more crow zombies you defeated, the more points you were going to receive. But did it say anything regarding killing off the other participants' crow zombies?

Zen giggled in excitement and hurriedly moved over to another area.

Chapter 691 Cheating (Part Two)

Realizing what Zen must've been planning, Michael, Xiao, and the middle-aged man were at such a loss for words.

"That guy right there... What is he thinking?" Michael then turned to look at the Picture Slab.

With his mustache quivering, Xiao replied, "Isn't it obvious? He's going to do away with some other cultivator's crow zombies!"

Furrowing his eyebrows quite deeply, the middle-aged man remarked, "In spite of the fact that he successfully defended his tower and managed to clear out his crow zombies in a short period of time, there are still rules he has to follow. We are still just in the first step of the competition, and fights among cultivators should be included in the second step of the pre-qualifying test. He's not supposed be having a go at competing with another warrior, at least not until they have already survived the first ten rounds of attacks from various beasts! It's clear that he broke the rules we set!"

Shaking with laughter, the old man with the family name of Xiao retorted, "I don't really see it that way. Our rules don't necessarily go against his strategy. It wasn't specifically said that it can't be done"

"That may be true, he might not be going against the rules, but he's definitely cheating!" The middle-aged man, to all intents and purposes, wasn't fond of Zen's actions. Cultivators were supposed to protect their towers during the first step and then proceed to steal from others in the second. No one had ever dared to try to pull off a stunt like stealing others' beasts to kill at the beginning!

They were somewhat open to the idea of a person breaking the rule using Zen's strategy. However, in its entirety, no one had ever managed to kill all of the beasts assigned to them during the first step, let alone steal from other participants. After all, it wouldn't be a great idea to leave their own towers unprotected as someone could grab that window of opportunity to siege it.

It wouldn't be that hard to come up with such a strategy, as many warriors had really considered doing it. But no one actually put it into practice until now. It was just the first time someone managed to really pull it off.

Zen was the first guy, and currently the only one as well.

"That wouldn't necessarily count as cheating. Your rules have a few loopholes. And Zen just happened to be good at finding one and exploited it. You shouldn't be blaming him for anything at all. Has any other participant ever attempted to do something like that?" Xiao insisted, for he was actually somewhat burning with anticipation and wondering whether Zen would be able to make it through the pre-qualifying test and how far he could go during the main draw match.

"If you say so..." The middle-aged cultivator didn't bother arguing anymore because of the way Xiao saw things made enough sense. But he was just so anxious about what might happen if they didn't put an end to his antics soon.

The cultivator whose tower was located right next to Zen's was desperately trying to do all he could just to survive inside the blanket of toxic fumes.

The gas should be avoided at all costs. It didn't really matter how strong and powerful a cultivator might be, his skin would wear away instantly if the gas got in contact with it. Even though he wouldn't actually get hurt physically in the magic array, he would still risk losing the game.

It was like a gargantuan task for this cultivator to get away from the cloud of toxic gas and keep his tower safe at the same time as he was only at the Internal Elixir Realm.

While he was so engaged in trying to kill as many crow zombies as he could, the cultivator suddenly noticed a man approaching him at a moderate speed. The pitiful man seemed so lost.

"What's going on here? Are there also going to be attacks from other competitors aside from the beasts?"

The cultivator had been left dumbfounded for a moment there, but he immediately comprehended what was happening as he witnessed Zen going ahead and killing crow zombies. But Zen had come from the tower next to his.

The rule was made clear, you had to acquire as many points as possible to make it through the test of the magic array. Meaning to say, points were crucial to each of them!

In the span of the first ten rounds of attacks, all of the participants were tasked to protect his or her tower while annihilating those foul beasts. So, all the survivors basically had the opportunity to receive the same number of points at the end if they managed to clear their designated areas.

But at that time, Zen went over to another area with the intention of killing another warrior's beasts to get points. This made zero sense whatsoever in the eyes of this warrior.

Despite the fact that the cultivator was already having difficulties just from keeping up with the swarm of crow zombies, there was no way in hell he would want someone to take points which were supposed to be for him. The annoyed man cried out, "Go away."

He dashed toward Zen, trying to slash him.

"I just want to give you a helping hand..." Zen justified his reason for being there, wearing a cunning smile as he laid waste to the crow zombies as fast as he possibly could.

The cultivator yelled furiously, "Who said I needed help? Get away from my place! Who do you think you are? Are you trying to play God?"

Zen chuckled, totally unfazed by the angry man. What he needed to do was pass the pre-qualifying match. The swarm of crow zombies in front of him would give him even more points, which would surely earn him more advantages in the second stage. With that in mind, just how could anyone let such an awesome opportunity slip away?

Chapter 692 A Real Puzzle (Part One)

According to the rules, as explained by the middle-aged warrior, tasks in the first phase created for competitors, were only to guard their small pagodas. However, there was nothing in the rules that said they could not encroach on the territory of their competitors.

So, Zen crossed over to a territory nearby and killed crow zombies there, an act that exasperated the warrior guarding the area.

Angry, this warrior was not an easy man to handle. He wielded his huge saber and chased after Zen.

But Zen refused to be cut down by him! He moved as swift as a fish swimming in the water as he faced danger.

"Let's see how far you can go!" the warrior muttered. He pursued Zen until they reached a large cloud of corpse poison. The furious warrior believed that Zen would suffer a terrible fate the moment he encountered the corpse poison.

But to his utter shock, the bold fighter broke into the toxic fog without hesitation and went through it unharmed, then continued his killing spree of crow zombies.

"What the hell?" the warrior cried out as he witnessed what Zen had done. "Is this guy not afraid of corpse poison?" he said to himself.

Nothing distracted Zen from his goal and he continued killing crow zombies. He paid even less attention to the warrior.

The warrior was at his wit's end. Even if he caught up with Zen, there was still nothing he could do to stop him. As long as the fighter hid within the toxic fog, all he could do was stand by.

Just as he was busy annihilating crow zombies, Zen suddenly sensed another form of danger. He heard twanging sounds and saw three sharp arrows shot across the sky towards him.

He quickly realized these weapons came from the warrior's pagoda!

Adroitly, he dodged the arrows easily.

Fortunately, the competition was only at the fourth attack stage. So, the warriors could only upgrade their pagodas up to three times. Although the arrows shot by bowmen from the pagoda were sharp, they were not a threat to Zen.

The warrior who was annoyed with Zen took a deep breath. 'Forget it! I'd better get on with my business, ' he thought.

The man was resigned to the fact that he couldn't stop Zen from killing the crow zombies. As he pondered this, Zen went on with his killing spree.

Meanwhile, the warrior decided to accept his bad luck of encountering someone as strange as Zen. At the same time, he resolved to start killing as many crow zombies as possible to earn points rather than let Zen kill them all.

It was much faster for two people to kill the crow zombies together. The place was cleansed of the zombies not long after.

As he looked at the crow zombies flying towards the pagoda, Zen smiled at the warrior and said, "Those are for you!"

The words stirred something inside the warrior. He suddenly wanted to cry but could not afford to shed tears! What else could he do besides curse Zen? He only had himself to blame for not being strong enough, or even fast enough. 'This wouldn't have happened if I had killed all the crow zombies before that bastard invaded my territory.

But wait! How could he have been so fast? What is his cultivation base? The Illuminating Soul Realm? And he is at the third level?' he thought.

As the warrior rubbed his eyes, he wondered if he had misjudged Zen.

'He's only at the third level of Illuminating Soul Realm, yet he's much faster than me. How can that be? And when I chased him unexpectedly just now, I couldn't catch up with him.

My cultivation base is at the Internal Elixir Realm. How could this be?' he thought.

After taking note of Zen's cultivation base, the warrior suddenly felt as if he'd suffered a great blow and lost not only his strength but also his confidence. Fortunately, the bowmen from his pagoda shot the rest of the crow zombies.

After returning to his territory, Zen checked the points he had accumulated.

Usually, he would earn 10, 000 points for killing his flock of crow zombies. But now, his pagoda said he had 16, 000 points. That meant Zen killed at least sixty percent of the crow zombies of the neighboring territory.

There was no hesitation to put all the points into the pagoda again so that his pagoda started on its fourth upgrade.

The transformation of the pagoda happened when the red light disappeared. The pagoda was now thicker and several feet taller. There were four archers stationed at the top level of the pagoda, with their equipment upgraded. The color of longbows was now emerald, while the arrows glowed a dark green.

The points earned from killing the crow zombies from Zen's territory were sufficient to cover the cost of the fourth upgrade. Now he still had more than 6, 000 points left, acquired from destroying the crow zombies from the neighboring territory. As he pondered about this, Zen's eyes glowed. He thought the strategy was an excellent way to earn points.

Careful planning was necessary for the ten rounds of attacks at the first phase of the magic array test. Each upgrade of the pagoda was to cope with the succeeding attacks from more furious beasts. For example, the first upgrade was to ward off the second wave of beasts, while the second upgrade was intended to fight off the third wave of the beasts. It not only helped warriors fight better, but it also restrained the power of the pagoda to allow the warriors to exert their actual strength.

If Zen gained more points from the territory of other warriors, he could quickly upgrade his pagoda. And if he earned enough points, he could even upgrade his pagoda a fifth time to resist another level of attack.

"I should get as many points as possible from the territory of other warriors," Zen mumbled.

The sound of a tolling bell from the sky sounded again, indicating the fifth attack had begun.

At the same time, many black stone men appeared all over the grassland. It signaled the attack of the fifth wave of demon beasts in the magic array. The stone men, made of black basalt, were called basaltic men. They were mightier than the black turtles.

"Lily!" Zen summoned his sword spirit.

He came up with a bold idea to let Lily handle the basaltic men while he went to steal from the other warrior's territory.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 693 A Real Puzzle (Part Two)

On Zen's orders, Lily rushed towards a basaltic man and chopped its head with her thirty-foot long sword.

"Swish! Whack!"

A terrific sword with Lily the sword spirit was a match with astonishing power. There were only a few beasts in the Central Region that could ward off such fierce attack.

The basaltic man was cut in half by Lily. Everyone watched the two halves of its body as it fell to the ground.

There were about two hundred basaltic men in Zen's territory. Although they appeared indestructible, Lily managed to kill them all one at a time. And basaltic men were very slow, even slower than the black turtles.

'Lily should be able to deal with these men. And with the pagoda upgraded four times, she would have a lot of help, ' Zen thought.

Without a second thought, Zen ran towards the adjacent grassland.

Shocked at Zen's unusual move, the middle-aged warrior could not help but cry out, "This guy has already tasted the benefits. And now, he's going to steal from another competitor again!"

Impressed, Michael and Xiao looked at each other and smiled. "He has the confidence to let his sword spirit fight off the basaltic men's attacks, and that's one of his abilities," Michael noted.

Nodding, Xiao added, "This boy is quite interesting. He's smart as well."

Sighing deeply, the middle-aged warrior exclaimed, "I'm afraid the warriors that he would steal from don't think so. By doing what he did, he could gain more points at each phase compared to others. So, he is likely to upgrade his pagoda level to eleventh or twelfth after the ten rounds of attacks."

Not quite familiar with the magic array, Michael had to ask with curiosity, "Level eleven? Level twelve? There are only ten attacks arranged during the first phase. So that means the pagoda can only be upgraded ten times, right?"

In reply, the middle-aged warrior explained, "When deploying the magic array, we considered the higher level of cultivation. Therefore, it is possible to upgrade the pagoda to the highest level, which is twelve. But normally, competitors don't have as many points to upgrade to level eleven or above."

He wanted to add that the level eleven pagoda was as powerful as a warrior at the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, while the power of the level twelve pagoda was equivalent to that of the Virtual Tribulation Realm master.

But before the middle-aged warrior could speak, Xiao interrupted, "Hey, that'll be interesting. I'd like to see this kid make a twelfth-level pagoda. I wonder what the other warriors' expressions would be like if he accomplishes that," he said. It would probably be fun to witness this.

"It's not much fun," the middle-aged warrior said with a frown. Coldly, he added, "And it's unfair to other warriors."

"Nothing is positively fair in this world. It's not that Zen is the only one capable of doing that. Anyone can steal other people's points. But only if they have the ability to do so," Michael stressed.

And since Michael and Xiao didn't mind cheating, the middle-aged warrior could only turn a blind eye to Zen.

From the Picture Slab, they saw Zen rushing towards the neighboring territory.

It was a coincidence that the warrior of that territory was the white-faced man who had a conflict with Zen earlier in the hall.

Even before Zen came, the warrior with a white face already faced some kind of trouble.

The warrior with a white face was an independent fighter. He was formerly a disciple of a small, little-known second-grade sect in the Central Region. Later, he had a conflict with an elder of that sect and rebelled against them. Since then, members of the second-grade sect wanted to kill him.

When they hunted for him, the white-faced warrior accidentally fell off a cliff. Luckily for the warrior, he ended up in a cave, where he found the legacy of an ancient cultivator who practiced sorcery. He came to rely on this discovery and made rapid progress in his training. It was not long before he entered the Internal Elixir Realm. Once he achieved this, he butchered members of the second-grade sect.

The sorcery he practiced was called the Hatred Evil Attack, which was an effective fighting method against the enemy's soul. But basaltic men were made of stone, so they were immune to this method.

Thus, the warrior with a white face was somehow overwhelmed by this. He realized he could only use the Stele Pusher skill to smash the basaltic men one by one.

Although the Stele Pusher was only a tier 3 cultivation method, since he was in the Internal Elixir Realm anyway, his punch would carry tremendous power. However, power was one thing, and efficiency another, and he was not very efficient. So it would take three to four punches before he could break a basaltic man.

Assessing the situation, he saw the basaltic men moving slowly. That meant he could destroy them before they reached the pagoda.

When he saw a figure appeared in the distant sky and it rushed towards him, a look of surprise was written all over his face. But after he recognized who the visitor was, the surprise changed to a malicious look.

The warrior with a white face was known to be a vengeful person. After all, he had butchered the second-grade sect after he reached the Internal Elixir

Realm. During a previous meeting in the hall, Zen had offended him. So it was expected that he would seek revenge.

What the warrior never expected was for Zen to seek him out before he could take the initiative to find the man who previously offended him.

Confused, the warrior thought to himself. 'This is strange. Doesn't he have to fight the basaltic men on his territory? Why is he running around now? He doesn't seem concerned about a possible attack on his pagoda. Should that happen, it could mean elimination!'

The warrior with a white face was even more surprised that after approaching him, instead of fighting with him, Zen began to cut his basaltic men even without looking at him.

'What does he want?' he wondered.

The warrior with a white face couldn't understand what was happening. Zen was indeed a real puzzle for him!

Chapter 694 Hatred Evil Attack

"Peng!"

As Zen got close to the basaltic men, he pulled out his sword.

"Flick the sword!"

The great might of the Blood Drinking Sword was brought out and shot toward the stone man's head. As the sword intent spread through the stone man's head, its brain shattered. However, on the surface of the stone man, only interwoven cracks like a cobweb could be seen.

Then Zen pulled back his sword, and the stone man tumbled down to the ground and crumbled into small pieces of basalt.

"Flick the sword!"

"Flick the sword!"

Zen didn't stop after killing the first stone man. In the blink of an eye, three stone men made of basalt disintegrated under Zen's attack.

Astonished by Zen's performance, the cultivator with the white face didn't realize that he would be the loser until Zen had destroyed the third stone man.

Surely, the cultivator with the white face knew the rules of the magic array. The killing of beasts would add points to promote their small tower to a higher one. For example, in the last round of attack, the killing of the crow zombies would add ten thousand points, which would help promote the small tower to the fourth level. And the ten thousand points were just the right amount, no more or no less, or the tower couldn't be promoted.

In this round of attack, there were 200 stone men and killing one stone man meant getting 175 points. So, if somebody could kill all the stone men, he would get 15, 000 points, which meant that the next promotion of the tower level would require 15, 000 points.

Now, Zen had already killed three stone men made of basalt, which meant that Zen was ahead by more than 500 points. In other words, after the fifth killing competition, he couldn't promote his tower level, because his points were not enough.

The cultivator with the white face was furious.

He hadn't bothered Zen, but Zen seemed to be causing trouble!

"No matter who you are, I will kill you! If I can't kill you in the magic array, I will kill you at Oracle City." The cultivator with the white face gnashed his teeth. His expression was full of fury, and his face turned as red as pork liver.

After killing three stone men made of basalt, Zen raised his sword before his chest. Then he noticed the cultivator with the white face. Zen greeted him, "Wow! It's you! Great!"

In fact, Zen felt guilty before he saw the cultivator with the white face because he knew it was improper to kill beasts in someone else's field. Zen knew that the warrior couldn't promote his tower level as his points would be insufficient if he killed his targets.

When the small tower was promoted to the highest level, it would be terribly mighty. If he didn't get enough points to earn the promotion, then the warrior would have to face severe consequences.

However, after knowing that the stone men belonged to the cultivator with the white face, Zen's guilt vanished. He dodged the slow blow from the stone man made of basalt behind him. Zen quickly riveted and stepped on the massive arms of the stone man. In a flash, he jumped and stabbed his sword into the stone man's head. He flicked the sword again!

"You dared to steal my stone men!"

The cultivator's white face filled with beams of black light, like little worms. A dark light also shone in his eyes.

The cultivator with the white face was not good at physical attacks, but that didn't mean he was weak.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to kill an entire sect. Even though the sect he had exterminated was much weaker than Cloud Sect, it was still a sect at the second level and had many powerful elders. What was more, its leader was a master of Internal Elixir Realm.

His Hatred Evil Attack was strong when attacking a soul, and in the Central Region, most of the cultivators were weak in soul attack and defense.

That was why he could slaughter all the people of a second level sect based on his elementary power of Internal Elixir Realm.

"I will have you experience the pain of your soul crumbling, little by little. Even if I can't kill you in the magic array, the pain will torment you and make you remember forever! No... You won't remember it for a long time. After the pre-qualifying match, you will go to hell..."

The cultivator with the white face was confident as he had killed many people with his Hatred Evil Attack. He even remembered the miserable expression on the face of each person he had killed. He knew the terrible might of his Hatred Evil Attack!

In the palace, Michael, Xiao, and the mid-aged cultivator were staring at Zen and the cultivator with the white face. They were worried that their conflict might become more serious.

"The cultivation method of the cultivator called Stoney Zhao is sorcery. It looks so familiar! I seem to have seen it before somewhere." The mid-aged cultivator said, staring at the Picture Slab.

Michael smiled and explained, "Sure, it looks familiar. It is the Hatred Evil Attack. It was used by an old man called Evil Attacker thirty years ago!"

Xiao nodded, "Yeah! I see. It is the Hatred Evil Attack. It is unexpected that the Evil Attacker has a successor in the Central Region."

Thirty years ago, the Evil Attacker who was practicing the evil martial arts went insane, and he indiscriminately slaughtered a large number of innocent people. For that reason, the Evil Attacker was hunted by the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Cloud Hall, and the World Commercial Alliance. Finally, they managed to kill him.

Since the Evil Attacker practiced the evil martial arts, he could separate his soul from his body. Even though his body was killed, his soul had escaped. Now, he seemed to be alive.

However, once the soul left the body, just like a small lamp without oil, it couldn't survive in the world for a long time. This was why the sects and World Commercial Alliance had thought that the Evil Attacker had died.

But it was beyond their expectation that thirty years later a warrior called Stoney Zhao would get the evil martial arts.

In the Central Region, practicing evil martial arts was not prohibited as long as it didn't lead to indiscriminate slaughter. Powerful sects wouldn't interfere with evil martial arts practitioners either, as they also followed many evil martial arts.

"I'm afraid Zen will be in great trouble! I have noticed that he hasn't taken his powerful sword spirit with him. Even though he is gifted with strong power, and has mastered the consummate sword intent, Zen seems to have no chance against the Hatred Evil Attack," the mid-aged cultivator judged confidently.

However, Michael smiled and asked, "How do you know Zen is weak in soul attacking?"

The soul often hid in the deepest part of the brain, and it was difficult to be found by others unless Zen was willing to show it in public.

The mid-aged cultivator shook his head, "Michael, as a swordsman, Zen can be counted as a saint-level talent for his perfect swordsmanship, but he must have been practicing it since he was born! I really can't imagine how he can strengthen both his swordsmanship and his soul at the same time... Does this kind of talent exist in the world?"

"Aha!" Michael smiled again, "Have you forgotten? Zen is a rune master with Perfect Brushwork, and his achievement in rune is comparable to that of Arnold."

Hearing Michael's words, the mid-aged cultivator was astonished and left speechless. It was widely known that the soul of a rune master wasn't weak by nature, and as long as it was cultivated continually, it would grow stronger and stronger!

After seeing Zen's powerful and special sword spirit, he had forgotten that Zen was a runic expert too!

"Even though Zen is a rune master, I'm afraid that he can't resist Stoney's Hatred Evil Attack, which seems to be terrible," Xiao added then.

Michael nodded and said, "Yes. Zen can only draw one and two-star runes, and his soul hasn't grown strong enough to fight against the Hatred Evil Attack. I don't know if Zen has someone to help him..."

In the magic array, Stoney's face was covered by the black light, and a black ghost hand stretched out from the top of his head.

Stoney's soul had formed the black ghost hand. It wasn't the most terrible move in the Hatred Evil Attack, but it was the cruelest one as it meant that he could reach into other person's head and crumble his soul.

"I will crush your soul! Skull Ghost Hand!"

The black ghost hand made a whining noise, like a ghost's crying, as it stretched toward Zen's head. Instantly, the ghost hand reached above Zen's head with five long and thin fingers. It appeared as though the hand was going to penetrate Zen's head.

Stoney's face darkened further when he saw that Zen wasn't going to resist. "Cry!" he said. "Express your great pain through your tears and shrieks!"

Chapter 695 Upgrading Two Levels In A Row

"Zen is going to be skinned alive. If Stoney uses his Skull Ghost Hand on the top of his skull, Zen won't even have the time to dodge," Xiao said while shaking his head.

A trace of confusion flashed through Michael's eyes. He couldn't even think of a reason why Zen was this confident of himself. He was letting Stoney use his spirit attack on him. What was more, he didn't even try to dodge for God's sake!

The situation had been pretty good for Zen so far. If he used his sword spirit to protect the small pagoda and stole points from other martial artists by himself, the level of his small pagoda would be much higher than others, and the final result would also be beneficial to him.

"He's just too confident of himself... If he is killed in the magic array, he will be kicked out of the magic array." Michael couldn't help but sigh at Zen's carelessness.

The middle-aged cultivator didn't say anything. He was convinced that Zen had cheated in the game. And if he were kicked out of the magic array, at least the balance of the magic array wouldn't be affected.

The elders of the World Commercial Alliance watched the fight silently with serious expressions. Finally, someone cried out painfully, as if he had been badly hurt.

And to everyone's surprise, the painful cry was not from Zen, but from Stoney!

The black lines on Stoney's face were slowly fading away. The redness on his skin had gone, and his face was even paler than the snow. The angry expression on his handsome face made him look scary.

Contrary to him, Zen was not affected at all. He turned around and left as if nothing had happened. Then he continued using his 'flick the sword' to kill the stone men made of basalt.

"W-What... the hell did this guy do?" Michael's mouth was agape because he was astonished. He stared at Zen with disbelief, watching him kill the stone men. Every time he flicked his sword, a stone man would shatter in front of him. Seeing the lithe and ethereal figure, Michael couldn't help but be deeply impressed by the young man at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

The looks on Xiao's and the middle-aged cultivator's face were similar to Michael's. But to be honest, anyone who saw what had happened would feel the same astonishment.

They couldn't even begin to imagine how Zen beat Stoney in the blink of an eye, making him this miserable.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Stoney's cry of pain lasted for a very long time.

The Skull Ghost Hand was made from Stoney's soul. And it was a form of spiritual attack that belonged to the Hatred Evil Attack, just like Zen's ability to turn his soul into a thorn.

If Stoney had used his Skull Ghost Hand on any other cultivator, he would have won. Others couldn't deal with his Skull Ghost Hand.

Unluckily, he was battling with Zen, whose soul was in the Fighting Soul Realm!

It was hard to imagine how powerful Zen's soul had become since he entered the Fighting Soul Realm!

Stoney's Skull Ghost Hand couldn't even fight against Christopher from the Dragon Lineage Human!

Ever before Zen's soul was in the Fighting Soul Realm, Christopher's spirit attacks did nothing to Zen. Now that Zen had successfully entered the

Fighting Soul Realm, his soul had become stronger. Now, even Christopher couldn't hurt Zen's soul despite using all kinds of spirit attacks on him!

As for Stoney's Skull Ghost Hand... The attack felt more like an itchy spot for Zen than a powerful spirit attack.

As soon as the Skull Ghost Hand entered his head, Zen cut it off.

And for Stoney, the cutting of his Skull Ghost Hand felt like a deep injury to his soul! Anyone could imagine how painful it would be! Even Zen, who had his soul burned a long time ago, would wince when he thought of the painful memory.

Right now, Zen didn't even blink an eye when he heard Stoney's painful cry. He just concentrated on killing the stone men.

Zen had infringed on Stoney's territory just to take his points, not to fight with him. Zen was merciful toward Stoney by not doing more damage. If he had attacked back, Zen would have completely erased Stoney's soul in one go. Although Stoney wouldn't die in the magic array, he would be kicked out.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The stone men kept crumbling in front of Zen, and his points rose at a crazy speed.

Lily was killing the stone men in Zen's territory, while Zen was killing the stone men in Stoney's territory. So his points went up at twice the speed of other cultivators.

After the pain of his soul tearing slowly went dissipated, Stoney saw what Zen was doing in his territory, and he almost fainted. Zen had finished killing all the stone men in his territory.

"How... How did this guy..." Stoney couldn't even finish his sentence. He finally realized that he had met a very powerful and strong opponent today.

When he first mastered the Hatred Evil Attack, Stoney used it to get revenge from the grade two sect that had tried to kill him. When he succeeded, Stoney felt ecstatic. He felt like the whole world was under his feet, and he could easily achieve anything. And most importantly, no one was at the same level as him! The spirit attack he practiced was so powerful and intimidating that even cultivators, who were stronger than him, couldn't fight against it.

The bloke in front of his eyes didn't seem special to Stoney. But to everyone's surprise, he had easily injured Stoney's soul without getting hurt at all!

How the hell did he manage that?

The question lingered not only in Stoney's mind but also in everyone else's mind. Michael, Xiao, and the middle-aged cultivator all wanted to ask Zen this question.

After Zen destroyed all the stone men, he turned to Stoney and said, "I will be here when the next round begins!"

Hearing his words, Stoney felt like he was going to faint.

He couldn't fight against this bloke, and now, he couldn't avoid him! Stoney had a feeling that he might not pass the pre-qualifying match today.

Zen didn't care if Stoney passed the match or not at all. Now, he finally found a target, and Zen was unwilling to let him go. He wouldn't kick Stoney out of the magic array so soon because if he were eliminated, Zen would have to find another opponent to rob points from. And he didn't want any unnecessary fights.

That was why Zen decided to come to Stoney's territory again.

When he returned to his territory, Lily was leaning against the big sword in the middle of the grassland. Her beautiful eyes that were filled with malicious red aura were staring at the sky.

Seeing Lily like this, a suspicious expression appeared on Zen's face.

Lily was Zen's sword spirit. And theoretically speaking, she was not alive, and couldn't think. But she was also special. She remembered the sword dance her former owner practiced. This indicated that Lily had memories.

Other than the memory of the sword dance, Lily acted normally, and she was entirely under Zen's control.

This was a mystery that Zen hadn't been able to solve. After all, even the cyan dragon couldn't understand it, so it was normal that Zen couldn't figure it out either.

He summoned Lily to his side before walking to his small pagoda. He had gained double the points in this round, and it was a big surprise.

Zen concentrated on the points. If he turned now, he would notice that Lily's eyes had flickered.

Her gaze was not as emotionless and confused as it was before. Zen's walking figure reflected in her irises. A smile slowly appeared on her usually emotionless face.

But it only lasted for a short second. Once Zen felt that someone was watching him from behind, he swiftly turned to look. But all he saw was Lily's pretty and enchanting face. Other than that, there wasn't anything different about her. Her pale face was emotionless as usual as if it were made of wood.

"Am I overthinking? It felt like someone was watching me just now..." Zen grumbled to himself. Then he lightly patted his forehead and pushed the question to the back of his mind. He shook his head and walked to his small pagoda.

"More than thirty-six thousand points!" Seeing the points on his small pagoda, the corners of Zen's lips lifted into a happy smile.

"Upgrade!"

Zen used his points to upgrade his pagoda. But he only needed thirty-three thousand points.

As soon as Zen gave the command, his pagoda was surrounded by a red, beaming light. And when the first light dimmed, another red light appeared!

His small pagoda had upgraded two levels in a row!

Now, Zen's pagoda level was one level higher than pagodas belonging to other cultivators!

The pagoda that had upgraded two levels was wider than it was before. There was also a silver-white fence around it, and four flags on the four corners of the pagoda. The four flags were the symbol of the World Commercial Alliance.

Six archers also appeared on the small pagoda.

The bows in their hands, and the arrows on their backs had also changed drastically.

The bows radiated the aura of fire, and on the arrows, there was a rune of fire too. This made Zen feel powerful. He knew for sure that the archers were as good as the fighters in the Illuminating Soul Realm. He wondered how strong the small pagoda would become if he kept upgrading it.

The number of the eliminated cultivators had risen during the fifth attack of the beasts.

During the third attack of the beasts, only a few cultivators had been eliminated. And in the next attack, more than twenty cultivators had been kicked out. Then in the fifth attack, forty more cultivators had been removed! The number was rising quickly.

Nobody could predict how many more cultivators were going to be eliminated during the sixth attack of the beasts.

Chapter 696 Letitia's Feelings

After Zen had improved the level of his pagoda, he did not stop. Instead, he rushed toward Stoney Zhao's territory.

Although the sixth wave of attack of the beasts would be more violent than the fifth one, it was easy to deal with as Lily was guarding his pagoda. What was more, Zen's tower was one level higher than that of others.

Just after Zen left, several three-meter-long purple jade centipedes zigzagged over. Each had thousands of pairs of thin feet that moved across the ground swiftly.

The six archers in Zen's tower raised their longbows and shot six arrows toward the sky.

"Schwaff, schwaff, schwaff!"

The arrows flew up before turning and heading toward the centipedes. Each arrow, attached to a string of flames, landed among the purple jade centipedes.

"Boom, boom..."

Six explosions were heard, and in the next instant, one or two hundred centipedes were destroyed by the tower. And this was only the first wave attack by the archers.

Seeing the scene, the middle-aged martial artist complained, "I just knew Zen would do something and break the balance of competition!"

Michael Mo could not help but smile wryly. Under normal circumstances, a tower at the fifth level would be defending against attacks from the purple jade centipedes! Similarly, towers at the sixth level would be battling against the seventh wave, which would have more powerful beasts.

Since Zen had used his points to improve the tower and it had reached the sixth level, the pagoda was so powerful that the purple jade centipedes had been destroyed.

Xiao's mustache twitched as he spoke, "He has done it. What would you want to do?"

The middle-aged man placed significant value on the rules of the magic array. Thus, he could only focus on the fact that Zen had broken the rules. He contemplated for a while and then said, "How about we remove Zen from the magic array?"

As Xiao's eyes met Michael's, they both shook their heads. Michael replied, "I don't think that is a good idea. But you preside over the magic array. So it is your decision."

The middle-aged man stared at Zen on the Picture Slab. He watched with narrowed eyes as Zen ran to Stoney's territory to kill the purple jade centipedes. Soon, he reached a decision and said, "Well, I've decided. I am going to kick Zen out!"

Then he asked some subordinates to push a nearby platform.

An enormous magic array platform controlled the magic array, and several servants, after receiving the order from the middle-aged man, quickly pushed a table-sized magic array platform over.

The middle-aged man stood on the magic array platform and touched a complex rune on the platform. It was very easy for him to drive Zen out of the magic array, and Zen would be unable to stop it.

Just as the middle-aged man was about to remove Zen from the magic array, a person appeared near the palace door.

The person was dressed in an ice-blue dress with fringes that dazzled in the bright light.

When the middle-aged martial artist and Michael saw this person, they smiled and made obeisance to her before saying, "Miss Ning, welcome!"

Letitia walked across gracefully. In her glimmering blue dress, she looked like an elf born from mysterious ice. A cloud of cold air swirled around her body. As soon as she neared people, the cold air around her would refresh everyone.

"Mr. Mo, Mr. Xiao, and..." Letitia looked at the middle-aged martial artist. She knew Michael and Elder Xiao but didn't know who the middle-aged man was.

The middle-aged man didn't dare to snub Letitia. He introduced himself, "My name is Cole Sang. I am the chairman of the magic array!"

"Eh," Letitia replied softly. Then she looked at the huge Picture Slab on the wall. Surprise reflected in her eyes when she saw what Zen was doing.

Seeing Letitia watching Zen, Michael smiled and asked, "Miss Ning, this boy is one of your Cloud Hall disciples, right?"

Michael had been puzzled about Zen's position at Cloud Hall for a while. The first time he met Zen at Cloudy City, Michael couldn't understand why Cloud Hall would let a runic expert with Perfect Brushwork walk freely.

Michael even conjectured that Cloud Hall might not know that Zen had Perfect Brushwork. To clarify, Michael consulted Lasseter but was told that it was impossible as the chief runic expert of Cloud Hall knew of Zen's ability.

How could Cloud Hall ignore such a talented runic expert?

Even though Zen was to participate in the Martial Arts Contest, Cloud Hall seemed to be unwilling to give him a direct license. Instead of allowing Zen to join the main draw match directly based on his skills, they forced Zen to join the others in the pre-qualifying match at first. That was strange!

Letitia nodded and replied, "Yes, Zen is one of our Elite House disciples. How did he perform?"

"Um... He did well. You could ask Cole. He is the chairman of the magic array." Michael smiled and eyed Cole as he thought, 'Cole, you wanted to kick Zen out of the magic array. Now, I want to know what you will say to her.'

Letitia looked at Cole with a curious expression.

Before the Martial Arts Contest began, contestants participating in the pre-qualifying match had to compete to be eligible for the main draw match. Therefore, in addition to training, Letitia had been relatively relaxed over the past several days.

During practice today, she felt concerned about Zen.

Cloud Hall did not give Zen permission to enter the main draw match directly. If he wanted to participate in the main draw match, he had to go through the pre-qualifying match, step by step. Eventually, she came to see.

The pre-qualifying match had stretched over a few days. Each day would bring three new winners. Letitia was unsure whether or not Zen would fight today, but she was lucky to see him. It seemed that several elders of the World Commercial Alliance were equally fascinated by him.

Michael turned Letitia's attention to Cole. Cole forced a wry smile. Like many sword practitioners, Cole was stubborn, decent, and not good at lying. He said, "Well, Miss Ning, I was just going to remove Zen from the magic array."

"Why?" A light flickered in Letitia's eyes, and frown lines appeared on her forehead.

Seeing that Letitia was so concerned, Michael sighed. It seemed that he had been wrong in his assumptions as Letitia cared about Zen a lot. However, Michael did not know why Letitia hadn't given Zen a license to the main draw match. Michael could not figure out this mystery.

Cole thought his decision to remove Zen was appropriate. So, he ignored Letitia's expression, turned to the Picture Slab, and said, "Miss Ning, you will understand after you see what Zen is doing!"

The Picture Slab showed that Zen was absorbed in his fight with the purple jade centipedes.

Letitia just glanced at it and then said, "Isn't this very normal?"

Cole smiled bitterly and asked, "Miss, do you know anything about our magic array?"

Letitia nodded and responded, "Yes, I know about the content of the pre-qualifying match."

Cole adjusted the images on the Picture Slab, pointed to Stoney, and said, "Zen is indeed killing purple jade centipedes, but those are not from his territory."

"Um?" Letitia felt a bit confused.

Then, Cole switched the image on the Picture Slab to Zen's territory and explained, "Look! Zen asked his sword spirit to guard his territory, and at the same time, he ran into another person's area to plunder his points. As a result, his pagoda is at a higher level than that of others. He will not be challenged in the remaining attack waves!"

As long as Zen kept his tower one level higher, he would pass the first phase of the pre-qualifying match easily.

Letitia was surprised. She recovered a few seconds later. The frown lines on her forehead smoothed, and her eyes resembled crescent moons.

However, as Cloud Hall Leader, she had to be solemn and pay attention to her manners. At least, she should act more serious in front of these people, not like her casual behavior when she was alone with Zen.

Letitia was indeed happy. Zen seemed to find unusual ways of overcoming challenges.

Her thoughts and feelings about this situation were contradictory. On the one hand, she hoped that Zen would not pass the pre-qualifying match. Although the main draw match appeared to be like any other competition, it was, in fact, a brutal war. Zen had a saint-level talent in cultivating; however, his cultivation level was still too low. Therefore, he should hide his talent until he became an influential cultivator!

On the other hand, she knew that Zen was fiercely determined. Once he had decided something, there was no possibility of changing his mind. Letitia believed that Zen would pass the pre-qualifying match, and a part of her was looking forward to that.

The two conflicting feelings intertwined and left her anxious. This was why she had come to observe Zen's performance. However, she didn't expect that she would see such a scene.

Chapter 697 The Giant Turtles

When he saw Letitia smiling but not saying anything, Cole hesitated. Her reaction was troublesome. Should he eliminate Zen from the magic array?

After he thought things through, Cole turned to Letitia. "Zen's actions have affected the balance of the pre-qualifying match, so he must be disqualified. What do you think?" he asked.

Once again, Michael and Xiao looked at each other before they quietly scolded Cole for being an idiot. But they stood aloof and distanced themselves because things were of no concern to them.

Meanwhile, Letitia watched Zen killing purple-jade centipedes through the Picture Slab. But once she heard Cole speaking, the gentle smile on her lips changed into one laced with cynicism that sent the temperature plummeting. Then the palace turned cold as an ice cellar. Even the guards standing at the door rubbed their hands together to warm themselves and wondered why it had suddenly turned cold.

"What do you mean? Is there a rule for this in the World Commercial Alliance?"

Her eyes looked straight at his, while her voice was frosty.

Quickly, Cole shook his head. "No, but Zen cheated, and this has seriously affected the balance. If this goes on, after he passes the first stage, it will be very tough for other warriors to compete with him in the second stage," he explained.

"Oh, really?" Letitia sneered. Her eyes were now vicious and icily. She said, "I wonder if you've heard this saying."

"What saying?" Cole demanded. Although his status and strength were inferior to Letitia's, Cole was neither humble nor pushy but insisted on judging things for himself. And though he knew he had provoked Letitia, he didn't give in.

"Competitors can play any tricks except those written down," Letitia said coldly. "Since you didn't announce this rule beforehand, Zen just took advantage of this loophole. You're obviously wrong. How can you now eliminate Zen from the magic array? You claimed it was for the sake of overall consideration, but you know what? It was your mistake and omission that destroyed the balance. How can you make Zen the scapegoat? It's selfish of you to even think of that!" she said furiously.

Her outburst left Cole speechless.

At the national level, people could do everything except those prohibited by law.

In the magic array, Cole didn't stipulate that candidates couldn't do this, so in theory, what Zen did was reasonable. This was a mere omission when Cole made the rules for the magic array.

What Letitia said was true, so Michael and Xiao, two silent spectators so far, also nodded in agreement. Michael had previously dealt with Letitia, so he knew what kind of person she was. Although she was the head of the Cloud Hall, she was like a little girl who allowed emotions to get the better of her. Her argument today was well-grounded, but even if she didn't have a point, she never listened to reason.

So, after hearing what Cole told Letitia, Michael knew for sure that the woman would answer back. If Cole eliminated Zen from the magic array, fighting would break out in the palace.

And the result of that was clear. Cole was bound to suffer. In a sense, Cole was too honest and upright, and someone had to teach him a lesson. Anyway, the World Commercial Alliance was mainly engaged in business. And a man like him didn't fit the trade circle.

To settle the dispute, Xiao came forward to mediate. He patted Cole on the shoulder and said, "Miss Ning is right. Even if Zen truly broke the balance, it's because of your negligence. Forget what happened today. But you have to clarify the rules before the pre-qualifying match starts tomorrow."

The lack of expression on Letitia's face and Michael's insistence to be taken out of the picture forced a hesitant Cole to compromise.

Meanwhile, Stoney had to deal with strained eyesight. He wanted to continue fighting, hoping to kill those purple-jade centipedes at a faster rate, but his forte was attacking souls, so he was much slower than Zen.

He couldn't defeat Zen or grab his points, so he was at a loss what to do next.

With Zen killing beasts for him, Stoney passed the first stage without difficulty. But by the second stage when candidates would engage in plundering, and with his pagoda not yet upgraded, he would be too weak to fight.

So, he was likely to fail in this pre-qualifying match.

The man had an axe to grind. Initially, he wanted to secure a good position in the main draw match after he passed the pre-qualifying match smoothly. Stoney knew his limitations. He didn't have the ability to take the first place, so the legendary Dragon Soar Arena was never his goal.

His goal was to come in second or third.

The World Commercial Alliance would give the top ten winners generous rewards, some of which were very important to Stoney. Using the Hatred Evil Attack, he was confident that he could make it into the top ten and proceed with his plan.

However, things didn't work out the way he planned them. Now, Stoney realized that the reality he faced was crueler than he imagined. He might not be able to pass the pre-qualifying match, let alone land in the top ten of the main draw match. Quietly, he swore, 'Zen is such a formidable obstacle!'

The obstacle was busy in his field. After disposing of the purple-jade centipedes at an astonishing speed, Zen quickly left.

And when Stoney looked up, he found that Zen didn't fly above his field. He looked to be on his way to plunder other warriors.

In the sixth wave of attack, Zen not only gained points of his own but also grabbed Stoney's. It was still early, so he went to challenge another martial artist to steal his points. His opponent resisted fiercely, but Zen fought like a rascal. And with his understanding of the Space Law, he managed to grab half of the martial artist's points.

The result was his pagoda upgraded quickly.

When the seventh wave of beasts attacked, Zen's pagoda upgraded to level 8. By the eighth wave, the pagoda reached the level 10.

In the ninth wave, Zen's pagoda had reached level 11.

And before the tenth wave began, Zen's pagoda was already at level 12! At that moment, pagodas of other warriors had only upgraded nine times to level 9.

Sighing heavily, Zen said, "Finally, it's the last wave!"

He stood at the top of his pagoda and looked into the distance, curious about the last wave of beasts.

Now, his pagoda had become a small fortress. At the top of the fortress stood twelve armed bowmen, each with a bow that sparkled with azure blue light, and arrows engraved with several complicated and obscure lines. It was not hard to imagine how powerful and devastating these weapons would be.

And Zen believed these arrows would be more powerful than a full-blown attack at the late-stage Internal Elixir Realm.

And he was right about this. That was exactly how they designed the magic array. Bowmen on the tenth-level pagoda were as powerful as a full-blown attack of warriors at the middle-stage Internal Elixir Realm. Those on the eleventh-level pagoda, on the other hand, were as mighty as a full-scale attack of warriors at the late-stage Internal Elixir Realm, while those on the twelfth-level pagoda were equivalent to a full-blown attack of warriors at the early-stage Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Generally speaking, it was only after a candidate defeated the last wave of beasts that he had a level ten pagoda and entered the second stage of assessment. But even before Zen vanquished the last wave of beasts, he already had a level twelve pagoda. So Cole had good reason to worry. Zen was already mightier than other warriors after what he achieved.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"

Suddenly, the ground shook. As everyone braced for balance, three huge figures appeared in the distance.

"Here they come!" Zen hollered. His eyebrows twitched as he got ready for battle.

The enemy turned out to be three giant turtles!

These giants resided in the deep sea. Each of them stood as high as 200 feet, and looked like a huge hill. Their strength was astonishing. Every step they took measured a hundred feet.

In theory, their growth was infinite. Provided enough resources, they could grow to hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands of feet tall! With just a step, they could crush mountains. Moreover, they could even move mountains and drain seas. But Zen had never heard of such giants existing in his world.

The three giants were heading in Zen's direction!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 698 He Was Cheating (Part One)

The archers pulled their bowstrings as three giant turtles reached Zen's small tower attack range. Shots were fired as twelve sharp arrows were let go by the archers. Towards the sky the arrows went, aiming for the three giant turtles.

The archers were very alike, from their looks to their behavior, to the color of their eyes, to the sizes of their hands and feet. There were no questions as to how they all looked alike for they evolved from the same magic array.

"Woosh, woosh, woosh…"

The arrows had different colors wrapped around them. The twelve arrows looked like the rainbow as they traveled the sky and were about to land on the turtles. A very loud sound was heard as a turtle got hit.

"Crack…"

The shot was so strong that Zen could feel the sharpness of the arrows. He looked as if he could feel the pain gush through his system.

The power of the twelve arrows could be compared to that of the masters in the first level of Virtual Tribulation Realm. They were as fatal and destructive as they could get.

As the arrows hit the giant turtle, it screamed in pain and fell to the ground. A loud thud was heard. It became a big helpless creature that lay on the ground, hurt and fractured. The intensity was so massive that it even shook the tower where Zen stood.

'Wow. I never thought that only one round of arrows can take down the giant turtle, ' Zen thought to himself. He was in disbelief with what he saw. No words came out of his mouth. The level 12 tower was definitely stronger than the level 11. To his advantage, he found the loophole that had existed since the day the array was designed and took advantage of it. And that made it easier for him to conquer the beasts.

Zen was lucky enough to have that advantage over other cultivators who had to endure more difficulties in defeating the giant turtles.

The giant turtles put up a fight. Even the icy arrows shot from the level 9 tower only slowed them down. They were not effective. The warriors had to deal with relying on their own skills.

Each round of beasts' attacks was more difficult to conquer than the last, and since the test came to the sixth round, more and more cultivators were taken down. From the 400 cultivators who stood at the beginning, only 50 remained at the last round.

Exhausting every ounce of strength that these cultivators had, they spared no effort to deal with the giant turtles. They were all in, nothing held back as they were one step closer to victory and passing the first test. But, it was just the beginning. To prove that they were worthy of being warriors, they must make it to the second test, which could give them a high chance of getting into the main draw match.

After taking advantage of the loophole he found, defeating the turtles was a breeze for him. He was relaxed. He was starting to feel pity towards the other cultivators who had a hard time. To Zen, it only took three rounds of arrows for all the turtles to drop dead, lifeless, and turn into light that scattered into the air.

Zen was relaxed. He was not bothered by the time it took for him and Lily to finish the test. To his surprise, he found out that most of the cultivators did not make it to the next test. They were eliminated.

Seeing Zen was bored, Letitia in the palace couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Cole, the designer of the turtles, had put his time and effort into perfecting the giant turtles to become challenging for the cultivators. After seeing the outcome of the battle, Michael and Xiao were speechless, leaving Cole also rather disappointed. The fight was just going to the good part! The tenth round was supposed to be the big challenge for them all. Level 9 tower would have slowed down the turtles leaving the cultivators constantly attracting their attention and then killing them. What happened?

There was an unforeseen twist to the event -- the arrow tower of level 12 instantly killed the giant turtles. Cole was rather confused on how to grade and evaluate the cultivators.

Seeing the miscalculation of the supposed outcome of the fight, Cole decided to add one rule for tomorrow's evaluation, which was that anyone who had trespassed and conquered others' fields would be taken off the test, and be eliminated immediately.

Actually, Cole had nothing to worry about. The fight turned out to be different from what he expected, but it showed a fact that Zen could take advantage of anything on his path, making him resourceful. For other cultivators in the exam, they could just transform their life vitality into something as strong and powerful as Zen's sword spirit. They could perform the same miracles as Zen did, if only they were equally courageous and powerful.

But in reality, what they had transformed their life vitality into wasn't strong enough to defeat the beasts. As a result, those cultivators dared not to leave their fields and just get others' points.

Ever since the establishment of the magic array, Zen was the first one to do such thing. But the most important question of all that boggled Cole's mind was whether Zen would be the one and only person to do such thing. Would he be the last to do it?

Round after round, cultivators were eliminated. Arrows were shot, and landed on the beasts. In the tenth round of the attack, only 22 cultivators remained, but only 3 would proceed to the main draw match.

Seeing the changes in the magic array, Cole announced, "On to next level!" He raised his hands, and started to operate the magic array.

All eyes were on Zen. Would he make it? Letitia was nervous. She fixed her eyes on the Picture Slab, which showed the most important part of the qualifying test. Zen's performance in this test would determine Zen's passing or failing. Zen had upgraded his tower to level 12 far beyond what the other cultivators could do. As for other cultivators who also defeated the giant turtles and won some points, the best they could do was to upgrade their towers to level 10. Letitia looked up to and admired the archers in level 12 tower. Those archers were comparable to the masters in the first level of Virtual Tribulation Realm. They were the best in their level.

Chapter 699 He Was Cheating (Part Two)

Taking Letitia's stand and judgment of the level 12 archers, it shouldn't be hard for Zen to pass the test.

Zen was again, relaxed. He had this one covered. Suddenly, the lights that were shining on Zen faded. The light sky in the magic array was replaced by darkness. The sky and the meadow gradually disappeared in front of Zen. Even Zen could not see clearly everything around him!

"I've moved to the second level," Zen told himself.

Everything was vanishing fast but one -- the tower. Zen stood petrified at the sight of the tower which floated in the sea of darkness.

Suddenly, other towers showed up one after another, leaving some distance between them.

Zen had faith in his victory. Nothing could make him fail the test. After all, he had a lot of potential. What was this all about? Was this the second part of the pre-qualifying test? He counted, one.. two... three... There were 21 towers in total, including his. What he saw were all survivors standing on their own towers.

"What is going on with that guy? His tower… why is his tower so huge?"

"How is that even possible? Did he cheat on the test? All of our towers are level 10. Why is his twice larger than mine?!"

"Unless his is level 11, or even level 12! But how could he gain extra points in this magic array? How was that possible? How did he upgrade his tower to level 12?"

Other cultivators stared at Zen and murmured, whispers flying everywhere.

When they saw Zen's gigantic tower, they found it was not something along their level. It was a fortress. The cultivators exchanged glances and repeatedly compared their towers to Zen's. These cultivators risked their lives for their upgrades.

What they saw made them feel unfair and cheated.

"What the hell?! How did he do that?" Standing on his level 10 tower, Owen was confused and he stared at Zen oddly. Anyone like Owen, as a cultivator at the consummation of Illuminating Soul Realm, would be very proud of themselves if they could pass many rounds of beast attacks. He worked hard to achieve this.

But Owen wasn't proud of himself at all. He came all the way to the magic array from Woollen Grassland to get into the main draw match. As for the pre-qualifying test, it was another obstacle that he had to get through. Owen was more determined to get into the main draw match than anyone could ever imagine.

According to the rules, anyone who got into the second part was supposed to have at least level 10 tower. Therefore, when Owen saw Zen's level 12 tower, he was disappointed at himself.

Owen recognized Zen. He remembered meeting Zen earlier, who was at the third grade of Illuminating Soul Realm. This annoyed Owen so much that it was almost consuming him. But Owen knew better. He stayed cool all throughout.

'Is it because of the World Commercial Alliance? Did they do something to help this guy? This is unfair!' Owen was suspicious of Zen. After all, Zen's tower was just so… cool. A thought kept on repeating on Owen's head. How was Zen able to do it?

And Owen wasn't the only one who noticed this suspicious scene.

"I thought that the World Commercial Alliance was fair. Turns out that I was wrong. That's low!"

"Shame on him! Even if he gets into the main draw match, I won't congratulate him. I bet even the pre-qualifying test is an excuse. They can choose anyone to get into the main draw match as they want! This is unfair!"

"I'm gonna teach that guy a lesson. I'm going to defeat him and get his tower!"

No one would attack Zen at this state. But since Zen was in level three of the Illuminating Soul Realm, they thought he was easy to deal with. Besides, anyone who could get Zen's tower could easily beat down other competitors! If they could defeat Zen, they could defeat anyone standing in their way.

But the battle hadn't started yet. Among the 22 towers, only 3 shall remain. Unbeknownst to the participants, there was an invisible power which limited all cultivators' movement. Despite this, their target was clear: defeat Zen and get his tower. Zen didn't want to be in this position. After all, he stayed out of trouble, at least, he tried to. But because of his tower, all eyes were now on him. Zen was the target.

Seeing how the other cultivators looked at him, Zen could not think of any other thing but regret. He saw the jealousy and rage on others' faces. Had he not upgraded his tower to level 12, he would not be in this position.

"Let the battle begin!"

Cole announced. Four cultivators who were closest to Zen jumped to him immediately.

Zen furrowed his brows, nervous. Cold sweat started to run down his skin as the Demon Night with a huge sword stood in front of him. Determined, Zen waved his hand and the twelve archers raised their bows and arrows. The archers did as they were told, like soldiers in the forefront of the battlefield. Zen wanted to win so bad. Now it was time to defend his fortress. Regret was down the drain. What remained was his fighting spirit.

A master in Virtual Tribulation Realm could easily defeat numerous cultivators in Internal Elixir Realm. This only meant one thing -- Zen's tower should be able to withstand the attacks and defeat them. The archers in level 10 tower were just mere cultivators in the middle phase of Internal Elixir Realm. Zen was much more powerful than them. He had a big chance of smelling victory in the air.

"Woosh, woosh, woosh…"

Off went the twelve powerful and swift arrows.

As soon as the arrows were launched, one by one the arrows landed on the other cultivators' towers, destroying them, reducing the towers into ash in a blink of an eye.

Other cultivators were scared. Silence roamed the atmosphere. Seeing the towers reduced to nothing but ashes made them feel threatened. It came to their senses that in this magic array, Zen was the king. Zen was undefeatable.

Chapter 700 What Can You Offer

All the other participants could not believe what they were seeing for a moment. They all froze in astonishment as they witnessed the destructive power of Zen's pagoda.

From merely its appearance, they assessed that it was more powerful than theirs. They were still figuring out how Zen managed to reinforce his pagoda during the first round and made it this formidable.

The power of Zen's pagoda was beyond their imagination.

During the first stage of pre-qualifying match, most of the 400 participants were already knocked down. The remaining cultivators who were still running at the chance to make it to the main event were the cream of the crop.

The round with the giant turtles was typically difficult. Only those who had exceptional strength and patience could survive the violent attacks of the hill-like giant turtles.

Most of these participants had exerted all their means to cope with the giant turtles. Some of them had used powerful secret skills, and others had expended their blood essence. Nevertheless, they had managed to pass the test and reinforce their pagodas to level ten. Now, there was only one task left for them to do. They were supposed to challenge other participants, defeat them, and advance to the main draw match!

But now, upon seeing Zen's pagoda, they knew that their chances of advancing became thin.

After realizing that, their astonishment on their faces was replaced with anger and resentment. They felt disgruntled at the seemingly unfair advantage of Zen's pagoda over others. They all wondered, 'He's only at the level three of Illuminating Soul Realm, but why is his pagoda stronger than ours? There's no way he could have done that! He must have cheated!'

If they were in the real world, they could just repress their anger and submit to this unfair situation they were facing. After all, there could be nothing they could do to defeat Zen unless they wanted to commit suicide.

In the magic array, however, they wouldn't really die. Thus, they could attack Zen without the fear of dying, which they did without any hesitation.

"Kill this cheater!"

"Let's attack him together! He can't defend himself from all of us!"

"The World Commercial Alliance must have helped him! For sure he cheated! That's unfair!"

As they rushed towards Zen, the archers from their level-ten pagodas also raised their bows and began shooting mysterious ice arrows at Zen.

"Zoom!"

There were ten archers on every level-ten pagoda. There were over one hundred archers from the furious participants' pagodas who started shooting at Zen simultaneously.

Every shot from an archer on a level-ten pagoda had the same power as an all-out attack from a cultivator at the middle level of Internal Elixir Realm. So, right now, Zen was facing a power equivalent of over one hundred cultivators at that realm.

The arrows shot almost filled the sky above Zen. Every arrow had extremely great power. That was starting to shadow on Zen and the weight was becoming heavy for Zen to see.

At the face of quite a violent attack, Zen put his game on. He never looked as serious as he was now. He could have defended himself using his level twelve pagoda, but he didn't. He dared not to use his pagoda on his defense.

"Avoid!"

Zen controlled his pagoda using his mind and instructed it to move. It did move several thousand feet in just a second and narrowly avoided the rain of arrows.

At the same time, Zen commanded his archers to retaliate. Each archer on his pagoda was at the same level as a cultivator of Virtual Tribulation Realm. As Zen instructed, his twelve archers raised their bows in sync.

The cultivators in the magic array were nowhere near the level of Zen's pagoda and his bowmen. Hence, the pagoda was an invincible rival to these cultivators.

"Zoom!"

Twelve shining arrows started shooting out from Zen's pagoda. They had much stronger momentum than the ones aimed at Zen. With their speed, it was almost impossible to avoid them.

"Boom!"

The arrows immediately exploded as they hit their targets. Instantly, twelve participants who were after Zen vanished. Not only did they fail the test, but they also missed their chances to advance to the main contest.

"Amazing! He knocked down that many participants in one blow!" Upon seeing the unfortunate fate that the twelve participants faced, the rest of the participants could only lower their hands in disappointment. They realized that it was just too impossible to defeat Zen even if they attacked simultaneously.

As per the rules of the second stage, a participant could get his rivals' points by destroying their pagodas. With this, Zen glanced at his pagoda and saw the number of his points on it was increasing dramatically. He smiled triumphantly.

Out of twenty-two participants in the second stage, Zen had already destroyed sixteen pagodas.

If Zen wanted, he could easily knock out all the other participants and occupy the three places to the main draw match all by himself. But, obviously, there was no need for him to do that.

"Wait! I'm from the Violet Lustre Sect, a leading grade-three sect! Think about it! If you dare to knock me out, you'll become an enemy of our sect!" a cultivator in a purple robe shouted at Zen.

But just after he finished those words, a shining arrow shot out from Zen's pagoda and wiped him out mercilessly. Zen slyly smiled as if he was enjoying the threat.

Like the man who was just recently wiped out, most of the remaining participants were from the grade-three sects. These grade-three sects weren't qualified to get a reserved slot to the main draw match by the World Commercial Alliance. Their disciples had to participate in the Martial Arts Contest as independent warriors.

So, when they heard the man in purple threatened Zen in the name of his sect, they thought of doing the same. After all, Zen must be like them–afraid of the wrath of other disciples from grade-three sects. However, they didn't expect that Zen would not hesitate to knock him out. It was as if Zen intentionally did it to challenge the whole sect. They were even surprised that Zen didn't care about the Violet Lustre Sect at all. Maybe he didn't know about Violet Lustre Sect? But that one was also impossible.

After all, the Violet Lustre Sect was a leading grade-three sect. It was only one step away from being a grade-four sect like Bloodwood Cliff and Mysterious Luna Hall.

"Your threats are useless!" Zen announced in a cold voice. "Now, why don't we continue? The other two participants who will be part of the top three shall be decided by me! So, what can you offer in exchange for a slot?"

"What?"

"You want to sell the qualification to the main draw match?"

"That's too unreasonable!"

The other participants protested loudly with darkened faces. They had never thought that Zen would use his position as an advantage. Though they didn't like it, some of them were already thinking about what to offer in exchange for the spot. Zen was already assured of a spot in the top three after he defeated the other sixteen participants. They thought that Zen would just stand aside as they fought with each other for the other two spots.

However, Zen had surprised them once again when he offered to auction off the two remaining spots.

They now believed that a conspiracy was happening in the contest. But instead of getting mad at Zen, they could only curse the World Commercial Alliance which they believed manipulated the contest.

Zen's action nearly put Cole's nose out of joint when the latter saw that scene through the Picture Slab. He had never seen such an unreasonable act in their tests. Cole thought to himself, 'What does this damn guy think our test is? A place to profit from? He shows no respect to our World Commercial Alliance at all!'

Michael was also flabbergasted with Zen's action. He turned to Letitia with a forced smile, "I must say, I'm surprised to see how creative he is by auctioning off the remaining spots. But, is he really this desperate to get the money? Doesn't he get enough from you?"

A faint smile crossed Letitia's face as she watched the calm look on Zen's face. She didn't answer Michael's question. Besides, Michael wouldn't believe even if she told him how rich Zen really was.

Although Letitia herself wasn't sure how rich Zen actually was, she had a guess when the latter casually gave her one drop of Genuine Dragon blood.

"I won't force you. If you don't want it, then fine. But I have to tell you, I'm not a very patient person," Zen said impatiently. He could just easily wipe out all the other participants with a wave of his hand. His arrows could easily knock them down, but he chose to give them a chance.

At a distance from him, two cultivators at the middle level of Internal Elixir Realm were busy communicating with each other by sending messages with life vitality.

They had already noted Zen's presence when he came to the test venue, but they had ignored him. Besides, what could one expect from a cultivator at level three of Illuminating Soul Realm? But their ignorance and arrogance brought them all to a situation they could no longer escape.

"What should we do? What about trying to kill him with all our strength? We have a chance of winning if we all launch an all-out attack at the same moment!" one of them said with confidence.

His companion shook his head slightly and replied, "Each archer on his pagoda has the same power as a cultivator of Virtual Tribulation Realm. Even if we try our best, there is only twenty percent possibility that we can succeed. It isn't worth a try."

"He is very decisive, and he shows no hesitation even when he hears about the Violet Lustre Sect. It's useless to threaten him with our sect. What should we do now?"

"Let's compromise with him first. He might be a very promising talent. We can stifle him in the cradle if we encounter him in the main draw match!"

A hint of cruelty flashed in their eyes as they exchanged glances. One of them then bowed to Zen with cupped hands and said, "Please wait a minute!"

Zen was growing impatient, but he had to give them a chance. He turned to them and said with a sarcastic smile, "Tell me, have you made up your mind? What are you offering?"

The man pointed at his companion and explained, "We both come from the Platanus Sect. If you give the other two places to us, we'll pay you 50 supreme life vitality crystals each. How do you like it?"

Zen looked around with disappointment and said loudly, "50 supreme crystals for a place in the main draw match. Any more bids?"

One supreme life vitality crystal was equal to one million low-grade life vitality crystals hence 50 supreme crystals were already a large amount of money even to a cultivator of Internal Elixir Realm. So, the participants were surprised when they sensed that Zen wasn't thrilled at all.

Meanwhile, in the palace, Cole almost hit the ceiling, "God! Is this really happening? Is he really holding an auction?"

Letitia's lips curled into a smile, "An auction, how creative. Isn't that very interesting?"

Chapter 701 Avoiding

The Platanus Sect was also a third-grade sect. But more importantly, it was located right next to a mine rich with supreme life vitality crystals, which placed it at a great advantage compared to other third-grade sects.

The two intimidating martial artists from the Platanus Sect were prepared to shell out fifty supreme crystals right there and then to obtain the slots. They wanted to avoid the bidding entirely.

After Zen's onslaught, there were only seven combatants left, including Zen himself.

A blanket of silence fell upon the magic array, which was almost empty. Suddenly someone arose from his little pagoda and offered a price, "Eighty supreme crystals."

The booming voice came from none other than Owen, the only martial artist who was in the Illuminating Soul Realm aside from Zen in today's pre-qualifying match.

Owen was visibly upset. He assumed that given his current strength, he would surely meet the quota for the main draw match. He had never expected Zen to appear in such a crucial moment.

Owen speculated that his chances of winning against Zen were very slim, maybe thirty percent. When Zen was striking at him, he desperately wanted to counter. Several whorls of sharp gale winds were circling his hands.

But he finally gave up on the idea.

His chances were miniscule. Zen was stronger than the level 3 he appeared to be.

The timing was perfect. If supreme crystals could solve his problems, all the better. Owen was rich in nothing but supreme crystals.

It all stemmed from a fortunate accident back when he was training himself in the Woollen Grassland. He fell into a cave as he lost his footing and by chance found an exorbitant amount of lost treasure kept secret by a now extinct sect.

And so even as an independent martial artist, Owen was wealthier than the two from the Platanus Sect.

Dismay marked the sullen faces of the Platanus Sect martial artists when they heard Owen's bid. Things always started to turn complicated once the first bid was struck.

"A hundred supreme crystals," an irritated voice resounded. It came from one of the martial artists from the Platanus Sect. His teeth were clenched hard.

A disciple's income normally wasn't high. Even when one accomplished a quest given out by the sect, it would still share a portion of the reward. A hundred supreme crystals were all they would offer at the moment.

"A hundred and fifty!" Owen declared in a stern voice, his heart beating rapidly in his chest.

The two disciples from Platanus Sect looked at each other at that moment. Then they proceeded to discuss using their life vitality so that no one else could hear. One of them shook his head and muttered, "I give up!"

One of the Platanus Sect disciples gave up while the other got a spot worth one hundred supreme crystals.

Zen smiled gently and then nodded, "You have the spot now. Please take an oath by your will of martial arts! And turn over the supreme crystals after you leave the magic array."

Words were cheap and promises were easily made. If they refused to honor their word, then there was nothing Zen could do about it.

"It's just some crystals. There is really no need to..." replied the disciple from Platanus Sect.

"If you don't swear the oath by your will of martial arts, then there's nothing left for us to discuss, ' said Zen passively. Hidden underneath his words was a thinly veiled threat.

Finally Owen and the disciple from the Platanus Sect had to swear at the same time.

After they were sworn in, there was a flash of consent in Zen's eyes. All of a sudden, the twelve archers beside him drew their long bows at the same time!

The sound of the whistling ranted through the air as the arrows cut through the wind.

Though the rest of the martial artists fought for their lives, they were still slain by the arrows let loose by the archers of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

After the attack, there were only three martial artists left on the magic array: Zen, Owen and that lone disciple of the Platanus Sect.

When Letitia noticed that the pre-qualifying match was about to end, a strange and complex feeling in her heart intensified. Although she was here for Zen, she suddenly didn't want to be seen, let alone let Zen know she was there...

So she smiled joyfully and turned to Michael and the others, "Since the test is over, I'm going to leave. But I have a favor to ask of you. Please, please don't tell Zen I was here."

Upon hearing the strange favor, Michael and Xiao looked confused. They wondered why Letitia, the leader of Cloud Hall, tried to hide something from Zen, a mere disciple.

Gazed upon by Michael and Xiao, Letitia's cheeks turned a scarlet hue.

Michael and Xiao got even more confused when they saw her reddened face.

Letitia managed to fake a smile and said, "I'll leave you to it then." She wheeled around and trotted swiftly out of the palace.

Michael, Xiao, and Cole didn't have a clue what just happened.

After a few moments, the martial artists that went into the magic array all started to come out and enter the palace.

Among the four hundred who entered, only three managed to have a spot in the main draw match, making the elimination rate skyrocket.

Most of the martial artists were eliminated by the magic array itself. Only twenty were eliminated because of Zen's little pagoda.

All twenty eyed him with great hatred. If the elders of the World Commercial Alliance weren't present, Zen probably would have been torn to pieces.

However, Zen remained calm under their hateful gaze. He even had the nerve to smile.

Owen walked up to Zen and threw him a bag of supreme crystals, so did the Platanus Sect disciple. After all they had sworn by their will of martial arts. It was not worthwhile to be bothered by an internal demon just for some supreme crystals.

Most of the martial artists present didn't even know what they were doing, since they had no clue as to what transpired on the second stage of the test.

Cole watched Zen getting his bounty as his head ached. He wanted to cancel Zen's qualification desperately, but Letitia would definitely put him in trouble if he went and did it. More importantly, he lacked the reasons to do so. If Letitia truly wanted to reason with the World Commercial Alliance, he would definitely be in trouble.

Though Cole was extremely unhappy with what Zen had done, he could do nothing but let it go.

"The three who passed the pre-qualifying match are Zen Luo, Owen Ao, and Galloway Fu. They have won the pass to the main draw match, and other warriors can receive a reward from the World Commercial Alliance..."

There were apparently talents among the independent martial artists as well. The Martial Arts Contest was an opportunity for the World Commercial Alliance to win them over. Unlike the Cloud Hall and the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the World Commercial Alliance actually took them in, instead of establishing a sect to train disciples.

Zen breathed a sigh of relief after he got the qualification.

Though there was still time before the main draw match, Zen didn't rest. He went into the Oracle City and bought some necessary supplies and materials. He then rented a nice quiet room and stayed there to meditate, instead of going back to the Cloud Hall.

Zen threw himself into cultivating or drawing divine texture these days. He had to be prepared to kill Marilyn.

Though he had never met Marilyn, he knew she was in the middle of the Internal Elixir Realm. Killing her would be his greatest challenge yet.

Furthermore, Marilyn had Purple Power Body, which was an extremely rare and special power. Marilyn was also trained by Eddie, the most powerful man in the Central Region. Zen didn't know if Marilyn ever became a formal student of his, but he was sure she learned a lot under Eddie.

Zen faced the critical challenge head on, unflinching. He had to go all out in this fight.

It took Zen a whole day to complete two pieces of divine texture.

They were all drawn under the Cyan Dragon's requirements and the divine textures were finally inscribed on both of his arms, then they promptly faded into two dim lines of power. The two pieces of divine texture were like glowing tattoos on his arms as they were activated.

Zen began cultivating even more as soon as he was done with the divine texture.

No more than two days later, Zen had finally stepped into level four of the Illuminating Soul Realm all the way from level 3. His primary task had always been to gather more strength and further hone his might.

Right after he leveled up, the cyan dragon's voice rang out, "Zen, I'm ready to awaken my seventh brother..."

Chapter 702 The Primordial Energy (Part One)

The cyan dragon's seventh brother was one of the nine dragons.

Back in the city of the Genuine Dragon World, the cyan dragon had been successful in swallowing the Owl Beast's evil spirit.

That evil spirit was divided into three parts. Those three parts, according to the cyan dragon, were extremely useful: one could be used to cure the cyan dragon itself, the other could be used to wake up his seventh brother, and the third could help Zen with the creation of the soul seed.

It was a long time before the cyan dragon came up with the decision to finally wake his seventh brother. Zen, however, was patient and waited respectfully for the cyan dragon.

Now, he sat cross-legged and immersed himself in the silence. Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, Zen slipped into a deep, meditative state. During this time, his mind relaxed and his soul was able to enter into the depths of his psyche.

Zen found the cyan dragon coil around the huge mysterious furnace. At first glance, the dragon looked fearsome and scary. However, his fierce look softened once he realized who the visitor was.

Uncoiling himself from the furnace, the cyan dragon approached Zen and opened his jaw wide. In his mouth was a huge, black bead.

"Is that…? That's the black bead from the Owl Beast's evil spirit, isn't it?" Zen asked.

The cyan dragon nodded. "Uh-huh," he confirmed. "After absorbing the Owl Beast's evil spirit, my body became much stronger. Hopefully, I can also wake my brother up with this bead."

Having said that, the cyan dragon spat out the bead. Both he and Zen watched as the black bead flew over their heads and towards the dragon-shaped sculptures on the surface of the mysterious furnace. It shot itself right into the gaping mouth of one of the dragons.

As soon as the bead touched the dragon's mouth, it transformed into some kind of viscous dark matter quite similar to the soul essence refined by the Dark Devil Phantom. However, it seemed much purer than the soul essence.

Once the dark matter was swallowed into the dragon's mouth, everything became quiet.

One of the reasons why Zen was willing to risk the destruction of his own soul to help the cyan dragon in capturing the Owl Beast's evil spirit was that the dragon's brother had the capacity to refine his body. However, they'd have to wake him up first.

Body refining skills were not very popular in the Central Region. All the sects and warriors preferred and practiced the refining techniques of the life vitality system. Only a few people refined their bodies, so there were very few body refining techniques.

If they succeeded in waking up the cyan dragon's brother, he could help Zen refine his body and considerably enhance his effectiveness in combat.

The dragon statue remained still while Zen and the cyan dragon patiently waited with rapt attention. Surely the Owl Beast's evil spirit was enough. They had risked so much to obtain it. It must be, no, it had to be enough.

Seconds passed.

The clock was ticking.

But nothing was changing from the ornament.

A period of thirty seconds passed.

The silence was deafening and it shattered whatever hope Zen and the cyan dragon had. After so much trouble and expectations, all of it only led to failure. Zen's and the cyan dragon's faces fell with disappointment.

The black bead from the Owl Beast's evil spirit hadn't been enough to awaken the dragon.

However, just as all hope had been eradicated in their hearts, the dragon statue suddenly began to shake.

"B-Brother…." the cyan dragon murmured, eyes shining with hope.

A wisp of red began to appear on the petrified dragon statue, staining the stone with the hope of awakening.

Crack.

As the red bled through the statue, multiple cracks began to appear. One by one, the pieces of debris fell away to reveal the grand beast underneath. The red dragon, one of the nine dragons, had finally awakened.

The dragon raised his head in slight bewilderment, "Where am I?"

he asked in a rough, hoarse voice.

"Brother," the cyan dragon greeted his newly awakened sibling. "It's me."

The red dragon cautiously uncoiled from the mysterious furnace. "Little brother!" the red dragon called. Familiarity was written over his face as he slowly glided down the furnace towards the cyan dragon. "Are you the one who woke me up from my slumber?" he asked as he stopped in front of the cyan dragon. Slowly, the memories that had long been frozen in time were rapidly coming back to the red dragon. The red dragon could now remember perfectly. His memories were no longer in a haze.

The cyan dragon nodded in response. "Yes," he replied. "My ability is very limited. There are things that are beyond my comprehension, so I opted to wake you up," he added. The red dragon knotted his brows. "What do you mean?" he asked.

The cyan dragon started talking in a language that Zen had never heard before. It was the dragon's language.

Zen wasn't able to catch anything as the two dragon brothers began to converse in rapid dragon language. The syllables were too complex, but he had no doubt that the cyan dragon was now telling his brother all that he had missed while in slumber. As the two conversed, the red dragon began to look Zen up and down.

Despite being uneasy, Zen never showed it. Instead, he stared back at the dragon and coolly turned his head towards the fire that was lit on the furnace. The red dragon caught Zen's attention back when he laughed. "Human, did you really turn yourself into a spiritual weapon?" he asked with amusement dancing in his eyes.

"Yes," Zen replied with eagerness and pride as an answer to the dragon's question. However, he was confused as to what the dragon found amusing.

"There are billions, heck, even trillions of creatures in this universe," the red dragon said, "but nowhere will you be able to find such a unique and valuable body as yours. You actually used the primordial energy you produced during the refinement of your body to wash your belly? What were you thinking?" The red dragon shook his head at Zen, obviously disappointed but also slightly amused.

Zen's brows knitted. "The primordial energy?" he repeated, shooting a confused look at the red dragon.

The red dragon frowned, "Didn't my brother tell you? Your body is the rudiment of primordial energy!"

The red dragon's declaration echoed in his ears. "It's quite a pity you don't know how to use it at all. Truly a pity," the dragon started. "After you stepped into the nature level, you had to practice the refinement techniques of the life vitality system, so you just wasted the primordial energy away..." the mighty dragon began in a low, cold voice. "You do not know how to use that energy, so you cleansed your body by using that energy!" the dragon said, heaving a sigh in disappointment. "I bet you have no actual idea how precious it truly is!" the dragon stated lastly.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 703 The Primordial Energy (Part Two)

"W-what?!" Zen was shocked with the sudden knowledge he had gained. He didn't know. And if he knew, he wouldn't have used it!

The dragons were the supreme beings of the universe. They had power and authority over anything. They could even be considered as gods of this world.

If the cyan dragon and the red dragon hadn't gotten into such a plight, the possibility of them destroying the universe with one wave of their claws was not far from reality. The world and the Central Region would be in utter devastation. But thankfully, they did not cause such a ruckus.

The mighty dragon valued the primordial energy, but at first, Zen used it to cleanse his body only. Moreover, after becoming a nature creature, he didn't practice body refining skills, so he used the primordial energy to wash the body, but unfortunately, the effect was not satisfactory.

Zen's mouth was agape, left speechless by the revelation. He couldn't fathom out what to say or what to do. He was dumbfounded and lost on what should be done next.

"However, I have heard from my brother that you woke me up at the cost of your life, and for that, I owe you. To pay my debt, I can teach you body refining skills. But let me warn you. I have never supported human body refining. But your body is unique! It will be a waste not to refine it. The only question left is, will you be able to do it?" the red dragon asked in an emotionless voice. The Genuine Dragon World had many humans in it, but most of them were Dragon Lineage Humans with dragon blood.

These humans who had dragon blood in their bodies were far stronger and superior than a normal human being when it came to body refining skills.

But normal human beings were naturally suitable for the practice of life vitality system, and that included the refinement of the body. A lot of them at first opted to refine their bodies. However, the most powerful people relied on the life vitality system since it could lengthen a life span.

Zen's eyes shone with determination as he held the dragon's gaze, "I won't give up, no matter how difficult it is."

Giving up wasn't an option for Zen, especially since he still wanted to rescue his sister. He might have been strong. But it was not enough to protect Yan. She got taken away from his care in just an instant. Other than that, a part of him also wanted to pursue the consummate martial arts. He had to make himself stronger until he reached the absolute peak.

"Impressive," the red dragon said. "That's a good start! You'll need your strongest conviction. Your determination and the strength of your body are needed for you to succeed with me. Let's start with refining your body," the dragon added.

"Refine my body?" Zen asked curiously. "I have reached the nature level by refining my body."

Before reaching the nature level, there was a need for warriors to practice body refining skills in order to remove the impurities in their bodies. They had to refine their skin, flesh, bones, organs, and marrows in the exact succession. Back in the day, Zen had used the precious primordial energy to force out the impurities within his body.

"After reaching the nature level, the primordial energy in your body does not work at all. Except for a small part that has now disappeared, the rest of it continues to flow and spread all throughout your body. You often wash the belly with it, so it is concentrated there. I will use it to refine your body first. Forget the body refining you knew before." The red dragon was obviously against the body refining skills of the Eastern Region where Zen had practiced. 'I'm skeptical about it, since it is quite pathetic, ' the dragon wanted to add while talking to Zen, but he shoved the idea away since it was not worth to be commented on.

Zen knew that the red dragon viewed the Purple Light Fist he had learned before as complete trash, and he was perfectly okay with it. The warm currents he felt after he was beaten earlier were exactly his primordial energy, but he didn't use it well.

After he reached the nature level, the warm currents generated after he was beaten were the primordial energy he never used. Over time, he had built up a considerable amount of primordial energy. Now, the red dragon was fully intended on using it to refine his body.

"I am warning you once again. The refinement will be very painful and hard. I advise you to be prepared for it," the dragon warned before Zen could quit his meditation. Zen's soul just nodded as an acknowledgement. He was prepared for whatever it was going to take.

As the brave warrior came back from his reverie, he squinted his eyes slowly and shook his head. He breathed once more to fully restore his consciousness. After that, he decided to step out and into the courtyard. The Martial Arts Contest was held nearby, so the rent of the courtyard he was in was very expensive. However, it was cheap for him since he had hundreds of supreme life vitality crystals to spend. He rented the whole courtyard that day, so no one could be seen aside from him wandering around that place.

Standing in the middle of the space, he heard the red dragon began to speak, "I shall now commence with refining your body using the primordial energy." As soon as he finished his words, Zen felt his entire body become rigid.

Chapter 704 The Fate To Lead The World Of Chaos (Part One)

The "warm current", as Zen named it, felt like the warm caress of the summer seas. He had no idea what it was, nor had any explanation for why it healed him from any pain felt by his body. He didn't have any inkling as to what this energy coursing through him might possibly be.

'An enigma, ' Zen thought, a faint smile gracing his lips. 'One that I'm willing to embrace wholeheartedly.'

The thirst for knowledge to solve this mystery spurred Zen into training his body without mercy. His resolve and dedication had led him to be inflicted with various wounds and injuries all over, yet all these never seemed to last for long as soon as the "warm current" washed over him. 'It's another type of energy... One that I obviously haven't heard before.' Zen had mused before, his brows furrowing in frustration as he attempted to resolve his own inquiries.

"Primordial energy?"

Zen murmured as he finally knew what the "warm current" was after the red dragon told him.

The red dragon had helped to muster and run the primordial energy in his body. It started with the smallest flicker of flame. A fire that could easily be extinguished by sudden gusts of wayward winds.

It was too sudden; too fast, that Zen didn't even have the chance to recognize where and when the shift had begun inside of him. The flame flickered and spread all throughout his body like wildfire in a dense forest. It left no mercy; reaching every crevice and fissure in his compact body, until it engulfed him completely.

He thought that he could bear it. He thought of the summer seas, crashing waves and the salt lingering on his tongue; the warm caress that seemed to embrace him lovingly and healed him every time his body took damage. And, at first, he felt it—the careful, tender touch. Until, the heat grew and grew and he was choking, unable to breathe as the heat increased in devastatingly high levels. It scorched him from the inside out; every intake of oxygen became synonymous to burning acid sliding down his parched throat. He was being burned alive, his skin turning to black as his muscles convulsed, fighting a hopeless battle against the fire that relentlessly licked at his flesh.

"No! Stop!"

Zen screamed in despair, trashing wildly and blindly. He hated it, he hated this, hated that he was unable to do anything against the force that was trying to bring him down. He hated that he had no chance at all to alleviate his suffering. He had been determined to fight back, no matter how small the chances of success were in a battle, but here, he was robbed of all power. The pain didn't cease; only intensified and worsened to such a degree that his blood felt like boiling water. He was trapped in hellfire, with no possible way out. He was helpless, utterly and completely helpless.

Oracle City had begun preparing for the Martial Arts Contest, an event that was widely known and praised by people from all towns and nations. Meaning, it also became a leeway for merchants and landlords alike to profit off such a huge opportunity. From wares and food to inns and houses for rent, it became nothing short of a massive festival for small and large businesses.

The house Zen had rented was one of the abandoned properties that had only opened due to the event. It was simple and modest, as it was owned by an ordinary family. The only problem was that its location was disadvantageous to most because of its inaccessibility. Nevertheless, Zen took the liberty to live inside its quarters for the time being.

The owner's family lived next to the rented house, and ran a jade and jewelry shop on the side after securing a better location on the main street.

In their previous years, they had tried to scout tourists into checking in their old home, but it was always met to no avail. They were ready to accept that this year would be of no difference, having decided on labeling it as a futile attempt to raise quick money. Yet, this man—no, a cultivator, and an excellent one at that, approached them with the intention of renting out their former estate.

Cultivators were a kindred that possessed unimaginable skills and powers. To ordinary folks like the owner, they were a species that were closely regarded as fairies or gods. And so, it was also with great reverence and awe when the owner had told his family to never dare approach the rented house, in fear of bothering the young man occupying their past home.

It had been a quiet few days, since the cultivator had been living peacefully as their esteemed neighbor. However, this coming night seemed to be the long-awaited exception.

A sudden roar, and the following crash of tiles from the adjacent backyard shocked the owner's family into stillness. With pale faces and trembling hands, the feeling of unrest that settled on the household led the group to huddle close to each other in fear and terror.

Unbeknownst to them though, a particular girl in a flowing green dress took the loud noise as an opportunity to spy on the house next-door. She stacked a pile of tiles on top of the other to make up for her lack of height, and peeped over the neighbor's yard.

'A man in white... I wonder if that's part of his training?' She thought, after taking notice of the youth writhing on the ground. He was covered in dirt and grime from his yard, a stark contrast to the white of his clothes.

"He's the cultivator, isn't he?"

The girl muttered to herself, her eyes transfixed on the man who seemed to be under some unbearable pain.

Her inquisitive nature was understandable; it was a feeling that the majority could relate to. The people of the Oracle City mostly led normal, ordinary lives, just like other towns and places. Excluding the occasional flying chariots or cultivators in the sky, one would rarely have an opportunity to meet and much less, know any cultivators.

It might be because of this fact, that the hunger to observe such an unusual being, won over any fear the girl must have felt upon experiencing the unfamiliar. She was eager to drink up whatever she could take from the view over the wall. Yes, she certainly was, until she had a nagging realization that what she was currently seeing was simply beyond her expectations.

The more she watched the scene in front of her, the more horrified and repulsed she felt upon seeing the cultivator withstand such suffering just for the sake of training.

His voice was hoarse from his screams. The pain from the activation of primordial energy was unexpected for Zen, so he was totally unprepared for it. He had no concept of time while he was stuck in the realm of torture. He didn't know how many minutes, or hours he had already spent enclosed in this prison of searing fire.

He convulsed; tossing himself widely and violently on the ground, like fish desperately looking for water; looking desperately for the briefest amount of solace, as his mind fought to escape intolerable abuse of the white-hot flames.

"He's tougher than I have imagined," the red dragon said in barely concealed astonishment.

"His soul has entered the Fighting Soul Realm, so he is able to withstand it for a long while before he passes out," the cyan dragon replied.

"That's it… It would actually be his salvation if he were to pass out. This kind of torture is undeniably unbearable." The red dragon shook his head in a pitying manner. "Although, it is true that one must always go through a series of hardships if he hopes to achieve his goal. Zen must understand what he is putting at stake for the future he will be facing soon."

Chapter 705 The Fate To Lead The World Of Chaos (Part Two)

"Pang!"

The dragons turned to see where the resounding boom had originated.

It was closely followed by another loud crash, and they soon discerned that it was the sound of something breaking.

Zen, in his deranged state, had managed to crush a brown, stone floor tile into pieces after having tossed himself over it. Although, he didn't seem to take notice as he proceeded to stumble and stagger his way across the courtyard deliriously.

He was making a huge, chaotic mess. His body appearing to be possessed with the strength of a thousand soldiers; every accidental bump he had made with the stone pillars caused them to shatter completely. Still, he was blinded by the agony he felt that he was not yet to be made aware of the three rooms that had collapsed after he ran into them.

The ruckus in the manor made Zen's innocent neighbors cower in fright. The owner had summoned his family members to gather in their shop, and with a quivering voice, he tried to console both himself and his family. "Don't worry, the cultivator is only practicing. There's no need to fear. Just remember that no matter what happens, never go to his yard and risk disturbing him."

The family all nodded in agreement. They were shaking, trembling so badly that the owner was almost certain that none had been able to even listen to his words properly.

'It's okay, ' he reassured himself. 'My wife is here, so are my children…' His eyes swept over the group, before they widened in horror. "Alice! Where's Alice? She's not here!" The room fell silent as everyone looked at each other in dread.

They all scattered in a hurry to look for the missing daughter, but ultimately failed to see any sign of her presence within the shop.

Oblivious to her family's turmoil, Alice had remained unmoving from her spot; entranced by the unbelievable situation on the other side of the wall. Perhaps, it was the child in her that led her to be so unperturbed by the dangers she was currently exposed to. With a gaze filled with wonder and disbelief, she whispered to herself, "Is that guy really as tough as iron and steel?"

"What's he doing? He's running into walls, and breaking them all to pieces… and he's unharmed? Is that even possible?" She pursed her lips in concentration as she tried to look for any signs of cuts or gashes on the man. "Not even a trace of blood! Are all cultivators as invincible as him?"

A barrage of thunderous noises cut off Alice's musings.

Zen rampaged like an angered, blinded bull sporadically wrecking whatever stood in his path. Despite this, Alice was still foolishly gawking at his strange behavior. That was, until Zen dashed out of the house and ran directly towards her direction.

Now, Alice was no fool. She had already harbored suspicions that this young man might not even be sentient, seeing as his conduct might as well label him as an irrational, violent beast. He could easily ram down the wall and crush Alice without a single doubt or hesitation in his mind. She began to panic. 'Will I be able to react fast..."

The sound of an enormous force smashing against stones resonated throughout the yard.

Alice, in pure, unaltered instinct, miraculously dodged in time before the wall she was leaning against was powdered down by Zen. Through the haze of dust and stone particles covering her vision, she regarded the motionless man lying before her with curious, sparkling eyes.

"He passed out…?"

Alice murmured, looking at Zen's dirtied face.

His twisted expression gradually disappeared as his consciousness slipped, allowing him a break from the torment he had been forced to endure. Alice took a closer look at his face, and saw a young man beneath all the grime that tarnished his otherwise smooth skin. She frowned, her habit of keeping things clean made her feel peeved and uncomfortable while looking at his dirty face. With that thought in mind, Alice turned around and ran back to her house.

Her father felt immense relief flood in his veins after seeing his daughter arrive back home. "Alice..."

Alice paid no heed to his father's calls, and instead busied herself in finding the things she was looking for. "Mother, where did you put the barrel? I need it to help clean the cultivator's face!"

The owner paled, realizing what she was planning to do.

"Alice! Alice! We shall not meddle in his business!"

Her father was afraid, admittedly, as all common people would be. They all feared what they did not understand after all, and so they wished for no involvement or association with the cultivators.

Alice was seen as the odd one, what with her fearless attitude in approaching the unconscious man. She returned to where Zen was situated, carrying a barrel of water and several pieces of white cloth with her, before kneeling down and cleaning his face for him.

While Alice was occupied with her task, the two dragons in Zen's mind were too caught up in their own conversation to even notice the arrival of the strange girl.

"Brother, are you sure you're right about your conjecture?"

The red dragon asked, solemnly.

"Yes, of course! Zen has the fate to lead the world of chaos!

Both his talent and luck demonstrate his growing potential for the position," the cyan dragon nodded as he replied. "Our training and cultivation for him will pay off. At any rate, I guarantee that we will lose nothing."

The red dragon's face turned graver upon hearing this, "The ability to lead the world of chaos not only depends on those two traits. Remember what our oldest brother once said? The one who is destined to lead the world of chaos shall have both characteristics, and the guidance of destiny to go with it." It was a well-known fact, that no matter how much talent and luck one possessed, it was all meaningless if the fate they hoped to achieve was not the one that was carved for them. Many had tried to pave their own trails, and those many had failed. "Zen is indeed a genius in the arts of cultivation, and the rare opportunities he has been presented with certainly prove his luck… But I have not seen any signs of the guidance of destiny in his life!"

The cyan dragon grinned knowingly. "Of course you cannot see it. Zen's destiny guider is not here with him right now."

"Oh?"

The red dragon pondered as he looked at the other expectantly. 'Since he awakened earlier than I did, he must know many things, ' he thought.

"Zen has a sister named Yan, and I think she is his destiny guider!" The cyan dragon said it with a certainty that made it hard not to believe his words.

"Zen's sole purpose in being here is to save Yan. He encountered various challenges along the way, but he persevered until he was finally able to hold her hand." The cyan dragon said, "His salvation was short-lived though because of Yan's Purple Power Body, and thus she was taken away by Eddie in the end.

His defeat led him to continuously face obstacles in order to chase after Yan again, and all that made him stronger by leaps and bounds. That is why I think that Yan is Zen's destiny guider."

"It sounds reasonable, brother! But, I think that it is still too early to be sure of it. If you're right, Zen should have been led into a much wider world, instead of this small Central Region," the red dragon countered.

The other companion agreed with a nod, "Indeed, my conclusion is not yet final. If she really is who I suspect to be, she might be taken away by somebody again."

Both dragons fell into quiet contemplation before they sighed, "If our eldest brother were here, he would've known the answer to our speculations!"

The red dragon grumbled in dismay.

Fate was elusive, akin to traveling a rocky, deserted terrain with no clear destination in sight. Even the most powerful beings like the Genuine Dragon Race were unable to get a hold of the whole picture. Zen's superb abilities and his unusual destiny were first found by Kenneth, but even he knew of nothing about his fate to lead the world of chaos. It was only intuition that led him to believe that Yan played a role in guiding Zen forward.

Unfortunately for Zen, he was excluded from the topic regarding his own future, as his consciousness had not yet returned.

Zen woke up after a long, much needed rest. Disoriented and aching all over, the first thing that had come to his senses was the sweet smell of a young girl hovering over him as soon as he opened his eyes.

With a throat dry from dehydration, he asked, "Where am I?"

Chapter 706 Refining Acupoints (Part One)

Zen had gotten himself ready to experience the agonizing pain of body refinement, but never would he have thought that it would be extremely intolerable.

His soul had already set foot inside the Fighting Soul Realm, and his willpower had also gone up a couple of notches. However, his mind and body just couldn't bear the excruciating pain, causing him to pass out.

Holding a freshly brewed pot of hot tea, a girl dressed in green silk entered. Possessing a set of eyes so pure, the girl didn't look half bad at all. Her bangs had been cut short.

"Oh, you finally came to." Upon seeing Zen open his eyes, she immediately poured hot tea over a cup and handed it over to him.

Zen shot the girl a bit of a reluctant gaze, but it didn't take too long for him to understand that she was just a regular person who had nothing to do with martial arts whatsoever, so he was able to ease up on her in no time. He nodded politely toward the girl, carefully grabbed the cup and gulped a mouthful of refreshing hot tea.

"I noticed how your face looked as if you were under so much pain. Would you like for me to fetch a doctor for you?" Although Alice Bi was aware that the bodies of warriors could be quite different from those of the common folk, she still felt like Zen was in need of medical supervision as he had been racked with pain and so much torment.

Zen simply let out a faint smile and shook his head in refusal, "No, thanks. That wouldn't be necessary. The doctor wouldn't be able to treat me anyway."

"How can you be so sure? I know of a talented doctor who has Wang as his last name. His clinic is just around the bend. For decades now, he has been a seasoned doctor. He's the one who used to..." Alice Bi remarked in a tender and comprehensible voice. Surprisingly, Zen didn't find her irritating at all.

The whole time that the girl was giving her explanation, Zen just silently wore a soft smile on his face. He didn't bother stopping her in her tracks. Instead, he just let her continue.

But Alice was quite intuitive. The second she realized that Zen wasn't listening to her, she became quiet, and she just kept staring at Zen. "Well, you made an oath to keep my father's courtyard intact back when you rented it, but you went ahead and laid waste to the rooms and floors inside. I'm gonna have to ask you to pay for the damages."

During the time when Zen was receiving training in the courtyard, not a single one among the members of the Bi family had the guts to take a peek. But Alice Bi hadn't been fazed at all, to the point that she even extended a helping hand in cleaning up the mess.

Her father used to tell her all the time how a lot of martial artists felt like they were above the law and would go on to rape any girls they might like, but something of Zen told her that he couldn't be one of those wretched types of men.

Her father had been heartbroken upon seeing so much destruction in the courtyard, but he was much too afraid to ask Zen to pay for the damages, so Alice decided to come in his stead.

Zen suddenly recalled what he had done and realized that he had just wrecked some of the rooms, so he pulled out more than ten low-grade life vitality crystals stored inside his space ring and handed them over to Alice. "Would these life vitality crystals be enough?"

These were the low-grade life vitality crystals Zen received as change from back when he bought some materials for drawing divine textures.

As the sight of more than a dozen low-grade life vitality crystals in Zen's hand, Alice couldn't believe her eyes. Shaking her head repeatedly, she blurted out, "This is a bit too much."

An overwhelming gap existed between ordinary people and the warriors. The Bi family could be considered rich in Oracle City. However, the gold they allotted for food consumption and clothing throughout the year wouldn't even be worth more than one, or possibly, two low-grade life vitality crystals.

Half a low-grade life vitality crystal would actually be more than enough already to fix the damages to the rooms and walls. The low-grade life vitality crystals Zen offered was such a large amount of money for the Bi family no matter how one might look at it. If Alice's father were to find out that Alice even tried to refuse, he would be raging with intense anger. But Zen insisted and placed the low-grade life vitality crystals in Alice's hands.

Alice was sincerely so hesitant to accept it, but pondering on it, this could make her father so happy, so she gladly left holding the crystals in her hands. The second she walked away, she informed Zen that she'd bring dinner over to him when night fell.

Immediately after Alice left, Zen sprung up from his bed. It seemed that luck wasn't on his side, as he hit his head on the wooden ceiling.

"Oww!" Zen cried out under intense pain.

Hearing the clamor, Alice hurriedly went back and poked her head through the door's opening, feeling quite curious.

Zen rubbed his head in embarrassment. He simply laughed it off and said, "Sorry about that. I'll make sure to pay for anything I might break."

In the past, Zen had always been under the assumption that the warm current could only be able to help him get rid of the impurities inside his body. The first step one would have to take in order to reach the nature level was to get rid of the impurities in his body and make it absolutely pure. Upon attaining the nature level, however, the aforementioned warm current had little to almost no effect on him whatsoever.

It wasn't until today that he finally learned how to utilize the primordial energy. This was something essential for training one's body refining skills.

Chapter 707 Refining Acupoints (Part Two)

Subsequently, after the red dragon lent him a hand in refining his body with the use of the primordial energy, his body went through a mind-blowing transformation. The moment he sprung up from the bed, there was a sensation rushing through his body, brimming with an unfamiliar force which seemed to be different from life vitality. He somehow knew there was something within him, but he just didn't know how to draw it out.

That was the reason he accidentally hit the ceiling surprisingly when he jumped up.

"It looks like you've managed to form your own forceful energy right on your very first body refining. The primordial energy is quite powerful in my opinion. Ha-ha," the voice of the red dragon appeared without a warning.

"Did you just say 'forceful energy'?" Zen's eyes were gleaming with anticipation.

"Mm-hmm, this is what people commonly refer to as a martial art of body refining," the red dragon affirmed.

The system of body refinement and that of life vitality refinement were two utterly contrasting fields of martial arts. The two might have started with body refining, but after the five realms of body refining, they would branch out much differently. With that in mind, the warriors of the life vitality system should logically begin training from the nature level, and then the Illuminating Soul Realm, and the Internal Elixir Realm after that, and eventually, they'd reach the Virtual Tribulation Realm and even much higher levels.

That being said, after finishing their practice in the five realms of body refining, the warriors adopting the body refining system would have to begin the refinement of their 108 acupuncture points, or acupoints for short. The next step would then be to build an indestructible body, succeeded by the Eight Path Platforms, and then finally, the Nine Divine Stars.

"The body refining system is truly an enormous training system, much more perfect as opposed to the life vitality refining system. If you're interested in improving your martial arts and refining your body at the same time, you would have to put in more work and train harder than every other warrior out there before you could accomplish anything. Given that you have already undergone body refining, by now, you should be well aware just how grueling this road could be," the red dragon mentioned carefully.

"Well, I know that full well," Zen responded in a calm manner. Because this was the path he decided to take, there was no way in hell he'd ever hesitate to move forward no matter how hard it was.

Noticing that Zen looked just the same as he usually was, the red dragon exclaimed, "That's great. I was a bit anxious that you might not be adamant enough before. If you could somehow pull off practicing martial arts and refining your body simultaneously, you'll have the potential of becoming a dominator in some field one day and end up producing wonderful accomplishments. From what I could tell, the warriors who practice martial arts and refine their bodies are significantly stronger than their peers, so much so that they could be beyond compare. I think you're more than prepared enough, so let's proceed. Ha-ha!"

"Proceed?" Zen's eyelids quivered after he heard the red dragon's statement.

"What I just did was refine your body. You could think of it as transforming life energy into life vitality when you are practicing the life vitality system. Now, I'm going to start refining your acupoints. Normally, the power of thunder and fire will have to be used for this purpose. You didn't put into practice the cultivation methods of thunder or fire system, but as luck would have it, you have been baptized by the laws, so you have the basic understanding of the first layer of the laws of fire and thunder. Nothing could be better than utilizing pure thunder and fire to refine acupuncture points," the red dragon explained.

Upon hearing all of that, Zen came to realize that his body refining was just at an early stage, quite like the nature level of life vitality refining. He had just started to refine life vitality back when he entered the nature level.

For that reason, he went back to the courtyard and sat cross-legged. A flame materialized right in front of him. The flame was rather small and seemed to possess insignificant power, but it was exceptionally pure, much like a dancing flame spirit.

Meanwhile, a bolt of lightning also popped up in front of him. The lightning was sparkling with blue light, akin to that of the light of the flawless sapphire. And it was dancing as well.

Under the guidance of the red dragon, the flame and the lightning bolt in front of Zen suddenly intertwined, darting toward his eyebrows.

That was one of the main acupoints in the human body, the 20th point on the Governing Vessel.

Zen's body began quivering after the flame and lightning darted into his first acupoint. Then, beans of sweat began to form, streaming down from his forehead.

The refining of acupoints was as painful as body refining, but, in contrast, body refining caused severe pain in every single part of the human body, while the pain of refining acupoints, on the other hand, was focused in just one point.

The pure flame and lightning continued spreading on his eyebrows, making him feel as though his eyebrows were about to burst.

The strength of his will had been put to the test at such a great extent at that moment. In spite of the fact that the flame and lightning came from his own understanding of the Fire Law and the Thunder Law, at that point in time, they were being refined in his eyebrows.

It would spell trouble for him if he carelessly allowed them to slip into his mind, so he simply couldn't allow himself to lose focus.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 708 The Opening

Zen breathed in deeply, but remained calm as he felt the flame and the lightning racing through him.

The powerful flame and lightning gathered in the central area of Zen's head. He was refined through lightning and fire which made the 20th point on his Governing Vessel glow with a golden light.

After an hour, the shimmering light vanished, and Zen was done refining his first acupoint.

Body refiners were rare in the Central Region, but it didn't mean that there were none. Some of the smaller sects in the area had disciples dedicated to body refining.

When they finished the marrow refining level, they refined the first acupoint which was the 20th point on the Governing Vessel.

But, the process usually took years, even decades to complete.

Zen finished in an hour.

His impressive accomplishment would shame and amaze those body refiners who were stuck.

There was a myriad of reasons that enabled Zen to finish so fast. First, Zen's body was a spiritual weapon making him stronger than other cultivators. Also, he had already refined himself in other aspects when he got the primordial energy.

Primordial energy was accessible for Zen because all he needed to do was be beaten by others. According to the red dragon though, it could be challenging to get primordial energy for some more sophisticated, stronger masters.

Since his body was refined by primordial energy completely Zen was able to refine his acupoints more effectively.

The flame and lightning were Law Power, which was the purest power.

Body refiners from the Central Region underwent numerous hardships before they gained flame and lightning power that was suitable for their acupoint refining. Even when they did get some, it wasn't as pure as what Zen got. Usually, the flame and lightning from the earth realm were more explosive and more difficult to control. As a result, it required them to be more careful than Zen. They would be risking life and limb if they did what Zen did, and combined the flame with the lightning directly into their acupoints.

Once he finished with the first point, Zen began refining the next acupoint.

An hour later, his temples were refined.

Then he refined the next acupoint, which was located in the forehead.

Then the acupoints beside the ears, and the acupoints beside the eyebrows.

Time passed as Zen refined each acupoint. Oracle city skyline was alight with the hues of orange as the sun sank lower and then gradually darkened the sky.

The most important event happening in Oracle city was the Martial Arts contest, and there were so many refiners that the city was bursting at the seams. There were always arguments that transgressed into battles when there were cultivators, so, the World Commercial Alliance assigned more officers to patrol the streets.

Off in the distance, mist hung heavy, shrouding Letitia as she leaned against the rooftop. She looked stunning in her long, light blue dress. The wind caught it, and as it billowed around her, it gave Letitia an ethereal air.

'Unbelievable! He's refining his acupoints! And so fast, too!'

Even in the fog, the surprise on Letitia's face was evident.

Just then, a girl wearing a jade green skirt and carrying a basket walked into the yard and approached Zen.

The girl was Alice, and she was bringing a meal made by the finest chefs in the city that her father, who had made his fortune by accepting Zen's low-grade life vitality crystals, hired to impress Zen.

"Dinner's ready!" announced Alice beaming at Zen.

It wasn't tough for Zen to finish refining the one hundred and eight points quickly since he had more primordial energy.

After spending the entire afternoon refining his acupoints, Zen was famished.

Alice opened the basket, took out the dishes and handed them to Zen one at a time.

While this was happening, Letitia stared at Zen unwaveringly.

Alice might not be from an influential family, but with her pretty face, she stood out. Letitia was much more beautiful. Even so, seeing the two of them sharing a meal, made her envious.

As a cultivator, Letitia was dedicated to reaching the martial art community's pinnacle. Being responsible for Cloud Hall wore her out, and at one point she considered settling down. But, she was driven to keep refining her skills and reaching for the next level.

But, she was also a woman, with feelings, wants and needs, and once in a while, Letitia wanted to take a break from the rigorous routine, and just enjoy peaceful moment with someone else.

As Zen bit into the fish, he sensed something. Perhaps it was Letitia's emotions that drew his gaze to the house where she stood.

'Is it my imagination?' wondered Zen. He froze, and the hairs on his neck raised. He had the distinct impression someone was watching him.

"Is something wrong? Are you choking on a fishbone? The bones in a Channa argus are really sharp..." Alice asked hurriedly, her eyes widening with concern.

As soon as Zen heard Alice's question, he burst into laughter at the idea of a man like him choking on a fishbone.

After he finished the dinner, Zen started refining his acupoints again.

Using the power of the flames and lightning, Zen refined his acupoints one after another. Each time he was a little more efficient and quicker.

Four days later, Zen was done refining all of his acupoints. After that, he went into Oracle City to buy mysterious weapons to refine into heavenly essence.

After using the primordial energy, Zen's physique was dramatically altered, and he was able to take in more dragon scales energy. So to activate more dragon scales, he needed the heavenly essence.

Three more days flew by.

Morning came, and the roll of drums echoed throughout Oracle City.

Everyone knew the Martial Arts contest being hosted by the World Commercial Alliance had started.

Oracle City was so large that people weren't exaggerating when they called it a small country, and a normal person needed three days to cross it.

And yet, the drums could be heard clearly throughout the city!

"It's the Drum of Vitality between Heaven and Earth! Finally!"

"It's said that the stick used to beat the drum weighs fifty thousand pounds. An ordinary person can't even lift the stick to beat the drum!"

"This drum absorbs vitality between heaven and earth every day, and each time it's beaten, the vitality is released into the air. If we can absorb some, we'll extend our life. Let's breathe deeply!"

Zen could feel the vitality in the air around him when the drumming began.

It was immense, and cultivators absorbed the vitality, which was a bonus from the World Commercial Alliance to Oracle City.

Today was the day! Zen left the yard where he had confined himself to refine acupoints and headed to the World Commercial Alliance headquarters.

The stage was already set for the contests by the World Commercial Alliance who had also set up a stand that could hold a hundred thousand people at twenty thousand feet long, divided into twelve rows in anticipation of the spectators.

Zen was amazed at how many refiners he saw as he walked to the headquarters.

It was still early, but, the area was filled quickly with refiners and becoming overcrowded and noisy.

Many of them were from the Central Region. There were numerous sects, powers, and families all hailing from the Central Region, including the Cloud Hall and the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Millions of cultivators came to watch the contest, and this was only a tiny amount.

"The price of a ticket to the Martial Arts contest is one supreme life vitality crystal, only!" someone was yelling as he walked through the crowd.

'A supreme life vitality crystal for a ticket?' thought Zen, speechless at the steep cost.

However, even at that price there were tens of thousands of cultivators willing to pay. It seemed that the World Commercial Alliance did know how to run a business. Or were those cultivators just very wealthy?

Zen quickened his step as he walked right to the stage.

"Stop! If you want to watch the contest, go that way, please!" said a World Commercial Alliance steward who stopped Zen.

He didn't think Zen was there to participate when he noticed Zen was at grade four of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Zen smiled and politely stated, "You misunderstand, sir. I'm a contestant."

"You are a contestant?" asked the steward amused at what Zen told him. He sarcastically added, "Do you know where to go? This isn't a place where you can make jokes! Go away!"

Chapter 709 A Bully Is Always A Coward (Part One)

"I'm telling the truth. I am really here to participate in the Martial Arts Contest. If you're still doubtful, I can simply show you my token to prove it," Zen insisted, about to bring out and show him his token.

But in spite of that, the steward didn't even bother looking at the token at all. The only thing he did was let out a contemptuous smile.

Then he said, "Throughout the years that I've been a steward, I've had plenty of chances to meet jackasses just like you, but I have never come upon a person at the Illuminating Soul Realm who had the guts to try and fool me. You're the very first person to ever do so."

Zen's eyebrows were deeply knitted from hearing the steward's words. Silently standing still, he had been deep in thought, looking for an effective way to get the steward to believe him. Coming to the realization that Zen was intent on staying there, a devious smile crept onto the steward's face. Turning his back on Zen, he yelled over to someone at the arena, "Monkey! There's a stupid idiot right here looking for some trouble. Would you be so kind as to teach this guy a lesson and shove him away?"

A towering and seemingly strong man darted out of the arena at breakneck speed. He looked so intimidating standing eight feet tall, much like an iron wall. Each time he would stomp on the ground, the earth would shake as a result.

"Who has the audacity to stir up trouble for the World Commercial Alliance? You're merely bringing forth your own demise," declared the strong man being referred to as Monkey upon dashing out of the arena. On his arrival, he didn't waste any time and instantly glared at Zen. With a jeering laugh, he quickly stretched out his hands, trying to get a hold of Zen

But because Zen had already strengthened his body with primordial energy, he possessed exceptional agility.

That being said, without even having to use life vitality, he swiftly moved and dodged the massive fan-like hands of the strong man without breaking a sweat.

"Eh!"

the strong man exclaimed, with astonishment written all over his face. Zen had been as slippery as an eel. The strong man really thought he had him in within his grasp, but in the end he wasn't able to catch him. As a matter of fact, he couldn't even so much as graze his clothes.

Meanwhile, as the strong man had been left dumbfounded, Zen had already positioned himself without delay to his side with a knife in his hand, shimmering much like frost and snow. He then pointed it at his ribs. "I've told you, I came here for the Martial Arts Contest. If I may say so, the old fellows of the World Commercial Alliance were not bad in worldly wisdom, but ones like you on the lower ranks couldn't hold a candle to them," Zen remarked.

The old fellows, the higher-ups of the World Commercial Alliance were really as sly as foxes, such as, Michael Mo. Even those three fatties of the World Commercial Alliance whom he got acquainted with upon his return from the Dragon Soar Arena didn't have the nerve to force him to spill the beans regarding the secret of the Dragon Soar Arena. As they were dealing with Zen, they were still holding back a little, leaving some room for possible future negotiations.

In contrast, these understrappers appeared to be quite the degenerates by virtue of the World Commercial Alliance itself.

The World Commercial Alliance was a grand alliance that could be on equal footing with the Ethereal Spirit Sect, boasting with a greater number of understrappers. Although those of the top brass of the alliance had a tendency to lay low, there was just no way for them to train every single one of their men to act the same way.

It wasn't until the minute the steward witnessed everything first-hand that he finally realized he might have underestimated the capabilities of Zen.

Considering the tone of his voice, he suddenly thought that what Zen was telling them could possibly be the truth all along. He really didn't come here to stir up trouble, and this guy who was merely at the Illuminating Soul Realm might actually be qualified for the main draw match.

"Could... Could you please bring out and show me your token, sir?" the steward stuttered, forcing out a disgusting smile.

Hearing his request, Zen shot the steward a dull glare. But afterwards, he pulled out the token from his pocket, swinging it in front of the steward's very eyes and then quickly taking it back and leaving.

The dangling token was gleaming into his eyes, so much so that he couldn't take a good hard look at the inscription on it. In spite of that, he didn't bother prying any further about it and ultimately decided to just leave him be.

The Martial Arts Contest took quite a significant amount of time, even months long, to be carefully organized, that even the tiniest details of the contest had been truly well-planned. For that reason, as soon as Zen had entered the lobby, an elder noticed him in an instant, walking over to him and asking, "Have you passed the pre-qualifying match for the contest? Put out your token and show it to me."

Right away, Zen handed the token over to the aforementioned elder. The elder grabbed the token, meticulously inspecting Zen's identification which was also specified in a register he was holding. After a few moments, he bobbed his head as if to confirm the description, and motioned over to Zen, "Follow me."

Zen walked closely behind the elder and headed toward the arena, the gathering place for a crowd of fighters who had successfully made it through the pre-qualifying match.

The pre-qualifying match took place in a span of about a dozen days, with only three people on each day who would get an opportunity to participate in the main draw match. That being the case, the martial artists who could proudly stand there could be considered some of the most remarkable martial artists among the hundreds of people who originally took part in the pre-qualifying match, and the strength of every single one of them, in no way, should ever be underestimated.

As Zen moved closer over to the group, the martial artists who had gotten there before him shifted their gaze at him, appearing to be quite astounded.

The majority of the martial artists who were entitled to participate in the main draw match were at the Internal Elixir Realm. And among those warriors, only two were currently at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

One of them was Owen, the man who took part in the pre-qualifying match along with Zen on the very same day, and then the other was someone unfamiliar to him.

So far, it was already quite an unusual occurrence for a martial artist at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm to have the chance to enter the main draw match. All things considered, a substantial difference existed between warriors in the Internal Elixir Realm and the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm in terms of their strength. That being said, it would be a gargantuan task for them to even make it through the pre-qualifying match.

Chapter 710 A Bully Is Always A Coward (Part Two)

Prior to then, they had already been amazed that two such disciples appeared up there, thinking that the fact they got qualified was so incredible.

And now, who would've ever thought that a guy merely at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm would also arrive at the waiting area alongside them? They thought their eyes had been playing tricks on them, causing gossip to spread amongst the other competitors.

"How on earth could a guy who is merely at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm have been admitted to the main draw match? The second he steps foot onto the arena, I'm afraid he'll be turned to mincemeat in the blink of an eye."

"I wonder how he even managed to get qualified at all. At his level of strength, there's no doubt that he wouldn't be able to pass the pre-qualifying match, but in actuality, he has gotten himself into the main draw match. That's kind of weird!"

"So what if he somehow managed to receive the qualification? With the amount of strength he has, entering the arena would be virtually the same as diving at the jaws of death."

In the midst of the uproar, a wave of laughter made its way through the martial artists. The audible laugh was originating from the disciple of the Platanus Sect. He stated in a roaring voice, "I know just how this man was able to get his qualification."

Those words were more than enough to draw everyone's attention. "How did he pull it off?" asked one of the warriors.

"I was there when he had his pre-qualifying match. We actually took it on the same day. During the second stage of magic array examination, would you believe me when I say, he had a twelve-level pagoda to his name?! A twelve-level tower could be comparable to twelve strong men at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Having such an impressive pagoda, without a doubt, he could pass the pre-qualifying match with such ease even if he simply slept throughout the pre-qualifying match," exclaimed the disciple. The truth was that he had actually coughed up more than a hundred supreme life vitality crystals just to acquire a spot in the main draw match, causing him to bear ill will against Zen.

"Would you be able to stand against something like that?"

"Could that possibly mean the World Commercial Alliance has been giving him some kind of a special treatment?"

"That's just so unfair. I'm having a hard time believing the World Commercial Alliance would be capable of pulling a stunt like that."

Seeing that a handful of the warriors were hesitant to trust the validity of his statement, that disciple went ahead and remarked, "So, you don't believe the words I say? Then go ahead, come to that man and ask him about it." With that utterance, he motioned over to Owen, who looked quite standoffish and quiet, with his machete handy.

With their eyes deeply fixated on him beaming with curiosity, Owen had no choice but to nod along and say, "Indeed, he owned a twelve-grade pagoda, but whether the World Commercial Alliance has been giving him some kind of special treatment is something I'm not really sure about. If I may say so, I honestly think he possesses a great amount of strength."

Hearing those words loud and clear, Zen held genuine admiration for him deep inside and regarded him as an opponent of great importance. It should be in his best interest to keep an eye on him when the time came.

Despite the fact that Owen was just at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm and looked as though he could possibly be the weakest one amongst the independent martial artists, Zen could tell at a glance that Owen had actually been blessed with quite a powerful mind which was far more superior to simply having strength. He held no resentment against him for his conduct, however, he seemed to have such a cool-headed disposition at all times. And it was clear as day that only those who believed and had faith in themselves could always stay composed and possess a strong mind.

And that was the main reason why he thought that he should keep an eye on him.

But as for that martial artist from the Platanus Sect, Zen simply paid him no heed, much like an insect that merited no respect. It was just as the saying went, "A bully is always a coward." He might have acted as though he were a triumphant hero, but that was far from the truth, for he was but a vulnerable weakling. 'This guy seems to be dim-witted and can easily burn with intense hostility. I guess it's safe to say that he's probably raring to beat me to a pulp now.'

Just as Zen was deep in thought about this, the said disciple walked over to him, threatening him with a cold-blooded grin, "Boy, I hope you haven't forgotten how you've messed with me in that magic array. I'm gonna get you for that. Make damn sure. For now, I would suggest you enjoy the last few moments of your pitiful life. Make no mistake about it! I'm gonna beat the crap out of you on the arena!"

Zen showed him a lack of concern and didn't bother humoring the martial artist's scornful remarks with a response, but a glint of a cunning smile popped up in his eyes.

Despite all of his taunting, Zen still did not trouble himself into responding at all.

"You sanctimonious son of a bitch!" the martial artist resorted to using profanities, looking at Zen's contemptuous eyes. This infuriated him so much that he clenched his fists, producing a grating sound. He was so fuming with anger that he was already willing to tear Zen to pieces for two pins. Setting aside Zen's tricks in the magic array a couple of days ago, up until now, he couldn't fathom how a meager junior at the Illuminating Soul Realm would have the guts to look down upon a man of his stature, who was at the middle level of Internal Elixir Realm, and also the most prodigious disciple of the Platanus Sect for the past hundreds of years.

Sad to say, it was truly a shame that Zen had utterly disregarded his burning rage.

Witnessing everything that had transpired with his own eyes, Owen smiled softly, "This Martial Arts Contest could end up being quite interesting."

At the end of the intermezzo, an elder of World Commercial Alliance suddenly yelled out, "The Mysterious Luna Hall is about to arrive."

Upon hearing those words, people saw a huge coffin come within sight up in the sky, making its way, much like a cannonball dashing toward the arena.

Zen's eyes widened just a little bit, with a smile creeping onto his face. The major players of the Martial Arts Contest were coming!

Chapter 711 Making The Entry

In the Martial Arts Contest held by World Commercial Alliance, only sects on and above the fourth tier were eligible to enter the main draw match directly. The disciples didn't even need to appear for the pre-qualifying test to participate.

The Mysterious Luna Hall was one of the oldest sects in the Central Region. Its cultivation methods were sinister and ruthless. It simply didn't adhere to the principles of the righteous or those of devilry. It could conform to any as and when needed. This was why they weren't particularly respected in the Region.

Even so, nobody was careless enough to slight such a mysterious fourth-tier sect as that. Elderly Luna, who was more than 900 years old, had become a legend in the Central Region.

A lot of high platforms had already been erected on another side of the field. After a while, the gigantic-looking coffin slowly landed on one of the platforms.

Bam!

The top uncovered on its own as soon as it landed. An old man wearing a black cloak crawled out of it. The deep wrinkles on his face made him look ancient. It almost felt like he was so perishable that he could fall asleep any time now, never to wake up. Despite the creases and folds on his face, his hair was pitch black, giving him a rather spooky appearance.

This was whom the legends were about: Elderly Luna, the head of Mysterious Luna Hall.

All the martial arts practitioners who owned a supreme life vitality crystal were very influential in the martial arts community. As a result, they knew all the other powerful practitioners in the Central Region.

The crowd recognized the old man at a single glance. Exclamations and heated discussions started to fly among hundreds of thousands of martial arts practitioners.

"That's Elderly Luna. He is around a thousand years old!

And he's still alive!"

"He's not a thousand years old yet. According to the records, he's 976 years old. He still has more than 20 years to go before he turns 1000!" "Do you think he can survive all these years?"

"Shh! Keep your voices down. If these words reach any of Mysterious Luna Hall's people, you'd be dead in no time."

Along with Elderly Luna, tens of elders and disciples of Mysterious Luna Hall also appeared for the contest. There had to be only 4 spots for the Mysterious Luna Hall. No one knew who out of all of them would be selected to participate in the contest.

"Bloodwood Cliff," the elder of World Commercial Alliance heralded again.

A carriage flew over and stopped on another platform. A milky fair foot stretched out of the carriage first. Then, a woman wearing a satin red gown emerged from it. This was Lady Poison-blood.

Her skin struck out of the red fabric, almost glowing, giving her a rather bewitching presence. It took just one look for all the men around to get excited at her arrival.

"It's Lady Poison-blood. Isn't she completely gorgeous!"

"Yes, but so what? She's too old. Who knows how many men she has slept with?"

"Hey! Martial arts practitioners are not supposed to judge people by their ages. Even if she's 200, she looks like she's only 20! Moreover, she appears as delicate as a 16-year-old!"

Lady Poison-blood's arrival filled the practitioners with lust. The fact that there were so many of them made them unafraid of offending her. In half a heartbeat, all kinds of obscene words started to circulate in the air.

But Lady Poison-blood herself was known to have slutty tendencies and didn't take offense at their words. A few disciples of Bloodwood Cliff walked out of the carriage too and stood beside her.

"Cloud Hall," the elder announced the next name.

A flood dragon soared roaring in the sky, tumbled above the clouds and then descended from the sky.

"Flood dragon! Run!" someone screamed in panic.

"Don't panic! What of a flood dragon? Don't forget where we are. This is the Martial Arts Contest. Tons of accomplished practitioners of Virtual Tribulation Realm are here. If anything happens, these people would be held directly accountable for it. Surely, they might have calculated all the risks."

"But why is this flood dragon even here? It could easily die here!"

Most practitioners didn't know Cloud Hall had simply gotten a puppet flood dragon, to threaten everyone and establish their power.

As soon as the dragon coiled on the designated platform, Letitia was seen walking from behind it.

She wore a sparkling white dress, with two long decorative phoenix feathers swinging about her as she walked with confidence. She looked like a fairy, aloof and elegant.

Apart from being beautiful, she was also the head of Cloud Hall, which was why she was the dream girl of many practitioners.

She was so graceful even the most boorish practitioners didn't have the heart to talk about her vulgarly, exactly in contradiction to how they treated

Lady Poison-blood. Even those who had the lowest ranks changed their tones according to who they were talking about.

"People say the head of Cloud Hall is stunning as a fairy. Boy, they are right! She's breathtaking."

"She's not like a fairy. She is a fairy."

"If I could talk to such a beauty just once, I wouldn't have anything else to wish for."

Letitia looked at the arena indifferently. Her eyes swept across the crowd of practitioners who had passed the pre-qualifying test. Finally, her eyes found Zen, only to discover he was looking at her too. Swiftly, she looked elsewhere, pretending she hadn't noticed him at all.

But the pretense was too obvious. It wasn't very hard for Zen to detect it. He shook his head with a faint smile, wondering why Letitia was putting up such an act.

Following Letitia, several elders walked out of the coiled flood dragon, then five disciples as well. Two of them were early-stage Internal Elixir Realm practitioners and the other three were middle-stage practitioners.

They were the strongest among all the disciples of Cloud Hall.

As they took ground next to their elders, another announcement occurred. "Black Mountain Sect."

A big flock of crows came flying towards the arena. As soon as they alighted on the platform, they flew back to where they'd come from. Raven wearing a mask was seen on the platform, along with all the elders and disciples of the Black Mountain Sect.

"Ethereal Spirit Sect!" Another announcement.

This time a ship descended on one of the platforms. Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit flew off the ship.

Among them was also a Taoist priest in a cyan gown, with a flying sword strapped across his back.

This elegant and handsome Taoist priest was none other than Xander, the leader of Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Ethereal Spirit Sect was the only fifth-tier sect in Central Region, which accounted for its sensational arrival. Each and every eye was drawn toward the spectacle.

Joining this sect was the ultimate goal of every single martial arts practitioner in Central Region.

"Xander didn't use to attend the Martial Arts Contest in the past years. Only the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit would attend the event on his behalf every time. How surprising that he showed up this year!"

"This year's Martial Arts Contest is like no other. So many sects are interested in the Dragon Soar Arena. It's only normal for Xander to come here in such circumstances."

"One can imagine how fierce this year's Martial Arts Contest is going to be. I'm afraid too many contestants might die."

While the mob discussed the seriousness of the contest, the elder of World Commercial Alliance announced again, "The Venerable Starry!"

The Venerable Starry was an independent warrior, with absolutely excellent disciples.

"The Star clan in Central Region."

Besides some fourth-tier sects in Central Region, there were also some fourth-tier clans. The Star clan was one of them. Actually, it was a union of six third-tier clans. They had decided to unite in order to become stronger, more famous and important in the Region. This assorted clan had many times proved to be as powerful as a fourth-tier sect.

"Confucianism Sage Winston."

"Evil East Lord Eddie."

Zen's eyebrows rose at the name that the elder had just announced. He looked toward the sky, his eyes glistening with excitement.

'Eddie...' he thought.

'I've been waiting for you for so long. Finally, you've arrived!'

Zen's goal wasn't only to win the Martial Arts Contest and get Dragon Soar Arena, but also to kill Marilyn.

She was someone who was very close to Eddie. She also had the Purple Power Body.

At the moment, it wasn't practical for Zen to believe he could defeat Eddie and save Yan by competing against him one-on-one.

However, if he killed Marilyn, Eddie would have to find another woman who had the Purple Power Body, which would be very difficult for him. Zen could use that time to get stronger.

All of a sudden, Zen saw a robust figure flying toward him, with a few others in its tow.

At one glance, he recognized the person. He was middle-aged and had a gigantic face. This was the same face he had seen at Cloud Sect.

That was Eddie, the strongest practitioner in Central Region. He was Zen's archenemy.

For a moment, Zen stared at him intently, as if trying to imprint the image of his face on his mind.

When his eyes shifted from him and he saw who was flying right behind Eddie, he was utterly surprised!

'Is that Marilyn?' he wondered.

This woman was fat as butter. Fat hung under her chin, hiding her neck. The weirdest thing was, Zen couldn't tell her cultivation base.

'What's going on?

Isn't she supposed to be at the middle-stage of Internal Elixir Realm? Why can't I tell her cultivation base?'

Zen possessed outstanding abilities of perceiving, which usually told him how strong a person was within seconds upon meeting him briefly. Only those who were much stronger than him could make his perception fail. But Marilyn wasn't that stronger.

While he wondered about her cultivation base, he noticed another woman behind her, who seemed more like Marilyn. This woman was young and beautiful and wore a small black outfit. She too was a middle-stage practitioner of Internal Elixir Realm.

'She ought to be Marilyn.'

He was just trying to guess. He wasn't sure, but he thought there was a high chance he was right.

There were three other people in the group. One of them was a smartly dressed young boy. His handsome face had a touch of tenderness. By the looks of him, it seemed like he was Eddie's son. Only, Zen wasn't sure if he was a participant in the Martial Arts Contest. If he was, he'd be Zen's rival.

Behind this boy were two teenage girls.

Zen's pupils dilated the moment his eyes landed on one of them. He blinked in disbelief.

One of those girls was Yan.

She looked very different than before. Her eyes were closed as she followed them, seeming to float in space like a piece of wood.

"Yan, what happened to you?" Detecting how she had changed angered Zen.

Chapter 712 The Gift

The woman next to Yan also looked like a puppet—her eyes were closed, and her face was expressionless.

'What on earth did Eddie do to Yan? How did she become like this?'

Zen tried to check his emotions.

At the end of the day, Eddie was the strongest warrior in the Central Region. Zen wasn't his match as yet. If Zen let his impulses take hold of him, even Letitia wouldn't be able to protect him.

"Eh? Six Senses Blocking Method?" The cyan dragon said. Although he was the weakest among the nine Genuine Dragons in terms of strength, the cyan dragon was the most knowledgeable.

"What is that?" Zen asked, gritting his teeth.

The cyan dragon explained as he watched Yan and the woman beside her, "It's a cultivation method, by which, the cultivators' six senses are blocked, so that they can't see, hear, smell, feel, or taste. The cultivators also lose their sense of space. Thus, they're unable to communicate with the outside world. The Six Senses Blocking Method is supposed to be used by the cultivators when they cultivate. It's a pity that someone like Eddie has mastered it."

Obviously, the cyan dragon knew the history of the Six Senses Blocking Method. There were some secrets Zen didn't know. But he was too worried about Yan to care about anything else. "Is it harmful to the cultivator?"

"Not really. It can improve the cultivator's cultivation base significantly in a short time. Hasn't Eddie been trying to arrange the Lustful Demon Array?" the cyan dragon reminded Zen.

"I know what he did. He improved Yan's cultivation base using the Six Senses Blocking Method so that she could enter the Internal Elixir Realm. But wait..." Zen seemed to have remembered something. With raised eyebrows, he said, "Both Marilyn and Yan have a Purple Power Body, so that means..."

He shifted his eyes to the woman next to Yan. Apparently, her senses had also been blocked.

"You're right. She also has a Purple Power Body. Eddie has already found the three people he needs. Once your sister and that woman enter the Internal Elixir Realm, the Lustful Demon Array will be realized," the cyan dragon said calmly.

"It's strange, though. The Central Region is a small place. Isn't it a coincidence that such a small place has three people with a Purple Power Body? You know, Purple Power Bodies are very adaptable. These people are excellent body refiners," the red dragon cut in, giggling.

Zen was too anxious to pay any attention to him.

Kenneth had said that Purple Power Bodies were rare. There might be one in a trillion. Therefore, it should have been extremely difficult to gather three people with a Purple Power Body.

Zen had thought that Eddie had only found Marilyn and Yan and that it would take him a while to locate the third person he needed. Unexpectedly, he had found all three.

Now, to realize his Lustful Demon Array, all Eddie needed to do was make Yan, and the woman he had recently found enter the Internal Elixir Realm.

Zen was running out of time.

"Marilyn..." Zen muttered as he glared at the woman behind Eddie. His fists were clenched so tight that the veins within his fists throbbed.

Although Zen was determined to kill Marilyn, he knew that it would be hard to accomplish his mission in the arena.

The attendees of the Martial Arts Contest were the best cultivators of the Central Region. In time, they would enter the Virtual Tribulation Realm and become the most influential people in the Central Region.

They were no ordinary cultivators.

Rocher and Patrick, for example, were both strong. Given time, they would become even more competent. Likewise, major sects like Ethereal Spirit Sect and Bloodwood Cliff had disciples as brilliant as Rocher and Patrick, and all of them were in the Internal Elixir Realm.

Knowing how important this Martial Arts Contest was to him, Zen had come prepared.

But, even so, the gravity of the situation was still beyond his expectation. The tiniest slip could mean failure.

The cultivators were still enthusiastically talking to each other. Only, now they were focusing on Eddie. As the strongest cultivator in the Central Region, he had drawn even more attention than Lady Poison-blood and Letitia.

Zen was in no mood to listen to what they were saying.

Just then, three rays of light appeared, soared into the sky, and cracked the clouds. All eyes were drawn to them.

In the three rays of light, three chairs were lifted and finally stopped. In the blink of an eye, the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance were seen in the chairs.

The expressions on the three men's plump faces varied. They were different from the day Zen had returned from the Dragon Soar Arena.

As the backbones of the World Commercial Alliance, the three leaders' cultivation bases were unfathomable. Strong as Eddie was, he would be no match for them if they united. Besides these three, at the World Commercial Alliance, there was also an old man who was over 1, 700 years old.

Since people hadn't seen him for a long time, he was a mystery. Till now, all sects, big and small, only knew of his existence, but none knew who he was.

Humans who had lived for a thousand years or more were monsters. They were often referred to as Ancient Tycoons.

Even the Elderly Luna wouldn't be able to get that title until twenty-odd years later. But the man who was over 1, 700 years old at the World Commercial Alliance was absolutely an Ancient Tycoon.

This was how strong the World Commercial Alliance was. Even the fifth-tier sect Ethereal Spirit Sect couldn't compare.

"It's such an honor to have so many sects and cultivators present today for the Martial Arts Contest in the Oracle City. The World Commercial Alliance appreciates it. So, a gift has been prepared for every cultivator present," Dillon said slowly.

As soon as he finished, hundreds of cultivators were chased onto a platform on one side of the arena by a group of cultivators from the World Commercial Alliance.

They were either at the nature level or the Illuminating Soul Realm. However, they all wore handcuffs and shackles. Despair was written all over their faces.

"These cultivators are our prisoners. They are guilty of all kinds of evil and are on death row. They're supposed to be executed by dismemberment. But today, the World Commercial Alliance will give their human life years to the cultivators present as a gift." With that, Dillon leaped up, and a huge drum appeared above those cuffed cultivators' heads.

"It's the World Commercial Alliance's Drum of Vitality between Heaven and Earth," someone exclaimed.

"I live in Oracle City and hear the sound of the drum occasionally, but this is the first time that I have seen it," a second person announced.

"Their human life years? What does that mean?" someone else in the crowd muttered.

While people were discussing, Dillon stood on the drum and lifted the 20-foot-long drumstick.

The stick weighed 50, 000 pounds, but he raised it as easily as if he were holding a thin twig, leaving a trail of an arc.

"Bang!"

The stick struck the drum hard and made a dull sound.

As soon as the stick hit the surface of the drum, an invisible wave emerged and encircled the cultivators under the drum, creating a vortex.

Quickly, the cultivators' bodies shrank. The drum was sucking their blood and energy!

After that, above the drum, a ray of golden light started spreading in all directions.

Closest to the drum were people from Cloud Hall, Ethereal Spirit Sect, and other major sects. They sucked most of the golden light before it reached the other cultivators.

Next, it was the cultivators who had passed the pre-qualifying test, including Zen and Owen.

"The golden light can increase our human life years?" someone asked. When the light reached Zen, he absorbed a lot and felt immediately refreshed and vigorous.

Since there were too many cultivators, the light was thin when it reached the spectators' stand.

However, no one was willing to miss this valuable opportunity. The hundreds of thousands of spectators all sniffed greedily. The light was soon exhausted. The amount every spectator got was merely a hundred millionth of what Zen had absorbed.

When the golden light ran out, everyone turned their attention back to the drum. The prisoners on death row still stood as they had been a moment ago. The only difference was that their bodies had shriveled and their skins were ghostly white. They were no more than zombies.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 713 The Unveiling Competition

The world of cultivators was cruel.

The cultivators at the nature level were respected throughout the Eastern Region, while the ones in the Illuminating Soul Realm were even more influential.

Sadly for the hundreds of prisoners, however, they were one-time strong cultivators, but ended up being a means of increasing human life years for the other cultivators at the contest held in Oracle City, no matter how respected they used to be.

After beating the drum, Dillon threw the drumstick aside and sat back in his chair, cramming his obese body in.

Silence reigned in the arena. Most of the cultivators were still immersed in the transcendent experience the golden light had brought them.

After a moment, Dillon summoned his life vitality to his voice and said to everyone present, "Before the opening of the Martial Arts Contest, I'd like to make an announcement, which I hope will spread around."

His listeners were bewildered by his sudden, confusing words.

Dillon continued, "Someone in our World Commercial Alliance concluded that the ninth enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb had turned up."

As if a stone had been thrown into a serene lake, heated discussions ensued after a moment's silence.

"Enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb? The enchanted lamps from the celestial tomb lit on the Lantern Lighting Festival? The last one has turned up too?"

"My goodness! This last enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb hasn't been lit in a thousand years. What a surprise it is that it has turned up now!"

"How do they know?"

"Haven't you heard that humans who have lived for over a thousand years are monsters? There's an Ancient Tycoon in the World Commercial Alliance. I bet it was him who drew the conclusion."

The Lantern Lighting Festival was held every year in the Central Region. During this time, commoners lit lanterns and put up festoons. The praying lanterns were then set into the night sky. Since parents bought smaller lanterns for their children, every boy and girl carried their lamps along the streets and had fun.

For ordinary folks, it was just a festival.

Yet, for cultivators, the Lantern Lighting Festival meant more than that. On this day, they didn't look forward to lighting ordinary lanterns. Instead, they wanted to light the enchanted lamps from the celestial tomb.

They had celebrated numerous Lantern Lighting Festivals. Finally, this year, the last enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb had turned up.

"If the person who has gotten the last lamp is ready, he can light it at this year's Lantern Lighting Festival so that we can get into the celestial tomb and get what we want," said Dillon. Obviously, his statement was addressed to the person who had gotten the last enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb. Since he didn't know who this person was, he hoped the cultivators would spread his message. He believed that sooner or later, his instructions would reach the right person's ears.

Nonetheless, no one knew whether this person would light the lamp or not. After all, he or she might be too weak to enter Mist's Celestial Tomb.

At this moment, Letitia's and Zen's eyes met.

The enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb had been retrieved from the Blood Fiend Emperor's last black chest. Although Letitia had brought the Blood Fiend Emperor's treasures to Cloud Hall, only she and Zen knew about the last enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb.

Confusion shone in Zen's eyes as he looked at Letitia. Since the Celestial Tomb was an immortal's tomb, its contents had to be significant. Moreover, the tomb was probably related to the mysterious fairy palace in the Eastern Region. Zen was resolved to enter the tomb and explore it.

However, right now, he had to deal with the Martial Arts Contest first.

Letitia blinked and looked away awkwardly. Somehow, she felt guilty and found it hard to face Zen.

"Well said. I have an enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb too. I'm looking forward to seeing all the lamps be lit at this year's Lantern Lighting Festival. If we can have Mist, the immortal's inheritances, our cultivation base will definitely increase. Haha!" Eddie laughed loudly.

So far, the whereabouts of the nine enchanted lamps were still unknown. No one knew who had which one.

Normally, the cultivators who had them would do everything to keep this knowledge a secret.

However, Eddie had just revealed his secret openly.

By telling everyone that he had an enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb, he was declaring that he had to be one of those who would enter Mist's Celestial Tomb in the future.

This was a voice of confidence and strength. He believed that no one would dare try anything risky on him as he was the strongest cultivator of the Central Region.

After Dillon had made his announcement, the three chairs began descending from the sky. Soon they landed on one of the platforms.

It was not until then that Xiao, who grew a handlebar mustache and was the referee of the Martial Arts Contest, slowly stepped onto the field.

"The Martial Arts Contest of Oracle City begins," he declared. Then four men flew toward the platforms, carrying an exquisite green jade case with dragon designs and phoenix designs carved into it.

This case was used to draw lots.

Disciples of fourth-tier sects such as Ethereal Spirit Sect, Bloodwood Cliff, Cloud Hall, and Mysterious Luna Hall all threw their name tags into the jade case as the four men passed them.

When the jade case came to Eddie, Zen became very tense, watching him closely.

He wasn't relieved until the woman at the middle-stage of the Internal Elixir Realm who had accompanied Eddie tossed her name tag into the jade case. Now, he was sure that she was Marilyn. He had been worried that she wouldn't take part in the Martial Arts Contest. In that case, he wouldn't have a chance to kill her.

The youth who resembled Eddie also added his name tag to the growing pile.

When the disciples of the fourth-tier sects had put their name tags in the jade case, it was time to collect the name tags of the cultivators who had passed the pre-qualifying test.

Since they had been handed to an elder of the World Commercial Alliance, the elder put them in the case all at once.

There were more than thirty cultivators, among whom Zen was the most special, because he had participated in this contest as an independent cultivator, and at the same time, he was also a disciple of the Elite House of Cloud Hall.

When all the name tags had been collected, the jade case stopped in mid-air above the field.

The first match, the unveiling competition of the event, would undoubtedly draw the most attention. As they were all dying to know who the first two competitors would be, everyone craned their necks and fixed their eyes on the jade case.

Xiao flew to the jade case and patted it lightly.

"Clickety-clack."

The jade case started shaking. Soon, two name tags were spat out of it.

Xiao picked them up and glanced at them. Then he announced, "For the unveiling competition, Dawson Zhao, an independent cultivator versus Segar Yu, a disciple of the Mysterious Luna Hall."

"Dawson Zhao? The Divine Traveler, the one who got through Chaotic Ocean of Stars alone?"

"Yes, it's him. Even cultivators at the Virtual Tribulation Realm have scruples about challenging the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. Yet, not only did Dawson Zhao get through it safely, but it is also said that he gained a lot from that experience. His life has changed since then."

"Who is this Segar Yu of Mysterious Luna Hall? I've never heard of him. I guess Dawson Zhao will beat him to a pulp."

Mysterious Luna Hall was very secretive. It belonged to neither the Righteous faction nor the Evil faction of the martial sects. As a sect, it was well-known, yet most of its disciples were obscure. Among the hundreds of thousands of practitioners in the spectators' stand, no one had heard of Segar Yu.

The Elderly Luna heard the conversation but remained silent. He was sitting in an old-fashioned wooden armchair. His eyes glistened. "Segar, go. Since you're lucky enough to fight in the unveiling competition, it will be a shame to leave the field without seeing blood. Go kill him!" he said.

Not far from him, an ordinary-looking youth nodded at his words. He jumped off one of the platforms and walked onto the field.

Unlike the competitions between sects, the Martial Arts Contests meant life or death. There were no rules about methods. No one cared who the challengers were. There was no pity or mercy, as mercy for a foe would mean death to themselves.

A green light curtain rose slowly and covered the entire field.

Before the competition started, the two contestants would be separated by the light curtain.

Not long after Segar Yu had walked onto the field, Dawson Zhao entered as well.

With no ceremonies and no courtesies, the two challengers were like beasts trapped in cages, waiting for the light curtain to be removed. It was a touch-and-go situation.

With a mild swish, the light curtain disappeared. Dawson Zhao stomped his feet, and life vitality spread like ripples under his feet. He dashed toward Segar at lightning speed.

Chapter 714 Come On Stage

Independent cultivators practiced a myriad of cultivation methods. Although their rank wasn't high, they often had a hundred tricks up their sleeves!

For example, Dawson could roam the Central Region without any sect's support, and he had even gone to the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and escaped unscathed. Although he didn't go as far into the Chaotic Ocean of Stars as the experts in the Virtual Tribulation Realm, his progress was rare for a cultivator in the Internal Elixir Realm.

In the instant that Dawson dashed forward, a trace of earthy yellow life vitality condensed in front of him and formed a heavy shield that encased him.

The reason why Dawson was called the Divine Traveller was that he practiced a unique step called the Traceless Snowstep. This step helped him run fast without leaving any trace. After closing in on his opponent through this step, Dawson would launch a series of attacks. He would then be able to wear out his opponent and win!

This was a common tactic used by Dawson. It had given him miraculous results in many battles before.

Even though Segar was not well-known, he was still a disciple of the Mysterious Luna Hall. Dawson was confident, but he was not the slightest bit careless and used his full strength the moment he attacked! Cultivating to the Internal Elixir Realm as an independent cultivator required not only talent but also a heart that was adept at seeing the truth.

With a slightly pale face, Segar looked indifferently at the rapidly approaching Dawson.

"My master said that blood is necessary for the first battle. This is the only way to keep the audience enchanted. I'm very sorry, but I can only use your blood..." A cruel smile grew on Segar's ordinary-looking face. A few strands of black silk were created as he crossed his fingers and lightly pulled them. In the next instant, the black silk pounced toward Dawson like little snakes.

Dawson mainly practiced the cultivation method of the earth system, and he excelled in defense. That layer of earthen yellow life vitality shield had an astonishing defensive power. Normal attacks simply weren't able to tear it apart. However, the black silk in Segar's hands went through the life vitality shield easily and entwined around Dawson's body.

His arms, abdomen, head, and legs were all enveloped by the black threads.

Segar's face revealed the brightest smile. At the same time, his voice became louder. "Bloom!" Segar crossed his hands and pulled the threads with force.

"Puff!"

As the black silk suddenly tightened, scarlet blood spurted out from Dawson's sturdy body.

Blood droplets sprinkled from his body, forming a chaotic mess of blood stains on the ground. From afar, it looked like a blossoming, blood-red rose.

After the blood had drained out, Dawson's body fell to the ground in pieces. Segar's attack had killed him.

When they saw such a bloody scene, the several hundred thousand cultivators present fell silent.

All of the cultivators that came to participate in the Martial Arts Contest knew that the contest was dangerous and they could die. No one had thought that it would happen so quickly. The impact was so strong that even the cruelest cultivators felt extremely uncomfortable seeing this scene.

Life and death in the arena were determined by fate. The rules of the Martial Arts Contest weren't unfamiliar to the cultivators of the Central

Region.

However, generally speaking, the contestants wouldn't torture and kill each other like that, unless they had deep hatred toward their opponent.

The crowd of cultivators looked at the ordinary-looking Segar with caution. 'This disciple from the Mysterious Luna Hall is way too ruthless, ' they thought.

"Segar from Mysterious Luna Hall wins!" Xiao announced. Then, with a wave of his hand, a member of the World Commercial Alliance came to clear the battle arena.

The first match had ended within a minute. What impressed those present was not the powerful cultivation methods, nor the monstrous talent, but the bloody scene.

When Segar returned to the high platform, Elderly Luna nodded slightly. "Segar, you did well. I'll give you ten years of freedom."

Hearing that, Segar's ordinary face revealed a surprised expression, "Thank you, Sir!"

The Mysterious Luna Hall was a unique sect. Freedom was the most important reward for the disciples of the sect! The Mysterious Luna Hall had strict rules for its disciples. From the first day they entered the Mysterious Luna Hall, they had been implanted with the Death Corpse Spell. This spell was extremely poisonous. A year later, the toxic gas would enter the body of the cultivators, where it would fester. The only result for them was a tragic death.

Unless the cultivators could break through to the Virtual Tribulation Realm, there was no other way to get rid of the Death Corpse Spell. To prevent the attack of the toxic gas, a Fire Flaming Pill would be given to the disciples of the Mysterious Luna Hall every year. As long as they consumed the Fire Flaming Pill, they would be safe.

For this reason, the disciples of the Mysterious Luna Hall seldom left the sect. Even if they had to go out on a mission, they needed to return before the Death Corpse Spell was activated.

Elderly Luna had awarded Segar ten years of freedom. It meant that he planned to give him ten Fire Flaming Pills so that Segar could live carefree for the following ten years.

Zen frowned when he saw the battle. It was just as Letitia had said. Although the rewards for this Martial Arts Contest were great, a cultivator would have to pay with his life if he let down his guard. In comparison, the competition at the sect was gentler as no one would die.

'Anyway, this is also the only way for me to kill Marilyn Si, ' Zen reassured himself.

Not long after, Xiao sent another stream of life vitality toward the jade case.

"Bam!"

The jade case spat out two name tags.

Xiao waved his hand, and the two name tags flew toward him. He saw the name on one of the name tags, and then glanced at Zen.

Zen's heart skipped a beat. 'This is the second battle. Is it my turn so soon?' wondered Zen.

Xiao had indeed drawn Zen's name tag, but he was a bit hesitant. How should he introduce Zen?

Generally, the disciples who took part in the pre-qualifying match were independent cultivators. Even if they joined a certain sect, they were from grade three sects, or even grade two sects, or came from some small family. According to the World Commercial Alliance, those from the sects below the fourth grade were called independent cultivators.

However, Zen was a disciple from Cloud Hall. So Xiao wasn't sure about how to introduce him. In the end, Xiao sent a message to the leader of the

Alliance, Dillon, through his life vitality, asking for his opinion.

"Read it. Why don't you read the name?"

"Why the heck are you stalling?"

"Do they still want to fight? I'd like to see rivers of blood. The battle should be as bloody as possible!"

After receiving Dillon's instruction, Xiao nodded and then loudly announced, "Zen Luo from the Cloud Hall will battle against the independent cultivator, Alex Gongsun!"

"It is my turn!" When Xiao had looked at him, Zen had guessed this possibility. He hadn't expected that it would be his turn so soon.

The moment had finally come. Zen didn't show the slightest hesitance as he strode toward the arena.

At the same time, another independent cultivator also followed Zen.

When they heard that the next challenger was from Cloud Hall, the cultivators in the audience turned to look at the members from Cloud Hall who were sitting on the high platform. This time, five members from Cloud Hall were participating in the competition. The cultivators were confused as to why those five didn't move when Xiao called out one of their names. Instead, two participants walked out from the section where the independent cultivators were seated.

"What's going on? Why did the disciple of the Cloud Hall come out from that side?"

"Wait. Are my eyes playing tricks on me? I didn't notice him earlier. Is this brat... at the Illuminating Soul Realm?"

"He is indeed at the Illuminating Soul Realm... And what's even more surprising is that he is at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm! The fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm! How did he manage to pass the pre-qualifying match?"

Cultivators who passed the pre-qualifying match were treated like minor celebrities, just like Alex Gongsun, who was the eldest son of a third-grade family in Oracle City! The Gongsun family had a close relationship with the World Commercial Alliance.

As for Zen, he had not been in the Central Region for long. Moreover, he had been cultivating since he entered Cloud Hall. Almost no cultivators had heard of him, except Michael and the other members of the World Commercial Alliance.

Zen had been standing in the middle of the crowd. Everyone's attention had been focused on the large sects, so they hadn't noticed that a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm was among the Internal Elixir Realm cultivators.

Now that Zen had walked out, he naturally received a lot of attention. His cultivation level seemed to be a bit lower than the other cultivators!

Chapter 715 With All Its Strength

Disbelief was written all over the faces of the warriors in the audience and the disciples of the fourth-grade sects on the elevated platforms.

'A disciple of Cloud Hall? He reached the Martial Arts Contest through pre-qualifying match? But he's only at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm! What kind of ruckus is this?' they thought.

"He's at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. He will be killed the instant he walks on stage," said one of Bloodwood Cliff's disciples, who was at the Internal Elixir Realm. He stroked his nose and added, "It's a pity that I'm not his opponent. Otherwise, I would win this battle effortlessly!"

"Indeed, this guy at the Illuminating Soul Realm probably won't last one round on stage," another Bloodwood Cliff's disciple said with a regretful expression.

Six disciples of Ethereal Spirit Sect, who were at the Internal Elixir Realm, sat cross-legged on the sect's elevated platform.

Ethereal Spirit Sect had always been strict about its rules and regulations. Even though they were watching the battle, the disciples sat straight with solemn faces.

Among these six people, the youngest one was only 15 years old, and there was a trace of a childish look on his face. Among the warriors participating in the Martial Arts Contest, he might not have the lowest cultivation level, but he was undoubtedly the youngest.

He blinked and asked one of his companions, "Philip, didn't you say that I had the lowest cultivation level among all the participants? That fellow's cultivation level is lower than mine!"

The man he was talking to was Philip, the eldest disciple of Ethereal Spirit Sect. He stared at Zen and said, "A warrior at the fourth grade of the

Illuminating Soul Realm...This is strange. But Brent, you have to remember not to underestimate your opponent just because his cultivation level is lower than yours. Although you are at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, no one would dare to think low of you."

"I got it," Brent nodded. "But I don't think he is as strong as me! He wouldn't be able to defeat me when I was at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm two months ago."

Brent stared at Zen with a confident expression.

If the others were to hear his words, they would be shocked. Brent had progressed from the fourth grade to the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm in two months! His talent was incomparable.

Philip smiled and shook his head. He didn't understand why Brent would take Zen, a nobody, so seriously.

In the Central Region, geniuses were usually divided into four ranks—human-level talent, earth-level talent, heaven-level talent, and saint-level talent.

The elite disciples of a fourth-grade sect were usually human-level talents or earth-level talents.

If one was evaluated as a heaven-level talent, then it would be enough for any sect to train him wholeheartedly. This was because a heaven-level talent could very well become the core of the sect in the future.

As for a saint-level talent, as long as he didn't die, becoming an elder of a great sect was a sure thing. If he worked even harder, he might also become the head of the sect.

But Brent's talent was even greater, as it surpassed the saint level. In the history of the Central Region, there had never been a warrior with such talent. He could be considered a divine-level talent!

Even Philip, a saint-level talent, who was at the middle grade of the Internal Elixir Realm, didn't have the confidence to defeat Brent, who was at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Even the head of Ethereal Spirit Sect was certain that as long as Brent didn't die, he would become an emperor in the future.

In their realm, an emperor did not refer to the emperor of ordinary people. Instead, it meant that he would have the strength to build a sacred place or a divine kingdom.

"If you like, you can try battling him after you get a challenge card," Philip said with a smile.

Brent sighed, "Alas. Let's see if he survives this round."

In the Martial Arts Contest, the winners of every battle were allowed to have a prize draw in which they would receive either an exemption card or a challenge card.

If a warrior had an exemption card, he could avoid a battle. If a warrior had a challenge card, he could challenge any opponent.

However, by the time Brent's turn arrived, many battles would have already taken place. In Brent's opinion, with Zen's cultivation level, he would probably be dead or seriously injured by then.

The five disciples of Cloud Hall were even more baffled.

This time, the five disciples sent by Cloud Hall were naturally the elites of the sect. Blake Zong and Benson Xuanyuan were the strongest among the five.

When they heard Zen being introduced to the audience, they turned to look at Letitia. However, Letitia's face was covered by a layer of iced frog, and no one could tell what was on her mind.

Since they didn't get an explanation from Letitia, they could only discuss it among themselves.

"This is strange. Why would a disciple of Cloud Hall appear among the independent warriors? Who is Zen Luo?" Blake said in bewilderment.

Sitting on the edge of the elevated platform, Benson smiled and said casually, "Blake, you have been out training for the past half year. I guess you have not heard the story of an arrogant disciple from Cloud Hall. When he was still a nature creature, he had challenged all the disciples in the Elite House on his own."

"Oh? Could such a thing really have happened?" Blake's expression reflected the bewilderment that he felt.

"Yes. He was only at the nature level when he fought continuously against the disciples of Elite House. After half a year, he stepped into the Illuminating Soul Realm. I wonder if his true combat strength has increased along with his cultivation level," Benson said indifferently.

Blake studied Zen with a complex expression. "I hope so. He's still a disciple of Cloud Hall. If he was to be defeated on stage and even seriously injured, it would bring shame to Cloud Hall."

Everyone watched carefully when Zen stepped onto the stage.

Compared to the Dragon Soar Arena, killing Marilyn was Zen's first goal.

Marilyn was at the middle grade of the Internal Elixir Realm. If Zen wanted to kill her, he would have to catch her off guard. Therefore, he had to conceal his true strength first.

When Zen stood on the stage, Alex, an independent warrior, also came onto the stage.

A heated discussion was triggered among the warriors when Zen arrived. After all, with his cultivation level, it would have been extremely hard for Zen to qualify for the Martial Arts Contest.

However, when Alex walked onto the stage, many warriors in the audience suddenly became excited.

The reason was simple. Although all the warriors in the Central Region wanted to come to Oracle City to watch the Martial Arts Contest, at least half of the warriors in the audience were from Oracle City.

And Alex was a member of the Gongsun Clan, one of the three major clans in Oracle City. He was a local warrior from Oracle City. Thus, the local people would support him.

"Alex is so lucky to battle with a guy at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm."

"Alex is a lucky dog! I am confident that he will be able to enter the top ten of the Martial Arts Contest and receive a great reward from the World Commercial Alliance!"

"The Gongsun Clan nurtured Alex with all of their resources. He is a heaven-level talent. If he were a disciple of some fourth-grade sect, he would be surely considered a core disciple. He is not inferior to those warriors from the large sects on the elevated platforms!"

"Kill that guy at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Don't be afraid of Cloud Hall. I want to see blood!"

Amid this intense discussion, the corners of Alex's mouth curved up slightly. This was the advantage of being a native warrior. The vast majority of warriors in the audience were on his side. This would put his opponent under a formidable amount of pressure.

However, in this battle, Alex did not need to give his opponent this pressure because his opponent was truly too weak.

Alex removed two swords from his space ring. One was green, and the other was gold. They were both middle-grade fairy weapons.

Zen's eyebrows rose slightly when he saw the swords. "Twin-sword school?"

Among swordsmen, there were very few who used twin swords. Up until now, Zen had only seen Lenard from Skytop Peak use twin swords.

The advantage of using twin swords was undeniable. Each of the warrior's hands would be armed with a sword. When paired with the swordsmanship of twin swords, he would unleash a greater power. After all, the swordsmanship cultivation pursued extreme sword intent. Using twin swords to cultivate one's sword intent would be many times as hard as using a single sword. This was also the reason why most swordsmen would give up on using twin swords.

"Really? You know about twin-sword school?" Alex smiled blandly, and swung the twin swords in his hands, releasing a torrent of golden sword radiance.

Hearing Alex's words, Zen returned the bland smile. He had never minded others looking down on him because such people would eventually pay with their lives.

"Even though your cultivation level is very low, don't expect me to show mercy. And don't think that I would underestimate my opponent," Alex said, pointing both swords at Zen. "As the saying goes, 'even when facing a rabbit, a lion will also use all its strength.' Since you are on stage, I believe you are mentally prepared to die."

Chapter 716 Deathly Fist

Even in a family as small as the Luo's, there were lots of disagreements.

Furthermore, Alex grew up in a family with third-grade forces.

Although Alex was a heaven-level talent, if he didn't work hard for the clan, he would be eliminated. The Gongsun family was a large family, and if someone wanted to stand out, they couldn't rely on talent alone.

So, even though Alex thought of Zen as weak, he couldn't let his guard down. Throughout the world, the number of martial artists easily killed by opponents was enough to fill Hell. As smart as Alex was, he wouldn't make such an obvious mistake.

After listening to Alex, Zen's eyes flashed brightly with an idea. He smiled and said, "Not bad."

"What do you mean?" Zen's praise confused Alex and he wasn't sure if he'd heard him right.

"You're smarter than those idiots if you can understand the concept of a lion fighting a rabbit, so, you're accomplished enough to be my foe," replied Zen as he chuckled.

Alex froze at Zen's response.

He'd anticipated Zen to say something weak, or even beg for mercy. If he was in a good mood, he might've even spared Zen's life.

He hadn't considered Zen complimenting him. Alex was having a difficult time accepting the huge contrast at the moment.

Arrogant people usually had a good reason, but what did this kid have? Zen was only at the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, making him nothing more than a lamb before slaughter.

Alex could accept a stronger opponent looking down on him since in the warriors' world, whoever was strongest had the respect. If he was looked down on because he was weak, then he deserved it. But, to be disdained by someone weaker than him, Alex couldn't take that.

"Did you hear that? The brat at the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm actually said Alex was qualified to be his opponent!"

"That's the funniest thing I've heard my whole life."

"When did the Illuminating Soul Realm juniors start bragging at the Martial Arts Contest?"

When they heard Zen, the other local cultivators from Oracle City joined in the clamoring.

Alex angrily said, "Very good, with a single sentence you've gotten me angry. Since I am, you must be prepared to accept baptism by my anger!"

"Zing."

Two mid-grade fairy weapons, one green and the other gold, vibrated.

Then, the arena's enchanted barrier disappeared.

The battle started.

"One move and you die! Let me show you the Consummate Sword Intent!"

Alex waved his swords, causing a purple cyclone of sword intent and a golden one to entwine around each other, and he rushed headlong at Zen.

"Gongsun Dancing Sword!"

There was a Gongsun in the past who did a sword dance, and the story of how he used to stun everyone was passed down from generation to generation. The technique Alex was using was passed down from generation to generation in Gongsun Clan!

The fact that Alex could cultivate two Consummate Sword Intents showed just how talented he was. His steps created a pattern as he elegantly slid towards Zen, swinging the two swords!

'This is a sword dance! It's extremely mysterious, but compared to Lily's sword dance, it's still inferior. How weird to see a man dancing with his swords!" Zen's body started to move rhythmically.

The moment his body twisted, forceful energy erupted!

There were actually many areas where body refining and life vitality refining overlapped. For example, when body refiners reached the later stages, they could shape their forceful energy into something they pictured in their minds. However, that wasn't the advantage of forceful energy! Compared to life vitality, the greatest advantage of forceful energy was explosive speed!

Life vitality was gathered in the cinnabar field of the body. When a martial artist needed life vitality, he'd extract it from the cinnabar field.

But forceful energy was found throughout the whole body, and erupted much faster than life vitality. At the same time, the eruption of power was much fiercer, but, it required a martial artist's body to be very strong to be able to withstand the jolt from forceful energy! Of course, this was no big deal to Zen.

As the forceful energy erupted in Zen, a faint golden light enveloped his body. While Alex performed his dance, Zen was as agile as a small weasel, rapidly darting around the would-be dance floor, dodging the swords.

"Fleeing? The day you escape is the day the sun grows cold, hahaha.." Alex had already completely entered the state. The characteristic of this set of Gongsun Dancing Sword was its continuance. One move after another was stronger than the last!

Therefore, what Alex feared most was his opponent to fight him head-on, because in that case, the power of his sword dance moves wouldn't be seen. But the deal with Zen, well, his worry seemed unnecessary.

When they saw Zen retreating, the martial arts practitioners watching from the stands began to cheer.

"Force him into a corner! Let's see how he dodges then!"

"Once Alex begins the sword dance, there is no escape! He'll have no choice but to fight directly!"

"But, Alex has two Consummate Sword Intents and Zen hasn't even drawn his weapon. How is he planning to fight Alex? Does he think he can use his fists? I'm afraid before he can get close enough to Alex, he'll already be torn to shreds by the sword intent!"

Alex's dance became more stable, and his moves became more powerful.

"Pair of Beauty Shadows!"

"Brilliant Anticipation!"

"Bright Moon in the Sky!"

The sword move names came from the dance moves, so they were poetic. However, concealed within the layers of poetry was killing intent.

"You have nowhere to run now! Die, scum!" Taking a few more steps, Alex corralled Zen in a dead end corner. Alex taunted, "It's useless, even if you knelt before me and begged me to show mercy! Flowers under Bright Moon!"

With that, the two swords simultaneously slashed outward in semicircles, combining to form a perfect full moon!

"Sching! Chang!"

The light crisp sound of metal rang out as Alex's consummate sword intent reached Zen's body.

The sharp consummate sword intent left white marks across Zen's skin. After they struck, Zen grasped at the swords using an extremely precise method.

"Huh?" Alex's surprise at Zen's move was evident. Zen stood in front of Alex, as Alex glared at him.

The martial artists up in the stands were as dumbfounded as Alex.

Did Zen just use his physical body to resist Alex's consummate sword intent and steal his swords?

"Crack! Crack!"

With the ear splitting cracking sound, both of Alex's swords were snapped in half at the bare hands of Zen! They were mid-grade fairy weapons, though!

After Zen snapped the swords, he punched Alex squarely in the chest.

"Oaf...!"

As Alex went flying, he spat, and a long ribbon of blood extended a hundred feet long in the middle of the arena.

In the end, he landed on the edge of the battle stage, crashing down with all his might and he lay, unmoving on the ground. His life was more or less gone.

Zen saw no need to kill anyone and opted not to. His goal at the Martial Arts Contest was to kill Marilyn. Before that happened, no matter how much he hid his strength, someone would try to force him to show his ace.

If he was too bloodthirsty, it might make Marilyn wary of him!

The local warriors up in the stands were deathly silent. The situation had changed so quickly, they couldn't even react. In fact, even Alex himself didn't have time to react. Before he fainted, he still hadn't figured out what he did wrong.

What Alex didn't know was there wasn't anything he'd done wrong, it was just that he was too weak compared to Zen!

On the high platform, Brent, the Ethereal Spirit Sect disciple blinked his eyes and said, "Wow, he's really strong! I probably couldn't beat him when I was at the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm."

The eldest disciple from the Ethereal Spirit Sect shook his head and said, "Not necessarily. I judged him wrong. Zen used forceful energy, and he's a body refiner. Perhaps he has a secret technique that allowed him to break Alex's sword intent, suddenly. If my memory serves me correctly, you already comprehended half of the Space Law when you were at the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, right? He wouldn't have been your equal back then."

Being able to comprehend half of the first level of the Space Law when in the Illuminating Soul Realm would have shamed even the old guys such as Morphens of Cloud Hall.

"That might not be the case." Brent's estimation of his strength was very accurate.

The eldest disciple continued, "Brent, you're the most talented warrior in the history of the Central Region, and the only divine-level genius from the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Don't compare yourself to a guy like Zen, or you'll lose your warrior spirit."

Brent grinned. "Alright, I understand! In any case, as long as this brat perseveres, I'll challenge him sooner or later!"

Chapter 717 Offensive!

"Brat? Brent, that's rude! Zen's older than you. Don't be so impudent!" Xander said, unable to remain silent any longer.

Proper etiquette and manners were important to members in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Brent's face reddened at Xander's reminder, and he said in a low voice, "You're right. I'm sorry."

"As a body refiner, Zen can use his body refining techniques to raise his level and withstand the consummate sword intent. So, we can't underestimate him," commented Xander emotionlessly.

One of the Ethereal Spirit Septuplets said, "The martial artists from the Central Region mainly train their life vitality, so, we've never seen such a strong body refiner. The Cloud Hall doesn't seem to have any powerful body refining techniques either. Accordingly, we don't know that brat's methods."

"Huh!?" Xander cocked a brow when he heard the two words, that brat, and he frowned again.

Although the Ethereal Spirit Septuplets were core members of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, they had to abide by the rules laid out by the sect too, and they couldn't say anything rude.

"I'm sorry…" said the Septuplet, when he saw how upset Xander became.

"It's no wonder he passed the pre-qualifying match despite his low level. It turns out he's a body refiner!"

"I never heard of a body refiner being so strong! I've seen many body refiners, and the strongest of them couldn't even defeat an ordinary warrior who'd reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. Why's this guy so strong?"

"How many acupoints did he refine? Do you think he's refined dozens of his acupoints?"

In body refining, the most important thing was refining acupoints.

Body refining wasn't popular in the Central Region, so, until now, no one had refined all one hundred and eight acupoints. However, Zen had done just that, and he did it in just a few days.

"He refined his body this much in only a matter of days?" Letitia's eyes reflected her shock.

When she'd watched Zen secretly a few days ago, she discovered he was refining his body. She didn't expect that in the few short days, he would have refined his body to such an extent that even she had never heard of!

Naturally, Letitia didn't know Zen's body was specially refined with the red dragon's technique, using primordial energy. Moreover, the purest power of thunder and fire was also used to hone his acupoints. Even the Upper World forces couldn't utilize this unique advantage. That was Zen's secret to refine himself so quickly.

"Zen, of the Cloud Hall, wins!"

After Xiao made the announcement, the World Commercial Alliance members went to remove the half-dead Alex and clean his blood from the arena.

In the stands, Alex's family glared at Zen viciously, as if any one of them planned to personally strangle him.

Sensing the intense killing intent directed at him, Zen turned and looked up at them, but didn't care in the slightest.

"Zen, according to the rules, you can draw a card!"

As Xiao finished explaining, someone carrying a box approached and placed it in front of Zen.

Zen shoved his hand blindly into the box, and after moving it around, he took a card out. When he opened it, he saw a small wooden plate with the word 'exemption' written on it.

"You've drawn an exemption card, which means if you draw a fight again and you don't want to, then you can use this card," Xiao explained to Zen.

Zen nodded in understanding. Surprisingly, he pulled an exemption card the first time. If he had drawn the challenge card, he would have been able to challenge Marilyn.

However, when he thought about it, even if he drew the challenge card, he couldn't have challenged Marilyn right away. If his technique was obvious, Eddie would be able to see right through him.

After he put the first card down, Zen walked over to the independent warriors.

At this moment, Letitia's calm voice drifted over as she said, "Zen, you are a disciple of the Cloud Hall. There is no need to stand over there!"

The Cloud Hall had a grandstand of their own beside the arena, and everyone knew Zen was a disciple from Cloud Hall. If Zen remained in the area for independent warriors, then it would be embarrassing for the Cloud Hall. It would appear as though there was an issue between Zen and Cloud Hall, which would lead to others ridiculing the hall.

Zen didn't have any issue with Cloud Hall, but, he was in trouble with Letitia…

When he proposed to participate in the Martial Arts Contest, she didn't agree with him. Now, as he heard her, he looked back at her and said, "I entered the main draw match through the pre-qualifying match. I think it's better for me to stay over there!"

After he spoke his mind, Zen turned and walked over to the side stand where the other independent warriors stood without looking back.

Letitia looked slightly embarrassed. Even though she was young, like a little girl in the eyes of the old masters, she was the leader of Cloud Hall, one of the strongest sects in the Central Region.

This was very embarrassing to her!

Letitia drew an icy mist over herself, making it difficult for anyone to see her face. However, everyone could see how stiff and unnatural the cold fog made her.

"Dick!" Blake's face darkened because he'd considered Zen a member of Cloud Hall, and he didn't think Zen would embarrass their leader the way he did.

To the disciples of Cloud Hall, along with the rest of the Central Region warriors, Letitia was nothing short of a goddess.

Admittedly, they were all crushing on her. However, the most of the disciples hid their feelings deep within their hearts. After all, they believed themselves inferior and unable to match her in terms of either strength or status, so none of them dared to reveal how they felt.

They couldn't stand how Zen, a disciple of Cloud Hall, humiliated their goodness, Letitia, in public.

"If I fought you in the arena, I wouldn't show you any mercy!" said Benson scowling disgustedly.

The jade case lots were drawn randomly. So, even if the name tags of two disciples from the same sect came out from the case, they'd have no choice but to enter the arena and fight each other, unless one of them surrendered immediately and admitted defeat.

The candidates from other sects were discussing what happened amongst themselves.

They hadn't thought Zen would actually dishonor the Cloud Hall's leader. However, this was an internal matter of the hall. Apart from cursing Zen, they couldn't say anything.

Xiao and the others were becoming increasingly confused. What the hell was the deal between Zen and Letitia?

When Zen fought during the pre-qualifying match, Letitia came and watched. After the match, she asked them not to tell Zen that she had been there.

From the looks of it, Letitia and Zen were on bad terms. What was this drama about?

Xiao couldn't understand and shook his head once again, before shaking the jade case. After two name tags were pulled, he loudly shouted, "Independent warrior, Pablo Zhao versus Quincy Qiao of the Bloodwood Cliff!"

The Martial Arts Contest was a round-robin tournament, and the tempo of the battle was extremely fast.

The first and second rounds were one-horse races, but the third one was a difficult one. Pablo and Quincy were both in the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm, so their cultivation and strength were similar. The fight continued for five minutes before Quincy finally won by a narrow margin.

Then came the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth fights.

Every winner drew a card afterward. What was strange was that almost all of them had the same one, an exemption card, and none of them had drawn a challenge card.

At first, everyone thought that the chances of getting an exemption card and a challenge card were fifty-fifty, but now, it seemed the chances of drawing a challenge card were astonishingly slim.

In the end, Xiao came forward to explain that there was only a one-fifth of a chance to get a challenge card.

Other than the first fight and the second one between Zen and Alex, which were quite fierce, the rest of the fights were a bit dull. The Martial Arts Contest had no rules. Even if one killed the other, there wouldn't be any consequences. Because of this rule, the martial artists were more cautious.

In order to make it to a higher rank, one had to maintain his strength to the very end. If they were to fight hard at the start, life vitality would be greatly depleted and the combatants might even lose an arm or a leg. If that happened, what chance would there be to make it to the top ten?

The World Commercial Alliance was rich, so, they prepared a small gift for each martial artist participating in the contest. In fact, the gift wasn't really small at all, but, if it was compared to the top ten rewards, it was indeed tiny.

Many martial artists didn't have high hopes of obtaining the Dragon Soar Arena. Even if the independent warriors were able to obtain it, they wouldn't have any chance to use it, so, their goals were to reach the top ten.

When it came to the seventh round, the atmosphere in the arena became chaotic. The arena was in an uproar when the announcement sounded, "Blake Zong of Cloud Hall versus Edgar Situ of the Ethereal Spirit Sect!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 718 Thunder Law

It cost each of the warriors in the audience a supreme life vitality crystal to watch the Martial Arts Contest, and they wanted to see strong warriors fighting each other.

Each of the earlier matches was between an independent warrior and a disciple from various sects.

Most of the independent warriors weren't real independent warriors, but instead, they were disciples from third-grade sects or clans. Comparatively, there was a huge gap between them and disciples from the fourth-grade sects.

Therefore, it was easy to predict how the earlier matches would go. The battles were far from what one would consider intense.

But now, Blake, one of the leading figures from a fourth-grade sect, Cloud Hall, was stepping into the arena. His opponent was one of the six disciples of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Even before the match started, people knew this would be a terrific match!

"Taking all bets! Place your bets!"

shouted warriors in the audience.

Whenever there was a competition, there was gambling.

The second and third-grade sects and other noteworthy powers from the Central Region would hold competitions and gambles as well.

However, there were many pitfalls. Some sects would set up competitions and then cheat to win. The strong warriors who could win competitions easily would lose to their opponents on purpose so that gamblers would lose lots of life vitality crystals.

The Martial Arts Contest hosted by the World Commercial Alliance was less likely to have any cheating. The Dragon Soar Arena was something that all the large sects had to obtain, and the World Commercial Alliance wouldn't join forces with other large sects to cheat people just for some life vitality crystals.

Therefore, the Martial Arts Contest was a playground for gamblers.

A vast majority of the warriors were natural born gamblers. The several hundred thousand warriors watching the Martial Arts Contest had two main purposes; one was to observe the fighting between the geniuses, and the other was to gamble.

"What are the odds? Hmm, the odds... The World Commercial Alliance seems to still be favoring Edgar from the Ethereal Spirit Sect."

"Okay, I bet on Edgar. The Ethereal Spirit Sect is a fifth-grade sect after all, and is a grade stronger than Cloud Hall!"

"Do you think Blake will make an easy target? Although Blake is in the early stage of Internal Elixir Realm, he once killed the Three Ghosts of the Yellow Sea on his own. His reputation shook the entire Crane Country. Those three ghosts were all warriors in the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm!"

Many warriors began to analyze Blake and Edgar according to their past performances.

After reaching the Internal Elixir Realm, elites from large sects would be entrusted with some difficult tasks. Gradually, they would be able to establish a reputation for themselves in the Central Region.

Crane Country, mentioned by the warrior, was a small country in the Central Region. It was where the Auspice Sect was located. Auspice Sect was one of the five sects under Cloud Hall.

Back then, the Three Ghosts of the Yellow Sea escaped to Crane Country. Under the request of the Auspice Sect, Cloud Hall issued the mission. The outcome was that Blake single-handedly killed the Three Ghosts of the Yellow Sea and became famous throughout Crane Country. Thus, the Crane Country's ruler had a statue erected in honor of Blake, and Blake was dubbed the God of War. To commoners of Crane Country, Blake's existence was akin to the God of War.

In comparison, Edgar of the Ethereal Spirit Sect wasn't well-known and had next to no reputation. Although the Ethereal Spirit Sect was a fifth-grade sect and had more disciples than the Cloud Hall, its disciples were not as widespread as the Cloud Hall's. After all, five second-grade sects had attached themselves to the Cloud Hall.

Besides, each grand sect, whether Ethereal Spirit Sect, Cloud Hall, Bloodwood Cliff, or Mysterious Luna Hall, had its unique features. Otherwise, it would be impossible for them to grow into famous sects.

"Aww, I'm so jealous of you, Edgar!" said Brent dejectedly. He took a deep breath and went on, "I wish I were the one fighting Blake!"

Edgar patted the boy on the shoulder and comforted him by saying, "Don't be disappointed. The strongest will certainly win in the end!"

"But it's so boring, just sitting here. I want to challenge someone!" commented Brent as he turned to look at the elevated platform next to his. He shouted, "Hey! Challenge me if you get a challenge card, okay?"

Up on the elevated platform alongside the Ethereal Spirit Sect was Eddie's group.

Eddie glanced over and saw that a fifteen-year-old child was issuing the challenge. He smiled faintly, but didn't say anything.

However, the young man beside him gave Brent a look of indifference and said, "You are quite the cocky one, aren't you?!"

"Ha! The Martial Arts Contest champion will be me! But, all this waiting is getting so boring!" boasted Brent rolling his eyes.

"Oh really? I'm feeling pretty bored, myself. Since we can't use the competition field right now, why don't we go out there and battle?" the young man suggested lightly. Brent was overly confident. As the son of the top person in the Central Region, the young man had the same confidence.

"Brent, don't talk such nonsense. You're being extremely rude," chided Xander.

Eddie smiled at Xander and said, "Xander, let the children go play with each other. You're still as stubborn as ever. Your Ethereal Spirit Sect has found a good disciple though!"

Eddie had noticed Brent a while ago. Although Brent was only fifteen years old, his cultivation level was at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. With his cultivation level and bone age, he was shockingly further along than anyone from an average clan. But in Eddie's eyes, that wasn't serious. He did think something was different about Brent. That child seemed to be very special.

On the other hand, Xander gave him a careless grin, disagreeing with Eddie.

The Ethereal Spirit Sect and Eddie were always disagreeing with each other. Great conflicts happened between the two. Once a talented disciple appeared in one sect, the other sects would try their best to destroy the disciple. Eddie was one example. A few decades ago, the Ethereal Spirit Sect took to suppressing Eddie. But unfortunately, the Ethereal Spirit Sect failed. Instead, Eddie rose to number one per son of the Central Region!

Furthermore, it wouldn't be long until Eddie's Lustful Demon Array would take shape. If Eddie was to make a breakthrough in the Lustful Demon Array, then he wouldn't have to be afraid of anyone in the Central Region. It was something the members of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, World Commercial Alliance, and even Cloud Hall didn't want to see happen.

There were rumors that Eddie wanted to build a divine kingdom in the Central Region.

The divine kingdom was a country of warriors and could be considered a sixth-grade sect. That meant Eddie wanted to use his power to unify the Central Region.

The Ethereal Spirit Sect was a famous sect of the Central Region. How could they be willing to bow down to anyone? Inevitably, it would be a fierce battle that would affect the entire Central Region. Although the Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect, Mysterious Luna Hall and other fourth-grade sects seemed to get along well, they might take sides with Eddie.

Within the battle arena, Blake stood still, smiling confidently.

Standing before him, Edgar raised his hand slightly and said indifferently, "Blake of Cloud Hall, I've actually been waiting a long time for the chance to fight you!"

"Oh? Why's that?" questioned Blake.

Crack!

A small arch of lightning shot from Edgar's hand and he replied, "I heard you comprehended the Thunder Law. I practice the cultivation methods of thunder system too. So, I want to know which one of us is stronger."

Seeing the bright blue lightning dancing on Edgar's hand, Blake's eyes widened somewhat and he commented, "You seem to have grasped as much as I did!"

"Look everyone! There's lightning on Edgar's hand. He must have understood at least half of the Thunder Law! What a genius!"

"What a monstrous genius! Even a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm would barely be able to understand half of the Thunder Law. I never thought Edgar would be able to do it at the Internal Elixir Realm!"

"The Ethereal Spirit Sect's resources are truly unimaginable! It's truly a sect of talented people!"

Sitting there meditating, Zen felt forceful energy flowing through his body slowly and filling every cell while the life vitality in his belly churned continuously. The forceful energy and the life vitality were different, like two distinct rivers in Zen's body, and neither of them was in contact with the other.

Maintaining the state would allow Zen to practice two forms of cultivation at the same time.

Amidst the warriors' heated discussion, Zen cracked his eyes open, and peeked over in time to see two layers of lightning flashing from Blake's and Edgar's bodies.

'They both have Thunder Law in their lightning. Blake's Thunder Law is slightly more abundant, but Edgar's aura is a bit stronger. Blake's chances of winning will be better than Edgar's!' thought Zen as he watched the arena indifferently.

However, it didn't matter whether it was Blake or Edgar who won. Their understanding of the Thunder Law couldn't compare to Zen's knowledge of it.

Every form of Law Power was divided in ten layers.

The Thunder Law these two wielded was only about halfway into the first layer, but Zen had already completely mastered the first layer of the Thunder Law.

Chapter 719 Transcendent Divine Might

As the curtain of light in the middle of the arena gradually disappeared, the battle between Blake and Edgar started.

Many factors affected martial artists' combating, such as the mental state, physical condition, cultivation methods and so on.

Blake and Edgar had stepped within the Internal Elixir Realm and become top disciples in their respective sects, so obviously, they had sharp mental mindsets. The two disciples practiced tier four cultivation methods and were in the primary level of Internal Elixir Realm.

Today, they'd face off against one another and employ their knowledge of the Thunder Law.

As the match started, Blake was covered in an aura of purple lightning, which made him appear as though he were the Thunder God, incarnate. The purple lightning wove around his body like a slender snake and constantly pulsed across his skin. Standing across from Blake, Edgar looked intimidating with a ball of lightning in each hand. The balls oscillated violently and rhythmically, as if each sphere harbored infinite energy.

"Crackle! Boo-oom!"

With each foe setting off loud imposing lightning strikes as quick as possible, the field was alive, an electrifying dance of lights flashing through the air. The two clashed continually, and every time they slammed into each other, there were more blinding white flashes, followed by crackling and booming of lightning!

Sitting on the edge of their seats, the martial artists watching were riveted by how fast the contenders were. Most of the martial artists were stunned and sat with their eyes glued to the arena, while others cheered, and loudly called the name of whichever fighter they preferred.

Especially eager to watch were the martial artists who specialized in refining using the attributes of thunder. Those spectators watched closely, and it was as though they were committing every step and gesture to memory.

Cultivating Law Power was an exacting, and challenging path anywhere throughout the universe.

The stone tablets that the Law Power was carved into were only accessible through sects that were at the fourth and fifth grades.

It was impossible for warriors to develop the Law Power if they were one of the independent warriors. Anyone from second or third-grade sects who wanted to learn the laws had to be self-taught. However, lacking the comprehension made it impossible for them to gauge how long it should take to understand even a small sliver of Law Power. However, observing Blake and Edgar's battle meant the would-be students could gain some insight into Law Power.

For that reason, they scrutinized the battle so intently.

In the grandstands, seating calmly were disciples from the few great sects. Nothing was revealed through their indifferent eyes, but inside, the disciples assessed the two combatants, and continuously measured the differences in technique and strength and compared the two people's skills to theirs.

"Lose!"

shouted Blake about halfway through the match.

Purple lightning that had just been coiled tightly around him resembling a sleek snake suddenly grew more extensive and comprehensive, and resembled a python.

Seeing the lightning grow, Edgar scowled grimly, and the lightning balls he held shrank until they were fist-sized.

"Boo-om! Crack!"

As lightning cracked, it created violent, thunderous crashing while lightning enveloped the entire arena in a stark, white light. Most of the audience unconsciously squinted or squeezed their eyes shut against the blinding flash.

Zen, however, opened his eyes wider, staring down at the lightning dancing across the arena. He raised his brow slightly, and a trace of confusion clouded his face.

"Huh?"

Zen noticed that within the movements of the flashes of lightning, some of the Thunder Law was unfamiliar to him.

The sect leaders watching from the grandstands had equally solemn expressions.

Xander, however, stared down into the arena, stroking his beard contemplatively. A smile slowly spread across his face.

As for the other several hundred thousand warriors, most of them were hunched, or cringing in their seats, with their eyes shut. Even with the enchanted barrier blocking the full force, they weren't able to bear the luster of the light.

Eyes shut tight was how an outsider watched the battle, while an insider watched everything, and appreciated what they saw!

'Odd, the lightning light Edgar uses has a trace of Law Power that I don't understand, ' reflected Zen curiously.

"That is Thunder Law's second layer, known as purification," rumbled the cyan dragon in response to Zen's wandering thoughts.

"Purification? And that is the second layer into the Thunder Law?" Hidden within the lightning was a small fragment which was barely visible to even Zen's eyes.

"Yes, the first layer is Annihilation, the second layer is known as Purification, and the third is Heavenly Tribulation. When humans attempt to pass into the Realm of Life and Death, the heavenly lightning that drops is termed Heavenly Tribulation!" revealed the cyan dragon, explaining the first three layers of the Thunder Law simply.

Annihilation, Purification, and Heavenly Tribulation…. The Thunder Law was divided in ten layers, each corresponding to a subcategory law. Although Zen understood nine different Law Powers, he had a lot to learn still!

"The Ethereal Spirit Sect warrior has comprehended half of the first layer, Annihilation. Perhaps it was a coincidence for him to have gotten a few fragments from the second layer of Thunder Law. Maybe, he is able to understand those fragments. While it is just a small amount, it's more than enough to win," explained the cyan dragon.

Nodding in agreement, Zen watched as the battle ended. In the aftermath, Blake's scorched body was sprawled out on the ground, and the air reeked of his singed flesh. Edgar wobbled slightly but firmly stood on the other side of the arena looking extremely weak, and smiled, happy with his victory.

"I'm afraid the second layer of Law Power doesn't exist in the Central Region. To learn the second layer, I have to go to the Upper World, or possibly to the Four Divine Kingdoms," muttered Zen.

"You've already completed the baptism by laws, and there's no need to pursue a higher level in Law Power for a short time. If you combine two or even three types of laws, the results will be extreme…"

Before the cyan dragon had time to finish, he was cut off by the red dragon, who said, "Ha-ha! Boy, don't listen to my brother! He's talking nonsense. The Law Power is the source of the world, but body refiners work outside the laws of nature. If you push yourself to the limit, you will become stronger! After you go through the Eight Path Platforms, I will teach you Transcendent Divine Might! No matter what form of Law Power any rival wields, with Transcendent Divine Might, you will be able to defeat your foes with a single punch!"

"Brother..." said the cyan dragon, trying to keep the disdain from his voice.

"Transcendent Divine Might? What's that?" Zen asked eagerly. His heart skipped a beat.

"About that..."

Frustrated about being cut off, the hot-tempered red dragon stopped short of explaining and seethed. His personality was the opposite of that of the calm cyan dragon, and being interrupted the way he was left the red dragon temporarily stumped.

Although Zen wasn't sure what Transcendent Divine Might was, he knew it couldn't be an everyday thing. Zen considered the nine dragons to be authorities of the world. Whether they were telling Zen about something they cared about, or it was something they didn't care about, it was always a pearl in Zen's opinion.

While the red dragon stewed silently, Zen beamed and said, "Okay! We have a deal! After I go through the Eight Path Platforms, you will teach me the Transcendent Divine Might!"

Zen didn't know what Transcendent Divine Might was, but before asking any questions, he agreed to the red dragon's offer.

The cyan dragon erupted in a hearty chuckle, and said, "Slick move there, brat! My brother's knowledge of Transcendent Divine Might is fundamental. It isn't that he doesn't want to teach you. However, right now, it isn't the right time! "When you attain the Eight Path Platforms, you will be able to develop that as well!"

"You haven't explained what Transcendent Divine Might is yet," asked Zen, continuing his internal conversation with the dragons. The cyan dragon's hesitation drove Zen's curiosity.

"There is no stronger martial arts skill beyond Transcendent Divine Might, just as the name suggests. If a warrior can master it, he will become the master of the world," stated the cyan dragon slowly.

What the cyan dragon divulged made Zen gulp hard.

To be the master of the world would make someone godlike, and that meant the person was extremely powerful.

"My acupoints are all refined, so, I'll be able to make a breakthrough into the Path Platforms! I'm resolute about studying Transcendent Divine Might!" Zen mused while his eyes lit up elatedly.

"I gave my word, and I won't back out. However, let me remind you. It's not as easy as you think to reach the Path Platforms," cautioned the red dragon. He paused before going on, "It's especially difficult here in the Central Region. It is actually easier to attain a breakthrough into the Internal Elixir Realm, or Virtual Tribulation Realm, than the Path Platforms!"

"I understand," answered Zen eagerly. The happy twinkle in his eyes was slowly replaced with a look of cold, steely resolve.

Admittedly, pursuing advanced knowledge and honing oneself was a difficult, time consuming challenge. But, then again, slow and steady would win the race, which was proven true from the dawn of time!

While Zen and the dragons conversed, Blake was carried off the field and back to Cloud Hall.

A collective sigh went out from the warriors sitting in the stands. Blake was very strong, and they didn't think Edgar was stronger!

Watching the intense fight left many warriors feeling the supreme life vitality crystals they'd spent weren't wasted. The trip here to Oracle City was genuinely worth the cost!

Once the arena's battlefield was cleaned, Xiao was up on the platform and reached into the container to draw the nameplates.

After he pulled out two nameplates, Xiao's voice boomed as he shouted, "Brody Bu of the Bloodwood Cliff versus Zen Luo of Cloud Hall!"

When Brody heard his name called, he sniffled, wiped at his mouth with the back of his hand, stood, and walked to the grandstand's edge. His scowl changed immediately to a smile, and he stated, "Good, good, I'll finally fight him!"

Brody had just complained to one of his companions about not having a chance to fight Zen. It didn't occur to him that his nameplate would be drawn so soon.

"Luck is on your side, Brody! Really, this means your destiny will be a bright one!" commented one of the warriors flatteringly. The warrior was at the Internal Elixir Realm.

Chapter 720 The Gap (Part One)

A loud voice rang throughout the area and drew the attention of the audience. "This is the first battle of our Bloodwood Cliff disciples! Crush him, Brody! Show your strength!"

Cheers and yells erupted from the disciples of Bloodwood Cliff in support.

Meanwhile, Lady Poison-blood, who sat at the back of the grandstand, stared coldly at Zen.

This young man called Zen Luo had once humiliated her, the leader of Bloodwood Cliff. However, she wouldn't let such a thing spread around. After all, she was a dignified leader of a fourth-grade sect and she didn't want to have her good reputation ruined by this unscrupulous young man. But that didn't mean she would not do anything to revenge herself.

"Brody, come over," Lady Poison-blood said in a low voice.

"Yes, my Lady!"

Brody Bu heavily walked towards Lady Poison-blood's side.

At that moment, Lady Poison-blood put her delicate finger into her mouth and gently bit it. Blood oozed from her soft fingertip.

Brody's eyes twitched slightly when he saw what Lady Poison-blood had done in front of him. "My Lady…" he said in a trembling voice.

The Bloodwood Cliff wasn't known for their decency, and they were involved with countless acts of sorcery and crooked means. Brody clearly understood what their leader wanted to do.

"Don't worry, this soul-killing poisoned blood can help you to reach full potential in a short period of time and I will help you make up for the life span you will lose in the process. However, you have to go down there and kill that brat!" Lady Poison-blood laughed viciously. Brody just looked skeptically at her, and tried to deny her plan.

"My Lady, I don't need that boost to kill that brat!" he said and hurriedly shook his head. However, Lady Poison-blood just giggled, and her beautiful face became even more charming and enchanting.

"I know, but…

Just in case that you will need it!"

With that, she stretched her finger towards Brody's chest and drew a symbol with the blood on her fingertips. The blood symbol flashed and entered Brody's chest.

At that moment, it was as if Brody had become a completely different person. His eyes turned red as a sinister laugh came out of his mouth.

"I will destroy him, my Lady!" he said and then leapt into the arena.

At the same time, Zen also walked towards the arena.

"It's that brat who's at the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. It's his turn to fight again!"

"He actually defeated Alex in the last round. It seems that we can't call him as a common Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator. His real strength is far beyond that."

"He merely defeated Alex because he took his opponent by surprise. In terms of real strength, he can't compare to a warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm!"

Although Zen was a disciple from a fourth-grade sect, it was still hard for many of the martial arts practitioners to accept that an Illuminating Soul Realm warrior had defeated an Internal Elixir Realm warrior.

Not everyone could challenge an opponent who was levels higher than their own. The Central Region had an ironclad rule that one's cultivation level decided his strength. Only a few elite disciples of the fourth-grade sects might easily challenge higher level disciples. However, this group of talented disciples was extremely rare!

Alex, whom Zen had defeated was a descendant of the third-grade Gongsun Clan, and also had the rare heaven-level talent!

On the other hand, Zen had overcome the great gap between them, and almost beat Alex dead in one strike. That was not what the spectators had expected to see. They were extremely shocked by the turn of the events and thought that the fight was unfair. From a psychological point of view, they hoped very much that Zen would lose, and lose miserably in this round.

This time, Zen faced a disciple from a fourth-grade sect. The spectators all pinned their hopes on Brody.

Just then, several disciples from the back of the grandstand walked in. They were dressed in white and had the pattern of clouds on their chests. They were the disciples of Cloud Hall, and the two people at the helm were Patrick and Rocher!

"I never thought that the ticket to the Martial Arts Contest would be so expensive. It cost us a supreme life vitality crystal each." Lewis sulked from behind them.

"We should feel lucky to be able to get inside. The battle has already begun. I wonder how the Cloud Hall disciples are doing in the battles," Rocher turned around and glared at him.

Several months had passed, and Patrick had already entered the fifth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm while Rocher had improved even more. He had already reached the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and had almost caught up to Patrick when it came to cultivation.

This time, they had carried out a mission that the Cloud Hall had assigned in Black Prosperity Country, which happened to be near the Oracle City. They knew that the Martial Arts Contest was about to kick off, and they certainly would not miss this opportunity. Thus, they went directly to the Oracle City after they completed the mission.

"The one on the stage seems to be a disciple from the Bloodwood Cliff. I wonder who his opponent is," Patrick said indifferently as he glanced at the arena.

Rocher's sharp eyes swept across the crowd, and one person who slowly walked to the battle stage caught his attention. He felt that this person was a bit familiar. His eyes widened when he realized who he was. "It is...Zen!" he exclaimed.

"What? Zen? Is he here to watch the Martial Arts Contest as well?" Lewis asked. Meanwhile, Patrick looked to the direction where Rocher was staring at, and then his face suddenly hardened.

"It's really Zen. He's not here to watch the Martial Arts Contest. He's in the battlefield." He smiled wryly.

"What!" Lewis was so surprised that he bolted upright. He craned his neck above the crowd to get a better view of the arena, and then his mouth went wide. Lo and behold, it was Zen. "It's really Zen. What is he doing up there? Is he trying to get killed?"

Chapter 721 The Gap (Part Two)

Patrick, Rocher, and Lewis were all now disciples in the Elite House of the Cloud Hall, and had received the best training from it. They had made incredible progress in the past few months. For instance, Rocher had comprehended two laws in the cultivation of Extreme Thunder Sword Intent, namely the Metal Law and the Thunder Law. Although he didn't get much Law Power, only one or two among thousands of cultivators were able to comprehend the laws. Moreover, Rocher was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm, so one could imagine just how gifted he was.

Patrick also had improved a lot in his strength. He could now summon the Acalanatha continuously without taking a break at the intervals. In addition, the Acalanatha had a second pair of arms. In the Vajrayana, the strongest Acalanatha had six arms, which meant that Patrick still had a lot of room for improvement.

Lewis, on the other hand, didn't advance as fast as the other two did. However, his bodily movement skill was becoming more and more unfathomable. He could almost approach his opponent without casting a shadow and could leave without a trace.

Their rapid progress in the cultivation made them very proud in the Elite House of the Cloud Hall. They believed that it would not be long before they were able to rank among the top in the Elite House.

However, when they discovered that Zen was in the arena, they suddenly felt that the achievements they had been so proud of seemed to have become a joke now.

Before they arrived in the Oracle City, they previously discussed the Martial Arts Contest along the way.

The strongest disciples of each sect gathered to compete in the Martial Arts Contest, and it was a showdown among the Internal Elixir Realm masters. Rocher had complained about how the Martial Arts Contest was held a few years in advance. If the plan hadn't changed, he would have a few more years to practice. Once he reached the Internal Elixir Realm, he would have the opportunity to participate in the contest.

Lewis had mocked Rocher that even if he was given a few more times, he still might not be qualified to participate in the Martial Arts Contest. In turn, Rocher got so irritated that he even placed his sword on Lewis' neck to shut him up.

However...

Zen had already stood on the arena of the Martial Arts Contest.

"His cultivation base has improved quite rapidly. In less than half a year, he has reached the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm from the nature level. But...

Why is he allowed to compete here, considering the gap between his level and the Internal Elixir Realm?" Patrick said. A lot of doubts crossed his mind.

"Don't forget that back when he was in the Cloud Sect, he defeated a bunch of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors when he was just at the nature level. Now that Zen has reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, it is possible that he has the ability to fight against those Internal Elixir Realm warriors!" Rocher said and shook his head.

Rocher's words fell on a warrior's ears who stood next to him. The warrior's face darkened.

"What do you mean possible? The brat only got a bit lucky. I'm sure he won't survive this fight. The disciple of the Bloodwood Cliff will definitely beat him!" he said.

The warrior who spoke to them was a member of the Gongsun Clan. Although he was not a core disciple, he had strong sense of honor to his family. He was quite unhappy to hear what Rocher had said.

"Lucky?" Rocher smiled. "It seems that we have missed a match. Zen has already fought and won one," Rocher said to Patrick.

"However, this round doesn't look too good for Zen. The person from the Bloodwood Cliff is not easy to deal with," Patrick said and fixed his eyes firmly on the arena.

They came from the same sect as Zen and entered the Cloud Hall together. They got a bit worried when they saw how extremely powerful Zen's opponent was.

"Oh, he won't survive this! No way! It's an Internal Elixir Realm master on the other side!" Lewis cried out. However, Rocher just raised his eyebrows and a smile graced his lips.

"I don't know why, I have the hunch that Zen will…

Zen will win all the way through to the end!

Lewis, give me all your money!"

"What are you trying to do?" Lewis subconsciously held on tight to his space ring. He was the one who had reaped the most benefits from their mission because he had an advantage in speed and bodily movement. Thus, he had obtained a lot of life vitality crystals from the mission.

"Don't be nervous," Rocher said and reached out a hand. "Did you see the sign over there? The odds are out, and the odds against Zen are shockingly high. I want to take a gamble!" he explained.

Rocher wasn't a gambler, but he felt that Zen always had a good luck on his side. He just wanted to see if his hunch was right.

"Nope!" Lewis screamed. "Give them to me!" Rocher said coldly.

"No!" The two of them continued to grapple for the money in Lewis' space ring.

A gust of wind gently flew by, and the tip of Rocher's sword was pressed against Lewis' neck once again.

Lewis sighed. It seemed that he would never win as long as Rocher could threaten him.

He couldn't do anything but hand over his money to Rocher in resignation.

Just after Rocher had placed his stake, the luminous curtain in the center of the arena disappeared, and the battle between Zen Luo and Brody Bu began.

Chapter 722 A Present (Part One)

The soul-killing poisoned blood was one of Bloodwood Cliff's secret methods. It was a frighteningly powerful skill that could push a cultivator's potential to the extreme, however, it had one crucial side-effect that it could cause the user great harm.

Unless one's life was an inch from death, the soul-killing poisoned blood skill was not something a sane person would ever think of using.

However, it was a risk Brody had to take. Taking Zen down was a task given to him by his leader, and failure was not an option. He only hoped that his leader would give him a reward that would help him reach a higher refining level.

After being planted the blood symbol, Brody's eyes burned with a blood thirst as he stared up at Zen. When the curtain of light flickered and disappeared, hot, scarlet flames burst forth from his hand.

"I have gained understanding and comprehension of one-third of the Fire Law. If you've got any brains, you know it would be better for you to just stand still as I burn you to ashes with my blood flames…" As soon as he finished talking, the blood flame in his hand soared menacingly, eager to kill, eager to burn.

"Fire Law! I can't believe it. Brody actually mastered the Fire Law! What in the world is going on with this year's Martial Arts Contest? Law Power is not at all easy to learn. It is extremely difficult and complicated. How come all cultivators of the Internal Elixir Realm seem to have grasped it?"

"Don't be so overly dramatic. Brody is one of the top disciples of Bloodwood Cliff after all. He's definitely qualified to be one of the people that can comprehend Law Power. But, to be honest, I'm still quite surprised by the strength of the contestants for this year's contest. So many of them have already comprehended Law Power. In the past, only the top three could accomplish such a feat…."

"What are you talking about? Back then, only the strongest cultivators of the Virtual Tribulation Realm could master Law Power. It's amazing how so many talented cultivators suddenly showed up all of a sudden."

"Blood flame? You want to burn me?" The scarlet flame burned bright, but it did not faze Zen one bit. Smiling, as if to mock his opponent, he waved his hand and a wisp of pure fire appeared over his palm. He pointed at the flame, and in the next second, it formed a protective circle of fire around him. "Fight fire with fire," he said. "Since you want to attack me with your flames, I shall do the same to you."

"W- What? I thought Zen was only a body refiner? What the heck is going on?! His flame looks weak…

But why do I feel so overwhelmed with its power?"

"Oh my gosh! That's the complete Fire Law!" someone suddenly exclaimed in shock.

"You're right! But how did he do it? That's impressive!"

Another round of heated discussion broke out among the spectators.

Hobbes, one of the three chiefs of the World Commercial Alliance rose from his seat. He narrowed his eyes at the pure flame that fiercely burned over Zen's palm.

The chief was a practitioner of fire-system techniques and had almost comprehended the first layer of Fire Law- Raging Fire and mastered 30% of its second layer- Ashes. However, since there wasn't a complete Raging Fire in the Central Region, he wasn't able to finish the first layer.

Looking at the intense, pure flame over Zen's palm, Hobbes realized that the lad had somehow fully mastered Raging Fire.

'How did he do it?' he wondered to himself.

Hobbes turned to Dillon. "Didn't you say that he was a runic expert?" he asked abruptly. "How did his comprehension of the Fire Law reach this degree?"

Dillon did not answer and could only stare blankly at the flame burning in Zen's hand, equally flabbergasted.

Upon the platform wherein the people of the Ethereal Spirit Sect were seated, Brent stared in fixation at Zen's flame. He curled his lips, and turned to Philip and said, "He's even way stronger than you said! That's the perfect power of the Fire Law!"

Brent's words caused Philip to turn away from embarrassment and quickly change the topic. "So what?! Compared to Fire Law, isn't the Space Law you refine more powerful and difficult to master?"

'Philip is right. Time Law and Space Law are considered the most powerful. However, only a few talented cultivators can master the complete Fire Law and Zen is one of them. He has truly underestimated him, ' Brent brooded.

"The complete Law of Fire. This young man is truly interesting. I feel like I've seen him before," Eddie murmured. He had ranked number one in the Central Region and had not paid much attention to Zen since he had been more interested in the supposedly stronger warriors.

Marilyn remained silent but his son was quick to dismiss his thoughts as he said, "Dad, you haven't set foot in the Central Region for years. You must've mistaken him for someone else."

However, Eddie disagreed and shook his head, "No, I've met him once. I'm certain of it. I just don't remember where."

And he was right. Back in the Cloud Sect, his huge face had sneered at Zen. It wasn't really surprising that he forgot though, seeing that he had only met him once. At that time, Zen was an unremarkable nobody to Eddie so there was no reason for him to remember him.

"I would've never thought that the Cloud Hall would be able to cultivate such a genius. He not only reached the Illuminating Soul Realm but also comprehended the first layer of Fire Law. And he is a body refiner too. Eden, it looks like you should cultivate harder!"

Eddie said with a composed and confident smile. He obviously did not consider Zen to be strong enough as his son's opponent.

Eden was his son.

Hearing his father's words, Eden nodded. The confidence shining on his face, he declared firmly, "Don't worry Dad. I won't disappoint you."

"Is that so?" Eddie asked, looking at his son.

Eden nodded his head. "Of course! You invested a lot in me. If I fail to stand out in the contest, I'll be a laughingstock. Just wait and see. I'll defeat all these so-called geniuses!" he declared with certainty.

His son's words were haughty but Eddie nodded his head approvingly. 'He is my son. I have complete faith in him. He is surely more powerful than the other contestants, ' he thought to himself, pride swelling in his chest.

When she saw Zen's display of the Fire Law, Letitia's eyes widened in astonishment.

It was then that she realized that she truly knew nothing about her disciple.

When they first met, she had been impressed by his display of great talent during the Cloud Road test. Ever since then, she had the gut feeling that Zen would rise to be a key figure in the Cloud Hall which was why she spent so much time and energy cultivating him.

It came as a surprise to her when Zen later started to study runes. She fondly remembered how the chief runic expert marveled at his strength and claimed that Zen was even better at runes than him. Then, when Zen returned from the Dragon Soar Arena, she found out that he had actually comprehended the Space Law.

Now, during the Martial Arts Contest, he had just showcased the body refining technique he was good at. She didn't have any idea that he had actually started learning the Fire Law.

Even more surprising was that he had actually completed and comprehended the first layer of Fire Law!

As far as she knew, there was no intact introduction to Raging Fire in the Central Region which was the primary reason why Hobbes of the World Commercial Alliance couldn't fully grasp the first layer of Fire Law.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 723 A Present (Part Two)

'Upper World…

Zen must've inherited the Fire Law there, ' Letitia surmised in her heart.

And her assumption was right. However, it wasn't just the Fire Law. What Letitia had never expected was that Zen had in fact mastered the nine Original Laws after his baptism by the laws.

Although Brody had almost lost his mind, he could sense that the flame over Zen's palm was powerful. Despite that, he had no time to hesitate. Since he had been planted with blood runes by Lady Poison-blood, he had no other choice but to take Zen out.

His face distorted in a white-hot rage as he shouted, "Go to hell!"

Brody rushed forward, a brown scimitar appearing in his hand. In a split second, scarlet, blood flames engulfed the entirety of the blade.

He advanced at an alarming speed. In a blink of an eye, he was already poised above Zen, ready to strike him down.

"Blood Flame Hacking!"

Blazing blood flames licked the scimitar's blade, adding more power to his attack. With the blood rune, Brody's moves were amplified to be tremendously overwhelming with each strike.

However, just as he swung down his blade, Zen was already gone, nimbly dodging his strike. Giving his opponent no time to react, Zen quickly directed his flame towards Brody, striking his chest with his palm hard.

"BANG!"

Brody was sent back a few feet but was nonetheless standing. Finding his ground, he quickly swung his flaming scimitar at Zen's direction, aiming for the fire circle that surrounded him. As soon as his blood flame and Zen's fire collided, it started to devour each other.

Since Zen hadn't ever been exposed to any fire-system cultivation technique, he couldn't fully unleash the power of the flame he held in his hand.

But, compared to the cultivation method, the comprehension of Law Power was more important. The flame Brody had released looked amazingly powerful but soon, it became apparent that he was at a disadvantage.

Brody's blood flame was much weaker than Zen's.

If two cultivators practiced the Law Power of the same attribute, the one who had a better understanding of what they refined was stronger.

It meant that Brody was comparatively weaker in Fire Law than Zen.

However, Brody was still a warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm and he had intense willpower to win. The only thing that occupied his mind at that very moment was how to end Zen's life.

Realizing his blood flame was now being controlled by Zen, Brody had to think fast. He immediately bit the tip of his tongue and broke the skin. The familiar metallic taste of blood filled his mouth and he spat, the red liquid oozing from his tongue to his blade. The blood flames soared and managed to break free from Zen's fire circle. With his fire back, Brody roared, rushing forward with his scimitar, ready to swing down on his opponent.

Thanks to the time he took to refine his body, Zen was able to move swiftly, quickly moving aside to avoid Brody's strike.

Having avoided his opponent, Zen took a step backward and gave himself some distance as he steadied himself.

The failure did not frustrate Brody. Rushing quickly towards Zen, he once again swung his scimitar. "Blood Flame Hacking!" he shouted in fury.

Seeing Brody's rushing figure, Zen focused power on his legs. Looking up at his opponent, Zen zoomed forward to meet him halfway, his right fist raised at the ready.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Each punch pierced and echoed through the air as Zen attacked Brody with full strength.

His punches were calculated and extremely strong, so strong that the sound of Brody's bones breaking could be heard as his fists landed upon his body.

This went on for a bit before Zen was satisfied and stopped punching Brody. He stood up and retreated from where he had originally been standing. Meanwhile, Brody was on his knees, struggling to rise after Zen's assault. He clutched at his chest in pain and sent a resentful glare full of bitterness to Zen.

However, glaring was all he managed to do as Brody suddenly collapsed on the ground a few seconds later.

"Zen won," Rocher, who was among the audience, said with a subtle smile.

Lewis heaved a long sigh of relief. "He scared the hell out of me! I'm so glad he won. If he lost, I would lose everything," he said, patting his chest.

Rocher shook his head and remarked, "He's much stronger than I have imagined. He even mastered the Fire Law. Ah, really, this guy…"

In the eyes of many, Rocher was already considered a terrifying genius, but he suddenly regarded Zen as a more talented cultivator than him.

"I don't know whether Zen intends to win first place, but as far as I know, he is very much likely to get into the top ten," Patrick claimed.

After having defeated his opponent, Zen remained still and composed. Once Mr. Xiao announced the results and summoned him, he came forward to draw a card.

'Please God… I hope I can choose. Please let me choose my next opponent!' Zen prayed to himself. Slowly, he turned the card over and almost shouted for joy. It seemed God was listening and answered his prayer. He was very much eager to end Marilyn's life, and according to the match rules, he could now fight with her if he wanted to.

However, if he did that, Eddie might suspect his identity. It would be wiser to postpone his plans.

Reluctantly, Zen put the card aside and returned to the area for the independent warriors.

The contest continued on.

After several rounds, the difference between the independent warriors and sect disciples was evident in terms of real strength.

Most independent warriors were too weak to fight against the sect disciples.

Two of the independent warriors, however, captured the audience's attention with their excellent performance. One of them was Owen who was at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm while the other was called Trevor Huangfu.

The two independent warriors were able to knock down two top talented disciples: one from the Mysterious Luna Hall and the other from the Black Mountain Sect.

The two of them did not belong to any sect.

Most of the cultivators that had passed the pre-qualifying match came from third-grade sects, but Owen and Trevor were different. They were not given any guidance or wisdom from their masters, nor did they learn any kind of secret refinement method from some sect. Both had entered the Martial Arts Contest armed only with their luck and real strength.

Chapter 724 A Present (Part Three)

There were tons of independent cultivators in the Central Region but most of them were not even qualified to be disciples of the first-grade or second-grade sects. To think these two were strong enough to come out on top was truly astounding.

That was the reason why they caught the crowd's attention. Despite lacking resources and backing, they had managed to refine up to the Internal Elixir Realm. The amount of effort they spent was great and it was fortunate that they were blessed with such good destiny.

The disciples coming from the third-grade sects were the weakest in the Martial Arts Contest. None of them could ever hope to hold up against the strong independent warriors and they stood no chance of defeating the elites of the fourth-grade sects.

After the thirty-second round, Mr. Xiao came up to make an announcement. "Benson Xuanyuan of the Cloud Hall will battle against Eden Cui, an independent warrior."

"Eden Cui! The son of the best cultivator in the Central Region! This is going to be interesting!" someone from the audience exclaimed.

"It is safe to say that Eden Cui and Brent Zong of the Ethereal Spirit Sect are the best cultivators in the contest. I bet one of them will become champion while the other will take second place!"

"I don't agree with you. Benson Xuanyuan is also an amazing cultivator. He comes from the Cloud Hall which ranks first among the fourth-grade sects. I think he can pose as a tough opponent."

"Eden Cui?" Zen murmured, looking up at Eddie who was among the audience. He watched as the young man beside Eddie stood and walked towards the battlefield. Zen narrowed his eyes as the young man took center stage. 'So he's Eddie's son?' he thought to himself.

Truth be told, Zen wasn't in any way interested in Eddie's son.

He had entered the Martial Arts Contest with only two purposes in mind: to slay Marilyn, and to get the Dragon Soar Arena. Finding out Eddie's son's strength was of no value to him.

It was then that Eden jumped off the platform and floated in mid-air. He looked down at Mr. Xiao. "Please wait a minute, sir," he said politely.

Mr. Xiao nodded in agreement. He had no problem with his request.

He soared and flew towards the platform of Cloud Hall, landing softly in front of Letitia.

The disciples of Cloud Hall, including Benson, looked at Eden with confusion. 'Delaying the match, flying through the air towards Cloud Hall, what exactly was this young man up to?' they wondered.

Letitia stared at Eden with bewilderment equal to that of her disciples. "You're supposed to fight with my disciple. What are you doing here?" she asked.

Eden did not reply and only gave her a faint smile. He then clapped his hands.

As he clapped, Eden concentrated some life vitality onto his hands. As a result, his claps could be heard loud and clear even from a great distance. Soon enough, four men suddenly appeared and flew towards Eden. What the men carried seemed to be a large package, wrapped in red silk fabric.

The four men stood next to Eden, their breathing a bit labored from having carried such a large parcel. "I got you a present, Lady," he told Letitia as the men placed the package in front of her.

Letitia raised an eyebrow. 'Why did he give me a gift so suddenly?' she thought to herself. She wondered what game he was playing but did not show it in her face.

The disciples of the other sects, and even their leaders were focused with rapt attention at the scene.

Walking towards the package, Eden suddenly pulled on the red silk cloth, yanking it off to reveal a large block of ice.

"Isn't this… Arctic Mysterious Ice?" she asked, her eyes fixated onto the block.

'It is no wonder the four men looked so exhausted when they carried it. The Arctic Mysterious Ice is very heavy and will not melt at all, no matter the season. It can be made into a bed where I can cultivate. If I do that, I'll be able to reach a breakthrough much faster, ' she mused. Basically, this large ice block could be of great help to Letitia's cultivation.

However, this mysterious ice was rare and existed only under the thick ice of the Arctic where the temperature was extremely low. Even a cultivator who had reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm would succumb and freeze in the icy conditions which made the acquisition of the Arctic Mysterious Ice extremely difficult.

Cultivators who practiced refinement techniques with the ice attribute were transfixed at the sight of the ice block. If they could get it, they could double up their cultivation speed.

Turning to the leader of Cloud Hall, Eden began to speak, "Arctic Mysterious Ice may be considered a treasure to many people but I'm afraid that, for someone like you, it might actually be insulting to receive such a cheap present." He reached out with his index finger and pointed at the Arctic Mysterious Ice, releasing a bit of life vitality.

"Crack!"

Everyone's eyes widened as cracks began to appear on the surface of the Arctic Mysterious Ice and there were a few gasps of horror as the block started to chip and break right in front of them.

"W- What has he done?! He broke the Arctic Mysterious Ice!"

"What a pity! Although his father is the number one in the Central Region, he shouldn't have wasted such a treasure."

"I really wish he could've just given it to me. I would give him anything in exchange!"

A lot of the people present felt their hearts drop as they watched Eden destroy the rare and extremely valuable Arctic Mysterious Ice. Such a wonderful treasure had been destroyed so easily by a mere index finger, which was truly heartbreaking.

Eden, however, was oblivious to their remarks. It was only when the Arctic Mysterious Ice had been reduced to rubble did he sweep off the ice chunks to reveal a bright, glowing core. Since it was surrounded by ice debris, the crowd could not clearly see what it was. That glowing core, what could it be?

Chapter 725 The Proposal

Eden nonchalantly pushed the fragments of Arctic Mysterious Ice away, before he lifted the glimmering item, holding it up to admire. Smiling slightly, he said, "I want to give this to the head of Cloud Hall as a gift!"

He proudly gazed down at the sparkling small golden crown he held. There were three breathtaking crystals embedded into the delicate circlet. They were brilliant white crystals that, instead of radiating and bouncing off the many facets, they captured the light and reflected a softened, faint silvery shimmer. On the crown's side, three feathers were secured.

If this small golden crown were made of ordinary gold and gems, it wouldn't be worth anything in the eyes of a martial artist. After all, it didn't take many life vitality crystals to buy a great deal of gold or gemstones. Even a minuscule piece of Arctic Mysterious Ice was worth more than ten times an ornate crown made of traditional gold and gems.

However, Eden had sealed the golden crown in the Arctic Mysterious Ice, so, its value could only match or exceed the ice.

Most of the warriors didn't recognize it and were confused.

However, with so many people present, there was bound to be someone with the knowledge and experience to recognize it. Suddenly, someone shouted, "Wow! That's the Heavenly Feather Crown of the Northern Serenity Palace!"

"The Northern Serenity Palace? The one that once was situated in the Arctic Lands? The one that has been destroyed long time ago?"

"Hey! That's right! I remember it now. I saw a picture of the Heavenly Feather Crown. You know, it's a sacred weapon!"

"Before she fell, the Holy Maiden of the Northern Serenity Palace was armed to the hilt with sacred weapons. When she went to war against the four divine kingdoms, her forces were crushed and left wounded. Her sacred weapons were divided among four divine kingdoms. In the chaos, the Heavenly Feather Crown disappeared. People from the four Kingdoms searched all of the Northern Serenity Palace, yet no one found it. Wow! It's amazing that Eden found it! This is astounding!"

Mysterious, spiritual, fairy, and sacred weapons...

Fairy weapons could be found throughout the Central Region, easily. Every sect head had a high-grade fairy weapon, but sacred weapons were rare.

Currently, only three sacred weapons were known to be in the Central Region. One was the Soul Flag, which was held by the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the World Commercial Alliance had the Time Copper Coin, and Eddie possessed the Nameless Saber.

These sacred weapons were confirmed. It was unknown if any others were in the region, where they were, or who had them.

A sacred weapon was so powerful and special that it often affected the rise and fall of a sect.

Martial artists believed the birth of a sacred weapon heralded a period of great luck because it contained a blessing. Even if it weren't used, and instead housed in a place of honor at the sect, it would bring the sect good luck!

For example, the Soul Flag was at the Ethereal Spirit sect, and since they got it, they'd also seen a rise in talented disciples at the sect. In addition, out of the blue, talented applicants showed up. It was the same thing over at the World Commercial Alliance. Although they kept the number of forces hidden from outsiders, everyone saw the changes, and how the alliance had grown since they got the weapon.

For Eddie, it was the Nameless Saber that brought the luck! Before obtaining the saber, Evil East Lord Eddie was merely an independent warrior, but, with his sacred weapon, Eddie rose up and soon became known as the most powerful person in the Central Region.

Many sects dreamed of having a sacred weapon. The weapon's strength was secondary to the luck that came with it!

"A sacred weapon... Oh my God, he's wealthy and incredibly lucky! Why couldn't I be the son of the Evil East Lord?"

"A spendthrift, he's truly a spendthrift. Why does he want to give the sacred weapon away?"

"But, I don't understand. Why is Eden gifting the sacred weapon to the Cloud Hall's leader? Oh, wait, I know, he has his eyes on Letitia. Am I right?"

The warriors in the stands also started a heated discussion.

Rocher, Patrick and the others frowned while watching the events unfold on the stage.

Although Rocher bore no ill will to Eden, the animosity Zen felt toward his father, made up for it! Rocher knew about Zen's determination. He was convinced that once Zen thought he himself was strong enough, he would definitely fight Eddie. When the battle would happen was unknown.

Although Rocher and Patrick weren't able to help much, they were on Zen's side. Since Eddie was evil, it was a given that his son would be too. His intentions behind gifting the sacred weapon to Letitia were confusing.

The Bloodwood Cliff's leader, Lady Poison-blood, as well as Elderly Luna of the Mysterious Luna Hall, and Raven of the Black Mountain Sect were all extremely envious. The most envious of them was Lady Poison-blood. She and Letitia were both women, and she believed her herself to be as beautiful as Letitia. Then why would Eden want to give Letitia the crown?

When Marilyn, behind Eddie, looked at that Heavenly Feather Crown, her face was filled with dissatisfaction. It was a good sacred weapon, but Eddie didn't give it to her, but gave it to someone else instead. She had even gotten into an awkward situation with Eddie over this.

Eden smiled, "The Ethereal Spirit Sect is a fifth-grade sect. They have their own sacred weapon, and the World Commercial Alliance is nearly more powerful than a fifth-grade sect. The Cloud Hall is the third largest sect in the Central Region, a fourth-grade sect. It would make no sense if it didn't have its own sacred weapon."

Staring at the Heavenly Feather Crown, Letitia revealed a smile. "A sacred weapon is very important to the sect. Our Cloud Hall would also like to have one like that, but whether or not our Cloud Hall has a sacred weapon, I don't see how it concerns you. You're not from our Cloud Hall, why do you want to give me the crown? The gift is too much. I can't take it."

Hearing Letitia's words, Eden smiled, turned and clasped his hands towards the sects, then said to Letitia, "As martial artists, we do not care about the formalities of mortals. I want to use this opportunity of the Martial Arts Contest to propose to you!"

Letitia was stunned and blinked her eyes. "What do you mean?"

Eden's face exuded a strong sense of confidence, passing down his father's domineering aura. "I want you to be my woman!"

The warriors in the stands clamored.

The atmosphere at the scene exploded once again.

Compared to a mortal, a martial artist could live longer, even for hundreds of years. A martial artist's marriage wasn't all that complicated, and they didn't need a matchmaker. It was often straightforward.

However, Eden's way was even more direct and bolder. He actually proposed to the head of the Cloud Hall personally in the Martial Arts Contest.

Even though his father was the strongest in the Central Region, the gap between Eden and Letitia was not small!

He was just a mid-stage Internal Elixir Realm warrior. He could be considered an expert in the Central Region, but he was not a peerless expert.

However, Letitia was a Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist. Even though she was cultivating the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess and needed to renew her cultivation nine times, and she had just entered the early stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm, she would soon be able to recover to the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. She would be a top expert in the Central Region by then. She might be weaker than Eddie, but she was definitely not someone that Eden could challenge.

A martial artist proposal didn't care about status or money. It didn't require a matchmaker, but it cared about strength!

It was venturesome for a warrior in Internal Elixir Realm to go up to Letitia to propose to her, even though he had a sacred weapon.

Moreover, Letitia was the goddess in the hearts of many warriors.

Eden's words "become my woman" instantly angered the several hundred thousand warriors in the stands.

"Just because your father is Evil East Lord doesn't mean all the women in the world belong to you. You are too shameless!"

"He is daydreaming. Letitia won't say yes just because of a sacred weapon!"

"His plan is not bad. He gets Letitia and also Cloud Hall at the cost of a sacred weapon. This is a good deal!"

Although the strength of these martial artists was very weak, they had their own judgments. Eden was too shameless. For a time, all sorts of nasty words came out from the stands.

Some of the words were indeed very unpleasant to listen to. Eden turned his head and coldly said, "What nonsense are you guys spouting? Do you want to die?"

"We were talking about you. So what? You are shameless!"

"Is there anyone else in the world who knows how to do business better than you? Do you think others are idiots?"

"Your father's dominance is justified, because your father has the strength to do so. Without your father, who the hell would know you!"

Although Evil East Lord was there, all the warriors were certain that Eden did not dare to fight here. After all, this was the Martial Arts Contest. They didn't think Eden and Eddie dared to kill hundreds of thousands of warriors. The World Commercial Alliance would not sit there and do nothing. Everyone was talking at once, and they were not afraid of Eden's threats at all.

Letitia's face broke into a gentle smile, and she looked towards Eddie. She then stared at Eden, her expression cold. "Did your father tell you to do this? Isn't it enough for you to take Yan away? What do you take our Cloud Hall for? And... Are you worthy of me?"

Previously, Eddie had asked for Yan. The Cloud Hall was unwilling to offend him, so even though they were reluctant, they still sent Yan over.

Because of this matter, there was a quarrel between Letitia and Zen. She regretted it a lot. She never thought that Eddie's son would actually come and propose to her. This was the biggest joke in the world.

Chapter 726 Not Pretty

Eden didn't get angry at Letitia's sarcastic remarks. Instead, he continued to smile and said, "Is Lady Letitia referring to the differences between our realms and cultivation? If you really think so, I have to admit I don't meet the requirements at the moment. But, I do have a divine level talent. So, it's just a matter of time before I step into the Virtual Tribulation Realm. With luck, I'll be able to make a breakthrough in the Virtual Tribulation Realm and become even stronger."

"Divine-level talent!"

"Is he bragging? When did divine-level talent appear in the Central Region?"

"According to historical records, up until now, divine-level talent hasn't been seen in the Central Region. Only six warriors, possessing divine-level talent, have appeared in the four divine kingdoms, and each of them established a divine kingdom of their own later!"

"I can't imagine such a person really exists. A powerful father plus he has divine-level talent, he truly is amazing!"

Hearing the warriors discuss about him, the corners of Eden's mouth curved slightly upward in a proud grin.

Listening to what was being said, Brent from the Ethereal Spirit Sect turned to Philip, who was next to him, and hurriedly said, "Philip, he says that he has divine-level talent, too! But, didn't you tell me that divine-level talent is very rare…"

Philip sighed and rolled his eyes but kept quiet. Brent was really troublesome.

In fact, Philip agreed, inwardly. He found it strange that there were such a large number of people possessing outstanding qualities coming from the

Central Region in recent years. It was as though the disciples' strengths in the various sects had reached new heights overnight! In the past, it was a rarity for a top disciple from a great sect to understand even a trace of the Law Power while he was in the Internal Elixir Realm. But, over the last decade, there were more and more refiners at the Internal Elixir Realm emerging who had mastered the Law Power.

It was as if geniuses sprang up everywhere suddenly.

At one time, a warrior possessing heaven-level talent was a highly valued member of the sect. Warriors with saint-level talent were even rarer, and every few decades, one would appear. But now, no less than ten warriors possessed the saint-level talent at the Ethereal Spirit Sect, and there was even one with divine-level talent.

What was happening in the Central Region? How was it possible for it to suddenly become so remarkable that so many outstanding talents were springing up?

"The divine-level talent?"

The group of disciples from Cloud Hall thought Eden was overly arrogant, and especially Benson, and he hoped that he'd have the chance to knock this brat down a peg or two with his fist soon, in the arena.

However, after discovering that Eden was a divine-level talent, Benson felt a bit powerless.

As a warrior with heaven-level talent, Benson was already a top elite of Cloud Hall. If what Eden had was saint-level talent, Benson would have been able to accept it. But, it turned out that Eden actually had divine-level talent!

According to legend, a warrior with divine-level talent was destined to be emperor in the future and could become the top ruler of this diverse world and from there, dominate the whole universe!

He wondered, was it really true that the guy standing in front of him could achieve that?

"Enough of this! Eden, this is the Martial Arts Contest. Put up or shut up!" Benson approached Eden, signaling the start of the match. "Please!" he said, politely.

However, Eden turned a blind eye to Benson's gesture. He smiled at Letitia and said, "Lady Letitia, please accept this gift as a token, from me!"

With Letitia's hot temper, she could have scolded the brat earlier and kicked him from the stage. But, as the leader of Cloud Hall, she had to give due consideration to the overall situation. Eddie was sitting in his seat, making no comment, making it obvious to her that he had given his consent to this proposal.

What the hell were they up to?

Just then, laughter broke out from below and a voice firmly said, "Ha-ha, you want to marry our leader with a mere sacred weapon? Do you think the leader of Cloud Hall is a child, who can be lured away with candy easily? You have made a good plan but you shouldn't have made it in the first place!"

It was Zen speaking.

Eden's face darkened immediately.

Although some warriors had said rude things about his behavior earlier, Eden couldn't lose his temper at any of them. After all, there were too many of them. However, none of them dared to speak out like Zen did, publicly. After all, anyone dared to do that had to consider Eden's identity, and his father's influence.

"A sacred weapon?" Eden glared coldly at Zen and demanded, "Who do you think you are? What makes you qualified to judge a sacred weapon? Have you even seen one in your life?"

Zen smacked his lips, shook his head, and said, "You're so naive to show off a sacred weapon, and it's only a crown!"

As soon as Zen finished talking, he walked over to Letitia quickly. As he walked, he tapped the space ring Letitia had given him. There was a flash of light as he pulled a body protection garment out of the space ring.

"Tia, this body protection garment isn't pretty, but, it is also a sacred weapon." As he explained, Zen closed the distance between Letitia and himself and put the body protection garment which he got from the Upper World on her.

When Letitia saw the body protection garment, she was shocked. But, before she could check the value of the body protection garment, it dawned on her that Zen had actually called her Tia in front of all these people! Letitia's face flushed with anger. As she opened her mouth to tell Zen off, he pulled the garment over her, catching her off guard.

Letitia froze.

Zen did this intimate act in front of hundreds of thousands of warriors! Although warriors didn't usually care much about propriety, and were more tolerant about female warrior's mannerisms, Letitia was the leader of Cloud Hall, and no disciples had ever dared assist in dressing her!

Then again, she wondered, was this body protection garment really a sacred weapon? It didn't look like one.

However, as soon as Letitia was ensconced in the garment, it emitted a bright light that resembled ripples on a lake. The ripples intertwined together, forming a small protective shield that covered her entire body!

At the same time, a warm feeling spread throughout Letitia's body. She felt her physical strength increasing by forty percent at least!

Who would've thought the body protection garment would have such an effect! It was definitely one of the sacred weapons!

Wrapped up in the warm shield, Letitia no longer thought about Zen's offensive behavior moments ago. Letitia very clearly knew the value of the body protection garment.

Defensive weapons were more sought after than offensive ones!

There were no mid-grade sacred weapons in the Central Region. However, if anyone offered a mid-grade sacred weapon in exchange for the body protection garment, she would turn them down. She would be a fool to take the offer!

"The body protection garment... is indeed a sacred weapon!" exclaimed Letitia smiling. "It is a little unsightly, but I can make do!"

'Make do? It's a sacred weapon!' Many warriors' hearts were jolted hearing Letitia's remarks.

Obviously, she was directing her comments especially in Eden's face!

"Sorry, it's the only one I have. I promise, I will find a beautiful one for you next time!" Zen's voice softened and he smiled faintly.

Flop!

Jaws dropped at the staggering conversation.

"The body protection garment really is a sacred weapon. Oh my god… The value of the body protection garment surpasses that of the Ethereal Spirit Sect's Soul Flag, most likely, along with the World Commercial Alliance's Time Copper Coin, and Eddie's Nameless Saber. It will become our most valuable treasure in the Central Region!"

"Wow, Zen is quite bold. He's made a mockery of Eden's Heavenly Feather Crown. Eden would probably be so anxious that he will want to dig a hole in the ground and vanish into it! And Zen promised to find another beautiful one… Is it so easy to find sacred weapons?"

"Zen's so generous! He actually got a sacred weapon and gave it to someone else randomly."

"What's the relationship between Letitia and Zen? He's clearly a disciple of Cloud Hall, but he didn't follow Letitia's orders, and he even called her Tia! What's going on between the two of them?"

As the crowd continued to discuss the garment, Zen and Letitia, Eden's face darkened.

This guy, he was only at the fourth level in the Illuminating Soul Realm, and here he pulled out a sacred weapon, a body protection garment and just casually gave it away!

Although the Heavenly Feather Crown was a sacred weapon as well, it was a crown which was only an accessory after all, when compared to the far more precious body protection garment.

The biggest issue Eden had was who fashioned the body protection garment? Why was it so ugly?

It would never cross his mind that the sacred weapon was a uniform for common officers and warriors at the Dragon Abyss Palace. Almost everyone there had a suit like that one. The body protection garment was designed with maximize function in mind, and style was less important.

The three fat leaders of the World Commercial Alliance exchanged a glance with each other, and their eyes were filled with disbelief.

Actually, the World Commercial Alliance didn't have only the one sacred weapon known to the public knew as the Time Copper Coin.

However, the other two sacred weapons that the World Commercial Alliance never disclosed to the public couldn't hold a candle to the body protection garment that Zen gave Letitia.

Chapter 727 Zen's Purpose

Treasures like the Heavenly Feather Crown bestowed cultivators with special powers.

For example, it could amplify the Law Power of some Laws. Similarly, wearing the crown would raise one's cultivation speed.

Another example would be the Time Copper Coin owned by the World Commercial Alliance. It contained a trace of Time Law. If a person wore it for cultivation, he could gain an additional six hours per day.

One should not underestimate these six hours. A cultivator's lifespan was very long. These six hours when accumulated over several decades and several centuries could increase a cultivator's lifespan significantly. The Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance was able to live such a long life because of this Time Copper Coin.

However, these effects were not as direct as a weapon's or protective equipment's.

Protective equipment determined the cultivator's life, while weapons determined his opponent's.

However, owning weapons was not enough. After all, if a cultivator lost his life, then what was the use of collecting sacred weapons?

Protective garment of the sacred level, on the other hand, could block the enemy's attack effectively. It could even save the cultivator's life.

"What the hell is going on with Zen? He seems to have endless secrets!" Amongst the three leaders, Hobbes was the most impatient.

Dillon smiled helplessly. "Cloud Hall is lucky to have someone like him. Looks like it's already certain that Cloud Hall will become a fifth-grade sect."

In the past few years, Cloud Hall had been working hard to become a fifth-grade sect, and it had almost completely accumulated sufficient strength. As long as Letitia mastered Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, the chances of her breaking through the Virtual Tribulation Realm would be very high. After she broke through, Cloud Hall's status as a fifth-grade sect would be a certainty. What was more, Cloud Hall would be on a par with Ethereal Spirit Sect.

However, now Cloud Hall had found a talent in Zen, who had mastered the Perfect Brushwork. He would become the most powerful runic expert in the Central Region in the future.

Just being a runic expert was insufficient. After all, a runic expert was not a martial artist. Although a runic expert could significantly boost Cloud Hall's reputation, it would not help them rise to the level of a fifth-grade sect.

However, Zen was different from ordinary runic experts. After all, he had grasped the first layer of Fire Law entirely.

Furthermore, he was also a body refiner, and it was rare to see a body that was as strong as his.

Now, just to embarrass Eden, he had casually taken out a sacred weapon-level protective garment.

The three leaders were already confused. Many thoughts raced through their minds. 'How can someone be so strong? What has happened to this world?' Were Virtual Tribulation Realm cultivators like them not the strongest anymore? When did an Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator in the Central Region become so strong?

They weren't even sure of the level of Zen's talent!

Despite being at the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he had easily defeated an elite disciple of Bloodwood Cliff. Zen's talent was already undeniable—it was impossible to estimate it! Since he had beaten an Internal Elixir Realm cultivator while still in the Illuminating Soul

Realm, wouldn't he challenge the Virtual Tribulation Realm after he had entered the Internal Elixir Realm?

Seeing this scene, Lady Poison-blood of Bloodwood Cliff frowned. Women got jealous easily. Even though Letitia was younger than her by a few hundred years, age had never been a problem in the world of cultivators.

Even though she was also the leader of a fourth-grade sect, two people rushed to give Letitia sacred weapons. Lady Poison-blood could only be said to have gone mad with jealousy, and she felt even more upset about this than when Zen defeated her disciple!

As for Eddie, he too glared at Zen as his heart filled with doubt.

"This kid called Zen is very familiar. Very familiar. But I can't remember where I might have seen him before." As the strongest cultivator in the Central Region, Eddie was calm and steady. Even though Zen had embarrassed his son by using a sacred weapon, he would not show any signs of anger.

No matter how hard he tried, Eddie could not remember where he had seen Zen. He was so confused.

Eden tightly gripped the Heavenly Feather Crown in his hands. Although the light emanating from it was reflected in his eyes, yet it seemed so ironic. He suddenly felt that it was too embarrassing to continue holding the crown. But he could neither drop it nor continue to hold it.

It would make him look petty if he were to drop it. Moreover, how could he bear to lose a sacred weapon of such value? Yet, he would face endless ridicule if he kept it. "You treasure something that is worthless to another. How embarrassing it is!" they would say.

In the end, a smile appeared on Eden's face as he mocked himself. "Since my gift does not please you, I shall not pursue the matter. In the future, after my strength has improved significantly, I hope that I can obtain your favor."

"Good! That's my son! He is neither humble nor arrogant but resilient and ambitious!" Eddie suddenly laughed so loudly that everyone could hear him. His words were good enough to salvage some of Eden's reputation.

Eddie knew that his son had been humiliated when his proposal was rejected. However, Eddie considered the experience to be an inspiring story of enduring humiliation. He was not worried about Eden's marriage.

"Father, I want to surpass you. If I can't even take on such a small task, how can I excel?" A confident smile crept over Eden's face. He then leaped up and firmly stood on the stage. He said to Benson, "Now that this matter is over, let's get back to business. Benson, our fight will continue!"

Although Eden had a smile on his face, when his gaze shifted to Zen, a trace of viciousness appeared in his eyes. Eden had never been a magnanimous person.

However, it would be beneath him to challenge Zen face-to-face. A divine-level talent with a cultivation level of the Internal Elixir Realm should not be challenging a fourth-level Illuminating Soul Realm disciple! If he did so, what kind of divine-level talent was he?

Although it was not practical for him to challenge Zen, that didn't mean that Eden would let Zen off the hook. He decided that Zen had to die in the Martial Arts Contest!

Eden had never considered that Zen would be thinking the same thing—to use the challenge card on Eden!

Directly challenging Marilyn would arouse Eddie's suspicions. Zen wondered whether Eddie had already begun to suspect his identity. He hoped that Eddie wouldn't connect the dots.

If Zen defeated Eden and then challenged Marilyn, it would make sense. As a disciple of Cloud Hall, and because of the conflict between him and Eddie, it would be understandable for Zen to challenge Marilyn. In fact, if Zen defeated Eden, she would challenge him, thus making things easier for Zen!

This was the biggest reason why Zen had chosen to stand out.

However, Letitia didn't think that far ahead. Ice mist covered her face as she leaned back in the large chair. There was a trace of doubt in her eyes. 'This guy... how many more secrets does he have?' Although she was the leader of Cloud Hall, she was unable to see through Zen.

Cloud Hall's Benson had long since considered Eden to be a pain in the ass. Seeing Eden standing on the stage, he also jumped off the platform!

Just as Benson stood on the stage, a strange scene appeared. Ripples began to spread out from under his feet! It was as if the entire fighting arena were filled with water!

"It's the Water Law Power! Benson mainly cultivates the water-system cultivation method! He seems to have comprehended 60% of Water Law!"

"This Martial Arts Contest is truly worth being present for. A vast majority of martial artists have comprehended Law Power!"

"What about Eden? What cultivation method does he use?"

Eden's expression was calm as he stared at Benson indifferently. His thoughts were not on Benson at all.

In his eyes, Benson's strength was not worthy of his attention. In this Martial Arts Contest, the only person that could threaten him was the Ethereal Spirit Sect's Brent. As for the others, they were just a joke.

"Whoosh!"

Benson drew his light blue sword and pointed it straight at Eden. "Eden, unsheathe your sword!"

Although Zen had helped Cloud Hall save its reputation just now, Eden had shamelessly claimed that he wanted Letitia to be his woman. This was intolerable, and in the hearts of the disciples of Cloud Hall, such a declaration was unforgivable.

Eden sized up Benson's sword, as if it did not exist.

However, one moment his expression was as calm as still water, while in the next, a ruthless aura gushed toward his relatively handsome face.

He was already extremely dissatisfied, and Benson had dared to provoke him.

An invisible aura suddenly burst forth from his body. The moment the aura enveloped him, several wind blades danced on Eden's fingers. Then, like a lion on the prairie, he suddenly lunged at Benson!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 728 Do I Look Weak

Eden had already comprehended 80% of Wind Law, and he practiced a wind-system cultivation method. Moreover, he had also grasped another type of Law. In other words, he had cultivated two different laws at the same time.

However, Eden was not interested in showing off his achievements in laws. He only had one goal at the moment, and that was to vent.

Seeing Eden charge at him like a wild beast, Benson's expression changed. The longsword in his hand lightly tapped the ground before he lifted his wrist.

"Water Tornado!"

"Huff, huff …"

A water dragon came out from the battle stage and pounced toward Eden.

The water tornado was moving at breakneck speed. Even a city wall would be destroyed by it in an instant. Yet, Eden did not stop, and he did not intend to dodge it. He actually rushed toward the water tornado.

The moment Eden and the water tornado collided, his hands intersected and he began to attack the water tornado.

The water dragon, which contained a great impact force, was simply unable to withstand a single blow from Eden. Eden, who was under the impact of the water dragon, rushed straight toward Benson.

"Die!"

Eden lunged at Benson.

At this moment, Benson stomped his foot, and a water vein spread out. The instant the water vein spread out, it pushed Eden back a little. Eden missed his target. Nevertheless, he ignored Benson's trick and once again tried to grab him.

This time, Benson rolled on the ground and avoided Eden.

After getting up, Benson laid his sword horizontally, one hand holding the sword while the other gripped the sword hilt. He closed his eyes and muttered, "Bestow the power of the Sea God upon me; Infuse the will of pure water in me."

"There's no chance." Eden's expression was calm. With a gentle breeze, his figure had already floated in front of Benson. He extended his hand and grabbed again. "Die!"

He hadn't taken Benson seriously. Right now, he only wanted to kill Benson to unload the anger he felt in his heart.

However, Benson was one of the Cloud Hall's top disciples and was not as weak as Eden thought.

When Eden reached out his hand, Benson wielded his longsword!

Even though Eden was much stronger than Benson, he was not Zen. He didn't have Zen's abnormal physique. Eden would not be able to catch Benson's sword with his bare hands.

He could only retreat.

However, Eden's retreat did not mean that he had given up. After dodging Benson's sword, a mighty force wrapped around Eden, and his figure disappeared into the wind.

"Wind Barrier!"

Only by reaching a certain level of comprehension of the Wind Law would a cultivator be able to display the wind barrier and hide his figure in the wind.

Benson knew that danger was in the wind.

He pointed the longsword in his hand at the ground and drew a circle. When the tip of the sword was still on the ground, water ripples began to spread in all directions.

Then Benson saw that quite a few water veins were floating to his right.

"This way, break it for me!"

Benson slashed with his sword, and at this time, a voice rang beside his ears. "You guessed wrong. What's more, I'm not interested in playing hide-and-seek with you."

The moment he heard the voice, Benson leaped to the right, but it was too late. Eden had stretched his hand and grabbed him.

Even though Benson had managed to pull away from Eden in time, half of his arm had been shredded by the wind blades in Eden's hand. His arm had thus been crippled!

Cultivators who had entered the Internal Elixir Realm were extremely tenacious. Benson had experienced countless dangers in his life. Enduring the pain in his arm, he quickly retreated and began swinging his sword with his other hand.

"Huff, huff …"

Another gust of wind blew. Before Benson could raise his sword, Eden had positioned himself in front of Benson and once again grabbed at him.

"Clang!"

Benson's sword fell to the ground. His other arm was also crippled.

"Is there any use in struggling?" Eden sneered. He raised both of his hands, and green wind blades came out from his wrists. "I'm not playing anymore. You will die." Then, he sent a palm flying toward Benson!

Killing wasn't prohibited in the Martial Arts Contest, but the prerequisite was that the other party didn't admit defeat.

The reason why Zen was so careful was that he was afraid of alerting Marilyn. If she were to discover that he was trying to kill her, his plan would be in vain once she admitted defeat.

Eden's current situation was the same. He didn't want to give Benson any chance to admit defeat, so after crippling Benson's arms, he activated his killing move.

At this critical moment, Benson gritted his teeth and bit down on the tip of his tongue, burning his blood essence to smithereens.

While burning his blood essence, Benson circulated his life vitality, forming dark blue water curtains around him, thus blocking Eden.

"Break!"

The dark blue water curtains were unable to withstand a single blow from Eden. They shattered in the next instant. However, Eden's attack had been delayed.

At this time, Benson finally got a chance. He pulled away from Eden and retreated to the edge of the stage.

"I admit defeat!"

Hearing Benson's words, Xiao removed the enchanted barrier and walked toward Benson.

Eden clearly hadn't vented his anger enough. In Xiao's presence, he dashed over, giving a sinister laugh. "In the Martial Arts Contest, life and death are decided by fate. How can one admit defeat?" He still wanted to kill Benson.

"Enough." Xiao's face darkened as he blocked Eden.

Xiao was, after all, a Virtual Tribulation Realm expert, and Eden was unable to surpass one level to challenge him, so he could only give up. Since he was unable to kill Benson, his anger grew.

"All right, both contenders need to leave the stage and wait for the next challenge. Eden, draw your card." Xiao's mustache twitched. Even though Eden was Eddie's son, he could not break the rules of the Martial Arts Contest.

Eden suppressed the irritation in his heart. His eyes lit up when he heard that Xiao wanted him to draw a card. If he could draw a challenge card, then he could challenge Zen.

Thinking of this, Eden walked over and began to draw a wooden card. After he pulled it out, he turned it over and saw that the word "exemption" was written on it.

"Crack …"

Eden didn't need such a card at all. He broke it in frustration.

Then, he returned to the high platform without looking back.

Eddie studied his son's angry expression and smiled, "You still can't control your anger."

"Didn't Father teach me not to restrain myself?" Eden said dejectedly.

Everyone's warrior spirit was different. Some cultivators became stronger when they were calm. And, for others, it was rage that drove them to their best. This was the nature of the warrior spirit.

When angered, Eddie and Eden were able to unleash their greatest strength.

Eddie shook his head and said, "The anger that I'm talking about can become your motivation. But you let it control your mind. It will not benefit you. You have to know how to be angry and how to use your anger."

"Father is right," Eden nodded.

He had already decided. It didn't matter if his level was much higher than Zen's. As long as he drew the first challenge card, he would challenge Zen.

Unexpectedly, just as Xiao was preparing for the next battle, Zen shouted, "Wait!"

Letitia looked at Zen in confusion. Although he had returned to Cloud Hall's platform, he seemed preoccupied.

Xiao asked, "What's the matter?"

"I want to use my challenge card." Zen shouted.

"Who do you want to challenge?" Xiao and Letitia asked simultaneously.

Everyone's eyes were focused on Zen. He was the first person to use a challenge card in the Martial Arts Contest. No one knew who Zen wanted to challenge.

'Could it be Marilyn?' Letitia frowned as she thought about it.

Brent's eyes were full of expectation. "Choose me. Let it be me!" He had been waiting for his turn for so long. It was already very depressing.

"I want to challenge an independent warrior, Eden Cui!" Zen took out his challenge card and pointed to the platform where Evil East Lord was standing.

"Challenge me?" Eden was stunned for a moment. He had just been thinking of getting the challenge card and getting rid of Zen! Who would've thought that Zen would challenge him before these thoughts even left his mind?

'Do I look weak? Why does he dare to challenge me?' Eden wondered.

Although Eden was very willing to let Zen challenge him, he was annoyed by that thought.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
14

Content

Chapter 729 Copying Him
Chapter 730 Netherworld Yaksha
Chapter 731 Tremendous Force
Chapter 732 Destroying Eden's Dedication to Martial Arts
Chapter 733 I Don't Like Being Protected By Women
Chapter 734 Warmth (Part One)
Chapter 735 Warmth (Part Two)
Chapter 736 Repair The Runes
Chapter 737 Zen Started Repairing The Runes
Chapter 738 Secret Divine Texture
Chapter 739 The Same Goal
Chapter 740 Beast Transmogrifying
Chapter 741 The Corpse Parasite
Chapter 742 Treatment
Chapter 743 Marilyn Challenged Zen (Part One)
Chapter 744 Marilyn Challenged Zen (Part Two)
Chapter 745 Purple Smoke
Chapter 746 Purple Power World
Chapter 747 Break The Purple Power Domain
Chapter 748 The Amazing Enchanted Barriers
Chapter 749 Killing Marilyn
Chapter 750 Got Caned (Part One)
Chapter 751 Got Caned (Part Two)
Chapter 752 Rune's Potential
Chapter 753 Sect-protecting Array (Part One)
Chapter 754 Sect-protecting Array (Part Two)
Chapter 755 Attitude Of The Elders (Part One)
Chapter 756 Attitude Of The Elders (Part Two)
Chapter 757 Attitude Of The Elders (Part Three)
Chapter 758 Denounce
Chapter 759 Immersion (Part One)
Chapter 760 Immersion (Part Two)
Chapter 761 Five-star Divine Texture (Part One)
Chapter 762 Five-star Divine Texture (Part Two)

Chapter 763 Mad Trap
Chapter 764 Eighty Percent Sure
Chapter 765 Small Circulation Killing Array
Chapter 766 A Trap
Chapter 767 Ready To Fight
Chapter 768 Danger (Part One)
Chapter 769 Danger (Part Two)
Chapter 770 I Will Spare Your Life
Chapter 771 The Last Enchanted Lamp
Chapter 772 Scout The Path
Chapter 773 The Suppressive Force (Part One)
Chapter 774 The Suppressive Force (Part Two)
Chapter 775 Kill With One Slash
Chapter 776 Demon Emperor Corpse
Chapter 777 Swelling Earth
Chapter 778 The Chasm (Part One)
Chapter 779 The Chasm (Part Two)
Chapter 780 A Dice
Chapter 781 The Number Of Dots
Chapter 782 Throw The Dice Again
Chapter 783 Worry (Part One)
Chapter 784 Worry (Part Two)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 729 Copying Him

When they heard Zen challenge Eden, the cultivators in the grandstand were stupefied.

Zen's performance had been amazing in his first two battles.

Body refining technique, Fire Law...he had stunned all with his extraordinary skills.

It was difficult to believe that a guy at the fourth level of the Illuminating Soul Realm could possess such powerful abilities.

However, it had happened. Zen had not only defeated Alex from the Gongsun Clan, but he had also beaten Brody from Bloodwood Cliff. He won every battle in which he had fought, and so, the spectators were convinced that it was not luck that had helped him to win. Zen had proved to all that his strength was enough for him to challenge cultivators at the Internal Elixir Realm.

Whether they were willing to admit it or not, that was the truth.

"I acknowledge that Zen is amazing. He's challenging a cultivator at the Internal Elixir level although he is at the Illuminating Soul Realm. I don't know how many years it has been since such thing last happened. Regardless, he is bold to challenge Eden."

"He's courting death. But he's dead or not, that's not our concern."

"Eden didn't display his real strength in the battle just now, but he still crushed Benson from Cloud Hall! But Zen? He's probably a joke to Eden."

The eyes of many disciples from Cloud Hall lit up when they heard Zen's challenge.

Benson was the strongest among the Internal Elixir Realm disciples of Cloud Hall. He was at par with Blake. But not long after he entered into battle, he was severely injured by Eden. Had Benson not admitted defeat, Eden would have killed him! All the Cloud Hall disciples felt angry about this.

However, there was no use in getting angry, as only the strong survived in the martial arts world. The weak cultivators would only be stomped on by the strong ones.

Benson took a pill, which was used for treating injuries. When he heard Zen issue a challenge to Eden, a hint of worry flickered in his eyes.

Could Zen be Eden's match and defeat him?

Letitia glanced at Zen, who stood beside her, and asked after a little hesitation, "You…. are you confident that you will defeat him?"

Zen turned to look at Letitia. He said with a confident smile, "Why shouldn't I be?"

Seeing his smile, Letitia felt warmth flood her heart. Her heart suddenly beat faster. Zen looked all the more attractive with confidence glowing on his face.

Even when facing an opponent as strong as Eden, Zen didn't have the slightest trace of fear.

After Zen left the high platform, Letitia said blandly, "Maybe you can kill Marilyn. If Eddie makes a move, I will do my best to help you."

In the grandstand, Lewis' mouth was wide open as he stared at Zen who had just stepped into the arena. After a long while, he muttered in a hoarse voice, "He... he wants to challenge Eden."

Patrick calmly replied, "It would be strange if he didn't."

Rocher nodded in agreement. Zen had performed too many miracles. Back in Cloud Sect, who could have imagined that he would be able to get the first place?

Rocher walked toward the area where cultivators bet on the outcome of matches.

"What are you going to do?" Lewis flew forward like a gust of wind and stood in Rocher's way.

"I'll bet all the money we have earned on Zen," Rocher said indifferently.

When Zen defeated Brody, everyone had been surprised. Rocher and Lewis made plenty of money from that single gamble.

"All of it? No. At least return the capital to me!" Lewis pleaded.

"Get out of the way!" Rocher ignored Lewis' request.

"No!" Lewis straightened up and stood firmly in front of Rocher.

"Out of the way!"

"No!"

Whoosh!

In a flash, Rocher pressed his shining longsword against Lewis's neck. Lewis had no choice but to back away.

If Zen's chances of winning were based only on his strength, Rocher was unsure whether he would be able to win against Eden. However, Rocher knew that Zen would never do something without being certain that he would be victorious. No matter how disadvantageous the situation might seem to be for him, Zen would bring everything under his control in the end.

Therefore, Rocher wanted to gamble on Zen.

Due to the huge gap in strength levels between Zen and Eden, the odds offered by the banker were shockingly high. Of course, most cultivators bet on Eden.

Although these cultivators didn't like Eden, they couldn't deny that he was powerful. If they had bet on Zen, it would be like throwing their life vitality crystals into the river.

Zen briskly walked into the arena and glanced at Eden. Before he could say anything, Eden began to speak, "I admire your courage," Eden said with a smile. "However, courage comes from the strength one has. You're not strong enough. Yet, you dared to challenge me. This can't be considered as courage. This is recklessness."

Hearing Eden's words, Zen said calmly, "I can see that you're very confident, but your confidence isn't backed by strength. You are conceited!"

For a moment, Eden's face hardened at Zen's verbal attack. Then he sneered, "Interesting! You are a funny man. Even at a time like this, you dare to talk back. I wonder if you have the power to defeat me or you are just bluffing."

"It doesn't matter to me what you think. If it pleases you, you can think that I'm bluffing," Zen said, shaking his head.

"Then let me see how long you can hold out," Eden said as he drew his sword from its sheath. It was a simple and unadorned saber—it looked very ordinary.

"It's the Nameless Saber! It's Eddie's saber! A sacred weapon!"

"This Nameless Saber has accompanied Eddie to every battle he joined in the Central Region. I never thought that he would pass it to his son!"

"If Zen's body protection garment didn't exist, this Nameless Saber would be considered as one of the best sacred weapons in the Central Region."

Eden pulled out the Nameless Saber and swung it. Countless small waves were produced with this gentle movement. It almost appeared as if the saber could merge with the air.

"This time, there won't be any mistakes. Benson from Cloud Hall narrowly escaped in the last battle. I won't give you the chance to admit defeat." After finishing speaking, a foot-long wind blade appeared beside Eden. In the next instant, several wind blades encased Eden.

Eden's wind blades looked strange. There were faint rays of silver light at the edge of the wind blades, making the invisible wind blades look all the more powerful as if they were plated with a silver blade.

'Hmm? Is this the second type of Law Power? That is Metal Law!' Zen raised his eyebrows as he studied Eden's wind blades. 'Did he combine the two types of laws?' he wondered

The cyan dragon snorted coldly. "Combine? No! He just cleverly connected the two laws. You can also do the same! Do you think it that easy to combine different laws? I'm afraid no one is capable of combining different laws in the human world!"

"Connecting two Laws... this is a good idea," Zen nodded.

As Zen had the cyan dragon that helped him to understand the opponent's tactics, he didn't care too much about Eden's employment of two types of Law Powers. But those warriors were different. They only saw the surface of the thing.

"Look! It's the Metal Law! Eden actually comprehended 70% of the Metal Law. No, it should be more than 80%!"

"He's able to comprehend two types of laws when he is at the Internal Elixir Realm. He must be a freak! It's unimaginable."

"Is this the fusion of laws? This is the first time I've seen someone using two types of laws simultaneously! Even if Zen has mastered Fire Law completely, I'm afraid he still wouldn't be able to block Eden's attack!"

Zen smiled faintly when he heard the chatter among the disciples. Wind began rising from his side as well.

At the same time, beams of golden light swirled around him. Each time a wind blade was formed, it would merge with a golden light.

After a while, golden wind blades started dancing around Zen. Zen's wind blades looked fuller and more energetic than Eden's wind blades. And the golden light emitted from Zen's wind blades was brighter than Eden's silver lights! Zen said to the cyan dragon in his mind, "It is just as you said. I can do it too. This is not an infusion of laws. It is simply embedding two powers into each other. However, the power combined seems to be a lot stronger."

Most of the cultivators present had no idea what was happening.

"Doesn't Zen practice cultivation methods with fire attribute?"

"Can anyone explain what is happening? Why does Zen's method look so similar to Eden's wind blades? Is he copying him?"

"Although I don't really believe it either... let me tell you, what's floating on Zen's body is the complete power of the Wind Law and the full power of the Metal Law!"

The vast majority of cultivators fell silent when they heard this.

The complete Fire Law, the complete Wind Law, and the complete Metal Law…

How did Zen do it?

"Can anyone tell me how he managed to comprehend so much Law Power? And each of the laws is intact!" Just when everyone was silent, a loud shout came out from the crowd. The voice pierced through the air and reverberated in all cultivators' ears.

Chapter 730 Netherworld Yaksha

Even though Eden was a divine-level talent, he had only managed to comprehend two types of Law Power. What was more, he had grasped about 80% of each Law.

But Zen had mastered three types of Law Power. What was more shocking was that he had fully comprehended all three Law Powers!

Cultivators had their own merits and shortcomings. For instance, some were good at Wind Law, although they were terrible at Fire Law. In common cases, a martial artist would only be able to comprehend one type of Law Power.

In the Central Region, no more than twenty geniuses had managed to learn two Law Powers.

That was why the cultivators in the audience were so astonished when Eden displayed knowledge of two types of Law Power. They all marveled at his remarkable talent for he could practice Wind Law and Metal Law simultaneously.

But to their surprise, Zen had also mastered the two Law Powers he had displayed— Wind Law and Metal Law.

In the beginning, Zen had used Fire Law, which allowed the crowd to think that he mainly practiced refinement technique of the fire attribute. But now, it turned out that he had learned another two Law Powers, and all the cultivators present found this hard to believe.

"Perhaps he had a great harvest at the Dragon Soar Arena," Dillon guessed, observing the Law Power Zen had released.

"I agree with you. I figured this kid must have been lucky enough to find the complete Law Power in the Dragon Soar Arena. After all, there is no complete Law Power in the Central Region. But it is not an easy task to head for the Upper World and comprehend three types of Law Power. This brat possesses outstanding talent," Haber Mo who had been silent all this time responded flatly.

From the three leaders, Dillon was shrewd and sophisticated, while Hobbes was short tempered. Haber was taciturn. But now, Haber, who was known as, The Silent Man, voiced his opinion. It was said that he could stay silent for as long as ten months.

After Haber finished his sentence, the three looked toward the Dragon Soar Arena that stood not far from them. They all were curious about Zen's experience in the Dragon Soar Arena.

The cyan dragon took credit for Zen's trip to the Upper World. And he could master nine laws thanks to the baptism by laws, which made Zen fit for all kinds of law refinement.

Without receiving the baptism by laws, the divine-level talents in the Central Region could only learn two or three rules. That was why the Dragon Abyss Palace valued Zen so much!

Staring at Zen, Xiao gently shook his head and puzzlement reflected in his eyes. "This kid possesses knowledge of four laws, not three," he muttered. When he presided over the pre-qualifying match, he had seen Zen exhibit powerful lightning skills.

However, he hadn't paid much attention to Zen then. Also, as the lightning Zen had released had disappeared immediately, Xiao didn't have the time to figure out how much Law Power was inside the lightning. But considering the lightning changed the magnetic stone's color and it lasted for five minutes, he inferred that Zen had fully mastered the first layer of Thunder Law.

'Four Law Powers. Did this brat comprehend all of them?' Xiao wondered with a frown.

With the Nameless Saber in his hand, Eden narrowed his eyes at the golden wind blades surrounding Zen's body. A trace of excitement appeared in his eyes. "I see. It looks like I underestimated you. This is your real strength!" Eden said before breaking into laughter.

"Swish! Swish..."

Eden lightly waved his Nameless Saber, which seemed to be powerful enough to tear anything in the world. With a snort, he said defiantly, "You think you can defeat me because you mastered those rules. You are too naive!"

Eddie's Nameless Saber was a puzzle. He had killed countless people with this saber, yet no one knew anything about it.

"Then, I'll show you the terrifying power of the sacred weapon!" As the light curtain dissipated, Eden pointed his saber straight at Zen. "Although you have learned many rules, you still can't defeat me because my cultivation level is higher than yours."

As soon as he finished talking, Eden slid his saber horizontally in front of his chest, and it shone. In the next second, he vanished in the wind.

Zen narrowed his eyes.

The moment Eden had disappeared, Zen became alert and drew his sword out of his space ring.

It was a three-foot-long plain iron sword. It was devoid of special patterns, and it didn't glow with a bright light.

Calmly, Zen swung it above his head.

"Clang!"

The sound of a collision between iron and gold rang out.

After withstanding his opponent's attack, Zen thrust his sword at the spot in the air and another loud sound echoed through the arena.

He then pointed his sword to his left front and cut horizontally. "Dang!"

A figure appeared from the wind. Eden took a step back. His face deathly pale, Eden held on to his Nameless Saber as he gazed at the iron sword in Zen's hand with his piercing eyes. He asked, "Your sword is also a sacred weapon, isn't it?"

Zen shook his sword and countered with a smile, "What do you think? I already told you that your crown is cheap."

Eden initially planned to bring Zen down with his Nameless Saber, which was a sacred weapon for he didn't think Zen would be able to defend against it.

But to Eden's astonishment, Zen took out a sacred weapon and effortlessly defended against his three strikes especially when he had taken the initiative to attack while hiding in the wind.

"How did you locate me?" Eden asked. He had learned the technique that made him invisible. People weren't supposed to be able to see him. However, Zen had withstood his blows and located his position.

Zen would never let Eden know that his soul was much stronger than his because it had reached the Fighting Soul Realm. And that was why he had easily located Eden. With a faint smile, he replied, "The wind exposed your location."

While the two contestants talked with each other, the martial artists on the high platform threw themselves into heated discussions again.

"Did you see that? In the blink of an eye, Zen took out a sacred weapon. More importantly, it is a sword!"

"Many sects don't have a sacred weapon yet. But this brat not only has a sacred-level protective garment, he also has a sacred-level sword! Did he raid some divine kingdom's treasury?"

"Who knows. Anyway, I want to rob him. He must have many treasures. If I can get them, I can be the best martial artist in the Central Region."

"Are you kidding me? Don't flatter yourself. Though he is a cultivator of the Illuminating Soul Realm and you are at the Internal Elixir Realm, do you think you stand a chance against him in a fight? Besides, he is a disciple of Cloud Hall."

Eden's face darkened. But soon, a smile danced on the corner of his lips. 'He surprised me. Looks like he is a difficult opponent, ' he thought.

In the beginning, Eden thought this Martial Arts Contest would be boring. He believed that Brent of Ethereal Spirit Sect would be his only worthy opponent as Brent was also a divine-level talent like him. But now, he met Zen. He had become excited and more serious about this fight.

"I'm ashamed of myself because I'm going to fight you more seriously. But I admit that you're strong."

With a smile, Eden swept his finger across the edge of his Nameless Saber.

The blade of the saber was immediately stained with blood.

On the high platform, Eddie, who was sitting on the chair, suddenly stood up and shouted, "Eden!"

Eden gave his father a small smile and responded, "Father, I know what I'm doing."

Eddie furrowed his brows and slowly sat back in his seat. He didn't think his son had to activate the power of Nameless Saber to deal with Zen, who was not a formidable opponent for Eden.

However, Eden thought differently. He meant to go all out to make sure that he could end Zen's life.

"Buzzzzz…"

When Eden's blood flowed into the patterns along the edge, his saber gave off a strong killing aura.

The blood ran through the Nameless Saber.

After the blood circulated the saber, it dripped onto the ground. But the strange thing was, it didn't seep into the cracks in the field.

The drops of blood crawled on the ground as if they were living creatures, and they eventually flew together and formed a rune.

Before long, a hand emerged from the rune, followed by shoulders, head, upper body, and legs.

A monster of blood had been conjured in front of everyone. With a hunch, it had two horns on its head and a tail that looked as sharp as a saber on its back. It stood still, emitting an infinite evil air.

"It is Netherworld Yaksha. It lives in the river in hell!"

Chapter 731 Tremendous Force

Legend had told time and time again, that the River of the Netherworld was a pathway leading to hell.

Criminals who committed heinous crimes in their lifetime were to become souls destined to entangle with evil, ruthless flames, and be sent to drown in the infamous stream on their way to the inferno.

It was a story told by word of mouth. However, in the Central Region, the idea of this so-called tale was regarded as an alien concept.

Whether it was hell, sin, the netherworld or reincarnation, these terms were of unfathomable origin to the warriors of the Central Region. Only a few of these labels had been passed down, thus creating the circulating myths most knew of now.

There were speculations on how sin was synonymous with the weight of one's malicious aura. Although everyone had been born with this energy, a journey filled with torture in the afterlife would be inevitable, if one were to choose the path of a killer.

And so, sin was believed to be used as an instrument of temptation to annihilate one's soul before arriving in death.

It became a huge burden, a heavy load that kept the conscience anchored into the River of the Netherworld. Sin kept the consciousness fugitive as it flew aimlessly through murky waters before it encountered the Netherworld Yaksha, a ghost-like monster born from the abyss of hell.

"This Nameless Saber can summon the Netherworld Yaksha. It is certainly a powerful sacred weapon." Zen raised his eyebrows, mild curiosity and cautiousness crossing his eyes at the sight of the Netherworld Yaksha.

Zen then looked down at his own iron sword. Unfortunately, Zen wasn't quite sure how well he would be able to wield the blade to its maximum potential.

Fairy weapons and the weapons of higher levels usually contained special skills; some had immunity against all kinds of defenses, while some contained exclusive weapon abilities.

Zen's iron sword came from the Dragon Abyss Palace, together with the body protection garment. It might be due to its classification as basic equipment, that he knew nothing of its effects. Perhaps it was too common for them that they didn't bother to mention anything about it when they gave it to Zen. Or, the iron sword could hold the strength of a sacred weapon but didn't possess any distinctive characteristics.

Zen didn't pin too much hope on this weapon any way, as everyone in Dragon Abyss Palace had the equipment. The chances of the sacred weapons being at the most basic level weren't so far off.

"So what if you've comprehended the three types of Law Power?" Zen was forced out of his reverie upon hearing Eden's cunning taunts, "If you've at least reached the Internal Elixir Realm, I might've been a fair match. But now, you won't have the chance to improve further because you will die here by my own hands!"

Eden didn't give Zen much time to react. He charged at him with lightning speed that must've been imperceptible to the untrained eye, At the same time when Eden launched his attack, the Netherworld Yaksha he summoned with his blood also roared as it awakened, crawling on the ground before ferociously pouncing on its foe.

"Two against one?" Zen smiled, taking amusement in his opponent's attempt in giving him no time to recover. "I also have an assistant!"

Seething at Zen's calm demeanor, Eden released a barrage of coordinated attacks with his companion in hopes of catching his rival off guard. Zen summoned his sword spirit. A red light burst out of his body as he did so. He let it wash over him, basking in the presence of his sword spirit.

Eden was left watching, mesmerized, as the blaze slowly faded and condensed into the form of a beautiful woman. She had soft, tender skin with an hourglass figure that exuded an ethereal glow; a being that was clearly set apart from the creatures of earth and heaven, an existence belonging solely to the land of the fairies.

A rush of wind blew as a giant sword materialized in Lily's graceful hands.

She looked at her master with expectancy, and with the connection of their minds. He knew exactly what his aide wanted. He knew she was waiting for his commands. They cooperated with each other flawlessly to fight their enemy.

Lily gripped the behemoth steel, which came from the Blood Fiend Emperor, and swung it on their enemy.

A thunderous sound was heard upon contact.

The Netherworld Yaksha was thrown in the air, crashing heavily on the enchanted barrier.

Upon witnessing the shocking scene, all the onlookers were left dumbstruck.

"Why did a beauty suddenly appear? What's more, she's swinging such a huge weapon!"

"Is it really the Netherworld Yaksha? How is it possible that it was thrown away by just one strike!"

"It's not that the Netherworld Yaksha is too weak, that lady there is just too strong for it."

Eden couldn't blame the warriors' incredulous remarks as even he, was abandoned in stunned silence. He had originally planned to end Zen's life using a two-pronged ambush. But then, the Netherworld Yaksha moved faster than him, thus taking the brunt force behind the female's foray.

"Who is she? Who knew Zen had this many tricks up his sleeve?!" His warrior spirit wavered, wondering for a brief moment if he was eligible enough to fight this fellow of unknown lineage. He clenched his fists, nails almost biting his skin as he fervently reminded himself of his own potential. He was a divine-level talent, and he refused to be crushed so easily.

The Netherworld Yaksha was also something that wouldn't be killed by brute force alone.

He regained his composure in an instant, giving all his attention to Zen as he assessed him.

"Chop wind!"

Eden slashed the air with his saber, thousands of silver wind blades appearing shortly after in reflection to his killing intent. He looked like an enraged monster, all sharp teeth and claws aching with the need for his prey's spilled blood after tearing him into pieces.

Zen stood firmly in place. He was confident; a beacon that stood still against the angry, crashing waves of the ocean as they were all caught up in a raging storm. He had no qualms as he assumed a defensive stance, taking Eden's wrath head-on with no hesitation.

"Raise sword!"

Countless, golden wind blades manifested around his body, mimicking Eden's own with a difference that could only be seen in the color of gold.

Deafening noises were produced upon the collision of their abilities.

Crisp metallic clangs set the rhythm for a hypnotizing dance between the infused Metal Law attacks.

It thrummed in the air, buzzing with zeal that encouraged the pumping of adrenaline through everyone's veins. The sounds were much like that of an iron monster grinding its teeth.

It continued on for minutes, the sound getting higher and higher in pitch until it eventually made the spectators' ears throb painfully hurt as consequence to the reverberations.

No one was exempted from the onslaught of second-hand attacks to the public. High-level cultivators like Lady Poison Blood and Letitia couldn't help but also frown at the unbearable feedback, while the vast majority of warriors all covered their ears to shut out the noise.

Eden took a step backward upon seeing his first assault fail in breaking through Zen's defenses. Gritting his teeth, he tried once again.

"Air kill!"

Zen widened his eyes in surprise. It was undeniable that he had a deeper grasp of the Wind Law than Eden did, yet Eden seemed to be more skillful in applying this law.

After all, Zen hadn't refined any cultivation methods on the wind system, while his adversary had immersed himself in its artistry for years.

"Raise sword!" In one swift movement, Zen had raised his sword to block the incoming swing.

Clang!

Eden might not have expected Zen's counter, but he still didn't falter. He grinned menacingly, knowing that he had ensnared Zen in his trap.

Boom!

The stream of blade energy forming behind Eden's saber released and shot towards Zen. It cut through his shoulder, leaving a wide, gaping wound that revealed the white bone underneath its flesh.

"Still sticking with defense? Let's see how long you can hold out."

He flashed a cold smile, having fully taken advantage of his nemesis' stubborn defensive power. He had the upper hand now.

Zen shook his shoulder; mustering up his energy to force the melding of his muscles together, thus stopping the bleeding of his wound.

"I was too careless," he said faintly. Though the Central Region was a small place compared to the bustling places all over the world, the martial arts learned within the region were unique and well worthy of praise.

A loud noise erupted from the other side of the arena, catching both contenders' interest.

A cacophony of rackets exploded.

The Netherworld Yaksha was flung away by Lily's pure, unadulterated strength recurrently. Its repeated crashes onto the enchanted barrier steadily chipped away at its strength, resulting to the shield being unstable.

Lily was fierce and merciless, and yet the Netherworld Yaksha looked as if it only continued growing in size.

"Did you see that?"

A smug smirk appeared on Eden's face upon taking notice of Zen's scrutinizing stare on the creature.

With each callous clobber, the monstrous beast only got bigger, as if absorbing the power released onto it.

"So that's how it works. You thought that I can't kill it, that's why you're confident in defeating me, right?" Zen appraised him with an unreadable expression on his face.

"If that's all you have, you're doomed to die today." Eden fumed and directed the point of his Nameless Saber at him. "What'd you say, bastard?"

"I don't even need to use half my power to defeat you."

Zen chuckled ominously as he sent Lily a message in his mind. She abruptly stopped her battle with the Netherworld Yaksha and sheathed her huge sword, bounding towards Eden instead.

In turn, Zen had sprung on the Netherworld Yaksha, effectively changing their positions.

Eden grew confused, but knew exactly that he didn't have the leisure to think further. His combatant now was a warrior of great prowess. She danced gracefully with the huge sword in her hands and swung it deftly at him. Eden needed to unleash his whole aptitude if he hoped to stand against her.

She was sophisticated and refined with her swordsmanship, brimming with an expertise that could even block Eden's special abilities. He caused almost no damage to Lily, only leaving a small scratch on her enormous weapon.

On the other hand, Zen fought with the beast, fearlessly striking his foe in a fight for dominance.

With the accumulated force of Lily's attacks, the Netherworld Yaksha easily reached the height of two people combined.

Bam!

It rammed onto the enchanted barrier after Zen viciously smashed the Netherworld Yaksha for the last time, shattering the precious barricade into fragments.

His primordial energy circulated through his body, wallowing him in a welcoming warmth he gladly embraced.

In the past, Zen wasn't aware of the true value of this energy. It was only now, that he realized its usefulness.

"That's it," Zen beamed. Since the beast was so persistent, he had taken it as an opportunity to test out his strength. He had just employed the power of five hundred dragon scales from the cyan dragon, so the force had been proven to be unimaginable.

In his excitement, he forgot the massive crowd of warriors' gazes that were trained on him. They were thrown into a mass hysteria, unable to register what they had seen with their own eyes.

"The enchanted barrier built up by the World Commercial Alliance was smashed?"

"How did he make it? It requires tremendous force to smash that barrier! How much strength did he even use to make that happen?!"

Chapter 732 Destroying Eden's Dedication to Martial Arts

The World Commercial Alliance had hosted the Martial Arts Contest once every decade for hundreds of years. At that rate, it had organized the contest several dozen times.

After arranging so many contests, it had accumulated much experience.

For example, it had settled the problem of the enchanted barrier in the arena.

Seventy years ago, at a contest, two martial artists fought each other in the finals. They burned their blood essence to unleash their strongest power, ultimately breaking the enchanted barrier and affecting the audience in the stands. Over a thousand martial artists were injured, and hundreds died.

The alliance drew a lesson from the bitter experience and paid more attention to the facilities during the contest.

The arena used the most reliable material. A type of extremely strong ironwood heart was woven into silk. The hardest basalt was ground into powder and then mixed with the ironwood heart to make bricks. These bricks were paved one by one and covered by a layer of steel plate. The plate was not an ordinary object. It was also forged by a weapon refiner and contained heavenly essence. In a sense, it could be treated as a mysterious weapon.

The light curtain of the enchanted barrier was even more carefully designed. The top runic experts in the Central Region drew over 400 runes to form six enchanted barriers. These six enchanted barriers were only a finger-width distance from each other. With the power of the runes, a dispersive effect was created within these gaps to combine the six enchanted barriers.

This was the protection effort of the World Commercial Alliance!

In the following seventy years, the light curtain of the enchanted barrier had never been broken.

Even earlier, when Zen's sword spirit, Lily, had slammed the Netherworld Yaksha on the barrier with her sword, causing the barrier to show signs of instability, Xiao's expression did not change at all. Even if one barrier was broken, there were still five barriers behind it!

However, this thought only lasted for less than thirty seconds. After Zen and Lily switched positions, with a punch, the enchanted barrier shattered.

The moment the enchanted barrier broke, several explosions were heard in the surrounding area. Smoke and dust floated into the air. The runes that were hidden underneath the ground around the arena couldn't withstand the pressure. At this time, they exploded as well.

How powerful was Zen's body?

It was not challenging for any of the elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm to break the barrier.

However, Hobbes, who was famous for his explosive power, could not shatter the barrier with the strength of his physical body. It was even more impossible for Letitia, Lady Poison-blood, and Raven. Eddie, however, might have been capable of breaking the barrier.

In comparison, Zen was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Moreover, he did not direct his power at the barrier, but at the Yaksha's body. The force Zen used rippled through the Yaksha's body before striking the barrier.

Although the impact would have reduced upon hitting the Yaksha, it was still strong enough to destroy the barrier.

Could it be said that Zen had inherent divine strength? But this wouldn't explain the strength of Zen's physical body.

What was more surprising was that Zen hadn't summoned all the power of the dragon scales.

Right now, Zen was quite wealthy. In the vast Oracle City, there were many mysterious weapons. Before the Martial Arts Contest, Zen had collected some mysterious weapons and refined them into heavenly essence. After consuming the essence, he had been able to light up eight hundred dragon scales in one go.

Therefore, if Zen wanted to use the dragon scales, he could summon the power of over a thousand dragon scales. However, his body wouldn't be able to bear the tremendous power.

If Zen unleashed all of the power of the dragon scales, his body would probably collapse and suffer irreparable damage.

However, the power of five hundred dragon scales was already very terrifying.

The Yaksha rolled out of the arena, but it quickly stood. After all, it could not be killed so quickly with just physical injuries.

After taking such a heavy blow from Zen, the Yaksha had grown even larger. Now, it was 30 feet tall!

"Aooo!"

The Yaksha stood and once again charged toward Zen.

Zen did not care about how big the Yaksha had grown. After repeated collisions and blows, the primordial energy in his body flowed continually. The energy was now being stored in his limbs and bones.

In the center of the arena, Eden was hindered by Lily's sword dance, making it hard for him to escape. However, he would occasionally glance at Zen with a smile on his face. 'Go on, ' he thought. 'The more attacks the Yaksha receives, the bigger its size, and the stronger it will become!'

Surely, Zen had noticed the change in the Yaksha. At this moment, the Yaksha was already 30 feet tall. It looked like a colossal monster. Even the explosive power of five hundred dragon scales could not defeat such a huge creature.

"It's about time!"

As the Yaksha swung its tail, Zen utilized the Wind Law. With a flutter of his wind, he dodged the attack and approached the Yaksha's head. The iron sword in his hand instantly collapsed, and the violent power of lightning spontaneously erupted along the iron sword.

Lightning could ward off evil.

Almost all ghosts were afraid of the power of lightning.

Back on Cloud Road, Rocher's Extreme Thunder Sword Intent was extremely effective against the impenetrable Dark Devil Phantom.

"Putzi …"

Zen released the first layer of the Thunder Law, Annihilation. The enormous Yaksha was like a block of ice in summer. A large hole immediately appeared in its stomach as Zen's sword pierced it.

"The fourth law! This boy has comprehended the power of four laws!"

"I'm not surprised. After all, he is talented! Even if a fifth power of law were to appear in his body, I wouldn't be astonished!"

"The power of four laws has appeared on the same person at the same time. Moreover, it's the full power. What's wrong with this era? How would such a monster be born?"

"If Eden is a divine-level talent, then what level of talent is Zen?"

Seeing Zen display the power of Thunder Law, many of the cultivators were speechless. They didn't know what to say.

Zen didn't have time to listen to the cultivators' nonsense. Instead of stopping after his first blow, Zen stabbed the Yaksha several times in quick succession!

The surging lightning and the powerful flicking of the sword mixed. The Yaksha that was originally invulnerable to swords and spears had met its nemesis. Large holes began appearing on its body.

Finally, with a howl, the Yaksha's body crumbled.

A scarlet rune appeared under the Yaksha's feet. Its broken body began to fall toward the rune. The giant head was still glaring at Zen as it snuck into the rune.

Zen intended to cut off the Yaksha's head. However, when he thrust his sword at the rune, his sword bounced back!

"What is this?" Zen's eyes narrowed. He did not expect that the small rune would be able to block his sword!

What Zen did not know was that the rune was a symbol that was connected to the Netherworld River. Even the strongest powerhouse in this boundless universe would not be able to destroy it, as it involved the most fundamental thing in the world.

Since he couldn't keep the Yaksha, Zen had no choice but to give up and turn back to Eden.

"Didn't you want me to die?" Zen said with a smile.

"You!" Eden was currently in a precarious state. He was running around to avoid Lily, whose sword dance was an interlocking move. Since he had been caught by it, Eden would die for sure. He had no time to retort as he was busy dealing with Lily.

"You have a sacred weapon, a powerful father, and divine-level talent. In a word, you have all the conditions to comprehend Law Power, to be exact, two kinds of Law Powers." Zen smiled and continued, "In the end, however, you are weak in front of me! You even summoned a helper from the netherworld to defeat me. Alas!"

"You also summoned this woman…" Eden retorted while dodging Lily's attack.

"This woman? She is not a woman. She is only my sword spirit. I created her while I was cultivating. You know, she's completely different from the underworld ghost that you summoned!" Zen continued to speak with a mocking smile.

Eden's face flushed red, but he was helpless. He wanted to save the situation, so he resorted to dangerous moves, but he was still unable to get rid of Lily.

"You are at the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm, but I am only at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Still, I can defeat you so easily. Are you sure that you have divine-level talent, not earth level? In my opinion, your talent doesn't deserve to be ranked." Zen did not physically attack Eden. Instead, he provoked Eden with his words.

In the Martial Arts Contest, Zen intended to kill only one person, and that was Marilyn.

Now, if Zen used his full strength, for example, if he were to unleash the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death, he would be able to kill Eden. However, Eden wasn't his target. If he killed Eden, it was likely that his plan would be ruined!

However, although Zen didn't want to kill Eden, that didn't mean he would be merciful. The son of his enemy was also his enemy. Moreover, Eden had wanted to kill Zen. Now, Zen was trying to destroy Eden's dedication to martial arts.

"Judging from your appearance, you should be at least thirty, right? You have only reached the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm at the age of thirty. What's worse, you are unable to defeat an Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator..."

Under pressure by Zen's constant taunting, Eden suddenly shouted and rushed toward Zen, ignoring Lily's sword dance.

"Bam!"

How could Lily give Eden the chance to hurt Zen? The greatsword struck Eden's body, and Eden rolled across the arena toward Zen, his hair in disarray, and the Nameless Saber in his hand falling to the side.

"A guy like you wants to propose to Tia? Do you think you're qualified?" Zen smiled as he glared at Eden.

"Enough!"

The veins on Eddie's forehead popped out as he abruptly stood and shouted. As a top expert of the Central Region, he knew what Zen was trying to do! Zen wanted to destroy Eden's dedication to martial arts!

Zen gazed at Eddie, sighed, and said, "Too late!"

At this moment, Eden, who was lying on the ground, felt a cracking sound coming from his heart. Although he didn't suffer too much, he suddenly felt an ache in his heart.

Chapter 733 I Don't Like Being Protected By Women

All humans had a soft spot.

Zen's weakness was his younger sister, whom he tried to protect even at the cost of his life.

Zen's dream was to reach the peak of martial arts to explore the secrets of this world. His warrior spirit was so firm that no one could affect it adversely.

However, Eden was different.

His experience differed significantly from Zen's experience. Zen had lived a tough life and been mistreated. He persisted in his pursuit of martial arts for it was the only way to change his life.

Eden's father was Eddie, who ranked first in the Central Region. As his only child, Eden was blessed with great talent, insights, and resources.

Even Brent hadn't gotten as many resources as Eden did. Eddie had piled all his resources onto Eden, while Brent had access to limited resources. Ethereal Spirit Sect also had to provide resources to its other talented disciples other than Brent.

It was safe to say that Eden would surely become the master of a sixth-grade sacred place or a divine kingdom in the near future with regard to his talent and the resources his father had provided him with.

That was why Eden, a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm, had the guts to propose to Letitia!

He was confident that he would be among the top martial artists.

Having grown up in that environment, Eden had developed a strong level of self-confidence. In his eyes, the elites of the younger generation in the Central Region were nothing but losers. He looked down on them.

He was not afraid of any challenges. Since he was always confident, Eden had no trouble achieving great things in the martial arts field. Besides, no one among the young-generation cultivators in the Central Region could defeat him. If it weren't for Zen, he would be the strongest cultivator in the near future.

However, people like him had a fatal weakness—defeat or failure would come as a big blow.

He was an excellent cultivator. The harder Eden cultivated, the more outstanding he became. But all his hard work was on the premise that he was superior to others. However, once a fellow appeared and defeated Eden, he would feel frustrated and doubt his capabilities and whether his efforts were in vain.

Zen was that guy.

In terms of laws, Zen had surpassed Eden. As for treasures, Zen had two sacred weapons, which were better than Eden's weapons. Compared to his cultivation base, Zen was at a lower level than Eden, and this was an insult to him. However, Zen was more talented than Eden. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to defeat Eden.

At this point, Eden was a dispirited mess. He derided himself for being conceited and arrogant. And his determination in martial arts had been shattered.

Eddie, who had been standing on the platform, took a step forward and reached the field.

Although Eddie was bulky, he was not tall. As he stepped forward, he looked determined as if nothing could strike him down.

"Thu-ud! Thu-ud!"

Eddie stepped onto the stage unhurriedly, fixing his resolute, cold eyes on Zen.

Meanwhile, Letitia walked onto the stage. With the icy fog around her flickering, she landed on the field and stood in front of Zen.

In terms of her current strength, she had difficulty protecting Zen from Eddie. Despite that, she had chosen to come to her disciple's aid.

At the same time, the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance joined them. The three fat men had different expressions on their faces, but there was a serious look in their eyes as if they were about to fight with a fierce enemy.

No one stood a chance to get the better of Eddie, who was the strongest man in the Central Region in single combat.

The three fatties of the World Commercial Alliance could fight off Eddie, but they would pay a heavy price.

In fact, the three men had no intention of getting involved in this. After all, Eddie was planning to confront Zen, who was Cloud Hall's disciple. This matter, hence, did not involve the three fat men from the World Commercial Alliance. But they had hosted this Martial Arts Contest, and according to the rules, Zen would not be held responsible even if he had taken Eden's life. However, all Zen had done was destroy Eden's warrior spirit.

"Eddie, you're not going to make a move on the lad, are you?" Dillon asked cheekily. His subtle message was that Eddie would be taunted if he fought with a young cultivator, who was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Eddie usually wouldn't attack a young cultivator in front of hundreds of thousands of cultivators for it would make him the laughingstock of Oracle City. However, Zen had destroyed Eden's warrior spirit. All the old strong cultivators in the Central Region knew that Eddie had high expectations of his son.

An eerie, defiant smile appeared on Eddie's face. He snorted at Zen who was standing behind Letitia, "You are a bold fellow!"

Eddie's eyes widened as an overwhelming aura extended toward Zen.

Letitia, who was standing in front of Zen, felt the pressure and knitted her eyebrows. Instantly, she intertwined her fingers intending to display a secret technique to withstand the pressure Eddie had released. Letitia hadn't completely recovered yet, and even if she had fully restored her formal cultivation, she would still not match Eddie. But if she had mastered the Sutra of the Empyrean Goddess and made a breakthrough in the Virtual Tribulation Realm, she would stand a chance to beat Eddie. Hence, she was under higher pressure when facing a powerful opponent like Eddie.

To her surprise, Zen grabbed her hand and pulled her behind him. Eyes sparkling with resolve, he whispered to Letitia, "I don't like being protected by women."

He never wanted to see a woman risking her life to protect him.

However, in his lifetime, many women had come to his rescue, such as Nina, Aura, and Yolande.

Back then, Zen was a weak cultivator, and he had to accept their help. But now he didn't want to see Letitia get in trouble because of him.

Letitia had been so focused on activating her secret skill that she didn't expect Zen to react that way. By the time she realized what was going on, she was behind Zen, and her right hand was still in his.

'He is holding my hand in front of so many people...' Letitia thought to herself.

At this moment, Letitia had completely forgotten that they were in grave danger. At the thought that Zen had taken her hand, she began to blush and her heart raced.

The next second, she returned to her senses and realized that Zen had to bear the enormous pressure from Eddie.

'Although Zen could beat a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm, he can't withstand the power Eddie has activated. After all, the latter is stronger than the cultivators of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.' At this thought, Letitia became extremely worried about Zen's safety. "Be careful!" she reminded him.

The pressure Eddie had activated was amazingly powerful. If a senior cultivator of the Virtual Tribulation Realm were in Zen's place, his soul would get damaged, while a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm would be killed.

The three fat men looked at each other and furrowed their eyebrows. 'Eddie didn't display a skill, but he is using his momentum to suppress Zen. The lad is in a lot of trouble now. Perhaps he will lose his life, ' they brooded.

"Is he pretending to be a hero? He even stands in front of Letitia! Does he really think that he is more powerful than a cultivator at the Virtual Tribulation Realm?" one man quizzed.

"You're upset because he is holding Letitia's hand, aren't you?" another responded with a grin.

"Although he has exceptional talent, Zen is going to die. His soul will be crushed, and then he will live like the walking dead. He can't survive for three days without his soul."

Many of the cultivators present had no idea what Zen was thinking. 'If he hid behind Letitia, he would only get injured. He is lucky to be such an awesome genius. As long as he is alive, everything is possible. He could have improved his strength and taken his revenge one day, ' the crowd thought.

Most of the cultivators knew how to endure, and they guessed that Zen knew it as well. That was why they were confused by his decision.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 734 Warmth (Part One)

Eddie brought his disciples to compete in the Martial Arts Contest, and it would be improper for him to kill a young warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm during the competition.

All the people in the world would laugh at him. Despite being a dignified top-ranked warrior in the Central Region, he could not afford to lose—that was what people were going to say about him if he killed Zen.

Furthermore, the three fat men from the World Commercial Alliance would not allow such a thing to happen. Moreover, there was an older woman, a powerful master who stood behind Cloud Hall. And she might be watching the scene from somewhere now.

The World Commercial Alliance also had an Ancient Tycoon, who had lived for over a thousand years. Although he was very old, his power was too deep to be fathomable. If it were a one-on-one fight, Eddie would not be afraid of any of them. But if these men came together to fight him, as powerful as Eddie was, he would not be able to battle them all.

After careful consideration, Eddie restrained his impulse to rip Zen to shreds, and opted for another way to vent his anger. He decided to utilize the force of his powerful soul to suppress Zen.

If Letitia were to stand in front of Zen to protect him, Eddie would have trouble carrying out his plan, as he might have to hurt the leader of Cloud Hall first. But he didn't expect that Zen would step forward and pull Letitia aside.

"Since you want to be a hero and court death, then no one can help you!" Eddie was pleased in his heart, but he appeared calm. Considering the powerful force of his soul, if he wanted to crush the soul of a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm, it would be as easy as a wheel crushing a mantis.

The moment his powerful soul aura emerged, it soared toward Zen with great momentum, as if it had the power to send rocks to hit the clouds and use waves to tear the shore apart. It caused a strong wind and forced its way toward Zen!

Despite facing with the terrifying pressure, Zen stood straight, a faint smile spreading across his face. At this moment, he was like a reef in the ocean, no matter how forcefully Eddie's pressure was hitting him, Zen remained steadfast and unmoved.

The raging wind blew off one of Letitia's golden hairpins from her hair. Her soft hair was unbound, and it fluttered in the wind. She snuggled against Zen's shoulder and used her hands to brush her hair away from her eyes. Then, she raised her head and stared at the heroic figure in front of her.

Seeing Zen calmly handling Eddie's suppression, Letitia forgot that she should feel surprised. She was so lost in her thoughts that she wasn't paying any attention to what was happening around them.

She remembered that her family had moved from the Northern Region to the Central Region when she was very young.

She stayed in a carriage during their long and tedious journey. The cold wind howled. Her parents had wrapped her with a warm quilt, the only quilt they had, to keep her warm and keep out the cold. She would occasionally poke her head out of the quilt and crane her neck toward the carriage window. When she felt the chilling wind blowing outside, she realized how fortunate and happy she was to be protected in the warm carriage.

It was on that night that her whole family, thirty-seven people, including her parents and extended family members, were killed. However, she was lucky enough to be saved by a Cloud Hall disciple who was passing by. It was because of him that she had escaped death and survived.

Later, she was brought to the Cloud School, an organization affiliated to Cloud Hall. Her astonishing talent was first noticed there, and she made her way up to Cloud Hall... and finally became what she was now, a superior figure in the Central Region, the leader of a top-ranking fourth-grade sect!

Later on, Letitia found out what happened that night. It turned out that a third-grade sect had mistakenly exterminated her entire family.

After acquiring enough power to enact her revenge, Letitia went to the third-grade sect alone and wiped it away from the map of the Central Region. She annihilated the entire sect!

At Cloud Hall, although Letitia appeared immature, and sometimes she was very obstinate like a little girl, she still had her strong stance, like an iron lady. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to remain in power as the leader of Cloud Hall.

However, even though she had avenged her family's death, which had weighed heavily on her, she was aware that the happiness lost in her childhood could no longer be retrieved. She still missed the time she spent when she was in that carriage, with her family members. As she listened to the horse's hooves galloping down the road, the north wind blew past her like a knife scraping against her face, and she was then tucked away in the warm quilt, feeling lucky that she didn't have to suffer from the cold or hunger.

The moment Zen pulled her into his arms, Letitia felt that she had returned to that time when she was wrapped in the quilt. This young man used his body, though not an imposing feature, to shoulder everything himself and keep all the danger from her. It made her feel very warm. It was the little warmth that belonged only to her.

The wind quietly dissipated, and the pressure gradually disappeared. Zen had worn a smile throughout. He had confidently glared at the Evil East Lord, who stood not far away.

Eddie's eyes were filled with doubt. Soon, the doubt became surprise, and finally, his eyes dimmed as helplessness flooded him. Different feelings struck him within a short moment. He had already released the power of the suppression to perform at its maximum level. In a certain sense, it was equivalent to launching an attack toward Zen's soul, but in a disguised form.

Chapter 735 Warmth (Part Two)

How could the soul of this guy withstand the powerful suppression? This was impossible! Eddie assumed that Zen had a magic treasure that could reinforce his soul or something else that enabled him to be immune to such kind of damage!

He cast a meaningful look at Zen and hid his killing aura deep inside. He turned around and walked toward his son.

Eden's hair was disheveled, and his eyes were dull. He looked dejected as if he had aged ten years in an instant. He had lost all his glow and looked pale, like a dead person.

Eddie grabbed Eden's hand and reached out with his other hand for the saber. The Nameless Saber swirled back into his hand. In a flash, he returned to the high platform where he had been seated earlier.

The three fat masters from the World Commercial Alliance exchanged glances. Shock registered on Dillon's chubby face. He was transfixed like a frozen statue.

Zen had withstood Eddie's suppression! He wondered how powerful Zen's soul was.

Of course, they didn't know that Zen's soul had already entered the Fighting Soul Realm!

Even the owl-beast's evil spirit had been unable to destroy Zen's soul. How could Eddie possibly hurt Zen's soul?

From a certain perspective, so far, Zen's soul, which had entered the Fighting Soul Realm was the most powerful weapon in his arsenal.

To most warriors, what happened between Zen and Eddie was only a small clash that lasted less than a minute. However, the situation had been the most dangerous one. Many warriors in the audience failed to see that, but a few cultivators were able to sense the tension.

However, even though they knew something was happening between the two, the warriors couldn't tell what it really was. The soul realm was a level that was beyond their reach, and it was difficult for them to understand how it worked.

As for Lady Poison-blood of Bloodwood Cliff, Raven of the Black Mountain Sect, the Elderly Luna of the Mysterious Luna Hall, and a few others, they were all as shocked as the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance!

If it were them who had been standing in front of Eddie, and if they had been facing the suppression coming from Eddie's soul, their souls would have been injured, and they would have spat a lot of blood. But it was strange that Zen just stood there unharmed as if nothing had happened. This didn't make any sense.

Letitia gently turned her head and picked up the golden phoenix hairpin from the ground. She pulled her pitch-black hair to the back and locked it with her index finger before she used the hairpin to hold her hair in place.

Then she walked over to Zen's side and said softly, "Let's go to the platform." After she finished speaking, cold air surrounded her. She leaped into the air. The long feathers of the ice phoenix fluttered behind her, and within a split second, she landed on the high platform!

Zen remained silent. At least, he was sure that he had achieved his goal. Even though it was not what he had intended, Zen had successfully angered Eddie!

Eddie had brought two disciples to participate in the Martial Arts Contest this year. One was his son, Eden, while the other was Marilyn.

If Eddie wanted to win in the Martial Arts Competition, he could only rely on Marilyn Si!

Marilyn Si was at the medium-stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, and she was stronger than Eden. She also had the Purple Power Body, like Yan did. This woman had followed Eddie for a few decades, so she must have learned a lot from him. Zen had no idea how talented she was, or what her real strength was.

But no matter how strong she was, she must die. Zen wouldn't let her go like he did to Eden.

After getting to the high platform, Letitia returned to the large chair prepared for her. She sat there, her mind still a mess, and her eyes wandering around. Occasionally, she would cast secret glances at Zen, like a little girl, but soon, she would shift her gaze and look at the sky aimlessly.

Of course, no one noticed her secret movements, because she once again cast layers of icy mist to encase herself.

At this moment, Xiao came to the center of the arena and announced that the competition would be suspended.

Since Zen had broken the enchanted barrier on the battle arena, they needed to fix it. However, the runes that had been hidden under the enchanted barrier had exploded and needed to be repaired before the next battle could begin.

It was clear that repairing these runes would take time. After all, the World Commercial Alliance had arranged these runes many years ago and they had put many efforts into building them! If they wanted to repair these runes, they would need to send for the runic experts who had made them.

When the warriors in the grandstand heard the news that the competition would be suspended, they were annoyed and began to curse.

"Damn! It cost me a supreme life vitality crystal to get in here. Why the hell would you suddenly suspend the battle?"

"Is this what the World Commercial Alliance is like? What a good reputation! My good mood is spoiled!"

"Isn't it just an enchanted barrier? Why should you bother? Hurry up, go on fighting!"

These warriors didn't care about the enchantment barrier being broken. They only wanted to watch the fierce battle and bet on the game!

In fact, the World Commercial Alliance suspended the competition for the safety of the warriors in the grandstand. In a fight between Internal Elixir Realm masters, without the protection of the enchanted barrier, those warriors outside the arena would be easily hurt by the aftermath of the strikes.

Chapter 736 Repair The Runes

Xiao's face twisted when he heard the waves of curses from the audience. He thought, 'If we don't repair these enchanted barriers, then hundreds of people in the audience might be killed during the battles. When that happens, you'll be cursing us again!'

Not long after, three people flew into the arena and bowed before Xiao.

They were the runic experts of the World Commercial Alliance. Their expertise was such that they could be considered as the top runic experts in the entire Central Region.

How did the World Commercial Alliance accumulate all these resources? Because they were rich and had the best weapon refiners, alchemists, and runic experts.

Masters of different professions and many independent cultivators were willing to join the World Commercial Alliance considering its reputation. Although they would have a good future if they joined sects, they would receive more resources if they allied with the World Commercial Alliance.

This was one of the ways through which the World Commercial Alliance attracted talented people.

It was true that the three runic experts couldn't compare to Arnold, the Son of Rune. But it was difficult to find a runic expert in the Central Region as equally skilled at rune drawing as these three men.

In Oracle City, almost all the runes from the Central Region had been collected in a place called the Runic Tower. Most runic experts would come here for further cultivation. Felix from Cloud Hall had been sent to the Runic Tower for further cultivation for several years.

These three runic experts were the rulers of the Runic Tower. In the runic world of the Central Region, their thoughts and ideas regarding runes were at the peak.

Hearing Xiao's words, the three runic experts nodded and split up. They walked to the side of the arena and dug up the stone bricks. Under these bricks, there were many green colored stone tablets, and many complicated runes were drawn on these stone tablets.

However, at this moment, many of the runes on the stone tablets had been so badly burned that it looked as if they had been thrown into a big fire.

"The power burden was too great for these runes to withstand," a runic expert said.

Another runic expert frowned and said, "These six enchanted barriers would support each other. How much power would it take to burn these runes? Can someone at the Internal Elixir Realm do this?"

"Unbelievable! A cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm did not cause this damage," another runic expert said as he shook his head.

Many cultivators in Oracle City would watch the Martial Arts Contest through Picture Slabs. And so they knew how the enchanted barriers had been damaged. Although the three runic experts were cultivators at the Internal Elixir Realm, they had been obsessed with rune research their entire lives, and rarely paid attention to the outside world. Even if the World Commercial Alliance started a war with some race, they would not be distracted. They were certainly not interested in the Martial Arts Contest. So devoted were they that these runic experts would probably only leave the Runic Tower if Oracle City were destroyed.

Hearing the three runic experts speak, Xiao smiled helplessly and said, "Nate, these enchanted barriers weren't broken by a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm."

Among the three runic experts, Nate Nie was the oldest and had the richest knowledge of runes. He was also the owner of the Runic Tower.

"It can only be broken by a cultivator at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Can a cultivator at the Virtual Tribulation Realm participate in the Martial Arts Contest?" Nate asked.

Hearing Nate's question, Xiao laughed even more helplessly. "It was destroyed by a cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm."

Nate raised his head at Xiao's words and glared at him. "Xiao, are you joking with me?"

Although Nate was only a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm, he was still the owner of the Tunic Tower. His position was even higher than Xiao, an elder of the World Commercial Alliance. Therefore, he didn't have to show respect to Xiao.

"Do I look like I'm joking? The person who broke these enchanted barriers is still here," Xiao said and pointed to the elevated platform for Cloud Hall.

Nate shook his head and said, "I'm not interested in knowing who broke the enchanted barriers. You can say they were broken by someone at the Illuminating Soul Realm, but I don't believe you." He looked at a few pieces of stone tablets and then shook his head again. "It'll take three days to repair these runes."

"What? Three days!" Xiao felt dizzy when he heard this. He had only paused the match for a moment, but the audience were already cursing. If the match were to be suspended for three days, then the audience might go berserk.

"Three days is still quite short. We will need to work overtime. If you ask other runic experts to repair the runes, it will take... about a year or so," Nate said indifferently.

Xiao was at a loss for words. "I can only give you six hours!"

The moment Xiao finished speaking, Nate threw the stone tablet on the ground and said to his companions, "Let's go!" The three of them were prepared to leave.

"You!" Xiao's face twitched in anger. He knew that these old fellows from the Runic Tower had terrible tempers, but he didn't expect them to be this stubborn. He glanced helplessly at the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance.

The three fatties looked at each other with bitter smiles on their faces.

The World Commercial Alliance was just an organization. It was different from sects, as they were bound together by benefits. Sometimes the members of the World Commercial Alliance did not care about the leaders' opinions, especially the old fellows from the Runic Tower. They were so arrogant that they were unwilling to listen to the leaders.

At this moment, the cultivators in the audience clamored again.

"Hurry up and fix the enchanted barriers for us!"

"I want to watch the match. Otherwise, return my supreme crystal! It took me a long time to save the money! I've spent a supreme life vitality crystal on the match, not this!"

"Refund, refund! Return the supreme crystals to us! This bunch of useless runic experts probably won't be able to fix them!"

Nate glared at the noisy cultivators and sneered, "You can't do anything to me if I don't fix them. If you think you can do better, then try fixing them yourselves!"

Upon hearing that, the cultivators became enraged.

"If I knew how to fix them, I wouldn't need you, right? The Runic Tower is more in name than in capability!"

"These runic experts are trash."

Xiao's face was filled with bitterness. How did the Martial Arts Contest end up like this?

Seeing that the situation was getting troublesome, Dillon couldn't sit still anymore. He decided to try to persuade them kindly. He walked to the side of the arena and said, "Nate, calm down. We'll have to trouble you with fixing these runes."

When Nate saw Dillon, his attitude eased up a bit. In the end, he gave in to the leader of the World Commercial Alliance. He said, "Three days. This is the best that we can offer."

"Three days? Why don't you die?" cursed many cultivators who had heard Nate's estimate.

A troubled expression reflected on Dillon's face. "Three days is too long. We can't pause the Martial Arts Contest for that long."

Nate's eyes widened. "If you can find a person in the Central Region who can fix them in less than three days, I will call him Master."

Dillon's breath was caught in his throat at Nate's words. He couldn't think of any way to refute him. As the owner of the Runic Tower, Nate was known as the top-most runic expert in the Central Region. No one could match him in the runic field.

At this moment, a voice came from the elevated platform, "Master Shi, I can repair these runes in two hours. How much will the World Commercial Alliance pay me?"

The one who spoke was none other than Zen. He stood at the edge of the elevated platform with a smile.

Dillon Shi glanced at Zen and slapped his forehead. He didn't remember Zen's abilities while arguing with those runic experts. Zen was also a runic expert, and he had mastered the amazing Perfect Brushwork. Xiao's eyes lit up. During the pre-qualifying match, Xiao had heard Michael mention Zen's amazing skills of rune drawing.

"You… Are you sure?" Dillon hesitated.

Zen had so many gifts, and that was why Dillon had forgotten about his talent in runes.

More importantly, Zen had mastered the Perfect Brushwork. It was a unique technique that could correctly activate the characteristics of the runic materials and increase the material utilization to the perfect state!

However, the runes were also graded. The runes that Michael had shown them were only one-star and two-star runes, so Dillon subconsciously felt that Zen could only draw one-star and two-star runes. As for the three-star, four-star, and even five-star runes, it would need years of practice to draw them. Zen was only about 18 years old. Dillon didn't think he could do that.

Before Zen could reply, Nate laughed disapprovingly. "I've heard people bragging before, but I've never heard of them boasting like this!"

"Haw-haw! What's going on with young people these days? You are talking pure nonsense!" another runic expert taunted.

"Sometimes you have to pay a price for speaking carelessly," said the third runic expert in a serious manner.

Chapter 737 Zen Started Repairing The Runes

There was a time when everyone would recommend those who wanted to study runes to go to the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

This was because Arnold, the Son of Rune, was born in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Over hundreds of years, all sorts of runic experts had gone to the sect for further study.

Unfortunately, the Ethereal Spirit Sect had consumed too much of Arnold's fame and didn't place too much importance on the study of runes. Gradually, Ethereal Spirit Sect's rune technique began to decline. Other than the sect-protecting array left by Arnold, the Ethereal Spirit Sect's rune technique wasn't special.

Along with the rise of the World Commercial Alliance, as well as the continuous evolution of runes and the establishment of the Runic Tower, all the runic experts in the Central Region would choose to study runes at the Runic Tower instead of at Ethereal Spirit Sect.

The Runic Tower was the authority of runes in the entire Central Region, and these three people were the highest-ranked runic experts at the Runic Tower. Their knowledge of runes was second to none.

When Nate said they needed three days, no one in the Central Region dared to say otherwise.

Therefore, he dared to say, "If you can find a person in the Central Region who can fix them in less than three days, I will call him Master."

That was why they mocked Zen's ignorance. As the saying went, "Young people are fearless. It is because they are ignorant."

Zen didn't get angry when he heard Nate's taunt. He didn't bother to pay attention to them and said to Dillon, "Master Shi, I can repair these runes within two hours. How much are you offering me?"

"Are you sure you can fix them?" Zen had performed many unimaginable miracles. No one believed that a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm could make any of these miracles happen. However, Zen had done it. Dillon felt that he had gotten used to witnessing one more miracle from Zen.

"I can give it a try. Even if I fail, it won't delay the match in any way, right?" Zen said with a laugh.

Zen's argument made sense. At most, it would delay the match by a few hours. If Zen was unable to repair the runes, the warriors would have to wait three days to watch the next battle. Two hours meant nothing compared to the three-day wait.

Just as Dillon was about to nod, Nate and the other two runic experts stopped him.

They didn't think that Zen would be able to repair these runes. In their eyes, this kid wouldn't be able to fix them in two hundred or two thousand hours, let alone two hours. The fact that Dillon actually believed Zen made it hard for them to accept.

It was like how a chef, who had fed his master for many years, spent twenty hours cooking a great dish. All of a sudden, a brat who came from nowhere said he could cook the same dish in two hours. Not only did the master not shoo the brat away, he even agreed to let him try. This was a pure humiliation to Nate and his companions.

"Master Shi, if you choose to believe that brat, then the Runic Tower won't interfere in this matter," Nate said coldly in a threatening tone.

The other two runic experts were also not convinced.

"Haw-haw." Dillon was very familiar with these people's temper, but he was not a person without courage. As the leader of the World Commercial Alliance, he had strength, vision, courage, and luck. After laughing, he said, "I think it's better to let him have a try first."

"Humph!"

The three runic experts turned their heads and took a few steps back. They crossed their arms and stared at Zen coldly. They didn't leave as they wanted to watch Zen make a fool of himself.

Dillon gestured to Zen and said, "If you can repair these runes, I will reward you with this number." He extended his hand and said, "50, 000 supreme life vitality crystals."

"50, 000 supreme life vitality crystals?" Zen raised an eyebrow.

"Not enough?" Dillon asked.

"No, no." Zen was overjoyed. Fifty thousand supreme life vitality crystals would equal 50 billion low-grade life vitality crystals. With so many supreme crystals, he could perhaps buy the entire Burning Sky Empire.

The World Commercial Alliance was indeed wealthy! Although 50, 000 supreme crystals was a large amount, to the World Commercial Alliance, it was nothing more than a drop in the bucket. In this competition, just the entrance fee alone earned them 200, 000 to 300, 000 supreme life vitality crystals.

Zen did not bargain. Since he had already agreed to the reward, he squatted and began to examine the runes on the stone tablets, one by one.

Although most of these runes were three-star runes, a few of them were four-star runes. At Zen's request, the World Commercial Alliance quickly sent over the materials for drawing the runes. Previously, the World Commercial Alliance had made these runes, and the quantity of materials that had been used had been recorded. With the abundance of materials in Oracle City, it was easy to prepare another set of materials.

Grinding, batching, ink making...Zen was very skilled in these processes.

When the three runic experts saw Zen's practiced movements, their eyes lit up.

Nate even nodded slightly in approval. Zen's movements were light, meticulous, and precise. He could serve as an assistant in the Runic Tower.

Runic experts at the Runic Tower did not need to prepare their own materials, such as grinding, batching, and making ink. These trivial matters were left to their assistants. But finding a good assistant was very difficult. After all, not only did the assistants need patience, they also needed to comprehend the characteristics of the various materials, and most importantly, they needed to be dexterous.

From what Nate and his companions could see, Zen was very suitable to be an assistant.

After Zen quickly processed these materials, he took out his runic brush.

'This runic brush is pretty good. However, it's such a waste for a beginner to use this kind of rune brush, ' Nate thought.

Zen had obtained the rune brush during a bet with the Cloud Hall's runic expert, Felix. This runic brush had been very precious to Felix, so it was naturally of outstanding quality.

Zen dipped the tip of his brush into the ink and closed his eyes to feel the composition of the materials. This was the most crucial step in drawing runes. Zen had by now demonstrated that he had all the qualities desired in a runic expert.

After a dozen seconds, Zen opened his eyes and started to paint on the blank stone tablet in front of him.

The moment the tip of the brush touched the piece of stone, a speck of brown shimmer flashed. As Zen moved the tip of the brush, the brown glow became brighter and lasted longer. The first stroke was completed in one go!

When the three runic experts saw the first stroke, their pupils dilated. Nate even sucked in a breath of cold air. "Perfect Brushwork!"

The fact that Zen knew how to use the Perfect Brushwork was known by many people such as Michael, the three leaders of World Commercial Alliance, and Xiao. But people of the Runic Tower had no idea about it.

These people studied runes all the time and paid no attention to the outside world. They stubbornly believed that only they could represent the highest rune technique in the Central Region. They believed that the rune techniques in the outside world were not valuable.

'How did a runic expert with Perfect Brushwork suddenly appear?'

When they saw this scene, the three runic experts were shocked and didn't know what to do.

A trace of coldness flashed through Dillon's small eyes. He had agreed to let Zen try because he wanted to deflate Nate's and his companions' arrogance.

These guys were so full of themselves that they had become arrogant in the past few years. Even if the World Commercial Alliance was to ask them to draw some runes, they would ask for an outrageous price. They behaved as if they were indifferent toward everyone and acted like they were the number one in the Central Region. They had forgotten that they were also members of the World Commercial Alliance and had long forgotten that the Runic Tower had been established with the financial resources of the World Commercial Alliance.

Now, they would understand that they were no longer number one in rune drawing in the Central Region.

Zen's rune drawing speed was very fast.

When Zen was drawing runes in the early days, he needed to stop and think about how to draw them. Rune drawing was linked to the strength of a runic expert's soul. Rune drawing was rather soul power consuming.

But Zen's soul power was stronger now. A soul that had stepped into the Fighting Soul Realm was incomparably sturdy. Drawing divine textures was a small matter. Moreover, he was only following the original strokes on the stone tablet and restoring these runes to their original state!

Buzz...

The runic brush kept drawing out a stroke after another, and soon, the first rune was repaired.

At this moment, as one of the Central Region's greatest runic experts, Nate could not utter a single word in front of Zen.

Chapter 738 Secret Divine Texture

The fine tip of the runic brush glided smoothly over the smooth surface. Although it was just a third-star rune, Zen had drawn it quite swiftly.

A rune master might not have a high cultivation level, but his soul force was more powerful than those cultivators of his level.

Meanwhile, Dillon and the stewards watched Zen in amazement. Zen finished the first rune swiftly without a break. 'His soul's strength is incredible!' Dillon thought.

His eyes darted to a steward of the World Commercial Alliance who stood next to him, and then he winked.

The steward understood and proceeded to open a jade box with a black pill inside, and then he handed it to Zen.

"What is this?" Zen asked dubiously as he glanced at the box.

"This is the top-grade Soul-nurturing Pill. You can nourish your soul with this, since you must have consumed some during the drawing," the steward replied politely.

"No need! I didn't use much of my soul force," Zen grinned and said. The steward nodded and quietly went back with the jade box.

Ever since Zen's soul had entered the Fighting Soul Realm, his soul had been enhanced every day. He didn't need to rest even if he had drawn five hundred third-star runes, so he didn't need the Soul-nurturing Pill to nourish his soul either. Besides, the Soul-nurturing Pill still contained some impurities even if it was of the best quality. Zen thought that it was inconvenient if he had to refine the impurities in it after he had consumed the elixir. Thus, he refused to accept their gift.

On the other hand, Dillon glared at the three runic experts and internally cursed them. After they had drawn half of a rune, they would bathe themselves, wash their hands, burn an incense stick, and swallow a Soul-nurturing Pill. They were afraid that their souls would be hurt when they drew the rune.

They were quite arrogant, but the runes they had drawn weren't even that powerful. However, the runes they sold were shockingly overpriced. They had a fixed price list, and the people of the World Commercial Alliance or other dealers had never gotten any discounts at all. People from the Runic Tower certainly made a big fortune.

However, the Runic Tower needed to turn in a part of its income to the World Commercial Alliance. Even then, Dillon didn't quite like the organization. He disagreed with the way they dealt with things.

That was why he was quite pleased when Zen, a talented runic expert, arrived. 'He could make those three old men realize how lame they are, ' Dillon mentally sneered.

And he did get what he wanted, as the three runic experts including Nate had all lowered their heads now. A teenager easily drew the three-star rune. Although Zen didn't look down at them, they felt ashamed of themselves.

'What a Perfect Brushwork! I can't reach his level in rune making even if I spend the rest of my life practicing runes, ' the three of them thought.

After Zen had drawn the first rune, he became excited. He didn't waste a minute and immediately started to draw out lines on the stone tablet.

"What's going on? Why did Zen repair the runes?"

"Weren't you updated? The three old fellows from the Runic Tower said that they needed three days to repair them, but Zen said that he could do it in two hours!"

"Three days? Are they kidding me?! Who would spend three days watching them repair some stupid runes?"

"But why would Zen be able to repair those runes? I heard that the Runic Tower is the sacred place for runes in the Central Region.

Zen is not a runic expert from there, but a warrior. How could he do that?"

"Since he knows how to draw runes, it means that Zen is a rune master himself. It's not fair. Now a warrior of the Illuminating Soul Realm, who has defeated warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm is even proficient in drawing runes…"

The audience started to whisper among themselves. In reality however, they knew nothing about runes. They had no idea how to appreciate the Perfect Brushwork or what it meant to do it in such a fast speed like Zen did. Then again, the three old men of the Runic Tower needed three days to complete the runes, while Zen only needed two hours to finish them. Therefore, they concluded that Zen was better at runes than those runic experts.

The leaders of Bloodwood Cliff, Mysterious Luna Hall and Ethereal Spirit Sect just swallowed as they observed how fast Zen drew the runes.

'The Cloud Hall is so lucky to have such a disciple!

Not only is he an amazing cultivator, but he's also well-versed in runes, ' the three leaders thought. In fact, Lady Poison-blood of the Bloodwood Cliff and Raven of the Black Mountain Sect had dropped by and paid Nate a big sum for his runes. But according to what they observed, Zen was more adept in runes than Nate was.

What made the three leaders the most envious was Zen had presented his leader a top-grade sacred weapon. 'What a rich, generous disciple!' they thought with admiration.

Meanwhile, Lady Poison-blood had mixed feelings as she stared at Zen. A few seconds later, her gaze went to Letitia, who was on the platform and thought, 'This boy is really something. If I was Letitia, I would be quite fond of him too—but there is a huge gap between them with regard to their cultivation. Although this brat has just entered the Illuminating Soul Realm, he already defeated Eden, who is a divine-level talent. This means that Zen is more talented than Eden. It is just a matter of time before he would step into the Virtual Tribulation Realm.'

While Lady Poison Blood was busy with her thoughts, Letitia beamed as she observed Zen. A man appeared more charming than usual when he was focused on something.

One stone tablet, five stone tablets, twenty, fifty…

Zen restored the runes on the burnt stones one by one.

Soon enough, he had repaired 126 stones. After that, a few stewards from the World Commercial Alliance came forward, picked up the stones, and walked away.

They needed to arrange the stones in a sequence, so that the runes could show their real power.

In addition to these third-star runes, there were still three larger pieces of stones with fourth-star runes left.

Clearly, it was more difficult to draw fourth-star runes than the third-star ones.

Zen's initial plan was to directly restore those fourth-star runes. However, he caught a glimpse of his sister before he had started to draw on the stone in front of him. Devoid of any facial expressions, Yan was more like a robot except that she could breathe.

Zen's face turned cold, and the brush in his hand glowed brilliantly. He drew out the first line based on its former pattern on the stone, and then made some adjustments.

He drew a special rune on that particular stone tablet. It was a divine texture!

However, Zen had a special method to make it look like a common fourth-star rune. Only Nate and the other excellent runic experts could notice the difference after they infused their souls into the rune. Still, Nate couldn't even raise his head after being teased by Dillon, not to mention pay attention to the fourth-star rune Zen was painting.

A fourth-star rune's pattern was much more complicated than that of a third star one.

Fifteen minutes later, Zen finally completed the fourth-star rune.

The ink of the four-star rune was the Gold Cloud Powder, which was made of bones that had existed way before, and other materials. Thus, the patterns on the stone gave off golden radiance, and a mysterious divine texture was hidden under the radiance.

When Dillon saw that Zen had drawn the fourth-star rune, he sighed in relief. "Nate, it looks like you need to hang your name upside down on the wall!" he said to Nate with a smile. To hang one's own name upside down on the wall was a way to show that he had been humiliated by himself.

Nate stared at Zen's fourth-star rune. "I'll do that when I'm back!" he responded after a long pause.

Each runic expert of the Runic Tower had their names written with runes on their room doors. He could hang his name upside down on the door, but it was a huge insult to him.

'I finally taught you a lesson. I'm sure you will be less chirpy, ' Dillon scoffed in his heart.

After a while, Zen finished drawing the second and the third fourth-star runes. The stewards picked up the three fourth-star runes and started to place them carefully.

Dillon walked towards Zen and greeted him. "Mr. Luo, you have painted over a hundred runes. I was wondering if you need to nourish your soul," he said with a smile. "If you don't like the Soul-nurturing Pills because they have impurities, I have a Soul-nurturing Jade which can help you nourish your soul. It is an extra reward for your work," he added.

"Soul-nurturing Jade!" the three runic experts, including Nate exclaimed. Their eyes gleamed with envy as they stared at the Soul-nurturing Jade.

They all knew that the World Commercial Alliance had a jade, which could cultivate one's spirit. Nate and the other runic experts had previously asked for it in the past few years, but their requests were denied. To their surprise, Dillon was now giving it to the young lad.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 739 The Same Goal

Any treasures that could strengthen the power of the soul were extremely rare, so they were invaluable.

The Soul-nurturing Jade could only be considered as a fairy weapon. However, there were numerous fairy weapons in the Central Region, but only a few could strengthen a soul's power.

Even in the World Commercial Alliance, this Soul-nurturing Jade was considered as a valuable item.

When Nate heard that Dillon was going to give Zen the Soul-nurturing Jade, he felt that Dillon's decision was a bit unfair. However, he didn't dare to say anything. Whatever he would say would only invite insult to himself. In comparison to Zen, the runic experts were useless men, good for nothing.

The truth was that they were not amateurs. After all, their rune techniques represented the highest level in the Central Region. In particular, Nate was the only one who was able to draw a five-star rune. If he served for any sect, he would be highly valued by that sect, and he would be treated as if he were their top treasure.

Since Zen was outstanding, they paled in comparison with Zen. They were not in the same league.

Dillon's offer of the Soul-nurturing Jade was a nice gesture with which to befriend Zen.

The World Commercial Alliance had made a move really fast. The three leaders had recognized Zen's value the moment Michael passed Zen's first rune work to the headquarters of the World Commercial Alliance.

But they didn't expect that the situation would change so quickly. Back then, Zen appeared from the Dragon Soar Arena. To settle things, Dillon offended Zen by questioning him about the secret of the Dragon Soar Arena. And soon after, he met Zen during the Martial Arts Contest.

The World Commercial Alliance was, of course, not afraid of Zen. But they valued great talents and would spare no efforts to attract them. That was why the World Commercial Alliance had developed and thrived to what it was today.

The Soul-nurturing Jade was offered to Zen as compensation. It wasn't too late for Dillon to make amends.

Zen politely accepted it. He knew the value of the Soul-nurturing Jade. Though this Soul-nurturing Jade would be of little use to Zen since his soul had entered the Fighting Soul Realm, he could gift it to someone else or sell it and make a fortune.

After accepting the Soul-nurturing Jade, Zen turned to the stewards and said, "I've just finished drawing these runes, but I'm not sure if they will work properly."

The stewards of the World Commercial Alliance put the last three stones that carried the four-star runes Zen had drawn into place. After that, Xiao took out an array plate and prepared to test the enchanted barrier.

Nate and the others viciously hoped that the runes wouldn't work and that the enchanted barrier wouldn't perform its function.

However, what happened next disappointed them. As soon as Xiao activated the array plate in his hand, it began to spin. An enchanted barrier spread out from the edge of the arena and quickly gathered toward the top, forming a complete luminous curtain that encased the arena.

The first luminous curtain appeared, followed by the second, the third, the fourth…

There were six luminous curtains in total. They were closely connected and glowed softly.

The lights emitted from the six luminous curtains were more solid and stable than the previous enchanted barriers! This was the effect of the Perfect Brushwork! Zen used his Perfect Brushwork to activate the properties and energy of the materials to their greatest extent. As a result, the power of these enchanted barriers was stronger and was more resistant to heavy blows.

"Very good! It seems that everything works fine now!" Dillon was very satisfied with the enchanted barriers. "Mr. Luo, here are the fifty thousand supreme life vitality crystals we promised as your reward!"

As soon as Dillon finished speaking, a steward brought a plate. On it was a token made of purple crystal. "You can use it to withdraw fifty thousand supreme life vitality crystals at any World Commercial Alliance bank," he said to Zen.

Zen nodded and put the purple crystal token into his space ring.

"It's finally fixed! The battle can begin again! Where's the banker? Hurry up! Announce the odds so we can take the bet!"

"How much did Zen earn by repairing the runes?"

"Didn't you hear? Fifty thousand supreme crystals, more than what I earned in the past two years while at a third-grade sect."

"This is crazy! That kid is rich. Let's rob him!"

"Haha! First of all, you are definitely not his match. And second, the sect you belong to wouldn't be a match for Cloud Hall. You want to rob him? You're courting death!"

After almost two hours of waiting patiently, the crowd of warriors began buzzing again.

Once Zen returned to the high platform where the people of Cloud Hall were seated, Xiao nodded in satisfaction and began drawing lots.

The competition of the Martial Arts Contest had begun again.

The situation in the arena hadn't changed, however. The warriors from various sects still had the upper hand. When warriors from sects encountered independent warriors in a battle, the warriors from sects were always victorious.

However, a dark horse appeared among the independent warriors. He was Owen from the Woollen Grassland.

Even though he was only at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Owen had defeated two sect warriors in a row with this scimitar! His performance surprised all and stirred the crowd.

After all, most warriors in the grandstand were independent warriors or warriors from third-grade sects. They were not eligible to join large sects, but they always had the mentality that independent warriors were not inferior to sect warriors.

Owen's performance boosted their confidence. Moreover, Owen was only at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and it was an amazing feat for him to defeat Internal Elixir Realm warriors.

There were ten matches in the Lucky Draw box. Owen's name-tag appeared for three battles. Surprisingly, Owen won all three matches, which made the whole competition reach its climax. In an instant, the atmosphere of the entire arena became heated. The banker also repeatedly increased the odds for Owen's battles.

After Owen finished his third battle, he began to draw his card. In the first two rounds, he got exemption cards. However, in the last, he drew a challenge card.

After Owen obtained the challenge card, he began to circle the arena to pick his opponent.

"He got a challenge card. Whom does he want to challenge?"

"Will he challenge Brent of the Ethereal Spirit Sect? I heard that Brent is the only one who has divine-level talent in the whole of Ethereal Spirit

Sect. They are both at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. So it's highly possible that Owen will choose Brent."

"Is it? I think he will most likely challenge Zen."

Owen's eyes quickly swept past the side platform where independent warriors were seated. Then his eyes ran down the high platform, and finally, they rested on Zen. Their eyes met for a moment.

Zen's eyes flickered, 'Does he want to pick me?' he wondered.

Owen smiled faintly and shifted his gaze away from Zen. His eyes swept past the people from the Ethereal Spirit Sect and fixed on the high platform where the Evil East Lord sat. He stared at a woman in that area.

Behind Eddie stood two women, and one of them was Zen's sister, Yan, whose six senses were sealed. Beside Yan stood another woman, whose six senses were sealed as well. When his eyes fell on the latter, Owen looked grieved, and he tightened his grip on the scimitar.

But soon, the sadness in his eyes disappeared. Instead, he looked more determined. He raised his voice and shouted, "I will challenge the independent warrior, Marilyn Si!"

"What?!" Zen's eyes flashed. At the same time, he looked at the area where Eddie was seated, his mind a mess. 'Why did Owen pick Marilyn?'

Owen had participated in the pre-qualifying match on the same day as Zen. On that day, Zen had used the twelve-level pagoda to extort him ruthlessly. But Owen, who came from the Woollen Grassland seemed to be quite wealthy, as he gave a lot of supreme life vitality crystals to Zen without batting an eye.

Owen's cultivation base was at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. He was able to challenge an Internal Elixir Realm warrior; thus, his real strength was something to be reckoned with. Regardless, Zen didn't expect that Owen would challenge Marilyn.

"Could it be that he has the same goal as me?" Zen's heart suddenly beat faster. Zen looked in the direction where Yan stood. Beside Yan stood another woman. Zen had noticed her earlier before. She was the third person who had the Purple Power Body. If it hadn't been for her, Zen wouldn't have faced such a grim situation. Of course, Zen wouldn't blame it on her.

Did Owen come here for her? It was highly possible!

What was her relationship with Owen? It didn't matter anymore.

"It's getting tricky!" Zen frowned.

Marilyn was his target. She must die by his hands. Before he achieved his goal, Zen did not want any mishaps to happen. If Owen killed her in battle, it would be the best result for Zen. But if he failed to kill Marilyn, then Marilyn would be alerted. This was not what Zen would expect to see.

But now, Zen couldn't stop him. Perhaps, at this moment, Owen had the same thoughts as he did.

"Challenge me? Hahahaha..." Marilyn walked gracefully forward and said with a charming smile, "You want to kill me, don't you?"

Hearing these words, Owen's and Zen's hearts suddenly tightened. They turned red in the face.

Chapter 740 Beast Transmogrifying

Marilyn had kept an extremely low profile the entire time. Prior to the battle, she radiated no presence and was almost insignificant as she stood behind Eddie on the elevated platform.

However, when she spoke, her body suddenly began to radiate with power.

"Owen from the Woollen Grassland, also known as the killer of Shadow Wolf King," she declared, the mocking lilt in her tone masked by her charming smile. "If I'm guessing it right, that one there is your love, right?" Marilyn pointed at the woman beside Yan with a smirk. That woman looked like a statue, expressionless and still, but that was mainly because of her sealed six senses. Despite that, however, one could still feel the refined aura that emanated from her body.

Buzz…

Owen's hand that had been holding his scimitar trembled, and the scimitar whistled softly. His eyes looked up at Marilyn, eyes flashing dangerously with repressed fury.

"What's it to you?" he hissed.

Raising his scimitar, Owen directed his rage to Eddie. "You!" he addressed him. "The one who ranks number one in the Central Region. You went ahead and snatched away my love. Prepare to die for taking her away from me!"

Silence befell upon everyone with Owen's words.

His declaration was bold, especially since it was directed to the number one warrior in the Central Region. It equated to a challenge if anything. Eddie, however, remained unfazed. He turned up his nose with a smirk as if amused that Owen even had the audacity to talk to him. To someone of Eddie's rank, the so-called Shadow Wolf King killer wasn't even worthy of a single glance, so he saw no need to respond to what he considered incessant babbling.

Marilyn giggled at Owen's words. "Aren't you being childish?" she asked him with the innocence of a fair child. "As a warrior, shouldn't you be aware of the fact that power always comes first? How can you blame us for taking away your love when you were too weak to protect her in the first place? Aren't you supposed to be a divine-level talent?"

"What? A divine-level talent?"

The arena was suddenly abuzz with whispers at Marilyn's words.

"Another divine-level talent? And he is an independent warrior?!"

"He should've joined a great sect! I'm sure they'd be clamoring for someone like him!"

"A divine-level talent is one in a million. They are bound to rule the world. Why would they even bother joining a sect?"

"Before he becomes a powerful warrior, he has to keep it low key. But, he doesn't know about this. Alas! He shouldn't have provoked Eddie. Now he's dead meat for sure!"

Marilyn smiled upon hearing the bystanders' words. "You're a divine-level talent, but you don't know how to keep a low profile. If I were you, I would've just hidden somewhere to cultivate and kept away from the world. Once strong enough, I would then reveal myself and take revenge," she said. "To be honest, even if you aren't able to avenge yourself, you could still steal someone else's woman. It was a really stupid move to come out and court death."

Owen's face scrunched up in anger. "Do you think that everyone is like you? Shameless!" he roared. Unable to bear it any longer, Owen swung his scimitar towards Marilyn, summoning a green, glowing tornado from nowhere. The tornado whooshed across the platform and towards the woman.

Marilyn's brows twitched at the suddenness of the attack. Thinking quickly, she waved her lily-white hands and a stream of pure black life vitality burst forth from her, condensing into a vortex and completely eliminating the tornado.

She smiled at Owen. "Don't be so hasty," she teased, pouting cutely. "I know you want to kill me. It's not like I'm not giving you this chance." She floated to the center of the arena. "In fact, even if you do manage to kill me, you won't be able to save your woman anyway. Although the Purple Power Body is rare, Eddie can always find other women with this kind of body. Do you understand? I'm disposable!"

Owen glared hard at Marilyn. "At least I can spin things out after killing you," he said coldly.

Marilyn nodded, as if in understanding. "You want to spin things out until you become powerful enough to fight Eddie right?" she said, but then roughly shook her head. "Ah! What a pity! Even if you are a divine-level talent you can never hope to be a match for Eddie."

Owen smirked. "You can never be too sure. Since you've stepped into this arena, I will definitely kill you," he snarled. He raised his scimitar and roared, a cold burst of killing intent emanating from his body.

Upon the elevated platform of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Xander was shaking his head as he looked down at the scene. He regarded Owen with disappointment. "This person's talent is on par with Brent's. His temperament is also steady and determined. What a pity! Young people are just too impulsive."

Brent pouted at his words. "Is it really worth it to risk so much just for a woman?"

Xander smiled. "Ah Brent, you are still too young," he remarked. "There are just some things you have yet to understand. The relationship between a man and a woman is just too complicated"

Brent huffed, "I just don't think it's worth it…"

He was still young and all he really cared about was cultivation. The romantic affairs between a man and a woman were unknown and uninteresting to him.

"Don't talk about things you don't understand," Philip snapped. In his eyes, Owen was a hero.

A man who was willing to die all for the sake of his beloved—how many warriors in this world were willing to do such a noble thing?

Their world was cruel. Every man was wholly concerned with himself. Masters and disciples would fight against each other for a single rare treasure while brothers were willing to kill one another for glory. However, here stood Owen, willing to risk it all in the name of love.

The audience was silent, all waiting with bated breath for what would happen next. Perhaps, in their hearts, some of them already began to root for Owen.

But was winning even truly a possibility?

Marilyn was at the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm while Owen was only at the ultimate stage of the Illuminating Soul Realm. There was a minuscule margin of possibility for him to win. But even if he did defeat her, the Evil East Lord remained a problem. He was the number one warrior of the Central Region after all!

Zen had provoked Eden earlier with his words, and Eddie had been caught off guard when his son's warrior spirit was destroyed. Right now, Marilyn was the most important person for Eddie to be able to set up the Lustful Demon Array. He would not idly sit by and watch her get killed.

Whether he defeated her or not, Owen was doomed to fail.

A protective, luminous curtain gradually appeared, separating the audience from the arena for protection. Meanwhile, the curtain between Owen and Marilyn disappeared—it was time to turn threats into reality. "Let's see how you plan to kill me." The smile on her face was gone and replaced by a cold, piercing glare.

Owen did not reply. Since this woman had given him the chance, then he must seize it.

The match officially began. Owen was the first to make his move. Using his scimitar, he summoned fierce, green winds that swirled violently around his body. This wind armor would protect him and in turn, deal damage to his opponent. With a roar, he swiftly rushed towards Marilyn, pressing his body as close to the ground as possible. He was reminiscent of a cheetah, hurtling through the Savannah for his prey. In no time at all, he was already in front of Marilyn, sword raised and ready to send her to her doom.

"Full Moon Chop!"

Owen brought down his blade, drawing a perfect arc in the air as he swung it down towards Marilyn.

A series of soft laughs rang in the arena as Marilyn simply floated backward. Owen's strike was heavy, but his opponent merely floated away from his blade—like a leaf blown away by the gentle wind.

Distance was key. No matter how strong or devastating his blade was, it was reduced to nothing since Marilyn knew how to utilize the space and maintain a certain distance between her and Owen.

Marilyn giggled, "You won't be able to kill me with just this."

Owen gritted his teeth and continued to chase after her, slashing relentlessly but never hitting anything but air.

It was almost as if Marilyn was teasing him. All she did was dodge, but she never retaliated with an attack of her own.

"Come on, Owen! Kill her! Kill her, Owen!"

"Owen, we support you!"

"That woman is too arrogant! I don't like what she said! Get rid of her and I'll be happy!"

A lot of the warriors in the audience were already on Owen's side. Many of them were touched by his motive while also aggravated by what Marilyn had said moments before.

Naturally, Marilyn spoke with the perspective of a powerful warrior. It was true that strength was a very important thing to consider, but was it necessarily above everything? Did one's strength justify trampling over other people? Did one's strength justify stealing someone else's woman?

Many of the warriors saw themselves in Owen's shoes. If they were faced with the same situation and were told such things, then they too would also itch to kill this woman. So, though Marilyn was a beauty, none of them really liked her anymore.

In the world they all lived in, killing one another for treasure, betraying a close comrade, inciting conspiracy within the sect—these kinds of things were commonplace but that didn't mean one could simply openly acknowledge it just like that. They did such kind of evil things and still dared to admit it in front of so many people. That was truly shameless.

At that moment, however, in the midst of cheering and fighting, Zen was feeling extremely nervous.

Owen's appearance completely disrupted all of his plans.

Zen had originally suppressed his trump card and tried his hardest not to reveal his true capabilities.

Destroying Eden's warrior spirit was only the first step, and he did it to provoke Eddie. If Eddie did not recognize him, then his second step would be to kill Marilyn by surprise. He had even gone as far as to tamper the enchanted barriers around the arena to ensure that everything would be under his control.

But Owen's sudden challenge to Marilyn was an unforeseen hitch. It was fine if he was strong enough to kill her, but if he wasn't, then he would merely injure her. She might not be able to fight again or she might become paranoid and stay on alert which would be extremely troublesome for Zen.

Owen had been chasing after Marilyn for about one minute. Groaning in frustration, Owen stopped and stood still in the middle of the arena. The audience fell silent and waited with bated breath at what their hero was about to do next. Owen's eyes suddenly began to glow as green spots appeared on his face. His ears grew and became sharper while his fingernails elongated and became extremely sharp—almost like claws.

"Beast transmogrifying?!" Zen's eyebrows furrowed at Owen's transformation. Were they finally going to see a real fight now?

Chapter 741 The Corpse Parasite

Owen was a warrior who boasted about his fast speed. He practiced the cultivation method of the wind system, and furthermore, he had completely comprehended the first layer of Wind Law.

In terms of his comprehension of Wind Law, Owen was already on par with Zen. But no one knew what sort of lucky chance Owen had received to comprehend Wind Law.

However, this was the world of martial artists. Those with extraordinary talents often had good luck. Since Owen had divine-level talent, it wasn't strange for him to have such a lucky opportunity.

However, Marilyn's technique was unique. Even with Owen's comprehension of Wind Law, he was unable to catch up with her.

After failing several times, Owen used the secret art of beast transmogrifying.

"What is that? Why has Owen's body changed?"

"He is too fast. I can't see the transformation clearly. Tell me. What has he changed into?"

"He's transformed into a leopard. Judging from those lines, it could be a legendary beast, the Cloud Leopard! He possesses the blood of the Cloud Leopard, and the concentration in his blood must be very high, which is why he can transform into a beast!"

Amongst the many practitioners, there were still some who knew a lot.

The Cloud Leopard was a legendary beast. Even though it couldn't compare with a super legendary beast, it was on par with the Blue Phoenix, the Roc, the Heavenly Mouse, and other legendary beasts.

Merely having a legendary beast's blood in a cultivator's body was insufficient for him to transform into a beast. For example, Zen had the blood of the Genuine Dragon, but he was unable to change into a dragon because the blood concentration was not high enough. Only when the blood concentration had reached a certain level could he transform into a beast.

Since Owen was able to mutate into a beast, the concentration of the Cloud Leopard's blood in his body must be very high.

At this moment, Owen looked like a half-beast human. His nails were sharp, and his round pupils had turned yellow. Two thin lines appeared in the center of his pupils, similar to a leopard's eyes. Sharp tusks shone at the corner of his lips, and his body was covered with pale cyan light.

"Aooo!"

Owen roared. His speed had increased manifold now that he was in beast form. With the unique aura of the legendary beast, he pounced at Marilyn.

"Pah!"

Marilyn probably did not expect Owen's speed to increase significantly. Since she couldn't guard against him in time, she failed to dodge his attack.

His claws collided with Marilyn's shoulder.

Owen's claws were so sharp that they shredded Marilyn's clothes. Instantly, her upper garments turned to powder, revealing the undergarment that covered her chest. Blood pooled in the claw marks on her shoulder. Her dark blood stood out in sharp contrast to her pale skin.

Seeing that Owen was about to grab her again, Marilyn twisted her body in a panic. She sighed with relief when she avoided Owen and quickly retreated to the edge of the arena.

"Shh! Shh!"

"Show more! Show more!"

"Her skin is so white. When Owen mauled her, her clothes should have been torn completely!"

Marilyn's face paled when she heard the disrespectful words of the warriors in the stands.

She had followed Eddie for decades. For the sake of his Lustful Demon Array, she had kept her virginity energy. How could she bear to be teased by those boorish warriors?

Marilyn shook her head and focused on the fight with Owen. It seemed that she had underestimated him!

Owen was only at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. If he had entered the Internal Elixir Realm, she would have died from his attack.

Before Owen transformed into a beast, Marilyn was able to maintain her calm and even had time to deal with Owen. But now, facing Owen who had turned into a beast, Marilyn felt overwhelmed. She joined the tips of her thumb and forefinger. With eyes closed, she raised the other three fingers, and black flowers drifted from her.

After transforming into a beast, Owen had entered a frenzied state. In his mind, he only had one thought, and that was to kill this woman in front of him.

He didn't have much time to think and could only pounce quickly, trying to kill his enemy.

The vast majority of martial artists could no longer keep up with his speed. All they could see was a flash of a cyan shadow. In the blink of an eye, it had rushed from one side of the arena to the other!

Even though Marilyn's movement technique was strange, it was still difficult for her to dodge Owen's attack. As she casually pulled, a pink feather robe was wrapped around her shoulders. This feather robe was inferior to the one Zen gave to Letitia in terms of its grade, but it was a top-grade fairy weapon and was considered rare and fine amongst fairy weapons. There were very few defensive weapons, so this feather robe was as valuable as an offensive sacred weapon.

"Pah!"

As soon as the feather robe covered Marilyn, Owen mauled her again. However, her thin and light robe's defensive power was astonishing. It blocked Owen's power by at least 80%, so Marilyn didn't suffer any serious damage.

She was still scattering black flowers.

Each flower seemed to be placed casually.

If someone could see Owen's running figure, he would notice that many flowers were already attached to him.

However, the black flowers caused no pain or itch to Owen's body. He had already gone berserk, and all he wanted was to kill Marilyn, so he didn't care about the flowers.

"Aooo!"

Owen roared, and his speed increased. In the blink of an eye, he attacked three more times, gradually forcing Marilyn into a corner.

Marilyn slowly moved backward, while Owen forced his way forward, step by step, ready to tear her into pieces at any moment.

Just as Marilyn had nowhere to retreat to, a sneer appeared on her face. When Owen readied himself to pounce on her, she opened her mouth and spat out a word, "Grow!"

"Sssii!"

Countless fine thorns grew out from Owen's body.

As the thorns grew, they also penetrated Owen's body, eating his flesh as they wiggled around madly.

At this moment, Owen's body was covered with blood. The black thorns bound his hands and feet. As his entire body had integrated with the thorns, he was unable to move.

When the thorns had grown to a certain extent, crimson flowers bloomed from the upper branches.

With a smile, Marilyn walked gracefully to Owen. Reaching out with her hand, she gently plucked a flower and brought it on the tip of her nose to sniff it. She said softly, "Give full consideration before making any decisions. You can't bear the pain of losing your lover, so you can never avenge her!"

"What are these black thorns? It's disgusting. They eat human flesh!"

"How tragic! His body must be filled with those black thorns by now!"

"Yet another divine-level talent is gone. What a pity!"

Most people present did not recognize the black thorns, but when Elderly Luna of the Mysterious Luna Hall saw them, his face became serious. "Those are flesh-eating flowers from hell. They grow on bodies. How did this girl get them?"

However, just when everyone thought that the fight was over, Owen's immobile body suddenly trembled, and a bug appeared in his hand. The bug was only the size of a thumb, and there were many colors on its back. As soon as it appeared, it spread its wings and flew toward Owen's head.

When the bug was halfway through its journey, Marilyn thrust the flower in her hand at it. The flower branch pierced right into it, nailing it firmly to the ground.

Although the bug was small, it was quite fierce. Even though it was nailed to the ground by the flower branch, it still struggled desperately.

With a smile, she looked at the bug and said, "It's a corpse parasite. Owen, I can tell that you're determined to kill me. After the parasite enters your body, you'll be much more powerful, but you will also turn into a walking corpse, as the parasite will devour your soul. What's worse, you won't be able to walk the path of reincarnation after death. Eventually, your soul will be scattered."

The corpse parasite was vicious. After being possessed by it, a person would definitely die a miserable death, and even his brain and soul would be devoured. But after being possessed by the parasite, a warrior would become a killing machine, and all the potential in his body would be fully exploited. Evidently, those who used this inhuman method bet all on a single throw.

The light in Owen's eyes gradually dimmed. He had given up all hope.

The flesh-eating flowers were unfamiliar to many people, but the corpse parasite was well known.

"Owen wanted to use the corpse parasite on himself. How determined he is!"

"He dared to pay such a price for the girl he loves. Alas. What a pity."

"I've never heard of anyone using the corpse parasite on himself!"

Seeing this, many martial artists sighed. They felt pity for Owen.

Zen clenched his fists as he stared at the arena, unmoving. His gaze was like the rippling waves of water.

Chapter 742 Treatment

If anyone present shared the same feeling as Owen, it was Zen.

Both of them were chasing the same goal. As Zen witnessed Owen's miserable ending, all sorts of feelings welled up in his heart.

However, Owen's miserable end didn't waver his own resolve to kill Marilyn. Instead, he was now even more determined to do it. Now, Zen closed his eyes, trying his best not to look in Marilyn's direction, for he was afraid that his killing intent was too difficult to suppress and would be detected by her.

Letitia sat behind Zen in silence. She wanted to say something through her life vitality, but in the end she just let out a quiet sigh. She knew very well that she could not persuade Zen in any way. Moreover, Zen had proved that he was strong enough to fight a warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm. He had a lot of cards up his sleeves. At any given moment, no one knew how he could trump his opponent.

However, the moment Zen tried to kill Marilyn, Eddie would certainly take action. He wouldn't just let it slide.

The three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance could not foresee Zen killing Marilyn, nor did they have any way of being informed of it beforehand. The three obese men would not be able to stop Eddie from retaliating in anger.

That was to say, Zen would fall into an impossible situation.

As Letitia came to this conclusion, she bit her lower lip and looked at Zen. Her eyes revealed a trace of determination, as if she had already made a decision in her heart.

On the arena, Marilyn looked down at Owen. The latter was unable to move even an inch. "I won't kill you, but you will be tormented cruelly if I keep you alive," Marilyn said in a soft voice. "In fact, the Lustful Demon Array is perfect for your lover. After all her six senses are sealed, she would be able to reach the Internal Elixir Realm. Moreover, after she gives up her virginity energy for the sake of the Lustful Demon Array, she would be able to absorb Eddie's male vitality and step into the Virtual Tribulation Realm. The Lustful Demon Array is an excellent technique to induce lust. It permits one to enjoy the pleasures of the mortal world."

Hearing Marilyn's words, Owen, who was firmly pinned down by the black thorns, started to tremble. The thorns and the crimson flowers shook with the movement too.

He stared at Marilyn with lifeless eyes. His bloodstained lips moved as he muttered something in a hoarse voice.

"What did you just say?" Marilyn asked Owen, walking up to him.

Owen sputtered, blood trickling out of his mouth as he spoke with some difficulty, "I said, old virgin!"

Marilyn's expression changed abruptly. She raised her hand, turning it into a blade. About to chop Owen's head off, she stopped at the last moment, the blade inches away from his forehead. He could see it from the corner of his eyes. "You want to provoke me into killing you," she said, a sullen smile shaping her mouth. "But I won't do that. I know you want to die, but I won't allow it."

Before coming to Oracle City, Owen had done exhaustive groundwork. He had thoroughly investigated Eddie and the people always around him. He knew Marilyn had been with Eddie for decades, but she was yet a virgin owing to the Lustful Demon Array. Naturally, she hated being called an old virgin.

By then, everyone knew who the winner was. "Independent warrior Marilyn Si wins!" Xiao announced loudly. "Independent warrior Owen Ao loses!"

As the light curtain of the enchanted barrier was removed, members of the World Commercial Alliance carried Owen off the arena. Now, it was

Marilyn's turn to draw a card.

She reached into the drawing box and took a card out. Then, she looked at the stand of Cloud Hall with a meaningful smile, meeting Zen's fiery gaze.

Zen's heart skipped a beat as he realized right away that Marilyn wanted to challenge him.

Eddie had always been condescending to Zen, but he was well aware that the latter had put an end to Eden's dedication to the martial arts. Eden, Eddie's only son, was supposed to ascend to the throne one day. Eddie was heartbroken to witness it, so he hated Zen with a passion.

For him, killing Zen on the arena would be the best way to avenge Eden. It was the reason why Marilyn looked at him like that when she was drawing the card.

If she drew the challenge card, it was very likely that she would challenge him at the first possible moment.

What she didn't know was that it was exactly what Zen wanted from her.

Unwittingly, she was playing right into Zen's hands. He too hoped that she would draw a challenge card.

The small wooden card was flipped open. Upon seeing the word 'exemption' on it, a disappointed look came over Marilyn's face. She glanced at Zen for a moment before returning to Eddie's stand.

By now, everyone had realized that Marilyn wanted to challenge Zen. However, a single challenge card wouldn't be very useful for her. If Zen wanted to refuse her challenge, he could easily use one of his exemption cards and deny her.

But the truth was that Zen too was disappointed. He had been waiting to fight it out with Marilyn. It was a pity she did not pick a challenge card.

After the guards of the World Commercial Alliance had carried Owen off the arena, they began helping him get the thorns off his body.

The black thorns seemed to be growing along Owen's veins, destroying his blood vessels. To cure him, the thorns needed to be removed.

The guards did their job. As each thorn was pulled out, blood spilled out. The process was bloody and grimy.

However, everyone from the World Commercial Alliance had been prepared for this. Because they chose to enter the arena, they had readied themselves for any prospects of injury or even death.

Soon, Xiao announced the drawing result for the next match.

"It is Brent of Ethereal Spirit Sect versus Joel Huang of Mysterious Luna Hall!"

It was another battle between sect disciples. More importantly, one of the competitors was Brent of Ethereal Spirit Sect!

As the only divine-level talent of Ethereal Spirit Sect, Brent was quite popular. He was the youngest participant of the Martial Arts Contest and had only reached the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, so he attracted much attention.

"It's finally his turn! Brent of Ethereal Spirit Sect is to fight! I've been waiting for him for a long time. I've bet all my money on him!"

"It doesn't matter how powerful he is. He is only at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. He might be a divine-level talent, but Eden, another one of those, was battered by Zen."

"Yes, Zen is not even at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. He is just at its fourth grade. It seems that the divine-level talents are not as powerful as they say. Brent's opponent cannot be underestimated. He is a principal disciple of the Mysterious Luna Hall."

The warriors displayed great interest in Brent's first match. The scene quickly became fervent again.

However, Zen's focus was not on the arena at all. He was paying close attention to Owen, who was receiving treatment for the thorns.

Halfway through his treatment, Zen suddenly spoke to Letitia through his life vitality. Receiving a golden pill from her, he jumped off the stands and walked toward Owen, who was floating between life and death.

Owen was a man of iron. He had far exceeded Zen's expectations. He had already lost half of his blood and his entire body was riddled with holes. However, he still managed to remain clear-headed. Due to utter weakness, he was no longer able to move.

However, when he saw Zen, a strange look appeared in his eyes. He didn't have any relationship with Zen. He had traveled thousands of miles from the Woolen Grassland for the competition. Besides his lover, there was no one he knew in Oracle City.

During the pre-qualifying match, Zen had blackmailed Owen into giving him a great number of supreme life vitality crystals. 'Why did he come over?' Owen wondered inwardly, still bitter over the fact.

"This is a grade 6 pill. It can save your life," Zen whispered to him.

Zen had asked Letitia for the pill. He might not have anything to do with Owen. Owen's death wouldn't change anything for him. But when Zen sensed Owen's resolve, he thought that he should step forward to help the thrashed boy.

Letitia didn't have many grade 6 pills with her. It was a high-quality healing panacea of the Cloud Hall.

"Why?" Owen asked with great difficulty, his voice suspicious.

Zen used his life vitality to wrap the pill. With a gentle pinch, the golden pill cracked open. Then, with a slight movement of his finger, the pill turned into powder and floated to Owen's mouth.

Hearing the question, Zen blinked. Other than Letitia and her master, no one else knew the answer to it. In the end, Zen chose to reply to Owen through his life vitality. "Why? Because we have the same goal."

Owen's eyes had long lost their luster. He had surmised that his failure meant that his life was meaningless.

However, as he heard Zen, his originally listless eyes began to shine and glimmer. He opened his mouth in excitement, saying, "You, you…"

Unlike Zen, Owen had done a thorough investigation on Eddie before arriving in Oracle City. Not only did he investigate the identity of Marilyn, he also dug up information on the other woman with the Purple Power Body. It suddenly occurred to him that the woman's name was Yan Luo.

Zen's surname was Luo too. Owen did the math, comprehension dawning on him. At once, he understood who Zen was.

Chapter 743 Marilyn Challenged Zen (Part One)

The sixth-grade pill Zen offered slowly but surely began its task of relieving the pain the man was going through. Since he was not dead, there was a high chance that he could get significantly better after consuming the elixir. The pill started to mend his vessels and heal from the inside.

However, it was concerning that the meridians in Owen's body were almost completely damaged. Even if he was capable of a full recovery from his major injuries, it would be difficult for him to regain his former strength and prowess quickly. He was looking at maybe several years down the road before coming back to his strongest form. If worse came to worst, he might never be able to reach his former level for the rest of his existence.

With the elixir numbing his pain, his excited smile seemed more like a grimace when he tried to lift his head to look at Zen. As he paid no attention to the current condition of his body, the fire of hope in his heart that had been extinguished upon being thoroughly beaten had ignited once again.

Anyone who were in his shoes would have been thrilled despite everything. His plan to take down Marilyn failed miserably, which meant that he would never get his girlfriend back unless Eddie released her. However, it was impossible for Eddie to let his beloved go.

Discovering that someone else had also planned to destroy Marilyn lightened his mood. Although he had still felt hopeless and despair, a beacon of light shone through in the form of Zen.

As Zen leaned over him and quietly inspected his weary state, he met the eyes of Owen and tried his best to give him a reassuring nod. "You should take your time and rest," the man stated before walking back to the platform. He quietly muttered, "Leave it to me."

When Marilyn saw the exchange, a faint sneer graced her features. The woman scoffed under her breath and then turned away, fixing her gaze on the ongoing battle.

Right in the center of the battle ring stood two men engaged in an intense fight. One of the fighters was Brent of the Ethereal Spirit Sect and his opponent was Joel who hailed from the Mysterious Luna Hall.

Comparing the rank of both men, Joel appeared to be marginally stronger, as he had reached the medium level of the Internal Elixir Realm while Brent was only at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Astonishingly, the latter had the upper hand ever since the fight started despite the difference in rank. Cultivation levels almost always determined the outcome of a match but it seemed that this particular fight was an exception to the norm.

At a young age, the fifteen-year-old genius surprisingly held his position well against his opponent as he fully displayed his immense strength and ingenious strategies in combat.

Even though Joel of the Mysterious Luna Hall had showcased his best secret skills, the younger man was unfazed by the attacks and easily countered them. Grunting, Joel was left desperate of any special secret moves that could overpower the other. It seemed as if all his offensive attacks were not effective against him as he fended them off quite easily. Furthermore, Brent did not feel the need to use his Space Law which he specialized in, due to the fact that his opponent was too weak.

In the eyes of the spectators, it was without a doubt that Brent won the fight. Fortunately for him, it appeared as though luck was on his side when he had gotten a challenge card after.

Grinning victoriously, he examined the piece of board on his hand. "Challenge card, huh.." the boy murmured, turning over the object on his palm and tracing the roughness of its engravings. As Brent stared at the board in his hands, he noticed the anticipation of the people around him and his gaze fell on the platform. With a resolute mind, he nodded to himself as he intended to use the challenge token right away.

Murmurs such as "Who does he want to challenge now?" rose from the crowd as they wondered who he would choose to face off next in the battle ring.

"The nerve of this boy, just getting a challenge card and immediately using it. How cocky.."

"He's got some spirit! As expected, the genius of the Ethereal Spirit Sect is amazing!" Despite the unconvinced voices from the antagonistic folks, there were some who showed intrigue and support at the rising power of the cultivator.

Scanning his eyes through the cultivators on the opposite side from where he stood, he picked up on the aloofness of a man who seemed strong yet indifferent to the budding atmosphere that surrounded the grounds. Smirking at his decision and thus pointing at his next conquest, Brent confidently declared, "For the next match, I want to challenge you, Zen!"

Slightly surprised, Zen furrowed his eyebrows as he heard his name being called. Numerous heads turned towards his direction, as they were expectant of his answer.

From the speculations made a while back, Brent was also a divine-level talent just like Eden. Just having faced off Eden in his previous match and witnessing the fight between Brent and Joel, he had an inkling on the capabilities the fifteen-year-old boy could display. Humming to himself, he also noticed that although Brent was just at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he exuded more strength and showed more potential than Eden regarding battle force.

Although it would have been a competitive and interesting battle, Zen planned to save his strength. Reserving his power was important when all he could think about was Marilyn's complete and utter defeat. As he made up his mind, he shook his head blandly and yelled out, "I refuse!" Reaching into his pocket, Zen took out and raised an exemption card.

Upon seeing the exemption card in Zen's hand, the young boy pouted with a disgruntled expression. Even the crowd of spectators dissented in hush tones, inaudibly disappointed with what could have been an epic match between the two males.

Since Zen's first fight in the battle ring, his prowess caught the attention of many, most especially Brent's. Upon witnessing Zen's successful maneuvers that defeated cultivators from the Internal Elixir Realm, Brent vowed to himself that he wanted to challenge him. The young boy's former plan was to battle Zen right after he finished Eden.

However, he was unfortunately unable to carry out his plan since the two cultivators who he had wanted to fight ultimately ended up fighting with each other. Before he had a chance to choose Eden as his opponent, Zen had already defeated the other in the blink of an eye. With a total defeat, Eden's warrior spirit was even destroyed. Thus, Brent changed his plan and made Zen become his first target.

Disappointed, he crossed his arms against his chest and slouched. "It looks like you don't have the guts to fight with me," the young boy gloomily stated. Nonetheless, he raised his eyebrow in challenge and urged the other man into action by provoking him. "Are you that scared to lose?"

Shaking his head indifferently, Zen gave an unimpressed look to the other boy. The cultivator did not intend to respond to such childish provocation from someone younger than him. If fate allowed him, he would battle this boy and take him down a peg right after he was done defeating Marilyn.

With pursed lips, Brent stomped back to the platform wherein the people from his sect were mumbling angrily among themselves. Uncrossing his arms, he gripped his challenge card tightly and he despondently thought, 'I just wanted to show everyone a good fight..'

One of them sighed, dissatisfied. "I actually looked forward to watching Zen and Brent fight!"

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 744 Marilyn Challenged Zen (Part Two)

"One is a fifteen-year-old at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm," the crowd whispered conspicuously. "The other one is a seventeen-year-old at the fourth grade of Illuminating Soul Realm," more of them muttered privately. Judging by the disgruntled expressions of the people who had come to watch the fights, it was not just Brent who had been let down. The two warriors were amazingly powerful and no one could deny it.

"Maybe Zen did have his reservations, fighting with Brent? So far into the battles, I don't think he would be that kind of a coward, though."

Most cultivators present at the arena expressed their disappointment at the refusal of Zen to accept Brent's challenge. Just when they altogether predicted that the two would be in a match eventually, they regained some of their sense of anticipation back.

The officiator of the battles, Xiao, drew lots and lo and behold, Zen's name appeared on the board once again.

"Zen Luo of Cloud Hall is now hereby called to fight Davis Meng of Black Mountain Sect!" Xiao announced.

A grin adorned the face of Davis Meng, for he was satisfied with the person he was about to battle. Just before he jumped off the platform, Zen's melodic voice resounded. "Wait!"

Without taking a step forward, Zen raised his voice again in order to be heard. "I refuse!" Reaching into his pocket once again, Zen waved his second exemption card to the baffled gasps of many.

"Why did he refuse again?" some of the cultivators murmured, scratching their nape in bewilderment.

"Is it his plan to turn down all challenges he deems unworthy?" Glancing towards the uncaring man, Zen idly took out the cards in his pocket, showcasing the several exemption cards in his hands. "Refusing to fight seems to be his only method since it looks like he has many exemption cards," one of them pondered.

"Davis Meng of Black Mountain Sect is a cultivator at the primary level of Internal Elixir. He is not a formidable opponent and definitely much weaker than Eden or Brent." Leaning his head to one side with a puzzled look on his face, a cultivator tried to guess Zen's intentions.

What happened next made all the spectators of the battles more perplexed and surprised. On the span of thirteen fights afterwards, Zen's name had popped up twice. However, he had kept on waving his exemption cards even though a sure victory was in his hands due to the opponents being weak independent warriors.

During the flummoxing period, Marilyn herself had participated in two matches and undoubtedly defeated her opponents. After her victories, she had chosen both an exemption card and a challenge card.

Weighing her options, Marilyn decided not to use her challenge card just yet. She returned to her platform with a plan in her mind.

Noting that Zen had no exemption cards left, Marilyn subtly smiled before raising her hand in the air, the challenge card waving with the wind. As the grounds became significantly quiet at the silent challenge, Marilyn spoke in a gentle and melodious voice. "I choose to challenge Zen Luo. Now you can't refuse to fight, eh?" the woman remarked. The intention to confront was clear in her eyes.

As the words left Marilyn's mouth, Zen smiled back at her faintly. Unbeknownst to the cultivators and to Marilyn, he had purposefully and deliberately used up all of his exemption cards for this moment. In order to be chosen by her, he needed to refuse challenges until it was her turn to use her challenge card without anyone unworthy meddling.

"Of course," the man shrugged his shoulders and started to walk towards the ring. "In fact," he continued while calmly advancing. "I was not planning to refuse your challenge in the first place." As Zen approached, the tension became palpable in the air as the anticipation of the cultivators grew higher at the upcoming promise of a good fight.

As he left the platform to face the confident woman, a wary voice suddenly spoke behind him, making him halt his movements.

"Zen, wait.. Be careful, something tells me winning would not be so easy this time."

Letitia said.

As he turned to face her directly, Zen found a thin layer of icy mist covering her features which made it difficult for him to comprehend her seriousness. However veiled and hidden she was, the worry in her usually airy voice could not be mistaken by Zen. It would do him good to listen to Letitia; she usually knew what was best. Nodding softly, Zen carefully spoke an assent. "Yes, I will."

After watching Zen walk out of the platform and into the battling ground, Letitia furrowed her eyebrows and bit her lip before speaking to herself inaudibly. "Zen, do you really have any idea of what you are about to face?" With an uneasy expression, Letitia clasped her hands in front of her and sighed.

As soon as he stepped onto the field, it seemed like the atmosphere had changed as the howling wind and the darkening of clouds accompanied the foreboding battle. With the previous matches still warming his muscles and joints, Zen felt his heart begin to beat faster as he poised himself in best condition for the fight.

Time was in a perfect standstill as he remembered how long he had waited before this moment to fight Marilyn had come. As he exhaled, his senses and vision sharpened as he could even hear every whisper and connect with his spirit deeper. Perhaps, it was because this battle was significant to Owen and Zen. 'Maybe Marilyn has also attached importance to our fight, ' the man thought, conscious of the woman's intentions. 'After all, I have ultimately crashed Eden's resolve to pursue martial arts. Eddie must have instructed her to end my life after this.'

Just as Marilyn was about to jump down from her platform, Eddie frowned and leant into her space to squeeze in a last word. "Marilyn, do not show him any mercy."

At the stern reminder from Eddie, Marilyn turned around and winked while showing him a sweet smile. "Are you doubting my strength? You do not have to worry. I will definitely avenge Eden. After all he has done to him." The woman shook her head and schooled her expression into that of murderous intent, ridding herself of her earlier gentle persona. "That bastard needs to die."

In reality, Eddie could actually find a way to help his son regain his warrior spirit, albeit doing so would be a difficult task. On the process of trying to help him become interested in martial arts again, Eden might become a completely different person with a separate personality. The worst part was the existence of the possibility that he might even lose a part of his memories.

This was because of the fact that the tumultuous process of regaining the warrior spirit in a cultivator involved a soul source or a glimpse of a memory. Even the experts located in the four divine kingdoms did not have an abundant knowledge about the process, not to mention those situated in the Central Region.

Keeping his mouth shut, Eddie merely stared at the retreating figure of Marilyn as she determinedly walked into the battle ring.

Feeling his skin prickle and a sudden jolt on his spine, Eddie looked around wildly. The man sensed a strange presence that enabled him to feel targeted. As the strongest cultivator in the Central Region, it was nonsense that he could elicit such thoughts. There was no one who could stand a chance against him, and definitely no one strong enough to regard him as a prey. Shaking his head slightly, he focused once more to the battle ring.

The woman was in a new light yellow coat in replacement for her tattered one, ripped from her previous match. Staring at Zen with a fascinated look on her face, she ought to clarify something before they started fighting. "Hmm, you know, I really don't get you."

"What do you mean?"

Zen countered with a frown.

"Did you purposefully use all of your exemption cards to wait for me to challenge you?"

A teasing smile was etched on her face.

Acknowledging the intelligent observation of the woman, Zen noted that her quick wit made her admirable at some point. The man chuckled with mirth before speaking. "I cannot get a challenge card in order to challenge you myself." With half-lidded eyes and a careful twitch of his mouth, he continued. "I had to wait for you to challenge me instead."

"Are you not afraid of dying? Or do you have the same purpose here as that weakling.. Owen? Now that I think about it, you have the same surname as that beguiling little lady called Yan," the woman teased him, seeing how far she could push his buttons before he snapped. "It's not a coincidence, is it? You must be related."

Eddie had not thoroughly explored Yan's family background. After all, she used to live in the Eastern Region, far away from the Central Region. He had never paid a visit to the Cloud Sect to find out Yan's family members.

More importantly, Eddie did not fathom that anyone could pose a threat to his position back then. His power and reign reached far and wide, therefore he did not give much importance to the lineage of Yan. Furthermore, the only thing that ever mattered to him was that Yan possessed a Purple Power Body.

In hindsight, this was the ultimate reason as to why Zen was familiar to him but he could not remember such a face or persona. After all, Zen was just an unremarkable existence to him back then, someone who did not stand out or attempted to rise among the ranks- a wallflower.

Chapter 745 Purple Smoke

Both Zen and Marilyn stood in the middle of the battlefield, the deafening silence adding to the thick tension as the two stared each other down. At that moment, both Zen's and Eddie's plans were slowly coming to fruition.

Because of what he did to Eden, Eddie had been itching to kill Zen. He needed to do his duty as a father to avenge his son and Marilyn was an extremely valuable chess piece for Eddie in that regard. The cleanest way to dispose of Zen was through defeat in a formal battle.

For Zen, who had been plotting Marilyn's death way before, the battle was a critical stage for his plan to buy himself more time and save his sister, Yan.

The Martial Arts Contest was a competition to find out the best cultivators in terms of skill and power. Many who particularly liked killing and simply taking out those weaker than them participated in the contest, but this battle wasn't anything but simple. It wasn't a fight to find out who was stronger, nor was it a fight for simple gratification—it was a fight of old grudges and deep-seated hate.

Marilyn flexed her wrist, breaking the silence as purple life vitality surrounded her, the energy humming with power. "I don't care why you wanted me to choose you as my opponent, but I warn you, there's no backing out now."

Zen did not answer. Marilyn narrowed her eyes and willed the purple life vitality surrounding her to suddenly expand, surrounding and enveloping the entire battle ring like a dome.

This put Zen on high alert. He had already shown about sixty-percent of his strength, but Marilyn still looked calm and composed. 'She's quite confident with her strength, ' Zen thought to himself, observing his opponent closely. 'What other skills is she hiding?'

The purple light she had cast around them was not something that Zen was familiar with but some of the cultivators in the audience let out a gasp.

"I-I can't believe it! It's Purple Power Domain!"

A series of discussions buzzed through the crowd. "Domain? I thought only masters who have reached the Soul Sea Realm could exhibit it. What the heck's going on?"

"Perhaps Marilyn could display this because of her Purple Power Body. It is a special physical constitution after all. That should explain why Eddie went to great lengths to employ Lustful Demon Array!"

"Zen's no match for her at all! There's no way he'll survive this fight."

Zen heard all of this. He frowned as he glanced up at the purple light. "Domain?"

The somewhat stunned expression of her opponent made Marilyn chuckle. As she raised her arm, a soft purple light glowed and dissipated in her palm, revealing six, sharp flying knives. Wasting no time, she immediately threw her knives in various directions.

"Shoo, shoo, shoo, shoo!"

The knives were all meant for Zen.

The blades came from different directions, surrounding him and leaving him nowhere to run.

However, Zen remained composed, moving to his left as the first flying knife came for him. Unfortunately, he wasn't in the clear as the knife suddenly bounced back from the wall and aimed towards him again.

Zen squinted in annoyance. Running out of options, he quickly bent down to avoid the attack.

He wasn't fast enough though as the blade whipped past his cheek and left a small scratch that stung and bled.

Marilyn smirked. "You're in my Purple Power Domain now," she declared. "Here, you're doomed to die."

Zen scoffed, no patience for Marilyn's nonsense. The six flying knives she threw weren't ordinary weapons but possibly top-grade fairy weapons. A scratch was one thing but he could suffer serious injuries if even one knife managed to lodge itself into his body. He had dodged one blade, but there were five more out to get him.

As a knife got close, Zen made a move to leap into the air to dodge but before he could even get off the ground, a wisp of purple fog appeared, solidifying into a hand that pulled at his leg and held him down.

Even a slight tug was enough to stop Zen from exerting his skill to take care of the annoying knives.

It was at that moment that a knife flew past his arm.

"Zing!" It was quick, and his sleeve was cut off cleanly. He was lucky that it wasn't his arm.

In this Purple Power Domain, Zen was truly beginning to feel trapped. It was not difficult to avoid one flying knife but handling all six at the same time was a different matter. If he didn't act fast or got distracted then he would be in big trouble.

Though he managed to move with great agility and avoid getting any of his limbs severed, the knives still managed to leave multiple cuts all over his body that stung.

Marilyn laughed as Zen continued to frantically avoid her knives inside her Purple Power Domain. "Where's your sword spirit now?" she jeered. "Why don't you summon that beautiful sword spirit? If it weren't for that sword spirit, you probably wouldn't have been able to beat Eden. But that won't work on me, no." She shook her head, a crazed, manic look in her eyes. "Even if you call out that sword spirit now, you still won't be able to break my Purple Power Domain."

Zen was too busy dodging to listen. With a single stride, he saw an opening—a chance to end this annoying ordeal. He took a leap and landed right in front of Marilyn. "You talk too much," he said before throwing a punch square to her face.

Marilyn was totally caught off guard. As his fist came towards her, she closed her eyes.

This show of weakness did not deter Zen.

"Go to hell!" he shouted. He wasn't about to show her any mercy just because she was a woman. Without any hesitation, he focused his energy onto that one punch.

His fist was imbued with the power of 300 dragon scales that not even a cultivator at the Virtual Tribulation Realm could bear the hit, much less a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm like Marilyn.

However, the moment his fist landed on her face, she immediately vanished into a puff of purple smoke.

Zen's fist went through the purple cloud, landing onto the floor instead.

A deafening crunch was heard as a huge pit appeared in the middle of the ring. The battle ring was specially designed to be power-resistant so that it couldn't ever get damaged by any external force during the match. However, Zen's fist changed all that.

On the other side of the arena, the purple smoke re-materialized once again and revealed a giggling Marilyn. "That was very impressive Zen," she said. "You've even mastered Space Law, the most complicated among the rules. I don't know how you did it but it's still a pity. You can't beat me, not even with that."

Only a handful of cultivators had comprehended Space Law. Even the Saint Morphens of the Cloud Hall only had a superficial understanding of the rule.

It was, after all, the most powerful and most complicated compared to the other original laws. In fact, it could even be said to be on par with the most mysterious Time Law.

It was understandable how dumbfounded the audience was when they saw Zen use Space Law.

"He… he has actually learned all law powers…"

"The comprehension of rules differs from person to person. It's impossible for one individual to comprehend all of them."

"Someone who could master two rules can already be called a divine-level talent, but to comprehend all rules... Which level did Zen reach?"

None of the cultivators knew anything about baptism by laws. Truth be told, even before going through a baptism of laws, Zen had already shown some talent in Space Law which pushed him to make the decision of starting with Space Rules.

However, after the baptism, he had earned a better understanding of the other rules and was able to grasp and comprehend them all.

Zen's sudden display of Space Law shocked and irked Brent of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. "Didn't you say there was no need to fight Zen because he was too weak?" he blurted out. "Look at what he did. Did you see just what he did? He's mastered Space Law! I have comprehended the first layer and been so proud of it too, but he actually mastered it!"

And it was true. Brent had always thought highly of himself for comprehending the first layer of Space Law.

In fact, he was the only person in the Central Region who had accomplished such a feat despite only being at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Of course, he would feel proud.

Zen, however, had learned Fire Law, Wind Law, Thunder Law, and now, it seemed he also comprehended Space Law. It was a huge blow to Brent's ego.

Even before fighting him, the divine-level talent of Ethereal Spirit Sect was already feeling frustrated by Zen's shocking potential.

Philip, on the other hand, was rendered speechless.

He was also a heaven-level talent and used to be the pride of the Ethereal Spirit Sect—until Brent turned up and took his place. The youngster's skills had already shocked and humbled him.

He had always thought that Brent was the most talented cultivator in the Central Region and that nobody would ever be a match for him.

But Zen just had to come in and shatter all their preconceived notions of skills and power. Though his cultivation level was lower than Brent's, he could already unleash skills as powerful as his. Zen truly shook Philip's resolve. At that moment, Philip wasn't sure if he still thought Brent was the most talented cultivator in the Central Region.

Chapter 746 Purple Power World

As Brent's comments left Philip at a loss for words, Xander heaved a sigh and said, "What a pity for such young talent! I'm afraid he won't get through today. Letitia is still too young and inexperienced. I wonder why she sent him to take part in the Martial Arts Contest."

He was heavy-hearted as he obviously also believed that Zen would not be able to break Marilyn's Purple Power Domain and that he was bound to lose in the end.

Among the spectators in the grandstand, Rocher and Patrick looked stern as they intently watched Zen's unsuccessful attacks.

He seemed to be having a hard time knocking off his opponent. He even resorted to using the Space Law to approach Marilyn nimbly, like a bat out of hell. But he would not be able to pose any threat to her. What should he do?

Extreme tension clearly filled the air as the atmosphere in the arena had gotten intense. No one dared to move.

As luck would have it, Zen was able to teleport after mastering the first layer of the Space Law.

More often than not, some warriors could teleport by relying on their speed and agility. However, no matter how fast these warriors were, their move still took time. It could be three seconds, or it could be in a blink of an eye.

Zen's teleportation, however, was a way to move through space! Theoretically, the time had no real essence in moving across space.

And this kind of mysterious movement method gave Zen a clear-cut advantage in his face-off against the majority of the Internal Elixir Realm warriors. However, it didn't quite work with Marilyn, who was in the Purple Power Domain.

Thus his attempts became futile and came to naught as he failed to cause any harm to her. Marilyn quickly disappeared in a puff of purple smoke whenever he made a move in front of her to punch her. Only the reverberating sound of her peals of crisp laughter could be heard right after she vanished.

"You won't be able to hurt me." Marilyn appeared behind Zen and said with a teasing smile.

Sensing her presence, Zen immediately turned around and kicked her, but she became invisible again and reappeared further away. She shook her head, looking at Zen playfully as if she was teasing a puppy.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, three flying knives, coming from different directions were hurled, aiming towards Zen.

But this time, Zen didn't dodge. With a flash of silver light in his hand, a flying knife was shot out. It swirled around Zen.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The three flying knives from Marilyn were instantly cut down by Zen's broken flying knife.

Actually, these knives could never cause much damage to Zen from the very beginning. It was only a tactic. He intentionally let himself be hurt by the flying knives because he thought it would make Marilyn drop her guard. And by then, he would take her by surprise and launch a fatal attack.

Never did he imagine that he would be unable to kill her in the Purple Power Domain.

He realized that this was going to be too troublesome.

Every time Marilyn was attacked, she would disappear in a puff of purple smoke. Zen ransacked his brain hard about this, trying to get a clue.

After brief contemplation, he finally deduced that perhaps the Marilyn who kept visible in front of him was not her real body. Since the time that Marilyn had set up this Purple Power Domain, her real body had already been hidden somewhere in the arena!

"That should be the case!" He had been misled right from the start. Marilyn was only an illusion formed by a purple smoke. She never ceased in mocking him, provoking him to attack her.

So where was Marilyn's real form in this arena?

Zen suddenly used his soul force to scan every corner of the arena. After he slowly released his soul force, he got more confused based on what he got on the outcome of his search.

He could sense no waves of energy!

Where exactly did Marilyn hide her real form?

"You are using your soul to find where I am? Good idea, but it's still useless." The voice sounded chilling as the purple smog got thicker and thicker in front of him. Right there and then, Marilyn became visible in front of him, well within his reach.

"With your knowledge and strength, you can't possibly know what the Purple Power Domain is. For you, this is a predicament with no solution." Soon after, another purple smoke floated in the air, forming another Marilyn roaming freely beside him. She even got so close to him and whispered in his ear.

Seeing these two Marilyn, Zen struck out his palm and instantly split them into two streams of purple smoke.

However, more Marilyn appeared on the arena--One, two, three, four and it went on and on! All of them wore the same expression on their faces. And with faint smiles etched on their lips, they looked at Zen absent-mindedly.

But they were not illusions! They could actually hurt him. He found this so annoying that he couldn't do anything.

Zen's face darkened as he mused where her real form was. He was totally puzzled.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! This is the power attribute of someone who has completely activated the properties of the Purple Power Body. And this woman's real body is now in the Purple Power World." The faint voice of cyan dragon once again rang out in Zen's ears.

"Purple Power World?" Zen asked with confusion.

"Yes, the Purple Power World is such a small place; it's not a big world. Any creature, who has the Purple Power Body and has activated it, will be able to form a connection with the Purple Power World. It is a little similar to the connection you have with the Killing Sword Mountain. The only difference is that you can only store the malicious aura inside the Killing Sword Mountain, while this woman can even hide in the Purple Power World, making her safe forever." The cyan dragon continued, "You also have to note that although the Purple Power World is not big, some people forged 990 billion huge swords inside it. Anyone who has the Purple Power Body, can use these swords to defend against the enemy. And the higher her cultivation level is, the greater the number of swords she can use. It is also said that when one reaches the peak of the Purple Power Body, one can summon 990 billion swords at the same time which have the power to destroy the world… Look, they are coming!"

As soon as the cyan dragon finished speaking, a huge sword appeared like a speed of light above Zen's head. It was about 10 feet wide and 60 feet long. Its blade was neither made of gold nor copper, and there was even a layer of green rust on its surface as if it had been stored there for thousands of years! The huge sword appeared vertically in the horizon, but it hacked down ruthlessly towards Zen at warp speed.

Bam!

Zen dodged in the nick of time! As a loud thud was heard, a large crack surfaced on the ground. This wide arena was solidly built, but it was still unable to withstand the gigantic sword's slash! Likewise, even Zen's body was exceptionally strong, he wouldn't be able to survive the attacks from the sword.

The huge sword eventually vanished. But soon after, another two huge swords appeared above Zen's head.

Bang! Bang!

Two deep ditches appeared on the arena as they missed the target and hit the ground.

Just as Zen swerved away from the two giant swords, another three swords appeared above his head!

This Purple Power Body was truly difficult to deal with!

According to what the cyan dragon had mentioned, Purple Power World wasn't a big world, but there were 990 billion huge swords within it. With Marilyn's current cultivation base, she definitely could not mobilize so many gigantic swords!

But apparently, she didn't need to take 990 billion swords to kill him. Judging by the current situation, if there were only dozens of them or hundreds of swords coming down at him, Zen would probably be smashed into pieces!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Four huge swords abruptly smashed down, immediately hacking four ditches on the ground.

Outside of the arena, the warriors in the grandstand were flabbergasted. They couldn't believe what they were seeing--huge swords that kept on crushing down on Zen.

"What the fuck is this?! How did such huge swords suddenly appear out of thin air?"

"Where did all these huge swords come from? Each of them must be worth a lot of money. Right?"

"The number of swords swooshing down is constantly increasing. It seems that Zen won't make it through."

Five swords fell at the same time…

Six swords fell down simultaneously...

Another ten swords jolted out synchronously...

As more and more swords began to fall from above Zen's head, the space in which he could evade the attacks became more limited.

"Is that I can't do anything if she's hiding in the Purple Power World?" Zen asked.

"Not really. Everything has a solution," the cyan dragon coolly said with a slow smile curled up.

"Why didn't you say it earlier?" Zen said angrily in his mind.

"You didn't ask..."

Bam!

A gigantic sword almost grazed past Zen's forehead as it whooshed down. The huge blade forcefully thrust into the ground of the arena. Then, it slowly disappeared in front of Zen.

"If you don't say it now, I'm going to die!" Zen once again crossed through space and teleported to another corner of the arena. However, that damn sword was like a shadow following him and did not give him a chance to catch his breath. Just as he passed through space and arrived at another side, another twenty swords appeared above his head!

"Ha! Ha! Ha! This is how my brother is like! He always dawdles and does everything unhurriedly. This woman is merely an Internal Elixir Realm cultivator, so of course, she couldn't travel through different worlds. If you think that she is capable of that, then you are wrong. Actually, people with the Purple Power Body could create special space nodes and communicate with the Purple Power World! Her real form is in that special node, so all you need to do is to find that space node!" The red dragon was of impatient disposition. So he explained the whole thing in one breath.

Swish!

Zen once again traversed through space, ducking the twenty swords above his head.

At this time, the entire battle arena was in a mess. There were thick cracks and ditches everywhere, creating a chaotic scene.

"Space node, where is it?" Twenty-one gigantic swords appeared side by side above his head, just as he finished asking.

Chapter 747 Break The Purple Power Domain

At Zen's question, the two dragons claimed they were unsure.

"Her space node is definitely somewhere in the fighting arena. It is hidden, but as long as you use the Space Law to shuttle back and forth, you should be able to discover it," the cyan dragon added.

"So that's how it must be." Zen's body flickered as he took a step forward. He once again dodged the twenty-one giant swords above his head as he shuttled through space.

As the twenty-one giant swords plunged into the ground, half of the entire arena was crushed. The arena that was built with the efforts of countless craftsmen now looked like a tilted and sunken boat. One end was raised high, while the other was pressed into the ground.

Zen moved through the giant swords, from above to below and from side to side, while the life vitality within his body whirled unceasingly, supporting him in activating the Space Law.

More giant swords kept crashing and gradually disappearing. Zen's figure too kept swaying. Each time he moved through space, countless afterimages were left behind—these were the shadows and illusions projected in space.

The scene confused the warriors in the audience.

"What is Zen doing?"

"It is true that he's able to effectively avoid the giant swords by constantly shuffling through space. However, as more and more giant swords appear, he would be unable to escape death in the end."

"He's just spinning things out. What a pity! This championship of the Martial Arts Contest might as well be won by Marilyn. I'm afraid the Dragon Soar Arena will fall into her hands."

Although these warriors did not have the qualifications required to participate in the Martial Arts Contest, they had a good understanding of the current situation. In their opinion, the ones with the most strength to compete for the top three positions were only Brent, Marilyn, and Zen.

There was no way that Marilyn would spare Zen in the battle. He was destined to die. Then, the final round would take place between Marilyn and Brent. As for Brent… It seemed as though he would be unable to snap the Purple Power Domain.

The Purple Power Domain was mighty. It couldn't be harmed at all. It was simply an unbreakable domain, in which no one could defeat Marilyn.

A transparent crystal floated over Letitia's hand. Inside it was an eye with the size of a walnut. It was unknown what creature's eye it was, but it looked as if it had a life of its own as it rotated and looked about.

Letitia's small hand gripped the lower half of the crystal as she watched Zen's every move.

Cloud Hall had a long history, and as the second largest sect of the Central Region, its legacy was rich.

The crystal in her hand contained the magical eye of a young Angel of Death, a beast with three magical eyes. The thirteenth leader of the Cloud Hall had obtained the magical eye from the Arctic Icecap four thousand years ago, and then sealed it in the crystal with a secret technique.

The Angel of Death was not counted among the great legendary beasts, but it was still a mortal enemy of the Genuine Dragon. The magical eye in the crystal was the young Angel of Death's third eye. It could be used three times after being refined with a secret method.

The magical eye had now been used twice in the history of the Cloud Hall when it was faced with great danger. The magical eye's power was enough to kill any warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

But it was not sufficient to kill Eddie. After all, Eddie was above the Virtual Tribulation Realm. However, the magical eye—capable of destroying any and everything—would be able to seek out and kill Marilyn, who was currently out of sight and hidden.

Letitia was aware of the consequences of using the magical eye. It was possible that she would drag the Cloud Hall into an irreparable calamity, so she still hesitated, waiting for the situation to pan out differently.

Meanwhile, more and more giant swords materialized in the arena. The number had now gone up to forty.

The forty swords crashed down at the same time, nearly swallowing up the arena. Zen dodged the swords neatly to find a narrow gap and avoid the fall.

A few swords fell close to Zen's chest and back, creating giant craters in the arena.

Swoosh!

Before the next wave of swords could land, Zen's figure shuttled through space again. This time, as he made his way, he suddenly noticed a strange movement in space, as if the space itself had become somewhat distorted in the moment.

Space in this world was extremely stable, thus Zen was unable to discover any black lines here, like the ones he had found in the space of the Cloud Road. In an instant, he realized that this was the space node, the place where Marilyn was hiding.

Just as this thought arose in his mind, another forty swords popped up and slashed downwards.

Zen's figure swayed back and forth once again. He circled around the edge of the arena to avoid the giant swords. Then, he took a long sword out of his space ring and stabbed it in the direction of the space node. Undoubtedly, it was the sharpest lunge of a sword he had ever made.

"What does Zen want to do? Why does he seem to be attacking the void?"

"Did he discover something? Could it be where Marilyn is hiding?"

"Don't tell me he has been driven mad by the giant swords. There's clearly nothing there..."

Zen's long sword pierced through the space node. A strange flower, dripping of blood, bloomed in the air and a figure staggered out from inside of it. She held her chest in alarm and stared at Zen with a pair of vicious eyes.

"There is actually someone there! Marilyn was hiding in the void!" a warrior shouted out loud.

Zen gripped his sacred weapon tightly and stared at Marilyn. "Who said I couldn't break your Purple Power Domain?"

Marilyn clutched her bleeding chest. A hint of blood became apparent on her pale and gloomy face. She cackled, the sound filled with malice. "I didn't expect you to find me in such a clumsy manner."

She didn't feel so good being stabbed with a sacred weapon. It was fortunate that Zen's sword didn't have any special powers infused to it. Perhaps because it was a sword, it didn't contain any martial skills. However, its toughness and power were still comparable to other sacred weapons.

"I have no interest in playing hide and seek with you. Since I've found you, you must die!" Zen did not stay put any longer. His figure flashed again as he leaped through space and lunged at her with his sword.

A smile still lingered on Marilyn's face, like she was wholly confident of herself. "I didn't expect that. I must admit that I underestimated you. However, you were wrong to think that I would let you outsmart me in this way!" Dodging Zen's sword, she left her wound uncovered, allowing the blood dripping from it to splatter to the ground. She smiled more widely. "This skill is a bit unstable. Even I can't control it so well..."

The drops of blood dripping to the ground did not seep into it. Instead, they bounced around incessantly like little bugs.

The droplets of blood lined up together, morphing into a unique rune. The life vitality inside of Marilyn's body began flowing to it.

At the same time, another beam of purple light shot into the space node that Zen had just stabbed at.

The cyan dragon's vigilant voice resounded in Zen's mind all of a sudden. "Zen, quick! Kill this woman! She is summoning the true spirit of the Purple Power World. Even if the weakest true spirit were to come, it would finish you off!"

The cyan dragon had been indifferent when Zen was being crushed by the giant swords summoned by Marilyn in the arena. He had truly believed that the swords would cause no fatal damage to Zen, and he had been proven correct.

But at the moment, the cyan dragon was rather anxious.

Upon hearing what the cyan dragon said, Zen didn't hesitate. He took a single step to stop in front of Marilyn and then chopped at her.

Once again, Marilyn's figure danced in the air. She was able to dodge the attack once again. However, half of her long hair was cut off.

"Again!" The killing intent in Zen's eyes surged forward as he rushed toward Marilyn once again. He simply couldn't allow her a chance to catch her breath.

Marilyn instinctively understood that they had reached a most crucial moment. Her figure flickered once again.

However, it was tough for her to dodge a sword strike that was combined with the Space Law and danced to its tune. This particular attack managed to pierce through Marilyn's ribs.

"Die!"

Successfully having stabbed her, Zen put his sword back into his space ring. Now, he rushed closer to Marilyn to throw a punch at her.

He had never been so ruthless to a woman before, but he knew he had no other choice but to kill her.

As Marilyn saw Zen's fist coming at her, she realized that his strength was not that of any ordinary warrior. His fist might be even deadlier than his sword.

At this critical moment, she waved her hand in a sleek motion and a purple enchanted barrier enveloped her.

"Enchanted barrier? Useless!"

Zen exerted the power of the Emerald Crystal in his left arm and injected it into the enchanted barrier.

Crack!

The enchanted barrier broke into pieces like an eggshell.

Boom!

Zen threw another punch at her chest, knocking her down to the ground from the air above. The power in the single punch was enough to crack the bones in her body, making her collapse limply as if she had no bones at all.

Zen was relieved when he saw the light on the blood rune fade away and vanish. He wasn't sure what a true spirit was, but he was certain that he was no match for it. If this woman had summoned the true spirit, he would have been dead for sure.

Chapter 748 The Amazing Enchanted Barriers

Heavy footsteps thundered on the dusty rock surface. It was Zen, who slowly descended into the arena and walked towards Marilyn.

It turned out that the power of Zen's punch was enough to break all of Marilyn's bones, but she wasn't dead yet.

If Marilyn were only an ordinary woman, it would be impossible to save her life as her injuries were too grave—but she was a cultivator at the Internal Elixir Realm. As long as she was treated with elixirs in time, she would eventually heal.

However, Zen was about to kill this woman.

"Zen won! He really won. Luckily I bet on him!"

"But it seems he wants to kill Marilyn! Will he dare do that?"

"I don't think so. Eddie is watching them!"

Many of the warriors in the audience began to whisper among themselves when they saw Zen walking towards Marilyn. If he really dared to kill her, then things would get worse.

Meanwhile, Letitia tightly clutched the crystal in her small hand. It was already infused with her life vitality, and the magical eye of the Angel of Death constantly rotated inside. She was nervous at that moment, as she was quite clear that Zen would kill Marilyn.

"Zen, leave the arena and I'll spare your life. One more step and you'll die!" Eddie's calm voice rang from the elevated platform. He walked towards the platform's edge with closed fists, which glowed with yellow life vitality.

The elevated platform built by the World Commercial Alliance was made of solid basalt. A crack appeared on its surface beneath Eddie's feet, and then it passed through a few feet on the elevated platform before it spread to his surroundings.

Eddie had shattered the platform with just a light step. Everyone went completely silent, and only the cracking sound of the basalt was heard.

The leaders of the large sects were also speechless. Even the naive and talkative Brent sensed the tense atmosphere before him and didn't say a word.

On the other hand, Zen stopped and looked at Eddie. Marilyn was very important to Eddie, but Zen had to kill her for Yan's sake.

After that, Zen crossed the space again. The long sword in his hand glinted under the light as he aimed it straight at Marilyn's neck.

"You're courting death!" Eddie shouted.

Suddenly, he threw a frustrated punch towards the arena.

Though he hadn't attacked anyone for many years, he was still the number one warrior in the Central Region. One could just imagine the power of his punch.

His punch seemed to drain the world of all its energy as his bright, golden fist shot towards Zen at an incredible speed.

As he launched his attack, Eddie was confident that he could kill Zen before Zen could kill Marilyn.

The moment Eddie made his move, everyone gasped and held their breaths.

The number one warrior in the Central Region launched his attack, which was targeted at a junior at the Illuminating Soul Realm. He really did attack Zen!

In the crowd, Letitia gently clenched her fist, and the crystal in her hand instantly shattered. A dark, golden light flashed from the magical eye of the Angel of Death, which had broken free from the crystal.

The ray of light looked like it could destroy everything it touched. It shot towards Eddie's fist radiance at an extremely fast speed, and completely destroyed it.

"It…it…it is done! Evil East Lord's punch is blocked!"

"It's the leader of the Cloud Hall! I thought she was too young to be a powerful cultivator."

"She used a treasure. It's one of Cloud Hall's trump cards, the magical eye of the Angel of Death if I'm not mistaken… Rumor has it that it is the most precious treasure that could kill a cultivator at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in an instant!"

Now, all the spectating cultivators were so shocked by the turn of events that they almost couldn't breathe. They couldn't predict what would happen next, and could only sit and watch from their seats.

Meanwhile, Eddie just snorted. He didn't stop and threw out another punch.

At that point, Zen's sword was already at Marilyn's neck, while Eddie's fist radiance was aimed at Zen.

Letitia's expression changed. Just as she was about to rush into the arena, she saw that Zen didn't push down his sword. Instead, he raised his head and smiled at Eddie.

Just when everyone thought that Zen would die, he even managed a strange smile. Everyone couldn't help but feel something was off.

Boom!

The punch violently burst out with extreme power. The most affected ones were the cultivators outside the arena.

The power of Eddie's punch was enough to stop the river's flow and caused the mountains to collapse. The violent winds from the punch blew down everyone in the audience, and they all fell on top of each other.

Rocher and his friends were seated at the very last row. They fared slightly better, but they were still affected and were moved away from their seats. They were filled with shock, followed by endless worry.

When the power of Eddie's punch had revealed itself, everyone looked towards the arena once again. To their surprise, Zen still stood there, unharmed!

"What happened? Zen blocked Eddie's punch?"

"Impossible! This kind of thing would never happen, even in a dream. How's that possible that he blocked Eddie's fist?"

"Eddie is a warrior at the Life and Death Realm. He's been through three Heavenly Tribulations, and is now comparable to an immortal. Zen is just a nobody. That doesn't make sense!"

When everyone thought that Zen had vanished into thin air, he stood there in the arena completely unscathed, and didn't even move an inch. This was too good to be true.

Letitia, Lady Poison-blood, Raven, Xander, Dillon, Hobbes, and Xiao all moved to the side, with shock in their wide eyes.

The cultivators in the audience probably didn't see what happened, which was why they were surprised to see Zen stand unharmed even after Eddie had punched him.

However, the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm clearly saw that Eddie's attack did not hit Zen, but was blocked by the arena's enchanted barriers.

"The enchanted barriers can block a punch from a cultivator at the Life and Death Realm?" Xander exclaimed. Now, he was even more confused.

Whether it was Letitia, Xander, or Dillon, they all suddenly thought of the runes that Zen had drawn on the stone tablets. He must have tampered with the runes when he repaired them.

The enchanted barriers' defensive power formed by the runes under the arena was already impressive on their own.

The initial goal when the enchanted barriers were designed was to block out the powers of the cultivators at the Internal Elixir Realm. The players in the Martial Arts Contest were usually only at the early stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, but this time it was raised to the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. The defensive power of these six enchanted barriers was tailored to those at the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm.

Therefore, even if Zen had redrawn some of the runes and used the Perfect Brushwork to activate the runes' maximum power, the enchanted barriers were only able to withstand an attack from a warrior at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm at most.

However, Eddie, who had stepped into the Life and Death Realm and passed through three Heavenly Tribulations, couldn't break the enchanted barriers. It was simply unbelievable.

It was on par to the sect-protecting array Arnold, the Son of Rune, had left behind.

Moreover, the sect-protecting array had tens of thousands of runes in it. The combined power of all its runes was able to activate the defensive power of this level. How many runes were under the small arena? It was only a few hundred runes!

In addition, Zen had only re-drawn more than a hundred runes.

At that moment, Zen's existence immediately became like a precious treasure in the eyes of many sect leaders.

The sect-protecting array was too important for any sect. If they encountered strong enemies, the sect-protecting array would always be able to hold them off for a period of time. It was unlikely for the invaders to smash the whole sect into pieces.

Once upon a time, the Black Mountain Sect, a fourth-grade sect, had a feud with a cultivator at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. That cultivator was no match for the leader of Black Mountain Sect, but he was extremely fast in speed.

Whenever the leader of Black Mountain Sect went into seclusion or occasionally left the sect, that cultivator wrecked chaos in the Black Mountain Sect.

When the leader came back, the cultivator had already escaped.

Even a cultivator at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm had caused a fourth-grade sect to suffer. In the end, the Black Mountain Sect had no choice but to settle this matter.

It would have been helpful for them if they had a sect-protecting array at that time. It would at least hold off the enemy for quite a long while.

Back to the present, Zen had only used more than a hundred runes to block Eddie's attack. If he had drawn thousands of runes to form a sect-protecting array, would it have been enough to defend against a cultivator at the Life and Death Realm and even kill him?

With that thought into consideration, one could imagine how astounded the sect leaders were. Even Lady Poison-blood, who hated Zen so much, suddenly looked at Zen seductively, her eyes filled with hunger and thirst.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 749 Killing Marilyn

In the entire history of the Central Region, Arnold was the one who represented the peak of rune attainment. The sect-protecting array that he had once drawn still served and played a great role in the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

The array was guarded by six warriors who, regardless of their strength, would be able to annihilate and resist anyone that came with evil intentions so long as they understood the principle of the array's operation. This was proven to be true when the array had been enough to push back against an attack by warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

For independent warriors who did not belong to any sect or see the need to establish their own sect, a protecting array wasn't anything valuable. For sects, however, it was even more important than a sacred weapon.

Unfortunately, ever since Arnold's death, there hadn't been anyone in the world who had Perfect Brushwork. Even if the other sects copied the sect-protecting array of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the effect would be far from satisfactory.

That was why it took everyone by surprise when Zen was able to boost the power of the arena's enchanted barriers to the point that they could withstand a punch from a warrior at the Life and Death Realm, by drawing up just over a hundred runes. It was quite unbelievable. Did he truly draw those runes? If so, just what kind of rune was able to stimulate the energy to form such a strong barrier?

They did not realize that what Zen drew wasn't exactly runes. Instead, they were divine textures loaded with more power that enabled Zen to significantly strengthen the arena's barriers.

Naturally, none of the Central Region's sect leaders could fathom the power of these divine textures. It wasn't something that they had ever seen before.

In the Genuine Dragon World, the cyan dragon's Grand Marvelous Array was powerful enough to resist an attack from a super legendary beast.

However, due to the restriction of the materials in the Central Region, drawing up the Grand Marvelous Array proved to be an impossible task for Zen. Moreover, he still didn't have the ability to draw a nine-star or even a ten-star rune.

Eddie was extremely surprised when he realized that his attack had been simply absorbed by the barrier. He could only watch as Zen pressed his sword upon Marilyn's neck. "I don't want to discuss conditions with an ant," he told Zen. "But you are an exception. Tell me, what do you want?"

From the scene in front of him, Eddie surmised that had Zen truly wanted to kill Marilyn, then he would've done so earlier. No, he must be up to something if he was dragging the matter on like this.

Zen looked up at Eddie with a furious glare. "Release Yan," he said coldly.

Zen's words shocked him and there was only a handful of things that could shock someone like Eddie. Zen's request had him thinking hard, not truly understanding why he would ask him something like that until he realized something. "I remember now…"

Eddie murmured, his face brightening in recognition. "I've seen you before." And indeed he had. He remembered that time back in Cloud Sect when he had first met Zen.

He should've thought about it since the beginning, but given his status, he had not cared about Zen at all despite thinking he was familiar. It wasn't until Zen had destroyed his son, Eden's dedication to martial arts that Eddie finally noticed Zen. Bubbling with anger, he had wanted Marilyn to avenge his son during their match.

He had ignored the fact that Zen came for Marilyn and that his goal had been the same as Owen's.

Eddie hadn't expected that the young man he had simply glanced at in the Cloud Sect would actually become so strong in such a short amount of time. It was truly unbelievable!

"Ha ha…" Eddie shook his head as he laughed. "I really don't understand. Just because I took those two girls away, Owen and you were all but ready to come at my neck. Do I, the strongest warrior in the Central Region, not live up to my name? Do I look like a patsy?" he said, suddenly laughing at himself.

"No," Zen said in an emotionless tone. "It's because you took away my sister."

His words elicited a gasp from everyone present.

A lot of people thought that Zen was simply being too arrogant. Sure, Eddie had taken his sister, but the fact remained that Eddie was still hailed as the strongest warrior in the entire Central Region and that title wasn't to be taken lightly.

To insinuate that Eddie would have to pay just for taking away his sister was ridiculous.

It was as if Zen was courting death.

The audience didn't know what to think anymore. Most of them, however, had a burning question.

How big exactly was the difference between the Illuminating Soul Realm and the Life and Death Realm? In between those two were the Internal Elixir Realm and the Virtual Tribulation Realm. It might seem like a small difference, but in truth, it was like comparing a mortal to an immortal.

Eddie snorted in anger, "You seem even more arrogant than I was in the past! What if I do not release your sister?"

"Then Marilyn will die," Zen said calmly but the hand holding his sword let out a slight tremble.

Eddie's expression darkened. "You dare kill her?!"

he shouted in anger, knuckles turning white as he glared at Zen with white-hot fury.

Zen scoffed, like the effect his words had on Eddie. "Why not?" he asked innocently despite fully knowing the reason. If Marilyn did not die then, once free from the sealing of six senses, Yan would definitely be tormented by Eddie. Hence, there was no other possibility: either he took Yan back or Marilyn died. He had already promised his sister that he would save her and he would do good on that promise.

"Evil East Lord," Raven, Black Mountain Sect's leader, interrupted.

"Why not just let this matter go? After all, Yan is Zen's sister," he reasoned.

"Raven's right, Eddie," Lady Poison-blood softly agreed. "This is not a life and death grudge. It is understandable that Zen wants to take his sister back."

The two leaders' goal was simple. They pretended to be fair and persuaded Eddie, but they were truly doing it to help Zen. If they were able to convince Eddie to let Yan go, then they would be able to ask Zen to draw up a protecting array for their sects. As said before, a protecting array was even more precious than a sacred weapon for a sect. If they had one, then it would only be a matter of time before they ascended from a fourth-grade sect to a fifth-grade one.

"Shut up!" Eddie snapped.

The two immediately fell silent. Although they had both reached the advanced level of Virtual Tribulation Realm, they still had miles to go before they could compare with Eddie's strength.

Angered by this sudden turn of events, Eddie forcefully yanked Yan towards him and placed his large hand on her white, delicate neck. "Zen!" he roared. "I propose an exchange: let Marilyn go and after I take her virginity energy, I will return Yan to you unharmed!"

Zen's eyes narrowed. He spat on the floor before raising his head and laughing loudly, "HAHA!"

"Why, why are you laughing?"

Eddie asked.

Zen glared up at Eddie and said, "You must be dreaming if you think I'll agree to your proposal. You take away her most precious thing, yet you claim that you will return her to me unharmed? Ridiculous!" Zen roared, laughing once again. He wanted his sister, whole, unharmed, and he would not hesitate to take down everything that stood in his way.

Eddie's face darkened at Zen's words. "Either you accept my proposal or Yan will die a miserable death after I complete the Lustful Demon Array. I will rape her and then grind her bones to ashes!"

he declared, tightening his hold on Yan's neck. Yan, however, remained as motionless as a blank piece of wood. Her sealed six senses meant that she couldn't hear, see, smell, or even feel anything. She was completely numb.

Zen let out a sound of disbelief, "A miserable death? Grind her bones to ashes?"

It didn't sit right with him at all, so he held Marilyn up, the sword digging deeper on her neck. "So what if I kill her then?"

His eyes flashed dangerously. Without any warning, he slid the long sword he had pressed upon Marilyn's neck, slicing through flesh and bone. Marilyn couldn't even let out a single cry as she suddenly began to choke on her own blood. She raised her hand to her throat and glanced at Zen with disbelief but was met with his unmoving gaze. She choked, attempting to speak, but the blood simply spurted from her body before she collapsed and remained still. Blood pooled around her now lifeless body. Zen had truly killed her with a single sword strike.

Eddie's eyes almost popped out of his sockets, "Y-YOU!"

He never thought Zen would actually do it. He didn't think he actually had the guts to do so, but the bloody scene in front of him now told him that Zen truly was courting death.

All the other sect leaders were equally surprised. Just now, it felt as if Zen was merely bluffing, but Marilyn's dead, bloody corpse on the ground proved just how serious he was when he made his threat.

Xander sighed and murmured a quick prayer, "This is bad!"

The faces of the World Commercial Alliance's three leaders were grim. With Marilyn's death, a big fight was surely brewing.

All three of them immediately flew towards the front of the arena. Even Letitia walked off the stand, her body emitting a cold aura as she conditioned herself into a battle-ready state.

In the audience stands, some warriors were panicking and quite a lot had already started running away.

The power unleashed by a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior was enough to crush the entire arena and everyone in it to pieces. The strongest warrior of the Central Region, who had reached the Life and Death Realm, was about to make his move. The results were to be nothing short of devastating. If a fight between Zen and Eddie broke out, the shock wave would undoubtedly be enough to harm, if not kill, anyone in close proximity. It was wise to run away now before it was too late.

Patrick shook his head at the scene in front of him. "Zen was too rash. He shouldn't have killed Marilyn."

Lewis curled his lips. "This fellow truly is too fierce. He really dared to kill Marilyn. He was simply giving it his all. Is there anyone in the world more ferocious than him?"

"If it were me, I would've also killed her," Rocher thoughtfully replied.

Patrick raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

he asked curiously.

"Without Marilyn, Eddie is one girl short for his Lustful Demon Array," Rocher explained. "Because of this, his plans will surely be delayed. Finding another virgin with a Purple Power Body will not be easy. It could take years, decades, maybe even centuries. In that time-frame, Zen would surely get stronger and be given the chance to defeat Eddie. Today, Zen may not die."

Chapter 750 Got Caned (Part One)

Survival of the fittest ruled everyone in the world of warriors, exhibiting itself in every possible facet of life.

If you possessed enough strength, then you'd have the potential to be revered by the people, much like they would worship God; all the people around you would kneel down and bow their heads to you; and even if you did something as irrational as calling a deer a horse, there was bound to be a couple of them who would still blindly go along with you.

Fame, fortune, and authority could only be attained through possessing immense power.

Let's say that a certain warrior had a younger sister who held a Purple Power Body, that person would surely be more than willing to offer her to Eddie. For as long as they could guarantee receiving Eddie's protection, or maybe even just a meager reward, they could make use of it for all eternity.

But on this day, Zen, who appeared to be just as feeble as an ant, up on his feet on the ruins of the arena, had proven to everyone how worthy he was of his dignity.

In spite of the fact that Eddie was widely known as the strongest warrior residing in Central Region, Zen wasn't fazed at all; he didn't even flinch a bit. When he did away with Marilyn, he had no qualms about doing it at all.

In the face of Eddie, who had been fuming with intense rage, Zen retained his composure. He had his gaze fixated on Yan, his younger sister, the only person who meant the world to him.

The gusts of wind were steadily getting heavier and heavier.

The spiritual energy of heaven and earth was growing much more frenzied and uncontrollable.

Crack!

The basalt beneath Eddie's feet had already been loaded with fissures, and at that moment, it was beginning to collapse bit by bit.

The murderous aura was looming deep inside Eddie's body, like a volcano that was about to flare up. Yan's face had gotten flushed red a little. This was caused by Eddie's hand unconsciously tightening its grip around her neck. In desperate need of breathing in more air, her chest started gasping frantically.

Eddie was in a bit of a shock, for he hadn't thought that Zen would really have the guts to try and kill Marilyn. 'It seems to me this puny brat has no idea what fear truly is, ' he pondered.

Being the strongest and mightiest warrior in Central Region, not to mention, a Life and Death Realm warrior, and most importantly, after being at the jaws of death three times already, he had been utterly astonished that he had fallen at the hands of a little kid who was merely a warrior in the Illuminating Soul Realm. That puny human was just around 18 years old. To someone like Eddie who had been living for hundreds of years, he was nothing but a child!

Eddie instinctively wanted to crush something with his bare hands. If he so much as exerted a little more force into it, Yan was going to end up having a fractured neck. Be that as it might, for the sake of gathering all three Purple Power Bodies, he had already exhausted several decades of his time.

Now that Marilyn was gone, he knew full well that he couldn't kill Yan no matter what, because if he did that, then it would take close to forever for him to achieve the Lustful Demon Array.

Every single warrior from the Life and Death Realm had to experience heavenly tribulations. The Lustful Demon Array was supposed to be the foundation for him to be able to force his way through the Life and Death Realm and make it to the Soul Sea Realm. If he somehow failed to acquire three Purple Power Bodies, there was a good chance that he'd meet his end on one of the heavenly tribulations without ever stepping foot inside the Soul Sea Realm in his lifetime!

"For killing Marilyn with your own two hands, I sentence you to die right here as well!" Eddie shoved Yan over to the side, and proceeded to walk off the high platform straight away, pacing in the air heading toward the battle arena.

"Eddie, I know you're angry, but you really need to think this through!" There wasn't any hint of amusement left on Dillon's face at that point.

"Anyone who is foolish enough to get in my way will meet his maker," Eddie clearly stated, stripped of any emotion, as he paced heavily in the air.

Zing…

A huge wall of ice about 50 feet high materialized on the bounds of the battle arena. With the mysterious ice halberd she had behind her, Letitia said in a resolute voice, "Zen is a disciple of Cloud Hall."

Eddie, furiously jeering at Letitia, looked her in the eye. "Little girl, I suggest that you not get yourself involved in this matter. You… do not possess the strength to be worthy of opposing me!"

"So what? That is but a trivial matter." Letitia had no intention to back down at all. In a second, an ice phoenix soared from somewhere far away and perched on her shoulder, cautiously glaring at Eddie.

"Considering that you said something about my disciple not being strong enough, I suppose I wouldn't suffice to be your opponent either, isn't that right?" An old voice appeared without warning. Thereafter, the figure of a stooped woman emerged out of the blue, pacing her way with the aid of a walking cane. Notwithstanding her age, the woman walked surprisingly fast. That being said, in just a couple of strides, she had already gotten in front of Letitia.

"Master..." Letitia anxiously called out upon seeing her master.

The old woman shot Letitia a threatening glare. The fact was that the old woman had been utterly disappointed in the actions Letitia had taken. In any case, the thing she just casually said indicated that she had been following Zen and putting Cloud hall at risk.

When all was said and done, Letitia was still her beloved disciple. She honestly couldn't care less what would happen to Zen, but she just couldn't let anything bad happen to Letitia.

"Imogen." Eddie shook his head in disapproval. "That is indeed true. You are also not strong enough to stand against me."

Imogen, Letitia's master, who was a former leader of Cloud Hall, was one of the strongest amongst the Life and Death Realm warriors. Having said that, upon entering the Life and Death Realm, she was only able to go through a single heavenly tribulation. Apart from that, she had gotten much too old that the vital energy and blood she had were both already deteriorating, so there was no way she could possibly be a match for Eddie.

While they were about to engage in hostilities, a voice that seemed much older than even Imogen's rang out. "In the Martial Arts Contest, competitors' life or death depends on their own strength. This is a rule that has been laid down by our World Commercial Alliance, one that has been adhered to for hundreds of years. Eddie, aren't you aware of that?"

Chapter 751 Got Caned (Part Two)

Eddie's actual motive for pacing quite slowly

was to prod into it.

Out of everyone he knew, there were only two people that Eddie had always been truly heedful of. One of them was Imogen Yu, and the other was an Ancient Tycoon who was in World Commercial Alliance, someone who had lived for more than 1, 700 years! If it weren't for the Ancient Tycoon's existence, Imogen would be the sole being at the Martial Arts Contest that could make Eddie have some second thoughts.

Xander, along with the leader of the Mysterious Luna Hall, could pose a threat for Eddie to some degree, but given that the situation didn't really have anything to do with their sects, they would have no reason to get involved.

Unfortunately, the Ancient Tycoon from the World Commercial Alliance had unexpectedly shown himself.

Eddie had his eyebrows deeply knit.

If it turned out being a one-on-one battle, he was confident that he could defeat any of the leaders of these fourth and fifth-grade sects, and probably even the Ancient Tycoon in the World Commercial Alliance. But confronting all of those people at the same time would put him at a disadvantage.

Let's say that the three heads of the World Commercial Alliance were to team up against him, which would already give Eddie quite a hard time. But now, even Imogen had appeared and then to make it even worse, that millennia-old monster made an appearance.

"Do you mean to say no one has to bear the brunt for my disciple's death?" Eddie pried. Indeed, he might have been the mightiest warrior in Central

Region, but here in Oracle City, a place that was brimming with lots of experts, he had been backed into a corner and forced to give in.

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But there's really no need for you to resolve the dispute caused in the fighting arena right here in Oracle City, right? No one would bat an eye whatever it is that you choose to do outside the city." The elderly man from the World Commercial Alliance had his legs crossed as he hovered in the air, shrouded in a plain white garment without any embellishments. It had been patched up too much, making it apparent that it had been worn for a number of years.

"Is that how it is?" Eddie jeered at his answer. Promptly, he shot Letitia a quick glance and let out a big smile. "I've taken an interest in tearing down Cloud Hall. How does that sound?"

"That's none of our business," the old man flatly said.

"Okay then." Eddie turned his gaze over to two of his underlings and dispatched them to enter the fighting stage in order to retrieve Marilyn's body. Then, he picked Yan up along with another woman and was about to go his way.

"Wait just a second." Zen finally talked again.

Eddie turned his head to look over at Zen, wearing a serious look on his face.

"You won't kill Yan, right?" Zen anxiously asked him.

Eddie simply sneered at him but didn't answer, acting as though Zen had no right to be asking him such a thing.

He had already been gone for a while, but the pressure he let out still lingered.

Eddie had no one to turn to. Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance had deeply displeased him. For that reason, Eddie vowed to get his revenge in due time.

'Everything that happened has been caused by the young man in the Illuminating Soul Realm. Could this all be worth it? It better be.' This was what every single person out there had in mind.

The moment Xiao took off the enchanted barriers on the arena, he marveled at the ruins of the fighting stage with a dreadful look on his face. So much damage had befallen the arena. Could the following challenges proceed with the stage in this state?

That being the case, right after the enchanted barriers disappeared, Imogen Yu took a step forward, stumbling a little bit. With that, she had instantly gotten in front of Zen, and the walking stick she was holding had already swept Zen across his chest!

Bam!

Zen, who had been suddenly hit by the crutch without warning, was instantly sent flying, landing heavily over to the side of the platform. His body had been lodged into the platform and the ground surrounding him was teeming with cracks.

"Master..." Letitia screamed in surprise, watching as Zen had been rammed by her master.

"Eddie is certainly far from being a decent person. I can say for sure that Cloud Hall will be facing his eternal wrath in the future without question. With that, how will we be able to live in peace? How can we thrive?" Although her face had aged considerably, it had been filled with intense rage as she said that.

Zen got up from the platform and said with steeled resolve. "Weren't you the one who told me Marilyn would participate in this Martial Arts Contest?"

"I never asked Letitia to get herself involved and put everyone in Cloud Hall at risk!" Imogen furiously retorted.

That day, when Imogen got the idea that Zen would end up killing Marilyn, she honestly didn't think that Letitia would be there as well.

If Letitia didn't get herself involved by standing up to Eddie, Imogen had no plans of showing up whatsoever. Zen was indeed a remarkable guy, but Eddie was simply on a league of his own, and much, much more frightening. Cloud Hall was not capable of taking care of Eddie by themselves. The day Eddie finally came to take his revenge, how on earth could the Cloud Hall hope to deal with him?

However, it wasn't fair for Imogen to place all of the blame on Zen. When all was said and done, Zen did not ask Letitia for help at all. It was Letitia who decided that and ended up upsetting Eddie.

Truth be told, Imogen was fully aware that she had no right to blame Zen for what had transpired that day. Letitia was the one who was so stubborn and determined to make a stand, but she had always been indulging Letitia on everything, so there was no way she could go on and release her anger on her. And as a result, it was Zen who unfortunately ended up taking the blow instead.

This showed that Letitia had saved Zen's life in a way, and Zen had taken one for Letitia. At the end of it all, Zen still actually got something out of it. If the primordial energy that had been produced after he had gotten hit by the cane were to be taken into consideration, then he might have just made himself a fortune.

Chapter 752 Rune's Potential

Despite having failed to take Yan back, Zen had still been able to achieve his goal of killing Marilyn. Her death would be a huge drawback to Eddie's plans for achieving the Lustful Demon Array.

Eddie had spent decades looking for women with the extremely rare Purple Power Body and just as he thought he had finally completed the whole set, his prized person was suddenly killed by Zen. It would take him a long, long time before he could find another person that fulfilled his requirements.

It could take years, decades, perhaps even centuries.

He might never be able to find one. Nonetheless, Zen was now racing against time. He might have been able to buy himself a couple of decades with Marilyn's death, but there was no telling when the next Purple Power Body would appear or when, and if, Eddie would find it. For now, he had to give it his all to get stronger and quickly take Yan back from Eddie.

It was truly unfortunate that he had been unable to communicate with her in any way back then. Her six senses had been blocked and she was completely numbed from everything. Not even the sight of her brother elicited any response from her sealed body.

Back to the arena, the fighting platform had collapsed entirely upon Eddie's departure, leaving nothing but dust and destruction in the once prestigious battlefield.

A lot of the warriors that had chosen to remain in the stands were still trembling in shock from the events prior. A few, however, sized Zen up.

"This Zen is probably the craziest warrior in the history of the Central Region," they whispered to each other. "To think that he actually dared to pull a stunt like that in front of Eddie. I mean, killing Marilyn? What was he thinking?"

"Even a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior would tremble in fear just standing in front of Eddie, imagine how an Illuminating Soul Realm practitioner would react," someone murmured. "But Zen not only threatened Eddie, he even killed Marilyn right in front of him."

"What's even more amazing is that Eddie actually sucked it up and left! My God, is he still the Evil East Lord?!"

For everyone present, Eddie was once someone that had both been feared and worshiped. His might and status as the strongest made this a given. However, just moments before, he had been humiliated by a young man less powerful than him. Not only that, but this same young man had also been able to kill one of his subordinates right in front of him. It was disrespect of the highest level and yet this young man had lived.

If it hadn't happened in front of so many people, no one would've ever believed it was true.

Rocher smiled at the results, "I was right! Zen did it!"

Lewis nodded, "It's a pity there was no one willing to bet with you, otherwise you could've earned a fortune once again." Rocher had won a great deal by using Lewis' life vitality crystals to bet on the previous matches. Unfortunately, Rocher hadn't given Lewis a dime and this made him a bit grumpy.

"Zen did it," Patrick agreed, but he had a frown on his face. "But he still has a long way to go if he really wants to save Yan."

Rocher shifted his gaze from Zen towards the cloudless sky. Patrick's words had roused a strange feeling inside of him. "The path of a warrior is always a long one…" he murmured.

Becoming a warrior, pursuing immortality, surpassing the peak, roaming the great world…

A lot of martial artists had set and visualized a path like that for themselves from the very start, but only a few had ever truly achieved it. It was not a path for everyone. A vast majority of warriors fell in pursuit of the peak of martial arts. It was either they became piles of bones buried underground, forgotten forever, becoming stepping stones for the advancement of others, or they became dominated with greed and lust—turning into horrible monsters that only knew how to indulge themselves.

Several sect heads walked down the high platforms.

Lady Poison-blood gave Imogen a gentle smile. "Zen has only done what he should've. He is also a disciple of Cloud Hall," she said. "Why did you beat him up?"

Imogen did not bother putting on a cordial face and immediately glared at Lady Poison-blood. "I am teaching a disciple of Cloud Hall a lesson," she snapped. "This matter does not concern you."

Lady Poison-blood raised an eyebrow in amusement. Shaking her head with a smile she looked down at Zen and cooed, "Zen, come and let me have a look. It wouldn't be good if there's anything wrong with you. I have a type of pill in Bloodwood Cliff..."

Hearing her words, Zen suddenly felt goosebumps rise all over his body. He shook his head and instinctively backed away, "N-No….it's okay. It's just a walking stick. It won't hurt me."

The only reason the sect heads were paying attention to him was because of his rune technique. However, the sect heads of Bloodwood Cliff, Ethereal Spirit Sect and Black Mountain Sect couldn't just ask him for it. They could only wait for the leaders of the World Commercial Alliance to bring it up.

After witnessing his ability to block an attack from a Life and Death Realm expert like Eddie, no sect would give up on this opportunity. There would be no price too high to pay. Even the World Commercial Alliance wouldn't be able to simply stay on the sidelines.

"Zen, that enchanted barrier… What exactly was that?" Dillon asked seriously.

Letitia's and Imogen's eyes flickered in brief panic. They didn't really want Zen to share his skill out loud.

And Zen wasn't stupid. How could he just admit the existence of divine textures? He smiled at Dillon. "I was lucky enough to meet a senior willing to teach me runes," he said. "It was only pure luck that I was able to block Eddie's punch."

As he spoke, Nate and his companions had already begun to make their move.

Among everyone present, the three of them were the ones that had been shocked the most by the enchanted barrier.

The rune technique had already formed a perfect system in the Central Region due to so many years of development. It had already reached its peak and there was no pushing it any further.

Over the last few years, new runes had become rarer and rarer, and even a talented runic expert found it hard to innovate in such times.

This was the primary reason why Arnold was such a legend in the rune world. Only his sect-protecting array had the capacity to resist an attack from a Virtual Tribulation Realm expert.

However, the tiny skill Zen had displayed today completely overturned the very concepts Nate's and the others' minds had been founded on.

In just two hours, he had been able to draw over a hundred runes and block an attack from someone powerful and mighty like Eddie.

Nate was half-convinced that he was only dreaming but the other half had a feeling that the young man in front of them right now had the capacity to once again develop runic skills and raise them to new heights.

The peak of runic skills had reached a bottleneck which had resulted in runic experts being less respected than alchemists and weapon refiners.

An alchemist could refine top-grade pills to help martial artists heal their injuries quickly or even break through their cultivation realm.

Weapon refiners, on the other hand, could refine all sorts of spiritual, fairy, and even sacred weapons.

Meanwhile, a runic expert and his runes could only serve to block the attacks of an Internal Elixir Realm martial artist, at most. Other than the ones used in the sect-protecting array of Ethereal Spirit Sect, other runes were primarily useless. Runic techniques now mainly focused on assisting in cultivation, helping sects set up "magic arrays" that could be used to hone their elites. However, these arrays weren't nearly as important as medicinal pills or weapons.

But here was Zen who had just proven the might of runes and their capabilities.

Nate knelt down and dug out the recently buried runes with his bare hands. Having unearthed three large stone labs, he almost dropped them after seeing the engraved and complicated four-star runes.

Taking a slab each, the three of them immediately poured their soul force into the stone.

In no time at all, the three of them sported extremely shocked expressions on their faces.

"These runes are completely different from those in Central Region!"

"The vein splits in the middle, which is a taboo in runic techniques. So how is it that these runes are so exquisite?"

"There seem to be a lot of unnecessary strokes in the first half of the work, but when one's eyes reach the bottom, everything makes sense. How can the human mind even think of this?"

The three of them were lost and completely immersed in the unique runes, each of them trying to comprehend the profoundness of the divine textures.

The sophistication and complexity of the runes on the stone slabs were beyond what the runic expects in the Central Region could ever imagine. The development of divine textures in the Upper World had, after all, taken billions of years to complete and had experienced countless cycles of reincarnation. The divine textures were likewise, old men who had lived for millennia while the runes of the Central Region were mere newborn babies. The disparity was simply impossible to measure.

The three four-star runes were enough to enlighten Nate and the other two. In the next ten years, the three of them would venture forth and be able to figure out a trace of the divine texture's essence. They would, later on, get rid of the Central Region's rune patterns and bring them up to a new level. Although it would be impossible for them to surpass Zen's divine texture techniques, it would still create an era where they could surpass Arnold.

Seeing that Nate and the other two had directly dismantled Zen's runes, Xander and the other sect leaders were all eager to get a piece to bring back with them and study thoroughly. However, the thoughts of the World Commercial Alliance and how they would never let them go with the slabs made them reconsider. Perhaps it would be easier to just ask Zen for help and quickly began to think of ways on how they could bargain with him.

Just then, however, Xiao brought up a very obvious problem and immediate cause for concern. "What should we do about the remaining matches?"

Chapter 753 Sect-protecting Array (Part One)

At the end of it all, Eddie had abandoned the skirmish and given up on the competition for the Dragon Soar Arena.

That being said, there were still lots of warriors belonging to different sects as well as independent ones present in the arena, ones who didn't have any intention of letting the chance on fighting for the Dragon Soar Arena slip away.

With all of that in mind, Dillon let out a smile and commented, "Eddie's two disciples have both been taken out. The remainder of the matches would have to proceed as planned, but as you may well see, the arena is currently in ruins..." As he gave those remarks, Dillon motioned to Hobbes with nothing but a simple nod.

Hobbes then promptly exited the venue of the Martial Arts Contest without delay. And after some time, the crowd suddenly heard the thud of a couple of heavy clomps moving closer and closer.

Thump! Thump!

Everyone focused their attention over toward the direction where the sound had been originating from, and a handful of onlookers were surprised to see Hobbes transporting the sizeable combat platform with his rotund frame and approaching them.

This actual battle stage was close to being two hundred feet wide. For the purpose of resisting the power of the masters from the Internal Elixir Realm, it had been fabricated utilizing a method which was much too intricate. A few of the components were even heavier than gold and metal. And as for the weight of the whole platform, it was something quite breathtaking. Taking all of that into consideration, Hobbes just casually lifted it over his shoulders and moved it here solely with his pure brute strength.

A loud sound reverberated in the area.

And with a single intense earth-shattering thump, Hobbes had set the platform in place.

The various sect leaders didn't even bat an eye upon seeing such a scene. For most of the masters from the Virtual Tribulation Realm, a feat like that wasn't out of the ordinary. But every single warrior watching from the stands had been left dumbfounded, causing the area to be overtaken by screams and squeals.

The sect leaders proceeded to come back to their respective places on the high platform, each of them pondering deeply.

Truth be told, a lot of people's wishes had been brought into fruition the moment Zen got rid of Marilyn for good.

The prestige which some of the large sects had been enjoying in the past couple of years was only superficial. The truth was actually quite far from it. Due to Eddie's rapid progress and rise into fame, all of those aforementioned big sects felt as though they had been caught in a cataclysm. On top of that, even the World Commercial Alliance itself had been affected by it to some extent.

Eddie possessed immense strength, and it would generally take about two to three sects' joint effort just to be able to take him down. And there wasn't actually just a single instance where he had clearly expressed his desire to build a divine kingdom. But given the complexities of the circumstances they were in, these great sects simply turned a deaf ear toward him.

If Eddie were to have really put in place the Lustful Demon Array and stepped foot into the Soul Sea Realm, then none of those warriors in the entire Central Region could ever hope to stop him. During that period, be it was the Ethereal Spirit Sect or the World Commercial Alliance or the Cloud Hall, they would be forced to choose between one of two things:

surrender to Eddie and live or stand up against him and meet their inevitable doom.

With all of that in mind, Xander of the Ethereal Spirit Sect and the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance probably should be thanking Zen instead.

Having said that, all the pressure had now fallen on Zen and the Cloud Hall.

Meanwhile, on the high platform, Imogen still had gloom written all over her face, and her wrinkles looked as though they had been carved into her face with a knife.

Noticing Imogen's furious expression, Letitia closed her eyes and came up to her and grabbed her arm. With such a sheepish voice, she told her, "Master, please don't be upset."

"You don't want me to be angry?" Shaking her head, Imogen then said, "Of course! There's no use getting upset over such a thing. When the time comes that Eddie finally decides to come and to get even, how do you think the Cloud Hall would retaliate? How am I supposed to break it to the people residing in the Cloud Hall? What am I going to tell the millions of followers we have in the Cloud Hall?"

With the strength of the entire Cloud Hall combined, it still wouldn't suffice to be a match for Eddie. As the highest ranking cultivator in all of the Central Region, Eddie could singlehandedly lay waste to the Cloud Hall with great ease.

Imogen herself was a master of the Life and Death Realm, but all her life, she had only been through one Heavenly Tribulation, and there was no telling if she would be able to make it through the one that was about to come. In addition to that, she would not measure up to Eddie in any way. If Letitia were to somehow become fortunate enough to finish practicing the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, make her way across the line between life and death, and then finally end up being the master of the Life and Death Realm, she might have the chance to fight head-to-head with Eddie.

But pulling off a stunt like crossing the line between life and death would be beyond any person's wildest imaginations. The things that lasted could never happen overnight. It would take too long for her to accomplish something like that.

Letitia certainly understood that it was unwise to offend Eddie.

The second she quickly moved to defend Zen, she had instantly been having second thoughts. What more could possibly become of the Cloud Hall if she displeased Eddie? When all was said and done, her feelings still got the best of her as she stood proudly in front of Zen despite the odds being completely against her. At that point, Letitia truthfully couldn't care less if it would be worth all the trouble for the Cloud Hall just to keep Zen away from harm.

Letitia's eyes went dark, and a pang of guilt crept onto her face, "Forgive me… Master, maybe I am just really not worthy of being called the leader of the Cloud Hall. Maybe I'm not good enough."

At the sight of the guilt embedded onto Letitia's face, Imogen heaved a heavy sigh and said, "Ahh, I'm well aware that you can be a bit too passionate when it comes to certain things, but one thing I know for sure is that the talent you possess is a cut above the rest. When you finally finish the cultivation of the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, you would then be on par with the Life and Death Realm warriors even if you're still at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Once you make it through the Life and Death Realm, I have faith that you would be capable of leading the Cloud Hall into being a fifth-grade sect, and potentially even helping the Cloud Hall to be counted as one of the sacred places."

If a sixth-grade sect did not long for dominance, then it had the possibility of becoming a sacred place. If it competed for authority, then it would lay the foundations for its own kingdom of warriors. The kingdom would be known as the divine kingdom. Cloud Hall had no aspirations to fight for dominance. Its main goal was to become a sacred place, and that, more than anything else, would be the ultimate distinction one could ever hope to attain.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 754 Sect-protecting Array (Part Two)

At this point, Zen abruptly butted in and said with a stern voice, "Master Yu, I think I may have found a way to go against Eddie."

Imogen instantaneously sneered at Zen and shot him a scornful glare, "Do you honestly think he won't be able to do anything to you even after what you've done? You killed Marilyn right in front of his very eyes. Were it not for the World Commercial Alliance, you would have already been reduced to ashes by now and breathed your last breath! If a warrior would be foolish enough to believe that he has the capability of doing something just because luck has fortunately been on his side at one time rather than pin his hopes on his own strength, all I can say is that you won't be as lucky the second time around."

"I consider luck to be one of my strengths as well. Master Yu, could you please let me continue what I was trying to say?" Zen tried his best to politely ask for permission.

"Okay then, you may continue," Imogen calmly responded. It was so apparent that she did not have a good perception of Zen. His sister had been taken away, but he still had the audacity to blame all of it on Letitia. A young warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm, that was all that he was, and he had the nerve to unreasonably put the blame on her apprentice. How did anyone expect her to put up with this?

In any case, Imogen was able to notice clear as day how Letitia appeared to have been harboring some feelings for Zen. She had been quite partial to him in whatever he did and so fond of him. For that reason, Imogen felt like she had to hold herself back with anything that had to do with him. Apart from that, everyone had an inkling that Zen had somehow been blessed with good fortune. Imogen was a being who had experienced crossing the line between life and death and had a thorough comprehension of life and death. How could she possibly fail to see Zen's great destiny?

To be completely fair, when it came to warriors, their destiny was something much too arduous to put to words.

People who had been blessed with great destiny found it relatively hard to die and they even had the power to engulf other people's destinies. If a crowd of people were to journey off into a hazardous place, the one with the mightiest destiny could end up devouring everyone else's destinies, leading them all to their demise. Only the one blessed with great fortune would be able to make it out alive, take home with different kinds of treasures, and keep himself away from harm.

What Imogen had been truly terrified of was that Zen's destiny could end up being much too strong that he might unfortunately end up consuming the destiny of the entirety of Cloud Hall, thus, bringing desolation toward the Cloud Hall.

However, Zen had no way of knowing that Imogen had actually been worrying about something to that extent. When he spoke again, he simply stated, "I'm planning to forfeit in the Martial Arts Contest."

"Why would you do that?" The deep folds and creases on Imogen's forehead wriggled as she gave Zen a confused look.

The final results of the competition had become much clearer at that point. The winner could probably be either Zen or Brent. Anyhow, right next to the Venerable Starry, there sat a female disciple who had her face hidden behind a mask all throughout, and she also hadn't shown her strength yet. That only kept some people on their wit's end trying to take a guess.

Taking everything into consideration, Zen had such a high probability of standing on top of the other competitors.

Letitia's eyes instantly dilated with her eyebrows raised as she stared at Zen in utter confusion, left totally dumbfounded.

"I intend to lend the Cloud Hall a hand in constructing a sect-protecting array," Zen carefully told them.

The Dragon Soar Arena was something of so much importance to Zen, but he was the sole person who had knowledge of the secret of the Dragon Soar Arena. Frankly speaking, any person who stepped foot in the Dragon Soar Arena would have only reached an impasse. The person not only would end up being unable to gain anything for himself, he would also end up being confined there for a thousand years. This was no laughing matter, and for most of the people, spending a thousand years in prison was synonymous to receiving a death penalty.

"Sect-protecting array…" Those words seemed to have piqued Imogen's interest based on the look she had on her face.

Just moments prior to then, everyone was able to feast their eyes on the strength of the enchanted barrier Zen had constructed, and it should be noted that this was the power of just more than a hundred runes. If the Cloud Hall could successfully put up an array utilizing thousands of runes somehow, then it might just be able to protect itself against Eddie!

"Is it for certain that you would be able to construct an array that's powerful enough to block Eddie?" Imogen curiously questioned him.

"Yes, I'm about eighty percent sure," Zen bobbed his head along.

Truth be told, Zen was actually one hundred percent certain that he could pull it off, but he just wanted to avoid giving others the impression that he was so way over his head. Just to be sure, he wanted to leave some room for error. Right after the cyan dragon consumed the Owl Beast's evil spirit, he finally got his soul power replenished. In the event that Zen would run into some sort of trouble, he could still call out to the cyan dragon for assistance.

The cyan dragon had the capacity to construct a Grand Marvellous Array, one type of grand array that had enough force to lay waste to both heaven and earth. To put up an array for a fourth-grade sect to shelter it against masters of the Life and Death Realm shouldn't prove to be too difficult for someone like him to carry out.

Imogen possessed vast experience up her sleeve. It shouldn't be too hard for her to see the merit of Zen's suggestion.

She lightly bobbed her head and remarked, "If that is indeed true, then there should be no need for indecision. Once you construct the sect-protecting array, our Cloud Hall will take care of all the materials and fees! You have my word!"

Upon hearing Imogen's remarks, Zen deeply thought to himself, 'Well, isn't that just a foolish thing to say? If I lend you a hand in setting up the sect-protecting array, it is a given that you would be the one to shoulder the cost of the materials. After all, who else was she expecting to pay for everything? That is quite a peculiar old lady...' Needless to say, there was no way he could ever dare say that out loud though.

Chapter 755 Attitude Of The Elders (Part One)

Under such an unprecedented pressure, Letitia, Imogen, and Zen were in no mood to be interested in the rest of the Martial Arts Contest. With their hearts beating loudly, they could have sworn they felt a faint ringing in their ears. The trio looked each other warily and grimly nodded; they had no other choice.

One of the strongest fighters in the competition, Brent, was presently in the battle ring, fighting with an independent warrior. Although the battle could have been interesting with the latter being at the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, he could not pose a threat to Brent. The warrior was merely a plaything to him, as Brent continued to be formidable with his divine-level talent. 'Well, this is kind of boring, ' the boy thought with a pout, as he quite easily evaded the other's jab and countered with quick flicks of his hand.

When Brent had felt that their feeble fight had gone long enough, he sighed to himself and casually threw out a last attack that defeated the independent warrior. Looking over carelessly at the crumpled form of his previous opponent laying on the ground of the arena, Brent shrugged his shoulders and fixed his clothes momentarily before leaping off the arena. The talented fighter was once again excited at the prospect of drawing cards, and when he peered over and saw the word "Challenge" carved on the wooden card, his eyes were alight with elation and a grin sneaked onto his face.

Just seconds after he had drawn the card that he had wanted, he immediately waved his challenge card in the air vigorously as the crowd watching cheered with him. Fixing his gaze on the elevated platform where the members of the Cloud Hall were situated in, he smiled wider at the prospect of finally having the battle he had wanted ever since the competition had started. 'Nothing can stop me from challenging Zen now!' the young fighter exclaimed in his mind as he started to stretch his arms in preparation.

However, luck appeared not to be on his side at that moment due to the sudden voice that rose above all and fleetingly stopped everyone from moving. "Wait!" the voice of a woman declared amidst the noise of the arena. As multiple heads turned towards her, Letitia continued to announce in a leveled tone, "The Cloud Hall wishes to quit the competition."

"What?!"

The ecstatic grin disappeared from Brent's face and was then replaced with shock and disbelief. An uproar of emotions swelled in his chest, as his hopes of battling Zen were crushed. "How can this be?!" he wailed as he put his head in hands.

Even though the crowd appeared to be awfully displeased by the sudden announcement with their loud complaints, Letitia continued, "I apologize to everyone. We have some important matters that we need to attend to in the Cloud Hall, so we need to take our leave right now."

Several of the elite disciples from the Cloud Hall present in the tournament also sported surprised looks and looked at one another confusedly. As they did not hear the conversation among Letitia, Imogen, and Zen, they felt displeased upon listening to her words. 'Why are we withdrawing at such a time?' they all thought unanimously with discontentment. It was clear to everyone present in the arena—the Cloud Hall was obviously more than qualified to compete for the Dragon Soar Arena.

With the hasty declaration from the representative of Cloud Hall, the spectators of the event discussed animatedly among each other. Some were complaining about what a waste it was, as the Cloud Hall had an incredible fighter in their team and they were immensely looking forward to more epic battles with stronger opponents. Sounds of restlessness and displeasure from the crowd echoed throughout the arena with little to no hopes of dying down soon.

"Why? Why did the Cloud Hall quit just like that?" some of them complained.

Whining, several of the audience said, "Damn! I still wanted to watch the battle between Zen and Brent. Why on earth did he quit?"

"This is too much! Why are they giving up their chances of getting the Dragon Soar Arena?"

What these warriors did not realize in the current situation was that the Cloud Hall needed to regroup and prepare for what could be a grievous threat. The leaders of the large sects were well aware that being threatened by Eddie who vowed to destroy their sect was not something to just put aside and disregard. If the other sects were also placed in the same position, they would not be in the right mood to participate in the competition any further either.

After the unforeseen announcement, Letitia hastily stood up and walked towards the exit, with Imogen and the elite disciples of the Cloud Sect following closely behind her. As they privately muttered with hushed tones and sharp eyes, some of the spectators near their platform wondered what was going on and why they looked so serious. A figure purposefully trailed behind them, seemingly conflicted with what he was about to do next. Making up his mind, Zen flew towards Xiao, who appeared to be bewildered at his sudden emergence. Landing delicately in front of him, he grabbed Xiao's hand and pressed a small piece of paper on his palm before closing it tightly. "Please give this note to Master Shi!" Zen said as he gave him a significant look.

Brent, who stood at the side of the arena watching the exchange, shook out of his disorientation and suddenly jumped to where Zen was. Settling beside the man, he immediately pressed him with demands. "Zen, can you not leave right now? Fight me first and you can leave then!" the brave fighter pleaded with a desperate face.

Smiling slightly at the eagerness of the younger boy to prove himself against him, Zen tilted his head to the side and offered him a sympathetic smile before he addressed him, "I am sorry I can't, but if our paths happen to cross again, I will definitely agree to spar with you."

The young warrior's shoulders visibly slumped in defeat and resignation. Although he initially wanted to provoke and force Zen to fight with him right there and then, he was more concerned about the possibility that his master would scold him about his recklessness—he was always too brash when he wanted something. As he watched Zen leave and catch up with the members of the Cloud Hall, he reassured himself with the fact that they were going to meet again eventually.

Xiao promptly turned around and handed the tiny piece of parchment to Dillon. As the other man curiously opened the folded paper and peered at the content, his eyes marginally widened with surprise. With his heart rapidly thudding in his chest, Dillon blinked his eyes and read the written words once more as he felt beads of sweat gathering on his forehead from nervousness.

As it turned out, Zen had shared with him the terrible secret of the Dragon Soar Arena through the small piece of paper. With trepidation, it dawned on him that anyone who did not have the Genuine Dragon blood running through their veins would be rightfully imprisoned for a thousand years after entering the Dragon Soar Arena.

"No wonder the warriors who have entered the Dragon Soar Arena in the past have yet to return. This is a huge secret," Dillon mumbled to himself as he gulped inaudibly at his realization.

Ever since Zen resurfaced from the Upper World, the Black Mountain Sect had sent a disciple named Jordan to travel to the Upper World. The sect had even hung the disciple's life jade card on the Dragon Soar Arena as a reminder that Jordan was indeed inside. Although the life jade card never broke or vanished, the disciple was never seen again. Bizarrely, no one was assured of what had happened, but the only thing they were certain of was their belief that Jordan was still alive.

Chapter 756 Attitude Of The Elders (Part Two)

In order to solve the mystery of the missing disciple from the Black Mountain Sect, the World Commercial Alliance had brought it upon themselves to send several people to the Dragon Soar Arena and waited for results. However noble their mission was, not a single soul from their team returned, yet none of them had also died. With the intention of preventing the warriors from staying in the Upper World, the World Commercial Alliance even tried to threaten them with the condition that if they did not return within a certain period of time, their families would be killed.

Even with the grave threat issued by them, not a single person had returned from the Upper World. Although the phenomenon was considered as enormously strange, they still did not find the answer to the occurrences of the missing warriors trapped inside the Dragon Soar Arena.

It did not occur even a little bit to Dillon before that Zen would be the one to ultimately solve the confounding mystery. It turned out that it was not the case that those people who entered the place did not want to return. Rather, they were forced to stay there, dreadfully imprisoned for a thousand years. Dillon broke out in a cold sweat at the new found knowledge. 'And to think I have also been prepared to travel to the Upper World myself, ' he thought with a wince and let out a breath he did not know he was holding. It was a fortunate thing that Haber had advised and also convinced him to give up on the idea of going there.

With slightly trembling hands, Dillon then passed the crumpled piece of paper to Hobbes and Haber. After the two of them had read it, they immediately looked at one another in shock. "The Dragon Soar Arena is a big trap!" they both exclaimed at the same time. Both men had somehow noticed that the place was rather shady before, and this just affirmed their suspicions. If Zen had not revealed the truth about the Dragon Soar Arena, there would be more people imprisoned in the Upper World.

"Wait a second," Haber said softly as a thought suddenly sprung from his mind. The man normally did not voice out his opinions as much as his comrades, but he was the most intuitive and smartest one among the three. Clasping his hands on his lap and furrowing his eyebrows, he continued, "Since that's the case, how could Zen have returned safely from the Genuine Dragon World?"

"Hmm, well…"

As Dillon shook his head, he pondered on the implication of what Haber had just stated. "I will find an opportunity to ask Zen." Shrugging his shoulders as he let out a short chuckle, Dillon piped up once more, "That kid has more secrets than the warriors at the Life and Death Realm."

After the small group of Cloud Hall members exited the Martial Arts Contest and left with them a lasting impression, they headed straight for the transmission array of Oracle City. A huge transmission array was nestled between the Oracle City and Cloudy City in order for transportation from the city to another to be more convenient. The particular transmission array was also built by the World Commercial Alliance for this exact purpose, for they could go back to their respective sect via the technology.

Through the transmission array, the group returned to the Cloud Hall. As they walked through their gates, the elders of the sect bowed in respect and welcomed them at the main entrance of the Cloud Hall.

"Welcome back, Master Ning!" the elders greeted them simultaneously with dutiful smiles on their faces.

As soon as Letitia stepped foot onto the ground, she immediately addressed the people in the area as she asserted in a loud voice which exuded authority, "Cloud Hall is now on alert!"

The elders showed visible astonishment on their faces as they had picked up on the urgent tone of their leader. The way she held herself was also different, they had noticed, as Letitia appeared to be unnerved and slightly rattled. It was definitely unusual that she displayed such behavior. They were not certain about what exactly was going on that caused the Cloud Hall to enter a state of emergency.

"Master Ning, what happened?"

Emanuel, one of the elders, inquired with his voice full of anxiety. The somber faces of the people behind her gave him a sinking feeling of how extreme the situation was.

Upon hearing Emanuel's question, Letitia hurried forward and moved closer to the elders of the sect. "There will be a strong enemy!" she explained as she wrung her hands in front of her and clasped her palms together, as if in prayer.

"A strong enemy?"

many elders stuttered as they stared at Letitia with incredulous expressions on their faces. Admittedly, there were not many individuals that could make the Cloud Hall view them as powerful enemies. For such an opponent to exist, they must have tremendous skills and boundless courage to challenge the Cloud Hall. 'Maybe it could be the Ethereal Spirit Sect?' one of them deeply considered. 'The World Commercial Alliance, maybe?' another elder pondered, thinking hard of who could be the strong enemy that made Letitia so frazzled. However, their guesses were highly doubtful as the relationships that the Cloud Hall maintained with the two powers were supported with mutual respect and diplomatic. Other than the two of them, they were not aware of other strong enemies that they could possible face.

Before they could deliberate even further and ask for an additional explanation from the pacing woman, Letitia smoothed her expression into that of resoluteness and did not bother talking about the issue anymore. The lady coldly addressed the people, "Let Felix come to my palace!" With her robes billowing behind and her hair fluttering against the breeze, she briskly walked away and finally entered the Cloud Hall.

Reading the tense atmosphere that suddenly surrounded the place, her entourage silently followed behind her, not bothering to talk with the elders. The strides of Imogen, Zen, and the others, kept up with the woman except for Saint Morphens who had stayed back.

Chapter 757 Attitude Of The Elders (Part Three)

As Saint Morphens had compliantly traveled together with the Cloud Hall's elite disciples, he felt that he was capable of explaining the situation completely to the crowd Letitia had left behind. Scanning his eyes over the elders' questioning and despairing expressions, he exasperatedly sighed before opening his mouth to speak. "This time, the Cloud Hall's enemy is Eddie."

Surprised gasps echoed throughout the area and some felt faint at the news Saint Morphens revealed to them. "What?!" Emanuel shouted as he jumped up. "Why did you offend this monster?"

Dubbed as the Evil East Lord, Eddie was one of those individuals that made ordinary people tremble in fear just by merely mentioning his name. The man could be righteous at some times and terribly evil at other times. This was due to the fact that if one did not directly provoke him, Eddie would not care for their existence. However, no one would come out alive after facing the consequences once they had done something to anger or insult him.

The people of Cloud Hall never would have thought that participating in the Martial Arts Contest would earn them anything other than a better reputation. However, what they brought home instead was a terrifyingly powerful opponent who was probably already on his way to destroy them.

"What exactly is going on? What happened back there? Morphens!" As Emanuel demanded for the full explanation, he stepped forward and crossed his both arms against his chest. "I need you to give us an explanation, and do not leave any detail behind!"

The elder's demanding tone made Saint Morphens frown. Even though there was a clear show of disrespect from Emanuel, the matter at hand was more significant and he debated to himself that showing anger towards the man was wasteful of his energy. The existence of the Cloud Hall was in danger and so Saint Morphens unquestioningly repeated everything that happened back in the Martial Arts Contest.

After the elders heard the entire story without interruption, they all immediately burst into an uproar. Reactions of displeasure as well as indignation echoed throughout the chamber where they stood. Some of them palmed their forehead and muttered out curses at their misfortune. With gloomy expressions and tight-lipped fraught faces, they stared back at Saint Morphens.

"We are doomed. This is too outrageous!" one of the people in crowd cried in a miserable tone. "Cloud Hall has been standing strong for ten thousand years. I could not believe that it is nearing its end just because of a bastard at the Illuminating Soul Realm!"

Pacing back and forth, another person echoed his thoughts. "Why did Master Ning offend someone like Eddie just for the sake of some kid at the Illuminating Soul Realm?"

"Is she treating the millions of disciples in our Cloud Hall as collateral damage? Are we nothing to her?" an elder asked impatiently, in disbelief of their current situation. "Does she want to bring the Cloud Hall to an irrecoverable situation?"

"I told all of you before! It's basically ridiculous that a little girl is qualified to be the leader of Cloud Hall!" another elder hissed. "So what if she has an amazing talent? It was naive of us to support her back then!" some protested.

At the negative grumbles of the people and the sounds of complaints wavering in the air, Emanuel's face darkened. After a moment of deliberation, he slowly said with solemnity, "According to Morphens, all of this has happened because of Zen, and as such, Eddie will attack the Cloud Hall for Zen." The man paused before he was sure all the attention was on him. "If so, there is a simple way to resolve this matter." His voice had a grim and tenacious timbre.

"What method are you talking about?"

an elder near Emanuel implored.

"All we need to do is hand Zen over!" Emanuel said through gritted teeth. Clenching his fists tightly, he was certain of his statement just now. 'We give one life to save all of us. It is the only way, ' he thought bitterly, determinedly staring ahead at the horizon.

When Saint Morphens heard what the man had uttered, he smiled cynically but did not bother contributing to the conversation. Partially agreeing with Emanuel internally, the man pondered that the idea might really be able to help the Cloud Hall through the crisis they were facing. By handing Zen over to the enemy, it should be enough to quell Eddie's anger.

The question remained to be if Letitia would agree to his proposition. As they all contemplated on the actions of their leader, most despondently concluded that the woman might refuse to do such a thing.

If Letitia was willing to sacrifice him, she would not have stood in front of Zen and defended him in the first place. Sighing to himself, Saint Morphens wondered about the possibility of them fighting back and surviving the inevitable war caused by Zen's actions and how Letitia would protect the Cloud Hall from it.

Although Letitia was appointed to be their leader at a young age, she was as stubborn as a rock once she made a decision. Due to this, it was a moot point to discuss among themselves a way to prevent the impending confrontation because the elders, and even the previous leader, Imogen, would not be able to change her mind or pull her back.

As Saint Morphens remained silent, he truly thought that maybe there was something only Letitia knew when she spoke for Zen at the match. Deep down, his loyalties lay on Letitia and he had an inkling that Zen was worth the investment from the Cloud Hall.

As for this group of elders wanting to cause a scene and embarrass themselves in front of the elite disciples as they planned, Saint Morphens merely walked away and placed his hands in his pockets, uncaring of their plot to deal with the situation. In the end, it all depended on Letitia to deal with their bothersome attitudes.

Chapter 758 Denounce

After relinquishing the position of Cloud Hall leader to Letitia, Imogen had given her free reign and only meddled with the sect's affairs during dire times. As such, after talking with Letitia and giving her a few words of advice, Imogen immediately left, leaving the incumbent leader of Cloud Hall to handle the rest.

The crisis that Cloud Hall was currently facing served as a huge test for Letitia. Imogen wouldn't be there for her forever as she might die at any time in the next Heavenly Tribulation. As a leader, Letitia must persevere and use her talent and wits to manage the matters of the sect on her own.

As soon as she got back to the Ice Palace, Letitia immediately freed her fair-skinned feet and lay back onto a large chair, the ice phoenix perched at her head.

Zen stood at the side of the palace as he waited for Felix to arrive.

As of that moment, the sect-protecting array was Cloud Hall's first priority which was why they immediately saw to the matter upon their return.

There were only the two of them in the place. Zen took one look at Letitia's tired face. "You're under great pressure," he said.

Letitia couldn't help but smile at his words. She looked up at Zen and said, "You're the one who should be under great pressure."

"As long as I am given enough time, I believe that I can build this sect-protecting array. I don't feel any pressure at all," Zen told her seriously.

"Why should I feel pressure?"

Letitia smiled mischievously.

Despite saying so, she actually had been under considerable strain. To others, her role as leader of Cloud Hall was an honored and extremely coveted position. But for Letitia, it was also an enormous burden. Her role as leader made her feel as if she was always walking on thin ice, not knowing if the next step would send her sinking through the cold ocean-depths below. The duties of the leader of a fourth-grade sect were oftentimes hard to bear and a serious crisis was rising up in the horizon.

Zen knew she was saying that only to make him less worried but he didn't comment on it. The only thing he needed to do was to finish the sect-protecting array as soon as possible.

However, before Felix's arrival, they were unceremoniously graced with the unexpected arrival of a group of Cloud Hall elders.

They aggressively barged into the palace and went straight for Letitia with Emanuel at the helm. Emanuel gave Zen a nasty glare before turning to their leader, "Miss Ning, why didn't you hand this guy over?" his words were tactful but his tone was very aggressive. "At the very least, Eddie could've forgiven us. It was only him that offended Eddie! Why should the entire Cloud Hall suffer for his actions?"

Letitia regained her usual commanding manner after the elders went in the palace. She met Emanuel's eyes with a cold glare, "I have my own considerations regarding the problem you mentioned."

One of the elders scoffed rudely, "Does it need any consideration? Master Ning, the lives of millions of our disciples here in Cloud Hall, five second-grade sects, and Cloudy City…. do these weigh less than that... that Illuminating Soul Realm guy?!" he burst angrily.

"The inheritance of the Cloud Hall has already lasted for tens of thousands of years and it cannot be destroyed by the actions of this kid!" another elder exclaimed before turning to Letitia, "Miss Ning, in the past, I have listened and followed your every order without question, but today, you have to give me an explanation!"

"If our Cloud Hall is destroyed by Eddie, this little brat is to blame! He is the greatest sinner of Cloud Hall!"

An elder declared and pointed to Zen.

Except for Felix, all the other elders of Cloud Hall were basically in the preliminary stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm while Emanuel and Morphens and several others were in the medium stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Letitia chuckled, "Hand over Zen?" she repeated as she looked at Emanuel. "Will handing him over ensure Cloud Hall's safety?"

"Of course! Zen has no idea where he stands. He dared to act against Evil East Lord and courted death! How dare he drag our Cloud Hall into this to cover his ass?" Emanuel's face was red with fury as he continued his rant. "Right now, the best solution is to drive this brat out of our Cloud Hall! This is the only way to save us from disaster!"

Despite Emanuel's fury, Letitia gave him a gentle smile, "Emanuel, how long has it been since our Cloud Hall was founded?"

"Since the first leader established the Cloud Hall, it has been 35, 446 years!"

Emanuel replied with cupped fists.

"Over thirty thousand years!" Letitia said. "The Cloud Hall has existed for such a long time. It doesn't matter if it lasts a few more years or less, right?"

"W-What do you mean?"

Emanuel asked in confusion.

Letitia rose. "To put into perspective: if Zen hadn't killed Marilyn, then in less than two years, Eddie would be able to build the Lustful Demon Array," she began. "Once he breaks through the Life and Death Realm and enters the Soul Sea Realm, he would claim himself as emperor and build his own divine kingdom. Once that happens, not just our Cloud Hall, but the

World Commercial Alliance, and even the Ethereal Spirit Sect - everything would be destroyed by Eddie." Letitia turned to face Emanuel once again and sneered. "Now, do you think Zen is the person who has harmed Cloud Hall? Or is he actually the one that saved us all."

"T-This is…" Emanuel was speechless once he caught up with Letitia's logic.

Letitia had always been sharp-tongued and intelligent. Not many people could hold up against her in a debate and as long as she set her wits to work, the other side was always sure to yield.

"Even so, that will only happen a few years later. The Ethereal Spirit Sect and the World Commercial Alliance are even more anxious than us. Even if the sky falls tomorrow they'll be able to hold it up. Why weren't they the ones to kill Marilyn? Did we really have to send our disciple to deal with her? We could have avoided offending Eddie," another elder argued.

Letitia let out a mocking laugh. "Coward! Are you really qualified to be an elder of our Cloud Hall? It's true that Eddie is the strongest in the Central Region, but is he really that scary?"

"Whether he is scary or not, we must hand Zen over to him!" Emanuel insisted.

"Yes! We must hand over Zen!"

"This brat is a disaster. He will definitely end Cloud Hall!"

"If Cloud Hall is destroyed because of Zen, will you be able to bear the consequences?"

The elders rose with an uproar, each one of them trying to denounce Zen and plead for his expulsion. However, despite the heat from their accusations, they quickly realized that the temperature of the Ice Palace had suddenly dropped into considerably low levels.

The elders collectively shut their mouths, shivering slightly from both the chilly air and the cold, harsh look on Letitia's face.

She sat back on her chair, her gaze like two icicles piercing through the elders, "You all seem to have forgotten who the leader of Cloud Hall is."

"But…"

Emmanuel had briefly opened his mouth but immediately froze when he met Letitia's cold glare.

"I'll be dealing with the problem regarding the Evil East Lord. It's not your concern. No more nonsense…." Before she even finished talking, the ice phoenix behind her had already spread its grand ice blade-like wings and emitted a soft, blue light.

Only then did the elders realize that Letitia was truly angry.

Despite having her childish side, Letitia was still the iron-willed leader of Cloud Hall and the consequences of angering her were not something that any of them could bear.

With Letitia's unshakable resolve regarding this crisis, Emanuel took one long look at Zen before turning his heel and leaving. The other elders also followed him out, throwing Zen a few nasty looks.

Just as the elders were leaving, Felix arrived panting. He immediately greeted them as they passed by him at the entryway, "Master Zhuo, Elder Hai, hello! Huh?!"

The elders blatantly ignored Felix's greeting and angrily brushed past him.

Their reaction caused Felix to roll his eyes, "What's wrong with these old guys? Did they forget to take their medicine? They're crazy!"

Tutting, Felix stepped into the Ice Palace only to halt in his steps as a surge of cold air blasted him. His body immediately stiffened, "Looks like they had a big argument…"

Shaking off the cold, Felix walked inside and found Letitia. He clasped his hands in greeting, "I'm here, Master Ning."

"I called you here to do something for me," Letitia said, not wasting any time and getting straight to the point.

"Please feel free to ask me anything, Lady," Felix said quickly, noticing the lingering anger in Letitia's tone.

"The sect-protection array of the sixth-grade sect that I gave to you last time," she said. "Have you decoded it? Is there any progress?" Letitia asked and looked at him expectantly.

"This…." Felix hesitated. "The sect-protecting array…it is just too complicated. I'm afraid it will take me three to five years to completely understand it."

"Throw it away," Letitia ordered him bluntly.

Her words shocked Felix. "Ah? Throw it away?" He had thought he had misheard. A sect-protecting array of a sacred place was considered an extremely precious treasure but here was Letitia, casually ordering him to just throw it away.

"From today onwards, you will be supporting Zen with creating a new sect-protecting array. All the materials, including the resources of Cloud Hall, will be at your disposal." She then gave him a firm glare. "Remember: you have to assist Zen!"

Her emphasis left Felix in a state of mild shock and confusion. "Starting today?"

"Yes, we will start work today," Zen suddenly butted in.

"Do we have to start in such a hurry?"

From Felix's experience, drawing runes required one to be in a calm, collected state. According to the rules set by the masters of the Runic

Tower, one would first need to bathe, change clothes, burn incense, wash one's hands, and ensure the adequate preparations before even starting.

Finishing a sect-protecting array usually took a year or even several. It was not something that could be done overnight. So why were they in such a rush?

"Do you think we have time to dally?"

Zen asked, chuckling at Felix. "If we don't hurry, then Eddie just might come and attack us tomorrow."

Zen's words greatly confused Felix. Even if Eddie came a month later, it would still be impossible for them to finish the new sect-protecting array.

If only Felix had seen Zen's abilities in the Martial Arts Contest and how he was able to finish drawing up more than a hundred runes in just a short amount of time then he wouldn't be so shocked nor as confused as he was at that moment.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 759 Immersion (Part One)

Drawing up a sect-protecting array was far more complicated as opposed to the enchanted barrier which Zen had drawn on the stage last time.

Before anything else, a sect-protecting array needed the existence of an enchanted barrier that would keep the entire sect safe. By comparison, even the residence of a small sect was still significantly larger than a battle arena.

One could look at the Cloud Sect as an example. Its full location was close to being just as big as the Burning Sky Empire.

That being said, Cloud Hall was a bit of an irregularity.

Beyond everything else, it was hovering up in the clouds.

In spite of the fact that it had a giant floating stone as its foundation, as a fourth-grade sect, Cloud Hall wasn't actually that big.

Apart from the protective enchanted barrier, one more thing it truly needed was attacking capability. There was no way a sect-protecting array could be put up just to defend and without being able to retaliate at all.

Upon exiting the Ice Palace, Felix delivered Cloud Hall's exact dimensions. Immediately following that, Zen floated to the point where Cloud Hall was just beneath him and got a bird's-eye view of his surroundings before carefully going back down.

"Do you have any idea just how many divine textures this sect-protecting array would necessitate?" he asked the cyan dragon.

"If you're planning to use a nine-star divine texture, just a single one would be adequate," the cyan dragon answered right away.

Zen rolled his eyes at his response. One of those nine-star divine textures would be more than enough to lay waste to the entire Central Region.

The fact was that the cyan dragon was currently incapable of drawing a nine-star divine texture. Let's just say that he could, Zen still wouldn't be able to provide the materials in such a short span of time.

"But the Cloud Hall isn't such a huge place. From the way I see it, it would take roughly around 4, 900 three-star and four-star divine textures in all, as well as three five-star divine textures on top of that. But above all, you would need to find sufficient materials," the cyan dragon answered straight up.

Nodding his head along, Zen said, "The necessary materials should be the first problem to get worked out."

After receiving an approximation, Zen wanted to make a list of all the materials they would be needing. He found a table and began to jot it all down. With that, he listed everything the cyan dragon recommended one by one.

"Twenty rhinoceros horns."

"Four rosewood logs."

"One kilogram of eaglewood."

"Elm..."

Felix was surprised at how long the list was turning out to be. It just kept going on and on.

Letitia had made it quite clear that Felix was simply lending Zen a hand in constructing the sect-protecting array.

However, each of those essential materials was actually going to be a bit too costly, and would also prove to be hard to procure.

If he was really planning to secure those items as soon as he possibly could, he might end up having to cough up more than two or possibly even three times their original price.

When he noticed that Felix was holding the list of materials and seemed to be completely astounded, Zen walked over toward him and asked out of concern, "Is there a problem?"

"These... These items…" Felix stumbled over his words as he pointed at the components written on the list.

"Would you be able to gather them?" Zen straightforwardly asked, wanting to confirm it. It was due to the fact that he was just a bit concerned that a few of those materials could be much too hard to obtain.

"I can find them, you don't have to worry about that. But the thing is... they are going to be ridiculously expensive." Based on Felix's rough estimate, the items on the list would cost them a great deal of supreme life vitality crystals. "These materials would probably use up about half of Cloud Hall's savings, probably even more than that!"

Zen simply smiled at him and gave him two scenarios. "Tell me, between shelling out half of the life vitality crystals and having your sect razed to the ground, which would you prefer?"

"That's a foolish question! You're well aware which I would choose." Felix blurted out.

"Then just go ahead and gather these materials as soon as you can, whatever it may cost. If push comes to shove, you'll have to steal them as a last resort," Zen stated with a stern look on his face.

Given that Zen had already made himself clear, Felix promptly dispatched the numerous stewards of Cloud Hall to procure the materials.

One could go on and say that the productivity and orderliness of Cloud Hall were still considerably high.

Close to a third of the materials could be found directly inside Cloud Hall, and another third was spread throughout Cloudy City and the five great sects directly attached to Cloud Hall. As soon as Felix had given the order, the five great sects started delivering the materials into Cloud Hall.

But as for the last third of the essential materials, Felix had no choice but to purchase the components from World Commercial Alliance themselves.

Every single time a material arrived, Zen would check an item on the list using his thick ink brush. And slowly but surely, more and more materials were getting ticked off.

By the third day, from the moment they started, all the items written on the list had already gotten checked, meaning they were able to procure everything they needed.

As soon as all of the materials had been collected, Zen would have to make use of Felix's space for a while.

Much like Nate, who owned Runic Tower, runic experts needed certain conditions to be met for the area they would be working on. Felix's place was located on the side of Cloud Hall. If one were to glance outside from the empty hall, they could look at the rolling sea clouds, making it the best place in the hall to draw up the runes.

There was a crowd of people gathering in the hall. A handful of those were Felix's underlings who were responsible for taking care of the materials as well as producing ink. Not wanting to risk messing things up due to lack of manpower, Felix decided to call a couple of other stewards to come over and give them some assistance.

Chapter 760 Immersion (Part Two)

The minute the first batch of ink had been produced according to Zen's specifications, Zen simultaneously laid out a sheet of paper, firmly holding a brush in his hand.

The first container filled with ink was then given to Zen. Carefully dipping the brush into the ink, he proceeded to draw the first stroke.

As specified by the cyan dragon's plans, all in all, there were supposed to be 4, 901 divine textures in total within the bounds of the sect-protecting array. This three-star divine texture which Zen was drawing up was but one small part of the whole.

The second Zen's runic brush came into contact with the sheet of paper, his soul force immediately activated the characteristics of the components in the ink, emitting a blaze of red light. It should be quite apparent that this rune in particular was an offensive one with fire attribute!

The tip of the brush moved gracefully on the paper akin to a stream of fire, steadily painting the paper. The marking and figures on the paper looked just like blossoming flames.

Watching intently as Zen casually used his Perfect Brushwork with such ease, Felix couldn't help himself from feeling so enthralled.

Out of everyone present in Cloud Hall, if there was going to be just one person who was most pleased, it might very well be Felix. When it came to martial arts, he could easily be regarded as a heaven-level talent. In spite of that, though, all his life, he always had this obsession with runes. Thus, even up until now, he was still merely a martial artist in the Internal Elixir Realm. If he were to pick one between Cloud Hall and runes, there was no doubt that he'd go for the runes.

Regardless of the fact that Felix didn't have the ability to perform the Perfect Brushwork, the feeling he had through simply watching Zen draw those runes was something priceless.

Zen's grip was firm and his arms were stable, his motions seemed so tranquil and fluid. Having that level of finesse, even the most complex runes could probably be drawn smoothly. It didn't take too long before a three-star divine texture was finished.

Without standing up, he simply gestured over to someone next to him. The assistant immediately grabbed the divine texture from him and set it somewhere in the hall to let the air dry up the ink written on the paper.

After that, he began drawing a second divine texture, then a third…

For the next twelve hours, without stopping to take a breather, Zen just kept on drawing runes one after the other. The brush he was holding never stopped for even a minute.

Actually, just after the first two hours, Felix had asked Zen if he would like to take a break to get some rest, but Zen just shook his head and vehemently continued drawing.

Felix never could've imagined that he would go on twelve hours nonstop!

Drawing runes would eat up a considerable amount of soul force. Even though the soul of a runic expert was far stronger than an ordinary martial artist's, drawing for twelve hours straight was still a feat that was quite unheard of.

In Central Region, Felix was among the best runic experts. He had actually been a disciple once in the Runic Tower. At the time when he left the tower, he possessed enough soul force to be ranked in the tower's top ten. And yet even then, after merely constructing five runes, he would immediately feel nauseated, needing a couple of days to take some rest before he could draw again.

That was the main reason why Felix truly believed that constructing a sect-protecting array would need about a year, possibly even a number of years to be completed. Drawing runes was worlds apart from just drawing some random graffiti. But as Zen did it, he made it appear as though he was just drawing some graffiti artwork. He made the process look so easy, when it was in fact far from that, much too far from that.

Felix had no clue how strong Zen's soul was, whatsoever. But to be completely fair, who would have actually thought that a young warrior from the Illuminating Soul Realm possessed something like a soul of the Fighting Soul Realm?!

After drawing continuously for twelve hours straight, Zen eventually sensed a feeling of exhaustion. This was the consequence for pushing his soul force too hard. He abruptly stopped what he was doing. And by the end of that twelve-hour stint, on one side of the hall, more than two hundred three-star divine textures were tidily piled up together.

If he could somehow manage to put out this much divine textures, the process should be finished in about one month.

At that point, Felix was totally astounded. Apart from how difficult it was to draw up runes which he couldn't comprehend in any way, drawing one-star runes for twelve hours nonstop would have already driven him to his wit's end.

'This young man must have a soul made of iron!' he deeply pondered, still feeling so amazed.

Upon taking a much-needed good night's rest, Zen was able to replenish his stamina and began drawing divine textures once again. The helpers inside the hall also had their hands full with dissecting the materials, hanging them to dry, and then grinding them. All of these methods might sound easy, but they were also quite intricate.

Suddenly, the temperature around the hall seemed to have gone down a little. Letitia came flying in. The assistants and stewards who were much too busy moving around the hall all stopped in their tracks and bowed to her, but Letitia simply waved her hand over to them, gesturing not to cause Zen any distractions.

Her eyes, which seemed to be just as warm as the sun, were glistening intensely. Akin to a peaceful valley, she had her gaze fixated on Zen with a revitalizing and pure allure.

As all of that was happening, Zen had been completely oblivious to it. The only thing he wanted to do was to focus on his brush as he immersed himself into the world of divine textures.

Chapter 761 Five-star Divine Texture (Part One)

Drifting across the sky were dense clouds; smoky wisps curled up against the blueness of the atmosphere like genies. As the air in Cloud Hall became saturated with anticipation and the forthcoming of gloom, the hazy mist that enveloped the land slowly dispersed. With the rays of golden light peeking through the scattering morning mist, a woman's shadow materialized under the soft daylight. The silhouette of Letitia's slender and elegant figure was suddenly apparent on the grounds.

As the woman silently stood there, she observed the young man deep in thought. Deeming it enough to survey for a while, she floated away gracefully.

Biting her lip anxiously as she rubbed her cheek with her palm, Letitia thought that what she had done was actually a reckless and unwise gamble. As soon as she had tersely placed the stakes at hand, she was confronted with an immense backlash due to the Cloud Hall elders pressuring her; and it was not long before she would crack.

Even though Imogen, Saint Morphens, and a small portion of the elders did not complain straight to her face, there were times when she had caught on fleeting moments of hesitancy as if they wanted to question her decisions. Letitia was almost definitely certain that they did not understand what she wanted to accomplish.

Exhaling deeply with a far-off gaze, she was well aware of the arduous consequences her actions could bring. As the stakes were too high, the odds were stacked against her. It was far from unlikely that she would end up losing the Cloud Hall for good.

As soon as she strode out of the Cloud Hall, she furrowed her eyebrows at the sight of Emanuel and numerous other elders aggressively walking towards where she stood. Shielding her eyes from the glare of the sun, she had also noticed that walking beside the big group of elders were various leaders of third grade clans and third grade sects.

These clan leaders and sect leaders were significant people, as they represented varying powers and authorities in the Cloudy City. Moreover, they had always been vassals of the Cloud Hall. Letitia had a definite guess of the reason why they had suddenly gathered together with the elders. If it ever so happened that the Cloud Hall was destroyed, whether it be from natural disasters like devastating earthquakes or sweeping tsunamis that could heavily impact the state of the whole city, all of the clans and sects would find themselves in great peril.

Sighing to herself as a headache started to work its way towards her temples, she thought that maybe what they were trying to tell her was true; maybe it was not a wise decision to pin all the hope on Zen to resist Eddie. 'Ah, here they come, ' she thought warily, already expectant of the onslaught of protests from the elders.

"Miss Ning, please do think twice! How can a dignified fourth grade sect place all of its hope on a man like Zen?"

"Miss Ning, I have remained loyal and devoted to Cloud Hall for two hundred years and I am willing to serve Cloud Hall until I die," one of them pleaded with earnest eyes. "However, I cannot bear to see it collapse just because of some cultivator at the Illuminating Soul Realm."

Amidst the sudden chaos, a clan leader shouted from the side, "The only way is to hand Zen over!"

All kinds of voices echoed throughout the hall and the dissonance of it all rang in her ears aggravatingly. Words of anger, bitterness, and helplessness reflected on the way they raised their voices at the Cloud Hall leader. It was akin to a dam that burst from pressure, a raging river that uncoiled like pythons, as their vehement disagreements washed over and threatened to choke her under the current. Even though she was the respected leader of the Cloud Hall, nothing could have stopped the assault of sounds surrounding her, imprisoning her very being as she could not even find a way to escape the crowd.

After pushing and pulling through the throng of people, Letitia finally managed to inhale a bout of fresh air as she broke through and left them arguing over themselves.

Stumbling and breathing heavily, she returned to her Ice Palace and almost slumped against the door. The woman was nothing short of stupefied over what just happened. As she watched the ice phoenix float towards her and land softly on her right shoulder as a form of comfort, she sighed sadly. Biting her lip and drooping her head, she winced and unwittingly spit out a curse, "Damn it, I cannot lose.."

However, there was no one to blame but her own self. It was her own doing that she remained as stubborn as a mule--once she had chosen a direction, nothing would be able to change her mind. Moreover, her personality was being resilient; even if she encountered numerous troubling difficulties on the road to her goal, she would still choose to suffer all kinds of consequences along the way, boundlessly bearing the burden and relentlessly advancing forward.

With all the commotion happening in the Cloud Hall, Zen clearly knew that Letitia was under so much pressure.

What was worse was the fact that Eddie could suddenly drop by unannounced in the Cloud Hall. And what was she going to do then? The man she had put her faith into, Zen, could only concentrate as of the moment on drawing the divine textures.

Reflecting heavily on the events that had occurred for the past days, it was getting more and more likely that she could not save Cloud Hall after all. Even if Zen had a soul which had already reached the Fighting Soul Realm, he would be exhausted by working intensively every day to draw the runes. Within twelve hours of each day, he spent eight hours continuously working on the runes, and the remaining four hours would be consumed for energy restoration. Although he was a capable man, it took just about everything in him to painstakingly draw them; it definitely maximized the capabilities of Zen's soul.

For the first and second days of working on the runes, everything had appeared to be fine as the man never complained or showed fatigue.

However, tragedy struck on the third day which gave them deep-seated worries and anxiety. When morning came, Zen almost did not want to wake up from his sleep. As they had all figured out, excessive extraction of his soul force drained him and made his soul extremely tired. Furthermore, the lack of sleep made it impossible for him to replenish his energy.

As the days progressed, Zen had no choice but to wear the Soul-nurturing Jade every day, the one that Dillon had gifted to him. At the same time, he started to take some soul nourishing pills.

Perpetually working on the runes severely exploited his soul force and exhausted him to the bone like no other. However, the silver lining of the whole process was the fact that his soul became more stable as time passed by and a faint coat of jade-green glow surrounded him.

The Fighting Soul Realm was admittedly not the highest level the soul could enter. This was because just above the Fighting Soul Realm was the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. Although this was the case, it would still take nonstop rigorous training and interminable tempering of one's soul to cross the threshold of the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. With Zen's current strength being used and depleted on the runes, entering the next realm was not something Zen could easily envision.

During the period when Zen worked incessantly, Letitia often took the time to visit Zen and observe his progress.

Dropping in to pay him a quick visit was something the woman did for reassurance. In the face of immense pressure coming from the different parties of the Cloud Hall, witnessing Zen work earnestly made her slightly relieved. Although she felt apologetic that the young man exhausted himself tirelessly, she was still responsible for the future of Cloud Hall.

Chapter 762 Five-star Divine Texture (Part Two)

Along with the preparations and countermeasures they were doing, the Cloud Hall was also doing its best on closely monitoring Eddie's movements. According to the information the Cloud Hall had gathered from their latest discussion, Eddie seemed to be looking for a way to recover Eden's warrior spirit after leaving the Oracle City.

All cultivators across the land knew the consequences of losing their warrior spirit; it was a devastating event that they all dreaded to think about. As those who had witnessed such an incident could attest to, not only would the warrior never be able to recover from such a blow, there was also a high possibility that the warrior would even lose all confidence to continue living in this world.

Recovering the warrior spirit of a cultivator was definitely a difficult feat. This was due to the fact that even if they had somehow repaired it, there would still be burdensome side effects that could affect the warrior. An example of this would be the likelihood of developing amnesia. Furthermore, the mind of the cultivator might even be damaged. Another condition for the warriors who had lost their warrior spirits would be the dependence on other people. This was because if they were left unattended or uncared for, it would be significantly harder for them to recover with the passing of time. As the warriors often felt deeper about their sufferings and pitied their conditions, falling into depression worsened their state of mind. That was the most probable reason as to why Eddie did not immediately seek vengeance and stomp through the Cloud Hall. The man had prioritized the finding and restoration of Eden's warrior spirit first.

This news might have been the only relatively good news for the people of Cloud Hall. At the very least, it had helped them buy quite a bit of time.

Before they had even noticed, half a month had already passed. With their days spent anxiously moving around their sects and occasionally looking towards the sky in case their opponent had decided to make a move, time passed by with relative ease. On the nineteenth day, a total of four thousand

and nine hundred divine textures were finally completed. With that, what remained was the last three five-star divine textures, also the most crucial ones out of them all.

The impending three five-star divine textures cost four thousand supreme life vitality crystals--and that was only for the materials. Additionally, they were also the most critical divine textures in the sect-protecting array. All the over four thousand divine textures of the sect-protecting array would be able to work on the premise that these three five-star divine textures were put into place.

The three were significant and valuable in their own ways. The first five-star divine texture was named "Light of Water." This was due to the fact that this particular divine texture was able to gather the power of fourteen hundred divine textures and was capable of condensing them into a sect-protecting enchanted barrier.

Just as the first one had been of utmost importance, the second five-star divine texture termed the "Wrath of Thunder" was also revered for a different way. The particular divine texture focused on bringing offensive powers, one that could unleash an attack similar to thunder tribulation.

Last but definitely not the least was the third five-star divine texture known as "Mad Trap". The divine texture served as a trap that would only be activated at the opponent's trigger.

These three five-star divine textures were not created by Zen himself. Although the young cultivator was confident that he would be able to complete these three divine textures, the materials needed to produce them were just too precious and scarce. Even the smallest mistake or a slip of hand could make all his efforts go to waste.

Unfortunately, the problem was not the fact that the Cloud Hall could not afford the life vitality crystals themselves. Rather, it was more of the actuality that some materials needed were not available to acquire within a short period of time even if they had the resources to purchase them. Now that they were faced with a formidable and powerful foe, Zen was not willing to take any risks to lose.

Placed in front of Zen was a huge piece of parchment that could be used for drawing runes. Picking up the wooden brush and gripping it lightly, he let a trace of the cyan dragon's soul infuse into the brush in preparation of what he was about to do. Without hesitation, Zen positioned the tip of the brush on top of the paper and as it touched the surface, a bright beam of light streamed out which had contained strong power of the Water Law.

Divine textures that ranged from one to four stars did not have a high requirement for the Law Power as it did not need much to be produced. However, the process of drawing the five-star divine texture necessitated the individual to be proficient in the Law Power. An exhibition of this would be the "Light of Water", as one had to be adept in the first layer of the Water Law power, otherwise, it would basically be impossible to finish it.

For instance, there were some divine texture experts in the Upper World that were able to successfully cultivate the Fire Law and Thunder Law with their own capabilities, but some were not able to draw the "Light of Water". This was due to the fact that being able to activate the properties of the materials in the ink came hand in hand with having a complete comprehension and command of the Water Law.

While closely inspecting the radiant beam of light that rippled like water on Zen's brush tip, Felix gasped in surprise at the sight.

The man could also draw five-star runes with ease, however, what he was currently seeing was something extraordinary. 'Why does drawing a five-star rune need such a strong Law Power?' he wondered, especially amazed at the handiwork Zen was doing on the parchment. With curiosity and anticipation apparent on the way he gazed at Zen's hand as it gracefully danced atop the paper while holding the brush, he contemplated that Zen was indeed special, 'Is this guy sure that he is drawing a five-star rune, and not a six-star or seven-star rune?'

"How strong will the power of this rune be once it is activated?!" The man sitting beside Zen exclaimed as he could not help but feel expectant of the results.

In the Central Region, the highest level a rune could be was six-star. Moreover, only a few old men in the Runic Tower in the whole wide world could manage to summon enough power to make it. However, none of them would employ such potent Law Power!

This was also the exact reason which made divine textures extremely powerful. If one had to compare it with the runes, the power of a singular five-star divine texture could be equivalent to an eight-star rune in the Central Region. In the end, it was the motivation Zen needed, as he was confident in making the sect-protecting array to be able to completely resist Eddie and his powers.

The brush strokes of the runes exuded the kind of aesthetically pleasing visual that calmed Zen and Felix as they were akin to tiny streams of water that flowed with radiant splendor. As the lines gracefully intertwined with each other, it depicted such a beautifully complex piece that reflected the wishes of the one drawing them.

It took Zen a couple of hours before finally finishing the drawing of the "Light of Water". As he finally perfected the last stroke of his brush, he lifted the pen from the parchment and could not help but feel a sense of satisfaction and relief at seeing his complete drawing. The young man smiled a little to himself while he stretched the hand he had been working with; it had been a tedious four hours of being hunched over his worktable.

Splash!

The people roaming in the hall emitted sounds of surprise and delight as they heard the melodious sound of flowing water that surrounded them. It had seemed like the divine texture which could be compared to a skillfully done landscape painting had sprung to life. The picture radiated a soft and gentle sensation as it gave the impressions of a salty breeze by the seaside and the welcoming mellow waves.

After the liquid-like ripples on the runes gradually subsided, the aura emitted by the Water Law slowly disappeared and it left behind the plain expanse of the rune. Without the unobtrusive sounds of water, the place had become quiet again.

Zen glanced at Felix who appeared to still be fascinated by the brief showcase of the rune's power and then nudged him into reality. "I am ready to do the next one." Zen nodded at him and calmly stated.

At that exact moment, their ears picked up on a ruckus from the entrance of the hall. Both men looked questioningly at each other at the same time, wondering what the commotion was all about.

"For the past few days, Letitia has announced that she's in closed-door cultivation. Well, I think that's only an excuse! She's just trying to hide and avoid facing the problem as it is," one of the people loudly protested. "The Cloud Hall is on the verge of collapsing. How could she hide in her mighty Ice Palace all alone and refuse to come out?" a high pitched voice complained outside before continuing, "She's being irresponsible!"

"She must give us an explanation!"

"I heard that Zen was drawing some useless runes here. It's just a sect-protecting array. What can it do, anyway?! Either capture that bastard and hand him over or force Letitia out!" more of them demanded angrily, as they started to come closer to where Zen was working.

The loud cacophony of voices which had started far away came nearer by the minute and it was not long before a group of dissenting people appeared at the entrance. This was not good as Zen might not be able to focus with all his might.

The face of Zen's companion turned red with anger at the sudden intrusion of the mob forming outside. Moreover, he had looked downright murderous at the thought of people about to barge inside and interrupt Zen's process of drawing the runes. It was the most crucial moment for Zen to finish the sect-protecting array and yet the bumbling idiots raging at the entrance did not understand the severity of the situation.

"What the hell is the noise about?!" The normally good-tempered Felix could not help but bellow in wrath as he wished to stop the fools from causing more disturbance than they already did.

Chapter 763 Mad Trap

In just half a month, a strong sense of crisis had pervaded the entire Cloud Hall, Cloudy City and five second-grade sects under the Cloud Hall. Everyone felt the heavy tension in the air as a constant state of danger hung over their heads, plunging their hearts in a perpetual state of panic.

Emanuel had made sure to spread words of Zen's deeds in the Martial Arts Contest all over Cloud Hall.

A warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm actually killed Eddie's woman in front of him and was able to leave unscathed.

The news had been shocking, and after many embellishments, the rumors floating around had described Zen as some kind of omnipotent character. His story had become like some kind of legend, spreading all over taverns, tea houses, and restaurants.

"I heard that Zen slashed Marilyn's neck right in front of Eddie! He didn't give a damn that Eddie was the number one warrior of Central Region."

"Eddie is a warrior at the Life and Death Realm. He is someone who can kill a person with just one look, but a teenager was able to kill his woman. I know that there are many talents in the world, but still Zen was too bold to kill Eddie's woman."

"He is a genius, to begin with. Moreover, he was able to destroy Eden's warrior spirit with just a few words. Ha! I don't even know what his talent is—it's simply impossible to describe!"

"He may have the talent and he may have walked away from Eddie safe and sound, but he has spelled disaster for Cloud Hall. What if Eddie comes to the Cloud Hall for revenge? The whole sect is at risk because of Zen!"

"I don't think the leader of Cloud Hall should have supported Zen. Because of her support, Eddie would now set himself against Cloud Hall."

"Humph, the leader of Cloud Hall looks cold and aloof, but I think she has a crush on Zen. Of course she'd lose her cool when she saw her lover in trouble. Zen is so lucky to have such a beautiful woman."

There were all sorts of discussion regarding the rumors, Letitia's decision, and the imminent threat of Cloud Hall's destruction at Eddie's hands.

When the rumors reached Cloudy City, the entire place had become shrouded in haze.

What if Eddie came? What would Cloud School do? Would the Cloud Hall survive?

Meanwhile, the situation in Cloud Hall couldn't be more intense. In the beginning, Letitia had still been able to pull out her leader card when it came to suppressing people from stirring up trouble. Inevitably, she gradually lost control as the issue blew up, and she decided to cultivate in seclusion.

The elders, clan leaders, and sect leaders couldn't find any outlet to vent out their frustrations, so they decided to target Zen. When they heard that Zen was setting up the sect-protecting array with Felix, they immediately went to find them.

During this period of time, Emanuel was having a great time.

Before, Emanuel had been the person that had the most potential of taking over the position of sect leader. Had it not been for Letitia, the one sitting on the throne would've been Emanuel. This fact had always made him bitter and he was always on the lookout for a chance to snatch the position.

It might be a crisis for others, but for Emanuel, it was an opportunity. Eddie was an independent warrior with the ambition of establishing his own divine kingdom to take control of the entire Central Region. A mere Cloud Hall was nothing in his eyes.

If Eddie came to Cloud Hall and killed Letitia and Imogen, Emanuel could immediately defect to Eddie's side. By doing so, he would get the backing of the strongest warrior in the entire Central Region. No one in Cloud Hall would dare compete with him after that.

However, before his plans came to fruition, Emanuel would still need to pretend to be a good person. He could vent unhappiness while also winning the hearts of others by doing so.

In fact, the main reason why everyone had dared to come to Felix today was because of Emanuel.

Upon seeing the ferocious crowd that had gathered in front of him, Felix immediately roared in anger, "What are you all trying to do?"

"Nothing! We just want you to hand over that brat, Zen!"

"Felix, I respect you as an elder of Cloud Hall. Go hide in the corner and we won't embarrass you."

The other elders would usually have to beg for Felix's help given that he was a runic expect. Everyone would always be nice to him in fear of giving him offense. However, things were different and the people were angry for Zen. No runic expert would calm their resolve now.

The crowd pushed itself into the great hall and immediately recognized Zen with a single glance.

At this moment, Zen dipped his brush into the ink and was drawing a second five-star divine texture.

The divine texture was called "Thunder Wrath." He had to amplify the Thunder Law to its limit. It had taken a while for the cyan dragon to find the right feeling before he was able to pour his soul force into the rune.

Crack!

The power of thunder was known for being violent and fast. A blue lightning arc appeared as soon as the cyan dragon's soul force activated the runic power in the ink. It was as thin as a hair strand but it contained the entirety of Thunder Law.

"What is that brat doing?"

"He isn't drawing runes. He's cultivating, isn't he?"

"Just ignore whatever he's doing and take him away!"

"Ah, let's take a look first! A brat at the Illuminating Soul Realm won't be able to flee from all of us anyway."

Their loud discussions had Zen glancing at them briefly before concentrating once again on drawing the divine texture. Although the drawing of the divine texture relied mainly on the cyan dragon's soul force, Zen still needed to control the strokes and draw up the lines.

Violent arcs of lightning suddenly erupted from his brush as the tip made contact with the paper. As he drew back his brush, a boundless lightning bolt burst forth.

The sudden eruption of lightning could've made any person blind, but Zen's eyes were wide and unblinking. It was as if lightning had been chiseled onto the paper.

At that moment, it looked as if he was the son of thunder and lightning—a god that controlled the electric plasma to serve all his needs.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The crowd had become quiet, only staring in shock at what was in front of them.

Only the crackle of lightning could be heard in the entire great hall. The more timid warriors would even tremble from time to time.

"The last stroke!"

The rune brush spun around Zen's hand, forming a perfect circle. He used his thumb to hold the paper in place and with a gentle roll, the divine texture was sealed.

Swish!

The crackle of lightning gradually subsided and returned to silence. In the end, the divine texture had turned into a plain ink script.

"Is he...really drawing runes?"

"If it weren't for what Felix said, I would have thought he was practicing some extremely powerful cultivation method!"

"So powerful. Maybe his sect-protecting array can really fight against Eddie and protect Cloud Hall from harm!"

Hearing them, Zen didn't show any emotions. He carefully placed his rune brush back down and walked to the edge of the wall to place his hands in a basin of clear water. Although the lightning would never harm him, the high temperature it produced had an effect on how his hands felt. He still needed to draw up the third and final rune.

The last rune was called "Mad Trap" and true to its name, it was a trap—a killing trap to be exact, meant to imprison and kill powerful enemies.

Shaking off the water droplets, Zen used a fluffy, white towel, to wipe them dry before returning to his seat.

It was here that Felix came to his side and personally helped him remove the "Thunder Wrath" rune, replacing it with brand new runic paper and then respectfully moving aside.

Zen once again picked up his brush and dipped it in the ink that an assistant handed to him. The cyan dragon's soul power once again swirled around him.

Buzz...

Unlike the previous violent lightning, his brush now showcased a dreamy color.

Most of the materials used to create the "Mad Trap" included "Charm Bone" and "a thousand-year-old fox heart" that were specifically used to set up the magic array. Even Zen had almost lost his way when he tried to activate the energy inside those materials.

From his brush, the dreamy sight of Letitia's beautiful and unparalleled face blossomed forth.

In the illusion, she was half-naked and her petite yet powerful body was slowly walking towards him. Her usual cold eyes were nowhere to be found and were instead full of warmth and seduction.

The cyan dragon was prepared to pull him out of this befuddlement, but even before he was able to do anything, a bit of lightning flashed across Zen's face and his eyes once again became clear.

"Ah, that's right," the cyan dragon said. "Your willpower is so firm that you can break free from this illusion yourself. Start drawing then." Though he was a bit surprised, the cyan dragon also thought that it should've been something he had expected from Zen.

Nodding his head, Zen once again began to draw. Lines of illusory colors burst from his brush onto the drawing paper while pink and purple mist began to rise along with the soft, brush strokes.

Although he was able to pull himself out of the illusion, the others weren't so strong-willed. Felix and the rest of the crowd all stared at the mist with dull gazes, almost as if their souls were being sucked in by the dreamy soft and purple haze.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 764 Eighty Percent Sure

As the tip of Zen's brush continued to extend its magical line, an intense and mysterious mist started forming in the hall, full of hallucinogens and a captivating song.

The first ones to be bewitched by the illusion were Felix's assistants, then Felix himself and the stewards, followed by the group led by Emanuel.

There were numerous elders, sect leaders, and clan leaders among this group of people. Quite a number of them were at the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, and a small number had even reached the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. But they couldn't resist the illusion produced by the divine texture.

When the first line was finished, Zen glanced at them briefly. He was also secretly taken aback by the countless ugly expressions on their faces.

The five-star divine texture was actually so powerful! He hadn't fully activated it, but the aura released by it had the power to confuse warriors even at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. If these three divine textures were combined with the 4, 900 three-star and four-star divine textures, their power would be beyond Zen's imagination.

Just thinking about it caused Zen's heart to palpitate with excitement, and the brush in his hand wavered slightly.

"Be careful," warned the cyan dragon, who had currently focused all of his attention on using his soul force. Drawing a divine texture required one's full attention. The slightest distraction could destroy the entire process and he would have to start over.

Fortunately, Zen was able to bring back his concentration in time, and the brush's tip immediately stabilized. Then he began to draw the last divine texture wholeheartedly.

When the upper half of the "Mad Trap" was drawn, it was still blooming with a pink and purple mist. The brushstrokes were also soft, and the whole aura was filled with a sense of extreme temptation.

However, when he reached the bottom half of the divine texture, Zen's brushstrokes turned suddenly and a surging killing intent immediately blossomed on the paper. A dark fog rose up and filled the room. It felt like there was a cavalry trampling through the black fog. The killing intent enveloped the entire hall within moments.

Under this intense killing intent, Zen's brushstrokes became firm and powerful. Each brushstroke felt like a dragon or a phoenix was dancing on the paper.

"Aargh!"

Plop!

One of the stewards, who was still in a daze, was suddenly covered by the killing intent and with a roll of his eyes, he fainted.

Zen looked coldly at the group of people not far away from him. These people really were troublesome and Letitia had probably suffered a lot in the past few days because of them. He decided to teach them a lesson. The next moment, Zen's brushstrokes became even more forceful and energetic due to his desire for revenge.

Under the urging of the cyan dragon's soul force, the illusions created by the menacing killing intent caused the faces of the elders, sect leaders, and clan leaders to go ghastly pale. Cold sweat dripped down their faces as they faced their worst nightmares.

In theory, Zen was borrowing the power of the cyan dragon's soul to suppress everyone with the divine texture.

From this, one could fathom just how powerful the cyan dragon's soul force was! Before he had devoured the Owl Beast, the cyan dragon's soul force was already far beyond Zen's imagination. After feasting on the Owl Beast, it had increased several folds and was too much for words.

The stewards and assistants were in the most difficult situation. They were the weakest warriors among these people, and their soul forces were also very weak. How could they resist it?

Plop, plop...

People continued to fall to the floor one after another.

Although Felix was only at the Internal Elixir Realm, because of his status as a runic expert, his soul was far stronger than other warriors of the same level. Although he couldn't completely resist the divine texture, he didn't faint and managed to remain upright.

"Seal!"

Zen's final brushstroke was drawn like a huge blade that viciously slashed down. The five-star divine texture was finally complete.

All the smoke in the hall instantly disappeared, as if the clouds had cleared and the sun had appeared in full now.

The elders, sect leaders, and clan leaders were now able to finally break away from the illusions. They panted heavily, fear visible in their eyes as they gazed at Zen. They were a group of warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, but they feared Zen now, who was two whole realms lower than them.

Even Emanuel's face was a deathly shade of pale, and his gaze on Zen was cold and complicated.

How could a brat at the Illuminating Soul Realm do this? What kind of background did he have? Where had he picked up these things? Emanuel realized that he had underestimated Zen. He hadn't personally attended the Martial Arts Contest, but even if the rumors he had heard were true, he felt that Zen was only a mediocre warrior at best. He had firmly believed that Zen had only survived Eddie's attack out of luck.

In his eyes, Zen had been lucky that time, but that didn't mean he would be lucky forever. But now, Emanuel realized that he had been wrong, and it was not luck that had allowed Zen to be alive up till this point. If Zen was given time to grow, then who knew what kind of person he would become in the future?

'I have to find an opportunity to get rid of him!' Emanuel thought as his killing intent had long cemented itself deep down.

When he had first encountered Zen outside the Cloud Road, Emanuel had had the same thought in his mind. However, since Zen was in the Cloud Hall most of the time and had disappeared the moment he left, Emanuel hadn't gotten the opportunity.

Felix took out a few elixirs and stuffed them into the mouths of the assistants and stewards, waking them up one by one.

Zen placed his brush aside and walked towards the elders, sect leaders, and clan leaders, asking coolly, "Now! May I ask why you have come here?"

"We... Never mind." Perhaps it was because of the illusion just now, but an elder had actually lost his confidence completely.

But Emanuel laughed coldly and replied, "We're here for you, of course. You angered Eddie and brought a huge disaster to the Cloud Hall even though you are a disciple. If you are sensible enough, then walk out of the Cloud Hall right now, and face Eddie's anger. This has nothing to do with the Cloud Hall."

"Really? So that is your opinion? I should leave? What if I don't?" Zen asked indifferently.

"Ha-ha." Emanuel laughed with a dangerous glint in his eyes. "You're just a lowly warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm and a disciple of the Elite

House. Letting you talk to us face to face should already be a tremendous honor for you. Do you even have the qualifications to say no?"

Emanuel was one of the most outstanding elders of the Cloud Hall and his position was much higher than Zen.

If it had been a few years ago, Emanuel's words would have suited the situation. He had the right to decide the life and death of a disciple of the Elite House.

However, today, Zen merely laughed and taunted, "You call it an honor? I don't need it. Please leave!"

Zen knew that these people were just putting on an act. They were afraid of Letitia and Imogen. If it weren't for the two, they would have thrown him out of the Cloud Hall already instead of wasting their breaths trying to convince him.

Zen was really in no mood to bicker with them.

"You…" Being treated like this by a disciple at the Illuminating Soul Realm, Emanuel, a warrior at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, was immediately enraged. He raised his right hand and was about to attack Zen.

But Zen didn't even bat an eyelid as he turned around to tidy up the divine textures. He had already drawn all the required divine textures, but his work wasn't over. The divine textures would have to be arranged in various places in specific order inside the Cloud Hall in accordance to the previous design so that they could resonate with each other and achieve their desired effect. This was a huge task.

Emanuel did not dare to make a move on Zen; he knew very clearly that Letitia cared for Zen very much. It was easy to kill Zen, but the problem was, how could he bear Letitia's anger? Therefore, even if Emanuel wanted to kill Zen, he would do so without anyone else knowing. Unfortunately, his raised right hand made him look a bit awkward, so he could only dejectedly put it down.

Zen stacked the divine textures according to their types.

As he was tidying up the mess, he glanced at the elders. They were unwilling to leave, but had to do so. To be frank, Zen understood their feelings. Humans were creatures who sought profit and avoided harm. Who would be willing to be involved in a great disaster by a disciple?

"Elders, you have just experienced the power of this five-star rune," Zen remarked as he stacked a pile of divine textures together. "The 4, 903 runes are interdependent. Even if the sect-protecting array is unable to kill Eddie, it is still possible to block him from the outside."

"How confident are you?" These elders were not willing to hand over the fate of the Cloud Hall to Zen. For a fourth-grade sect to place its fate in the hands of a kid at the Illuminating Soul Realm was a hilarious matter already.

However, after having experienced the might of Zen's five-star rune, some of the elders had slightly wavered. If just a five-star rune was able to confound them completely, just how powerful would this sect-protective array be?

If the sect-protecting array could really block Eddie, then it could completely become the Cloud Hall's treasure, and maybe, even the best treasure of the sect. It was probably ten times stronger than the sect-protecting array produced by Arnold of the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Zen lifted his head, his gaze calm as he replied in a firm voice, "Eighty percent sure."

Chapter 765 Small Circulation Killing Array

Zen never spoke in absolute terms.

When Imogen had inquired about it, he answered the same.

'Eighty percent'—the same answer.

The elders, clan leaders, and sect leaders present in the crowd looked at each other in silence. The sect leaders seemed persuaded.

"Eighty percent! Ha-ha. Young people these days brag too much! Aren't you afraid the wind will cut off your tongue?" Emanuel sneered.

Zen selectively ignored Emanuel's words, for he knew the fellow was just messing around.

Previously, Zen had managed to block Eddie's punch in the Martial Arts Contest by relying on the enchanted barrier. Eddie had not employed all his power at the time and Zen had only changed a portion of the runes to stave off the attack.

Fortunately, despite what Emanuel said, the other elders and sect leaders kept silent. They were not blind to what they had seen. They had witnessed the power of Zen's divine textures, and to see was to believe.

"Then let's examine the effect of his sect-protecting array!"

"If this sect-protecting array doesn't stop Eddie, we can still hand Zen over then."

"That's right, we can take it step by step. Zen is Eddie's main target…"

The elders communicated with each other through their life vitalities. In the end, they turned to leave.

As the others left, Emanuel could only glare at Zen before vacating the hall himself.

After everyone had left, Zen raised his head, looking into the distance. He smiled as he made a gesture at someone.

Inside the Ice Palace, Letitia—who was in closed-door cultivation—smiled brightly as a life vitality talisman ignited in her hands. "You already knew..."

"Of course I know you are spying on me," Zen said.

Letitia rolled her eyes. "Why would I be bothered to spy on you?"

"Anyway, you should thank me, shouldn't you? Now that we have appeased this group of elders!" Zen laughed. "Still, you have to be careful of Emanuel. That man is very ambitious and may make trouble at a critical moment."

Letitia nodded. "Yes, I know."

Undoubtedly Letitia had noticed Emanuel's ambition. He had contributed to half of the trouble the elders had made, for he was the one who kept adding oil to the flame. But the Zhuo Clan was a third-grade clan in the Cloudy City. Without a good enough excuse, it would be tough for Letitia to get rid of him.

"We have a limited amount of time. I'm going to put the sect-protecting array in place."

Zen carried over a pile of divine textures and told Felix the same. Felix's face immediately lit up with excitement. He had long been anticipating seeing the imposing sect-protecting array.

Suspended in the sky, Cloud Hall looked like a giant oval egg from a bird's-eye view. According to the rules, the 4, 903 runes had to be divided into three batches.

"The sect-protecting array is arranged according to the Large Circulation Killing Array. However, it is only a miniature version of it and can be called the Small Circulation Killing Array," the cyan dragon explained as he helped Zen with the directions.

"Large Circulation Killing Array?" Zen was stunned at the name he heard.

"Yes, it's one of the three mighty arrays of the era. The other two are the Immortal Killing Array and the Sun Flame Array," the cyan dragon said slowly.

Zen was even more surprised at this. "Three mighty arrays? Is the Grand Marvelous Array not in the list?"

"Ha-ha! Although the Grand Marvellous Array is formidable, the three great miraculous arrays are used to protect…" The cyan dragon paused for a moment, soon continuing, "Of course, the Small Circulation Killing Array is only an imitation of the Large Circulation Killing Array. I'm afraid it doesn't even have one-billionth of the latter's power, but it will serve well to be used as the sect-protecting array in the Central Region."

Although the cyan dragon did not finish what he was about to say, Zen committed the names of these three miraculous arrays to memory.

After arriving at the first location, Zen placed a divine texture on the ground and infused life vitality into it, immediately activating the divine texture. It glowed with brilliant light before the rune burst into fire. As the paper carrying the rune went up in flames and turned to ashes, the divine texture was left behind as if carved into the ground.

Felix followed Zen's instructions and began to arrange the divine textures. The steps for laying them down were the same as the ones involved in arranging the runes, so it wasn't a difficult task for Felix and the other assistants.

The first divine texture, the second divine texture, the third divine texture…

Divine textures appeared one after another in every corner of the Cloud Hall. They seemed to be spread out randomly, but they were all placed in the corresponding directions.

After they put the divine textures in place, two stewards of Internal Elixir Realm carried an array plate as tall as a man over to Zen. The enormous array plate was also constructed by professional craftsmen, to be used in controlling the divine textures.

It took half a day to finish the setup of the divine textures in the first zone.

Immediately, they went on to arrange the divine textures in the second and the third zones as well. Zen, together with Felix and the other assistants, shuffled back and forth above the Cloud Hall speedily.

After Zen had finished setting up the forty-nine hundred divine textures, he set up the three five-star divine textures. Once he had used the array plate to record their positions, the placement of the Small Circulation Killing Array was finally over. This marked the end of nearly a month's tedious work. The next step was to test the sect-protecting array.

That day, the weather was good and the vast sky was clear. The clouds that surrounded Cloud Hall all year round had suddenly disappeared without a trace. Standing above Cloud Hall, one could relish a complete view of Cloudy City. The tens of millions of its civilians too could see Cloud Hall, which to them was the palace of 'immortals', a sight to behold whenever they looked up.

Above the Cloud Hall, dozens of elders and clan leaders were positioned in the air, seemingly waiting for something.

Letitia was on their side, quietly floating in the air. She watched Zen and Felix as they made the last adjustments and prepared the array for testing.

"Are you ready?" Letitia asked them.

"All the life vitality crystals are in place." Zen nodded.

The power of the divine textures arose from the materials in the ink, but it still needed the energy from the life vitality crystals to activate it.

At the moment, Zen was slightly nervous. 4903 runes, and no mistakes were to be allowed in any one of them, otherwise the entirety of the sect-protecting array would not work.

He took a deep breath and gently moved the array plate. As the array plate rotated slowly, beams of light began to flicker above Cloud Hall.

Even the sunlight could not outshine the radiance of the runes.

The first divine texture lit up, then the second, followed by even more of them glowing up.

Under the control of the array plate, the luminosity of the runes merged into each other to emit a single sharp beam of bright light. From afar, it looked like a giant divine texture. At the center of the divine texture, a blue lightning bolt suddenly emerged out.

Crack!

The 'Thunder Wrath' had been activated!

A thick bolt of lightning flashed past the runes like a giant dragon soaring into the skies. The power it emitted was unquestionably terrifying.

As the thunder disappeared, a streak of lightning could be seen flickering on the spot.

"There is no problem in the first area," Zen said as he turned the array plate again.

In the second location, mists could be seen surrounding the place. The 'Mad Trap' was buried here. Things looked normal in this area before it was triggered. But as the over one thousand divine textures lit up, they quickly calmed down and returned to the normal state. The 'Mad Trap' had worked successfully.

When Zen turned the array plate again, the divine textures in the last spot lit up.

As the runes lit up, a bit of vapor appeared in the sky—a sight that was incredibly strange. Under the sunlight, the vapor transformed into a beautiful rainbow.

The clouds of water vapor condensed together, forming a large enchanted barrier in the sky. The barrier was like a huge bowl, encasing the entire Cloud Hall within it. It was the defensive barrier of the Small Circulation Killing Array, the 'Light of Water', a most important safeguard.

A gust of cool breeze swept past everyone. They could see countless ripples appear on the surface of the enchanted barrier above their heads.

"It is just a big bubble. I'm afraid it will burst with a single gentle touch. How can it stop Eddie? I don't think it could even withstand my spear!" an elder spoke as he flew to the edge of the enchanted barrier.

A black spear materialized in his hand. He aimed it at the barrier and began to form the spear intent.

The elder shouted

and charged at the enchanted barrier with the spear. The burst of energy of the Virtual Tribulation Realm was awe-inspiring.

Bang!

The spear collided with the surface of the enchanted barrier but only produced ripples on its surface. Other than that, nothing happened. Looking at the scene, the elders were both surprised and pleased.

Chapter 766 A Trap

The "Light of Water" indeed looked weak. It looked like just a shield of water that would shatter at the slightest touch.

The elder had used eighty percent of his strength to attack it with his spear.

The spear of a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm could pierce a mountain but not this enchanted barrier.

"The attack was deflected and it spread across the entire enchanted barrier. This enchanted barrier is really amazing. The person who created it must be really skillful!" exclaimed the elder.

When his spear touched the enchanted barrier, it seemed as if there was a gentle force within the enchanted barrier that was diffusing the spear's power. The attack was, therefore, distributed through the entire enchanted barrier, and so it was able to survive it and not crack under pressure.

In response, the other elders used all sorts of methods to attack the "Light of Water."

Blades, swords, fists, spears...

The elders each displayed their own unique techniques.

Bang, bang, bang!

There was a burst of color and a brilliant light as ripples appeared upon the Light of Water. From afar, it just looked like a gentle breeze was blowing on the sparkling lake causing the ripples on its surface.

No matter how they attacked, the enchanted barrier remained intact.

Everyone stopped, mouth agape, eyes wide open—unable to fathom the great power of the seemingly undamaged enchanted barrier.

Several elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, too, tried to break the enchanted barrier but failed.

"This is the first time that an enchanted barrier in the Central Region has blocked the attacks of more than six warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Even the sect-protecting array of the Ethereal Spirit Sect is incomparable to this one," mumbled an elder.

"But even if it can block our attacks, does that mean it is powerful enough to impede Eddie's attacks?" asked another elder who was still worried.

Even if the enchanted barrier could block the attacks of many warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, it didn't mean it could also block Eddie's attacks for he was a warrior at the Life and Death Realm. Eddie had been through three life and death crises. His might was insurmountable.

Suddenly, a door to a thatched hut in a corner of the Cloud Hall rattled. It creaked as it opened.

This small thatched hut was where Imogen had gone into seclusion. No one else could get close to the hut except Letitia.

Imogen trudged out of the thatched hut with her walking stick. Although it seemed like she moved at a slow pace, this wasn't really the case. In just a few steps, she appeared midair above the Cloud Hall.

"Master." Letitia glided towards Imogen when she saw her.

The elders also respectfully bowed towards Imogen, who rarely made an appearance. Still, she was a pillar of the Cloud Hall.

Imogen nodded and glanced at Zen. In just a flash, she had reached the edge of the enchanted barrier with her walking stick pointing at the enchanted barrier.

Imogen's life vitality was already extremely restrained after she had reached her current level. Her attack seemed ordinary and weak but its power and potential were unmatched.

Everyone watched in disbelief as they stared at Imogen's walking stick.

Thud!

When the walking stick touched the seemingly delicate enchanted barrier, the latter began to tremble violently. Huge ripples spread rapidly throughout the entire enchanted barrier.

A light flashed in Imogen's eyes. She gently retracted her stick and struck the enchanted barrier again.

Thud!

The surface of the enchanted barrier shook again as if it were struck by lightning. However, that was all that happened to it. Imogen's attack couldn't penetrate it any more than the elders' could.

"Ha-ha!" Imogen let out a laugh. "Not bad! I just used all my strength, but it still wasn't enough. Maybe Zen really is the lucky star of our Cloud Hall."

People with great luck usually had two states of fortune. Some people had exuberant luck, but, at the same time, they could also bring their luck to others around them and influence them too. The other state was where they had good luck and could devour and absorb the luck of those around them into their own bodies.

These two states were also constantly changing as luck was mysterious and unpredictable.

However, at this moment, Imogen was certain that Zen was in the former state. His arrival would bring fortune to the Cloud Hall as well.

Imogen already solidified Zen's reputation. The elders knew to never mess with him. Letitia wasn't as protected. She was a sect leader and must be righteous. Anyone could easily pick a fight with her as long as it was done in a reasonable way.

Having been the sect leader earlier, Imogen was the grand elder of the Cloud Hall. She was respected and no one dared to challenge her.

No matter what happened, as long as the sect-protecting array was in place, the people of Cloud Hall could sleep safely at night.

These days Eddie was like a huge shadow that shrouded the hearts of the Cloud Hall's members. Although they were not so sure whether the sect-protecting array would be able to block Eddie, the existence of the array still made them much more relieved.

The entire Cloud Hall remained on high alert. They did not dare to lower their guard until Eddie arrived.

However, three whole months had passed, but there was still no sign of Eddie. It was as if he had disappeared.

Zen had returned to his normal life in the past few months and continued to immerse himself in cultivation. Within three months, he had once again raised his cultivation level by three grades.

When he walked out of the cultivation chamber in the Cloud Hall, he was at the seventh grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Today, he had left his cultivation chamber because Letitia summoned him.

When Zen arrived at Letitia's Ice Palace, she took out an invitation and tossed it to him.

Zen glanced at the invitation. It was issued by the World Commercial Alliance. They called all cultivators with enchanted lamps to light up their lamps during the Lantern Lighting Festival five days from now.

"The Lantern Lighting Festival will be in five days, huh?" Zen asked.

Letitia nodded in affirmation.

Except Zen and Letitia, nobody else knew that she had an enchanted lamp. It was a well-guarded secret.

At the Martial Arts Contest, the leaders of the World Commercial Alliance had already brought this up. Perhaps the World Commercial Alliance was determined to enter Immortal Mist's celestial tomb in this year's Lantern Lighting Festival, so they sent out the invitations once more before the festival began.

Zen continued to read the invitation, and his eyes suddenly lit up. On the invitation, there was a list of possible treasures that might exist in the celestial tomb.

This list was drawn up based on the inference of the Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance.

Whether this was really a presumption, or if the World Commercial Alliance had some fortuitous opportunity to learn about the celestial tomb, nobody would ever know.

"Among the treasures listed on the invitation, the immortal's bone and the Netherworld Juncus are of no use to me. However, I must obtain one thing," said Letitia, her eyes flashing greedily.

The most important treasure on the invitation was the "Flower of Life and Death." These simple words were enough to make all the warriors in the Central Region go crazy.

Whether someone was at the Illuminating Soul Realm or the Internal Elixir Realm, he would encounter a bottleneck in order to make a breakthrough.

However, once he reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm, if he wanted to make a breakthrough, he would encounter a life and death crisis.

Breaking through the Life and Death Realm required one to cross the life and death crisis, and many warriors died during this process. Moreover, even those warriors who had reached the Life and Death Realm had to constantly face life and death crises in order to raise their cultivation through great tribulations.

Not only could the Flower of Life and Death help Letitia to reach the level above the Virtual Tribulation Realm, it could also help Imogen to deal with her next life and death crisis. That was why Letitia wanted to obtain the Flower of Life and Death.

"Zen, the immortal's bone is good for you. If you wish to cultivate the Transcendent Divine Might, you'd better get the bone. It will help you build the Eight Path Platforms," said the red dragon suddenly.

"The immortal's bone?" Zen's eyes also lit up in anticipation, but he still voiced his doubts. "The treasures in the celestial tomb are tempting, but there's something wrong. Tia, don't you think it's strange?"

"Strange?" Letitia tilted her head slightly.

"Immortal Mist was an immortal. He built the celestial tomb for himself. Logically speaking, no one wants others to intrude into his tomb. However, why would the enchanted lamps appear in the world? And how did the Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance know about these treasures?" Zen asked.

Letitia was silent for a while, and then she said, "You mean it's a trap?"

"It's just that it's possible," Zen nodded.

Rumor had it that once the enchanted lamps were all lit, those who had the lamps could enter the celestial tomb. This was rather weird. Who made these enchanted lamps? Why were the enchanted lamps spreading in the Central Region? It was a very strange thing to begin with.

Actually, Zen wasn't the only one who suspected this. Several hundred years ago, people had suspected that the whole thing was a scam, or even a trap.

But a warrior's life was filled with risks. It was plausible that the celestial tomb was a trap but even so, a lot of warriors would be flocking to the tomb to raid its treasures.

While the two of them were discussing this matter, they felt a mighty pressure engulf the Cloud Hall.

The faces of Letitia and Zen suddenly changed.

Chapter 767 Ready To Fight

Prior to this, everyone had been talking about Eddie's possible arrival at the Cloud Hall, so Cloud Hall and Cloudy City were both under a lot of pressure.

Zen had hurriedly set up the Small Circulation Killing Array, but there had been no news of Eddie for a full three months, so, many people thought that he would not come.

Although Cloud Hall had not let its guard down and the Small Circulation Killing Array was still operating day and night, many people had assumed he wouldn't come and had started to relax a bit.

Meanwhile, in a house in Cloudy City, a one-year-old toddler was trying to take his first steps. He had just started walking cautiously when a terrifying might suddenly crashed outside. He plopped down on the ground and began to wail.

Tens of millions of people lived in this huge city. From the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm to little babies, their faces visibly stiffened as they felt the overwhelming force of the power.

The master of a third-grade family sighed wearily, "Eddie is here."

The warriors who knew what was happening simultaneously turned to look at Cloud Hall in the sky. A vast majority of the commoners had no idea what was happening but knew that it was the arrival of a demon, an omen of great maliciousness.

Bells were hurriedly sounded in a few small temples in the city. Thousands of monks sat in the Buddhist hall, chanting the Rebirth Spell continuously.

This was the strength of the strongest in the Central Region. With just his voice and his thoughts, he could control thousands of people. If he wanted and had the time, he could even take their lives without any fear of being surrounded by a malicious aura.

In these three months, Eddie had taken his son on a trip to the South Sea.

Eddie could think of many ways to save Eden if he was just seriously injured. However, his dedication to martial arts had been destroyed, which was worrisome.

However, there was a hidden sect in the South Sea that was well-versed in the special secret techniques about the soul and memories. They might be able to remove the obstacles Eden encountered.

This trip to the South Sea had taken Eddie three whole months. The first thing he did upon returning to the Central Region was to rush to Cloud Hall.

Eddie was a warrior with luck on his side. He had accidentally found an island on the trip to the South Sea to save his son, and unexpectedly took over the mantle of an ancient martial artist.

He was lucky, but the people around him weren't. His son's dedication to martial arts had been destroyed by Zen, and Marilyn had died tragically under Zen's sword. This was devastating to him.

He had never suffered such a loss before.

Not to mention Cloud Hall. Even if his enemy was the Ethereal Spirit Sect or the World Commercial Alliance, he would rebel against them.

Looking down at Cloud Hall and seeing the huge enchanted barrier in front of him, Eddie shouted loudly, "Imogen, come out!"

The door of a thatched cottage creaked open, and Imogen came out, expressionless. At her age, she was already detached from life and death, but she hated to part with Cloud Hall and Letitia.

Inside the Ice Palace, Letitia's and Zen's expressions changed, and they, too, rushed out.

Now everyone in Cloud Hall was panic-stricken. All the elders who were at the Virtual Tribulation Realm immediately rushed up to the sky. All of them knew they were facing a great enemy, and were terrified.

A single person was enough to take on a fourth-grade sect with millions of warriors. Such was the strength of the number one martial artist in the Central Region.

Imogen flew high up in the sky, looked at Eddie through the barrier, and asked faintly, "What brings you here, Evil East Lord?"

"Ha-ha," Eddie laughed wildly in response, like a bolt of lightning exploding in the sky. "Imogen, it has only been three months since the Martial Arts Contest. Even at your age, you can't be so forgetful, right?"

Imogen was indifferent. She retorted, "As for what happened at the Martial Arts Contest, all the warriors in the Central Region know that Cloud Hall did not do anything wrong."

"Wrong?" Eddie ridiculed her saying, "Did I say that you were wrong? My son's skills were inferior to Zen's, so he lost to him. My son's dedication to martial arts was not strong enough, so Zen managed to destroy it. It was my son's fault. Marilyn was not powerful enough, so she was killed by Zen. Obviously, it was her own fault."

Everyone was silent. The elders of Cloud Hall had already heard about the events that had occurred during the Martial Arts Contest through various channels.

"However, Eden is my son and Marilyn is my love. I have vowed to avenge them, no matter who my enemy is! Right now, you Cloud Hall is my enemy," Eddie sneered. "Being weak is wrong!"

As he said this, he struck the crowd with a strong force. The elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm turned pale. Only Imogen, Letitia, and Zen remained calm.

Just then, Zen suddenly flew up to the light curtain, looking at Eddie through the thin Light of Water. "You're right, but so what if the Cloud Hall is wrong? So what if I'm weak?"

"Give me your life as compensation," demanded Eddie nonchalantly. This ant-like little fellow didn't fear him at all. This was the case at the Martial Arts Contest, but it was still the same.

"What if I don't?" Zen smiled.

"In that case, after I kill you, I will ruin the entire Cloud Hall too," Eddie challenged Zen.

Everyone's collective heartbeat quickened at his words. No one could deny that Eddie was powerful enough to carry out his threat. Imogen was the strongest in Cloud Hall. Even if Letitia joined the fight, it would still be impossible to stop Eddie. It seemed like the only thing they could rely on was this thin barrier in front of them.

Everyone's hearts were in their throats.

Zen still had a smile on his face. He knew very well that fear, cowardice, or begging for mercy was useless. He calmly asked, "Can you do that?"

"You can only rely on this barrier, right?" Eddie was smart. From the moment he arrived, he had found out that this barrier was extraordinary.

Back at the Martial Arts Contest, the barrier that blocked his fist strike was still fresh in his memory. There was actually a barrier in the Central Region that was able to block his fist strike!

It was easy for him to guess that Zen had enhanced the strength of the barrier. Presumably, he learned runes somewhere.

But Eddie did not care. On that day he did not display his full strength but threw just two punches in anger. The barrier covering the arena was impressive, but it was impossible to stop Eddie.

As for the barrier in front of him, Eddie thought nothing of it either.

"You could say that," Zen said as he stood at the edge of the barrier. At that moment, he was less than half a foot away from Eddie, almost as if he was standing face-to-face with him.

Eddie slowly raised his wrist, shook his head and taunted, "I really hope you can maintain your calm!"

Earthen yellow life vitality leaked out from Eddie's body. In the skies above the Cloud Hall, the rich energy of heaven and earth slowly gathered into a massive whirlpool, and the surrounding thick clouds also followed this whirlpool as it spun.

After entering the Virtual Tribulation Realm, one could use the energy of heaven and earth. Eddie was a warrior of the Life and Death Realm, so the manic energy of heaven and earth was as obedient as a sheep in his hands.

He did not intend to talk much with a young man at Illuminating Soul Realm. He did not even want to waste time here.

As the energy poured into Eddie's body, a heavy force spread out in all directions.

Everyone knew that Eddie was about to attack.

The people of the Cloud Hall also armed themselves with weapons and prepared for the battle. Deep in their hearts, the elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm really wanted to hand Zen over, but with Imogen and Letitia here, it was impossible to do so.

Imogen shook her old crutch and several tender buds grew on top of it. The light green life vitality enveloped her. As the life vitality circulated, her old skin started to regain color. The wrinkles on her face disappeared gradually, and her white hair turned black. As her short, stooping body became upright, she no longer looked old and frail.

Imogen had turned into a beautiful woman.

The Ice Phoenix quickly rushed out of the Ice Palace, rammed into Letitia and started to disintegrate. The ice crystal armor wrapped tightly around her petite body. At the same time, the Mysterious Ice Halberd also appeared in her hands.

Once Eddie broke the barrier, the people from the Cloud Hall could not sit still and wait for death.

Only Zen stood behind the barrier, unmoved, as he faced Eddie who was about to attack.

Chapter 768 Danger (Part One)

Zen knew his strength and limitations full well.

No person in the Central Region could ever hope to outclass him when it came to the mastery of runes. The divine texture, which was passed down from the Upper World, was definitely something that the runes in the Central Region wouldn't be able to measure up to.

That was just in regards to rune mastery, but in terms of overall strength, in front of all these elders who had reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and Imogen and Eddie who were both currently in the Life and Death Realm, he was nothing but an ant in the Illuminating Soul Realm.

If a war were to break out between the Life and Death Realm masters, even the elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm wouldn't be strong enough and they would end up being eliminated right at the start like lambs to the slaughter. It might just be that only Letitia had the possibility of lending Imogen a hand in the fight to come. In the end, Zen wouldn't even suffice as cannon fodder as well.

That was to say, it wouldn't really make much sense for Zen to put up resistance at all.

The stream of energy between heaven and earth ceaselessly surged into Eddie's robust and towering physique. At that point in time, Eddie appeared as though he had transformed into an enormous mountain. The eyes of that mountain-like man glimmered, and he proceeded to throw a punch up into the sky.

"Smash it into smithereens!"

Sizzle! Crackle!

From Zen's perspective, Eddie looked like he was so twisted. The space above him was about to be totally ruptured by the immense force of just this single punch!

As it ravenously stormed straight toward Zen, his fist emitted a great amount of blinding light. It seemed apparent that the light contained exceptionally aggressive power!

"Is this the so-called power that has the capability of obliterating everything?"

As his eyes frantically flashed, Zen concentrated his gaze on the radiant light that was about to hit him.

In just a blink of an eye, the streaks of light had instantly turned up in front of Zen, crashing into the enchanted barrier he had put up which was just less than three feet away from him.

During that exact moment, Zen truly felt like he was close to choking up.

Boom!

Making it seem as though millions of explosives had detonated simultaneously, the impact produced an ear-splitting noise!

The heavy punch brought about intense gusts of wind, and a countless number of wind blades went hurtling in all directions. A couple of those wind blades got deflected back over to Eddie, but he didn't even bother avoiding them at all. The wind blades might have managed to tear Eddie's robe into pieces, but they weren't that strong for him to get wounded.

Even the mere repercussions of this powerful punch could be more than enough to kill Zen.

That being said, Zen did not receive any damage whatsoever. The Light of Water continuously defended him against all of Eddie's power.

In order to withstand the heavy impact of the punch Eddie had thrown, large waves materialized on the surface of the Light of Water enchanted barrier. The waves scattered and rippled from the fist's point of impact. And eventually, the entire surface of the enchanted barrier successfully absorbed the impact from his attack. It was only after that point that the enchanted barrier then gradually went back to its original tranquil state.

Meanwhile, inside the Cloud Hall, the elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm who were anxiously watching everything that had just transpired had their eyes all gleaming with anticipation.

Letitia then heaved a heavy sigh of relief, squinting her eyes until they had the shape of tiny crescent moons. From what had just happened, she thought that pinning her hopes on Zen was a good choice.

Even then, Imogen still retained the face of a young maiden, and the look she had on her face never shifted at all.

In spite of that, every other person from the Cloud Hall was thinking to themselves.

The worth of the sect-protecting array, which was sturdy enough to hinder the attack of even the strongest master of the Central Region, was immeasurable.

Were they to be given a choice between a Life and Death Realm warrior and the sect-protecting array that had been constructed by Zen, be it the Cloud Hall or the Ethereal Spirit Sect itself, it was safe to say that they would most probably choose this array!

The reasoning was quite easy to understand. You could say for a fact that a Life and Death Realm warrior could potentially aid a sect to reach the summit, but every single warrior's lifespan had its limitations, and needless to say, the Life and Death Realm warriors were not exempted from this. Even though they could walk the earth for about one or two millennia, Life and Death Realm warriors still had no way to escape death.

Numerous bones could be found in front of the door of longevity. In the vast and endless universe, there were lots of beings who had quite long life spans, but none of them could possibly live forever.

But despite that, sect-protecting array was a bit of an exception. For as long as it would be well taken care of, it had what it took to be able to last forever. It could protect a sect up until the end of time. And at some point, a super talent would be produced in the sect!

That being the case, not only did Letitia not lose anything wagering it all on Zen, she actually even ended up making a giant killing!

Never in Eddie's wildest dreams would he have ever imagined that the strike in which he had put everything he had got still wouldn't be powerful enough to break the enchanted barrier Zen had created. For this very reason, Eddie had been left completely dumbfounded.

Having years of experience fighting in the Central Region, nothing had ever surprised him to this extent.

The only person who was aware of just how powerful that punch was supposed to be was Eddie himself!

Be that as it might, this thin sheet which bore semblance to that of bubbles somehow succeeded in blocking the light released from his fist. The actual strength of that mysterious enchanted barrier was utterly beyond Eddie.

What was even more irritating was that Zen seemed to have had so much confidence in this enchanted barrier he had built. After all, he actually had the audacity to stand in a position that was just about two feet behind the barrier, staying straight-faced just like a dead fish, as if to tell him, 'Do you honestly think you can touch me?!'

How many years had it been since anyone had the guts to mock him in that way? It had been so long that Eddie couldn't even remember anymore.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 769 Danger (Part Two)

From the moment he successfully made it through the Life and Death Realm, every sect in the Central Region, regardless of size, were all dying to suck up to him or act so respectful. Even the fifth-grade sect itself, the Ethereal Spirit Sect which he hadn't been on good terms with couldn't ever dare to displease him.

The kid acting a bit high and mighty in front of him was truly so peculiar!

In reality, the only thing he did was throw a single punch. There was no way a minor hiccup like that could make Eddie give up that easily. He had gone through the lengths of coming all the way to the Cloud Hall completely dead set on annihilating every single one of its members, and he wouldn't just call it a day because of a stupid sect-protecting array.

For his second attempt, Eddie unsheathed the Nameless Saber from the scabbard he had tied to his waist.

Eden had not come up to scratch in bringing out the full potential of the Nameless Saber. And the main cause of that was that he had been beaten by Zen. From that event, Eddie had learned something. A man had to carve out his own path to the success of martial arts through his own power. Even if his son had been blessed with the divine-level talent, he would still have to get nourished and improved with his own two hands. The strength acquired by means of getting help from other people couldn't, in any way, be considered as the real strength.

In his hands, Eddie had a tight grip on the Nameless Saber. The air around him had shifted. Before that, Eddie had given off the aura that made people think he was truly as massive as a mountain. But the moment he pulled out the Nameless Saber, his appearance became sharp and he flared with such radiance, making it look as though he had become one with the saber.

When they sensed the aura Eddie was exuding, every single one of the Virtual Tribulation Realm elders felt ill at ease.

The sect-protecting array might have fortunately been able to block Eddie's attack just now, but a high-ranking master such as Eddie would, without a doubt, have lots of other trump cards hiding up his sleeve. At that point, there was really no telling what could happen next.

On that account, in spite of the fact that they were still quite confident in this enchanted barrier, they couldn't shake off the feeling of being anxious.

Zen was still up on his feet and didn't even move an inch. Two feet beneath the enchanted barrier, there he stood, saying under his breath, "Are you ready? Let's get this started!"

Eddie moved back a little bit, lifting the Nameless Saber to his chest. Pieces of brownish-yellow life vitality in his arm transformed into streaks, seeping into the Nameless Saber.

"Condense!" Eddie yelled out.

A brownish-yellow blade shadow started to materialize all around the Nameless Saber. An immense blade shadow that could be about three hundred feet long and forty feet wide, or possibly even fifty, suddenly emerged through the Nameless Saber.

A blade shadow of that magnitude would be capable of splitting a small mountain in half, and that could be done without having the need to activate the blade intent. And if the blade intent were to be activated, it could then swiftly raze the mountain to the ground.

The Life and Death Realm warriors possessed the divine strength capable of toppling mountains and overturning seas.

"Furious slash on the void!"

Just a few moments later, Eddie unleashed another attack again using the Nameless Saber.

The three hundred feet long blade shadow appeared as though it could tear the sky apart. In all of the Central Region, there was nothing that could possibly hope to stop that attack.

Crack!

As he thrust his Nameless Saber horizontally into the enchanted barrier, it embedded an extensive and narrow trail on the exterior of the Light of Water, and at the end of that trail, there was Zen, intently awaiting his attacks.

Through all of that, the enchanted barrier remained unscathed and was still intact.

It was indeed true that the strike caused the entire barrier to tremble, and the waves on the surface were actually more than a hundred feet in height. Regrettably so, Eddie, even after putting all of his strength into that slash, was still not able to surpass the capacity of what the barrier could take.

After releasing a strike of that level, even someone as mighty as Eddie couldn't help himself from catching his breath. His face slowly went darker and darker. Even after giving it all he had got, he still couldn't even scratch Zen! This was a bit of truth that Eddie wouldn't be able to accept.

While Eddie was backed into a corner trying to find another way to shatter the enchanted barrier, he felt a sudden twinge of danger about to engulf him.

Besides having a mastery of a few powerful cultivation methods, Eddie also held a remarkable talent. It was this ability of his which allowed him to get away from danger and escape the jaws of death. It was his ability to feel the killing intent emitted by other people, and through that, he could also sense the imminent danger!

Taking all of that into consideration, upon stepping foot into the Life and Death Realm, Eddie had not been given many chances to make use of his innate talent. And the true reason for that was, it was quite hard to meet someone in the Central region who could pose a threat to his life.

But in that brief second, he surprisingly felt an ominous sense of danger.

Subconsciously, he rushed to get away from his current location, and only then was he able to notice a cloud of mist with mystifying colors coming toward him.

As luck would have it, Eddie was able to move quickly, and he had gotten out before the cloud of smoke surrounded him completely.

In an instant, a bolt of lightning with the size of a dragon appeared and was about to strike him.

Crack!

As a result, the dragon-like lightning bolt only brushed against Eddie's side. It failed to hit the intended target.

Having said that, Eddie was able to sense the power contained within that attack. Had he been struck by it, even though he might not have died, he would certainly end up in a critical condition! In addition to that puzzling mist, a terrible idea abruptly came to Eddie--the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array was completely capable of obliterating him.

This was something Eddie found quite so hard to accept. But at that moment, if it weren't for his swift movement and his ability to sense danger, it was for certain that he would have ended up in such a problematic situation!

Chapter 770 I Will Spare Your Life

'What a pity, ' Zen thought. He then said to Felix through his life vitality, "Felix, you're too slow."

Felix was also vexed. He had been hiding in the Cloud Hall, waiting for Zen's orders to activate the Mad Trap to carefully surround Eddie, and then activate the Thunder Wrath.

The Mad Trap was said to be half magic array and half killing array. Once Eddie was caught in it, he would fall into endless illusions. And then, the lightning from the Thunder Wrath would be able to hit him directly.

But Eddie was sensitive enough to be the first to sense the killing intent, rushing out of the Mad Trap and dodging the Thunder Wrath's lightning.

A runic expert at the Internal Elixir Realm and a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm had conspired to kill the strongest man in the Central Region. If word of this got out, it would cause chaos.

Even worse, they had almost done it.

It could be that the Mad Trap could not kill Eddie and the Thunder Wrath could only heavily injure him. But the warriors of the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the Cloud Hall couldn't be underestimated. They were weak in the eyes of the warriors at the Life and Death Realm, but if they attacked Eddie together, they could cause him some serious injuries and ensure that he could not fight back.

Moreover, Cloud Hall also had a powerful head Letitia, and Imogen, who belonged to the Life and Death Realm.

The elders, who had been scared witless by Eddie a while ago, looked pityingly at him.

Even Imogen, who had her poker face on, was filled with regret.

Letitia was sitting on the Mysterious Ice halberd, her white, slender legs slightly swinging. She pouted but didn't say anything.

Eddie had so far absorbed the good luck of a countless number of people. Killing him would not be so easy.

Eddie's heart was still beating intensely after he had distanced himself from the Cloud Hall, proving his strength and power. It was not until he had avoided the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array that he began to feel a lingering sense of fear.

If he was truly trapped, and the Cloud Hall's members pounced on him, he would probably die. This was something that Eddie had never expected.

He had been a mass murderer and grew up tenaciously in all sorts of dangerous situations. He had encountered countless dangers, but ever since he had crossed the line between life and death, nobody had ever made him feel so close to death.

From the very beginning of the battle, that hateful boy Zen had been standing at the edge of the enchanted barrier, looking at him with an indifferent gaze.

This boy was really tricky.

He had just reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, but he had countless tricks up his sleeve. If this guy stepped into the Internal Elixir Realm or the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he would become a huge threat to Eddie one day.

Eddie had initially wanted to kill Zen just to get revenge for Eden and Marilyn. But now that he realized that Zen was an obstacle on his path, he knew he had to clear him out on the way to his great dream.

As Zen watched Eddie, Eddie closed the distance between them and said, "Zen, you are qualified to be my opponent."

Hearing this, the elders of the Virtual Tribulation Realm felt like the blood had drained from their heads, waves of dizziness coming over them.

A strong warrior who had lived for hundreds of years and crossed the line between life and death was actually saying such words to a teenage boy.

That Zen was qualified to be his opponent! Zen wasn't even qualified to fight against any of the elders of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, leave alone Eddie. The elders were strong enough that they could easily kill Zen in an instant.

But Eddie's words startled and shocked the elders. What a strange world they lived in!

Zen's expression did not change. He suppressed his emotions and coldly said, "Let go of Yan, and I will spare your life."

"What? Oh good God!"

An elder said with a cough, swallowing his saliva with difficulty and nearly choking to death on it.

The other elders were watching on, their eyes wide with disbelief.

It was true that Zen had given the Cloud Hall too many surprises, but he was too arrogant to say that. Was he scared by Eddie's earlier attack? Why had he started talking nonsense?

Even Imogen was stunned. She had never even dreamed that Zen would dare to say that.

But Letitia had reacted differently. "Ha-ha!" she laughed and tried to cover her mouth with both her hands. Zen was too interesting and stoic, as if he didn't know what pressure was. Yan was Zen's most important sibling, and she meant everything to him in this world. Zen was not interested in being Eddie's opponent. To Zen, learning martial arts was a thorny path with no end. He could only climb this peak bit by bit, and Eddie was the biggest obstacle he had to cross.

Eddie was also stunned when he heard Zen's answer.

He, a mighty warrior of the Central Region, was indeed impressed by Zen. After all, Zen had unprecedented achievements in the area of runes. That was why he dared utter such words.

Eddie's face had blackened with anger as he was humiliated, but he soon laughed and said, "Ha-ha! Spare me? You're indeed ambitious! But don't worry about your sister for now. Just think about how long you can live for! I don't believe that you will stay in the Cloud Hall forever!"

Eddie was unable to break through the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array, but what if he found another Purple Power Body? If he managed to arrange the Lustful Demon Array, his strength would increase by leaps and bounds. And then, the Cloud Hall might not be able to stop him.

Zen glanced coldly at Eddie. He then left the barrier and flew down as he told Felix through his life vitality, "Drive him away."

Crack!

Under Felix's control, the Thunder Wrath shot a bolt of lightning, striking Eddie.

The operation of the sect-protecting array also required the support of life vitality crystals, and every lightning would require several supreme life vitality crystals. But Felix, unmindful of the expense, controlled the array and guided the lightning onto Eddie's body. Eddie was unable to break the barrier, so he could only passively feel the impact. He wanted to say something, but Zen had left.

Eddie did not leave Cloudy City immediately. Since he had been angered by a warrior of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he needed to vent his anger. So it was Cloudy City that suffered.

Standing high above the Cloud Hall, they saw a cloud of dust suddenly rise up at the edge of Cloudy City.

Cloudy City was large. Around the city were square brick walls that extended for over a hundred miles. Eddie drilled into the walls. He went about destroying them as he circled the city, causing at least a few hundred casualties.

To Eddie, the people in the city were all ants. Although he could vent his anger by destroying the entire city, he was not interested in killing ants. Furthermore, he had never been to the Killing Sword Mountain. The consequences of killing too many people would be troublesome because he would get infected with heavy malicious aura, and he would then have to spend time getting rid of it.

Only after he had destroyed the walls did he leave, satisfied.

After Eddie left, lines of wrinkles appeared slowly on Imogen's young face. Soon after, her hair gradually turned white and her waist bent over. She looked old and clumsy again.

Letitia floated over to her, grabbing her arm and said with a giggle, "Master, how beautiful you were just a moment ago."

"Don't make fun of me!" Imogen said, rolling her eyes. She had mastered the Law of Life, so her life vitality had been able to return her to youth. She could also use more life vitality to stay young, but there was no need for that.

The Cloud Hall's atmosphere gradually relaxed. Having dealt with Eddie, the heavy burden in their hearts had finally dissipated.

When the elders had appeared, the disciples of the Cloud Hall had also been secretly watching. Seeing Zen standing under the barrier and not dodging Eddie's attacks, they all sighed admiringly.

"What's so special about this? The barrier is strong. Zen just hid behind it! It was not dangerous at all!" An unimpressed disciple of the Cloud Hall said.

"First of all, the barrier is equipped with the runes that Zen has drawn. And second of all, even if Eddie were to try again, I bet you wouldn't dare to go there and face him!" another disciple of the Cloud Hall retorted.

The first disciple immediately fell silent. Even though they knew there was no danger, not everyone was courageous enough to face Eddie. Similarly, some people were afraid of heights. They didn't dare to go up or down a flight of stairs even though they knew it wasn't dangerous.

Chapter 771 The Last Enchanted Lamp

How many people in the Central Region dared to confront Eddie?

Even Zen wasn't willing to face Eddie. He would be a fool if he messed with a warrior at the Life and Death Realm for no reason at all.

However, Zen had no other choice. Ever since Eddie had taken Yan away, the fight between him and Eddie had escalated to the point where there was now no room for compromise.

And so, when Zen encountered Eddie, he couldn't help but utter those words. Since begging was useless and he had to rely on his own fists to save Yan, he might as well fight to the death.

Perhaps, this was Zen's way of cultivation.

After Eddie left, the story of the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array spread throughout the Central Region.

A sect-protecting array actually completely withstood Eddie's attack, and it even had the chance to kill him. This was simply unimaginable.

What did this mean? This meant that in the Central Region, there was no sect or warrior that could put the Cloud Hall at risk. If there was a sect war, the Cloud Hall's losses would be the smallest. At this moment, the Cloud Hall could already be considered a fifth-grade sect.

A runic expert had changed the fate of a fourth-grade sect. It looked like Zen was destined to go down memorably in the history of the Central Region. At the very least, everyone was now certain that Zen's achievements in the area of runes were much greater than that of Arnold.

In the following days, everyone in the Central Region would talk about Zen and the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array.

"This time, Zen will become a hot topic for all every sect in the Central Region!"

"Haw-haw! Everyone in the Runic Tower was arrogant before. Now that we know Zen is skillful in runes, will he be more arrogant than the people from the Runic Tower?"

"Although Zen's runic skills are powerful, Eddie is not someone to be trifled with. Once Zen leaves the Cloud Hall, he will die without the protection of the sect-protecting array!"

It looked like people were discussing Zen everywhere. This conversation happened in a bustling restaurant.

Suddenly, a tall warrior slapped the table and laughed. "That may not be so! Zen's talent can't be underestimated. As a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm, he could defeat a warrior at the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. Didn't you hear what he said to the Evil East Lord? 'I'll spare your life!' Haw-haw! How much courage does it take to say that?"

"He's just hiding in that little turtle shell and playing around. If it weren't for the protection of the sect-protecting array, Eddie's finger would have crushed him," another gloomy voice retorted.

"So what? Anyway, I think highly of Zen! He has done so many amazing things. He is the epitome of miracles. He will be somebody one day!"

All kinds of discussions and opinions were continuously exchanged among the warriors, including those of the Cloud Hall.

At the very least, the people of the Cloud Hall no longer saw Zen as a disciple, nor did they see him as a steward. Instead, they treated him as someone comparable to an elder.

Zen might have offended Eddie, but he had used his own strength to drive him away. Who else in the Cloud Hall could do it?

There was also another rumor that was doing the rounds which said that Zen was Letitia's secret lover and that she was already pregnant with his baby. But this rumor was only spread out anonymously.

Several days later came the annual Lantern Lighting Festival.

As nightfall approached, the fiery red lights of the Cloudy City lit up.

For ordinary people, this day was a lively holiday.

Groups of children carried small lanterns through the streets, bringing a glimmer of light to every dark corner. The adults also needed to let the lamps float into the sky. It was said that this would bring good luck for the coming year.

Countless lamps rose into the air. Many of them were blown by the wind into the massive enchanted barrier above the Cloud Hall, emitting a magnificent firelight.

In addition to the lamps, people also had to kill chickens, slaughter cows, and entertain guests with a sumptuous feast. It was truly a lively scene.

However, for warriors, this day was a special one.

In the depths of the Dreamy Swampland of the Central Region, there was a thick fog all year round and a special kind of demonic beast called the Cloud-swallowing Beast. Its demonic core could be used to make a kind of elixir to extend one's years. So every year, countless warriors would make their way into the Dreamy Swampland.

There were many things to be gained in the Dreamy Swampland. Every year, there would be warriors that would obtain great benefits over there. But countless warriors also perished there every year.

Warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm were not qualified to enter, while warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm could only go three hundred miles into the Dreamy Swampland. Even warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm could only go eight hundred miles deep. It was dangerous enough that even the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm could perish if they went further. A thousand miles deep into the Dreamy Swampland was an unfathomable place.

There was still no record of what lay 1, 500 miles into the Dreamy Swampland. It could be described as extremely uninhabited.

There was a huge black quagmire there, devoid of any ripples and looking dead.

At the edge of this black quagmire was a small thatched hut, and someone actually lived here. This thatched hut was extremely simple and crude.

Not long after, a short man walked out of the thatched hut. He was a warrior at the Life and Death Realm.

There were very few warriors at the Life and Death Realm within the Central Region. But nobody knew this man, a warrior hidden away from the world.

He looked at the gradually darkening sky and muttered, "Is it the Lantern Lighting Festival again? I've lit the enchanted lamp seventy-seven times. I wonder if my dream will come true this year."

The enchanted lamps would be lit on the Lantern Lighting Festival. He had lit the enchanted lamp seventy-seven times, which meant that he had waited for seventy-seven years.

He took out an unremarkable oil lamp from behind him and gently stroked it with his hand. A bewitching red flame appeared at the tip of his finger that he gently rubbed onto the enchanted lamp.

A faint yellow light bloomed from it.

There were nine tiny marks on the lamp, six of which had already been lit.

The man looked at the six lit marks with a smile on his face. Only when all the nine marks had lit up could he enter the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb.

Last year, eight marks had lit up. Would the last mark light up as well this year?

In an exquisite pavilion at the World Commercial Alliance's headquarters, Dillon, Hobbes and Haber were gathered together. Before them was an enchanted lamp too. They were still waiting for someone.

After about five minutes, the Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance slowly descended onto the pavilion. He said to Dillon, "Just light it, and gather the elders of the World Commercial Alliance."

Hobbes looked surprised. "You mean, the ninth enchanted lamp..."

The Ancient Tycoon nodded and said, "That's right, I've calculated it once, and I have a strong premonition that the ninth enchanted lamp has already appeared. It's just that I don't know who has it, which is why I asked you to send out the invitations and urge them to light it as soon as possible!"

"Then let's hurry up!" Hobbes was a short-tempered man. He stood up and lightly patted the enchanted lamp. A flame shot out and ignited it. A seventh mark appeared on the enchanted lamp.

The taciturn Haber nodded and said, "It's quite fast this year. The eighth mark had lit up at midnight last year. I had almost thought that the person with the eighth enchanted lamp had given up!"

"Hopefully, we can make it. I'll go gather the elders," Dillon said with a smile as he looked at the marks on the lamp.

On a small island in the endless South Sea, Eddie also took out his enchanted lamp and studied it closely. He had already made preparations for this trip to the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb.

He sat at the top of a big tree on the island, and around the trunk were six cloaked warriors. These were powerful warriors at the middle and late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and they were all willing to follow Eddie until their deaths to help him establish his divine kingdom.

Eddie had to bring them along on the journey to the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb.

However, Eddie wasn't sure if the final enchanted lamp would be lit. He focused on lighting up his own small enchanted lamp, and the eighth mark lit up as well.

Eddie looked at the faint yellow mark on the small lamp, and mumbled, "I wonder if the last mark will light up this evening."

Chapter 772 Scout The Path

Of the eight enchanted laps, the warriors of Central Region were only aware of two—one was held by Eddie, and the other was held by the World Commercial Alliance. No one knew who held the other six. Maybe the Bloodwood Cliff had one, maybe the Mysterious Luna Hall, or perhaps the owners did not even reside in the Central Region.

However, no matter who the owners of the other six enchanted lamps were, those who held one hoped that the last enchanted lamp would be lit by tonight.

As the various lamps danced in the sky like tiny, flickering stars, a lone figure stood on a platform at the edge of Cloud Hall.

The lamps were beautiful and elicited a soft sigh from Letitia. The elders of Cloud Hall had already received news the day before that the last enchanted lamp had in fact been at her hands since months ago.

It was a great shock, to say the least. None of the elders ever thought that, after so many years, the final enchanted lamp would actually belong to Cloud Hall.

The Lantern Lighting Festival was a very significant event. Hidden deep within the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb were countless precious treasures that would make any great warrior drool.

These treasures were the primary reason why many warriors had, time and again, gone to the Chaotic Ocean of Stars in hopes of sneaking into the celestial tomb. Hundreds of thousands of warriors ventured forth, but none of them ever succeeded in even getting a glimpse of the treasures that the celestial tomb housed.

It was said that the only way to get inside was to light all the nine enchanted lamps.

However, a lot of people thought it couldn't just be as simple as that, so a lot of conspiracy theories had been circulating all around Central Region.

Some people believed that the whole thing was a trap. Why would Immortal Mist leave behind nine enchanted lamps to make it easier for outsiders to enter his tomb?

It was highly suspect, even for Zen.

However, the mind of a warrior would never be deterred by just mere conspiracy. An opportunity always came with risk, and a timid warrior, unwilling to face that risk, would simply never grow.

After finding out that the last enchanted lamp had been with Letitia all this time, six elders of Cloud Hall had then banded together and decided to enter the celestial tomb, all for different reasons.

For Emanuel, his tyrannical strength and relatively young age made it a given that he was pursuing a greater opportunity in the celestial tomb.

For Elder Fernandez, who was already very old, he was also pursuing a great opportunity that would hopefully lead to a breakthrough or else he would reach the end of his lifespan and die.

Venturing to the celestial tomb was a great gamble for the realization of their own interests.

Imogen, like Elder Fernandez, had also decided to go as her need was even more urgent than his. As a warrior at the Life and Death Realm, it was only fitting that she had to face a life and death crisis. However, she knew that she would not be able to survive the second life and death crisis—it was her destiny to die.

So her only hope was to find the legendary Flower of Life and Death.

"Let's light up the enchanted lamp," Letitia ordered in a soft voice.

Zen nodded and quietly circulated his life vitality onto his hands, forming a tongue of flame that slowly floated towards the enchanted lamp.

And just like that, the ninth enchanted lamp was finally lit.

All the enchanted lamps were finally lit, and those that held the other eight were rejoicing.

"The ninth mark lit up!"

Hobbes laughed out loud in the World Commercial Alliance's headquarters.

In the Dreamy Swampland, the short warrior's tense expression slowly relaxed as he stared at the enchanted lamp in front of him.

Even Eddie was excited.

It was something they had all waited for over a thousand years. Of course, everyone would be excited.

After all nine enchanted lamps were ignited, a huge building deep in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars started emitting a soft, green light. It seemed that the lighting of the ninth lamp had also awakened Immortal Mist's celestial tomb.

A lot of warriors in the Central Region had seen this building before, but they could only look at it from across the sea. All the warriors who had ventured near the building had been killed by the special curse of the celestial tomb. Whether it be a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm or even the Life and Death Realm, the curse would indiscriminately kill them.

As the celestial tomb emitted the faint, green glow, a halo suddenly appeared and started spinning slowly.

Then, nine small light balls appeared at different locations.

At the very top of the celestial tomb was a triangular secret room. Inside the room was a small crystal ball filled with fine powders that had existed for thousands of years. At that moment though, it seemed the powders were finally awakening. Inside the crystal ball, the powders had condensed and eventually turned into a black substance that morphed and fused together before turning into something that resembled a human face.

"So slow! I didn't expect that I'd be waiting for more than two thousand years…"

The face spoke hoarsely, as if extremely weak for having spent two millennia in deep sleep.

In Cloud Hall, streaks of blue light had emanated from the enchanted lamp's smoke, rising and falling all around it.

"A portal," Letitia murmured.

Although everyone knew that lighting the nine enchanted lamps was the only way to get into Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, none expected that the tiny lamp could actually summon a portal.

Letitia looked at her master and then at Zen. "Let's get in."

Zen nodded and was the first to step into the blue vortex with Letitia following closely.

Imogen, the six elders, and some elite disciples of Cloud Hall followed suit. Although some of the elite disciples were only at the Internal Elixir Realm, the celestial tomb was sure to have many opportunities that could help them get stronger. As long as they did not die, they would surely benefit a lot from the trip.

Upon stepping into the blue portal, everyone immediately felt as if they had been wrapped in a bright ball of light. What was strange was that this transmission array was extremely stable without any space windstorm.

Such a method was far from what the warriors in Central Region knew of and was most likely made by Immortal Mist.

The passage of time couldn't be felt within the spatial passageway. It was strange actually—it felt as if time was passing by very slowly, but at the same time, they were able to pass through the passageway in just the blink of an eye.

Zen was the first out and the moment he left the spatial passageway, he immediately saw a huge, snakelike beast with a bloody maw charging straight towards him.

He immediately adopted a fighting stance, ready to defend himself. However, before the beast even got close, it collided with a thin wall of light and bounced back, wandering deeper into the sea.

"Leviathan! Its mouth can devour anything and its strength is comparable to that of a warrior at the Life and Death Realm," Letitia said, arriving next to Zen. "That beast is one of the reasons why it is so difficult for warriors to approach Immortal Mist's celestial tomb."

A huge beast comparable to a warrior at the Life and Death Realm…The Chaotic Ocean of stars was truly chaotic.

For those in the Central Region, the Chaotic Ocean of Stars was like a forbidden area. It was seemingly wide, where all kinds of ferocious beasts and creatures lived, numbering at around tens of thousands more than the entirety of creatures in the Central Region.

It was even said that in the depths of the sea were a few races, tribes, and even entire countries that had adapted and flourished.

"It's fortunate that there's an enchanted barrier outside Immortal Mist's celestial tomb," Zen remarked. Even the Chaotic Ocean of Stars wasn't something he could imagine.

Imogen, Emanuel, Elder Fernandez, Saint Morphens, and the others all left the spatial passageway.

They had discovered that they were actually at the edge of the celestial tomb. In front of them was a long and narrow path while around them was an enchanted barrier that held back the endless seawater.

"There's only one entrance," Saint Morphens said, standing in front of the passageway. It was then that he took out a "man" from his space ring.

This man was no different from an ordinary warrior. However, there was no expression in his eyes. Though his skin and appearance were exquisite, his eyes were that of a dead man.

The man then suddenly ran into the passageway at an extremely fast speed.

"It's a puppet!"

This was Saint Morphens' puppet technique. Zen's eyes twitched as he remembered when he had just entered Cloud Hall, he had been manipulated by Saint Morphens for a very long time.

The puppet was extremely useful for scouting the path to see if there were any hidden dangers or traps.

Everyone waited for a bit before Saint Morphens nodded, "There are no dangers in this corridor. We can go in now."

Chapter 773 The Suppressive Force (Part One)

Nine balls of light floated around Mist's celestial tomb, the luminous glow growing brighter as warriors emerged from each of the other eight balls as well.

The majority of them came from the Central Region, further grounding rampant speculations that the enchanted lamps would eventually fall into the hands of the large sects.

It was not a particular bitter fact to swallow for the small clans and sects. The lamps had no use for people of weak strength, knowing that the top masters from the Central Region would only end up annihilating them in a fight for the fortunes in Mist's celestial tomb. It would have been a plea for their own deaths if they dared to hope for a chance to win against the impenetrable force. They had to make the wiser choice of bargaining the items with the larger sects in exchange for more substantial benefits.

The event this time had the nine powers entering Mist's celestial tomb. The Cloud Hall, World Commercial Alliance, Bloodwood Cliff, Mysterious Luna Hall and Black Mountain Sect had gathered at the place with some independent warriors who had led secluded lives, a select few being masters of the Life and Death Realm.

They made up an overwhelming number of warriors coming from the Central Region, all with an exception of one group.

This unorthodox team traveled far to get to the destination through the space channel. However, their entrance was not seen by the people of the Central Region, who had entered the path to the tomb long before their arrival.

"Eh? Is this Mist's celestial tomb?"

Stumbling out of the portal, a woman dressed in black garbs looked around in wonder and confusion.

"Yes, it is!" A laugh was heard from the handsome man materializing after his companion. He stood proudly, his moderate build straightened in posture while he looked around.

She frowned, her bafflement only running deeper, "Didn't you say that we could only enter when all the lamps light up at the same time? Why isn't anyone else here?"

At the question, he furrowed his eyebrows before appraising their venue a second time in a perplexed manner, "There are nine lamps for the celestial tomb, maybe there are different entrances for each." A pause was felt as they pondered over his answer, a lingering curiosity permeating the air. He huffed shortly after and crossed his arms, his stare landing on the track they were to trek. "Anyway, it doesn't matter. As far as I know, the other eight lamps are all from the Sky Northern Region, and those ants mean nothing to us. We just need to focus on what we came here for."

The words struck to the girl's mind and immediately brought a fierce look to paint her expression, her dark clothes highlighting the shadows of determination captured in her look. "You're right, I don't want anything like bones of the immortal or the Flower of Life and Death. I only want one thing, and I will kill whoever stands in my way!"

With a wicked smile, her partner ominously chucked and said, "They're quite daring to have the guts to oppose you, aren't they?"

Sneering, she turned away and marched towards the opening. She did not bother thinking or caring about the possible danger lying ahead of them as she strode confidently. Her comrade followed her closely behind, wordlessly shifting to match her serious mood.

The pair had come from the four great divine kingdoms.

The Central Region in which Zen resided was known as the Sky Northern Region to the four divine kingdoms, with some people referring to it as the Sky Northern Island due to their prejudice for the land.

Even though its area and surrounding regions had vastly expanded to a size that was near unimaginable, the four divine kingdoms had still not changed their mindset of the land being much poorer compared to their home.

Two thousand years ago, the handsome man's family happened to take the enchanted lamp of the celestial tomb as one of their possessions. They had kept it secret for two thousand years, keeping every information hidden and quickly diffusing any rumors that might have once erupted. They were afraid that the masters from the four divine kingdoms would hear of it and forcefully take it to enter Mist's celestial tomb to hunt the treasures.

On the other hand, the forces in the Sky Northern Region

had always been considered invisible to their clan.

Steeling herself at the recollection, she fearlessly trudged up the rest of the trail. She was a master of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, along with her accomplice. Yet, they were not foolish enough to venture out alone. They had brought with them several Life and Death Realm masters whose mission was to solely guard them both.

They marched, entering the passageway of the cave before they suddenly halted, "What's going on?"

Frowning, she glanced at her ally, searching for a response but the man merely noted the strange atmosphere with the same puzzlement and alarm, "What a strong suppressive force! I'm being completely shut off!"

The group exchanged stares. One of the guards shared the thoughts of the others, "I also felt it. This suppressive force appears to be triggered by some powerful array, it's too hard to resist!" Murmurs of shock and perturbation sliced through, building tension as the pressure of the superior power suffocated their own.

No one was left unaffected by its oppression, all the warriors were stuck in experiencing the slow panic welling up from inside of them from the uncertainty of the circumstances.

Whether it was the warriors at the Life and Death Realm, Virtual Tribulation Realm or the Internal Elixir Realm, no one could quell the dominating aura forcing them to submissiveness.

Bits of ice crystals flickered between Letitia's slim fingers, testing out her own abilities with a look of frustration spoiling her features. "My cultivation base has been suppressed by a whole realm, I can only wield strength at the medium stage of Internal Elixir Realm."

It was too much of a damage; she was originally at the medium stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, but now, she was back at the Internal Elixir Realm. She clenched her fist as the inklings of fear started to manifest through the tremors shaking her slim body. She looked at the rest, sending a mute question of whether they were going through the same experience.

She was decidedly not alone, judging by the distress the horde exhibited. The elders of the Virtual Tribulation Realm such as Fernandez were also doomed to showcase their prowess at a level of the Internal Elixir Realm.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 774 The Suppressive Force (Part Two)

Even Imogen who was at the Life and Death Realm, could only display the might of someone at the preliminary stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm.

A chill was felt by the troop; they feared that the enormous drop in their levels would be like lethal wounds that would soon devour them whole if they were not treated as soon as possible. Strength and cultivation were the most important things to warriors, if their tiers went down by a whole realm, they would not survive the numerous dangers lying dormant inside Mist's celestial tomb.

Struck by indignation and unadulterated dread, they had grown oblivious to Zen, the individual who stuck out like a sore thumb in the pack as he seemed to have no understanding of their qualms.

His cultivation was the lowest in the group. It was only recently that he had reached the seventh level of the Illuminating Soul Realm through aggressive training and hard work. If he had gone through what the others were experiencing at present, he would have been reduced to the seventh grade of the nature level.

Thankfully, it might be by pure, sheer luck that he had not been included in that same case.

Zen stared in astonishment, marveling at his own figure as he compared it to his associates.

He was surprised at the apprehension of the many

as he did not feel anything wrong with his own cultivation base.

He turned around, examining if a comrade was like him when he got distracted by his own space ring. It hummed with a warmth that was almost scalding. He regarded it with a careful touch; It was the space ring Letitia gave him, designed specifically for women so he did not put it on his own hand.

A space ring could not be placed with another one. The risk of causing a backlash upon clashing would cause a space storm inside the rings, thus destroying everything inside. To solve the issue, Zen had found a string and hung it on his chest to serve as a necklace.

Its capacity was large, more so than his prior one, so he transferred a portion of his items to the new one.

He had encountered no troubles over it, at least not until now, when the ring with the engraved phoenix on it burnt in high temperatures.

"What's going on?"

muttered Zen, his suspicions growing. It was likely that the item had helped him block the crushing force, but Tia's space ring should not have had any of that function.

It rarely had any purpose other than the storage of objects. If it had any special skill, Tia would have told him beforehand.

Biting his lip, he let his thoughts run wild with theories. 'It could be because of something inside, ' Zen thought.

With haste, he infused part of his soul power into the ring and began to scan through the held items. After a while, he discovered a small, glowing article that emitted a contained light.

It was a token.

Eyes widened in surprise, he examined the piece and tried to remember its origin. Zen had obtained many tokens from the Eastern Region to the Central Region. It was a mix from the Cloud Sect, the Zhang Clan, The Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance; all piled up in the corner of the storage.

However, this unique material outshined all the others with the word 'wind' that was engraved on its surface.

A jolt shook him as he replayed his memories. Zen remembered, on his way back from White Emperor City, he had acquired this token from the fairy place of Dragon Valley in G country.

"This token is from the fairy palace!"

His heart thumped erratically at the revelation.

After he had gotten it, he had left the palace and never returned.

Zen was told to have failed in owning the palace completely back then. According to Saul, he would only be considered as the nominal master of the fairy palace, but not its real owner.

Therefore, he had never stepped foot in the fairy place again. There was no use after all; he did not have the authority to use the weapon refining workshops and pill refining rooms he had coveted.

He did not leave empty-handed though; Saul had given him the token with the carved word 'Wind' of the Eight Diagrams on its exterior.

It was given as protection against the attacks of the humongous puppets back in the fairy palace. Regretfully, it was deemed worthless and of no use in the Eastern Region or the Central Region so it had always been kept away at the corner of the space ring.

He never would have thought that it would prove its value here. After he entered Mist's celestial tomb, the token with Wind actually helped him to resist the suppressive force!

"The fairy palace and the celestial tomb…" He trailed off in thought, musing on the connection of the two. It was probable that the master of the fairy palace had a relationship with the immortal, Mist, or in another context, Mist could be the owner of the fairy palace.

Scratching his head in consideration, he concluded that there was no clue or way to answer his own conjectures. He sighed, settling instead on the good news that the token permitted him immunity to the taxing suppression.

Zen was at the Illuminating Soul Realm, and had the prowess to vanquish warriors of the Internal Elixir Realm. That signified that in his current standing, he would be able to crush the Virtual Tribulation Realm masters that had been downgraded to the Internal Elixir Realm.

He had the power to battle them here in Mist's celestial tomb.

A faint smirk cracked his lips. This was a secret for him to bear at the moment, as he was with a group from the Cloud Hall.

The team gathered their own bearings upon the initial upset and continued on their journey. They could no longer do anything about their status and could only hope that the experience they had gained from skirmishes and wars would not simply be erased and would help them in facing against peril. Cautiousness lined their steps as they passed through the long corridor, finally arriving at the entrance. They were about to release their defensive stances when a burst of cold wind pushed them back, hearing Imogen's wary voice shouting back in trepidation, "Everyone, be careful! Something is coming!"

Chapter 775 Kill With One Slash

Once inside the celestial tomb, the already attentive team raised its vigilance to the maximum. With everyone's cultivation base being suppressed, the psychological pressure on their minds was already quite heavy. And coupled with the waves of cold wind that were blowing in from the other side of the tunnel, the atmosphere became even more oppressive.

It wasn't just that. After all, this was the tomb of an immortal cultivator. Legends said that a person who chose immortality dared to go against nature. Even though he was long dead now, this tomb had been created by himself. There were sure to be layers upon layers of traps.

Most of the Cloud Hall disciples who were at the Internal Elixir Realm followed closely behind the elders. Only by doing so could they find a sense of safety and security. Most of the times, martial practitioners weren't afraid of death, but they were afraid of dying without justice.

Fortunately, Morphens, controlling his puppet, had ordered it to stay at the very front. Up till now, they hadn't encountered any traps, and everyone could see that the puppet was exploring the caves in the front and was unharmed.

But wait! Since that puppet was clearly still fine, why did Imogen just remind everyone to be careful?

Imogen was a Life and Death Realm expert. Even though her cultivation base was suppressed, she was still much stronger than everyone else. Just as she finished speaking, a black shadow suddenly appeared and hopped towards the puppet Morphens was guiding.

Among all the elders of Cloud Hall, Morphens' strength was ranked in the top three. He was second only to Imogen and Letitia and easily on par with Emanuel.

When Morphens had controlled Zen, he had been able to easily deal with a group of disciples of the Elite House even with his nature level cultivation base. His puppet technique had already reached a rather high level, and under Morphens' control, the puppet was as strong as an Internal Elixir Realm practitioner.

When attacked by that pitch-black shadow, Morphens reacted extremely quickly. With one command in his mind, a slender and long sword suddenly appeared in the puppet's right hand!

That wasn't too surprising. Although the puppet, for all intents and purposes, looked exactly like a regular human being, it was still a mere puppet, and the weapon was hidden within its arm without any damage to it.

Once the thin sword jumped into the puppet's hands, it ruthlessly slashed at the black figure in front of it.

Clank!

The thin sword was comparable to a fairy weapon and sparked as it cut at the black shadow. Somehow, the shadow seemed to be physical and the clang of metals was heard as it collided with the sword.

Only then did everyone notice what the black shadow was.

"It's actually a corpse that has been refined for someone's use!" Morphens remarked with a frown.

The corpse was following someone's orders much like a living being. Corpse refining was a sinister and demonic technique, which could turn a dead body into a strong weapon. The stronger the dead person was in his real life, the stronger his refined corpse would be.

This must have been a significantly strong cultivator, since the corpse was only forced back a few steps by Morphens' puppet. Then, it extended its two pitch-black arms to grab the puppet.

Morphens wrinkled his eyebrows and ordered the puppet to counterattack, and suddenly two flying knives shot out from the puppet's chest. At the same time, a sharp knife stuck out from its knee, as the puppet raised its leg and dashed toward the corpse.

Cling ... cling …

The corpse's flesh and skin seemed to possess a toughness beyond an extreme level. The two attacks from the puppet had not caused it any harm at all.

On the other hand, the corpse's hands suddenly moved forward and stabbed into the puppet's chest like two knives. With just a slight tug, the puppet was torn into pieces.

After it tore the puppet apart like paper, the corpse charged towards the people of Cloud Hall.

Corpses did not have any intelligence. For them, all creatures that invaded their territory were enemies and were supposed to be killed.

Imogen and Letitia did not move. Emanuel, who was usually the most silent among the lot, suddenly sneered and took a step forward. A long spear appeared out of the blue in his hand and rushed towards the corpse's head.

The weapon was surrounded by numerous electric arcs. As it thrust out, it looked like an electric dragon, aimed at the corpse's head, fast like a mighty wave and accurate like an arrow.

Bang!

The corpse's head exploded from the impact!

In terms of attack power, Emanuel was even stronger than Morphens, so he was only second to Imogen and Letitia in Cloud Hall.

The headless corpse swayed twice, and then its stiff body fell to the ground with a thud.

But even though Emanuel had killed the corpse in a single shot, the crowd did not relax.

The way they saw it, refining corpses was a dark and sinister technique, and there were a few second and third grade sects in the Central Region that had the kind of intelligence required for refining corpses.

Such refined corpses weren't necessarily powerful. An Internal Elixir Realm warrior could kill them easily. However, in this tomb, it had taken the strength of Emanuel to kill the corpse with a spear. If that was how things were, wouldn't the other creatures in Mist's Celestial Tomb be even stronger?

Once the corpse was defeated, the company continued to move forward. Though the road became wider from that point on, the grim atmosphere became denser and denser.

"There are corpses on both sides!" an elite disciple of Cloud Hall suddenly gasped in a trembling voice. He was an Internal Elixir Realm martial artist, but seeing so many corpses had made even his hair stand on end.

Zen, who was following behind the crowd, took a glance on either side of the road. The wide path was flanked by two rows of black iron fences, and inside the fences, there were hundreds of densely packed corpses. Each fencing had at least ten corpses. Zen estimated that there had to be at least three hundred corpses in all.

Since the corpses were contained by the fence, they merely extended their black hands, constantly jumping and trying to break through. Seeing the intruders, one by one, they began to stir restlessly. Some continued to let out a sinister and ungodly "heh heh" sound that felt creepy.

"Don't be afraid. These corpses are trapped inside the fence. They can't get out!" an elder immediately comforted the warriors.

Hearing his words, a few of the elite disciples felt slightly relaxed. The black iron fences seemed to be very strong, and even though the corpses had great strength, they could not tear apart such strong iron.

However, hardly had they taken a few steps forward when they suddenly heard a crisp noise. The fences on both sides of the path suddenly shrank into the walls simultaneously.

With the fences gone, the corpses were freed and rushed towards the people of Cloud Hall.

Imogen snorted and ordered, "Kill them all!" With that, she brandished the walking stick in her hand and rushed towards the corpses with a fierce roar.

There were hundreds of corpses, but even though the elders of the Virtual Tribulation Realm were being suppressed, dealing with such corpses was not a problem for them.

Pfft! Pfft! Pfft!

Emanuel instantly thrust out his long spear three times, and each thrust was accompanied by a long and narrow flash of white light. Within an instant, three corpses, standing right in front of him, were killed off as their heads exploded like the previous corpse's head.

Morphens was quick too. Right now, he was wearing a set of coppery gloves in his hands, and every time he took a step forward, his figure would float behind a corpse, and crush its head with his fist!

Morphens was the most proficient in Mystical Pace, but there was no need to use it right now. The corpses could be killed without that too.

The elders continued to destroy the corpses in front of them, but the Internal Elixir Realm disciples of Cloud Hall were in a miserable state.

With the strange and depressing aura floating around in the cave, their strength had fallen down. They had been demoted by one complete level and were now only equal to an Illuminating Soul Realm cultivator.

"Let's go!" A disciple of Cloud Hall drew his sword and encouraged the warrior beside him.

The other disciple nodded in approval. Then, he too drew his sword and together, the two moved forward.

Clank, clank …

The corpses seemed to be completely invulnerable. The disciples could not cause any damages, and all that was left for them to do was flee for their lives.

Fortunately, six Cloud Hall elders had come inside the tomb with them, so even though these elders were busy killing the corpses, there was still a chance for the disciples to survive if the elders protected them.

And they did! Seeing that the disciples could not resist the corpses, two elders came to their rescue and kept them behind their backs to protect them.

"Be careful!" Suddenly, a disciple of Cloud Hall shouted to Zen.

One of the corpses was sneakily rushing towards him from behind his back. The disciples had seen how strong the corpses were. If they could tear the puppet apart with one stroke, then they would easily be able to kill Zen too.

Hearing the shout, Zen turned around immediately and saw a corpse with bared fangs in front of him. Corpses had to go through a lot of procedures during refining, which was why their bodies turned black. The corpse's face was ferocious, its fangs were exposed, and it was about to pounce on Zen.

One of the elders in charge of protecting the Cloud Hall disciples rushed over, planning to take care of the corpse. He was very clear on Zen's position in Cloud Hall and he could not let anything happen to him.

However, before the elder could even make his move, Zen flipped his wrist, and the long sword in his hand was raised horizontally. The tip of the sword trembled with enormous power, and the sword slashed toward the corpse under the force of five hundred dragon scales in his body.

"Flick the sword."

Crack!

With one slash, the corpse's head was broken into confetti.

Other than Emanuel and Morphens, no one else had been powerful enough to do that; not even an elder like Fernandez. The elder who had come to help Zen was stunned.

The disciples at the level of Internal Elixir Realm were also shocked.

Chapter 776 Demon Emperor Corpse

If they were in the outside world, the strength of these corpses would not have been even close to outstanding.

Even the disciples of Cloud Hall who were at the Internal Elixir Realm could have killed them easily in that case. But after entering the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, their cultivation bases had been suppressed.

Even though these disciples were at the Internal Elixir Realm and two of them were even at the final stage of that realm, under the suppression, their strength was only equivalent to that of a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm, making it difficult for them to deal with such corpses.

In the Martial Arts Contest, Zen, a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm, had defeated a divine-level talent at the Internal Elixir Realm.

Therefore, the people of Cloud Hall no longer viewed Zen as a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm. But once they had entered the celestial tomb, with everyone's cultivation level suppressed to a certain extent, Zen's strength should have been reduced to a much lower level, and he should not have been able to fight against these corpses.

But just now, Zen had killed these corpses effortlessly right in front of them.

It didn't take an extraordinary intelligence to guess from this fact that Zen was on a par with Emanuel, Saint Morphens, and the other elders.

The disciples were really confused now.

The fact that a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm could cross an entire realm to challenge a warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm was a miracle in itself. Zen had accomplished this feat, which meant that he had the talent, the terrifying strength, and the great power to do so.

Although they hadn't believed it initially, they were gradually able to accept it.

Zen had defeated Eden and killed Marilyn all by himself in the Martial Arts Contest. If it hadn't been for Eddie's threat, he wouldn't have had to quit the contest to set up the sect-protecting array for the Cloud Hall. Maybe, if he had progressed forwards, even Brent of the Ethereal Spirit Sect would not have been his match.

Many people were unwilling to admit it, but in the end, they still had to accept it.

However, to surpass two great realms and be comparable to a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm was a bit too much.

"Zen, how did you do it?" one of the disciples asked.

The two elders at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm also looked at Zen, hoping that he would give them the answer.

Zen spread out his hands and smiled slightly. Before they had their answer, his figure suddenly flashed out as he took a step over fifty to sixty feet in space, and once again sent out a sword attack.

Swoosh! Another corpse was struck down by Zen's sword. Its body swayed a little, then it knelt down before Zen and fell to the ground with yet another thud.

Letitia's mysterious ice halberd was equally powerful. Each time she attacked, the cold air her weapon exuded would freeze more than ten corpses. She would then brandish the halberd and rush forward.

Clang clang clang…

She rushed forward once again, and the corpses, like pieces of crystal, were smashed into pieces by her charge. The next moment, the corpses lay in pieces on the ground.

After exterminating the corpses before her, Letitia turned her head, just in time to see Zen explode the head of one of the corpses. She was a little shocked at first and then flashed a smile as she recovered herself. She knew that in Zen's dictionary, there was no "I can't." The speed at which Zen had exterminated the corpses was comparable to Saint Morphens and Emanuel.

Imogen herself did not take any action. These corpses were indeed troublesome, but it was just one small problem. They had just come in, and if Imogen had to deal with the very first problem they had to face, then they'd better return now.

Under the continuous extermination by Letitia, the elders, and Zen, the number of corpses continued to decrease rapidly.

After the last corpse was smashed into pieces by Letitia's halberd, a loud roar came from the end of the road, followed by heavy footsteps.

Letitia rushed ahead and stood in front of the crowd with her halberd laid horizontally behind her back and her beautiful eyes staring at the darkness ahead.

Very soon, a huge figure rushed out from the darkness.

At the same time, a huge wave of evil spirit swept towards the crowd.

The elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were unaffected by the evil spirit as they were able to withstand its intimidating power. However, even among them, other than Emanuel and Saint Morphens, everyone's face had turned a deathly shade of pale.

As for the group of disciples at the Internal Elixir Realm, their faces had turned an even paler shade, as if the entire blood from their faces had been sucked dry, and their teeth were chattering loudly.

"What a strong evil spirit!" one of the disciples remarked as he controlled the fear in his heart.

Zen's expression, however, did not change. His eyes were as calm as usual as he stared intently at the darkness in front of him.

Zen wasn't unfamiliar with demons. Back in White Emperor City, he had killed numerous demon soldiers and demon generals himself. Furthermore, he had nearly died at the hands of a demon king.

However, it was impossible for those demons, and even for the demon kings he had encountered, to erupt with such powerful evil spirit. If not for the fact that Zen's soul had entered the Fighting Soul Realm, he probably wouldn't have had the slightest chance of resisting such a strong evil spirit. Instead, he too would have become extremely afraid and deathly pale.

"Demon?" Letitia frowned.

Under the attacks of so many warriors over time, all the demons in the Central Region had already been forced into a state of almost complete extinction. As a consequence, a portion of the demon population had gone to the Eastern Region and created a huge spatial rift in order to attack the Central Region with the Eastern Region as their base.

That was the primary reason why Zen had gone to White Emperor City to train.

However, because of the existence of the Cloud Sect, and their timely intervention, the demon clan had had no opportunity to expand.

The number of demons currently in existence was comparable to that of humans, so naturally, they did not only have demon soldiers, demon kings and demon generals but also demon emperors. However, if they were to send out powerful demon emperors, the Cloud Hall would naturally have to send out warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm to battle them. Similar things had already happened in the past.

"Not exactly! It's a dead demon emperor who has been refined into a corpse. I will deal with it," Imogen said indifferently, using her walking stick to move forward.

"It's only a demon emperor corpse, Master. There's no need for you to step in. I can handle it." Letitia stopped her and rushed to the darkness.

Ever since she had stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm, she had suppressed herself and had not used her full strength. However, someone had once estimated her true strength and said although she was at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, her true strength was equivalent to that of a cultivator at the final stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Letitia's white figure floated forwards, and under the fluttering of her skirt, bits of ice mist also quietly spread out.

Bang bang bang...

A demon emperor was ten times stronger than a demon king, and an average demon emperor had a height more than three times that of an average human being. As it stood in front of Letitia, the demon emperor looked like a giant when compared to her petite figure.

"Hem!"

The demon emperor's throat let out a weird sound as it waved its claws towards Letitia.

Bang!

Just as the two claws were about to land on Letitia, they were blocked by her halberd. She was holding the halberd with one hand and was actually resisting the power of the demon emperor corpse's pair of claws.

The halberd alone was more than four feet taller than Letitia herself, but in her small hand, light blue colored life vitality continued to flash and thrust out. She held the halberd that didn't match with her figure expertly with a sort of graceful flourish, and blocked the hands of the demon emperor corpse. The scene was remarkable and made everyone feel shocked.

Who would have thought that Letitia's petite body would contain such power?

Not only that, she then suddenly flipped her hand, causing the halberd to move downwards. As a result, the demon emperor corpse's hands were forced downwards too, and he was forced a couple of steps back.

Inch by inch, this mountain-like demon emperor corpse was being suppressed by Letitia's delicate figure. It was as if the halberd's weight had increased to a million or even ten million pounds for the demon emperor, but was light as a feather for Letitia.

In the end, the demon emperor corpse finally could not bear the pressure and actually knelt down on one knee. Even in that position, it was still several feet taller than Letitia.

The demon emperor corpse had lost its consciousness and was merely a puppet designed to kill. It was no match for Letitia, but it wasn't aware of that. Under this circumstance, a normal person would have given up, but the demon emperor corpse still used all of its strength to resist the halberd. The strange noises it was making became louder. Its red compound eyes stared at Letitia.

Suddenly, Letitia sneered. Her small hand which was holding the halberd suddenly shrunk towards her body, which then spun in a circle and took the halberd on a spin too, finally hitting the demon emperor corpse from the side.

Boom!

The demon emperor corpse was sent flying by Letitia's weapon and heavily crashed into a wall not far away.

Frank's eyes lit up at this scene. He had always thought that Letitia was not qualified to become the sect leader. But now that she had exploded forth with her true strength, he was ashamed of himself and believed that his assessment had been wrong.

Not only him, everyone else was also shocked by Letitia's remarkable strength.

Once it had fallen down, Letitia did not give the demon emperor corpse a chance to get up. Her figure flashed again and a snow-white rune appeared in her left eye.

"Absolute Freezing!"

The next moment, a terrifying wave of cold energy burst out from Letitia's body. The celestial tomb, which was originally filled with negative energy, now became so cold that it felt like they all were standing in a cave of ice.

Just as the demon emperor corpse was about to get up, its body suddenly stiffened from the cold and turned into ice. It was frozen in space, halfway through getting up and could not move.

Crack!

Letitia brandished her halberd, and the demon emperor corpse, just like the other corpses that had been broken into icy pieces before, was smashed into confetti.

Chapter 777 Swelling Earth

Since Letitia had restarted her cultivation nine times and her cultivation base was constantly changing, it was difficult for anyone to gauge her strength.

Many people believed that even if Letitia recovered her power and returned to the Virtual Tribulation Realm, she was still only slightly stronger than Emanuel and Morphens. But now, it looked like she had become more than just a little stronger than them. She could even be a match for a warrior at the Life and Death Realm whenever she became a late-stage Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior.

After getting rid of the demon emperor corpse, Letitia once again led the group forward.

At the same time, the warriors on the other eight paths also continued to advance.

Eddie and the six cloaked independent warriors of the Virtual Tribulation Realm almost crushed the corpses without a word.

The martial practitioners of the Bloodwood Cliff, Black Mountain Sect, and Mysterious Luna Hall had passed through this section of the road safely despite the attacks they had encountered.

The fastest of these nine forces were the martial artists who had come from the divine kingdom. The woman in black and the man beside her didn't make a single move. The warrior behind them rushed forward, a golden bow at the ready, and shot arrow after arrow at the corpses.

These five arrows seemed to have a life of their own, shooting towards the five corpses with a bloodlust that was almost indecent. The strange thing was that after ripping through the heads of the five corpses, the arrows didn't weaken; instead, they devoured the corpses' energy, becoming stronger, and each split into two.

Five arrows turned into ten, shooting towards the other ten corpses. After absorbing the energy of the ten corpses, the ten arrows became twenty, and then forty, eighty, and then a hundred and sixty arrows!

The arrows finished off the corpses in a few seconds. They then merged into one sharp arrow and shot towards the demon emperor that had appeared at last. The arrow went through the demon emperor almost instantly.

If the many warriors in Central Region ever saw the power of this bow, they would be speechless and envious of it.

According to the characteristics of this bow, if they were to engage in a war between sects, this bow was an indefatigable advantage. As one arrow would turn into two, two would turn into four, four would turn into eight, just one arrow would probably be able to kill millions of warriors!

"I've heard a lot about Gong's Transformation Bow. Now I see that its reputation is indeed well-deserved," another Life and Death Realm guard said, impressed by the skills of the warrior whose family name was Gong.

The martial artist who was wielding the bow smiled, and then put the bow away.

The woman in black and man beside her acted as if they hadn't seen what had happened and didn't care about the conversation between the two Life and Death Realm experts. Their expressions didn't change, as if this was how it should be.

The two of them passed by the corpses piling up on the ground as they walked forward.

The most unfortunate was the Yan Clan, a third-grade clan from Iron Salt City. It was considered a big family in the Central Region. The patriarch, Kirby Yan, was in the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. But other than him, the rest of the Yan family were unfortunately still in the Internal Elixir Realm.

The Yan Clan had been working hard on becoming a fourth-grade clan. The enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb was a secret treasure that had passed down from their ancestors, and the Yan Clan had been waiting for this day for hundreds of years.

When their cultivation bases had been suppressed in the Mist Celestial Tomb, everyone except Kirby Yan, who had the power to protect himself, had had no power to fight against the corpses and thus were all torn to pieces. Only Kirby Yan survived.

Kirby Yan was on the verge of going crazy, but he was alone and powerless, and couldn't reverse the situation. To top it all, the last demon emperor corpse had appeared. So Kirby Yan had no choice but to retreat into the tunnel.

If the Yan Clan did not have a Virtual Tribulation Realm expert like him, they would be divided up by the other clans and powers within minutes, so he could not die.

But when Kirby Yan walked back along the tunnel, he heard a faint voice.

"The ones that have entered this celestial tomb must not go back."

"Who is there?" Kirby Yan asked, panicking at the voice. He couldn't help but run at full speed, eager to get away from it.

"Only through death can you have longevity..."

the voice kept mumbling. Kirby Yan's panic was getting out of control. Even though the tunnel was long, as a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior, he was able to pass quickly through it.

'The entrance is right in front of me! I can feel it!'

Kirby Yan thought. As long as he escaped the tunnel and entered the spatial passageway, he would be able to return to Iron Salt City.

However, when he arrived at the entrance of the tunnel, he discovered that there was a tombstone blocking the way.

A few words were neatly carved on the tombstone. They weren't difficult to read, but Kirby Yan wasn't in the head space to identify them right now.

As he ran, the life vitality in his body shone like a ray of light.

"Want to block my way with a tombstone? Break! Burning Sky Fist!" he shouted as he punched the tombstone.

Bam!

The tombstone seemed to be made of ordinary limestone, which even a Bone Refining level martial artist would be able to shatter with a single punch. But this tombstone remained intact even after Kirby Yan's punch, standing firmly before him.

"Break!"

Bam!

"Break!"

Bam!

Kirby Yan was at his wits' end, unable to shatter it. He struck desperately at the tombstone over and over again.

The words on it glowed a little each time Kirby Yan's fist struck it.

Only then did Kirby Yan notice the words written on it, "The ones that have entered this celestial tomb must not go back. Only through death can you have longevity!" Next to the words was a signature: Mist.

The word weighed down on Kirby Yan with the weight of a mountain. He felt his vision darken as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

He heard another "heh heh" and turned around only to find that a large group of corpses led by the demon emperor corpse had followed him into the tunnel. They were now blocking the path behind him.

Kirby Yan leaned on the tombstone, his eyes filling with despair. He was extremely remorseful. Why would a third-grade clan like his want to join those fourth-grade and fifth-grade sects to come here?

As a warrior, he had to consider his own strength and abilities. If he wanted to compete with the top powers in the Central Region, he would be courting death.

Zen followed Letitia, slowly making his way through the celestial tomb. Ever since they had killed those corpses, they hadn't encountered any danger.

The space inside the celestial tomb was unimaginably vast. After the group had walked for about ten minutes, they suddenly heard Emanuel shout in surprise, "Herbal garden!"

Everyone followed Emanuel's gaze and sure enough, there was a big herbal garden.

No one had visited this celestial tomb ever since it had been built. If the herbal garden had immortal herbs planted in it, then their value would be immeasurable after thousands of years of growth!

Letitia's face revealed the joy she felt. It would be so great if she could find the Flower of Life and Death in this herbal garden. To her and her master, the Flower of Life and Death was exceptionally important.

The people from Cloud Hall rushed towards the garden, while Zen followed closely behind.

At the entrance of the herbal garden, there was a single word etched into the ground: gift.

Zen's eyelids twitched as he saw the word. What did this mean? Etiquette? A gift?

The Mist Celestial Tomb was really strange. It was said to be a dangerous place, but so far the corpses hadn't been so dangerous. Even an ordinary fourth-grade sect could enter it. Besides, who would build their tomb like this? Not to mention, let a bunch of corpses guard it.

However, the elders of Cloud Hall wouldn't consider all this.

'Perhaps I'm overthinking it, ' Zen thought as he walked into the herbal garden. The moment he stepped into it, all sorts of strange and wonderful fragrances wafted towards him.

"How fragrant!" he muttered, looking around. This garden was home to all sorts of strange flowers and herbs. Perhaps because no one had taken care of them for thousands of years, the garden had become messy.

"This is Dragon's Smile," an elder exclaimed in surprise.

"Dreamland Flower. It's really Dreamland Flower!" another elder laughed delightedly.

Meanwhile, Letitia was flying past those strange flowers and plants, but her face was gradually clouded in disappointment. She couldn't find the legendary Flower of Life and Death.

Although these medicinal herbs were expensive, they could only be used as raw material for fifth or sixth-grade medicinal pills. They might not even catch Letitia's attention.

Zen picked a few herbs, but they were all herbs that could stabilize his cultivation. At this, the cyan dragon said, "Zen, the herbs in this garden are all very common, but there is one thing that's very precious."

"What is it?" Zen asked doubtfully. "Aren't the herbs supposed to be the most precious in a herbal garden?"

The cyan dragon chuckled and said, "In the center of the garden is a handful of brown soil. It's valuable. Take it with you."

"A handful of soil?" Zen said incredulously.

"Yes. It isn't ordinary soil, but Swelling Earth," the cyan dragon said nonchalantly.

Chapter 778 The Chasm (Part One)

The cyan dragon possessed such keen eyesight. Taking into consideration the fact that he thought plucking these herbs would not be worth it, Zen didn't think twice about it and headed straight into the center of the herbal garden.

A handful of the elders had been collecting these aforementioned herbs crazily. Imogen and Letitia didn't stop them whatsoever.

The Cloud Hall had its very own garden full of herbs just as well, but these herbs were worlds apart in terms of quality compared to those of the Cloud Hall. These elders appeared as if they were more than willing to put their lives on the line just to set foot inside the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, because they were so eager to search for their own opportunities, and also, they wanted to receive their own share of benefits. For that very reason, Letitia also permitted all of these elders to harvest these herbs themselves.

In regard to the disciples of the Cloud Hall, each and every single one of them looked as though they were in cloud nine.

The herbs they were picking were regarded as high-level herbs in the Cloud Hall, and every bit of it would be worth a ton of money. The fact of the matter was that the elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm themselves considered them as high-level herbs as well. So, it should come as no surprise that the disciples at the Internal Elixir Realm gave these herbs so much significance.

Despite the fact that they didn't dare to take the herbs in the middle of the herbal garden like the elders, they were already deeply contented with merely picking the ones which were at the garden's edge.

Zen leisurely walked over to the center of the herbal garden. Everyone among the elders simply cast sideways glances at him without paying him much attention.

Zen tilted his head looking at the ground and scanned the area. The herbal garden had been completely filled with black soil, but at that point in time, he noticed a patch of brown soil that was about the size of a palm just beneath his feet.

"Is this what you refer to as the Swelling Earth?" Zen asked out of curiosity.

"That is correct. Just go ahead and dig it out. It will be of use to you when the time comes," the cyan dragon casually responded.

Without uttering another word, Zen pulled out his long sword, and with a swoosh, he pierced it right through the ground. Making four cuts around the earth, he carefully pried the Swelling Earth out.

This object's appearance was like that of a brown lump of earth, but in contrast to what Zen had in mind, it was exceedingly heavy. Even with the arm strength Zen possessed at that point, it still felt quite heavy. The moment the Swelling Earth had been taken out, it began flowing ceaselessly, taking the shape of a small brown ball which gave off a metallic luster.

It appeared that this object was neither metal nor earth; truly quite a fascinating thing.

"What's that thing you're holding in your hand?" Emanuel's eyes glimmered as he approached Zen and stretched out his hand.

The other elders also got curious and shot him a glance to see the small brown ball Zen was holding. They might not have been able to recognize what it was, but it was easy to tell that it couldn't just be some ordinary object.

Letitia tried her best not to do anything to get involved. Generally speaking, the objects within the herbal garden would normally become the property of whoever it was that found them.

Still, Emanuel was the first to react among the elders. From the looks of it, it was apparent that he had intended to catch Zen unawares and seize the

Swelling Earth away from him.

With a quick flip of his palm, Zen swiftly evaded Emanuel's grip. Thereafter, in just a blink of an eye, Zen stored the sphere of Swelling Earth inside his space ring. Giving Emanuel a dull look, he asked, "What do you think you're doing?"

Emanuel just laughed it off and told him, "It was nothing. It just piqued my curiosity a little bit, so I wanted to take a closer look."

Zen let out a deep sigh and turned his head to check around the area to see if there were any other herbs which he could make use of. He was aware that Emanuel was interested in stealing the Swelling Earth, but sadly for him, Zen had fast reflexes. If Emanuel had succeeded in snatching it away from him, it would prove to be quite hard for him to take it back. He also thought that Letitia wouldn't want to step in and pressure Emanuel to hand over the Swelling Earth.

Also under the assumption that Letitia wouldn't get involved, Emanuel had made up his mind to immediately take advantage of the situation and grab it as soon as he could. Unfortunately, he had not taken into account the possibility that Zen would be so quick to react.

It didn't take too long before the herbal garden in its entirety had already gotten fully harvested by everyone in that crowd. As a matter of fact, even the roots of those herbs had not been spared.

When they were done gathering all of the herbs they could find, they didn't stay for too long and moved forward.

At this point in time, something suddenly came to Zen's mind—he had seen the word "Gift" written at the entrance of the herbal garden. He found it quite bizarre that a herbal garden could be found in such a place, and the word "Gift" was even written on the ground as well. The only logical reason he could think of was that the owner of this celestial tomb must have intentionally designed it to be this way.

Enchanted lamps, a passageway, gift... Everything seemed as though Immortal Mist himself had been enticing people to visit this place and take away his belongings. Zen couldn't shake off the ominous feeling for he had no clue whatsoever what could be the Immortal Mist's reason for doing it. Regardless of that, since he was already inside anyway, he had not much of a choice but to keep moving forward.

Just a few moments after passing through the herbal garden, everyone came across a huge door. This door in particular was so peculiar—embedded on it were a number of much smaller doors. These doors had been laid out in a row. Giving it a good hard look, Zen counted about forty-five small doors.

"Why would there be so many small doors in it?" With her eyebrows deeply knit, Letitia glanced at the doors.

"We should just all walk into the same door," suggested Saint Morphens.

It would be better to move together as a group when traversing an unfamiliar space. Recklessly moving on your own was strictly forbidden. Saint Morphens' suggestion was the natural course to take.

Letitia was a bit reluctant at first, but she went ahead and swung a small door open. The instant she walked through, the door was shut behind her.

"What just happened?" Zen and Imogen furrowed their eyebrows simultaneously out of surprise.

"Could it be that only one person can enter each door?" Reaching out to push the door, Zen discovered that it wouldn't budge no matter what.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 779 The Chasm (Part Two)

Imogen pointed her walking stick toward the door and tried to ram it.

Boom!

Aside from a muffled sound, the small door simply remained unscathed.

All of the people shot glances at each other in utter horror. God knew what Letitia could have come up against upon entering that door.

The look on Zen's face went dark. Stretching out his arm, he reached for another small door right next to the one Letitia had chosen, and opened it. He went in just as well, but on the very instant he had done so, he felt an immense force dragging him further in. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't resist the mysterious force pulling him in, so much so that he didn't have a chance to go back anymore.

The door immediately flung shut behind him.

Now, it wasn't as surprising that Letitia somehow let the door shut behind her as well. There was no way for her to go back where she came from upon walking into the door after all.

At the end of it, Zen had found himself in the middle of a jet-black space. Setting aside the light shining in front of him, everything else had been swallowed by the darkness.

"There's nothing else I can do but to grit my teeth and keep moving forward." Zen paced forward and got himself engulfed by the darkness, with nothing but the light at the end of that passage guiding him. Soon enough, he stepped into the light and exited the dark tunnel. By then, he suddenly found himself on some kind of platform, which was about ten feet long and five feet wide.

"Zen!" Letitia's voice came from his left side.

Confirming that Letitia was safe and sound, Zen was finally able to feel at ease. She was there standing on a platform right next to the one he was on.

The gap between the two platforms was but a couple of feet. A mature person could probably make it through with just a single step, but the second Zen tried to walk over to where she was, an emerald green enchanted barrier stopped him in his tracks.

"What's the meaning of this?" Zen had confusion written all over his face.

Leaning over toward one side of the platform, Letitia used her fingers to inspect its bounds. As her fingertips got into contact with the edge of the platform, an emerald green enchanted barrier promptly rose up as well. "An enchanted barrier has been put up around the platform. I don't think there's a way for you to get through it."

Realizing the futility of trying too much, Zen decided to examine the things around him in the meantime.

They were in a massive, ring-shaped dark chasm. He tried to peer into the seemingly endless darkness, and true enough, he couldn't see the bottom at all. The only thing he could lay his eyes on was the multiple layers of the darkness, making it look as though this was actually some kind of gateway leading to hell itself. That being said, in front of Zen, as well as to both his left and right sides, was a blanket of an emerald green enchanted barrier. Even if he were to decide that he wanted to jump straight into that darkness, he wouldn't be able to do so.

This chasm could be anywhere between four or five thousand feet wide. Upon looking around, Zen took notice of the fact that there were nine areas somewhat identical to the one surrounding him. And within those areas, there were about forty to fifty platforms sticking out.

"Nine." For a while, he had been so deep in thought. The number "nine" probably stood for the nine enchanted lamps.

Taking into consideration that all of the nine enchanted lamps had been enkindled, it would be reasonable to think that nine powers should have entered the celestial tomb. But in spite of that, they didn't chance upon any other powers on their way there, so it appeared that they were actually heading to different paths and would eventually gather in this place at some point.

With that being the case, what was Immortal Mist's intention?

Could he have possibly fabricated an overwhelming death trap to lead everyone to this mysterious place?

While Zen was still pondering about the situation, Imogen had also passed through the small door already, stepping foot onto a platform to the left of Letitia's. And one by one, the other members of the Cloud Hall appeared on each of the platforms.

Moments after each person had filled a platform, someone suddenly showed up right in front of Zen.

"Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit! Members of the Ethereal Spirit Sect!"

Then, Zen saw more people continuously appear on the platforms right in front of him. At the end of it all, he counted around thirty-four of them. This just showed that the Ethereal Spirit Sect had dispatched at least thirty-four people to enter the celestial tomb this time.

"Imogen, I never would have imagined that the Cloud Hall would actually possess an enchanted lamp." The instant Xander stepped foot onto his platform, a smile crept onto his face.

Imogen, albeit faintly, politely smiled back at him and responded, "Never in my wildest dreams had I ever thought that one of the nine enchanted lamps would somehow end up being in the hands of the Ethereal Spirit Sect."

In all of the Central Region, lots of warriors had been wondering who possibly could have been taking care of the nine enchanted lamps for the past hundreds of years. And at that point, it was clear as day that the answer to that question was about to be revealed.

"Zen!" A somewhat playful voice called out to him from the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Zen shifted his gaze over to where the voice was coming from and let out a feeble smile. As it turned out, it was Brent, the one who was a divine-level talent from the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

"You still owe me a fight!" No matter how childish the voice sounded, it was still rather coherent and firm.

Shrugging it off, Zen replied, "We'll see about that if the opportunity presents itself."

When Zen had actually withdrawn from the Martial Arts Contest at the last minute, Brent was the one who had gotten most dispirited. He had always lamented the idea that he wasn't able to get the chance to fight Zen head-on. It reached the extent that he even mentioned it repeatedly upon coming back to the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

"I'm going to take your word for that!" Brent blurted out while pulling a face.

"Hmm." Zen just gave him a weak response. In this situation, he couldn't be bothered to worry about the little child.

During the Martial Arts Contest, Eddie had mentioned at some point that he was a holder of an enchanted lamp. With that in mind, he should also be showing himself any minute now.

And while he had been pondering about that, a strong and powerful voice suddenly resounded throughout the chasm, "It seems we meet again, boy."

Chapter 780 A Dice

The abyss was like a giant chimney, with all platforms distributed on the same level.

Right now, there were many people standing on the platforms.

The powerful voice came from one side of Zen's platform.

Zen's eyebrows went up as he realized that it was Eddie.

The people from the Cloud Hall became nervous when they saw Eddie.

It could be said that the Cloud Hall and Eddie were at a stalemate because of the sect-protecting array.

They were safe in the Cloud Hall because they had the Small Circulation Killing Array to protect them. If the situation arose that Cloud Hall had to fight Eddie, how would they be able to defend themselves?

Zen laughed coldly at Eddie's words. "What an honor!" he sneered.

The three obese men and the Ancient Tycoon from the World Commercial Alliance appeared in another area along with many elders of the alliance. Zen saw that Xiao was one of them.

Xiao was a warrior who was already old, but had been unable to reach a higher level. Such warriors would be out searching for a lucky chance, hoping to break through and extend their lifespan. After all, a single gamble like this could result in hundreds of years of life. If the worst came to the worst, they would die. If they lived a peaceful life, however, they would also die eventually. This was something that warriors or those who had reached their level didn't want to face.

"Mr. Shi, Mr. Yan, Mr. Mo," Letitia greeted and nodded to the three heads of the World Commercial Alliance.

The Cloud Hall was on good terms with the World Commercial Alliance. What was more, the alliance's Ancient Tycoon had also come this time. If they were to help each other, they wouldn't need to be afraid of Eddie.

The people from the Cloud Hall calmed down when they saw that those from the alliance had arrived.

Soon after, more people came. The leaders and elders of Bloodwood Cliff and Black Mountain Sect also appeared on the platforms.

Amidst all these, there was one strange area with only one platform being occupied, by a middle-aged martial artist who had also reached the Life and Death Realm.

The number of warriors at the Life and Death Realm in the Central Region was small and this person was unknown, causing everyone to look him over, trying to measure him up.

Eddie was also shocked. He felt that this warrior's strength wasn't any weaker than his. So he raised his voice to ask him, "Sir, may I ask which part of Central Region do you come from?"

Once the warrior had made it onto the platform, he discovered that there was an unbreakable barrier around him. So he sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes, hoping to rest. Hearing Eddie's voice directed at him, he opened his eyes and looked at Eddie rather sneeringly, "Ho-ho. You're Eddie Cui, the Evil East Lord, the strongest warrior in the Central Region, but you don't know me?"

Eddie frowned. That was not a compliment. There was even a hint of provocation, but sadly, Eddie had no idea who this person was.

The middle-aged warrior smiled coldly and said, "I ran eight thousand miles day and night because four million people were after me. I wonder if Eddie, the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the Cloud Hall, and the World Commercial Alliance remember me."

Almost everyone's eyebrows shot up, their eyes bugging out of their sockets in disbelief.

Letitia pursed her lips as she said coldly, "So it's him."

"Who is he?" Zen asked, baffled at this. Eight thousand miles? Four million people?

"Poison King, Simon Wu. Back then, he was only at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. As he obtained the secret book, the Scripture of Five Poisons, he was chased down by many warriors of the Central Region. The World Commercial Alliance had teamed up with many major sects and offered a reward of millions of supreme life vitality crystals. A warrior who found clues about Simon would also receive a rich reward, so people throughout the Central Region began to hunt him down. But he had practiced and mastered a lot of poisoning martial arts according to the Scripture of Five Poisons. He was hunted for more than eight thousand miles by millions of warriors. But he was still able to escape in the end," Letitia whispered. "But I didn't participate in the hunting because I was still young back then."

"You were still young at the time? How old are you now, Tia?" Zen suddenly asked.

Letitia glared at Zen, replying defiantly, "I'm older than you. That's all you need to know!"

Zen grinned at Letitia's obvious anger and embarrassment.

Eddie smiled coldly, "So it's you! I have never thought that you could actually pick up the pieces of your life after you escaped. After you used the world's most poisonous technique to escape from my attack, I knew that you were a very lucky person. Impressive!"

"Cut the crap! I was forced into the Dreamy Swampland by you and had to live the life of a savage there. As time went by, I became someone who was barely alive. Once I obtain the legacy of Mist, I will massacre the entire Central Region, exterminating all the fourth and fifth-grade sects, and establishing my own sacred place!" Simon said coldly.

Eddie raised an eyebrow, but he only chuckled, and did not say anything. Although Simon was very strong, he could not match Eddie. Moreover, this guy was not targeting him alone. He obviously hated the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the World Commercial Alliance, and the Cloud Hall to the core. Why would Eddie have to bear his anger alone?

The members of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the Cloud Hall, and the World Commercial Alliance all looked vigilant. The conflict from back then was still fresh in their minds, and Simon's appearance was not good news for them.

Two more people appeared on the platforms, a woman, who was dressed in black, and a handsome man.

The woman in black had only reached the primary level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, while the handsome man was at the mid-level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. They looked around arrogantly as they appeared on the platforms. The woman said disdainfully, "Are they warriors of the Sky Northern Region?"

"Sky Northern Region?" Eddie, who was the closest to the woman, was taken aback at her words. "You are from a divine kingdom?"

Eddie's words attracted the attention of everyone in the Central Region. There were actually martial artists from the divine kingdom present here? This meant that one of the nine lamps was in the divine kingdom.

"Ant, you have no right to ask me questions," the woman said coldly.

Eddie's face darkened, his face contracting in anger as he stared at her. "What did you say?"

"She called you an ant. What's wrong with that? I think it's an honorific title. You should feel honored," the handsome man said with a sardonic smile.

A surge of energy erupted from Eddie's body, but was blocked by the jade green barrier at the side of the platform. Eddie had suffered too many setbacks these past days. Zen had killed Marilyn before Eddie's eyes in the Martial Arts Contest. After that, he had hidden behind the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array to humiliate him. Now, two juniors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm had called him an ant.

How could Eddie tolerate all this?

"Aren't you afraid of death?" Eddie said coldly.

The man and woman sneered, and then the woman said, "You, an ant in Sky Northern Region, want to kill me? I don't think you can!"

As other warriors heard her words, their expressions darkened. These two people from the divine kingdom weren't easy to deal with. Moreover, they weren't targeting only Eddie, but all of the warriors in the Central Region.

But one of them was at the primary level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and the other was at the middle level. Why were they so haughty?

Both looked very young, and their skeletal ages probably weren't too old. They were highly talented, but in terms of strength, they were probably not a match for any of the fourth-grade sects present.

As the woman finished talking, several warriors dressed in black appeared beside them. They had surprisingly reached the Life and Death Realm.

Zen shook his head and said, "No wonder they're so confident. It turns out they've got a bunch of warriors at the Life and Death Realm to protect them!"

The black-clothed warriors didn't say a word once they had appeared. It looked like the man and woman were to lead this force.

Those warriors were scaring Eddie too.

The members of the eight forces stood on the platforms surrounding the abyss. They all looked at the last area, which was still empty.

None of them knew that the last area belonged to the Yan family of Iron Salt City. But sadly, the corpses had eliminated the entire Yan Clan.

Everyone present was guessing, looking around, or discussing through their life vitality, wondering what would happen next.

No one could understand why the celestial tomb was designed this way. What was that Immortal Mist trying to do?

Just as everyone was trying to figure things out, a ball of light appeared in the middle of the abyss. The light was like a drop of water that kept twisting and turning, and in the end, became a square. After the square stabilized, milky white and red spots appeared where it had been.

At last, the light turned into a dice, a very common six-sided dice that was used in gambling dens.

Chapter 781 The Number Of Dots

Everyone's eyes were focused on the die, their faces puzzled.

It was strange that a six-sided die had appeared in this celestial tomb.

The die had spun slowly as it appeared, but it gradually slowed down. It finally came to a standstill, floating in the air and not moving one bit.

As everyone looked on in puzzlement, a ray of light shot out from the die. It was like a pointer, moving on the level curve and sweeping past everyone.

It passed by the people of the Bloodwood Cliff, the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Zen, Letitia, and everyone else.

The light rotated faster and faster, and when it reached a certain speed, it slowed down and finally stopped at the platform where an elder of the Black Mountain Sect stood.

The elder became nervous, clueless about what was going on.

"W-what is this?" he asked, puzzled.

No one could give him an answer. It was the first time that anyone who was present there had seen such a thing.

As time passed, the light that had shot out of the die began to jump and its color began to change. It slowly turned from a bright yellow to red, and the two colors flickered alternately.

The elder of the Black Mountain Sect began to panic at the change in the light beam. He looked at Raven, the sect head, and shouted in panic, "Sir, save me!"

Raven was not far from the elder. The problem was that the emerald enchanted barrier surrounding the platform could not be broken. So Raven couldn't help him even if he wanted to.

When the beam of light finally turned completely red, it shone bright, focusing on the body of the Black Mountain Sect elder. A horrifying amount of powerful energy erupted from the beam of light, instantly shattering the elder into pieces.

The shock registered on everyone's face at this.

Raven was wearing a mask, so it was impossible to see his expression. But he definitely had to be as stunned as everyone else.

The energy contained within the beam of light was something that no one could resist and was extremely terrifying.

Not to mention that the man who had just died was an elder of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Even a Life and Death Realm expert wouldn't be able to block this beam of light.

What the hell was this? It seemed that whoever the beam of light was directed at had to die.

No one could answer this question. After the beam of light had instantly killed the Black Mountain Sect elder, it began to slowly spin again.

Everyone prayed nervously, 'Don't let the light shine on me!'

The beam of light started to slow down, sliding towards the Cloud Hall.

People from the other sects let out a sigh of relief as they saw this, assured that it wouldn't be them.

However, it was a different story for Cloud Hall.

Emanuel was ashen-faced as he looked at the beam of light that was slowly moving towards him. Only when the beam of light slowly flew past him did he heave a sigh of relief.

The beam of light then shot towards Morphens. He frowned as he stared at the beam that symbolized death, contemplating ways to deal with it.

However, the beam of light did not stop at Morphens either. In the end, it swept past Imogen and slowly turned towards Letitia.

"Tia," Zen said, his heart dropping.

Just when everyone had begun to think that the beam of light was aimed at Tia, it shifted a little and landed on Zen.

Eddie smiled faintly, yet contemptuously. 'This little brat has been always lucky. It looks like his luck is about to run out today. Even a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior couldn't withstand this beam of light. So this brat is doomed.'

"Zen!" Letitia was very nervous.

Zen's brow creased.

When this beam of light turned red in a few seconds, it would kill him. There was a frenzy at the realization that not a single person was able to retain their composure.

But Zen looked abnormally calm.

He still had a bit of support on his body, so he should be able to resist the red light. He was still carrying the protective talisman that the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace had given him, which was also from the Upper World and was supposed to be able to help him resist the red light.

Impatience was useless at this point. The most important thing was to think.

No matter what the purpose of the Mist Celestial Tomb's design was, it should not have left behind such a death trap. As the beam revolved around, more and more people would die. Could it be that this beam of light was going to kill everyone here?

'Calm down, calm down, ' Zen kept telling himself.

The giant die in the middle!

It definitely had something to do with that die. The question was, how should he solve this mystery?

Die...

The problem must have been the die.

Everyone had to face this one, though.

After a few seconds, the red light appeared again. The yellow and red light continued to appear alternately. Once the light turned completely red, it would kill Zen in an instant.

Some people like Eddie, who harbored nothing but enmity for Zen, sneered.

But most people were worried. Even if Zen died, what would happen next? They also had to face the beam of light. How could they escape death?

The red light jumped faster and faster. Zen's eyes fluttered and his life vitality surged. He punched in the air, and the shadow of his fist actually shot towards the die.

Bam!

The strange thing was that the emerald enchanted barrier in front of Zen had not blocked his attack. The shadow of his fist went straight through.

The die jumped up after Zen's punch, rolled a few times, and finally stopped with a number.

"Two dots."

The beam of light shining on Zen gradually turned yellow.

"Is everything alright?" This scene brought joy to everyone's hearts.

Letitia exhaled deeply. Zen was indeed unusually lucky.

"It turned out that the trick was to hit that giant die in the middle, but I don't know why."

"That elder from Black Mountain Sect has died pointlessly."

"It was his own fault. He was too stupid to know that he should attack the die in the middle!"

Everyone was discussing these events among themselves. Although Zen had survived, they still could not understand what exactly the purpose of the design for the Mist Celestial Tomb was.

Right after the die showed the two dots, the emerald enchanted barrier before Zen disappeared and two discs appeared in front of him.

The answer dawned on Zen as he looked at the two discs. "So that's how it is. Attacking the die in front of us will allow us to move forward based on the dots we have."

Zen didn't hesitate. He stepped off the platform, onto one disc, and took two steps forward.

He understood at this moment, and watching him step forward, everyone else immediately understood too. Now that they had an understanding and a plan, they became much calmer. They just had to attack that die and get a number. They could then take a number of steps according to the die to walk forward.

They were relieved and when the beam of light began to spin again, they weren't as nervous anymore.

After Zen had taken two steps forward, the beam of light began to spin again. It spun continuously and finally landed on Brent, a disciple of the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Brent smiled and punched the die, which rolled a few times in the air and finally revealed a number, six.

Soon after, six discs appeared in front of Brent. As he stepped forward, he smiled at Zen and teased, "It looks like I'm luckier than you."

Zen laughed lightly, not minding it at all.

Soon, the beam of light rotated for the fourth time, and it landed on an elder of the Mysterious Luna Hall.

The elder smirked and also threw a punch. As a Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist, he used 80% of his strength in this punch, sending the die flying high into the air. It fell down heavily, revealing a number, three.

"Three, not bad!" The elder from Mysterious Luna Hall took three steps forward without hesitation.

However, just as he stepped onto the third disk, the disk suddenly changed color from translucent to a fiery red.

"Blazing Thunder Prison!"

a faint voice said.

Pop!

A ball of intense flames suddenly exploded around the elder, and at the same time, purple lightning bolts descended from the sky, one after the other, with cracking sounds.

The bolts of lightning were like mad snakes as they burned the elder down.

After a long time, the flames and lightning finally disappeared. There was only charred coal left on the third disk.

Everyone was horrified all over again.

Chapter 782 Throw The Dice Again

It had been a mistake to assume that they would be able to pass through the abyss safely by just throwing the dice. Everyone had greatly underestimated the situation they were all in.

The fate of the Mysterious Luna Hall's elder was a clear wake-up call for all of them present. Passing through the abyss wasn't to be taken lightly.

The disks served as deadly traps that might come out at any time and cost them their lives.

The Blazing Thunder Prison that had appeared earlier had been so powerful that even a Life and Death Realm master wouldn't have the confidence to resist it.

It was a game of chance. As the beam of light continued spinning, several more people threw the dice and walked further towards the abyss. Fortunately, none encountered the Blazing Thunder Prison.

A few more made the gamble. Someone got the number one, and another got the number five. Soon enough, the beam of light pointed at Letitia.

Letitia shot the dice with a hit from her palm, watching as it rolled on the floor and stopped at the number four.

Four disks suddenly appeared in front of her: three were transparent while the fourth was a rich, emerald green.

The appearance of the emerald green disk made her hesitate. Just now, the Mysterious Luna Hall elder had stepped onto the fiery red disk, triggering the Blazing Thunder Prison. Who knew what was behind the emerald disk in front of her?

However, opportunity was always accompanied with risks. Letitia took a step and steeled herself - there was no way back.

The moment she stepped onto the emerald green disk, a voice echoed all throughout.

"Light of longevity. You are rewarded an extra 500 years of lifespan,"

it said as green light shot out from the disk and enveloped Letitia.

"Reward?"

Zen murmured with astonishment

The realization hit everyone hard and their eyes were then filled with green envy.

After the violent punishment of Blazing Thunder Prison earlier, nobody would've thought that the emerald disk that had presented itself in front of Letitia would contain such a generous reward!

Five hundred years of lifespan!

There were many ways to increase one's lifespan in the Sky Northern Region such as Life Extension Pills and Long Life Pills.

Unfortunately, extending one's life this way was not so easy nor simple. The pills were extremely valuable and had limited effects. The Life Extension Pill, for example, could only be taken once to extend a person's life for mere three years. Any further intake of the pill after that would have no further effect. The Long Life Pill, on the other hand, could extend one's life for 20 more years but it came with a heavy side-effect. The pill contained an incurable poison that, once ingested, would permanently prevent the warrior from advancing their strength.

Only warriors who were desperate and at the end of their lifespan would dare take the Long Life Pill just so they would be able to linger on the earth for a bit longer. To gain extra years, one always had to trade in something else.

However, here was Letitia who, after a mere roll of the dice, was suddenly able to win five hundred years of lifespan. As a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior, she already had a lifespan of one thousand years. Now, with an additional five hundred, she wouldn't have any difficulty living up to two thousand years.

Who wouldn't be jealous?

"The leader of Cloud Hall has such good luck!"

"Yes, luck is somehow always on Cloud Hall's side. Zen is a case in point. If Cloud Hall doesn't intend to rule the Central Region and establish the divine kingdom, it is very likely that it will be promoted to a sacred place in the future!"

"Isn't Cloud Hall only a fourth-grade sect?"

"Fourth grade?"

There was a cackling laugh, "The Cloud Hall has always been at the top among all fourth-grade sects. In fact, once Letitia recovers her level of Virtual Tribulation Realm, the Cloud Hall would be able to become a quasi-fifth grade sect." "Don't they now have a sect-protecting array that can kill Life and Death Realm masters? With such amazing strength, isn't Cloud Hall already a fifth-grade sect?!"

The conversation was lively and a lot of the warriors were intent on getting their say with regards to their opinions on Cloud Hall

Letitia on the other hand was glowing with joy as soon as the green light disappeared, "Congratulations to the leader of Cloud Hall for having such good fortune," the Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance said with a smile.

Letitia returned his good nature. "Thank you," she said with a soft voice. She then glanced at Zen. In truth, he was the first person she looked at as soon as she heard the announcement.

With only steps away from each other, she had expected him to praise her good luck but that wasn't what she heard when he suddenly came over, "Five hundred years of lifespan! Tia, I really want to know how old you are now."

Letitia only replied with a scathing glare.

Realizing that the disks not only contained punishment but also had the potential for great rewards, the warriors easily became excited.

For warriors, danger was nothing strange to them. However, danger was often followed by opportunity. Whether or not you obtained this opportunity would be highly dependent on your luck, strength, and perseverance. This was how they all saw the world from the moment that they stepped onto the path of martial arts.

The Blazing Thunder Prison had been terrifying but the opportunity was even more tempting.

After Letitia, the beam finally landed on Eddie. Stretching a finger, Eddie lightly snapped it towards the dice and watched as it showed a "5." Five disks then appeared in front of Eddie with the final disk the color of pitch black.

The appearance of the black disk filled Eddie with a heavy sense of foreboding.

Zen, on the other hand, felt his heartbeat racing. Black was often a color for something ominous. This disk might carry a terrifying punishment that could kill Eddie.

'This is an opportunity!'

Zen thought to himself.

Although he had no idea where Eddie had hidden Yan or how he treated her, as long as he was out of the picture, there was already a huge possibility of him getting his sister back. Alongside the influence Cloud Hall had, no one in Central Region would dare capture Yan and he'd be able to take her back. The Ethereal Spirit Sect and the World Commercial Alliance would not intervene in this matter.

Eddie snorted but took five steps forward nonetheless.

"Black Illusion."

As soon as the voice was heard, a black orb burst forth and enveloped Eddie with a black mist. Everyone could see the mist form into all kinds of phantoms.

"This illusion is so powerful! Those phantoms are actually ones of the legendary beasts!"

"Can Eddie even survive this? I highly doubt it!"

"It's good if he dies. If he lives, he will only become a nightmare for the warriors of the Central Region in the future."

Eddie was both evil and righteous in his way of doing things which made a lot of people wary of him. The only reason why they kept silent was that he was too strong and nobody in Central Region could be his match. Truth be told, many of them were also wishing for the same thing as Zen, and Owen, and even those from the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

They all hoped for Eddie's death.

"HA!"

An incredible wave of power burst through the black mist as they all heard Eddie's roar.

The power had been so strong that it was able to escape the Black Illusion and be felt by the warriors that were standing nearby. A few even had to stagger back from the momentum. Such was Eddie's strength.

"I never thought that the Sky Northern Region had such a strong master!" the handsome man from the divine kingdom murmured in an indifferent, almost mocking tone.

The woman in black beside him remained expressionless. "They're still ants," she said coldly.

As Eddie let out his roar, the phantoms of the various legendary beasts started to flicker. At this time, a lot of warriors heard violent noises coming from the black mist as if Eddie was fighting against some extremely powerful beings.

Gradually, the phantoms started to disappear one by one, along with the Black Illusion. Once the mist had dissipated, Eddie was revealed, standing firmly on the disk with an expressionless face.

There were numerous gasps all around. "Eddie has survived!"

"He's too powerful! The Black Illusion is probably some kind of extremely powerful magic killing array but he was able to break through it just like that."

"He truly lives up to the name of top master in the Eastern Region."

Everyone was awed by Eddie's strength but it was only Eddie himself who knew what kind of crisis he had just encountered. All sorts of legendary beasts had appeared within the Black Illusion and attacked him all at once. Although the strength of these legendary beasts couldn't compare to the real thing, Eddie's strength had been greatly suppressed and had been equal to that of the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm instead of his Life and Death Realm.

He had to use a lot of cultivation methods to kill the legendary beasts one by one and the fight almost exhausted all of his skills before he managed to come out of the Black Illusion alive.

After his trial, the beam of light once again moved, now stopping at the woman in black from the divine kingdom.

It was unknown to all what kind of cultivation method she had mastered. The woman only shot an indifferent glance at the dice before it began to spin, as if pushed forward by her looks alone.

Soon, the dice gave a "6."

The woman only looked at the number and calmly walked forward once the six disks appeared in front of her. The sixth disk was a bright yellow color this time.

As soon as she stepped onto the yellow disk, the voice suddenly spoke, "Throw the dice again."

The woman in black faintly smiled, but the crowd was stunned. They all wondered why she had been treated differently and was not made to face any punishment or reward.

Chapter 783 Worry (Part One)

The woman clothed in black robes stood atop the disc as her gaze locked once more on the dice positioned in the middle of the abyss. As they all held their breath in anticipation of her next outcome, the dice began to rapidly spin once again.

After a while of tossing and turning, the dice gradually slowed to a stop.

One of the spectators gasped in wonder as the number that appeared on top of the cube was yet another success. "It's six again!"

"How is she so lucky?" another person wondered.

By this point, everyone watching the affair had more or less understood that they were engaging in a special game of Mist Celestial Tomb. As for why Mist had specifically designed this game, no one had a definite explanation. However, since everyone playing the game arrived at the same starting line, all they could think about was not falling behind the other participants.

Before the woman had started, the highest number of dots that a martial artist had thrown was a six. As luck would have it, this strange woman managed to obtain a second chance at throwing the dice right after throwing it once. It was indeed a subject of fascination to everyone who had witnessed the perplexing phenomena.

'Who would have thought that she would roll the dice and get another six?' an onlooker contemplated by himself as he scratched his chin absent-mindedly.

Not a long moment had passed by when another six discs appeared in front of the nonchalant woman dressed in black. Moreover, the last disk that emerged seemingly still had a faint golden glow surrounding it, as if a halo of yellow light had encircled the object.

Glancing at the newly materialized disk, the woman casually strode towards it without preamble. Immediately after she had fully stood on it, that voice rang out again.

"Throw the dice again."

Upon hearing this, almost everyone in the arena had groaned in great displeasure. "Really, again?" one of them grumbled in dissatisfaction and palmed his forehead. It seemed to be the case that they were having the same realization; this woman appeared to be even luckier than Letitia.

"Perhaps, is she cheating?" a member of the audience whispered conspiratorially to the person standing beside him.

"That would be impossible since this tomb was set up by an immortal. It is literally impossible to cheat here," the martial artist near him confirmed as he tapped his foot impatiently.

"Maybe these people from the divine kingdom have grasped some trick that we do not know about! Otherwise, how else would they have such good luck?"

As his ears picked up on the doubtful conversations from the people around him, the elegant man scoffed and rolled his eyes. "She is our clan's Holy Maiden," he snapped at them. "How can her luck even be compared to you ants'?" the man insulted, his face adorned with a confident sneer.

The admittedly handsome man's sudden assertions seemingly offended all the martial artists in the Central Region. As they all turned away from the self-assured male with disdain and annoyance, the fighters started to avoid speaking too loudly in his presence.

Zen covered his mouth bemusedly as he smiled faintly at the exchange. Such a typical conversation never failed to entertain him.

Perhaps it was unusual for the elders and heads of large sects to have a first-hand experience of being provoked and blatantly looked down upon just like the man had recently done. However, Zen knew more than anyone else at the tomb that it was pointless to give too much unnecessary attention to a bumbling overconfident idiot. After having encountered too many people who exhibited the exact same kind of behavior, he had almost completely grown insensitive to this kind of stupid provocation. When Perrin had deeply aggravated him before, Zen immediately became frustrated and found himself not being able to restrain his anger as much as he could now. However, meeting such like-minded fools for the past few years enabled him to let go feelings of ire and infuriation, as Zen now settled with mild exasperation when dealing with them.

The young man's experience for the past few years did not only help him strengthen his physical capabilities and power, but also help him grow with emotional and mental maturity.

Glancing briefly at the proud man amidst the scattered martial artists, he smirked at himself and shook his head. Every single guy that had the same attitude was one and the same through and through; they would be that sort of person who would only beg for mercy if they were suddenly slapped hard across the face. Until that moment when they had realized that they were worth close to nothing, their words would always be exceptionally sharp and close to being tyrannical.

Therefore, when Zen had heard the loud booming voice of the confident man's words, he did not bother to react at all.

While the commotion with the baseless dignified man was happening, the beam of light in the middle from the dice began its process of spinning again.

Apart from Letitia and the Holy Maiden from the divine kingdom, there were a couple of other individuals who had received good rewards. An exhibit of this would be the disciple of Ethereal Spirit Sect having obtained a golden page from the contest. Although no one was too certain of what the purpose of the golden page was, they had guessed that the page might be about some kind of special cultivation method, or maybe it might actually be a treasure in itself.

However fortunate Letitia, the woman in black, and some other people might have been, they could not deny that more warriors were being punished.

The Bloodwood Cliff, even the Black Mountain Sect, as well as the Mysterious Luna Hall had distressingly lost six people each in the first round itself.

Although Zen was lucky enough to be the second person to be pointed at, he had only taken two steps himself and was actually a bit behind, which slightly annoyed him.

While he observed the radiant light beam as it spun continuously, the cyan dragon hummed and started to speak. "Zen, I think I know what this is."

Intrigued, Zen straightened his posture and uttered, "Tell me."

The man had deeply contemplated by himself ever since the event had started about the possible reason why Mist would design such a game that resembled the act of gambling.

"This may look like a game, but strictly speaking, it should be a Wheel of Fortune," the cyan dragon stated straightforwardly.

Zen tilted his head to one side, his confusion becoming apparent as he asked once more, "Wheel of Fortune? What does that mean?" The man inquired with a new sense of boundless curiosity.

The cyan dragon replied with a resolved tone, "Look at it this way, Zen. In the eyes of martial artists, fortune may appear to be a bit mysterious, but it really does exist. In the Central Region, martial artists are usually assessed in two aspects. The first is their talent; the second is their willpower."

Zen nodded in understanding at what the cyan dragon had said. It was an accurate presumption that strengthening one's willpower was equally important if a martial artist wanted to get stronger. Otherwise, even if a martial artist had prodigious talent, he would only indulge in pleasure and meaningless desires if he had mediocre willpower. No matter how much potential a cultivator might have or how many battles he might go through, it would definitely be impossible to succeed if he didn't have a strong willpower.

With this inconceivable fact, all sects' first choice when recruiting disciples would be based on testing their individual talent, with the second being their willpower.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 784 Worry (Part Two)

After Zen had pondered over the facts laid before him, the cyan dragon continued his spiel. "Strictly speaking, it is not wrong. With the usage of these two tests, the sects can easily cultivate Illuminating Soul Realm or Internal Elixir Realm disciples." The man started to look up, seemingly having a profound thought at the dragon's words. "With just a bit of luck, the sects might even cultivate an elder in Virtual Tribulation Realm one day. However, in the Genuine Dragon World, if we are to only examine these two aspects realistically, we will not be able to select a true elite." The cyan dragon finished while the game continued around them.

Practically speaking, it was relatively easy for sects to find themselves qualified disciples who were both persevering and good at utilizing their talents. However true this case might be, cultivating these disciples into the Internal Elixir Realm, or the Virtual Tribulation Realm, or even the Life and Death Realm, was never the ultimate goal. None of these accomplishments were enough as they all needed something greater to truly reach their goal.

In order to achieve this purpose, with the highest of ambitions, one needed to consider the third criterion: luck.

The scene that was currently happening on his line of sight acutely reminded the cyan dragon of the Genuine Dragon's Wheel of Fortune. It was vaguely similar to the game as of the moment. However, the difference remained at the fact that the martial artists who participated would not die. This was due to the fact that the unfortunate warriors would only end up being kicked out by the Wheel of Fortune.

It became crystal clear to him right at that moment. Obviously, the goal of Mist when imagining and creating this game akin to the Wheel of Fortune was one thing only: to be able to find the most fortunate martial artist.

Even if the martial artists present in the game had varying levels of skills, it was discernible that none of them were weak. Moreover, their own fortune was not too tragic, as far as Zen could tell. An example of this would be

Brent, as he was quite fortunate on his own. More so, the fortune of the Holy Maiden from divine kingdom was beyond any of them could even fathom. With a single throw, she could consecutively proceed up to three times.

Reluctantly smiling, Zen shook his head before remarking, "It seems that I am not fortunate after all."

"You are wrong. Rather, it's the opposite," the cyan dragon frowned before speaking with seriousness once again. "It is not the case that only the people with whom everything goes well can be called lucky. Some people have many misfortunes, and only after going through all sorts of trials can they reach the top of the pyramid," the dragon wryly grinned, giving a subtle motivation which hung in the air. "You must remember that this is also a type of great luck. Just now, you took two steps. That should be a reflection of your old luck."

Just two steps.

As the young master of the Luo Family, it was accurate to postulate that Zen had been doted on by everyone that knew him. At a young age, he was cherished by his family, his relatives; and the people surrounding his home could be said to be wrapped around his little finger. Regrettably, the good times did not last long, and before he could be given the chance to comfortably explore the world, he had been reduced to a poor servant. In the blink of an eye, he had lost value to his name.

"According to your conjecture, then, since I have taken two steps forward now, would I be put through a lot of trials and tribulations later on?" Zen inquired as he caught up on the implications the dragon had spewed earlier on.

"That is very possible," the cyan dragon speculated as he observed the other players. Although it was true that he was vastly knowledgeable on humans being a dragon from a Genuine Dragon, he was not a hundred percent certain. This was due to the fact that this particular Wheel of Fortune was designed by Mist, so in the end, he remained to be not absolute in determining Zen's outcome in the game.

Just right after their short conversation, it was not long before the beam of light pointed at Zen once again.

Upon seeing the radiant gleam, Zen ultimately threw out a punch. While he was holding his breath in anticipation, the dice then subsequently rolled in a perfect circle before slowing to a stop, and out came the face of the dice showing number one.

The man instantaneously frowned in vexation. The number he had rolled was just too underwhelming. Just before that turn, Zen disappointingly threw out two dots, and now it dropped even lower to one. Comparing his throws with the other martial artists', the dots he had acquired from those two throws were not even as many as those the others had procured in one throw. 'What kind of rotten luck is this?' he infuriatingly thought as he pouted at his failure to add more steps in the game.

"Take your time and try not to be too impatient." The voice of a woman, Letitia, suddenly spoke in front of him. An encouraging smile graced her features as she stood in front of Zen, raising her balled fists as a form of support.

The young man understood and appreciated the assurance as best as he could by nodding at Letitia. However, his expression drastically changed upon seeing a purple disk that gradually materialized in front of him. 'Is this going to be a punishment or perhaps, a reward?' his eyebrows furrowed as he deliberated with unease.

When everyone had witnessed Zen throw out a one, they collectively assumed that it was likely going to lead to a punishment. Many of them could not help but grin in satisfaction due to the fact that Zen's cultivation base was the weakest among them. In turn, if it did turn out to be a punishment, he would not be able to withstand anything that came his way. "Well, this could be interesting to watch," some of them muttered under their breath as they hid a snicker behind their hands.

Despite the doubts of the people spectating what his fate would be, Zen did not bother saying anything. Through the words of the cyan dragon, he already fully understood that the destiny of the crowd lay within the abyss.

Although the young cultivator eventually became miserable and desolate in the Luo Family, ever since he came into contact with the mysterious furnace, his destiny had drastically changed. His fortune had never been bad since then. Zen was resolute in overcoming this obstacle as well. Gazing intently at the ominous disk, there was only one thing that triumphed in his mind: no matter what was in front of him, he had no choice but to cross over!

Just as Zen had stepped foot on the purple disc, a ball of glowing violet light instantly surrounded his frame.

Within the briefest of moments, his eyes frantically scanned his surroundings as the scenery around him distorted into warbled images before it finally changed. Terribly surprised at what he had just witnessed, he lifted his gaze above and spotted purple flames perpetually falling from the skies.

At the same moment of chaos, a faint voice could be heard which then promptly exclaimed, "Fiery Star Flame!"

When he heard the voice, Eddie's eyebrows twitched in mild amusement. He gave Zen's troubled frame a cold stare, and then a mocking smile started to form at the corner of his mouth. The man inaudibly pondered while leaning his head on his palm, 'This brat.. Lady Luck is not on his side today after all.'

Only those who had experienced the punishment could even fathom how difficult it was. In fact, up until that moment, the only person who had survived the merciless sentence was Eddie. It appeared to be the most challenging occurrence to ever befall them, as all the other warriors who had gone through the punishment inevitably died except him.

The man, full of mirth and satisfaction, crossed his arms against his chest and icily looked at him with a half-lidded gaze; he was definitely sure that Zen would not survive this encounter.

"I planned to kill you with my own hands, but you will die here as you turn into mere ashes scattered in the wind and at the bottom of our feet. This is the best you can hope for, right?" Despite his tone exuding indifference and callousness as he muttered to himself, Eddie was greatly satisfied deep down with the death of one of his enemies.

The two cultivators, Letitia and Imogen, glanced warily at each other. It seemed that they were both having the same concerns regarding the young man who was about to face his punishment. They did believe in Zen's luck, but at the same time, they were uncertain about him being able to withstand the burning of the Fiery Star Flame. Amidst the anxieties Letitia was harboring in her heart, she could not help but worry over Zen's fate.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

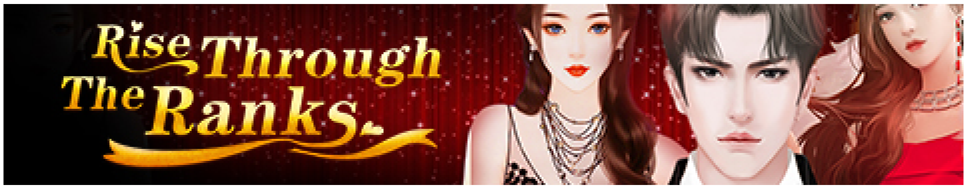

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

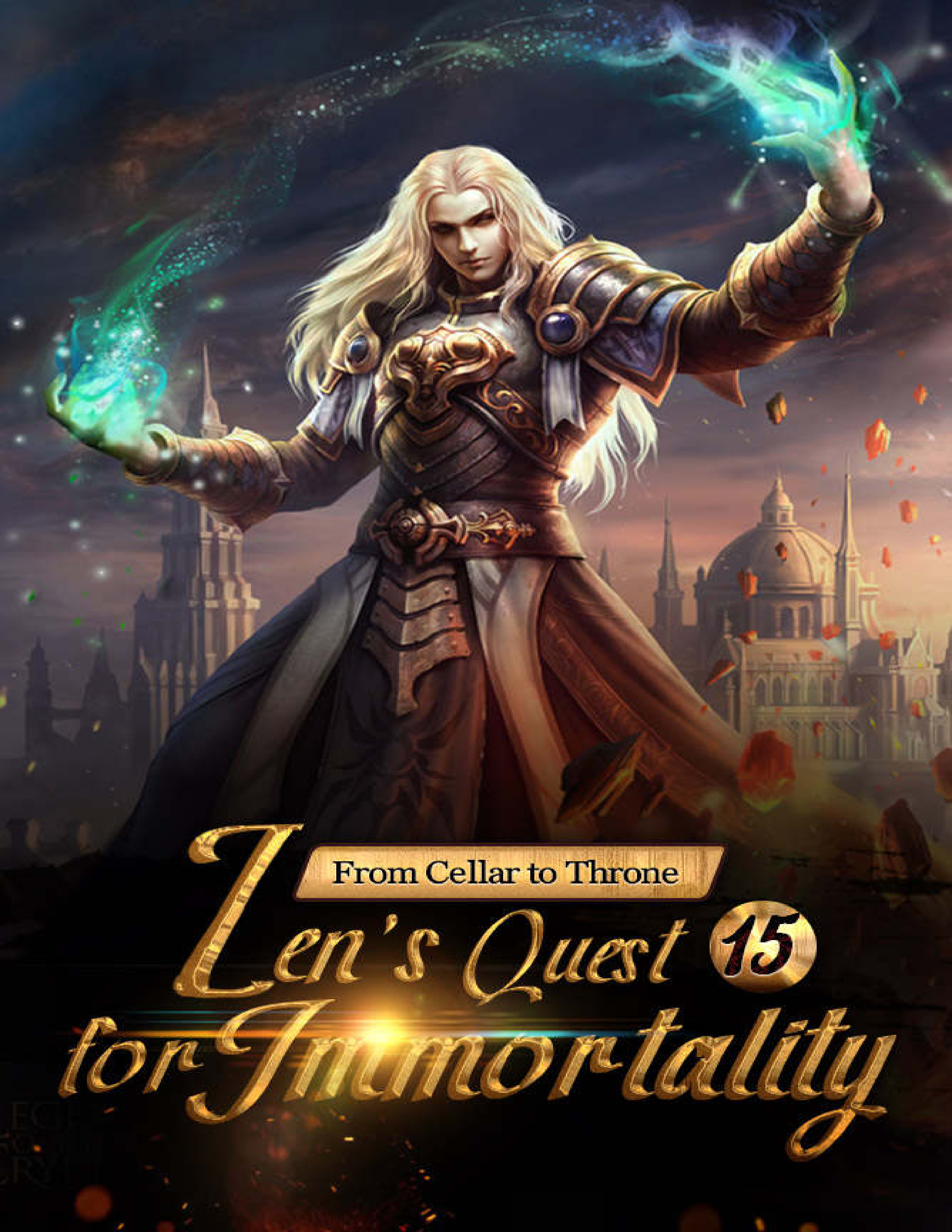

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

15

Content

Chapter 785 Fiery Star Flame (Part One)
Chapter 786 Fiery Star Flame (Part Two)
Chapter 787 The Chosen One
Chapter 788 Calamity
Chapter 789 Dispel The Bad Luck
Chapter 790 Deals
Chapter 791 Eye Washing
Chapter 792 Pulverize You (Part One)
Chapter 793 Pulverize You (Part Two)
Chapter 794 Cultivation Method Of The Dragon Lineage Human
Chapter 795 Annihilation
Chapter 796 Why Are You Crying
Chapter 797 The Immortal's Coffin
Chapter 798 Purple Star Grand Palace
Chapter 799 The Third Owner Of The Fairy Palace
Chapter 800 The Tower Of Sin
Chapter 801 Wait For Me
Chapter 802 Unable To Move
Chapter 803 A Pasture
Chapter 804 Resist
Chapter 805 The Ogre Governor (Part One)
Chapter 806 The Ogre Governor (Part Two)
Chapter 807 The Ogre Governor (Part Three)
Chapter 808 Unlock The Path Platforms
Chapter 809 Warning
Chapter 810 Kill A War General
Chapter 811 The Ogre War Lord (Part One)
Chapter 812 The Ogre War Lord (Part Two)
Chapter 813 Tripartite Confrontation
Chapter 814 Run Away
Chapter 815 Go All Out
Chapter 816 The Cursed Land
Chapter 817 A Fierce Battle
Chapter 818 A Peculiar Tower

Chapter 819 A Dark Horse
Chapter 820 Block The Way
Chapter 821 Arrogance
Chapter 822 The Big World (Part One)
Chapter 823 The Big World (Part Two)
Chapter 824 Communicating With The Stars
Chapter 825 Refining The Body With Star Power
Chapter 826 The Unforeseen Result
Chapter 827 The Heavenly Kill
Chapter 828 The Seat (Part One)
Chapter 829 The Seat (Part Two)
Chapter 830 The Secret Of The Tower Of Sin
Chapter 831 Unbelievable
Chapter 832 The Smile
Chapter 833 Night Group (Part One)
Chapter 834 Night Group (Part Two)
Chapter 835 Assassin
Chapter 836 A Tenth-Level War Fighter
Chapter 837 Yolande (Part One)
Chapter 838 Yolande (Part Two)
Chapter 839 Where Did You Come From
Chapter 840 The Talent Tablet

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 785 Fiery Star Flame (Part One)

The immortal did have special means and methods far beyond the imagination of the practitioners from Central Region.

Even the Virtual Tribulation Realm elders struggled under various punishments and most of them perished quickly.

However, the rewards they received were also incredible. Granting 500 years of lifespan as a reward in a single go was something that only a legendary immortal could do.

"I've never even heard of Fiery Star Flame before. I wonder what kind of flame it is."

"Whatever it is, Zen is going to die anyway, judging by the intensity I can see even from here. It's a pity, you know? Our Bloodwood Cliff was considering hiring him to build a sect-protecting array. We have even decided on a quite big budget."

"Why is Zen so unlucky?" Brent pursed his lips. He hadn't expected that Zen would have to face his punishment after a mere three steps.

Even Dillon from the World Commercial Alliance frowned and remarked, "I can see that his aura is vigorous and auspicious, and his karmic luck is extremely good. To be honest, even I have never seen anything like this before. I don't know why he has suddenly gotten so unlucky here."

The Ancient Tycoon looked at Zen who was surrounded by purple lights at the moment, and smiled faintly, "It is true. This kid's fortune is indeed very strong. But a single moment's luck doesn't mean anything. Only a lifetime's luck is the true luck."

Dillon didn't say anything, but in his heart, he was thinking, 'A lifetime's luck? Not a chance. He will have to survive this punishment first.'

Watching the purple flames float around him in midair, Zen squinted his eyes. His spiritual weapon body hadn't advanced any level for a long time. Although the red dragon had helped him to forge his body, he had taken the path of body refining. To the untrained eyes, the two methods seemed to be quite similar to each other, but in reality, they were two completely different paths.

Zen had chosen to refine his body with abnormal flames before, but it was hard to find abnormal flames. Before today, Zen had encountered a few types of abnormal flames, but none of them had ever had any effect on him. For example, in Cloud Sect, when he had encountered the flames from Mack's magic array, they had activated his physical body, but it seemed that his body was rejecting the flames instead of absorbing them.

Clearly, not all flames in the world were "good enough" to be used for body tempering techniques.

'These flames should be just what I need, ' Zen thought as he narrowed his eyes.

Although the Fiery Star Flames seemed to be light as a feather and were like numerous strings woven of flowers as they gently descended towards Zen, he could already feel the terrifying power within them before they even touched him!

In the past, only after Zen's body had been completely incinerated by the abnormal flames would he notice any change on his skin. His body would gradually turn red, and a golden vortexes would appear on his skin.

But this time, even while the flames were a good distance away from him, some golden Sanskrit had already covered Zen's skin. Much before the flame touched him physically, the Sanskrit turned into numerous vortexes that erupted with a fierce traction force!

His body began to throb and he suddenly realized that the throbbing was actually a very strong and fierce desire to get close to the Fiery Star Flame!

"What's going on?"

When he would not move towards the flame, the strong traction force attracted the flame itself from a distance and very soon, not one string of flame was left out.

Noticing everything that was going on, Zen stood upright on the ground, and allowed the Fiery Star Flames to enter his body. Apart from a dazzling golden light surrounding him, his body had completely turned red, as if he was a statue that had just been cast using molten metal.

However, for some reason, Zen didn't feel too uncomfortable at the moment. Instead, he felt as if a sense of laziness and comfort had fallen on him.

After a long while, the Fiery Star Flame finally stopped falling above Zen's head. Only then did the light on his body slowly fade away, and with it, the purple light surrounding Zen also gradually dissipated.

"Alas, he has probably turned into a pile of ashes."

"Him dying here is indeed quite a tragic incident. The most talented runic expert in the history of Central Region only left one piece of work in the world and then died. What a pity!"

"It isn't too surprising, though. Generally speaking, a martial artist with this sort of monster-level talent either has great luck in the world or faces great doom. The heavens cannot tolerate anything else for him. A pity that this boy should belong to the latter …"

Letitia looked at the fading purple light, where Zen was standing, and clenched her fists tightly. Of course, she had investigated Zen before and knew that Zen's physique was very special. In Cloud Sect, his physique had been comparable to a spiritual weapon, invulnerable to swords and spears, and could even bear the burning effects of fire.

However, it was likely that the flames Zen could withstand were nothing compared to the Fiery Star Flame. Therefore, she wasn't so sure about whether Zen could withstand the Fiery Star Flame or not.

Letitia had initially opened her eyes wide and was staring at the purple light. However, all of a sudden, she turned her head, her face completely red.

What was that? Once the purple light had completely dissipated, Zen was sitting upright on the round disk, safe and sound. However, he was completely naked. The Fiery Star Flame had burned his clothes.

At this moment, Zen's body was clearly visible. The newly forged physical vessel was still emitting a faint afterglow. Seeing this sort of near-perfection, the crowd was stunned.

"This brat … how did he do that? What did he do?"

Chapter 786 Fiery Star Flame (Part Two)

"Look. His body wasn't damaged at all. The flames were unable to harm him even a bit!"

"Yes, I don't get it! Even if Zen was a Life and Death Realm expert, he would still have been injured while trying to resist the Fiery Star Flame. Even in the best possible scenario, he wouldn't have ended up like this after his encounter, with all his clothes burnt out and his body completely fine. But somehow, I get the feeling that the aura from Zen's body has become even stronger!"

Apart from Letitia, all the other warriors were looking at Zen in shock and surprise, including Lady Poison-blood and the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom.

The Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom looked at Zen, who was sitting not far away. For the first time now, there was surprise on her face.

It was just as the elegant man had said. In her opinion, everyone here was lowly like an ant. She was well aware that this round's assessment was about luck and fortune, but whose luck could be stronger than hers?

Even though that kid at the Illuminating Soul Realm did not have an extremely powerful luck factor and had taken only three steps after throwing the dice twice, his strength seemed unusual.

Besides the Holy Maiden, the handsome man, and several other martial artists from the divine kingdom were also stunned.

As an Illuminating Soul Realm practitioner, once he had entered the Mist Celestial Tomb and been suppressed by the energy that haunted its airs, Zen should only have been a nature creature, right? How could he possibly block the Fiery Star Flame?

Even a Life and Death Realm warrior would have found it difficult to resist the Fiery Star Flames. Therefore, it seemed extremely impossible that Zen could pass through the punishment of the Fiery Star Flame without being harmed at all!

Although the martial artists from the Central Region were also surprised, the shock on their faces was not as intense as the people from divine kingdom.

Before today, Zen had already displayed his ability to challenge opponents on much higher levels of cultivation. Therefore, the Central Region had already come to know of his monstrous strength and no longer treated him as an ordinary Illuminating Soul Realm warrior.

However, even if Zen was comparable to an Internal Elixir Realm cultivator, how did he manage to endure the Fiery Star Flame? Even a Virtual Tribulation Realm elder couldn't endure it, so how did Zen survive?

"I guess one can only say that this kid is completely unpredictable and can surprise you when you least expect him to," Dillon laughed as he shook his head.

Eddie was calm. It did not matter to him whether Zen was dead or not; Eddie would always see him as a dead man. No matter what happened, he had to kill Zen.

Sitting right where he was, Zen glanced at his chest before getting up. As his eyes caught a glance of his chest, they were filled with surprise. "Three textures? What's going on?" he asked.

The cyan dragon answered in an indifferent voice, "A loss can actually turn out to be a gain. One man's trash is another man's treasure. For the others, this is perhaps bad luck; but for you, this is great fortune indeed! The true fortune does not lie in the smoothness, but in the overflowing adversity. Truly fortunate people are able to turn all adversity into their own opportunity! The Fiery Star Flame is a fire that is used specially to temper the stars. It is extremely beneficial for your body. But sadly, you did not get the full benefits this time... Your body should have directly become a sacred weapon. But that did not happen. You got so close."

"These are three fairy textures? I now have a top-grade fairy weapon's physique!" A look of ecstasy appeared on Zen's face.

Because of the existence of the black fire, it was not difficult for Zen to obtain the Heavenly Essence. Inside the Central Region, as long as he had enough life vitality crystals, he could buy as much as he wanted. This meant that Zen could light a greater number of dragon scales on his body and borrow more energy from them.

However, because of the limitations of his physical body, Zen had never dared to borrow too much strength. After going through body tempering, his body had now mastered the forceful energy that lay within him, and his strength had greatly increased. However, he only dared to borrow the power of five hundred dragon scales!

Just now, when he had used the Fiery Star Flame to temper his body, all he had wanted to do was to turn his body into a fairy weapon. Since fairy weapons were extremely powerful, Zen was satisfied with being able to become just a low-grade one, but he had never expected the effects of the flames to be so great that his body would temper itself into a high-grade fairy weapon.

No wonder he had felt a desperate longing for the Fiery Star Flame just now. At that time, he could not understand it, but now, he naturally did.

Once his body reached the strength of a high-grade fairy weapon, he was only one more step away from becoming a sacred weapon. For Zen, as the strength of his body increased, the amount of dragon scales he could borrow also increased.

A thousand? Two thousand? Five thousand?

What would happen when such a terrifying force was suddenly unleashed? Zen did not know if he could beat Eddie to death at this level just yet, but he licked his lips nonetheless; his gaze sweeping over Eddie who was standing not far away.

Eddie suddenly felt a hint of killing intent fall over him and his eyebrows knitted together. Of course he knew that this killing intent was coming from Zen who was standing close by. This little brat was becoming more and more unbridled with time and had begun to underestimate him now.

Chapter 787 The Chosen One

Eddie's face darkened, the killing intent in his heart growing even stronger. The Fiery Star Flame didn't kill Zen. He was really tough!

If he had the chance to kill Zen in the celestial tomb, he would have done it without any hesitation. Eddie was extremely careful. He wouldn't wait until Zen became really strong to challenge him.

If he didn't have the chance to kill Zen in the celestial tomb, Eddie would have to come up with another way to break the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array. Either way, he would not spare Zen's life.

The beam of light continued spinning rapidly. After Zen's round was over, it landed on the short man—the Poison King Simon.

This time, Simon got the number four. But the fourth disk was red!

Seeing this, many people secretly let out a sigh of relief. Simon had held a deep enmity with the warriors of the Central Region. If he were left alive, it would be a disaster. However, he was a Life and Death Realm master, so it still remained to be seen whether he could get through this time.

Everyone assumed that the red disk meant that it was some kind of a punishment for Simon. However, when he stepped on it, a voice suddenly rang in everyone's ears, "Free challenge."

"What?" "Free challenge?"

"So does that mean Simon can challenge whoever he wants?"

"This is worrying. There are too many people who have offended him back then in the Central Region."

Many warriors' faces fell. They had thought that Simon would be punished, but instead he was being given the right to challenge anyone he wanted.

The Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance looked calm. He did not seem to be worried about Simon choosing him. But the three fat leaders of the World Commercial Alliance didn't look good. With the three of them working together, they could take on a Life and Death Realm warrior. But if they fought alone, none would be able to defeat Simon.

Simon chuckled and spoke menacingly, "Free challenge, who shall I choose?" His gaze swept past Imogen, Letitia, and the rest without a pause. However, when his eyes met Eddie's, he paused for a few seconds.

Eddie sneered and said, "You dare challenge me?"

"I will take your life sooner or later, but not now," came Simon's retort. His gaze swept over the people from the divine kingdom and fell upon the Bloodwood Cliff. Lady Poison-blood's face was drained of color when she noticed that Simon was staring at her, as if what she faced was a formidable foe.

Simon sneered, "Lady Poison-blood, what are you afraid of?"

"No, nothing..." Lady Poison-blood strived to appear calm as she spoke.

"You're afraid that I'll challenge you, aren't you?" Simon asked.

"You are a Life and Death Realm master while I am only in the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Of course, I wouldn't want to fight you," Lady Poison-blood said in a low voice.

"No, that's not the only thing you're afraid of," Simon said.

Lady Poison-blood suddenly shook her head. "I, I don't understand what you're talking about…"

"Back then, I was being hunted down by the several sects because I had the Scripture of Five Poisons. The world of warriors is a cruel one, I can understand that, but… Whether it is the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Cloud Hall, or the World Commercial Alliance, they only targeted me but not my family. I wonder if Lady Poison-blood has ever heard the saying, 'Never take revenge on somebody's family.' All two thousand members of my family, from the old to the young, all of them were killed by you, Bloodwood Cliff!" Simon said coldly, "It is time to settle the score!"

As soon as Simon finished speaking, Lady Poison-blood's face turned pale!

Everyone let out a gasp when they heard this.

Zen agreed with what Simon had said. Never take revenge on someone's family. It was best not to involve the family members no matter how great the hatred between the warriors. Otherwise, the war would never cease until the one responsible paid with his life.

If it was Zen who had suffered this, he wouldn't let it go either.

Once Simon chose to challenge Lady Poison-blood, a circular platform appeared in the air above the abyss. Lady Poison-blood and Simon stepped onto the platform.

Lady Poison-blood's usually coquettish face was now white as a sheet!

"Lady Poison-blood, in the Dreamy Swampland, I have waited for this day for many years. In fact, I should have settled this a long time ago," announced Simon. As he spoke, colorful life vitality began to flow out of his body. He was known as the Poison King, so even his life vitality was extremely poisonous.

Lady Poison-blood's expression turned vicious. At this moment, she had no choice but to go all out to fight Simon.

"Go to hell! Blood-clotting Waves!"

Lady Poison-blood yelled as she started the first attack. Blood mist gushed towards Simon like the waves of the ocean.

Facing Lady Poison-blood's billowing blood mist, Simon sneered. "Lady Poison-blood, after all these years, your cultivation level has risen from the preliminary stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm to the late stage of

Virtual Tribulation Realm. Unfortunately, your strength has not increased much!"

With that, Simon thrust his hand forward and five-colored smoke gushed out from his palm. The smoke was formed by five bright colors. It looked extremely beautiful. This meant that the more beautiful it was, the more poisonous it was!

How could Lady Poison-blood not know this? She quickly stirred the blood mist to block the five-colored smoke.

"Hah! You are too weak."

Everyone heard Simon sigh softly. In a flash, he moved behind Lady Poison-blood. A leaf was visible in his hand.

The leaf was not green. It was transparent, and the textures on it were like the blood vessels of a human body. There was a trace of blood on the edge of the leaf.

Blood was also trickling down Lady Poison-blood's neck.

Letitia shook her head, "Lady Poison-blood is dead."

Immediately after, the crowd saw Lady Poison-blood reach out to touch her neck. However, just as she covered her neck, her snow-white skin gradually turned black. Her gorgeous body, which had many men spellbound before, began to emit white smoke.

Sizzle...

All the warriors present had been in numerous bloody fights, but most of them still felt bad when they saw Lady Poison-blood's miserable death.

Soon, Lady Poison-blood's body was completely corroded by the poison, leaving behind only a pile of bones scattered on the ground.

Simon bent down and picked up Lady Poison-blood's space ring and stuffed it into his own pocket. A sneer spread across his face before he leaped back to where he stood before.

Lady Poison-blood's space ring held the Bloodwood Token of Bloodwood Cliff as well as their sect leader's token and other inheritance of the Bloodwood Cliff. But the elders of Bloodwood Cliff didn't dare ask the Poison King Simon to return these important items to them.

With Simon setting a precedent to take the free challenge, everyone immediately became vigilant.

Initially, everyone thought that this was just a game, a test of luck. And the warriors present would pose no threat to each other. But after Simon's round, they knew that as long as one got the 'free challenge', the person could pick a fight with anyone. Of course, this was under the assumption that the person was strong enough to beat the one he chose.

After Simon, it was Letitia's turn to throw the dice.

"Six!"

Letitia smiled and took six steps forward. On the sixth disk, a halo of yellow light shone brightly.

"Throw it again!"

"Six!"

"Throw it again!"

"Six!"

"Again..."

This scene left everyone speechless. Their eyes widened in surprise.

It was incredible that Letitia had such a good luck!

Letitia took 60 steps all together, including the previous 12 steps she got from last rounds!

Standing on the transparent disk, Letitia was very close to the center of the abyss. Everyone else was almost at the beginning of their journey. Zen probably felt the most depressed because he had only managed to take three steps away from the platform.

However, Letitia was already far ahead of them. Standing alone in the middle of the abyss, she became the center of attention!

"Letitia's luck is really great!"

"Don't joke. She is the chosen one of the Cloud Hall. I heard that Letitia comes from a common family without any strong background. She has managed to become one of the strongest women in the Central Region despite having such a low identity. How many can match her luck?"

"Oh my god! 60 steps! It seems like the game will end in 100 steps. If Letitia were to throw a few more rounds, she would probably pass the test, right?"

As the crowd discussed among themselves, the face of the Holy Maiden from the divine kingdom, had already completely darkened.

Women were sensitive creatures, and they liked to be the focus of everyone's attention.

Prior to Letitia's round, she had been the front runner. She did not expect another woman, merely an ant in her eyes, to have such a good luck. She was the Holy Maiden of a prominent clan. How could she be defeated by an ant?

A malicious light flashed in her eyes, and exactly at that moment, the beam of light from the dice stopped on her.

Chapter 788 Calamity

Now, it was the Holy Maiden's turn to roll the dice again.

The Holy Maiden blinked her eyes and the dice once again began rolling in the air.

There was dead silence in the air as the dice rolled, changing the numbers and then finally stopping with six dots on top. The Holy Maiden smiled profoundly and stepped forward as she said, "Six again!" Then six round discs appeared on by one in the air and the sixth one emitted a faint yellow light.

"Throw the dice again!"

The Holy Maiden glanced at Letitia with a scornful smile on her face.

Letitia stood on top of a disc; her expressionless eyes met the Holy Maiden's. No one could see through her poker face.

Soon after, the dice in the center of the chasm rolled again, and there was dead silence once more. The dice began slowing down until it finally stopped rolling displaying the five dots.

The Holy Maiden's face darkened as the number "five" unveiled before her eyes. There was no way that her luck could be inferior to that woman in the Central Region. She wouldn't accept it.

The transparent round discs appeared one after another in front of the Holy Maiden. As the fifth disc appeared, it began to emit a brown light.

The Holy Maiden didn't like the color. What was more, there could be a punishment hidden within it.

If it was up to her, she wouldn't step on it. However, she had no choice but to do it. Despite her reluctance, she still stepped on it.

"Calamity! You can release a calamity on another player and reduce the person's luck for a short period of time," a faint voice sounded in everyone's ears.

"Oh? That means I can reduce someone else's luck?" The Holy Maiden's eyes slightly narrowed as she gazed on Letitia. She looked determined and a sly smile crossed her face.

The people from the divine kingdom knew that this was a test of luck. No matter how strong and powerful one could be, without luck on his side, he would surely fail the test. If one was lucky enough to pass this test, he would gain great opportunities ahead of him.

It didn't matter what motives or plots Immortal Mist had, or how powerful his methods were. After experiencing the Five Aging Processes—Filthy Clothing, Falling Hair, Sweating Armpit, Stinky Body, and Restless Mind—he would surely have no chance of reviving at all.

This was the law of life. Even an existence more powerful than immortals wouldn't be able to bring someone back to life.

It wasn't only Zen who guessed that there was some problem with the celestial tomb. Everyone else did. However, these people still decided to explore the celestial tomb despite the horrors that might await them.

The Holy Maiden and her companions also had the same thoughts as everyone else. Perhaps they even knew some secrets that no one else knew.

The Holy Maiden smiled coldly and pointed at Letitia as she said, "Let's see what she can do now! Time to reduce her luck!"

When Zen heard this, he was suddenly filled with rage. He didn't stop himself from saying, "Don't you dare!"

The Holy Maiden giggled. "But I will! Don't think you can threaten me, you little rat!"

Crack!

As the Holy Maiden finished her command, a small black cloud appeared right above Letitia. There was also black lightning appearing from the small black cloud.

In this turn, the black cloud's purpose was to reduce Letitia's luck, therefore it could not harm her just yet. But Letitia knew that if she was to throw the dice in the next round, her luck would eventually run out and she could get into trouble.

Letitia pursed her lips helplessly and looked at Zen for help. If meeting the Holy Maiden wasn't already her bad luck, she didn't know what else could be.

"It's fine! It's a part of the game so there must be a way to fix it," Zen consoled.

It was the best he could do for now. When Letitia was not looking, Zen frowned and turned his gaze back at the Holy Maiden. Letitia hadn't provoked her. The only reason why the Holy Maiden had decided to reduce Letitia's luck was that the latter was advancing too fast and even surpassing her.

Letitia had already gained a life span of 500 years in the first round and advanced sixty steps in the second round. With her pace, no one could match her luck.

Zen thought for a moment and asked the cyan dragon in his mind, "Dude, is it so easy to affect someone's luck?"

"Haw-haw!" The cyan dragon laughed. "Of course not! One's luck is predestined. If it could be affected so easily, then Immortal Mist would change his luck and live longer instead of encountering the Five Aging Processes."

"Then why did it affect Letitia's luck?" Zen asked curiously.

"One's luck is definitely not something an immortal can change. And Letitia is a special girl. She is favored by destiny. So, you can think that her luck could not be easily affected and reduced. However, there is a way to make Letitia suffer inside this Wheel of Fortune," the cyan dragon suddenly said.

"How?" Zen asked with a frown.

"It's actually very simple. Luck can affect the outcome of the dice, the number of steps you take and whether you will encounter fortune or misfortune. But after the Holy Maiden used the calamity on Letitia, every step Letitia takes in the next six steps will be a punishment. No matter how lucky Letitia is and what number the dice rolls, she will step on 'punishment, ' because every step will be a punishment!"

The cyan dragon analyzed calmly and then continued, "Actually, this did not affect Letitia's luck. The immortal cannot change other people's luck, but he did change the rules of the game, making Letitia look 'unlucky.' But her luck is still strong, so she will definitely encounter the lightest 'punishment' among the six punishments."

"Letitia's luck is that strong?" Zen was stunned.

"Yes! But her luck is slightly weaker than yours," the cyan dragon replied.

"Is my luck really that good?" A look of dejection flashed across Zen's face. He didn't believe that his luck was that good. If it was, he would have taken more than three steps forward.

The cyan dragon chuckled, but didn't answer Zen's question.

In the cyan dragon's eyes, Zen had the fate to lead the world of chaos. No one's luck was better than his.

Soon after, a new round of dice began rolling.

At this moment, it was like the microcosm of the fate of all the people present.

Some people with extremely good luck still ended in death after stepping on equally extreme punishment.

There were also some people with rough fates that survived the endless trials and tribulations, and they eventually obtained rich rewards.

However, the fate of these people was neither too good nor too bad. It was the kind of luck that belonged to normal people.

As for the two top warriors of the Central Region, Eddie and Simon, their luck was not that constantly good. But because of their incredible strength, they were able to survive a series of punishments.

It was now Zen's turn to roll the dice. As he rolled the dice for the third time, it unveiled the five dots. Afterward, a brown disk appeared in front of him.

Zen's heart skipped a beat when he saw the brown disc appear. He quickly walked onto it and the voice rang in everyone's ears again, "You can release a calamity on another player and reduce this person's luck for a short period of time."

'Damn right! My luck is not that bad after all, ' Zen thought to himself and smiled faintly.

At this moment, Eddie's forehead wrinkled. Seeing that Zen's eyes were fixed on him, he began to feel nervous.

"You are very strong. Even if I bring you bad luck, you'll still be able to survive," Zen said coldly.

Eddie sneered, "It's good to know that you recognize my strength. I'm flattered."

Zen then quickly turned his gaze onto the Holy Maiden. She got nervous as she locked eyes with Zen, her chest heaving up and down. She said in a crisp voice, "If you dare to use calamity on me, I will wipe out the whole Sky Northern Region one day!"

Zen rolled his eyes. "If you could do that, you would've done it long ago. Who would you fool with such a useless threat?"

"Brat, don't use it on her. I will give you things more precious than you can get in this celestial tomb!" coaxed the handsome man that was with the Holy Maiden.

"Do you seriously think I'm that stupid? Or maybe you are stupid for thinking that I would fall for that." Zen pointed to his brain and laughed. "If you really think there are more precious things than what you can get in this celestial tomb, then why are you here yourselves?"

The man's face darkened. He then answered, "Friend, you seem not to know who we are. What I am offering you is anyone's dream! You better make the right decision now or you'll regret it!"

The other cultivators at the Life and Death Realm of the divine kingdom were also coldly staring at Zen.

"This is the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom. So are you a prince of the divine kingdom. But it doesn't matter to me! Use the calamity on her!" Zen pointed to the Holy Maiden.

Crack!

A small black cloud with black lightning suddenly appeared above the Holy Maiden's head.

She was having a taste of her own medicine. It was like karma had worked its way to her after what she did to Letitia.

Looking at the dark cloud above her head, the Holy Maiden screamed sternly, "Elders! Kill him!"

The five elders at the Life and Death Realm behind her all took out their weapons at the same time. The Holy Maiden's anger was not something to be taken lightly.

However, Elder Gong, who was closest to the Holy Maiden, said helplessly, "Miss, we can't break the enchanted barrier set up by Immortal Mist. Now is not the right time to kill him!"

"I don't care!" the Holy Maiden said. She was the Holy Maiden of a certain great clan, and no one had dared to disrespect her before.

She was used to people buttering her up and this was the first time that someone had dared to offend her. So, she wouldn't listen to Elder Gong despite knowing for herself that the elder could be probably right. First, someone had dared to use calamity on her. Then now, one of her elders had dared to persuade her to back off. She couldn't swallow her pride in front of her people.

The handsome man coaxed, "Let's not be reckless. If I get a free challenge, I will help you kill him!"

Chapter 789 Dispel The Bad Luck

Killing Zen would do no good. All they needed was to find a way to dispel the Holy Maiden's bad luck.

However, since Zen provoked the members of the divine kingdom, he had to pay an apt price.

According to the people of the divine kingdom, as long as any of them got a 'free challenge', Zen was destined to die.

In the divine kingdom's group, the weakest of the lot were the handsome man and the Holy Maiden. However, they were both Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists. As for the black-robed people behind them, they had all reached the Life and Death Realm.

"Come what may, I want him dead!" the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom stated in a cold voice.

Zen pretended not to hear their threats. Instead, he quietly settled himself on the round disc and waited for the light to shine on him once again.

Next, they threw the dice, but the result wasn't in their favor.

One of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit got four dots. He stepped on the Heavenly Thunder Killing Array. Despite his cultivation being at the middle level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he was straightaway struck to death by the lightning.

Next, an elder of the World Commercial Alliance got three dots and suffered a severe punishment. Although he had endured the round, he was heavily injured and now seemed on the brink of death.

Then, it was Imogen's turn again. She was punished for the second time after she threw the dice, but with her formidable strength, she was able to survive it.

The consecutive punishments worried everyone present on the sidelines.

Just then, the beam of light shone on Letitia once again.

Fortune had not been on her side. Her luck had been remarkable before, but the result this time was not good.

She threw the dice lightly and it stopped at three.

Three discs appeared in front of Letitia. The third disc seemed to be encircled with a faint layer of icy mist.

Calmly, she stepped onto the third disc.

"Extreme Icy Zone."

Zen set his mind to rest upon hearing this. It was just as the cyan dragon had said. No matter how many dots Letitia threw, she would suffer a punishment. Among these six steps alone, there were probably six different punishments waiting for her. Still, her luck could help her identify the easiest punishment.

Zen was not too aware of how difficult the Extreme Icy Zone was. It seemed a tough punishment for other warriors, but it couldn't be that hard for Letitia. After all, she was a martial artist practicing cultivation methods of ice system.

Letitia's figure was soon enveloped in layers of dazzling ice light. Zen could hear the sound of ice crystals shattering due to the bright light. A few moments later, Letitia finally walked out of the Extreme Icy Zone wearing a faint smile on her lips.

"How do you feel?" Zen asked her, a twinkle in his eye.

"Not bad. I've comprehended a bit of the third layer of the Ice Law in the Extreme Icy Zone," Letitia said, beaming at him.

"The third level!" Zen couldn't help but sigh. Letitia was indeed highly talented. She had actually started to learn the third layer of Low Power

As Letitia walked out of the Extreme Icy Zone unscathed, the Holy Maiden's face betrayed a trace of disappointment. She had hoped that Letitia would die in the penalty.

While the Holy Maiden was lost in thought, the beam of light turned toward her again.

"This is bad," the Holy Maiden whispered, knowing that she'd be in trouble.

Her misfortune had not been resolved either. She would probably face a punishment after she threw the dice, but it remained to be seen if she had the strength or luck to survive this round.

The Holy Maiden hesitated for long moments, waiting for the beam of light to turn red. She blinked and the dice was thrown up. When the dice returned to its original position, it stopped at four.

The Holy Maiden's expression turned gloomy at once.

Martial artists didn't believe in fate but they did believe in fortune. The number 'four' represented death. She felt like ominous dark clouds were gathering overhead.

Four discs appeared at the feet of the Holy Maiden, the fourth one gleaming with black light.

"I'm not aware of the relation between a color and the corresponding punishment, but I'm sure this round would be severe!"

"The Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom is truly down on her luck. After being targeted such, she might even die!"

"She has just reached the primary level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, but she must have backup as she has brought so many Life and Death Realm warriors with her as bodyguards!"

The martial artists from the divine kingdom were undoubtedly arrogant. Many of the Central Region ones were glad to witness the scene. If the Holy Maiden truly died here, it would be entertaining to them.

The handsome man gritted his teeth, saying, "Dear, if you really can't face this, then use the protective treasure!"

"Yes, I know." The Holy Maiden nodded, took two steps forward and stepped onto the black disc.

"Dark Zone!"

A thick black light began to blanket the Holy Maiden.

Everyone's heart skipped beats at the name.

Even Eddie, Simon, and the other Life and Death Realm warriors didn't have the confidence to face the Dark Zone. The Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom was only at the primary level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Moreover, her cultivation had been suppressed, so it was very likely that she would die right here.

Streaks of black light continued to circle the Holy Maiden, as if striking her from all sides.

"I'm afraid the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom won't be able to hold on for even nine seconds!"

"The black light is similar to the legendary death ray. I wonder, is it actually the death ray?"

"No matter what it is, you won't be able to tolerate it."

Amidst the conversation in the crowd, the strength of the black light dimmed gradually, the situation seemingly easing up.

"She must be dead," someone whispered.

Suddenly, white light burst out from within the black.

The sound of someone cackling wildly from behind the black light echoed around.

"Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!"

The outburst of laughter was not threatening, but the surge of power behind it was something no one could disregard.

Who on earth was laughing so brazenly?

Countless beams of white light pierced through the black light surrounding the Holy Maiden. In the blink of an eye, the blaze of black light disappeared, leaving only the Holy Maiden standing on the disc. In the sky above her, a faint figure could be seen, now slowly ebbing away.

By then, everyone present knew that the Holy Maiden could not confront the punishment, so she summoned the figure to help her. Still, they were oblivious to who this figure was and how it had destroyed the obstacle set by the immortal.

"Are you all right?" the handsome man asked, concern echoing in his voice.

The Holy Maiden had turned pale. She nodded, saying, "I'm fine, but I've used up the protective treasure."

The handsome man's face whipped in Zen's direction, whom he stared at with a fierce expression. "It's all because of that guy!" he shouted. "He must pay the price for it with his blood!"

Meanwhile, the dice stopped at five. Hobbes, from the World Commercial Alliance, had been the one to throw it.

The three stout heads of the World Commercial Alliance had all been quite lucky. Dillon had taken thirty steps, Hobbes thirty-three, while Haber had taken twenty-nine.

Five discs appeared in front of Hobbes, and the fifth one was white.

"White color? What does it indicate?" Hobbes was an impatient person. He stepped forward without hesitation.

"You have an opportunity to disperse the negative effect on any person."

The people of Cloud Hall and the divine kingdom looked on, their eyes shining with excitement.

The damned calamity curse was indeed devastating. If the Dark Zone were to appear again, the Holy Maiden would certainly lose her life.

The same was true for Letitia. This time, she had been blessed enough to come out of the Extreme Icy Zone unharmed, but what about the next time? And the other times to come?

Both the Holy Maiden and Letitia had an urgent need to dispel their misfortunes.

"Fatty, dispel our Holy Maiden's bad luck, right now!" the handsome man spat out, staring at Hobbes anxiously. He must have a screw loose somewhere!

Tracing the voice to its owner, the crowd in the abyss looked at him like he was an idiot. Even the five Life and Death Realm elders behind him held contempt in their gazes.

Hearing the insulting command, Hobbes laughed darkly. "Who the hell are you? And why should I bother chasing away your Holy Maiden's misfortune?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 790 Deals

If it were Dillon, he would first think about whether it was worth offending the people from the divine kingdom, and then come up with an appropriate solution. After all, even though the World Commercial Alliance was the strongest power in the Central Region, offending the people from the divine kingdom would invite trouble.

If it were Haber, he probably wouldn't say anything, but he definitely wouldn't help them get rid of the Holy Maiden's bad luck.

But it was none other than Hobbes—the most hot-tempered of them all.

Hobbes could never stand these people of the divine kingdom from the very beginning. However, these people hadn't targeted him, so he didn't want to provoke them for no reason.

But the handsome man wanted him to help the Holy Maiden. However, he was rude and brash. He even called him "Fatty!" Other than his wife, no one else had ever dared to call him that.

"You! I am the..." The handsome man was just about to reveal his identity when Hobbes interrupted him.

"I don't care even if you're the crown prince of the divine kingdom. It's useless!" he spat.

Only moments ago, Zen had mocked the handsome man by calling him "the prince of the divine kingdom." Now Hobbes had gone a step further and called him "the crown prince." They didn't give a damn about this stranger's identity.

The man was livid! The truth was that he really was a prince of one of the four divine kingdoms.

Elder Gong interrupted, "Friend, can you expel our Holy Maiden's bad luck? We will certainly reward you."

Hot-tempered as he was Hobbes was not stupid. He had been given the chance to undo someone's bad luck, and there were two people in front of him who were cursed. He had to compare the two first to determine who he would help.

"Really? I wonder how you will thank me," Hobbes asked with a fiendish expression.

How could Elder Gong think of a way to thank Hobbes at such short notice? Before he even had the chance to speak, a calm voice came from the other side, "When I have time, I'll help you set up a sect-protecting array!"

It was Zen who spoke.

Hobbes' eyes lit up at his offer. The Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array was indeed a powerful thing. It was said that it had almost killed Eddie. The World Commercial Alliance was obviously lying if they said they had no interest in it.

If it weren't for the trip to Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, most of the fourth-grade sects would have already prepared to visit the Cloud Hall. No matter what the cost, they would ask Zen to set up a sect-protecting array for them.

In fact even some third-grade sects were planning to visit Zen.

Although not as powerful as the fourth-grade sects, some third-grade sects had secret treasures of which no one was aware. They had the opportunity to move Zen as well as the Cloud Hall. And if the price was right, Zen would gladly set up sect-protecting arrays for them.

"Deal!" said Hobbes with a sinister laugh. Dillon and Haber laughed as well. They believed in Zen. Although Zen didn't give them an exact date, they were sure he would keep his word as he had agreed to set up the sect-protecting array.

"Wait!" Elder Gong said with a gloomy face. "We can set up a sect-protecting array for you too."

"Ha-ha!" Hobbes laughed and said, "I have heard a little about the rune techniques of the divine kingdom. However, they are nothing compared to Zen's. Therefore, I reject!" With that, Hobbes pointed to Letitia.

A ray of white light instantly shot towards her. As the light washed over her, the black cloud above her head finally dissipated. Her bad luck had been dispelled.

"Thank you, Mr. Yan," Letitia said with a playful smile.

"Don't thank me, thank Zen." Hobbes smirked at Letitia.

The faces of the people of the divine kingdom fell.

The Holy Maiden was the most important person in their group, and it so happened that Zen had used the calamity on her. If she got unlucky again and perished here, it would be difficult for them to face the wrath of the people above them. Even the prince of the divine kingdom wouldn't be able to face the consequences.

However, these inhabitants of the Central Region clearly did not give a damn about the divine kingdom.

"If we have to blame someone, we can only blame these two for being too naive," Elder Gong sighed. The prince and the Holy Maiden had grown up in the divine kingdom, and they always looked down upon people from the Sky Northern Region.

And now that they had insulted the people from the Sky Northern Region, they would not show mercy towards them. The Holy Maiden had just used the calamity on Letitia and faced immediate retaliation. What was worse was that they had more people. Apart from the group from the divine kingdom, the rest hailed from the Central Region. Even though they had clashes with each other, they became a family when facing the outsiders.

So it looked like the situation was disadvantageous for the group from the divine kingdom. 'The prince sometimes has problems with his head, ' Elder Gong thought hatefully. Of course, he could never dare to say these words out loud.

The beam of light was rotating constantly. Although this light repeatedly pointed to the divine kingdom group, they had been pretty lucky so far. There was only a punishment, while the rest were all rewards. The punishment hadn't caused any warrior to perish.

But in the end, no one managed to obtain the "dispel bad luck" disk. If nobody was able to expel the Holy Maiden's bad luck, she would most likely die when her turn came. So every time the beam of light passed through her, it made people of the divine kingdom tremble in fear.

Not long after, the beam was directed at the Poison King, Simon. Three disks appeared in front of him, and the third disk was completely white.

"Dispel bad luck?" Hope flashed on the prince's face.

Elder Gong and the other elders at the Life and Death Realm stared at Simon anxiously.

Simon let out an evil laugh and stepped onto the third disk. A voice immediately announced, "You have obtained a chance to dispel…"

The prince opened his mouth to speak. 'Something inappropriate, no doubt, ' thought Elder Gong. He spoke loudly in order to drown out the prince's voice, afraid that things might take a turn for the worse if the prince spoke. "Friend, only the Holy Maiden is suffering from bad luck. Could you please help her out by dispersing it?"

Simon chuckled and asked, "Sure, but, what will I get in return?"

"You can tell us what you want and we will do our best to fulfill it!" Elder Gong said while cupping his hands.

"Great! How about you send people over to destroy all of these large sects and help me build a divine kingdom?" The Poison King announced his evil demand and laughed wickedly.

Elder Gong winced at these words. He was prepared for his enemy to ask for something big, but he would have never thought that the Poison King was so greedy as to ask them to build an entire divine kingdom for him! Did this fellow think that creating a divine kingdom was as easy as building a kingdom of mortals?

The leaders of the various sects in the Central Region stared daggers at Simon. This fellow seemed to be even more cruel and ambitious than Eddie. He wanted to destroy all the sects in the Central Region and establish a divine kingdom! It wasn't so simple! This was not child's play.

Not that it was difficult for the warriors to set up a kingdom. For example, Kenneth of the Cloud Sect was a warrior at the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. He could easily overthrow the Burning Sky Empire, but he belonged to the Cloud Hall and would never do such a thing.

But to set up a divine kingdom... It was a Herculean task.

First of all, you had to have formidable strength to set up a divine kingdom. Only when one's own might was powerful enough would he be able to defeat all the warriors in the world and make them bow down to him.

Even the four existing divine kingdoms were slowly built up over tens of thousands of years and not just by snapping one's fingers.

"Friend, the establishment of a divine kingdom isn't something that can be accomplished overnight, so your request is a bit unreasonable…"

Before Elder Gong finished his words, Simon sneered and said, "If that's the case, I'll just find someone to use it." Saying this, Simon reached out his hand.

"Wait" Elder Gong cried out. "Friend, I'm telling you the truth. I would never lie to you on purpose. It's indeed impossible for me to help you build a divine kingdom. What I can offer you is the internal version of your cultivation method," he offered.

"What? Internal version?" Simon was stunned.

Elder Gong smiled wistfully. "The Scripture of Five Poisons is indeed a very precious cultivation method, but within our divine kingdom, we not only have an external version that you have cultivated, there is also an internal version. This internal version is exquisite, surpassing the external version by far more. Some records in the external version are not so accurate, but you can find the correct ones in the internal version."

Simon considered Elder Gong's offer for a long time before saying, "If you swear on your warrior spirit to fulfill your promise, I will immediately disperse the Holy Maiden's misfortune."

Chapter 791 Eye Washing

All those years back, Simon had been chased ruthlessly by many martial artists. He had been running the whole time, hiding in the Dreamy Swampland and cultivating. There he had grabbed many great opportunities, and he had even obtained two fierce beasts, which were as powerful as the martial artists at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Simon didn't trust the other warriors at all. In comparison, he felt that beasts were more trustworthy than humans.

Gong hesitated for a moment. In fact, as a martial artist of the divine kingdom, there was no difference between the Holy Maiden and him. With their experience, they could definitely look down on a great number of martial artists from the Central Region. However, Gong was not as foolish as the prince of the divine kingdom. If he did not compromise in this situation, it was clear that he would suffer a loss.

"Alright, I swear with my warrior spirit!" Gong said through clenched teeth.

With the deal finalized, Simon chuckled and pointed at the Holy Maiden, shooting a white ray of light towards her.

The light continued to climb up along the Holy Maiden's clothes, finally spreading over her head. The dark cloud there in which black lightning shone got cleansed instantly.

The Holy Maiden finally let out a sigh of relief and then stared fiercely at Zen.

However, Zen ignored her fury. He sat on the disc and continued to watch the next person throw the dice.

A white-haired elder from the Mysterious Luna Hall rolled a three. When the black disc appeared, everyone present offered a silent prayer. Although the elder had reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he wouldn't be able to bear this severe punishment.

The elder was hesitant. Gritting his teeth, he stepped onto the black disc. However, this was a different disc because there was a white line on it.

Just as the elder was about to step on it, a voice commanded, "You can kill anyone here."

The mood in the crowd immediately changed as they heard this announcement.

They had learned how powerful the immortal could be. If the elder followed the rules and chose someone, none of them would be able to resist the immortal's strength.

The white-haired elder let out a long sigh of relief, his face revealing his excitement. "Ha-ha. I didn't think I would have the chance to kill someone! Who should I kill?" he wondered out loud, scratching his chin.

Eddie, Simon and other Life and Death Realm warriors were nervous wrecks.

As they had reached the Life and Death Realm, their lives and deaths were in their own hands, but now, the white-haired elder could kill one of them, so their fear was understandable.

Zen and Letitia, on the contrary, weren't nervous at all. There was no enmity between them and the elder, so it was unlikely that they would get picked.

However, Zen was curious to know why Elderly Luna's face was deathly pale. An elder of his own sect drew the killing card. Why was he so afraid?

Could it be that…

As Zen pondered this, the elder suddenly turned around and jeered, "I want to kill Elderly Luna!"

"You, you have gone too far!" Elderly Luna's face twisted in anger. A cyan-colored protective life vitality began to revolve around his body, tightly winding itself around him for protection.

But at the same time, a ray of grey light shot out from the dice and pierced Elderly Luna's body. The light seemed to be unstoppable. Elderly Luna's eyes grew bigger and his stomach started bulging out even though he was a thin man.

The next scene was even more terrifying. His head disappeared completely, and then his torso and his four limbs. It was as if an invisible hand was slowly wiping him out like he was a mere drawing.

Soon, the nine-hundred-year-old man, who was dozens of years away from becoming an Ancient Tycoon, was slowly wiped out just like that!

Tears streamed down the white-haired elder's face. "I've finally killed you, ha-ha!" he said joyously.

"Elder Zheng, I didn't think that you'd really be able to do it!" The other elders of the Mysterious Luna Hall were also overjoyed and they all started congratulating Elder Zheng.

People from the other sects could not help but shake their heads. What evil deeds had Elderly Luna committed in his sect to make the elders feel this way about him?

Among the fourth-grade sects, the Mysterious Luna Hall was considered the most mysterious. It was not clear why these elders hated Elderly Luna so much. The hatred within their sect naturally had nothing to do with the outsiders.

However, realizing that they could be killed by someone like that, the Life and Death Realm warriors all felt a sense of panic, because it was not something they could withstand.

After a short while, the beam of light rotated and once again pointed towards Zen.

Zen smiled slightly and casually waved his hand. The shadow of his fist appeared on the dice, and after the dice rolled twice, it stopped at six.

"It seems that my luck has improved," Zen smiled faintly.

Six discs appeared, and a yellow light flashed from the last disc.

"Throw the dice again!"

"Six!"

"Throw it again!"

"Six!".

In this way, Zen progressed surely and steadily. The crowd was left speechless. Eddie's face darkened. Why was this guy so lucky?

It was just as the cyan dragon had predicted. Luck heralded the path that Zen would take in this life.

Back then, he was trapped in the Luo Family, but after leaving the family, he had made great progress. From a humble outer disciple, he rose rapidly to be the strongest warrior at Drizzle Peak and Cloud Sect. Now, with his knowledge and expertise, no disciple of Cloud Hall could compare with him.

This was his fate: to lead the world of chaos!

Zen caught up with Letitia after throwing the dice a few times, and even went a few steps ahead of her. At this moment, the last disk in front of him was glowing with a green light, and inside the green light were two eyes.

Green color shouldn't mean punishment. Earlier, Letitia had won a fantastic prize — a lifespan of five hundred years!

Zen smiled and stepped on the green disc.

"Eye Washing."

A voice proclaimed. A silhouette of a large tree suddenly appeared in the sky just above Zen.

Drops of emerald green sap dripped from the tree and rolled down towards his eyes.

The warriors of the Central Region were confused.

"Will the sap wash his eyes? What is this sap?"

"Who knows? Hope it won't ruin his eyes."

"It's probably not as good as the five-hundred-year lifespan that Letitia got."

All the warriors from the Central Region didn't know what was going on, but those from the divine kingdoms had figured it out.

Gong was shocked when he saw the image of the tree. "This is the legendary divine tree of the Wood Divine Kingdom! Oh my god! How could he use the sap of the divine tree to wash his eyes? What a waste!"

The Holy Maiden and the prince of the divine kingdom also stared blankly at the scene unfolding before them. The prince turned his head and asked, "Gong, are you sure this is the divine tree?"

Gong nodded and said, "Yes! I'm pretty sure! The divine tree appears once every five hundred years, and every time it appears, a drop of its sap will fall from the branch. The Wood Divine Kingdom has accumulated and constantly consumed the sap for more than ten thousand years, so now it only has a dozen drops."

On hearing this, the other warriors were stunned.

The Wood Divine Kingdom had only about ten drops of the divine tree's sap. But Zen had just washed his eyes with dozens of drops.

The emerald green sap flowed unceasingly into Zen's eyes, creating an icy and comfortable feeling within him.

As the sap slowly seeped in, he could feel that a kind of special energy bubbling up in his eyes, and the rest of the sap slowly drained out of his eyes and dripped into the abyss.

The corner of Gong's mouth twitched at this scene. It was truly an enormous waste.

The Wood Divine Kingdom collected the sap to make pills or to directly swallow them. They would never waste a single drop. However, after washing his eyes, Zen actually allowed the sap to flow out and fall into the abyss.

If it weren't for the fact that Zen was his enemy, he would have reprimanded him for wasting something so precious.

After all the sap had flowed out, Zen's tightly shut eyes slowly opened. Now there was a hint of green in his pupils.

Chapter 792 Pulverize You (Part One)

Zen wasn't that familiar on how to make use of his new obtained magic vision. The only thing he noticed was that his eyes had gotten rejuvenated the second the sap went into his eyes.

The moment it finally came to an end, he proceeded to open his eyes. But there was so little change in him, making it feel almost unnoticeable.

"The reward I receive is just getting my eyes cleansed?" Zen was in a state of confusion.

"Ha-ha, you may not realize it right now, but this is such a really good reward. From now on, you'll be able to see through most kinds of illusions using your keen eyesight. I can assure you that it's going to be quite useful! At the very least, it's still much, much better compared to simply receiving another five hundred years of lifespan," the cyan dragon flatly remarked.

'He seriously thinks this is better than getting five hundred years of life?' Zen was at such a loss for words.

Without a doubt, five hundred years of lifespan would indeed be considered as a hefty reward if you asked any of the warriors in the Virtual Tribulation Realm or even the Life and Death Realm.

However, in the eyes of a being that was in a completely different level just like the cyan dragon, five hundred years passed by so fast, so it wouldn't be something to write home about. Taking that into consideration, the five hundred years of lifespan didn't sound as enticing as the magic vision Zen had been given.

As Zen's eyes fluttered, the mysterious green light within his pupils faded away little by little, retracting into the depth of his eyes.

When Zen's round had wrapped up, he had already taken the lead, taking the first place for the meantime, ahead of the others with his 66 steps.

Letitia, on the other hand, due to having accursed luck at one point, had currently gotten into second place with 63 steps in total.

Next to her was the Holy Maiden, representing the divine kingdom, who had taken third place. Fortunately, the curse she sustained had been lifted by Simon, so she would most probably move forward even more in the upcoming round.

Upon realizing that Zen had been in the lead, the prince of the divine kingdom looked sullen, the killing intent he was emitting spilling all over the place. He had his eyes set on Zen, which were as sharp as that of a mighty eagle. Through this, his handsome face looked a bit too serious.

At that point in time, the yellow light had befallen him once more.

Disdainfully, the prince heaved a heavy sigh and plunged his fist into the air. This movement struck the dice and caused it to shift around until coming to a stop and showing the number one.

As anyone might have expected, given that he only got one step during his turn, the prince from the divine kingdom was fuming with intense rage. But upon seeing the disk which appeared in front of him, his eyebrows which were deeply knit, frantically quivered due to all of the anticipation flowing unto him.

"Red!"

he yelled out, stepping over the disk at once.

Simon had gotten a hold of a red disk once before, earning the entitlement to issue a free challenge. The prince of the divine kingdom had been biding his time for an opportunity like this since then. Now that the moment finally arrived, he had a hard time believing that it had finally come.

"Free challenge..."

"Hahahaha!" The divine kingdom prince had his gaze fixated on Zen as he started laughing maniacally, getting so full of himself.

The divine kingdom's Holy Maiden then snapped, "That's enough, stop that needless laughing. Just go ahead and put an end to him already."

"As you please, I'm going to do it right this instant!" the prince of the divine kingdom let out a deep sigh as he went ahead and pointed his finger at Zen from a distance, "I would like to challenge this… puny ant."

Watching all of this, Brent pursed his lips in utter disappointment. Truth be told, he was also quite eager to get the right to issue a free challenge. During the Martial Arts Contest, as soon as Zen had withdrawn from the competition, Brent instantly forfeited the opportunity to challenge him. And at the end of all of that, Brent, by default, became the overall winner and received the Dragon Soar Arena. However, something like that couldn't be considered as a reward in itself...

What use would the Dragon Soar Arena be if it wouldn't be able to bring him into the Upper World anyway? If it were only possible, he most probably would've given up the Dragon Soar Arena just to get a chance to finally go head-to-head against Zen.

All things considered, Brent had actually been blessed with good fortune. Everything had been going quite well for him. He hadn't come across a single reward or punishment, and he acquired six dots each time. By this point, he had already amassed close to thirty steps.

"But I would love to get a free challenge as well..." Brent remarked, feeling a bit downhearted.

That being said, Brent had absolutely no idea that though he possessed such an exceptional body as well as a divine-level talent, he wouldn't stand a chance against Zen at all in this celestial tomb. There was a good chance he would've lost to Zen if they fought it out in the very first round.

At the time when Brent was participating in the Martial Arts Contest, he was still at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. But during these past months, he had improved quite a bit and got into the preliminary stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. In spite of that, inside the Mist's celestial tomb, his otherwise remarkable cultivation was being kept in check by a realm.

Zen, on the other hand, was in a totally different position. With the aid of the token he got from the fairy palace, the level of his own cultivation had not been affected in any way. Apart from that, with his current cultivation at the seventh level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, Zen was already much capable of standing up against a warrior at the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. As Brent's cultivation base had gotten suppressed within Mist's celestial tomb, Zen would end up being quite a formidable opponent if he somehow managed to make it through the first round against him.

The minute Zen found out that the prince of the divine kingdom intended to issue a challenge to him, a flash of green light suddenly glimmered in his eyes. An air of self-confidence had been embedded into his eyes. Other than that, one wouldn't really see much of a reaction on his face. In fact, he seemed rather calm.

In regards to the other warriors, it could be said that they didn't have much faith in Zen's future.

"If a master of the Virtual Tribulation Realm is to be interested in doing away with a warrior in the Illuminating Soul Realm, wouldn't that be just child's play? It would be something as simple as crushing an ant!"

"That's not necessarily true. Zen had the ability to battle a warrior from the Internal Elixir Realm while he was still just at the fourth level of Illuminating Soul Realm. You have to remember that right now, he has already reached the seventh level of the Illuminating Soul Realm..."

"Does any of that matter? I guess it's safe to say that he has enough strength to lay waste to a warrior at the premium stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, but does that really mean he could come up to fight against a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior?"

Chapter 793 Pulverize You (Part Two)

"Whether he survives or not, it's only him who would have to endure it in the end. So, let's just enjoy the show."

Way up above this abyssal place, an enormous disk-shaped platform appeared. Zen and the prince of the divine kingdom then, in turn, went ahead and stepped foot onto the platform.

"I always feel you are annoying, but it appears that you have fortunately pulled through and taken the lead." The prince of the divine kingdom let out a daunting chuckle, "But I'm afraid this will be the end of the line for you. This is where you're going to bite the dust."

"What makes you say that?" Zen asked him, giving him a look of suspicion.

"Because I am going to kill you, that's why. Haha!" The second the prince of the divine kingdom was done talking, he instantly became exceedingly more aggressive and vicious. As a capable master of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, how on earth could he possibly take someone he considered insignificant such as Zen seriously? Zen could be comparable to an ant at the Illuminating Soul Realm in his eyes.

Hearing such an arrogant statement, Zen simply rolled his eyes, thinking that the prince was somewhat of a halfwit. But if he was going to be completely honest, there were times when it would be much more enjoyable to poke fun at some idiot just like him. At the thought of that, with a single light tap on his space ring, he brought out his sword, one which was a low-grade sacred weapon.

"You chose a sacred weapon, huh? Quite fascinating! I never would've thought that a sacred sword would be so run-of-the-mill in that Central Region of yours. Even a no-name warrior in the Illuminating Soul Realm could wield a sacred weapon! That's ridiculous!" Thereafter, the prince of the divine kingdom had drawn out a sword as well, but his was a snake-shaped one. This sword in particular had a curved blade akin to the body of a snake, with a golden embellishment right in the middle. This was another low-grade treasured sword categorized as a sacred weapon as well.

The fact of the matter was that the prince of the divine kingdom had deliberately planned to show off his abilities in front of this crowd of country dwellers in the Central Region and let them know what a sacred weapon was.

That being said, he wasn't really expecting to see a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm bring out a sacred weapon right before his very eyes. It was such a sight to behold! Truly magnificent! The prince of the divine kingdom's jaws almost fell on the floor after being caught off guard.

Of course, it came as no surprise that the residents of the Central Region did not appreciate the prince of the divine kingdom's way with words. There was no way that those sacred weapons could be so inexpensive and as common as muck in the Central Region! In reality, only a handful of people were in possession of such a weapon in the Central Region. Zen was something of an irregularity. He was indeed a special case.

"But what does it matter if you hold a sacred weapon? In my honest opinion, I think it is too much of a waste that a heaven's treasure ended up being in the hands of someone like you! I'm gonna send you straight to hell!" The prince of the divine kingdom's body flashed without warning, and with great strength, the snake-shaped sword's edge had been directed toward Zen.

"Viper Strike!"

The prince of the divine kingdom lifted his sword and pierced the space in front of him. His sword appeared as though it was a serpent hissing through the air and coming straight at Zen.

Swoosh!

As Zen had been planning to utilize the circle parry to stave off the prince's attack, the sword which looked as if it was approaching him head on abruptly changed its course, evading Zen's iron sword, and as a result, Zen had gotten struck in the chest.

"That was quite a masterful and nimble-fingered swordsmanship! And with such a powerful sword intent to top it all off!"

Zen heaved a heavy sigh and hurriedly pulled away. Blocking that sword proved to be quite difficult!

But, as luck would have it, he only received a flesh wound on his chest, so it wasn't really deep…

Given that the prince of the divine kingdom had successfully gotten first strike before Zen could do anything, there was no way he would've just let him off so easily. With a wave of the long sword he was holding, it swayed in the air and darted toward Zen uncontrollably, much like the shadow of a snake.

Zen knew full well that those snake shadows flooding the sky were actually sword shadows. To make things worse, these sword shadows ceaselessly shifted directions, making it much too impossible for him to find a way to make use of his sword and block his enemy's incoming attacks.

"Sad to say, this arena is not wide enough. You have nowhere else to run to in here," the prince of the divine kingdom stated for a fact as a conceited smile crept onto his face.

"Is that so?" Taking one step forward, Zen made his way across the space, swiftly moving over to the other edge of the platform. Upon pulling a move like that, he couldn't help himself from letting out a faint smile, and he said, "Do you seriously think I have nowhere to run?"

"Space Law?" The prince of the divine kingdom had been left dumbfounded, with his eyes revealing signs of great astonishment.

Now it made so much sense why this brat seemed so full of himself right off the bat. It had become clear as day that in spite of being a warrior of the Illuminating Soul Realm, he had actually grasped the Space Law already.

And if one ever wished to walk through space, before anything else, he needed to acquire a full understanding of the first level of the Space Law. Even among all of the four divine kingdoms, there were only a select few who had succeeded in understanding the first level of the Space Law. But it should be noted that this small group of people had all been old men who had either lived for several thousand years or maybe even over ten thousand years!

Just how old could this kid standing in front of him possibly be? His appearance was just like that of a teenage boy! What had he done to receive such great luck in a short span of time? If he recalled correctly, wasn't the Sky Northern Region nothing more than desolate wasteland? How on earth could he have come across such a great opportunity?

The prince was at such a loss for words, standing there in complete disbelief, wondering if his eyes could have just been playing tricks on him. Be that as it might, the resolve he had to end Zen's life had not faltered, and he would never let anything stand in his way. As it turned out, Zen had mastery of the Space Law, who cared about that? That was nothing but a trivial matter. His cultivation level was so much lower than his. So, it should make no difference no matter how many laws he had comprehended. In the end, it would still be of no use when fighting against the prince of the divine kingdom!

"You can go to hell! I'm going to pulverize you, puny ant!" With his snake-shaped sword, the prince of the divine kingdom then bolted toward Zen once more to come at him head-on.

Chapter 794 Cultivation Method Of The Dragon Lineage Human

In the beginning, seven divine kingdoms coexisted peacefully with the Dragon Lineage Human. However, when the Dragon Lineage Human perished and three of the seven divine kingdoms were destroyed, the remaining four divine kingdoms were left.

These four divine kingdoms were located within the main continent of this world and their riches far surpassed the resources of the entire Central Region.

The inheritance of these four divine kingdoms could be traced back to the beginning of the world itself.

As the prince of the divine kingdom waved his serpentine sword, a surge of life vitality burst forth and transformed into a massive snake behind him.

The snake was extremely strange—it had a huge dragon's head but the thin body of a serpent; its eyes were demonic red, and it emitted an astonishingly terrifying aura.

"Demonic dragon..." Imogen murmured in horror as she looked at the horrifying monster.

Letitia bit her lips. "Zen…" she whispered, glancing at him in worry.

All the other warriors at the Life and Death Realm from the Central Region, including Eddie and the Ancient Tycoon, sported serious expressions on their faces.

"The divine kingdom's martial arts heritage is truly formidable!" someone exclaimed. "Although the prince is only at the early stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm and his cultivation level is suppressed, he can still erupt with such strength. He cannot be underestimated."

"Zen is screwed! He is only at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Moreover, his cultivation level has been suppressed," another warrior also said. "It's weird though. The prince is still taking him so seriously. Isn't this the same as using a sledgehammer on a gnat?"

"No matter what, Zen is dead for sure. He shouldn't have provoked the people from the divine kingdom from the start. They have a far superior foundation than all of us."

Zen, on the other hand, wasn't paying any attention to the others' discussion. He remained on high alert and on the defensive as he faced the prince and his demonic dragon.

If the prince had just been some random warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, there wouldn't have been any need for Zen to fear him. After their cultivation levels were suppressed, everyone's cultivation level would drop by a whole realm. In theory, the prince should be at the early stage of the Internal Elixir Realm.

Zen's cultivation level hadn't been suppressed, so much so that he could instantly kill such an opponent.

However, the prince seemed like someone extraordinary. The cultivation method he used had a domineering aura to it and Zen could somehow feel a faint sense of familiarity from the demonic dragon. It was actually related to his bloodline.

While Zen tried to focus on his enemy, he was also pondering on why his bloodline had a trace of connection with the demonic dragon.

"Because the cultivation method the prince cultivates is something that the Dragon Lineage Human left behind," the cyan dragon suddenly said.

His words surprised Zen. "A cultivation method left behind by the Dragon Lineage Human?"

he asked.

"That's right," the cyan dragon confirmed. "The Dragon Lineage Human was completely annihilated within this world and the Dragon Soar Arena had been lost for so many years. Their legacy was naturally taken away by the four divine kingdoms. The prince's cultivation technique is called 'Dragon-snake Sacred Body' and can be considered a top-tier cultivation method in the Dragon Lineage Human. This technique requires the absorption of the blood of a genuine dragon. However, that would be impossible for him. He must've found a demonic dragon that contained the blood of a genuine dragon and then absorbed its blood."

Zen licked his lips and nodded in understanding. "So that's how it is," he said. However, though it solved the mystery in his heart, it did nothing for the crisis he was currently in.

Even if the prince's cultivation level had been suppressed by a realm, it would still be extremely difficult for Zen to deal with him.

As he faced the demonic dragon behind the prince, Zen's iron sword suddenly began to shake.

One circle...

Two circles...

Three circles...

Four circles...

After a period of cultivation, Zen had been able to finally practice the Exterminating Wheel of "Malicious Wheel of Life and Death" to an incredibly proficient level.

However, he had never used it in front of others.

He was not a bloodthirsty person, so accumulating malicious aura wasn't an easy task for him. Therefore, he had always kept the "Malicious Wheel of Life and Death" at the bottom of his chest as his trump card.

However, at that moment, Zen had not hesitated to use this hidden trump card of his.

The prince's face was unyielding despite the four Exterminating Wheels that floated silently beside his opponent. He merely glanced at Zen, his eyes betraying the viciousness he concealed.

He gently waved his serpentine sword and, as he did, the giant demonic dragon coiled around him protectively. It let out a shrill cry before suddenly charging at Zen its mouth opened wide and ready to swallow him.

"Dragon-snake Devour!" the prince shouted.

"Aooo!" The demonic dragon yelled.

Zen raised his sword at the ready and quickly communicated with the distant Killing Sword Mountain.

A malicious aura suddenly burst forth!

The presence of such a violent and malicious aura struck fear into the hearts of the warriors present.

When a person killed, he would be cursed and infected with malicious aura.

However, so long as he did not accumulate too much, the aura would naturally dissipate though it would take quite a long time.

Zen's malicious aura would not dissipate. He had stored it all in the Killing Sword Mountain.

And at that moment, he had let it out so suddenly.

Just a moment ago, there had been no slightest trace of malicious aura from him. But now, the aura that emanated from his body made it feel as though he had already slaughtered a million different creatures. Even the warriors at the Life and Death realm were frightened of him.

"That brat! He has so much malicious aura! Is he not afraid?"

"What a terrifying malicious aura! How did he do it? Such volume couldn't be hidden so easily. How come we weren't able to sense it before?"

"Zen has too many secrets. I really can't understand him."

Every cultivation method that used malicious aura was extremely overbearing and fierce.

After Zen extracted his malicious aura from the Killing Sword Mountain, it was instantly thrown into the four Exterminating Wheels. Soon after, his sword shadow gently pointed to the demonic dragon.

The demonic dragon had already been before Zen. But before it could attack, it was suddenly pierced by the surging malicious aura.

Swoosh!

The dragon's head had been directly pierced by the four streaks of malicious aura, which went through its body, out of its tail and straight towards the prince.

The way things had been going stunned the prince, freezing him in place.

However, just as the four streaks of malicious aura rushed towards him, a faint light enveloped his entire body, as if to protect him.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The light curtain bounced back and prevented the malicious aura from successfully piercing through the prince. As the beams were deflected and the light faded, the jade pendant that hung from the prince's chest suddenly broke apart.

Zen couldn't help but smile in amusement. "A pretty good amulet you got there," he said. "It saved you once, but it can't save you a second time!" He suddenly shot up and flew to the sky. After his body refinement and comprehension of Space Law, Zen's movements had become extremely fast without any need of practicing any movement skill.

The prince flinched and staggered back. "Don't kill me!" he shouted, his face revealing a trace of fear. "If you kill me, you will pay the price!"

"What price? Your people will kill me, right?" Zen snorted coldly before diving towards the ground and closing in on his opponent. He raised his sword, and activated the power of 500 dragon scales, ready to swing the sword down towards the prince.

CLANG!

The strength of his strike had been enough to fling the prince's sword away from his grip and even slash his palm. Zen's power was comparable to that of a mountain and there was no way the prince could've blocked his attack at all.

Without his sword, the prince's face blanched and he quickly ran away. His fleeing figure annoyed Zen greatly.

This prince supposedly had a noble background and great talent. Ever since he was young, he had always used his privilege to crush others. Because of this, he had forgotten how to gauge the strength of others and could only blindly rush forward in an attempt to crush his opponents. He wasn't stupid but he could be cowardly since every time he came across someone he couldn't defeat, he would start acting dumb and try to run away.

Zen shook his head and rushed towards the prince to block his path. "Are you really at the Virtual Tribulation Realm? You are too weak for me."

And with that, Zen raised his sword once again and swung it down.

"NO!" Elder Gong's voice rang loudly in the chasm and made Zen hesitate with his strike.

"If you kill him, I will definitely kill you," the Holy Maiden declared, staring coldly at Zen.

A moment's hesitation was all it took for the prince to successfully dodge Zen's sword, twisting his body like a snake in the face of danger. However, even if his body was able to avoid the blade, his mind was suddenly wracked with pain. It was so intense that it felt as if his soul was being torn apart.

The prince writhed on his knees, his eyes rolling back in a vain attempt to block the pain. Suddenly, a silver light flashed and pierced through his head—Zen had cleanly ended the challenge with a broken, flying knife.

The truth was that the prince's strength wasn't much worse than Zen's even if his cultivation level had been suppressed. It was only because of his conceited nature that he was defeated since he hadn't expected Zen to be so strong and was thus caught off guard.

However, even if the prince had gone all out, he still might've lost. Zen's cultivation level, after all, hadn't been suppressed.

Silence rang in the depths of the chasm.

For a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm to be able to kill someone at the Virtual Tribulation Realm was truly unbelievable, and everyone could only stare at Zen in disbelief, rendered speechless by his abilities.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 795 Annihilation

If they had battled outside the celestial tomb, Zen probably wouldn't have been able to defeat the prince.

Despite his strength, it would still be impossible for him to be a worthy contender against a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

The conditions that the celestial tomb had provided greatly increased Zen's chances. In the tomb, the prince's cultivation level had been suppressed and was only at the early stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. Zen's cultivation level, on the other hand, had not been suppressed at all. This greatly narrowed the gap between the two.

Thus, Zen had been able to defeat the prince and he knew the exact reason why.

However, the others weren't aware of such information.

"Am I daydreaming?"

"A warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm defeated a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm? Even more, the latter was actually from one of the divine kingdoms!"

"It can only be described as inconceivable!"

All the warriors sported puzzled looks on their faces and were at a loss for words. They were completely unable to comprehend how Zen had exactly defeated the prince.

The Holy Maiden let out a heart-wrenching cry. "I will flatten the entire Sky Northern Region!" she declared. "I will kill everyone in your clan and annihilate your sect!"

Zen's eyes met her malicious gaze. "Let's talk when you've accomplished that," he said lightly.

For their trip to the celestial tomb, five guards at the Life and Death Realm had accompanied the prince and the Holy Maiden for their protection. They had originally thought that the trip would pass with no hitches. Never did they ever think that the one they were tasked to protect would be killed, not by the tribulations of the mysterious and dangerous celestial tomb, but by the hands of a mere warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

What was even more unacceptable was that the two of them had faced each other fairly on the battle stage.

What was exactly going on with the Sky Northern Region? How could such a person be born? Because of the sudden turn of events, the warriors at the Life and Death Realm started to think about long-term problems.

For the Holy Maiden though, there was only one thing on her mind and that was to seek revenge for what Zen had done to the prince.

Back in the divine kingdom, her status was very high, only second to the crown prince.

There were a lot of princes in the divine kingdom. For mortals, an emperor only had a lifespan of about a hundred years and would be able to produce a few dozen children at most. However, a warrior emperor had a lifespan of a few maybe even ten thousand years. Thus he would be able to have many women and countless children.

In the divine kingdom, only the most excellent had the right to be the crown prince and all the others would be considered ordinary princes and their status wouldn't even be comparable to some ordinary warriors.

The Holy Maiden had been born to be worshiped. Her life was comfortable but she did not have any friends and was often lonely. The prince Zen had just killed had been her friend since she was young, and he was the one who had brought her to explore the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb.

He was her only friend, but Zen had just ended his life. How could she not hate him?

As the beam of light rotated once again, she fixed her eyes on Zen.

Not long after, the light pointed at her. Her eyes narrowed slightly and the dice suddenly moved.

"Six!"

A black disk appeared in front of her, and within that disk was a thin white line.

The Holy Maiden did not give it much thought and, with gentle steps, quickly stepped onto the round disk.

"You can kill anyone present,"

the voice said. Her eyes widened at the realization.

"Kill anyone!"

A vicious smile appeared on her face as she gave Zen a cold, chilling smile.

Letitia, however, was the exact opposite. This round, the Holy Maiden had the right to kill anyone.

Just now, the elder from the Mysterious Luna Hall had already displayed what "kill anyone" meant. Such was the true power of an immortal; no one present would be able to stand up to it.

Even a warrior such as Elderly Luna had no power to resist and was directly killed by an invisible force. It was true annihilation.

At that moment, by the decree of the celestial tomb, everyone's life was in the hands of the Holy Maiden. And this was simply irresistible.

"Zen's in trouble. He just killed the prince. The Holy Maiden will surely choose him."

"Ha, that's not necessarily true. Have you forgotten just how many crises Zen has escaped from the very beginning? Not only did the purple flames not burn Zen to death, but it has also somehow made him even more powerful. Even the prince at the Virtual Tribulation Realm could not kill Zen. He is the incarnation of a monster!"

"Not necessarily? This should be an immortal's power. How could a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm compare to an immortal? Zen is sure to die this time!"

It wasn't a matter of strength, skill, or perseverance. If an immortal decreed your death, wouldn't you die?

When the Holy Maiden obtained the chance to "kill anyone," Eddie let out a deep exhale. When Zen had defeated the prince, a flash of fear had entered Eddie's heart. A kid as lucky and as strong as Zen needed to be killed early on lest he became a bigger problem in the future.

However, they just couldn't fight anyone they wanted while in the celestial tomb.

But, because of what the Holy Maiden had rolled, there would be no more need for him to worry. Zen was definitely sure to die and nobody would be able to save him Unless Zen had a second life!

The three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance all looked at each other and shook their heads. This was bad.

They did not want Zen to die. First of all, he had promised the sect-protecting array that he would set up for them. Second of all, Zen was a runic expert and his business value was more important to them than the Cloud hall's.

It was truly a pity!

A lot of the other warriors shook their heads in disappointment.

Letitia couldn't stop herself. "If you dare kill Zen, I will hunt you down until I die!"

"Is that so?" The Holy Maiden smiled at her. "I am the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom. You seem to be a sect leader of a mere fourth-grade sect. What are you going to use to hunt me?"

Letitia's face scrunched up in fury. "Use this!"

she said before biting her tongue and blowing gently.

A hexagonal blood snowflake formed on her hand that she lightly patted. It began to spin.

In the chasm, everyone's position was separated by an enchanted barrier. No one could leave their disk, nor could anyone use their attack methods since they would all be blocked by the enchanted barriers.

However, the blood snowflake Letitia had formed flew towards the Holy Maiden and easily passed through the enchanted barriers. Without any warning, the blood snowflake instantly drilled itself into the Holy Maiden's body.

"Tia…" Imogen called out softly. Although the outsiders had no idea what Letitia had done, she knew exactly what technique had been used. She was the one who passed down the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess to Letitia after all.

The curse Letitia had unleashed was done at the cost of burning her blood essence.

For all her life, the Holy Maiden would become Letitia's target, until her death.

Moreover, both of them would be covered in curses and they would spend a third of every year being affected by the extremely painful cold poison.

Although Zen didn't exactly know what Letitia had done, he could vaguely guess that the price she had to pay wasn't small.

At that moment, even his heart had also been filled with fear.

The methods of an immortal were too powerful and he wasn't really sure if he could rely on his tricks this time around.

The Holy Maiden gave Zen a mournful smile, but her eyes were cold with resentment and fury. "Die!" she shouted, pointing at him.

He had killed her friend after all, so it was only natural for her to wish Zen death.

As the Holy Maiden declared her choice, everyone turned to look at Zen.

A light breeze suddenly brew. Zen felt an invisible force rush towards him as if some kind of invisible death god had come to his side.

"What a powerful strength!"

Although it was invisible, Zen could clearly sense its existence as it came from the side of his head.

He almost raised his hands subconsciously to cover his head because of it.

His body had just undergone the tempering of the Fiery Star Flame and he, after absorbing so much, had become a top-grade fairy weapon. In fact, he was only a step away from becoming a sacred weapon so he didn't believe that this invisible force had the power to snuff him out in just a blink of an eye.

Puff!

Under the suppression of the huge, otherworldly force, two bloody wounds suddenly appeared on Zen's arms that spurted blood as if they were fountains.

Chapter 796 Why Are You Crying

Zen had underestimated the tricks of the immortal.

Until now, he had blocked a few attacks by relying heavily on his special body.

Usually, only very sharp attacks would cause substantial damage to him. For example, it was easy to pierce through his body or slice small wounds, but it would be very difficult to tear his body apart.

Eddie, for example, as the number one warrior in the Central Region, might be able to break a top-grade fairy sword, because the sword was too thin and easily broken. But what if it was a top-grade fairy metal pillar as thick as a bucket?

Eddie could bore a hole into the metal pillar, but he would not be able to break it.

As for Zen, his body was equivalent to a top-grade fairy metal pillar. If someone wanted to forcibly break his body, how terrifying would the force be?

However, this killing force from the immortal was still beyond Zen's wildest imagination.

The powerful killing force caused the flesh in Zen's arm to crack. His bones were harder than steel, but the pressure of this force still caused them to crack.

What was even more frightening was that this killing force continued to pierce through him. Not only did it attack both of Zen's arms, it also pierced through his back. It was as if there was a giant invisible hand squeezing Zen tightly in its palm.

Crack, crack, crack, crack!

His spine was cracking under the pressure of the killing force.

"Zen!"

Even though she knew that Zen couldn't resist the immortal's destructive power, Letitia still couldn't help but burst into tears when she saw him struggling.

Letitia was just an ordinary woman. While it was still true that she practically flew her way up as she was now one of the top warriors in the Central Region, this was never part of her plan. Her warrior spirit started to develop when the Cloud Hall discovered her talents.

Even then, she yearned for a peaceful life. She wanted someone by her side—someone she could argue with when she was not happy, and someone who would remind her to wear a jacket when it was cold outside.

Zen, perhaps, could be the person she was looking for. He could be the man to bring warmth to her life.

Letitia was devastated to watch Zen getting killed.

Other people were in stunned disbelief.

Everyone's mind was still on Elderly Luna getting killed. They couldn't believe that a warrior at the Life and Death Realm could get killed just like that. His body was crushed as if by an invisible force and it just vanished.

Zen seemed to be relying on his own body to resist that destructive power.

The immortal's power was something that warriors at the Lower World could not comprehend, nor could they stop.

In this Wheel of Fortune, the game rules set by Immortal Mist were the solid principles. Since the rules stated that Zen would be killed, then he must die. Otherwise, the rule of "killing anyone" would be invalid and it would be unfair to the Holy Maiden.

However... Zen was actually resisting that terrifying force.

"This... This is the power of an immortal, yet Zen actually still has the power to resist. I'm really scared. Is this guy even a human?" An elder of the Black Mountain Sect could not help but pose this question. He couldn't admit to himself that Zen was that strong.

"Damn! How tough is Zen's body? A strength that could resist an immortal's killing force? Elderly Luna was killed, but Zen is still alive!"

"This is unbelievable! What a brat! Could it be that he's more powerful? I'm going crazy! I think he should be dead! How could we explain that a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm could survive all of this?"

"Look, he's getting weaker. He's going to die soon."

Even if Zen were killed, it was still unbelievable. As the warriors watched this scene unfold, they were left speechless. To them, Zen was a monster that could not be measured by ordinary standards.

Zen gnashed his teeth. In order to resist the power, he not only used the power of the dragon scales, but also the forceful energy hidden inside his body.

However, with the eruption of Zen's strength, the invisible destructive force seemed to increase its power as well. Originally, after he became a fairy weapon, he could still borrow more power of the dragon scales. But if he did, his body would be unable to bear the combination of the power of the dragon scales, the forceful energy, and the immortal's killing force.

"Aaaaargh!"

Zen shouted in pain. The muscles in his shoulders, chest, and back were all bleeding. Blood spurted out from everywhere, even hitting the enchanted barrier.

Letitia touched the enchanted barrier with both her hands—an icy mist surrounding her face. She was hoping that Zen could wave his magic wand this time too so that he would survive.

It might be impossible for others, but for Zen, it wasn't.

Letitia had witnessed many unexpected miracles happen to Zen. At that moment, she closed her eyes and wished with all her might that Zen would survive this whole thing.

Sadly, the miracle never happened.

She watched helplessly as more and more blood spurted out from Zen's body. The bones in his body couldn't stand the pressure and shattered into pieces. His entire body was being kneaded by the giant invisible hand. His body was all mangled and twisted.

"Bastard, you didn't even save your sister!" Letitia mumbled, the sadness from her face disappearing.

She was the head of the Cloud Hall, so naturally she had to have both a soft and a hard side.

The crowd of warriors let out a collective sigh while a handful of them still thought something was not right. Elderly Luna had been completely smashed and vanished. They thought the same thing would happen to Zen.

However, Zen's mangled corpse never vanished. Was it because his body was so strong that the force couldn't vanish it away?

Out of nowhere, a strange thing happened.

A light suddenly flashed on Zen's twisted body as small dots of light exploded from it.

The dots of light formed a semicircle of light that surrounded Zen's body.

Bang!

Soon, a huge wave hit the light curtain.

Everyone assumed that the killing power of the immortal didn't actually disappear—it was just attacking the light curtain.

However, the light curtain enveloping Zen seemed to be even more terrifying. Although it was caved in by the destructive power, the caved area instantly returned to its original state. The light curtain clashed with the invisible hand again.

Clang!

Bang!

Boom!

The light curtain enveloping Zen began to fight the killing power of the immortal fiercely.

The whole chasm was shaking because of the two strong forces. The discs where people were standing as well as the walls started to tremble.

When the warriors at the Life and Death Realm felt the powerful force, their faces turned pale.

What kind of method did Zen use to be able to resist the power of an immortal?

Zen didn't invent this method. It came from the amulet bestowed upon him by the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace. Like the power of the immortal, it was also a technique from the Upper World.

Zen, who lay under the light curtain, looked extremely shocked He never thought that a small amulet was capable of such a strong force.

In reality, this amulet had become Zen's substitute. Not only did it take all the damage that Zen dealt, but it had also helped him completely cancel out the destructive force.

However, the immortal's killing power was still immensely strong. It wouldn't stop until it killed Zen.

The collision continued for a while. The invisible giant hand's strength gradually faded as the chaos started to dissipate.

After a few moments, the light curtain surrounding Zen also disintegrated. The amulet bestowed by the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace also shattered into pieces. It could not protect him forever as it could only be used one time.

Zen, who had already gotten up, couldn't be bothered by anything else. He just stared at Letitia and smiled, "Why are you crying?"

Chapter 797 The Immortal's Coffin

How could anyone be as indifferent as Zen?

Zen had made miracles happen, but Letitia thought that those miracles had been reasonable so far. Take for example, his habit of challenging martial artists of higher levels and then triumphing over them. But what she hadn't expected was for him to endure the killing of an immortal!

Everyone had seen the incomparably powerful talisman exploding and it had been that very talisman that had saved Zen's life.

If Letitia's suspicions were right, this talisman was from the Upper World, or it wouldn't have been able to resist the immortal's power.

Zen's lazy smile elicited an angry glare from Letitia, who muttered angrily under her breath, "Oh you bastard!"

She had given up all hope and under the circumstances, she could do no nothing but pray for a miracle. But despite her prayers and much to her disappointment, no miracle seemed to appear on the horizon. Zen had to rely on his own cards to set the situation right.

This caused a silence to fall upon everyone present.

The eyes of the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom were dark and gloomy, like a pool of water in the night.

She hadn't expected any trouble from these ants of the Sky Northern Region. She had the chance to kill Zen, but she hadn't been able to do it. That was something that she was having a hard time coming to terms with.

What was more, it looked like Letitia had cursed her.

The Holy Maiden lowered her head, so that her hair fell onto her face, blocking her eyes. She said, anger simmering in her voice, "After I get back home, I will bring my forces to destroy your Sky Northern Region!"

As the beam spun in circles, the martial artists became increasingly nervous.

The Wheel of Fortune was based entirely on luck without any fixed rules. Even someone as strong as Eddie hadn't been able to resist it. But Zen had managed to resist it and emerged unscathed from his encounter with death.

Like Letitia, many people had figured out that Zen had used the method of the Upper World to block the immortal's killing blow.

But they just couldn't comprehend just exactly how lucky Zen was. If anyone else had walked into the Dragon Soar Arena, they would have been imprisoned for a thousand years. But Zen had escaped. He had even brought back a bunch of treasures like the sacred-level protective garment and swords from the Upper World. The talisman that had burst out of Zen's body was even more powerful.

The other martial artists were silent, but they simmered with jealousy from within. They had seen people with good luck before, but never one with such strong luck.

The beam of light came to a stop, pointing in Eddie's direction. Eddie waved his fist, causing the dice to stop at five.

Eddie took five steps forward and stepped onto the jade green disc. "Light of Long Life. You're awarded 500 years of lifespan."

"This can't be true! How is Eddie's luck that strong?!"

"His luck has always been good. Otherwise, how could he, an independent warrior, resist the Ethereal Spirit Sect and become the strongest man in the Central Region?"

All the other martial artists were envious, and it showed in their eyes.

Just like the cyan dragon had said, the first half of Eddie's life was filled with adversity. Suppressed by the Ethereal Spirit Sect, he had had a bitter feud with the sect for quite a while. But with luck by his side, he had made great progress.

Zen's eyes lit up as Eddie was enveloped in a green light. With his good luck, it wouldn't be difficult to find another girl with a Purple Power Body.

The realization that he didn't have much time left brought a sense of urgency to his heart.

Most people in the abyss were moving at a moderate pace towards the center. A majority of them had walked between ten and thirty steps. Zen was at the front, closely followed by Letitia and the Holy Maiden.

After a full lap, it was Zen's turn to throw the dice again.

"I'm going to march forward, and with great success at that," Zen said with a confident smile. He rolled the dice and it kept rolling until it finally stopped at six. A yellow light then appeared on the last disc. "Roll the dice again!"

The other martial artists began to animatedly discuss this.

"Zen is so lucky! None of us can beat him when it comes to luck!"

"I've already thrown the dice five times but have never gotten a six. Look at him! He has even gotten an extra chance to throw the dice!"

"It's a good thing that you didn't face any punishment. Just think about those who were killed!"

Zen stepped on the yellow disc. As he once again swung his fist, the dice began to roll. "It's a six again!"

Letitia sighed as she looked at Zen, who was now walking forward. When she had run into him at the Cloud Road test, she had been surprised that he had actually practiced the cultivation method of the ogre. At the time, for her, Zen's only value that had been of use was breaking the enchanted barrier in the flood dragon's belly.

But after that, this young man had displayed his talent with an astonishing speed and consistency. With his talent, he could truly go a step further than Letitia on the path of martial arts.

Letitia sighed again. 'Unfortunately, his time is too short. He's anxious to save his sister. But given thirty years' time, he could, without a doubt, easily step into the Life and Death Realm.'

But what Letitia didn't know was that Zen's target was not just the Life and Death Realm.

The path of martial arts was long and without end. Zen's ultimate goal was to reach the peak of martial arts and explore the most fundamental mysteries of this world.

"It's a six again."

Zen had already taken ninety-four steps. He was already in the center of the abyss, from where he could see the big dice if he looked up.

Everyone's eyes were focused on Zen. He had gotten an extra chance to throw the dice again and that had left the audience speechless. His luck was far beyond anyone's imagination.

Zen threw the dice again and after a roll, it stopped at six yet again.

"Do I pass?"

Zen looked at the last disc, which was flashing azure, as if it was the reflection of the blue sky.

Before stepping on it, Zen turned to look at Letitia, gave her a faint smile, and took a step forward.

Swish!

A blue ray of light shot out from the disc and enveloped Zen. Soon, his figure disappeared.

Every warrior apart from Letitia and the members of the Cloud Hall were staring at where Zen had been standing, looks of pure envy in their eyes. They hadn't known what the first person to pass the Wheel of Fortune would be rewarded with, but they had seen the generous rewards that it had given them so far. Going by that rate, it was obvious that the first person to pass the wheel would be rewarded handsomely.

The warriors had waited dozens, even hundreds, of years, and had paid great prices just to light all the enchanted lamps from the celestial tomb.

There were many Life and Death Realm warriors and leaders of various sects among them. But in the end, they had been trumped by a junior at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

"Don't be discouraged. Getting first place doesn't mean he can obtain the immortal's legacy," someone said unconvincingly.

"That is true, but the first winner will definitely benefit a lot."

Most people were jealous when Zen left. Few had even coldly mocked him.

Letitia's smile didn't fade for a long time, her eyes shining like two crescent moons. Her amused joy wasn't because Zen had come first, but because he had smiled at her just before he took the final step.

When Zen had been enveloped by the azure light, his entire body seemed to disintegrate into tiny bits that kept rising.

This method of transportation was very similar to the one used on the fifth floor of the Dragon Soar Arena. Was this also a kind of long-distance transportation? Would he be transported to the Upper World?

But as he looked around him, Zen soon understood that it was only a kind of short-distance teleportation. He hadn't felt the passage of time then, but he was sure it hadn't been this short the last time he had been transported from the Dragon Soar Arena to the Upper World.

Now, Zen found himself standing in a dark palace. Waves of cold wind blew over him, and he saw a huge coffin standing in front of him.

"This is the immortal's coffin? It's so big!" Zen muttered curiously. The scene reminded him of the fairy palace where everything was incomparably huge.

Chapter 798 Purple Star Grand Palace

When Zen had first entered the fairy palace, he had found that everything in there was incomparably huge.

The trees, the animals, the structures—everything in there was huge. Could it be that all immortals were giants?

This was illogical.

Humans were a huge race. Once their strength reached a certain point, they could pass through the void and enter the Upper World.

Their bodies wouldn't change much even if they became immortals. Zen was still trying to solve this mystery.

Waves of cold wind blew through the darkness as Zen cautiously approached the huge coffin. Dense, complex patterns were engraved on the coffin's outer surface.

Zen tried to lift the lid of the coffin, but it did not budge, try as he might.

Zen circulated the power of dragon scales within his body. The forceful energy within him abruptly erupted, but the lid didn't move an inch.

"Such a sturdy coffin!" Zen exclaimed, amazed.

The explosion of his force could have overturned even a mountain, but it didn't affect the coffin in the slightest.

Zen had no choice but to explore further.

A gigantic natal chart appeared on the ground, with palm-sized words engraved on its surface. Zen's eyes widened as he saw the golden engravings.

"Six White, Seven Red, One White, this is..." Just as Zen recognized what it was, a weak voice sounded in the air.

"This is the Purple Star Astrology. It can tell a person his fortune. Young man, since you've come here, go stand on it."

Zen froze at the voice but quickly became wary. "Who is it?"

"Me? I am the owner of this tomb," the voice said. Zen heard a scratchy sound, like stone moving. He looked up to see a triangular stone board slowly moving away from the ceiling. A transparent crystal ball rolled out of the stone board and floated in the air.

There was a black shadow in the crystal ball, like a human watching him. There were no eyeballs in his two eyes—only two empty, black eye sockets staring at Zen.

Zen was nervous and bowed a little as he asked cautiously, "Are you Immortal Mist?"

"You don't have to be so nervous. A dead man can't be counted as an immortal. Strictly speaking, I count as Immortal Mist's last words." The crystal ball floated silently for a while, and the voice then continued, "It took me a very long time and a great number of cultivation techniques to keep my remnant soul. If I had to wait another thousand years, the time sand would have been of no use.

I mixed my remnant soul with the time sand so that I could have memories that lasted for thousands of years as I waited for a suitable person to appear. But after splitting my soul, I lost the right of reincarnation. Alas, this price!"

Immortal Mist continued speaking indistinctly, but Zen was able to understand more than half of what was being said, and his wariness gradually faded.

With such a weak remnant soul, it was impossible for Immortal Mist to take over Zen's body and wipe out his soul. Not to mention that Zen's soul had already reached the Fighting Soul Realm, and the two genuine dragons, the cyan and the red, were concealed deep within his mind.

Zen did not know what the time sand was, but he did understand that in order to preserve his soul to this day, Immortal Mist had given up the right of reincarnation.

People would normally have entered the path of reincarnation after their deaths.

Giving up the right was equivalent to cutting off all avenues of retreat and permanently killing himself.

Before immortals died, they had to experience the Five Aging Processes. They would die after, and there were no miraculous pills or medicines that could prolong their lives. Even their souls could not survive, and they had to enter the path of reincarnation.

In order to leave behind a wisp of his residual soul to this day, Immortal Mist had paid a heavy price.

"Excuse me, but why are you doing this?" Zen asked.

"Waiting for someone," Immortal Mist said softly.

"Waiting for whom?"

"You…"

Zen was not surprised by this answer.

The cyan dragon had already told him that his previous experience looked like a game. It was actually a Wheel of Fortune, and the goal was to pick out a powerful warrior who had the best luck.

Zen was the first one to pass the Wheel of Fortune, so it was obvious that he was the luckiest guy.

"To be honest, your luck isn't that good," Immortal Mist said with a hint of disappointment.

"Not that good?" Zen said, confused. He felt otherwise, given that he had come this far.

"You rolled the dice six times to get through the Wheel of Fortune that I had set up. According to my design, one has a one in three hundred chance to get a 'roll the dice again.' This means that out of 16.9 billion people, there is only one person who can do it. In other words, it's a one in 16.9 billion chance," Immortal Mist said plainly.

Zen was rendered speechless by his words. According to what Immortal Mist was saying, he would have to invite 16.9 billion people, each of whom would give it a try. Among them, only one would be able to pass the Wheel of Fortune after rolling the dice six times like him.

"However, I was looking for someone who could pass through the Wheel of Fortune in just one try," Immortal Mist continued.

"Rolling the dice and continuously getting 'roll the dice again?' This probability..." Zen had nothing to say. This was probably not luck, right? This had to be a blessing of the heavens!

"That's a one in 56 trillion chance," Immortal Mist said.

Zen's head was spinning at the large number. There were already tens of millions of people in Cloudy City. Oracle City and Magnolia City had a larger population than Cloudy City. But even if everyone in the entire Central Region was to roll the dice, it was still impossible for one person to meet Immortal Mist's requirements.

Seeing Zen roll his eyes, Immortal Mist smiled and said, "It's probably because my demands are too high."

"Indeed," Zen agreed, nodding.

"Stand there on the Purple Star Grand Palace. Let me gauge your luck," Immortal Mist said.

Zen raised a curious eyebrow as he asked the cyan dragon in his mind, "Does the human race have a way of calculating luck?"

"Looks like it. I recommend that you do the same," the cyan dragon suggested.

He had the same question in his heart.

He had speculated that Zen had the fate to lead the world of chaos, but this was only his speculation. Neither the red dragon nor the cyan dragon knew how to estimate people's luck. Only their eldest brother knew the method.

Since Immortal Mist could make calculations, the cyan dragon had naturally suggested it.

Zen nodded and stepped onto the Purple Star Grand Palace. As he walked forward, he asked, "Cyan Dragon, even an immortal of the human race can calculate luck. You are a genuine dragon. Why can't you do that?"

Although Zen was not clear on Immortal Mist's status in the Immortal World, he was certain of one thing—it was definitely incomparable to the cyan dragon's status in the Genuine Dragon World.

There were only 49 genuine dragons in the Genuine Dragon World.

But in the Upper World of the human race, immortals shouldn't be that rare.

But the whole of the Upper World was still blurry and incomplete to Zen. Until now, he had only been to the edge of the Genuine Dragon World, a small city that received warriors from the Lower World. And right now, Zen had too many unanswered questions in his mind.

The cyan dragon chuckled and said, "You underestimated the abilities of your human race. Among all the one hundred thousand great worlds, humans have occupied... Ha-ha! Let's talk about this later!"

Zen rolled his eyes. He then saw that the engravings of the palm-sized letters on the ground had begun to shine with a constantly circulating golden light. The light twisted into a fine line, and slithered back and forth.

Some of the light rays hit Zen's body, and then reflected onto a large character on the ground.

Zen, who was in the middle of the light, didn't feel anything strange. The crystal ball floated before the Purple Star Grand Palace. The darkness inside the crystal ball rolled continuously as if it were calculating Zen's luck.

After a long time, the crystal ball suddenly trembled and fell heavily to the ground. A crack appeared on its surface, like a blooming flower.

Zen was shocked. He stared at the crystal ball and asked, concerned, "Immortal Mist, are you okay?"

The black smoke in the crystal ball churned and finally took the faint form of a head. A weak yet surprised voice exclaimed, "You...you also have a token!"

Chapter 799 The Third Owner Of The Fairy Palace

Zen stared at the crack on the crystal ball, and heard Immortal Mist's increasingly weak voice, before saying worriedly, "I do have a token. Your crystal ball is broken. Are you all right?"

"Don't worry about that! Show me your token! Quick!" Immortal Mist said anxiously.

Zen had no doubt about what he should do. He took out the token from his space ring; the current fairy palace was of no use to him at all. The token with the word "wind" carved on it could only be a pass.

The crystal ball floated before Zen and Immortal Mist stared at the token in Zen's hand, sighing, "So that's how it is. You've become the new owner of the fairy palace."

"So, you…" Zen was shocked and at a loss for words.

Immortal Mist laughed, and the crystal ball started spinning towards a wall not too far away. A grinding sound emanated from within the wall, and it soon opened up. "Go and take out what's behind the wall."

Zen was curious as he walked up to the side of the wall. He extracted two tokens from behind it, one of them exactly the same as his, complete with the inscription of the word "wind" on it.

But the other token had the word "thunder" on it.

The shape and style of the tokens were almost exactly the same as Zen's. It was likely that all of the three tokens were from the fairy palace.

Seeing the change in Zen's expression, Immortal Mist said calmly, "I am the third owner of the fairy palace."

Zen took a deep breath. When he'd been in the fairy palace, he knew that it had had several owners before him. He had passed the test and become the new owner of the fairy palace. He hadn't expected that he would run into its third owner in this celestial tomb.

"Then this token…" Zen trailed off, looking quizzically at the token with the word "thunder" on it and wondering what its purpose was.

Immortal Mist smiled and said, "The token with the word 'thunder' is a token to the 'True Path.' The 'True Path' is also a cultivation path within the fairy palace, and even I have only activated a True Path."

"Where did the fairy palace come from? Why did the first owner leave such a palace behind?" Zen asked again.

"This fairy palace does not have a name. Since the first owner did not leave one, no one in this world is qualified to give it a name anymore. Not you, not me, not the second owner, not even one in all the one hundred thousand great worlds," Immortal Mist said.

Zen blinked, stunned.

There were a hundred thousand great worlds in the Upper World, and even the famous Genuine Dragon World could only be considered one in a hundred thousand. But no one in so many great worlds had the qualification to name this fairy palace? Unbelievable!

"Since you were able to become the owner of the fairy palace, I'll give you the token with the word 'thunder' as a gift. You can't enter the True Path now, but you can, once you reach the Life and Death Realm. I can't tell you too much about the origins of this fairy palace. I can only remind you that it is much bigger than you've imagined." Immortal Mist continued speaking. "Since you have become a temporary owner, you should have obtained the Contemplation Picture. Which one did you get?"

"Contemplation Picture?" Zen thought for a moment, nodded, and then said, "It's the Sun Moon Stars Picture."

The crystal ball trembled and fell heavily to the ground, producing a crisp "crack" sound. Another crack blossomed on the other side of the crystal ball.

"Are you alright?" Zen asked worriedly as he saw the two cracks on the crystal ball.

The crystal ball slowly floated up and lightly said, as if to brush it off, "It's nothing. Are you sure you have the Sun Moon Stars Picture?"

Zen nodded, and released a stream of demonic life vitality from his hand that emitted starlight.

"The starlight from the Sun Moon Stars Picture! Nice! You actually obtained the last Contemplation Picture! This is unbelievable! This picture was one that the first owner of the fairy palace observed and studied. He was such a tyrant with such supreme power," Immortal Mist muttered to himself.

"Who was the first owner of the fairy palace?" Zen asked curiously.

No one in the hundred thousand worlds had the right to name the fairy palace. This meant that the first owner of the fairy palace had a status that transcended that of anyone in a hundred thousand worlds. He was obviously so far above them.

How could Zen not be curious about such an identity?

"That's not something you can figure out right now and you don't need to know," Immortal Mist said. "Moreover, if I'm not mistaken, you are cultivating the ogre's cultivation method. The Heavenly Ogre Fist is indeed powerful and can devour other things, but it is still not the right path. We are human beings. Why did you cultivate another race's cultivation method?"

Zen rolled his eyes in disagreement at Immortal Mist's words.

If it weren't for the fact that the Heavenly Ogre Fist had shown its might at the most crucial moments, Zen would have died countless times over. He thought it was easy for Immortal Mist to ask such questions. But Zen actually wanted to practice one of the top cultivation methods of the human race. The problem, however, was that he didn't know whether or not the Central Region had it. Even if it did exist, it would not be Zen's turn to cultivate it.

Although Zen was a disciple of the Cloud Hall, the truth was that apart from the Heavenly Ogre Fist he had obtained from the Cloud Sect by accident, Zen had obtained all other resources by himself. The Cloud Sect and the Cloud Hall hadn't spent many resources on him. He was like an independent warrior, achieving everything all by himself.

Zen's expression told Immortal Mist that he had said something wrong. So Immortal Mist backtracked and said, "Never mind. I'm just a dead man. I can't even enter the path of reincarnation. How funny I was to lecture you on your cultivation method!"

For some reason, those words made Immortal Mist look rather pitiful in Zen's eyes.

What was it that had made him cut off his own soul and wait here for two thousand years in bitterness? Why did he willingly give up the right of reincarnation? What exactly was the secret?

"Immortal Mist, the cultivation methods I cultivate are a mess and not how they are supposed to be. But conditions were limited back then and I had no choice," Zen explained. He had practiced many cultivation methods that weren't exactly bad. A warrior who practiced any one of these cultivation methods could become a strong warrior and earn his name in the Central Region. But perhaps Immortal Mist thought them all average. Zen asked again, "Immortal Mist, you still haven't told me why you wanted to test my luck."

"I just realized I've delayed this too much because of you having a token to the fairy palace. Stand back. I still want to test your luck," Immortal Mist said, deflecting Zen's question.

When Zen stepped back, the words on the Purple Star Grand Palace began to shine again.

"The sun…"

"Shade Star…"

"Seven Red…"

"Eight White..."

"Four Green..."

Bits of golden light flashed, and more golden threads shot out by the second. Each golden thread grazed past Zen's body. They were so densely packed that they could easily drown him. Instead, they kept a safe distance from his body.

There were many types of fates in the Purple Star Astrology.

It was rather complicated; outsiders could barely understand it.

Immortal Mist kept muttering to himself as he began to calculate Zen's luck. His words were vague, causing Zen to strain to hear him clearly.

After about fifteen minutes, Immortal Mist's words finally became clearer.

"Two Black and Five Yellow. This is... No, no. The sun and the moon. This is... No. It's still not right!

Ah! I know now! You will lead the world of chaos!"

Before Immortal Mist could finish speaking, the crystal ball trembled once more and fell to the ground.

Crack!

Cracks had already appeared at the top and bottom of the crystal ball, and a spider web of cracks now appeared on the middle. Zen did not know whether or not Immortal Mist used his "eyes" to look. If he did look, the cracks would have blocked his view.

"Immortal Mist, are you alright?"

The crystal ball had dropped to the ground thrice in such a short time.

After the crystal ball had rolled on the ground for a full circle, it slowly floated up, and a desolate laugh rang out.

'Could his brain have become damaged?' Zen thought to himself. But this was just one fragment of Immortal Mist's soul; he technically shouldn't have a brain!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 800 The Tower Of Sin

The crystal ball was already cracked all over the surface and just one touch would surely shatter it to pieces.

Mist's wild laughter came through from the crystal ball but it had been laced with something akin to desolation as if it came from some powerful master who had once known great joy but also suffered great pain in his twilight years.

"Sir…" Zen murmured, pursing his lips as he mulled over the reason why Mist had let out such a hysterical laugh.

The laughter from the crystal ball continued, almost as if ignoring Zen. After a few minutes, Mist let out a few wheezes and finally calmed down, "The fate to lead the great world of chaos! Lead the great world of chaos!" he had exclaimed with a booming, disembodied voice. "It's the fate to lead the world of chaos!"

Zen was puzzled but as Mist told him his fortune, the cyan dragon had already been talking with his brother. "It seems that we do not need to consult our eldest brother anymore. This immortal has already confirmed our suspicions through Purple Star Astrology," he said. "It seems like Zen really has the fate to lead the great world of chaos!"

The red dragon nodded his head at his brother's words, "Indeed," he agreed. "Since this young man has such fate, and now that the great world has fallen, he will surely be the star of this era!"

The cyan dragon hummed, "If that's the case, there might still be a chance for us nine brothers. We are fortunate to reside in the brain of someone with such a grand fate." A chance for a turnaround - the thought greatly lifted the cyan dragon's heart with hope.

The red dragon heaved a deep, melancholic sigh, "Perhaps…"

Despite this moment between the two dragon brothers, Zen was still standing completely dumbfounded at the current state of things. Just what kind of fate had Mist foretold for him? The fate to lead the great world of chaos? He had never heard of such a thing before, not even from the cyan dragon.

Zen furrowed his brows, "Sir, what do you mean? What does leading the world of chaos mean?" he asked.

Mist turned a deaf ear and ignored his question, "Ha! Two thousand years!" he exclaimed. "Two thousand years I have waited for a person with a strong destiny. Who would've thought that it would be you?! Such a great destiny, truly a great fate!"

"Sir…" Zen was starting to get a bit impatient. Mist kept talking and mumbling nonsense to himself, not giving Zen any clear answer to what it all meant and what it all entailed for him.

"Wait!" Mist suddenly shouted in the midst of his incoherent mumbling. "Something is wrong. Since you have such a strong destiny, where is your guide?"

Zen was taken aback, "Guide?" he repeated before throwing his hands up in resignation. "I don't know." In his mind, however, he cursed at the old immortal, 'I have no idea what the hell you're even talking about!'

The crystal ball floated back and forth in front of Zen, almost as if it was pacing in front of him, "Let me see, let me see," Mist repeatedly mumbled to himself, lost in his train of thought. "You!" he suddenly stopped and faced Zen. "You have a younger sister!"

Zen rolled his eyes but humored the old man, "Sir, you are truly accurate!"

"Your sister is your guide! Where is she now?" Mist asked, the crystal ball floating closer towards Zen, eager for an answer.

The question suddenly rang bells in Zen's mind, 'I almost forgot!' he thought to himself. 'The person in front of me is the one who constructed this very celestial tomb and Eddie is still in it. If I ask him to kill Eddie…'

Zen had never feared of anything, even it was Eddie whom he had to face. It was true that Eddie was a strong warrior at the Life and Death Realm, but Zen was determined to advance his strength and skills to eventually surpass and defeat him. This challenge had never daunted him and he was sure as long as he reached the peak of the martial arts, no one would be a threat to him.

However, Eddie had taken away his sister and this crime did not warrant him a clean, fair fight. For Zen, he would be willing to pay whatever price and do whatever needed to be done to end Eddie's life because it was only through his death that he would be able to save Yan.

The sect-protecting array he had set up at Cloud Hall had been one of the methods that he devised to kill Eddie, specifically, using the Mad Trap. However, Eddie seemed to have the innate ability to avoid danger and was able to get away at the last moment.

Zen knew he still had a long way to go before he could defeat Eddie in a fight. The clock was also ticking and he had to narrow the gap between them before Eddie found another Purple Power Body and enacted his grand plans. Moreover, it was not only Zen who was training to get stronger. Eddie was also dedicated to increasing his power and eventually breaking through to the next realm. If he managed a breakthrough, then Zen was afraid that the sect-protecting array he had set up in the Cloud Hall wouldn't be enough to defend against Eddie.

Killing Eddie here and now would be best. With his current strength at the Life and Death Realm, he wouldn't be able to resist the killing force from the Wheel of Fortune.

He didn't care if it was dirty or if it was the easy way out. As long as Eddie died, Zen would be happy.

Cupping his hands politely, Zen spoke to Mist, "Sir, my sister's name is Yan but she was kidnapped by an evil person," he began. "That evil person is inside the Wheel of Fortune. If it's possible, can you help me kill him?"

Zen stared intently at the crystal, expectantly waiting for a reply.

Mist had become silent for a moment before replying, "Ah…I cannot do that. I'm sorry."

This answer took Zen by surprise, "Why?"

he asked in disbelief.

Mist cleared his throat and said, "The Wheel of Fortune had already been set in place two thousand years ago before my death. The first person that passes through it will automatically be sent to this place. The second, third, fourth… all the runner ups will be taken to their own paths in order to obtain their prizes. My purpose had been to select the warrior with the strongest luck, not to kill anyone," the immortal explained. "Eddie is just like an ant in the Life and Death Realm to me. But right now, I am nothing but a fragment of a soul, only lingering on with my last breath of life. I do not have the ability to help you kill anyone."

Zen's heart fell with disappointment, "I understand…"

But in truth, the immortal had lied to him. Of course he could change the Wheel of Fortune's rules and kill Eddie.

However, he was proficient in the Purple Star Astrology and he did not want to do anything that might mess with Zen's destiny. Since Yan was Zen's guide, she was also the person driving him forward towards excellence. Saving Yan and killing Eddie were Zen's motives. Therefore, Eddie actually played a significant role in Zen's fate.

If Mist took Eddie out now, it was highly likely that Zen might lose his way since he would be without the propelling force that would drive him to achieve his higher goals.

The immortal thought for a moment before once again speaking to Zen, "Your enemy is a Life and Death Realm master," he remarked. "But you are only at the seventh level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. The difference is great but it is not impossible for you to make up for the difference in a short period of time..."

Zen's eyes lit up, "How, Sir?"

he asked, eyes flashing with hope.

It was then that Mist finally revealed his true agenda, "At the back of this world is a continent on par with the four divine kingdoms," he told Zen. "It is a land of chaos and in its center there is a tower buried deep underground known as the Tower of Sin. Climb down this tower until you reach the bottom. Once you have done this, you may return and finally stand a chance to defeat your foe."

This revelation had Zen's shoulders aching with the weight of heavier responsibilities. He had thought that there would be a miraculous and quick way to defeat Eddie but there truly was no shortcuts in this world.

Things were already set in motion: Eddie was already gathering followers to build up his own divine kingdom while Zen had just killed a divine kingdom prince. The Central Region would see some changes soon while the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom would be sure to hunt Zen down.

Staying in the Central Region to cultivate would only give him trouble and he knew that as soon as he stepped out of Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array, Eddie would seek him out and kill him. In that case, it was next to impossible for him to venture out of the Cloud Hall and seek more opportunities in the Central Region to improve himself.

However, he could not hope for any breakthrough in his strength if he only confined himself to Cloud Hall.

Earlier, when he was still in the Wheel of Fortune, Zen had already considered whether or not he should cross the Chaotic Ocean of Stars to reach the divine kingdoms. But that was impossible now since he had already killed a prince and angered the Holy Maiden. Moreover… crossing the Chaotic Ocean of Stars was not an easy feat.

Mist's suggestion was actually not a bad one and might actually be the best course of action for Zen, however…

"What is truly your purpose? Why do you want me to go there?" he asked directly. The immortal had spent a great deal of effort building this celestial tomb and also designing the Wheel of Fortune to search for a man with a great destiny. The lengths with which he had also gone through to preserve this last shred of his soul were no joke. There was an ulterior motive behind this.

Mist did not give him a half-assed excuse and addressed his question righteously, "There is a huge secret hidden underneath the Tower of Sin. I need you to take inheritance of that secret."

Zen raised an eyebrow, "Why didn't you go when you were alive?" he asked curiously but also with a hint of sass.

Mist sighed, "I can't go to that place," he murmured sadly. "Don't ask me why! You'll know when you get there!"

With that, the huge coffin behind them suddenly started shaking before slowly opening. Mist turned to Zen, "These are the rewards I had planned to give to those who pass the Wheel of Fortune. Since you are the first, you can freely choose what you want. The rest will go to the runner-ups. I'll let you give out their rewards."

The array of treasures that lay in the coffin had Zen's eyes flashing with excitement, "You want me to decide?"

Chapter 801 Wait For Me

Zen had thought that the corpse of the immortal Mist was placed in the coffin, but he didn't expect that the coffin was filled with an abundant amount of treasures, and they would be used as rewards for those who had passed the Wheel of Fortune...

Zen felt very strange about such arrangement.

The celestial tomb had been built by Mist in order to lure warriors from the Central Region and he should have realized that, technically, the warriors that were to be lured would basically be tomb robbers. Zen was, technically, a tomb robber.

Zen couldn't really figure out how Mist's mind worked. He did not directly kill tomb robbers that came for his treasures but instead he used the Wheel of Fortune to test their luck and awarded the winners.

"Why reward us? The main reason everyone came here was to rob your tomb," Zen asked, disapprovingly.

The immortal Mist snorted, "I specialize in Karma," he declared knowingly. "Sowing good seeds brings forth good fortune. All of you here were lured in by me and some have even died in the Wheel of Fortune because of that. It's only right I give away proper compensation."

However, Zen didn't quite agree. Mist claimed to have studied and specialized in Karma, then shouldn't their compensation be death since they all came here with the ill intent of robbing the celestial tomb? Zen shrugged. It was Mist's decision and he shouldn't really interfere. Besides, there were treasures awaiting to be chosen.

He walked towards the coffin and saw several bones the color of jade. He took one look at the bones and then glanced back at the crystal ball.

"Those aren't mine. Those are the bones of a legendary beast," Mist quickly clarified.

Zen nodded and then realized that this celestial tomb wasn't Mist's. No matter how much he believed in karma, it was impossible for him to give his own bones away.

So without hesitation, Zen reached out and chose the bones of the legendary beast as his reward.

Obtaining the immortal's bones had been his most important mission ever since he entered the celestial tomb. These bones would help him in finding a way of unlocking the Eight Path Platforms. However, since he wouldn't have a chance to obtain the immortal's bones, maybe the bones of a legendary beast might suffice?

After checking out the remaining treasures, Zen turned to mist, "How do I give these treasures to the rest of the warriors?" he asked.

Mist pointed to his left, "There's a passageway over there," he said. "You can choose what to reward them with when they pass through the Wheel of Fortune. Someone's actually about to pass the test, so hurry it up!"

Zen pursed his lips and quickly made his way to the wall at the back of the coffin where a luminous curtain had been placed. It was quite similar to the Picture Slab in the Central Region and it allowed him to see what was happening in the Wheel of Fortune. Next to the curtain was a small transmission array that Zen could use to send the treasures to the runner-ups.

The situation at the Wheel of Fortune had taken him aback.

From what he remembered, Letitia had been standing right behind him before he passed, taking second place. Now, however, it seemed that Eddie and the Holy Maiden had caught up while Letitia was still standing at the same place. Eddie was actually very close to the finish line and would soon pass the test.

Zen mulled over his thoughts for a moment, 'What should I give that guy?'

Every item that had been in the coffin was invaluable. His eyes suddenly landed on a short sword that had been lying among the piles of treasures. Zen's face suddenly darkened as he held the sword in his hand.

The sword was a sacred weapon and he was damn well not going to give it to his greatest nemesis. He gripped the sword tight and stealthily slipped it into his space ring before pulling out a low-grade mysterious weapon from it. This weapon was the one he gathered to refine the heavenly essence in Central Region. At that time, he had been collecting all the low-grade mysterious weapons in Oracle City at the price of one supreme life vitality crystal.

At that moment, Eddie had just thrown a four and had seemed to just pass the Wheel of Fortune.

Without any hesitation, Zen threw the low-grade mysterious weapon into the small transmission array.

BUZZ!

The moment he threw it onto the transmission array, the short sword quickly vanished and was delivered to the runner-up.

Since Zen had taken the first place and had passed the Wheel of Fortune before him, Eddie had acknowledged that the young man's luck truly was better than his. However, that didn't mean his luck was bad altogether. At least, among the masters in the Central Region, no one had surpassed him in terms of luck. Just now, he had also passed the Wheel of Fortune and now he was awaiting his reward. Zen could be lucky this time but he posed no threat against Eddie. He was sure that he could kill him sooner or later.

After walking through the last disk, Eddie arrived at a passageway. At the end of the said passageway was a transmission array wherein a piece of treasure awaited.

Eddie's eyes flashed with excitement. He quickly walked forward but halted in his tracks to find the disappointing short sword lying there. "Is this the reward?" he scoffed.

"A low-grade mysterious weapon? What the hell is this?" He couldn't believe his eyes. Any random reward that appeared in the Wheel of Fortune had been tens of thousands of times better than this low-grade mysterious weapon. This was no better than trash in Eddie's eyes. How could such a dismal weapon appear at the tomb of a majestic immortal?

It was infuriatingly annoying but also a bit funny and the expression on his face was beyond words.

Zen couldn't help but sneer at the sight of Eddie's face on the luminous curtain, "Huh, were you hoping for a reward for robbing a tomb?" he mocked. "You should feel lucky I even gave you something at least."

Despite his disappointment, Eddie still took the mysterious weapon. It was still a celestial tomb and maybe there was something special hidden in it. He hoped there was something special in it, he really, really hoped.

Mist did not know whether to laugh or cry upon seeing this scene. It was unfortunate for Eddie that Zen had been the worthy champion of the Wheel of Fortune. It was Zen that Mist had been waiting for this whole time and the one he deemed worthy of fulfilling his final wish. He had to let him do whatever he wanted.

It wasn't long before a third person passed through the Wheel of Fortune and this time, it was Tia!

Every time a warrior passed through, they would be transported to the tunnel they had walked through before arriving at the abyss, so Letitia and Eddie would not meet.

Zen once again looked at the treasures: Netherworld Juncus, Flower of Life and Death, numerous sacred weapons, Dragon Cloud Immortal Root…

Since Mist had no intention of stopping him, Zen did not hesitate and threw half of the coffin's treasures down onto the transmission array.

BANG! BOOM!

Letitia walked forward towards the passageway after having been transported from the Wheel of Fortune. She hadn't expected the sudden cracking noises up ahead as if the tomb was about to collapse.

She made a turn at a corner and was extremely shocked at what she saw.

"So… so many treasures?!" she exclaimed, her eyes taking in all the sorts of treasure that awaited her.

One, in particular had her gasping, "Flower of Life and Death! And not just one…four! Four Flowers of Life and Death!" The flowers were the most important thing to Letitia and had been her main goal when she went in to explore the celestial tomb.

Next to the flowers were numerous swords that glinted with gold and released a powerful aura, "Sacred weapons…"

And a lot of other treasures as well.

There were so many that all of them piled up like some sort of small treasure mountain and each one was worth no less than a low-grade sacred weapon. Once she got over the initial shock, Letitia quickly waved her hand and secured all items into her space ring before walking away with a huge satisfied smile on her face.

Zen smiled at Letitia's happy gait. He thought that he should at least say goodbye to her before he left but he didn't really know what to say. He didn't know how long this trip would take him before he could come back.

Three years? Maybe five?

The thought of leaving for so long actually made him a bit depressed but it was a sacrifice he would have to make to save Yan. Rome was not built in a day and there were no shortcuts towards the path of defeating Eddie.

A fourth person had passed through the Wheel of Fortune and this time, it was the Holy Maiden. Zen narrowed his eyes at the woman who had almost killed him in cold vengeance earlier. Zen casually took out another low-grade mysterious weapon from his space ring—it was a huge hammer!

He immediately threw it onto the transmission array wherein it appeared at the passageway.

The Holy Maiden still sported a sour face, no doubt still mourning the prince's recent death. Walking at the end of the passageway, she finally came upon a huge hammer.

Her brows furrowed, "A mysterious weapon?" she whispered in disbelief.

As someone from the divine kingdom and a worshiped maiden at that kingdom, this was actually the first time she had seen such a low-level weapon!

"What the hell is this immortal!"

she shouted before grabbing the hammer and hurling it at the passageway's wall to vent out her anger. The wall was fine but the hammer had been broken into several pieces. The woman had quite a temper!

Mist felt a bit helpless at being cursed at for no reason at all. It wasn't his fault these people had bad beef with Zen who was awarding their venture to the tomb with weapons no better than trash. However, it wasn't really something he felt he should be bothered with and just let Zen do as he pleased.

For the next passers, Zen would usually throw down some worthless items if they were from the other sects. However, if it was someone from Cloud Hall, he would give them a few good treasures. People like Imogen and Morphens received some good items while Emmanuel, who had been lucky enough to survive the Wheel of Fortune, got a mere low-grade mysterious weapon. It all depended on Zen's mood. He didn't care if everyone was happy about what they got.

Pretty soon, the number of people in the Wheel of Fortune lessened until everyone had been able to return to the entrance of the celestial tomb through the passageway where a small crowd had formed to await their companions to join them.

Zen, on the other hand, remained behind the luminous curtain where he had been watching Letitia. He noticed that she kept looking around as if trying to find someone—trying to find him. Zen had wanted to burn a message rune, trying to give her a sign, trying to give her something, anything but he decided against it in the end. He just stared at Tia's image on the curtain before softly whispering, "Wait for me."

Chapter 802 Unable To Move

After everyone left, Immortal Mist's celestial tomb slowly went quiet, as if boiling water had been taken off a flame.

One of the many gigantic walls slowly moved away. The disturbed dust started to rise before slowly spreading out, and when the wall finally settled, Zen could see a giant transmission array inside.

It was ten times larger than any other transmission arrays he had ever seen.

It took a while but after the transmission array was slowly activated, Zen didn't hesitate and immediately stepped inside.

As of right now, there were two more tokens in his space ring. The token which was inscribed with the word "thunder" could open the True Path of the fairy palace. But Zen was temporarily unable to use it. He would probably have to wait until he had returned to the Eastern Region and entered the fairy palace again before he could use it.

Not only that, he had also plundered the remaining treasures in the huge coffin he had encountered before.

And the most important thing he had managed to find today was a Jade Butterfly that Immortal Mist had given him. But Immortal Mist's words had been a little vague. On the one hand, he had told Zen that the legacy he would encounter below the Tower of Sin was extremely important and was related to the rise and fall of the entire human race. On the other hand, he refused to tell Zen exactly what it was.

All he had explained was that after entering the bottom layer of the Tower of Sin, possessing a Jade Butterfly would give Zen a certain probability of activating the inheritance. However, his destination as well as his journey was extremely dangerous. That was one of the reasons why Immortal Mist had chosen a person with such great luck for it.

Those who were blessed with a great luck were known to be extremely tough and robust. It was extremely difficult to kill them, and even the chance of them dying naturally was quite low.

Zen had always been in danger and managed to survive every time. This was solid proof that he was blessed with the great luck required for such a journey.

"I have already told you everything that you need to know. Although you are fateful enough to lead the world of chaos, it doesn't mean that you will not die. Your luck only makes it very difficult for you to die. There have been instances in history where warriors with the same kind of blessed fate have died, so you should be careful. What happens now is dependent entirely on what your luck decides," Immortal Mist concluded.

Zen nodded heavily.

He must cherish his life and be careful as the fates of Yan and the entire Cloud Hall were now tied to his own.

Even though Eddie could not break the Cloud Hall's enchanted barrier for now, it did not mean that he was locked out forever. If he were to find another warrior who possessed a Purple Power Body, the situation and balance of powers in the Central Region would drastically change. What was more, the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom wasn't going to let him off the hook so easily.

Therefore, Zen was in a bad situation, and he was pressed for time too.

"Ready?" Immortal Mist asked.

"Yes," Zen nodded.

The next moment, several streams of incandescent light poured down from the top like mercury. They flowed along the massive transmission array, outlining a massive pattern. When the light had reached every single part of the transmission array, it suddenly erupted out with an intense radiance.

"Aargh!"

Zen felt a powerful force pull him from where he was standing, as if a giant's hand grabbed him tight, and was throwing him into the huge transmission channel above.

Zen's surroundings turned from a calm, natural environment to a dazzling blue. The transmission channel he was in right now was several times larger than the ones he had ever seen before, and he was shuttling through it at an extremely fast speed.

"Dammit! Space windstorm again!"

Long-distance teleportation arrays were bound to suffer from some unstable spots, and it was precisely at these weak spots that intense space windstorms would arise.

The first time he had encountered a space windstorm, Zen had meekly hidden behind Kenneth. Later on, he had managed to comprehend a bit of Space Law.

Today, Zen naturally did not fear such an ordinary space windstorm. His figure flashed with a dazzling light and like a nimble fish, he dove right into the heart of the space windstorm. Somehow, it was unable to harm him a single bit.

The space windstorm was incomparably massive and as Zen dove through it like a dolphin swimming through the ocean, he was able to sense the Space Law with ease.

Though he had comprehended the first level of the Space Law, using it allowed him to cross over a very short distance only. The longest he could travel was only about a hundred feet, and if he wanted to cross even farther, he needed to comprehend the second level of the Space Law.

Initially, Zen thought that he was in a level two windstorm and therefore, could comprehend the second level of the Space Law. However, after entering inside, he discovered that the space windstorm he was in was formed with the level one Space Law Power only.

Since he was unable to comprehend the second level of the Space Law, Zen was inevitably a little disappointed. After wandering around for a while, he saw that he had nothing to do here and left the blue space windstorm.

However, just as he left the blue space windstorm, he saw a massive purple space windstorm in front of him.

"That is..."

The purple space windstorm was streaked with several lines, and the Space Law Power contained within it was far beyond Zen's imagination. His heart tightened at the sight. Before he had a chance to dodge, he was pulled inside by the purple space windstorm.

Crack, crack, crack…

A terrifying power escaped from the space windstorm and tried to tear Zen's body.

Puff!

The power was so massive that Zen sprayed out a mouthful of blood within moments. The blood was also torn into confetti the instant it left his mouth.

No matter how much he struggled, his body was completely trapped inside the purple space windstorm.

If it wasn't a top-grade fairy weapon, his body would have been torn into pieces by the space windstorm long ago. But even though it could withstand the tearing power it was facing with difficulty, the pain was still unbearable. And since he had accidentally fallen down into the purple space windstorm, the injuries he was sustaining were even more severe.

"Which level is this space windstorm at? How can it be so strong?" To be perfectly honest, Zen was a bit scared. He hadn't thought that he would encounter such a powerful space windstorm in the transmission channel.

As the power of space windstorm twisted and strangled him, Zen slowly lost his consciousness. Much like a dead body in the ocean, he followed the waves of the space windstorm, silent and unconscious.

Time went by slowly.

In a continent far away from the Sky Northern Region, a huge whirlpool suddenly appeared in the sky. The whirlpool seemed to be a tear in the fabric of reality since one could hear distant explosions and rumbles from within it. The birds and the beasts hiding in the forest below immediately jumped into the sky and ran asunder.

Bang!

A figure shot down from the whirlpool and landed heavily on the ground.

It immediately sent up a large cloud of dust into the air the moment it landed and at the same time, it created a huge crater too.

Lying motionless in the crater, Zen stared blankly at the sky.

That purple space windstorm was so powerful that even though his body was a top-grade fairy weapon, he was still unable to resist its pull and had lost consciousness.

Although he had successfully passed through the space channel, his body was still severely injured. As of right now, he could not move at all. He could only open his eyes and stare blankly at the clouds that were gradually floating around in the sky.

"This is terrible..." Zen thought.

As he lay in the crater, his vision was extremely narrow. He didn't even know where he was.

About four hours later, a small head popped out of the edge of the crater.

It was a little boy about eight or nine years old. He looked strong, and his eyes were full of spirit.

Zen wanted to open his mouth to speak, but found that he couldn't even utter a sound. As for circulating his life vitality, that was even more impossible.

"Lori, look!" The boy was still looking at Zen and there was no trace of fear in his eyes as he called someone to come and see.

Pretty soon, a girl, also of his age, stuck her head out of the edge of the crater too. Her big eyes blinked twice, and her face revealed a terrified expression. "He's still alive. I'm going to tell my dad."

"Shh!" The boy stared at Zen and stopped the girl. "Don't tell your dad. I have a gift for you!"

The girl asked curiously, "What is it?"

The boy slowly slid down the edge of the crater. He was extremely agile. After sliding down to Zen's side, he reached out his hand and took off the ring on Zen's chest.

Zen's gaze immediately turned cold.

That was Letitia's space ring. Apart from the fact that it contained almost all of Zen's wealth, the ring itself was also very important to him.

The problem was that right now, Zen couldn't even move, let alone stop a child from taking his space ring. He merely watched the boy climb up.

"This is yours," the boy smiled.

"No! You stole this from someone else! I am going to tell your dad!" Seeing this, the girl became angry.

"Why are you like this? Forget it!" the boy said angrily, then turned around and left the edge of the crater.

With one last glance at Zen, the girl also followed him. Lying inside the crater, Zen heard the little girl call from far away, "If you don't return it, I'll tell your dad!"

Chapter 803 A Pasture

As the voices of the two children faded away, the surroundings once again became silent. Zen didn't even have the strength to observe his surroundings, let alone try to find out where he was.

Good thing was that he didn't have to be too nervous about losing the space ring. There was his mark on it which made it impossible for normal people to open it. His treasures were safe.

'Those two kids seemed like the children of commoners. I don't think there are powerful warriors in their families, which means even their families won't be able to open the space ring, ' he thought.

Right now, his biggest problem was to recover his strength and bring back movement into his muscles. At the very least, he had to be able to move his body.

As time passed, the sky gradually darkened and the surroundings became dim as they immersed themselves in the darkness.

After an unknown amount of time, Zen suddenly heard more footsteps coming his way, as well as the sound of some people talking.

"Is he here?"

"Yes, Dad!"

"Quick. Go take a look, but be careful."

Soon after, Zen saw a yellow light appear at the edge of the crater. Several burning torches and a few middle-aged men were peeking curiously at him from the edge of the crater.

'They are not warriors, ' Zen thought.

One of them stuck his head out and asked, "Who are you?"

Zen merely blinked, unable to utter a word.

"Bring him up first," another man ordered.

Immediately, two middle-aged men climbed down from the edge of the crater curiously. One of them tied a rope around Zen's body and threw the other end of the rope over the edge of the crater as he shouted, "Pull!"

Zen did not move an inch.

"Why is he so heavy?" someone remarked in surprise.

Although Zen was tall, he wasn't a strong-built man. According to their estimates, he should have only weighed slightly more than a hundred pounds. There were four adults tugging at the rope, but they failed to move him even one bit.

What they didn't know was that Zen's body had been refined several times and was now a fairy weapon, so the densities of his body and bones were far greater than those of an ordinary person.

In fact, during the process of cultivation, the density of warriors' bodies and bones increased constantly. Otherwise, their bodies wouldn't be able to withstand the strength of millions of pounds. What was more, Zen's body was much heavier than that of an ordinary warrior.

Those people eventually figured out a way to move Zen. They whispered among each other and after a while, Zen heard someone's whip suddenly whip the air. PAK! He then heard the sound of a horse's hoof. The force tugging the rope finally pulled Zen out of the crater.

The surroundings were pitch black now, but the darkness wasn't a hindrance to Zen's vision. After being washed by the sap of the divine tree, his eyes could easily overcome the obstruction of darkness.

Unfortunately, Zen was unable to move freely and could only allow himself to be placed on a cart. Once he was safely placed on the cart, he heard the sounds of four horses pulling him as they slowly moved forward.

Soon, Zen saw a tent out of the corner of his eye. It was built along a huge plain and clearly, the settlement was not a small tribe.

He felt slightly comforted. It seemed that this was the gathering place of a group of nomads.

"Friend, you should rest here," a middle-aged man lowered his head and told him. "This ring was taken from you by my son and should be returned to you." With that, he waved the space ring in front of Zen and placed it on his hand. Then he pulled the little boy before Zen and pinched his hand. "As for my child's theft, I've already taught him a lesson. You! Apologize to this uncle," he ordered the boy.

"Sorry..." The little boy seemed to have been crying for a long time, since his voice was a little hoarse.

Zen saw that there were also bloodstains on the boy's hands. Actually, he wanted to say that there was no need for them to do this.

But it was a pity that he had no way of making a sound. It was a little troublesome.

When those people left the tent, Zen was left alone in the bed.

Throughout the entire night, he silently circulated his life vitality, trying to recover his strength.

In order to resist the purple space windstorm, he had exhausted all of his life vitality. Now, all he could do was slowly absorb energy from nature.

Fortunately, his belly was still able to circulate energy. As his life vitality condensed, it was initially like a clump of purple fog that was slowly rotating inside his belly. Then, it began to circulate along the meridians in his body.

After he had been sucked into the purple space windstorm, a large amount of Space Law Power had penetrated his body and had been trapped within his meridians.

If he were an ordinary warrior, he would have been paralyzed.

However, his physique was special. Although his meridians were completely blocked by the Space Law Power, the interior of his body was not damaged. He only needed to remove the Space Law Power from his body, and then he could move.

However, it was not an easy task to remove the Space Law Power. Zen was going to have to expend some of his power to do so.

After a night of rest, he was able to remove all of the Space Law Power from his spine. Although his body was still immobile, he could at least move his neck and speak.

Early in the morning, the tent was opened. It was the little girl who was holding a pancake and a bag of water.

Just as she was about to feed the pancake to him, Zen suddenly asked with a smile, "What's your name?"

She stared at him with her watery eyes, completely stunned for a moment, and then shouted, "Dad, this freak can speak now!"

"Freak?" Zen didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

The moment she finished speaking, the tent was opened up once again by a number of middle-aged men who had saved him yesterday.

"Young man, you're awake?" the middle aged man in the lead asked him.

"What is this place?" Zen asked curiously.

A strange expression appeared on the man's face. He asked in bewilderment, "This is the ogre's pasture. You don't know?"

"Ogre's pasture?" A look of suspicion appeared on Zen's face. "What do you mean?"

The man revealed a helpless smile. "A pasture is a pasture. What other meaning could there be?"

Zen was even more puzzled.

If this was the ogre's pasture, why were there human herdsmen?

Although the ogres were much civilized than the demons and the ogres even had their own writings and cultural heritage, they were still a completely different and violent race. How could they live in peace with the humans?

Furthermore, judging by what Immortal Mist had said, this continent was a chaotic world, and it was even more impossible for such a thing to happen.

Just at this moment, Zen suddenly heard someone shout from outside, "They are here! The ogres are here. Guys, get out of the tents!"

The middle-aged man nodded at Zen and told him, "I'll be taking my leave first. The ogres have come to the pasture to pick people. According to the rules, we all need to go out."

The cover of the tent was still open, and Zen turned his head to the side to see that not far from him, there was a group of seven to eight hundred people standing neatly together on a field. There were both old and young, and women and children in the group.

In front of these people, there were two tall ogres. They were all grayish-brown in color and were around 10 feet tall. Two long fangs protruded from their mouths. Clearly, they must be the ogres that the announcer had spoken of.

Zen had seen ogres before, during the Blooded Test. The last level five unreal beast Zen had killed was an ogre too.

The two ogres moved around the crowd of people, and then one of them said arrogantly, "Today is the Governor's birthday. A banquet is going to be held. We need five people!"

The middle-aged man looked troubled. "My Lord! Aren't five people a little bit too much?"

"No bargaining! We need young people this time. You! You! You and you... Hmm, that little girl is not bad. She looks fresh and delicious. Bring her along as well!" The ogre pointed at the little girl.

When the middle-aged man heard this, his expression became even more troubled. "Sir, she doesn't qualify! The Governor said that he didn't want little girls under fourteen!"

"Why do you care so much? And whatever! Today, the Governor is very happy for his birthday, and he wants to eat something tender. Haw-haw!" As he spoke, he threw out a rope towards them.

The little girl wanted to escape, but there was no way she could escape the ogre's rope. She was instantly trapped.

Zen narrowed his eyes at this sight. A trace of killing intent appeared in his eyes. He finally understood that this was indeed the ogre's pasture. Humans were not the herdsmen, but the animals. Ogres cultivated and ate humans!

Chapter 804 Resist

In the human's pasture, cattle and sheep were kept as livestock. They would be fattened up and then killed and cooked for food.

In the ogres' pasture, humans were kept there like cows and goats, and they would be slaughtered when they were grown.

The immortal Mist had once said that this continent was extremely chaotic and humans were not the dominant race of this continent. It was not until this moment that Zen finally understood how weak humans were in this continent.

"Ahem!"

Zen suddenly coughed.

The two ogre envoys had sharp ears. They turned around, sensing that there was someone in the tent not far away.

"There's one missing. Didn't I tell you to summon everyone?" the ogre envoy said in an apparent tone of surprise.

The middle-aged man replied, "Sir, it is an outsider."

"Outsider? Is he from another pasture?" One of the ogre envoys strode towards Zen.

As Zen lay on the mattress, unable to move, his eyes stared coldly at the ogre. Traces of killing intent began forming in his eyes.

In the Central Region, the world was ruled by humans. What Zen had fought against were humans in battles. But on this continent where ogres ruled, Zen suddenly felt a strong sense of human identity. "Those who are not our kin are sure to have a different heart." Zen had never been as sympathetic to this phrase as he was now.

"Mm, this guy seems to be severely injured. Count him in too." The ogre envoy flipped open Zen's tent, took out a noose, and came forward, intending to wrap it around Zen's head.

Just as that rope was thrown out, a wisp of soul suddenly shot out from Zen's mind and probed into the ogre envoy's mind. It tore apart the ogre's soul and crushed his mind.

Everyone saw the ogre envoy grab the noose in his hand, but suddenly, his entire body shook. He then froze, standing there motionlessly.

The ogre had his back facing them. In fact, the crowd did not see that brown blood was flowing from his eyes. This ogre was already dead.

A gentle wind blew, causing the ogre to fall backwards. His tall body hit the ground with a heavy thump.

The other ogre envoy was shocked to see this. "What's going on?" he said fearfully.

The humans also looked at each other, not knowing what had happened. How had the ogre envoy fallen to the ground without warning?

The other ogre envoy pulled out a 10-foot long spear and walked cautiously towards Zen. When he saw that his fallen comrade had died, he pointed the spear at Zen and asked, "Human! What have you done?"

A hint of mockery appeared on Zen's face as he replied calmly, "I killed him."

"You killed him?" Disbelief was written all over the ogre envoy's face.

This human looked so weak! How could he possibly have killed an ogre?

Ogres were more powerful than humans; even a young ogre could easily tear a human apart. In the eyes of these ogres, humans were no different than docile sheep. The only difference was that sheep could not speak.

"Believe it or not, I don't care. You can die too." As Zen's eyes glinted, his soul left his body again and strangled the second ogre envoy's soul, just like he had done to the first one.

The second ogre envoy also fell to the ground with a thump.

Zen frowned as he looked at the two corpses that were lying on the ground not far away from him. There were close to eight hundred people watching these goings on and all of them were trembling with fear.

The middle-aged man in the lead gathered his courage and walked over. He looked at the two ogre envoys lying on the ground and said in a shaky voice, "I saved you, but why did you kill them?"

Zen's eyebrows knitted as if he could not comprehend the question. "They were trying to eat us. Of course they had to die," Zen replied calmly.

"Die? Why did they have to die? The ogres gave us large areas of pastures. So it's right for us to sacrifice some of our own to repay them," the middle-aged man said seriously.

Zen was struck dumb at this logic.

How could they still call themselves human if they thought like this? They might as well be reincarnated as pigs. If it weren't for the fact that Zen was not the kind of person who recklessly killed the innocent, he would have already killed the middle-aged man by now.

"That's right. The ogres treated us quite well, and they even brought us food in the cold winter. How could we disobey them?"

"The two ogre envoys are dead now. We'll all be doomed!"

"Only five of us were supposed to die, but now several hundred will die. What should we do?"

The onlookers seemed to agree with what the middle-aged man had said.

Zen's eyebrows furrowed deeper. These people had been kept there for a long time and really thought of themselves as the ogres' livestock. The problem was that usually, livestock didn't have brains. But did this group of humans have no brains either?

Zen didn't want to look at the helpless faces of these people, so he simply closed his eyes. He would rather focus on activating his meridians.

Someone stepped out of the crowd at this moment and said, "Dad, I think he's right. Why should we allow them to eat us? Just because they own this pasture?"

Zen's eyes flew open at the voice and came to rest on a boy who was standing before the middle-aged man and was holding a sharp wooden stick.

"Shut up! You know nothing. Our ancestors have lived here for generations, and we only need to contribute a few people during festivals so that we can live. How would we survive if we don't give ourselves to them?" The middle-aged man lectured. As he looked at the lifeless ogres lying on the ground, he heaved a conflicted sigh. "I'm afraid they will kill us all, now that two ogres have died."

"Haven't you thought of resisting?" The young boy's eyes were blazing with fury.

"Resist? Resist ogres?" The middle-aged man glared at him, "Isn't that the same as courting death?"

"We are going to die anyway. Why should we be lambs waiting to be slaughtered?" The boy said stubbornly.

Zen felt slightly gratified at the boy's words. Not all humans here were cowards, after all. There was finally one who had the backbone to stand up to the ogres.

These humans were livestock, reared by the ogres to be slaughtered for food. But humans were intelligent creatures. It was impossible for them to live like cattle or sheep which would only struggle when a knife was held to their necks. Some day, people would rebel.

Unfortunately, these humans were too weak.

"Boy, what's your name?" Zen asked.

"My name is Craig," The boy replied. His respect for Zen was obvious, probably because he had seen Zen kill two ogre envoys in the blink of an eye.

"I'll teach you how to resist," Zen said lightly.

"Really?" Craig looked excited and expectant, "Will you teach me what you did just now? That magic?"

He probably thought Zen had used some kind of magic to kill the two ogres since he hadn't seen Zen move at all.

Zen chuckled and said, "No, this is not magic. This is strength. Will the ogres come again?"

"Yes," Craig replied.

"Very well. You can watch when they come," Zen told him.

The other humans didn't know what to do. Their ancestors had lived in this grassland for generations, so they thought they were destined to be eaten up by the ogres. Although there were some people from the tribe who had thought of rebelling, they had been too weak and no match for the ogres. Such rebels usually died faster.

They could come up with no solution even after a long discussion and had no choice but to let it be. They all turned a blind eye to Zen.

On the other hand, it was Craig who stayed by Zen's side and protected him with the sharp wooden stick in his hand.

During this time, Zen continuously expelled the power of space within his body.

Several hours later, Zen felt a tremor coming from the ground. He looked up and saw a group of ogres mounted on large horses galloping angrily towards them. These gigantic horses were nearly twenty feet high, and they had bloodshot eyes. They were clearly not ordinary horses.

"What's going on? Where's the leader?" There were a dozen ogres in the group. The one in the lead was wearing a heavy helmet and had spikes on his shoulders. He looked extremely intimidating.

"Save your energy. I was the one who killed these two bags of trash," Zen said indifferently.

"You!" The leader of the ogres dismounted and looked at the two dead bodies in front of him. His ugly face looked doubtful. "Did you kill them?"

Craig stood on high alert behind Zen, the sharp wooden stick in his hand at the ready.

"Yes," Zen said, nodding. His head was the only part of him that he could move.

"How could these humans dare resist? This is interesting. Let's capture him and take him back!" the leader of the ogre group waved his hand and said.

Following his order, the group of ogres behind him dismounted from their horses and came forward to surround Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 805 The Ogre Governor (Part One)

In the perspective of the ogres, it seemed to be the case that humans were not much different from grazing animals like cattle or sheep. One of the only disparities between both species would be that human meat tasted a little more tender, albeit it was troublesome to continue consuming them. Humans took aggravatingly longer to reproduce more of their kind, and it was more taxing to cultivate them compared to unassuming cattle herds.

Because of this, the ogres would not normally slaughter humans for simple meals or for no reason at all. Rather, they were reserved for special occasions. The ogres kept the humans alive until it was appropriate to slaughter a portion of them during grand festivals and celebratory feasts.

Apart from their grand occasions and extensive banquets, the ogres had also begun killing humans for their sacrificial rites which happened every now and then. It was a complete anxiety-ridden, fearful, and traumatic experience for the human beings on the pasture, as they dreaded the days wherein they would be murdered for the ogres' pleasure. Every time they held such events, a dozen or so people had been butchered for the sake of their rites.

From time to time, there were indeed some humans who would rise to stubbornly resist against the imposing ogres. However, that kind of resistance proved to be futile on every occasion and had always resulted to absolutely nothing. It had always despairingly concluded in the same way even if their defiance stemmed from the need to live. No matter how much they had fought and no matter how desperate the humans had been, they could not change their fate—ending up in the hands of the ogres one way or another. Additionally, those who fought harder and struggled more to resist their impending doom typically died a more miserable and pathetic death, as their rebellious behaviors only angered the ogres more.

Lying on the bed, Zen's posture reflected his composure and his eyes looked calm as the tranquil waves of the sea.

In the eyes of the ogres, however, Zen merely appeared to be a sheep that could bite, not at all a threat to be concerned over.

What they were not aware of was that Zen considered them as ants despite their impressive heights and enormous builds.

As the group of ogres advanced towards him, the boy named Craig looked apprehensively with a stick held tightly in his sweaty palm. The boy appeared to be nervous as he made a visible gulp and slightly shivered. 'What is this piece of wood going to do against them?' the young man thought as he gripped the twig closer to his trembling body. Just like the others who had attempted before, Craig initially possessed a sense of courage to resist. It seemed inherent for human beings to be defiant in the face of great threats, with the need to stand up for themselves and to survive. However, Craig knew deep inside that he did not have the strength to defeat his enemy.

The exact moment the ogres arrived within arms' reach of the cowering boy, Zen's eyes immediately flashed. Within a blink of an eye, his soul whooshed out of his body and wreaked havoc among the group. The soul of the man had transformed into a mighty weapon that looked like a machete as it swept across the cluster of ogres as fast as an eagle soaring through the wind.

Without the ogres even having recognized the fact that they were being attacked, the amorphous machete had already entered into the minds of the ogres. Just as quick as Zen's soul had passed into their minds, the ogres' souls instantaneously shattered into pieces.

"Lub-dub! Lub-dub!"

The bodies of the ogres visibly reacted to the intrusion, as they violently jerked the moment their minds had been tampered with and promptly destroyed. After a second had passed, the previously brawny bodies of the ogres stiffened momentarily before collapsing and falling down hard on the ground.

There was no apparent change in Zen's stoic expression as he obliterated the ogres within a span of mere seconds. With an apathetic look on his face, he raised his head and fixed his gaze on the astonished leader of the group who numbly stood in the distance. Breathing out deeply, Zen closed his eyes in concentration.

In contrast to Zen's calm and indifferent behavior, Craig, who was previously terrified of the large ogres before Zen had attacked, appeared to be dumbstruck at what he had just witnessed.

The boy was formerly positioned close to Zen when the ogres approached. Upon sighting the six or seven ogres getting nearer and nearer to where they had stood, a brief moment of hopelessness washed over him and he was prepared to die in their hands. 'I would rather fight the ogres until my last breath than be eaten by them, ' he had thought in despondency as he had closed his eyes tightly with his knees almost buckling from nervousness and terror.

However, it turned out that he did not need to die by their hands when the soul of the young man charged ostentatiously and zipped between the ogres.

What he just saw was completely beyond him and it left him with a gaping mouth and eyes the size of saucers. The boy barely had any time to react before all of the ogres attacking them plummeted to the ground like fallen dominoes.

Staggering behind the man in shock, his hand flew up to his mouth and he gasped; what Zen had just executed could only be done by a God! Looking at the man who couldn't move on the bed with fascination, the young boy was definitely certain that he was a God sent by the heavens above. This was due to the fact that Craig had never seen such a feat achieved by a mere mortal before.

The boy felt his chest fill with undulated excitement and exhilaration at his realization; it was an absolute honor to stand by the side of a God. Moreover, he could not help but feel relieved at the fact that a powerful deity had protected him from being in the clutches of the ogres.

With mild exasperation, Zen did not know that Craig would be this thrilled because of him. Not minding the eager looks the boy was sending his way, he furrowed his eyebrows and intensely focused on expelling the troublesome force of space from his body. At the very least, he needed to be able to move his body properly.

According to what Mist had told him, the continent where he was currently in was also a mainland and it was significantly larger than the entirety of the Central Region. If it was to be compared with the others, it could be considered as on par with the continent wherein the four divine kingdoms were situated in. Pondering by himself, Zen deduced that there were also some ogre masters in this continent. With a newfound determination, he reflected that before the powerful ones managed to get him, he had to recover to his strongest and most powerful state.

The head of the pack who had given the orders for some of the ogres to attack stood not far away and blinked at the immobile man with shock, clearly astounded by the stunt Zen had just pulled. The feeling of being threatened had never washed over him before and it was definitely the first time the ogre had felt daunted. Just like a human had never undergone fear or trepidation when faced with sheep, he had never felt threatened by a human before.

However, witnessing a sheep that could kill a group of humans with simply a look, any man would be petrified. As his legs were seemingly stuck on the ground refusing to move, the head of the group of ogres undoubtedly felt the same.

Chapter 806 The Ogre Governor (Part Two)

Wobbling on his foot while he took a step backwards, the ogre stammered, "D..devil…"

The leader hurriedly mounted his horse and with a whip, he swiftly fled from the scene.

The martial artist originally planned to kill the head of the ogres along with the others. Unfortunately, the leader was beyond the reach of his soul power as he stood farther from the group, and Zen could not gather the strength to move as of the moment. It was definitely a pity that he could not slay him like the rest.

Sighing to himself, Zen decided to let him go for now. His priority right now was to make himself able to move as soon as possible due to the fact that they were not sure when the next threat would appear.

After having expelled the force of space from his spine, Zen began to focus his energy in expelling the force of space in his legs. Being unable to move had always been a nuisance to him and it became his most urgent problem to solve.

Right when Zen fixated on enabling his body to move once more, the boy standing next to him suddenly knelt down in veneration.

Upon seeing Craig go down on his knees and bow his head at the man, more and more people strode out of their tents and bent down on their knees in front of Zen.

It was as if they had seen a miracle happening right before their very eyes as someone single-handedly managed to kill all of those ogres in an instant. These long suffering human beings who had been kept against their will in the pasture as livestock thought that only God would be able to accomplish such an impossible task. It was as if in their eyes, Zen was the God they had been waiting for.

Living in the pasture, no one was willing to be eaten by the ogres. Perhaps it was their survival-of-the-fittest mentality working that they gave up a few members of their race every year in exchange for the existence of their tribe. It was a sacrifice no one wanted to do themselves but was something direly needed for their continuation.

With the sudden showcase of Zen's prowess in slaying the ogres, they had seen a silver lining in the midst of heavy and grey rain clouds.

It was a possibility they had suddenly considered; maybe Zen was the God that had been sent to this forsaken place to save them from the ogres.

Despite their display of respect and gratitude, Zen turned a blind eye to them. With his heart thudding loudly in his chest, he knew he did not have much time left. It was evident in his mind that the enemies about to come would be stronger ones, and all he could think about was to recover as soon as possible.

A couple of hours had passed by when Zen finally regained his senses in his legs. With the new ability to use the muscles on his legs, the young man turned over slightly and managed to sit upright. At the very least, he was not confined to lying completely still on the hard bed on the ground.

Four more hours later, both of Zen's hands had fully regained consciousness. At the same time, he took out a pill from his space ring and swallowed it unceremoniously. When he passed through the purple space windstorm which had already taken a great toll on him to begin with, his body retained many hidden injuries and deep gashes that were different from the space power remaining on his being.

Several hours passed by agonizingly slow as Zen continued to try his best and heal himself from the inside.

Blinking his eyes open, Zen scanned his surroundings and his vision picked up on something appearing on the verge of the prairie. It seemed as if the clump-like objects were too far away to identify clearly. Just by where Zen was sitting, it looked more like a black line in the distance.

Rubbing his eyes, Zen made sure that his vision was perfect before narrowing his eyes. Leaning closer, Zen finally made out that what he had seen just moments before was a line of numerous ogres who were offensively running towards him.

"Hundreds... No, thousands of ogres?"

Zen mumbled as he squinted his eyes further.

Although Zen had cultivated the killing way due to his experience of being challenged and provoked, he had not killed that many people up until that moment. Truthfully speaking, he had made sure that the people he slayed were usually those individuals who he thought deserved to die.

However, in Zen's line of reasoning, the army of ogres marching towards him were aliens, therefore, they were not the same species as him.

Standing up and looking at them with ferociousness, his tone echoed a sense of indifference when he stated with such conviction, "Since all of you like courting death so much, I hope you are ready to be killed and turn into my malicious aura."

The reactions of the other humans were much different than his. This was because when they had first heard the bold shouts of the ogres and subsequently turned to see them stomping towards where they stood, they all shrieked and immediately fled behind Zen, choosing to look at the man from afar.

Although the humans believed in their theory that Zen was a man of divinity, they still held doubt in their hearts about him possibly defeating thousands of ogres by himself. With feelings of trepidation and anxiety running through the human beings as they crowded in a corner, they muttered among themselves about the odds of Zen making it out of this encounter alive. However, they knew that a deity had the ability to work miracles on impossible situations. Although they lacked sense and were ignorant of the outside world, they still had high hopes that Zen would triumph over their doubts and surprise them once more with his strength.

"Ha!" Among the faceless mass of ogres, there proudly stood an ogre who adorned himself with a golden helmet and a matching golden armor. His booming voice rose through the throng of ogres which made his other comrades hold the reins of their tall horses and peer menacingly at Zen from hundreds of feet away.

"Human, have you come from the Purple Heart Sacred Place?"

The ogre leading the army inquired in a heavy, bellowing voice. All of the ogres behind him assented and yelled at their leader's question as a form of support.

'Purple Heart Sacred Place?' he frowned as he thought, the name of the place not ringing a bell or even giving him a blurry recollection of a memory. After much consideration, Zen's eyebrows shot up at the realization. "Is there a sacred place on this continent?" he mumbled to himself as a vague thought started to form in his head. Judging from the ogre's tone and how they had reacted to his demand, the location he had mentioned seemed to be a sacred place created by humans themselves.

Perhaps, he had mistaken on one thing: the status of humans on this particular continent was not as miserably low as he had imagined. There was a possibility that more of his race roamed the lands of the strange place.

Chapter 807 The Ogre Governor (Part Three)

Shaking his head at the threatening interrogation by the leader of the ogres, his expression visibly darkened. "You do not need to know where I come from," he spat out venomously.

Chuckling arrogantly, the ogre peered at him with condescending eyes before speaking once more, "I am not interested to know where you come from since you are not from the Purple Heart Sacred Place." Pointing a stubby finger towards him while the other ogres sniggered behind him, the ogre continued, "I will care no more about who you are! A puny seventh level war fighter like you dared to come to my territory and killed my people. You shall regret facing me and looking for death!"

After the leader of the army finished his spiel, he then promptly raised his arm and waved his hand as a command for the others to start attacking him. Within a short moment, the ground rumbled as if an earthquake passed by due to the thousands of ogres descending upon Zen hurriedly.

Briefly thinking back on what the ogre had called him, he quickly became angry at being titled a seventh level war fighter more than anything.

The face of Zen slightly hardened and there was a visible tick on his eyebrow from irritation. While the ogre talked, Zen realized that perhaps he called him the seventh level war fighter because he was at the seventh level of the Illuminating Soul Realm. 'Maybe this continent has marginally different terms for the realms, ' he hummed as he mused at the words of the head of the troop. It could also have been possible that only the ogres called realms this way.

Facing the ogres who viciously stomped towards him, he inaudibly inhaled and exhaled before preparing himself. The ogres were terribly wrong if they had assumed that Zen would retreat upon seeing their sheer number. Instead, he smirked to himself slightly before steadily walking forward.

Cracking his knuckles and stretching his neck from side to side, he grinned at the fact that it was fortunate that they did not know who Zen was--they also did not know what was coming for them. Just then, a soul at the Fighting Soul Realm emitted an extremely strong destructive power that made the field rumble. The source of it was Zen who had used his soul to crush the souls of his opponents, something that was easier for him to do than using his cultivation to defeat his enemies.

All of the ogres who had been savagely advancing towards him trembled and their eyes rolled towards the back of their head. The stallions whinnied in fright before taking off confusedly amidst the chaos as the ogres riding them fell of their saddles and crashed onto the ground.

From the beginning of the attack until the end, Zen did not even feel the need to raise his hands even once. The man who had radiated such an immense amount of power just silently walked in the middle of the staggering troops that consisted of thousands of infuriated ogres.

A rogue ogre that emerged from the crowd suddenly waved his wolf fang hammer and stormed towards Zen. Even though Zen had caught on his presence and instantly killed his soul, the brawny ogre still managed to swing his hammer at Zen before collapsing himself.

"Bam!" a loud sound echoed throughout the field as the hammer made contact.

The man was sent flying by the wolf fang hammer over the heads of the ogres and landed on the ground with a faint thud. Although he could have been seriously harmed by such an offensive attack, Zen merely brushed off the stray grass on his pants before getting up from the ground unharmed. Similar to Death going for a stroll in the middle of a catastrophic event, he determinedly continued to slowly walk forward.

Gasping aloud, the humans recoiling from behind Zen all covered their mouths with their hands full of shock. Never before had they seen someone so extraordinary and powerful that could withstand such an upfront attack and survive like nothing had happened. With tears flowing to his cheeks, Craig clasped his hands together and preached, "God, he is the God!"

Just like human beings, it was an undeniable fact that ogres were also living creatures. As such, it was the inherent instinct of all living beings that cohabitated this world to dread the act of dying. Although the ogres embodied the reputation of being fearsome, valiant, and fierce, it would be idiotic of them to be unafraid of death itself.

Upon witnessing all of their fellow ogres that approached the nonchalant man all perish in the exact same strange way, they all became hesitant in moving forward. Moreover, who would dare rush over after seeing the power the man held right before their eyes? With the abrupt and horrifying realization, the ogres reined in their horses and frantically moved to the sides to avoid Zen.

The ogre army all sported looks of panic as the man passed by, silently daring anyone to block his way and suffer the same fate of the ogres who had perished before. It was a dramatic sight indeed, as the once formidable army charging towards the man like a raging torrent was now split apart by Zen's force alone, as if a powerful wave separated them into two sides.

Arriving at his destination, right in front of Zen stood the towering golden-armored ogre leader. Looking at him with a half-lidded gaze and a lazy grin, Zen was definitely sure he was like the others who had underestimated him and talked trash before fighting him themselves.

The ogre was the governor of this army and in his eyes, Zen's cultivation base was at a pathetically low level that would not withstand the brunt of their attacks. With a shiver running up his spine, he suddenly came upon the knowledge that Zen was attacking with his soul instead of his cultivation unlike what they had expected of a warrior.

The ogre leader hesitated for a moment and glanced at his petrified squad before taking matters into his own hands and rushing towards Zen ferociously. As their leader, he should be able to show bravery as an example to his doubtful army—he was labelled the strongest one out of all of them for something after all.

Gritting his teeth, he was well aware of the fact that ogres did not specialize in soul attacks and enduring the power from it. In this chaotic and complex continent, every race had to strengthen themselves to make up for their shortcomings and the skills that they lacked to ward off others. What Zen did not know was the fact that the ogre governor had a secret weapon that could resist soul attacks.

'As long as his soul attacks are useless on me, he will be at my mercy!' the ogre sadistically thought to himself as his eyes darkened with purpose. It was the only thought running through the mind of the governor when he yelled a battle cry and rushed towards Zen.

Chapter 808 Unlock The Path Platforms

The ogre governor was humongous and his size was comparable to that of a small mountain. He rode astride a horse, further adding to his intimidating height.

The ogre let out a deep growl before rushing headfirst towards Zen. The speed at which he and his horse ran was even made more daunting by the red forceful energy that emanated from his body and surrounded him. As he got close, the ogre leaped off from his horse, flying through the air as he brandished his long spear viciously towards Zen.

Zen had been rooted to his spot the entire time and even when the spear's point had gotten so close, he still stood his ground.

That didn't mean that the force of the forceful energy the ogre had unleashed was light. In fact, its strike would be able to raze a small mountain to the ground instantly! Despite this, however, Zen remained unyielding.

"Go to hell!"

An earthshaking rage burst forth from the ogre. The strange human brat in front of him had actually managed to kill half of his soldiers and his blood was thirsty for revenge.

His spear reached Zen, backed with a raging force that was sure to flatten any opponent. However, instead of killing Zen, something strange happened. Zen's soul had shot out from the spot between his eyebrows and rushed towards the mind of the ogre governor.

However, before Zen could reach his opponent's head, a faint yellow light flashed and a protective barrier suddenly wrapped itself around the ogre governor's body.

Zen scoffed mockingly. "Is it a treasure used to defend soul attacks? Too bad its grade is too low!"

he said, smiling faintly.

He assumed that the governor's treasure was a top-grade spiritual weapon. Had it been a top-grade fairy or sacred weapon, it might've succeeded in blocking Zen's soul attack, but it was merely a spiritual weapon and stood no chance against his soul which was in the Fighting Soul Realm.

"Crack!"

"Pah!"

It was the sound of two things breaking. The faint yellow protective barrier had been rendered useless and quickly shattered against Zen's soul attack. Without the barrier, Zen's soul had been able to fully penetrate deep into the ogre governor's mind and shatter his fragile soul into pieces.

The other sound had been the ogre governor's spear hitting Zen's body. The spear, thrown by the ogre's mighty strength and forceful energy, struck Zen with an explosive force so loud it was as if a giant firecracker had just set itself off in front of him.

The sound was deafening and frightened everyone present. Meanwhile, Zen's body slid along the grassland violently, leaving a ditch ten feet deep and a thousand feet long on the grassland.

Zen snorted indifferently. "Your strength is not too bad," he remarked lightly.

He then pushed himself off the ground and flipped his body in the air. He jumped out of the ditch effortlessly and even brushed off the dirt on his body.

The power of space within his body had still not been completely expelled so he could only move his arms and legs awkwardly.

The ogre governor, on the other hand, now stood deathly still with his spear as if he was a clay figurine.

Seeing their governor like this, the other ogres completely fell silent. Their governor, who had been in the middle of dealing a strong attack, suddenly halted and froze still as if he was under a spell. They had no idea of what had just transpired between their governor and his strange, human opponent.

At that moment, a gust of wind blew across the grassland and the ogre governor's body fell to the ground with an echoing thud. The ogre army rose in an uproar.

"The governor…. The governor is dead!"

"He had just become the tenth level war fighter this year! How can he die at the hands of a human kid?"

"That kid is not human! He's the incarnation of the devil!"

"Even the lightning rhinoceros would've fractured its skull if it was hit by our governor. Look at the human kid! He's virtually unharmed! It's incredible!"

Their governor's death made them all tremble in fear, but what was more terrifying was that even after being supposedly hit by the powerful blow from their now-deceased governor, Zen still stood completely unharmed.

To Zen, on the other hand, these ogres were like moths and he was the dangerous flame. Anyone that came close would surely be killed by him.

However, despite being simple-minded, these ogres knew the concept of self-preservation. After witnessing their commander's death, all of them turned their horses and ran away.

The ogre army had arrived so aggressively but left so cowardly, only leaving dead, unwounded corpses in their wake.

"He… He defeated the entire army of ogres all on his own…"

"He is our true God…"

The humans had all gotten on their knees and prostrated themselves on the ground, all groveling in front of Zen. The only ones who did not kneel were the two children that had found him at the beginning. The little boy and girl hid in the corner and only looked at Zen curiously from afar. They were still too young to understand what had happened and what exactly a "god" was. All they knew was that Zen was an extraordinary person.

Zen sighed, "I've killed those ogres so I don't think they'll come back anytime soon. You can escape now," he suggested.

The ogres that had come were most probably a garrison army of the ogre force. After the death of a governor of their army, the ogre force would surely send someone to investigate and, even if Zen was very confident with his own strength, he didn't think that he'd be able to defeat the force of the entire ogre race all by himself.

"We're not going anywhere!"

"We only follow the True Gods!"

"Right! Only God can guide us!"

It was important to take note that these humans had been kept within the designated pasture to reproduce and serve as food for the ogres. None of them knew where they were nor were they aware of other humans that lived outside the pasture. It was understandable that their ignorance and Zen's display of extreme strength had led to the conclusion of him being their God.

Zen could feel a headache coming from the way his temples throbbed from annoyance.

He had pitied these humans at first because they belonged to the same race. However, the reason why he came to this chaotic continent was not to become a pseudo-God of a tribe but to find the Tower of Sin and accomplish his own mission. He didn't even have the time nor the energy to care about them. Besides, even if he had wanted to protect them, Zen didn't think that he actually had the ability to do so. He might be strong but he was only one man.

However, the way they prostrated themselves in front of him and groveled shook his resolve. He was a man of humanity after all. Zen sighed, "Let's leave this place together then."

Technically, it was none of his business whether these people lived or died but he was not a cold-hearted person. He couldn't just leave them behind.

He was now like an oracle to them and his orders were the orders of God himself.

It was no problem mobilizing the tribe. They were nomadic and constantly migrated all over the pasture. Pretty soon, they had packed up their tents and belongings and started their journey.

Before they left, the head of the tribe and two strong men had presented a cart to Zen for him to sit on.

He did not refuse since he still had to get rid of the space force within his body and restore it to its peak. Apart from that, he had another more important thing to do, that was to unlock the Path Platforms.

After reaching a certain level in body refinement, one would then have to unlock the Path Platforms. There were eight Path Platforms, each extremely difficult and arduous to build. The red dragon had promised Zen that if he unlocked the Path Platforms, then he would teach him the Transcendent Divine Might.

Zen sat crossed-legged inside the cart, not really minding the constant rolling and jiggling over the uneven, grassy hills.

Life vitality constantly surged through his body and it took him half a day to get rid of all the space force within him.

Zen then gently pressed the space ring on his chest before a bone suddenly appeared on his hand. In the beginning, Zen had ventured inside Mist's celestial tomb with the goal of obtaining the immortal's bone to unlock the Eight Path Platforms. However, the celestial tomb wasn't just a loot haven that he had initially thought but was actually a place Mist had specially designed to select someone with great destiny through the Wheel of Fortune.

Though he had won the Wheel of Fortune, Zen was unable to get the immortal's bone but had managed to obtain a legendary beast's bones instead.

The treasures in Mist's celestial tomb were almost on par with the sacred weapons and each one had great value. Mist had told him that the bones he had chosen once belonged to a Cloud-chasing Lion.

The Cloud-chasing Lion and the super legendary beast kylin were close relatives, with the former being classified as an ordinary legendary beast. Regardless, it should be enough since Zen didn't think he could use the bone of a super legendary beast for refinement anyway.

The eight Path Platforms were as follows: the Hundred Meetings Platform, the Divine Gate Platform, the Wind Gate Platform, the Energy Sea Platform, the Cyan Spirit Platform, the Shining Sea Platform, the Life Platform, and finally, the Death Platform.

The unlocking of the Eight Path Platforms served as the threshold for the mastery of the body refinement technique. Though Zen had tempered his body and was already able to form forceful energy, the unlocking of the Path Platforms shall take him to new heights and allow him to finally learn the Transcendent Divine Might from the red dragon.

Zen held the bone gently in his hand before willing the violent forceful energy to surge out from his body.

Life vitality and forceful energy were two completely different things.

Life vitality could be compared to a cloud of mist that became thicker and more refined as one ascended a level.

Forceful energy, on the other hand, was extremely viscous and flowed very slowly within the body. It was produced by the warrior himself and could not be transformed from the energy between the heaven and the earth thus. It could not be replenished without limit.

The forceful energy infused itself onto the bone and, as it did, a sudden, violent roar echoed in Zen's ears, shocking him greatly.

Chapter 809 Warning

This lion's roar originated from the vicious nature of the Cloud-chasing Lion's bone.

Even a creature like a flood dragon that was close to a legendary beast could preserve its vicious nature in its bones for a long time. And here, the Cloud-chasing Lion was a genuine legendary beast. It was a close relative of another powerful super legendary beast, the kylin.

When Zen's forceful energy entered the bone, it activated the vicious nature within it.

Just as the lion's roar burst out, Zen circulated his life vitality to wrap around the bone, suppressing the vicious nature within.

Even though he had forcefully suppressed the sound of the lion's roar by ninety-nine percent, there was still a weak sound that could be heard.

The several hundred people surrounding Zen looked at each other, ashen-faced. Those with weaker physiques trembled as their legs gave way and they fell to the ground.

Zen heaved a sigh of relief. If the vicious nature of this bone had really erupted, then none of the surrounding commoners would have survived.

After he soaked the bone in the forceful energy, Zen began to refine the bone, continuously absorbing the essence within it.

Zen had to form Eight Path Platforms within his body. He was now using the essence within this bone to forge the Hundred Meetings Platform.

A milky white mist appeared between his eyebrows as he continued to absorb the little bits of essence of the bone. One could faintly see a platform slowly forming within the white mist.

Even after absorbing the entire bone, the Hundred Meetings Platform still hadn't been built between his eyebrows.

Forming Eight Path Platforms was a difficult threshold for body refiners. It wouldn't be easy even if Zen used the legendary beast's bone.

One bone wasn't enough. Zen took out another bone from his space ring. This time, he was much more careful and wrapped his life vitality around it to prevent the vicious nature of the Cloud-chasing Lion from leaking out.

As Zen refined the legendary beast's bones, the mist on his Hundred Meetings Platform gradually dissipated. If he were to close his eyes and look inside, he would see a white Path Platform standing there.

At this moment, the forceful energy, which was originally evenly distributed throughout his body, began to slowly gather at the Hundred Meetings Platform and circulate at a uniform speed.

The Hundred Meetings Platform was the foundation of the Eight Path Platforms. After forming the Hundred Meetings Platform, the speed of producing the forceful energy would multiply, and each of the Eight Path Platforms in the body refiner's body would have its own use. Once all the Eight Path Platforms were activated, a body refiner would be able to clash with a warrior at the Life and Death Realm just by relying on the might of the forceful energy.

This was only for ordinary body refiners. As for Zen, whose body was now a top-grade fairy weapon, his power was unimaginable as his forceful energy pulsed.

During this process, Zen had already traveled quite some distance while sitting on the cart.

The scenery of this continent was completely different from that of the Central Region. It was pitch black everywhere, once they had left the pasture. The soil, mountains, and plants were all steeped in darkness, giving off an eerie feeling.

Zen was surprised that they did not encounter a single ogre or even a single living creature on the way.

But the quieter it was, the more likely it was that danger was lurking in the shadows. Zen understood this. He could even vaguely sense that there was more than one living creature spying on them from the shadows, and that they came from all directions.

Zen's soul had become sensitive after it had entered the Fighting Soul Realm. He wouldn't have been able to sense these prying eyes in the past.

'What exactly is going on? Even if the ogres are spying on us, why didn't they make a move?' The doubt in Zen's heart grew.

However, this was his first time visiting this continent. He was not familiar with this place and did not know much about the powers on this continent. And because of this, he could only bring this group of people to wander around.

What Zen didn't know was that the powers that were spying on him were also puzzled.

And this was because the place where Zen had arrived through the long-distance transmission array was very complicated.

This was the northeast corner of the chaotic continent, called the Heavenly Eagle Prairie. This was originally a fertile piece of land, and humans had settled here ten thousand years ago. However, humans didn't rule the chaotic continent. Until now, they had been at a stage where hundreds of races were competing with each other for absolute hegemony. The disputes between various races were chaotic and too many.

Five thousand years ago, the ogres had started a war and destroyed the civilization that mankind had built. In the present, this area was torn apart by three forces, humans, Demon Nights and ogres.

After thousands of years of fighting, the three races were unwilling to give up on each other. In the end, they had set up their own bases and guarded them with all their might, creating a delicate balance that had now led to the current situation.

Zen had brought his people to the midst of these three races.

There had not been a war in the Heavenly Eagle Prairie for more than ten years because of the understanding among them. The chaos had been suppressed enough for the three great races to develop themselves around their bases.

But what no one had expected was for a mysterious human to suddenly appear at the edge of the ogre's territory, in the pasture that had originally been used to raise humans. This mysterious human had, with his strength alone, massacred over a thousand ogre warriors. He had majestically led his people forward after killing an ogre governor.

By the time the ogres had reacted, Zen had already led his people into the complicated triangle.

A hundred miles away from Zen, two ogre war generals stood on top of the city walls. Both of them looked puzzled.

"Where did this human kid come from?"

"It is reported that he appeared suddenly in a pasture, without warning. Someone even saw a giant cloud of vitality that day. It seemed to contain the fluctuations of the space channel."

"Taking away a few humans is a small matter not worth mentioning. I'm just afraid that the kid has some sort of scheme boiling within him."

"Humans are weak, but they have always been cunning. I think we should stop them."

"But where he is right now is too complicated. If we were to move, the humans would probably act. I'm also afraid that the Demon Night would also not be able to restrain themselves."

The two ogre war generals were very hesitant, but in the end, one of them said, "Report this to the elder. That brat brings along a group of ordinary people and their speed is quite low. We still have time to consider."

It would take Zen less than five minutes to cover a hundred miles. But this group of ordinary people was slowing him down. And now, it would take several days and nights for this group of hundreds of people to move forward.

Two hundred miles away from Zen, three other humans were equally puzzled.

They wore armors belonging to the generals of the army. One of them, a middle-aged man with a full beard, sat at the top of a fortress and laughed mischievously. "Where did this guy come from? He is clearly only a level seven war fighter, but he actually went to the ogre's pasture and took away several hundred people. What is he trying to do?"

"Who cares if he's dead? We'll just pretend we didn't see him. It's not easy to have ten years of peace. If we were to appear, then we might have to fight," another said coldly.

"No. I have to report it to my father. This matter is rather strange. We can't make a decision without authorization. No matter where that kid came from, he is a human after all." The last to speak was a youth. He was extremely handsome, had a head of silver hair, and his eyes flashed with a green light.

The bearded middle-aged man shook his head. "I have to report this. But the biggest problem is that the kid is heading for the Demon Night's place."

The three races were closely watching Zen's group.

On the first day, they walked forty miles.

On the next day, they walked forty-five miles.

On the third day, they walked thirty miles.

On the fourth day, an arrow, thick as an arm, abruptly shot out from ten miles away, with a loud whistling sound.

It was made from the bone of some fierce beast and extremely special runes flickered on it.

The bone arrow was shot from afar. It was aimed at no one and fell to the ground before Zen. Half of the arrow was stuck in the ground.

Looking at the bone arrow in front of him, Zen frowned and said, "Is this a warning?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 810 Kill A War General

The arrow landed in front of Zen, not because the archer missed his target but because it was undoubtedly a warning.

If Zen and his people continued marching ahead, the next arrow would not be aimed at the ground but at him.

Zen hesitated, considering his options when a large black tree not far away flashed a green light. Then it rumbled, shook vigorously and pulled out its thick roots from the ground, starting trudging towards Zen.

When the others saw this freakish sight, they all panicked and hid behind Zen.

Zen, however, was pretty calm. It was not the first time that he had seen a walking tree. He had seen one on the Cloud Road before, though it wasn't this big.

The big tree came lumbering towards Zen, waved its thick branches, and said in a deep voice, "Human, leave this place. You cannot pass."

It was a warning. Zen would have to change his plans and his route.

Zen's gaze flickered. If it were just him, he would have gone anywhere he wanted. But he was now leading hundreds of people, so he couldn't take a risk.

Suddenly a muffled voice came from behind Zen, "Kid, I think you'd better stay."

Zen turned around and saw hundreds of ogres standing before him.

Most of these ogres had the strength similar to that of the ogre governor, but two ogres in particular were stronger. The one who had just spoken was one of them.

Zen regarded the two ogres, a faint smile playing on his lips. "Why do you want us to stay?" he asked.

"Either you stay here or you die," the ogre said in an arrogant voice. "You are just a level seven war fighter. You simply don't have the ability to fight!"

Zen was also very curious about the cultivation hierarchy of this continent, so he asked, "If I'm a level seven war fighter, what are you?"

"I am not a war fighter. I am a level five war general," the ogre replied proudly.

"Is that so?" A faint smile appeared on Zen's face. The forceful energy within his body suddenly erupted, and he sped off in the blink of an eye. This was the benefit of refining his body—being able to power up in such a short period of time.

He covered the distance of several hundred feet in a flash and arrived in front of the ogre, ready to crash into him.

The ogre was a level five war general. He wasn't slow but the problem was that ogres had always relied on their brute forces. No human dared to go head to head with the ogres, because it would be like smashing an egg against a rock. In the ogre's eyes, Zen was courting death.

The ogre smiled wickedly when he saw the human charging towards him all alone. He loved to show off his strength, but no human had ever dared to compete with him so this amused him.

"Since you want to die, I'll grant you your wish, ha-ha!" The ogre laughed. He didn't dodge. Instead, he dashed towards Zen too.

Zen's eyes narrowed as he neared the ogre, and the force of five hundred dragon scales suddenly erupted inside him. The forceful energy within his body was stimulated once again as the power in his entire body reached a terrifyingly high level.

Adult ogres were usually ten feet tall; much taller than humans. Whether it was the body or the bones, they were all much stronger than humans. Therefore, most ogres focused on body refinement. Their bodies were their weapons.

But this ogre didn't realize that Zen's body wasn't weak at all.

Instead it was a top-grade fairy weapon, which simply couldn't be destroyed.

Zen used all his strength when he collided with the ogre. The others were flabbergasted!

There was a loud boom and the ogre turned into a bloody mist. His brown-colored blood exploded like fireworks. The armor, the ornaments and his sleeves were shattered, and the debris scattered in all directions.

Zen, who was now floating in the air, had a faint layer of purplish-black protective life vitality around his body. This layer of life vitality was actually being used to block the sputtering blood.

It was unbelievable. An ogre war general was smashed into pieces by Zen just like that.

The other ogres stared blankly at Zen. One of their leaders, a level five war general, had been blown to smithereens by this human.

Why was that?

Ogres were slow and stupid. They weren't known for their intellectual prowess and couldn't react in time.

Zen stood in the air, proudly looking down at the ogres. He asked coldly, "What's wrong? Do you still want me to stay?"

The ogres were the only ones that were shocked by Zen's powers. His group of people were pretty calm. These humans were not warriors, so they didn't have any concept of the various levels of cultivation. Whether Zen killed an ordinary ogre, an ogre governor, or a level five ogre war general, it would have the same effect on these people.

Zen had become a God in their minds, and God was omnipotent.

Twenty miles away, more than twenty humans were hiding in a dense forest. A bearded middle-aged man took a deep breath and shook his head. "This kid... Are you sure he's human?" he asked in disbelief.

"Of course he's human. Are you blind?" another person said impatiently.

Beside them, a silver-haired young man said, "He's indeed human, but his cultivation method is very different from ours. A level seven war fighter easily defeated a level five war general. What's more, his opponent was an ogre. Is he from the Purple Heart Sacred Place?"

"No way! If the Purple Heart Sacred Place sent someone over, it would be impossible that we wouldn't know about it. This guy is so powerful. Would the Purple Heart Sacred Place let him wander around alone? Who would be responsible if he were to get killed? If we throw this man into the Tower of Sin, it will bring us unlimited benefits. He cannot die!" Someone else quickly analyzed the situation.

"That's right. We must save him at all costs!" Azure light suddenly shone in the silver-haired man's eyes.

The bearded middle-aged man laughed as he took out his scimitar and gently rubbed it on a tree beside him. "Now, let's look at the situation. I'm afraid that this group of ogres can't do anything! If he can get rid of these ogres and then turn around to come to us, this matter will be resolved."

On the other hand, there were three creatures leaning on the huge tree trunk about ten miles away from the moving ancient tree.

If Zen saw them, he would quickly realize that their characteristics were almost exactly the same as the sword spirit Lily's.

Sharp ears, an almost perfect figure, long and slender legs—they were exactly like the members of the Demon Night, a race the God had painstakingly created.

One of them was a female who was carrying a huge bow made of bone. She was nearly eight feet tall, but her bow was even longer than her. On her back was a huge quiver containing five arrows also made of bones.

"That human is very unique," she said nonchalantly.

"This entire situation has nothing to do with us. As long as he doesn't step into our territory, it'll be fine," replied another male member of the Demon Night.

"Yes, I know," the woman replied nodding her head. Then she turned and, with the grace of a leopard, jumped up on the tree. Her tall and light body allowed her to effortlessly climb up onto the treetops.

It was a long time before the ogres came back to their senses and the gravity of the situation sank in.

Their dazed expressions began to change and realization slowly struck them. Their faces were a mix of anger, sadness and shock, and, finally, utter humiliation. Yes, deep humiliation.

The ogres were fierce and aggressive, and unafraid in the face of death. Dying on the battlefield was a great honor for them, but to be struck to death by a mere human? This was a disgrace! This was a huge embarrassment!

How had Zen managed to do it? They didn't waste time trying to figure it out because, at this moment, all they wanted to do was rip him to shreds!

The remaining ogre war general and many ogre war fighters roared angrily and thundered towards Zen.

"Rip that human to pieces!"

"I will skin him with a knife and eat his flesh!"

"Pound him! Kill him! Twist his body into a pretzel! Bury him in the ground!"

They roared and dashed towards Zen.

Zen was calm. Killing humans might have some psychological effect on him, but killing these ogres? Not at all! Even though they possessed intelligence, killing them was no different than slaughtering chickens to him.

"Let me carve the path to your death," said Zen ruthlessly. After he had experienced many hardships, his heart had become cold and hard like a stone.

Chapter 811 The Ogre War Lord (Part One)

Zen had witnessed his family getting killed in a vicious plot and had gone into a state of decline when he was young. The upheaval had left a scar in his mind and he had been unable to find himself for quite a while. However, that did not necessarily mean he had become a cold-hearted man.

To be honest, he had never expected that after comprehending the consummate sword intent, he would, one day, enter the Killing Sword Mountain and set on a path to cultivate in the killing way.

However, even after cultivating in the killing way, Zen had not accumulated too much malicious aura in the Central Region. Because he was not a bloodthirsty man by nature. He never killed his opponent unless the latter wanted to kill him.

However, in this chaotic continent, Zen wasn't too worried about killing his enemies since they were not humans. The ogres he were facing were an alien race and wouldn't have hesitated to kill him.

"Go to hell!"

Zen suddenly pulled out a sword in his hand, which was a sacred weapon. Waves of sword intent swirled in the air as it shot towards the ogres like a flying shuttle.

If one were to compare the bodies of the ogres to that of eagles, then Zen's figure was like a nimble skylark, quickly shuttling back and forth among his prey. He would slightly brush past his enemies and the next moment, they were finished. The ogres fell one after another, hitting the ground with hard, thudding noises, their eyes still wide open in surprise. As they breathed their last breaths, they were all wondering about the human in front of them with puzzlement, trying to understand how a seventh level war fighter could be so strong.

In an instant, half of the hundred or so ogres Zen was facing fell down and bit the dust. And they were not just guard dogs. In fact, the ones who had been killed first were the elites of the ogre race who were eighth level or ninth level war fighters. But somehow, this human was killing them like a farmer would harvest rice. They were nothing right now.

Unable to contain himself any longer, the ogre war general let out a furious roar, with a forceful energy bursting out from his huge body in his anger. A pair of huge bronze hammers appeared in his hands, which he brandished and charged towards Zen.

Just now, Zen had smashed the fifth level ogre war general to death. The ogre war general he was facing now was a level higher and definitely more powerful. But that one level did not do the ogre general any good. Faced with the pair of bronze hammers that were bigger than his own self, Zen slightly waved the long sword in his hand and chopped the hammers in halves.

After all, that bronze hammers were probably low grade fairy weapons. How could they withstand the long sword which was a sacred weapon in Zen's hand?

When the humans in the forest saw that the sword in Zen's hand had chopped the hammers in halves, they were completely stunned. "Is that a sacred weapon that he is holding?"

"Man! I didn't know that he is so rich! You know, he's merely a seventh level war fighter, but he has obtained a sacred weapon. Oh, my god! I think it's entirely possible that he's some master from a sacred place," the bearded middle-aged man remarked in astonishment.

"A seventh level war fighter? You're right. His cultivation base is indeed only at the seventh level of a war fighter. but what he has just exhibited gives me the impression that he is a lot more powerful than that. He just smashed a fifth level ogre war general to pieces, so there's no way we can gauge his strength using common sense or knowledge," the silver-haired young man coldly replied.

Of course Zen himself had no idea what other people were saying about him. After slicing apart the ogre war general's bronze hammers with a swift and simple move, his figure suddenly flashed. A beam of milky white light suddenly burst out from the forceful energy on his body. The next moment, his entire body seemed to turn into a fine, long thread, which charged straight towards the ogre general!

The speed was somehow strange to him.

In fact, sensing this speed, a trace of astonishment flickered in Zen's own eyes too. Boosted by the forceful energy, his speed seemed to have increased several folds. He was now moving so fast that he felt like he wouldn't be able to control his own movements. To avoid bumping into the ogre war general, he slightly tilted the sword in his hand, which was about to stab into the body of the ogre war general. As a result, the sword realigned and grazed the ogre war general's neck, cutting it wide open.

When the blood began to splash out from the wound on the ogre war general's neck, Zen's figure had already disappeared without a trace. He had lost control of his own speed and crashed head-on into a small hill far away...

Even the ogre general hadn't expected that Zen's speed could reach such an unimaginable extent. He clutched his severed neck and heavily fell to the ground, finished for good.

All the other ogres were transfixed with shock. Right after Zen disappeared before their very eyes, they saw a cloud of dust rise from the hill in the distance.

"That guy... How did he gain such a velocity in an instant?" A human hidden in the forest could not help ejaculating in shock.

"Hush, keep it down. It is indeed very strange. His speed suddenly increased, and even he himself was unable to come to a halt in time," the bearded middle-aged man remarked with confusion written all over his face.

Actually, they weren't the only ones who felt that it was strange. The ogres were also confused, and even Zen himself didn't have a clue about what had just happened.

When the forceful energy had burst out from his body, his speed had increased so much that it felt like he was riding on a storm cloud.

He looked at his body, trying to figure out what had contributed to the sudden increase in his speed. The Phoenix Crystal which was embedded in his arm was no longer of much use for increasing his speed, since he had already achieved a much higher velocity. Therefore, he guessed that it could not have been the Phoenix Crystal that had caused the boost in his speed just now.

Chapter 812 The Ogre War Lord (Part Two)

However, Zen remembered clearly that his speed had exploded right after the forceful energy had shot out a beam of milky white light. So it must have something to do with that milky white light. But what was that?

A deep crater had appeared after Zen had collided with the hill. He stood to his feet and slowly crawled out of the crater. At that moment, the red dragon in Zen's mind suddenly asked, "Ha-ha, oh boy! Feel strange?"

"You know what happened?" Zen asked.

"Yes. A portion of the forceful energy that burst out from your body just now is from the Hundred Meetings Platform," The red dragon replied.

"Does the Hundred Meetings Platform usually have such an effect?" Zen asked in bewilderment.

"The real function of the Hundred Meetings Platform is not to boost speed. It's the function of the Wind Gate Platform, which is one of the Eight Path Platforms," the red dragon explained, "But your Hundred Meetings Platform is made from the bones of the Cloud-chasing Lion. The Cloud-chasing Lion is considered one of the fastest legendary beasts, and its speed is only inferior to that of the Celestial Mouse. So you have benefited from the Cloud-chasing Lion's talent too."

"Really? I never thought that things could work this way." Zen was both surprised and pleased to know this.

To be honest, compared to the life vitality system, there was a great disadvantage in utilizing the body refining system. Although a warrior could, in theory, transform the forceful energy into an entity, but because of its slow circulation speed and due to the fact that it was evenly distributed throughout the whole body, to transform it into an entity was extremely difficult to realize. Even if one did succeed in doing that, it was known to be extremely impractical.

In comparison, life vitality was much stronger and flexible in its usage. It was also easier to visualize. To top that all, it could almost produce endless power.

But the body refining system also had its own unique advantage, and that was the Eight Path Platforms.

The Eight Path Platforms needed to be constructed by bones. The stronger the bones that were used to build the Path Platforms, the greater would be the benefit of the construction to the cultivator. This was because for the body refiners, the Eight Path Platforms were equivalent to eight chances they had to strengthen themselves. Every time a cultivator completed one Path Platform, they would inherit the talent or strength of the bones' original owner.

Sometimes, some body refiners who had already reached the late stage of the body refining technique felt that the Path Platforms they had built were not powerful enough, so they would often try to reconstruct the Path Platforms in order to inherit greater talent and power!

When Zen's Hundred Meetings Platform was unlocked, he was using the bones of the Cloud-chasing Lion. When Zen had utilized the forceful energy that had flowed through the Hundred Meetings Platform, the Cloud-chasing Lion's talent had exhibited itself on Zen's body. So in the instant when it had increased his speed, even Zen himself was completely caught off guard.

At this moment, there were still dozens of ogres floating around in the sky. From the lesson they had just paid for with blood, they realized that they could not contain this enemy. When they saw Zen slowly fly back, these ogres all scattered away.

It was known to all that ogres loved to fight. However, when the humans in the forest saw this scene, they were left speechless in bewilderment. When had they ever seen the ogres be so cowardly? The ogres were the sort of creatures that fought like they didn't even care about their own lives. Therefore, in a war between ogres and humans, even if it were humans who had the advantage, they would often lose in the end because they weren't willing to die.

Ogres were slow in their reactions, but they were not halfwits. It was clear as day to them that they were no match for Zen. They would not go and die under Zen's sword with the knowledge that they didn't stand a chance to win.

However, just as Zen was flying back to where he had been, a powerful voice rang out. "Human kid, you have to stay!"

"Here comes another ogre..." Zen narrowed his eyes as he saw an ogre floating in the sky and flying towards him at a calm and unhurried pace.

The ogre's skin was red, and the two fangs protruding from the corner of his mouth were a blood-shade of scarlet. "An interesting human brat! A puny war fighter, but you actually killed my ogre war generals in succession. I wonder if you can kill me, an ogre war lord."

"This ogre is very powerful!" Zen's face fell as he saw the ogre. An ogre war lord's strength was equivalent to that of a human who was a Virtual Tribulation Realm master. At his current level of strength, he would be unable to stand up against such an enemy alone.

There was a chance for him to escape, but the problem was that he had a group of ordinary humans following him. Zen could, of course, choose to leave them behind, since the lives of these common and ordinary people were not worth mentioning in a world full of powerful warriors. However, Zen was not the sort of person who gave up halfway.

Before Zen could say anything, the ogre war lord had already landed and was rapidly charging towards him, his figure as big as a hill.

As the ogre war lord raced forward and drew closer, Zen watched him get bigger in his eyes. A sense of extreme danger weighed down on him. He suddenly felt his heart tighten. This ogre war lord possessed the strength to kill him and was going to do so too!

In his moment of despair, Zen summoned the sword spirit he had condensed—Lily. In a flash, a beautiful girl popped out from thin air, together with the huge sword that had originally belonged to the Blood Fiend Emperor.

The three members of the Demon Night, who were observing the scene from afar, were suddenly left aghast. One of them was a young lady who was sitting on top of a tree. At the sight of Zen's sword spirit, her eyes became wide as saucers and her mouth was left hanging open in surprise.

Chapter 813 Tripartite Confrontation

On this chaotic continent, the Demon Night didn't have many members. In fact, they had the fewest lot among all the races.

The Demon Night was an incomparably powerful race in any boundless universe. From the very moment they were born, they possessed the strength of nature creatures. They would be a powerful race even in the Upper World.

Despite their weak numbers, God had been fair to them. The members of the Demon Night were unmatched. Whether it was strength, talent, or even appearance, they were all close to perfection.

However, they had one fatal flaw, and that was their inability to reproduce. Increasing the numbers in their race had proven to be difficult. Otherwise, the Demon Night would have already ruled over this disorderly continent.

The Demon Night was a proud race, but they weren't particularly bloodthirsty. When Zen brought over a group of humans into their territory, they only issued him a warning and had him evacuate their area.

It was precisely because of their pride that the Demon Night rarely cooperated with other races. It was also why the three members of the Demon Night were so shocked at the sight of Zen's sword spirit.

"Let me see it more clearly," said the young lady of the Demon Night holding the bone bow. Her eyes flashed with a pale blue light as her pupils turned the color of the sky. When her gaze fell on Zen's sword spirit, her expression changed.

"Queen!"

The word fell from her lips and she immediately jumped down from the treetop. Her nimble figure nestled on a branch. She then knelt down, one knee facing her front.

"Queen?"

the other two members of the race spat out, unbidden doubt in their voices when they heard what the young girl said. Their gazes turned to focus on Lily, the sword spirit next to Zen, and the expressions on their faces changed. They knelt on the ground like the girl. Respect shone through their eyes.

After the salutations, the three members slowly stood up. "Phoebe," one of them called out. "Why would our queen appear by the side of a human?"

Phoebe shook her head hesitantly. "I'm not sure. Queen has never said anything about this. This human seems to have many secrets. We shouldn't have stopped him just now."

"He is no match for the ogre war lord. Save him. I'll inform Elder Mei," someone else said.

Phoebe nodded, then flew forward as if stepping on a gust of wind. Like an agile leopard, she continued to step onto the branches of the trees in the dense forest. Her willowy body leaped, the bone bow in her hand already changing directions as she loaded a bone arrow.

Facing the ogre war lord, Zen backed away while allowing Lily, the sword spirit, to fight for him.

Lily wielded the Blood Fiend Emperor's giant sword and it slashed in the air, producing a big black shadow as it was thrust in the direction of the ogre war lord's head.

"Demon Night? Ha-ha!" The ogre war lord snickered. With a sudden clap of his crimson red hands, he caught the black sword forcefully between his hands. With a twist of his body, he tried to throw Lily away.

However, Lily's sword dance was incredibly strange. As she was sent flying, she made a backhanded motion and her flexible body created an imaginary arc in the air. Taking advantage of her elasticity, she bounced up, getting hold of the sword again as she lunged toward the ogre war lord from another direction.

Clang!

Unfortunately, no matter how perfect Lily's sword dance was, it was ultimately unable to withstand the pressure of absolute strength. The ogre war lord was too strong, and when Lily's second sword strike approached, the ogre war lord's figure flashed as he once again punched the sword. Lily's originally sharp sword force started to fluctuate under the influence of the unreasonable strength.

Lily was unable to block the attacks from the ogre war lord again.

As Zen witnessed this, he frowned, about to call Lily back. As his sword spirit, she could be injured. If she was damaged, it would take her a long time to recuperate. It was the last thing he wanted.

Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine what would happen next. At once, a sharp bone arrow flew toward the ogre war lord, making a whistling noise.

The body of the bone arrow was covered in mysterious runes and at the end of it emitted a beam of milky white light.

The power of this arrow far surpassed the one that had been shot at Zen before.

The previous one had only been to warn Zen, while this one had clearly been used to attack the ogre war lord.

Seeing the bone arrow zooming toward him, the ogre war lord sneered. He casually stretched his hand and plucked it out of air. With a crack, he crushed the arrow into pieces. "Ha-ha!" the ogre war lord jibed. "Demon Night, when did you become allies with the weak humans?"

'Demon Night? So it seems they are around on this chaotic continent.' Zen's eyebrows jumped up.

Back on the Killing Sword Mountain, Zen had encountered the strange sword and obtained Lily, the sword spirit. He had also found out from the cyan dragon that the Demon Night was an extremely powerful race. Little did he then know that the Demon Night also existed on the chaotic continent.

As the ogre war lord stopped talking, two figures slowly revealed themselves from behind the trees. They were the members of the Demon Night. A young lady was in the front, the one named Phoebe.

Slowly, she strode out of the forest. Her elegant steps seemed to conceal a special kind of rhythm. In an incomparably light voice, she said, "This human is special. He is under the protection of Demon Night."

"Two war generals of the Demon Night want me to let this brat go! Are you two deranged?" the ogre war lord asked, rolling his eyes.

The Demon Night members had reason to believe that Zen was indeed remarkable, and the ogre war lord could also see through it.

Zen frowned as he watched the Demon Night members.

Although they had not been too hostile toward him, he naturally wasn't willing to fall into the hands of any race. Moreover, these people might not have the strength to persuade him to stay.

He hadn't expected the situation on this continent to be so complicated.

Suddenly, more than twenty figures shot into the sky from a nearby forest, heading straight for Zen.

"Hello, everyone! These are humans. They have nothing to do with the Demon Night or the ogres, do they?" came a bright and bold voice. The speaker was a middle-aged man sporting a long beard.

The other humans pulled out their weapons and drew nearer.

"Humans." Zen's gaze flickered, a hint of a smile appearing on his face.

They were different from the ones that Zen had brought along. These people were warriors.

So long as human warriors existed, the human race would hold great power here. That was good news for Zen.

However, although there were a number of humans, they didn't seem strong enough. As per the strength division of the chaotic continent, they all seemed to be war generals.

War fighter, war general, war lord...

The humans had more than twenty war generals, while the Demon Night only had two war generals. As for the ogres, they had a war lord. The situation was still troublesome.

"Humans are as timid as mice. You've long been hiding and cowering. Finally you dare to show your faces?" The ogre war lord did not seem to consider the twenty or so human war generals a threat at all. On the contrary, he seemed more skeptical and nervous of the two Demon Night war generals.

"Well, we are here now, aren't we?" said the silver-haired man indifferently.

Although the area was three-legged, the ogres were the most tyrannical. While the Demon Night did not have any intentions of expanding their territory, the ogres dared not provoke them. Only the humans were the weakest, so they stayed inside their fort.

This particular group of humans had long contemplated whether or not they should lend a helping hand to Zen. After all, it would be a great risk for them. If they angered the ogres, it was very possible that the delicate balance among the three races would be broken.

However, after reporting it to their superiors and receiving the orders, they knew what to do. They had to save the human kid. That was why the human race sent out all their elites—a total of more than twenty people to the forest. Still, they hadn't imagined that the ogres would send over an ogre war lord.

"You, follow them," Zen, who was stuck in the middle of the confrontation, commanded the ordinary humans.

The ordinary humans didn't understand what they were caught between and could only follow Zen's instructions. Once he had given the order, the hundreds of people slowly began to move toward the humans warriors.

They were so slow. If they had not delayed Zen by a few days, he would have already been thousands of miles away.

The ogre war lord stared at Zen. To him, the ordinary and powerless humans were nothing more than a herd of cattle. What was infinitely more important was that Zen didn't go anywhere.

Chapter 814 Run Away

The atmosphere was painfully tense.

Those ordinary humans were moving in an orderly manner towards the direction that Zen had pointed to. In their minds, as long as they followed his instructions, they were going to be perfectly safe and no problem could befall them.

The strongest among all the creatures present was definitely the ogre war lord. There were more than twenty war generals from the human race, and two war generals were from the Demon Night. However, even two war generals of the last category were quite powerful and their strengths were not to be looked down upon. In fact, even the ogre war lord might not win if the human war generals and the Demon Night war generals fought together against him.

Therefore, everyone was waiting for the reinforcements behind them.

They all had their own plans in mind, and Zen was no exception.

Zen had met the human warriors, and judging from the looks of the current situation, he could tell that the human warriors on this chaotic continent weren't strong. He wasn't willing to place his life in someone else's hands right now, and even if he was, the human warriors were not a good choice.

As for the Demon Night, although they did not have much of enmity towards him and had even said that they would protect him, they still belonged to a different race. He did not believe that just because his sword spirit was a member of the Demon Night, they would treat him well.

As for the ogres, they weren't going to let him go by any means.

While he was pondering over the current situation, two more huge figures appeared from the direction of the ogre war lord. Even from afar, everyone could feel their imposing manners as their figures grew larger.

The instant the two new ogre war lords appeared, the forceful energy within Zen's body erupted as he shot forwards at a high speed.

Zen's soul was much stronger than the other creatures present, so his reaction was also the fastest.

Only after he had shot out did many of the creatures react.

When the first ogre war lord sensed his companions' aura, a sinister smile appeared on his face. Before he could even say anything to his companions, Zen had run away. His expression darkened, and his body swayed as he chased after Zen.

Zen could not afford his reactions to be slow. Although there were as many as twenty human war generals, they weren't going to be a match for the ogres. As for the Demon Night, there were only two of them. He would be an idiot if he didn't run away right now.

While Zen was escaping, his advantage of cultivating both body and life vitality was finally revealed.

Just now, the forceful energy within his body had suddenly erupted, and his figure had instantly turned into a thin line that streaked across the horizon. In just a few seconds, he had traveled over ten miles.

In addition to the forceful energy, the life vitality within Zen's body was also stimulated as he streaked across the plain, causing his speed to increase again.

This was the benefit of cultivating both his body and life vitality. The forceful energy was suitable for traveling over short distances and it also contained the talent of the Cloud-chasing Lion, which made him even faster. The life vitality was suitable for long-distance flying, allowing him to maintain the high speed he had attained.

In addition, Zen had also activated the energy within the Phoenix Crystal embedded in his body. At his current strength and speed, the increase in speed achieved by using the Phoenix Crystal was negligible, but right now, he was trying to escape and wanted to leave no stone unturned.

A war lord on this continent was equivalent to a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

In the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, Zen had defeated a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. That was the prince of the divine kingdom. And he was no weak enemy. Though his cultivation was at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he could defeat a warrior at the middle stage and even match a warrior at the late stage of the same realm.

However, the biggest reason why Zen had been able to defeat him was that the prince's cultivation level had been suppressed by the celestial tomb. Thus, the prince's apparent strength had been only equivalent to a warrior at the early stage of the Internal Elixir Realm.

With Zen's current strength, he was unable to contend against even one ogre war lord, not to mention the fact that he had three ogre war lords chasing after him.

If the three ogre war lords caught up to him, Zen would definitely die.

He had to run as far as he could.

When the first ogre war lord saw Zen escape, he immediately chased after him at a rapid pace. With his own cultivation level coupled with the eruption of his forceful energy, he wasn't any slower than Zen.

At the same time, the two other ogre war lords who had come to provide assistance chased after Zen at a mad pace too.

As for the group of human war generals, each and every single one of them had a very complicated expression. Although they had been told to protect Zen, they couldn't stand up against even a single ogre war lord, let alone three of them at once.

If the three ogre war lords turned around and pursued them, not a single one of more than twenty human war generals would survive.

Right now, they could do nothing but look on helplessly.

Although the human race did not move, the people of the Demon Night seemed like they were going to act. The young lady called Phoebe turned around and ran in a circle in the dense forest before placing the huge bone bow behind her.

"Inform Elder Mei and have her track me," Phoebe suddenly shouted and jumped up.

"Wind!" she whispered.

Phoebe was proficient in a wind related cultivation method. With a gust of wind, she condensed a pair of light green wings behind her and soared into the sky, chasing after the ogre war lords.

The life vitality in Zen's body revolved unceasingly, and he madly rushed forward.

Even though he had raised his speed to the maximum, the distance between him and the ogre war lords was constantly decreasing and they were going to catch up to him soon.

"Trying to run away from me is just a dream, boy! Ha-ha." As the first ogre war lord spoke, the forceful energy within his body suddenly exploded even more furiously, instantly increasing his speed by another thirty percent. His distance with Zen was now getting shorter at an even faster pace.

The wind blew past Zen's ears. His eyebrows were furrowed tightly.

He had already traveled over a hundred miles, but the distance between him and the first ogre war lord was getting threateningly short.

10, 000 feet, 5, 000 feet, 2, 000 feet, 1, 000 feet, 500 feet, 100 feet...

When the distance between the two was reduced to a certain extent, the ogre war lord grinned wickedly, preparing to attack Zen.

"Forceful energy, explode!"

Seeing that the distance between them was getting dangerously short, Zen once again released the forceful energy within his body, thereby increasing the distance between his enemy and himself once again.

In a situation where both his forceful energy and life vitality erupted at the same time, Zen's speed was actually not inferior to that of the ogre war lord.

However, the forceful energy could not be used continuously. Furthermore, once it was used up, he could only wait for his physical body to slowly generate the forceful energy and had no other means to regenerate it. Therefore, Zen was afraid to use it continuously.

Of course, it wasn't just Zen who was facing this problem. The three ogre war lords behind him were also bothered by the same situation. They also practiced the forceful energy system and focused on body refinement, so they had the advantage in short-distance flight. But once they faced the long-distance flight, they were not as skillful as Zen.

If Zen were to use his life vitality to fly, he could maintain his speed at a distance of over 10, 000 miles. On the other hand, those ogre war lords could only maintain their speeds for a distance of 1, 000 to 2, 000 miles. What Zen needed to do was run as far as he could. Once he had exceeded the ogre war lords' limits, he would be safe.

Therefore, every time the ogre war lords approached Zen, he would use the forceful energy within his body and suddenly accelerate to a distance away from them. When the forceful energy was depleted, he would then use his life vitality to maintain his flight.

Running on and on, he repeated this process several times. He had already run over a thousand miles by this point.

During this process, the life vitality within Zen's body was being rapidly consumed. As the life vitality within his body ran out, he took out a supreme life vitality crystal and crushed it in his mouth. Then, he absorbed all of the life vitality within it.

Life vitality could be replenished with supreme life vitality crystals, but forceful energy couldn't.

This was the downside of being a body refiner.

The life vitality system relied on the condensed life vitality from the heaven and earth to stimulate the cultivation method. But, the forceful energy system relied entirely on the eruption of one's own forceful energy. Forceful energy could only be produced by one's own body and couldn't be replenished by anything outside the body.

The higher one's cultivation level was, the faster his or her recovery of forceful energy was.

Since Zen, powerful as he was, was still not very high up in cultivation level, his biggest problem right now was that his forceful energy was soon going to be depleted.

The explosion of forceful energy could cause his speed to increase, but ordinary forceful energy did not increase Zen's speed that much. Only after circulating the forceful energy in his body through the Hundred Meetings Platform could he inherit the Cloud-chasing Lion's innate talent and burst forth with an astonishing speed.

Zen's forceful energy was gradually weakening, and his speed was also becoming slower and slower. However, the speed of the ogre war lords behind him did not seem to be decreasing in the slightest.

Right now, the ogre war lord closet to Zen was only seventy to eighty feet away.

"Well done. You actually managed to give us a chase of over a thousand miles at such a fast speed. You really surprise me, human. But whatever the case, I will capture you and send you to the ogre's sacred place to see just what and how many secrets you have on you." The ogre war lord teased him with a sneer. "Now, stop!"

He waved his fist and launched an attack at Zen.

Right at that moment, the soul in Zen's mind left his body once again. It flew towards the ogre war lord behind him, turning into a sharp thorn that drilled into his head.

Zen's soul could directly exterminate a war general, but he was not very confident that it could do the same when facing the ogre war lord.

In any case, since he was caught off-guard, the ogre war lord got frightened. His speed became slower, and his huge head slightly tilted to the side, avoiding Zen's soul attack.

"A soul at the Fighting Soul Realm?" The ogre war lord's expression was both ugly and astonished. "This human brat really is a freak!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 815 Go All Out

Whether it was in the Central Region or in this chaotic continent, cultivating soul was the most difficult task for warriors.

Although this ogre war lord was extremely powerful and the ogre race had a secret method of cultivating soul, the war lord Zen was facing hadn't reached the Fighting Soul Realm yet.

The ogre war lord was certain that Zen couldn't destroy his soul as he had a secret weapon, which could protect his soul. But there was still a good chance that Zen might be able to damage his soul, so the war lord was wary of the oncoming attack.

They cautiously distanced themselves from each other.

However, what was even more distressing for Zen was that the other two ogre war lords were coming up...

He gritted his teeth and once again activated the forceful energy within him, which was starting to drain. His body turned into a thin thread once again and whizzed forward.

The situation was very grave and Zen was in a real soup this time.

The Central Region was dangerous, but he had always been able to defeat his opponents with the protection of the Cloud Hall. Although his opponents' cultivation levels were usually one realm higher than Zen's, they were on par in terms of true strength!

But this situation was totally different.

Zen was a seventh level war fighter, but according to the ranking system of the chaotic continent, the war general ranked above the war fighter and the war lord ranked above the war general.

This meant that the war lord was two realms higher than Zen according to the ranking system in this continent. Moreover, there were three ogre war lords fighting Zen right now.

If he was an ordinary war fighter, perhaps, he would have already been killed, but Zen had managed to escape for over a thousand miles with his life vitality and forceful energy working to his advantage at the same time.

But running was never a good solution.

If the three ogre war lords attacked him together, Zen knew he wouldn't be able to deal with them simultaneously.

'What should I do?' he thought desperately. Faced with impending doom, Zen asked the cyan dragon in his mind for help.

"If there really is no other way, I can use my soul to attack and kill them," offered the cyan dragon calmly. "But I'm afraid that after that, my soul will fall into a deep sleep again."

When the cyan dragon had devoured the Owl Beast's evil spirit, his soul got energized. A part of the Owl Beast's soul was used to awaken the red dragon. Zen had used a small portion of that soul to create a soul seed, and the rest was devoured by the cyan dragon. The soul of the Owl Beast's evil spirit was very strong, but it was not enough for the Genuine Dragon.

At this stage, the only solution was, as the cyan dragon suggested, one more soul attack.

But if the cyan dragon went to 'sleep', it meant that he would once again turn into a lifeless statue atop the mysterious furnace.

"No!" Zen rejected the idea the moment the cyan dragon suggested it.

Zen wouldn't be what he was today without the cyan dragon's guidance. The cyan dragon had taught him to draw the divine texture. Besides, Zen relied on the cyan dragon's advice in crucial matters. He simply couldn't let him fall asleep again.

"But right now, there is no better way to deal with those ogres," said the cyan dragon, looking helpless.

Be it the Heavenly Ogre Fist or the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death, they were useless in front of the ogre war lords. The only things that could pose a threat to them were the broken flying knife and Zen's soul.

However, these weapons were unable to completely wipe out the ogre war lords.

"Black flame!"

Perhaps the black flame within the mysterious furnace was Zen's last hope. This powerful weapon seemed to be able to destroy anything in the world and Zen thought it might just become his final trump card.

But Zen couldn't control the black flame in the way that he wanted. In other words, the black flame had a soul, and all Zen could do was summon it. He wasn't able to order the black flame to attack anyone. So, on further consideration, it seemed unwise to risk his life by pinning all his hopes on the black flame.

Zen was at his wits' end when a voice rang in his ears, "In the northwest, forty miles away, there are three transmission arrays. Go into the middle one. You can escape from there!"

It dawned on him that this ethereal voice came from a member of the Demon Night, who had warned him not to advance further!

Zen knew he shouldn't trust the members of the Demon Night but the voice bore no malice. In any case, it would be better for him to fall into the hands of the Demon Night, against whom he at least had a fighting chance, than to be caught by the ogres.

He didn't have much time to think. Without further ado, he changed his direction.

Zen carefully scanned the mountainous terrain in front of him to look for the transmission arrays that the voice had told him about.

There were tall mountains covered by lush trees and all kinds of plants.

After looking hard for a few seconds, Zen spotted a strange mountain not too far away. The mountain seemed to have been halved by a sword. The upper half of the mountain lay horizontally at the side, while the lower half of the mountain was flattened, revealing a level ground.

On the level ground, there were some circular patterns.

Zen's eyes narrowed as a green light flashed in them. After his eyes were cleansed by the sap from the divine tree, not only was he able to see through illusions, his eyesight had improved greatly.

"Three transmission arrays!"

Zen's eyes twinkled at the sight of the transmission arrays and he immediately sped up.

The three transmission arrays were set up together, but it was very likely that they might lead to different destinations. According to the message from the young lady of the Demon Night, Zen was to enter the transmission array in the middle.

But what if that transmission array led him to the area inhabited by the Demon Night? He would be captured by them!

It was such a critical moment. Zen felt completely lost.

He looked up and took a deep breath. Calm down, he reminded himself. In such circumstances, all he could do was take a gamble and pray that he would be safe.

Then, Zen dove down at the speed of light. He crashed into the ground and bounced into the transmission array in the middle. As soon as he balanced himself, more than a dozen supreme life vitality crystals flew out from the space ring that hung on his chest.

With a casual wave of his hand the supreme life vitality crystals instantly embedded themselves into the transmission array.

"Buzz…"

A blazing white light began to rotate rapidly in the transmission array.

"Faster! Come on!"

Zen had exhausted the last bit of his forceful energy, but the three ogre war lords were still in hot pursuit. The ogre war lords had almost caught up with him.

Just as they arrived above the mountain, a blazing white light engulfed Zen. The next moment he disappeared into the transmission array.

"Damn, the human brat escaped!" The ogre war lord in the lead roared angrily.

"Keep going!" said another ogre war lord who kicked away the supreme life vitality crystals that Zen had placed on the transmission array. Then, he took out several life vitality crystals of his own and put them on the transmission array. The transmission array would consume all the life vitality in the life vitality crystals, so new crystals had to be used each time to make it work again.

The three ogre war lords wasted no time and jumped into the transmission array.

After they disappeared in the transmission array, a young girl named Phoebe, from the Demon Night, also landed gracefully on the level ground. She sauntered towards the transmission array and pulled out the supreme life vitality crystals that were embedded on the transmission array one by one, then she placed her own supreme life vitality crystals onto it.

When she was finished, she let out a long sigh of relief.

Moments before, she had been anxiously chasing after them.

Phoebe didn't know why the queen would hang around with Zen. She had to figure out the mystery, and so she had followed them.

"But that young man doesn't trust me. He could have run straight to our Demon Night. When Elder Mei arrives, those ogres will all die. Although this guy is only a human war fighter, he runs very fast, so at least he's safe right now." Saying this, she leaped into the transmission array elegantly. The Demon Night creatures maintained their poise under all circumstances.

The transmission array was a small one, capable of sending someone 10, 000 miles away. It didn't take long before Zen passed through this channel and came out the other end.

As the incandescent white light gradually dissipated, Zen saw a desolate world lie in front of him!

All he could see was grey plains. There was no other color and everything looked lifeless in this barren place. It was as if life had never existed here. 'What kind of place is this?' he thought to himself.

Smiling wryly, Zen crushed another supreme life vitality crystal to replenish his life vitality and, at the same time, he prepared to fly into the air.

However...

Just as Zen was about to leap into the air, an extremely powerful force pushed him back down on the ground!

The surge of power was so formidable that it didn't allow Zen to resist in the slightest bit.

"What a powerful restraining force! This is a no-fly ban!" Zen felt a chill in his heart. He was getting more and more confused. Normally, no-fly bans were only used in sects. Why was there such a powerful no-fly ban in this uninhabited land? What the hell was this place?

Just then, a blazing white light flashed behind Zen and three enormous figures popped out from the light. They were the three ogre war lords who had chased him for more than a thousand miles!

Zen's face darkened immediately. Despite using the transmission array, he hadn't managed to escape them. Now the only option for him was to put his life on the line and go all out.

Chapter 816 The Cursed Land

Zen's body had come to the limits. He distanced himself from the three ogre war lords and stared at them vigilantly.

But the thing that made Zen curious was that when the three war lords saw the scene before them, their expressions changed.

"Why is it here?" one of the war lords shouted.

"It's going to be trouble," another war lord said as he stared at Zen coldly.

The three strong war lords glared fiercely at Zen, but none of them charged at him.

Zen's body tensed. He had been ready to fight to the death at any moment, but now he was filled with doubt. Why weren't the ogres attacking?

The incandescent light in the transmission array suddenly came back on. Phoebe, the girl from the Demon Night walked out of the transmission array. Her intelligent eyes swept across the scene around her, and with graceful steps, she walked past the three war lords towards Zen, completely ignoring them.

Zen's confusion increased as he saw this scene.

The girl was only a war general, yet she was indifferently confident in front of war lords.

The girl strolled leisurely towards Zen, looking at his perplexed eyes with a smile. "You're wondering why they aren't making a move. Am I right?"

Zen nodded.

Phoebe extended a hand, splaying her fingers and gestured. "This is the center of the Sea God Continent, the land where all beings are cursed. Those who attack here will be cursed to death. So…" The girl turned around and stared at the three war lords with a smile. "That's why they don't dare to make a move!"

"Cursed Land?" Zen's eyebrows went up.

"That's right," Phoebe laughed. "No one can make a move in the Cursed Land. Furthermore, if a warrior above a war lord steps into the Cursed Land, he will also be killed by the curse."

"A warrior above a war lord?" Zen asked, his breath catching.

A war lord was as strong as a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and a warrior above a war lord was as powerful as someone at the Life and Death Realm. Even a Life and Death Realm warrior could be killed by a curse. The Cursed Land was much more terrifying than what Zen had imagined.

"Yeah," Phoebe said, nodding. "The transmission array is actually a trap to trick war sages into entering the Cursed Land and then use the power of the Cursed Land to kill them. But it's a pity that these three are only war lords. Or they would have already been killed by the curse."

Zen was stunned.

The chaotic continent, or the Sea God Continent she spoke of, was odd.

Zen wasn't from the Sea God Continent, so he didn't know the history behind it.

Ever since the Cursed Land was set up in the Sea God Continent, countless transmission arrays had been constructed in various places by various races. They had even left special marks on the arrays in order to trap war sages.

In the earliest days, many war sages were unintentionally sent to the Cursed Land and killed.

Later on, the war sages of the Sea God Continent had an unwritten rule: never enter any transmission array. If one entered a wrong transmission array, he would definitely be killed, and that would be too unfair.

The three ogres were just war lords. If they had been war sages, they would never have dared to follow Zen into the transmission array.

Zen had earlier felt strange that the transmission arrays appeared out of nowhere in the wilderness. It wasn't until he listened to Phoebe's explanation that he understood that these transmission arrays were used to trap and kill war sages.

"You are lucky this time, you brat! Don't think for one second that you will be safe on this Cursed Land. I'm sure that if you dare go to the Tower of Sin, you will die miserably!" an ogre war lord sneered.

"Let's go," another war lord said through gnashed teeth, looking coldly at Zen.

The three war lords then returned to the transmission array. After they put down some life vitality crystals, they slowly disappeared in a flash of white light.

"Tower of Sin," Zen repeated, as if in a daze.

The purpose of Zen's trip to the Sea God Continent was the Tower of Sin. Could it be that the tower was located in the Cursed Land?

Phoebe smiled slightly. "What? So you know about the Tower of Sin?"

Phoebe was curious about Zen's identity. He seemed to know nothing, not even the rules of the Cursed Land. But it looked like he knew about the Tower of Sin.

"Right. Where is the tower?" Zen asked, growing serious.

"I can take you there. But first, you have to tell me about your sword spirit," Phoebe answered.

As Zen had expected, the people of the Demon Night had paid attention to him only because of his sword spirit, Lily. It seemed that his guess was right.

"You mean her?" Zen smiled, and a red light flashed as his sword spirit, Lily appeared in front of him.

To his utter surprise, just as he summoned Lily, Phoebe knelt down on one knee and softly said, "Greetings, my Queen."

"Queen?" Zen repeated, dumbfounded at Phoebe's words.

"Yes, she is a queen of the Demon Night. Why does your sword spirit look exactly like my queen?" Phoebe asked.

How could he explain?

Zen had obtained Lily at the Killing Sword Mountain. He himself was unable to explain why Lily would turn into a member of the Demon Night after absorbing a certain amount of sword spirits. It was so weird that even the cyan dragon couldn't explain it.

It was even stranger now. Phoebe was telling him that his sword spirit was a queen of the Demon Night!

"I don't know how to explain to you why my sword spirit transforms into this figure," Zen said, shaking his head.

Phoebe's face was filled with doubt.

The Demon Night was an extremely powerful race in the Upper World. On the Sea God Continent, there was also a sacred place, which was one considered most sacred among the major races in the continent. Phoebe had seen the statues of queens in this sacred place.

The Demon Night had three statues in the Upper World and many other worlds.

The three statues corresponded to the three queens of the Demon Night.

The first statue was called the Queen of Eternal Night.

The second statue was called the Queen of Demons.

And the third statue was called the Queen of Killings. Zen's sword spirit looked exactly like the Queen of Killings.

In fact, even greater doubts had troubled the Demon Night, because among the three statues that had originally shone with holy light, the statue of the Queen of Killings had already lost its luster.

That was why Phoebe had felt so strange when she saw Zen's sword spirit.

Seeing that Zen seemed not to know anything, Phoebe had to give up for the time being. She had to wait until Elder Mei arrived before she could solve this problem.

"Alright, I've answered your question. Now, you have to tell me about the Tower of Sin," Zen said.

Phoebe nodded, but she did not immediately answer his question. Instead, she smiled and asked, "What's your name?"

"My name is Zen Luo. What about you?" Zen asked.

"Phoebe," she answered. She turned around, extended a slender finger pointing in a direction, and said, "The Tower of Sin is right in front of us. Let's talk as we walk."

On their way, as Phoebe explained everything, Zen began to have a rough understanding of the Sea God Continent.

The Tower of Sin had appeared along with the Cursed Land.

The enormous Tower of Sin was located right in the middle of the Cursed Land. There were thirteen great races and more than thirty small races throughout the Sea God Continent.

Humans belonged to one of the thirteen great races. They had established their own sacred place, the Purple Heart Sacred Place, at the northern end of the Sea God Continent.

But of the sacred places built by the thirteen great races, the Purple Heart Sacred Place was almost ranked the last.

Zen had heard from the ogre war lords that the humans of the Sea God Continent seemed very weak. And now, as he heard what Phoebe said, they were indeed much weaker than Zen had imagined.

In the Central Region, the Eastern Region, and the four divine kingdoms, humans were absolute powerhouses. Other races could hardly survive. Yet, they were not the masters of this continent, and this quite surprised Zen.

It wasn't long before he discovered why.

It was because the strongest warriors of the Sea God Continent were all from the Tower of Sin.

There were cultivation resources in the Tower of Sin that exceeded Zen's imagination. They had become must-haves for every race. So the most important thing for every race was to send their people into the Tower of Sin, where they could cultivate and fight for the resources. But war sages were unable to enter the Tower of Sin.

"You'll know more after you enter the Tower of Sin," Phoebe said, watching him with a slight smile on her face. Her goal was to follow Zen until Elder Mei arrived. What she had just said wasn't a secret, so she didn't hesitate to tell him that.

They couldn't fly, so they merely walked on the ground. But as warriors, they could still be extremely fast even if they just ran on the ground. After a few hours of running, Zen finally saw a huge tower looming up ahead of them.

"That's the Tower of Sin," Phoebe said, pointing to a large structure that was now not far away from them.

Zen found that the Tower of Sin was actually inverted.

Chapter 817 A Fierce Battle

Suspicions regarding the Tower of Sin clouded Zen's mind once again.

Now he understood why the immortal Mist had told him that he couldn't go to the Tower of Sin. That was because Mist's strength far surpassed that of a warlord in this continent. According to the rule, he too would be cursed to dearth in this Cursed Land.

The killing power of the Cursed Land had actually intimidated someone as powerful as the immoral Mist. It was unbelievable!

Speaking of this, what was the connection between the Cursed Land and the Tower of Sin? Why would they appear on this continent? These were just some of the many questions Zen had.

"Actually, this is what the Tower of Sin is like. It has always been flipped upside down ever since it appeared. There's nothing strange about that!" Phoebe explained, "Actually, only a small part of the Tower of Sin is above the surface; most of it is buried deep beneath the ground." Phoebe smiled.

How could anyone build a tower like that?

It was a huge tower and it wasn't possible that it was built by digging a huge pit and then constructing floor by floor.

Most probably, someone had grabbed the tower and inserted it deep into the ground by hand! Somehow, this strange thought suddenly popped into Zen's mind.

Of course Phoebe didn't know what was going on in Zen's mind. She only told him what he needed to know before entering the Tower of Sin.

As they approached the Tower of Sin, they met more and more creatures.

In fact, the Tower of Sin was surrounded by a small town. In the middle of the Sea God Continent, which was usually filled with battles and massacres, the small town appeared exceptionally serene. This was because the Cursed Land was a place where no one could fight and all kinds of races coexisted peacefully.

Phoebe brought Zen into the small town, and they soon found themselves in front of a building which belonged to humans.

"Every race has a registration center where you have to go and get a token before you can enter the Tower of Sin," Phoebe told him. "This is the registration center for your human race."

When he saw that several human cultivators were coming in and out of the building, Zen walked in without hesitation.

In the center of the lobby he had entered into, there was a huge table where a human cultivator was sitting by. According to the ranking of strengths in the Central Region, this human cultivator would have been classified as an Internal Elixir Realm warrior. But in the Sea God Continent, he was known as a war general.

When the human war general saw Zen, he smiled scornfully. "Don't tell me a human war fighter of the seventh level wants to enter the Tower of Sin as well!"

"What's the problem with that?" Zen asked with a frown.

"I admire people with great courage. But believe me, what you are doing right now is the same as courting death. Even if you're a genius from the Purple Heart Sacred Place, you will only end up dead if you enter the Tower of Sin," the human war general calmly replied.

The human race had two major advantages in terms of cultivation. Firstly, they were great in number; and secondly, their capabilities were more suitable for cultivating life vitality system, which was bestowed upon them by nature.

However, on the Sea God Continent, these two advantages of humans did not do them any good.

In the Central Region and the four divine kingdoms, there was an abundance of resources, which were almost inexhaustible and always available for use. The great number of humans in those areas had helped them to make full use of these resources and achieve higher rankings. However strong you were, there was always someone stronger and more gifted than everyone else, and there was always an abundance of resources for these talents to use and grow.

However, the resources of the Sea God Continent were extremely scarce. In such a situation, the huge number of humans was no longer an advantage. What was more, before becoming a war sage, almost all the masters of the Sea God Continent were dependent on the resources they got from the Tower of Sin to grow stronger.

In the Tower of Sin, only the power of the individual really mattered.

Compared to the Demon Night, the demons, the ogres, and all other races too, humans did not have any advantage. Because of this, very few humans could enter the Tower of Sin, which made it even more difficult for the young generation of humans to stand out and achieve more. This also resulted in their currently low status in the Sea God Continent.

Although the Purple Heart Sacred Place was known as a sacred place, it was still much weaker than the sacred places of other races.

"I must enter the Tower of Sin," Zen replied firmly without any extra words for explanation.

The human war general nodded and said no more. He helped Zen complete the registration and then threw a steel token to him. "Then… Good luck."

Since he had failed to talk Zen out of the deadly adventure, he could only wish him good luck with a smile, showing much pity for him. From his point of view, a guy like Zen who didn't know where he stood in this world wouldn't survive even the first night in the Tower of Sin.

"Did you get the token?" Phoebe immediately went up to him and asked as soon as she saw him walk out of the gate.

Zen waved the token in front of her eyes and said: "Here it is. Let's go!"

There were also a few marketplaces and auction houses within this small town. However, Zen was not interested in them. After traveling through the small town for a while, they finally arrived at the Tower of Sin.

Zen could see the enormous tower from afar. When he got near it and looked at the gigantic tower, he felt overwhelmed.

Since the Tower of Sin was upside down, someone had built a staircase right next to it. After going up the stairs, two tall and sturdy giants stopped Zen and Phoebe.

These giants were more than twice the size of ogres and were at least sixty feet tall. If they were humans, then it was clearly visible that both of them probably had innate superhuman strength.

"Show me your token," one of the giants ordered in a muffled voice

Zen and Phoebe took out their tokens at the same time. Zen noticed that Phoebe's token was completely different from his own. There seemed to be a purple and gold layer on its surface.

"Phoebe, why is your token different from mine?" Zen asked.

"The token for each floor of the Tower of Sin is different. The token in your hand is for the first floor. If you have the qualifications to enter the next floor, you will need to change it. You will know about it once you enter," Phoebe smiled as she replied.

After checking their tokens, the two giants pushed open the huge doors for them. Zen finally stepped into the first floor of the Tower of Sin.

His very first step inside made him feel as though he had entered a huge palace. They first had to travel through a long and narrow corridor, and then suddenly, a gigantic platform appeared in front of them. On the platform, two creatures were engaged in a fierce battle, fighting desperately to death. The battle between them was rapidly increasing in intensity, each one trying to kill the other.

The platform itself was surrounded by spectators. Most of the creatures here were war fighters like Zen, and the fighters on the platform were also war fighters by the standards of the Sea God Continent.

"Is it allowed to fight in the Tower of Sin?" Zen asked.

Phoebe nodded, "Yes. To put it more precisely, it is allowed to fight inside the arena of the Tower of Sin! Actually... It would be more accurate to say that this is a place for battles rather than a place for cultivation. It is actually a microcosm of the various races of the Sea God Continent! All the cultivation resources are obtained through battles. Only the most powerful warriors who can live through the Tower of Sin and grow stronger can be counted as true masters!"

"These guys are only war fighters. Why is it so that the human registration officer kept telling me not to enter the Tower of Sin?" Zen could clearly see that the majority of cultivators, including the ones in the arena and those among the spectators were war fighters, and none of them was a war general.

"That's because you're a human," Phoebe giggled. "This is very common in this place. Human war fighters and war generals are usually weaker. Back when I entered the Tower of Sin for the first time, I was a war fighter too. But no one ever told me not to enter the Tower of Sin!"

Zen's eyes revealed surprise. Were humans so weak in this godforsaken place?

The battle on the arena was finally winding down.

It was a battle between an ogre and a short but very robust orc.

Both of these creatures had cultivated the body refining method. When their forceful energies burst out, they crashed head-on! With every collision, the audience would erupt in shouts and cries. The eyes of the two creatures in the arena were bloodshot with a determination to kill. They were using a completely barbaric way to fight, a hand-to-hand combat!

In the end, the ogre war fighter finally gained an upper hand and with a fierce strike of his elbow, he knocked the orc unconscious. Then he grabbed his enemy's body and tore off his head with pure, brute force.

Blood spurted out like a fountain and got splashed all over on the arena.

The audience seemed to have gotten used to such bloody scenes and in fact, it seemed to make them even more excited. "Borgan! Borgan! Borgan!"

Borgan was probably the name of that ogre war fighter. He casually waved the head of the orc in his hand and roared, "Who else dares to challenge me!? Challenge our ogre race! You load of trash of low races!"

His words provoked an uproar from the audience. On one hand there were cheers from the ogre race, and from the other side came angry curses of other races.

Zen wasn't too bothered about such provocations. However, he did notice that the blood stains on the arena soon disappeared. What was going on? Zen stared at the arena with a puzzled glance.

Chapter 818 A Peculiar Tower

Phoebe saw the puzzlement on Zen's face.

From his expression, she already knew what was on his mind. So, she smiled and started to explain in detail, "The Tower of Sin is quite a peculiar tower. It seems like a living creature and can absorb everything within it."

"Absorb everything?" Zen's expression became even more puzzled.

"Yes, that's right. Regardless of whether it is blood or something else, anything lifeless will be absorbed by this tower. If you leave a weapon on the floor for too long, it will also be absorbed," Phoebe explained.

"Wait? You mean it can even absorb weapons?" Zen asked in shock.

Phoebe nodded, "Any lifeless object will be absorbed after being placed on the floor for a period. Say, for example, someone died and no one collected his body for a period, it would also be absorbed by this tower as well."

Zen was in awe. But before he could comment further, a milky white light suddenly condensed in the arena and shot into the token hanging on the ogre's chest.

Although Zen was unclear on what exactly that light was, he could sense that it contained extremely pure energy. He felt an attraction to it and had an instinct to snatch that energy and refine it.

"What's that?" he asked.

"It's a reward given by the Tower of Sin. It is called the Lucky Light. Defeating your opponent in the arena will get you the Lucky Light. The stronger your opponent you defeat, the more Lucky Light you will get," Phoebe explained to Zen patiently. "There is a popular belief on the Sea God Continent that the Tower of Sin turns the things it absorbs into the Lucky Light."

"Lucky Light!"

It wasn't the first time that Zen had seen the Lucky Light. He had seen it before in the Dragon Soar Arena. The Dragon Soar Arena had accumulated the Lucky Light for countless years, but most of it had all been absorbed by Zen. By absorbing a large amount of Lucky Light, Zen's cultivation level had greatly enhanced.

However, the Lucky Light in front of him was different from that in the Dragon Soar Arena. The Lucky Light here did not directly enter one's body, but into one's token.

The cyan dragon also discovered the problem and laughed in Zen's mind. "Indeed. With the naked eye, the Lucky Light in the Tower of Sin appears to be the same with that in the Dragon Soar Arena. However, the Lucky Light in the Dragon Soar Arena could enhance one's cultivation level directly, while the Lucky Light here can only be used after refinement."

"I got it."

Only now did Zen understand why the creatures on the Sea God Continent valued the Tower of Sin so much.

Cultivating in the Dragon Soar Arena wasn't that bad, but it needed a long time for the Dragon Soar Arena to accumulate the Lucky Light. Zen was the first to enter the Dragon Soar Arena, and he had absorbed almost all the Lucky Light in it. As a result, the amount of Lucky Light gained by those people who entered the Dragon Soar Arena after Zen was much less.

In this Tower of Sin, however, once you defeated your opponent, you would be able to obtain the Lucky Light which would allow you to rapidly increase your cultivation level.

With the potential that the Tower of Sin had, controlling it would mean that one's race would have a super sacred place for cultivation.

But the Sea God Continent had many races, and the existence of the Cursed Land had hindered the strongest warriors on the continent to enter the

Tower of Sin. As a result, no race from the Sea God Continent had completely taken control of the Tower of Sin.

The Tower of Sin could produce the greatest cultivators in each race. However, since no one from the Sea God Continent had taken control of the said tower, no one from its race had ruled the world yet.

Zen was lost in his thoughts analyzing the situation when the ogre war fighter named "Borgan" coldly swept a glance around and roared, "I still want to fight. Who dares to come up?"

"Borgan already won six consecutive victories today!"

"Challenging him is like digging your own grave! I don't think anyone is ready to die just yet!"

"Those talents are all cultivating in seclusion. I bet no one will dare to challenge Borgan."

The creatures in the audience could be heard discussing among themselves.

Despite Borgan's constant growling, no one had stepped into the arena to answer the challenge.

Deep down, Borgan was proud of himself. He knew that everyone was afraid of him. But he wouldn't pass the chance to show off his strength. He looked around and noticed Zen from the crowd. He said, "Human war fighter? Ha-ha! Humans would only enter the Tower of Sin after becoming war generals. When did a human war fighter dare to enter the Tower of Sin?"

After Borgan finished, everyone shifted their eyes to Zen.

Humans didn't have a high position on the Sea God Continent and were considered relatively weak. Although the famous Purple Heart Sacred Place was maintained by a few powerful humans, they didn't have any strong disciples.

Hence, no one would inherit the Purple Heart Sacred Place once those powerful humans perished. Eventually, the Purple Heart Sacred Place would be ancient history.

On the Sea God Continent, the Tower of Sin was a place that every race would fight for. Humans would go to the Tower of Sin every year for cultivation, but they would usually enter the tower only after becoming war generals. It was very rare to see human war fighters in the Tower of Sin.

'An ogre war fighter?' Zen thought. His gaze flickered, and a faint smile appeared on his face.

He didn't want to show off his skills as it was his first time to enter the Tower of Sin. Right now, he just wanted to learn more about the situation here. But even if he wasn't looking for a fight, a fight had a way to find him. He didn't expect to be a target the moment he entered.

"Hey, human war fighter! Are you up for the challenge? Let me tear your neck off!" Borgan roared.

"That ogre wants to fight you," reminded Phoebe with a smile. Her mission was to keep an eye on Zen and wait for Elder Mei to unravel the secret of his sword spirit. Earlier, he had been chased by three ogre war lords for more than a thousand miles. Seeing how Zen had dodged the three ogre war lords, she was sure that Zen could handle being in the arena with Borgan.

"If that's the case..." Zen flexed his wrists a bit and walked up into the arena.

"Well, that's a first! The human brat came into the arena!"

"Ha-ha. Aren't you humans all cowards? How many years has it been since I last saw a human war fighter step into the arena?"

"Borgan, tear his neck apart. Eat his flesh! Human flesh is delicious."

All the creatures thought that this was a battle of a great disparity in strength. They were already expecting that Borgan would win easily in this fight. They were looking forward to seeing Borgan torture Zen to death.

The atmosphere of the Tower of Sin was filled with deaths and killing intentions. In fact, from the moment it was built, the atmosphere and theme of the tower had always been like this.

"I'm surprised that you dare to step into the arena." Borgan licked his lips. "Now I know that humans are not only born cowards but also stupid! Ha-ha!"

Zen was not angered at all with Borgan's remarks. His poker face didn't change at Borgan's taunting as if he was looking at a dead man already.

Borgan, on the other hand, did not like this look. It was as if Zen was a powerful person looking down at him. He didn't know where Zen could have gotten this kind of aura.

Borgan was already pissed off by Zen's look. He didn't like that Zen's aura was more menacing than his. He had to tear this human apart to make up for the latter's arrogance.

"Die, human brat! Wail as loud as you can!" Borgan roared, and the forceful energy within his body suddenly erupted. He was like a wild beast, rushing towards Zen.

"Not all humans are cowards!" Zen said coldly as he stretched out a finger to face the approaching Borgan.

The moment Borgan rushed towards him, Zen's hand suddenly moved, and his finger pressed on Borgan's head.

Pak!

Zen's figure moved slightly to the side, dodging Borgan's massive body. He only took one step aside during the entire process.

People in the audience only saw Borgan's head turning into a cloud of blood. The headless body took a few steps before flopping onto the floor.

People's voices died away and silence reigned.

This bloodshed was nothing new in the Tower of Sin. These bloodsheds would often take place in duels with great disparity in strength.

The creatures were not surprised to see Zen's method of killing Borgan. They were dumbfounded by the fact that he was human.

Humans had many known talents. Otherwise, they wouldn't be considered one of the thirteen great races.

However, human war fighters were far behind the other creatures on the Sea God Continent. Entering the Tower of Sin when a human was still a war fighter was like digging his own grave. As such, almost all the warriors that the Purple Heart Sacred Place sent into the Tower of Sin were war generals.

But this level seven human war fighter was different. Despite his level, he had defeated Borgan with only a finger.

This surprised most of the creatures in the Tower of Sin. It was something they had never seen in many years.

The dead silence was broken when the creatures began to whisper among themselves.

The blood of the ogre war fighter slowly seeped into the arena, and a milky white light suddenly appeared shooting into Zen's token.

After being infused with the Lucky Light, this ordinary metal token began to feel heavy.

'Immortal Mist is right. The Tower of Sin is indeed a good place to quickly increase my cultivation level. But it's also not easy to enter the bottom of the Tower of Sin, ' Zen thought to himself as he stood in the arena.

Just as he was about to walk off, another burly figure walked up into the arena. "Kid, do you want to leave after you just won?"

Chapter 819 A Dark Horse

Behind Zen stood a level nine ogre war fighter. He wore red armor and held a giant blood-colored axe in his hand. His expression was cold and grim, as if he wanted to devour Zen.

In the Tower of Sin, those of the same race usually formed an alliance. That was the only manner in which they were able to monopolize the resources in the tower.

When a talent showed up, the other races would send their elites to kill him or her while he or she was still young.

The Tower of Sin was like an accelerated world in its own right—a place for the talents to better themselves. If left to train well and without restraint, they could rise to the ranks as fast as lightning.

Zen's first show of power was shocking.

The ogres were one of the top three forces in the Tower of Sin. How could they be willing to let Zen go?

Zen had originally walked to the edge of the arena, but when the provocation from the ogre fell on his ears, he drew back the foot he had just raised.

He knew that the Lucky Light in the Tower of Sin was different from that of the Dragon Soar Arena. Each race had its own secret technique. However, since the Lucky Light in the Tower of Sin could also increase one's cultivation level, Zen naturally had to obtain as much of it as he could.

In addition, the malicious aura was equally important to him.

Since entering the Sea God Continent, he had killed dozens of ogres and accumulated quite a bit of the malicious aura.

The ogre Borgan, whom he had just killed, had an abundance of malicious aura inside of his body. It was the perfect opportunity for Zen to add on to his malicious aura.

The "Malicious Wheel of Life and Death" was indeed an extremely powerful cultivation method, but because of the scant amount of malicious aura he possessed, he could only use the "Exterminating Wheel." If he wanted to continue cultivating, he would need more of the malicious aura. In the past, he hadn't had many chances to obtain it.

If he could get his hands on both the malicious aura and the Lucky Light right here, he'd be fortunate.

Zen turned around and smiled, "I accept your challenge."

The level nine ogre war fighter laughed out loud. "Very good. My name is —"

"I'm not interested in knowing your name," Zen said quickly, the smile on his face vanishing.

"Why not?" the ogre asked, always a bit slow of mind.

"Why would I care? You are to die soon."

Just as Zen said this, the forceful energy within his body erupted, his figure vanishing from where he stood.

Although the ogre war fighter was slow-witted, he was not slow in movement. The moment he saw Zen disappear, he raised his axe in a swift motion.

However, he had only raised it halfway when Zen's punch came flying straight toward the middle of the axe. The punch held ninety percent of his own power, and he didn't borrow any of the dragon scales' power. Still, it was enough to bend the giant axe.

The curved axe was sent flying back toward the ogre. His muscles bulging, the ogre tried to use his impressive brute force to withstand the pressure, but to no avail.

While a war general might have been able to tolerate Zen's punch, a war fighter fell short.

Crack!

Under the suppression, the bones in the ogre's body cracked. Then, with a quick movement, Zen pressed his forefinger against the ogre's head.

Boom!

Brown-colored blood spilled and scattered on the floor. After a while, it was quickly absorbed by the arena.

The audience, once again, was engulfed in a state of absolute silence.

Zen had defeated Borgan with skill and speed in the first match. And now, he had killed the level nine ogre war fighter with sheer power alone.

The onlookers were stunned, unable to react for a moment.

How could the human's strength be a match to the ogre's?

Ogres were a powerful race on the Sea God Continent. When it came to pure strength, they might not be comparable to giants, but they were far superior to the giants in many other aspects. In terms of individual strength, ogres were only inferior to the Demon Night.

Humans, on the other hand, had never been a race that relied on strength. So why was this human so powerful?

"He's clearly just a level seven human war fighter, but he has beaten a level nine ogre war fighter with just brute strength."

"We better not offend him!"

"We must kill him! If he enters the lower floors of the Tower of Sin, he will win the human race another seat."

Many spies lurked among the members of the various races in the audience.

These creatures did not participate in the battles, but they continuously gathered intelligence and took notes if any talents from the other races made appearances. Afterward, they reported back the information so their races could come up with plans to sneakily kill those talents.

No one dared to challenge Zen again after the two brutal killings.

No one dared to mock his race again either. The world had always been this way. If someone's strength exceeded expectations, people would have no choice but to show them respect. Perhaps the creatures would scheme to take out Zen, but they certainly wouldn't dare taunt him to his face.

As Zen walked off the arena, Phoebe smiled at him. "I will take you to get your points registered. The Lucky Light is not the only award here."

The arena was indeed the core of the Tower of Sin. A perfect set of facilities had been built to support it.

Following Phoebe's lead, Zen quickly found out where to get his points registered.

After winning two matches, he was rewarded with a supreme life vitality crystal and twenty points.

"What can I do with the points?" Zen asked.

Phoebe smiled and said, "Whatever you want!"

Facilities at the Tower of Sin were arranged well. Points could be used to rent cultivation rooms, or they could be used to buy various other things. One could even obtain different types of information and exchange the points for cultivation methods.

As Zen finished registering the points, two men and a woman walked over to him. They were human war generals.

When the three human war generals saw that Zen was with a woman from the Demon Night, their expressions turned strange.

The human race too had spies stationed on the first floor. The three war generals had hurriedly rushed here from other floors upon receiving the news.

The leader glanced at Zen casually, saying with an arrogant smile, "Zen Luo? I heard you just killed two ogre war fighters on the first floor? Not bad! Come with us."

Zen was not too surprised that they knew his name, but he did not like the tone of the stranger's voice. He stared indifferently at the person, then turned to Phoebe and said, "Weren't you taking me somewhere?"

Seeing that Zen had completely ignored him, the stranger flared up and his eyes flashed with a hint of anger. "My name is Dylon," he said coldly. "And I'm from the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Since you chose to enter the Tower of Sin to cultivate, you should know that we humans must form an alliance. Otherwise, other than death, you would have no other choice left."

Zen rolled his eyes at this. "We humans must form an alliance? I understand that it's important for us, but what qualifications do you have to order me around?"

"You! You couldn't live longer than three days in here without the protection of the Purple Heart Sacred Place!" Dylon said in anger. According to him, the fact that he had personally come here from another floor to visit Zen was a great honor. But Zen didn't look like he appreciated the kindness at all. He even had the gall to be arrogant about it!

"How many days I can live should not concern you," Zen said. Without another look, he stepped forward, while Phoebe merely smiled apologetically and followed behind.

After Zen left, Dylon's face was still red with rage. "That brat!"

Dylon's another companion did not agree with the sentiment. "Why are you threatening him? He is indeed very powerful. If he can better himself quickly in the Tower of Sin, he might be able to secure a seat for the human race."

"Are you counting on him? A human war fighter?" Dylon sneered.

"Could you defeat an ogre war fighter when you were once a war fighter yourself? At that time, you wouldn't even have dared to enter the Tower of Sin!" Olivia Xia, a female warrior, shot at him coldly.

"Olivia..." Dylon started, only to be cut off.

"Enough!" Olivia Xia shook her head. "Let's just look on for a while. That female member of the Demon Night seems to be giving him advice. I don't think he would be foolish enough to challenge the warriors he knows he can't defeat. After a while, I'll go and talk to him."

The humans had already taken note of Zen. The other races couldn't fall behind either.

On the first floor of the Tower of Sin, many races were keeping an eye on Zen. The news of him winning the two matches was also being spread through various channels.

Aside from the human race, every other race had the same goal, and that was to kill Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 820 Block The Way

Danger lurked in every corner but Zen was not afraid.

The Tower of Sin was a relatively safe place.

It had its own set of rules and wasn't affected by the Cursed Land.

Here, fighting was strictly prohibited and regulated except in the arenas.

Any dispute, whether it was between mortal enemies or entire opposing races, had to be settled in the arena. Anyone who broke the rules and engaged in any fighting outside the arena would be hunted down and dealt with by all other races.

Phoebe led him to a decently spacious hall, "This is the living quarters. The practice rooms here can be rented for a day with a few points. This one here is the most ordinary practice room but there are some pretty exclusive, secret ones that can cost up to 100 points per day."

Zen raised an eyebrow, "A hundred points a day?" he repeated. He had won two matches but had only accumulated a total of 20 points which was nowhere near enough to afford a more expensive room.

Phoebe shrugged, "You heard what I said. The time flow rate in one of those practice rooms is ten to one."

Zen's eyebrows were raised higher, "Time flow rate? What's that?"

he asked curiously.

Phoebe sighed and felt the need to explain to Zen.

The only way to change the speed at which time flowed was through the use of Time Law.

After he was baptized, Zen had gained the comprehension of the nine different basic laws in the Upper World. However, there was one law that he had not understood and that was the Time Law.

If one were to use a metaphor: time was the king, and space was the ruler - these two law powers were essentially the most powerful ones in the world. The Dragon Lineage Human did not have the Time Law's obelisk because they didn't have a master who had fully comprehended it.

A practice room that altered time flow pleased Zen greatly.

Time was running out.

If he worked hard and obtained enough points, he would be able to enter the more expensive practice room and use it for his training. One day inside it would be equivalent to ten days of training on the outside world. One year would be equivalent to ten years. It was amazing!

Still, Zen was more concerned about the Time Law.

"You said there are all sorts of cultivation methods here in the Tower of Sin," he said to Phoebe. "Are there cultivation methods that are related to the Time Law?"

"I know some of them, but…" Phoebe trailed off, avoiding Zen's eyes. "But what?" Zen pushed further.

Phoebe answered him with a small smile instead, "You won't meet them by staying on the first floor. You'll have to go deeper."

"Humph," Zen huffed. "How can I get to the next floor?"

Phoebe shrugged once again. "One hundred points." The reply made Zen think: since he hadn't encountered any great difficulties on the first ground and the war fighters weren't much of a threat to him, it wouldn't be too difficult for him to get 100 points.

Nodding, Zen dropped the subject. He had no plans of entering the next floor for the time being. He still wanted to scope the area and become more familiar with the rules of the tower before venturing even further down.

Although he was confident in his strength, Zen was not stupid enough to disregard the existence of other fighters more powerful than him who lived deep inside the Tower of Sin. With his current strength levels, Zen wouldn't even stand a chance against a level-one warlord.

After choosing and going inside his rented practice room, Zen immediately took out the token for the Tower of Sin and set it down in front of him. Although the token looked ordinary, it had been able to absorb the Lucky Light.

After absorbing the Lucky Light, the token had begun to emit a faint white luster.

Just as he triggered the token, the soft light began to flow into Zen's body.

It gave Zen a sense of familiarity. The secret techniques of different races were all different, but still contained small slivers of similarity among them: this Lucky Light was very similar to the one in the Dragon Soar Arena.

The Lucky Light started to flow into Zen's body and converge into his belly. Meanwhile, his life vitality also started to move smoothly in his body.

After a period of training, he had the feeling of an imminent breakthrough! Although it was only a small amount of Lucky Light, it was enough for him to ascend and break through.

The eighth-level Illuminating Soul Realm warrior meant an eighth-level war fighter on the Sea God Continent.

His cultivation was improving, but it was still too slow.

If he wanted to defeat Eddie, Zen would have to possess the strength of the warlord and inherit the power from the bottom level of the Tower of Sin.

Eddie had long since proven that his luck was not to be underestimated back in the Wheel of Fortune. This luck might just work out in his favor and allow him to find a woman with a Purple Power Body that would allow him to activate the Lustful Demon Array at any given time.

Zen must not allow that to happen. "Red dragon," he called out. "Now that a Path Platform has been opened, you have to fulfill your promise."

It was time for him to cultivate the Transcendent Divine Might.

Truth be told, Zen had no idea what it meant or what it entailed for him save that it was a cultivation method used by the Genuine Dragon.

The red dragon chuckled, "I knew you wouldn't forget."

"Of course not!"

After his activation of the Path Platform, Zen had been relentlessly chased by ogres and had no chance of cultivating at all.

"The Transcendent Divine Might I'm teaching you is actually an abridged version. Nonetheless, it is so powerful that this abridged version would actually be better than others," the red dragon declared proudly.

Zen nodded in understanding.

Seeing this, the red dragon proceeded, "Listen carefully now: this Transcendent Divine Might is called Stellar Body."

Zen nodded once again with a poker face, "Oh?"

"Any idea popped in your head?" The student did not answer, which struck a bit of a nerve with the red dragon. He truly did not have a shred of knowledge about what he was talking about. He huffed hotly, "Stellar Body allows its cultivator to absorb the star power into his own body and use it for himself! The more he absorbs, the more powerful he becomes."

"Absorb the star power and use it for myself," Zen repeated and blinked his eyes in wide-eyed curiosity.

His life vitality had greatly benefited from the destructive power of stars after he used the Sun Moon Stars Picture to visualize these heavenly bodies. However, he did not think that there was actually a method that could directly trigger the power of the stars.

"The full power can only be released by opening the nine Divine Stars. You can practice it. I'm sure you can since you've already opened the Hundred Meetings Platform," the red dragon said. "However, do not forget that the Stellar Body belongs to the Transcendent Divine Might. It is abridged and you will only have the first half of it to practice with. I'm afraid that you may hit a bottleneck in the future."

That future bottleneck wasn't something he was gonna worry about in the present. Now that he had been trapped in the Tower of Sin, he would have to use all means necessary to strengthen himself and this abridged Stellar Body was a surefire way to do just that.

"To practice the Stella Body, you'll have to trigger one of the countless stars in the sky," the red dragon instructed.

Zen immediately looked up and came face to face with the practice room's boring ceiling, "Stars in the sky? How do I do that when I'm inside a practice room?"

"Ah, sorry, my bad," the red dragon apologized. "I forgot to tell you that you can't practice the Stellar Body until there are actual stars in the sky."

The red dragon actually had the gall to chuckle after leaving out such vital information.

Zen felt his heart drop in disappointment before sighing in frustration and leaving the practice room.

Phoebe had been right outside, waiting for Zen. Seeing him leave the practice room, Phoebe immediately went up to Zen, "Breakthrough?"

Zen merely nodded in reply.

"Will you go to the arena again?"

Phoebe couldn't help but ask.

"Not now," Zen answered, deciding to wait outside the Tower of Sin to see if he could channel the power of the stars there.

"Is that so? There are already several groups of people waiting for you here…"

Phoebe's voice died away as six to seven ogres appeared out of nowhere and blocked their path.

"Human kid…" one of them addressed Zen condescendingly.

Zen groaned, "I don't have time for this!"

He interrupted and refused before the ogre even had the chance to finish his sentence.

"No time?" the ogre scoffed.

"You don't get to choose, human."

The other ogres laughed at his words but Zen wasn't having any of it.

"Do you want to make a scene here?" he asked menacingly.

"They won't fight with you in here but they can block your way out," Phoebe said with a smile.

The rule about fighting in the safe zone might be strict but that didn't mean there were no loopholes they could exploit.

One of the most common methods was the use of death soldiers, sending them off for assassination. No matter if the target died, the death soldier would die anyway. A failed assassination would be impossible to be traced back to the mastermind while a successful one meant that the death soldier actually served out his very purpose and killed a talent from another race.

However, Zen's strength had been enough to save himself from those death warriors.

Another method was to carry out provocation and if that didn't work, then the simple strategy of being a huge blockade in the hallway also existed.

Narrow roads divided the living quarters while ogres were tall, stocky monsters with bald heads that nearly touched the ceiling. If provocation didn't work, then a simple blockade would prevent anyone from ever going in or going out. Although it was annoying, they weren't really necessarily breaking any kind of rule.

Chapter 821 Arrogance

Zen rolled his eyes at the group of ogres who were like small mountains. These guys went all out to force him to fight. He could only shake his head, thinking how shameless they were.

They were just ogre war fighters. Why did they want to get themselves killed in this way?

He indifferently looked around at the ogre war fighters who all looked fierce. Since they wanted to give him the Lucky Light, he found no reason to reject them. He was intending to accept their challenge.

Just then, a blue-black ogre appeared behind the war fighters.

Though the ogre was smaller in size than his clansmen, he possessed commanding presence. His eyes shined with a cold light and were abnormally sharp. When his gaze swept across, it even gave off the feeling of a sharp knife cutting through the faces.

He was only a war general, but with his sharp and imposing demeanor, he could easily make others feel suppressed with such great pressure. Even Zen didn't escape from sensing that kind of feeling as he let out a slight trace of surprise.

"Get out of the way," the war general said coldly.

As the ogres who tightly blocked the road saw the war general behind them, fear and reverence appeared on their faces.

"It's Elder Boris! Get out of the way!"

"Don't push me! Greetings, Elder Boris."

The ogres quickly dispersed, opening up a path for Boris. In no time, Zen found himself facing the thin war general. He was glad that he already knew his name Boris from the ogres.

Boris walked ahead, fixing his cold gaze on Zen. "You are a human, but you are not an ordinary war fighter."

"What does that have to do with you?" Zen stared at Boris and asked, not afraid at all.

"Not only do the ogres want your life, the Giants, the Orcs, and…" Boris's gaze fell on Phoebe, who was standing behind Zen, and he continued with a slight tinge of surprise, "And the Demon Night also wants your life. We have dozens of ways to kill you, but I think the best way is to kill you in the arena. I'm waiting for you on the tenth floor. I hope you don't run away or stay here all the time."

Hearing what Boris spouted, Zen chuckled to himself. When his smile faded, he calmly responded, "My only purpose of coming to the Tower of Sin is, of course, to enter the higher floors. As for at which floor you are waiting for me, it has nothing to do with me. And there is no need to pointedly tell me that because you are not that strong enough to impress me."

Zen's words made the faces of all the ogres change drastically.

It was true that Boris was only a war general, but his status among the ogres was even higher than that of many war lords.

The ogres possessed two sacred places on the Sea God Continent, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place. Boris happened to be the most powerful talent in the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place. But it didn't mean that he was not up to par with another talent in the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

With this attribute, many of the ogres showed great respect for and thought highly of him. With Boris's talent, it wouldn't be long before he reached the top of the Tower of Sin and helped the ogres obtain a new seat.

In the eyes of many ogres, that Boris personally came here and declared war on Zen was simply making a mountain out of a molehill. Why did he have to break a butterfly on a wheel? Not to mention a young human war fighter, Boris didn't need to fight with human war generals personally. They would do it on his behalf.

The ogres turned suspicious about this.

So they definitely deduced that when Boris personally declared war on Zen, this meant the latter was someone not to be trifled with. They tentatively assumed that Zen's strength must be exceptional! From the looks of it, this human war fighter was not someone they could deal with that easily!

What they never expected was that Zen was even more arrogant than they had imagined. It was as if he looked down on their Elder Boris.

A large majority of the ogres had angry expressions on their faces. They couldn't hide their disdain towards Zen.

"Human boy, you…" Before the ogres started to curse Zen, Boris raised his hand to silence them.

Then he eyed Zen and stated indifferently, "Impressive. Only a few humans have such spirit. I'm looking forward to fighting with you more and more."

After he finished speaking, he turned around and was about to leave. But before he left, he seemed to have thought of something and addressed his clansmen around, "Don't waste your lives to challenge Zen. Just let him freely advance."

As an ogre, Boris was very familiar with his fellows. Even if they knew that they couldn't defeat Zen, they couldn't help provoking Zen at the risk of their lives. And this was the last thing he would want to happen.

Judging from the information that Boris had learned, it was impossible for a war fighter to defeat Zen. If a war fighter rashly stepped onto the arena to fight Zen, he would be killed without doubt.

"But Elder Boris..." An ogre had an unconvinced expression on his face.

"Hmm?" Boris's forehead creased.

That ogre war fighter's body shook, and he replied with a trembling voice, "I-I'm sorry …"

Boris shook his head, turned around and left.

The ogres were still glaring at Zen with anger as they stood their ground. However, they didn't dare to block Zen's way anymore because of the order from Boris.

Now, Zen's face was as nonchalant as before. After Boris left, he too walked out with great strides, seemingly not caring about the death stares of the ogres.

Phoebe followed him closely behind, because she was afraid that Zen would run away.

"What does free advancement mean?" Zen asked.

Phoebe was already prepared to answer this question. With a faint smile, two perfect dimples appeared on her face. "Advancing to the next floor of the Tower of Sin requires points, but

some creatures are too strong after entering the Tower of Sin, which will lead to a default victory."

"Default victory?"

"Right. Since their strength is too strong, no one dares to challenge them. Thus they won't be able to obtain points. You must note that 100 points are required to exchange for the qualifications to enter the next floor," Phoebe continued. "That's why there are rules for free advancement. If a creature gets three default victories in three days, then someone will record it, and he can get the qualifications to enter the next floor without needing points."

Zen nodded and exclaimed, "So that's how it works."

Many races worked together to make the rules, so the rules must be reasonable. If a strong warrior of a certain race entered the Tower of Sin to train, but no other races dared to fight him because he was too powerful, then the former might not be able to advance to the next floor all his life.

To advance freely was naturally enough to make up for this deficiency.

Phoebe and Zen continued their pace, but as they walked past the arena, Zen viewed that there were still intense battles going on.

The Tower of Sin did not have any distinction between day and night. To many creatures, life was quite monotonous. It only revolved with life, death, battles, and training.

Because of the intense and extreme pressure, many special services were created around the Tower of Sin. All sorts of strange and exotic things in the Sea God Continent could be found here. Not only could warriors buy things with their points, but supreme life vitality crystals could also be used here.

After passing the arena, Zen walked out of the Tower of Sin. He raised his head and looked at the sky filled with stars. It was the full moon.

Zen looked back at Phoebe, who followed him closely behind. Since she was smartly sensitive, with just a glance, she instantly understood what Zen meant. She revealed an elegant smile and kept her distance. Right now, he needed to practice.

Phoebe had given him a lot of help, but she couldn't always follow him for the sake of his sword spirit, Lily. She was not inclined to know everything about Zen, but the information about her queen was too important, so she kept on following him.

After keeping a certain distance from Phoebe, Zen found a secluded spot. He sat down cross-legged. He then raised his head to look at the sky. The sky was filled with stars, which were embedded in the night sky, connecting with each other, forming a silver pillar.

"Can we start now?" Zen asked.

"Not bad. This is a very suitable place to cultivate the Stellar Body," the red dragon responded.

As soon as the red dragon's voice fell, countless profound characters and information appeared in Zen's mind.

"Although the second half of the Stellar Body is lost, the first half has recorded its general principles. As it says, the first step is to activate the star power. As the saying goes, everything is difficult at the beginning. Activating the first star power is the most difficult. You don't have to succeed the first time, but you can try it first," the red dragon said faintly.

It was not so easy to cultivate Transcendent Divine Might.

At the time, when the red dragon grasped the Stellar Body, his cultivation had already reached a point that was difficult for Zen to understand. However, it had taken him a full five years to comprehend the Stellar Body.

Zen did not say anything as he sat on the ground, quietly digesting the information in his mind.

Two hours later, the stars in the sky had already quietly shifted their positions to a certain distance. Only then did Zen abruptly open his eyes. A sharp light shone out from his eyes as he looked towards the sky.

Chapter 822 The Big World (Part One)

The mystery of the Transcendent Divine Might was truly far beyond what Zen could have ever imagined.

Scattered across the vast sky were countless twinkling stars that seemed to wink at him, and mischievous lights that were probably no less than trillions of miles away from his grasp. Even if Zen determinedly journeyed for millions of years, the odds of reaching the nearest star he could see in the distance would still be low.

However hopeless his goal of reaching the glimmering stars might have been, the general guide of the Transcendent Divine Might enabled him to regain his optimism. This was due to the unbelievable fact that there was now a way to communicate with those far-off stars and trigger their formidable powers.

Just by that detail alone, Zen could tell that it was almost inconceivable to even think of.

According to the records that came with the general guide, it firmly stated the more stars one could connect with in a moment, the more star power an individual could ultimately draw and initiate. Furthermore, the power mobilized for the Stellar Body could also become much stronger.

Among the mysteries of the Transcendent Divine Might was the secret method located in the general guide for the Stellar Body, which was able to utilize the abilities of the soul to comprehend such distant stars. Although he had found the long awaited secret, Zen still found it abnormally mysterious and surreptitious to believe.

There were many aspects of the world that humans had a definite knowledge of, like having a sense of everything that existed and that included objects as large as the Tower of Sin standing proudly in front of Zen and things as tiny as insects fluttering about in the stale wind. Moreover, people grasped the realities of the things they could see closely in their everyday lives such as towering trees and moving people, as well as things like the glimmering lights of the stars in the vast atmosphere.

Although it was true that humans could see innumerable celestial bodies, their perception of the stars was insubstantial at best. Except for being able to observe their faint radiance, no one could simply obtain any significant information regarding a particular star. Questions such as how their powers could be used and how to properly activate them had existed persistently generation after generation with not so much of an accurate theory withstanding the test of time.

Confusion and doubt regarding the stars had never solved their ongoing problem.

Under the continuous experimentation of the revealed secret method, it did not take a significantly long time before Zen's sensibility began to slowly strengthen and lengthen.

It was a common fact that the strength of one's sensibility was greatly determined by their soul. As Zen's soul was extremely powerful and its capabilities were exceptional, his sensibility therefore exceeded that of an ordinary living creature.

Little by little, Zen's sensibility reached one hundred feet.

Next, his sensibility stretched to two hundred feet.

Not long after, it spanned to over five hundred feet.

Astonishingly, Zen reached the thousand's mark and kept on going.

Upon reaching ten thousand feet, Zen's sensibility had achieved its limit. If he were to extend his sensibility any further than the distance it had just stretched to, it would completely break and all of his senses would become blurry.

Sighing while opening his eyes, Zen muttered, "My sensibility reached its limit. How can I perceive the distant stars? Is it not the same as trying to hit the moon with a bamboo stick?" The man asked with a slight pout on his face as his tone reflected his dejection.

The red dragon shortly snickered at the sulking Zen before speaking. "Hit the moon with a bamboo stick? You are indeed doing exactly that right now. If they follow this method dutifully, even creatures ten thousand times stronger than you would not be able to sense such a distant starry sky, let alone you!" the dragon chastised the man, who was listening intently. "Now close your eyes!"

The man obediently closed his eyes at the dragon's command, due to his reasoning that the dragon did know best about the method and how he was supposed to connect with it and make it work.

While Zen tried his best to focus once more with his eyes closed, the red dragon spoke again, "According to the secret method of the Stellar Body general guide, you can roam the great world and even turn yourself to an immortal being just by a mere thought." As the dragon finished, silence blanketed them as Zen began to ponder deeply about the implications behind his words.

'The secret method of turning into an immortal by just thinking it...' the man brooded over the thought, furrowing his eyebrows.

Heavily contemplating on what the dragon declared, Zen's heart started to beat faster as he suddenly saw the light. For a moment, it seemed like Zen fully understood what he was supposed to do. The young man's breath started to stutter as he began to summon his perception according to the secret method he had been ordered to do.

At this instant, Zen willed his perception to slowly open up once more. However, the upper part of his perception refused to cooperate and was instead constantly shrinking and condensing.

With a sudden jolt, Zen unexpectedly sensed that everything that surrounded him had disappeared.

Apart from not being able to sense the faint breeze that occasionally passed by and the muffled sounds of white noise from where he was, he found that he could not even feel his own body anymore. For some reason, his consciousness seemed to detach from his material form and completely merge with his perception.

Not long after the strange happening, an even stranger occurrence happened to him as he felt a forceful gravity from the sky drawing him in, ceaselessly pulling on his consciousness. At this rate, Zen's consciousness was rising at an incredible speed, steadily moving farther and farther away from the Sea God Continent!

With the energy from his mind, he turned over and looked down at where his initial position had been. Overlooking the landscape with wonder, the Tower of Sin appeared to be smaller as he ascended, making the massive building look like a short unlit match and the places around it looking smaller than his outstretched fingers.

Within short minutes, the Tower of Sin disappeared altogether, leaving nothing but a faint outline. Looking down for a second time, Zen's newfound astonishment was caused by the entire Sea God Continent appearing right before his very eyes, gleaming with its abundant natural resources.

The man did not have to wait long before even the Sea God Continent appeared smaller and smaller. The young man currently fascinated by the scenery compared the sight to a boat seamlessly floating above the endless ocean.

"So huge..." Zen mumbled, awestruck at what his formless consciousness had brought him to witness.

Reflecting by himself with nostalgia running deep within his bones, he realized with a start that the great world was much larger and more magnificent than what he could have ever imagined. Nothing could have defeated this kind of experience as he was suddenly blessed with seeing the great world in all its glory.

As Zen's consciousness continued to lengthen and reach even farther, he estimated that about seven or eight continents materialized above the limitless body of water which made him see more of what they had occupied as he rose higher. Reaching an impressive height, he distinguished the continents from one another which were separated from each other by a great distance.

Narrowing his eyes from his spirit form, his gaze locked on one specific continent and promptly gasped. "That is... Central Region!"

The man was clearly surprised and startled by the sight as his heart rate picked up erratically. Among these seven or eight continents, the Central Region was probably the smallest continent in terms of area. The Chaotic Ocean of Stars was right beside the Central Region, and the four divine kingdoms were just right by the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. With another jolt, he quickly came upon the realization that the four divine kingdoms' total territory was over ten times bigger than the Central Region!

Chapter 823 The Big World (Part Two)

Shaking his head dazedly, he looked over at another side and saw something much more peculiar and astounding than the sight he had seen just a moment ago. "Eh? There is another continent?!" he exclaimed, eyes wide as saucers at the new information. Due to the visual that captivated him and caught his undivided attention, he was absolutely certain that this unknown continent was even a hundred times bigger than the entirety of the four divine kingdoms! Scanning his eyes back and forth between this continent and the others, Zen found that the Central Region, the four divine kingdoms, and even the formidable Sea God Continent were like islands rather than continents. It was an undeniable fact that all of them looked insignificant compared to the former. "What is that place, anyway?" Zen asked out of curiosity, somehow mesmerized and intrigued by the huge continent he had little to no knowledge of before that very moment.

Needless to say, he was without a doubt, awfully curious about the Upper World and what was in it.

The Upper World possessed over one hundred thousand great worlds and tens of thousands of varying races. Although the place was clearly abundant, Zen, upon taking a good look at the world where he had lived in, realized with a sinking feeling that he did not actually know much about the place he had stayed in all those years.

Progressively flying farther away made the continents look smaller in comparison until they became vague shapes in the distance. As Zen's consciousness suddenly accelerated, he rose infinitely, not really knowing where it would take him.

"The gale!" the man cried out upon sensing the forceful current of air approaching his form.

In the blink of an eye, a huge mass of intense wind appeared around Zen and revolved ruthlessly everywhere he could lay his eyes upon.

With his forehead creasing in worry, Zen noticed the gusts of howling wind were seemingly able to break everything they came into contact with to shambles. Moreover, he observed that when the masses of strong gale collided with each other, a penetrating boom was emitted, as the collision created even more dangerous gales. The sight reminded Zen of a terrible tornado except this was ten times more distressing; the windstorms exponentially grew, constantly dissipating and colliding with each other which endlessly produced more intense wind.

No one below, not even Zen, were well-informed of the existence of such terrifying gales. Perhaps these occurrences had existed ever since the infinite universe came to be, which did not remove the fact that not a single being had ever been able to penetrate such a disarming layer of gale.

Even if Zen's body, which was a top-grade fairy weapon, was drawn into the immensely strong wind, it was highly likely that he would be ground into fine powder by the sheer force of it.

However, Zen glanced down and instantly remembered that he was not in his physical body. Exhaling inaudibly, he was suddenly grateful that he did not have to experience being pushed and pulled by the harsh gusts of wind.

Feeling relieved, Zen bore in mind that he was currently just a strand of consciousness perpetually rushing forward. Due to this, he was now enthralled by the way the dangerous gales were not able to touch him or cause the slightest bit of harm to him.

After passing through the layer of treacherous winds, Zen once again turned his head around and looked down at the vastness of the space before him.

Just like every single person who had gone through the same childish curiosity about the new and ensnaring world they lived in when they were young, there were at least one or two questions Zen had always wondered the answers to.

When Zen himself was at a tender age and his father had still been alive, Zen recalled innocently asking his father for the first time as they sat together one day. "Father, what is at the end of the Eastern Region?"

With a placating smile at his son, the old man replied, "Well, the end of the Eastern Region is the Central Region, son."

Hearing his father's answer, the young Zen nodded absent-mindedly and looked up at him with round eyes before asking another question, "Then what is at the end of the Central Region?"

"Hmm, at the end of the Central Region is the sea..." His father drifted off and frowned, not really knowing how to respond to his son's incessant inquiries.

Unperturbed by the unsure tone of the older man, the child asked once more, "And what is at the end of the sea?"

After the question, his father was then unable to answer him directly. Instead, he had plopped a thick book that covered myths from the great lands, dictating him to browse through the book himself to find out the answers to his questions.

Upon reading the contents of the book, the legends had stated that at the end of the sea was a wide cliff. Fascinated by the answer provided by the text, the young child was contented to know that the entire world's seawater constantly flowed down the cliff.

However, his childlike content did not last long before he found another thing to mull over. "Then... What is at the bottom of that cliff?"

The young Zen raised such a question, perplexed by the idea of where the flow of water possibly went after exiting the cliff. Unfortunately, not a single adult he had asked knew the solution to his problem. Not even the books he had browsed through held the answers as there was no such record in the myths.

As his consciousness moved farther once more, Zen's field of vision grew wider and wider. Those continents had all turned into black dots, with the boundless sea around them!

"The border," the man mumbled in disbelief before rubbing his eyes to make sure he was not hallucinating it. "There it is!"

The young man swept his gaze over the vastness of the blue ocean and finally found the edge of the water—the end of the world's territory.

However, Zen became disappointed to a great extent upon seeing that the edge was covered with a dense mist that was white in color.

If Zen was to compare what he was currently seeing to something he could understand, it looked as if the entire world was surrounded by four giant walls made of white mist. It was unmistakable; the silvery vapor appeared to be surrounding a diamond-shaped world!

"How could this be?" he whispered to himself, his expression showing incredulity as he shook his head.

When Zen's eyes grasped the impressive scene before him, he could not help but feel a surge of excitement at the discovery. The fact that he, alone, was able to witness such a spectacle was thrilling to him and made his blood rush to his ears.

As the spellbound man peered over the wall formed by the hazy mist, another vast sea stared back at him, a similar sight yet completely different from the ocean he was familiar with.

Pondering over what he was seeing at present, Zen started to mutter under his breath, "The sea here..."

"This is not the one that belongs to the world I live in. Maybe it's part of another world," he continued, musing with wonder at the thought of another world close to his own. "So it turns out that two different worlds are inextricably linked. But where is the end of the world?"

As of the moment, Zen's consciousness relentlessly flew at increasing speed as he pored over the new knowledge he had just gained from the universe.

Contemplating on his life back on his world, it seemed like Zen finally understood what other people meant by roaming the great world. With a slight smile briefly gracing his lips, he was definitely fortunate to be able to experience something as life-changing as this.

The whole world looked so massive and intimidating, as if there was no end. Tilting his head up, Zen's eyebrows furrowed; even though he was flying at such a bullet-like speed, the distant stars stubbornly remained too far away for him to reach. It was as if the distance between him and the twinkling lights was not shortened at all, for they were still significantly distant. Even if Zen's consciousness traveled higher and higher through the atmosphere, there was only a marginal change between their gap, much to his displeasure.

Luckily for him, his consciousness constantly sped up compared to the slower pace from before, moving faster and faster towards the celestial bodies.

After a long while, Zen managed to look back once more at the world below, locking his gaze on the world he had left.

Biting his lip restlessly, it was instantly evident that there existed multiple worlds that could be linked with one another. Each of these worlds was merely separated by four thick wall-like mists, just like what he had observed surrounding his own world. If one was to look as far as Zen was able to, the worlds that interconnected with its neighboring worlds appeared like menacing scales on the hide of some vicious beast.

"What is that?" He examined the being with prying eyes, oddly intrigued and horrorstruck by the thing.

Taken aback, Zen eventually figured out that there was indeed a giant intimidating beast that stayed on those scales!

The gigantic monster was completely coated in black, as if it was born directly out of the stillness of the night. Its appearance was eerily similar to that of a humongous turtle as it crawled slowly, seemingly able to absorb any form of light if one happened to pass by it.

Despite being extremely threatened at the sight of such a terrible creature, Zen still marveled at the unknown beast, most especially its remarkable scales.

Dumbfounded, Zen finally became aware of the fact that every diamond-shaped scale was actually a singular world. As the giant beast covered over a dozen scales, it meant that it also covered over a dozen distinguished worlds. The actuality that the turtle-like being was even crawling while it had multiple worlds under it was all the more astounding to Zen.

Dazedly looking at the crawling creature, the realization sunk in the pit of his stomach like an unsettled stone in the middle of a raging river. With such a massive body that was ultimately larger than a dozen worlds combined, it was very much possible that it could easily crush a world with a single stomp of its colossal feet.

The man's breath was stuck in his throat as he became speechless at the scene in front of him. As his astonishment reached its peak level, Zen merely blinked at the beast, a wave of shock washing over his very being.

Chapter 824 Communicating With The Stars

At this moment, Zen was just a wisp of consciousness, not breathing, not comprehending. He was only instinctively reacting to the shocking scene that was playing out in front of him.

He had never imagined that such a huge beast could exist in this world!

Although there were nine Genuine Dragons in Zen's mind, they existed in a form that concealed their sizes from Zen. But he guessed that even those nine Genuine Dragons would not be as big as the giant beast.

How could such a huge beast even survive? Wouldn't it have destroyed countless worlds if it had kept moving like this? What did it eat? And how did it grow so big?

There were no answers to these questions.

Since Zen's consciousness was out of his body, he couldn't ask the cyan dragon all this. It looked like he would have to wait till his consciousness returned to his body before he could ask his questions.

Zen was worried.

The incredibly giant beast was not far from the world Zen was in. He was not clear about the giant beast's destination, but if it turned even a little, it would pass through the world Zen was in and crush it in a single step.

Zen smiled rather helplessly as the thought crossed his mind.

In this boundless universe, he was too minuscule, even smaller than a grain of sand.

Even in the world he was in, he was only one in a trillion.

As he ascended, Zen saw a large, grayish-brown tree growing on the densely packed scales. The root of the large tree had dozens of "scales" running through it. This meant that just the root itself could penetrate dozens of worlds.

The height of the tree was even more frightening. It was at least a hundred times taller than its rhizome.

If the tree were to fall, it would probably get through thousands of worlds in a second. And when you considered the trunk's width, this number would probably multiply ten times.

Zen could only sigh.

The speed at which his consciousness leaped was still increasing. He further sped up as he distanced himself from the densely packed scales. At the same time, he discovered more things like an immeasurably huge mountain and the Stonehenge on the scales.

Suddenly, Zen felt an abnormal fit of oscillation from the universe before him.

He looked up and spotted a pitch black thing, continuously rotating, not far to his left.

Black.

That was the only word he could use to describe it.

In reality, it wouldn't even have a color because it was only continuously absorbing everything into it, even the light.

Fortunately, Zen's consciousness would not be affected by any external force. Although the black mass was terrifying, it was unable to drag his consciousness into it.

Under the constant migrations and leaps of his consciousness, he finally approached the first star.

As Zen looked at it from afar, he could see that it was rotating slowly and its surface was an icy blue. Approaching it brought to his consciousness the awareness of a strong will being transmitted from the star.

Zen's wisp of consciousness suddenly felt a chill of terror spasm through it, as if Zen was in a world of ice and snow.

"Is this the will of the star? D-does it have its own thoughts?" Zen muttered in awe as he looked at the spinning sphere. "This star seems to be rejecting me!"

Unable to communicate, Zen's consciousness continued to soar. He had to keep searching for the next star.

According to what the red dragon had said, the more star power he could draw into his own body, the more powerful his stellar body would become. If he could interact with all the stars in the sky, he could only imagine how powerful he could become! No wonder the Stellar Body was called a transcendent divine might.

Only such a powerful refinement technique deserved to be called transcendent.

After passing by the icy blue star, Zen's consciousness continued to travel through the Great Void, heading deeper into the starry sky.

The stars were at great distances from each other. Fortunately, Zen seemed to be able to make his consciousness travel extremely fast by using a secret technique of the Stellar Body. Soon, he found the next star.

This star was milky-white, and a huge whirlpool rippled on its surface. The whirlpool was like a storm that spanned thousands of miles, and was slowly rotating, as if someone had poured a glass of milk onto this star and fashioned it into a whirlpool.

"This star is also rejecting me." A wry smile appeared on Zen's face. He felt the star's will just as he approached it.

He then found the third star.

It was crimson red all over, and the surface of the star burned with a menacing flame. As soon as he approached the star, he discovered that the massive flame on its surface rose higher and higher, and it could stretch upward for thousands of miles.

"It's roaring at me!" Zen said in wonder. "This star is so violent. Looks like it has a bad temper." Zen was left speechless. Although he didn't want to use the word "temper" to describe the wills of these stars, they seemed to be sentient, like human beings. There were all sorts of personalities; some were gentle, some were irritable, and some were very quiet.

Zen encountered all sorts of rejections as he passed more than forty stars in a row.

He finally stopped at a lavender star.

A gentle will tugged at him the moment he approached this star.

If there could be a gender difference between the stars, he would describe this star as a female. It did not reject him. On the contrary, Zen felt it was glad about his arrival.

"Is it done?"

Zen asked, his heart skipping a beat.

From what the red dragon had said, communicating with the stars for the first time was an extremely difficult exercise.

But he seemed to have succeeded.

A vast and formless will enveloped his consciousness. Although his consciousness could not feel any warmth, he still felt as if he were in a womb.

Soon after, Zen established a connection with the lavender star, sensing its thoughts.

Zen gazed at the purple star quietly, concentrating hard as if it were trying to tell him something. The will of the star was constantly fluctuating, like a beautiful woman slowly narrating her thoughts. It was a pity that Zen couldn't understand what it meant.

After communicating with the first star, Zen did not choose to retract his consciousness. Instead, he chose to fly to the next star.

It was almost impossible to measure the number of stars in the sky. He had leaped over a hundred stars in a row, but they had all rejected him.

'Feels like I am too greedy, ' Zen thought faintly.

In the end, he gave up searching for a new star. He had established a connection the first time he had communicated with a star. That was a good enough result for the time being.

Travelling through the void with his consciousness had been an unimaginable feat for him. But he had used the secret technique of the transcendent divine might and managed to do it.

During the journey back, his gaze was once again focused on those densely packed scales. At the moment, he was extremely far from those scales and was unable to see the end of them. This was because the end was completely covered in darkness, as if it was in a faraway place that could not even be reached by light.

'The boundless universe is connected to the boundless universe. Since there are millions of great worlds, what is at the end of the millions of great worlds?'

Zen shook his head, his mind reeling from his thoughts and rendering him unable to explore the question any further.

The Stellar Body seemed to employ a secret technique that borrowed gravity from the stars to pull his consciousness out. That was probably why he could maintain such a high speed as he approached the stars and touch the gravity of the stars, as he shuttled back and forth between them.

However, Zen couldn't roam the Great Void with his own power. He wouldn't be able to explore the distant deep space and the edge of the boundless universe with his current strength.

He wasn't sure how strong he would have to become to be able to use his physical body to travel through the Great Void and explore the endless space.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 825 Refining The Body With Star Power

After a long and tiring journey, Zen slowly retracted his consciousness from the universe and stopped his meditation.

As his consciousness fell back inside, a tremor suddenly hit Zen's still body, after which, he took a deep breath and opened his eyes, looking at the sky full of stars.

Phoebe maintained a distance of over ten feet from Zen. Her slender body was leaning on the edge of a building as her beautiful eyes quietly stared at the remarkable young man in front of her. She could feel that there was something strange about Zen, but she could not pinpoint exactly what it was.

"Was it fun to roam about in the great universe?" The red dragon laughed and asked as he sensed Zen come back.

In the universe, Zen had received quite a lot of shocks and was still pondering over them. At this very moment too, his consciousness was still communicating with the light purple star. He tilted his head and looked at a certain corner of the sky.

Thanks to his astonishing eyesight, he was able to distinguish the light purple star in a single glance.

"I've established a connection with a star, how can I draw upon its power?" Zen asked.

"What!? You succeeded at your first attempt only?" The red dragon ejaculated in shock.

It had taken the red dragon a full five years to communicate with the stars for the first time!

It was said to be almost impossible to tame a star, and it was even more difficult to establish a connection with the star. In order to communicate with the stars, the red dragon had traveled in the universe for a total of five years, before he finally found a star willing to connect with him.

However, it was totally different in Zen's case! It didn't even take him a single day! The very first time he had traversed through the great universe, Zen had managed to obtain the acceptance of a star. When he came to know about this, the red dragon was nearly speechless with shock.

At that time, the cyan dragon laughed and remarked lightly, "Brother, don't forget, this is Zen's fate in play."

"Ha-ha, you are right!" The red dragon had almost forgotten that Zen was blessed with the fate of a man who was destined to fight and win in this world.

The Genuine Dragon race was very strong, and the red dragon's strength back then had been unimaginably strong. But, even today, his destiny was not necessarily better than Zen's.

All those warriors in the world who possessed the fate to fight were said to be the favored ones of the world. This meant that very few creatures could have better destiny and luck than Zen did.

Now that Zen had obtained the approval of a star, he would be able to draw out its star power.

According to the methods mentioned in the Stellar Body, Zen tried to communicate with the star with his mind. The star at the edge of the sky suddenly started twinkling in response, and a faint starlight appeared on the surface of Zen's body.

Standing not far away from him, Phoebe's eyes abruptly went wide in shock when she noticed the change in Zen's body!

She obviously couldn't understand why a faint light had suddenly appeared on Zen's body. Although Phoebe didn't know the fact that this light came from a star, she had always been very sensitive and perceptive to strong powers as a member of the Demon Night race. She could feel an immense power from the light around Zen's body.

'What kind of cultivation method is this fellow practicing?' Phoebe had numerous doubts in her mind, but she was not in a position to ask and clarify them. All warriors had their own secrets, not to mention the fact that Zen was a human, which meant he belonged to a different race, so it was impossible for him to tell her the truth.

The first half of the Stellar Body had a total of eight moves.

After drawing upon the star power, Zen somehow suppressed his urge to practice the following parts immediately. He had walked out of the Tower of Sin to draw upon the power of the stars only, and it was better to rent a practicing room if he wanted to practice the complete cultivation method. Zen did not want his Transcendent Divine Might to be exposed in front of everyone.

If not for Phoebe helping him all the way to the Tower of Sin, Zen would probably have found a reason to chase her away.

When Zen returned to the Tower of Sin, the first thing he did was to step onto the stage.

In just a day's time, every single war fighter on the first floor had come to know that Zen was not someone they could defeat.

Boris, an important figure of the ogre race, had already warned the ogre race members on the first floor to not attack Zen and stay away.

War fighters from the other races too didn't dare to step onto the arena once they weighed their pros and cons against Zen.

In this way, Zen encountered what was known as a "default victory". As long as he could maintain a streak of this "default victory" for the next two days straight, he would be able to advance to the next floor without any fighting.

After leaving the arena, Zen returned to his practicing room and focused on his cultivation. Although he did not have the Lucky Light to help him improve his cultivation, he still had a lot of things to practice and digest.

He practiced continuously till the next day after which, Zen once again stepped onto the stage and once again encountered a default victory. No living being on the arena dared to challenge him.

After three consecutive days of default victory, Zen finally obtained the qualification to advance to the next floor.

Without the slightest hesitation, Zen entered the next floor of the Tower of Sin.

The entire Tower of Sin was comprised of fifteen floors.

According to Phoebe, floors one through five were for the war fighters, beyond which, the building was mostly reserved for the war generals. Above tenth floor, the remaining five floors were full of war lords.

The facilities on the second floor were almost exactly the same as those on the first floor of the Tower of Sin.

However, the warriors of the second floor were slightly stronger than on the first floor.

As he stepped onto the second floor, Zen saw a woman from the Demon Night race standing in the center of the arena. As he watched, he noticed that no challenger was daring enough to step into the arena in front of this woman.

Just like Zen, the woman from the Demon Night race was also about to encounter a "default victory".

The Demon Night members were known to have stronger bodies than other races. Furthermore, this woman was a war general. The cultivators on the second floor of the Tower of Sin were only very slightly stronger than those on the first floor, and the majority of the creatures here were all war fighters. It was understandable that a woman of the Demon Night race would encounter a "default victory" on this floor.

"God! It's Teresa! I didn't know she had come to the Tower of Sin!" Phoebe, who was behind Zen, suddenly had a look of surprise on her face as she spoke.

The girl from the Demon Night race who was on stage right now was called Teresa, and she was also a genius from the sacred place of the Demon Night race.

Since the strength of the Demon Night race was much higher than the other races, they would head to the Tower of Sin when they were still a war fighter, and quickly improve their cultivation bases during the fights.

However, Teresa had been cultivating in seclusion in the Demon Night race's sacred place for years until she had reached the cultivation of a fifth level war general. Only then had she entered the Tower of Sin.

"She is a divine-level talent of our sacred place! She is very strong even though she's only a fifth level war general. Even though my cultivation level is higher than hers, I still wouldn't be a match against her." Phoebe told Zen.

"A divine-level talent from the Demon Night race..." A light flashed in Zen's eyes.

Seeing that Zen wanted to fight Teresa, Phoebe advised him against it, "I wouldn't recommend you to challenge Teresa. I think you should wait until her default victory is announced and choose a different opponent!"

"Thank you for your advice." A noncommittal smile appeared on Zen's face.

On the stage, Teresa proudly glanced at her surroundings before coldly asking, "Is there anyone who would dare to challenge me?"

If she obtained a default victory today, it would be her third such victory in succession. During the last three days, no one from any race had dared to challenge her.

In fact, Teresa was very dissatisfied with the rules of the Tower of Sin. Why did she have to attain a default victory for three consecutive days before being able to advance to the next floor? This was wasting her time!

Her goal was to enter the tenth floor as quickly as possible. Considering her strength, she would be able to obtain the highest amount of Lucky Light by staying on the tenth floor. Her cultivation speed would also be the fastest.

What annoyed Teresa most was that she had previously been in the second floor with two days of default victory, but on the third day, a fool had stepped onto the stage and challenged her. In her fury, Teresa had killed the challenger in an instant! But now that the third day was not a default victory, she had to wait another three days.

It was a good thing that her last instant kill was quite intimidating. Finally, no more fool dared to challenge her. She only needed to wait a little longer before obtaining the qualification to ascend to the third floor!

However, right at that moment, a figure walked onto the arena. It was no one other than Zen himself.

Teresa did not want anyone to appear on the arena not because she was afraid of any opponent on this floor. The real reason was that regardless of the strength of her opponent, the rules stated that she had to start her round of three consecutive days of default victory once again if anyone challenged her. This meant that she would have to wait for three more days before she could enter the third floor of the Tower of Sin!

For that reason alone, when she saw Zen walk onto the stage, Teresa was about to go crazy.

She sized up Zen from head to toe, her gaze frosty in her fury. "I see that there is yet another stupid war fighter who wants to challenge me to a battle! It seems like my tactics last time weren't cruel enough and didn't teach you guys a painful enough lesson. This time, it is going to be even more ruthless!"

"I wonder just how ruthless it will be?" Zen smiled.

Teresa took out a short dagger from her space ring and coldly replied, "Ruthless enough to send you into the deepest pits of despair!"

Chapter 826 The Unforeseen Result

Teresa's goal was to reach the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin in one and a half months.

According to the rules of the Tower of Sin, the quickest time for one to advance to the tenth floor was one month. This individual needed to be so strong that no one dared to challenge him from the first day that he entered the tower.

In the past, a few creatures had advanced to the tenth floor in one month, but they were all war lords.

Some talents from different races stayed in seclusion in their respective sacred places to cultivate until they became war lords. Once they reached this cultivation level, they would enter the Tower of Sin to gain experience.

War fighters stayed on the first five floors, while war generals fought on the sixth to the tenth floors.

No other creatures would dare to challenge these war lords except if they met their peers on the way to the top of the tower. With no opponents for a month, they could reach the tenth floor as fast as they could.

However, a war general like Teresa had a slim chance of reaching the tenth floor in a month. This was because her peers were likely to fight their ways to higher floors. And it didn't matter whether they could defeat Teresa or not, they would all make her have to waste a few days.

Teresa had no problem encountering other war generals because she had to respect the rules. She had even spared 15 days just to deal with these idiots.

She always had it easy because the war generals she had encountered so far were weaklings.

However, the guy in front of her was different. He was a war fighter of the eighth level. And what was more fascinating for Teresa was that he was a human!

Since when did cowardly humans have the courage to challenge the noble Demon Night?

Teresa's beautiful eyes exuded strong killing intent. The killing intent and her perfect face would cause one's heart to palpitate with fear. The metaphor of these two different feelings would create a huge gap and would cause everyone to feel a special feeling.

"You're truly worthy of being a near-perfect race. Every woman of the Demonic Night is a stunning beauty," Zen said, slowly drawing his sword.

"Is that a sacred weapon?" Teresa cocked her slender eyebrows that were like willow leaves. "When did the Purple Heart Sacred Place become so generous that they gave a sacred weapon to a war fighter?"

Swoosh! Zen brandished his sword and said with a faint smile, "I'm not from the Purple Heart Sacred Place."

Teresa laughed coldly and said, "Well, it doesn't matter who you are! All I know is that you're no match for me!"

She lightly tiptoed, and like a mother leopard, she suddenly rushed out. The forceful energy within her body released a faint light, setting off her graceful silhouette on the arena.

"You're very agile." Zen smiled, his long sword slightly twisted. He was still using the basic swordsmanship.

As Zen continued to improve his basic swordsmanship, the sword moves were also slowly evolving.

The basic swordsmanship was created with endless efforts by the predecessors, and then further simplified by Zen to the extreme. As a result, it had reached its simplest form, but Zen had no intention to stop improving.

Zen had the intention of making the simple basic swordsmanship complex.

There were two ways to evolve basic swordsmanship. The one that Zen had accomplished was evolving from complexity to simplicity. The other one that Zen had intended to do was to evolve it from its simplest form to its most complex.

A true grandmaster was able to create his unique martial arts. The unique martial arts, no matter what level they were, were not something that just popped out from the stone. Instead, they were something created by living beings. Even Transcendent Divine Might was the same.

Zen knew very well that if he followed this path, he would eventually be able to create his unique technique!

Clatter!

Zen's reaction was fast. Facing the close-ranged assassination of Teresa, he used the circle parry to completely ward off her attack.

Despite the power that Teresa was showing, Zen did not retreat. Instead, he stuck his sword on Teresa's dagger, and launched an attack.

Teresa was somewhat confused.

She was quite fast. And this human war fighter was nothing compared to her. Even if a human war general used his sacred weapon to resist her attack, his entire body would still be blown away by the impact. However, Zen was like a mountain standing steadily in front of her, using only that simple and crude swordsmanship to block her attack.

Zen, on the other hand, had a faint smile on his face.

Teresa's strength was a bit stronger than that of Brent of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Her physical and explosive strength, as well as the innate advantage endowed by her race, was much greater than Brent's. However, Teresa seemed to have less comprehension of laws because she was a body refiner.

"Tornado Thrust!"

She had originally planned to blow Zen away and then cut off his flesh piece by piece. The more miserable he was, the more she would be able to intimidate those idiots in the Tower of Sin. This way, no one would dare to challenge her again and she would be able to reach the top of the tower in no time.

Compared with Zen's simple swordsmanship, Teresa's dagger suddenly became like a violent storm thrusting countless times in an instant.

"Circle parry." Zen smiled faintly as his long sword moved slightly horizontally and completely sealed himself.

Clatter!

A series of clear and melodious sounds rang out, as the dagger and sword clashed countless times in a blink of an eye.

A thin three-foot-long sword like an airtight shield appeared in front of Zen.

Clatter!

Teresa's explosive strength was limited. Her forceful energy and physical strength couldn't last as long as the life vitality. After a short burst, Zen's long sword once again clashed against her dagger. As Zen gently pressed his sword, the two got much closer.

They could even almost touch each other's nose.

Teresa's chest heaved up and down. Her Tornado Thrust would normally be able to instantly deal a fatal blow to her opponent. Once she used this move, the opponent would instantly die. When Teresa used her Tornado Thrust on a war general at the eighth level, the general was torn to pieces by her dagger and there wasn't a single piece of skin left on his body.

But to her surprise, unlike the war general, this human war fighter in front of her had used a long sword to block all her attacks!

"How is this possible?" Teresa's eyes revealed a terrified expression. She was so shocked that she was even a little flustered.

The people of the Demon Night were very slender. And with Teresa wearing her boots, she was even taller than Zen. Using the Tornado Thrust, Teresa had used a lot of her strength. She was breathing fiercely. Her sweet breath directly brushed against Zen's face.

Zen, on the other hand, was still looking at her with a poker face.

"It is indeed quite vicious." Zen laughed faintly.

"How dare you laugh at me!"

Teresa clenched her teeth. The dagger in her hand suddenly exerted force. The dagger's short blade was pulled apart along the edge of Zen's long sword. As the two weapons pulled apart, a violent spark was generated.

Whoosh!

A sharp and ear-piercing sound rang out, and then like a snake, she wrapped herself around Zen's side.

In close combat, short weapons had a greater advantage than long weapons. Therefore, Teresa did not intend to pull apart the distance between her and Zen. She tried as much as she could to shorten the distance between them. This way, she could get the advantage in this fight.

However, just as Teresa was about to wrap her slender arm around Zen's neck, Zen unexpectedly lowered his head.

If she succeeded, then she could have stabbed her dagger into Zen's neck. Although Zen was stronger than her, he wouldn't be so arrogant once her dagger slashed his neck.

However, Teresa didn't succeed. Zen lowered his head to dodge, and then turned around and brandished his long sword, the blade of the sword slashing horizontally at Teresa's buttocks.

As this event unfolded, Phoebe became anxious and even screamed. She covered her mouth not to distract Zen from his fight.

Meanwhile, in the spectator stands, someone suddenly stood up. He was a war lord from the Demon Night.

As a divine-level talent of the Demon Night's sacred place, it was impossible for Teresa to enter the Tower of Sin on her own. Therefore, she had elders of her race to protect her all the way.

According to the war lord's assessment, Teresa wouldn't have any trouble completing the first nine floors of the tower with her current strength and power.

But as for the human brat challenging Teresa, the war lord had a bad feeling about him. It was already strange that he had a girl from the Demon Night following him given that he was just an ordinary war fighter. Even a tenth-level war general was no match for Teresa. Any cultivator superior to Zen wouldn't even dare to challenge Teresa, so naturally, the war lord wasn't worried at all. Humans were naturally weak!

To his surprise, however, Zen managed to resist Teresa's attacks. As Zen's sword slashed at Teresa's buttocks, his mind went blank. With the sharpness of the sacred weapon in Zen's hand, he could have cut Teresa in half. He couldn't afford to let Teresa die because there was no way he could explain it to the clan elders.

The expressions on the other creatures' faces in the spectator stands were also vivid.

The majority of them could not believe what had just happened.

How could it be that there was a talent of this level among the weak humans of the Sea God Continent? They wondered whether they were mistaken, but Zen was no doubt a human war fighter.

Clap!

Zen turned his sword slightly, using the blade to hit Teresa's buttocks, instead of cutting them.

He let go of Teresa this time.

Chapter 827 The Heavenly Kill

Zen was very clear about his goal.

His first purpose of coming to the Tower of Sin was to cultivate himself. His second objective was to obtain inheritance of the Tower of Sin.

The ogre and the Demon Night were both top races of the Sea God Continent, while humans seemed to be incomparably weak here. As soon as Zen arrived on the Sea God Continent, he had invited the enmity of the ogres. But he wasn't stupid to feud with the Demon Night.

Although Zen had used the blade of his sword to hit Teresa on the butt, the force of the blow was still quite heavy. Teresa staggered and pounced forward, looking quite embarrassed.

The members of the Demon Night were always elegant and proud. They would never allow themselves to be humiliated in front of everyone like this. The moment Teresa reached the ground, she pushed against it, nimble as a reptile, and turned over, wanting to fight back.

Swoosh!

But Zen was fast.

The sword had already reached Teresa's snow-white neck, the tip of the sword pulsing with energy. If Zen were to raise his hand and move the sharp sacred weapon a bit, it could probably cut Teresa's head off.

Teresa was angry and embarrassed, but she wasn't stupid. She had read the rules of the Tower of Sin countless times before she came here and understood them quite well.

She was powerful, noble, and respected in the sacred place. No one would dare take her life there. But on the arena, no one could protect her, even if the Demon Night won many seats in the Tower of Sin. The rules were set by a lot of races, and it was impossible for anyone to change them just for a divine-level talent like her.

If Zen managed to kill her, the Demon Night would avenge her. But they couldn't bring her back to life anyway.

"Admit defeat and I won't kill you," Zen said calmly. It wasn't that he didn't know how to show mercy to a woman. But right now, the slightest carelessness on his part could lead to his death. Still, he was kind enough to be willing to let her off.

"I... I admit you've defeated me," Teresa said, grasping the situation despite her obvious resentment.

In a flash, the Lucky Light of Teresa's token shot into Zen's token.

The Lucky Light was a reward to the victor. And the amount of Lucky Light that the victor could get depended on the opponent's Lucky Light.

Teresa was a war general of the Demon Night, one who was skillful in battle. The only people who had dared challenge her were war generals; some even those of a higher level. So the amount of Lucky Light that Zen got from Teresa was ten times more than before.

Thus it was good to have high cultivation bases. When Zen had entered the first floor of the Tower of Sin, those who had dared challenge him were all war fighters who had small amounts of Lucky Light and only earned few points.

Teresa glared viciously at Zen and walked out of the arena.

Phoebe heaved a sigh of relief. But what Zen had done on the arena had surprised her a lot.

Phoebe had seen Zen escape in a flash before, from the three ogre war lords. It was still considered unimaginable for him to do that while he was still a war fighter. However, it was difficult for Phoebe to estimate Zen's actual strength, mostly because it was rather obvious that she didn't take

Zen to be an ordinary war fighter. But she had also not expected Zen to be unbeatable to this extent.

There was another wave of whispers in the auditorium.

"No wonder Boris warned us not to be reckless and fight with him. This guy is a human war fighter, but he can even defeat a Demon Night war general!"

"Is she just a Demon Night war general? That woman from the Demon Night is a divine-level talent from the Demon Night's sacred place. You can't treat her as a normal war general! But she has still been defeated by the human war fighter!"

"Aren't human beings supposed to be more difficult to deal with only after they become unbeatable, war lords or war sages? Since when has their grand sacred place cultivated such a great genius?"

"I think he said that he isn't from the grand sacred place."

"If this guy keeps attacking and triumphing over others floor by floor in the Tower of Sin, I'm afraid that the human beings will win one more seat!"

All sorts of discussions surrounded Zen as the creatures of all races stared at him and whispered among themselves.

"Is there anyone else who wants to challenge me?" Zen asked nonchalantly.

There was an eerie silence that nobody wanted to break.

"Isn't Tito of the Orcs very famous on the second floor? Where's he? How is it that I don't see him?"

"Are you kidding me? Tito is just a tenth-level war fighter. Although he has successfully knocked down three war generals, he isn't a match even for Teresa, much less for this guy!"

"No one dares go up into the arena if he knows his own limitations. Even though that guy is willing to let off the Demon Night, he might not spare the lives of other races!"

Teresa had shown her powerful strength and instilled an awe and fear in everyone around her. Now that Zen had defeated her, this kind of deterrence had actually been strengthened. Perhaps no other living being dared challenge Zen at this moment, given that he had won against Teresa. Moreover, word of Zen's achievements on the first floor had reached the second floor, and absolutely no one dared battle him right now.

If no one challenged Zen, it meant that he didn't have to battle with anyone from now on and could get the default victory. He would be able to get free promotion if he didn't need to combat for three consecutive days.

Zen was quite satisfied with this result.

As for Teresa of the Demon Night, she was obviously not content with it at all.

Teresa was angry and indignant as she walked out of the arena. The Demon Night war lord hastily followed her.

Teresa had never encountered such a humiliating defeat before.

She was the one of the best, even if she lived amidst numerous geniuses in the sacred place of the Demon Night.

Moreover, the opponent that she had lost to was not only a human, but a human war fighter. If her warrior spirit hadn't been strong enough, she would have suffered a devastating blow.

"I... I must kill him!" Teresa yelled angrily.

"This brat is outstandingly powerful. You can't match him at the moment," the Demon Night war lord said calmly.

"I don't care! If I can't kill him in the normal way, I'll use the Heavenly Kill to deal with him!" Teresa said, cold determination in her voice.

The Demon Night war lord was astonished at Teresa's words. He immediately rushed to pacify her. "Teresa, do not do such a silly thing. The Heavenly Kill is a very special and magical cultivation method. It is prohibited and must not be employed unless it is absolutely necessary. Have you forgotten our elders' advice?"

"Absolutely necessary? It is necessary right now, isn't it?" Teresa said stubbornly.

"You don't need to be in such a hurry. This guy has come to the Tower of Sin just to train. You will meet him sooner or later. You can challenge him when you become strong and powerful enough. It looks like there's a woman of the Demon Night who's by his side. I don't know which faction she belongs to, but I'll look for her and ask her about the situation first," the Demon Night war lord tried comforting her.

"When I become strong enough?" Teresa was surprised, but after pondering over it for a short while, she looked even more depressed. "Won't that guy also become stronger and more powerful by then?"

'He is just a war fighter now, but he was able to defeat me. If he becomes a war general, can I match up to him and beat him?' Teresa thought.

The Demon Night war lord had also realized this, but that was the only way he could use to comfort her. But it looked like his advice was useless. In the end, the Demon Night war lord could only sigh. But luckily, Zen did not seem to have any intention of killing Teresa.

Teresa was just too arrogant. It was probably good for her to taste defeat during the battle in the Tower of Sin. This experience could be considered exercise for her warrior spirit.

Since no one had challenged Zen, he left the arena, and Phoebe followed closely behind him.

Just like Teresa, Zen also wanted to get to the top floor of the Tower of Sin as soon as possible. He had no interest in fighting with those war fighters, but according to the rules of the Tower of Sin, he had no choice.

This time, when Zen arrived at the living quarters on the second floor, he saw quite a few women by the side.

There were women of all races, including ogres, orcs, human beings and other races. There were even women from the Demon Night!

These women were all dressed sexily, their curvaceous figures tempting the senses in the most primitive of ways.

"These women..." Zen looked at them, confused.

"Prostitutes," Phoebe replied bluntly. "Warriors are stressed in the Tower of Sin, and all of them try to relieve the pressure by having fun with these prostitutes. From the first floor to the tenth floor, prostitutes are very common on each floor."

Zen curled his lips. In addition to those human and Demon Night prostitutes, there were even prostitutes from the orc and the ogre. Naturally, Zen couldn't accept their ugly appearances.

He couldn't bear to stay here any longer. Just as he was about to leave, a human woman walked out from the other side and blocked his path. She smiled up at him. "Hey! Someone wants to have a good talk with you."

The woman was a perfect beauty. Zen faintly smiled at her and asked, "How many life vitality crystals can you get for one night?"

The woman became furious at Zen's words, her face showing the extent of her anger.

Chapter 828 The Seat (Part One)

A bell rang in Zen's mind when he saw the woman's face. He recalled seeing her when he first stepped into the Tower of Sin.

The first time that Zen saw this woman, she was standing next to the human war general named Dylon. However, that time, she was completely silent during Zen's unpleasant encounter with Dylon.

The famous Purple Heart Sacred Place might be a prominent place, but it didn't leave a good impression on Zen. If the place was full of idiots like Dylon, he thought that there was no need to have further contact with any of these idiots again.

Therefore, when the woman approached him, he instantly felt annoyed and acted rudely.

The woman's name was Olivia Xia, and she was extremely angry at Zen's attitude.

She was a ninth level war general of the Purple Heart Sacred Place and deserved a better treatment. Yet, Zen regarded her as a prostitute. A woman of her status must be treated with utmost respect and she couldn't tolerate the disrespect of Zen towards her.

However, she also couldn't afford to lose her composure. She tried to suppress the fury in her heart. She took a deep breath and heaved heavily. Soon enough, the anger in her eyes disappeared. Then she suddenly started laughing, "Ha-ha! I'll tell you now, I don't think someone like you can afford me. I am quite expensive. Better yet, I am priceless!"

Olivia was more tolerant toward Zen's unfriendly manners. Unlike Dylon who was extremely insolent in front of Zen, she was treating Zen much better than Dylon had been with him. Zen was caught off guard by the "kindness" that Olivia was showing him. He thought that there was no need for him to continue with such vulgar joke and he wasn't the type who would be enchanted by a beautiful woman. He then said, "Cut the crap! Who wants to see me?"

Sensing that Zen softened his tone, Olivia let out a sigh of relief. Dylon's rudeness had offended Zen earlier which made it difficult for Olivia to carry out her plans. In the end, she had to show up and solve the trouble herself. Fortunately, Zen softened his tone. It seemed that he hadn't taken it much to heart.

In the Central Region and the four divine kingdoms, humans had established the dominance over the others for their great number and powerful strength. However, the place was filled with internal strife, conflicts, and hatred among different parties.

In the Sea God Continent, on the other hand, humans were considered too weak. Only when they united could they confront more powerful forces. The powerful human talents represented the future of humans; therefore, they were highly valued. Currently, in the eyes of the ogres and other creatures, Zen was a pain in their asses, and they were all dying to get rid of him. For the human race, on the other hand, Zen was undoubtedly a talent that they desperately needed now. Zen was a rare talent that they wouldn't want to miss and they would give him the best training needed to make him stronger.

His performance on the first floor of the Tower of Sin had surprised all. Despite being a war fighter at the eighth level, he defeated a divine-level talent of the Demon Night with ease.

This had never happened before in the history of humans! It was unprecedented performance! Zen was now considered as the most powerful human who ever stepped into the Tower of Sin.

Humans had never played a crucial role in the Sea God Continent before, and they weren't even worth to be mentioned.

Even a cultivator from another race at a lower level of cultivation could challenge a human martial artist at a higher cultivation level. Humans were an inferior race that simply didn't deserve to compete with other races!

Every time the humans sent their best talents to the Tower of Sin, they would be brutally massacred by other races. This had been the case and only a few humans had ever made it to another floor because most of them would die in the first floor of the Tower of Sin.

These belief and news had a huge blow on the humans' confidence. The loss of confidence damaged the spirit of the human race. It was terrifying to see what fear could do to a race!

But now, Zen's appearance was the silver lining to the human war lords in the Tower of Sin. The news had quickly spread to the elders in the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Although those elders were war sages and they were unable to enter the Cursed Land, they still could offer their strategies to their people in the Tower of Sin.

Zen had no idea that the elders of the Purple Heart Sacred Place were watching his fight through a Picture Slab. The elders were happy to see a human finally standing up to the other creatures in the Tower of Sin.

To Olivia's knowledge, the elders of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had already given the order to support Zen and offer him the chance to receive better training for cultivation.

Once Zen became a war general, he might become the motivation for the younger generation of humans. His presence might give them the confidence to strive forward. And once Zen became a war lord, it might even help the humans to obtain a new seat in the Tower of Sin.

This was the only reason why Olivia Xia was able to tolerate Zen's rudeness towards her.

"It's our human war lord, Elder Jing, who wants to see you," Olivia answered honestly.

Zen nodded and said, "Go on, lead the way! Let's get this over with!"

They followed Olivia and went forward. It was a long walk. There were a lot of turns through the living area before they arrived at a tavern.

The living area was well-equipped with almost everything one could wish for. Many races had businesses there that offered various services. There were taverns, gambling stalls, and brothels on practically every floor! Whatever you wanted, you could get in the living area.

Chapter 829 The Seat (Part Two)

When they arrived at the tavern, someone was already waiting for them.

The person appeared ordinary in his grey clothes. He appeared to be trying not to stand out by repressing his energy.

"Mr. Luo! I've heard so much about you!" the person greeted Zen in a surprisingly polite manner with cupped hands.

When the other martial artists in the tavern saw this, they felt very strange.

The terms war lord and war fighter sounded alike but they were different in status and realm. Zen was only a war fighter but why was he receiving a respectful greeting from a war lord?

Zen returned the gesture by bowing and asked, "You must be Elder Jing, right?"

"Please sit down first, and we'll talk." Elder Jing waved his hand and motioned for them to take a seat.

Zen abided. After they all settled down, Elder Jing asked, "Mr. Luo, it's safe to assume that you didn't come from the Purple Heart Sacred Place, right?" Elder Jing asked directly. They had already investigated Zen's identity and some things about him before meeting him. There were many talented martial artists in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, but with Zen's remarkable talent, he couldn't have remained in obscurity if he was from the sacred place.

"Yes, that's right. I'm not from the Purple Heart Sacred Place," Zen replied honestly.

"I see. Do you mind telling me where you came from?" Elder Jing asked.

In the Sea God Continent, other than the Purple Heart Sacred Place, there were also some sects scattered around. However, most of those sects were attached to the sacred places, otherwise, they wouldn't survive the attacks from other races.

"I don't wish to answer that." Zen smiled.

He did not intend to hide anything from Elder Jing. Zen just felt that it wasn't the right time to tell the elder that detail about him.

Elder Jing respected Zen's decision and didn't push him. He smiled and nodded, "Since Mr. Luo doesn't want to talk about this, then let's drop it. However, I still want to ask if Mr. Luo is interested in joining our Purple Heart Sacred Place."

The Purple Heart Sacred Place was a sixth-grade power established by the human race. When a sect reached the sixth grade, it would gain the sacred place status.

Zen was a Cloud Hall disciple and didn't have any plans to join any of sacred places of other sects.

Zen was also aware of the benefits of joining the Purple Heart Sacred Place, but it was not necessary for him to join the sacred place just now. It wasn't that Zen didn't want to give up the Cloud Hall. It wasn't the identity of the sect that bound the disciple to a certain sect after all.

Zen thought he didn't need the cultivation methods and other resources that the Purple Heart Sacred Place could offer. He didn't lack cultivation techniques or resources. He was just not interested in the responsibilities that a member of a sacred place would have to shoulder.

Also, Zen was firm with his purpose for coming here–that was to enter the bottom floor of the Tower of Sin. If he were to join the Purple Heart Sacred Place, it would probably take him even more time to accomplish his goal. Zen had plenty of time, but Yan couldn't wait. He couldn't afford to make Yan wait. He had to save her.

"I'm sorry, I'm already a member of another sect," Zen replied.

Elder Jing wanted to ask which sect Zen was from, but he assumed that he wouldn't get an answer from Zen, so he gave up the idea. He came here today with the purpose to persuade Zen to join in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, and he was slightly disappointed when Zen had rejected his invitation.

"As far as I know, there are very few human sects in the Sea God Continent. And from those, only a few grade-two sects are scattered around. Nearly 90% of the humans are gathered in our Purple Heart Sacred Place. So, if Mr. Luo joins in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, we would make all efforts to cultivate you." Elder Jing paused for a moment before continuing, "Mr. Luo, you should also be aware of our human race's position in the Sea God Continent. One should not only live for himself but also do something for the whole race!"

"I am very clear about what you have said. But please understand, if there is something I can do for the sacred place, I am willing to do it with all my heart. However, please forgive me but I just can't join in the Purple Heart Sacred Place yet."

Elder Jing smiled in resignation. Then he shook his head and said, "Since Mr. Luo has no intention to join us, that doesn't matter. And I'm pleased to hear that you are willing to do something for us. Although our human race only has four seats in the Tower of Sin, we are still considered one of the fourteen great races. If you need our help, please do not hesitate to ask."

"Seat? What is it?" Zen asked.

"The seat represents the right to enter the top of the tower. Only by obtaining a seat in the Tower of Sin would one have the right to enter the top of the tower," Elder Jing replied. "But there is another responsibility for the ones who own the seats now, and that is to establish the rules and punishment of the Tower of Sin! On the fifteenth floor of the Tower of Sin, there are a total of 128 seats. Every so often, the seats will be rotated according to the strength of the cultivators. But unfortunately, we humans have only a few seats. We only take 4 seats out of the 128 seats."

"The right to enter the top of the tower?" Zen's eyes glittered with excitement. This was exactly the goal that had driven him to travel thousands of miles and come to this Sea God Continent.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 830 The Secret Of The Tower Of Sin

The Tower of Sin was a giant building, but it was inverted. Its peak was deeply embedded into the ground.

If Zen wanted to reach the bottom of the tower, it basically meant that he had to enter the top floor.

"What's at the top of the tower?" Zen suddenly asked.

Immortal Mist had told him that there was an incomparably important and powerful inheritance at the bottom of the Tower of Sin, and for that very inheritance, Immortal Mist had even given up his right of reincarnation. There must be something very important there.

But Zen knew nothing about what it was.

"You don't know?" Elder Jing looked at Zen with a strange expression on his face.

Almost all of the sacred places on the Sea God Continent had been developed based on the Tower of Sin. Every single warrior on this continent knew that in order to reach a higher cultivation level, they needed to enter the Tower of Sin. Only by entering the top of the Tower of Sin would a warrior get a chance to stand at the top of this continent.

Even though Zen was not from the Purple Heart Sacred Place, how could he not know about the Tower of Sin?

The information wasn't a big secret, so Elder Jing immediately told him, "At the bottom of the Tower of Sin, there is a huge cave. We call it the Dark Nether Cave. It is filled with Dark Nether Death Light for almost the entire year. Even if a level ten war lord were to enter the cave during those times, he would be instantly killed by the Dark Nether Death Light."

"Dark Nether Death Light? It can instantly kill a level ten war lord?!" Zen exclaimed.

In the Cursed Land, the strongest warriors were level ten war lords only. War sages were unable to enter. Otherwise they would be killed instantly by the curse. Then who could enter the Dark Nether Cave without being killed?

Elder Jing saw Zen's doubtful expressions and immediately explained, "Because of the Dark Nether Death Light, we are unable to enter the Dark Nether Cave for most of the year. However, every year, for one single month, the Dark Nether Death Light gets greatly weakened. At that time, all races would enter the cave to look for opportunities."

The Tower of Sin was a very important building to every sacred place for two major reasons. First, it was a breeding place for warriors. As long as a warrior had both—a significantly high amount of talent, and a high cultivation level—he could use the Lucky Light obtained in the Tower of Sin to greatly improve himself. And the second reason was the Dark Nether Cave.

To date, the opportunities each sacred place had obtained from the Dark Nether Cave were unimaginable. For example, the Purple Heart Sacred Place was built by one of the human warriors, who had once obtained a seat in the Tower of Sin and found a great opportunity in the Dark Nether Cave. He was then known as Purple Heart War Lord.

It was precisely because of that opportunity that the Purple Heart War Lord had been able to step foot inside the Soul Sea Realm and lead the human race to establish the Purple Heart Sacred Place. This allowed the human race to gain a foothold on the Sea God Continent.

"I have to get a seat just to enter the Dark Nether Cave?" Zen asked.

Elder Jing smiled slightly, shook his head and said, "Not everyone necessarily gets a seat. According to the rules of the Tower of Sin, each seat grants the seat-bearing race five licenses to enter the Dark Nether Cave. If you can enter the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin, you may be able to enter the Dark Nether Cave once you get a license."

"We humans have four seats, which means we have a total of twenty licenses?" Zen asked.

"Yes," Elder Jing nodded. "If you can enter the tenth floor when the Dark Nether Cave opens, we can consider giving you a license."

Zen's eyes lit up and he smiled, "Thank you, Elder Jing."

Elder Jing shook his head and said, "We humans have been weak for so many years. We have to help each other all along."

In fact, the human race did not lack talents. On the contrary, the elders in the Purple Heart Sacred Place were quite powerful. Otherwise, the grand sacred place would have been destroyed by the other races long ago. What went against them was the fact that the human race had not produced a new and strong warrior for a long time now.

For example, in the sacred place of the Demon Night, divine-level talents like Teresa would appear almost every year. In the past ten years, the human race had only produced three divine-level talents, and one of them had even died in the Tower of Sin.

If this situation was not changed and the younger generation failed to keep up, then when the elders of the Purple Heart Sacred Place ran out of their lifespans and finally kicked the bucket, the grand sacred place would truly decline.

Just as they were chatting, a thunderous laughter came from the entrance of the tavern. Two figures that were the size of small mountains walked in.

"Ha-ha, I'm afraid there won't be any licenses for humans this year. Human boy, it's useless even if you thank him!" The one who spoke was an ogre war lord.

War lords usually stayed on the eleventh to fifteenth floors and rarely entered the lower floors. Elder Jing had especially come down to see Zen. These two ogre war lords had also come to the second floor for Zen only.

"Yes, Don is right. Humans only have four seats. And to be frank, I wonder if they can keep those seats this year. That human brat called Elmer Ning has been cultivating in seclusion for a long time, but no matter how long he stays in seclusion, he will be still killed by my single slap. Ha-ha!" sneered the other ogre war lord.

"Brat, why don't you join us? We have twenty-six seats! That's over a hundred licenses. It would be easy to bring you along!" Don mocked.

Elder Jing's face darkened.

Although there were conflicts between various races in the Tower of Sin, they usually dealt with each other in the arena. It was rare for them to provoke others in such a manner. These two ogres were war lords, but they were acting like assholes.

Although humans were weak, they could not afford to be humiliated in front of others like this. Elder Jing was about to speak up when Zen himself suddenly stood up.

He said with a smile, "Guys, do you know a war general called Boris?"

"Yes. He's the most talented warrior of our Flaming Ogre Sacred Place!" Don replied with a mocking smile.

"Boris is good," Zen complimented.

Don replied proudly, "Of course he is. Our Flaming Ogre Sacred Place is full of talents. He is the most talented one among all the talents."

"I'm not saying that I admire his talent," Zen suddenly said seriously. "In your opinion, Boris' talent is pretty good, but it's not worth mentioning in my eyes. I'm saying that his mentality is much better than yours. Although you are war lords, you act like hooligans. Other than your cultivation levels, what else do you really have that can justify your title of war lords? Strength? Aura?"

Zen's words were so harsh that the two ogres were lost for words.

Don's face darkened. He suddenly took two steps forward and his majestic aura pressed down on Zen's head.

Elder Jing also quietly got up and was about to stand in front of Zen, but Zen gently waved his hand, signaling to Elder Jing not to do so. Instead, Zen took two steps towards Don. The two were now only a few inches apart.

War fighters would probably shiver in the face of a war lord, especially after being oppressed by his soul pressure. It was highly likely that they would get injured.

Fighting was prohibited in the safe area. But the ogres were noted for their overbearing manners. Even if there was a dispute, the ogres involved would eventually get away with it unharmed. After all, they had twenty-six seats among the more than a hundred seats in the Tower of Sin.

Don had not intended to blow up the situation. He had only wanted to scare the shit out of this human brat.

However, Zen had had a faint smile on his face from beginning to end. He stared at Don as if he was not afraid of him at all, and then sneered, "You're merely a level one war lord. You think you are somebody? Your aura is even inferior to that of Boris. Other than your cultivation level, you are nothing."

When Elder Jing saw Zen's calm expression, he was both surprised and happy. What he didn't know was that, even a war sage from the Purple Heart Sacred Place wouldn't be able to suppress Zen with just his aura, let alone a mere war lord. The war sages of the Sea God Continent were at the same level as the warriors at the Life and Death Realm of the Central Region. Back in that place, Zen had remained unmoved even while facing Eddie's oppressive aura. So how could this war lord affect him?

"Arrogant!" Seeing that his aura was indeed unable to suppress Zen, Don felt somewhat helpless. It was just as the rumors said, Zen was indeed a monster.

"Arrogant? Ha-ha!" This time, it was Zen who laughed heartily. "Let me show you whether I'm arrogant or not. I'll let you feel the true aura I have!"

After saying that, Zen stared at Don, his eyes lighting up. With his soul at the Fighting Soul Realm, he could cast forth quite an intimating aura.

Chapter 831 Unbelievable

It was known that one's aura depended on the strength of his or her soul. The stronger the soul was, the more oppressive one's aura would be.

As for Zen, he restrained his aura after his soul had entered the Fighting Soul Realm. Only strong warriors could see how powerful his soul was, whereas normal people wouldn't be able to detect it at all.

Souls at the Fighting Soul Realm were something that even war sages found difficult to obtain. The ones who could have them were only those who had stepped foot inside the Soul Sea Realm.

The tavern was full of chatter and the smell of food, when a sudden majestic aura burst out from Zen's body and spread everywhere like a tidal wave. The surge struck Don first, who was in front of him.

The surprise hit made Don's eyes widen to the size of saucers. The human war fighter in front of him was truly like a fearless beast.

But since Zen had just arrived at the Tower of Sin, he did not attack with his soul. Moreover, there were too few humans in the tower, which made attacking an impossible option. If the other races joined forces to assault him, Zen would surely lose.

After all, there were many level ten war lords as well in the Tower of Sin.

While Zen's aura exploded, his body also released the malicious aura stored in the Killing Sword Mountain. His soul pressure and surging malicious aura made him look like a god of slaughter.

Pak!

A waiter with a jug of wine came over to serve drinks. When he sensed the aura Zen radiated, his knees buckled, then the jug in his hand fell to the floor and shattered into pieces. All the color was drained from his face as he clutched the table beside him to support himself.

What the waiter was hit with was only the tip of the iceberg. Zen's aura continued to burst forth to intimidate the two ogre war lords—Don and his companion.

At that moment, Don felt like his chest was being squeezed, making him unable to breathe. How did this young human have such a terrifying aura? On the other hand, Zen gradually increased his malicious aura. Don's entire body shook with fear and his teeth chattered loudly as he took two steps backward.

It seemed that Zen's method worked as both the ogre war lords trembled nervously. Both of them had just made a breakthrough and became war lords. They felt like they had touched upon a new domain and reached the upper echelon of the Tower of Sin.

In the Tower of Sin, war fighters were at the bottom, war generals were at the middle, and the war lords were at the upper echelon.

After Don and his companion became war lords, they heard rumors among the ogres that an extremely powerful human had appeared. With that, they thought that this level eight war fighter deserved to be humiliated. But who would've thought that the human would be so terrifying?

Regret and embarrassment coursed through their beings. If this had spread, they wouldn't have any faces to show the ogres at all. Two ogre war lords got beaten by a human war fighter? It was so humiliating!

However, there was no way they could resist now, unless they started a fight.

Then again, there was a human war lord in the tavern as well. Even if they tried, they might not be able to win.

As time passed, the two ogres could no longer withstand the pressure of Zen's aura. They could only retreat continuously until their backs touched the tavern's entrance door.

The two ogres looked positively miserable as they balled their hands into fists. They stared angrily at Zen, but no words came out of their lips.

Zen stored the malicious aura back into the Killing Sword Mountain and quickly withdrew his soul pressure. His body immediately returned into its previous state as a faint smile graced his lips. He gave off the feeling of a spring breeze, but who would've thought that this young man's aura had forced the two ogre war lords to retreat just now?

"Do you still want to humiliate yourselves?" Zen said lightly when the two ogres had yet to leave.

Don glared at Zen with clenched teeth. In the end, he could only leave. He left Zen with angry parting words, "We'll meet again. Just wait and see!"

With that said, he and the other ogre war lord left.

When Zen's aura spread out just now, it attracted many of the surrounding creatures, including war fighters and war generals of various races.

The moment they saw that it was a human war fighter who forcefully used his soul pressure to drive the two ogre war lords out of the tavern, their jaws dropped in astonishment.

"Is that guy really a human war fighter?"

"He is indeed a level eight war fighter. His name is Zen Luo. He recently entered the Tower of Sin. If we can't defeat him in the arena, he'll ascend to the top floor. I'm afraid that the humans would have another seat!"

"When did such a talent appear in the human race? Not even the ogres or the Demon Night would have someone as powerful as him."

"Are you joking?

This has never happened in our Sea God Continent since the ancient times. His soul pressure forced back two ogre war lords—this is simply unimaginable. If it wasn't for the fact that the humans and ogres are not in good terms, I would've thought that they were acting!"

Many of the creatures chattered among themselves by the door.

Meanwhile, Olivia remained seated in her original position and stared blankly at Zen.

She was from the Purple Heart Sacred Place, and used to be a proud girl. None of the young men in the sacred place had ever caught her fancy.

Humans were considered weak on the Sea God Continent. Thus, the talents of the Purple Heart Sacred place rarely went out to gain experience, and Olivia was no exception. When she had just gotten out of the sacred place, she had thought that she was the best warrior in the world, and everyone else was inferior to her.

However, realization hit her when she and her companions entered the Tower of Sin. Humans were weak compared to the other races.

The Demon Night, the ogres, the giants were all far more powerful than the humans. Therefore, she naturally felt afraid as she fought in the Tower of Sin.

Sometimes, she also wondered if the human race was truly mediocre compared to the other races. For instance, the Demon Night members were innately strong and were born without any impurities in their bodies. They were already nature creatures since birth.

This mentality was her way of thought until she saw Zen.

The moment she heard about him, she, Dylon, and the others attempted to contact Zen. This human war fighter who came out of nowhere and had just entered the Tower of Sin recently won a "default victory." When Olivia heard this news, she felt that Zen was truly a strong warrior.

The talented war fighters of the grand sacred place never dared to go to the Tower of Sin. It was general knowledge that talents needed sufficient training before they could grow, but the Purple Heart Sacred Place didn't dare send its talents to the Tower of Sin. It was because war fighters died too quickly there, and the grand sacred place clearly didn't want that to happen.

Thus, it was an extremely impressive feat for the humans when Zen, a human war fighter, won a "default victory."

However, Dylon had offended Zen right from the start.

And Zen was indeed cocky, as he didn't seem to take the Purple Heart Sacred Place seriously either.

However, Olivia, Dylon and the rest of their companions received news from the sacred place which asked them to keep a good relationship with Zen. If Zen could really grow, then he might be able to win another seat for the human race. All the races on the Sea God Continent considered the seats in the Tower of Sin of great importance.

When Olivia came into contact with Zen again, he had actually defeated Teresa, the divine-level talent of the Demon Night.

That was truly shocking. This surprising news made Olivia's heart tremble to the core.

Finally, she felt that there was now a man who could enter her heart.

So even though she was rightfully furious when Zen had considered her as a prostitute and asked her how much she could get for one night, she endured it in the end.

To a strong warrior, arrogance was not a foolish act—it was only his inherent pride.

At that point, Zen had already had a big place in Olivia's heart. She thought that even though Zen was only a level eight war fighter, he could probably fight against a level nine or even a level ten war general.

She felt that she might have overestimated Zen with that thought, but never had she expected Zen to successfully force two ogre war lords to retreat by just relying on his own aura.

That was simply unbelievable!

Suddenly, Zen became truly mysterious and even unattainable in her eyes.

Now, majority of the human talents came from the Purple Heart Sacred Place. The remaining human forces came from smaller sects that allied themselves to the sacred place. In that case, where did Zen come from?

Chapter 832 The Smile

Elder Jing's face broke into an even wider smile.

Zen's appearance gave him hope for the Purple Heart Sacred Place's destiny. Perhaps, with his presence, its state would finally improve.

The hundred clans were all fighting for supremacy in the Sea God Continent and there was hope for the humans to take back their place in the sun.

The human race had the capability of cultivating life vitality which gave them unparalleled superiority. Moreover, they had been able to produce two divine-level talents both 300 and 100 years ago, respectively.

These two divine-level talents that were produced had the highest chances of reaching the Soul Sea Realm.

Unfortunately, they weren't able to do so. The first divine-level talent was killed by another race the moment he left the Purple Heart Sacred Place while the other talent became really strong but then perished in the Dark Nether Cave. There was great opportunity but also great danger in the Dark Nether Cave that even war lords could face sudden death.

But Zen was, dare Elder Jing say it, different? His strength far exceeded that of an ordinary war fighter and had been enough to fight a tenth-grade general. To add to that, his soul seemed to be even strong enough to suppress a war lord.

This young man might just be the one to reach the Soul Sea Realm and when he did, he'd be unstoppable. By then, it was possible that nobody in the entire Sea God Continent would be able to curb his strength.

Because of the potential Elder Jing saw in Zen, he did not feel the need to restrict his assistance to the young man through the use of the many resources of the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

Elder Jing's purpose had been achieved after meeting with Zen. In fact, he actually wanted to go further and invite the young man into the Purple Heart Sacred Place. They had a transmission array that led to the Purple Heart Sacred Place in the Cursed Land and if the powerful ones in the Soul Sea Realm would be willing to lend Zen the Purple Heart Plate for his use, then it would be for the best!

However, he understood that such a thing was too much. Even divine-level talents did not receive such treatment and he did not really have a say on such matters, so he chose to just keep his mouth shut.

Just as he left with Olivia and the others, the young woman turned her head towards Zen, "You still don't know my name!"

Zen smiled pleasantly, "What's your name?"

Olivia returned his smile with her own. "Olivia Xia," she told him before leaving with Elder Jing.

Upon returning to his living quarters, Zen immediately rented a new cultivation room and continued refining the Lucky Light he had obtained from Teresa, which increased his cultivation at an extremely fast rate.

For Zen, the only way he would be able to fight Eddie and defeat him was through becoming a war lord.

Thus, his ultimate goal was to become a war lord in the Tower of Sin.

He had only experienced a few battles after entering the tower. He had fought with those war fighters on the first floor, while the Lucky Light he had obtained allowed him to advance from a Level 7 to a Level 8 war fighter. It should be noted, however, that at the time, he was already on the verge of a breakthrough and the light he had obtained only served as a catalyst for his advancement.

He had managed to obtain a lot of Lucky Light from Teresa on the second floor, but despite absorbing all the light rays, he had not managed to break through. He concluded that it was because the light rays he had absorbed were not enough and he would need to get more in order to advance.

The Lucky Light from Teresa had come from other war generals, who, in turn, had snatched it away from the first and second-floor war fighters, so it was understandable that it wasn't really that much.

This made Zen think, 'It seems I have to climb to the higher floors as soon as possible. There is too little Lucky Light on the lower floors.' He had to catch up with the war generals in the Tower of Sin if he wanted to get stronger.

The war generals located above the fifth floor possessed a much larger amount of Lucky Light in their hands.

It was a pity he had to follow the rules and climb up the tower one floor at a time. So, even if he were to have a default victory on every floor, it would still take him quite a while.

Zen shook these thoughts from his head and decided to rest for the night. The next day, he walked out of the cultivating room and headed for the battle arena. War fighters had been fighting in the arena day and night but as soon as Zen walked in, it was suddenly plunged into a deathly silence.

News about him using his aura to force the two ogre war lords away had already spread throughout the entire second floor. Most of them thought of him as that terrifying fiend who, despite coming from the human race, had combat skills that far surpassed others at his level. They knew he was strong, but they couldn't tell where the limits of his strength lay.

Because of yesterday's events of him defeating Teresa, a war general and divine-level talent of the Demon Night Race, nobody had the courage to challenge him to a fight.

When he arrived, two creatures from the other races were still fighting. After their match, the winner of the fight noticed Zen standing outside the arena. His glorious expression immediately blanched and he quickly jumped off the battle platform.

According to the Tower of Sin's rules, the fighters could fight and kill freely once onstage, and if Zen had come up while the winner was still there, then he could instantly die from Zen's formidable strength.

The sight of the fleeing creature didn't elicit any laughs from the other combatants.

Everyone's life was precious. If any of them were to go up against Zen and died, then they would be relegated to the role of a mere stepping stone used by him to climb up—it wasn't a fate any truly desired.

However, it was ironic because the one that had run away was actually the strongest on the entire second floor, having previously won sixteen consecutive victories.

Despite his wins, he had been extremely depressed for the past few days. First, it was Teresa, whose battle proposal he did not dare accept; he opted for closed-door cultivation instead. Now, here was Zen who had defeated Teresa and was no doubt coming for him next.

Zen, on the other hand, pretended not to notice. This was always how it had been for those in power, and he couldn't care less about what these fighters thought. All Zen cared about was gaining strength, and whoever blocked his path of advancement would die.

Zen entered the arena. "Who dares challenge me?" he asked in a booming voice.

Everyone hoped for a default victory for Zen. As long as there was a default victory today and tomorrow, they would happily send him off and get rid of this great threat to their lives. No one present would be stupid enough to challenge him unless they were seeking death.

Everyone was silent, all waiting with bated breath for the default victory to be announced. Zen being stuck there with them was a type of torture, and they would rather he get out and ascend to another floor as soon as possible.

However, just as they thought Zen'd get a default victory, a voice rang out from the crowd, "I will challenge you!"

The moment they heard this brave soul speak, everyone's expression froze while Zen's eyebrows furrowed.

"Who dares challenge Zen? Damn it!" someone cursed. "Look, we couldn't care less whether you live or die, but once you challenge him, Zen has three more days before he can go up the third floor!"

"Are you trying to screw us over!" another one burst angrily.

"Right! Just let him advance automatically. If you want to challenge him, you go to the third floor!"

"It seems like Zen will be staying on this floor for a few more days."

As the creatures buzzed and cursed, the brave soul who had spoken up revealed herself: it was Teresa from the Demon Night race!

Her gaze was cold as she shot a fierce glare at the fighters who had cursed at her. "You got a problem with me?" she demanded angrily.

Her sudden appearance immediately made the other combatants shut their mouths.

They had forgotten that there was another fiend among them.

Zen scared them, but Teresa was no better. In any case, both of them were regarded as invincible among the war fighters, and one of them was in an extremely bad mood after suffering a loss. If she decided to vent her anger on them, they'd be facing a huge problem!

Such was always the case: the weak were always subject to the whims of the strong.

A war fighter on the first to fifth floors had a tragic fate: either they climbed up or stayed on their floors to become a stepping stone for others' advancement. The recent change of the tower rules actually worked in their favor.

In the past, there was no such thing as a default victory so the war generals would often farm points on the lower floors because it was the only way they could get promoted. The weaklings on the lower floors ended up as the war generals' tools in gaining points for advancement while the war lords preyed on the war generals.

Back then, the Tower of Sin was even more chaotic than it was now. There hadn't even been a designated safe zone! Talents could be killed at any time and the cruelest of them all had a full range in taking down whoever, whenever.

Teresa's appearance left a sour taste in Zen's mouth. 'Could it be that since I ended her default victory yesterday, she deliberately came out to cause trouble today? Does she think I won't kill her?'

His eyes sharpened with rage at the thought.

This intense look had Teresa's palms sweating, but she reeled it in. "I want to challenge you," she told him. "But not on the second floor. I'll let you ascend, and if I catch up to you, then I'll fight with you once again!"

Everyone present let out a collective sigh of relief. It seemed Teresa wasn't entirely stupid. Since Zen had let her go yesterday, challenging him the next day would be for naught. One would've thought she was courting death if she proceeded with fighting him again.

Chapter 833 Night Group (Part One)

A hint of a smile worked its way onto Zen's face upon hearing the words spoken by Teresa. The woman appeared to be indignant as she stubbornly refused to accept her previous defeat.

Zen would gladly give her a chance to challenge him if he encountered her on the third or fourth floor of the tower.

As Zen stood on the stage and waited for a long time, it was to his relief that no one had come up to challenge him. In this particular circumstance, it meant that Zen could spend the whole day leisurely and get the default victory today due to the fact that he did not have to battle or challenge anyone.

One full day later, Zen found himself stepping once more onto the arena. It did not take too long this time before he successfully got the qualification to advance to the third floor, seeing as he had not fought with any brave challengers on the arena for the third time in a row. Anticipating the next floor, Zen was prepared to participate in the battles happening on the third floor.

A discernible fact about the Tower of Sin was that there were many war fighters dispersed on the first floor up to the fifth floor. However, it was apparent that the number of war generals evidently increased if one happened to ascend floor by floor. Moreover, the fifth floor and the subsequent higher floors were only swarmed with war generals, not a single war fighter in sight.

Due to the news spreading about Zen's arrival, there was palpable tension hanging in the air, as well as a slight commotion from the warriors situated on the first floor up to the fifth floor. The warriors who were currently challenging on the third floor were not fools, and they all instantly moved out of the way when they laid their eyes upon Zen as every single one of them knew of his reputation. Only a very few of the braver creatures on the floor attempted to challenge Zen.

As Zen continuously climbed up to the higher floors, he drew more and more attention to himself. The living creatures, most especially the human warriors were clearly intrigued by his presence. Many human war generals on the higher floors personally came down from their floors to witness Zen's battles, albeit only a few war fighters dared to challenge him. Furthermore, the few battles he had gone through were exceedingly short, as those who ventured to stand on the arena were instantly defeated by Zen. It was a shame, as no one thus could really see an exciting fighting scene, or truly witness how powerful the young man really was.

Located on the west side of the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin was a huge room. From what the living creatures had heard, this particular area had always been occupied by the ogre, and the members of other races were not allowed to approach the place.

In the Tower of Sin, all of its areas were considered as public spaces that anyone qualified could occupy. However, the truth was that the area controlled by the ogre was the largest, and ultimately off-limits.

At one point, the ogre originally desired to monopolize the entirety of the Tower of Sin.

As a matter of fact, the ogres had nearly succeeded in achieving their mission and even managed to throw others out of the Tower of Sin. The desperate attempt to dominate the place also led them to prevent other creatures from entering it, which was an extremely controversial matter at the time.

In those days, the ogre had occupied over sixty seats in the Tower of Sin. As the race with the most powerful force in the Tower of Sin, the ogre back then had the ultimate authority of suddenly issuing an order which contained the elimination of all the living beings from other races out of the Tower of Sin. The worst part of the mandate was that every single creature who refused to leave was killed inside the tower mercilessly.

The ogres were triumphant in carrying out their plan during that period of time. Other than the ogres, no living creatures from other races remained in the tower for the fear of being executed. Thus, all of them had been expelled against their will.

During that withering month, only the ogres were able to freely enter and use the Tower of Sin.

However, this move of the ogre was a great nuisance, as their arrogance in owning the place was based solely on their strength, much to everyone else's disdain.

In the Sea God Continent, no one dared to challenge the might of the ogres as they were the most flourishing race and the only ones who had possessed two sacred places. It was hopeless for the other races even if they revolted against the vastly powerful ogres, due to the ill-fated notion that the ogres could still remain unbeatable against their attempt. But if they all cooperated together to attack the ogres, they could be very powerful. Despite the discouraging odds, it had been immensely difficult for the ogres to resist the Demon Night sacred place's members. Only if the members of the Dread Ogre Sacred Place and the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place had joined forces, they would be able to grab a fighting chance against the Demon Night.

Back then, all the races unwaveringly united and had almost succeeded in attacking and suppressing the two sacred places of the ogre.

All of the sacred places established on the Sea God Continent heavily relied on the Tower of Sin. This was because if they had lost the opportunity to utilize the Tower of Sin as a place for the strong warriors to cultivate, it would have a devastating impact to the continuation of the sacred places of their respective races.

If they failed to train their younger generation, it would be as dangerous as losing their foundation. Moreover, the implications of such a loss bore consequences for all because if the ogres gradually became stronger in the future while the other races remained stagnant, they would eventually be wiped out from the continent. Due to the threatening possibility of that future, those races stood up for themselves and tried their best to fight against the imposing race instead of helplessly waiting for the ogres to drive them out of the continent.

Upon seeing the allied forces of various races make their way determinedly and passionately to the ogre's sacred places, the ogres finally understood that they had crossed the line and done some reckless things they wished that they should not have done in the first place.

Without any effective methods to resist the siege and the penetrating attacks of the other living creatures, the ogres begrudgingly opened the door of the Tower of Sin once again to the public. Moreover, they reluctantly gave up on some seats.

After the conclusion of the revolution against the ogre race, it appeared to be true that the distribution of power within the Tower of Sin was a microcosm of the entire Sea God Continent. However, the state of the human beings was drastically low as they were easily intimidated by the other more formidable races. As such, they did not have a high position in the Tower of Sin. On the other hand, the Demon Night was a very powerful and unbeatable race; no one dared to look down upon their skills in the Tower of Sin.

Although the ogre gave up on monopolizing the Tower of Sin, it was still a staggering fact that a significantly large portion of the tower was controlled by this race.

The decorations in this spacious room looked incredibly sparse and rough, a far cry from being considered as delicate or elegant. Scattered around the room were several ogres, with some of them sitting on the ground and some lying down haphazardly. The ogres seemed to be in the middle of a crucial discussion.

Chapter 834 Night Group (Part Two)

Not a long moment had passed when their ears picked up on loud stomps rapidly approaching the room. An ogre war lord dressed in a cloak appeared at the entrance and while erratically breathing, the ogre stated, "The order to assassinate Zen has been sent out!"

"What do you mean!? Assassinate that guy?"

Boris, who had been quietly sitting on the corner of the room up until that moment, suddenly stood up and exclaimed.

A couple of sighs could be heard from a few of the ogres in the room as they glanced at Boris with an indifferent look. Just then, another ogre emerged from beside the ogre war lord dressed in a cloak. Without much preamble, the ogre spoke with a frigid tone, "Boris, you do not have the right to speak here!"

Even though the ogre had an implicit threatening tone, Boris showed no fear in retaliating with his own response. "When that guy enters the tenth floor, I will naturally end his life." He gritted his teeth with an obvious twitch on his eyebrow. "Why do we have to assassinate him?"

The ogre war lord dressed in a cloak continued to stare stonily at Boris. Now that Boris was considered as the divine-level talent in the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place, he dared to retort brashly to the war lord. If someone else were in his shoes, like an ordinary ogre war general for instance, he would definitely not risk the act of interrupting the war lord in the middle of him speaking.

"I understand your feelings, but this is an order from the top of the tower," the ogre war lord stated in a calm voice, barely suppressing the irritation from his voice. "This guy only has the cultivation base of a war fighter, but he has already caused enough trouble by bringing the war lords so much pressure." He crossed his arms against his brawny chest while he chastised Boris, looking at him pointedly. "If he were to be promoted to a human war general, I'm afraid it would be too difficult for us to suppress him then. Are you sure you are his match?" The ogre war lord finished as he tapped his foot impatiently.

"I can defeat him!"

Boris gritted his teeth as he spoke, balling his fists at his sides in agitation. 'Why couldn't they trust me just this once? I am certain I can kill him with my bare hands!' he thought to himself, furious at the idea of his fellow ogres underestimating his capabilities.

The ogre war lord sneered at the blatant protest Boris was displaying. "I believe your words, but it is useless. Zen shall be killed by the Night Group's death warriors!" he persistently declared and huffed before walking out of the room full of ogres.

The Night Group was a race that ranked sixth among all races on the Sea God Continent. Interestingly, their name was based on their members' movements, as they typically lurked during the day and only took action when the stillness of the night was upon them. Furthermore, the members themselves lived in perpetual darkness even if the sun shone brightly during the day.

Although the members of the Night Group were not particularly powerful or extraordinary when they happened to formally battle with others, they were undoubtedly adept at their secret skill. This was derived from the fact that their members were naturally good at assassination and could silently take the lives of others without being noticed.

Since that particular race was slightly incompetent when it came to battling against others, it could not develop and prosper on the Sea God Continent without the protection of more powerful races. Consequently, the Night Group managed to rank sixth among the races on the continent mainly because of the protection of the ogre over them.

To a substantial degree, the entire Night Group was controlled by the ogre!

As a form of payment for being under the protection for so long, the Night Group had specially cultivated numerous daredevils for the ogres' use. Sending them to the Tower of Sin to assassinate the targets that needed to be eliminated was a common procedure for them upon the demands of the ogre.

In fact, all the races from the continent were well aware of what went down every time a warrior who had potential was suddenly murdered in cold blood. Despite this, the others tolerated such behavior with tight expressions on their faces as long as the ogre race did not go overboard and did not offend the geniuses of the few huge races. The rest of them kept mum, for they reconciled it as a necessary evil that was needed to maintain the balance and peace inside the Tower of Sin.

Back in the day, the ogre had never bothered to send a daredevil to kill human beings.

As the cost of cultivating a daredevil assassin was particularly too high and the human beings were weak to begin with, they did not deserve such a special treatment.

Albeit it was vastly different this time around, because Zen had extraordinary skills and strength that undeniably attracted the attention of other living creatures in the tower. From the moment he had stepped into the Tower of Sin, he even gained the interest of the masters at the top of the tower and promptly left them speechless.

In former times, there had been geniuses from other races who had appeared with a great potential and swiftly enhanced their skills, as they continuously climbed up to the higher floors in the Tower of Sin. However, all of them had been strong war generals! By the complete surprise of everyone, Zen started as a mere war fighter and effortlessly kept on rising to the higher floors. In addition, the Tower of Sin subsisted also as a sacred place for cultivation. Every single living creature of every race was well informed that the cultivation base could be exponentially increased by taking advantage of the Lucky Light.

Once Zen managed to climb his way to the top of the tower, the consequences would be unimaginable—an upset of the hierarchy would definitely happen.

Visible disappointment was painted across the face of Boris. Although he was immensely looking forward to fighting with Zen, the words uttered by the war lord enabled him to understand that he could not obtain such a chance. Although it left a bitter taste in his mouth, he silently acquiesced upon knowing well that the Night Group assassins were indeed a force to be reckoned with.

Given the fact that none of those who had become the targets of the Night Group assassins were able to escape their fate of being assassinated, it was safe to assume the same would happen with Zen; the assassins had been successful for so many years after all.

Clenching his fists tightly, Boris felt a faint sense of anticipation deep in his chest. A part of him wanted Zen to be quickly eliminated, but a bigger part of him surreptitiously hoped that the assassination attempt would not succeed.

Way down below, a man was seen sighing for the hundredth time, seemingly unaware of the danger approaching him. Zen was leaning against a wall with a bored expression on his face; passing the third floor without even breaking a sweat was admittedly a little too easy. 'Hmm, no one has challenged me for three days straight. Is it supposed to be like this?' Zen mused to himself, tapping his finger against his chin. Moreover, he obtained the promotion with ease and was therefore eligible to advance to the fourth floor.

Unluckily for him, the downside of no one challenging him was the failure of acquiring the Lucky Light.

At the time, Zen considered it as a problem. Earning the Lucky Light had been an important goal for Zen, but after some reflection, he shrugged nonchalantly and ultimately decided on proceeding to the upper floors to seize the Lucky Light from those war generals.

Upon discovering that Zen had been recently qualified to go up to the fourth floor, Teresa, who stayed on the second floor, felt pessimistic at her chances. If Zen kept on climbing up at such an alarmingly fast speed, she was uncertain of the possibility that she could catch up to him. Just as she had obtained the qualification for going up to the third floor, she learned that Zen had already entered the fourth floor. Frowning, she also realized that even if she did manage to enter the fourth floor, Zen would probably have reached the fifth floor.

Letting out a desperate sigh, she only hoped that someone would suddenly appear to stop Zen momentarily, or at the very least, slow him down. Otherwise, she would never get the chance to challenge him again.

On the first day that Zen strode into the fourth floor, he was disappointed but not surprised by no one coming to challenge him. Shaking his head, he raised his eyebrows and smiled wryly; no one even made eye contact with him anymore. The young man continued to rent a secluded training room for his cultivation.

Moreover, what made Zen ultimately despondent was another reason altogether. Since he did not battle with anyone for three consecutive days, not only did he not obtain the Lucky Light, he did not even get any sliver of points. Zen was unhappily walking by himself and his mood worsened upon realizing he had to use the life vitality crystal to pay for the training room he had rented.

The exact moment Zen stepped foot into the training room, he paused at the doorway as his skin prickled with the sudden change of aura in the air. Scanning his eyes suspiciously, he swore he sensed a peculiar feeling coming from the room.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 835 Assassin

A trace of doubt appeared across Zen's face.

The Tower of Sin's structure was very special. It was said that if an object was placed anywhere inside the tower, it would slowly be devoured and then disappear.

The tower's appetite was voracious and would absorb anything whether it might be a spiritual weapon, a fairy weapon, or even a sacred weapon.

It was like a monster—a devourer of lifeless things.

The practicing rooms, arenas, and all other rooms had already existed way before and had not been built by the creatures of the Sea God Continent.

Despite the ravages of time, however, everything still looked good as new.

Zen entered the practicing room to find it empty. Upon stepping inside, however, he couldn't help but sense that there was something inside the room that he couldn't see.

His brows furrowed as he closed the door and found a place to sit.

The feeling did not subside so Zen continued to remain vigilant.

He could feel a special breath within this room!

However, he could not figure out where it exactly was even with his Fighting Soul. Whatever the hidden creature was, it undeniably had really strong hiding skills.

Though the Tower of Sin had strict rules regarding fighting and how it was forbidden in the safe zone, assassinations were still very much a thing.

Phoebe had warned Zen about this. Being in the limelight with the ogre who bore a grudge against him wasn't the most ideal situation.

Just as he thought about this, he immediately shot a glance at the corner. 'Is it there?' he thought. His gaze shifted around the room, feeling for that other presence, trying to pinpoint where it was.

He was now truly positive that there was another living, breathing being in the room with him but the question was where it was.

Where was it hiding? Where was it awaiting its opportunity to strike? "It doesn't matter. Whoever or whatever you are, you will surely attack me," he muttered to himself as his entire body tensed.

Zen was already on high alert despite looking relaxed in his place on the floor.

It wasn't just Zen. The Night Group assassin was also already feeling alarmed. The Night Group was comprised of assassins with the innate talent of hiding their breath.

Moreover, they practiced a special cultivation method that could manipulate the refraction of light rays leading to the deflection of their enemy's line of sight. This method made them virtually invisible to their opponent and target.

This particular assassin, however, was feeling extra nervous since Zen served as his greatest test in the Night Group.

For the members of the Night Group, the greatest and most dangerous mission they could ever undertake was the assassination of a person within the Tower of Sin.

The tower's rules were strict and even if he succeeded with his job, it was possible for him to be found out and chased down by the other races. Worst of all, he could be killed. Retreating from the Tower of Sin after an assassination was difficult after all. Success could lead to death while failure surely led to death. It was a job that almost always led to one outcome.

The moment he accepted his mission was also the moment he put half of his body into the grave.

This dilemma coupled with the fact that his target seemed to have already sensed his existence. This had the Night Group assassin sweating.

He was an eighth-level war general so, in terms of strength, he might not even be a match against a fourth-level demon general of the Demon Night. However, he had once assassinated a war lord from another race outside the Cursed Land, so that meant he still had some tricks up his sleeve.

Besides, his target was only an eighth-level human war fighter. Maybe he was just imagining it. There was no way his target had been able to sense a Night Group assassin's existence, not with his innate breathing ability and cultivation method.

He was about to relax when Zen suddenly glanced around as if looking for something.

'He has noticed my presence!' the assassin remarked to himself in disbelief. The thought had him tensing up but another realization had him frowning.

'Wait… He knows I'm here but isn't willing to leave the room? Is he waiting for me to attack and then he can fight back against me?' he thought to himself before his face broke out in a sardonic grin.

It seemed his target was quite confident with his strength.

Maybe he was too confident—at least, for the Night Group assassin. He was someone who had once killed a war lord after all. 'You are only a war fighter, ' the assassin thought arrogantly to himself. 'No matter how talented you are, you will die under my blade!'

With these thoughts, he then began to make his move by scaling along the walls of the room. He reached behind his back and took out the white bone blade that he used for this very purpose.

As he moved, the surface of his body flashed with a faint layer of phosphorescence that constantly changed color, effectively camouflaging his entire body. Nobody would be able to sense or see him even if they observed at a close distance.

Zen continued to sit crossed-leg in the middle of the room with his eyes closed, seemingly unaware of the approaching Night Group assassin.

He was unaware that the one who wished to do him harm was only a step away from him.

The assassin was already rejoicing in his heart. He had never failed to assassinate any of his targets before, not when he was already this close.

To him, Zen was already a dead man.

"Piercing!"

he exclaimed as his bone blade suddenly erupted with power.

The exact moment he enacted an assassination was also the moment he threw away everything in order to achieve his goal: to kill the target.

The bone blade in his hand was level with Zen's chest, ready to pierce through his heart…

But then, the Night Group assassin suddenly froze!

Zen did not avoid nor even launch any counterattacks but the bone blade refused to sink any further into his flesh.

'How is this possible? Is this guy's body made from steel?' the Night Group assassin thought to himself.

But even if he was made of steel, the bone blade should've still pierced through or, at the very least, penetrated his body.

This bone blade had been forged through a secret method of the Night Group. It was sourced from the tibia of a deceased Night Group member and was strengthened and reinforced by a secret ritual. It had the ability to communicate with the user's mind, and even feelings, as if it was his hand.

And the Night Group assassin was certain that the blade had gotten stuck as its tip pierced the very top of Zen's skin. It was something he had never encountered before.

Zen slowly turned his head and smiled at his would've-been killer. "Your hiding skill is remarkable," he said. "You were able to hide in this room and I couldn't find you. But now, well, it's truly a pity..."

The Night Group assassin's eyes widened. "Retreat!"

A phosphorescent light suddenly appeared on the assassin's body, partially concealing him.

"I'm not going to let you escape!"

Zen said, his hand stretching out like lightning.

Earlier, he had been unable to chase after the assassin's shadow so he had chosen to just wait patiently for him to attack first.

After Zen's body became a high-grade fairy weapon, his strength had been enhanced significantly to the point that normal weapons would fail at even piercing through his physical defenses.

This assassin was truly a daredevil to risk killing someone inside the Tower of Sin.

A strong war lord would not be such a daredevil. So Zen immediately assumed that this assassin's strength would not even match that of a war lord. Despite his marvelous hiding skill, he proved to be too weak to even break through Zen's physical defenses.

"BANG!"

Zen's hand had curled into a fist and a lightning-fast punch landed on the assassin's shoulder!

It was only a glancing blow but it was still able to shatter the assassin's shoulder blade.

Zen's punch had the assassin rolling away and crawling onto the wall. He had been caught off-guard but it was not over! He took his bone blade and spat a mouthful of blood onto it. The entire blade then began to emit a bewitching red mark, and at the same time, the assassin's eyes were also turning red making him appear as if he was a scorpion lurking on the wall.

Being a daredevil, he wouldn't sit still and wait helplessly for death to come at the crucial moment. Since he couldn't kill Zen in a single strike, he fell into an extremely disadvantageous position. If he wanted to turn the tide, he could only fight with Zen desperately!

"Did the ogre send you here?"

Zen asked.

The Night Group assassin narrowed his eyes. "Do you honestly think I'll answer you?"

Zen huffed, "I'm not really interested in knowing." As soon as he said that, Zen immediately rushed towards the assassin with a raised fist with the intent of punching him once again.

The assassin rapidly dodged and two loud bangs could be heard as Zen's fist hit the wall. However, the indentations on the wall rapidly disappeared.

This was the Tower of Sin's magic—it had the ability to quickly repair itself after being damaged. It was as if it wasn't a tower, but a person who had the ability of instant regeneration.

Had they been in any other ordinary building, the force of Zen's punch would've caused the entire structure to collapse.

The two kept chasing each other in circles. The assassin moved around Zen and tried to avoid him while Zen was hot at his heels with a faint smile on his face.

Chapter 836 A Tenth-Level War Fighter

Actually, the easiest way for Zen to proceed right now was to open the door and walk out.

Although in the dark, warriors were often assassinated even in the safe zone, on the surface, no race would dare to do such a thing.

If Zen was able to leave the practice room, the ogres would not be able to protect this assassin. In fact, the assassin's mission should already have been completed at this time. And it didn't matter whether he succeeded in assassinating Zen or not, because he was already a dead man.

"Aren't you afraid?" Zen suddenly asked.

"Afraid of what?" The Night Group assassin's shrill voice sounded.

"I am pretty sure you know that with your current strength level, you won't be able to assassinate me. What's more, in this narrow space, you are an even weaker match for me and will surely lose," Zen replied with a faint smile playing on his lips.

The assassin's face darkened. A trace of despair flashed across his small eyes. "If what you said is true, and since I am an expendable soldier they have trained, then it means that whether I succeed or not, I will die."

"They? Are you referring to the ogres?" Zen asked with a smile, gently turning his body to face the assassin.

The assassin didn't reply. In the kind of situation he was facing right now, it was meaningless for him to admit who his employers were. He didn't give up though. Instead, he prepared his strongest attack. The bone blade started to shine in his hand with a bewitching red light.

Any counterattack brewed from life essence was extremely powerful. The assassin had already wasted a perfect opportunity to assassinate Zen, so he would have to use his life for a second chance.

Seeing that the assassin was keeping silent, Zen continued, "I think we can make a deal."

"What kind of deal?" The assassin asked in a curious voice.

"Teach me your secret hiding technique, and I will let you go." The technique that the Night Group employed for hiding was very special. Not only did it prevent others from sensing the presence of the user, but it also allowed one to become temporarily invisible. Zen was deeply interested in it and wanted to learn how.

The assassin's eyes seemed to reveal an excited look for a moment.

After all, he was a mere expendable soldier. Ever since he became an assassin, he had been constantly instilled with the idea of sacrificing his life for the Night Group. However, the desire to survive was very deeply imprinted in the bones of quite a lot of creatures, and some of them would obviously go to extreme lengths to survive. Even expendable soldiers were known to often cower before their death. However, such hesitation usually came too late for them to have a choice of continued life.

It would have been an entirely different case if the assassin had been killed by Zen in one hit after he failed to complete his mission, but Zen was giving him a chance to live. It was like a drowning man had caught on to a lifeboat.

"Teach me the technique you guys employ for hiding and I'll spare your life. What do you think?" Zen asked again.

The assassin's eyes flashed. It was a secret technique that only the Night Group possessed. Until now, not a single other race had managed to grasp it. The assassin's expression changed.

He slowly came away from the wall and calmly asked, "Are you really willing to let me go?"

"Killing you won't do me any good," Zen answered faintly.

The assassin pondered for a moment before he slowly walked towards Zen and replied, "I really want to agree to your request. Unfortunately, other than the Night Group, there is no one can grasp that technique. So you have to die."

As soon as his voice was lost to its echoes, the assassin once again launched an attack.

Thick black smoke suddenly erupted from his body, and ten shadows came out from that illusion. As soon as these ten shadows appeared, they charged towards Zen from several directions.

A sneer appeared on Zen's face as a green light flashed in his eyes. After the sap from the divine tree had washed his eyes, he was able to see through most common illusions. The flash in his eyes was actually a way for him to sense where the real assassin was standing.

Zen took a single step forward, and somehow, his body traveled several feet through space to appear beside the assassin. "I offered you one chance. Unfortunately, you did not take it!"

With that, Zen punched out and a strange flush appeared on the assassin's face. It looked like he wanted to say something, but before he could open his mouth, Zen's fist had already pierced through his chest.

Puff!

The assassin spat out an enormous amount of blood. He had been hit by a blow from Zen and was thrown on the wall of the room. The scarlet blood he spat out painted an abstract picture on the wall as his eyes got filled with an unwilling expression.

Actually, the assassin had really wanted to agree to Zen's request.

However, he was an expendable soldier, and his entire clansmen were in the hands of the ogres, who were his master. If he retreated from his job today, his clansmen were going to face the ogre's wrath and be killed.

This was the cruel world of martial artists. Some paths, once chosen, left no room for retreat.

Looking at the bloodstains on the wall, Zen shook his head and sighed. He might not have been able to figure out the reason, but he understood that the ogres had something really big on the assassin, which was why he had not agreed to his proposal.

Zen found nothing from the assassin's body, so he left it there in the room. Before long, it would be slowly devoured by the Tower of Sin, and not a trace of it would be left in this world.

An ogre was hiding in a corner, staring at the room that Zen had rented.

A long time had passed, but for some unknown reason, its door was still closed.

Judging by the Night Group assassins' skills, it would have taken only five minutes to assassinate a human war fighter. But several hours had already passed. Why was the door still closed?

Had the assassin failed?

The ogre did not dare to leave. He kept staring at the door firmly.

Several hours later, the door to the room finally opened. A figure rushed out like a ghost, but soon disappeared into the distance right in front of the ogre.

"Huh?" While the ogre was puzzled, a voice suddenly sounded from behind him.

"Still waiting for someone?" Zen looked at the ogre with a meaningful smile.

The ogre turned towards him, completely at a loss for words. After quite a long time, he stammered, "You, you... I don't know you!"

Zen wore a smile as he shook his head at the ogre. "Of course you don't know me. But I want you to pass on a message to your superiors and friends. Tell them, you ogres are cowardly. There are plenty of opportunities to kill me on the arena, but you chose this way…"

"We are not cowards!" The ogres always took pride in their bravery, and this particular warrior had not expected to hear such an insult from a lowly human.

Zen waved his hand. A slight smile appeared on his face as he turned around and left. Indeed, he did not have much to say to this stupid race.

It took Zen only three days to advance to the third floor. After that, he didn't encounter any obstacles on the fourth and fifth floors either. Other than a reckless giant who challenged him and died miserably, no one dared to challenge him.

Zen advanced smoothly in this way. After passing the fifth floor, there were no more war fighters on the sixth floor, and almost all his opponents were war generals.

However, the war generals on the sixth floor were low in cultivation. Almost all of them were first and second level war generals. Only very few lever three war generals were present.

The Tower of Sin was a microcosm of the whole Sea God Continent. The higher one's cultivation was, the higher his position would be. Every floor of the tower worked day and night according to the rules. If one was strong enough to obtain the Lucky Light, then his cultivation would quickly increase. The weaker ones would either stay stagnant at a certain floor and make no progress, or become stepping stones for other warriors.

From the sixth floor onwards, more and more war generals dared to challenge Zen.

Although many living creatures had come to know that Zen's strength was not ordinary, most war generals were unconvinced when they found out

Zen's cultivation level and his race. How could a human war fighter reach the sixth floor?

Some radical war generals walked onto the arena.

However, Zen used his fist to tell them what he had relied on to get to the sixth floor.

There were many opponents who chose to challenge Zen, so it became increasingly difficult for him to obtain a default victory. He fought a total of seven matches and killed six creatures on the sixth floor, letting a human war fighter go. Seven days later, the creatures that had just become war generals finally understood that they could not stop Zen. In the next three days, Zen won the three required default victories, so he advanced to the seventh floor smoothly.

Ever since he had reached the sixth floor, he had gained more and more Lucky Light. After reaching the seventh floor, he once again entered the practice room to improve his cultivation level. He had accumulated quite a lot of Lucky Light this time. After refining the Lucky Light, Zen was able to enhance his cultivation directly from the 8th level to the 10th level!

He was now only one step away from becoming a war general!

Zen was looking forward to becoming a war general. If his cultivation reached the war general level, then he would be able to fight against the new war lords with his physical body. He was eager to show off his Transcendent Divine Might and Stellar Body.

Chapter 837 Yolande (Part One)

The process of becoming a war general from a simple war fighter was quite a complex one. It was equivalent to making a breakthrough in the Illuminating Soul Realm and reaching the Internal Elixir Realm.

However, it was not as easy as it sounded. If one wanted to take a significant leap forward and achieve the higher level, they would need to accumulate a considerable amount of Lucky Light.

In the Tower of Sin, it was certain that warriors were capable of growing at an incredibly fast pace. Although this was the case, even those saint-level talents would need to temper themselves through continuous fighting before they could take a step further and attain a higher level.

It was fortunate that Zen would be less likely to be spared from any challenge from now on and his speed of being promoted to the next floor drastically slowed down. Fortunately, the amount of light he had accumulated was steadily increasing. With a strategic planning, Zen did not rush into refining all of the Lucky Light he had acquired. Instead, he gathered them together and planned to utilize them to break through to become a war general.

In the hierarchy of the Tower of Sin, the martial artists on the seventh floor consisted of war generals ranging from the third level to the sixth level. As for the martial artists on the eighth floor, they were ranked marginally higher with them ranging from the fifth level up to the eighth level. Moreover, the ninth floor consisted of war generals of the seventh to tenth level.

As a matter of fact, it was not much of a challenge for Zen to conquer the first nine floors of the Tower of Sin with his current prowess and ability.

In spite of this, the trouble arose at the fact that these war generals came to challenge him one after the other, rarely giving Zen the chance to have a default victory. Naturally, he spent more energy than he intended to and thus, became more exhausted as time passed by.

This was because in the perspective of the war generals, they had only granted the individuals who were 'war lord' level masters to get the default victory. Moreover, the fact persisted that the war lords were much stronger than them, while Zen was just perceived to be a small war fighter. Although the strength he had displayed so far was indeed remarkable, he was not exceedingly strong that they felt daunted enough to not challenge him, or be fearful of his presence. Due to this conception, Zen had to constantly rise to fight them.

Whenever the young man stepped foot into the arena and saw that nobody came to the stage, he immediately assumed that he could be spared from being challenged that day. Unluckily, his days almost ended in the same way. Before the moment the time drew to its end, some reckless war general would appear out of nowhere and stand up to challenge him.

Regardless, Zen still managed to gain enough points to progressively climb to the higher floors of the tower.

A full month had passed by when finally, Zen entered the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin.

From this floor onwards, Zen would only be able to encounter two kinds of opponents, one of which were war generals with divine-level talent, and the latter being powerful war lords.

With anticipation thrumming in his veins, Zen spiritedly walked down the stairs and reached the tenth floor. Upon entering his destination, he noticed Olivia approaching him with a group of human warriors dawdling behind her. Sincerely smiling at the new arrival, Olivia said with vigor, "It took you one month to reach here, a little earlier than expected!"

Chuckling, Zen scratched his nape absent-mindedly and replied, "But I have expected to reach here earlier than this."

"Follow me. After you enter the tenth floor, the opponents you are about to encounter will be much stronger than those you have battled before," Olivia's eyes glinted as she stepped closer to Zen and spoke with a gentle tone. As the woman moved closer, Zen coughed awkwardly at the admittedly close proximity between them. At this distance, Zen could smell the faint but sweet fragrance that seemed to cling to her body.

The young man gave a brief nod and directed a wry smile towards her before following behind.

The war general who went by the name of Dylon had kept his head drooped on one side. Pouting by himself, he was truly miserable but reluctantly admitted to himself that Zen's strength was exceptional. This was due to the fact that the young warrior was powerful enough to catch the interest and attention of the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

Up until that moment, Zen's remained to be a tenth level war fighter. Impressively, there had never been such a warrior who could achieve such a feat in the human race. This was definitely an unbreakable record that would be talked about for decades to come. No one had achieved the astounding record before and the probability of another human fighter being able to surpass it in the future was low.

What was even more inconceivable was that up until the present, Zen had not displayed his full strength or all of his capabilities to his opponents.

Whether it was to fight against a simple first level war general in the sixth floor, or the tenth level war general in the ninth floor, Zen seemed to have the same poise and behavior. The young man remained calm and exuded composure while he defeated them with ease. Upon further inspection, it looked as if those war generals did not pose that much of a threat to him because he had not bothered to evoke his real strength.

Within the span of a month, the stories that involved Zen now spread like a storm that swept across the entire Sea God Continent. It came to the point wherein one would not be able to go anywhere without hearing someone uttering Zen's name and exclaiming at his unbelievable accomplishments.

Even if Zen had not done anything purposefully for the name of the Purple Heart Sacred Place, truthfully, he had already contributed greatly to them in certain aspects. This was due to the fact that in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, they had been vigorously discussing almost daily about the human who suddenly showed up in the Tower of Sin and left them flabbergasted.

In order to boost up the moral within the place, the human race had made sure to dutifully record the scenes of Zen's battles with other races. Moreover, they proudly and religiously broadcast them through the Picture Slab that could be viewed by the entirety of the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Therefore, although Zen had never even stepped foot into the place, he had already become the role model for numerous human martial artists!

The obsession for Zen had continued to be unrelenting in the Purple Heart Sacred Place and there were absolutely no signs of it calming down in the slightest. On the contrary, Zen became more and more of a heated topic in the sacred place. With every passing day, there were even rumors spreading like wildfire through word of mouth about Zen possibly being the holy son of the human race. Little by little, such rumors enabled Zen to become a legendary figure in their minds.

Before Zen had emerged, Dylon and Olivia appeared to be a perfect match in people's eyes. Moreover, those two individuals were regarded as the most talented among the younger generation in the Purple Heart Sacred Place. However, it was acquiesced by all of them that Olivia's talent was marginally stronger than Dylon's.

Nowadays, with the arrival of Zen and the humans marveling at his strength, both of them were overshadowed.

Chapter 838 Yolande (Part Two)

Upon noticing this, Olivia did not seem to care about such trivial matters. It was quite the opposite, as she had spoken highly of Zen every time he was brought up in her conversations. This fact was infuriating to Dylon who picked up on the girl's unbridled excitement whenever she talked about Zen. Clearly irked by the recent development, Olivia paying attention to another man surprisingly left a sour taste in his mouth. These days, having a simple conversation with Olivia had been aggravating. This was because the girl always managed to avert whatever topic they were talking about into another discussion about the newcomer. Needless to say, Dylon always found himself gritting his teeth and glaring at his shoes after Olivia finished fussing over the other guy. With each passing day, he withheld his bitter jealousy to himself as it grew more and more.

What was more disheartening was that he had not thought of any effective methods to change his current fate. The young man had desperately cultivated during this period of time and within the last month alone, he ventured into the arena four times and won all of those four matches. If the circumstance had been exactly the same as it was in the past, such an impressive achievement would have already left the entirety of the Purple Heart Sacred Place absolutely speechless. In addition to this, the human race would have definitely praised him endlessly and even significantly rewarded him.

Unfortunately for him, all the attention of the people were all on the mighty Zen now, as if they had seemingly forgotten the existence of Dylon's divine-level talent and impeccable strength.

Upon discerning the sudden change of heart of the people lately, his displeasure was obvious in his face as he donned a stoic expression upon spotting Zen.

The structure of each floor inside the Tower of Sin was similar to its other floors. After having followed Olivia down the stairs and around a corner, they were immediately greeted with the sight of the large arena. Just by scanning his eyes across the arena, he felt a shiver from the bottom of his spine and he suppressed a sudden tremble.

Situated on the arena was a petite figure constantly moving around and hovering above in the air. Needless to say, the form attracted his attention to no end.

Tilting his head to one side, Zen mused that it must be a woman from the human race. The lady currently fighting in the arena was dressed in a colorful long skirt that did not seem to hinder her at all as she constantly dodged the attacks from an orc gracefully. Given that the orc was also a tenth level war general, being short and stout was not indicative of his power due to the strength he harbored in every muscle.

Every time the forceful energy burst out from the orc's body, the axe he held tightly in his grip would follow through with a swing akin to a deathly cyclone that he directed towards the woman without hesitation.

Bang!

The loud noise echoed throughout the floor but the human girl managed to dodge the forceful attack from the heavy axe. As the weapon of the orc missed its target, cut sharply through the air, and subsequently sliced through the floor with an immense force instead, it was briefly stuck in the surface of the arena. The moment the orc pulled his heavy axe out of the battling platform, the huge crack it left on the ground automatically narrowed as it gradually closed, the ground itself vibrating while doing so. Not a long moment had passed before the floor returned to its normal state.

It was fortunate that the Tower of Sin possessed such a miraculous ability to mend the damage caused by intense battles. Otherwise, the tower would have been riddled with various holes and misshapen floors after so many years of ravaging.

Zen's gaze continued to be fixed on the human woman from the beginning up until the end, confused by the sight of the lady in a colorful skirt. Then it finally hit him as he muttered to himself, "Isn't that Yolande? What is she doing here?"

The other warriors who were busy spectating the match with him did not hear Zen, but Olivia, who happened to be standing the closest to him picked up on what he asked. Turning her head towards his direction, Olivia looked at him with clear surprise written on her face before asking, "Did you just say Yolande? How do you know her?"

It was reasonable for Olivia to be startled at the young man because he did not originally come from the Purple Heart Sacred Place in the first place. However, Zen apparently knowing Yolande was undeniably strange. Although Yolande came from the Purple Heart Sacred Place herself, not many people knew her personally as her background remained mysterious and shady. One of the only certain facts about her was that she had always been at the upper floor of the Tower of Sin together with another few individuals in the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Given that point, it was next to unfathomable and practically impossible that Zen could know about Yolande.

At the mere sight of the woman, a vague memory of when they were in the White Emperor City popped up in his mind.

Just after leaving the White Emperor City, Zen had immediately participated in the All Peaks Competition. In addition, he had not stopped there and directly took the Cloud Road test--since then, he had never got a chance to see her again. Fate seemed to be a funny thing, as Zen assumed that if he were to see Yolande again, it would be when he rescued Yan from the hands of Eddie and returned to the Eastern Region after that.

In the Eastern Region, there were still some matters that Zen had to deal with.

At that point in time, Zen's strength was admittedly not powerful enough, hence, he could only put aside the matter of Aura as there were still Internal Elixir Realm masters in the palace which he stood no chance to fight against back then. With the current state of Zen's strength now, he could definitely return to the Eastern Region but he still had to face Eddie, a formidable opponent!

Never would Zen's wildest imagination even conjure the sudden appearance of the young girl in a colorful dress and wooden clogs, especially on a continent that was drastically far away from the Central Region. Dumbfounded, Zen frowned and thought to himself, 'Why would she suddenly appear in the Tower of Sin of the Sea God Continent?' Shaking his head, he furrowed his eyebrows and looked up once more at the arena. What exactly was going on?

On the battling platform, Yolande's vibrant and long skirt constantly fluttered about in the air like a leaf dancing in the wind, as she nimbly avoided the forceful attacks of the orc's axe. With precision and grace exuding from her frame, her jade-like fair-skinned hand gently waved in the air. Interestingly, what she used to attack was not the power of her life vitality, nor had she summoned an enchanted barrier; it was more like a kind of finger movement.

"Swoosh!"

Bursting forth from Yolande's finger was a forceful energy that heavily hit the orc's giant axe.

It was unknown to all of them how heavy the huge axe had been as it seemed to take great strength for the orc to hold it in an upright position. However, after being hit by the energy that sprouted from Yolande's finger, the top-grade fairy weapon was suddenly pitted all over on its previously sharp surface.

"Is her name really Yolande?"

The young man slowly asked with apprehension.

Nodding at the still man, she affirmed, "Yes". In the meantime, Olivia glanced at Zen in confusion, feeling a bout of oddness well up in her chest from Zen asking such a strange question. Since he knew Yolande's name from the start, why would he be so uncertain and have her confirm the name once again? Such thoughts echoed loudly in her mind as she tried to figure Zen out.

As a matter of fact, Zen was really not that sure himself.

The Yolande that was currently in his line of sight had the same name and appearance as the Yolande in his memories from the White Emperor City. Strangely, the Yolande before his very eyes made him feel distant. As he exhaled deeply and bit the inner side of cheek anxiously, he asked himself quietly one more time, "Are you really the Yolande I know?"

Chapter 839 Where Did You Come From

The Central Region, which was also called the Sky Northern Region, and the Sea God Continent, were separated by hundreds of thousands of miles and Zen could not think of any other way of traveling across these two continents than through the massive transmission array in the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb.

But could there really be such a coincidence?

The Yolande in front of him had the exact appearance, clothing, and temperament - there wasn't the slightest difference at all from the Yolande he knew, save for her cultivation base and method.

The Yolande in White Emperor City mainly cultivated a method related to enchanted barriers but the one in front of him used finger movements.

As he mulled this over, the orc on the battle stage suddenly let out an earth-shaking roar. He crazily rushed towards Yolande, his feet heavy and strong and the giant axe in his hand surging with gales of wind as he waved it around wildly.

The orc's heavy strength was a sharp contrast to Yolande's soft, lithe dodges. It was as if she was a leaf floating amidst a strong wind as she constantly shifted from left to right, avoiding the killer swing of her opponent's huge axe.

Olivia saw Zen's expression and smiled, "You seem to be worried about her?" she giggled on her sleeve. "There's no need to worry at all! Yolande… She's a very strange person."

Zen's brows furrowed at her statement. "Strange? How so?"

he asked.

"She's been in the tower for six years and she's been stuck on the tenth floor for the longest time," Olivia said.

Zen's eyes widened in surprise. "Six years?! Stuck on the tenth floor?"

Olivia nodded, confirming her words. "She'll fight six matches a month and accumulate a lot of Lucky Light. I bet the amount she has obtained till now is enough to create around twenty war lords but she never refines it. Instead, she gives it all away to other people."

Zen was rendered speechless by Olivia's revelation. "She… She gives her Lucky Light away?" he repeated, almost choking in disbelief.

Olivia nodded, "Yes. Sometimes, when a human warrior challenges her, she immediately admits defeat. In this way, all her accumulated Lucky Light will automatically belong to the challenger."

Such a method was indeed feasible if one took a look at the rules of the tower, but what was Yolande's purpose in doing so? Why stay here on the tenth floor? Why remain as a tenth level war general? Why give away all the Lucky Light? What was her real purpose?

Warriors generally entered the Tower of Sin to rapidly improve their cultivation base through the use of Lucky Light. Yolande, however, seemed to be doing the exact opposite: she was actually freely giving her Lucky Light away!

Another question popped up in Zen's mind. "Since she has been able to stay in the Tower of Sin for so long, why would anyone still dare to challenge her?"

Olivia shrugged, "There will always be brave men in search of great reward," she said with a soft smile. "Yolande likes to amass an enormous amount of Lucky Light and, sometimes, people overestimate their own strength and challenge her thinking that if they defeat her, they'd be able to get a shocking amount of reward."

Zen nodded at her explanation, "Makes sense."

As they talked, the situation in the arena had suddenly been reversed. Yolande was now the one who suddenly sped up and rushed towards the opponent. She narrowly avoided his swing and jumped high, stepping on the orc's face with her small, wooden clogs as she floated into the air.

Her slender body flipped softly in midair as she gathered an invisible forceful energy in her hand.

She opened her mouth and her cold, clear voice rang out in the entire arena, "Nether Finger!"

"PUFF!"

The immense power from Yolande's finger shot out, directly piercing through the orc's skull and the arena floor, leaving behind a large, smoking hole.

Zen suddenly raised his brows. "Transparent forceful energy!" He had remembered the Yolande in White Emperor City using a special kind of colorless and formless life vitality. He had never seen anyone else with the same pure and transparent life vitality and this might be conclusive evidence in establishing a relationship between the two Yolandes.

Oblivious to his thoughts, Olivia was focused on the match and heaved a big sigh, "The people on the ninth floor have probably suffered again…"

Zen was pulled out of his mulling and gazed at the huge, gaping hole in the middle of the arena. He couldn't help but agree with Olivia. Yolande's strength had directly penetrated through the floor and onto the arena below. Such a display of strength was astonishing and, even if she was just a tenth-level war general, Zen didn't have any confidence in defeating her.

The hole in the arena bubbled and squirmed as it healed, almost as if it was the mouth of a monster. The orc, on the other hand, had a small hole through his head that would never heal. His dead body fell heavily onto the floor and into the awaiting arms of the arena that quickly absorbed him like water permeating through dry, arid sand.

The crowd was immediately abuzz.

"He shouldn't have challenged Yolande. That woman already has the strength of a war lord. Challenging her means certain death!"

"Ah, but sometimes the temptation is too great! Yolanda has already accumulated six months' worth of Lucky Light and it hasn't been gifted to anyone else yet. Anyone who successfully defeats her will no doubt be able to become a war lord instantly with that amount of Lucky Light."

"The greater the temptation, the greater the risk. About a hundred war generals have already died at her hands, am I right? The human race is such a weak race and yet such a talented person has appeared among them. Yolande's basically the lord of the tenth floor! Yet she doesn't show any intention of advancing to the next floor. It'd be best if she just ascends and gets killed by those war lords."

"It's not just her! I've heard the human race had gained another talent recently. That guy called Zen has just advanced to the tenth floor. Really makes you wonder if the human race will truly rise again."

Despite the weakness of the human race, a special figure like Yolande could not be ignored.

A streak of Lucky Light shone from the orc's token and shot towards Yolande's. After the exchange, she looked around with an expressionless face, "Who else wants to challenge me?" she asked coldly.

Nobody made a sound.

Yolande blinked once and walked down the arena.

"Isn't there a chance for her to advance freely after three consecutive days of default victory?"

Zen asked.

"Yeah, but… so what?" Olivia said, shrugging with a smile. "I bet she's already encountered a hundred default victories by now. The longest she stayed with no challenges was about a month. Anyway, I don't think she'd want to be promoted. If she had been willing to advance, then the human race might've gotten another seat."

At that moment, Yolande had walked down from the arena and was heading directly in Zen's direction.

He watched her colorful skirt sway left to right as her clogs clattered on the floor. The sight had him thinking back to the one known as "Killer Girl" in White Emperor City. He briefly wondered if this Yolande had the exact same scars on her back like the one he knew.

She stopped about a foot away in front of Zen. He did not intend to ask her about his suspicions since he did not want to reveal to anyone that he came from the Central Region. If anything, he'd prefer to ask her in a more private conversation.

Unexpectedly, she suddenly closed the distance between them to lean her small head and sniff.

Zen found himself moving back in astonishment. Olivia and the other human war generals all sported puzzled expressions on their faces. However, they were used to Yolande's strangeness and did not think too much of it. She was an enigma even to the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

Five years ago, a human war lord named Cecilia Yue was said to have ascended to the top of the tower after receiving a large amount of Lucky Light from Yolande. Cecilia's ascension inevitably led to her obtaining the fourth seat for the human race. Though her success was a result of her own efforts and strength, it could not be denied that Yolande's Lucky Light had been a huge contributing factor to be considered.

Yolande took a deep breath and gave Zen an ice-cold gaze, "The smell from your body is very good. I really like it."

Zen didn't really know what to reply. What kind of smell could he exactly have? Her actions made Zen certain that this Yolande and the Yolande in

White Emperor City were not the same person but he got even more confused with this conclusion.

What then was the connection between the two Yolandes?

Despite the innumerable amount of people in this boundless universe, it was impossible for this to just be mere coincidence. Their names, appearance, clothing - everything was the same!

Olivia revealed a strange smile and shook her head, 'This young girl is truly a strange person, ' she thought to herself.

"Fight me. If you can beat me, I'll give you my Lucky Light," Yolande added.

Her words made him roll his eyes. He had no confidence in defeating her as of the moment though he might have a narrow victory if he activated his Stellar Body. However, he didn't really think there was a need to go so far since both of them were from the human race. Also, if Zen were to defeat Yolande, her Lucky Light would naturally belong to him. Why would he need her to gift it to him? It didn't make sense.

On the other hand, Dylon was puffing up his cheeks in jealousy, 'Where'd this guy even come from anyway?' he thought to himself. 'He probably doesn't even know Yolande, right? Even if a human war lord came over to her, Yolande wouldn't even spare a glance but now, she actually came over to talk to Zen. This doesn't make any sense at all! And she also told him he smells good? What kind of smell can a man have? Aren't all men just stinky?'

Zen shook his head. "I won't fight you," he said, refusing her offer.

"Why?" Yolande asked before staring at him intently.

"Where did you come from?" he asked, partly from curiosity and partly because he wanted to change the subject.

Yolande blinked before showing a rare, meaningful expression on her face, "You've seen me before?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 840 The Talent Tablet

Despite the question still hanging in the air, an unnerving silence filled the arena as everyone's eyes were trained on Zen's face.

Perhaps it was because Zen's background and life story seemed to be more mysterious than Yolande's own.

Therefore, everyone was more interested in Zen, and waited for his answer.

At that moment Zen did not respond to Yolande's question. However, he learned from her that she knew about the existence of another Yolande, who shared the same name as her.

"I think I've met you before," Zen answered vaguely.

"Where?" Yolande asked. Her eyes glinted playfully under the light.

But Zen didn't want to answer her question directly. "We could talk, if there's a chance," he simply said with a smile.

"Sure," Yolande said and leaned over. "I like your smell. You can find me anytime you want," she said as she caught a whiff of his scent.

When everyone else heard Yolande's words, they all got confused. Her words sounded a bit flirtatious, but she said them with an emotionless face. That made everyone feel that it was quite strange.

The corner of Zen's mouth twisted into a slight smile. Yolande had left a deep impression on Zen, so he was really curious about her mysterious background. When Zen stayed in White Emperor City, he knew that Yolande came from the Yun Clan, one of the top clans of the Eastern Region. But was she really a member of the Yun Clan? Zen didn't know anything about Yolande—her experience, background, and whatnot. If he had a chance to know all of those, he definitely wouldn't miss it.

Meanwhile, several ogres came out from one side of the arena. The group leader was Boris, who was the most powerful talent of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place.

Ever since the ogres had sent out their daredevil to assassinate Zen, Boris had been worried about Zen's safety.

He was a divine-level talent of the ogre, but he was worried about Zen. Indeed, his behavior was strange. However, Boris was a stubborn warrior and he wouldn't easily change his mind. Just after Zen had entered the Tower of Sin, Boris had already considered Zen as an opponent.

Thus, he was set on seizing a chance to challenge Zen, and this idea was already rooted deep within his mind.

This was Boris' warrior spirit! For him, he should be the only one to defeat or kill the opponent he wanted to challenge. It was exactly this kind of warrior spirit that made Boris the strongest talent in the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place.

Thus, Boris was extremely determined to oppose the ogres' attempt of using underhanded means to kill their opponent, specifically when they sent the Night Group assassin to kill Zen. As far as he was concerned, such a disgraceful method was humiliating for the powerful ogres.

Unfortunately, Boris didn't have a hand in the decision-making.

He had no right, even if his father was the most powerful and influential member in the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place.

Although the sacred place seemed to have the ogres in the Tower of Sin under its control, in reality, the sacred place couldn't actually completely control the ogre war lords in the Tower of Sin.

Those ogre war lords weren't as strong as the ogre war sages in the sacred place or those who had reached the Soul Sea Realm. But as they were in the Tower of Sin, the members of the sacred place couldn't do anything to them, and thus they couldn't control them in the tower.

When Boris learned that the assassination had failed, he was overjoyed for quite a while. Then he continued to pay attention to Zen, who climbed up the tenth floor.

With Boris' current strength, he should've advanced to the eleventh floor of the Tower of Sin last month. However, he didn't choose to climb up the next floor so he could challenge Zen earlier. Thus he waited for Zen on the tenth floor.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time!"

Now, Boris was considered quite short for an ogre. He was only half as tall as the several ogres who followed behind him. He looked like a small hill among those tall mountainous ogres.

Those ogres were all level ten war generals, but their momentum was far inferior to that of Boris!

An ordinary ogre usually gave off a distant aura which reminded those around him of an ancient, desolate mountain, but Boris' aura was unique. It was sharp and powerful, and those who Boris stared at would even feel a little pang of dull pain.

Contrary to Boris' imposing aura, Zen always had a faint smile on his face, which made others feel comfortable and relaxed. Zen had learned to hide his powerful and terrifying aura after everything he had experienced, so he could completely hold it back without exposing it at all!

At that point, all the spectators had their eyes on the arena.

Boris was the overlord on the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin. His power was on par with Cheryl Mu's, the divine-level talent of the Demon Night. They were both considered the strongest among the war generals! Many creatures speculated that even if Boris entered the eleventh floor with just the cultivation base of a level ten war general, he would still be just as fearless.

However, everyone knew that Boris was on the tenth floor to wait for Zen. Then again, they all thought that Zen was an unbeatable human monster!

Even as a level ten war fighter, he tried his best to win over the others, and managed to reach the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin.

With such a great achievement, it was no wonder the others called him an unbeatable monster. Up until Zen, no human or creature had ever accomplished that feat.

If Zen's cultivation base continuously increased, he could finally reach the top of the tower and even win a seat. He would be quite powerful by then, so he might be able to change the rules in the Tower of Sin.

That was also the reason the ogres desperately wanted him dead. They were afraid that if such an outstanding warrior cultivated and improved his strength in this place, it would have terrifying and unimaginable consequences.

Everyone clearly knew why Boris had waited for Zen. Boris was a strong warrior who wanted to help the ogres defeat and kill Zen!

In terms of strength, Zen was a strong war fighter at the tenth level, and was even able to defeat a level ten war general with a higher cultivation base than his.

However, it was also known that Zen wasn't the only one who could challenge those with a higher cultivation level, as Boris could also do the same! The first-level and second-level war lords were probably a piece of cake for Boris.

However, the battle between Boris and Zen was something to look forward to!

Zen's eyebrows shot up as he laughed upon hearing Boris' words. "I'm also looking forward to this battle!"

"You've just entered the tenth floor, so you haven't been to the Talent Tablet, right? I will wait for you to return from the Talent Tablet!" Boris said. Confusion filled Zen's eyes.

"The Talent Tablet?"

He suddenly looked suspicious when Boris told him about the Talent Tablet.

At that moment, Olivia had walked over to Zen. "You've just entered the tenth floor, so you can go to the Talent Tablet to accept the baptism of talent!" she said with a smile. Then she added, "After you've reached the Talent Tablet, you can test your own talent and also improve it there! But how much your talent could increase depends on your luck…"

"Talent!" Zen exclaimed. His eyes lit up with palpable excitement.

Talent usually measured a warrior's potential and how much room he had to grow.

Talent, will, and luck were the three factors which often influenced a warrior's achievement and final strength. The will was no other than the warrior spirit. On the other hand, the warrior's endurance against hardships and persistence of heart were considered of great importance. Some warriors had outstanding talents, but they neglected cultivation and were completely absorbed in the decadent life. Such kind of warriors would be useless in the future, even if they possessed divine-level talents!

However, compared with luck and talent, the warrior spirit could change more easily. As long as a warrior had the firm warrior spirit and kept on cultivating, he would naturally have great perseverance with stronger warrior spirit!

But, it was hard to change talent and luck.

Luck was very magical and intangible. No one could control it or figure out whether someone was lucky or not. Perhaps only God knew that!

Someone previously said that Zen had good luck on his side, but now no one was sure of how lucky he was, and whether he was lucky or not today. They could only infer and guess from Zen's past and experiences.

Relatively speaking, it was easier to control and make use of talent than luck.

A talented warrior had a cultivation speed faster than the others. He could understand things with just a single look and master skills with only a short bit of practice. Those showed that a warrior had an incredible talent.

These warriors were divided into talents with different levels, namely the human-level talent, earth-level talent, heaven-level talent, saint-level talent and divine-level talent.

Although the talents were ranked as such, it was just a general classification. Zen learned from Olivia's words that the Talent Tablet was able to test and measure each warrior's talent. Moreover, it could even increase a warrior's talent.

Zen found this to be quite unbelievable!

"Right, the Tower of Sin's Talent Tablet does have the ability to change a warrior's talent. I can bring you there now!" Olivia exclaimed.

It was evident that many creatures were also interested in Zen's talent now. He was only a level ten war fighter, but he had such great strength. It turned out that Zen indeed had the divine-level talent, but there were differences between the divine-level talents. And so, everyone wanted to see how impressive Zen's talent was, and what level it reached!

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

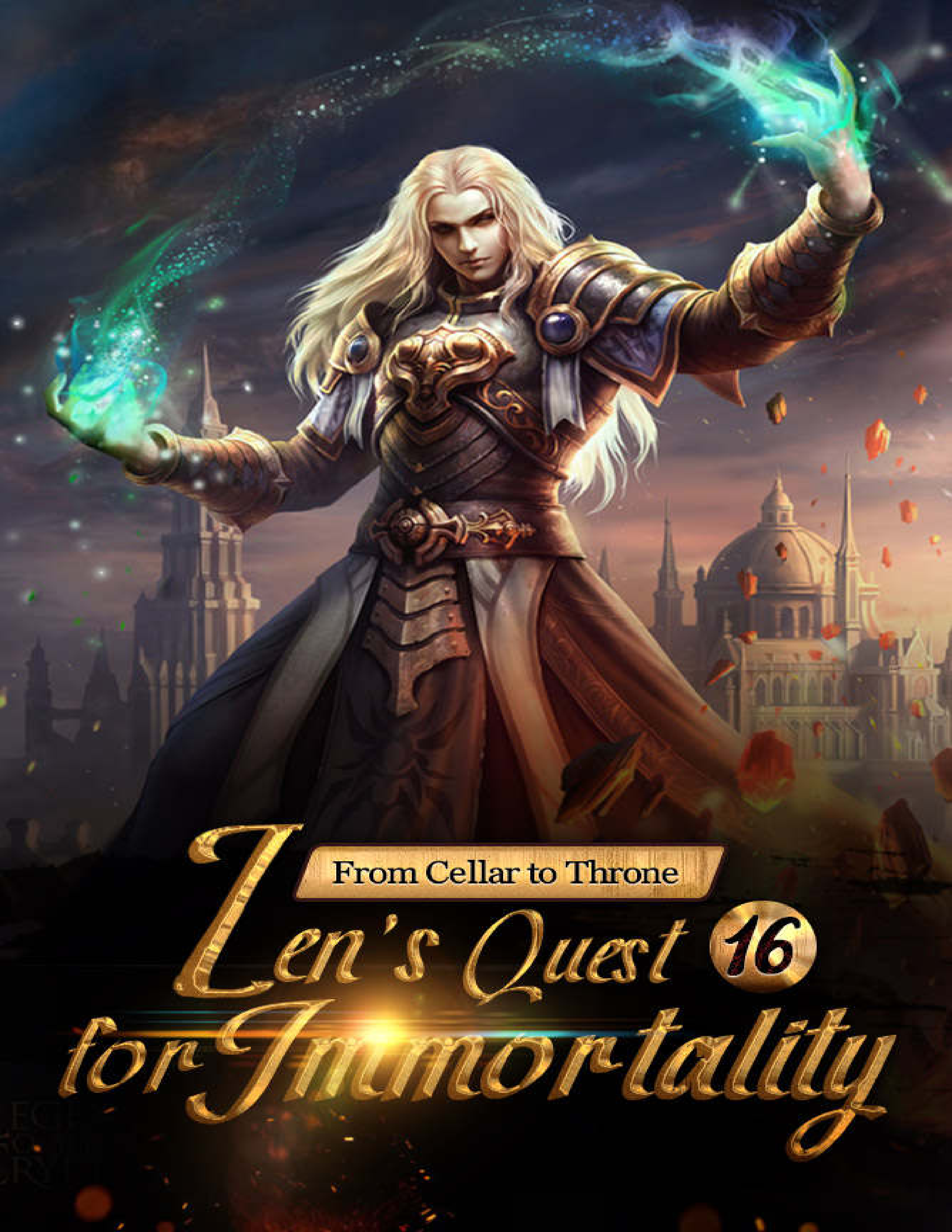

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

16

Content

Chapter 841 Names On The Talent Tablet
Chapter 842 The First Row
Chapter 843 Resign To Fate
Chapter 844 A Fish In The Space (Part One)
Chapter 845 A Fish In The Space (Part Two)
Chapter 846 The Second Row
Chapter 847 Eyes
Chapter 848 The Ultimate Test
Chapter 849 Worries
Chapter 850 Fabian And Jarrod
Chapter 851 Concession And Dispute (Part One)
Chapter 852 Concession And Dispute (Part Two)
Chapter 853 The Highest Authority (Part One)
Chapter 854 The Highest Authority (Part Two)
Chapter 855 An Arrogant Name
Chapter 856 Being Made Fun Of (Part One)
Chapter 857 Being Made Fun Of (Part Two)
Chapter 858 A Severe Blow
Chapter 859 A Fight Using The Space Law
Chapter 860 Queen (Part One)
Chapter 861 Queen (Part Two)
Chapter 862 Queen (Part Three)
Chapter 863 They Are All Going Nuts
Chapter 864 Ten Top-level War Lords
Chapter 865 A Grave Silence (Part One)
Chapter 866 A Grave Silence (Part Two)
Chapter 867 A Grave Silence (Part Three)
Chapter 868 Get Out Of Here
Chapter 869 Adoration
Chapter 870 Amber (Part One)
Chapter 871 Amber (Part Two)
Chapter 872 Statues
Chapter 873 Two Bitches
Chapter 874 Chess Piece (Part One)

Chapter 875 Chess Piece (Part Two)
Chapter 876 Chess Piece (Part Three)
Chapter 877 Restrain Themselves
Chapter 878 The Way Zen Went To The Tenth Floor
Chapter 879 Negotiation
Chapter 880 Argument
Chapter 881 The Head-to-head Battle (Part One)
Chapter 882 The Head-to-head Battle (Part Two)
Chapter 883 Dominant Physical Strength
Chapter 884 Sincerity
Chapter 885 The Negotiation Broke Down (Part One)
Chapter 886 The Negotiation Broke Down (Part Two)
Chapter 887 The Demon Night
Chapter 888 The Game Of War (Part One)
Chapter 889 The Game Of War (Part Two)
Chapter 890 The Situation (Part One)
Chapter 891 The Situation (Part Two)
Chapter 892 A Delicate Situation (Part One)
Chapter 893 A Delicate Situation (Part Two)
Chapter 894 Lavender's Strength
Chapter 895 Making Some New Rules
Chapter 896 Redistribute The Seats

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 841 Names On The Talent Tablet

The Tower of Sin had a total of fifteen floors with a Talent Tablet located on the tenth floor.

Zen's assumption was right; this tower served the same function as the Dragon Soar Arena and was very likely to have been used by some race for training. The Tower of Sin was like a hundred times scaled-up version of the Dragon Soar Arena.

As for whether or not it could also send people to the Upper World, Zen had no idea.

He and Olivia walked at the front, followed by a few human war generals and creatures from other races.

Almost everyone was curious about Zen's talent and would naturally not miss an opportunity such as this.

There was a huge space not far away from the arena. It should be a living area if the structure of this floor was the same as the others. But this floor was different with a large wall being its most prominent feature.

There were quite a few names engraved on the wall in front of Zen, arranged from top to bottom.

He scanned through them and soon found the name "Olivia Xia" listed in the sixth row.

He looked back at Olivia and asked, "These names are…?"

She gave him a smile. "These are the names of all talents that have been tested by the Talent Tablet."

Zen's eyebrows rose at the information and now looked at the names with concentration.

Olivia was a talent from the Purple Heart Sacred Place and even though the sacred place itself was weak, it still had a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. Because of this, the sacred place could be considered significantly stronger than the Central Region.

Back in the Central Region, there hadn't been a single sacred place that had appeared. Even the Ethereal Spirit Sect was only a fifth-grade sect.

From this fact alone, one could surmise that Olivia's talent was a little stronger than Brent's.

How was it possible that Olivia was only ranked in the sixth row?

Zen's face was the epitome of astonishment and perplexity.

The sixth row was densely packed with names, so Zen moved on and looked at the countless names above the sixth row. Each of these creatures had a better talent than Olivia.

"Boris! The fourth row!" And it indeed was.

Olivia thankfully explained, "In the history of our Sea God Continent, only six names have ever appeared in the fourth row. Two of them are on the tenth floor; one is Boris, who is an ogre, and the other is Cheryl of the Demon Night."

Zen nodded in understanding. From the looks of it, Boris' strength would probably surpass Zen's despite being a level ten war general.

However, Zen was once again faced with another question. If there were only six creatures on the Sea God Continent that had appeared in the fourth row, then where did these other creatures above it come from?

An answer suddenly popped in his head. The Tower of Sin was definitely not from the Lower World. Maybe it had belonged to humans, or maybe another entirely different race. Nevertheless, whoever it belonged to must've come from the Upper World. That was the only explanation he could think of since there would be impossible to have so many talents above the divine level on the wall had it been from the Lower World.

"In all the years the Sea God Continent has existed, no one from the continent has ever appeared above the fourth row?"

he asked.

Olivia pouted thoughtfully before her eyes brightened. "There is someone!" she exclaimed. "Look at the first name in the second row—Amber, a super talent of the Demon Night. She appeared on the Talent Table two hundred years ago."

Zen's gaze immediately shifted to where she was pointing and there was, indeed, Amber's name.

The names were arranged in the order in which they had appeared. Boris was ranked first in the fourth row while Cheryl was ranked second since both of them had not been in the Tower of Sin for long and naturally passed the Talent Tablet's test not too long ago.

As for Amber, after such a great talent appeared, there might've been no one who followed to surpass her.

Zen wondered exactly how many creatures entered the tower every year. So many talents from different races were sent to the Tower of Sin, and to be able to climb up to the tenth floor, one would have to at least be a heaven-level, saint-level, or even a divine-level talent.

But, up until now, only Amber had managed to get herself listed in the second row while Boris and Cheryl were down in the fourth row.

Zen continued to look up and read the names in the first row.

"Abigail Yun!"

"Odom Gu!"

"Cliff!"

"Fire!"

"Norwood!"

The first two names were likely from humans, but Zen couldn't be too sure. There were creatures from other races that had the same surname.

As for the others, however, the names were somewhat strange and sounded more like nicknames.

There were only these five names occupying the first row.

The Tower of Sin had existed for so many years and had perhaps been originally used by a large race in the Upper World. Yet there were only five names that were carved in the first row.

How terrifying were the talents of these five people?

"Why is Yolande's name not here?"

Zen suddenly asked.

"Simple. She's never been in here before," Olivia explained directly.

Yolande had been standing not far from the crowd and was looking up the ceiling with a dazed expression on her face. Nobody knew what this mysterious girl was thinking about at that moment.

Olivia hadn't expected her to hear her. It took both her and Zen by surprise when Yolande went towards them, her clogs clacking as she walked. "A test doesn't sound too bad," she said in a cold voice.

Her words had everyone look at her strangely.

Yolande was a mystery to both humans and other races. She was a valiant girl who had long since surpassed the definition of "talent," but her strange actions all puzzled the other creatures.

Nevertheless, humans benefited from her a lot with the Lucky Light she kept giving away for free. This made her a target for assassination by the ogres who didn't like the free pass she gave to others.

All three assassinations failed, as expected. She was simply an invincible force on the tenth floor.

Fortunately, she chose to stay on her floor. Otherwise, it would've posed a bigger problem for the ogres.

Everyone was intrigued and had started discussing among themselves just what kind of talent Yolande had. They all wanted to know the test result.

A lot of humans had tried to persuade Yolande to accept the Talent Tablet's trial partly because of curiosity, but also because the Talent Tablet had the ability to somehow enhance one's talent for a tiny bit. This was the reason why the Talent Tablet was a must-see for every warrior that entered the tenth floor.

But of course, Yolande was not like every warrior. She didn't listen to any race, and certainly not to humans. The human leaders were afraid of offending her so they just let her do whatever she wanted.

Who would've thought that she would suddenly change her mind and enter the Talent Tablet?

Olivia's gentle eyes flashed with a strange expression. No doubt she was also thinking why Yolande had changed her mind. Was it because of Zen? There must be a connection.

She had never heard Yolande comment on other people's scents before. Moreover, she often did not sport any expression on her face and looked like a puppet most of the time. If she didn't need to eat, she would be described as a walking dead.

Zen extended his hand and smiled, "You go first then."

Yolande didn't need to be told twice but, before she went in, she moved close to Zen's collar and sniffed. Her face showed a trace of satisfaction before she turned around and went through the door.

After walking in, the entire wall suddenly began to tremble before the door closed naturally.

"How long will it take for the test to finish?"

he asked.

Olivia shrugged, "It depends. Sometimes five minutes, other times two hours."

The wall started emitting rays of light and the countless names started to flash. Soon, what they'd all been waiting for appeared.

Zen's expression froze. "The last row?"

Yolande's name had made its appearance and it was in the very bottom row.

Chapter 842 The First Row

On this wall, a countless amount of names were carved into the stone work. There were a total of nine rows.

Presumably, the person or race that had built the Tower of Sin had divided creatures' talents into nine levels.

People whose names were in the bottom row must have been the least talented of all.

Zen also noticed that when Yolande's name appeared, all the other names in the ninth row moved towards the right by one place, and the last name got squeezed out of the wall.

Considering the amount of names that were there, this was understandable. Even though the wall was huge, it couldn't possibly record the name of every single person who had been tested.

"This is normal. Anyone who's just entered and participated in the test is shown in the bottom row. However, that changes and the name climbs up gradually," Olivia explained.

"Got it," Zen nodded.

He wasn't sure what kind of test Yolande was facing right now. All they could see right now was the names on the wall and their ranks in the grid.

Soon, Yolande's name disappeared from the ninth row and appeared in the eighth row. Once more, the last name in the eighth row disappeared just like the one in the ninth row had disappeared.

Very soon after that, Yolande's name disappeared from the eighth row too and reappeared in the seventh.

Hardly had they noticed her name there when it disappeared and reappeared in the sixth one this time.

"So fast!" Olivia exclaimed.

Everyone on the tenth floor naturally paid close attention to the situation of the other races. When a person from any race entered the Talent Tablet, many creatures would come up and watch the tables turn. Some people even collected information and sent it to the top floor of the tower.

Each race hoped that they could produce a strong and talented warrior, and at the same time, they also hoped that a talented person would not appear in some other race. This was the reason why they were watching the Talent Tablet so closely.

Yolande's name was now in the sixth row. It meant that her talent was already on par with Olivia's. Olivia's name moved back one place because of that.

The number of people who could get up into the sixth row was not small. Perhaps in a few years, even Olivia's name would get slowly squeezed out of the list.

However, Yolande's name stopped in the sixth row only for a little while, after which, it jumped up to the fifth one.

Many creatures' eyes opened wide.

In the past few years, the number of people whose names had jumped up to the fifth row was very limited. Aside from the ogres and the Demon Night, only the very top members of some races had been able to reach the fifth row.

As for humans, aside from the mysterious Yolande, Olivia was the top talent of the Purple Heart Sacred Place and even she had only managed to reach the sixth row.

Although everyone's eyes were wide open right now, they had already expected that this was going to happen. If Yolande's name had not reached the fifth row, every single contender from every single race would have lost his or her face. None of the creatures on the tenth floor had ever defeated Yolande.

After that, Yolande's name stayed in the fifth row for a long while.

A hint of disappointment appeared on everyone's face.

"Yolande's talent is a bit lower than Boris'."

"Still, you can't deny that her result is very impressive. At the very least, she's stronger than several divine-level talents of a number of races."

"Hey guys! Hang on! I think Yolande's name just jumped up to the fourth row!"

As everyone was discussing, Yolande's name suddenly burst out in a flash. It jumped again and was now in the fourth row, leaving behind the name "Boris."

"The fourth row!"

"Just as I expected."

"Actually, it's not very surprising that she reached the fourth row. Yolande's talent is clearly better than that of Boris!"

As soon as the sentence was finished, Yolande's name jumped up to the third row.

"Whoa! She's in the third row now. She really is a monstrous level of talent. With her current talent, I think she's only second to the Demon Night's Amber."

"Alas! If only Yolande had been, well, normal! With her talent, she might have been able to lead the human race to new heights of glory."

"What's the use of saying that now? Although Yolande is willing to help humans, she does not belong to the human race. She belongs to the Tower of Sin."

Amidst the discussions, Yolande's name disappeared once more and reappeared in the second row.

Seeing this, everyone was shocked beyond words.

Amber's name was now behind Yolande's.

Who was Amber?

Two hundred years ago, the ogres were even more prosperous than now. Although the rules dictated otherwise, the ogre war lords were so powerful that they occupied more than half of the seats. All the other races had been suppressed by them.

The ogres would try all possible means to kill any upcoming talents from other races, even if it meant killing someone in public.

Every time a super talent was born in some other race, he or she was wiped out by the ogres very soon after entering the Tower of Sin.

The other races did not dare to say anything.

After all the other races had joined forces to fight against the ogres, the ogres then agreed to give up a portion of the seats, allowing many other races to train inside the tower. This was considered a great concession on the ogres' part in those days.

It was the appearance of Amber that ended this injustice and completely suppressed the ogres.

It didn't matter if the ogres sent assassins after Amber, or if they tried openly killing her; their efforts were of no avail. She became a rapidly rising star, and as she climbed up the floors, her strength also began to increase rapidly.

When the ogres came back to their senses, they actually had to send out war lords to assassinate Amber.

But at that time, even the war lords were unable to kill Amber.

In the end, Amber managed to enter the top floor of the Tower of Sin. She obtained a seat when she reached there, and at the same time, exterminated twelve ogre war lords. With her own strength, and without any external help, she snatched twelve seats from the hands of the ogres.

Amber's appearance had ended the ogres' monopoly over the Tower of Sin.

Finally, when Amber walked out of the Tower of Sin, she rewrote the entire structure of the Sea God continent. After a hundred years, when she reached the Soul Sea Realm, the strength of the Demon Night's sacred place had already surpassed the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place. It would have required the combined strength of two ogres' sacred places to deal with the Demon Night's single sacred place.

By now, Amber had already become a legendary figure of the Sea God Continent.

Even the Ancient Tycoons were too afraid to offend Amber.

Seeing Yolande's test result, many humans couldn't help but sigh.

If Yolande was willing to help the human race, perhaps their position on the continent would get enhanced a lot. They didn't expect her to bring the human race to levels as high as the Demon Night since every single member of the Demon Night was very powerful. The ogres had managed to win over the other races only because they had taken the first step and played dirty.

However, Yolande could at least guarantee that the humans would get out of their present situation and not be bullied anymore.

Just when everyone thought that Yolande's name was going to be fixed in the second row, it suddenly disappeared.

"What?!" Some of the onlookers actually pinched their chests to check that they weren't dreaming this whole thing!

"Who exactly is Yolande? How is that even possible?"

"She's actually on par with those characters."

"These five people have always been legendary figures and anyone better than them has never existed on our Sea God Continent. But Yolande..."

The five names in the first row were familiar to everyone in the Tower of Sin. After all, they were the most talented and well known figures, so how could anyone forget them?

As for the speculations about these five creatures, everyone had his or her own opinion regarding them.

Actually, it was similar to what Zen had in mind.

In their eyes, the amazing Tower of Sin was not supposed to belong to the Lower World. The five creatures in the first row were probably some great powers in the Upper World. Their talents were likely far beyond the imagination of the creatures of the Sea God Continent, and could only be described as legendary.

No one had ever thought that there was going to be a legend by their side.

But in any case, Yolande was able to make it into the first row and stand by the five names. No one on the Sea God Continent had ever done this before.

Amber had not done it, nor had the other talented people.

Once Yolande's name stabilized, the light on the wall faded away. Then the door slowly opened, and her nine-colored long skirt swayed as she slowly walked out.

She expressionlessly turned her head and glanced at her name. There was no trace of any expression on her face; no joy or happiness, and no excitement either. It was as if everything that had happened was completely according to her expectations.

She walked over to Zen and asked coldly, "Is it your turn?"

Zen nodded and walked towards the door without a pause.

Olivia, who was standing behind him, cheered and encouraged him. "Good luck, Zen!"

Zen turned around and nodded his head. Then, he too plunged into the darkness. The surrounding lights suddenly dimmed, and the wall once again started to emit an endless luster.

Chapter 843 Resign To Fate

Zen's name appeared on the ninth row.

A lot of creatures from different races had been paying close attention to Zen's performance.

It could be claimed that he was already on the same level as Boris and Cheryl with what he had shown all of them.

Quite a lot of people already thought highly of him despite still having yet to fight with Boris.

There had never been such a talent in the human race.

Zen had entered the tenth floor with the cultivation of a tenth-level war fighter and that was a feat that had never yet been done in the entire Sea God Continent. Not even Amber could do it.

Of course, the circumstances of the era also played a part.

Back then, there hadn't been any fixed rules with regards to advancing freely. Although Amber was powerful, she had still needed to climb from the very bottom all the way to the top.

Furthermore, the ogres had time and again sent a large number of talents to challenge and possibly defeat her. Amber met and fought with her opponents one after the other and obtained significantly more Lucky Light than Zen. The deterrence that the ogres sent actually contributed to her improving her cultivation at a much faster rate.

Zen, on the other hand, could freely advance and the amount of Lucky Light he received was significantly less, which did not really benefit his cultivation.

It wasn't because the ogres were scared of him, but they had grown weaker over the years and couldn't really afford to send away most of their talents as they did back then with Amber. Since their assassination attempt had failed, then maybe it would be better to let him freely advance to the tenth floor and just let Boris finish him.

Had they barred his way and let him stay on the lower floors to improve his cultivation, then Boris might end up not being a match for Zen.

The other races were very much interested in Zen's talent, but it was the humans who were most concerned.

A trace of nervousness flashed on Olivia's face.

She knew that the humans clearly understood the meaning of Zen's appearance.

To them in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, Zen was like a heart-strengthening drug that they hoped could change their fate. Even before he had stepped into the Purple Heart Sacred Place, he was already quite famous, and disciples and elders at the Soul Sea Realm alike were already keeping an eye out for him because of his strength.

"I wonder just how far Zen can go."

"I think he'll at least make it to the fourth floor. I'm pretty confident that he's got a lot more potential than Boris."

"Mm, even if he can't defeat Boris now, Zen will still grow further in the future and his power will not be something that Boris himself can even compare with."

Boris heard all this since he wasn't standing too far away but chose to hold his tongue.

Honestly speaking, he also agreed with their speculations. He had never overestimated his strength, nor did he ever underestimate his opponents. He was, after all, a war general of the tenth level, and if he were to return to being a war fighter of the tenth level, it would be impossible for him to reach the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin.

Back when he was still a tenth-level war fighter, Boris had been able to challenge those who were of a higher level than him. However, he could only challenge third-level war generals and had once lost to a fifth-level war general.

This was how he knew he was inferior to Zen.

Nevertheless, he was not discouraged. Talent was innate, but luck and perseverance could be honed by a person.

The previous gloominess in the room suddenly brightened upon Zen's appearance.

He had always been curious as to just how the Talent Tablet worked and carried out the talent test.

Talent was different from trial, after all. The trial was a direct test of a martial artist's strength and constantly used magic arrays to create enemies for those being tested. The participants would fight until their bodies gave up on them and, after that, their grade would come out.

But how about the talent test?

He was just about to find out.

A beam of light suddenly shot down in front of Zen, and nine stone tablets appeared in front of him.

"Huh?" he remarked. He could feel strong Law Power emanating from the tablets.

"The Law Power on these tablets completely corresponds to my own Law Power," he couldn't help but shout.

It definitely wasn't a coincidence.

Maybe the Talent Tablet had sensed the Law Power within him and placed these nine stone tablets here.

The Law Power within the stones was actually much stronger than the one contained within the obelisks of the Genuine Dragon World.

Zen walked towards the tablets and spread out his perception on them.

"This is…

The second layer of Law Power!"

he said, eyes widening in shock.

All the Law Powers were divided into ten layers.

Zen had a perfect affinity with any law after his baptism, so it was easy for him to cultivate laws. Back in the Genuine Dragon World, he had learned the first layer of Law Power, but after coming back to the Central Region, he could find no place to practice the second layer. Even warriors who had reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm failed in cultivating the complete Law Powers since most of the parts were missing, such as the Space Law, and could only be comprehended by themselves.

However, it was unrealistic to completely rely on one's own comprehension when it came to the Original Laws.

Zen never thought a chance such as this would present itself in the Tower of Sin.

After investigating each tablet one by one, Zen chose to go to the one that had recorded the power of Space Law first and began comprehending it.

He didn't really think there was a time limit and he honestly didn't care too much about the ranking. That sort of bubble reputation was only important to the Purple Heart Sacred Place since, for a race, it was almost like a spiritual totem.

Zen could care less. Cultivating the laws was infinitely more important, and he planned to learn them all from these stone tablets before leaving.

However, just as he chose the Space Law stone tablet, the other eight ones slowly faded and disappeared before his eyes.

"WHAT! NO!"

he exclaimed, feeling his stomach drop once all other stone tablets disappeared. "No, no, no, how can this be?"

Just as he had chosen one tablet, the rest immediately disappeared! Such a good opportunity had been lost.

He could do nothing but sigh in bitter disappointment. Fortunately, the stone tablet in front of him hadn't disappeared. Not wasting any more time, Zen concentrated and began to comprehend the power of the Space Law.

Even before the baptism by laws, Zen's compatibility with the Space Law had already been the highest. Back then, he had only encountered space windstorm wherein he was able to learn the power of the law. Now that he had a ready-made space stone tablet, everything was a breeze.

'The Talent Tablet is only a test of the speed at which one comprehends laws?' he thought to himself.

If his assumption was right, then it wouldn't be difficult for him since he was originally very sensitive to the Space Law, and after his baptism by laws, his affinity with it had only increased to an unprecedentedly high level.

He didn't know that as he comprehended, his ranking on the wall was also changing.

Just like Yolande's name, Zen's was also rising rapidly.

The ninth row.

The eighth row.

The seventh row.

Soon, his name was listed right beside Olivia's.

"Zen's name is rising fast! It's even faster than Yolande's. Will he rise to the first row as well?"

"I don't think so. The Talent Tablet doesn't test strength or speed. Speed doesn't determine the ranking. Last time, a divine-level talent stayed on the ninth row for two hours before his name went up to the fourth row."

"Look! His name has stopped on the sixth row. Could it be that he is as talented as Olivia?"

"What's the hurry? Let's just wait and see. As long as he's in there, there's no way to arrive at a conclusion."

Olivia heard all of this but did not say anything. For some reason, she had a mysterious premonition in her heart that Zen would definitely achieve good results.

It would be impossible to expect him to be in the first row like Yolande, but he could at least enter the third row and become a figure that was only inferior to Amber.

Yolande, who wasn't originally interested in anything that was happening, was now also expressionlessly staring at the rankings on the wall. It looked as if she was also anticipating the result, but nobody could really tell for sure.

Dylon, on the other hand, was extremely gloomy.

The sixth row. Zen had already climbed to the sixth row and it was a huge blow to his ego. He had also been known as a divine-level talent in the sacred place and was on par with Olivia. However, after the test, his name had only come up to the seventh row.

A lot of people were also listed on the seventh to ninth rows. His ranking was quite low, and it wouldn't be long before he was completely squeezed out.

He merely looked at Zen's name on the sixth row and quietly resigned himself to his fate.

Chapter 844 A Fish In The Space (Part One)

It did not take a long moment before Zen had arrived at the sixth row, easily surpassing Dylon.

Who knew which row Zen would eventually manage to reach in the end?

Among everyone at the Tower of Sin, this fact was undeniable; Dylon was the most talented disciple from the Purple Heart Sacred Place besides Olivia. Although it was clear as day that his talent was not as good as Olivia's, Dylon was already well aware of this notion and acquiesced to it.

Ever since he was a young child, Dylon had always considered Olivia as the only other warrior who could match him when it came to strength. Moreover, Olivia had also been the woman in his heart for the longest time.

As luck would have it, that bastard named Zen appeared out of nowhere and stole everything Dylon once had and yanked the rug under his own feet. To his displeasure, it seemed as if Zen was replacing him.

In the Purple Heart Sacred Place, Olivia was regarded as nothing short of a noble and superior goddess. It was borderline ironic however, as much as she had kept herself aloof from Dylon, her behavior towards Zen as well as every single thing he did was the exact opposite. The woman had been unwaveringly enthusiastic about his endeavors and exuded such patience with him that it made the whole thing laughable; how could she not see that the guy was extremely cocky? The fact that Zen was given the attention that he had always wanted made extreme jealousy bubble up Dylon's chest. Therefore, every time Zen's name came up one slot on the stone tablet, Dylon gritted his teeth in annoyance and barely suppressed trembling with frustration.

The Space Law on the stone tablet had proved to be of great help to Zen.

According to what he just learned from it, the mastery of the first layer of the Space Law could enable the cultivator to travel through space, hence why it was termed as 'traveling'. After being able to comprehend the first layer of the Space Law, an individual could travel a short distance that made it possible for the cultivator to attack the enemy before he knew it and consequently take him by surprise.

Furthermore, the second layer of the Space Law was called 'tearing'. If one managed to completely comprehend the second layer, then that individual could easily be able to tear apart space itself. What happened was that the fractured space would form cracks--which could not only help in blocking all attacks, but it could also form a powerful space blade. The cultivator could use the space cracks as a form of weapon and shoot them out according to their will.

It was obviously a good opportunity for Zen to be able to comprehend the second layer of the Space Law, so he must seize the chance and throw himself into studying it right away. Determined to succeed, Zen focused his undivided attention on comprehending the Space Law on the stone tablet.

Unexpectedly, things started to go wrong in the middle of him trying his best to master the second layer of the Space Law. If he was given enough time, Zen would be able to completely master it.

However, after less than a quarter of an hour, he stared disbelievingly at the stone tablet which had begun to gradually vanish before his very eyes!

"What the hell is going on?" he muttered to himself, blinking his eyes in surprise at the disappearing tablet.

Once again, Zen was left speechless and unable to put coherence to his thoughts. 'What's going on with this Talent Tablet?' he contemplated, truly bewildered by this sudden change when it completely faded away.

The time given to Zen was too short for him to do anything useful. Despairingly, he sighed at the reality that he had only comprehended about ten percent of the second layer of the Space Law!

In a desperate moment of hesitation, Zen thought that he would rather give up the test of the Talent Tablet in exchange for the chance to comprehend the second layer of the Space Law. Unfortunately, the Talent Tablet was already gone from the Tower of Sin.

"Is this the end of the test?"

Zen muttered to himself, scanning his eyes from side to side.

Just as Zen's voice faded away, the dark space surrounding him began to morph itself and change its form once again. In the blink of an eye, beams that reflected brilliantly colorful lights started to shine from every direction.

Crack!

Within the sudden commotion, a crack materialized in front of Zen, which he immediately assumed was a space crack.

The exact moment the space crack became visible, it instantaneously shot towards Zen at the speed of lightning.

With a jolt, he noticed that it was a sight that could definitely induce fear and anxiety due to its appearance akin to the mouth of a monster. Moreover, its movements seemed like it was trying to devour Zen's body.

Upon seeing this, Zen's figure suddenly flashed. Sighing in relief, he was lucky he had managed to avoid being consumed by the space crack--he had no desire whatsoever to know what would have happened to him if he did not evade in time.

With his heart pounding in his chest, he asked himself, "Is this also a part of the test?"

Doubt was visibly shown across Zen's face. Biting his lower lip unconsciously, he came upon the realization that perhaps this was meant to test up to what extent he had comprehended the Space Law.

Initially, Zen had assumed that the Talent Tablet contained some secret method that could directly assess a warrior's talent and then promptly produce the result after. At that moment, however, it seemed that Zen's idea was just plain naïve. Ultimately, Zen took note of the fact that talent originally referred to one's ability to comprehend something.

It went without saying that the ability of comprehension varied from person to person. Adding to this, people had different preferences, as well as speed, when it came to learning the same thing.

However that might be, what was marvelous about the Talent Tablet was its ability to automatically and consistently discover each person's strong point. Moreover, it was dedicated in giving them something to comprehend according to their respective strong points. After a period of time, the Talent Tablet tested the effectiveness of their comprehension. Through this method, it could determine the rank of the examinee's talent without preamble.

For example, if an individual was particularly good at Fire Law, the stone tablet he chose would most probably contain the Fire Law. Due to this, the specific test for the examinee would involve the constant attacks by all sorts of fire.

"But, such test is still not accurate." Zen hummed and pouted as he shook his head vehemently.

Just now, Zen had just employed the power of the first layer of the Space Law and traveled for a relatively short time to dodge the space crack that came at him just a moment ago. Despite that, Zen was certain that it had nothing to do with his talent and he believed that his success was attributed to his real strength in cultivation.

In spite of everything, Zen had underestimated the power of the Talent Tablet!

Not a long moment had passed before more space cracks began to appear from all directions Zen could see. Abruptly positioning himself to get ready, he knew that when those space cracks fully emerged, he only had a split of a second to evade before they all came ferociously to crush him. In an instant, it was as if hundreds of monsters in the shape of a huge mouth were suddenly materializing in the darkness.

Chapter 845 A Fish In The Space (Part Two)

"There are so many of them!"

Just like flashes of light, Zen's figure constantly shuttled high and low through the space as he quickly dodged the aggressive space cracks hurtling towards him.

However, Zen began to feel the pressure due to the fact that with the constant increase of space cracks, the space Zen initially used to evade the vicious attacks became more and more limited.

This space where Zen was situated in was not large enough to begin with, so there had been an inadequate space for Zen to move freely. With the continuous multiplication of the space cracks, he realized that he would be engulfed by them sooner or later.

Zen remembered that when he had faced the giant swords summoned by Marilyn from the Purple Power World in the past, he had also utilized the Space Law to avoid the onslaught of attacks. Even though she had summoned over a hundred giant swords that glinted wickedly, Zen was always able to find a foothold to stand. Right now, the situation was vastly different given the fact that it was more and more difficult for Zen to find a place to stand. With a start, he furrowed his eyebrows in concentration--if he would not be able to avoid those space cracks, he would soon fail and be kicked out of this test.

'Space cracks, huh…'

Zen narrowed his eyes and deeply pondered, trying to find an immediate solution.

Albeit his study of the second layer of the Space Law was brief, Zen acquired a general idea of the space.

The first layer was ultimately for individuals to be able to travel through space. In fact, the logic behind this was to condense two spaces together. Through the perspective of an outsider looking at his movements, Zen could appear to travel a certain distance in an instant, when in reality, Zen had only taken a single step. How he had achieved this was by bonding two consecutive "nodes" using the Space Law.

In other words, Zen had bent the space around him and cleverly taken a shortcut.

On the other hand, the space cracks on the second layer operated on different terms.

Some tremendously powerful masters could tear the space apart through brute force. Because of this fact, this meant that space actually could hold the strength of an attack to a certain degree. Therefore, the smaller the space, the more fragile it was, and more importantly, the easier it was for people to tear it apart.

A good example of this would be the space on the Cloud Road, as it was particularly unstable. Even though no one had ever torn it apart, some Space Cracks and its weak parts naturally appeared in the space due to its unstable property. At that time, Zen had been able to use those weak parts in the space to move.

In the real world, space was exceptionally indestructible. Someone who was a Virtual Tribulation Realm master would even be unable to tear up the space, and the best they could do was to resort to a secret method to weaken it. For instance, Saint Morphens was one of those who could use such a complex technique. The man was at the medium stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and was skilled enough to disrupt the space. As a result of this, some parts in the space were significantly weakened. By taking advantage of the weak parts, he could subsequently use his Mystical Pace to move around in the area.

Despite this, Saint Morphens ultimately was not capable of tearing space apart.

To be able to tear the space of this world open was probably an impossible task to accomplish, even for the terribly powerful master Eddie, unless one managed to completely comprehend the second layer of the Space Law!

If Zen was just given a few more days, he would probably be able to comprehend it with certainty. The situation was dismal--the time that Zen used just now to comprehend the Space Law was astonishingly short as the chance of mastering the second layer just slipped through his finger in a moment.

At the present, Zen could only rely on himself to overcome the problem and comprehend it alone.

In the midst of constantly dodging the space cracks, he also urged himself to find any sort of clue or form any theory to solve this hitch. 'The space here is fractured and has formed many space cracks, ' he thought to himself as he observed his surroundings while evading. 'But why would they attack me in the first place?'

The realization suddenly dawned on him that everyone was simply like a fish swimming in space. If there was any kind of blockage or impediment that occurred in the water, the common fish would naturally swim in a certain direction! It was akin to a light bulb turning on in his mind because from this particular point of view, the space and water were similar in some ways.

"The fish in the water?"

As soon as the theory formed in his head, Zen rapidly activated his life vitality. With a determined expression on his face, he began to utilize the second layer of the Space Law.

Although Zen had not fully comprehended the second layer of the Space Law, what he had just realized moments ago was enough for him at that instant!

In any case, Zen did not plan to tear space apart in the first place nor did he expect that he could have a perfect command of the second layer of the

Space Law in such a short time. What he sought to do was to transform himself into a little fish which persisted in swimming--not a fish aimlessly moving in the water, but a fish resolutely advancing in the space.

"Let me give it a try!"

Zen uttered to himself while he gritted his teeth and balled his fists tightly at his sides. For this very moment, he did not attempt to travel through space. Instead, he exhaled a quick breath and stood still.

The moment Zen halted his movements, the space cracks that were similar to the abominable mouths of monsters quickly approached, aiming to engulf him from all directions. Upon perceiving the incoming brutish attack of the space cracks, Zen firmly closed his eyes.

If there were anyone else in the area and noticed the still form of the boy, they would have undoubtedly believed that Zen had given up the fight, not knowing he had a plan in his head.

"In the second layer, the first point of tearing space is to integrate oneself into space itself. In fact, this key point has already been touched upon in the first layer of the Space Law, but it barely skims the surface and it doesn't discuss the actual definition in detail," he started to explain to himself in the darkness, profoundly resolute at the logic of what he was about to do. "I will try to combine the first layer of the Space Law with what I realized just now. I know I can do it!" Zen exclaimed. It was a do-or-die situation and he was certain of his presumption; he had no time to hesitate.

Within a second, the first space crack steadily zoomed towards Zen's immobile form, aiming at his head about to devour him!

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 846 The Second Row

If one didn't understand the Space Law, he would be instantly torn apart by the space cracks. Perhaps even a sacred weapon would be ineffective against their power.

Zen's physical body was incomparably strong. His immortal body was equivalent to a fairy weapon, and he was probably the only one in the entire universe to be that way. However, despite possessing so strong a physical body, he would undoubtedly be ripped to shreds if he got sucked into the space cracks.

Still, the moment the space cracks rolled toward Zen, his eyes lit up. As quickly as a wink, the mysterious power of the Space Law lunged out and tightly wrapped about him.

A strange thing happened then.

The space cracks which could slice through a sacred weapon easily could not hurt Zen's body. After the cracks had rolled over, his body looked to be floating over their surface. He was unhurt, safe and sound.

After comprehending the second level of the Space Law, one could create space cracks as he wished, using them as his own weapon. But if one wanted to create space cracks, he had to adapt to them first.

Space cracks spread out around Zen. After his body was sucked into a space crack, he appeared on the other side of the space crack. At the moment, his body seemed to have turned into a small boat floating on the surface of water. The space cracks were like waves. Whenever they rolled over, Zen floated up and down. Not the tiniest bit of damage was done to him.

As wave after wave thrashed against him, Zen freely roamed above the cracks.

Not only that, he continued to study the space cracks and the essence of space during this process. Although it was considerably slower than comprehending on the stone, it was still faster than most common methods.

Meanwhile, Zen's name continued to appear on the wall outside.

His name had already been placed in the sixth row, the same as in the case of Olivia. Suddenly, his name began to rise through.

"The fifth row!"

"The fourth row!"

Amidst the screams of the crowd, his name soared like a rocket, finally being placed in the fourth row. A few moments later, his name was in the same row as Boris and Cheryl.

Olivia let out a long sigh of relief. No matter what the consequences, the human race finally had a genius that could rival the ogres and the Demon Night. Past experience told her that as long as Zen was alive, he would be able to secure a seat for them.

However, the worries of Olivia and the others were not dispelled. Before all of this, the ogres had already figured out that Zen was a great threat to them and that he must be eliminated. Now that Zen's talent had been fully exposed, the ogres would probably try to kill him at the first opportunity.

Olivia also understood that the Purple Heart Sacred Place would not let Zen go so easily. After his talent was tested, the power inside the Purple Heart Sacred Place would spare no effort in protecting Zen.

Besides, the tests of the Talent Tablet were not over yet. It was highly likely that Zen's name would continue to ascend.

At the moment, a martial artist in cyan robes walked over to the humans.

"Elder Jing," Olivia, Dylon, and a few other human war generals cupped their hands and greeted him.

Elder Jing gave them a slight nod. When his gaze landed on Zen's name, his reserved gaze flashed. "Is he already in the fourth row?"

"Yes, he is. I believe he will rise even more," Olivia answered confidently.

The truth was that jumping up a row was rare and difficult. Talents such as Boris and Cheryl, as long as they didn't die, were sure to obtain a seat at the top of the tower in the future. If they continued to grow and strengthen themselves, they would be able to break through the Soul Sea Realm and come to be the backbone of their sacred places.

However, Amber was different. A genius in the second row, Amber had started a new era for the Demon Night.

Amber's record was set two hundred years ago, and now he was over two hundred years old. As a cultivator of the martial arts, he was in the prime of his life and had become the strongest warrior on the Sea God Continent at such a shockingly young age. This wasn't just a legend, but a true event that occurred two hundred years ago.

Except for Amber had reached the second row about two hundred years ago, no one else had successfully secured a seat in the third row. On the whole, a seat in the third row was enough to ensure the status of a certain leader from the sacred place.

Of course, talent was not everything. It was just an estimate of a martial artist's achievements in the future. To grow up and become stronger, a warrior needed something greater than talent. He needed luck and ample room to grow in a bid to become an influential warrior.

Every step up, there were rifts and fissures to cross. Yet Olivia was so confident in Zen's abilities and power that her blind faith in him was overwhelming.

However, it wasn't just Olivia that Zen had given such an impression to. The warriors and creatures of other races felt the same.

Even Dylon, who was understandably jealous of Zen, believed Olivia when she said that Zen wouldn't stop at the fourth row.

Elder Jing nodded. Zen was the reason he had come down from the upper floors today. No matter what the result was, he had to report it immediately.

Inside the room, ripples from the space cracks gradually subsided, and Zen was once again engulfed in the darkness.

"Is it over yet?" Zen had no idea of the situation outside, nor did he know of the full procedures of this test. He was unsure as to whether or not it had ended.

The darkness only lasted for a few seconds before a gentle glow unrolled around him. Clearly, another round of tests was about to begin.

Inside this space, he had nobody to answer his questions. He could only grapple with problems by himself and handle the unexpected events calmly and patiently.

When the seemingly gentle lights showed up, Zen felt an irresistible force being exerted on his body.

"What does this mean?"

The force did not originate from a specific direction, but it was constantly being pressed on to him from all directions. Slowly, his body even floated up, being held up in the air by this force!

"Such a strong power!"

Zen struggled in vain. The power was too strong for him to withstand. When he was unable to break free using his physical strength alone, he attempted to summon the forceful energy within his body. But the moment he made it flow, it disappeared without a trace.

"What's going on?"

Zen wondered out loud, now panicking a bit.

He wasn't so afraid of a dangerous or formidable opponent. However, the loss of his own strength raised his hackles.

When his forceful energy failed to flow, he began to circulate his life vitality. Although the life vitality was inferior to the forceful energy in strength, it could last longer.

A few moments later, he found his life vitality also useless to him. Zen's face was white with shock.

"This … How is this even possible?" he murmured to himself, struggling to come up with ways to defeat this unexpected foe.

"Dragon Scale Power!"

That didn't work either.

Other kinds of strengths were of no use to Zen, except the strength of his physical body.

It took him aback.

Frowning, Zen wondered if this was to test the determination and strength of his physical body, for this force had blocked all of his other strengths.

In this aggravating situation, he felt relieved and reassured knowing that the Talent Tablet couldn't be controlled by the ogres. Even at a time when ogres wholly seized the Tower of Sin, they weren't masters of the Talent Tower. Perhaps no living being in the Lower World could control the giant tower.

This was nothing more than a test of his talent. Although the pressure on his body increased bit by bit, it didn't aim at crushing him, only at appraising the capabilities of his physical body.

As Zen mused on the purpose of this test, the pressure on his body grew increasingly stronger.

Under such pressure, even an iron ball would be flattened into a sheet of iron. What was the strength of the physical body of a human being compared to that?

However, Zen's body was more resilient than common iron. It was equivalent to a top-grade fairy weapon and had already surpassed the limits of human beings. His bones were several times harder than iron and steel. It wasn't easy to crush them.

Zen continued to bear the heavy pressure as the sound of something snapping resounded from his bones. The gaps between his bones were being constantly compressed, which was why they expelled such a noise when they clashed against each other.

Under the progressively growing pressure, Zen bore the brunt of the limits of his physical body.

"I'm afraid... No, this power is too terrifying. It feels like that even a common war lord couldn't wield such a formidable strength."

If the pressure persisted, Zen's body would collapse. Suddenly, the gentle light disappeared quietly, leaving Zen to land on the ground with a loud thud.

Meanwhile, on the outer wall, Zen's name disappeared and then reappeared on the second row, right beside Amber's.

Chapter 847 Eyes

Everyone had heard of Amber's miracles in the Sea God Continent.

However, no one envied her.

Why? It was simple: they didn't even have the qualifications to be envious.

It was already difficult enough for them to put their names right next to Amber, what more creating miracles? Since ancient times, creatures from all sorts of races had entered the Tower of Sin. It couldn't be denied then that the number of those who were able to break through the tenth floor and undergo the Talent Tablet test was great, immeasurable even.

However, not a single one had the right nor the capabilities to have their names placed beside Amber's name.

Those whose names belonged on the top four rows were already very powerful and were regarded as formidable beings among those in the tower since those on the top four rows were destined to become the strong masters who reached the Soul Sea Realm.

They would be unbeatable in the Sea God Continent.

As for those who were on the second row, they were the ones destined to usher in a new era for the world.

What happened today was a very monumental event as two warriors earned the right to have their names appear on the top two rows. Moreover, these two warriors were actually from the human race.

One was Yolande whose background was a mystery to everyone. When her name jumped to the second row, and then all the way to the first, everyone sighed but was not jealous.

She had never been promoted all these years and she couldn't really help the Purple Heart Sacred Place. The most she could offer was to continue gifting her Lucky Light to others.

The other races were content with this set-up. It would be better for them if Yolande obediently stayed on the tenth floor since the consequences of her choosing to advance, obtaining a seat, and breaking through would be unimaginable.

With her talent in the first row, it was certain that her future accomplishments would surpass Amber's—should she choose to. If she willed it, Yolande might become a detrimental element for humans to rise up and dominate all the other races.

However, right after Yolande, Zen's name had also jumped up to the second row.

The two were very different. Although Zen also had a mysterious background like Yolande, he had a lot of motivation for advancing.

Aside from Boris, several other ogre war generals also had the same thought. Several of them had even begun scheming on how to kill Zen. No price would be too high.

They would even be willing to go as far as giving up ten seats, or even exchange with the humans, so long as Zen died.

They wanted to prevent the rise of another warrior as extraordinary as Amber.

The human race they had once looked down on and scoffed at was now rising and that scared them.

Olivia covered her mouth and laughed. It seemed her assumptions were indeed correct! Zen... was a supernormal talent!

Elder Jing cast a deep, significant glance at Zen's name.

He looked exceptionally calm but his fists were clenched tight and trembling at his sides, unable to entirely hold back the excitement in his heart. "Zen…" he muttered. "You have truly fulfilled our expectations."

Everyone else's expressions varied.

There were a few who did not care as the rise and fall of the human race did not really concern nor affect them. Those that did not have any enmity or were simply acquainted with the humans didn't need to be afraid nor joyful.

However, those from the Demon Night and the ogre race were naturally startled and fearful.

The Sea God Continent's resources were scarce and the rise of another race would surely lead to the invasion of another race in order to gain space and resources. Most of the creatures around were not loyal and would only show their loyalty and mercy to those they thought would be most advantageous for them.

In this world, only the winners had the right to survive.

Boris gazed up at Zen's name quietly. He was very quiet but his mind was a jumble of thoughts as he intensely pondered on the situation.

'Perhaps...

Perhaps the elders are right.

They are more far-sighted and wiser than me, ' he thought to himself. 'Zen is indeed someone the ogres must kill no matter what!'

An ominous premonition arose in his mind. A premonition of the ogre's decline as a result of Zen's ascension.

Boris was a very proud person willing to stand on the arena and defeat Zen. However, this didn't mean that he would idly watch as a terrifying opponent grew and became much stronger than everyone combined. If such a thing happened, it was no longer a matter of who was a stronger fighter, but a matter of whose races lived and died.

He was a member of the ogre race and he felt an intense feeling of crisis and fear.

"I still have a chance," he murmured coldly. "Once we meet in the arena, I will do my best to eliminate you even if it costs me my life!"

However, just as everyone stared at Zen's name on the second row, his name suddenly disappeared!

And then, a bright, golden light appeared on the first row, pushing Yolande's name back.

All other names such as Abigail, Odom, and Cliff were also moved further back, following Zen's name.

His name had been placed at the front of the first row and was made especially eye-catching.

"Oh my god! Zen's name is on top! It's ranked first amongst all of the names!"

"What kind of talent and ability does one need to have in order to be in the first place?!"

"You should have talent like Zen's!"

"Nonsense! What even is Zen's level of talent? Can you even describe it? A divine-level talent could only reach the fourth row. Now that Zen's name is on the first row, just what kind of talent does he have? Is it even describable?"

There was indeed no quantifiable indicator for talent. The only thing that could be done was to compare it with other warriors' to figure out which level each one was in.

The creatures of the Sea God Continent did not know the other five names on the first row and could only imagine that they were as mystical as immortals.

However, in a single day, Zen and Yolande, who they all knew in the flesh, suddenly had their names placed right next to these mystical beings' names.

Who would dare mock humans as trash from now on? Who would dare brand them as a cowardly race?

No race would dare ridicule humans now that their rise towards prominence was already set in stone. Any offense to their race would most probably be countered by either Zen or Yolande.

"If your race also has the ability, you can also cultivate a talent like Zen and have him place his name on the first row."

Everyone gathered all discussed amongst themselves the sensational happenings.

Even the constant fighting in the arena halted.

The ogres, the Demon Night, the Orcs, the Giants, the Night Group... All kinds of creatures from all races all gathered together to look and discuss at this momentous event. A lot of them were already certain of Zen's rise along with the human race but a few creatures weren't so quick to come to that conclusion.

"If Zen grows and becomes more powerful, it's very likely that he'll help the Purple Heart Sacred Place."

"I don't think that's necessarily the case. The ogres will not let Zen grow even stronger. If they can't beat him in the arena, then the ogre war lords on top of the tower will probably bend the rules and kill Zen themselves."

"Zen shouldn't have entered the Talent Tablet for the test. He would've been fine if he placed on the fifth or fourth row but now, everyone's seen just how great his abilities are. The ogres are surely on edge. They won't allow someone like Zen to live long."

"I agree. The ogres still regret not killing Amber in the past after the bloody lesson they have learned years ago. They're smarter now and will definitely not let Zen off. Even if they break the rules, they would do their best to eliminate him!

Besides, there's still the Demon Night hanging around. Zen should also watch out for them!"

Olivia and Elder Jing both wore long expressions upon hearing the discussions.

The bystanders were right. It was impossible for the ogres to remain indifferent to this matter. It would not be beneath them to break the rules and they would send out a war lord to kill Zen to assure the survival of their race.

Although the Purple Heart Sacred Place had a handful of powerful and influential human masters in the Soul Sea Realm, they would never be able to enter the Tower of Sin. No one would be able to get to the tower to help Zen. Moreover, humans only got four seats at the top of the tower.

How could those four warriors resist the force of the over twenty ogres who also held seats?

It wasn't good news.

Something big was brewing and troubles were approaching fast. However, the one who was now currently facing such a huge dilemma was still inside the test room, completely unaware of the things that were currently happening outside.

After Zen completed the test, the surrounding light began to dissipate. Suddenly, a pair of eyes appeared right in front of him.

Chapter 848 The Ultimate Test

Zen had grasped the general idea of how the Talent Tablet worked in testing the talent and skills of the examinees.

He found out that the first screening was to test the comprehension skill of a martial artist with regards to laws. Then the testing of the strength of corporeal body followed suit by gauging the physical power of the examinees through exerting immense pressure on them!

So far, these were all that he knew about the test system. Other than these, he had no idea what other mysterious testing methods the Talent Tablet contained. But one thing was clear to Zen that when it came to the physical talent, he definitely wouldn't lose to anyone!

His body differed from that of an ordinary person. Even a body refiner couldn't measure up to him, let alone any martial artist that cultivated life vitality. Once his body made a breakthrough and became the sacred weapon or reached a higher level, his body would become even more terrifying. Moreover, he would reach an incredible level in no time with great potential.

Apart from the test on the physical body, the third test was a test on the soul. Zen had also passed this test painstakingly!

Now that Zen had passed all the three tests, he was assuming that the test was finally over.

His eyes darted pensively to the closed door on the wall facing him. The space surrounding him was so dark that it gave him an eerie feeling that it was not yet the end of the test. Trusting his gut feel, he knew that there was something more that lay ahead.

'What else should I be tested? Don't tell me I will get a cultivation method this time!' Zen thought as he chuckled to himself.

This idea might sound absurd, but it was deemed possible. It could still be considered a way to test him. Knowing that the cultivation method given by the Tower of Sin would not be simple, he was still quite happy if he would get a cultivation method as a part of the test. But these were only blind and disorderly conjectures that crossed his mind.

Just as he stood there in deep contemplation, wondering about what might happen, a pair of eyes suddenly appeared in the dark space in front of him.

In this vast and diverse world, there were many different types of creatures with different looks and shapes. But no matter how much they differed, they had one thing in common—they all had eyes.

Like for example, the Genuine Dragon had eyes, the Blue Phoenix had eyes, and humans also had eyes. It was a characteristic shared by all living creatures!

When several rays of light became visible and gradually formed like a pair of eyes in front of him, he was flabbergasted. "Who are you?" Zen gawked at the pair of eyes as he asked.

Another dot of light popped up in the darkness. It gently danced in the air and eventually formed a mouth. Soon after, a distant and ancient voice rang out, "Human, I am the weapon spirit of this Tower of Sin! "

"Weapon spirit!" Zen's eyes flashed with awe as he shook his head in amazement.

"Yes!" The melodious voice continued, "As a weapon spirit, I've already existed in this tower for a million years…"

"A million years!" Zen exclaimed, cutting off the weapon spirit in mid-sentence. He was shocked to hear that.

In the Central Region, the Ancient Tycoon who had lived over a thousand years was already considered much of a freak. But as for anyone who had lived a million years, then what must it be called? To Zen's knowledge, since the dawn of time, there had never appeared such a being. Only immortals could have such a long lifespan.

Even the immortal Mist only had a lifespan of tens of thousands of years, yet this weapon spirit had existed within the Tower of Sin for a million years! The mere thought of this made Zen's heart tremble in shock!

But after a million years, even a sacred weapon would turn to ash. Since this weapon spirit had existed for so long, it meant that the Tower of Sin had been in existence for at least a million years.

"There's no need to be surprised. I am from the Heavenly Soul race. We exist in a form that is different from you," the voice interjected lightly. "We don't have a body. The way we exist is equivalent to that of consciousness. So basically, we will not age. I won't die as long as this tower exists."

So that explained it! The world was big and full of wonders. The longevity of the Heavenly Soul race was something unimaginable for Zen, who had only lived for a dozen years.

As long as the physical body existed, there would be a constant need for energy to sustain its metabolism. Even it was an immortal who went on fasting and didn't eat anything, he still had to absorb other forms of energy to sustain himself.

Since the creatures of Heavenly Soul did not have a body, their lifespan was countless times longer than that of humans.

Zen assumed that the weapon spirit existed in a way that was similar to his sword spirit, Lily. The difference was that Lily was attached to Zen's body, while this weapon spirit was attached to the Tower of Sin.

"You...what do you want with me?" Zen probed.

The weapon spirit fell silent for a moment before saying, "Your talent is the best in a million years."

Hearing such high praise from the weapon spirit, Zen revealed a proud smile with the corner of his lips slightly uplifted. He didn't interrupt the weapon spirit and waited for it to continue instead.

"You have passed the three tests in the Talent Tablet. However, we still can't see the limit of your real strength after those tests. So I want to ask you, are you willing to take a further test?" The weapon spirit asked.

"There is one more test behind?" Zen's eyes flashed with surprise.

The weapon spirit said, "Yes. Up until now, this test has never been activated. You are the first to take the test."

"What can I gain if I pass this one?" Zen asked with a smile.

"The owner of this tower built this place so that the members of his race could increase their strength through tests and battles. Every living being that passes the tests of the Talent Tablet will receive certain benefits." The weapon spirit faintly said, "If you can pass this test, then the benefits will be greater as compared to what other living creatures had got."

Before this, Zen had already heard from Olivia that this Talent Tablet was a magical thing. After passing the test, the Talent Tablet would even increase and boost the talent of the examinees!

Zen had never thought that one's talent could be magically enhanced, so he was very interested in the Talent Tablet.

Now that Zen heard this weapon spirit say that there was a possibility he could get more benefits than others, he showed more interest and couldn't wait to get a try.

"I agree!" Zen nodded without hesitation. "However, I have one more question."

"You may ask any questions, young man," the weapon spirit replied.

"You mentioned the owner of the Tower of Sin just now. What kind of race is the owner from?". Zen queried curiously.

He had always been very interested in the origins of the Tower of Sin. After all, the most important reason for him to come all the way here was to get the inheritance at the bottom of the tower. The immortal Mist did not reveal much to him about the Tower of Sin other than giving him a token.

To satiate his inquisitiveness, Zen could only dig more information about the Tower of Sin himself.

However, the races in the Sea God Continent knew nothing much more than Zen did about the Tower of Sin. How the Cursed Land appeared and where the Tower of Sin originated were distinctly still gray areas to them.

Hearing Zen's question, the weapon spirit hesitated for a moment. Then he spoke slowly, "The master did not say that I am not allowed to answer such a question. So I can tell you, he belongs to the Celestial Position."

"Celestial Position?" Zen blurted out, looking more eager.

"Yes, the master belongs to the Celestial Position," the weapon spirit repeated.

"What kind of race is that? Are they humans?" probed Zen.

"No, the Celestial Position is a very powerful race, and it is not human race. Sorry, I can't explain to you any further," the weapon spirit stated blandly.

Zen secretly rolled his eyes out of a bit of impatience. He didn't get much information, as the weapon spirit didn't say much about his query. But at least, he knew there was a race called Celestial Position. This fact somehow settled him at ease for the moment. He probably had to rely on himself to find the answers. Or maybe after he got the inheritance from the bottom of the Tower of Sin, he would then be able to find out everything!

"I have answered your question. Now, the ultimate test is about to begin. Young man, I hope you can pass it. Good luck! "

As the weapon spirit's voice faded away, the light in the surroundings started to change constantly. Simultaneously, Zen quickly fell, and he felt as if he was sinking into a starry sky!

Mysterious various patterns consistently appeared and soon engulfed him. These patterns were very abstract, and each one was different. The aura exuded from them made Zen feel awed as he looked at them with reverence.

This sense of overwhelming feeling seemed to come from his instinct!

"What are these patterns?" Zen intently looked at the patterns in confusion. "Is this the final test? Then what exactly is this supposed to test me on?"

While Zen seriously pondered over these questions, the first pattern quickly moved and approached him. The feeling was somewhat familiar. It dawned on him that it was similar to the way that his consciousness approached a star when he had cultivated the Stellar Body.

This time, however, Zen was not moving towards the pattern, but rather, the pattern was crushing down on his head!

As the pattern slowly approached, Zen felt extremely small. In the face of this pattern, he was like a grain of sand!

"It made me feel bad!"

Zen's brows furrowed as the energy within his body exploded out, colliding with the pattern.

"Boom!"

A person appeared in front of Zen as a sudden white bright light flashed. The person was wearing a Taoist robe and had a short sword made of jade in his hand.

As if everything was in sync, the weapon spirit's voice rang out. "This is the Soul Symbol. The one in front of you is the Soul Symbol left after this master died."

"And then?" Zen hastily asked as he raised his eyebrows.

"Defeat him," the weapon spirit replied nonchalantly.

"How strong is he?" Zen countered, seemingly anxious.

"When he was alive, his strength was equivalent to a human master in the Soul Sea Realm," the weapon spirit expressed.

Upon hearing the weapon spirit's words, Zen turned speechless. Was this a joke? He mused that no matter how strong he was, he was not powerful enough to stand against a Soul Sea Realm master. It would take not many efforts for the Soul Sea Realm master to crush him with one hand.

Chapter 849 Worries

Powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm only emerged from sacred places and divine kingdoms.

Once a sect had a member at the Soul Sea Realm, it would gain the right to establish a sacred place. If an independent warrior reached the Soul Sea Realm, then he or she would gain the right to establish a divine kingdom. Central Region never had a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm.

Establishing either a divine kingdom or a sacred place required an endless amount of time and resources, and only a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm had the necessary qualifications to become a ruler.

Above war fighters were war generals, above war generals were war lords, and above war lords were war sages. The warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were much stronger than war sages. Zen was a mere level ten war fighter, and there was no way he could be a match for a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm.

Those at the Soul Sea Realm had the ability to split heaven and earth and could choose to ascend to the Upper World. A warrior at Soul Sea Realm needed to only raise a finger if he or she wanted to kill someone like Zen.

Was the difficulty of the ultimate test truly this high?

"Do not worry. These Soul Symbols are just the memories of the departed. They will suppress their cultivation to the same level as yours," the weapon spirit said.

Zen nodded in understanding.

Testing a war fighter's potential by setting him up against a warrior at Soul Sea Realm was unreasonable. If that had truly been the set-up, then there was no doubt that Zen wouldn't even be able to touch his opponent's sleeve before he was exterminated.

However, despite the suppression of the warrior's cultivation, Zen's chances of winning were still very low.

Whether it was combat experience, law comprehension, or the mastery of life vitality or forceful energy, a warrior at Soul Sea Realm was just simply incomparable.

Even if the warrior was suppressed to a level ten war fighter, he would still be able to easily defeat an ordinary war lord.

Zen's chances of victory were very slim.

However, he was still determined to do his best.

Pushing his thoughts of impossibility to the side, Zen took out his long sword from his space ring. Holding it in his hand, he suddenly dashed toward his opponent to strike.

The Taoist priest raised his jade sword as well and effortlessly blocked Zen's strike with a "ding."

The block did not faze Zen, who immediately lifted up his sword in order to deflect the priest's jade sword.

However, the jade sword seemed to have a mind of its own as it gently swayed along with Zen's, shadowing its every move.

"Excellent defense! Wonderful swordsmanship!"

Zen remarked, awed by his opponent's skills.

He had never lost to anyone in swordsmanship after he had comprehended that the greatest truths were the simplest.

The priest, however, easily blocked Zen's attack.

And while the priest was a Soul Symbol, it seemed as if he still had emotions. The trace of mockery on his face both surprised and slightly irked Zen.

"Break it!"

At that moment, Zen had already exhausted his basic swordsmanship to the limit. His strikes grew more desperate and disordered as he attacked the priest constantly.

However, the hand that wielded the jade sword was extremely dexterous. It successfully blocked all of Zen's moves.

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding!

Within seconds, Zen had already managed to rain down a hundred strikes upon the priest who merely used one move to block all of it.

Try as he might, Zen was just unable to deal with the priest's move.

His frown deepened and he immediately felt insecure with the flaws in his swordsmanship that he had only realized.

The greatest truths were the simplest and each of his moves was streamlined to the extremes but it was still lacking in flexibility.

Sword moves were originally created by humans and basic swordsmanship served as the foundation of all other branches of swordsmanship. However, one couldn't remain stagnant and only focus on the basics forever.

Zen had realized that he might have failed to innovate when it came to his sword moves.

There should be another level after his current swordsmanship since his basic swordsmanship was not simplified to the extremes.

The greatest truths were the simplest while true enlightenment was in nature itself!

After the sword moves had been simplified to the extremes, they would then lose their entire meaning of existence.

The faint ridicule on the priest's face struck a chord with Zen. He took a few steps back and maintained a certain distance from Zen. A light emanated from Zen's eyes and glowed brighter and brighter as he looked up at his opponent.

"Comprehension…"

He felt his breathing quicken as a sense of joy and realization suddenly filled his mind.

Ever since he had simplified his basic swordsmanship, Zen hadn't bothered changing it again. However, he felt that his comprehension of sword moves was slowly nearing a new limit as a thin barrier appeared in his mind and prevented him from continuing.

But, at that moment, Zen had finally been able to break through that barrier.

"The extremes of simplified sword moves are nothingness. In other words, no sword moves are stronger than sword moves.

Let's see how you'll block this one.

No Move!"

"No Move" meant there was no sword move. It shouldn't have had a name since there was technically no move to name anyway, but Zen rolled with it.

He held his sword as if he was a child casually stabbing a cushion and did not have any inkling of what true swordsmanship was. This change in method quickly erased the scornful expression on the priest's face, his brows now furrowed in concentration as he faced Zen.

Ding!

The priest's jade sword blocked Zen's once again.

However, Zen casually stabbed his opponent and was able to pierce through his defenses. The point of his sword aimed straight for the priest's heart.

The priest retreated a few steps back to avoid Zen's otherwise deadly stab.

He hadn't stepped back ever since the fight began, but Zen's "No Move" seemed to be turning the tide around.

"You can't block it anymore!"

Zen had figured out the strategy and immediately seized the opportunity. His sword zigzagged its way towards the priest in an extremely weird angle.

The priest's jade sword once again blocked the attack, but this time, Zen was able to force his way through the defenses.

Both jade and iron swords continued to clash against each other with the priest now continuously being pushed back, unable to stop the tirade of Zen's attacks.

After retreating and being shoved into a corner, the priest had one more trick up his sleeve. A soul-stirring Law Power erupted from the jade sword along with a sharp burst of lighting that shot right towards Zen's head.

The Thunder Law Power that had been contained in that lightning strike had probably been at the third level and it caused Zen's heart to beat wildly.

His guess was that the priest came from the Upper World and, with his cultivation of the Soul Sea Realm, it was natural for him to have comprehended the third level of Thunder Law.

Fortunately, the priest's cultivation had been suppressed. Otherwise, Zen would've dropped dead the moment the lightning strike hit him.

"Break it again!"

Zen was once again back on track as his iron sword danced in the air, forming a strange line without any rules or restrictions. It looked weird, chaotic even, but it was able to avoid the priest's block and successfully pierce through his heart.

Plop!

As the iron sword pierced through him, the priest cracked and shattered into fragments before dissipating completely like fine, white ash.

Zen inhaled deeply. "Did I win?"

Another pattern fell on his head.

"The test isn't over yet."

Defeating the priest had greatly increased his confidence. He wasn't as apprehensive, nor was he as pessimistic with fighting another suppressed warrior at the Soul Sea Realm as he had been before.

While Zen took the ultimate test inside the Talent Tablet, the creatures waiting outside were feeling extremely confused.

The test was taking too long!

The longest it had taken someone to take the test was two hours. Yolande's name had climbed up to first place in less than an hour.

But Zen had been inside for three hours now.

"What the heck's going on? What did he encounter inside the Talent Tablet?"

"Could something have happened?"

"It's already been three hours. What's taking him so long?"

Olivia was already beside herself with worry. Surely Zen did not encounter some kind of mishap, did he?

Meanwhile, Elder Jing remained calm and unbothered by all of this. However, he did notice that the number of ogres on the tenth floor was increasing.

Chapter 850 Fabian And Jarrod

Elder Jing's greatest worry was the ogres.

As soon as Zen entered the Tower of Sin, he had become the target of a grudge of the ogres. Even then, the ogres would have let him go had Zen's performance not been so outstanding.

At least they wouldn't break the rules of the Tower of Sin just to kill Zen.

Although the ogres had many seats at the moment, they were still only a quarter of the hundred or so. Breaking the rules of the tower would have to come at a great price for the ogres.

But now, the situation was different.

They already had the lesson of Amber before, who had helped the Demon Night rise up rather rapidly. With that in mind, the ogres could not just sit and watch as Zen helped the humans rise up too.

Moreover, Zen's name had already surpassed Amber's, and was already sitting neatly in the first row. Once a person like him matured, he would be able to wipe out the two sacred places of the ogres from the Sea God Continent.

This was a big problem and any race was going to be severely worried in face of such imminent danger. Although the ogres were really strong, they were no exception to such fear, and when faced with this level of threat, they were not going to care about any rules. They wouldn't give a damn about the so-called "safe area" and would kill Zen at any price, including turning themselves against all the other races.

Not only were more ogre war lords entering the tenth floor, the number of Demon Night war lords was also increasing now.

Suddenly, a bold laughter came from somewhere close by. Following that sound, a sense of great pressure came over everyone present there. All the creatures in the room, who were originally staring at the names on the wall, turned their heads.

Another level ten ogre war lord was walking towards them.

Elder Jing, Olivia and the other humans felt a chill in their hearts.
"Malcom! One of the seat owners!"

There were two methods to determine the strength of a race on the Sea God Continent. The first was to check the strength of the warriors of their sacred places, and the second was the strength of their seat owners in the Tower of Sin.

The ogres had the highest number of seats and their seat owners were usually level ten war lords.

And this ogre in front of them called Malcom was a seat owner too.

Malcom strode forwards arrogantly, surrounded by a group of war lords. The other races' creatures all gave way under his domineering aura.

As for Boris and the other ogre war generals, when they saw Malcom, they went over to him and raised their fists, placing them on their own chests. This was a unique etiquette of the ogres they followed to greet their members.

Malcom's bell-like eyes stared at the wall. When he saw Zen's name floating high in the first row, he let out a cold laugh. "Zen Luo! His talent is so terrifying. Hmm! He must die. When he steps out of the Talent Tablet, I am going to take his life!"

As soon as these words left his mouth, every single creature in the room immediately stopped murmuring and speaking. There was intense silence in the room. The seat owners were the creators of rules of the Tower of Sin, so it was impossible that Malcolm did not know that this was a safe area. This meant that the upper echelons of the ogres had reached an agreement to pay any price to kill Zen.

Olivia's expression changed drastically as she bit her lips. Her face was filled with anxiety.

Elder Jing's expression was even more unnatural. He pondered for a moment and suddenly asked, "Malcom, if you do this, I'm afraid it won't be in accordance with the rules, right?"

Malcom glared at Elder Jing and sneered, "Who are you? What qualifications do you have to speak to me?"

Although Elder Jing was one of the strongest human warriors in the Tower of Sin, he was not a seat owner. He was indeed not qualified.

Elder Jing's expression changed. In the end, he chose to shut his mouth.

Meanwhile, the surrounding creatures were all whispering to each other.

"Alas, Zen is dead meat."

"It isn't easy for humans to find someone as talented as him, but he is going to be killed by the ogres. What a pity!"

"There's no other way. If I were an ogre, I would do the same. Who would let such a threat grow?"

Amidst these discussions, a light voice was suddenly heard.

"Malcom, your words seem to be a little too domineering. Do you really not need to follow the rules of the Tower of Sin?"

As the voice faded away, a gust of cold wind blew from a corner of the room. Out of nowhere, a white and blurry figure appeared not far away, with its shadow constantly flashing. All the creatures in the room had to wipe their eyes repeatedly before they could finally see that it was a human war lord clad completely in white. A level ten war lord!

Today, the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin was a really lively sight.

As soon as they saw that person, Elder Jing, Olivia, Dylon, and the other humans immediately went up to him and greeted him politely.

Malcom merely glared at this suddenly-appeared person and sneered, "Fabian Zhao? What? You're out alone today? Where is Jarrod Zhou? Don't you two always appear at the same time?"

The humans had four seats at the top of the Tower of Sin, and two of them were owned by Fabian Zhao and Jarrod Zhou.

The two of them were highly adept at using their swords. With their swords combined, they could even contend against a level one war sage.

"I'm here," a soft voice came from another direction. The speaker was dressed in all black, and if he hadn't uttered these words just now, no one would have noticed him.

After the appearance of the two human seat owners, the confidence levels of Elder Jing, Olivia, and the other humans slightly increased.

However, they knew that the situation was still very dire indeed.

In the Tower of Sin, the humans couldn't fight against ogres at all. After all, the human race only had four seat owners, but the ogres had more than twenty. This was only a glimpse of just how strong the ogres were. How could the humans compete with them? The reason why the ogres had not sent too many of their seat owners down was that they felt that Malcom alone was enough to deal with the humans.

Only a weak race would reveal all of its trump cards in a single breath. Ogres obviously did not need to do that.

Fabian Zhao strode over, his gaze falling on Zen's name and his face revealing a look of satisfaction. He then turned towards the ogres and coldly remarked, "Malcom, you can't lay a finger on him. Ogres can't just trample on the rules set by so many races as they please. If you were to break rules just like that, then that would imply that the ogres are going to kill talents from the other races as well."

The other races deeply agreed with Fabian's words.

No one was willing to be subservient to the ogres. Many races had sent their talents into the Tower of Sin to cultivate because they hoped that these cultivators could grow and help improve the status of their races.

If the ogres killed a human talent today, then it stood to reason that they would kill talents of the other races as well in the future.

Fabian Zhao was smart enough to involve the other races in this debate.

When the creatures of the other races heard this, they felt the same way.

"That's right. What the ogres plan to do is against the rules!"

"They can defeat Zen in the arena, but killing him in the safe area is totally illegal. The Tower of Sin is everyone's, and it does not belong only to the ogres."

"Ogres are used to being tyrannical. If they do kill Zen, then the other races will need to analyze and think carefully about whether or not there's a need to start an interracial war and flatten the two sacred places of the ogres to the ground."

The two sacred places the ogres had were the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

Most of the races were indeed not a match for the ogres inside the Tower of Sin. But if every single one of the fourteen big races on the continent were to join forces, then with the help of the Demon Night's Amber, trampling over the two sacred places of the ogres was going to be very much possible.

This was also the reason why the ogres had given up more than half of their seats in the Tower of Sin earlier on.

Malcom let out a cold snort, looked around at the creatures, and revealed a cold smile. "Rules? Ha-ha, rules have always been set by strong warriors. We, the ogres, plan to temporarily abolish the rules of the safe area. What do you say to that?"

"That's a bit unreasonable, isn't it?"

Just as Malcom had finished speaking, another tall figure appeared.

From the very start of this conversation, Malcom hadn't had the slightest trace of fear in his heart. Even while facing Fabian Zhao and Jarrod Zhou combined, he wasn't afraid at all. The four human seat owners were but a small problem to the ogres.

However, his face revealed a fearful expression at this new voice. He asked in a cold voice, "What? The Demon Night wants to intervene in this matter?"

Whether it was the Tower of Sin or the Sea God Continent, only the Demon Night was able to fight evenly with the ogres. If the Demon Night were going to side with the other races, the situation was going to become extremely troublesome for the ogres.

This was the reason why Malcom was so afraid.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 851 Concession And Dispute (Part One)

The tall and slender figure slowly approached with several Demon Night war generals following closely behind her.

The members of the Demon Night were mostly women and the perfect race was almost entirely dominated by females.

So many male creatures of all races could not look away at the sight of them. The men's gazes were filled with greed and impure thoughts about the Demon Night women.

However, they were to keep their lust and perversion to themselves. The moment they stared at the Demon Night woman at the helm, they immediately felt their eyes burn as if they were being melted by a hot flame.

"AH!"

"My eyes! My eyes!"

"They hurt! I can't see anything!"

"Am I going blind?!"

They all howled and screamed.

"Why did you look? How dare you gaze at a woman as powerful as her with lust and desire? She is Madeline, one of the seat holders of the Demon Night in the Tower of Sin. Those who look at her with impure thoughts will only get hurt. I heard that she's only a tenth-level war lord but her soul has already stepped into the Fighting Soul Realm."

"Fighting Soul Realm? My word! Some of the war sages have not yet even reached that!"

"Not everyone in the Soul Sea Realm possesses a soul at the Fighting Soul Realm. They say a soul like that is extremely powerful and will not be damaged by attacks from a normal soul."

A look of surprise was evident in Madeline's eyes as she looked upon the wall filled with names. Even though she had already received the news that a tenth-level human war fighter had gotten his name on the first row, seeing it with her own eyes still caused her a lot of shock and disbelief.

A human warrior…

How could he be so talented? He was even stronger than the Demon Night's Amber!

Madeline took a glance at Fabian and Jarrod who had stepped forward upon her arrival.

"Madeline, the rules were made in accordance with the fourteen races' agreement," Fabian said. "Are we really going to let the ogres ignore that and repeal the rules?" Fabian looked at the crowd and, with a booming voice, stated his declaration, "If any of you have the ability to kill Zen in the arena, then we, humans, will naturally not say a word. However, if any attempt upon Zen's life is made outside the arena and in the safe zone, then we'll have a problem."

He knew humans were too weak and they would never be able to negotiate fairly with the ogre race. Fabian could only pin his hopes on the Demon Night.

The Demon Night held sixteen seats at the top of the tower, second only to the ogres, and they were incomparably stronger. Despite having fewer seats, the Demon Night members did not fear the ogres at all.

Malcom stared hard at Madeline's beautiful face. The Demon Night's interference was something the ogres did not want. It would be extremely troublesome for them if the Demon Night got involved with this issue.

Ultimately though, the decision lay with Madeline. With a faint smile that had the ability to move any man's soul, she voiced out her thoughts loud and clear, "The Demon Night will not interfere in this matter."

Despite the grudges both the Demon Night and the ogres had with each other, it could not be denied that both races shared the same interests and goals. They absolutely could not allow the humans to rise in power and become stronger.

The rise of one race meant the fall of another, given the extreme competition for the Sea God Continent's limited resources. Right now, the Demon Night had become one of the strongest races, even overshadowing the ogre race because of Amber's strength and remarkable achievements.

However, their race produced and cultivated offspring at a much lower rate than others. Compared to the ogres, the Demon Night had fewer resources and smaller population.

Though they did not like the ogres, the Demon Night could not allow the humans to rise.

Therefore, Madeline would be happy if the ogres got rid of Zen. There was no need to get her entire race involved in this troublesome matter.

Madeline's words plunged the hearts of Fabian, Jarrod, Elder Jing, and Olivia into disappointment. Zen was too impressive and what they had feared would happen because of that.

On the other hand, Malcom was feeling giddy and had a sinister smile plastered on his face. With the Demon Night refusing to get involved, it would not be hard for him to deal with Zen. All he needed to do was to wait for him to walk out of the Talent Tablet and immediately kill him.

The ogres should've already taken action and killed Zen before he reached the tenth floor. They had greatly underestimated Zen's strength by sending a Night Group assassin who was too weak to eliminate his target.

When Malcom was lost in thought, his musings were interrupted by Madeline's voice. "However, the rules of the Tower of Sin were jointly made and agreed upon by the fourteen races. If the ogres want to break the rules, I think they should give an appropriate explanation."

Her words greatly surprised those present.

"Madeline, what do you mean by that?!" Malcom asked, enraged by what she had just said.

Madeline, on the other hand, was calm and collected. "Everyone has to pay the price for breaking the rules," she said. "If you ogres violate the agreed-upon terms and kill a human talent outside the arena, at the very least, you should compensate the humans for their loss! Otherwise, how will you be able to explain this matter to the other races?"

The Demon Night followed rules with rigidity as these rules had been set by strong masters to create peace and order. If someone willfully ignored the parameters set by the masters and did not face any repercussions, then the others would follow suit, creating chaos for the entire group.

The Tower of Sin could fall into the chaos that it had once been plunged into. If that happened, talents from various races wouldn't be able to safely cultivate and would face all kinds of assassinations. Without the rules, all races would act recklessly!

It was not something that the Demon Night wanted to see.

The ogres could certainly break the rules but they had to pay the price. Otherwise, why would they need to strive for seats in the Tower of Sin? Why would they need the rules?

Malcom sneered, "Compensation? We can offer compensation. As long as Zen dies, our Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and Dread Ogre Sacred Place are willing to bestow the humans with ten low-grade sacred weapons!"

Jarrod was immediately infuriated by his words, "Ten low-grade sacred weapons? Do you think of us as beggars?"

A sacred weapon was indeed precious but it wasn't extremely rare in the sacred place. The Purple Heart Sacred Place itself had at least twenty low-grade sacred weapons.

The human race would not compromise even if the ogres gave them one hundred, let alone ten sacred weapons. Zen was a priceless super talent that should be cherished and protected. Besides, sacred weapons could only realize their true potential in the hands of a master.

Malcom sneered, "Ten sacred weapons and that's it! I do not discuss with you humans, understand?"

Fabian scoffed and shook his head. "It seems that you are still intent on ignoring the rules," he said. "Do you honestly think you can persuade us to give up on our super talent's life by giving us so little?"

Malcom was about to retort when Boris suddenly interrupted, "There's no need to argue with them. I have a solution."

Chapter 852 Concession And Dispute (Part Two)

Malcom huffed, "You have a way to solve this? Tell me right now!"

"Since those humans insist that we obey the rules, then we should give them what they want," Boris said. "We don't need to compensate them with ten sacred weapons. When Zen comes out of the Talent Tablet, I'll challenge him and kill him on the arena!"

His words were confident as if he already knew who the winner of the battle was before it even began.

Malcom, Fabian, and Jarrod all showed an expression of interest with Boris's proposal.

Fabian and Jarrod knew the human race did not have any bargaining chips in their hands to negotiate with the ogres. Their best bet was to get Zen up in that arena and win. His victory would serve to further strengthen the importance of the rules and help humans gain the other races' support.

Malcom, on the other hand, thought differently. Boris, to him, was the most outstanding talent in the ogre's two sacred places and his cultivation base was a full cultivation realm higher than Zen's. The gap between a tenth-level war fighter and a tenth-level war general was too great.

Therefore, Malcom had no doubts that Boris would be able to kill Zen in the arena. This method would ensure that the ogres wouldn't be breaking any rules so there would be no need to compensate the humans and they could legally get rid of Zen. It was killing two birds with one stone.

In the unlikely event that Boris did fail, the ogres would still be able to ignore the rules and kill Zen.

Malcom let out a roaring laugh. "I agree with this suggestion! What do you humans think?"

Fabian and Jarrod chose not to say anything. The ogre's agreement to fight in the arena was already a kind of concession. Although their hearts were full of worry, Fabian and Jarrod only nodded their heads.

Olivia faintly sighed as she looked up at Zen's name shining on the wall. She wasn't an idiot and obviously knew the ogres' malicious intentions.

Even if Zen defeated Boris, the ogres might not also be willing to abide by the rules. Only hatred and competition existed between the two races, after all.

'Zen should not have entered the Tower of Sin. He should've just slowly grown and enhanced his cultivation in the Purple Heart Sacred Place. At the very least, he should have had enough strength to face off against these ogre war lords before he entered the tower. That should've been the perfect plan. With his talent, he probably doesn't even need the tower's help. As long as he focuses on his cultivation, a breakthrough isn't way too far off. Ah, why have things come to this?'

Olivia thought morosely, regretting Zen's choices for him.

Of course, she had no idea that Zen did not have the time nor the luxury to cultivate slowly. His sister waited for him to rescue her and, with each passing day, his worries only increased since he felt that there was no time at all.

The Tower of Sin was the only place where he could quickly raise his cultivation base. He had no other choice.

Besides, a talent would only grow stronger and far more powerful after going through a life or death experience. A peaceful environment could never yield an awe-inspiring hero.

Everyone fell silent upon the presentation of this solution. The only thing to do now was to wait for Zen to come out of the Talent Tablet and accept Boris's challenge.

It wasn't the perfect plan but it ultimately resolved the dispute.

However, four hours had already passed. Why was Zen undergoing such a long test? What exactly did he encounter inside the Talent Tablet?

Zen was completely unaware of the huge dispute happening outside because of him. At that moment, he was currently dealing with the Soul Symbols one by one.

The masters of these Soul Symbols had exceptionally powerful cultivation bases and it was still extremely difficult for Zen to defeat them despite the suppression of their cultivation bases to that of a tenth-level war fighter.

"The ninth Soul Symbol..."

Zen had just managed to destroy another master's Soul Symbol.

He had exhausted almost all his methods but, in the end, had to rely on the Fighting Soul to disturb the opponent's mind before he managed to kill him.

"How many Soul Symbols do I have to deal with?" Zen asked.

"Ten," the weapon spirit said faintly. "You only need to defeat ten masters' Soul Symbols for you to pass the final test."

"Ten? Then this is the last one…"

With this, Zen noticed that the serried patterns started to disappear until there was only one left right in front of him.

The pattern suddenly lunged at Zen and, with a powerful flash of light, a person appeared.

The light blinded Zen for a few seconds before he could look at the one standing in front of him.

"Who is he?"

Astonishment was written all over Zen's face.

Although the person in front of him had eyes and nose the same way all others had eyes and noses, the aura he exuded was very strange and it reminded Zen of the similar feeling he had when he met Lily, his sword spirit.

Back then, he had been shocked by her appearance.

Her slender legs and beautiful face were aesthetically perfect and Zen could only marvel at such a wonderful creation.

Only after arriving at the Sea God Continent did Zen realize that his horizons were simply limited. The Demon Night was a perfect race with men and women at the height of beauty and aesthetic splendor.

However, the Demon Night members were not humans and their long, pointed ears were physical proof of this fact.

The 'person' in front of Zen right now looked like a genuine human male.

Ears, eyebrows, eyes, body...

His appearance was the same as a normal human's and nothing seemed out of place as Zen carefully looked him up and down.

Zen praised this 'person' in his heart for he never thought such a perfect human could exist in this world.

The 'person' was flawless and perfect, and his perfection was the reason why Zen couldn't be too sure that he was really a human being.

"Is he a real human?" he voiced his thoughts out loud.

"He can't be regarded as a human being," the weapon spirit replied.

Zen frowned. "Then what race does he belong to?" he asked.

"He is the owner of the Tower of Sin. A member of the Celestial Position race!" The weapon spirit's revelation almost popped Zen's eyes out of his sockets.

"The Celestial Position race? What kind of race is that? Why do they look so much like humans?" The Demon Night was a perfect race but this man in front of him, despite being perfect himself, looked as if he had more in common with humans.

"I am unable to answer this question…"

the weapon spirit replied.

"His Soul Symbol appears here," Zen said and bit his lip in thought. "Then does that mean that the owner of the Tower of Sin has already died?"

"Right, this is the last Soul Symbol," the weapon spirit affirmed. "As long as you defeat him, you may pass the final test."

"I see…"

Zen's face no longer showed any doubt. No matter what the Celestial Position race was, as long as he defeated this perfect man, Zen would pass the test.

This time, it wasn't Zen who made the first move.

There was no mockery or hesitation. The last Soul Symbol went and charged towards Zen in swift, assured steps.

'No waves of forceful energy and life vitality? His cultivation base is suppressed to my level. Is he planning to use only his physical body to fight against me?' Zen thought to himself, slightly confused and alarmed at how things had started. However, he quickly recovered and got himself ready. "If that's the case, then let's see how much power is stored in that perfect body of you!"

He put away his long sword and met with the man head-on, also using his physical body to ram into his opponent.

Zen was confident with his physical strength since only a few people could keep up with him in the Sea God Continent and even in the boundless world! After all, his body was a high-grade fairy weapon and it was enough to turn Zen into a mean fighting machine.

"Bang!"

The two of them collided in the most barbaric fashion with a loud bang indicating the amount of strength they had put into their tackles.

The collision produced a force that was so strong that it sent the two of them reeling backward, away from each other.

Zen flew a couple of feet in the air before landing painfully on the cold, hard floor. However, despite the pain he should be feeling, his mind was more focused on the shocking fact that his opponent was still alive. Just then, a primary-level war lord hit by Zen's attack would've been severely wounded after the collision but it seemed his perfect opponent was only thrown a few feet backward.

Sure, they were both thrown a good few feet backward, but compared to the distance Zen was thrown, the perfect man's retreat distance was significantly shorter!

"Indeed, it is such a powerful physical body. It's not the slightest bit weaker than my fairy weapon body!"

Doubt also appeared on the perfect man's face. Despite being a mere Soul Symbol, he had still inherited the emotions of his previous master and regarded Zen's powerful physical body as inconceivable.

"AGAIN!"

Zen roared as he circulated the power of the dragon scales in his body, activating one hundred scales.

"BANG!"

There was another violent force as the two collided once again. Zen was pushed back a hundred feet, but his opponent was pushed back for one hundred and fifty feet!

"AGAIN!"

"BANG!"

Zen continued to unfurl the dragon scales' power bit by bit, increasing his strength gradually. Over time, the distance Zen would be thrown back decreased while his opponent moved farther and farther backward. On their next collision, a stream of blood flowed out of the man's mouth.

"Golden blood?" The sight of it solidified Zen's belief that his opponent was not human. How could a mere human being possess golden blood?

The perfect man wiped away the blood from his mouth. Then he finally realized that he would not be able to win this battle with his physical strength alone. If this continued, he would be the one collapsing in the end.

The perfect man changed his pose and suddenly clenched one of his hands into a fist.

Faint traces of light appeared around his hand before forming a powerful looking vortex.

'That's the forceful energy, ' Zen thought to himself. 'Although he was of the Celestial Position race, he still chose to refine his body. Since that's the case, I'll also show him my body refining technique!'

At that moment, victory was no longer Zen's goal. What he hoped instead was a breakthrough.

"Stellar Body!"

Zen had never used the Stellar Body in actual combat, but now he would finally get a chance. Now, he would see how powerful the Transcendent Divine Might truly was.

Chapter 853 The Highest Authority (Part One)

In that instant, Zen utilized his comprehension on the general principles of the Transcendent Divine Might and subsequently channeled the power of the stars into his body.

There happened to be a total of eight moves in the first part of the Stellar Body. According to what the red dragon had stated before, the eight moves in the first part corresponded with the eight Path Platforms.

Every time Zen managed to build a Path Platform, he would then be able to strike a move against his foe.

However, as of the moment, Zen had only unlocked only one Path Platform. It was a fortunate thing that the Hundred Meetings Platform corresponded to the first move of the Stellar Body, which was the "star shakes the earth"!

If someone happened to take a glimpse of the sky, they would immediately observe that in the vast and distant darkness that stretched across the skies, a glowing star all of a sudden emitted an intense sort of bright starlight. From a great distance, the starlight which was initially the size of a speck of dust now appeared like a small pigeon egg. Needless to say, it seemed as if the light had magnified over a hundred times in an astonishingly short moment.

This was the exceptional ability of the Stellar Body. Such an amazing power enabled any cultivator to absorb the force of the star into his own body and simply enhance the cultivator's own abilities.

At the present, it was indeed a marvelous thing to see as Zen's own body was enveloped in a faint glow reminiscent of starlight.

Considering that he had only managed to be connected with one star thus far, the starlight that emitted from his frame was rather dim. Nonetheless, it would be significantly better if he were to be connected with more stars in order that the starlight around his body could gradually become brighter. In the end, the goal was to make him give the impression of a shining star!

Realistically speaking, the power of the star condensed by the Stellar Body was fundamentally different from the star power formed by the Sun Moon Stars Picture. After all, the spiritual projection method of the Sun Moon Stars Picture presented him a more concrete and tangible feeling as the power needed to be obtained by relying on the act of visualizing the stars. On the other hand, the Stellar Body itself could directly utilize the real power of the star!

Evidently, Zen could not simply judge which method was better just by weighing their differences. This was due to the fact that the Stellar Body was known as the Transcendent Divine Might, while the Sun Moon Stars Picture was an inheritance from the fairy palace. Another palpable difference was that the former was a supreme unique technique for body refiners, whereas the latter represented the pinnacle of the life vitality system. Even though he had cultivated both these two skills, he could not easily mention which was better for him to use. Moreover, he had thought that both of these methods had great potential and that he ought to maximize their capabilities.

Then again, he was currently located in the Sea God Continent and the desire to focus on his body refinement was still there. Therefore, it was ultimately necessary for him to experiment and assess the full power of the Stellar Body.

As soon as the starlight condensed around Zen's form, he wasted no time at all as he suddenly charged towards his opponent.

In the beginning, Zen did not have a single clue as to which level the owner of the Tower of Sin had reached in terms of strength--it was not something Zen could simply guess or imagine. Furthermore, it was similar to that situation wherein he had no idea regarding the strength mobilized by the leader of the Dragon Abyss Palace in the Genuine Dragon world. This was attributed to the untimely fact that they were both much more powerful than him and it was beyond his capabilities to figure out their cultivation levels.

However, the kind of strength this person in front of him possessed did not matter to him at all, owing it to the fact that he had suppressed his cultivation level to that of a tenth level war fighter. With a determined expression on his face, Zen was confident that he would be able to defeat him.

Witnessing the movements of the person facing him, he noticed that his opponent's fist flashed with a hazy beam as his forceful energy continuously swirled and condensed, eventually forming a vortex at his fingertips. If he were not in this empty space, Zen suspected that he could have been capable of absorbing every material thing in this world.

As the vortex persistently absorbed the forceful energy and transformed it into a glowing beam of radiance that blanketed his fist, the man turned his head to glance at Zen's frame with indifference painting his features. Upon noticing the faint light covering Zen's body, he raised an eyebrow in surprise and said, "No wonder you are able to arrive at the stage of the ultimate test. I expected less from a mere human war fighter, but you actually possess the Transcendent Divine Might.." The man's voice faded away as if he was deep in thought before speaking up once again, "Furthermore, it seems to be the case that what you are using is the Transcendent Divine Might of Lord of Stars…"

Just before that moment, Zen had been saving up his strength and was prepared to strike the first move of the Stellar Body. Upon hearing the words the other man had uttered, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and hesitantly asked, "The Transcendent Divine Might of Lord of Stars?" "Who is that Lord of Stars?" he tilted his head to one side as he addressed his opponent.

According to what the red dragon had explained to him before, he was not the one responsible for creating the Stellar Body. Because of this, the red dragon only retained the first part of the book with the additional warning to Zen that the Stellar Body that he taught him was actually incomplete. Narrowing his eyes suspiciously at the other man, Zen did not expect that the owner of the Tower of Sin was able to distinguish that the cultivation method he used was the Stellar Body.

With a faint smile that stretched across his lips, the man talked to him once more, "You are lucky to be able to possess the Transcendent Divine Might when you are merely a war fighter. As for your question, you have to find the answer yourself." he dramatically paused before looking at him in challenge. "If you want to pass the ultimate test, you have to resist my punch first."

As soon as he had finished speaking, the man clenched his fist in preparation. The moment he tightened his grip, the meridians on his fist bulged on one by one. In normal circumstances, a human's meridians would appear to take on a greenish hue, but this man was certainly not ordinary as his meridians reflected the color of a brilliant gold.

"Celestial Position Devour!" he yelled.

Within the span of a second, the forceful energy that the man harbored for a long time suddenly erupted. Although the man had lowered himself to a tenth level war fighter, the power that exuded from the man still shocked Zen and left him speechless.

The reason why Zen momentarily halted his offensive move just now was because he was curious about the origin of the Stellar Body and he wanted to ask the other man what he knew about it. Judging from the way the man spoke and replied to his inquiries, it was crystal clear to Zen just then that he did not plan to discuss it with him. Huffing to himself, Zen promptly dropped the matter and went all out to strike his move.

Chapter 854 The Highest Authority (Part Two)

"Star shakes the earth!"

If there happened to be spectators present to watch how the battle unfolded, they would have been terribly stunned and taken aback upon seeing the intense scene of their fight.

Since both of them were now tenth level war fighters, it was unexpected for them to release powers that seemed far beyond the abilities of warrior generals. Furthermore, it was even almost a frightening sight to behold, given the fact that it was impossible even for an ordinary war lord to unleash such an explosive power of forceful energy like they had just done.

The potent forceful energy within Zen's body unceasingly exploded and the power of the star flooded into his fist at the same time. After the brightness dimmed a little, his fist flashed with dazzling starlight, as if Zen was holding a small star on the palm of his hand. In the blink of an eye, Zen powerfully threw a punch at his opponent.

On the other side of the battle, his opponent's punch was also something to be reckoned with. Just as the potent forceful energy abruptly surged out violently from his fist and created a huge vortex, the center of it was immediately noticeable--the radiance of his fist was strikingly similar to the image of a raging seawater.

"Swish!"

The sound of an uncontrolled flood of water was loud enough for it to leave a faint ringing in their ears. As the two powerful energies collided with each other, they consequently emitted rays of brilliant light that could have been able to make other people's eyes go blind.

At this moment, it seemed to be no longer a confrontation of the fists. Rather, the battle of forceful energies had just begun; the man who rose as the victor would have won the contest of strength.

Blinking rapidly as a result from the vivid brightness, Zen struggled to see his surroundings clearly. However, he understood right at that very moment that what he needed to do was to keep moving forward and tear the Soul Symbol in front of him into pieces!

It was in that instance when he realized that the power of the star was far beyond what Zen could ever imagine.

Upon facing the punch of the man who owned the Tower of Sin, he deliberated by himself a couple of things he had observed. Firstly, if Zen employed the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death and unleashed all of the malicious aura that was enclosed within, it might not be enough to shatter this vortex in front of him.

Secondly, Zen was not certain whether the skill his opponent was using at that moment was the Transcendent Divine Might or not. Even if it were not, Zen fathomed that it was rather close to it. Moreover, the power of this vortex was not something the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death could withstand.

Fortunately for Zen, with the added boost from the power of the star, his punch was akin to a sharp and hot knife cutting through soft butter. Despite the fact that the light from the power of the star he emanated was considerably dim, it had never ceased to glow. Through the overwhelming energy the light spots continuously released, it did not take long before Zen finally broke the vortex and smashed his fist on the man.

As the man in front of him was only a Soul Symbol and his body was merely formed by the memories that remained from it, what Zen had just defeated was not a real person in the truest sense.

As a result, the exact moment Zen's fist first landed on him, his body was immediately torn into pieces, leaving behind only a head that hovered above in the air. As the floating head continued to stare at him coldly, the man managed to give Zen a calculating leer before declaring, "Good talent and strength. You can gain the recognition of the Celestial Position."

"What is so good about getting the recognition of the Celestial Position?"

Zen asked, confused about what the other had meant.

The faintest of smiles appeared on the man's face, seemingly amused at something only he knew at the time. "Actually, there are no benefits. This is your fate now."

"My fate?" he stared unblinkingly. "What fate are you talking about?"

Zen inquired with a frown, more puzzled than ever.

However, the floating head gradually dissipated, the sound of his voice slowly fading away into nothingness. Nevertheless, Zen's ears managed to pick up on the last sentence the man had uttered before disappearing completely, "When the time comes, you will know. Do not weep then..."

Upon hearing the parting words of his former opponent, Zen was perplexed by what the underlying meaning of his message could have been. "Do not weep when the time comes?" he repeated softly, crossing his arms against his chest. "What did that even mean?" Zen muttered to himself as he started to stroke his chin absent-mindedly.

Alas, no one was present to directly answer Zen's questions. After the Soul Symbol had completely disappeared without a trace, Zen once again stood alone in the endless space.

Absorbed in his own thoughts, Zen almost missed the weapon spirit's voice as it suddenly resounded from everywhere. "Young man, you have passed the ultimate test," the voice declared.

"What is my reward?" Even after having entered the test for so long, Zen still had trouble trying to understand what exactly was going on around him. Feeling bouts of irritation ever since it had started, he just wished that all these masters he had encountered just explicitly told him what they wanted to convey in the first place. Looking back at what he experienced, the owner of the Tower of Sin behaved in the exact same way as the immortal Mist did. Their tendency to suddenly drop the topic when it came to the most important and intriguing part, along with leaving Zen hanging in suspense, annoyed him to no end. Upon reminiscing on his past escapades, he rubbed his temples in frustration--if he could only curse them!

"After you pass the ultimate test, you can then enjoy being the highest authority in the Tower of Sin. You are now free to travel within the premises, as well as control everything that happens inside the tower," the voice explained, addressing Zen's concerns.

"What!"

Emotions of surprise and satisfaction bubbled up in his chest at the news presented to him. "Doesn't this mean that the Tower of Sin now belongs to me?"

"Well, no. The Tower of Sin is not something you can refine as only the Celestial Position race can do so," the weapon spirit started to clarify. "You have just gained the recognition of the Celestial Position. Since it is impossible for you to refine it with your current strength, you can only control the tower within a limited range with my help, of course." the formless voice finished, patiently giving Zen a well-deserved explanation.

"What do you mean? Can you explain further? Give me an example perhaps?"

The young man persistently asked, fascinated by what he was currently hearing.

"For example, you can now freely travel through the walls and floors of the Tower of Sin without anyone or anything stopping you on your way. Also, you can kick any living creature out of the Tower of Sin," the weapon spirit stated and completed its spiel.

As the voice finished talking, Zen's eyebrows immediately shot up and his mouth was agape at the implications of his new status. Grinning with unbridled excitement, Zen felt his heart pound in anticipation of his new privileges.

With a start, it dawned on him that he ultimately had the right to decide who got to live or die among all the creatures in the Tower of Sin.

Chapter 855 An Arrogant Name

Zen was not an expert on Sea God Continent history, but he had a rough understanding of it thanks to Phoebe from the Demon Night.

The Tower of Sin was a very important place for the many races that lived in the Sea God Continent. It was a trial ground directly related to their survival.

Due to the innate significance of the tower, it was only natural that the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place wanted to take possession of it. Unfortunately, that was not something the other races could allow.

A sole race's occupation of the Tower of Sin was equal to killing off the other races. Therefore, it was something that must never be allowed to happen, which was why the control of the tower was relegated to different races who were able to get a seat at the top.

Other than cultivating in the tower, the Dark Nether Cave at the foot of the tower was also equally important.

It couldn't be denied that the Tower of Sin was an indispensable part of a talent's training path. And this was what made the Sea God Continent and the Central Region completely different.

In order to maintain balance and order, various sacred places contended for their seats and shared joint control of the tower, so that it could be a feasible public training ground for their talents. Rules were agreed upon and set, so that warriors might be able to train and flourish.

But now, Zen had just been given the right to eliminate anyone from the tower.

From the war fighters on the lower floors to those so-called seat owners at the top, all of their lives were now in the palm of Zen's hands.

Such power and responsibility had him tingling all over.

"Now that I have passed the ultimate test, it is time for me to go out," he said.

"Of course," the weapon spirit replied. "Remember. As a weapon spirit, I am an omnipresent entity within the Tower of Sin. If you want to exercise your right, just call me."

Zen nodded in understanding before heading for the entrance.

Outside the Talent Tablet, the crowd continued waiting in bated breath for Zen's return.

The amount of time he had spent inside was several times greater than that of the average person, and the people waiting for him were growing restless.

Yolande had climbed up to the first row like Zen, but it took her much less time.

"Why hasn't Zen come out yet?"

"Maybe we don't need to kill him personally anymore. He may have already died inside."

"This has never happened before. The Talent Tablet's test isn't dangerous. It's only a test of the limits of one's talent."

The discussions upset Olivia. The humans were clearly under a lot of pressure, and they'd be plunged into a deeper crisis if Zen did truly die inside.

However, the buzz of speculation suddenly came to a halt when the wall suddenly began shaking.

Olivia's thin eyebrows were suddenly raised in anticipation. "Is he out?"

It wasn't just her. Elder Jing, Fabian, and Jarrod were also paying close attention.

In fact, the humans, ogres, Demon Night, and all races were all nervously staring at the shaking wall.

In front of everyone present, the words "Zen Luo" that originally shone bright on the first row, suddenly disappeared!

A loud uproar immediately followed, "Zen's name is gone! How could it have disappeared?"

"What the hell? Did he really die inside?"

"Bullshit! That can't be right. There was once a talent who was killed in the arena immediately after he stepped out of the Talent Tablet. His name didn't disappear."

"How do you explain Zen's name disappearing then?"

"Why are you asking me? I have no idea either."

The disappearance of Zen's name resurrected the speculations of the audience who were once again abuzz with discussion.

The names could be pushed down by the increasing number of names, but it was impossible for them to disappear.

Only a few names were written on the first row. Yesterday, only five names were written on the first row and none of them were from the Sea God Continent.

But in just one day, two names were suddenly added to the list.

For thousands of years, the first row remained sparse, but the sudden entrance of talents changed it all in one single day. Perhaps the next talent would come tomorrow, or the next week, or maybe not until the next few thousand years. No one truly knew what the future held.

However, one of the names had mysteriously disappeared. While the crowd gossiped and theorized, Olivia was almost trembling with worry as she continuously prayed in her heart for that young man's safety, 'Zen… Zen, please you have to be alright.'

The tremors on the wall grew more intense, silencing the crowd once more. Specks of golden light began to appear above the first row and cracks began to form one after the other.

The cracks grew larger before forming into coherent, golden words, 'Celestial Position.'

"What are those words?" "Celestial Position? What is that?"

"I don't know, but the light is really dazzling." It was true. The way Zen's name shone earlier was nothing compared to the bright, golden light the two words emanated as they were written on the wall.

It wasn't over. Cracks continued to appear on the bottom of 'Celestial Position, ' shining and forming into two familiar words: 'Zen Luo.'

"Celestial Position, Zen Luo."

"Do my eyes deceive me? Isn't that Zen's name? Zen's name just moved to the top of the entire list!"

"Wow, and his name is even ten times larger than those below."

"Zen is truly too monstrous."

The crowd was once again driven into stunned silence.

"Celestial Position…"

Malcom mouthed the words, face filled with shock as he looked up at the human's golden name.

Fabian and Jarrod looked at each other in disbelief. "Fabian, do you remember the book of Celestial Position stored on top of the tower?" Jarrod asked.

Fabian nodded in confirmation. "Yes," he said. "According to the book, the Tower of Sin used to belong to a race called the Celestial Position, but no further information is recorded." Jarrod shook his head and sighed, "I wonder just what Zen has encountered when he took the test."

"Ho-ho, whatever happened inside doesn't matter. His name is now above all these other talents!"

Fabian said.

The sight of Zen's name written in bold, golden letters erased all worries in Olivia's heart. Pride welled up at her chest and she felt as if she was about to cry. It was truly a prodigious moment for the entire human race.

Even Dylon, who was extremely jealous of Zen, also felt the excitement.

For years, humans had been bullied inside the Tower of Sin. They all had to behave cowardly and learn their place because of their race's lackluster strength. Zen's accomplishments today changed all that, and they all felt as if they could finally walk the halls of the tower with their heads held high with no fear of persecution.

"This talent of ours will be hard to beat."

A lot of them wanted to roar out those words.

Madeline's eyes gazed up icily at the golden name. The Demon Night was not a bloodthirsty race. They might be strong and arrogant at times, but they carried certain dignity in their bones.

She was very happy for Zen, truly, from the bottom of her heart. She was happy for him. It wasn't everyday one saw a talent such as him rise and make his way to the top. She truly wanted to see just how far this human boy she had never even met would go.

However, there was still a bigger matter to consider. The human race's reproduction rate was far greater than the Demon Night's. Given their larger population, their chances of fostering more talents would be much higher than theirs or even the ogres'.

That possibility threatened the survival of her entire race, so, despite being happy for Zen, she still hoped for the ogres' swift elimination of the human boy.

'Let nature take its course, ' Madeline thought to herself. A high talent such as Zen was no doubt also endowed with great fortune. The ogres would have a hard time killing him.

But there was still that challenge from Boris.

Should Zen defeat Boris in the arena, the ogres would then gain the perfect excuse to not abide by the rules and kill him directly. With Malcom's strength as a tenth-level war lord, Zen wouldn't stand a chance.

And, even if Fabian and Jarrod were able to protect Zen, there was still the matter of the ogres holding the majority of the seats in the tower.

Four human seat owners against over twenty ogre seat owners? It would be like eggs dashing themselves against rocks.

No matter how great Zen's luck was, he had now truly reached a dead end. From how Madeline saw it, the human boy was doomed. A slight smirk found its way on her face with this conclusion.

Just as everyone was admiring the golden words on the wall, the door finally opened.

When Zen entered, a small crowd of people saw him off. Now, as he made his exit, the small crowd had become a black mass of creatures from all manner of races.

He was taken aback at the sight, "Why are there so many…"

He quickly looked around and was immediately comforted at the familiar sight of Olivia and walked over to her.

Olivia's eyes were watery as if she had been holding her tears the entire time. "You're f-finally out," she said, her gentle voice trembling.

Zen frowned. "What's wrong?"

he asked.

Olivia shook her head and smiled before pointing behind him, "Look over there."

Zen turned his head and was immensely shocked at the sight of the two golden words that had been carved onto the stone wall. He knew that the weapon spirit was the one who wrote his name there, but was it really necessary to make his name so big? Wasn't that too arrogant?

He was speechless. Had he known that this would happen, he would've had stopped the weapon spirit from doing so.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 856 Being Made Fun Of (Part One)

Oaks may fall, but the reeds can withstand a storm. Is it not better to bend than to break? Destruction always pursues the strong.

Olivia knew this, and so did Zen.

Zen had no idea about his own capabilities before he entered the Talent Tablet. Even if he did have countless skills, was it really necessary to have that label "Celestial Position" added right before his name? What did it even mean, anyway?

It must have meant so much validation for such a recognition.

Suddenly, a majestic aura rained down before Zen. He turned around and saw that it was an ogre war lord. Even if he had seen a number of them in his existence, he was still in awe every single time. However, the majority of them were not friendly at all.

"A tenth-level war lord?"

Zen's eyebrows furrowed out of intense curiosity.

"That's an ogre seat owner," Olivia whispered into Zen's ear, eyes fixated on the creature right before them.

"You brat. You think you're some hotshot, huh, having carved your name this big?" Malcom's voice rang throughout the entire town, causing everyone's ears to ring.

The words that came out of Malcom's mouth gave Olivia some palpitations. Her heart started to pump loudly, as if threatening to escape her chest. It had been one of the many things she feared. If Malcom killed Zen at that very moment, the humans could have done nothing but watch.

"What's the problem then?"

Zen asked, his eyebrows twitching from the anger that was brewing inside of him. Unlike most, he wasn't at all afraid of Malcom.

Strange gazes were everywhere. Some expressions were so easy to spell out. Almost all of them were wondering where in the world Zen mustered up such confidence to stand up to someone like Malcom in that certain way. 'Is he asking for his death?' they all thought to themselves.

Every race that existed would have agreed that someone as skillful as Zen had an unfortunate fate. Ogres came for someone like him. They wanted him gone.

The war between the humans and the ogres was personal, so the other races just watched the ongoing banter from a distance, staying safe from that kind of trouble.

Malcom let out a laugh so sinister that it crept almost everyone out in sight. "I don't think you have any idea what you're getting into, kid."

Arrogantly and in great strides, he walked towards Zen.

All of a sudden, a black figure accompanied by a white one appeared beside Zen in a flash. Those two were Fabian and Jarrod, who were on full alert to prevent Malcom from causing Zen harm.

A strange sound engulfed the area.

The forceful energy was continuously circulating around Malcom's hands. It was purplish black in color, and exuded such force. He never showed Fabian and Jarrod any kind of respect. He even laughed coldly into their faces and said, "I'm going to make you pay!"

Combining Fabian's and Jarrod's powers would have been a mismatch against Malcom. They were very powerful, too.

But, then what?

It was inevitable that the human race would eventually lose against the ogres.

What was worse would be the elimination of the human war fighters, generals, and lords from the Tower of Sin.

It would go downhill from there. Things would take a turn for the worst. If both the Flaming and Dread Ogre Sacred Places decided to make their move, they had the ability to wipe out the Purple Heart Sacred Place from the Sea God Continent. The humans would result to nothing.

That was the sorrow of the weak. Their lack of strength left them no choice but to endure. It was either that, or they died a bloody death.

Even if Fabian and Jarrod were not afraid of Malcom, they flinched at his words.

Protecting Zen was essential, but the human race was still the top priority.

It was never clear to Zen how the black and white duo came about, but he had a slight clue about what purpose they served when it came to him.

The Purple Heart Sacred Place desperately wanted to protect him from the ogres who had only one thing in mind: have him killed. The rules of the safe zone didn't seem to work at that specific time. It was proven that even the strongest person could be attacked. Zen laughed to himself but refused to say anything. He wanted to see for himself how else things could go.

"Zen, I'd like to challenge you," Boris said, taking a step forward and surprising everyone with his gesture during the commotion.

"Come on, then!" Zen responded with a small smile playing on his lips.

Without any hesitation, he just agreed. He believed he could take on anything and anyone.

Glancing at Boris, Malcom was sure he didn't want to make any move. Like what Boris had told him, Zen died and the trouble ended. The earlier, the better. By then, no one would have the right to mock the ogres.

If Boris failed, Malcom still stood a chance.

All he wanted at that very moment was to press Zen, but he never expected for the kid to be fearless of him. A reaction would have sufficed, but the boy didn't tremble in his presence.

Seeing Zen's nonchalant expression, Malcom had the strongest urge to tear him to pieces right then and there.

The heated confrontation between two races ended when Zen accepted Boris' challenge. Zen left first, and Olivia followed. At the end of the day, their goal was to fight in the arena, not in the streets.

All members of the human race had occupied the arena, so Boris also took a step and led the ogres to where the action would take place.

The other creatures that had also gathered in front of the Talent Tablet also moved to the arena.

Not long, the spectator stands all over the area were packed to the brim. It was loud and dusty, a perfect day for a duel.

The Tower of Sin was a world of pyramid. The number of war fighters on the first five floors was several times more than the number of war generals on the sixth floor. From the sixth floor onward, the number had begun to decrease rapidly. As for the tenth floor, it was occupied by tenth-level war generals, where talents from all races gathered.

The tenth floor was a force to reckon.

In order to reach the higher levels of the tower, the war generals cultivated their skills in the secret room and worked harder than most warriors on the other floors. It was tight.

Due to the conniption between Boris and Zen, those war generals had sneaked out of the secret room to watch, too.

In one of the spectator stands sat a young woman dressed in a long, green robe. Her hair floated through the thick air and her eyes were sharp as knives. Her name was Cheryl Mu, a divine-level talent of the Demon Night. A sight to behold.

On the tenth floor in the Tower of Sin, Cheryl and Boris were always compared. The two of them were the most powerful talents among the young throughout the Sea God Continent.

Keeping to herself at all times, Cheryl had also been doing her training in the secret room. A spell of Time Law was cast on her training room, which meant that ten days inside it was one day in the outside world.

The two, Cheryl and Boris, had fought twice in the past. However, both of the fight resulted in a draw. Despite this, Cheryl still felt like she had suffered defeat.

According to the rules of the arena, if both sides fought to a standstill, then they would exchange their Lucky Light. During those two fights, Cheryl had stored up a lot more Lucky Light than Boris. It was something that rankled her.

Chapter 857 Being Made Fun Of (Part Two)

It was only natural for Cheryl to have something she could take pride in. Being a member of Demon Night had that effect. Through that training, Cheryl planned to be the first in line and leave Boris behind. That was the exact reason she had spent all of her points on a training room that could interfere with the time flow rate.

She was called out of the secret room for this event. Normally, it would piss her off, but knowing that someone had decided to accept Boris' challenge gave her excitement to an unbelievable extent.

At that certain time, Cheryl felt a pang of envy towards Boris, for she had her eyes on Zen as well.

This guy had achieved the Celestial Position title and had worked his way as a tenth-level war fighter. His abilities must be astounding.

Crossing his arms over his chest, Malcom allowed his eyes to travel through the arena. It was true that Zen's talent had been proven by the Talent Tablet, but talent didn't mean everything for a martial artist. After all, Boris' cultivation was higher than Zen, and from Malcom's point of view, the possibility of Zen being killed by Boris was very high.

"If Boris fails to end your life today..."

Malcom licked his lips out of eagerness before he continued, "I will do it myself."

The ogres had already suffered greatly because of Amber, and now, Amber, with her own strength, could harm the existence of the Flaming and Dread Ogre Sacred Places altogether. This was unbearable for the ogres. Amber was a threat, and Zen was stronger than her!

In the eyes of Malcom, Zen was already a dead man. It was either him or Boris, who did the deed.

"Come on, Zen Luo!"

one of the war generals shouted from one of the stands.

His voice echoed throughout the arena, causing the others to hype up as well. Screams from different directions quickly filled the place.

Human war generals from the tenth floor began to populate the place, too. Their shouts were loud and impressive.

Zen nodded to his fellow humans in the audience, as if saying, "Let's do this, yeah?"

"I've been waiting for this moment for a long time. Finally, you're standing before me. Kid, let me tell you this. It seems that your clansmen doubt your victory," Boris sneered.

"And what do you mean by that?" Zen asked with a playful smile.

"If they know so well that you'd win against me, why do they feel the need to cheer you on? My clansmen don't need to shout my name to let me know they believe in my abilities," Boris answered, not even subtle with his arrogance.

Boris' words didn't have a single effect on Zen. "There's no point in speaking further. I think most ogres are reckless. You're an exception though, aren't you? Don't stoop so low just to get a reaction from me. If you know so well that you'd win against me, why do you feel the need to use these cheap tricks?" Zen mocked his earlier words.

"You're right, kid. But please, do me a favor and go all out. The thought of you giving your best shot to kill me excites me all the more," Boris stated with a sly smile.

The competition wasn't as important as killing Zen. That was how it was for the ogres. That was how much they despised his existence.

However, Boris had his own share of selfish thoughts. He truthfully wanted Zen to go all out, so that he challenged himself to give it his all as well. A duel everyone would never forget.

"I think it's time we stop talking at once." At his words, Zen pulled out his sacred weapon. The light hit its sharp edges. What a way to start the fight.

Boris huffed in sheer excitement, pulling out his own weapon.

The ogres were of the tall and well-built kind. Their weapons were as sturdy as their bodies. Boris' saber was impressive with its faint red glow on the blade, which was just as sacred as Zen's sword.

The very moment Boris raised his weapon, the red glow began to disappear. At the same time, a faint red light exploded from his eyes.

"This low-grade sacred saber is called Blood Devour. As its rightful owner, I shall not feel any pain until I fall in battle. It shall give me endless strength and courage. Limitless!"

The once calm face that Boris was carrying had now turned into a look of madness.

Sacred weapons were unique and had each of their own characteristics.

As a standard weapon of the Dragon Abyss Palace, Zen's sword was almost useless. However, he was the kind of guy who made use of whatever he had. A weapon was a weapon. All of them shall give their owners the strength and courage.

"Fighting a tenth-level war fighter is actually very embarrassing for someone like me. However, since you have obtained the title of 'Celestial Position', I cannot regard you as a war fighter. Now, show me your true strength!"

Flourishing his saber, Boris took a leap while a violent forceful energy erupted out of his body. His weapon released a blinding light, which went directly on to Zen's head.

Quick to notice this potential damage, Zen leaned to the side and avoided the strike. Naturally, the saber only cut through the air.

A loud thud was heard by the entire place.

The broad blade of the saber decorated the arena. Boris horizontally pulled out his saber and it drew a semicircle in the air. He attempted to hack it towards Zen's direction.

Even though Boris was smaller compared to the other ogres, he was just as strapping and strong.

Stepping aside, Zen had once again managed to avoid the forceful attack.

Two huge cracks appeared on the arena grounds. Like the mouths of devils, they healed themselves.

Because of the existence of the weapon spirit, the Tower of Sin had such an ability to heal itself. Zen understood that now.

The weapon spirit controlled the Tower of Sin. Now that its owner had already passed away, the weapon spirit could only protect the tower, but not had the trainees there under its control.

"Is that all you know how to do? Dodge my attacks? Let's see if you can still dodge this!"

Boris waved his saber and began to spin it rapidly, almost resembling a windmill.

By the time Boris had reached a certain speed, Zen could no longer see the saber in front of him. It was just a circular wheel.

"This is the Broken Killing Wheel!"

Boris stared at his gigantic creation and charged towards Zen. The saber's rotation speed had reached its limit, completely sealing off Zen's escape route. It was going to be impossible for him to avoid this one.

"It's time," Zen whispered to himself as he horizontally held his sword. Taking a step back, he let his strongest energy emerge from his body.

"No Move!"

He looked like a child with his crooked sword, almost as if stabbing the opponent for no clear reason at all.

"What is he doing? Is he making fun of Boris?"

"He is definitely going to pay for mocking his opponent!"

"What kind of technique was that?"

Zen's actions had caused a commotion among the crowd. All of them had not a clue as to what that crooked sword technique was for.

Obviously, Boris was the dominator of the two. Whoever got strangled into the wheel would suffer a painful death, with their body pieces spreading out in the arena. That meat grinder of a saber could create a bloodbath.

In the eyes of the war generals, Zen's strike was quite unorthodox and completely out of tune.

Cheryl stood up from her seat and stared intensely at Zen's crooked weapon.

As a swordsman herself, Cheryl was shocked at the sight of the young man's sword. Her swordsmanship was passed down to her from the sacred place of Demon Night, so it was safe to say that she knew her weapons.

'This sword technique is the strangest I've seen, yet I'm very drawn to it, '

Cheryl admitted to herself, even if she didn't want to.

Malcom, Madeline, Fabian, and Jarrod, who were all sitting right by Cheryl, had a particular look on their faces. They were frustrated and impressed.

Putting aside racial prejudice, Zen's crooked sword technique seemed to contain endless mysteries being discussed by everyone present at the scene. They all believed they could easily avoid this attack and defeat him using other methods.

This move made by Zen caused utter confusion.

"Where could this brat have learned this kind of technique?"

Fabian's lips twisted in different directions as he shook his head, unable to make anything out of Zen's sudden weirdness.

"I think it's just getting more and more interesting, to be honest," Madeline said, smiling softly.

Clatter!

Zen's sword move seemed light, but as he began to thrust it forward, it touched the shaft of Boris' saber. At that exact moment, a huge force exploded from Zen's body, spreading throughout the sword.

With a single strike, the saber that Boris brandished like a wheel came to an abrupt stop.

A faint smile hung on Zen's face as he looked at Boris. His long sword was firmly stuck on Boris' saber as if it grew out of it.

He tried to withdraw his weapon, but Zen's sword was too big for him to do so.

Strength had always been the pride of the ogres.

The Demon Night relied on their agility, while the ogres basked in their pride of strength. Boris, an ogre, was defeated strength-wise by a boy.

That was the ultimate humiliation!

With his face turning red from the embarrassment, Boris, with all his might, mustered all of his ogre strength and was finally able to take back his saber. With a swift wave of his hand, the saber created a huge arc as it flew to Zen's direction.

Despite that forceful attack, Zen remained unaffected.

Using the No Move technique, he was able to dodge Boris' attacks. Zen's technique was intangible, so his sword strikes were unpredictable and seamless. He moved like the wind.

Clatter!

Once again, Zen's sacred weapon had sealed off Boris' saber.

"I did it again!"

Zen beamed to himself.

Upon seeing the boy's smiling face, Boris started to grow sad and felt somehow defeated.

Among the war generals, Boris only had one opponent, and that was Cheryl from the Demon Night. He even had the confidence to kill war lords of low levels. But today, he was being made fun of! Not even a war general but a mere human war fighter, Zen was able to put Boris to shame.

This was a huge blow even for a big ogre like him to take.

"Anyone who dares mock me will face his death!"

A red light appeared on Boris' eyes.

His weapon, the Blood Devour, had a special martial skill, and that was to swallow its owner's blood vitality and give off powerful strength.

The power of the ogres' blood vitality was far greater than that of ordinary creatures. But, the loss of blood vitality would ultimately have a negative impact on a martial artist. Thus, even Boris rarely used his blood vitality to nourish his saber, as it could cost him much.

He had no other choice at that point.

That brat of a human right in front of him had to die. He had to disappear, for the sake of himself as well as the ogres.

When the raging energy from his body had fully entered the saber in his hand, the aura that burst out from him was ten times stronger than before. He was just getting started.

Chapter 858 A Severe Blow

At this moment, Boris looked like a wild beast from ancient times.

Any warrior who could enter the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin would at least be a tenth-level war general. But regardless of their rank, their heart would start pounding if they were surrounded by Boris's powerful aura.

"Boris is really strong! Even a war lord on the eleventh floor might not have such an imposing aura."

"Of course. Boris is known as the unbeatable war general, so he must be very strong!"

"In my opinion, Zen is still the most marvelous talent. Although he's only a tenth-level war fighter, he's able to suppress Boris. If a warrior who has just reached the war lord realm isn't a match for Boris, doesn't that mean that Zen can defeat a small portion of the war lords by taking advantage of his cultivation base?"

When Boris's aura and power suddenly burst out of him, the forceful energy within his body also erupted. He stomped his feet on the arena and two sunken footprints appeared on the floor!

"What great speed!" Zen's gaze flickered as the long sword in his hand hovered lightly, instinctively blocking him from harm.

Zen's sacred long sword was small with a blade as wide as only three fingers while Boris's broad-bladed saber was incomparably large.

When Boris saw that Zen was trying to use a sword to block his saber, a vicious grin appeared on his face. As he charged toward Zen, he swung his saber and brought it down to Zen's head with the momentum of thunder.

"Thunder Hacking!"

Boris wasn't concerned about whether Zen was trying to block his attack with a long sword or a mountain on his back. No matter what it was, Boris could chop it all into pieces with one slash.

The forceful energy surged out of Boris's body. On the back of his saber, countless streaks of scarlet lightning appeared. This was the blade intent that Boris had learned, and it also contained the special power of thunder and lightning.

There were many similarities between Boris's blade intent and Rocher's Extreme Thunder Sword Intent.

"Why doesn't Zen dodge?"

"He's even choosing to take the blow head-on!"

"It's too dangerous for him to let his sword collide with Boris's large saber since his sword doesn't have an advantage in the first place. Moreover, Boris's saber is huge, so he might even chop it down!"

Everyone's face was filled with confusion as various thoughts went through their minds.

"He's too confident!" Olivia couldn't help but shout out at this moment.

Zen had other methods to resist Boris's attack, but he chose to face it head-on. Apart from his incomparable confidence, Olivia couldn't think of any other reasonable explanation for his actions.

"Power of dragon scales! Activate!"

The dragon scales in Zen's mind lit up bit by bit, emitting jade-green light. As the heavy power continued to fill Zen's body, an extremely confident smile appeared on his face.

He had quite a few methods to resist Boris's move.

But at this moment, he also understood that Boris wouldn't stop attacking him until he was dead. The ogre war lords below the arena definitely wouldn't let him off either.

Since the talent test had already set off waves in the Tower of Sin, Zen wanted to make the waves more violent, suppressing the ogre's aggressiveness and arrogance.

And the prelude to suppressing Boris was his sword strike.

"Clang!"

Zen's long sword finally collided with Boris's saber.

In everyone's eyes, this was a peerlessly powerful saber strike. It was obvious that Boris had channeled all of his power for this strike. It was also the most powerful strike that Boris had ever performed.

Even war lords from the upper floors wouldn't dare to face this strike head-on.

Zen, however, stood rooted to the spot without any resistance, holding his sword in front of his body and swinging it ever so slightly to defend himself.

But even though his sword barely moved, it stood firmly in front of Zen like an iron lock and successfully blocked Boris's strike.

The entire scene was strange and shocking.

Generally speaking, the warrior who attacked first had a great advantage in power because of his sprint. So, if the warrior's opponent could block his attack without even moving, it meant that the opponent's strength was much greater than his.

But Zen was just a human while Boris was an ogre. How could Zen block Boris's strike in this situation? In terms of talent, the ogre's strength was far greater than that of humans. On top of that, Boris's main focus was on body refinement. Although his body was much smaller than that of ordinary ogres, the explosive power stored within him was very powerful and impressive. Anyone who fought with him could figure that out.

That was why the situation they were in now was all the more inexplicable.

It was as if Zen could easily block Boris's terrible attack with a single, gentle sword strike.

Standing in front of Boris, Zen looked like an insurmountable wall that couldn't be moved at all. The difference in their strengths was obvious at this moment.

Boris and all the other creatures on the tenth floor were shocked. Malcom was stunned as well.

Just now, seeing Zen play around with Boris while battling him, Malcom had been determined to kill Zen. Now, Malcom was even more sure that he had to get rid of this guy as soon as possible. If he let him continue cultivating in the tower, it wouldn't be long before Zen would rise to prominence. By then, the ogres wouldn't have so much as a foothold in the Tower of Sin!

With that thought, Malcom decided to rush into the arena. It was obvious that Boris was no match for Zen, so not only did Malcom want to kill Zen, but he also wanted to save Boris. Although Boris couldn't defeat Zen, he was still the most important talent of the two sacred places in the ogre. In the future, Boris would definitely obtain a seat at the top of the tower. So, Malcom could never allow Zen to kill Boris.

Boris slowly moved his saber away from Zen's long sword. Although he maintained a calm expression, he felt his hand holding the saber become powerless and weak.

Realizing the difference between him and Zen had been a big blow to him. The disappointment made him feel as if a monster had risen up in his heart to torment him. That monster roared continuously at him, telling him how big the gap was between him and Zen.

'I've lost...' he thought.

The reason why he had conceded so straightforwardly was not because he didn't have the spirit to fight.

In fact, Boris's warrior spirit was extremely tenacious. But this time, the failure of his saber strike had exhausted all of his confidence.

After ten years of preparing for cultivation and succeeding in it, he had helplessly discovered that he couldn't defeat a mere young man. This was the only thought that was going through his mind.

All the pride and confidence that he had been holding all these years had vanished into nothingness after this single saber strike.

He had always been regarded as the strongest amongst the war generals and the most outstanding talent of the two sacred places of the ogre, but after his failed saber strike, he felt that all of these high praises had become laughable.

Zen withdrew his sword, gripping the sword hilt. Then, he cupped his hands and looked at Boris. "Thank you for letting me win!"

In the arena, the winner could kill the loser, but Zen didn't kill Boris. It wasn't because he feared the ogre. He had blocked Boris's attack to fully display his strength and talent and improve his prestige. Since he had achieved his goal, he didn't feel the need to kill Boris. He wanted to make the other races understand that the human race wasn't weak.

Another reason Zen didn't take Boris's life was because Boris was the only ogre that he admired.

Moreover, even if he killed Boris, it wouldn't mean much.

"Swoosh!"

A thick ray of Lucky Light shot out of Boris's chest and settled into the token on Zen's.

It was just as Zen had estimated: he had obtained a considerable amount of Lucky Light on the tenth floor. This was one of the reasons why he had wanted to climb to the tenth floor as quickly as possible. On this floor, he could accumulate Lucky Light faster.

Boris walked down the arena unhappily, carrying his saber. He looked like a walking corpse as he staggered along.

Even though his warrior spirit was extremely tough, after the severe blow he had just faced, his spirit had been almost destroyed by Zen. Now, he'd have to cultivate more and gain some insights. If he could achieve enlightenment during his cultivation, then his strength would greatly increase. He would become more powerful and frightening than he was now. However, if he couldn't gain enough insights or enhance his cultivation base, he might not be able to make any great achievement in martial arts in his whole life.

"Zen, since our war general couldn't defeat you, let me personally fight against you! Would you like to accept my challenge?" Malcom jumped off the spectator stand, ready to step into the arena.

His words surprised everyone in the area. Their expressions changed all of a sudden.

According to the rules of the Tower of Sin, the warriors in the upper floors could enter the lower floors, but they weren't allowed to go into the arenas of the lower floors to battle with others.

This rule was to maintain the balance in the Tower of Sin. If one couldn't defeat his opponents on the floor he was in and went to challenge others on the lower floors to accumulate Lucky Light, the tower would be in a mess. Anyone would be able to accumulate Lucky Light this way.

It was impossible for Malcom to not know about the rules. Since he was still choosing to come out and challenge Zen, it could only be said that he was being shameless.

Chapter 859 A Fight Using The Space Law

A seat owner had just challenged a war fighter. It was the kind of thing that probably had never ever happened before in the Tower of Sin.

The seat owners were all tenth-level war lords, and one might even call them peak-level war lords. They were only one step away from becoming war sages, while Zen, who was a tenth-level war fighter, was two whole realms away from even becoming a peak-level war lord, let alone a war sage.

Even though his potential was high and he was extremely powerful indeed, he still wouldn't be a match for Malcom.

According to the rules of the Tower of Sin, martial artists on the upper floors weren't allowed to fight with those on the lower floors. Malcom had personally broken this rule now; the consequences of this action were too troublesome to imagine, which was the reason why the expressions of so many martial artists suddenly changed.

If a seat owner from the ogres took lead and broke this rule, then the martial artists of the other races would ignore this rule and descend on lower floors too.

If that happened, the Tower of Sin would fall into endless chaos again.

No race wanted this to happen.

Maybe that was the reason why, but in any case, just as Malcom was about to enter the arena, an ethereal voice suddenly called out, "You're an ogre war lord, but you challenge a martial artist on the tenth floor. It's against the rules, isn't it?"

Everyone looked towards the direction of the voice and saw Cheryl, who was dressed in green.

Boris and Cheryl were the strongest warriors on the tenth floor. But why did Cheryl call Malcolm out like that? Didn't she know that Malcom was intentionally breaking the rule in order to kill Zen? Or did the Demon Night want to maintain the order in the Tower of Sin?

It wasn't impossible when one thought about it. After all, the Demon Night enjoyed enormous benefits in the Tower of Sin, and the seats they owned were second only to the ogres' in number. Only the Demon Night had the strength to confront the ogres.

However, many creatures had heard the words of the Demon Night's seat owner, Madeline earlier on and from her expressions, it seemed that the Demon Night did not want to interfere in this matter. Now, Madeline was sitting by unconcerned, but Cheryl, a junior, had come forwards to speak. Why?

When Malcom was about to walk towards the arena, the expressions of Olivia, Fabian and Jarrod had also changed drastically. Fabian was hesitant about whether or not he should stop Malcom.

Once Malcom made a move, it was very likely that the fight would evolve into a war between the humans and the ogres.

The Purple Heart Sacred Place was definitely not a match for the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, and there was a huge disparity between the power of the humans with four seats and the ogres with more than twenty seats in the Tower of Sin.

Malcom's large eyes turned as he sneered, "I know what I'm doing. A junior like you is unqualified to remind me. Where is Madeline?"

Malcom could not figure out what Madeline was thinking. She had not uttered a single word, but had allowed a junior of the Demon Night, Cheryl, to come out and confront him? Why? The attitude of the Demon Night was extremely important. Therefore, Malcom had

to shift the topic of the conversation towards Madeline. He wanted to confirm whether the Demon Night was interfering or not.

Cheryl was reprimanded by Malcom, but her face remained calm. Hearing her name mentioned, Madeline finally stood up and remarked in a soft voice, "The rules of the Tower of Sin were jointly set by us. I think that Cheryl is the only one qualified to challenge Zen. After their fight, you're free to do everything you want."

The subtext of Madeline's words was very clear. The Demon Night didn't want to have a hand in the ogres breaking the rule. They were only concerned about Cheryl's fight with Zen, and as to what Malcom would do after the fight, they didn't care at all.

Actually, Madeline had said at the very beginning that she didn't want to interfere in this matter. She hadn't changed her mind now, but when Cheryl had seen the fight between Zen and Boris, she was eager to give it a try and challenge Zen.

As an elder of the Demon Night, Madeline had agreed to Cheryl's request, which was the reason why she had stepped forward to stop Malcom.

Hearing Madeline's words, Malcom coldly laughed. "Very well, I will take my time then." With that said, he stood with his hands behind his back to the side.

In any case, from Malcom's point of view, Zen was bound to die and would not be able to survive today's calamity no matter what happened. As long as the Demon Night did not intervene, everything was going to be under Malcom's control. As to those human seat owners, the ogres could kill them easily if they wanted to.

Cheryl smiled faintly and said, "Thank you, war lord."

After she finished speaking, her figure flashed, leaving a green light in the air. It was as if she had penetrated through space and entered the arena.

"Cheryl cultivates both her body and her life vitality. Her Space Law is becoming more and more proficient now. It seems like she has mastered the second layer."

"She really has very strong perception. It's said that she is only 20 years old. But she has already grasped the second layer of the Space Law at such a young age."

"In the history of the Tower of Sin, there hasn't been a war general that has mastered the second layer of the Space Law. Can she defeat Zen?"

Creatures from many different races watched with excitement, while humans watched with worry!

Olivia and the rest had seen a glimmer of hope when the Demon Night had suddenly joined in on the debate. They could only place their hopes on the Demon Night, but they never expected that the Demon Night had no intentions of interfering at all. It was merely Cheryl's own idea to challenge Zen.

This showed that the humans were already weak to quite a large extent. They were just like fish on a chopping board, and the other races could cut them in whatever ways they wanted to. This was the tragedy of the weak.

Since Cheryl's challenge had temporarily delayed Malcom's move, what was next?

Her strength was not the least bit weaker than Boris'. Moreover, she cultivated her body and life vitality, so it was impossible to guard against her attacks.

Even if Zen defeated Cheryl, he still had to fight with Malcom. In a word, Zen was at a dead end now.

Olivia and the others had worry written all over their faces. They were unable to find a way to resolve this situation.

All they could do was to pray that Zen could, somehow, create a miracle.

However, no matter how high Zen's talent was, he was still only a tenth-level war fighter. He didn't even have the ability to fight against a tenth-level war lord.

Olivia let out a faint sigh as she looked at the heroic and imposing young man standing on the arena. A deep sense of helplessness enveloped her since she didn't know what to do.

If anyone else came to know that there was a tenth-level war lord who was eyeing him or her with hostility, he or she wouldn't be in a mood to duel.

However, there was still a faint smile on Zen's face, as if he didn't take the killing intent before him to heart. Many people felt that Zen was just trying to remain calm, but in this situation, he needed some confidence. The question was, how was he so confident?

Many creatures kept guessing but still couldn't figure out why.

Cheryl walked gracefully into the arena, and a slender sword appeared in her hand. She then spoke in a light and gentle voice, "Zen, I want to challenge you."

With a slight movement of his long sword, Zen nodded.

"You have the strength to defeat Boris, but you may not be my match!" Cheryl continued softly.

"Since we're already on the arena, there's no need to speak so much," Zen replied indifferently to this powerful talent of the Demon Night.

"You are very proud. I hope you can maintain your pride!" After Cheryl finished speaking, her figure flashed and she took a step forward. In the blink of an eye, she had crossed a distance of 60 to 70 feet and was now standing beside Zen. Then she brandished her sword and pointed it straight at Zen's eyebrows.

"The Space Law!"

Zen smiled faintly. His body also flickered as he took a step forward and traveled through space.

Cheryl's sword seemed to have hit Zen, but in reality, Zen had already left where he was standing and had now appeared behind Cheryl. He also slashed down at Cheryl in the same way.

"Both of them are using Space Law?"

"Isn't Zen a body refiner? It turns out that he also cultivates the life vitality!"

"Just how many cards does this brat have in his hand?"

In a situation where both sides had grasped the Space Law, it was often difficult to determine the victor in a battle.

With the Space Law, one could freely travel about, so it was extremely difficult to completely block off the opponent's escape route.

Also, because of this suspense, the battle situation would become more and more intense, and the tempo would also become very high.

Zen traveled through space and appeared behind Cheryl, who in the blink of an eye, also traveled through space and appeared on the side of Zen. However, when Cheryl thrust out her sword, Zen had traveled through space and left.

Figures began to appear and disappear alternatively, leaving the audience dazzled. Although the two were dressed differently, they moved so fast that some martial artists weren't able to distinguish them.

Clang!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

While travelling through space, Zen finally caught onto a gap, and the two swords immediately clashed seven or eight times.

In terms of pure sword techniques, Cheryl was at a disadvantage. Although she had watched the battle between Zen and Boris, and witnessed Zen's No Move technique, she still couldn't resist him because his moves were invisible.

Chapter 860 Queen (Part One)

Although sword moves were ever-changing, the fact still stood that there were certain rules to be followed in the end. No matter how exquisite the swordsmanship of someone might appear to be, it would always be based on changes in other swordsmanship. Nevertheless, there were always regulations that they would adhere to.

In those moments wherein Cheryl fought against other swordsmen, she found it relatively easy to predict and anticipate their next move just by observing the tension of their wrists. However, she was at a loss right now due to the fact that Zen's swordsmanship seemed to follow no rules as she could not simply foresee his next move.

After they exchanged a few blows, it was not long after that Zen effortlessly broke through Cheryl's defense and aimed his glistening long sword at her chest. Eventually, she sighed as she had no choice but to pass through space to escape being maimed by the sharp edge of his sword.

In the beginning, Cheryl had actually expected to be unsuccessful in breaking through Zen's defensive swordsmanship. Upon grabbing the opportunity to observe the battle between him and Boris, she accepted the realization that she would be unable to penetrate Zen's extremely strange swordsmanship.

On the other hand, just because she was incapable of breaking through did not mean she was not confident enough to defeat him.

This was because a battle between warriors did not solely rely on swordsmanship as the only factor to determine the results. Most of the time, it would depend on the skillful individual who managed to bring a trump card into the fight.

As soon as she finished travelling through space to increase the distance between her and Zen, she smirked as she planned her next move. The woman's bright eyes flashed momentarily before she parted her red lips to shout, "Three-element Shadows!"

Swish, swish, swish!

In the blink of an eye, three daunting shadows rushed out from her body and proceeded to stand in three corners of the arena.

Turning his head to scan his eyes at the length of the three shadows that suddenly appeared, Zen frowned slightly and briefly lowered his arms in hesitation. Different thoughts ran through his mind as he was not certain about what the woman intended to do.

At the exact moment Cheryl projected the three shadows into the field, she immediately leaped high into the air, moving towards Zen's direction with malice. She grasped her sword with both hands while holding it upside down; the wind whooshed as she stabbed her blade right on top of Zen's head.

"Frost-breaking Sword!" she yelled with vigor.

An incomparably sharp sword light pierced right through Zen's skull.

Unexpectedly, it seemed as if it dawned on her that she had made a terrible mistake as Zen merely laughed coldly at her attempt and he flicked the sword in his hand once again. This time, he made sure not to miss as he managed to shatter Cheryl's sword light as well as slash a deep gash on her shoulder. Luckily for her, she was able to dodge in the nick of time—her body would have been cut by his sword otherwise.

As quick as she had attacked, her body also instantly changed direction while she was in the air. It was as if a strange magnetizing force had appeared out of nowhere and forcefully pulled her away from the man. Instantly, Cheryl then fused with the dark shadow located in the corner of the arena.

The moment Cheryl merged her figure with the shadow that lurked in the corner, another shadow emerged from her body and instantaneously spread to another corner. Upon finishing her move with the three silhouettes remaining in the arena, she looked at Zen with confidence as a grin adorned her face.

"Well, these shadows do look like they have some use,"

Zen muttered, glancing at the darkness that spread over the corners of the arena.

If Cheryl combined her attacks with these shadows right then and there, she would have a contingency plan of fusing with a shadow the moment her attacks did not work on him. At this situation, she would be invincible even though she would not be able to strike him effectively.

"I want to see how you will break through my Three-element Shadows!"

With a sneer, Cheryl chuckled as her form flickered again, prepared to move. This time, however, she did not jump to confront him but instead lowered her body before rushing towards Zen.

Clang!

Upon discerning her attack, Zen instantly shifted his sword to sweepingly chop the floor as he intended to charge at his front. Seeing the blade coming at her, Cheryl easily traversed through space once again and avoided the brunt of the attack. The long sword gripped tightly in her hand was already pressed against the skin of his neck, ready to slice and pull him apart. In a flash, his figure morphed into a shadow and he suddenly materialized behind her.

Currently, Zen did not have enough time to swing his sword before Cheryl's body was about to fuse with another one of the shadows.

Having had enough of the illusion, Zen did not intend to give Cheryl any more chances. When she was ready to merge herself with one of the shadows, he had only pretended to attack when in reality, he had already taken a step forward to stand guard beside the shadow.

However, Zen was rendered speechless when Cheryl's figure changed direction midway of fusing and subsequently landed on another shadow instead.

Dumbfounded, Zen blinked his eyes warily and paused. "This…"

The man turned his head to look at Cheryl, who appeared to be full of smiles as she grinned cheekily at the obvious display of disorientation painted across Zen's features.

Truthfully, he had definitely not expected that fighting Cheryl would be this troublesome.

Needless to say, every race had its own specialties when it came to skills. Just as the humans of the Purple Heart Sacred Place excelled in the life vitality system, and the ogres stood out in body refinement, the members of the Demon Night were also considered relatively special. This nearly flawless race seemed to allow the freedom to choose their own cultivation system. Furthermore, the cultivation method passed down in their sacred place was somehow strange.

"From now on, we can only compare our speeds." Just as another infuriating smile appeared on her face, Zen did not hesitate any longer and stepped forward, once again rushing to attack her.

Unfortunately, the staggering slash he aimed at her had no effect whatsoever. Before Cheryl merged with a shadow and disappeared, her hand managed to thrust the sword towards him.

Employing his quick reflexes, Zen dodged the abrupt movement of her sword and accelerated in the direction of the next shadow straight away. At the same time, a white light gleamed in his hand before the unbreakable broken flying knife became visible. The flying knife was aimed directly at another shadow before he threw it with power.

As he used his flying knife to attack a shadow while simultaneously dealing with the shadow in front of him, there was only one shadow in the arena left unattended. Halfway through his offensive charge, he then abruptly threw the sword in his hand at the last shadow.

Swoosh!

Now, all the three shadows in the arena were under attack. No matter which one Cheryl chose to merge with, she would be injured.

At this situation, Cheryl was slightly flustered to do her next move.

It was true that once she activated the Three-element Shadows, she would be able to freely choose and utilize any of the shadows to merge with. However, it also limited the direction in which she could move to at the same time.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 861 Queen (Part Two)

It did not matter now which shadow she descended on because she would be instantly attacked by Zen. 'Now what?' she thought to herself. In the perspective of Cheryl, this was indeed a difficult decision to ponder upon, given the limitations of her attack.

Eventually, her silhouette flickered in a moment of desperation as she finally chose the location where Zen was as her next destination.

Although Cheryl was not definite about her knowledge on the power of Zen's flying knife thus far, she could tell with a glance that even though it was broken, its aura was extremely sharp and something that could not be underestimated.

Contemplating by herself, she understood that if she had chosen another shadow, she would probably be pierced through by Zen's sword. Furthermore, it was a sacred weapon and there was absolutely no way she would have been able to block it.

With the limited options she had, she could have only selected the shadow Zen was dealing with at the moment. Since he had removed the sword in his hand by throwing it at the shadow, she seriously expected that his strength would be greatly reduced.

This was due to the fact that Cheryl believed in the notion that swordsmen relied on their swords the most. If it ever happened that a swordsman willingly threw his sword out in a battle, then it meant that the man was ultimately prepared to gamble everything he had. Zen having no sword in his hand meant that she would then have a huge chance of defeating him.

It was a common conception that a swordsman without a sword was like a tiger with its teeth pulled out.

Unbeknownst to Cheryl, she would be in for a surprise when she eventually found out that Zen was even more terrifying when he did not have his sword.

Upon the very moment Cheryl descended, she poised herself to face Zen's fist directly.

In the meantime, Zen had not bothered to activate the Stellar Body because he did not feel the need to use it to deal with the woman.

"Split the light!"

Even though Zen had already launched his punch, Cheryl did not hesitate to counterattack with a move of her own. Her long sword uncoiled and gleamed like a nimble green snake which released a faint azure light, aiming straight at him.

Although her sword moves did not appear to be powerful enough, every flick of her wrist was definitely exquisite. In addition to this, each of them was able to point at a vital point of Zen's body.

If Zen were to use his fist to attack her, he would not be fast enough to land the first hit and she could then chop half his head off.

Conversely, Zen's fist did not swing towards Cheryl. Instead, he did the unexpected as his hand changed its direction midway and directly grabbed onto her sword.

In reality, Cheryl's sword was also a sacred weapon, which was known as "Gentle Snow". Besides possessing the strength of a sacred weapon, it was also abnormally light to the point that it felt relatively weightless. It must have been named after its weight, as grabbing it felt like handling snow in Zen's perspective.

After Zen gripped the blade of her sword between his two fingers, Cheryl frowned as she strained to pull it out of his grip. It was similar to being embedded into a crack in a compact stone, as she falteringly discovered that she was unable to wrench it out at all.

Despite the fact that Cheryl was a woman and the members of the Demon Night did not specialize in raw strength, the power of Cheryl, who was a warrior that cultivated both her body and life vitality, was certainly not something ordinary warriors could match. Even if her sword was suppressed by a mountain, she could still be able to pull it out.

However, Cheryl had tried her best to tug at it twice in succession, even erupting with the forceful energy within her body to no avail. No matter how much she gritted her teeth and the amount of effort made sweat pool on her forehead, the sword in her hand did not budge even a single inch.

Noticing her struggle and frustration, Zen merely gave her a lazy grin before squeezing the blade tighter with his fingers.

Clang!

Without much effort from Zen, he broke the sword between his fingers and watched mirthlessly as the mangled pieces resounded upon hitting the floor unceremoniously.

Seething with indignation and anger, she glared at the man coldly before shrieking, "You!"

The woman found herself no longer maintaining her calm disposition as she wanted to lash out instead.

Even though she was a talent of the sacred palace, being able to acquire a powerful sacred weapon was not that easy. Furthermore, the Gentle Snow was the most suitable for her the moment she started practicing her swordsmanship with it. Due to this, she was indeed very fond of the weapon and took good care of it. With shock adorning her features, she had definitely not expected her sword to be broken by Zen.

The strength of a sacred weapon was not something an ordinary weapon could be compared to given its outstanding power. It just so happened that Cheryl's sword was too thin and narrow. If he had done the same move on Boris' saber, it would have been more difficult for Zen to destroy it even if he had activated all of his dragon scales.

Fortunately, with Zen's current prowess, it was not too challenging or difficult for him to break Cheryl's sword apart.

"What?"

Grinning slyly, Zen asked the irate woman with an innocent expression.

"I am going to kill you!"

Glaring at the nonchalant Zen, Cheryl was furious and a green light suddenly appeared right above her head. As soon as the green light had appeared, it directly inserted itself into her skull.

With a start, he wiped the smile off his face and stared at her with seriousness because he immediately sensed extreme danger about to happen.

Considering Zen's current strength, ordinary war generals would not be able to make him feel this way. Even ordinary war lords never gave him a reason to perceive them as threats.

When this intense feeling of danger came over him, Zen abruptly retreated and created a reasonable distance between him and Cheryl. The woman's fingers suddenly emitted a few rays of pitch black light as her nails seemingly extended. In honesty, Zen was concerned at the sight of the black light and it made him breathe unevenly.

No matter how confident Zen was in his fairy weapon-like body, he certainly knew better than to let this woman scratch him with her dangerous looking fingernails.

At any rate, Cheryl obviously did not plan on letting him go that easily. As she fiercely rushed towards him, she vigorously waved her sharp claws. The scene discernibly looked like a howling lynx facing its prey in the wild.

Under the continuous pursuit of the outraged lady, the black claws almost scraped Zen several times but he was still able to dodge them in time. In the middle of scraping through and managing to avoid Cheryl's frontal attack by mere inches, Zen forgot that her shadows were still in the arena.

The instant Zen retreated to another corner of the arena, Cheryl's figure instantly disappeared and materialized in the shadow behind him, about to attack him by surprise.

"Crap!"

He knew that the minute he was grazed by this woman, it would be a detrimental blow to him. Even if he did not die, he would be seriously injured from the brunt of her attack. Cursing at himself, he realized just then that he had been too careless this time around.

Chapter 862 Queen (Part Three)

In another moment of despondency, the sword spirit within Zen's body suddenly emerged from him. Together with Lily, the black sword that was previously stored in his space ring appeared.

As soon as Lily's faint figure flickered to life, her hand immediately shot out and held the hilt of the wicked black sword. Pulling the black sword out of Zen's space ring, she pointed it to the other woman's direction before slashing it directly as a shield from the black light.

Crack!

Surprisingly, Cheryl did not dodge the sword at all. Even though she had seen the gigantic sword appear in front of her, she gave it no attention and did not give up on her attack. With a resolute mind, she confidently thought that nothing could have stopped the black light on her fingers.

Before they knew it, five deep gashes suddenly appeared on the surface of the black sword. Looking up to the end of the blade, Cheryl momentarily saw Lily's appearance from behind the sword when she slashed the weapon towards her.

"What?!"

With her mouth agape, Cheryl blinked briefly in surprise at what had just happened.

To everyone's disbelief, the sword in Lily's possession stopped right beside Cheryl's neck and did not finish what it had intended to do.

As the crowd witnessed the astonishing scene right in front of their very eyes, they all sported the same looks of shock and confusion—what exactly was going on in the arena? All of them at that moment had wondered the same thing: why did such a scene appear just as the battle was getting more and more intense?

Zen shook his head and heaved a sigh of relief at the perfect timing of Lily's arrival. In reality, he still had a few tricks up his sleeve, secret skills that he could utilize in order to defeat Cheryl. However, he was not willing to use them if he was not in a life or death situation. Never would he have imagined that the same girl who had looked so gentle before would be someone so ferocious when provoked. It was also unexpected that Cheryl, at that last few seconds, appeared to not care about her own life and was instead hell-bent on just reaching him with her claws.

With his heart hammering beneath his ribcage, Zen realized that there was a problem, a deeply troubling yet strange problem.

'Why did my sword spirit suddenly become unruly?' he thought to himself, puzzled at the behavior Lily manifested just now.

The sword spirit had always been unfalteringly obedient to Zen's orders up until that moment. If he sought her out and commanded her to fight, she would incessantly chase after his opponent. Moreover, if he needed her to defend him, then she would unquestionably be there to protect him with whatever it took.

Assessing the desperate situation that just occurred seconds ago, Zen did ask Lily to block Cheryl's attack, but when she appeared, she actually stopped the momentum of the sword in her hand when she swung it at Cheryl. Biting his lower lip unconsciously, he contemplated by himself once again, 'What is going on?'

This was something that had never happened before.

"Why did they suddenly stop fighting?" one of the spectators asked out loud, confused at the sudden halt of movements from the warriors in the arena.

Upon noticing the arrival of a new being in the arena, someone in the crowd exclaimed, "Look! Another woman is right there with them!"

"Is she also from the Demon Night?"

"I felt the aura of a sword spirit from that woman. That should be Zen's sword spirit!" a man from the audience responded.

"Let's not talk about the sword spirit first. Who can tell me why Cheryl has suddenly stopped moving?"

As the crowd continued to discuss among themselves, Cheryl stared unblinking at Zen's sword spirit before softly uttering a single word in reverence, "Queen!"

Right after she spoke, she immediately knelt down in front of Lily, bowing her head in respect at the other woman.

There were still many members of the Demon Night in the audience. It was as if Cheryl was the source of the domino effect that made the others follow her lead. Within the span of mere seconds, they also stood up and knelt in veneration towards the center of the arena.

Even one of the seat owners, Madeline, also knelt on one knee to give her salutations as she faced the arena with a look of piety.

At the same time, a few other war lords that happened to be part of the Demon Night from the other side of the arena walked over. Looking closer, they all noticed that the one leading the small group was surprisingly also a seat owner—Elder Mei.

Upon glimpsing Zen's sword spirit, Elder Mei also knelt on one knee with the other war lords following her example and bowing as well towards the direction of the arena.

After Phoebe astonishingly discovered the identity of Zen's sword spirit, she instantly sent a message to inform Elder Mei to report her arrival. This was possible due to the fact that she had been tracking her location for a while. Elder Mei had not been in the Tower of Sin or in the sacred place, but had been engaged in another mission.

The minute the mission was completed, Elder Mei did not hesitate to rush towards the Tower of Sin immediately.

The girl, Phoebe, had always been by Zen's side. Although she was a war general herself, she unfortunately did not have the authority to enter the tenth floor. Because of this, she could only wait in anticipation on the ninth floor.

Now that Elder Mei had just arrived and had directly witnessed Zen summon the queen of the Demon Night, she naturally had to bow before her presence at this moment.

"What's going on?" someone asked conspicuously to the others beside him. "What exactly is Zen's sword spirit?"

"Shh, lower your voice a little!" the one in front of the faceless person said, turning around to chastise the inquisitive boy. "Don't get yourself into trouble. Look at the two seat owners of the Demon Night. If you anger any of them, you will die for sure!"

"But how did Zen get involved with the Demon Night in the first place?" he persisted, despite the warnings of the older man, although he merely glared at him and did not bother to answer his questions anymore.

After the two of them saluted, Elder Mei and Madeline strode towards the center of the arena with purpose.

Strictly speaking, even for warriors above the eleventh floor, walking into the arena on the tenth floor was directly against the rules. However, in the perspective of these two seat owners, these so-called rules mattered little compared to the sudden presence of their queen. Simply put, those regulations were not something for them to worry about.

"Queen! Is that you?"

Elder Mei walked in front of the sword spirit and asked in a trembling voice.

Glancing between the excited and awed expressions of Elder Mei and Madeline, Zen pouted his lips and crossed his arms petulantly. Through Phoebe's guidance, Zen was already well-aware that his sword spirit seemed to be related to some queen of the Demon Night. But of course, he ultimately knew that his sword spirit could not speak at all.

He felt kind of bad for the members of the Demon Night if they disappointingly found out that Lily could not speak after all their enthusiasm.

Just as Zen was thinking this, the next scene caused his mouth to fall wide open and his eyes to become the size of saucers. It was unmistakable that he clearly heard his sword spirit say, "It is me."

The frigid tone that the sword spirit had used distinctly revealed an unparalleled dignity. With just those three words coming out of her mouth, every creature that happened to hear her voice immediately felt insignificant and small in comparison. With their expressions visibly exuding wonderment, some of the other creatures could not help but also want to kneel in front of her.

Once again, Madeline and Elder Mei dropped to one knee in the presence of the sword spirit without further ado.

In the meantime, even Zen, Malcom, and Fabian had to rely on their strong wills to restrain their urge to kneel down.

Understandably, the most shocked individual out of all of them was Zen.

"Th-this…" he started to stammer. His heart seemed to want to jump out of his chest at the moment due to being overwhelmed. How and why did Lily suddenly speak?

Sword spirits were indeed created when swordsmen constantly trained their sword intent, but it was relatively easier for Zen to get his sword spirit. What he had done to achieve this was he climbed up the mountain and kept on absorbing the sword spirits of other swordsmen.

Logically speaking, even if he had absorbed and acquired numerous sword spirits back then, it should not have been so easy for his sword spirit to have a human figure.

However, after having absorbed this woman's sword spirit, a strange thing had happened—his sword spirit had become how she looked as of now.

Shaking his head vehemently at his thoughts, he was sure that no matter what she looked like, she was still his sword spirit. Furthermore, the sword spirit was not a living being, but it was supposed to act according to his own will.

At this moment, however, the sword spirit had spoken and left Zen speechless and startled by the implications that dawned on him right then and there.

It was no wonder why the sword spirit had brandished the black sword and stopped before slicing Cheryl's neck—she had her own rational thought processes, so she was naturally unwilling to kill her own clansman despite the order of Zen.

In a flash, Lily turned around and stared indifferently into Zen's eyes, her frame emitting an endless aura of a queen. It was as if a person like her was simply born to be superior over others, and all life forms were born to pay their respects and kneel at her feet.

"You.." Zen started to speak, his hesitation wanting to clamp his mouth shut but he continued anyway. "Who are you?"

As a matter of fact, no matter how big or intimidating the creatures that Zen encountered, he had never been as flustered as he was now, anxiously waiting for Lily's reply. Even when having faced the Soul Symbol of the owner of the Tower of Sin, Zen did not feel an ounce of nervousness.

Amidst the confusion rampant in his mind, his own sword spirit opened her mouth to speak. Such a strange occurrence had caused Zen to be tongue-tied.

Chapter 863 They Are All Going Nuts

The origins of Lily had always been vague to Zen. He had his suspicions and little theories about her.

Generally speaking, sword spirits could only act according to their masters' orders, like puppets controlled by a puppeteer, where they could only carry out simple, mechanical commands.

However, Lily herself possessed a sword dance technique that even Zen couldn't put his finger on. As a sword spirit, how could she know a martial skill that her master had never encountered? Even to the knowledgeable cyan dragon, it was a mystery. Now, even more so for Zen.

Connecting the dots, Zen now came to an understanding that perhaps, his own sword spirit had the soul of the Demon Night queen, which meant that she had her own consciousness.

Attaching one's soul to the sword spirit wasn't that difficult. When Zen first entered the Killing Sword Mountain, he chanced by Iceni who integrated a wisp of his soul into his sword spirit. According to Iceni, it didn't take him much to achieve such.

This Demon Night queen somehow managed to sneak her soul into the sword spirit. However, Zen was unable to detect it, no matter how hard he tried. If he wasn't able to detect it himself, would the circumstances be the same for the cyan dragon?

Looking at his sword spirit, Zen barely got his words out of his mouth. He only wanted to know who she was. The curiosity was enough to keep him up most nights.

"My name isn't Lily. It's Lavender. That's what I'm called," the sword spirit answered, looking uninterested towards Zen.

"Lavender like the flower?" Zen asked.

Then reminded of two particular people in the first row of the Talent Tablet, he recalled their names. One was called Fire, and the other Cliff. He let out a low sigh, trying to piece some more pieces of the puzzle together.

It was rare for humans to name themselves after nature. For this reason, Zen assumed that Fire and Cliff might have come from the Demon Night race as well. Just like Lily… Or Lavender.

However, in the Upper World where there were countless races, there was no guarantee that those two people really came from the Demon Night race. Although rare, it wasn't impossible for the other races to name themselves this way.

"Can you please explain to me how you became my sword spirit?"

At that moment, Zen had managed to control his mixed emotions. If anything, it was a relief to know that his sword spirit didn't show any animosity towards him.

"For the time being, I am unable to explain this to you. I hope you understand. For now, I'm going to need you to go to the Demon Night's sacred place," Lavender told Zen, and then turned to Elder Mei and Madeline to ask, "What's your sacred place called? What is its grade?"

"Your Majesty, it's called the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. It is one of the most powerful sects on the Sea God Continent and it's a seventh grade sacred place," Elder Mei respectfully replied.

Their sacred place was the only seventh grade sect on the entire Sea God Continent. Amber, along with her extraordinary talent, had made it all possible.

If the two sacred places of the ogres were to be combined, they could possibly be a little stronger than the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, and could also be considered as seventh grade. If separated, however, they were still only sixth grade, regardless if it were the Dread Ogre Sacred Place or the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place. It took a lot to achieve such grade.

Meanwhile, the Purple Heart Sacred Place of the humans was of the top fifth grade because of their powers and resources. Since they had astounding war lords of the Soul Sea Realm at the Tower of Sin, they might as well be considered as sixth grade, but that would make them the weakest on that grade.

"To achieve seventh grade in such a desolate land is quite impressive. Now, you lot will take me there," Lavender said calmly, with a hint of solemnity on her voice. The reason she invited Zen to the sacred place of the Demon Night race was that she was his only sword spirit at that moment. They had yet to figure out what secret skill she used to hide inside Zen's sword, as both he and the cyan dragon were of no help in the matter.

"It would be our pleasure to take you there, Your Majesty," Elder Mei and Madeline said at the same time.

The members of the Demon Night race believed their Queen's existence to be of supreme importance. Lavender, if only it was in her nature, could order both Elder Mei and Madeline to kill themselves on the spot. She had such ability, but there was still more to explore and make sense of.

The Demon Night was considered to be an orderly race. They didn't have many taboos surrounding their race, and their construction and faith revolved around the three Soul Statues of their three queens. And it was a grave sin to disrespect their queens.

"Wait!"

Malcom's deep voice rang throughout the entire place, surprising everyone in sight.

To him, everything was just confusing.

Having allowed the divine-level talent, Cheryl, to challenge Zen, Malcom believed that he had already shown ample respect for the Demon Night.

It was uncertain whether Cheryl could defeat Zen, so at the end of the day, it felt like it was still his responsibility to finish the boy. That was his ultimate truth. However, he was unable to make out what was unfolding right in front of him. Why exactly did Cheryl fall before Zen?

How did this so-called Demon Night queen have the audacity to just claim Zen?

It was unbelievable how Malcom had allowed such things to occur.

Upon landing her eyes on Malcom's enormous figure, Lavender nonchalantly looked at him and asked, "What's the matter?"

"I don't care who you are, and it's not the ogres' business to meddle with your plans. But I demand to leave that guy here! We have some unfinished business, in case you haven't noticed,"

Malcom said harshly, pointing his finger at Zen.

During that time, Malcom had not a single clue with regards to the important part that Lavender played. Even if she was calm as the sea on a good day, Malcom secretly felt inferior standing before her. However, that was a world where strength was the superior measurement of capacity, and Malcom's would never lose to Lavender's.

Killing Zen was his life's purpose, and he surely had no intention of allowing him to step out with Lavender unscathed.

"How dare you?

You're courting death!"

Just as Malcom had finished his sentence, Madeline and Elder Mei began to charge towards him from both sides.

Hearing the offensive words Malcom had thrown to their queen, the two Demon Night seat owners didn't hesitate to attack the ogre directly.

It was to Malcom's disadvantage, as combined powers from Madeline and Elder Mei were not to be trampled with.

White petals emerged from Madeline's palms. Her pale and tender fingers possessed a frightening power that Malcom was about to experience for himself.

Simultaneously, a black dagger appeared from Elder Mei's hand, fiercely thrusting it into Malcom's direction.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Malcom's face twisted of anger. He clenched his fist as if packing up all of his rages in a punch.

If he were to decide, Malcom could have just killed Zen right then and there, but it was a matter of world war if he failed to control his urges. It was very likely that the Tower of Sin would be put in jeopardy if he let his anger get in the way of the order of things.

Therefore, Malcom moved with extreme caution.

It was to his dismay that two of the seat owners from the Demon Night race didn't even think twice and just attacked him. They had totally ignored the rules just because the ogre was talking smack.

A fight between the seat owners, then?

Seat owners were set to spar one another at the Tower of Sin once every year. The seat orders were arranged in accordance with the results of their performance in the fights. Among all of the 128 seat owners, there definitely was a difference in strength.

But a spar was a spar. It was a part of the natural order, how things normally worked. If they continued fighting, other seat owners would begin to interfere. Hence, a war of the races.

Even Malcom himself didn't act harshly at that heated moment. He knew the dangers of meddling with the seat owners all too well.

However, if his opponents would be weaklings from the human race, he wouldn't hesitate. Ogres always stood up for themselves. After all, that was what they were known for.

"Bam!"

"Thud!"

Out of slight panic and confusion, Malcom also let out some punches towards Madeline and Elder Mei in efforts of dodging their attacks.

In a total of 128 seat owners, Malcom was at the 45th place, and that said a lot about his strength. However, Madeline also took pride in her place which was 42nd, and Elder Mei in 37th.

It was not a joke, facing this two. Malcom was certainly at a disadvantage because their attacks were in sync.

One of Malcom's punches managed to fend off Madeline's attacks. His other punch was able to push Elder Mei back a little, but she was still able to hit the ogre with her dagger. Malcom was injured. A stream of thick, green, ogrish blood streamed down from his right shoulder.

Covering his wound with his palm, Malcom tried to put a stop to the bleeding. What he didn't know was that Elder Mei's dagger possessed a blade that had an ability to delay one's healing. The ogre failed to heal himself on time.

"Is this what I think it is? Has the Demon Night race started a war against us ogres?"

Malcom blurted, his face filled with disdain. He couldn't help but wonder how they got to that certain situation. Those two Demon Night fellows were definitely out of their minds. How could they just attack him without thinking of the consequences? Lavender's origins had also preyed its way into Malcom's head.

"Anyone who dares to humiliate my queen deserves nothing but death," Madeline said coldly.

"If we can easily wipe out two of your sacred places just to please our queen, how could you doubt our desires for a war against your kind?" Elder Mei confidently added.

"Crazy! The members of the Demon Night race are mad! They are all going nuts!'

Malcom's mind was filled with nothing else but these thoughts. He found it difficult to wrap his head around the possible results of their carelessness.

If he had known this would happen, he wouldn't have agreed to let Cheryl challenge Zen. Now, his chances of defeating the human had decreased.

It was a pity that Malcom was not a prophet. If he were, he could've seen such things coming. In fact, even Zen himself could not have predicted this, too.

Whether or not Malcom had agreed to allow Cheryl's request, the fight that was going on between him and those seat owners at that time would still be happening. It would not have changed a thing. But, as long as the fight in arena could last a little longer, Elder Mei should still have a shot in putting a stop to Malcom's plan to kill him in due time.

Chapter 864 Ten Top-level War Lords

The arena had fallen into an eerie silence. No one dared to even breathe in fear of making a sound. They didn't need to speak anyway since their facial expressions were enough to convey their differing thoughts at what had just transpired in front of their very eyes.

Everyone had thought Zen was dead meat the moment he set foot in the arena. Even some of the humans had the same thoughts, too.

The human race had lamented and grieved over the fact that they couldn't protect a talent like Zen. They would've done all they could but the threat of dragging the entire Purple Heart Sacred Place into trouble hung over them. In the end, their weakness forced them to choose the preservation of the sacred place over their treasured talent.

Malcom, on the other hand, had already planned to kill Zen as soon as the battle ended.

As per their way of doing things, once they killed Zen, they would compensate the humans with ten sacred weapons. It didn't matter whether or not the humans agreed since the weapons were nothing but compensation in order to get out of being punished for breaking the rules.

Malcom had originally prepared to take action after Zen had finished the fight with Boris, but Cheryl, who was a divine-level talent in the Demon Night, and also on par with Boris, suddenly came forward and challenged Zen.

This sudden challenge wasn't something any of them expected and this greatly delayed Malcom's plan. However, he comforted himself with the thought that Zen would die sooner or later and this was a sentiment shared, not just by the ogres, but by all other creatures in the tower—including the humans.

However, there was another unexpected twist that suddenly happened. A sword spirit that belonged to the Demon Night suddenly rushed forth from Zen's body and was found out to be the queen of Demon Night.

The appearance of this "queen" completely changed the attitude of the entire race. Their initial plan of standing back and staying on the sidelines was quickly chucked out of the window.

Both Fabian and Jarrod were equally flabbergasted. They really didn't know what was going on!

Previously, the Demon Night had taken a neutral stance. But now they made a decision that was to the human race's advantage. This decision was born from the fact that whether it be in the Tower of Sin or outside the Cursed Land, the Demon Night refused to lose to the ogre race.

This sudden realization made both of them smirk.

"I knew it. I knew it…"

Olivia muttered repeatedly, her face red with excitement.

She had noticed that Zen had been exceptionally confident as if everything was right under his control. At first, she was puzzled and couldn't really pinpoint where his confidence stemmed from.

But she now understood. Who would've thought Zen would actually have the queen of Demon Night with him?

However, despite knowing the reason, Olivia couldn't help but feel as if there was still something strange.

Just now, Zen had looked as if he had been caught off-guard when the sword spirit beside him suddenly spoke as if he wasn't expecting it at all.

So Olivia couldn't be too sure about her earlier assumption. For all she knew, Zen might've not been aware this entire time and the surprised look on his face was very suspicious.

She had been observing him for quite a while and could now detect even the slightest changes in his expression.

But then, if Zen had not been aware that his sword spirit was actually the queen of the Demon Night, where had he gotten his confidence from when he fought with Boris before? Could it be because he was ignorant of the fact that the one whom he would have to face was none other than the ogre war lord seat holder—Malcom?

It was all theories and it messed with Olivia's mind.

Of course, she could not know that Zen's confidence actually stemmed, not from the Demon Night queen, but from the fact that he had been acknowledged by the Tower of Sin's weapon spirit. He had the power to kick anyone out of the tower at any time.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in the arena grew ever more intense. Even the whispers were gone and a few of the more timid creatures were gradually inching their way towards the exits.

A fight between the ogre race and Demon Night was bound to be ugly. There was no doubt that many of the war lords in the upper floors would involve themselves in the matter and paint the entire tenth floor with blood.

Malcom stepped forward. "It seems that the Demon Night truly wants to declare war with us," he said, lifting his arm to the audience. His muscles contracted and the wound caused by Elder Mei instantly closed and stopped bleeding.

A group of ogre war lords was quick to come down from the eleventh floor, their faces looking formidable and their aura burning with the resolve to fight.

A lot of creatures in the audience went pale in the face. It truly seemed as if a violent war was about to take place right here on the tenth floor.

If a battle did start, anyone caught in the middle would surely lose their lives!

However, no one had the balls to attempt an escape, not under the eyes of so many war lords. Their legs were heavy as lead while the weaker war generals were already trembling with fear from the powerful aura emitted by the gathered war lords.

"So many ogre war lords. There are more than sixty of them coming down from the upper floors…"

Someone murmured as they counted the ogres that were quickly making their way to the tenth floor.

"Those in the front row are all top-level war lords. They're also the ten great war lords of the ogre race and the seat holders in the Tower of Sin,"

someone else whispered.

"That one in front is Maurice! He's ranked second among the 128 seat holders. He could be considered the strongest in the Tower of Sin!"

Ogre war lords came down from the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth floors…

But most terrifying of all were the ten war lords who walked in front. These ten were the most powerful war lords the ogre race had in the Tower of Sin. More than half of the ogres who had seats actually came!

Maurice, the strongest of them all, held the helm.

He wore fiery-red armor whose lines spread all throughout, making it seem as if lava itself circulated in his body. Even before his arrival, there had already been a scorching aura that hung over the entire floor which made people feel as if they were about to face a towering volcano.

Ogres all had impressive heights and enormous builds so the audience felt as if dozens of small mountains were making their way towards them. The thumping footfalls on the floor were similar to the sound of oncoming giant elephants and it made everyone briefly wonder if the tower could actually handle such heavy steps. They would've made these remarks known if not for the fact that all of them were so scared that they couldn't even breathe.

Maurice walked over to Malcom. "What happened?"

he asked calmly.

Malcom quickly pointed to Zen, "I want to kill that brat from the human race but Madeline and Mei from Demon Night stood in my way. They even wounded me!"

"Oh?"

Maurice gave both Madeline and Elder Mei an icy glare. "It seems that the Demon Night isn't planning on living peacefully with the ogres?"

Elder Mei and Madeline were both top-level war lords, the same as Maurice, but they still looked uneasy. The strength of the one hundred and twenty-eight seat holders differed greatly and though Elder Mei was slightly stronger than Malcom, she was still very much weaker than Maurice.

But that look of unease quickly disappeared when they remembered that Lavender was behind them.

Whether it was against a mere ant or the strongest of all ogres, they would go all out to protect the Demon Night's queen. Both Elder Mei and Madeline would not hesitate to go through fire or tread water, even give up their lives and sell their souls just to protect the queen.

"There's no such thing as negotiation when it comes to the queen's safety!"

Elder Mei declared firmly as an overwhelmingly sharp aura emitted from her body. Her aura seemed more powerful than the scorching lava-like aura emitted from Maurice.

"If that brat dies, we will let bygones be bygones," Maurice said.

"Our queen is attached to that human's body so he can't die!"

Elder Mei said firmly.

A vicious light flashed in Maurice's eyes. "Is that so? If that's how it's gonna be, then let's fight it out!"

His figure immediately dashed forward, avoiding both Elder Mei and Madeline and making his way towards Zen.

"Maurice! How dare you!"

"Stop!"

Both Madeline and Elder Mei screamed, their hearts pounding with anxiety as they tried to stop the ogre war lord from touching Zen. They did not think he would act so recklessly since the Demon Night was still a powerful race. They didn't expect him to be this decisive! Just exactly who had his back?

They both asked the puzzling question to themselves as they rushed to stop Maurice.

Could it be that the ogres had acquired some kind of secret weapon? Or maybe they had gotten the backing of some mysterious masters in the Tower of Sin?

Two huge hands were determined to grab him but Zen was undaunted. He hurriedly jumped backward and dodged Maurice's attack. He might be brave but he was not stupid and knew when to fight his battles. Even if Zen refined all the Lucky Light stored in his chest, the most he'd be able to challenge would be a level three or a level four war lord. Maurice was a top-level war lord and the most powerful one at that. He knew he stood no chance against him.

The moment he saw him attack, Zen was quick to retreat back from the battle stage.

Maurice sneered at Zen's actions, "Brat! You are merely a war fighter. Do you really think you have any chances of escaping?"

he sneered.

Madeline and Elder Mei then suddenly appeared beside Maurice, determined to immobilize him. Meanwhile, Lavender, the queen of Demon Night, had gotten her black great sword and raised it high in the air.

"Stellar Body!"

Zen instantly activated his Stellar Body without hesitation and threw out a punch as he retreated!

"Star shakes the earth!"

Chapter 865 A Grave Silence (Part One)

Maurice boiled with fury as Zen seemed to have a fighting spirit. He attacked while withdrawing back. No one ever dared to get on his nerves and challenge him. However, these were blows of a dying horse in Maurice's eyes.

"Losers never concede defeat despite their overthrow as they still fight like a cornered wild-monster. This is a futile battle and you are nothing close to a wild beast but an ant that can be simply suppressed and trampled upon. It's of no use putting up a fight."

Maurice was determined to kill Zen whom he thought was the primary source of all the pandemonium. As long as Zen died, the Demon Night would have no connection with human race and would not dare to challenge the ogre race. The enthusiasm of getting rid of Zen stirred up Maurice's psyche. The aftermath of the Demon Night revenging after eliminating Zen together with their queen was less of his interest. After all the ogre race didn't fear them.

There was starlight expelled, and it had been unmistakably clear. This was because of Zen's punch.

Zen's punch was more influential and vigorous despite it being underestimated for a mild punch. The dim light emanated hidden force from the punch. In the real sense it was more energetic than it seemed and it was even more powerful than any common cultivation technique.

"Snap!" Being an ogre, Maurice was full of himself and assumed that he would smash the star radiance of Zen's fist. His hands were masculine, meaning they had tremendous power, but he didn't recognize that he chewed more than he could ingest. His confidence outweighed his capability. According to him, the potential he bore would be abundant to appease his ego while crushing the star radiance.

There was a dazzling light that spurted out of Maurice's right hand. This was way far beyond his inferences, since according to him his energy could beat the star radiance. The dazzling light was initiated when the two fighters' fists struck. The forceful energy emitted from Maurice's hand was immensely strong.

An excruciating intense pain erupted from Maurice's right hand because of the effect of the collision.

His speed slackened. The fellow he assumed way below him had inflicted pain on his right hand. With confusion written all over his face, he lifted his right hand to check. Blood oozed from his hand and cracks had flared up. He howled out recklessly in disbelief. "Ha-ha! How spectacular a mere human war fighter has dared defy me and above all injure me!"

Elder Mei and Madeline had to safeguard Zen, who by now was in the arena's edge after withdrawing back. They stood in front of him to protect him. Lavender also flashed on Zen's side. She had the opportunity of striking with her sword but she knew she wouldn't be able to hit Maurice. So she withdrew back and stood next to Zen, remaining as mute as a grave.

Fabian and Jarrod exchanged glances and joined Zen while standing in front of him.

"How enchanting! You two human clowns! No one has ever crossed my path so who do you think you are to challenge me? By the look of things, you humans really don't want the seats in the Tower of Sin anymore," Malcom uttered the words while over sixty ogre war lords followed him as he strode into the arena.

The existence of many ogre war lords surrounding them meant more harm than good. The situation was tricky and troublesome for them since it was so complicated to tackle.

The tallies and positions separated the high and mighty from the inferior ones. From this perception the ogre war lords considered the humans as buffoons. Their positions gave them the title regarding the humans had only four seats in the Tower of Sin. In depth, three of the four human seat holders ranked lower than a hundred, and the only human seat holder who was considered outshining the three was only ranked ninety-second.

Fabian and Jarrod had envisaged what would happen to them if the ogres took the power and that was why they didn't have second thoughts joining Zen. They had analyzed the positive and negative sides before deciding to join Zen. It was not an awful idea.

Demon Night was on Zen's side. This gave them a slight hope since the Demon Night wasn't feebler than the ogres. They had been afraid previously because they were in no position to tackle the ogres by themselves. In the Tower of Sin, the ogres were strong but the Demon Night had the capacity to overshadow them.

Zen planted a smirk on his face while glancing at Maurice, who was a stone's throw away. Acting as if all was well he spoke calmly, "Huh! Are human seats handed out by you? Or is there a written policy, that the ogre race is the only one entitled to determine everything in the Tower of Sin?"

Many races from the Sea God Continent had tried to repress the Tower of Sin. All the efforts had turned out to be futile. Finally they came to an agreement that the Tower of Sin was not entitled to a particular race. That was why so many races could send their talents into the Tower of Sin to cultivate!

Maurice in a twinkle of an eye signaled the ogre war lords to attack. Zen's assertions were none of his business. An excellent move called for an advantage on his side. The human war lords and the Demon Night war lords would be torn apart if the ogre war lords rushed forward.

As he plotted his ambush, a crisp voice rang out, "Yes! The Tower of Sin belongs to all races. No specific race should be entitled to it! By the look of things your motions were wholly based on your own opinion without caring about other seat owners who also are a part and parcel of the Tower of Sin!"

Members of the Demon Night in a dozen gathered at the entrance of the eleventh floor. The highest percentage of them were feminine, but few males whose facial appearance displayed attractiveness were present.

The sight of war lords of Demon Night made Maurice's face turn dull. This changed his mood and his high spirits.

According to the ranks, Maurice was the second despite him being considered the high and mighty. The top ranked positions were all seized by the Demon Night, who had a dozen seats in the Tower of Sin. Moreover, they had secured the first place among the one hundred and twenty-eight seats, which meant that the toughest seat holder came from the Demon Night.

Esther Ling was the holder of the first seat and the person who spoke just now.

Esther Ling, with a buoyant attitude, led the war lords of the Demon Night and proceeded towards them. She was confident and had faith in herself. She emitted an aura of tact and poise. Just a moment ago, the aura emitted from Maurice made many of the creatures on the tenth floor feel as if it submerged them in the lava. But now, they could feel vitality and vigor from Esther Ling's aura, as if they were in the spring when the snow had just melted. Everyone felt immediately revived and vigorous.

Esther Ling led the many top-level war lords of the Demon Night to ramble towards Lavender. Her eyes gazed across the group of people before her. Then she went down on one knee and greeted Lavender, "Your majesty!"

All in unison the top-level war lords that followed Esther Ling acted and knelt down.

After glancing at the top-level war lords, Lavender broke her silence and spoke, "Stand up."

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 866 A Grave Silence (Part Two)

Glancing at Maurice, Esther Ling stood up and declared, "Long live our queen. Our lives are her majesty's. Maurice, it's not a harsh task for you to have a second opinion before passing a hasty decision."

The Demon Night had grown in power over the past few years and had already surpassed the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and Dread Ogre Sacred Place. However, this race was not violent or bloodthirsty. So when facing the overbearing ogre race, they had always chosen to tolerate them. As long as the ogre race wasn't doing something out of the way, the Demon Night wouldn't push them too much.

But today the case was different. The queen Lavender's presence changed everything. The Demon Night didn't give in to their woes. Their queen meant everything and Elder Mei had told Malcom that if that meant eliminating Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and Dread Ogre Sacred Place at all costs, they would gladly do so.

Maurice had to act fast as there were so many roadblocks on the way. It was now or never to get rid of Zen, who by all channels was consistently one step ahead of him. This was the only option he had considering Esther Ling was present with other Demon Night war lords. "Esther Ling, our ogre race will heartily give up five seats in exchange for the life of that lowlife Zen."

Five seats being granted voluntarily in exchange for Zen was an immense privilege and a walk in the park.

The ogres had twenty-six seats in the Tower of Sin, while the Demon Night had sixteen. If both parties came to a truce and the offer was to be accepted, then both sides would have an equal number of seats, with each having twenty-one seats.

Having the gate pass to the Dark Nether Cave was a mouthwatering chance. Various races had been contemplating for this chance, and gaining one more seat meant that they had five more qualifications to get in the Dark Nether Cave.

The humans had struggled for so many years, yet they only had four seats. But now, the ogres just offered five seats to the Demon Night. This was equivalent to slicing a big bunch of meat off the ogre race, which was already a huge concession. And this concession was made only for the exchange of Zen's life.

Fabian and Jarrod always freaked out and Maurice's offer made them agitated.

The deal was too good for Demon Night to resist.

Zen would be dead and the human race would be wiped out if the Demon Night accepted the deal. The aftermath would be incredible!

Fabian and Jarrod got it right.

Maurice had exactly the hidden agenda to eliminate the human race. Human race being wiped out meant four seats would be entitled to the ogre race despite them losing five seats to the Demon Night.

Esther Ling couldn't help but force a plastic smile on her face. "Which part of my sentence don't you understand and what language can I adopt for your brain to absorb? Maurice, let me elaborate this by a basic illustration. If our queen requests that everyone in the Demon Night should end their lives, the over one million members would gladly do so. No one would put a knife on necks but we would do so by our own will and without second thoughts. Get that clear in your head?"

The entire Demon Night comprised a million members. This was because they had a low reproduction ability. Despite that, they regarded themselves as elites, because they were born nature creatures. This described why their fighting techniques were on par with that of the human race with a hundred million humans, despite the Demon night only having a million members.

Esther Ling's speech was true and not extravagant.

Lavender had all the authorities. With all the vigor, the Demon Night perceived Lavender as a divine emblem. Other than being influential to the creatures of the Lower World, she had authority even in the Upper World.

The faces of Maurice and all the other ogre top-level war lords darkened by Esther Ling's utterances.

"In brief you mean that you are not ready to comply with my terms?" Maurice said firmly.

"That's right. That's my ultimate verdict." Esther Ling nodded.

"You resolve to settle this through a war between our ogre race and Demon Night, is that your final remark in this matter?" Maurice repeated

"Yes, that's our final comment and we will abide by it." Esther Ling stood firm in her decision and nodded again.

"Hahahahahaha..." Maurice suddenly raised his head and giggled fiercely. His raucous roar was so mighty that it resounded throughout the entire tenth floor. "You Demon Night think you have grown powerful enough to challenge our ogre race!"

Esther Ling frowned.

Madeline's and Elder Mei's eyebrows furrowed. The way Maurice reacted implied that the ogre race had a secret trump card under their sleeve in the Tower of Sin. Their actions spoke louder.

The Demon Night was more robust than the ogres in the Tower of Sin. If a war broke out between them, the Demon Night would hold the winning title. It was discerned that the Demon Night contained a peculiar expertise with Amber on their side. They would wipe out the ogre war lords present. If Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and Dread Ogre Sacred Place started a war, their chances of winning the battle against the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place which belonged to the Demon Night were slight.

In the effect of the battle both sides would suffer great losses.

The Heavenly Feather Sacred Place could be back at its feet with Amber assisting them. The Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and Dread Ogre Sacred Place would have a rough time reestablishing themselves. This would contribute to vengeance from the diverse races in indignation.

What was Maurice clinging on as a backup? Or what were these ogres relying on?

Maurice suddenly shouted, his tone proving courage. "Patriarch Colin! Patriarch Neil! Time has occurred to reveal yourselves!"

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"

Two ogres walked down majestically from the eleventh floor.

An intimidating aura was produced due to the great thumps of the ogres. It was ten times more powerful than that of Maurice!

Seeing the two ogres, Esther Ling couldn't help but blurt out, "Colin! Neil! Weren't those ogres perceived to be dead? Why..."

"War sages! War sages appeared in the Tower of Sin!" in the midst, one yelled out. This was like bumping into a dead man alive.

Seeing those two ogres, Zen's heart suddenly sank. The ogre race could now celebrate as they had strong ones who had reached the level of war sage, and the Demon Night was still in the darkness concerning this issue. How on earth could war sages step into the Cursed Land and enter the Tower of Sin?

Relating to Phoebe's words, this was like a reverie! 'How was this even possible?' Esther Ling thought with her eyes wide open in shock.

According to the hierarchy, the highest ranking in the Sea God Continent was the Soul Sea Realm masters!

Below the Soul Sea Realm were war sages, and down further were war lords, war generals and the hierarchy continued.

There were usually only a few powerful masters in the Soul Sea Realm in each sacred place. The war sages formed the real backbone of the forces.

Tower of Sin had rules. These measures were put from its existence. The rule was that no Soul Sea Realm masters or war sages could enter the Cursed Land. If any of them dared to go against this rule they would perish.

The rule was in place ever since the emergence of Tower of Sin and nothing changed. A particular trend cropped up because of the restrictions imposed on the Cursed Land. All the races decided to create transmission arrays and most of them led to the Cursed Land. To those warriors below the level of war sage, these transmission arrays were nothing more than ordinary transmission arrays!

Chapter 867 A Grave Silence (Part Three)

However, for war sages and Soul Sea Realm masters, they were baits and could end their lives.

Back then, many war sages and a small number of Soul Sea Realm masters from different races ended up dead in the Cursed Land. This resulted in they being duped and sweet-talked to enter the transmission arrays. That was how they perished.

Later it had become an unwritten rule on the Sea God Continent that both war sages and Soul Sea Realm masters didn't use transmission arrays. Nothing prepared them to what they would encounter if they randomly entered any transmission array. They had to be extra cautious, since not refraining from entering the transmission array that led them to the Cursed Land was dangerous. They would encounter a shameful death.

In front of them were the two war sages who suddenly appeared in the Tower of Sin. Lots of top-level war lords who witnessed stood in disbelief.

There were tests that were carried out by the Demon Night and ogre race earlier on.

They had tried to make their top-level war lords break through to the next level directly in the Tower of Sin!

There was a curse. Anyone who fought in the Cursed Land would suffer the consequences. The effect was death. Such barriers didn't exist in the Tower of Sin. This led to races figuring out that if war sages and Soul Sea Realm masters were not allowed to enter the Tower of Sin, would it work if war lords made the breakthrough in the Tower of Sin and became war sages there? Would the whole process elude them from the punishment?

The result was surprising.

The curse never inflicted any casualty at first. Those martial artist who managed to become war sages in the Tower of Sin were not eliminated by the curse. However, that was short lived. After they promoted themselves to war sages and stayed in the Tower of Sin for ten days, the effects of the curse were seen since one after the other newly-turned war sages died.

Perhaps it was because they were in the Tower of Sin, those who completed their breakthrough and became war sages in the Tower of Sin did not die immediately. While those war sages who had directly rushed into the Cursed Land almost died a miserable death right on the spot in an instant. The few war sages who reached the new level from the top-level war lords in the Tower of Sin had a chronic death. Their body would fester and start rotting gradually. They would suffer all kinds of pain and finally die in agony.

That experience frightened the top-level war lords of any race. The thought of that held them back from breaking through in the Tower of Sin. Instead, they opted to leave the Tower of Sin and the Cursed Land when they planned to make a breakthrough. They went for good without returning.

Colin and Neil were not strangers to Esther Ling and the top-level war lords of the Demon Night.

Having been the top-level war lords previously, the two ogres also had been seat owners. They had searched for golden chances in the Dark Nether Cave which cut their lives short.

It shocked Esther Ling as well as the other creatures who thought they were dead all this while. As if that was not enough, they had broken through and become war sages. The most shocking part was to see them in the Tower of Sin. Esther Ling was more shocked by this news. This revelation too shocked the Demon Night.

"According to the situation at hand, the ogres were alert and knew of the two ogres. They knew they had a backup support!" Now Madeline and Elder Mei realized why Malcom and Maurice were full of themselves when they confronted them. After all, they had two more superior beings.

"we are ruined..." Fabian looked at Jarrod. Fear took control of his body. How would he act like everything was normal now?

Jarrod wasn't any better than Fabian and fear also engulfed him. Everything took a different turn now. After believing that they had seen a light at the end of the tunnel, hey suddenly found that everything was shattered. Everything not even the surrounding was safe and fresh to feel confident in. The human race was troubled. They had counted their eggs before they hatched. They had felt lucky to have the Demon Night on their side, but the emergence of the two ogres ruined everything. They tried figuring out how the ogre war sages had managed to appear here without receiving any punishment.

Had the ogre race worked out a way to break the spell of the Cursed Land and be alive? This was impossible! Having existed for many years, the curse of the Cursed Land was not easy to break. It was next to impossible for anyone to survive the curse and break it.

The two being in front of them alive and kicking answered their questions. They had survived. And now their presence had one agenda….

"Esther, ha-ha! You are still a top-level war lord. Me being alive and kicking was the last thing you would have thought, right?" Colin burst into sarcastic laughter.

There was a reason Esther Ling didn't become a sage earlier. Neither the Demon Night nor the Heavenly Feather Sacred Land wanted Maurice to be the strongest person among the seat owners. The competition was intense in the Tower of Sin; if she broke through, she had no option but to leave the Tower of Sin. This would leave Maurice with all the privileges, which was something that neither Demon Night nor the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would expect to see.

Unless another top-level war lord emerged and was able to overcome Maurice, Esther's hands were tied and she had to continue to suppress her cultivation level. But if a top-level war lord appeared in the Demon Night and could defeat Maurice, Esther Ling would then leave the Tower of Sin, leave the Cursed Land, and return to the sacred place of Demon Night to break through.

Back then Colin and Neil were both top-level war lords, the same as Esther Ling. However, Esther Ling was way much ahead of Colin and Neil. At that time, Collin and Neil only ranked after top forty, which made them no matches for Esther Ling.

Tables turned…

Collin and Neil had both become war sages while Esther was still a top-level war lord.

The once defeated foes had surpassed her. Her facial expression was like an open book that both Collins and Neil could read.

The two ogres' appearance destroyed everything. The equity and balance created would now be in favour of the ogres. This would mean that the Demon Night was in hot soup. They would face the wrath of the ogres.

"I wonder how did you pull through? You have already become war sages. What's the secret to you having no barriers entering the Tower of Sin?" Esther Ling asked.

"Hahaha!" Patriarch Colin laughed loudly.

"Hahahaha!" Neil joined him as he let out a hysterical laugh.

There was a sarcastic laughter in the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin. Maurice, Malcom and the ogre top-level war lords laughed all in unison. Their faces described happy souls trying to mimic the surprised face of Esther Ling.

Before the other races came to protest the monopoly of the ogre race on the Tower of Sin, the ogre race was at the height of power and splendor and it almost dominated the Tower of Sin. However, after the other races formed allies and forced them to share the Tower of Sin, the situation for the ogre race declined. After Amber appeared, the black horse led the Heavenly

Feather Sacred Place to soar to the top. For the past hundred years, whether it was outside of the Cursed Land or inside the Tower of Sin, the Demon Night had been suppressing the ogres wherever they went.

Although the ogres were extremely annoyed, they didn't have any way to change the situation. Most of time, they could only bear with it and swallow the pain.

Everything was turned around. Today. The two ogre war sages were present in the Tower of Sin!

A war sage was so mighty that it could sweep through the entire Tower of Sin. Considering the strongest martial artist in the Tower of Sin was only a top-level war lord, the two mighty war sages with the ogres meant super powerful combination.

The powerful collaboration of ogre war sages and ogre war lords implied that the Tower of Sin would be under control of the ogres again.

Zen was so pissed off by the hysterical laughter of the ogre top-level war lords and the two war sages. How could they dare laugh especially on this critical situation? Zen suddenly shook his head with a bored look. He took a deep breath, then infused his life vitality into his chest and suddenly shouted out loud, "What is so funny that you two dunderheads are laughing about? What's so special about being war sages?"

The ogre top-level war lords and the two war sages only laughed in a hasty manner. They did not use their forceful energy when they laughed to intimidate the crowd, while Zen had infused life vitality when he shouted. So his loud voice instantly drowned out all the laughter.

There was a grave silence on the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin. One would think there was no one present. This was after Zen ended uttering his words.

Chapter 868 Get Out Of Here

The current situation was extremely disadvantageous for both the Demon Night and Zen himself.

The number of the Demon Night war lords at top level was lower than that of the ogre war lords, but because of the powerful individuals in the Demon Night, the overall strength of the Demon Night members was higher than the strength of the ogres.

However, the sudden appearance of two ogre war sages put both the Demon Night and the human race at an absolute disadvantage.

But even in such a situation, Zen dared to berate the ogres in a brazen manner. Upon seeing that, all the living creatures wondered whether Zen had gone crazy.

The smiles on Colin's and Neil's faces gradually faded away. The smiles of the ogre war lords at top level also disappeared.

Today could be considered the day of the ogres' showdown with other races.

Since two ogre war sages had appeared in the Tower of Sin, the power of the ogres had greatly increased.

Although the two ogre sacred places couldn't threaten the Demon Night's Heavenly Feather Sacred Place outside the Cursed Land, no race in the Tower of Sin could resist the ogres.

"The superhuman talent, Zen?" Separated by the crowd of Demon Night war lords, Colin let out a sinister laugh. "Do you think you can do anything you want just because you have the protection of the Demon Night? Or are your eyes so blinded by others that you're not able to see the situation unfold?"

At this moment, even Esther and the other top-level war lords of the Demon Night had indignant expressions for Zen.

They had no choice but to put their lives at risk to protect Zen for their queen. Lavender was still in the form of a sword spirit following Zen around, but the current situation was completely out of control. Esther was wondering about the price they'd have to pay to protect Zen.

After the words Zen had just uttered, it was going to be very difficult for them to deal with this situation and wind this matter up.

The appearance of the two ogre war sages meant that the authority over the Tower of Sin was in the hands of the ogres.

Fabian secretly asked Jarrod through his life vitality, "What the hell is this guy doing? He shouldn't be such a stupid person!"

"Could it be that Zen has someone else to rely on?" Jarrod was also confused because he couldn't figure out the reason why Zen was acting this way.

Olivia was the only one who stared at Zen with a gleam in her eyes. She was certain that Zen had some kind of trump card up his sleeve.

By now, she had already guessed that the appearance of the Demon Night named Lavender was completely beyond Zen's expectation. But Lavender wasn't Zen's trump card.

So what was his real trump card? Could it be that his real trump card was so strong that Zen wasn't even afraid of the ogre war sages?

Olivia couldn't figure it out but she knew that there was no need for her to overthink it. She knew that Zen could turn the situation around no matter what.

"Zen, don't spout nonsense!" For the sake of the Demon Night's queen, Esther controlled her temper and turned to the ogres. "Colin, Neil, I don't care how you entered the Tower of Sin. Zen cannot be killed. If you dare to touch him, our Heavenly Feather Sacred Place definitely won't let you off. You should consider it clearly. I think there's still room for negotiation."

"Esther, you probably haven't figured out the situation yet," Colin said lazily. "We just want that guy to die. No more negotiation! Then, I want to see how you're going to deal with our two ogre sacred places!"

After Colin finished speaking, the forceful energy within Colin's and Neil's bodies erupted as they prepared to make their move.

The aura of the two powerful ogre war sages was very fierce indeed.

As their energy surged, the top-level war lords of the Demon Night became startled. It seemed that they wouldn't be able to avoid a battle with the ogres.

So far, the Demon Night members hadn't been afraid of the ogres. But now, with the arrival of the two ogre war sages, the situation was completely different.

At this moment, Zen laughed again, pointing at the two ogre war sages. "It's a pity. Although the two of you are war sages and you've painstakingly entered the Tower of Sin, you're about to die right now!"

A mixture of doubt and astonishment appeared on everyone's faces. Would Zen really be able to deal with these two war sages?

"Zen, do you know what you're talking about?" Esther asked.

Zen nodded. "Of course!"

"Do you really have confidence in dealing with the two war sages?" Esther asked curiously.

Zen just smiled in response.

At this moment, Lavender was still standing indifferently by Zen's side, not saying a word. As she was in the form of the sword spirit, she was attached to Zen's body. She was aware of everything that Zen had experienced at the Talent Tablet.

Suddenly, Zen pointed at the two ogre war sages and said coldly, "Both of you, get out of the Tower of Sin!"

Since Zen had been accepted by the Celestial Position race, the weapon spirit naturally did as he said.

Everyone felt an invisible wave appear in the space of the tenth floor.

This wave didn't seem to come from any living being but from the Tower of Sin itself!

At the same time, the wall at the side of the arena began to vibrate continuously before a huge crack appeared in the middle.

Colin and Neil watched the scene in front of them with shocked expressions.

It was true that they could stay in the Tower of Sin for a short period of time, but that didn't mean that they could resist the killing curse power of the Cursed Land. If they stepped into the Cursed Land, they would be killed instantly.

If the wall split open, there would be nothing separating the Tower of Sin from the Cursed Land. And the moment Colin and Neil so much as set foot on the Cursed Land, they would die without a doubt.

Even a master of the Soul Sea Realm would die if he set foot on the Cursed Land.

When Mist had returned to the Central Region as an immortal, he had been unable to enter the Cursed Land to obtain the important inheritance. This meant that even an immortal wouldn't be able to resist the power of the curse.

So naturally, after seeing the crack in the wall, the two ogre war sages felt an ominous sense of foreboding and their hearts leaped to their throats.

An invisible force swept past the heads of the crowd and, suddenly transforming into two giant hands, grabbed Colin and Neil and dragged them toward the crack.

"What is this!"

"Let go of me!"

After being engulfed by the invisible force, the two ogre war sages continuously struggled against it in panic.

A surge of forceful energy erupted from their bodies as they tried to break free from the pair of invisible hands.

A war sage's strength could match up to that of a master of the Life and Death Realm in the Central Region. However, the two of them weren't able to break free from the grip of the large hands even though they were struggling with all their might.

Many of the living creatures' faces were also filled with shock. If the war sages themselves weren't able to break free of the invisible force, the top-level war lords present definitely wouldn't be able to resist it.

No wonder Zen had a fearless expression on his face. He seemed to be manipulating the Tower of Sin!

These races had been researching the Tower of Sin for a long time and they had thoroughly analyzed the characteristics of the various equipment inside the tower.

Many living creatures believed that the Tower of Sin was actually a living being and had its own consciousness.

This tower had absorbed the blood and corpses of countless warriors over the years. It had also devoured innumerable weapons.

However, until now, no one had come into contact with the consciousness of the Tower of Sin.

Now, it seemed that not only had Zen come into contact with the consciousness of the tower, but he had even received the recognition of that consciousness.

It was also very likely that this mysterious occurrence was happening inside the Talent Tablet!

Many creatures were able to come to this conclusion.

In fact, their guesses were close to the fact. But even so, guessing the truth wasn't very meaningful. The Talent Tablet had been around for so many years, but how many warriors had been able to get their names placed on the first row? Except for Yolande and Zen, there was no one else.

Zen had even been admitted to the Celestial Position.

It wasn't an easily obtainable honor.

The two invisible hands continued dragging the two ogre war sages toward the crack. As for Maurice, Malcom, and the other top-level ogre war lords, they could only watch in horror.

At this point, there seemed to be nothing they could do.

It would be fine if the two large hands were dragging two top-level war lords. They would be thrown out of the Tower of Sin, but they wouldn't be harmed at all if they entered the Cursed Land.

However, once the war sages entered the Cursed Land, they would definitely die.

Everyone held their breath as they watched the two ogre war sages being thrown out of the Tower of Sin.

The entire tower was buried deep in the ground, so there were layers of soil outside of the tenth floor. The invisible large hands dragged the two war sages out of the tower and then continued to drag them upward.

In the end, the war sages broke through the thick layer of earth and ended up on the surface.

Colin and Neil stood by the side of the Tower of Sin and glanced at each other, fear and trepidation appearing on their faces.

The two ogre war sages who had been extremely proud of themselves just moments ago now felt the God of Death slowly approaching them.

"Charge in!"

As long as they entered the Tower of Sin, they would still have a chance of survival. The power of the curse wouldn't appear instantly.

With that thought, they activated all the forceful energy in their bodies and charged toward the door of the Tower of Sin.

The two giant guards at the door saw two blobs of light quickly approaching them. The power that exploded out of those lights was so massive that the guards didn't dare to stand by the door anymore. They hurriedly ran to the side and watched the scene unfold in front of them.

Although Colin and Neil were moving at a high speed, many black spots had already appeared on the surface of their bodies.

Chapter 869 Adoration

The two war sages charged toward the door of the Tower of Sin at an extremely fast speed.

Even though the door of the tower wasn't opened yet, the two war sages had already pushed the forceful energy in their bodies to the limit. Just what sort of impact was there going to be?

They were going fast enough to form a big hole in the wall of the tower, let alone the door.

Clang!

As expected, the door of the tower was instantly smashed into pieces and the two war sages charged into the first floor.

Aside from those on the tenth floor and above, the war fighters and generals below were completely unaware of what was happening.

On the first floor of the tower, a fierce battle was currently taking place.

A war fighter from the Night Group was battling with a war fighter from the Giant.

The war fighter of the Night Group was skilled at assassination in concealment, so his movements were extremely agile. He circled around his opponent, waiting for an opportunity to strike a deadly blow.

However, the war fighter from the Giant brandished a black iron rod, protecting himself thoroughly without leaving any room for his opponent to attack him.

As the two war fighters sized each other up, everyone watching them suddenly heard a heaven-shaking sound coming from the door. They turned and saw two ogres standing in the hall on the first floor of the tower.

Fear appeared in the eyes of all the creatures as they stared at the ogres.

"How strong are these two ogres? Why can't I see through them?"

"They seem to be ogre war lords."

"No. Two years ago, I met a top-level ogre war lord, but he didn't give me this much pressure. These two ogres are probably war sages."

"Bullshit! How can war sages enter the Cursed Land? As soon as they step into the Cursed Land, they will be killed by the curse!"

The war fighters on the first floor discussed seriously among themselves as they looked at the two ogre war sages.

Neil and Colin had exhausted too much forceful energy just now. They were war sages, and their bodies had been stimulated by body refining techniques and were incomparably strong, but they were panting heavily now.

"So, so close…" Neil heaved.

"The Cursed Land isn't as powerful as we thought." Colin turned to look at Neil, and a mixture of shock and fear appeared on his face. Pointing at Neil, he stammered, "You, you…"

"What's wrong?" There was a puzzled expression on Neil's face, but it soon turned into terror.

Large black spots began appearing on their faces. Some of the spots split open and black pus flowed out.

The curse was finally beginning to show its power.

The bodies of the two war sages suddenly began to collapse. Their skin, flesh, and their bones festered.

Their bodies, which had originally been like small mountains, were now like melting snowmen. Neil and Colin howled in pain as their bodies disintegrated.

In the end, they turned into a puddle of tainted blood on the ground.

The scene gave the ogre war fighters on the first floor a fright.

"What... What is going on?"

"Don't you see? You were right. These two ogres weren't top-level war lords. They must have been war sages at least. That was why they were killed by the curse!"

"But it's strange. How did the two of them get past the Cursed Land and enter the Tower of Sin?"

Even if the two ogre war sages had come through the transmission array, they would have still had to cover quite a distance from the transmission array to the Tower of Sin. The Cursed Land was not small by any means. They should have been cursed to death as soon as they entered the Cursed Land. But why didn't they die until now?

Many of the war fighters couldn't understand it either.

At this moment, on the tenth floor of the tower, the hole in the wall began to wiggle and quickly clamped close like a monster's mouth.

There was silence on the floor and all the creatures had an incredulous expression on their faces.

Esther shot a meaningful glance to the side. A war general of the Demon Night floated out like the wind, heading toward the ninth floor of the Tower of Sin. It was obvious that he was going to the other floors to gather information.

Maurice ordered a junior member to climb to the first floor of the tower as well.

But of all the creatures present, the top-level ogre war lords were the most nervous.

Maurice knew very well that Colin and Neil weren't truly immune to the curse of the Cursed Land. The truth was that the ogres had thought of a way to keep the war sages in the tower.

The tower itself could counteract a portion of the curse's killing ability in the Cursed Land. Once, after an ogre top-level war lord became a war sage, he lived for a month in the tower before being killed by the curse.

In theory, if there was a transmission array in the Tower of Sin, the war sages and the Soul Sea Realm warriors of various great races would be able to temporarily stay in the tower. As long as they could leave through the transmission array within a month, they would be able to safely return to their respective sacred places.

But because of the tower's special characteristics, it was impossible to draw a transmission array inside. Other than living beings, the tower would devour almost anything inside it, including weapons and corpses. Whatever was left in the tower for a period of time would be absorbed by the tower.

Some races had thought of ways to set up transmission arrays in the tower, but the arrays could only be set up halfway before being devoured by the tower.

Therefore, using a transmission array to deliver war sages and Soul Sea Realm warriors wouldn't work.

However, ten years ago, the ogres had come up with another idea.

During the month when the Dark Nether Death Light in the Dark Nether Cave was greatly weakened, the seat owners at the top of the tower had led their respective clansmen into the cave to explore.

At that time, Neil and Colin had been two of over twenty ogre seat owners.

After a month of exploration, regardless of whether they had obtained the right opportunity or not, all creatures had to return to the Tower of Sin. If they didn't return by then, they could never return.

The power of the Dark Nether Death Light was not something a war lord could withstand.

But at that time, Neil and Colin had unexpectedly discovered a secret passage at the top of the tower.

The secret passage was small and could only accommodate two people. Moreover, it just happened to be able to avoid the Dark Nether Death Light.

Colin and Neil had hidden in this secret passage to cultivate instead of returning to the Tower of Sin.

Even among the ogres, only the top ten top-level war lords and a few of the higher-ups of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place knew about the two trump cards.

Today, since an irreconcilable conflict had occurred between the ogres and the Demon Night, the ogres had decided that it was time for them to use their trump cards.

They had thought that once the two war sages appeared, Esther and the other top-level war lords of the Demon Night would be too weak to face them, giving the ogres an overwhelming advantage.

Never had they imagined that Zen would use some strange method to expel the two war sages from the Tower of Sin.

Without a doubt, this scene would become a nightmare that would be repeatedly played in the minds of the top-level ogre war lords.

As for Fabian and Jarrod, the two top-level war lords of the human race, they had extremely excited expressions on their faces now.

Zen was revealing his cards one by one, shocking them time and again. Every time they saw Zen pull a mind blowing stunt, it would take them some time and effort to finally manage to accept it, but Zen would follow it up with an even bigger miracle.

In fact, many people, including Fabian, Jarrod, Olivia, and Dylon, had been shocked by Zen so many times that they almost felt numb now.

Even if someone were to come and tell them that Zen was the savior sent by the heavens to save them, they would accept it numbly because they no longer knew what to think.

No one had imagined that the ogres would send two war sages, but Zen had defeated them as easily as falling off a log. Who else but him could be the savior?

In a corner of the arena, Olivia's eyes were filled with tears. Zen had become the only man in her heart. He was perfect!

She had already loved Zen, but now, the affection in her heart had been replaced by adoration.

Before long, the people that Esther and Maurice had sent to the upper floors to collect information returned.

After they reported what had happened through their life vitality, Esther's face revealed a faint smile. As for Maurice, his face was filled with dejection.

Although the two of them didn't announce the fate of the ogre war sages out loud, their expressions clearly showed everything.

Chapter 870 Amber (Part One)

Esther shot Zen a meaningful look.

With Zen's mysterious ways, he didn't even need the help of the Demon Night; the ogres wouldn't be able to do anything to him.

At this moment, Esther couldn't help thinking about how fortunate it was that Zen was close to Lavender. It was precisely because of this that the Demon Night didn't have any enmity with him.

But even if the Demon Night and the ogres joined forces, they wouldn't be able to go up against Zen in the Tower of Sin.

Esther's gaze finally stopped on Maurice as she said coldly, "Maurice, do you still want to kill Zen now?"

Maurice's eyes twitched as he pulled a long face. After a long while, he spat out, "Let's go!"

Without the two war sages, the ogres didn't have any advantage over the Demon Night. Furthermore, there was also Zen to deal with. Since even the war sages hadn't been able to defeat him, there was no point in the top-level war lords fighting against him.

The ogre war lords turned around and prepared to leave with Maurice.

Meanwhile, Malcom was staring intently at Zen. Zen was a mere level ten war fighter, and Malcom had thought that he could kill him effortlessly. However, he had just seen Zen get rid of the two ogre war sages. If they didn't kill Zen while he was still young, he would become a huge threat to the ogres in the future.

But how could they kill him?

No one could give Malcom an answer. He had interpreted the smile on Zen's face as an indication that he was trying his best to remain calm. But now he realized that Zen was smiling because he was confident of himself.

In the end, Malcom could only grit his teeth and follow Maurice.

Some of the warriors had enough foresight to understand that the situation in the Tower of Sin was going to change. It was likely that the 128 seats on the top floor of the tower would be reshuffled.

The ogres' bodies were as large as mountains. After they left, the tenth floor seemed somewhat empty.

Only then did Esther ask, "Zen, how did you do it?"

Zen had thrown the two war sages out of the Tower of Sin without so much as lifting a finger, and the war sages hadn't even had the strength to fight back. Esther couldn't figure it out.

"Don't ask," Lavender said flatly.

Hearing Lavender's words, Esther immediately nodded. "Yes, Queen."

Everyone had their own secrets. Esther was curious about the truth, but since Lavender didn't want her to ask, she wasn't going to continue probing into it.

After the ogre war lords left, Esther ordered the war lords of the Demon Night to leave as well. It was then that the war generals on the tenth floor began to whisper among themselves.

Lavender turned to Zen. "Let's make a trip to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. I have something very important to do."

"Can it wait? Let's go after I completely refine the Lucky Light," Zen said.

"Sure."

Lavender raised her gaze and looked at Yolande, who was in the audience.

Yolande had been observing the entire arena from start to finish in silence, without the slightest change in expression. Now that their eyes met, there was a change in both Lavender's and Yolande's expressions.

Lavender walked toward Yolande.

"I know you," she said indifferently.

A formless aura emanated from Lavender's body at all times. This aura did not originate from her soul but from the queen's aura that had been nurtured over the countless years she had been in power.

Facing such an imposing aura, any weaker being that stood in front of Lavender wouldn't be able to help but kneel. However, Yolande didn't seem to be affected by her aura in the slightest. "I know you too," she said indifferently.

"I hope you'll succeed," Lavender said. Her words sounded strange.

Yolande blinked her eyes. "If I can succeed, I'll help you."

"Thank you." Lavender nodded, unexpectedly giving her a smile.

The conversation between the two was completely baffling. However, Zen, who was standing beside them, was able to catch some clues from it.

According to what Phoebe had said, the queens of the Demon Night were not from this world but from the Upper World. Lavender was the queen of all the Demon Night members.

Since Lavender and Yolande knew each other, it meant that Yolande was from the Upper World as well. The two of them must have known each other from the time they were in the Upper World.

But why was there a Yolande in the Central Region and another Yolande on the Sea God Continent? It seemed that Zen would have to find an opportunity to ask Lavender this question.

After talking to Yolande, Lavender turned to Esther and said, "After Zen refines the Lucky Light, we'll go to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place."

"Yes, Queen!" Esther, Madeline, and Elder Mei said in unison, giving Lavender a salute.

Lavender transformed into red dots of light and disappeared into Zen's body.

After Zen retrieved his sword, he walked toward Olivia.

A warm smile appeared on Olivia's face before he even got close, as if she was watching the triumphant arrival of the hero.

"Thank you," Zen said to Fabian and Jarrod.

The truth was, the appearance of Fabian and Jarrod, the two human seat owners, hadn't changed the situation in the slightest. However, the humans had stood up at the most critical moment and tried to protect Zen.

That was why Zen wanted to thank them and offer them his help.

If they hadn't stood up for him when he was in danger and just treated him as a compatriot that they could gain benefits from, then Zen wouldn't offer them his help even though they were fellow humans.

"We were just doing the right thing. We're all human beings, after all," Jarrod said. "Unfortunately, we are too weak to fight against the ogres. Even if we want to fight them, we are powerless."

"You're not to blame for that. I'll always remember that you stood up for me when I was in danger," Zen said.

If Zen had been killed, the Demon Night wouldn't have encountered too much trouble, but the humans would have. They would have definitely faced the ogres' revenge. The humans in the Tower of Sin would have suffered, and even the Purple Heart Sacred Place would have been affected. The ogres would have taken the opportunity to completely wipe out the humans' sacred place. For the two ogres' sacred places, this wasn't a difficult matter. As long as they could deal with the elders at the Soul Sea Realm in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, it would be enough.

"I'll go to the Purple Heart Sacred Place, but before that, I have to go to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. Just wait for me," Zen promised with a smile.

Fabian and Jarrod smiled back at Zen in gratitude. It was unprecedented for war lords to be so grateful toward a war fighter.

The two of them clearly understood the meaning behind Zen's words. Since he had already achieved this much, he would be bringing the human race along with him as he rose to power. Although only two ogre war sages had died today, they believed that in the near future, the entire Tower of Sin would be reshuffled.

Zen turned around and left, heading to the living area. He wanted to rent a training room to refine the Lucky Light.

Looking at his retreating figure, Olivia wanted to say something, but decided otherwise.

As Zen sat quietly in the secret chamber, a smile appeared on his face.

He suddenly realized how crowded his body was. Not only were there nine Genuine Dragons lurking in his mind, but there was also a huge furnace with an unknown origin. The sword spirit in his body was actually one of the queens of the Demon Night and she still had her own consciousness.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 871 Amber (Part Two)

This was really lively!

Shaking his head, Zen pulled out the Lucky Light from his token and slowly began to refine it.

Boris and Cheryl were the strongest among the level ten war generals. Both of them hadn't lost any of their previous battles, so there was an awful lot of Lucky Light stored in their tokens.

When Zen drew out the Lucky Light, the blazing white light was unimaginably thick.

'With so much Lucky Light, I should be able to make a breakthrough!'

When he thought of this, the life vitality within his body suddenly revolved and traces of life vitality continuously refined the Lucky Light, pouring it into his body.

Three days later, Zen left the training chamber. Cheryl, who was standing in front of the training chamber, gave him a broad smile.

The Demon Night members were waiting for Zen to come out.

Of course, what they wanted to see wasn't Zen himself but the sword spirit in his body, which was also their queen Lavender.

Zen nodded and said to Cheryl, "We can set off now."

Although Zen was short on time, he had to take Lavender to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place since he had already agreed to it.

Moreover, there was still quite a bit of time before the Dark Nether Cave would open. Even if Zen wanted to return to the Central Region, he would have to wait until he entered the Dark Nether Cave and obtained the inheritance inside it. So, he still had plenty of time.

Under Cheryl's lead, Zen returned to the first floor of the Tower of Sin. After waiting at the entrance for a while, Esther, the strongest of the seat owners, brought two top-level war lords over.

They all left the Tower of Sin together and headed south of the Cursed Land.

Flying was forbidden within the Cursed Land. Whoever tried to fly would be pressed down to the ground by a horrible force. Zen had experienced this before when he first entered the Cursed Land. So, everyone could only travel on foot.

Still, with their speed, they covered quite a distance within just a few hours. Soon, a large transmission array appeared in front of them.

Cheryl rushed forward first and took out several life vitality crystals from her pocket. Then, she placed them on the transmission array. Once the life vitality crystals were placed, the entire transmission array erupted with light.

"Go in." Esther nodded at Zen.

Zen immediately stepped into the transmission array, knowing that it would lead to the Demon Night's Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

Soon after, a blue light enveloped them and they all traveled through the transmission channel. After about five minutes, the transmission channel came to an end. When the light dissipated, Zen could smell the faint fragrance of flowers.

This was very different from the scenery of the Cursed Land.

Apart from the various races in the Cursed Land, there was no sign of life there. But here, there was an emerald green jungle. There were all sorts of lush vegetation and colorful flowers bloomed all around. It was like a paradise on earth.

When Zen raised his head, he saw that there was an incomparably large tree in the distance.

"That big tree is...?" Zen asked.

"It is the holy tree of our sacred place. Every sacred place of the Demon Night has a holy tree," Cheryl explained with a smile.

The Demon Night's method of reproduction was completely different from what Zen had imagined. When a baby was born, the baby would be kept within the holy tree where it would absorb the natural energy. Because of this, the physical quality of the members of the Demon Night was much better than the physical quality of the other races. In addition, from the moment they were born, there would be no impurities within their bodies. They were born nature creatures.

This was the reason why the members of the Demon Night were so much more powerful than the other races.

However, the world was fair. The Demon Night was strong but their ability to reproduce was very weak. Even though the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was known as a seventh-grade sacred place, the entire sacred place only had around a million members.

As for the humans' Purple Heart Sacred Place, its population was a hundred times larger than the Demon Night's even though it was only a mere sixth-grade sacred place.

At this time, the red light around Zen flashed, and little rays of light slowly condensed and formed into a figure—Lavender.

Cheryl, Esther, and the others reflexively knelt toward Lavender as soon as she appeared.

Seeing this scene, Zen was speechless. It turned out that the members of the Demon Night respected their queen very much.

Lavender didn't look at them at all. Instead, she looked at the holy tree in the distance and said, "Stand up." Then, she turned to Zen. "We're going there."

Zen leaped into the air and sped away with Lavender.

Esther, Cheryl, and the rest followed behind him.

During the flight, Zen moved close to Lavender. "You... Why do you know Yolande?"

"Because I know her," Lavender replied nonchalantly.

Zen rolled his eyes. "I've met a Yolande in the Eastern Region who looks exactly the same as her. What's going on? Are they the same person?"

"Yes." Lavender nodded. "They are one person."

"But..." Zen was about to say something, but Lavender interrupted him.

"The Upper World has many cultivation methods. Some cultivation methods may seem unfathomable to you. The fact is, there's more than one Yolande. If you search carefully in the Lower World, you might be able to find one million Yolandes."

"One million Yolandes?" Zen's jaw dropped.

Lavender nodded. "Perhaps even more, and they're all indeed the same person."

"How can that be?" Zen asked curiously.

"It's very simple. Yolande used a special method to split her soul into a million pieces. Then, she sent the pieces to many different worlds to cultivate and gain combat experience. At some point, she will recollect all the pieces of her soul and merge them into one. At that time, her cultivation will grow to a terrifying level!"

These words once again silenced Zen.

He understood now.

Back when he had met Yolande in White Emperor City of the Eastern Region, she had been training and killing demons nonstop to gain experience.

And within the Tower of Sin, Yolande had been constantly fighting in the arena. Even though she'd had a lot of Lucky Light, she'd never attempted to refine it and always remained a war general. It had been as if she would never improve herself.

He hadn't expected the Yolandes he had seen to be just clones.

With so many clones cultivating separately and then being recollected together, how terrifying would Yolande become?

It was hard for Zen to imagine. He could only marvel at the wonders of the world. There were simply too many talents in the Upper World to think of such an incredible method of cultivation.

The speed of their travel was naturally many times higher now that they were flying rather than walking. Although the holy tree looked very far, everyone was able to reach it within five minutes.

The members of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had received news of their queen's arrival in advance. Many of them were waiting on top of the huge holy tree.

A crimson carpet was laid out along the thick trunk of the tree. At the end of the carpet stood a woman dressed in purple.

Even though Zen and the woman were tens of thousands of feet apart, Zen could still feel the aura that she was emitting.

The aura wasn't overbearing but it gave off an incomparably heavy feeling, even much stronger than those of the ogre war sages and Eddie, who was at the Life and Death Realm.

Staring at the woman's figure, Zen had already guessed her identity. This woman was the leader of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. She was also one of the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. She was none other than Amber. Zen had seen her name on the Talent Tablet.

Chapter 872 Statues

Warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were at the top across the world.

When one reached the Life and Death Realm or became a war sage, they could threaten the stability of the word if they continued to increase their cultivation. They would encounter crises that would be matters of life and death.

A life and death crisis was actually a punishment to someone posed by the world when it was threatened by him or her.

Once warriors reached the Soul Sea Realm, the punishments posed by the world could no longer hold them back, given their utmost strength. This was exactly why these warriors were expelled from this world and sent to the Upper World.

However, there were conditions that had to be met for a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm to go to the Upper World. Amber's talent was amazing, and she had only spent two hundred years trying to reach the Soul Sea Realm from being a nature creature. There was still a long time for her to go to the Upper World.

The holy tree began to shake once Zen and Lavender had descended upon the thick trunk.

The holy tree was as large as a castle, and when it shook, it felt like there was an earthquake. Amber knelt down on one knee before Lavender and said in a respectful manner, "Welcome, my queen."

Lavender nodded indifferently, the fact that a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm was bowing before her making no change to her expression. It was as if she took it as a matter of course.

Other powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm followed Amber and knelt down in unison before Lavender, along with the other war sages of the

Demon Night.

There were over a hundred thousand members of the Demon Night kneeling at the same time on the holy tree.

Every Demon Night member was looking at Lavender with an incomparable piety.

The three queens of the Demon Night were supremely looked up to by all of the members. In millions of Lower Worlds, there were countless sacred places belonging to the Demon Night, dedicated to them. But the three queens rarely visited the sacred places in person.

Everyone belonging to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was overjoyed to see Lavender visiting their sacred place.

The holy tree shook even more violently as its thick branches continued to swing. Zen could feel immense attraction to the holy tree, causing his feet to become firmly attached to it. No matter how hard the holy tree shook, he wouldn't be thrown down.

As the holy tree continued to shake, clear veins began to be seen on its branches. Beams of green light flowed through the veins and converged on the trunk of the holy tree. The green light rose along the trunk and rapidly snaked its way to the branch where Zen was standing.

At the end of the branch, the light began to gush out, enveloping Lavender.

"What is this?" Zen exclaimed, his jaw dropping.

"This is the holy tree's life energy," Cheryl explained.

Splash!

While the life energy was constantly being drawn out, the leaves on the holy tree started withering at a visible rate, as if winter had replaced spring in the blink of an eye.

Zen noticed that not only was this huge holy tree withering, but even the plants around it were also turning yellow.

"Will the holy tree die if the life energy within it is completely extracted?" Zen asked again, stunned at the sight of the withering holy tree.

Cheryl replied, unperturbed and patient, "The holy tree's life energy is indeed very precious, and we normally do not draw much life energy out of it. Only when newborn babies are put on it every year do we draw a small amount of life energy out of it. But our queen's soul is very weak right now, and she is severely injured. We have no choice but to draw ninety percent of life energy out of the holy tree."

Seeing that Zen was still astonished, Cheryl continued to explain, "It's alright. The holy tree is full of life energy. It's impossible for it to wither because of this. It will completely recover, at most in two to three years."

"Ah, I see," Zen said, nodding in understanding.

Lavender continued to absorb the holy tree's life energy. This kind of pure life energy was easy to absorb and a huge amount seemed to have been done in the blink of an eye.

Once she had absorbed the life energy, Lavender lowered her head to look at Amber and said stiffly, "Get up. And take me to the Queens' Statues."

"Yes, my queen," Amber said, bowing.

Amber, who was the number one talent of the Sea God Continent and the leader of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, stood up and respectfully led the way for Lavender.

Esther, Cheryl, Zen and the rest followed them.

The other members of the Demon Night remained prostrate on the ground.

Amber led the way along the crimson carpet on the tree branch and soon approached the trunk of the holy tree. Inside the hollowed-out trunk was a palace.

When Amber brought Lavender, Zen, and the others in, the other members who remained prostrate on the ground finally stood up.

At this, the members of the Demon Night erupted in joy.

"I see the queen! She really is the queen! She's exactly the same as the statue!"

"Why would the queen come to our Heavenly Feather Sacred Place? She is the queen of the killings. I remember that among the three statues, her statue seems to be the dimmest."

"Shh, don't talk nonsense! You will be punished if anyone overhears you!"

"Something must have happened in the Upper World. Otherwise, our queen wouldn't be living in the body of a human male as his sword spirit."

These speculations had already existed and had been making the rounds of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place ever since Phoebe had notified them.

The queens' statues shone with an eternal holy light that did not fade even at night.

But the statue of the queen of killings had suddenly dimmed in recent years. An ominous sign. It was not only in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place that Lavender's statue had dimmed, but her statues across other Lower Worlds had dimmed as well.

Long before this, many members of the Demon Night had guessed that something had happened to the Demon Night in the Upper World.

Unfortunately, this was not something they could figure out.

But due to Lavender's sudden arrival, they knew that they had guessed right. However, why she had come to be in this state was something that Amber and the others weren't qualified to ask.

Lavender entered the huge palace and walked towards the center.

There were three huge statues at the center—statues of women of the Demon Night.

These were all very lifelike, and each of the statues was emitting its own luster. The first statue held a huge scepter, its entire body sheathed in a faint green light. Just moving closer to it could make one feel the vigorous life energy pulsing within it.

"This is the queen controlling life of the Demon Night," Cheryl reminded Zen as she saw Zen's gaze lingering on the statue.

Zen nodded as his gaze shifted to the second statue. It was a woman wielding a murderous meteor hammer and was giving off a light blue light. It was hard to imagine the Demon Night using such a barbaric and cruel weapon.

"She is the queen of punishment," Cheryl clarified.

"Oh that explains it," Zen said, turning to look at the last statue.

The last one was red, but the only difference was that the red light it was bathed in was very dim. It was far from being as dazzling as the lights that brightened the other two queens' statues.

The third statue looked exactly like Lavender.

'No wonder the members of the Demon Night were able to recognize Lavender as one of their queens in just a glance. It's true that she looks exactly the same, ' Zen thought to himself. But why was the statue holding a spear in its hand?

Wasn't Lavender using a sword?

Back then, Zen had accidentally obtained a sword spirit after entering the Killing Sword Mountain. The only place where Zen and Lavender had communicated was the Killing Sword Mountain.

Since Lavender had entered the Killing Sword Mountain, she must be using a sword since she had already comprehended the consummate sword intent.

But the statue showed that her weapon was a spear, not a sword.

Zen was puzzled, and was just trying to figure things out when Lavender stopped in front of her statue, turned around, and said, "All of you can leave. Zen, stay behind. No one is allowed to enter the palace. It's an order."

As Zen's sword spirit, she couldn't stay too far away from him. So naturally, Zen had to stay behind.

"Yes, my queen. No one is allowed to approach the palace without your order," Amber nodded and quickly retreated from the palace, taking along Esther and the other warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

Chapter 873 Two Bitches

Now it was just Zen and his sword spirit in the empty palace.

The innate queen's aura slowly vanished from Lavender's body. Now she was like an ordinary young member of the Demon Night.

After Lavender had spoken in the Tower of Sin, there hadn't been much interaction between her and Zen.

He thought for a while before asking, "The weapon on this statue is a spear, so why is it that your sword was stuck in the Killing Sword Mountain?"

"That is the Heavenly Fate, the holy spear of my clan. Before I turned 18, I was a swordsman," Lavender replied.

So that explained it!

Lavender's simple answer immediately solved the mystery in Zen's mind.

If Lavender was the queen of the Demon Night, then she should be able to climb the peak of the mountain with her powers. Surely she wouldn't just insert her sword halfway up the Killing Sword Mountain.

Zen had assumed that when she had attained the Consummate Sword Intent, her cultivation level was not very high, and therefore, she couldn't reach the mountaintop.

"But why did you become like this..."

Before Zen could complete his question, Lavender interrupted him. "There's no need to ask. You'll know in a while," she said without any emotion.

She walked towards the azure blue statue and raised her hand. A faint ray of light emitted from her hand and a strange rune appeared in the light. She then slammed it down hard on the statue!

Buzz...

The statue glowed with a brilliant blue light.

Zen's eyes had been baptized by the sap of the divine tree, so he was able to see the changes on the statue clearly despite the blinding blue light.

"This is…"

Zen's eyes were wide open. The statue seemed to be alive! She blinked her eyes a few times and the blue light gradually dimmed. Then, a faint smile appeared on her face.

"Lavender must be communicating with another queen of the Demon Night," he guessed. It was possible that the many sacred places of the Demon Night in the Lower World maintained contact with the Upper World through these three statues.

This method was very useful. Although the Upper World might not be able to transfer its resources to the Lower World, it could at least convey classified information to the Lower World, such as refinement techniques, through these statues.

Was Lavender seeking the help of another queen?

But that notion was dispelled when Zen heard Lavender speak to the statue in an unbelievably audacious tone. "Bitch, you didn't expect me to still be alive, right?" Lavender mocked.

"Ha-ha-ha!" The statue seemed to be alive as she covered her mouth and laughed. "You bitch, you aren't dead yet, huh? You still have one soul, and it's someone else's sword spirit."

Zen could not believe what he was hearing.

The azure blue statue queen was responsible for handing out punishments in the Demon Night, while Lavender was the one in charge of killings. Zen didn't expect these two to be abusive towards each other like a couple of shrews. How could Zen endure this? No wonder Lavender had ordered all her clansmen to leave the palace.

However, she didn't care about what Zen thought at all. Her face was contorted with fury. "So what? I only need one soul to kill a slut like you!"

The statue sized up Lavender, her face carrying a hint of ridicule. "Your real body has been destroyed by me. How can you kill me? Oh, I remember. Now you're a sword spirit. You used to be a swordsman, so your soul must have been hiding in the Killing Sword Mountain, right? You're attached to the body of a human boy at the Internal Elixir Realm. In your current persona, I'm afraid that you can't leave the world you are in, let alone fight your way back!"

The statue's words pierced Lavender's heart. Her expression darkened and a cold smile spread on her face. "Oh? Really? Bitch, look at the person beside me, and tell me whether I can leave this world or not!"

The statue turned her head slightly and looked at Zen. "Hah! He's just a human at the Internal Elixir Realm. Do you think that…"

The statue looked at Zen carefully and the words left her lips. The conversation suddenly came to a halt.

"Bitch, open your eyes and look carefully!" Lavender sneered.

The smug smile that had appeared on the statue queen slowly disappeared, and was replaced by resentment. "I really didn't think that your luck would be so good! You have actually met someone who has the fate to lead the world of chaos!"

"Ha-ha! Why? Are you jealous of me? You bitch!" Lavender cursed coldly.

The statue shouted hysterically, "Yes! I'm jealous of you. I've been jealous of you since we were young! Why are you always luckier than me? I'm not inferior to you in any way, but the things you get are always better than mine! That was why I had to destroy you! So what if you find a man who has the fate to lead the world of chaos? You no longer have the ability to turn the tables!"

Lavender snorted derisively, "We will see!"

"We'll see? Do you think I'm going to give a bitch like you a chance?" said the statue raising her eyebrow. The statue queen suddenly moved. She swung the meteor hammer in her hand towards Zen.

Zen felt like his head was about to explode with all the swearing that was going on between the two queens. He didn't expect the statue to attack him, and it actually gave him a fright.

Just as the meteor hammer was about to touch Zen's head, his eyes flashed and he suddenly swerved his body, avoiding the blow. However, a huge crater had appeared on the ground.

After the statue pulled the hammer out of the crater, a few of the spikes on the hammer broke.

The statue queen wasn't a fairy or sacred weapon after all. Hard weapons like that couldn't be carved. She had used theurgy to attach herself to the statue, but because of her material, she wasn't a big threat to Zen.

When the statue brought the meteor hammer down a second time, Zen threw out a punch, smashing it to pieces.

However, he didn't say anything at this point. The grudge between these two women was a bit strange for him. It would be unwise for him to get involved.

"Give me the sword!"

Lavender stretched out her hand towards Zen.

Zen understood that she wanted the huge black sword of the Blood Fiend Emperor. He nodded and threw it to her.

Lavender jumped up with the sword in hand and floated above the statue's head. She clicked her tongue twice before speaking, "You want to kill someone who has the fate to lead the world of chaos with this dumb statue? Bitch, you've always been so naive!"

The statue snorted, "So what? In the end, I won. As soon as I kill your last soul, the Demon Night will choose a new Queen of Killings, and you will become history!"

"Oh yeah? Give it your best shot, slut!" Lavender challenged. She raised the huge sword high up and hacked down the statue's head. The statue was split into two and the broken pieces fell onto the ground.

Only half of the statue was left, but she still spoke, "Then I'll be waiting for you. You bloody…"

Crack!

The black sword smashed the remaining half of the statue's head into pieces. Lavender stabbed the sword heavily into the ground. Her anger dissipated and she looked at Zen miserably.

Zen stood there agape. He really didn't know what to say.

After a while, Zen asked, "You, you came here just to fight with her, didn't you?"

Lavender nodded. "Yes!" she admitted frankly.

Hearing their squabble, Zen was certain that Lavender had come here looking for a fight, but he had never heard of such a bizarre way of fighting.

"But…" Zen threw up his hands and looked at Lavender's face. He wanted to say something to comfort her, but he didn't know what had happened between Lavender and that woman.

"You'll help me, won't you?" Lavender stared blankly at Zen. This was the first time she had ever asked him for a favor.

This was an internal conflict of the Demon Night. It was definitely not a good idea for Zen to get involved.

The Demon Night race wasn't inferior to the Genuine Dragon.

The three statues in front of him were the queens of the Demon Night, and their strength was beyond anything Zen could imagine.

"I'm afraid I'm not strong enough," Zen replied, shaking his head.

Although he had just stepped into the war general level, he was obviously not powerful enough. Not to mention the queen responsible for punishments, even Amber of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place and many other warriors of the Soul Sea Realm could crush him with a single finger.

Lavender stared at Zen and said, "It's true that you're not powerful enough now, but you are the most important chess piece in this game and will eventually return to your position!"

Chapter 874 Chess Piece (Part One)

"I'm just a chess piece?"

Zen asked in bewilderment.

"Right, the greatest era of this world has begun! Many talents have appeared in this world, but it is you who have the fate to lead the world of chaos. As long as you do not die, you will inevitably become the main character of this great world!" Lavender said, her face serious.

Zen had always had trouble understanding the great world of chaos.

Both the cyan dragon and Mist were keeping this matter a secret from him. Every time they spoke of a crucial point pertaining to it, they broke off, unwilling to continue talking about it. Even Zen, with his access to their conversations, was unable to understand the whole truth.

"The beginning of a new great world? What does it mean?" Zen asked again.

Lavender threw him an annoyed look. "Don't you see that there are many geniuses in this era? Even within this boundless world, there are countless talents that appear out of the blue. Moreover, there are over a million boundless worlds and many Upper Worlds with talents beyond count."

Zen nodded in agreement as he heard what she had to say.

Zen had come across all sorts of geniuses on his way from the Cloud Sect.

The Cloud Sect was only a small second-grade sect. It was always rare to see a warrior master the successful sword intent in the All Peaks Competition. And no swordsman had ever gained the consummate sword intent. But last time, two such talents had appeared in the All Peaks Competition that was held in the Cloud Sect. One was Zen, and the other was Rocher.

In addition to the Cloud Sect, all sorts of divine-level talents had appeared in the later Martial Arts Contest that had taken place because of the Dragon Soar Arena.

According to the distribution of talents in the Central Region, as long as a divine-level genius didn't meet his downfall, he could be destined to enter the Soul Sea Realm. But in all these years, not a single Soul Sea Realm master had appeared in the Central Region.

So it wasn't just Zen who felt it strange. Members of the other sects in the Central Region were also wondering what was going on in this world.

Lavender's explanation helped Zen finally understand that the great world was coming.

"I need you to help me," Lavender said, staring at Zen with fierce determination. But what she said next was unexpected. "Please," she said tentatively.

It was beyond anyone's imagination that a mighty queen of the Demon Night, one who represented slaughter, would beg someone for help.

Zen's heart raced as he looked at Lavender's determined yet helpless expression. He knew that agreeing to Lavender's request was not wise. After all, she only had a sliver of soul left. Plus, she might still be worshiped in the Lower World, but if they went back to the Upper World, Zen might have to face and deal with the force of the entire Demon Night.

And it was possible that this race was stronger than humans. Zen hesitated as this thought hit him.

As she saw Zen's expression change with his thoughts, Lavender became disappointed. She pursed her lips and said mournfully, "I understand that. I'm just your sword spirit, not your sister. And I'm also not someone you care about. And to you, I'm still an alien..."

Lavender was Zen's sword spirit and given the fact that she had been hiding inside Zen's body the entire time, she naturally knew everything that had happened to Zen along the way.

She knew that Zen would go all out to help even if he had to risk his own life if she were his sister, Yan, or Letitia from the Cloud Hall, or even Aura from the Burning Sky Empire. He wasn't heartless or indifferent by a huge margin.

Lavender had only been Zen's sword spirit all that time, so there wasn't much of a relationship between them.

Out of the blue, an old voice sounded from Zen's mind, "Little girl, Zen can help you."

Zen did want to help Lavender but was hesitant. The path of cultivation was an arduous one, filled with blood and gore. And even if he was very lucky, it was possible that one wrong step would mean that he would perish. Not to mention that his fate dictated that he had to lead the great world of chaos. But even if his luck was greater than anything, he would still die.

It was said that the divine-level talents were able to reach the Soul Sea Realm. But how many of them could actually reach the Soul Sea Realm? Probably not even one in a hundred!

There was one big prerequisite that was required of a divine-level talent if he had to become a Soul Sea Realm master, and that was not to perish.

Could Zen become the main character of this era? The precondition of not dying would still exist.

How could Zen agree to it when he knew that he would be facing a race that was more powerful than humans?

Zen's hesitation was cut short by the cyan dragon in his mind, who suddenly helped him answer. Zen was puzzled.

The cyan dragon was exceptionally intelligent and known for his extensive knowledge. Since he had overridden Zen in agreeing to Lavender's request, he naturally must have a reason or a profound meaning behind it.

Lavender wasn't surprised at the voice floating in Zen's mind. Although she was Zen's sword spirit and couldn't enter his mind, she knew that Zen had turned to the cyan dragon's soul for help several times when he had drawn the divine texture in the past.

Given that Lavender had a wide knowledge and a vast range of experiences, she was sure that the soul belonged to the cyan dragon.

Lavender's gaze rested on Zen as she heard the voice and she addressed the cyan dragon. "It's no use, your agreement. Only Zen's word counts."

"Zen, just promise her. The Demon Night will be of great help and endless benefit to you in the future if you can help her return to her throne," the cyan dragon said flatly.

"What I care about is not benefit," Zen said seriously. "Moreover, Lavender, you have saved my life so many times as my sword spirit! I can't promise you too much, but if I can do anything for you in the future, I will help you!"

Lavender's previously gloomy face lit up at Zen's words, as if a ray of light was shining directly on her. She stared at him before lowering her head and saying, "Thank you."

Zen smiled slightly and said teasingly, "But you are still my sword spirit. You can't possibly continue to be my sword spirit and be attached to my body all the time, right?"

"I will find a way to reconstruct my body, but I can't do it right now," Lavender said after a moment's thought.

It was inconvenient for Lavender to do many things, since she was just a sword spirit at the moment. But her advantage was obvious. She could recover even if she were chopped into pieces. And as long as Zen did not die, she would not die.

But she could only hide within Zen's body. If she ever came out of Zen's body and revealed herself, she would have to be near Zen.

Reconstructing her body, on the other hand, was not a simple matter. Whether there was a chance for her to do so depended solely on her luck.

Lavender realized something suddenly and said to Zen, "Isn't your biggest goal to save your sister? I can order Amber to bring the Demon Night members to the Central Region to help you kill Eddie."

Chapter 875 Chess Piece (Part Two)

"Help me kill Eddie?" Zen's eyebrows shot up.

Lavender's suggestion was worth giving a shot to.

Eddie's cultivation base was at the Life and Death Realm, and he had only been through three life and death crises.

His strength might probably only be equivalent to that of a third-level war sage.

There were at least a million third-level war sages in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place alone. Even though Eddie was much stronger than a normal war sage, there were still Soul Sea Realm masters like Amber in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

With their combined strength, they could easily kill Eddie.

If Zen were to bring this group of members from the Demon Night's sacred place back to the Central Region, he would be able to defeat every sect in the Central Region.

The difference between a sacred place and a fifth-grade sect was very great. But the gap between an ordinary sect and the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was even greater because the latter was a seventh-grade sacred place.

Zen still shook his head, his eyes determined. "Eddie has already become an obstacle of my warrior spirit. As for this obstacle, I'll have to deal with him myself!"

Although the warrior spirit could not increase a warrior's combat strength, it was still undeniably important for a warrior. If Zen's warrior spirit didn't move on smoothly, it would gradually overcome him with depression and despair. It would, in the end, become his inner spirit demon and the biggest obstacle of his whole life.

This kind of hindrance would prevent Zen's cultivation from progressing at best and cause him to go wrong in his martial arts cultivation and spiral into madness at critical moments at worst.

Back when Eddie had turned into a giant face above the Cloud Sect, Zen had sworn to himself that he would take Eddie's life with his own hands.

"I won't ask others to help me kill Eddie. I will kill him personally," Zen said, shaking his head.

Lavender was experienced enough to understand the meaning of Zen's words. Since Zen had already promised her his help, her goal had already been achieved to a certain extent.

She was the queen of killings, but her true body had been destroyed by someone else in a moment of carelessness where she had lost everything.

Now that the strand of her soul did not dissipate, the light around her statue did not extinguish even though it was dim. The rules of the Demon Night dictated that they would only select a different queen to take charge of killings only if the light in their queen's statue disappeared completely.

As long as this strand of her soul was not destroyed, she still had a sliver of hope to turn things around. And all her hopes were pinned on Zen.

So from now on, Lavender would fully cooperate with Zen.

Lavender walked to the entrance of the palace and let the Demon Night members who were waiting outside enter.

Amber and the other members of the Demon Night were shocked as they saw the broken statue and the gigantic black sword sticking out of its side.

The queen's statue was holy for the Demon Night.

It wasn't because the statue was made of precious materials, but because these statues were their faith. In other circumstances, anybody who as much as accidentally touched the queens' statues would receive the harshest of punishments. But here it was now, broken into pieces. How could something of this importance not cause them to be startled?

But...

The huge black sword was Lavender's weapon.

Many members of the Demon Night had seen Lavender's sword in the Tower of Sin before. It looked like their queen had broken this statue herself.

But why?

Could it be some kind of a dispute between the two queens?

Amber and the other Soul Sea Realm masters thought all of this, but they didn't dare ask Lavender about what had happened.

Zen laughed inwardly as he saw the shock registered on their faces. 'You must be very surprised looking at the two queens of the Demon Night scolding each other like two bad-tempered women, ' he thought.

"Clean up the area and don't erect this statue here again," Lavender said coldly. She had regained her lofty and aloof expression, now that the other members were here.

"Don't put it here anymore? Why?" Amber asked, astonished.

The statues of the three queens had to stand there together. Not a single one could be moved, which was a rule of all sacred lands of the Demon Night. And Lavender's order had confused everyone.

Anyone else would be instantly killed if they were to say something like this.

But now that their queen had spoken thus, everyone had no choice but to obey her order. They could not blame or punish her for it.

Lavender thought for a moment and then sighed. "Forget it. Just make another one and remember to make it a little uglier!"

Zen almost laughed out loud at Lavender's words. This woman was too scary. Once she developed a grudge against someone, she would not stop working against her enemy until her enemy had been killed.

Amber and the rest, on the other hand, had fear and trepidation writ large on their faces, seemingly at a loss of what to do.

Lavender walked calmly in front and Zen followed her. The senior leaders of the Demon Night followed closely behind.

This Demon Night queen's behavior with the Demon Night members was completely different from her behavior with Zen.

The huge holy tree was hollowed out in the middle, inside which was a hundred-story palace.

Amber led Zen into the Demon Night sacred place's treasure house to pick out a weapon.

The sword of the Blood Fiend Emperor was huge and powerful, but it wasn't at too high a level. What was more, when Lavender had fought with Cheryl in the Tower of Sin, Cheryl had grabbed her sword, leaving several deep grooves on it. It could be used appropriately but it also could break at any point in time. So Lavender needed to choose a new weapon now.

The number of resources and treasures that a seventh-grade sacred place had far exceeded those that the Cloud Hall and the Ethereal Spirit Sect had.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 876 Chess Piece (Part Three)

In the Central Region, low-grade sacred weapons were already extremely rare, but not in the Sea God Continent. So when the ogres intended to use ten sacred weapons in exchange for Zen's life in the Tower of Sin, Fabian had immediately refused it.

They traveled from the top to the bottom. After passing through a huge root of the holy tree, Zen finally arrived at the Demon Night's treasure house.

Zen couldn't help but sigh emotionally as he entered the treasure house.

A huge luminous pearl stood at the center of the treasure house, emitting a gentle light. Over a dozen long swords were inserted around this pearl.

All of these treasures were sacred weapons.

"My Queen, the best weapon in our Heavenly Feather Sacred Place is a weapon that is at the top-grade of the sacred level," Amber said as a way of introduction.

"Let me have a look," Lavender said flatly.

Amber nodded, bringing Zen and Lavender to the back of the luminous pearl. She extended a hand and gently pulled out a long box from the ground. She opened it and pulled out a long sword from it.

The sword was light golden in color and its blade shone with a quaint light that made it look like a vintage article.

"This treasured sword at the top-grade of sacred level was obtained from the Dark Nether Cave. I am not proficient in using a sword, which is why I sealed it here," said Amber.

"It's a great sword!" Zen exclaimed, his eyes lighting up in pleasant surprise.

What kind of opportunities did the Dark Nether Cave have for a weapon at the top-grade of the sacred level to have originated there?

Lavender looked at the sword indifferently. After a moment, she stretched out one of her slender fingers.

Amber held the long sword in both hands and respectfully passed it to Lavender, before retreating to the side.

Lavender flexed her fingers around the hilt and gently brandished the sword before shaking her head. "I don't need this sword. I'll give it to Zen."

Amber's face fell at Lavender's words. She wondered why Lavender had even thought of giving such a top-grade sacred sword to a human war general.

Although Amber knew that Lavender and Zen had become inseparable companions and that Lavender couldn't leave Zen, Amber had spent all her strength in the Dark Nether Cave to obtain this treasured sword. She had almost died there. And now such a sword was about to be handed to a human warrior, and that made her unhappy.

She felt the morbidity overtake her heart and discomfort at the fact.

"Can't I give it to Zen?" Lavender said, noticing Amber's unwillingness.

Amber immediately lowered her head and said, "It is your decision as to who you want to gift it to."

Lavender nodded, and passed it to Zen.

The Demon Night had three queens as their core because Lavender and the other two queens belonged to the faith of the Demon Night. And members of the Demon Night obeyed their queens all the time, without even thinking of rebelling.

Even if Lavender ordered Amber to kill herself right now, she would not disobey.

From this perspective, the Demon Night was completely different from the human race.

Humans didn't know absolute obedience. So long as the benefits of betrayal were great, even father and son could betray each other. Belonging to the same race wasn't even a reason not to.

So this meant that the members of the Demon Night were far more united than the human race. In the Central Region, different sects would attack each other to fight for their own benefit. It was impossible for something like this to happen in the Demon Night.

Zen's heart thumped wildly as he received the sword. A top-grade sacred sword, and he was getting it just like that!

He had a low-grade sacred weapon, but as a warrior, he was eager to get his hands on some better treasured weapons.

"I don't need a sword now." Lavender shook her head and said, "I want to use my original weapon. I want a spear!"

Lavender had used a sword as a kid. But when she had been chosen to be the queen of the Demon Night and began to take charge of killings, she began using the spear. The time she had spent using the spear was naturally much longer than what she had spent using the sword. It was also much easier for her to use a spear.

At the time, Zen had thought that Lavender was just his sword spirit, so he had naturally given the sword to Lavender. However, only a spear would be able to make Lavender show the full force of her power.

Amber nodded and stretched her hand. An invisible force swept out and a silver spear spiraled over to them from a box in the distance.

"This spear is the best in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. Please have a look," Amber said as she handed the spear to Lavender.

This spear was of a grade that was inferior to that of Zen's sword. It was not at a low grade but at the middle-grade of the sacred level.

Lavender reached out to hold the silver spear in her hand and looked it over. Finally, she thrust the spear into the air.

A wave of energy burst out, crackling through the air.

Not only did the energy wave frighten Zen, it stunned even Amber who was at the Soul Sea Realm.

Even though Lavender was just Zen's sword spirit, her strength had grown along with that of the spirit's master.

And though the sword spirit's cultivation base couldn't be graded, it just might be on par with Zen's cultivation, even a little lower than his.

Lavender's spear strike could not hurt Amber since she was at the Soul Sea Realm. But right now, Amber was unable to comprehend the spear intent and momentum that Lavender had mastered.

After all, Lavender's cultivation base was very high, far more than this, and what she had comprehended was far beyond what Amber could reach.

Chapter 877 Restrain Themselves

Lavender pulled back the silver spear and held it in her hand, rather satisfied with her new weapon. Seeing Zen's startled expression, she said calmly, "It's a pity that you focus on practicing the sword. Otherwise, I can teach you some spear arts of the Demon Night."

Although Lavender had focused on practicing the sword too before the age of twenty, the sword techniques she had cultivated at that time weren't the best techniques of the Demon Night. Her swordsmanship was no better than the swordsmanship Zen had mastered. Moreover, it was difficult for a man like Zen to perform the graceful sword dance.

However, Lavender's spear arts was extraordinary. It was one of the most quintessential and unique techniques of Demon Night.

Zen blinked in response. Since he had chosen to practice the sword out of all the weapons, he wouldn't give up so easily.

It wasn't good for martial artists to be greedy with the hope to master various kinds of weapons at the same time. Moreover, if Zen started to practice the spear, he would have to temper himself to comprehend the spear intent starting from scratch. That was something he certainly didn't want to do.

However, when Amber heard what Lavender had said, she felt differently.

It was impossible for any of the three queens of the Demon Night to pass down their secret techniques to others. The other two queens of the Demon Night wouldn't be able to master Lavender's unique technique either. But it seemed to Amber that the queen didn't mind teaching an outsider the unique technique of the Demon Night.

It was strange. And together with the broken statue she'd seen in the palace, Amber guessed that something must have happened in the Upper World.

Unfortunately, she couldn't figure out what it was. Amber might be a leader of the seventh-grade sacred place, but even after a Soul Sea Realm warrior like her ascended to the Upper World, she was still nothing in the Demon Night in the Upper World. At most, she could only be considered the leader of a squad.

As for the battle between the queens, Amber wasn't qualified to get involved, unless she could grow and become a master of the Demon Night in the Upper World.

Amber had already taken the test on the Talent Tablet and managed to get her name listed on the second row. Although such an achievement was extraordinary in the Sea God Continent, it was nothing in the Upper World.

Back when she'd taken the test in the Talent Tablet, five names had ranked above hers. Now, two more names had appeared above hers: Zen and Yolande. Although Amber wasn't in the Tower of Sin, many of the sacred places had their spies travel between the sacred places and the Tower of Sin to monitor every move in the Tower of Sin and bring back every piece of information.

So of course, Amber already knew that Zen had kicked two ogre war sages out of the Tower of Sin in an instant.

The human kid in front of her was someone to be reckoned with. If Zen had the ability to kick any living creature out of the Tower of Sin, then he was technically the controller of the Tower of Sin!

All the races in the Sea God Continent relied on the Tower of Sin to grow.

Even Amber couldn't have gotten to where she was today without the help of the Tower of Sin. She had relied on the tower to improve her cultivation level and bring out her talent to the fullest. At the same time, through the Tower of Sin, she had obtained great opportunities in the Dark Nether Cave and reached her current status.

"I've chosen my weapon. Zen, you can continue to choose some weapons for yourself," Lavender said as she handed the long spear to Zen and let him store it in his space ring. She was still just Zen's sword spirit, so she was unable to store anything on her own. She would only summon the spear when it was needed.

The idea of getting a spear for herself had come today as she understood that Zen would be facing more and more pressure in the future. With Lavender's current strength, she might not be able to display even a thousandth of the strength she'd had in the past, but this spear would be enough to help Zen turn the tides in a battle at a critical moment. This was all that Lavender could do for Zen.

Although Zen already had a top-grade sacred weapon with him, after hearing what Lavender said, he still looked around to check if there was something suitable for him. Looking at the variety of fairy weapons and sacred weapons in the place, Zen shook his head before asking, "Do you have any top-grade crystals?"

"Crystals?"

Hearing Zen's request, Amber frowned in confusion. Crystals were usually used to be embedded on weapons. Was Zen a weapon refiner? Was he asking for crystals for the purpose of refining weapons?

But of course, Zen wasn't a weapon refiner.

Back in the White Emperor City, he had obtained two crystals which were now embedded in his arms.

These two crystals had been of great help to Zen. The original purpose of the Phoenix Crystal was to be embedded within a weapon to reduce the weapon's weight, making the weapon more agile and move faster. After Zen had embedded the Phoenix Crystal in his arm, it had proven to have the ability to greatly enhance his speed.

Back when Zen was a nature creature, the Phoenix Crystal had been able to greatly increase his speed. However, it was of little help now as Zen's speed had already reached a very high level.

As for the Emerald Crystal, although the energy contained within it could destroy enchanted barriers, the enchanted barriers that Zen usually encountered these days were the ones that could trap war generals and war lords. A single Emerald Crystal was not powerful enough to destroy those enchanted barriers.

So, Zen had been looking for an opportunity to replace the crystals embedded in his arms. Since Lavender had asked him to choose anything he wanted, he didn't want to let this chance slip by. It wouldn't be a big deal for a prominent seventh-grade sacred place to take out two top-grade crystals.

"Yes, I'm talking about the kind of crystals that can be embedded in the blade." Zen nodded.

"Do you want to put crystals in your weapons?" Amber asked curiously.

"Sort of..." Zen knew that he himself could be considered a weapon, so his answer wasn't completely false.

Amber nodded to the war sage of the Demon Night beside her. The war sage then walked toward a corner of the treasury.

Amber would personally go and fetch weapons for Lavender as she was the queen of the Demon Night. However, as a powerful master in the Soul Sea Realm, Amber would not serve Zen herself.

It didn't take long before the war sage took out a brocade box from the corner of the treasury. The brocade box was filled with crystals of different colors, shapes, and sizes.

"Some of these crystals are Fire-condensing Crystals from the depths of an active volcano while some are Purple Cloud Crystals from the deep sea abyss. Their effects are different. How many of them do you need to match your sacred or fairy weapons?"

Amber assumed that either Zen was a weapon refiner or that he had a friend who was a weapon refiner. If he was going to use the crystals for weapon refining, he would need at least ten to twenty of them, since the success rate of weapon refining wasn't a hundred percent.

However, Zen's reply surprised Amber. "Two," he said.

"Only two?" Amber was becoming more and more curious about what Zen needed these crystals for. Of course, Zen wouldn't tell her that he was going to embed these crystals in his own body.

After the war sage of the Demon Night explained the uses and benefits of each of the crystals to Zen, Zen picked two crystals that he thought would work best for him.

Back then, Zen had chosen the Phoenix Crystal because his shortcoming lay in his speed. However, now, with the explosive power of the forceful energy and his comprehension of the Space Law, his speed was no longer something he needed to be concerned over. The two crystals Zen picked now would also benefit him in some way.

After selecting those two crystals, Zen had no other requests. Then, Amber led Zen and Lavender to leave the place.

Lavender's purpose of going to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was to argue with the queen who was in charge of the punishment. However, Zen hadn't come here in vain. He had obtained a top-grade sacred weapon and replaced the two crystals in his arms.

Two days later, Zen left the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place together with Esther and Cheryl. They were headed to the Tower of Sin once again.

During these two days, Amber had clearly indicated to Zen that if he wanted to wipe out the ogres from the Tower of Sin, the Demon Night would do everything in their power to help.

The ogre race was not a friendly race. They were born killers and were very violent, which was the complete opposite of the Demon Night, who loved peace and order. Moreover, whether it was in the Tower of Sin or in the God Sea Continent, the ogres always acted against the Demon Night. It was only after Amber had led the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place to power that the ogres had begun restraining themselves.

If there was an opportunity to get rid of the ogres, Amber would definitely not let it go. As a powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm and the leader of the Demon Night, Amber would not show mercy to the ogres. This was what the world was like. To be kind to her enemies was to be cruel to herself.

After passing through the transmission array, Zen once again returned to the Tower of Sin.

The two gates of the Tower of Sin that had been smashed by the ogre war sages had already been repaired.

Before Zen had left, the only warriors who had known about what had happened on the tenth floor had been the warriors who had witnessed it. However, in the few days that Zen had spent in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, the news of how Zen had defeated the ogre war sages had spread through all the floors in the Tower of Sin.

All the creatures already knew what had happened that day. No one knew who had spread this information or whether it had been spread intentionally. However, during this period of time, the ogres in the Tower of Sin had indeed restrained themselves quite a bit.

Chapter 878 The Way Zen Went To The Tenth Floor

When Zen stepped onto the first floor of the Tower of Sin, many creatures of various races stared at him with eyes filled with reverence.

However, the eyes of the many ogre war fighters were only filled with unbridled fear.

Even though Zen was a human war general less than twenty years old and had only been in the Tower of Sin for three months, he had already turned the tables for the entire human race.

Despite being just a mere war general who used to be a war fighter when he had first entered the Tower of Sin, he had rendered the top-level war lords helpless, and had even used the power of the Cursed Land to indirectly kill two ogre war sages.

No one in their right mind would attribute those to luck and coincidence.

Regardless of the process, Zen had indeed succeeded and had thoroughly suppressed the arrogance of the ogres.

In the past, from the first floor to the fourteenth floor of the Tower of Sin, regardless of whether it was an ogre war fighter or an ogre war general, they were all superior to other creatures. Their powerful race had more seats in the Tower of Sin than any other race, and they also had the most powerful forces on the Sea God Continent.

Also, no creature dared to confront the ogres head on. Apart from the Demon Night, the other races could only clench their fists in anger in front of them.

The reason why the ogres were so arrogant was that they were the most powerful race on the Sea God Continent.

However, the ogres had been very restrained recently. From war fighters to war generals, and even war lords, their voices were not as loud as they had been in the past. One could even find a trace of fear and uncertainty on their faces as of late.

It was because they didn't know what Zen was going to do to them when he returned to the Tower of Sin.

Would he drive all the ogres out of the tower? Or would he just kill them all?

Zen seemed to have used some kind of power to expel the two powerful ogre war sages out of the Tower of Sin.

But whether or not Zen could use the power of the Tower of Sin to exterminate the creatures in the tower, or whether he had any other methods, everything would still depend on how well Zen controlled the tower. The outsiders couldn't figure it out. After all, the Tower of Sin itself was very mysterious. The creatures on the Sea God Continent didn't know its origins or the secrets of the Cursed Land.

In short, ever since Zen did what he did, the ogres had been acting like struggling fishes on a chopping board. They were in such a tricky situation. Now, as for whether they would fight Zen or would instead try to make peace with him, everyone could only wait and see.

After entering the first floor of the Tower of Sin, Zen looked at Esther and the rest and suddenly said, with a smile on his lips, "You take the stairs. I want to take another way."

Esther, Cheryl and the other members of the Demon Night looked at Zen with a strange expression. There was only one path to the lower floors of the Tower of Sin, and that was to take the stairs. They didn't understand why Zen said there was another way.

The moment Zen finished what he was saying, a circular crack that seemed to only allow one person to fall in appeared beneath his feet. Standing directly on top of it, Zen fell through when it opened.

Seeing this scene, all of the top-level war lords, including Esther, were stunned. How could Zen play like this in the Tower of Sin?

Bang!

Zen landed firmly on the second floor.

Many war fighters on the second floor were shocked when the ceiling suddenly cracked open and a human general fell from the crack.

Zen shot the war fighters an indifferent glance before another round crack appeared beneath his feet.

And it went on—the third floor, fourth, fifth, sixth... Every floor had a crack in it.

Zen's body continued to fall vertically. Within just a few seconds, his feet finally landed on the floor of the tenth floor.

From the third to the ninth floor, the war fighters and war generals only saw a shadow shooting down, and they didn't have any idea who it was.

After Zen arrived at the tenth floor, the cracks of the previous floors he had been in began moving and quickly disappeared, leaving behind the stupefied expressions of all the creatures who saw them.

"Hey, did you see that?"

"Yeah. It seems like a human was falling down...a hole?"

"This... I'm afraid that was truly the fastest way to go to any floor in the Tower of Sin."

Even the top-level war lords on the fifteenth floor had to climb the stairs to go to another floor. During the battle between the war lords, there was a time when the ceiling was broken and a war lord fell to the next floor. While the floors of the Tower of Sin had the ability to heal themselves, they weren't particularly sturdy. But no war lord had dared to break through one in order to go to another floor.

In the arena on the tenth floor, a nimble figure was flying about. It was Olivia, a divine-level talent of the human race.

Her opponent was a giant who was nearly forty feet tall.

Olivia practiced the cultivation method with the ice attribute. The cold air formed rings that surrounded the giant one after another.

The giants of the Sea God Continent were all incomparably powerful. Even if an ogre was punched by a giant, he would be smashed into minced meat, let alone a human.

But as scary as the giants could be, their weakness was very obvious. They were too slow, and they couldn't keep up with their opponents most of the time, mainly because of their sizes.

Now, under the constant suppression of Olivia's ice rings, the giant's speed was even slower. Although the iron rod in his hand was constantly swinging, it couldn't even come anywhere near her.

When Olivia saw Zen suddenly appear on the tenth floor, her eyes sparkled and a smile appeared on her face. As life vitality flashed between her eyebrows, the cold energy suddenly erupted from her body.

A pair of wings of ice formed behind her, and she turned into a streak of light as she charged towards the giant.

Maybe it was because she wanted to show how powerful she was to impress Zen, or perhaps it was because she was excited to leave the arena to meet him, she directly used her trump card.

As a divine-level talent, Olivia was one of the best warriors on the tenth floor. There was no need to use her trump card when dealing with this giant.

"Swift Ice Feather!"

At that moment, Olivia was like a fairy in the snow, swiftly floating towards the giant. Facing the oncoming iron rod, she made a strange turn in the air, easily dodging the powerful strike from her opponent.

Immediately after, her figure rapidly approached the giant. When she reached him, she extended her snow-white hand and lightly stroked the giant's neck.

A seed of ice and snow was instantly planted within it.

Crack!

The neck of the giant flashed with a white light, and an icy frost immediately blossomed, creating a beautiful ice flower.

At the same time, the blood vessels in the giant's arms, chest, and legs started cracking. The moment blood came out from the giant's body, it was frozen.

Plop!

The giant's incomparably huge body crashed onto the floor. Olivia was standing firmly at the side of the arena, watching her attack take effect. A ray of Lucky Light shot out from the giant's body, shooting towards the token on her chest.

Pak, pak, pak! A clear round of applause for her rang out.

Slowly walking towards the arena, Zen stretched out his hands to clap with the spectators. At that moment, the eyes of all the creatures on the tenth floor were focused on him.

In the days following Zen's departure, many humans had already felt the subtle changes in the Tower of Sin.

In this situation, even a fool would understand that the human race was on the verge of rising up.

In the past, as long as humans stepped into the arena, they would encounter endless ridicule and hostility from other races. Their opponents would also never show mercy to them. Humans were likely to get severely injured or killed by their opponents in the arena.

In the past few days, however, whenever humans walked into the arena, their opponents would always be extremely cautious. Even if humans were defeated, their opponents would not take advantage of the victory to pursue and take their lives.

This change caused many of the humans to become overjoyed. It was very clear that this change originated from one person, and that person was Zen.

Although the human race still only had four seats, it wouldn't be long before that number would increase. Every human was excited for it, for how far the human race could grow. At first, all of that seemed like it would depend on how far the ogres would be willing to give in. Now, however, it seemed like it solely depended on how Zen would behave.

And on that gracious day, Zen had finally returned.

When Olivia saw Zen clapping his hands, a smile appeared on her lips. She then quickly jumped off the arena and walked towards him.

Chapter 879 Negotiation

"Good job!" Zen praised enthusiastically.

The corners of Olivia's lips curled up with pleasure as she smiled. "I'm far from being on par with you!"

Olivia had already been a tenth level war general, while Zen had only been a tenth level war fighter before. Even after he had refined the Lucky Light, he still only ranked as a first level war general now.

But Olivia knew that she was far from being a match for Zen.

Apart from Olivia, all of the other human war generals on the tenth floor had also gathered around. Even Dylon, who was driven mad by jealousy of Zen, also looked at Zen with respect now.

Now, not only had Zen shocked the entire Tower of Sin, he had also shocked the entire Purple Heart Sacred Place of the human race.

When Zen had entered the Tower of Sin for the first time, people of the Purple Heart Sacred Place felt that as long as Zen grew stronger in the Tower of Sin, it was very likely that he would help the human race to win a seat.

Humans were so weak. They would be very contented indeed if they were able to gain even one more seat in the Tower of Sin. After all, the four seats which they already possessed had not come easy.

The higher Zen had climbed in the Tower of Sin, the more he had shown his strength and potential. The warriors in the upper floors of the Tower of Sin and the Purple Heart Sacred Place now paid more and more attention to Zen. After Elder Jing had met with Zen, he had concluded that not only would Zen help them obtain a seat in the Tower of Sin, but the seat which he would earn could rank within the very top. He would potentially enter into at least the top thirty among the 128 seat owners.

Elder Jing thought very highly of Zen! However, since the day that humans had entered the Tower of Sin, not one of them had been able to rank in the top 50!

From the moment in which Zen had entered the Tower of Sin, the four human seat owners at the top of the tower had also been closely watching his progress. No one had expected that after he got out of the Talent Tablet, he would have come into such a huge conflict with the ogres. The Demon Night was also involved.

More unexpectedly, Zen had single handedly turned the tide. Even the two war sages, kept in the Tower of Sin through some secret means by the ogres, had been kicked out by Zen.

Zen's performance so far had greatly exceeded Elder Jing's expectation every time. Of course, Zen had surprised and dumbfounded all the races on the Sea God Continent.

The Tower of Sin had always been at the focus of all the sacred places of the Sea God Continent. Now Zen's name had spread like wild fire throughout the Sea God Continent in just a few days.

On the Sea God Continent, it was similar as in the Central Region where the talents who had a chance of entering the Soul Sea Realm were called divine-level talents. But there were two extra words that had appeared before Zen's name on the Talent Tablet, which read, 'Celestial Position'. As a result, Zen was now called the Celestial Position talent by tens of millions of creatures.

As to why these two words had appeared before Zen's name, only Zen knew the reason. Perhaps it was because Zen had obtained the recognition of the Celestial Position race.

"Elder Jing wanted me to bring you a message. Let's go to the living area to talk about it," Olivia suggested. This public place where they were now was surely not a good place to talk.

Of course Zen was aware that the Purple Heart Sacred Place wanted to ask him for help. Zen's appearance had allowed the humans to see a great opportunity for them to rise in rank. The sacred places of a dozen races on the Sea God Continent were clustered around the Tower of Sin. Almost all of them were built around the spire.

The strength of the warriors in the Tower of Sin directly reflected the strength of the sacred places they belonged to.

Therefore the ogres and the Demon Night, who controlled the most seats in the Tower of Sin, had the most powerful sacred places.

If Zen could help the human race secure more than ten seats, then with the increase of human seat owners, a greater number of humans could access the Dark Nether Cave, and the more likely it was that they could obtain greater opportunities there. All of the races on the Sea God Continent placed great importance on gaining more seats in the Tower of Sin.

Outside of a secret chamber on the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin, several tenth level human war generals were standing by, guarding the place.

Inside of the secret chamber, under the faint yellow light, Olivia's face appeared gentle and soft. She tried her best to make her smile look more natural, but she still looked a little nervous.

It wasn't just Olivia, Elder Jing, and the many human war lords in the Tower of Sin all felt uneasy. Even the human top-level war lords and the four human seat owners were feeling nervous and worried. They were being swayed by considerations of gain and loss.

One basic reason for their fidgeting was that Zen was not a member of the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

During the past few days, the Purple Heart Sacred Place had carried out a large-scale investigation into Zen. After many inquiries, they had finally found a crucial piece of information—the place where Zen had first appeared was in the Heavenly Eagle Prairie!

There was a force of the Purple Heart Sacred Place that had been stationed at the border of the Heavenly Eagle Prairie. According to the information they had gotten from the squad, after Zen had suddenly appeared on the Heavenly Eagle Prairie, he seemed to have saved a group of people from the pasture of ogres.

The Heavenly Eagle Prairie was not a strategically important area, so the ogres, the human race and the Demon Night had only sent a small part of their forces to be stationed at the place.

However, the three Soul Sea Realm masters in the Purple Heart Sacred Place knew that there was actually an ancient transmission array hidden in the Heavenly Eagle Prairie. In the past, humans and ogres had sent many warriors to enter the transmission array, but none of them had ever returned.

So they had assumed that this ancient transmission array must be for travelling across great distances.

Therefore, the people of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had quickly begun speculating that Zen hadn't come from the Sea God Continent, but from another continent! They wondered if he had traveled through the array from some far off and distant land then.

Zen was therefore a passerby to this continent. Although he was also a human, they were not sure that he would definitely apply his hand to help the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

Moreover, the sword spirit that had suddenly appeared at Zen's side seemed to be very important to the Demon Night, and she had turned out to be one of the queens of the Demon Night. Though essentially different from the ogre race, the Demon Night was not close to the human race either.

It would all depend on Zen's will and determination. So Elder Jing sent Olivia to first inquire about Zen's intentions.

Elder Jing had even hinted that if possible, Olivia was to sacrifice herself...

Olivia was not a child. She had immediately flushed upon grasping the meaning behind 'sacrificing' herself. The human race had endured being despised for so many years, and now they had finally grasped onto a life-saving straw. They were indeed very cautious and nervous, fearing that this life-saving straw would float away at any time.

As a divine-level talent trained by the Purple Heart Sacred Place, Olivia would indeed 'sacrifice' herself for anything that would be in the interests of the Purple Heart Sacred Place. However, Olivia also knew that Zen was not a skirt chaser. Was it that Elder Jing and the senior leaders of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had overthought this?

"What message did Elder Jing want you to bring to me?" Zen asked curiously as he saw the hesitant look on Olivia's beautiful face. They had moved to the living area where they could speak freely.

Olivia stared at him. Her gaze was like the rippling waves of the sea, enigmatic and filled with energy. She was an extremely intelligent woman. After thinking about it for a while, she then blurted out without any beating around the bush, "Elder Jing wanted me to ask you just how much you could help us."

Zen raised his eyebrows. He instantly understood what Olivia was hesitant about. However, he liked her straightforward approach. Truthfulness was a rare quality which he respected. He chuckled and said, "If possible, I will wipe out all of the ogres from the Tower of Sin!"

Olivia gasped at Zen's words. "Wipe out all of the ogres from the Tower of Sin? Can you really do that?"

Zen shrugged and replied with equal honesty, "I am not sure, but I will do my best!"

Hearing his words, Olivia felt relieved. Although she hadn't spent much time with Zen, the man that she had come to know was not the type of person who talked big. He either said nothing or stuck it out to the end once he gave his word.

"Right now, there are also different opinions conflicting within the ogre race. But I guess that they will still come to you for negotiation," Olivia looked a little worried as she said this.

She only said half of what she had intended to say. The other half was actually that if the ogres promised Zen huge benefits during the negotiation, would he change sides?

"Negotiation?" Zen cocked one eyebrow as he considered this possibility. Then he smiled and said, "Then I'll see how much they can offer!"

There were indeed disagreements raging within the ogre race.

On the top floor of the Tower of Sin, there were a total of 128 spaces, each of them separated from one another, similar to the Sumeru Space in the space ring. However, space rings couldn't house living beings, while the space on the top floor of the Tower of Sin didn't have such a restriction.

Each seat owner had their own space. This was also the reason why there were always only 128 seats at the top of the Tower of Sin.

Every space had a door that bore the number of the seat in it. For example, Esther from the Demon Night ranked first out of 128 seat owners, so her space was number one.

Maurice ranked second among the one hundred and twenty-eight seat owners, so his space was labelled as number two.

During this period of time, the twenty-six seat owners of the ogre race gathered together every day, arguing endlessly about how to deal with Zen.

Chapter 880 Argument

Located in number two space was a huge volcano where lava constantly flowed down and gathered, creating a tall, fiery waterfall.

The molten red waterfall further converged into a deep pool at the bottom of the volcano, like a fearsome devil's lair.

Each space was like a small, compact world.

Even Soul Sea Realm masters wouldn't have the ability to create such small worlds. It was a feat that could only be done by the great masters of the Upper World.

All 128 spaces functioned like 128 individual worlds and had been inside the Tower of Sin since the very beginning.

If one obtained the authority over a small world, he would be able to freely change its topography. One could split open the earth, flatten mountains, and create an entirely new landscape if he willed it.

However, there was no spiritual energy within these small worlds, so it was impossible to stay and train.

Around the deep lava pool stood twenty-six black stone pillars, on top of which were the twenty-six ogre seat owners.

Maurice stood on the first pillar. "Zen has already returned!" he declared in a loud voice as he swept his cold eyes over the crowd. "But we have yet to come to an agreement."

"Just kill him directly!" a top-level war lord said sternly. "He is just a weak war general, while we are top-level war lords. If all of us work together and come at him, I'm sure we'll be able to reduce him to dust," he added.

"Agreed!" another top-level war lord chimed in. "If we're afraid of a mere war general, we will lose our dignity! The other races will think we're cowards!"

Malcom snorted. "Cut the bullshit!' he burst angrily. "Do you think you're stronger than war sages Colin and Neil? Even the two of them couldn't resist Zen. How sure are you that you can defeat him?"

Malcom's words effectively silenced the many top-level war lords present.

However, one of them spoke, "So what?" The air was tense but the top-level war lord continued, "Zen can indeed summon the Tower of Sin's power and kick us out. But the question remains. Can he actually use this power to kill someone? I don't think so!"

Zen had not killed Colin and Neil personally. He simply kicked them out of the tower and let the Cursed Land's mysterious power finish them off.

However, they, as top-level war lords, would not be affected by the Cursed Land. Even if Zen kicked them out, they could enter the first floor and climb up the tower all over again.

And, if all top-level war lords rushed forward to fight Zen, it would be impossible for him to kick them out all in one go.

Their plan, though potentially reckless, could just work.

The questions remained though.

How much control did Zen really have over the Tower of Sin? Could he directly kill someone? Or was it all just limited to him being able to kick someone out?

Only Zen knew.

This divided the top-level war lords into two factions. One wanted to kill Zen with all their might. As long as he was eliminated, then all their troubles would cease.

The other thought differently. They felt that Zen definitely still had a few hidden trump cards up his sleeve and his control over the tower might be more extensive than they previously thought. If they failed to kill Zen with their plan, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Each side was loud and aggressively laid down their arguments to try to convince the other faction that they were right. Their voices echoed across the deep pool of lava until a slightly shorter top-level war lord got up and declared with a mighty roar, "I HAVE AN IDEA!"

All of a sudden, the discussions ceased and all eyes were on him. Maurice looked at him expectantly and said, "Go ahead."

"Send a Night Group assassin to try to kill Zen again, but this time the assassin must be a war lord," the ogre suggested.

Another ogre scoffed, "Are you kidding? What kind of idea is this?"

The shorter ogre's eyes flashed dangerously. "It's a test," he said. "To know the true extent of Zen's power in the tower."

If Zen could truly use the Tower of Sin's power to kill someone, then all of them would be nothing more than a couple of fish thrown on the chopping block, ready for being killed. Not even war sages could resist Zen's power, let alone top-level war lords.

However, it would be different if Zen only had the power to kick someone out.

The shorter ogre had considered this for a few days before he proposed the idea.

But Maurice disagreed. "I don't think it'll work. Zen is not an idiot. Even if we try to assassinate him, it'll still be difficult to gauge his strength. Moreover, he's protected by both the humans and Demon Night. Even if a Night Group war lord is willing to sacrifice for our sake, it will still be very difficult for him to approach Zen."

"Then let's negotiate!"

another war lord suggested.

"We haven't truly been able to fully control the tower for a while now. Why not just give up a few seats for the humans?"

"But we don't know how many seats Zen wants. Maybe… five? Five seats should be enough."

The top-level war lords were once again engaged in full discussion. Maurice, on the other hand, remained silent and closed his eyes. Once the voices died down, he opened his eyes and voiced out his decision, "The Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place have aired their opinions. They've suggested that we negotiate with the human."

The top-level war lords present couldn't help but roll their eyes.

If the sacred places had already given their opinions, why did he even bother asking for theirs? Did he have nothing else to do?

In theory, the sacred places should not be involved in the decision-making activities that happened within the Tower of Sin. The designated seat owners should always have the final say based on their unbiased rationalization. In reality, however, the sacred places served as a foundation for the ogres and effectively controlled the seat owners. Thus, they controlled the matters within the tower.

"Then let's negotiate!"

"That brat better not be greedy!"

"Bah! He wouldn't dare! Even if he controls the power of the tower, the Purple Heart Sacred Place lies outside the Cursed Land. If we work together, we can easily destroy that sacred place,"

the ogres spoke in confidence. Even if Zen was granted the power of controlling the Tower of Sin, he would still be powerless in matters outside the Cursed Land. If he displeased the ogres, the Purple Heart Sacred Place could easily become a target of their frustrations.

Zen was in no hurry to advance onto the eleventh floor.

He entered the tower, not to climb up to the top, but to cultivate and inherit the legacy in the Dark Nether Cave. Staying on the tenth floor would allow him to obtain a large amount of Lucky Light to increase the speed of his cultivation.

Although he had defeated Boris and Cheryl, there were still a lot of tenth-level war generals who came and challenged him to a fight.

The tower was littered with many pretentious and delusional warriors. Despite the fact that Boris and Cheryl couldn't defeat Zen, they would still brush it off and challenge Zen with hopes that they might miraculously be able to smash him.

On the first day after they returned, three war generals challenged Zen and lost. The next day, another three came and were subsequently defeated. On the third day, a war lord actually came to challenge Zen.

He was a second-level orc war lord.

Generally speaking, very few creatures in the Sea God Continent reached the war lord level before entering the Tower of Sin.

The orc war lord seemed to be an independent warrior and did not belong to any orc sacred place. He only focused on cultivation and did not pay much attention to the comings-and-goings of the outside world.

He had entered the Tower of Sin as a war lord and would usually win through default victories and advance freely on each floor. He wouldn't encounter obstacles until he reached the floor on which Zen was staying.

The second-level war lord had challenged Zen and seemed to be unaware of his deeds. He had managed to advance through default victories from the first to the tenth floor, only staying on each floor for three days.

When he saw Zen, the orc couldn't help but sneer, "A human war general? And at the first level? Interesting."

With full swagger, he walked onto the arena and challenged Zen.

The war lord's challenge piqued the interest of many of the tenth-level war generals. Even Cheryl and Olivia went to the spectator's stand to watch.

However, Zen frowned at the sight of the orc challenger.

The expression on his human opponent's face greatly displeased the orc war lord. "Human boy," he growled, "are you not satisfied with me being your opponent?"

"Yes, I am indeed dissatisfied," Zen answered him bluntly. "You climbed all the way up here without obtaining any Lucky Light."

Zen had stopped on the tenth floor in order to earn the Lucky Light. There was no trace of Lucky Light in the orc's token, which meant Zen's victory would be useless.

The orc immediately felt his irritation rise. Zen's words clearly denoted that he could easily defeat a war lord like him, but the victory would be worthless since he didn't have any Lucky Light. He let out a cold, sinister laugh. "I once had a meal of human meat a few years ago. It tasted very delicious," he snarled. "If I defeat you, I will cut you up and serve myself a stew out of your meat!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 881 The Head-to-head Battle (Part One)

It was the first time Zen had encountered a second-level war lord after becoming a war general.

In spite of this, Cheryl and the other Demon Night members, as well as Olivia and the other human warriors were not overly concerned about him.

Back then when Zen was only a level ten war fighter, he had already successfully defeated Boris who happened to be a level ten war general. It was well-known to everyone that Boris possessed powerful abilities that enabled him to be considered as the strongest divine-level talent in the two sacred places of the ogre. The early-stage war lord might not be a match for Boris.

At the present, the orc war lord seemed to be impatient. As soon as he finished speaking, he grunted while lifting the two huge axes from his back, and rushed towards Zen.

As a matter of fact, all of the orcs were short in stature, and the orc war lord in front of Zen was not even tall enough to reach Zen's chest. However, what they lacked in height was made up in other aspects. The bodies of the orcs were sturdy, and their blood energy was far stronger than other races. For the orcs, injuries and fatal wounds were nothing to worry about, as their healing abilities were much stronger than other races.

Upon seeing the orc war lord charging towards where he stood, Zen sported an apathetic expression on his face as he pulled out a long sword from his space ring.

The moment the spectators observed the scene, they were immediately stunned by the appearance of the long sword in Zen's hand.

"This guy has changed his weapon again?" a member of the audience asked.

"His previous long sword is at the low-grade of sacred level, right? His current sword…"

"It is a top-grade weapon! It's a long sword at the top-grade of sacred level," one of them mused before continuing. "That guy must be very wealthy to possess something like that…"

In reality, a top-grade sacred weapon was rare indeed even in the sacred place.

As a supreme master of the Demon Night, Amber would not lie to Lavender. The long sword that Zen had and the weapon that Amber used were the only two top-grade sacred weapons left in the Demon Night.

Across the Sea God Continent, only the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place respectively possessed one top-grade sacred weapon. Furthermore, there were only two top-grade sacred weapons in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. As for the Purple Heart Sacred Place, although there existed only a few middle-grade sacred weapons, there was not a single top-grade sacred weapon.

"Aooo!"

As the orc war lord dashed forward and prepared to strike, the forceful energy within his body exploded forth, emitting a vibrant black light. The sound of a beast-like roar reverberated throughout the walls as the orc attacked.

The axe in his hand shot out from his grasp and circled high in the air, leaving a visible arc before it directly struck towards Zen as his back was turned.

All the while, the orc war lord was also firmly holding a battle axe in his hand as he remained in front of Zen and swung it at him in full force.

What his opponent had intended to do was to attack Zen simultaneously from the front and from the back. The might of the battle axes were formidable and powerful, so if Zen were not careful enough, he might be chopped into two.

For the meantime, Zen was still eerily calm. Despite the sword in his hand, he did not bother using it to defend himself, but instead made a backward somersault above the air. As if he had somehow activated a second pair of eyes behind him, he accurately dodged the axe which flew towards his back and kicked it out of the way.

Right after, the spiraling battle axe was now spinning faster than it had been a moment ago. This time, its momentum led itself towards the incoming orc war lord.

Without much preamble, the orc war lord grinned hideously and then caught the battle axe with his hand, like he had planned to do so all along. Just as Zen was about to land on the ground after his flip, the war lord's forceful energy erupted a second time and started to rapidly approach the young man again.

"Savage Slash!"

With a shout, the gigantic axe swung out a beam of scarlet-gold light, tearing through Zen's shadow and intending to disintegrate it into fragments. As he did so, the orc war lord laughed maniacally and roared out, "Break into pieces for me! You cannot withstand a single blow!"

In actuality, this was the usual case for the orcs. Once they started to feel the thrill of a good fight, they became extremely out of control!

Within a mere moment, the orc war lord unleashed dozens of strikes, all deliberately done to inflict harm on the warrior. When he stopped to gasp for breath from the effort it took to land all those attacks, he looked up and dumb-foundedly discovered that Zen was standing not far away. There was not a single scratch on him as he stood there safe and sound, staring back at the orc with amusement dancing in his eyes.

As expected, this was the power of the Space Law. No matter how powerful one's bodily movement skills were, they could never compare to something like this!

"It seems like Zen is not weak at all!" one of the creatures mused, amazed at the display of Zen's Space Law.

"I'm afraid that even an average middle-stage war lord may not be able to defeat Zen!"

In response, another audience expressed his opinion, "In that case, the only ones who can probably suppress Zen in the Tower of Sin are the top-level war lords!"

Indeed, many of the creatures in the Tower of Sin thought highly of Zen. After all, Zen was just a first-level war general that had accomplished great things thus far. One of the main reasons as to why Zen could resist the second-level war lord was that this particular war lord was merely an independent warrior, not from the orc sacred place.

In the Central Region, many independent warriors were much stronger than those who came from various sects. This was due to the fact that independent warriors' strength grew more and more powerful and ultimately greater by totally relying on their own abilities. Although the sect warriors did possess some sort of sect inheritance, their battle experience was significantly inferior to the proficiency of independent warriors in that area.

On the other hand, in the Sea God Continent, when it came to sacred places, the inheritance one might get was more important than battle experience.

Furthermore, most of the warriors of the Sea God Continent had climbed up in the Tower of Sin after defeating numerous warriors from all kinds of races. Even the warriors from sacred places did not lack combat experience, so the independent warriors of the continent were substandard when compared to the geniuses of the sacred places.

Chapter 882 The Head-to-head Battle (Part Two)

For that reason, it was relatively easier for Zen to deal with this second-level war lord than to fight against Boris.

Despite this, if he somehow faced a war lord from the sacred place, Zen reckoned that he could at most only defeat a second-level war lord or a third-level war lord. If it ever so happened that he encountered a fourth-level war lord or a war lord with a much higher level, he had to try his best to dodge and even flee the match. After all, his cultivation base was far lower than theirs.

In the end, this was also the reason as to why Zen did not choose to advance into the next floor. On the eleventh floor of the Tower of Sin, Zen could indeed earn more points, but he would also have to face some war lords he could not easily defeat.

There might be even more chances to acquire Lucky Light on the eleventh floor, but the risk was too high for Zen. After all, the amount of Lucky Light was just a bit larger than that of the tenth floor. Therefore, it was a wiser decision for Zen to accumulate it on his current floor. Moreover, he could gather the Lucky Light in an easier way if he had stayed, without facing any unpredictable and formidable war lords.

Hearing the discussions of the audience while he was still fighting with Zen, the orc war lord could not believe his ears when he realized that they were resolute on the notion that he could not be a match for the first-level war general. The orcs had always been those kind of creatures that always had a fiery temper, so it was understandable that he was now completely livid at the fact that they were underestimating his capabilities.

In a flash, the orc war lord's eyes glowed red and layers upon layers of forceful energy wrapped around his battle axe. At the same time, what appeared to look like dense red lights were discharged from his fists!

With a gasp, a warrior from the audience exclaimed, "It's absolute madness! This orc war lord has been utterly infuriated!"

"Once the orcs go berserk with madness, they would keep on attacking until their opponents are killed!"

"Don't you know that the orcs are all brainless?" one of the spectators noted before continuing. "If they are wise enough, their strength would definitely not be weaker than that of the ogres!" he pointed out, waving his hand towards the orc in the arena.

Truthfully, many of the creatures who were situated in the spectator stands had made correct judgments.

As a matter of fact, the orc managed to rank fourth on the Sea God Continent.

Needless to say, the orcs' talent was not inferior to that of ogres—they were only a lot smaller than the ogres, but had a miraculous recovery ability. Moreover, their speed was not the least bit secondary to the ogres, and when it came to bodily movement speed, they were only second to the Demon Night members.

Unfortunately, their seemingly great strengths were rivaled with their ultimate fatal flaw: they were brainless and their intelligence was undeniably low. This was to say they were easily angered and were consequently, easy to provoke and take advantage of. It was almost laughable.

After the orcs went berserk and were driven to madness, their strength did increase twice-fold, but the weakness of this powerful madness was obvious. Once their madness mode was activated, none of them would be able to control themselves, as they mainly operated on instinct and fury. However, this state only continued until their target was already dead, or they themselves died.

As he glanced between the two red lights emitted from the orc war lord's fists, Zen briefly frowned and his expression was schooled into one of seriousness. Even if this independent war lord's strength was not powerful enough, he was still a war lord through and through. Truthfully, the gap between Zen's cultivation and the war lord's was considerably large, so it could not be completely ignored.

"Go to hell! Aooo!"

Once again, the orc war lord let out a beast-like howl and dashed towards Zen like a rolling boulder.

This time, Zen did not choose to evade the attack like he previously did. Instead, he unsheathed the long sword in his hand that began to radiate a faint golden light, spreading endless sword intent.

"Heaven and Earth Rotating!"

When the distance between the orc war lord and Zen narrowed to ten feet, the orc war lord suddenly began to rotate faster and faster, akin to a spinning top.

In addition to this, two demonic crimson lights continuously revolved around his bulky arms, which gradually looked like a scarlet wheel of light. To everyone's astonishment, when it was paired with the battle axe that was shining with the glow of forceful energy, it appeared to be an exceptionally pleasing visual.

As long as Zen was caught in this picturesque "spinning top", the only possible consequence that would happen to him would be his body smashed to smithereens.

Leaning closer to witness the scene unfolding in front of her very eyes, Olivia never thought that Zen would actually choose to face the war lord head-on! Despite having believed that Zen could defeat this war lord, she wondered what Zen intended to do next after witnessing a fully enraged orc!

Since Olivia was able to stay in the tenth floor, she had naturally fought with some of the orcs before. Furthermore, even though she had defeated three orc tenth-level war generals, it was not because Olivia's strength was stronger than the orc war generals. It was more of the fortunate circumstance that those orc war generals were stupid even if they did have the amazing ability of recovering faster than normal.

During the moments of her own fight against orcs, Olivia only needed to constantly dodge their attacks as her strategy was to thoroughly exhaust them until they eventually died on the arena. Even if her opponents managed to activate the madness mode, they would definitely be unable to do anything offensive to the incomparably quick-witted Olivia.

However, if Olivia decided to conduct a head-to-head battle with an orc war general, she might not even be marginally close to defeating a seventh-level or eighth-level war general by herself, let alone a tenth-level orc war general.

On the other hand, Zen did not dodge despite the odds stacked against him. With a determined mind, he planned to use his top-grade sacred long sword to fight with this orc war lord.

Chapter 883 Dominant Physical Strength

Despite facing against an orc war lord gone berserk, Zen stood his ground and refused to retreat.

This encounter would only serve as the one of many fights he would be taking part in once he ascended the Tower of Sin's upper floors. Although his cultivation base had been increasing at a faster rate, he still found it important to measure his true strength. Fighting this berserk orc war lord was a very good opportunity to do just that.

Anyone who chose to walk the path of martial arts must always be adequately prepared and plan at least ten steps ahead. Zen, despite knowing that he had a good fate, knew that luck would not always be by his side. The only true way to survive a warrior's life was to continually persevere and strengthen himself.

Zen's eyes flashed dangerously as the orc lifted his battle axe and prepared to swing it down.

He immediately countered it with his sword and a powerful force was transmitted through the clashing of their two weapons.

Zen felt his palm tingle slightly from the force waves that reverberated from the axe, through his sword, and up to his arm.

Had it been another person facing the orc, he would've already let go of his sword!

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Each swing of their blades produced a crisp sound as they clashed. Both unyielding with their attack.

However, just as the orc's axe came in contact once again with the sword, the blade slid and suddenly went through the thick steel. Zen's sword had sliced the orc's axe in two!

The orc war lord had originally been an independent cultivator so he naturally did not possess any good weapons. Though his battle axes were considered top-grade fairy weapons, they were still nothing against Zen's top-grade sacred weapon.

With his axes literally ripped to shreds by Zen's blade, the orc war lord's attacks ceased.

But it wasn't over. The orc threw away his weapons and let out an earth-shaking roar!

Layers upon layers of forceful energy began to coat his body, taking on the form of sparkling, black scales

"Another change? This is beast transmogrifying!"

The beast transmogrifying method wasn't new to Zen since he had seen Owen use it back in the Central Region. The only difference now was that an orc's beast transmogrifying ability was inborn since a portion of their bloodline was originally inherited from wild beasts.

As soon as the black scales covered his entire body, the orc war lord immediately rushed towards Zen.

Zen sneered, "You think your layer of scales will be enough to block my sword?"

A top-grade sacred weapon's hardness and strength were out of this world! Undeterred by the orc war lord charging towards him, Zen stood his ground and lifted his blade.

Against his top-grade sacred weapon, the layer of scales on the orc war lord's body was like fragile sheets of paper. Zen swung his sword down and expected to cut through the orc's flesh - however, this wasn't what happened.

The moment his blade touched the scales, a powerful force suddenly erupted from the orc and deflected Zen's sword!

"BAM!"

The moment his sword was deflected, the orc did not waste any time and slammed into Zen's body hard.

Being a war lord of the orc race, the full-force collision was undoubtedly powerful. The collision forced Zen to fly back several feet before falling heavily to the ground and leaving a crater in his wake. The top-grade long sword also swung in the air and landed some distance away from him with a clang.

Olivia and the other humans were quickly on their feet in worry. They had initially been confident with Zen's strength but they never imagined such a quick turning of the tide.

"It looks like Zen isn't quite a match against a war lord yet."

"I overestimated his strength. It seems the gap between a war general and a war lord is too wide to cross."

"Shush! We shouldn't be too worried. Zen might have some tricks up his sleeve."

The collision left Zen in a sorry state. The forceful energy of a war lord really wasn't something to be underestimated.

However, despite suffering a powerful blow, Zen was still alive and moving. The energy within his body rolled while streams of primordial energy flowed through his veins. Not only was he able to stand, but he was entirely uninjured!

Zen crawled out from the ground with a calm look on his face. "I was too careless," he muttered to himself. The scales on the orc's body were just an illusion. The plan all along was to wait for Zen to strike. Once he swung his sword down, the orc would release his energy, deflecting Zen's blade and giving him a chance to knock him down.

The orc war lord's body released a powerful aura. "Human brat!" he growled in a deep, distorted voice. "I will kill you and eat your flesh!"

The beast transmogrification had turned the orc into a true, wild beast. He let out a mighty roar before once again charging towards Zen.

Everyone inhaled sharply. Zen had just lost his weapon. How in the world was he going to deal with such a powerful enemy unarmed? Faced with such a dilemma, the rational course of action was to put some distance between him and his opponent.

However, even under the astonished gazes of the crowd, Zen still didn't retreat.

He retained his ground despite the imminent threat of a powerful orc war lord charging towards him. Clenching his fists, he began to conserve the energy within his body and activated all of his dragon scales at the same time!

Every vein on his right fist bulged with power and, if his body hadn't been as strong as a top-grade fairy weapon, the force would've been enough to shatter his entire hand!

Once the orc was close enough, Zen drew his fist and aimed a punch at his opponent! However, instead of being awed, the audience merely shook their heads in disappointment.

Not a lot of people were confident with Zen's fighting mode and a lot of them believed that the only way he stood a chance against the orc war lord was to fight smart and keep his distance from his opponent. However, Zen had now chosen to fight with his physical strength, evident by the punch he was about to throw.

"Zen's hand is probably going to be crippled," someone remarked as he shook his head.

As soon as he said those words, Zen's fist landed directly on the orc war lord's chest that had been covered with a layer of black scales. A large amount of forceful energy erupted once again from the scales but was not enough to deflect Zen's fist.

The orc war lord never stood a chance. Once Zen unleashed his full strength, not even a top-level war lord would be able to withstand it.

"BAM!"

As soon as Zen's fist struck down, half of the orc war lord's body caved in.

The orc war lord managed to maintain his momentum and quickly rushed to the side, however, there was no denying that Zen's punch severely injured him. His steps faltered before he fell to the ground completely and coated the arena floor with a small pool of his own blood.

An orc's blood essence was vigorous and his body stored blood in far greater volume than any other living creatures. Thankfully, the gurgling blood flow was soon completely absorbed by the Tower of Sin and it prevented the arena from being flooded with the red substance.

Swoosh!

A few faint rays of Lucky Light spiraled out of the war lord's token and shot straight towards Zen's chest.

Although the war lord had ascended mostly through default victories, he still took the time to challenge others every time he stepped onto a new floor so his token contained a small amount of Lucky Light.

The sight of Zen killing an orc war lord with a single punch put him into a new light in the eyes of everyone present.

"Not only is he proficient in the law powers but he also has powerful strength and an extremely strong body!"

"Cultivating both body and life vitality is very difficult for martial cultivators! Most fail to balance the two and end up with a David's Deer," another one remarked. "Zen seems to be an exception!"

"I really look forward to the day he becomes a war lord! When that day comes, even if he does not use the power of the Tower of Sin, no one will be his match in this tower!"

Zen walked to his long sword and put it away in his space ring before making his way out of the arena. Just as he walked out, a sixth-level ogre war lord came towards him.

The moment the ogre made his approach, Olivia's and Cheryl's eyes quickly flickered.

Although Zen was able to control the power of the Tower of Sin and was more than capable of protecting himself, the Demon Night and the human race could not be put at ease. Nobody wanted anything to happen to him at this point in time so both races had sent people to protect Zen in private.

"Zen!" the ogre called out.

Zen raised an eyebrow. "What do you want?"

he asked indifferently.

"Maurice wants to have a talk with you," the ogre answered, referring to their race's elder.

"When?" Zen asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Tonight!"

Zen nodded in affirmation, "I know it now. Thank you."

Once he had delivered his message, the ogre quickly turned around and left. With him gone, Cheryl and Olivia quickly made their way towards Zen.

Zen greeted Olivia with a smile, "You were right! They're already in a hurry to negotiate!"

Cheryl nodded at Zen's words, "I'll go inform Esther!" she said.

No one would be able to guarantee that Maurice would be fair in the negotiations. As the number two seat owner of the Tower of Sin, he surely had some tricks up his sleeve. Esther's presence was necessary since she was the only person who could intimidate Maurice.

Cheryl made quick work of informing Esther about Maurice's invitation while Olivia did the same to Elder Jing. Upon nightfall, many top-level war lords descended from the upper floors. All four seat-owners from the human race were present while Esther and the other three seat-owners from Demon Night also arrived.

Since the ogres themselves had initiated the negotiations, the result of that night's talks would be especially important.

Chapter 884 Sincerity

In this one particular hall at the living area on the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin, warriors who hung out there were asked to leave the place. Some with their heads bowed out of disappointment, some filled with rage. Regardless, they all made their way out.

A group of top-level war lords had taken over. Back then, real rules included entering and leaving the place in your own free will. But, at that crucial point, rules were disregarded.

Reluctantly leaving the place, some war generals kept their sentiments to themselves. A powerful war was brewing right before them, and to obey the order of the top-level war lords was the most honorable thing to do at that point.

In the hall, Maurice was sitting on a corner with a scornful look on his face. Ogres all had impressive heights and enormous builds and Maurice's figure was above the average due to his extraordinary height. Even for an ogre, he was exceptionally tall, even when he was sitting.

Right behind him were three expressionless top-level war lords that gave out a terrifying aura. Despite all their differences, they were somehow thinking about the same things at that exact moment.

The death of the two war sages was a huge blow to the ogres. It was not easy for them to bear. It caused their race a lot, so to speak.

What had made things more complicated was Zen's effect on the ogres. They were now in a dilemma.

Zen was seated between Fabian and Jarrod. Even if Zen was capable of defending himself and controlling the Tower of Sin altogether, they just couldn't risk Maurice attacking him.

It was a grand idea that Esther took three top-level war lords from the Demon Night with her. If a war with the ogres started at that very scene, they would be more than prepared for it.

"You truly are a young hero. For thousands of years, no living creature has ever completely controlled the Tower of Sin as you have. I'm no believer of fate, but with you, it just seemed like everything was meant to be!" Maurice laughed.

"I don't believe in fate either. It solely depends on the man himself. We make our own choices. We write our own stories. We make our fate," Zen smiled faintly in response.

"A human once said that manpower has its limits. By assessing the situation carefully is how we determine whether or not we can proceed with our actions. Otherwise, we only suffer in the end." Maurice, amused by his own words, had managed to laugh once again.

Indirectly, Maurice was trying to remind Zen that even he could have the upper hand in the war by working with the Demon Night or he could even expel the entire ogre race from the Tower of Sin, he just couldn't disregard the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place as well as the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

Zen only chuckled as a response.

"But I'm curious. How much of the entire Tower of Sin can you control? Legend has it that the Tower of Sin is actually a weapon of a powerful master from the Upper World. Is that true?" Maurice asked.

There were countless speculations surrounding the Tower of Sin. Some said that it was place owned by a certain race for cultivation of some sort, while others said that it was a weapon of an invincible master.

It didn't even matter to Maurice what the Tower of Sin really was. He was only trying to find out how much of it Zen could control.

However, he knew that Zen didn't want to talk about such matter.

Nodding his head, Zen then said, "I haven't refined the Tower of Sin, but…"

he paused for a bit and then waved his hand. The walls suddenly began to disappear one by one due to his gesture.

This hall was located at the outer layer of the living area, and there were quite a few practice rooms around. However, at this moment, the walls were starting to disintegrate in just one swift move of Zen's hand.

The war generals who were meditating in the practice rooms inside the Tower of Sin stared in shock at the events that unfolded. Some of them were terrified at the scene. Seeing the top-level war lords sitting from afar, the war generals in cultivation began to panic.

Figuring out that it was Zen's doing, some of the ogre top-level war lords started to look grave, while Maurice's mouth almost fell to the floor.

Confident about himself, Zen wanted to let everyone know the depths of what he could do.

Even if he hadn't refined the Tower of Sin just yet, he was able to control everything in it with the help of the weapon spirit.

There was no need to hide anything from all of them. No words were needed, too. Through his actions, Zen showed everyone what they had all longed to know. If they thought they had the power to act against him at the Tower of Sin, they now knew how wrong they were.

While the others were threatened, Esther, Fabian, and some others were filled with excitement. As Zen had demonstrated his power to control the Tower of Sin, the ogres now knew they had no right to bargain with Zen.

Maurice stood up and began clapping his hands, "You might not have refined the Tower of Sin, but this is truly groundbreaking, Zen! However…"

"What is it?" Zen's eyebrows furrowed, his eyes looking aggressive. "You've been trying to kill me all this time. How should we settle this?"

Maurice only chuckled. "You are a straightforward person indeed. To tell you honestly, the reason I proposed for a settlement is so we can all coexist peacefully in this tower."

Saying that with a cautious, but very calm tone, Maurice's demeanor surprised everyone who heard him. It was rare for Maurice to speak of such.

The fact that Esther defeated him in the Tower of Sin never stopped Maurice. All of the ogres had their fair share of terrible attitude. They were always rather overbearing.

Except for the Demon Night, whenever the ogres had disputes with other races on anything, they never gave in.

However, for Maurice, even if it was someone from the Demon Night, he didn't care and still acted on his own. Six months ago, there was a dispute between Maurice and Esther. It was not grave, but Maurice was determined to make Esther submit. She finally gave in to avoid fuss over such a trivial matter.

Because of his intimidating nature, everyone found it hard to believe that Maurice would make such a nice proposal to coexist peacefully with other races. But at that certain time, he learned the beauty of compromise.

Overjoyed at the situation, Fabian and Jarrod had their hearts climbing out of their throats.

Since the ogres had chosen to coexist peacefully with other races, it only seemed natural that they had something in mind for a bargain. What was the most valuable thing in the Tower of Sin? Of course, it was the fortune that could be found in the Dark Nether Cave!

Of course, it was impossible to obtain the said fortune of the Dark Nether Cave by staying in the Tower of Sin. But if any race had more seats in the Tower of Sin, it meant that more members of the race had the opportunities to enter the Dark Nether Cave, thus the chances of obtaining the fortune were much higher.

The Dark Nether Cave had changed the fate of many races.

Whether it was the Purple Heart Sacred Place or the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, they had the Dark Nether Cave to thank their riches for. It was usually the case that some extremely lucky warriors got great fortunes in the Dark Nether Cave and finally established their own sacred places or developed the existing ones.

'Three seats. We only need three more seats!'

Fabian thought.

It would have been of great help, Fabian thought to himself, if the ogres gave up three of their seats for them. Looking at Fabian's cheerful face, Jarrod thought about the same thing. Fabian had wished for getting three seats from ogres. However, for Jarrod, he expected less and two seats would already suffice.

In comparison, Esther, who ranked the first among the 128 seat owners, had a much higher expectation than Fabian and Jarrod did.

It would be foolish of Zen if he didn't take advantage of the situation. He wanted to know how many seats the ogres were willing to give up, and it had to meet his requirement.

If Esther was in Zen's place, she would ask for at least ten seats.

"To show my sincerity to coexist peacefully with you, we ogre race can give up five seats for you humans," Maurice stated and looked at Zen with a smile.

Some of the top-level war lords standing behind Maurice had indignant and sullen looks on their faces. Giving five seats for the humans was a humiliation for them. Ultimately, this would mean that five ogres would lose their seats at the Tower of Sin.

Both Fabian and Jarrod were thrilled about this.

It was quite a generous offer. Five more seats for the humans meant that they instantly got twenty-five more tickets to enter the Dark Nether Cave. In addition to the previous four seats they had, they would have a total of nine. Even if they still didn't qualify for the third rank at the tower, that was enough for them to rank fourth.

At this moment, Fabian's and Jarrod's eyes were glinting with excitement like stars. How they hoped for Zen to take upon the offer! They itched to report such good news to the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

The Purple Heart Sacred Place constituents only hoped for a single seat the first time Zen caught their attention.

But earning five seats for humans while he was on the tenth floor, before he even reached the top of the tower? It was mind-blowing. They never imagined such a thing to occur.

'Hurry up, kid! What do you think?' Fabian urged in her mind. Both Fabian and Jarrod clenched their fists in hopes that Zen would agree immediately.

With eager eyes, Jarrod looked at Zen. The ogre race had imposed their authority over other races for a long time. It should be considered a huge gift for the human race that ogres were willing to give five seats to them. What if Maurice just suddenly changed his mind?

Esther couldn't help but sigh upon having a glance at how desperate Fabian and Jarrod looked. Human race had been weak for too many years, and they couldn't change anything. Fortunately for them and for the fate of their race, Zen emerged. The mere thought of having five more seats was going to make radical changes for them. No wonder they got so excited. However, it was a matter of serious discussion. They should be more patient and wait for Zen to make a more clever bargain.

Chapter 885 The Negotiation Broke Down (Part One)

In the end, everyone's gaze completely fixated on Zen.

Wearing a deadpan look on his face, Zen appeared as if his mind was wandering somewhere else.

Upon catching a glimpse of Zen's expression, Maurice, as well as the other ogre war lords, all had to force themselves to remain composed, patiently waiting for him to say something.

These war lords had been living for dozens, and some even hundreds, of years. At this point, each and every single one of them was gazing at a man who was barely even twenty years of age, anticipating what he was going to say. Truly, this was such a peculiar event.

The ogres all had fiery tempers even from the time of their birth. One of the top-level war lords couldn't take it any longer and outright said, "Brat, haven't you made up your mind already? Five seats should already be more than adequate to give face to the human race!"

The name of this top-level war lord was Bradley, and he belonged to the top ten top-level war lords of the ogres. Out of the 128 seat owners, he was ranked fourth, meaning to say, the power and standing he held were second only to Maurice within the ogres.

Taking a brief apathetic look at the top-level war lord, Zen was still thinking about what would be the best course of action to take. A hint of a scornful smile even slipped onto his face.

"We can discuss this matter the easy way or the hard way. However, it's quite apparent that you'd rather choose the latter. If you continue acting like this, then you can just forget about those five seats. Even if it is just one seat, we still have to consider it carefully. And it's five seats that we're talking about here." Noticing the contemptuous smile on Zen's face instantly ignited a fire inside Bradley's heart. He was beginning to fume with rage.

As everyone around them would know, ogres tended to have a short fuse. That was in their nature.

Realizing that the state of affairs wasn't looking good, Fabian and Jarrod became all strung up right away. Just where in God's name could Zen be planning to go with this?

Even though they were both thinking that, at this moment, they really couldn't say or do anything about it. Considering the fact that they were in the middle of a negotiation, they couldn't really afford to let the other party think that they didn't have much faith in themselves. So, they had no choice but to zip it.

However, Fabian failed to keep it all to himself. As discreetly as he possibly could, he told Zen through the use of his life vitality, "Zen, maybe it would be best for us to agree with what they're offering. After all, we're already quite satisfied with having those five seats."

Zen was able to hear him clearly, but he simply acted as though he never heard anything.

"Brat!" Eventually, it was Bradley's turn to lose his patience. He sprung up from his chair, feeling so irritated.

It was at this moment that Zen finally opened his mouth. Staring intently at Maurice, he remarked, "Peaceful coexistence?"

Then, he proceeded to jeer at him, saying coldly, "When I stepped foot onto the first floor of the Tower of Sin, it didn't look like you wanted to live in peace with me. When I entered the second floor, it still didn't seem to be that way either. The third...the fourth...And even when I finally reached the tenth floor and went out of the Talent Tablet, it still didn't seem like you were intending to live in peace with me. It was only after I used the power of the Cursed Land to kill the two war sages of the ogres that you suddenly changed your mind. Now, you're telling me that you want to consider having a peaceful coexistence?"

After hearing Zen's remarks, Fabian and Jarrod instantly became even more ill at ease. It was made clear that they got a completely wrong idea, because, at first, Fabian simply thought that Zen was intending to ask for even greater benefits for the human race.

He never would've imagined that Zen would be planning to do something entirely different. What could he possibly have in mind?

There was a bizarre look on Esther's face, as she was wondering whether her ears were just playing tricks on her. 'It appears that Zen's thirst wouldn't easily be quenched. He still couldn't be satisfied with just getting those five seats. But that somewhat makes sense. After all, he is a man that our mighty queen has been fond of. How far into the future is he peering? He never really has his eyes dead set on such an insignificant Tower of Sin in the first place. I guess it would be safe to say that even the seemingly boundless Sea God Continent wouldn't be enough for him to make the most of the talent he possesses.

The stage which has been destined for this person must be the entire universe, and nothing less than that!'

Esther thought to herself. Compared to the humans, she was pretty calm.

A smile had been displayed on Maurice's face all this time. He had already tried his best to look friendly. After Zen finished speaking, Maurice's expression gradually turned gloomy. "Since you don't intend to live in peace with us, what do you want?"

The corner of Zen's mouth slightly rose. "The ogres give up all their seats and get the hell out of the Tower of Sin!"

As the words were coming out of his mouth one by one, Fabian, as well as the other humans present, had all been kept at the edge of their seats, holding their breaths. Esther, on the other hand, lowered her stance, preparing herself in case something happened, worrying that the ogre war lords might not be able to take it anymore and start a fight. And it wasn't just Esther, but all the other war lords of the Demon Night obviously became apprehensive, with their hearts pounding uncontrollably.

The statement Zen had just made left everyone around him in shock. Ogres went there, genuinely intending to cooperate with humans, and yet there he was, asking all of them to leave the Tower of Sin. The audacity this brat had! How could this be happening?

Through all of that, Maurice was still unyielding in his huge seat. And despite the grim look he had on his face, he still wasn't showing any signs of being upset.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 886 The Negotiation Broke Down (Part Two)

Be that as it might, the top-level war lords of the ogres who had just been quietly standing behind Maurice couldn't take the humiliation anymore. But the most infuriated one of them all was the second ranked ogre, Bradley. The immense rage he felt was written all over his face, and his majestic aura was spilling all over the place. He was prepared to make a move if need be.

Aside from Bradley, the other top-level war lords were also heaving uncontrollably as they had their attention focused solely on Zen. They couldn't wait to get their hands on him and devour him completely.

Upon noticing that his companions were already raring to make the first move, Maurice waved his hand to dissuade them from doing so. Then, he went on and said in a rather subdued voice, "You want us to step out of the Tower of Sin. That is something we couldn't possibly agree to. That is such an outrageous demand. You're asking for too much. Choose something more reasonable."

"Too much?" Upon hearing such an audacious statement, Zen couldn't help himself from chuckling. "You wanted to have me killed. Wouldn't you say that was too much? If I were not strong enough to defend myself, I can say for certain that I would have died hundreds of times by now. I have no intention of killing every single one of your kind. I only want you out of this tower. I wouldn't really call that too much."

Maurice was completely baffled by his crude remarks. Given that Zen had the nerve to say something like that, it would either be because he had so much faith in himself or because he was a stupid idiot who just wanted to run his mouth. It was clear that the latter had no chance of being true. From the way things looked, Zen was so confident that he could deal with the ogres with ease. To be able to make such a declaration, Zen must be so brave.

"Since time immemorial, we ogres have never been afraid of any other race. Our top-level war lords have ceaselessly emerged in the Tower of Sin, and not once have we ogres ever lost our seats in the tower before. I can't comply with your demands. Choose something else to ask for." At this point, Maurice had been deeply amazed how he was being able to control his temper.

"Don't waste time on him anymore. As I've told you a couple of times before, just kill him and everything will be over and done with!"

Bradley, who had been standing behind Maurice, had enough of Zen's rude behavior. His brawny physique flared and appeared in front of everyone watching. The cultivation of a top-level war lord burst forth like a tidal wave that was several hundred feet high rushing toward Zen.

The second Bradley made a move, Esther responded in kind. A sheer net suddenly materialized before Zen to protect him.

'The negotiation broke down!'

That was the first thing that came to everyone's mind as they prepared themselves for the skirmish that was looming.

Fabian and Jarrod seemed so out of it. They had been left so dumbfounded, as Zen had scared them out of their wits just now. Zen ended up ignoring their advice! As the old saying went, "even a rabbit may bite when cornered." The ogres were truly so prideful that there was no chance in hell they would agree with Zen's demands.

Among everyone present, only Maurice and Zen were firmly sitting still, peering straight into each other's eyes, as if they never noticed how Bradley and Esther had already begun making their moves.

In spite of the fact that Bradley came darting toward Zen, he only got there halfway and couldn't even manage to get close to the net which Esther brought out, and an indistinct force instantly stopped him in his tracks.

"Insolent human brat, when I tear you into a thousand pieces, you will surely regret opening your mouth!" Bradley frenziedly yelled.

Furiously struggling, he tried so hard to break free from the imperceptible force which was keeping him bound. That being said, it ended up being such a futile attempt, making him look like a puny bug that helplessly got caught in a spider's web. The harder he tried to get away, the tighter the chain that seemed to be binding him became.

Even the powerful war sages had no hopes of escaping this invisible force. Considering that Bradley was merely a top-level war lord, what could he possibly do to break free from its clutch?

Without even bothering to give him so much as a single glance, Zen just casually blurted out, "Kill him."

Poof!

Just like that, the invisible force instantly ripped Bradley's body into bits and pieces. Brown blood splattered all around the hall. The scene of Bradley's death was utterly horrifying.

Witnessing it firsthand caused all of the top-level war lords present to lean back in horror, taking in a deep breath.

It wasn't just the top-level war lords of the ogres who felt horrified, even the top-level war lords of the Demon Night and the human race visibly had fear embedded onto their faces.

The control Zen had over the Tower of Sin was far beyond what anybody could've expected it to be.

The strength Bradley had been endowed with was ranked fourth out of the 128 seat owners. He was only second to Esther of the Demon Night, Maurice of the ogres, and another top-level war lord.

Taking into consideration the fact that Zen was capable of borrowing the power of the Tower of Sin to easily lay waste to Bradley, then, it should go without saying that he also held the power to annihilate every single creature inside the tower.

Truth be told, even Esther and Maurice themselves wouldn't be able to hold a candle to Zen.

Mighty warriors wouldn't just jump at the jaws of death. In spite of being certain that Zen wouldn't lay a hand on her, Esther still looked so fretful, unsure of what could happen next.

As for Fabian and Jarrod, their thoughts were all over the place. They had no idea how to explain what they were feeling after having witnessed all of that.

Chapter 887 The Demon Night

Zen's gaze had been fixed on Maurice from start to finish. On the other hand, Maurice's gaze hadn't shifted away from Zen either.

The Tower of Sin absorbed the brown-colored blood quickly until it left no trace at all.

If no one moved Bradley's body, then it would also be absorbed by the Tower of Sin within a day.

It was this character of the Tower of Sin that enabled it to continuously operate. It never stopped absorbing external things to replenish its energy.

This ability of the tower was very advantageous to the ogres before. They killed their opponents in the arena and absorbed their opponents' Lucky Light. Then their opponents' blood and bodies were absorbed by the Tower of Sin, therefore, refilling its energy. Moreover, the ogres were also using the Tower of Sin as a place to cultivate and improve themselves. That situation created the perfect co-existence between the two. It was perfect.

It was in this same tower that the ogres had risen.

However, things had changed dramatically. The power in the tower was now controlled by Zen.

It was only then that Maurice understood how Zen had the right to determine everyone's life and death inside that tower.

Moreover, he also realized that they, the ogres, simply didn't have the qualifications to negotiate.

"Do you accept my conditions now?" It was Zen who broke the long silence.

A bitter smile appeared on Maurice's face. He had always thought that he was the master of the Tower of Sin. Even if Esther defeated him, he was the leader of the top ten top-level war lords of the ogres and was not afraid of the Demon Night at all.

He felt that he managed his business in the Tower of Sin very well. Every time he returned to the two sacred places of the ogres, he would be rewarded with many things by the ogre warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

But then, facing Zen suddenly made him feel powerless. It was as if all the strength in his body had been sucked out as he stood before the young level one war general.

This was indeed too unreasonable. Zen had only been in the Tower of Sin for a few months. More so, he had only climbed onto the tenth floor. Just what basis did he have?

However, the young lad had the power of the Tower of Sin and it was that same power that wasn't allowing him to resist.

Maurice knew the consequences that he would face if the ogres were to be expelled from the Tower of Sin. Regardless of how much the powerful warriors at Soul Sea Realm valued him, he would encounter the wrath of all the ogres once they were pushed out of the tower.

It was very likely for him to become the sinner of the ages and be despised by the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

But what could he do? How could he resist?

Maurice's strength might be slightly stronger than Bradley's, but the two of them were both top-level war lords. Maurice was number two while Bradley was number four among the 128 seat owners. The difference in their strength wasn't that great.

They couldn't hold a candle to Zen.

Maurice could almost see himself being torn to pieces just like Bradley.

"I'm sorry, but I can't accept your conditions," Maurice, who had been silent for a while, finally said.

"Then I will kill all of the ogres," Zen calmly replied. His eyes might be as calm as still water and yet the devil inside him could be seen. Although his tone was flat, the killing intent that reflected in his eyes was terrifying.

There was no question that the man would kill them all if they wouldn't listen.

Zen was so arrogant!

All the top-level war lords of the ogres might have different thoughts by that time. However, they were all certain of their deep fear of Zen. They believed that Zen could do what he said.

Even the top-level war lords of the Demon Night sighed silently.

They were disdainful of the human race too when Zen was surrounded by numerous top-level war lords of the ogres on the tenth floor back then. The Demon Night would never have intervened in the matter if their queen hadn't appeared.

This was because offending the ogres for the sake of the human race was something only fools would do.

Now that they thought about it, they felt extremely fortunate. In other words, their queen had brought good luck to the Demon Night.

Zen was never against the Demon Night after all.

The members of the Demon Night would also feel threatened by Zen if their queen didn't appear. The consequences would have been unimaginable if they had provoked Zen. The Demon Night's fate wouldn't have been good either.

On the other hand, the four human seat owners were still in a daze.

The humans in the Tower of Sin had endured for hundreds and thousands of years. Who would have thought that Zen's appearance would completely change the situation?

Zen, a mere human like them, now had the power to determine the life and death of all creatures in the Tower of Sin. The human race should be proud! However, they didn't have any clue on how to lift their pride and their heads just yet. They were just too glad that Zen was of the same race as they were, humans.

"I would like you to understand that I am not just threatening you," said Zen calmly. "I will kill all of you if you don't accept my conditions."

Maurice laughed bitterly. "I know, but the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place still have enough power. If you drive us out of the tower, I think that the Purple Heart Sacred Place will be trampled to the ground by our sacred places. Either of our two sacred places can trample the Purple Heart Sacred Place to the ground effortlessly. Are you sure you still want to do that?"

Those words from Maurice immediately made the four top-level war lords of the human race tensed.

Zen did not originate from the sacred place and they had already concluded that he had never stepped into the sacred place before. Zen would not have any sense of belonging to the sacred place. Even if the sacred place was trampled over by the ogres, he would not have any feelings for it.

Although Zen didn't care about the Purple Heart Sacred Place, Fabian, Jarrod, and the other humans did. This was the only inheritance for the human race on the Sea God Continent.

Maurice said this with bitterness and Zen knew he was threatening him with the destiny of the Purple Heart Sacred Place. If he drove all of the ogres out of the Tower of Sin, the ogres would trample the Purple Heart Sacred Place to the ground. Maurice didn't think Zen was indifferent with that.

Fabian wanted to dissuade Zen, but the words were stuck in his throat.

But neither he nor the other humans had the right to change Zen's mind.

It was true that Zen was human. The question was, was there any other relationship between Zen and them other than belonging to the same race?

What advantage had Zen ever gotten from the Purple Heart Sacred Place? Nothing! On the contrary, it was Zen who had shown grace to the human race.

"No more nonsense!" Zen curled his lips and raised a finger. "There's no need to think about it. I will give you a month's time. One month from now, if I find any ogre in the tower, I will kill him mercilessly."

The expressions on Fabian's, Jarod's, and the other two seat owners' faces changed drastically.

'The Purple Heart Sacred Place will be in danger, ' they thought in unison.

The few human warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were not a match for the ogres. Either of the Dread Ogre Sacred Place and the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place would be more than enough to flatten the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

"Zen..."

Fabian couldn't help but speak with a hint of pleading in his voice.

However, Zen didn't even look at this top-level war lord. His gaze was cold as if he didn't care about the Purple Heart Sacred Place at all.

"Don't you care about the existence of the Purple Heart Sacred Place?" Maurice's face completely darkened. He then added, "Do you even care about the life and death of humans like you?" This was the last card Maurice had in his hand. He didn't have anything else to threaten Zen with.

A faint smile cracked Zen's lips. "I believe you've already investigated me. Since I'm not from the Sea God Continent, what does the existence of the Purple Heart Sacred Place have to do with me? Besides..."

"Besides what?" Maurice asked.

"Do you really think that the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Flaming Ogre Sacred Place can make a move against the Purple Heart Sacred Place?" Zen continued to ask with a smile.

"Why not?" Maurice's eyes flashed. He suddenly realized that he seemed to have forgotten something.

That was when a red light flickered as Lavender's figure appeared once again next to Zen. The top-level war lords of the Demon Night immediately knelt on the ground upon seeing her.

Even Esther knelt before Lavender and said, "Greetings, my queen!"

Zen smiled at Lavender and then told Maurice, "You've forgotten about the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place."

The Sea God Continent had fourteen great races. These races all had their sacred places.

However, not all those sacred places were strong. For example, the humans' Purple Heart Sacred Place was considered a sixth-grade sacred place because of the existence of several warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. Two thousand years ago, the human race didn't even have their sacred place. There was only Purple Heart Sect.

The humans' sacred place was considered the weakest among all the sacred places.

However, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place were considered the peak of the sixth grade sacred places. Combining the two sacred places would enable the ogres to have a seventh grade sacred place.

Nowadays, there was only one seventh grade sacred place on the Sea God Continent, which was the Heavenly Father Sacred Place. And the reason why the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place could be promoted to the seventh grade was because of Amber's existence.

Amber had also promised that she would give her all to help Zen.

Chapter 888 The Game Of War (Part One)

Lavender, as the queen of the Demon Night, exuded an air of superiority in front of anyone!

Even the war sages, or the Soul Sea Realm masters would have felt that they were a cut below her, if they were to face her powerful aura, not to even mention the top-level war lords in the Tower of Sin.

However, when only Zen was with her, she would drop her airs and become much more casual in her manner.

For example, over the past few days while Zen had been cultivating in the practice room, she would come forth from his body and walk around. She would even nag about certain things around Zen…

She was greatly different from how she had been before. This kind of contrast surprised Zen tremendously. Occasionally, she would even mutter a few curses, leaving him even more speechless.

At hearing Zen's ultimatum and seeing him summon his sword spirit, Maurice's face had darkened completely.

Maurice wasn't an idiot. How could he forget the existence of the prominent Heavenly Feather Sacred Place on this continent?

However, would the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place truly stand up and aid the Purple Heart Sacred Place because of this so-called 'queen'? Maurice could not help feeling doubtful about this.

It seemed that the top-level war lords of the Demon Night did have a great respect for their 'queen'. However, if a war really broke out among the many grand sacred places, he assumed that the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would not necessary desire to become involved.

If Maurice had traveled with Zen on his last visit to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, he would have known that the Demon Night's great loyalty to their queen was indeed true.

To the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, Lavender was like a spiritual totem. Even if she were to order the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place to attack the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, Amber would not dare to disobey. If Lavender only asked the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place to lend a little help to the Purple Heart Sacred Place, it would be a small matter by comparison.

Lavender didn't say anything, but Esther understood what was on Zen's mind. Esther stood up and said, "If my queen gives the order, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place will definitely commit, through thick and thin!"

Esther was the spokesperson of the Demon Night in the Tower of Sin, and what she said would also represent Amber's opinion.

"You will do as Zen says," Lavender said with a wink.

Lavender wanted to take revenge. Therefore she had pinned all of her hopes for achieving her goals on Zen. So she would surely do her best to help him.

Maurice was brooding over the credibility of the Demon Night's words. It was true that the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was indeed powerful, but if it had to face both the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place in combat, then all of the parties involved would have to pay a considerable price.

Weighing up the whole situation and making a decision was a painful process for Maurice now. His decision would affect the fate of the entirety of the ogre race.

Zen still waited patiently for his reply with a faint smile hovering on his face. After a while, he said, "That's why I have given you a month's time to consider!"

"What do you mean?" Maurice asked in confusion.

Zen shook his head. The ogres were not very intelligent, probably only a little smarter than the orcs and giants. "In this one month, you can try to flatten the Purple Heart Sacred Place! You can test the reaction of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place…"

Maurice frowned. Then he finally understood why Zen had given them a month.

During this one month, the ogres didn't need to leave the Tower of Sin. Then the game within the Tower of Sin would shift to the many outlying grand sacred places outside the Cursed Land.

If the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place were to win, they could indeed use the Purple Heart Sacred Place to threaten Zen. If the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place were to lose, or they didn't dare to make a move against the Purple Heart Sacred Place due to pressure from the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, then at that time, Maurice and the other ogres would have no choice but to leave the Tower of Sin!

Thinking of this, Maurice's eyes suddenly began to shine with a brilliant light, as if he had realized something!

Leaving the Tower of Sin would bring no harm to Maurice personally. He was already a top-level war lord, and sooner or later, he would have to leave the Tower of Sin.

But if the worst case scenario happened and he was forced to leave the Tower of Sin after the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place lost the war, then he would have to shoulder a great deal of responsibility for the loss. He would then also have to face severe punishment upon returning to the ogres' sacred place.

However, what Zen had suggested about the one-month grace period meant that Maurice didn't have to take much responsibility for what would happen.

After all, if the decision were shifted and became the responsibility of the two sacred places, it was no longer Maurice who would have to decide whether or not the ogres could stay in the Tower of Sin, but rather the powerful Soul Sea Realm masters in the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

Thinking of this, Maurice was much relieved.

"Oh, now I understand it." He then stood up and ordered the ogres beside him, "Remove Bradley's corpse immediately. Today's negotiations will end here!"

Maurice then prepared to leave the hall. But after taking a few steps, he turned his head to Zen and gruffly said, "Thank you."

Many warriors in the hall felt it strange that Maurice would say thanks to Zen. Only the few intelligent ones, like Lavender and Esther, got it, while all the others were all dumb struck.

Zen had killed Maurice's comrade and just forced him to possibly take all of the ogres out of the Tower of Sin. So why would Maurice have felt grateful to Zen after all this?

Chapter 889 The Game Of War (Part Two)

Zen smiled and shrugged. "You don't need to thank me. We're in different positions."

After the ogres had left, Fabian said to Zen in a low voice, "Zen, will the Demon Night really aid our Purple Heart Sacred Place?"

"Let's wait and see. Besides, if the Demon Night doesn't help, I can choose not to drive the ogres out of the Tower of Sin," Zen said with a smile.

Zen's words made Fabian extremely uneasy. No matter what, he had to send this news to the Purple Heart Sacred Place as soon as possible, so that they could prepare in advance!

On the Sea God Continent, an intense game of war now raged around the Tower of Sin.

Even though the Sea God Continent was an extremely chaotic place, the past ten years had been a peaceful time. Except for the constant expansion of both the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place in their territories, the other races were all relatively stable and peaceful.

In the face of the growing oppression by the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, the other races had been forced to keep their resentments to themselves. Whether it was in the Tower of Sin or on the Sea God Continent, the many races could only suffer the expansion of the ogres in silence and tolerate them bitterly.

Recently, there were new movements from the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place. The two sacred places had actually declared an open war on the Purple Heart Sacred Place!

This unprecedented breaking news shocked trillions of creatures on the Sea God Continent.

The sacred place of the Giants stood between the sacred places of the ogres and the human's Purple Heart Sacred Place. Normally, when an open war was declared among sacred places, such a war would mean that one side was going to completely wipe out the other.

However, the creatures on the Sea God Continent didn't know why the ogres would suddenly wage a war against the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

The destruction of the Purple Heart Sacred Place wouldn't do much good for ogres, not to mention that there was still the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place which was situated behind the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

All sorts of reports and analyses were being researched in every sacred place. Of course, the other races wouldn't want to be involved. Now that the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had made their collective move, the Purple Heart Sacred Place was surely doomed to be annihilated. All of the other races were happy to watch from the sidelines as they fought.

However, the information which followed was something no one had expected.

Purple Heart Sacred Place had actually initiated the declaration of war on the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place!

The Purple Heart Sacred Place and the two sacred places of the ogres weren't even on the same level. What could possibly give the humans such great courage that they would declare war on the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place?

The combined might of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place was like an armed adult who told a helpless kid that he wanted to kill him.

And the human race was that helpless kid.

Right now, not only did this kid not run away, nor did he beg for mercy as expected. Instead, he declared war on that adult! This was not something that common sense could explain as their behavior was quite illogical.

A war between the races was not child's play. It promised to be a war in which blood would flow like rivers. Every step that each side could take had been discussed and analyzed countless times. If the humans dared to challenge the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, then they must have someone or something powerful to rely on.

However, the creatures on the Sea God Continent couldn't figure out what the humans had at their back.

However, as more news was gathered, they soon realized that the person whom the human race relied on was actually Zen!

There were countless spies from the many sacred places in the Tower of Sin. They closely watched the situation unfold within the tower and were informed about every strategic movement in the tower. There were more than one hundred trillion creatures on the Sea God Continent, and there would always be some extremely wise ones among them.

After the Purple Heart Sacred Place had declared war on the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, some of the more intellectually capable creatures immediately predicted that the Demon Night would also declare war on the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

As they foretold, ten days later, the Demon Night also declared war on the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

During the one month which Zen had given the ogres to weigh and consider, the Tower of Sin continued as was usual, immersed in slaughter and plunder. It had been like this for countless decades.

However, the three races of the Sea God Continent were repeatedly playing the game to test the waters.

The Purple Heart Sacred Place was now on high alert. Many of the powerful Soul Sea Realm masters leading the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had marched towards the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

But at the same time, from the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, Amber had led a large number of their elite warriors and they landed beside the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place.

The intention of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was very clear: if the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place attacked the Purple Heart Sacred Place, then the two ogre sacred places would also be razed to the ground by the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place!

Although the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would suffer heavy losses itself if it was attacked by the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, they couldn't defy the order given by Lavender, and now wasn't the time to consider what price they had to pay.

Chapter 890 The Situation (Part One)

The Purple Heart Sacred Place sprouted from the Purple Heart Sect.

As for the words 'Purple Heart', it was derived from the name of a spring water in the Sun Mountain. Its name was Purple Heart Spring.

As this incomparably clean spring water flowed through the Sun Mountain, it would fuse with a very special type of mineral resource that was unique to the area. As a result of that, the spring water would have a distinctive purple glow. It was said that anyone who drank the water from the Purple Heart Spring would live healthily and strongly their whole life and would not get sick, even once.

At that time, the Purple Heart Sect was also a small second-grade sect. However, under the pressure from the other races, the Purple Heart Sect had been forced to continuously merge with other human sects, until they finally grew into a larger sect, effectively becoming the most important refuge for humans.

The Purple Heart Spring had now become the sacred spring water of the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Although this spring water didn't have much effect on warriors, the numerous humans of the Purple Heart Sacred Place were still honored and proud to be able to drink from the Purple Heart Spring!

Three human men stood beside the Purple Heart Spring.

One of the three men wore a purple crown, and he looked very handsome and attractive. No one could tell how high his cultivation base was. His name was Miguel Situ, and he was the current leader of the Purple Heart Sacred Place. He had already reached the Soul Sea Realm.

The other two were elderly men. Although they looked weathered and old, their eyes were sharp like lightning and they looked energetic.

These two old men were also the masters of the Soul Sea Realm. They had a long lifespan—some warriors of the Soul Sea Realm who had lived for a long time could even live up to nine thousand years or even over ten thousand years and become eternal. Those were the ancient masters.

"Right now, the people in the sacred place are all panic-stricken. If the ogres still do not let their troops retreat and move away, I'm afraid our sacred place would fall into unprecedented chaos..." Miguel Situ bent down, and drank water from the spring.

"They wouldn't dare attack," one of the old men said affirmatively.

"If they really want to do it, they would have done it already." With a deep sigh and a glint of defeat in his eyes, he continued, "If our Purple Heart Sacred Place is thrown into disarray just because we are all scared by the ogres, it will just be very ridiculous and we will be laughed at by other races!" His defeated demeanor quickly turned into rage.

Miguel Situ shook his head and said, "There's nothing we can do about it. The human race has been weak for so many years. Now that we're suddenly facing the threat of the ogres, we cannot just say that we are not scared or worried. That would be a total lie." Miguel Situ got up and looked directly at the two old men. "The ogres are going to come over here to try and fight with us. That's what would happen. The thing is that the number of warriors in the Tower of Sin is small. Do you think others would believe that the ogres can win against the Purple Heart Sacred Place or they would just trust Zen who doesn't come from the Purple Heart Sacred Place?"

At that period of time, the Purple Heart Sacred Place had been sending people to the Tower of Sin.

At the same time, Fabian and Jarrod had also shuttled back and forth between the Tower of Sin and the Purple Heart Sacred Place's transmission gate.

Fabian was so confident that he swore that the ogres would not dare attack the Purple Heart Sacred Place, and that the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would definitely take action against the ogres.

At the beginning, Miguel Situ was still a bit hesitant. After all, rather than trusting Zen, who he had never met and who was just a first-level war general in the Tower of Sin, he believed in his own skills and strengths more!

But no matter how strong Miguel Situ was, he still wouldn't be able to fight against the numerous Soul Sea Realm masters of the two sacred places of the ogre.

Just as the Purple Heart Sacred Place was preparing for battle, some warriors of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place were sent to help the Purple Heart Sacred Place and to share some strategies.

Because of that, when the two ogre sacred places made their move, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place also took action...

When that happened, Miguel Situ finally understood that regardless of whether he was willing or not, the fate of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had already been tied to the mysterious guy from the Tower of Sin.

From Miguel's point of view, the Purple Heart Sacred Place currently held a considerable advantage. The ogres were only putting on an act, and up until now, other than destroying a second-grade sect on the outer perimeter of the Purple Heart Sacred Place, they hadn't taken any other action. The ogres had not dared to take a step closer to the Purple Heart Sacred Place, mainly because Amber was bringing her warriors into the range of the two ogre sacred places.

Despite Miguel Situ not being worried, the humans of the Purple Heart Sacred Place were still worried.

Majority of those people were still unwilling to tie their fate to Zen who was just a first-level war general!

The warriors with the lowest ranks in the Purple Heart Sacred Place and even some strong war sages couldn't trust Zen!

This was considering that Miguel Situ had already spread the news of what had happened in the Tower of Sin. When people heard of that, instead of being comforted and excited for the future of human race, many chose not to believe it and called Zen a fraud. Many war lords and war sages even began evacuating their families away from the Purple Heart Sacred Place!

That made Miguel Situ very upset, but there wasn't much that he could do. He couldn't enter the Cursed Land, and it was even more impossible for him to go against an ogre master of the Soul Sea Realm. The only thing he could do at that time was to wait.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 891 The Situation (Part Two)

As long as they survived a whole month, they would be able to see the results!

If it would be just what Fabian had said, the moment Zen successfully expelled all the ogres, the humans would not just get five seats in the Tower of Sin—they could gain all the other seats abandoned by the ogres! And even if Zen decided to give some seats to the Demon Night, the humans would be able to keep at least a dozen seats.

In this way, the humans would grow very powerful and prominent within a very short time. They would even become the second most powerful force in the Tower of Sin!

The Tower of Sin was a mini version of the Sea God Continent. The strength of the various races in the Tower of Sin was a replica of the powers that existed in the Sea God Continent!

If humans would be able to occupy so many seats and the number of human masters would only continue to grow larger and larger, before long, the Purple Heart Sacred Place would also become very strong and influential. By then, humans would truly rise to prominence in the Sea God Continent.

And Miguel Situ was still very young. As long as he didn't die anytime soon, he would be able to witness this resurgence in person! Under his leadership!

If this happened, and if the human race and the Purple Heart Sacred Place truly prospered, Miguel Situ would surely be happy.

"No matter what, we have to face what's coming and try our best to fight the ogres!"

"Well, I think it would be best if Zen comes to the Purple Heart Sacred Place..."

The two elders continued to come up with ideas.

Suddenly, a bitter smile appeared on Miguel's lips. "It is hard to invite that guy to come here. I've already told Fabian to invite him twice, but he just won't come! If all of us can get through this month, I hope that he can make a trip to the Purple Heart Sacred Place..."

In all actuality, it wasn't just the humans who were panicking.

The ogres' situation was not any better.

The Tower of Sin was the cultivating place for talents and masters, and it was also a place that most of warriors fought for!

If the ogres really were driven out of the Tower of Sin by Zen, they might not only be in trouble for a short period of time, but for a long time, and the decline of the ogre race would be unimaginable.

The two ogre sacred places didn't have much interest in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, but right now, only the Purple Heart Sacred Place could be used as a threat to Zen. In order to persuade Zen to change his mind and not to drive the ogres out of the tower, the two ogre sacred places had no choice but to declare war on the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

The problem was that after the two ogre sacred places had just declared war and their warriors had just set out, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place also declared war on the ogres. Amber personally led the troops into the surrounding area of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place.

All the ogres found themselves between a rock and a hard place.

Would they really destroy the whole Purple Heart Sacred Place? Even if they killed all the human race, it still couldn't change the situation in the Tower of Sin. What was even more troublesome was that the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would definitely take the opportunity to attack and ruin the ogre sacred places. That would mean that the two ogre sacred places would be destroyed and the ogres would forever lose the Tower of Sin. And if those happened, their extinction would be inevitable.

On the other hand, though, would they be willing to let the Purple Heart Sacred Place off that easily? If so, after one month, the ogres would still lose the Tower of Sin, a very important place for cultivation. What awaited the ogres was a slow death. It was easy to conclude that the ogre race would slowly decline, and eventually wither away.

Once upon a time, there had been a few powerful races that had been eliminated from the Sea God Continent. No one had been able to resist the force of natural selection which made sure that only the fittest would survive and breed.

Many of the powerful ogre warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were also at a loss as to what to do next...

They only wanted to use the Purple Heart Sacred Place to threaten Zen, but now, not only was it difficult to threaten Zen, but they themselves were about to be in danger.

Amidst all the chaos and uncertainty, the most relaxed person out of everyone was Amber.

Dressed in purple clothes, Amber was sitting on the top of a black mountain. Black smoke was continuously coming out from all around her.

The entire area around the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place was the same. There were thousands of active volcanoes of varying sizes everywhere, which was why the name of this sacred place contained the word "flaming".

The mission that Amber was given was very simple: she only needed to bring her warriors there and observe. If the ogres wouldn't attack the Purple Heart Sacred Place, then Amber wouldn't act against the two ogre sacred places.

Over two hundred years ago, Amber entered the Tower of Sin. At that time, she had accumulated a lot of enmity with the ogres, and the ogres were always against her.

Amber had always wanted to find a chance to destroy the ogres. Unfortunately, no such opportunity had ever presented itself to her. Although the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was a seventh-grade sacred place, if Amber forcefully fought against and destroyed the two ogre sacred places, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would also suffer huge losses. By then, the other races might take the chance to attack the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

However, right now, Amber realized that Zen's appearance had created the perfect opportunity for her to weaken the ogres without sacrificing a single soldier. What was better was she could even see the ogres slowly die out.

Even if Lavender did not give this order, Amber would still choose to make a move—this move. She was not particularly friends with the humans, but in her eyes, the enemy of her enemy was her friend!

Chapter 892 A Delicate Situation (Part One)

The present situation on the Sea God Continent was extremely delicate. So much so that even the Tower of Sin was in a state of utter chaos, and the warriors were panicking hard.

Since the Cursed Land was filled with all sorts of races, the tower situated there was almost like a mini version of the Sea God Continent itself. In fact, the information one acquired from the Cursed Land was even more valuable and important. Some people even earned their bread and butter by collecting information from the tower and selling it.

Now, since the humans and the ogres had declared war on each other, the entire Sea God Continent looked like it had been hit by a massive typhoon. The Cursed Land itself seemed to be located in the center of that storm, and the Tower of Sin was the very eye of this cyclone.

Zen, who was inside the tower at this delicate moment, was very calm. In fact, he wasn't paying much attention to the events occurring outside the tower.

However, there was still one small problem that he was facing right now. He couldn't stay on the tenth floor anymore.

The Lucky Light he had accumulated from his numerous battles over the last few days had caused Zen to advance to a second-level war general. His strength was already tremendous and it had increased now.

The Tower of Sin really was a mysterious place. The pace at which he had advanced through the numerous cultivation levels was several times faster when done by utilizing the Lucky Light.

This was also the reason why all the races on the Sea God Continent placed so much importance on the Tower of Sin. As long as their warriors were strong enough, they could advance continuously in the Tower of Sin, and at the same time, get sufficient training and practice through battles.

At Zen's current training and advancement speed, perhaps it wasn't going to be long before he became a war lord.

And ever since he had defeated the level two orc war lord, the war generals on the tenth floor had finally come to their senses and realized they couldn't match Zen no matter how many stones they turned.

The divine-level talents from all the races were concentrated on the tenth floor of the tower. Although Zen had defeated Boris and several other powerful warriors too, there were still numerous cultivators who refused to admit that they could not defeat Zen. That was understandable since they were at the divine level and weren't willing to be considered inferior to anyone else. Apart from these talents, some cultivators who had just advanced from the ninth floor were there too.

Though the divine-level talents wanted to defeat him somehow, those who had just advanced from the previous floor knew that they weren't a match for him.

At Zen's current cultivation base, his opponent should have been a war lord, not a war general!

But the divine-level talents were willing to battle with Zen as they would obtain great honor if they managed to defeat him! For that reason, even though they knew that it was impossible for them to defeat Zen, they still headed towards the arena where they either gave up their lives, or gave up their Lucky Light.

Then gradually, the tables turned and no one dared to challenge Zen anymore. With that, he began to get default victories every day, without receiving any Lucky Light.

After obtaining the default victory for three days, Zen got the right to enter the eleventh floor of the Tower of Sin. However, he wanted to stay on the tenth floor for a while more right now as he wanted to accumulate more Lucky Light on the tenth floor before entering the next one.

However, nothing of the sort happened to him even after six consecutive days, and he kept getting the default victory, since no one wanted to fight him on the arena.

As this was going to be the case, then staying there was a waste of time for him.

Disappointed, all Zen could do was to choose to leave the tenth floor and enter the next one.

By this time, half of the grace period that Zen had given to the ogres had already passed.

News regarding their exchange and deal had already spread throughout the Tower of Sin at a gradual pace. Every single race was discussing it openly or secretly.

Some of the races were even talking about it in a delightful tone. In the past, no other race would have dared to speak out of anger against the ogres even though they had acted outrageously, but now that Zen was going to expel the ogres from the Tower of Sin, it was definitely a great thing for them. Many of the relatively weaker races were sure to clap their hands in joy if they saw the ogres leave the Tower of Sin.

As for the ogre members, they were obviously depressed.

Many of the ogres rarely went onto the arena. They even didn't dare to appear publicly in the Tower of Sin. Each and every one of them was very careful if they ever went out and would even lower their voices a bit while speaking.

This entire month was going to be very crucial for the ogres.

If they refused to give in, then the Demon Night, the Purple Heart Sacred Place, and even Zen himself were not going to go easy on them.

And if Zen refused to budge, every single ogre member would have to leave the Tower of Sin, including all of their war lords who were at the top level!

The moment Zen stepped onto the eleventh floor of the Tower of Sin, two level three war lords from the ogre race walked up to him.

"You're Zen, right? You've finally reached the eleventh floor! Are you interested in competing in the arena right now?"

"You're just a second-level war general. And you are daring enough to climb up to the eleventh floor. You're really so reckless!"

The two ogre war lords tried to provoke Zen into a fight.

In fact, the ogres already understood clearly that they were unable to defeat Zen in the Tower of Sin. Even Bradley, the fourth strongest war lord among all, had been instantly killed by Zen. How could the warriors from any other races be a match for him!

This meant that there was only one way left for the ogres now, and that was to kill Zen on the arena.

That was just the way ogres were. Even though they weren't strong enough to stand up against Zen, they were still willing to fight him to the death. In addition to Boris, there were lots of other tenth-level ogre war generals on the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin too.

Chapter 893 A Delicate Situation (Part Two)

After Zen and Maurice's negotiations, many of the tenth-level war generals had volunteered to kill Zen on the arena. However, they had stopped trying to do that in the end.

Zen was a bit puzzled at first. Considering the nature of the ogres, it was highly improbable that they could refrain from challenging him on the arena. Since they were unable to kill him outside in the safe zone, it was a pretty safe bet that this impetuous race would try to deal with him legally.

In any case, he managed to land a default victory for the next several days and had no choice but to advance to the next floor.

However, when he saw these two ogre war lords, Zen understood that everyone on the tenth floor understood that it was very difficult for them to kill him, so they decided not to challenge him here and force him to advance so that more powerful warriors could deal with him on the arena.

There were fewer war generals on the eleventh floor and above. The vast majority of divine-level talents would stay on the tenth floor. Even if they had the qualifications to enter the eleventh floor, they still preferred to stay on since it allowed them to procure adequate amounts of Lucky Light and training. Only after breaking through and becoming powerful war lords, did they choose to enter the eleventh floor.

Even if Boris and Cheryl had the ability to fight against level one and level two war lords, they still chose to stay on the tenth floor and continuously absorb Lucky Light. They were bound to break through on the tenth floor eventually and then they would advance to the next floor.

Zen had no choice but to go up to the eleventh floor. In such a situation, the ogre war lords on the eleventh floor could now challenge Zen and try to kill him.

It was because of Zen that all the ogres in the Tower of Sin, including the top-level ogre war lords, had been forced into a passive state. Even the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place were inactive these days, afraid that Zen would do something terrible to them.

For the ogres, anyone who managed to get rid of Zen was going to be their savior.

As a result, as soon as Zen entered the eleventh floor, two ogre war lords appeared, trying to be the savior of their race.

In the face of the provocation from these two ogre war lords, Zen merely gave a faint smile, and his eyes narrowed slightly. "I accept your challenge, but you must prepare yourself to give up your lives!"

"There is not a single ogre anywhere in the world who is afraid of death! What's more, you're just a second-level war general," an ogre war lord sneered.

The other ogre war lord also gave a wild laugh and sneered, "That's right. As long as you don't use your bullshit ability, you're a dead man walking! Ha-ha..."

Zen gently raised his hand and responded, "Are you talking about this ability?"

As an intangible force wrapped the ogre war lord up, his expressions suddenly changed, the laughter morphing into an ugly, choked expression. Although news concerning the death of the top-level ogre war lord, Bradley, had not spread outside, the ogres themselves knew very clearly about it. Even if Zen's finger moved very slightly, the war lord would be torn in half!

"According to the rules of the Tower of Sin, you are not allowed to attack in the safe zone!" The ogre war lord panicked as his face turned pale.

"The safe zone?" Zen laughed coldly. "The rules of the safe zone were set by those who hold the seats in the Tower of Sin, but I think it won't be long before the rules become invalid!"

"All the races set these rules together. It wasn't just us. Aghhh!" the ogre war lord immediately replied, gagging for breath.

Zen's eyes were gleaming with contempt. With a slight movement of his finger, the ogre war lord fell to the ground with a thud. Zen then walked towards the arena, and announced as if people around him were his subjects, "I am going to set up some new rules for the Tower of Sin."

When the creatures of the other races heard this declaration, they began to discuss among themselves.

"Zen is too domineering. He doesn't seem like a human being at all!"

"What Zen said isn't wrong. Putting aside his identity of a human, we can even say he is now the person in charge of the Tower of Sin. Who can stand up against him anyway? Who's going to stop him if he really sets some new rules? Esther? Maurice? Perhaps even they would get killed instantly. Zen could do that in the blink of an eye. This means that Zen is now the most powerful person in the tower and it won't be wrong for him to draw up the rules!"

"Whoever is the most influential and has the highest position in the tower has the right to make the rules for the tower. That is the foundation of the Tower of Sin! The Tower of Sin has operated according to this foundation for the past hundreds of years. Isn't that why when the ogres occupied the whole Tower of Sin, no one dared to question or challenge them?"

As the crowd continued with their discussions, Zen walked into the arena and pointed at the two ogre war lords. "There are still fifteen days left for the ogres. In these fifteen days, I will also give you the opportunity to challenge me!"

"I'm going to kill him!" The ogre war lord who had gotten up from the ground had a furious expression on his face. As he finished speaking, he rushed towards the arena.

For the ogres, there were only two options left. They could either attack and destroy the Purple Heart Sacred Place within the next fifteen days or kill

Zen inside the Tower of Sin.

Otherwise, it was inevitable that all the ogres got expelled from the Tower of Sin. This was going to be the greatest disgrace and humiliation they would face ever since the establishment of the two ogre sacred places.

Chapter 894 Lavender's Strength

The ogre war lord leapt up and ruthlessly stepped on the arena. His immense strength caused the arena to cave in slightly, but the arena quickly recovered and returned to its normal state.

Suddenly, red lights flashed around Zen and Lavender's figure appeared beside him. Stretching out her hand, she said to him, "Give it to me."

"Give you what now? What do you mean?" Ever since Lavender recovered her consciousness, she had often jumped into situations on her own volition.

"The spear!" Lavender answered, though her tone was indifferent.

"What for?" Zen asked again.

"Let me fight for you this time," said Lavender quietly, a wry smile gracing her lips.

Perhaps she came up with such a proposal because she had stayed inside Zen's body for a long time.

Zen remembered the day Lavender wielded a spear at the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place in such an impressive manner. It was a sight to behold, and truly, he wanted to see it again. With a smile on his face, he tapped his space ring with his finger, and a long spear flew towards Lavender.

Lavender expertly caught the long spear with one hand, and her aura suddenly changed. A burst of strong malicious aura escaped from her eyes.

"What? Why the sudden substitution?"

"She's the Queen of Demon Night. You should feel greatly honored to see her fighting!"

"That's Zen's sword spirit. It could be Zen's substitute during the battle. It's quite common to see that. However, it's a strange thing to know that a substitute has its own consciousness."

On the arena, eyes of the ogre war lord glistened. At that moment, he couldn't care about anyone or anything else. Only Zen mattered to him. Even if he had to sacrifice his own life, he must kill Zen. The moment Zen was declared dead, he, the ogre war lord, would be considered a hero of the ogre race.

In the two ogre sacred places, extreme heroism was extremely adored, and for the people there, dying on the battlefield would be a great honor.

Being brought up like that, the ogre war lord didn't care about the sword spirit, nor did he care if Zen was going to fight. His only goal was to kill Zen on the arena, and he was going to do that no matter what it took.

With a deep breath, the ogre war lord let his forceful energy flow to his legs. The energy exploded, and it made him look like a fierce monster. All of a sudden, he broke out into a run, heading towards Zen and bypassing Lavender.

But before the ogre war lord was able to get any closer to Zen, Lavender said, her tone once again indifferent, "I am you opponent, you ogre." Silent and graceful, Lavender lifted her spear and pointed it at the running ogre war lord.

"Fuck off!" the ogre shouted, his gaze firm on Zen. As he rushed forward, he blocked Lavender's spear attack with his saber. Successful in doing so, he ran faster towards Zen, his eyes filled with murderous rage.

At that moment, Zen was standing in the corner of the fighting arena, his arms down and an indifferent expression on his face. Faced with the ogre war lord, he showed not one bit of interest in fighting him.

"You had the nerve to ignore our queen, you must die!"

"Surely our queen will put him to death!"

When the Demon Nights heard the ogre war lord swear at Lavender, many of them couldn't help but clamor. How could their queen be insulted like this? If it weren't for the rules of the arena, they must have rushed towards the ogre war lord to tear him into many pieces.

Right after Lavender's long spear was blocked by the ogre war lord, she drew an arc in the air with its tip. Then, with a light shake, the spear shaft started looking like a snake raising its head!

Soon after, she spread out her arm, and the long spear shot from her hands. Its tip pierced through the air with a loud sound, and it headed straight towards the back of the ogre war lord.

Zen stared at the oncoming ogre war lord, his expression calm as if he could not be bothered. He even had the time to warn the ogre war lord of the danger behind him. "If I were you," he started, with little smirk on his lips. "I'd look behind."

Any creature with a cultivation base of a war lord should be able to feel what was coming, so it was impossible that an ogre war lord would fail to sense the danger that was coming for him.

But since Zen was just there, looking indifferent and unconcerned, it seemed that he really hadn't decided to fight back or defend himself.

It didn't matter to the ogre war lord if he died because a sharp spear stabbed him in the back. 'As long as I succeed in killing Zen, I would be considered a hero by the ogres, ' he thought, focused on his mission.

With his mind made up, he ran faster, his eyes only on one prize - the death of Zen.

The moment he came upon Zen, his forceful energy exploded, and the enormous power that it produced transferred to the saber he was wielding.

"Die!"

The ogre war lord roared with great excitement, as he poised himself to give Zen a death blow.

Unfortunately, just as he raised his blade, the tip of Lavender's spear had already penetrated his chest.

The ogre war lord had hoped that he would be able to withstand Lavender's spear with the shear strength of his body until he successfully killed Zen.

However, he underestimated the strength of Lavender's attack.

Back in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, where Lavender just wielded her spear casually, its eerie and formidable strength already made Zen's heart skip a beat. Even Amber was shocked by its intensity.

The strength of a sword spirit would increase with the enhancement of its owner's cultivation base. Back then, when Lavender was only using the sword dance, her strength was almost the same as Zen's.

But what Lavender used just now was a spear, and the skill she cultivated in order to do it was spear art. It was one of the best things one could inherit from the Demon Night race.

Although Lavender didn't say what sort of martial skill her spear art was, Zen estimated that this spear art was surely a Transcendent Divine Might.

Bang!

The long spear penetrated the ogre war lord's back, and a strong force exploded inside his body. That was the malicious aura.

This malicious aura was not rotating around a certain center, but instead was spreading in all directions!

In an instant, the ogre war lord's body exploded into many tiny pieces. With him dead, the blade he was wielding dropped on the arena floor.

Clang!

The whole arena was silent, and it made the sound of the fallen blade loud and crisp. Zen hadn't moved from his place at all, still calm and indifferent as he had been minutes ago. This was all because of his deep faith in Lavender.

Lavender, on the other hand, seemed to be bored either by her victory or her weak opponent. Her mouth twitched, and while rolling her eyes, she said, "He was boring."

Zen chuckled and replied, "I'll find a fighter competent enough to fight with you, don't worry."

With a thorough understanding of ogres' character, he was sure that as long as he stood on where he was standing, the ogres would go up to him and challenge him one by one.

While he was in the tenth floor, Zen thought hard and long before deciding to come to the eleventh floor.

The war outside the Cursed Land had already come to a deadlock. As long as the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place did not order a retreat, the ogres wouldn't dare attack the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Both of the two sides could endure a war of attrition. However, the ogres' two sacred places didn't have much time.

Aside from finding an opportunity to break the deadlock outside the Cursed Land, killing Zen was probably the most effective way to end the war. Therefore, more ogre war lords would challenge him to try to kill him.

Before Zen could finish saying what he wanted to say to Lavender, a second ogre war lord already jumped up into the arena.

Zen faced Lavender and shrugged. "Would you like another fight?" he asked flatly.

Lavender nodded. Turning around, she wielded her weapon and once again pointed the spear tip towards the ogre war lord.

The first ogre war lord's aim was to kill Zen, and thus ignored the existence of Lavender and her threat. As a result, Lavender finished him off easily.

However, her second opponent seemed to be smarter and more cautious. He would still sacrifice his life to kill Zen and save his people, but he would never die without a fight. After what happened to the first one, he knew that he would be penetrated by Lavender's spear before he could even come anywhere near Zen. He even had no chance of putting up a desperate fight.

So he had to kill this woman before he could do anything else.

Unfortunately, this ogre war lord did not accurately assess Lavender's strength. There was a special 'force' hidden inside Lavender's spear, which even Zen couldn't comprehend. Each and every spear attack could create a unique wave of energy, which terrified Zen, as well as the No. 1 genius of Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, Amber.

Sometimes, Zen felt that this shapeless wave was similar to the weapon spirit inside the Tower of Sin since the weapon spirit's power directly came from the tower's previous owner. Could it be possible that Lavender was somehow related to the previous owner of the Tower of Sin?

He might have to ask her when they had free time.

Any person with common sense knew that this ogre war lord was no match for Lavender. He would never find a way to deal with Lavender's spear skills.

With just ten spear strikes, the ogre's weapon was broken to small fragments the size of a grain of rice. At last, Lavender's spear penetrated the ogre's throat.

After the ogre war lord's limp, dead body fell to the ground, a white stream of light shot towards Zen's chest.

The Lucky Light of these two ogre war lords amounted to that of ten war generals. Zen was right about ascending the eleventh floor.

It took Lavender less than ten minutes to kill two ogre war lords.

Other ogre war lords who had decided to ascend to the arena to try to kill Zen felt both desperate and discouraged. If they couldn't defeat Lavender first, how could they confront Zen?

Chapter 895 Making Some New Rules

On the topmost floor of the Tower of Sin, the many ogre top-level war lords had gathered in the No. 2 space, all wearing depressed looks on their faces.

Although many of the ogre war lords were still lining up to challenge Zen on the eleventh floor, they clearly knew in their hearts that it was simply a futile struggle.

Back when Zen had been a mere war general, he had already been able to easily defeat Boris. Now that Zen had become a second level war general, he was no longer afraid of facing ordinary war lords.

The most important thing was that Zen was not a fool.

So what if they managed to defeat him in the arena? He could still use the power of the Tower of Sin to kill anyone he wanted…

Rules were nothing in the eyes of those who held power. They were only used to control weak warriors.

Did they honestly expect Zen to obey their rules? That was impossible!

These top-level war lords were also well aware of this.

Many of the ogre war lords had already realized that their days were numbered in the Tower of Sin, and many of the top-level war lords had started to clean up their mess and prepared to return home.

"We still have one last chance," Maurice suddenly said. "Who's willing to stay?"

"Do you mean to continue fighting desperately against Zen?" a top-level war lord asked in a disgruntled tone.

Maurice stared coldly at the top-level war lord who had asked this. Sometimes, the brains of his comrades were addled.

Another top-level war lord said, "Yes, there is indeed a final chance!"

Maurice laughed heartily. "Moreover, there is a good chance of winning."

More and more war lords came to realize what they were talking about, and their eyes flashed with rekindled hope.

Yes, in less than half a month, Zen would begin to drive the many ogres out from the Tower of Sin.

In the past, they had hid two war sages in the secret passageway below the Tower of Sin, and while hiding in that place, they could easily avoid the Dark Nether Death Light.

When the Dark Nether Death Light in the Dark Nether Cave had weakened, it was highly likely that Zen would enter the Dark Nether Cave to explore. Even if he didn't go there this year, he would go next year as well. Or if it was not next year, he would certainly go the year after that!

The life span of a top-level war lord was very long and they didn't mind waiting for a few years!

Furthermore, they could still continue to cultivate in the secret passageway!

There were many top-level war lords present, such as Maurice and certain others, who had been suppressing their cultivation levels to prevent themselves from breaking through to become war sages and then being killed by the spell of the Cursed Land.

If they chose to hide away in the secret passageway, and cultivate until they could break through and become war sages, then they could wait for Zen to enter the Dark Nether Cave and kill him.

Zen was undeniably a talent, and the strength which he had unleashed was very powerful. However, he was only powerful when compared to the ordinary war lords. For these top-level war lords, he was still nothing of importance. Moreover, it wouldn't be long before these top-level war lords would break through to become war sages if they hid in the secret passageway.

Inside the Dark Nether Cave, Zen would be unable to use the power of the Tower of Sin to kill anyone. Therefore, it would not be difficult for them to then kill Zen there!

"Now let's make a plan. It's a fact that we can't take the Purple Heart Sacred Place down. Half a month from now, every one of us will have to give up the Tower of Sin." Maurice continued, "I've already suppressed my cultivation level for many years, so it won't be difficult for me to break through and become a war sage. Who else wants to go with me to make a break through?"

"Count me in!" one of the top-level war lords said in a muffled voice.

"I'll join!"

"I can also make the breakthrough in a short amount of time!"

In the Tower of Sin, most of the top-level war lords had suppressed their cultivation level. After all, they had improved much faster while in the Tower of Sin than they would have on the outside. Once they left the Tower of Sin, they would never have the chance to return again.

The advantage of suppressing one's cultivation level was obvious. The more one suppressed his cultivation, the faster his cultivation level would rise after breaking through to become a war sage. It was much like a spring: the more it was suppressed, the more forcefully it would bubble up.

Maurice glanced them over before saying, "Boyd, Rehaan, the two of you will stay."

Boyd and Rehaan ranked 18th and 22nd respectively among the seat holders.

However, it would be impossible for Maurice to stay currently. He was the leader of the ogre race in the Tower of Sin, and it would cause suspicion if he didn't show up and lead the ogres out of the Tower of Sin when the time came.

Maurice's eyes glinted with hope. He stared at Boyd and Rehaan and said, "Whether we, the ogre race, can ever return to the Tower of Sin will all depend on you two!"

A dense malicious aura suddenly emitted from the faces of these two top-level war lords. "Don't worry. As long as that kid dares to enter the Dark Nether Cave, we will definitely tear him into pieces!"

Half a month passed in the blinking of an eye.

The entire Sea God Continent was immersed in a strangely tense atmosphere.

Although the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had declared war on the Purple Heart Sacred Place, they had never initiated fighting, and the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had also not taken any real action. The battle lines were drawn, but remained uncrossed. It was a cold war, a stalemate.

After the one-month time limit that Zen had given Maurice was up, the armies of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place retreated. At the same time, Amber also retreated back to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

In the Tower of Sin, the ogres began to leave the place, one after another.

The ogre race had relied heavily on the Tower of Sin to flourish, and in their heyday, they even controlled the entire Tower of Sin with their own powers. But now, they had no choice but to leave. They had been masters, but were now evicted!

"That human kid really worked a miracle. He drove the entire ogre race out of the Tower of Sin with just his own strength!"

"Why do I suddenly feel like pitying the ogres somewhat?"

"Pity? If you had ever been oppressed by the ogres back in the day, then you would have understood that it is nobody's fault but their own, to have come to this point!"

On that day, many warriors from the Tower of Sin gathered and stood at the doorway, watching the ogres' retreat.

Ogre war fighters, war generals, and even many of the top-level war lords left the Tower of Sin one by one. Even though they were reluctant to leave, they didn't have any other choice right now.

Zen had already proclaimed that from tomorrow onward, he would kill any ogre that he saw in the Tower of Sin.

In this situation, if the ogres continued to stay in the Tower of Sin, they would only be courting a certain death.

The ogre multitudes formed a thin, meandering line and headed towards the north of the Cursed Land. There were two transmission arrays leading respectively to the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

Most of the ogres had left with great disappointment, hatred, and indignation, refusing to accept such a cruel fate.

They couldn't understand how such a powerful race had fallen at the hands of a little kid and for no reason?

Only a very small number of top-level war lords knew that they would return sooner or later to the Tower of Sin. The war lords were down, but not out.

All this depended on when Zen would enter the Dark Nether Cave. As long as Zen died, the ogres would be able to return to the Tower of Sin and retrieve their seats on the top floor and regain control of the Tower of Sin!

Standing on the platform at the ground floor of the Tower of Sin, Zen was lost in his thoughts, his eyes as calm as still water.

During this period of time, the Lucky Light which Zen had absorbed was at least a hundred times more than what he had obtained before. Within the half a month, there were at least three to four ogre war lords coming to challenge him on a daily basis. With the high-intensity training and the accumulation of a large amount of Lucky Light, Zen's cultivation had rapidly increased. The Tower of Sin was indeed a wonderful place for cultivation. Zen was now a sixth level war general!

According to the information he had received, the Dark Nether Death Light inside the Dark Nether Cave would weaken within three to four months.

Therefore, Zen had plenty of time left to improve himself.

To Zen's knowledge, there was a period of time every year when the Dark Nether Death Light would weaken. However, this time was not fixed or predetermined. Sometimes it would be one month earlier, and sometimes it would even be one month later than expected.

However, once it was activated in this period, the light would not inflict any damage in the first month.

'I am determined to retrieve that inheritance from inside the Dark Nether Cave! Then, I believe, it won't be long before I can return to the Central Region…'

As he thought of this, Zen's eyes narrowed with pleasure. However, as he looked around, he suddenly saw Maurice, who was heading off into the distance, turn his head and give him a sinister smile.

Zen's heart tightened when he saw Maurice's smile, and he frowned suspiciously.

'It would seem that the ogre race will not give up easily, ' Zen thought in his heart.

Soon after, Zen began to sink. In a flash, his entire body had already been merged into the Tower of Sin.

As the entire Tower of Sin was stuck upside down in the Cursed Land, Zen was actually standing on the first floor of the Tower of Sin. After his body had merged with the Tower of Sin, he continuously spiraled downward.

He traveled through the first floor, the second floor… the tenth floor, the fourteenth floor, and fifteenth floor...

Soon, Zen arrived at the very top of the tower!

Nothing else really mattered to him now. Default victory or qualifications to be promoted to the next level all became meaningless to Zen now.

Even the ogres had already been driven out and banished by him. He no longer needed to care about the rules of the Tower of Sin.

Standing in the center of the hall on the fifteenth floor, Zen suddenly said calmly, "All of the seat holders, please come forth! It's time to make some new rules."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 896 Redistribute The Seats

Since the ogres had been expelled from the Tower of Sin, it was time to redistribute the seats.

Previously, the ogres had occupied twenty-six seats, so how would these seats be allocated?

Every race's seat owners had their own plans in mind.

At the same time, they also knew that Zen would distribute the twenty-six seats as he pleased.

According to the current situation, Zen only had to take the Demon Night into consideration. After all, the Purple Heart Sacred Place was actually under the protection of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. If the Demon Night hadn't protected the humans, the ogres would have wiped out the Purple Heart Sacred Place from the Sea God Continent.

Although the Tower of Sin was important, a sacred place required decades, centuries, or even millennia of accumulation to truly rise in power.

So, the seat owners of the other races estimated that out of the twenty-six seats, some of them would be allocated to the Demon Night while the rest would be allocated to the humans.

Anyway, as long as Zen didn't take away their seats, they would be thankful to him.

The top-level war lords slowly gathered in the round hall and looked at Zen with a complex expression in their eyes. Each of them had their own thoughts.

Who would have thought that the person who would reformulate the rules would be a human war general?

Back then, in order to get a seat, every race had to go all out, even at the cost of their lives. However, the human war general had driven the ogres out of the Tower of Sin and obtained twenty-six seats in one go.

Many of the top-level war lords admired Zen very much. What he had done was beyond their expectations.

On top of that, Zen, with his current abilities, could expel all the races from the tower, including the Demon Night.

Of course, he wouldn't do that.

There wasn't much benefit for him in chasing the other races out of the Tower of Sin. Besides, although the Tower of Sin was important, the development of the sacred places was more important. With the skin gone, what can the hair attach itself to? Everyone took the Tower of Sin seriously because it was important for the development of their own race's sacred place.

If Zen turned the human race against all the other races, then the other sacred places would join forces to wipe out the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

Zen had also considered the rules of the Tower of Sin.

In fact, after so many years of evolution, the current set of rules wasn't bad. Any creature that entered the Tower of Sin had to constantly tiptoe around the edge of life and death. Only the true elites could climb up the floors one after another.

Powerful warriors could obtain more resources, Lucky Light, and points. The weaker ones would be eliminated and might even become nutrients of the Tower of Sin.

The Tower of Sin was just a microcosm of the world of warriors.

"How will the rules change?" asked a top-level war lord of the Giants.

Zen smiled. "The rules from the first floor to the fourteenth floor will remain the same."

"And then?" asked a top-level war lord of the Orcs.

The rules of the first to fourteenth floors did not affect the seat owners. The top-level war lords didn't care about this.

The most critical point was how to allocate seats on the fifteenth floor. What did Zen want to do? Did he want to give all the seats to the humans? Or did he want to keep the current rules? This was what they were most concerned about.

"I've decided to leave all the seats on the fifteenth floor as they are. But since I was the one who drove the ogres away, I can freely distribute their twenty-six seats," Zen said calmly.

These words immediately made quite a few of the top-level war lords heave a sigh of relief. It looked like Zen wasn't as domineering as they'd thought he was.

Although these top-level war lords had obtained a lot of information on Zen, they'd been afraid that he would turn out to be more tyrannical than the ogres. But from his words, it seemed that he wouldn't take away the seats of the current top-level war lords. But Zen hadn't finished his words, so the other creatures were still a little worried.

Zen paused for a moment before continuing, "There's another point. The seats of the human race and the Demon Night will be permanently occupied and can't be taken away by any other race!"

"Permanent seats?"

"Does this mean that the human race and the Demon Night will always occupy their seats in the future?"

"This is too..."

The 128 seats on the fifteen floor weren't fixed. Every now and then, the seat owners would have to compete against each other for the rankings. The weaker seat owners would lose their seats to the newly promoted top-level war lords.

In reality, the establishment of this rule had been biased toward powerful races from the very beginning. After all, the ogres and the Demon Night were the races that produced the most talents.

Since they were the most powerful races, they had always controlled the most seats.

This had created a system where the strong grew stronger and the weak grew weaker.

Although the human race had been developing for so many years, only four humans were seat owners. Moreover, these four seat owners weren't very reliable either. It wouldn't be surprising if they lost their seats in the next competition between seat owners.

In the past, during the worst times of the human race, they hadn't even had one seat. Now that they had four seats, the humans were pretty proud of their achievement.

But if the rule of permanent seats was established, then the humans and the Demon Night wouldn't have to participate in the competition for seats and their number of seats wouldn't decrease at all.

Zen had thought long and hard about this.

He knew that even if he changed the situation of the human race and the Purple Heart Sacred Place by increasing the number of human seat owners, it wouldn't be a permanent solution. He didn't have that much time to stay in the Tower of Sin. After obtaining the inheritance in the tower, he was going to return to the Central Region.

Many people were waiting for him there, including the most important person in Zen's life.

He might stay in the Tower of Sin for several months or a year. Three years at most.

The Purple Heart Sacred Place wouldn't be able to develop and rise in such a short amount of time. Once he left, perhaps the Demon Night would take care of the human race for Lavender's sake. But hoping that the humans would be able to rise to the level of the Demon Night would just be wishful thinking.

That was why Zen had decided to establish the rule of permanent seats, which would at least ensure that the number of seats held by the human race wouldn't decrease.

More importantly, the Demon Night would have permanent seats as well. This was equivalent to tying the human race together with the Demon Night. If the other races became unhappy with the rule of permanent seats in the future, they would first have to stand against the Demon Night. At that time, the Demon Night would be the first one to rush out and consolidate their permanent seats.

This was Zen's plan.

"Yes, there is no need for humans and the Demon Night to compete for the seats. This rule has both advantages and disadvantages for all parties involved. The disadvantage for the other races is that they won't be able to compete for permanent races. But the advantage is that the human race and the Demon Night won't be able to get additional seats in the future," Zen said slowly.

Right now, there were twenty-six seats that needed to be redistributed. If all of them were given to the human race, then the human race would have thirty seats, which would be more than enough.

"Is there anyone who objects?" Zen asked.

The other top-level war lords stayed silent as they knew that it would be useless to say anything. Moreover, what Zen had said made sense. Now, the

Demon Night and the human race combined would have almost fifty seats, so the remaining seventy-odd seats would be allocated to the other races.

The situation was similar to when the ogres had been present.

At that time, the other races had been worried about the continued expansion of the power of the ogres and the Demon Night. It had been obvious that the Demon Night and the ogres would keep obtaining more and more seats while the seats of the other races decreased. In the end, all the seats would have fallen into the hands of the ogres and the Demon Night.

Now, Zen's new rule would put a stop to the expansion of the Demon Night because the number of seats held by the humans and the Demon Night would always remain the same. This wasn't a bad thing for the other races.

"No objections."

"I have no objections either." The other races all nodded.

Of course, Zen wasn't asking for their consent at all.

Out of the twenty-six seats of the ogres, Zen allocated eight to the Demon Night. As a result, the Demon Night now had twenty-four seats while the humans had twenty-two seats, becoming the second strongest power in the Tower of Sin.

As for how Esther and Fabian planned to allocate these seats, Zen didn't see any need to interfere in it.

Esther was quite calm. Although having eight extra seats was a good thing for the Demon Night, it wasn't enough to make her feel excited.

However, it was a different story for the four human seat owners. Fabian and Jarrod seemed to be on cloud nine as they had suddenly gained eighteen seats. How would they distribute them?

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

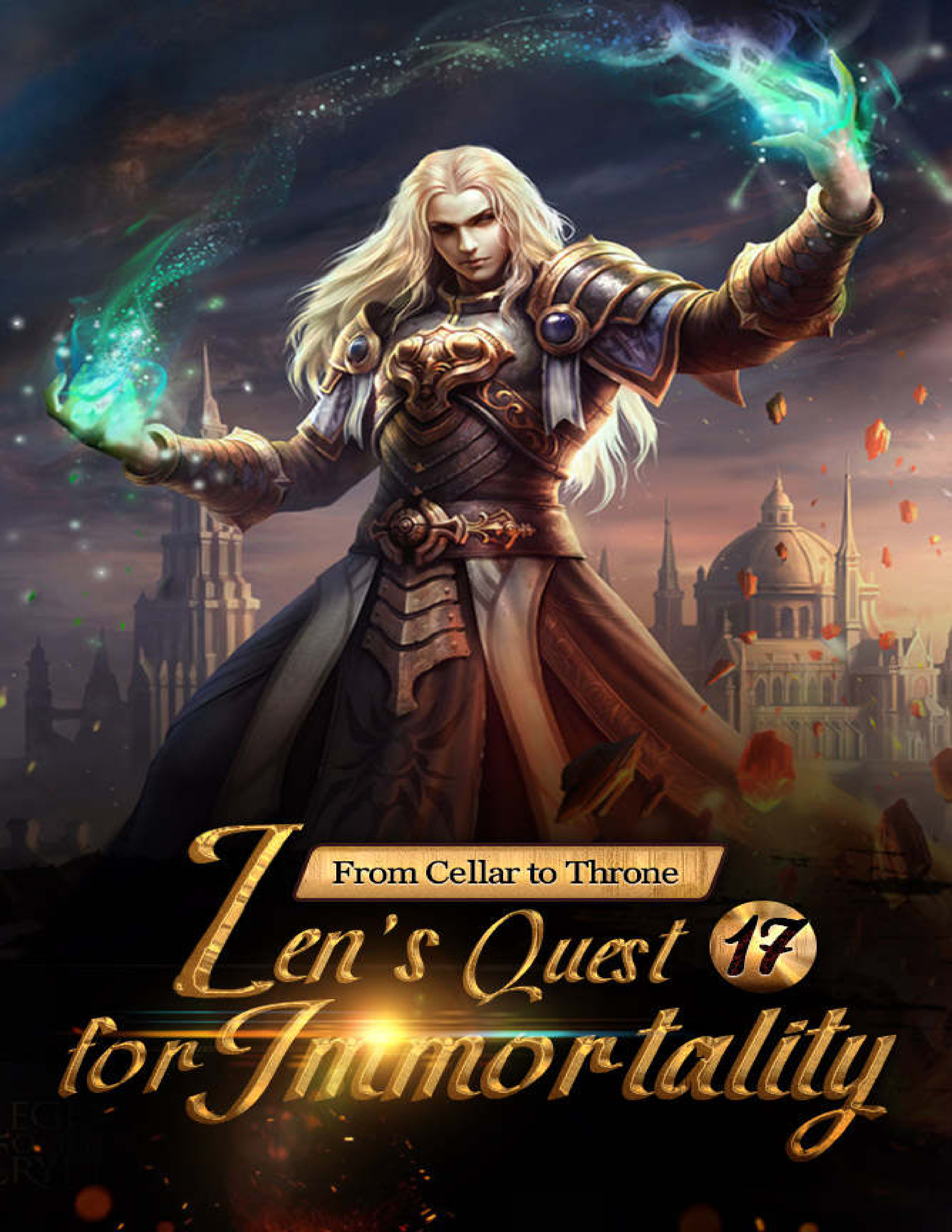

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

17

Content

Chapter 897 Purple Heart Sacred Place
Chapter 898 The Core
Chapter 899 Preparation
Chapter 900 A Dangerous Place
Chapter 901 Strange Birds
Chapter 902 Fight To Death
Chapter 903 The Bull-like Giant Toad (Part One)
Chapter 904 The Bull-like Giant Toad (Part Two)
Chapter 905 The Huge Tongue
Chapter 906 Run Away
Chapter 907 Zen's Goal (Part One)
Chapter 908 Zen's Goal (Part Two)
Chapter 909 Black Nether Bead
Chapter 910 The War Sage Malcom
Chapter 911 Scrambling For A Plant
Chapter 912 The Purgatory Fire Snake
Chapter 913 Zen's Decision
Chapter 914 The Life-saving Straw (Part One)
Chapter 915 The Life-saving Straw (Part Two)
Chapter 916 The Crying
Chapter 917 Stopping Fabian
Chapter 918 The Gate Of Samsara
Chapter 919 Cultivate Warrior Spirit (Part One)
Chapter 920 Cultivate Warrior Spirit (Part Two)
Chapter 921 Ninety-nine Cycles Of Reincarnation
Chapter 922 Block Malcom's Attack
Chapter 923 The Core Area
Chapter 924 The Fog
Chapter 925 The Maze (Part One)
Chapter 926 The Maze (Part Two)
Chapter 927 The Mysterious Red Dot
Chapter 928 A Mummy
Chapter 929 Smelting The Giant Sword
Chapter 930 Rebuild Heavenly Body

Chapter 931 The Wrong Move
Chapter 932 Watchdog Of Hell
Chapter 933 An Outsider
Chapter 934 Heavenly Immortal Root
Chapter 935 The Roar
Chapter 936 Swallowed By The Mad Scorpion
Chapter 937 The World Within The Mad Scorpion's Body
Chapter 938 The Murderous Rats
Chapter 939 Green-skinned Creature
Chapter 940 Three Powers
Chapter 941 The Heavenly Fragment
Chapter 942 The Giant Stone
Chapter 943 Return (Part One)
Chapter 944 Return (Part Two)
Chapter 945 Return (Part Three)
Chapter 946 The Situation
Chapter 947 A Rat-a-tat On The Door
Chapter 948 The Ogres' Plot
Chapter 949 At The Foot Of The Tower
Chapter 950 The Purge
Chapter 951 Return To The Heavenly Eagle Prairie
Chapter 952 Please Accept Me As Your Disciple

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 897 Purple Heart Sacred Place

The majority of the top-level war lords were found to be on the fourteenth floor of the Tower of Sin.

Among these war lords, only the most outstanding ones could enter the fifteenth floor. They must compete with each other and the ones who won could obtain a seat. And each seat owner had an independent space on the fifteenth floor, and that was equivalent to a small world.

But the big problem was that there were only fourteen of them, even if all the top-level war lords of the human race were counted together, including Fabian, Jarrod, and two other seat owners.

Fabian was knocked unconscious by this sudden bliss. They were almost there but worry filled him at that moment as there weren't so many top-level war lords to be seat owners.

After contemplating about it, he then decided to ask for Zen's opinion secretly with the use of his life vitality.

The solution Zen came up with was a simple and straightforward one. He advised that if the top-level war lords weren't enough, then Fabian must consider the level nine war lords as possible seat owners. Supposed they still couldn't suffice, then level eight war lords would do.

In the end, however, the seats were eventually given to top-level war lords. Fabian wouldn't let level nine or level eight war lords be seat owners. He had still managed somehow to get several top-level war lords from the Purple Heart Sacred Place to take the seats. After all, in the vast sacred place, the number of top-level war lords was still not few.

After dealing with this matter, Zen finally made a trip to the Purple Heart Sacred Place under Fabian's invitation.

He felt glad to accept such an invitation. He had never entered the Purple Heart Sacred Place before, even though he was human.

But never did it occur to him that his fame in the Purple Heart Sacred Place was enough to make everyone know him!

The elders of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had long started to publicize him the moment he made his debut in the Tower of Sin.

At that time, Zen was a formidable war fighter. He had even defeated war generals of the other races. Humans could finally hold their heads high.

The elders of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had confidently told the tens of millions of human warriors in the sacred place that Zen's appearance would likely bring them a new seat.

One more seat would give the humans more right to speak, as well as five more licenses to the Dark Nether Cave. It purely brought humans hope!

So everyone's attention was focused on Zen. His impressive performance was like soaring into the sky. He was like a breeze air that could revive the tiny dot of hope from anyone's heart. And with his strength alone, he had taken control of the entire Tower of Sin in no time! Thus it was no longer a question of one more seat.

Zen's performance had greatly exceeded everyone's expectations!

The attacks from the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, however, made some people within the Purple Heart Sacred Place feel disheartened and start to question and distrust Zen. But their emotions quickly stabilized after the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place took humans' side.

And now, Zen had successfully chased away all of the ogres within the Tower of Sin. This nightmare that used to lie atop the heads of humans and haunt them had quickly dissipated into nothingness.

No one knew how many humans had been brutally killed by the ogres in the Tower of Sin. The humans' sufferings were indeed unspeakable. But now, they were thrilled. Zen had suppressed the ogres on his own.

A day later, Zen, Olivia, and a few other seat owners passed through the Cursed Land and arrived at the Purple Heart Sacred Place via transmission array.

The transmission array of the Purple Heart Sacred Place was built at the top of a tall mountain, where Zen was currently standing as he swept his eyes over the view.

The moment he appeared, a loud sound wave came from the front and shocked him. "Zen! Zen!

Zen!" These humans looked at him from afar and cheered nonstop as if some great hero had returned from a victorious battle and everyone seemed to be celebrating by chanting his name.

Olivia, who silently stood beside Zen, had a sweet smile on her face. Her soft and plump body was deliberately moving towards him.

It was said that beauties loved heroes. She knew that this gentle feeling of fondness began when Zen had met Elder Jing the first time. When Zen had released his soul force to drive the two ogre war lords away, Olivia's heart was beating wildly with admiration.

It was only a pity that she could not guess Zen's attitude towards her. And with his mysterious identity, she gradually came to understand that he would not be able to stay on the Sea God Continent for long.

Where did Zen come from?

Olivia tried to guess it a thousand times in her mind. Unfortunately, the Sea God Continent was a relatively closed-off place. Even after searching through history, she couldn't find any trace of it. She couldn't find any possible clues at all.

If he suddenly left one day, would she be reluctant to part with him? A hint of sadness appeared on her face while the other humans cheered and shouted for Zen.

At this time, three rays of light appeared in the sky snapping her out of her deep thoughts. The leader was seen riding on a flying sword and swiftly heading towards them.

That person looked to be in his early forties, and he was quite handsome, as though he was an immortal.

From the aura that they were emitting, Zen immediately understood that these three people were all warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. The one leading them was naturally the leader of the Purple Heart Sacred Place, Miguel. Olivia had previously explained in detail to Zen that the old men beside Miguel were the former leaders of the Purple Heart Sacred Place. They were Dan Sikong and Xavier Li.

Miguel stood on top of the mountain peak and bowed towards Zen. "I've heard a great deal about you, Zen. Today, you are finally here. And you are indeed a superb young man!"

"You flatter me!" Zen responded with a smile.

"Distinguished guest, please come to the main palace to talk."

After exchanging greetings, everyone headed for the main hall of the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

This was the second sacred place that Zen had been to.

Being able to be called a sacred place, it naturally had an area much larger than a fifth-grade or a fourth-grade sect. Moreover, Zen realized that there was no ordinary human in the sacred place. All of them were warriors.

It was easy to understand the reason why.

The environment on the Sea God Continent was entirely different from that of the Central Region. So to speak, the Central Region was almost controlled by humans. Even if they were to fight, it would still be battles between the various large sects. Even if they were to launch a sect war, the commoners would still be living their own lives, and would not have much interaction with the warriors.

The Sea God Continent, on the other hand, was dwelled upon with many races, and the natural selection rules were extremely exquisite. Humans were weak, to begin with, so the room to survive was so small.

Back to the central area of the Purple Heart Sacred Place, there was a rule that flying was prohibited here. However, under Miguel's lead, Zen and the others naturally didn't have to obey this rule.

They flew towards the main palace, which was built on a gentle hillside. With a paved layer of white jade on its entire hillside, the palace looked celestial in the sky.

On both sides of the main palace, there were the talents of a younger generation belonging to the human race.

Although these people's cultivation levels were not that high, their talents were all one in ten thousand. To cultivate more warriors, the Purple Heart Sacred Place would filter out all the talents every year and carefully train them until they became war generals. Then, they would be sent to the Cursed Land to further cultivate in the Tower of Sin.

However, as the number of seats under the control of the human race increased, these young people probably wouldn't need to wait to become the war generals to enter the Tower of Sin. It was presumed that they could enter the tower even when they were just war fighters. The humans' environment in the tower had been greatly improved. That meant that the other races wouldn't dare to torture and kill human war fighters like they used to do.

"Look, that's Zen. I saw him on the Picture Slab! "

"Although he is only a war general, those war lords are not his match!"

"Olivia is actually following behind him. Do you think she will marry him?"

As Olivia heard their words, she felt her face heated immediately. Miguel and the others could only smile when these words reached their ears. In their eyes, marriage was about fate.

Among these young talents, there was a 14-year-old child. As he intently watched Zen fly by, his red face flickered with a strange luster. He remained silent, but at this moment, his warrior spirit was constantly gathering an intense obsession. There was a grim determination raging within him.

'In the future, I will definitely become someone like Zen!' he screamed in his mind.

In fact, after a few years, he did it. He became the second person in the Tower of Sin to be recognized by the Celestial Position race. This was because he had the same fate as Zen. But this was also another story.

Soon after, Zen was entering the main palace. He was treated rightfully as a distinguished guest. All the humans regarded him with respect and admiration.

It was already a distinction and an honor to be entertained like this by warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. However, this was not the first time Zen had experienced it. The situation in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was even more outrageous than this.

After fully settling themselves, Miguel and Zen began to discuss the matters of the Tower of Sin.

Miguel wasn't picky about Zen's arrangements at all. With the permanent seats secured, the human race didn't need to worry about losing control of the Tower of Sin. Not to mention that Zen had even dragged the Demon Night into this.

"Zen, I guess you are planning to leave the Sea God Continent, aren't you?" Miguel asked.

It was not hard to guess. As long as Zen stayed in the Tower of Sin for one day, no one in the tower would be able to resist him. His arrangement, however, was created obviously to prevent the decline of the human race once he left the Tower of Sin. He had further linked the human race with the Demon Night. With that, humans would be much safer.

"That is indeed the case," Zen nodded and openly admitted it. "I am afraid that I will have to leave after exploring the Dark Nether Cave. Therefore, I have come here to ask you about the secrets of the Dark Nether Cave! "

Chapter 898 The Core

Even if he had already predicted Zen's choice of leaving, Miguel still couldn't help but show his disappointment when he heard it come straight from him.

In Miguel's mind, if Zen could stay, he knew he would do greater things and achieve far greater heights than even Amber of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place could had dreamed of.

One could regard Amber as a savior. Two hundred years ago, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was far from the powerful stronghold it was today. Back then, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place dominated the entire Sea God Continent and no other race dared to go up against them.

There had also been a relatively large race called the Shadow Group which had its own sixth-grade sacred place on the Sea God Continent and was ranked fourth out of the overall races. However, due to a dispute with the ogres, the Shadow Group was quickly annihilated. Such was the power of the ogres back then.

Later Amber had appeared like a dark horse and led the Demon Night race towards the peak, turning their whole situation around. Now, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had become a force no weaker than both the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

Amber's name was ranked on the second row on the Talent Tablet, but Zen's name was even above the first row and had attained the special honor of being the Celestial Position talent. He was also someone who could control the Tower of Sin!

Miguel was undoubtedly confident that Zen's potential and future achievements would be immeasurable. He just found it a pity that such a talent like Zen did not come from the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

Regardless, with the world at Zen's feet, Miguel knew there was no way he could force the youth to stay.

"Dark Nether Cave?"

Miguel asked. "You plan to enter the Dark Nether Cave this year?"

Zen nodded. "Yes."

Miguel fiddled with his hands. "Wouldn't it be a little bit of a rush? Though every race has seats and could send some of their warriors to enter the Dark Nether Cave, most warriors would choose to first attain the level of war lord before going in. There were some races who sent in their war generals to enrich themselves but these war generals could only reach the outer circle and no further. The deeper one ventures into the Dark Nether Cave, the higher the chances of dying!" he said.

Every talent that had gone through the cultivation in the Tower of Sin entered the Dark Nether Cave at some point. In fact, Miguel's entry to the cave was what changed his life.

Although he was a divine-level talent, Miguel's name had only remained on the seventh row on the Talent Tablet which wasn't really an extraordinary feat. However, despite being ranked low on the talent test, he had risked his life to enter the Dark Nether Cave and brought back a Limitless Sword Array that turned his luck around. Even now, as a powerful master of the Soul Sea Realm, this Limitless Sword Array he had obtained years ago remained his most important trump card!

However, Miguel's lucky chance of obtaining the Limitless Sword Array was one in a million. Though there were tons of lucky chances in the Dark Nether Cave, the amount of dangers far outweighed opportunities. The existence of the Cursed Land had deprived many powerful Soul Sea Realm masters the chances of entering the Dark Nether Cave but Miguel knew that even if he could go in there and enter the core of the cave, there was a high chance he would perish.

"I don't have much time," Zen said.

And it was true. After leaving for so long, Zen had no idea what was happening in the Central Region and this worried him every second of every day.

Seeing Zen's serious expression, Miguel had truly understood that it was impossible for him to convince the young man to stay. In the end, he could only stand and sigh, "Do you know the origin of the Dark Nether Cave?"

Zen shook his head. In truth, he knew very little about it. The immortal Mist had given him a token but told him nothing else about the Tower of Sin. The rest of Zen's knowledge was comprised of the bits and pieces of information he had managed to gather while in the tower.

"Although nobody in the Sea God Continent actually knows the origins of both the Dark Nether Cave and the Tower of Sin, years of exploration of the cave yielded the conclusion that this is actually an ancient battlefield," Miguel said.

Zen's eyes furrowed. "A battlefield?"

A relic like an ancient battlefield was not rare. There were quite a few of them in Central Region. However, apart from some rotten treasure and ghastly white bones, these kinds of places offered little to no lucky chances.

Miguel nodded in confirmation. "Yes, but the Dark Nether Cave is no ordinary ancient battlefield," he claimed. "Currently, we speculate that it is a battlefield where hundreds of supreme masters from the Upper World had fought!"

Zen's eyes immediately flashed with interest. "Supreme masters of the Upper World?"

The conjecture made some sense.

The power of the Cursed Land was far beyond Zen's imagination. Even war sages and Soul Sea Realm masters would wither up and die if they entered the Cursed Land.

In the past, the immortal Mist had returned to the Central Region from the Upper World. He had reached the end of his lifespan and was entering the Five Aging Processes, but his powerful strength had not weakened one bit.

Despite that, he still couldn't enter the Tower of Sin.

Zen assumed that it was mostly due to the fear of the Cursed Land's power.

The Cursed Land had existed in the Sea God Continent for many years but its powers showed no signs of fading. It was simply impossible for ordinary creatures of the Upper World to resist the power of the curse.

The strength of the Upper World's creatures was no joke. Zen had flown into the Genuine Dragon World through the Dragon Soar Arena and could sense the world of difference between common members' strength and that of the Dragon Abyss Palace's leader.

However, the cultivation and strength of the supreme masters Miguel spoke of were beyond Zen's knowledge.

He would simply have to ask the cyan dragon or Lavender about it.

This time, Zen came to Miguel with the purpose of inquiring about the Tower of Sin. Miguel's experience in entering the Dark Nether Cave once before was something Zen was very much interested in knowing.

"The ancient battlefield is a naturally formed cave. The Tower of Sin's tip extends all the way to the bottom of the cave. Over the years, numerous top-level war lords have entered the Dark Nether Cave but most of them just wandered around the outer circle and rarely dared to enter the core..."

Miguel was pouring out every single thing he knew. Zen, this young man whom he barely knew, had contributed so much to the Purple Heart Sacred Place, and Miguel was determined to help him as much as he could.

Miguel's explanations contained vital information regarding the Dark Nether Cave's structure. It was divided into three layers: the outer circle, the inner circle, and the core.

Generally, top-level war lords who entered the Dark Nether Cave would often bring along with them talents of their races to explore the outer circle. This initial outer circle was already filled with all sorts of unimaginable dangers and there was a high possibility of death if they were not careful.

The inner circle was the real grave for warriors. Most top-level war lords only had a slim chance of surviving if they entered.

Back then, Miguel had truly gone all out and risked his life when he entered the Dark Nether Cave. He was an ambitious and strong-willed martial artist who shunned mediocrity despite being dictated as ordinary by the Talent Tablet. His gamble had paid off and he was able to obtain that mysterious sword array.

If it weren't for the sword array and the supreme masters' relics he had obtained in the cave, it would've been impossible for Miguel to become a leading figure of the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

"What about the core?" Zen suddenly asked curiously.

"Has anyone ever been there?"

"Yes!"

Miguel replied with a faint smile.

"Well… what happened to them?" Zen asked.

Miguel laughed, "None of them ever came back. They're as good as dead at this point."

The Dark Nether Cave's core was shrouded with a dense fog. If one stood at the edge of the cave, he'd be able to see the fog and within it, a flickering, bloody light.

No one knew what was inside.

"The core?" Zen asked, a wry smile appearing on his face.

The immortal Mist should really have told him more. Zen wondered what held Mist back from telling everything clearly to Zen. Instead, he only gave Zen a Jade Butterfly. He didn't even say a word about the inheritance…

Then, if Zen entered the Dark Nether Cave, should he search for the inheritance in the outer circle? Maybe he should enter the inner circle? Or was he supposed to venture into the core where he could possibly never return?

Miguel clearly saw the smile on Zen's face, "Are you planning on entering the core?"

he asked before wearing an expression of extreme seriousness. "If you really plan on doing this, then I'll give you a word of advice: you better give up on that idea!"

Zen shook his head, "I will definitely enter the Dark Nether Cave. As for the core…

I have not decided if I need to go there or not."

Seeing that his resolve wasn't dampened, Miguel could only warn Zen, "I remember one year when all the races in the Tower of Sin allied themselves with each other. They gathered 76 top-level war lords to explore the Dark Nether Cave's core together. None of them ever returned."

"Seventy-six top-level war lords?"

Zen remarked in surprise.

Miguel nodded, "Yes. They were the most outstanding war lords in each race. Although I know you are someone equipped with great destiny, the core isn't a place one can enter by simply relying on luck. Even if I were to enter the core now, I would have no possibility of returning from there, let alone you!"

A bitter taste rose from Zen's throat. Miguel's words were truly hard to swallow.

Chapter 899 Preparation

Collecting as much information as he could, Zen had already prepared himself for the dangers of the Dark Nether Cave.

However, upon hearing what the master of Soul Sea Realm said, Zen was more sure that the Dark Nether Cave was an extremely dangerous place.

About seventy top-level war lords had joined forces to explore this place, but in the end, all of them had perished. What was hiding in the core area of the Dark Nether Cave?

'Mist knew very well that it is extremely difficult and dangerous to explore the Dark Nether Cave, yet he sent me here. Is this one of his tricks?'

Zen thought to himself. However, nothing stopped him.

The chance to enter the cave was immensely tempting for other creatures, too, but it was of utmost importance for Zen. It was an opportunity he might not get again. He had no intention of missing it.

Despite a hint of bitterness in his smile, Miguel believed in Zen. He also knew it was useless to prevent him from getting inside such a dangerous place.

That particular trip to the human sacred place was more symbolic than literal.

Led by Olivia, Zen attracted enough attention and gained applause wherever they passed by.

The younger generation of the Purple Heart Sacred Place seemed to have a great deal of interest in Zen.

In the eyes of the younger generation, Zen was unbeatable. His unique way of taking over the Tower of Sin and his ability to drive the ogres away were achievements that no one else could surpass.

The humans grew an intense curiosity towards Zen. How could someone so young have achieved so much for his unripe age?

Although incomparable to the objects he got from the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, Zen was glad to receive rewards from the Purple Heart Sacred Place members.

The Heavenly Feather Sacred Place gave him a top-grade sacred long sword. Even if Amber had plans of giving that sacred weapon to Lavender, it was Zen that obtained it eventually. Everything had its rightful owner indeed.

The treasures and resources of the human's sacred place were less than that of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, but Zen perfectly understood the circumstances.

Asking him to inform the Demon Night that the Purple Heart Sacred Place had intended to ally with the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, Miguel sent Zen to the transmission array.

Truly, Zen had driven the ogres away from the Tower of Sin, but how were they to deal with the two sacred places of the ogre?

If the two ogre sacred places were to declare war on the Purple Heart Sacred Place again, the humans would have no way to resist without the interference of the Demon Night.

Although races seldom got any benefit from the alliance between different races, Miguel, who knew the relationship between Zen and the Demon Night, still hoped that Zen would be able to help him with this matter. At the very least, humans would be able to obtain the protection of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place before the Purple Heart Sacred Place became strong and powerful enough to stand on their own.

Well-aware of Miguel's worries, Zen didn't consider this matter as unimportant. Besides, because of his close relationship with Lavender, this planned alliance between two sacred places was fully possible.

Upon his return to the Tower of Sin, Zen told Esther about this matter. After Esther accepted the deal, Zen did not meddle with it anymore. After all, no matter what kind of price the Purple Heart Sacred Place paid and how many years they had to be protected by the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, there was no need for Zen to do anything about that. That was the negotiation between Miguel and Amber.

In the following days, Zen continued to cultivate himself.

The required points at the Tower of Sin were not of Zen's concern anymore. He was free to do as he pleased.

In order to gain more time for cultivation, Zen used the practicing rooms that were under the time flow rate spell.

However, it was different for matters concerning the arena.

War lords knew how unlikely it was for them to defeat Zen in any way, but there were still those who had the guts to challenge him. Even some from the human race wanted a piece of him.

Compared to the battles before, the existing ones were not as intense. Now, fighting would cease after Zen's victory, and there were no fatal injuries.

Months passed in just a blink of an eye. Zen's opponents were now seventh-level war lords.

As his opponents continued to change, Zen climbed higher and higher until he reached the fourteenth floor of the Tower of Sin. At that time, he was already able to challenge some top-level war lords with weaker talents. Zen was also promoted as a ninth-level war general.

In addition to his cultivation base, Zen also focused on his own methods and techniques, including the Stellar Body and the Malicious Wheel of Life and Death. With all these, he had made significant progress. It was impressive.

Walking out of his practicing room that day, Zen had noticed some drastic changes in the Tower of Sin.

The walls of the tower were covered with a faint red glow which was constantly flowing. The glow also appeared on the floor and the ceiling.

These lights resembled blood which flowed along the meridians of the human body.

"Weapon spirit, talk to me. What's going on?"

Zen asked.

The weapon spirit lived in the walls of the tower. Zen had the ability to communicate with it so long as he was in the tower.

"The Dark Nether Death Light has weakened," the weapon spirit stated blankly.

"It has weakened! Is the Dark Nether Cave open?"

Zen asked, his voice filled with both excitement and curiosity.

"Yes," the weapon spirit replied.

"The time has come,"

Zen's eyes shot up. As he took a step forward, the ground beneath his feet began to split open, taking him to the top of the tower from the fourteenth floor.

In the hall at the top, many top-level war lords appeared. All of them entered at once, clearly aware that the constant flow of the red light meant the opening of the Dark Nether Cave.

"Zen! The cave has opened itself!" Fabian exclaimed upon seeing him.

"I know," Zen nodded.

No one knew the exact time when the Dark Nether Cave would finally open. Only predictions and assumptions were made.

When the Dark Nether Cave opened in the past, only twenty human warriors were allowed entry as they only had a total of four seats at the Tower of Sin. Now that their seat number had increased, more of them could now explore the cave.

More warriors to enter meant a bigger chance to gather riches!

The Dark Nether Cave was enormous. If one was lucky enough, great opportunities were granted even just on the outer layer of the cave.

Naturally, the cave had its limits. It didn't just grow resources out of the blue. It could run out of them. This was also why the number of seats was limited.

Beforehand, Fabian had already collected the names of the warriors and allocated their places accordingly. The other races with seats in the tower also gathered their members.

There were a total of one hundred and twenty-eight seats in the tower. Each seat was allocated five warriors who were allowed to get in the cave. Plenty of war lords and war generals who were able to take a spot and reached the top of the tower were all preparing themselves for the journey into the cave.

The spacious hall became a little crowded as the number of warriors grew.

"Yolande?"

Among the crowd, Zen was able to find her.

Zen learned from Lavender that Yolande was the incarnation of a master in the Upper World.

Thus, it was not strange for Yolande to be ranked first at the Talent Tablet.

But, according to Lavender, Yolande's duplicates didn't pursue the growth of cultivation and just continued to practice.

Despite staying on the tenth floor for such a long time, Yolande failed to increase her cultivation. She also didn't climb to the higher floor of the tower.

Seeing Zen's surprised expression, Fabian was quick to explain, "Yolande has taken the initiative to apply for a spot to enter the cave, so I gave her the permission."

Yolande was human after all. Despite this, her talent was ranked in the first row. Moreover, Yolande's contributions to the humans over the years were substantial and significant. It was appropriate for her to get a chance to enter the cave.

Yolande casually walked over to Zen. She stared at him and said, "I will go with you on this trip to the cave."

The confusion enveloping Zen grew. Being in the Tower of Sin for so long, Yolande definitely had so many chances of entering the cave. But why now? Why did she choose to follow him?

Before he had the chance to say anything, a beam of red light shot up from Zen's body. It slowly began to take the shape of a Demon Night. That was no other than Zen's sword spirit, Lavender.

Lavender, as calm as ever, looked at Yolande and said, "Zen, don't let her come with you."

"This… Why?" Keeping the good impression he had of Yolande, Zen felt strange. Since she chose to be on his side, he thought allowing Yolande to come with him wasn't such a big deal.

"You know what's in the cave, right?" Lavender asked Yolande while walking over to where she was.

Lavender's words immediately attracted the attention of many top-level war lords in the hall. In their eyes, Yolande's and Lavender's origins were mystical. It was possible that they knew something not everyone else did.

At that certain moment, everyone was all ears to the ongoing banter between the two mystical ladies before them. After all, the more they knew about the cave, the more their survival chance increased.

Chapter 900 A Dangerous Place

Yolande blinked innocently. She didn't want to lie. "Yes, I know," she answered truthfully.

"What? Yolande, you know about the Dark Nether Cave?"

"What exactly is in the core region of the Dark Nether Cave?"

"How did the Dark Nether Cave form?"

The numerous top-level war lords couldn't hold themselves back and subjected Yolande with a flood of questions.

Yolande turned her head away stubbornly. "I won't tell you."

Her disobedience rendered the top-level war lords speechless. How capricious this girl was!

Yolande had already been on the tenth floor when these top-level war lords were still generals, and there she remained. No one knew where she came from. She had just always been there.

These top-level war lords dared not do anything to her.

"Lavender, what on earth is going on?" Zen asked. "Why don't you let Yolande follow me?"

Lavender blinked. "I don't know how the Dark Nether Cave came into being, but it should have been a battlefield left behind by the world lords who fought here," she said through her life vitality.

"What did you say? World lords? Who are they?"

Zen asked, obviously shocked by this new piece of information.

"World lords are supreme warriors of different worlds. Numerous masters died here and, if I'm not mistaken, the Cursed Land was a domain once created by the Cursed World lord who moved about the universe freely," Lavender said.

The cyan dragon, having been a silent spectator all this time, finally spoke, "Right. The Cursed Land is very likely to be the cursed domain."

Zen frowned. "Why didn't you say that earlier?"

It seemed like both the cyan dragon and Lavender clearly knew about this.

"You didn't ask," the two answered in unison.

Their answer rendered Zen speechless.

"The lord of the Cursed World was an extremely famous figure in the Upper World. His Great Curse Technique could separate hundreds of great worlds apart and imprint curses onto them," the cyan dragon narrated in his usual emotionless voice.

"But why is the cursed domain set up by him ineffective against any warrior below the war sage level?"

Zen couldn't help but ask in curiosity.

"You are too weak and can't possibly be considered a part of the Cursed World. Therefore, the Cursed Land only curses warriors above top-level war lords," Lavender replied in a cold tone.

Lavender's analysis was indeed correct. When two armies clashed and built walls, that was to defend themselves from the soldiers on the other side. No one would build walls to defend themselves from ants.

To world lords, all warriors below the war sage level were mere insects and were not worth the trouble.

It was because of this reason that the Sea God Continent had been plunged into such a strange situation. The rise and fall of so many races had actually been decided by the Tower of Sin. The strongest beings that fought in the Tower of Sin were top-level war lords.

Meanwhile, the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm only played a supporting role.

"Then what are the secrets of the Tower of Sin and the Dark Nether Cave?" Zen asked once again.

"The immortal named Mist coaxed you into taking away the inheritance, but it doesn't necessarily mean he has good intentions," Lavender replied. "However, there are still great opportunities within the Dark Nether Cave. It's a battlefield for world lords, and if you receive the inheritance of just one lord, the benefits will be unimaginable."

"But why did you refuse Yolande? Why didn't you want her to come with us?" he asked.

"Yolande has millions of duplicates. I'm not really sure what her agenda is, but I think she has realized that you're quite the magnet for good fortune. Maybe she wants to go with you to get a share of the spoils," Lavender replied.

"She knows about the Dark Nether Cave. I'll be more confident if she goes with me. If I do get some good stuff while in there, I'm willing to give her some," Zen reasoned. "Why do you strongly oppose this?"

He didn't see the logic as to why Lavender was so adamant with refusing Yolande. From the way Zen saw it, the greater knowledge they had about the Dark Nether Cave, the greater their chances of surviving.

Lavender glared viciously at Zen. "I know her. She…"

"She is the lord of Everlasting World, which belongs to you humans. She used the Soul Split Spell to split her soul into millions of shards and spread them into the cycles of reincarnation in each Lower World. She did this to reach the higher realms," the cyan dragon said directly.

Lavender didn't know who to look at, Zen or the cyan dragon residing in his mind. In the end, she chose to continue staring at Zen.

Zen's eyebrows raised at this revelation. "She's a world lord of our human race?"

"Don't think she's powerful just because she is a world lord. I've met her real body once before. She's very cunning. I feel like she's been waiting for this opportunity and she's taking advantage of you!" Lavender continued arguing through her life vitality.

Zen smiled. "Well… In that case, we can use each other."

"We should always guard against those who might mean us harm," the cyan dragon said. "However, I think we can allow Yolande to follow Zen. After all, the Dark Nether Cave is too dangerous for him."

Realizing that she could not convince Zen, and since the cyan dragon already took his side, Lavender could really do nothing about it. It would be inappropriate for her to object now, so she only wore a depressed expression and did not speak anymore.

Yolande merely stood to the side and waited patiently. Anyone with a discerning eye could clearly see that Zen and Lavender were secretly communicating with each other.

"What do you think?" she suddenly piped. "Yes or no?"

Zen smiled. "Of course, yes."

Yolande nodded. "En," she replied and did not say anything more.

Lavender did not trust Yolande, but the latter did not care at all. Perhaps, for someone like her, all that really mattered was to find a suitable person and then go inside the Dark Nether Cave.

She could care less about what other people suspected.

Many races spent half a day on preparations.

The Tower of Sin had numerous rules, one of them was that the races that owned the most seats entered the cave first.

This rule had been made by the ogres since they had owned the most seats in the past. Now though, the Demon Night held the most seats, so they had the privilege to enter first.

There was a spiral staircase at the side of the hall with a small door at the top.

Many of the Demon Night warriors were already climbing up the stairs, while the humans waited behind them for their turn.

Fabian, Jarrod, and the others all walked at the front, while Zen and Yolande followed behind. All of them climbed up the staircase and entered the small door.

As soon as Zen passed through the door at the top of the tower, he suddenly met with a strange, prickling sensation that ran from his hands down to the middle of his back.

He then lifted his eyes and saw the vast cave that laid right in front of him.

Who knew there would be such a huge cavern beneath the Cursed Land? 'This is a completely independent underground world!' Zen exclaimed to himself.

"This cave is probably as big as the area covered by the Cursed Land above it, right?"

he guessed.

Fabian, who had been walking in front of Zen, nodded. "Yes," he confirmed. "Once, there was someone who went around the outer layer of the Dark Nether Cave. He found that the shape of the cave is identical to that of the Cursed Land on the surface of the earth."

"Is the tingling sensation caused by the Dark Nether Death Light?"

Zen asked.

The cave, though vast, was not pitch black. In fact, it was filled with some kind of ominous, dark red light. Zen blocked the light with his hand and the tingling sensations immediately disappeared, but the moment he moved his hand away, the tingles returned and had evolved into strong stabbing pains.

"Yes," Fabian confirmed once again. "Right now, the Dark Nether Death Light is weak and will only bring the feeling of being pierced by numerous needles. However, once it reaches its explosive phase, the pain will be unbearable and no one will be able to resist it."

Jarrod then interrupted their conversation, "Let's quickly descend. As we fly in the Dark Nether Cave, it will be very easy to attract the attention of fierce demons."

The Tower of Sin was like a sharp knife, stabbing straight through the ground.

They had all come out of the top of the tower and were now about to descend into the cave.

Jarrod had been right. The Dark Nether Cave was not the place for idle chit-chat. Once upon a time, just as the ogre top-level war lords led their team to step out of the Tower of Sin, they immediately met an extremely powerful fiend who devoured ten top-level war lords at once.

That fiend had always guarded this area of the Tower of Sin. It wasn't really the Dark Nether Death Light that should be feared, but the dangers that lurked in the cave.

Even if they were only at the outer layer, it was still extremely dangerous.

Chapter 901 Strange Birds

Over the years, countless war lords had succumbed to their temptations in the Dark Nether Cave and died.

But even so, the pull of opportunities from the Dark Nether Cave was just too great. If one was lucky enough to get a good chance in the cave, he could make great progress in his cultivation and become much more powerful. Besides, warriors were born fearless and they all liked adventures.

The Dark Nether Cave was the personification of a famous quote which said that wealth was sought from danger. If one wanted to obtain more, one needed to gamble more and, maybe, even gamble their own life. It was easy to lead a smooth and safe life, but since they had chosen to become warriors, why would they choose to be mediocre now?

As soon as Jarrod finished speaking, everyone's hearts tightened, and they quickly descended towards the cave bottom!

The cave was astonishingly and imperceptibly tall. Some tall mountains could be seen towering in the distance, and even their peaks didn't seem to be touching the top of the cave.

A fast wind blew past Zen's ears, and he landed firmly on the ground. Lavender didn't stay inside his body anymore and came out armed, holding a long spear in her hand, as if she was a ghost floating beside Zen.

Since she had chosen to fully assist Zen, she was going to go all out now.

"There are plants here?" Zen's keen eyes caught sight of some black plants growing on the ground.

Even a top-level war lord would have been unable to withstand the Dark Nether Death Light. How could these plants grow there?

Hearing Zen's words, Fabian replied carefully, "These plants seem to be able to resist the Dark Nether Death Light. But as for just exactly how they are doing that and what principle lies behind their survival, I fear that is out of my league too..."

Zen didn't ask too much. There were too many mysteries in this world for him to study them all.

After all the human warriors had landed, Fabian carefully looked around. Just as he was about to lead the group forward, an accident suddenly occurred.

"Ah!"

An intense scream came from somewhere behind them.

"Shut up! What do you want? Death? You need to be silent in the Dark Nether Cave. Who made that ungodly noise?" Fabian roared angrily in a low voice.

Although the number of warriors entering the Dark Nether Cave had increased several folds this time, they would still be in danger and even meet their death if the monsters at the outer area of the cave became aware of their arrival.

"That wasn't us..." someone whispered to Fabian.

Everyone looked towards the source of the voice. Under the dim red light, a black bird appeared not far away. The bird was at least a hundred feet long, and its large mouth took up half of its body. Above its big mouth, there were two scarlet eyes which were glued on the warriors.

Perhaps the most dreadful sight was that the bird was holding an orc war lord of top level inside its mouth. Half of the war lord's body was hanging outside its mouth, and the other half had already been devoured by the bird!

After the group of orc warriors left the Tower of Sin, they had descended rapidly down into the cave. However, just as they were landing, they had encountered this bird...

"What a fierce, large bird." Zen's face revealed a hint of fear. Even a top-level war lord couldn't avoid the attack of such a gigantic creature. Just as Miguel had said, the Dark Nether Cave was incomparably dangerous.

The other orc warriors quickly dodged the bird's sights and some timid ones even flew up, trying to return to the Tower of Sin.

However, before the warriors who wanted to fly back to the Tower of Sin could enter the small door at the top of the tower, another shadow flashed by. There wasn't just one large bird in the cave; there were actually more than a dozen such beasts here! Even a war lord of top level wouldn't be able to avoid the attacks of so many giant birds. Every single orc was taken in by the creatures.

Those top-level war lords were top warriors in the Tower of Sin, but in front of these giant birds, they had no power to resist...

"It's the Swallowing Bird! "We're really unlucky to have met them right now. We need to leave this place quickly! Come on!"

Fabian pulled a long face. They had just walked out of the Tower of Sin and encountered these humongous creatures, which was the worst possible start they could have made. Three years ago, Fabian had also come across such kind of fierce birds, and he had almost lost his life that time! Previously, he had only met three Swallowing Birds, and had managed to avoid their attacks somehow. But even then, four human war lords of top level had been eaten by the birds.

Under Fabian's urging suggestion, all the human warriors started to run in one direction.

At the same time, many of the birds suddenly turned around and began to chase after them.

"Burn them with fire!"

"If we do that, we might attract more attention from the other monsters and they might come over here sooner than we can say 'burn'!"

"We can't care so much! These strange birds are afraid of fire. Laertes, Vernon, set fire! Now!"

Under Fabian's command, the two top-level war lords suddenly turned their heads. With a wave of their hands, their life vitality gushed out and a roaring flame spurted out.

Perhaps the human war generals were weaker than the Demon Night and the ogres, but after the human warriors became war lords or war sages, then such cultivators, especially those who cultivated life vitality, were not weaker than the other races. This was another testimony to the fact that the human body was highly suitable for the life vitality cultivation.

This was also the reason why humans could occupy four seats on the top of the Tower of Sin.

Two flames, both of differing yet vibrant colors, shot out from the war lords' hands, forming a dense fire net that completely sealed off all escape routes for the birds.

Just as Fabian had said, these strange Swallowing Birds were indeed afraid of the flames. Each of them opened their mouths and let out high-pitched cries, circling around the fire net, but didn't dare to break through it.

However, after circling for a while, those strange birds quickly rose in the air, passed the fire net and continued diving down.

Laertes Chen, and Vernon He followed behind and covered the others as the dozens of warriors were rushing forward. Even then, they couldn't shake off these strange birds.

"Ah!"

This time, the person who had screamed was a level ten war general who was also a saint-level talent of the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

In the past, humans only had a few seats in the Tower of Sin and almost all of the twenty slots they had were allocated to very powerful and high level war lords. Not a single war general had ever gotten a chance to enter the Dark Nether Cave before. However, this time, since the humans had a fair share of seats in the tower, the number of warriors who were allowed to enter the Dark Nether Cave was significantly higher. Thus some young war generals were also in the cave today.

The saint-level cultivator who had been attacked kept on running along with the others, but half of his body had been bitten off by the Swallowing Bird.

"Kill this strange bird!"

As a war lord of top level was running, he flipped in the air, and a long bow appeared in his hand. On both ends of the long bow hung two ghost statues. His practice was so intense that as he turned around, his hand was already on the bowstring, and his life vitality had already condensed itself into the shape of a purple arrow.

The two ghost statues suddenly emitted an orange glow and the war lord released his grip. A long purple arrow shot out!

"Swoosh!"

The arrow was surprisingly fast and before the others even managed to see it properly, it had already reached the strange bird.

"Bam!" The power of this long arrow was extremely terrifying and everyone's eyes lit up at the explosion. They all hoped that this arrow would be effective.

However, when the arrow reached the creature, it couldn't even break through its skin and the explosion was in vain. How could the humans possibly harm the bird in the slightest?

"These strange birds live in the Dark Nether Cave and are able to withstand the Dark Nether Death Light. Their defensive capabilities are extremely astonishing! It is very difficult to kill them! The only way to get rid of them is to use fire and burn them!" Fabian said as he led the other warriors forward.

As the leader of the group, he didn't have the time to turn around and fight against the Swallowing Birds.

Currently, everyone was at a loss, and Fabian was one of the few who had some familiarity with the Dark Nether Cave among the humans. He was very clear that if they ran in the wrong direction inside the cave, it was very likely that they would be completely annihilated. So he wanted to lead everyone on the right path and get out of danger.

"Ah..."

Another miserable shriek rang out. The arrow from the top-level war lord had hit the Swallowing Bird but the only effect it had made was to successfully infuriate the strange bird. With a dive, the bird caught the war lord in its jaws.

The human warriors' complexions became even paler. At this rate, most of them would be eaten up by these strange birds!

"Quack!"

A Swallowing Bird circled around, and then charged towards Zen, setting him up as its target.

"You can't!"

"Protect Zen!"

Fabian and Jarrod instantly became anxious.

Before Zen returned from the Purple Heart Sacred Place, Miguel had been extremely worried about Zen since the latter was going to enter the Dark Nether Cave. Therefore, he had instructed Fabian and Jarrod that they must do their best to protect Zen, even at the cost of their own lives.

Zen's strength was not bad, but Fabian and others didn't think he could resist this invulnerable strange bird!

Zen's eyebrows creased as he saw the Swallowing Bird fly closer and closer. He wasn't sure if he would be able to beat this strange bird.

Yolande, wearing a pair of wooden clogs, was standing about ten feet away from Zen. Seeing the bird getting closer, she slightly pressed her two fingers together and was about to make her move. However, when she saw Lavender's expression, a faint light flashed in her eyes and she restrained herself from taking any action.

At this moment, Lavender looked completely indifferent. The long spear in her hand had already stuck out. It looked like this seemingly casual spear strike contained a terrifying power!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 902 Fight To Death

Numerous formless energy waves rushed out from Lavender's spear and they contained formidable force. Under her direction, they shot ferociously towards the strange bird.

Bang!

A special characteristic of the spear was that it could penetrate through anything with immediate and forceful effect. When Lavender had launched the strike with her spear, she had also gathered all of her own strength and focused it on the tip of the spear. This way, the power of penetration was extremely terrifying. When the spear intent shot towards the strange bird, it instantly penetrated through its seemingly indestructible skin.

"It is useless..." Not far away, a top-level war lord who was fleeing in panic shook his head.

Compared to the huge body of the strange bird, the spear was like a tiny needle. Even if the latter managed to pierce through the body of the Swallowing Bird, it would only cause it a little pain and the damage would be far from enough to kill it. It would even infuriate the creature even more.

At the same time, Fabian and Jarrod came to sandwich Zen, one from the left, one from the right. Life vitality in the colors of black and white burst out from their bodies. When the two of them worked together, their strength would increase by several times. For the time being, the most important thing for them was to protect Zen, even if it meant putting themselves in the line of fire.

Although they knew that Lavender was someone extraordinary, they couldn't just let Zen's safety completely lie in her hands After all, she was only a sword spirit attached to Zen's body. And since they were interdependent, there wasn't much of a difference between their strengths. How could she block the attack of that bird?

After Lavender thrust out the spear, she gently twisted her hand which held the spear. Suddenly, an explosive sound rang out in everyone's ears!

It was as if countless bones had been broken, like the cracking sound of dried beans.

Everyone raised their heads to look, only to see that the skin of the Swallowing Bird, which was more than a hundred feet long, had wrinkled all over. Its huge body seemed as if it had been twisted into a ball by someone's hands. It looked like a gigantic crumpled rag now.

"Bam!"

Having lost the ability to fly, the bird fell heavily to the ground and rolled into the bushes on the side.

Seeing this sight, even the top-level war lords had their mouths agape in disbelief.

During the past few days, Lavender had frequently walked into the arena to fight since Zen had given her quite a few opportunities to practice. In any case, if Lavender won, the Lucky Light of her opponents would still be absorbed by Zen.

All the top-level war lords present here had a smattering of the mysterious spear arts Lavender practiced. Some of them who were in the fourteenth floor of the Tower of Sin had once specially gone into the arena to challenge her with the mere intention of experiencing her spear arts, since they were known to be outstanding.

Everyone knew that Lavender's spear art was very powerful, but they had never expected it to be so amazing!

When Fabian and Jarrod worked together, they were able to compete with a novice war sage. If they had sufficient strength, they could also kill this huge bird, but it was impossible for them to do such a smooth and clean stunt like Lavender had done.

"Good spear art!" Zen praised and continued to run forwards.

"Yeah." Lavender nodded after receiving Zen's praise, her face as calm as it always was. She gripped her spear tightly and ran closely behind Zen.

Now that the crisis was averted, and Zen was out of danger, Fabian and Jarrod went to the front of the group and continued to lead the team forward.

Things weren't going too well for them and their entire situation was still very chaotic. The Dark Nether Cave was a dangerous place. According to their usual practice, they would first lurk in some safe places for a while after entering the cave, and would then carefully move forward. However, not long after entering the Dark Nether Cave this time, they had encountered those demonic beasts. They were indeed very unfortunate.

People were getting constantly snatched away by the strange birds. However, there were also top-level war lords who were fighting back valiantly. In just a short period of time, three Swallowing Birds had been killed by those top-level war lords.

However, the number of Swallowing Birds that were coming down was also constantly increasing.

The more noise they made in fights, the more Swallowing Birds would be attracted there, and the more desperate their situation would be.

Looking at the strange birds hovering in the sky, Fabian felt a shiver go down his spine. He had a bad feeling. The human race had just begun to rise in the Tower of Sin but he felt that they were going to die here.

This was what Miguel was worried about.

In fact, it didn't matter if everyone, including Fabian and Jarrod died here. As long as Zen was still alive, the human race would be able to keep their position in the Tower of Sin!

But judging by the current situation, the chances for the human race to keep their position were very slim indeed.

Fabian felt very regretful. If he had known that it would be so dangerous in the Dark Nether cave earlier, he would have gone all out to prevent Zen from entering the Dark Nether Cave. Unfortunately, it was useless for him to regret now. Even Miguel's advice and warning were useless on Zen which meant that he would never listen to him.

"Ow...ow..."

More than a dozen strange birds swooped down from the side.

The flock of huge birds dove down. They came together at Zen and several others with him, looking like a blanket which would cover them and smother them.

"Damn it!"

Fabian screamed. He called Jarrod and prepared to turn back to protect Zen. This time, they were really going to put their lives on the line.

Zen also felt the danger that was coming from above his head. As he turned around, he looked calm in his eyes. The life vitality in his belly began to rapidly revolve. At the same time, the forceful energy in the Hundred Meetings Platform in his forehead also woke up and gained momentum, preparing him for an enormous fight.

Lavender turned her spear and pointed its tip at the birds. She then said calmly, "We can't continue to move on now. Let's get rid of these strange birds first."

Yolande also lifted up her tender hands. Mysterious lights began to flash on her fingertips, as if with a flick of her fingers, thousands of beams of radiance from her fingers would shoot out explosively, breaking her opponent down into confetti.

Many of the top-level war lords also realized that they couldn't just blindly run forwards.

Although they had Fabian and Jarrod leading the way, the dangers in the outer or inner circle of the Dark Nether Cave were not always the same. In fact, they changed every year and there were always something new.

Although Fabian and Jarrod had a fair amount of experience in the exploration of the Dark Nether Cave, it was impossible for them to control the whole situation and avoid so many vicious beasts at the same time.

If they decided to fight to the death here, then perhaps they would have a greater chance of survival.

"Come on!"

"Let's go all out and kill them all! Although these strange birds are hard to deal with, there are still chances to kill them!"

"Everyone, come closer!"

Zen's face still looked as calm as water. A faint starlight began to emerge from his body as he clenched his fists.

"Ow...ow..."

The strange birds let out clamorous noises and rushed towards Zen.

Zen continuously calculated the distance between him and these birds. When they were within the proper range, his fist suddenly filled with a strong power.

"Star shakes the earth!"

His punch was so powerful that it tore the air apart and made a sharp whistling sound. In fact, his own sleeves started to burn up due to their friction with the air when he threw out the punch.

The violent forceful energy inside him converged into a huge spiral-shaped mass and swept towards the huge birds which were hovering above Zen's head.

Just as a Swallowing Bird came pouncing towards him, it happened to get caught up and was wrapped inside the spiral that burst out from Zen.

"Ow...ow..."

Just now, several top-level war lords had launched a simultaneous counterattack against the strange birds. However, they had relied on their powerful weapons and only then were they able to manage to break through the strange birds' defenses.

As for the radiance that came from their fists, it could barely hurt the birds.

The Dark Nether Cave was a place where living beings could hardly survive. The demonic beasts that were able to thrive in this place could resist the Dark Nether Death Light. Even the small flowers and grass on the ground were extremely tough, so these strange birds were powerful beyond their comprehension. It would take enormous amounts of efforts for even a top-level war lord to merely pull the weeds out of the ground.

However, the vortex formed by the energy that Zen had unleashed with his fist was able to suck in the strange bird that had tried to attack him. As the vortex spun, the strange bird's enormous wings began to curl and break.

By the time the Swallowing Bird reached in front of Zen, its wings had already been twisted by the vortex and were firmly bound to its body. This strange bird fell down like a huge stick, its several dozen feet long beak sticking into the ground behind Zen!

Although it wasn't the right time to be in a daze, many of the top-level war lords were still dumbfounded when they saw Zen's punch break the bird's beak.

Wasn't this punch a bit too powerful? What kind of fist fighting technique was this?

Zen's victory greatly raised the morale of the crowd. After all, Zen was only a ninth level war general. But he had killed this strange bird like chopping a vegetable. So they thought as top-level war lords, they couldn't perform any worse than him.

Yolande had maintained a distance of ten feet away from Zen all the time. But now, she stepped forwards, her clogs making a loud clattering sound. She looked calmly at a strange bird. With a slight tremble of her fingers, two slender beams of radiance shot out from them.

The lights shining on her fingers looked mysterious. The moment they were formed, they darted directly to the strange bird and hit it accurately in its big eyes.

Its eyes were blinded by Yolande. The bird immediately lost its direction. It flapped its wings, and in the end, fell onto the ground head first. It rolled around on the ground after it fell. Struggling with its huge strength, it stirred up the dust and gravel into the air. Its powerful wings furrowed on the ground, leaving several ditches behind.

At this time, no one had the time to pay attention to this particular strange bird. The blind Swallowing Bird was no longer a threat, and the ones causing the real problem were the ones circling above their heads.

All of the top-level war lords launched their attacks at the same time. Different colors of forceful energy erupted and life vitality flashed in the air. With joint forces, even though two top-level human war lords had been snatched away by the strange birds, they were still successful in killing a dozen these fierce creatures!

Chapter 903 The Bull-like Giant Toad (Part One)

Fabian's expression was filled with a barely contained joy. Everyone else also felt that it was truly unbelievable.

Once people were forced into a corner, they would often be able to unleash a power that they could not believe they ever had.

Previously, the reason why Fabian had asked everyone to run was that he was afraid of alerting the monsters in the Dark Nether Cave. Moreover, he was not sure if they could successfully deal with the Swallowing Birds.

In the end, without any other way to escape, they had fought to the death and had actually triumphed.

There were still a few Swallowing Birds circling restlessly in the air above them. These Swallowing Birds were not completely senseless, and they had soon realized that these top-level war lords below them were not an easy meal.

However, they also clearly knew that there were no monsters in the Dark Nether Cave which were easy to slay. These birds belonged to the bottom of the food chain, so compared to the monsters who dwelt in the Dark Nether Cave, these humans were far easier prey to hunt.

So they continued circling around the group of humans, refusing to leave. At the same time, they kept singing their eerie call, hoping to summon more of their own kind.

"They are calling for their companions. Let's leave, quickly." Hearing the cries of those strange birds, Fabian frowned and his expression darkened as he led the rest of the group away from the area, though the birds continued tagging along.

Zen still remained in the middle of the group. This Dark Nether Cave was just like what Miguel had said; it was simply too dangerous! Even if Zen's luck was incredibly good, it still wouldn't be easy for him to successfully obtain the inheritance.

No matter how fast they ran on the ground, their speed would definitely be inferior to the birds skimming easily through the air. It was simply impossible for them to shake off these strange birds.

This was proving to be a bit troublesome. Everyone was afraid that the strange birds would summon more birds, while they were also concerned that the noisy birds would attract the monsters in the Dark Nether Cave.

They couldn't keep running like this. Every time the creatures of the Tower of Sin entered the Dark Nether Cave, they would have to be very careful and cautious. They didn't dare to cause such a ruckus as surely they would become prey to the dangerous monsters. It was pure luck that they hadn't attracted powerful monsters yet, after those birds had made such a ruckus for so long.

Their luck might be good for a while, but it couldn't hold forever. Sooner or later, it would run out and then they would be in trouble.

"Let's kill these birds first!" Fabian coldly said as he stopped and stared at the Swallowing Birds winging through the air above them.

"Sure!"

"I agree!"

Actually, several others of the top-level war lords had wanted to stop and kill those birds. It was just that Fabian was the one leading the group, and they had waited to follow his orders. Now that Fabian had made this decision, they immediately shot like arrows towards the birds in the sky.

The birds were no fools. Upon seeing the people below suddenly shooting up towards the sky, they too started flying up.

Although the top-level war lords' flying speed was not slow, it was far from being as swift and agile as that of these birds. They circled through the air several times, but it was impossible for them to even touch the birds.

When the foiled top-level war lords landed on the ground again, the birds flew back closer again. Their cries had taken on a mocking tone, as they continued circling their prey.

"What bad luck!" Fabian sighed, and a look of deep worry appeared on his face.

He would rather have these birds charge at them. Now they were unable to drive them away, nor were they able to kill them. These birds would certainly attract even more of their companions in the near future.

"Quack, quack, quack, quack..."

As the saying went, "If anything can possibly go wrong, it will go wrong."

Suddenly, a large stain of tumbling black clouds appeared in the not too distant sky, and the disorderly sounds of many birds' chirping could be heard from them.

The party turned their faces up to the sky and bleakly looked at the dense mass of the strange birds approaching. With so many of them, enough to blacken the sky, they could be at least a thousand strong.

Everyone's expression darkened. This was an ill-boding prospect.

Even a single bird had been a challenge for them to deal with. How could they possibly deal with a thousand birds appearing at the same time?

In the blink of an eye, the inky formation of the strange birds rushed over. Their squawking presence in the sky almost blocked out the weak Dark Nether Death Light.

"Wh-what should we do?" a top-level war lord asked in a trembling voice.

"Scatter! Run away in all directions!" Fabian suggested in a timorous tone.

"Even if we split up, we are not likely to escape. There are too many strange birds,"

Zen interjected and looked at the flock of strange birds with a steely glint flashing in his eyes. He then asked, "In the outer area of the Dark Nether Cave, where would the most ferocious monster be?"

"What do you mean?"

Fabian asked, confused.

"We lure these birds over there!" Determination showed on Zen's face.

At this point, the only thing left to do was take a risk. Although it was difficult to deal with so many birds, there must definitely be an even more powerful monster in existence inside the Dark Nether Cave. Besides, they would surely be killed by the birds if they stayed here. However, if they led the birds to another ferocious monster, they might be able to survive.

Fabian's mind was spinning very fast. There was no time left for him to even think about it, and Zen's plan was the only feasible option.

Chapter 904 The Bull-like Giant Toad (Part Two)

Per chance, Fabian remembered that there was a forbidden area in the west of this area.

The creatures who shared the Tower of Sin had constantly been drawing a map according to each's experiences in exploring the Dark Nether Cave. The map was shared among all the races. Of course, there were some creatures who were not willing to share some of their fortunes or opportunities with the others and neglected to mark these on the map. They would not even tell the members of their own race.

However, most races were quite generous when it came to informing others of areas of danger. After all, if one was able to mark out an additional forbidden area on the map, the others would have a better chance of survival.

However, these dangers and forbidden areas were constantly changing. For example, if there was a ferocious monster lurking somewhere in the outer area, then it was very likely that by the next year, the monster would have moved its location so that the map would become inaccurate.

It was rumored there was a Bull-like Giant Toad in the forbidden area to the west.

That Bull-like Giant Toad had been there for a long time. While many races had ventured into that forbidden area, they had all been swept away by the Bull-like Giant Toad's huge tongue. From then on, none of the warriors that entered the Dark Nether Cave dared to approach that forbidden area.

Given the Bull-like Giant Toad's strength, none of the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, not to mention a war sage or a top-level war lord, dared to antagonize the beast as they were not able to deal with it.

On any normal given day, Fabian wouldn't have gone there, even if he was threatened with being beaten to death. Only hours earlier, he had safely guided everyone around the territory of the Bull-like Giant Toad, but now, he had no choice except to go there with these strange birds in tow.

If they stayed here, they would surely die. But if they took the birds there, there might be a slim chance of surviving.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Many top-level war lords, including Zen, had all transformed into streams of light and swiftly advanced, following behind Fabian.

As for the over a thousand Swallowing Birds in the sky, they chased closely behind, occasionally diving down to snatch at their prey.

"Ahhh..."

As they made their way, another human war general was snatched up by a bird when he was unable to dodge in time.

"Kid!"

one of the top-level war lords roared. However, he could not turn his head to look or try to save him. Behind him flocked countless birds. As soon as he turned his head back, he would be eaten by them. He would die a savage death of dismemberment.

The war general who had just been devoured by the birds was also a divine-level talent, inferior only to Dylon and Olivia. This time, when they had entered the Dark Nether Cave, Dylon and Olivia didn't get a license, but instead this kid had followed them in. He was the nephew of the top-level war lord. Clearly he had thought that simply wandering the outer area of the Dark Nether Cave while following behind his uncle wouldn't be too dangerous.

But this time, given the level of danger, everyone was too busy taking care of themselves. How could they take care of this war general?

While everyone was rushing forward, they suddenly heard and felt the reverberation of a strong sound wave.

"Croak!"

The sound wave was very deep and powerful. When it rang out, it immediately caused many of the nearby trees to shake and fall to the ground.

Caught off-guard, war lords who were not at the top level, and even some of the top-level war lords failed to protect their ears. Their eardrums were immediately ruptured by the terrifying sound waves, and blood flowed out from their ears while they cried out in pain, holding their heads.

"Cover your ears! Don't get your ears damaged by the shock wave of the Bull-like Giant Toad!" Fabian shouted.

"Fuck! Fabian Zhao, why didn't you fucking say so earlier?" someone cursed angrily.

Instantly, everyone used their life vitality to protect their own ears, as they saw that the trees in front of them were once again being bent over, as the invisible sound wave was made visible by the damage that preceded it.

"Croak!"

Even though they took steps to protect their ears, the extremely terrifying sound still reached their hearing, shocking everyone's minds. However, with everyone's cultivation stages being advanced enough, they were able to protect themselves from further harm.

But at the same time, they were all deeply worried.

The Bull-like Giant Toad was truly a monster! Just its cry alone was already so terrifying. So how powerful was the Bull-like Giant Toad really?

Was it really a good idea for everyone to charge at the Bull-like Giant Toad in order to avoid the birds in the sky? Were they not merely going to make a bad situation worse?

Whether it was a good idea or a bad one, they had no other choice now. They could only charge forward. The strange birds' speed was much faster than that of most of the top-level war lords. At this point, they all ran as fast as they could. Their hearts were beating in their chests, whether from physical exertion or fear made no difference.

"Quack, quack, quack..."

The sound waves being emitted by the Bull-like Giant Toad had spread out in all directions, and those birds in the sky were obviously affected as well. They seemed to hesitate momentarily before they continued flying closer.

At this point, the flock of birds had almost reached the sky above the humans. If they were to dive down now, they would be able to cut off their path.

Chapter 905 The Huge Tongue

Although the Swallowing Birds didn't have high intelligence, their instincts told them that there was a powerful monster ahead of them, so they decided to block the humans' way to stop them from approaching the monster.

The dense flock of birds circled around the humans as they swooped down, forming a giant tornado.

"Fight!"

Fabian furrowed his brows deeply, thinking that he was really done for this time.

In fact, there was a dramatic change in the expressions of most of the top-level war lords. A few of them were able to maintain their composure, but the rest of them were wearing a look of despair. Even if they risked their lives in this situation, it would be no use. They lost all hope.

It was easy for a person to give up on fighting if he thought that there was no chance of winning.

"It's over. We're done for. It seems like we're going to die in the Dark Nether Cave!"

"We're so unlucky! We should have retreated to the Tower of Sin long ago!"

"We shouldn't even have come to the Dark Nether Cave in the first place. It's open every year, so why did we have to come here this year?"

Some of them began to grumble with an expression of regret on their faces.

Zen's expression also darkened. Escaping from all the Swallowing Birds was going to be troublesome, even for him.

However, he had never given up once in his life. Even in the face of certain death situations, he would still keep fighting.

But now, the fighting spirit of the top-level war lords had completely dissipated. From the looks of it, all of them had given up on resisting.

Zen shouted, "It's just a flock of birds. You're a group of top-level war lords and yet, you're so useless!

So what if we die? Fight to the death or die like a coward, which one do you choose?

Since we're going to die soon anyway, why don't we go all out?"

As Zen roared these words at them, his body began to glow with killing intent. After communicating with the Killing Sword Mountain, he began to unleash the surging malicious aura.

Then, he swung his fists at the flock of birds swirling around them.

Lavender and Yolande hadn't said anything until now, but they didn't seem to want to give up either.

Anyway, both Lavender and Yolande were from the Upper World and possessed the strength of supreme warriors. They would remain calm even while facing the adversity of death.

Being able to calmly face death was the most ideal state of mind for a warrior. This didn't mean that they had to be unafraid of death. They just had to understand how to treat the possibility of death and adjust their mentality accordingly.

The top-level war lords had given up, but after hearing Zen's words, they looked at him, Lavender, and Yolande with a mixture of admiration and shame on their faces. These three juniors hadn't given up and yet they, top-level war lords, didn't have any morale at all.

Now, many of them had a resolute expression on their faces.

Zen was right. Since death was imminent, why not just go all out and fight?

So when the over a thousand birds drew closer, everyone began to display their unique skills.

Bang!

Boom!

Crack!

All sorts of attacks were unleashed into the sky.

Flames, ice, lightning, fists, swords...

These attacks actually managed to forcefully block the black mass of birds.

Some of the birds were immediately riddled with holes and fell from the sky. Although their defensive capabilities were formidable, they still weren't able to withstand so many attacks at once.

Unfortunately, there were simply too many strange birds. The war lords only blocked the birds for a short period of time, and then many strange birds dispersed the attacks from below and once again surged forward.

"We're really doomed this time..."

"Let's fight to the death! Even if we're going to die, let's kill as many birds as we can."

"You're right. Even if we die, we can't let these birds off that easily!"

Just as everyone got ready to fight with their lives on the line, they heard another croak.

The next second, they saw a huge tongue popping out from a deep black pond some distance away. The tongue was over a thousand feet wide. It stretched out and suddenly shot forward in their direction at the speed of lightning.

In an instant, everyone saw a black shadow appear. It took them a moment to realize that the giant tongue was now almost above their heads.

Compared to the huge tongue, the birds were as small as mosquitoes.

Mucus was dripping down from the huge tongue. Even though everyone was standing a few dozen feet away from it, they could still sense the warm, rancid smell emitting from the tongue.

"Everyone, be careful of the mucus on the tongue. It's extremely poisonous!" Fabian reminded them.

However, just as he finished speaking, one of the top-level war lords was wrapped up by the viscous liquid that dripped from the tongue.

The war lord didn't even have the time to scream before his entire body sizzled away into nothing. It was as if he had vanished in front of them.

More importantly, the top-level war lord had been holding a low-grade sacred weapon in his hand, but it seemed that the weapon had melted away as well. The mucus was much more corrosive than they'd thought.

Everyone's expression changed, including Zen's.

Zen's body was a fairy weapon and was said to be immune to poison. But if this mucus could melt even a sacred weapon, his body wouldn't be able to withstand it.

It was fortunate that the mucus was taking a long time to drip down. It wasn't difficult for them to avoid it as long as they stayed alert.

The huge tongue kept rolling back and forth over everyone's head, catching the birds. A few moments later, most of the birds had been caught by the tongue.

The remaining dozens of birds cried out and scattered in all directions.

The birds that were firmly stuck to the tongue began to melt away in the mucus.

Finally, the huge tongue withdrew. Zen looked in the direction of the tongue to see what creature it belonged to. The light in the Dark Nether Cave was so weak that even top-level war lords weren't able to see what lay beyond a few meters.

However, the green light in Zen's eyes flashed and his clear pupils allowed him to clearly see the scene in the darkness.

He saw a deep black pond in the distance. In the middle of the pond, there was a giant toad.

"That's the Bull-like Giant Toad!"

The body of the Bull-like Giant Toad was almost the size of a mountain. However, most of its body was hidden beneath the water of the deep pool. Only a pair of eyes the size of a house could be seen, emitting two streaks of dark red light.

After curling back its tongue, the Bull-like Giant Toad let out a croak.

And then, as if it felt that it wasn't enough, it let out another croak.

The sound was so loud that it raised a big wave. At the same time, it spread toward Zen. Zen stood firmly and continued to stare at the toad. He watched as the Bull-like Giant Toad stretched out its two thick forelimbs to leave the pool.

"It's coming over..." Zen's heart tightened.

At this time, the top-level war lords were still immersed in the joy and relief of surviving the onslaught of Swallowing Birds. They'd never imagined that they would be saved by a huge tongue that came out of nowhere. Although the tongue's mucus had corroded a top-level war lord, at least a majority of them had survived.

However, Zen was staring straight ahead and standing still, as if he had been glued to the ground.

"All right, everyone. Hurry up and leave this place. Although we haven't entered the territory of the Bull-like Giant Toad, we're already very close. If it—" Fabian started saying in an extremely cautious tone.

But before he could finish, Zen shouted, "Everyone, run! Run in all directions!"

And with that, the power of the dragon scales within his body exploded forth. With the strength of both his legs, he shot up into the sky.

When everyone heard Zen's warning and saw his swift escape, a strong sense of danger rose in their heart. The top-level war lords who had gathered there began dispersing in all directions.

Just then, they saw the huge tongue shooting toward the spot where they had been standing just a moment ago.

Bang!

The huge tongue made an eighty-feet wide crater in the ground. As for the mucus dripping from the tongue, it continuously corroded the ground, emitting sizzling sounds.

Everyone's faces flashed with fear.

For a moment, they all held their breaths. Then, the tongue started moving again. This time, it bounced up from the ground and shot toward Zen.

Chapter 906 Run Away

Zen's expression changed drastically when he saw the huge tongue coming at him!

'Did this big toad know I saw it?' Zen thought.

However, there was no time for Zen to think whether the beast did or not.

The others all successfully avoided the huge tongue thanks to Zen's warning. But when Fabian and Jarrod saw this scene, their faces instantly darkened!

Zen was currently the most important figure in the Tower of Sin. Others could die, but Zen could never be hurt and must always be protected.

Although Fabian didn't want to anger the Bull-like Giant Toad any more, he didn't have any other choice at the moment but to attack it.

"Zen, retreat! Quickly!"

Immediately after shouting that, Fabian and Jarrod attacked the toad almost at the same time!

The two of them worked closely together, and with their combined efforts, they were able to fight against a war sage!

Two beams of sword radiance shot out from Fabian's and Jarrod's hands. First, the two energies circled around each other until they merged and became one, flying towards the large tongue!

Since the tongue, which was coming at Zen at an extremely fast speed, was extremely large in size, it was impossible that their attack would miss its target.

Boom!

Although the two beams of intertwined sword radiance were comparable to an attack of a war sage, the big tongue remained unscathed when it hit it. It seemed like the attack felt more like an itchy spot for the tongue than a full-on attack, and so Fabian and Jarrod felt that their efforts were just huge failure.

"Damn it!" Fabian screeched, frustrated by it. Seeing this scene, his and the others' hearts sank. No matter how great Zen's destiny was, no one would be able to save him under this dire situation!

This was the Dark Nether Cave. It was under the Cursed Land, so there was no way a Soul Sea Realm master would suddenly pop out and save Zen. Besides, it wouldn't help even if a Soul Sea Realm master had come. Fabian assumed that even if Miguel came personally, he still wouldn't be a match for this toad.

Facing the huge tongue which was approaching him swiftly, Zen's mind was rapidly spinning, trying to find a way out. If the mere saliva on it could dissolve a sacred weapon, there was no way that he would be able to defend himself against it! Also, even if his special body was able to keep him from being killed by the poisonous saliva he would still surely face death if he was caught by the huge tongue and was swallowed by the Bull-like Giant Toad.

The expression of Lavender, who was floating beside Zen, darkened. With a deep breath, she lifted her long spear, waved it a little, and suddenly, an invisible wave of energy shot towards the huge tongue!

At the same time, Yolande who was not far away, also began to move. She pointed at the tongue with her finger and a ray of light shot towards it as well!

Boom! Boom!

The attacks of the two girls worked, especially after Lavender thrust out her spear, making it swirl in her hands. The invisible force that burst out from it constantly attacked the inner side of the big tongue, creating countless cuts on its side!

These cuts covered an area as large as the size of a person!

These cuts, however, were still very small when considering the huge size of the tongue. Because of that, none of the attacks managed to stop it from rushing towards Zen!

"Back!"

Of course, Zen wouldn't just stand there and wait for death. The moment he saw the tongue still charging at him at full speed, he immediately retreated.

However, he could see very clearly that the Bull-like Giant Toad had already crawled out of the pitch-black pool. If he were to retreat, it would definitely follow him…

So how would he be able to do a counterattack?

"Star shakes the earth!"

Zen immediately employed his strongest skill. It would be courting death if he still reserved his trump card at this point!

Bam!

Zen's punch created a star vortex in the air. It hit the tongue forcefully and left a huge dent on it. Unfortunately, like Lavender's attack, although it did cause damage to the tongue, it didn't hurt it too much. The tongue was too large in size and it was extremely difficult - bordering impossible - to destroy it completely.

This was the first time that Zen's Stellar Body failed to kill his enemy. With that, he concluded that there were two reasons that had contributed to his failure - first, Zen had only cultivated the Stellar Body for a very short period of time, and second, his cultivation level was still too low. This Bull-like Giant Toad wasn't something a warrior of his level could fight against. Perhaps, this was one of the reasons why this place was known as a forbidden land.

Each year, more than half of the warriors who had gone into the Dark Nether Cave died, and this was only the death toll in the outer circle! The death rate for those who had successfully entered the inner circle was higher, and for those who were lucky enough to enter the core, the death rate was one hundred percent, because no one had ever returned!

'What should I do?'

Zen thought to himself, backing at a lighting speed. He even jumped through space, hoping to distance himself from the huge tongue. But the speed of the tongue was obviously faster than his own!

"Flame! Black flame! Cyan dragon!"

Zen didn't have the time to waste and he directly roared at the cyan dragon in his head.

The wisp of black flame wasn't big, but it was able to burn everything. Now, he could only give it a try…

Under normal circumstances, Zen wouldn't use the black flame, especially when there were so many people around. However, it was the only plan of action he could think of at that time. He didn't want his body to be melted by this giant tongue and to become the giant toad's food!

Swoosh!

All of a sudden, a tiny wisp of flame shot out from the spot between Zen's eyebrows!

The moment the flame appeared, it seemed to dance around in the air merrily.

When Yolande saw the wisp of black flame, her eyes widened. Her jaw dropped, and she looked like as if she was lost in thought!

When Lavender saw the black flame, her face fell. As if it was on instinct, she turned to Yolande...

Although Lavender was attached to Zen's body, she had her own thoughts. She had seen this black flame before, but Yolande, on the other hand, had never seen it before.

It was obvious that Lavender didn't want Yolande to notice the black flame. However, Zen was in a dire situation right now, and Lavender didn't have time to think more about this.

Everyone saw a black flame emerge from the spot between Zen's brows. As if it had a soul of its own, the black flame directly charged towards the tongue despite Zen not giving it any kind of direction.

Compared to the huge tongue, the black flame was insignificant. It looked like an ant against it. However, it instantly burrowed its way into the tongue. Since this wisp of flame was too small, the instant it disappeared into the tongue, it left no trace on the surface.

The moment the black flame injected itself into the huge tongue, it started twisting violently, as if it was in great pain, temporarily halting its mission to catch Zen.

Like a snake that had its head chopped off, the tongue wiggled crazily for no apparent reason. Luckily, the people around it had already distanced themselves from the tongue. Otherwise, if they were accidentally caught by the tongue, they would end up dead!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The tongue repeatedly whipped the ground, creating a huge crater and sending dust and big pieces of rock into the air.

With the loud noise, the tongue had alerted all the demonic beasts within several dozen miles. These demonic beasts, however, were nowhere near the strength and power of the giant toad, so every single one of them had deeply hidden themselves. In the outer circle of the Dark Nether Cave, this giant toad was one of the most dangerous creatures and was on the top of the food chain!

"What exactly is that black flame? How is it making this Bull-like Giant Toad suffer so much?"

"I don't know! Who knows how many secrets this guy has!"

"This toad is too stupid. Why didn't it just hold its tongue back?"

"Do you think that the Bull-like Giant Toad is dumber than you? The black flame is obviously still inside its tongue. Although I'm not sure what that black flame is, it seemed like it has inflicted the Bull-like Giant Toad extreme pain. However, if that black flame doesn't come out of that tongue and the Bull-like Giant Toad retracts it back to its mouth, wouldn't it mean that the black flame would burn in its mouth?"

The huge tongue was still twisting and pounding the ground, until suddenly, everyone saw its front part burst into flames. The tongue was on fire! And somehow, a ten-feet stretch starting from its tip had already completely burnt!

The air reeked of its singed flesh, like that of roasted meat!

Swoosh!

Only then did the wisp of black flame come out of the toad's tongue!

And the moment the black flame came out, the tongue rolled back, still wriggling as if it was fleeing in panic to avoid the black flame from burning again. As soon as the long tongue curled back, it instantly disappeared into the darkness not too far away.

At this time, the black flame seemed to be very happy about its feat as it circled in the air and chirped merrily for a while before it returned back to the spot between Zen's eyebrows.

Without any pause for rest, Zen looked at the toad that had already left the pond and shouted, "Let's hurry up and get away from here!"

The mountain-like toad lay prostrate in the darkness. Despite them being miles away from it, it would just take it a single leap to get to where they were. And if that happened, not one of them would be able to escape!

Everyone looked at the direction Zen was gazing at, but they did not see anything. However, they did not ask Zen about what he had seen. It was simple for them to imagine. If the mere tongue of the Bull-like Giant Toad was so horrible, they didn't need to see what would come next. And despite not being able to battle it fully, they knew that they would be no match for it. Since Zen had already burned a piece of the toad's tongue, it was more than wise for them to take the chance and run away!

They would leave the giant toad be, and they had no plans - or nerve, for that matter - on taking it on again!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 907 Zen's Goal (Part One)

Everyone left the area as fast as they could.

Even in the outer area of the Dark Nether Cave, any place of great danger was an inescapable one. If any one of them was not careful enough, everyone would die there as a result.

A faint green light flashed in Zen's eyes. Even if he was retreating, he was still extremely alert.

Although the Bull-like Giant Toad and its long tongue were proven to be very fast, Zen had quite a distance away from it, and he had plenty of room to either hide or dodge.

However, if the giant toad were to pounce at him, he would be at his wit's end. Everyone would definitely die.

Zen noticed that the toad had already left the huge pond. It had taken two steps forward but then stopped and became still. Its dark figure had blended into the darkness, but its two large eyes, which were about the size of a house, were gleaming - and they were staring coldly at him!

"Fortunately," Zen whispered, his breath labored. "It doesn't intend to chase us." As he continued to retreat his eyes never left the toad in the darkness. After making sure that he was at a safe distance away from the huge monster, he finally turned around and followed the group.

"Okay, where did that toad come from?" Lavender asked, turning to Yolande who was by her side.

Several war lords glanced at Lavender with confused looks, wondering why she was asking such a question. The giant toad had been in this cave for a long time, and its site had already been clearly marked on the map of the Dark Nether Cave. It was said that this toad had never moved out of the pond, and there were no stories as to how it got there. It just had always been there.

The monsters in the Dark Nether Cave were all very complex and varied, and they were all usually strong enough to shake the world.

If any powerful monster rushed out of the Cursed Land, it could bring a calamity to the Sea God Continent. Take this giant toad as an example, perhaps no one on the entire Sea God Continent would be able to deal with it!

It was fortunate that although the Dark Nether Cave was full of powerful monsters, none of them had ever stepped out of the cave so far. No one knew what the real reason was, but most people speculated that these creatures were afraid of the Cursed Land and didn't dare to walk out of the Dark Nether Cave's domain.

However, this conjecture was quickly proven to be false. The Dark Nether Cave was underground, so these monsters could easily dig a passageway and come out to another part of the Sea God Continent. But then again, none of these powerful monsters had done such a thing. Obviously, it was not that easy to figure out the truth of the Dark Nether Cave.

"It's the Bull-like Giant Toad, one of Richards' spirit beasts," Yolande answered directly.

"Richards?" Lavender repeated, slightly surprised. "The man who nearly became a world lord?"

"Yes, but he's dead now," Yolande said flatly.

Although the conversation between the two was brief, everyone understood what they were talking about. And it didn't matter if they didn't - they now knew that the giant toad could be tamed as a spirit beast, and there were actually some people among them who were proficient enough in capturing beasts.

But then, a question remained - would they be able to capture a spirit beast of a man who was powerful enough to be a world lord? That would be equivalent to courting death.

Everyone followed Fabian and kept retreating until they finally returned to their normal route.

Many of the people's faces were still as pale as a sheet of paper.

Jarrod counted the number of people. After being chased by those strange birds, out of over a hundred human warriors, only less than fifty survived, while a dozen top-level war lords had also been killed.

In a terrible situation like this, it was fortunate enough that they were not annihilated completely.

"Why don't we just return to the tower?" A top-level war lord suggested.

He was not afraid of death. Once before, he had entered the Dark Nether Cave, but he had never encountered such a great danger. Because of this, he felt that there must have been some sort of change that happened within the Dark Nether Cave and it led him to his suggestion.

The moment other war lords and war generals heard him, they overwhelmingly agreed to his suggestion.

"I agree. The monsters in Dark Nether Cave have been acting too actively this year. I feel that something is amiss."

"Just to be on the safe side, I think we better leave. The Dark Nether Cave opens every year anyway. We can wait for that and just enter again."

"I don't want to stay in this damned place any longer. I heard that anyone who enters the Dark Nether Cave has a slim chance of surviving. But in my opinion, it's a 100 percent chance of dying!"

As everyone joined in the discussion, Fabian and Jarrod slowly nodded in approval. This trip to Dark Nether Cave was indeed unlucky, coming in and immediately encountering such a huge crisis. To be safe, it was better to give the mission up and return to the Tower of Sin.

However, they were not the one who would make the final decision.

Fabian looked at Zen. He was the one who had a say in the whole thing.

When Zen felt Fabian's gaze on him, a faint smile graced his lips. "If you guys intend to go back, of course I won't have any objections. But I won't go with you. I will stay here."

Lavender stayed quiet, but her calm gaze and red pupils that seemed to have faint flames circulating within seemed to convey that she would be staying with Zen. Yolande then broke the silence and said, "I will not leave Zen's side. With him, I also intend to explore the Dark Nether Cave."

Chapter 908 Zen's Goal (Part Two)

When he heard Zen's response, Fabian quickly knew that it would be a difficult decision for him to make.

To put it bluntly, all of the top-level war lords here including Fabian himself weren't as important as Zen alone!

The Purple Heart Sacred Place was actually relying on Zen to control the Tower of Sin. Even if all of the top-level war lords they were with died in this cave, the Purple Heart Sacred Place would be able to train more top-level war lords in the future, so they basically were unimportant characters. However, without Zen, the status of the human race would be restored to their former position.

The reason why the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place of the Demon Night race had allied with the Purple Heart Sacred Place was also because of Zen's sword spirit, Lavender. To put it bluntly, it was still for Zen's sake. After all, there was no need for a seventh grade sacred place to ally with the Purple Heart Sacred Place, which just qualified to be regarded as a sixth grade sacred place.

Fabian was not the only one to think of such things. Many other top-level war lords had the same thoughts. However, they were also aware how difficult it would be to further explore the cave.

"The Dark Nether Cave is too dangerous to be in this time. I suspect that the Tide of Chaos has broken out. Why don't we make the wiser choice and just retreat this time?" Fabian wasn't ready to give up. In his mind, he knew that he would be able to persuade Zen to go back.

"Tide of Chaos?" Zen asked doubtfully.

"Yes, but that is just my speculation. It is said that the Tide of Chaos would erupt in this cave once every ten years, and when the Tide of Chaos breaks out, the monsters in the Dark Nether Cave would become much more active, and the degree of danger of the place would greatly increase. Whenever those years roll by, we normally cancel our explorations," Fabian explained as he stared at Zen.

His words were a reminder to Zen of the dangers of the Dark Nether Cave. 'You can't ask so many humans to die with you, right?' Fabian thought to himself.

However, Zen was thinking about a totally different thing.

After the run-in they had with the giant toad just now, the dangers of the cave were already crystal clear to Zen.

But he didn't have much time left. He had been in this continent for close to a year. The more time passed, the more worried he would be.

If Zen were to miss this opportunity, he would have to wait for another full year!

If that ever happened, he would most likely become a war lord, or even a top-level war lord. If he had such strength as he entered the Dark Nether Cave, it would be much safer for him, and for everyone he was with. But then, a year's time was more than enough for there to be too many crucial variables in the Central Region.

"I'm sorry. Although I know that this place is very dangerous, I really can't wait for another year," Zen apologetically said, while shaking his head and staring at Fabian. His eyes were brimming with determination.

Fabian let out a deep sigh. After all, there was no reason for him to leave Zen alone in the Dark Nether Cave. If he did and Zen survived, it would be okay. But if Zen was unable to return to the Tower of Sin, Fabian would undoubtedly be the first one to be punished by the Purple Heart Sacred Place!

But then, considering how so many of the people they were with were already set on leaving the area, he couldn't bring himself to say that they needed to stay.

Eventually, he opened his mouth and announced the decision. "Jarrod," he said slowly, taking a deep breath. "You and I will stay here with Zen. The rest of you," he continued, his eyes sweeping everyone that was with them. "You can retreat and wait for us in the Tower of Sin."

Jarrod did not hesitate and nodded in approval. He understood Fabian's thoughts immediately, and very well.

With that, all of the other top-level war lords let out a sigh of relief. Their expressions were also as if a heavy burden had been lifted from their hearts. Many of them did not want to stay in the cursed place for even a second longer.

It wasn't difficult to return via the same route as they had come, as they had only gone a few dozen miles after being chased by the Swallowing Birds. It wouldn't take long for an expert of their level to close the distance.

After the top-level war lords left with the war generals, Fabian turned to Zen and said, "Well, now that we have chosen to stay, we will accompany you as far as possible! Zen, the thing that you want to obtain after entering this Dark Nether Cave must truly be something extraordinary."

Hidden in the Dark Nether Cave were immeasurable treasures and endless good fortune. Even the people who had only reached the outer layer had been able to enjoy it. Although the treasures in the outer layer had been decreasing in number after so many years of people scavenging for them, there were still people who had been lucky enough to find precious objects during their ventures.

"I don't know," Zen answered vaguely.

"You don't know?" A strange expression appeared on Fabian's face, "Then do you at least have a goal?"

"Maybe. If possible, I would like to enter the core area of the Dark Nether Cave," Zen said. As these words came out of Zen's mouth, Fabian's and Jarrod's faces were instantly colored with disbelief.

'What is this kid even thinking? Entering the core area of the Dark Nether Cave? Crazy!'

Chapter 909 Black Nether Bead

The outer area of the Dark Nether Cave had always been dangerous to anyone who dared to delve into its depths. Zen was well aware that a lot of people who once entered never made it out.

Both Fabian and Jarrod didn't have the intention of going inside the cave from the beginning. It was far too dangerous and the chances of getting out alive were slim.

It took an intensive and advanced preparation for the warriors to be all set for their entry into the inner area of the cave.

However, years of preparation didn't mean a guarantee. A lot of warriors, most of the top-level war lords, had faced their demise in the said cave.

It was also believed that numerous resources could be found in the inner layer. Those who were lucky enough to return brought with them enormous gifts from the cave. That was why countless warriors took the risk.

While the others aimed for the inner layer of the cave, Zen, being the confident warrior, wanted to go into the core area.

That part of the cave was a totally different story. None of the few who dared explore that particular area was able to return. It was basically a death trap.

As written on the map, the outer layer of the cave was marked with a lot of threatening areas. The inner layer had lesser. The depths of the cave was somewhat still a mystery. For whatever it was worth, not a single soul had lived to tell stories about it.

As for the core of the cave, the map had almost nothing to offer the seekers of wealth. It was completely blank, apart from vague directions, and had no markings of any sort. Not that it needed to be marked, as everyone knew it was deadly.

"Zen, are you… Are you joking?"

Fabian uttered, looking at Zen with a deep concern written all over his face.

Zen chuckled and responded, "Just take it as a joke if you will."

When Mist passed the token to Zen and asked him to obtain the inheritance, he wasn't able to explain the matter clearly. Having not entered the cave yet, Mist didn't exactly have all the information with regards to the whereabouts of the inheritance. All he knew was that it was somewhere inside the cave. Mist told Zen that the Jade Butterfly would light up when he was closer to the item.

Despite his carefree attitude, Zen was not of the reckless sort. He knew all too well that he was risking his life.

At that moment, the Jade Butterfly stayed still. Deciding that he'd explore the outer layer of the cave first, Zen would enter the inner layer next if the inheritance was still nowhere to be found.

Knowing that the core area of the cave was extremely dangerous, Zen was cautious with his every move. If he still wasn't able to get a hold of the inheritance in the core area, he'd leave.

Being able to get his hands on the inheritance was his priority, as it was very essential for the human race. Realizing that he might not be able to obtain it considering his current strength, he'd stop at once. It was too much of a risk.

When he heard Zen's answer, Fabian let out a sigh of relief. Zen still had some sense in him. Smiling to himself, he said, "If that's the case, then let's keep following the original route!"

Including Lavender, there were only five warriors walking side by side. It was a good thing. Any kind of noise wasn't good at all. Luckily, they weren't welcomed by danger while walking around the outer layer of the Dark Nether Cave.

As they went deeper into the cave, the air suddenly shifted. At the same time, the once dim red light began to grow stronger.

The Dark Nether Death Light that had weakened still had some might left in it. Any ordinary human without any cultivation base could have easily been fatally pierced through by that light.

As the red light grew stronger, a thin layer of life vitality protection appeared on Fabian's, Jarrod's, and Yolande's bodies. It was to withstand the red light's assault. Zen didn't employ his forceful energy, as he had his weapon-like body to protect himself. The red light could not make him feel uncomfortable.

Meanwhile, as the sword spirit, Lavender was unable to feel any pain.

As they kept moving forward for about an hour, the sound of a battle nearby could be heard. Then, six figures appeared from the bushes.

Two of them who held longbows in their hands began to shoot some arrows towards the jungle. A black ghost claw emerged from the jungle, grabbing the two archers and throwing them in the air. Unable to escape, the warriors died almost instantly.

"Leave! Hurry! I'll cover you!"

a woman behind them said. Among the other warriors, she showed greater strength. The unknown warrior lady suddenly released the endless light that produced colors and flowers that quickly enveloped the place.

"Whoosh… Whoosh… Whoosh…"

Countless of colorful petals began appearing. All of them grew only to fly towards the ghost claw. In just a split second, the murderous claw was covered entirely with petals!

"Explode!"

the woman shouted.

"Bang!"

Upon such an explosion, the claw's speed slowed down. However, the remaining four warriors charged towards Zen and his group immediately.

Their eyes were all focused on Zen. However, upon seeing Lavender, one of them calmly said, "My Queen, this place is deadly. You must leave now. Come with us!"

Zen surmised that they were all from the Demon Night. Including Esther, they were top-level war lords.

"Let's go!"

Not saying much, the rest just followed suit. The ghost claw wasn't weaker than the Bull-like Giant Toad. Thanks to Esther, they managed to escape.

After all, Esther was the top warrior at the Tower of Sin. Even Maurice, was no match to her strength.

"So, there are only four members of the Demon Night left?"

Fabian asked, his face glinting with astonishment.

At the Tower of Sin, the Demon Night had more seats than the humans. When they entered the cave, there were a few dozens more of them as compared to humans. How come only four of them were able to make it?

"Tide of Chaos is waiting. I realized that it was too much of a risk. I decided to dismiss some of the troops and asked them to retreat," Esther responded.

"Figured." Fabian nodded. "I also allowed them to return to the tower."

Just as they all began moving to escape, the Demon Night members started to kneel down before Lavender to show their undying respect. "There is no time. You don't have to do that now. This place is dangerous," she said flatly.

"Why didn't you guys go back in the first place?" Fabian asked.

"The Tide of Chaos has already broken out and the risk increases, but the chances might also come sooner than we have all expected," Esther replied.

It was the ultimate truth. Despite terrifyingly dangerous, the opportunities grew. The arrival of the Tide of Chaos at that moment drove other vicious monsters away to other places. During that particular time, most warriors had the chance to explore some more.

However, the dangers were also greater than before. Due to her outstanding cultivation, Esther dared to enter such places. Earlier, Esther, along with a few Demon Night members, had obtained several Black Nether Beads.

The said beads were of paramount importance. Each of them equaled to a middle-grade sacred weapon. Obtaining them, Esther had paid quite a heavy price. Two top-level war lords of the Demon Night had perished.

"My Queen, these two Black Nether Beads were obtained by us. Please accept them." Esther respectfully walked up to Lavender and presented the two beads to her.

Reaching the highest level of cultivation, Lavender's soul, even just one of the many, was abnormally strong. The small part of her soul was still far stronger than many warriors from the Lower World.

For that reason, it was almost impossible to nourish her soul some more. All the pills and techniques for nourishment had no effect on her at all. Even if Lavender entered the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place and absorbed the life power of the entire holy tree, changes would be slight.

Labeled as treasures from the Upper World, the Black Nether Beads were used to repair damaged souls. Lavender knew that she could put those items into good use. Nodding her head to Esther's gesture, she let Zen keep the beads for her.

It was the greatest of all honors for Esther and the rest of the Demon Night members that Lavender accepted her offer. The Black Nether Beads could come in handy if Esther needed them, but they were absolutely not as important as Lavender.

Chapter 910 The War Sage Malcom

It was unavoidable that Fabian and the others felt envious of Lavender when Esther gave the Black Nether Beads to her. However, since Lavender was the queen of Demon Night, their jealousy was pretty much displaced.

While Zen put away the two Black Nether Beads in his space ring, Esther knelt down in front of Lavender. "My queen, the Tide of Chaos in the Dark Nether Cave will make this place extremely dangerous. Please return to the Tower of Sin!"

Esther had originally wanted to tell her queen that everything they would obtain in the Dark Nether Cave would be offered to her. But now, she restrained herself from doing so. Fabian would've no doubt already warned Zen about the Tide of Chaos and must've also tried to persuade him to return. The fact that Zen was still here made it obvious that both he and Lavender insisted to stay.

It was the second time someone had tried to persuade Lavender to return to the Tower of Sin. Though it was for her own good, as well as for Zen's good, Lavender's face still darkened in displeasure from Esther's words.

Lavender knew that Zen was definitely not going to give up such a good chance to explore the Dark Nether Cave. Since he was the one who had made it possible for her to regain her throne, she felt immensely displeased upon hearing Esther's words that could effectively dampen the young man's enthusiasm.

"I won't go back," Lavender stated coldly.

The queen's coldness made Esther's heart tremble. Knowing that her advice had been deemed useless, she immediately stood up. "Since that is the case, I humbly beg you to allow us to stay and explore the Dark Nether Cave with you."

"That is a good suggestion!" Fabian exclaimed with great joy. Esther, after all, was the most powerful top-level war lord in the Tower of Sin. Back on the tenth floor, Esther's name had managed to climb all the way up to the fourth row on the Talent Tablet. Now, with the strength of a top-level war lord, she was probably not much weaker than any common war sage. Fabian would feel more assured if she joined their party.

Several days ago, Zen's decision to follow the human war lords into the Dark Nether Cave had worried Esther greatly. She had even gone as far as to invite Zen to follow the Demon Night instead. Lavender was still a sword spirit who relied on Zen's body to exist. If Zen died, so would Lavender. In the end, everything was all for the Demon Night Queen.

Unfortunately, her offer was immediately turned down by Zen.

Now, with the threat of great danger looming overhead, Esther had chosen to stay by Lavender's side to protect her.

Both Esther and Fabian hurriedly took out their maps with the intent of choosing a relatively easy route to explore.

Yolande stood idle on the side while the two put their heads together to strategize. Suddenly though, her relaxed pose stiffened as she quickly turned around and pointed her slender finger into the darkness.

"Whoosh!"

"Bam!"

Four people walked out from the forest and the one leading them wore an embarrassed smile on his face.

Esther's expression turned cold. "Night Group?

"Esther!" one of them greeted sheepishly. "How have you been?"

The Night Group was a powerful group. Their Eternal Night Sacred Place ranked fifth in the entire Sea God Continent and was considered a backbone of the sixth-grade sacred places. However, they had always been a vassal force of the ogre group and did not really have a say in major decisions in the tower.

While they were deemed a quiet and under-the-radar group, the removal of the ogres from the Tower of Sin greatly changed their dynamic. The race that they had always been attached to was suddenly driven out of the Tower of Sin which meant the safety net they had all thought would protect them was immediately removed. The result was a disastrous decline of their status in the Tower of Sin.

The members of the Night Group were all born assassins. All of them were incredibly skilled in the art of deceit, concealment, and striking their opponents when they least expected it.

The four top-level war lords of the Night Group were living testaments of their strength. They had all hidden themselves so well, and even Esther failed to notice them.

Esther casually glanced at Yolande. The girl's sense of perception could be higher than Esther's yet she was only a tenth-level war general. She really was a mystery.

However, no matter how good they were at hiding themselves, the Night Group was terrible when it came to face-to-face combat. "Shane Xue," Esther glared as her body began to emit a colorful, mysterious ethereal light. "Are you here to try to kill Zen?"

Her stance told them she was ready to attack, and rightly so. The Night Group had always been the ogre race's ally and had been intentionally trained to assassinate those that caused trouble for the ogres in the Tower of Sin.

Shane Xue was a seat owner and one of the strongest among the Night Group. Esther's intimidating pose had him hurriedly waving his hand in front of her, "No! No! You have mistaken me! It's actually the opposite," he quickly clarified. "The tide of chaos is ravaging the Dark Nether Cave. We actually wanted to join you."

Esther sneered, "Do you even think you're qualified to go with us?"

Her remark caused Shane Xue and his companions to go red in the face. The four of them were also top-level war lords, the same as Esther, so why would they be unqualified?

However, Esther's reputation made them keep their mouths shut. Their strength lay in the shadows and not in direct confrontation.

Fabian suddenly butted in, "I want to say something!" he said, raising his hand. "With the situation we're all currently in, I don't think it's a bad choice to cooperate."

Fabian saw the advantage of allying with the Night Group. A race dedicated to honing themselves as assassins were no doubt good at hiding themselves from the many dangers that abounded in the Dark Nether Cave.

He didn't like them one bit, but there was no need to make things difficult for themselves. Besides, they currently had the upper hand and even if the Night Group tried anything against Zen, they would have Esther to deal with them. Fabian also had no doubt that Zen was more than capable of taking care of himself and could actually be on par with his own strength. There were only four top-level war lords in the Night Group and they were not much of a threat should they decide to betray them halfway.

Shane Xue laughed, "Fabian is right! Although our Night Group isn't strong, we have our talents that could benefit you!'

Esther visibly hesitated. She immediately weighed the pros and cons before coming up with a decision. In the end, Esther figured that she had absolute confidence in her own strength and keeping a few Night Group members as back-up wasn't too bad. She agreed to Fabian's proposal with a nod.

Soon enough, a temporary team was formed. They all got together to discuss their next moves and were able to work out a new route. Not long after, they were able to set out to explore once again.

At the same time, on the other side of the Tower of Sin, two burly figures hid in a secret passageway. Their size and build immediately identified them as the two top-level war lords of the ogre race: Malcom and Rehaan.

Before the ogres withdrew from the Tower of Sin, Boyd and Rehaan had been ordered to lurk inside the secret passageway. However, due to Malcom's request, they replaced Boyd and let him take his place.

The failure of killing Zen weighed heavily on Malcom's shoulders and made him feel extremely depressed. His troubles were so great that the frustration alone was enough to make his warrior spirit waver.

However, the negative emotions actually worked to his advantage. His frustrations effectively increased his motivation and he had managed a breakthrough in such a short period of time!

Malcom was now a first level war sage!

Rehaan, on the other hand, was still a top-level war lord.

Although most of the seat owners of the Tower of Sin suppressed their cultivation level, in truth, it wasn't easy for them to break through and become a war sage. Moreover, Malcolm had experienced a life and death crisis on his ascension!

The secret passageway was large enough to fit a couple of humans or Demon Night members but it was too small for the ogres. Dealing with a life and death crisis in such a narrow space was extremely agonizing and Malcom almost didn't make it!

However, in the end, he managed to push through! Rehaan hadn't broken through yet but Malcom's current strength would be enough for them to kill Zen.

"Shane has sent news," Rehaan reported. "They've found Zen."

Malcom nodded at this new information and said, "Okay." Previously, Malcom had ranked lower than Rehaan but his recent breakthrough had switched their positions.

"I've been stuck in this place for months. Now, I can finally leave," Malcom said as he came out of the other side and went into the Dark Nether Cave.

Rehaan followed closely behind him. "I really wonder how Colin and Neil got through this,"

he said as he stretched out his body. "That place is suffocating!"

Malcom grunted, "Let's go. The humans are able to play in the tower for a few months but it's time for us ogres to take everything back," he said, cracking his knuckles. "It's time to eliminate Zen."

As the controller of the Tower of Sin, Zen had no doubt become a star. The ogres couldn't really directly confront him. However, they couldn't just sit idly by. They had a plan.

Now that Zen ventured outside the confines of the tower and into the Dark Nether Cave, they would now be able to stand a chance against him. Malcom's recent breakthrough was also a plus. So long as they killed Zen, the ogres would be able to return and take back their glory.

When that happened, all the seats that were taken from them by the humans and the Demon Night shall be returned rightfully to them.

No matter what, none of the other races could cultivate a war sage in the Tower of Sin, but the ogres could!

Chapter 911 Scrambling For A Plant

The Dark Nether Cave was illuminated by the Dark Nether Death Light all year round. To be able to grow under such harsh conditions, creatures that reproduced there must be stronger than those creatures outside the cave. It was an endless battle for the survival of the fittest.

The grass surrounding some areas of the cave seemed to have a unique way of existing on the grounds. After being stomped on by countless footsteps, they immediately swayed back like nothing happened. They even had blade-like leaves, almost as if to defend themselves from other creatures' attacks. The grass leaves were thin enough to cut an ordinary mysterious weapon. If one wasn't careful enough, they could cause serious injuries.

If ordinary and powerless creatures graced through these grasses, they could die. They could bleed to death even before they managed to get out.

This sort of danger didn't alarm the top-level war lords. The harm that the grass could cause could never penetrate through their protective life vitality.

Gracefully moving forward, Esther led the way.

Following right behind her was Zen and the others.

A few of the Night Group members hid their breaths and swiftly moved around like ghosts.

"What we see right before us is the Bloody Pass. Everyone, please remove all of your life vitality and forceful energy and do not make any sound," Esther said softly.

"The Bloody Pass?" From afar, Zen was able to make out two small mountains, forming a specific angle. A path could be seen between them, which was the so-called Bloody Pass. It baffled them all however, why they had to take off their protection techniques.

"There are two powerful monster lairs on the two sides of the Bloody Pass. One is the Azure Wolf, and the other is the Swallowing Bird, the strange bird we saw before. While passing through, we must completely be silent. Even the sound of our breaths can put us in danger," Fabian said, after which he took out a cloak from his space ring and covered himself with it.

Despite the inability to understand the entire point of such action, the rest of the party did the same and then covered themselves with their cloaks.

Unlike Zen, everyone else didn't have the capability to resist the effects of the red light. The Dark Nether Death Light had indeed weakened, but its power could cause extreme discomfort to the victim. Not being able to avoid it would be like being pricked by a thousand needles. The cloaks were certainly essential as they could block the light.

When they knew they were all ready, all of them held their breaths and began walking forward.

A deafening silence embraced the surroundings. The four top-level war lords from the Night Group moved like the wind. None of them made any sound at all.

The other war lords, as well as Esther, kept moving slowly.

As they got closer to the Bloody Pass, they became more alert. From a distance, faint sounds coming from the Swallowing Birds could be heard. This meant that there was a large flock of those beasts resting somewhere not too far from where they were.

On the other side of the Bloody Pass, a wolf howled. The atmosphere grew darker and heavier by the minute.

Although Zen had never seen any Azure Wolf before, he reckoned that it was definitely no weaker than a Swallowing Bird. It didn't even matter what kind of creature they encountered. They knew they had to stay vigilant at all times.

Holding their breaths, everyone moved at a careful pace. It was so quiet that only the beating of their hearts was audible.

Lucky for them, the Bloody Pass wasn't as vast as the others. If they successfully walked through it, they were safe.

They moved cautiously for about five minutes more. Just walking on a few more steps, they could arrive at the exit point.

"We made it." Fabian sighed when almost reaching the end of the pass.

The rest sighed in relief, almost in unison. They all looked at each other as if checking if anyone was harmed in any way.

In just a matter of seconds, all of them began to notice a faint light right before them. Some were curious, while the others were somehow threatened.

The light continued to flicker. As it did, their curiosity also rose.

Deciding to follow the light, Zen carefully made his way. Upon reaching a certain point, he saw a peculiar plant.

The palm-sized plant had three leaves that extended in three different directions. A bunch of hairy stamens from one of the stems emitted a faint, orange glow. It was quite beautiful.

"Could this be the Moon Shadow Begonia?"

Excitement replaced their fear and curiosity. However, greed was painted all over the expressions of the Night Group members. All of them hurriedly walked towards the plant.

Considered as one of the rarest herbs in the Dark Nether Cave, the Moon Shadow Begonia was said to broaden the pubic region of one's body, which was very beneficial for the warriors who intended to reach the Soul Sea Realm. Back then, only three Moon Shadow Begonias were found in the cave. They were taken by three warriors, who had successfully become the masters of the Soul Sea Realm.

As the supreme master of the Sea God Continent, Amber had taken one of the three Moon Shadow Begonias.

Through the power of the Moon Shadow Begonia, Amber had easily become the strongest warrior throughout the Soul Sea Realm. The magical plant had the ability to increase a warrior's strength to an unbelievable limit. After the warrior's pubic region was enlarged, the amount of life vitality would increase as well, making cultivation methods easier to perform.

Fixated on the plant, Esther waved her hand to the top-level war lords from the Night Group. "Don't touch it," she said in a very low voice, calmly. She wasn't so sure if they heard her, so she kept on waving her hand.

The Moon Shadow Begonia grew on the territory of the Azure Wolf. The Night Group warriors' hiding skills were not to be trampled with, but picking the flower meant exposing all of them to danger.

At that time, Esther was unable to communicate with others clearly with her life vitality. They were close to the Swallowing Bird's and Azure Wolf's homes, and activating their life vitality could alert the beasts.

Unfortunately for Esther, her fellow Night Group war lords didn't intend on listening to her pleas.

Both Fabian's and Jarrod's faces were now covered in sweat. One wrong move could cause them everything that they had gone through for this specific journey. Not to mention the sleeping beasts that knew no mercy.

"Lavender," Zen called softly, glancing at his sword spirit.

As a sword spirit, Lavender had some skills that were like that of Zen. They both didn't need to circulate their life vitality to resist the Dark Nether Death Light. In addition, she was able to fly.

Her sword spirit body belonged to Zen. Thus, when she flew, she did not consume her life vitality.

Understanding what Zen's glance meant, Lavender floated towards the Moon Shadow Begonia like an entity without legs. They all knew of her capacity but were still in awe.

Even though Lavender's actions could possibly alert the monsters nearby, Zen wanted her to pick the plant first, before the greedy members of the Night Group could get to them. Regardless, they were eventually going to face these monsters anyway. It was a consequence Zen had accepted.

The Night Group war lords each made their way to the plant while Lavender was able to get to it in just one quick move.

Seeing through Lavender's intentions of picking up the plant first, each of them muttered under their breaths. Surprised and displeased, they could only watch Lavender do the deed. It was no secret what the Moon Shadow Begonia had to offer, so they believed that putting their lives at risk was going to be worth it in the end. Anger filled all of them as they watched Lavender tower over the plant before they even had the chance to touch it.

The sword spirit ignored the angry warriors surrounding her. Her moves were so quick and accurate that the tip of her long spear was able to obtain the plant in just a blink of an eye.

A cold smile played on her face. Victory. Turning her back against them, she flew over to Zen.

It angered all the four top-level Night Group war lords. One of them, making sure to speak in a low voice, said, "Give it back!"

"What makes you think you have the right to take it?"

Lavender retorted, lowering her voice as well.

"If you don't hand it back, we will call out for the Azure Wolves!"

one of the rage-filled war lords of the Night Group exclaimed, grinding his teeth.

As the Demon Night queen, Lavender was not affected by the others' threats. "Do it then, if you dare." Possessing such strength and magic, Lavender refused to give in.

Meanwhile, Esther and Fabian were starting to get annoyed. Those shady Night Group members should've not been there in the first place. They were all so well-behaved earlier. Now, they were acting like a bunch of animals fighting over a piece of meat.

Staring at the tip of Lavender's spear, one of the war lords noticed that the Moon Shadow Begonia still released a glow. This caused the warrior to charge directly towards Lavender, not caring about the other dangers of the mountains anymore.

"Catch this," Lavender shook her long spear and tossed the plant to Zen. She began to rotate her weapon in her hands. Without looking, she was able to stab the figure behind her.

Even if Zen were to fight that war lord, he wouldn't stand a chance. As for Lavender, she did it without even taking a glance. It was a precise strike.

Realizing that he was stabbed, the top-level war lord of the Night Group trembled in disbelief. How could he not have dodged that attack?

As he fell down, this particular war lord let out a piercing cry. Some of it was out of pain, and some was to spite the beasts.

Hearing the sounds he was making, everyone was paralyzed with fear.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 912 The Purgatory Fire Snake

The air was tense. Everyone moved slowly and did not even dare to breathe too loudly as they crossed the Bloody Pass.

There were two kinds of monsters that lived on each side of the Bloody Pass. They did not get in the way of each other and normally would not cross the border. It was because of these two kinds of monsters that crossing the Bloody Pass was extremely dangerous, but as long as people paid attention, it would be alright.

This was not the first time Fabian and Esther came to this place. The two of them had crossed the Bloody Pass many times unscathed because neither of them was stupid enough to alert the monsters that lived there.

Of course, that was the case with them. It was more difficult to cross safely when you had a couple of idiots with you such as the members of the Night Group.

"If we can return to the Tower of Sin, we will expel the entire Night Group!" Esther vowed through gritted teeth. "Run faster!"

Zen hadn't expelled the Night Group from the tower though he knew it would be a piece of cake since they had lost the ogres' protection. It was primarily due to the fact that Zen did not want to risk offending other races and end up giving the ogres more allies. Nonetheless, it couldn't be denied that the Night Group was in a very precarious situation in the Tower of Sin.

The crowd did not have any time to think about anything else as they ran across the Bloody Pass.

Only the top-level war lord of the Night Group that had been attacked by Lavender remained as he trembled on the ground. His eyes were filled with confusion. Why did that woman dare to make a move? Was she not afraid of catching the attention of the monsters?

The top-level war lords of the Night Group were all up to no good and had secretly informed Malcom of Zen's position. The plan was for the ogres to eliminate Zen and turn the tides around. As long as the ogres regained their control of the tower, then the Night Group would surely get a share of the benefits.

Of course, that was the main goal while fishing up benefits in the Dark Nether Cave was a secondary initiative. The Moon Shadow Begonia was an excellent opportunity and they did not really think that these guys would actually dare to start a fight in such a place.

He had not expected that the woman armed with the long spear would actually kill him so suddenly without even considering the severity of the matter. He wasn't normally that weak since he was a top-level war lord of the Night Group that was famous for his top-notch body movements.

Lavender just really took him by surprise.

The moment he screamed, a wolf's howl quickly followed and it did not sound that far away.

Howl!

Green shadows constantly moved about in the forest as a large number of monsters began to charge.

On the other side of the Bloody Pass, strange cackling sounds could be heard as the Swallowing Birds also began to make their moves.

Soon enough, a giant cloud had formed in the sky. Zen looked up and was secretly surprised at the amount of birds all flying together to form a black mass. They numbered at around four to five thousand!

"Let's go!" Zen yelled.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…

More than ten beams of light shot towards the Bloody Pass.

Esther was extremely pissed and it didn't help that the Night Group's remaining top-level war lords continued following her. "Fuck off!" she screamed at them.

A strange light began to glow in Esther's hands as resplendent flowers bloomed one after another. Their petals were quickly blown by the wind and floated towards the war lords of the Night Group.

The petals of these flowers were deadly and, if any of them stuck to a person's skin, it was potentially fatal.

No matter how powerful Esther was, it would be impossible for her to simultaneously eliminate three top-level war lords. The petals she used were to only stop them from following her.

As long as they were faster than the Night Group, they'd be safe.

The Night Group's top-level war lords all wore bitter expressions on their faces. Had they known that this group would be so reckless, then they wouldn't have gone to get the Moon Shadow Begonia. Despite their speed and dexterity, Esther's flower petals were extremely hard to dodge and they ended up having to slow down.

Everyone but them was able to rush through the Bloody Pass. Esther's flower petals really did their job of slowing them down while both the Swallowing Birds and Azure Wolves inched ever so closer towards them.

Esther hoped that the lives of these top-level war lords would be enough to fend off the monsters. Whoever survived would die at her hands.

They knew the Tide of Chaos was brewing in the Dark Nether Cave, but these top-level war lords were too confident of themselves and stayed. Like the Demon Night and the humans, the Night Group had also ordered their clansmen to return to the Tower of Sin once they got word of the eruption of the Tide of Chaos.

The four top-level war lords chose to remain and were met with tragedy.

One was killed by Lavender while the three others were encircled by monsters and now had to fight for their lives.

They had their own ways of getting around. As the birds swooped in from the sky and the wolves came charging like the tide, all three of them used their life vitality and transformed into black smoke that slowly drifted about.

"The Night Group's hiding skill is remarkable," Zen said.

There was really nothing the monsters could do once the war lords transformed themselves into smoke. However, there was still their sharp sense of smell. They knew very well that three people hid themselves in the smoke and so all they needed to do was follow the scent.

The three top-level war lords moved very slowly after transformation. Nevertheless, they had no choice. It was turning into smoke or dying.

"That hiding skill consumes a great deal of life vitality," Esther said coldly. "They won't be able to hold on for too long. They're doomed to die and they deserve it."

Fabian shook his head with regret. "We're in great trouble now."

A portion of the Azure Wolves and Swallowing birds had lost interest in the wisps of smoke and were now once again charging towards their group.

Everyone did not dare to slow down. They could only run as fast as they could in hopes of shaking off the monsters.

"Damn it. Why don't these wolves and birds just fight each other?" Jarrod grumbled gloomily.

Disputes were normal among different kinds of monsters but it was just their luck that these two actually coexisted peacefully.

Two forks diverged the path ahead. Normally, most people would choose the left path. However, they stopped when they noticed that two red snakes coiled at the corner of the road.

Two fiery snakes, one male and one female, were intertwined and constantly twisted and coiled around each other—they were reproducing.

Zen didn't think too much when he saw the snakes. They weren't too big and could not even be called pythons. In his eyes, they were just ordinary reptiles.

However, Esther and Fabian did not share his sentiments.

"Holy crap! We're doomed!"

"What should we do?"

The two of them shouted at the same time.

"What's wrong?"

Zen asked curiously.

"Purgatory Fire Snake…"

"They're the most powerful monsters in the inner area! Why are they here in the outer area now?"

"Seventeen top-level war lords of the Giants were killed in an instant by these two little snakes. Only one of them had been able to escape by using a secret technique to preserve his soul!"

Though the Dark Nether Cave was usually chaotic when the Tide of Chaos broke out, the monsters in the inner area would rarely come out to the outer area.

Though the inner and outer areas were not separated by that much distance, the monsters that resided in the inner area never ventured out of their domain. It was just some kind of unspoken rule.

It had always been that way which was the reason why many top-level war lords dared to enter the Dark Nether Cave and even brought some war generals along for the experience.

They were now faced with a big problem. The difference in strength between the monsters of the outer and inner areas was tremendous. Just how would they be able to push forward with the strongest monsters of the inner area standing in the way?

Zen's expression darkened at their words. He did not expect that two little snakes would be so fearsome.

"Is there another way?"

he asked, pointing at the path to his right.

"No way!"

both Esther and Fabian protested at the same time.

Zen raised an eyebrow. "But why?"

"That's the way towards the inner area!"

Chapter 913 Zen's Decision

The outbreak of the Tide of Chaos this time was an opportunity for Esther. However, the route she had planned was for the outer area of Dark Nether Cave.

She wanted to explore new places that she thought would lead to great opportunities. Those places were originally inaccessible, but then, a path opened to these places after the Tide of Chaos arrived.

On the other hand, Fabian had the same thoughts.

Even without the Tide of Chaos, being fully prepared to enter the inner area wasn't even something to think about at all, for the chances of survival in the inner area were simply too low.

The danger level inside it even went worse now that the Tide of Chaos arrived. No one dared to enter the inner area nowadays.

"Then let's enter the inner area," Zen said in a serious tone, blinking his eyes.

"Entering the inner area now is courting death!" Fabian replied.

Zen looked at the dense mass of monsters behind them and then gazed at the two Purgatory Fire Snakes that were coiling not far away. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Staying here is courting death too."

That made everyone upset. Only the strange women, Lavender and Yolande, were able to retain their calm expressions.

Zen was actually right. Behind them was an overwhelming number of Swallowing Birds and Azure Wolves. There was no doubt that these monsters could tear them to shreds. The two Purgatory Fire Snakes there didn't look as powerful as the birds and wolves. However, it was also clear to Esther and Fabian that passing through those two snakes would not be safe.

Nonetheless, they had no choice.

"Let's enter the inner area!" Esther immediately said in a stern voice after hesitating for a while.

All of the top-level war lords present had grown up from killing and were very decisive at critical situations. Moreover, making a choice at this moment wasn't even that hard. There was no other safer choice but to enter the inner area. Escaping would be futile for them if they delayed their decisions any longer.

The moment Esther's voice faded, everyone chose the right path and sprinted forward.

The Swallowing Birds and Azure Wolves were getting closer and closer to them.

"Speed up!"

All of them sprinted towards the inner area with all their might.

"They are coming!"

someone exclaimed in terror. The thousands of Swallowing Birds were now hovering over them and began diving sharply.

"Ahhh!"

One of the war lords of Demon Night was drowned out by the Swallowing Birds and his miserable cries instantly stopped.

The scene magnified everyone's terror to the extent that their hairs stood! They sped up their paces as much as they could.

"We can't do this! I don't think we'll be able to break into the inner area," Fabian complained.

"We are so close! Let's charge in the inner area in one go!" Esther screamed back determinedly. Her eyes were focused on whatever was before her.

There was a dividing line ahead of them and everyone could still make out what was outside that line. However, the area beyond that line looked grey. It was as if the whole world beyond that barrier was eaten by grey.

The group of Swallowing Birds and Azure Wolves were rushing behind them again after feasting on the top-level war lord. The closest flock from them was only twenty to thirty feet away.

"Hurry!"

"We'll be safe once we rush in!"

"Go for it!"

Everyone encouraged each other.

The black flock of Swallowing Birds swooped down and finally hovered over everyone. Some of them even opened their mouths and started devouring Zen and the others.

Immediate death awaited everyone since being caught by these birds would mean no survival.

"Go to hell!"

As Zen sprinted forward, he spun and released the black flame in his forehead.

It had been a long time since he had used his black flame. After all, he hadn't encountered anything as dangerous as this. He just ran out of choices. It was actually against his will to use his black flame and reveal it to the others.

The wisp of black flame circled Zen and then shot up into the sky.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Just like that, the wisp of black flame lightly flared up and instantly pierced through several dozens of Swallowing Birds. The birds' miserable shrieks echoed in the whole place.

He killed at least fifty to sixty Swallowing Birds in an instant.

Fabian and Jarrod had already witnessed the might of Zen's black fire. Even the tongue of the Bull-like Giant Toad couldn't withstand the burning of the black flame, let alone these Swallowing Birds.

On the other hand, all the other top-level war lords of the Demon Night and Esther were left with horrified expressions. What was this black flame? It was too fierce.

Although the Swallowing Birds were afraid of fire, a normal fire wouldn't be enough to destroy them even if it stayed burning for two hours. It was a shock to everyone that the birds showed no resistance against Zen's black flame at all. They just instantly burned to nothingness at the slightest contact.

It was with that action that Zen succeeded to create some leeway for everyone.

Unfortunately, the space between them and the monsters wasn't that big. More so, these monsters weren't that smart too. Although they saw their companions killed, none of them understood the danger and still rushed to get closer to their prey, filling the distance between them in an instant.

It was a miss by second! None of the birds was able to catch anyone since everyone had already passed through the dividing line successfully.

Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!

The Swallowing Birds surged like a tidal wave against the dividing line but then ended up rolling back when they neared the line. These birds didn't dare enter that inner area again.

Just like the Swallowing Birds, the Azure Wolves rushed to the side of the line and stopped in their tracks. Their eyes flickered dangerously as they stared at the group of creatures across the line. Some wolves howled as if they felt pity for Zen and the others running away.

Zen stood in the grey area and turned his head to look at the monsters. He was gasping for air. Not only him, but even Esther, Fabian, and all the other top-level war lords were also heaving. The sprint they did almost took the best of them.

Everyone rested for a while. The Azure Wolves and Swallowing Birds remained to block the path with no signs of leaving soon.

"We will wait here. I don't believe that these monsters will stay here forever!" Jarrod sat down.

He guessed that these monsters would eventually get tired of waiting. They could leave the inner area after the monsters left.

Fabian and Esther also agreed with this plan. It was safer to stay on that spot than to enter the inner area any further.

However, just as Zen stepped into the inner area, he suddenly felt the space ring on his chest begin to heat up.

Curious, he tried to check what was going on with his space ring. He poured his consciousness to it. But then he was suddenly startled by what he saw. A small butterfly was hovering around inside his space ring. It was beautiful but it was blazing in flames.

"What's going on?"

Of course, Zen recognized it. This was the Jade Butterfly that Immortal Mist had given to him. According to Immortal Mist, with this Jade Butterfly, Zen would be able to obtain the incomparably important inheritance in the Dark Nether Cave.

He had been in the Dark Nether Cave for such a long time and all this while, this butterfly just remained staying there quietly with no reaction.

It was only after he got into this place that the Jade Butterfly moved and worse, flared! From the looks of it, it seemed that the inheritance Immortal Mist had talked about was here in this place—the inner area.

Fabian and the others were planning to stay there. They had decided to go back through the same route they used to come in. Obviously, none of them had any intention of exploring the inner area.

Zen actually agreed with their judgment. There was nothing more valuable for a warrior than his life after all. Everything would be nonsense if they lost their lives.

Nonetheless, he had never expected the Jade Butterfly to react to this place. Thus, he had no choice but to reconsider his thoughts. He was compelled to explore the inner area.

Logically speaking, it wasn't a problem if Zen would enter the Dark Nether Cave again next year. A year should be enough for him to become a top-level war lord. His Stellar Body would have probably matured by that time. More so, with the power of the Transcendent Divine Might, he might even be able to fight against a war sage.

He would be more confident about entering the Dark Nether Cave by then.

It was just that Zen knew that he didn't have much time left.

"You guys stay here." Zen shot a glance at Esther and Fabian. "I want to continue exploring the inner area."

With a flick of her spear, Lavender silently followed behind Zen. Yolande also followed them without saying a word.

On the other hand, Fabian and Esther were instantly worried about what they heard. They quickly sprinted before Zen and blocked him. "Zen, no matter what, I won't let you continue to barge in!" Fabian said firmly.

Esther then knelt on one knee and said to Lavender, "Queen, please think twice!"

Chapter 914 The Life-saving Straw (Part One)

Even if the Tide of Chaos had not erupted, Fabian and Esther would still have gone all out to stop them.

However with the outbreak of the Tide of Chaos, everything in the inner circle had now changed. They were sure to die if they recklessly entered the inner circle now.

Seeing Fabian stand in his way, Zen looked on helplessly. Fabian was not Zen and he did not understand what he was thinking. Moreover, Zen had no intention of sharing his secret with anyone.

"Please get out of my way, I have something very important to do," Zen said calmly.

Jarrod also barred Zen's way to stop him. "Zen, you're very important to our Purple Heart Sacred Place. We simply can't let you go forward any further. You will die!"

"Really?" A faint smile appeared on Zen's face. "But what if I have more important things to do? Do you mean that I should give up on myself just because I am important to your Purple Heart Sacred Place?" Zen looked intently at them until they had to look away shamefaced.

"This... Why would you have to give up on yourself?" Jarrod asked in puzzlement.

Zen shook his head, as there was no way in which he could explain, and said, "I don't need you to come with me. I'll go by myself!"

Lavender also looked questioningly at Esther who was kneeling on the ground. She lowered her head and asked, "What are you doing?"

"My queen, the inner circle is not a place you can safely enter now. You'd better stay here and wait for the demonic beasts to retreat, and then we can leave here," Esther said as she lowered her head.

Lavender was the supreme queen in Esther's heart. Technically, Lavender was very powerful and there was no need for Esther to worry about her safety. However, Esther also understood that something had been happening to the Demon Night in the Upper World, because Lavender's statue had begun to lose its luster and had become dark and dim. In other words, the sword spirit in front of her was Lavender's final soul fragment!

If Zen were to die, this soul fragment would also vanish into thin air, and in the end, their queen would die!

This was something that Esther would never want to see.

"I don't need you to make decisions for me," Lavender said coldly to Esther, regaining her commanding demeanor.

Esther gritted her teeth. She was fully aware that she had no right to persuade or lecture Lavender who was her queen. Even Amber, the leader of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, was not qualified to do so, much less Esther, who was inferior to Amber.

"Since you have made up your mind, I will follow you inside!" Esther said seriously.

At the same time, the top-level war lords of the Demon Night next to Esther also knelt down. There was a resolute expression on their faces.

They were all well aware that they would probably die if they entered the inner circle of the Dark Nether Cave at this time, with the Tide of Chaos raging, but they still chose to follow their queen. They would follow her into hell itself if needed be!

Fabian and Jarrod became even more depressed as they saw the actions of the Demon Night war lords. If these war lords of the Demon Night followed Zen and entered the inner circle, then the two of them would be left here alone. After thinking for a moment, Fabian held his head in his hands and said, "Okay, I still don't think that you should go, but we too shall brave the inner area with you!"

Sometimes, decisions had to be made through hard way.

Moreover the demonic beasts in the outer circle didn't have any intention of leaving. If these demonic beasts didn't leave then they would be stuck here with no way to return! In the end the team formed up and began to advance towards the inner circle. Though trepidation filled their steps, they marched on with forceful steps.

Shortly after Zen and the others had left, near the Bloody Pass, three columns of smoke unfurled off into the opposite direction!

The three members of the Night Group possessed quite a few unique skills. They dematerialized into smoke and circled in the air. However, they were slowly moving towards the outside of the Bloody Pass.

It cost them a lot of life vitality to utilize such a technique of evasion. But, every time, once they had only thirty percent of their life vitality left, the three of them would suddenly rematerialize on the ground underneath the beaks of the Swallowing Birds and the sharp claws of the Azure Wolves. They would then rapidly dash forward for some distance. During this process, they would take out life vitality crystals to replenish their own life vitality!

After they had replenished their life vitality, they once again turned into columns of smoke, repeating the same process over and over again!

Unfortunately, although they were able to survive for the time being using this technique, the demonic beasts were still lingering around them. They were still in a dangerous situation with the demonic beasts circling around them every time they materialized.

Moving in this way was proving extremely inefficient. It would be almost impossible for them to reach the Tower of Sin in such a tedious way. Even if they wanted to continue like this, there was not enough time for them.

Furthermore the life vitality crystals were far from enough to sustain their escape method!

Though they had a great number of supreme life vitality crystals with them, these would be used up eventually. Every time that they used one then there would be one less left. Just in a short period of time, each of them had used up half of their life vitality crystals in order to cover a small distance indeed. If this continued, then it wouldn't be long before they were left stranded and would be swallowed up by these beasts!

"What should we do, brother!" one of the Night Group top-level war lords asked as they traveled in their temporary incorporeal forms.

Chapter 915 The Life-saving Straw (Part Two)

"How would I know?"

"Who is going to lure these damn demonic beasts away?"

In the thick smoke, the three constantly used some of their life vitality to communicate with each other.

Just as the three of them were panicking, two rays of bright light suddenly appeared, coming from the path they were travelling along. One was black and the other red. When the rays of light came closer, they could see that they were two mountain-like figures.

The three of them were stunned for a moment. Then, one of the Night Group top-level war lords said, "I… I think we could be saved!"

"It's Malcom! They are coming!" the other Night Group top-level war lords also exclaimed.

"Haven't the ogres already been expelled from the Tower of Sin? They really can enter the Dark Nether Cave."

The ogres hadn't shared their secrets concerning the secret passageway under the Tower of Sin with the Night Group. It was impossible for them to share such an important secret with other races, even if the Night Group was their vassal.

In fact, in order to achieve their secret goal, the ogre race had only issued an order to Shane, asking him to report back to Malcom through message rune as soon as he discovered Zen's whereabouts in the Dark Nether Cave.

Receiving the order, Shane had been puzzled for a long time. He had thought that the ogres would give him an order to assassinate Zen. He hadn't expected that what he would receive was an order that simply required him to report on Zen's movements to Malcom. After all, what was the use of reporting Zen's movements to Malcom? Could it be that Malcom could actually enter the Dark Nether Cave by some other means?

Or was Malcom hiding in the Dark Nether Cave all this time?

These questions had puzzled Shane for a long time. But since the ogres gave the order, he had to obey. Although the ogres couldn't currently enter the Tower of Sin, the Night Group's Eternal Night Sacred Place was still a vassal of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

He hadn't expected that not long after he secretly used his message rune to send the message, Malcom and Rehaan would actually rush into the Dark Nether Cave!

"Malcom... Malcom's cultivation seems to be… He has become a war sage!" they exclaimed as they stared at the approaching figures.

"Oh my god! The ogres must have grasped the other secrets of the Tower of Sin. Colin and Neil had once suddenly appeared in the Tower of Sin as two war sages, and now Malcom has also become a war sage!"

At this moment, the three top-level war lords of the Night Group seemed to have found a silver lining in the clouds which had plagued their minds regarding a way to escape. Obviously, the more advanced Malcom's cultivation had become, the more it benefited them.

However...

although some of the Azure Wolves and the Swallowing Birds had retreated at the approaching beams of light, the three of them still found that there were many demonic beasts surrounding them. Malcom had broken through to become a war sage, but even a war sage was surely unable to deal with so many demonic beasts!

Although they were still quite worried, there was now hope for them to survive with someone more powerful helping them. They would not let the chance slip by.

"Malcom! Malcom!"

Originally, Malcom had been a seat owner, the same as these top-level war lords of the Night Group. However, now that Malcom was a war sage, the three of them immediately became respectful and addressed him almost reverently.

As their voices, carried by life vitality force, were sent to ring out in Malcom's ears, Malcom narrowed his eyes and looked forward. He saw immediately that there were three pillars of smoke which were densely surrounded by a large number of beasts. The three dematerialized smoke columns moved slowly, and numerous demonic beasts also followed closely behind them…

"It's Shane," Rehaan said indifferently. "Should we go to save them?"

Malcom furrowed his eyebrows as he considered the dense cluster of demonic beasts.

Malcom had a great advantage in this place since he had broken through and became a war sage. Despite this, he was still very cautious. In the Dark Nether Cave, even a mighty warrior of the Soul Sea Realm would have to tread very cautiously. One wrong step would mean death. Moreover, Malcom was only a first level war sage!

There were many ferocious demonic beasts gathered below, and it would be quite troublesome for Malcom to deal with them. The outcome of such a confrontation would not be certain.

"Where is Zen?" Malcom stopped, hovering in the air as he asked Shane through his life vitality.

Shane was looking pleadingly up at Malcom, hoping that he could save them. Seeing that he had suddenly stopped there, but made no move, he immediately realized that Malcom did not plan to save the three of them. Shane quickly sent a message to Malcom though his life vitality, "They have rushed into the inner circle! But I have left markers on their bodies, so that we can track them!"

Of course, Shane wouldn't simply tell Malcom where Zen was. If he did, he would then have nothing with which to convince Malcom to save him.

"This old fox, he doesn't want to tell us!" Rehaan laughed sinisterly.

Malcom shook his head and said, "It is only survival instinct. Shane thinks that we are his life-saving straw. So he will not easily let us go. If we want to know where Zen is, then these three must be saved. Take out the flame-controlling scale that the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place has given us."

Rehaan nodded and immediately took out a small golden scale. The ogre race had dominated the Tower of Sin for a long time, so they were more familiar with the Dark Nether Cave than the other races. The flame-controlling scale was a mighty weapon and might be potent enough to deal with the assembled demonic beasts.

Chapter 916 The Crying

The Swallowing Birds and the Azure Wolves were the most common monsters ever living in the Dark Nether Cave. In addition, there were also other monsters such as the Black Agouti, a fearsome rodent-sized beast which could gnaw a warrior to death in mere moments. They were only some of the demonic beasts living in the bottom level of the cave.

In the very beginning, the ogres had controlled the entire Tower of Sin. Although other races were allowed to visit the top of the tower occasionally, they were strictly prohibited from entering the Dark Nether Cave.

The ogres had acquired many different types of resources from the Dark Nether Cave, and used them to gain glories on the Sea God Continent.

If it weren't for Amber's astonishing talent, no one on the Sea God Continent would have been able to confront the ogres.

However, the ogres had also sacrificed a lot in their explorations of the cave. As a result, they had developed many methods, such as the flame-controlling scale, to cope with the Swallowing Birds and the Azure Wolves.

The flame-controlling scale was only a medium-grade sacred weapon and not very effective in defending its owner from enemy attacks. However, when the ogres had realized that the Swallowing Birds and the Azure Wolves were afraid of flames, they had asked their weapon refiners to forge this weapon.

Rehaan held the flame-controlling scale in his hand, and a trace of forceful energy was applied into one end of the scale. Instantly, light blue flames crackled and shot forth from the other side of the scale, and a few moments later half of the sky was shrouded in flames.

The Swallowing Birds quacked madly, though a note of panic had entered their avian voices.

At the same time, the Azure Wolves' howls had turned into yelps of fear.

When the beasts saw the light blue flames, they grew nervous and slacked in their attacks.

"Go, go, go!"

At Malcom's order, Rehaan held the flame-controlling scale in his hand and transformed himself into a streak of light, flying towards the crowd of demonic creatures.

The light blue flames followed Rehaan's path and spread forward quickly. He now resembled a comet streaking right at the monsters.

The Swallowing Birds quacked nervously.

As the flames approached, the birds seemed to have seen their mortal nemesis. In the chaos, they scattered in all directions. At the same time, the Azure Wolves that had surrounded the three members of the Night Group also retreated quickly with deep whimpering sounds.

With the flame-controlling scale, Rehaan could easily dispel their enemies.

Looking at the three columns of smoke, Rehaan grinned fiendishly, "You can come out now, Shane!"

As the smoke dissipated, the figures of Shane and the other two top-level war lords slowly appeared.

"Rehaan, thank you..."

Before Shane had finished speaking, Rehaan's big fist had already planted a massive blow against his jaw.

The Night Group did not excel at fist-fighting. Even though Shane ranked slightly higher than Rehaan, he was still unable to dodge the martial blow. After being punched, Shane flew backwards, just like a kite which had broken away from its string.

When Shane got up, his face was covered in a mask of blood.

"You think you're very smart!" Rehaan sneered.

Shane stood up shakily and wiped some of the blood from the corner of his mouth. He then said, "There's nothing I could do. I had to do this just to live."

Both Rehaan and Malcom didn't like being used by others. However, they'd had no other choice but to rescue Shane, because he was perhaps the only person who knew Zen's whereabouts.

Malcom slowly hovered above them. He cast a cold glance at Shane and demanded sharply, "Where is Zen?"

If Shane couldn't give him a satisfying answer, Malcom would probably kill the three war lords from the Night Group without any hesitation.

However, it was true that Shane had hidden the Night Group's special tracking rune on Zen's body. This device could avoid detection and cause no discomfort in the person who was marked.

Shane nodded carefully. "Zen has already entered the inner area."

"The inner area?" Malcom frowned.

After the Tide of Chaos came, even Malcom, as a war sage, was unwilling to wander inside the inner area.

However, Malcom clearly knew his mission took precedence over his own personal fears.

The ogres from the Tower of Sin had already suffered a crushing defeat. Now, he was the only hope for them to turn the tables!

Zen had brazenly entered the inner area. Even though he was in the core area right now, Malcom would follow him inside as long as Zen hadn't been killed already.

"If that's the case, then take us there," Malcom said lightly.

"But, but …" Shane wanted to reject such a dangerous instruction. They were attacked by so many monsters only a few moments ago and he was almost frightened to death. Now, he and the other war lords wished that they could grow a pair of wings on their backs and leave the Dark Nether Cave as soon as possible.

However, Malcom's fierce eyes pinned him to the spot, and he fell silent. Malcom's formidable aura told him that if he dared to refuse, he would be killed instantly.

'It's better to take the risk of leading them inside the inner area than to die here, ' Shane thought to himself.

He then nodded obediently and answered, "Ok, I'll lead the way!"

"Good, behave yourself and you might live," said Malcom while diffusing some of his killing aura.

Rehaan raised the flame-controlling scale in one hand and fell into step behind Shane who led them towards the Bloody Pass.

Malcom and his companions could now walk forward confidently and boldly. They pushed their way through the raging flames. The Swallowing Birds and the Azure Wolves were hiding somewhere near the Bloody Pass, but none of those monsters dared to come out and confront them. The blue flames were too frightening for them and they skulked around the edges, but didn't dare approach.

Zen had no clue that he was being hunted by his enemies.

At this moment, he was leading the group in exploring the inner area.

Zen didn't need a map. Besides, Fabian's and Esther's maps had become useless.

The map had some errors, and many of the races who had contributed to drawing it did not have much understanding of the inner area. Although there had been many top-level war lords who had entered the inner area of the Dark Nether Cave, most of them had been slaughtered there. Perhaps they had encountered some great dangers or even found some interesting treasures. But none of them had returned from the cave alive, hence they could not make any contributions to drawing the map.

The only thing Zen could rely on to get his bearings was the Jade Butterfly which was stored in his space ring.

After exploring for quite a period of time, Zen finally understood that when he walked towards the correct direction, the Jade Butterfly would violently burn in the Sumeru Space; however, if he moved towards the wrong direction, the burning would become weaker.

This was what Zen used to guide his route and decide what was the right direction to travel in.

Strangely, the group did not encounter any real danger while exploring the inner area during this lengthy time.

But their good turn of luck didn't relieve their worries. Instead, it made everyone become even more vigilant. Danger would surely pounce if they relaxed their vigilance!

"This is too quiet and strange!" Jarrod said with a vigilant but nervous look on his face.

Esther nodded her agreement since she had also noticed that something was wrong.

It was not the first time that Esther had entered the inner area. She had come here three years ago. Although there weren't so many low-level monsters in the inner area back then, the place had several ominous and extremely formidable monsters on her previous exploration. Esther had almost died here three years ago, so she held a very deeply negative impression of the inner area.

With the outbreak of the Tide of Chaos, those monsters should have been more restless and they should have attacked anybody who dared to enter their territories.

But today, the entire area was deathly silent, and the silence was unnerving.

"This sinister silence is really annoying!" Fabian clenched his teeth, trying to restrain his urge to scream. Although he knew that making too much noise in the inner area was unwise and suicidal, the eerie silence there was also very depressing! It felt as if something was just about to go wrong, and the sensation did not go away.

Just as everyone was following Zen inside, he suddenly stopped, and cocked his ears as he asked, "Did anyone hear something?"

"Hear what?" a top-level Demon Night war lord asked nervously.

"Sobbing! The crying of a woman," Zen said calmly.

"No!" Fabian felt the hair on the back of his neck standing on end. "Zen, don't be so suspicious!"

Jarrod also shook his head. "Zen, stop scaring me! Damn, I'd rather fight against those monsters than wander around in this gloomy place!"

However, Yolande nodded, blinked her pale eyes and said, "I heard it too."

"Really, you heard that?" Fabian was dumbfounded.

Esther's facial expression became increasingly solemn, and from her slender fingers she released a stream of life vitality, which then poured into her ears. Suddenly, Esther's expression changed and she said in a whisper, "I heard it too!"

"What is it?" Fabian asked fearfully.

"I don't know." Although Esther entered the inner area three years ago, she had never heard of such a sound before.

"It doesn't matter what it is. We shouldn't linger here any longer. Let's go!" Jarrod said with a trembling tone of voice.

Meanwhile, the crying sounds had suddenly become louder! Now everyone could hear it! A voice that sounded like the weeping of a grieving woman came from behind them. That cry seemed to be filled with grievances and it was whispering something terribly wrong at them.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 917 Stopping Fabian

The terrifying voice sent a chill down the warriors' spines.

The warriors couldn't help but want to turn around. They didn't want to turn their backs to their enemy, and this was the only thing in their minds.

However, just as they were about to turn around, Yolande looked on straight ahead, saying coldly, "Don't turn your heads around! Those who do will die!"

Hearing Yolande's warning, Zen, who was about to look over his shoulder, immediately turned to look forward.

Esther, Fabian, Jarrod, and the others did not turn around either, but one of the top-level war lords of the Demon Night had already whirled to get a glimpse of the thing behind them!

Even though the rest of them did not turn their heads, they could see the expression on the top-level war lord's face.

The war lord's eyes widened, unflinching, as if he had seen something inconceivable. Astonishment was written all over his face. The war lord wanted to scream, but when he opened his mouth, he found he couldn't do so. Only a faint noise escaped his throat.

Top-level war lords were creatures that had progressed through every stage of their lives and encountered possible deaths. What had these creatures not seen before? They had seen countless corpses and killed a great number of beings. They had defeated and killed numerous warriors before they could become the powerful war lords that they were.

However, in that instant, this particular top-level war lord looked scared out of his wits.

A low whine left his mouth, and very quickly, a strange smile appeared on his face. His eyes started to look glassy, losing their vibrance.

Crack…

All too soon, a crack could be seen on the war lord's forehead. It progressively extended downward and very soon, his entire face, as well as the rest of his body, was covered in cracks. He looked like a piece of broken, glazed tile.

Then his body collapsed with a loud sound, the clothes he wore still neat and undamaged.

Watching the war lord keel over, Fabian grew frightened and helpless. "What the hell is it behind us?"

Zen frowned deeply, the creases of his eyes contracting with caution. His mind was stable and strong, but he still felt he was under a lot of pressure.

"I don't know. Yolande, what should we do now?" Zen asked her.

"Don't look back! Don't turn around, no matter what happens!" Yolande whispered in a warning, seemingly immersed in a strange state.

Even without Yolande's warning, no one would have dared to turn around now. The top-level war lord of the Demon Night was not weak. Indeed, he was much stronger than Fabian and Jarrod. Still, he had turned around and died horrifyingly, so how could the rest of them have the guts to look back?

Lavender did not turn. She stared straight ahead, her brows scrunching together as if she was mulling over something.

She was not afraid of any ferocious ghost. Being so powerful, she was able to reach the river of the netherworld and come back. In her eyes, no evil creature was invincible. She only pondered over which one stood behind them and how to defeat it.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo..."

In the beginning, the cry sounded from far away, but as time passed, it grew closer and closer to them.

At the same time, Zen saw a faint beam of light glowing from behind him.

"That thing is getting closer," Fabian said with a tremble. He was a brave and dignified top-level war lord. If someone had cut open his stomach, he might not have been so scared as he felt right now. At the moment, his entire body was shaking like a leaf.

"What the hell is that thing? Yolande, if you know, please tell me..." Jarrod pleaded.

Yolande's eyes looked glazed over, like she was still engrossed in an otherworldly, meditative state. Still, she kept repeating, "Don't look back. Don't turn around!"

From the corner of their eyes, they could see the light creeping closer to them. The wailing noise grew louder and louder, now sounding as if it was just about ten feet behind them.

"That terrible thing is here," Fabian kept repeating, gasping with fear. He had stopped trembling, for now the muscles in his body had stiffened.

Esther also gew increasingly nervous. Her fingertips compressed a ball of life vitality severly. Although she knew that she couldn't turn around, she couldn't give up so easily. Her warrior spirit was also very stable. She would do her best to fight the evil spirit behind them even if she wasn't a match for it.

The light grew brighter and the sound resonated in the atmosphere.

Suddenly, a number of slender and long tentacles reached out from somewhere behind their backs and attacked them.

The tentacles seemed tangible, but they were in fact made up of a faint yellow light. They were weightless, and as soon as they touched the faces, necks, and arms of the warriors, it felt like a thin veil had swept over them.

"Ah! I can't stand it! I'm going to kill it!" Fabian roared, his eyes bloodshot. In the face of this unprecedented and terrifying encounter, Fabian was on the verge of collapse. His actions were a bit out of control.

It was a grim sight. If he continued doing that, Fabian would die without a doubt! Resolving to fight the unknown creature behind him, he moved to turn around.

Anticipating the danger of it, a sharp, thin thorn zoomed out of Zen's eyebrow and shot toward Fabian, who was at Zen's left in the front.

"Spiritual Thorn!"

How perceptive was Zen's soul? Fabian was in a poor mental state and lacked any defensive measures to protect himself. Zen's Spiritual Thorn successfully pierced through him.

"Ah!"

Fabian, who was just about to turn around, let out a blood-curdling screech, covering his head as he fell to his knees.

Esther was shocked to see it. The soul attack that Zen had just performed was nothing special to speak of, but she did not underestimate it, however simple it was.

Zen's soul, which had just employed the Spiritual Thorn, was not so simple. It glowed with a faint jasper color, which meant that it was about to step into the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. So Zen's soul was at the Fighting Soul Realm!

It was no wonder that Esther was surprised. Among the top-level war lords, not one soul had stepped into the Fighting Soul Realm. Even in the case of the war sages, there were only a few warriors' souls that currently belonged to the Fighting Soul Realm.

But how could Zen, who was only a ninth-level war general, have already made his soul enter the Fighting Soul Realm? His soul emitted a faint green light. It was obvious that it wasn't long before it entered the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm.

This was truly incredible...

Zen had indeed done much to astonish Esther. Perhaps it was time she stopped being so taken aback even though he did something extraordinary.

Zen's Spiritual Thorn had saved Fabian's life as it stopped the latter from turning around. Fabian, still kneeling on the ground, hugged his head as he screamed. He didn't get the chance to turn his head and look at the thing behind him.

Suddenly, Yolande seemed to slowly come to her senses. Biting her lip, she said, "That thing is coming over. It's going to be in front of us."

"What should we do?" Jarrod asked in a hurry.

"Run," Yolande said shortly.

"Where do we run?" Esther asked.

"Run ahead. Just remember, don't turn around," Yolande said, pursing her lips.

"When do we run?" Zen asked as he looked sideways at the tentacles continuously encircling him.

"Now. Let's go!"

Before she could even finish speaking, Yolande had rushed forward.

At the same time, Jarrod, Esther, and the other top-level war lords ran after her. The moment Zen took to his heels, he darted toward Fabian. Reaching out to grab Fabian's collar, he intended to drag him along.

Fabian's soul had been pierced by Zen. All he felt was a sharp pain and was unable to acknowledge the situation he was in. Zen couldn't just leave him alone here to die. Fortunately, he was strong enough to take Fabian along with him.

As they ran, the sound behind them suddenly turned shrill.

"Hoo..."

They could hear the thing following them and moving rather quickly.

Everyone had calmed down a bit by now. They thought that as long as they didn't turn around, they wouldn't die miserable deaths. However, if they continued to run like this, how could they rid themselves of that thing?

"What should we do now, Yolande?" Zen shouted over.

Yolande was ten feet above the ground and sprinting wholeheartedly. "Wait for me to handle it!" she replied back.

"How long do we have to wait?" Esther asked her.

Yolande just said, "I don't know."

Chapter 918 The Gate Of Samsara

After that, Yolande extended her slender fingers which were pure white like green onions. Her ten fingers continuously danced through the air, and her life vitality was constantly pulled forth, forming one rune after another.

"Those are divine textures!" As Zen looked at the runes forming in her hands, his eyebrows suddenly shot up. He recognized them! These runes were extremely similar to those the cyan dragon had taught him.

"Divine textures aren't unique only to the Genuine Dragon World. Humans can have extremely high attainments in divine textures as well," the cyan dragon replied plainly.

"What on earth is she doing?" Zen asked the cyan dragon.

The cyan dragon had also noticed the runes in Yolande's hands. He said, "If I'm not mistaken, she wants to seal that thing."

"Seal it?" Zen's eyes flickered at this. Yolande continued inscribing divine textures using her life vitality and her nimble fingers only. Would the divine textures work?

"Ho-ho, the origin of the divine textures is even more complex than you can imagine. If you advance into the Upper World in the future, you will naturally be able to explore these things," the cyan dragon replied.

As the number of runes in Yolande's hands increased, the glowing structure of the runes also became more and more complex.

Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty…

When she had command over a hundred runes, she waved her slender hand and the runes fell like rain, quickly flying out behind her.

"Freeze!"

Yolande commanded in an authoritative tone then.

At her words, the mournful wails behind them stopped.

"She did it?" Zen's eyes flashed hopefully.

After the sound disappeared, Esther also drew in a deep, shuddering breath. It seemed that Yolande had succeeded!

"I've only temporarily sealed it, and only for a short period of time. Let's go," Yolande urged them on.

Her words immediately made everyone's hearts skip a beat. They began to run forward. After running for several dozen miles, they finally stopped. No one dared to risk glancing backward.

"Ouch!"

Fabian let out a long groan and heaved a sigh. Only now did he find some relief from the pain brought on by the Spiritual Thorn. Although he was still in pain and unable to think clearly, he still knew what had happened just now. He said miserably, "Luckily, Zen, you saved my life."

"Can we look back now?" Esther asked. Not only Esther, but all of the others were still immersed in a gnawing fear.

Yolande nodded and said, "I think we've finally gotten rid of that thing."

Only then did they dare to turn their heads.

As warriors, not one of them was afraid of those powerful monsters. What truly scared them was the unknown things, just like the thing that had been floating behind them. Until now, no one had known what that thing was.

They turned around, but there was nothing to be seen behind them.

Zen also turned around and gazed off into the distance. A jade-green light shone in his pupils. After his eyes had been cleansed by the sap from the divine tree, he was now able to clearly see what was hidden over longer distances away.

But because of the extra-long distance, what he saw was still very vague. In the distance, he saw a pale-white speck of light pulsating, and around that speck of light, several glowing runes floated. These were the runes which had been released by Yolande earlier. The light seemed to be constantly struggling, attempting to escape the seal which bound it.

"Stop looking. It can feel your gaze," Yolande quickly interceded, stopping Zen's potentially dangerous action.

"It can even feel my gaze?" Shocked, Zen immediately cast his eyes down. At the same time, that menacing light quickly disappeared into the darkness.

"Hmm, it was indeed very perilous just now. Fortunately, that little fellow hasn't reached adulthood yet." Yolande pouted, revealing a rare smile.

"It was a minor?" Zen asked in surprise, and then frowned and questioned her further, "What on earth was it?"

"We are not allowed to mention its name or think about it. If we did, it would know, track us down and probably chase after us again," Yolande said, shaking her head to caution Zen.

Everyone was left speechless. Just what was that evil thing? Why couldn't they even think about it?

Lavender chipped in, "I know what it is!"

"What is it?" Zen asked again, curiosity tearing at him.

"As Yolande said, we dare not mention its name!" Lavender replied, also shaking her head.

Everyone had nearly been driven mad by the encounter. There were too many strange things in this world! But no matter what that thing was, no one wanted to discuss it any further. After experiencing that extreme fear, none of them wanted to experience it for a second time.

Esther looked around, her eyes revealing a glimmer of light.

"We're actually here!" she exclaimed in surprise.

Fabian drew forth a soul healing pill and stuffed it into his mouth. Although Zen's Spiritual Thorn had not caused too much damage to him, he did not have a soul as strong as Zen's. He had to take remedial care of his weakened soul. After swallowing the pill, he grunted and asked, "What is this place?"

Esther waved her hand, and a map appeared in her hand. It was the map of the Dark Nether Cave. She pointed to a mark etched on the map and said, "I marked this place three years ago. Here we should find the relic of a powerful warrior. However, at that time, this area was protected by a dozen of the poisonous ghost martens, making it impossible for anyone to enter."

It was hard to accurately predict the strength of the powerhouses in the Dark Nether Cave, and they had left unimaginable treasures in the places where they died.

Back then, the Demon Night had also paid a heavy price to explore the area, so they were unwilling to give up easily.

However, the strength of those martens was so strong that even the top-level war lords couldn't eliminate them. The Demon Night lost more than ten lives, trying in vain to lure the martens away. In the end, they had been left with no choice but to give up.

What Esther hadn't expected was that with the eruption of the Tide of Chaos, the inner area had been emptied. Therefore, the relic of the strong warrior would naturally be left behind unguarded. At this thought, Esther smiled eagerly.

Hearing what Esther said, Fabian and Jarrod also felt pleasantly surprised. They had risked their lives to walk around here in the inner area. They couldn't leave without getting something in return.

What did a master in the Dark Nether Cave mean? They were well aware that the relics of a master would probably contain countless treasures and unimaginable things.

"Well then, let's go in and see what we will find," Zen suggested.

After that mad dash just now, the flame emitted by the Jade Butterfly in his space ring had clearly shrunk. Obviously, he was now heading in the wrong direction.

However, he was not in a hurry at the moment. Since Esther was sure that there was a great opportunity ahead, he felt it was worth to take a detour and check it out.

Thus, under Esther's lead, the group continued forward. After passing through a patch of dark and twisted trees, Esther pointed ahead and said, "It's over there!"

Just as they made their way out of the forest, they saw a plain and lonely gate in front of them.

The scene was eerie. There was no house, no roof, no walls, nothing but a gate standing there in the middle of nowhere.

Moreover, the gate also looked quite ordinary. There were no inscriptions or any identifying markings on it. It was only a small, single gate like those found in ordinary houses.

"This is the relic?" Fabian asked doubtfully.

"Yes, there should be words hidden on that gate." Esther was still on high alert. She shot out a stream of life vitality towards that gate while cautiously keeping her distance.

Back then, she had brought the members of the Demon Night here. Just as they had figured out the hidden words, they had been attacked by a group of poisonous ghost martens. So they had no choice then but to give up and leave.

After Esther poured her life vitality into the gate, a row of large words appeared on it.

"I am Adolph. I spent my life in fruitless efforts and my dreams shattered here. It's..."

It was obvious that the words on the gate was an epitaph that Adolph had written for himself.

Yolande looked at the gate, lost in thought. Her eyes flickered. As she blinked, her face revealed a brief trace of grief.

Lavender knitted her brows and said in disbelief, "Adolph is dead? Unexpectedly, he too died here!" As she spoke, she turned to look at Yolande with a mysterious expression on her face.

"My Queen, who is Adolph?" Esther asked in a hushed tone.

Lavender smiled faintly and answered, "He was a powerful being whose name could have shaken the entire world. I didn't expect him to die here. What a joke!"

Hearing Lavender's words, Yolande lightly bit her lips but didn't say anything.

"This gate should then be a treasure left behind by Adolph, right?" Esther asked again.

"Yes, indeed. This is his life's treasure, the Gate of Samsara!" Lavender said in her usual deadpan voice. In fact, she was as experienced as Yolande. However, the secrets of the Dark Nether Cave had originated from the human race, so she certainly didn't know them as well as Yolande did.

Chapter 919 Cultivate Warrior Spirit (Part One)

Their eyes lit up as Lavender spoke the name of the treasure. If they could collect this treasure, then that would surely mean... Could it be?

Adolph, the owner of this gate, had nature under his thumb, which meant this treasure must undoubtedly be at the sacred level at least. Treasures above this level had never appeared on the Sea God Continent.

However, Lavender's next words doused their hope, as if being drenched in ice cold water. "Don't even think of refining the Gate of Samsara! It's of no use. Leave alone you guys, even Amber won't be able to do it."

"Why?" Fabian asked.

Lavender ignored his question and only said, "Try it and you'll know."

Admittedly, temptation of the Gate of Samsara was too great for everyone, including Fabian. If they could bring the gate back, it would, without a doubt, be the most precious treasure of their clan.

Fabian and Jarrod didn't believe Lavender and walked on towards the gate.

Esther also wanted to give it a try, but Lavender was her queen, and she didn't doubt what Lavender had said. If Lavender said that the gate couldn't be taken away, that was it. Esther contained the impulse to try refining it in her heart.

As Fabian and Jarrod walked towards the gate, they saw that the words on the gate became bigger and bigger.

Each of these words gave out a blinding aura. Only then did they realize that this was precisely why it was extremely difficult to approach the gate.

"It's strange! Really strange!" Fabian exclaimed.

The gate had been standing there for years. The aura of the words written on it was constantly weakening with the passage of time. But it still was frightening. Just a few words, without any visible source of power being poured into them, made it difficult for Fabian and Jarrod to advance.

They couldn't help but wonder about how powerful the owner of the gate was.

It took Fabian and Jarrod quite a few minutes to get close to the gate. They were already sweating profusely as they gasped for breath.

"This gate is so weird!"

"But we're finally here!"

They rested for a while, during which, both of them were preoccupied with their own thoughts. Zen was also here, and the woman who had presented herself as his sword spirit had said that no one could refine the gate. If they made it, they could take it away. This thought excited them, and they itched to try it out.

"I'll go first," Fabian said, his jaw set and fists clenched. He also knew that it wouldn't be easy to refine this gate, so he cut open his fingertip and used his own blood to assist in the refinement.

Not far away, Zen looked at the sarcastic expression on Lavender's face and said, "You should give them a clear explanation."

"What else should I explain? I've already warned them, but they just don't listen." Lavender shook her head before she continued, "It's useless!"

Yolande also shook her head but remained silent. She also knew that it was wishful thinking to expect to refine this gate. But she was unemotional, quiet, and reserved. Even if she knew that no one would succeed, she wouldn't remind them.

Fabian made a great effort to establish a connection with the gate using his own blood. However, the moment the connection worked, an invisible repulsive force shot out from the gate.

The force was so powerful that it pushed Fabian away and he fell heavily to the ground.

Fortunately, the force had done nothing more than push him away. If it had been used with the intent to kill, then he would have been killed hundreds of times.

"Are you alright?" Jarrod asked, concerned. Looking at Fabian's sorry state, he knew that there was no point trying anymore.

After escaping death, Fabian became more determined. He jumped up from the ground and with a disbelieving look, said angrily, "I can't believe this! But I know that I must take this gate back today!"

The moment he uttered the last word, he rushed ahead again and tried to put the gate into his space ring.

The space ring contained the power of infinite space. But it was made of material and was different from the Space Law that most martial artists had comprehended. Fabian wanted to use the ring's power of space to take the gate.

As long as he could get it back, he would have plenty of opportunities to refine it. Even if he couldn't refine it, it would be a sacred object in the sacred place. This was exactly his plan.

"He won't make it," Lavender said.

Yolande gently shook her head. As she stared at the words on the gate, grief came in waves.

As Fabian tried to suck the gate into his space ring, a crack appeared on his ring. Surprised, he cried out before hurriedly throwing his ring away.

Whirling... Bang!

His ring spun several times before it suddenly exploded. At the same time as it exploded, a small spatial vortex appeared, swallowing up the ring before finally completely disappearing.

"Oh no! My space ring!" Fabian cried out again. He wanted to sob but no tears came out.

The space within the space ring wasn't always stable. Most space rings had a time limit, and some could only last five to ten years after being forged. These were low grade space rings, and their space was extremely small.

The space ring that Zen had gotten from Evil Lan was a low grade one. Because its space wasn't stable enough, after several years, the Sumeru Space would collapse and everything stored within would vanish like smoke.

On the other hand, the space ring that Letitia had given Zen was pretty good. The space inside was more than a hundred times larger and was much more stable. The Sumeru Space within would not collapse for at least fifty or even a hundred years.

Fabian's space ring was about the same grade as Zen's. All his things were stored inside. He had forcefully used his space ring in the hope of absorbing the Gate of Samsara. But what he hadn't expected was that his ring would be directly activated by the gate, causing the ring to collapse.

"Serves you right," Lavender sneered.

Zen put up his hands, as if to indicate people to leave him out. He was not going to get involved in this.

"My Queen, what is the use of this gate if it cannot be taken away?" Esther asked Lavender.

Lavender smiled mysteriously and said, "Although it cannot be taken away, it is very useful to you."

"What? Why?" Zen chipped in.

"As its name, the Gate of Samsara, suggests, one of its most important abilities is to let you experience the endless cycle of birth and suffering and death and rebirth. It can cultivate your warrior spirit," Lavender answered.

"It can cultivate warrior spirit?" Esther, Zen, and the others felt that was rather inconceivable.

"Yes!" Lavender nodded.

Warriors of the Lower World like Zen, Esther, and Fabian felt that the warrior spirit had to be slowly sharpened. They had to constantly take blows, exert themselves, and stabilize their spirit. This was a method for a warrior to temper his spirit, and also a process for a young warrior to mature slowly.

But in the final analysis, the warrior spirit was only a part of their personality. To put it bluntly, it was their spirit. How could they cultivate it? Zen and the others couldn't figure it out at all.

Looking at their disbelieving faces, Lavender said, "In the Upper World, all kinds of cultivation methods are unimaginable. Since the Gate of Samsara is here, I think Yolande wouldn't mind if you enter to cultivate. Am I right, Yolande?"

Chapter 920 Cultivate Warrior Spirit (Part Two)

The confusion increased. What was Yolande's part in entering the Gate of Samsara? Lavender's words were baffling and didn't seem to make sense.

But Yolande nodded cautiously and said, "You're right. I don't mind letting you in."

"You don't?" Esther stared at Yolande in bewilderment. "You're the owner of the gate?"

Yolande didn't reply, and Lavender didn't seem to have any intention of explaining to them.

However, according to Lavender, this gate was magical and could not be taken away, which was why, despite their doubts, they would not let go of this opportunity to cultivate.

Spirit could only be tempered by warriors' experiences, and it was related to warriors' growing environment and how they saw the world.

For example, a talent who grew up without obstacles was spoken highly of and seldom encountered problems in his training. But his spirit was very fragile, and he was vulnerable to heavy blows. Once he became frustrated, it was very likely that he would never rise again and be a warrior.

But if he could withstand the blows, he would become more mature, tenacious, and confident.

The spirit could be sharpened by repeated attacks, which was inevitable for the growth of warriors.

The opportunity to sharpen the spirit was a matter of chance rather than choice. Even a minor mistake would bring about great negative effects. So it was strange to hear that they could cultivate their spirit.

"I'll go inside first," Fabian said, taking the lead and walking up to the gate.

It was difficult to collect the gate, but there was no prohibition on doing so. Fabian pushed at it lightly and it swung open.

There was a small whirlpool in the middle of the gate, moving slowly anticlockwise.

"Is it dangerous?" The scene worried Fabian, but he knew that caution was important for safety. Yolande and Lavender seemed to know the origin of the gate, but no one knew what danger was waiting for them.

Lavender shook her head. "Not at all. You can go in."

Fabian nodded and continued to walk ahead. As soon as he stepped into the whirlpool, a golden light flashed, in which everyone felt the passage of time.

"It's the Time Law," said Zen, staring at the light.

It was not some low level Time Law that could be ignored, but a high layer one. No one could explain its mystery.

After all, the warriors on the Sea God Continent could only comprehend the first or the second layer of the Time Law. In the Central Region, no one could comprehend the Time Law. Compared with the Space Law, the Time Law was rarer and more mysterious.

The light on the Gate of Samsara flickered slowly. They thought they would have to wait for a long time, maybe a day or even a few days. After all, cultivation speed was known to be slow. Some cultivation methods needed many years. Only after decades or hundreds of years could warriors reach the peak.

Fortunately, they were not pressed for time in the Dark Nether Cave. The Dark Nether Death Light wouldn't be weakened until about a month later.

However, they didn't expect to see Fabian come out of the gate after just a few seconds.

"How did he come out so quickly?"

"What could he have cultivated in such a short time?"

"Maybe it has something to do with the Time Law. It's a mysterious law, so it may be able to shorten the time to the extreme. Maybe a long time has passed behind the gate."

"Fabian, say something! Don't keep us guessing!"

Only then did they notice that Fabian was standing in front of the gate, staring straight ahead, stunned.

"What is he doing over there? Is he scared silly?" Jarrod walked quickly to Fabian and waved his hand in front of him. Fabian swatted Jarrod's hand away and said, "Don't touch me. I'm thinking."

"Thinking? Right here?" Jarrod was confused. "What the hell is behind the Gate of Samsara? Looks like it makes people foolish!"

"I'm not a fool!" Fabian said hotly but eventually rolled his eyes and pulled Jarrod aside. "You can go in too. I have learned a lot inside!"

"What the hell!" Jarrod muttered. Fabian looked normal after coming out of the gate, but Jarrod had found some subtle changes on him. His eyes, for example, had become more intense.

Jarrod and Fabian were like brothers, so Jarrod knew that Fabian wouldn't harm him. With this confidence and without hesitation, he stepped into the gate.

A few seconds later, Jarrod came out of the gate. Like Fabian, his eyes had dulled. He murmured, "What a surprise."

Neither Yolande nor Lavender spoke. They seemed to know what had happened.

Esther and the other two top-level war lords of the Demon Night were puzzled. This behavior from Fabian and Jarrod was only piquing their curiosity about the Gate of Samsara.

Esther took a step forward and entered the gate.

When she came out, her eyes were calm as water but like black pearls that glowed faintly. Then, without a word, she walked up to stand beside Lavender, silent.

Next, the two top-level war lords of the Demon Night entered the Gate of Samsara one after the other.

Zen was the last one to enter.

Zen had also asked Lavender what the gate was about. She had smiled faintly but hadn't answered his question. She just told him that he would understand everything after he went inside.

It wasn't long before it was Zen's turn.

He stopped at the gate and looked around before stepping into it.

The raging Time Law wrapped him up. He now felt that time here seemed to stop. All the voices disappeared and he was left alone in the darkness.

Zen was also very interested in learning about how to cultivate his spirit. As the name of the gate suggested, it must have something to do with the circle of life.

Compared with learning about luck, it was even more difficult to know whether people would be reincarnated after they died. It was simply impossible to determine whether they would have a next life.

It was said that after death, people would be put through the six great divisions in the wheel of karma and go to Avici Hell. But the question was, where were the six great divisions in the wheel of karma? And where was this hell?

The last time Zen practiced the Stellar Body, he had traveled through the universe with his consciousness, saw the true face of the world, and greatly broadened his vision. However, he also understood that what he had seen was only the tip of the iceberg. The universe had endless mysteries and it would take him many years to explore every one of them.

Perhaps the process of exploration was the significance of life.

As Zen thought through this, he spotted a huge golden spiral in front of him. He was then sucked into it and his surroundings changed gradually.

"Where am I?" Zen muttered, unable to believe his eyes.

He found himself in gold armor, standing on the wall of the Burning Sky Imperial Capital, holding a golden machete and looking into the distance.

"My hands and feet are out of control." He subconsciously wanted to move but failed.

He then involuntarily waved his machete and roared at the front, "My dear generals and soldiers, the Burning Sky Imperial Capital has been destroyed. After I ascend the throne, I'll rule the city with you all!

"Charge!"

Beneath the wall, many soldiers in gold armor charged towards the Burning Sky Imperial Capital.

Fire beacons could be seen everywhere within the Imperial Capital and blood was flowing on the ground like water.

As Zen looked around, puzzled, dozens of emerald green lights suddenly rose in the sky before him. The first person to come into view was Aura.

Many martial artists who were at the Internal Elixir Realm stood beside Aura.

"Zen Luo, you traitor! The Burning Sky Palace will kill you no matter what price we may have to pay!"

Aura, along with the martial artists at the Internal Elixir Realm, surrounded Zen like a stream of inescapable light.

Zen laughed wildly. He waved his golden machete and ran ahead to meet the attack. The two sides began to fight fiercely.

Zen was in the body that charged, but he couldn't control what he said or what he did.

He only knew that he had become a traitor to the Burning Sky Empire and was about to usurp the state power. If he defeated the people in front of him, he would be able to rule the empire and become a new emperor in the Eastern Region.

"Is this what happened in the past? Or is it a dream?"

Zen calmly watched the fierce battle in front of him. Like an outsider, he watched the drama unfold.

Chapter 921 Ninety-nine Cycles Of Reincarnation

The battle lasted a whole day and night. Corpses lay all over the Burning Sky Imperial Capital, surrounded by fiery light. The war had plunged the people of the empire into suffering and misery.

Zen had killed ten masters of the Internal Elixir Realm with his strength alone. Only Aura had been able to escape.

After that, Zen led a troop of soldiers to the Burning Sky Palace.

In the end, he successfully ascended the throne that he had fought for day and night. He stood at the top of the Burning Sky Palace, overlooking the world.

A million strong soldiers dressed in golden armor were kneeling in front of Zen with great respect. It was a spectacular scene to behold and the peak of Zen's life.

Aura, the last remaining descendant of the Su Clan, had been captured.

"Is this another life of mine?" Zen frowned. Although these scenes were an illusion in Zen's eyes, they were still vivid in his mind. He could see all the details. Everything seemed real but absurd.

"I should be the one to kill the last princess of the Su Clan!"

With that, Zen leaped up with his golden blade in hand and slashed at Aura. However, just as his blade was about to touch Aura's skin, a ray of sword light shot toward him!

Ding!

The sword light knocked Zen's golden machete away from Aura.

"Rocher?" Zen saw Rocher dressed in a white robe and looking at him with an indifferent expression. Although Rocher was standing before one million strong soldiers, there wasn't the slightest trace of fear on his face.

"Who are you?" Zen couldn't help but ask.

Rocher smiled faintly. "Who am I? I'm a swordsman."

"Why have you come here?" Zen asked again.

"The Burning Sky Empire is an ally of the Cloud Sect, and the Cloud Sect is under the jurisdiction of the Cloud Hall. I come from the Cloud Hall," Rocher said nonchalantly. "If you want to usurp the throne, you have to ask the Cloud Hall members for their approval first!"

"Go to hell!" Zen roared and rushed toward Rocher.

Ding, ding, ding!

The two of them attacked each other, exchanging thousands of strikes in the blink of an eye.

In the end, Rocher retreated one hundred feet and raised his long sword. At that moment, the color of heaven and earth changed. The sky was overrun by dark clouds and smoky fog. The momentum of Rocher's sword strike suppressed that of one million strong soldiers.

"With your strength, you are far from qualified to be able to take over this country!" After Rocher finished speaking, he stabbed Zen with his sword.

This sword strike was so powerful that Zen wasn't able to block it. Rocher's sword easily cut off Zen's head from his body.

The moment he was killed, Zen felt resentment, anger, helplessness, and other sorts of emotions swarming his mind.

"Is this... my fate in another life?"

The scenes gradually disappeared, and Zen found himself immersed in darkness once again. Now, he somewhat understood the meaning of the Gate of Samsara.

No wonder he'd been able to cultivate his warrior spirit through the Gate of Samsara. It seemed that it had the ability to create an endless cycle of birth and death. After personally experiencing it, he would be able to absorb the emotions of his different lives and gain insights in the cycle of reincarnation. This way, he could experience life or death situations and learn something from them.

This mysterious item that existed in the Upper World was truly miraculous. This method of cultivating the warrior spirit had indeed broadened Zen's horizons. He found it incredible.

Soon after, a golden vortex appeared in front of him, followed by new scenery.

In this life, Zen wasn't a warrior, but a cook guarding the stove. He was busy at the stove every day, surrounded by smoke. One day, he slaughtered a wild dog and found a magical jade pendant inside it.

It was this jade pendant that changed his life. Then, he became a warrior again.

However, Zen didn't enter the Cloud Sect. Instead, he was an independent warrior and rapidly rose to prominence in the Eastern Region. Then, he founded a great sect that was comparable to the Cloud Sect and became its head.

In the third cycle of reincarnation, Zen was a great learned scholar who had a great reputation in the Eastern Region! In the face of the demon's attack, he decisively chose to become a leader and led the White Emperor City soldiers to resist the demon's attack.

The fourth cycle of reincarnation...

The fifth cycle of reincarnation...

The sixth cycle of reincarnation...

Scenes from numerous cycles of reincarnation zoomed past Zen one by one. Everything he had experienced during these cycles of reincarnation left a deep impression on him.

The more things a person experienced, the more profound his thoughts would be. He would also become increasingly insightful. After experiencing these cycles of reincarnation, Zen's warrior spirit slowly rose to a higher level.

As the cycles of reincarnation kept rotating and changing, various fates flashed by as well. From the beginning to the end, Zen experienced each of the unique aspects of different fates.

The beginning of each new reincarnation was the end of an old one. In this short period of time, Zen experienced ninety-nine cycles of reincarnation!

When it was all over, Zen walked out of the Gate of Samsara feeling stunned.

He had viewed so many cycles of reincarnation in such a short time that he wasn't able to digest all the information yet. However, its effect on his warrior spirit was obvious. After experiencing all these different lives, Zen thoroughly comprehended life and death, glory, power, and desire.

"How many cycles of reincarnation did you experience?" Esther asked Zen.

Everyone looked at him, waiting for his answer.

Zen was slightly taken aback. "Why are you asking me such a question? Isn't the number of everyone's cycles of reincarnation the same? How much time has passed?"

"Two hours," Lavender said with a smile.

"That long?" Zen was stunned.

Just now, many warriors had wondered if Zen had died since he hadn't come out for a long time.

"The number of cycles of reincarnation one sees in the Gate of Samsara is determined by the strength of his warrior spirit. The stronger a person's warrior spirit is, the greater his number of cycles of reincarnation will be," Yolande explained.

Every cycle of reincarnation would have a great impact on a warrior. If one's warrior spirit wasn't strong enough, he would gradually lose himself in one cycle after another. After a point, he wouldn't be able to tell the difference between reality and a cycle of reincarnation.

Therefore, when a warrior tried to cultivate through cycles of reincarnation, the moment his mind showed some sign of losing its way, the reincarnation would disappear and he would be released from the Gate of Samsara.

"I experienced nine cycles of reincarnation," Fabian said.

"I only had six cycles of reincarnation," Jarrod uttered.

Esther remarked, "I went through thirteen cycles of reincarnation. What about you, Zen?"

"Me? I seemed to experience ninety-nine cycles," answered Zen.

"Ninety-nine cycles?!" Fabian's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he heard Zen. "How did you experience so many cycles? Didn't you lose yourself after a point?"

"Lose myself? How can that happen?" Zen asked curiously.

Esther and the others were bewildered. It seemed that Zen's warrior spirit was just too strong.

"Zen's warrior spirit is indeed much stronger than an ordinary warrior's. The Gate of Samsara is made from the power of the six paths of reincarnation. Although it can't replace the real path of reincarnation, the power of the samsara is enough to make many warriors lose themselves. The maximum number of cycles a warrior can experience in the Gate of Samsara is ninety-nine." Yolande seemed to know everything about the Gate of Samsara.

"I see..." Zen finally understood why he had gone through reincarnation ninety-nine times. However, from the beginning to the end, he hadn't felt like he was losing his warrior spirit at all.

Looking at the Gate of Samsara, Fabian smacked his lips and said, "It really is a magical treasure. If only I could take it to the Purple Heart Sacred Place."

Lavender sneered, "Take it to the Purple Heart Sacred Place? Do you really think you'll be able to keep the Gate of Samsara there?"

"What makes you think we won't be able to keep it?" Fabian was slightly indignant.

"If a treasure of this level leaves this place, the aura it emits will not be hidden by the Cursed Land. The Gate of Samara might attract supreme masters from the Upper World. With their powerful strength, those masters can easily destroy the entire Sea God Continent and take it away," Lavender uttered indifferently.

Hearing Lavender's words, Fabian went pale in shock.

Lavender was right. Some inheritances within the Dark Nether Cave were too powerful and precious to be kept by a small force of the Lower World.

Zen looked at the Gate of Samsara. He was still slowly digesting and comprehending the complex emotions that he had experienced in the cycles of reincarnation. At this moment, he said, "Since that's the case, let's continue our exploration!"

Although the Gate of Samsara was magical, it wasn't the inheritance that Mist had mentioned.

"I'm afraid you won't have the chance to continue the exploration now!" A deep voice rang out, loud and deafening enough to make everyone's ears tingle.

Zen was shocked to hear this familiar voice. He looked in the direction where the sound had come from and saw Malcom's burly figure some distance away.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 922 Block Malcom's Attack

"A war sage!"

Esther's eyes widened in shock. Judging from the aura emitted from Malcom's body, she figured he had already become a war sage!

Fabian's and Jarrod's faces darkened immediately.

Hadn't the ogres already left the Tower of Sin? How had these two ogres appeared here?

The sudden appearance of these two ogres reminded them of Colin and Neil, who had also suddenly appeared out of nowhere in the Tower of Sin. The ogres had dominated the Tower of Sin for so many years and had grasped some secrets about the tower that no one knew about.

However, as much as all the warriors were surprised, they didn't show any trace of fear on their faces. On the contrary, their breaths were steady and their auras were calm and unperturbed. Even when they were facing a war sage like Malcom, they were surprisingly composed.

Ironically, it was Malcom who was slightly puzzled. A doubtful expression appeared on his face and he became alert at once.

What was wrong with these guys? Why weren't they panicking at all when death was at hand?

He could understand the nonchalant looks on the faces of the two freaks, Lavender and Yolande. Since they were from the Upper World, their dedication to martial arts had taken them to a level that warriors from the Lower World would never be able to measure up to.

For example, Yolande hadn't even considered entering the Gate of Samsara because the cultivation method in the Gate of Samsara was useless to her. She had divided her soul into a million parts so that millions of her avatars could cultivate continuously at the same time. With the experiences she would gain from all these various separate bodies combined, her method of cultivation was countless times more efficient than that of the Gate of Samsara.

But why would Zen and Esther be so calm?

Even the usually timid Fabian and Jarrod, the two top-level war lords of the human race, looked at Malcom with indifferent expressions. What was going on?

Malcom was a little disappointed and upset. He had hidden in the narrow secret passageway under the Tower of Sin for a few months, waiting for this moment to stun them all. He had expected Zen and the rest to either flee in panic or kneel down and beg for mercy the moment he showed up. He'd never expected them to stand calmly without the slightest trace of shock or fear.

After some thought, he sneered. "Do you think you're still in the Tower of Sin? Do you think that Zen still possesses the omnipotent ability to kill anyone?"

When Fabian heard Malcom's words, he calmly said, "Of course we aren't as stupid as you think we are. But since you're here, only a calm mind will help us deal with you."

The thing was, Malcom didn't know that these warriors had just experienced multiple cycles of life and death. They had experienced many different lives in the Gate of Samsara and had gained deep insight on life and death. As a result, they were more strong-willed now. This was the effect of cultivation on the warrior spirit!

If a person's warrior spirit was excitable, it would bring trouble at a critical moment. He wouldn't even be able to bring out his strength in a fight.

For example, back when the group was being chased by something horrible, Fabian had been so terrified that he had been on the verge of collapse. He'd even lost his head and forgotten to escape. If it hadn't been for Zen's Spiritual Thorn which had stunned him for a moment, he would have died.

On the other hand, Yolande had been able to remain calm and think of a solution to the problem. In the end, she had used her demon sealing skill to seal that horrible thing. Thanks to her, everyone had been able to escape.

The stronger a person's warrior spirit was, the more likely he would be able to remain composed in times of emergency and bring his strength into full play.

Since everyone present here had cultivated in the Gate of Samsara and strengthened their warrior spirit, they were all able to be exceptionally calm now.

"Deal with me? Do you think a few top-level war lords can take me on?" Malcom laughed sinisterly.

Esther stared straight at Malcom. "When you were a top-level war lord, you were far from being my match. Do you think that has changed just because you've made a breakthrough and become a war sage? Are you sure you have the ability to challenge me now?"

Amongst the 128 seat holders, Esther ranked the first. She was the strongest top-level war lord, while Malcom was just ranked in the middle. Even though he'd become a war sage, he was only a level one war sage. Esther still had the potential to enervate him.

"Huh! Let's fight, then you'll find out whether I have the ability to challenge you or not." Malcom didn't want to waste time talking anymore. The inner circle had undergone a huge change. Even though he was a war sage, it was still very dangerous for him to stay here too long. He had to finish this battle as soon as possible.

He knew clearly that he had become a daredevil from the moment he had entered the secret passage under the Tower of Sin. Now, his only goal was to kill Zen!

The moment Zen died, all the threats the ogre race was facing would be gone. The ogres would regain the power that they had enjoyed in the past. Then, the ogres would once again return to the Tower of Sin!

If Malcom could kill Zen and safely return to the Tower of Sin, then he would become the hero of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place. The ogres valued honor above everything, so being the hero of the ogre race would be the supreme glory for him. He would be to the ogre race what Lavender was to the Demon Night, a supreme being that no one dared to disobey.

"Attack!" Malcom gave the order and started to move forward. His massive body suddenly flashed as he charged straight toward Zen.

As soon as Malcom made a move, Rehaan began to attack. The three top-level war lords of the Night Group also joined them in the attack.

"Protect Zen," Fabian said calmly. If he had faced this situation a few days ago, he would have lost his head already. But now, he looked extremely calm. Even though he knew he was no match for Malcom, he still acted in an orderly manner and managed to arrange everything in his control. Thanks to the cultivation in the Gate of Samsara, his warrior spirit had become a lot stronger.

"Yes, I only just stepped into the level of war sage. And it's true that with your strength, you can even kill a common level two war sage! But don't forget that I, Malcom, am also a divine-level talent!" The forceful energy within Malcom's body suddenly burst out as a turbulent aura erupted forth. At the same time, a long saber appeared in his hands.

"Evil God Slash!"

Malcom unleashed his strongest attack on the first strike. He was determined to kill Zen in one blow.

He had only one goal in his mind and nothing else mattered. All the other people in front of him weren't important. The most important thing was to kill Zen. If he could manage to kill Zen, then it would be all over. As long as the ogres could control the secret at the bottom of the Tower of Sin, then with Malcom's strength as a war sage, no one in the Tower of Sin would be able to fight against them.

Fabian and Jarrod raised their swords at the same time, one from the left and the other from the right. Streams of sword intent began to entangle with each other, forming spirals in the air.

"Double Jade Sword Energy!"

"Break!"

"Kill!"

"Annihilate!"

"Tribulate!"

Jarrod and Fabian worked closely together in an orderly fashion. Streams of profound and mysterious sword intent shot forward to counterattack Malcom's strike.

However, when their sword intents met Malcom's blade, they instantly shattered into pieces!

Fabian and Jarrod frowned. Usually, the two of them could deal with ordinary war sages when they worked together. It seemed that Malcom was not an ordinary war sage.

"Change the moves!" Fabian shouted.

The two of them continued to block Malcom's attack.

Meanwhile, Zen wasn't just staying idle and watching them fight. Facing Malcom's saber that was coming at him, Zen quickly retreated. All of a sudden, his eyes flashed and the surface of his body glowed with streaks of starlight.

When Malcom used his Evil God Slash, it seemed as if there really was a fiendish evil god that was charging straight at Zen. Even though Fabian and Jarrod had gone all out to block it, they couldn't stop it.

Seeing that the saber had gotten enough to touch him, Zen threw a punch.

"Star shakes the earth!"

A vortex formed by the starlight instantly engulfed the evil god unleashed by Malcom's strike.

"Shatter!"

Zen knew the power of his Stellar Body. The force of this punch would be able to kill a war sage who was at the initial level, so it should be enough for him to resist Malcom's saber.

However, something strange happened. Everybody watched in horror as the fierce-looking evil god split into three just as it was about to get sucked into the vortex. Turning into three separate blade energies, it charged toward Zen from three different directions.

"Damn it!"

Zen's face darkened. It was obvious that he had underestimated the strength of a war sage. Or perhaps he had underestimated Malcom's strength!

The ogres must have left Malcom and Rehaan behind as part of a prudent plan when they had left the Tower of Sin. It was true that Malcom had made a breakthrough to become a war sage. But it wasn't as simple as it seemed.

"Huh! Shatter!"

At this time, Lavender thrust her spear out from the side of Zen's body, and the tip of the spear stabbed into a piece of blade energy. With a slight twist of her long spear, the blade energy was shredded into pieces.

At the same time, Yolande started her finger attack, shattering another blade energy.

As for the last blade energy, it was forcefully blocked by Zen's sword, a top-grade sacred weapon.

Malcom was taken aback when he saw that these warriors were able to block his attack. Then, he shook his head. "You're not bad, Zen. You seem to have improved a lot in the past few months and now I have to look at you with new eyes. Perhaps in another year, I will be far from being your opponent. Unfortunately for you, you're still not anywhere near being able to defeat me now. And you won't have any chance to surpass me in the future, because you're going to die today!"

Chapter 923 The Core Area

After Malcom had finished speaking, he took a black fruit from his space ring. With a gentle pinch of his fan-like hand, the fruit was instantly crushed.

A black smoke emerged from the fruit and started to swirl around him.

"Five months ago, I said that I'd kill you, Zen! Today, you will surely die here!" The black smoke continued to gather around him and turned into a huge pair of black wings which seemed to have sprouted from his back.

Seeing those large black wings spread out, both Lavender and Yolande frowned at the same time.

"The ogres have actually obtained that guy's inheritance," Lavender said with a cold expression.

Zen could feel that the pair of black wings was extraordinary, but even with his growing experience, he still could not recognize what it was.

"This is the fruit of the Dark Sky Mage," Yolande clarified.

"The Dark Sky Mage?" Zen was stunned.

"It's just that his name was Dark Sky Mage and he was a being similar to a world lord. He possessed the strength of a world lord, but he didn't actually control a world. Probably, he was equivalent to the existence of an independent warrior of the Central Region," Lavender explained.

"What is the use of this fruit?" Zen asked again.

"As you can see, the fruit can greatly increase his strength within a short period of time."

Lavender shook her head and whispered to Zen, "Get ready to run!"

The vision and perceptions of both Lavender and Yolande were far beyond those of Zen, Esther, and the other warriors of the Lower World. At the beginning, Lavender had not proposed that they escape, instead she had determined that both sides still had the strength to fight. Even though Malcom was a war sage, they could still oppose him.

Esther and the other two top-level war lords of the Demon Night were capable of dealing with Rehaan and the three other top-level war lords of the Night Group. What Zen and the others needed to do was stall Malcom. Once Esther and her companions finished off their opponents, they could join forces with Zen and his companions. Malcom would probably not be able to win against them all.

But Lavender hadn't expected that Malcom actually had the fruit of the Dark Sky Mage. In reality, the fruit could not only stimulate the potential of one's body, but could also enable one to use a kind of secret technique. As to whether or not Malcom possessed this secret technique, it would all depend on whether or not the ogres had obtained the complete inheritance of the Dark Sky Mage.

With both hands on the spear, Lavender raised it and thrust it toward Malcom. An invisible and deadly wave was about to pierce through him.

"Go!" Of course, Lavender didn't think for even a moment that her attack would be able to kill Malcom. The only thing she could hope to gain would be time—time for Zen to retreat.

Of course, Zen wouldn't flaunt his true strength at such a critical time. As soon as Lavender finished speaking, he shot backwards like a flying arrow.

On the other hand, Esther was leading the two top-level war lords of the Demon Night to force back Rehaan and the three top-level war lords of the Night Group in a fierce battle. The members of the Demon Night were much stronger than the members of the other races. Although Rehaan had been cultivating in the secret passageway, it was a pity he did not break through to become a war sage. His strength had not improved much. As for the other three, although they were also top-level war lords, they were not that experienced at hand-to-hand combat. Their strengths lay in sneak attack. They were not Esther's match at all.

Esther was constantly oppressing Rehaan. However, after hearing Lavender's order, she immediately gave up on the idea of attacking. To her, Lavender's order was the supreme imperial edict.

"Let's go!"

The three top-level war lords of the Demon Night immediately turned into streaks of light and followed behind Zen.

"You won't be able to escape!" A cold smile appeared on Malcom's face. After he dodged the spear, the pair of black wings behind him suddenly flapped. His speed was astonishingly fast, and like the whirlwind his winged figure chased after Zen.

The humiliation which he had suffered in the Tower of Sin and the grievances which he had endured these past few months were continuously being released from within Malcom's heart. At this moment, he actually wished that the game would last longer. He was enjoying this game of cat and mouse!

"Hurry up! Let's catch up to them." Rehaan led the three members of the Night Group and followed behind them.

The three members of the Night Group secretly rolled their eyes.

In fact, Shane really wanted to tell Rehaan that the three of them had already completed their mission by having led Malcom to Zen, and that it was Malcom and Rehaan's task to kill Zen. Shane didn't want to stay in this damned place any longer. He had been chased by these monsters for such a long way, and he had almost lost his life!

However, Shane could only think of it in his heart, and if he dared to say it aloud, the result would probably end up being him slaughtered on the spot. Not to mention, in this situation, they didn't have the guts to go out the way they had come by themselves. They didn't dare to face the monsters alone!

"You won't be able to escape, Zen. You should just capitulate and surrender to me. I can make your death a bit more comfortable!" Malcom laughed out loud behind him.

His speed was extremely fast, and the distance between him and Zen was constantly closing. It seemed that he was about to launch his final attack on Zen.

Lavender's eyes flashed as she galloped along behind Zen. She suddenly stopped on the spot and her long spear danced wildly. The spear suddenly shot out and a formless ripple swiftly enveloped Malcom, momentarily stopping his pursuit of Zen.

"Your spear skills are indeed powerful. It is truly surprising. With your strength, you are actually able to unleash such extreme power. What a pity! It's still useless!" Malcom brandished the battle blade in his hand. Having devoured the black fruit, he was much more powerful than he used to be.

Just a single blade strike broke apart Lavender's spear attack. Not only that, but that blade's energy didn't weaken at all, and it continued cutting towards Lavender's body.

"Ha-ha, die!"

The blade's aura instantly slashed into her chest, immediately shattering her tall body.

Lavender was indeed struck to death by Malcom. However, she was a sword spirit and her body was formed from the sword spirit's power. Even if she was cut to death, she wouldn't receive any fatal injuries.

Lavender transformed into numerous light spots wrapping around the long spear and spiraled towards Zen.

Soon, the light spots gathered together and Lavender materialized again. She raised the long spear and charged towards Malcom once more. The spear was still terrifying and its power fluctuations made her opponent's heart palpitate.

Lavender's attack was very fierce. Although Malcom's strength had increased greatly, he had no choice but to stop and deal with it. This required a serious manner. Otherwise, if he was stabbed by that spear, he would still die.

Malcom once again slashed out with his blade, causing Lavender's body to be torn into pieces. But in the blink of an eye, she had returned again, completely unscathed, and continued thrusting out with her spear.

Malcom soon realized that he couldn't go on like this.

His flying speed was indeed much faster than Zen's. However, this sword spirit was proving simply indestructible. The distance between him and Zen had not shortened at all due to her constant interference.

What enraged Malcom even more was that Zen and his companions were running so fast ahead of him, while Rehaan, Shane and the others behind them couldn't even keep up. The further they ran, the more distance they had on him. Malcom knew that he didn't even have someone to help him.

However, he had finally found Zen. How could he be willing to give up?

He also did not believe that Lavender could continue fighting like this forever.

The sword spirit that was attached to Zen was, in theory, an indestructible presence. As long as Zen didn't die, she wouldn't disappear or perish.

However, she was constantly being destroyed by Malcom and she had to materialize again and again. This was rather energy-consuming. The red light emitted by the sword spirit was dimming. If the energy of the sword spirit was consumed beyond a certain extent, she would only recover after slowly nurturing herself within Zen's body.

The situation now looked bleak for Zen.

Esther, Fabian, Jarrod, and the others were also trying to think of a way to get rid of Malcom. Running away without offering any resistance did not mean that they had given up. For them, being chased by Malcom was also not going to be a good thing.

During the chase, both sides continued to move forward. Ten miles, a hundred miles, two hundred miles...

At this point, everyone slowly realized that something was wrong with the scene ahead of them.

After they had previously entered the inner area, the surrounding scenery had slowly lost its color. But now, the surrounding landscape seemed to have disappeared. Around them there was only black ground now, while the trees, grasses, mountains, and the other things had vanished.

"A fog is rising. The fog is starting to form around the area," Zen suddenly said.

"Fog?" Esther's expression suddenly changed when she heard Zen's words. Even though she had just experienced thirteen cycles of reincarnation, her heart couldn't help but tighten right now.

Fabian and Jarrod looked up, and said in unison, "I don't see any fog..."

Yolande said affirmatively, "There is indeed fog, but it's still very thin!"

"Oh no, I'm afraid... I'm afraid that we've entered the core area!" Esther's face sank, and her body abruptly came to a stop.

As they spoke, the surrounding fog thickened. Even Fabian and the others could see a layer of faint fog slowly floating up. This fog was quickly becoming thick enough to be seen.

As soon as they stopped, Malcom came over to them. At the same time, he said with a sneer, "Why aren't you running anymore?"

Chapter 924 The Fog

Esther looked at Malcom. One after another, waves of life vitality spread out, and hundreds of flowers bloomed, forming a semi-circular domain of protection for everyone within.

It was only after reaching the Soul Sea Realm could one have a domain of his or her own. However, Esther's cultivation method was special, allowing her to create her own "Myriad Flowers Domain."

"You think you will be able to stop me with just these flowers?" Malcom snorted contemptuously. The pair of wings on his back flapped as he took a step forward in the air. A fist shot out and the floral domain was instantly destroyed.

Esther's expression turned grim while a smug smile appeared on Malcom's face. In the past, she was unbeatable, even Maurice wasn't a match for her. But now, she couldn't even withstand a single punch from Malcom.

But she didn't seem too perturbed. With a wave of her hands, more flowers bloomed to protect them. She said calmly, "Malcom, don't you feel the changes around us?"

"Changes?" He squinted his eyes and looked at the fog. Suddenly, he remembered something very important. His expression changed. "This is..."

Just then Rehaan, Shane and the other two members of the Night Group rushed over. Rehaan shouted loudly, "Bad news! Malcom, we seem to have fallen into..."

"Fog..." Malcom completed Rehaan's sentence.

Fog was a very common sight on the Sea God Continent. The weather would become foggy when winter was about to pass and spring was about to come.

But here in the Dark Nether Cave, it was different. There was only one place here that had fog, and that was the core area. Encountering the fog was equivalent to entering the core area.

The reason why the Dark Nether Cave had fog was still an unsolved mystery to the numerous warriors on the Sea God Continent. However, every single warrior in the Tower of Sin was grateful to the fog.

The Dark Nether Cave was filled with Dark Nether Death Light all year round. Except for the monsters inside the Cave, none of the creatures outside could fight the Dark Nether Death Light. No matter how powerful they were, the Dark Nether Death Light would turn them to pus.

It was believed that the Dark Nether Death Light originated from the core area of the Dark Nether Cave. However, every year, for a period of time, fog would rise up from the core area. It was precisely this fog that caused the Dark Nether Death Light to weaken greatly, giving the warriors in the Tower of Sin an opportunity to enter the Dark Nether Cave.

Without this layer of fog, no one on the Sea God Continent would have ever been able to set foot in the Dark Nether Cave.

Although the warriors were grateful for the fog, they were also deeply afraid of it. The fog covered the entire core area. Who knew what kind of evil existence lurked in the core area? Nobody had any knowledge of it. In the past, some attempts had been made to learn about its inhabitants. All races had once joined hands to explore the fog, but not a single one had survived.

Hence, Malcom's and Esther's fears were understandable. The core area was a forbidden place that was unpredictable.

"No! That can't be possible!" Malcom pulled out a piece of sheepskin from his space ring. It contained the map drawn by the ogres. "We should not have stepped into the core area. This cannot be the core area!" he cried in panic.

Fabian and Esther also took out their respective maps. After comparing them for a few seconds, Fabian shook his head and said, "This is not the core area, but..."

"But the core area has extended," finished Esther with an anxious expression.

There was a very clear boundary between the outer area and inner area. Moreover, the monsters of the outer area would not enter the inner area. However, there was no such border between the inner area and the core area. Wherever the fog spread, that would become the core area.

With a mysterious smile, Lavender stared at Yolande, who looked expressionless. For some reason, Lavender had been on guard against Yolande from the beginning to the end. She heard Fabian and Esther talking about the fog and the core area, but her expression didn't change at all.

But Zen's brows were furrowed. While he was being chased by Malcom, his space ring had become hotter and hotter. The Jade Butterfly in his space ring had already turned into a ball of fire.

This meant that the direction that the Jade Butterfly was currently pointing towards was inside the fog. So, the inheritance that Immortal Mist was referring to must be in the core area.

Although Zen still maintained his composure, he knew that the situation was not looking good. There must be some strange things hidden within the famed core area. The most frightening thing was that they knew nothing about the fog. It must be very dangerous in there, but Zen didn't know how to overcome this obstacle.

Esther stared at Malcom indifferently and asked, "Now, do you still want to fight?"

Malcom's expression was a bit strange. He had remained at the bottom of the Tower of Sin to cultivate and was very clear on his mission. One could even say that he was a daredevil. His mission was to kill Zen at all costs. He had to ensure that Zen would not leave the Dark Nether Cave, even if it meant sacrificing his own life for it.

However, after Malcom entered the core area, his mind had somehow changed.

Truth be told, he didn't want to die.

According to his plan, after getting rid of Zen, he would continue to hide at the bottom of the Tower of Sin and in the future, he would be the sole ruler of the tower.

In the Tower of Sin, war sages would also be affected by the curse of the Cursed Land. However, based on past experience, the curse in the Tower of Sin would not burst on the spot, but would instead last for a month.

In the past, a top-level war lord was promoted to a war sage within the Tower of Sin. However, the power of the curse did not descend upon him immediately. It was only a month later that he had been killed by the curse.

Malcom believed that as long as he restricted his stay in the Tower of Sin to just about half a month and then went back to the Dark Nether Cave, he wouldn't be affected by the power of curse.

As his strength increased, step by step, he would soon become a high level war sage and then gradually, a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. In the future, he would become the real controller of the Tower of Sin, and even the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place would have to respect him.

After all, with all his strength, who would dare to take him on in the Tower of Sin?

But who would have thought that he would fall into the fog while he was chasing after Zen. This had completely ruined his plan. He was quite baffled now.

"No! I'll kill Zen first, then we can discuss how to leave this fog!" Malcom pointed his blade at Zen.

A cold smile appeared on Esther's face. "Right now, everyone is already trapped in the fog. Let's put the disputes aside first before we leave the fog. Moreover, do you think we will let you kill Zen so easily?"

After devouring the fruit of Dark Sky Mage, Malcom had indeed become very powerful. However, Esther had some trump cards up her sleeve too. If both sides used their full strength, they would definitely fight to the death. The final outcome would be hard to predict.

"She's right. Malcom, let's think of a way to get out of this fog!" Shane said with a hopeful expression. But in his heart, he thought, today was the unluckiest day of his life. If he had known this, he wouldn't have informed Malcom about Zen's whereabouts earlier. He would rather be torn to pieces by the Swallowing Birds and Azure Wolves than die in this damned place.

Malcom took a deep breath. "The fog is only a legend. No one knows what is exactly in it. I don't think we can't leave this place," he said coldly.

Nobody knew much about the fog, and most of what they knew about the fog came from rumors and speculation. It was said that once somebody was trapped in the fog, it was impossible to leave it, but that might not be true.

It was just some fog. Was it really enough to trap so many warriors?

"Let's just agree to disagree for the time being and put aside our differences. We'll talk about it after we leave the fog," Esther suggested.

"That's not a bad idea!"

Shane said with a flattering smile.

Malcom glared at Shane fiercely, causing him to immediately shut up. He then nodded, "Alright! Let's talk after we leave the fog! Let's go back the way we came."

The path they had taken to get there was not complicated. This area was completely barren, without even a small mound of soil. It was extremely desolate.

Two teams of people, one in front and the other behind, carefully made their way back.

The fog had been rather thin a moment ago, but now it was as thick as milk. Everyone's vision was blocked by the blinding fog.

Chapter 925 The Maze (Part One)

Due to the unexpected appearance of the fog, the two sides temporarily stopped fighting and decided to escape the invasive fog first. However, they still remained a considerable distance with each other, making sure they were completely aware of the movements of their opponents.

After all, they were enemies, not friends.

As of the moment, Malcom had chased them for about thirty miles persistently. However, he was certain of the fact that he had not been there for long since he entered the region surrounded by the fog, as he estimated he only traveled for about four or five miles in total.

Judging by the flying speed of this particular group of warriors, they fathomed that they should be able to return in a few minutes.

Everyone's hearts were seemingly troubled as they all visibly sported identical looks of apprehension--no one was certain enough to quell their doubts about whether or not they could even walk out of the fog.

Five more minutes had passed by, yet they still found themselves still stuck in the thick fog. Glancing at one another with uneasiness, they knew that with their current flying speed, they should have flown dozens of miles in that short period of time. In spite of this, the fog still appeared to have no end in sight even if they felt they were closer and closer to way out. With furrowed eyebrows, they were slightly panicking at the fact that they could not even see any sign that indicated the edge of the hazy fog.

"Damn it! We're done for. It's just like the rumors have said! Once we enter the fog, there will be no turning back…"

a worried expression was painted across Shane's features as he morosely uttered.

"Shut up," Malcom berated. Although he still had the grit to maintain a false sense of calm on the surface, he could not deny the truth that he was a little alarmed and anxious by the way things were going. As a matter of fact, the ogre race was the race who happened to be the most familiar with the Dark Nether Cave. Previously, several races had joined hands to explore and discover what lay beneath the core area of the Dark Nether Cave. Moreover, the number of warriors that the ogre race had specifically sent out was more than that of the others. As not a single soul had returned, the ogre race suffered the most loss out of any of the races.

In addition to this, the ogres were the ones who had unfalteringly prepared themselves to the best of their abilities during the exploration of the core last time. It was to the extent that every ogre warrior had made a life token, as well as established a message rune system for communication.

Unfortunately, things immediately went wrong after the warriors entered the dense fog, due to the fact that all of the message runes they created were all suddenly disconnected and they were then unable to communicate with the outside world. However, strangely, their life tokens were all still intact.

Since the life tokens were still intact, they were somehow relieved because it meant that they were still alive. Thus, the warriors outside had assumed that they were relatively safe after entering the fog from the start. However, after three days had passed, all the life tokens belonging to them had all shattered simultaneously! Without a doubt, over a dozen ogre top-level war lords all died in an instant!

Astonished at what they had just discovered, they all wondered the same thing: just what was it that had caused the sudden death of these top-level war lords?

Regrettably, they were all at a loss because it was a mystery that no one was able to solve.

With a heavy heart, Malcom might have had the chance to solve this mystery, but he was afraid that the price in exchange for it would probably be his life.

Therefore, at this time, Malcom was indeed extremely agitated and nervous. Nevertheless, he still strove to appear as calm as he could, for the sake of the other warriors and for his own sake.

At the present, Zen, who was not far behind him, suddenly spoke up, "Stop!"

Upon hearing the abrupt voice, they all whirled around to look at Zen who appeared to have noticed something. "What happened?" Fabian asked, looking at the man curiously.

"Look!" With his eyes trained below, Zen pointed at the ground, where there seemed to be a small mark that was almost unnoticeable.

In an instant, everyone looked down at the mark and asked at the same time, "Oh, what is that?"

"Just before we set out, I secretly left this mark. Now..." Glancing between the mark and the others in front of him with a bothered frown on his face, he paused for a while as if deep in thought before speaking up once more, "We just went back to the place where we started off."

Chuckling mirthlessly, Shane addressed Zen a reply, "So it seems like we were going in circles?"

Confirming his statement, Zen gravely nodded and everyone's crestfallen faces gave the impression of hopelessness.

"Why is this happening, then?" Fabian whined, waving his arms around petulantly. "We were obviously flying in a straight line!"

the warrior complained, huffing at the impossibility of the situation.

With a slight smile, Zen moved closer to Fabian and promptly countered, "Are you sure we were flying in a straight line all this time?"

"Yes, I am quite sure!"

Fabian firmly replied as he stared at Zen crossly.

Shaking his head as he exasperatedly sighed, Zen tried to get his point across without sounding impertinent. "This fog is somewhat strange. But even if this was a common fog, it would not be that easy for us to keep moving forward in a straight line."

"Zen, are you perhaps, doubting our intelligence?"

Shane asked, raising an eyebrow in challenge at the underlying implications of what Zen had just said.

All around him were a group of capable and top-level war lords. With a cautious glance between Zen and Shane, they did wonder right then if the former had insinuated that a group of war lords were not clever enough to know if they were walking in a straight line or not. 'Did he really mean what he said?' they all collectively pondered. In fact, even a small kid could tell something that obvious so Zen's words were undoubtedly a bit confusing to understand.

Sighing once again, Zen gave Shane an indifferent look before walking closer to the offended man. Once he was at arm's length, Zen reached his hand out and tore a piece of cloth from his sleeve. Nodding to the other direction, he said to Shane, "Come here."

"What are you planning to do?"

The man cautiously stared at Zen as he anticipated what he was about to do next.

"Don't worry, I only need you to help me conduct an experiment. I'm not going to fight with you," Zen simply said, crossing his arms against his chest.

Truthfully, Shane did not want to go with him, and it was written all over his face just by the way he doubtfully looked between Malcom and the rest of his companions. If Zen were to suddenly attack him, with the watchful presence of several others by his side, how could he resist then?

However, upon observing Zen's genuine gesture, Malcom seemed to have his mind made up as he promptly ordered, "Shane, go over to him."

Seeing as he could not deliberately refuse Malcom's command, he had no choice but to brace himself and walk up to Zen who was patiently waiting for him.

Raising the strip of cloth in his hand right in front of the hesitant man, Zen looked at Shane directly in his eyes before instructing him carefully, "Now, you don't need to fly. You don't have to use your life vitality or your other special senses. Just try to walk forward by instinct!"

Chapter 926 The Maze (Part Two)

"What is this…"

Needless to say, Shane was terribly confused of what Zen was asking him to do.

"Just do as I say," Zen urged him, giving him a pointed look.

Distractedly turning his back to look at Malcom, Shane gulped once he saw him staring at him with such fierceness. With no other choice, Shane sighed in defeat as he walked over to Zen and the man instantly covered his eyes with the cloth. After blindfolding Shane, Zen then asserted, "Now, move forward."

Under Zen's directive, Shane took his first step forward and hesitantly walked further.

"Go, keep going!"

With Zen constantly urging him from behind, Shane lost his uncertainty little by little and his speed steadily increased as he rapidly strode onward.

A hundred feet easily became two hundred, which reached three hundred in no time at all. Not a long moment after, he had walked over four hundred feet.

The young warrior was already far ahead, and his figure slowly sank into the embrace of the fog, like a stone dropping into a vast lake.

"Where am I? Can I stop now?" he asked, his voice briefly cracking due to him being slightly worried of his surroundings. In reality, Shane was not the type of person to be overly courageous in the face of something he feared. Furthermore, he was currently in the Dark Nether Cave. Who knew whether a demonic beast would suddenly jump out and swallow him in the next moment? As he was temporarily banned from using his sight, he felt his heartbeat rise erratically with the sudden realization that he was alone.

Before Malcom was about to say something as he noticed something strange, Zen stopped him. At the same time, Zen activated his life vitality to talk to Shane directly, "Go, go on! You're very close to the finish line!"

Upon hearing the urgent voice, Shane quickened his pace significantly and rushed forward without hesitation.

From the start of his walk until the end, everyone attentively observed Shane's movements to see if what Zen was spouting was indeed true. Loud gasps were heard from the warriors as they watched Shane walk around in a big circle before finally returning to the starting point, which was beside Zen. Once he stopped, Zen then took the cloth off Shane's face.

The moment Shane opened his eyes and blinked to adjust his vision from the sudden brightness, he immediately saw everyone standing around him. Confusedly tilting his head to one side, he asked them apprehensively, "You…, you have been following me the entire time?"

Everyone shook their heads in denial. In fact, they had not moved even a single inch after Shane started walking.

"B-but, but.." he started to stammer. "I was walking in a straight line just now!" Shane stated in confusion, wildly looking at the other people gathered around him in dismay--they, too, were in disbelief at what they had just witnessed.

"You think you were walking in a straight line, but you were not, clearly," the young man said indifferently, although his eyes were alight with passion. "The reason we can usually walk in a straight line is actually because we have something stationary and obvious that allows us to use it as a reference!"

Rolling his eyes at the blank expressions of the other warriors, Zen continued, "For example, if there happened to be a mountain up ahead, you can use that as your object of reference when you approach it. This way, you can maintain a straight line!"

"But in this fog," Zen paused before lowering the volume of his voice. "All the reference objects have disappeared, as if this dense fog has become a piece of cloth covering our eyes."

With a solemn tone, Zen then addressed all of them, "That is why we are walking in a perpetual circle."

"So that explains it, then. Well, how come I've never heard of it?" Fabian asked curiously, with the others behind him nodding vehemently in agreement.

The young man did not bother replying as he shook his head desolately. It was true that in this chaotic Sea God Continent, killing was the ultimate means to survive. It was definitely not as stable and peaceful compared to the lives people led in the Central Region. In this forlorn place, there was no culture heritable. Therefore, in that moment, Zen could finally understand why they were ignorant of this simple principle.

"What should we do now?"

biting her lower lip unconsciously, Esther turned to Zen and asked him with a hopeful expression on her face.

At that instant, everyone seemed to follow her lead as they all turned to look at Zen. It was obvious by the way they all regarded him with seriousness that they all saw hope from Zen. In a situation where they did not understand what was happening around them, Zen's miraculous stunt was impressive and gave them a newfound sense of hope.

"We need to continue walking!" he declared. Unsheathing his long sword, Zen determinedly stood as he made a visible mark on the ground before choosing a direction to walk forward.

Everyone glanced at one another and their gazes became more and more resolute. Within that short moment, it was like everyone's thoughts had been united--they placed all their hopes on Zen to get them out of the intrusive fog.

In actuality, Zen did not finish what he had intended to say earlier. As a matter of fact, he did not have any object around as his reference in the first place!

Eventually, the space ring located on his chest was the only thing that he relied on to give him a sense of direction.

The further away Zen was from the inheritance that the immortal Mist had mentioned, the ring on his chest was supposed to feel slightly colder. Similarly, the closer he was to the location of the inheritance, Zen would definitely feel a higher temperature emitting from the ring on his chest.

More so, as long as the temperature inside the space ring significantly decreased, the Jade Butterfly located in the Sumeru Space would glow with less and less flames. What this meant was that everyone was constantly distancing themselves from the core area.

In this line of reasoning, it should not be difficult for them to leave the core area upon using the space ring.

After all, the Jade Butterfly acted as a beacon for all of them.

However, Zen could not deny that this fog was truly strange, making it possible for people to lose their sense of direction quite easily. Just now, upon trying to return and walk out of the fog, the temperature of the space ring had initially decreased, but it suddenly spiked up without warning some time later. All the way through, Zen observed with trepidation that the temperature was constantly changing.

In conclusion, this only meant that they had not been walking in a straight line, nor had they been going in a circle just like their speculation. Instead, he realized with a start that they had moved sometimes left, sometimes right, sometimes far away, and sometimes unnervingly close.

It was as if they were lost in a special space!

Despite his sudden alarm at what he had just become aware of, Zen did not dare reveal the secret to the others due to the following considerations. Firstly, it was unnecessary for him to divulge it as of now, and secondly, it might even cause more panic and anxiety.

At the present, everyone continued to move forward even more cautiously. It was not just Zen alone who would occasionally drop down and make some marks, but the others soon followed his example.

Without them noticing, five minutes had passed.

Ten minutes later, they still persistently walked forward.

Fifteen minutes later, they were still going at it, to no avail.

Although some of them started to feel tired and worn out, the warriors determinedly strode forward even after two hours had passed.

With their method, it was not long before they reached the four-hour mark.

As time perpetually ticked on and on, everyone's heart, as well as their hope in ever finding a way out, gradually sank to the bottom.

Even though they did use their own methods to leave marks on the ground, it was to their disappointment later on when they eventually found out that the marks they had left were useless as they reappeared disorderly. For example, upon discovering the first mark and expecting to see the second mark next, they all groaned inaudibly as the sixth mark popped out in front of them instead.

In this fog, panic seized their very bones as there seemed to be a massive space maze around them.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 927 The Mysterious Red Dot

"I, I can't take it anymore!"

As everyone walked quietly, Shane suddenly let out a scream and broke the silence.

In this thick fog, they felt extremely alert and sensitive. Everything around them was depressing. Shane and others were already on the verge of despair.

Fabian, Jarrod and Esther however were still calm. After all, they had passed through the Gate of Samsara and cultivated a high level on their warrior spirit. On the other hand, Shane and the others hadn't entered the Gate of Samsara. Their warrior spirit was far from being stable enough to fight dangerous situations. They lacked confidence to face what was ahead of them and it could be imagined how frightened they felt at the moment.

"If we stop and stay where we are, we'll just die here," Malcom said indifferently. He was not in the mood to care about Shane.

"It's impossible for us to get out of here! We will die at this damned forsaken place!" Shane said with a crazily despaired look on his face.

"Oh? You really think so?" Malcom waved his fists towards Shane, "If you don't shut up I'll send you to hell right now!"

Seeing that Malcom was really going to give a blow, Shane immediately shut his mouth.

In such bad circumstances, it was indeed not a wise choice to speak such depressing words like Shane did. It could very easily break the nerves of others!

At that moment, one of the top-level war lords from the Demon Night suddenly pointed forward and shouted, "Look! What is that?"

Everyone turned to look in the direction he was pointing to and saw a red dot in the distance.

This strange red dot hung in the sky like a rising sun in the morning mist.

The fog that surrounded them was thick enough to block everyone's sights. No one could see anything 1000 feet away. How was the light emitted by that red dot able to penetrate through the layers of fog? Everyone could see it clearly.

Zen raised his head as his eyes flickered with a bright jade-green light. Even his magic vision wasn't able to look through the strange fog. However, when he activated his vision ability, the red dot became a little clearer.

"This light reminds me of the Dark Nether Death Light. Don't you think so?" Zen inquired.

Esther nodded and agreed, "You're right. It's very likely that all of the Dark Nether Death Light in the Dark Nether Cave originated from this red dot shrouded in mist!"

"Which means that after walking for so long we are not getting away from the fog. Instead, we're actually getting closer and closer to the core area. We are actually moving towards the wrong direction — the direction of the core area!" As Fabian drew this conclusion he looked extremely frightened.

Everyone couldn't help but swallow hard in fear. They didn't know what was in the core area, but obviously, they would get easily killed no matter what it was.

"Let's move away from it!" Malcom's eyes lit up as he suggested, "Since we have the red dot as reference, we can move away from it and find our way out! Anyway, it won't be wrong to get away from that red dot!"

Malcom's suggestion immediately received everyone's approval.

According to Zen's theory, without something to guide them they had been walking in circles the whole time. But now, with the red dot as their reference object, as long as they kept moving away from it, they would eventually be able to find their way out!

Suddenly their hearts were swollen with hope. The way out was just around the corner.

Everyone started to get excited, except for Zen, who revealed a bitter smile. He knew it was not that easy.

Zen had started the journey with his own reference object, but even so, he could feel that there was something wrong as they walked forward. There was something about that mist that surrounded them and it was getting more difficult to get out of there.

At this point, Zen decided not to say anything. Now that everyone had decided to give it a try, he had no reason to stop them. He had no other choice as well. Thus, everyone followed Malcom and continued to move away from the red dot.

Everyone felt excited after realizing they could use the red dot as a reference to find their way out. They walked as fast as they could hoping they would soon leave the fog if they kept moving like this.

Suddenly, Zen discovered that the space ring hanging on his chest was becoming hotter and hotter. Needless to say, they were now closer to the core area instead of moving away from it.

As he realized what was actually going on, Shane suddenly let out an astonished cry. He pointed at the red dot in the sky and stammered, "That...that red dot is getting bigger and bigger!"

When everyone raised their heads, the hopeful expressions on their faces vanished.

A moment before, the red dot hanging in the sky had been just a dim dot. It had now grown to the size of a fist. This meant that they were getting closer and closer to it.

"This is so weird! We have been moving in the opposite direction, then why is the distance between us and that thing getting shorter and shorter?" A top-level war lord of the Night Group trembled as he spoke.

Esther bit her lips nervously, unable to understand what was happening around her.

"There is only one explanation: there is an invisible force in this fog that is guiding us closer to the core area. Perhaps it is dragging us towards it and we can't notice it!" Malcom tried to analyze the situation rationally.

At this moment, Yolande suddenly broke her silence and said, "We won't be able to walk out of this fog."

Malcom and the others weren't aware, but Esther and Fabian were clear that Yolande knew a lot about the Dark Nether Cave. So they asked her, almost at the same time, "What exactly happened? Is there a way to deal with it?"

Yolande answered flatly, "Yes, there is."

"Why didn't you say something earlier?!" Fabian opened his eyes wide in shock. They had been struggling trying to find a way out, yet Yolande had kept quiet the whole time knowing the truth. At this moment, Fabian didn't know what he should say to this strange girl.

But Yolande then added with an expressionless face, "There is a way out, but you won't make it."

"What do you mean?" Esther asked with a frown.

"This fog is actually a particular formation that contains the power of the Space Law," Yolande replied. "If you want to leave this fog, you need to be proficient in the third layer of the Space Law but none of you have achieved this."

"The third layer of the Space Law!? Are you serious?" A bitter smile appeared on Jarrod's face.

Among this group of cultivators, only two of them were proficient in the Space Law. One of them was Zen, and the other was Jarrod. Zen was now slowly learning the second layer of the Space Law. When he was at the Genuine Dragon World, he managed to achieve the first layer of the Space Law with the help of the obelisks. Recently, he had gathered the foundations of the second layer of the Space Law with the help of the Talent Tablet.

After that, he had used his points to borrow the remaining stone tablets in the Tower of Sin for cultivation. Even so, he had only grasped about half of the second layer of the Space Law, and it was still a long way from fully understanding the second layer of the law.

As for Jarrod, he was way behind Zen in his cultivation. He hadn't even completely mastered the first layer of the Space Law, and he had only comprehended a tiny bit of its second layer.

According to Yolande, they should be proficient in the third layer of Space Law if they wanted to get out of this place but none had reached this level.

Did this mean that they should try to comprehend the Space Law here? Who knew how long it would take to grasp the third layer of Space Law.

By then, the fog would have dispersed and everyone would have died under the Dark Nether Death Light.

"Is this the only way to get out of here?" Fabian turned to Yolande and asked again.

"Not really," Yolande replied in the same quiet tone.

Everyone was feeling annoyed with Yolande's careless way of speaking. They all stared at her angrily, while Lavender only revealed a cold sneer. She knew Yolande's personality and that this girl had always been like this.

"What is the other way if there indeed is one? Can you just say it once and for all?" Malcom said angrily.

Yolande, without caring that they were shouting and getting angrier by the second, slowly explained, "We have to find the array plate that controls the array. Only then will we be able to leave."

"Where is the array plate?" someone asked.

Yolande shook her head, "I've never been to the Dark Nether Cave before, and this is my first time here. I don't know how to find it. But my guess is that it's somewhere in the core area."

"Well, since you've never been in here before, how do you know about these things of the Dark Nether Cave?" Malcom asked as he stared at Yolande with doubtful eyes.

Yolande blinked, lowered her head staring at the floor covered in fog and said, "I won't tell you."

"She keeps acting like this!" someone complained.

Hearing this, Malcom almost went berserk and was about to attack Yolande.

He suppressed the anger rising in his heart, and sighed deeply, "Now let's move on and see where our fates will guide us to! If it's impossible for us to leave here, we'll head straight to the core area. If the luck is on our side, we might even get rare treasures and opportunities there!"

Nobody said a word. Under such circumstances they had no other choice but to follow him.

Resigned to their bad luck they felt calmer and ready to face all kinds of situations ahead. This was the only thing they could do. If they were to end their lives in this place, they could do nothing but give their best shot at fighting it.

The red dot hanging in the sky had now grown to the size of a plate. They began to feel the power of the Dark Nether Death Light growing stronger. Even though the thick fog still surrounded them, the Dark Nether Death

Light was able to penetrate through it. It was a life-or-death situation. The ultimate test was to defend their lives from the deadly light.

Chapter 928 A Mummy

Those rumors were not completely wrong. The Dark Nether Death Light had indeed come from the core area. To be exact, it was being emitted by the red dot!

As the fog rose and covered it, the Dark Nether Death Light in the Dark Nether Cave was becoming weaker, which was why many creatures in the Tower of Sin had enjoyed the occasional chance to enter the cave.

But now, as the group slowly approached that red dot, the Dark Nether Death Light became brighter, and it posed an even greater threat to everyone on the journey to the core.

Thanks to the thick fog, they could still manage to resist the Dark Nether Death Light at first. But as they drew closer to the red dot, the power of the Dark Nether Death Light was becoming stronger. How would they be able to withstand it when they finally reached it?

When this question entered their minds unbidden, everyone began to hesitate again, and their pace decreased…

Previously, they had thought that, 'no risk, no reward'. They had hoped that if they shook off all of their worries and kept moving forward towards the core, there might be an opportunity which might present itself to get them out of there.

But now, they knew without a doubt that they were heading down a path of no return. No one knew what awaited them, whether there were some extremely powerful beasts or monsters waiting for them in the core or not, but they all knew with certainty that just the Dark Nether Death Light alone was enough to claim their lives!

"I'll stop here! If I go any further, I will definitely die. The Dark Nether Death Light alone is powerful enough to kill me!" Shane crumpled down to the ground in a pitiful heap. Fear had gnawed at his fragile courage.

The rest also stopped. Although Shane was a little timid, what he had said was right. No one present could resist the Dark Nether Death Light.

At this point, Yolande glanced at Shane. Perhaps she too was exhausted, so she gently lifted up the hem of her dress and sat down beside Zen. She muttered, "It's the same whether we keep walking or not."

"What do you mean?" Malcom asked, confused.

Yolande wrapped her arms around her knees and said lightly, "You will know in a little while."

Malcom was already used to Yolande's strange manner and he stopped asking. They had traveled for half a day, so they decided to rest here for the time being.

Esther retrieved a water bottle from her space ring and raised her head to drink. Everyone else also took the opportunity to get some rest. The danger fraught journey had taken its toll on their bodies and minds.

However, not long after they had sat down to take a break, Fabian pointed at the horizon and said in a trembling voice, "That, that red dot! It seems to have grown bigger…"

Everyone looked up with fear and suspicion written on their tired faces. Indeed, even though they had stopped, the red dot had still grown larger!

"What…what is going on?" Shane cradled his head in his hands, his face full of despair.

Thinking of what Yolande had just said, Malcom glared at her and said coldly, "You knew about it from the beginning?"

Yolande nodded and said seriously, "Yes. Even if we don't move, we will still be dragged near to the red dot by the Space Law…"

Only then did everyone understand why the red dot had become larger to them. This fog was like a gigantic trap made of quicksand! It had sucked them closer to oblivion! Now that they had stepped into the trap, they would not be able to escape. No matter how hard they struggled, it was utterly useless. Worse, the more they struggled, the faster they would fall into the mire of death!

This bleak realization lowered everyone's spirits and scraped the very bottom of their supply of courage. Their frustrations were ready to reach boiling point.

Noticing Yolande's calm face, Malcom suddenly raised his eyebrows. "You, why aren't you afraid?"

With a cold voice, Lavender said, "Of course she's not afraid!"

"Why? Does she have some other way to keep herself safe?" Malcom asked again, his voice rising in pitch.

Lavender didn't bother to answer Malcom's question. How could she explain that the Yolande which they saw was just one of her incarnations; it was only one of a million separate bodies which Yolande controlled. Even if the current incarnation died, it would only be a minor loss to her!

After they had rested for some time, Esther rose to her feet and said, "Okay, let's continue on our way!"

Everyone continued moving forward in a drudging silence. Not long after they had set off again, they encountered something that they had not yet seen in the dense fog before. There were white objects scattered about the ground which they walked over.

When they got closer, they saw that these were actually bones! The bones were scattered all around them in all directions. It was a massive necropolis!

"Those are... human bones!" Fabian screamed, his voice shrill by fear.

Jarrod bent down and reached out his hand to pick one up. However, just as his fingers touched the bone, it immediately turned into a cloud of dust and disintegrated into the air!

"How many years have they been here? They actually turn into dust at just a gentle touch," Jarrod said as he shook his head in disbelief.

As they continued to advance, more and more bones were seen lying on the ground, scattered about like a child's toys. The road in front of them was no longer flat, and before them a crater emerged from the fog. It was a deep hole in the ground ahead of them.

Right at this moment, Yolande's eyes began glistering in a disquieting way. Then, she placed her slender index finger on her lips. It was a sign to remind others to keep quiet.

Although Yolande had always appeared strange and fey in the other warriors' eyes, she knew the Dark Nether Cave better than anyone else. When she signaled to everyone to keep quiet, all the others immediately became silent and reached high alert. They looked at her carefully, trying to figure out what she would do next.

There was no expression on her face as she continued to walk towards the center of the crater filled with white bones!

While she was walking, the bones turned into dust under her wooden clogs and the dust sifted down like a powdery rain on the ground...

This crater was a huge grave, filled with countless bones half-buried in the soil. Who knew how many bodies, how many bones, were buried there? There were even more bones protruding from the bottom of the crater. The bones were piled up into a small mountain roughly a few dozen feet high.

Treading lightly on her wooden clogs, Yolande carefully walked to the hill formed by so many bones. Everyone around became even more nervous. Who knew what kind of demonic beast was hidden inside this hill of bones! After all they were now in the core area! Moreover, they had traveled for so long that this was probably the very center of the core area. It wouldn't be strange if an extremely powerful demonic beast suddenly appeared here! Their nerves were raw from abuse and they fully expected to be stormed by ferocious demonic beasts.

Right at this dreaded moment, Yolande took a deep breath, and suddenly activated the power of the Wind Law. She blew at the hill of bones in front of her.

It was just a simple blown out breath but as it contained the power of the Wind Law, the air coming out from her mouth immediately turned into a strong gust which roared forth.

Those bones had been there for such a long time that no one knew exactly how long. As the wind blew, the small hill of bones turned into dust which was further blown away by Yolande!

The entire crater which had been full of bones was suddenly covered in fine white dust. Yolande's figure was already covered until it became obscured within the dust. No one could see her...

After a long while, the dust finally settled down, and Yolande's figure appeared again. Everyone then saw a corpse in front of her. It was a mummy!

This mummy sat cross-legged, maintaining a posture showing that he was in the process of cultivation. Unlike the other bones, this mummy was still in perfect condition, even after so many years. One could even distinguish its features!

Soon, a shocking scene unfolded. Yolande reached out her arms and actually embraced the mummy. While holding the mummy in her arms, Yolande softly said, "I've finally found you…"

"What is she doing?" Zen asked in horror while staring at Yolande.

Lavender looked dispassionately at her and said, "If I'm not mistaken, that's the leader of your human's True Sun World and also Yolande's brother."

"So, Yolande's brother died here." Zen nodded his head with sudden insight.

Hearing the conversation between Lavender and Zen, Malcom's and Esther's gazes flickered. Someone at the level of the leader of a world was a notion too distant for them to fully grasp. Even the big shots of the Upper World would never notice the Sea God Continent. However, since this mummy was a world lord and he died here, everyone wondered what kind of treasure he had left with him at this place. It could be beyond their wildest imaginings!

Thinking of this, the eyes of Malcom and those of several others with him became greedy.

They knew it would be very difficult for them to leave this place. However, as the saying went, 'Man proposes, god disposes'. If they could somehow manage to successfully leave this place and they missed such a good opportunity, they would regret it for the rest of their lives.

Thinking of this, Malcom took a step forward and rushed towards the bottom of the crater.

At this point, Yolande took a bracelet off from the mummy's wrist. There was a golden skylark that hung at the end of the bracelet.

"A space bracelet?" Weapon refiners could create Sumeru Space storage items in many forms. It could be a ring or a bracelet. Malcom's eyes flashed with excitement at the sight of the space bracelet. Just as he was about to reach out his hand to grab it, Yolande turned her head and warned him, "If you ever want to walk out of this fog, I'd advise you to keep your hands away from this."

Then all of the other warriors also walked down into the crater. Since Malcom seemed about to attack, Esther and the rest were on their guard. After all, Yolande belonged to the human race.

When they heard Yolande's words, their eyes widened. Malcom asked in a deep voice, "You mean, you have a way to get out of this fog?"

Yolande didn't respond. Instead, she put the bracelet carefully away, still quite expressionless. Then she took out a yellow talisman from her own space ring. She gently placed it on the mummy's chest. With a light touch, the mummy suddenly opened its eyes!

Chapter 929 Smelting The Giant Sword

The mummy suddenly opened its eyes, startling everyone.

Especially Malcom, who was standing the closest to Yolande. He suddenly retreated several steps as though he had been bitten by a venomous snake. He stared at the mummy warily.

After all, the mummy used to be a world lord. He had the strength to control the world when he was alive. Now all that was left of him was a corpse, but the moment he opened his eyes, he caused fear in the hearts of the onlookers.

Yolande glanced at Malcom lightly before saying, "I didn't know how to leave the core area. But I do know now."

Everyone stared at the mummy carefully, afraid that it might come back to life. They couldn't imagine the strength of a world lord. Even one in ten thousand of his strength might be enough to kill everyone.

However, along with fear, one more emotion shone in the eyes of the onlookers, and that was greed, just like it did in Malcom's eyes.

Regardless of the mummy's previous identity, what he offered at this point was a great opportunity for everyone. Even the contents of the skylark bracelet that Yolande just took were hard to imagine.

Although they all eyed the skylark bracelet, they still had to be reasonable. Yolande knew more about the Dark Nether Cave than anyone else, and she said that there was a way to leave this place.

Opportunities were important, but survival was more important, so was leaving this damn place. They had to get out of the fog no matter what. Otherwise, they would die!

Zen, on the other hand, had an altogether different concern. He asked Lavender in a low voice, "If Yolande knew her brother died here, why did she wait until now to enter the Dark Nether Cave?"

He knew that it had been quite a long time since Yolande had entered the Tower of Sin. If her only goal was to collect her brother's belongings, there was no need to wait until now to enter the Dark Nether Cave. After all, the Dark Nether Cave opened every year.

Lavender shrugged her shoulders and said, "I'm not sure." After thinking for a while, she added, "Maybe it's because of you."

"Me?" Zen frowned.

"It's just a guess, but she has been following you from the beginning of the trip to the Dark Nether Cave. Collecting her brother's belongings might not be her only goal. There is some other reason too," Lavender said. "That guy called Immortal Mist, who gave you the Jade Butterfly, may also have his own ideas. If you find the inheritance, then you'll have to act according to the circumstances. He may not be a good person."

It was purely speculation. From Lavender's point of view, the human race was an extremely large race in the Upper World, and they controlled many more worlds than the Demon Night. Furthermore, the humans didn't get along well with each other. Wars and conflicts were common among them. According to Lavender, it was very likely that what happened in the Dark Nether Cave was an internal conflict within the human race and had nothing to do with any other race.

Lavender's only goal was to ensure that Zen would quickly grow up and bring her back to the Demon Night. Therefore, she didn't want him to become a victim in the human race's internal strife.

Zen nodded his head. Although Immortal Mist was just a dying soul, he had his own motives. Zen had to make his own decisions at critical moments. He knew that Lavender was looking out for him.

Soon Yolande put her brother's body into her Sumeru Space, which was not like a small world. It couldn't contain living things. If one forcefully put them in, they would be excluded. But if they put a weak living being into the Sumeru Space, it would be instantly killed.

After collecting the mummy, Yolande took the bracelet out again. She gently bit her finger and squeezed a drop of blood onto the little golden skylark at the end of the bracelet.

The drop of blood was quickly absorbed by the skylark.

Everyone's eyes were on the bracelet. Of course, they were aware that Yolande was refining the bracelet. Malcom, Rehaan, Shane, and their companions were dying to know if the bracelet really did contain a Sumeru Space. If so, what kinds of shocking treasures were inside? Any treasure from there would allow these people to reap endless benefits.

After Yolande had refined the bracelet, she gently touched the skylark and retrieved something from it.

Everyone's eyes were burning with curiosity. There was indeed something inside!

Yolande was holding something that looked like a crab. There was a long metal chain at the bottom of the crab. The crab looked like a small ornament.

Yolande slowly climbed up from the bottom of the pit and walked toward Zen.

"What is it?" Zen stared at Yolande.

"Don't move." Yolande walked in front of Zen and pulled the metal chain, putting it over his head.

She hung the crab on Zen's chest. "This is for you," she said without offering any further explanation. Then she sniffed at him, turned around, and continued walking forward.

Everyone was at a loss. Yolande was being so cryptic that nobody was able to understand what was going on.

They didn't dare to ask her what she gave Zen. Since she was the only one who knew how to get out of this place, they might as well follow her obediently right now.

Yolande was walking in the front, while Zen and the rest were following behind. Malcom, however, was at the rear of the group.

The road they were on previously had been desolate, but now as they got closer and closer to the red dot in the sky, strange things started to appear.

For example, not too far away from the huge pit that they passed, a huge sword was being stabbed into the ground.

The sword of the Blood Fiend Emperor that Zen had obtained from the Cloud Road was huge. However, it dwarfed in comparison to the enormous sword in front of them.

The giant sword was over a thousand feet tall, even taller than some mountains. Zen raised his head to look up, but he was unable to see the hilt of the sword as it was shrouded in mist.

Even the members of the Giants would not be able to wield such a large sword! Who knew what kind of person could use such a huge sword?

Esther, Fabian, Malcom, and the others all took a fancy to the sword.

Esther and Fabian originally wanted to use their space rings to store the sword, but soon discovered that it was futile. Even if their Sumeru Spaces could hold the sword, the sword just wouldn't budge.

Malcom was even more determined than the others. He flew up and stood on top of the hilt of the sword. He held it with both hands hoping to pull out the huge sword from the ground.

"Ha!"

Malcom shouted. Ogres were naturally blessed with great strength. Besides, he had eaten the fruit of the Dark Sky Mage, which increased his cultivation a lot. The forceful energy in his body suddenly erupted. Such a violent force was enough to move even a small hill.

But not this sword. It just did not budge.

In the end, Malcom jumped down from the huge sword looking resentful.

"I can't take this sword away!" Malcom walked to the side with his hands behind his back. Having entered the treasure mountain but leaving empty-handed was indeed depressing.

Now Zen walked towards the sword.

"Humph! You think you can pull out the sword?" Malcom sneered.

"Zen, the weight of this sword cannot be estimated. Even if your strength differs from an ordinary person's, you still won't be able to pull it out," Fabian reminded him.

Zen smiled and said, "Who said I wanted to pull it out?"

The moment he said that, Yolande immediately understood what he wanted to do. Lavender agreed, "This sword has no owner. Since we can't take it away, it wouldn't be a bad idea to smelt it."

"Smelt it?" Shane narrowed his eyes and laughed. "It's not that simple to smelt this sword!"

"This sword of the Upper World has been standing here for countless years. The power contained in this giant sword is far beyond what we can imagine. Even if all of the weapon refiners in the world were invited here, they still wouldn't be able to smelt it," Jarrod said and shook his head.

Zen, however, did not speak. He walked to the side of the giant sword and sat down cross-legged. He had already used his black flame before them, and there was no need for him to conceal it. With a blink of his eye, the black flame in his mind shot out towards the giant sword.

"The black flame..."

Esther and Fabian had seen Zen's black flame before, but Malcom had never seen it. The moment the black flame made contact with the sword, a small hole immediately appeared on its blade.

Chapter 930 Rebuild Heavenly Body

It wasn't only Malcom who was shocked at the scene. Fabian and Esther were equally taken aback.

Zen's black flame appeared almost invincible upon exploding. It had even burnt the tongue of the Bull-like Giant Toad.

No matter how powerful the Bull-like Giant Toad was, it was still flesh and blood. It was less shocking that the black flame could burn the toad like that. But the sword in front of them was definitely something stronger than a sacred weapon.

It could even be a divine weapon.

Although no one was sure, they could guess it was a divine weapon. But Zen's black flame had even started to smelt the sword! And that too, in a very brief time!

To Esther and the others, it seemed like an unbelievably fast speed, while to Zen, it seemed rather slow.

Earlier in time, when any weapon was burnt by the black flame, a gentle flick of the flame was enough to burn all the impurities of the weapon. But this sword was different. It had resisted the black flame for a few seconds before it started to melt down completely. Parallel to that, a lot of heavenly essence started to fly towards Zen like water running in a stream.

"That is a lot of heavenly essence!

"Wow! This heavenly essence can be used to refine weapons!" Fabian exclaimed.

But there wasn't a single weapon refiner present at the scene. The heavenly essence was rare, but it wasn't of much use for any unskilled, normal person.

While Zen continued smelting the sword further, a small hole started to appear right at its center, gradually growing bigger and bigger. Finally, it grew as wide as the width of the sword and the bottom half of the sword turned into a burning, viscous liquid.

Thereafter, the upper half fell on the ground with a loud bang, piercing it while causing a deep fissure into it.

Zen did not even glance at it as he continued to smelt the remains of the sword, his eyes focused on what was now an undulating surface. The amount of heavenly essence produced by this sword was equivalent to that created by millions of fairy weapons combined! It flowed towards Zen in torrents and he collected it without letting any of it go to waste.

Zen's increased strength would also have an effect on the power of the dragon scales, making them much more important. If used correctly at critical times, the power of the dragon scales could produce a miraculous effect.

Now that Zen had also established the Hundred Meetings Platform in his body and gone through body refinement, his physique had improved impressively. With his new form and the posture that came with it, he could withstand even greater strength.

As he smelt the sword with all his force, in his mind he asked the cyan dragon, "What will happen if I light up all the dragon scales?"

Until now, he had only lit up a few dragon scales, and he had never imagined lighting all of them at all. He couldn't even have imagined how much heavenly essence it would take to do such a task.

But now, he understood that a sacred weapon contained exponentially higher amount of heavenly essence than any fairy weapon. If he continued to smelt more of these, he could get a chance to light up all the dragon scales in the future.

The cyan dragon laughed before answering, "If you light up all the dragon scales, then you'd be able to help me rebuild my Heavenly Body."

"Heavenly Body?"

The cyan dragon then let out a faint sigh and explained, "When you first lit up the dragon scales, I didn't imagine you growing to this level some day. When my and my eight brothers' souls were suppressed by this furnace, our bodies were completely destroyed. The heavenly essence comes from the weapon refiners' comprehension of the Heavenly Law. If you help us rebuild our Heavenly Bodies, we might be able to come back to lives."

The cyan dragon's words seemed to contain a complicated emotion. To rebuild the Heavenly Body was something that he could not even dare to think about. But after he realized that Zen had the capacity to lead this world of chaos, he knew that it was highly likely that Zen would help him and his brothers to rebuild their Heavenly Bodies.

As Zen continued to grow in strength, the possibility of getting back whatever they'd lost was becoming realer.

How could the cyan dragon not be moved to hope?

"Thanks a lot, Zen!" the cyan dragon said sincerely.

Zen's face broke into a smile. "You don't need to thank me. I also need to borrow the power of the dragon scales. Furthermore, I don't even know how long it will take for me to light up all the dragon scales," he said.

"Ha-ha! I don't think it will take a long time," the cyan dragon said, convinced it wouldn't be long before Zen became a powerful warrior. As long as he didn't die in the process, it wouldn't be difficult for him to obtain heavenly essence in the future. And once that happened, it wouldn't even be too difficult to light the scales of all the other Genuine Dragons, not just light up the cyan dragon's.

Just then, a voice sounded in Zen's mind. "Hey Zen, you've already helped him light up so many dragon scales. How about helping me light some now?"

This voice was the red dragon's. He was the cyan dragon's seventh elder brother.

Zen chuckled in response and replied calmly, "There's no rush. I'll help the cyan dragon light up all the dragon scales before helping you!"

The red dragon was only joking. If Zen could light up all of the cyan dragon's scales and help rebuild his Heavenly Body, he would be able to recover to his full strength. Although the cyan dragon was the weakest of the nine dragons, he was after all a super legendary beast. After all his dragon scales were lit up, he would be able to help Zen a lot.

And so, the most important thing right now was to help the cyan dragon light up all the dragon scales and rebuild his Heavenly Body before helping the other dragons.

Under the heat of the black flame, the sword finally came to an end, and all the heavenly essence got stored in Zen's space ring.

In the eyes of everyone who was present, this giant sword was already comparable to a divine weapon. It was indeed a bit of a waste for Zen to have smelted it completely. But nobody could take it away anyway, and hence they only watched its destruction helplessly in awe.

About an hour later, the task was finally done to the end. Satisfied, Zed stood up and said to Esther and the others, "We can all set off now!"

Yolande looked at Zen without saying a word.

Everyone continued to walk forward again.

Along the way, they could see skeletons and massive holes in the ground, along with numerous potholes all about the path. When they looked at the scarred and ruined ground, they could sense how terrible the battle would've been. Nobody knew how many powerful warriors had died fighting in the battle!

The moment Zen and his companions touched the skeletons, they turned to dust, which was ironic as the owners of those skeletons would have been even stronger than the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

Malcom, Rehaan, and Shane kept looking around with their eyes wide open, waiting for opportunities. They were sure to rush up to it if they found something unusual. Since they were in the core area and Yolande said she could lead them to leave the place, they were keen on finding as many opportunities as possible.

However, Malcom and the others were very disappointed to not come across anything decent. They did manage to find some weapons, but they were all broken and decrepit. The heavenly essence of these weapons had long vanished, leaving nothing behind but a pile of waste metal.

In the end, they might as well have been collecting garbage, as they did not find anything substantial.

As they continued their search and advanced forward, they started to feel eerily uncomfortable as if something was off in the atmosphere.

And then they realized that the Dark Nether Death Light was getting stronger and stronger!

The red dot in the sky was already the size of a wheel. Even with the multiple layers of fog blocking the red dot, the Dark Nether Death Light was able to exert and multiply the pressure on everyone's protective life vitality.

Although everyone's life vitality could withstand it, the consumption rate was becoming faster and faster. In a very short period of time, Fabian had already taken out two supreme life vitality crystals, crushed them and absorbed the life vitality within to supplement himself.

Malcom and Rehaan were even more troubled. They were body refiners, and relied on the protection of the forceful energy, which couldn't be replenished with life vitality crystals. It could only be generated by their own bodies slowly.

It was alright in the beginning as the pressure of the Dark Nether Death Light wasn't too great and the consumption of forceful energy was minimal in its comparison. Malcom and Rehaan could withstand the Dark Nether Death Light with their powerful bodies alone, and did not need the protection of their forceful energy.

But as they got closer and closer to the red dot, the Dark Nether Death Light became more intense, leaving them no choice but to use their forceful energy to protect themselves.

They were not worried at the beginning. After all, the speed at which the forceful energy was generated within their bodies was faster than the speed at which the forceful energy was consumed.

But it was now becoming very troublesome for them to maintain a balance between the two. They were unable to replenish the forceful energy in time, and were slowly running out of it.

Once the entirety of their forceful energy was used up, their bodies would directly be facing the increasingly intense and deadly Dark Nether Death Light with no protection.

That was almost like standing naked in a world full of flames, or a world full of ice! How could they possibly resist and get away alive with something like that?

Chapter 931 The Wrong Move

Malcom and Rehaan were in a tight fix. The condition at hand was now beyond their command. They weren't imbeciles to fail to discover this for themselves.

"Stop!" Malcom shouted in incredulity. His face portrayed coldness.

Zen glanced at him and asked, "What is it?"

"We are stuck. This is the furthest we can move," Malcom replied.

The obstacle had out-powered them. Cultivating forceful energy was the fundamental reason they had this substantial burden on their shoulder. However, they were not the particular ones encountering this dilemma.

Fabian and Esther could reaffirm their life vitality with life vitality crystals. They cultivated their life vitality instead of their bodies. But now, both the life vitality consumption and their life vitality crystal consumption were accelerating at a lightning speed.

"Yes, Zen, if we continue marching ahead, we will have slim chances of combating the Dark Nether Death Light!" Fabian said in a distressed tone.

Suddenly, Lavender sneered, "Didn't you already know? You will be dragged closer to the red dot in this fog whether you move or not."

The closer they drew to the red dot, the mightier the Dark Nether Death Light became. The logic of this caused their hearts to sink with dread. How would they withdraw themselves and be spared from this condition? Getting close to the core was a tremendous blunder because they wouldn't have the restraint from the fog. Withstanding the Dark Nether Death Light would be an arduous ordeal.

At the same moment, everyone peered at Yolande.

"Put your life vitality into that stuff surrounding your neck," she said to Zen.

Yolande had attached this crab-shaped substance around Zen's neck in no time. As she did that, everyone present had been curious. Now that she mentioned the item, they all gazed at it.

"What is that for?"

"It looks like a precious gem."

"Can it protect us?"

Zen did what he was told without a question. Yolande's voice expressed affirmation of being competent to guide everyone out of this fog. If that was the case, resisting Dark Nether Death Light wouldn't be a hard nut to crack.

Zen lifted his hand and infused an upsurge of life vitality into the crab in front of his chest.

Zing, zing, zing...

An orange glimmer of light radiated from the crab. It covered a section of two hundred feet, spreading quickly in all directions.

Everyone was submerged when the light was emitted. Dark Nether Death Light had dwindled, and its pressure had slackened. Malcom and the others felt the hasty development.

"It's amazing. It can block Dark Nether Death Light!"

"It seems that Yolande really has a plan!"

"But why would she give that item to Zen?"

Yolande's method worked, giving the crowd a lot of confidence. She really did have a way to deal with the trouble in the core region, so it was a lot more likely she would be able to lead everyone out.

Malcom flashed his eyesight as he approached Zen.

"What are you seeking to do?" Esther, Fabian, and Jarrod in unison stood in front of Zen.

Peace between the two sides was short-lived. This meant that each side was on toes awaiting for something to crop up.

"I'm just trying to get closer to Zen," Malcom said frowning.

"Why?" Lavender scoffed. She was able to see through Malcom's intentions with a single glance.

The two sides weren't allies as they drew towards the red dot. The intensity of Dark Nether Death Light became enormous. Malcom, Rehaan and the three Night Group members would be instantly eradicated by Dark Nether Death Light if Zen decided to ditch them.

Malcom would not let himself be put into such a difficult situation.

If walking in the fog became impossible, he would drag Zen and die with him. If he would get through the fog, then he would challenge Zen in a battle. Life or death. Their martial arts skills would be the determiner.

"No reason. If this decision bothers you, then I will make my move now." The black aura on Malcom's body shimmered, and the pair of black wings on his back flapped once again.

After maintaining the peace for only a few hours, they once again began to clash each other.

"Carrying out a move here isn't an ideal idea," Zen told Malcom as he chuckled sarcastically.

"I know," Malcom nodded. "But I'm afraid before long I won't even have the right to fight anymore! Unless you agree to my conditions!"

"What Malcom said is right. If Zen withdraws this light barrier as we approach Dark Nether Death Light, we will all die," Shane echoed. The other two top-level war lords of Night Group and Rehaan nodded their heads in agreement.

"Then what solution do you have in mind?" Zen asked.

"It's very simple. Just stick with us!" Malcom burst out in hilarity as he stared at Zen.

They would be safer when they held Zen as a hostage.

"And if I don't agree?" Zen repeated his query.

"That would be troublesome. This suggests that we take an audacious move instantly!" Malcom said as he shook his head.

"Zen, stay by my side." Yolande said calmly after walking up to Zen. She then pointed at Esther and Fabian as she declared to them, "As for you two, stay with them!"

'Zen and Yolande lead us and the rest join hands and follow in unison. If Zen gets away, we'll be in immense crisis. With Fabian and Esther staying with us, it means by then, not only my companions and I will crumble, but Fabian and Esther won't be able to escape the fate of being assassinated by Dark Nether Death Light either.

This isn't an awful deal after all, ' Malcom thought. He felt the urge to haggle. Before he could do that, Yolande cut him short. "If you refuse, don't bother to come along."

Yolande's threat worked. On second thought, Malcom found that her idea might not be bad. Their safety would be guaranteed, meaning they would be protected to a particular degree.

When they had all come into a concession, Shane's countenance instantly altered. He gazed at something, his eyes narrowed. He whirled his protective life vitality and then darted out of the orange colored barrier!

His protective life vitality had the ability to resist Dark Nether Death Light for now. The others couldn't hold their horses. Everyone was so curious about what had intrigued Shane. Something must have fascinated him. Was there a probability that he had discovered some kind of lucky charm?

Everyone brushed off the theory. Shane had a particular norm of picking up unnecessary stuff along the way. Maybe he had likewise discovered some broken stuff and decided to pick it up too, so everyone let the activity slide.

Shane dashed off to a hillside. On it there was this extraordinary plant with only two leaves. The two emerald green leaves exuded a dark green luster.

The others spotted the plant too. 'No matter what this guy has discovered, eventually I will have it, ' Malcom thought, a sneer creeping over his face. Excitement could be read in Esther's and Fabian's faces. That plant was clearly extraordinary.

But just at this moment, the expression on Yolande's puppet-like face changed drastically as she sprinted to urge Zen, "Leave! Speed up!"

"What?" Zen was not offered a space to assert more sound. She dragged him as he hastened.

The orange light barrier moved quickly with Zen. Everyone looked at Yolande, who usually was calm. Her pale face shocked them. After all, this was a dangerous place. They all started to flee. In an instant, they all ran into the light barrier and kept on running.

Shane marched on to the plant, but something weird happened just before he spread his hand out to dig it out. The plant suddenly grew taller and a small bud quickly surfaced in the middle of the two leaves.

The bud blossomed. The mysterious part was that in bloom was an incomparably strange face instead of a flower. The odd face rumbled as a lion at Shane. Everyone glanced as Shane's protective life vitality instantly dissipated. Afterwards his skin instantly disappeared, revealing the fresh red flesh, and very soon, the flesh also proceeded to disintegrate, exposing his white bones.

After all this, the bones were not spared. They disappeared into thin air. The only item that was spared was a few fragments of clothing that hovered in the air before dropping on the ground.

"What in God's name could this be?" Malcom exclaimed, dumbstruck. Shane's wretched state freaked the misery out of him.

Fabian shook his head. "Who the hell knows? Here anything is achievable, so be ready to face the impossible!" he said.

"But that thing has no hands or feet. It won't be chasing us, right?" Jarrod asked.

Yolande didn't answer. Instead, she continued running in front along with Zen.

As soon as Jarrod finished speaking, a touch of green appeared in front of the crowd. Everyone glanced over and saw that the green leaves were exactly the same as the ones they had seen earlier. Clearly the plant had just emerged from under the ground.

Everyone finally understood why Yolande had asked Zen to run. The plant indeed had no hands or legs, but it was able to travel underground!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 932 Watchdog Of Hell

As the group of cultivators tried to flee, the plant grew rapidly and formed a flower bud that bloomed right in front of their eyes.

"Die!"

Malcom waved his fist in the direction of the strange plant.

Malcom's surging fist aura enveloped the plant with billowing smoke, creating a muffled sound.

But when the smoke dissipated, he was astonished to see that the plant was completely unharmed. The flower bud continued blooming. Soon, the face of a ghost would form on it.

"Hurry up! Let's fly higher!" Fabian urged.

Zen was fully alert. When he heard Fabian's words, he instantly lifted his body and flew upward. The orange light barrier around the treasure hanging on his chest turned into a circular protection barrier that enveloped everyone within.

Unfortunately, as they flew up to the sky, the green plant also started to grow upward at the same speed that they were flying.

"Be quick! Don't stop!" Jarrod roared.

Everyone moved as fast as they could. By the time the flower bud fully bloomed and revealed the sinister face inside it, they were quite a distance away from it. All of a sudden, they heard a terrifying scream coming from behind them. Fear gripped their hearts.

"It's not over yet! Look at the ground!" A top-level war lord of the Night Group said with a fearful expression as he pointed below.

Everyone looked down and saw many green dots appearing on the ground below them. It was obvious that each of these green dots was a sinister plant. In fact, there was only one plant, but its huge body was buried deep underground. At this moment, its roots were spreading upward and approaching them quickly.

"It seems that we can only speed up and try to get away from it!" Move at your full speed! Follow me!" Zen said.

As he finished his words, the forceful energy within his body erupted, leaving a thin line of smoke as he rapidly flew through the layers of fog. His speed had suddenly increased by 30 percent!

When the others saw Zen speed up, they tried to keep up with him in order to stay inside his light barrier. Fabian and Jarrod exchanged a glance before they merged their life vitality together. The two formed a gray shadow and managed to keep up with Zen's speed.

Yolande didn't have to use any secret techniques. She maintained the same speed as Zen and followed closely beside him no matter how fast he moved.

Malcom, on the other hand, grabbed hold of Rehaan and tried to carry his companion forward. The pair of black wings on his back continued to flap as he followed closely behind Zen. Anyway, he knew that he would definitely die here if he failed to catch up with Zen.

Esther also used her full strength to move fast. There was a faint white light flashing within her and the other two top-level war lords of the Demon Night as they closely followed behind Malcom and the rest.

The two members of the Night Group, however, were in a miserable state. They were good at stealth and concealment, but they weren't really suited for such high-speed movement. They had been able to keep up with the others in the beginning, but once everyone had started to move at their full speed, these two poor guys found themselves left out of the light barrier's defense.

"Wait! Wait for us!

Help!"

The two top-level war lords from the Night Group wailed miserably from behind.

However, no one could afford to care about them at this moment. Moreover, the danger they were facing now had been caused by Shane from the Night Group. Even if these two men managed to escape from this danger, Malcom would personally kill them afterward in revenge.

Failing to move any faster, the two top-level war lords were soon surrounded by the green plants. Moments later, the others heard mournful screams coming from behind them. Although they didn't turn their heads back, they could imagine what was happening to the two war lords.

Anyway, the others hadn't completely escaped from the crisis yet. The speed at which the plant was traveling underground was astonishing. Although they were all moving forward at such high speed, many small green dots kept emerging on the ground below them.

They continued fleeing for another five minutes.

By then, Fabian and the others had already consumed several life vitality crystals. Even Zen had used two life vitality crystals to replenish his life vitality.

Finally, they couldn't see any more green dots on the ground. It seemed that they had managed to get away from the huge plant underground.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief. They were glad that they had managed to escape the hunt of one of the monsters in the core area.

They were all feeling extremely exhausted now. Only Lavender, who was carrying her spear in a leisurely manner, had a relaxed expression. She had the body of a sword spirit which was almost weightless, and Zen was the one who had carried her all the way.

"Le-let's take a rest!" Fabian said, crumpling down to the ground as soon as they all landed.

Esther, on the other hand, stood ramrod straight on full alert. Staring straight ahead, she said, "I'm afraid there's no time for us to rest."

Everyone followed her eyes and found that the red dot was in front of them.

In fact, at this moment, it could no longer be described as a red dot.

What was in front of them was actually a sleeping gigantic beast!

It was difficult to describe the size of this gigantic beast. Several miles away from them was a huge crater. For this gigantic beast, it was a large crater, but for humans, ogres, and Demon Night members, it was a bottomless abyss!

The beast's skin was completely dark and only its head protruded out of the abyss. However, its head alone was already the size of ten mountains. Two huge fangs stretched out from its mouth.

The fangs were also the length of a mountain. As for the so-called red dot, it was actually a huge red circle above the beast's head.

"W-w-what's this damned monster?"

"Is this a super legendary beast? I've never seen such a huge thing before!"

"It's hard to believe that such a colossal beast is sleeping under our Sea God Continent. If it wakes up, won't it overturn the entire Sea God Continent?"

Everyone lowered their voices as they commented.

Hearing their cautious way of speaking, Lavender suddenly giggled loudly. "What are you guys afraid of?"

"Shh!"

"Shh!"

Fabian, Esther, and the others immediately put their finger to their lips, indicating for Lavender to be quiet.

Lavender smiled faintly. "If that beast could be awakened so easily, the Sea God Continent would have disappeared a long time ago!"

Yolande nodded. "Yes, it's not that easy to wake it up."

"What the hell is this?" Malcom asked with a puzzled expression. In the beginning, his goal had only been to kill Zen at this place. However, with all these new developments, he couldn't understand what was happening, let alone control anything!

When had such a thing appeared under the Sea God Continent?

A creature as powerful as this shouldn't even exist in this world! If this beast woke up one day, even the two sacred places of the ogres would be nothing more than a joke.

Yolande pulled at Zen's clothes. "Let's continue forward!"

As they approached the gigantic beast, they noticed that the fog was gradually becoming thinner while the Dark Nether Death Light from the red circle above the beast's head was becoming stronger!

The power of the Dark Nether Death Light had already reached its peak at this distance. If any of them walked out of the range of the orange light barrier, there was no doubt that they would be killed instantly by the Dark Nether Death Light.

To make sure that they remained within the orange light barrier, they had to move at the same pace as Zen. The space around the orange light barrier was completely filled with the red-colored Dark Nether Death Light. They all stayed close to Zen for security, even Malcom.

"Yolande, what exactly is this beast? Is it a legendary beast? Or a super legendary beast?" Esther asked out of curiosity.

This unexpected exploration had caused Esther, Fabian, and Malcom to feel a great sense of crisis.

"It is neither a legendary beast nor a super legendary beast. It's a fierce beast that is called the Mad Scorpion. It's actually the watchdog of hell," Yolande replied flatly.

"The watchdog of hell?!" Everyone gasped in astonishment.

They'd only heard of hell in ancient texts and legends. Nobody knew whether hell really existed or not. That was why they were all shocked by Yolande's words. Esther took a deep breath and then asked, "Does hell really exist?"

Yolande continued to walk forward as she shook her head and replied ambiguously, "Hell may exist..."

"What do you mean?" Esther asked. She knew that Yolande might be unwilling to answer her question, but she had no way of forcing her to answer it. Anyway, this answer at least sounded better than the words, "I won't tell you."

"Where are we going now?" Zen asked after a moment of silence, staring at the gigantic beast.

"Forward," Yolande said indifferently.

"But what else could be ahead other than this beast?" Zen asked. Was she leading them into the abyss? Or were they about to enter this gigantic beast's mouth?

To his astonishment, Yolande said, "Your Jade Butterfly will give you the answer."

Zen immediately took several steps back, his whole body on high alert. "How do you know that I have a Jade Butterfly?"

The corner of Lavender's lips curled up as if she had already expected this to happen. Her eyes were filled with mockery as she stared at Yolande.

Chapter 933 An Outsider

Yolande rolled her eyes and weighed her possible replies. The grey pupils in her watery eyes moved rapidly, making it seem like there were two snowflakes embedded inside her eyes.

"Yes, of course I know," she finally said.

"So you also know why I'm here?" Zen asked.

Yolande nodded. "Yes, I'm very clear about why you're here. But you're just an outsider who doesn't know the truth."

"An outsider?" Zen frowned slightly.

"Mist's luck is not bad. I didn't think that he would be willing to stay in the celestial tomb for so many years and sacrifice the chance of reincarnation. He was lucky that there finally came a person with the fate to lead the great world of chaos," Yolande said seriously. "But he didn't tell you the whole story."

"What is the whole story?" It was true that Zen knew little about this whole matter. He didn't even know what the inheritance that he was pursuing exactly was.

"You have your own path, so I don't recommend you getting involved in this game," Yolande said.

"What is the game?" Zen asked. Judging from Yolande's tone, it seemed that he had been involved in a big dispute from the time he had left the Central Region and gone into the Sea God Continent. Now, it seemed that Lavender's guess had been right. This dispute was most likely a dispute within the human race as well as a dispute in the Upper World. It seemed that Mist and Yolande were not on the same side after all. Zen had no idea what was going on.

Yolande sighed. "It's a dead end."

Zen's face darkened. "Can you explain it clearly?"

"It's hard to explain." Yolande shook her head and took two steps toward Zen. Then, she took a deep breath before turning her lips up into a smile. It was a rare sight to see. "But since you've already come to this stage, you'll also have a part to play. I just hope that you'll make the right judgment after getting the inheritance and have a clear mind about the path you want to take!"

"Of course I know which path I want to take," Zen said seriously.

No matter what the game was or what kind of dispute they were in, Zen would always stick to his own path and would not be easily influenced by others. No matter how the immortal Mist or Yolande wanted to take advantage of him, he would always make sure that they didn't hinder his path.

He didn't care about whether they were on the righteous side or not. It had nothing to do with him.

"Yes." Yolande nodded. "The road for those who have the fate to lead a world of chaos will always be their own path. Changing your path will be as difficult as changing the trajectory of the stars. Perhaps entering the Dark Nether Cave is a step in your path and I've unknowingly become your guide."

What Yolande had just said was so mysterious that it confused not just Zen, but everyone else as well.

As Zen and Yolande spoke, they were approaching the enormous abyss.

The abyss and the beast hadn't seemed far away at first. But even though they'd been traveling for a long time, it seemed that they had gotten only a little closer. The huge beast that was lying on the side of the abyss was gradually getting bigger and bigger. But from here, it was impossible to tell exactly how big the beast was.

After flying close to the ground for four hours, they finally arrived at the edge of the abyss.

Everyone suddenly felt insignificant compared to the huge abyss that lay before them.

To be precise, what lay before them was more of a gap in the earth than an abyss. Even if a piece of land as large as a country was used to fill the gap, it would hardly suffice. On the other side of the abyss lay the giant beast. There were numerous spikes on its huge body, which extended from the edge of the abyss all the way to the bottomless pit beneath. They didn't have any idea how big the beast was as the abyss was too deep and they couldn't see where the beast ended.

Although Yolande had said that this vicious beast was called Mad Scorpion and that it was the watchdog of hell, it didn't look anything like a dog to Zen. In his eyes, it was more like a dragon or a snake.

"Does this enormous abyss lead to hell?" A trace of fear appeared in Malcom's eyes.

Ever since becoming a war sage, he'd had a good plan for his future. He knew that since he was a war sage now, he would never be able to leave the Tower of Sin again. Outside the Tower of Sin was the Cursed Land, and at his current cultivation level, he would surely die as soon as he stepped on it.

Moreover, it was impossible to build a transmission array in the Tower of Sin. In other words, Malcom would never be able to leave the Tower of Sin and the Dark Nether Cave for the rest of his life.

However, he'd never thought of it as a problem. As long as he could stay in the Tower of Sin, he could continuously improve his strength and make breakthroughs. Making a breakthrough to become a war sage definitely wasn't the last of it. He could still reach the Soul Sea Realm and higher levels than that.

Once he became stronger, he would be able to acquire all the fortune in the Dark Nether Cave. After that, it wouldn't be too difficult for him to leave the Cursed Land. This had been his plan after becoming a war sage.

But now, as the brutal truth stared him in the eye, he realized that he had underestimated the Dark Nether Cave. Forget about the Soul Sea Realm—even if he was a hundred times stronger than a Soul Sea Realm warrior, it would still be difficult for him to survive in the core area, let alone take the fortune inside!

Yolande shook her head and said coldly, "People think that hell is the place where ghosts live. The so-called hell is actually just a door."

"A door? Then this is…" Malcom started to ask again.

But before he could finish, Yolande interrupted him. "If you want to know where this abyss leads to, you can try jumping in."

Malcom glared at her with his fist-sized eyes. They were all enveloped by the Dark Nether Death Light. It was bad enough that if he left Zen's orange shield, he would die immediately under the Dark Nether Death Light. Now, Yolande was suggesting for him to jump into the abyss. What a joke!

"What should we do now?" Zen asked.

"Take out the Jade Butterfly," Yolande ordered.

Zen reached into his space ring and took out the Jade Butterfly. The flame that burst forth from the Jade Butterfly startled everyone. They subconsciously moved to the side to avoid being burned by the flame.

However, the flame didn't hurt Zen. The Jade Butterfly in his hand was like a little spirit that danced in the air. A shower of sparks flew out from it, emitting dazzling light.

"And then?" Zen asked as he held the Jade Butterfly.

"Throw it down," Yolande said calmly.

Zen paused, looking hesitant. The Jade Butterfly had been handed to him by the immortal Mist and it carried the great mission of getting the inheritance in the Dark Nether Cave. What would happen if he threw the Jade Butterfly down just like that?

Seeing Zen's hesitant expression, Yolande blinked her eyes and said calmly, "Do you know why Mist didn't explain anything to you?"

"Why?"

Zen was also curious about this.

Back then, when the immortal Mist had handed Zen the Jade Butterfly, the only thing he had said to Zen was that Zen would have to go down the Tower of Sin and obtain some important inheritance. After that, he'd sent Zen to the Sea God Continent without saying anything else.

How to obtain the inheritance, how to enter the core area, how to use the Jade Butterfly—he hadn't explained any of these things.

Although Zen was a great talent with a powerful destiny, it was impossible for him to figure out how to use the Jade Butterfly all by himself.

Yolande smiled and turned to Malcom. "There was once a top-level war lord named Huey in your ogre race, right?"

Hearing this name, Malcom and Rehaan nodded at the same time. Although Huey wasn't very powerful in terms of cultivation level, he was famous within the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place. In fact, Malcom and Rehaan weren't the only ones who knew him. Fabian, Jarrod, and Esther had all heard of Huey before.

This was because this top-level war lord called Huey had controlled the Tower of Sin for over a hundred years!

Generally speaking, the top-level war lords in the Tower of Sin would do their best to suppress their cultivation. When they accumulated enough Lucky Light, they would leave the Tower of Sin to break through. It proved to be a very effective way for warriors to bypass the bottleneck in their cultivation. Therefore, the top-level war lords who walked out of the Tower of Sin would have no problem making a breakthrough to become war sages.

However, suppressing cultivation was not an easy thing. After suppressing it for a long time, it was also possible for one to break through automatically. Therefore, when many top-level war lords felt that they were about to break through, they would leave the Tower of Sin and the Cursed Land. If they accidentally broke through and became war sages inside the Tower of Sin, it was equivalent to courting death.

However, there had once been a freak in the ogre race, and that was none other than Huey.

Huey had kept his cultivation level at the top-level war lord for over a hundred years. During that time, he had been the strongest seat holder in the Tower of Sin. The ogre race had been able to control the Tower of Sin for a long time, and more than half the credit for that went to Huey.

As for how Huey had managed to suppress his cultivation and remain as a top-level war lord for over a hundred years, it was a huge mystery to all living creatures.

Huey had been so strong back then that he could be considered the actual controller of the Tower of Sin. Therefore, even the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had had to pay respect to him despite the fact that he was only a top-level war lord!

Chapter 934 Heavenly Immortal Root

Because of Huey's existence, the other races hadn't even had the slightest chance of winning a seat in the Tower of Sin. Although the members of the Demon Night were born strong, the ogres had still been able to suppress them until Amber appeared.

However, the true decline of the ogres in the Tower of Sin was because of Huey's sudden disappearance.

No one knew if Huey was alive or dead. He had mysteriously disappeared from the Tower of Sin without a trace. No one knew where he had gone.

In the beginning, the ogres had still been able to control the seats in the Tower of Sin. But after the sudden rise of the Demon Night decades ago, the ogres had lost the first seat to them. Since then, Esther had controlled the number one seat while Maurice could only control number two.

"Huey's disappearance was a great loss to us ogres." Malcom was upset. If Huey hadn't gone missing, the Demon Night wouldn't have been able to suppress the ogres.

"Don't you think it's strange that Huey went missing just like that?" Yolande asked.

"Strange? Of course it's strange!" Malcom said with a frown. Then, as he stared at Yolande, he suddenly remembered something. "It's you! You killed him?"

Yolande nodded and turned around to look at the unimaginably large monster in the distance. "I was the one who killed Huey and turned him into nourishment for the Tower of Sin. His corpse was completely absorbed by the tower."

"What?" Rehaan was dumbfounded.

The reason for Huey's disappearance struck Malcom after he recalled that Yolande had appeared out of nowhere around the same time that Huey had disappeared. Malcom had never linked those two events until now.

The talent Yolande had displayed when she entered the first floor of the Tower of Sin had been extremely terrifying. As a result, the ogres would try their best to get her killed. However, just like Amber, Yolande's strength had far exceeded the expectations of the ogres. No matter how hard they tried to kill her, she was always able to defeat her opponents.

As a result, Yolande had easily entered the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin.

Just when the ogres were preparing to get rid of Yolande with everything they had, she announced that she wasn't going to enter the Talent Tablet. Moreover, she didn't seem to have any intention of going to the eleventh floor. Since then, she had stayed on the tenth floor, much to the surprise of the humans as well as the other races.

After the initial surprise wore off, the ogres continued to observe her for a while, but she didn't stir up any trouble. And they thought that as long as she didn't reach the top floor, she wouldn't pose a threat to them. So although they didn't understand her reasons, they just let her be.

None of the ogres could have imagined that this level ten war general would have been able to kill the top-level war lord of the ogres without anyone knowing. Huey had been in control of the Tower of Sin for over a hundred years.

"Why did you kill Huey?" Although Malcom didn't know Huey personally and had nothing to do with him, they were still from the same race, so he was curious.

"Huey was one of Immortal Mist's puppets. He was in the Tower of Sin waiting for Zen," Yolande explained.

It wasn't until now that Zen finally understood everything. Immortal Mist, who was in the Central Region, didn't know that Huey was already dead. In his eyes, as long as Zen entered the Tower of Sin, Huey would definitely find him at the first possible moment and bring him into the Dark Nether Cave to fulfill Immortal Mist's last wish.

As such, Immortal Mist hadn't said much to Zen, only telling him that he would understand everything after entering the Tower of Sin.

If Huey had still been alive, then Zen would have been able to reach the top floor of the Tower of Sin effortlessly. At the very least, he wouldn't have been suppressed and attacked by the ogres along the way because protecting Zen had been Huey's mission.

However, since Yolande had entered the Tower of Sin and killed Huey, she was the only one who could guide Zen now.

Yolande blinked and shifted her gaze to Zen's face. "If Huey had brought you here, he would have told you the same thing. Throw the Jade Butterfly into the chasm, because that is the only way to open the passageway."

"I see." Zen nodded.

He didn't know if Yolande was telling the truth or not, and he couldn't tell which power Yolande represented and which power Huey represented. But regardless of who was in the right and who was in the wrong, Zen would always follow his own path. He wouldn't easily take anyone's side.

With that thought, Zen released the burning Jade Butterfly in his hand, letting it fall freely down the chasm.

Bang!

The sparkling Jade Butterfly collided with the edge of the chasm, sinking into the darkness faster than Zen had expected. All he could see was a small red dot before it completely disappeared into the darkness.

"What's going to happen?" Zen asked.

"Just wait," Yolande said.

"For how long?" Zen asked again.

Yolande shook her head. "There is no end to this chasm, so I don't know where it is."

"There's no end to the chasm?" Zen asked curiously. "No matter how deep the chasm is, it should have an end, right?"

No matter how deep something was, there should be a limit. A thousand miles? Ten thousand miles? It was impossible for it to not have a bottom.

Lavender, who had been quiet all this time, smiled. "If my guess is right, this is an endless chasm. There really is no bottom. Someone once explored this chasm in an attempt to find out where it led to and how deep it was. After falling into the chasm for 1, 400 years, he still didn't reach the bottom. It took him 2, 000 years to fly back up."

Yolande nodded. "Indeed. And there is more than one chasm like this in the worlds."

Everyone but Yolande was shocked at Lavender's words.

A guy had jumped into the chasm and hadn't reached its bottom after 1, 400 years? How had this chasm come about?

Everyone silently looked at the chasm in front of them. As they stared into the darkness, they began to feel a sense of fear. There were too many secrets in this world, some of them far beyond their understanding.

However, there were also enough madmen in this world. Someone had actually been willing to spend more than 3, 000 years exploring the depth of this chasm.

After Zen threw the Jade Butterfly down, a full six hours passed before they heard a loud sound from the depths of the chasm.

"It's coming." Yolande turned and walked away. "Leave the edge of the chasm. It would be bad if we were to be caught by it."

From inside the chasm came a rumbling voice that sounded like a clap of thunder. Who knew what kind of monster was trying to climb out of the chasm?

Even if Yolande hadn't said anything, there was no idiot who would have stayed by the side of the chasm. Everyone turned around and followed Zen, leaving the edge of the chasm to get to a relatively safe place.

"What is it?" Esther asked.

No matter what it was, it was probably not much smaller than the Mad Scorpion to be able to create such a huge commotion in the chasm.

"Actually, you've all seen it before," Yolande replied.

"We've seen it before?" Everyone was shocked.

Yolande nodded. "It's the plant that chased us all the way here. What we saw were just the roots protruding out of the ground. Its main body is in here."

Lavender smiled coldly. "It's just a Heavenly Immortal Root!"

"Why is it coming up?" Zen asked.

Yolande, however, only said, "You'll soon understand."

As the roar became louder and louder, the sound became deafening to all of their ears. Zen and the others had no choice but to use their life vitality to temporarily seal off their own hearing. As the thing in the chasm got closer and closer to the opening, fear and anxiety became apparent on everyone's face. But despite the loud noise, the Mad Scorpion was still fast asleep.

"It's here!" Yolande said as she stared into the distance.

Sure enough, the next moment, everyone saw a giant plant climbing out of the chasm. On top of the plant, there was an incomparably strange and ugly face.

The most frightening thing was that the strange face was facing them!

The face of this giant plant wasn't much smaller than the head of the Mad Scorpion. It was around the size of a mountain. However, the two eyeballs on its face were staring straight at Zen's group!

Chapter 935 The Roar

Everyone's heart suddenly skipped a beat.

Let alone these people, even powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm would be dwarfed by the size of the monster. They looked like ants in comparison to it, and they instantly knew that they wouldn't stand a chance against it.

"Turn around, don't look at it, and cover your ears," Yolande quickly ordered as she turned her head away from the huge monster.

Quickly, the others followed suit. They turned their heads around and covered their ears as well. Any form of resistance was useless now.

"Aooo!"

The Heavenly Immortal Root suddenly raised its head and roared. The loud sound caused the entire Dark Nether Cave to tremble.

As a result, the many sharp stalactites growing from the ceiling of the Dark Nether Cave began breaking, and one by one, they smashed and fell down on the cave's floor.

One of the stalactites, which was over 200 feet long, headed towards the group. At that very moment, Yolande's eyes narrowed. As if on instinct, she raised her hand. A ray of light shot out from her finger, and it instantly shattered the crashing stalactite into many little pieces.

As the whole cave shook, the root continued to roar fiercely. Five minutes passed until the cave was silent again.

Yolande then turned to the others and said in a hushed voice, "The Mad Scorpion has awoken. Be ready."

Everyone's face contorted to show confusion, fear, and uncertainty. The giant beast had been sleeping, but obviously, it was impossible for it to continue sleeping when something as huge as the root roared relentlessly.

Together, everyone turned around to look at the Mad Scorpion, and sure enough, it had already opened its eyes.

Boom!

Since the Mad Scorpion had only woken up from its long, long slumber, its eyes were still unfocused. With its huge palm, it touched the top of its head. As it did that, the Dark Nether Death Light above its head suddenly grew several times stronger. The scarlet light enveloped the entire Dark Nether Cave, brighter and stronger than even the sunlight.

"Even the fog might not be able to stop this light. If there are other warriors inside the Dark Nether Cave, I'm sure that they have been killed, " Esther quietly said, her head lowered.

Fortunately, because of the Tide of Chaos, most of the warriors had returned to the Tower of Sin. Only a small number of them wanted to take advantage of the Tide of Chaos to obtain greater chances in finding treasures inside the cave. And since they dared to take risks, they had to accept the cost that came with it, even if it was their lives.

The Mad Scorpion's huge head slowly turned around to glance at the Heavenly Immortal Root. Then it suddenly opened its huge mouth and roared back at the root.

"Aooo!"

Yolande's expression turned to fear as she said to Zen urgently, "Quick, make a deep pit!"

As the Mad Scorpion started howling, a huge hurricane formed. Luckily, the abyss was incomparably huge, and so although the hurricane had an awful lot of force, it would still take some time for it to blow over.

As soon as Yolande finished speaking, Zen and Malcom took action.

Zen used all of his strength at once, including the power of dragon scales, and Malcom also pushed himself to his limits. Nobody knew how strong the hurricane was, but they wouldn't risk being against it. While it was okay to be swept away like that, they would instantly die if they left Zen and were exposed to the Dark Nether Death Light emitting from the Mad Scorpion's head.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Under the powerful forces emitted by both Zen and Malcom, a huge crater that was more than 100 feet deep was formed. Without wasting any time, they immediately jumped into it, hoping it was enough to spare them from all the dangers of the cave.

Immediately after entering the crater, Zen and Malcom continued deepening the crater, blasting the ground with their powerful attacks.

Soon enough, they were in a pit with a depth of 300 feet.

The moment everyone was able to get to the bottom of the pit, even before all of them could catch their breath, they heard the sound of a raging wind coming from above them. The wind swept past their pit, and a great amount of dust and rocks were blown in. They hit their faces, and it felt as if there were knives cutting through them.

Fabian and the others immediately directed their life vitality to protect themselves. Rehaan was a bit too slow. As a result, the wind had left many wounds all over his body, making him an appalling sight to behold.

"Are we deep enough?" Zen screamed, looking up with a nervous expression.

They saw the edges of the pit constantly collapsing as the fierce wind danced around it. Slowly it dawned on them that the wind was trying to level the pit.

In just a few seconds, the pit that was over 300 feet deep was indeed leveled.

"Continue digging down!" Malcom shouted loudly and directed his force to the ground again.

Zen didn't stop either. The others joined the two and continued to deepen the pit.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The huge pit they were in was constantly being leveled by the strong wind, and so they kept digging downwards. They went deeper underground in hopes of avoiding the strong wind that seemed to be looking for them.

The Mad Scorpion's roar was many times louder than the one from the Heavenly Immortal Root. With just one roar, the entire Dark Nether Cave was thrown into chaos.

On the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin, Teresa from the Demon Night had just come out of the Talent Tablet. After accepting the test of the Talent Tablet, her talent had reached the third row. This result was quite outstanding, considering she was a member of the Demon Night.

Currently, in the Tower of Sin, she was the one with the best results among the members of her race. However, there wasn't the slightest bit of happiness on her face. On the contrary, there was only endless loneliness and fear.

When she had first entered the Tower of Sin, she had solemnly vowed to challenge and defeat Zen. However, Zen's golden name, like a big mouth, mocked her for overestimating her abilities.

She had realized that she had no right to treat Zen as her opponent.

Teresa gritted her teeth as she continued walking towards the arena with her weapon in hand. Never in her life did she concede. Even if Zen's talent was far greater than hers, she would still put in ten times the effort to try and defeat him. 'One day, ' she thought, 'I will surpass you, Zen.'

Now that Zen, who had improved rapidly and massively and had already climbed up to the 14th floor, was inside the Dark Nether Cave, she didn't have the chance to challenge him anymore.

Just as Teresa was about to enter the arena, a violent vibration came from beneath her feet, followed by a deep roar. It was a roar that came from underground.

The creatures of many races looked at each other with nervous expressions.

They were well aware that underneath the Tower of Sin, or perhaps the entire Cursed Land, was the Dark Nether Cave. However, they didn't know who let out such a loud roar.

Could it be that some monster was approaching the Tower of Sin?

"W-what kind of monster is that? It makes such a loud noise. My god!"

"The people who entered the Dark Nether Cave must be in trouble now. It seems that there's something strange going on in the cave!"

"You have no idea. Due to the Tide of Chaos recently, most of the top-level war lords have retreated, and only a small portion of them are still in the cave."

"I heard that Zen and Esther from the Demon Night haven't returned! Looks like they're going to die in there!"

The intense roar lasted for a long time, and the entire Tower of Sin continued trembling.

Besides those in the Tower of Sin, people throughout the Cursed Land heard the roar as well. Two hours later, the roar had even spread throughout the entire Sea God Continent.

In the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, the purple clad Amber stood on the top of the huge holy tree. Her sharp ears were alert, listening for more. When the violent roar spread from underground, the holy tree of the Demon Night started to tremble.

The holy tree had a soul. It uneasily confided its fear to Amber. At that moment, all the living beings in the sacred place of the Demon Night were terrified. It was as if the end of the world was drawing nigh.

"Don't be afraid. Take it easy." Amber gently caressed the tree, communicating with it in a soft voice to soothe its trembling heart.

Apart from the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, the Purple Heart Sacred Place of the human race, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place of the ogres, the Eternal Night Sacred Place of the Night Group, and all the living creatures in the sacred places of the various races were all filled with unease and fear.

A full two thousand feet!

Within a short period of time, Zen and Malcom had repeatedly hammered the ground and they had dug a huge pit that was two thousand feet deep. The rocks and mud that had accumulated overhead almost buried them.

However, even though they were hiding in such a deep pit, it did not lessen the unease in their hearts. The roar was simply too dreadful.

After a long time, the roar gradually faded away. Because of the long distance, the gale above their heads gradually dissipated. After making sure that it was already safe, everyone started moving the rocks and soil above their heads away and slowly made their way out of the pit.

Chapter 936 Swallowed By The Mad Scorpion

The interaction between the Mad Scorpion and the Heavenly Immortal Root created strong gales that blew away more than a thousand feet in depth of soil surrounding the chasm.

With the onslaught of the strong gales, the two-thousand-feet-deep pit that Zen and his companions had dug turned useless as it only seemed to be like a hundred or so feet against the raging force.

The group couldn't keep still, so all of them began climbing out of the pit as their hearts pounded wildly. As soon as they slightly emerged out of the pit, they felt their limbs shake as they took in that chaotic scene.

In great apprehension, they watched the intense battle unfolding above the abyss. They seemed to be musing in unison that being able to survive this kind of havoc was indeed a blessing!

The Mad Scorpion wildly roared as it rushed straight towards the Heavenly Immortal Root, which was equally savage. Nevertheless, the terrifying and earsplitting sound the Mad Scorpion grumbled did not cause any damage to the Heavenly Immortal Root. Instead, the latter quickly twisted its enormous root, which was as thick as a mountain, and brandished its ugly head to charge aggressively towards the Mad Scorpion.

Bang!

A booming sound soon reverberated in the air! That Mad Scorpion's physical attributes were a bit deceiving. It looked huge, creating an impression of being slow and sluggish, but its movements were surprisingly agile.

Just as the Heavenly Immortal Root reached its head over, the Mad Scorpion's pincer landed on its hideous head with so much precision as a counterattack. The sound of this slap was like hundreds of thunderclaps exploding at the same time.

On the other hand, Zen and the others could only temporarily shut off their hearings with their skills. Otherwise, the sound of the slap would surely damage their hearing abilities.

Roar!

After being assailed, the Heavenly Immortal Root turned its head again as if nothing happened and continued to rush towards its opponent. But then another attack from the Mad Scorpion followed.

That slap was so terrifyingly powerful that if it landed on the Sea God Continent, it would surely destroy even a mountain range.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

After a series of continuous slaps, the incomparably ferocious Heavenly Immortal Root finally succumbed to its defeat against the Mad Scorpion.

Lavender glanced at Zen and told him with her life vitality, "The Heavenly Immortal Root is nothing but only a type of vegetable."

"Vegetable?" Zen's eyes were fixated on the battle between the giant monsters as he repeated it in a daze.

"Right. It's a type of vegetable used to feed super legendary beasts. If you don't believe me, you can ask the cyan dragon in your mind," Lavender said with a smile.

Zen was indeed a bit curious, so he asked, "Man, is that so?"

"Don't listen to her nonsense! You know, strong warriors like me don't need to eat anything." The cyan dragon, however, wasn't willing to admit it.

"But you needed to eat before you became strong. What did you eat then?" Zen teasingly asked. He could tell that the cyan dragon didn't want to admit it.

"I didn't eat it before!" The cyan dragon chuckled and denied it. "The Genuine Dragon World is rich in resources. Although the Heavenly Immortal Root is nutritious, its taste is horrible. Only the Mad Scorpion can endure that peculiar taste. We Genuine Dragons would never eat it. It looks so hideous!"

The sizes of an ordinary legendary beast and the flood dragon puppet, which was seen by Zen previously, were almost the same. And this was considered normal. On the contrary, a super legendary beast could grow as large as a continent. And that would mean food must be in abundance!

Super legendary beasts could prey on each other. But none of them was weak. Besides, they were only a minority. As a result, even though they were all on top of the food chain, food was still scarce for them. They could hardly find sustenance to make them strong enough and to reach the stage where they didn't need to eat anything.

As a result, most super legendary beasts relied on vegetables to grow up.

Such a huge Heavenly Immortal Root was one of the food for these huge fierce beasts.

Soon, the Heavenly Immortal Root was subdued by the Mad Scorpion. The Mad Scorpion stretched out its claws, strangled the root, and opened its huge mouth.

"What do we do now?" Zen looked expectantly at Yolande, waiting for her answer.

Everyone stared pitifully at Yolande. They were also frightened by what was happening in front of them. Even though Fabian, Esther, and the others had gone through the cultivation of the Gate of Samsara, their emotions were still in disarray now. Such fight between the Mad Scorpion and the Heavenly Immortal Root was just too horrifying and appalling!

Yolande had agreed in her own accord to lead everyone out of the fog, but they didn't expect her to take them to such a dangerous place. What was going on? They had no idea at all.

"Everyone, grab Zen!" Yolande stretched out her hands nimbly and seized hold of Zen.

Not understanding the meaning behind her words, Zen wore a strange expression as he gazed at Yolande.

The others didn't understand either, but they still followed Yolande's orders hastily as if it was a conditioned reflex.

Esther also stretched out her hands and clutched Zen's arm. The other top-level war lords also quickly grabbed hold of him.

Malcom's reaction wasn't slow either as he clasped Zen's neck.

"Hey, hey!" Zen felt uncomfortable being firmly grasped by them like this, but his resistance was useless. The others continued to clasp him tightly as if they would lose their lives once they let him go.

Rehaan was the last to react. When he started moving, Zen had already been tightly encircled by everyone, and there was no place on Zen for him to grab anymore. Without any other choice, he could only hug Malcom tightly. If he couldn't get hold of Zen, then clinging to Malcom was also a choice.

Lavender directly stuffed the long spear into Zen's space ring, then immediately transformed into small light spots and flew into Zen's body.

Soon after they were all ready, they heard the sound of the wind blowing.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

A huge attraction force was released from the Mad Scorpion's mouth.

Like the gales they had just experienced, they could not resist this attractive force. It was way beyond their abilities.

In the blink of an eye, everyone's feet left the ground, and they were directly pulled towards the sky above the chasm. Everyone held onto Zen tightly as they rolled around in the air and flew towards the Mad Scorpion's mouth.

"What's going on?"

Malcom was shocked and furious. He roared at Yolande angrily. He had never expected that she would have them be sucked into the Mad Scorpion's mouth. Wasn't this courting death?

"Yolande, what is going on?" Even Esther, who had always been calm, had a long face right now.

If they only had continued to dig underground and hid in the pit, they could have completely avoided being sucked into the Mad Scorpion's mouth. If the Mad Scorpion swallowed them in one gulp, they would be dead for sure.

Fabian also cried out with a sad face, "We're dead for sure this time. Yolande, didn't you say you'd take us out of the fog? Why are we going to be sucked into that monster's mouth?"

Yolande blinked her eyes. At the questioning of the crowd, her expression did not change at all. Instead, she said indifferently, "If you want to leave the fog, you must enter its mouth. I did nothing wrong. It is my plan."

"Can you at least tell us first?" Jarrod said with a conflicted expression as he tightly hugged Zen's arm.

"There's no need for that. If you do what I tell you, you might not die. But if you don't do what I tell you, you will definitely die!" Yolande blinked and turned her head to the side, sniffing Zen's chest. She still had time to smell Zen's scent! What a crazy woman!

"Hey, guys. Can you be gentler? My bones are about to break!" Zen interjected with a bitter smile.

How could they be willing to listen to Zen? As soon as they let him go, they would immediately be shot to death by the Dark Nether Death Light. So naturally, everyone held onto Zen tightly for their dear lives! The group danced and dangled in the air, quickly revolving and being sucked into the Mad Scorpion's big mouth. They felt dreadful as they witnessed the Heavenly Immortal Root being sucked into its big mouth, piece by piece.

For the Heavenly Immortal Root, the Mad Scorpion's mouth could be called simply as a mouth. However, to Zen and the others, it was like a huge cave that was tens of thousands of feet high. Even if ten mountain ranges were placed side by side, they could still be stuffed easily into the mouth of the Mad Scorpion.

As far as the Mad Scorpion was concerned, Zen's group could not even be considered ants or dust. They were merely close to nothingness. It was more likely that they didn't exist in the Mad Scorpion's line of sight.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A few ten feet wide boulders were also sucked over by the Mad Scorpion. Some of the boulders directly smashed into Zen and the others. However, before the boulders could hit them, they were immediately broken by Yolande's and the others' attacks.

After flying above the chasm for a while, they were eventually pulled inside the Mad Scorpion's mouth. At that precise moment, the life vitality within everyone's body suddenly disappeared strangely. As for Malcom and Rehaan, their expressions changed greatly. The forceful energy within their bodies had also vanished!

Zen, who possessed both the life vitality and the forceful energy, found himself in the same situation. Whether it was life vitality or forceful energy, both faded without a trace at the same time.

Earlier, when they were constantly being tossed around in the sky, they were still able to rely on their life vitality or forceful energy to stabilize their bodies. But now, their life vitality or forceful energy had strangely disappeared. They soon found themselves suddenly being blown around by the turbulent winds, falling heavily into the darkness.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 937 The World Within The Mad Scorpion's Body

Malcom and Esther had always been relying on their life vitality or forceful energy to be strong and powerful.

Now that they had lost these things, their main bodies were only slightly stronger than ordinary creatures, so as they fell and hit other objects in the darkness, they became dizzy from the impact just like everyone else.

And since the crab ornament on Zen's chest couldn't be nourished by his life vitality, the orange barrier of light around it had completely disappeared.

Luckily, the Dark Nether Death Light that had shot out of the Mad Scorpion's head didn't reach them. Otherwise, everyone would have been killed instantly by the red light.

The crowd could no longer hold onto Zen's body as they continued to roll down and scatter.

The size of the inside of this gigantic beast far exceeded everyone's imagination.

Since the Mad Scorpion lay at the edge of the abyss, no one knew the length of its body. Its huge body extended all the way to the darkness below, but the part of its body that everyone could see above the abyss was already indescribably huge, like the ominous tip of an iceberg.

Zen was still fine. Although he had collided with something along the way, his body was more solid than everything else. The giant rock that had been sucked into the Mad Scorpion's stomach hit Zen, but Zen remained unharmed. In fact, the rock was smashed into a thousand pieces instead.

On the other hand, everyone else was in danger. Since Esther, Fabian, and the others couldn't activate their life vitality, they didn't have anything to protect them. In this situation, even a small rock that was thrown at them could cause them to bleed.

It was fortunate that the inner walls of the Mad Scorpion were soft. Otherwise, just bumping about along the inside of the Mad Scorpion's body would be enough to kill them.

When they finally hit a surface, they crawled there in the darkness for over ten minutes. Esther let out a muffled sound and they all fell back and forth until they reached the bottom. After passing through the dark passage, they were surprised to discover that there was a magical light in the Mad Scorpion's stomach.

But Zen was the only one who was in the mood to inspect their surroundings.

Except for Zen and Yolande, everyone was injured. Esther was the most severely injured one, with several wounds on her body and a portion of her clothes stained red with blood.

Even Malcom and Rehaan, who were physically strong, were injured. Rehaan was practically limping as he crawled up from the ground, and Malcom's face was swollen to the point of looking comical.

On the other hand, Fabian and Jarrod looked fine and didn't seem to be seriously injured.

Anyway, serious physical injuries were nothing to a warrior and were considered minor flesh wounds. All of them took out healing medicines and swallowed them.

Then, they joined Zen and Yolande in examining their surroundings.

The environment inside the Mad Scorpion's stomach was far beyond Zen's expectations. It seemed as large and spacious as the Dark Nether Cave, but in the end, it was still a cave. If they flew upward, they would touch the wall of the cave.

So even though the cave was huge, it seemed cramped and suffocating. The dusky, yellow environment constantly reminded the warriors that they were still in a cave. However, this cave was so large that it took up a considerable portion of the entire Sea God Continent.

Of course, it was still smaller than the Dark Nether Cave. After all, the Mad Scorpion itself was just a part of the Dark Nether Cave.

Nevertheless, the cave seemed to be endless. Even the sky seemed blue. This was a completely different world! Moreover, they could see tall mountains, rivers, and plants. When they looked at this space from afar, it seemed no different from the boundless great worlds.

"Why is there such a world inside the Mad Scorpion's belly?" Zen asked in surprise.

Yolande nodded. "Yes, this is the small world within the Mad Scorpion's belly."

"It has a small world inside its body?" Zen asked in astonishment. Zen had been to the small world at the top of the Tower of Sin and discovered that he could freely create the environment inside it. In fact, there was a chance that the one hundred and twenty-eight small worlds there had been created by the original owner of the Tower of Sin.

At this moment, Esther changed her clothes. After she took care of her wounds, she walked over and said, "It is said that after a warrior reaches the Soul Sea Realm, the life vitality within his body will turn into a sea shrouded in a hazy life vitality fog and will form a world. That is why it's called the Soul Sea Realm. But the body of the Soul Sea Realm warrior won't be able to create lands and creatures. It's only when a warrior reaches a higher level that he'll be able to create a world where creatures can be born and even cultivate..."

Yolande nodded again. "Indeed. Some of the masters of the Upper World have small worlds in their bodies which contain their own kingdoms. There are tens of millions of living beings within them. There are even wars between those living beings."

Zen was amazed by what he was hearing. A warrior's body could form a world? The creatures within that world could cultivate too?

At the thought of this, Zen suddenly had a flash of enlightenment. He thought of the entire universe and wondered whether the numerous great worlds were also inside the body of some living being. He immediately asked Yolande about this.

Before Yolande could say anything, Lavender appeared from within Zen's body. She smiled and replied, "No one can answer this question!"

"Why?" Zen asked curiously.

"We've been trying to figure out the answer to your question for millions of years, but no one has been able to solve it," Lavender said, shaking her head.

Zen nodded in understanding. If he'd been able to think about this matter, it went without saying that the supreme masters in the Upper World would have also thought about it. Some warriors had already guessed that after they reached the Soul Sea Realm, their bodies would be able to form their own Soul Sea, and that once their cultivation increased, their Soul Sea would slowly expand. Then, sky, earth, and even living beings would gradually appear inside it. In the same way, the whole universe might also be inside the body of some creature.

It was a pity that no one in the Upper World could reach the exit of the universe even though countless warriors had explored it. Some warriors thought that it was a stupid hypothesis and that there was no exit to the universe.

"That's not the matter we have to care about right now. Yolande, what should we do next?" Malcom asked with an unfriendly expression, striding over to Yolande.

In this small world, life vitality and forceful energy were prohibited, so they all could only rely on their own physical body. The pair of black wings on

Malcom's back had already disappeared. It was obvious that he was feeling defenseless and on edge.

However, Yolande just ignored Malcom's words and coldly uttered, "Follow me."

Malcom didn't have the patience to do so. He stretched out his large hands toward Yolande, but just as he reached out, Yolande, who was wearing a pair of clogs, shook her body and leaped onto Malcom's bulky arm.

Taking two steps forward on his arm, she wrapped her arms around Malcom's forearm and fiercely pressed down on it, taking advantage of her full body weight.

Crack!

Everyone heard the sound of a bone cracking. Malcom let out a miserable scream as his thick arm became limp and tilted to one side.

Rehaan was startled. Just as he was about to charge over, Yolande jumped down from Malcom's arm. Her petite figure was in stark contrast to Malcom's massive body. She gave Rehaan a cold look and said, "If you want to leave this place and return to the tower alive, don't talk rubbish!"

She had shocked everyone by breaking Malcom's arm with a mere twist.

No matter how powerful she was, she was still a tenth-level war general. But now, she had broken Malcom's arm with just one strike.

Yolande didn't care about the gazes of the surrounding warriors. She walked forward alone, while Malcom, dragging his broken arm, took out a pill from his pocket and swallowed it. Even if the healing medicine's effect was really good, it would still take a few days for his broken arm to be completely healed.

Zen's eyes lit up as a thought struck him.

After entering the belly of the giant beast, no one could rely on their life vitality and forceful energy. In that case, only the lowest-level martial skills could truly work there.

What Yolande had just used was contortion, the most common martial art of an ordinary warrior. Even if Yolande's strength was far inferior to Malcom's, she had been able to easily break Malcom's arm with her technique.

Chapter 938 The Murderous Rats

Malcom didn't say anything. He could still rely on his strength to keep him safe inside the Dark Nether Cave.

However, with his forceful energy being completely blocked, he couldn't exert his strength to the full. Now, there was nothing he could do except for keeping his chin up.

The land ahead of them was empty. There was nothing there but some withered shrubs.

However, this didn't mean that they dared relax their vigilance. They were afraid that some demonic beasts or monsters might suddenly appear and pounce on them.

The group followed closely behind Yolande. However, Lavender, in her incorporeal form, was floating next to Zen. As his sword spirit she had no weight at all. Although some unknown power in this world had restrained everyone's life vitality and forceful energy, it only exerted a minimal influence on Lavender.

While everyone was walking forward, Yolande's footsteps suddenly slowed and eventually stopped

"What is it?" Esther asked in alarm, her hand going to the small knife which she carried.

The warriors who had lost their life vitality were like tigers with their teeth pulled out. If they were confronted by some fierce beasts, they would not be able to fend off their attacks.

Yolande's gaze was fixed on a place not far ahead of them. Behind a pile of grass a fat, innocent-looking rat had stuck its head out. Its two soybean-sized eyes cautiously measured Zen and his companions. Its whiskers trembled in the air as it regarded them.

"It's just a rat," Malcom sneered trying to brush past them to continue walking.

"Be careful of those Murderous Rats!" Yolande warned seriously, restraining him with a raised arm.

"What?!"

Given all that had happened, everyone was jumpy and scared of everything around them. Besides, during this adventure, they had come to know Yolande better. If it wasn't extremely dangerous, she wouldn't raise the alarm at all.

They all looked around vigilantly. Fabian and Jarrod had even drawn their swords to prepare for any possible enemy attack.

"There are many more of those rats." Fabian saw that three to four rats were lurking behind each and every clump of grass up ahead.

"Just some rats, not something you should worry about," Jarrod said while shaking his head in denial of the seriousness of the situation.

"They're coming," Yolande warned again.

Just then, everyone heard a squeaking sound. It was abnormally sharp and with very rhythmic variation in the sound, it seemed as if it was some form of communication.

Hearing this squeaking sound, the innocent-looking rats seemed to grow restless. Their bean-sized black eyes were now glistening with ferocious luster. Their hair stood on end and appeared as sharp as needles.

The rats were squeaking with excitement.

Then, more of the Murderous Rats rushed out of their caves, and in the blink of an eye, the ground was full of them, crawling, running, and squeaking.

Some of them were already rushing towards Zen, intent on devouring him alive!

"Hump, those rats are so bold!" Malcom said and took two steps forward. Though one of his arms had been broken by Yolande, he could still try to scatter the rats by swinging his good arm. He lifted his foot and tried to kick them away.

Malcom was wearing steel boots made of black iron. Given his massive body, even if he didn't use his forceful energy, he could still create a hole with just one kick of his leg.

"Boom!"

These Murderous Rats were however abnormally agile, and Malcom's kicks all missed.

The five to six Murderous Rats dispersed quickly and scurried onto Malcom. Some of them even wormed their way into his armor and began to gnaw through his flesh!

Malcom felt the sharp pain as their teeth sank into his skin, and he tried his best to endure the agony while cursing in rage. He reached out his hand to slap at them as they crawled over his body, and finally caught a Murderous Rat. He slammed the creature onto the ground heavily, turning it into a bloody mess under his heel.

There was nothing special about these rats, except for them being annoyingly agile.

However, more and more Murderous Rats were coming out of their nearby caves. If any of these warriors had been capable of using his or her life vitality, those rats would have been wiped out completely in mere seconds.

Now, they all grew increasingly desperate.

"Get out of here. Stay and we'll all die," Esther said as a rotating wheel appeared in her hand. The rotating wheel ruthlessly slaughtered the rats which dared come near her.

"Let's go!" Fabian raised his sword, and it effectively pierced through dozens of Murderous Rats as he stabbed out with it.

Seizing the opportunity, the warriors ran forward as quickly as possible. However, Malcom and Rehaan could only move slowly. Both of them wore heavy suits of armor which they had spent a great deal of money refining. Although wearing this armor could enhance the wearer's defense against attack by most enemies, the suits also hindered their mobility and agility. They were basically reduced to great lumbering metal plates.

Without using their life vitality, the other warriors could still move quickly. After all, their bodies were enhanced as they had entered the nature level.

Now, the open field had been filled with hundreds of those Murderous Rats. They were coming out of the caves by the dozen and they seemed to be unstoppable. Trapped and surrounded by these Murderous Rats, a warrior might soon be torn apart by them!

"Whoosh!"

Zen's long sword lashed out at the rats, and dozens of them were instantly halved. However, hundreds of rats appeared on Zen's left flank, forming into dark waves and coming at him with ferocious determination.

Before he could respond, he was engulfed by thousands of rats. They packed all over his body, knocking him off from his feet.

"Zen!" Fabian and Jarrod were greatly frightened by the sight of Zen being taken down.

Yolande frowned, but didn't move or go to Zen's rescue.

Being surrounded and attacked by hundreds of rats, Esther couldn't get away or move to help Zen.

Malcom and Rehaan were being badly bitten by the Murderous Rats, despite them being strong and tall. They tried to push forward, stamped their feet and shook their arms to get the rats off their bodies.

Malcom grinned when he saw Zen fall down under the attack of the Murderous Rats. He had really wanted to kill Zen, despite them being in the same boat, but he hadn't been able to find an opportunity to murder him. If Zen was bitten to death by these disgusting creatures, then that would be more than satisfactory for Malcom.

Lavender, floating near Zen, stabbed at a rat with her long spear. She blinked then, and a faint smile appeared on her face. Suddenly Zen's dangerous situation didn't seem to bother her at all.

This damned place had really restricted these warriors' life vitality and forceful energy. However, Lavender knew the secrets of Zen's body. Even those common fairy weapons hadn't been able to leave a mark on Zen's body, and these insignificant and disgusting rats were no threat to his safety either.

The number of Murderous Rats pouncing on Zen had increased quickly, and he was soon completely engulfed by these creatures. As seconds passed by, the small hill forming over Zen became larger and larger. Soon it was a small mountain of rats which covered him!

"Go get Zen!" Even now, Fabian couldn't forget his mission. After killing dozens of Murderous Rats, he rushed over to Zen, followed closely by Jarrod.

Before he could reach Zen, Lavender's long spear stretched before him and barred his path.

"What are you doing? If we don't save him now, there'll be nothing left of him!" Fabian asked anxiously, his face filled with confusion. He knew that Lavender was Zen's sword spirit, and if he was killed, she wouldn't live either. However, Lavender looked relaxed, bored even, and not at all concerned about Zen's safety.

Lavender answered indifferently, "Don't worry, he's fine!"

Just as she finished speaking, they saw the Murderous Rats which were gnawing at Zen's body started to scatter in all directions. Then, they heard a muffled sound coming from where Zen was trapped.

"Boom!"

The thousands of rats on Zen's body were all sent flying into the air at the same time, falling in all directions. Their bodies were crushed and they went limp.

Zen just stood there, in the nude, as his clothes had been torn apart by the rats. His body was barely bruised or hurt!

Yolande stared at his naked body and blinked, wondering how could he have succeeded in resisting those disgusting rats. Meanwhile, Esther and Lavender looked at Zen boldly. Since females enjoyed superior status to males in the Demon Night, his naked body didn't make them blush with embarrassment at all.

However, Zen's face had turned a bright red. Those rats had really embarrassed him! He hurriedly took a suit of clothes from his space ring which he donned while trying to avoid all the eyes which were focused on him.

Chapter 939 Green-skinned Creature

Although Zen couldn't use the forceful energy and life vitality in this place, he could still rely on the power of the dragon scales inside his body.

He had only used the power of over a hundred dragon scales, but the force of the huge vibration had instantly killed all the Murderous Rats that were attached to him!

For Esther, Fabian, and some of the others, these Murderous Rats might have been troublesome to deal with. But for Zen, they hadn't even been a threat. They couldn't cause him any harm.

Facing this group of Murderous Rats, everyone fought valiantly as they walked forward, forcefully slashing a path painted by blood.

At this moment, the sound of banging drums suddenly came from the distant wilderness.

Bang, bang, bang...

When the drumming sound began to ring out, Zen and the others heard a squeaking noise.

As the noise echoed in the air, all the Murderous Rats that were charging toward Zen and the others suddenly dispersed, fleeing in all directions. They crawled into the ground and disappeared in an instant!

"That squeaking sound might be from the king of these Murderous Rats," Zen said as he looked at the corpses of the Murderous Rats scattered around on the ground behind him like a long, dark line trailing behind.

Moments later, dozens of black shadows rushed toward Zen from the sky above the wilderness.

From this distance, the other warriors with Zen weren't able to see what they were clearly. A green film of light appeared over Zen's eyes. His brows knitted together as he discerned the shadowy figures using his magic vision. "These things are able to fly in the air!"

The creatures flying in the air were neither humans nor ogres, much less members of the Demon Night. Zen had never seen such creatures before. They were covered in a layer of green scales and all held a long spear in their hands. In an instant, they surrounded the group of warriors.

The creature in the lead glanced at the group of warriors before raising his long spear in the air and staring at Zen from above. He uttered words in a strange language that none of the warriors had heard before.

Zen and the others looked at one another with confusion written all over their faces. They didn't dare to make a move.

Now, it seemed that in this small world where life vitality and forceful energy were forbidden, there might exist other cultivation methods that Zen and the others were unaware of.

"What are they?" Fabian asked with a frown.

Esther shook her head. "Perhaps they're the aboriginals of this world."

"What should we do now? It seems that... they want to attack us," Malcom said in a muffled voice. Just now, he had suffered a lot of attacks from the Murderous Rats. From the moment he'd entered into the Mad Scorpion's body, he had been constantly suffering setbacks!

"Why should we feel afraid? If they dare to attack us, we'll fight them to the death!" Rehaan glared at the creatures in the sky as he spoke.

Hearing this, everyone immediately stared at Rehaan as though they were looking at an idiot.

These creatures didn't seem to be very strong in terms of cultivation level, but their cultivation systems were completely different. The truth was, the warriors had no idea what the strength level of these creatures was, but the mere fact that they could fly in the sky already left the warriors at a disadvantage.

At this moment, the green-skinned creature in the lead suddenly stopped speaking. He raised his big ears and listened carefully for a while.

Everyone wondered what the green-skinned creature was doing. Then, they saw him brandishing his spear toward the ground. A wave of formless energy burst out from his spear and tore the ground apart!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

A ten-feet wide crack instantly appeared on the ground. As the crack extended into the distance and reached the end of this place, there was a violent explosion.

Bam!

The impact of the explosion immediately flung dirt up into the air. From the crack, a brownish-yellow Murderous Rat shot out.

Joy appeared on the face of the green-skinned creature when he saw the Murderous Rat. He instantly rushed toward the Murderous Rat and grabbed it firmly in his hand. No matter how much the Murderous Rat wriggled and struggled in his hand, it wasn't able to break free of his grasp.

"This Murderous Rat is probably the king of the group of Murderous Rats that attacked us," Zen said with furrowed eyebrows as he watched the green-skinned creature seize the rat king in his hand.

"Well, yes. And this Murderous Rat king probably ordered the other Murderous Rats to attack us," Fabian said, nodding.

But right now, their focus wasn't on the Murderous Rat king but on the green-skinned creature. His astonishing demonstration of power shocked everyone.

If they could all still use their life vitality, or even their forceful energy, then every single one of them could easily achieve what the green-skinned creature had done. It wouldn't be difficult for them to launch a strike ten times stronger than that.

But in this situation where they couldn't use their life vitality, even Esther and Fabian couldn't do what the green-skinned creature had done. It was only after witnessing this scene that Rehaan realized how naive he had been to think of fighting with the green-skinned creatures.

Zen was also silent and grim-faced. Even though he couldn't use his life vitality and forceful energy, he still had his own tough body and brute force to rely on. If he had to fight with these green-skinned creatures, he'd still have a chance of winning. His only worry was that this group of green-skinned creatures were merely the vanguard and that there might be more powerful ones to come.

After the green-skinned creature caught the Murderous Rat king, he started chatting with the other green-skinned creatures. When they finished their conversation, they looked at the group of warriors with a murderous expression.

Of course, all the warriors noticed the murderous expression on their faces. They all immediately understood that they were going to fight. They weren't timid warriors who would just stand there and wait for their deaths. When it was time to fight, they would go all out without the slightest bit of hesitation. All of them turned vigilant.

As for Zen, his hand was ready on his space ring. The moment the opponents made a move, he would take out the broken flying knife from his space ring. He was confident that even if he used brute force to shoot the flying knife, he could instantly kill one or two green-skinned creatures!

Suddenly, Yolande raised her head and murmured something in an unknown language.

Everyone was shocked when they heard the words that came out of Yolande's mouth. They'd never imagined that one of them would be able to speak the language of these green-skinned creatures.

The green-skinned creatures were equally astonished to hear Yolande's words. They exchanged puzzled glances with one another before one of them turned to Yolande and replied in their language.

Yolande spoke again, but this time, she seemed to be arguing with the green-skinned creature about something.

The green-skinned creature who was speaking to Yolande went silent for a while. Then, he took out a large net from his back and threw it toward the group.

Everyone was about to rush away to avoid getting caught in the net when they heard Yolande say, "Don't move!"

"What do you mean?" Esther asked, frowning.

They were all getting more and more impatient with Yolande. She kept putting them in increasingly dangerous situations.

"I've persuaded them not to kill us, but they want to keep us as captives," Yolande replied.

"But what will happen after they capture us?" Fabian asked.

By then, they were all already trapped inside the large net.

However, even though this large net had trapped Zen and the others, it couldn't trap Lavender. She easily escaped from the net.

One of the green-skinned creatures pointed at Lavender and said something. Lavender blinked her eyes. She was short-tempered and didn't hesitate to raise her spear at them. But before she could attack, Yolande said, "Lavender, stop."

"Why? I don't have to listen to you." Lavender hadn't liked Yolande from the start, so she didn't want to listen to her now.

"If you want Zen to leave this place safe and sound, you must listen to me," Yolande said firmly.

The moment Lavender heard this, she immediately paused. Of course she didn't want Zen to be trapped here for the rest of his life. In the end, she threw the long spear into the space ring that hung on Zen's chest. Then, she turned into a dot of red light and whirled into Zen's body.

This had caught the attention of the green-skinned creatures. They were all staring greedily at the space ring on Zen's chest. However, they didn't move toward it.

The green-skinned creatures in the sky each pulled a rope and lifted up the large net. All the warriors were dragged up into the air. This large net seemed to be woven with special golden silk which couldn't be damaged by an ordinary sword. And given that everyone was tightly bound by the large net, it was almost impossible for them to break free.

"Now that they're taking us back to their lair, we're completely at their mercy. They can kill us whenever they want!" Jarrod exclaimed angrily.

"Yolande, you said that you had a way to get us out of the fog, so what's this? We're doomed now," Esther added.

Malcom remained silent. Yolander had broken his arm earlier, so he didn't dare to say anything now.

Yolande sneered. "You were trapped in the fog and you would eventually be pulled into the abyss by the Fog Array. Without me, you would have already died."

No one dared to utter a sound hearing this.

Chapter 940 Three Powers

Being outside the Mad Scorpion's body didn't mean they could get rid of the fog, Yolande was right about this. No matter how much they tried to move, they were taken to the abyss.

All of them figured that they were unable to fight against the Dark Nether Death Light. If it had not been for the crab-shaped ornament on Zen's chest, all of them could have already been killed by the light.

During such a threatening situation, they could only follow Yolande's advice.

"What are these green-skinned creatures?"

Zen asked, his curiosity evident on his face.

"Esther guessed right. They are the aboriginals of this world," Yolande replied.

"But why would they want to kill us?"

Zen asked again.

"They live inside the Mad Scorpion's body, and it's these aboriginals' duty to kill any intruders," Yolande answered.

"What did you say that changed their minds?"

Zen asked, glancing towards Yolande with a serious look on his face.

"You'll get your answer very soon," she said, avoiding making any more statements.

Even though they were trapped inside that vast net, they still moved forward. Quick on their feet, they passed along many rivers and mountains beneath them on their journey.

The world inside the Mad Scorpion's body was more extensive than they had initially thought. Flying through the place took them two hours. Suddenly, they found a wooden wall standing right before them. Hundreds of sharp wooden sticks stood erect, serving as a defense for the city inside. It was a city that was built by those green-skinned creatures.

Green-skinned guards surrounded the wooden wall, pacing back and forth for any strange movements and noises that might pose a threat. Some of them pulled the net, causing it to fly over the wall and land on a corner where a prison with iron fences stood.

After unwrapping the large net where Zen and the others were trapped, the green-skinned creatures raised their spears towards him and his companions. One of them pointed a finger at the door of the prison and urged them to walk inside.

They all looked at Yolande. She blinked her eyes a few times, signaling that it was safe for them inside the prison. Taking the lead, they all walked to the door. The others followed closely behind her.

Before Zen could even enter the prison, a green-skinned creature raised a spear to block his path. The creature also said some gibberish that Zen didn't understand.

Looking down on his chest, Zen saw that the tip of the spear was pointed straight at the space ring on his chest. Greed was painted all over the green-skinned creature's face.

Even though Zen didn't have a clue about what the creature was saying, he knew exactly what he wanted from him. It was the space ring on his chest.

All of Zen's treasures and wealth were stored inside the space ring, including a large amount of heavenly essence. He even put the crab-shaped treasure which he used to resist the Dark Nether Death Light into that space ring. In addition, this space ring was given to him by Letitia. How could he give it up to a stranger that easily?

A morose look glinted on all the warriors' faces. That crab-shaped treasure was essential to their safety and survival. Without it to protect them from the Dark Nether Death Light, there was no chance of them getting out safe and sound. The moment they left the Mad Scorpion's body, they could instantly be killed by the Dark Nether Death Light.

Letting a stranger rob them of something so important was out of the picture.

"Don't you give it to him,"

Esther snapped, looking straight into Zen's eyes.

All of them had put on their savage faces. If that green-skinned creature insisted on taking the space ring from Zen, they had no other choice but to fight. Even if they weren't able to utilize their life vitality at that moment, they were certain that their physical strength would suffice.

The passivity that Zen was showing at that time annoyed the green-skinned creature beyond belief. He groaned in his unique language and then reached out his hand, trying to take the space ring by himself. Clenching his fists, Zen inhibited himself from punching him in the face. He knew quite well that he could've knocked that guard in just one move.

To break the silence, Yolande said softly, "Zen, just surrender your space ring and do as you're told."

"But…" Zen scowled. It wasn't that he didn't trust Yolande. Perhaps the good impression she left Zen was able to convince him that she was probably right. To obtain the inheritance, he must agree with her and give his space ring up.

But the ring was of utmost importance to Zen. It devastated him to think that he was just going to let someone take it.

"We'll get it back. Trust me on this," Yolande reassured him. "On top of that, those guards don't even know how to open it! Just trust me, please!"

Hearing Yolande's words, Zen contemplated on whether or not he was going to hand over the space ring. Deep inside, he really wanted to fight back. However, he made a compromise and decided on it. He pulled the space ring off his neck and handed it to the greedy guard.

The green-skinned creature mumbled something and a sly smile appeared on his face.

After he angrily squinted at the guard, he turned his back and entered the prison. The intention of killing him was constantly growing in Zen's heart. Upon Zen entering the cell, the gates closed behind him with a loud bang. Turning to Yolande, Zen glared, "No matter what your reason is behind all this, you have to give me an explanation right now!"

Everyone looked at Yolande. They followed her advice all the way into that prison even if none of them wanted to be taken into captivity.

Then, Yolande replied cautiously, "The inheritance you are looking for is hidden in the world inside the Mad Scorpion's body."

"And then?"

Zen wasn't at all surprised by that, nor was he satisfied with Yolande's answer. He wasn't a fool.

Closing her eyes, she thought for a moment before continuing, "Just as you thought, the entire Dark Nether Cave was involved with the conflicts between two Supreme Lords. Actually, they were fighting for a fragment."

"Supreme Lords?"

Zen's eyes gleamed upon hearing so.

It was because of the Transcendent Divine Might inherited by the red dragon that Zen first heard of the Supreme Lord. A Supreme Lord called Lord Star created the Stellar Body. He must have mastered unimaginably formidable strength and power to make the Transcendent Divine Might.

Even in the Upper World, there weren't many Supreme Lords.

Yolande nodded her head and answered, "Our human race can be divided into three major powers. The most influential one is the Lord of Original Sin who is controlling four thousand large worlds. The Lord of Oracle is the second power and he's now leading three thousand large worlds. The weakest power is the Lord of Thunder Punishment, with two thousand large worlds under his control."

"If the powers of the human race are combined together, there would be a total of more than ten thousand worlds that they can use," Fabian stated, his eyes widened at that realization.

Ascending to the Upper World was every warrior's dream. Because the humans who lived in the Sea God Continent were relatively weaker than the other races, Fabian and Jarrod initially thought that humans were also insignificant in the Upper World. It never crossed their minds that humans could command more than ten thousand big worlds.

This also shocked Zen. The cyan dragon once told him that humans had quite an influential existence in the Upper World, but he never expected it to be this major.

The entire Genuine Dragon race could only control one big world.

The humans, however, had the ability to put more than ten thousand big worlds under their control. Undeniably, they were doing an outstanding job up there.

"I didn't expect our race to hold that kind of power in the Upper World," Jarrod said, his expression completely swelled with pride.

The two ogres standing nearby, Malcom and Rehaan, remained quiet. Their hearts skipped a beat when they heard what Yolande just said. Ogres had been boasting inside the Tower of Sin that they were the perfect race, while humans were feeble, weak and inferior. Humans were not a match to ogres when it came to talent, intelligence, strength and others.

However, the excellence possessed by Zen suggested that they were wrong.

For some reason, humans somehow succeeded in gaining a menacing existence in the Upper World.

At that particular moment, Lavender appeared. Smiling softly, she said, "Controlling such a number of worlds is really impressive, but it is definitely something humans should not boast about. They don't even dare to put up a fight against the Demon Night!"

Glancing at Lavender, Yolande shook her head, "I admit that your race is strong, but you can't give birth to many babies. We couldn't surpass your race over the last one thousand years. What about a hundred years later? Will you have enough warriors from your race to fight against us by then?"

Despite the fact that the Demon Night members were of absolute strength, they were quite weak in reproduction and enlarging their population.

Back when the Demon Night race had conquered a large number of worlds, they were not able to find enough people to be stationed there. Now, however, they controlled no more than a thousand big worlds.

"In the Upper World, a race's power isn't based solely on the number of worlds it has controlled. Am I right?" Lavender argued.

Yolande shook her head again and replied, "Let's drop this. We should focus more on the conflicts between Lord of Original Sin and Lord of Oracle. I didn't make it clear to Zen before because I thought I shouldn't talk about these things before you."

The truth was, Yolande was talking to Lavender.

Chapter 941 The Heavenly Fragment

The Demon Night was unique from all other races due to the fact that they possessed soul statues which allowed them to easily communicate with the Upper World.

Thus, the members of the Demon Night in the Lower World were connected and united with their clansmen in the Upper World.

Other races were different. Although some could communicate with the Upper World through secret methods, their links weren't as close. For example, those in the Purple Heart Sacred Place knew next to nothing about their peers in the Upper World and were not aware of the important position the human race actually held up there.

Among the three queens of the Demon Night, Zen's sword spirit Lavender was the one in charge of killings. This was the primary reason why Yolande hesitated.

Her fears were not unfounded. The human race and the Demon Night often competed with each other. The secret of the Dark Nether Cave was extremely important, and it was a dispute in the human race.

Lavender let out a bell-like laugh after hearing Yolande's words. "You don't have to worry," she told her. "I've already lost everything. Zen is my only hope now."

Lavender had followed Zen with the last shred of her soul and hoped that by sticking to him, she'd one day be able to make a comeback. However, for the time being, she would serve as Zen's sword spirit.

Zen stared hard at Yolande. "Tell me."

Yolande shook her head. "My thoughts are somewhat naive. After all, the Heavenly Fragment will, at last, belong to Zen."

Lavender whipped her head at Yolande in surprise. "What? Did you just say 'Heavenly Fragment'?"

The Demon Night queen had thought that nothing else in the world could surprise her but, lo and behold, Yolande came and dropped this kind of bomb on her.

The others, however, did not have such a strong reaction. Fabian, Jarrod, Malcom, Rehaan, Esther and the two top-level war lords of the Demon Night were surprised at the queen's reaction to Yolande's words.

Among them, Esther was the most surprised. She was well aware of Lavender's status and knew that she was a person who remained calm even in the face of the enormous Mad Scorpion.

A Demon Night queen was no stranger to supreme legendary beasts, and while the Mad Scorpion was fearsome, it was only an extremely powerful vicious beast as a watchdog of the hell.

Yolande raised a long, shapely eyebrow and looked at Lavender with threatening eyes. "The Heavenly Fragment belongs to the human race. It has nothing to do with the Demon Night."

Lavender's expression calmed. "You're afraid I'll get my hands on it?" She smiled at Yolande coldly. She then fixed her gaze on Zen. "This is fate," she said. "Zen will lead the world of chaos and has come all the way to the Sea God Continent. I just didn't expect him to inherit a Heavenly Fragment. That's all."

Zen frowned. "Since the Heavenly Fragment is so important, why don't you take it for yourself?" he asked Yolande.

Frankly speaking, Yolande did not really need Zen to enter the Dark Nether Cave. She could've gone inside by herself and obtained whatever was hidden inside.

The Cursed Land was built on the surface of the Sea God Continent, while the Tower of Sin was used to suppress the Dark Nether Cave. The Heavenly

Fragment was buried deep inside the cave. Furthermore, it was guarded by a beast from hell with the fragment itself hidden inside its body.

Lavender smiled in realization. "Because she can't take it."

Zen frowned. "Why?"

Yolande visibly hesitated before replying, "I don't have the Jade Butterfly, so I can't lure the Heavenly Immortal Root here to open the Mad Scorpion's mouth," she admitted. "Besides, I don't have a complete soul, so I can't really bear the fragment."

Lavender had left a piece of her soul on the Killing Sword Mountain, while Yolande's was split into a million pieces and scattered all over the Lower World for cultivation. Bearing the Heavenly Fragment required a complete soul that neither of them could provide.

"Then… Where's the fragment?"

Zen asked curiously.

"I learned the language of the green-skinned creatures through scouring Huey's mind. There was an extremely important piece of information I found," Yolande replied. "Those people had sealed the Heavenly Fragment away and given it to the green-skinned creatures' prophet for safekeeping, turning it into their sacred treasure. I told them that I knew their prophet, so they brought us here."

"In other words, we are going to take away their sacred treasure?"

Zen asked.

Yolande nodded. "Yep, that's exactly what we're gonna do."

"Then how do we leave this place?"

Esther chipped in.

Her question was rather important. At that point, Esther, Fabian, and the rest of the party did not really care about what this Heavenly Fragment was. The conflict in the Upper World had nothing to do with them, as far as they were concerned.

"If you find the sacred treasure, then you can leave," Yolande replied.

Her answer made everyone's shoulders slump. This small world had different rules. They couldn't activate their life vitality or forceful energy but could only build up strength and store energy. Each one of them found a corner in the prison to close their eyes and rest. If they wanted to take the green-skinned creatures' most sacred treasure, then they had better be prepared to fight for it.

Here, even the time flow rate was completely different. There was no sun or moon in the sky, nor were there any stars, so nobody would be able to tell what time it was.

They spent a few hours in boredom and idle silence. Not long after, a group of green-skinned creatures appeared outside their prison.

The one at the lead had a withered ring on his head with three fist-sized skulls embedded on the edge. He also held a crooked walking stick and was surrounded by many other green-skinned creatures.

Zen took one look at the man and whispered to Yolande, "Is that their prophet?"

Yolande shook her head. "I don't know," she said before standing up and walking towards the green-skinned group.

The man and Yolande began talking intensively.

After conversing for a while, the man ferociously poked the ground and turned around to leave. The other green-skinned creatures pointed their spears at Yolande, Zen, and the rest of the party for a few seconds before leaving with their leader.

Their actions made Zen confused. "What was that for?"

Yolande shrugged. "The communication has failed. They plan to kill us tomorrow."

Everyone was alerted with this revelation. Since the communications were in vain, they could only make their move to grab the treasure as soon as possible.

It was impossible to estimate the cultivation of these green-skinned creatures. The rules they had grasped were in accordance to those of this small world. However, because it was built by the spiritual energy between heaven and earth that the Mad Scorpion absorbed, the small world was also a great constraint to them.

Zen approached the edge of the bars and pointed at the green-skinned guard who had taken his space ring.

The guard had been playing with the ring, trying to figure out how it worked. Seeing Zen pointing at him and asking him to go over to him, the green-skinned guard muttered a few words and walked towards the cell.

As soon as he was at an arm's length, Zen extended his hand at lightning speed and grabbed his ring. He did not give the green-skinned guard any time to react and kicked the bars that were holding them captive. Even without the aid of forceful energy, Zen's strength was outstanding as the bars crumbled and fell with one kick.

BOOM!

There was a loud bang when the five feet wide bars hit the floor and instantly crushed the green-skinned guard underneath. Zen walked over and stepped on his head, crushing his skull like a soft watermelon on a hot summer day.

Zen lightly tapped his space ring and brought out a long spear. Without turning, he threw the spear towards Lavender who was quick enough to catch it. At the same time, Zen took out his own broken flying knife. He buckled the ring at the end of the knife on his own thumb.

With a slight wave of his hand, the knife shot forward into the air with a whoosh.

Since he wouldn't be able to use his life vitality in this small world, this small flying knife had become an extremely useful weapon.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 942 The Giant Stone

The green-skinned creatures were all headless as the flying knife butchered them in a dash, rotating around Zen.

A green-skinned creature was pierced by Lavender's spear that was positioned to the distance.

The group of green-skinned creatures were in distrust. They had underrated the warriors who could clearly be enforced on. The other green-skinned creatures that had left weren't too far away. When they heard a deafening bang from behind them, their faces expressed disbelief. This was least expected from them.

Zen was under attack. The green-skinned creatures shot up in the sky to Zen with spears on their hands. They were full of themselves, with lots of vitality and fortitude. Their commander had waved his cane and positioned it at Zen and the others while drawing a long face. This contributed to the green-skinned creatures attacking Zen.

Zen stomped on the ground after channeling up the strength of dragon scales to his feet. A taunting smile emerged on his face. A sparkling light was radiated from the flying knife in his hand that spun rapidly after firing up in the sky.

Zen outsmarted the green-skinned fellows. He was one stride ahead of them. He excluded all of them before they drew out their spears to attack. They all fell down in a thud.

The living things had lesser cultivation techniques. Their cultivation techniques were divergent from those of Zen and the others. Their strength was equal to that of the war fighters on the Sea God Continent.

The great world had stronger regulations. This suggested that the small world rules were substandard. The war fighters had enormous strength in the great world, leaving the green-skinned creatures to be less mighty.

The green-skinned creatures captured Zen and the others. This was because of Yolande deterring them from contending with the creatures. If they had battled those creatures, they would have unleashed their wrath on them.

Zen's flying knife had already eliminated over ten green-skinned creatures instantly. Zen shot towards the commander of the green-skinned creatures as his shadow flashed.

The warrior expressed valour. This sight left the commander of the green-skinned creatures in astonishment. This was absurd! Zen and the others couldn't fly, and the green-skinned creatures' leader noticed that. He had to act quickly and take this vulnerability as his weapon. He waved the cane in his hand and promptly hauled himself up towards the sky. This initiated a distance between them.

The sound of horns could be heard from the environs!

The green-skinned creatures had set up this place as a bastion. A troop of the green-skinned creatures were present in it. The sound of the horn was a signal, so when they heard it, the entire garrison was filled with the soldiers as they embodied themselves for a battle.

Zen crouched as he inclined his knees. The leader of the green-skinned creatures had ascended into the air. Zen shot skyward. He had attained strength after an incessant flow of the dragon scales power surged out.

Zen had collected more strength and his pace was way faster than the commander of the green-skinned creatures. Shock and disbelief engulfed the commander at the sight of Zen. Chanting, he raised his cane and wiggled it at Zen. The ensuing event had him dismayed.

Rays of fiery clouds tumbled and quickly engulfed Zen.

Zen was stronger and this meant that even the fire that enclosed the Fire Law was painless to Zen and wouldn't scorch him. There was a distance from the commander of the green-skinned creatures and Zen. Zen's strength to hop up had already been finished and his speed lessened leading to the distance between the two.

The commander continued sending down coats of fiery clouds as he swiveled his cane. He was now collected and relaxed.

As he was in a calm motion, Zen's right hand darted out a white light. The flying knife drilled its way out of a fiery cloud and pierced through the chest of the commander of the green-skinned creatures.

Zen stood on the ground firmly as he and the leader descended from the air. The impact after Zen attacked caused the leader to land badly as he fell down.

Zen and his comrades had one particular plan. That was to retrieve the sacred object away and leave this small world. The green-skinned soldiers continuously gathered towards Zen, but they just scorned them.

Yolande in a small motion moved to the diverse side where the commander of the green-skinned creatures was. She tried to talk sense into him using their language and see if he gave in to his woes. Unfortunately, the commander was so aggressive and determined. He guffawed loudly like a cougar as he gripped his chest.

"What did he declare?" Zen curiously asked.

"He has declined to reveal where we will locate the sacred object. He won't utter a word even if we get rid of him," Yolande told Zen as she gawked at the commander.

"Let's end his life!" Zen didn't let the leader take any chance to escape. He fulfilled his words by ending the leader's life using his flying knife that flashed immediately after his speech.

The green-skinned soldiers were checking out at a glance while approaching after what befell on their leader. Fury boiling in them. Some leading green-skinned creatures were even roaring loudly and demanded their commander to be handed over to them. Their reaction was self-explanatory to Zen and the rest and Yolande didn't need to translate. This was the only way they would be spared from their wrath and be allowed to go scot free.

The green-skinned creatures had seen what their leader had bumped into in the hand of Zen which caused indignation and bewilderment among them. Zen had already seized the breath away of the green-skinned leader without thinking twice. The hundreds of green-skinned creatures at the front line all lifted their spears and ran towards Zen. This was the sole thing they would vindicate.

Thousands of other green-skinned creatures were behind these several hundred green-skinned creatures.

There was nobody holding back anymore. They had been constrained, and it was their turn to make an advance like enraged bees. This was a bloody thirsty war. Esther, Fabian, and the rest had to battle back.

The green-skinned creatures slumped down like grass being slashed after being massacred. The flying knife in Zen's hand drew out streaks of white light, like a dancing wheel of light eliminating them instantly.

Lavender's long spear thrust out and pierced through several green-skinned creatures' bodies. Lavender moved forward. Not even the green-skinned creatures restrained her from progressing.

Zen's own substantial body and strength were his garrison in this small world. Lavender was so enormous, and their raids were so mighty that the green-skinned creatures in the small world were nothing in the eyes of Lavender and Zen. It seemed that Esther, Malcom, and Fabian were much feeble.

Zen's knife was so fast in motion. It eliminated all the green-skinned creatures. Despite charging up to the sky, they could not flee the wrath of the flying knife. The green-skinned creatures in midair were not left behind. They were eliminated in a blink. In the end, rows and rows of the green-skinned creatures were lying down dead.

The figure of green-skinned creatures continued decreasing despite many in number.

Zen's act of wiping out the green-skinned creatures snapped their attention. This was a losing battle. They commenced backing off. Their tenacity and energy subdued. All their desire of winning went into thin air. All they left with was the clamor in misery and pain.

"Run after them!" Yolande said expressionlessly.

All the green-skinned soldiers started to run helter-skelter as their feeble lags could carry them out of the stronghold. They were withdrawing back into the darkness.

Zen and the rest maintained an intense pace as they followed behind the scattering green-skinned creatures.

Taking the sacred object by pressure was their sole opportunity at hand. Stealing had become a hard tussle after they faced the green-skinned creatures. There was no time left for them to manoeuvre the small world and analyze its content or how many races it had or how large or small it was. Their leading ambition was securing the sacred object.

A grandiose city finally appeared in front of them. This was after sauntering about a hundred miles as they trailed the green-skinned creatures.

The sacred places on the Sea God Continent outshone this city. In contradiction to the stronghold they encountered initially, this was way much better and more powerful.

The troops of the green-skinned creatures surged towards the city gate. Suddenly, a group of green-skinned creatures appeared above the city barrier. These green-skinned creatures scraped their teeth as they struggled to wrest something away. Quickly, Zen and the rest heard a loud bang. A giant stone rolled out from the city and was stuck at the city gate.

This didn't trigger Zen at all and the rest. This was a walkover. Zen could easily jump over it with a single attempt despite the city wall was one hundred feet tall.

"By the look of things we are not the only enemies these green-skinned creatures have," Zen spoke.

"That should be the least of our concern. Our main agenda is to get the object and get out of this place." Lavender was about to fly up with the long spear in her hand. She was the only one in a position to do so as others were not in a position to fly.

"Wait." Zen stopped Lavender. "Grant me the honour to do it."

Esther and the rest glanced at Zen who walked slowly towards the giant stone. Fabian suspiciously asked as he glanced behind his shoulder. "What in God's name is he trying to do?"

His query was left unanswered. Zen solely walked over to the stone. There were rather a few green-skinned creatures shooting arrows or even throwing long spears towards Zen at the top of city wall. This never inflicted any change on Zen and his motion in propelling forward. These storms were harmless considering his level.

As Zen approached, he lifted his head to glance at the giant stone. The stone was over two hundred feet tall, and it was like a medium-sized mountain which impeded the city gate.

Zen breathed an exhale of relief, assembled his power of the dragon scales and struck a blow towards the giant stone.

He had the urge of exploding in laughter but he held it back. He had to prove this race why he was much superior to them by showing off his capabilities.

Chapter 943 Return (Part One)

Zen's punch was infused with great power. After it hit the giant stone, a soft, muffled sound rang out.

Peng!

The sound seemingly came from inside the stone. It was not very loud, but everybody heard it clearly.

Soon after, multiple cracks began to appear on the huge stone, making it look like an egg with cracks on its shell. As the cracks continued to appear on it, the giant stone began to collapse. A loud rumble accompanied that, and soon enough, the huge boulder was turned into dust.

Then, a gust of wind blew past.

Huff, huff.

Zen was immediately engulfed by the surging dust. After what seemed like an eternity, the dust finally dissipated and settled down, and the huge stone in front of him was no more. The only thing left was dust.

Shock appeared on the faces of many green-skinned creatures who were on top of the city wall. It was only then did the creatures understand that the warrior in front of them was not someone they could underestimate. Immediately, they started screaming out words that Zen could not comprehend.

Even Malcom could not hide the shock on his face. If it was him in Zen's position, he would have had to use the forceful energy before he could easily turn such a large stone into such fine dust.

But then the rules of this small world were different. Everyone was forbidden to use their forceful energy and life vitality no matter what happened. So basically, Zen just relied on his physical body's force to do what he did. 'What kind of vicious beast is living inside Zen?' Malcom thought, as he felt a bead of sweat stream down his forehead.

Yolande understood Zen's intentions, so she turned to one of the green-skinned creatures on top of the city walls and said something. After the creature told her his reply, she turned to Zen and said, "Let's go inside."

They then entered the city. Its style was very different from that of the human race's city. Green-skinned creatures on the streets, who were all holding long spears in their hands, started surrounding them, but no one dared attack them. It seemed that Zen's punch had left a deep impression on them. In their eyes, a powerful master like Zen would be virtually undefeatable.

After a few minutes, the green-skinned creatures made way for Zen. Three of them walked in front of Zen. The one in the lead wore a scarlet-gold crown on his head, and held a brocade box in his hands.

After some thought, Zen concluded that the one with the crown on his head was the land's emperor. This emperor signaled to Zen to come closer, and they talked. After their conversation, he raised the brocade box high up in the air.

Yolande, who was standing beside Zen, interpreted what the emperor said for him. At one point, she whispered to him, "He said that they are willing to give us the sacred object, but on one condition."

"What condition?" asked Zen.

"We have to help them kill a race in the north," Yolande replied.

"I'm not interested in doing that," Zen said, shaking his head.

He did not want to participate in any dispute between any races in this small world. There was no time he was willing to waste.

Yolande immediately told the emperor about Zen's decision. When he heard that, disappointment was evident on his face. Despite that, the emperor still handed the brocade box over to him. Perhaps he understood that this sacred object was not something that his race could keep, and even if Zen didn't go there to take it, the members from other races would take it away from them.

Zen took the brocade box from the emperor's hands and gently lifted the lid of it. Immediately, what he discovered wasn't what he was expecting. It was a long and narrow crystal, but it looked incomplete. Despite that, it was emitting a magnificent aura.

When Yolande and Lavender saw the crystal, their eyes burned with passion. They knew about the existence of the Heavenly Fragment, but this was the very first time they had seen it!

Slowly, Zen reached out to grab the fragment. The moment he touched it, it felt ice-cold. "Is this the Heavenly Fragment? It doesn't seem to be much different from any other ordinary crystal," he said flatly.

However, all of a sudden, Zen heard an intense rumbling sound. Confused, he looked around to see if anyone else was hearing it, but it seemed that no one but him was able to perceive it. Once again, he looked at the Heavenly Fragment and it hit him—the sound was coming from it. By touching it, the aura from the entire universe seemed to rush into his head.

"This... this is..."

Zen's eyes widened. At that moment, it was as if the entire evolution of the universe that had happened over a period of a billion years flashed before his very eyes. All the secrets of the world were slowly being revealed to him, one by one.

Bam!

Yolande raised her hand and knocked the Heavenly Fragment from Zen's hand onto the ground. Immediately, Zen snapped out of his trance, and started breathing heavily, as if he had just run a marathon. After he caught his breath, Yolande said flatly, "While your soul is indeed very, very powerful, it still can't handle this kind of object. Better be careful."

"What is the use of the Heavenly Fragment?" Zen asked exasperatedly.

With hesitation in her eyes, Yolande looked at Zen and said, "You will know when the time comes. I hope you make the right choice."

At this, Lavender rolled her eyes and coldly smiled. With a smirk, she remarked, "Why don't you just say that you want Zen to stand by your side and on the side of Lord of Oracle?"

Yolande belonged to the force of Lord of Oracle.

Paying no attention to Lavender, Yolande said faintly, "Zen, you are fated to lead the great world of chaos. You have your own life and goals, and no matter which side you stand on, you will eventually take the correct path and live the life you are meant to live."

Lavender once again rolled her eyes. She couldn't be bothered by whatever Yolande was saying, and so she just turned her head to the side and stopped talking.

The brocade box didn't only contain the Heavenly Fragment. It also held a small array plate.

"What is this?" Zen asked.

"We'll need it when we leave the Fog Array," Yolande replied.

Hearing Yolande's words, Esther and the others couldn't help but be surprised, and their eyes suddenly lit up. They couldn't care any less as to what the Heavenly Fragment was, but the array plate was extremely important to them as they would only be able leave the Fog Array with its help.

After obtaining those two items, they no longer wanted to stay where they were. Because of that, they immediately packed up, and left the green-skinned creatures' city, returning to their original path.

"How can we ever leave the Mad Scorpion's body?" Esther asked, sounding curious and hopeless at the same time.

"The way we came in is the way we'd be able to get out," Yolande answered flatly, confidently taking the lead.

"If we are able to escape the Mad Scorpion's interior world, then the creatures of this world should also be able to leave, right?" Zen suddenly asked. It was a thought that had been sitting inside his head for quite a while.

Yolande laughed loudly and started shaking her head. "The creatures, who are born inside the Mad Scorpion and follow this world's rules, would not be able to see the exit of this world. We, being outsiders, are being suppressed and rejected by the governing force of this world, and so we are presented with a chance to leave!"

Chapter 944 Return (Part Two)

Hearing this response, Zen couldn't help but be shocked. It was just as Zen had guessed before—if the entire universe was inside some giant beast, then the masters in that universe would have to follow the world's rules, whether it was how to use or how not to use their life vitality, their forceful energy, and all kinds of Law Power.

Would this mean that even they, the masters of the world themselves, would not be able to perceive the exit of this whole world?

To learn the answer to this question was tempting, but now was not the time for them to think about such things. Their mission was to leave the Dark Nether Cave first, and that was what they were going to do.

Time went by quickly.

The fog in the entire Dark Nether Cave started to gradually dissipate. In the blink of an eye, a month had already passed.

All of the top-level war lords of the Demon Night and the human race gathered on the top of the tower. They all looked upset and worried.

Elder Mei waited by the exit of the Tower of Sin every day, but there was still no sign of Esther and the rest.

"It's already been a month. If Esther and the others still don't return, the Dark Nether Death Light will fill the entire Dark Nether Cave again!" a top-level war lord of the Demon Night said.

Once the Dark Nether Death Light's intensity reached its full force once again, the warriors in the Dark Nether Cave would definitely die. It had been like that since the Tower of Sin opened its doors, and there had been no exceptions.

"Zen might be fine..." a top-level human war lord muttered.

In actuality, the person the war lords of the Demon Night and the human race cared about the most was Zen, not Fabian or Esther.

The reason why the Demon Night members were worried about Zen's condition was because Lavender stayed closely with him. They did not want the queen of the Demon Night to perish in the Dark Nether Cave like this. As an extra level of precaution, Elder Mei had sent his race members back to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place to check the queen statue of the Demon Night. As the statue was still glowing with a faint red light, which meant that Lavender was still alive and well, Zen might also still be alive!

On the other hand, the humans were concerned about Zen for a very simple reason—Zen was currently the controller of the Tower of Sin. If he died, it would be easy for the ogres to come back to the tower. Even the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place wouldn't have a good excuse to stop them from going back!

If that time ever came, the seats at the top of the tower delegated to the human race would undoubtedly be taken away, and all the humans in the Tower of Sin would be expelled. It wouldn't matter which kind of war lord they were—weak, ordinary, or high-ranking, and every human being would be expelled from the Tower of Sin!

It was something that humans would never want to see. They'd rather die than let that happen.

Another dangerous repercussion of Zen's death, if that were to happen, was that Lavender, the queen of the Demon Night, Zen's sword spirit, would also disappear, much like a wisp of smoke. If that happened, the Purple Heart Sacred Place would lose the protection of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. Now, if that happened and the Purple Heart Sacred Place was forced to fight against the two ogre sacred places, its only outcome would be the Purple Heart Sacred Place being totally destroyed by the ogres. And if that happened, the human race would be gone for good.

Because of this, many human beings began blaming Zen for the uncertainty they were feeling. Despite understanding that without his appearance, the human race would still be at the brink of death and that he had brought their race temporary glory, they couldn't understand how it could all be taken away just like that. He gave the Purple Heart Sacred Place a glimmer of hope, but if that hope would be destroyed in less than a year, how could they be so willing to accept it?

Apart from the humans and the Demon Night, the other races were still maintaining a neutral attitude towards this whole debacle. However, the top-level war lords of the Night Group were secretly rejoicing. As the time of the closing of the entrance at the top of tower slowly approached, the probability of Zen's death in the Dark Nether Cave also increased.

The Night Group members continuously sent this information to the two ogre sacred places.

Because of this, the top-level ogre war lords in the two ogre sacred places were already getting ready to re-enter the sacred place's transmission array. They were also getting ready to head towards the Tower of Sin. And as soon as the entrance at top of the tower closed, they would begin to drive the human warriors out of the tower.

Several days later, the red dot at the center of the Dark Nether Cave suddenly became flared up, and became a thousand times brighter than before!

The weaker creatures that were lurking around started spreading out in all directions. Those weak monsters would not be able to resist the power of the Dark Nether Death Light and would only be able to move around the edges of the Dark Nether Cave. Only the truly powerful monsters could live in the inner layer of the Dark Nether Cave! The core area, on the other hand, was completely devoid of monsters. Except for the Heavenly Immortal Root, none of the other monsters would be able to survive there!

The moment someone stepped into the Fog Array, they would be slowly pulled towards the abyss. No creature could get close and resist the Dark Nether Death Light.

"Close!"

Bam!

On Elder Mei's order, the entrance at the top of the Tower of Sin finally closed.

Although there were news from the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place that Lavender's statue was still flashing with a faint red light, Elder Mei did not believe that Zen and his fellows would be able to return. After all, after the Dark Nether Death Light had already recovered, no one would be able to return from the Dark Nether Cave any longer.

Because of this, the majority of the warriors had concluded that Esther had also perished in the cave. Esther's death would surely be a great loss to the Demon Night. After all, she was the strongest master among the seat owners. Without Esther to take charge of the situation, it would be difficult for the Demon Night members to fight against Maurice of the ogre.

If Maurice returned to the Tower of Sin right now, the Demon Night would be in a very sticky situation.

"Well, it's over. It's all over!" a top-level human war lord screamed with a sullen face. "Death is already knocking on our doors! Someone helps us!"

All top-level human war lords looked scared and disappointed. Among the humans, only Fabian and Jarrod were in charge of the overall situation. The other warriors who held seats in the tower simply couldn't be in charge of anything as they weren't that powerful and remarkable. Most of the top-level war lords didn't even have the qualifications to become seat owners before, and they only passed the time on the fourteenth floor of the Tower of Sin!

Chapter 945 Return (Part Three)

How would the human race survive the ogres? What would happen to them now?

In the Cursed Land, there was a transmission array and all sorts of majestic patterns were engraved around it. There were even sculptures of birds and beasts around it, which appeared extremely mighty and domineering. This was the ogre's transmission array!

Since the ogres used to control the Tower of Sin, their transmission array proved to be a lot grander than those of the other races.

With a flash of white light, a figure as large as a small mountain appeared. He was Maurice, the top-level war lord of the ogre!

After leaving the Tower of Sin, many ogre top-level war lords chose to break through. Since they had accumulated plenty of Lucky Light after fighting for so many years, it wasn't difficult for them to break through and reach the war sage level. However, even though it was easy for them to break the bottleneck and achieve a breakthrough, Maurice decided against it.

The moment he was forced to leave the tower, he already planned a counterattack scheme. The moment Zen entered the Dark Nether Cave, Malcom and Rehaan would be able to kill him!

And because of that, Maurice prepared to return to the Tower of Sin the moment Zen entered the Dark Nether Cave. He really wasn't in a hurry to break through. After all, he still wanted to become the ruler of the Tower of Sin! And with that, within the two ogre sacred places, Maurice suppressed his own cultivation. He was waiting for this day!

Following Maurice, many top-level ogre war lords walked out of the transmission array, with malicious smiles on their faces.

The time they had endured being driven out of the tower had been enough, and now that their revenge was nigh, they were feeling good. The fact that their race was chased out of the Tower of Sin was an unbearable humiliation to them, and today, the time to take what was theirs had come.

The numerous top-level ogre war lords started to approach the Tower of Sin, and they all looked like hills on their way to tear the tower down. When they got close, the majority of the creatures inside the tower saw them, and all of their expressions changed. It was very clear that there was going to be a big commotion inside the Tower of Sin!

These creatures had watched the ogres leave, and now, they would witness their return!

At the door of the Tower of Sin, there were two giant guards. When they saw the group of top-level ogre war lords approaching them, fear became evident on their faces.

Maurice looked down upon these giant war fighters and couldn't be bothered to talk to them. And with that, he just bellowed, "Open the door!"

The two giant guards quickly pulled open the door to the Tower of Sin. Soon after, all of the top-level ogre war lords entered the first floor of the tower!

On the first floor of the Tower of Sin, many creatures were still fighting on the arena. However, the moment they saw the top-level ogre war lords coming, they were all startled and stopped.

"Zen has expelled the ogres already, right? How are they back here again?"

"You really have very little information as to what happened to Zen. Zen died during his exploration of the Dark Nether Cave!"

"Really? If that really happens, then wouldn't the human race be in trouble?"

"It's Zen's fault. He had just overestimated himself. He was just a war general, but he really dared to explore the Dark Nether Cave. Not only did he die, he even caused the entire human race great trouble! Who knows, they might be extinct the next day."

Murmurs arose in the tower as the creatures from many different races started discussing among themselves.

There were many human war fighters on the first floor of the Tower of Sin and they were all scared and upset. Back then, the warriors of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had to become war generals before they could enter the Tower of Sin to practice. However, since Zen took control of the Tower of Sin, the status of the human race in the tower had greatly changed, and now, many human war fighters had got the chance to enter the Tower of Sin for cultivation without prior experience.

Now that these war fighters were seeing the return of the ogres with their own eyes, they obviously knew what had happened. Soon enough, all of the humans in the Tower of Sin would probably be punished. Because of that, the human warriors wanted to secretly leave the Tower of Sin. However, their legs had already turned to jelly, and had no strength to escape.

The top-level ogre war lords were still calm, but their bodies were already emitting a tyrannical aura as they entered the tower and as they went up the floors. Now that so many top-level war lords had entered the tower, they had attracted the attention of almost everyone.

Very quickly, Maurice had finally climbed up to the fifteenth floor.

He stepped into the hall at the top of the tower with his heavy metal boots. With a deep breath, he once again threateningly bellowed towards the small worlds in the depths, "All of you, the seats owners, come out!"

"Get out of the small worlds!"

"Come out right now!"

Many top-level ogre war lords who were staying behind Maurice also joined in.

After a while, the doors to the small worlds opened one after another. Many seat owners came out.

The Night Group members who held the seats came out first. After they got out, they stood beside Maurice. The Night Group was always controlled by and depended on the ogres, and even if the ogres were driven out of the Tower of Sin, it was a thing that would remain unchanged. After all, their Eternal Night Sacred Place was under the protection of the two ogre sacred places.

The top-level human war lords and the top-level Demon Night war lords were the last two to appear.

Maurice took a glance at the top-level human war lords and suddenly let out a loud laughter, "Top-level human war lords... You were the creatures pestering the fourteenth floor in the past, right? What qualifications do you have to become a seat owner? Hahaha!"

"Hahaha..."

All the top-level ogre war lords started to laugh. Even the top-level war lords of the Night Group started laughing with them.

The top-level human war lords were livid. They were angry, but there was nothing they could do about it. Strength was the only thing that mattered in the Tower of Sin, and they were nothing after losing Zen!

On the other hand, the members of the Demon Night were relatively calm. After all, they had the powerful Heavenly Feather Sacred Place backing them up. Suddenly, they heard Elder Mei say coldly, "What do you want to do?"

Chapter 946 The Situation

The laughter of the top-level ogre war lords died down. Maurice slowly walked forward, his aura becoming more and more domineering. As he walked, a small pit appeared in the ground in front of him but quickly closed up.

"What do we want?" Maurice stared coldly at Elder Mei and laughed. "We want the Demon Night to give up half of your seats. We want all of the humans in the Tower of Sin, both top-level war lords and war generals, to kill themselves right here!"

The faces of all the humans and the members of the Demon Night darkened.

"What? You want all of us humans to take our lives right here? That's too much!"

"The ogres are too overbearing! They're puffed up with pride!"

"The ogres have always been domineering. This time, the humans and the Demon Night are going to suffer great misfortune!"

Ignoring all the comments, Maurice continued to stare coldly at Elder Mei. "Do you accept this offer?"

In the past, the Demon Night would have never accepted such an arbitrary proposal. Even now, although they had gained a few more seats, they were unwilling to give up half of their seats.

During this trip to the Dark Nether Cave, the Demon Night hadn't suffered a great loss. However, their most important members, Lavender and Esther, hadn't made it out of the cave.

Elder Mei sneered at Maurice, "Maurice, do you really think that Esther is the only talent in the Demon Night?"

Other than some of the humans, the 128 seat owners on top of the Tower of Sin were all top-level war lords. The top-level war lords all had varying amounts of strength, but the gaps between them weren't too great. The Demon Night was much stronger than the ogres, so they weren't afraid of them. But Maurice was a problem.

Maurice erupted into laughter. "Oh? What else do you have then? The Heavenly Feather Sacred Place? No matter how strong the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place is, they won't dare to start a war with our sacred places! Moreover, you should know very well that we have war sages in the Tower of Sin!"

Maurice actually didn't know whether Malcom and Rehaan were alive or dead. He hadn't had time to investigate the secret passage, nor had he received a response when he had tried to use the message rune to contact Malcom.

However, this wasn't a big deal. Even if Malcom and Rehaan had died, the ogres could still train more war sages, because until now, they were the only ones who knew about the secret passage.

After the appearance of the two ogre war sages, Colin and Neil, many races had begun to suspect that the ogres had done something inside the Dark Nether Cave.

And their speculation was grounded. A long time ago, a few of the races had put forward various hypotheses and tried them all out. One of the hypotheses was that if warriors became war sages in the Dark Nether Cave, they would not be affected by the Cursed Land. However, if warriors became war sages in the Dark Nether Cave, they would die because of the Dark Nether Death Light in the cave instead.

Once, a top-level war lord from the orc race had cultivated to be a war sage in the Dark Nether Cave. He had even broken into a dangerous place in the outer layer of the cave with his improved strength and obtained quite a good opportunity. Unfortunately, when the Dark Nether Death Light once again spread throughout the entire cave, he'd had no choice but to return to the Tower of Sin and live there for a month before he died.

It was a pity that none of the other races had found the secret passage at the bottom of the tower.

Seeing that Elder Mei was silent, Maurice let out a hideous laugh. "You can consider it! But I want to tell you that I'm not asking you for your opinion. I'm giving you an order!"

Maurice felt that he had no need to discuss this with the Demon Night. If it weren't for the fact that he was afraid of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place and Amber, he would have already massacred the humans and the Demon Night today!

After he finished speaking, Maurice turned to look at the rest of the seat owners. The expressions of the human top-level war lords were gloomy and afraid, as if they were lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

Before Maurice could say something else, one of the human top-level war lords said, "We humans are willing to make a concession and lead all our warriors out of the tower!"

This was a substantial concession. All the sacred places agreed that the Tower of Sin was extremely crucial to the development of a race. Cultivating in the Tower of Sin could save several hundred years of time. It was countless times faster than cultivating in the outside world.

Exiting the Tower of Sin meant that the humans would voluntarily forfeit their future. The speed at which the Purple Heart Sacred Place was able to develop would definitely be slower than that of any other race. The decline of the entire human sacred place would be inevitable!

"A concession?" Maurice sneered. "Do you humans even qualify to make a concession?"

He hated the human race to the core. After all, the Demon Night had only allied themselves with the human race. And they had interfered in matters that had nothing to do with them because of the sword spirit of that human boy, Zen. And just recently, all the ogres had been expelled from the Tower of Sin because of the human race, so Maurice wasn't going to let the human race off so easily.

"What else do you want then? We've already proposed to leave the tower voluntarily," a human top-level war lord said angrily.

Maurice burst out into laughter. He suddenly took a step forward and crossed a distance of about 60 feet. His huge hand reached out at lightning speed and instantly grabbed the head of the human top-level war lord. "What else do I want? Didn't I already say it?"

Bang!

Sneering, Maurice tightened his grip around the human war lord's head. The human war lord didn't even have time to direct his life vitality before his head exploded like a watermelon. Then, Maurice threw the corpse of the human war lord like he was throwing some trash to the side and turned to look at the remaining humans.

Many of the human top-level war lords had died in the Dark Nether Cave. The remaining ones were weak, and most of them could only stay on the 14th floor. They didn't even have the strength to fight for the seats. How could they resist a powerful warrior like Maurice?

Some of the human top-level war lords threw glances at the Demon Night for help. However, the Demon Night wasn't even able to protect themselves in this situation, so they couldn't help the humans. Elder Mei and the other members of the Demon Night pretended not to see the human seat owners' pleading eyes.

"Maurice, you disregard the rules of the Tower of Sin. How could you kill someone here?" a top-level human war lord said angrily, gritting his teeth.

Maurice laughed coldly. "Rules? Let me tell you, there have never been rules in the Tower of Sin. The law of the jungle is the only rule here! And from now on, I'm the ruler!"

With that, Maurice took another step forward and punched the human war lord who had spoken to him.

Bang!

The human war lord flew back and hit the wall like a sandbag, leaving streaks of blood everywhere.

The other human top-level war lords felt their anger rise. The life vitality on their bodies started shimmering. As top-level war lords, they didn't want to sit still and wait for death anymore! Just as the humans were preparing to make their move, the bodies of the ogre top-level war lords behind Maurice also began to glow with forceful energy. A chaotic battle was about to break out.

Determination flashed across the faces of the human top-level war lords. They knew very well that they were no match for Maurice, but they no longer had any choice. They had to kill the ogres, or they would be killed.

"Since you all refuse to take your own lives, my clansmen will kill you!" A bloodthirsty expression appeared on Maurice's face. Today, he was determined to kill all of the humans in the Tower of Sin.

When Elder Mei heard Maurice's words, she spoke to a nearby member through her life vitality. "Lead all the humans on the first to the fourteenth floors to the Cursed Land."

It was absolutely safe in the Cursed Land. This was the only thing Elder Mei could do to help the humans now.

The warriors sent to the Tower of Sin were all the talents of various sacred places, and the weakest ones were human-level talents. The human warriors in the tower were the future hope of the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Killing them was equivalent to killing the future hope of the humans' sacred place.

Elder Mei couldn't save the top-level war lords now. However, she could lead the other human war generals, and fighters out of the Tower of Sin.

Anyway, the Demon Night and the humans were still in an alliance, so even if Zen was dead, Elder Mei would still have to help Lavender.

The truth was, the humans in the Tower of Sin were much smarter than Elder Mei was giving them credit for. Other than a small number of human warriors who were cultivating in training rooms, many humans had already left the tower one after another.

When Maurice had led his race all the way up to the top of the Tower of Sin at such an astonishing momentum, all the human warriors in the tower had noticed it and easily assessed the situation.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 947 A Rat-a-tat On The Door

The Tower of Sin had not been peaceful this year.

Many creatures in the Tower of Sin were discussing what to do. Some of the more timid creatures had already followed the human warriors out of the tower and entered the Cursed Land. If something bad happened, they didn't want to be caught in the middle of it.

Inside the Dark Nether Cave, Zen and his group were moving forward with an orange protective shield around them.

As soon as they left the Mad Scorpion's body, Yolande activated the pendant hanging on Zen's chest and pushed Malcom and Rehaan out of the protective shield.

The moment the two ogres found themselves pushed out of the protective shield, they released their forceful energy to protect themselves against the Dark Nether Death Light. But the forceful energy lasted for less than three seconds before it disappeared. At such a close distance, even a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm wouldn't be able to resist the Dark Nether Death Light that was being released from the Mad Scorpion's head. There was no way the two war sages could survive.

Looking at Zen's shocked expression, Yolande asked indifferently, "When were you planning to get rid of them?"

"I wanted to know where they had been hiding first," Zen replied.

"Malcom wouldn't give you the chance. He would attack you the moment we leave the Fog Array. If he had managed to get your pendant, we would have been the ones to die."

For once, Lavender agreed with Yolande's words.

Compared to Yolande and Lavender, Zen wasn't experienced enough in dealing with these kinds of things. Or in other words, he wasn't ruthless enough. Yolande and Lavender had much more experience when it came to these kinds of dangerous situations. When a group of warriors was exploring a place, only the most cold-hearted one would be able to survive and take all the treasures. The others would all be killed.

By the time they left the Mad Scorpion's body, the fog in the core area had already started to dissipate.

"The fog is starting to dissipate!" Seeing that the fog had become extremely thin, Zen furrowed his brows in confusion.

Yolande blinked her eyes. "It should be because of the time flow rate. The time flow rate inside the Mad Scorpion's body is many times faster than that of our world. We might have been inside the Mad Scorpion's body for only a few days, but a much longer time has passed outside."

"Holy crap! So the Dark Nether Cave is closed now? That means that the humans in the Tower of Sin must be in a really bad situation now!" Zen's face was gloomy. Esther looked worried too.

If the ogres thought that Zen and the others were dead, it was very likely that they would have come back to the Tower of Sin. The members of the Demon Night might not be in that much trouble, but the humans would be in great danger.

"Let's hurry back to the Tower of Sin!" Zen said, picking up his pace.

It wasn't until they entered the thin fog that Zen noticed the extremely thin golden lines pulsing on the ground.

"The previous Fog Array was formed by these golden lines." As Yolande spoke, she reached out a finger and injected her life vitality into the array plate on her hand, making it spin.

As the array plate rotated, the golden lines started to change direction and break apart one by one. After the Fog Array lost its effect, everyone began to move toward the exit.

Normally, once the Dark Nether Death Light became more intense, all the warriors would return to the Tower of Sin. However, Zen and the others had been moving forward under the full illumination of the Dark Nether Death Light for such a long time. This was something that no one else had even dared to attempt before.

Fortunately, the monsters in the Dark Nether Cave weren't able to block out the Dark Nether Death Light. Whenever there was a lot of Dark Nether Death Light, the monsters' activities were not that frequent. Zen and the group didn't encounter any monsters on their way from the core area to the inner area.

Even when they passed through the Bloody Pass, the Swallowing Birds and Azure Wolves on both sides of the Bloody Pass were hiding in their nests. They didn't come out even though they could sense prey.

"From the looks of it, the monsters inside the Dark Nether Cave also move only when the Dark Nether Death Light greatly weakens," Esther said while blinking her eyes.

Zen nodded. "Indeed!"

Suddenly, an exciting thought struck Esther.

Along the way, she had already understood that the most important thing in the Dark Nether Cave was not the belongings of the world lords, but the Heavenly Fragment. The other items weren't even worth mentioning in the same sentence as the Heavenly Fragment.

But for most of the warriors on the Sea God Continent, the Heavenly Fragment was actually unimportant. It belonged to the Upper World and had nothing to do with the Lower World. Only a few of them would be lucky enough to go to the Upper World. Furthermore, none of the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm on the Sea God Continent had been able to go to the Upper World. They could only watch as their lifespan approached its end until they died in the sacred places.

So in their eyes, the most important thing in the Dark Nether Cave was still the various treasures.

Now that Zen had the pendant that could be used to resist the Dark Nether Death Light as well as the array plate that could be used to control the Fog Array, he would be able to freely enter and exit the Dark Nether Cave in the future. Besides, when the Dark Nether Death Light was not blocked by the fog, all the monsters in the Dark Nether Cave were also hiding in their nests. This meant that Zen could visit the Dark Nether Cave without having to face much danger.

In addition, with the protection shield of the pendant, he could even cultivate in the depths of the Dark Nether Cave and make a breakthrough to become a war sage.

The pendant hanging on Zen's chest only required a small amount of life vitality to operate. As long as he had enough life vitality crystals, he could cultivate in the Dark Nether Cave for as long as he wanted to.

Of course, Fabian and the others were also thinking the same thing. This could prove to be a huge advantage for both the Demon Night and the human race.

Previously, Zen had said that he might choose to leave the Tower of Sin and the Sea God Continent. The warriors of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had been worried about this because once Zen was gone, the human race would lose control of the Tower of Sin again.

Even if Zen chose to leave quietly, the other creatures would find out one day. If he was missing from the Tower of Sin for a long time, the ogres would definitely try to take control of the tower again.

But now, with the two treasures that Zen had, a few of the humans could cultivate to become war sages and hide in the Dark Nether Cave. Then, the human race would also be able to take firm control of the Tower of Sin without facing any problems.

Fabian and Jarrod were thinking a step ahead of Esther. If Zen left these two treasures behind, then the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would maintain an alliance with the Purple Heart Sacred Place even after he left because of the treasures.

Seeing the fiery expressions on all their faces, Zen immediately knew what they were thinking about. With a slight smile, he said, "Don't worry. If I leave the Sea God Continent, I will give these two treasures to Fabian for safekeeping. The humans will share them with the Demon Night."

When Fabian, Jarrod, and Esther heard Zen's words, their faces instantly lit up with joy. The value of this promise of Zen's was too great.

Without the obstruction of the monsters, the group was able to return to the Tower of Sin very quickly. Soon, they arrived at the bottom of the tower. They all used their life vitality and stayed close to Zen as they flew upward.

But when they arrived at the top of the Tower of Sin, their faces fell. "The exit is closed," Esther said, taking a glance at the door.

This door was the exit of the Tower of Sin. Every time the Dark Nether Death Light filled the entire Dark Nether Cave, the seat owners inside the Tower of Sin would close the door, with very few exceptions.

Zen moved forward and pounded on the door with his fist.

Bang, bang, bang...

Meanwhile, Maurice, who was standing on the top floor of the tower, had just killed two human top-level war lords. The remaining human top-level war lords and the top-level war lords of the ogres were preparing to fight.

At this moment, they all heard the sound of someone knocking on the door, leaving them stunned.

How could there be someone knocking on the door after the Dark Nether Death Light had become intense?

One of the top-level war lords of the human race shouted in joy, "Open the door! It must be Fabian and the others. No, it must be Zen!"

Another top-level war lord of the human race tried to rush up the stairs to open the door. But before he could climb the stairs, Maurice's fist smashed into his shoulder, sending him flying backward. The man spat out a mouthful of blood before losing consciousness because of his internal injuries.

The top-level war lords of the ogres began to look troubled, and a trace of fear rose from the bottom of their hearts. Could it really be that brat again?

Chapter 948 The Ogres' Plot

The air in the Tower of Sin hung heavily like a thick curtain.

A nervous anticipation settled on the humans' faces as they waited with bated breath.

The moment that the Dark Nether Death Light once again illuminated the entire Dark Nether Cave, not a single one of the warriors inside would remain alive. Since the tower's appearance up to this day, there had never been a single exception. Not even the top-level war lords could withstand the Dark Nether Death Light.

However, in the hearts of the humans, small embers of hope were quietly burning—their torch was carried by one particular man.

Zen was different. Before him, no one else had been able to rise up to the Celestial Position on the Talent Tablet. Furthermore, no one had been able to control the Tower of Sin, even more so use its power to fulfil his desires. From the very first day that he entered the Tower of Sin, Zen had been constantly creating miracles.

Perhaps this time, he would show them another miracle.

The top-level war lords of Demon Night also shared this small hope. Only yesterday, news arrived from the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. Lavender's statue still shone with the faintest light. It was dim, but it had not yet disappeared. Lavender was still alive.

Based on this indication, it was very likely that Zen had returned. How he had managed to pass through the Dark Nether Cave and avoid the Dark Nether Death Light remained a mystery to Elder Mei.

Maurice's face was set in firm lines, almost ice-like in its coldness. He snorted and said aloud, "No one is allowed to open the door. Perhaps it is just some monster that has approached it by chance."

What he had just said was not nonsense. Many years ago, an extremely powerful monster had run into the Tower of Sin, and the tower shook violently at the force of the impact. Although the walls separated the creatures inside the tower and the monster, the top-level war lords on the top floor had stood terrified to death, not to mention the warriors on the other floors.

That collision had brought forth panic. Many warriors of the lower levels had fled from the tower, and only after many months had passed did they return.

Fortunately, the monster was not able to destroy the tower. After some moments of continuous crashing, it silently left, as if in defeat.

"Right. It would be impossible for a mortal warrior to return. It must be a monster!" a top-level war lord of the Night Group said in agreement.

At these words, Elder Mei was the next person to speak up. "Not necessarily," she muttered.

Pointing at her, Maurice ordered coldly, "Don't even think about opening the door!"

Elder Mei remained calm at the face of his anger and merely shrugged her shoulders. "I will not open the door. If it is Zen who returns, he will naturally come in! The door can't stop him," she said lightly.

Zen had control over the Tower of Sin. Back when he was on the first floor, he had opened cracks in every floor and fell straight down to get to the fifteenth floor. A mere door would do nothing to stop him.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The quick and rhythmic pounding rang across the entire space. No monster could have been the cause of such a sound.

One of the human war lords said in a low voice, "It's definitely Zen. How could a monster knock on the door like that?"

"Let's wait and see!" another war lord said. "When Zen makes it through, I want to see the looks on those arrogant ogres' faces."

Amidst the silence, a ten-foot long crack appeared in the tower's wall. The fracture appeared like a big mouth in the darkness, and revealed a male figure entering from the other side.

The human war lords all felt thrilled as they watched.

"Zen! It really is him! Zen is back!"

"There's also Fabian and Jarrod!"

"Esther has returned as well!"

The members of the Demon Night all had joyous expressions on their faces. However, nothing would come close to the excitement that the human war lords felt. Their hearts thrummed in victory. Death was a foregone conclusion, forgotten amidst the cheers coming from all around. Zen had come at such a critical moment. Had he returned to the tower five minutes later, it was very likely that all the human war lords would have perished at the hands of the ogres.

Even only this was reason enough for all the brimming excitement. Many of the human war lords had tears in the corners of their eyes as relief and exhilaration washed over them. Just earlier, they were standing between the thin border of life and death, but it seemed that fate had worked to their favor.

Zen, Esther, Fabian, Jarrod, Yolande, and the other two top-level war lords of the Demon Night entered the crack one by one.

As Zen entered, the two corpses on the floor first came into view. One was lying in the middle of the hall, while the other was against the wall. These were the bodies of human war lords. The floor under them was unsoiled. All blood that had flowed out from the corpses had gradually faded, absorbed by the Tower of Sin. One of them caught Zen's eyes. Familiar images came into his recollection as he looked at the corpse's lifeless face.

In the Dark Nether Cave, this man had released intense flames to stop the attacks of the Swallowing Birds.

Apart from the two, another human war lord lay on the floor, his chest heaving with every breath. Deep injuries littered across his skin and his face had the pallor of a man at death's door.

Zen's face darkened at the sight. Furious, he turned to look at Maurice. "Didn't I tell you before?

If I see the ogres appear in the Tower of Sin, I will kill them without mercy. Are you an idiot, Maurice? Or do you simply have poor memory?" he said, his every word punctuated with anger.

All the ogre war lords wore a dark expression on their faces. They had never conceived it possible that such a dramatic reversal would occur. As the reality of the situation dawned upon him, Maurice's face finally revealed panic. He didn't look like how he used to be at all.

Nothing had ever shaken his composure.

He knew from the start that Zen would definitely enter the Dark Nether Cave. And once he had entered, his plan would commence. Zen would not be able to escape from the two war sages, Malcom and Rehaan. Then, without him in their way, the ogres could finally turn the tables. All he needed was for Zen to disappear.

Maurice did not think of his last encounter with Zen as a loss. At first glance, it would seem as if he was driven out from the Tower of Sin. However, it was all a matter of planning. He was simply avoiding trouble. A strategic retreat, so to speak.

As the time of the Dark Nether Cave's opening approached, Maurice was counting the days. At long last, he was finally going to reap the rewards of his patience. His only worry was that Zen would choose not to enter the Dark Nether Cave this year. After all, his cultivation was not as high enough. From the information he had obtained from the Night Group, Zen was a level nine war general and could fight toe-to-toe against the top-level war lords on the fourteenth floor. But his cultivation was still too low to enter the Dark Nether Cave. There was the possibility that he would choose to go to the Dark Nether Cave after having become a war lord.

But then again, Maurice was in no rush. At most, it would just take another year. There were plenty of things that could be done to refine his plan within this period. Malcom and Rehaan would be able to train for longer at the bottom of the Tower of Sin, increasing their chances of killing Zen.

On the day of the cave's opening, news of Zen entering the Dark Nether Cave reached Maurice. It was said that Zen entered without hesitation. Maurice almost couldn't contain his excitement in the days that followed. He spent hours deliberating if Malcom and Rehaan had killed him. Nothing brought him more satisfaction than envisioning Zen's pale, lifeless face.

In the end, the Dark Nether Cave closed, Zen did not return, and he also lost contact with Malcom.

Maurice knew that he had most likely sent Malcom and Rehaan to their deaths, but to him, it was a necessary sacrifice. In Maurice's eyes, it was well worth it. At the very least, Zen would have died in the Dark Nether Cave.

But at this point, with Zen standing before him in the flesh, Maurice realized that he had been completely wrong.

Did Zen just have incredible luck? Even with such methods, Maurice had still failed to kill him!

"How did you come back?"

Maurice asked in a hoarse voice.

Zen stood on top of the stairs and looked at him. Then, in a cold voice, he said, "Why should I tell you?"

"Where's Malcom? Where's Rehaan?" Maurice asked again, his voice rising in volume.

Esther then sneered. "Were those two your last hope? I would admit, sending two war sages after us was definitely a strong move. Unfortunately..." Her voice trailed off.

"What? Where are they?"

Maurice said.

"Unfortunately, we killed them," Yolande replied nonchalantly, her face devoid of even the slightest bit of emotion.

No other races besides the ogres were aware of the matter. How did Malcom and Rehaan, two top-level war lords, enter the Dark Nether Cave? And they even went after Zen? When had they become war sages?

A flurry of silent questions rang inside the heads of all creatures present. The top-level war lords of the human race and Demon Night stood in complete shock, their eyes wide open.

"The ogres are hiding secrets that we do not know. Colin and Neil were war sages, and yet they managed to stay in the Tower of Sin!" one of the war lords said.

"This is no longer a crucial issue. What's more important is that Zen was able to survive despite the attacks of two war sages. What's more, his opponents were killed!" another one declared.

A third voice rose and asked, "I wonder what else can stop Zen."

Chapter 949 At The Foot Of The Tower

Maurice let out a long sigh. He wasn't that old. According to the calendar of the Sea God Continent, he was only about sixty years old, which was extremely young for a martial artist.

However, with this sigh, he seemed to have become much older.

Zen looked at Maurice and said coldly, "You haven't answered me yet. Do you have a bad memory?"

Hearing Zen's words, many of the ogre top-level war lords revealed expressions of fear.

Before, Zen had said that he would kill any ogre he saw in the Tower of Sin. Was he really going to fulfill this promise?

Maurice hesitated for a moment before saying, "We'll leave now."

"Leave?" As Zen pointed at the corpses on the ground, a cold smile appeared on his face. "You want to leave after killing top-level war lords of our human race?"

Maurice snorted, "What else do you want? Even if you control the Tower of Sin, you can't afford to offend the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place!"

Zen burst out into a fit of violent laughter, but there wasn't the slightest trace of a smile in his eyes; there was only the intent to kill. "The Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place? Do you think I'm afraid of them?"

Just as Zen was about to make his move, Esther stopped him. "Zen, how about we let them go?"

The top-level war lords in front of them could be considered the backbone of the ogres. They would become war sages and even Soul Sea Realm masters in the future. If Zen killed them all, it would be a heavy blow to their sacred places.

Moreover, this was tantamount to offending the ogres. Esther took the overall situation into consideration. If Zen really forced the ogres in the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place into a corner, then there was a high chance that the Purple Heart Sacred Place of the humans would be razed to the ground.

"I know what you're thinking," Zen said to Esther. "But today, all the ogres have to die!"

After he finished speaking, he jumped down from the stairs and sped toward Maurice.

"You dare?" An ogre top-level war lord could no longer hold back and rushed toward Zen. As he charged forward, the forceful energy within his body erupted.

Zen waved his finger gently, and an invisible force instantly enveloped his opponent. Then, everyone heard the sound of cloth tearing.

"Ahhh!"

The ogre top-level war lord was soon torn into pieces, his brown blood splashing all over the ground.

"I'll offer your bodies to the Tower of Sin as sacrifices!" Zen's face was ferocious and his entire body was brimming with a strong malicious aura, as if he was a god of death that had descended into the world.

As Maurice realized that Zen had really meant his words, his expression changed. He turned to his clansmen. "Retreat! Leave the Tower of Sin!"

Knowing they were in danger, many of the ogre top-level war lords rushed at lightning speed to the rear where there was a staircase to the 14th floor.

In the blink of an eye, they had arrived at the entrance of the staircase.

However, Zen wasn't going to let them go just like that. A crack appeared on the ceiling above him and he jumped into it, blocking the entrance to the 14th floor. He wasn't going to let a single one of these ogres escape!

The ogre top-level war lords had just climbed up to the 14th floor from the top of the tower and seen Zen blocking their way at the entrance. They looked at him in fear as if he was a humanoid devil.

"Let's fight him! After all, he's just a war general!"

"Kill him! No matter what, we will die!" Several ogre top-level war lords roared.

Their towering bodies looked like small mountains as they swarmed forward.

Once again, Zen gently lifted his finger, tearing the ogres into pieces with an invisible force. Their corpses were scattered all over the steps of the Tower of Sin, and Zen confidently walked up those blood-stained steps.

"Devil! He's a devil!" Realizing that they were far from being a match for Zen, the ogre top-level war lords desperately tried to retreat, running back toward the top of the tower. However, Zen didn't give them a chance to leave. He chased after them and activated the power of the weapon spirit inside the Tower of Sin, swiftly strangling all the top-level war lords.

"Ahhhh!"

"No!"

The screams of all the top-level war lords rang out, and the corpses splattered everywhere. It was as if the steps had turned into a terrifying scene of carnage.

Most of the war lords on the 14th floor were used to bloody scenes, but after they witnessed this scene, their faces went pale with shock. In the past, they'd envied the ogres very much and even regretted not being ogres.

However, they couldn't do anything to change their identities. All they could do was resenting the fact that their races weren't strong enough.

But now, for the first time, they felt glad that they weren't ogres; otherwise, they would have met a cruel end just like these ogres.

Taking one step at a time, Zen slowly made his way to the top of the tower where Maurice had disappeared.

"Has he entered one of the small worlds?" Zen swept the area with his gaze but he couldn't find Maurice. There were 128 small worlds at the top of the tower, so Zen wondered whether Maurice had escaped into one of them.

Yolande shook her head and pointed to the top of the stairs. "Maurice rushed out of there."

"What? He rushed out of there?" A trace of surprise flashed across Zen's face. "Isn't he afraid that the Dark Nether Death Light will directly shoot him to death?"

Even so, Zen didn't give up on the chase. Since the ogres could make breakthroughs in the Tower of Sin and become war sages, their secret must be hidden at the bottom of the tower. As for what the secret was, Zen had no idea, but he knew that Maurice wouldn't kill himself just like that.

Thus, Zen channeled his life vitality into the pendant on his chest, and an orange protective barrier appeared around him. Then, he walked up the stairs and entered the Dark Nether Cave.

Yolande, Esther, Fabian, and Jarrod all followed him. Lavender also appeared beside Zen. Zen was invincible in the Tower of Sin, but outside the tower, it wouldn't be easy for him to fight Maurice alone. If Maurice really had a way to protect himself from death, Zen would be in trouble.

Outside of the top of the tower, a thick Dark Nether Death Light spread out. This fatal light could shatter the life vitality that protected warriors in just a few seconds before killing them all.

After reaching the top of the tower, Zen flew around with a trace of suspicion on his face. He still hadn't found any trace of Maurice.

But Maurice couldn't be too far away. He wouldn't be able to resist the effect of the Dark Nether Death Light at all. With that thought, Zen closed his eyes and gradually released his senses to slowly investigate his surroundings.

After a few moments, he sneered. He took out a top-grade sacred long sword from his space ring and slowly approached in a certain direction.

Fabian, Esther, and the others exchanged glances. Had Zen really discovered something?

All of a sudden, a burly figure appeared from the side of the Tower of Sin. Maurice had been hiding there.

"Zen, since you want to die, die with me!" Maurice roared.

There was a dazzling flash of light above his head. Maurice had unexpectedly chosen to burn his spiritual altars!

A martial artist that cultivated the life vitality system could cause his belly to explode and fight to the death with his opponent. A body refiner, on the other hand, could burn his own spiritual altars. If he chose to do so, the power of the forceful energy released would be appalling.

However, this choice was irreversible. Once the spiritual altar was burned, it couldn't be rebuilt.

As a body refiner, Maurice had already had three spiritual altars. The power released by the burning of the spiritual altars was truly great. Although Zen continued to look indifferent, Esther and the rest all had a drastic change in expression.

"Attack him!"

Esther, Fabian, Jarrod, Yolande, and Lavender launched an attack at the same time.

Esther's strength alone was on par with Maurice's, but since Maurice had chosen to burn his spiritual altars, his aura and strength had increased exponentially. He was now so powerful that he could singlehandedly resist all of their attacks.

"Don't kid yourselves! You can't resist me!" As Maurice roared, a dense stream of fist radiance shot out from his hand. It was as if no one could stop him!

Chapter 950 The Purge

As the crowd looked at Maurice's ferocious expression, a single thought flashed through their minds: this guy was crazy!

Facing the frenzied Maurice, Esther and the others kept retreating. So did Zen.

In this way, Maurice was always under the Dark Nether Death Light.

Even though this area belonged to the periphery of the Dark Nether Cave and was quite far away from the Mad Scorpion, the power of the Dark Nether Death Light was still far from what a top-level war lord could resist.

Moreover, in this crazy state, Maurice didn't even activate his forceful energy to protect himself. He only wanted to fight Zen to death. The three spiritual altars in his body were already burning, so why would he care about his life? Maurice had no plan to live on at all!

Zen retreated at lightning speed, and everyone followed closely behind him. As for Maurice, the moment he rushed out from his hiding place, his skin began to burn under the Dark Nether Death Light.

As he sprinted forward, the skin on his body melted away, followed by his flesh and blood. His originally tall and sturdy figure gradually shrank, and his rough and brutal face melted away to reveal the skull underneath, making him look like a skeleton.

"Ahhh!"

As Maurice howled in pain, his attacks became more and more ferocious, and he managed to charge into the orange light barrier.

At this moment, Zen's eyes flashed, and he waved his long sword.

"No Move!"

Just because the name of the move was "No Move" didn't mean that there wasn't a move. This move was completely controlled by Zen, and he could freely bring it into full play.

His sword attack contained a terrifying power. A raging sword intent roared and collided head-on with Maurice's fist light.

Cluck, cluck, cluck...

Maurice's body was almost burned to ashes by the Dark Nether Death Light. The flesh on his hands had completely disappeared, leaving only pitch-black bones behind. When his fist collided with Zen's sword light, his bones began to crack and fall away.

"Die!"

Zen shouted. He didn't cease his attack at all. The power of the dragon scales within his body erupted, forcing Maurice out of the light barrier.

Maurice raised his head and fell backward. His eyes were filled with a sense of helplessness. He had lost the battle! Just like a snowman under the scorching sun, he turned into a pile of bones that fell into the Dark Nether Cave.

Standing within the orange light barrier, Zen looked down in surprise. It had to be said that the ogres were indeed a battle race, and Maurice's plan had been very meticulous. Unfortunately, he had underestimated the complexity of the Dark Nether Cave as well as Zen's strength.

"So that's how it is," Esther said as she stared at the side of the Tower of Sin. "It seems that the ogres found the secret tunnel here a long time ago."

The others slowly moved closer. "Neil and Colin had hidden here to cultivate. Malcom and Rehaan must have hidden here as well," Fabian said.

Zen smiled faintly. "You can also arrange for people to hide here."

Either by using the crab-like pendant on Zen's chest or by hiding in this secret passageway, the humans and the Demon Night could send more top-level war lords into the Dark Nether Cave.

However, breaking through inside the Dark Nether Cave would come at a price. Warriors who broke through inside the Dark Nether Cave would never be able to leave it. They would only be able to stay in the Tower of Sin for a short period of time before returning to the Dark Nether Cave—that was, unless they were able to find a new path or loophole like this one in the future. Of course, stumbling upon such a discovery would come at a great price.

Some people were destined to die for the sake of their entire race.

Zen and the others returned to the top of the Tower of Sin. The moment they entered, they saw several top-level war lords of the Night Group being controlled by the Demon Night and the humans.

Zen's gaze swept over the top-level war lords of the Night Group. "It's about time to take out the Night Group."

Six months ago when Zen had banished the ogres, he had been lenient enough not to banish the Night Group. During his journey to the Dark Nether Cave, Malcom had found him partly because of the Night Group's help. Moreover, when the ogres had returned to the Tower of Sin, the Night Group had stood firmly on their side. So now, they had to be taken out of the picture as well.

The next moment, there was another purge in the Tower of Sin. All of the Night Group warriors were banished.

The news that Zen had killed all the ogre top-level war lords swept through the entire Sea God Continent like a storm. The Heavenly Feather Sacred Place and the Purple Heart Sacred Place once again entered a state of alert in case the ogres attacked all of a sudden.

After all, the extermination of all the ogre top-level war lords was a fatal blow to the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place. Those top-level war lords had been almost all the talents of their race. The future powerhouses of the ogres were supposed to have been chosen from them. This matter would definitely anger the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, maybe even enough to fight back with all their might.

However, the two sacred places eventually chose to be silent. After losing the Tower of Sin, they had lost their courage to start a war. If they were to fight against the Demon Night and the humans, they would be able to make them pay a considerable price, but the ogres themselves wouldn't be able to recover after suffering more losses.

After all, the Demon Night and the humans had firm control of the Tower of Sin. As long as they weren't exterminated, they would be able to recover quickly. However, the ogres would never have such a chance.

Compromise was the only way for the ogres to survive. Having lost the Tower of Sin, the decline of their race was destined to happen sooner or later. The Night Group, which was a vassal force of the ogres, also faced the same situation. They didn't even have the chance to resist. The Night Group was an expert in hiding and assassination, but at most, they could only organize a few innocuous assassinations. When it came to war, they couldn't even defeat the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

Zen continued to train in the Tower of Sin, occasionally entering the Cursed Land to communicate with the stars.

As a Transcendent Divine Might, Stellar Body was undoubtedly powerful, but the biggest problem was drawing out the power of the stars. The more stars Zen could draw out power from, the more powerful Stellar Body would be. However, it was extremely difficult to draw out the power of a star. So when Zen successfully communicated with a star and cultivated Stellar Body for the first time, red dragon was immensely impressed.

However, Zen failed continuously in his next few attempts to communicate with the stars. It was normal for warriors to fail when they cultivated, so he didn't take it to heart. Since the first day he had stepped onto the martial arts path, he had clearly understood that this road was destined to be difficult. Even if he was someone with great luck, it would be impossible for him to succeed easily. He still needed to work hard. He had known that as long as he tried his best, he wouldn't regret anything even if he couldn't become the strongest warrior one day.

Three months later, on the Heavenly Eagle Prairie, there were a few white clouds in the clear blue sky. The breeze blew occasionally. The sun was shining, but the weather was just warm enough for people to lie leisurely on the grass.

Hundreds of tents had been erected on the prairie. A few strong and sturdy men were sitting on big horses, driving the sheep forward with half of their shoulders bare.

The ogre race had been drastically weakening ever since their surrender. Originally, the Heavenly Eagle Prairie had been divided into three parts with the ogres, the Demon Night, and the humans occupying a third of the area each. But now, the entire Heavenly Eagle Prairie had become a true pasture for the humans alone.

The surrounding herdsmen also slowly began to gather and form a small nomadic clan. There were warriors in this nomadic clan. If this nomadic clan was evaluated, it would be equivalent to a second-grade sect.

All of a sudden, dozens of beams of light shot through the sky.

The sheep began to flee in all directions as they felt the pressure from the sky. The herdsmen began to shout, trying to gather the sheep.

A girl on the pasture raised her head to the sky, widening her big black eyes. She wasn't afraid of the dazzling sunlight. She stared at it for a long time before excitement suddenly flooded her face. She turned around and ran to a nearby tent. "Father, Craig, it's the True God! The True God is here!"

Hearing the little girl's shout, a young man suddenly jumped out of the tent, his face filled with excitement as well. In two years, the little boy had grown into a tall and handsome young man.

"The True God? Where is he?" Craig asked excitedly.

Chapter 951 Return To The Heavenly Eagle Prairie

Back when Zen rescued Craig and his tribe from the ogres' pasture, he had taken them with him and handed them over to one of the forces of the human race. The ordinary herdsmen were able to assimilate into this group easily.

And now, Craig had also become a martial artist. He had also, surprisingly, reached the bone refining level.

The tribe had not forgotten Zen, though they now understood that he was a warrior rather than a god. After some interaction with other people of their race, the herdsmen no longer confined to themselves and had come to know the martial art world and the situation of the entire Sea God Continent.

But, even after opening their eyes to the reality outside of the pasture, they still regarded Zen as a kind of god or miraculous warrior sent by the heavens to save them

If it wasn't for him, they would still be living in that pasture, kept as food for the ogres.

"Where is he? Tell me quickly!"

Craig asked earnestly as he shook the little girl's shoulder. The other herdsmen had also gotten out of their tents and gathered together after hearing what the little girl said.

However, Craig was already a martial artist at the bone refining level and his hands already contained great strength. The little girl's face immediately turned red with Craig shaking her violently.

"Craig, stop!"

one of the herdsmen scolded. "She won't be able to speak if you shake her like that!"

Craig realized the sense in his fellow herdsman's words. He realized he was too excited and immediately released the little girl from his grip.

The little girl rubbed her shoulder and glared at Craig, She huffed before pointing towards a certain direction in the sky, "Over there! I saw him head towards there!"

The direction she pointed at was the exact same place that Zen had first appeared on this land which wasn't far from the pasture they had first come from. Although the entire Heavenly Eagle Prairie now belonged to the human race, the tribe still avoided that pasture because of all the bad memories.

"Whoosh!"

The moment she pointed where she had seen him, Craig immediately shot out like an arrow. Since he had reached the bone refining level, he now had absolute control over his bones and could cross great distances with absolute agility.

The other herdsmen were also excited. They hadn't gotten the chance to thank Zen back then when he saved their lives.

These pastures belonged to the Purple Heart Sacred Place and everyone on the Sea God Continent knew of Zen's name. There was news of him every now and then but the herdsmen understood that, given the difference between their status, it would be extremely difficult for them to see Zen. They knew very well that, try as they might, they would never be able to set foot in the legendary Tower of Sin.

Even someone like Craig did not have the slightest possibility of ever entering that tower. The Tower of Sin, after all, was a place where all the Sea God Continent's talents gathered. Even human-level talents were considered the lowest ranked warriors there. And many warriors couldn't even be counted as talents. There was really no way they could ever hope of getting inside.

This was the only chance for them to see Zen.

Amber landed softly on the ground, her purple robe billowing against the wind. Her aloof and detached eyes swept across the prairie as if looking for something. As a powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm, she had an acute sense of perception. After a few seconds, her eyes immediately widened. She had managed to effortlessly pinpoint the giant transmission array hidden under the prairie.

She pointed towards the distance. "The transmission array is there."

Zen looked to where she was pointing at and his gaze landed on a large crater nearby. It was the place where he had first fallen into this continent. The damage caused by the impact of his landing was still very apparent despite the crater having already been covered by weeds.

"Right here?" Miguel, the leader of the Purple Heart Sacred Place, had also landed on the prairie. The silk ribbon that was tied to his robe made him look like an immortal as it fluttered in the wind.

After confirming the location of the transmission array, Miguel suddenly raised his hands and slammed them down the ground with an earth-shaking force.

"Pa!"

The turf around Miguel began to roll up as if a layer of skin was being lifted from the earth. Underneath the turf was a massive transmission array!

The powerful masters from the Purple Heart Sacred Place and the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place slowly descended.

A lot of masters came. Except for those at the Soul Sea Realm, numerous war sages and human warriors came along with Esther, Olivia, and Yolande. Today was the day Zen returned to the Heavenly Eagle Prairie. Today he returned to the Heavenly Eagle Prairie and it was the day he left this continent.

The leaders of the two great sacred places had come to see him off. In the entire Sea God Continent, only Zen was entitled to such treatment.

Everything was settled in the Tower of Sin. The Demon Night and the human race each had two top-level war lords in the Tower of Sin. Fabian from the human race and Elder Mei from the Demon Night had both become war sages. Both races were also planning to explore the Dark Nether Cave once again.

Fabian had tried his very best to convince Zen to stay, at least until after the exploration of the Dark Nether Cave. However, Zen was pressed for time. Through his intensive cultivation, Zen had made a lot of breakthroughs and was now a fully-fledged war lord.

Given enough time, it wouldn't be difficult for him to become a top-level war lord, but he just did not have that kind of luxury.

When he left the Central Region, Zen had been aware that he did not have much time left to save Yan. He consistently worried every day about his sister. No one knew when the next Purple Power Body would appear and there was no telling when Eddie would manage to find one. Zen only hoped that Eddie would not find the next Purple Power Body so soon.

"All good things must come to an end," Miguel sighed as he cupped his hands together in front of Zen. "Mr. Luo, today, we can only send you here."

Who knew that Zen's sudden appearance in the Sea God Continent would entail so much change for the entire human race? The Purple Heart Sacred Place that Miguel led was no doubt the top beneficiary of his arrival. He was extremely grateful to Zen but knew he could not force him to say. All he could do was travel the long-distance and see him off with good graces and hopeful wishes. It should be noted that war sages and warriors above the war sage level in the Sea God Continent did not use transmission arrays so he truly did travel long and far.

Amber and the other Demon Night warriors suddenly bent their knee. "My queen," Amber said, addressing Lavender who stood beside Zen. "I hope you return to the throne as soon as possible! If you encounter any danger, no matter where you are, our Heavenly Feather Sacred Place will rally forth in full strength and support you!"

Amber did not say this out of courtesy. After finding out that Zen was about to leave, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had created a message rune that they had placed upon both Zen's hand and Lavender's statue.

If Lavender ever needed the help of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, all she needed to do was ask and their warriors would immediately drop everything and come to her aid.

Lavender nodded with a calm expression. "I see," she replied.

Yolande's colorful skirt fluttered in the air, "I hope your choice is correct," she said to Zen in a faint voice. "We will meet again one day!"

Until now, Yolande was still conflicted with her choice of handing over the Heavenly Fragment over to Zen. Although her stand was different from that of Mist, she understood that handing the fragment over to someone fated to lead the world of chaos was the best choice. However, serious disputes still existed among several lords in the Upper World. She was worried if Zen would one day stand on the opposite side against her.

Yolande's Soul Split Spell divided her soul all over the continent. Her main body had reached the peak of the Upper World. As long as Zen remained on the path of martial arts, he would meet with her again sooner or later.

Zen nodded at her words.

Then, the two top-level war lords took out supreme life vitality crystals and began to place them onto the massive transmission array. The transmission array consumed a large amount of supreme life vitality crystals but the Purple Heart Sacred Place had no problem bearing the cost.

At that moment, a figure appeared at the edge of the prairie and seemed to be running towards Zen at an extremely fast rate. It looked like the figure was a young man from the human race and over a hundred herdsmen followed behind him.

Esther calmly gazed at the approaching herd, "Hmm?" she remarked, dropping her guard once she realized that the human warrior was only at the bone refining level.

"Stop them," Miguel ordered. They weren't going to let a handful of herdsmen disturb them at such a crucial moment.

A few of top-level war lords were preparing to stop them. However, Zen waved his hand, "No, let them come to me."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 952 Please Accept Me As Your Disciple

It was the boy from the pasture, Craig.

When Zen had first arrived at the Sea God Continent, none of the herdsmen had dared to resist the ogres, but this boy, Craig, had stood bravely next to him, showing his determination to fight against the enemy.

Given his strength, Craig wouldn't stand a chance, but it took a lot of courage to stand his ground knowing that the outcome would be bad for him. He was the only one who had dared to take a step forward while all the other humans stood to one side and trembled in fear.

Now, Craig couldn't tell the cultivation levels of the people in front of him. It was said that war fighters could fly in the air, so they must be stronger than war fighters. However, Craig also knew that his guess wasn't accurate. His nomadic tribe had war fighters, but their auras weren't anywhere near as strong as the auras of the people in front of him.

'Perhaps even the weakest of them are war generals, ' Craig thought to himself.

He rushed forward with his sparkling eyes fixed firmly on Zen and knelt on the ground. "I-I'm a martial artist now. Please, please accept me as your disciple!"

Craig's sincere request caused all of the top-level war lords present, including Miguel and Amber, to laugh. In their eyes, this human boy was simple and adorable.

Hearing Craig's request, Zen shook his head. "I'm sorry. I don't accept disciples. What's more, I'm about to leave this place. Your cultivation is too low for you to be able to pass through the long-distance transmission array."

However, Craig was more persistent than Zen had imagined. Still kneeling, he said, "I'll follow you even if I have to risk my life."

"Ho-ho, this boy is so determined!" a top-level war lord said.

Craig had actually already begged Zen to accept him as his disciple when Zen had first arrived at the Sea God Continent, but Zen had refused at that time. And now, in the situation he was in, Zen couldn't establish his own clan, let alone accept disciples. Zen had no choice but to refuse Craig once again.

But Craig seemed to have no intention of standing up until his request was accepted.

At this moment, one of the top-level war lords of the human race said to Craig, "Clearly, he doesn't want to accept you as his disciple. How about being my disciple instead?"

Craig had just reached the bone refining level, so he didn't have the qualifications to join the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Even the simplest entrance exam would be hard for him to pass. Therefore, having a top-level war lord as his master would be considered a great honor for him.

It was obvious that the human top-level war lord wanted to curry favor with Zen. Although Zen was about to leave, he had a lot of influence in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, so there would be no harm in doing so. After all, what if Zen returned to the Sea God Continent one day?

Craig looked up and shook his head. "No, I only want to take the true god as my master!"

The warriors all raised their eyebrows in surprise. They'd never thought that Craig would be so persistent. He wanted to be Zen's disciple so much that he wasn't even willing to accept a top-level war lord as his master.

However, Zen still shook his head. "As I said, I'm going to leave this place. Even if I accept you as my disciple, it won't do you any good."

"But…" Craig looked up at Zen, as if searching for the right words in his mind.

Miguel laughed. "I'd like to accept you as my disciple. What do you think?"

At his words, many of the top-level war lords' expressions changed. Miguel rarely accepted disciples. Even Olivia, the most outstanding talent of the Purple Heart Sacred Place, hadn't been able to become his disciple. Even if Craig improved his talent tenfold, he still wouldn't be qualified to become Miguel's disciple.

Everyone had sharp eyes and had sized Craig up as soon as they'd seen him. In their view, Craig's bone refining level was not a problem. Despite having a low cultivation level, a person could make fast progress in the future as long as he was talented. After he entered the Tower of Sin, his cultivation speed would soar in no time. But Craig wasn't talented and his physical condition wasn't satisfactory. This was the biggest problem.

Because of this, Miguel had just been joking when he'd asked Craig to be his disciple. He thought that since Craig was so determined, he wouldn't change his mind and take any master other than Zen. After all, given Craig's cultivation level, it would be impossible for him to tell who was stronger among the people present. Miguel thought that in Craig's eyes, Miguel and the first top-level war lord had probably reached the same level.

However, Miguel had underestimated Craig.

Craig was crafty and observant. As soon as he heard Miguel's proposal, he hurriedly nodded. "Since the true god won't take me as his disciple, I'm willing to be your disciple instead."

It was true that Craig couldn't distinguish the difference in strength between Miguel and the top-level war lord, but he was sensible and good at gauging people's thoughts. When the top-level war lord had asked Craig to be his disciple, the crowd's expressions didn't change at all. However, when this middle-aged man in a robe had asked him the same question, all of their expressions had changed. It was obvious to Craig that this man must be an extraordinary figure. But he had no idea that Miguel was the leader of the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

When Craig readily agreed to Miguel's proposal, the crowd burst into hearty laughter. Amber faintly smiled and said, "Miguel, you can't go back on your word."

Miguel smiled. "I definitely won't go back on my word." Then, he turned to Craig. "Being my disciple will be a tough task. You must prepare yourself for the training."

If the many talents of the Purple Heart Sacred Place found out that Miguel had taken a young boy of bone refining level as his disciple because of a joke, they would probably pass out in shock and depression.

In fact, Olivia, Dylon, and the others already felt like they were going to faint.

At the beginning, Olivia, the number one talent of the Purple Heart Sacred Place, had asked two elders to try to persuade Miguel to take her as his disciple. Out of the millions of martial artists in the Purple Heart Sacred Place, she was the martial artist with the highest talent. Even so, she'd been rejected by Miguel.

One could only imagine how surprised she was now.

Then, over a hundred herdsmen rushed to the scene. They weren't as bold as Craig, so they came to a stop far away and kowtowed to Zen. It was obvious that their gratitude to Zen was sincere and devout.

The supreme life vitality crystals on the massive transmission array were finally laid down. Then, a blazing white light cut the transmission array in half, forming a massive line before shooting up into the sky. The large transmission array was finally opened.

"It's time to leave," Zen said as Lavender's figure turned into sword spirit and drilled into his body. Then, he turned around and bid farewell to everyone before stepping into the transmission array.

As Olivia watched Zen's figure disappear into the blazing white light, her eyes, which were filled with tender emotions, suddenly turned red.

She might have a lot of things to say to Zen, but it was already an extravagant request for her to send him off at a time like this. How would she even get the opportunity to speak to him alone? Besides, even if she had an opportunity, where would she start from? Could she say that she wanted to follow Zen into the transmission array? This was obviously impossible.

The light of the transmission array extended all the way into the distance until it reached the horizon. It drew a parabola in the sky and finally disappeared over the horizon.

Miguel looked at the light and said, "I wonder just where this transmission array will lead to."

"Perhaps in the future, we may be able to enter the transmission array too," Amber said indifferently.

The Sea God Continent was actually a very barren continent. In terms of wealth and area, it was far from the Central Region. However, a dozen sacred places were located on that continent, while the Central Region did not have a single sacred place.

The Tower of Sin was the reason for that. It was because of the existence of the Tower of Sin and the Dark Nether Cave that there were so many sacred places in the Sea God Continent.

As Zen sped through the space channel, thoughts raced through his mind. The Central Region was his main battlefield. He had finally returned after receiving training in the Sea God Continent for almost two years.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn't matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

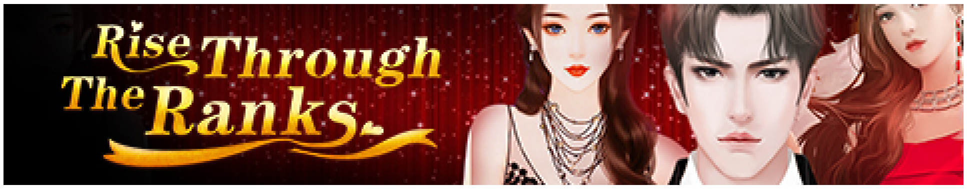

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

18

Content

Chapter 953 A Rare Treasure
Chapter 954 Evil Of Human Nature
Chapter 955 Fight Back
Chapter 956 Fish Dragon Sect
Chapter 957 Master Xiao
Chapter 958 Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom
Chapter 959 The Unexpected Information (Part One)
Chapter 960 The Unexpected Information (Part Two)
Chapter 961 Miss Xi
Chapter 962 Margaret Xi (Part One)
Chapter 963 Margaret Xi (Part Two)
Chapter 964 A Visit (Part One)
Chapter 965 A Visit (Part Two)
Chapter 966 Two Options
Chapter 967 At Death's Door
Chapter 968 The Transmission Arrays Of The Ethereal City (Part One)
Chapter 969 The Transmission Arrays Of The Ethereal City (Part Two)
Chapter 970 Take Action
Chapter 971 Escape
Chapter 972 Illusion
Chapter 973 It All Looked Fishy
Chapter 974 Dragon-trapping Rope
Chapter 975 The Dreamy Swampland
Chapter 976 Mud
Chapter 977 Hunt And Escape
Chapter 978 Hiding
Chapter 979 The Underground Palace
Chapter 980 Flames Of Fury (Part One)
Chapter 981 Flames Of Fury (Part Two)
Chapter 982 Conflicting Feelings
Chapter 983 Departure
Chapter 984 First Grade Purple Power Body
Chapter 985 The Internal Strife of Cloud Hall
Chapter 986 Scapegoat

Chapter 987 Kill Three With One Strike
Chapter 988 Arrive At The Right Time
Chapter 989 Reverse Of The Situation
Chapter 990 Bragging
Chapter 991 Small Heavenly Tribulation
Chapter 992 Undergoing The Heavenly Tribulation
Chapter 993 The Nightmare Tribulation
Chapter 994 A Familiar Figure
Chapter 995 Letitia Survived
Chapter 996 Suppress
Chapter 997 Return To Cloudy City
Chapter 998 Pay In Installments
Chapter 999 Gifts
Chapter 1000 I'm Here For Zen
Chapter 1001 What Brings You Here
Chapter 1002 Being Jealous
Chapter 1003 The Bad News
Chapter 1004 Exchange
Chapter 1005 Admit It
Chapter 1006 The Victor (Part One)
Chapter 1007 The Victor (Part Two)
Chapter 1008 Leaving Zen Out

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 953 A Rare Treasure

The turbulent waters of the sea constantly lapped against the reefs on the shore. The Chaotic Ocean of Stars had been raging for most of the year, as it had been like this for centuries.

There were countless fierce beasts lurking in this sea. Even the known warriors didn't dare to recklessly enter this sea, let alone ordinary fishermen. Only the really strong warriors dared to explore this sea. After all, there were many treasures hidden in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, along with the countless corpses of warriors who died in the sea every year.

The Fish Dragon Sect was a third-grade sect. As it was located in the proximity of Chaotic Ocean of Stars in the far east, this sect had a much greater understanding of it than any other sects.

This sect had pinpointed several sea areas near the continent. They knew very well that although the Chaotic Ocean of Stars was very dangerous, it was relatively safe in the several sea areas they had circled. At least, seldom did powerful beasts appear out of these few sea areas. Every year at the onset of spring, the Fish Dragon Sect would send multiple disciples to the surrounding areas to improve their strength through a vigorous training.

The mission of the training was to kill a certain level-four beast in the water called "Black Cyan Clam". Although it wasn't very strong in terms of attack, its defensive power was terrifying. It wasn't an easy task to break the shell of the Black Cyan Clam.

After killing the Black Cyan Clam, the warriors would get a chance of discovering a treasure called "Black Spirit Pearl". It was a very precious material to refine pills, very popular in the markets of the Central Region. Its demand usually exceeded the supply. It was also one of the main sources of income for the Fish Dragon Sect.

In addition to the Black Spirit Pearl, the meat of the Black Cyan Clam was also a popular delicacy. After it was caught, it was dried and sold to the Central Region at very high rates due to its exclusivity.

Today was the day the disciples of the Fish Dragon Sect were starting their training. Over ten thousand disciples in the Illuminating Soul Realm flew along the sea level.

"Barnard! Our mission is to discover at least ten Black Spirit Pearls. If we don't complete the mission, we will be punished." The one who spoke was a man dressed in black from top to bottom. There was a black scorpion tattoo on the man's right cheek, granting him a gloomy aura.

In the surrounding seas, there were many dangers even for Illuminating Soul Realm warriors. This was why they always traveled in groups of three or four while entering the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

The man who had spoken was among a group of five people. Finally, they began to hunt for the Black Cyan Clams. Compared to the other disciples of the Fish Dragon Sect, these five seemed to have a much stronger and malicious aura.

"My luck isn't so bad today! I think I've found something," said the warrior named Barnard, his eyes lit as he dove into the water below. The other two men looked at each other, then pulled out some water-avoiding pills from their pockets and took them at the same time. Soon, an invisible membrane formed all around their bodies to protect them from the sea water when they dove in. But this membrane was only effective in regions of shallow water. Its thin surface would be immediately folded and wrecked by the deep waters.

Plop!

Plop!

The water splashed as the two Illuminating Soul Realm warriors rushed into the sea, one from the left and the other from the right.

The division of labor was clear in the group, which was why they worked closely and with good cooperation. In fact, these five warriors were originally independent warriors. They were once pirates who roamed the east side of the Central Region. More than a hundred martial artists had died at their hands!

Right now, the situation in the entire Central Region was so rapidly changing that it was unpredictable. There were many sects that were acting in concert against independent warriors. Life for them had become very difficult, especially due to the presence of the bigger sects, who could kill them any time.

Forced into a corner, the five of them finally decided to whitewash themselves and go ashore to join the Fish Dragon Sect.

The Fish Dragon Sect was rather weak among the third-grade sects, as it was located in a remote area, and had not been able to develop much in the past few years. Due to this change of situation in the Central Region, a large number of independent warriors had come to join it of late.

At the same time, accepting too many independent warriors did not guarantee any good to the sect. These independent warriors did not have any loyalty to the sect as they didn't belong to it originally. If something unfavorable happened, these independent warriors would be the first ones to betray the sect.

However, the independent warriors had already known some martial arts and had some cultivation basis, so they didn't need the sect to put great efforts on training them. Because of their skills, they could help the sect to acquire immaculate wealth. So, Fish Dragon Sect chose to turn a blind eye to any negative consequences and accepted all the independent warriors who came to them, except for some extremely notorious ones.

Precisely because of this reason, the number of disciples participating in this year's training at the sea had increased by several times. The increase of disciples had brought great benefit to the Fish Dragon Sect.

Facing the combined efforts of the five Illuminating Soul Realm warriors, the Black Cyan Clam under the sea had nowhere to hide. Even the strong defense it was so proud of had already been easily broken through.

One of the warriors used his long sword to open the Black Cyan Clam. With an overjoyed expression, he said, "Barnard! Today really is a lucky day. We found a Black Spirit Pearl in the first black cyan clam we captured!"

"Um-hmm," Barnard made a sound, nodding his head lightly, showing no sign of joy.

As far as he was concerned, the Fish Dragon Sect wasn't a good place. By taking advantage of the turbulent situation in the Central Region, they unceasingly recruited independent warriors. On the surface, they were recruiting disciples, but in reality, they were using independent warriors as laborers. What nonsense was this training at the sea? It was just an excuse to blackmail and exploit them.

When the independent warriors had been deterred by the danger of being killed, the Fish Dragon Sect was the one who provided them a place to protect themselves. Now they offered them this so called chance of "Training", which was nothing but a disguised way of charging them a protection fee!

They were required to hand in ten Black Spirit Pearls to the Fish Dragon Sect every day, which was a very laborious and heavy task. But it was still better than being killed by the masters of other sects in the Central Region.

They continued to head further into the depths of the sea after finding the first Black Spirit Pearl. The coastal waters weren't very dangerous, yet they were very careful. After all, they were once pirates and were aware of all kinds of strange things that could happen in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. No one could say when a powerful, fierce beast would appear near the shore. But if that really happened, they would be doomed.

Just as they were moving forward carefully, an explosive sound from the sky filled the air. It was what they called a bolt from the blue.

Pah!

Everyone was shocked!

"What, what is that!" One of the warriors of the Illuminating Soul Realm said in a trembling voice, his face fearful.

They saw an object dive into the sea at an incredibly fast speed a few miles away. The impact was so powerful it caused waves as high as dozens of feet!

Barnard's eyes widened in a flash. "A rare treasure seems to have appeared!" he said.

Legend had it that lightening would strike and thunder would roar with other abnormal phenomenon in the sky when a rare treasure appeared in the world. It was possible that what had just happened was one of those times! They had seen something crash into the water with their own eyes. This was no folklore.

"Really? Are you sure, Barnard?" Another warrior asked excitedly.

"Yes...there's a possibility that it might be the case. Let's go take a look!" Barnard was a very experienced warrior. He vigilantly looked around to confirm that there were no other warriors in the surrounding sea before he flew over to the suspicious area. To be safe, he took out a water-avoiding pill and gulped it in an instant before diving deeper in the water.

They were all skilled divers. With the help of the water-avoiding pill, they sank to the bottom in no time.

Their faces were remarkably shocked once they reached the bottom and saw what was in front of them. They had thought they'd be met with a rare treasure, but what they found was an actual person!

"How could this man descend from the lightning?" A martial artist said through his life vitality.

Barnard stared at the man, shaking his head, trying to make sense of what he saw. Suddenly, his eyes landed on the space ring that hung from the man's chest. Immediately, a hint of greed appeared on his face. "He seems to be injured. How weird is it that he chose to meditate and heal in the water. Shall we..." said Barnard, exchanging glances with the others.

All their lives, they had survived by looting and killing in the surrounding seas. This wouldn't be the first time they would brazenly rob someone if they decided to do it.

Even though they were now disciples of the Fish Dragon Sect, it wasn't a big deal for them to occasionally go back to old habits and trades when no one was around. Moreover, even those large sects in the Central Region who prided themselves on being righteous were not completely clean and had done quite a few nasty things. It was a sad truth that the world of warriors was a cruel one.

"But his strength…" a warrior started to speak, staring at the man meditating at the bottom of the sea. Hesitantly, he continued, "Barnard, this man is a martial artist in the Virtual Tribulation Realm!"

Barnard's face too displayed hesitation and reluctance. Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors were not people they could fight against. Even though the man in front of them was severely injured, it would be a piece of cake for him to take the lives of all these Illuminating Soul Realm warriors in no time.

Chapter 954 Evil Of Human Nature

Barnard hesitated for a moment, but ultimately chose to retreat. The five warriors moved toward the surface of the water and quickly left the place.

Although Zen's eyes were closed, he knew clearly that he had just been targeted by five people at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

He was truly unlucky. Back when he entered the Sea God Continent for the first time, he had encountered a violent space windstorm and directly smashed onto the Heavenly Eagle Prairie. Now, when he returned, he had once again encountered a space windstorm.

Fortunately, Zen had already comprehended the second layer of the Space Law. Moreover, his cultivation had also improved, so he was a lot stronger than he had been before. Even though the second space windstorm was more intense than the first one, he wasn't seriously injured. However, a lot of power of space had permeated his body, and it was going to take a lot of effort to expel that power out of his body.

"These five people know their own limitations." Zen's eyes were closed as his pupils gently rolled under his eyelids.

Just then, he sensed three people approaching and furrowed his eyebrows. Didn't they say that there were very few signs of life in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars? Why were there so many people coming and going?

The three warriors who were getting closer to Zen had also reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. Once they got closer, they plunged into the water.

"Bess, I've found a Black Cyan Clam! It's right at the bottom of that reef!" Zen hadn't expected to meet three female warriors. They weren't independent warriors but inner disciples of the Fish Dragon Sect. However, the Fish Dragon Sect's trial at sea was not only for independent warriors. Even inner disciples had to complete the mission.

After the three girls took water-avoiding pills, they continued to swim in the sea. Dressed in feathered clothes and swimming agilely in the sea, they looked like three mermaids.

"Yes, there is a Black Cyan Clam hiding under the reef! First, we need to… Ahhh!" One of the girls was talking when she suddenly noticed that there was a person sitting beside the reef. Her scream didn't travel very far in the sea. Seeing the panicked expression on her face, the other two girls became curious. They followed her gaze and saw Zen, who was meditating at the bottom of the sea.

"How can there be anyone at the bottom of the sea? Is he dead?"

"Could it be that he's cultivating there?"

"It's so strange." "Wait a minute. Look. He seems to be meditating and recuperating. Is he injured?"

The three girls had great talents, but they came from a second-grade family in the east and had never received training outside. Compared with warriors who had faced life and death situations, these girls were much more naive and less cautious.

Seeing Zen sitting at the bottom of the sea, the three of them didn't feel afraid at all. Instead, they watched him with great curiosity. One of them even slowly floated over and gently touched his body with her finger, as if to confirm whether he was dead or alive.

After feeling Zen's body temperature, they discussed with each other through their life vitality and decided to take Zen to the surface.

The whole time, Zen didn't move the slightest inch. He was using all his strength to expel the power of space from his body. With his control over the power of space, this process wouldn't take long.

The three girls moved Zen onto a reef with all their strength.

"Oh, my God! I'm so tired!"

"This fellow doesn't look fat. Why is he so heavy? He's even heavier than a piece of pig iron!"

"And he's keeping his eyes closed like a statue. What's going on?"

The three girls were curiously sizing Zen up.

Of course, Zen could hear everything that was going on and sighed inwardly. There were all sorts of people in this world. These three girls were truly too naive. As the saying went, curiosity killed the cat. If they continued to act this way all the time, they would soon get themselves into trouble.

Just then, Zen felt something unusual. He sneered as he thought, 'It seems I underestimated those greedy fellows.' He sensed that there were a few people approaching from a distance: the five warriors from a while ago and another three warriors who belonged to the later stage of the Internal Elixir Realm.

The five warriors had already wanted to attack Zen a while back, but they had retreated, probably afraid that they wouldn't be able to defeat him. Now, they'd gone and brought strong reinforcements with them.

At one point of time, Zen had found it a little bit difficult to fight with warriors at the later stage of the Internal Elixir Realm.

But now, he could defeat them as easily as blowing off dust.

"He's the one in front of us?" a warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm asked with a cold expression.

Barnard quickly nodded. "Elder Hu, he's the one. He's seriously injured, and it seems like he won't be able to recover in a short time!"

A warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm who was injured and unable to defend himself was a temptation for anyone.

"He has just reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm. With the three of us working together, we'd be able to defeat him easily even if he wasn't injured! If he doesn't resist, I'll spare his life. But if he resists…" another warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm said in a shrill voice.

The warrior surnamed Hu shook his head. "It doesn't matter whether he resists or not. We should kill him. If he comes from some large sect and we let him go, the potential for disaster will be enormous!"

"Agreed! Elder Hu is right!" Barnard exclaimed.

Soon, the eight people arrived at their destination. At first glance, all they saw was three female disciples from their sect on a reef, but then they noticed the man sitting beside them.

Elder Hu frowned. As he slowly approached the girls, he berated them, "Bess Yuan! What are you doing here?"

At the sight of Elder Hu, Bess stood up and said, "Elder Hu, we found a warrior here. It looks like he's injured."

A sinister smile crept across Elder Hu's face. "Okay, I see. You can leave. I'll take care of him."

However, Bess shook her head. "We're not leaving. Let's wait for him to wake up first."

"Do as I said! Just leave. I'll take care of him!" Elder Hu said firmly.

Bess didn't dare to talk back anymore. Out of their respect for Elder Hu, the three female disciples flew away with bitter expressions on their faces.

As soon as they left, Elder Hu sneered and took out a long spear. The other two Internal Elixir Realm warriors also pulled out their weapons. They weren't sure how serious Zen's injury was. They figured that since he was still meditating now, he must be more than slightly hurt.

Still, the three warriors at the later stage of the Internal Elixir Realm were on high alert. After all, they were dealing with a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, so it was better to be cautious. "Kill him now, no matter how serious his injuries are!"

At Elder Hu's command, the other two warriors directed their life vitality, ready to launch an attack on Zen.

Zen narrowed his eyes slightly and prepared to fight back. Suddenly, he heard a cry of surprise. The three female disciples had returned. "Elder Hu, what are you trying to do?" Bess asked.

Elder Hu snorted before turning to Barnard. "Since they have a death wish, I'll leave them to you!"

When Barnard and his friends heard Elder Hu's words, their faces immediately lit up. "Elder Hu, what do you mean by giving them to us?" Barnard asked.

"Do whatever you want with them.Kill them after you finish." Elder Hu knew what was going through Barnard's mind.

"Great!" Barnard and his friends were immediately filled with excitement. Ever since they had joined the Fish Dragon Sect, they had had to follow the sect rules and refrain from sleeping with women. Moreover, these three girls were at the Illuminating Soul Realm. It would be thrilling to have sex with them!

The five men charged toward Bess and the other two girls.

The three girls might be simple and naive, but they weren't idiots. They knew what would happen next if they stayed here.

"Let's go back! We have to tell our master!" An expression of ruthlessness crossed Bess's face. The three girls turned around and sped away on the surface of the sea.

The five men chased them with sinister smiles on their faces. "Go back? Do you think you'll have the chance to go back?"

At the same time, Elder Hu finally made his move. The moment he thrust his spear toward Zen, Zen's eyes shot open. He looked at the three warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm with a faint smile on his face, as if he was looking at three dead men.

Chapter 955 Fight Back

When Zen's eyes opened, the expressions of the three warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm changed. Elder Hu shouted, "Quick! Kill him!"

All of the three knew that if they offended someone, it would be wise to eliminate that person. If they showed even the slightest bit of mercy, they would definitely face a lethal counterattack from the person.

Therefore, there was no hesitation on their faces at all.

Although Zen was about to face fierce attacks by the three warriors at the late stage of Internal Elixir Realm, he didn't move at all. He gently touched the space ring hanging on his chest. A long spear and spots of light appeared before him.

Lavender's tall and slender body instantly materialized and she cast a charming smile at the three warriors. She extended her hand to take the long spear. Her nimble wrist flicked the weapon lightly and it instantly lashed out.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The trio owned low-grade fairy weapons, which shattered immediately upon impacting with the spear.

As soon as he saw the mid-grade sacred weapon, Elder Hu had a feeling this wouldn't end well.

A low-grade sacred weapon was very valuable in the Central Region. There weren't many such weapons in the entire Central Region, but this woman even had a mid-grade sacred weapon.

And who the hell was this beautiful woman appearing out of nowhere? A sword spirit that had a real shape? It was hard for the three of them to fathom.

They didn't think they could deal with her.

The three warriors were already regretting their decision. But now that they had decided to kill Zen for his treasures, there was no use crying over spilled milk. If they were going to take his life, then they ought to be prepared to be killed in the fight too.

The trio had been through many trials and hardships together, so they had a tacit understanding among each other, especially in situations where the outcomes didn't look favorable. They quickly retreated in three different directions.

But Lavender didn't give them a chance to escape. The long spear in her hand shook lightly, and three invisible ripples of energy shot out. Warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm were only equal to level seven to level ten war generals on the Sea God Continent.

Moreover, these three warriors were from Fish Dragon Sect, a mere third-grade sect. They were far inferior to Olivia and Cheryl, who were both divine-level talents.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

Blood pooled on the backs of all three warriors. They didn't even have a chance to fight back. They fell into the sea like kites whose strings had been cut. Their blood turned the water red.

"Done!" Lavender said to Zen with a triumphant smile.

She didn't know why, but after they had returned to the Central Region, she had felt joyful and relieved. As the queen of the Demon Night, she had a proud and aloof personality. She used to order everyone around as if they were all her subordinates.

But now, when she did things for Zen, she felt very happy.

Zen nodded and said, "But those three girls are in trouble."

"Who cares?" Lavender rolled her eyes. The others were completely worthless in her eyes.

Zen suddenly stood up. "Come on! It took them a lot of effort to get me out of the sea." The Space Law Power in his body had been almost removed by him. Only a small amount of it remained in his body, which had little effect on him now.

He leaped off the reef and turned into a beam of light, shooting off somewhere.

Bess and the other two girls were frightened to death. They had tried their best to flee from this place. The three of them had grown up under the protection of their parents and brothers. They were so innocent that they didn't know how evil some people could be. They couldn't understand why Elder Hu wanted to kill that man. They had just come here for the Black Cyan Clam. Why did Elder Hu send people to kill them? Was it just to prevent them from exposing their secret?

There were a lot of things that they couldn't figure out, but they didn't have the time to think right now. Even innocent girls like them knew that they would be raped and killed if they were caught. The five people behind them cursed and tried their best to catch up to them.

Why was the sea so vast? Why couldn't they bump into someone who could save them?

"Aargh!" One of the girls suddenly screamed out. A small dart had struck her back. The dart glowed with a brilliant blue light; it was obvious that it was smeared with poison.

The girl's body went limp and she fell towards the sea.

However, a warrior stepped forward and caught her. "Ha-ha! Don't worry. You won't die just yet! This is only a sleeping drug. I won't kill you before I fuck you."

At the same time, another girl screamed out too. She was struck down in the same way.

Seeing the terrible scene, Bess suddenly felt dizzy. She couldn't stop and turn around to save her friends. Otherwise, she would also be caught and they would all die. If she could escape, she might still have the chance to avenge her friends.

"I must escape!" she said through gritted teeth and tears. Bess, who was usually as docile as a sheep, suddenly looked aggressive.

Just then, a figure appeared in front of her. A black scorpion was tattooed on his face, and he had an evil aura.

"You won't be able to escape," Barnard said menacingly. "Bess, why don't you play with us? I'm your sect-mate. Trust me, it'll be fun." A nasty smile hung on his lips.

"Fuck off! You don't deserve to be my sect-mate." Bess gritted her teeth and pulled out her weapon. It was a flying sword—a top-grade fairy weapon.

Barnard smiled and said, "You're right. I am not your sect-mate. If it weren't for the situation in the Central Region, I would have never joined this fucking Fish Dragon Sect!"

"If the sect leader and elders find out about this, you will surely die! Aren't you afraid?"

Bess was both furious and frightened.

Barnard shook his head and chuckled. "They don't know. If they did, we wouldn't have attacked you. It's a pity that they will never know."

From the very beginning, they had wanted to silence the girls by killing them. Now Barnard spoke without the slightest fear of being exposed.

"Go to hell!" she spat out. The flying sword in her hand suddenly shot out and went whirling towards the fiend.

"Wow, you are indeed from a large clan. Your cultivation level is not so high, yet you have a top-grade fairy weapon. I really like this flying sword. I'll happily accept it!" A wicked smile appeared on his face. He was quick and easily avoided her flying sword.

It was reasonable to say that Bess' cultivation level was on par with Barnard's. What was more, the cultivation method she practiced was much better than that of Barnard. Theoretically, if they were to fight, he would definitely not be a match for her.

It was a pity that Bess had never gotten a crisis like this before. She rarely had the chance to fight someone with her true strength, let alone experience a life-and-death battle.

Barnard and his other four companions were pirates, so killing and looting people came easily to them. They had a lot of combat experience—something Bess could never match up. So when they came to blows, he was a tough opponent for her.

Barnard stepped aside, dodging the flying sword easily. He then moved forward and stood behind Bess. He rested his chin on her shoulder and blew a breath of air into her ear to tease her. He said softly, "Your cultivation level and strength are not bad, but it's a pity that your combat experience is zero. If you continue to control the flying sword like this, you'll never be able to stab me."

Bess was disgusted at his words. She struck him with her elbow. At the same time, she summoned the flying sword back to her. She thrust the flying sword backwards hoping to stab him.

Once again Barnard seemed to have preempted her attack. He took a small step aside and easily dodged it. He still hung close to her back like a ghost. This time, he even put his hand on her slender waist and said, "Bess, I already told you that you wouldn't be able to hurt me."

Bess' combat experience was weak, but her willpower was exceptionally strong. Now she was going all out.

Barnard loved to torture his prey, especially if it was this kind of a stubborn woman. He was still sticking close to her back, like a cat playing with a mouse before killing it.

But this time, Bess' flying sword did not miss. It stabbed a warrior who was standing not far away from her instead.

The man was laughing obscenely and tearing another girl's clothes apart. He was so engrossed in his disgusting act that he didn't see or hear the flying sword.

"Wray, be careful!" Barnard shouted. He did not expect Bess to suddenly attack someone else either. But his warning came too late. Bess' flying sword had already pierced through the man's chest.

Chapter 956 Fish Dragon Sect

Bess had never killed anybody before. But she was ruthless when it came to the warrior who was taking advantage of her friend. She made the flying sword spin when it pierced through his chest, creating a big hole.

"Wray!"

Barnard and his four companions had fought life-threatening battles over the years together. They had never failed due to their caution and strategic attacks. Who would have thought that one of them would be killed in the pursuit of these three girls?

Barnard roared and tried to get a hold of Bess so that he could torture her.

Bess had already stopped resisting; her face was filled with determination. She was already prepared to die as she knew she would never be able to defeat her powerful opponent.

But Barnard suddenly stopped in front of her as if he was frozen on the spot.

Bess heard an indifferent voice, "Use your flying sword to stab him again. Let's see if you can kill him."

She was slightly stunned. She looked around, but nobody was there. It looked like someone had cast a spell on the man in front of her. He stood there in a daze, not moving at all. This was a golden opportunity for her.

She did not hesitate the slightest bit. She summoned the flying sword back to her and thrust it towards Barnard's face.

Although Barnard couldn't move his body, he could still speak. "You stinking bitch! How dare you!" He was scared of Bess now. Her determined expression told him she was certainly going to kill him. "Who is it? Show yourself! You bastard!" he bellowed.

Zen's figure slowly appeared behind Bess. He looked at Barnard nonchalantly as if he was looking at a dead man.

When Barnard saw Zen standing there unharmed, he was filled with rage and shock. 'Wasn't this guy severely injured? He is just a warrior at the early stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm. Facing three warriors at the late stage of Internal Elixir Realm wouldn't have been easy for him. But where are the three elders? Are they all dead?' Barnard thought to himself.

'That can't be possible!'

Barnard's speculations ended as Bess' flying sword pierced through his head, leaving behind a trail of blood. The flying sword then fell powerlessly into the sea.

Bess turned around and saw that the man in front of her was the same one she and her companions had pulled out from the sea.

"Please hurry! Save my friends!" Bess had been nervous the whole time. After killing two warriors, she was on the verge of collapsing. Now that she was safe, she allowed her exhaustion to take over. She closed her eyes and passed out.

She came around after a long time. She propped herself on her elbows and saw both her friends lying beside her. Although their clothes were in disarray, their breaths were smooth. Thankfully, they were completely unharmed.

'Did that man save them too?' she thought.

She raised her head and saw the man sitting on another reef attending to his wounds.

She flew over and landed lightly on the reef. She sized up the slightly skinny man in front of her.

Zen looked up and saw Bess. "You're awake," he noted.

Bess nodded, "Thanks a lot, sir. May I know your name?"

"You are welcome. But if it weren't for me, you wouldn't have gotten involved in this in the first place. It was your act of kindness that saved you," Zen replied.

However, Bess insisted, "My father always says that we should be grateful. That's all I know."

A wistful smile appeared on Zen's face at her naive personality. 'Didn't her father teach her not to trust strangers? No wonder she is so simple-minded. If she remains innocent, she will eventually get hurt one day, ' he thought.

Then he shook his head and said, "My name is Zen Luo."

"Zen Luo? You are that Zen? Zen from the Cloud Hall?" Bess' eyebrows shot up. She would have never thought this man would be the famous Zen.

"You've heard of me?" Zen asked casually. Actually, he was not too surprised that she knew him.

There were many people in the Central Region who knew of him. Ever since he had fought in the Martial Arts Contest and left midway, he was known all over the world.

After that, he had helped the Cloud Hall build the strongest sect-protecting array, and relied on it to provoke Eddie. This move made him even more famous. At that time, Zen was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm. It wasn't a good idea for a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm to provoke the strongest man in the Central Region, but he did so and it made him a legend among the younger generation.

Countless versions of his story were being spread among people, and no matter which version they heard, everyone's heart surged with emotions.

"Of course I've heard of you, but aren't you at the Illuminating Soul Realm? How did you already reach the Virtual Tribulation Realm?" Bess looked him up and down a few times. "And the rumors in the Central Region say that you are already dead!"

Zen shook his head. He didn't care about himself, but was more worried about the situation in the Cloud Hall and his sister.

"What is the current situation in the Central Region?" he asked.

Bess wasn't really the type to keep abreast of the situation in the Central Region. She was more interested in hearing about Zen's legendary story. However, as an inner disciple of the Fish Dragon Sect, she still knew a little bit about the situation.

"Right now, all the sects in the Central Region are united. It is believed that they want to eliminate all independent warriors," Bess said, pouting her lips.

"Why?"

A strange expression appeared on Zen's face.

Bess explained, "They are forcing all the independent warriors to join the sects. That's why our Fish Dragon Sect is filled with many warriors, good and bad. Alas! This is so frustrating!"

The eight warriors that had been killed by Zen and Bess today were all once independent warriors. Elder Hu had joined the Fish Dragon Sect a little earlier, so he managed to become an elder of the sect.

"How is the Cloud Hall?

What about the World Commercial Alliance?

And Ethereal Spirit Sect?"

Zen bombarded her with questions, but Bess stared blankly at him. He understood that she clearly didn't have any clue about it.

"Do your friends know?" Zen asked as he noticed that the other two girls were also slowly waking up.

"No, they don't," Bess answered decisively on behalf of her friends.

Sighing in defeat, Zen said, "Fine. The Fish Dragon Sect isn't too far from here, is it?"

"No, it isn't. I can show you the way!" Bess was glad for the opportunity to help Zen.

The two girls were fully awake now. So the four of them proceeded to the Fish Dragon Sect. After the two girls learned of Zen's identity, the three women had been chattering non-stop and almost forgot about the harrowing experience they had just been through.

They talked non-stop and threw all sorts of questions to Zen, which immediately gave him a headache.

Finally, Lavender couldn't take it anymore. She turned into spots of red light and emerged from Zen's body, knocking the three of them out. "You three, shut up!" she yelled.

The three girls immediately went silent. Lavender's sudden appearance scared them, but it only lasted for a few seconds before the three surrounded Lavender and started bombarding her with questions.

"Sis, why is your skin so pale?"

"What material is your robe made of? Why does it seem like it is woven from tree leaves? But it's very robust!"

"Huh? Sis, why are your ears so sharp?"

Lavender rolled her eyes helplessly and said to Zen, "I can't help you anymore!" She then turned into spots of red light again and re-entered Zen's body.

Fortunately, the Fish Dragon Sect was built on a mountain near the sea. After flying over the sea, Zen noticed a large sect.

Although the Fish Dragon Sect was only a third-grade sect, it had quite a few disciples. There were enough disciples to occupy around a third of the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

This was also because there were too few humans on the Sea God Continent. Any decent sect in the Central Region had millions of disciples, and some large sects had tens of millions of disciples each, such as the Cloud Hall and the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

When they arrived at the entrance of the Fish Dragon Sect, several hundred streaks of light flashed out from the sect. These streaks of light came from the constant operation of the sect-protecting array.

Shortly after they arrived, two beams of light shot over to them. They were two warriors at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. One of them questioned Zen, "Who are you?"

Bess smiled and replied, "Elder Yu, this is Zen Luo from the Cloud Hall!"

"Zen Luo from the Cloud Hall?"

The two elders looked at each other in dismay. One of them had a confused expression. "Didn't Zen from the Cloud Hall already die? Why are you pretending to be him?" he asked warily.

Chapter 957 Master Xiao

That year, Zen had left without saying goodbye. Ever since Mist's celestial tomb had been opened, many top warriors of different sects had entered and obtained many golden opportunities, but many had also died. The sects in the Central Region had also undergone earth-shattering changes.

Zen had been the first one to pass through the Wheel of Fortune in the tomb. But when the other warriors returned to their sects, they found that Zen was missing.

No one knew whether he was alive or dead. The members of the Cloud Hall remained mum about Zen's whereabouts, keeping the outside world guessing. Because of this, a vast majority of warriors believed Zen to be dead.

Many warriors had relied on the enchanted lamps to enter the celestial tomb. Whatever had happened in the tomb could not be kept secret, and news of those unfathomable, terrifying things had reached far and wide. This meant that even Zen's death wasn't something that was hard to accept. After all, even the elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were bound to die. And Zen had only reached the Illuminating Soul Realm at the time.

"Why is there a rumor that I'm dead?" Zen said with a wry smile. He really shouldn't have left without saying goodbye. "Forget it. I want to see your leader."

"It doesn't matter whether you are Zen Luo or not. You're not a member of our sect, so you'd better leave," a different elder of the Virtual Tribulation Realm said, not interested in the identity of the man before him. Right now, the situation in the Central Region was so unpredictable that it demanded caution at every step from every member.

Bess said, "Elder Yu, Zen just saved our lives!"

"Bess, shut up! You three, come over here!" Elder Yu berated Bess. He then turned to Zen and said coldly, "Friend, the region is in chaos. If you don't leave now, don't blame me for being impolite."

Zen had come to the Fish Dragon Sect for one thing - for information about the Central Region. But he hadn't expected the elders of the Virtual Tribulation Realm to be so rude. His face darkened and he said coldly, "Your disciples tried to take my life while I was recuperating. I think I want to settle this debt with you."

"Don't cast wild aspersions on my disciples. They wouldn't do that!" Elder Yu retorted.

"Elder Yu..." Bess started, wanting to say something. But the moment she opened her mouth, Elder Yu snapped at her yet again. "Shut up!"

"Humph! I'm sure you came here to make trouble. Don't be so arrogant. The Fish Dragon Sect is a third-grade sect. You are only a warrior at the primary level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. I wonder what gave you the confidence to do so!" another elder of the Virtual Tribulation Realm sneered.

There were three elders at the primary level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the Fish Dragon Sect. Its leader had reached the middle level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. In the eyes of these two elders, it was shocking that Zen had stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm at such a young age. But whatever it was, he was only at the primary level. How could he fight against four warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm all by himself?

"Friend, please leave now." As he said these words, Elder Yu began to direct the dark green life vitality within his body. He was cultivating a poisoning martial art that was difficult to deal with, even if it wasn't as powerful as the Scripture of Five Poisons.

Zen glanced at Elder Yu. Although there was no killing intent in Zen's eyes, Elder Yu couldn't help but tremble for some reason. Zen slowly said, "Make trouble? Fine. Since you believe that I came to make trouble, I'll satisfy you!"

The moment he finished talking, his eyes flashed, a violent aura instantly emanating from him. The improvement in Zen's cultivation meant that his soul had become more and more stable and the power that his soul radiated had become even more terrifying.

The two elders of the Virtual Tribulation Realm instantly felt like a huge mountain was pressing down on them. The pressure was so powerful that it made it difficult for them to breathe, making them feel like their heads were about to explode.

Most of Zen's soul pressure was directed straight ahead, but a small portion of it was spreading in all directions. Bess and two other female disciples who were standing beside Zen paled as they tried and failed to withstand it.

They hadn't imagined that this young man, who looked so warm and gentle, would turn into someone so terrifying.

Bess's face was white as paper. Although her face had turned fearful, her eyes were filled with excitement as she realized that Zen really did deserve his reputation. He was able to overpower the two elders of the Fish Dragon Sect with his aura alone. He was young and possessed a strength that automatically made him attractive to any young girl.

"Well, well. Friend. It looks like you really want to fight!" Elder Yu looked pale, but he wouldn't allow an outsider to show off his might in his sect and succeed. He endured Zen's pressure and directed all of his life vitality to attack him.

Zen raised his eyebrows, and a moment later, Lavender had emerged from his body. She whipped the spear in her hand like a lightning bolt, bringing its tip to rest at Elder Yu's neck. If it moved even a little, Elder Yu's head would fall to the ground.

Lavender's aura was like that of the queen of all beings. There wasn't the slightest trace of compassion in her incomparably beautiful red eyes. Elder Yu knew that if he dared to move a little bit, Lavender would surely kill him.

"Welcome, Zen Luo! Sorry I didn't come out to greet you. It is my fault." A loud voice rang out. A ray of light shot out from the Fish Dragon Sect and stopped in midair, hovering quietly. "What a rare visitor! What brings you here?"

The members of the Fish Dragon Sect had suspected Zen's identity before, but his sword spirit erased any doubts they had about him. They had heard of Zen's legend and they knew the fact that his sword spirit was a beautiful foreign female. Very few swordsmen in the Central Region had sword spirits, and Zen was the only one to have a stunning girl as one.

Zen had originally only wanted to pay a visit to the sect's leader, Master Xiao, since Bess couldn't answer his questions. He needed to know what had happened in the Central Region before he went back to Cloud Hall.

He had not expected the two elders of the Fish Dragon Sect to be so stubborn and want to drive him away. Their disciples had tried to kill him. Since they were being unreasonable, he decided to teach them a lesson.

"Master Xiao." There was no smile on Zen's face. "A while ago, as I was healing myself in the sea, I was ambushed by three Internal Elixir Realm warriors of your sect. I came here to demand an explanation from you," he said darkly.

"Is that so?" Master Xiao's expression darkened as he turned to Elder Yu and asked, "How can there be such scum in our sect? Elder Yu, who are they?"

Elder Yu shook his head. He had no idea either. Master Xiao's eyes flashed angrily. As he spotted Bess, he addressed her, his voice and demeanor stern, "Bess, why didn't you report such a grave matter?"

Bess was shocked but she recovered enough to reply, apology written large on her face. "It was Elder Yu who didn't allow me to mention it. I tried to report it several times."

Master Xiao glared at Elder Yu before smiling kindly at Bess and saying, "Tell me everything in detail."

Master Xiao did not know the purpose of Zen's visit. But he wasn't the head of the Fish Dragon Sect for no reason. He was smart enough to surmise why Zen was here. There were only a few dozen Internal Elixir Realm warriors in the sect, and a majority of them always remained at home. The independent warriors were obstinate and unruly, so it was possible for them to do such a thing. But if the Fish Dragon Sect hadn't done what Zen claimed they had, Master Xiao would not stay quiet and allow Zen to make slanderous charges against them. But if Zen's claims turned out to be true, it would be a completely different story altogether.

Bess then recounted the incident when they had found Zen at the bottom of the sea, moved him onto a reef, encountered Elder Hu and were ambushed by the independent warriors.

Once Bess had finished talking, Master Xiao cast yet another glare at Elder Yu before addressing Zen politely, "Zen, it is indeed my sect's fault. I'm so sorry. Let's discuss the reason behind it in detail in my room."

Zen was actually curious as well. Although the Fish Dragon Sect was only a third-grade sect, it had made a name for itself in the Central Region. The people he saw earlier had exuded a deep killing intent, unlike ordinary sect disciples.

Zen wouldn't refuse Master Xiao's invitation. Moreover, Zen hadn't planned on bringing this up but he had to after the two elders of the Virtual Tribulation Realm had made things difficult for him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 958 Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom

At the Sky Water Pavilion of the Fish Dragon Sect

Steam was curling upwards from a cup of tea. Ten maids were dancing gracefully to a soulful tone of music.

The head of the sect, whose surname was Xiao, was sitting on Zen's left side with a big smile on his face. He asked, "Zen, there is a rumor in the Central Region that you died in the celestial tomb. Now that you're here, all safe and sound, I am sure no one will ever believe that rumor again."

Zen didn't care about what people were saying about him. Instead, he directly asked in return, "You were saying there was a reason for the ambush? What was it?"

Xiao sighed deeply and replied, "Looks like you haven't been in the Central Region the last couple of years. You seem to be completely unaware of the situation here!"

"I came here for that very reason precisely," Zen replied seriously. It was true. If it weren't for his innate desire of finding out more about this region, he wouldn't have stayed in this third-grade sect!

Xiao nodded his head, and then continued, "After those fourth and fifth-grade sects visited the Mist Celestial Tomb and got back with treasures, the Central Region was quite peaceful for a while, though, and no problems were ever faced. That is, until about half a year later, when a new force suddenly rose from inside the Central Region itself. It was formed by Eddie and known as the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom."

Zen's expressions immediately took a serious turn at the news about Eddie. Eddie and Cloud Hall were his priorities. The former was highly related to Yan's fate while the latter was associated with Letitia. However, despite his concerns, Zen showed no outwards signs of worry and listened attentively without interrupting Xiao.

"It's Eddie's self-proclaimed kingdom. The warriors of our Central Region do not acknowledge it at all! However, that does not mean it is not causing troubles!" Xiao sneered.

When a sect reached the sixth grade, it was qualified to be termed a sacred place. In theory, a sacred place was still a sect only, just like the Purple Heart Sacred Place on the Sea God Continent. When Zen had been there, it was a sixth-grade sect, while the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was a seventh-grade sect.

But establishing a divine kingdom was different, because the divine kingdom he created would belong entirely to Eddie alone! He could ascend to the throne of the kingdom just like an emperor!

From what Zen could reckon, Eddie had established the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom in the Central Region only to gain more power. He was aiming to force the various fifth-grade, fourth-grade, and even the remaining lower grade sects into bowing down in recognition of his power.

The warriors in the Central Region weren't going to let that happen.

As soon as Eddie had established the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom, all the sects had issued a joint statement, refusing to acknowledge the existence of his so-called Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom.

The point was that neither the World Commercial Alliance nor the Ethereal Spirit Sect would object to Eddie forming his own sect. He could call it Heavenly Evil Sect or Earthly Evil Sect as he liked, and they couldn't care less. After all, every year, numerous new sects were formed in the Central Region, and some of them would become quite strong very soon. But they couldn't allow Eddie to call his force a divine kingdom.

On the other hand, Eddie had already made up his mind. After naming his kingdom, he had begun to recruit people without restraint, continuously taking in independent warriors from around the entire Central Region.

Many years ago, someone had postulated a theory that the biggest power in the Central Region was not the World Commercial Alliance, nor was it the Ethereal Spirit Sect; rather, it was the independent warriors.

These were the martial artists who hadn't joined any sect. They relied on their own strength and experience instead of resources from sects and were their own masters.

Their cultivation environment was a far cry from that of a sect, and most of them weren't as capable and accomplished in martial arts as disciples from the big sects. After all, geniuses from the martial arts world were often unearthed by large sects.

However, the number of such independent martial artists was enormous. With so many geniuses recruited by so many sects, there were always some talents that were left out. Therefore, such independent martial artists were a force that couldn't be ignored.

Eddie was doing the clever thing of integrating all these independent warriors from the Central Region, and the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom was expanding quickly.

"Actually, our Fish Dragon Sect isn't too keen on absorbing independent martial practitioners." A bitter smile appeared on Xiao's face. "Some of these independent martial artists were looters originally and progressed by mere fluke of luck. They are bad for our sect's reputation. However, I had no choice but to do so due to the circumstances!"

Since Eddie was taking in independent martial artists, his kingdom was expanding rather rapidly and to counter this effect, the World Commercial Alliance had no choice but to join hands with the Ethereal Spirit Sect and Cloud Hall. They asked all the sects in the Central Region to also begin to accept independent martial artists.

For many young independent martial artists, sects might have a great attraction, but for the mature martial artists, the sects' attraction was quite far from strong, because after entering a sect, they would be bound by the sect's rules, and they were used to being free, so how could they be willing to join a sect?

In theory, the same problem plagued the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom too, but relatively speaking, the kingdom had just been established, which meant it did not have much control over its warriors. Eddie was alone and couldn't stop warriors from leaving. On the contrary, he had promised a lot of benefits to these independent martial artists, claiming that when the kingdom matured in the future, all those who joined him would reap great benefits and rewards.

The sects in the Central Region all tried their best to recruit more independent martial artists than the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom. They threatened them, coerced them, and tempted them with benefits.

As the situation grew, these independent warriors were left with fewer and fewer choices. They could only either join the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom or one of the sects. No matter which sect one joined, they had to become a sect disciple, or else there would be trouble coming their way.

"Why is that?" When he heard Xiao's words, Zen found it a bit hard to believe.

"In the beginning, no one had expected things to go this far. Now, almost no one in the Central Region is daring enough to say that they are an independent martial artist," Xiao laughed. "I think that there's bound to be a fight between Eddie and these sects pretty soon."

Zen nodded. His eyes sharpened when he heard Eddie's name.

"There is one more thing," Zen suddenly interrupted Xiao's tale.

"Feel free to speak." Xiao had an extremely attentive expression. He had been angry at Elder Yu. Firstly, Zen was not someone he could afford to offend. Cloud Hall was now a fifth-grade sect. The Fish Dragon Sect would not be able to catch up to it even if they tried their best. Moreover, Zen's runic techniques had already become a legend within the entire Central Region. If Xiao's sect was on good terms with Zen, the sect officials might get him to bestow a sect-protecting array on them. It didn't have to be as powerful as Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array of course. But even one that was a third as powerful would benefit the Fish Dragon Sect enormously.

"Is Eddie's Lustful Demon Array completed?" Zen asked carefully in a hesitant tone. Actually, he was unwilling to ask this question because he was afraid of hearing the answer. However, he knew that there were some things in this world that he had no choice but to face.

Xiao was aware of Zen and Eddie's history. He knew that Zen's sister, Yan, had fallen into Eddie's hands, so he understood why Zen was asking the question. "Not yet. It's said that every single person in the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom is looking for women with the Purple Power Body," Xiao answered immediately.

When he heard Xiao's words, Zen heaved a sigh of relief. This was what had been worrying him the most in the past two years.

It looked like luck was still on Zen's side.

Seeing the happiness on Zen's face, Xiao reassured him, "Don't worry. The Purple Power Body is so rare that it won't be easy to find one."

Zen nodded his head. Now that he had returned to the Central Region, the feud between him and Eddie was going to be settled once and for all.

"You said that you were still healing. I can provide you with a place to stay. My Fish Dragon Sect has all kinds of medicine," Xiao hastily added.

Zen smiled and declined politely, "That's all right. I'm only passing by here. Since I've returned to the Central Region now, I must hurry back to my area. Thank you for your hospitality. Now I must rush back to Cloud Hall."

After a long discussion with Xiao, Zen had managed to capture two pieces of information. Firstly, Cloud Hall was still safe and sound, and secondly, the third Purple Power Body hadn't been found yet. Zen was satisfied with these two pieces of news.

"Since you have important matters to attend to, I won't keep you." Xiao knew he couldn't stop Zen even if he wanted to. He stood up to send him off, and even summoned the three Virtual Tribulation Realm elders to escort Zen out of the Fish Dragon Sect.

After Zen had turned into a streak of light and disappeared into the horizon, Elder Yu asked in a sullen voice, "Master Xiao, why are you being so courteous to this kid?"

He knew of Zen's identity, but since Zen didn't have the slightest connection with Fish Dragon Sect, he couldn't understand why Xiao was so polite to him.

Xiao coldly snorted as he scolded, "What do you know!"

Chapter 959 The Unexpected Information (Part One)

Despite the fact that Zen was only at the Virtual Tribulation Realm as of now, Master Xiao knew the relationship between him and Letitia all too well.

It was promising that Zen might eventually become the core leader of the Cloud Hall. Furthermore, Master Xiao wanted to have a chance to ask Zen for help in arranging a sect-protecting array. However, he encountered some dilemmas in doing so. First, it was difficult for him to turn to Zen for help. Second, he was not related to Zen in any way and he was also not his friend. Then again, it was fortunate that he was able to become acquaintances with him, and he therefore promised himself that he would be able to find a better opportunity to speak up next time.

All of a sudden, a purplish black stream of light rapidly flew across the sky. Within the span of mere seconds, it had already traveled several miles.

Even though Zen's moving speed was extremely fast, it would still take him a couple of days to arrive at the Cloudy City. In order to reach the Cloudy City as soon as possible, he then planned to redirect his route. At the present, he was now heading towards the Ethereal City as his first stop, the big city to the east of the Central Region, instead of the Cloudy City itself.

In reality, the Cloudy City was built with the support of the Cloud Hall, while the Ethereal City relied on the sustenance of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. As for the headquarters of the World Commercial Alliance, it was located in the Oracle City. As a matter of fact, there was an even bigger sect behind every prosperous city.

Moreover, there were transmission arrays set up in these large cities that were accessible. If Zen could use them to pass through the Ethereal City this time around, it would take him a significantly less time to get to the Cloudy City.

After two days had passed by, Zen successfully arrived in the air above the ancient city.

If the Oracle City was considered to be the most prosperous city in the entire Central Region just because of the World Commercial Alliance, then the Ethereal City would be regarded as the most ancient city in the Central Region. This was due to the fact that the Ethereal Spirit Sect had a much longer history than that of the World Commercial Alliance.

As Zen approached the Ethereal City and hovered above in the air, he could easily view the skyline of the city which was filled with magnificent ancient buildings. Furthermore, the buildings had some historical allusions to them. In fact, there were various ancient poems and phrases that mentioned their existence. All in all, it was undeniable that the Ethereal City was indeed a famous city in history.

Advancing towards his destination, Zen sensed a no-fly ban in the area. It was said before that the restriction in the Ethereal City was set by Arnold, but it was destroyed afterwards. After that, the Ethereal Spirit Sect spent a huge amount of money in hiring numerous runic experts to set up the no-fly ban once more.

With Zen's current strength, he could choose to ignore this no-fly ban. Nonetheless, after contemplating by himself for a while, he shrugged and decided not to cause any unnecessary trouble and promptly descended onto the main road. Without much preamble, he began to walk towards the territory of the Ethereal City.

In the distance, several armored warriors could be seen standing at the entrance of the city. Those guards were also constantly observing the individuals who entered and exited the gate.

Given the system of the ancient city, the ordinary mortals wandering about without even a shred of life vitality in their bodies could freely explore the premises. However, if they happened to be warriors, they would then be instantly stopped for questioning.

The moment that Zen walked over with his head raised high, a hand signaled for him to stop as the armored warriors noticed his presence.

Apparently, these armored warriors were mere nature creatures. With wary expressions visible across their faces, they gave Zen a careful once-over and realized that they could not figure out Zen's cultivation level. As their postures wavered because they became confused, one of them politely addressed him, "Hey. There is a rule in the Ethereal City that we have to check on which sect or clan each warrior belongs to. Independent warriors are not allowed to enter the city." The young warrior hesitated before continuing, "May I ask which sect or clan you are from?"

As of the moment, all of the large sects were trying their best to limit the living space of the independent warriors. Even the Ethereal City had prohibited the independent warriors from entering the city and made sure that they did not go too far. This was basing from the terrible experience that there were some places where the city members had a big conflict with the independent warriors and even killed hundreds of independent warriors.

"That is to say that an independent warrior is not even allowed to enter the city, right?" Zen raised an eyebrow, slightly affronted by the news. He felt annoyed and was in disbelief by the reality he had to face. In this case, the independent warriors had no other choice then aside from joining those sects.

"Well, that's how it is here," the armored warrior stated with a grin. Appraising him over once more, he then continued, "You also know the current situation in the Central Region, right? If you happen to be an independent warrior, I can help you find someone to invite you to join the Ethereal Spirit Sect. With your powerful strength, you can surely join it."

Just then, the armored warrior observed that Zen briefly hesitated and seemed to ponder over something, so he immediately assumed that Zen was truly an independent warrior.

With an immediate shake of his head, Zen faintly grinned before dissenting, "Thank you for your good intentions. However, I am a member of the Cloud Hall."

"The Cloud Hall?"

The armored warrior's eyes flashed with unbridled surprise at what Zen had just uttered. "Can you prove that you are one of its members?" he inquired.

Zen looked down and lightly tapped the ring hanging on his chest, taking out a token from inside the ring and bringing it up for every one of them to see. The disciple card that Zen acquired after joining the Cloud Hall seemingly gleamed in the sunlight.

Humming to himself, the armored warrior pretended to look over the token several times. Truthfully, he was not from the Cloud Hall, so how could he ever determine if the disciple card the young man had showed them was actually real or fake? However, even if he was putting on an act as he scratched his chin in fake contemplation, he still had to try his best to check it.

In fact, there were several stubborn independent warriors who were unwilling to join a sect and continued to live on their own terms. Despite of this, these same individuals also had to enter these large cities to deal with their things. Because of this, they had no choice but to entrust others to make counterfeit copies of the disciple cards of those sects.

After examining the token for a while, the armored warrior passed the disciple card back to Zen with an affirmative nod. As the group of armored warriors made way for Zen to pass through, Zen nodded as well before finally entering the Ethereal City.

In this ancient city, the streets that adorned the town, as well as their assorted delicacies, were all distinctive. Upon feasting his eyes on the unique structures and famous treats, Zen did not rush to the transmission array. Instead, he strode towards the famous Moon Pavilion in the Ethereal City as he planned to rest for a short while before continuing with his journey.

Chapter 960 The Unexpected Information (Part Two)

The Moon Pavilion was not spectacularly large or tall like other establishments due to it being only three stories high. However, it was directly adjacent to the limpid river, and the scenery one could see if he happened to take a glimpse at it was extremely beautiful and elicited feelings of tranquility. Since ancient times, many people had turned up in this pavilion to recite poems. Thus, the Moon Pavilion had a first-class reputation as people spent a lot of money and time enjoying themselves there.

Once Zen had randomly ordered a few simple yet elegant dishes, Zen looked into the distance, leaning his head on his hand absent-mindedly. Inside the pavilion, there were a handful of scholars shaking their heads and chanting an old song at the tables beside where he sat. When they were in high spirits, they picked up the chopsticks located on the table to beat the bowl from time to time. The men who beat the bowl seemed to be adept at beating it rhythmically, so the beating sound they made sounded pleasant.

Amused at the performance, Zen also found it interesting when he heard this and even clapped after they performed. Grateful for the attention, those people flashed Zen a quick smile.

As a matter of fact, most of the scholars situated in the Moon Pavilion were not warriors. At this time, Zen also sighed deeply, a little wistful at the thought that such a kind of ordinary life was also great and enjoyable in itself. Despite this, Zen ultimately understood that the path he had chosen for himself, a warrior, was something intrinsically valuable and there was no reason for him to retreat.

From the first day he had started to pursue and cultivate the martial arts, he was destined to struggle against the heaven, the earth, and everything in between. Even though he thought it was possible for him not to reach the land of promise even if he kept on cultivating himself, he understood that he was definitely falling into the everlasting perdition if he retreated now.

While the scholars busied themselves with playing and singing at the same time, several warriors walked in the pavilion. Apparently, these particular set of warriors were all at the Illuminating Soul Realm, and they immediately shouted out loud the moment they came in, as if they owned the place. As they exuded such haughtiness by being disruptive, the scholars who were in the Moon Pavilion stared at them angrily.

On the other side, those warriors did not seem to be aware of this fact, or did not care at all. Striding inside with their heads held up high, they just despised and ignored the mortals.

Unimpressed by the sight of the boisterous group, Zen turned around and continued to mind his own business, eating his food and drinking. However, his ears managed to pick up the flow of their conversation and it slightly intrigued him.

"Alas! I'm so tired!" one of them pronounced, stretching his arms languidly before placing them behind his head. "The Ethereal Spirit Sect members do not treat us as disciples at all! They just treat us as slaves." The warrior huffed and gulped down his wine, venting to the others about the unfair treatment and the unhappiness buried deep in his heart.

"Shh! Do not speak so loud. If the inner disciples of the Ethereal Spirit Sect happened to hear your words and told the sect leaders about this, you would definitely be in trouble by then!" another warrior reminded him in a low voice while looking at his companion with a strict expression.

Upon hearing their exchange, the realization finally dawned on Zen. These warriors were independent warriors before. Due to having no other options, they had to join the Ethereal Spirit Sect despite having initial doubts. It was obvious right then and there that they were not satisfied with their current situation.

"Alas! I hope this matter can end soon. Otherwise, if we continue to wander around the city in a state of extreme nervousness and fear, it's going to be really tiresome!" one of them exclaimed, frowning at the thought of the reality they were facing.

Shaking his head forlornly, another warrior replied, "I think that if the young lady of the Xi Clan were able to find a man to sleep with, everything could be resolved." Zen heard a pregnant pause before the man's next words made him suddenly still. "And Eddie would not care about or think about her anymore!"

The minute he overheard those words, Zen was instantly surprised and his ears perked up. 'What does he mean by that?' he thought to himself. "The young lady of the Xi Clan?" Zen muttered, as something started to form in his mind. Furrowing his eyebrows, he clasped his hands in front of him, foregoing the food in front of him to gather his thoughts instead.

What he had just heard was certainly strange, for Eddie was considered to be the strongest and most powerful person in the Central Region. Therefore, he could surely surround himself with all the women his heart desired. If Eddie himself, despite his reputation, kept on thinking about that woman, she must have been special; perhaps, she had something to do with the Purple Power Body.

While Zen was in the middle of deliberating with himself, his figure suddenly flashed. As he was just sitting still a moment ago, he suddenly appeared next to the group of the discussing warriors in the blink of an eye while maintaining his sitting position. Moreover, what was more baffling was the fact that the stool he was sitting on also moved over with him, but from the beginning until the end, he did not make a single sound. It was as if he had acted like a ghost.

When the group of scholars witnessed the scene unfold before their very eyes, they assumed straightaway that they had seen something wrong. Blinking in disbelief, they rubbed their eyes and looked once more, only to discover that Zen managed to stealthily move his stool more than ten feet away from his original place. With their expressions visibly brightening and their eyes lighting up with undiluted surprise, they all instantaneously believed that they had just encountered a master.

As for the group of warriors who were drinking the wine and enjoying themselves in their table, they were also reasonably startled by the sudden appearance of Zen. With a hard look, one of them glared at Zen and asked, "Hey, what was that for?"

"Clank!" Without breaking eye contact, Zen passively dropped a supreme life vitality crystal onto the table. With a serious tone, Zen immediately said, "I'll pay for the wine and food."

The moment the warriors laid their eyes upon the glistening supreme life vitality crystal, they found themselves gasping and unable to look away from it.

Everyone was well-aware of the fact that the prices of the food in the Moon Pavilion were awfully expensive, and an average person could definitely not be able to afford it. Nevertheless, it was possible for a warrior to dine there, as one or two low-grade life vitality crystals would be sufficient enough to pay for consuming food in the pavilion for half a month.

Astonishingly, this supreme life vitality crystal that Zen casually threw out was more or less equal to about a million low-grade life vitality crystals. In other words, with this exceptional supreme life vitality crystal, Zen could book the entire Moon Pavilion and have extravagant meals there every day for several years.

Chapter 961 Miss Xi

The warriors were incredibly dumbstruck at the sight of the supreme life vitality crystal in front of them.

Even if they were warriors in the Illuminating Soul Realm, a supreme life vitality crystal was still a massive fortune for them.

Not everyone was as good as Zen when it came to making money. He was very capable and this was evident back in the Eastern Region when he used heavenly essence to easily earn cubic crystals. After his arrival in the Central Region, Zen delved into learning the technique of drawing divine textures. Now, given his high level of skill, any sect would be willing to pay whatever rate he provided just for him to set up a sect protecting array for them.

A third-grade sect like Fish Dragon Sect did not even have the right to ask him for such a favor…

One of the warriors swallowed thickly, "But… it's too much,"

he stammered.

"After paying the bill, the rest will be yours," Zen told them.

Their eyes sparkled with excitement, "R-Really?!"

Zen nodded in confirmation. The amount he offered them would surely be enough.

However, to his surprise, the warriors shook their heads. It was too good to be true from their perspective. To offer them something so precious like the supreme life vitality crystal for so little either meant Zen was baiting them or he was an idiot. Zen was certainly not an idiot.

Zen sighed at their hesitation. "I don't have any requests. I just want to hear about Miss Xi's story," he said. "Tell me and the supreme life vitality crystal is yours."

One of the warriors blinked doubtfully, "Is that really all?"

he asked.

Zen nodded. "Yes."

A strange expression appeared on the warriors' faces. One of them leaned forward. "You just arrived in Ethereal City, right?" he asked Zen.

"Yes, I just arrived."

"No wonder you wanted to know!" the warrior remarked. "It's not really a secret, almost everyone in Ethereal City is talking about it right now."

Zen frowned, "Don't tell me…" he said faintly. "Does this Miss Xi actually have the extremely rare Purple Power Body?"

The warrior's eyes widened. "Oh, you knew about it already?"

Zen's gaze flickered. "I just guessed." This new piece of information he had obtained certainly made the situation extremely troublesome. His biggest weakness was his sister, Yan. Except for that, nothing else would make him a bundle of nerves. Back when he was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm, he had managed to kill Marilyn and delay Eddie's plans, thus, keeping his sister relatively safe for the time being. Who would've thought another Purple Power Body would appear here in Ethereal City?

"Miss Xi does possess the Purple Power Body," the warrior confirmed. "She has been targeted by Eddie and everyone in the Ethereal City has been panicking. We figure that it's only a matter of time before he leads his Heavenly Evil Sect to attack us."

Despite Eddie declaring his sect as the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom, nobody really recognized it so they just referred to it as the Heavenly Evil Sect.

"Since that's the case, why doesn't she just find someone to marry?" Zen asked. "If she gets married, wouldn't that solve everything?"

Despite the competition between the Ethereal Spirit Sect and Cloud Hall, both of them shared the same sentiments when it came to Eddie. If Eddie successfully managed to set up the Lustful Demon Array, he would be able to improve his cultivation level and step into the Soul Sea Realm. Once that happened, he would be virtually unstoppable. No one in Central Region, not even the great sects like the Ethereal Spirit Sect, World Commercial Alliance, Cloud Hall, Mysterious Luna Hall, nor the Bloodwood Cliff would be able to resist him. For all the sects, big or small, it was either they swore their allegiance to Eddie or be wiped out forever!

The appearance of another Purple Power Body threatened the entire existence of everyone in the Central Region. The Ethereal Spirit Sect didn't want Eddie to find the third Purple Power Body either.

The warrior laughed bitterly at Zen's words. "That's exactly what we are complaining about. Do you know the identity of Miss Xi?"

Zen shook his head. "What kind of special identity does she have?"

Even though the Xi Clan was a third-grade sect, it would still be impossible for them to disobey Eddie's wishes.

"Our Ethereal Spirit Sect leader's name is Xander and his surname is Xi," the warrior told Zen. "He has since become a Taoist while still wearing his hair. However, despite being a Taoist, he has his own family with a wife and kids in the Xi clan. Miss Xi is actually his great-granddaughter!"

Zen nodded at the warrior's explanation.

"I see. But this is still a very serious and important matter. It's his duty to marry her off for the sake of the greater good!"

"Everyone shares the same opinion as you," the warrior agreed with a helpless expression on his face. "But the young lady is the apple of her family's eyes and is greatly favored by Xander. Although they have introduced several excellent talents from the Ethereal Spirit Sect to her, she refused every single one of them!"

Zen's eyebrows furrowed. This was indeed troublesome. As long as Eddie was alive, the problem would always exist. A Purple Power Body had already appeared in Ethereal City so who was to say that there wouldn't be another one in Cloudy City? Purple Power Bodies were indeed rare but there were too many people residing in the Central Region and one of them was bound to possibly possess it. The probability of Eddie finding one was not small at all.

In the end, Zen still had to kill Eddie to save Yan.

But, for the time being, he had no choice but to intervene in this matter with Miss Xi. If Eddie did truly come to take her away, it wouldn't just be a problem for her, but also a nightmare for Zen.

He mulled over just how he should solve this. Zen could kill Marilyn because she was Eddie's woman but Miss Xi was Xander's great-granddaughter. He couldn't just go up to their residence and stab her to death with his sword.

While Zen was lost in his thoughts, one of the warriors spoke, "In my opinion, we should just find a man to sleep with her and take away her virginity energy. That's the best solution! It's truly a pity that the Xi Clan is a noble clan with a sect leader. They are too conventional!"

"Find a man to sleep with her…"

The warrior's words were crude but reasonable. As long as Miss Xi's virginity energy was taken away, Eddie would give up on her. The question was who would sleep with her?

"A spy from the Heavenly Evil Sect was caught two days ago. It seems Eddie's already preparing to take action. I think it won't be long before he comes to our city to take her away,"

another warrior remarked.

His words made Zen more anxious. This matter had just become an urgent issue that needed to be solved. Making up his mind, Zen silently stood up and walked out of the Moon Pavilion.

"Hey! Your supreme life vitality crystal!"

None of the warriors dared to take the supreme life vitality crystal he left behind.

"Take it!" Zen told them. "It's your reward."

Loud fighting noises immediately came from the Moon Pavilion as soon as he was out the door. It seemed the warriors were now fighting over the supreme life vitality crystal he had given them.

Zen ignored them and continued his way. At that moment, his sword spirit condensed next to him and Lavender appeared. She floated lightly beside him and attracted the attention of passersby.

Lavender kept pace with Zen. She faced Zen with a gentle smile on her face. "What are you worrying about? The solution is so simple!" she told Zen with a gentle voice.

"Just sleep with her!"

she remarked with a smile.

In the Demon Night race, the females far outweighed the population of males. Being the queen, Lavender did not avoid talking about such things with him and Zen had come to realize that the customs between races were very much varied.

Zen was greatly troubled, "We should at least find a man."

Lavender suddenly pointed a slender finger at him.

"Me?!"

Zen quickly shook his head. "No. No, I can't!"

Lavender blinked her eyes and pouted. "Then what do you want to do?"

she blinked her eyes and asked.

"Let's wait and see first," he said. It was a rather complicated situation given Miss Xi's status. He wondered what Xander was going to do to solve this. Would he just continue to let his great-granddaughter act like this until Eddie finally came to take her away?

He didn't know that Xander was, in fact, also very troubled!

News about his great-granddaughter possessing a Purple Power Body had spread and there was no way to stop it.

In the past, such news would be received very happily by the clan. However, these were sensitive times with the threat of Eddie hanging over their heads. He just happened to be short of a Purple Power Body for him to successfully set up the Lustful Demon Array.

Both leaders of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance shared his concern and had already successively urged Xander to marry off his precious great-granddaughter.

Xander was trying his best. He had even suggested for the clan's master to use domestic discipline to punish her into relenting. However, it was hopeless. No amount of coaxing or threatening could get his great-granddaughter to yield. Her strong personality made her extremely obstinate and she claimed that she would rather die than marry someone she did not like.

It was probably because of reading all those romantic novels. It made her obsessed with the idea of true love. Xander was an old man. He couldn't possibly understand what went on in his teenage great-granddaughter's head.

In any case, she had to be married off right away. Otherwise, they would all be doomed!

Chapter 962 Margaret Xi (Part One)

The Xi Clan was a large, noble clan in the Ethereal City. In the olden times, however, the city only considered it as a second-grade clan. At that time, the whole city didn't view the Xi Clan as a big family. After all, the Ethereal City had thousands of years of history, and there were many third-grade clans.

But ever since a member of the Xi Clan became the leader of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the Xi Clan's status had exponentially risen, and it became a part of the third-grade clans in Ethereal City.

The Xi Clan had almost ten thousand members, and they all lived in the Xi Clan's castle, which lay in the east of the Ethereal City.

At dusk, the lanterns at the gate of the Xi Clan's castle would illuminate everything around it. Since the lanterns relied on the life vitality to emit light, the low-grade life vitality crystals were put in them, and they had been able to light up the lanterns for years now. A low-grade life vitality crystal was not cheap and readily available for everybody, and so an ordinary family would not be able to afford it.

The light from the lanterns of the Xi Clan were outlining the walls of the entire castle. The sight was magnificent, and the common folk couldn't help but admire the scenery of the night. They were amazed by the extreme wealth of the Xi Clan.

At night, groups of people would stroll around the square in front of the Xi Clan's house or lean onto the railing of the bridge. Some people chatted casually and some admired the lanterns. It was the brightest place in the entire Ethereal City.

It was also because of this that many vendors had come to the area to set up stalls to sell all kinds of stuff, such as needlework and all kinds of small, strange accessories. There were also people who sold food, such as roasted sweet potatoes and meat kebabs, and their lovely scent filled the air.

"Are the Xi Clan's lanterns really lit with life vitality crystals? They have so many lanterns, so it must mean that several hundred life vitality crystals are needed to light everything up!" A visitor couldn't help but let out an awed gasp as he saw the Xi Clan's many lanterns. Perhaps it was his first time to visit the Ethereal City, and see the Xi Clan's castle.

"Don't be so surprised. The lanterns of the Xi Clan have been lit up for decades. I believe that countless life vitality crystals have been consumed just to do that," another visitor explained as he shook his head.

"This clan is indeed too rich. From what I've heard, even a thousand ounces of gold wouldn't be enough to be exchanged for a life vitality crystal. I'm afraid that the Xi Clan is just wasting their gold!"

"What are you on about? The Xi Clan is a distinguished third-grade clan—their wealth is literally unimaginable! Gold and silver are like dung in the eyes of the warriors of the clan. Literally not worth anything!" another visitor said, rolling his eyes.

"Well, I really couldn't imagine that. I don't know what kind of life those warriors have, but if I could have another go at life, I would not choose to become a scholar when I was young. I just realized now a scholar is just a nobody in this society! Instead, I would choose to become a warrior," the tourist complained.

"Oh God, that obviously is not the case! The world of warriors is bloody, and the Xi Clan must have traded many warriors' lives for the survival of such a large clan!" The visitor chuckled. Turning to the guy next to him, he said, "Rumor has it that the young lady from the Xi Clan is looking for a suitable man to get married to. You know what? I think you are truly talented, impressive and charming. I think you might have a chance!"

It was well known that all throughout that month, the Xi Clan members had been busy trying to find a perfect man for their young lady to marry.

The Purple Power Body that the young woman had might prompt many things to get involved and it might also bring the clan members unprecedented trouble if she still didn't get married. But as the largest clan in Ethereal City, the Xi Clan would not really let their young maiden to marry in a hurry.

When the news broke out that the clan was looking for the right man for her, it attracted a lot of young, handsome men from all over the region. After all, who wouldn't want to marry her? She was beautiful, and a part of the big Xi Clan, which was supported by the leader of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. The one who would be lucky to marry the young lady would be very famous and powerful beyond his expectations.

"Me?" the guy said, confused. "Ha-ha! I'm afraid that I'm not good enough to even be a remote match for her," the man, who had the surname of Han, responded as he slowly shook his head.

"Well, you seem to have a clear estimation of yourself. There are no less than a thousand young men who have gone to the Xi Clan's castle. Some of them are even heaven-level talents. And those men are only in their twenties and thirties, but they have a very high cultivation base already! But you know what? Every one of them was rejected! The young lady has a very particular taste about men and not one of them has passed it!"

A young dame of such an influential, noble clan had a higher status than that of a princess in the mortal world, so when the Xi Clan started looking for a husband for her, it was considered as a major matter in the Ethereal City. It was on everyone's mouth.

In a quiet small courtyard of the Xi Clan's castle, a sixteen-year-old lady was sitting upright under two jasper screens. She was cultivating herself.

The young lady was dressed in white clothes with two light green ribbons hanging from her shoulders. Her fair and beautiful face was stunning.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 963 Margaret Xi (Part Two)

At that moment, a series of knocks came from the door of the small courtyard.

Upon hearing this, the young lady frowned and rolled her eyes. At first, she was unwilling to get up and open the door, but the person kept on knocking, as if he himself was unwilling to stop unless she opened the door. And with that, she took a deep breath, and said, "Come in!"

The gate to the courtyard was pushed open, and three people entered. The one in the lead was a young man whose eyes were very bright. He had a faint smile on his face. Quickly, he moved towards the young girl, passing through the screen. When he came upon her, he said sweetly, "Margaret." His eyes were twinkling.

The young lady opened her eyes, looking morose. She stared angrily at the young man and said, "Brent, can you walk normally?"

This young man, whose full name was Brent Xi, was a divine-level talent from the Ethereal Spirit Sect. He became a member of the Xi Clan by virtue of adoption. Since he grew up in the Xi Clan's castle, he had a very close relationship with everyone in the clan, but especially with the young lady in front of him.

Brent smiled as he put a bunch of scrolls in front of the young lady. Giggling like a child, he said, "I've received so many scrolls today!"

When the young lady saw the scrolls, she became even angrier. The life vitality in her hand fluctuated, and then a blazing flame shot out. Soon enough, all the scrolls in front of her were in danger of catching fire.

When Brent noticed what Margaret was trying to do, he pointed at the space in front of him and it suddenly distorted. Although Margaret was shooting the fire directly towards the scrolls, not a bit of it touched its target.

"This is the mission that uncle gave me. You should at least let me finish what I'm going to say," Brent said, with an annoyed expression now.

With that, Margaret coldly snorted and closed her eyes once again. With a deep breath, she whispered, "Okay, then. Continue with your nonsense!"

Brent acted like he was doing his usual routine. He picked up a scroll and slowly unfurled it in front of Margaret Xi. There was a handsome man drawn into it, and a poem was written beside the man.

"The person in this painting is Aaron of the Ethereal City. His cultivation base is at the middle stage of Internal Elixir Realm! Wow! He has already become a leader even at such a young age..." Brent announced with a smile.

"Next," Margaret said expressionlessly, her eyes still closed.

"The person in the next scroll painting is Saint Omar, the elder of the Illusion God Sect. He is thirty-one years old."

"Literally next."

"This scroll painting..."

The process continued, and after a few minutes, Brent was able to introduce all the men drawn in the scrolls one by one. After he finished, he just smiled resignedly and said: "Are you interested in any of these men?"

"No," replied Margaret flatly. It didn't seem like she had given it any thought.

In fact, this sort of boring conversation had been repeated a hundred times during this month. Brent Xi introduced different men to Margaret Xi three times every day, and he had already read thousands and thousands of names of notable men! But Margaret Xi still hadn't picked anyone to get married to.

Brent didn't mind Margaret's disinterest and instead laughed heartily. "If you are not interested in any of them, then we have to wait until tomorrow! I truly wonder when you'd get married!"

Upon hearing these words, Margaret's eyes flew open, her face red with rage. She then scolded at the gentleman in front of her, though with a smile. "You are really so annoying. Don't tease me like that every day!"

Indeed, everyone wanted to marry Margaret Xi, the lady of the Xi Clan, the person who had the Purple Power Body.

The whole Xi Clan was truly starting to get anxious. Eddie's ambition was known to everyone all over the Central Region, and the members of all the sects were paralyzed with fear of the incoming danger. The Ethereal Spirit Sect's prosperity was closely related to the Xi Clan, and if the Ethereal Spirit Sect fell, the Xi Clan would also be in trouble.

The most important thing for Eddie right now was to make the Lustful Demon Array. Eddie had been waiting for decades to form this Array, but in the end, he had no choice but to delay setting it up as Marilyn had been killed.

But the Xi Clan had a lady with the Purple Power Body—Margaret. How could they not be nervous and upset?

A while ago, they found out that a spy from the Heavenly Evil Sect had sneaked into the city. They said that the Heavenly Evil Sect members had set their eyes on Margaret Xi, which caused the entire Ethereal City to be in an uproar. Rumor had it that the Heavenly Evil Sect was planning to attack the Ethereal City just to get to Margaret Xi.

The few big clans of the Ethereal City immediately went over to the Xi Clan's house in hopes that the Xi Clan had already found a man for Margaret Xi to get married to as soon as possible. Amidst the high-tension nature of their predicament, everyone still talked to the members of the Xi Clan about this matter in a friendly way because of Xander. Without him, they would have immediately taken Margaret Xi away.

To put it bluntly, there were only two ways for Margaret Xi to choose to resolve the problem—she either could marry someone as soon as possible or she had to be killed. Under no circumstance could she be caught by Eddie.

With those as their only choices, the whole Xi Clan started to feel pressured.

Chapter 964 A Visit (Part One)

After Brent had finished laughing to his heart's content, his face turned serious once more as he spoke, "Today, in the Ethereal Spirit Sect, my master told me that he is not going to just let you continue to act however you please!"

The master Brent was speaking of was the leader of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Xander.

If it wasn't for Xander, how could anyone tolerate Margaret's extremely obstinate behavior?

Even though Xander always tolerated his wishful great granddaughter and let her get away with everything, the people of the Ethereal Spirit Sect and the Ethereal City criticized him severely for that. The situation was becoming very grave and it was time he prioritized the overall situation over her. All he had to do was sacrifice a girl of the Xi Clan. And in any case, the girl had to get married, and there were so many young talented men for her to choose from!

"Did great grandpa really say that?" Upon hearing Brent's words, a trace of sadness appeared across her face.

Brent was a year younger than Margaret, but since he was still training in the Ethereal Spirit Sect, his thoughts were more mature than that of the latter. To comfort her, he told her, "Margaret, the master is under a lot of pressure too these days. Judging by the current situation, I'm fairly certain that Eddie is planning to make a move any time now!"

"How dare he! Hang on! Look, our Ethereal Spirit Sect is the number one sect in the entire Central Region. If Eddie is really planning to make a move, he isn't going to attack this place first." Margaret was initially about to rise up in anger but her thought seemed to calm her down.

Brent smiled helplessly and asked, "Why do you think that he won't attack the Ethereal Spirit Sect? The top three powers in the Central Region are the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the World Commercial Alliance, and the Cloud Hall. If the Heavenly Evil Sect wants to take action, they will definitely aim at any one of these three great powers. Now, let's weigh the possibility of Eddie attacking us, shall we? The World Commercial Alliance has an Ancient Tycoon to protect the place, and the Oracle City is a place that won't be easily taken down and help will arrive before something can happen. As for the Cloud Hall... That Cloudy City is nothing to be reckoned with, but there is an extremely formidable sect-protecting array in the Cloud Hall, and it would be hard for the Heavenly Evil Sect to take the city with that still in place. Although our Ethereal Spirit Sect is known as the strongest sect in the Central Region, but compared to the other two sects, we are the easiest target and most probably he would take us on first!"

Brent's analysis was indeed very reasonable.

The force of the World Commercial Alliance would be highly intimidating for Eddie even today. As for the Cloud Hall, he had already suffered greatly from its sect-protecting array when he had tried to seek revenge for his son once. Relatively speaking, if he wanted to start a war among the sects, the safest option would be finding a way to break through into the Ethereal Spirit Sect first. Moreover, the Ethereal Spirit Sect had the reputation of being the strongest of all sects in the Central Region. If Eddie could take down the Ethereal Spirit Sect, a large number of independent warriors would surely join the Heavenly Evil Sect!

"If Eddie comes and attacks the Ethereal City, you might not be the biggest cause of the war, but you will definitely be one of the reasons for the attack." Brent continued in a serious tone, "If you marry someone, then Eddie will give up his hope of taking you away and making you his third Purple Power Body. At least when the Heavenly Evil Sect attacks us, no one will blame you!"

Margaret looked gentle and calm in her demeanor, as beautiful and graceful as an orchid in a deep valley. On the surface, she seemed to be so meek and mile, giving others the impression that she was an obedient girl. But deep inside, she was stubborn and obstinate, always sticking to her own ideas. After hearing Brent preach with that serious expression on his face, she became a little annoyed and suddenly blurted out, "So what if they blame it on me? The worst would be that I just die. I don't care if that happens!"

Hearing this, Brent knew that it was impossible to get it through to her, so he finally gave up. "Margaret, I'm afraid that when the worst scenario really happens, you won't be able to find death even if you wish to."

This sentence seemed to shake Margaret a bit. Her heart jolted when she thought of the possibilities of her fate. Her body trembled a bit as panic began to seize her and she suddenly felt at a loss and didn't know how to respond.

Eddie was known as both righteous and evil. It was easy for her to imagine what would become of her if she fell into his hands.

However, the panic only flashed in her eyes for a moment, and soon enough, a vicious grin appeared on her face. She clenched her teeth and made a decision. "If that's the case, I will prepare a poison. If Eddie really comes, I will take the poison and commit suicide."

In the end, Brent sighed and left the place with the other two servants.

The next day, in the earliest possible hour of the morning, a young man dressed in a green robe appeared on the square in front of the castle of Xi Clan. It had been very late when he had arrived at the Ethereal City yesterday. So he had stayed for a good night's rest before going to the castle of Xi Clan. When dawn finally began to show in the morning, he immediately traveled halfway across the Ethereal City towards the castle.

Just as he arrived at the square in front of the gate of the castle, he saw numerous people line up there. The line was so long that it looked like a long dragon that extended hundreds of feet from head to tail. There were over a hundred people in the square.

There were all kinds of people in the crowd. There were strong and sturdy men, and scholarly men who were dressed up elegantly and with refined manners. As for their cultivation levels, they varied greatly. There were common people without any cultivation base at all, and also powerful warriors from the Internal Elixir Realm.

Chapter 965 A Visit (Part Two)

"This...have they all come here to vie for the chance to marry Miss Xi?" At the realization of this, Zen, who was standing beside the line, smiled in mild amusement. It seemed that Xi Clan had become really anxious. But he had heard that this contest had been going on for a long time now. He didn't know why Miss Xi was being so picky. Was her heart lofty than the sky itself? There were so many suitors, so why the hell had she not found one to her liking? Zen wondered.

"Hey, you newcomer! For the marriage contest? Line up at the back! A servant of the Xi Clan, upon seeing Zen standing away from the line, pointed at him and harshly scolded him. This servant probably thought that Zen was going to cut in the line.

Zen was not angry at all. This servant was just an ordinary person and naturally could not tell Zen's cultivation level. As for the other martial artists in the line, their expressions changed when they noticed that Zen's cultivation level was at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

'The man has stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm at such a young age. Which sect is he from?' they wondered.

On the Sea God Continent, it was not uncommon for a warrior of Zen's age to become a war lord. For example, if Cheryl, Olivia and several other cultivators wanted to break through, they could achieve the same through hard training in the Tower of Sin.

The speed of improving one's cultivation in the Tower of Sin was far greater than what the outside world could measure up to.

However, in the Central Region, reaching the Illuminating Soul Realm at this age was indeed surprising. Unless the big sects put in a lot of their resources to cultivate some talented disciples, people might never achieve this feat. Upon being aware of the cultivation level of Zen, none of the warriors in the line dared look down upon Zen.

"I am not here to propose marriage," Zen replied faintly.

"We are extremely busy now. If you didn't come here to propose marriage, then don't stay here and make trouble. Go away and find some other place to have fun!" The servant started to drive him away without any hesitation. As a servant of the Xi Clan, even an ordinary martial artist wouldn't dare to provoke him so he wasn't afraid of Zen.

Zen was still as indifferent as he was before. He said, "I have come here to pay a visit to the master of the Xi Clan."

The servant laughed coldly, "Pay a visit to the master of the Xi Clan? Just you?" Even when those martial artists who had special identities wanted to meet the master of the clan personally, they had to pull a lot of strings to get an appointment. This servant obviously misunderstood Zen. He shrugged and told him, "Our master doesn't have the time to entertain guests right now! If you don't leave now, I'll call for more people to force you away!"

Just at this time, an elder steward walked over and shouted at the servant, "You idiot! How can you speak like that? Go away!"

The steward of the Xi Clan was a nature creature. He saw a dispute arise from far away and came over to take a look. When he saw what was going on, he was startled. The servant was scolding a cultivator who was at the Virtual Tribulation Realm!

In the Central Region, a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm was a great force to be reckoned with. The master of the Xi Clan was merely at the middle stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm. However, this young man, who was a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior, looked so young even from far away. Therefore, the steward assumed that he must be someone with an extraordinary background. He immediately rushed over and drove away the rude servant. Then he bowed to Zen and apologized, "Sir, the servant is an idiot. Please don't take his words to heart. How can we help you?"

Zen's face was still completely expressionless. Of course he wasn't going to hold a grudge against an ordinary servant with no cultivation background. He only replied faintly, "No blame attaches to the unconscious doer of wrong. But I still want to pay a visit to your master."

"The master has been very busy recently, but if you really want to meet him, I feel obliged to pass on your message. Please tell me your name first," the steward replied with a smile. He had been working in the Xi Clan for dozens of years, so he knew that he should not be disrespectful to the person in front of him.

Zen nodded and said to the steward, "Tell him that Zen Luo has come to visit him."

"Z...Zen Luo?" The steward suddenly called out loud as his eyes stared at the man in front of him as if he'd seen a ghost. Since the sound of his exclamation was way too loud, it immediately alarmed the numerous warriors who'd lined up to propose marriage.

Many of the warriors also walked over with puzzled faces.

"Did you hear that? That brat said he was Zen Luo. Is that the same Zen Luo from the Cloud Hall?"

"Isn't he supposed to be dead? For the past two years, there has been no news of him at all. It was as if he had disappeared into thin air all of a sudden!"

"Honestly speaking, I think it's quite possible that he is really Zen Luo. Other than him, who else can step into the Virtual Tribulation Realm in just two years? Oh, right! There is also one, Brent, Ethereal Spirit Sect's divine-level talent…"

The steward of the Xi Clan looked at Zen in a daze, and then he asked cautiously, "You.. Are you really Zen Luo?"

Zen smiled faintly. "Yes, I am."

"Alright, I'll pass on your message. Please wait a moment!" With that, the steward dashed into the castle as fast as he could, as if he was flying. Although this steward suspected Zen's identity, it was not up to him to judge whether his claim was true or not. The master of the Xi Clan would come to a conclusion on his own.

Chapter 966 Two Options

Not long after, several streaks of light shot out from within the Xi Clan's castle, immediately attracting the attention of many warriors who were there to woo Margaret.

One of the streaks of light zoomed directly into the square. A boy shouted, "Zen!"

The boy was none other than Brent.

Two years ago, he had missed the opportunity to challenge Zen due to a sudden change during the Martial Arts Contest. He had always regretted it.

In the past two years, Brent's cultivation level had increased a lot, but Zen had disappeared without a trace, and rumors about his death were rife. How could Brent not be excited upon Zen's arrival? He rushed out immediately, albeit a bit perturbed, because he also suspected that someone was pretending to be Zen.

But to his intense surprise, the man was Zen himself.

Zen, too, was surprised to see Brent. He knew that Brent was a divine-level talent of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, but he did not know that he belonged to the Xi Clan.

"Hi Brent, it's been a long time. How have you been?" Zen greeted him blandly without enthusiasm.

"You have also stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm! Let's have a fight, shall we?" Brent wasted no time in challenging Zen. He didn't even bother about the fact that this was a special occasion.

Obviously, Zen wouldn't agree. He hadn't come here to challenge Brent, but for the daughter of the Xi Clan.

"Brent, stop messing around!" A middle-aged man followed closely behind Brent. Some keen observers had already recognized him. It was

Robin Xi, the head of the Xi Clan.

Robin Xi cupped his hands in greeting to Zen, and said, "I heard that you arrived at the Xi Clan, and I am greatly honored. This is not the place to talk. Come in, please!"

Zen also cupped his hands and bowed down to Robin Xi. Then he followed the warriors of the Xi Clan into the castle.

On his way in, Robin Xi wondered why Zen was suddenly visiting them.

Zen had disappeared for two years and no one knew where he had gone. He was not related to the Xi Clan, so he wasn't here visiting his family. It was safe to assume that he was here for Margaret, who had the Purple Power Body. Robin Xi had been worried about her for quite a while, and now Zen had arrived at the right time.

Zen sat down in the main hall of the castle and exchanged pleasantries with the people of the Xi Clan. Warriors were unlike scholars and did not have any formalities. Robin Xi got straight to the point. "Zen, may I know if you are here for my daughter, Margaret?"

Zen nodded, and asked, "Yes. I heard that she also has the Purple Power Body. I would like to know where she is now."

Robin Xi clapped his hands to summon a servant beside him. "Quick! Go and find Margaret," he ordered.

He then sighed and added, "It's my fault for spoiling her too much. Since you have come here for her, you must have known our current crisis. Could you please help us out? I really don't know what to do."

Robin Xi wanted to hear what Zen had to say. He knew that Zen must have seen the long line outside, and his words were a clear hint—he wanted Zen to marry his daughter.

Brent remained silent, a mischievous smile playing on his lips. If Zen became his brother-in-law, he would have more chances in the future to challenge him. Sooner or later, he would be able to fight against Zen.

Zen clearly understood what Robin Xi was trying to say.

But he couldn't marry Margaret just because of a crisis, right? More importantly, he didn't think she was willing to marry him.

Zen said, "Miss Xi has the Purple Power Body, so it's not safe for her to stay in the Ethereal City. I want to bring her to the Cloud Hall to protect her. Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array should be able to stop Eddie for a while."

Robin Xi was very disappointed at Zen's words. Brent was the adopted son of the Xi Clan, and he always talked about Zen. So Zen was not a stranger to the Xi Clan. It was said that Zen was more talented than Brent. If Robin Xi could make Zen his son-in-law, then it would be very beneficial for Xi Clan.

However, Zen had made it clear that he was not going to marry his daughter. Robin Xi thought that Zen might change his mind once he saw his daughter. If Zen agreed, Robin Xi would force her to marry him irrespective of how she felt. A look of determination slowly appeared on Robin Xi's face. This could not be delayed any longer.

"Zen, if you can persuade my daughter to follow you to the Cloud Hall, then the matter can be solved easily. But as long as she is unmarried, Eddie won't stop trying to take her away. We must think of a way to settle this once and for all," Robin Xi said.

Lavender suddenly giggled inside and said via the life vitality, "This old man only wants to marry his daughter off to you. I reckon that woman is as ugly as a pig. That's why the old man is so eager to do it!"

Zen couldn't be bothered with what Lavender said and simply nodded at Robin Xi. Just then, two maids opened the door, and the scent of a young lady blew in. A young girl in plain clothes walked in. She was Margaret Xi.

"Margaret, come over here and meet our guest," said Robin Xi eagerly.

That servant had told Margaret that her father wanted to see her. She didn't know there was a stranger here. She thought this man was from some large clan and her father wanted to marry her off to him. She had always been against marrying someone she didn't know. As a result, she had a long face.

Hearing her father's words, Margaret quickly walked over, her elegant face as cold as ice. She cast a scornful look at Zen. "Let me be straight with you. You don't have the qualifications to marry me. Just go back home," she said rudely.

Brent's heart sank at his sister's words. He peeked at Robin Xi and immediately knew it was going to be bad.

As Brent expected, Robin Xi's face darkened like a piece of charcoal. He suddenly stood up, took a few steps towards her, and said angrily, "Margaret, you are too presumptuous! Don't think that just because your great-grandfather dotes on you, you will be able to mess around as you like!"

The great-grandfather Robin Xi was talking about was none other than Xander.

Xander doted on Margaret very much, and that was why Robin Xi, Margaret's father, didn't dare to discipline her. He never thought that his daughter would grow up to be such a stubborn girl. He was really hoping that Zen would fall for his daughter at first sight! But now that seemed impossible thanks to her brash behavior. In fact, Zen might even despise her now. How could Robin Xi not get angry?

Zen didn't show any anger on his face when being treated so badly for no fault of his. What was more, he hadn't come to ask her hand in marriage.

"I'm presumptuous? Dad, how can you say that? I'd rather die!" She turned her chin up resolutely. She was rather defiant.

Robin Xi raised his hand. He was about to slap her, but Margaret was obstinate, and she had no intention of dodging it. However, Zen stepped between them and stopped Robin Xi. He said, "Master Xi, please calm down. I have something to say to Miss Xi."

Robin Xi couldn't lose his temper in front of an outsider. He had no choice but to suppress the anger in his heart.

Zen stared at the girl in front of him and said, "Miss Xi, you've misunderstood. I'm not here to woo you."

She scowled at him. "I know. You're only here to get to know me. At the same time, you want to show me your strength and eloquence, and tell me which clan you belong to and what immeasurable potential you have. Come on! Just admit it. You are here with the same purpose as the guys outside. A person like you can only be described in one word—hypocrite. You are even more disgusting than those who are standing outside," she said mockingly.

"Ha-ha!" Brent could not stop himself from laughing upon hearing this.

"Brent! What are you laughing at? What's so funny?" an annoyed Margaret berated him.

Zen was speechless. He hadn't thought that this quiet and refined young lady would be so bold and energetic. Moreover, she had a wild imagination.

Now Zen said seriously, "I'm not trying to get to know you. You have the Purple Power Body, so it's too dangerous for you to stay here. I have come to take you away from the Ethereal City."

"Take me away? Just you?" she asked warily.

"Leave with me, or die right now. It's your choice." Although Zen's tone was unusually calm, what he said was the cold, hard truth.

Chapter 967 At Death's Door

Zen was not joking. His sister, Yan Luo, was truly the most important person in his life.

Margaret was like Marilyn—their mere existence was a threat to Yan. Marilyn had set herself against Zen, so he had no choice other than to kill her. Margaret, however, was completely innocent.

However, regardless of whether Margaret was innocent or not, Zen still could not tolerate Yan being threatened. That was why he had decisively told Margaret that she could either follow him back to the Cloud Hall or be killed. It was that simple.

Unsurprisingly, when Zen told Margaret this, she was stunned.

Ever since she could remember, she had been considered the smartest girl around. Apart from Brent, she was the youngest in her generation and was the most beloved daughter of the family. Even Xander, who seldom came back to the Xi Clan's castle, was fond of her. Every time he came back, he would ask Margaret to meet him.

Since Xander was in charge of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, he had rarely shown up in the Xi Clan's castle. Even if Robin wanted to meet him, planning for it would be a real pain. But despite his frequent absence, Xander had always been fond of Margaret, his great-granddaughter. At this critical moment, he was actually willing to send Brent to accompany Margaret because he knew of the good relationship between the two of them.

One could only imagine how much Xander had doted on her.

It was also because of this that the members of the Xi Clan chose to tolerate her behavior again and again, even giving her ample time to choose the man she was going to marry. They had already waited for so long, yet she still had not picked anyone she liked.

If she was only a random girl from some branch of the Xi Clan, the members of the clan might have already married her off to someone, by hook or by crook.

Considering all the love that she had received from the people around her since she was very young, Margaret didn't expect that this man in front of her would be so insolent towards her, even daring to threaten that he would kill her if she refused to leave with him.

Robin and Brent were also stunned. They could tell that Zen was not joking. As for the other members of the Xi Clan, such as Margaret's seniors, their expressions significantly darkened after Zen's remarks.

Although everyone was having a headache about Margaret's marriage, they wouldn't dare force her to marry someone. So how dare an outsider come to the Xi Clan's territory and think that he could treat Margaret like that!

Brent frowned. Although he was an adopted son, he and Margaret had grown up together since they were young. The two of them were even closer than those related by blood. How could Zen threaten to hurt Margaret?

Just as Brent was about to speak up and push Zen away from Margaret, Robin waved his hand and stopped him.

With a confused expression, Brent turned to look at Robin. Margaret was Robin's daughter. Wasn't he worried about her safety at all?

Although Brent felt fully puzzled, he chose to stay put and shut up.

Margaret was Robin's youngest daughter. How could he not worry about her safety? However, Robin had an intuition that Zen would not really do anything that would hurt his daughter. Also, he believed that his daughter was so willful to the point that someone should indeed come and teach her a good lesson.

There was no need to expound on Margaret's revered position in the Xi Clan—no one dared offend her. Even as her father, Robin did not dare to be too critical of her. Everyone had to respect Xander because even though he rarely returned to the Xi Clan's castle, he was still the clan's pillar of support.

Other than the members of the Xi Clan, who in the entire Ethereal City had the qualifications to teach Margaret a lesson?

The young man in front of them seemed to be very different from a normal person. The story of Zen—now considered a legend—berating Eddie was still fresh in everyone's mind. His story had been quickly made into songs being sung by patrons at tea houses and taverns. Warriors had taken a liking to it, and ordinary people had embraced it as their own.

Zen was not even afraid of Eddie at all. So how could he be afraid of Xander?

Robin wanted to see if Zen had the ability to subdue his daughter.

"You want me to die?

Do you have the ability to do that?" Margaret's face was pale, but her temper and stubbornness still didn't leave her. Even though she had an intuition that Zen would keep his word, she bit her lips, took a deep breath, kept a brave face on, and kept pressing on.

Besides, why would she be afraid? There were so many members of the Xi Clan present.

The young man in front of her was at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. It was true that Margaret was a little fearful of him, but a warrior who was at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm couldn't do much to her family. Her father was a warrior at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and Brent had just stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Besides, Brent was a divine-level talent; he was definitely stronger than this guy in front of her.

Zen's gaze was calm as he stared into Margaret's eyes. "I've already said that there are two options. Leave with me, or I'll kill you right here, right now. Choose between the two," he said calmly and coldly.

"What if I don't want to choose?" Margaret replied, staring at Zen with the same intensity.

"Then I'll help you choose one." Zen snorted lightly and actually reached out his hand to grab Margaret.

"How dare you!" an elder of the Xi Clan shouted.

However, Robin fiercely glared at the elder. The elder saw that and immediately understood what he wanted to say, so he stopped his protests and leaned back in his seat. His face, however, showed how angry he was.

When Margaret saw that her father not only did not help her but also prevented the elder from taking action, a look of despair suddenly appeared on her face. A teenage girl's feelings of self-pity were the most likely to arise, and so she immediately cried out, "So what if I die!"

The moment she finished speaking, Zen's hand was already around her supple neck, ready to choke her to death. It was at this moment that Zen said, "You're not afraid of death because you've never known what death is like!"

Suddenly, the malicious aura surged out from Zen's body.

He had accumulated quite a bit of malicious aura in the Tower of Sin and the Dark Nether Cave. The malicious aura erupted like that of a descending fiend, showing its great strength and mercilessness.

The malicious aura was also known as the aura of slaughter. It was a kind of aura that one accumulated from killing others. It was a type of curse that came from the creatures that one had killed.

This monstrous malicious aura gushed out, and the hearts of over ten thousand people in the entire castle trembled, to the point that even those outside the castle were alarmed.

"What happened to the Xi Clan's castle?

Could Eddie have sneaked in? Why is there so much malicious aura?"

"I don't think so. Eddie could be righteous at some times and terribly evil at other times, but he hasn't cultivated in the killing way. He does not have such a ferocious malicious aura."

"Then who is it? Who would dare to mess around with the Xi Clan in their own castle? Is he not afraid of the Ethereal Spirit Sect?"

Many warriors speculated. All of them wouldn't dare trespass into the Xi Clan's castle, so they could only make wild guesses.

Margaret started choking and suffocating. She felt like she was not facing a person, but a devil that had crawled out of hell.

This man would kill her without any hesitation.

Since she was a child, she had never gone too far from Xi Clan's castle. Everyone in the clan doted on her. That was why she was innocent yet so willful. This made her even more simple-minded than Bess, the female disciple of the Fish Dragon Sect.

She had thought that she was not afraid of death because she had never encountered the danger of death ever before. All her life, she firmly believed that the members of the Xi Clan would protect her and die for her.

But now, Margaret felt that she was very close to death. If the man in front of her used a little bit more of his strength, she was sure that she would die. She was already teetering on the edge of life and death.

'Why won't Dad save me? Why won't he make a move? Why are the members of the Xi Clan staying still?' she thought, tears already pooling in her eyes. Finally, she began to panic. In this situation, her survival instinct kicked in, and she began to struggle.

"Dad! Save me!"

But this did not lessen the hold of Zen on her neck. Slowly, her voice became shrill and colored with fear.

As much as it was hurting him, Robin had no intentions of moving, and looked as if he hadn't heard her.

The malicious aura released by Zen was still rising. At the same time, he also released a portion of his soul pressure. Margaret definitely wouldn't be able to block Zen's soul pressure. If the pressure was too great, she might pass out immediately, so Zen didn't release much of it. However, he made sure that it was enough for her to feel that the threat that he was posing against her was constantly increasing.

"Are you sure you still want to choose death?"

Zen asked, his voice deep and demonic. As he stared at the young girl in front of him, he thought of how he did not like being an evil person. The girl he was choking looked very beautiful and soft, so usually, men would feel like protecting her, even if it was the first time they had seen her. Zen was no exception to that. However, he valued his sister more.

Margaret's lips were turning pale. When Zen's malicious aura and soul pressure slightly lessened, she immediately said, "I...I choose to go with you!"

After that proclamation, all of Zen's malicious aura was instantly poured into the Killing Sword Mountain. At the same time, his soul pressure disappeared without a trace. Margaret was put down, and immediately, she took a deep breath and then panted heavily.

Seeing Margaret act like this, the members of the Xi Clan, including Robin and Brent, felt their hearts ache for her, but they were forced to do nothing.

Margaret was like a frightened little bird as she stared at Zen, great fear in her eyes. She chose to give in in the face of death, and at the same time, she had developed a deep hate for Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 968 The Transmission Arrays Of The Ethereal City (Part One)

A myriad of emotions crossed through Margaret's face as she looked at Zen. "Tell me your name!" she demanded through gritted teeth.

Margaret rarely left her home, but she was more or less well-informed about the young elites of the Central Region. She had not participated in the Martial Arts Contest of Oracle City two years ago, but she had lent Brent a hand in studying and forming strategies against his potential opponents.

This man in front of her was undoubtedly young, and yet he had already reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm. He was no ordinary warrior.

Earlier, Robin had sent word for her to go out to meet him, but without telling her anything about this man. Conflict had immediately arisen between her and Zen at their first contact, leaving no space for Robin to properly introduce them to each other.

"Why? So you can find an opportunity to take revenge afterwards?" Zen asked with a smile, seemingly unaffected by her obvious aggression.

"That's right!" Margaret answered him quickly and without any trace of hesitation. She had no intentions of hiding anything. Granted, she was only a beginner of the Internal Elixir Realm, but she had the Purple Power Body. Once she had trained enough, her strength would be unmatched. A cultivator with the Purple Power Body would be able to stay in the Purple Power World for a period of time after reaching the Internal Elixir Realm. The length of the duration would increase more and more by cultivating herself to the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Finally, it would then be possible to summon the 99 billion huge swords and the true spirit from the Purple Power World. However, the cost of such power would be extremely high.

Marilyn had previously tried to summon the true spirit upon her encounter with Zen at the Martial Arts Contest. According to the cyan dragon's words, if Marilyn had been successful, Zen would have undoubtedly met his end.

Zen did not even flinch at Margaret's threats. With a small smile, he said, "I look forward to it. My name is Zen Luo."

"Zen Luo?" Margaret repeated his name slowly, her eyebrows knitted together as the sound of his name recalled a familiar ring from her memory. After a brief pause, a look of recognition and astonishment dawned on her face. Turning to Brent with her eyes blown wide open, she exclaimed, "Brent, is he that same Zen you've been talking about?"

She had never been outside of the Ethereal City, but she had heard of Zen's name no less than one thousand times!

Ever since the end of the Martial Arts Contest, his name had been on Brent's lips. He had talked of him endlessly each time he returned home from the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Brent had deeply regretted not having been able to fight Zen, and it was as if this lost chance haunted him to no end.

Day by day, there were only more and more stories about Zen — each one more extraordinary than the last. Word had spread around that he was even a greater talent than Brent in martial arts. Furthermore, he had enough mastery of the runes to have set up an impenetrable sect-protecting array that held off even the arrogant Eddie's attacks!

People speculated that Zen had far more superior rune skills over Arnold.

Arnold was originally a disciple of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, and so he had quickly gained attention and later on, great fame in the Ethereal City. In the south, people had erected a giant statue in his honor. Endless talk about this legendary figure resounded on the streets of the southern district, and his great achievements never failed to reach Margaret's ears whenever she went there, and for good reason — the sect-protecting array that he had built protected the Ethereal Spirit Sect up to this day.

However, here was a man who, according to rumors, possessed skills that surpassed even that of the legendary Arnold.

At the beginning, such talk seemed incredulous to her. Words travelled quickly, and the stories that circulated were not always as close to the truth as they seemed. It was impossible that Zen surpassed Brent's talent. After all, her younger brother had always been the most gifted disciple in the entire Central Region. His genius was a divine gift from the gods! It was only a matter of time before he reached the Soul Sea Realm. The Ethereal Spirit Sect had regarded him as its most valuable treasure! It was simply impossible that there existed a more talented person than her younger brother.

But Zen's skills did not stop at martial arts. He also showed promising potential as a runic expert. No one in the whole Central Region had ever displayed such skills and growth as him. What was even more unbelievable was that he had only been a mere youth, not even reaching 18 years of age at that time.

Stories about him and his incredible feats only multiplied as time went by, and even Margaret, who rarely cared about the outside world, was filled with curiosity towards such a character. She had begun to think that if there was a chance, she would like to meet this Zen and see just what kind of person he was. However, after his journey to the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, Zen had disappeared.

Brent himself, who had participated in the journey, presumed him dead.

Margaret had always regarded this as a pity. Now, she had lost all chances of ever meeting the man that her younger brother had endlessly talked about.

She eyed him from head to toe as he stood before her in the flesh. He was most likely around 20 years of age, as he was only 18 years old two years ago. The man in front of her matched that description, but was he that same Zen? Hadn't he died in the celestial tomb? How come he was here in their midst?

Brent blinked his eyes at his sister and sighed. "Yes, sister, he's exactly that Zen."

At that moment, the reason of his appearance dawned on her. She now understood why Zen had offered her two difficult choices. No one in the Central Region was unaware of the fate that had befallen Yan, his sister. Eddie had her in his grasp. Some of Margaret's irritation slowly dissipated and was replaced by quiet respect as she realized that Zen would stop at nothing to save his sister. He would sacrifice everything, if necessary.

Chapter 969 The Transmission Arrays Of The Ethereal City (Part Two)

Naturally, she also understood that if she were to fall into Eddie's hands, Zen's sister would be in great danger.

However, despite her understanding of the situation, Margaret still couldn't forgive Zen. She would not let him off so easily after having treated her so rudely, and in front of her family! Margaret was proud by nature. Reining in her resentment, she wore a stoic expression in her face and said, "Well then. Even if you are that Zen, you be sure that I will pay back your rudeness in full some time in the future," she said, her voice still laced with anger.

Zen merely gave her a brief smile. "I'll wait," he replied calmly.

Robin let out a sigh of relief from the side, grateful that the tension had not exploded into full-blown hostility. "Since you've already made your decision, then it's fine. In fact, the leader of Cloud Hall has already invited Margaret, to keep her away from here, but this child is so stubborn that she has kept on refusing to go to Cloud Hall," he said, letting out another huff of air. Then, he added, "It's already noon, and the servants have finished preparations for lunch. You can set off after you eat."

A transmission array connecting the Ethereal City and the Cloudy City allowed for a direct passage, so going from there to Cloud Hall would be no trouble at all.

Zen gave them a slight bow and said politely, "I am grateful for your kindness!"

All of them moved towards the dining room, except for one figure. Margaret stalked off to the other direction, leaving behind with only one sentence. "I'm not going to eat with this man. I'll be out after lunch!" she declared, then walked away.

A wry smile appeared on Robin's face. He turned to Zen and said apologetically, "Please forgive her. My daughter has always been like this."

Margaret's hostile attitude did not matter one bit to Zen. What he did not know was that this lunch would bring about a huge change in his plans.

The transmission arrays of the Ethereal City were located at the western district, the busiest, most bustling area of the city. Two transmission arrays were built in the open space beside the Sky Worm River to the western border of the city. Of the two, one provided a passage to the Cloudy City, while the other one led to the Oracle City.

A huge fortune was expended in constructing the transmission arrays. It was not comparable to the massive transmission arrays that allowed travelling back and forth between continents, but it still covered a considerable area — spanning across half of the Central Region. In addition to this, these three cities were the largest in the Central Region, and so they had the largest number of warriors. Every day, there would be countless of them who would need to use these two transmission arrays to get to Cloudy City or to Oracle City.

Even some ordinary merchants would pay a high toll to transport valuable goods through the transmission arrays.

The frequent use of the transmission arrays led to the high costs in maintaining them.

Today as usual, there was a long line by the bank of the Sky Worm River, with people waiting their turns to use the arrays.

This month had been especially busy for the two transmission arrays. There was word going around that Eddie was plotting an attack on Ethereal City with the warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect. The seeds of fear had taken their roots in the city, and people were hurrying to leave in order to escape from the impending disaster. They had a choice between the Oracle City and the Cloudy City to ensure their safety.

With the relentless demand, the cost of transportation through the transmission arrays had risen greatly, doubling the amount of the usual price. Even so, a great number of people who were willing to spend paid such a high price, if it meant their safety. Money mattered little in comparison to their lives.

Today, the atmosphere around the crowd was uncharacteristically tense. The air was burdened with a growing impatience from the waiting people.

Martial cultivators stood stiffly as they waited their turn to use the passage, and the civilians grew anxious for their own survival as threat of Eddie's attack loomed closer and closer each day. Some of them had been waiting for about half a day.

The pressure was a ticking time bomb, and the heightened frustration exploded when two men tried to cut in line. The other cultivators were immediately annoyed. One of them reproached the two men furiously, shouting out, "Hey, hey, hey! What do you think you're doing? Why are you cutting in line? Even if you have something urgent to attend to, you should still obey the rules! Everyone here has been waiting for a long time."

The others soon followed, throwing criticisms at the two. "You two have no manners!. Have some shame!"

Hearing the crowd's scolding, the two warriors turned around and said with a sneer, "Yes, I'm cutting in line and ignoring the rules, but so what? Some of us have more important jobs to do. What? You want to fight us?"

The other warriors fell silent at their intimidation. Most of them warriors were nature creatures, of which only a handful had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, while the two warriors cutting in line were at the Internal Elixir Realm. There was too great a gap between the two groups. Provoking the two warriors further would only result to the other group's loss.

The silence of their surrender only served to fan the two warriors' insolence. "That's right. You lot should know your place. Weigh your own strength before you sputter out your nonsense!" they jeered.

A quiet discontent settled over the crowd as the line slowly moved forward. The transmission arrays flashed white every time someone entered the space channel. As the two Internal Elixir Realm warriors approached one of the transmission arrays, one of them said in a lazy tone, "Alright, let's do it!"

The other person threw back a haughty glance to the others behind, as if challenging them to stop him. Then, he took out a purple-black bead from his chest and threw it towards the transmission array. The next moment, they both abruptly retreated.

Chapter 970 Take Action

Everything happened so quickly. There were a few Ethereal City guards who were standing by the transmission array, but since they were only at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, they were slow to react to what was happening.

Destroying a transmission array wasn't something that would benefit a person, and it would be highly harmful to others. Because of that, under normal circumstances, no one would maliciously destroy one.

When the others saw the two Internal Elixir Realm warriors throw out the purple black bead, they immediately retreated to the side. After that, they saw that the bead emitted a fine line of lightning in the transmission array.

Then, the radiance of the lightning burst out, emitting an intense light as well as the power of space. At the same time, violent explosion rang out.

Clap! Clap!

At the moment of the ear-splitting explosion, the area around the transmission array was swallowed by the bright light. The warriors who were queuing up and the guards that were standing by the transmission array were instantly annihilated. They didn't even have the time to scream before they met their doom.

"They have destroyed the transmission array!"

"This is the Space and Thunder Bead! It contains the Thunder Law and the Space Law. It can completely destroy the space channel!"

"Why did they destroy the transmission array? What is their goal?"

The warriors who had a considerable distance from the site of explosion had already cried out in alarm, and had started to theorize what had happened.

It wasn't easy to destroy a transmission array. Once it was built, the entire space channel would be very stable. Even if the base of the transmission array was destroyed, the space channel would not be damaged. All they needed to do was to rebuild the base.

However, the Space and Thunder Bead was different. The transmission array was something that wouldn't be easily destroyed, but the said bead was specially designed for destroying it. The power of thunder and lightning contained within the bead would destroy its base. However, the worst thing about it was the power of space contained within it because it had the ability to mess up the space channel in the transmission array, and if that happened, the space channel could no longer be rebuilt.

After the two Internal Elixir Realm warriors had succeeded, another transmission array leading to Oracle City, which was one mile away, was also destroyed. By then, the two ways leading to Cloudy City and Oracle City had been ruined.

"What… What is going on?"

"I think I understand! These people are most likely from the Heavenly Evil Sect!"

"They destroyed transmission arrays, so that the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance won't be able to lend a helping hand. It's very likely that Eddie is about to launch an attack."

It was only a matter of time before people started identifying the reason for the attacks.

Ethereal City had already done its best to prepare for such scenarios in advance. The Ethereal Spirit Sect had sent many warriors to patrol Ethereal City. Normally, the warriors guarding transmission arrays would only be at the low levels of the Illuminating Soul Realm, but now, there were several more who were at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

If the Heavenly Evil Sect really wanted to take action, it was impossible for anyone to guard against and even stop them. Even if the Ethereal Spirit Sect sent their best warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm as a defense tactic, the Heavenly Evil Sect would still send their warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in order to destroy the transmission arrays. After all, protecting something was much more difficult than destroying it.

The Heavenly Evil Sect was not planning an attack anymore - they had already begun.

The Ethereal Spirit Sect was built on top of a tall mountain, right outside Ethereal City. Now, in the outside perimeters of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, a layer of faint purple light could be found. The thousands of runes inside the sect formed a circular rune of Eight Diagrams.

This sect-protecting array was the work of Arnold. It was called the Illusory Array.

Before the appearance of Zen's sect-protecting array, the Illusory Array had been the strongest sect-protecting array in the Central Region.

Outside of the sect-protecting array, tens of thousands of warriors were floating in the sky. Most of them had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, and a small portion of them were at the Internal Elixir Realm. Dozens belonged to the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

All these warriors wore long black robes, with two words embedded on their chests: Heavenly Evil.

They were the Divine Kingdom Army of the Heavenly Evil Sect.

While others called them the Heavenly Evil Sect, they called themselves the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom.

All the warriors in the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom used to be independent warriors.

The world of warriors was immensely cruel. While other warriors had grown up in sects, independent warriors had to exert a far greater effort to survive. Moreover, they were often bullied by the sect disciples, so they all held a grudge against the great sects.

The reason why Eddie was able to build his divine kingdom as smoothly as he did was that he knew exactly what these independent warriors thought. He claimed that he would unite all the independent warriors and overthrow all the small and large sects in the Central Region. After he built his divine kingdom, he would share the kingdom with independent warriors.

And because of that, this had to be said - Eddie was really smart. He gave the independent warriors a space to vent their anger towards the sects, and he was able to give them what they wanted. Hence, in a short period of time, he had amassed a large number of followers.

When other sects got wind of what was happening, they frantically began to try to stop the independent warriors.

However, it was already too late. Eddie's Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom was growing at an extremely fast pace, and was quickly becoming the biggest power in the Central Region.

On a grade perspective, the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom already had the qualifications to become a sixth-grade sect, just without Soul Sea Realm masters.

But to be fair, it was not that easy to become a Soul Sea Realm master. Because of that, Eddie got stuck, and so he anxiously tried to find a third girl with a Purple Power Body to help him break through to the Soul Sea Realm. By then, his Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom would be worthy of its name.

It was one of the reasons why Eddie wanted to attack the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Furthermore, if he managed to destroy the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom's reputation would further spread. If that ever happened, the number of independent warriors who followed him would definitely multiply. Even the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance would not be able to stop them!

"Warriors! The sect in front of us is the number one sect in the world, the Ethereal Spirit Sect! Did they bully you in the past?" Eddie roared, as he stood in front of the Divine Kingdom Army.

"Yes!"

There were over ten thousand warriors there, and even the weakest of them had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm. Their combined voices could easily shake the earth.

Although the Ethereal Spirit Sect was the number one sect in the world, its influence hadn't spread throughout the Central Region. It was impossible that these independent warriors were all bullied by the sect.

But as independent warriors, they were oppressed by sect warriors. For example, when exploring a dangerous land, independent warriors would often travel alone. At most, they would travel together in two or three, but sect warriors would usually have dozens of companions. Any time that the both of them stumbled upon a golden opportunity or treasure, independent warriors would always inevitably lose, and get nothing.

It was just like that in the world of warriors. Whoever was the most powerful would keep the treasures for themselves. It was just the law of the jungle. If the independent warriors were in the sect warriors' position, they would undoubtedly do the same.

As Eddie had fully raised the morale of the troops, none of them thought deeply about what Eddie really wanted.

"Very good! Then today will be the day the Ethereal Spirit Sect is destroyed!" Eddie roared coldly.

Just then, a figure flew out from the Divine Kingdom Army. It was a white-faced scholar-like man at the middle level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

He held an ancient folding fan in his hand. As the folding fan unfurled, everyone saw the word "Darius" written on it.

He was the military adviser of the Divine Kingdom Army. He used to be an independent warrior and was quite famous in the south of the Central Region. However, he had offended the people from the Mysterious Luna Hall, so his family was killed by them.

Darius had stayed hidden all these years, and when he heard that Eddie was about to found a divine kingdom, he knew that his chance had come.

From his point of view, whether Eddie could build a divine kingdom or not was not important. What was important was that he would be able to take advantage of Eddie's power to destroy the Mysterious Luna Hall. In a sense, both of them were using each other for their own personal gains.

"I just received news that the young lady from the Xi Family is not in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Instead, she is in Ethereal City," Darius said faintly.

"Oh?" Eddie's eyes narrowed. "It seems like Xander really doesn't take me seriously. Well, I think that means I should go to Ethereal City!"

"The two transmission arrays in Ethereal City have already been destroyed. However, I'm afraid that the Xi Family prefers death over dishonor," Darius said.

Eddie frowned, a cautious look on his face. Darius was right. The Xi Family wouldn't give him the girl with a Purple Power Body without an intense fight.

Chapter 971 Escape

"Aside from the news about Miss Xi, we've also acquired an interesting new piece of information," Darius said upon seeing Eddie's grim expression.

"What is it?"

Eddie asked.

"Zen has returned," Darius immediately replied.

Eddie's eyes immediately flashed with a malicious aura, "Zen…

Hmph! He actually returned!"

Rumors and speculations about Zen dying had spread all over Central Region but Eddie did not believe any of it.

He had seen firsthand how Zen became the ultimate winner of the Wheel of Fortune, signifying that he was a man of great destiny. Eddie did not believe that Zen was someone who would die so easily. The only way Eddie would ever believe Zen's death would be if he killed him with his own hands.

"What are you going to do now?"

Darius asked cautiously, clearly aware of the malicious aura that emanated from Eddie.

"Temporarily halt all attacks on the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Station everyone a hundred miles away while we wait for Simon's men to arrive. Do not make a move until I come!"

Eddie ordered.

Simon, the Poison King, had recently joined Eddie's Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom despite them initially being on opposing sides.

It was Eddie who extended the invitation and Simon accepted after weighing up the cost and benefits. Despite the conflict between them at the start, Simon had since put aside past grudges once he came to realize the benefits of joining Eddie and his divine kingdom.

At that moment, Simon was already rushing over with a group of independent warriors.

The Ethereal Spirit Sect must not be underestimated. It was not heralded as the number one sect in the Central Region for no reason. Although its sect-protecting array constructed by Arnold was not on par with Cloud Hall's, Eddie knew that the Illusory Array was still capable of causing a great deal of trouble for his army.

Moreover, the Ethereal Spirit Sect had Xander and Eddie did not dare to look down upon him. The joint forces of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit were comparable to a Life and Death Realm master's strength.

It would be difficult but if he managed to get the Ethereal Spirit Sect to yield, Eddie was sure that his Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom would reap huge benefits.

After Darius left to enforce his orders, a plan was already brewing in Eddie's mind, "I want to see just how he will escape this time," he muttered to himself with a sneer. Then, he turned into a beam of light and charged straight towards Ethereal City.

Meanwhile, inside the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Xander stood in a huge Eight Diagrams and looked up to the sky with a complicated expression.

The Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit formed a unique formation that was in accordance with the shape of the Big Dipper. They looked up solemnly at the large number of warriors in the sky.

The majority of their attackers were at the Illuminating Soul Realm and did not pose any immediate threats as the Illusory Array assured the death of any warrior below the Internal Elixir Realm. The problem, however, was that Eddie's army also contained a handful of Internal Elixir Realm warriors and had more Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists than the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

If a war did break out between them, the outcome was uncertain.

Xander had already foreseen Eddie's attack. In fact, many people had already predicted it. What they did not expect, however, was for him to come so soon. Xander would've never thought that Eddie would actually dare to make a move against the strongest sect in Central Region. In this aspect, Xander paled in comparison of Eddie's great ambition and courage.

All elders and disciples of the Ethereal Spirit Sect were alert and ready for battle. However, the sight of Eddie transforming into a streak of light and leaving elicited a few shocked gasps.

What was more surprising was the sudden but orderly retreat of the Heavenly Evil Sect warriors!

"Sir, Eddie is flying towards Ethereal City," one of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit announced.

Xander's eyes widened. "He must be heading towards the Xi Clan! This is my fault! I shouldn't have pampered her too much. Her willfulness and my indulgence have only brought harm upon us all," Xander sighed. It took everything in Xander not to rush out and stop Eddie. He might not be as powerful as Eddie but he knew he had the ability to contend with Eddie and delay him for a bit in the Ethereal City.

But his role as Ethereal Spirit Sect's leader prevented him from doing so. His place was within the sect where he was to take charge during such a crisis.

Although the Xi Clan was important to Xander, the Ethereal Spirit Sect was more important. The entire Xi Clan and Ethereal City were established under the protection of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. There was a saying, "If the skin does not exist, then where would the hair adhere to? One thing is dependent on the other." Xander was fully aware of what was more important.

"They're retreating. Should we rush out?"

one of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit asked.

The retreat of the opposing army was a chance for the Ethereal Spirit Sect to launch a counterattack by taking their enemies by surprise. It was a good chance for them to turn the tides but Xander still shook his head. What if it was a trap?

"No," his voice resonated while his eyes filled with determination. "We will remain and guard this place." From the exact moment he assumed the position as the leader of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Xander's life had been firmly tied to the entire sect.

Just then, the beam of light neared Ethereal City but was suddenly blocked by an invisible force.

A flying ban had been enforced around the city. Such restrictions were very popular a thousand years ago and were enforced by many other cities. However, too many warriors complained and the flying ban was removed. It was only Ethereal City that followed the old convention and retained their restriction against flying.

Eddie could only snort as he casually threw a punch and destroyed the ban. Once he arrived in the Ethereal City, he quickly headed for the Xi Clan's castle.

The luncheon in Xi Clan's castle lasted for an hour. Robin, the clan master, held Zen with high regard and, despite telling him that it would only be a simple meal, treated Zen to specially made dishes of the highest quality. And it cost much longer time to prepare the dishes.

Brent continued to harp about his regret of not getting the chance to fight Zen all throughout the meal. "Zen, if there's a chance, I will definitely go to Cloud Hall and challenge you. When that time comes, you have to come out and fight with me!" he insisted.

Brent was so stubborn. Zen smiled helplessly and was forced to agree in the end.

Robin smiled in amusement. He knew his adopted son's temperament very well. Brent was not a sore loser and even if he lost this fight he was proposing, he wouldn't regret it.

Brent was about to say something else when his complexion suddenly paled. He quickly reached into his space ring and took out a token that had turned blood-red.

Zen frowned at his sudden change in demeanor, "What's wrong?"

he asked.

Even Robin's face turned pale when he saw the blood-red token.

The color of the Ethereal Spirit Sect's token signaled three different situations: emerald green for normal, yellow for a state of high alert, and blood-red once a war arrived at their doorstep. The token had been yellow for the past few days but it had now turned to the most ominous shade of red.

"The Ethereal Spirit Sect is under attack! I need to go there right away!"

Brent announced. After entering the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he had become one of the top warriors of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. There was no way he could stay in the castle with the threat of war upon them.

Zen's face darkened at his words. He immediately stood up and cupped his hands to Robin, "I'll take the young lady out of the Ethereal City right now!"

Had he not stayed for the luncheon, Zen would've already left Ethereal City with Margaret hours ago. He did not expect that a war would suddenly break out while he was casually eating lunch with the Xi Clan.

Robin nodded, "I'll bring you to her right now!"

While Brent rushed to the Ethereal Spirit Sect, Robin led Zen towards Margaret's residence.

Inside her residence, Margaret was alone and sulking thinking that she was about to leave the castle. Her table was full of delicious food but she didn't eat a single bite. Her mind was a mess and she was in no mood to eat.

Bam!

Her door and screens were suddenly smashed into smithereens as Zen forced his entry into her room.

The two screens were made of precious jade and were of high value. Margaret liked them very much and had spent a lot of effort getting them two years ago. To think that Zen broke them just like that made her furious!

"You! You must pay for the screens!"

she shouted.

'This guy is truly despicable. He didn't show any respect to me at all!' she thought to herself as she seethed with anger.

Robin ignored his daughter's tantrum. "Margaret, forget about the screens! You have to go now!"

he shouted in desperation. He did not know what to say to make his daughter behave at such a critical moment and it wasn't really the time to lecture her.

Zen did not even bother calming her down. There was no time to be gentle given the urgency of the situation. He just went directly to her and roughly grabbed her hand. "Let's go!"

He then immediately flew up and smashed her ceiling into pieces. Margaret's residence was made of wood and sturdy iron but it was reduced to nothing by Zen just like that!

Chapter 972 Illusion

Zen shot up into the sky and smashed the beams. As soon as the beams broke, the house began to collapse and everything in the courtyard fell to the ground.

"Oh, no! My...my courtyard!" Margaret was on the verge of tears.

Zen sighed inwardly. This young lady didn't seem to understand the situation she was in, but he didn't have the time or the patience to sit down with her and analyze the situation and the danger she was facing. If this matter wasn't related to Yan, he wouldn't even care about this stupid girl.

Carrying Margaret, Zen madly rushed in the direction of the transmission array. Although Ethereal City was enormous, with his current flying speed, Zen wouldn't take long to reach his destination.

However, at this moment, a strong aura descended from the sky. Zen's face fell when he sensed this aura.

"Eddie is coming!" His eyes flashed.

At the sight of Eddie, Margaret turned pale. Just a moment ago, she hadn't even been close to figuring out what was going on, but now, she knew. She'd never expected that the things the elders of the Xi Family had been worrying about would actually happen.

"Zen Luo!" Eddie roared at Zen from above. "You're fast. But if you hadn't come here, you might have lived a little longer. Now you're courting death! I'm going to kill you today!"

Eddie had once been greatly frustrated by Zen, but he hadn't been able to do anything about it, because Zen had been hiding in the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array.

However, things had changed now. There was no sect-protecting array to keep Zen safe anymore.

Eddie knew how good Zen's luck was. But if he didn't personally kill Zen, he would never be able to live in peace.

Moreover, in just two years, Zen had been able to step into the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Although he was only at the primary level, his progress shocked and frightened Eddie. In another three to five years, Zen would be able to break through to the Soul Sea Realm. When that time came, there was no way Eddie would be able to defeat Zen. In fact, Zen would be able to snap him into two as easily as snapping a twig.

Eddie's grand plan was to found his divine kingdom, so he couldn't allow such a huge threat to live in this world.

He had to kill Zen today no matter what. For that reason, he had even temporarily stopped attacking the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Anyone could see how determined Eddie was.

Whoosh!

Zen refused to listen to Eddie's nonsense. He quickly rushed toward the Sky Worm River in Ethereal City with Margaret, while Eddie chased closely behind him. The distance between the two of them was only a few miles.

"I hope I can make it in time." Zen frowned.

He was dragging Margaret behind him. Margaret could only hear the sound of the wind blowing past her ears. Her mind was in a state of chaos. When Zen arrived at the Sky Worm River, his heart sank. He could see two streams of black smoke coming from a distance.

Even though he couldn't see the transmission arrays, he could already guess what had happened. As he flew over the two transmission arrays, he lowered his head slightly and saw that they had been charred to ashes. He didn't slow down but continued to fly ahead.

"You wanted to escape through the transmission array? No way!" In order to hinder the reinforcements of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance, cutting off the two transmission arrays was the most important part of this attack on the Ethereal Spirit Sect. But Eddie hadn't expected that Zen would be trapped.

But since Zen had nowhere to go now, Eddie didn't rush toward him. He was enjoying the process of chasing Zen.

There was no way Zen could solve the current situation. Eddie believed that even though Zen was extremely lucky, no one but Xander could save him now. However, given the current situation, Eddie was also sure that Xander, the head of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, wouldn't dare to leave his sect.

Zen knew that as well.

He was confident that with his current strength and cultivation level, he'd be able to escape if he unleashed his forceful energy. Unfortunately, he was carrying a burden with him that he couldn't leave behind.

His face darkening, he suddenly pulled Margaret close.

"Ahhh!" Margaret screeched as Zen pulled her into his arms.

Being pressed against Zen's body, Margaret could feel his heartbeat. Despite the dangerous situation they were in now, Margaret blushed. "What are you doing?" she asked angrily.

Ignoring her words, Zen grabbed her by the waist and lifted her up onto his shoulder. The forceful energy in his body instantly erupted and mixed with the Cloud-chasing Lion's innate talent, doubling his speed.

So far, Eddie had been leisurely following Zen. Although Zen was fast, his speed was nothing to Eddie. Moreover, Zen was dragging a burden behind him.

So when Zen suddenly turned into a thin line and explosively shot forward, it came as a shock to Eddie. Zen's speed had increased by several times.

"Damn it!" Realizing that he had once again underestimated Zen, Eddie cursed. The forceful energy within his body started to speed up as well.

But it was almost impossible for Eddie to catch up with Zen now. Zen's speed was truly incomparable. Luckily, the eruption of forceful energy could only last for a very short time. It wouldn't be able to last as long as life vitality, so Zen could only sprint for a short period of time.

Although Zen was using the eruption of his forceful energy to increase the distance between him and Eddie, the situation was still not optimistic. Eddie was still close on his tail. And the Central Region was vast; there was still a long way to go to Oracle City or the Cloud Hall.

Once Zen's forceful energy was exhausted, Eddie would catch up with him in no time.

Margaret, who was lying on Zen's shoulder, couldn't hear anything except the strong wind. Zen's speed was too fast. They had left Ethereal City in an instant.

Ever since she was young, she had never left Ethereal City or ventured out on a tour. She'd never thought that the first time she stepped foot out of Ethereal City would be in such a situation.

As Zen's first wave of forceful energy depleted and Eddie's flying speed gradually increased, the distance between them grew shorter.

"Eddie is right behind us," Margaret said nervously.

"Shut up. I don't need you to remind me." Zen knew that Eddie was quickly approaching. But since he was flying with just his life vitality, he wasn't as fast as Eddie.

"Zen, you'd better surrender. You won't be able to escape today. Don't waste your time," Eddie said coldly.

Zen's expression didn't change at all. Imbuing his voice with life vitality, he replied, "Since I'll die no matter what, I have to try to find a way out. You're a sect master, so stop with the nonsense!"

"I'm not a sect master. I am the lord of the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom." The outside world had assumed that the Heavenly Evil Sect was a sect force, but no one dared to speak of the Heavenly Evil Sect in front of Eddie. Generally, they would call it the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom.

"Hmph! How shameless you are to claim to be the lord of the divine kingdom!" Zen sneered.

"You're already a dead man, but you're still trying to get on my nerves! I'll make sure you die a miserable death then!" Eddie suddenly increased his speed. The fist radiance in his hand started to flicker, and a powerful aura began brewing inside his body. The moment he found an opening, he would make his move.

Feeling Eddie's power, Margaret turned pale. Her face was filled with grief. She was afraid that she would really die on Zen's shoulder today.

However, she hadn't expected that red dots of light would suddenly shoot out from Zen's body. It was none other than Zen's sword spirit.

Once Lavender took on her complete form, she stood close to Margaret and, with a mocking expression on her face, gave Margaret a smirk. After that, she took the middle-grade sacred spear from Zen's hand and charged at Eddie.

'She must be Zen's transformed sword spirit, ' Margaret thought to herself. She had heard that Zen had a very special sword spirit, but why did his sword spirit have expressions? And why had she looked like she was laughing at her?

Maybe it was just an illusion. Margaret began to wonder whether her eyes were playing tricks on her.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 973 It All Looked Fishy

Lavender turned around and darted towards Eddie with a spear in her hand. The next moment, she thrust the spear at Eddie.

"A mid-grade sacred weapon!"

Eddie's eyes widened in amazement. There were only a few low-grade sacred weapons in the Central Region. How could he not be envious when he saw Zen's sword spirit wielding a mid-grade sacred weapon?

But at the same time, there was a hint of doubt in Eddie's mind. Didn't Zen's sword spirit use a huge sword? How did it suddenly become a spear!

Zen's luck was truly beyond anyone's wildest imagination. Not only had he broken through to the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he'd even managed to obtain a mid-grade sacred weapon.

"It's a good weapon. But it's a pity that this mid-grade sacred weapon will come into my hands in the end. All of your luck and your secrets will belong to me!" Eddie was certain that Zen was hiding a huge secret. If he found out what it was, he would be able to become an emperor. And that was not all, he would even be able to attain greater power in the future. Eddie's ambition would not be confined only to the Central Region. There existed four divine kingdoms on the other side of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. The world was boundless. Eddie had been constantly conquering regions his whole life, and his final goal was to reach the pinnacle of the world.

Defeating Zen was the most crucial step for him to reach success!

Lavender's spear was right in front of him but Eddie did not hesitate to counterattack. A brownish-yellow light flashed on his fist and shot towards Zen.

"Humph! Break into pieces!"

Lavender wasn't scared. The long spear suddenly jolted and emitted a wave of formless energy. An astonishing power burst forth from it and immediately destroyed the radiance emitting from Eddie's fist.

Eddie looked at Lavender in utter disbelief.

How did Zen's sword spirit become so powerful?

True, Eddie hadn't employed his full strength in this punch, but if a mere sword spirit managed to block his attack, it was incredible! How could he not be astounded?

Lavender looked at Eddie wickedly, "Surprised?"

"You can actually speak?" Eddie's jaw dropped when he heard her voice. How could a sword spirit speak? He was baffled. He had seen Zen's sword spirit before. Although this particular one's sword dance had been incomparably exquisite, it didn't seem extraordinary to Eddie back then.

The spear skills that the sword spirit had displayed were impeccable. Eddie was astonished beyond words.

However, Eddie had recovered from the shock quickly. His expression became serious. He realized that the man before him was not as easy to defeat as he once thought he would be. He could no longer treat Zen as an amateur warrior who had just entered the Virtual Tribulation Realm. It was just like in the past, when Zen was only a martial artist at the Illuminating Soul Realm, and yet he was able to defeat a martial artist at the primary stage of Internal Elixir Realm. In fact, at that time, even a martial artist at the middle-stage of Internal Elixir Realm was no match for him!

"You have surprised me," observed Eddie calmly but grimly. His face revealed confidence and he exuded a domineering aura. "As the number one cultivator in the Central Region, I have not been so impressed with anyone in a long time! What a pity, Zen! You came back too early. If you had come two or three years later, I really would be no match for you! Ha-ha!"

Eddie's aura became heavier and heavier, creating a suffocating effect on the people around. It felt like countless boulders were falling from the skies and crushing everyone.

Many of the warriors in the Ethereal City felt their hearts tremble vehemently. Their eyes were filled with fear as they looked up at the sky.

As for the thousands of common folks in the Ethereal City, they felt like they had been struck by something. Their heads became heavy and their eyes dulled. One by one they slumped to the ground, unable to get up. After several hours, they managed to open their eyes but they were still in a daze, not knowing what had transpired.

But what Eddie had told Zen was absolute bullshit. Zen knew it would be best if he returned after he reached a higher level of cultivation. If he had become a top-level war lord in the Tower of Sin, he would be able to defeat Eddie, and might have even had the chance to kill him!

But he didn't have the luxury of time on his side. If it were not for Zen's return, Eddie would have captured the young Miss Xi of the Xi Clan and he would have set up his Lustful Demon Array!

What was more, if he hadn't returned, Eddie would stand a good chance of breaking through in the Life and Death Realm. And once he became a powerful master of the Soul Sea Realm, it would be impossible for Zen to defeat him.

"A mere Life and Death Realm martial artist dares to claim to be the number one cultivator in the Central Region. It's making me crack up!" Lavender sneered and a dignified aura emitted from her. She didn't mean to release the aura, but the mighty aura naturally exuded from her as she had been the supreme queen for a long time.

Although her aura was not as imposing as Eddie's, at that moment, he felt inferior to her!

"You're only a sword spirit. How dare you have the nerve to be so arrogant in front of me?"

Eddie threw another punch. Lavender laughed, thrusting out the spear and obstructing another attack!

Currently, Eddie was a warrior at the fourth level of the Life and Death Realm. One year ago, he had gone through the fourth tribulation of the Life and Death Realm and his power had increased since.

According to the ranking system in the Sea God Continent, Eddie was already a fourth level war sage. But he was so strong that he wasn't just a common war sage. He was much stronger than Malcom, who Zen had encountered in the Dark Nether Cave.

Eddie had put all his strength into this punch, releasing the brownish-yellow light, which was filled with the power of the Earth Law. The radiance emitted from his fist was substantial, as if it had turned into a real substance that could be touched, instead of an abstract phenomenon.

Seeing this, Lavender quickly dissipated into specks of red light and zoomed backwards along with her spear towards Zen.

Lavender's goal was only to hinder Eddie's attack. After returning to Zen's side, the red dots of light condensed again. Her slender figure re-materialized, together with the long spear, which she held in her arms.

Zen was already escaping, but the route he followed was very strange. He was originally planning to run out of the city, but at this moment, he was heading in the opposite direction. He was actually circling the outer perimeter of the Ethereal City!

Holding the spear in her hands, she set her sharp eyes on Margaret, staring at her insolently with a faintly mocking expression.

She had long since considered Margaret to be a pain in the ass. Margaret was a delicate and charming young girl, but at the same time, she never knew when to stop and was full of herself. Lavender was hot-tempered, and she would've killed this woman the first time she saw her. That way she wouldn't have become the burden that she was on Zen now.

Zen was weaker than Eddie right now, but it was not difficult for him to escape using his full strength. But, he still had to carry his 'burden' when he escaped.

Lavender knew Zen well. He wouldn't kill an innocent person recklessly, and he also had a soft spot for women. So she couldn't kill this girl—it would only anger Zen more.

"You...why are you looking at me like that?" Margaret felt flustered under Lavender's menacing gaze.

Lavender sneered, "You are not afraid of death, right? Why are you still holding on to Zen so tightly?"

At first, Margaret was not very happy about being carried by Zen, however, as he was flying extremely fast, she had now firmly and instinctively grabbed his shoulder.

"I…" Margaret's face darkened. She did not know how to respond to Lavender's jibes. She paused to think, and an idea struck her. Her stubborn temper rose again. "Zen, let me down," she commanded.

"Let you down?" Lavender blinked and said, "Let you off so that Eddie can catch you and set up the Lustful Demon Array? You aren't important, but Yan is a hundred times more important than you!"

From Zen's point of view, it was indeed so. It didn't matter to him whether Margaret was dead or alive. He only wanted to take her away for the sake of his sister.

"Then...then just kill me!" It was then that Margaret truly understood that there was no other path in front of her. She was either to die or just to tolerate all this.

"Lavender, stop. That's enough for her," Zen said nonchalantly.

He didn't know why Lavender was intentionally irritating Margaret. She might be doing it just to mock the young lady and make him give up on her and, maybe even kill her. But Zen would not let that happen.

Although the world of martial artists was cruel, Zen could choose what he could and couldn't do. Lavender's solution would indeed be the safest and easiest one, but Zen did not want this innocent young girl to lose her life!

He circled in the sky above the Ethereal City with Margaret in his arms. Meanwhile, Eddie was closing the distance between them. Just as Zen leaped into a palace-like building in the Ethereal City, he suddenly stopped and turned around to face Eddie, a strange smile playing on his face.

Eddie became more alert when he saw Zen stopping suddenly. This kid couldn't have just given up and wait to be captured. It all looked fishy.

Chapter 974 Dragon-trapping Rope

Zen seemed to be heading outside the Ethereal City and Eddie was glad to see him do that. As he did so, he sent a message to Simon using the message rune, asking him to help seize Zen with him together.

But the truth was Zen did not escape from the Ethereal City. Instead he was flying around the city. Naturally, Eddie was wary of him.

"What are you worried about?" Zen asked with a smirk. He was a mere thousand feet from Eddie.

Eddie's expression darkened. He looked around carefully, but did not discover anything suspicious. However, he couldn't quell the doubt in his heart, which grew even stronger when he saw Zen's smile.

The two of them now stood still, staring at each other.

"Since that's the case, I'll be leaving now!" Zen turned to leave.

Seeing that Zen was about to leave, Eddie was immediately angered. He suspected that this was a kind of double bluff.

He had no choice but to activate his life vitality. He suddenly accelerated, and zoomed towards Zen at a high speed.

"Attack!"

As he watched Eddie arrive in the air above the palace, Zen let out a loud shout.

Under Eddie, rays of light suddenly burst out from the palace. Little by little, the rays converged to form lines. All streets, within a 1, 500-feet radius released a red light. It looked as though the sun had descended on the ground. The streets connected and evolved into a gigantic rune.

At the same time, the Space Law Power suddenly reverberated within the palace. There were a few flashes of incandescent light, and Brent, Robin and the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit appeared.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The rays of light formed countless small dragons in the huge rune formed by the streets. They soared up to the sky and surrounded Eddie at lightning speed. Some dragons circled his limbs, while the others wrapped themselves around his body. In the blink of an eye, the small dragons had trapped him completely.

"I've long heard about Arnold's peerless relic hidden within the Ethereal Spirit Sect other than the Illusory Array. Today, I finally saw it—the Dragon-trapping Rope. It really is extraordinary!" Zen praised.

He hadn't witnessed the power of the Illusory Array of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. However, the power of this Dragon-trapping Rope was something that he sincerely admired.

The Central Region didn't belong to the Upper World. Unlike Zen, who was able to obtain the inheritance of the divine texture, Arnold did not have any predecessors from whom he could learn. He could only rely on himself to understand and create the runes. Even so, he was able to display the full potential of the rune technique. Zen could tell from the power of the Dragon-trapping Rope that it was not inferior to a three-star divine texture.

Brent and Robin suddenly passed through the void and arrived in front of Zen.

The Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit also slowly flew into the air; the seven of them were already on guard, holding their long swords and facing Eddie.

In addition to Brent and the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit, there were two other disciples of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, who were escorting a green-clothed female servant.

Margaret, on the other hand, had broken free of Zen's grasp and was retreating a few steps, glaring fiercely at him. Then, she flew towards the two disciples of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. "What are you doing? Why did you capture Linsey? Let her go!" she demanded.

A bitter expression appeared on Brent's face as he said, "Margaret, she is Eddie's spy."

"That's impossible! Linsey has been with me since childhood, and is extremely close to me. How can she be one of Eddie's people?" Margaret's face was filled with disbelief.

Hearing her words, Zen couldn't help but sigh, a bitter smile playing on his lips. Lavender, however, rolled her eyes and whispered to Zen, "It's best to kill this idiot. Her living in this world is such a waste of food!"

Linsey indeed grew up together with Margaret, and they were as close as sisters. She was also a nature creature. Getting her to betray Margaret was a piece of cake for Eddie. He didn't even need to do it himself. Darius had done everything for him.

"Margaret, stop messing around!" scolded Brent. Now even he could not hold it in any longer.

"But Linsey is..." Margaret was still unconvinced.

Swoosh!

An invisible spear light shot out suddenly. Even the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit and Robin were wary of it. The spear light was zooming towards Margaret.

The spear light grazed Margaret's cheek and cut off a strand of hair near her ear. It left a thin scar on her face and she started bleeding.

"If you continue with your nonsense, I'll definitely kill you," Lavender threatened. She looked and sounded serious about carrying out her threat.

Lavender seemed like a devil from hell to Margaret. She immediately clammed up.

Robin's heart ached when he noticed the cut on his daughter's face, but he couldn't say anything.

"Ha-ha! I thought the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the number one sect in the world, was rather weak because Xander had been hiding all this time. It turns out that all of you had planned for this a long time ago. Nice job!

This is really interesting. Ha-ha!" Eddie, still trapped in the Dragon-trapping Rope, suddenly started laughing maniacally.

Eddie had led over 10, 000 warriors of his divine kingdom to surround the Ethereal Spirit Sect, but Xander had been stubbornly staying within the sect. Xander had acted as if he was afraid of Eddie and didn't dare to fight against him.

In reality, Eddie's movements and plans had long been monitored by the Ethereal Spirit Sect, and Xander had chosen to play it safe.

Actually, Margaret was just bait to attract Eddie. Otherwise, Xander would definitely not have left her in the Xi Clan's castle. Instead, he would've let her hide inside the Ethereal Spirit Sect at least for a while.

Xander had originally planned to assign Brent to help Margaret escape and lead Eddie to the Dragon-trapping Rope. However, Brent had just stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm. While he was proficient in the Space Law, he might not be able to smoothly complete the mission.

Coincidentally, Zen had appeared at the right time!

However, Zen didn't know about the Ethereal Spirit Sect's plan when he first entered the Xi Clan's castle. Robin and the others had acted out a scene, and eventually forced Margaret to leave with Zen. As her personal servant, Linsey naturally knew about this!

While everyone was having lunch in the Xi Clan's castle, it appeared that they were laughing loudly on the outside, but they were actually secretly communicating with each other using their life vitality. Margaret and Linsey had not joined them for lunch, but there was a high chance that Linsey was not the only spy lurking in the Xi Clan, so everyone was very careful.

By the time Linsey had secretly lit the message rune, Zen had already agreed to their plan. He rushed into Margaret's room and pretended to leave in a hurry. Meanwhile, Eddie had already received the news and rushed over from outside the Ethereal City.

From start to finish, Margaret was the only person who didn't know about their plan.

As foolish as she was, she now understood that right from the start, she was just a bait.

She thought that she was valued and doted upon by everyone in the Xi Clan. Whether it was her great-grandpa, her father or the other elders of the Xi Clan, they all spoiled her and treated her well. She never thought that in the end, she was just a pawn in their games.

"How could you treat me this way?" Margaret's eyes were blurry with tears. She looked miserable, but nobody was paying attention to her as everyone's focus was Eddie.

"Eddie, you're so arrogant even when you're about to die. The Ethereal Spirit Sect is known as the number one sect in the world. Do you really think that it earned this reputation just like that? Or that it's just hype?" roared the leader of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit, pointing his long sword at Eddie.

There was no fear in Eddie's eyes as he continued to sneer, "Indeed. You are a bit smarter than I thought, but unfortunately you are no match for me!"

With that, a black mist erupted from between his brows. It instantly enveloped him, as well as the Dragon-trapping Rope. The mist seemed to be corroding the Dragon-trapping Rope.

"Isn't the Dragon-trapping Rope able to ban someone from using the life vitality?

How is Eddie still able to use it?"

"That isn't life vitality. It must be some sort of secret technique that doesn't require the use of life vitality."

"We can't let him destroy the Dragon-trapping Rope! Kill him! Now!"

The Ethereal Spirit Sect had planned this for a long time. They were heavily relying on Arnold's Dragon-trapping Rope to kill Eddie. Although this move was risky, once he was killed, the Ethereal Spirit Sect would have unparalleled achievements. Without Eddie, the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom would collapse on its own.

It was for this reason that Zen had agreed to cooperate with the Ethereal Spirit Sect. After all, he shared the same goal with the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

The Dragon-trapping Rope was extremely powerful. It was said that even a warrior at the Life and Death Realm had no way of escaping after being trapped within it. But Eddie had managed to outwit it using a secret technique.

This scene caused anxiety in everyone, including the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit. With their swords raised, six of them retreated while the rest one advanced. The array formed by the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit was also their strongest technique.

The leader collected the life vitality and sword intent of the other six people, and suddenly, a sword light erupted. Although he was only a warrior at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, the power of his sword was now comparable to the full force of a warrior at the Life and Death Realm.

Chapter 975 The Dreamy Swampland

To the Ethereal Spirit Sect, this was a once in a lifetime opportunity!

How could the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit dare to be negligent at this moment?

Although the Dragon-trapping Rope was one of the Ethereal Spirit Sect's trump cards, Eddie was still the number one warrior in the Central Region. This worried them and made them uncertain towards the whole situation. Furthermore, the black mist emitted by Eddie was continuously corroding the Dragon-trapping Rope. If Eddie would successfully destroy the Dragon-trapping Rope, the Ethereal Spirit Sect's plan would fall apart and everything that they had done would be in vain. And they could not afford any of that.

After the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit formed the Seven-in-one Array, their collective strength had increased considerably. The one leading them had actually already reached the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Then, as the Seven-in-one Array could fuse the powers of the seven of them, they believed that if they were to launch a sword attack, it would definitely take Eddie's life!

Swoosh!

The sword light of the person in the lead of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit suddenly erupted and pierced into the black mist.

Everyone looked at the black mist nervously. Because Eddie was trapped by the Dragon-trapping Rope, he could not use his life vitality. Now, if the sword hit him, he would definitely not be able to block it.

As Zen stared at the black fog, a sudden bad premonition arose in his heart. From the day he first stepped into the Central Region, he had already regarded Eddie as his opponent and the biggest obstacle in his path of cultivation. He did not believe that Eddie would be that easily dealt with.

Compared to Zen, however, the others felt very confident. For example, Robin, the head of the Xi Clan, believed that if he could help the Ethereal Spirit Sect get rid of Eddie, the Xi Clan would be famous not only in the Central Region, but throughout the whole world.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Just as the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit combined their powers to launch a powerful attack, sounds of metal breaking were suddenly heard. Soon after, everyone saw several beams of light shooting out from the black fog.

Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop!

The light beams contained a great amount of power, and they instantly hit the chests of the four people of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit. However, the light beams did not stop there—they all pierced through chests of the four people, causing blood to spurt from their chests and backs. The sudden attack created terrifying gaping holes in their chests, and after a few moments, the four people fell from the sky.

It was only then that everyone was able to clearly see that the light beams were actually sword fragments. Not only was the sword attack of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit unable to kill Eddie, it had shot back at them after shattering, instantly killing four of them.

"No!"

"Brother!"

"Impossible!"

As this was happening, everyone's expression began to change dramatically. The cries of the remaining three of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit rang out loud and clear, adding to the despair of the people watching.

The Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit had shared the same food and the same bedroom all their lives, and because of that, they had reached a level of mutual understanding that was greater than siblings'. They had made explorations in the Central Region for so many years without a single one of them dying. The sudden deaths of four people were something that they would not be able to deal with.

As the black mist gradually dispersed, everyone saw that the Dragon-trapping Rope that was originally binding Eddie's body was beginning to break. Then, the light of the Dragon-trapping Rope slowly disappeared. At this moment, Eddie's body was emitting a violent aura, and his skin was starting to get covered with layers of scales.

"Forcing me into this state is far more annoying than I initially thought it would be! In order to return the favor, I will murder the entire Ethereal Spirit Sect. Ha-ha!" Eddie roared as he laughed crazily. Then, his expression changed. The entire Ethereal City seemed to be shrouded in his presence. Other than him, there seemed to be no other existence.

"Retreat!"

Zen shouted. Immediately, he wasted no time and rushed towards Margaret to catch hold of her. The life vitality within his body began to madly revolve while at the same time, his forceful energy started erupting. With both his life vitality and forceful energy working, he moved at a crazy speed.

His premonition was indeed correct. Since Eddie had the confidence to establish his own divine kingdom, he definitely had methods to deal with the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

"I'm going to kill you!"

The Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit had lived and breathed as a single person. With the other four dead, the remaining three wouldn't be able to live on!

Other than the remaining three of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit, the other people had no urge to fight anymore. Facing Eddie in such a state was simply courting death. Because of that, Brent and Robin did not stop Zen when they saw him taking Margaret away. Both of them knew that she would be much safer with Zen than with them.

On the other hand, Brent and Robin ran in two different directions.

The remaining three of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit tried their best to stall Eddie for them. Although they would not be able to beat Eddie, they were still warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm and would be able to stall him for a while.

Zen was all up in his head, thinking of ways to run away from Eddie. He had expected that Eddie would not be easily killed, but he did not expect him to be this strong. In the past, Zen was able to block one or two attacks from Eddie, and with his speed, he could run away from him. But now, at Eddie's current cultivation level, it seemed that Zen would be unable to block a single attack from him.

With all these in his head, Zen rushed forward, and in just a short span of time, he was already out of the Ethereal City. Outside Ethereal City were boundless mountains, and going at one direction, he once again released the forceful energy within his body, transforming into a beam of light zooming through the air.

With Zen's flying speed, he would only need three days to reach Cloudy City without the aid of a transmission array.

But, would Eddie not chase after him?

Zen was originally Eddie's target, and now, adding to that, he also had Margaret with him. This woman was also someone Eddie had to get. After taking care of the remaining of the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit, Eddie would definitely chase them and catch up.

Sure enough, within just five minutes, Zen saw a black dot appear behind him. That small black dot was none other than Eddie.

Although Zen's speed was incredibly fast, the speed of the black dot wasn't far from his.

If Zen stopped using his forceful energy, the black dot would easily catch up to them. But Zen couldn't just use his forceful energy non-stop. This was a limitation of the body refiners that even Zen was unable to avoid it. When Zen had just entered the Sea God Continent, he had been also chased by three ogre war lords, just like what was happening now, and had been almost caught up to in the end, the reason being that he was unable to replenish his forceful energy in time.

"Holy crap! We're in trouble!"

Zen said aloud, his brows furrowed deeply.

However, he didn't notice that Margaret was acting like a piece of wood, expressionlessly resting on his shoulder.

Just as Zen was thinking about how to deal with the whole situation, Margaret suddenly said, "Zen, kill me."

If he killed Margaret, then Zen wouldn't need to carry such a big person while running. His speed would significantly increase and the probability of him escaping Eddie would be better.

If it was anyone else, Zen would just leave alone, believing that Eddie would not cause trouble for others. However, since Margaret possessed the Purple Power Body, she was also someone that Eddie had to obtain. As he thought about it, Zen realized how hard of a decision he was being forced to make.

"Kill you?" Lavender, who was flying alongside Zen, laughed coldly. "Are you not afraid of death anymore?"

Margaret's face revealed a determined look. "In the past, I was very afraid of death. But now I'm not afraid anymore."

Today was indeed a sad day for Margaret. She suddenly felt that she was a fool in everyone's eyes. Although the members of the Xi Clan treated her very well, no one trusted her, not even Brent, who she grew up with.

With that, Margaret had become dejected like never before.

As soon as she finished speaking, Lavender's spear suddenly appeared, and it was pointed to Margaret. Lavender really intended to kill her. The tip of the spear was only inches away from Margaret's forehead. In Lavender's eyes, only by killing her would Zen be able to run away with all his might and successfully evade Eddie. She had wanted to kill Margaret for a long time now.

"Stop," Zen suddenly ordered, his voice devoid of emotion.

"Zen, if she dies, we'll have a better chance of escaping! Think about that!" Lavender said, still aiming at Margaret's forehead.

"I know," replied Zen, staring straight ahead.

"Then why don't you let me kill her?" Lavender asked again. She felt it was unwise to drag a burden like Margaret especially in this kind of situation.

Zen took a deep breath, and forceful energy burst out of him once more, propelling him to run faster. After his speed suddenly increased, Zen said, "I know another way."

After they passed through countless mountains outside Ethereal City, a plain appeared. It was shrouded in clouds and mist. This was the biggest swamp in the Central Region—the Dreamy Swampland.

Chapter 976 Mud

There were countless fierce beasts lurking in the Dreamy Swampland, a place that until now, no one from the Central Region had been able to fully explore.

When they had been up in the air, Eddie's eyes had locked firmly on Zen, who had found it extremely difficult to get rid of Eddie. But the Dreamy Swampland was complicated, which meant that Zen now had the chance to shake Eddie off.

Zen walked swiftly towards the Dreamy Swampland. Eddie sneered as he saw what Zen was about to do. "You want to enter the Dreamy Swampland? It's a good idea, Zen, but luck isn't on your side this time!"

Eddie took out a message rune and pinched it. The rune began to burn. "Simon, a rat has entered the Dreamy Swampland. I've already killed the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit, and it won't be long before I take down the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Tell Darius to retreat 300 miles. Bring your men here!"

Eddie was sure that Simon had been hiding in the Dreamy Swampland all these years. There was no one in the whole Central Region who knew the Dreamy Swampland better than Simon did.

Zen had obviously made the wrong choice. Why would he choose to hide in the Dreamy Swampland of all places? It looked like it would become his grave today.

Not long after, a flame rose up behind Eddie's ears. Simon had sent Eddie a message through his message rune. The voice chuckled as it reassured Eddie, "To me, the Dreamy Swampland is like my backyard. Let me help you catch that rat!"

Simon was only marginally weaker than Eddie and they weren't affiliated with each other. Simon's ambition was to establish a sacred place and Eddie's dream was to establish his own divine kingdom. They cooperated with each other so that they could achieve their goals. Not for nothing were they the top martial artists in the Central Region.

Despite everything, Eddie knew that they were only taking advantage of each other's skills for the time being. A fight between them was inevitable once they achieved their respective goals. Simon was most likely hiding a trump card that Eddie did not know about, but Eddie was confident that he could take down Simon.

No matter what the future held, there was no conflict between them right now and their cooperation seemed perfectly beneficial to both of them. After all, their targets were shockingly similar and they were both intensely ambitious.

The moment Zen entered the Dreamy Swampland, he immediately lowered his altitude. He was now practically skimming the ground as he flew.

The Dreamy Swampland had an extremely complex terrain. There were shallow depressions all around, the water in many of which looked clear from afar, but in reality, contained deadly poison. A sip of this water could kill even the most powerful of all creatures.

Zen flew close to the ground, trying his best to hide his own scent. In order to conceal any life vitality and aura, Zen even made sure that Lavender stayed inside his body in the form of a speck of red light. He slowed down considerably because of this.

Zen could not sense Eddie's scent once he had entered the Dreamy Swampland. It was possible that Eddie had also hidden his scent. And right now, Zen and Eddie were both unable to tell each other's locations, something that was exactly what Zen wanted.

Since the Dreamy Swampland was vast and complicated, Zen could distance himself from Eddie and cautiously leave the Swampland as long as he hid his scent and moved forward slowly. If he did this, it wouldn't be too difficult for him to get rid of Eddie.

"It's useless. You won't be able to leave," Margaret suddenly piped up.

Zen clapped a hand to her mouth just as she finished speaking, glaring at her. "Shut up! Do you have a death wish?" he hissed.

She was now unable to speak as her nose and mouth were covered tightly by Zen's hand. Her brown eyes, enlarged by the suddenness of Zen's action, stared coldly at Zen, as if she didn't know what fear was.

Zen was startled as he felt a formidable power looming over them.

He approached a quagmire, as silently as he could, while pulling Margaret along, his hand still on her mouth. His vigilance couldn't prevent him from becoming completely submerged in the quagmire.

Zen knew that Eddie had an acute sense of perception so he didn't dare use his life vitality to shield his body. He was afraid that if he did, Eddie would sense the waves of his life vitality and detect him in half a breath. So he allowed himself and Margaret to be gulped down by the quagmire.

Margaret frowned. She was a stickler for cleanliness, but right now, as she was forbidden to use the life vitality, the thought of her body being covered with black mud made her uncomfortable and angry.

She twisted in Zen's arms and began to create a ruckus.

"You're not even afraid of death. Why are you afraid of becoming dirty?" Zen sneered, his voice low.

Margaret stopped resisting at Zen's question. Taking this opportunity, Zen dragged her further down into the bottom of the mire.

Soon after, the two of them were completely wrapped in mud and were at the bottom of the quagmire.

As soon as he entered the quagmire, Zen had felt a strand of perception sweep across the area he was in, and then slowly leave. It was obvious that it had been Eddie's perception.

The two of them lay down quietly at the bottom of the quagmire, not daring to move a muscle. A few minutes later, Zen took Margaret's arm and crawled out. But he didn't dare make a sound, making sure to take care as they moved to the edge of the quagmire.

Margaret, who had originally been dressed in white, had become unrecognizable. Without the protection of her life vitality, all of her was now drenched in mud.

She had never been so dirty in her whole life!

The black mud made her extremely uncomfortable, as if a bunch of reptiles were crawling all over her body. All she wanted right now was a place to wash up.

Before Margaret could speak, she heard Zen warn her, "Don't move! Don't activate your life vitality!"

She followed Zen's gaze and saw a small black snake appear in the grass beside her.

The little snake's entire body was jet-black, and because its skin was too smooth, it flickered with a faint luster.

"Black Feather Snake!"

Margaret recognized the snake at once, thanks to the feather-like crest on its head.

It wasn't because Margaret was knowledgeable that she was able to instantly recognize it, but because the Black Feather Snake was too famous.

The Black Feather Snake was the most famous poisonous creature in the Central Region. The poison from this snake was extremely expensive, and was considered a rare poison in the world, making it valuable.

No matter how powerful a martial artist was, the person would die within seconds of this snake biting him or her. Its high level of toxicity meant it could take people's lives in an instant. And because of this, many martial artists would die every year in their attempt to catch the Black Feather Snake.

The moment Margaret saw the Black Feather Snake, her first instinct was to employ her life vitality to deal with it. But Zen stopped her.

The snake hissed.

It seemed to have sensed that they had discovered it, and it suddenly shot out of the grass, approaching Margaret swiftly and trying to bite her.

Zen threw out his hand to block the snake from hurting Margaret and it latched on to his arm, biting into it.

The sight of the Black Feather Snake biting Zen's arm made Margaret want to scream. But before she could do anything, Zen had already covered her mouth with his other hand. He had expected her to shriek even before she had started.

Margaret looked at the snake, terrified. "You... It bit you…" she said, shocked.

Zen reached out and grabbed the Black Feather Snake. With a casual swipe, he tore the snake into several pieces and threw it into the grass. "I'm fine," he told Margaret easily.

Margaret looked at Zen like she was looking at a monster. She had heard all sorts of inconceivable things that had happened to Zen. But how could he possibly be fine given that this Black Feather Snake's poison was so strong?

"Follow me," Zen said, pushing aside the grass and gesturing to Margaret to follow him.

She stared at Zen's back, lost in thought. She knew that Zen had reached out only because he wanted to stop her from activating her life vitality and he hadn't hesitated to extend his hand even though he knew that the snake would bite him. A jumble of emotions wreaked havoc within her.

After pondering about it for a while, Margaret took a step forward and followed Zen.

But since she was covered in a layer of mud, she felt uncomfortable all over.

She had always been entitled to abundant resources for cultivation. Besides, she was also a heaven-level talent. With exceptional talent, she had never gone out to gain experience in dangerous places, yet she had already stepped into the Internal Elixir Realm. She couldn't imagine how difficult it was for martial artists to survive in this cruel world. She also couldn't understand martial artists who would risk their lives just for a low-grade spiritual weapon or those who endured endless trials and tribulations for several years just to get their hands on one small pill.

She might have heard other warriors talk about how many hardships they had faced since they had become cultivators. But she had never experienced those hardships.

From a certain point of view, this was her first time going out to gain experience.

Zen walked slowly in the Dreamy Swampland, Margaret closely following him. They were fearful of being detected if they utilized their life vitality, because of which they didn't dare fly.

As they stumbled through the swamp, her eyes suddenly lit up as she saw a small clear pond since this meant that she could clean up in the water.

She caught up and patted Zen on the shoulder, saying, "I want to take a bath."

Zen looked at Margaret, amused, and then he looked at the clear, small pond beside him. He plucked a plant and threw it into the pond.

Hissss!

The moment the plant touched the water, it hissed and sizzled and started to turn black, emitting a faint smoke. It was obvious that the clear water in the pond contained a highly toxic poison.

"Do you still want to take a bath?" Zen asked with a smile.

Chapter 977 Hunt And Escape

The entirety of the Dreamy Swampland was enveloped in a faint mist.

Evidently, this fog was different from the fog in the Dark Nether Cave. The fog of the latter had been arranged using a magical array. If one failed to find the array plate, they would be stuck in the fog and never be able to leave.

The fog of the Dreamy Swampland, on the other hand, could be considered a bit troublesome for ordinary people as well as to the martial art cultivators with low cultivation bases. For martial cultivators at Zen's level, more attention to the complicated environment and the vicious beasts needed to be paid.

Margaret's eyes widened in disbelief when she saw the poisonous water of the pond. She did not have a strong body like Zen to resist the poison. She felt that if she were to get in the water, her entire body would be corroded by it until not even her ashes remained.

"But I want to take a bath..." Margaret couldn't stand her body in its current state, filthy and dirty.

"Bear with it," Zen said, shaking his head. He shoved aside the bushes and continued to move forward.

The direction he was heading in was the one Eddie had scanned through his senses. Normally, Zen would be moving away from Eddie, in the exact opposite path. Instead, he was following him. They hadn't yet entered deep into the Dreamy Swampland. Eddie was already in there, and as long as Zen got out of the Dreamy Swampland, he might escape from his enemy successfully.

He was clever enough to do the opposite. As per his judgment, Eddie had released his senses on purpose just to mislead Zen and make him think that he had entered deep into the Dreamy Swampland. When Eddie got the opportunity, he would attack him.

If things went south, Zen would be in great danger.

As Zen advanced ahead, he mulled over a plan to handle the upcoming situation. Suddenly, the expression on his face changed as he quickly bent down and pulled Margaret into the nearby bushes.

In mid-air, a figure turned back into the fog, moving at lightning speed as it shot to the outskirts of the Dreamy Swampland.

"I guessed right," Zen muttered, his eyes flashing with excitement. If he had just left the Dreamy Swampland, Eddie would have caught him.

Eddie flew at full speed as he rushed out of the swampland. The thick fog could block anyone's senses and even he couldn't release his own for too far. They only stretched to a small area around him. What was most antagonising was that even though the Dreamy Swampland looked extremely desolate, there were countless creatures lurking within. If Zen were to hide inside, Eddie would not be able to discern him.

For that reason, Eddie had to initially give Zen the wrong impression that he had entered deep into the swamp. Very quickly afterward, he would turn back from his way and rush out of the swampland with the speed of a shooting star!

If Zen's plan had been to escape Eddie, he would have chosen to exit the Dreamy Swampland as soon as possible. Then, as Zen turned back, Eddie was very likely to catch him off guard. That brat would not be able to escape from Eddie's hunt! Now he had to track Zen down soon.

However, Eddie did not find Zen at all as he left the Dreamy Swampland. He landed in an open area outside the swampland where he had placed a long and thin rod. On top of it was a purple crystal shining with the power of life vitality.

It was a simple Picture Slab. Eddie had set it up before entering the Dreamy Swampland. If Zen left the place, his Picture Slab would record his movements.

Eddie searched for a while but did not find Zen's figure in the records of the Picture Slab. His mouth twisted into a sinister smile as he muttered, "What a cunning boy! He's still hiding in there!"

At the moment, Eddie was in no hurry to find Zen. He was patiently waiting for Simon to come to help him. Simon had been lurking in the Dreamy Swampland for so many years that no one in the Central Region knew this place better than him.

Eddie had already kindled a message rune to inform Simon about where he was. He did not have to wait long before dozens of beams appeared in the distance, hurtling directly toward him. The source of the beams seemed to move fast. It was undoubtedly Simon.

As Simon landed beside Eddie, he merely nodded in greeting, while the other twenty people with him cupped their hands. They addressed Eddie respectfully, saying, "Greetings, Lord!"

Eddie nodded in reply before he turned to Simon. "Simon, Zen brought that woman from the Xi Family into the Dreamy Swampland! Do you have any ideas to help me find him out?"

A confident smile appeared on Simon's face. "I am very familiar with every area of this Dreamy Swampland," he murmured, pride seeping into his voice. "As long as the boy is still in the Dreamy Swampland, I will find him sooner or later. Eddie, just follow me." He then turned to the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors with him, giving them instructions. "You will search different areas according to my orders. The Dreamy Swampland is huge. Finding a person within it seems as difficult as looking for a needle in a haystack. But in fact, it would not be so arduous to find him. Each area has different kinds of beasts. Once Zen passes through them, he will certainly disturb those living there. And once he fights them, I will be able to sense his location."

Hearing Simon's arrogant tone, Eddie frowned. He had once demanded Simon to call him "Lord", but Simon, after agreeing to it ever so casually, still called Eddie by his name.

Apparently, he still didn't agree to Eddie's status as the divine kingdom's ruler.

They were willing to cooperate with each other in the divine kingdom's grand plans because they had the same goal. However, since both were Life and Death Realm masters, neither was willing to submit to the other.

'Well! I will bear with you until my Lustful Demon Array succeeds. If you still don't submit to me at the time, I won't show you any mercy, ' Eddie thought to himself.

Eddie was not the only person to bear a grudge against his cooperator.

There was no doubt that Simon had made valuable contributions to the development of the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom, but he would never agree to acknowledge Eddie as the only ruler of the divine kingdom.

Certainly, he had his own reasons for joining on in this hunt for Zen.

According to Simon, Zen and Margaret — both must be killed at this place. He didn't want Margaret to fall into Eddie's hands, for once Eddie succeeded in his Lustful Demon Array, Simon's fate wouldn't be so hard to imagine. Perhaps the best course of action for Simon would be to completely submit to Eddie, but once Eddie grew even stronger and ruthless in the martial arts, Simon would very likely be the first person to be dead meat.

Both of them were hatching plots of their own. But when they worked together, they were indeed the greatest force in the entirety of Central Region.

Under Simon's instructions, they all entered the Dreamy Swampland, communicating with each other using message runes.

Eddie had never entered the deepest parts of this broad swamp. Perhaps, from ancient times until now, Simon was the only person who had ever lived here, which was why he was so familiar with every inch of the Dreamy Swampland.

After Simon separated from the others and entered the swampland, his body started emitting a kind of dark green poisonous fog. The fog quickly spread, merging with the fog of the swampland while he kept floating in the air. His eyes widened with concentration as if he was trying hard to communicate with someone or something.

Zen and Margaret were moving quite slowly and cautiously in the swampland. They had only covered less than ten miles in quite a long while.

It was difficult to walk in the swampland when the entire place was covered with mud and dirty water. Margaret frowned along the way as she lifted her dress with her hands. With every step she took, her lips curled with disgust and reluctance, and as she watched her sleeves sink into the pitch-black mud, she could not help but feel overwhelmed with repulsion.

Zen had of course noticed her unpleasant expressions, but he could not afford to attend to this proud young lady under such urgent circumstances.

Humans could vary a lot in their personalities. Lavender's status was a thousand times higher than this young lady of the Xi Family. She was considered a top-level cultivator even in the Upper World. It could be said that she was born noble, meant to stand at the highest level of lives and look down on all living beings of the Lower World.

However, after Lavender realized the situation she was in, she quickly acknowledged Zen as her master. She was so decisive in her choices that she placed all her hopes on Zen almost without hesitation. Margaret, on the other hand, seemed not to understand the situation around her.

After they crossed over a patch of grass, a vast stretch of lagoon appeared in front of them. The lagoon was not deep. The water in it would only reach their waists, but since they didn't dare use their life vitality to fly across it, they would only be able to slowly wade through the water.

"There's no poison in the water, right?" Margaret asked, turning to Zen.

Zen stepped into the lagoon first. "No," he replied flatly.

Margaret's face broke into a small smile. At last she could wash the dirt off her body and clothes!

They slowly made their way through the lagoon. Margaret used the water to wash the mud off her body. Her white clothes clung to her body as they got wet, outlining her slim waist and the graceful lines of her figure.

Just as Margaret was concentrating on washing her body, a few ripples broke the surface of the water not far away from them. They silently raced through the quiet water surface, approaching Zen and Margaret.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 978 Hiding

Beneath the ripples lurked many grey scaled crocodiles.

They were called Scaled Orange Teeth Crocodile. Their skin could be used to construct spiritual weapons. However, not a lot of warriors were willing to hunt and kill them.

The reason behind it was that the Orange Teeth Crocodiles were too ferocious and their defensive power was immense. Even the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm found it hard to kill them. Moreover, the reward for killing those creatures was only the skin that they had. That wasn't much for the warriors, so risking their lives couldn't have been worth it.

At that moment, over a hundred Orange Teeth Crocodiles stealthily approached Zen.

To avoid getting discovered, he withdrew his life vitality and didn't even dare reveal his perception. That way, he wasn't able to take notice of the crocodiles as well.

Both Zen and Margaret moved toward the flowing water, but the faint ripples got closer to them by the minute.

"Crash!"

An Orange Teeth Crocodile emerged from the water and went to Margaret's direction, opening its large mouth in an attempt to bite her.

Those creatures were brilliant in camouflaging. If one didn't pay close attention, he could mistake it for a rotten wood floating on the water. What was worse was they could move very fast.

Hearing the sudden splashing in the water from behind her, Margaret turned around and was welcomed by an enormous crocodile mouth. She stopped dead in her tracks. The crocodile near her had two rows of sharp, orange teeth that could leave marks even on an iron.

Normally, the ordinary Internal Elixir Realm warriors weren't afraid of the Orange Teeth Crocodiles. However, Margaret was an exception as she didn't have any experience in training. She had no idea how to deal with this particular creature should she encounter one.

Suddenly, Zen's figure appeared, lightly tapping on the surface of the water. Using his strength, he jumped over and directly stomped on the crocodile's lower jaw. The crocodile quickly moved its upper jaw to try to bite into Zen's leg.

With no hesitation, Zen punched the crocodile in its upper jaw.

"Bam!"

The forceful punch Zen threw tore the crocodile's mouth in an instant. Bright red blood spurted out and mixed right into the waters. Suffering from significant pain, the Orange Teeth Crocodile squirmed, causing waves of water everywhere.

"Ah!"

Margaret screamed. Six Orange Teeth Crocodiles appeared right beside her. Those creatures all seemed to agree that Margaret could make a sumptuous meal.

Knitting his eyebrows, Zen couldn't help but be pissed about the situation.

Those crocodiles didn't scare Zen at all. If they tried to eat him up as he just stood there, they couldn't swallow him whole. However, killing all six of them at the same time would take some strategizing. If he employed his life vitality, he could instantly kill the crocodiles, but he was also worried that Eddie might sense his life vitality waves then.

In addition, fighting against these creatures could cause loud noises. The Dreamy Swampland was as tranquil as a cemetery. Even the slightest sound could spread into a distance.

"Oh, no. We are probably in trouble!"

As Zen floated past, the life vitality within his body began to revolve slowly. Dragging Margaret who was very scared, Zen sprinted forward on the surface of the water.

Naturally, the Orange Teeth Crocodiles weren't able to fly, so they weren't able to catch up with Zen and Margaret. When they reached the edge of the lagoon, Zen quickly withdrew his life vitality and then pushed Margaret to the side and said, "Leave this place right now!"

At the same time, Simon, who was quietly floating in the air, smiled slyly and then said, "Very good. I've found you! Now Zen should be near the crocodile pond in the southeast region. Be careful of the crocodiles in the water!"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Upon hearing Simon's words, several warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the air immediately turned into a few beams of light and flew towards the southeast. They did not have any qualms as Zen and Margaret did, so they moved at great speed without trouble.

With his growing intentions of killing both Zen and Margaret, Simon also dashed forward to the southeast pretty quickly.

His goal at that time was to rush up to Zen earlier than others, especially Eddie.

In less than five minutes, the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors had already arrived at the lagoon where Zen and Margaret had just passed by. They found a dead Orange Teeth Crocodile floating on the water with its mouth split open.

"Go after Zen! He might have just passed by this place!"

"Killing Zen would be your greatest achievement and you shall be magnanimously rewarded by the Lord!"

There were reasons why those independent warriors were so determined to follow and obey Eddie. One of the main reasons was the probability that Eddie's rewards were very generous, and when they all teamed up, there was at least the sense of belonging. No matter what happened, the divine kingdom could help them settle it.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!"

The several light beams scattered in several directions, searching the crevices of the place inch by inch for Zen.

At that time, Zen and Margaret had already continued to advance deeper into the Dreamy Swampland. Suddenly, Zen felt waves of life vitality behind him. Then, a faint light flashed through the fog.

"Get down!"

Zen shouted at Margaret, pulling her to hide in the grass.

The beam of light was moving at an extremely high speed, and it swept past Zen's head in just a blink of an eye.

'He is a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior, ' Zen thought. He guessed that Eddie had sent his men to hunt him down, which meant that there were more warriors in the Dreamy Swampland at that moment. In order to track him down, Eddie even stopped attacking the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Zen thought that Eddie indeed took him as a very powerful enemy.

As Zen and Margaret lurked in the grass, the Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior didn't take notice of them. Zen had planned to leave with Margaret after the warrior had already gone away. Suddenly, a small spider quietly crawled along the grass towards Margaret.

A ghost face could be seen on the spider's back. Encountering the ghost-faced spiders on the Cloud Road before, Zen knew that they weren't considered as threatening monsters.

However, as the ghost-faced spider sprung up, it directly jumped onto Margaret's arm.

Sensing that there was something on her arm, she raised it to look and was immediately shocked. Although she perfectly knew that she should not make any movements at that time, she was still unable to keep herself from letting out a sharp cry.

"Ah!"

Zen's expression changed as he covered Margaret's mouth. The ghost-faced spider was crushed under Zen's palm as he crushed it hard.

The two of them tried to stay still in the grass.

In all honesty, Zen wasn't threatened by the Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. But he believed that when he took any action, his location could be revealed to the others, and Eddie could reach him sooner than later.

The Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior left in rapid speed.

He had already traveled over a mile after he flew past Zen's head and when Margaret cried.

A woman's shriek took him by surprise.

A strange expression appeared on the Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior's face. After he thought for a moment while floating in the air, he changed his direction and flew back to where Zen and Margaret were.

The warrior thought that the voice he was hearing was particularly sharp, resembling a woman's scream. A sound like that could easily ring throughout the swamp. The sound didn't last very long, so it made the warrior feel suspicious.

It confused him whether it was a woman's voice or it was a bird's.

Carefully, he decided to search around the area one more time.

The Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior slowly floated in the air. He used his perception to check the ground bit by bit. After he rigorously searched through the swamp, he decided to check the grass again. At that time, he was getting closer and closer to Zen.

As Zen stared at the approaching warrior floating in the air, he pressed Margaret firmly into him. His calm eyes showed a trace of pressure. If the warrior continued to be that meticulous, they could surely be discovered by him.

'I hope you're lucky enough to fail to discover me here. Otherwise, you will be in great trouble, ' Zen thought.

If the Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior discovered Zen, he had no other plans but to kill him.

The warrior didn't have the slightest idea that approaching Zen meant approaching his death. In his eyes, Zen was only at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm staying together with Margaret who was just an early-stage Internal Elixir Realm warrior. In that situation, the Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior believed that dealing with them both was a breeze. If he could catch Zen, it could be regarded as his most considerable contribution.

Just like the sect, there was also competition among the divine kingdom's warriors. Being able to stand out among the other Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors gave more benefits especially when Eddie's divine kingdom became more powerful and influential.

Five hundred feet...

Three hundred feet...

Two hundred feet...

One hundred feet...

The muscles all over Zen's body tightened. At that specific distance, he didn't intend to use his life vitality. He knew that he could take down the enemy at once using his forceful energy.

Chapter 979 The Underground Palace

The Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior was only ten feet away. However, in the split second that it took him to discover Zen with his perception, the latter's body was already erupting with forceful energy.

Whoosh!

The warrior did not even have a chance to react as Zen shot towards him with unbelievable speed and appeared right in front of him.

"You…"

He had wanted to ask the man in front of him if he was Zen. Everything had happened so fast that he was not really sure of what was going on.

However, Zen did not give him the luxury of a reply.

Bang!

He felt a split second of intense pain as Zen's fist landed on his chest. The punch immediately deflated his chest and the warrior immediately slumped onto the grass - dead.

Zen's moves were precise, meticulous, but also powerful. He was able to defeat his opponent with one blow.

The sight shocked Margaret to the core. She was also a warrior and her cultivation level was by no means low, but the skills and strength Zen had just demonstrated left her slack-jawed.

Margaret was no stranger to martial artist fights. Competitions among warriors from Ethereal City's families were held every year and, as the young miss of the Xi Clan, a seat was always reserved for her in the stands. Her sharp eyes and reputation for predicting the winners with 80% accuracy were undisputed.

But now, after seeing what Zen just did, the fights she witnessed back in the arena seemed no more than child's play.

Margaret would've never expected someone who had just reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm like Zen to be able to decimate a warrior at the middle stage of the same realm so easily.

Nonetheless, Zen had no regard for Margaret's thoughts. He flew down and forcefully grabbed her by the arm. "Let's go!"

Zen no longer hid his life vitality. He let it combine with his forceful energy as it erupted from his body and transformed himself into a streak of light that shot across the Dreamy Swampland

His judgment had been correct. Simon and the other warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were able to pinpoint his location the moment he killed that Orange Teeth Crocodile. He was able to cleanly kill one of them but it was no use. Simon knew where he was and he was coming.

Although Simon had instructed Eddie to scout the area first, the instructions were quickly thrown out the window the moment Zen made his presence known.

Lavender's light flashed beside Zen. There was no longer a need for her to hide now that Zen had already exposed his location. She gave Margaret a cold, resentful look. "Like I said, this girl is a nuisance. It's best if we just kill her now!"

If it wasn't for Margaret screaming, the Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior would've never found Zen. Given enough time, they would've soon given up and left the area. However, things didn't turn out to their favor, and Eddie was once again hot on their tail along with other Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors.

A thick, white fog impaired everyone's visibility, but the fluctuations of each other's breath and life vitality were enough to pinpoint their rough locations.

Zen was silent and focused on circulating his life vitality instead. As he travelled, the swampland scenery around him rapidly changed.

When he had first entered the Dreamy Swampland, everything was emerald and lively. After venturing deeper, the plants around him were now mostly dark brown instead of green, and the environment was deathly still.

As he was running, Zen could feel the life vitality fluctuations that followed him increase in intensity. From all the warriors that followed him, he could pinpoint two extremely strong and intense life vitality fluctuations.

"One is surely Eddie, but who's the other one? If he can travel as fast as Eddie, then perhaps he's also a Life and Death Realm master."

This was definitely not good news.

Due to the fact that he couldn't use his forceful energy for prolonged periods of time, the gap between him and his pursuers gradually shortened until there was only 10 miles of distance between them.

"Ho-ho, Zen! Stop wasting your energy. You can't run away from me,"

an amused voice called out from behind him.

Zen ignored him. There was no way he was going to respond to Eddie during such a high-speed chase. He pushed on and continued forward even if he himself was not very optimistic about the current situation.

However, in that moment of helplessness, a strange voice spoke in his head, "Brat! Run to the right!"

Zen's eyes flashed and he immediately sent a message through his life vitality, "Who are you?"

"Who am I? Ho-ho!"

the person replied, not really giving him a straight answer.

The voice message had been transmitted through life vitality by one of the two strong fluctuations behind him. Zen had no idea where Eddie was due to the thick, dense fog but he was sure that the voice did not come from him.

'Who on earth was that? Why did he give me such advice?

His voice also sounds familiar, ' he wondered briefly.

He was someone with an extremely good memory and he could swear he already heard this voice two years ago. The only problem was that he was currently caught up in an extremely dangerous situation and could not really focus on remembering who the voice belonged to.

"Why are you helping me?"

Zen asked.

"Help you? I'm not helping you. I just don't want the girl with you to fall into Eddie's hands," the voice answered with a laugh.

Zen let out a cold smile. "Looks like there are still other people who do not want to see Eddie become stronger." He was very hesitant to follow the strange voice's instructions. If it turned out to be a trap, he wasn't too hopeful that he'd be able to find a way out.

"You're right," the voice spoke. "I don't want Eddie to become too strong and I'm sure you don't want that either. The easiest way to stop him is to kill the girl. What do you think?"

"If I kill her, you will be satisfied, but I will be in danger. Is that right, Poison King Simon Wu?"

Zen remembered now who the voice belonged to. It was Simon Wu, also known as Poison King, who he met back in the Wheel of Fortune.

Simon was the one who dispelled the curse on the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom.

Now that he knew who he was talking to, Zen now had more confidence in believing Simon's words.

As Zen was now being chased down by Simon and Eddie together, he would definitely die, so it was all completely unnecessary for Simon to help Zen. It seemed that the Poison King had joined forces with Eddie, but it did not seem like the two were exactly on friendly terms.

Masters like them were quite selfish and did not like to share their benefits with other people. Two tigers couldn't live on the same mountain, after all. Most warriors wanted to climb to the top of the world.

It was impossible for someone like Simon to submit to Eddie, and Eddie would never be able to tolerate Simon. Despite teaming up, there was unresolved and irreconcilable conflict that existed between the two of them.

If Eddie got Margaret, he'd successfully manage a breakthrough and Simon would suffer bitterly.

"To the right!" Zen immediately followed and turned to the right. "What now?" he asked through his life vitality.

"There's an underground palace ten miles ahead," Simon answered. "I can't guarantee that you'll be able to get rid of Eddie once you enter, but it should at least buy you some time."

Beneath the Dreamy Swampland was a large underground palace that nobody but Simon knew about.

It was an extremely dangerous place devoid of any treasures or opportunities. Simon had explored it twice but came up with nothing and almost died.

'The underground palace will also take both of your lives, ' Simon muttered coldly in his mind.

His best choice was to lead Zen into this underground palace and leave him there to die.

Chapter 980 Flames Of Fury (Part One)

On this Dreamy Swampland, everyone got their own schemes.

Zen wanted to take Margaret away and escape, while Eddie wanted to kill Zen and seize Margaret. Simon, on the other hand, wanted Margaret to die, and as for Zen, he didn't really care how he would end. If he died, Simon wouldn't benefit from it at all. All of Zen's possessions would be taken by Eddie, so to him, it didn't matter if Zen died or not.

With his current speed, Zen would be able to close out the ten-mile distance in an instant.

And truly, soon enough, Zen was able to see a large cave below them. This cave was surrounded by moss and ferns. Because of the lush vegetation around it, there was almost no light that could come into the cave, and so all they could see was a dark hole, which was the entrance of the cave, and nothing else.

Without hesitation, Zen once again carried Margaret and entered the cave.

"Huh?" When Eddie suddenly could not sense Zen's life vitality, a puzzled look appeared on his face. Simon sneered in secret, but he pretended that he was surprised by Zen's sudden disappearance. In no time, they reached above the cave.

"This brat actually entered this underground palace!" Simon said in a feigned surprised tone.

Upon hearing this, Eddie's eyes narrowed. He turned to Simon in confusion and asked, "How did this kid know that there is an underground palace here?"

Simon shook his head and replied, "This underground palace is very dangerous. I don't know how he knew about it - maybe he knew that he couldn't escape from you and so when he found out that there happened to be an underground palace here, he just entered it without much thought."

After hearing what Simon had to say, Eddie gave him a suspicious glance. For so long, Zen had been going at one certain direction, but suddenly, he turned around and somehow knew of this underground palace, which he then entered. This didn't really sit well with Eddie.

To be fair, he was a very skeptical man in the first place. Aside from doubting what Simon was telling him, he was also thinking whether Simon had told Zen about the underground palace in advance. As much as he wanted to confront Simon about it, he did not have any kind of evidence to prove his accusation. Moreover, it was unwise for him to argue with Simon right now, so he just nodded and said, "Even if he entered the underground palace, he won't be able to escape!"

At that moment, the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm caught up with them.

Eddie glanced over and after a while he said, "Two are missing from the group. What happened to them?"

Indeed, there were two people missing from the group of martial artists at Virtual Tribulation Realm. Upon being asked where the two were, one of them said, "One was killed by Zen, while the other one accidentally entered the lair of a water dragon and was devoured by it."

The Dreamy Swampland was home to some extremely powerful and vicious beasts. As everyone went deeper and deeper into those beasts' territory, the beasts that they would encounter would only be stronger and fiercer than what they had seen before.

"Water dragon?" Eddie said, showing a lot of interest. "I'll take care of that later," he muttered to himself, smiling maliciously. "But first, I'll go into the underground palace and take Zen's life!"

And with that proclamation, Eddie took the lead and entered the underground palace. Simon and the other Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists followed closely behind.

Since there was no light in the underground palace, Zen had to constantly rely on his senses other than the sight in order to progress through it.

Perhaps this underground palace was built by some ancient sect. The road was meandering and spiraling, and it was like a huge maze.

Zen knew Simon was not the kind of person who would help him out of good will. But as he seemed to have no way to get rid of Eddie, he had no choice but to follow his advice.

There were countless paths in this complicated underground palace, and almost every route had three or four diversions. Zen did not know whether there were dangers ahead, the only thing he could do was to brave it out and charge ahead. After all, the more diversions there were, the less possible it would be for Eddie to come and find him.

Thinking about this, Zen's face darkened, and his heart sank to the bottom of his stomach. He had gone through many hardships and was finally able to return from the Sea God Continent. But things didn't look good for him back here, and now he was being pursued by Eddie and his group who were determined to kill him. His morale was down.

It was at this moment that Margaret started to pester him once again. "It's so dark here," she started, the disgust in her voice evident. "I don't like it."

Unexpectedly, Lavender did not taunt Margaret for her complain. Instead, in the darkness, she calmly stared at Margaret, scoffing at her peevishness in her heart.

Zen didn't say anything either and just kept traveling through the underground palace. He fled in any path he could take without really thinking about what could be ahead of him.

"Could you find a way out? I don't want to stay here any longer!" Margaret said once again.

In her head, Lavender couldn't help but sneer as she was already feeling Zen's fury seething inside him. Lavender was very observant and intelligent and so she knew whenever Zen was already extremely agitated. And at this moment, he really was. However, the idiotic young lady of the Xi Clan kept on nagging and was as irritating as a fly. If this continued, Zen would surely lose his patience sooner or later!

'You know what? It would be best if Zen would end up killing this woman in a fit of rage, ' Lavender brooded resentfully.

Chapter 981 Flames Of Fury (Part Two)

"Get me out of here! Zen!" When she saw that Zen wasn't going to say anything, Margaret's child-like temper worsened. She had completely forgotten that the reason Zen was being chased all the way to the underground palace was entirely because of her!

Boom!

Zen suddenly threw Margaret to the ground, with a force so strong that

Margaret's supple body then hit the ground.

As Margaret was at the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm, the impact of her fall wasn't enough to injure her.

However, this unprecedented act of violence from Zen made Margaret dumbstruck. When she finally came back to her senses a few moments later, she suddenly screamed, "What are you doi-?"

Pah!

Just before Margaret could finish what she was trying to say, Zen had already planted a slap across her face!

Everyone knew that Zen was a man of powerful strength. If he had concentrated his full strength on the slap, he would be able to smash Margaret's head into pieces. However, Zen was able to control his strength, but the slap had still left a clear hand mark on her face.

"If It hadn't been for you, do you think I would ever have come here?" Zen said, shaking. There were very few people who could anger him. Other than Eddie, who was his sworn enemy, Zen was rarely genuinely upset by anyone.

Actually, the predicament they were in today wasn't something unconquerable to Zen. Throughout the years, he had already experienced many other life or death crises that were ten times more troublesome than this! He knew there was still a gap between his and Eddie's strength, but in a fight between warriors, no one could be one hundred percent sure as to who would be the winner. But if he were to go all out to fight Eddie, he might have a chance to defeat him!

But somehow, Zen's flames of fury were successfully ignited by this foolish woman. It seemed like it was her talent to annoy and push people to their limits.

Margaret slowly caressed her throbbing cheek and glared at Zen, saying, "You - how dare you hit me!"

Back in the Xi Clan's castle, Zen had only used his malicious aura to suppress Margaret, but he didn't actually hit her.

"Ever since you were a little kid, you have never been beaten by anyone, right?" Zen blurted out before Margaret could continue her rant.

"Yes! No one has ever dared to hit me in my entire life!" Margaret shouted, as she began hysterically crying.

Pah!

Just as Margaret finished speaking, Zen slapped her again.

With that slap, Margaret's beautiful hair became undone. She became a mess. Under the dim light in the cave, she glared at Zen with her brown eyes. She gritted her teeth and said, "Zen! I, I... I'll fight you to the death!"

Her voice was shaking but determination was obvious in her eyes. She stood up. Slowly but surely, she took on a stance that was ready to fight.

"Let me see how you fight me!"

Zen suddenly rushed forward. He grabbed Margaret's neck with one hand and pushed her against the wall, causing a loud bang. Lightly, he pointed his fingers towards her underbelly, sending a stream of life vitality into her body.

Her cultivation level was far lower than Zen's. After Zen's life vitality was injected into her underbelly, it immediately disturbed Margaret's life vitality and stopped it from working.

Zen then flipped his hand and grabbed the collar of her clothes. He lightly pinched it and ripped her white dress off, tearing it into pieces.

"What are you trying to do?" Margaret's eyes were wide open. She couldn't believe what Zen was doing to her.

Gash! Another ripping sound was heard.

"What am I doing? I'm going to take away your virginity energy!" Zen sneered. He stretched out his hand and the sounds of clothes being ripped filled the cave. In an instant, all of Margaret's clothes were ripped, and she was stark naked.

Margaret had never been with any man before. She was greatly astounded, seeing Zen savagely strip all her clothes off. Her body was completely naked now, and all the blood in her body surged to her head. Her face was completely red, half because of rage and half because of embarrassment.

"Zen, you're no different from a wild beast!" Margaret screamed.

But Zen had already turned a deaf ear to Margaret. He knew her struggle would be completely futile, as she was weaker than him in the first place—as a cultivator merely at the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm. The truth was, even when Zen was still a nature creature, he had a high chance of defeating her!

Moreover, now her life vitality had been sealed by Zen, and she wouldn't have the strength to resist.

Soon after, Zen held onto Margaret's shoulder and pushed her to the ground. The place might not be very clean as they were in a wet and cold cave, but at this time, Zen couldn't care about anything else.

Lavender held onto her spear, floating beside him like a ghost, a cold smile on her face.

"I've told you long ago to just take away her virginity energy yourself. If you had listened to me earlier, we wouldn't have gone into so much trouble, being chased by that Eddie guy," Lavender said, as she shook her head. The customs of the Demon Night seemed to be very different from that of the human race. They didn't have any notion of taboo. Like now, unlike any human girl who would be too ashamed to see a scene of intimate intercourse, Lavender fixed her beautiful eyes on the entangling bodies on the ground. There was not a trace of embarrassment on her face, and she was clearly not trying to avoid seeing it. Instead, she took great interest in what was happening and had enjoyed watching the scene in front of her thoroughly.

Chapter 982 Conflicting Feelings

Margaret was not expecting for things to come this far.

Ever since she was young, she had been thoroughly accomplished. She could play the lyre, she was good at chess, her calligraphy and painting skills were excellent, and her innate talent for martial arts could make a lot of warriors green with envy. Coupled with her ravishing looks, it was no surprise that men continuously fell at her feet.

Back in both the Ethereal City and Ethereal Spirit Sect, she was considered a lofty goddess whose holy presence was something ordinary people could only hope to bask in. Countless young, talented men had tried their hardest to curry her favor.

There used to be a heaven-level talent in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. To celebrate Margaret's birthday, he gathered sixteen Radiant Light Grass seeds from thousands of miles away to string into a bracelet as a gift for her.

Those seeds only existed on the snowy mountains of the far west and were extremely hard to collect. They would glow faintly day and night, which made them viable to be turned into an ingenious gift.

But in truth, people didn't just use Radiant Light Grass seeds as makeshift beads for a bracelet. They were extremely valuable and the cost could be compared to that of a fairy weapon.

Right after the young man presented Margaret with the bracelet, she immediately threw it on the ground as a show of blatant displeasure.

The clan elders could do nothing but helplessly smile at her actions. Everyone in the clan doted on her. She was Xander's descendant. Despite his fury, the heaven-level talent could do nothing but accept her rejection.

Margaret used to be filled to the brim with arrogance. She had never thought that the day would come when she was trapped in a dark, underground palace, weak and utterly helpless.

It was the ultimate humiliation for someone like her.

She tried to resist Zen with all her might but it was futile.

She was too weak to stop him. Her life vitality was restrained and, even if she could use it, she would've never been able to harm Zen's body since he had the strength of a high-grade fairy weapon.

She had tried to graze his skin, but soon found that it was extremely tough. Her nails were on the verge of breaking, but she couldn't even make a single mark. She tried to bite him, but it was like sinking her teeth on a thick piece of metal. It hurt her teeth terribly, so she decided against it.

"Let me go!

If… If I manage to escape this time, I will definitely kill you!" she told him, gritting her teeth in fury.

Zen rolled his eyes. "You've already said that three times," he replied coldly.

Lavender was right. This was the only way. Even if he got lucky and managed to escape the underground palace, it would be very difficult to take Margaret with him. Her Purple Power Body would be completely useless to Eddie. Even if Zen himself presented Margaret to him, he wouldn't be interested in the slightest.

A lot of girls liked Eddie, mostly due to the fact that he was the strongest warrior in all of Central Region. However, men like him who sought to attain the peak of martial arts would never be interested in the affairs of the heart. Only those evil warriors would indulge in sexual relationships with multiple women.

"There are at least a few hundred tunnels in this underground palace," Lavender sneered. "Eddie won't be able to find this place in such a short period of time, but it is still better to end this quickly."

Just then, a few tendrils of purple light surrounded the cave. They were like silk threads that constantly diffused and condensed around Zen and

Margaret until they completely wrapped the two of them together and formed a purple cocoon.

This purple energy was unique to the Purple Power Body. Eddie needed three girls with Purple Power Bodies and used the Lustful Demon Array to activate and harness the said energy.

But even without the use of the Lustful Demon Array, just absorbing the energy like this was enough to benefit both Zen and Margaret.

The Purple Power was an excellent element for cultivation. During the process, the purple cocoon would mix with their sweat and slowly be absorbed by their bodies.

After the ordeal, Margaret lay on the cold, hard ground with her entire body covered in sweat. She could only stare at Zen with a dazed look in her eyes though her gaze held a trace of doubt.

She knew in her heart that she wanted to kill Zen, but at the same time, she didn't find him quite as hateful as before.

Margaret had now been thrown into a state of confusion.

Zen, on the other hand, was already up. He quickly tidied himself and took out a loose set of clothes from his space ring. He tossed the clothes to Margaret and turned his head away to avoid looking at her.

His actions enraged Margaret. 'You've taken my virginity but now you're embarrassed to even look at me?' she thought to herself.

And she was right.

Just now, Zen had pushed Margaret down in a fit of rage but only because he felt cornered and desperate inside the dark, dangerous, underground palace with Eddie hot at his heels. He was afraid of Margaret falling into Eddie's hands, so for the greater good and also for the sake of his little sister, he had no choice but to do it.

However, Zen was still a virgin, so he was still a bit embarrassed after they finished.

In Margaret's eyes, however, Zen was blatantly trying to deny their relationship.

"Put your clothes on and we'll find a way to get out of here," Zen said with his back to Margaret.

For some reason, she refused. "No! I don't want to!" she declared angrily.

She quickly blushed at her impulsive words. Never did she think that she would be so shameless in front of a man.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 983 Departure

Under such circumstances, acting recklessly and shamelessly would only lead to bad consequences.

Zen did not even turn around as he strode forward. Lavender, on the other hand, held her spear in her hand and took a glance at Margaret.

As she was being stared at in such an outrageous way, Margaret looked as if she had been bitten by a venomous snake. Her face was contorted by pain and embarrassment. She quickly curled up and grabbed some clothes to hide her body from the prying stares. Even her servants had never seen her bosom before.

With a cold laugh, Lavender quickly caught up with Zen.

Despite them being in an underground palace, a sudden cold wind blew. It scared Margaret and so she hurried to put on Zen's spare clothes, which were the wrong size for her slender body.

The clothes were loosely wrapped around her waist and legs, but they fit her bosom tightly, which made her highly uncomfortable.

Lamenting the state of her clothes, it suddenly occurred to her that she had some spare clothes in her space ring. It was something that she had forgotten because of the panic that she had felt a while back. As she was about to get into those, however, she saw that both Zen and Lavender were leaving without waiting for her. They were already a long way from her, and so she clenched her teeth, ran forward, and tried to catch up with them instead of getting her clothes.

Zen didn't look back. He walked forward, along the paths in the underground palace. Lavender glanced at Zen, unbothered by Margaret. She had a mysterious smile on her face.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked out of curiosity.

"How are you feeling right now?" Lavender asked and smiled.

Zen hesitated for a moment and then replied, "I feel that my energy is flowing more smoothly in my belly. Also, my life vitality seems to have become much purer."

Lavender once again smiled strangely. This wasn't the answer she wanted to hear. Since Zen had just deflowered Margaret and had taken her virginity energy, his cultivation base was supposed to be greatly improved. As much as Lavender wanted to pry even more, she realized that Zen would be embarrassed if she kept asking questions. And with that, she decided to drop the topic and continue in silence.

This was how Lavender differed from Margaret. Having been a queen in the Upper World, Lavender had never been spoiled. She knew how to ask questions without embarrassing others.

She then shifted the conversation to Zen's body refinement and enhancement. "Two seemingly opposite or contrary forces may actually be complementary, interconnected, and interdependent in the natural world," she started. "As for female and male, if one of them is missing, then no life form will exist. In fact, there are some really powerful, effective and secretive female-male dual cultivation methods in the Upper World."

"Dual cultivation methods? I was once told that they were dangerous and prohibited by the law." Zen asked with furrowed brows.

Lavender smiled faintly and replied, "You people from Central Region have created some laughable and different standards to judge those things you people consider dangerous and illegal, although they're not. But you know, right, wrong, legal, illegal, they make no difference in the universe. Moreover, this dual cultivation method encourages males and females to practice their martial arts together, and to blend the seemingly opposite forces. In that way, the practitioners can reach the original and core power of this universe. So, now, tell me, what's wrong and what's right?"

Zen just nodded agreement. At that moment, Margaret had already caught up with Zen and was standing behind them quietly.

She kept her mouth shut and did nothing, except stand behind the two figures deep in conversation.

Margaret had never been treated like an outsider, like a fool. But despite that, her past experiences had deeply affected her and her character, and it made her a hateful person.

Now, she was starting to realize that Zen might choose to leave her behind.

Zen had already taken her virginity energy. If she was left in this underground palace and got captured by Eddie, there would literally be no difference to Zen. He wouldn't be bothered by her captivity.

After Margaret understood her situation, she felt that their positions had suddenly changed. Now, it was Margaret who would have to beg Zen to take her away. Otherwise, her lacking strength and power wouldn't be able to get her out of the underground palace. Or, even if she somehow was able to leave the palace, the whole Dreamy Swampland was waiting for her, ready to kill her as soon as it could.

Being under such disadvantageous circumstance, Margaret decided that she would do nothing stupid that would further annoy Zen.

Soon enough, Zen had finally had good luck in the underground palace.

This underground palace was extremely complicated and treacherous. When Simon, the Poison King, lived here in seclusion, he nearly died during his initial exploration. That meant that even warriors of Life and Death Realm could easily die here if they became lax and not vigilant.

Luckily, Zen had been proceeding in exploring the palace successfully and smoothly, confronting nothing dangerous or abnormal.

On the contrary, when Eddie and Simon entered the underground palace, they quickly ran into many troubles and immediately had to confront a wide variety of dangers that killed the three warriors of Virtual Tribulation Realm. Despite being able to survive, Eddie and Simon came out of their battles injured. After a while, Zen was still nowhere to be seen. Eddie's temper was getting worse and worse. When his bad temper couldn't be curbed any longer, he channeled his anger on the infrastructure around him. To his great surprise, however, a formidable beast was disturbed.

A few years ago, Simon had fought that beast and was nearly killed by it. Despite having the advantage of being in a rage, Eddie was still no match for it. Some warriors of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and two warriors of Life and Death Realm had been chased by this beast for a long time until they were finally able to escape from the underground palace.

Around this time, Zen had already found another exit. Catching the light ahead of him, Zen moved quickly and rushed towards it.

Margaret pursed her lips and followed Zen out of the palace.

After exiting the underground palace, Zen decided to leave as soon as possible. Being in such a hopeless situation, he had taken Simon's advice - in order to get rid of Eddie, he needed to travel in the complicated underground palace. Both strength and luck saved him.

Before Zen could fly away, Margaret, following closely behind him, finally opened her mouth. "Zen, will you leave me here?" she said warily. Her proud and stubborn eyes now looked dim and hopeless. After all, she was begging Zen not to leave her there, alone.

"What was that? Does the little whiny princess still want to follow us?" Lavender sneered, "Weren't you just pestering Zen to let you go? Didn't you repeatedly tell us that you're not afraid of death?"

In the depths of the Dreamy Swampland, regular warriors of Internal Elixir Realm wouldn't be able to survive the dangers that it concealed. Not to mention, Margaret's cultivation base was still very low. She definitely lacked the abilities and strength to walk out of the Dreamy Swampland alive on her own. Zen didn't show any kind of emotion towards what Margaret was saying. Margaret, on the other hand, tried her best to convince him just by looking at him.

The sneer on Lavender's face was starting to annoy Margaret. With her teeth clenched, she shouted, "Zen, if you leave me here, I'll be dead very soon!"

Zen thought for a moment. After what seemed like an eternity, he grabbed Margaret by her arm and muttered, "Don't worry. I'll take you out of this damned Dreamy Swampland."

Zen had never been a stone-hearted person. If Margaret hadn't forced him ruthlessly, he wouldn't have treated her the way he did.

Zen and Margaret flew with high speed. Two hours later, they were already outside of the Dreamy Swampland. During their flight, they met some ferocious beasts, such as a murderous bird hiding itself behind the clouds, and a boa with the length of over a hundred meters. However, Zen didn't stop and successfully avoided drawing their attention. Although he would get some precious materials by killing those beasts, he was more concerned about their safety at the moment, and he wouldn't waste any time fighting insignificant beasts.

The three of them had entered the Dreamy Swampland from its east side. Now, they left through the west. They were already getting closer to Cloudy City.

By nightfall, Zen had already reached Fire City, another medium-sized city.

Fire City was much smaller than Cloudy City, Oracle City, Ethereal City and other large-sized cities. Only a few second-grade sects were active in it. As the Heavenly Evil Sect gradually and aggressively expanded its influence, each and every warrior living in the Fire City was worrying about their career and safety. Because of that, those sects started to move to the south, and so did half of the warriors in the city. Even some regular citizens moved with them, seeking shelters and protection.

Flying above the Fire City, Zen released Margaret's hand and said lightly, "We have to say goodbye here. Turn south, bypass the Dreamy Swampland and you'll get to Ethereal City."

During the high-speed flight, Margaret had been lying on Zen's back comfortably. Hearing Zen say goodbye to her, she was dumbfounded.

The war between Ethereal City and Heavenly Evil Sect wouldn't end easily. If Eddie failed to catch Zen, he would lead his warriors to attack Ethereal Spirit Sect again. The Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit were already killed. Although many warriors of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and Xander were still protecting the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the Sect-protecting Array wouldn't be good enough to resist the enemy attacks.

Would she be able to help anyone if she returned to the Ethereal Spirit Sect?

"I..." Margaret wanted to say something, but she stumbled over her words.

Zen cast a glance at her but kept silent. If Eddie had sensed that he had already left Dreamy Swampland, he might already be pursuing them right now. The way to Cloudy City was long and treacherous, and it would be inconvenient if he travelled with Margaret.

Amidst all these thoughts, Zen still said nothing. He just turned around and walked away from Margaret.

Margaret, floating in the air, looked at Zen's disappearing figure. She bit her lip so hard that it bled. However, she could feel nothing except her resentment towards Zen's coldness and ruthlessness. Finally, she got emotional, and an idea started to materialize in her mind.

She floated in the air for 5 minutes before she felt a fire burning in her stomach.

Boom!

In mere seconds, some purple flames shot from her stomach and wrapped her inside.

Those purple flames didn't come from her life vitality, since her cultivation base had no fire attributes.

It turned out that those flames were from the Purple Power World.

Chapter 984 First Grade Purple Power Body

The purple flames that erupted from Margaret's belly wrapped around her body, and then she began to fall down.

"Look! A giant fireball is falling from the sky!"

"Oh my god! It has smashed Wang's house!"

"There's someone inside the fireball. Is it a martial artist?"

Most of the people left in Fire City were ordinary mortals. The martial artists with higher cultivation had left the city to go with their respective sects.

For mortals, the war between different sects wasn't important to them. Even if the times had changed, they would have lived the same life. No matter who ruled this continent, he wouldn't make things difficult for mortals.

Somehow, Margaret had managed to smash a tile roof house. The fierce purple flames were still burning, making it impossible for the people outside to get close.

There were still some martial artists left in the city. Before long, three martial artists who had reached the nature level rushed over. But when they saw the purple flames, their expressions immediately changed.

The power of the purple fire was so daunting that they didn't dare to approach it. They could only watch as the flames continued to burn until the house was completely reduced to ashes.

"There's a person in the fire!"

"The purple flames can't even burn him. He must be a peerless powerhouse!"

"You're right. I wonder where he's from and why he came to our city."

Having only a fair amount of experience, the three martial artists didn't know what exactly was going on.

After a short period of coma, Margaret slowly woke up. After that, she entered a very strange state, and the talent of her Purple Power Body was quickly activated.

Those who had Purple Power Bodies could communicate with the Purple Power World. Furthermore, they could even cultivate in that place.

However, every Purple Power Body was activated at a different time. Back then, Marilyn forcibly activated her Purple Power Body with the secret method that Eddie sought for her sake, and she had also kept her virginity energy for Eddie.

On the contrary, Margaret activated her body after her virginity energy was taken, so the effects were completely different.

Although the Purple Power Body was rare, there were countless living creatures in the universe who possessed such. Several girls in the Central Region had Purple Power Bodies, so it meant that there were a considerable number of Purple Power Bodies in the entire universe. The Purple Power Body could be at one of six grades.

The humans in the Upper World divided the six grades according to their colors. They were light-purple, cyan-purple, red-purple, blue-purple, exact-purple, and black-purple.

Among them, black-purple was the highest grade, and light-purple was the lowest grade. Margaret's Purple Power Body was at the black-purple grade, which was also considered as the first grade.

The higher the grade of the Purple Power Body, the easier it was for the owner to communicate with the Purple Power World, and thus, the more abundant the resources she could obtain from the Purple Power World. Only when the first grade Purple Power Body was activated could the owner be wrapped up by the purple fire, and no one else could get close to her.

The purple fire was exceptionally substantial. Let alone the three martial artists who had reached the nature level, even those at the Internal Elixir and Virtual Tribulation Realms didn't have the ability to approach a woman with a first grade Purple Power Body. Even the martial artists at the Life and Death Realm had to use their full strength to resist the purple fire at the bare minimum.

The purple flames burned day and night.

That was something significant for the Fire City. It had attracted countless commoners, martial artists at the nature level and Illuminating Soul Realm, but no one was able to figure out what was really happening.

Finally, the three remaining martial artists at the Internal Elixir Realm in Fire City had also arrived, but, just like the rest, none of them attempted to approach the purple flames either.

After a day and a night, the purple flames finally began to diffuse. Margaret, who was sitting cross-legged within the purple flames, slowly opened her eyes. In just twenty-four hours, her temperament had undergone such a drastic change.

In those hours that passed, Margaret did nothing else but cultivate in the Purple Power World. Not only did she understand the rules of the Purple Power World, but she also knew the secrets there and acknowledged just how superlative her own talent was.

The Purple Power Body was a special martial path which was very different from that of ordinary martial artists. It was a shortcut, but once one took the first step, she would be limited by the innate talent of her Purple Power Body. For girls who had sixth grade Purple Power Bodies, they could never be able to have the fifth grade Purple Power Bodies in their lifetime regardless of their cultivation base.

Only Margaret possessed a first grade Purple Power Body.

"I never thought that there would be such a delicate girl within this purple fire."

"She's such a pretty young lady. She has already stepped into the Internal Elixir Realm at such a young age. She must come from a great clan."

The onlookers began to guess Margaret's origin and identity.

The eyes of the three martial artists at the Internal Elixir Realm who were standing not too far away flashed. They looked at each other, unpleasant smiles painted all over their faces.

For the martial artists at the Illuminating Soul Realm and the nature level, Margaret was a force to be reckoned with. But for the three gutsy martial artists, her name wasn't even worth mentioning.

Although the girl in front of them had reached the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm and her foundation was very stable, her life vitality was another story.

Having an unstable life vitality meant that she was extremely weak.

From the looks of it, one could definitely say that the girl hailed from a big, wealthy family.

According to the information they had received, Eddie was already attacking the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Maybe, she was a martial artist that had escaped from a third-grade clan in Ethereal City.

Even if she had no treasures in her possession, they thought that her delicate body was more than enough to compensate.

The martial artist with a mustache walked over and politely asked, "Miss, is there anything I can help you with?"

It was obvious that Margaret didn't have much confidence whenever Zen was around, but she sure looked down on other normal martial artists.

As she was about to fly up, she gave the mustached man a cold look.

However, the other two martial artists were one step ahead of her, blocking her path.

"What's with the hurry? Since you've come all the way to Fire City, you should have a good rest before leaving."

"That's right. How about having a drink with us?"

Before Margaret's Purple Power Body was activated, it was really difficult for her to get rid of those three men. Although they were at the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm and came from a second-grade sect, they were not that powerful at all. But at that particular time, Margaret was still so much weaker than them.

However, she had already achieved a complete transformation.

"Get out of my way!" Margaret disdainfully said.

"Don't be so rude,"

one of the three men retorted.

The other mustached man giggled loudly and said, "It doesn't matter if she's rude. I like rude girls!

When beauties are being rude, they look much prettier."

Hearing that, Margaret's eye twitched. The three martial artists suddenly felt a powerful wind blowing. Then, some dark shadows appeared in the sky.

As soon as they raised their heads, hundreds of giant ancient swords had emerged in the sky.

Each of these swords was several dozen feet long, hanging in the air as if they could fall down at any moment.

"What... What's going on?"

"Why are there so many swords in the sky? Where did they all come from?"

As Margaret cleared her throat loudly, the huge swords smashed down on the three martial artists at once.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The swords smashed into the ground, creating deep cracks. Fire City wasn't big, so when these swords crashed right through, it caused the entire city to shake. Those who didn't know what was happening thought it was just an earthquake that hit them.

The swords covered a vast area when they fell. The three martial artists wanted to dodge, but it was already too late. They didn't even have the time to scream. Death, a gory one, came after them really quickly.

With a smug look on her face, Margaret then flew into the sky. That was the first time she had ever killed fellow martial artists.

After Margaret flew high up in the sky, a trace of hesitation appeared on her face. She didn't know whether she should return to Ethereal City or go to Cloudy City. As she looked towards the direction where Zen had disappeared, a hint of grief appeared in her eyes. Eventually, she decided to fly to Cloudy City.

The experiences she had in the Purple Power World had allowed her to know her own potential and true strength. Unlike before, she now had a bit of confidence in her own abilities.

Despite everything that she had accomplished, she still didn't know what she genuinely wanted.

Chapter 985 The Internal Strife of Cloud Hall

The warriors of Fire City could only stare at the scene before them.

A huge, gaping crater had been left behind by the giant swords. The crater itself was littered with multiple sword marks.

The miserable state of the three warriors at Internal Elixir Realm plunged the other warriors' hearts in fear.

As soon as the woman left, they all began to talk among themselves in hushed tones.

"That woman is so vicious!" one of them exclaimed. "She just cut these three mighty warriors into minced meat."

"Thank God I was able to run away. Otherwise I would've been killed as well. That woman looked soft and pretty, but she shouldn't be underestimated. Her ruthlessness is no joke."

"It's best if we don't get involved in this chaotic world."

During this time, Zen was approaching Cloudy City at an extremely high speed. He had been flying the whole day and night without a break, and had replenished his life vitality by using quite a lot of supreme life vitality crystals along the way.

Ever since his return from the Sea God Continent, Zen had wanted to return to Cloud Hall as soon as possible. He hadn't expected that he'd be delayed with the numerous troubles that arose along the way.

But that did not matter now. As the sun rose and painted the horizon with the colors of daybreak, Zen couldn't help but smile once he saw Cloudy City in front of him. After a long, arduous journey, he was finally back.

However, a trace of doubt crossed his features once he got close.

"Huh?"

he muttered to himself when he saw the sky above Cloudy City completely empty.

Above Cloudy City, there used to be a huge floating rock which Cloud Hall was built on. This floating rock would change its location every now and then but only around Cloudy City's immediate vicinity. However, no matter where he looked, Zen couldn't find any trace of Cloud Hall.

It seemed that it had completely disappeared.

Had something happened?

Zen immediately flew towards Cloudy City, his brows furrowed in worry at the strange situation.

Before he left, Zen had set up a sect-protecting array around Cloud Hall. His array assured its impenetrability against the threat of strong opposing forces. Other than perhaps the Heavenly Evil Sect, Cloud Hall was virtually untouchable by the other sects.

The Heavenly Evil Sect currently had their hands full attacking the Ethereal Spirit Sect, so it was unlikely that the Cloud Hall would be besieged by Eddie's forces anytime soon. Besides, if the Cloud Hall had been in trouble, the members of the Xi Clan would've told him.

There was no point in speculation. As soon as Zen entered Cloudy City, he headed straight for the Cloud School.

Cloud School was one of the several sects under Cloud Hall. Its status was held in slightly higher regard than the Brumous Sect and the other second-grade sects due to its close links with the Cloud Hall. Various clans from Cloudy City preferred to send their people into Cloud School since it had produced more elites than the other sects.

Two warriors at Internal Elixir Realm approached Zen as soon as he arrived.

"Who are you?"

one of them asked. A hint of wariness was evident on his face as soon as he discovered Zen's cultivation level.

The head of their sect was only at the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, but the warrior was by no means afraid of Zen given Cloud School's status. However, the Cloud Hall was in trouble now, and the warrior was afraid that Zen's arrival might bring variables.

"Where is your leader?" Zen asked.

"Who are you?" The warrior repeated his question. "Why are you looking for our sect leader?"

Zen's eyes flashed coldly as he said, "I'm Zen from Cloud Hall."

"Zen!" the two warriors exclaimed in unison, panic flashing through their eyes. "You're back?"

Their reactions puzzled Zen. 'Why would these two people panic when they heard my name?' he thought, eyeing them suspiciously 'Did they actually not want me to come back?'

He thought about these things, but did not let it show on his face.

"Yes, I'm back," he confirmed. "Where is your leader? I want to see him,"

he ordered more firmly this time.

"He...he went to Cloud Hall," the warrior answered.

"Where is Cloud Hall now? Why did it leave Cloudy City?"

"I..." the warrior stuttered. "I don't know either!"

Zen narrowed his eyes at his response.

The warrior probably didn't want to tell him where the Cloud Hall was and could only stutter that he did not know.

However, Zen was not about to let it go. He pulled the warrior by the collar and stared at him coldly. "You don't know? Or you don't want to tell me? I'm going to ask you one last time. Where is Cloud Hall?"

An intense malicious aura emanated from Zen, effectively terrifying his opponent.

"Cloud Hall is now located thirty miles to the northwest of Cloudy City," the other warrior answered for his friend. "If you head northwest, you'll be able to find it easily."

Zen nodded and released the warrior from his grip. Something must've happened to the Cloud Hall, but these two warriors were evidently not going to tell him the details and he was too lazy to bother with them. The only course of action was to go to the Cloud Hall himself.

Zen immediately flew towards the direction the warrior had told him. Once he was gone, the warrior that refused to tell Zen Cloud Hall's location glared at his companion and snapped, "Why did you tell him? Our family's plan will be ruined! We'll also be implicated as well!"

The other warrior sneered, "Seriously? Are you stupid? That's Zen. He's back, and he's entered the Virtual Tribulation Realm. He could already defeat a divine-level talent at the Internal Elixir Realm back when he was still at the Illuminating Soul Realm. What makes you think he wouldn't be able to kill us with a single blow if we refused to tell him?"

The warrior fell silent at his companion's words. "This is bad," he muttered. "We're really in trouble now that he's back!"

Meanwhile, Zen was already growing nervous as he flew northwest. He could travel thirty miles in the blink of an eye, but the thought of not knowing what was happening made it feel like a century.

The two warriors were obviously hiding something from him. He knew that they knew about his relationship with Letitia. If there really was trouble in Cloud Hall, they shouldn't have hesitated in telling him its location. They clearly did not want to see him return which meant Letitia was the one in trouble.

Soon, a huge floating palace appeared in front of him. An enchanted barrier encapsulated the entire floating island and its surface flashed and rippled serenely in the light of the morning sun.

This was the "Light of Water" that was designed to block the full-powered attack of a warrior at the Life and Death Realm. Zen had established this enchanted barrier specifically to block Eddie but now it seemed that it was blocking him.

It was impossible for him to directly break through the enchanted barrier with his current cultivation level and he didn't see any guards that could open it for him.

Bang!

A light flashed within the depths of Cloud Hall followed by a violent life vitality fluctuation.

Zen couldn't help but frown. 'Someone is fighting within Cloud Hall?' he thought.

He quickly went around the enchanted barrier and landed on its base.

As the creator of the "Light of Water," he knew just where the core of the array was located.

The enchanted barrier was like a huge eggshell that surrounded Cloud Hall from top to bottom. Once Zen reached the core which was located at the bottom, all he needed to do was extend an arm and use a bit of energy to modify the array to create a break allowing him to easily slip through. Once he was inside, he directly rushed into the depths of Cloud Hall.

He could more or less guess what was currently happening.

It was quite obvious that the Cloud Hall was currently in a state of internal strife.

Cloud Hall's defenses could be considered the best out of all sects in the Central Region. Even the Heavenly Evil Sect would not be able to penetrate through the sect-protecting array Zen himself had set up. However, it was a different story if the threat came from within Cloud Hall itself.

After cultivating the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, Letitia quickly recovered her full strength and, after practicing anew nine times, was finally ready to make a breakthrough to the Life and Death Realm.

Reaching the Life and Death Realm was not difficult for Letitia. What was difficult was the life and death crises that came with it.

Anyone who was able to enter the Life and Death Realm had to go through a few life and death crises whose difficulty varied from person to person.

The more potential a warrior had, the more powerful his strength and the harder his life and death crisis would be. Letitia's Sutra of Empyrean Goddess had been extremely troublesome to cultivate but led to her acquiring far greater strength than other warriors at the same level. After she reached the Life and Death Realm, her life and death crises were also going to be more terrifying than what any ordinary warrior would've faced.

It was at this critical juncture that the Zhuo Clan of Cloudy City joined forces with several third-grade clans and suddenly launched an attack against Cloud Hall.

Chapter 986 Scapegoat

Cloud Hall had significantly risen in strength during the past few years. It was not just Letitia alone who had grown stronger, but Cloud Hall's martial artists had all steadily improved.

After it had set up the Small Circulation Killing Array, Cloud Hall was considered a quasi-fifth grade sect, though, in the eyes of the entire Central Region, it was already as good as a fifth-grade sect which could measure up to the Ethereal Spirit Sect. It was only a bit inferior to the Ethereal Spirit Sect in terms of history and legacy.

Once Letitia successfully made it through to the Life and Death Realm, Cloud Hall's status as a fifth-grade sect would be unshakeable. By then, by taking advantage of the soaring influence of Cloud Hall, Letitia might be able to develop the Cloud Hall into a sixth-grade sect, and also the first sacred place in the Central Region.

Unexpectedly, during a very critical moment for Letitia's breakthrough, a serious internal conflict arose within Cloud Hall.

It wasn't anything sudden. The seeds of internal strife within the sect had already been planted decades ago.

Cloud Hall was initially established through Cloud School's constant development and its alliance with several third-grade clans like the Zhuo Clan, Shen Clan, Fei Clan, and Wu Clan of the Cloudy City. Over the years, it eventually grew out of Cloud School and slowly developed to what it was today.

No matter how the Cloud Hall developed, the position of Cloud Hall's leader had always been taken up by the descendants of these several great clans.

Back then, Imogen had not come from any of these noble clans but was an extremely talented disciple of Iridescence Sect which was affiliated with Cloud Hall.

She was powerful, strong, and extremely talented. A few major clans in Cloudy City were a bit dissatisfied with her origins but could not really argue against Imogen's skills and competence.

It was different with Letitia. Although she was raised up in Cloud School, the origin of her birth made it pretty clear that she was an outsider. Moreover, there was no shortage of talents from the various big clans. Emanuel, for instance, had the strength and competency to vie for the position of leader.

However, Imogen passed the position down to Letitia which caused quite an uproar for the other large clans, especially the Zhuo Clan led by Emanuel.

Though they could admit that Letitia was more outstanding than Emanuel in certain areas, her leadership had brought about a great change to the sect that a lot of them didn't quite agree with. For example, her treatment of Zen was contested upon by many. It was only after Zen had built an indestructible sect-protecting array for the Cloud Hall that they shut up.

However, it wasn't enough. Those large noble clans were not as far-sighted as Imogen was. Even if Letitia brought many benefits to the Cloud Hall, they could not allow an outsider to take control of Cloud Hall.

Emanuel was the one who opposed Letitia the most, which was why he had practically seized every opportunity to try and take down Letitia from her position. Unfortunately, none of his efforts succeeded.

However, Emanuel had seen an opportunity.

Imogen had gone overseas with the independent warrior, the Venerable Starry to try to seek fortune and survive her next life and death crisis. With her gone, Letitia effectively lost her strongest support while she was on the verge of breaking through to the Life and Death Realm.

She was about to face a horrifying life and death crisis and any pressure exerted on the side would be enough to cause her to fail.

How could Emanuel let go of such a good opportunity?

Imogen had long since been due for a life and death crisis. Couple this with the fact that not many people really returned from their overseas exploration for lucky chances - Imogen was as good as gone in Emanuel's eyes.

Emanuel would never get such a golden chance as this one. He had plotted this for quite a while now and all he needed to do was to take advantage of Letitia's current situation to push his plan towards fruition.

The outside of Letitia's Ice Palace had been covered with long and thin ice thorns which made it resemble a giant hedgehog.

In the Ice Palace, there were also a couple dozen martial artists that tried to resist Emanuel with all their might.

Now, the people of Cloud Hall were divided into three parties. The first party was led by Emanuel who vied for the position of leader.

They were pretty resolute and understood that if they failed, all of them would be implicated and even wiped out by Letitia once she made her breakthrough.

The second party led by Fernandez was neutral. They were unwilling to topple Letitia but they all came from the third-grade clans in Cloudy City. They found themselves caught in a dilemma so they decided to take the easy way out and support neither side. That did not mean that they escaped the pressure though. Fernandez, for example, came from the Fei Clan who fully supported Emanuel. The conflict between his family background and morals undoubtedly put a huge strain on him.

The third party consisted of those who stood on Letitia's side.

It was led by Morphens and many disciples of the younger generation. These younger disciples did not have much relationship with the large clans in Cloudy City and regarded Letitia as the core figure of Cloud Hall.

For the past few days, Emanuel had launched a series of attacks upon Letitia's Ice Palace but all of them had been forcefully blocked by Morphens.

The problem was, the party led by Morphens was not very powerful in strength. They were also greatly outnumbered by Emanuel's forces. Moreover, disciples of the younger generation were not as powerful as the other elders. Besides the few elders who were at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, most of them were only at the Internal Elixir Realm or even at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

It was a miracle that they were able to hold out for so many days, and it was all thanks to Rocher!

Rocher sat in the middle of the square in front of the Ice Palace with a dark green sword in his hand. His eyes bled and blood surrounded him for at least twenty feet.

Patrick, Lewis, and the others stood guard beside Rocher with Saint Morphens and the other martial artists gathered around them.

Rocher, Patrick, and Lewis had all greatly improved their cultivation levels over the past two years. All three of them had managed to step into the Internal Elixir Realm with Rocher recently ascending to the middle stage.

However, with his cultivation level alone, it was impossible for him to change the situation.

After all, no matter how talented Rocher was, he would still find it difficult to fight against Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors. Good thing he had a trick up his sleeve.

As luck would've had it, Rocher had unintentionally comprehended a higher level of the Heavenly Sword, specifically, the "Sword Eye." This enabled him to gather the momentum of the heavens into his sword and store as much of his sword intent as he wanted!

As long as he was given enough time, he could manage a strike capable of killing masters at the Life and Death Realm and Soul Sea Realm.

Of course, this was only in theory. The momentum of the heavens was powerful, but Rocher's capacity was limited. If he absorbed too much for too long, it could greatly damage his body which was evident with how much his eyes bled.

However, it was Rocher's presence at the entrance that prevented anyone from charging in.

He could only launch one strike with his sword but that one strike alone would immediately kill the fool who dared to charge into the palace.

No one in Emanuel's force was willing to take that strike.

The last time he used this technique was three days ago to kill the Fei Clan's master, Laurie Fei who was a martial artist at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and cultivated the Earth Law.

Laurie Fei could be considered as a master of defense in the Cloudy City. His Stupid Earth Cultivation, which was a perfect display of Earth Law, enabled him to diffuse enemy attacks dealt to his body and reroute it to the ground where the earth could bear the brunt of the damage.

He had used this Stupid Earth Cultivation to block the attacks that were launched from the Ice Palace. Even Saint Morphens' attacks failed to immobilize him.

Once he reached the square, Rocher immediately rushed forward and struck him with his sword.

Nobody expected that a disciple at the mere Internal Elixir Realm would be able to unleash such powerful strength!

Laurie Fei was madly channeling the Stupid Earth Cultivation to try and fight the sheer amount of force contained within Rocher's strike. It was so powerful that the force diffused into the ground managed to turn the earth within a hundred feet into fine powder. But he was still unable to break Rocher's strike.

In the end, Rocher's strike was too great and ended up killing Laurie Fei with a single strike.

This sheer demonstration of inhumane force was enough to scare all the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm from charging towards the palace. Whoever dared would certainly die.

Thus, Emanuel could only occasionally attack the Ice Palace from afar, which could barely cause real harms.

"We can't keep on like this!" Emanuel screamed in frustration. He had initially planned to capture Letitia in the shortest time possible but his warriors refusing to storm the palace in fear of Rocher significantly prolonged things. If Letitia made it through to the Life and Death Realm then all his efforts would have been in vain.

"You!" he pointed at a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior from the Shen Clan. "You go up there and take them on!"

As long as they forced Rocher to attack one person, Emanuel's forces could rush in and kill the rest of Letitia's supporters. To put it bluntly, what they needed was a scapegoat.

Chapter 987 Kill Three With One Strike

When the warrior from the Shen Clan, who was at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, heard this, his expression instantly changed.

Whenever Rocher used his sword, someone would surely be killed. He didn't dare to fight against Rocher as it was simply courting death.

Every warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm cared about his own life.

While it was true that these clans were joining hands this time to work with Emanuel to fight against Letitia, it was also known that they were only doing it for their own interests. If Emanuel were to become the new leader of the Cloud Hall, all of them would reap some kind of special benefit.

But still, the whole thing was not worth it for them if they had to pay the price with their own lives.

"I'm not going. You can go if you want to," the warrior from the Shen Clan said, shaking his head fervently.

Emanuel gritted his teeth and said coldly, "If you are all afraid of death, how will we barge into the Ice Palace?"

All of the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm looked at each other in silence. A few moments passed until someone said in a low voice, "Are you not afraid of death? Go first if you are not!"

"Yes. Emanuel, you can go first! If you are the first one to charge, then we will be right behind you!"

"As long as you take the lead, there's no way we wouldn't follow you!"

As they shouted their sentiments, Emanuel became increasingly angrier. 'If I take the lead, I'll be killed by Rocher, ' he thought to himself, looking around at the now impassioned warriors. 'Then the leader of the Cloud Hall won't belong to the Zhuo Clan. It will belong to the Shen Clan, Fei Clan or Wu Clan. I'm not that stupid!' he cursed inwardly.

"Dad, I'll go!"

The one who spoke was Frank's elder brother and Emanuel's eldest son, Finlay.

"You?" Emanuel said, stunned for a moment. Then, he suddenly smirked and shook his head, saying, "You are no match for Rocher."

Finlay was only at the Internal Elixir Realm. Even if he was willing to go first, Rocher would not attack him as there was no need to do so. Saint Morphens could kill Finlay as easily as a single stab. There was no reason for Emanuel to send his son to his death.

"If none of you are willing to go now, that bitch will reach the Life and Death Realm. Do you know what the consequences will be?" Emanuel asked coldly.

Everyone suddenly became quiet, as if stunned by the question. From ancient times, those who tried to rebel but failed had come upon nothing good. Not only would they suffer, their clans would also be severely punished. Although it was impossible for Cloud Hall to wipe out these third-grade clans, still the punishment they were going to face was not something they could take easily.

"Then... How about we attack together?"

Finally, the warriors cheered in agreement, vicious expressions appearing on their faces. They were really going all out this time as there was no other way out for them. They had been stuck here for so long just because they didn't want to be the first one to be killed.

Emanuel nodded and said, "Alright. We've delayed for far too long now. If all of us attack together, we'll definitely be able to take down the Ice Palace and kill that evil bitch!"

He had been planning this for more than a day or two now. This was the opportunity he had waited for so long, and so when it showed itself, he quickly and firmly grasped it.

"Cloud Hall belongs to our clans, not to Letitia Ning!"

"Our victory or downfall will be decided in one move!"

"No. We will definitely win! Saint Morphens cannot stop us!"

As long as this group of warriors charged forward together, at most, only one of them would be killed by Rocher. Everything would become settled once Saint Morphens was dealt with. The remaining elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were nothing to fear. Although the juniors at the Internal Elixir Realm were fearless, their cultivation levels were still far too low.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

After the discussion was over, Emanuel and the others finally decided to act on their plan and started rushing up to the Ice Palace.

Rocher was still on the platform in front of the Ice Palace, unmoving, his eyes closed as blood kept flowing out from them. He looked extremely terrifying.

"They're coming," Patrick whispered in Rocher's ear. His face darkened as he relayed this warning to Rocher, who was sitting beside him.

"I know." Rocher took out the long sword from his space ring and gripped it tightly. Although his Heavenly Sword was powerful, it could only be used in a single strike, and after that, he must recharge his energy. Obviously, he could only strike once as Emanuel and his companions would not give him a second chance.

Therefore, Rocher was hesitant about who he should kill with this sword strike. How he would achieve the maximum effect with a single sword strike was the huge predicament he was having at the moment.

Saint Morphens and the other elders also stood at his side, their expressions abnormally solemn. They were well aware that their chances of victory were very small, close to zero. Despite the bitter truth, they still chose to defend Letitia.

Those standing here, in front of the Ice Palace, were people who had sworn their lives to follow Letitia.

Since everyone had chosen to stand here, they had already decided to sacrifice their lives if needed.

"Pull out your weapons!"

Swish! Swish! Swish!

On the platform, everyone was ready for the upcoming battle.

A murderous intent permeated the air as the distance between the two opposing groups continued to close. At this moment, Rocher suddenly made his move.

Although it seemed like Rocher was sitting on the ground, he was actually floating two inches away from it. At this moment, he was constantly gliding along the ground, adjusting his position.

When Rocher moved, the expressions of Emanuel and the other warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm changed. If Rocher were to strike, there was no doubt that someone was going to die. As for who, that would solely depend on Rocher.

"Charge over and stop him from thrusting!" someone shouted.

All of the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm rushed towards Rocher at an extremely fast speed. At this time, Saint Morphens and the other warriors were also charging forward to stop them.

After Rocher adjusted his angle, his eyes that were bleeding profusely suddenly opened!

Two sword shadows appeared in his eyes. They brewed in his dark, deep eyes, causing his eyes to become abnormally sharp. If anyone were to look him in the eye, that person would feel as if his eyes were being pierced by needles, and it would be unbearable!

Rocher, who had opened his eyes, abruptly brandished his sword.

"Disperse!"

When Emanuel saw Rocher facing him, he was immediately scared out of his wits. For a long time now, he had dreamed and imagined himself as the person who would rule Cloud Hall. If he were to be assassinated by Rocher right now, he would truly be the unluckiest guy in the whole entire world. He couldn't accept any of that.

Just as Emanuel was dodging the upcoming strike with all his might, Rocher's sword struck out.

Suddenly, a strange aura radiated from Rocher's eyes. This aura was both majestic and energetic. People who stood in front of him would feel like they were so insignificant.

This feeling usually appeared when a warrior was alone, looking up at the sky.

Rocher had accumulated the power of the heavens and he chose to let it out at this moment. Everyone immediately felt as if the world had been turned upside down. Rocher was representing the heavens and everything else in the world.

Even though everyone knew that this was an illusion created by Rocher after he struck out with his sword, their minds were still affected by his imposing aura, causing them to fail to think clearly.

Whoosh!

An extremely sharp sword radiance shot out.

The speed of the sword radiance was so fast that there was no time for anyone to dodge. Everyone only saw a flash of light before they heard three distinct sounds ringing in their ears.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

They were the sounds of flesh being pierced by the sword radiance.

At that moment, time seemed to stop. Regardless of whether it was Saint Morphens or Emanuel, everyone stood still, frozen in their spots. Everyone was stunned, and none of them dared to breathe.

After a short while, the bodies of three warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm swayed. Their eyes were filled with unwillingness and anger.

"Wh-why me?"

Plop! Plop! Plop!

With a thrust of his sword, Rocher killed three warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Despite Rocher being only at the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, the Heavenly Sword that he cultivated was so strong! It stunned everyone! Even Zen could not do this when he had just become a war lord.

"Lucas!"

"Elijah!"

A few angry roars came from Emanuel's side.

Seeing this, Emanuel let out a long sigh. Luckily, Rocher's sword was not aimed at him. Otherwise, he would be a corpse on the ground by now.

"Charge! Kill that brat!"

Emanuel gritted his teeth and shouted.

The remaining warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were enraged. They were all warriors from third-grade clans, and those three warriors who had just been killed were their own brothers. How could they not be angry at this moment?

The key point was that Rocher needed a long time to gather his energy after a strike. After that, he would only be an ordinary warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm and would be of no threat to any warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

This was the right time for them to launch their attacks.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 988 Arrive At The Right Time

Rocher's sword attack was originally meant to kill Emanuel and it wasn't going to be hard for him to do that.

Emanuel was the leader of the rebels, and it was him who had gathered all the third-grade clans in Cloudy City.

However, for some reason, the moment he made his move, Rocher changed his mind.

Even if he managed to kill Emanuel, it would not change the current situation too much. If Emanuel was killed, Rocher and his companions would still be unable to win the battle. The rebels could find someone else to replace Emanuel.

This was why Rocher had chosen to kill three warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm at such a tricky angle. And even after that massacre, the effect on the situation as a whole was negligible.

Saint Morphens and Emanuel were well matched in strength. The two of them, when engaged in battle, were fierce and swift, but the number of warriors on Emanuel's side was still much higher than those on Saint Morphens' side.

As for Patrick, Lewis, and all the other warriors at Internal Elixir Realm, they had no way of fighting against cultivators at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and they lost the battle in the blink of an eye.

Whoosh!

A warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm finally broke through the defense line. Holding a large, emerald green saber in his hand, he rushed furiously towards Rocher.

"Since you killed my brother, you are going to die too!"

Even before he had finished speaking, his saber had slid across and come down with a great might towards Rocher's neck.

Rocher lightly slid across the ground and the sword in his hand struck out once more.

Ding! The sword was easily blocked by Rocher's opponent.

Rocher's strongest move while practicing swordsmanship was the Heavenly Sword, and it had taken him a long time to accumulate the strength necessary to use it. Without this accumulation of strength, he was not a match for a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Just as the warrior blocked Rocher's sword, he suddenly turned around and threw a punch straight at Rocher's chest.

Bang!

The fist landed heavily, and caused the victim's chest to cave in deep. His entire body was thrown backwards and he rolled on the ground for several rounds before slowly coming to a stop. As Rocher gasped for air lying on the ground, stubbornness could be seen in his eyes.

He had chosen to side with Letitia after discussing it with Patrick and Lewis.

The main reason why they had chosen that side was mainly because of Zen.

They knew the relationship between Zen and Letitia, and even though, at the beginning, the three of them were slightly hesitant, later on, even the usually timid Lewis had stepped forward to protect Letitia. There was no reason why Rocher and Patrick wouldn't do the same.

As for whether their choice was right or wrong, Rocher wasn't clear. Perhaps sometimes, warriors didn't have to rank their decisions by judging whether it would yield a profit or not. Perhaps somethings were just more important than their own lives.

"A little brat at the Internal Elixir Realm like you killed three warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. What a pity! I wonder how far you would have gone in the future!" Rocher's opponent slowly walked towards him as the saber in his hand repeatedly flashed with a cold light that essentially reeked of death.

At that very moment, an agile figure rushed out of nowhere. It was so fast that it dazzled everyone's eyes and could not be distinguished from the streaks of light it left behind.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Because his speed was too fast, countless clones were formed, surrounding the warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm who was about to kill Rocher. This figure was none other than Lewis.

Such a strange movement skill could be considered outstanding among the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm, but to a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, it was nothing. Just as Lewis was constantly moving around Rocher's opponent, the latter suddenly threw out a punch.

Boom!

His enemy had accurately identified Lewis from the clones, and with a single punch, he had sent Lewis flying backwards.

The warrior revealed a scornful smile. "Your movement skill is indeed remarkable. When I was at the Internal Elixir Realm, I was unable to utilize such a wonderful movement skill. Unfortunately, your cultivation level is too low for you to be able to fight me!"

As soon as his voice faded, a giant hand suddenly appeared above his head. The hand was like a solid substance as it fiercely slapped down.

"Humph!"

The warrior didn't even raise his head as he slashed his saber upwards. The saber radiance that was produced by his intense life vitality instantly sliced the huge hand into a million tiny pieces.

Even Patrick's attack was unable to stop this warrior.

Instantly after that, the warrior arrived in front of Rocher and stepped onto his hand. The large saber in his hand was already at Rocher's neck. "It's a pity. If you hadn't chosen to stand by Letitia's side, you would have lived to become a powerful warrior in the future. Since you have chosen a path of death yourself, you cannot blame me for bestowing you with such a deathly gift!"

Rocher, at his current level of strength, was enough to be ranked among the divine-level talents. Killing him was not a small loss to the Cloud Hall. After all, this group of people was only there for the position of leader of the Cloud Hall and not to destroy the Cloud Hall.

However, Rocher could not blame them for killing him as he himself had chosen to stand on Letitia's side.

A trace of decisiveness appeared on Rocher's face. He was firm and resolute even in the face of such a dangerous moment. Ever since he had made his decision, he had been mentally prepared for failure.

Rocher closed his eyes as he looked at the rapidly descending large saber.

But shortly after, the saber didn't fall.

Rocher frowned and wondered, 'Could it be that this guy wants to mock me before killing me? Does he want a cat and mouse game?'

However, when Rocher opened his eyes, he saw a hand holding onto the blade of the saber. The saber was only a few inches away from him, but it was unable to go any further.

'Who is it? Who could possibly catch the saber of a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm with his bare hand?' Rocher wondered.

He turned around to look who it was, and then a broad smile appeared on his face. He had once imagined that Zen would return, but he had never expected him to appear at such a crucial moment. "Zen, you've returned!" Rocher exclaimed.

Zen nodded his head and then used a bit of force to grab onto the saber. The next moment, the top-grade fairy weapon bent in his hand. The tough surface of the saber was as fragile as a piece of paper in Zen's hand.

Everyone was still immersed in the slaughter, and therefore, no one had noticed the commotion. Only Lewis had an ecstatic smile on his face, while Patrick let out a long sigh as he thought to himself, 'Rocher, we made the right decision!'

As for Rocher's opponent, he was completely dumbfounded. He looked blankly at the bent saber in his hand, and then looked blankly at Zen, seemingly unable to react at all.

"I am back!" This time, Zen suddenly roared towards the crowd. With the infusion of life vitality into his voice, Zen's roar was immediately heard clearly by everyone.

When the warriors who were fighting heard this fierce roar, they all stopped.

Even Saint Morphens and Emanuel pushed each other away as their gazes gathered on Zen's face.

Of course, the two had completely different expressions. When Saint Morphens saw Zen, a smile instantly appeared on his face, and he shouted in ecstasy, "Zen! You've reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm!"

At the same moment, Emanuel's face was marked by a gloomy expression.

Just now, Rocher had killed three warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm with a single sword strike, but Emanuel was safe and sound. Emanuel was confident that he would surely be the new leader of Cloud Hall. As long as he could stall Saint Morphens and wait for everyone else to clean up the warriors, he would be able to charge into the Ice Palace and kill Letitia.

If all his plans were being carried out in an orderly manner, the entire Cloud Hall would be his a few days later. With the protection of the Small Circulation Killing Array, even if he faced the Heavenly Evil Sect, he was not afraid. After becoming the leader of the Cloud Hall, he could use the resources of Cloud Hall to make a breakthrough. His future prospects were limitless!

It just so happened that at this critical moment, that damned Zen had actually come back!

Wasn't he supposed to be dead?

Although most people in the Cloud Hall believed that Zen wasn't dead, Emanuel was paranoid enough to believe that Zen would definitely be dead and that there was no possibility of him coming back.

How could Emanuel not be surprised when he saw Zen standing not far away and having reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm?

The expressions of the warriors of the third-grade clans also darkened. How were they going to deal with Zen?

"Humph, Zen! So what if you're back? You are only at the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and that's nothing compared to my warriors. You seriously think you can turn the tables all by yourself? What a joke! Guys, let's go and kill him!" Emanuel ordered.

"Yes. He is just a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. He is no match for us!"

"Let's kill him together!"

Emanuel's words were very clever. The number of warriors on Letitia's side was far too small, not to mention that most of them were only at the Internal Elixir Realm. Even with Zen's help, the tables were not going to be turned.

Four warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm activated their life vitality at the same time. Their bodies flashed as they instantly surrounded Zen from four different directions.

Chapter 989 Reverse Of The Situation

Four Virtual Tribulation Realm cultivators attacked Zen at the same time, two of whom were at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. This was proof of how wary they were of Zen.

Back when Zen was still in the Illuminating Soul Realm, he had already been able to defeat divine-level talents who had reached the Internal Elixir Realm. And now that he had stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm, nobody knew exactly how powerful he truly was.

But they thought that no matter how powerful Zen was, it would still be difficult for him to fight four Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors at once.

Morphens's expression changed when he saw the number of enemy warriors attacking Zen. He took a step forward as his body began to become translucent and was about to use the Mystical Pace to approach and help Zen when Emanuel thrust his spear at him suddenly, forcing him back.

Everyone's eyes were focused on Zen. Rocher, Patrick, and their companions were worried, and it showed on their faces. It didn't matter that Zen's cultivation base had risen magnificently in the last two years. They still thought that he wouldn't be able to fight four Virtual Tribulation Realm experts by himself.

On the other hand, Zen's eyes glittered with an excited confidence as he was surrounded by the four Virtual Tribulation Realm experts. His body became vague, like a mirage, constantly stretching and moving like a leaf creating ripples on water.

"Is that an illusion?"

"Is he using a bodily movement skill?"

The four Virtual Tribulation Realm cultivators found themselves thinking as they watched Zen in exasperation.

But since they had already made their moves and Zen hadn't dodged them or made a move, how could they let go of this opportunity and not attack him?

Different kinds of attacks rained down on Zen in the blink of an eye.

However, a strange scene played out before everyone's eyes. It looked like none of those attacks were touching Zen and he remained completely unharmed.

It did look like the warriors' swords and sabers were striking or stabbing Zen's body, but since Zen's body looked like something that didn't physically exist at the moment, they seemed to slice through thin air.

Morphens was fighting Emanuel but as he looked over in Zen's direction, his concern turned to amazement.

"He's applying Space Law! And it is the Space Law of a higher layer!" Morphens exclaimed, immensely surprised. He wondered rather excitedly, 'Where had Zen been these past two years? How did he achieve this?'

Emanuel, too, had his attention on the fight between Zen and the four other warriors. When he saw Zen's strange bodily movement skill, he was shocked beyond reason.

"How is this even possible?" Emanuel muttered disbelievingly. A bad premonition presented itself to Emanuel, telling him that he had probably underestimated Zen's strength yet again.

It felt like deja vu, because he had experienced this exact same feeling the very first time he had seen Zen.

At first, Emanuel had thought that Zen was just a lucky fellow who had ascended from the Cloud Sect. He had almost killed Zen when they had come face to face at the close of the Cloud Road.

But never had he thought that Letitia would stop him and that she would go on and demand him to scram.

At the time, Emanuel had set out to kill Zen but had never gotten the chance. After that, Zen had quickly risen up to become a martial arts star in the Central Region. His cultivation base had improved at an astonishing speed that was far beyond Emanuel's imagination. Emanuel had felt greatly threatened once Zen had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Because of that exact same reason, Emanuel had rejoiced when Zen had disappeared. The past two years were bliss for him, but he had never expected Zen to come back suddenly, as a Virtual Tribulation Realm cultivator and with obvious improvements in all aspects. Emanuel was beginning to wonder if he could still beat Zen.

And his mind was throwing up nothing but doubts. It took him a while before the answer became crystal clear to him.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Zen had thrown out four punches in quick succession, felling the four Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors who'd been fighting with him.

The warriors became powerless against Zen, falling to the ground, moaning, and finding it difficult to get back up again. Their ashen faces betrayed the degree to which they had become injured.

Zen had still been a war general when he had become able to fight the top-level war lords in the Tower of Sin. Now that he had reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm and had the strength of a war lord, it had become quite easy for him to deal with these warriors, who were at the primary or middle level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

However, these things that were normal for Zen were obviously abnormal for others.

Everyone on the platform was stunned into silence. The scene in front of them made them feel that the person they were fighting wasn't a Virtual Tribulation Realm cultivator but a Life and Death Realm expert. Only a Life and Death Realm expert could pulverize those warriors like Zen just had.

Rocher smiled faintly as he remarked, "Looks like he's still the same Zen. He was always much stronger than others on the same level."

When he had started out in martial arts, Zen had been able to fight against an Illuminating Soul Realm warrior when he was still at the nature level. Once he stepped into the Illuminating Soul Realm, he had become powerful enough to easily prevail over an Internal Elixir Realm warrior. Usually, the higher one's cultivation base was, the harder it was to maintain an advantage over others of the same level. After all, every warrior who reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm must be the best of all.

This was exactly why Rocher, Patrick, and Morphens had been so worried about Zen.

They now understood that Zen still maintained this massive advantage in his fighting abilities. Considering his previous performances, they knew that Zen was now powerful enough to fight a Life and Death Realm expert.

Exactly how strong was a Life and Death Realm cultivator? Every cultivator at the Life and Death Realm was the most powerful across the continent. Even Letitia was still trying to break into the Life and Death Realm. Nobody had expected Zen to possess such terrifying strength, especially after he had disappeared for two whole years.

Everybody was in awe of his astonishing improvement.

Emanuel's mind had figured out the answer to his earlier question and it was clear as day now. He now understood that Zen could absolutely crush him with his current strength.

His heart sank, just like the other cultivators who had come with him.

Zen turned to Emanuel and said coldly, "Stop resisting and you'll be punished less. Or I might have to kill you without mercy."

Many of the Virtual Tribulation Realm cultivators were stunned. Zen's display of strength had planted seeds of fear in their hearts and was causing their minds to waver.

"Even if you give up resisting, he won't let you off that easily!" Emanuel yelled to his warriors, refusing to give up. His words were like a shot of adrenaline to the warriors, who clutched their weapons with renewed vigor at his words. They were carrying out a conspiracy against the sect, and any crime of this sort was basically a capital offense. It was similar to a rebellion in the imperial palace. Anyone planning to subvert the country couldn't expect an atonement after their movement failed.

Zen sneered at Emanuel's words and took a step forward, and then another, as he headed straight for Emanuel. He was the source of the chaos, and the event wouldn't end if he didn't die.

What was happening now was completely different from before. Earlier, Rocher had chosen not to kill Emanuel because even if they had killed him, they wouldn't have been able to change the situation. But now that Zen had control over the situation, as long as he killed Emanuel, the ringleader of the conspiracy, everyone else would give up resisting.

Emanuel retreated at full speed as he saw Zen chasing after him.

"You want to escape? There's no escape for you today!"

The Light of Water enveloped Cloud Hall. It was impossible for Emanuel to escape from this enchanted barrier. He had only recently reached the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and his strength was only equivalent to that of a war lord belonging to level eight or nine. He was in no way a match for Zen.

Emanuel was overcome with regret as Zen chased him. He had thought that he'd never fail in his plans. But Zen's appearance had been unexpected and had thrown a spanner in the works.

As a member of the Cloud Hall, Emanuel was now clear about Zen's extraordinary talent.

It wouldn't be long before Zen would climb to the top of the martial world, and when that day came, no one in the Central Region would be able to match him.

Emanuel was not God. He had never calculated or even dreamed that Zen would return at such a crucial moment.

"Zen, spare me! Just this once! I will go into hiding and never enter Central Region again!" Emanuel begged for Zen's mercy as he dodged his attacks.

"I'm sorry but that's not possible. I had already planned to kill you but since you are an elder of the Cloud Hall, I thought it was improper for me to do that. But you forced yourself into this position and now, it's too late for you to beg for mercy," Zen said coldly as he traveled towards Emanuel, the distance between them decreasing each time he jumped.

"If you kill me, my Zhuo Family will definitely become an enemy of the Cloud Hall! All the noble clans of Cloudy City will act against Cloud Hall!" Emanuel threatened.

"You think all the noble clans in the Cloudy City will follow your Zhuo Family that's just a third-grade clan? In your dreams, perhaps!" Zen retorted. He was now only ten feet away from Emanuel.

"Then go to hell!" Now that he knew he couldn't escape, Emanuel suddenly turned around and pulled out a black spear from his space ring. He stabbed it at Zen as he yelled, "Sun Extinguishing Spear!"

The moment he thrust the spear, the tip began to glow so brightly that it felt like it could take away the radiance of the sun and the moon. Being an elder of the Cloud Hall meant that Emanuel was undoubtedly strong.

But Zen didn't even budge at Emanuel's full-blown attack. Instead, he sneered as he grabbed the tip of his spear with his bare hands. With just a push, Emanuel's top-grade fairy weapon bent and began to crack into pieces, an ode to Zen's great strength.

This was the last straw for Emanuel, his heart sinking into a bottomless abyss. The difference in his and Zen's strengths was much greater than he had imagined.

Chapter 990 Bragging

With his weapon broken by Zen, Emanuel's eyes flashed pleadingly as he continued, "Zen, I am an elder of Cloud Hall. Even I've committed a crime of rebellion, it shall be Letitia who will decide my fate. I…

I surrender! You can't kill me!"

His words made Zen hesitate.

Strictly speaking, what he said was true—Emanuel was the backbone among the elders of the Cloud Hall, making his status and position both higher than those of Zen. In fact, Zen was merely a disciple of the Cloud Hall without any promotions.

As long as Zen didn't kill him, Emanuel understood that he could use the influence of the Zhuo Clan to have Letitia spare his life at the very least. As long as he didn't die right there, he would have a chance at a comeback sooner or later. Who knew what the future held?

Many people in Cloud Hall were standing by the windows or at the corners of the buildings, watching the scene unfold in the air above Cloud Hall.

In this rebellion, the majority of the Cloud Hall disciples had chosen to stay neutral. After all, it was a matter of internal strife among the senior leaders and had little to do with the common warriors of the Cloud Hall's lower ranks.

"Oh my god… Zen is back! He's chasing after Master Zhuo with bare hands!"

"This kid is a real freak. After disappearing for two years, he's back and he's fighting against Master Zhuo!"

"Are you guys blind? Master Zhuo can barely strike. This isn't a fight… he's completely crushing him. Don't you understand?"

To most of the people within Cloud Hall, it didn't matter who took control of the place. At this moment, all they cared about was watching a good show.

Some of the younger generation from the influential clans weren't in a good mood, particularly those from the Zhuo Clan. When they saw how Emanuel was being pushed back relentlessly by Zen, their expressions grew grimmer. Their cultivation levels were too low—they weren't strong enough to participate in the fight.

Standing in the Elite House was Frank who had been staring blankly at how Zen chased away his father and how he forced him to beg for mercy. Frank's face darkened as a rainstorm inside him loomed.

As his heart grew heavy, he glared at Zen, his heart filled with complicated thoughts.

Back in the Cloud Road test, he was nothing short of arrogant.

Back then, he appeared as though nobody in the world would succeed except him. Among the disciples of the younger generation, who could measure up to him? Frank had never had to take Zen seriously.

However, in only two years' time, Zen had grown into a figure that even his father would find difficult to deal with. Meanwhile, Frank was still stuck at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, unable to match up to even Rocher or several others.

How couldn't he be resentful?

With Frank's heaven-level talent, his cultivation speed shouldn't have been so slow. It was just that at that time, Zen had crippled one of his hands in the Cloud Hall. His warrior spirit then had suffered a great blow. With both physical and mental trauma, Frank spent a long time down in spirits.

At this moment, all Frank wanted to do was jump in front of his father and protect him, but another Zhuo Clan disciple pulled him back and gave him a disapproving shake of his head, signaling him not to act so rashly. Zen's strength had already surpassed anyone's imagination. If Frank stepped up, he would only bring shame to himself.

In the air, Zen had a moment's thought and any hesitation he had in his eyes disappeared in an instant. A murderous look replaced it. "You're right. I can't kill you, but I can kill you on behalf of Letitia!"

With that, Zen sneered and rushed toward Emanuel once again.

Because he knew Emanuel was a cunning man who had attempted to kill him several times already, Zen understood that nursing a viper in his bosom wouldn't bring him any good.

Moreover, this time, Emanuel's goal was to kill off Letitia.

If he were only after usurping the leader's position of Cloud Hall, Zen wouldn't have cared so much. With his current cultivation level, the Cloud Hall wasn't even that significant. But if Emanuel wanted to kill Letitia, he would be courting death by Zen's hands.

In this world, there weren't many women worthy of Zen's attention—Letitia was one of them. Anyone who dared hurt the woman he cared for dearly would instantly become his enemy.

Back then, when Eddie took Yan away, Zen was no match for him. Yet, he didn't feel afraid of him—Emanuel was far worse than Eddie in strength, after all.

Seeing Zen charging toward him, Emanuel's heart sank. With grief and indignation, he said, "Zen… you're too ruthless!"

"Since you dared to put your hands on Letitia, you must be prepared to die!"

As he spoke, he already drew out his long sword.

Seeing the weapon's radiance glinting off the surface, Emanuel's expression was filled with despair. "Who is Letitia to you that you would go to such lengths to protect her? Whatever she can give you, I can offer too!"

Swoosh!

Barely listening to Emanuel's plea, Zen slashed his sword. The sword intent spread into a crescent shape heading straight to his enemy. With an ironic smile, he responded, "Sorry, I'm not interested."

To block the sword intent, Emanuel pulled out a spare spear from his space ring. Realizing that nothing he said would make Zen back down, he became hysterical and began shouting, "Zen, you're just Letitia's toy-boy! The Cloud Hall is unfair...Letitia is unfair!"

Knowing that he wouldn't be escaping death, Emanuel could only shout in despair and throw dirt at Zen and Letitia with his words.

Hearing his insults, Zen was taken aback before he smiled maliciously, "I see… it looks like the rumors in Cloud Hall were started by you?"

When Zen had just entered Cloud Hall, he had received special attention from Letitia, sparking rumors among the disciples that Zen was her secret lover—the disciples regarded him as a pretty boy that Letitia had taken a fancy to.

"Yes, it was me. Am I wrong? You're nothing but an adulterous couple!"

Brandishing his spear, he went straight at Zen.

Zen effortlessly blocked Emanuel's attack with the back of his hand. Easily, he landed three strikes in succession. His long sword was a high-grade sacred weapon so how could Emanuel's top-grade fairy weapon ever defend against its power? The weapon in Emanuel's hands instantly shattered into pieces.

"You're wrong," Zen said, shaking his head.

Emanuel simply threw away the broken spear and fished out another as he coldly returned, "You have the guts to do it, but you can't even admit it. Zen, you're not all that!"

Unable to match Zen in a one-on-one battle, Emanuel's last resort was to distract him with petty insults. Perhaps he would find an opening to strike.

But he underestimated Zen's state of mind.

All Zen had to do was casually thrust his sword forward, using his "No Move" technique in the strike. It was impossible for Emanuel to see through the strike, let alone to block. The long sword hit his chest and pierced through his heart in an instant.

"I am not Letitia's secret lover. You should get your facts right. Letitia is my woman."

As Zen pulled out his sword, blood began spurting from Emanuel's chest—his body looked like a kite that had lost its string, falling limp to the ground.

A heart-wrenching scream came from below, "Father!"

Watching the scene was Frank, wide-eyed and distraught.

But Zen only glanced at Frank indifferently before flying towards the Ice Palace, leaving everyone in Cloud Hall stunned in shock.

But the shock wasn't because Zen had killed Emanuel, instead, it was because of his last sentence—Letitia was his woman?

They didn't know whether or not his words were true, but if he dared to say it in front of such a large audience, then perhaps it was true.

Words failed to describe how they felt. Letitia was someone with a pristine reputation, not only in Cloud Hall, but in the entire Central Region. The woman was flawlessly beautiful and had incomparable talent and status to match. These things made her the perfect woman and a noble, superior leader in their hearts. How could she have suddenly become Zen's woman?

It was unbelievable.

Just then, Zen heard Lavender from behind him, "Hey, since when did Letitia become your woman?"

With a slight smile, he answered, "I was bragging."

The Ice Palace was situated at the highest point of the Cloud Hall. Although many of the elders at the Internal Elixir Realm hadn't left the place, they had already seen the outcome of the battle—Emanuel was cleanly defeated by Zen. The elders who had been part of the rebelling force completely gave up resisting.

The rebellious elders who were at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were weaker than Emanuel so if they were to resist, they would be courting death just as Emanuel did. All they could do was surrender obediently and wait for the Cloud Hall's punishment. Having the support of several big clans behind them, it was unlikely that they would be killed. Still, they couldn't escape punishment.

Chapter 991 Small Heavenly Tribulation

Zen was not concerned about everything that was happening now. Both Patrick and Lewis were healing their wounds at that moment, so Zen decided not to disturb them. So instead, he walked up to Morphens and asked, "How's she?"

Morphens nodded at Zen and knew why he was worried. "She's fine," Morphens answered.

"Don't lie to me. If she's okay, why would those guys dare to act so boldly?" Zen questioned, his face doubtful of the answer he just got.

If Letitia was actually fine, Emanuel wouldn't dare to do this no matter what his motivations were. Zen was afraid that something wrong must have happened to Letitia.

It was only when he saw Zen's expression on his face that Morphens realized that Zen had misunderstood the situation. He quickly said, "She is experiencing a life-and-death tribulation, that's why these people were taking advantage of her!"

"A life-and-death tribulation?" Zen looked shocked as he asked, "What about Lady Yu?" Suddenly, at that moment, all Zen wanted to know was what Imogen was doing.

Even though Letitia was trying to break into the Life and Death Realm, Emanuel wouldn't do anything bold or rebellious if Imogen was there, guarding the Cloud Hall.

"She is out, seeking her own luck," Morphens replied lightly. Actually, Emanuel had tried to talk Letitia out of her decision about breaking into the Life and Death Realm at that moment. It would be difficult for Cloud Hall to deal with any possible threat or trouble if neither Letitia nor Imogen was there.

However, Letitia insisted on making a breakthrough at such a critical moment. Heavenly Evil Sect was becoming stronger every day. If she was able to successfully enter the Life and Death Realm, she might get herself a chance to fight against Eddie.

However, Letitia never expected Emanuel's rebellion. If Zen hadn't appeared at the right time, Emanuel might have already, with his people, broken into the Ice Palace and threatened Letitia's safety.

"I must go inside and check on her," Zen said, looking concerned and worried. Although he had never experienced the life and death tribulation before, he had been told that this experience was extremely dangerous and that the death rate was high. Those lesser warriors who rushed to get to the life and death tribulation had a high probability of dying there.

"But Zen... Miss Ning has specifically ordered that no one could enter the Ice Palace at this moment," Morphens replied seriously.

As a response Zen simply looked at Morphens and then slowly shook his head. Without looking back, he walked straight towards the Ice Palace. Morphens was about to pull Zen back but as he looked at Zen's disappearing figure, he began to hesitate. If Zen hadn't come to Letitia's rescue, Emanuel must have already broken into the Ice Palace and put Letitia's life in danger. Zen had earned his right to come inside and check on Letitia.

Dense icy mist had permeated every corner of the Ice Palace. Zen could barely see anything as he pushed open the doors leading to the inner part of the structure. He then used his magical eyes to see things that were not far away from him.

Wearing some light clothes, Letitia was just sitting there cross-legged, with her whole body frozen inside an icy column.

It had been two years since they last saw each other.

Zen, with great affection, stared at Letitia. As he did so, he noticed that in the two years that they hadn't seen each other, Letitia hadn't changed at all, and her face was still perfect and beautiful.

Zen circled around the icy column. At that time, Lavender came out of Zen's body quietly, glanced at Letitia and whispered, "She's at the last stage. If she passes it, the life-and-death tribulation will surely descend on her."

Zen looked at Lavender and asked out of curiosity, "What exactly is this life-and-death tribulation? Is it really as horrifying as the rumors say?"

"Actually, only you warriors from the Central Region call it the life-and-death tribulation. In the Upper World, it's called Small Heavenly Tribulation," Lavender explained.

"Small Heavenly Tribulation?" Zen asked, now looking more confused.

"That's right. After entering the Life and Death Realm, warriors have to resist the Small Heavenly Tribulation, because their martial arts refinement is against the Nature. They try to break through the human limits and make their bodies into supreme beings, which is normally prohibited by the Nature. Those warriors have to take their punishments before they can go further. The stronger you are, the heavier the punishments you will face. That's where Small Heavenly Tribulation and Big Heavenly Tribulation differ," Lavender said slowly.

"After entering the Life and Death Realm, the life-and-death tribulation you meet every time is a Small Heavenly Tribulation, is that right?" Zen asked.

"Yes," Lavender replied, as she glanced at Letitia. With a deep breath, she shook her head and added, "The Small Heavenly Tribulation which will descend on Letitia's body will be horrifying, I'm afraid," said Lavender sadly.

"What do you mean by that?" Zen asked nervously, his face starting to get pale.

If somebody else was waiting for the Small Heavenly Tribulation to descend on his or her body, Lavender would definitely mock his or her over-confidence and stupidity.

However, Lavender knew Zen so well, and he was actually most concerned about Letitia. So, she didn't dare mock Letitia's zeal and determination in front of Zen. She thought for a moment and picked her words carefully. "Letitia's cultivation method is largely based on restarting and practicing anew, which is greatly against the Nature. If she succeeds in this, her strength and power will be much stronger than her peers at the same level."

Zen nodded, "The Sutra of Empyrean Goddess that she's cultivating truly is much stronger. Regular warriors usually find it nearly impossible to start with."

"It's more than what you just said," said Lavender, once again shaking her head. "You know, there have only been a few warriors in the Upper World who dared to restart their cultivation and practice anew mainly because it will bring a much more severe Heavenly Tribulation. Because of that, most warriors prefer other cultivation methods."

Lavender's words confused Zen. Back then, the cyan dragon had found the unique nature of the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess. However, he chose to keep those facts from Zen. Zen then said to the cyan dragon, "You didn't mention those things back then."

The cyan dragon thought for a few moments and answered, "I know how to offset the negative results of Letitia practicing anew nine times. But..." The cyan dragon stumbled over his words.

"She's already attempting the Life and Death Realm. You saying this does not mean anything now," Lavender interrupted the cyan dragon, sneering.

"Young lady, I know what you're saying. But, I think Zen may be able to help Letitia."

"How can I do that?" Zen said quickly. He wasn't understanding anything, but he would do whatever it took to help Letitia. "Also, how come I don't know any of these things?" Zen added.

Both the cyan dragon and Lavender shut their mouths up. An awkward silence then sank in. Lavender sighed and said, "Although the Small Heavenly Tribulation is horrifying, I believe in Letitia's strength. She isn't like those regular warriors and she may actually find a way to successfully resist the Small Heavenly Tribulation. But if she fails," Lavender paused, looking directly at Zen. "I'll tell you how to come to her rescue."

Lavender's words and the cyan dragon's silence convinced Zen that he should have faith in Letitia. It wasn't the first time that Lavender and the cyan dragon behaved so strangely and cautiously. Zen had already gotten used to them and their behaviors. And with that, he decided to ask no more questions.

Standing amidst the icy mist, Zen accompanied Letitia for a whole day. Letitia didn't move a bit, and no communication happened between the two of them.

Then, suddenly, cracks appeared and started spreading on the enormous icy column. Within a few moments, the icy column broke and its fragments exploded in the whole room.

After the icy column was completely obliterated, the sky outside the Icy Palace became bright, a dazzling light illuminating everything beneath. Then, deafening thunders were heard, and black clouds gathered overhead.

"So, is the Small Heavenly Tribulation coming?" Zen asked, looking outside. The emergence of the thunder surprised him greatly.

Lavender nodded and replied, "Yes, this is one of the many anomalies before the Small Heavenly Tribulation descends."

"If the Small Heavenly Tribulation is so horrifying, what about the big one?" Zen asked, as what was happening outside continued to intimidate and scare him.

Lavender smiled and replied, "A strong warrior can endure nine Small Heavenly Tribulations, each one more terrifying than the last one. After this, warriors who get into the Soul Sea Realm have to confront the Big Heavenly Tribulations. As for their power," Lavender also started looking out and whispered. "It's unimaginable."

The Big Heavenly Tribulation was still far away from Zen, but the smaller one was approaching. As long as Zen continued to raise his cultivation and enter the top-level Virtual Tribulation Realm, he would face the Small Heavenly Tribulation soon.

Boom!

At that moment, a dragon-shaped bolt of lightning struck the roof of the Ice Palace!

The Ice Palace had been built like a fortress, and its top floor was covered with thick ice spikes. However, the lightning, with its great force, was able to cause a large hole. Stones, ice cubes, and broken beams fell down.

Luckily, those things didn't hurt Letitia at all. Her eyes stayed closed, and cold air was suddenly coming out of her body. It was only moments away until the Small Heavenly Tribulation would fall on her body.

With her full attention to the incoming ordeal, she wasn't able to notice the presence of Zen in the Ice Palace.

Through the large hole in the ceiling, Zen cautiously stared at the dragons in the sky created by the lightning. With a deep breath he asked, "How can these dragons go through the enchanted barrier?"

The enchanted barrier called Light of Water was set outside of the Cloud Hall. However, it seemed to be incapable of stopping the electric dragons from coming into the palace.

Chapter 992 Undergoing The Heavenly Tribulation

The lightning dragons circled around in the air and then slowly descended from the sky as if they were real. They effused blood-curling steam that engulfed the entire Cloud Hall.

After the internal conflict that happened, all of the warriors within the Cloud Hall were terror-stricken. The imposing momentum that they were experiencing at that moment gave the impression that the entire world was in a state of chaos.

"Our leader's life and death crisis is coming!"

"I wonder whether she can pull through!"

"If she is able to break through to the Life and Death Realm, it would be a celebration for our Cloud Hall!"

Those who had reached the Life and Death Realm were the most powerful masters among all the warriors, as the Life and Death Realm was the boundary between the strong masters and the ordinary warriors in the entire Central Region.

There were many Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors in the Central Region that guarded a handful of third-grade sects. However, there was almost no Life and Death Realm warrior in sight.

As long as a clan or sect was handled by a Life and Death Realm master, it could definitely enter the ranks of the fourth-grade sects. But there were only a few fourth-grade sects in the Central Region, such as the Cloud Hall, the Bloodwood Cliff, and the Mysterious Luna Hall.

The Bloodwood Cliff had a Life and Death Realm master back then, but he died while passing through the tribulation. Now, it became a struggle for the sect to cultivate a new Life and Death Realm master.

Life and Death Realm masters always had a great influence on their respective sects.

Ultimately, the grade of a sect was to be measured based on its overall strength and background. The strong warriors of that particular sect were regarded as the most straightforward excellence.

Raising his head, Zen looked at the white lightning dragons as they slowly flew down. He had a grave look on his face and so many thoughts ran through his head. Seeing as those dragons were quite terrifying, he wondered if Letitia stood a chance.

While Zen was worried about the situation, Lavender was not bothered. After all, she was used to that kind of scene. Glancing at Zen's hardened face, she smiled. "Don't worry about it too much. It is her decision to undergo the tribulation, so she must have prepared well for it."

Zen just nodded in response and then allowed his gaze to fall back on Letitia.

In the presence of the enormous dragons, Letitia's petite figure looked even smaller.

When the lightning dragons were only ten feet away from her head, Letitia suddenly stretched out her white hands, and a small jade card appeared in one of them.

As she gently flipped her jade card, countless ice phoenixes shot out from it. Suddenly, the cold light started to increase in intensity, and then spiraled upwards.

"What a pure Law Power!"

A flash of light reflected on Zen's eyes as he followed the movement of the ice phoenixes.

The ice phoenixes that Letitia produced contained the pure power of the Ice Law, However, Zen was unfamiliar with the Ice Law that was contained in the Law Power. It seemed that the Ice Law had two layers.

When those ice phoenixes rose and swirled in the air, they collided against the lightning dragons.

"Crack!"

As the two types of laws banged into one another, rays of light so bright erupted.

Another dazzling light appeared in the sky above the Cloudy City which stretched about thirty miles away. Those who weren't in the area of the ongoing tribulation could only guess that a huge star had emerged from the sky.

Only a very small number of warriors understood that this was the phenomenon caused by the Cloud Hall leader while she underwent the life and death crisis.

They also knew that once Letitia succeeded, the situation in the Cloudy City could be settled once and for all.

It wasn't the Cloud Hall that was most affected by this internal strife within, but the Cloudy City itself.

The majority of the warriors in the Cloud Hall were neutral, but almost everyone who chose to rebel was from the various clans in the Cloud City.

They knew Letitia's personality very well. At first glance, she seemed like a delicate little girl. She wasn't at all tall and looked like she always needed help, but in reality, she was exceptionally powerful and tough. Also, she might not really remove all of the aristocratic clans from the city.

After all, these great clans had a special relationship with the Cloud Hall. If Letitia got rid of them all, it could greatly affect the Cloud Hall.

As for the traitors, Letitia was sure to wipe them all out. There was no traitor's life she planned to spare, nor was she planning to show any mercy to any sect leader.

It was because of the special connections between the Cloud Hall and these third-grade clans that some of them were unable to escape even if they wanted to. Furthermore, the Central Region was in turmoil now, and it was better for them to just obediently pay for their mistakes than put up a useless fight. At the very least, these clans could still be under the protection of the Cloud Hall.

"Crack!"

Violent explosions rang out one after the other. Hearing the loud sound, Zen still looked calm and his expression did not change at all. His entire focus was on Letitia.

Those lightning dragons were very formidable, but as Lavender had said, Letitia had prepared well, and the cold light emitted by her small jade card had already managed to weaken the dragons' power.

Every time a layer of cold light leaked out, it interweaved with one lightning dragon. The ice phoenix and the lightning dragon simultaneously released two different kinds of Law Power which melted into each other.

There were just as many ice phoenixes as the lightning dragons. When a dragon descended, an ice phoenix quickly rose up to crash into it.

Not once did a dragon successfully land on Letitia's body. They were all offset by the ice phoenixes.

Five minutes passed and the number of lightning dragons in the sky had drastically decreased. After several of the remaining lightning dragons were gone, Zen asked, "Is it over?"

Shaking her head, Lavender said, "I'm not so sure about that. There are all kinds of Heavenly Tribulations with different power. Generally, the Heavenly Tribulations that they encounter vary for each warrior. Some even face more than one. However, there is one unbreakable rule. The stronger the warrior is, the stronger the Heavenly Tribulation he or she faces."

Rumor had it that the Heavenly Tribulation was a punishment from the Nature, but it was dismissed for absurdity.

In truth, the Heavenly Tribulation was just one of the resisting methods of the Nature.

As long as the Life and Death Realm masters appeared in the world, they could attract the attention of the Nature, because the Life and Death Realm was one of the boundaries of cultivation. After the warriors broke through and reached the Life and Death Realm, and even the Soul Sea Realm, they could have the capability to threaten the Nature Law.

As for the Heavenly Tribulation, it came down as soon as the Nature Law sensed the threat and intended to eliminate the threat as early as possible.

The Nature Law was very keen on threats and could sense one easily. Warriors who had extraordinary skills encountered equally extraordinary Heavenly Tribulations. For those warriors who were with average talents and didn't cause much threat, the tribulations sent down upon them were also less strong.

In Lavender's opinion, even if the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess that Letitia cultivated was indeed compelling, it could cause a huge hindrance.

Thus, the difficulty level of her Heavenly Tribulation was much greater than that of other warriors.

That was one of the main reasons why there weren't many warriors in the Upper World who chose to practice powerful cultivation methods like the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess.

Surely enough, after Letitia had killed all those lightning dragons, a new surge of power and momentum began to spread throughout the sky.

The dark clouds slowly changed color, turning from black to crimson red. It was as if an incomparably massive flame was rolling and burning within the clouds.

Upon the appearance of that bright red cloud, a heat wave enveloped the vicinity. All of the warriors in the Cloud Hall felt it, and the heat wave caused a stir among them. They were all very alarmed.

"Will the descending flames burn the entire Cloud Hall?"

"I don't think our leader should undergo the tribulation in the Cloud Hall. This Heavenly Tribulation is too powerful. I'm afraid that after she passes through it, the entire Cloud Hall will be destroyed!"

"If she doesn't do it in the Cloud Hall, where else can she do such a thing?" The warriors outside watched closely like tigers eyeing their prey. If Letitia was to be targeted by the warriors from the Heavenly Evil Sect, then she could easily fail to break through the tribulation. Those little warriors could get so distracting.

Everyone in the Cloud Hall activated their life vitality, forming a thin layer of it to block the heat coming from the sky. They all took precaution.

The vigor of the fire cloud was immense and all of it was aimed at Letitia. The heat wave's effect on the Cloud Hall was only a segment of it.

This time, Zen did not say anything. What Lavender said was right, and he had indeed underestimated Letitia. After all, he had left Letitia for two years, so how could Zen know what had happened to Letitia in the past two years?

At that same time, the red cloud rolled downwards and dropped itself towards Letitia.

The expression on Letitia's face remained unchanged. She slightly flipped her finger, which not only prompted the activation of her jade card, but engaged her life vitality. When she gently pointed her finger upwards, the entire Ice Palace began to shake.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 993 The Nightmare Tribulation

The Ice Palace's continuous shaking caused all the ice pillars to collapse and shatter into thousands of palm-sized crystals.

The crystals converged above Letitia's head and released a cold light.

A small ice phoenix burst forth from the jade card and devoured this cold light, rapidly transforming itself into a huge, magnificent creature.

"Aroo!"

The ice phoenix screeched before charging headfirst towards the rolling red clouds.

Swish!

The red clouds swirled with ominous-looking flames and made the entire Cloud Hall unbearably hot and sweltering.

The moment the ice phoenix entered the clouds, it began to rapidly melt and evaporate.

However, as it melted, the thousands of crystals that had come from the Ice Palace continuously replenished its cold energy and kept it in flight.

As the ice phoenix roamed the fiery clouds, the scorching heat within Cloud Hall began to dissipate.

Lavender smiled faintly. "Her preparations were more thorough than I expected. The second wave of Heavenly Tribulation is more violent than the first one, but she is able to resolve it more efficiently!"

Zen couldn't help but agree. "It seems that the Life and Death Tribulation is less horrible than I've expected! I'm sure I'll be able to withstand them in the future," he said confidently.

Lavender couldn't help but laugh. "Don't be so sure! When it's your turn to undergo the Small Heavenly Tribulation, its magnitude would probably be ten times stronger than this!"

It was only a passing remark, but she couldn't help but notice the way Zen stared at her blankly. "What? You don't believe me?"

Zen shook his head. "I would never doubt you."

"Then why are you looking at me like that?"

she asked.

Zen shrugged. "I just didn't expect you to let out such a pretty smile."

Lavender had always been expressionless. Ever since Zen had obtained her as his sword spirit, she had never so much as cracked a smile and always remained poker-faced.

When she began to talk in the Tower of Sin, the aura she emanated was incredibly domineering. Anyone who stood in front of her would fall short of breath, while those with a weaker aura would be unable to even raise their heads.

However, Zen had been a witness to her rare, flustered state. Back in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, he had seen just how she and another Demon Night queen abused each other to the point that her ears turned crimson.

Today, he saw her smile and felt a lot closer to this sword spirit of his.

Lavender glared viciously at him. It was lucky that she was a sword spirit, or Zen would've noticed her blush.

As they conversed, the sky changed its color once again.

Lavender suddenly raised her head in shock. "My god!" she exclaimed. "Impossible! The third wave is actually the Nightmare Tribulation!"

Lavender had remained calm and relaxed throughout Letitia's tribulations since the first two weren't necessarily that difficult in her eyes. However, her expression suddenly changed the moment she saw the third wave.

"What's Nightmare Tribulation?" Zen asked with a frown.

"There are many kinds of Heavenly Tribulations," Lavender told him. "Letitia's first wave was just an ordinary Thunder Dragon Tribulation. It's very common and just a tad bit more difficult than the ordinary thunder tribulation. The second one was the Fire Cloud Tribulation. It was more difficult than the first, but Letitia's ice-system cultivation technique was able to effectively neutralize it.

But the Nightmare Tribulation is a different story." Lavender's face fell as she continued, "Just what kind of fate does Letitia have? How in the world did she end up attracting the Nightmare Tribulation?"

Her words made Zen anxious. "What's so scary about it?"

"I don't know about humans but according to the Demon Night statistics, the Nightmare Tribulation has only occurred around a thousand times," she told him.

It sounded like a fairly big number but a martial artist had to undergo three to eight tribulations once they stepped into the Life and Death Realm.

The Upper World had no shortage of warriors at the Life and Death Realm and every year, the number of those who underwent tribulations was unfathomable. However, since the beginning of time, there were only one thousand recorded instances of the Nightmare Tribulation.

"How many have survived the Nightmare Tribulation?"

Zen asked.

Lavender looked at him with a grim expression. "One."

Her reply made Zen gasp in surprise. She continued further, "That warrior had reached the Soul Sea Realm and encountered the Nightmare Tribulation during the Big Heavenly Tribulation. His cultivation level was high, so the power of the tribulation was a hundred times stronger than it is now. He survived and managed to become a Supreme Lord." Of the thousand Nightmare Tribulations, only one had been able to survive. The success rate was just too low!

At that moment, dark green petals began to fall from the sky, floating and spiraling towards Letitia.

"Didn't you tell me that I have a way of breaking Heavenly Tribulations?" Zen asked.

"Yes," Lavender confirmed. "However, if Letitia can successfully pass the Heavenly Tribulations, then there would be no need to use that thing."

"Are you talking about the Heavenly Fragment?" Zen asked.

Lavender merely answered with a nod.

"How do I use it?" He wanted to take the fragment out and use it right then and there, so he could help share Letitia's burden of taking on the Heavenly Tribulations.

However, Lavender shook her head. "Let's wait first. Heavenly Tribulations are inevitable disasters for martial artists, but they are also cultivation methods. If Letitia can't withstand it, then you can help her."

"Is the Heavenly Fragment really used to block Heavenly Tribulations?"

he asked.

It was a matter of utmost importance and he was determined to get to the bottom of it.

"Using the Heavenly Fragment to block Heavenly Tribulations is like using a razor to cut a cement block," Lavender said. "Besides, the fragment you obtained isn't a fragment of the heaven today."

"The heaven today? What does that mean?" He had never heard of such a concept.

"The current heaven is the sky right above us," Lavender told him calmly. "Your fragment was left behind by the previous heaven."

Zen was stunned by this new information. "There are different heavens?"

Just then, the flower petals reached Letitia, and the conversation about the different heavens was immediately pushed to the back of his mind.

Letitia's face was full of caution. She had felt the power of the Life and Death Tribulation and knew that this one wasn't going to be as easy as the first two. Gently stretching her hands, she waited as the huge ice phoenix let out a huge screech and charged straight towards her.

In the blink of an eye, Letitia and the ice phoenix became one as the latter melded and transformed itself into armor that covered her entire body.

This was Letitia's complete form. She immediately flew to the sky and faced the petals head-on.

"The petals don't look scary at all," Zen murmured. He couldn't feel any sort of power from the petals, unlike the past two Heavenly Tribulations. They simply felt like ordinary flowers that filled the sky and floated down like gentle rain.

Lavender, on the other hand, was quick to dispel his thoughts. "Every petal is a nightmare. The reason why the Nightmare Tribulation is so difficult is that it's not aimed at a warrior's body but at his soul."

The petals looked normal, and a gentle touch from Letitia was enough to have one shatter into a million pieces. However, each time a petal broke, it quickly turned into a nightmare that attacked Letitia's mind.

A few dozen of them were alright, but pretty soon, Letitia had smashed through hundreds of them and was finally feeling the tribulation's effects. Her face had gotten extremely pale, and every time a petal touched her, her entire body trembled.

Chapter 994 A Familiar Figure

The cultivation on the soul level was the hardest for martial artists. Zen was able to cultivate his body and cinnabar field while attending to the cultivation of the soul at the same time. However, only a few martial artists could cultivate on multiple aspects at the same time as Zen did.

Compared to the ordinary warriors, Letitia's soul was stronger, but still far weaker than Zen's.

If only dozens of nightmares attacked her soul, Letitia could withstand them without question. Now, there were thousands before her eyes. How was she going to manage?

In just a matter of minutes, Letitia's face had turned as pale as paper. She also began to stagger sideways. Evidently, it became a struggle for her to resist.

"I think it's time to give her a hand!"

Seeing Letitia's current situation, Zen's concern grew bigger inside his heart. If a warrior's soul was hurt, it could possibly cause irreversible damage to the warrior.

"Just wait for a while," Lavender said, discouraging Zen from making any hasty actions. "These nightmares may look like they're just here to attack her, but they also serve as a way to cultivate her. This could do her some good."

Warriors had to go through a lot of hardships and tests so they could grow, and Lavender clearly understood when exactly to stop so the damage could be avoided.

It was also known to Zen that Letitia must go through this process as well. As that saying went, "Too much caring and overthinking can confuse someone." Zen cared a little too much about Letitia and couldn't afford to see her get hurt.

Just as the petals were about to crash into Letitia, she suddenly took out a bronze-colored pill and swallowed it. Her face immediately flushed after taking the pill.

Before attempting to make it through the Life and Death Realm, Letitia had repeatedly told herself that her attempt to make the breakthrough could only be successful. There was no room for failure.

Now that the Heavenly Evil Sect had risen from the east and had become the biggest threat, the entire Central Region had fallen into chaos. Moreover, Imogen was facing a life and death crisis. So, she had no other choice but to go overseas to look for opportunities.

The search for her fortune could cause her death. Both Letitia and Imogen knew this. Before she left, Imogen had discussed important matters concerning the Cloud Hall with Letitia.

Upon her departure, she let out a heavy sigh for her worries about herself and Zen.

'If only Zen was still here…'

Ever since Zen had disappeared from Mist's celestial tomb, Letitia had gone to the Chaotic Ocean of Stars to search for him a few times, but to no avail.

However, she firmly believed that Zen didn't die and that he would one day return.

Two years had passed very quickly, but Zen was still nowhere to be found. There was no information about him in the entire Central Region. It was as if he had completely vanished into thin air. Even if Letitia knew in her heart that Zen was out there somewhere, she couldn't help but worry.

Now that Imogen had left the Central Region, Letitia had put all of her bets in one shot, trying to make it through to the Life and Death Realm.

In order to break through the Life and Death Realm, Letitia had made exhaustive preparations. She had almost utilized all the resources in the

Cloud Hall and even had to borrow the jade token from the World Commercial Alliance at a great cost.

Normally, the jade token wasn't easily handed to anyone no matter how much he or she offered for it. Not even to someone like Letitia.

That kind of jade token could increase the chance of surviving the life and death crisis by twenty percent. Any cultivator at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm was beguiled by it.

Back when Imogen asked to borrow the token, she was solidly rejected by the World Commercial Alliance.

However, as the Heavenly Evil Sent rose like a comet, the World Commercial Alliance also became anxious. It was clear that only several sects from above the fourth grade in the Central Region could fight against the Heavenly Evil Sect. The ones that had the biggest potential to defeat the Heavenly Evil Sect were the Ethereal Spirit Sect, World Commercial Alliance, and the Cloud Hall.

The competition between those three was undeniably fierce. But as they faced the same nemesis, they had no other choice but work as one in cooperation.

One more Life and Death Realm master was an additional chance for them to defeat Eddie. That was a principle even a child knew. How could the Ancient Tycoon of World Commercial Alliance not understand it?

When she finally managed to obtain the jade token, Letitia's confidence to break through the Life and Death Realm grew bigger.

The first and second waves of tribulation were dealt with ease by Letitia. She almost found it hard to believe how it went quite smoothly for her. Normally, after breaking through the Life and Death Realm, the first life and death tribulation wasn't too difficult, and some Life and Death Realm warriors even passed the life and death crisis after just one wave.

As for Letitia, she had to face two brooding waves which were both far more difficult to pass than normal. She never thought there could be a third wave after those menacing two.

The third wave of life and death tribulation was an attack on her soul.

Through the perspective of an outsider looking at her, it seemed that the flower petals colliding against her weren't as harmful, but to Letitia, it was pure agony.

Every time a petal hit her body, a delusive nightmare appeared in her mind. It tarnished her soul, bringing about a gut-wrenching pain all over her body.

'This… Why is the third wave of life and death tribulation so difficult to overcome?' Letitia thought as she struggled. Confusion and pain were evident on her face.

Regardless of the circumstance, her warrior spirit was not inferior to that of any male martial artist. Since she had chosen to break through to the Life and Death Realm, there was no turning back. She had to accept all the trials that came with it and make it through.

Unfortunately, the pain she was experiencing was not something any ordinary person could endure. Bit by bit, her soul was being destroyed.

Physical pain, in time, could go away. In some conditions, it could numb a person to the point of passing out if it was already too extreme, which was one of the many ways one's body protected itself. It was a defense mechanism.

On the contrary, the pain inflicted on one's soul was unavoidable. That kind of pain could come in with subtlety but had the complete ability to also cause so much unbearable suffering.

In that certain moment of desperation, Letitia had swallowed a Soul-boosting Pill. It was refined from the brain of a shadow beast and could increase soul power by at least one fold over a period of time. That precious pill gave amazing effects to any warrior who swallowed it. As a treasure of the Cloud Hall, the Soul-boosting Pill had been kept in the Cloud Hall for hundreds of years. Now, it was Letitia who had the opportunity to take it for her sake.

Ever since Letitia took over as the leader of the Cloud Hall, she was able to utilize a lot of its resources. When Zen was at the Martial Arts

Contest, Letitia had used the magical eye of the Angel of Death to block Eddie's punch.

Sure she made some selfish use of those resources, but Letitia brought even greater benefits into the Cloud Hall. It had become a fifth-grade sect and through the help of Zen, it possessed an indestructible sect-protecting array.

Breaking through to the Life and Death Realm meant that Letitia could also possibly lead the Cloud Hall to become a sixth-grade sect someday and even turn it into the first sacred place in the Central Region.

And so, she swallowed the whole Soul-boosting Pill without second thoughts.

Just as the pill's magic was absorbed by all the fibers in her body, a strong medicinal power surged into her. In an instant, she felt her soul become much stronger, and her perception of her surroundings also became much sharper.

However, Letitia didn't want to waste any of her soul power just to sense her surroundings. If she did so, she might've been able to find that Zen was already standing inside her Ice Palace.

Slacking in the face of the life and death crisis was not on Letitia's list. Focusing all of her attention on fighting those petals, she had already forgotten about what was happening outside.

After Letitia swallowed the Soul-boosting Pill, the corrosive effect of the flower petals on her became weaker. She was on the verge of collapsing earlier that time, but with the help of the pill, her eyes lit up, and she lived through the attack of the flower petals.

During that certain moment, Letitia had already endured over a hundred nightmare attacks.

All of a sudden, the petals in front of her began to fall one by one, coming at her endlessly. She started to wonder whether or not she could really make it.

The flush that once appeared on Letitia's face had been replaced by paleness in just a matter of five minutes.

'I'm still unable to surpass this?' Letitia thought to herself. A trace of sadness was painted all over her face. She could already feel that the effects of the pill were starting to fade away while the petals continued to rain down on her in a consistent force and speed.

Of course, Letitia didn't fully comprehend how difficult it was to overcome the nightmare tribulation. She could only blame her strength for not being able to move forward successfully. 'I'm not strong enough for this, ' she mentally scolded herself.

As the nightmares continued to charge into her, Letitia gradually grew weaker. She felt as if her head was set in flames and could blow to smithereens at any given minute.

'Will I fail?' Letitia thought once more, being really hard on herself at that point.

Sadness rested on her face. She knew exactly what could happen if she failed. It wasn't the depletion of their lifespan that killed most Life and Death Realm warriors in the Central Region, but the life and death crisis they went through. Death was just lurking around Letitia.

Suddenly, Letitia began to fall into a state of trance. Her surroundings grew dimmer. Struggling to blink her eyes for clarity, Letitia was almost certain that a familiar figure was before her.

Chapter 995 Letitia Survived

Letitia slightly squinted her eyes. She felt a throbbing headache and her vision was blurry.

This happened every time one's soul had been injured. It was as if one was drunk and prone to hallucinations.

She could see Zen.

He was special to her and she missed him like never before. She realized she was hallucinating. She felt weak and like she was on the verge of death.

Letitia felt disappointed and regretted feeling so overconfident. She thought she could survive this life-and-death tribulation, but now it seemed that she wouldn't be able to do so. How could she be so stupid?

She wished she could see Zen again. The illusion of him made her feel warm and gave her a bit of strength.

After her being attacked by countless nightmares, illusions had formed in her mind. Those petals looked normal to others, but to her they were all strange beasts with various shapes and sizes. Zen was now in one of those nightmares.

Zen's figure appeared and quickly approached her.

Letitia extended her arms and hugged him.

Letitia had always thought highly of herself. She occupied a high status, much higher than Zen's. After all she was the master and owner of the Cloud Hall. However, even though she was at a higher level, she had always liked Zen since they were on the Cloud Road.

Right now she couldn't even bare to think about it. It was just the illusion of Zen. It was not the real him.

Zen was tall but not sturdy. With his training, he had grown one or two inches taller over the past two years, and surpassed Letitia by a full head.

All she wanted was to embrace Zen. As she reached for the illusion of him, a tragic and miserable smile appeared on her face. She would think of Zen as death came to her. His image comforted her even though she felt like she had done nothing good. The illusion of Zen was better than no Zen at all.

Zen saw that Letitia couldn't hold on any longer. As the fear of losing her came over him, he flew to her holding the Heavenly Fragment in his hand. As soon as he got to her, Letitia hugged him affectionately, leaving Zen awestruck.

Zen held Letitia in his arms and activated the Heavenly Fragment using the method that Lavender taught him.

She told him that this Heavenly Fragment was very special and had very unique features. It could absorb an enormous amount of life vitality. She also warned him against causing a large fluctuation. All he needed to do was apply enough life vitality for it to work.

As Zen injected a bit of life vitality into the Heavenly Fragment, it started to absorb those petals as greedily as a giant whale.

Lavender had also told Zen that the Heavenly Tribulation was induced by the Nature and that it could be easily absorbed by the Heavenly Fragment. The two opposing heavenly forces mutually reinforced and neutralized each other.

It worked almost immediately and much better than what Zen expected.

The petals were gone in the blink of an eye. Luckily, there was no other threat falling down from the sky. The life-and-death tribulation was finally over.

Letitia leaned on Zen's chest with her eyes closed. She looked pale and pained but with a faint smile on her face. From time to time she would shake her head as if disappointed.

Zen landed on the ground of the Ice Palace and sat down cross-legged. He placed Letitia on his lap, quickly took out an emerald green pill and stuffed it into Letitia's mouth. He also took some soul-healing pills that would help Letitia recover. When he left the Sea God Continent, Miguel and the others gave him pills and other potent drugs as presents.

This was one of those pills from the Sea God Continent and you couldn't tell which level it belonged to by simply looking at it. It was said that this pill was made according to a prescription found inside the Dark Nether Cave and that it was more potent than any of the drugs made in the Central Region.

When Zen stuffed the pill into Letitia's mouth, she frowned disapprovingly. She tried to spit out the pill but Zen forced her to swallow it. Then, with some hesitation he patted her stomach gently with the palm of his hand.

These kinds of pills needed the help of life vitality to dissolve completely and take effect.

Letitia, who was in a semi-coma, couldn't use her life vitality to dissolve the pill. Zen had no other option but to help her.

So he rested his hand on Letitia's flat belly, touching her smooth and soft skin. Then, he released his life vitality. Letitia didn't resist. She was too weak to put up a fight even though her power was strong enough to prevent Zen's life vitality from entering her body.

As Zen poured his life vitality into Letitia's body, the pill began to dissolve and take effect. A faint fragrance was coming out of her body.

Letitia rested her head on Zen's chest and fell asleep.

Zen was worried that Letitia's soul had been damaged and couldn't recover. She seemed fine, though. He trusted that Lavender knew the right time she had chosen for him to rescue Letitia.

As soon as Letitia fell asleep, three people barged into the Ice Palace.

It was Morphens who was taking two elders of the Cloud Hall to investigate what happened inside the Ice Palace.

The life-and-death tribulation had ended and they desperately wanted to find out whether Letitia had survived or not. Letitia's safety would determine the Could Hall's fate.

While Letitia was challenging the life-and-death tribulation, she gave an order out to forbid anyone from entering the Ice Palace. Morphens had tried to stop Zen from going inside. It was too dangerous.

And he didn't want anything or anyone to distract Letitia.

Now that the life-and-death tribulation had been over, they wanted to make sure Letitia was alive and well. They needed to see her safe.

As Morphens and the two elders entered the room, they saw Letitia resting her head on Zen's chest and sleeping. They couldn't hide the shocked expressions on their faces. Now they realized that rumors going around about the love affair between Zen and Letitia might be real.

Letitia's personal life and love affairs were none of their business. They were her subjects and weren't in the right position to give an order to Letitia, less so to tell her what was right or wrong.

Before Morphens could open his mouth and say anything, Zen held up a finger to silence him.

The three of them understood what Zen meant. They nodded their heads and exited the hall quietly.

After what happened, Letitia had passed the life-and-death tribulation. She had ascended and now she was a warrior of the Life and Death Realm.

Even though Letitia had only survived one life-and-death tribulation, her cultivation method was very special. When she was only in the early stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm, she was almost as powerful as Morphens. Now, after entering the Life and Death Realm, even though she was still at its lower level, Zen believed that she would be formidable. She could be a match to most of the Life and Death Realm warriors.

Letitia was sound asleep in his arms. Her soft body felt like it weighed nothing. She weighted less than a feather.

As the first rays of dawn lit up the sky, Letitia's thick eyelashes trembled slightly, and her brows were once again locked in a deep frown. She woke up with the rising of a new day.

Her mind once foggy, had become clearer. She felt awake and as she moved she felt there was someone next to her. She reached out and her fingers grasped someone's clothes. She was struck with confusion.

"Am I still alive?" she thought to herself.

She took a deep breath as if to make sure she could breathe. She opened her beautiful eyes abruptly and that was when she saw Zen's handsome face. She felt a rush coming over her and her whole body trembled.

Zen opened his eyes and saw her awake. He was sitting there and cultivating his martial arts. When he saw Letitia staring at him he felt relieved. He smiled and said, "You're awake!"

Letitia pursed her lips. She still couldn't believe what she was seeing. She was afraid Zen was still an illusion, and that him sitting beside her was not real.

She did not loathe illusions because at least illusions made her happy. She hoped that she could reach for him, even though it was just an illusion that she was staring at. Illusions lasted only for a moment and she wouldn't want to make him disappear.

"Say something." Zen said with a strange and worried expression on his face. Could it be that her soul had been damaged and her brain injured?

Letitia looked up at the enormous hole overhead. The clouds above were drifting slowly, sending dazzling rays of light. The morning air was mixed with a wild and chaotic energy from both Heaven and Earth.

It wasn't an illusion.

It was Zen. He had come back to her.

As she realized this, the corners of her mouth curled up. Her heart was filled with joy. She wanted to laugh loudly but her eyes suddenly turned red and she started crying compulsively.

Zen was confused. Why was she crying? She was alive. The life-and-death tribulation had ended and she survived it. She had grown even more powerful than before. Why was she crying? 'Is it possible that her brain was severely damaged?' he thought worriedly. Now she was laughing and crying at the same time. 'What the hell is wrong with her?'

Chapter 996 Suppress

Letitia was brought to the prestigious Cloud School many years ago. Since then, she had begun to practice the martial arts and grow in her strength. Carrying deep in her heart the hatred of having her entire family exterminated, she had never even cried.

The only belief that kept her striving forward was that when the day came, she would avenge her family's death.

Compared to Cloud Sect, the competition at Cloud School was even more intense.

This was understandable as the Cloud Sect was situated in a remote place. The people who had been competing with Zen were a few warriors from some clans. These so-called noble clans were not even worth a mention in the Central Region.

On the other hand, the disciples of Cloud School largely came from the various third-grade noble clans.The reason why Letitia was able to stand out at Cloud School had a lot to do with her outstanding talent, but more importantly, it was her perseverance which made her succeed.

When she first came to Cloud School, she had had no kin to turn to and had been all alone. At that time, she had only been a little girl, much younger than the other disciples. Furthermore, she was a stranger who hailed from another place, so she had been constantly ostracized by other members of the Cloud School.

However, her sheer willpower, grit, and determination had ensured that she worked hard to improve herself step by step. With no one to support her, she stood out from the crowd of the millions of Cloud School disciples. At the same time, she secured the first place in the Cloud Road test.

After entering Cloud Hall, she had become what one would describe as a dazzling star. She had come to be the disciple of Imogen, who passed her the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess. After dispersing her cultivation eight times, Letitia was finally able to become the leader of the Cloud Hall.

Letitia was not a particularly strong person. Deep down, she was still like a little girl. Still, she suppressed all of her grievances, fears, and bothersome emotions deep down in her heart, never unloading them in front of anyone.

Even in the face of death, she remained calm and composed.

Despite possessing this ability to restrain herself, as soon as she saw Zen appear in front of her, she could no longer hold back her feelings and burst into tears.

Back when everyone had been fighting for the Dragon Soar Arena, Letitia had fallen in love with Zen. This young man had encroached on her heart. However, at that time, Letitia had had a lot of misgivings in her heart that prevented her from facing her true feelings.

Afterward, she had lighted the enchanted lamp and entered the celestial tomb. Although she had obtained a lot of treasures within, Zen had somehow disappeared.

Only then did Letitia realize how important Zen was to her.

In the following two years, she had never heard from Zen even once. Letitia had sent people from Cloud Hall to search the entire Central Region for him; she even assigned several missions for the purpose. The rewards she had announced if one were to be successful in this endeavor had been shocking. It was said that many disciples of the Cloud Hall shared these missions with other sects. Some disciples of the World Commercial Alliance and the Ethereal Spirit Sect participated in these missions to get their hands on these rewards from the Cloud Hall.

Because of assigning these tasks, Letitia had been heavily criticized by many Cloud Hall elders.

However, Letitia's verbal retaliation always shut them up.

It was true that Letitia had offered those rewards herself. Zen's importance to the Cloud Hall was undeniable. Zen was someone who could form the strongest sect-protecting array in the Central Region. For such talent, any sect would treat him the way they treated their ancestors. Cloud Hall had every reason to attach the greatest importance to him.

However, no matter how many warriors were mobilized to track Zen, no news about him ever came. Zen seemed to have disappeared in thin air. A year later, Letitia had no choice but to cancel the missions.

Even though she couldn't find Zen, Letitia still believed that one day, he would magically appear in front of her.

Still, she did not expect him to materialize so suddenly and in such a timely manner…

"Are you all right?" Zen asked as he stared at Letitia's fair-skinned, jade-like face.

Letitia's eyes were like a pair of pear blossoms bathed in the rain. Gradually, her hammering heart slowed down and she regained her composure. When it occured to her that she had just lost control of her emotions in front of Zen, her face turned red. Jumping out of Zen's embrace, she pursed her lips and asked, "Zen, where have you been these past two years?"

Seeing how quickly Letitia recovered and questioned him in a hasty, serious manner, Zen laughed inwardly. He knew that Letitia was self-conscious. Perhaps speaking to him as the leader of the Cloud Hall was more in line with her way of doing things.

Zen nodded his head and laughed. "I went somewhere you don't know about."

Looking at Zen's mischievous smile, Letitia curled her lips. "Be more serious! Despite being a disciple of the Cloud Hall, you secretly left it! According to the rules here, you must be punished."

Hearing this, Lavender, who was not so far away from them, couldn't help but roll her eyes. Compared to Letitia, Lavender was straightforward in her personality. If she were Letitia, she wouldn't have brought such an issue to the fore in front of Zen. It was beyond her understanding why Letitia chose to suppress the true feelings in her heart.

Letitia should have just embraced Zen. Suppressing her true feelings would do her no good! In the end, it was her who would suffer. 'And that would be what she deserves!' Lavender thought to herself.

To put it bluntly, Lavender was convinced that Letitia had an affected air.

What Lavender didn't know was that Letitia had suffered in her experiences too. The growth of these two outstanding women had essentially been very different. It had become Letitia's habit to put a lockdown on her true feelings. Just now, she had been overjoyed, and the torrent of her excitement had broken through what tried to suppress those feelings in her heart. But now that she had calmed down, she returned to usual manner.

However, to Zen, Letitia's pretentious manner was somewhat adorable. He continued to smile as he asked, "Then how should I be punished?"

Letitia only smiled. "I haven't thought about it yet! I shall let you know when a brilliant idea comes to me."

At this moment, Lavender floated over to their side. "Do you need me to give you some suggestions about the punishment?" she asked Letitia.

It wasn't that Letitia had not noticed Lavender's presence, but Lavender had been too far away up until now. She didn't pay attention to her movements. Letitia had assumed that the girl was just Zen's sword spirit, but now that Lavender suddenly came into her view and spoke, it shocked Letitia a bit.

She looked at Lavender before turning to Zen. "Zen, what has happened to your sword spirit?"

Zen only shrugged. "As you can see, there is a soul within my sword spirit. In a certain sense, she is the sword spirit. Her name is Lavender."

"Lavender? You're from a different race?" Letitia stared at Lavender, a trace of vigilance in her eyes.

A long time ago, Letitia had been curious as to why Zen had materialized his sword spirit into such a beautiful woman. This woman, except for her pair of pointed ears, was perfect from head to toe. Even Letitia could not be a match for her in this aspect. Letitia was not so tall, and perhaps not as perfect.

Lavender was about the same height as Zen, so Letitia was much shorter than her.

Lavender glanced at Letitia indifferently while the latter failed to contain the hostility in her eyes.

Letitia had watched Zen enter Cloud Hall and rise rapidly through the cultivation levels. She treated herself as Zen's leader, master, and guide. Moreover, she had fallen in love with him. When another strange woman suddenly appeared beside Zen, even if she was only his sword spirit, Letitia felt skeptical and vigilant.

Lavender was of a high stature, so she could see through things very clearly. After living for so many years, she knew more about human nature than both Zen and Letitia. Lavender simply smiled at Letitia's question. "Yes, I come from the Demon Night."

In the Central Region, there had once appeared ogres and demons, but no one ever encountered members of a race like the Demon Night. Letitia was understandably unfamiliar with them. Seeing the smile on Lavender's face, Letitia still felt displeased. "Why are you staying with Zen?" she asked her bluntly.

Lavender blinked, a trace of mischief flashing in her eyes. 'Since you like to suppress your feelings, I'll allow you to suppress them even more, ' Lavender thought. She giggled and said, "I'm Zen's sword spirit. We are originally one."

They were originally one...

The words sounded ambiguous, sounding as if Zen and Lavender were lovers. Before Zen had found a new body for Lavender, she had been in the form of the sword spirit, always residing within Zen's body.

Technichally, what Lavender said was the truth.

Letitia frowned and stared at Zen, obviously waiting for him to explain.

"Lavender, don't talk nonsense," he said. Then he turned to Letitia. "It's a long story about her. I'll explain it to you later. Right now, you still have to deal with the matters of Cloud Hall."

Cloud Hall had just faced a rebellion and Letitia still didn't know about it. Although Zen had suppressed the rebellion in time, Letitia was still required to decide on how to deal with the rebels.

Chapter 997 Return To Cloudy City

"Cloud Hall? What happened to Cloud Hall?" Letitia's eyes widened as she asked.

"You'll know when we get out," said Zen as he turned around and walked towards the entrance of the Ice Palace.

Letitia turned to look at Lavender, but Lavender gave her a meaningful stare in return. It seemed like the two easily understood what each other's look meant.

Lavender then turned back into a sword spirit and merged into Zen's body. Like a baby, she huddled herself inside him, her face full of disappointment.

The cyan dragon noticed this. Stealthily communicating with her, he asked, "Little girl, why the long face? What is bothering you?"

Lavender replied coldly, "Stop talking to me!"

With that, the cyan dragon could only let out an awkward smile. The red dragon, on the other hand, laughed out loud and said, "I guess our little girl has something on her mind."

"Don't call me 'little girl'. You two may be dragons, but you're not in any way older than me!" Lavender once again replied coldly.

She was almost a world lord in the Upper World. Moreover, as a queen of Demon Night, she was also the spirit totem of the race. Given her seniority, she understandably looked down upon the old dragons in Zen's mind.

As she knew what happened in the Genuine Dragon World, she knew everything about the origins of the nine dragons. They lived in Zen's mind, while she was Zen's sword spirit. All of them relied on Zen and never really offended each other.

But since Lavender was in a bad mood right now, she couldn't help but be a bit rude to them.

"Warriors don't use time to measure age. That's just what mortals would do. Now you're acting like a willful girl," the red dragon continued, as he curled his lips.

At this, Lavender decided to just close her eyes and not speak. Her feeling was still running high, and she didn't want to cause any more commotion.

Zen was not aware of what was happening in his body. There were many things in it, and they were making his body crowded. In addition to the nine dragons and Lavender, the black fire in the mysterious furnace also lived there. It also had its own consciousness, but it didn't have high intelligence.

Morphens and the two other Virtual Tribulation Realm elders were still waiting outside the Ice Palace. The scene before them had visibly frightened them.

Luckily, Letitia was alright, and it was enough to relieve them. As for the relationship between Letitia and Zen, there was no need for them to guess or ask. They just pretended that they didn't see what had happened.

It was a good thing that Letitia didn't know that Morphens and the rest had already entered, because if she did, she would definitely feel burdened.

After she walked out of the Ice Palace, she glanced at Morphens and said with urgency in her voice, "Morphens, Zen said that something happened in the Cloud Hall when I was trying to break through to the Life and Death Realm. What was it? Was it serious?"

Morphens quickly came over, bowed and said, "Master Ning, when you went through the closed door cultivation in order to break through to the Life and Death Realm a few days ago, Emanuel led warriors from Zhuo, Fei, Shen and other clans to rebel."

"What?" Letitia's expression changed. She never expected that anyone would stage a rebellion while she was trying to break through to the Life and Death Realm.

But then, she had long known that Emanuel had not been convinced and had been brooding over the fact that she had become the leader of Cloud Hall.

Such a thing had never happened in the history of Cloud Hall. But it had to be said - Letitia was indeed too simple-minded and inexperienced to be the leader of Cloud Hall. Other leaders of Cloud Hall wouldn't choose to break through to the Life and Death Realm at this time.

"But don't worry, Master Ning. The rebellion has already been pacified. Emanuel was personally killed by Zen, and the rest of the rebels have been captured," Morphens replied.

Hearing that, Letitia took a deep breath, and her expression gradually changed into something colder. "It seems like those third-grade clans are still not convinced. Well, I will let them know who the leader of Cloud Hall is!"

Before long, Cloud Hall began to fly towards the direction of Cloudy City. Cloud Hall had always flown above Cloudy City, and only when there were some major events would they leave temporarily.

In the city, many warriors from the third-grade clans were looking forward to their return.

The rebellion Emanuel led was deeply supported by many third-grade clans as the fact that Letitia was now the leader of the Cloud Hall disappointed them very much.

The position Letitia was now holding originally belonged to someone from their clans. But now, it had fallen into the hands of someone with another surname, not to mention a little girl at that. How could these third-grade clans possibly take this lying down?

Just as Emanuel proposed to rebel, he quickly obtained the support of all the other third-grade clans. The master of the Fei Clan personally took part in the rebellion, but he was killed by Rocher with his sword strike.

But what happened in Cloud Hall did not necessarily spread to Cloudy City. After Cloud Hall left the city, any kind of relevant news was completely sealed off. In order to prevent any problems, after Emanuel opened the enchanted barrier, no martial artists were allowed to enter or leave.

Therefore, the news that the master of the Fei Clan died and that Emanuel was killed by Zen after he failed staging a rebellion had yet to spread from Cloud Hall to the city, and so many clans in the city were still unaware of what had happened.

"Look! Cloud Hall is back!" a warrior from the Zhuo Clan exclaimed.

"It seems like Emanuel has succeeded. But that bitch Letitia should have already been executed, right?"

The one who spoke was a warrior from the Fei Clan. He smacked his lips and continued, "What a pity. What a waste for such a beautiful lady to die just like that!"

But the master of the Shen Clan looked worried. Looking up, he said, "But the two stewards of the Cloud School reported back that Zen had visited the Cloud Hall a few days ago. Has Zen really returned?"

"Hmph, Zen? Even if he returns, he might not even be able to enter Cloud Hall! Remember the sect-protecting array? It..." The master of the Shen Clan interrupted the speaker in the middle of his sentence, "But that was set up by Zen himself, so he must have a way to break through it!"

Then, the master of the Wu Clan spoke up, "And so what if he can break it? Emanuel led so many strong warriors of the Virtual Tribulation Realm there. How can a young man like Zen be able to contend against them?"

But the master of the Shen Clan shook his head and said, "I'm just a little worried. I have a bad feeling about this."

"Don't worry. After our clan takes control of Cloud Hall, all of you will be able to share our success!" a warrior from the Zhuo Clan said proudly. Once Emanuel succeeded, the Zhuo Clan would definitely be the biggest beneficiary.

As he was speaking, Cloud Hall was already floating in the air above the city.

Cloud Hall, which had disappeared for a long time, had once again returned. Because of this, many mortals decided to walk out of their houses and raised their heads to the sky to watch it.

Even though these mortals lived in the city and there were countless warriors around them, they didn't show much concern for the disputes, wars and killings that were happening in the world of warriors. In their eyes, Cloud Hall was aloof and exalted. Those who were able to enter Cloud Hall were all deities who had been reborn and were worth everyone's worship. Also, Cloud Hall itself, as a divine place, was the most beautiful scenery in Cloudy City.

"Let's go up and meet them!" a warrior from the Fei Clan said with a laugh.

"Let's go!"

"But where is Emanuel? Don't tell me that he is too lazy to show up now that he has become the master of Cloud Hall."

Whoosh!

A dozen figures flew towards the Cloud Hall. However, they suddenly felt a strong cold air envelop them halfway through their journey.

The cold air contained waves of killing intent that made their hearts palpitate. Fear suddenly was like sharp claws that grasped onto their hearts.

Even the dull mortals could feel a great power radiating from Cloud Hall.

On the edge of Cloud Hall, there was an independent platform, which extended through a stone pillar that was several feet wide. Letitia was standing on top of the platform. She was wearing a suit of armor made of mysterious ice which had the long feathers of the ice phoenix that were about thirty feet long. They hung down from her back to the bottom of the platform, swaying non-stop in the air, while her straight and well-proportioned legs were pressed together.

She looked coldly down at Cloudy City. At the same time, she released her aura, which was as cold as that of any male warrior.

"This is the aura of a Life and Death Realm warrior!"

"It's Letitia's aura. She has succeeded in breaking through to the Life and Death Realm!"

"Oh no! Did Emanuel fail? Or did he not make a move?"

To everyone, it was very clear that Emanuel had failed, since Letitia was still standing on top of Cloud Hall. Despite that, they still held on to a sliver of hope in their hearts that Emanuel hadn't made his move yet. It was this self-deceiving feeling that would arise every time someone was in the face of danger.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 998 Pay In Installments

As the head of Cloud Hall, Letitia already had possession of absolute control over it right after she reached the later stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

But being "head of the hall" was just a nominal title and really didn't mean much. Before being the true leader of Cloud Hall, she had to convince the elders, stewards, and disciples under it with her own strength.

Only Imogen was able to rank higher than her in terms of power.

Several noble clans had planned things well. They took advantage of the time when Letitia was undergoing her tribulations to make a move, which was nothing short of genius.

Because Letitia had chosen to undergo the tribulations at this time, the noble clans had mocked her endlessly as they were plotting against her. As she was still a young lady, although she was gifted with immense power, she wasn't able to figure out what the clans were thinking.

Unfortunately for them, Lady Luck was not on their side. Zen was able to show up right on time to save Cloud Hall and Letitia herself.

Now that Letitia had reached the Life and Death Realm, it would be hard for anyone, regardless of where they might come from, to rebel.

And because of this, the clan masters had mixed feelings. All of them were shocked by Letitia's sudden rise to power.

Letitia leaned forward slightly and started to descend. Her long feathers flapped behind her, and she looked like an icy phoenix coming down from the sky.

Behind her, Zen, Morphens, and the Virtual Tribulation Realm elders all left Cloud Hall one by one and flew towards the place where the warriors from different noble clans were floating in the air.

After some time, Letitia suddenly froze in mid-air. She stared coldly at the clan masters and said, her tone dangerous, "Emanuel has been executed. He's already dead. Now, I wonder how every one of you will explain the rebellion that you tried staging against me. Do not tell me you had no hand in it."

Cloud Hall floated above Cloudy City, protecting the steady progress of the noble clans. They used to complement each other, but now, they had become mortal enemies.

The clan masters stared at Letitia in a daze, speechless.

They had families to support, and many important things were involved and sacrificed in the name of their rebellion. If they were not absolutely sure about victory, they would not have tried to challenge Letitia. But after hearing what Letitia just said, they all had realized that the confidence they had felt towards their plan was just a joke.

"I know, the fact that I'm the head of Cloud Hall has always been a thorn in your tiny, tiny hearts," Letitia said. "But I want to say that Cloud Hall does not belong to any of you. It's an independent sect - a fifth-grade sect in Cloudy City!"

Somehow, in the eyes of these clans, Cloud Hall belonged to them. Indeed, in the early days of the Cloud Hall, they had contributed a lot to its development.

However, they had forgotten that they were not the only clans admitted in Cloud Hall, as there were a lot of martial artists from other regions. If a sect wanted to flourish, it would not rely on just a few clans, but thousands upon millions of martial artists and countless elites and geniuses.

The clan masters were dejected. They didn't even have a chance to escape. All they could do was to resign themselves unto Letitia's orders. As their lives and everything important to them had settled down and had taken deep root in Cloudy City, they wouldn't be able to leave that easily.

Moreover, the times had proven to be very chaotic. If they stayed, they would be able to survive under the protection of the Cloud Hall. But if they decided to leave, they would not even have a place that would shelter them from the many lurking dangers.

With these running in their minds, the rebellious warriors started bowing their heads one by one. The master of the Shen Clan said through his sobs, "Master Ning, ask whatever you want me to do for you, and I wouldn't say no."

With that, Letitia couldn't help but snort, "Well then, your four clans will be eliminated from Cloud Hall and your families will be exterminated!"

As soon as Letitia said this, the warriors from the four clans started bawling their eyes out.

The immediate protests were not only limited to the rebelling warriors. The expressions on the faces of Morphens, Zen, and all the Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists also changed. They never thought that Letitia would be this ruthless.

The master of the Shen Clan knew that he would face severe punishment from Letitia. Rebellion was unforgivable in any sect. However, he thought that since their four clans were the pillars of Cloud Hall after all, she would be lenient towards him and them. Besides, there were countless connections between them and Cloud Hall - many warriors from their clans were in Cloud Hall as disciples, stewards and elders.

Even among the elders standing behind Letitia, some were from the four clans, such as Fernandez. Although Fernandez was a member of the Fei Clan, he was opposed to the rebellion. In the end, he chose a neutral position and did not want to partake in whatever they were planning.

Even if Letitia wanted to punish the rebels, she couldn't really exterminate the four clans, because it would involve too many people.

However, they had never thought that Letitia would order something so extreme - like their extermination - so directly, so they were greatly shocked.

Looking at the stunned expressions of the clan masters, Letitia sneered, "So you're afraid now?"

The master of the Wu Clan started to speak, "Master Ning... We just..."

He, however, didn't have the chance to finish whatever he wanted to say as Letitia had already interrupted him. "Shut up. When you were planning to rebel, of course you wanted to kill me, exterminate me. Why can't I take your lives today? Oh, I see. You think that I am just a woman who you men think can easily be bullied into submission?"

Letitia's words hit the nail on the head. They really thought she was just a little girl, and they could bully her into doing whatever they wanted.

It was only now that they understood that Letitia was as good as any previous heads of the Cloud Hall.

"Master Ning, now that the Heavenly Evil Sect is closing in on us, and we are in badly need of talented people. Isn't this too…" Morphens intervened, standing up. He was pleading for mercy in behalf of the four clans.

To be fair, if the four clans were to be eliminated, many people would be involved. If Letitia really pushed through with it, the chaos that would engulf the entire Cloud Hall would be unimaginable. Morphens was afraid that Letitia would lose her temper and ignore the bigger picture.

However, Letitia sneered and continued, "Morphens, you are right." She then turned to the clan masters and said, "Alright then. Today, all your lives are spared. But you have to pay the ransom for the elders who have been captured. 1, 000 supreme life vitality crystals for each."

Of course, Letitia would not do such a stupid thing like exterminating four clans. She had predicted that someone would come out and stop her, so she just said something incredibly harsh to scare them. Once Morphens pleaded, she would take his words as an exit and take the opportunity to extort important supplies from them.

The combination of such kindness and sternness had a surprisingly good effect.

It had to be said that even Zen and Morphens had begun to admire Letitia, as well as Imogen for her incredible judgement. Letitia did have the ability to rule Cloud Hall after all, and it wasn't only due to her sheer power.

Upon hearing Letitia's words, the clan masters let out a sigh of relief. However, when they heard that 1, 000 supreme life vitality crystals were needed to redeem an elder, their faces immediately showed bitterness.

A supreme life vitality crystal was the largest currency in the Central Region. Even the clan masters only used medium-grade and top-grade life vitality crystals. A supreme life vitality crystal was equal to a million low-grade life vitality crystals. That meant that a thousand supreme life vitality crystals were equal to one billion low-grade life vitality crystals!

In order to draw up their sect-protecting array, Cloud Hall had spent several thousand supreme life vitality crystals, which were almost half of their wealth as they had only had about 10, 000 supreme life vitality crystals.

But the four clans were different from Cloud Hall; they all had their own businesses. Under the protection of the Cloud Hall, every year, they would earn a great deal of money. If one person was worth a thousand supreme life vitality crystals, then over twenty Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors would cost more than 20, 000 supreme life vitality crystals.

Unfortunately, even if the four clans used up their wealth, it would still be very difficult for them to gather enough crystals.

"Master Ning, that would be too expensive! Our Wu Clan probably wouldn't be able to gather enough crystals," the master of the Wu Clan said with a bitter expression on his face.

Letitia sneered, "Well, I'm sorry about that. But if there's a will, there's a way. Think of how you can afford that, because if you fail to give me that," Letitia paused and looked directly at the master of the Wu Clan, "I will kill all of you!"

The clan masters exchanged looks. They didn't know what to say. Letitia's move seemed kind, but in fact, she just took this opportunity to collect all the savings that the four clans had accumulated over the years.

Money was important for warriors. If they didn't have it, it would be hard for them to survive.

Seeing the expressions on the clan masters' faces, Zen floated in front of Letitia, smiling. He then said to them, "If you don't have enough money, I have a way to help you."

"What's it?" The master of the Wu Clan asked as he stared at Zen.

Zen said with a chuckle, "You can pay in installments."

Chapter 999 Gifts

Cloud Hall's main focus was to bring forth stronger warriors. Its income depended largely on the missions they gave out.

A portion of the rewards from the missions would go to the disciples who completed their tasks successfully, but the majority of the benefits acquired during the missions would be in the hands of Cloud Hall. However, despite Cloud Hall's steady completion of its missions, this method of earning money fell behind to that of the large clans.

The clans all had their own trades and businesses—some of which extended to mines, banks, escort agencies, and even brothels. The transmission arrays of the Cloudy City were under their jurisdiction as well. Anyone who used the transmission arrays had to pay a considerable sum of money.

On top of all this, there were tens of millions of mortals in the Cloudy City. The mortals could not compare with the warriors, and the money they traded with was usually gold and silver. However, if one gathered all of the gold and silver in the city, it would amount to an astronomical sum. Gold and silver could be exchanged into low-grade life vitality crystals, and then into mid-grade life vitality crystals, and would then fall into the hands of the clans.

These clans could not afford to take out 20, 000 supreme life vitality crystals in one go. Even Cloud Hall wouldn't be able to do it, but it didn't matter. Zen's plan was simple. The clans could agree to a contract of payment with Cloud Hall. Installments could also be arranged.

"Don't forget to pay the interest!" Zen said with a smile.

At his words, the leaders of the clans shifted in their spots, the corners of their mouths twitching. Letitia was already ruthless enough, and now here was Zen. The younger generation was terrifying. They had cultivated their skills in a pace that had never been seen before, and their talent and strength were more than formidable. And as if that wasn't enough, they were both merciless.

The clan leaders understood that it was the price they had to pay. They had risen up in rebellion against the Cloud Hall, but they had failed. This was the consequence of their failure. They had risked in a gamble, and it was time to pay the piper.

After some time of discussion, the clan leaders rushed back home to prepare the life vitality crystals. Zen, on the other hand, went straight to Cloud Hall. Until today, he did not have much time to meet up with Rocher and the others since he had been preoccupied with worrying about Letitita. Now that he had some time on his hands, he couldn't wait to see them and catch up.

In truth, Letitia wanted to stop Zen, but she merely swallowed her words and said nothing.

The dull and lifeless expression on the young woman's face did not escape Saint Morphens' notice. Letitia's eyes were absent and downcast, and her shoulders drooped like the petals of a wilting flower. He said nothing as he observed her discreetly. It wouldn't be wise for him to get involved in her personal issues.

The sound of laughter and cheerful chattering rose from a small pavilion in Cloud Hall. Zen, Rocher, Patrick, and Lewis gathered together in merriment. On the table were various delicious dishes, and wine flowed like a river. With their cultivation, they didn't need to worry about being intoxicated. Not even a hundred buckets of wine could make them drunk. The men had been separated for years, and they were finally all back together.

Rocher downed all the wine in his cup in one gulp. He wiped the liquid on the corners of his mouth away with his sleeve before saying, "I thought that since I had activated the Sword Eye, I might be able to win against you. But it seems that I've overestimated myself." He smiled wryly as he spoke.

This was indeed Rocher. He would never admit defeat.

Back at Cloud Sect, Rocher had regarded Patrick and Zen as his greatest opponents. He trained day in and day out, determined to defeat them. When he entered Cloud Hall, he was able to gradually surpass Patrick. However, during the Martial Arts Contest in Oracle City, Rocher saw just how large the gap was between him and Zen. And it seemed to be larger and larger with the passing of time.

Even so, giving up was the last thing on his mind. The knowledge of the difference between him and Zen spurred him like fuel to a fire, and he kept on training to master the Heavenly Sword that he had cultivated.

Finally, Rocher had activated the Sword Eye, and he was able to accumulate the power of the heavens.

With this power, his strength had magnified by leaps and bounds.

There was no one else in the entire Central Region who could kill three warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm with only a single sword strike. But he did it. What was even more frightening was that Rocher was only at the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. A warrior at the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm was equal to a level five or level six war general. Even Zen was not able to achieve such a feat when he was at this level.

With his newfound power, Rocher had felt that he could fight against Zen now. However, Zen was nowhere to be found. For a long time, no one knew his whereabouts.

Who would have thought that two years later, Zen would appear again, and that he had reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm? It was as if every time Rocher took one step forward, Zen leaped ten. The distance between them was only lengthening every time.

"Rocher, don't belittle yourself. You are already strong as it is. If you are able to accumulate enough energy for your Sword Eye, not even a warrior at the Life and Death Realm would be able to block it, let alone one at the Virtual Tribulation Realm," Zen said with a laugh.

But Rocher shook his head and said, "I know my own strength. Moreover, there are limited conditions for using the Sword Eye. I can only strike with it once. In theory, yes. Its power would be enough to defeat higher level warriors. But in an actual battle, I would have no time to stab out with my sword for the second time. If the opponent is as experienced as you, he would no doubt be able to dodge my first strike."

Even the greatest power had its limits. Rocher knew that his Heavenly Sword was indeed strong, but it had its flaws. There was a reason for the large gap between the strength of a warrior at the Life and Death Realm and one only at the Internal Elixir Realm.

As long as his opponent was able to dodge his first strike, Rocher would be nothing more than an ordinary warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm. Zen nodded his head at Rocher's words; there was no point in being modest, and Rocher was a man of pride. It was true when he said that Zen would be able to dodge his first strike.

"I can dodge it too!" Lewis chimed in. He was quite confident in his own body movement skill.

Rocher threw a cold glance at Lewis and sneered, "You can indeed dodge my first sword strike, and then what?"

Lewis' body movement skill was indeed hard to predict. Even some warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm found it difficult to execute it to such an extent. However, rather than be called a body movement skill, it was probably more fitting to be called a running-for-your-life skill. Lewis' strength was far inferior to Rocher's. Even if he could dodge the first strike, Rocher would still defeat him in strength.

At Rocher's words, Lewis immediately fell silent and crumpled back docilely into his seat. On the other hand, a gentle smile appeared on Patrick's face. He was already used to this banter between the two men.

"By the way, I've come back this time with gifts for you," Zen suddenly said.

"Gifts? What are they?" Lewis immediately perked up at the mention of presents as he stared at Zen.

"There shouldn't be any for you," Rocher coldly stated again.

A pitiful look appeared on Lewis' face. "Why? That wouldn't be fair!" he argued.

Zen took out a long sword from his space ring. Its blade glinted beautifully under the lights. It was a low-grade sacred weapon. It was not obtained from the Genuine Dragon World, but was from the Purple Heart Sacred Place.

On the Sea God Continent, sacred weapons weren't a rarity. All of the talents of the various races within the Tower of Sin had sacred weapons, but they were all low-grade. A small number of warriors were able to obtain mid-grade sacred weapons, but top-grade sacred weapons were extremely rare.

However, in the Central Region, even low-grade sacred weapons were considered to be of high value, as there weren't many sacred weapons there to begin with. The few low-grade sacred weapons scattered in the region were seen like holy relics. They were practically the most precious treasures of the sects. Warriors even believed that the sacred weapons would bring great fortune to them.

Therefore, when Zen took out this low-grade sacred weapon, Rocher's and Lewis' eyes widened. Even the normally calm and composed Patrick was not able to hide his shock.

"Zen, you aren't planning to give this sword to Rocher, are you? That would be too wasteful!" Lewis said quickly and thoughtlessly.

"What did you say?" Rocher barked at him as faint sword shadows congealed in his eyes.

In a flash, Lewis' figure disappeared from his original position, and he jumped behind Patrick. "I was telling the truth. A sacred weapon would be wasted on you! Why not give it to me instead, Zen?" he suggested.

"Zen, is this one of the gifts you were talking about?" Patrick asked with a cautious look on his face. He wondered how Zen could have gotten hold of such a precious item.

"This sword is for Rocher. It's only fitting for a good swordsman to wield a good sword," Zen explained. He was a swordsman himself, and so he understood the value of a good sword.

Rocher closed his eyes and took a deep breath. His eyes opened again and he looked at the long sword with his eyes burning with fervor and admiration. But then, he shook his head and tore his eyes away from the blade. "I can't accept this, Zen. A sacred weapon is too precious," he said in a controlled voice, as if his own refusal pained him.

Even Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance only had one or two sacred weapons in their possession, and yet Zen was presenting him with one. His heart beat loudly in his chest as he marveled at the sword, but he couldn't accept the gift. It was too valuable.

Seeing the conflicted look in Rocher's eyes, Zen smiled and said, "Don't turn me down. Sacred weapons are priceless in your eyes, but I don't think so. I want you to have this, Rocher."

"You don't think so?" Lewis gaped at Zen, his jaw flung open so widely that it could fall to ground any time. "Zen, where have you been these past two years?"

Patrick also stared at Zen, speechless.

Zen took out a pair of short swords next. There were four short swords in total—twin swords were sheathed within two mother swords.

"This pair of short swords is also a low-grade sacred weapon." Zen glanced at Lewis after he finished speaking.

"It can't be...for me?" Lewis asked disbelievingly. His entire body began to tremble as he looked at the swords in Zen's hands.

Chapter 1000 I'm Here For Zen

There were only three people in front of Zen—Rocher, Patrick and Lewis. Rocher was a swordsman, and he definitely wouldn't be able to use the pair of short swords. Patrick, on the other hand, didn't use a sword at all.

The only person who was suitable to use the pair of short swords was Lewis.

So how could he not be excited when he saw the pair of short swords?

Lewis was proudest of his movement skill. However, since his cultivation level was low, his movement skill could only be regarded as a method to run for his life if needed.

Possessing a pair of short swords like this would make up for his shortcoming in attack.

Zen smiled lightly and nodded towards Lewis.

Lewis' hands stretched out like lightning, and even before Zen had the opportunity to give the short swords to him, Lewis had taken them away. Zen and Patrick were amused by this reaction, while Rocher cast a reproachful glance at Lewis.

Patrick was the most composed out of them. He just wore a gentle smile on his face. His cultivation method was mainly focused on Buddhism. Back in the Cloud Sect, he was even more powerful than Rocher.

However, the Buddhist legacy was not flourishing. The famous Enlightened Heart Temple was barely a third-grade sect. Patrick could only rely on his comprehension to cultivate and because of that, his cultivation progress became slower than Rocher's.

Also because of his cultivation method, Patrick did not use a weapon. Because of that, what Zen had prepared for him was a defensive treasure, which was a low-grade sacred weapon. This defensive treasure, when paired with his Body in the Diamond-like State, would allow his defensive power to reach an extremely terrifying level.

However, even if each of them had a low-grade sacred weapon, they wouldn't dare to use it in front of others.

The Central Region was unlike the Sea God Continent. It lacked sacred weapons. Only warriors at the Life and Death Realm or at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm were qualified to possess sacred weapons. And if they were to carry out missions with these sacred weapons, then the primary target of people with bad intentions would most likely be them.

While the four of them gathered at where they were, a beautiful woman slowly descended to Cloudy City.

Zen had left Margaret in Fire City before he went to Cloudy City. She hesitated for a long while before she finally decided to look for him.

She looked soft, like a woman who had never experienced anything hard in her life. Moreover, she didn't look like a warrior at all. But then, it was true that she didn't know much about the rules in the world of warriors, and because of that, she was frequently targeted by a lot of warriors.

If Margaret was still the old her, it would have been almost impossible for her to safely reach Cloudy City. But after she fully activated her Purple Power Body, her strength became extremely high.

The warriors who had set their eyes on Margaret were out of luck. Originally, they thought she was a weak woman, and even if she had a cultivation at the Internal Elixir Realm, they could still deal with her easily. However, to their surprise, she could summon hundreds of huge swords at the same time, which would cut them into minced meat before they could lament their bad luck.

The most exaggerated part of her story happened just the day before when she passed through Goose City.

Goose City was originally a very small city. There wasn't even a single sect in its surrounding area.

For the past two years, the situation in the Central Region had been very chaotic. As some independent warriors were unwilling to join any big sect or the Heavenly Evil Sect, they started occupying a few small cities and even started forming their own sects. It was just that these small sects were not recognized by the big sects in the Central Region.

Because these independent warriors didn't have to obey the constraints of the large sects, the majority of them weren't good people. Rather than call Goose City a city, it was more accurate to say that it had turned into a nest of bandits, a home for people who robbed warriors passing by.

If this was in the past, there would naturally be a fourth-grade or even a fifth-grade sect that would come forward and exterminate them. With the strength of Cloud Hall or the Ethereal Spirit Sect, exterminating these bandits should only be a simple task. But as these large sects were now busy enough with their own affairs, they unfortunately didn't have time to do so.

Margaret happened to need to pass by Goose City. Knowing it was a small city, she was prepared to rest for a while before continuing on her journey to Cloudy City.

Just like before, wherever she went, there were people eyeing her. Throughout her journey through the city, she had already beheaded dozens of independent warriors from Goose City who were trying something with her.

After killing these independent warriors, Margaret decided that she had to leave in a hurry. Although she had killed many people on her way here, she was still not used to this kind of massacre. Everyone said that the world of warriors was cruel, and she herself knew that, but after experiencing it for herself, she understood that this cruelty was almost unbearable.

But little did Margaret know that she had brought herself great trouble after killing those warriors. Most of the people in this city were independent warriors. After hearing the commotion, they all rushed over, one by one. Seeing that more and more people were surrounding her, Margaret had no choice but to summon a million huge swords.

When a single huge sword was summoned, the power was already so overwhelming. Summoning a million huge swords would be great enough to annihilate the entire city. With over a million swords suddenly slashing people down, the power was almost unimaginable.

Soon enough, the entire Goose City had been wiped out by the great swords she had summoned. Tens of thousands of independent warriors had also been wiped out as well.

The owner of Purple Power Body truly did have the power to wipe out the world.

Seeing this scene, Margaret herself was frightened. After seeing what she had done, she staggered out of Goose City and sprinted towards Cloudy City. Since her flying speed was still too slow, it was only now that she was able to arrive at Cloudy City.

The moment she arrived at the gates of Cloudy City, she hesitated to enter. She could not understand why every warrior had wanted to do something to her.

After looking around, Margaret found Cloud Hall, which was floating above the city.

'Zen must be in Cloud Hall right now! After all, he rushed all the way here, ' she thought. Margaret's eyes flashed as she controlled her life vitality and flew towards the Cloud Hall.

However, just as she was flying halfway, she discovered that she seemed to have been obstructed by a transparent enchanted barrier.

'Is this enchanted barrier the great sect-protecting array set up by Zen?' she thought. Although Margaret had never left the Ethereal City before, she had heard about sect-protecting array. She knew about the various sects in the Central Region, but she lacked the necessary experience that would help her in this situation.

When she thought of Zen, Margaret felt conflicted. Taking a deep breath, she started circling around the enchanted barrier and soon enough, she arrived at the main entrance of Cloud Hall.

A few guards were standing at the entrance. Upon seeing that there was someone outside, one of the guards flew over and asked her in a stern voice, "Who are you? If you have nothing important to do here, hurry up and leave!"

After being scolded in such a manner, Margaret couldn't help but feel how she had been wronged. No one, even in the Ethereal Spirit Sect, would dare to scold her like that! But ever since she left the Ethereal City, she understood that the world didn't revolve around her, and that no one would treat her like a baby anymore.

She had already gone through all sorts of hardships. If she was still the same Margaret as before, she probably would have made the guard pay the price for how he treated her, and there would naturally be people by her side to help her out. But now, she was alone, and had nowhere to go.

"I...I'm here for Zen," Margaret timidly replied.

"Are you looking for Zen? Wait. Hasn't he disappeared for a long time? He is not here in Cloud Hall!" the guard replied.

Although Cloud Hall had been in an uproar for a while, only the middle and upper echelons were involved in it. The guard was just an ordinary warrior of the Cloud Hall, and so he was completely unaware that Zen had already returned. In the past two years, there had indeed been many warriors who had come to visit Zen, including people of the Runic Tower. The guard would dismiss them with the same reason.

"What? Zen is not here?" Margaret's expression changed as she frowned deeply.

Although Zen had been pursued by Eddie, he still chose to go back to Cloudy City. He had the opportunity to shake Eddie off, so no one else in the Central Region could block him. 'It is impossible that Zen hasn't returned to the Cloud Hall. This guard must be lying to me!'

Margaret thought. Her voice suddenly turned cold as she said, "Don't lie to me. Tell Zen to come out!" In her eyes, Zen had told the guard to say that he wasn't there mainly because he didn't want to see her. But she was wrong.

But, why did Margaret follow Zen all the way here?

Although she already hated Zen to death, she was still a traditional woman. She truly believed that Zen owed her, but at the same time, she didn't know what she wanted to get from Zen.

"I've already said it. Zen is missing and is not at Cloud Hall!" The guard was starting to get annoyed at Margaret. Even though she was at the Internal Elixir Realm, with the enchanted barrier blocking the way, he was not afraid of her at all. Even a warrior at the Life and Death Realm wouldn't be able to break the enchanted barrier.

Margaret slowly approached the enchanted barrier. With her expression dark, she shouted, "This is the last time I'll say this. Let Zen out! Tell him to come and see me!"

"Shut up, you crazy bitch! Go home! You're not going to see Zen here!" the guard shouted back as he turned around to return to Cloud Hall's entrance.

Chapter 1001 What Brings You Here

Margaret stared at the barrier in a daze as she floated outside of it. No one could decipher what she was thinking about.

"Bro, what are you dong? That chick is so beautiful. Why didn't you chat with her more?" the other guard asked when the guard who dealt with Margaret came back.

That guard only harrumphed at the remark. "Stop making fun of me. She came here looking for Zen. The thing is, it looks like she comes from a noble family, so I don't understand why she came here alone. I'm curious as what Zen has done to her that made her come to Cloud Hall without any backup."

"Hmnn... Should we inform Master Ning?" the other guard inquired.

"I think we should leave it for now. Master Ning has been busy these few days. We just need to watch the door and prevent anyone from entering Cloud Hall," a third guard said.

As these guards discussed what was happening with hushed voices, their gazes didn't leave Margaret. Standing guard for Cloud Hall was a tedious job, and they already considered it a treat to lay their eyes on such an elegant and stunning beauty as Margaret.

After a short while of having her head down, Margaret raised her head and waved her hand. A crack suddenly appeared in the sky, from which a huge sword quickly descended. It then slashed down towards the barrier of Cloud Hall.

Boom!

As the huge sword landed on the barrier, an ear-splitting sound erupted. After that, a layer of ripples began to appear on the barrier of Light of Water.

"Holy shit!"

The guards were shocked by what just happened. They did not expect a beautiful lady like Margaret would be so daring and directly attack the barrier of Cloud Hall!

"What happened?" one guard exclaimed as he looked at the huge sword that struck the barrier. "This bitch doesn't know that the Cloud Hall is a fifth-grade sect!" By doing what she did, Margaret was only seeking death.

"Hey, you! Stop what you're doing! You do not want to cause any trouble here at Cloud Hall. Take that as an advice! Because if you continue what you're doing, you won't be able to leave even if you want to later!" a guard warned Margaret as he started readying himself for a fight.

But it was as if Margaret didn't hear any of what the guard said. Continuing her attack, ten cracks suddenly appeared in the sky and ten swords came out of them, each one slashing down towards the barrier.

Thump! Thump!

As the swords fell on the barrier like rainfall, their impact immediately increased tenfold. This time, not only did the noise scare the guards, it also alarmed the people who were in Cloud Hall.

Soon, two stewards at the Internal Elixir Realm rushed out from Cloud Hall's main entrance. With narrowed eyes, they looked at Margaret and asked, their tone scathing, "Who are you and why are you causing trouble here at Cloud Hall?"

Margaret stayed silent and just looked at them. This time, she summoned over a hundred huge swords. After another glance at the guards and the two warriors, she let the swords fall on the barrier.

Boom!

The power that the hundred swords emanated was terrifying. The water ripples on the surface of the barrier began to look bigger.

Margaret's attack was the most ideal way to wear down and even destroy barriers. Such could have a huge impact if a battle between the sects erupted. For example, if she summoned a million swords and concentrated them on one target, she would be able to destroy a city. But she could not kill Zen.

Then, if so many swords were to fall at the same time during a battle, the opposing sect would probably only have a few top masters left. The rest would all be dead, their bodies nothing but minced meat after the attack.

"Halt your attacks!"

"Or else, you will face immediate death!"

"Do you know where you are?"

Despite the shouts of the stewards, Margaret didn't stop at all. She still willed thousands upon thousands of swords to descend on Cloud Hall.

If these swords were to fall at the same time, their power would be devastating. It would almost have the same power as Eddie's punch. The only difference between them was that Eddie's punch was concentrated at a single point, while Margaret's swords were scattered across the barrier.

But as the barrier was designed to scatter the force of an attack and take it as a whole, Margaret's attack was not any weaker than Eddie's punch. As Margaret's attack continued, the surface of the barrier immediately surged with turbulent waves. At the same time, the supreme life vitality crystals that were maintaining it were also beginning to rapidly deplete.

Zen had been chatting with Rocher. In the past two years, they had experienced a lot of things, and they managed to escape certain death twice. Soon enough, their feelings of relief vanished as they saw violent waves appearing on the barrier around Cloud Hall.

Only a warrior at the Life and Death Realm could be able to cause such a thing. Was Eddie already here? Was he attacking the barrier?

Zen's expression changed and quickly, he rushed towards the entrance of Cloud Hall.

At the same time, Letitia, Morphens and a group of elders from Cloud Hall also rushed outside.

"Zen, what's going on?" Letitia asked Zen as they made their way outside.

"I'm not sure either. In the Central Region, only Life and Death Realm masters can cause such an intense reaction to the Light of Water," Zen said with a cautious look on his face.

There were only a handful of Life and Death Realm masters in the Central Region. However, if it was Eddie, the guards would have already reported it. So who on earth was attacking the barrier?

Just as Zen arrived at the Cloud Hall's gate, he saw tens of thousands of huge swords appear out of thin air just outside the barrier.

When Letitia, Zen, and Morphens saw the swords, their expressions once again changed. Seeing so many swords falling down onto the barrier, all of them believed that the Light of Water would soon collapse.

"Who are you and why are you attacking the Cloud Hall?" Letitia shouted angrily. But soon enough, they started to see who was on the other side of the barrier, conducting a full-on attack on Cloud Hall. It was a girl in plain clothes.

But just by looking at the oncoming swords, Zen had already felt like he knew who the person outside the barrier was. The swords reminded him of Marilyn. He then looked outside, and there she was - Margaret. His expression changed drastically. After a few moments of awe, he immediately roared at Margaret, "What are you doing? Stop it right now!"

When Margaret heard Zen's voice, all of the swords stopped mid-air. As she saw that the one who spoke was indeed Zen, a smile quickly appeared on her lips. But then, when she saw Zen's angry expression, her face immediately became gloomy. This man had never been nice to her, and she felt that he would never, ever be.

With a flick of her finger, all the swords disappeared into thin air.

Letitia had already planned to make her move. She wanted to kill this attacker before any other sword landed on the barrier. She didn't care who this girl was. Anyone who dared to destroy the barrier around the Cloud Hall would face the wrath of death!

Although the swords were powerful enough that they could destroy the barrier around the Cloud Hall, they wouldn't be able to hurt Letitia. If she decided to, she would have enough time to get around them and find a gap to kill whoever the attacker was.

However, after hearing Zen, the attacker suddenly stopped. That surprised Letitia greatly. Then, she wondered whether Zen knew the girl.

Margaret bit her lips, stared at Zen and said in a hushed voice, "Finally, you're willing to come out to meet me."

"What? If you really want to see me, why didn't you just let the guards inform me?" Zen said as he continued to glare at Margaret. "How could you be this stupid!"

Then, Margaret pointed at the guards, her lips pouted. "But they told me that you were not here in the Cloud Hall! I thought you were just hiding. I thought you were just not willing to see me."

Zen turned around and glared at the guards. Scared, the guards immediately explained the misunderstanding with an apologetic face, "Sir, we didn't know you were back. We thought you were still in a distant land, and so we told her that." The guards were more than scared. If the barrier of Cloud Hall had been destroyed because of this incident, they would be severely punished.

With that, Zen snorted. He then stared back at Margaret and asked, "What brings you here?"

The others were also curious. Why was this woman looking for Zen?

Margaret thought for a while and then shook her head. "I don't know either."

Morphens and the few elders looked at each other and tittered. They had lived for so many years and could roughly guess that Zen played the field outside, so the girl came after him. Not long ago, Morphens had witnessed a scene where Zen was hugging Letitia. He had no idea how things would end today.

Of course, the one who had to solve the problem definitely wasn't them, but Zen.

Letitia looked at Margaret, her face full of conflicting emotions. Then she asked, "Are you the young lady from the Xi Clan?"

Margaret summoned so many huge swords, just like Marilyn did when she confronted Zen a few years ago. So Letitia guessed that Margaret possessed a Purple Power Body. But then, she noted how she was only at the primary level of the Internal Elixir Realm, yet she could already summon so many swords. Obviously, she was much stronger than Marilyn.

Currently, there were only three Purple Power Bodies in the Central Region, two of which were in Eddie's hands. Since the third one was Xander's great-granddaughter, Letitia had made such a logical conclusion.

As Letitia had guessed her identity, Margaret nodded and said, "Yes, I am Margaret Xi."

She thought the others would show her respect once she made herself known. However, Letitia just looked at her with a weird expression and asked, "You don't know why you're looking for Zen, but why did you come to the Cloud Hall for him?"

Chapter 1002 Being Jealous

As a woman, Letitia was very sensitive about that sort of matter. It was a rather sore subject for her.

Looking at Margaret straight in the eyes gave her a glimpse of the truth.

Due to her engrossment in the Cloud Hall, she had not been able to make the time to talk to Zen comprehensibly. What had happened in the past two years? Why did he come back? What happened in Mist's celestial tomb?

After she was done with work, she planned to have a talk with Zen.

The young lady of the Xi Clan suddenly came to the Cloud Hall that time to look for Zen. Baffled, she wondered if something had happened between the two.

Some time ago, Letitia had heard about Margaret, the young lady of the Xi Clan, and even suggested that the Ethereal Spirit Sect get her married as soon as possible. The young lady had the Purple Power Body. So, if she was to be caught by Eddie, the consequences were grave. Even Yan could get in trouble under such circumstances.

How did she get acquainted with Zen? Did she follow him to the Cloud Hall?

Upon hearing Letitia's words, Margaret couldn't help but feel a little humiliated. Although she had a terrible temperament and was headstrong, she was a lady from a noble clan after all. Those kinds of things were embarrassing to be discussed in front of so many people.

The expression on Margaret's face added confusion to Letitia, who was already mentally guessing the kind of relationship the two had. In a low voice, Letitia spoke, "Remove the enchanted barrier and let her in!"

Under Letitia's command, the enchanted barrier in the Cloud Hall was instantly removed. After Margaret got inside, the enchanted barrier covered the Cloud Hall again.

The young lady flew straight towards Zen when she saw him.

Stunned at that certain moment, Zen had no clue how to react.

When they were in the underground palace, Zen had acted on his rage instead of being careful. Also, Eddie and Simon were nearby and very eager to find them. Zen was afraid Eddie might take Margaret away. If that happened, all hell could break loose. Ultimately, he chose to take away that woman's virginity energy instead.

Although Zen's intentions were reasonable, he was undeniably being unfair to Margaret.

Besides, it was inevitable for Margaret to be considered as the first woman in Zen's life.

Ignoring the glances she was getting from the others, Margaret floated over and leaned against Zen with her head lowered, almost like a child who had done something wrong.

When she witnessed such affection right before her, Letitia's face hardened. Anger filled her heart.

However, as the leader of the Cloud Hall, she did not dare express her jealousy. Letitia handled her emotions quite well. Forcefully, she suppressed her displeasure and allowed a faint smile to appear on her face. Through gritted teeth, she asked, "Miss Xi, may I know why you followed Zen to the Cloud Hall?"

The other elders, including Morphens, exchanged glances. Based on the sudden change in Letitia's expression, they all understood what she really felt at that particular time.

Since Zen was a member, it was only appropriate for him to bring Margaret into the Cloud Hall. In addition, Letitia had already confirmed that Margaret was indeed the young lady of the Xi Clan who possessed the Purple Power Body. No wonder why she could summon numerous giant swords.

That time, the Heavenly Evil Sect was wreaking havoc in the north. It was their duty to let Margaret temporarily stay in the Cloud Hall and protect her. In that case, it was a question why Letitia had to ask her purpose of coming there.

Needless to say, she was indeed very jealous of Margaret.

Anger became a little more obvious on Letitia's face. She was like a volcano, ready to erupt at any given minute. The Cloud Hall elders decided it was better if they just left. So, silently, they all retreated back to their safe place.

"I've already had nowhere else to go," Margaret replied.

A war was happening between the Ethereal Spirit Sect and the Heavenly Evil Sect. And the Heavenly Evil Sect had managed to destroy the transmission arrays. Thus, Margaret wasn't able to receive any kind of update yet. It was obviously dangerous for her to return to the Ethereal City.

"Why did you follow Zen?"

Letitia asked again, staring at Margaret intently.

The way she was staring alarmed Margaret a great deal. Letitia had also asked the same question again and again. Not answering her, Margaret asked, "You're the leader of the Cloud Hall, right?"

"I am," Letitia replied.

Pursing her lips, Margaret uttered, "I am willing to follow and stay with Zen wherever he is. As the leader of the Cloud Hall, why must you ask about such personal matters?"

After being questioned back by Margaret, Letitia was left speechless.

True enough, Letitia wasn't to meddle with such matters despite the fact that she was the leader of the Cloud Hall which Zen belonged to. Even if she had the greatest ability to control the Mysterious Luna Hall, she didn't have the right to interfere with whatever was really going on. It was between Zen and Margaret. She was in no place to pry.

A look of isolation appeared on Letitia's face. Glancing over to Zen, she sighed, "You're right. I should not ask about those things. Zen, she has the Purple Power Body, so it should be made sure that she isn't taken away by Eddie. Let her stay here for the time being."

After saying that, Letitia turned around and left.

Zen felt extremely uncomfortable and gloomy about Margaret and Letitia's interaction. It seemed that Letitia didn't have a clue what happened nor did she know he took Margaret's virginity energy away.

Suddenly, rays of red light leaked out and Lavender emerged from Zen's body.

Feeling a little unhappy the past few days, the current exchange between the women perked her up. Staring at Letitia as she left, Lavender said softly, "She hasn't even found out, but her reaction was already major. How much more if she knows the actual truth?"

Of course, Margaret knew what Lavender meant by the "actual truth". Her face flushed.

A bitter look appeared on Zen's face. To him, dealing with that kind of matter was just as difficult as fighting against Eddie. It amused Lavender how Letitia managed her feelings during her contact with Margaret.

Back when Margaret was left alone in the Fire City, Zen did not think much about it. He knew that he was in trouble because of her. At that time, Zen tried to shake off Eddie's pursuit in hopes to get rid of trouble.

Now that Margaret had come to the Cloud Hall to look for Zen, how was he going to deal with things?

"I'll arrange a place for you to stay first. Follow me," he said, pulling a long face. He then went with Margaret to find a steward of the Cloud Hall to assist them.

There were many female disciples in the Cloud Hall. Those who had been promoted to the Cloud Hall from the Iridescence Sect were mostly women. Thus, it wasn't difficult to arrange a place for Margaret to stay. However, they had no idea how to cater to her as time went by.

What kind of relationship could she have had with Zen?

Even Zen was uncertain of that. Perhaps, he had already methodically planned his own path for martial arts, but in relationships, Zen was in shambles.

Unlike Zen, Margaret had a clearer outlook on things.

The place that Zen had arranged for Margaret was quite decent. At least, it was much better compared to the living places of the other female disciples. However, Margaret still couldn't get used to it.

Ever since she was young, the environment of the place she had lived in for most of her life was always carefully selected, from the size, height and even the materials used for her bronze mirror that hung on the wall, up to the positioning of the bed and the materials of her pillows. Considering her current circumstance, she was being favored. However, it was still impossible for her to get some sleep.

Sitting upright on the bed, Margaret wrapped her arms around her knees, staring blankly at the dark sky outside the window. A smile suddenly appeared on her face. Even if she wasn't used to this sort of life, she was determined to endure for the sake of Zen.

This picky and stubborn young lady seemed to have found a great, noble reason for completing a difficult task.

If anyone else were to know that the somewhat simple and crude environment of the Cloud Hall actually caused Margaret to feel very morose and disappointed, they would be surprised.

On that very night, she was not the only one awake.

In the Ice Palace, Letitia continued reinforcing her cultivation base. Having just entered the Life and Death Realm, she needed some time to tend to her life vitality. Being in the Life and Death Realm could liquefy one's life vitality. Only after she reached the Soul Sea Realm was she able to have a space to transform her life vitality into the Soul Sea. By then, she could create a world inside her.

Although Letitia was cultivating in peace, she felt extremely agitated. From time to time, the words that Margaret uttered flashed through her mind.

She wondered if she had the right to ask Zen about Margaret.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1003 The Bad News

When the life vitality was condensed at its maximum, it would slowly liquefy. For the Life and Death Realm warriors this was a very smooth process.

But tonight Letitia just couldn't get the hang of it. Her mind was distracted. She couldn't focus on her task so she kept failing.

It was very dangerous for her to cultivate in this state of mind. Anything could go wrong in the martial arts cultivation and she could get seriously injured. Most warriors would choose to stop cultivating under such circumstances until their minds were in the right place again.

However, Letitia was very persistent and while her mind was wandering she suddenly felt a sharp pain in her lower abdomen. She lost control of a strand of life vitality which suddenly charged up. As this small wisp of life vitality got out of control, it caused the rest of the life vitality in her belly to become erratic.

Letitia tried to calm herself down and stabilize her life vitality with slow and steady breathing. Unfortunately it was already too late.

The life vitality shot upwards uncontrollably, piercing through her elixir field.

She felt the taste of blood in her mouth.

She spat it out, realizing that if a wisp of life vitality had penetrated her elixir field it would cause damage to her belly. The elixir field was also the core and most fragile part of a warrior's body and it would still be severely destroyed even after being partly damaged.

Letitia tried to control the life vitality in her belly as she swallowed the pills. Slowly she started to feel better. The pills had taken effect but didn't change her complexion. Her face was still as pale as before.

Letitia decided to stop cultivating for a while because she was not able to focus on her tasks. She walked to the window and looked at the bright moon and noticed there were just a few stars in the sky. Suddenly, she noticed that one of the stars had a peculiar orange glow.

"What kind of star is that?" Letitia frowned. She could feel that the light from the star was coming from far away and was shooting towards the Cloud Hall. It seemed like someone in the Cloud Hall had triggered the power of the star. She wondered how this was possible. In astonishment she decided to get closer. Her body gently floated from ground and suddenly disappeared from the Ice Palace.

Zen did not overthink things like Letitia and Margaret. Right now he focused on releasing his perception into the universe to communicate with the stars. He had tried many times to communicate with the stars before but failed almost every time. On his first attempt however, he had been successful.

But failing for so many times had affected him.

Compared to other cultivation methods, the Transcendent Divine Might was much more difficult than he had imagined.

Tonight, Zen's consciousness successfully activated a star. It was a beautiful orange star. It irradiated a gentle and calming glow. Most importantly, it didn't resist Zen at all.

With every extra star activated, the power of the Stellar Body became stronger. There was still a gap between Zen's strength and Eddie's. Even though they hadn't fought each other, Zen believed his strength would match Eddie's very soon. If he continued to activate stars, it would not be long before he could kill Eddie.

While he was practicing the Stellar Body, Zen's body was covered in a layer of faint purple light which was the same light that covered a purple star he had already activated. That was his first star. Now, Zen had successfully activated a second star and became covered by its orange light. As the two different lights intertwined with each other, a layer of magical colorful light appeared around Zen's body.

Letitia was observing Zen standing on the roof from afar. "It's really him!" she muttered.

She wondered how Zen was able to absorb the power of the stars. Maybe he studied a powerful cultivation method she hadn't heard about. Now that she knew it was Zen who triggered the power of the star, she became even more curious.

Looking at Zen's thin face from afar, Letitia sighed with emotion, her head deep in her thoughts.

In just two years this young man had stepped from the Illuminating Soul Realm to the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Even though Zen was only in the early stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he had killed Emanuel who was no match for him. Letitia was afraid that Zen's strength was growing strong too fast matching hers quickly.

She also guessed that he might have suffered a lot in the past two years.

Letitia really wanted to approach Zen and talk to him. She suddenly thought of Margaret and held back her impulses. She sighed and sadly murmured, "I'd better talk to him next time. It doesn't feel like the right time." Then she quietly retreated into the darkness.

The next morning, Margaret paced back and forth in front of Zen's room. When Zen appeared, she looked at him with a smile.

Margaret had suffered through intense changes. She now seemed to be a completely different person.

In the past, Margaret was arrogant and had a commanding attitude towards everyone. But now, whenever she met him, she would become a completely different person.

Perhaps, in her heart, she was thinking of Zen as the one she could stay with and rely on for the rest of her life. Zen however didn't seem to think the same. After seeing Margaret, Zen quickly glanced at her and kept on walking towards the depths of the Cloud Hall.

If it wasn't for what had happened in the underground palace, Zen would've chased Margaret away. He had already left her behind once in the Fire City, so now he couldn't do it again.

All he could manage was to try and tolerate her as long as he had to.

Feeling Zen's indifference, Margaret pursed her lips. She didn't feel angry nor mad at him. Instead, she smiled in a silly almost childish way and followed Zen. She knew Zen didn't like when she talked a lot, so she just kept quiet.

As they arrived at the meeting hall of the Cloud Hall, they could hear the whispering voices of all the elders that had arrived earlier.

"It is a tragic situation. Eddie has gone mad. He even killed those mortals who can't cultivate!"

"Those independent warriors are not good people at all! They are just a rabble. They would kill everyone without mercy given the opportunity!"

"It's a pity that the innocent warriors who stayed in the Ethereal City had to endure such danger!"

All voices went silent as soon as Zen and Margaret stepped into the room.

As Zen walked in, Morphens approached him as if about to say something, but fell quiet as soon as he saw Margaret.

"What's going on?" Zen asked when he saw the hesitating expression on Morphens's face.

"The Ethereal Spirit Sect has been attacked by the Heavenly Evil Sect!" Morphens finally responded.

The news wasn't a surprise to Zen, but he couldn't help but frown his eyebrows in anger. Margaret however was astonished at hearing this.

Zen had teamed up before with the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit to set up a trap to kill Eddie. They never expected that Eddie would be so strong. His true strength was beyond their imagination and the attempt was a complete failure. Now, since Eddie and Simon, who were Life and Death Realm warriors, were the leaders of the Heavenly Evil Sect, it was only a matter of time before the Heavenly Evil Sect destroyed the Ethereal Spirit Sect. After all, it was difficult for Xander of the Ethereal Spirit Sect to resist their attack on his own.

In truth, the Ethereal Spirit Sect had been attacked and destroyed for quite some time. However, since the transmission arrays had been damaged, it took a long time to spread the news out from the Ethereal City. Until today the Cloud Hall members had no idea of its destruction.

Margaret stood blankly without moving and looked at Morphens. "Then, what about the Ethereal City? Is there any news about the Ethereal City?"

Morphens looked at Zen. "Please tell us the truth," Zen said deeply.

"In order to repay those independent warriors, the Heavenly Evil Sect destroyed the entire Ethereal City and the city members have been massacred. The entire city has been plundered and the top seven noble clans were exterminated," Morphens spoke frankly.

"The seven noble clans? Are you sure that all the seven noble clans have been exterminated?" Margaret asked with a trembling voice.

There were seven influential third-grade clans in the Ethereal City, namely the Lin Clan, the Huang Clan, the Chang Clan, the Xu Clan, the Xiao Clan, the Chen Clan, and the Xi Clan. The Xi Clan occupied a leading position among the top seven noble clans. Margaret didn't dare ask directly about the Xi Clan. It was too painful to even think about the destruction of the noblest clan.

Aware of what she meant, Morphens went straight to the point. "The Xi Clan has also been attacked. I've heard that the Xi Clan was their major target and that the Heavenly Evil Sect wouldn't rest until they were all gone. All members of the Xi Clan have been slaughtered, and the Xi clan's castle has been burnt to the ground!"

Margaret couldn't believe it. Her legs felt weak and she felt like she was about to faint after hearing Morphens' words. She knelt on the floor and stared in the distance with two glassy eyes. Streams of tears flowed down her face.

She never believed such a large Ethereal Spirit Sect could be attacked and destroyed so easily. In Margaret's eyes, her great-grandfather, Xander, was invincible. The Ethereal Spirit Sect had existed for tens of thousands of years and it was known as the Top Sect in the world. Now it had been completely destroyed. It was gone just like that.

The elders of the Cloud Hall couldn't help but shake their heads while seeing the miserable, helpless expression of that young lady. Suddenly Letitia also walked in the hall and coldly announced, "I just received news that a group of Xi Clan members is on its way to our Cloud Hall now."

"The Xi Clan? That means that there are survivors?" Hearing Letitia's words, Margaret felt hope again, and showed a glimmer of excitement in her eyes.

Letitia replied, "Yes. They will arrive today. I might need your cooperation this time."

"Cooperation? What do you mean?" Margaret asked again.

Letitia felt that her answer would be too cruel. So she decided to let Margaret face the facts and accept the situation when the time was right. She said flatly, "You will know as soon as they arrive here."

Chapter 1004 Exchange

The fall of the Ethereal Spirit Sect was a piece of grave news for all of Central Region.

The Heavenly Evil Sect had emerged victoriously in the siege of Ethereal City, completely annihilating its entire population through a direct massacre.

Before the city's siege, all the martial artists had left to fight and protect the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Only a few warriors remained and the majority of the people within the city were ordinary, non-martial artist residents.

The sect battle did not concern them too much. The result of the fight between the Ethereal Spirit Sect and Heavenly Evil Sect would only serve to change the banners that hung on their city's walls. The winning sect would rule Ethereal City and they were willing to blindly follow.

They were so sure that they wouldn't be touched by the war outside their walls. How wrong their assumptions all were.

The Heavenly Evil Sect had no need for blind followers. After the breach of the city gates, the independent warriors that comprised of Eddie's forces immediately set out to burn and pillage everything in sight. They left nothing and no one behind.

The Cloud Hall's elders, upon receiving the news, naturally felt depressed and hopeless.

Zen felt pity especially for Margaret with the drastic change that this piece of news entailed for her.

A steward entered the meeting hall to report. "The Xi Clan of Ethereal City requests a meeting!" he announced.

"Let them enter Cloud Hall and bring them to me," Letitia ordered.

Margaret quickly wiped her tears away. Just how many of their people survived? Did Brent survive? How about her father?

Not long after, several people entered the meeting hall. The one in the lead wore the black robe of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. He clasped his hands in greeting, "Greetings, Master Ning."

Margaret swept her gaze at the newcomers but could not find the ones she was looking for. "Didn't they say that the Xi Clan would come? You're all elders of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Where are the members of my clan? Where's my father? Where are my uncles? Where is Brent, Jacob?"

She was right. The ones in front of them were not members of the Xi Clan but were instead members of the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

The one in front was Jacob Qiu, a member of the Ethereal Spirit Sect who had a good relationship with the Xi Clan. He had managed to reach the Virtual Tribulation Realm in his thirties and would be soon promoted as an elder.

He was also one of Margaret's pursuers.

Once, for her birthday, he scoured all of Central Region's mountains to gather Radiant Light Grass seeds as a present. He strung all the precious seeds together and gave it to her as a bracelet.

Margaret did not find his gift pleasant or endearing and immediately threw it on the ground. It made him extremely angry, but he could not do anything for the sake of the sect leader.

Now, he stood in front of her as a survivor of the Ethereal City's siege. He gazed up coldly at her. "The entire Xi Clan was exterminated and your father was killed. Brent is also missing. All because of you."

His words shook Margaret to the core. "W-what are you talking about?"

she stuttered. "Because of me? What did I do?"

"If it weren't for you, the Heavenly Evil Sect wouldn't have attacked in the first place! Eddie did not desire the sect's inheritance! What he truly wanted was you!"

Jacob snorted cruelly.

"No! That's not true!"

Margaret screamed, crying even harder.

Jacob scoffed. "I'm telling the truth!" he said, ignoring her tears. "If you hadn't refused to marry someone, the Heavenly Evil Sect might not have taken the Ethereal Spirit Sect by surprise."

Truth be told, Jacob enjoyed seeing Margaret fall so hard from grace.

Jacob was a proud person. He was a heaven-level talent and was considered an outstanding warrior. Before Brent came, Jacob had been the number one talent of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. However, Margaret's rejection years ago completely disgraced him and reduced him to a laughingstock.

Now that both the Xi Clan and Ethereal Spirit Sect were ruined, he knew that there was no way she could continue being arrogant in front of him.

"No! You're lying! It's not because of me!" The thought of having brought disaster to the Xi Clan, the Ethereal Spirit Sect, and the entire Ethereal City - the pressure wasn't something that Margaret felt she could handle. Her mind was in shambles and all she could do was to repeatedly deny Jacob's words.

Zen stood at the side and was mildly panicking. Margaret seemed to have reached her breaking point but he didn't really know what to do.

Jacob, however, continued to sneer, "Our leader has fallen into Eddie's hands. Eddie wants you as an exchange!"

"My great-grandfather isn't dead. You want to trade me for him?" Margaret asked in disbelief.

"Yes! This is the only thing you're good for!"

Jacob told her harshly.

Even if the Ethereal Spirit Sect had been destroyed, it could be always rebuilt through Xander's powers. However, his overall strength would've been greatly reduced, so the sect, which originally had a fifth-grade status, would be demoted to fourth-grade.

The only way to get him back, however, was for Margaret to go into Eddie's arms. This was the reason why Jacob and the rest of the sect came into Cloud Hall.

"To get my great-grandfather back?" Margaret repeated, nodding her head dumbly. However, as she repeated these words, something seemed to have crossed her mind and her body suddenly trembled. "No!" she screamed. "No! I can't do it!"

"How can you refuse such a critical decision?"

Jacob asked, pressuring her further.

Margaret shook her head and began to cry, "No… I really can't do it. Please, I can't…"

"It's not up to you! You have no choice!"

Jacob screamed, reaching out to grab her arm. Deep inside, he had a secret plan. Sure, they could use Margaret to get Xander back, but would that really solve everything? What was the use in rebuilding the Ethereal Spirit Sect? The Heavenly Evil Sect might be the ruler of the world in the future!

It would just be a waste to surrender Margaret to Eddie. Jacob had been infatuated with her for a long time and now had the perfect opportunity to make her his. Her Purple Power Body was also a bonus. Margaret's powers would be extremely beneficial for him and, after he had sex with her, he could leave Central Region and settle down somewhere far, far away.

However, just as he reached Margaret, Zen had stepped forward to block his way. "I'm afraid she can't do that," Zen muttered.

Jacob frowned. "This is a matter of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Who are you to interfere?"

Zen sneered at Jacob's words, "First of all, Margaret isn't a member of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. She's a member of the Xi Clan and you, if I'm not mistaken, aren't really surnamed Xi. Secondly, if you give Margaret to Eddie, all the warriors of the world would suffer. Most importantly, it would indirectly harm my sister."

"Are you Zen Luo?" Jacob asked though, judging by his tone, he was pretty sure he was Zen.

Zen nodded in confirmation.

"Even so, we must save our leader!" Jacob insisted.

"Yes, we need to rescue our leader first! Zen, our leader's life is more precious than your sister's!"

"Your sister will only lose her virginity. Eddie might not kill her!"

"Agreed. The Lustful Demon Array is also good for girls. She won't suffer anyway!" a warrior of the Ethereal Spirit Sect chimed in.

Zen was quick to pin him down. "Your leader is very important to you, huh?" he said viciously. "To me, my sister is the most important, while your leader is worthless. Do you understand?"

Without any warning, Zen dealt a hard punch to the warrior's chest. The warrior was already at the Virtual Tribulation Realm but couldn't withstand a single blow from Zen. The punch sent him flying through the air and crashing onto the meeting hall's wall.

The expressions of the members of the Ethereal Spirit Sect instantly darkened.

"You're being unreasonable!" Jacob shouted in anger. "Is this how you bully others?"

Letitia and the elders of Cloud Hall remained silent, while Zen sneered at Jacob. He had no plans wasting his time to reason with a warrior. To him, his sister's safety had always been the top priority.

Margaret felt her heart flutter at Zen's actions. He had defended her at such a critical moment and she was thankful. Also she had realized that she no longer had any reason to retreat. Her back straightened as she glared at Jacob. "Actually, Zen also has a third reason!"

Zen knew just what she was about to say, but the words were already out before he could even stop her. "I'm no longer a virgin!"

Chapter 1005 Admit It

To admit such a thing in public made Margaret's cheeks instantly blush.

The expression on the faces of the elders of Cloud Hall grew even weirder as they all turned to look at Zen.

Jacob and the rest were stunned. If Margaret was indeed telling the truth, then she would no longer have any value to Eddie.

"Ha-ha! Margaret Xi, in the Xi Clan's castle, you acted as if you were a holy virgin. I didn't expect that you had already fooled around with some loser." Since Margaret was no longer a virgin, Jacob's plan was naturally foiled. He felt extremely resentful. For the longest time he had boasted that he would not lose to any man, but this woman did not even bother to look at him!

"He's not some loser!" Margaret replied defensively as she stared at Jacob.

"Then who is he?"

Letitia asked, curiosity getting the best of her.

Actually, this had nothing to do with her, and only had something to do with the Xi Clan and Ethereal Spirit Sect. So when Letitia decided to chime in and ask specifics, it made her look like a gossip.

However, Saint Morphens and the other elders of the Cloud Hall had already guessed that the man Margaret was talking about was most likely to be Zen, and that was the main reason why Letitia suddenly became so concerned about the topic.

But as for the Ethereal Spirit Sect's elders, they were still very confused as to what was happening. They looked at Letitia with strange expressions on their faces and thought, 'Why is this woman prying into something that doesn't involve her?'

At this point, Zen suddenly said openly, "It's me."

The moment he said that, the entire meeting room suddenly became silent. "Margaret is already my woman," he continued. "And because of that, I can't let you take her to Eddie."

Zen was not trying to hide the fact that it was him who took Margaret's virginity, but he was embarrassed to admit it in front of Letitia. However, since things had come to this point, he couldn't deny it any longer and he had to shoulder the consequences of what he had done to Margaret.

When Letitia heard Zen confess, she couldn't help but cast her eyes down, avoiding eye contact with him. Just last night, she was on the edge of spiraling into madness. Her face was already deathly pale then, but now, her face was completely devoid of color, as pale as death.

"Gentlemen, I think it's better if we adjourn this meeting. We still don't have a good way to save your sect leader, and I don't think we'll have one if we continue," Zen said.

Jacob gritted his teeth as he glared fiercely at Zen. As much as he wanted to, he could not take Margaret away forcefully, as he was on someone else's territory. The leader of Cloud Hall was here, and Zen's strength was also unfathomable. Taking Margaret away against Zen's will was simply a death wish.

Moreover, in this situation, even if he could take Margaret away, it wouldn't mean much as apparently, she was not a virgin anymore.

The warriors of the Ethereal Spirit Sect didn't linger for too long and quickly left.

After they left, the meeting hall immediately became silent.

Margaret lowered her head and slowly leaned against Zen. To her, he was her only source of strength and support.

Zen, on the other hand, looked at Letitia and asked with concern, "Are you not feeling well?"

"It's nothing," Letitia replied coldly. Turning around to address the elders of Cloud Hall, she tried her hardest not to have any eye contact with Zen. "Elders, do you have any other matters or concerns to go over today?"

The group of elders was secretly scrutinizing Letitia's expression. Each and every one of them clearly knew that if anyone wanted to say anything at that moment, they would only be asking for trouble, so they simply didn't say anything.

Cloud Hall had already received the news of the war that had been started by the Heavenly Evil Sect. They should have discussed that situation with each other. There were simply too many things that needed to be talked about and decided on, but this was not the right time to discuss anything with Letitia.

"If there's nothing else, we can discuss things another day." After Letitia said that, she quickly left the meeting hall without looking back, as if she had forgotten the existences of Zen and Margaret.

The elders looked at each other before following her out of the meeting hall.

As those events unfolded, Margaret sensed that there was something wrong. She carefully asked Zen, "Zen, your sect leader's expression was so gloomy. What happened to her?"

But then Zen's expression was gloomy as well. How was he going to explain what had happened to her? After taking a deep breath, Zen indifferently gazed at Margaret. Suddenly, he stretched out his hand to touch her black hair that was draped over one side of her shoulders. "Nothing," he said with a smile.

Margaret sighed and once again snuggled up to him meekly like a little cat, allowing Zen to stroke her hair. Despite his words, she still felt that something was wrong.

Zen never relaxed ever since he returned to Cloud Hall. For him, being back was an opportunity he needed to seize to further cultivate.

He had always felt that time was running out for him. It was almost certain that there would be a fight between him and Eddie, and by the looks of how the Heavenly Evil Sect was developing, it seemed that its next step was to deal with Cloud Hall or the World Commercial Alliance.

For the Heavenly Evil Sect, only Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance in the entire Central Region would be able to stop them from developing. After wiping out those two great sects, the Heavenly Evil Sect wouldn't have to worry about other sects like Mysterious Luna Hall, Bloodwood Cliff, or Black Mountain Sect.

Zen wasn't the only one who felt a sense of urgency, as the whole Cloud Hall felt an atmosphere of tension. The Ethereal Spirit Sect had already been wiped out. Warriors of Cloud Hall felt that they needed to get ready, as anything could happen at any time. Not many disciples accepted the missions distributed by Cloud Hall during this period of time, and the vast majority of them started to cultivate more intensely behind closed doors in order to break through their bottlenecks.

They were doing this in order to at least have something to protect themselves with once the Heavenly Evil Sect officially launched a war against Cloud Hall.

But other than this tense atmosphere, there was also a strange atmosphere that was permeating within Cloud Hall. Of course, only the elders could feel this.

Letitia's temperament suddenly became erratic and strange. As long as Zen was around, she would either not say a word or immediately turn around and leave. She seemed to commit herself to completely ignoring him, and the relationship between the two of them seemed to have dropped to a level worse than being strangers to each other.

Many elders were discussing this matter behind the backs of the people concerned.

"Zen has made such a great contribution to Cloud Hall. By now, he has already stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm and is unfathomably powerful. He will be an indispensable weapon for Cloud Hall when the Heavenly Evil Sect finally decides to attack. Because of that, the sect leader shouldn't be treating him like this."

"Alas! The leader is still too young. She can't act based on her emotions. Logically speaking, when Zen returned, he should have been conferred the position of an elder! His contributions have been more than enough!"

"Young people can never escape from love. The leader loves Zen so much, and she must be feeling very sad right now. You know what? Now that I've thought about it, it's extremely normal for a man to have several women. As an appointed leader, she can't deal with this matter in the way she's dealing with it now!"

"Right!"

While the few elders were discussing the matter in private, Letitia floated out from the corner like a ghost. Her complexion was as pale as a corpse, and her cold eyes were fixed on the elders as she asked, "What are you talking about?"

The elders were shaken up. They didn't expect her to be there! "No-nothing," they just muttered in unison, avoiding her gaze.

Letitia slowly blinked her eyes. As days passed, she looked more and more ghostly, and it was obvious that she had lost a lot of weight. Without the energy to spare to argue, she just drifted away quietly.

After she had left, the elders stroked their chests, sighed, and said, "This won't do. Let's find Morphens and have him talk to her! She needs some sense drilled into her!"

In comparison, Margaret was thriving and her days seemed to get better and better every day.

Although she couldn't help but feel sad when she thought of the things that happened in Ethereal City, in the end, she still found her home here. Even though she knew in her heart that Zen might not be that fond of her, she still treated him as her husband.

Because of this, Margaret was now like a completely different person. She wasn't thinking of things that would make her feel bad, and she even started going to Cloud Hall's market to purchase some rare ingredients. She would use Cloud Hall's kitchen to show off her exquisite culinary skills.

Truly, Margaret might be arrogant, but she was born in a noble family. Other than cultivating, she was also extremely proficient at playing zither, arranging flowers, conducting tea ceremonies, painting, and especially cooking.

In the past, she was the beloved daughter of the Xi Clan, and there were always many servants serving her. Now, she finally found a place to use her cooking skills. Every day, she would make exquisite dishes and wait for Zen outside the cultivation room.

However, Zen didn't cultivate for just one or two days. He would often go into closed-door training for five or six days without coming out. Margaret would eat some of the dishes that she had prepared, but the rest she still saved for him, until they eventually went bad. Even if she couldn't see him for several days, she didn't complain. She waited outside the cultivation room patiently, every day, with her delicious dishes.

Those cultivation rooms were also being used by many disciples of the Cloud Hall. Everyone who came and went watched her wait.

Besides the elders, all of the lower level warriors in the Cloud Hall had more or less known what she was doing here.

They all knew that Margaret was waiting for Zen every day.

Chapter 1006 The Victor (Part One)

Many of the disciples of Cloud Hall amused themselves by discussing the matter. Most of them were green with envy. As they all walked past Margaret, they stole glances at her.

"Zen's the lucky guy, isn't he? In just a span of two years, his cultivation has advanced unbelievably. He even brought back such a pretty woman who's so fond of him!"

"Stop complaining! If you were as brilliant as Zen, you'd have successfully set up a sect-protecting array like this by now. Then, you'd have your own lady to love you, too!"

"Have you heard of the rumors? I heard that Zen and our sect leader also had a romantic past!"

"Keep dreaming! Do you think a proud woman like our sect leader will take a fancy to a man like Zen?"

"Come on! My source is pretty reliable compared to yours after all. This is something that an elder has personally confirmed. Things have been stiff between them lately though. It is said that it's because of Margaret."

News had spread out through different channels. For the well-informed warriors, such information wasn't so difficult to obtain. If the rumors were indeed true, what could Zen do to pacify two women on his own?

Crack!

As Zen pushed the door open and made his way out of the cultivation room, his eyes swept across the crowd and then fell on Margaret, who was standing nearby, smiling at him.

Unlike Zen, Margaret wasn't known to be a cultivator that broke a sweat that much. She mostly relied on pills and various resources in reaching the Internal Elixir Realm. She didn't really spend much time on cultivation. The life she lived was rather sophisticated.

It was natural for warriors to dedicate all of their time on cultivation, for none of them wanted to fall behind. Even female warriors made sure of it. However, Margaret was an exception. She valued her life more than cultivation.

After she had settled down in the Cloud Hall, she made it a habit to appear in front of Zen in different kinds of clothing. Even an ordinary dress looked exquisite on her. Her beauty had that kind of power.

Perfection is imaginary. Just like others, Margaret had her own set of flaws. Putting aside her somehow revolting personality, one could regard her as a perfect woman. That was one of the many reasons why many disciples of the Cloud Hall envied Zen.

"You're here," Margaret smiled.

"Didn't I tell you there was no need to wait here?"

It had been three days since Zen entered the cultivation room and Margaret had waited just as long.

"I promise to take note of that," Margaret nodded meekly.

Obviously, she only said that to avoid upsetting Zen. It was clear how she was going to keep on doing that. Zen knew it, too. This woman's persistence was carved into her bones. But her change in attitude was notable, especially whenever Zen was around.

Holding a basket of delicious food in one hand, Margaret held Zen's hand with the other. They walked through a corridor and when they reached the dining area, she carefully placed out all the goodies she had in the basket, all of which were steaming hot and delicate-looking.

It was indeed rare for Zen to live like that. After having his meal, he inquired about the situation in the Central Region. When he had already gathered some of the necessary information, he returned to his cultivation room and began his endless cultivation. During that period of time, he had a feeling that he was soon to break through to the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

If he succeeded, then his chances of fighting against Eddie were higher.

It was his utmost priority to find an opportunity to fight against Eddie. The reason why he came out of the training room for a break was to check if something had occurred that could bring him closer to Eddie.

It wasn't just Zen who was always busy, Letitia had also dedicated her time into cultivation.

Even though there was a mountain of information within the Cloud Hall that had been passed on by Saint Morphens, she had thrown it all to the side. It was as if she wasn't too interested in understanding what was going on in the Central Region.

As a sect leader, that kind of action was undoubtedly irresponsible.

After the Heavenly Evil Sect wiped out the Ethereal Spirit Sect, their power was stronger than ever. Even the independent warriors who had joined the other large sects had all started to join the Heavenly Evil Sect. It was impossible for those independent warriors to have a sense of belonging to these sects. They submitted themselves to whoever gave them benefits, and whoever was strong. The Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom had both qualities.

The Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom even managed to defeat the number one sect in the entire Central Region. Which sect could still block the footsteps of the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom?

Right at that moment, the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom was slowly expanding to the center of the Central Region, swallowing up all of the mediocre second-grade and third-grade sects. How could the other less powerful sects resist? Almost without wasting a single soldier, the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom successfully won over the other sects. They all announced their attachment to the divine kingdom and became its vassal force.

As the situation became more and more critical, the pressure on the elders of the Cloud Hall became as intense. However, as the sect leader, Letitia was completely unaware. She didn't even leave her own Ice Palace.

"We can't let our leader go on like this. The Oracle City has already sent countless people over, but they can't even meet her."

"Right now, only the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance can fight against the Heavenly Evil Sect, but our leader has no reaction. What should we do?"

"Alas! Although our leader has outstanding strength, she is currently troubled by personal feelings. This is really troublesome. Morphens, how about you go and persuade her?"

Chapter 1007 The Victor (Part Two)

In the past few days, Letitia had announced that she was going into seclusion and refused to entertain outsiders. Normally, it wasn't a problem. Even ten years in secluded cultivation was normal. However, that was not the proper time. There was a war waging and the Cloud Hall couldn't afford to not have a leader at such time.

Saint Morphens was the person closest to Letitia, and at the same time, the one who understood her feelings the most.

Although Letitia was already the leader of Cloud Hall, Saint Morphens still treated her like a child. After all, he was a lot older than her. He knew her personality quite well, so he already figured that there was no way to persuade her. Apart from her talents, her headstrong personality made her the leader of Cloud Hall.

At the suggestion of many elders, Saint Morphens finally made up his mind and charged into the Ice Palace.

In the Ice Palace, there was blue-colored frost scattered everywhere—it was condensed from the life vitality released by Letitia when she was cultivating. While she was still at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, the frost did not have much effect on Saint Morphens. But now that she was at the Life and Death Realm, the frost released by her had become a great threat to him.

Thus, after entering the Ice Palace, Saint Morphens carefully avoided the constantly flowing energy. Not only that, but he also revolved his life vitality to resist the coldness in the Ice Palace.

When he bypassed the layers of frost and found Letitia, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the situation that unfolded before him. She had actually fallen asleep there.

When a warrior reached that certain level, they rarely fell asleep from exhaustion. They only relaxed their spirit through meditation. Saint Morphens had no idea just how hard she had cultivated to the point of passing out.

Beside her were a few small ice phoenixes curling up. As Saint Morphens entered, they all spread their wings and stared at him warily.

Soon after, Letitia also opened her eyes vigilantly. Looking at Saint Morphens coldly, she asked, "What is it?"

Saint Morphens hesitated and then said, "Dillon of the World Commercial Alliance has sent people here several times to meet you. They have something to discuss with us."

"Got it," she casually responded, nodding her head. She then proceeded to cross her legs. Raising her head, she asked, "What does the World Commercial Alliance want to do now?"

"They're saying that we can't sit still and wait for death," Saint Morphens replied, obviously having discussed the current situation with the World Commercial Alliance before.

In fact, when a war among the sects started, the situation was quite clear. When large sects fought with each other, only their strength mattered, and all sorts of schemes were useless.

Now that the Heavenly Evil Sect was rapidly expanding, both the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance were in grave danger. They must join forces and fight against Heavenly Evil Sect together. Therefore, staying put was the worst they could do.

"I see," Letitia nodded after thinking about it briefly.

"Then, may I know how you're planning to deal with this matter?"

Saint Morphens asked softly.

"We'll figure out a way to attack the Heavenly Evil Sect together with the World Commercial Alliance!"

Letitia seemed to have her mind made up. It was war indeed.

Only then did Saint Morphens nod in approval. "I'll inform the World Commercial Alliance right away."

It wasn't the Cloud Hall, but the World Commercial Alliance that was most anxious regarding the events that were about to go down.

Cloud Hall still had the Small Circulation Killing Array to protect itself. Although the Heavenly Evil Sect would attack the Cloudy City and the Cloud Hall sooner or later, they were still much harder to deal with than the Oracle City and the World Commercial Alliance. In comparison, the World Commercial Alliance was located in the richest city in the world —Oracle City. The Heavenly Evil Sect could very possibly choose to attack the World Commercial Alliance first.

The World Commercial Alliance had Ancient Tycoon and three leaders with unfathomable strength. Its power was comparable to that of a sixth-grade sect.

However, facing both Eddie and the Heavenly Evil Sect was a totally different story. They didn't stand a chance on their own. That was why the World Commercial Alliance was eager to work with the Cloud Hall.

Fortunately, the transmission array connecting Cloudy City and Oracle City was still in good condition. Although the two cities were thousands of miles apart, they were just a transmission array away.

A month had passed. It seemed like the longest month to ever happen.

As Letitia floated out of her Ice Palace, she chanced by Margaret. Her gaze accidentally fell upon her.

The young lady was sitting by the door of Zen's cultivation room, cupping her face with one hand while staring at the door. She looked dazed.

"Margaret is my woman!"

Those words lingered in Letitia's ears. A part of her refused to believe that such words came out of Zen's mouth.

Letitia's face sank; envy could be seen in her eyes. If she could let go of her identity as the leader of Cloud Hall and wait for Zen like Margaret did, she would feel very happy.

At that moment, Margaret felt eyes on her from above. Slowly raising her head, she saw Letitia floating by not too far away from her.

As the two women's gazes met, Margaret blinked and smiled at Letitia, revealing her white teeth to her.

Upset, Letitia just snorted to herself and flew away. What a lost cause!

Meanwhile, Margaret turned her head back to look at Zen's cultivation room once again, her face revealing a faint smile—the smile of a victor.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1008 Leaving Zen Out

Most of the elders gathered around the meeting hall, waiting for Letitia's arrival.

Before Letitia stepped into the meeting hall, a fierce cold wind blew in and the entire place suddenly became as cold as ice. The strong killing aura immediately enveloped everyone and the few elders couldn't help but feel flustered.

With a sullen face, Letitia walked in. The elders looked at each other, all of them confused as to why their leader was exasperated.

"What happened to her?"

"Who has ruffled her feathers?"

"Keep it down. She might hear us!"

It was obvious that she was in a terrible mood. No one dared speak up in fear of offending her. That was the last thing they all wanted.

Saint Morphens bowed to Letitia and then said, "Master Ning, every one is ready in the Cloud Hall. We can set off at any time."

"Okay," Letitia responded absent-mindedly.

Seeing her gloomy face, Saint Morphens couldn't help but remind her, "Master Ning, Zen is not here yet."

The elders stared at Letitia in unison to see how she would react to that.

Ever since Zen's return to the Cloud Hall, the elders had a new assessment of his strength. Although Zen was only at the primary stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm, he had easily killed Emanuel. His fighting capacity might have passed that of Morphens, making him an indispensable top fighter for the Cloud Hall.

Although the sect wars had involved billions of martial artists, it was usually those top masters with formidable strength that had the power to decide the outcome of a battle.

After a month of discussion, the Cloud Hall and the Oracle City finally reached an agreement. As the two strongest sects in the Central Region, they could not sit still and wait for death. They decided to join hands to fight against the Heavenly Evil Sect.

At first, Saint Morphens had planned to notify Zen about their moves, but Letitia told him that she wanted to do it herself. However, Letitia returned to the meeting hall with a murderous look on her face, and Zen was nowhere to be seen.

Everyone was confused about what was going on, especially Saint Morphens and the other elders.

"There's no need to bring him with us. Gather all the warriors at and above the level of Illuminating Soul Realm. We will set off!" Letitia roared, her aura detonating. The cultivation methods she had cultivated were already powerful, but after she stepped into the Life and Death Realm, her strength had undoubtedly increased by a mile. As they witnessed such surge of energy burst out from her, many of the elders felt a chill down their spine.

Up in the air right above the Cloud Hall, countless disciples had formed an army that then flew towards the Cloudy City below.

If one from the Cloudy City looked up, the person could see black dots falling from the sky. All of those dots were actually martial artists. It was a spectacular view for the commoners of Cloudy City.

"I heard that the Cloud Hall is out to battle!"

"Alas, the influence of the Heavenly Evil Sect has expanded rapidly! I think the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance are going to start the final counterattack soon."

"I'm afraid that this battle will determine the fate of the Central Region! Eddie is truly an incredible person. If he succeeds, then he has the ability to unify the entire Central Region!"

Since ancient times, there had never been a single force that had unified the entire Central Region. If Eddie were to make it, then he would be the first person in the history of the Central Region to unify the place.

After the Cloud Hall warriors had entered the Cloudy City, they all flew straight towards the transmission array. The first ones to enter were the warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm, the next ones were warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm, which were followed by the elders at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Letitia, Saint Morphens and the others were the last ones to enter the transmission array.

Standing beside the transmission array, Letitia lifted her head to look at the Cloud Hall floating above.

"Master Ning, I think it's best to bring Zen along for this expedition," Saint Morphens said.

There was no valid reason he could think of as to why Letitia chose to leave Zen behind.

The hostility Zen and Eddie had for one another was not a secret. Even if it wasn't for the Heavenly Evil Sect, a skirmish between them was still bound to happen. Moreover, Zen had not yet revealed his true strength. He had also made such remarkable contributions to the Cloud Hall, and it was irreverent to leave him out during such an important battle.

"I think it's more appropriate for him to stay at the Cloud Hall," Letitia responded with a smile. Not every warrior from the Cloud Hall was there for the battle. A small group was left behind. After pausing for a while, Letitia continued, "Besides, he seems to like staying there. With a beauty accompanying him, I can say that he's having fun. He is quite obsessed with his current life. So let him stay."

"But…

Master Ning, we are facing a very ominous foe. I think personal affairs should be put aside for now." Saint Morphens' words were straightforward. In all honesty, he was referring to Letitia's jealousy. The fate of the Cloud Hall was more important than her feelings at that time.

'Even if you feel sour about Zen and Margaret, you should not disregard your supreme priority, ' he thought to himself.

Letitia only snorted at Saint Morphens' words. Without any more talking, she turned around and entered the transmission array.

The other elders and Saint Morphens all exchanged glances with bitter smiles on their faces. Then, they followed suit.

Meanwhile, Zen was already in his meditative state. He felt that his cultivation was one step away from the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. If he could surpass the thin layer of obstruction, then it was easier for him to steadily break through.

Although Zen knew so little about the situation in the Central Region, he could still thoroughly analyze it himself. To him, the time when he would fight with Eddie was approaching, so he believed it was imperative for him to break through to the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

In the practice room, Zen had lost track of time. While he was meditating, both the cyan and red dragons barely made a sound. Normally, Lavender could often just leave Zen's body on her own, but at that time, she seemed to have fallen asleep and rarely showed up.

After all, that was the perfect time for him to break through. Although it wasn't so difficult for him to step into the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, it was critical for a martial artist to break through a bottleneck. He must not be disturbed at any cost.

Sitting quietly at the gate of the practice room where Zen stayed was Margaret. On several occasions, she went to the Cloudy City to collect some rare flowers. She carefully trimmed them, and then cut them into exquisite shapes and created certain patterns.

At that time, there were already at least six or seven pots of flowers placed in front of the practice room. Those flower pots were arranged in a row and looked very lush and beautiful.

During that period of time, warriors in the Cloud Hall were lesser in number. Compared to the past, there were not as many warriors that came to the practice rooms. Most of the ones who still entered were nature creatures. It was rare to see an Illuminating Soul Realm or Internal Elixir Realm martial artist in the Cloud Hall.

The entire place had become desolate.

Although Margaret clearly felt the changes in the Cloud Hall, she didn't bother to think about it. In her heart, Zen had already become the center of her world and she didn't want to mind the trivial things.

The truth was that even the small tradesmen and porters in the Cloudy City knew about Cloud Hall and its huge expedition, but Margaret, an Internal Elixir Realm warrior didn't have a single clue.

"His closed-door cultivation is taking a while."

Pouting her lips, Margaret stared at the door of the practice room. She cut off an emerald green root with her fair-skinned fingers and with a flick, she inserted the violet into the pot with precision.

The number of flowers at the entrance of the practice room continued to increase. Every day, she placed a pot of flowers there. Originally, there were only a couple of them. Now, there were too many.

The number of flowers that had bloomed at the entrance of the practice room had increased to thirty-five.

One day, a strong aura suddenly erupted from the practice room. That particular room was top-level in the Cloud Hall. The partitions in the room were all made of special metal, but even those were unable to obstruct the aura in the slightest.

A smile found its way to Margaret's face. "Has he broken through? Will he come out today?"

Her now flushed face was full of hope as she gazed at the door. Thinking of what she had to say to Zen, she felt a bit embarrassed and hesitant.

"Click!"

The door to the practice room pushed open and Zen's figure flashed out with a faint smile on his face. At that moment, he had already stepped into the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

"He did it! He broke through!"

Margaret exclaimed, immediately standing up to walk over to Zen.

"Sorry for the wait!

How long has it been since I entered the practice room?" Zen had completely lost track of time upon his entry into a meditative state in the practice room.

Margaret blinked and gently said, "Count these flowers and you'll know how many days have passed."

Zen's gaze swept across the flowers, and his expression changed when he got the number, "Thirty-five days. I've actually practiced in isolation for so long this time."

"It's alright," Margaret reassured. She put her black hair to the side and softly whispered in his ear, "Zen, can I stay at your place tonight?" As she spoke with utmost tenderness, her cheeks turned completely red.

Surprised for a moment, Zen nodded his head and disregarded his initial hesitation.

The two of them were still quite young. When Zen took her virginity energy away, it was both their first time. Inevitably, they both craved the warmth they gave each other when they made love. The reason why Zen hesitated for a bit was that he still kept Letitia in his heart. He still didn't know that she was no longer in the Cloud Hall. . . .

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

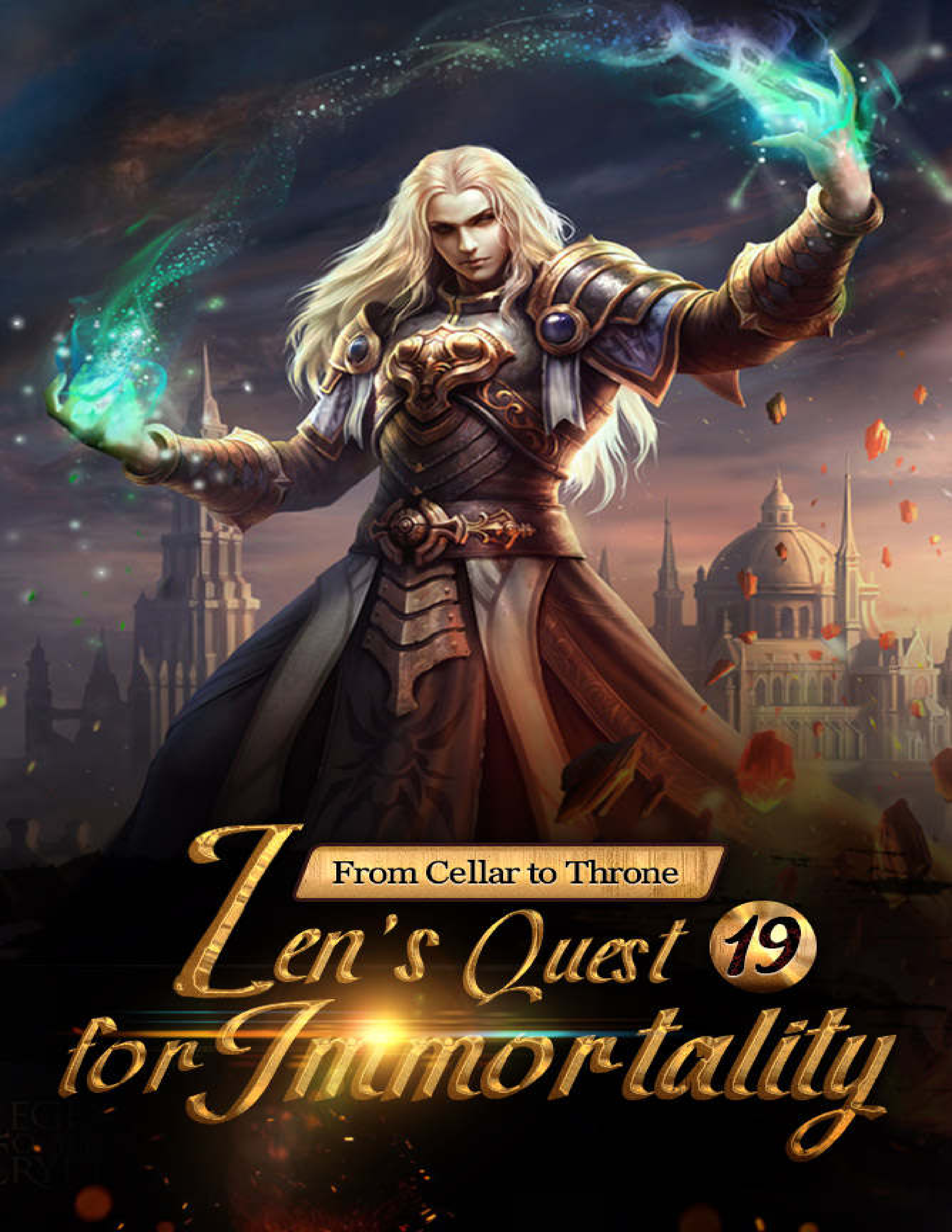

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

19

Content

Chapter 1009 The Power Behind the Heavenly Evil Sect (Part One)
Chapter 1010 The Power Behind the Heavenly Evil Sect (Part Two)
Chapter 1011 The Power Behind the Heavenly Evil Sect (Part Three)
Chapter 1012 Twenty Percent More Chance Of Winning
Chapter 1013 You're My Subject
Chapter 1014 The Spirit Container (Part One)
Chapter 1015 The Spirit Container (Part Two)
Chapter 1016 A Big Secret
Chapter 1017 River Wave City
Chapter 1018 As You Wish (Part One)
Chapter 1019 As You Wish (Part Two)
Chapter 1020 As You Wish (Part Three)
Chapter 1021 The Decisive Battle
Chapter 1022 Challenging Zen
Chapter 1023 The Fight
Chapter 1024 Contempt
Chapter 1025 Fiend
Chapter 1026 Netherworld Shaking
Chapter 1027 The Life And Death Wind
Chapter 1028 Double Star Brilliance
Chapter 1029 The Law of Causality
Chapter 1030 Contempt
Chapter 1031 Margaret Summoned The Swords
Chapter 1032 Unexpected Development
Chapter 1033 Cause And Effect
Chapter 1034 Determined
Chapter 1035 The Situation Reversed
Chapter 1036 It's Over
Chapter 1037 Victory
Chapter 1038 Life Energy In The Bucket
Chapter 1039 Threat
Chapter 1040 One Ten-millionth Of Power
Chapter 1041 Yan Woke Up
Chapter 1042 Confiding In Yan (Part One)

Chapter 1043 Confiding In Yan (Part Two)
Chapter 1044 Confusion
Chapter 1045 Ancient Jade
Chapter 1046 The Beggar (Part One)
Chapter 1047 The Beggar (Part Two)
Chapter 1048 The Soul Sea Realm Masters
Chapter 1049 Charging Forward
Chapter 1050 Bitterness
Chapter 1051 Conflicted
Chapter 1052 A Sumptuous Meal
Chapter 1053 Master Abraham
Chapter 1054 Answer My Questions
Chapter 1055 Bewitching Domain
Chapter 1056 Ganging Up
Chapter 1057 The Slave Seal
Chapter 1058 Set Off
Chapter 1059 Crossing The Chaotic Ocean of Stars
Chapter 1060 Arrival (Part One)
Chapter 1061 Arrival (Part Two)
Chapter 1062 A Glance Will Take Your Life
Chapter 1063 The Jade Martial House
Chapter 1064 The Harlen Token

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1009 The Power Behind the Heavenly Evil Sect (Part One)

Zen left the training room with uneasy steps. There was less than the usual number of disciples in the Cloud Hall, but he didn't give it too much thought.

He never expected that not a single person in the entire Cloud Hall would inform him of the upcoming battle.

Of course, Margaret didn't know what was going on inside Zen's mind. The words she had just said set her cheeks aflame. She buried her head in Zen's chest, not even daring to look at him.

Then, Zen's warm fingers closed over hers as he took her hand and led her back to his room.

Back in the underground palace, they had been all too aware of the danger that was closing in on them. Eddie had been persistent in his pursuit, and the two of them did not have much time to enjoy the happy moment of their coupling. Tonight, however, safe within the walls of Cloud Hall, there would be no danger or interruptions.

They took as much as they gave—limbs entangling and lips leaving a trail of fire. Morning came and the flames had settled into a pleasant warm, blanketing them in the comfort of sleep.

The next day, the earlier uneasiness that Zen had felt had turned into a foreboding sense. There was something terribly wrong with the Cloud Hall. The halls and rooms echoed emptily as only a few souls were seen. It seemed as if the Cloud Hall had been deserted, and there were even fewer people now.

He wanted to ask Rocher and the other members about the situation, but discovered that they were nowhere to be found. Zen headed back to the meeting hall only to find it vacant. It was well past morning, and around this time, most of the elders would gather in the meeting hall to discuss important matters, but not a soul was here today. Zen's confusion grew with each empty room that he had run across.

He walked back outside and closed the door to the meeting hall. Just as he was about to turn away, he ran into Fernandez.

Fernandez was one of the elders of the Cloud Hall. His skin was wrinkled with age and his hair gleamed silver, but there was a sharpness to his eyes and a purpose to his movements. This time, he was the one who stayed behind.

With all the things happening all at once, several elders had to stay in the Cloud Hall and keep watch on the Small Circulation Killing Array. Eddie was a looming threat, and they had to be prepared. If he decided to bypass the World Commercial Alliance and rashly attack the Cloud Hall, the array would be their first line of defense.

Although now that the Cloud Hall's strongest warriors had already left, it was very unlikely for anyone to attack. The main forces had long left for the Oracle City, and even if the Heavenly Evil Sect members tried to attack, they would only find the place empty of people. It would only be a waste of their time and energy.

"Elder Fernandez, where is everyone else?" Zen asked with a suspicious look on his face.

Fernandez seemed to be taken aback by Zen's question as well. "Has our leader not informed you? Most of the warriors of the Cloud Hall have already entered the Oracle City to join forces with the World Commercial Alliance against the Heavenly Evil Sect. Some warriors have left as early as last month," the old man explained.

Zen's surprise was written all over his face at the old man's answer. "No one informed me," he said in disbelief.

Fernandez knew that there had been a rift between Letitia and Zen. They had been avoiding contact with each other. He rubbed his nose and shook his head with a strange expression on his face. "I don't know what our leader was thinking," he sighed.

"What's the situation now?" Zen asked with concern.

Fernandez nodded his head. Zen was fortunate to chance upon him. Although he stayed at the Cloud Hall, news of the war between the World Commercial Alliance and the Heavenly Evil Sect was sent to him every day. Fernandez would be able to answer his questions.

Letitia had simultaneously declared war with the World Commercial Alliance against the Heavenly Evil Sect the moment she entered the Oracle City.

The combined strength of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance would make for a formidable opponent. The Heavenly Evil Sect had to take the battle seriously if they were to win.

If the Cloud Hall was their sole concern, the Heavenly Evil Sect members wouldn't have to be so careful. In the whole Cloud Hall, Letitia was the only person who would be a serious challenge in the eyes of Eddie and Simon. The Sutra of Empyrean Goddess that she had cultivated was several times stronger than other cultivation methods. She only experienced one life and death crisis after entering the Life and Death Realm, but because of her cultivation, she could fight toe-to-toe with even the warriors who had undergone two or three life and death crises.

Aside from her, the Cloud Hall was just like any other sect, and was greatly inferior to the World Commercial Alliance in other aspects.

The Cloud Hall's development was the same as that of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. The members of the Heavenly Evil Sect regarded it as nothing special. If they surrounded and attacked it, it would fall to their hands sooner or later.

The World Commercial Alliance was a different matter altogether. It was formed by a group of merchants and had grown to become one of the most powerful and influential groups of today. In terms of the strength, the World

Commercial Alliance was at the level of a sixth-grade sect. It was not a sacred place, nor a divine kingdom, but the Heavenly Evil Sect knew there was more than what met the eye. They knew nothing of the secrets that it hid, and so they had to be careful.

After the Heavenly Evil Sect members invaded the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the eastern area of the Central Region was strangely quiet. The members of the Heavenly Evil Sect were unexpectedly not wreaking more havoc. Instead, they seemed to be resting in order to recuperate their strength. They would be attacking the World Commercial Alliance next.

However, the members of the World Commercial Alliance were no fools. Their group was among the smartest and most cunning, and they would not just sit still and wait for their deaths.

They took the first step in starting the war. The Heavenly Evil Sect had made no declarations of war, and so the World Commercial Alliance took it upon themselves to do so. Joining forces with the Cloud Hall had led to this turn of events: the two strongest sects in the Central Region had declared war on the Heavenly Evil Sect on the same day.

Thus it was the beginning of the biggest war between sects in the Central Region for the last thousand years.

Over a month after the declaration of war, both sides had earned victories and defeats. One moment, the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance would be celebrating their feats; the next moment, they would be on their knees with loss. The war was far from over. In the course of battle, the World Commercial Alliance had destroyed two outposts of the Heavenly Evil Sect, and the Heavenly Evil Sect was slowly advancing towards the central district.

Everyone in the Central Region understood that this would be a true and decisive battle, with the victor taking everything. Whoever won could hold the fate of the entire Central Region in their hands.

If Eddie won the war, the Central Region would be integrated into the divine kingdom. On the other hand, if the joint forces of the World

Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall succeeded in defeating the Heavenly Evil Sect, a sacred place might be born. The war was one that would decide the future.

Chapter 1010 The Power Behind the Heavenly Evil Sect (Part Two)

Right now, things were at a standstill. It was as if both sides were cautiously keeping an eye on each other's movement, trying to sound out their opponent's intentions and next move. One of them would eventually lose patience, and once that happened, the final battle would commence.

"So Letitia is still in the Oracle City, right?" Zen asked.

Fernandez gave him no direct response and instead said earnestly, "Zen, the Cloud Hall needs you."

"I see," Zen replied. Now that things had come to this point, he didn't have any intentions of backing down. Letitia had gone too far this time. How could she not tell him about something as important as this?

"Our leader seems to be in a bad mood recently," Fernandez uttered.

Zen was surprised at the sudden comment, but he of course understood what Fernandez was hinting at. He smiled wryly, not knowing how to explain the whole thing to Fernandez.

Unexpectedly, Fernandez said, "It's normal for men to have several wives. Back in the day, I had more than twenty women. It is not so complicated, but keeping a woman happy requires that you woo her the right way." Fernandez could only freely speak these words to Zen in this circumstance. If Letitia was in the Cloud Hall, he never would have dared to say anything about this.

Zen was very astonished at his subtle advice. Fernandez, despite his old appearance now, must have been quite the charmer in his younger days.

For a warrior, having more than one wife was not uncommon of difficult. The status of a warrior in the Central Region was almost equivalent to that of an immortal. Even the poorest warrior would be a thousand times richer than an ordinary mortal. With this status, women naturally abounded around the warriors.

Fernandez left Zen with these words. Zen remained standing on the balcony, looking thoughtfully at the rolling clouds above the Cloud Hall. "Would a woman really become happy again after I please her?"

After some time, Zen returned to his room. He found Margaret having just finished her bath. Her black hair was damp as she was tying it behind her head. She was wearing only her undergarments, and her skin glowed with an appealing luster.

"Come with me," Zen said to her.

"Where to?" Margaret asked.

"The Oracle City," replied Zen.

"Alright," Margaret said with a smile. She would not ask Zen for his reasons if he was not telling her himself. In the past, she would have questioned him relentlessly, but now she didn't think she had to do that.

It wasn't that her personality had changed, but her thinking and perception had.

Margaret had already come to think of Zen as the only person she would rely on in her life. At the same time, she understood that her feelings were not returned. They had made love once in the underground palace, but it was something that was forced, unlike the natural course of lovers.

This man who was asking her to come with him did not love her.

Margaret understood this clearly.

He was with her only because of duty.

With this knowledge, Margaret had carefully maintained her distance. She did not ask Zen for favors, nor did she make any requests or demands. If she were to cling to him, he might grow tired of her and leave. She was at peace with the fact that Zen might never return her affections. It was enough that she could be by his side.

Women were indeed strange creatures. In the short span of a few months, Margaret's relationship with Zen had undergone such a drastic change. She was always mindful and guarded while staying with him, and yet, she felt small flutters of joy in their connection, even if it also bore hints of pain.

After the two of them made quick preparations, they left the Cloud Hall and entered the Cloudy City, stepping into the transmission array. Margaret and Zen disappeared into the space tunnel arm in arm, with only a flash of blinding whiteness signaling their departure.

Things were not good in the Oracle City.

Ever since the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall declared war on the Heavenly Evil Sect, more and more merchants started leaving the Oracle City.

The numerous wealthy merchants played a huge role in running the Oracle City.

These merchants were not warriors. Most of them did not know how to fight, and even the very few had skills and were only at the nature level of cultivation. They would not be of any use in battle. However, the wealth they possessed and controlled was far greater than the vast majority of warriors. Even those at the Virtual Tribulation Realm did not come close to them in terms of money or property.

The entire World Commercial Alliance was formed by these merchants.

These merchants knew their trades like the back of their own hands, but there was nothing they could do about the sect war. The only way for them to secure the safety of their own lives was to leave. Since the start of the war, more and more of them had chosen to temporarily leave the Oracle City to seek refuge in other cities.

The World Commercial Alliance valued money above everything else. Its members, who had control of the city's economy, knew very well that as long as they had money, there would always be warriors who would work for them. This was the main reason why the World Commercial Alliance became a sixth-grade sect.

The light of the transmission array constantly flickered, transporting people to and from places. In a flash of white, Zen and Margaret finally appeared at the Oracle City.

There was a long queue of merchants lining up in front of the transmission array to leave the Oracle City. Suddenly, a beautiful man and woman appeared. The sight of them caught the attention of everyone around them as the people's eyes looked at them admiringly.

"Zen!"

Before Zen and Margaret could step out of the transmission array, a voice rang out.

The voice sounded familiar, but it was a faint memory. Zen could not remember exactly to whom it belonged. He looked towards the source of the sound and saw a handsome young man looking at him with a smile.

His eyes widened as he finally put a face and name to the voice. "Owen?" It had been more than two years, but Zen would recognize the person in front of him with a single glance anywhere.

The young man was the divine-level talent from the Woollen Grassland. Zen and Owen had participated in the Martial Arts Contest with a goal that was surprisingly similar: both of them were trying to kill Marilyn to prevent Eddie from creating the Lustful Demon Array.

However, in the end, Owen had failed. He was defeated by Marilyn, and his loss cost him dearly. She almost destroyed his entire body.

Chapter 1011 The Power Behind the Heavenly Evil Sect (Part Three)

But now, the man in front of Zen was far from the Owen back then. He exuded more strength, and had actually stepped into the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. Very soon, he might be able to reach the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Owen possessed great talent. He was an independent warrior, but he had incredible luck, and it seemed as if opportunity favored him. On top of this, he only came slightly weaker than Zen and Brent in terms of strength. It would not be far from possible for him to become a powerful independent warrior in the future.

"Did you join the World Commercial Alliance?" Zen asked.

Owen nodded and spoke with a smile, "I see that you have already stepped into the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm!"

To this day, the two men still shared similar goals. One of them was to save his sister from Eddie, and the other wanted to rescue his lover.

Owen was visibly delighted to see Zen. "Come with me," he said quickly. "You have just arrived at the Oracle City, so you might not be clear about the current situation."

Zen nodded his head and took Margaret's hand as they left the transmission array along with Owen. Then the three of them flew towards the World Commercial Alliance's headquarters.

"Are all the members of the Cloud Hall in the headquarters of the World Commercial Alliance?" Zen asked.

Fernandez had already told Zen about the general situation, but he did not know the details.

Owen's eyes flashed. Then, he said, "All the warriors of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance have been mixed up. Only a few members remain in the headquarters. The majority of them have already left the city."

Zen knew that the war between the sects was intense, but what he saw in the city exceeded his expectation by far. The leaders from both sides had not yet engaged in battle with one another, but blood had already been flowing like a river, painting the streets of the city in red.

Two days ago, in order to fight for the Nine Furnace City, both the Heavenly Evil Sect and the World Commercial Alliance had lost thousands of warriors, most of whom were at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Furthermore, two Virtual Tribulation Realm elders of the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall had also perished in battle.

"Only the warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm and Internal Elixir Realm are taking part in the fight now, right? Why would the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors be killed?" Zen asked.

Owen's face broke into a helpless smile. "Well, this also confuses us."

The ranks of the warriors were based on where they stood in terms of cultivation levels, and the gap between one level and another was very large. Therefore, warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm would usually fight opponents with the same cultivation level. That two Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance had been killed by a group of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors was a disturbing enigma.

Under normal circumstances, an Illuminating Soul Realm warrior wouldn't be much of a threat to a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. There would be too big of a gap in strength. Warriors like Zen who were able to defeat a warrior with a higher cultivation level than his own were an extreme rarity.

No matter how many Illuminating Soul Realm warriors fought together, it was hard for them to combine their forces and fight against a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. It might also be difficult for a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior to kill a thousand Illuminating Soul Realm warriors, but when he couldn't defeat them, the Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior could still escape! Even only relying on speed, a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior could make one thousand Illuminating Soul Realm warriors collapse with exhaustion without taking damage himself.

But this time, the Heavenly Evil Sect had developed a very strange fighting technique.

They had used strange arrays. Making an array only needed the participation of a few warriors. For example, the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit had often formed an array together.

However, the Heavenly Evil Sect had gathered hundreds of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors together to build energy arrays. It was a technique that had never been seen or heard of, but one that proved to be powerful. Even the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors would be killed instantly if they weren't careful enough.

During the start of the sect war, the number of the strong warriors from both sides were almost the same. The Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance had unfathomable power, and now, Letitia had also joined forces with them. As for the Heavenly Evil Sect, there were two Life and Death Realm warriors, Simon and Eddie.

The numbers of the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors of both sides were also more or less the same.

Initially, it was these elite warriors who would determine the result of the war. However, when the Heavenly Evil Sect used their special technique, the situation turned around drastically.

By the strategic gathering and the use of a vast number of Illuminating Soul Realm disciples, the balance was broken.

"This technique is complex. Eddie could not have thought of this easily. How did they make it?" After hearing what Owen said, Zen felt confused, slightly frowning. Anxiousness crept inside of him as he thought of the warriors from the Cloud Hall who were fighting in the battles.

Owen sighed and said, "Even we think so. A technique of this level and power is something that would take years to develop. Our leaders are speculating that it might have come from the four divine kingdoms."

"The four divine kingdoms!" Zen said, his eyes widening, "Could it be that..."

Owen met his eyes steadily and nodded. "Yes. There might be a divine kingdom behind the Heavenly Evil Sect," Owen said with certainty.

Zen suddenly remembered the Holy Maiden and the prince of the divine kingdom in Mist's celestial tomb. He had killed the prince, and the Holy Maiden had sworn to get vengeance. Now, her words as she vowed to take revenge on him echoed in his head.

Back then, Simon had helped the Holy Maiden to dispel the curse she had received, and the old man of the divine kingdom had promised to give Simon the internal version of the Scripture of Five Poisons as a symbol of gratitude.

Zen began piecing the puzzle together. There was a Chaotic Ocean of Stars between the Central Region and the four divine kingdoms. Could it be that there really were some members of the four divine kingdoms entering the Central Region?

Chapter 1012 Twenty Percent More Chance Of Winning

In terms of geography, the Chaotic Ocean of Stars was an impassable natural moat but the divine kingdoms had a much longer history than the Central Region, and there were innumerable cultivators among them who were capable of crossing the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

One thing was clear from Zen's journey to the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb that even Life and Death Realm experts, who were top-level cultivators in the Central Region, were merely qualified to be followers of the Holy Maiden and the prince in the divine kingdom.

If the divine kingdoms had truly intervened, then who in the Central Region could take on the Heavenly Evil Sect?

Zen had a somber expression. "Did you draw this conclusion by yourself?" he inquired.

Owen shook his head. "Almost everyone in the commercial alliance agrees with this. And so does the leader of Cloud Hall," he informed.

"Our leader? Is she in the Oracle City?" Zen asked, hope flickering in his eyes.

Hearing this, Margaret immediately turned to him with interest, and a faint smile appeared on her face. Zen, who was talking with Owen, didn't notice her expression.

Owen, on the other hand, was curious. "How come you don't know about the movements of the Cloud Hall, Zen?" he asked.

Owen thought that Zen was a core member of the Cloud Hall. However, he had no idea about the pact between Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance to fight the Heavenly Evil Sect together. It was very strange.

Zen smiled in embarrassment. How could he explain the matter between him and Letitia to Owen? Besides, he didn't think that there was actually a conflict between him and Letitia. In fact, he couldn't figure out what was wrong. Letitia had suddenly become indifferent towards him for some unknown reasons, and he was at a loss as to what to do about it.

This time, the Cloud Hall had sent out all their elites, leaving only Zen behind. How could he take it easy?

However, after his previous interaction with Margaret, Zen had a vague understanding of how crazy women could be. Although he was annoyed by Letitia's actions, he didn't want to argue with her. After all, sometimes there was a communication gap between two genders.

Zen simply couldn't understand her attitude towards him.

"I was cultivating in seclusion all that time and was indeed unaware of this. Owen, please tell me more," Zen said, forcing a smile.

Owen replied gracefully, "The leader of the Cloud Hall didn't stay in the Oracle City. Recently, she has been quite active and has been killing warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect. For that reason, she rarely returns to the Oracle City."

According to the original plan, the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance had joined hands to declare war on the Heavenly Evil Sect. As the only Life and Death Realm expert of the Cloud Hall, Letitia was supposed to stay put in the Oracle City.

Sooner or later, there would be a decisive battle between Oracle City and the Heavenly Evil Sect. The Life and Death Realm experts of both sides normally would choose not to fight before that. Once these warriors attacked, it signaled the start of the final battle.

However, Letitia had broken that unspoken rule. She had joined the war alone, slaughtering warriors in the big cities that were occupied by the Heavenly Evil Sect. Both the Heavenly Evil Sect and the World

Commercial Alliance couldn't understand how to deal with her impulsive actions.

The World Commercial Alliance was worried about Letitia's safety. She was unquestionably powerful, but she couldn't fight Eddie and Simon at the same time. If the Heavenly Evil Sect was to set a trap, which could kill Letitia, it would be a devastating blow to both the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall.

The Ancient Tycoon of the Commercial Alliance would have to fight alone, and their chances of beating the Heavenly Evil Sect would be even slimmer.

Meanwhile, Letitia's actions were causing a lot of trouble for the Heavenly Evil Sect too.

The Heavenly Evil Sect used a kind of fighting method which could converge hundreds of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors' strengths, but it was not perfect. If their enemies were strong enough, they might not get the chance to converge their strengths together. This fighting method was effective against Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors, but to deal with a Life and Death Realm warrior like Letitia, it was not enough.

Letitia hadn't used her common sense and had instead rushed to the front lines. Every time she attacked, hundreds or thousands of enemy warriors would be killed. This had greatly slowed down the expansion of the Heavenly Evil Sect.

On the other hand, preparations were in full swing at the Heavenly Evil Sect for the impending battle. The Heavenly Evil Sect's Life and Death Realm warriors hadn't made any moves, nor did they show any intention to attack Letitia.

Thus, the war seemed to have reached stalemate.

Relatively speaking, the worries of the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall were much bigger than that of the Heavenly Evil Sect. While Letitia had destroyed many of the Heavenly Evil Sect's bottom level forces, these warriors were inconsequential when it came to the outcome of the battle. It was the warriors at the highest level who would decide the result of the war.

If the Heavenly Evil Sect counterattacked, Letitia would be in great danger. All her efforts would be in vain.

For this reason, many people had tried to persuade Letitia but they had all failed.

The elders of the Cloud Hall were her subordinates, so they naturally could not persuade her. The people of the World Commercial Alliance were only allies, so they could not order her to stay in the city either. She had quietly left the city by herself, and gone about exterminating every Heavenly Evil Sect warrior she could find. She would return to the city for a quick refueling of supplies. In the past month, Letitia had stayed in the city for no more than four days in total.

After hearing all these things from Owen, Zen asked, "So she isn't in the Oracle City now?"

Owen shrugged and said, "I don't know, but most of the time, she isn't."

If a Life and Death Realm expert didn't intentionally inform others of his or her movements, how could anybody track him or her?

"She's too headstrong," Zen said, shaking his head.

Margaret suddenly muttered "Agreed" from the sidelines.

"What do you mean? What do you agree with?" Zen turned to her and asked.

Margaret blinked once and smiled sweetly. "You are right! She's too willful!" she concurred.

Zen, of course, understood what she was trying to say. He merely sighed in reply before turning around and following Owen towards their headquarters in the Oracle City.

After entering the World Commercial Alliance's headquarters, Owen immediately reported Zen's arrival at the city to his superiors. Soon, a servant came and led Zen to the conference hall.

In the past, the World Commercial Alliance had a strong business atmosphere. So warriors didn't think of it as one of the most powerful forces of the world. This was how the World Commercial Alliance gained a reputation for being weaker than the rest. In fact, some warriors described the World Commercial Alliance as a group of mercenary merchants.

However, after the war between the World Commercial Alliance and the Heavenly Evil Sect had been declared, an earth-shattering change had occurred in the Oracle City.

The headquarters of the World Commercial Alliance had arranged over a hundred thousand runes around the Oracle City, forming a massive array formation. This formation was inferior to the Cloud Hall's Small Circulation Killing Array. What was more it was inferior even to the Ethereal Spirit Sect's sect-protecting array. However, its only advantage was the great number of runes.

After all, the Oracle City's Runic Tower was where many great runic experts of the world gathered, and the wealth of the World Commercial Alliance was larger than all the other sects. They had arranged those runes without worrying about the cost, and they were undoubtedly very powerful.

Zen followed Owen to the conference hall of the World Commercial Alliance's headquarters. When he entered, he saw many familiar faces. Besides Morphens and other elders of the Cloud Hall, the three heads of the World Commercial Alliance were also present. The Ancient Tycoon in the Oracle City, however, wasn't there.

"Zen! You're finally here!" Dillon exclaimed in surprise, his round face turning red with excitement.

"Mr. Shi, Mr. Yan, Mr. Mo," Zen bowed his head to greet them.

In fact, after the World Commercial Alliance heard the news that Zen had returned to the Cloud Hall, they had asked Letitia to summon Zen to the Oracle City many times. However, she had evaded them each time saying he was in a secluded cultivation. Although the two forces had allied with each other, Zen was actually a member of the Cloud Hall, so they couldn't intervene too much.

After exchanging pleasantries briefly, Dillon said, "Zen, now that you've come to the Oracle City, you'll cooperate with our World Commercial Alliance to fight Eddie, right?"

Dillon worded his request cleverly. He knew that the conflict between Zen and Eddie could not be resolved, so he didn't ask him to fight against the Heavenly Evil Sect but used Eddie's name instead.

Zen nodded tersely but replied firmly, "Of course."

"Then please proceed to the Runic Tower. With your help, I believe that our chances of defeating Eddie will increase by at least twenty percent!" Dillon said excitedly.

At least twenty percent...

Everyone was shocked by Dillon's words, but they quickly figured it out by themselves. If Zen could create an array that was stronger than the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array, then, coupled with the strength of the World Commercial Alliance, their chance of winning would undoubtedly increase a lot.

The only question was whether Zen would agree.

Chapter 1013 You're My Subject

Everyone's eyes were on Zen, especially the three leaders Dillon, Hobbes and Haber.

Zen had reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm and while this was a great boost to Cloud Hall's combat powers, his rune skills were far superior to his strength. Naturally, everyone felt that Zen should join the Runic Tower.

Everyone believed that Zen would have no reason to refuse. The World Commercial Alliance might need him to fight against the Heavenly Evil Sect and even Zen needed to rely on them to fight Eddie.

But Zen's answer was unexpected. He shook his head and said, "Mr. Shi, I'm very sorry. I can't enter the Runic Tower right now."

"But why?" asked a somewhat baffled Dillon.

"Right now, I don't have enough time to set up an array," Zen said, shaking his head.

He drew divine textures, not runes. The amount of time he had spent and the things he had gone through far exceeded the requirements of an ordinary rune. Back then, he had spent almost two months setting up the Small Circulation Killing Array for Cloud Hall.

Cloud Hall was only one-tenth of the size of Cloudy City, while Oracle City was more than three times the size of the Cloudy City.

There simply wasn't enough time to set up a protective array around the vast Oracle City.

"But don't worry. I will join the fight," he added.

It was time for him to put an end to the conflict between him and Eddie. But before that, he still had something to worry about. He had not received any news from Yan since the last Martial Arts Contest.

Eddie had wanted to take Margaret, so Zen assumed that Yan would still be all right. But where was she now? Where was Eddie hiding her? Zen had no idea at all.

Dillon knew that he couldn't change Zen's mind. Back then, the boy was able to fight the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm when he was at the Illuminating Soul Realm. He had crossed an entire realm! And now Zen had reached the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Would he be able to cross a realm to fight against a master at the Life and Death Realm?

If he could do this, then it meant that he had become much stronger than Dillon and the other leaders.

"Zen, since you have made your choice, I won't force you. You can form a team with the others and follow the army's orders," Dillon said with a smile.

Zen nodded and left for registration.

Just as Zen was leaving the meeting hall, he saw a white figure shooting down from above, like a meteor, directly smashing through the roof of the hall.

Bang!

Broken pieces of rocks flew in all directions. Margaret, who had been silently following Zen all this time, cowered behind him like a little scared kitten.

As a martial artist at the Internal Elixir Realm, she could simply use her protective life vitality to block these flying objects. However, she didn't have any intentions of doing so; the only thing she did was hide behind Zen.

When the dust cleared, they saw that the white figure was Letitia.

She looked miserable.

Her long black hair, which was pulled into a ponytail and made her look much more vivacious, was now half burnt and scattered on her shoulder.

There were many wounds on her body, and her clothes were also charred. Even her face was covered in bruises.

"Miss Ning!"

"Miss Ning! Are you okay?"

Morphens and a few elders of the Cloud Hall immediately rushed to Letitia.

"Miss Ning, did you face the counterattack from the Heavenly Evil Sect?" Dillon asked, concern in his voice.

But Letitia looked relaxed. "I'm fine. I accidentally broke into their trap and got a little injured."

It turned out that Letitia had sneakily attacked the Heavenly Evil Sect's camp, thousands of miles away. There were more than four thousand independent warriors in the camp. Among them, the weakest had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, and one warrior was at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

With the powers of all the warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm combined with Eddie's special fighting technique, the attack was brutal. Since Simon and Eddie were not there, Letitia would have been able to take the warriors down. But this time she had underestimated her opponents. Darius was the sole warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

From the start, Letitia's strategy had been to kill the only warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. That way she would face no opposition, and killing the rest would be a piece of cake.

However, to her surprise, Darius had been a bait from the start.

Eddie and Simon hadn't attacked Letitia. Instead they had sent Darius, the main strategist of the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom. Darius had always been resourceful. This time, he purposely led thousands of warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm to the camp to wait for Letitia.

Everything went as smoothly as he expected. Letitia had stepped into the trap he had laid for her.

From the moment Letitia had decided to kill Darius, she had already started to walk towards the trap set by him.

Under Darius's command, over four thousand warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm congregated in a neat and orderly manner. They were like ants to Letitia. But when they united in the war tactics, even Letitia had to take evasive actions.

That was how Darius had trapped her with ease. He had not only blocked her attack, but also commanded his warriors to kill her.

Letitia was considered to be extremely powerful. And even when she had fallen into Darius's trap, she was able to force her way out when she unleashed her full power.

Thousands of warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm had attacked her together, using all kinds of methods. Wind, fire, mountains, lightning and poison surrounded her all at once. That explained her bedraggled appearance.

"Miss Ning, please stop fighting on your own!"

"Miss Ning, this time, the Heavenly Evil Sect set up a trap. Next time, they might fight themselves. It's very dangerous. Please think twice!"

The elders were trying their best to persuade Letitia. They had already tried countless times before, but to no avail.

Letitia suddenly noticed Zen. She also saw Margaret behind him and immediately got angry. That woman was actually hiding behind Zen!

From the looks of it, she seemed to be trying to avoid the rocks that were rolling down from the broken ceiling. How could a warrior at the Internal

Elixir Realm be afraid of these things?

This woman was a hypocrite!

Letitia decided to vent internally. She snorted and prepared to leave.

But Zen rushed to stop her. He went and stood in front of her. Fernandez's words, "keeping a woman happy requires that you woo her the right way", echoed in his head. But what should he say?

"What are you doing?" Letitia looked up and held his gaze, her beautiful eyes shooting daggers at him. She had killed many people recently, so she was tainted with many malicious auras.

However, apart from the malicious aura, there was a trace of panic in her eyes.

Dillon, Hobbes, Haber, and the people from Cloud Hall were all looking expectantly at Zen. It would be amazing if Zen was able to persuade her not to leave the Oracle City again. They wondered how he would do it.

"Tia, don't be stubborn," Zen said gently, while staring at her earnestly.

His words left the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the meeting hall speechless.

Zen didn't think of himself as an outsider, nor did he regard Letitia as the leader.

His words calmed Letitia, but out of the corner of her eyes, she saw Margaret behind him. As she saw the faintly discernible expression on Margaret's face, the warmth in her heart was immediately replaced with anger. She yelled reproachfully, "What did you call me? How dare you call me Tia? I am the leader of Cloud Hall and you are a member, and so you're my subject! Zen, you should know your place!"

Watching the drama unfold before him, Dillon could sense that things weren't going right. He wasn't from Cloud Hall, so he didn't know much about the relationship shared by Letitia and Zen. Although the elders of the

Cloud Hall knew everything, they couldn't possibly publicize it outside. Morphens couldn't tell Dillon that Letitia acted willfully because she was jealous.

Dillon rushed to mediate.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1014 The Spirit Container (Part One)

Before Dillon could stop the two of them from fighting, it was already too late. Zen was already bursting with rage.

Fernandez had initially told Zen to take the wiser route of coaxing a woman first to please her but his quick temper rendered the advice useless.

Zen did initially plan to persuade Letitia but she did not listen and even said a few scathing words that made him really angry.

Letitia sneered upon seeing the morose look on his face, "What's the matter? Am I not right?"

"Right? Right!" Zen exclaimed, forcing a cold smile on his face, "What you said is right! You may be the supreme leader of Cloud Hall. But from now on, I am no longer a member of Cloud Hall!"

There was a collective gasp from Zen's declaration. The situation had now deteriorated to such a horrible state with a fight brewing between Zen and Letitia.

Owen figured that he didn't really have a say in this issue so he chose to remain quiet by the corner. Zen's actions stunned him. He couldn't believe that the young man actually dared to speak to the Cloud Hall's leader in such a rude manner.

Letitia scoffed at Zen's words. "You're no longer a member? Do you think it's that easy? Do you think the Cloud Hall is a place you can come and go as you please? Those who leave without permission will be chased down by the entirety of Cloud Hall's forces!"

It was at this point that Dillon, Hobbes, and Haber physically formed a human barrier between the two. Dillon even made a "hush" gesture that signaled Zen to stop talking.

Of course, the young man refused to give in. "I'd like to see just how the Cloud Hall will chase me down and kill me!"

As soon as he said those words, Letitia's face crumpled up in sadness. Her eyes were evidently full of tears but, instead of prolonging her quarrel with Zen, she suddenly released her life vitality and turned into a flash of light that flew out of the Oracle City.

"Miss!"

"Miss!"

Her sudden departure greatly worried the elders. Although her injuries were not severe, she would still need to stay in Oracle City to recuperate her health for a few days. Morphens was quick to transform into a streak of light to chase after Letitia.

Zen, on the other hand, only snorted angrily before leaving the hall in a huff. Margaret, of course, followed closely behind him.

The rest that stayed behind could only look at each other in dismay.

"Do you know what they were arguing about? What kind of conflict does Zen have with Letitia?" Dillon shook his head, also unable to understand the situation. Letitia was the strong leader of Cloud Hall and never once cried in front of so many people. To think that an argument would send her to tears in front of so many people was inconceivable.

"I don't know what happened. But somehow, I feel that these two were arguing like children…" Hobbes remarked.

Haber silently stood beside them but it was evident that he was also thinking hard about what happened.

"Right? But I don't think that they quarreled like children. It felt more as if they were lovers bickering about something!"

The moment Dillon uttered these words, the three leaders' faces suddenly brightened in realization.

It wasn't a monumental revelation. The members of the World Commercial Alliance just weren't aware of it before. From the very beginning, Letitia did not bring Zen with her. After they met, they quarreled in childish ways. The only possibility they could come up with was that the two might be lovers.

The three leaders shook their heads in disappointment. They faced a great enemy but those two youngsters chose to fight at such a sensitive period. They were really too… willful.

Zen walked ahead with Margaret following closely behind him.

They arrived at a beautifully decorated courtyard which was the place that the World Commercial Alliance specially arranged for Zen.

Zen sat down in a huff while Margaret fussed around to brew him a pot of tea. She dutifully poured him a cup and set it down in front of him.

His distressed expression concerned her as she suddenly leaned against his back. "Zen!"

"Hmm?" Zen hummed, looking at the ceiling morosely.

"You are not magnanimous nor kind enough," Margaret told him.

Zen did not answer and merely flashed her a smile, nodding in agreement.

She was right. He was indeed not magnanimous nor was he kind enough to Letitia.

He was only twenty years old. He had just transitioned from a teenager to a young man. He was someone with the spirit of a natural-born warrior.

However, when it came to relationships, his youth was extremely evident with his attitude. He was not mature enough and, as Margaret had said, extremely lacked the kindness and maturity that were required of him when dealing with Letitia earlier.

At that moment, Lavender suddenly appeared beside Zen and gave Margaret a cold glare. "Isn't this what you wanted?"

Lavender did not mince words and this was the reason why Margaret feared her. Her bluntness often made Margaret a nervous, fumbling mess.

But this time, Margaret nodded and even replied, "Yes, I did want this but Zen is not happy."

"How do you know whether he's happy or not?"

Lavender asked.

Margaret merely shrugged, "He is definitely unhappy right now."

And she was right. Zen continued to be depressed for the next two days.

In the past, Zen's free time would often be spent cultivating. However, he spent the next two days being lost in thought and moping.

As he thought of Letitia's face back then, he couldn't help but sigh. 'Does this woman love to cry so much? I just told her a few words. Why did it make her so sad?'

The more he thought about it, the more irritated he became, leading him to drink twenty jars of wine in one go.

Due to his strong physique, not even two hundred or two thousand jars would be enough to make him drunk. Nevertheless, the twenty jars were enough for the entire courtyard to be pervaded by the strong smell of alcohol.

Margaret, ever the neat freak, couldn't stand the smell. She had wanted to go to Zen's room and comfort him but realized that he was like this not because of her. She couldn't really solve the problem for him nor make him feel better. She just wasn't that important or close to him.

After the two days, Zen registered himself into the World Commercial Alliance. He immediately accepted the task assigned to him and quickly formed himself a small team. Afterwards, he left Margaret in Oracle City and headed towards the east.

The Heavenly Evil Sect was slowly expanding, from east to west.

According to the experiences of other sects, the strategy for a sect war would often be like this: lower-level warriors from both sides would usually fight first and one side would often gain a slight advantage. Once the scales tipped slightly towards one side, the middle-level warriors would be sent out, and eventually the upper-level warriors. Once the best had come out for last, the sect war would not last long and would end with a decisive victory.

There was also something called "lightning war" wherein all the sect masters would come out in the beginning and directly behead the top warriors of the other sect, thereby ending the battle quickly.

All sorts of tricks and tactics were also employed for these wars.

However, with the Heavenly Evil Sect, everything was different.

Firstly, they made use of this type of weird fighting technique wherein they did not even send out their upper-level warriors to take part in the battle. Only the lower-level warriors were sent out and they would be enough to suppress the allied forces of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance.

Chapter 1015 The Spirit Container (Part Two)

This was the case wherein the upper-level warriors of Oracle City had to fight against the lower-level warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect.

All Internal Elixir Realm warriors and Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors were separated into small teams. Each team moved in batches, raiding the Heavenly Evil Sect's army and constantly trying to prevent them from total invasion and occupation. This strategy had been decided jointly by the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance.

The method had proved very effective, in the beginning. The Heavenly Evil Sect was still in the stage of saving-up their strength so no upper-level warriors could be sent out to counterattack.

However, recent events had seen more of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance's forces being decimated in greater numbers. Many of those who perished were at the middle and even late stages of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

While on his way to accept a mission, Zen coincidentally bumped into Rocher and the others.

Rocher, Patrick, and Lewis had just finished a mission issued to them half a month ago and were on their way of accepting a new one.

Thus, at Zen's request, the four of them naturally formed a team.

Lewis was very happy that they had Zen in their team. He still remembered how brave and remarkable the young man had been in the past.

All three of them had long since agreed that Zen's strength was already equal to that of a Life and Death Realm warrior. With a talent like that in their team, they knew that any difficulties they would face out in the field would be solved very easily. In short, there was a higher probability of survival in their team. Such thought pleased them very much.

"Now that Zen has joined us, we have to change our team name! I think we should call it Red Maple Team!"

Lewis declared with a smile.

Rocher, however, did not really agree and sent him a cold glare, "It's an awful name."

"Awful? How is this possible? Well, if you don't like it, we can call it… Lewis Team!" he suggested once again with a grin.

But Rocher shook his head in disappointment. "That's even more terrible!"

The four of them were currently flying at a low altitude but Zen slowed down and interrupted the brewing argument. "How about Eudemon Team?" he suggested.

"Eudemon... It's a good name!" Patrick said, nodding his head in agreement. The word meant guardian angel and benevolent spirit. Lewis, however, was a bit unhappy, "The name is too strange. I don't understand it at all and it's not as great as the ones I came up with..."

Before he could finish, he heard a loud 'whoosh' sound behind him. Rocher had drawn out his sword which made Lewis immediately shut his mouth.

Three days later, the newly formed Eudemon Team arrived at a place one thousand four hundred miles to the east of Oracle City.

The Heavenly Evil Sect had initially expanded from the east and invaded most of the northeastern area. However, the siege of Ethereal City effectively made them the main occupier of the Central Region's entire eastern area.

The four of them stood on top of a mountain overlooking a nearby city.

"This city is called Melody City," Rocher said, taking out his map and comparing it to the city in front of him. "It's small and only has a population of less than four hundred thousand."

To compare to the population of other cities, Oracle City, a super city, had a population of over one hundred million while Ethereal City and Cloudy City, which were considered just large cities, already had tens of millions of mortals and warriors living within their walls.

Thus, Melody City, with a population of just four hundred thousand, was indeed small.

"Although it has a small population, it has an important military base," Patrick spoke. "The Heavenly Evil Sect is currently building a transmission array here since the city is located in such a strategic area."

The mission this time was not to bring down the Heavenly Evil Sect's forces but to destroy the said transmission array. The construction would not be completed in just a day but it was expected that many powerful warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect would be stationed there as guards.

A look of cowardice crossed Lewis's features. "Can the four of us really destroy the transmission array?"

Patrick and Rocher simply ignored Lewis's fears. They were already used to his timid nature and cowardice. Besides, despite his fears, Lewis was someone who constantly accepted new missions so it could be that he was someone who merely pretended to be cowardly.

"Let's go!" Rocher declared and the whole team followed.

Although Melody City was under the Heavenly Evil Sect's control, most of the residents were mortals and warriors were rarely seen. They figured that the transmission array was secretly under construction since sending out too many warriors could arouse suspicion from the Oracle City members.

However, what the Heavenly Evil Sect did not know was that news of their construction plans had already spread. Zen now led the mission of destroying the transmission array.

As soon as they entered, their entire team was immediately smothered by peddlers offering their specialties. Zen and the others did not travel to the city for relaxation and effectively ignored these mortals.

The four of them immediately set out to explore. The city wasn't too large and Zen was able to spread out his senses in order to find any space fluctuations that would indicate the location of the transmission array.

However, even if all four of them had spread out their senses, not one of them was able to discover any space fluctuations.

"Something is wrong," Zen said.

"I also feel that something is wrong!" Lewis agreed. He had been feeling extremely nervous ever since they entered the city and it was said that cowards had the innate talent of sensing trouble to run for their lives. Lewis was a person with such high cowardice skills. As long as he sensed something wrong, he would maintain constant vigilance against his surroundings.

Rocher quickly glanced around. A lot of mortals abounded the streets when they entered the city.

These mortals were indifferent to the sect war currently happening between the Heavenly Evil Sect, and the joint force of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance. No matter who came out victorious or controlled their city had nothing to do with them.

"Those people have disappeared," Rocher muttered in realization when he saw the now empty streets in front of them.

Patrick was also vigilant. Suddenly, he pointed at the low city wall. The three others looked up and noticed a light blue enchanted barrier that had suddenly appeared and enveloped the entire small city.

At this time, the mortals that had disappeared earlier suddenly opened their doors and walked out of their homes.

"What's wrong with these people?" Lewis muttered in curiosity.

More and more people had come out and filled the streets. All of them were glassy-eyed and kept walking back and forth. They were clearly still alive but looked like zombies devoid of any vitality.

"We might be in trouble," Zen said before looking at Rocher. "Stay here!"

Even though there was no formally designated leader, it was apparent to everyone that Zen was the key figure of their team.

Rocher obeyed, unsheathing his sword and sitting crossed-leg in the sidewalk. He closed his eyes tightly and began to gather his strength.

He was well aware of how extra cautious Zen had been acting, which probably meant that he was about to meet extremely formidable enemy. Rocher would naturally also be on high alert.

Patrick and Lewis were the same. They both knew these mortals posed no immediate threat but they kept their guard up just in case.

Zen suddenly shot out of the sky and rushed towards the blue enchanted barrier. However, before he could even approach, a faint chuckle stopped him.

"Hahaha! It seems today is my lucky day! Who would've thought I'd be able to catch a middle-stage Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior with the cage I set up in Melody City!"

a loud, sharp voice remarked.

It was the voice of a child, probably three or four years old.

"Who are you?" Zen asked, staring up at the blue enchanted barrier with caution.

Not long after, a faint figure materialized hazily on top of the barrier. It had the outline of a person but it didn't feel like one. Zen could only guess that what he was seeing in front of him was a soul, or rather, the projection of a soul.

It was a skill that even Zen had never seen before in the Sea God Continent.

Of course, within the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, Lavender had used a similar technique to talk to the Demon Night queen from the Upper World. However, that happened beyond the scope of the Sea God Continent.

"Who are you?" Zen repeated. "Answer me!"

The hazy figure grew clearer and revealed a small boy with tender skin and an incredibly cute face. However, his appearance did not match with the sheer cruelty that emanated from his eyes.

"You don't need to know who I am. Once you enter my Spirit Container, you will just have to die, just like those guys," the child spoke viciously but his face looked extremely innocent.

"The Spirit Container?" Zen asked calmly.

The boy nodded and smiled coldly, "I don't mind telling you. If I gather the soul power of several hundred thousand mortals in this small city, I can project my soul! And I have the Fighting Soul!"

Zen quickly ruminated from the boy's words. It seemed that most of the Virtual Tribulation Realm elders who died in the war had been killed by this boy whose Fighting Soul made it difficult for even Life and Death Realm masters to resist him.

"You're not from the Central Region, right?" Zen suddenly asked.

The boy snorted, "Does it matter? Just go die. Then I'll tell you!" The boy gave Zen one of his cold smiles before suddenly rushing into his mind. He obviously wanted to use his Fighting Soul to directly exterminate Zen's soul.

Chapter 1016 A Big Secret

Zen had no idea how this boy was projecting his soul into this small city with a population of only a few hundred thousand.

When he thought of the strange scene that occurred in this city and the Spirit Container that the boy had mentioned, Zen guessed that he must have controlled the souls of these people.

Not only was this method unimaginable, it was also extremely cruel.

There had been wars among the sects in the Central Region before. When a war broke out, it would involve millions of warriors and many lives were lost. However, not many mortals would be a part of it.

On the one hand, it was easy to kill mortals as they had zero combat strength compared to warriors. On the other hand, killing so many mortals for no reason would bring far too much malicious aura. Thus, the gains were not worth it.

Moreover, mortals were the foundation of the Central Region and countless talents were born from them. They were the cornerstone of the Central Region's development. The Sea God Continent had the Tower of Sin where warriors could cultivate, but the Central Region had no such place for cultivation. Therefore, warriors would normally not kill mortals.

If it weren't for the Heavenly Evil Sect, it was possible that one or two sacred places might appear in the Central Region in another hundred years. And in another thousand years, there might be a seventh-grade sacred place and several warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

However, this time, the Heavenly Evil Sect had crossed the line. They didn't care about the consequences.

Seeing the boy drilling into his mind, Zen did not resist at all. Instead, he allowed him to crawl into his mind.

"Have you given up on resisting? The warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the Central Region are too weak. Not only are you weak physically, but your souls are fragile too!" sneered the boy. The other warriors who he had killed earlier had at least tried to resist, but Zen wasn't doing anything at all. This convinced him that Zen's soul was weaker than those warriors'.

Zen's soul floated in his mind, emitting an emerald green light. It had almost reached the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, but the cyan dragon advised him to stop training his soul. Once the soul seed was ready, his soul would merge with it and he would be able to break through to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm.

Making the soul seed seemed to be a very complicated task. Even with the cyan dragon's expertise, progress was incredibly slow.

Even though Zen had stopped cultivating his soul, it was already much stronger than the other warriors'. He had never met another warrior, be it on the Sea God Continent or in the Central Region, who possessed a soul at the Fighting Soul Realm. Neither the warriors at the Life and Death Realm in the Central Region nor war sages on the Sea God Continent had a soul at the Fighting Soul Realm.

He reckoned that only the mightiest warriors at the Soul Sea Realm from the Purple Heart Sacred Place and the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place could possess the soul of the Fighting Soul Realm.

As for the strength of the boy in front of him, Zen had no idea, but he believed that he was probably also at the Soul Sea Realm.

Soon, Zen found the boy in his mind.

The sneer on the boy's face disappeared when he saw Zen. The sight of the green light radiating from Zen's soul made his voice tremble. "Jasper Fighting Soul Realm?"

Zen smiled. "My soul is indeed weak, but your soul is much weaker, like an ant's!" he mocked.

Hearing these words, the boy moved at the highest speed, in an attempt to fly out of Zen's mind. Battles between souls usually happened in an instant. When the boy saw that Zen's soul was already close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, he didn't dare to hang around in his mind any longer.

"Now that you've come, you won't be able to leave!" Zen said coldly.

A majestic roar echoed in his mind.

Roar!

It was the roar of the cyan dragon.

"What is that?" asked the panic-stricken boy.

He was paralyzed with fear. He saw a giant dragon appearing in the depths of Zen's mind and a ray of multicolored light was spewing out of his mouth. The light released a massive attraction force and the boy was unable to move anymore.

Zen's soul was floating in his mind. He didn't have any intentions of making a move. All he said to the boy was, "I forgot to tell you. Your opponent isn't me. It's him."

With that, the boy got sucked into the huge multicolored light instantly.

Even if it was a powerful Owl Beast, the cyan dragon would be able to swallow it, let alone the boy whose soul was only at the Fighting Soul Realm. How could he be a match for the cyan dragon?

After gobbling up the boy's soul, the cyan dragon said to Zen, "His soul is very complex. It must have been formed from the souls of countless people together. His own soul has only one strand within it."

"One strand? That means the other souls belong to the hundreds of thousands of mortals in Melody City," Zen said with a frown.

"That's right. He seems to be using some method of extracting people's souls. He extracted a strand of every person's soul and put them together by using his own soul," said the cyan dragon slowly.

Zen nodded his head as he opened his eyes, and slowly headed in the direction of Rocher and the rest of the people.

"Zen, what happened? I think I saw a soul drilling into your mind." Rocher had sharp eyes. There was a hint of worry on his face. A soul battle was extremely dangerous. He didn't know whether Zen could handle it properly.

"I've already killed him," Zen replied triumphantly.

Right then the mortals in the city opened their eyes. However, most of them were covering their heads. They felt dispirited, and some of them even fainted and fell onto the ground.

A strand of their souls had been extracted and used by the boy, who was then devoured by the cyan dragon. Their souls had suffered damage as well. Naturally, they would feel the pain.

Fortunately, Zen had arrived. If this continued for a long time, the boy would slowly drain the souls of all these mortals. And if that happened, all of them might just turn into zombies.

At the same time, 10, 000 miles away from Melody City, something was happening in the place where the Ethereal Spirit Sect had been located.

After the Heavenly Evil Sect wiped out the Ethereal Spirit Sect, the place was designated as its temporary headquarters.

There was a large altar in the center of the grand hall, and in the center of the altar was a small Eight-diagram Mirror. Suddenly, a crack appeared in the mirror.

This was followed by a blood-curdling scream. It seemed to be coming from within the mirror.

The face that appeared in the mirror was that of the boy.

"Master Wallace! What's the matter with you?"

"Master Wallace! Wait a moment. I'll go get the Lord!"

The warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the hall left in a hurry. Master Wallace was behaving very strangely. Even if he was just projecting a soul in the mirror, the warriors were scared of being around him. They tried to escape under the pretense of looking for Eddie.

Eddie appeared in the hall shortly.

He had a strange expression when he saw the crack in the mirror. He cupped his hands and asked the boy in the mirror, "Master Wallace, what's wrong?"

"Humph! The strand of my soul that was projected in Melody City was devoured by someone," Master Wallace said abrasively.

Eddie was surprised. He immediately asked, "Although it was just a projection of your soul, it still possessed the strength of the Fighting Soul Realm. Who in the Central Region could have the power to devour your soul?"

"This person's soul is incomparably powerful. And I've also discovered a big secret!" said the boy with a sneer.

"Really? What secret did you find?" Eddie was eager to know.

"There's no need for you to know. When the Star Storm ends, I will personally come to the Sky Northern Region. Leave that young man to me!" The boy smiled wickedly. His face gradually faded.

Master Wallace's message made Eddie gloomy. It was not like he couldn't guess who Master Wallace was referring to. There was only one person in the young generation of the Central Region whose soul was so strong—Zen!

But he couldn't solve the mystery of the secret that Master Wallace spoke of.

Chapter 1017 River Wave City

Eddie was very sure of Master Wallace's origins.

There was a vast continent on the other side of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. On this continent, there used to be seven divine kingdoms along with a few other races.

Compared to this continent, the Central Region was only a large island.

Three of the seven divine kingdoms had been destroyed in the past in a war with the Dragon Lineage Human. Now, only four divine kingdoms remained.

Master Wallace came from the York Divine Kingdom. The Holy Maiden who they had met in Immortal Mist's celestial tomb came from the same kingdom.

After their last trip to the celestial tomb, Elder Gong, the warrior at the Life and Death Realm from the York Divine Kingdom, had fulfilled his promise and given Simon the internal version of the Scripture of Five Poisons. During the past two years, Simon had spent most of his time cultivating it.

As for the Holy Maiden, although she had vowed in the celestial tomb that she would lead the warriors of the divine kingdom to wipe out the Central Region, she hadn't.

After all, it was extremely difficult to pass through the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

This was due to the abnormally violent Star Storm that had been hanging above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars since many years ago. The Sky Northern Region and the four divine kingdoms were separated by this storm.

According to Master Wallace, although the storm continued, it would subside with each passing year. Once the Star Storm weakened, the Holy

Maiden would set off to flatten the Sky Northern Region.

In this case, Eddie and the York Divine Kingdom were not on the same side. With Eddie's personality, he would never be willing to become just a vassal. His ambitions extended beyond the Central Region. In fact, he even thought nothing of the four divine kingdoms. He was destined to step onto a higher level.

He could only work with the York Divine Kingdom temporarily and take what he needed. He had obtained a lot of benefits from this kingdom, so, of course, he wouldn't refuse their help.

Eddie had speculated that there was a huge secret hidden within Zen's body. The problem was that Zen was too cunning. The last time he had cornered Zen in the Dreamy Swampland, he had managed to escape. What was even more infuriating was that he had even taken away Margaret.

After that, Eddie and Simon had worked together to wipe out the Ethereal Spirit Sect and had sent people to the Cloud Hall to get Margaret by exchanging Xander. Eddie had thought that this would be a cinch and that the Cloud Hall would be willing to do so. After all, Xander was the leader of Ethereal Spirit Sect, while Margaret was only a warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm. Plus, she was Xander's great-granddaughter.

But Eddie was wrong. They refused to do so. What was even more unexpected was that Zen had taken Margaret's virginity!

At that point, Eddie's plan to form the Lustful Demon Array had failed. Who knew how many years it would take for him to find the next girl with the Purple Power Body?

Zen's actions were unpredictable. As he was Eddie's nemesis, he not only wanted to get rid of the brat, but he also wanted to snatch the secret from Zen's body and steal his fate too.

Eddie knew that he must do it as soon as possible. If the warriors from the York Divine Kingdom were to come here, he probably wouldn't have a chance.

After some contemplation, he felt that his plan should be carried out faster. So he decided to stop Simon from cultivating for now and ask him to help him deal with Zen.

In Melody City, Zen and his group had completed their first mission, but they didn't find any transmission arrays there. Melody City was originally a trap set up by the Heavenly Evil Sect to lure and kill those warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm who were against them.

Zen did not care whether or not he could complete the mission. Truth be told, he had come just because he was still worried about Letitia.

Letitia had already reached the Life and Death Realm, and no one was able to find her when she went out alone. That day, Saint Morphens had rushed out to follow her, but given his speed, he could not track her. She had disappeared into the horizon in the blink of an eye. Since then, no one of the Cloud Hall had heard from her again.

What if she went crazy and barged into the headquarters of the Heavenly Evil Sect? She alone was definitely no match for Simon and Eddie.

"Since we didn't find any transmission arrays, we should return to report this," Rocher said to Zen.

Their trip had gone without a glitch this time around, and they had even managed to break the Spirit Container set up by the boy easily. But this would have been impossible for Rocher, Lewis, and Patrick without Zen's intervention. It was a powerful soul attack. Had it not been for Zen, the three of them would most likely already be dead.

"Wait." Zen hesitated.

"What is it?"

Rocher and Patrick instantly became tense. Could there be some other danger in Melody City?

Zen suddenly took out a white token. It originally belonged to Letitia. She had given it to him during the Cloud Road Test so that they could use it to communicate with each other.

There were three common ways for warriors to communicate with each other. The first was to use one's life vitality. This method was suitable for two warriors in relatively close quarters; at most, only several thousand feet away. The second method was to use message runes. With a message rune, one could contact another warrior who was far away. Message runes could even reach several hundred miles. The only downside was that the cost of manufacturing them was relatively high.

The tokens also covered an area of one to two hundred miles. One could use a token to send a message within this range.

Holding out Letitia's token, Zen poured a thread of life vitality into it in an attempt to send a message to her, but the token did not react at all.

Zen's face fell. This meant that Letitia was not within one or two hundred miles of them.

"Let's go back and start another mission!"

He smiled bitterly.

Zen was acting weird. Rocher and the others looked at each other in confusion. They had no idea what he was up to.

On their return journey, every time they traveled a certain distance, Zen would stop and pour his life vitality into the token. The token didn't react, but Zen didn't give up.

When they reached almost halfway, Zen once again poured his life vitality into it. This time the token reverberated.

Zen's eyes lit up, and, after a moment of hesitation, he asked, "Tia!

Is that you?"

There was no response from the other side.

'She heard it, ' Zen thought. He was sure that Letitia was within the token's reception range, but where was she?

He stopped suddenly.

"Boss, what's wrong this time?"

Lewis could not help but ask as he looked at a nervous Zen. Ever since Zen had given him a pair of low-grade sacred weapons, he had begun calling him boss.

"Is there any big city around here?" he inquired.

Rocher approached Zen with a strange look on his face. "To the southeast is River Wave City, but that is the Heavenly Evil Sect's stronghold. A large number of its forces are gathered there. The place is easy to hold but hard to attack, so the alliance doesn't have any plans to take down River Wave City at the moment."

The territories belonging to the alliance and the Heavenly Evil Sect crisscrossed. River Wave City was one of the Heavenly Evil Sect's territories and had the strongest army. It was an extremely important outpost of the Heavenly Evil Sect. It was said that Darius, the Heavenly Evil Sect's military counselor, was in River Wave City.

Zen's eyes lit up at Rocher's description. "She is there!"

Zen transformed into a beam of light and dashed towards River Wave City.

"Boss, what's going on?" Lewis shrugged his shoulders.

"Follow him!" Rocher and Patrick sped ahead without a word. Right now, they had unconditional trust in Zen.

Zen was flying high in the sky and simultaneously trying to communicate with Letitia using the token, but she didn't say a word.

"Hello!"

"Letitia!"

"Tia!"

"Will you say something?"

No matter what Zen said, Letitia turned a deaf ear to him.

This only worried Zen further. Who knew what unwise choices she would make driven by fury?

So what if she was at the Life and Death Realm? Eddie had the support of the four divine kingdoms, and the Cloud Hall could not contend with their methods. Even warriors at the Life and Death Realm were nothing in front of the divine kingdoms.

After covering a distance of over sixty to seventy miles, Zen stared at River Wave City in front of him. Immediately, a menacing rage burst forth from his eyes.

Chapter 1018 As You Wish (Part One)

Below the River Wave City, tens of thousands of Illuminating Soul Realm martial artists were sitting in a neat row and were releasing their life vitality as they maintained a meditative posture. They were all wearing the garbs of the Heavenly Evil Sect.

Many of them would occasionally take out low-grade life vitality crystals, crush them, absorb their life vitality, and then release it through their own bodies.

Above them, hundreds of Internal Elixir Realm martial artists were rapidly traveling back and forth. After being divided into groups, their life vitality would be gathered together and it would form several thick beams of life vitality that would then shoot upwards.

Above these Internal Elixir Realm martial artists, there were six Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists in green who were setting up a giant rune using the beams of life vitality. In the middle of the rune, there was one person - Letitia.

No one in River Wave City could match Letitia.

If what happened had happened in the past, no sect would be able to bring Letitia down, even if they gathered all of their warriors to fight as a single unit. In that scenario, Letitia would be strong enough to slaughter all of the warriors in River Wave City all on her own.

But that was before. The Heavenly Evil Sect had developed an uncanny way to fight, and it had worked brilliantly for them. First, they would gather the life vitality of tens of thousands of Illuminating Soul Realm disciples in order to form a big array that could cover the sky. This big array would then be controlled by six Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors, and with that, they would trap their prey - Letitia, in this instance.

Despite being a warrior at the Life and Death Realm, Letitia couldn't break out of the bubble that was enclosing her. She continued to attack the rune, but she was already showing a trace of exhaustion on her face.

Every time she accumulated her life vitality, a horrifyingly cold energy would burst out of her body. Under the extreme cold, the rune that was trapping her would greatly dim.

Still, she would not be able to break through the rune. Despite that, no one from the Heavenly Evil Sect dared to underestimate her, and her strength as a Life and Death Realm warrior.

When the life vitality in the rune became depleted, the Illuminating Soul Realm martial artists below would take out life vitality crystals to supplement it. After that, they would continuously send life vitality upwards.

They didn't need to fight. All they needed to do was to sit, and spend their own life vitality.

This method of fighting was eerily similar to Zen's Small Circulation Killing Array. Its primary principle was to use over a thousand small runes to provide energy for a larger, much stronger rune. The division of labor was clear, and its efficiency was increased by tenfold.

The six Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists continued to control the life vitality coming from below them. Then, using the rune, they would launch a counterattack at Letitia.

The space inside the rune was several thousand feet long and wide. Letitia was moving around, trying her best to avoid the attacks. Although she was enclosed in such a space, it was clear that it would not be easy for them to kill her.

And within a short period of time, the two sides were already starting to confront each other.

Zen rushed over. He had no idea how long Letitia and the Heavenly Evil Sect had been locked in a face-off, but seeing Letitia's miserable state broke his heart into pieces.

Deep in his heart, he still cared about Letitia a lot.

To be honest, Letitia held a much more important position in Zen's heart as compared with Margaret. When Zen got angry earlier, he had contradicted Letitia defiantly. He didn't expect that she would run away in anger.

More surprisingly, she actually went all the way to such a dangerous place by herself. River Wave City had been occupied by half of the forces of the Heavenly Evil Sect. Even the alliance had avoided the city. 'What were you thinking? Did you really intend to take the city by yourself? Is everything just a game to you now?' Zen thought as he looked on what was happening.

It didn't take Rocher, Lewis and Patrick long to arrive. As they saw the scene before them, the expressions on their faces drastically changed.

"Master Ning! Master Ning is trapped in the rune! Hurry back to Oracle City and call for reinforcements!" Lewis immediately cried out the moment he saw what was happening.

"It's too late for that," replied Rocher with a cautious look on his face.

Patrick was also wearing a worried look on his face. As members of Cloud Hall, how could they just stand watching as their head was being attacked in front of them? And worse, she had a high possibility of perishing in front of them!

At that moment, Zen said to Rocher and the others, "Guys, please, don't do anything now. Let's just wait for a moment."

The Heavenly Evil Sect martial artists had used such a special tactic to unleash a power that could even trap Letitia. As Rocher and the rest weren't as strong as Letitia, it was almost sure that they would be killed if they acted on impulse. Thoughts swirled inside Zen's head. 'How would we deal with this situation?'

Rocher didn't say anything else. But soon enough, he took out his long sword, closed his eyes and then started to gather all his energy.

He was fully aware that his combat power was insufficient to deal with the disciples of the Heavenly Evil Sect. The only people he could match with in terms of strength were the warriors at the later stage of the Internal Elixir Realm. But even if he was no match for the warriors at the primary level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, if he used his Sword Eye to gain momentum, he might have a chance.

Seeing this, Patrick and Lewis braced themselves. They were not any stronger than Rocher, and so all they could do was to stand on his sides with the sole purpose of protecting him. Such a battle was not something that warriors of their level could get involved in.

As all of these were happening, Zen started slowly approaching River Wave City. At that time, he was only five or six miles away from the city. Slowly, he raised the message token and said in a low voice, "Tia, I see you."

While he was speaking, he was looking at Letitia who was still trapped by the rune. A burning attack was just launched against her and fortunately, she was able to dodge it. When she heard Zen's voice, her head jerked up, and she immediately looked towards his direction. Her face was pained, but she still did not say anything and just continued to attack the rune.

"I know you heard me," Zen said.

Indeed, Letitia had heard him, but she was just unwilling to talk to him.

"You don't want to talk to me? Well then, I'm leaving," Zen said half-jokingly.

But Letitia once again didn't reply. Instead, he saw that she was once again starting to attack the rune. Unfortunately, the rune looked very stable, and Letitia's attack did not harm it one bit. With an exasperated voice, Letitia suddenly replied, "Just leave. You're no longer a disciple of Cloud Hall. My life or death has nothing to do with you."

Upon hearing Letitia's words, Zen couldn't help but sigh. 'This woman is really stubborn, ' he said to himself. His anger was slowly brewing inside him, but he thought for a while and calmed himself down. With a deep breath, he said, "I'm sorry, Tia."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1019 As You Wish (Part Two)

"Sorry for what?" Letitia replied emotionlessly.

"I shouldn't have spoken to you like that," he replied back, his voice hush.

Letitia pursed her lips. The life vitality in her hand turned into a blue curtain of frost and ice, blocking her from the front. A raging inferno suddenly appeared in the rune and rushed towards her.

Despite the great power of the raging inferno, it was still unable to break through the wall of frost and ice that Letitia had created.

"There's nothing that you shouldn't have done. Don't men always do the right things?" Letitia said, her voice as cold as her powers.

A wry smile graced Zen's lips. It seemed that Letitia couldn't let go of what happened between Margaret and him.

At this critical juncture, Letitia brought up old scores again. Zen didn't know what to say.

"I admit that I was wrong. I'm so sorry," Zen said apologetically.

"I'm sorry, Zen. It's too late," Letitia replied coldly.

"Then how will you forgive me?" Zen asked.

"I'll forgive you if you die," she answered flatly. The wall of frost and ice around Letitia began slowly melting, so she abruptly shot out a strand of life vitality and began to reinforce it once again.

"As you wish," Zen replied as he smiled. Without saying anything else, he flew towards River Wave City.

"What? Wait! Oh no! Zen!"

Letitia cried as she saw Zen rush down the city like a madman. With her eyes as wide as plates, she screamed in her heart, 'Are you crazy?!'

Although Letitia was currently in a disadvantageous position, she would not die. Even without the help of others, she might still be able to escape the rune.

The method of combining the powers of tens of thousands of warriors for a single purpose was not without its own flaws, and Letitia was hell bent on finding its weakness. The life vitality that was gathered together itself was extremely complex, not to mention the life vitality of the tens of thousands of warriors that were contributing to it. Even the movements of the six Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists were not the same. As long as Letitia had enough time, she believed that she could find this whole thing's flaw.

In the past, Letitia would have warned Zen not to come over. Although she could not break through Heavenly Evil Sect's tactic for the time being, it would not be difficult for her to escape unscathed, especially if she used her trump card.

With Zen's sudden involvement, however, things had become much more complicated. As Letitia was sure that Zen didn't know how terrifying this battle technique was, she started becoming nervous.

Darius, who was the most important person in River Wave City, sneered when he saw a warrior at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm rushing into the city. "Interesting. Another brainless fly enters the Birdcage."

The Birdcage was a method of fighting.

It was a technique that handed down from the York Divine Kingdom. Mainly, it was a technique where the strength of thousands of warriors was gathered. However, Eddie and Simon didn't seem to be good at commanding. On the contrary, Darius was a natural commander, and under his command, the movements of tens of thousands of warriors were highly unified.

This tactic had its own name, but Darius liked to call it Birdcage. He arranged a cage and waited for the birds outside to rush in. It truly was an appropriate name for what they were doing.

'What is that guy thinking? I'm able to trap the head of Cloud Hall successfully, and she's at Life and Death Realm! I'll be able to kill him in an instant, ' Darius thought inwardly, chuckling softly. Slowly, he extended his hand and took out a black banner. Then, he waved it in the air, creating a special shape.

The Illuminating Soul Realm warriors below still continued to send their life vitality upwards, and the Internal Elixir Realm warriors at the middle level were still traveling back and forth. They changed the direction of some life vitality and shot it towards one of the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors.

Originally, six Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors had set up the giant rune together to trap Letitia inside. But now, three of them changed to use the life vitality sent from below to attack Zen.

So basically, half of the strength of those tens of thousands of warriors had been shifted towards Zen's direction, with the sole purpose of killing him.

As a result, Letitia felt that the pressure lessened. Even if a ray of life vitality was basically after him, Zen's face didn't show the slightest trace of fear.

If Darius knew that the warrior he was trying to get killed was Zen, he definitely wouldn't have only used half of his power to attack Zen. But since he didn't know, he thought that it was already enough to kill some unimportant yet exceptionally brave warrior who had the audacity to enter River Wave City.

As she saw this scene unfolding, Letitia increasingly became anxious. Although she could still protect herself from the rune, she wouldn't be able to break through it in a short period of time.

"Go to hell!" Darius laughed coldly as he waved the black banner in his hand again. Then, a yellow banner appeared, circling around his other hand.

"Sizzle..."

The life vitality of tens of thousands of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors turned into a huge blue electric net that suddenly wrapped Zen inside. At the same time, the electric net began to contract violently, releasing power that was far stronger than the attacks of ordinary Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors.

Rocher's eyes were tightly shut. He knew that Zen was facing great danger, which was why he was quick in gathering his strength. The power of the Sword Eye was terrifying, but it took a very long time to activate it.

On his sides, Patrick and Lewis were standing guard.

Despite wanting to do anything else, they couldn't as their strength was below his.

Boom!

When the electric net reached its limit, it suddenly erupted, leaving a ball of incandescent light in its wake. As the light completely condensed, its momentum and might became comparable to the full force of a Life and Death Realm warrior.

Chapter 1020 As You Wish (Part Three)

Letitia's heart trembled, and a strong feeling of regret sprouted in her heart.

"Zen!"

Even if Letitia was hit by this attack, she wouldn't be able to escape without any kind of defense.

While she knew that Zen had an extraordinary physique and had already broken through to the Virtual Tribulation Realm, she wasn't sure if he could block such an attack.

"Do you really want to die because of a single sentence? Don't be so silly!" Letitia stared at the light, her face full of worry.

Not long after, the blazing white light slowly disappeared. Many of the martial artists' eyes were focused on it. Darius had a cold smile on his lips. He thought the man should have already turned to ash.

However, his expression immediately darkened the moment he saw that the warrior he tried to kill was still alive, unharmed.

"Am I stupid?" Zen asked, as he floated unharmed, with a smile on his face. He looked back and turned to where Letitia was.

As Zen was safe and sound, Letitia's anxious heart became fully at ease. However, her face darkened as she coldly said, "Well, you can go to hell!"

The life vitality of over ten thousand Illuminating Soul Realm warriors, when gathered together, would be exceedingly terrifying. Even if Zen had the body similar to a high-grade fairy weapon, he still wouldn't be able to resist such magnitude of power. If he had resisted the blow physically, he would have been seriously injured, if he didn't die.

However, before that power erupted, Zen had already circulated the power of the Space Law to float outside the space.

This was what made the Space Law invulnerable. The Space Law and the Time Law were the two most mysterious of all laws. It was true that controlling this type of law was difficult, but once one was able to control it, he or she would have unlimited edge over his or her opponents.

Now that Zen had mastered the second layer of the Space Law, he was like a fish swimming in space. No matter what storm might come, he would be as good as a fish in water. It was very difficult to hurt him unless his opponent was also proficient in the Space Law.

Facing this man who suddenly appeared out of nowhere, Darius realized that he was probably in big trouble.

Previously, with the Birdcage, he could guard River Wave City without any worries. Occasionally, he would lead thousands of warriors to go out and train. Those ordinary Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists weren't matches for him. As long as he waved his banner, he could easily kill them.

The moment he returned to River Wave City, the head of Cloud Hall had already launched crazy attacks on his city.

As they were caught off guard, thousands of people were killed. Even Darius himself had almost lost his life. Fortunately, he was able to run away fast enough. In a moment of desperation, he quickly gathered all of the warriors in the city and quickly arranged his Birdcage.

When he realized that he had captured a huge bird, a Life and Death Realm warrior, and he had the liberty to kill her, he was overjoyed.

It was only a matter of time before he succeeded. If Letitia wouldn't be able to break through the Birdcage soon, her life vitality would be exhausted at last. By then, she would be too weak to fight back.

Also, Darius had so many plans with her.

That woman was the head of Cloud Hall. She was probably the strongest woman in the Central Region. Moreover, she was shockingly young and had not yet married. If he could capture this woman alive... Darius had already been lost in reverie.

He was very confident that he would be able to turn his illusions into reality. As long as he exhausted Letitia's life vitality, he would have a lot of methods at his disposal that would make her lose her ability to resist. Moreover, he would change her into a dissolute woman.

That was why Darius had been extremely patient in this battle. Under that patience, he had hidden a burning desire that would do everything to get satiated.

Never would he have thought that a Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist would appear at this time, and ruin everything!

River Wave City was the outpost position of the Heavenly Evil Sect. For the time being, Oracle City would not send out any troops to attack them, but why did Zen suddenly attack them?

When Darius saw Zen, he immediately gathered the power of the Birdcage in order to get rid of him.

He never expected that Zen's strength was far beyond his imagination. Darius was experienced, but he wasn't sure what method Zen used to avoid his attack.

He only knew that he was in danger now.

However, at this critical juncture, he would not easily retreat, much less flee. River Wave City was a sturdy fortress, so he wouldn't leave it behind. Moreover, he knew that he couldn't outrun the head of Cloud Hall.

Right now, he could only fight as his life was on the line.

Whirl!

Darius quickly waved his banner, and the six Virtual Tribulation Realm elders also quickly changed their positions. While drawing life vitality to support the rune in the air, they were setting up another giant rune. The rune flashed and immediately shrouded in Zen's direction.

No matter what happened, Zen would not let Darius get what he wanted. He didn't stop at all but flew straight towards the Illuminating Soul Realm warriors at the bottom of the group. If they kept supporting those Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors above, this array would never be broken.

Zen knew how to break the array with a glance, and a sneer appeared on his face as he turned towards the Illuminating Soul Realm warriors. Since these independent warriors had chosen to join the Heavenly Evil Sect, then they must be ready to die at any time.

Chapter 1021 The Decisive Battle

The Illuminating Soul Realm warriors were sitting straight and upright in rows. Even when there wasn't any trouble around, they were alert. So when Zen plummeted before them, the expressions on their faces changed drastically.

They didn't know much about him, but they were afraid of him. Even the three Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors, who had gathered the life vitality of over ten thousand Illuminating Soul Realm warriors, didn't stand a chance against him. How could the likes of them resist his powers then?

Besides, Darius had given out a strict order that no one was allowed to retreat without permission. They had to stay there even if they had to be killed. Those who violated such an order were to be executed without mercy.

When Zen moved rapidly downward, those Illuminating Soul Realm warriors were his targets of slaughter. Since he was too powerful, they were only like a bunch of ants in his eyes, ready to be crushed in one stomp of his feet.

Zen kept on attacking and killing those warriors in the River Wave City. Wherever he went, severed limbs and fresh blood flew in the air, forming a clear line of blood as if a giant picked up a paintbrush and drew one stroke of a shaky line using his red ink.

At first, those Illuminating Soul Realm warriors could still hold on. The deterrence of the Heavenly Evil Sect was still very strong for these independent warriors who had just joined the sect. However, as Zen continued to kill more of them, countless of malicious aura burst out of his body and those Illuminating Soul Realm warriors who were sitting still on the ground could no longer endure Zen's attack.

No one wanted to be killed by Zen like ants.

"That guy is mad!"

"If we stay here, we'll all die!"

"Flee!"

In the beginning, there were only a few warriors who tried to run away. The supervisors on both sides brandished their sabers to prevent the warriors from escaping, and those who dared to flee were all killed by them.

However, more warriors decided to escape as time flew. Eventually, most of them shot out in every direction of the River Wave City.

Tens of thousands of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors scattered everywhere. Even Darius couldn't control them. He didn't have the ability to kill them all by himself.

Seeing as the situation had already gone amiss, the Internal Elixir Realm warriors in the middle layer didn't want to stay in their original place anymore. They also began to flee the city.

Those independent warriors did not have much loyalty, to begin with. The reason why they chose to join the Heavenly Evil Sect was that the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom had a lot of power and the warriors could get some benefit if the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom took control of the Central Region in the future. Ultimately, their lives were the most important.

If the warriors in the low layer didn't provide enough life vitality, how could the six Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors be able to catch Letitia?

The giant rune covering Letitia gradually dissipated. Then, Letitia slightly raised her hand, and bits of snow-white light condensed in her hand, quickly forming a large ice halberd.

Looking coldly at Darius, she said, "Go to hell!"

Upon seeing that things really weren't going well, Darius hurriedly retreated towards the outskirts of the River Wave City. But how could he escape from Letitia?

Letitia gently waved her large ice halberd, and as her figure flashed, the long feathers of the ice phoenix stretched out from her back, with a length of over ten feet. They continuously fluttered in the air.

"Huff, huff, huff..."

When Letitia was one hundred feet behind Darius, he suddenly felt his movements become sluggish. Not only his flying speed but also the circulation of his life vitality within his belly became extremely slow.

As Darius slowed down, Letitia approached him in an instant. As she stared at him coldly, she pursed her lips and blew a mouthful of air towards him.

In just a blink of an eye, a layer of frost enveloped Darius, freezing him into a block of ice.

Before Darius fell to the ground, Letitia had already flourished the ice halberd in her hand and struck at the human-shaped ice block furiously.

"Clang!"

Instantly, Darius was smashed into pieces of ice flowers.

Meanwhile, Zen was unceasingly chasing down the six Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors. The six warriors also felt helpless and upset when they saw that the situation had taken a turn for the worse. They all had chosen to escape at that time, fleeing towards six different directions.

Afraid that Letitia might leave him again, Zen stopped chasing after the other warriors when he had already killed two of them. But with his current speed, he could have taken down at least three or four.

Just as Zen had expected, Letitia glared at him from a distance after she had just killed Darius. Then, she turned into a white flash of light and flew towards the south.

Seeing this, Zen let the forceful energy within his body erupt, increasing his moving speed to the maximum to chase after Letitia.

As for Rocher and the rest, they could only blankly watch Zen and Letitia quickly leave. They all looked at each other in dismay.

"What should we do?"

Lewis asked with his eyes wide open.

"There's no need to chase after them. We'll go back to report this matter. We have succeeded in attacking the River Wave City, which might be the best news we can tell in a long time!" Rocher responded immediately. It was evident that there was a conflict between Letitia and Zen, but it seemed as if the situation wasn't as bad anymore. Moreover, they moved at very high speed, so it was impossible for others to catch up to them. It was better for the rest of them to go back and report the matter immediately.

Although Letitia flew very fast, Zen also moved at great speed. One after the other, the two streaks of light drew an arc across the air over the Central Region.

Seeing that she couldn't get rid of Zen, Letitia suddenly stopped in midair, pointed her ice halberd towards Zen and asked, "Why are you following me?"

When Zen saw Letitia stopping, he slowly approached her. At the same time, he said flatly, "As the leader of the Cloud Hall, you should not act so recklessly on the battlefield! Have you ever thought about the interests of the Cloud Hall?"

Upon hearing Zen's inquisition, Letitia gritted her teeth. "What I do has nothing to do with you!"

Zen slightly smiled and continued to approach Letitia carefully.

Letitia shook her large ice halberd and shouted, "Don't you come any closer!"

However, Zen only ignored Letitia's warning. He was still slowly walking towards Letitia, and his gaze also gradually became gentler.

When Zen got too close, Letitia swung her weapon and struck Zen pretty hard.

"Bam!"

The impact of the ice halberd on Zen's body caused him to heavily dive downwards like a shooting star.

Even if Letitia did not employ her life vitality to hit him, her attack was still quite powerful. She was a Life and Death Realm warrior, after all, a force to be reckoned with.

"Boom!"

With a loud noise, Zen fell to the ground.

If it was just another Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior that was struck by Letitia, he could have ended up suffering a serious injury.

But Zen's body was strong, so only wisps of primordial energy appeared. Therefore, the attack didn't cause him any major harm. Letitia knew that, too. Despite all that they had gone through, she couldn't let Zen die.

After Zen crawled out of the large hole that his own falling had created, he once again flew towards Letitia with a determined expression on his face. This time, just as Zen was about to get close, Letitia suddenly swung the ice halberd in her hand and hit Zen for the second time, dropping him to the ground once more.

"I told you not to come any closer!"

Letitia yelled.

Persistent, Zen still refused to listen and continued to rush towards her.

Over and over again, he was thrown to the dirt. Gradually, a number of holes caused by Zen's impact on the ground could be seen.

As they continued like so, more and more pits appeared on the ground.

Finally, Letitia thought it was time to stop hitting Zen. She let her ice halberd hang in the air and gazed at Zen.

Calmly, Zen flew towards Letitia again and slowly passed by her ice halberd. This time, Letitia did not hit him.

They got closer and closer to each other. Then, Zen stretched out his hand towards her and pulled her into his embrace. "Stop being so stubborn," he whispered.

Letitia's petite body suddenly tensed up, and the rage that was filling up her head went away. Her pair of beautiful eyes were filled with tears, and then she nodded and uttered, "Okay."

They didn't say anything else, just silently embracing each other like that.

Three days later, Letitia finally returned to Oracle City.

The news about the River Wave City being destroyed by Letitia and Zen had already spread throughout the entire Oracle City. Since the start of the war with the Heavenly Evil Sect, the River Wave City had been difficult to attack as it was strategically located. Back then, the Oracle City's refusal to send troops to attack the River Wave City was based on various considerations, and the biggest scruple was that they were afraid that Eddie would directly fight a decisive battle with the allied forces of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance.

Since the Heavenly Evil Sect had become more powerful at the time, both the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance were no match even if combined. Now, both sides were saving up their strengths for the battle.

However, just after the River Wave City had been attacked, the thing that the Oracle City members feared the most had happened at last.

As expected, Eddie indeed lost his patience. Enraged, he led the army of the Heavenly Evil Sect and rushed straight towards the Oracle City.

In the eyes of the World Commercial Alliance members, Eddie chose to take action at that particular time mainly because the River Wave City had already been destroyed.

What they did not know was that Eddie did so because of Zen. He wanted to take the secret away from Zen and possess it before Master Wallace crossed the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

No matter what, the decisive battle that spanned over half of the Central Region was about to begin, and all the warriors in the Oracle City were about to engage themselves in it. The atmosphere turned heavier by the day.

Chapter 1022 Challenging Zen

The entire Oracle City was preparing for this decisive battle.

Every day hundreds of runes were sent from the Runic Tower and placed all over the city.

Every single warrior had stopped cultivating. As the time of battle approached, the air grew thicker. Cultivating would not change much, and they needed their focus on the right place.

Every day there were over a hundred spies from the World Commercial Alliance returning from the front line. The Heavenly Evil Sect had chosen to attack Oracle City. This was not a surprise attack as they openly marched towards it. Eddie felt very confident in this battle and how easy it would be to destroy the entire Oracle City.

The warriors of Cloud Hall were also in Oracle City. If Letitia and Zen chose to stay in the Cloud Hall, it would be a headache for Eddie because he was unable to break the sect-protecting array. Eddie was glad that the Cloud Hall had chosen to join hands with the World Commercial Alliance, and he swore to himself that he would wipe out both sects in Oracle City.

If Eddie defeated the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall, there was no force in the entire Central Region that could stop him. All the other fourth-grade sects like the Mysterious Luna Hall, Black Mountain Sect, and Bloodwood Cliff, would have no other choice other than to surrender. Eddie had already planned to slaughter all of them.

"Report! The army of the Heavenly Evil Sect appears 1800 miles to the south of Oracle City!"

"Report!

The army of the Heavenly Evil Sect appears 1, 000 miles away from the Oracle City!"

"Report! 600 miles away!"

"Report!"

The army of the Heavenly Evil Sect was slowly advancing and approaching Oracle City. With each closer mile, pressure grew within the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall.

In the past few days, Letitia had calmed down and recovered.

Zen and Letitia were deeply entangled and felt more in love than ever. He told her that his greatest wishes were to save his sister and marry Letitia in a grand ceremony. That was what he would do if he survived the battle ahead.

Letitia protested coquettishly, "I'm the leader of Cloud Hall and you are a mere disciple. People will laugh at us."

Zen never cared about what other people thought and he would marry Letitia despite him still being a disciple of Cloud Hall.

After returning to Oracle City, Letitia and Zen rarely saw each other as they were both busy. The elders of Cloud Hall felt relieved seeing Letitia alive and well. They needed her more than ever now that the battle was imminent. Their alliance was not as strong as the Heavenly Evil Sect. They needed their leader now more than ever.

A day later Zen left the courtyard. The Heavenly Evil Sect was closely approaching the city gates. Soon it would be the time to fight.

In a plain dress, Margaret looked calmly at Zen with a slight hint of worry on her face. She was like an ordinary wife helping her husband get dressed and straighten his clothes. "Be careful," she said in a worried and trembling voice.

"I will," Zen said as he nodded his head and quickly rushed towards the meeting room in Oracle City.

She waited until Zen left. Blinking her eyes, she vaguely looked in his direction and as if still speaking to him, she said, "Don't worry. I won't let you die."

Her soft and gentle eyes suddenly became cold and full of grievance. She reached for her space ring and quickly took out a black Taoist robe.

This was the uniform of the disciples of Ethereal Spirit Sect. She was not one of them, but when she was fourteen, she made her father give her one. A few years had passed since she last wore it, and she had grown into a fine woman. She grew a few inches taller and her body was now a woman's body. The robe didn't fit her well, but she still wore it.

She would fight today wearing that robe.

She would fight against Eddie for Zen, for the Xi Clan, and for the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

She was ready to face the battle. As she assured herself, Margaret quietly rushed out of the door.

The warriors in Oracle City could see the army of the Heavenly Evil Sect now. A large number of independent warriors had joined the Heavenly Evil Sect and were orderly lined up. Warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm floated in the sky as if protecting the army from any danger coming from above. Among them were two warriors at the Life and Death Realm—Eddie and Simon.

This great army was quietly standing just ten miles away from the Oracle City.

There were some very strange things amidst the warriors. One of them was a huge lamp that was being held by over a hundred warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm. In the middle of the lamp was a huge unlighted black wick.

On the other side of the lamp were two huge coffins. One was black and the other white. Everyone was secretly wondering what was inside those coffins.

In Oracle City, Dillon, Hobbes, and Haber were ceremoniously standing at the top of the city wall silently observing the army pressing closer and closer. The Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance sat in his chair with his eyes shut in meditation.

Letitia and the warriors of Cloud Hall were standing there as well looking at the Heavenly Evil Sect indifferently.

Suddenly, a flash of light floated over them, revealing Zen's arrival.

As he landed, he warmly glanced at Letitia who returned the look. There was so much affection in their eyes. Zen shifted his gaze and stared at Eddie standing in the distance. Even though they were separated by ten miles, they could see each other.

Eddie suddenly moved towards Oracle City while laughing crazily at the warriors standing on top of the city wall. "Our Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom will definitely control the Central Region. This is simply inevitable. As the saying goes, 'those who submit will prosper, those who resist shall perish.' The Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom represents the heavens. If you are willing to surrender, I will not refuse you and will welcome you with my arms wide open. But if you try to resist me, you are doomed."

Eddie's life vitality amplified his voice and spread it so that it could be heard all across the city. His voice was loud and clear like thunder. All the warriors and mortals in Oracle City felt their ears hurt from the shock.

All of the warriors in Oracle City were silent and not a single one of them moved. Eddie surely did not expect his speech to have any effect other than to raise his army's morale and lower his enemy's spirit.

"Uha!"

"Uha!"

"Uha!"

His army roared as Eddie finished speaking.

Dillon was about to speak and as he opened his mouth, Zen shouted "Bullshit!" using his life vitality so that he could also be heard by everyone.

His voice sounded like a clap of thunder, just as rough and assured as Eddie's. He couldn't help but to speak his mind even if it sounded vulgar. It was a simple and powerful word completely disregarding the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom.

Eddie's face flashed with anger and quickly changed to greed. To Eddie, Zen was like a moving treasure trove.

It had only been a few years, but this little brat had already gained so much power. If Eddie could kill him, he would obtain whatever power that belonged to him. That was all he wished—to destroy Zen and become invincible.

"Zen! Do you dare to fight me now? I recall last time you ran away half across the Central Region for your life because you were too scared. Are you going to act like a coward this time too?" Eddie sneered at Zen. His body was covered in black aura.

It was quite common for the leaders of both armies to challenge each other before a battle began.

Even during a war among mortals, they would challenge each other. The leaders of both sides would fight and the morals of the victorious side would naturally rise, while the defeated side would have their morale plummet.

Eddie was now challenging Zen to fight.

After all, he was a warrior at the Life and Death Realm and he was considered the strongest in the Central Region. If he had to challenge someone, it should be Letitia or the Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance that held a higher status.

But Zen was the one he wanted to challenge, fight and destroy.

The Ancient Tycoon opened his eyes and gently floated up from his chair. He then shouted to Eddie in an extremely hoarse voice, "The great number one warrior of the Central Region is actually challenging a junior. You are crossing the line. How about I play with you for a bit?"

Just like Zen and Eddie, the Ancient Tycoon's voice could be clearly heard by everyone across the Oracle City.

Letitia also floated up and smiled at Eddie. "Eddie, I am the leader of Cloud Hall, yet you are challenging a mere disciple. Aren't you afraid of losing your face?"

Eddie let out a cold snort. His eyes were like daggers as he glared at Zen and he asked, "Zen, do you dare?"

Chapter 1023 The Fight

Zen clenched his fists tightly. Although he maintained a calm expression, he was abnormally excited.

When he was still in the Cloud Sect, Zen had already listed Eddie as someone he had to kill. Even if he managed to save Yan, he had to kill Eddie. Eddie had become such an obstacle to his cultivation, and the only way to remove that obstacle was to kill him.

He had waited for so long, and finally, the day had come.

Zen moved quickly on his feet and stood on the edge of the city wall. As silently as an owl approaching its prey, he slowly floated towards the outside of the city wall. The more excited he was, the calmer his expression became.

Seeing Zen leave the city wall, Letitia called out, "Zen! Are you really willing to accept the challenge?"

Zen turned back and smiled at her. "Don't worry!" he said reassuringly, a bright smile on his face.

"But..." Letitia furrowed her brows and was about to speak when Zen suddenly said, "Don't worry, Tia. I will not die. I will come back safe and sound and marry you."

His voice was not loud, but many warriors of Cloud Hall were able to hear what he said clearly. Saint Morphens and a few other elders who knew of their situation couldn't help but have a knowing smile on their faces. As for the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm who knew nothing, such as Rocher and Lewis, surprise colored their faces.

Lewis' eyes were wide open as he nudged Rocher with his elbow. "Rocher, did you hear what I heard?" he asked in utter disbelief.

Rocher's eyes were closed, fresh blood slowly seeping out of them. He had been using his Sword Eye to accumulate the power of the heavens over the past two days. Only by doing so would he be able to unleash the full might of his Sword Eye.

"Is it strange?"

he replied, a slight smile on his lips.

"Of course! It is really strange!" Lewis replied in a hushed tone, evidently scandalized by how Rocher was treating the whole thing as if it was normal.

Rocher chuckled and shook his head. Then, he explained, "It's not strange at all for Zen to do something like this."

As for Letitia, the moment she heard what Zen said in front of everyone, her face suddenly flushed red.

Zen already had his head turn towards where Eddie was. While his face was calm, his eyes were filled with determination. Using his life vitality, he said slowly and clearly, "Two years ago when I was still at the Illuminating Soul Realm, I warned you that you would only be spared if you let go of Yan. Unfortunately, you didn't grab that opportunity. Now your chance is gone!"

With that, Zen slowly drew out his sword from his space ring, and it started emitting a faint light. With the impressive sword fully in his hand, he waved it gently, and suddenly, a sword hum was transmitted. The hum was very soft and pleasant to hear.

"It's a top-grade sacred weapon!" Dillon suddenly shouted as his eyes widened in surprise.

"Where did Zen get a top-grade sacred weapon?"

"There is no top-grade sacred weapon in the Central Region, and no weapon refiner has ever forged one. Where did he get it from?"

While most people would not recognize that Zen's sword was a top-grade sacred weapon, Dillon and the other mighty warriors could tell what it was right away. As Zen had already accepted Eddie's challenge, an intense battle would undoubtedly take place. As the outcome of this fight would decide who would win and who would lose this war, Dillon decided that he had to keep everyone's morale up.

One way was to tell everyone how they had an upper hand with Zen's top-grade sacred weapon.

"Ha-ha!" Eddie burst out in laughter. "Zen, I've always known that you got a smart mouth since we met two years ago. I didn't expect that even after all these years, you still haven't grown up and come into contact with reality. You are still so glib-tongued. I'll remind you, in case you forgot—in a fight between warriors, one does not need to rely on one's mouth. Rather, it is based on one's own strength!"

Zen looked at Eddie and took a deep breath. Faint glow of two different colors appeared on the surface of his body. They intertwined and enveloped his whole body, making it look like he had a special luster on him.

"Hey, everyone, look! Two stars have appeared in the sky!"

"It's daytime now. How can there be stars?"

"Those two stars seem to be shining down on Zen.

How is he able to borrow the power of the stars!"

Obviously, stars wouldn't just disappear during daytime. Because of the intense light from the sun, their lights were temporarily outshone, and so they went out of sight. However, after Zen activated the Stellar Body, the lights from the purple star and the orange star suddenly increased tenfold, becoming brighter than the sun which made them noticeable to everyone, even though the sun was still out. Their lights then shot towards Zen, who was light-years away.

After his Stellar Body was fully realized, Zen said coldly, "You're right. Then let me show you my strength!"

After Eddie noticed the glow on Zen's body, a look of surprise became evident on his face. He began to frown, but soon enough, it was replaced by a face full of caution. Indeed, Zen's cultivation method awed Eddie like no other. Since ancient times, stars had always been a mysterious existence to humans.

Even if they suspended all their beliefs in order to visualize the power stars held, it would still be a difficult feat to achieve. Even a glimpse to what they were capable of doing was impossible to achieve. Who would blame humans though—with the distance stars had from them? How would they be able to imagine such a thing?

But here was Zen, able to absorb the power of the stars. 'How? What kind of cultivation method is this?' Eddie thought, beads of sweat appearing on his forehead.

Eddie took out his Nameless Saber cautiously. Previously, it was considered as the best among all the low-grade sacred weapons in the Central Region. If he would fight anyone, he would undoubtedly use it.

However, when one compared it to Zen's weapon, Eddie's looked incredibly shabby.

Zen had a top-grade sacred weapon. In terms of value, since such a weapon didn't exist in the Central Region, no one knew just how many low-grade sacred weapons one would be able to exchange for it.

Zen once again waved his sword, not saying another word. With a flash, the forceful energy within his body shot out as he turned into a beam of light and shot towards Eddie, who was a few miles away.

The warriors at the Illuminating Soul Realm only saw two streaks of light. With their speed, it only took a fraction of a second for the two of them to collide. The two streaks then bounced off each other, as if they were magnets pulling each other together, then being torn apart again and again.

Even if the visions of the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm were slightly better, they were still unable to see the movements of the battling warriors.

They, however, were able to distinguish the difference between the two opposing forces.

The warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm from both sides, however, revealed nervous expressions. This battle was too important for the both of them.

Owen's eyes were fixed at the action happening in the distance. His face was filled with excitement. Compared to the others, what he was feeling was more complicated. Zen's victory did not just mean that the morale of Oracle City would be greatly increased—his lover and Zen's sister shared the same fate!

Even though Owen couldn't see the two of them because they were moving at an incredibly high speed, he still clenched his teeth, trying to distinguish Zen from Eddie.

Zen's gaze was filled with killing intent!

He had been waiting for this battle for so many years. Because he came in with the sole goal of winning, he did not hold back every time he attacked. As he rushed towards Eddie at a high speed, he made sure that his sword was pointed towards Eddie's heart.

"No Move!"

His attack looked crooked as his target was Eddie's chest. There was nowhere else he wanted to stab Eddie but deep into his heart.

On the other hand, Eddie held the Nameless Saber horizontally. Zen's sword was a top-grade sacred weapon after all, and he was at a disadvantage. At the very least, he did not dare to use the Nameless Saber to block Zen's sword.

Clang!

Eddie lightly touched Zen's long sword with his blade, and skillfully swung it away.

However, just as Eddie deflected Zen's sword, Zen said faintly, "That's going to be useless!"

His sword tip drew a circle in the air, and it continued to stab at Eddie's chest like a shadow. The "No Move" didn't mean Zen had no move. It was a move created by Zen—he would only perform a single move, but it would manifest a countless number of moves.

It was an unbreakable move!

When Eddie saw that he could not avoid Zen's sword attack, his face changed dramatically, and he quickly retreated.

Suddenly, a strange smile appeared on Zen's face as he gently raised the sword in his hand. The sword attack that originally looked normal suddenly underwent a tremendous change!

After Zen tried to stab Eddie with his sword, it was followed by a sharp sword radiance, extending the tip of the sword. Because of that, it continued shooting towards Eddie's chest. As Zen's No Move combined with all the other basic sword moves, he had already reached the stage where he could use his sword as freely as he wanted.

Eddie's expression changed once again, and his body became rigid. All of a sudden, he came to a halt. The sword radiance cut into his ribs, causing blood to spurt.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1024 Contempt

All the martial artists in Oracle City were overjoyed

Before the battle, everyone had been apprehensive due to the difference in cultivation levels between Zen and Eddie.

Eddie was someone who had gone through four life and death crises and each one had effectively strengthened him as a warrior.

Zen, on the other hand, was in the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Though it was an impressive feat for someone his age, the disparity between his and Eddie's cultivation was still quite big.

Sure, Zen had been able to take on Internal Elixir Realm warriors and even divine-level talents even when he was just an Illuminating Soul Realm warrior.

But the difference between the Illuminating Soul Realm and Internal Elixir Realm was entirely different compared to the difference between the Virtual Tribulation Realm and the Life and Death Realm.

This was the primary reason why both Letitia and the Ancient Tycoon had tried to stop Zen from taking on Eddie's challenge.

The only one who could challenge a Life and Death Realm warrior was another Life and Death Realm warrior!

Warriors who reached this stage were considered the best in all of Central Region. Those at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were simply incapable of facing off against their Life and Death Realm peers.

This was the root cause of everyone's concern. No matter how skilled Zen was, the fact remained that Eddie was still a more experienced warrior.

Of course, both Letitia and the Ancient Tycoon were constantly vigilant in making sure that Zen would not be harmed. Even if the one-on-one fight had been agreed upon, Zen's safety was still of paramount importance.

This was often how sect battles worked. Even if a sect willingly sent a warrior to battle, they would not allow their champion to die by their enemy's hands. This was a tradition that had been kept in practice for thousands of years and this battle was no exception.

On the other hand, if Eddie was ever put at a disadvantageous position, Simon would also not hesitate to attack.

Zen had managed to land a strike on Eddie with his very first attack, much to the joy of the World Commercial Alliance. This attack signified Zen's ever-improving prowess and the fact that he had the strength to challenge someone above his level.

"Zen is so strong! Not only has he broken through to the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm in just two years, he can also go head-to-head with a Life and Death Realm master!"

"Indeed, but you forget that Eddie is not just an ordinary Life and Death Realm warrior. If Zen can keep up with Eddie's strength, then an ordinary Life and Death Realm warrior may not even be his match!"

"You're right! I think the Life and Death Realm leader of Cloud Hall is probably weaker than Zen!"

"If he manages to break through to the Life and Death Realm, I have no doubt that he'll be able to face off against Soul Sea Realm warriors!"

Letitia agreed on the part where she was probably weaker than Zen but she wasn't too sure about the rest.

Simon continued to watch calmly on the side. The wounds Zen had inflicted upon Eddie couldn't even be considered as a proper injury to the Life and Death Realm master. However, this did not mean that the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom could rest easy.

'Eddie's too careless. This may not end well, ' Simon thought to himself. It was true that he did not want Eddie to get stronger by obtaining another Purple Power Body, which was why he helped Zen back then. However, that did not mean that he wanted Eddie to lose. Simon also had his own plans and ambitions that he would not be able to achieve if Eddie was defeated.

Eddie merely touched the wound on his ribs before it healed instantly. He gave Zen a smirk. "Not bad! You were actually able to injure me," he remarked. "However, you have to do much more than that if you want to bring me down."

Zen smiled. "It's not just a wound. You'd better be careful. You might've been poisoned."

Eddie's expression suddenly fell. Poison was the number one fear of any warrior. An ordinary poison would not be able to harm Eddie but Zen was someone who was able to acquire a top-grade sacred weapon, much less a rare, unimaginable poison that could be smeared on his sword.

Zen couldn't help but laugh when he saw Eddie's expression. "Just kidding! I was just messing with you. Who would've thought that the strongest person in all of Central Region was actually a coward?" After his mocking jeers, Zen quickly brandished his sword and rushed towards Eddie.

Eddie had already been wounded once by Zen's sword. He was not about to get hit a second time.

Eddie held up the Nameless Saber on one hand and clenched his fist in the other. A dark golden light then emanated from his body. "Let's call it a day brat!"

he roared before swinging his fist to the ground.

A huge, golden fist appeared from the sky. It was as tall as a city wall and emitted a golden light that made it look as if it was the sun. Most of the people present couldn't even look at it directly.

"Supreme Emperor Fist!"

The punch was aimed straight at Zen.

An ordinary city wall would leave Zen unscathed, but the strength of Eddie's Supreme Emperor Fist was a thousand times stronger than one measly wall.

Boom!

It was fortunate that Oracle City spanned a huge amount of area as the punch instantly left a huge, gaping crater several miles wide and a hundred feet deep just in front of the city gates.

Zen lay in the center of the crater. From the top, he looked like a single, solitary, and insignificant dot.

"Our Emperor is mighty!"

"Our ruler is mighty!"

"Our Emperor is mighty!"

The entire Heavenly Evil Sect began to celebrate, loudly praising the strength of their emperor.

It was only after reaching the Soul Sea Realm that Eddie would officially qualify as an emperor, but since he had built his divine kingdom ahead of time, he could more or less be considered as one. However, when it came to technicality, his strength was still insufficient to make him a full-fledged emperor.

Letitia was beside herself with worry. Zen was clearly strong enough to withstand such an attack, but she wasn't sure whether he would be injured.

On the west side of Oracle City, Margaret looked out and could see the deep crater that had formed from a distance. She could no longer remain calm at the sight. Never in her wildest dreams did she think that Eddie would be this strong. Could Zen resist a blow like this?

"The force of Eddie's punch could probably smash mountains."

"I wonder if Zen even survived."

"I've heard Zen's body is special and almost invulnerable, but I don't think he could withstand that!"

"He was able to injure Eddie despite only being at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, but that was probably his limit. It's only understandable that he couldn't beat such a strong opponent."

The warriors were abuzz with their discussions.

But they all spoke too soon. Zen quickly reappeared on top of the pit. He shrugged his shoulders and patted away the dirt that settled onto his clothes. Granted, there was a bit of blood that trickled down from the corner of his mouth, but he treated it as if it was nothing. "It's just so-so," he sneered, smiling coldly at Eddie.

The discussions immediately halted once Zen made his reappearance. Everyone quickly realized how wrong their judgments were.

Eddie huffed at the cocky smile on Zen's face, "You're being stubborn! Take this then!"

Eddie roared and swung down his fists a second time. The giant, golden fist reappeared and quickly rushed down to crush Zen.

Zen was faster and wiser this time around. He did not let the fist land on him. Rather, he waved his hand and let his forceful energy rush out of his body. The starlight within him began to circulate and surge towards his hand.

"As I said, it's just so-so, but you don't know your own limits."

He laughed coldly before punching towards the sky.

"Star shakes the earth!"

Boom!

Zen's body transformed into a blinding ray of light that punched through Eddie's huge, golden fist, shattering it layer by layer.

The sight stunned Eddie and the next thing he knew, Zen was already in front of him.

"Now it's your turn to go down,"

Zen murmured as his fist came crashing down. Unlike him, Eddie did not possess an invulnerable body and would be smashed into meat paste if he got hit.

Chapter 1025 Fiend

Zen did not show any mercy or too much killing intent when he faced Eddie.

In order to fight him, Zen had already adjusted his state of mind to be at its best. He looked calm and expressionless — neither happy nor sad.

He suddenly threw a punch at his enemy, and the power of the forceful energy and the dragon scales erupted instantly.

Compared to Eddie's Supreme Emperor Fist, Zen's punch did not appear to be so powerful, but it was much more deadly and brutal!

Just as Zen's fist was about to hit Eddie, a black mist emitted from Eddie's body and enveloped him.

Bam!

When Zen's fist struck Eddie, it didn't feel like he was hitting a human body. It was as if the punch had landed on a thick cotton pad. The unstoppable fist was like a stone that had fallen into the sea and disappeared without a trace!

'What's going on?'

Zen's brow furrowed.

The black mist that emerged from Eddie's body was very strange. Last time in the Ethereal City, the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit had utilized the Dragon-trapping Rope, and launched their strongest attack, but it had not caused any damage to Eddie due to this same mist!

Now, Zen understood why the Septuplets of Ethereal Spirit had been so shocked back then.

But he still remained expressionless. With Eddie, he knew that anything could happen! What he needed to do was to stabilize his state of mind and showcase his might.

Thanks to the black mist, Eddie did not seem to be harmed in any way, but Zen did not stop there. A second round of attacks followed!

"I'll take you down!"

Bam!

Zen grabbed Eddie who was in the black mist and released the forceful energy in his body once again, trying to push Eddie down!

Boom!

Just like that, Zen pushed Eddie all the way down into the big crater. He didn't stop here; he pushed him further into the big crater and kept running.

Hundreds of thousands of warriors on both sides witnessed the scene. Zen continued to force Eddie to the ground, causing dust to billow all the way up. The two of them were completely engulfed in the smoke.

One lap, two laps, three laps…

Zen was still holding Eddie down and running, plowing deep ditches that formed circles in the crater!

Finally, Zen stopped. His eyes now had a faint killing intent. He threw his fist at Eddie again and a wave of intense explosions was heard!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was as if many firecrackers were going off at the same time the way they did during New Year celebrations. In the corner of the crater, smoke and dust were blooming like a mushroom. Nobody was able to see the battle clearly.

On the city wall, the warriors of the World Commercial Alliance and the people from the Cloud Hall felt their blood boiling as they watched this scene!

The strength of the Heavenly Evil Sect was unimaginable. It wasn't because of the hundreds of thousands of independent warriors they had, nor was it because of Simon. Eddie alone was responsible for its reputation. He was the strongest person in the Central Region and it was a well-deserved title.

In the past few decades, no one had been able to shake Eddie's position or test his true strength.

He was like a nightmare floating above all the sects in the Central Region. His power alone was more intimidating than that of the Cloud Hall or the Ethereal Spirit Sect. He was on par with the World Commercial Alliance!

This was also the reason why the Small Circulation Killing Array set up by Zen at the Cloud Hall had caused a sensation in the entire Central Region!

The Cloud Hall possessed a terrifying array that could block someone as powerful as Eddie, so no one in the Central Region could shake the Cloud Hall. The sect-protecting array had already placed the Cloud Hall in an invincible position.

However, it was just a shield. It was common knowledge that the Cloud Hall's overall strength was inferior to that of the Ethereal Spirit Sect or the World Commercial Alliance. Therefore, back then, the Ethereal Spirit Sect was still the number one sect in the Central Region.

Now Zen had once again completely overturned the very concept that their mind had been founded on. A Cloud Hall disciple was actually forcing Eddie on the ground. Wasn't this a bit too much?

"Eddie doesn't seem to have the power to fight back at all! I'm afraid that Zen's true strength has already surpassed that of the leader of the Cloud Hall and the Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance!"

"He was a warrior in the Illuminating Soul Realm two years ago. The speed at which he has risen... is so incredible!"

"This is a big blow for us! But it feels great to see him beating up Eddie like that!"

Zen's impending victory greatly boosted the morale of the martial artists of the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall! On the other hand, the morale of the hundreds of thousands of disciples in the Heavenly Evil Sect started to plummet.

"Can the Lord make it through? The strongest warrior in the Central Region actually got beaten up by a young man who is only twenty years old. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't even believe it!"

"He is just twenty? You have underestimated Zen. When he was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm, he was able to crush ordinary divine-level talents at the Internal Elixir Realm. This kind of person is probably beyond ordinary concepts of talent. The Central Region is not the place for such a figure!"

"What if the Lord really loses, or gets killed by that kid?"

"Humph, that will not happen! If the Lord doesn't have the strength to take down this child, our Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom will be a joke. Don't worry, the Lord will not lose!"

Many martial artists of the Heavenly Evil Sect were anxious. The fact that their leader, Eddie was being beaten up ruthlessly was hard for them to digest. After all, most of them had only joined the sect because of Eddie's reputation. They didn't expect him to be thrashed so badly by Zen.

Zen's attacks were continuous and intense, and he had poured all of his power into pummeling Eddie's body endlessly. But every punch seemed to have little effect — it was like hitting a cotton pad. Eddie's body seemed to have entered a strange state under the cover of the black mist. All the blows that struck his body were erased without a trace!

In the end, Zen was gasping for breath and decided to stop. He stared coldly at the black mist in front of him.

He had used almost all of his strength in this round of attack. He might have been able to destroy more than ten enormous mountains using this much strength.

But not Eddie. He was still lying motionless on the ground, shrouded in black mist.

"Hahahaha!"

Not long after, Eddie's muffled laughter rang out from the black mist. It became louder and louder!

Hearing the booming laughter, Letitia's face turned solemn. She shook her head and said, "Eddie has not been hurt."

"He managed to remain unharmed even with such an lethal attack! Wow! His strength is unfathomable!" Saint Morphens frowned as he watched the movement below the city walls.

As for the Ancient Tycoon and the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance, they knew full well that Zen would not be able to kill Eddie, but at this moment, they all remained grim. Eddie's strength was beyond their imagination.

On the other side, Simon was expressionless. He was feeling conflicted. Eddie being too strong or too weak was not a good thing for him.

As for the many independent warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect, they now looked cheerful and hopeful. They knew that their Lord couldn't possibly be so weak!

The black mist surrounding Eddie gradually dissipated, and his tall, robust figure slowly revealed itself. His entire body was now covered in a layer of black scales, and a thin, long horn had sprouted on his head!

"You have truly surprised me. Within two years, you have grown to be able to threaten my existence. I never expected such a talent to be present in the Central Region!" As he spoke, he slowly floated up into the air. With a vicious light glinting in his eyes, he stated, "However, your strength is not enough to defeat me!"

Zen's eyes were as calm as water. He asked, "Not enough? Do you think I am weaker than you?"

"Your strength is far from enough!" Eddie roared, all the bones in his body began crackling. It was as though his bones had rearranged themselves, and his entire body underwent an astonishing change. The lower half of his legs bulged forward, as though they were an animal's legs. The muscles on his body also started to swell. His entire body had doubled in size!

Eddie did not look human anymore. His figure was as large as that of an ogre on the Sea God Continent.

Zen was surprised to see this change in Eddie's body. 'He seems to have some kind of special bloodline. What kind of race does he belong to? Is he an ogre? Or a dragon? Or another race...' he thought to himself.

A faint voice rang out in his mind. It was the cyan dragon who answered, "You guessed right, Eddie belongs to another race. But he is not a descendant of any of the over one hundred races in the Upper World. He is a fiend from the netherworld."

"A fiend!" Zen's heart skipped a beat but he calmly stared at Eddie, who was standing not too far from him.

Chapter 1026 Netherworld Shaking

Hell, netherworld, fiends, and ghosts.

There were many records about these things in Central Region. However, they were all classified as legends that people would normally not be able to see with their own eyes.

These legends were often described in a mystical but insubstantial manner in all sorts of books and fantasy stories. The authors would also take the liberty of adding a bit of flair in their storytelling.

The existence of these things was uncertain but, judging from the cyan dragon's words, Eddie was indeed someone who had the fiend lineage. Basically, Eddie was a living fiend.

Zen had no idea how Eddie obtained his lineage, but the low-grade sacred weapon in his hands had the ability to summon the Netherworld Yaksha. He could more or less deduce that Eddie got it from either his Nameless Saber or some other method.

Nevertheless, he was pretty certain that Eddie he faced right now was even more terrifying than before.

Had it been in the past, this new information would've probably affected Zen greatly. However, the current Zen did not care. It did not matter if Eddie was a fiend or some god from the heavens, Zen would fight Eddie to the death if need be.

"It's not enough? In that case, I can still bring up my full strength!"

Zen suddenly rushed towards Eddie with a punch loaded with the power of his dragon scales.

"Bang!"

Eddie's hand shot out like lightning and blocked Zen's fist just as it was about to swing down on him.

None of the Life and Death Realm warriors and war sages could resist Zen's punch. Just one blow of Zen's terrifying strength would be enough to destroy them completely. However, Eddie did not avoid the force of Zen's punch and caught it in his hand. Just as he had blocked Zen's attack, a strange rune appeared in his eyes—the fiend race's symbol! As the fiend bloodline within him was stimulated, an endless amount of fiend energy began to madly circulate within his body.

Looking at such a strange pair of eyes sent a chill running down everyone's spine. Even Zen felt a great pressure weighing down upon him but it was not enough to change his expression.

"Ha!" Eddie sneered as he grabbed Zen's fist and raised it high into the air. Using some momentum, he swung and threw his opponent directly onto the city wall in front of them.

As he threw Zen, Eddie's heavy, mountainous body followed closely behind.

Letitia's eyes flashed. Unwilling to stand by any longer, she jumped down from the city wall. "Action!" she shouted.

If Zen crashed into the city wall, there was a possibility that it would collapse.

Eddie had now taken advantage of this battle and used it as a chance to destroy the city.

The warriors on top of the wall shot out one after another upon Letitia's command. Meanwhile, runes had begun to shine on top of the city wall; these had been drawn in the Runic Tower and were now activated one after another.

Most of the runes were defensive while others served to enhance a warrior's speed, strength, and life vitality recovery speed.

The battle had now truly begun.

The moment the Oracle City's warriors rushed out, the warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect were also quick to take action.

Under Simon's command, a small unit of independent warriors began to steadily advance.

The warriors moved in certain, specific ways. Those in the Illuminating Soul Realm moved around ten to twenty feet above the ground, those in the Internal Elixir Realm around one hundred feet above the ground, while those in the Virtual Tribulation Realm maintained around three hundred and forty feet above the ground.

This was the same strategy they had devised and used back in the River Wave City!

The strength gathered by over ten thousand independent warriors in each array was equal to that of a Life and Death Realm master. Over one hundred thousand independent warriors formed a dozen square arrays in the battlefield, which meant that the Heavenly Evil Sect had an organized strength equal to that of more than ten Life and Death Realm masters!

Both sides were on the brink of war, all while Zen was being hurled towards the city wall at an extremely fast rate.

However, just before his body could hit the wall, a white figure flashed and floated beside him. Letitia was going to catch him. She knew that the impact would be more than what she could handle. They would crash into the wall together!

Seeing this, Zen quickly turned his body so that Letitia was in front of him before slamming into the city wall.

"Boom!"

The collision left a gaping hole in the wall and many of the runes that had strengthened the defenses flickered and faded away.

Most importantly, Eddie was just right behind them!

A cold and sinister smile appeared on Eddie's face. He exuded a domineering aura that made it feel as if he was a sovereign king of the world as he rushed into the Oracle City.

"Go to hell Zen! Supreme Earth Emperor Fist!"

A mountain-like fist condensed into the air. This one was even bigger and more solid than the previous Supreme Emperor Fist and it was fast swinging down towards Zen and Letitia.

Zen had turned over to block the fist but Letitia stopped him. "Let me do it!"

She gently waved her hands and summoned a cold, white mist that slowed down Eddie's shining, golden fist. Just before it could hit them, the mist effectively slowed its descent to the point that it stopped in midair.

Letitia's figure flashed and struck towards the fist with her halberd.

"Boom!"

Her strike immediately dissolved the massive fist.

"Ha!" Eddie laughed, seemingly not caring at all. "Letitia, it seems your strength has also advanced. If you surrender now, I'll consider letting you marry the crown prince of our Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom."

Back then, Zen had managed to injure Eddie's son's warrior spirit. Although Eddie had helped his son, Eden, recover, Eden could never be the same again. Eddie knew that his son wanted Letitia to be his woman and it would be a great help if he could make her become his son's wife.

"You haven't established your divine kingdom yet but you already have a crown prince? Are you talking about your useless son?"

Zen remarked coldly.

Eddie grinned, "My son? Useless? Ah, you're about to become a dead man, Zen."

Letitia gave Eddie a sickeningly sweet smile. "I'm afraid I can't marry your crown prince. You'd have better luck finding someone else."

She then waved her hand and summoned ice thorns measuring over a thousand feet in length. A slight flick of her wrist had the thorns shooting towards Eddie.

"Insignificant!"

Eddie snorted. He had dared to barge into Oracle City alone so he was confident that he could defeat everyone there. His fist emitted a great amount of light as it shattered Letitia's ice thorns one by one into shimmering pieces.

"I'm afraid I'll have to kill such a beautiful woman without mercy today."

He then waved his hand as his life vitality surged out of his body like a tidal wave. He once again held his Nameless Saber and pointed it at Letitia.

A wave of danger and worry plunged Zen's heart into a panic. "Get out of the way!"

He grabbed her by the hand and ran away as fast as he could. However, there was a faint, evil grin on Eddie's face as his Nameless Saber began to follow Letitia.

"You can't dodge this, Letitia! You will die today! Don't worry. Zen will follow you soon." The weapon in his hand shook in Eddie's hand as if something appeared into this world and entered the Nameless Saber.

That thing was extremely special. It only appeared for a mere three seconds but it was enough to stun all the warriors, mortals, and peerless masters of Oracle City into silence.

Even those in the middle of a fight stopped with the feeling that they would die if they didn't. There was a sense of instinctive fear that had washed over everyone so suddenly.

Even Zen and Letitia felt it. It was as if a strange little monster had grabbed their hearts and squeezed them. Just what was hiding inside that Nameless Saber? How terrifying was Eddie's attack?

There was no time to guess. Eddie's target right now was Letitia and Zen made it his top priority to escape with her.

"Netherworld Shaking!"

Eddie screamed and swung the Nameless Saber towards Letitia.

Chapter 1027 The Life And Death Wind

Just as Eddie was about to flourish his saber, another wave of significant power emerged from the top of the city walls, followed by an aged voice.

"Eddie, it's me you're going to face!"

If a man had lived for a thousand years, he was to become a legend. The one who spoke was the Ancient Tycoon, the pillar of the World Commercial Alliance. In the entirety of the Central Region, he was the only one who was over a thousand years old.

For a long time, the Ancient Tycoon had been holding back. However, at that particularly critical moment, he decided to make his move. It was the perfect time to do so.

Two years ago, only he had the capability to defeat Eddie. After Zen killed Marilyn during the Martial Arts Contest, Eddie tried to end him, too. Letitia, along with the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance and Imogen couldn't stop Eddie. It was only the Ancient Tycoon who could.

That meant that the strength of the Ancient Tycoon was at least the same as Eddie's.

The Ancient Tycoon brought his hands together, his wrinkled skin twitching. He then reached out a withered palm towards Eddie, covering his face.

However, before he could even attack, Eddie surprised him by saying, "Old man, I have disliked you for a long time. But for you, I might've killed Zen two years ago. Since you have a death wish, I will grant it for you!"

Originally, Eddie had planned to use the Netherworld Shaking on Letitia, but he had a new target now. He swung his Nameless Saber towards the Ancient Tycoon.

"Whir…"

A bright yellow-colored wind came out of Eddie's saber, sweeping across the Ancient Tycoon.

The moment the yellow gust of wind left the Nameless Saber, that distinct feeling immediately spread out. All the living beings inside and outside Oracle City were all captured by fear at the same time. None of them dared to move and they all held their breaths.

Quickly, Zen pulled Letitia to retreat with him. Even if he didn't want to let the Ancient Tycoon fight Eddie on his own, the safety of Letitia was more important for him. As they went their way, he asked, "Cyan dragon, what exactly is that thing? Why is it that terrifying?"

Before the cyan dragon could even reply, the wind had already swept towards the Ancient Tycoon.

The wind didn't seem to be that strong at all. It was almost as if it was only a gentle breeze and only caused the hem of the Ancient Tycoon's robe to move a little. Immediately afterwards, the eyes of the Ancient Tycoon lost all their color, and he fell silently to the ground. He was lifeless.

As Zen witnessed what just happened, the expression on his face drastically changed.

In the midst of a fierce battle against his opponent, Dillon roared out in anger, "Sir!"

Hearing Dillon's loud voice, the faces of Hobbes and Haber darkened. Not in a million years did they think that the Ancient Tycoon wouldn't stand a chance against Eddie.

The three of them were all promoted by the Ancient Tycoon. Their affection towards the old man and each other was special, so seeing the Ancient Tycoon like that was gut-wrenching for them.

"Don't worry. You'll meet him again, for I'll send all of you to the netherworld!" Eddie sneered.

Turning around, his eyes landed on both Zen and Letitia. He raised the Nameless Saber once again, and immediately, another unique kind of power came into sight. "It's your turn now!"

The hearts of Letitia and Zen both sank.

It was obvious how Eddie's strength was far beyond Zen's imagination. He was able to kill his opponent with just a faint breeze. No one else had ever done that. What technique was that? It was unbelievable.

The Ancient Tycoon was mighty, but he fell just like that.

Before he could even make a move, he was instantly slain by Eddie. Even if Letitia had already broken through to the Life and Death Realm, her powers were no match to Eddie's.

If Letitia and Zen were to combine both their powers, they were still much weaker than the Ancient Tycoon. How were they supposed to defeat Eddie?

"Cyan dragon, what technique is that?"

Zen asked anxiously as he continued retreating.

"Eddie is using the Life and Death Wind from the Netherworld River," the cyan dragon responded in a cautious tone.

"Life and Death Wind? What is that?" Zen asked, obviously having no clue as to what it was.

"That kind of wind only blows on the Netherworld River. Even the evil beings that live in and out of the river cower in its presence. Those who are blown by this particular wind shall die immediately,"

the dragon explained.

"Is there any way to resist such a thing?"

Zen asked with a hint of hope in his voice.

The cyan dragon sighed and said, "It's strange, really. Theoretically, no one can control the wind. Even when fiends walk on the Netherworld River, they will carefully avoid it. I don't know how Eddie manages to control it."

Even if the dragon didn't directly answer Zen's question, he knew exactly what he meant. There was no known way to resist the Life and Death Wind.

At that time, Zen and Letitia were only traveling back and forth in the Oracle City to spare them some time. Eddie was too busy to care about the battle that was going on at the top of the city walls. It was as if he never really cared about the outcome of the battle at all, like it had nothing to do with him.

As a matter of fact, his strategy was working. There were only three people in the Oracle City that posed a threat to him. Since the Ancient Tycoon had already been killed, he only had Zen and Letitia to worry about. As long as they were killed, the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm wouldn't have the power to stop him even if he were to lose the battle beside the city walls.

With just a snap of his fingers, he could kill all those warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Even the three fat men were nothing to him.

Fortunately, the Oracle City itself was extremely vast, and the distance between the two parties couldn't close down. At that time, Zen suddenly felt a strong sense of irritation.

Indeed, Eddie had been pressing down on him the entire time. Back when Zen was still in the Cloud Sect, he already made a huge impact on Zen's warrior spirit. The time Zen spent in Cloud Hall and Oracle City was no exception. Even after Zen's return from the Sea God Continent, Eddie continued to come after him.

It was that very day when Zen had finally decided to fight Eddie head on and kill him once and for all. However, the attack that Eddie had displayed suppressed him once again and forced him to take a step back.

Even though Zen was mentally prepared and had stabilized his warrior spirit to its limits, he still couldn't help but feel annoyed. Was Eddie really the most unbeatable rival in his life?

For Eddie, Zen was also a monumental opponent. Ever since Eddie had become the strongest independent warrior in the Central Region, not one thing or person could shake his spirit. Zen had repeatedly beaten him up, taken advantage of him, and even made him a laughingstock in the presence of Central Region warriors. Killing anybody never bothered him one bit because he could do that easily. Zen was the only exception.

He planned to delay Zen's death.

Letitia felt the impatience that grew inside of Zen, a guy who remained calm at all times. He was obviously getting agitated as the minutes flew.

The most important thing for a warrior was to maintain his state of mind, but Letitia knew Zen very well. If at that kind of time he was still able to control his state of mind, then he couldn't possibly be human.

As humans were created to have emotions, getting upset from time to time was normal. They just needed to learn how to manage those emotions.

Thinking of this, Letitia tilted her body and placed her hand on Zen's robe, covering his chest.

At the same time, under the circulation of her life vitality, a wave of ice-cold aura spread out.

"Calm down, Zen," Letitia said softly.

Zen felt a cooling sensation kiss his heart. His beating heart gradually slowed down. His tense face gradually relaxed, and the vexed look on his face disappeared without a trace.

"You're right. I have to calm down," he responded.

One of Zen's prides in life was his positive attitude, but that day, he almost lost it.

During the countless dangers that he had encountered, his calmness had always helped him overcome them. He never thought he'd feel such distress because of Eddie.

"Lavender!" Zen called out softly.

A speck of red light instantly condensed around Zen. He reached out his hand and a ray of light burst out from his space ring. The middle-grade sacred spear spun around twice before landing in Lavender's hand.

"Do you want me to kill him?"

Lavender asked with a smile.

"No, it's too dangerous. You aren't his match!" Zen replied. He shook his head before he continued, "But please hold him back!"

Lavender nodded. "No problem. You can count on me."

As a sword spirit, Lavender only had one soul attached to her. She didn't have any life force, so naturally, she wasn't threatened by Eddie's Life and Death Wind. Upon Zen's command, she held the long spear and turbulently shot towards Eddie.

Chapter 1028 Double Star Brilliance

Lavender was Zen's sword spirit. And needless to say, her strength would consequently grow along as Zen gained strength. Most of the martial artists that had just entered the Life and Death Realm wouldn't be a match for her if she would fight alone. However, fighting solitarily against Eddie would be too difficult for her.

But of course, the outcome was the one Zen had expected it to be. Lavender wouldn't be able to beat Eddie. And even if she could, he would not let her do it!

Zen's goal in life was to reach the peak of martial arts. At the age of twenty, he already had a perfect start. He had conquered and stepped into the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. However, Eddie had already become his nemesis.

If he ought to advance further on the path of martial arts, he had to kill Eddie himself. Otherwise, Eddie would become his mental burden, haunting him in the future. Thus he would not be able to get far on the path of martial arts. More likely, it would be a hindrance for him in reaching the peak of martial arts!

Zen found himself in deep concentration. He was contemplating that back when he had returned from the Sea God Continent, if he had invited Miguel, or even a powerful master like Amber to personally make a trip to the Central Region and help him, things would have been simple and he would have already gotten rid of Eddie!

He was fully aware that as long as he asked, whether it was Miguel or Amber, they wouldn't refuse him!

With their cultivation level in Soul Sea Realm, they could easily defeat anyone in the Central Region. To boot, Amber was a rare talent. She was an outstanding master amongst the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. Even a Life and Death Realm warrior like Eddie would pale in comparison. He wouldn't be able to resist the attacks from these masters.

After careful consideration, Zen chose to fight against Eddie himself. Nothing would be more important to him than to clear this barrier with his own hands.

And now, the time indeed was the most crucial.

At the precise moment when Lavender was able to hamper Eddie, Zen abruptly took Letitia. Then they both whirled around Oracle City before they attempted to rush headlong towards the city wall once again.

At this time, the battle between the two sides was already in full swing!

The army of the Heavenly Evil Sect was quite powerful. But the alliance between the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall was also a force to be reckoned with, especially the World Commercial Alliance which was widely known as a sixth-grade sect. Its strength was not something the Cloud Hall could measure up to!

On the battlefield, hundreds of giant puppets came into sight. Their bodies which were as big as mountains constituted mainly of steel and iron. Under the command of the puppet technique, they simultaneously charged towards the army of the Heavenly Evil Sect. Thousands of lives would be gone in an instant every time a solitary puppet rushed forward to attack.

Two coffins on the side of the Heavenly Evil Sect opened concurrently as two giant zombies emerged. Like a wind, these two moved in such precision as they rounded the area, killing two to three Virtual Tribulation Realm cultivators successively within a span of several minutes!

In addition to these two zombies, a massive lampstand was also set ablaze on one part of the battleground. Amidst the wild display of flaring flames, a phoenix materialized!

However, this phoenix was not a real super legendary beast. It was about just the same as Letitia's ice phoenix. They were only both spiritual projections. But the fire phoenix's power was strongly significant and must not be underestimated as it was notably a far cry from that of the strength possessed by an ordinary Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors. On its first appearance, the fire phoenix bellowed a loud piercing cry and flew towards Oracle City. And those general warriors hearing the terrifying sound could only flee in all directions!

The three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance, on the other hand, were all sad about the Ancient Tycoon's death. But they chose not to be affected by this as they did not have much time to be sorrowful in the face of the life and death battle of the World Commercial Alliance. At this moment, the three leaders were intensely fighting another Life and Death Realm warrior of the Heavenly Evil Sect, Simon!

All in all, the overall situation worked to the disadvantage of the Oracle City. But still, the most crucial battle was between Eddie and Zen.

Many people's eyes were apparently fixed on Zen as soon as he returned to the battlefield.

Surprisingly, among all the warriors present, whether it was the warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect or the warriors from the alliance, none of them interfered with the fight between Zen and Eddie.

Whoosh!

Lavender transformed straightway into light spots as she wrapped around the long spear and shot towards Zen to return to his body. She was defeated by Eddie.

"Where is Eddie?" Zen asked Lavender.

After they rushed out of Oracle City, Zen did not see Eddie follow them out. So he vigilantly probed about Eddie's location.

"The moment Eddie defeated me, he went into the ground. Be careful," Lavender warned him cautiously.

Zen nodded as the two rays of starlight on his body slowly flowed separately and jumped into the air!

Alas! Zen still could not harm Eddie! He had already tried his best and even used all his power.

It was too ironic! How come that the ogres whose bodies were far stronger than that of the human race could not be able to withstand the force in Zen's hit, but this Eddie was left unharmed even after taking so many punches from him. This fiend's body was too powerful.

Zen let himself focused. To fight against Eddie, he could only use that one move, and he could only strike it for once!

When the starlight split apart, it rushed fluidly towards Zen's hands. A beam of orange light became visible on one of Zen's hands, and a beam of purple light appeared on the other. Soon after, a faint light encased his eyes, making his presence more dignified!

On top of the general guide recorded on the Stellar Body, there were also eight moves.

The first move was the so-called Star Shakes The Earth, which was the easiest to grasp among them. All the cultivator just needed to do was to gather starlight, and then condense it into a fist. then finally aim it to hit the target. With a minimal boost of the power of stars, it could burst out a terrifying force. Zen had utilized this first move against the original owner of the Tower of Sin during the test held at this tower. The owner failed to withstand its power, consequently leading to his defeat.

However, at any rate, the first move of the Stellar Body was useless against Eddie!

As stated on the records of the Stellar Body, practicing the second move would only be possible and commence if and only when the cultivator had already connected with the second star!

Luckily for Zen, he had just managed to be connected with the second star a while ago. He had been cultivating in seclusion during this time and was able to comprehend the second move. However, he was not proficient in it yet.

He understood that the power of the second move was substantially stronger than that of the first move. And now, he was left with no other choice but to have a try at the second move.

Zen gritted his teeth as his body sweated profusely. He stared hard at the ground, wondering which direction Eddie would come out.

At that particular instant, however, when Zen was scouting for Eddie's trace, two bright yellow winds suddenly blew from not too far away. It was the Life and Death Wind that Eddie released with the Nameless Saber.

Eddie laughed sinisterly. "Now, both of you can go die!"

"Dodge!"

Zen was stunned for a brief moment when he saw the bright yellow winds, but with his quick reflex, he immediately dragged Letitia and sank down!

To everyone's astonishment, when the Life and Death Wind surfaced, it was as if it had a soul of its own. The winds just floated smoothly towards Letitia.

The Life and Death Wind was indeed exceptionally unusual. Any living creatures would have feared it instinctively. Therefore, every time this Life and Death Wind came into sight, everyone's heart would almost stop beating, and they would all stare blankly at the two bright yellow winds, as if they were anticipating for their last breath.

Saint Morphens' face sank, while the expressions of many martial artists in Cloud Hall also became heavy.

When the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance caught sight of this, their faces eventually became gloomy. They all thought that even their master was unable to withstand this strange wind and instantly lost his life, then how could Zen and Letitia possibly survive?

Simon wore a sneer on his face. 'Zen is destined to die this time, ' he thought happily.

At that stretch of time, the light in Zen's hands began to flicker in a dazzling shine. He brought his hands together, and the two beams of differently colored starlight suddenly merged into one. In that fleeting moment, the entire world underwent a tremendous change!

The sky became dark as if night had fallen all of a sudden. Everyone could only see two bright stars in the dark sky: one was orange, the other was purple. The two stars emitted unusual light, adding radiance and beauty to each other. And these light rays also shone brightly on Zen's hands!

"Double Star Brilliance!"

Zen calmly stated as he opened up his hands, his face as calm as water.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1029 The Law of Causality

As a technique of the Transcendent Divine Might, the Stellar Body was far more difficult to cultivate than other martial skills.

Just the thought of using the perception to traverse through the great universe alone was enough to stop almost all the martial artists. After that, communicating with the stars was even more difficult.

Once one successfully mastered it and used the power of the stars to fight, coupled with his forceful energy, his power would be far beyond what an ordinary martial artist could imagine.

Back in the days, the Lord of Stars was invincible in the Upper World with his Stellar Body technique.

The first move of the Stellar Body technique, star shakes the earth, was only its most basic application. Even so, it was enough for Zen to deal with the top-level war lords when he was a war general.

The second move was a lot more complicated. It required the user to combine the energies of several types of stars to produce a much stronger power. Many stars had completely different characteristics. Some were unusually gentle while some were restless. When the forces were combined, they could reject each other. Once the warriors had mastered the second move, their power would increase exponentially.

So far Zen had only managed to combine two stars. The more stars Zen could combine in the future, the stronger his power of the second move would be.

In truth, the second move alone could be used as a separate martial skill and therefore it would take a long time to cultivate.

As Zen separated his hands, the purple and orange star lights became intertwined. The two different types of star powers, like boiling water, formed a small body of light. A faint colorful mist was emitting from within and it looked like it could erupt at any moment.

When Zen cultivated, he had mixed the two star lights together, but he could extract only very little power, about the size of a grain of rice. Even then, the power that erupted from it was difficult to imagine. Zen struggled to control it and almost blew himself up several times.

Now these two types of star lights mixed together and could form a small ball the size of a fist that was constantly boiling. If it exploded in his hands, even if he had his body like a high-grade fairy weapon, he would be turned to ashes in an instant.

Overall, the success rate of the Double Star Brilliance was only about 40%. Zen hadn't fully grasped it yet, so this was a great risk for him.

Zen carefully stabilized the star lights in his hands. He saw the two bright yellow Life and Death Winds slowly approaching him.

His eyes flashed and he threw the fist-sized star light ball at Eddie.

Whir...

Time started to slow down and even came to a stop. The light in the sky became dimmer and dimmer and all the fights stopped.

Everyone saw the two winds easily pass by the ball of light

and how Eddie and Zen exchanged angry looks.

Zen feared the Life and Death Wind. He didn't know what it was or what it could do. It didn't seem to possess a great power but a gentle blow could kill everyone.

On the other hand, Eddie was afraid of the small ball of light that was rapidly flying towards him. The ball of light that Zen had thrown contained power that he could not imagine. Even though he had turned into a fiend and his body had reached the limits of life, he still would not be able to block it.

If he was hit by it, he would probably die.

When this thought flashed past Eddie's mind, he didn't dare to stop for even a second. He began to retreat rapidly.

In just a few seconds, the small ball of light split open.

Years later, this fight became known among the warriors in the Central Region as the Defense Battle of Oracle City, and those who had participated in this battle would always bring up the moment of the fight between Zen and Eddie. This had been an unforgettable moment for hundreds of thousands of warriors. Not even time could erase it from their memories. This story had become a legend to be passed down from generation to generation in the Central Region.

Everyone saw the two-color ball of light burst apart and two different star lights shooting up to the sky. The sky lit up and a massive fireball appeared in the sky.

Eddie was standing at the center, and everything within a radius of a few miles around him disappeared, including a section of city wall.

A piece of land and everything on it disappeared in a blink of an eye.

Those who survived the blast had been imminently hit by its sound and thundering strength which caused blood to trickle down their ears.

All the martial artists fixed their eyes on Eddie's frightening power and ignored Zen.

The two Life and Death Winds were like true Death Gods as they blew in front of Zen and Letitia. They were unstoppable and could pierce through everything, including space and time.

Desperate thoughts crossed through Zen's mind. 'What should I do? How can I defeat the Life and Death Winds? Would Lavender know how? Would the knowledgeable and talented cyan dragon know how to fight this?'

Just as these thoughts ran through his mind, the two winds hit him and Letitia separately as if consciously targeting each one of them.

"Puff! Puff!" There was a faint sound that could barely be heard.

There was no way out.

When the Life and Death Wind possessed Zen's body, he felt completely powerless. He turned around and looked at Letitia. He saw her staring back at him with frightened eyes.

Zen felt that his life force was slipping away at an alarming rate, and so did Letitia.

She no longer looked like the authoritative leader of the Could Hall. Her face was filled with panic, just like a lost little girl searching for her home. She kept staring at Zen without saying a word but looking as scared as ever.

Out of nowhere, Zen heard a faint voice talking to him. It was the cyan dragon in his head. "I remember now. The Life and Death Wind contains a trace of the Law of Causality, so it is powerful. I wonder if the Heavenly Fragment can resist it."

The cyan dragon was speaking in his mind but his voice sounded like it was coming from far away, as if he was speaking from the horizon.

"What is the Law of Causality?"

Zen asked, but he found that he couldn't pass on his consciousness to the cyan dragon. He stood there helplessly looking at Letitia when, suddenly, as if pushed by an invisible force, she was thrown into his arms and they both fell to the ground.

"The Law of Causality is a principle that states nothing can happen without a cause. Life is the cause and death is the effect. Therefore, if one touches the Life and Death Wind, he will die," Lavender said. She continued, "Zen! Zen! You have to use your life vitality to open your space ring and take out the Heavenly Fragment."

Her voice also sounded far away and unreal. Zen felt his body become numb and rigid. He thought he was slowly dying.

Lavender couldn't use his space ring because it had his mark. If she forced it open, the entire Sumeru Space would explode. In this instant, Zen felt too weak to use his life vitality. He was so tired and sleepy. Right now all he wanted to do was to curl up and sleep.

His father hoped his journey of life never ended. Could this be the end of his life journey?

Zen struggled to open his eyes. He saw Letitia lying in his arms with a serene face as if asleep and having a beautiful dream. Zen felt grateful. 'Maybe this is a good ending. Maybe this is a good way to go without pain, ' he thought.

"Zen! Use your life vitality! Just a little is enough!" He could hear Lavender's voice again. "Do you want to die? Use it now! Think about your sister! She's still in Eddie's hands! Even if Eddie dies, the others will never let her go. Do you want that to happen?"

Yan Luo!

As he heard his sister's name, his heart started beating again. It was a weak and faint beat, but he had come back from the dead. He woke up. He had to save Yan. He couldn't give up now!

A wisp of life vitality came out of his belly and flew through his meridians, directly pouring into the space ring. The seal that had once locked the ring had been broken and it had become ownerless.

Lavender quickly took out a small fragment from the ring. This fragment had a phoenix pattern engraved on it. As carefully as possible she activated the power within the fragment.

The Law of Causality reigned all other laws. It was an unreasonable and tyrannical law that stood above all powers when compared with the various Original Laws of the world.

The natural law was the foundation of all causality, but even Lavender wasn't sure if the fragment could destroy the causality that formed the Life and Death Winds.

Chapter 1030 Contempt

Everything in the world had a cause and an effect.

This was because those who lived in this world were destined to lead a difficult life.

With hard work in cultivation, warriors succeeded in making great achievements in the name of martial arts.

Why was that?

Compared to other kinds of Law Powers, the Law of Causality was the purest and most direct.

But the cause and effect of all things were built upon the foundation of Nature Law—when one Nature Law was created, all causalities were decided. Therefore, the power of the Law of Causality was the top authority of the Nature Law.

No one in this world could completely comprehend the Law of Causality unless they were transformed into the Nature Law.

Lavender looked at Zen nervously—although there were several causes and effects within the Heavenly Fragment, it was still only a fragment. Neither she nor the cyan dragon knew much about the Law of Causality and the effect of the Heavenly Fragment.

If Zen died, his sword spirit would gradually dissipate, leaving Lavender's last strand of soul alone without support until it dissipated into the air as well.

As for the cyan dragon, it would once again be sealed within the mysterious smelting furnace.

At this moment, however, everyone's attention wasn't focused on Zen and Letitia, but on Eddie.

The power of Zen's first round of attack had already gone beyond what anyone imagined.

The power of a middle-stage Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior was even much stronger than that of a Life and Death Realm warrior.

Under such an attack, how could Eddie still be alive?

As long as Eddie died, Simon would become the sole powerful master in the Heavenly Evil Sect. Because he was a Life and Death Realm warrior, he was a difficult one to deal with. But as the other warriors of the Heavenly Evil sect were not as powerful, Simon alone wouldn't be able to defeat all his opponents at once. Perhaps the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall could take an advantageous position during the war when the time came.

Eddie's importance was clear to both sides, because only his life and death had a real impact on the situation, and their fights weren't truly meaningful.

The two rays of intertwining starlight gradually dissipated in the wind, along with the rocks, dirt, trees, and rubble from the city walls.

As the dust thinned in the air, the person lying at the bottom of the huge pit came into view.

The body was pitch black, like a completely burnt sweet potato, with charred skin on a motionless body.

"It's Eddie!"

"Is he dead?"

"He's not moving… He must be dead. It would be impossible for him to survive that attack."

The warriors standing by started murmuring among themselves.

Many of them on the city wall hoped that he was done for—Eddie's death meant a victory on their part.

However, as they stared at the body, Eddie suddenly began moving.

The motion shocked all the members of the World Commercial Alliance and Cloud Hall. Their hearts sank as they watched the scene before them.

In an instant, Eddie stretched out his limbs and stood from the ground.

Even in such a sorry state, Eddie was clearly alive.

"This, this…

Just now, Zen's attack was unimaginable. But Eddie was even more astounding… He survived that hit!"

"It's too incredible to be real. Eddie must be unbeatable. How tough can that body be?"

While the warriors in Oracle City were left upset and dejected, the warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect were high in spirits—they had concrete proof that Eddie was indeed a powerful warrior they could trust.

"Lord, you're the best! You are the most mighty king! You are our hero!"

Once again, the independent warriors roared, with the loud and earth-shaking voice.

"He might be very weak now…

I should take this chance…

If I strike now, I can kill him!" Staring at Eddie who was in the hole, Morphens suddenly rushed toward Eddie.

He understood that killing Eddie was the only real way to end this war. Even after surviving such a heavy blow, Eddie was still left weak and injured, and Morphens was certain that Eddie wouldn't be able to fight back any longer.

But just as Morphens charged at him, Eddie's sluggish body suddenly turned nimble—his charred arm threw a punch.

It took Morphens aback—he couldn't dodge Eddie's attack this time.

"Bang!"

The punch knocked Morphens out of the hole, but no one could tell if he was dead or alive.

The crowd watched as Eddie's burnt face wore a sinister smile, his mouth wide open. Two rows of white teeth were visible in his mouth, looking extremely terrifying.

"We're doomed..."

Everyone understood that the war between the two forces could end soon.

Although Eddie was still standing, suffering from serious injuries, his fighting strength didn't seem to be depleted.

What about Zen…

and what about Letitia?

It was only at this moment that the crowd finally remembered the two.

The two of them lay on the ground, sharing an embrace.

During Zen and Eddie's battle, the two bright yellow winds were still fresh in everyone's mind. The two winds weren't destroyed by Zen's attack—they might have already blown over Zen and Letitia.

No one knew what the wind actually was, but since it blew that Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance to death, how could Zen and Letitia manage to resist it?

The edge of the hole was covered in fine powder. With every step Eddie took heading outside the hole, a cloud of dust blew into the air.

The moment he left, he immediately made his way toward Zen and Letitia.

Lavender had already activated the Heavenly Fragment and positioned it beside Zen. Seeing Eddie walk over, she pulled out a long spear out of Zen's space ring and pointed it at the man.

Wearing a deadly serious expression, she coldly shouted, "Stop!"

With a laugh, Eddie continued, "I don't know what you are. Maybe you're Zen's greatest secret. He's dead now. Would you like to come and stay with me?"

"Haha…" A contemptuous smile surfaced on Lavender's face.

"What is that laugh for? Am I not qualified? Soon enough, I'll be the strongest master in the Central Region. The entire Central Region will be under my control! I am the ruler and king here!"

Eddie's voice thundered as he exclaimed.

He spoke not only to Lavender but also to all the warriors present around him.

"What a joke. How ridiculous… You're just a nobody—an ant in a small Central Region of the Lower World. How dare you be so arrogant?" Lavender stared him down with contempt. "Even a Life and Death Realm warrior is nothing in my eyes. Back then, with just a millionth of my strength, I could kill you in a single glance. And you want me to stay with you? Do you really think you're qualified for that?"

Lavender's words stunned the whole crowd.

What on earth was the true identity of Zen's sword spirit? She could kill Eddie with just a millionth of her strength?

The warriors couldn't tell whether or not Lavender was merely bragging about her strength. Neither did they know of her actual identity.

Even Eddie was left stunned by her words. Although he knew the foreign woman had an extraordinary background, he never thought he would hear such words come out of her mouth. Just what level of strength did this woman once have? What kind of force did she come from?

Turning to Zen, Eddie muttered, "It's strange. Zen's life vitality is supposed to be completely gone, but he's still alive."

With that, he ignored Lavender's spear and made his way to Zen.

Seeing Eddie make another move, Lavender didn't hesitate at all. As she shook her long spear, an invisible wave shot right toward Eddie.

"Poof!"

Although the power of the spear's strike was just as powerful as Zen's attack, when it stabbed through Eddie's body, it seemed to pierce through the cotton fiber, distorted by some strange power of Eddie.

Immediately taking hold of Lavender's long spear, Eddie moved his hand, hitting and breaking Lavender into countless sword spirits which then began gathering within Zen's body.

After looking at the scene for a while, Eddie put the spear into his own space ring and continued making his way toward Zen.

One hundred feet...

Fifty feet...

Thirty feet...

Eddie's gaze fell on a piece of debris on Zen's chest. His eyes lit up, revealing a peculiar luster.

"This fragment…"

While he didn't know the background of the fragment nor how powerful it was, he discovered that Zen's life vitality was sustained by that very fragment. It led him to believe that it wasn't any ordinary thing.

Although Eddie could make use of the Life and Death Wind, it didn't mean that he had control over it. In reality, Eddie hadn't even figured out what the Law of Causality was. He only knew that the Life and Death Wind was truly magical, powerful, and dangerous, and any creature that touched it would come face-to-face with death.

Chapter 1031 Margaret Summoned The Swords

Eddie did not fully understand the principles behind the Life and Death Wind but that did not mean that he couldn't use it to kill other people.

Using the Life and Death Wind had permanent, negative effects on Eddie which subjected him to a considerable amount of risk whenever he used it. It was always a last resort option but since he needed to win this battle, then he would have no choice but to go all out.

The fragment in front of him flickered with a multitude of colors. One glance would be able to tell anyone that this was no ordinary item and Eddie briefly wondered if this was the "big secret" Master Wallace had been talking about before.

In Eddie's opinion, Zen was a kid who had too many secrets. It would greatly benefit him if he could obtain Zen's secrets, so Zen must be killed as soon as possible.

He walked towards the young man with the aim of taking that piece of fragment from him. However, an extremely sharp sword radiance suddenly shot out towards him from outside the city wall!

Whoosh!

The sword radiance contained an intimidating momentum as it flew through the air.

There was no time to react, not even Eddie himself could avoid the sword in time. Swift and sure, it was as if the sword represented the heavens that had come to punish Eddie for his sins.

Pfft!

The blade slashed at Eddie's wrist and successfully cut off one of his hands.

Meanwhile, a young man atop the city walls collapsed onto the green bricks below. The pressure he had exerted upon himself was evident by the two, thick streams of pitch-black blood beside him.

Rocher lay on the brick with his sword in his arms. It took everything in him to make that strike and he had almost lost his life.

'What a pity… It actually missed the vital parts, ' he thought to himself regretfully before fully passing out.

But in truth, cutting off Eddie's hand was already a huge accomplishment. Rocher, after all, was only an Internal Elixir Realm warrior but the power of his Heavenly Sword was perhaps already on par with that of the Transcendent Divine Might.

His strike combined the natural law of the heavens! Rocher's Heavenly Sword had gathered heaven's momentum and conformed to the heavenly wishes. If he followed this path and ventured deeper in his cultivation, then Rocher's future achievements might actually rival Zen's!

"That attack just now came from an Internal Elixir Realm warrior."

"Yes! It is Rocher from the Cloud Hall who did it. Apparently, the Heavenly Sword he comprehended had enough power to kill a Virtual Tribulation Realm master. It seems it is actually true!"

"What a pity that so many extraordinary warriors of the World Commercial Alliance and Cloud Hall are about to be destroyed. Cutting off one of Eddie's hands is not going to help their case at all."

The sight of his severed hand drew Eddie into a foul mood. He glared at where Rocher had collapsed, his face full of killing intent. Eddie could always mend the severed limb but the new replacement would need to be cultivated from scratch lest it became a weakness in his body.

If he had the time, Eddie would've surely killed Rocher for what he did but there were more important matters at hand. He had to obtain Zen's secret!

He stretched out his injured limb to stop the blood from flowing and then reached out for the fragment with his other hand.

It was at this moment that he felt a shadow pass over his head. Eddie immediately reached out and grabbed what seemed to be a thick and heavy sword. It was a sword that came from the Purple Power World!

Suddenly, the sky opened up as countless gigantic swords rained down upon him, forcing him to retreat!

A graceful figure appeared along the edge of the battlefield. Margaret looked like a pure lotus flower with her white robe and snow-white skin. She immediately rushed over to Zen and felt the cold aura that emanated from his body. Her heart dropped to her stomach when she realized that she couldn't feel any signs of life in his body.

Eddie had been pushed back several dozen feet by the rain of giant swords and the sight of this person agitated him. Zen was almost completely dead but how come so many insignificant people suddenly appeared to protect him?

That young man truly had a lucky destiny. Even at the brink of death, he couldn't let Eddie end his life so easily.

Margaret did not really know much about what was happening. She couldn't tell that Zen had sustained many injuries, nor did she know what the fragment in his chest was for, or if he was even still alive…

She only knew that the person in front of her had been the one to make Zen like this.

The decimation of the Xi Clan led to Zen being the only person Margaret could ever rely on. She knew that he did not regard her that highly and she did not even dare ask him to make her his wife…

But she still treated Zen like her husband and thought of him as the only person she could rely on for the rest of her life.

Her eyes became cold as she glared at Eddie who was not far away with killing intent.

Eddie returned her gaze indifferently. He would've been interested in her in the past but she was useless to him now that her virginity energy was gone.

He could care less about what she thought or how she felt, or how strong she was.

Back then, Eddie had used a secret technique to help Marilyn to activate her Purple Power Body. Although the Purple Power Body was powerful, it was also restricted by the warrior's cultivation level. This woman in front of him was only at the primary stage of the Internal Elixir Realm and posed no threat to Eddie whatsoever.

"There are a lot of accounts that we must settle between us," Margaret spoke. "The lives of our clan, my great-grandfather, and thousands upon thousands of Ethereal Spirit Sect's disciples… you must pay for all of them!"

Eddie gave her a sarcastic smile, "Oh? How exactly do you plan to settle them?" His tone was mocking as he looked down upon her.

Margaret's eyes turned cold. "By killing you!"

Eddie looked around. "Just you?" Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance still had many fighters but they were in no shape to attack. The Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors seemed to be fully aware of their limits but this stupid woman in front of him was not the slightest bit afraid to face him...

"Yes," Margaret murmured. "Just me."

A simple wave of her hand wiped the mocking grin away from Eddie's face.

For the sky was once again commanded to rain down its punishment.

One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, a million - the gigantic swords had suddenly appeared and were now continuously multiplying in the sky.

The number of swords was innumerable and it was enough to plunge Oracle City in darkness.

Those on the ground could only gaze up to the sky in combined awe and horror.

Many had already been witnesses to the power of the Purple Power Body. Back when Zen fought Marilyn, everyone had been amazed by the huge swords that had appeared out of nowhere. The swift sword strikes had been dazzling to the point that the audience couldn't distinguish between Zen's sword and the ones that Marilyn had summoned.

But that battle only featured several dozen blades.

The brewing fight right in front of them was an entirely different matter.

Above Oracle City, the sky had been transformed into a field of gigantic swords.

Just how many Heavenly Evil Sect disciples would survive once the rain of swords poured down from the heavens?

It was only then that Eddie realized his mistake. "You!" he pointed an accusatory finger to Margaret. "H-How did you do that?"

Margaret sneered and, with a flick of a finger, more swords rained down upon the battlefield.

She was someone who possessed the best physique in the Purple Power World: a top grade Purple Power Body. The number of swords she could summon was naturally more than what an ordinary Purple Power Body could ever hope for.

The several million swords she had summoned was not even the peak of her abilities. So long as she was prepared to pay the price, Margaret could summon all 99 billion swords and destroy the entire Central Region.

But of course, that would be overkill.

"Retreat!"

"Quickly, run!"

"We can't escape! There are swords everywhere!"

"Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang..."

Huge swords continued their barrage onto the ground below, slicing all warriors into muddy flesh.

Over a hundred thousand Heavenly Evil Sect warriors were killed in a manner of seconds.

Only Simon and a few Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors were able to survive against Margaret's tirade of attacks.

The battlefield resembled hell on earth. Once the swords disappeared, all that remained were blood, flesh, and mud.

Eddie could only look in disbelief at the scene in front of him. His grim expression signaled a storm that loomed over all of them.

Chapter 1032 Unexpected Development

It was customary that the few high-ranked warriors were the deciding factor of a sect victory.

As long as he was not slain, Eddie alone was enough to win the war.

However, his potential victory didn't exactly guarantee him the complete control of the result.

Even if he killed Zen, Letitia, and the Ancient Tycoon, who was to help him take over the Oracle City?

There were still hundreds of thousands of warriors left in the Oracle City. Was he to kill them one by one?

Usually, warriors of different ranks had to fight with their counterparts of the opposing side in a war.

It was Eddie who won the battle of the upper rank. But after that, in just a drop of a hat, Margaret intervened and managed to eliminate all the middle and lower-ranked warriors of the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom. Exasperation was now evident on Eddie's face.

"Woman, you're courting death!"

Eddie yelled, his face red in displeasure.

That time, he didn't hesitate one bit and immediately reached out his hand towards Margaret. He could crush that woman into fragments with just one of his limbs.

Margaret only blinked in response, her eyebrows furrowed slightly. Her beautiful face revealed a trace of contempt. She reached out her hands and pulled Zen and Letitia towards her, after which they three all disappeared in an instant.

"The Purple Power World, right? That's nothing impressive!" Eddie sneered.

Since he had taken part in helping Marilyn activate her Purple Power Body, he knew everything about it. Unfortunately for Eddie, the number of swords that Margaret had summoned was beyond his expectation.

After all, Marilyn had only been able to summon a hundred swords at most back then. Margaret, however, who was only at the early stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, could summon tens of thousands of times more swords than Marilyn. That was something Eddie had never anticipated.

Right after he insulted Margaret, Eddie extended his arm to the spot where she had been. Eddie thought that Margaret must be hiding in the Purple Power World, but she was still connected to this world through a space node. Once he attacked that space node, Margaret could be forced out of where she was hiding.

Back then in the Martial Arts Contest, Zen had been at his wits' end when Marilyn hid in the Purple Power World. In the end, Zen had relied on the Space Law to find the space node, and that was how he had chased her out of the Purple Power World.

Thinking that he could do just the same, Eddie frowned upon discovering that there was nothing in his hand.

"How is this possible?"

Eddie had clearly seen the place where Margaret had disappeared into thin air, and he had thought that the space node was there. How did that woman avoid his attack?

"Didn't you say that I was courting death?" Margaret's indifferent voice rang out in the air. Then, she continued, "Was that mere exaggeration? Just try to kill me if you can!"

And of course, Eddie wasn't the kind of man who easily gave up. It was essential for him to take over the Oracle City, but his army had been completely destroyed by that woman. Over a hundred thousand of the most outstanding independent warriors in the Central Region had been murdered. Gathering so many warriors in a short amount of time was going to be a challenge.

To add, how many warriors were willing to team up with him knowing that he had paid such a heavy price for attacking the Oracle City?

Despite his lifelessness, Zen was the ultimate proof of victory, and Eddie didn't intend to return empty-handed. How could he allow Zen's body to be taken away by Margaret? For it to happen was unacceptable.

"I'm going to make you regret this!"

Eddie let out a cold snort and threw out a punch at the air. As space fluctuated under his great strength, he looked around for that space node.

Unfortunately, there was no sign of it.

Punching a few more times, Eddie's eyes lit up with exultation as the space node appeared right in front of him.

But just as soon as he rushed over, the space node disappeared again.

"Idiot," Margaret sneered.

Eddie didn't respond at all. He knew it was a waste of time to crosstalk with that woman. And since he had failed to get his hands on the space node, he was gradually becoming more agitated.

The Purple Power World.

What a strange world.

There were numerous giant swords floating in the sky. They were arranged in neat rows, looking endless as they extended to the edge of the horizon.

Compared to the Genuine Dragon World, the Purple Power World was different in many aspects. After all, the Genuine Dragon World was a complete great world, and it could be considered as one of the largest great worlds out of all the many others.

The Purple Power World, on the other hand, was a small broken world. Within it was a set of rules that were completely different from those in the outside world.

Margaret placed Zen's body on the ground and pulled Letitia away from him. She was not an openhanded type of woman. Even though Letitia's and Zen's bodies were both icy cold, Margaret felt intense jealousy growing in her heart when she saw them clutched tightly to each other.

After she laid Zen's body flat on the ground, Margaret knelt down beside him and held his cold hand. She didn't know what else she could do to help him.

"Are… Are you here? Lavender?" Margaret hesitated for a moment and begged, "Lavender, please."

Soon, some rays of red light began to condense and Lavender's figure appeared. After sparing a cold glance at Margaret, she turned to look at Zen, concern painted all over her face. She then asked, "What's the matter?"

"What happened to Zen?" Margaret asked with an anxious expression on her face.

"He's dead," Lavender replied in a cold voice.

Hearing Lavender's straightforward answer, Margaret's mouth slightly opened in shock. Her lips moved but no words came out. She was obviously overwhelmed with sadness.

Observing her mournful expression, Lavender suddenly smirked and said, "I was just lying to you. I don't know what will happen to him, either. All that we can do is to wait."

Margaret gripped Zen's hand tightly and continued to ask, "Zen won't die, right? Tell me, Lavender!"

"I'm not sure, but I hope he doesn't die," Lavender replied, shaking her head.

The Heavenly Fragment released a strange light. Even after it was activated, it only released a tiny portion of its power. The Heavenly Fragment was not a panacea. It had saved Zen's life because the Life and Death Wind contained a Law of Causality.

A Law of Causality could be unraveled when another Law of Causality was applied.

Everything alive would definitely end up dead.

That was the simplest Law of Causality about life and death. To most ordinary mortals, that law was substantial and important.

However, it was not the strongest.

It could easily be unraveled when another Law of Causality was applied.

"A new life could be born from the dead body."

That law was controlled only by the super legendary beast, the phoenix.

Although the Phoenix was labeled as such, it wasn't mostly feared for its fighting ability. In comparison, the strength of a Genuine Phoenix was inferior to a Genuine Dragon, but the phoenix controlled the Law of Causality about rebirth. Death was the beginning of their rebirth, so the Genuine Phoenix was considered an immortal creature. They could only be killed when a stronger Law of Causality was applied.

Compared to all the other Laws of Causality, it was considered low-level.

It was luck that could decide Zen's fate. He didn't necessarily have to grasp a Law of Causality. He could stay alive if he could unravel the Law of Causality contained in the Life and Death Wind with the help of another Law of Causality.

Faint energy from the Heavenly Fragment had flowed into Zen's body, and his consciousness had been connecting with that energy.

At this time, Zen had been staying in a special state. He was analyzing the information within that energy.

The information was too much for Zen to take.

A heavenly law had recorded three point six billion years of history. In those specific records, one could find all that had happened during the great era, the one hundred thousand great worlds, the heavenly bodies, and the various outlands.

Too many things could occur during those years, and not one creature could ever have the capability to record them all.

For instance, the world that Zen was in had a historical record of only tens of thousands of years. Any earlier history was completely blank in books. This was only tens of thousands of years, let alone three point six billion years.

However, the Heavenly Fragment wasn't the entire heavenly law. Moreover, Zen had only absorbed a tiny bit of the energy it had released.

'What should I know?

Why should I know it?' Zen's consciousness muttered to himself.

There was no one to guide Zen. Right now, he could not communicate with anyone, including the cyan dragon and Lavender. He could only rely on himself.

As he continued to analyze, he gradually felt a sign of emotion contained in the Heavenly Fragment.

'The heavenly law has emotions?'

A strange thought suddenly popped into Zen's mind.

Lavender had once told him that it wasn't a fragment of the present heavenly law, but of the previous one.

From this small fragment, Zen could feel a hint of helplessness and sorrow.

It was said that the heavenly law would complete a cycle every 3.6 billion years. If this was true, why had the previous heavenly law broken into pieces? Who had shattered it and broken it into pieces? That question appeared in Zen's mind as he went on to analyze the power of the Heavenly Fragment.

Chapter 1033 Cause And Effect

The heaven also had emotions. Could it be possible that it was originally a manifestation of a living being?

It was the ruler of the universe but how powerful was it really?

The myriad of emotions that flooded through Zen made him understand the sheer helplessness the fragment had felt when it broke.

He went back to what Lavender had told him: the current heaven was the sky. After the old one had been destroyed, a new heaven had to be established to replace it. Countless warriors, after breaking through to the Life and Death Realm, would encounter life and death crises, namely the Small Heavenly Tribulation and the Big Heavenly Tribulation. Both were coursed through the sky.

Once the old heaven had been destroyed, the new one replaced it, but how?

These were all still unresolved questions and unfathomable secrets for Zen, but his acquisition of the Heavenly Fragment meant that everything would unfold in due time.

Besides the memories and emotions of the fragment itself, he also found something special.

Rows of densely packed characters appeared and mapped themselves in Zen's mind.

Each row of characters followed a format: the upper row had golden characters while the lower row was of a darker gold, resembling a question and an answer.

These characters were the Law of Causality recorded in the Heavenly Fragment, but of course, Zen had no idea what it was at the time being.

The first row was the cause, and the second was the effect.

This Law of Causality was the general principle of the universe. If a warrior wanted to cultivate cause and effect, he or she must choose this law that recorded all rules of causality.

The seed one planted would grow flowers, plants, or trees.

Hard work shall yield a harvest.

The cultivation of a special technique would allow a warrior to break through at a certain time.

Every living being, be it a simple plant or a mighty warrior, was encompassed by cause and effect, making the Law of Causality the superior rule of the entire universe.

Fire Law, Water Law, Time Law, and Space Law could never hold a candle against it since they all belonged to the inferior laws.

However, one couldn't exist without the other. Both the superior and inferior rules existed side by side and played a part together as the universe accorded.

Of course, the rules that had been recorded in the Heavenly Fragment were from 3.6 billion years ago. The current heaven was the ruler of the sky and had its own rules.

A golden light suddenly flared as Zen swept his gaze across the rows of characters.

It was as if his consciousness understood what it all meant.

"The eternal cycle of reincarnation brings immortality."

"The eternal cycle of reincarnation brings immortality."

He repeated the words, unaware of the astonishing changes that were currently happening to his body.

Margaret stood by his side. Someone who had created countless miracles shouldn't die so easily, right?

As she looked at Zen's unconscious face, she felt her heart sink with regret.

Her top-grade Purple Power Body gave her the ability to raze the entire world to the ground and summon the young true spirits of the Purple Power World - at a price of course.

Although the true spirits were still in their infancy, she had no doubt that they would be more than enough to deal with Eddie.

However, Zen had told her that it was his fight and that he would not accept any help from other people. It was his fate and he had to settle it by himself.

This was why Margaret had chosen not to make a move even if Zen had been continuously pushed back during the battle. Had she launched an attack, she would have only angered Zen. She was too afraid of angering such an arrogant fellow.

However, his current state made her regret her choices. Given another chance, she would've chosen to summon the true spirits to kill Eddie at the cost of her own life.

Even if that choice would have an impact on Zen's warrior spirit, it would still be better than him being half-dead.

Of course, Margaret did not know that if Zen wanted to kill Eddie, there would've been no need to use her abilities. All he needed to do was to invite the Soul Sea Realm masters from the Sea God Continent to do it for him.

Zen now walked on the impartial, magnificent path of martial arts. He advanced with a nearly perfect posture towards the peak and did not allow any flaws to appear. It was not that his warrior spirit was affected by Eddie, but if he borrowed external help, Eddie would become an inner demon of his in the future. If that happened, there was a possibility of him exploding with power that could bring about unpredictable consequences.

"What's going on?"

Margaret frowned as she looked at Zen.

"What is it?" Lavender asked coldly.

"Zen… His body seems to have shrunk a little!"

Margaret blinked, her clear eyes filled with disbelief.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Lavender scoffed, walking closer towards Zen. However, her face also filled with shock. "Wait. His body has indeed shrunk!"

Zen's stature had become smaller and his appearance no longer had any trace of his past life's trials or killing intent. He now possessed the innocence of childhood and his hair was also becoming shorter. In mere minutes, Zen had made a transition from twenty years old to his fifteen-year-old self.

"What happened?" Margaret asked curiously.

Lavender shook her head. Even she had never seen such a strange phenomenon. The Demon Night had the power to regain youth but not under such circumstances as the one Zen was undergoing now.

The two ladies could only watch as Zen's body continued to shrink. His fifteen-year-old appearance changed to a twelve-year-old one.

His green robe had also become loose, unfit for the body of a child that he had reverted into.

"He's getting smaller again!" Lavender remarked in surprise.

In the blink of an eye, Zen looked like he was seven or eight years old.

Three or four years old.

One or two years old.

Until he became a newborn baby.

Margaret's gaze flickered at the little baby in front of her. "So this is what he looked like when he was a baby?"

He looked adorable with his round, bulging face and long lashes. If she wasn't so worried about what had just happened, Margaret would've picked him up and kissed him.

Lavender, however, thought very differently. This was the first time she had seen such a strange thing and it bothered her greatly. If she had to guess, it might be the Heavenly Fragment that had caused such a shocking change to Zen.

What exactly did he comprehend from the fragment? Did he activate some kind of Law of Causality?

Just as she thought about it, Zen's body suddenly began to expand. From an infant, he gradually grew up and became a little boy.

"What's going on?" Lavender's eyes flashed. "Is he… Is this body rebuilding itself or is it a reincarnation?"

Even Lavender and the cyan dragon had very limited understanding of the Law of Causality.

From what they knew, the Law of Causality was heaven's purest law. Even Supreme Lords had difficulty mastering it. Therefore, those who managed such a heavy task were considered the best of the best.

From what Lavender could remember, both body rebuilding and reincarnation could achieve this effect. However, there was no way to be sure since this was the first time she had witnessed this kind of Law of Causality.

"Does it matter which one it is?" Margaret asked with genuine concern.

"It doesn't," Lavender replied. "If his body is rebuilt, it will only become purer. If his body is reincarnated, it won't have any effect on him but I believe he will wake up."

Zen's body was like a freak existence in the entire universe. His body had already become purer after being infiltrated by the primordial energy.

Body rebuilding was a kind of adventure to other warriors, but it might not be a good thing for Zen since a rebuilt body might not be as strong as his current one.

"I see…"

Margaret nodded. She did not understand or really care about what was going on. All she wanted was for Zen to wake up.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1034 Determined

The change was quite visible as Zen's body steadily expanded. When he had previously shrunk, Margaret had put his old clothes away. But now as he was growing bigger, he was bare naked.

As she stared at the scene in front of her, Lavender was poker-faced. Margaret was glancing at Lavender, her face slightly flushed. Although Margaret was not a stranger to Zen's body, seeing another woman watch Zen's body wasn't something she was used to.

On second thought, she realized that Lavender had been in Zen's body all the time, so Lavender probably knew him better than she did.

In the past, Margaret had never thought about Lavender's presence. Could it be possible that the intimate whispers she and Zen shared when they made love fell into the ears of Lavender? Upon realizing such an instance, Margaret's face turned even redder than it already was.

Seeing Margaret's flushed cheeks, Lavender became confused. However, Margaret had always been rather weird, so Lavender didn't mind.

As Zen's body continued to enlarge, he quickly grew into the body of an eight-year-old, and then into a teenage boy of eleven or twelve years old.

Slowly, Zen's figure returned to his original appearance. Once again, he looked like his old twenty-year-old self.

The two women looked eagerly at Zen on the ground. Was he going to wake up?

After waiting for a long time, Zen's body suddenly trembled. Right after, he finally opened his eyes.

In the Purple Power World, the sky was painted in a deep purple color. Streaks of purplish-black Aurora constantly circulated in the air, and on the horizon, an enormous purple sun emitted an unusual purple light.

"What is this place?" Zen looked at this unfamiliar environment and then noticed that Lavender and Margaret were right beside him.

Lavender immediately replied, "This is the Purple Power World. Margaret brought you here."

Not caring about anything else, Margaret threw herself into Zen's embrace. The joy on her face was palpable.

Zen held onto Margaret and asked, "Where's Eddie?"

Whether Eddie was still alive or dead was very important at the moment, and it was still Zen's greatest concern.

"He's still alive," Lavender answered concisely.

"He didn't die?" Zen lowered his head and murmured, revealing a trace of regret on his face. However, he caught a glimpse of Letitia who was beside him from the corner of his eyes. His expression changed drastically as he pushed Margaret aside and extended his hand towards Letitia.

Back in the battle, Eddie had shot out two gusts of Life and Death Wind, one hitting Zen and the other hitting Letitia.

Zen understood how dangerous the Life and Death Wind was. Even the Ancient Tycoon had no way to resist it. Thanks to the Heavenly Fragment, Zen was able to recover, but what about Letitia?

As he examined her, Zen could still feel Letitia's cold breath. It only meant that her body was somewhat alive, but the life energy coming from her was extremely weak.

Seeing Zen's expression darken, Lavender said, "The Life and Death Wind directly devours life energy, and the Law of Causality contained within it could kill anyone within its reach, so there's no way to resist it. Right now her life energy is almost completely exhausted."

Zen only nodded. Even the Ancient Tycoon himself died immediately after being hit by the Life and Death Wind. He and Letitia had survived most likely because of the Heavenly Fragment, which had offset parts of the Law of Causality. But now that Letitia was on the verge of death, how could he revive her?

The reason why Zen was able to fully recover was by taking advantage of the Law of Causality in the Heavenly Fragment.

The reincarnation of a physical body made it possible for him to directly jump twenty years of longevity and once again grow to his current state.

But what about Letitia? That same question played inside Zen's head over and over again, too.

Should he let her comprehend the laws held within the Heavenly Fragment as well?

As he thought of this, Zen didn't hesitate and immediately placed the Heavenly Fragment on Letitia's chest.

The three of them waited in silence for a while, but Letitia didn't have any reaction, and neither did the Heavenly Fragment.

"It didn't work?" Zen looked at Letitia's peaceful face. Her petite body rested on the ground as if she was only asleep. Zen felt his heart twinge at the sight of her.

The other two were also silent. Although Zen didn't say anything, they knew Letitia's place in Zen's heart. There was no way that Zen could let her die like that.

"Life energy... Lavender, when we went to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, didn't you obtain the life energy from the holy tree?" Zen asked with a glimmer of hope in his eyes. Even if he was unable to wake Letitia up now, as long as he could gather enough life energy, he had a way to save her.

Back when Zen and Lavender were in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, she had absorbed almost all of the holy tree's life energy. If that energy could save Letitia, then he could bring her to the Sea God Continent.

However, Lavender shook her head and said, "It's no use. The life energy of the holy tree is very special, as the tree itself is connected to the hearts and minds of all the members of the Demon Night. The life energy is only suitable for the members of the Demon Night, and the other races cannot handle it. If Letitia were a member of the Demon Night, then what you have suggested might work."

Upon hearing Lavender's words, Zen fell silent once again.

In just a few seconds, Zen's expression turned murderous. He suddenly stood up and clenched his fist tightly, his veins bulging on the back of his hand. Then, he stated coldly, "I will think of another way. No matter what, I will not let Letitia die!

But Eddie… I will definitely kill him! Margaret, bring me back!" He was determined to finish his business.

Seeing Zen's face boil with fury, Margaret's heart began to beat rapidly. The Zen in front of her now was very different from the Zen she once knew.

Despite the sadness in her heart, Margaret only nodded in response. Letitia's current condition had angered Zen beyond belief. 'If I was in her place, would he have felt the same way?' Margaret wondered.

Deep inside her, Margaret wasn't very confident that Zen would have reacted that way if it was her instead of Letitia. She had always believed that she would never match up to Letitia's importance to Zen.

Meanwhile, Eddie continued to search the surroundings.

"The people who know you the best would be often your enemies." Eddie also saw Zen as his prime nemesis, so he knew very well how strong Zen's luck was. As long as he didn't kill Zen himself, that brat's luck always favored him.

Although countless independent warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect had already been killed, they amounted to nothing more than cannon fodder. Even if he was now alone, he could still crush the entire Oracle City. Moreover, the Heavenly Evil Sect still had Simon, while the Oracle City didn't have any Life and Death Realm master left.

The key issue was to kill Zen, but that damned woman had actually hidden in the Purple Power World. He had searched for so long, but he had not been able to find the space node.

Every time he made an erroneous move, more trouble came before him.

If he had been the first one to take Margaret away, then this matter could not have occurred today, and his Lustful Demon Array could have already been completed.

Despite his relentless efforts of chasing them, it was Zen who successfully took Margaret away. It was him who took her virginity energy as well. What Eddie didn't expect was that Margaret had taken such a huge risk just to save Zen's life.

It was evident that Zen's luck was much greater than his. The thought of this dejected Eddie. If it wasn't for the chain of cause and effect, he could've already killed Zen, and his disciples of the Heavenly Evil Sect could've avoided the giant swords summoned by Margaret.

On top of the city wall, many of the martial artists at the Virtual Tribulation Realm looked at this scene with cold eyes. As for the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance, they were stalemated by Simon. At that point in time, they were in no mood to fight.

In the eyes of the martial artists of the Oracle City, as long as Zen was still alive, then they still had hope. If Zen was truly dead, then everything was over.

"I think we should just surrender," a martial artist at Virtual Tribulation Realm said faintly as he sat on top of the broken wall of the Oracle City.

"We warriors of the World Commercial Alliance would rather die than submit. Why should we surrender to them?"

Apparently, not everyone agreed to such an idea.

"But facing Eddie, we do not have the strength to fight back. Why waste our lives?"

"It's better to die a hero than live a dishonorable existence."

Every martial artist at that moment had a different perspective towards the battle and its outcome. However, the majority of them didn't express their opinions. In their hearts, there was still a tiny bit of hope.

At that same time, Eddie noticed a node floating through the air. His face instantly lit up, but a sinister look replaced it not long after, "Let me see how you'd survive this time, Zen!"

Chapter 1035 The Situation Reversed

Everyone was paying close attention to Eddie's movements. So when he spoke, his words broke the hearts of the warriors of Oracle City.

They realized that Eddie must have found where Zen was hiding.

And this meant that their last sliver of hope would be shattered to bits.

Eddie didn't hesitate. He took a step forward, making his fist radiance shine, and as he threw this powerful punch, it hit the space node with a resounding bang.

Bang!

Eddie's face contorted as his fist hit the space node.

A sharp sword suddenly emerged from the space node, instantly shattering Eddie's fist radiance and directly stabbing his fist.

Zen had a top-grade sacred weapon in his hand. Even though Eddie's fist was covered with a layer of solid black scales, it wasn't enough to block the sacred weapon's attack.

The long sword followed its path through Eddie's fist and pierced his arm. A huge force emanated from the sword, pushing Eddie backwards.

The long sword emerged from the space node, followed by Zen's right hand that held it, and then his entire body.

Since the nerves of the fingertips are linked with the heart, piercing his fingers left Eddie with a painful expression on his charred face.

Rocher's sword had cut off his other hand, making it impossible for him to pull out the sword assaulting his hand. All he could do right now was keep retreating.

Zen did not give Eddie a chance to shake the sword off; he firmly held onto the sharp sword and pushed forward. He wanted to use the sword to nail Eddie to the city wall.

Margaret was carrying Letitia as she followed Zen out of the space node.

"It's Zen! He is not dead!"

"I told you so! He has been always lucky. No matter how dangerous the situation is, he can still escape. I really don't know how he recovered this time. It looks like he wasn't hurt at all!"

"The leader of the Cloud Hall is still lying immobile on the ground. Is she dead?"

A sudden furor of discussion began among the warriors on the walls of Oracle City.

They'd been in despair because they thought that there was no one in the Central Region who could fight Eddie.

Zen's Double Star Brilliance had previously completely convinced them that he was the only one who could come even close to fighting Eddie.

And now, Zen had returned, full of vigor and vitality, looking like he hadn't sustained any injuries at all.

"Kill Eddie, Zen! Go for it!"

"Zen, we support you!"

"Zen, I support you! Mentally!" Lewis shouted at the top of his lungs.

Patrick smiled helplessly at this. Rocher had fainted, thankfully, or he would have taught Lewis a little lesson or two.

Whoosh!

Zen and Eddie charged towards the city wall; they were separated by a long sword, its upper half still nailed to Eddie's arm. Eddie's blood continued to spill as they ran.

"You're lucky that even the Life and Death Wind can't kill you!" Eddie said coldly.

Even he didn't have complete control over the Life and Death Wind. However, today's battle was not only related to the fate of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance, but also was crucial in deciding the fate of Eddie and the Heavenly Evil Sect. That was exactly why he had decided to use the Life and Death Wind to deal with Zen.

Eddie had never heard of the Law of Causality, so he couldn't figure out how the Life and Death Wind killed his opponents. He only knew that any creature that the Life and Death Wind blew at, would die instantly. And there was absolutely no doubt or exception to this. Even the strongest creatures would avoid the Life and Death Wind since they didn't want to be killed.

Eddie had been trying his best to find the space node because he knew that Zen had always been lucky, and Eddie couldn't be at ease if he did not see Zen die with his own eyes.

He had believed Zen to be dead.

But the result was completely unexpected. It looked like the Life and Death Wind hadn't done any harm to Zen. Eddie was greatly shocked to see Zen looking so energetic. He pretended to be calm, not wanting his opponent to see through him.

'What kind of weirdo is Zen? Looks like I can't kill him, no matter how hard I try!' he thought.

He felt a sense of helplessness rising up within him. He had been an independent warrior when he started cultivation and now that he had risen to establish a divine kingdom. His warrior spirit had become firm as a rock.

He was cold-blooded, cruel, decisive, and determined. He would not give up until he had reached his goal.

But as he faced Zen, he realized all of a sudden that he had lost all confidence.

In a fight between two warriors, especially those with similar strength, the decisive factor was more often than not their willpower. As the saying went, "The braver one will win in an inevitable confrontation." Warriors needed to believe in themselves. Strongly.

When Eddie had chased Zen, it had affected Zen's warrior spirit. Letitia had used the icy aura to calm him down. And he had quickly recovered under her consolation and encouragement. But now, who was there to help Eddie?

Eddie had made sure to master many methods to deal with Zen. But even though the Life and Death Wind was the enemy of all creatures, it had failed to harm Zen, even in the smallest of ways.

Right now, no matter what path his mind took, Eddie couldn't figure out a way to kill Zen.

Zen's perception was quite sensitive.

A trace of sadness flashed across Eddie's eyes, something that Zen easily comprehended.

Eddie was Zen's biggest rival, and one that Zen had to kill. If Eddie revealed any flaws, even unintentionally, Zen would grab at them with both hands.

Now that Eddie's warrior spirit was affected, Zen would definitely not let the opportunity go.

"Kill me? Eddie, you are not qualified!" Zen sneered.

"Is that so? You are just a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. You think I can't kill you?" Eddie was not a fool. He was quickly correcting his state of mind as he spoke.

But Zen was unfazed. He quickly said, "Yes! You're too arrogant. You want to establish a divine kingdom and ascend to the throne. But don't you know? Whether a sacred place or a divine kingdom, you need to have a few warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. You haven't reached the Soul Sea Realm yet. How are you going to rule your divine kingdom? With your talent?"

In order to establish a divine kingdom or a sacred place, a few warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were a must. For instance, although the Purple Heart Sacred Place was one of the lowest ranked sacred places on the Sea God Continent, it still had three warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

And if the whole of the Central Region became united, they could establish a divine kingdom. But Eddie simply wasn't qualified enough to be the emperor of it.

As long as a divine-level talent didn't die, he or she could steadily enter the Soul Sea Realm.

Divine-level talents were not rare on the Sea God Continent, but in the Central Region, they were very rare. In recent years, a few divine-level talents like Eden and Brent had appeared in the Central Region.

Eddie's talent couldn't be ranked as divine level. He could only be a heaven-level talent at most.

It was possible for a heaven-level talent to enter the Soul Sea Realm, but the difficulty would be much higher. His own talent had always been a pain in the ass for Eddie. When he first found out that his son was a divine-level talent, he had naturally nurtured him with great care.

"Talent doesn't matter at all. I don't give a damn about it. Once my Lustful Demon Array is set up, I will—" As Eddie spoke, Zen's hand turned and the tip of the sword twisted accordingly inside Eddie's arm, causing his face to pale.

"There's no chance for that. I've said it before. You dared to take Yan away, which is why you must die." Zen had barely finished talking when the two of them crashed into the wall.

Boom!

A large part of Oracle City's wall had already collapsed, and this collision smashed another great hole within it. Pieces of brick fell off one after another.

Zen pulled the sword out of Eddie's arm at the moment of impact and stabbed it into his chest.

Now that one of Eddie's hands had been cut off and the other shattered by Zen's top-grade sacred weapon, he completely lost his ability to fight back. His only option as he faced Zen's sword was to retreat. So he chose to run through the gates and into the city, gathering speed as he ran.

The city wall was made up of a variety of huge rocks and beams. As Eddie bumped into the wall as he ran, these rocks and beams began to collapse in the direction that he was fleeing in.

Zen did not hesitate. The sword intent in his hand spiraled upwards and reduced the nearby beams and rocks to dust. He chased Eddie down the entire way.

Chapter 1036 It's Over

The warriors outside of the city saw the city wall, which was more than ten miles wide, begin to collapse like dominoes.

On the other hand, the warriors who were watching the fight on the city wall all quickly fled to avoid being trampled by the debris.

Puff!

During the chasing, Zen thrust again with his sword. Eddie did not dodge in time, and so the sword left a long and narrow wound in his chest, causing blood to spill out.

If this happened earlier in the fight, right after Eddie activated his fiend bloodline and a special layer of scales appeared on his skin, Zen probably would not be able to cause him much harm.

After all, even when Zen was using all his attacking methods, he could not break through Eddie's defense.

But now the situation was vastly different.

Zen's Double Star Brilliance had completely burnt Eddie's outer layer of skin off, and the flesh underneath that was very tender and utterly defenseless. It would take him a long period of time to fully recover and regain his previous defense. Because of that, he was unable to defend himself against the top-grade sacred weapon that Zen was yielding.

If Eddie knew that Zen was still alive and that he would chase after him to kill him, he would have left the vicinity a long time ago and would have hidden in a remote place to recuperate and wait for his body's defenses to fully be back on their prime before returning.

But that was neither here nor there. He was now facing Zen with his body completely vulnerable to attacks and his strength greatly decreased.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Zen chased him from one section of the city wall to another. From time to time, the figures of the two fighting warriors would appear among the shattered parts of the city wall. Everyone became dumbstruck the moment they saw this scene.

"Zen is really fierce. He is not afraid of Eddie at all. I thought he had been killed by Eddie, but I was wrong. He appeared again and began hunting Eddie. Wow! I admire him so much!"

"Zen's power is no longer something we could comprehend. His strength cannot be measured merely by his cultivation. Although his level is lower than Eddie's, Eddie is nowhere near matching his strength!"

"We're going to win! I can't believe he could really kill Eddie!"

The unbelievable scene unfolding before their very eyes immediately made the morale of the warriors in Oracle City rise. By the look of what was happening, the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall were being miraculously saved single-handedly by Zen!

Boom!

Finally, Eddie was able to get past the city wall and out of the city. As soon as he did, he ran towards Simon screaming, "Simon, help!"

Eddie, who was the number one warrior in the Central Region, was being chased by a man who was only twenty years old and had a lower cultivation level than his. With that, his reputation already took a nosedive. Undoubtedly, this tale would spread throughout the region's tea houses and restaurants, and would be the talk of the town in no time. The story would then be enthusiastically repeated until the end of time by people looking to make their mates cry with laughter. Eddie would become the laughing stock of martial artists and mortals all around the world.

Hearing Eddie's cry for help, Simon came rushing to him. Eddie dying was a scenario not in his favor!

However, how would the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance let Simon help Eddie? Before Simon even had a chance to make a move. the three leaders already surrounded him in an attempt to stop him from helping Eddie.

Simon gave Dillon a weird smile and asked in a cold voice, "Do you really think you can stop me?"

Simon had fought alongside Dillon, Hobbes, and Haber for a long time, and it seemed that the three of them could stall him. However, the truth was Simon had been conserving his forces all this time.

Even if all the sects in the Central Region were wiped out by the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom, the beneficiary would be Eddie, not Simon. Simon, a warrior at the Life and Death Realm, was not that generous enough to be willing to give up the Central Region to Eddie.

And so he made sure that he had his full force intact, because when the right time came, he would naturally clash with Eddie and take everything from him.

But as of that moment, Simon couldn't risk getting Eddie killed.

Swish! Swish!

Simon's lips curved into a sly smile, as streaks of black life vitality suddenly appeared before him and transformed into hundreds of black snakes, flying towards the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance.

The little snakes that appeared and writhed in midair were like real living venomous snakes. They all showed their vicious fangs as they flew towards Dillon and the others.

Transforming life vitality into snakes was something that any warrior at nature level could do. All they needed to do was visualize a real snake. Most of the warriors would be able to do so in a lifelike manner.

However, the dangers did not solely lie on how they looked. The poison contained within them was something that would put fear in any man's heart.

It was only right to name Simon as the "Poison King." He had practiced the internal version of the Scripture of Five Poisons and because of it, his skills with poison had greatly improved to a level that he was virtually unmatched when it came to it. With this attack, the level of poison he used was something that ordinary warriors would not be able to bear.

The three leaders carefully dodged the black venomous snakes. As they were occupied with that, Simon was able to rush towards Eddie. His body then began to emit multicolored lights to a point that he was basically shining.

"Zen! Be careful! He's coming! Don't touch Simon!" Dillon cried out as he continuously dealt with the black snakes that were swamping him and the others. That was the only thing he could do for Zen at the moment.

The brighter the color, the stronger the poison!

Zen cast a glance at Simon before returning his gaze to Eddie. To other warriors, Simon's Scripture of Five Poisons was most likely a fatal existence. Even Eddie was afraid of it. However, to Zen, it was all useless.

He had a top-grade fairy weapon's physique, and any kind of poison would not be able to affect him.

After Simon waved his hand, a colorful net appeared. It headed towards Zen's direction. Before it could cover him, a fishy smell assaulted his nose.

"Let's see if you can survive under my net!" Simon shouted as he stared at Zen with an evil grin.

This poisonous net was made of eighty-one kinds of poisonous creatures in the Central Region, and was refined with the method found in the internal version of the Scripture of Five Poisons. Eddie would not dare to be enveloped by such a poisonous net, let alone a warrior at the Virtual

Tribulation Realm. Furthermore, according to the internal version of the Scripture of Five Poisons, even warriors at the Soul Sea Realm would die the moment they were covered by the poisonous net.

For this main reason, many warriors were afraid of fighting against warriors cultivating poison skills. As long as one had deadly poisons, he or she would be able to kill any warrior whose cultivation level was significantly much higher.

Simon saw the poisonous net cover Zen completely, and by the looks of it, Zen did not fear anything. His gaze never left Eddie, and he did not even spare the poisonous net a single glance.

'Is this guy crazy?' Simon thought, his expression immediately changing. Soon after, a large hole appeared on the poisonous net, and only a portion of it ended up hanging on Zen's body.

"If you ignore my poisonous net, you will have to pay a painful price!"

Simon shouted as he stared at Zen. The poison on the net would take effect very quickly and it would spread throughout a warrior's body as his or her life vitality circulated. If everything went right, Zen would live for, at most, thirty seconds.

"Down!"

"Down!"

"Down!"

"Down!"

Thirty seconds! Sixty seconds! Ninety seconds!

The corner of Simon's mouth started to twitch. Only then did he admit, though unwillingly, that his poisonous net had no effect on Zen at all.

'What kind of monster is this brat?' he thought, fuming with anger. Simon sighed in his heart just as Eddie did when he realized that Zen was no ordinary warrior. After all, he knew that his poisonous net was on par with Eddie's Life and Death Wind. It having no effect on Zen shocked him immensely.

Dillon, Hobbes and Haber were still struggling with the snakes, but were closely following what was happening below. All of them had huge smiles on their faces.

Zen truly had the ability to stabilize any chaotic situation.

Puff!

Zen buried his sword into Eddie's back again.

Eddie was at the end of his rope, while Zen had just undergone a cycle of reincarnation. The two were completely different in terms of physicality and mentality.

As the sword pierced through Eddie's body, Zen's forceful energy burst forth, pushing the sword down harder. It once again pierced through Eddie's chest, pinning him to the ground. Eddie was down, and had a very low chance to get up once again.

But how could Eddie be willing to give up?

The moment he was nailed to the ground, he was about to jump up, but Zen was already one step ahead. Zen stomped on his chest, pushing him further to the ground.

"It's over," Zen said as he placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. His stare at Eddie was with finality.

Eddie raised his head and looked at Zen, his eyes finally showing signs of panic. This sect war was a sure win for him, and he was so close to establishing his own divine kingdom. But thanks to this little brat, the situation had turned for the worse and over a hundred thousand independent warriors were all dead! Now, he himself would be killed by Zen.

How could Eddie be willing to accept his failure?

Just then, a strange smile suddenly appeared on Eddie's lips. "It's over? Ha-ha! It's still far away from over! "

Chapter 1037 Victory

Zen stared calmly but coldly at Eddie. He knew from the beginning that this fight wouldn't be easy and that Eddie would not give in without a fight.

"Sooner or later the Central Region will be wiped out by the York Divine Kingdom. Hahahahaha!" Eddie laughed hysterically and his voice was sinister. His charred face looked like the face of a monster.

He reached out his trembling hands to fetch the Eight-diagram Mirror from his space ring and with fierce strength he threw it at Zen

who casually blocked and pushed the Eight-diagram Mirror to the side. The Eight-diagram Mirror fell and rolled a few times on the ground. When it came to a stop, a human figure slowly formed on its broken surface.

Everyone was looking at Zen. The battle between Zen and Eddie was what they were most concerned about. They wanted to see what tricks Eddie would use at the end of his resources.

A human figure slowly came out of the mirror. It was the figure of a boy that Zen had met before.

Zen looked at the little boy coming out of the mirror. With a look of contempt in his face he asked Eddie, "Is this your last resort? Is this all you've got? He is a nobody, someone I defeated without difficulty."

The boy suddenly spoke up, "Your name is Zen, right?"

"So what?" Zen coldly replied.

"You are right! Last time I lost our fight. We fought in the Melody City and that day I only lost a small part of my soul. Now that the Star Storm has stopped, you will get what you deserve. This is your end! Hahahaha! Soon the whole Central Region will become my land! And the secret hiding in the depths of your mind will also belong to me!" The boy laughed hysterically. That boy that had been defeated by Zen was Master Wallace.

Eddie also laughed. "Zen, I advise you to give up. Stop resisting! You are doomed! There are countless masters at the Soul Sea Realm in York Divine Kingdom. They can kill you in a flash. If you choose to surrender now, I can consider giving you a dignified death. Think about it, at least your dear ones will have a corpse to mourn."

All the warriors in the Oracle City trembled with fear hearing Eddie's and Master Wallace's threats. The Central Region was in the midst of a crisis and its defeat was imminent. How could they defeat Eddie now? Victory seemed so close and now all hope had vanished. How could they win with a York Divine Kingdom on Eddie's side?

And with the masters at the Soul Sea Realm…

The current strength of warriors in the Central Region was no match for that of Soul Sea Realm masters. A master at the Soul Sea Realm could be enough to sweep the entire Central Region away.

There were massive Star Storms in the skies above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, so it was very difficult for people to travel from the divine kingdoms to the Central Region. Only a few martial artists had been to the divine kingdoms and there wasn't much communication between the martial artists of these two regions.

To the Central Region, the four divine kingdoms were far too powerful. The Star Storm acted as a great barrier that protected the Central Region.

On the other hand, to the four divine kingdoms, the Central Region was only considered a barren land. The four divine kingdoms didn't have much interest in the Central Region, so the two continents existed peacefully. It had been like this for many years and neither of them would interfere with each other.

Judging from the tone of Master Wallace, what he cared about was not the Central Region but the secret in Zen's mind. It had to be important. Even a master of the divine kingdom was after it.

"The secret in my mind?" Zen muttered with a sullen face.

Zen held in his mind a mysterious furnace and the nine Genuine Dragons. This secret was unknown to others. The last time Zen fought against the soul of Master Wallace in his mind, he made the cyan dragon devour Master Wallace's soul. He didn't expect that Master Wallace hadn't completely died and had come to know about his secret.

Seeing the change in Zen's face, Eddie assumed he was afraid. He said with a sneer, "Have you thought about it? Have you made a decision? If you give me all your secrets without any resistance I will not kill you. I will spare your life!"

A light flashed in Zen's eyes as he coldly said, "You are a fool if you think I will let you take over my secrets!"

He then pulled out the sword in his hand. A beam of light shot out from the sword and immediately sliced the Eight-diagram Mirror into pieces.

The image of Master Wallace became blurry and started to disappear. All that could be seen was a weird smile lingering in the air where the figure once stood.

The moment Zen drew his sword Eddie jumped up from the ground. He was the kind of man that would never yield. He would not give up. He would fight until the end.

But Zen did not give Eddie a chance and acted quickly. He slashed Eddie with his long sword. The rays coming out of his sword were like silver snakes, entangling Eddie's body and instantly cutting his body into pieces. Eddie's fiendish head rolled on the ground with a surprised gaze. His mouth smiled and moved as if he wanted to say something. No sound came out of it. The beheaded couldn't speak. Zen looked at him until his life energy completely left his body and dissipated in the air.

He suddenly felt a sense of relief coming over him. He had finally killed his sworn enemy with his own hands.

Since a long time ago when he was at the Cloud Sect, Eddie's shadow had followed him. He was a curse and a burden making it difficult for Zen to fully dedicate to the marital arts. Now Zen was finally free. He had put stop to it and removed this obstacle.

All of the martial artists in Oracle City let out a sigh of relief, despite that the threats of the boy still weighed heavily against them. The battle had finally come to an end and the city was safe. Even after they had won there was still one problem to deal with, Simon.

Simon was floating in the air when he saw Eddie being defeated by Zen. He couldn't believe what was happening. A black life vitality suddenly began to revolve around his body. He transformed into a stream of light and swiftly rushed away, disappearing into thin air.

Even though Simon was a master at the Life and Death Realm, he specialized in cultivating poisoning techniques that were incomparably good. Even Eddie, who was stronger than him, wouldn't dare to offend Simon, afraid that he might use poison against him. But now, the problem was that Simon saw with his own eyes that Zen broke through his poisonous net unharmed. Obviously, he hadn't taken his special poisoning skills seriously. Then how could he fight against Zen?

'This brat is completely immune to poison, ' Simon thought.

And now Eddie was dead. They lost the battle. There was nothing he could do and that was a sure thing. If he continued to struggle, he would face death. There was no point in fighting Zen. He could never win.

It seemed like he was going into hiding and was about to live in exile pretending to be someone else again.

All the remaining Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect fled and scattered in all directions. Some of them were being chased by the warriors of the Oracle City, but none of the leaders or Zen were going after them.

Although Simon was a master at the Life and Death Realm, he was still a lone wolf and did not have a good reputation in the Central Region. The backbone of the Heavenly Evil Sect was Eddie. Now that the strongest warrior in the Central Region was dead, the entire Heavenly Evil Sect would vanish. These independent martial artists could only go on living by hiding their identities, otherwise, if they went to any sect, they would be killed.

Zen slowly walked towards Letitia. Margaret was there too, holding her sword in her hand.

The land around them had been plowed for miles by Margaret's huge swords. The soil was covered with blood and mud. As Zen walked on the muddy ground he left behind red footprints.

The sun shone red with the blood below. As the sunglow hit the broken tiles of the Oracle City, every martial artist felt a mixed feeling of sorrow and joy in their hearts. It had been a horrific and costly battle but they had won in the end.

Margaret was overjoyed looking at Zen approaching. She smiled softly. Her smile was gentle and sweet, bringing a feeling of ease to those who looked at her. She reached out her hand, trying to touch Zen's arm but he slowly avoided her and kept on walking towards Letitia.

Margaret's hand hung in the air and she felt heartbroken. She quickly gathered herself and reminded herself who she was. She rolled her bright eyes and followed Zen. She knew that Zen was in a bad mood and that this was not the time to be cranky.

Walking up to Letitia, Zen held her body in his arms and flew to the sky. While floating in the air he looked down at the warriors celebrating.

The army in the Oracle City did not suffer a great loss when compared to the Heavenly Evil Sect warriors. One third of the several hundred thousand martial artists of the Oracle City lost their lives, while almost all of the martial artists in the entire Heavenly Evil Sect were killed by Margaret's giant swords.

All of the martial artists had gathered and were happily celebrating. Someone from the crowd suddenly started to cheer, "Zen! The mighty!"

The sound came out loud and clear. Soon all the martial artists were shouting his name.

"Zen! The mighty!"

hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of voices followed.

All of the martial artists echoed and roared with their gazes turned to sky looking at Zen.

Zen today had become the savior of Oracle City. No, he had become the savior of all of the sects in the Central Region.

The martial artists then used their life vitality to amplify their voices and their cheers could be heard all across the Central Region.

Their people had suffered enough and now was time to celebrate the end of evil. Their roaring cheer for victory was thunderous. They screamed so loud with their life vitality that the sound became terrifying. From now on everyone would fear and respect Zen, the Mighty.

The common people in the entire Oracle City cheered happily and started to dance at the sound of roar as it drifted away.

Zen lowered his head. He stroked Letitia's black hair and softly whispered in her ear, "Tia, can you hear that?"

Chapter 1038 Life Energy In The Bucket

Zen's heart was filled with sadness as he looked down at Letitia's peaceful, unconscious face.

He was a person who could normally keep his emotions in check but there was no way to hide the sorrow he felt at Letitia's current state.

He had emerged victorious in his battle with Eddie but it came with a terrible price. Most of Letitia's life energy had been taken away and she was now as good as dead.

This wasn't something that he could ever have foreseen.

The people outside continuously shouted his name and hailed him as their hero but Zen was in no mood to join in the festivities. He silently ignored the fanfare and flew towards Oracle City.

The three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance followed closely behind him. Right now, they were very concerned about what the boy had said to Zen regarding the possibility of the York Divine Kingdom sending their people to the Central Region.

If that truly happened, the Central Region would be plunged into the greatest crisis in history.

War was not uncommon in the Central Region. In its most chaotic state, the entire continent was made witness to the great sect wars wherein every sect fought for their own, attacking each other relentlessly in hopes of coming out on top. The war that had been started by the Heavenly Evil Sect was by no means unprecedented in Central Region's history.

However, these sect wars were ultimately internal conflicts.

The York Divine Kingdom was an entirely different continent and any battle fought with them could be considered a fight against a potential invader.

One Soul Sea Realm master would be enough to sweep through the entire Central Region.

Sure, they had Zen who was unprecedentedly strong but the fact remained that he was only a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. It would be impossible for him to go up against a Soul Sea Realm master. If a fight broke out between the Central Region and the York Divine Kingdom, who would rise up as their savior?

This was a genuine concern. The Star Storm in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars had already stopped meaning that Soul Sea Realm masters could now easily pass through and reach the Central Region.

A crisis loomed on the horizon but they were powerless to stop it.

Three days later…

Zen looked up at the sky silently as he stood in front of the palace's entrance doors.

An old man walked out from the palace and sighed with regret once he saw Zen waiting for him.

Oracle City was considered the richest in all of Central Region wherein all famous weapon refiners, alchemists, runic experts and doctors gathered.

This old man was an example of a famous expert doctor. His name was Zaine Xue and he could be counted as a first-rate, miracle-working healer in the Central Region where famous doctors from all over the world gathered.

"How is she?" Zen asked him anxiously.

But the expression on Zaine Xue's face was enough to answer Zen's question.

If the cyan dragon himself claimed that he couldn't do anything, what more a mere doctor in the Central Region could do?

However, desperation would always trump a person's logic. Despite knowing that it might not work, Zen could only give Zaine Xue's expertise a try.

"What Cloud Hall's leader has is not a disease," he declared. Zaine Xue was not someone who knew anything about the Law of Causality, nor did he know that Letitia was hit by Eddie's Life and Death Wind, nevertheless he tried to explain to Zen his findings according to his own understanding, "The life energy in our body has always been constant, right from the very moment we are born and absorb our first bits of energy in our mothers' womb. This is why little kids always give the impression of being full of vitality.

Our bodies are like buckets filled with life energy, however, this life energy will slowly be consumed over time. In the case of warriors, they are actually able to increase the size of their buckets through cultivation. That way, both the bucket and the volume of life energy contained within would expand by ten, a hundred, even a thousand times which is why a warrior's lifespan is longer than that of a common person.

As people age, their buckets will slowly decay and the life energy within them will gradually run out. Common people for example, despite not having any diseases, would still die at the age of eighty or ninety because their life energy would have been completely depleted at this time. It is the same with the leader….

The life energy in her bucket has almost been depleted and only a little energy is keeping her alive. It's fortunate that her bucket is much larger than that of other martial artists' and that little life energy remained is enough to keep her body from dying.

However, she's not that different from a dead person now," Zaine Xue patiently explained to Zen.

As one of the oldest and most famous doctors in Oracle City, Zaine Xue's temper was very bad. As the saying went, a person with great talent would always be very proud and insolent on account of their ability. Even the leaders of the World Commercial Alliance were not exempted from Zaine Xue's callous treatment.

However, he was kind and patient with Zen.

"Is there any solution?" Zen asked.

He was already aware of everything that Zaine Xue had told him, but what he wanted was a concrete solution.

Zaine Xue shook his head. "No," he answered firmly. "There are many elixirs in Central Region that can extend a person's lifespan, but they cannot really provide life energy.

These elixirs can only repair the bucket and reduce the rate at which life energy is consumed. It is an entirely different matter from what the leader is currently facing."

Zen frowned but had no choice but to concede, "I see…"

After Zaine Xue left, Zen entered the palace. Letitia slept on a brown wooden bed with several maids by her side. She had not changed at all. She only looked as if she was peacefully dreaming and stubbornly refused to wake up.

Zen could only watch her in silence as he looked back at their moments together. Back when they had just returned from the River Wave City, he had promised that if they could go through this crisis, he would marry her and cultivate with her.

They had gone through the crisis and even defeated Eddie, but who would've ever thought that things would actually end up like this.

Zen walked towards Letitia. The maids obediently stepped aside. He had originally planned to say something but he bit back the words on his lips. Determination flashed in his eyes as he looked at her sleeping figure. 'I won't let you die, ' he silently promised in his heart.

With this promise, Zen turned around and walked out of the palace. Back in the World Commercial Alliance headquarters, the three leaders and many Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors eagerly waited for his arrival.

Once he arrived at the main entrance, Zen saw Owen dressed smartly in a suit. His green scimitar hung on his waist and he stood ramrod straight, waiting for an order.

Despite Eddie's death, survivors of his Heavenly Evil Sect still remained. Both the World Commercial Alliance and Cloud Hall were currently busy scouring the land to eliminate these independent warriors that had joined Eddie in the war.

Unfortunately, most of the warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect had all scattered like frightened birds and beasts. Since their leader had died, they all had no choice but to flee for their lives.

However, the Ethereal Spirit Sect remained as a headquarters for the Heavenly Evil Sect with most of their key items already having been moved there. The group of warriors gathered at the World Commercial Alliance headquarters were assigned to storm the Ethereal Spirit Sect that day.

Owen couldn't wait to be deployed to this mission. He had heard that Eddie had imprisoned his lover within the Ethereal Spirit Sect after making it his headquarters.

Although Eddie had been killed, many Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors remained to guard the Ethereal Spirit Sect. And with Owen's current cultivation level at the Internal Elixir Realm, he knew it would be impossible for him to save his lover all by himself. It was fortunate that Oracle City had a mobilizable force ready to go.

Once all warriors had been gathered, they all advanced towards the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

A few days later, Zen and several others appeared in the sky above the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Just as they arrived, all of the sect-protecting arrays in the Ethereal Spirit Sect had already been put in operation.

Despite that the Ethereal Spirit Sect had been taken over by the Heavenly Evil Sect, the sect-protecting array Arnold had left behind had not been completely destroyed. Although Eddie had already died, there had never been a lack of ambitious martial artists in this world.

The warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect obviously hadn't given up and actually used the sect-protecting array of the Ethereal Spirit Sect as a last-ditch attempt to prolong their survival.

In the eyes of some of the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect, they only had to hold out until the York Divine Kingdom masters arrived and reversed the situation for them.

This was the only reason why they had not bothered with dispersing and remained to guard the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

"Arnold's Illusory Array is incomparable but it can only resist Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors," Zen remarked. "Break the array!"

The strength of the World Commercial Alliance's three leaders was equal to that of a Life and Death Realm warrior. Together with Zen, and a lot of other Virtual Tribulation Realm Warriors, breaking the sect-protecting array would be no problem.

The Heavenly Evil Sect was already doomed given that a lot of their Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors had already died or heavily wounded. Most of the warriors that survived had fled in all directions, living the rest of their lives in anonymity. There were not many who were willing to stay in the Heavenly Evil Sect and fight till death.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The sound was deafening as the Illusory Array crumbled under everyone's continuous attacks.

Zen's figure transformed into a beam of light as he rushed towards the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1039 Threat

The Ethereal Spirit Sect had been plunged into complete chaos.

Back when they had attacked the place, the members of the Heavenly Evil Sect were arrogant and completely ruthless.

Rather than just taking over the sect, they had also desecrated it. The carved plaque with the words "Ethereal Spirit Sect" that had decorated the Ethereal Spirit Hall in the past had been shattered and replaced by the invaders. The new plaque weighed more than ten thousand pounds and was gilded with sparkling gold. It read "Heavenly Evil Sect" which signified the complete takeover of the entire headquarters.

It was a pity that such a grand plaque only hung for a few months.

The Heavenly Evil Sect was like a meteor that had risen in the sky but ended up crashing into the earth later on. The independent warriors that had joined thought they would be able to lead a peaceful and noble life in the Central Region, but the death of their leader changed all that.

It also did not help that most of the independent warriors that had joined had no loyalty ties to the sect. They merely joined but were not necessarily trained and molded by the Heavenly Evil Sect. At first, they couldn't escape because of the elders, but once the elders themselves fled, the warriors soon followed.

Eden had been left behind and stayed in the Ethereal Spirit Hall. Beside him were two women who had their six senses sealed off: Yan, and Owen's lover. Both possessed the Purple Power Body.

Their senses had been sealed until Eddie could find the third and final Purple Power Body. Through this secret technique, the two women's cultivation base had already reached the middle stage of the Internal Elixir Realm.

Eden sat on the large dragon throne, yet this was the most powerless moment of his entire life.

Everything had been so different just a few months ago. He had happily visualized the future of the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom as the sole power in the entire Central Region. His father would be the king, and he would be the crown prince. They would be strong and unshakeable, and no one in Central Region would be able to resist them.

But now, everything had come crashing down around him and he realized how childish his past dreams were.

It was only then that he realized that Zen was his and his father's invincible opponent.

But did it really matter at this point? Wasn't it already too late? He had nowhere else to go. There were still a few independent warriors within their Heavenly Evil Sect but they could all flee and conceal their identities.

Eden might've been a divine-level talent but his father was now dead, and he was surely next. He knew that they would scour the entire area for him, especially Zen.

He had no place to hide so he figured that it might be better for him to just lie in wait and face his fate calmly.

If he had the chance, he had to avenge his father's death.

He looked at the two women beside him. "Zen…since you've killed my father, I will kill your sister right in front of your very eyes," he mumbled crazily. "Losing this war means losing everything. I have become miserable because of you and you will have to pay!"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

A few beams of light appeared as both Zen and Owen arrived at the Ethereal Spirit Hall's entrance. Both of them were anxious as they entered the hall.

Eden looked up and couldn't help but feel an instinctive fear the moment he saw Zen.

Back in the Martial Arts Contest, Zen had shattered his warrior spirit and gave him an indelible memory that he would never forget his entire life.

However, now was not the time to think back on such things. Eden straightened his back and pretended to be calm in the face of his own fear. "Zen! You're here!"

Zen ignored Eden as his gaze fell on his two hostages: Yan and the woman beside her. "Let them go," he ordered Eden. "Let them go and I will give you a painless death and let your body remain whole."

Eden's eyes flashed with madness. "Let them go?

Dream on!"

He shouted before standing up from his throne. He raised his hand and used his life vitality, transforming it into thin threads that coiled around his hostages' necks.

These life vitality threads were thin but extremely sharp. One gentle pull would be enough to behead the two women in a flash.

Zen remained calm but Owen couldn't bear such a sight. "Stop!"

he roared before suddenly rushing towards Eden.

Eden laughed and gently lifted his finger. The threads suddenly tightened and broke the skin on Owen's lover's neck, drawing out some blood.

The sight made Owen freeze in his tracks.

"If you dare make a move towards me, I'll make sure to split her body in two!"

Eden roared. He knew he was going to die but at least he'd be able to satisfy himself with the thought that he could take away their precious people before he left.

Owen clenched his fists tightly in anger. "What do you want?" he asked through gritted teeth.

"Well, I just want you…

to pay a price."

Zen glared coldly at Eden. "If you let them go, I won't kill you."

Eden could not help but laugh at Zen's new proposition. "Really? You're going to spare my life?

You give in so quickly, Zen. It's quite disappointing."

Zen did not speak. He had not fully figured out Eden's thoughts and intentions but he knew that it might not be safe for his sister if they provoked him.

The situation was very volatile. Eden could kill both women instantly but he insisted on keeping them as hostages. There must be a motive.

"What do you want?" Zen repeated the question.

"I'm a divine-level talent but you will only spare my life? How do you intend to compensate me for everything that I have lost?

I do not need anything Zen. I only want to kill them!"

Eden had fully snapped at this point, and his eyes were mad with rage as he looked at the warrior in front of him. "My father is dead and so is the Heavenly Evil Sect. I have nothing left to live for, and it's all because of you, Zen. It's all because of you!"

His words were heavy but Zen could care less what he felt. He simply glared at Eden and did not say anything.

Dillon, Hobbes and others were worried about the current situation.

They were not afraid of whatever Eden could've asked for. As long as it was within their sphere of power, they were willing to make a compromise and even spare his life. With the Heavenly Evil Sect gone, Eden did not really pose a significant threat to them.

However, the young man was completely out of his mind. He had lost all sense of self-preservation and his heart had been fully occupied with revenge.

When one had no desire, one must be strong and fearless. This was exactly how Eden could be described. The most troublesome thing was that he still held Zen's sister and Owen's lover hostage.

Dillon and the others could now surmise what Eden truly wanted. Zen was also able to come to the same conclusion after a while. This guy only desired revenge and wanted to kill Yan in front of him!

How could he protect Yan's life?

How could he eliminate Eden as fast as possible?

Zen wasn't so confident about the situation. His movement speed was fast and he knew he could kill Eden in the blink of an eye using his forceful energy and his Cloud-chasing Lion talent. However, Eden's life vitality threads wrapped tightly around Yan's neck and just one slight move of his finger could kill her.

No matter how fast he could move, Eden would be faster.

"You look very calm," Eden remarked. "But I know you're just pretending. I can see that you're very scared!"

"You're right," Zen affirmed.

"I am indeed afraid that you would kill my sister. But…"

"But what?" Eden asked.

"But..." Just as he spoke, Zen circulated his forceful energy and took a step forward.

However, as he had thought, Eden was quicker and more vigilant than him. Zen's figure only flashed for a moment but Eden's finger had already tightened and drew more blood out of the two women's necks.

"Zen!"

Owen shouted, hurriedly stopping Zen from advancing.

"You take me for a fool?" Eden smirked at the two.

"Do you, Zen?"

Zen could only grit his teeth and glare at Eden in rage. The siege of the Ethereal Spirit Sect seemed to be backfiring on him. Had he known that this was going to happen, he would've just figured out a way to sneak into the sect and covertly rescue his sister. Zen truly did not anticipate Eden's intentions and behavior.

Eden, on the other hand, was just waiting for Zen to arrive so that he could kill Yan in front of him.

This was all exactly what Eden wanted and they were now all playing by his rules.

Chapter 1040 One Ten-millionth Of Power

Warm blood continued to gush out from the girls' necks, and then it soaked their clothes. Zen's heart sank as he watched. Countless thoughts raced in his mind.

Red blood continued to spill out of Yan's neck. She was losing her life fast.

Millions of miles away from the Central Region, strange birds circled a desolate mountain beneath the vast sky.

All of the strange birds spread out their wide, expansive wings, which looked like the size of a small universe.

On a closer look, there were many living creatures that tried to settle down on the birds' bodies. Some of them were even warriors who tried to cultivate on the birds' wings, in hopes of flying into the Upper World one day.

But however large the strange birds were, they were nothing compared to the massive mountain behind them. They were like small black dots on the largest sheet of paper.

Because of the mountain's colossal size that exceeded people's imaginations, its height was difficult to measure. No one could see the entire mountain even from any angle.

On the mountain peak, several people quietly sat down as they gazed at the chaotic turn of events in the distance.

Nobody knew how much time they had been sitting there. It could be a day or a thousand years, even.

For them however, time seemed to stop and flow quickly in succession. A thousand years could pass in a blink of an eye.

"There seems to be a problem. The pointer is about to die," a young man who wore a feathered crest said.

"Yes, I feel it too. If we don't do anything, then we will meet a dead end." Another white-haired old man nodded slightly.

"Do something then," said the young man.

Before either of them could respond, they were cut off by another voice.

"I won't.

The guy couldn't even protect his sister. Why did you choose him? He's not the only one who can lead the world of chaos! Can't you just pick another one?" a chubby man who stood at the edge of the mountain said.

He shook his fat head to reject the young man's earlier suggestion when no one seemed to agree with him.

"You don't know. He is very special, and the Heavenly Fragment is already in his hands," the young man muttered.

"If you want to help him, do it by yourself. I don't want to get myself involved," the fat man said in refusal.

"Alright, I'll go by myself!"

With a huff, the young man disappeared from the mountain peak.

Meanwhile, time passed quietly in the Ethereal Spirit Hall.

Every passing second sent a jolt of pain to Zen's heart. Every time he watched the girls' bloody necks, he felt shattered.

However, he couldn't do anything to help.

On the contrary, Eden felt like he was on top of the world.

His eyes proudly looked at Zen. He clearly felt the pain within Zen's heart, and the more pain Zen felt, the happier he was. This was exactly what he wanted!

"Don't worry. These girls will definitely die sooner or later," Eden cooed mockingly. He didn't want anything else. He only wanted to break Zen's heart, and that was enough.

Dillon and the others were at a loss as well. Who would've thought that they would run into a lunatic in the Ethereal Spirit Sect? They couldn't do anything at all.

While the two sides were in a stalemate, a faint beam of light suddenly flashed in the sky, which enveloped the entire Ethereal Spirit Sect. Although the light emitted a gentle glow, it was so powerful that it seemed to have engulfed their boundless world.

It was too much that even a little bit of the light's power was enough to destroy the entire Central Region.

Under the faint light, they were all shocked to discover that they couldn't move a muscle.

Being motionless felt quite strange. At that moment, their eyes couldn't blink, and they couldn't even breathe. Even their blood stopped flowing in their veins.

Eden, Zen, and everyone else in the hall stood still and unmoving like marble statues.

After the flash of the faint, powerful light appeared a person out of thin air.

A young man with an exquisite feathered crest on his head emerged. He seemed to be in his early twenties, but everyone felt as if he had experienced a million years of transformations.

Fear was written all over Eden's face at the sight of the man. However, he couldn't move at all, and much less kill Yan.

The young man walked towards Eden and stopped just in front of him. He then extended a finger and lightly tapped his forehead with a gentle touch. It looked like he didn't use much strength.

What happened next shook everyone to their core. Eden disappeared completely in a blink of an eye, and so did the life vitality threads that were tied around the two girls' necks.

Zen's eyes twitched slightly as he felt unease rise in his chest. Who was this man?

Why was he so strong?

After Eden had vanished, the young man flashed a warm smile at Zen. Right after that, Zen, Owen, Dillon, and the rest found that their hands and feet were back to their normal state.

"Who are you?" Dillon asked with an aghast expression.

No one in the hall knew who this strange and powerful man was.

Even the three fat leaders also felt the man's strength.

This young man with a feathered crest was not at either the Life and Death Realm or the Soul Sea Realm. He must be an even more powerful warrior, but none of them knew how exactly powerful he was.

The young man didn't respond to Dillon, and didn't even spare him a glance at all. Instead, he turned his gaze towards Zen and smiled.

"I came to take Yan away."

"No way!" Zen coldly refused.

"I've already broken the rules by taking her away now," the man said and shook his head. "There's no other way. If I hadn't come, Yan would've been dead by now. Next time, there would be no such opportunity."

But even if this man was so strong to the point where Zen couldn't comprehend, Zen would never let him take his sister away. He had fought so hard to defeat Eddie and finally got a chance to reunite with Yan. But he hadn't even said a single word to her, so how could he let the man take her away?

"I know what you think, but Yan won't be in any danger if she follows me," the young man continued to smile when he eyed Zen's persistent gaze.

"That's not what I'm worried about. Yan is my sister, so I won't allow anyone to take her away," Zen said icily.

The young man softly smiled. "Can you stop me?"

"If I don't give it a try, how would I know?"

Zen walked towards Yan as he spoke. Although her neck was injured, she couldn't feel any pain as her six senses were sealed.

At that moment, a red beam of light flashed and Lavender appeared next to Zen. She looked at the young man in shock and shouted, "Zen, don't go there!"

As the queen of the Demon Night, Lavender had never looked at anyone like that until now.

Although she was almost a world lord, she had encountered numerous powerhouses. A Soul Sea Realm powerhouse, or even a Supreme Lord wouldn't be able to make her look that alarmed.

"You are the little girl from the Demon Night who is in charge of killings." The young man smiled and nodded at Lavender.

After Lavender became the Queen of Killings, she had lived for many years in the Demon Night. However, she was still a little girl for the young man. Thus, Zen couldn't even imagine how long this man had been alive.

"Yan is Zen's pointer. The two of them complement each other. It's not good for you to take her away like this," Lavender shifted her gaze to the young man and pleaded.

"Rather than making her suffer, it's better to go to the last step and take her away. If Zen has the strength, she will still guide him up the mountain," the young man replied.

No words came out of Lavender's lips. She knew that she couldn't change the young man's mind. Even if she held a high position in the Demon Night, the young man was much stronger than her.

However, Zen wouldn't give his sister up to the young man that easily. He ignored the young man and Lavender's conversation and continued to walk towards Yan. He felt a pang in his heart when he saw Yan's six senses that were sealed. He wanted to remove the seal on her.

"Don't go any further." The young man stopped in front of Zen and stretched out a finger. "I don't want to leave a shadow on your warrior spirit. If you go forward, I'll let you feel my power!"

"Your power?" Zen raised his eyebrows and glared at the young man.

"Yes, one ten-millionth of my power." The young man smiled.

He stretched a finger out, and then circles of light spread out from his fingertip.

When Zen saw the light, his face became serious.

Was that really just one ten-millionth of his power?

Chapter 1041 Yan Woke Up

Zen had no idea how this power was formed. He couldn't even feel the waves of life vitality within it.

No matter what kind of power this young man used, Zen had to go all out to fight him.

The light quickly spread towards Zen, who concentrated with all his might and activated all the power of the stars that he could muster. Simultaneously, the power of the dragon scales that had begun to simmer erupted with a mighty boom.

The collective force of his power was enough to destroy a mountain range or cut off a river in its path.

But only when the light circles reached Zen did he realize the difference between him and this young man.

The light circles looked peaceful. People couldn't even feel the energy contained within them. But the moment Zen touched them, he felt a formidable force radiating from them.

He wouldn't be able to shake them off even if his strength increased tenfold.

"Boom!"

The first light circle suddenly exploded, and the rest followed in close succession.

The energy within the light circles should have been enough to destroy the whole of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. But instead of spreading in all directions as it should have, it was behaving strangely and went directly towards Zen.

Bam!

There was another ringing sound.

Zen was sent flying backwards like an arrow. He flew past the Ethereal Spirit Hall, the entire Ethereal Spirit Sect, the plains, and the Ethereal City.

Zen, having been pushed by this powerful force, flew at a speed that was 20 times faster than when he flew with the burst of his life vitality and forceful energy. He had now managed to travel several hundred miles in a matter of a few seconds.

Zen finally crashed into a lush forest, colliding and crashing through hundreds of trees before he finally came to a stop.

The forest had become a mess. If one looked at the expanse from above, one could see a small path appear at the edge of the forest and gradually make its way inward. Broken tree trunks littered this path.

This small path was one that Zen's body had carved during his descent.

A killer weasel stealthily ran across the forest. It was small in size, but was actually a ferocious third grade beast. Its gaze rested on Zen for a few seconds before it disappeared into the depths of the forest. The aura that Zen's body was emitting clearly told it that he was not someone that it could provoke.

Zen took a long time trying to suppress the shock he was feeling as he lay prostate on the forest floor, but in vain. Had it just been one ten-millionth of his total strength? If the young man used his full strength, wouldn't he be able to destroy this boundless world with just a wave of his hand?

The energy from the life circles had only sent Zen flying. But if the energy hadn't been attacking his body evenly, he wouldn't have been able to withstand it despite his body being a fairy weapon. He would probably have exploded and turned to ashes.

Why would he come here? Why must he take Yan away?

Zen couldn't figure it all out.

A stunned silence had enveloped Dillon, Hobbes, and the other members in the Ethereal Spirit Hall. This guy who had emerged out of nowhere had turned out to be a freak!

Warriors could only be intimidated by someone who was much more powerful than them. The young man standing in front of them was far beyond their imagination. When Zen had first arrived at the Sea God Continent, he had met a tribe of humans who had been kept in captivity in the ogres' pastures. And in the hearts of Craig and the others, Zen was a true God, with all kinds of supernatural abilities.

And this young man was to them what Zen was to the human tribe. He was like a true god in the eyes of Dillon and the others.

Every martial artist in the Ethereal Spirit Hall looked at the young man with awe and reverence. They seemed to be holding a collective breath out of fear, and didn't dare speak.

On the other hand, this young man was very gentle. He smiled at everyone and shook his head before he said, "I accidentally used a bit too much strength, probably three ten-millionth of all my power. Controlling my strength is quite difficult at times."

Everyone's hearts twitched at his words. What kind of freak was he?

Looking at their nervous faces, the young man turned to Dillon and said, "You guys look very nervous."

Dillon forced a smile and shook his head. "No, not at all!"

"That's good. Like I said, how can a kind person like me make others feel nervous?" the young man said rather self-righteously.

Dillon didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but he was furious from within. 'How dare you call yourself kind? You're like a giant beast appearing in front of a human child. How could the child feel any kindness from the beast?' he thought to himself.

"That's too bad. Looks like I pushed that brat too far. Come back!" The young man stretched out his hand towards the entrance of the Ethereal Spirit Hall and twisted the air. An invisible force spread forward.

Zen, who was now hundreds of miles away, had just stood up when he felt a formless force enveloping him. He was dragged so that he was floating in the air and felt a pull that told him he was about to be transported. Then he was flying madly towards the Ethereal Spirit Sect. A few seconds later, he was standing in the Ethereal Spirit Hall.

In another blink of the eye, he'd traveled several hundred miles yet again and was back within the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Zen couldn't believe that he had actually returned. It felt so unreal.

The young man smiled at Zen and asked, "How do you feel?"

Zen raised an eyebrow and replied, "Very good!"

"If that's the case, I'll take Yan away," the young man said and began walking towards Yan.

"Wait!" Zen said hurriedly.

The young man turned around and looked at Zen, and then asked, "What do you want? You can't stop me anyway!"

"Yan and I have been separated for a long time. Can you help me remove her seal? I need to talk to her for a while." Since there was such a huge difference in their strengths, Zen finally chose to give in. Even if Zen's strength increased a hundred or even a thousand times, he still wouldn't be able to match this young man.

More importantly, Zen did not feel any wicked intentions from this young man. If he wanted to kill him, Zen would have died a thousand times over in this short period of time. But this young man had only showcased his powerful strength and even saved Yan from Eden.

As to the reason, he would ask Lavender about it later.

The young man thought for a moment, and then said, "I will give you five minutes." Saying thus, he tapped the spot between Yan's brows, causing her mouth, nose, eyes, and ears to emit a faint glow. He had removed Yan's seal in an instant.

Watching him unlock the sealing of the six senses so easily, the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance couldn't help but raise their eyebrows.

This technique was truly inconceivable.

The Six Senses Blocking Method was a kind of cultivation technique. Eddie had mastered this technique, and so had the World Commercial Alliance. But this technique had some unexpected effects on the warrior spirit of the cultivators, and was also rather troublesome to use, which was why the World Commercial Alliance rarely used it.

Using this method to bring a few warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm to the World Commercial Alliance was meaningless. However, if it was for the Lustful Demon Array, this secret technique could be very valuable for Eddie.

The process of sealing the six senses was extremely troublesome, and unsealing the six senses was similarly extremely complicated. If they were to bring Yan back, it was likely that they would have to take great efforts and spend at least several months before they could unlock the sealing.

But this young man had carelessly waved his hand and solved the problem in the blink of an eye. It was truly incredible.

Yan immediately woke up, her eyelids twitching before she opened her eyes. People could see the confusion in her eyes.

Her six senses had been sealed for over two years, and even though she had been constantly cultivating during these two years, her entire body and mind had been sealed. If martial artists who were over a hundred years old had been treated the way Yan had been treated, the sealing probably wouldn't have had much of an impact on them. After all, in the long years of a warrior's life, it was common for a martial artist to go into closed-door cultivation for ten years, or even a hundred years.

However, Yan was still young. In her short life so far, she had spent one-tenth of her time with her six senses sealed. This would have a negative impact on her body and mind.

She was at a loss now, her mind filled with doubt as she looked at the strange surroundings and the strange faces in front of her.

A familiar figure suddenly entered her sight, filling her oval face with surprise. She finally opened her mouth and called out to Zen. "Brother..."

Chapter 1042 Confiding In Yan (Part One)

The short lives of those two siblings were to be full of misfortunes. It was as if it was written in the stars that they had to go through such so that they might serve their true purpose.

Ever since they got older, the chance to stay together became rare. Whenever they had an opportunity to be with one another, an obstacle came each time.

Martial cultivators could keep growing stronger because of their natural advantage and unique luck, but it was almost impossible for them to escape their fate.

Just like what others had told Zen, Yan was his ultimate guide in life. Every step that he took had a purpose that was related to her. Their lives were connected.

When he was still in the Luo Clan, Zen had always intended to head to the Cloud Sect in search for his sister. After he successfully located her, his next objective was to save her. Because of his excellence as a disciple, he was able to take her away from the Hell Mountain.

Unexpectedly, after a short period of reunion, they had been separated once again for several years. They never saw each other since.

All of Yan's six senses had been blocked, so she didn't have much clue what was happening around her — not even the passing of time. Her memory had also stopped processing new thoughts and absorbing new ones two years ago.

Back then, she despaired for the most part.

The only thought that stuck with her, for the most part, was if her brother could really save her from Eddie.

It was without question that Zen was extremely talented, but he was in the Eastern Region. Her brother had fought formidable opponents in the Eastern Region, but the Central Region had their own ferocious talents. For her, defeating Eddie was going to be a challenge for Zen.

Yan fell asleep with all the thoughts still swimming inside her head. Zen's face was the last thing she was expecting to see the moment she woke up. The spirals in her black pupils rotated slowly as they expressed great joy upon staring at his brother who was now right in front of her.

Unable to contain the joy he felt upon seeing his sister, Zen extended out his arms and pulled Yan's thin and slender body into a tight embrace.

A familiar warmth enveloped Yan's heart as she rested her head on Zen's chest. However, she still had her doubts about the situation. Did Zen really come to save her, or did he only make an agreement with Eddie so they could meet? How did Zen even find her?

"Brother, where is Eddie?" hesitation was evident in Yan's voice as she asked. It only meant that she also feared the answer to her own question. Maybe Zen only came to visit, and her fate was still the same. Still stuck, still alone.

However, she was also a determined martial cultivator, and she knew that there were some problems that would eventually come her way in the end. No matter what, she knew she had to be brave.

"I killed him," Zen whispered softly into her ear.

"But, brother," Yan's voice trembled in both shock and disbelief.

"It's true. I killed him with my own hands," Zen said as he stroked Yan's hair. Although her six senses had been blocked in the past two years, she still grew. She was taller than she was before. However, her figure was clearly thinner, and her black hair was lackluster. Zen was distressed to see how weak she was.

Not even bothering to hide her disbelief, Yan pursed her lips. She sighed deeply, trying her best to collect her thoughts.

As Zen's sister, she trusted her brother's words unconditionally. However, what he had just spoken of wasn't that easy to accept.

Truly, it was hard to believe. Unless people were able to witness such a thing, it was merely a lie. Something like that wasn't just a story you could tell without proof.

It took Zen quite a short time to achieve such brilliance that he possessed. Three years ago, he was only a nature-level warrior, then entered the Illuminating Soul Realm only two years ago. In just two short years, he was able to build himself like that. It was quite hard to comprehend for anyone, even his own sister.

If they were to be compared to him and his achievements, had all the efforts of those warriors who lived hundreds of years been wasted?

Did all the efforts exerted by the Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance go to waste?

Those were the questions that added up to Yan's refusal to believe what she had just been told.

It was the Central Region, not the Eastern Region. But Zen had still managed to do something on unfamiliar grounds that no one else ever did.

Seeing Yan's shocked expression, Zen smiled softly. In a serious tone, he reassured, "I will never lie to you. Eddie is dead, really dead this time. And it was I who killed him."

"I believe you!" Yan responded firmly. Since Zen had already confirmed it, how could she doubt her brother? He said it himself, he wasn't lying to her and he never could.

For some reason, she couldn't help but worry. She asked, "Then…

Will you get me out of this place?"

If Eddie really was dead, then she had finally regained her freedom. She could return to her brother's side safe and sound and without any more obstacles. Her mind hadn't stopped working despite all her blocked senses. While she was imprisoned in the world where only her consciousness existed, she had always looked forward to the very day her brother came to the rescue.

However, Zen shook his head and said no.

The expression on Yan's face shifted quickly. Raising her voice by a notch, she asked, "Why?"

At that moment, Zen turned his head and asked, "Can't you give me a little more time?"

Chapter 1043 Confiding In Yan (Part Two)

If there was something that man knew well, it was patience. He only smiled at Zen and said, "Time doesn't matter to me. Do as you wish."

Time was limited for most ordinary mortals, but for people like him who had lived for millions of years, it didn't really matter that much.

"Thank you," Zen glanced at the man before he pulled Yan's hand and walked out of the Ethereal Spirit Hall.

Although the Ethereal Spirit Sect had been invaded by the Heavenly Evil Sect, it had also been chosen as their temporary headquarters. Therefore, its surroundings were well-preserved and taken care of. It was nothing like the Ethereal City, where the independent warriors had taken away all that they could carry and destroyed those they couldn't.

As they walked out of the Ethereal Spirit Hall, a green scenery inundated their eyes. It was a sight to behold.

They walked side by side along a shady path lined by trees. Zen looked quite calm, while Yan's face was filled with distress. She was bothered by the same question. Why couldn't Zen just get her out of that place?

"Why can't you just take me with you?"

After walking for a short distance, Yan suddenly stopped and asked. There was an unpleasant look in her eyes and her tone resembled that of a kid throwing a tantrum.

After thinking for a while, Zen replied with all due honesty, "That man in the hall will be the one to take you, not me."

"I don't want to go with him," Yan replied, shaking her head. They had been separated for such a long time, and now that Zen had killed Eddie, wasn't it just right for them to reunite? It was unbearable for her to think that they were to be separated again.

Zen was very patient with Yan. After all, she was his only sister. They were family.

With a bitter smile, he explained, "But I can't beat that man. He's very powerful. If I know deep down that I stand a chance against him, I will fight him without any doubt so I can be the one to take you away."

"How powerful could he be?

Is he even stronger than Eddie?"

Yan asked, her eyebrows tied in knots out of extreme curiosity.

"Yes," Zen sighed with a pang of hopelessness in his heart. "Yes, he is so much stronger than Eddie."

"What if we just escape now while he can't see us?" Yan suggested as she pouted her lips. 'He didn't bind our hands and feet. We are still free, ' she thought to herself. She found it impossible to comprehend the gap between that man's strength and her brother's.

"Escape? That's never going to happen,"

Zen sighed, shaking his head. It was as if he had just heard the darkest joke in his life. Escape? From that man? Pretty funny.

Faced with an expert of that level, he knew that escaping was never going to be a choice.

To add, there was nowhere to go.

Even if Zen didn't know much about that man's origin, he was definitely unknown to the Central Region. Zen reckoned he was most likely from the Upper World.

According to Zen's knowledge, if anyone from the Upper World wanted to descend to the Lower World, they were to be bound by many restrictions. Only a warrior from their own world could freely come and go. Otherwise, the visitor was to be rejected by the whole world.

For that exact reason, a warrior who descended from the Upper World was considered to be an enemy of all living beings.

If a warrior forced his way into the Lower World, he was to face the entire world against him, and his strength was to have limits as well.

That man, however, wasn't rejected by the world. In Zen's eyes, it was very possible that the world didn't dare take him as an enemy out of fear. That was how fierce he was.

No matter where he intended to go, that man could just easily locate him. Even if he had gone to the Sea God Continent, that man could get there before he even did.

So, when Zen asked if he could take a walk with Yan, it didn't bother him one bit. He wasn't afraid that Zen would ever plan an escape, because no matter what he did, he never could ever escape him.

"Yan, do you want to hear some of my adventures in the past two years?"

Zen suddenly asked, shifting the topic.

"Yes, please!" Yan enthusiastically nodded. Although unhappy about their current circumstance, Yan genuinely wanted to know what had happened to her brother in those years that had passed. She was curious about his experiences and how he had managed to eliminate Eddie in just a short period of time.

"In fact, I saw you at the Oracle City's Martial Arts Contest two years ago. But your senses were fully blocked then," Zen said.

"Really?" Yan exclaimed, having no single memory of that occurrence at all.

They continued to stroll along the green path as Zen told his stories after the last time they saw each other. The Cloud Road test, the enrollment of the Cloud Hall, the Martial Arts Contest, the competition for the Dragon Soar Arena, the fight with Marilyn, the activation of the enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb, the journey to the Sea God Continent...

Zen told every single experience he had to Yan without any reservation. They had been apart for too long, and the truth of all things was the only gift he could give her.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1044 Confusion

Zen did not hold anything back from his loved ones. This included his fate to lead the world of chaos with Yan as his guide. He was a little muddled about these things, for they were mere guesses and conjectures, but he wanted Yan to understand that this was their fate.

If he wanted complete control of his destiny, he needed to have enough strength. Unfortunately, he wasn't strong enough right now. Far from it.

Because he was unable to change his and Yan's fate, he could only watch helplessly as Yan was taken away.

Zen slowly narrated the situation while Yan listened on quietly. When Zen talked about all the dangers he had dealt with, she widened her eyes and covered her mouth with her small hands, a worried expression on her face.

Yan found it hard to swallow that her brother had experienced so much danger in the past few years, and all of it for her sake.

When Zen finished speaking, Yan let out a long sigh of relief. She vaguely understood their fate.

The two siblings were destined to walk a life of struggle.

However, compared to Zen, Yan was a bit more fortunate, for she only needed to be patient and wait for her brother.

Zen, however, was risking his blood and life to fight his fate. In this journey of destiny, any misstep could lead him to death.

"I'm sorry, but I understand now." Yan's eyes were red. She knew that she shouldn't have blamed him.

Zen just smiled. "I should be the one apologizing to you. I'm worthless. If I had enough strength, I wouldn't have let anyone take you away, even if it was God's will. Certainly not that young man."

Hearing Zen's words, Yan smiled back. "I believe you. You'll get stronger soon."

Yan's eyes shone with blinding trust.

The reunion was short, but the brother and sister cherished every second of it. They strolled in the forest before reluctantly entering the Ethereal Spirit Hall.

As they walked in, Zen's gaze landed on the young man's face. "I can allow you to take Yan away," he stated coldly.

The young man's mouth curved in a faint smirk. "You don't have the ability to refuse."

A streak of vital light left Zen's eyes. He fixed his gaze on the young man, replying, "You are right. I'm not strong enough to stop you at the moment. But I will be one day. If anything bad happens to Yan before it, you will pay!"

Zen didn't feel that the young man in front of him was very hostile. His reason for taking Yan away was not so bothersome, so Zen's tone was not too harsh.

Unexpectedly, the young man kept smiling. "I'm looking forward to the day you will be strong enough to be my match."

Zen frowned. The man was much too stronger than him. Zen didn't know how many years it would be before he could fight him, so there was no reason in speaking any further.

Suddenly, something struck him. No one else could solve this problem, but this young man might have a way.

Letitia's life had been exhausted. It might not be too difficult for this young man to bring her back to life. It should be just a piece of cake for him.

Zen was never willing to ask others for help, but since this involved Letitia, he had to swallow his pride regardless.

"I want to ask you a favor," Zen blurted out.

"Go ahead," the young man said, still smiling faintly. Clearly, he was patient.

Zen quickly informed him of Letitia's situation.

"The Life and Death Wind and the Law of Causality," the young man said, his smile becoming more irritating by the second. "I can indeed undo this level of the Law of Causality easily, but... I won't help you out."

"Why not?" Zen asked, scowling.

"Because this too is your fate. I cannot interfere too much with it. So far, we have already violated the rules. You must work hard. As for Yan, I'm taking her away."

'Letitia's situation is also part of my fate?'

Zen lowered his head in thought. Suddenly, he felt a pair of small, ice-cold hands cradle his neck. Yan kissed him on the cheek.

After learning about her and her brother's fate, Yan somehow seemed more sensible than before. Perhaps, she understood it now.

She knew that her brother had already exhausted far too much of his energy. Not wanting to burden Zen any further, she tried to look optimistic. With a smile, she said, "Zen, do your best."

Looking at Yan's confident smile, Zen understood that she was trying to reassure him. Even though he felt depressed, he smiled and nodded at her. If Yan wanted him to be happy, he must be happy.

Just as the young man was about to leave with Yan, Owen spoke up. "Can you undo the seal on my girlfriend?"

His girlfriend's six senses had been sealed. The unsealing would be troublesome and could even potentially be dangerous. If this young man could easily unseal her, it would spare Owen a lot of sorrow. His girlfriend would wake up earlier.

The young man didn't refuse his request. He didn't want to interfere with Zen's fate, but that wasn't the case with everyone else. With a casual wave of his hand, the seal on the girl was removed.

Realizing that his girlfriend was cured in the blink of an eye, Owen gasped with joy. He almost knelt down before the young man.

That young man didn't respond to this. He just held onto Yan's hand and smiled at Zen. "Work hard, little guy. Don't let me down," he said.

A moment later, Yan and the young man disappeared from the Ethereal Spirit Hall. They left in a strange manner; there was no spatial passageway or even a space tearing. There wasn't even a trace of any fluctuation of the Space Law. How did the young man do that?

After they had left, Zen stood in the great hall for a long time. Not too far away, Owen's face beamed with joy as he whispered in his lover's ear.

As a divine-level talent, Owen had faced many twists and turns. Back in the Martial Arts Contest, he had almost died at the hands of Marilyn. Now, his wish had finally been granted. His lover was saved.

With his divine-level talent, he would certainly be valued highly by the World Commercial Alliance in the future. Now that the impeding danger of the Heavenly Evil Sect had been eliminated, he could become one of the most important men in the World Commercial Alliance with his talent.

Zen saved his sister on this trip to the Ethereal Spirit Sect, but he still had to bid her farewell. He was in low spirits on his way back.

The problems with the Heavenly Evil Sect had come to an end.

The war that had wreaked havoc in more than half of the Central Region had ended.

However, the crisis was not truly resolved yet. The threat from the York Divine Kingdom was a sharp sword that hung over everyone's heads. And now, this sword could drop at any moment.

Dillon had known that Zen was worried about his sister even before the latter headed to the Ethereal Spirit Sect, so he had waited to discuss this matter with Zen.

With Zen back at the World Commercial Alliance, Dillon wasted no time in approaching him.

From Zen's tone before, Dillon deemed that he had found a way to tackle the situation. However, Dillon couldn't figure out how Zen planned to deal with the Soul Sea Realm warriors from the York Divine Kingdom.

Perceiving the worries of Dillon and the others, Zen smiled. "I have a way to deal with the matter. The connections of the World Commercial Alliance are all over the Central Region. Please help me look for someone extraordinary who would be capable of curing Letitia."

The confident expression on Zen's face confused the three leaders of World Commercial Alliance. Previously, fighting Eddie had been difficult enough for him. Why was he so confident about facing the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm? What the hell was Zen up to?

Could it be that Zen had retained his strength and was able to face the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm successfully?

That was impossible!

But if so, Zen wouldn't have just let Eddie use the Life and Death Wind, causing Letitia to confront this fate.

But what else could explain Zen's utter confidence?

The three leaders could not come up with an answer to this question no matter how hard they tried. Zen had never let them down before. They wondered if he truly had a solution.

Dillon agreed to it, promising that the World Commercial Alliance would mobilize all their connections to find this one extraordinary person who could come up with a way to save Letitia.

Chapter 1045 Ancient Jade

Zen still felt the chances were slim.

The famous doctor, Zaine Xue, had already examined Letitia and proclaimed that she was not injured, nor did she harbor any kind of disease. Her life energy was just depleted and left her in a vegetative state, like a wilted flower.

There was no way one could bring a wilted flower back to life. However, Zen was not going to give up.

Letitia was also struggling with her life, and he had no right to give up on her.

Many disciples of Cloud Hall had already returned to Cloudy City through the transmission array. Since Letitia's condition made her unable to take charge of the sect's affairs, the elders agreed to have Zen become the interim leader for the time being.

It was a very suitable arrangement. After his victory against Eddie, Zen was now the number one warrior in Central Region. It would be to Cloud Hall's advantage to have such a strong person in charge of its affairs.

Zen, however, refused.

He had no intention of taking charge and, after the defeat of the Heavenly Evil Sect, he was sure that both the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance would now reign supreme in the Central Region with or without him as the leader. Besides, he had other important matters to attend to.

Still, there was a need to appoint a leader for Cloud Hall.

In the end, Zen chose Saint Morphens.

The battle with Eddie left Saint Morphens with a few injuries after he had taken a punch from him. It had taken him a few days to recuperate, but he was now as good as new. It made sense to appoint someone like him since Saint Morphens had served as Letitia's close confidant. Zen was at ease with him taking charge of Cloud Hall.

Zen remained by Letitia's side.

She was like a sleeping beauty that showed no signs of ever waking up.

He would sit beside her most of the time to cultivate. When he wasn't cultivating, he'd comfort himself by quietly staring at her sleeping face all day long.

During this time, the World Commercial Alliance had already spread the news throughout the entire Central Region.

Their influence reached even the remotest areas of the Central Region. This was thanks to their monopoly of life vitality crystal trade and circulation in the entire Central Region.

The population of the entire Central Region was abuzz with discussion.

"I heard the bounty was a low-grade sacred weapon plus a thousand supreme life vitality crystals."

"Isn't that too high? Most ordinary third-grade sects don't even possess those things."

"Third-grade sects? Are you dreaming? Even a fourth-grade sect would kill for just one sacred weapon. They're spending so much just to save an already dying girl!"

"Are you kidding me? She's not just some random girl. She's the leader of Cloud Hall! For someone at the Life and Death Realm, the price can't be described as too high."

"My family has an ancestral pill formula that can bring one back from the dead and even extend their lifespan by dozens of years! I'd like to give it a try."

"Don't talk nonsense! You'll just end up embarrassing yourself. All the top pill refiners are already gathered in the World Commercial Alliance. Do you think they'll take a fancy to your pill formula?"

The attractive bounty had all sorts of people rushing into the World Commercial Alliance to present their "treasures."

However, it was true that the World Commercial Alliance was already abounding with capable people.

Most of the people that came were swindlers. Those who presented their magical pills and techniques paled in comparison to the members of the World Commercial Alliance.

It seemed Letitia's problem was really something that couldn't ever be solved.

Half a month had passed after the offering of the bounty. It was at that time that a beggar, dressed in rags, entered Oracle City.

The beggar arrived in front of the World Commercial Alliance's headquarters and claimed that he had a way to treat Letitia.

The guards from the World Commercial Alliance had no patience to deal with the beggar. All sorts of people had already dropped by to offer their remedies, but none had ever been useful. Naturally, one of them chased the beggar away.

However, the beggar did not leave and instead inquired about Letitia's residence.

It was not a secret that both Zen and Letitia were temporarily staying in a palace in Oracle City which was specially allocated by the World Commercial Alliance.

The beggar easily managed to get this information and found the location of the palace. He once again patiently explained his purpose to the guards of the palace.

He was also sent away. Left with no other choice, he girded up his loins and actually jumped over the wall.

He had a nature-level cultivation. Perhaps wandering around as a beggar had been his method of cultivating.

Not long after he trespassed the palace walls, he was discovered by the warriors that guarded the inside.

The palace's defenses were not poor. Its walls were filled with one-star runes that, when activated, would emit sharp chirps signaling the entry of an intruder.

After the beggar triggered these alarms, it consequently attracted the attention of the guards.

The guards made quick work of surrounding the beggar.

Ever since the World Commercial Alliance spread the news, tens of thousands of people entered Oracle City in droves. Although most of the applicants who claimed they could help Letitia had been screened beforehand, there were still a large amount of people who managed to step into the palace.

Every single person who entered the palace gave Zen a glimmer of hope, but he always ended up disappointed.

However, he could not refuse to see them. What if the next person who came was the one who could help Letitia? He was not willing to take such a risk. Even if it was by a minuscule margin, he had to give that person a chance of saving her.

"It's a pity the chirps disturbed your sweet dream," he joked, gently stroking Letitia's hair. He would've been happy if the chirps had indeed disturbed her and woke her up, but she remained fast asleep.

At that moment, a loud noise burst from outside.

"Hmm? What happened?" He frowned as he stood up to see the source of the commotion. Who would ever dare barge into his palace?

Outside, he heard a guard shouting, "You dare trespass into the Heavenly Stellar Palace? You must be courting death! Take this person down and send him to prison!"

His guards surrounded a tattered-looking beggar.

As a powerless vermin who was only at the nature level, the beggar could only stammer in front of the guards, "I...I've come to offer my treasure to Master Ning!"

"Treasure? You? What a joke!" a guard said coldly. "Take him away!"

Realizing that they would never believe him, the beggar took out a tattered sack of cloth and held out a piece of ancient jade. "This ancient jade was left behind by an immortal and has the ability to restore a person's life energy. I heard that Master Ning's life energy has been exhausted. This ancient jade of mine is definitely useful!"

"Fuck off!" the guard spat. How could he ever listen to the ramblings of a beggar? There were just too many swindlers in Oracle City nowadays. The guards had naturally gotten tired of listening to these kinds of gimmicks.

Most of these supposed swindlers only dared to wander around the Heavenly Stellar Palace, but none had the gall to actually break inside.

At first, Zen had no plans of interfering in this matter. However, the ancient jade the beggar had shown to the guards changed his mind.

The beggar wasn't lying. Zen could indeed feel the life energy from the ancient jade. Using his perception to scan it, he discovered that it was similar to a living thing.

"Take him away!

Make sure to put him behind bars. That'll teach him!"

A few guards had already grabbed the beggar by the shoulder, preparing to escort him out of the palace.

It was then that Zen decided to make his appearance. "Hold on!"

The leader of the guards immediately bowed down in shame once he realized that Zen had actually been alerted. "Master Luo, we..."

"Silence," Zen said dismissively. He then turned to the beggar. "Come with me!"

A look of ecstasy appeared on the beggar's face at Zen's words. As for the guards, they immediately let him go.

Chapter 1046 The Beggar (Part One)

There was no guarantee that this ancient jade would be of any use, but Zen would take any chance he could get. He was a desperate man clutching at straws.

There was only one way to find out if it could heal Letitia. At the very least, he would be able to feel the life energy within this ancient jade.

He had no more time to waste. Letitia, who used to be full of life energy, was quickly wasting away. The Life and Death Wind had all but depleted her life energy. Zen didn't know how much longer she could last, and he prayed silently that she would be able to absorb the life energy inside the jade.

He led the beggar into the room where Letitia was. Then, extending his hand, Zen said coldly, "Hand it over."

The beggar took a step back in surprise and curled into a defensive stance. "If it's effective, then the rewards..." he demanded, looking at Zen and maintaining his careful pose.

"You will be compensated well, as long as it works," Zen replied impatiently.

However, the beggar shook his head at this and said, "The things you are offering are of no use to me. I am only a warrior at the nature level." He paused before continuing, "I want to join the Cloud Hall or the World Commercial Alliance instead."

Zen's patience was wearing thin. He had no time for this beggar's demands. Throwing a sharp glance at him, he answered, "If the jade works, I can help you. So stop with the demands and give me the jade."

In the world of warriors, there was only one thing that mattered—strength. Zen could easily snatch the jade from the beggar. He could even kill him to make sure his mouth was kept shut. That was what many others would do.

But not Zen.

The beggar of course understood this. As a warrior of the Central Region, he knew how the rules worked. The moment he had chosen to present the treasure, he had already decided to gamble.

The man before him seemed to be one to keep his word. Nodding to Zen, he handed him the ancient jade.

As the jade touched his hand, Zen felt a warm sensation. It was unlike the characteristic coldness one would normally find in a piece of ordinary jade. Was it because of the life energy within it? Or was it because the beggar had kept it close to his body?

But now was not the time to wonder. There was a far more serious situation. Zen walked towards Letitia, but hesitated when he was right in front of her. How was he going to transfer its life energy into her body?

The beggar noticed Zen's conflicted expression. He explained, "My ancestors said that these kinds of ancient jade could only be used after being crushed. Once they are crushed, the life energy within them will automatically dissipate."

'There is more than a piece of ancient jade?'

Zen's heart skipped a beat as he caught on the connotation of the beggar's words. He glanced at the beggar. This guy was no fool. He probably didn't bring all the pieces of ancient jade he had.

But first, he had to see if it was useful. Zen placed the ancient jade above Letitia and crushed it with his fingers. Cracks appeared on its surface, a translucent light emitting from the cracks.

'The life energy!' he thought to himself. He kept a close watch on Letitia. It was too early to rejoice. He didn't know whether she would be able to absorb the life energy or not. He watched her face for any sign of change, his breath caught in his throat.

This life energy inside the ancient jade was indeed quite strange. After the light broke out from it, it started to go towards his own hand. Zen hurriedly retracted his hand, fearing that he would absorb the energy instead of Letitia.

She needed it now more than ever.

After Zen removed his hand, the life energy hovered above Letitia's unconscious form, and then pierced into her body.

"Is it working?" Zen's eyelids twitched as he watched the light disappear inside her.

Soon, Zen sensed Letitia's aura grow stronger. His own pulse quickened as he felt her energy. It was just a sliver, but to Zen, it was a great hope. The ancient jade had worked!

It was able to replenish Letitia's life energy.

With this realization, Zen turned his head to the beggar. His eyes bored through him as he asked, "How many pieces of ancient jade do you have?"

At his question, the beggar looked nervous and fidgeted. "I...I have..."

It was true that he still had other pieces of ancient jade—he actually still had seven remaining. The beggar was Hanson Li. In the old times, the Li Clan was also among the ranks of third-grade clans, but it faced a tragic decline in its warriors. Three hundred years ago, the clan fell and no one was able to revive it.

However, from the ruins of the clan, the eight pieces of ancient jade had survived and had been preserved to this day. They were the Li Clan's most precious treasures. No one in the clan had ever thought of using them.

Then came the announcement from the World Commercial Alliance that anyone who managed to save Letitia would be rewarded greatly. Hanson Li had caught word of this. The announcement already mentioned of something that had to do with life energy. Taking the jade, he went forward and tried his luck. The Li Clan had already been buried in the dust of the past, but he might be able to change his future.

According to the old records of his clan, the ancient jade contained life energy, and from what he had seen just now, it seemed that it was indeed useful.

Hanson Li was no fool. He knew that if he were to take all the pieces of ancient jade and give them all at once, he would not be able to make the most use out of them. There were also plenty of stronger warriors than him. If they were to snatch away the jade, all his hopes would be gone.

Chapter 1047 The Beggar (Part Two)

And so he made a plan. When he entered Oracle City, he found a few, secret places and hid the remaining seven pieces of ancient jade in seven different locations. Only he knew where they were. No one else would be able to find and use them except him.

However, he was now facing a dilemma. He did not expect Zen to see through his plans so quickly. He fidgeted as he thought of the best way to answer his question. Zen was quick to notice the beggar's hesitation, and he knew immediately that his speculation was right on the mark. He asked the question again, this time more sternly. "How many pieces of ancient jade are left? Where are they?"

"I...I..." Hanson Li stuttered. He originally wanted Zen to swear on his warrior spirit that he would live up to his promise. That way, he would have a guarantee that he would get what he wanted, even if he had to give up the seven pieces of the ancient jade. However, under Zen's severe expression, his tongue kept on trembling.

Zen was getting more and more ticked off at the beggar's seeming refusal to answer. "The things that I have promised will definitely be fulfilled!" he assured him. "In the future, you will be a member of the Cloud Hall and you will be under its protection. Now answer my questions," he demanded.

Zen did not want to waste a single more second bargaining. He needed to know how many more pieces of ancient jade the man had.

"Seven! I still have seven pieces of ancient jade. I buried them all outside Oracle City." The words poured out quickly from Hanson Li's mouth.

'Seven...'

Zen felt the heavy weight of disappointment drop on him; the number was too small.

He looked at Letitia as she lay with her eyes closed. There had only been a small sliver of life energy in the piece of ancient jade. Only seven more would not be able to restore all of Letitia's life energy.

However, it was better than nothing. If seven pieces of ancient jade were all that Hanson Li had, he would make sure to get all of them. He turned to the beggar and grabbed him by the shoulders. "Take me to them!" he said.

Zen flew at an unbelievable speed out of Oracle City. Under Hanson Li's guidance, he quickly dug out the seven pieces of ancient jade one by one, and then made his way back to the Heavenly Stellar Palace.

He went straight to Letitia and crushed the pieces of ancient jade as he did earlier, and life energy from them flowed into Letitia.

He watched as her body took in the life energy. 'Still too little, ' he thought anxiously.

He waited for a while. Letitia still did not make a single move. Not a flutter of an eyelid, not a twitch of a finger. She lay motionless, sleeping like a child.

Zen merely stood there in a daze before he let out a faint sigh. "Not enough..." His voice trembled.

At his words, Hanson Li tensed up. He understood that the pieces of ancient jade did not have much of an effect. His position in Cloud Hall was in danger. "You...you will keep your promise, won't you?" he asked.

"The World Commercial Alliance will pay you 1, 000 supreme life vitality crystals," Zen said absently. "But your jade didn't wake Tia up. I can't give you a low-grade sacred weapon."

Hanson Li's faces lit up with joy at his answer.

Even the Li Clan wouldn't be able to take out 1, 000 supreme life vitality crystals at its peak. Any third-grade clan, not counting those with ties to the

Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance, would not have many of these crystals in their possession.

The sum of 1, 000 supreme life vitality crystals was enough to make him a nouveau riche. For Hanson Li, a warrior at nature level, it was more than enough for a reward. He would not dare ask for a low-grade sacred weapon anymore. He was already beyond satisfied with just the supreme life vitality crystals. Aside from this, a low-grade sacred weapon in his hands would only bring about a fatal disaster. He had really only been interested in the crystals since the very beginning.

"But before you get them, there is one more thing you have to tell me. Where did these pieces of ancient jade come from?" Zen asked and looked Hanson Li in the eye. Right now, this was his greatest concern.

He had laid eyes on countless rare treasures in the Central Region. However, this was the first time that he had seen a piece of ancient jade that contained life energy. If Hanson Li could give him any clue, he was determined to go and find these pieces of ancient jade at all costs. He wouldn't just sit still and watch as Letitia's life energy dwindled.

"Tell me," Zen repeated when the man did not answer. "Tell me everything you know about these jades, and 1, 000 supreme life vitality crystals will be yours. You will also become an elite disciple of Cloud Hall."

Now that the Heavenly Evil Sect and the Ethereal Spirit Sect had been annihilated, the Cloud Hall was the largest sect in the Central Region apart from the World Commercial Alliance. Even when the Cloud Hall was only a fourth-grade sect, warriors from the Central Region had all been rushing in like a flock of birds, and competition had only escalated from then.

As a nature creature with a mediocre talent in martial arts cultivation, Hanson Li could never hope to enter Cloud Hall. However, right in front of him was an opportunity to change his fate. How could he let this chance go by?

Chapter 1048 The Soul Sea Realm Masters

Hanson quickly nodded and said, "The ancient jades were left behind by my ancestor."

Zen was also anxious and naturally impatient as the fellow in front of him wasn't giving him a straight answer.

"So, I don't know where exactly the ancient jades came from..." Hanson repeated.

Upon hearing this, a murderous look took over Zen's face. He stared at Hanson and said coldly, "You're playing a trick on me!"

Hanson was stunned to find himself suddenly enveloped in Zen's killing intent. His face turned deathly pale and his legs went weak. Unexpectedly, he knelt on the ground. "I don't dare fool you. Please let me finish what I'm going to say first!"

"Speak!" commanded Zen tersely.

"The ancient jades have indeed been left behind by my ancestors. However, our Li Clan saved someone seven hundred years ago. That person... He is a master from one of the four great divine kingdoms!" Hanson quickly added, "Our Li Clan was able to develop and become more powerful because of him! Although my ancestors haven't told me about the history of the ancient jades, I'm assuming they might have been left behind by him."

"They came from the four divine kingdoms!" Zen suddenly raised his eyebrows.

There was some truth in Hanson's conjecture. He had never heard of the ancient jades in the Central Region but they contained miraculous life force.

If the ancient jades came from the Central Region, other members of the region would have found them long ago as they were very powerful.

Irrespective of that, Zen had finally found a clue. The life force contained in these ancient jades was not enough to wake Letitia up, so he had to make a trip to the four divine kingdoms!

When Zen was lost in thought, he saw Hanson looking at him eagerly. He naturally understood what he was thinking, so he said, "Follow me."

Hanson was overjoyed. He followed closely behind Zen and they went straight to the World Commercial Alliance.

The atmosphere in the World Commercial Alliance was still solemn. Despite Zen's promise of single-handedly dealing with the Soul Sea Realm masters of the York Divine Kingdom, Dillon and the others were still preparing for the battle.

But no matter how much the World Commercial Alliance members, who were highly intelligent, tried, they still couldn't come up with an effective strategy for the war.

The Central Region and the four great divine kingdoms were on completely different levels. Up until now, the Central Region never had a sacred place in its true sense, and the four great divine kingdoms had a long history with quite a few Soul Sea Realm warriors. Thus it was possible that the four great divine kingdoms might be stronger than the Sea God Continent.

Even Eddie, who was at the Life and Death Realm, almost destroyed the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance. In the end, it was Zen who managed to turn the tables. In this case, they would surely be no match for the Soul Sea Realm masters.

The members of the World Commercial Alliance had a huge disagreement on this matter.

Dillon was inclined to trust Zen.

Although this trust was somewhat blind, Dillon believed that since Zen had given his word, he naturally had his own ways of dealing with the situation.

As for Hobbes, Haber and the rest of the elders, they didn't want to pin all their hopes on Zen. Hobbes believed that the York Divine Kingdom's target wasn't the Central Region, but Zen!

What Master Wallace had said via the mirror made one thing clear. He knew that there was a huge secret hidden in Zen's body and that was what attracted the masters of the York Divine Kingdom to the Central Region.

In fact, before Zen's appearance, the four divine kingdoms had never shown any interest in the Sky Northern Region in all these years.

Since this was Zen's problem, there was no need for the World Commercial Alliance to take the fall for him.

It was not that the members of the World Commercial Alliance were ungrateful. But survival was a natural instinct. Zen had killed Eddie this time, which was indeed a big relief to the World Commercial Alliance, but it had nothing to do with the current situation. If they felt that they couldn't defeat a strong opponent, they would definitely find a way to escape.

Just as they were debating on the matter, someone arrived in the meeting hall and announced, "Zen wants to meet you all!"

Dillon nodded and said, "Invite him in quickly!"

Zen brought Hanson into the meeting room. When Dillon saw the beggar behind Zen, he was slightly surprised. "Zen, he is..." Now, Zen's strength was no less than anyone else's in the Central Region. The three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance regarded Zen as their peer.

"You should give the thousand supreme life vitality crystals to this man," Zen said to the members of the World Commercial Alliance, with a faint smile on his face.

Hearing this, the three obese men were shocked. The one thousand supreme life vitality crystals were a reward for Letitia's treatment. Since Zen was asking them to give it away to this man, could it be...

"Has Letitia been rescued by him?" Dillon asked, glancing at the ordinary-looking man behind Zen.

In the last few days, besides plotting against the York Divine Kingdom, the World Commercial Alliance members were trying their best to help Zen screen extraordinary people and find the best one, which was the most important task for the time being.

There were all sorts of extraordinary people, and a majority of these people were swindlers, but in order to save Letitia, they would hold on to any ray of hope however small it might be.

There were many warriors in the World Commercial Alliance, but only a few hundred warriors had the expertise to screen extraordinary people and identify the best one. Many elders were also enlisted for this task.

They were surprised and wondered whether Zen had figured out a way to save Letitia before they could.

However, Zen shook his head and said with a smile, "Yes and no...to some extent."

"What do you mean, Zen?" asked Hobbes immediately.

Seeing the puzzled expressions of the crowd, Zen told them that Hanson had given him several ancient jades. The others understood what was going on.

"So do you plan to go to the divine kingdoms, Zen?" Dillon, however, could guess what Zen was thinking.

"Yes." Zen nodded without the slightest hesitation. "After I deal with those guys, I will go to the divine kingdoms to find the ancient jades!"

Dealing with those fellows...

Everyone was surprised. Zen was indeed arrogant and confident! It was not easy to deal with the Soul Sea Realm masters of the York Divine Kingdom.

However, Zen had never let anyone down so far!

But why was he so confident?

Everyone looked at Zen in confusion.

Hobbes, who had a quick temper, couldn't help but yell, "Zen! What is your plan? Can you tell us first?"

"That's right, we are indeed curious. Do you really have the strength to defeat the Soul Sea Realm masters?" Haber, who seldom spoke, also piped in.

Dillon smiled faintly. Their doubts were reasonable. No matter how powerful Zen's trump card was, he would never be a match for a Soul Sea Realm master.

This was a mystery no one could figure out. What was more, it was a mystery that would affect everyone—it was a matter of life and death. It would be unreasonable on Zen's part to hide it from others!

Zen smiled wryly, but didn't keep them in suspense any longer. He said directly, "It's very simple! Indeed, I do not have the strength to fight a Soul Sea Realm master, but since the York Divine Kingdom will send their Soul Sea Realm masters here, we can also ask our Soul Sea Realm masters to fight them!"

"What?" Everyone in the meeting hall was shocked.

Soul Sea Realm masters? The Central Region didn't have any such powerful masters.

"Zen, are you joking?" asked an elder of the World Commercial Alliance, shaking his head. He did not believe Zen at all.

"I am not joking," Zen said calmly.

Everyone looked at each other in confusion, but they felt that Zen was being illogical. Hobbes questioned him, "If you have the help of the Soul

Sea Realm masters, why didn't they show up to help you when you were fighting with Eddie?"

Zen was almost killed by Eddie in the battle against the Heavenly Evil Sect, and Letitia had been unable to wake up because of Eddie.

Zen's eyes flashed. "Because Eddie is someone I must kill on my own! In order to stabilize my warrior spirit, I must personally kill Eddie! This is my test and also the first step towards conquering the whole universe!" he exclaimed.

Zen's words reverberated throughout the room as an aura of majesty erupted from him. This was his domineering demeanor.

His domineering aura was completely different from that of Eddie whose aura was extremely crass and imperious. Eddie couldn't be bothered to reason with anyone and would suppress all those who opposed him. But Zen had an impressive aura!

Who would have thought that he would actually risk his life to fight Eddie in order to reinforce his warrior spirit! He clearly had a safer option, but he was willing to risk his life and chose the most difficult path. And he would do so bravely.

Everyone was silent for a long time.

Finally Dillon asked, "Well, may I know where the Soul Sea Realm masters you mentioned are?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1049 Charging Forward

Everyone's collective gaze was focused on Zen.

Dillon's question was also what everyone was most concerned about.

Zen had said that they could have the help of the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm. But they were nowhere to be seen. Where were they?

There were many hermits in the Central Region

who never ventured into active society. Even the World Commercial Alliance knew little about some of them. It was said that there were even two or three Life and Death Realm warriors among them. But who they were, no one knew.

However, there were no powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm among the hermits.

Where would Zen get the Soul Sea Realm warriors from?

"Master Shi, I will give you the answer in seven days. Please be patient," Zen said, folding his hands respectfully.

Dillon nodded. He believed in Zen the most. Moreover, Zen had no reason to lie; it would not benefit him in any way. Moreover, the powerful masters of the York Divine Kingdom were targeting Zen.

As to the others, they were still somewhat skeptical about what Zen was saying. Seven days would pass by very quickly and soon enough, they would know whether or not Zen's words were true.

Hanson had originally followed Zen here, greedily hoping for rewards. But when he heard talks about the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, he suddenly felt dizzy and confused.

However this meeting hall was full of warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. A mere nature creature like him would tremble in the face of any one of them. He didn't dare to interrupt.

Sensing the lull in the conversation, he said in a low voice, "Well, about my reward…" and the voice trailed off.

Dillon looked coldly at Hanson and then ordered someone beside him to take Hanson to get the supreme life vitality crystals.

Hanson didn't dare ask Zen about joining the Cloud Hall, but he was smart enough to understand the situation. Since Zen had agreed to it, Hanson believed that he would keep his promise. So he thought that he could go to the Cloud Hall once he had obtained a thousand supreme life vitality crystals. Once he told them that Zen had promised him about letting him join the Cloud Hall, the Cloud Hall couldn't refuse him.

Zen summoned Lavender once he returned to the Heavenly Stellar Palace.

Lavender had been hiding within Zen's body all this time, so she knew why Zen had summoned her.

When they had left the Sea God Continent, Amber had connected a message rune to Lavender's statue.

Since Lavender's soul was too weak, she was unable to communicate with the Demon Night's sacred land through the statue like the other queens did.

However, with the special message rune connected to the queen's statue, she knew that it would work.

Once Zen ignited the message rune, Lavender closed her eyes. Her eyelashes trembled as she entered a different state of mind.

Tens of thousands of miles away, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place stood on the Sea God Continent across the endless sea.

The members of the Demon Night from the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had a routine that consisted of worshiping at the supreme queens' statues every day.

To them, the statues of the queens were like a spiritual totem.

Amber led the members of the Demon Night to piously kneel in front of the statues. This ceremony of worship would last for about a quarter of an hour, and they never missed it.

As they worshiped the statues, the third queen's statue lit up, a message rune burning in the air. The statue of the Queen of Killings seemed to have a voice of her own as it resounded across the worshipers.

"Amber," Lavender said. Although she presented an image of being extremely clever and nimble before Zen, she was still the dignified and supreme queen who ruled over the members of the Demon Night.

Her voice sent the members of the Demon Night into shock. But they recovered soon enough to beam with joy.

"Queen!"

Amber exclaimed excitedly as she knelt down on one knee.

"I need you," Lavender said without preamble.

"I'm at your service, queen. I will arrive as soon as I can!" Amber said without hesitation. There was no doubt in her mind as to what she must do. Every member of the Demon Night would unconditionally obey their queen.

"Have you considered what could happen to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place if you leave?" Lavender asked, her voice laced with a layer of sternness. "And what will happen to the Purple Heart Sacred Place?" she continued.

The Sea God Continent wasn't as stable as they had imagined. If Amber left the Sea God Continent, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place would probably be ready to make a move against them. It would be the best time for them to counterattack.

However, the Demon Night regarded serving the queen as their highest honor. In comparison, their own sacred land was not of priority to them.

Lavender could understand what Amber was thinking. So she said, "There's no need for you to come, Amber. You have to guard the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. I only need the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place and Purple Heart Sacred Place to send a few powerful masters who are at the Soul Sea Realm."

A hint of disappointment appeared in Amber's eyes.

But how could she disobey the queen's direct order? She couldn't. She could only acquiesce.

Lavender then instructed them about how to get to the Oracle City after they went through the transmission array.

After Lavender was done talking, Amber stood up suddenly. She turned around, her back facing the three queens' statues and looked around at the members of the Demon Night and then called out, "Who is willing to go through the transmission array and head to the Central Region to serve our queen?"

To Amber, serving Lavender was a supreme honor, and she knew that the other members of the Demon Night felt the exact same way.

"Amber! I'm willing to go!" a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm of the Demon Night called out.

"'Me too," said another woman in black.

"Amber, give me a chance to serve the queen!"

"Amber..."

Among the many sacred places of the Sea God Continent, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had the largest number of Soul Sea Realm masters.

There were seven powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place and Amber was one of the top masters of the Soul Sea Realm. In the Purple Heart Sacred Place that belonged to the human race, there were only three powerful masters who were at the Soul Sea Realm.

Now that Amber had asked, all the powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm were willing to go.

There were also many masters of the Life and Death Realm who wanted to go along with the other six mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm.

Warriors at the Life and Death Realm were considered top-level masters within the Central Region, but in the Sea God Continent, there were a large number of them.

Amber thought about it for a moment. Lavender had only asked her not to leave the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. But that did not mean that those warriors at the Life and Death Realm couldn't go. There was no limit to the number of people she could send out. Since the war sages of the sacred place were willing to go, she had no reason to refuse them.

So Amber nodded, "Other than you, there are also people from the Purple Heart Sacred Place who will be going with you."

These two sacred lands were extremely efficient. In less than a day's time, a large group of warriors had already set off for the Heavenly Eagle Prairie.

The Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had already received news of the unusual movements of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place and the Purple Heart Sacred Place. But since Amber had stayed back in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place didn't dare act rashly. It would have been different if Amber had left. Though these two sacred places could not fight against the war sages that had broken through in the Tower of Sin, they could still directly attack their sacred places. The elders of the ogres were very ambitious and they wouldn't miss a single chance to regain their power.

This was also why Lavender had rejected Amber.

Three days later, in the sky above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars that was on the east of the Central Region, a huge space windstorm suddenly whirled into existence.

An enormous transmission array appeared in the air.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! The space storm roared.

Such a massive space windstorm could crush ordinary martial artists to pieces.

But within this space windstorm was a squad of over a hundred warriors who seemed to have completely ignored the windstorm and forcefully rushed out of the transmission array.

The group consisted of over a hundred warriors and was led by nine powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm. Everyone else were powerful war sages.

"This is the Central Region? Zen's hometown?" As Miguel glanced down at the distant coastline of the continent, he didn't know what to feel.

Before Zen had come to the Sea God Continent, the humans of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had always been like orphans, grabbing on to a corner on the Sea God Continent to survive. He hadn't thought that the continent that Zen had lived on would be completely ruled by humans.

"Let's go," a powerful Soul Sea Realm master from the Demon Night said after she had looked over the place. She didn't feel the same way as Miguel did. Their only motive that had driven the members of the Demon Night to come here was to serve their queen.

And so, this group of over a hundred martial artists began to charge forward.

"S-Sir, something terrible has happened!" A scream rent the air from the direction of the Fish Dragon Sect that was located in the outermost region of the Central Region.

"What are you panicking about?" When Master Xiao, who was the leader of the Fish Dragon Sect heard the scream, his face darkened as he shouted at the person who had spoken, "When we cultivate our warrior spirit, the most important thing is to stay calm. Panic will not help you achieve anything!"

Master Xiao fumed, his cleverness and sophistication coming to the fore.

The Heavenly Evil Sect had ravaged half of the Central Region, and many of the third grade forces were destroyed. However, the Fish Dragon Sect managed to survive without much damage.

Chapter 1050 Bitterness

"But...but..." the person reporting the information stammered.

"You can't even speak properly. What a stupid good-for-nothing you are!" Xiao snapped furiously. The person reporting the matter was one of his subordinates for whom he had high hopes. The fellow was usually calm and steady, but today, he was blabbering like a moron.

Xiao felt something was amiss. "What happened exactly?" he asked.

"There...there are a lot of people outside, many warriors," the flustered man said.

"Many warriors? What level of strength do they have?" Xiao asked again.

"I'm not sure. Sir, you'd better check it out personally," the man suggested.

Xiao snorted coldly. His puzzlement grew. 'What kind of warriors are these who have scared the life out of him?' he wondered.

He walked out of his residence and looked up. He saw around a hundred people floating in the sky.

"What kind of strength..." he muttered as he looked at the army of warriors. He inhaled sharply and cold air filled his nose, making him cough violently.

"Hem..."

Xiao was a warrior at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. However, when he saw the scene above him, he could not stop coughing, as if he could no longer control his body.

"Life and Death Realm experts!

They are all Life and Death Realm experts!

There must be about a hundred of them!

No, the first few are not Life and Death Realm experts. They are far more powerful! Are they the legendary Soul Sea Realm experts?" Xiao finally stopped coughing with great difficulty. His eyes were wide with disbelief.

'Oh, my God!'

After a momentary lapse, Xiao's mind began to work quickly.

'These martial artists can't possibly be from the Central Region. There's only one possibility: they must be from the four divine kingdoms on the other side of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.'

The Heavenly Evil Sect had fought against World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall in Oracle City. The news had spread throughout the entire Central Region.

People had also been spreading news that the York Divine Kingdom was about to invade the Central Region.

However, Xiao was not anxious. His sect was merely a third-grade one. Even if the York Divine Kingdom really did occupy the Central Region, he could choose to submit to it.

Back when the Heavenly Evil Sect was rampant, the Fish Dragon Sect didn't fight back and chose to become a member of the former sect. Even Xiao himself had declared that he wanted to join the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom and become a member of the divine kingdom.

When the Heavenly Evil Sect attacked Oracle City, Xiao used the sect's affairs as an excuse to not participate in the battle.

Eddie had never taken the Fish Dragon Sect seriously.

After the Heavenly Evil Sect was destroyed, the Fish Dragon Sect had not been affected at all.

It was precisely this strategy that allowed the Fish Dragon Sect to remain safe and sound. Therefore, he wasn't too worried when the York Divine Kingdom attacked.

But he was astonished now because of the strength of the four divine kingdoms. If York Divine Kingdom could easily send out ten Soul Sea Realm experts, just imagine how powerful the four divine kingdoms could become.

Then Zen would be in trouble. The previous time, the World Commercial Alliance and the Cloud Hall had escaped, but this time, they would not be able to save themselves.

Xiao had already determined their fate in his heart.

Around a hundred people were floating steadily in the sky. Miguel looked at the many humans below and faintly smiled to the others. "I will be the one to ask for directions. After all, they are humans just like me,"

he said and darted down towards the Fish Dragon Sect.

The Fish Dragon Sect had their own sect-protecting array. But they didn't have any thoughts of resisting a powerful warrior of the Soul Sea Realm.

Miguel casually flew towards Xiao. "You! Tell me, where is Oracle City?" he asked coolly.

Xiao immediately broke into a smile. Indeed, his guess was correct! These fellows had come from the four divine kingdoms, and they were heading towards Oracle City. He hurriedly said, "It is in the southwest."

He also quickly pulled out a map from his space ring. This map was specifically drawn for Xiao and was extremely detailed. All sorts of geographical names were drawn out using golden lines.

"Sir, this is a map of the Central Region. Follow the markings on it and you will find the city," he offered with a grin.

"Not bad," Miguel said coldly. He wouldn't deem it necessary to be polite to a war lord. Moreover, the man in front of him was only a fifth-grade war lord. He could barely spare him so much as a glance. After putting away the map, Miguel didn't even bother thanking the helpful stranger. He casually tossed an item down and flew back up towards the sky.

The hundred people immediately turned into beams of light and flew southwest.

Xiao relaxed after they left. The auras of those experts were like mountains crushing them and making it difficult for them to breathe.

Only when he was sure that the experts had gone far enough did Xiao take a look at that item. He discovered an ordinary-looking dagger and his eyes suddenly emitted an intense light and even his voice began to tremble. "This...this... is a...a...sacred weapon."

Hearing his words, the informant was indignant. Xiao had previously taught him that cultivating martial arts required a peaceful heart. How could Xiao himself be so excited now?

Of course, he did not dare to say this out loud. He could only stare blankly at an ecstatic Xiao.

Even the weakest among the hundred warriors was a Life and Death Realm warrior. How powerful it would be when a hundred of them flew up at the same time!

This high-speed of the army of hundred beams of light caused quite a stir in the Central Region. Some martial artists thought that some treasures had appeared out of nowhere.

One day later, the experts finally arrived in Oracle City.

There were countless craftsmen working day and night to repair the city walls, which had been destroyed during the war. Restoration would be a huge, time-consuming project.

"Look, what's that?" A craftsman suddenly discovered the rays of light shooting in his direction, as if it was a meteor shower.

When the warriors heard him, they also raised their heads and looked towards the horizon.

When one of the city guards saw this, he panicked. He rushed towards the tower. There was a large bell atop the tower. The guard hastily rang it.

It was a warning bell. As it rang, so did the rest of the bells in Oracle City. Soon, the tolls reverberated in the entire city.

"What's wrong?"

"Have the powerhouses from the divine kingdom arrived? So fast!"

"How should we deal with them this time?"

The martial artists of Oracle City were in a tizzy.

An Internal Elixir Realm warrior stood on the wall and inspected the situation. In the end, he mumbled, "There are around a hundred Life and Death Realm martial artists. How can we deal with them?"

As the bells rang, the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance and about twenty Virtual Tribulation Realm elders flew over. They gathered together, looking at the experts in the sky, horrified.

Zen had said that he would ask Soul Sea Realm experts to help him, but Dillon and the others knew the reality. It would be a miracle even if one or two arrived.

A favor from a powerful warrior of the Soul Sea Realm wouldn't come easy. It would cost a lot.

But it didn't matter how many of them would come to their rescue. Even with only one or two Soul Sea Realm experts holding the fort in Oracle City, there would be a better chance of fighting against the York Divine Kingdom.

After all, the York Divine Kingdom wouldn't send too many Soul Sea Realm experts to the Central Region. Although the divine kingdom was far more powerful than the Central Region, the Soul Sea Realm experts were more valuable. They wouldn't dispatch all their experts just to suppress the tiny Central Region.

However, it was the experts of the divine kingdom who had arrived before the Soul Sea Realm experts Zen had mentioned.

"There are nine Soul Sea Realm experts and ninety Life and Death Realm experts." Dillon said bitterly, "It doesn't matter anymore whether Zen's reinforcements come or not."

Chapter 1051 Conflicted

None of this group of super powerful masters would ever meet a rival in the Central Region!

A master at the Life and Death Realm was equivalent to a war sage on the Sea God Continent.

So Letitia, who had just entered the Life and Death Realm, was equivalent to a first level war sage.

But in reality, all the Life and Death Realm masters and war sages had to experience life and death situations. They were the same as the Small Heavenly Tribulations that Lavender had mentioned.

The Small Heavenly Tribulation was not just a life-and-death situation for martial artists, but also an important test for them.

After the Life and Death Realm, one could advance to the Soul Sea Realm by passing a few Small Heavenly Tribulations. However, the number of the Small Heavenly Tribulations one had to pass was different for each warrior. Generally, in order to advance to the Soul Sea Realm, a warrior would have to go through at least five or six Small Heavenly Tribulations.

Moreover, the higher the level of one's talent, the more Small Heavenly Tribulations one would have to go through, and the more powerful one would become after entering the Soul Sea Realm!

Therefore, the number of Small Heavenly Tribulations one had gone through also determined a martial artist's future prospects.

There were many war sages in the Sea God Continent, and the ones in front of them were the elite group. As per their cultivation levels, they were only a step away from the Soul Sea Realm! Most of them were sixth or seventh level war sages.

They had already undergone six or even seven life and death crises.

Any one of these war sages was much stronger than Eddie, who had endured only four life and death crises.

In other words, even one of them would be able to single-handedly destroy the entire Central Region!

Today, more than a hundred of them had gathered here and their combined power was terrifying!

The warriors in the World Commercial Alliance were all shocked when they saw this scene.

Dillon, Hobbes, and Haber felt their hair stand on end as a chill went down their spines. The last time they faced an attack from the Heavenly Evil Sect, they had the courage to fight back. But now, looking at these super strong warriors, they did not even have the courage to resist!

The difference in power was too enormous. Any sort of resistance would be futile.

Despite this, Dillon braced himself and flew forward. Bowing to the many super masters, he said, "I am the leader of the World Commercial Alliance, and I am here to greet you, powerful masters from the divine kingdom!"

Miguel who was in the lead looked at the fat man in front of him indifferently and asked, "Where is Zen?"

Dillon was indeed strong, but only in front of the warriors in the Central Region. For Miguel he was nothing more than a top-level war lord. In the Sea God Continent, a martial artist of his level could only be used in the fight for a seat at the top floor of the Tower of Sin.

Miguel had silently assessed Dillon's strength in his heart. His strength was less than any top-level war lord. He was probably inferior to Fabian or Jarrod. And it was even less likely for him to be able to contend with the top-level war lords of the Demon Night and ogre race.

Dillon was hesitant to reveal Zen's whereabouts to the powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm in front of him. Frankly speaking, as the leader of the World Commercial Alliance, he should hand over Zen to them right away. For the sake of the safety of the World Commercial Alliance, he had to make the right decision.

He assumed that these people from the divine kingdom wouldn't be interested in the World Commercial Alliance.

However, Zen had made a vital contribution to the World Commercial Alliance. Although Dillon considered himself a businessman, it was still difficult for him to betray Zen like this.

But as the leader of the World Commercial Alliance, he should be responsible for the existence of his people and his land and there was no way he would let the organization down!

"Brother!"

Hobbes called out to Dillon.

How could they not understand Dillon's hesitation?

Hobbes knew that they could not fight these powerful masters even if they wanted to protect Zen. It would be like striking a stone with an egg!

Dillon let out a sigh. He thought, 'That's it. Sorry Zen.' He considered that Zen wouldn't blame it on him, because he was right now in the Oracle City. Even if he wanted to escape now, it was too late.

However, before he could speak, a flash of light came shooting out of Oracle City. It was none other than Zen.

Many of the elders and the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance turned to see him. He appeared to be rather calm and composed, while they were astonished.

How could this guy be so calm in such situation? It looked like Zen wasn't perturbed at the prospect of facing over a hundred powerful masters from the divine kingdom.

Did Zen really know a way to defeat them?

The many stewards and martial artists of the World Commercial Alliance were also secretly observing the situation in the sky. It spelled doom for every martial artist. Even a blind man would know that Oracle City was in danger!

Zen flew towards Miguel under the watchful eyes of everyone present. He stopped in front of him and smiled sheepishly. "The last time when we parted at the Heavenly Eagle Prairie, I thought that it would be a long time before we would meet again. I didn't think I would need your help so soon. I am deeply ashamed!" he apologized.

Miguel smiled gently. "Mr. Luo, you are too humble. The environment you have created for our human race on the Sea God Continent will benefit us for generations. We feel obliged to do our little bit in return," he said graciously.

Zen had changed the situation in the Tower of Sin all on his own, which had far-reaching effects and a big influence on Purple Heart Sacred Place. Given time, the humans would become one of the top clans in the Sea God Continent in the future. How could the Purple Heart Sacred Place not be grateful to Zen?

It was due to this reason that Miguel had come personally.

Zen smiled lightly. Red dots of light began to emit from his body and started to intertwine and condense. Soon they turned into a slender body. It was none other than Zen's sword spirit, Lavender.

The moment Lavender appeared, the six powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm and dozens of Life and Death Realm warriors from the Demon Night knelt down in the air. They bowed to her and spoke in unison, "Greetings, my queen!"

Dozens of masters at the Life and Death Realm warriors and several powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm just bowed down respectfully to… Zen's sword spirit? But why?

Dillon, Hobbes and Haber, as well as many elders and martial artists from the World Commercial Alliance were all stumped. They couldn't figure out what was happening for a while…

This scene had completely upturned their understanding of the world.…

What the heck was going on?

These warriors didn't seem to belong to the York Divine Kingdom.

Were these the reinforcements that Zen had mentioned?

If they were just reinforcements, why were they being so respectful to Zen's sword spirit? Why did they have to be so courteous?

In the Central Region, there was no divine kingdom. Strength was the deciding factor for everything for martial artists. Only those with great strength would be respected and obtain higher ranks.

Even Eddie, who was considered to be the mightiest of them all, did not have the authority to make people kneel down and worship him.

After all, everyone here was a warrior, and no one was willing to take orders from anybody else. Eddie was indeed powerful, but he didn't have the stature to enjoy such great reverence.

The idea of making a group of martial artists at the Virtual Tribulation Realm kneel and worship Eddie was preposterous. He didn't possess the ability to gain such influence on such a group, let alone on other masters of the Life and Death Realm.

To do so, one had to establish a divine kingdom and set up a monarchy, only then would it be possible to make all the warriors in the Central Region submit. However, it would take a long time to consolidate imperial power and make all the warriors in the Central Region acknowledge and respect the monarch.

Even so, the really powerful masters would not bow to the emperor in such a manner.

But these powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were kneeling in front of Lavender. It was really happening right before everyone's eyes. The devout look on their faces came from their hearts — it was definitely not something one could fake.

Dillon was speechless at this sight although he really wanted to shout, 'Oh! Heavens and earth! Somebody tell me just what happened?!'

No matter how much they racked their brains, nobody would have ever guessed that the sword spirit inside Zen was the queen of the Demon Night, the spiritual totem that ruled over the entire Demon Night race. In the Upper World, even the world lords, who were much more powerful than Lavender, had to salute her, let alone the masters at the Soul Sea Realm. It was a perfectly normal thing for them to do.

Lavender glanced at some of the powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm and said lightly, "Please rise."

Only then did the masters of the Demon Night stand up and respectfully retreat to the side.

Dillon hesitantly floated over to Zen, and asked in a trembling voice, "Zen, what … what's going on?"

He had heard Miguel addressing Zen as Mr. Luo. Dillon suddenly wondered if it was appropriate for him to address Zen by his first name, seeing as he was inferior to the powerful beings present here.

But Zen was only twenty years old! Should he be referring to Zen as "Master Luo"? This was too weird. He wouldn't even treat Eddie with such reverence!

Dillon was truly conflicted.

Chapter 1052 A Sumptuous Meal

Zen had no idea what was going on in Dillon's mind.

As he heard Dillon stammering, Zen knew that he was probably taken aback by Miguel's group.

Zen tried to reassure him by saying, "Master Shi, I would like to introduce you my friends. We have been fighting side by side for the past two years."

"Friends..."

Dillon felt happy hearing that Zen had made new friends while he was away. He actually felt overjoyed and his worries vanished quickly. With such a group of mighty warriors around, he didn't have to be afraid of the York Divine Kingdom anymore.

Now he was dying to know where Zen had been in the past two years to have made such a group of friends.

And why these mighty warriors would be willing to make friends with a guy who had a much lower cultivation level?

Hobbes had always been impatient. He wanted to talk to Zen right away and have him tell him the whole story. But there were over a hundred strong warriors before him, so he remained quiet hoping he would have the opportunity to do so later on.

As for Haber, he was the quiet one. His expression didn't change much when he saw these mighty warriors. But actually, he was just as shocked to see Miguel's group as anyone else.

"Friends? Great!" Dillon was stunned for a moment and then, with a smile from ear to ear, he said, "If you are Zen's friends, you are our friends too. Welcome to the World Commercial Alliance. We'd like you to join us for dinner. You will be our honored guests. Please come in."

Dillon didn't dare to snub Miguel and his warriors.

However, as he spoke, Miguel and the others didn't react. They didn't even nod or show a polite smile.

Dillon might be famous in the Central Region as one of the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance, and was a man of great influence. But in Miguel's eyes, he was a minor character without importance.

The warriors from the Sea God Continent only respected Zen and Lavender and would not bow to anyone else.

Dillon was getting more and more embarrassed. He scratched the back of his head and turned to look at Zen for help.

Seeing that Dillon was starting to feel embarrassed, Zen smiled and said, "Miguel, you must be tired from your journey. You came a long way from your home. I would like to invite you to a gathering in the city."

Only then did Miguel nod. He and his group followed Zen and flew towards Oracle City.

The grand hall of the Oracle City had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. Over a hundred wide tables were arranged in a single line. Beautiful female servants were shuffling through them, and exquisite dishes were being served.

The World Commercial Alliance put on its utmost dedication to please these mighty warriors. No one had ever seen such grandeur in the history of the World Commercial Alliance.

The chefs had prepared all kinds of exquisite dishes that were being served one after the other.

Most of the ingredients were rarities that could only be found at the World Commercial Alliance's warehouse. The meat dishes were sumptuous and delicious, whose raw materials came from level seven or level eight beasts.

Oracle City was a busy hub in the Central Region where all the people with great talent would go, including the chefs preparing the dinner. Their dishes were naturally of the highest quality.

Dillon and the other warriors in the Central Region thought that these warriors from the Sea God Continent would act rather indifferent, but they were wrong.

The warriors from the Sea God Continent could be great at fighting, but they had no manners at the table. They gulped down the food without chewing or savoring it.

Dillon didn't care about how much they were spending in pleasing them. The wealth of the World Commercial Alliance far exceeded that of any sect.

But he never thought that these warriors at the Life and Death Realm and Soul Sea Realm would behave in such manner. Their backs slumped on the table, and with their heads nearly touching their plates, they devoured every dish in just a few seconds.

Zen, however, knew exactly why they behaved like this.

Miguel looked down on the cultivation level of the warriors in the Central Region. It was difficult for a warrior to reach the Life and Death Realm in the Central Region, let alone the Soul Sea Realm. Even Eddie, at the Life and Death Realm, had been considered as the number one warrior in the Central Region. But things were different on the Sea God Continent. Warriors at the Life and Death Realm were considered war sages. There were simply a lot of war sages on the Sea God Continent.

On the other hand, the entire Sea God Continent had always been in chaos. Conflicts were common all across the continent as all the races would fight for the control of the Tower of Sin. Every race needed to fight for survival.

In all the sacred places on the continent, there was the need for strong warriors. The most important thing for them was to develop their cultivation methods and train warriors that would fight. No one cared about eating good food or drinking good wine. For them, as long as there was food on the table, everything was fine. Even if it tasted bad, they would eat in order to survive.

In reality, the Sea God Continent possessed many powerful warriors and they were good at battling, but in other areas such as literature, music, arts, and so on, they were poor. Their people had no interest or time to waste in such mundane things, unlike the Central Region. The priority of the warriors on the Sea God Continent was to grow stronger and survive.

Warriors in the Central Region, however, could focus on their cultivation methods as well as develop their artistic side. After the human race occupied the Central Region, they were not in any danger of surviving. There were only disputes among humans, but even these were minor and still gave them time and energy to develop a rich and colorful culture.

As the night went on, the warriors from the Sea God Continent relaxed and started to enjoy the party. Everyone felt overjoyed and the atmosphere became lively. Miguel was even chatting and laughing with Dillon, asking him about the current affairs of the human race in the Central Region.

Dillon had a glib tongue, so the two of them had a pleasant chat.

After all dishes had been served, hundreds of beautiful women wearing long gowns entered the hall. They danced gracefully to the sounds of upbeat instrumental music.

That night, all the warriors of the World Commercial Alliance exhausted their energy trying to entertain this group of warriors.

Zen was seated at the head of the host's table with a beaming smile on his face. He was enjoying the party but there was something worrying him.

He was concerned about Letitia. He knew she was being taken care of by the servant girls, but he couldn't help but picture her lying quietly in bed, unable to move.

After dealing with the warriors of the York Divine Kingdom, Zen had to personally go to the four divine kingdoms and investigate the origins of the ancient jade. Before doing so, Zen had to ask Miguel and the others to see if they could treat Letitia.

The party lasted the whole night.

For warriors like them, even if they didn't sleep for months, their spirits would still be full.

In the Heavenly Stellar Palace, when Miguel felt Letitia's pulse, he shook his head and said worriedly, "She is not seriously ill, but her life energy is very weak. If you want to save her, you must find something to replenish her life energy."

"Is there such a thing on the Sea God Continent?" Zen asked eagerly.

Miguel shook his head again. "I haven't seen anything like that on the continent and I don't know for sure if something like that exists in the Dark Nether Cave. I will send someone to look for it. If we find it, I'll have people send it to you."

Zen smiled forcefully. He was grateful for Miguel's efforts, but he was not sure if anyone would be able to find it or if it existed in the Dark Nether Cave. They had no time to waste.

A person's life energy was constantly being consumed. Although he used Hanson's ancient jades to replenish Letitia's life energy, that wouldn't last forever. They needed to find more ancient jades and do so quickly.

Right now Zen had to go to the four divine kingdoms to search for clues regarding that ancient jade.

After the warriors from the Sea God Continent had settled down in Oracle City, Zen was filled with anxiety, hoping that Master Wallace of the York Divine Kingdom would come to the Central Region soon.

Zen would be able to go on investigating the ancient jade once this problem had been solved.

He had waited for almost a month now, but nobody came. He was very anxious and regretted breaking the Eight-diagram Mirror. He could have used it to provoke Master Wallace, urging him to quickly pass through the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

As Zen waited anxiously, Miguel and the others were enjoying their time in Oracle City.

The Central Region might not be the best place for cultivation, but it was a very special place to enjoy life. For the first time in their lives, they didn't need to worry about surviving and could appreciate a leisurely life, experimenting the delicacies and customs of the Central Region.

As for the warriors of the Demon Night, they weren't in a hurry either. They were accompanying their queen and that was their greatest honor as they were afraid that she would drive them away.

Miguel and a hundred mighty warriors had stayed in the Central Region for 33 days now.

Six beams of light were seen swiftly advancing in the sky above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

Passing through the Chaotic Ocean of Stars was not an easy task. Even though the Star Storm had stopped, there were still berserk beasts on the way to face.

Some of the beasts were level ten, while others were even level eleven. Their strength was comparable to warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

Even a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm like Master Wallace had to be careful and avoid provoking those fierce beasts.

Chapter 1053 Master Abraham

Among the six warriors, two of them were at the Soul Sea Realm, while the other four were at the level of Life and Death Realm.

It seemed that the warriors from the Central Region had guessed it right—the four divine kingdoms truly didn't take the Central Region seriously.

In their eyes, the location of the divine kingdoms was the center of this world. They believed that there was practically nothing across the vast ocean.

A lot of warriors originated from the four divine kingdoms had been to Sky Northern Region for exploration during the remote ages until the middle ages. That sort of place, however, was simply impossible to find under any opportunities. Thus, there were very few warriors from the divine kingdoms willing to go to the Sky Northern Region, let alone pay a high cost to attack the said region.

Thus, since the ancient times, the warriors that came to the Sky Northern Region were all those that offended the divine kingdoms and had chosen to flee. Since they had nowhere else to go, hiding in the Sky Northern Region was their best alternative.

Only this time, it was different.

The Holy Maiden of the York Divine Kingdom ordered Master Wallace to annihilate the Cloud Hall, a small fourth-grade sect.

Initially, Master Wallace could not understand why the Holy Maiden was hostile towards a small sect in the Sky Northern Region that was tens of thousands of miles away.

But later on, he soon realized that the young man named Zen had offended her.

For this rationale alone, Master Wallace would not personally step into the Sky Northern Region. Being a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm, he didn't need to listen to the Holy Maiden.

But this time he came to the Sky Northern Region. And this was naturally because of the secret in Zen's mind!

He happened to take a glimpse of what was in Zen's mind at that incident where a strand of his soul was devoured. That was a huge temptation!

Every time he thought of this, he could not suppress the excitement in his heart. He knew he had a better perspective. If he decided to keep this secret on his own, his future would be bright. Even the York Divine Kingdom would be trampled under his feet one day. And he was looking forward to it!

The four divine kingdoms were undeniably too far away from the Sky Northern Region. Moreover, Master Wallace and his group had to avoid some dangerous areas along the way, so they tried their best not to provoke those powerful vicious beasts in the ocean.

Several days later, the six warriors of the York Divine Kingdom finally appeared on the east side of the Sky Northern Region.

"Wallace, there seems to be a small sect there. Let's have a look." The other warrior at the Soul Sea Realm, who came with Master Wallace, was Master Abraham. They were close friends. And it was only because of Master Wallace's invitation that he came here with him.

These warriors of the York Divine Kingdom all perceived that the trip to the Sky Northern Region was not dangerous at all. They realized that this was a place where even warriors at the Life and Death Realm could rule over the entire area. To them, they could do whatever they wanted in the Sky Northern Region. They even agreed that in comparison, the Chaotic Ocean of Stars was much more dangerous than the Sky Northern Region.

In the far east of the Sky Northern Region, there was a third-grade sect widely known as the Fish Dragon Sect. And it didn't escape under the watchful eye of Master Abraham. Thus, he casually mentioned this small sect.

Master Wallace let out a cold laugh and suddenly rushed into the Fish Dragon Sect as if curiosity had gotten into him. He haughtily landed on a space in the great hall of the Fish Dragon Sect. His face was devoid of respect as his eyes swiftly scanned the area.

Bang!

Master Wallace looked like a child. But in reality, he was already an old man who had lived for more than a thousand years. And he could also be described as an Ancient Tycoon. With his feet being the center, the hard ground started to grumble and split open. Large cracks covered the whole floor of the hall. Soon after, spider-like cracks adorned the wall, even reaching up to the roof.

"Who is it? Who dares to trespass into the Fish Dragon Sect!"

exclaimed the leader of the Fish Dragon Sect furiously.

When Master Xiao rushed out of the great hall, his furious expression immediately vanished like smoke into thin air. He let out a flattering smile.

But he was silently cursing in his mind.

'Damn! Why do warriors at the Soul Sea Realm appear again?

Since when are there so many mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm in the Central Region?'

Even though he was seething in anger, he exuded a warm demeanor. After encountering over a hundred mighty warriors last time, he discovered that his mind had become stronger. So meeting these six warriors, he did not lose his composure.

"Master, may I know what you want from us?" Master Xiao asked Master Wallace with a fake smile on his face.

Master Wallace glanced at him and asked coldly, "How do I get to Oracle City?"

'Oracle City again!

Are these people also looking for Zen?

A while ago, the divine kingdom has already sent over a hundred warriors over. How come it still isn't enough?' Master Xiao wondered.

But then again, after the hundred or so warriors had headed to Oracle City about a month ago, there was no latest news about Zen. Master Xiao was dying to know what had happened, but he didn't dare to ask the warriors before him.

He knew clearly that curiosity might kill the cat. If he were to speak too much, he might bring about a calamity that could kill himself and even destroy the entire clan.

He quickly took out a map. And as he respectfully handed it to the boy at the Soul Sea Realm, he grinned and explained, "This is the map of the entire Central Region. The Oracle City has already been marked out on the map. You can follow the map and find it."

Master Wallace nonchalantly took the map and shook it a bit before memorizing it. He snorted and turned into a streak of light, flying straight in the direction of Oracle City, followed by his companions.

Unlike Miguel, Master Wallace didn't leave any rewards behind. He didn't even spare Master Xiao a glance before vanishing.

Master Xiao spat at them soon after the six warriors left. Previously, those hundred warriors had bestowed him with a low-grade sacred weapon. These two warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were so stingy!

In less than a day, the six warriors had quickly approached Oracle City.

Now standing at the entrance of the city, Master Wallace surveyed around the place. At that time when he was in the Eight-diagram Mirror, he vividly remembered the surrounding environment of Oracle City. Although the World Commercial Alliance had cleaned up the battlefield recently, the city didn't change that much. He was more than sure this was Oracle City.

"I just don't know if that young man is still in Oracle City," Master Wallace said indifferently.

Master Abraham then probed, "What kind of secret does that guy hold that makes you so concerned about him?"

Surprised, Master Wallace just chuckled. "How could he have any secrets? I'm just doing things for the Holy Maiden."

Master Abraham declared coldly, "Those words of yours are good enough to fool the Holy Maiden, but don't you try to use them to fool me. You and I have been good friends for so many years. And yet, here you are, trying to hide it from me!"

Noticing that Master Abraham was slightly displeased, Master Wallace finally opened his mouth and confided, "Alright. Since I'm willing to invite you to the Central Region, I naturally want to share that secret with you. That secret has something to do with the Dragon Lineage Human!"

"Dragon Lineage Human!"

Hearing his words, Master Abraham was stunned, but he soon changed his expression into one of disbelief. "Wallace, stop joking with me."

The untold tales of the Dragon Lineage Human were the greatest secret of the four divine kingdoms.

The history of the four divine kingdoms was much longer than that of the Central Region. On that continent, all sorts of civilizations had existed for countless years.

Therefore, the history of the divine kingdoms perfectly depicted its remote ages, middle times, and modern times.

The Dragon Lineage Human had been enemies with the divine kingdoms since the remote ages. Then during the middle times, they suddenly waged an earth-shaking war with the seven divine kingdoms. It was said that a Genuine Dragon even appeared to help them out. And this was when three divine kingdoms were annihilated.

The remaining four divine kingdoms only gained the upper hand during modern times. And that was also the time when they completely exterminated the Dragon Lineage Human, turning it into a piece of history and legend within the divine kingdoms.

Even if it was just a legend, the Dragon Lineage Human still had many inheritances and ruins, and these things were like gold mines that attracted warriors of the divine kingdoms to excavate them.

Thus any secret related to the Dragon Lineage Human was incomparably precious in the divine kingdoms. Through the years, their warriors had dug up far too many benefits from the Dragon Lineage Human.

"Why would I joke around with you? Wait till I catch this brat and search his soul, then you'll know!" Master Wallace's face revealed a smile brimming with confidence.

Seeing how confident Master Wallace was, Master Abraham also believed in him by twenty to thirty percent. Anyway, there were a lot of warriors of divine kingdoms that had offended other strong warriors. And they resorted to hiding in the Sky Northern Region. But here, those warriors would eventually die. Maybe this secret was brought over by those warriors and captured by the warriors in the Central Region.

"Since that guy has the secret of the Dragon Lineage Human, his strength should not be weak. I wonder if he has any helpers?"

On the other hand, a hint of caution appeared on Master Abraham's face.

"Ha-ha!" Hearing the words coming from Master Abraham, Master Wallace burst out laughing. "That guy's strength is not bad. He is at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and yet he killed a warrior at the fourth grade of the Life and Death Realm."

"Really?" The eyes of Master Abraham flickered. Regardless of whether it was the Virtual Tribulation Realm or the Life and Death Realm, he didn't give a damn. However, according to Master Wallace, the guy himself was at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, yet he was able to kill a warrior at the fourth grade of the Life and Death Realm.

This was very impressive.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1054 Answer My Questions

In all the four kingdoms, for a martial artist at the Virtual Tribulation Realm to be able to annihilate another warrior at the Life and Death Realm was only something from the historical legends. It wasn't just any normal occurrence. For that to happen was groundbreaking.

Even Master Abraham could've never done such a thing.

So when he heard Master Wallace's words, he became deeply interested in Zen. At such a young age, he already possessed unbelievable strength. Perhaps, it was because of the secret inheritance of the Dragon Lineage Human.

"You must not worry, Abraham. I don't plan on deceiving you. When have I ever done such insolence? I believe myself to be trustworthy."

Master Wallace suddenly rose to a higher height after his statement. He took a sharp breath as he looked onto the Oracle City, facing it head-on. A steady stream of energy gathered around him, and the sky overflowed out of nowhere.

Then, with all his might, he roared, "Zen Luo! Zen Luo! Zen Luo!

Come out! Come out! Show yourself!"

Like a thunderclap, his voice boomed in the ears of many martial artists. It echoed in the entire Oracle City and everyone heard him clearly.

The civilians, on the other hand, suffered. The reverberation of his voice exploded right in front of their foreheads like bolts of lightning. All of their eyes rolled to the back of their heads and most of them had fainted due to the intensity of Master Wallace's voice.

Even the weaker martial artists experienced great discomfort. Under the vibrations of the roar, they all felt their blood rushing up and down their body. Blood had come out of a few ears as their heart rates rapidly increased.

It was without question. He was showing off.

If a Soul Sea Realm martial artist decided to show off, what could he cause? How powerful could his aura be?

For a period of time, he basked in his immense strength. Master Wallace was beyond proud of what he could do. He knew that all the warriors his voice reached trembled in fear.

All of them didn't act recklessly in the York Divine Kingdom. It was just like a ridiculously wealthy man in the big city. Where he lived, it was a challenge to make something of himself. Everyone was someone. But when he went to the smaller city, he felt like he could do anything. People out there were so easily amused.

In the world of martial artists, this kind of action became ruthlessness and shamelessness.

Feeling entertained by what Master Wallace had just done, Master Abraham laughed and also flew up right beside him. He also absorbed a portion of energy. "Wallace, you're in a good mood! I'd like to give it a try too!"

"Hey, Zen Luo! Zen Luo! Zen Luo!

Come out and show yourself! What are you so afraid of? Come out!"

Right behind them were four Life and Death Realm martial artists who glanced at each other with faint smiles on their faces.

As followers, they did not dare to steal the limelight from Master Wallace and Master Abraham. But as members of the divine kingdom, they also had a strong sense of superiority no matter where they went. It was going to be a good show. In any case, killing martial artists in the Central Region was like cutting vegetables for them. They were not in a hurry at all. They wanted to see how the martial artists in Oracle City would react first. They weren't disappointed.

The Oracle City fell completely silent.

At that time, not a single martial artist in such a big city appeared. It was almost like a ghost town.

"Just like a turtle hiding in its shell!"

Master Wallace's face revealed a wicked grin. His physique made him look like a small boy, but the expression on his face said otherwise. He was a ferocious warrior.

"Ha! He's not showing up." Master Abraham cackled. "The martial artists of the Sky Northern Region aren't only weak, but also incomparably cowardly!"

Just as he finished mocking Zen, a flash of light came into view. The light came closer each minute, heading straight for Master Wallace.

The one who came to their sight was none other than Zen.

A vague smile hung across his face, but his heart was joy-filled. Their arrival was something he looked forward to. Finally, they had come.

Having been able to fight Zen in the past, Master Wallace knew him quite well.

Seeing that Zen was alone, Master Wallace smiled and said, "You're quite sensible. Since you know you can't run away, you've taken the initiative to come to where we are. I'll leave your corpse sprawled out in the open for everyone to see after I get what's in your head."

With a faint hint of mockery, Zen's eyes flashed. "My corpse? But Master Wallace, I'm not planning on dying today."

"What a joke. You don't have the final say," Master Abraham said with disdain. Even if Zen had the ability to kill a Life and Death Realm master with his extraordinary strength of Virtual Tribulation Realm, Master Abraham still looked down on him.

"How about we just leave my life alone and let me decide how long I live? What do you think?" Zen said nonchalantly, with the same sly smile still plastered on his face.

"Your life is already in our hands, you insignificant ant," Master Wallace retorted, extending his hand, slowly waving it towards Zen's body.

"I didn't come here to talk rubbish with you." Zen suddenly restrained the smile on his face. "I need some answers!"

The six masters of the York Divine Kingdom were a bit baffled when they heard Zen's words. They gave one another these curious glances. Did they hear him right? What could he want answers for? What questions did he have for them? Death was lurking in the corner for him, and he still wanted to ask questions?

Since it was Zen, Master Wallace grew rather curious. "What do you want to ask?"

Zen took out a few pieces of broken ancient jade from his space ring. The jade had already shattered and wasn't whole anymore.

It was Hanson who presented the jade to Zen. Letitia had absorbed its life force, but Zen kept the broken pieces so he could, later on, unravel their mystery.

When Zen took out the jade, both Wallace and Abraham, along with the four Life and Death Realm martial artists that accompanied them were astounded. The same exact expression appeared across their faces.

"What… How did you get the jade?" Master Wallace asked, his widened eyes focused on the jade in Zen's hand.

Zen's heartbeat increased rapidly. As expected, Master Wallace knew the gem in his hand. He was certain that it came from the divine kingdoms, and that there were even more.

"What exactly is the ancient jade? Where can it be obtained? Is it true that there are more that can be found in the four divine kingdoms?"

Zen asked all of his questions in one breath.

"I don't know how you managed to obtain the jade, little boy. I don't have to answer your questions," Master Wallace sneered.

"Could you please tell me?" Zen asked politely. His eyes conveyed his sincerity.

"The ancient jade is no big secret within the divine kingdom. However, telling someone who is about to die is meaningless," Master Wallace coldly said.

"You're wrong." Zen shook his finger and laughed. "It's actually pretty meaningful if you do."

Master Abraham only frowned. Compared to Master Wallace, he was much more careful. However, seeing Zen's expression and tone, he felt that there was something that wasn't adding up. So, he asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

"I'll spare the life of the one who tells me first among the six of you." Zen smiled proudly like a kid, but his expression reeked of hidden savagery.

All six of them shared the same expression once again. They were all overwhelmed by Zen's words. Did they all hear him correctly?

Master Wallace hissed, "What? Do you mind saying that again?"

A young man at the Virtual Tribulation Realm had dared to show disrespect towards the masters of Life and Death Realm and Soul Sea Realm. For a moment, they thought the screws inside Zen's head were all unhinged. What a crazy boy.

"Okay, then. I said, whoever tells me the secret of the ancient jade, I'll spare his life," Zen repeated. "Take this as a race."

"What a waste of time. Abraham, your soul-searching skill can explore that guy's mind to the greatest extent. I'll capture him, and then you can sift through his soul!"

The secrets Zen had inside his mind were not a secret to Master Wallace. He was also aware that the dragon's soul wasn't easy to deal with. The last time his soul entered Zen's mind, it was killed. However, that soul he used had been strengthened by the Spirit Container. It was strong already.

That was why Master Wallace wasn't confident to enter Zen's mind once again. If his soul was to be devoured by the dragon, then it wasn't worth the risk.

Meanwhile, Master Abraham had practiced a secret technique that could save a soul from being gobbled. That was the reason why Master Wallace brought him along. Otherwise, regardless of the friendship between them, he never shared any secret with him.

As soon as Zen noticed that Master Wallace was about to make a move, a look of regret engulfed his face.

"It seems that no one wants to answer my questions. Pity. I had no idea you didn't value your lives that much. Well, then…

Come out, all of you!"

Chapter 1055 Bewitching Domain

The speed at which a Soul Sea Realm warrior could fly was unprecedented. Any warrior that had to chase someone at such a high level could never hope to catch up.

Even a Soul Sea Realm warrior himself would have difficulty chasing after someone of the same level.

Taking this fact into consideration, the forces of the Sea God Continent had made the necessary arrangements to prevent the escape of the York Divine Kingdom's powerhouses. Over a hundred strong warriors hid within the nearby surroundings through the use of the Demon Night's secret treasure.

This treasure was known as the Emerald Tree that could be used to conceal a warrior's aura. The seeds, once scattered, would germinate and turn into full-grown trees in just three days. These trees were short, about the height of a person, and were special in such a way that they allowed the people standing underneath to hide their aura.

These trees were very effective when it came to planning an ambush, but they could not be used for escape. After all, the growth cycle of three days was too slow. If one ran for his life, he wouldn't need it.

From these trees, over a hundred strong imposing auras were suddenly released and surrounded Master Wallace, Master Abraham, and the others of the York Divine Kingdom.

Six Soul Sea Realm masters from the Demon Night, as well as Miguel and a few others from the Purple Heart Sacred Place, spread out their own domains.

A domain was something that a warrior could have once he reached the Soul Sea Realm.

Each domain was unique to the warrior and was often based on the kind of cultivation technique he most excelled at.

It was these various domains from the Demon Night and Purple Heart Sacred Place masters that enveloped both Master Wallace and Master Abraham.

The two York Divine Kingdom masters were at a loss at their current situation. They had never foreseen such a thing coming!

Zen was actually able to gather nine mighty Soul Sea Realm warriors!

There were only a few Soul Sea Realm masters in the four divine kingdoms and Master Wallace and Master Abraham were two of them. Both held important positions in the York Divine Kingdom and enjoyed prestige that was even higher than the Holy Maiden's.

Breaking through to the Soul Sea Realm was comparable to the transcendence of a mere mortal to an almighty immortal.

If it weren't for the abnormalities that had occurred in the universe, those in the Soul Sea Realm would've already ascended into the Upper World by now.

Master Wallace did not hold the warriors of Central Region in high regard. He knew that a mere Life and Death Realm warrior had recently been able to stir up chaos in the continent. The only reason he brought Master Abraham along was his wariness towards the dragon that resided within Zen's mind.

In the eyes of warriors from the four divine kingdoms, the Sky Northern Region was as safe as their own backyard.

They strutted into the region as if they owned it. Their strength and power had gone into their heads as they arrogantly imposed their authority over all warriors in the continent.

But their high and mighty airs had come crashing down the moment these powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors emerged from the trees and ambushed them.

They could only rub their eyes and wonder if they were perhaps dreaming. How could such an unbelievable thing happen?

The Central Region was not a conducive area to produce Soul Sea Realm warriors given its limited resources. How was it that nine high-level warriors suddenly appeared before their very eyes?

Miguel led the warriors that surrounded the York Divine Kingdom masters. Zen smiled faintly at his enemies' helpless position. "Last chance: where did the ancient jade come from?"

he asked once again.

The wheels in the heads of both Master Abraham and Master Wallace started turning. They did not have the patience to answer Zen's question and only thought about how to escape their current predicament.

The Life and Death Realm warriors behind them, however, thought differently.

The only ones who could face against Soul Sea Realm warriors were Soul Sea Realm warriors themselves. Those in the lower cultivation realms could only expect to be reduced to cannon fodder.

"I know! I know!" one of the Life and Death Realm warriors piped up.

"That's the life stone that was dug out from the Feather Emperor Secret Land!"

Zen's eyebrows shot up. "Feather Emperor Secret Land? Is that located within the four divine kingdoms?"

Master Wallace and Master Abraham both turned and glared at their noisy ally. "You think he'll let you off just because you told him what that bloody piece of jade was?"

A trace of fear crossed over the man's features but his desperation for survival won over. No matter what the masters said, he had to hope that the information he gave would be enough to convince Zen to let him live. "The Feather Emperor Secret Land is in the center of the four divine kingdoms.

In other words, it's in the Feather Holy Sea!"

It sounded as though the life stone was quite famous in the four divine kingdoms.

Zen suddenly had an urge to go visit. However, what he wanted right now was a preliminary verification. If it turned out that the ancient jade was actually extremely rare and hard to find, then he would have to think of his other options.

Entering the Dragon Soar Arena to fly into the Genuine Dragon World was one of his options.

His current strength couldn't qualify him to enter the Upper World, but if it was for Letitia, he would scour the ends of the earth to make her better.

He gave Master Wallace a faint smile. "Since he answered my question, I'll let him off. Kill everyone but that one guy who answered me!"

The other Life and Death Realm warriors immediately felt regret at their decision of staying silent. The life stone wasn't necessarily a secret among the four divine kingdoms. Ordinary martial artists just did not have the luxury of interacting with these kinds of stones very often. They should've told Zen when he asked.

However, it was already too late. As Zen gave his command, the York Divine Kingdom warriors erupted into a frenzy and launched their desperate counterattack upon his oncoming forces.

The two Soul Sea Realm masters instantly released their own domains and Master Wallace actually dared to envelop Zen with his as he charged towards him.

He had no idea how this warrior at the middle stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm got the authority to command these Life and Death Realm and Soul Sea Realm masters. However, there was no time to speculate. He had to eliminate Zen if he wanted to live!

This scrawny young man was surely no match for a master like him!

And he was right. Zen knew he was no match for the Soul Sea Realm master. He could perhaps take on a fourth or fifth-level Life and Death Realm warrior but a Soul Sea Realm master was a whole other story.

There was just no way.

So he smartly retreated and a figure immediately took his place. Miguel, who had the appearance of a transcendent being, stood protectively in front of Zen.

Miguel gave his opponent a faint smirk.

"You should fight with me."

Master Wallace hesitated at the sight of another person. However, the frustration he felt at the thought of not being able to eliminate Zen allowed him to quickly get back on his feet. He quickly halted in his tracks and slapped his palm on the ground.

A flash of brown-colored light swept through the battlefield, signaling the confrontation that brewed between the powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors.

None of the Life and Death Realm warriors could do anything but watch in combined fear and awe. This was not a fight that they could interfere in if they valued their lives.

Master Wallace's light diffused around him. "Bewitching Domain!"

he roared as the light expanded at an extremely fast rate.

Those that were too slow and were enveloped by the Bewitching Domain immediately felt their heart beat wildly. A haze enveloped their minds and they had the sudden urge to attack the person nearest to them.

It was because of the extremely powerful Bewitching Domain.

Those drawn into the brown light were doomed to lose their sense of logic and mindlessly attack the people nearest to them.

Given enough time, Master Wallace could envelop the entire Oracle City with his Bewitching Domain and wreak havoc all over the place. It would only take less than an hour for all martial artists to kill each other.

However, he couldn't really do that right now. Not when he was currently faced with nine Soul Sea Realm warriors. These were warriors on a whole other level who would not lose their minds in the haze.

Chapter 1056 Ganging Up

The many powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm who were trapped in the Bewitching Domain felt their hearts beating rapidly at first. However, they soon returned to normal.

Powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm fought differently from ordinary warriors. Their fights started with the suppression of each other's domains, and this was followed by the collision with life vitality and physical bodies.

A domain's impact on a martial artist's strength was enormous, and each martial artist's domain was different.

Some warriors' domains could be very aggressive to the point of being insane and indomitable, while some other warriors' domains only played a subsidiary role.

The Bewitching Domain of Master Wallace could disrupt his opponent's state of mind. His domain could cause a huge change in the mind of a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm in a one-on-one fight. It could make the opponent extremely irritable for a short time and make it hard for him to draw out his strength.

However, there were nine powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm in Master Wallace's domain. As the Bewitching Domain was spread across the nine of them, its impact would be reduced and wouldn't be much of a threat.

Miguel gently waved both of his hands within Master Wallace's domain, sending out colorful strips, which spread out in spirals. These colorful spirals spun around Miguel several times, and then suddenly shone with rays of dazzling light. Miguel looked like a small sun, shining so brightly that nobody could even open their eyes.

"A domain that can disrupt one's mind? That is quite interesting, but it's too weak. Ha-ha!"

Miguel's confident voice rang out from the light!

The Purple Heart Sacred Place of the human race was a low-ranked sacred place in the Sea God Continent, but it didn't mean that the elite martial artists of the human race were weak, because otherwise the Purple Heart Sacred Place would have been destroyed long ago.

The human race would have been wiped out of the Sea God Continent for good, but they were able to sustain until now, largely due to the fact that they had relied on these three top-notch masters of the Soul Sea Realm.

Miguel's strength might be inferior to that of Amber's, as well as that of the leaders of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, but it was significant enough to make him enter into the top ten rankings of the Sea God Continent!

"Soul Division Domain!"

The way the Soul Sea Realm's domain worked was that one could use one's own strength to carve out one's own territory. By relying on one's own strength, one could change the rules of the domain within a limited range!

This was also what was called "snatching a turf from the world".

Of course, the Soul Sea Realm's domain had a limited range of influence, and the changeable rules were also relatively limited.

If the domain's influence could be spread throughout the entire universe and the rules could be changed as per one's will, then the cultivator would gain control of the natural law of the heavens.

Miguel's Soul Division Domain was able to create countless souls within the range that was covered by the light.

Countless Miguels appeared in the shining light. It looked like there was an army of thousands of Miguels!

As soon as they appeared, these souls began to surround Master Wallace.

Master Wallace was shocked to see this aggressive group of souls rushing towards him. He tapped the top of his head gently and an eye appeared above his head. Just looking at the eye could make people feel suffocated.

"Evil Eye Flame! Kill them all!"

Swoosh!

Flames flickering with an illusory luster shot out from the eye. This Evil Eye also had great origins. Normally Master Wallace would not use it to fight his enemy. Now that he was in great danger, he employed it without hesitation.

The flames were indeed very powerful. The sea of flames that shot out from the eye were able to restrain Miguel's souls. As the flames swept through, over a thousand souls instantly burned into nothingness!

"Not bad. But what a pity… It is far from enough." Miguel was certain that he could beat Master Wallace. He had personally come to the Central Region on Zen's invitation and certainly had some skills to show.

Miguel was almost invincible in his Soul Division Domain. The only way to defeat him was if some more powerful master could kill all the souls at the same time. Then he might be able to force Miguel's true body to appear. But Master Wallace was no match as he certainly couldn't do that.

Miguel's souls kept coming at Master Wallace nonstop. All the souls had a faint smile on the faces. He gently pinched his fingers, and a wave of formless energy emitted from him.

Miguel was like an ancient sacred emperor at that moment. He exuded the aura of a supreme ruler of the heavens and the earth!

"Emperor Destruction Finger!"

Only those in the Soul Sea Realm could become emperors!

But in general, the war kings and war emperors only existed within the four divine kingdoms.

There were many sacred places on the Sea God Continent but there wasn't a tradition of setting up monarchy. However, this didn't mean that they didn't have the ability to establish their own kingdoms and have an extremely powerful person as their emperor!

Over ten thousand souls of Miguel suddenly erupted with a power so violent it felt like it could annihilate all lives in the heavens and on earth. It shot fiercely towards Master Wallace. Every single beam of light that shot out from a soul was equal to one-thousandth of Miguel's strength. With the tens of thousands of beams of light shooting out, Miguel's strength was amplified ten times.

In other words, Master Wallace had to fend attacks from ten Miguels at the same time. Such formidable strength was unimaginable and unbeatable!

Zen stood atop the walls of Oracle City and watched this scene with gleaming eyes. The opportunity to observe a battle between the masters of Soul Sea Realm was a blessing for him.

'Is this the power of the domain?'

Zen thought in a daze…

If he could step into the Soul Sea Realm in the future and create a domain, what would his domain be like? Would it be comparable to Miguel's domain?

This was an opportunity for Zen as well as for the many martial artists in Oracle City to study domains.

A fight between the masters at Soul Sea Realm could affect a large area. Although other warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were guarding the area, there was no guarantee that fighters would always be able to contain their energy within the range. If the formidable energy waves accidentally came out of the domains, it could vaporize the entire Oracle City.

Still, the warriors of the World Commercial Alliance risked their lives to observe the battle in the sky.

It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to witness such a high-level battle!

As the martial artists saw the scene of how these masters fought, their bodies trembled in anticipation. Those martial artists whose warrior spirit was not strong enough would not be able to watch the fight, as they would be worried that their generation wouldn't be able to reach this height. It would frustrate them.

But the eyes of those martial artists who had a positive attitude glistened in excitement. They hoped that one day they would be able to go through life and death crises and enter the Soul Sea Realm and obtain such formidable powers!

This was the effect of cultivation on the warrior spirit! It could make positive people want to pursue higher goals!

Boom!

A small sun once again appeared in the sky with an explosion. The sound was dull and distant, spreading over a thousand miles.

As the light gradually dispersed, a small boy appeared once again. Master Wallace had hidden himself in a small turtle shell just before the Emperor Destruction Finger was about to hit him.

The turtle shell was emerald green, as if it was made out of a large piece of jade. It looked incredibly beautiful.

It was this gorgeous turtle shell that had resisted Miguel's massive attacks. But Master Wallace was still in a miserable state despite being hidden in the turtle shell. His face took on a scary dark red color. Obviously, he had suffered great injuries.

Miguel was surprised to see that Master Wallace had withstood his attacks. The Central Region was weaker than the Sea God Continent, but the inheritances of a divine kingdom were stronger than those of the Sea God Continent!

If it weren't for the turtle shell, Master Wallace would have been instantly obliterated by Miguel.

"Humph, I am determined to fight you to the finish!" Master Wallace spoke to Miguel through gritted teeth.

"Fight me?" Miguel smirked, "Or us?"

Master Wallace thought he would have a one-on-one fight with him. Miguel was confident of defeating him, but it was very difficult for one master at the Soul Sea Realm to kill another in a one-on-one battle. Moreover, Miguel didn't want Master Wallace to escape by using some tricks.

The domains of several other powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm began to inch towards Master Wallace.

Seeing this, Master Wallace's heart sank. Now he was surely doomed...

He had ambitiously set out from the York Divine Kingdom and traversed the Chaotic Ocean of Stars in high spirits and hopes. He never thought that the Central Region would become the place where he breathed his last.

All the powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm attacked at the same time. Different domains entwined with each other, firmly trapping Master Wallace and Master Abraham within. For a moment, loud explosions burst forth from the sky, sending shivers down onlookers' spines.

The two mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm from the York Divine Kingdom finally perished with the nine powerful masters from the Sea God Continent ganging up on them. Dillon and the others, who were watching the battle from Oracle City, couldn't help but shake their heads. It was such a pity that powerful figures, who had the ability to become emperors, were killed just like that.

Chapter 1057 The Slave Seal

Dillon sighed. It was not that he pitied Master Wallace. The almighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were born from tens of millions or even hundreds of millions of warriors. It took a lot of resources and time to reach the Soul Sea Realm, but it only took one quick moment to end them.

This was the world of martial artists. Even if you stepped into the Soul Sea Realm and became an emperor, you still wouldn't be able to escape your fate.

It was very difficult to kill a Soul Sea Realm warrior. Even in the four divine kingdoms, the death of a Soul Sea Realm warrior was an earth-shattering event.

Master Wallace and Master Abraham had been too careless. They were surrounded by nine Soul Sea Realm warriors with nowhere to escape. This was why they had ended up in such a sorry state.

The battle had only lasted for a short time before they were both killed.

Zen slowly floated into the air with his hands behind his back, arriving before the last surviving Life and Death Realm warrior.

He had answered Zen's question, so Miguel and the others let him go.

Zen's gaze was fixed on his face. He was a powerhouse who had endured five life and death crises, and was stronger than Eddie. However, when he faced Zen, who was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he was petrified.

Of course, Zen knew he was not afraid of him, but the persons behind him.

"You, you promised not to kill me," the warrior stammered.

Zen nodded and laughed. "Yeah. I indeed agreed not to kill you, but I cannot let you stay in the Central Region, nor can I allow you to return to the York Divine Kingdom. What should I do? Do you have any ideas?"

"Well..." The man's face froze. He had originally planned to say Zen bullied him, but so what? Zen could easily kill him. After all, he had not used his warrior spirit to take the oath.

The warrior thought about it for a while and eventually shook his head. "I can't think of anything!"

Not too far away from Zen, Miguel faintly smiled. "It's simple. Just disable your skills!" It was a simple but cruel suggestion.

A Life and Death Realm warrior whose cultivation was destroyed was as good as dead. But he had to pay a price for his life. Once he entered the Life and Death Realm, he would have to fight against the heavens' law. He still had to undergo the Small Heavenly Tribulations after he was disabled.

When the Heavenly Tribulations began, they would follow a certain pattern and descend in an orderly manner at a fixed time without mistake.

The Life and Death Realm master had survived the last life and death crisis a hundred years ago. The sixth one would come soon and, this time, he did not have the confidence to face it, so he had decided to follow Master Wallace to the Central Region. Firstly, he wanted to gain some good fortune. Secondly, if Master Wallace agreed to help him, his chances of surviving the next life and death crisis would greatly increase.

Once his skills were disabled, he would just be an ordinary person. How would he be able to withstand the next life and death crisis?

So when he heard Miguel's words, he refuted angrily, "If you disable me, it's as good as killing me!"

Miguel smiled coldly. "That's not a bad idea. Killing you is the easiest choice."

Zen's eyes widened as he looked at the Life and Death Realm powerhouse in front of him. Miguel would take the warrior's life with just a word from him.

Zen's expression made the Life and Death Realm warrior anxious. He was stubborn, but he was afraid of death. Moreover, he had already gone through five life and death crises. If he could survive the sixth, he would be able to start breaking through to the Soul Sea Realm. He might still have a good future ahead of him.

The weather wasn't too hot, so he would be comfortable even if he was in a sea of fire. But at this moment, sweat was dripping off his forehead. After some consideration, he clenched his teeth and said, "I have an idea!"

"Oh? What's it?" Zen asked curiously. From Zen's point of view, it was imperative to disable this person. If he couldn't, it would be safer to kill him.

The main reason for this was that it was impossible for Miguel and the others to defend the Central Region forever. They had to return to the Sea God Continent and once they left, who would suppress this Life and Death Realm powerhouse?

"There is a secret method in our divine kingdom. It's called slave seal. You can use it on me," the warrior said anxiously.

"Slave seal?" Zen asked, his eyes showing interest.

"Yes, those with slave seals cannot disobey their masters' orders, much less go against their masters' wills. They will be completely loyal to their masters. If you put the seal on me, you will be my master," the warrior explained hastily.

"Is the slave seal really so powerful?" Zen asked, staring at the man in disbelief.

"Yes!" The man answered with absolute certainty.

The slave seal was indeed domineering. Under this seal, he would still have his own thoughts, but he would unconditionally obey his master.

Different from the warrior who chose to be enslaved on his own initiative, many arrogant warriors chose to die rather than have a slave seal imprinted. Life and Death Realm warriors wouldn't want to become slaves at the mercy of others.

However, this particular Life and Death Realm warrior was rather afraid of death. If he was disabled, he would die. If not, he would be killed right there. On balance, he chose the slave seal to save his life.

Maybe Zen would pity him and release the slave seal one day. Who knew?

This was the best solution he could think of in his desperation.

"The slave seal sounds magical. How does one use it?" Zen inquired.

The warrior quickly took out a small, brown stone tablet from his space ring. On it was an incomparably exquisite rune.

When Zen saw the rune, his eyebrows throbbed slightly. 'Is it a divine texture?' thought Zen.

The cyan dragon answered from within. "Yes, it is indeed."

"Why have I never seen this type of divine texture before?" Zen asked doubtfully.

He never ignored his divine texture skills when he was cultivating. Although he was unable to inscribe all of the divine textures that the cyan dragon taught him, the principles and shapes of all the divine textures were firmly etched in his mind.

All but this one.

The cyan dragon replied with a faint smile, "It's normal that you don't remember it, because you really haven't seen it before. Divine texture techniques are not unique to my clan. The ones that I taught you are passed down in the Genuine Dragon race, while the divine texture in his hand is inherited from the human race. Only humans have the need to develop such a divine texture to enslave others."

The cyan dragon was proficient in the divine texture technique. It appeared as though he was looking down on this type of divine texture.

"Are you sure?" Zen asked, wanting to be a hundred percent sure. He would soon step into the four divine kingdoms. If he had a Life and Death Realm powerhouse as a guide, it would save a lot of time and effort.

But if he was tricked by this fellow, then he might cause trouble in the Central Region once Miguel and the others left. Zen wanted to avoid this at all costs.

The cyan dragon nodded affirmatively. "This is a very common slave seal. Once enslaved, he will not be able to resist, but there is a requirement. That is, your soul force must be stronger than his. If not, the slave seal will turn against you."

"I see." Zen was very confident of his soul.

Master Wallace's soul had only reached the Fighting Soul Realm. Zen was sure that this Life and Death Realm warrior's soul couldn't be stronger than his own soul.

He said to the warrior, "Well then, I will enslave you."

The warrior was reluctant for a moment. However, even if he was having second thoughts, he didn't have any other choice. He tossed the brown stone token at Zen gloomily.

Zen gently caressed the divine texture as he infused his life vitality into it, instantly activating the slave seal. Then he directed the slave seal towards the warrior.

The seal instantly stuck to the warrior's forehead, releasing a little bit of light. When the light on his forehead disappeared, he had a dull look in his eyes. "My master, do you have any instructions?" He nodded to Zen.

Zen smiled wickedly and said, "I want you to kill yourself."

Chapter 1058 Set Off

Zen's words brought a trace of admiration on the faces of Miguel and everyone else. Here was a man at his finest! They knew that Zen wasn't going to let the Life and Death Realm master take his own life, but this was perhaps the most important test the warrior could ever face.

When the Life and Death Realm master heard Zen's words, his eyes gleamed and gradually became clear. He looked like a normal person right now, but at Zen's command, he suddenly stretched out his hands and gathered his green life vitality. The life vitality condensed into many sharp thorns which were about to hit his own head.

Considering his strength, one thing was sure: if he slapped his head with his hand, he would definitely die.

In the nick of time, Zen flatly ordered, "Stop!"

When the Life and Death Realm master heard Zen's order, his hand froze in midair. He looked at the latter inquiringly, as if waiting for Zen to issue the next order, almost like a man possessed.

"Don't kill yourself. Tell me your name," Zen coolly ordered him.

The Life and Death Realm master nodded and complied, "My name is Francis Cao."

"Alright. Francis Cao, follow me." After Zen had finished speaking, he flew downwards without looking back, as if he was certain that Francis Cao wouldn't refuse his orders. Without hesitation, Francis Cao nodded and followed closely behind him.

The slave seal he had on him was very powerful and unique. Once enslaved, a warrior wouldn't lose himself and get turned into a puppet. In fact, he would still have his own consciousness. As long as Zen did not give any unusual orders, he would act like a normal person and no one would be able to see anything wrong from him.

However, come what may, he could not disobey Zen's words.

In less than two hours, the greatest crisis in the history of the Central Region was easily resolved.

Dillon and the others were highly relieved now.

They didn't have anything to worry about anymore. Since the very moment when Miguel had led a group of masters to the Central Region, those members of the York Divine Kingdom were doomed!

In fact, Dillon and the others were now a hundred percent certain that Zen had now practically become the leader of the Central Region, even if he didn't want to be. He had no choice but to admit this fact, even though he did not have the ambition to establish a divine kingdom.

Even Zen could beat anyone in the Central Region if he brought out his own strength, not to mention the one hundred powerful masters from the Sea God Continent.

Every single warrior in the Central Region knew as much. They only had to put two and two together to confirm that Zen was the most powerful person in the Central Region right now.

Fortunately, Zen didn't have the ambition to unify the Central Region. Otherwise, if he tried to establish a divine kingdom, who would be able to go up against him?

However, what they did not know was that Zen did have an ambition. In fact, Zen's ambition was greater than that of anyone in the Central Region and was beyond their imagination. His goal was not limited to this great world. He knew his future lay in the entire universe!

However, he was only quietly keeping this goal in his heart.

After defeating the warriors of the York Divine Kingdom, Miguel and the other masters didn't seem to be in any hurry to return to the Sea God Continent.

Miguel and the warriors of the Demon Night were truly infatuated with the various delicacies and cultures of Oracle City. Since Amber was looking over the Sea God Continent now, they didn't have to worry about it anymore, and they all seized the chances they could to enjoy the peaceful, relaxing moments in the Oracle City.

However, Zen couldn't wait any longer. He wasn't sure how long Letitia could hold on, but the earlier he set out to look for life stones to save her, the more hope he had of her being okay. Therefore, Zen decided to go to the four divine kingdoms after seven days.

When Miguel heard Zen's plan, he also wanted to send several masters in the latter's wake.

However, Zen refused.

The four divine kingdoms were supposed to be even more powerful than the Sea God Continent itself, with countless masters guarding them.

Leading a group of warriors right into the four great divine kingdoms would only lead to more trouble. This was not the result that Zen wanted to see. Right now, he only wanted to obtain enough life stones to rescue Letitia and he had no intention of fighting with anyone of the four divine kingdoms. After all, he didn't have much of a grudge with anyone in that area.

Since Zen had been insistent in his refusal, Miguel did not force anything. He and the other warriors decided to go back to the Sea God Continent when Zen left.

Zen did not send Letitia back to the Cloud Hall. Although the Cloud Hall was safe for now, there were still some clans ready to make a move on the first chance they got. Since Zen was currently in the Central Region and was able to suppress them, no one was daring enough to act rashly but if he left the Central Region, those clans might make a move. After all, people's greed increased with time.

In comparison, Dillon and the others did not have any conflict with Letitia and judging by the current situation of the Central Region, they were surely able to protect her.

Seven days later, Zen and Margaret stayed in the Heavenly Stellar Palace.

Margaret leaned lightly against Zen's back, her face full of reluctance.

During the time that Margaret had stayed in the Heavenly Stellar Palace with Zen, she had been slightly jealous of Letitia on seeing Zen sigh for her and be depressed due to her condition. But she also felt sorry for Zen.

It was a pity that she didn't have the strength to change anything. She could only accept fact that this man was going to risk his life for another woman...

The masters of the four divine kingdoms were at least a hundred times more powerful than those of the Central Region.

Even though Margaret wasn't interested in the martial arts, she knew very well that Zen's trip was full of danger.

"Zen, can I come with you?"

Margaret asked, trying to make her voice sound softer. Perhaps this way, Zen would agree to her proposal.

Over the last few days, other than looking after Zen, Margaret also frequently went into the Purple Power World to cultivate. She did not like the process, so this boring cultivation thing was a type of torture for her, but she was very clear about her own potential.

As long as Margaret cultivated to a certain level and paid a certain price, she would be able to communicate with the true spirit.

The true spirit of the Purple Power World possessed the power to turn everything to dust. If Zen encountered danger in the four great divine kingdoms, she could at least help him!

"No," Zen responded, firmly refusing her without any hesitation.

Margaret had already expected that Zen would reject her offer. She didn't look even the least bit angry, but continued to speak with her soft voice, "Just let me come with you this time, okay?"

Zen let out a breath and turned his head to look at Margaret. He gently caressed her soft face and smiled. "Any time but this time!"

Only then did Margaret curl her lips and grudgingly mutter, "I wonder when I can have a chance and when the next time will come..."

"It won't be long," Zen said soothingly.

Facing Margaret, Zen now had a faint feeling of affection. This woman might not be as agile as Letitia and Lavender. In the beginning, she was very arrogant, making people feel extremely disgusted with her. But after she had changed her character, she had become very attractive.

She lowered her head, thinking of something. After a while, something seemed to strike her mind, so she suddenly raised her head and smiled. "Fine, you must promise me one thing for next time!"

"What can I promise you?"

Zen asked.

"No matter what request I make, you must agree to it!" Margaret replied with a smile, though there was a serious expression on her elegant face.

Zen's heart raced for a while when he saw Margaret's expression, and he immediately nodded his head.

All the warriors in Oracle City, regardless of whether they were a part of the World Commercial Alliance or not, walked out of their houses and looked up at the sky. Today was the day that one hundred masters would leave the city.

Naturally, the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance had to send them off personally.

However, what surprised everyone was the fact that Miguel and the other warriors didn't accept any precious gifts for themselves. They also refused to accept the numerous treasures that the World Commercial Alliance had gifted them.

After all, a low-grade sacred weapon that was treated as a treasure in the Central Region was a very common treasure in Miguel's eyes. Thus they of course didn't have any interest in the things that the World Commercial Alliance had given them.

But what made people even more astonished was that Miguel actually packed a lot of ingredients from the Central Region with him and even asked the World Commercial Alliance for a few famous chefs...

These chefs were also warriors, but they were only at the nature level. Even the most powerful one was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Upon learning that they could go to another continent to prepare food for those Soul Sea Realm masters, those chefs gladly agreed. They had been working hard in the World Commercial Alliance their whole lives, and they were only chefs. If they could serve these Soul Sea Realm masters well, perhaps the latter would be pleased and might give them a chance to break through. For the chefs, this was a rare opportunity.

Before Zen left, he looked deeply at Letitia who was lying on the bed. But once he left the Heavenly Stellar Palace, all the sadness and disappointment disappeared from his face, replaced by a resolute expression!

Soon after, Zen brought Francis Cao, who had been enslaved by him, to meet with Miguel and the others. They then rushed towards the eastern side of the Central Region.

Miguel and the others returned to the Sea God Continent. As for Zen, he took advantage of the small period of time when the storm stopped raging on the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. He immediately decided to cross it and enter the territory of the four great divine kingdoms.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1059 Crossing The Chaotic Ocean of Stars

The World Commercial Alliance had strictly dictated that news of Zen leaving the Central Region should not spread.

Any sane person would understand that the World Commercial Alliance had firmly taken control of the Central Region and become its overlord. And now, Zen was guiding the alliance.

This had started after Zen had defeated Eddie. The other fourth-grade sects had already learned to keep quiet because they had neither the courage nor the strength to fight against the World Commercial Alliance.

As Zen led a group of unknown super masters to exterminate the powerhouses of the divine kingdom with lightning speed, fourth-grade sects such as the Bloodwood Cliff, the Mysterious Luna Hall, and the Black Mountain Sect could only bow their heads in submission. But they were glad that Zen had no plans to establish his own divine kingdom.

If he really intended to establish a divine kingdom, take over all the sects, and combine the influence of the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance, who in the Central Region could resist him right now?

But no matter what, Zen had great influence in the Central Region. This was why the World Commercial Alliance wanted to keep his whereabouts under wraps. As long as he was there, the York Divine Kingdom wouldn't dare to do anything.

Dillon and the others obviously believed that if the York Divine Kingdom were to go all out, even Zen wouldn't be able to defend himself against it.

However, each of the four divine kingdoms had their own axes to grind. They certainly wouldn't go through so much trouble just for the Central Region, a region that was not even worthy of mention.

In the skies above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, two beams of light shot straight towards the east. After sending Miguel and the others away, Zen and Francis began to cross the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

The storm in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars could roughly last for any time between three to six months. Zen wanted to cross it whenever the storm paused.

During this time, he had learned more about the York Divine Kingdom and the other three divine kingdoms from Francis.

Compared to the Central Region, everything on this continent was controlled by the four divine kingdoms and there weren't any sects.

Establishing a sect was the same as establishing one's own power, and the divine kingdoms would absolutely not allow this. This was because once a sect slowly rose to prominence, it would work against the divine kingdoms, even going ahead and establishing a new divine kingdom.

Three of the seven divine kingdoms had been destroyed ages ago, leaving the four divine kingdoms and their setups intact. No new divine kingdoms had ever been established, resulting in the achievement of a grand unification.

However, martial artists needed to cultivate, and divine kingdoms needed to nurture their own successors and descendants. So there was another form of sects in the divine kingdoms - the martial house.

There were all sorts of martial houses in the divine kingdoms. These were similar to sects in the Central Region but all of them were controlled by divine kingdoms. They had become sacred places for cultivation in the divine kingdoms, irrespective of their size. If one wanted to practice, get more resources and become stronger, he had to join a martial house.

"If you want to enter the Feather Holy Sea, you'll have to join a certain martial house," Francis suggested as they flew over the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

"Why?" Zen asked, bewildered.

Francis answered, "The Feather Holy Sea is a miraculous sea. For years together, it has been monopolized by the four divine kingdoms, and no independent warrior has been qualified enough to enter it, let alone mine the life stones."

Zen's eyebrows rose as he asked in confusion, "Since the Feather Holy Sea is a sea, then it should be incomparably vast. How can the four divine kingdoms defend it?"

"You have no idea. Although the Feather Holy Sea sounds like a sea, it's actually just a relatively large inland lake. In order to monopolize many of the secret lands within the Feather Holy Sea, the four divine kingdoms have arranged massive forces around it. Many of the four divine kingdoms' strongholds were built around the sea. About 70% of the population and 90% of the powerhouses in these divine kingdoms live by the sea. Wanting to enter without permission is simply impossible," Francis replied.

Since Zen had used the slave seal on Francis, he knew that Francis would not lie to him. Zen could even sense what was going through his mind, which meant that he could tell whether Francis was telling the truth.

According to what Francis said, Zen would meet some trouble.

His plan had included him secretly entering the Feather Holy Sea. If he could find any life stones in the Feather Emperor Secret Land, he could leave and try to find an opportunity to return to the Central Region.

But it looked like entering the Feather Holy Sea was going to be a huge problem.

"If I join a martial house, would I be qualified to enter the Feather Holy Sea?" Zen asked.

Francis smiled and replied, "Every year, the four divine kingdoms send people to enter the sea. There are four secret lands within the sea: the

Feather Emperor Secret Land, the Divine Emperor Secret Land, the Mysterious Dream Secret Land, and the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land."

Zen nodded. The four divine kingdoms must have several Soul Sea Realm masters to have developed to such an extent. This meant that there must be countless resources in these secret lands! Zen was sure that he could get more treasures from these secret lands than from the Tower of Sin and the Dark Nether Cave of the Sea God Continent.

However, what Zen was most concerned about was the Feather Emperor Secret Land. After all, it was his goal in this entire journey. If he could obtain enough life stones, he could return home.

Francis continued, "If you want to enter the first three secret lands, you must join a certain martial house, and it must be at least at the fifth grade. All the fifth-grade martial houses in the four divine kingdoms have several slots, and if you want to enter the Feather Emperor Secret Land, you must obtain a slot."

"What should I do?" Zen asked.

"Join a martial house, and become the best martial artist in it," Francis replied.

Zen didn't want to join any other sects. When he had first gone to the Tower of Sin, the people of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had invited him to join them, but he had rejected them.

He was someone who cherished the old. Even though the Cloud Hall could no longer hold him with his current strength, he was still determined to become a member of the Cloud Hall.

"Is there any other way other than joining a martial house?" Zen asked hopefully, though he knew what the answer was going to be.

"No, unless you can fight your way into the Feather Holy Sea against war kings and war emperors," said Francis. He then looked at Zen with a strange expression on his face. "With your strength, it shouldn't be difficult for you to obtain a slot after joining the martial house."

Before they had left for the Central Region, Francis had heard about Zen from Master Wallace. Master Wallace had told them that a super talent had appeared in the Central Region, and that he was much stronger than the divine-level talents in the divine kingdoms. He had even killed a fourth level Life and Death Realm martial artist with his cultivation which had still been at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm at the time.

It wasn't strange for someone at the Illuminating Soul Realm to kill an Internal Elixir Realm warrior. Many divine-level talents were able enough to do this.

But the higher the cultivation level of warriors, the more powerful they were. And because of this, it was truly incredible for a warrior at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm to kill another warrior at the fourth level of the Life and Death Realm.

As a Life and Death Realm warrior, every time Francis passed through a life and death crisis, he would feel as if he had been reborn. For Zen to challenge a Life and Death Realm warrior, one could only imagine the astonishing talent he had.

After a moment of thought, Zen finally felt relieved. Joining a martial house was just a temporary measure. Right now, Letitia's life was of utmost importance.

So he made up his mind to join a martial house after entering the divine kingdom. He knew he couldn't fight his way into the Feather Holy Sea against war kings and war emperors.

Zen was immersed in thought when a huge whirlpool suddenly appeared on the surface of the sea before him.

Even though the storm in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars had paused, there were still mountain-like waves rolling in the sea. When the whirlpool appeared, there were more than ten mountain-like waves spiraling and crashing ahead.

"What a huge whirlpool!"

This whirlpool was the size of about a tenth of the area of the Central Region. Its edges formed countless white bubbles, while its middle was still the blue color of the sea. But it was pitch black at the bottom of the whirlpool, as if it could lead to hell.

Francis's eyes bugged as he saw the whirlpool. He said urgently, "Quick, fly to the sky!"

He might be enslaved by Zen and he might not be able to resist Zen's orders, but he was still afraid of death.

Chapter 1060 Arrival (Part One)

Through the slave seal, Zen could clearly sense the fear in Francis's heart. Since things weren't looking well for them, they started looking terrified. It seemed that some fierce beast had suddenly appeared right before them. As Francis shot up towards the sky, Zen did so as well.

In this boundless universe, humans were not considered as the sole rulers. Even in the Sea God Continent, there were many different types of intelligent races.

Also, in this world, the area that the sea occupied far exceeded that of land's. Because of that, the amount of fierce beasts that were inhabiting the sea was tens of thousands of times greater than that of the creatures on land.

Many of them dwelt in the depths of the vast ocean, and it bestowed upon them richer resources and a wider space to grow and develop. It was more than what land could ever provide for them.

This reminded Zen of the time when he had just entered Mist's celestial tomb. When he was on that journey, he encountered high-grade fierce beasts that were comparable to cultivators at the Life and Death Realm. But then, the place where Mist's celestial tomb was situated was not far from Central Region.

At the center the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, there existed beasts that were comparable to powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. There were even creatures which were more powerful than masters at the Soul Sea Realm.

Splash!

Just as Zen and Francis were rapidly rising up to the sky, a gigantic black shadow suddenly appeared beneath the vortex!

As the loud sound of water splashing rang out, Zen looked back just in time to see a huge creature emerging from the water. Then, without warning, it leapt into the air!

"What is that?" Zen asked as he stared at the huge creature behind him. Fear took a hold of his heart.

The size of this fierce beast was probably not much smaller than that of the Mad Scorpion in the Dark Nether Cave!

As he was now in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, which was unimaginably vast, he wasn't as shocked as he had been when he had seen the Mad Scorpion in the Dark Nether Cave.

'But then again, ' he thought, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. 'This fierce beast is more dangerous than the Mad Scorpion!'

"This is the Water-eyed Swallowing Beast! The creature is known for its gigantic size, and there are only a total of four of them in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. We still need to go up!" Francis shouted at Zen. "If this creature leaps up, it can reach a height of millions of feet!" Truthfully, Francis was unwilling to help Zen in any way, shape, or form. Right now, running for his life was the most important thing to him. However, as Zen had planted the slave seal on him, he had no choice but to answer him.

"Millions of feet? How did you know? Have you encountered this creature before?" Zen said in a very calm manner. Despite not being as fearful as Francis, he still maintained his high speed as he flew upwards.

"Of course I know!" Francis shouted back, rolling his eyes. "Everyone in the divine kingdoms knows that. The four divine kingdoms had once sent many powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm to capture one. They stormed the Chaotic Ocean of Stars as a single force to attempt to capture a young Water-eyed Swallowing Beast. They were successful, yes, but immediately after that, one of the Water-eyed Swallowing Beasts charged all the way to the Divine Kingdom Continent in anger, and it turned a third of the territory of our York Divine Kingdom into ruins before returning to the ocean!" he further explained.

Upon hearing this, Zen couldn't help but be speechless.

The warriors of the four divine kingdoms were virtually crazy. Fierce beasts of that level were definitely not something masters at the Soul Sea Realm would be able to contend with, but they actually dared to enter the Chaotic Ocean of Stars to capture a cub!

But Francis blew some parts of his story out of proportion. He mentioned that the Water-eyed Swallowing Beast destroyed one third of the York Divine Kingdom's continent, but truthfully, the York Divine Kingdom didn't suffer such a great loss.

It was just like what Francis had said before, the important cities of the four divine kingdoms were all built around the Feather Holy Sea which was situated at the center of the Divine Kingdom Continent. The areas surrounding the Feather Holy Sea were extremely prosperous. Each divine kingdom occupied a quarter of the Feather Holy Sea's coastlines.

But in the periphery of the Divine Kingdom Continent, the places were desolate. Even if a third of its land was destroyed, it wouldn't be a great loss to the York Divine Kingdom.

Despite that, this whole story only proved one thing to Zen: the martial artists of the four divine kingdoms were even crazier and greedier than he had imagined.

Ever since the incident with the four divine kingdoms, every time the Water-eyed Swallowing Beasts sensed any trace of a human, they would leap out of the water to attack.

As Francis and Zen were talking, the Water-eyed Swallowing Beast had already completely leaped out of the water. It pounced on Zen and Francis.

"Up! Up! We still need to go up!" Francis exclaimed anxiously.

Their figures continued to ascend into the sky. Soon, they broke through the clouds and into the deep sky.

"This... Can that thing really jump so high?" Zen asked as he gazed below him. He wanted to see how close the creature was to them but a thick layer of clouds had completely blocked his vision.

Just as he thought that they were not being pursued anymore, he saw the colossal creature break through the clouds once again and continue to chase after them. Its sudden emergence disturbed the flow of air and even opened up a large hole in the thick clouds!

"Good heavens! Keep on rising quickly!" Zen shouted once again, fear now evident in his voice.

As Zen continued his ascent, he suddenly saw huge gusts of wind blowing towards them.

Chapter 1061 Arrival (Part Two)

"Strong gales are coming!"

These gusts of howling winds were not invisible or colorless - there were golden lines embedded around them. With that, he was able to recognize what those were - the convective gusts of wind in the deep sky that were said to crush and destroy anything that got in them!

Zen had seen such strong gusts of wind before.

In order to cultivate the Stellar Body, he had to take advantage of the gravitational force of the stars to project his spiritual sense hundreds of millions of miles away. Every time he cultivated the Stellar Body, Zen would have to pass through the layer of strong gales.

However, in the past, it was only his spiritual sense that went through such strong gales. But this time, however, he was facing them head on, and it was his physical body that had to pass through them.

Zen knew that these strong gales would be able to destroy almost everything in their path. Even if Zen's body was a top-grade fairy weapon, he probably wouldn't be able to withstand them.

With the intense wind coming nearer and nearer to him, Zen twisted his body and drew a circle in the air. He then rapidly flew towards the downwind of the layer of gusts.

Seeing this, Francis followed closely behind.

From his point of view, he couldn't wait to see Zen get killed by the strong gales. Not one being would be willing to carry a slave seal and become someone else's slave. No one in their right mind would agree to not have control over their own life. Not to mention, he was a master at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm.

When he caught himself thinking this, though, he quickly shook his head, as if to shake it off. 'After all, ' he thought, furrowing his eyebrows. 'Zen could control everything I do and could decide my life or death!'

With this quick turn of direction, Zen avoided the strong gales in the sky. At the same time, the huge Water-eyed Swallowing Beast charged forward to the gales head first. The violent gales sliced the back of the Water-eyed Swallowing Beast and caused huge cuts on its back in an instant!

"Aooo!"

When the Water-eyed Swallowing Beast came into contact with the gales, its back suddenly became a mess of flesh and blood. Fresh blood started gushing out of its wounds like a huge waterfall.

With that, it stared resentfully at Zen and Francis with its huge eyes. Then it lowered its head and started going down, slowly disappearing from their view.

Fortunately, the Water-eyed Swallowing Beast couldn't fly. It only managed to reach so high by relying on its powerful leap. If it could fly, then the chances of them getting caught by the creature was high.

Floating silently above the clouds, Zen felt a lingering fear in his heart. He glanced at Francis, who was beside him, and said, "The Water-Eyed Swallowing Beast has formed such a deep grudge for the four divine kingdoms. It's astonishing how this beast is actually going to kill any human it sees…"

Francis wiped the sweat off his forehead and shook his head. "Perhaps it is right this Water-eyed Swallowing Beast's young cub that was stolen by the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm."

The beast's blood gushed out like a waterfall and colored the skies red when it spread and mingled with the clouds. If these clouds drifted into the Central Region or the divine kingdoms, they would probably cause a bloody rain. 'People think it would be an omen, ' thought Zen passingly, as he stared at the stained horizon. Snapping out of his thoughts, he turned to

Francis and said, "I think it would be better if we move ahead above the clouds," suggested Zen.

Even though the storm in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars had temporarily stopped, it was still filled with all sorts of dangers.

"Above the clouds? That would be even more dangerous!" Francis hurriedly said, a slightly fearful look flashing in his eyes.

"It's also very dangerous above the clouds?" Zen asked, his eyes gleaming with apprehension.

Just as Zen finished speaking, a bitter smile appeared on Francis's face, "Danger is coming, Zen. Let's go. We'll be safer under the clouds."

At this moment, in the distant sea of clouds, Zen noticed a few black shadows flying. Although they were blurry, he could still make out that they were a type of a huge bird.

Although they didn't know how strong those birds were, it wasn't something they thought they could fight against.

The two of them didn't talk anymore and instead dove into the sea of clouds. They returned to the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and continued to fly towards the Divine Kingdom Continent.

Above the huge waves of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, there was a large amount of dark red blood blobs. Needless to say, these were left behind by the Water-eyed Swallowing Beast who just got injured a while ago.

As the two journeyed, they encountered so many dangers.

For example, on the surface of the sea, a few reefs covered in mist suddenly appeared. They heard beautiful singing coming from them, the type of music that would seduce travelers to stop for a bit and rest.

Zen and Francis almost got hooked by it. It was only when Zen approached the reef and he saw a few indistinct black figures standing on it that he was jolted into consciousness once again by the cyan dragon in his mind.

Although he did not know what those terrifying shadows were, it was very clear that if he were to go near them, he would definitely die.

On the other hand, Francis just smiled and kept flying towards the reef.

Zen had no choice but to use the slave seal to command Francis to follow him, effectively rescuing him from the claws of death.

They traveled cautiously through the treacherous Chaotic Ocean of Stars after that. After more than ten days of travel, Zen finally saw a continent in the distance.

Chapter 1062 A Glance Will Take Your Life

The continent in front of Zen that belonged to the four divine kingdoms was vast and boundless, and even he found it difficult to determine just how big it was.

But he guessed that it was much larger than the Sea God Continent and the Central Region.

"Which divine kingdom's territory is this?" Zen asked.

Francis smiled slightly before he replied, "We've come all the way from the Central Region and crossed the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. The Fire Divine Kingdom is part of the border of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, while the York Divine Kingdom is the other part. I think this territory belongs to the Fire Divine Kingdom. Which divine kingdom would you like to enter?"

"I'll choose to enter the Fire Divine Kingdom then."

Zen did not intend to cultivate and develop in any of the four divine kingdoms. His goal was clear; he wanted the life stones.

Since he couldn't enter the Feather Holy Sea, he had to choose a martial house.

Zen was not familiar with the four divine kingdoms. In the same way, no one in the four divine kingdoms knew him. This time wouldn't be like the first time he had entered the Sea God Continent and was hunted down by ogres the moment he had arrived.

But he still had to be wary of the Holy Maiden of the divine kingdom.

Since Zen had killed the prince of the York Divine Kingdom in Mist's celestial tomb, the Holy Maiden had vowed to kill him for revenge. He wouldn't be as foolish as to choose to enter the York Divine Kingdom of his own volition.

There were a lot of people living in divine kingdoms, but powerhouses were rare everywhere. There were very few Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors in divine kingdoms. If Zen chose the York Divine Kingdom, he would be in a lot of trouble with the Holy Maiden.

Francis had no objection to Zen's choice and followed him, albeit carefully. He had survived in the Central Region. Although he had become Zen's slave, if Zen died or the day came when he was no longer needed, the day of his freedom would surely come.

As Francis had mentioned, the area near the sea was sparsely populated. They had been flying at a high speed for a long time but they hadn't come across any city of any size. This place was even more desolate than the Central Region.

But as they flew on, the number of towns they came across gradually increased.

Zen looked around, only to find that most people in these towns were ordinary people. Even if there were martial artists, they had only reached the nature level.

Of course, he wasn't about to linger here and continued onward.

Further into the Harlen Divine Kingdom, there were a few medium-sized cities. And then, slowly, a few large cities came into view.

The layout of this divine kingdom was completely different from that of the Central Region. The cities in the Central Region were scattered across the continent like chess pieces. In the divine kingdom, however, as they went deeper, they met more people and saw larger cities.

Zen had found quite a few martial houses in these cities, some of which had reached the third or even the fourth level. But he did not stay. As Francis had told him, only those martial houses that belonged to grade 5 and above were qualified to explore the Feather Holy Sea.

A few days later, Zen finally laid eyes on a huge city.

At the front gate of the city stood a stone statue that was over three thousand feet tall, almost the size of a small mountain.

Watching Zen size up the statue, Francis told him, "This is the first emperor of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, War King Harlen. He established the Harlen Divine Kingdom."

"Oh? Is he dead?" Zen asked, curious.

Internal Elixir Realm warriors could live for hundreds of years. Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors could live for one to two thousand years. Life and Death Realm warriors could live for thousands of years. Soul Sea Realm masters could live for over ten thousand years. There must be many legendary warriors in the divine kingdoms who had lived for over ten thousand years.

"Yes. The Harlen Divine Kingdom has a long history. War King Harlen had lived for 13, 000 years, but he still died in the end," Francis said pityingly.

There was a curse on all martial artists of the four divine kingdoms. They would all die in the end; no one could escape it.

Usually, after reaching the Soul Sea Realm, one could fly to the Upper World and obtain a higher level of life. But there was no way one could do so in this great world.

Since ancient times, almost no one in the Central Region had been able to reach the Soul Sea Realm. Whether they could fly to the Upper World or not didn't mean much. The Life and Death Realm warriors were the strongest, and most of them died when they went through life and death crises.

However, there were a lot of Soul Sea Realm masters in the four divine kingdoms. They couldn't fly to the Upper World even when they gathered together. In the end, their lifespan would run out and they would die under the curse of the Five Aging Processes.

As the saying went, martial artists had to struggle for their life against the heavens. But this great world didn't have enough resources for their cultivation. How could they possibly fight for their life?

All the powerhouses of divine kingdoms were helpless against this quandary.

But many masters of the Sea God Continent, including Amber, were also facing this problem.

The Demon Night, however, was different from other races and could communicate with the Upper World. If something happened in the Upper World to attract the attention of the Demon Night, they had their means to fly up there. The Genuine Dragon also had Dragon Soar Arenas and could break through the restrictions.

The large city that loomed up before Zen was called the Crane City. It was the second largest city in the Harlen Divine Kingdom, only second to the capital.

Such a large city surely had an air ban, and moreover, Zen wouldn't be so arrogant as to fly directly into the city.

It was only when he entered the city that he felt its aura.

There were only a few dozen Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists in the Central Region. This was an astonishingly small proportion since the number of mortals and martial artists in the massiveness of Oracle City added up to over a hundred million.

However, not long after Zen had entered Crane City, he encountered many Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists. The proportion in this city was by no means larger than that of Oracle City, but their absolute number was much larger.

"The Jade Martial House in the city is as strong as a sixth-grade sect, and is famous among the four divine kingdoms. With your current strength and cultivation, you should be able to join them," Francis said to Zen.

Zen nodded, but he still had his doubts. "Martial houses usually recruit warriors at lower realms, right?"

For example, the Cloud Sect in the Eastern Region usually recruited learners who were at the first stage. Also, the Cloud Hall wouldn't recruit disciples who were at the Internal Elixir Realm. The larger sects would reject independent warriors. After all, it would be hard for them to remain loyal if they thought of joining a sect.

Francis shook his head and said, "Master, you're worrying too much. The divine kingdoms are very different from the Central Region. Everyone in the divine kingdoms is considered a member. Martial houses don't want to train their own disciples; they do it for the sake of the divine kingdoms."

Zen had compared martial houses to sects, but in fact, he should have been comparing sects to divine kingdoms.

For example, if the Cloud Hall was compared to a divine kingdom, then martial houses were

like the Elite House within the Cloud Hall. It was not an independent sect, so all resources in the martial houses were given directly by divine kingdoms.

Even if Zen called himself an independent warrior, no martial house would truly view him as one. Instead, they would view Zen as part of the divine kingdom.

The moment he stepped into the Harlen Divine Kingdom, he was considered a member of the kingdom, not an independent warrior.

Only now did Zen finally understand.

He asked for directions to the Jade Martial House and headed towards it, Francis in tow.

Since he couldn't fly within the city, he went ahead on foot. A particular street in the city had a red wall to his right. The faint sound of waves could be heard from beyond it and he could smell the saltiness of the sea.

"There's the smell of the sea. Could it be...?"

Zen had walked deeper into the Harlen Divine Kingdom, staying far away from the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. If there was seawater outside the walls, it would most likely be the Feather Holy Sea.

Francis nodded and said, "You're right. The Feather Holy Sea is right outside these walls."

Just how mysterious was the Feather Holy Sea? He wasn't allowed to enter or even look at it.

But why? Zen was even more puzzled now.

Francis wasn't surprised at Zen's confusion. He smiled and said, "The Feather Holy Sea is related to the ruling position of the four divine kingdoms. This inland sea is their forbidden land. Normal martial artists aren't qualified to even take a look at it."

"What happens if I do?" Zen asked.

Francis laughed. "A single glance will take your life."

Chapter 1063 The Jade Martial House

For Zen, the Feather Holy Sea was a mystery. He wondered how such a small inland sea could gather so many secret lands.

After hearing Francis' words, he became even more curious. What really was the Feather Holy Sea? They were all under the same impression that ordinary warriors weren't even allowed once to glance at it. Was it true that one could die right after looking at it?

The idea was somewhat ridiculous for Zen.

"Is the entire Feather Holy Sea surrounded by these city walls?"

Zen asked, crossing his arms on his chest.

"Yes, the city walls have been built in a complete circle, tightly surrounding the entire Feather Holy Sea. Hovering over the place is a farfetched task, as a no-fly ban is imposed. Once anyone breaks the rule, Life and Death Realm masters will come rushing to the scene," Francis answered.

Truly, the vastness of the city walls around an inland sea was unimaginable.

Hearing this surprised Zen all the more. Wasn't that a bit too exaggerated?

What kind of treasures were tucked in the Feather Holy Sea that made all risks they took worth it?

The divine kingdoms' war kings and war emperors weren't a bunch of idiots. There was a reason behind everything that they had done.

The more curious Zen became, the more urge he grew to go and have a look for himself. He wanted to see for himself. What was the Feather Holy Sea all about?

"Are you thinking of breaking this no-fly ban? Let's say you get past the Life and Death Realm warriors. The Soul Sea Realm warriors will appear next! Coming one after the other just to make sure you don't find anything. It's too dangerous," Francis warned.

Zen shook his head and laughed. He understood Francis quite well, and he knew that it really was dangerous. To do something like that was a stupid idea. Francis told him days ago that if he were to forcefully break through the Feather Holy Sea, it could attract war emperors, too. Hence, he could lose his chance of getting in the Feather Emperor Secret Land.

Finally, Zen left the city walls. It took him about five minutes to finally locate the legendary Jade Martial House.

The Jade Martial House was equivalent to a sixth-grade sect. Its front door was built in such an unusual style, and countless warriors knelt in front.

Glancing at the view, Zen realized that there were more than ten thousand warriors kneeling on the ground, and most of them were at the Illuminating Soul and Internal Elixir Realms. He frowned at the scene before him and asked, "What's going on?"

"The Jade Martial House is the martial arts sacred land of the Harlen Divine Kingdom. These warriors want to enter, but they failed to meet the requirements. They only hope that their sincerity will one day influence the members of the martial house and change their minds," Francis answered.

What he heard astonished him beyond belief. Those warriors did such a thing just so they could enter a martial house.

The warriors of the Central Region could cultivate themselves through a variety of channels. If one was unable to enter a certain sect, they could join another one or even cultivate on their own.

As for the divine kingdoms, the martial houses that they supported held absolutely a monopoly overall. If one wanted to cultivate to a higher level, then there was no other way to achieve such a goal other than entering the martial house.

In the beginning, many warriors were unable to enter the Jade Martial House. They went home with nothing but disappointment.

One day, there was a warrior who refused to accept his fate, so instead of going home upon rejection, he knelt down in front of the Jade Martial House's entrance.

For ten long years, that was all he did. Not once did he stop for anything, nor did he let anything stop him from serving his purpose.

Eventually, an elder of the Jade Martial House was touched by his gesture. Even if that particular warrior wasn't the most skilled, he was welcomed into the martial house in the end.

This earnest behavior and the astonishing story influenced more and more warriors.

Warriors of inferior talents also fell to their knees after failing to enter the Jade Martial House.

Some of them had been there for one or two years, while some for eight or ten. However, the Jade Martial House members didn't take heed of their pleas.

A warrior's talent was as important as his perseverance. An influential martial house didn't waste its time on the warriors who weren't skillful.

However, the warriors firmly believed that their sincerity could convince the members otherwise. That was why they still tried to enter the Jade Martial House through that method.

For Zen, it was kind of absurd. Immediately, he stepped onto the stairs of the martial house and headed straight for the door.

There were guards standing on both sides of the martial house, and most of them were Internal Elixir Realm warriors. When they noticed that Zen's cultivation was at the Virtual Tribulation Realm and that a Life and Death

Realm master followed close behind him, the expressions on their faces changed. All of them had a look that showed respect towards the two.

They all guessed that the young man came from a big clan and got there along with his servant to register for the martial house.

All of them also believed that since Zen had managed to hire a Life and Death Realm master to be his old servant, his clan must be of immense power. It might even be the royal family.

Despite all those assumptions, one of the guards still tried to stop Zen. The guard then politely smiled at Zen and asked, "May I know your purpose in visiting our Jade Martial House?"

"I would like to participate in the admission test of the Jade Martial House," Zen spoke softly.

"Test?" The guards looked at each other with furrowed eyebrows. One of them said, "Our martial house holds a test every month, but it isn't today. You still need to wait for half a month for the next one, and to take part in it, you need…"

The guard then explained to Zen the details of the test thoroughly.

The thing that Zen was most worried about didn't happen. As long as he was in the divine kingdom, he was to be regarded as a citizen, and the Jade Martial House couldn't possibly reject him. If he passed the test, he could become a member of the martial house.

In addition, the martial house wasn't a sect, and they didn't have any restrictions or requirements for someone like Zen.

It was safer to say that those who entered the martial house became its partners, not just disciples. It was natural that the warrior could, later on, have a cooperative relationship with the martial house instead of just obeying it through and through.

In fact, the four great divine kingdoms also competed with each other. Besides the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, they had also invested a great deal of manpower and resources into the other three secret lands. Thus, the competition among the four great divine kingdoms was extremely intense, and all kinds of benefits in the martial houses also increased.

After he heard the description of the test from the guard, Zen nodded and left with Francis. Since they were already there, they decided to follow the plan and take action step by step. It was useless for them to be in such a hurry.

Temporarily, Zen left that day.

During the half-month wait, Zen had also roughly observed the internal structure of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, and his thoughts about it became somewhat clearer.

There were a total of two sixth-grade martial houses in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. One was located in the capital of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, and the other was the Jade Martial House.

The two martial houses held the quota of warriors to enter the Feather Holy Sea. However, it was not easy for him to obtain a spot. He needed to be one of the top martial artists before he got the chance to get the spot.

The reason for that was because all the warriors who managed to enter the Feather Emperor Secret Land were at least Life and Death Realm masters. Even if Zen passed the test and secured a good result in the martial house, he still had to compete with those Life and Death Realm masters if he really wanted to set foot in the Feather Holy Sea.

Zen had long anticipated this, but he managed to stay collected. Besides cultivating, he even bought some books with him to learn more about the local customs of the four great divine kingdoms.

The more he learned, the more he was advantageous. Opportunities always came to those who prepared well. As Zen made his way to the Feather Holy Sea to rescue Letitia, he had to be prudent before making any hasty move.

Relatively speaking, that trip to the four great divine kingdoms was much more comfortable than the one to the Sea God Continent.

However, it was clear to Zen that he was eventually going to compete against the masters.

Half a month later, Zen had registered according to the instructions. After he obtained a token, he was finally allowed to walk into the entrance of the Jade Martial House.

Just as he did so, four Life and Death Realm warriors aggressively rushed from behind him. When they were in front of Zen, one of them yelled, "Move!"

Zen frowned slightly as he heard the sound coming just right behind where he stood. He turned his head to look and was met with a whip.

With the same displeased look on his face, Zen watched Francis as he grabbed the whip. Then, his eyes fell on the person behind the four Life and Death Realm warriors. He was a young man who wore a brocade robe and appeared to be only at the age of seventeen or eighteen. However, he had already reached the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1064 The Harlen Token

The young man in front of Zen obviously came from a prominent family. He had a well-defined face, a finely-embroidered robe that looked quite expensive, and excellent manners.

The four bodyguards at the Life and Death Realm he had with him informed Zen that this young man's status was not modest by any means. He might even actually be a prince, like the one he had met so long ago back in Immortal Mist's celestial tomb.

If he wasn't a prince, he was at least a very important figure here in the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

Zen wouldn't really know for sure. He had just arrived after all and was consciously making an effort to be careful since he was still unfamiliar with how things worked here.

But, no matter how careful he was, trouble just seemed to gravitate towards him.

"Are you also a candidate?" the young man said haughtily. Despite the good manners and fine facade, Zen knew that it would've been impossible for this young man to not have an arrogant side to him.

"Yes," Zen answered curtly, trying to suppress his annoyance.

"Great! I haven't seen any independent warriors that are around the same cultivation level as you. I'm also going to participate in the assessment. Follow me," the young man ordered arrogantly.

Martial houses functioned differently from the sects in Central Region. Here, they gathered multiple warriors in order to select those with decent enough strength to compete against the other divine kingdoms in the secret places.

In Cloud Hall, the system would be to gather its own disciples. However, in the divine kingdoms, there was no such thing. Whoever had the strength could enter the secret places and excavate the treasures within.

Zen froze at his command.

'Follow him?' he thought to himself before shaking his head.

"I'm sorry. I've always been alone and I'm not really used to being someone's follower," he refused politely.

One of the guards erupted into a white-hot rage at Zen's words. "How dare you! Our young master has thought highly of you and granted you the honor of following him!"

The guard's anger did not faze Zen. "Since you think highly of me, surely you wouldn't make things difficult for me, would you?"

His words made the young man chuckle. "Good! You have guts. I like you." He looked back at his guards. "Let's go!"

His reaction left Zen feeling quite confused and a little bit shocked. He didn't think he'd leave him alone that easily. He had actually gotten himself ready for a fight just in case. The four guards the young man had with him surely wouldn't be an easy kill.

Nevertheless, he was grateful for the avoidance of unnecessary drama. Though he knew he could take out warriors at the Life and Death Realm, he preferred to conserve his strength in case he had to escape from a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm.

Francis let out a sigh of relief beside him. "Thank goodness you held yourself back."

"Why?" Zen asked, raising an eyebrow. "Who was he anyway? Who was that guy?"

"If I'm not wrong, that guy is Lord Randy of the Harlen Divine Kingdom," Francis answered.

"Lord Randy? That young man is a lord?"

Zen couldn't help but remark in surprise.

Francis had already given Zen a brief rundown of how the four divine kingdoms worked. Their customs and frameworks were very similar to a hierarchical dynasty.

The divine kingdoms had a multitude of princes which made it difficult for them to ascend to the throne.

Given the amount of resources and treasure at the hands of the divine kingdoms, fostering and producing a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm here was very much possible. A ruler had to reach this level in order to be heralded and respected as a leader.

An emperor at the Soul Sea Realm, therefore, had unprecedented strength and an extremely long lifespan of more than 10, 000 years. It was due to this impressive lifespan that an emperor could also be expected to sire around 10, 000 children.

Perhaps even more!

It was their sheer number that made it difficult to attain the throne. All the princes would need to compete with their siblings to curry their father's favor. Those unfortunate to be less than stellar and failed to get their parent's attention could never hope to be granted the honor of talking to their father their entire lives.

It could be said that the competition among these princes was much more difficult and cutthroat than the competition among ordinary warriors.

For a warrior, strength was everything. If two warriors did not have enough strength to topple each other, they still had the chance to get along well. However, the rules of the divine court were different—if you did not have strength, you were effectively doomed to have a fate worse than a beggar.

So for a young man like Randy to have reached his status at such a young age, his strength should by no means be underestimated.

"Lord Randy is the pride of the Harlen Divine Kingdom. His status is only second to the crown prince, so it's best we steer clear of him to avoid giving offense," Francis warned Zen.

Zen nodded at his words and walked in the general direction Randy had gone to.

There were naturally many warriors in the martial house—those at the nature level, Illuminating Soul Realm, and Internal Elixir Realm.

They did not pay much attention to Zen. Those who noticed that he was a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm with a warrior at the Life and Death Realm following behind him only took a quick glance before carefully walking away with lowered heads.

Countless courtyards were set up from the martial house entrance all the way to the foot of the mountain.

From the instructions before, Zen would have to find the one where he could register for the assessment.

It did not take long and, once he arrived, he saw that it was mostly independent warriors who came to register for the exam. However, they were subdivided according to their realms.

There was a long line for the courtyard of nature creatures, so long that one wouldn't be able to see where it ended or where it began. Zen could estimate that there were more than ten thousand warriors lined up.

"How long will this take? There are so many people here,"

he asked in bewilderment.

"It's actually quite common for warriors to line up for one or two months. It's not really a big deal since it's for the sake of entering the martial house," Francis told him with a chuckle.

Zen thought back at the ones he saw in the open space outside the martial house. There were some who had been kneeling outside for several years or even decades just to get in.

Next to the nature creatures' courtyard was the one for those at the Illuminating Soul Realm. It was also hard to see where this one ended, but there were considerably less people here than the last courtyard.

In the next courtyard was the line for the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm and it seemed only a few hundred came to take the exam.

Even in the divine kingdoms, it seemed only a few people could enter the Internal Elixir Realm.

The next courtyard was for those at the Virtual Tribulation Realm where only a handful of warriors waited. There was actually no need for them to even line up at all.

A warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm was regarded as a mighty warrior here in the divine kingdoms. The respect was still high but they were not as feared as they would've been back in Central Region.

Those below the Virtual Tribulation Realm entered the martial houses for the multitude of things it could offer—resources, cultivation methods, pills, and cultivation rooms.

The divine kingdoms themselves provided these resources and the higher the grade of the martial house, the better and more outstanding items they were given. This was the primary reason why so many lower-level warriors fought to enter the martial houses.

Warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were different.

These warriors had been on the path of cultivation for a long time and ordinary cultivation resources that the martial houses provided wouldn't really be of much use to them at this point.

Even the Tower of Sin could only breed top-level war lords. Warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm could only rely on themselves if they wanted to advance through experiencing life and death situations and making breakthroughs through adversity. If they were lucky, they might be able to obtain a good opportunity during their advancement which would then effectively open up the road towards enlightenment.

It was this good opportunity that they all yearned for. The warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm that had come to sign up had the same goal as Zen—to represent the Harlen Divine Kingdom and enter the sea of miracle.

Some were independent warriors while a few came from other martial houses. They were probably from third-grade or even fourth-grade martial houses and came here to a higher grade martial house to be able to enter the sea of miracle.

Hopping from one martial house to another did not really mean that one had turned his back to his original martial house. All martial houses worked for divine kingdoms after all.

A woman at the Internal Elixir Realm came up to Zen as soon as he entered the courtyard. She welcomed him and asked if he wanted to participate in the test to obtain the Harlen Token.

This Harlen Token was what he would need to enter the sea of miracle. According to the agreement among the four divine kingdoms, each would issue a corresponding number of tokens every year to those deemed worthy. These tokens were equal to the licenses to the Feather Holy Sea and those issued by the York Divine Kingdom were called York Tokens.

Zen naturally nodded. His purpose was to enter the Feather Holy Sea after all.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship,

right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

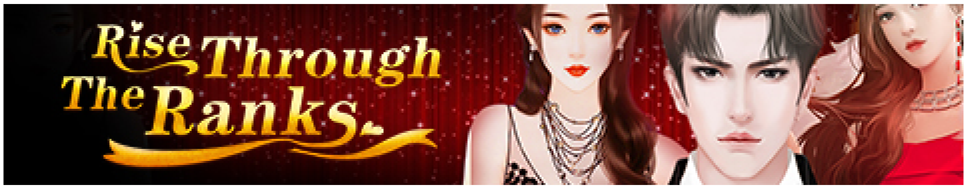

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

20

Content

Chapter 1065 The Red Circle
Chapter 1066 Victors (Part One)
Chapter 1067 Victors (Part Two)
Chapter 1068 The Arrogant Lord Randy
Chapter 1069 Pursue Relentlessly
Chapter 1070 How Did He Do It
Chapter 1071 Push Comes To Shove
Chapter 1072 Lord Randy Lost
Chapter 1073 Drawing Zen In
Chapter 1074 Ancestral Dragon
Chapter 1075 The Crown Prince And Lord Randy
Chapter 1076 Being Watched
Chapter 1077 Corpses
Chapter 1078 Trust
Chapter 1079 The Team
Chapter 1080 Cooperation (Part One)
Chapter 1081 Cooperation (Part Two)
Chapter 1082 Gathering
Chapter 1083 War Kings And War Emperors (Part One)
Chapter 1084 War Kings And War Emperors (Part Two)
Chapter 1085 Quarrels (Part One)
Chapter 1086 Quarrels (Part Two)
Chapter 1087 Space Chopping Sword (Part One)
Chapter 1088 Space Chopping Sword (Part Two)
Chapter 1089 Four Strikes (Part One)
Chapter 1090 Four Strikes (Part Two)
Chapter 1091 An Invincible Opponent
Chapter 1092 Zen's Turn To Fight (Part One)
Chapter 1093 Zen's Turn To Fight (Part Two)
Chapter 1094 You Are Zen Luo (Part One)
Chapter 1095 You Are Zen Luo (Part Two)
Chapter 1096 Strange
Chapter 1097 Determined To Protect Zen (Part One)
Chapter 1098 Determined To Protect Zen (Part Two)
Chapter 1099 The Battle Began
Chapter 1100 The Other Side Of Space

Chapter 1101 Suffering A Lot
Chapter 1102 The Little Monster
Chapter 1103 Fiona Huo
Chapter 1104 The Powerful Princess
Chapter 1105 Please Admit Defeat
Chapter 1106 Comprehend The Time Law
Chapter 1107 Zen's Speed of Comprehending Time Law
Chapter 1108 A Genuine Phoenix Descendant
Chapter 1109 Sun Flame Attack (Part One)
Chapter 1110 Sun Flame Attack (Part Two)
Chapter 1111 Not Powerful Enough
Chapter 1112 Nirvana Flames
Chapter 1113 The Arrogant Little Monster
Chapter 1114 Flexible (Part One)
Chapter 1115 Flexible (Part Two)
Chapter 1116 Smash
Chapter 1117 Son Of The Plane
Chapter 1118 Natural Talents
Chapter 1119 Admitting Defeat
Chapter 1120 The Will Of This World

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1065 The Red Circle

The woman at the Internal Elixir Realm started registering Zen's information.

Zen had been a bit worried, afraid that the woman would ask him where he came from. He had discussed this with Francis before and they decided that Zen should fabricate a new identity.

Francis told Zen not to worry. According to him, the divine kingdoms didn't care where the warriors came from and would treat them as independent warriors.

After all, to the four divine kingdoms, it wasn't important where the warriors came from as long as they had enough strength to obtain the resources from within the Feather Holy Sea. Once those resources were gathered, the divine kingdoms would receive a portion of them and that was what mattered to them.

Moreover, the four divine kingdoms were surrounded by the sea. In tens of thousands of years, there had been few visitors from other continents. As a result, in the eyes of the emperors of the four divine kingdoms, every warrior in their territories would belong to their respective divine kingdoms.

Zen answered each question without hesitation until the woman asked for his name. With a quick thought, he answered, "My name is Thad Luo."

His real name, Zen Luo, wasn't suitable for him to travel in the divine kingdoms. He didn't want the Holy Maiden of the York Divine Kingdom to recognize him by his name.

After registration, the woman smiled politely at Zen. She sealed all the information in a bamboo token and handed it to him. "The first round of the exam is scheduled in three days. On that day, all the warriors of this martial house and the independent warriors will gather. I hope you will perform well!"

'How kind!' Zen thought to himself, though he knew she was being sarcastic. In her mind, this young man was a nobody and destined to fail in the first round.

The competition in the divine kingdoms was rather fierce.

There were only fifty licenses in the Jade Martial House, which meant that all warriors were fighting for fifty Harlen Tokens.

There were nearly six hundred warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm alone fighting for the Harlen Tokens in the Jade Martial House. Most of these warriors were at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, which was much higher than the cultivation of this young man standing in front of her. Not to mention, the warriors trained by the Jade Martial House were much stronger than the independent warriors.

There were also princes who participated in the contest fighting for the licenses. Randy was one of them, and he was certain he would be able to obtain a Harlen Token.

Besides, there were two or three hundred independent warriors like Zen that signed up for the exam, and most of them were at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

The young man in front of her seemed to have a good foundation and was already at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. At the age of twenty, this was an impressive achievement, but it was still too early for him to obtain the Harlen Token.

The woman had no bad feelings towards Zen. In fact, she was sympathetic to him. She couldn't help showing her true thoughts through her humble smile.

Zen glanced at her.

He knew what she was thinking, but he did not care about her opinion. He smiled at her, grabbed the bamboo token and hid it in his pocket before leaving the Jade Martial House.

Three days later, Zen entered the Jade Martial House again. He showed the bamboo token at the entrance, and an escort privately guided him inside the martial house.

Zen saw a large square and most of the warriors were already present. Each warrior was emitting the aura of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Zen looked around and his gaze stopped at the center of the square where he saw warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. They were a small group of three.

'The divine kingdoms live up to their reputation. There are three warriors at the Soul Sea Realm in this martial house alone. It is possible that there are more in the Jade Martial House, ' Zen thought.

The Jade Martial House was considered a sixth-grade sect. If it didn't belong to the Harlen Divine Kingdom, it could be considered a sacred place.

The Purple Heart Sacred Place on the Sea God Continent was a six-grade sacred place, and there were only three warriors at the Soul Sea Realm in the sacred place. For this reason, the Jade Martial House could be considered a sixth-grade sacred place as it also had three warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. The Jade Martial House was a subsidiary of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, and the four divine kingdoms had countless mighty warriors.

No wonder after all these years, they considered the Central Region a piece of barren land and very few warriors of the divine kingdoms were willing to go to the Central Region.

Thinking back, when Zen had met the Holy Maiden and the prince of York Divine Kingdom in Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, they had shown great disdain for the Central Region. Now Zen understood their arrogance. The four divine kingdoms were indeed strong.

Even so, Zen did not cower. He was ready.

His mentality was incomparably calm and strong. He knew that this path of cultivation was arduous and would make him feel miserable; he had no choice but to advance forward. This was his destiny.

After entering the square, Zen was instructed to wait and was left alone.

About a thousand warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were standing around the square. They were all mighty warriors and were all observing each other. There were no signs of hostility on their faces. Instead, most of them looked calm and relaxed.

Revealing hostility towards others would only bring unnecessary trouble. Only the weak would pay close attention to others all day long. The mighty warriors simply didn't care about the others and were focused on themselves.

But the atmosphere was still somewhat heavy.

Zen was standing in a corner with his hands behind his back, observing his surroundings. A knowing smile appeared on his face when he saw a familiar face.

At first, he felt someone staring at him. Then, he turned his head and that was when he saw Randy.

From the looks of it, even after being crowned a Lord, Randy still had to participate in the examination and compete for the Harlen Token with all his might.

Francis' words were true. You could be the prince of one of the four divine kingdoms, but you wouldn't receive special treatment. You would be treated just as a common mighty warrior and have to rely on your skills to fight and pass the examination.

Actually this was understandable. How could an emperor control a great divine kingdom without cultivating the proper skills? In the end, an emperor had to rely on his own strength.

If the princes and princesses of the divine kingdoms were too lazy to cultivate simply because their father was the emperor, none of them would be able to inherit the throne after the death of their father. Perhaps the position would be taken away by the other powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

For this reason, the emperors of the four divine kingdoms would cultivate their sons and daughters and make sure they enter the Soul Sea Realm. Moreover, these princes and princesses needed to overpower the other warriors at the Soul Sea Realm so that they could take over their position and rule the divine kingdoms.

Zen noticed Randy was staring back at him so he smiled politely.

Randy merely glanced coldly at Zen before shifting his gaze elsewhere.

Soon all of the candidates had arrived and gathered on the square. A steward entered the square and handed over a list to one of the three warriors at the Soul Sea Realm in charge of the assessment. The warrior looked at the list and said, "The preliminary assessment to fight for the Harlen Tokens has begun. This round is the simplest. Everyone will enter the square in batches, and with your own strength, you have to push the others out of the red circle. You can fight but you can't kill anyone. Violators will be severely punished!"

As the warrior spoke, he stretched out his hand and lightly patted the ground. Multicolored patterns appeared on the ground in the center of the square.

The ground of the square was made of an unknown metal and looked rather heavy. Its outermost layer of decorative patterns had a red circle arranged around it.

After hearing the rules announced by the warrior, all the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm remained quiet and didn't move.

Zen was suddenly taken back to his first day at the Cloud Sect. He thought about all the disciples who immediately started chatting with each other as soon as they heard about the exam. He felt quite nostalgic.

Now he was at a whole other level competing against the strongest. The over a thousand warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in front of him had different qualities. There were a few divine-level talents like Zen and Randy who had stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm at such a young age, but most of the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were not young. Their age ranged from tens to hundreds of years old.

Naturally, they were not newbies who had just entered the martial world and got excited about everything.

The mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm announced the list of candidates in the first round.

"Thirty warriors will participate in the first round. From these thirty warriors, only three will remain. In other words, 90% will be eliminated," he said.

Zen closed his eyes in introspection while listening attentively to him. He finished reciting the names very quickly, and Zen didn't hear his name "Thad Luo." He wasn't included in the first round.

The disadvantage of being called in the first round was that the warriors were not familiar with the rules and environment. The ones left out could observe the rules first and be on their guard when they came to fight. However, not being aware of the rules could bring advantages to the smartest warriors who knew how to use it to their favor.

Soon, thirty warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm entered the stage at the same time and stood within the red circle in the center of the square.

The warriors were eager to begin the examination. The preliminary assessment was very important because the eliminated participants would be out of the competition and could no longer fight for the Harlen Tokens. As a warrior of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, everyone knew the importance of the Harlen Tokens.

Chapter 1066 Victors (Part One)

The moment the martial artists who were at the Virtual Tribulation Realm entered the red circle, they quickly charged towards its center.

This red circle was only a few hundred feet in diameter, and a martial artist who was at the Virtual Tribulation Realm would be able to cross it in just one step. From the beginning, it was clear that every martial artist who entered tried their best to occupy the advantageous center spot in order to prevent others from pushing them out.

"Get away! This is my place!" A warrior who was as robust as a gorilla roared to the others.

This warrior was the first one who was able to get to the center point of the red circle. He stood there firmly while the warriors beside him glared at him ferociously, hatred and jealousy evident in their eyes. Despite that, the warrior stood sturdily in his place, his chin up. He was at the peak-level of the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm -- his temples were bulging, giving off a heavy aura, as if what he had practiced was an extremely aggressive cultivation technique. Because of that, no one dared to fight him for the central position.

Just when the thirty of them had chosen their positions, a master at the Soul Sea Realm came into view and announced, "Now the first round... begin!"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…

As soon as the Soul Sea Realm master gave the pronouncement, the life vitality of every warriors suddenly exploded all at the same time!

Upon seeing this scene, Zen furrowed his eyebrows, and a strange look came over his face. He was confused and worried.

The reason for that was because the power of the life vitality that erupted from those warriors was restricted inside the red circle!

But after seeing that the other several hundred warriors didn't seem to be perturbed by what was happening, Zen felt relieved. For so many years, the divine kingdoms developed and honed their powers. Now, they were certainly more developed than the Central Region. Zen only felt strange about what was happening because it was his first time witnessing such a thing.

'If a martial artist at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were to use his or her strength in its entirety, what kind of place would be able to withstand such destructive force?' he thought, amazed by the whole thing.

If the thirty warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm fought each other with all their might, the Jade Martial House would surely be destroyed, let alone this plaza.

But upon closer inspection, Zen found that the floor had been embedded with all kinds of patterns. Together with the red circle, they worked to prevent the warriors and their immense power from damaging the place.

As Zen pondered over the magic that was holding the place together, the martial artists within the red circle had already begun to fight fiercely.

The rule of this competition was very simple: step out of the red circle, then one was out. The last few ones who would be standing inside the fight area would be declared the winners.

"Haha! That arrogant warrior in the middle would get ganged up on by the other warriors!" Zen said as he started cackling.

Although he said it in a very hushed voice, several martial artists at the Virtual Tribulation Realm heard him. Slowly they turned their gazes at him, disdain on their faces.

What Zen didn't know was that the sturdy warrior had the same exact background as him. He was also a famous independent warrior who had cultivated both his body and his life vitality. Moreover, the cultivation methods he had practiced were very powerful.

In the eyes of many warriors, this warrior would undoubtedly be the one who would get a Harlen Token.

Because of that, when they heard Zen's comments about him, they immediately felt that Zen was too ill-informed and considered him as an ignorant prick.

A few moments after Zen made his comment, action started happening inside the red circle.

Inside it, as if on cue, nearly half of the thirty warriors went straight for the guy at the center. All of them looked like they were ready to kill him.

No matter how powerful this burly martial artist was, how would he be able to take on a dozen Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists all by himself?

The red circle was so small that the distance between warriors was only about half a step. The guy would not have anywhere to hide, and he would just have to face the attacks head on!

The warrior's face changed drastically at the moment he noticed that everyone was coming for him. He let out an explosive shout as he revolved his forceful energy and forcefully countered the attacks from more than half of the contestants in this round.

"Ha!"

"Bam!"

The difference in power between the two sides was evident, and it was enormous.

After a brief moment of chaos, the warrior who had been at the center of the circle was pushed out of the fighting area.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!..."

Breathing heavily, he spat out a mouthful of blood on the ground and glared at the people who had launched attacks on him.

Less than a few seconds into the round, the most promising warrior had already been knocked out. It undoubtedly surprised many spectators who were expecting him to win the whole thing.

The three powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm looked at each other, a faint smile gracing their lips. The three of them seemed to have expected this to happen as well.

The warriors who had mocked Zen and his comment earlier glanced back at him with a shame in their eyes. Their unwavering confidence a while back was replaced with shame and doubts. 'This fellow seemed to really have insightful observations, ' they all thought.

Amongst all the warriors present, the only ones who had predicted this to happen were the three mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, and Zen.

Aside from being strong, another thing that would help a warrior win this whole thing was wisdom. It might go unsaid, but it was the most important rule of the fight.

Chapter 1067 Victors (Part Two)

From all the people that were inside the red circle, only three people would remain at the very end. None of them were willing to be pushed out, and many of them shared the same tactic -- eliminate the strongest one first!

Every martial artist had already evaluated each of their opponents the moment they saw them. 'You look weaker than me? Alright, since you don't pose much of a threat to me, I won't bother to wipe you out myself. You will either be knocked out by others, or when there are only a few people left in the circle, I will deal with you then! In any case, you are weaker than me, and it is only a matter of time before I defeat you. Why should I bother to waste my energy and time on you?' That was a typical thought of many of the contestants in the red circle.

Thus, everyone's goal from the very start wasn't to squeeze out the weakest, but the strongest!

With such logic, who would be the first to be wiped out?

Of course, it would be the fellow who looked the strongest! And it was exactly that arrogant guy who dared to occupy the most advantageous position inside the red circle!

The moment he decided to take that center position, he already doomed himself to lose. The attack on him was instantaneous, and it was all his fault.

It was out of instinct of survival that these martial artists chose to join hands against him.

This test's main goal was not to pick the strongest among the fighting warriors. It aimed to see who was the best at making decisions, and maximizing his or her strength according to that. Being strong was a plus, but only if you played the game right, otherwise you would be under attack on all sides right from the start.

Upon watching what was happening, Zen was able to realize why Jade Martial House organized such a test.

A martial artist's overall strength didn't only include one's cultivation level and power. His or her real strength also had something to do with luck and wisdom. In many occasions, even if someone was the strongest warrior in the field, that person would be easily killed by the tricks played by the enemies. Unfortunately, the guy who was kicked out first had only strength, but no brain.

Of course, it was not appropriate to say that he was completely brainless. After all, there weren't many martial artists who would be able to see the logic behind the fight's rules. If that were the case, wouldn't everyone be brainless?

So in the end, the lesson that everyone should learn was -- arrogance, having too much of it, would only end up as a disadvantage to someone. One must keep a low profile if one wished to accomplish high profile jobs.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

After the first guy was out, the fighters left inside the red circle began to fight each other. The battle was chaotic.

The mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm who had announced the rules had clarified that killing was forbidden in the red circle, so everyone restrained themselves as they attacked their fellow warriors. Fortunately, no casualties were caused, thanks to the fact that no one had used a weapon in the fight and everyone's main goal was to force each other out of the red circle, not to kill.

Despite those clear rules, in a fight among martial artists, it was virtually impossible to avoid sustaining injuries. Some martial artists were knocked unconscious under the combined attacks of several people, and then they were kicked out of the red circle like rice sacks.

This scuffle lasted for about five minutes. A huge lump of the warriors had been thrown out at the beginning of the competition-- some were directly thrown out, some were knocked out unconscious, and some timid ones had no choice but to leave the red circle due to the intensity of the fight.

When only ten fighters remained inside the red circle, they started being more careful. Slowly, they moved around carefully planning out their attacks. They were looking for opportunities to push the others out of the red circle, and also to prevent themselves from being thrown out.

The speed at which a Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist moved was extremely fast. The ten figures were zooming back and forth, and their figures started to look more like shadows. However, from time to time, someone would be thrown out of the red circle.

When there were only six martial artists left, the rate at which people were thrown out of the red circle slowed down. At this time, everyone was even more cautious! Among the six martial artists, three of them would be able to stay and win the round. So every one of them had half a chance of passing the test!

A few of them were fighting, but some were not and were just looking for the most advantageous moment to attack.

However, if these Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists did not fight, the Jade Martial House would have a way to make them fight! Suddenly, the red circle began to shrink!

First, it trembled slightly and started to close up towards the center. The way it was narrowing was slow, so the warriors inside had the time to plan their next move.

Despite the time that was being given to them, they couldn't help but panic. The fighting area was getting smaller and smaller, and they would have to make a move in the next moments!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The first martial artist who had lost his patience was the first to be thrown out of the red circle.

Following that, two other warriors were also instantly driven out.....

The battle had come to an end, and the remaining three martial artists became the victors of the first round.

Chapter 1068 The Arrogant Lord Randy

Two things had become clear to everyone after the first test round among the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors: first was to move fast, and the second was to keep a low profile.

Those who hadn't entered the circle had begun to size each other up again.

They all took note of those they thought were pretty powerful. Strategy was key and it would be best to force the stronger ones out of the circle as soon as possible.

This meant that the well-known, top-level Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors were at a disadvantage.

Sure, they might've been stronger than the rest but their fame meant the others would work hard in eliminating them first.

A low profile was the key strategy for these types of tests. The less your opponents saw you as a threat, the longer you could skirt around the edges and survive.

Out of everyone, it was Lord Randy that was seen as the probable biggest threat. Although he was not a member of the Jade Martial House, he was still someone who was able to obtain his fiefdom at such a young age. His strength was also only inferior to the divine kingdom's crown prince. Everyone's minds thought of the same question: if all twenty-nine Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors united against him, would he be able to fight through them all?

Lord Randy, of course, was not oblivious to what went on in the minds of the other warriors. Their stares made it very obvious.

He snorted. "Only the weak would waste their time with tricks," he muttered to himself. He had chosen to go to the Feather Holy Sea in the name of a Lord and that meant he had to overcome all the obstacles and pass this test lest he brought shame upon the royal family. A couple of warriors wouldn't be enough to stand in his way.

Zen was regarding the situation with slight interest. His cultivation base was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and he was a stranger here in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. His low profile was already a given and he could effectively use it to his advantage.

"Looks like these guys already figured out how to play this game," a Soul Sea Realm master laughed heartily.

"I hope we get some powerful young fellows this year," another remarked. "Last year's journey was the worst harvest our divine kingdom had. We'll be in big trouble if that happens again this year. We have to make sure that our Jade Martial House does better!"

The Soul Sea Realm masters' worries were not displaced.

The costs of establishing and maintaining these martial houses came straight from the divine kingdoms' deep pockets. They were built for the sole purpose of training elites who would discover and bring back treasure and resources from the Feather Holy Sea. A portion of the spoils went directly to the divine kingdoms while the rest went to upgrading the martial houses. In other words: a return of investment.

It was this type of system that made it possible for divine kingdoms to build more martial houses that then trained more elites and then brought more treasure for the divine kingdoms. This was the main reason why the four divine kingdoms evolved to such a formidable degree.

One of the three Soul Sea Realm masters unfolded a scroll and began to start the roll call for the second round's participants.

"Joseph Bo!"

"August Ao!"

"Vergil Wan!"

...

Zen looked back at the red circle that had now returned to its original size. It seemed it wasn't his turn to participate yet.

It was alright. It didn't matter if he took his turn earlier or later.

After the participants got settled, the second round of testing began and everyone's attention was now focused on the battle.

It was a quicker fight. The second round only lasted for less than five minutes as three out of the thirty participants were declared the winners.

Then there was the third round, and then the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh…

In the eighth round of roll-call, Zen finally heard his name.

"Thad Luo!" the Soul Sea Realm master called his assumed name.

Zen nodded, quickly stepping towards the red circle.

He didn't make an impression. He was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and his face was unremarkable. Nobody knew him and everybody thought of him as a nobody. They regarded Zen as someone who would easily be eliminated and forgotten. If he did manage to pass the test by luck, no one doubted for a second that he would be kicked out in the succeeding rounds.

It was only Lord Randy who looked at him with interest but Zen pretended to ignore him.

The three Soul Sea Realm masters also couldn't help but give Zen a second look.

"This young man seems to have a very stable cultivation base. His strength seems to be comparable to an average warrior at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm," one of them commented with certainty.

His colleagues nodded, "I wonder where he's from. I feel a sense of danger from him. I have no doubt that he will be able to win against a warrior at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm."

"I think you're underestimating him," the third master said. "I think he can kick a late-stage Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior's butt quite easily! No questions asked!"

Even in the four divine kingdoms, cases of a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior defeating a Life and Death Realm warrior was pretty rare, almost unheard of.

Zen, despite insisting on maintaining a low profile, could only do so much to hide his extreme potential which still led to the three Soul Sea Realm masters' positive assessment.

If only they truly knew of his strength: that Zen was able to defeat Eddie, a fourth grade Life and Death Realm warrior.

Of course, they would never believe it. Those who had never seen Zen's strength would never be able to imagine the true extent of his powers which often led to others underestimating him. This was exactly how he managed to lure Master Wallace into the Central Region.

Thirty participants were announced consecutively and all of them got ready for this round of testing.

The last name was Lord Randy's. All the other participants, save for Zen, visibly trembled in shock.

Everyone knew of his strength and no one wanted to fight him. The only choice they could think of was to band together and kick him out of the circle as soon as possible.

Lord Randy walked towards the center of the red circle and smiled when he noticed the fear in everyone's eyes.

Nobody had ever dared to occupy the circle's center ever since the first round.

It was the best position for someone who wanted to be everyone's target but not necessarily for someone who wanted to win by survival.

However, Lord Randy did not give a damn about strategies and keeping a low profile. He was callously indifferent to everyone that was within the circle with him. His implications were clear: he didn't care if they all came at him, he'd be able to defeat them anyway.

A hyena might have a hard time resisting a flock of sheep. But he was not a hyena. He was a lion.

Lord Randy was a lion and the flock of sheep before him could either only flee or perish in his wrath.

"Only I will emerge victorious in this round," he announced in a loud, clear voice. "I will kick you all out!"

His arrogance overwhelmed his opponents with fear. Some of them couldn't even raise their heads to look him in the eye.

If another warrior had done that, his opponents would've simply banded together to shut his mouth and defeat him. However, Lord Randy was different because they were all well aware that his arrogance stemmed from his unprecedented power. They weren't even sure if they'd be able to defeat him even if they joined forces together.

Zen slightly shook his head at the other participants' reaction, 'This guy's smart, ' he thought to himself, pertaining to Lord Randy. 'He knows he's famous so it would be useless for him to keep a low profile. Therefore, he's doing the exact opposite by scaring everyone into submission with his arrogance.'

If his opponents were too scared to band together, then they could never hope to defeat him.

Arrogance came from power and if everyone was aware of how powerful one truly was, they would not question one's arrogance and instead fear his potential.

The round of test soon quickly began.

The other warriors were immediately abuzz with discussion at this interesting round.

"Who do you think will be eliminated first? Do you think it'll be Lord Randy?"

"I don't think so. He's too powerful. Nobody would be dumb enough to challenge him." "I bet that guy Thad will be first to go. He's just at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm! What a joke!"

"Yeah! Do you see how weak he looks? How could he possibly defend himself against his opponents? One single hit would be enough to send him flying!"

"Look! Someone already targeted him. I guess it's time for him to say goodbye!"

The discussion was lively, especially with the thought of Zen's swift defeat. The warrior that had targeted him rushed fiercely towards his direction, "You're the first to go, pipsqueak!"

Zen's eyes gleamed with contempt but he reigned himself in. Instead of a counterattack, he skirted through the edge of the red circle and quickly sidestepped the oncoming warrior.

Chapter 1069 Pursue Relentlessly

As much as possible, Zen intended to maintain a low profile. To avoid showing off his real strength was his technique to gain a spot in the red circle. After all, there would be only three left.

With his current standing, it wasn't going to be difficult. As long as he constantly dodged the attacks, he could easily face a group of martial artists at the later stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm despite the red circle's limit in size.

In addition, his cultivation level wasn't enough to gain all the attention. He wasn't everyone's main target at that point.

To his surprise, a fellow warrior had attacked him for no specific reason, aiming to kick him out of the ring. That had left Zen confused.

"Whoooosh!"

The air shifted as Zen's figure floated, circling around the edge of the red circle.

Since the beginning, Zen had always faced that same martial artist. 'Interesting, ' he thought with a faint smile plastered on his face. He managed to maintain his calm demeanor.

After Zen avoided the first attack, his opponent should've known better. Logically, he should've just given up. Zen didn't want to cause any trouble and didn't even launch a counterattack.

No one expected for that man to keep on charging towards Zen. He refused to let him go. The light that appeared out of his fist gleamed brightly as if telling everyone that he wasn't going to stop until Zen was out of the ring.

"Get out!"

The man sneered as he hurled another attack on Zen.

"Huff… Huff… Huff…"

Stealthily, Zen's movement flashed as he constantly tried to sidestep each and every attack coming from his opponent. Something was wrong with that fellow.

That warrior had already given up on his defense and was focused more on putting all of his force on the attack. With that kind of technique, kicking someone out of the ring was going to be easier.

There was no known conflict between him and Zen, so what he was doing was completely unnecessary. It gave the impression that he didn't care about passing the exam anymore. He only wanted to eliminate Zen even if it meant risking his own life.

Was there someone else behind all of that? Who was ordering him?

From the corner of his eyes, Zen could see Randy. He let his gaze land on the man.

With his hands clasped firmly behind his back, Randy stood in the middle of the red circle. Faint particles slowly began to revolve around him.

Even if the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors were in the middle of a battle, none of them dared to make a move on him. His eyes were on Zen.

"I knew it. It's him!"

Zen said in a low voice as his expression darkened. 'He has always targeted me ever since I joined the martial house. What is his problem with me? Why does he want to make things harder for me?

Did he send someone to test the limits of my strength?' Zen thought to himself.

Given his current strength, Zen could just easily finish off the man who was after him, but at that time, he was a bit hesitant. Something didn't seem right.

From his point of view, the best way to obtain the Harlen Token was to move in silence. Even if the outsiders thought of him as a lucky guy, he still needed to keep it low. Then, he planned on using the token to enter the Feather Holy Sea to get life stones.

Attracting everyone's attention was the last thing Zen wanted.

However, being targeted by someone like Randy from the moment he entered the martial house wasn't such a good omen.

"It looks like no one wants to face up against Lord Randy. Even when he's just standing still, not one soul interferes. His reputation is just extraordinary!"

"Of course! He is already regarded as a powerhouse warrior among his young peers. He is second to the crown prince and Edwin Xiao from the Dark Martial House. However, those three have yet to determine a victor. If they fought, I don't think that Lord Randy's chances of coming out victorious would be small."

"Lord Randy seems to be fixated on that young man."

"That young man has already run seven or eight laps around the red circle. He has been dodging all the attacks this entire time. Can't he fight back? What a disgrace!"

A young man in his early twenties was enjoying the battle that went down before him inside the red circle. Nonchalantly, he muttered, "Disgrace? Huh! He has been chased by a martial artist at the later stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm for so long, but he remains unscathed. If you think that is disgraceful, then I wonder what no disgrace is!"

The young man who spoke was the strongest powerhouse of the younger generation of the Jade Martial House - Gregory Zhan. If the younger generation of the Harlen Divine Kingdom were to be ranked, he could enter the first tier with the crown prince, Randy, and Edwin from the Dark Martial House.

Originally, Zen had always been unremarkable. Unlike some warriors who had to be trained in the Jade Martial House, Zen was just an independent warrior with a cultivation level of only the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. No one really paid attention to him.

Because of what Gregory told, everyone's doubtful eyes were on Zen. "Is this man as strong as Gregory said?"

It wasn't just Gregory who sang such praises. The three Soul Sea Realm masters who were watching the fight from the side were also looking at Zen.

They didn't even pay attention to Randy's performance. After all, he had come under the spotlight for a long time, and it was a foregone conclusion that he could obtain the Harlen Token. As the son of the ruler, it was almost destined for him to acquire a token even if all the other twenty-nine people worked together to expel him from the red circle.

The Soul Sea Realm masters were more interested in new warriors such as Zen.

Although there were a lot of independent warriors who had grown up outside martial houses, they still couldn't compete with the talents of martial houses. The Soul Sea Realm masters didn't expect Zen to be as strong as a talent like Randy.

Out of all the current Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, only four could enter the first tier, and thirty-six could enter the second tier.

The forty people in the first and second tiers definitely had Harlen Tokens. After all, both the Jade and Dark Martial houses, which happened to be sixth-grade martial houses, had a total of one hundred Harlen Tokens. The other three fifth-grade martial houses also had their own talents who represented them.

For the Jade Martial House, it was quite a big deal for Zen to enter the third tier and obtain the Harlen Token.

Unfortunately, only a few independent warriors of the Harlen Divine Kingdom had such an ability. Even if they did, their name list could have already been checked by the three Soul Sea Realm masters. However, the latter showed great interest in Thad more than anyone.

They didn't know much about Thad's origin, but they didn't ignore his immense abilities.

As an indication that he was having a hard time making a decision, Zen moved around the red circle. He was hesitant to make such bold moves, but if he didn't, there was no other way to get rid of his opponent. He had originally hoped that someone else kicked the man out of the competition instead of him. During the chase, quite a number of martial artists were eliminated, but no one acted against his opponent.

That was certainly not the way to go about it.

At that thought, Zen's eyes suddenly flashed. His body briskly twisted like a snake, and he suddenly rushed towards the center of the red circle.

While he charged, he purposely avoided Randy. However, something unexpected happened. Randy originally stood motionlessly at his original position, but just as Zen was about to approach the center of the red circle, he smiled faintly and then formed a claw with one hand. As he lightly waved his strong right hand, three sharp claw prints shot towards Zen from the sky.

Those claw prints moved at a great speed and had closed up Zen's paths in all directions instantaneously. If Zen wanted to pass through, he could only take them head-on.

As for the warrior who had been after Zen for quite a while, his aura had grown even stronger, and he had no other goals but to force Zen into a corner.

At that moment, Zen's figure flashed as he traveled through space for a distance and walked to the other side of the red circle.

The three claws that Randy had tossed missed him and went straight for the warrior standing right behind him instead.

No one could have predicted that Zen could travel through space. An obvious shock could be seen on Randy's face as well. The warrior who had previously chased after Zen had his mouth open as he collided against Randy's paw prints.

"Puff… Puff… Puff…"

Three sharp claws instantly cut open that warrior's robe, and then a crisp sound could be heard. It seemed as if his protective armor had been cut into pieces as well. Then, dark red blood started to spray out of his body.

Seeing that he had accidentally injured one of his own, Randy only coldly snorted. He didn't care about that warrior's life, nor his death. His eyes once again followed Zen.

No one knew what he was thinking, but after the missed blow, he remained standing exactly where his feet were planted moments prior.

Since no one was chasing after him, Zen felt much more relaxed. He let out a sigh of relief which he had seemed to be holding on for too long.

There were only a dozen or so people left in the red circle, and they were still fiercely fighting with each other. Despite the intensity of what had just gone down, they still had the same objective, and nothing could stop them from attaining it.

The battles during that round were a bit more intense than the previous ones where they fought for the last three places. With the presence of Randy, it became tougher. No one dared to challenge him. Therefore, he had claimed one spot as his, while the rest fought bloodily for the remaining two places.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1070 How Did He Do It

The competition was highly intense and not many remained. Numerous warriors were kicked out.

Zen was extremely cautious and agile. Whenever someone wanted to target him, his body would suddenly flash without the slightest bit of warning and he would distance himself from them, going far beyond their reach but still staying inside the circle.

In the red circle, no one had a clear goal and they had not decided just one person that they wanted to take on. Instead, they were trying their best to kick out as many people as they could until there were only three people left. In such a scenario, obviously very few people would stubbornly chase after Zen all the time.

Be that as it might, Lord Randy's gaze, which was as vicious as that of a venomous snake, was still locked on to Zen all the time, which made him feel extremely unhappy.

Similarly, just like Lord Randy, the three powerful masters who had reached the Soul Sea Realm had also focused their gazes on Zen.

"He is well versed in the Space Law and even seems to have fully grasped its second layer. This boy has good potential!"

"Judging by the strength he is currently showing, he can be considered a divine-level talent. He has the ability to reach the third tier in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. You know, I won't be surprised if he manages to make it to the top of the third tier as well!"

"Someone like him deserves a Harlen Token, but I'm a bit worried…"

With their sharp insight, how could the three powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm not see that Lord Randy was targeting Zen?

"Lord Randy has already declared that he alone will obtain the Harlen Token in this round. I'm afraid that with his strong cultivation and powers, it won't be hard for him to keep his word. What worries me is the possibility that he will make a move against Thad."

"Alas. I have rarely seen such talent among independent warriors. I hope he can pass the test."

"Well it's going to be a bit difficult. Only four people in the Harlen Divine Kingdom are in the first tier, and the difference in the strength of warriors between the first tier and the second tier is extreme. Only if this Thad reaches the top of the second tier will he be able to contend with Lord Randy!"

Of course, Zen didn't know that these three powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were worried about him.

Lord Randy was indeed highly interested in Zen. When he had taken part in this test, he had planned to pay special attention to the young guys who took part in the test too.

He had originally planned to search for talented people inside the Jade Martial House. However, the person who was ranked first in the Jade Martial House, was the crown prince's right hand man, who went by the name Gregory. He was perfectly loyal to his master and it would be impossible to win him over, but this young man in front of Lord Randy was different…

Randy had a special talent when it came to reading people, which was a trait he had inherited from his father. From the very first moment he had seen Zen, he'd felt that this young man's strength wasn't as simple as it appeared to be.

Those powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm could only assess Zen by his current performance. According to them, Zen's strength was only at the top of the third tier, but in the eyes of Randy, this guy who was constantly running away from everyone who tried to target him was deliberately hiding his actual strength!

He estimated that Zen might not be able to reach the first tier, but it wouldn't be a problem for him to reach the top of the second tier.

More importantly, he had never heard of this person before, which meant that as far as Randy was concerned, the guy was nameless. Therefore, he assumed that the latter wouldn't be favored by the crown prince. How could Randy let such a good chance slip by?

The only thing Lord Randy needed to do now was to test Zen's true strength!

The first attempt to test his strength had already ended. It was true that Zen's display of the Space Law had amazed Randy, but he wasn't satisfied at all. This boy's strength was definitely much greater than that and mastery of the Space Law was certainly not his trump card.

The problem was that Thad was way too cunning. He avoided all the warriors and kept himself from fighting anyone. This way, it was impossible for anyone, let alone Lord Randy to measure his true strength. They didn't even know if he could truly fight!

As the number of martial artists in the red circle dwindled, a faint smile appeared on Randy's face. His chance was finally going to be here. More fortunately, it looked like he would have to test Zen's true strength all by himself!

Very soon, only five martial artists were left inside the red circle. Other than Randy and Zen, there were three other Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists contending for a place now. Now, since the space that each of them could move in had grown larger due to a lower density of warriors, it was difficult for them to drive each other out.

Of these five people, only three were going to stay in the end. No one was willing to be thrown out at this moment since they all had fought hard to reach this stage. Therefore, everyone was extremely careful and cautious, and the situation was in a deadlock.

At this moment, the red circle began to shrink…

From what they had seen in the previous rounds, everyone understood this clearly that the red circle would shrink very quickly. The moment that it began to shrink, the result of the round was going to come out within minutes.

So as soon as the shrinking began, everyone's expressions changed from concentration to alarm. They began to go all out in their attacks against the other martial artists.

"Energy Destruction Fist!"

"Heart-Shattering Palm!"

two of them roared as they engaged each other.

Other than carefully avoiding Lord Randy, the three other martial artists were using their trump cards to stay inside now.

Two of the warriors were fighting each other, which meant that the third one, who would obviously not go to challenge Lord Randy, had to target Zen now.

When Lord Randy saw that someone was chasing after Zen, a smile appeared on his face again. 'How are you going to run this time?' he thought.

Zen was well aware that he had no choice but to strike back.

Seeing that the martial artist was rushing towards him, Zen gently took a step forward and adjusted his breathing to the best rhythm. His strength began to flow through his body.

At this moment in time, an extremely peaceful aura was being emitted from his body and he was in perfect harmony with everything around him.

The Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist who was attacking Zen had been able to stay inside the circle till now, which showed that his strength was not to be trifled with. In terms of power, he was at the top of the entire Jade Martial House, and he could easily secure a place in the third tier of the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

The martial artist took a step forward. His figure flashed like a tiger, and his hands transformed into two gigantic claws as he struck out towards Zen.

"Aooo!"

A fierce beast which resembled a tiger condensed on his body. As he placed one claw up and the other claw below it, the mouth of the beast had opened and was about to swallow Zen in one gulp.

The Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors of the divine kingdoms weren't to be underestimated!

This person's strength alone was comparable to a top-level war lord of the Demon Night. He was probably only very slightly weaker than Esther. However, if he really wanted to fight for the seat in the Tower of Sin, then he would definitely be able to rank himself among the top ten seat holders!

Everyone was guessing about Zen's strength right now, but Zen was taking a shot at the strength of the person in front of him.

"Since you've picked me to fight with, then you should be out!" Zen's footsteps became light as his figure slowly retreated!

While the red circle was shrinking, Zen was retreating with his back facing the line that defined it. As he shot backward, Zen instantly arrived at the very edge. If he paused there for a few seconds, he would automatically be out!

However, Zen's feet only lightly touched the edge of the red circle, his tap as gentle as if a feather had stroked the rim. However, just as his toes touched the ground, he suddenly began to look intimidating and aggressive.

"Forceful energy! Explode!"

Swoosh!

In that instant, Zen's aura changed dramatically as his entire body turned into a thin line and charged towards his opponent like a bolt of lightning!

Before the enormous phantom of the vicious beast could bite down on him, and before the opponent's claws could meet together in an attempt to crush Zen, he had already arrived in front of his opponent.

The fierce-looking warrior in front of him was determined to win this battle. As long as he could get rid of Zen, and the battle between the other two ended, there would only be three people left in the red circle, so he would definitely pass the test. No matter what happened, he had to pass the test. It was a crucial step which might influence his whole life.

Therefore, he went all out to fight against Zen. He wanted to finish Zen in a single blow!

In his eyes, Zen was nothing but a coward who only knew how to run away.

Yet, at the very last moment, he clearly saw that Zen was retreating, but somehow, the fellow had appeared before him just as his eyes had blinked due to some sort of lightning flash. What was going on?

This was impossible.

The warrior was dumbfounded. He stared at Zen blankly, not knowing how to react.

Zen ignored his dumb expression. He reached out his hands and grabbed his opponent's hands. With a light snap of his five fingers, Zen locked the pulses in the warrior's arms. This way, the warrior's life vitality was going to be unable to reach his hands, making it even harder for him to break free from Zen's grip.

In fact, it was an unnecessary move for Zen to lock his pulses. His opponent had already forgotten how to revolve his life vitality and break free. While the warrior was still in a trance, Zen let go of his pulse and grabbed him with one hand. He then swung him around like a windmill, and threw him out of the red circle.

It was such a smooth and clean stunt!

The truth was that for martial artists at lower realms, this way of battling was very common. But once they reached the Internal Elixir Realm, the strength with which one's life vitality burst out would be extremely terrifying and no one would dare to go near them.

As a result, in the battles in the red circle, warriors were often driven out by other warriors' forceful attack and strength, but nobody had been thrown out like that till now.

At this time, when they saw Zen directly throw a martial artist out of the red circle, the other martial artists were also so shocked that they couldn't utter anything. The same doubt crossed their minds, "How did he do it…"

Chapter 1071 Push Comes To Shove

Thud!

The Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist was thrown out of the red circle and he fell heavily onto the ground.

His was in a much better state compared to other martial artists who were hurt or even heavily injured. The fall couldn't hurt someone like him, especially at his level.

But the embarrassment was too much.

He would rather be injured and carried out than be chucked out like this. It was truly a great humiliation for him.

However, he quickly regained composure when he got up.

Martial artists in the divine kingdoms knew much more than those in the Central Region and the Sea God Continent. He knew that Zen's speed was truly extraordinary. The distance, angle and timing were all perfect!

He had summoned all his strength to prepare his attack on Zen. That was why he hadn't been able to react quickly and had allowed Zen to get so close to him.

There was only one explanation why Zen could make such a judgment. He was quick to react and his judgment was accurate. He had fought in countless battles, so he had this kind of fighting instinct. Such a fellow was undoubtedly terrifying.

Keeping this in mind, the martial artist took a deep breath and observed Zen carefully. However, there was no hatred in his eyes, only reverence and fear. Those who had personally experienced Zen's wrath could understand how terrifying it was.

Everyone was also quite shocked.

Although the martial artist was embarrassed to be forcefully thrown out by Zen, as a third-tier member, he was powerful beyond doubt. None of the people present had the guts to mock him.

Most people were just surprised that he was thrown out. They didn't see how Zen had done it. He was simply too fast.

On the other hand, the three powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm wore serious expressions.

"I have underestimated this guy. Given his strength, he definitely isn't just a third-tier member!"

"I'm sure he has the strength to reach the second tier!"

"If I'm not wrong, he just used the forceful energy. Has he cultivated both body and life vitality?"

It was rare to come across warriors who cultivated both body and life vitality anywhere. The Sea God Continent, the Central Region and divine kingdoms were no exception.

Zen had just wanted to end the battle quickly. If it dragged on, he would have to reveal more trump cards. And he wanted to keep them hidden for as long as possible. Therefore, he chose to directly use his forceful energy.

The three powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were shocked when they saw this.

Gregory, Randy, the crown prince, and Edwin, who formed the first tier, were the inheritors of the Harlen Divine Kingdom. It was likely that they would inherit the legacy of the kingdom.

Therefore, it was very difficult for an ordinary Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist to be included in the first tier even if they were extremely powerful. The characters in the first tier were the best martial artists with supreme strength among divine-level talents.

This was the strength of the four divine kingdoms. They never lacked divine-level talents.

Now that the world of chaos had begun, there were more and more super talents in the current era.

Back in the day, it was an extraordinary feat for a divine kingdom to have ten to fifteen divine-level talents. If properly nurtured, these divine-level talents would definitely step into the Soul Sea Realm in the future. However, in the last few decades, the world of chaos had begun and subsequently, divine-level talents had begun to appear in large numbers. In just a few years, there were over a hundred divine-level talents already in the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

The four members of the first tier were able to defeat all other divine-level talents.

But they felt that Zen wasn't qualified to be counted among them.

However, the strength he had displayed was enough for him to stand at the top of the second tier. Now they had a completely different impression of him.

It was not that easy to join the second tier, but Zen had managed to reach the top of the second tier.

The Harlen Divine Kingdom had countless large and small martial houses, and ninety percent of the talents were in two major martial houses, the Jade Martial House and the Dark Martial House. They were highly gifted. Their achievements today were the combined result of resources and careful cultivation.

Thad was an independent warrior. No one knew where he cultivated. How could his resources be compared to the Harlen Divine Kingdom's?

He had just appeared out of nowhere.

Among independent warriors too, there were some who were more impressive than others. However, Zen was better than all of them.

Randy smiled faintly as he stared at Zen. He then said in a low voice, "It is not enough. This is not your full strength. Let me see your full strength!"

With everyone's eyes on him, Zen sighed to himself thinking how naive he was. The vision and strength of martial artists in divine kingdoms were beyond his expectations. If he wanted to pass the examination, he would have to show his strength.

There would probably be more trouble.

He hadn't forgotten that Randy had once said that he was the only one who could pass this examination.

As predicted by Zen, one of the other two warriors had won. The loser was driven out of the shrinking red circle.

According to the rules, the result should have been announced by now. Zen, Randy, and another martial artist had passed the examination.

However, Randy looked back at the three mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm and winked at them, so they didn't announce the result.

They knew Randy had interest in Zen and wanted to test his strength thoroughly.

The Harlen Token was a hard-earned badge for martial artists, but it wouldn't be difficult for Randy to obtain one given his status and strength. Even if Zen were to be eliminated, it shouldn't be too difficult for him to obtain a token as Randy had showed interest in him.

Since that was the case, they wanted to see Zen's true strength.

Randy laughed. "As I said, only I can pass this round. Would the two of you like me to send you out of the circle, or would you like to leave by yourselves?"

Zen was calm as he had long predicted that this would happen. He couldn't avoid a fight with Randy at this point.

The other martial artist became even more depressed. A trace of anger could be seen on his face. 'Lord Randy has gone too far in bullying us, ' he thought. 'I have gone all out to pass the examination, but now, he wants to break the rules and kick me out.' He seethed inwardly.

There wasn't much time left. From the moment the red circle began to shrink, only 300 seconds were left. The confrontation and Randy's talk had taken 135 seconds.

"I have already passed the examination. Why are you…" The martial artist protested. He was unwilling to accept this, but more than that he was unwilling to fight Randy. All he could do was to argue with him.

"Shut up!" yelled Randy. "I don't want to repeat my words a second time."

He stood in the center of the red circle, while Zen and the warrior stood on either side of him. As the red circle continued to shrink, the two had to move closer to him.

As the martial artist saw the distance between him and Randy closing in, he clenched his teeth and began to sweat profusely. Clearly, he was not convinced. However, looking at Randy who stood not far away, he knew that he was no match for him. If he fought the Lord, he would be humiliated and seriously injured. What was worse, there would be more unforeseen trouble.

Finally, he gritted his teeth and stood still. The red circle kept shrinking and moved past his feet.

He was eliminated.

Many warriors looked at him with pity in their eyes.

This was a tough examination and the probability of passing it was low as ninety percent of the participants were eliminated.

This martial artist had passed the examination, and yet he was forced by Randy to quit the game. What a shame!

Chapter 1072 Lord Randy Lost

Randy was the beloved son of the emperor of Harlen Divine Kingdom. He himself was a superb talent that belonged to the first tier. Even if the warrior was not willing to quit, he could do nothing.

Since the entire Harlen Divine Kingdom belonged to his father, none of the warriors living in the divine kingdom dared to resist any kind of decision he made. No one could afford to offend the imperial members.

The divine kingdoms were just like this. Compared to sect leaders, the imperial members were more domineering, condescending, and unreasonable.

Even the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm would show the utmost respect to Randy, even though he was only at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, due to his family background.

Despite that, fear or indecision couldn't be found on Zen's face. He continued moving forward as the red circle shrank, his gaze firmly fixated on Randy, who was in the middle of the circle.

Seeing that, Randy just smiled at Zen and asked, "What about you? Do you also want to give up?"

Although he had only met Zen twice, he could tell that Zen was a man who was proud of what he could do. He had always been accurate in his judgment, and so he knew that someone like Zen would never easily give up.

Of course Zen wouldn't give up. He had traveled all this way here just to obtain the ancient jades to save Letitia. And doing so was no small feat.

But then, he was not sure if he was really going to fight Randy.

Upon his initial observation, he concluded that the guy was not weak at all. Although Randy had only attacked him once, Zen already thought that he was probably slightly stronger than Esther.

And although Zen hadn't seen Amber fight in the Tower of Sin, he was sure that Randy's cultivation level would be more or less similar to hers when she had just become a top-level war lord two hundred years ago.

Of course, that was only his rough estimate. He didn't know for sure what Randy could do.

Despite that uncertainty, Zen felt no fear. He had even killed Eddie, who was a warrior at the Life and Death Realm. He didn't think Randy would be stronger than Eddie.

The problem was that this was only the first round of the assessment. To be honest, it would be impossible for him to unleash all of his strength if he wasn't in a life-or-death situation.

With that, Zen started scheming. 'How would I be able to defeat this guy without showing him and everyone in here all I have?' he thought carefully, his eyebrows slowly furrowing.

If Randy knew what Zen was thinking, he would probably faint from anger. Fortunately, he had no means to do that. And also, all he wanted to do at that moment was test Zen's strength as much as possible.

As time passed, the red circle kept on shrinking. Zen continued moving forward, and the distance between him and Randy grew shorter and shorter.

Thirty feet. Twenty feet. Ten feet!

For warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, at such a close distance, they could no longer use some of their moves or attacks.

Zen and Randy stared into each other's eyes, as if reading each other's thoughts.

Strength!

This was a battle of pure strength!

At this moment, all of the candidates on the square were already holding their breaths.

Whatever happened in the next seconds would definitely be something they were not expecting.

On the one hand, they admired Zen. He was actually able to stay in the red circle even if he was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. This only proved how much of a mighty warrior he was, yet no one had heard of him before. It was hard for them to imagine how he had grown up.

On the other hand, they also couldn't help but mourn for Zen in their hearts, as he was assigned to the same round of examination as Randy.

If Zen was not in the same round as Randy, then with his strength, he would have easily passed the test.

But now, he had to face Randy directly. No one knew what would happen next.

As they grew closer and closer to each other, Zen's vigilance was rising.

'Something is not right, ' Zen thought, still looking at Randy. 'His strength most likely exceeds my expectations!' Tension was starting to build in his chest.

Randy had seen Zen use forceful energy before. With that, the spectators naturally concluded that he was a body refiner. Well, it was a stupid idea for a warrior who refined life vitality to compete with a body refiner in physical strength.

It was an extremely wrong decision for Randy to close the distance between them.

Uncannily, Randy was not afraid at all. It seemed like he was just waiting for Zen to get closer. It was now obvious that Randy had some sort of plan to deal with this situation. Could it be that he himself was a body refiner? Or did he cultivate both body and life vitality?

'Since you must have it in for me, then I'm sorry, but you're going down!' Zen thought, getting ready to finish this round.

It was not that Zen was underestimating Randy. The strength that Zen had and the opponents he would choose were no longer at the same level as Lord Randy.

Just as the two of them were only half a meter apart, the corners of Randy's mouth curled up into a sly smile. Suddenly, a strand of pale blue forceful energy instantly appeared from within his body. Moreover, as soon as that forceful energy appeared, another strand of life vitality appeared.

Forceful energy and life vitality were two completely different types of energy. Forceful energy was born from one's own body, but life vitality was created by nature and could be absorbed by warriors.

Although Zen would often let out his forceful energy and life vitality at the same time, still, they were two very different systems to him. But Randy had actually fused them together!

How was he able to fuse the two completely different types of energy together?

And what should the new type of energy be called?

Even though Zen was knowledgeable and had seen a lot of things, he was still shocked when he saw this scene.

Everything that existed in the divine kingdoms couldn't be underestimated.

After fusing the forceful energy and life vitality, Randy spread out his hands and pushed towards Zen.

However, he didn't punch Zen. It seemed that he truly wanted to compete with Zen in physical strength, and that he didn't have any intention of harming him.

Caution was starting to color Zen's already shocked face. He circulated the power in his hands and caused the forceful energy within his body to erupt. At the same time, he also used the power of the dragon scales.

Originally, Zen had planned to use only forceful energy to deal with Randy. After all, he was only at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and Zen thought that would be more than enough.

However, when Zen discovered that Randy was able to fuse forceful energy and life vitality, he immediately changed his mind. He couldn't underestimate Randy.

Even so, Zen had only absorbed about half of the power of the dragon scales.

Soon after, Zen also outstretched his arms, his palms open. His speed was not that fast, but a shocking power was contained in his palms.

Bang!

Zen's palms collided with Randy's.

A muffled sound burst out.

The floor covered in patterns underneath their feet suddenly shook violently, and cracks began to appear on it.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Since this square was used for the exam of warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, the materials that were used to build the floor had been processed meticulously to fit the purpose. Previously, when there were so many warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm fighting, not a single trace of crack was left. But this time, numerous cracks appeared on the floor just as Zen's and Randy's palms collided.

Zen was still pondering on how Randy was able to fuse the two types of energies together. 'What cultivation method is he cultivating? It is indeed amazing!' he thought.

Zen managed to block this special energy in the end. Although the floor beneath his feet cracked open, he still stood firmly in place.

Under Zen's explosive power of dragon scales and his forceful energy, the previously relaxed expression on Randy's face suddenly changed.

Zen's hidden power was too huge.

Even though Randy was able to sense that Zen was not a simple warrior upon seeing him, he had never thought that he would be this powerful.

He was born and bred in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. Because his talent was outstanding, he was doted upon by his father. Although there were many princes in the Harlen Divine Kingdom, his talent set him apart, and because of that, the resources he received were abundant and generous. In this environment, his knowledge expanded, further than anyone else in the kingdom.

With that, he knew that Zen's strength shouldn't have appeared in a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Even a warrior who had experienced a life and death crisis would find it difficult to resist Zen's strength. Just how did Zen manage to do it?

His force was so hard to resist that it was like the tides of the ocean. A human would not be able to withstand such force.

Although he was overwhelmed by this sudden realization, Randy was not willing to back down. He would see this test to the end, and he would succeed! There was no way he was going to retreat after all the boasting he did a while ago.

He would rather Zen back out of the red circle right now and admit defeat. He would personally give a Harlen Token to Zen. After all, their purpose of competing in the exam was for the Harlen Tokens.

It was just a Harlen Token!

However, it was too late to say anything now. Under Zen's overwhelming power, he had no choice.

Thus, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Randy retreated.

One step! Two steps! Three steps...

Without doing anything flashy, he crossed the red circle. However, that wasn't the craziest thing to happen in this whole round. As Randy continued retreating, his steps also became unsteady. In the end, everyone saw his legs weaken and he actually fell onto the floor!

Everyone stared blankly at him, speechless at what was happening.

Randy, whose talent was ranked in the first tier, actually was invincible among the young generation. In the entire Jade Martial House, only Gregory was comparable to him and his power. In the entire Harlen Divine Kingdom, only Edwin and the crown prince could match up to him.

Randy and Zen weren't fighting to the death just now—it was just a simple contest of pure strength.

Without a doubt, however, in a battle of strength, Randy was at an absolute disadvantage.

Chapter 1073 Drawing Zen In

The air was heavy as silence hung like a thick curtain. Hundreds of warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm stared in marvel at the scene unfolding in front of their very eyes.

The eyes of the three mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm glinted with an ethereal light.

These three warriors were the leaders of the Jade Martial House—one of them was the head and the other two deputies. In the Harlen Divine Kingdom, they were considered the pillars that held the weight of the whole land in their shoulders. Naturally, they knew well the strength of Randy.

Randy was a formidable opponent. Not only did he cultivate both body and life vitality, but more importantly, his physical constitution combined with the imperial family's cultivation method could perfectly fuse forceful energy and life vitality. The two forces, when combined together, gave immense power to whoever wielded it. With this fusion, his strength surpassed that of anyone of the same level as him by leaps and bounds.

Randy had not yet used his trump card. As of this moment, he had only used his fusion technique. However, Zen had not used any of his special moves as well. He had only used some of his forceful energy and half the power of the dragon scales.

Just like this, Randy lost to Zen. The three leaders of the Jade Martial House observed Zen, pleasant surprise written on their faces.

'Could this man's talent be ranked in the first tier? Is it possible that his strength would be on par with Lord Randy's and the crown prince's?' they all thought.

Regardless of whether they believed it or not, they couldn't deny what they had witnessed with their own eyes. This man stood with his victory as clear as day, and they had the inkling that he had more to show them.

"We misjudged him. This man is simply a monster. I really don't know where he is from!" one of the three leaders said.

"Ha-ha! It doesn't matter. His presence will greatly benefit the Jade Martial House. Let us not discuss the disputes between Lord Randy and the crown prince. Since this man is participating in the assessment in the Jade Martial House, he naturally belongs here!" another leader said.

"We're in luck! Edwin Xiao of the Dark Martial House has overpowered our warriors. Now we have Thad Luo. I bet he is no inferior to Edwin," the third leader said.

Gregory, the number one Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior of the Jade Martial House, stared at Zen as anticipation raced through him. His face held faint traces of excitement.

"Thad Luo..." The name had a foreign sound, and it was one he had never heard of before. Gregory's heart pounded wildly in his chest. Had the time and place been different, he would have already challenged Zen to a duel. However, this was the assessment of the Jade Martial House and he was in the presence of the three leaders. He would not mess with the rules.

Gregory would not mess with the rules of the Jade Martial House. But Randy did whatever he wanted.

The Harlen Divine Kingdom had many princes, but Randy's status seemed so different from that of the princes who were not favored by the emperor. Half of the Crane City was in Randy's possession. Even the rules bent to his every whim. Who could stop him if he wanted to challenge anyone?

"Ha-ha! Thad Luo, right? Good, very good!" A crazy smile appeared on Randy's face as he stared at Zen. "Since you've already passed the first round of the examination, this matter shall come to an end. Now, I challenge you!"

As soon as Randy finished speaking, a violent aura surged forth from his body. Underneath the cover of this energy, the expressions on the faces of the many warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm instantly shifted.

This was not an aura that a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm could possess.

"Lord Randy's true strength must be on par with that of a warrior at the Life and Death Realm."

"He's really strong. With this much power, even a warrior at the first grade of the Life and Death Realm would be no match for him!"

"Thad Luo is in trouble."

Zen frowned slightly as Randy's aura surrounded him. Truth be told, he was quite displeased. Why was this fellow acting like this? He was here to participate in the exam, not to challenge others.

Zen shook his head and said, "I refuse!"

Randy was shocked at his answer. "What? Are you being serious? Why do you refuse my challenge? Do you not want a Harlen Token anymore?" he asked him defiantly. Then his expression turned into a knowing smile and he continued, "If you accept, I will give you a Harlen Token. And aside from this, you can choose what you desire from my treasures, regardless of whether you win or lose."

'Lord Randy's treasures!'

Everyone's eyes lit up at Randy's declaration.

Randy had countless rare and precious items. His wealth alone was comparable to what the Jade Martial House had accumulated in all of its years. If Zen could pick whatever he wanted, he could easily earn in one day the fortune that an ordinary man could only dream of in his lifetime.

Randy promised Zen that he could pick whatever he wanted regardless of whether he won or lost.

Even if he lost to Randy, he had more to gain than lose. His loss would bear him no shame.

"This is a lucky day for Thad Luo!" Everyone eyed Zen with a mixture of wonder and envy as they thought of the prize that was waiting for him. Anyone of them would jump at the opportunity presented to him.

To everyone's shock, Zen still firmly shook his head in refusal. "I would have to decline your offer. I only need a Harlen Token. With my strength, I can get it for myself. I don't need you to give it to me," he said.

'Who does this arrogant bastard think he is?' Randy inwardly fumed. He thought that he had been more than generous in his offer. Any man would feel honored to be challenged by him. He was Lord Randy! And whichever way the duel turned, whether he won or lost, he would be rewarded handsomely. Why was this man being so stubborn?

A flaming red crept up Randy's neck and face. His eyes narrowed in anger as he flushed indignantly, like a volcano that would erupt at any moment.

"Alas! Lord Randy is intelligent, but he is still too young in years," one of the three leaders of Jade Martial House sighed helplessly.

The other two leaders nodded as well, sharing his sentiments.

Currently, the crown prince and Randy were in competition with one another. They were the two most outstanding young men in the entire Harlen Divine Kingdom, and the future emperor of the divine kingdom might be one of them.

Randy was younger, but he rose steadily to the first tier. One had to say that his future held a glory more than that of the crown prince.

The two were similar in strength, but the crown prince was older than Randy by more than ten years, and the difference in age had given him a steady and composed demeanor. The crown prince had not only won over Gregory of the Jade Martial House, but had also won over Edwin, the number one warrior in the Dark Martial House.

There were only four warriors in the first tier. The crown prince, Gregory, and Edwin were in a group. Randy was alone.

The most troublesome thing for Randy was that he had no followers. In front of him right now was the perfect target.

But this man had proved to be increasingly stubborn.

Randy did not have any malice towards Zen. He challenged him because he was unconvinced, and at the same time, he also wanted to win over him. Randy was too proud to admit defeat.

As of the moment, the two men's pride clashed against each other. Talents like Zen almost always had arrogance as great as their skills. Randy wanted to use his family background to bend others to his will, and the situation was escalating quickly when Zen refused him.

All the three leaders sighed and shook their heads. One of them stepped forward and with a benevolent smile coaxed, "Lord Randy, I know you want to challenge Thad Luo today, but this is the assessment. It would be improper to start a fight. There are more fitting times and places. How about you challenge him another day?"

"Master He!" Randy retorted with a hardheadedness telling of his youth and inexperience. He knew full well that the leader's words were sensible, but he refused to listen to reason despite this fact.

"Lord Randy, listen to me," Master He smiled meaningfully. The next moment, there were only faint movements of his lips. He was using life vitality to speak to Randy, so the others had no way of distinguishing his words.

After a long while of what seemed to others as merely tense silence, Randy finally gave a slight nod of his head, and the imposing aura around his body dissipated. His face relaxed into a calmer expression as he beckoned to Zen. "I admit defeat. You are indeed a powerful warrior. I'd like to make friends with you, Thad. I will invite you to my house for a feast some other day!"

Zen, on the other hand, stood in bafflement. There was a glaring contrast between Randy's earlier attitude and current one. Who knew what he was up to?

Of course, Zen was unsure. There were all sorts of conflicts going on in the divine kingdoms. After he had accidentally shown his strength, he might have unintentionally dragged himself into one of them as well.

No matter what Randy was up to, it had nothing to do with Zen. Now, he just acted accordingly. As he was in the Harlen Divine Kingdom, it would do him no good if he embarrassed Randy. Paying his courtesies, Zen nodded and gave a polite salute to him.

Only after Randy left did the crowd seem to breathe again.

In the middle of the seeming calmness, Gregory observed quietly from the side, his eyes following Randy as he left. Then, quietly, he turned to look at Zen, a trace of vigilance flashing through his eyes.

Although Gregory was a member of the Jade Martial House, he worked for the crown prince. The conflict between the crown prince and Randy had been going on for a long time. Zen had appeared out of nowhere and displayed tremendous strength. Whether or not he could win over Zen was a secondary matter, but such a character would not be allowed to follow Randy.

He had to inform the crown prince of this matter as soon as possible.

Chapter 1074 Ancestral Dragon

Zen was not interested in the internal strife within the divine kingdom. He only cared about getting the Harlen Token.

After passing the test today, the warriors had to return to the courtyard they had previously registered in. After passing the test, Zen had become a member of the Jade Martial House.

The woman at the Internal Elixir Realm who was in charge of registration looked curiously at Zen. She wondered how Zen passed the test given that his cultivation was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

The woman took Zen's bamboo token back and gave him another purple token. This purple token was still not the Harlen Token. She informed him that from now on he was allowed to enter the Jade Martial House to study and practice, as well as to obtain a portion of the resources of the Jade Martial House.

Other independent martial artists would be honored and excited at the chance to have access to the Jade Martial House's materials and training facilities. The cultivation for independent warriors was extremely arduous, so it was a great opportunity for them to join a martial house to advance further. Zen, however, was not interested in studying nor using the resources of the Jade Martial House. Zen didn't lack cultivation techniques or pills. He had completely relied on himself to improve his cultivation and, as of now, the martial house would not be of much help to him. The only thing that could help him was the Harlen Token.

Zen left the Jade Martial House and met Francis who had been waiting outside for a while.

Zen had given him an order beforehand, telling him to wait there for him so that they would return to his residence together. Francis did as he was told. He didn't dare disobey Zen.

Along the way, Zen played with the purple token in his hand. After thinking for a while, he asked, "How long do you think it will take me to get the Harlen Token and enter the Feather Holy Sea?"

Francis smiled and replied, "One of the three secret lands will open every year but I'm not sure which one will open this year."

The Feather Holy Sea contained the Feather Emperor Secret Land, the Divine Emperor Secret Land, the Mysterious Dream Secret Land, and the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. Except for Feather Emperor Secret Land, Zen didn't care about any other secret lands. He was expecting the Feather Emperor Secret Land to open this year, or else it would be extremely disappointing.

"Is there a way to know which secret land will open this year?" Zen asked with a frown.

"I guess so, but the opening of a secret land is controlled by the rulers of the four divine kingdoms. It is up to them to decide which secret land will open. I don't know if it is possible to approach the rulers and ask them about this. I believe it will be a little difficult to get this information," Francis replied.

Zen took a deep breath. If the Feather Emperor Secret Land didn't open this year, he would have to wait for another year. He couldn't wait that long. He didn't have much time left. What should he do? Zen was not strong enough to influence the decisions of the rulers of the four divine kingdoms.

"I see. You can leave now," Zen told Francis.

He nodded and left the room.

Zen sat cross-legged and slowly directed his strength to spread out his life vitality. He was prepared to cultivate for a while.

The cyan dragon in his mind began to speak, "Zen, aside from the Feather Emperor Secret Land in the Feather Holy Sea, there is another secret land you must enter."

"Hmm?" Zen's eyes flickered. He was confused with this new information coming from the cyan dragon.

Everything he knew about the Feather Holy Sea and the secret lands had come from Francis. It was the first time the cyan dragon mentioned them. Could these secret lands and the cyan dragon be somehow related?

Zen's goal was to get to the Feather Emperor Secret Land where the life stones came from. He wasn't interested in the other secret lands.

"There are the Feather Emperor Secret Land, the Divine Emperor Secret Land, the Mysterious Dream Secret Land, and there's also the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, right? You must enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land," the cyan dragon continued to say.

"Is there something you need from the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land?" Zen asked curiously.

Zen knew that the nine Genuine Dragons came from the Genuine Dragon World. What he didn't know was why these nine dragons attached themselves to the mysterious furnace and why they had turned into a page of a book and got into Zen's mind. These were mysteries he was eager to solve.

Once he asked the cyan dragon but he avoided the questions and instead gave him a vague answer. There was a secret around this and Zen needed to know what it was.

Back when Zen first entered the Genuine Dragon World through the Dragon Soar Arena, the cyan dragon had acted all mysterious and didn't want to reveal his identity to the martial artists of the Dragon Lineage Human.

Zen started wondering if the cyan dragon held a grudge against the Genuine Dragon race, or if there was a great enmity between them.

These were only his wild guesses. If the cyan dragon didn't want to reveal his secrets, then Zen shouldn't insist.

Even when Zen entered the Sea God Continent and practiced the martial arts there, the cyan dragon hadn't offered his opinions or made any requests. This time, however, he was asking Zen to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. So there must be something important there or something he needed. Could it be related to the nine dragons?

The cyan dragon smiled bitterly and said, "Have you heard the story about the origins of the Feather Holy Sea?"

Zen shook his head.

He hadn't even heard of the name Feather Holy Sea, not until recently when Francis told him in return for Zen sparing his life.

When Zen traveled across the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and arrived in the Harlen Divine Kingdom, he was surprised to know there was a vast inland sea in the continent surrounded by gigantic towering city walls.

He wondered why the four divine kingdoms had put so much effort into accomplishing such a huge project. What did they do it for? What was the purpose of this construction?

"The Feather Holy Sea used to be ours. It was the territory of our Genuine Dragon race," the cyan dragon said with a hint of sadness.

"Your Genuine Dragon race's territory?" Zen's eyebrows twitched as he asked with a soft voice as if feeling the cyan dragon's sadness.

"To be more precise, this territory belonged to a branch race of our Genuine Dragon race, that is the Dragon Lineage Human," the cyan dragon said.

In the past, the Dragon Lineage Human were the rulers of this continent. They occupied the most central region of the entire Divine Kingdom Continent—

the Feather Holy Sea. At that time humans had seven divine kingdoms. These divine kingdoms joined forces and fought against the Dragon Lineage Human.

This war went on for tens of thousands of years. It was a horrific war taking the lives of millions.

Finally, under the relentless joined attacks of the seven divine kingdoms, the Dragon Lineage Human used a blood sacrifice to open up a space channel. From this space channel came a Genuine Dragon that annihilated three divine kingdoms with a single blow.

At that time, the seven divine kingdoms had the support of the human race from the Upper World. The four divine kingdoms that survived in the end had destroyed the entire Dragon Lineage Human. So now the continent was ruled by the four divine kingdoms. The blood sacrifice had come at a great cost and didn't help the Dragon Lineage Human to achieve their final victory.

"The four secret lands are, in truth, the remnants of the Dragon Lineage Human's legacy in this world. Before the members of the Dragon Lineage Human were exterminated, they used the power of blood sacrifice once again to seal off the entire Feather Holy Sea with the cost of the lives of the entire race. They wouldn't allow the inheritance of the entire Dragon Lineage Human to be exterminated," the cyan dragon added.

"Now, after so many years, the power of the Dragon Lineage Human's blood sacrifice has begun to weaken. The four remaining divine kingdoms took the legacies of the Dragon Lineage Human as their own treasures and have slowly developed into the powerhouses they are today. I never thought that some small sixth-grade divine kingdoms would develop so much and so quickly."

In the past, the seven divine kingdoms were considered sixth-grade sects but now the four divine kingdoms could be considered eighth-grade sects.

It was a huge difference and upgrade even with just two grades in between.

The Demon Night sacred place located in the Sea God Continent with Amber as the leader could only be considered a seventh grade sacred place.

"What exactly is in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land?" Zen asked curiously. He was wondering what the cyan dragon was looking for and why he wouldn't just tell him once and for all.

The cyan dragon answered, "In the past, the Dragon Lineage Human of the Lower World summoned a Genuine Dragon through blood sacrifice. That Genuine Dragon is our eldest brother."

"Eldest brother?"

Zen was shocked at the revelation.

There were nine Genuine Dragons drawn on the mysterious furnace. These nine Genuine Dragons were of different sizes and lengths, and had different powers. But underneath the furnace lay the strongest and most intimidating Genuine Dragon. He had been asleep all this time and until now only the cyan dragon and red dragon had awaken.

"Yes. Our Genuine Dragon race spread throughout a million worlds. Not everyone could use the blood sacrifice and successfully summon a Genuine Dragon to come for help. The reason why my eldest brother personally answered the call was because the Dragon Lineage Human had discovered an Ancestral Dragon Egg in their world. This Ancestral Dragon Egg is currently in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land of the Feather Holy Sea!" the cyan dragon finally revealed what he was looking for.

"An Ancestral Dragon Egg? What is that?" Zen felt confused and astonished at the cyan dragon's words. He had never heard of the Ancestral Dragon Egg before.

The red dragon laughed. "It's very simple to understand. The Ancestral Dragon Egg is the egg of the Ancestral Dragon. There is only one Ancestral Dragon in this world and it is immortal. After it dies, a new Ancestral Dragon Egg will be born and then it will hatch and the dragon inside will become the new Ancestral Dragon."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1075 The Crown Prince And Lord Randy

"Whoever can control the Ancestral Dragon shall have the power to control the Genuine Dragon race. As the most powerful super legendary beast, there is no way we are ever handing over the Ancestral Dragon egg to the human race,"

the red dragon said.

Zen listened close, not even saying a word as the red dragon spoke.

The red dragon continued, "The war in the Divine Kingdom Continent was actually a war between the human race and the Genuine Dragon race in the Lower World. Unfortunately, the human race never expected that after my eldest brother was summoned out by the blood sacrifice, he destroyed three divine kingdoms. In the instant of space collapse, he used a secret method to destroy the ascending passage of this world. Therefore, none of the living beings in this world can fly to the Upper World anymore."

"What?"

Zen's eyes flashed as he heard such words.

Being unable to fly to the Upper World had always been a problem for this world.

After reaching the Soul Sea Realm, warriors originally could step into the path of the immortals.

The likes of Miguel, Amber, and the Soul Sea Realm masters of the four divine kingdoms had been stuck within this boundless world and unable to fly to the Upper World.

Other than the Dragon Soar Arenas, there were no other known methods to ascend.

All living beings knew that there were problems in the world. However, not a single solution had come. Some questions remained unanswered.

In the end, all of the Soul Sea Realm masters who could have ascended were trapped in this world until they just died. After the Five Aging Processes, they weren't able to do anything more and got swallowed whole by depression.

It was the last thing Zen had expected. It was the cyan dragon's eldest brother who had destroyed the flying passage of his world.

"Why did your brother destroy the flying passage in the first place?"

Zen asked.

The cyan dragon sighed before answering, "It was because of the Ancestral Dragon, of course. The egg was born in this great world, so my clan took care of it and let it hatch slowly under their wing. However, that had become known to humans, hence the war."

"So that's how it is," Zen said after a moment of silence. "In other words, the reason why you asked me to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land is to obtain the egg and hand it to the Genuine Dragon race?"

"The Genuine Dragon race? Huh!"

The red dragon snorted with a trace of disdain. His tone was evident with anger.

"Brother…" The red dragon had something more to say, but the cyan dragon stopped him. "That's right, Zen. I want you to get the egg, but it must not be returned to the Genuine Dragon race," the cyan dragon said.

The longer their conversation went, the more Zen got confused. It seemed like both the cyan dragon and the red dragon had some sort of conflict with the Genuine Dragon race. The last time Zen had entered the Genuine Dragon World, he had already noticed some problems but didn't say anything because he was an outsider.

Even so, he was going to try his best to help as much as he could. After all, the two dragons had contributed greatly to his accomplishments.

Naturally, he also had his own doubts regarding the situation. "Even if the egg is in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, those Soul Sea Realm masters are unable to get their hands on it. With my current strength, I'm not sure I would succeed."

Zen knew so little about the relationship between the four secret lands. But since they were located within the Feather Holy Sea which was surrounded by the four divine kingdoms, he assumed that the Soul Sea Realm masters would have entered in search for the egg if they could.

The cyan dragon smiled and said, "The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land is different from the other three ones. It is impossible for them to obtain the egg, but I believe you may stand a chance."

What the cyan dragon said gave Zen a boost of confidence that he never knew he needed. He nodded and said softly, "If that's the case, then I'll do my best."

Although he wasn't entirely sure that he could successfully help the two dragons obtain the egg they wanted, he was willing to give it his best shot. The first thing he had to do was to enter the Feather Emperor Secret Land and look for the life stones hidden inside it.

Whether or not he succeeded depended on how the things could go next.

Instead of leaving his house for other things, Zen focused on his training every day. Without his order, Francis stayed close to the door, too.

Three days later, Zen suddenly heard faint footsteps coming from behind the door, followed by a high-pitched voice. "Here comes the crown prince! People without fixed duties, stay out of the way!"

"The crown prince is here?"

Zen's brows rucked slightly.

Soon after, he heard Francis' voice from outside. "Master, the crown prince of Harlen Divine Kingdom is here!"

"Mm," Zen acknowledged before he got up and left the room. A small smile hung on his lips, but he felt somewhat strange. What did the crown prince want from him?

When Zen walked out of the house, he saw the grand scene outside. Dozens of Life and Death Realm masters wearing golden, embroidered gowns, with silver blades hanging on their waists, lined up by the door. He swept his gaze across them and saw that their blades were all at least low-grade sacred weapons. Somehow, they all looked the same.

It was no secret that the Harlen Divine Kingdom boasted the technique of forging sacred weapons.

In front of those Life and Death Realm guards was a young man on a wheelchair. He looked very sick, but his eyes beamed a strange light.

When he caught Zen's gaze, he smiled.

One of the eunuchs spoke up in a shrill voice, "Kneel down at once and greet the crown prince properly!"

How could Zen kneel before him? Glancing coldly at the eunuch, he thought to himself, 'You come to my door for no particular reason and then ask me to kneel? What kind of logic is that?'

Then, the crown prince reproached, "Don't be rude. The man in front of you is a top talent in our kingdom. Men have backbone. What makes you think he'd just kneel down upon your order?"

"But, Your Highness, you are this kingdom's crown prince! In the future, you will…"

The eunuch's voice shook as he tried to explain.

"Silence!" The crown prince criticized him severely, and then smiled at Zen. "I'm sorry about that. He has always been rude. Please don't take it to heart."

It was a petty drama that was unfolding before Zen. He could tell by one look that both the crown prince and the eunuch were only putting an act to make him believe that the crown prince thought highly of him. That was the first time they ever met. That little trick he pulled caused Zen to grow wary of him. He was scheming.

Deep down, he had developed a strong aversion towards the crown prince.

After he came to the Harlen Divine Kingdom, Zen didn't want to attract any attention on him. However, Randy gave him problems during the examination, and now the crown prince had come to his house personally. The more he didn't want to be noticed, the more all these people knocked on his door.

Now that he stayed in their kingdom, he couldn't just ignore or kick those people out. He had more important things to focus on.

"Your Highness, what brings you here?" he asked nonchalantly.

With a smile on his face, the crown prince replied, "I heard that you passed the examination of the Jade Martial House as an independent warrior, so I wanted to meet you personally. You do have an impressive appearance with great talent. It really shows!"

"I'm very flattered. The truth is, I'm nothing but a boor!" Zen responded after thinking for a moment.

With the same smile, the crown prince said, "Come on. Let's not stand on politesse. There's a banquet at my house today. I would appreciate your attendance." Right after he spoke, he shot a look at the eunuch.

A smile had crept on the eunuch's face as well. He took out a shiny golden card and handed it over to Zen.

As he looked at the card in the eunuch's hands, Zen was a bit hesitant. Did he really want to be there?

At that moment, he had figured out the purpose of that visit. Most likely, the crown prince wanted to draw him over to his side like Randy, but he was more polite.

It was the way of the world. Those who showed you courtesy weren't necessarily your friends.

As Zen was contemplating whether or not he should attend the party, another voice from not too far away had reached their ears. "Brother!

Why didn't you come to see me after you arrived at the city?"

It was Randy.

Surprisingly, he was alone and didn't have any attendants with him.

The green robe he was wearing swayed as he strolled over towards them. He looked at the crown prince and then smiled at Zen. "Thad, how have you been?"

Feeling even more baffled than he already was, Zen only nodded slightly. What did Randy and his brother really want?

Chapter 1076 Being Watched

Randy had extended his challenge to Zen just a few days ago.

So it was kind of weird for Zen to see him act as if they were the best of friends who hadn't seen each other for a long time.

The smile was frozen on his face. "I've been fine." Zen said through his teeth.

Randy put his arm around him in a brotherly manner before taking the golden invitation from his hand. He flipped it over before handing it back to the crown prince, "Zen's already promised to go to my place today so your invitation is just way too late!"

When had he agreed to visit his place? Zen had just received the crown prince's invitation and was just thinking about what to do when Randy came out of nowhere and acted all friendly with him.

Still, he appreciated his intervention. Despite Randy being arrogant and temperamental, he had an air of integrity around him. The crown prince, on the other hand, was too shrewd for Zen's taste.

Zen was not going to pass up this perfect opportunity to reject the crown prince's invitation. He nodded his head as if to show his agreement with Randy's words.

"It is indeed too late to invite me now, Your Highness. Lord Randy's already invited me to his residence," Zen said, patting Randy's hand as a signal for him to get his arm off his shoulder.

Randy's hand refused to budge from Zen's shoulder and there was a huge smile on his face.

Back when his cultivation level was still very low, the crown prince did not even bother batting an eyelash at Randy's direction. However, he gradually grew stronger and climbed the social ladder to a point wherein he could stand on the same ground as the crown prince.

Still, the crown prince was over ten years older than Randy and was set to inherit the throne. Despite being conferred the title of Lord as recognition of his strength, Randy had fewer followers compared to his brother.

The crown prince had recently heard of the warrior that had triumphed over Randy at the Jade Martial House. His interest was instantly piqued and he knew that he had to establish a relationship with this exceptional warrior. He had traveled from the capital all the way to Crane City just to see Zen to draw him to his side.

But, it just so happened that Randy had burst out of nowhere and interfered with his plans.

Of course he knew that these two only pretended to be close acquaintances to fool him. He was a crown prince and he knew how to play this game. And sometimes, he played his cards right and knew when to fold. He was not at a position to force Zen to do anything so he took the magnanimous route and gave a hearty laugh. "A shame! It seemed I did not come here on time."

"You did arrive rather abruptly. I admire your speed," Randy retorted.

There was a trace of hostility that flashed through the crown prince's eyes but his face remained calm. With a smile he spun the wheelchair around and left, his entourage of masters following closely behind him.

It was only then that Randy dropped his arm off Zen's shoulder. There was a triumphant cold smile on his face as he watched the crown prince leave.

"Aren't you brothers?" Zen asked. "Why do you have to go against each other like this?"

The internal struggles of the divine kingdom's royal family baffled Zen. Warriors were incomparably selfish but they paled in comparison to the royal family and just how much they schemed against their own flesh and blood.

"I treat him as my brother but he doesn't even treat me as a person," Randy replied coldly.

The expression on his face could only be described as both furious and anguished. There must be some awful memories between the two brothers for them to have this much animosity with each other.

However, that was their issue. Zen knew it wasn't something he really wanted to embroil himself in.

Just as he was thinking of where he should go now, Randy nudged him. "So… you're going to my place today, right?" he asked with a crafty smile.

Zen scoffed, "This… unbelievable."

He had played along with Randy's ridiculous lie in order to reject the crown prince's invitation but now, it seemed as if the matter was actually serious.

"Don't worry. I won't put you in an awkward situation. It'll be fine as long as one of us wins over the other," Randy said but also lowered his voice. "My brother won't give up on you so easily. He has probably already mobilized his people to keep an eye out for you. If you don't go to my place after you rejected his invitation today, he'd surely come to meet with you another time..."

Zen sighed in defeat. It truly seemed that he had no choice.

"Fine," he said wryly. Even if Randy wasn't really equipped with a pleasing personality, he was at least straightforward. Zen would choose the Lord over the crown prince any day.

A shrewd ally could never be regarded as a true ally after all.

And that was how Zen found himself standing in front of Randy's mansion with Francis in tow.

The mansion was located south of Crane City. It was extraordinarily grandiose with rich architecture, luxurious amenities, and a refined scenery.

As soon as they entered, four Life and Death Realm masters quickly surrounded them. They all looked rather nervous as they rushed towards

Randy. "Your Highness, where did you go? We were looking all over for you!"

Randy rolled his eyes. "Why? Do I need to keep you updated every minute of every day about my whereabouts?"

"This... No. No, Your Highness. You don't," one of the Life and Death Realm masters replied, immediately bowing his head.

Randy snorted and walked past them. Just as they were about to follow him, Randy sent them a glare that froze them in their steps. "Stop right there. The four of you should stay here and guard the door!"

"We..."

A Life and Death Realm warrior, though not rare in the divine kingdom, couldn't just be reduced to a mere doorkeeper.

"What?"

Randy raised an eyebrow. "Are you not going to do as I say?"

Sensing the anger that was boiling through Randy's blood, the four Life and Death Realm warriors hurriedly retreated and took their places by the mansion's entrance.

Randy gave Zen a meaningful look. "Isn't it quite ridiculous?" he chuckled.

Zen frowned. "These people…"

"All the guards and servants in my mansion… They're all my brother's people,"

Randy told him.

At that moment, a beautiful woman entered the threshold. The woman had a Virtual Tribulation Realm cultivation base, was good-looking, well-dressed, and looked like the perfect match for a warrior. Someone like her no doubt had the ability to make any man fall in love with her.

She smiled when she saw Randy and hurried towards him. "You're back! I'll..."

"Don't you dare come near me!" Randy shouted, not even giving her the chance to finish her words.

His reaction made her freeze. "Y-Your Highness…"

she mumbled as fat, hot tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"What're you standing there for? I asked you to go away, didn't I?"

he coldly reprimanded.

The woman's lips trembled but, under his command, she slowly retreated and disappeared from the Lord's view.

"That woman is also under my brother's control," Randy said sadly.

Even she was arranged by the crown prince!

This truly rendered Zen speechless.

Outside, Randy was an object of envy for the ordinary folk. He was strong, talented, and greatly honored by the entire divine kingdom. However, none of them knew how much of a prisoner he actually was in his own home.

Zen could now understand why he treated the crown prince like that earlier. It seemed the grudge between the two brothers truly ran deep.

The enmity between the two brothers wasn't a secret. The entire divine kingdom practically knew about it and even Francis was aware of this matter.

Randy was simply too outstanding and that was his biggest crime against his brother. His power threatened the crown prince's claim to the throne and when it came to the throne, the crown prince would not tolerate any kind of competition, familial ties be damned.

The crown prince couldn't really take action against Randy because of their father. However, he could still restrain his brother's actions and make him suffer through other methods.

And perhaps he had used the cruelest method of all: make his brother live inside a beautiful, hollow prison where he had no one he could trust.

Of course, it did not just stop there, there was also that matter of entering the secret lands of the Feather Holy Sea. Randy knew he would need to gather warriors to form his own team. He couldn't just go there on his own.

The crown prince had 'offered' his help to find people for him but Randy naturally rejected since he knew his brother's real intentions. The problem, however, was that besides the crown prince, there was really no one else he could turn to.

All the young, talented masters were already in the crown prince's faction while the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors that remained weren't that powerful. Randy had managed to invite a handful of warriors who would be able to enter the second tier but they were still not enough. His meager force could never hope to contend against his brother.

When he met Zen, Randy had already made up his mind to fight him. Under the guidance of the Jade Martial House's master, he had managed to restrain himself with the hopes that this young man would be of great help to him.

At last, they were finally able to enter the main hall. Francis remained at the door while both Zen and Randy were served tea by the servants. As soon as the tea was poured, Randy immediately chased them out.

He looked up at Zen and stared at him with sparkling eyes. "Why do you want to enter the Feather Holy Sea?" he asked. "I think I can work with you."

Chapter 1077 Corpses

Randy was talking to Zen in a really polite way.

As a superior Lord who hailed from a royal family, he had never lowered himself to cooperate with others before. Zen was the only exception.

Although the crown prince had won over divine-level talents like Gregory and Edwin, along with the other talents from the two major martial houses, they weren't that friendly to one another. They could only be regarded as the crown prince's followers.

Any powerful prince only wanted to train their own followers. But for Randy, he wanted to work with Zen.

When Zen heard Randy's words, his eyes were filled up with surprise. He lightly sipped his tea and looked at the scenery outside the palace. It was quite a sight, so he couldn't help but allow his thoughts to wander.

The moment he came to the four divine kingdoms, he didn't plan to depend on any of the forces. However, if someone chose to cooperate with him, he wasn't to refuse. After all, both sides could benefit from it.

Despite Randy's indisputable arrogance and conceitedness, he was still an honest man in Zen's eyes. Besides, he was a prince of the Harlen Divine Kingdom. Zen refused to be anyone's follower, but it was undoubtedly very suitable to act jointly with Randy.

The only hindrance was the dispute between Randy and the crown prince, but that wasn't Zen's concern at that point in time. He wasn't going to stay in the four divine kingdoms for long anyway.

Upon noticing Zen's hesitance, Randy spoke, "It looks like you still fear my brother. Am I right?"

Initially, Zen's response was to roll his eyes at Randy's straightforwardness. He smiled and said, "I choose to work side by side with you. I'm here for the life stones in the Feather Emperor Secret Land."

It was no secret that Zen was looking for the life stones, so there was no harm in telling Randy.

"Oh? The life stones?"

There was a meaningful smile plastered on Randy's face. "Why didn't you just say so earlier?"

Zen's heart skipped a few beats as he heard Randy's words. He had traveled for miles on end just to find those things. If he could get them from Randy, then it could save him a great deal.

In one clap of his hands, a servant girl made her way to Randy in small strides.

"Bring me the life stones,"

Randy said softly, his voice almost sounded like a whisper.

After the servant girl received Randy's order, she bowed her head slowly and then exited the room carefully.

There was burning excitement that was brewing inside of Zen's heart. It was too extreme that he couldn't conceal it himself. If Randy possessed the life stones, he was willing to pay any price in exchange for them.

The expression on Zen's face brought a smile on Randy's face. "It seems that the life stones are of utmost importance to you. You want to save someone, right?"

Life stones could replenish a human's life force. However, life force wasn't the same as lifespan. It was completely different from the pills that could increase one's lifespan.

Since he was quite young and only in his twenties, Randy had concluded that it wasn't him who needed such.

"You're right," Zen nodded as he replied.

After the two of them waited for a while, the servant girl returned with a wooden tray which was covered with a layer of silk.

Randy slowly stood up and reached out to grab the hem of the silk. He lightly pulled on it, revealing the stones placed delicately on the wooden tray.

The stones were the same ancient jade pieces that Zen had seen before.

A pure aura of life channeled through the stones. Anyone who went near them could feel the energy of life that they effused.

Back then, Zen was worried. He knew very well that Francis, whom he enslaved, didn't dare to deceive him. But what if what Francis said was wrong? What if the life stones were not produced in the four divine kingdoms?

Now, he was a hundred percent sure.

Unfortunately, the number of life stones on the wooden tray was still not enough.

There were only twelve of them in total.

Zen also remembered that there was only a small amount of life force in one life stone.

The Life and Death Wind that hit Letitia took her life force out of her. Twelve of them were far from enough.

Seeing a streak of regret in Zen's eyes, Randy instantly knew what was on his mind. He chuckled and said, "We seldom keep life stones at home. These are all I have. They're not enough, I reckon?"

"I don't mind." Zen shook his head and continued, "It's just that I need a lot more than these. Lord Randy, are you willing to sell them to me for a price?"

With him were a bunch of supreme life vitality crystals. He was confident that he could afford to pay for the precious life stones.

"There won't be any negotiation. As long as you agree to work with me all the way, consider these life stones as my gift to you." Randy was as straightforward as always.

There was no way Zen could refuse such an offer. He could see Randy's nature. If he really wanted to pay for the life stones instead, then it could cause a bicker between him and Randy. Even though the life stones were small in number, each one of them was essential.

With one sweep of the hand, Zen collected the life stones from the tray into his space ring.

Randy then said, "Since you need more life stones, you must enter the Feather Emperor Secret Land to mine ores. With your strength, you shall get in easily, but the mining process can exhaust you to the greatest extent."

"Mining? Were life stones dug out from the secret land?" Zen obviously didn't know much about the Feather Emperor Secret Land. Neither did Francis.

Even though Francis himself was a Life and Death Realm master and had a high cultivation level, he didn't meet the qualifications to enter the Feather Holy Sea when he reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

There was an obvious grin on Randy's face. "The four divine kingdoms keep the information regarding the Feather Holy Sea a secret. Like you, most people don't know much about the four secret lands. The Feather Emperor, Divine Emperor, Mysterious Dream, and the Heavenly Stellar Secret Lands are all different from each other. The Feather Emperor Secret Land is actually a vein."

"A vein? You mean a vein that produces life stones?"

Zen asked, his curiosity at its peak.

However, Randy shook his head. "The vein within the Feather Emperor Secret Land is very rare and the treasures it produces are also very strange. It was once unearthed by the Dragon Lineage Human for tens of thousands of years. Even the four divine kingdoms had their fair share of digging for a long time, but the mineral deposits are still very rich! Besides the life stones, it can also produce other beneficial items!"

With such a vein, the four divine kingdoms never wasted any time and went on with mining.

"I see." Zen nodded. "I wonder what the other two secret lands have."

"The Divine Emperor Secret Land actually serves as a cemetery. Buried there are the corpses of many dead members of the Dragon Lineage Human. Those bodies have been preserved using a secret technique, so they will not rot for ten thousand years."

"Cemetery?"

Zen frowned. "Then why is it referred to as a secret land? What treasures are hidden beneath it?"

"There's nothing," Randy replied. "Nothing but corpses. It really is just a cemetery. What kind of stuff could you acquire from that sort of place?"

"But..." As that was revealed to Zen, he wanted to know if exploring the place could reward him in some way.

Before Zen could even finish his words, Randy began to laugh. "But the corpses inside are the most precious treasures!"

Corpses were treasures?

Zen was confused all the more.

The Feather Holy Sea was the gathering place of the Dragon Lineage Human. Many of them were killed in the blood sacrifice, so it had become a dangerous place for anyone.

There was a long period of time when the four divine kingdoms were unable to enter the Feather Holy Sea.

At some point, the Feather Holy Sea was considered more oppressive and powerful than the Cursed Land in the entire Sea God Continent. At the very least, living beings under the level of war sages could enter the Cursed Land, but it wasn't the same for the Feather Holy Sea.

However, no matter how dangerous the place was, there was still a way to break it. The legacy left behind by the Dragon Lineage Human was like fat meat in the eyes of the four divine kingdoms. How could they sleep soundly when they knew there was fat meat at their doorsteps?

After searching again and again, they finally found a way to enter the Feather Emperor, the Divine Emperor, and the Mysterious Dream Secret Lands.

The four divine kingdoms had gained so much from those secret lands. Finally, their eyes fell onto the last one – the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was the core of the Dragon Lineage Human, which was more impossible to enter compared to the first three secret lands. It had puzzled the four divine kingdoms for countless years. In order to explore it, countless martial artists in the four divine kingdoms had given their lives. Among them were many Soul Sea Realm masters.

Finally, the four divine kingdoms compromised. They found themselves unable to enter all. The power of blood sacrifice within the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was not something that they could just brush off their shoulders.

Thus, they shifted their focus onto the corpses in the Divine Emperor Secret Land.

Chapter 1078 Trust

Both the Feather Emperor Secret Land and the Divine Emperor Secret Land were extremely dangerous areas for martial artists.

However, they were nothing compared to the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

In the Feather Emperor Secret Land, as long as one followed the rules of mining and had the expertise, there wouldn't be any major problems.

However, the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was a land of corruption. Apart from the Dragon Lineage Human, no other living beings were allowed to enter.

The four divine kingdoms had discussed this predicament together countless times. In the end, they were able to come up with an alternative method —

they would use the corpses in the Divine Emperor Secret Land.

Corpses of Dragon Lineage Human were preserved within Divine Emperor Secret Land. Many of them had been preserved using secret techniques, allowing them to withstand the ravages of time.

If they occupied these corpses and entered the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, they would not be rejected by the blood sacrifice inside.

But even then, the four divine kingdoms were still in the most rudimentary stages of developing the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. Plus it wasn't easy to obtain these corpses from the Divine Emperor Secret Land and even when they did get them, there were many restrictions.

Zen got a general understanding of these secret lands from Randy. The four lands were originally complementary to each other, and the Feather Holy Sea was home to the Dragon Lineage Human. However, there were many limitations to exploring this place.

Zen knew that he definitely couldn't rush into Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. The four divine kingdoms had spent so many years trying to enter it, and things weren't easy for them even after they had gotten in. So obtaining the life stones and the Ancestral Dragon egg didn't seem like an easy task.

Even without the obstruction of the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm or the experts of the Life and Death Realm, it wouldn't have been easy for Zen to enter that place anyway.

The collaboration with Randy seemed to be inevitable.

"After I obtain the Harlen Token, I will form a team and enter the Feather Holy Sea. Since you want to excavate the life stones, you must also help me," Randy smiled. However, he was afraid that Zen wouldn't stay.

Even though he was a Lord and was bestowed many rewards every year, he was nothing compared to the crown prince, who was the future emperor. The difference between the two was great.

It was possible that Zen's need would motivate him to agree. But Randy didn't have much of a relationship with him. On the contrary, he had had enmity with him before. The only thing that he could use to convince Zen was his sincerity.

Randy was an extremely intelligent person. Therefore, when he spoke to Zen, he did not hide anything. Every word he said was heartfelt.

Now that he and Zen had the same goals, he naturally had to go with the flow and pull Zen into his team.

In this aspect, he had done well. Zen had always been very wary of people from the divine kingdoms, but because of Randy's straightforward nature, he was willing to follow him to his mansion.

"No problem," Zen smiled and nodded.

"Great!" Randy clapped his hands and yelled, "Bring some wine!"

Immediately, fine wine and delicious food were placed in front of them.

This wine was as thick as blood, and it didn't smell like alcohol at all. Instead, it had an extremely pleasing scent.

Seeing the hesitation on Zen's face, Randy smiled and said, "This is my Harlen Divine Kingdom's Intoxicating Fragrance. Despite our cultivation, we can get drunk."

Ordinary wine no longer had any effect on a martial artist's body. It was like water to them; they couldn't get drunk no matter how much alcohol they consumed.

To dispel Zen's doubts, Randy poured the blood-like wine into his mouth, turned over the jade cup, and smiled.

Zen smiled back and raised his glass, too, gulping it down in one sip.

He was curious about the wine. It would be incredibly hard to kill him thanks to his strong immunity.

After that, they began to talk merrily and drink heartily.

After a few pots of the Intoxicating Fragrance, the two of them were indeed a little drunk. Suddenly Randy said to the servant girl, "Go get the princess."

The servant girl hesitated before replying, "Lord Randy, I'm afraid the princess has already gone to sleep."

"Then wake her up!" Randy roared.

Seeing that the Lord had lost his temper, the servant didn't dare to delay any longer. Nodding her head nervously, she retreated.

Zen was baffled. Why was Randy calling his woman over?

Seeing the look in Zen's eyes, Randy laughed mischievously. He grabbed a luminous wine cup with both hands and waved it at Zen before finishing it in one gulp.

"There is a saying in our Harlen Divine Kingdom that if you could see Hester dancing, you would be willing to give up at least a hundred years of your life. She is the most beautiful woman in our kingdom. You'll be amazed," said the tipsy Lord.

"Isn't that inappropriate?" Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes. He was speechless.

He really didn't know what was going on with Randy. Why was he suddenly asking his wife to dance for them? No matter what, she was still his concubine. How could he insult her like this?

"There's nothing wrong in that." Randy waved his hand. "I'm happy today!"

But his words made Zen feel even more uncomfortable. Randy had told him that Hester was the crown prince's snitch. As a Lord, even his wife wasn't on his side. Zen thought he must be miserable.

Still, he thought it was wrong to humiliate her like this.

In no time at all, a young woman walked in angrily with a few servants in tow.

Randy waved her over and said, "Hester, perform for us. Sing and dance."

A furious Hester had stomped over! She wouldn't allow her husband to degrade her like this.

Her face was red with anger. She wouldn't comply. Born into a famous family and being so beautiful, she was well-known in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. Despite that, she had been forced to marry Randy because of an arrangement with the crown prince.

They had been married for more than a year, but they didn't love each other. At the end of the day, she was still the crown prince's woman. So far, her marriage with Randy was just a show. Her entire family's fate was in the crown prince's hands, so she would only listen to him.

As per the crown prince's orders, she was to report to him about Randy's activities from time to time.

Randy, too, was aware of this fact. The entire mansion was full of the crown prince's spies, and everything was handled solely by him. To put it bluntly, the crown prince felt that Randy was too much of a threat and he wanted to imprison him.

Randy was also wary of her and she knew it too. But she couldn't stand such humiliation.

She was enraged right now.

She refused to comply and this made the Lord furious. An extremely sharp killing intent was released, which immediately enveloped her. "Dance or die!" said Randy, glaring at her.

Hester's heart trembled under this gaze. If the Lord decided to kill her, no one would be able to plead with him.

Helpless, she gritted her teeth and agreed.

As the musicians played the music, this woman danced in front of Zen and Randy.

When he saw the reluctance and hatred in her eyes, Zen sighed. However, this was a royal family matter, so he couldn't interfere.

He realized why Randy was humiliating Hester by making her dance in front of a stranger. He hated the people in his mansion, including his wife. They all worked for the crown prince. It was unbearable, so he needed to vent his anger.

But he also wanted to earn Zen's trust.

However, the Lord was too young and immature. He was not even twenty years old. He only wanted to achieve his own goals without thinking about the consequences of his actions. His own wife dancing for his guest would be a disgrace to himself. It was ridiculous!

Unfortunately, the Lord didn't care about this. On the contrary, it made Zen extremely uncomfortable — like he was sitting on a bed of nails!

Chapter 1079 The Team

Hester danced gracefully like a nightingale, but how could Zen be in the mood to appreciate it under such a strange atmosphere?

Lord Randy was glaring down at Hester with a manic expression on his face. It was as though tormenting his wife was quite a pleasant way of venting his anger.

So when the song was over, Zen quickly stood up from his seat and found a possible excuse to leave.

He was apparently not interested in how Lord Randy was to compete with the crown prince. What he only wanted was to follow the goals he had set for himself.

He was already pleased that he had obtained some life stones from Lord Randy's manor, although the quantity was far from enough. Apart from that, he now had a clearer understanding of the Feather Holy Sea.

And with him being more determined to enter the Feather Holy Sea, he wouldn't waste time while he was waiting for that to happen.

Aside from his planned cultivation, he also wanted to purchase more life stones.

Anyway, Crane City was the second-largest city in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. And within this city, the Jade Martial House was considered a perfect place for cultivation, which was comparable to a sixth-grade sect.

There were no sects in the divine kingdoms, but there were many large clans instead. Back in the Central Region, third-grade clans were considered the strongest. And there had never been a fourth-grade clan.

In the Crane City, however, there were quite a few fourth-grade large clans, and even several fifth-grade clans. The masters of those clans were generally at the fourth or even at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm.

Since Lord Randy's mansion possessed life stones, Zen believed that he could get more of these stones from those large clans in the Crane City. If they were willing to exchange those stones with life vitality crystals, he wouldn't hesitate to make the deal.

So once he was done with his daily cultivation, he spent all his spare time inquiring about the life stones.

However, the result was quite disappointing.

The life stones could replenish one's life energy, so they were an irresistible temptation for every warrior. They were a must-have for everyone. When they were fortunate to obtain it, most of these people would instantly consume their life stone, so there were rarely any reserves of these precious life stones.

With the said scarcity, Zen had to stop thinking about purchasing life stones. He could only wait for the exploration of the Feather Holy Sea.

He had no final say on when he would go to that place because only the four divine kingdoms had the rights to allow warriors to enter the Feather Holy Sea.

Half a month later, Lord Randy suddenly paid a visit to Zen. Without even bothering to exchange pleasantries, he commanded directly, "Come and follow me! I'll introduce my teammates to you!"

"Your teammates?" Zen was curious.

He didn't ask further and just followed Lord Randy straight to the Jade Martial House.

The Jade Martial House occupied a wide area. There were countless pavilions and halls around the place. The other warriors they met as they passed by were very respectful when they saw Lord Randy. They all bowed and silently made way for him.

Soon after, they finally arrived at a pavilion inside the martial house. There were two men and one woman waiting for them to come in. All of them were at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Zen casually glanced through them and sensed that they all had powerful strengths. So he assumed and considered them as divine-level talents.

As soon as Lord Randy entered the pavilion, those three warriors simultaneously opened their eyes from their meditations. The woman sitting at one side was about twenty years old. Smiling sweetly, she addressed the Lord, "You're finally here, sweet little Randy!"

"Sweet little Randy?" Zen was taken aback. He couldn't understand why she called Lord Randy that.

Lord Randy pretended to be angry as he said, "I've told you many times! Don't call me that!"

"Our sweet little Randy looks even cuter when he gets angry!" The woman, however, wasn't alarmed at all. She still had the same smile on her face. It was self-evident that she had a lively personality.

The other two men both admonished her, "Camilla, don't be so rude to Lord Randy!"

Ignoring their advice, the girl called Camilla turned her gaze towards Zen. Her round, beautiful eyes stopped at him as she asked, "Sweet little Randy, who is this guy?"

Lord Randy smiled and patted Zen's shoulder as he replied, "Let me introduce him to you. This is Thad. He will temporarily join us."

He then faced Zen, "Thad, they are all members of my team. They are Camilla, Renzo, and Barry. Then including both of us, we now form a team of five!"

There was no specific limit to the number of people exploring the Feather Holy Sea. But after scouting it for so many years, the warriors from four divine kingdoms gradually optimized their team size.

Based on previous experience, the best strategy to explore the Feather Holy Sea was to form small teams that were comprised of five warriors.

And every year, each divine kingdom would send many teams of such size to tour the area.

Both Lord Randy and the crown prince were secretly forming their own teams. However, compared to the crown prince, Lord Randy was obviously at a disadvantage, and it was quite a distinct one.

Randy's talent and strength were probably on par with that of the crown prince. But his original three teammates were incomparable to Gregory and Edwin under the crown prince.

That was the main reason why Randy wanted Zen to join his team.

"We form a team of five? With him? Randy, are you serious?" Camilla asked, her eyes staring at Zen with disdain.

Not only these three were all from the fifth-grade clans in the Crane City, but also they were all top-level members of their clans.

Even though their strengths were inferior to that of Gregory, they still ranked top of the second-tier warriors of the Jade Martial House. After they were selected by Randy, they didn't even have to participate in the test. They also all secured Harlen tokens through his help.

During this period, they usually gathered together to train their teamwork, preparing to set off for the Feather Holy Sea.

But now, Randy suddenly brought a cultivator at the middle level of the Virtual Tribulation Realm to join them. They were all completely at a loss as to why he wanted to do so.

There were many warriors at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the Jade Martial House. Even if Randy wanted a stopgap or a stand-in, it should never be this guy in front of them.

Hearing Camilla's words, Randy of course understood her meaning. It was clear that she looked down on Zen's low cultivation base.

"Thad, please do not take offense at it," Randy was afraid that Zen would get angry.

Camilla, on the other hand, rolled her eyes and pointed out, "What's there to be worried about? Being able to attract your attention and join us is already his fortune. But Randy, I still don't understand why you want to recruit such a burden."

Randy smiled, "Thad is not a burden. If I am not mistaken, he might be the mainstay of our team!"

Renzo's and Barry's expressions immediately changed as they glanced at each other when they heard Randy's words.

Even though their characters weren't as lively as Camilla, they also had some pride in being able to work with Lord Randy. Due to their exceptional talents, they were always the one in a million.

Zen's cultivation base was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. He was a nobody in their eyes.

But since Randy was regarding him in such high praise, then it only meant that he was not so weak as he looked like. The mainstay of their team? Randy was always the one they regarded as the mainstay of their team. They pondered over Randy's words and wondered, 'Is it possible that this Thad is more powerful than Lord Randy?'

Camilla scoffed as she looked at Zen with a provocative gaze and grumbled, "I don't believe it! Sweet little Randy, you are making fun of us for nothing."

"You really think so?" Randy knew that if Zen didn't show his real strength, it would be difficult to convince them. "If you think I'm making fun of you, you can spar with Thad and get your answer!"

As soon as Randy finished speaking, they all stared at Zen with keen interest. It was apparent that they all wanted to challenge him.

A trace of helplessness was revealed on Zen's face. "There's no need for this, is there?"

"You are not the one to decide!" As soon as Camilla let out those words, she suddenly charged at him as she extended her slender hand to slap him.

The moment she moved, thousands of hands suddenly appeared in Zen's eyes, and she was like the Thousand-hand Bodhisattva. In the blink of an eye, she had slapped over a thousand times, blocking all of his escape routes.

"She is unreasonably fast!" Zen's eyes beamed with surprise. He unexpectedly discovered that there was a special Law Power that had erupted from this woman's body. He had never seen this kind of Law Power before.

"Time Law?"

He knew that the two most powerful Laws in this universe were the Time Law and the Space Law.

He had grasped and mastered the Space Law, but he had never seen anyone seizing the Time Law. He never expected that he would see it from this woman called Camilla.

And it was all because of the effect of the Time Law that this woman was able to attack him so many times in a span of a blink of an eye.

"Camilla! Lord Randy only allows you to spar with him! Don't hurt him severely!" The warrior called Renzo warned from the side.

Knowing Camilla who habitually lacked a sense of propriety, Renzo was afraid that she might get blamed by Randy if she heavily injured Zen, who was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm!

Randy looked quite calm as if he wasn't worried about Zen at all.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1080 Cooperation (Part One)

Camilla smiled as she replied, "Don't worry, I won't hurt him!"

But just as she finished talking, the palm shadows around Zen became more intense and intimidating by the minute.

Her hands were delicate but she was capable of chopping a bronze statue made of fine iron into pieces. If Zen couldn't think of a way to deal with her, then she would definitely hurt him.

A light sparkled and burst out of Zen's eyes as he tried to comprehend the Time Law that Camilla was using.

"It won't help if you don't move. I'm really going to attack!" Camilla said with a hint of disdain as she saw Zen staring blankly at her. Who knew what kind of tricks this fellow had used to fool Randy into including him in the team?

She used a majority of her strength to hack at Zen.

Zen had been comprehending for a long time, but he finally shook his head. He reached out and easily grabbed Camilla's slender hands. He then said softly, "The power of the Time Law in your strike is too little for me to comprehend."

He had caught Camilla's hands so swiftly and easily that it looked like Camilla had just offered them to him to hold instead of trying to attack him.

Camilla was dumbstruck for a moment. She wanted to pull her hands back from Zen's, but found that she couldn't. It was as if her hands were clamped down by a pair of large pincers.

Renzo and Barry had expected this to be a good show. They wanted to see what kind of method Zen would use to fight against Camilla's attack.

Camilla's attack from the Thousand Lady Hands dazzled the people present there as if they had seen countless flower petals falling down. It contained a trace of the Time Law, which could change the time flow rate in a short period of time. It was next to impossible to break it; only method which was more powerful could do this.

But they never expected Zen to break it with a simple move. They looked at each other, exchanging puzzled glances and they knew that each was more shocked than the other.

A faint smile appeared on Randy's face, as if everything was happening according to his will. But there was still a trace of surprise in his smile. He had predicted that Zen would be able to break Camilla's attack, but he hadn't expected it to be so soon, as simply as having a meal or drinking water.

It was as if Zen's strength had far exceeded the strength that a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior should technically have. Only this line of reasoning allowed for the fact that he had demonstrated such an amazing stunt.

"You, leave me!" Camilla wanted to pull her hands out of Zen's but after trying several times, she was still unable to do so. She glared at Zen, her eyes almost popping out of their sockets. Her face flushed in anger.

Zen then let go of her hands, a smile playing on his face. But before he could say anything, Camilla asked angrily, "What do you mean by the power of the Time Law is too little? You want to comprehend the Time Law from me!"

Everyone was baffled at this.

To start with, it was difficult to comprehend the Time Law. Moreover, the Time Law that Camilla had displayed was activated by her own life vitality. The Time Law activated by life vitality would usually be in a state of chaos, and only someone who had mastered the Time Law could control it. It would be impossible for Zen to comprehend his opponent's Law Power during battle, however badly he wanted it.

What they didn't know was that Zen had the highest degree of affinity with the Law Power in the entire universe after withstanding the baptism by laws. It might be difficult for others to comprehend the Law Power, but not for Zen.

The two most powerful laws were the Space Law and the Time Law. Zen had already comprehended the Space Law, but until now, he hadn't experienced the Time Law. This was the first time that he had ever seen it in action!

Zen smiled faintly and said, "Why would I let the chance to comprehend the Time Law slip by?"

"Humph!" Camilla snorted coldly. "Even I have only comprehended just 10% of the Time Law! You think it's that easy to comprehend it?"

"It's 10% of the first layer of the Time Law, right?" Zen asked nonchalantly, not caring if his remarks offended her.

Camilla's face swelled with anger and she glared at him, as if she would like nothing better than to kill him.

Compared to the other basic laws in the universe, the Time Law and Space Law were extremely rare and precious, making it much more difficult to practice them.

Zen had learned the first layer of the Space Law in the Genuine Dragon World, and the second layer from the Talent Tablet in the Tower of Sin. It was extremely difficult to find the tablet that carried the inheritance of the Space Law or the Time Law in the great world.

But the Time Law that Camilla had cultivated was even more difficult than the Space Law. Its power was even greater than that of all the other basic laws combined. The Time Law could enable the cultivator to change the time flow rate, which left much room for the cultivator to bring out his or her best potential and bring the enemy down.

Therefore, the fact that Camilla was able to comprehend 10% of the first layer of the Time Law was enough to make her far superior to the other martial artists at the same level.

But Zen, on the other hand, pitied her for having comprehended so little. And his pitying look pissed Camilla off to no end.

Randy walked over, grinning. He said, "Alright, let's call it a day. Thad's strength should be no less than mine. He will definitely be of great help if he joins our team."

"Humph!" Camilla huffed and puffed, unconvinced.

Zen had casually broken her attack by simply reaching out and grabbing her. And with Randy's obvious favor to him, she realized that Zen's strength was at the same level as Gregory's. He was an extraordinary talent who should have been ranked in the first tier.

There were countless martial artists in the Harlan Divine Kingdom. But there were only four people at the first tier. And right now, Zen's strength was beyond her imagination.

Randy said to Zen, "I can tell that you've always been a loner. You don't seem to understand the meaning of teaming up."

Randy's words reminded Zen of the Heavenly Evil Sect that Eddie had set up. Back then, the Heavenly Evil Sect had a special way to combine the life vitality of tens of thousands of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors, which made it possible for these low-level warriors to display a power that was terrifying to say the least.

Zen nodded at Randy's words.

Randy waved at Renzo, Camilla, and Barry, and then walked to the center of the hall to extend a hand to Zen, saying, "You can try to attack me."

Chapter 1081 Cooperation (Part Two)

Renzo and Camilla stood on either side of Randy, while Barry stood behind him.

'Is Lord Randy trying to join forces with the others and fight alongside them?' Zen thought. Zen glanced at the group curiously. Since he had already agreed to join Randy's team, he was supposed to be integrated into it. As he thought this, his figure flashed as he charged towards Randy.

Before Zen could even get close, Renzo extended his hand and waves of life vitality which were colored faintly purple surged out of his body and kept circling Randy swiftly and constantly.

Camila smiled. She waved a slender hand and a thin curtain of light appeared immediately. When Zen rushed towards the light curtain, he felt everything around him, including his own speed, slow down.

'It's the Time Law! And right now, all three of them are in complete support of Lord Randy!' Zen thought.

Randy's figure flashed suddenly and appeared behind Zen. With a flip of his hand, he had placed a sharp dagger at Zen's neck. It was a combined effort of several people, but it looked like they had done a perfect job.

But Zen was swift to react. Camilla's comprehension of the Time Law wasn't deep, and with a slight twist of his body, he slipped away from Randy's grip like a fish. A cocky, confident smile found its way to his face as he reached out, ready to snatch the dagger from Randy's hand.

In that instant, Zen felt a great tremor within his mind, as if an axe with the power to split a mountain apart had slashed through his head. Barry had launched a soul attack on him!

Anyone else probably wouldn't have been able to block this soul attack after these multiple attacks. Even if they managed to block it with a lot of effort, they'd probably have become distracted. And how could they block Randy's attack when distracted?

But Barry hadn't realized or even imagined that Zen's soul had almost entered the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. The attack felt more like an itchy spot for Zen than a powerful spirit attack.

Zen, however, didn't want to reveal his full strength. He feigned a groan as he leaned forward, once again finding Randy's dagger at his neck.

Randy smiled smugly, thinking he had defeated Zen. He wanted to prove to Zen that their combined strength was far greater than Zen's individual strength.

Randy hadn't expected that the four of them combined would still not be a match for Zen. But since they had only come here to spar, Zen didn't want to reveal too much of his strength.

"Sweet little Randy! Kill him!" A proud smile appeared on Camilla's face when she saw that Randy had managed to restrain Zen. It was still obvious that her grudge against Zen hadn't disappeared because of his previous offence.

Randy, on the other hand, only wanted to show Zen the power of a team and didn't pay heed to Camilla's words. He smiled as he took the dagger away from Zen's neck.

"There isn't much time left. Once we enter the Feather Holy Sea, we will face a lot of competition. If you have the time, you can try to practice with Camilla and the others and break in. The five of us must obtain the best results on this trip to the secret land!" Randy said, his eyes gleaming with great anticipation.

The crown prince had always suppressed him and he had always looked for an opportunity to turn the situation around.

Although the crown prince was powerful, he wasn't powerful enough to do everything. If Randy could gain his father's favor, the crown prince would definitely restrain himself at Randy's rising influence.

Zen nodded. After all, Randy's goal didn't contradict his own. If he could achieve his goal and help Randy at the same time, he would not back out of doing so.

Zen stayed in the Jade Martial House to practice with the other three.

He slowly familiarized himself with these three people. Renzo was docile and easygoing while Barry was stiff and not very talkative. Camilla, on the other hand, was always cheerful and carefree.

With his increasing understanding of the techniques they practiced, Zen now knew why Randy had chosen the three of them.

Neither Renzo, Barry, nor Camilla were good at attacking. It looked like the cultivation techniques that they specialized in were all about auxiliary skills.

For example, the Time Law that Camilla had cultivated was only able to slow down the opponent's speed. When she displayed the Time Law, the opponent would become incomparably slow for just an instant. And that instant would be enough for the opponent to lose their life.

Renzo was adept at creating many obstacles for his opponents. And Barry cultivated a refinement technique that could disturb one's mind.

Their path of implementing martial arts was completely different from that in the Central region or even the Sea God Continent.

In the Central Region and the Sea God Continent, people attached great importance to individual strength. They rarely cooperated with others.

If the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm worked together, the overall effect could be quite overwhelming. But if five or six powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm collaborated with each other, the result would be unimaginable! An individual master at the Sea God Continent, like Amber, was very powerful. But if five powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm on the Sea God Continent fought against five powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm in a divine kingdom, it would be more likely that the masters of the divine kingdom would win. Because they were better at the art of cooperation.

In this hall, when Zen cultivated with them, they would occasionally communicate with each other, asking and clarifying each other's doubts about the martial arts.

But it was Zen who asked the others for advice most of the time.

The inheritances of the divine kingdoms were much richer than those of the Central Region. What was more, a considerable part of their inheritances came from the human race of the Upper World. Unfortunately, Zen didn't know which force of the Upper World's human race their inheritance came from.

As time passed, Randy also became busier. Since he was busy with matters of the royal house, he rarely appeared in the martial house.

Three months later, the Jade Martial House had gathered all the martial artists who had passed the test, including Zen.

Zen had conjectured that the Jade Martial House had probably gathered them because the Feather Holy Sea was about to open. The Feather Holy Sea was like a treasury of the four divine kingdoms, at a similar position as the Dark Nether Cave in the Sea God Continent. He didn't know how they were going to send the warriors into the Feather Holy Sea.

Camilla, Barry, and Renzo, however, weren't there. They belonged to Randy's forces, so they hadn't participated in the test. They would probably set out with Randy.

Chapter 1082 Gathering

The Feather Holy Sea was similar to the Cursed Land in that it was also located at the center of a continent. To most martial practitioners, it was also a forbidden area.

Still, there was a fundamental difference between the two. The Cursed Land was a forbidden area for high ranked martial artists, while the Feather Holy Sea was forbidden to the low ranked martial artists.

Every year, the four divine kingdoms would join forces to explore the Feather Holy Sea. The sacred place left behind by the Dragon Lineage Human was an inexhaustible trove to them. Apart from the resources in the endless sea around them, the most important part of their development was the secret lands in the Feather Holy Sea.

In the eyes of the rulers of the four divine kingdoms, the Feather Holy Sea was the most precious treasure of all.

All of the selected martial artists of the Jade Martial House boarded a huge ark which was something like a palace in the sky, with hundreds of floors above and below it. It was evidently large enough to accommodate tens of thousands of people.

Following the other martial artists who had passed the examination, Zen entered the ark. After it ascended into the sky, it sped off toward the northwest.

All of the Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists were extremely excited about having passed the test.

It was no wonder they were ecstatic. Those who were chosen by the four divine kingdoms to gain experience in the Feather Holy Sea would eventually become the proud sons of the heavens.

It was known that out of the four divine kingdoms, 99% of Soul Sea Realm masters had achieved good results on their first trip to the Feather Holy Sea.

The secret lands were a yardstick for the assessment of potential martial artists in the divine kingdoms. Every martial artist at the Virtual Tribulation Realm tried his best, sparing no effort.

"Wow… It's so beautiful! I've always heard that the Feather Holy Sea is golden, but this is the first time I've seen it for myself!"

"It's said that the golden light within is the power left behind by the blood sacrifice of billions of lives from the Dragon Lineage Human."

Many rushed to the deck of the ark to admire the sea from high up in the sky.

Even Zen stood on the deck, admiring the golden waters. He could feel the power of blood sacrifice within the golden light. The defeat of the Dragon Lineage Human and the sacrifices of billions of lives must have left immense dissatisfaction.

Trying to focus his gaze further away in the distance, he couldn't find any traces of the secret lands. Its secret was still enveloped by the ocean.

If Zen's guess was right, the four secret lands should be four islands on the Feather Holy Sea. However, even though the Feather Holy Sea was merely an inland sea, the islands still weren't visible.

Patience was something he dearly needed on his way to his destination. These days, he was anxious more often than not. At such times, the anxiety was useless. Although he no longer had a rival in the Central Region, his strength was not enough to take down the entirety of the four divine kingdoms.

Although the ark advanced at an extreme speed, it still took them two days and three nights to reach their destination. On the morning of the third day, a large river finally appeared before them.

"It's the West Dragon River! We're at the entrance!"

One end of the West Dragon River was connected to the Feather Holy Sea. It was a spectacular sight. The golden water from the sea seemed to overflow like wine from a glass. Even though a corner of the Feather

Holy Sea was connected to the river, the golden water didn't mix into the river.

This section of the water was an azure river. The upstream section suddenly turned golden, and the connection between the two had been extremely abrupt.

On the other side of the great river, there were already over twenty giant arks docked. It seemed that the martial artists of the other martial houses had also arrived.

The ark of the Jade Martial House slowly came to a stop. Under the leadership of the three Soul Sea Realm masters, the other Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists left the ark.

A huge palace lay a few dozen miles to the side of the river. In front of it was a square over ten thousand acres in size, where many martial artists had gathered.

"So many martial artists from the four divine kingdoms," Zen muttered to himself as he saw the area.

Apart from the Harlen Divine Kingdom, once the Feather Holy Sea was opened, the York Divine Kingdom, the Wind Divine Kingdom, and the Star Field Divine Kingdom also followed.

This was an important day when all of the martial artists from the four divine kingdoms could gather together.

In the massive square, the younger generation of martial artists occupied their own territories. Many Life and Death Realm powerhouses and Soul Sea Realm masters occupied the steps in front of the palace.

In a glance, Zen found out that there were over thirty Soul Sea Realm masters standing at the top of the stairs.

Even though they were quite a distance away from Zen, he could still feel their terrifying auras.

"The resources in the four divine kingdoms are much better than those in the Central Region. In their eyes, the Central Region is merely a small, savage land. I've killed two Soul Sea Realm masters from the York Divine Kingdom. What will they do to me?"

In truth, what Zen was most worried about was encountering the Holy Maiden of the York Divine Kingdom.

Back in Mist's celestial tomb, Zen had to come into conflict with the Holy Maiden. If she was here today, it would be a huge hurdle to overcome.

There were countless powerful martial artists in the Soul Sea Realm. If Zen was seriously targeted by even one of them, he wouldn't be able to escape.

When Zen followed the disciples of the Jade Martial House into the square, they heard a resounding voice from the palace, "Here comes Jade Martial House from the Harlen Divine Kingdom!"

The voice was extremely sharp, practically spreading throughout the surrounding hundred miles.

Together with the other martial artists, Zen entered the huge square. The three powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm stood on the steps of the palace.

The positions of the three heads of the Jade Martial House were slightly lower, at the bottom half of the stairs.

On the square, many Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists took up different positions according to their respective kingdoms. For instance, the Jade Martial House and the Dark Martial House both came from the Harlen Divine Kingdom, so their martial artists grouped together.

After a while, another huge ark descended from the sky and docked by the river.

Soon after, the shrill voice was heard again. "Here comes the Wisteria Martial House from the Star Field Divine Kingdom!"

From the ark, another four Soul Sea Realm masters appeared. They slowly flew up the steps of the palace. Compared to the position of the three heads of the Jade Martial House, the position occupied by the Wisteria Martial House was several steps higher.

Seeing the scene before him, Zen understood what was going on.

This continent was occupied by the four divine kingdoms, but their status was not equal. Some still got the better.

The Harlen Divine Kingdom might not be the strongest among the kingdoms.

Although the Jade Martial House was comparable to a sixth-grade sect, it was not the most powerful martial house either. The status of the Wisteria Martial House that had just arrived should be above that of the Jade Martial House.

With that, Zen was right.

The four divine kingdoms had maintained a subtle balance for many years, but there was a clear difference in strength.

Over the years, their seating arrangements had frequently changed.

In the last hundred years, however, the York Divine Kingdom was the most prosperous, followed by the Star Field Divine Kingdom, the Wind Divine Kingdom, and lastly, the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

The ranking was based only on a kingdom's power and the combined performance of its younger generation. The leaders of divine kingdoms were war emperors with lives spanning several tens of thousands of years. Under normal circumstances, there wouldn't be any battles among them, so it was difficult to distinguish who was stronger.

Considering that, the official ranking didn't mean that the Harlen Divine Kingdom was weaker than the York Divine Kingdom.

"Here comes the Spirit Martial House from the Wind Divine Kingdom!"

"Here comes the Cloud Dragon Martial House from the York Divine Kingdom!"

...

Every martial house had at least a fifth-grade sect's strength. The population of the Soul Sea Realm masters on the steps kept increasing, and more and more Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists arrived at the square.

At that moment, Zen suddenly felt a light bloom in the corner of his eyes. Looking up, he saw a light appear in the west. Like a small sun, it quickly rose in the air.

As the light got closer, Zen could see that it was a golden palace.

The dazzling place flew over at an extremely fast speed. In the blink of an eye, it was right by the West Dragon River. Then, deep laughter was heard from within the palace.

"Haha! Looks like I came too early. The other elders haven't arrived yet."

Immediately after, Zen saw hundreds of figures fly out of the golden palace. A middle-aged man with a flushed face was in the lead.

In a mere glance, Zen could feel an irresistible aura from the man. It couldn't be released by soul pressure. It was unique to superior men who had occupied high-ranking positions for a very long time.

Even Amber of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place didn't have such an aura. After all, she had only ruled the place for over two hundred years. Zen had only felt it from Lavender.

And of course, Lavender's aura was still even sharper than this person's. His aura was aimed only at the human martial artists, while Lavender's could overwhelm almost all living beings.

"Here comes Scott, the head of the Star Field Divine Kingdom!"

The sharp sound reverberated again.

'So he's the ruler of the Star Field Divine Kingdom. The four divine kingdoms are the rulers of this continent. His strength must be at least in the top four here, ' Zen guessed inwardly.

Scott merely laughed. Instead of flying up to the palace as the others did, he stayed above the square for a moment, glancing at the many Virtual

Tribulation Realm martial artists on the square. "Where are the people of my Star Field Divine Kingdom?"

When they heard their ruler's question, the martial artists, including those from the Wisteria Martial House and other martial houses from the Star Field Divine Kingdom, responded like thunder, "Greetings, my King! Here we are!"

As hundreds of Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists roared all at once, the very ground seemed to tremble.

Chapter 1083 War Kings And War Emperors (Part One)

"Ha-ha! Warriors of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, I can't wait to see your performances!" Scott cheered exuberantly.

As the emperor of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, he led the warriors behind him to stand on the highest platform.

Among those following him were warriors at both the Life and Death and Virtual Tribulation Realms. In all likelihood, they were the princes and princesses of the Star Field Divine Kingdom.

After Scott had arrived, a bright blue stream of light appeared from not too far away. It went down like a comet, dragging a long trail as it emerged.

When the light approached closer, Zen discovered that it was a grand sword that had been magnified countless times.

"The emperor of the York Divine Kingdom has arrived!"

Some people were able to identify the great sword's origin.

As expected, when the huge sword stopped at the riverbank, some powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm showed up, followed by hundreds more.

The same sharp voice announced again, "War Emperor York of the York Divine Kingdom has arrived!"

Compared to Scott of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, War Emperor York's personality was a bit more dismal. He flew through the square without a word and brought his men directly to the platform.

As Zen took a closer look, he saw a woman with a veil covering her face right behind War Emperor York. His eyebrows twitched slightly, and he shrunk back into the crowd.

That woman was none other than the Holy Maiden of the York Divine Kingdom.

At that time, Zen had no idea about the current standing of the Holy Maiden in their divine kingdom. If she happened to recognize him, was it possible that the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm of the York Divine Kingdom could come after him?

Both Scott and War Emperor York were at the Soul Sea Realm. There was a gap in terms of strength among warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. With Zen's current strength, it was impossible for him to escape those two emperors.

If the Holy Maiden saw him, was War Emperor York to attack him too?

All the thoughts that were running in his head began to make him feel anxious. Quickly, he took a deep breath and tried his best to calm down. He believed in his luck. He had been through so much, so he knew he was also going to survive more obstacles that came his way.

The emperors of the Wind and Harlen Divine Kingdoms all arrived. They were War King Wind and Turner Zhou respectively.

The titles of the four emperors were indeed confusing. It wasn't strange for other warriors, but Zen thought it was quite strange.

When warriors reached the Soul Sea Realm, they had the chance to be kings and emperors. Some of them kept their names while the others chose to name themselves War King or War Emperor.

The crown prince followed on a wheelchair. Lord Randy was also among the warriors standing behind Turner Zhou.

On the platform were many powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm as well as the imperial members of the four divine kingdoms. On the square below were the elites of the younger generation of the four divine kingdoms.

When almost everyone was already in the area, that same voice rang out once again.

"Everyone from the four divine kingdoms is already here. According to the customs, a competition will be held first, and then we will offer sacrifices to the great ancestors."

When he arrived at the entrance of the Feather Holy Sea at that time, Zen also understood how the four divine kingdoms explored that place every year.

The four divine kingdoms looked at the Feather Holy Sea like it was a giant cake. Every year, each divine kingdom divided the cake. Whoever got the first slice or the bigger one could be decided through certain methods.

Hundreds of years ago, the four emperors relied on arguments to the point of physical duels in order to come up with a decision.

The fights that went down among those war kings and war emperors were groundbreaking. Because the four divine kingdoms had the same origins, they wanted to have a harmonious relationship with each other as much as possible.

Thus, before offering sacrifices to the ancestors, the top warriors of the younger generation of the four divine kingdoms had to fight against each other first. That way, they could examine the strength of the young warriors and finally decide.

As time passed, the four divine kingdoms considered those battles of the utmost importance. There were warriors who even discussed predictions of the outcome as well as the strength of the participants.

The four emperors were standing on the highest platform. Scott laughed at the situation that unfolded before him. Everyone around him was so pumped. Then, he announced, "Warriors of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, please come forth!"

As there were three sixth-grade martial houses in the Star Field Divine Kingdom, six warriors could be ranked in the first tier. When Scott had finished speaking, a warrior rushed out of the square in a flash towards the bottom of the platform to take a bow. "Your Majesty, I, Titus Zhao, am representing the Wisteria Martial House."

Being the emperor of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, Scott naturally had a good knowledge of the young warriors of theirs. He seemed to be quite confident of Titus Zhao. Smiling proudly, he said, "Good! Today, you shall fight.

Now, who wants to challenge this young man?"

As soon as Scott finished speaking, a beam of light flashed. It was another warrior who charged his way to the foot of the platform. He was from the York Divine Kingdom and looked rather well-built and was quite tall.

"I, Logan Yun from Shadow Martial House of York Divine Kingdom, would like to challenge you."

A faint smile appeared on War Emperor York's face. Finally, one of theirs appeared. "Logan, you are said to be invincible among the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. I believe you won't let me down this time," he encouraged.

"I'm afraid my invincibility is only just a rumor, Your Majesty," Logan Yun humbly replied. Despite such a statement, it was evident that his confidence was strong, almost as if he didn't care that much about the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm that were present on the square.

Chapter 1084 War Kings And War Emperors (Part Two)

Since two warriors had already volunteered, the battle commenced.

Once the sparring began, the crowd roared. Warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were extremely strong, and nothing stopped them from showing everyone the depths of their strength and abilities. If they could, they would move mountains and overturn seas just so they could let everyone know how much they shouldn't be messed with.

Two warriors at the Soul Sea Realm on the platform walked down the stairs to wave their hands until they created thin lines that later on formed the enchanted barrier that surrounded the square. The space inside the enchanted barrier was where the battle took place.

The enchanted barrier created by warriors at the Soul Sea Realm wasn't just something that could be broken by any warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Thinking that those fights didn't have much to do with him, Zen didn't pay that much attention.

After all, he wasn't from any of the four divine kingdoms. What he was more concerned about was entering the Feather Holy Sea.

However, he had no other choice at that time but be patient until a victor was announced.

According to Zen's estimation, that battle wasn't going to last very long. There were only four warriors in the Harlen Divine Kingdom that could be ranked in the first tier. Soon, the warriors who were to represent the entire Harlen Divine Kingdom would only be four people—the crown prince, Lord Randy, Edwin, and Gregory.

Even if the Star Field and York Divine Kingdoms were slightly stronger than the Harlen Divine Kingdom, the number of warriors that could be ranked in the first tier wasn't too many. At most, there could only be around six or seven from each of the two divine kingdoms.

On the square, many warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were anxiously watching the battle within the enchanted barrier.

The sense of belonging that the warriors of the four divine kingdoms felt was far greater than that of the disciples of the sects in the Central Region. Warriors that were born in the divine kingdoms paid more attention to the glory of their respective divine kingdoms.

That battle was a showdown between warriors of two different divine kingdoms. Naturally, the other warriors from the same kingdoms who were watching were both nervous and concerned. As for the warriors of the Harlen and Wind Divine Kingdoms, they just watched from the sidelines.

Boom!

Tongues of flames filled the arena. The moment the two warriors entered the fighting square, the atmosphere had turned fiercely hot.

It was every young warrior's dream to represent their own divine kingdoms and not one of them intended on losing the battle. For most of them, it was all or nothing.

"Huh. So Logan Yun is considered an invincible warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, huh? Warriors at the York Divine Kingdom are nothing but a bunch of boastful losers!"

"I agree with you. Titus is going to kill him. He's definitely not a match for Titus!" The warriors who were discussing were both from the Wisteria Martial House and could be Titus Zhao's friends.

However, a warrior from the York Divine Kingdom refused to be looked down upon. "Ha! We'll see about that! It will only take a little time before Logan beats your Titus to a pulp!"

"What did you just say? Will you believe me if I also told you that I can beat you to a pulp right here, right now?"

As soon as the fight began, the entire square was filled with an extremely loud uproar. The warriors from the divine kingdoms who had representatives on the current duel were all excited as if all of them were ready to fight at any given moment, too.

Witnessing the craze, Zen only shook his head and allowed a smile to play on his face. Even if those warriors were already at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, they still acted like kids.

In comparison, the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the Central Region and the war lords on the Sea God Continent seemed much more mature.

The more he looked at the situation, the more Zen understood. All those Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors grew up in martial houses. Fighting was a way of life for them. They were elites among elites.

Most of the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the Central Region were over a hundred years old, while those from the divine kingdoms were much younger.

As for the war lords on the Sea God Continent, they had experienced many trials and tribulations in the Tower of Sin. Their personalities had been hardened by life and death crises, so they were naturally not so naive or easily angered.

That event happened about once each year. The warriors at the Soul Sea Realm didn't care much about the ongoing banter. Their focus was solely on the fight that was happening mid-air.

Titus Zhao had cultivated a polished fire-system cultivation method. In addition, he also seemed to have grasped the third layer of the Fire Law. Within those flames, extreme power of annihilation was contained.

As he sized him up, Zen was able to confirm that Titus Zhao's strength wasn't that simple at all.

But the other warrior named Logan Yun was even stronger. Space was constantly twisting around his body, forcibly blocking all the flames. Was it true that he really was invincible?

'Huh? Did he just use the space power to create thin layers of space to generate an armor?' Zen wondered in his heart. At the certain realization, Zen's eyes flashed. That was the third layer of Space Law. Even to him, that was something he was unable to comprehend for the time being. It was true that the four divine kingdoms really had a very deep foundation.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1085 Quarrels (Part One)

Logan Yun's proficiency in Space Law was actually more than what the other warriors had expected. Who knew that he had the ability to manipulate space into creating a layer of armor over his body?

The question now was whether his opponent could tear through space.

Majority of the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm did not have the strength to break through space. This meant that there was a high probability for Logan to emerge from this fight unscathed.

Zen couldn't help but be amazed at how profound the inheritances of the four divine kingdoms were. With these inheritances, warriors in the divine kingdoms were supposed to be stronger than those in the Central Region.

Titus Zhao's attack was extremely sharp, but Logan Yun's suppression made it hard for him to unleash his full force.

If only he had the strength to tear apart space or if only he had also been skilled in Space Law, then Titus Zhao would've stood a chance. However, it was becoming quite apparent that his fierce attacks and formidable Fire Law would not be enough to win him this fight.

The result was obvious to Zen at least.

"I'm afraid Titus Zhao will lose," he murmured to himself, but the warriors beside him still heard it.

To put into context: Titus Zhao was heralded as one of the most powerful warriors of the Wisteria Martial House and even in the entire Star Field Divine Kingdom. The warriors from his martial house looked up to him and prayed hard for his victory.

So to suddenly hear an unknown warrior from the Harlen Divine Kingdom proclaim that their hero would lose was unacceptable to them.

"How dare you say that!" one of the warriors from the Wisteria Martial House shouted at Zen. "Are you courting death, you brat?" Zen was quite startled at their outburst, but tried to not take their reactions to heart.

"Titus is our Wisteria Martial House's top warrior! He's also one of the six strongest in our Star Field Divine Kingdom. You're not at all qualified to judge him!"

"Yeah! He's just someone from a divine kingdom that ranks last. Besides, it's obvious that the Jade Martial House is even far more inferior to the Dark Martial House. I heard its strongest warrior is someone called Gregory Zhan. Ha! I bet this Gregory won't last ten seconds in a fight against someone like Titus!" "Just ignore him! He's clearly delusional!"

Zen rolled his eyes at their heckling.

He couldn't really be mad at them. These warriors were flowers raised in greenhouses and had been given the best inheritances by their divine kingdoms. Zen understood that they'd think more in terms of black and white absolutes.

He chose to remain silent and be the bigger person. However, the warriors of the Jade Martial house couldn't just let the insults pass.

"What did you say?" "Did you just say that our Jade Martial House is inferior to the Dark Martial House?"

"Maybe you guys should shut up because your mouths stink of lies!"

"You all think your Wisteria Martial House is some kind of hotshot? Let's wait and see. Gregory will surely beat the shit out of your warriors!"

"It's hilarious how someone from a martial house made up of eunuchs actually has the balls to talk nonsense like these."

That last diss made by a warrior from the Jade Martial House was what really burned the egos of the warriors of the Wisteria Martial House.

Yes, the Wisteria Martial House was indeed ranked number one in the entire Star Field Divine Kingdom.

Martial Houses were established with the support of the divine kingdoms and were mostly founded by war kings or war emperors. Wisteria Martial House, however, was founded by eunuchs.

It might be surprising at first but eunuchs actually made mighty warriors. They had a natural advantage when it came to cultivation since, after castration, they could then train and hone their methods and skills with pure positive energy that they could never lose.

Not only that, but Wisteria Martial House also had several warriors at the Soul Sea Realm with them, and they were all eunuchs.

But, no matter its strength and prestige, the warriors from other martial houses still called it the Eunuch Martial House behind its back.

There wasn't really anything they could do about it. It would be impossible to shake off the title. Besides, they weren't calling that to their faces, so the warriors from the Wisteria Martial House let it slide.

However, the Jade Martial House had gotten pissed and pointed out their biggest insecurity right at their faces.

The warriors of the Wisteria Martial House glared daggers at those of the Jade Martial House. Enraged, they circulated their life vitality in preparation for a retaliation.

The warriors of the Jade Martial House stood with their heads held high. They were not afraid. All of them were warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Why should they be afraid?

At that moment, just as the tension was at its height, a majestic aura enveloped all of them.

It was the aura of a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm who had suppressed them in an effort to calm the disturbance.

The aura pressed firmly onto the heads of warriors of both martial houses. It was as if there was a solid mountain that bore down on their foreheads and kept them in place. Even Gregory was no exception. His breathing was labored and there was an unexplained heaviness in his limbs so that he couldn't even find the strength to lift a finger.

This was the power of a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm.

Zen was the only one who remained calm and indifferent. He gazed up at the mighty warrior in the distance and gave him a faint smile.

This surprised the warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. He could feel that there was a warrior that had not been affected by his aura at all. He gave Zen a curious look before inevitably retracting his power over the other warriors.

'Since when did the Jade Martial House have such a powerful figure? Even my aura couldn't suppress him!' he thought to himself, positively intrigued.

The soul of a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm was trained to be in the Fighting Soul Realm. Under his aura, those warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm should've effectively been suppressed and unable to move. Zen didn't show any signs of moving, but the warrior at the Soul Sea Realm just knew that he was unaffected.

Chapter 1086 Quarrels (Part Two)

'A warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm possesses a soul at the Fighting Soul Realm? It's impossible. Is it because he has a magic treasure with him that could resist my soul pressure?

But not even the crown prince of the Harlen Divine Kingdom would have such an artifact, much less a mere warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm.'

He remained curious but said nothing. His duty was to maintain order during the competition. This matter did not really concern him.

Therefore, he only gave Zen a look and ignored him.

Once the ruckus died down, the battle's outcome had already been decided.

Just as Zen expected, Titus Zhao's attack was fierce and probably the most powerful among the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm present. However, brute strength would not be enough to pull him through this fight. The warriors gathered here were all talented, young individuals with their own trump cards and cultivation methods. Logan Yun's Space Armor was ingenious and proved effective in the fight against Titus.

Bang!

Titus Zhao crashed onto the ground. He hissed in pain before pulling himself into a kneeling position. "Your majesty! Forgive me. I have failed you!"

Scott smiled in understanding. "Please rise! Victory and defeat are integral parts of a soldier's life! There is nothing to forgive. Do not worry about it!"

The emperor didn't blame him and even comforted him! Nonetheless, Titus Zhao still felt dejected. He was supposed to represent both the

Wisteria Martial House and Star Field Divine Kingdom in battle, but he felt that he had failed them and his peers' expectations.

It was a given that the warriors of the Star Field Divine Kingdom all had long faces. Many of them even wanted to jump out and challenge Logan Yun to a match because of what had happened.

Even if Titus Zhao was their number one, there were still a lot of warriors that were on par with him. Of course they'd feel annoyed rather than awed with the result.

Logan Yun couldn't be bothered as he floated in the air. His face was filled with arrogance as he scanned the square and waited for a challenge.

He had declared that he was invincible among the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, which meant that he had full confidence in his own strength.

"I'll go!

I, Victor Li, challenge you!"

"I'll go!"

"Let me deal with this guy first!"

The warriors of the Star Field Divine Kingdom were blurting out their challenges left and right, eager to prove themselves after Titus' defeat.

However, a voice boomed across the square, "Challenges are to be carried out in turns, as in accordance with the rules. It is now time for the warriors from Wind Divine Kingdom and Harlen Divine Kingdom to issue their challenges."

Lord Randy's and the crown prince's eyes both sparkled.

The purpose of the challenge was to examine the strength of the divine kingdoms' younger generation. Both Lord Randy and the crown prince were part of this generation, but they could not readily compete and participate due to their noble statuses.

Nonetheless, they still had the right to recommend a fighter. The crown prince, for example, could order either Gregory or Edwin to fight in his place.

Lord Randy, on the other hand, despite also having his own force, could really only recommend Zen since the warrior was the only one that had the qualifications and strength to represent him.

The question, however, was if Zen was even willing to fight in his place.

Just as he briefly mulled it over, another argument broke out on the square.

Titus Zhao's defeat had left many warriors of the Wisteria Martial House dissatisfied. Since they couldn't send out a challenger to beat Logan Yun up, they decided to vent out their anger on the Jade Martial House instead.

"Isn't your Jade Martial House supposedly powerful? Why don't you guys go out there and show us?"

"Isn't Gregory Zhan your top warrior? Why not send him up there and give it a try? Maybe he'll get beaten up by Logan just like that!"

"Ha! From what I know, the Jade Martial House will end up in an even worse state than we did!"

Their arguments solidified the crown prince's decision. He nodded to his warrior and gave him a smile. "Gregory Zhan will represent me to challenge Logan Yun!"

Gregory nodded, transforming into a beam of light and flew up towards the sky.

This made the warriors of the Jade Martial House boil with excitement.

"You can do it, Gregory! Show them!"

"That brat only knows how to use the Space Law for defense! You have to beat him as fast as you can!"

"Don't allow them to look down on us!"

The atmosphere was heated and Gregory wasted no time. He flew forward and suddenly took out a saber behind him. The blade was thick, resembling the tooth of a wolf and flickered with a faint blue light.

'A warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm has a mid-grade sacred weapon. I wonder if there are divine weapons in the divine kingdoms, ' Zen thought to himself.

He wasn't really concerned with the outcome of this battle. He wasn't born in the Jade Martial House and wasn't really a citizen of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, so he wasn't as invested as the other warriors. The only reason he came here was for Letitia. Still, he needed to observe the battles in order to find out more about the other warriors.

He worried a bit though. Since the crown prince chose Gregory to represent him, could that mean that Lord Randy might also ask him to fight in his place?

It wasn't because he was afraid to fight but, if he went on stage, he was sure to attract the attention of the York Divine Kingdom's Holy Maiden. What should he do then? He still remembered how this Holy Maiden swore to kill him the last time they met.

Chapter 1087 Space Chopping Sword (Part One)

It was in a warrior's nature to fight. Warriors fought with the other warriors, with their fate and even with the heavens.

In Zen's mind, there was no fear, only excitement when it came to a challenge.

It was only through fighting others that a warrior could truly know his strength. It was competition that allowed one to further advance in the realm of martial arts.

Zen itched to challenge all these divine kingdom talents in front of him. His body screamed to release his strength and engage all of it in a fight to find out just how strong these warriors were compared to him.

However, there was a task at hand. Letitia waited for him back home and he had to collect all the life stones he could carry without ruffling too many feathers. Attracting the attention of the York Divine Kingdom's Holy Maiden and Soul Sea Realm masters would only bring him a whole lot of unnecessary trouble.

So it was rather necessary for him to keep a low profile.

But it seemed Lord Randy was about to change all that. Wherever Zen went, there would always be someone who raised him up for all to see, and he wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

Lord Randy was certainly going to ask him to fight in his place.

Both Lord Randy and the crown prince were in a head to head battle of proving themselves to Turner Zhou, their father and the emperor of their kingdom. Their strength was very much well known but it was their influence that was vital in gauging their true social power.

The crown prince had powerful talents like Edwin and Gregory but Lord Randy only had Zen.

There was a reason why he treated Zen so well. Despite his status, Lord Randy regarded the warrior as an equal and was openly honest towards him. This was because he wanted to gain his trust which could only be done through sincerity. Zen was a difficult person to persuade after all.

Furthermore, he truly believed in that young man's potential. He knew that a close relationship with Zen would bring forth good fortune for him.

So instead of worrying whether or not Zen was willing to fight for him, Lord Randy was already thinking about when it would be best to send him out. He was determined to have Zen represent him.

Meanwhile, Gregory and Logan were quickly thrown into a fierce battle. As the top Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior of the Jade Martial House, Gregory truly did not disappoint the warriors of Harlen Divine Kingdom. His attacks were even stronger than Titus's.

His mid-grade sacred weapon also proved to be effective in making a dent against Logan's space armor. Although it could never hope to shatter it, the blade left enough marks on the otherwise impenetrable armor for the crowd to get excited.

If Gregory hit him enough times, Logan's armor was sure to crumble.

"My saber is called Dragon Tooth made from the teeth of a Genuine Dragon. Resistance is futile and that armor won't be able to protect you for long. A warrior, who only knows how to retreat, will eventually lose!" Gregory sneered. He moved like the wind as he charged towards Logan.

"Go to hell!"

Clang!

He left another deep slash across the space armor, pushing Logan back a few feet.

Everyone's breath hitched. Gregory's blade intent had contained the power to break through anything and that included space itself.

Zen nodded in approval. Gregory was indeed formidable and if Logan continued to only resist, his space armor would eventually be broken and he would be left defenseless.

Or would he? Zen sighed to himself once he realized something.

Logan had only used his space armor to block Gregory's attack since the beginning but he hadn't brought out all his cards to the game yet. He had yet to show his true strengths. Gregory shouldn't rejoice. There was still a margin of possibility that he might not beat his opponent.

In all honesty, Zen would prefer it if Gregory won. If that happened, Lord Randy would not be able to challenge Gregory since they both came from the same divine kingdom. Thus Zen wouldn't be asked to come out.

However, he knew that he was only delaying the inevitable. Zen would have to fight at some point but he hoped it wouldn't be so soon.

The fight between the two warriors was heating up.

Gregory's fierce saber skills had proven effective in breaking down Logan's defenses. If he continued with this strategy, Logan would really end up losing.

However, Logan wasn't stupid. He knew his opponent had the capacity to attack his defense so he took the initiative to remove his space armor. It was time that he moved into the offense.

He looked at Gregory with contempt before waving his hand and gathering light around his arm.

"Buzz..."

There was a vibration and then a slight buzzing sound.

Soon enough, the light converged into a hazy, long sword that appeared in Logan's hand.

It wasn't a physical sword, but rather, it was the space that was shaped into a long sword—if that made any sense.

Essentially, Logan had used space to forge himself a weapon. It seemed that his proficiency in Space Law allowed him to use it both for defense and offense.

"That's Logan's Space Chopping Sword! Oh man, this is going to be exciting!"

"That's Logan's ultimate skill. For Gregory to force him to use it means he really has driven Logan up to a wall."

"It's truly an impressive feat for Gregory but he should watch out. That Space Chopping Sword is definitely built to cut off an opponent's limbs."

The warriors' discussions reached Gregory's ears. It seemed that this Space Chopping Sword wasn't something to be taken lightly. Gregory's eyes were filled with determination. Who said he was taking this lightly? He was someone who came from nothing and worked hard his entire life to rise and become the top warrior among the younger generation in the Jade Martial House.

Chapter 1088 Space Chopping Sword (Part Two)

And he would keep working hard in order to gain recognition for his strength. Besides, the crown prince himself put his trust in him, so he had to win. One ultimate skill wasn't enough to deter his resolve.

"Did you hear that?" Logan asked indifferently. "My Space Chopping Sword was made to cut your limbs. If you want, you can leave behind one of your hands and I'll let you go."

"Crack!"

A loud, resounding crack echoed from the stairs. The crown prince had smacked the ironwood armrest of his wheelchair, reducing the entire contraption into dust. Still, he remained seated as he floated in the air.

The eunuch beside him was quick to react and fetched another wheelchair for him. He placed it carefully under the crown prince. The crown prince tutted. "Logan is too presumptuous!" he said and settled lightly onto the wheelchair.

The rulers of the divine kingdoms could only smile at the crown prince's actions. There was no need for them to interfere since the younger members were the ones to handle the matters of the younger generation.

Other important figures were also seated on the platform on top of the stairs. There was the crown prince of the York Divine kingdom along with the Holy Maiden who had chuckled at the Harlen Divine Kingdom's crown prince. "Are you angry now, Bram?"

The Harlen Divine Kingdom was controlled by the Zhou Clan and the crown prince's full name was Bram Zhou.

Bram Zhou snorted but couldn't be bothered by the Holy Maiden. He simply turned his attention back to the sky where the battle was still on.

Lord Randy was already feeling at ease. Gregory represented the Harlen Divine Kingdom, but he wasn't his man. The warrior had been invited by

Bram Zhou and could be regarded as his representative. Even if Gregory lost, it would be to Lord Randy's pleasure.

In fact, he would be extremely happy if Edwin also lost. That way, if Zen ever came up on stage, it would make him look even better and prove that he actually had a great eye for remarkable warriors.

He hadn't witnessed Zen's true strength yet, but he already had complete trust in him.

Back to the battle: Logan had raised his Space Chopping Sword and launched three consecutive attacks against Gregory.

The sword was almost transparent given that it was made from space. It was almost invisible and incredibly hard to spot if one did not pay attention.

"Clang!"

The Space Chopping Sword's first strike introduced a few cracks onto Gregory's Dragon Tooth.

"Clang!"

At the second strike, the Dragon Tooth immediately shattered, unable to withstand the Space Chopping Sword's power.

"Clang!"

The third strike came down upon Gregory himself. It went through his shoulder and cut through the flesh that connected his arm to his torso.

The blood was unsightly and Gregory's now severed appendage flopped limply onto the ground.

Zen raised an eyebrow at this sudden turn of events. It seemed Logan was indeed outstanding.

"He's too powerful! He's unbeatable! He is truly worthy of being regarded as the top Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior!"

"Even a mid-grade sacred weapon like the Dragon Tooth couldn't resist the Space Chopping Sword. Logan also just cut down his opponent's arm like a piece of vegetable. I wonder who else will dare to challenge him?"

"Logan is unbeatable! Hahaha!"

Gregory gritted his teeth and picked up his arm.

It was just a fight and losing a body part meant that he lost. They would have to stop now since they still needed to explore the secret land after the competition.

A broken arm wasn't that big of a problem. It wasn't anything a warrior like Gregory couldn't fix. However, it would take him a few months to fully recover, which meant he wouldn't be able to explore the secret land at full capacity.

Logan made a bow towards War Emperor York who now revealed a faint smile. "Great! Excellent work, Logan! I will reward you well!"

"Thank you, Your Majesty!" Logan said. "But I need no reward. Fighting on behalf of the York Divine Kingdom is enough."

The crowd was abuzz with discussion. It seemed Logan's arrogance hadn't been misplaced. He truly was strong. "Is there anyone else who wants to challenge me?" Logan asked.

Bram Zhou pulled a long face. "Edwin! Go and challenge him!" he ordered.

He wanted to lose his temper and punish Logan but it wasn't really appropriate given the context of the situation. Logan was a warrior of the York Divine Kingdom and he won fairly against Gregory. The only thing Bram Zhou could do was to pin his hopes on Edwin.

"According to the rules, only the Wind Divine Kingdom and the Star Field Divine Kingdom are allowed to issue a challenge!"

Bram Zhou forgot the rule because of his hanger.

"Don't be impatient, Bram or others will laugh at you," Turner told his son calmly.

War Emperor York chuckled in agreement, "Turner's right. There are some things that just can't be rushed!"

Turner shot a cold glance at War Emperor York. The four great divine kingdoms depended on and restrained each other, but it could not be denied that the York Divine Kingdom had become quite domineering over the last few years which made its emperor aloof and a show-off.

The wins and losses of a few Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors didn't really mean anything for these leaders of the divine kingdoms, but it was still a way for them to passive-aggressively compete with each other.

Scott, Star Field Divine Kingdom's ruler, turned to his son, "Horace, do you have any candidates you'd like to recommend?"

Their top warrior had already been defeated by Logan, and Scott was now out of options, so he desperately prayed that his son would be able to help.

Horace was the Star Field Divine Kingdom's crown prince and naturally had someone he could send out. "Willard! You fight on my behalf!"

Chapter 1089 Four Strikes (Part One)

In the Star Field Divine Kingdom, there were a total of six talents who managed to enter the first tier.

Despite Titus' defeat, a lot of warriors were still ready to fight. After all, those six warriors didn't include people from the royal family of the Star Field Divine Kingdom. The likes of its kingdom's crown prince had a sure spot in the first tier rank.

The Harlen Divine Kingdom, which Zen happened to be a part of, was weak compared to the others. Apart from Randy and the crown prince Bram, only Gregory and Edwin were most likely to enter the first tier. In addition, Gregory had already been defeated. Technically, they only had Edwin left who could fight the battle.

Of course, that was what the other divine kingdoms thought about the situation of the Harlen Divine Kingdom. Zen had only made an exhibition of his abilities in the Jade Martial House, but he did not reveal too much of his strength. The other three divine kingdoms didn't even know of his existence.

Under the command of the crown prince of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, the martial artist named Willard Yue showed up to battle.

If Willard Yue was to be defeated by Logan, then the Star Field Divine Kingdom had lost to Logan twice after Titus.

As someone whom the crown prince of Star Field Divine Kingdom had highly recommended, Willard had to win. If he was to lose again, then the reputation of their kingdom could suffer.

However, the martial artists from the Star Field Divine Kingdom seemed to be very confident in Willard's strength. After he rushed up to the enchanted barrier in the sky, his fellow warriors were once again seething with excitement and hope.

The warriors from Wisteria Martial House were the most pumped. Even Willard wasn't exactly from their house, they had great expectations for him. As someone who came from the same kingdom, he could help save the Wisteria Martial House's reputation if he defeated Logan.

"Willard, you just need to avoid his sword. That guy only has his sword to rely on. He's got nothing else!"

"Right, make sure not to get hit by his sword. With your speed, you can make it," the warriors in the audience suggested.

Speed was definitely a pride of Willard. Everyone knew of his impeccable ability. He nodded to the crowd who encouraged him from below then turned to Logan. "Please," he said, gesturing for him to start.

Since Logan had already drawn out his Space Chopping Sword, there was no reason for him to take it back. He held up three fingers towards Willard and said, "Three strikes. It will only take me three strikes to defeat you!"

The warriors yelled once more, "You're too arrogant! If you really have the guts, Logan, come down here and see if you can avoid getting crushed into meat paste!"

"Show us how you dodge those three strikes, Willard! If he doesn't defeat you in three strikes as he said, then he's a joke! It would be so fun to look at his humiliated face!"

Many of the warriors from the Star Field Divine Kingdom resented Logan even before. His words were like gas being poured into flames, making them all the more furious than they already were.

It wasn't something that bothered Logan, however. Truly, there were a lot of warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm in the four divine kingdoms. The warriors at the scene were basically at the first or the second tier, and most of them had the divine- level talent. But ultimately, only dozens of them could fly up and battle.

To Logan, they all were nothing but a joke.

The powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors on top of the steps turned a deaf ear to the commotion in the plaza. The heated atmosphere was good for competition. As long as those warriors didn't fight against each other physically, then they didn't step in.

Amidst all the noise, Logan decided to launch the initial attack.

He waved his Space Chopping Sword and took a step forward. He was able to come near Willard in just one swift move. It was like he traversed through space and not anyone had noticed. To everyone's surprise, the transparent sword in his hand was already slashing at Willard's head.

That method of traveling through space was something Zen was very familiar with. It could cause the opponent to not see what was coming and get caught off guard.

It shocked Willard to see how fast and brisk Logan was. Truth be told, he had already lost his confidence the moment he found out he was going to fight against Logan. His strength was similar only to that of Titus. They had competed against each other for lots of times, and results always varied. However, Titus' victory count was more than his.

Even so, Logan had defeated Titus, so it could mean that Titus' strength wasn't enough. How possibly could Willard stand a chance to win him? But it was the order of the crown prince, and he was left with no other choice but to put up a fight.

If the strength of two martial artists was at the same level, then it was often the strong-willed one won. If one lost his confidence and momentum, he had nothing.

When he heard about what the martial artists from the Star Field Divine Kingdom in the crowd had said, he also made a plan in his heart. Since Logan had boasted that he would defeat him with three strikes, then he needed to avoid those first.

So instead of facing Logan's first strike, he chose to escape.

"Whoosh!"

Since he was well-known for his speed, Willard had extraordinary bodily movements, too. Logan's first strike was only able to cut a little piece from the hems of Williard's robe, nothing more.

Then, he began to spin in high speed inside the enchanted barrier. His intention was obvious. It was to avoid Logan's Space Chopping Sword.

Seeing this scene, Zen couldn't help but slightly shake his head. As the saying went, "A brave hero always wins the most fierce competition." If one didn't even have the courage to face the enemy head-on, then how could he win? Could it be that this fellow expected that Logan would let him go after three strikes? He was too naive.

The three strikes that Logan mentioned were only to show off his power and to give Willard a little bit of pressure. Furthermore, he didn't mention that he would admit defeat if he failed to take Willard down after three strikes.

"Whoosh!"

Despite Willard's rapid movements, Logan was quite seasoned in Space Law. He only needed to take a single step to catch up with Willard and strike him with his sword.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1090 Four Strikes (Part Two)

The Space Chopping Sword was like an invisible venomous snake that charged ferociously towards Willard.

The expression on Willard's face shifted drastically. He was scared. He had used all his skills as he forcefully swerved in the air. However, the sword was able to graze past his neck and sliced off a large portion of his thick, long hair.

Instead of showing his disappointment, Willard showed his smiling face. After all, he still avoided Logan's second strike.

"You've dodged the second strike! Well done, Willard!"

"One more! One more strike to avoid and you will make it!"

"Come on, Willard! You got this!"

the martial artists from the Star Field Divine Kingdom all exclaimed. All of them also knew that Willard was only trying to get past the first three strikes. He knew quite well that more was coming.

At the top of the steps, the crown prince of the Wind Divine Kingdom who had remained silent for the most part, coldly looked at the cheering martial artists and said, "A bunch of idiots!"

A lot of other warriors shared the same thoughts as Zen. What could happen after Willard dodged those three strikes? He couldn't keep up like that. He didn't stand a chance to win.

Very quickly, Logan launched his third strike.

The Space Chopping Sword directly swung past Willard's back but was only able to slice a huge cut on his robe. With just one twist of his body, Willard had successfully dodged the third strike. So far, he had not yet been injured.

"Three strikes! You weren't able to triumph over me in just three strikes! You were wrong! You can't defeat me in just three strikes!"

The joy Willard expressed made it seem as if he had won at that moment. He was laughing loudly, and his face lit up with extreme excitement.

Before he could continue rejoicing, the Space Chopping Sword followed him like a shadow. A trace of Space Chopping Sword passed by and left a straight line right beside where he stood. As the line disappeared, people saw Willard's arm fall off from his body, hitting the ground with a thud. Thick spurts of blood began to gush out of his shoulder.

At that moment, Willard was too vexed to feel the pain. He glared at Logan with immense disdain and asked, "Didn't you say you'd only use three strikes on me?"

"Logan broke his words! It was him who announced that the battle shall end in three strikes!"

"What a cunning bastard! You should be ashamed! Either apologize or kill yourself, Logan!"

Many Star Field Divine Kingdom warriors joined in. All of them were angered by Logan's rather phony words.

A sympathetic smile appeared on Logan's face as he said, "Did you hear me say that three strikes will immediately end the battle? You must have been dreaming! I just said I'd take you down in three strikes! Since three strikes didn't suffice, I attacked again. This is a battle. What are you thinking about? Who told you I'm not allowed to do such a thing?"

Ultimately, the strong ones ruled the world. When Logan mentioned "three strikes", it was some kind of rule he made. And since he made the rule, he could change it any time he pleased. Even if other people didn't approve, they weren't strong enough to disobey.

Upon hearing his words, the Star Field Divine Kingdom martial artists fell silent. Each and every single one of them had nothing to say at that very moment.

Logan then turned his head and swept his eyes across the warriors of the Star Field Divine Kingdom and said, "You are too weak! What else can you do apart from causing a commotion down there? If you think you can take on me, come up here! I'm waiting!"

"Huh! Stop making it sound like you're that strong! Must we remind you that you are only at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm?"

There were still a few others who remained unconvinced and still chose to argue with him.

Shaking his head, Logan continued, "I'm not as strong as you think! In fact, I'm pretty weak! In this world, most martial artists are trash like you! My abilities are only slightly higher than yours! And because I'm a little more hardworking than the lot of you are, I have enough reasons to stand out among all of you!"

When Logan said all those things, everyone was speechless for a moment. At that time, War Emperor York suddenly clapped his hands. "Logan! Well said," War Emperor York cheered.

The reason why the four divine kingdoms were able to exterminate the Dragon Lineage Human was that they had help from the human race in the Upper World.

Back then, the humans of the Upper World had forcefully opened up a Reverse Spirit Channel in order to help the four divine kingdoms and provide them with assistance.

It was a historical moment. Unlike the martial artists in the Central Region, those from the four divine kingdoms knew a lot about the Upper World. In the hearts of the hundreds of millions of martial artists in the Central Region, the Upper World was only a vague concept. But for the martial artists of the four divine kingdoms, they had actually witnessed the strength and advantages of the martial artists of the Upper World.

Although Logan didn't say anything about the warriors of the Upper World, how could the many Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists not get the implication of his words?

In front of the martial artists from the four divine kingdoms, he wasn't shy of his pride. However, thinking about the masters in the Upper World humbled him greatly. Only when he was compared to the Upper World talents could he be considered weak.

Logan's words echoed throughout the inner thoughts of many powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm.

Those who had lived for ten thousand years shared one great regret in their hearts. All of them weren't able to ascend to the Upper World.

In the four divine kingdoms, they could undeniably dominate a place. But as martial artists, their pursuit was not limited in that continent. Moreover, being in the Soul Sea Realm wasn't enough for them.

Therefore, after living for about ten thousand years, many powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm had left the Divine Kingdom Continent to search for more opportunities in the endless mysterious seas. They even wanted to find ways to enter other great worlds.

Up until now, no one at the Soul Sea Realm had succeeded.

Chapter 1091 An Invincible Opponent

Even though he had received the praise of the emperor of York Divine Kingdom, Logan could only smile before asking, "Who else wants to challenge me?"

Ever since Logan first wielded his Space Chopping Sword, two people already had their arms chopped off. The initial excitement of the Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists disappeared and the crowd turned silent.

It wasn't that they lacked self-confidence. Out of all the martial artists of the divine kingdoms who could stand on the first tier, which one of them wasn't an outstanding character of their respective martial house? If they didn't have absolute confidence in themselves, they wouldn't be able to stand on the first tier.

However, Logan was just too outstanding, causing the talents on the first tier to hesitate.

It would've been fine if they won, but what if they lost?

They still had to head toward the Feather Holy Sea. Losing arms wasn't a big problem, but they wouldn't be able to return to peak condition in a short period, so it would be quite a burden along the journey.

In the very beginning, the match had only been held for entertainment before entering the Feather Holy Sea. But after many years of evolution, it had slowly turned into a battle among the young warriors of the four divine kingdoms, giving them a chance to show off their strength.

Even so, compared to exploring the secret lands within the Feather Holy Sea, it wasn't all that important.

With that, many of the first tier talents began to retreat.

What they didn't know was that the imperial members on the stairs were beginning to get angry. Although the Soul Sea Realm masters kept quiet, they were inwardly unhappy with Logan and War Emperor York.

Once again, the Star Field Divine Kingdom was defeated. This time, it was the Wind and Harlen Divine Kingdoms' turn.

The emperor of the Wind Divine Kingdom didn't say a word, nor did the crown prince and the other princes behind him.

Turner, the emperor of Harlen Divine Kingdom, scanned over Randy and the crown prince Bram, his eyes flashing. Even in his silence, his gaze told them everything.

Under such a gaze, Randy felt his heart heat up in nervousness. Just as he was about to recommend Zen, Bram was already one step ahead. In a clear voice, he said, "Edwin Xiao will fight on my behalf!"

Randy's gaze turned cold at his words, but he remained silent.

'Since you're determined to make a comeback, just do it. Edwin is your last chess piece. If he's defeated or even loses an arm, it will be a huge blow to your team. You'll face many difficulties exploring the secret lands. Let's see if you will fight personally after Edwin loses, ' Randy thought to himself.

Indeed, Bram was rather anxious. He spoke highly of Edwin and Gregory, and he wanted to prove himself in front of Turner. He wanted to prove that he had good judgment and skill in controlling others. But Gregory let him down, having been so easily defeated in battle.

Now, Edwin was the only one he could place his hopes on.

The Dark Martial House was the largest martial house in the entire Harlen Divine Kingdom. Although it was considered a sixth-grade force like the Jade Martial House, the latter could only be ranked second. Because Edwin was the strongest in the Dark Martial House, the crown prince, along with many of the Harlen Divine Kingdom's martial artists, had high hopes for him in the coming fight.

Hearing the crown prince's declaration, Edwin lept up and cupped his hands toward the prince and the emperor before pulling out a spear from his space ring.

"It's a top-grade sacred weapon!"

"The martial artists from the Harlen Divine Kingdom are enviable. Those who have reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm can obtain top-grade sacred weapons. I'm green with envy!"

"Well, as you know, the Harlen Divine Kingdom has a plethora of weapon refiners. Most of the sacred weapons in the divine kingdoms are made by them. Similarly, the Wind Divine Kingdom has an abundance of alchemists, and the York Divine Kingdom has many runic experts."

It was undeniable that the Harlen Divine Kingdom's refining techniques were the most famous and, more importantly, weapon refinement was a tradition within Edwin's family. Even so, top-grade sacred weapons were still very rare. In any other situation, Edwin wouldn't have such a sacred weapon with him.

But because exploring the secret land of the Feather Holy Sea was a huge deal for his future, his family had provided him with such a top-grade sacred weapon.

Crack!

To everyone's surprise, the spear seemed to be extremely flexible. As Edwin brandished it hard, it was like a whip smashing into the air, creating a deafening explosion.

Edwin's gaze was ice-cold as he stared at Logan.

This time, Logan raised his open palm facing him. "Five strikes. I only need five strikes to defeat you."

With a cold snort, Edwin returned, "Cut the crap. Don't make the fight child's play. I don't care how many strikes you need. Victory or defeat will be decided soon!"

Hearing Edwin's statement, Logan smiled mischievously. "This opponent isn't bad. It seems I need to be more serious!"

"What does that mean? Didn't he already go all out?"

"I don't believe that. He's so pretentious!"

"He defeated Gregory with three strikes and Willard with four. Maybe he really didn't use his full strength."

Except for those of the York Divine Kingdom, other martial artists seemed to have the same hatred for a single enemy. Logan was just too arrogant. Still, he had the right to be arrogant as his strength was immeasurably strong. So far, no one had even touched him.

This time around, it was still Logan who took the initiative to launch the first attack. His body became as fast as a shuttle, piercing through space as he brandished the deadly Space Chopping Sword in his hand once again.

With a cold snort, Edwin held the long spear in his hand as it coiled around his limb like a snake.

The speed of Logan's Space Chopping Sword was extremely fast, but after Edwin coiled his spear, it immediately began to shake and fly out. It was as fast as lightning, charging toward Logan.

Before its tip stabbed at Logan, the flexible, long spear circled the Space Chopping Sword before moving forward and stabbing right at Logan's face.

Not only did Edwin's spear seal Logan's Space Chopping Sword, it also wanted to kill him.

Logan's Space Chopping Sword was undoubtedly sharp, and an ordinary sacred weapon wouldn't be able to resist it. However, Edwin's spear was a top-grade sacred weapon. It was also flexible. As it twined around the sword, the weapon was sealed to the point of immobility.

Whoosh!

The tip of the spear was like the head of a venomous snake, going straight for Logan's face. When Logan slightly tilted his head, the tip of the spear brushed past his ear.

But the spear seemed to have a will of its own. As soon as it missed, it twisted again and went for the back of Logan's head.

Putting on a faint smile, Logan loosened his grip on the sword. Suddenly, he sank just as his sword disappeared. Being a space-made weapon, even if it disappeared, Logan could remake it in an instant.

In just one strike, Edwin had forced Logan to give up his weapon and choose to retreat.

With that, it had to be considered the best result so far.

The crowd from the Dark Martial House immediately sighed in relief. Perhaps, in their hearts, the younger generation of the Harlen Divine Kingdom had no way to defeat Logan. The fact that Edwin forced him to retreat like that saved some face for them.

However, Bram and Turner didn't agree.

For the dignified Harlen Divine Kingdom to be unable to find anyone to confront Logan, it was something they wouldn't ever be able to accept.

Although the kingdom had been rather weak over the years, they weren't weak to such extent.

Bram's eyes darkened at the thought. He already began putting together plans in his mind. If Edwin really lost, he might even make it on stage to crush Logan. As the crown prince of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, he had the obligation to protect the dignity of his kingdom.

Although it would be shameful for him to fight in person as the prince, he couldn't care less about that fact at the moment.

Lowering his body, Logan pulled back to put some distance between him and his opponent. With a wave of his hand, another Space Chopping Sword appeared in his hold.

"Not bad. You remind me that I should be a little more serious!"

Logan pointed his sword straight at Edwin.

"Cut the crap!" Holding his spear with one hand and pressing the spear's body with the other, he swept his fingers along the spear.

Hiss!

Then, he lifted his spear. The weapon seemed to have a mind of its own as it turned into a snake, coiling around Edwin, with its tip pointing right at Logan.

A smile hung on Logan's lips as he gently waved the Space Chopping Sword in his hand. In the next moment, he struck a second time.

After Edwin activated the spirit of the spear, it was like a beast with a keen sense of smell, attacking Logan the moment he got close.

Tinkle!

The tip of the spear pierced Logan's body, but just then, the space armor covered his body once again.

With that defense, the spear only left a deep mark on his space armor. It couldn't completely penetrate it. Rather, it was impossible to break through in a single strike.

Seeing this scene, the expressions of the Harlen Divine Kingdom's martial artists seemed to turn grim.

Originally, everyone was sure that Logan would be unable to condense the space armor after he had condensed the Space Chopping Sword. Presumably, he just believed it to be unnecessary.

But this fellow possessed invulnerable space armor, as well as the Space Chopping Sword that could slice through anything in its path. How could they hope to defeat him? It was no exaggeration to say that their odds were slim to none.

Just as they all thought, Logan, whose attitude began to take a serious turn, simply gave up on dodging and defense, allowing Edwin's long spear to pierce him. Meanwhile, the Space Chopping Sword in his hand continued to slide into space and slash at Edwin.

A third strike, a fourth strike, and then a fifth strike…

After the fifth strike, Logan slid to the side. With a spray of blood in the air, another arm fell from the sky.

The crown prince's gaze flickered unsteadily. Disappointment was evident in his eyes as his brows creased. What should he do? Was he really going to fight on his own?

At that moment, his gaze suddenly landed on a somewhat skinny figure on the square. It was Zen, with his eyes fixed on the battle.

Chapter 1092 Zen's Turn To Fight (Part One)

After Edwin was defeated, except for Lord Randy and the crown prince himself, not a single powerful martial artist was present to grace the history of Harlen Divine Kingdom.

The first tier of the divine kingdom continent was composed of the most outstanding divine-level talents. Such talented people were extremely rare and people who could match the best of them were impossible to find.

There was a huge gap between the strength of the first tier and the second tier. Even the most powerful martial artists of the second tier itself would be instantly killed by Logan alone, so it was useless to dispatch them.

The crown prince, who went by the name Bram, had never witnessed Zen's strength. Back when the latter had passed the examination of the Jade Martial House, Bram was not present, but Gregory had personally informed him that an independent warrior who had appeared in the martial house possessed the qualification to be ranked at the first tier. This was a highly improbable truth and the crown prince's curiosity was aroused.

Without doubt, he was in dire need of such a talent, so he rushed to Crane City. At that time, he had thought that it would be easy to win over Zen since Gregory had told him that Randy had already become enemies with Zen.

However, he did not expect Randy to break in.

Judging from Gregory's description, Bram only had a rough estimate of Zen's strength. He was probably almost on a par with Gregory, maybe even a bit stronger. Even if he fought, he probably wouldn't be Logan's match.

However, this wasn't the crux of the problem. The key was, would Zen listen to his orders? What if he asked Zen to fight and Zen refused? What would he do then?

When Randy saw the crown prince lost in thought, a sneer rose from the corner of his mouth. He knew that it was time for him to stand out. The Harlen Divine Kingdom had just lost, and now it was time for Wind Divine Kingdom and Star Field Divine Kingdom to dispatch their martial artists. Whether or not they could challenge Logan, Randy would definitely dispatch Zen.

The two sons of Turner were lost in their own thoughts, but more importantly, everyone's attention at the moment was focused on the Wind Divine Kingdom and the Star Field Divine Kingdom.

War King Wind was wearing a huge cloak and standing on the platform at the top of the stairs. His cloak was fluttering in the wind.

Till now, the Wind Divine Kingdom had not sent in a single martial artist. And from the looks of things, it seemed that War King Wind did not plan to send any martial artist to challenge Logan.

Thus, everyone could sense that it was Star Field Divine Kingdom's turn now.

Scott, the ruler of the Star Field Divine Kingdom chuckled slightly. "Looks like our kingdom's youths aren't strong enough to win this fight. Is there someone you would like to recommend?"

He turned around and asked the crown prince as well as the other princes.

In fact, as the ruler of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, he knew very well how many top-grade martial artists he had under his control. However, according to traditional practice, the ruler himself would never recommend anyone. After all, if the candidate he recommended was defeated in battle, he would be humiliated.

"Your Majesty, I am willing to represent our kingdom in battle!"

"I request to fight!"

"Count me in!"

The Star Field Divine Kingdom was the second strongest among the four divine kingdoms. There were numerous martial artists in its arsenal, and many of them were sure of themselves.

Therefore, when their ruler needed them to fight, they actively volunteered themselves.

Horace, the crown prince of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, swept over his team before his sight finally focused itself on Jeremy. He indifferently ordered, "Jeremy Zhao, you will fight for me!"

He was very unhappy at the moment. How could his kingdom be suppressed by Logan from the York Divine Kingdom? Was the latter really invincible among Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists? This gave him no balm.

However, the sword in Logan's hand told him exactly what the cruel reality was and just how bloody it was.

Jeremy Zhao had performed slightly better than Edwin of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, but he had only withstood seven strikes from Logan.

After seven strikes, Jeremy also had lost an arm and dejectedly left the arena.

The somber expression of War Emperor York finally relaxed. He suddenly tilted his head and smiled at Turner. "I wonder if anyone else from your kingdom can fight."

There were no more than 20 to 30 martial artists from the four divine kingdoms who were able to stand in the first tier. Everyone had a list of their names.

War Emperor York knew that the Harlen Divine Kingdom only had two Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists, Gregory and Edwin. Since the two had already been defeated, the royal family members themselves would have to fight now. It was very likely that the crown prince would have to personally fight Logan.

At his words, Turner's lips hardened and an angry mask shadowed his face. He thought to himself, 'This is too much! He obviously knows the answer, but he asked that question deliberately to humiliate me! He's giving me a hard time!'

This match was just a review before the exploration of secret lands. It was like an appetizer. The words of War Emperor York were a bit too much.

The anger on Turner's face disappeared. War Emperor York was right. He really didn't have any good ideas. Was he really going to let the crown prince fight? It was feasible, but even if the crown prince won, it wouldn't be something honorable. Losing would be even more humiliating.

If he was defeated, then what qualifications would he have left to be allowed to succeed the throne?

Therefore, Turner had to think prudently before he appointed the crown prince to fight.

Just then, the Holy Maiden of the York Divine Kingdom twisted her body and walked to her emperor. She giggled and giddily asked, "As far as I know, only Edwin and Gregory of the Harlen Divine Kingdom are qualified, barely! Now that their arms have been cut off by Logan, who is going to fight next? Is it Lord Randy? Or the crown prince himself?"

Chapter 1093 Zen's Turn To Fight (Part Two)

At her words, Bram's face flashed with hostility.

In addition to the royal family, there was also a large secret sect in the York Divine Kingdom. The Holy Maiden was the most important person in the sect, and her status was as high as that of the crown prince in the York Divine Kingdom. Sometimes what she said was even more useful than the words of the crown prince himself.

After all, if the crown prince wanted to ascend to the throne, he would first have to wait for his father to abdicate himself, or worse yet, die. Moreover, he had to step into the Soul Sea Realm before he was allowed to take on the throne. It would take thousands or even ten thousand years before his father abdicated, and it was very difficult for him to reach the Soul Sea Realm.

However, if a woman was chosen to be a Holy Maiden by the secret sect, she would be able to command the secret sect of the York Divine Kingdom and would possess an extraordinary status.

Bram smiled coldly and once again looked at Zen. Although he didn't believe that Zen could defeat Logan, he didn't want anyone to think that there was no powerful martial artist in his kingdom either.

"Who said that no one in my kingdom can fight?" Bram suddenly asked coldly. He then turned his head and told Zen who was standing in the square, "Thad Luo, fight for me!"

When Zen suddenly heard Bram call out his name, his eyebrows slightly furrowed. His gaze landed on Randy. Randy slightly shook his head while Zen slightly nodded his head but did not reply.

Lots of martial artists were standing in the square. They had never heard of this name, so they didn't know who the crown prince was calling out. Moreover, no one replied, making them feel even weirder. What was the prince doing?

Who was Thad Luo? Was he a newly born talent of the Harlen Divine Kingdom? Regardless of who this person was, why hadn't he stepped up? Could it be that even the crown prince couldn't order him about?

When Bram saw Zen standing there without showing any intentions of moving, his face flashed with a dark red color, and his eyes got filled with anger. He had just given Zen a chance to show off his strength, but Zen hadn't responded. How arrogant he was!

The three Soul Sea Realm masters from the Jade Martial House knew what was going on since they were standing on the steps and could see into the crowd. They were well aware of Thad's character and also knew that both the crown prince and Randy had tried to win over him, and the crown prince had failed.

Turner was also confused. No one had given him any information about Thad. He asked in confusion, "Bram, who is Thad Luo?"

Bram was about to speak, but Randy answered first. He knew that it was time for him to speak. "Father, Thad is my friend. He's a new talent in the Jade Martial House. He is not the slightest bit weaker than Gregory or Edwin. Even I'm unable to defeat him."

"Oh?" Turner's face lit up. "Really?"

"It's absolutely true. I'll invite him to fight now." Randy glanced at Bram with a smile on his face. He then turned towards Zen and asked in a clear voice, "My dear brother Thad, I'll leave this fight to you!"

Everyone who was present there looked at each other in puzzlement. Generally speaking, the status of martial artists was decided by their strength, but the strength of the royal family was a different story. After all, the large divine kingdom had to ensure its own dignity. How could Randy call an ordinary martial artist 'brother'? Even the crown prince had called Thad by his full name.

This was why Turner's face showed a hint of displeasure at the sentence but he didn't say anything.

Zen put on a smile. Actually, when he had seen Logan display his skills, he knew that he would have to fight him sooner or later.

With a light flash, he suddenly jumped out from the crowd and slowly floated towards the sky.

"He's just a martial artist at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm! Interesting. Doesn't the Harlen Divine Kingdom have some other stronger martial artists to fight for itself? I think they do. Look, there is still a large group of people below there who are at the later stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. They all must be stronger than this guy. He's just entered the middle stage of this realm!"

"I've never heard of him before. Where is he from?"

"Lord Randy is a man of sagacity. Since he believes that this person is strong enough, I'm sure he really has some skills!"

"So what? Compared to all Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists, Logan is basically invincible. What can this guy do? After all, this Thad is only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. I bet he can't take even a single blow from Logan."

When the martial artists on the square saw that Zen was just at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, they began to discuss among themselves animatedly. They all thought that the Harlen Divine Kingdom didn't have any stronger martial artists, so Zen had been dispatched.

At this moment, many of the powerful martial artists at the Soul Sea Realm also had weird looks on their faces.

The crown prince had recommended Zen, but Zen hadn't responded. After Randy had successfully invited Zen, Turner had an expectant look on his face. But once he realized that Zen had just reached the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he was quite disappointed.

The Holy Maiden of the York Divine Kingdom was staring at Zen with a puzzled expression too.

Chapter 1094 You Are Zen Luo (Part One)

The Holy Maiden of the York Divine Kingdom was named Marine Bai. The Bai Clan was a relatively unknown clan in the York Divine Kingdom, but ever since Marine Bai was born and had been chosen as the Holy Maiden of the secret sect, they had risen to fame.

Back then, Daniel Liu, the prince of the York Divine Kingdom, whose talent was ranked ninth within the divine kingdom, had obtained an enchanted lamp from the celestial tomb. The lamp was something that a commoner had given to him.

It was said that there existed a total of nine enchanted lamps in the entire world. Once all of them were lighted, those who held them would be able to enter the celestial tomb.

Despite waiting for so many years, Daniel Liu had never seen the passageway to the celestial tomb activated. Through time, even Marine Bai had started being curious about it. On the third day of the third month every year, she and Daniel Liu would light the lamp together. At first, they were hopeful, but as time passed, their faith waned. She never imagined that a passageway would actually appear.

Due to the two of them not having expected what happened, they weren't prepared at all. Because of that, they hurriedly invited a few guards at the Life and Death Realm to enter the celestial tomb with them.

Who would have thought that Daniel Liu's life would be taken away during that trip to the celestial tomb? This matter caused a great stir within the York Divine Kingdom.

After all, a prince had died. Even though War Emperor York had many sons and daughters, Daniel Liu's talent was still ranked ninth out of the entire York Divine Kingdom. He could be easily considered as one of the most outstanding princes in the divine kingdom.

What made the whole thing worse was how a nobody from the Sky Northern Region actually dared to go against the York Divine Kingdom!

Any mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm from the York Divine Kingdom could charge through the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and easily flatten the entire Sky Northern Region.

But what Marine Bai did next was arrange for Master Wallace to contact Eddie and Simon, who were both at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and help them build a divine kingdom.

She herself didn't show up.

A few years had passed, and Eddie was unable to get in touch with Marine Bai. She was so busy with various matters within the secret sect that gradually she forgot about this matter.

One day, Master Wallace suddenly told Marine Bai that Zen had appeared and that he would personally go to the Sky Northern Region to kill him.

Marine Bai suddenly got curious. Two years ago, Zen was just a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Was it worth it for a man at the Soul Sea Realm like Master Wallace to personally deal with such a nobody? Were Eddie and Simon that inept that they were unable to kill him?

But Master Wallace told her that not only had Zen defeated his soul in the Spirit Container, but he had also killed Eddie, who was at the Life and Death Realm.

Even in the divine kingdoms where talents ran rampant, no one was that strong and talented. From the Illuminating Soul Realm to the Virtual Tribulation Realm, Zen just took two years. He even killed a warrior at the fourth-grade of the Life and Death Realm! When, and how, did such a talent appear in the Sky Northern Region?

Even if Marine Bai was the Holy Maiden of the York Divine Kingdom, it would still be difficult for her to command a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. However, since Master Wallace was willing to kill Zen, she had agreed to him doing it without any hesitation. It was also at this time that she started to pay attention to Zen again.

She felt that it was strange as to why Master Wallace, a person who would always do something profitable, was interested in someone like

Zen. There must be some secret about Zen that had attracted Master Wallace's attention.

No matter what, a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm was almost invincible in the Sky Northern Region. An ant like Zen would never be able to escape death. Marine Bai was one hundred percent sure he would definitely die.

Not long after, a message suddenly came from the York Divine Kingdom that Master Wallace's life token had suddenly broken into pieces. Master Abraham's life token had also broken into pieces.

There were more than twenty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm in the York Divine Kingdom. Although the four divine kingdoms competed with each other, their overall relationship was not bad. Under normal circumstances, very few warriors at the Soul Sea Realm would die, unless they were at the end of their lifespan, or they went to explore some mysterious ocean where there were many dangers.

The fall of these two powerful warriors in the Sky Northern Region had shocked the entire York Divine Kingdom.

To the four divine kingdoms, the Sky Northern Region was just a savage land. How could two warriors at the Soul Sea Realm be slaughtered in a place like that?

It wouldn't be easy even for a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm to kill another warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. Neither Master Wallace nor Master Abraham sent back a single word before their life tokens broke into pieces.

The sudden extermination of the two mighty warriors threw the whole upper echelon of the York Divine Kingdom in chaos. Despite that, they still hadn't made any moves yet. If something really happened in the Sky Northern Region, they probably wouldn't be able to investigate even if they sent another two warriors at the Soul Sea Realm there.

As a result, they kept the deaths of the two warriors as a secret from the civilians. They planned on first exploring the Feather Holy Sea before thinking about how to deal with it. The storms above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars would calm down every once in a few years, and when the storms subsided next time, it wouldn't be too late to form a team of warriors at the Soul Sea Realm to explore the Sky Northern Region. If some powerful warriors had really appeared there, then they could just annihilate all the living beings in the entire region.

Although Marine Bai still wanted to kill Zen, the lives of two warriors at the Soul Sea Realm that had been shockingly taken were more important. She couldn't just send more people to the Sky Northern Region, and so she could only wait for the day to finally get rid of him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1095 You Are Zen Luo (Part Two)

So now, when she heard Randy call out the name "Thad Luo," her gaze immediately landed on that person. Granted that two years had already passed and Zen's face had become somewhat unfamiliar to her, a person's spirit and aura could not be changed.

Moreover, the fellow's surname was also Luo.

'Thad Luo? Zen Luo?'

A cold smile suddenly appeared on Marine Bai's face. She slowly walked to the edge of the platform and floated into the air, staring at Zen with eyes full of hatred.

When War Emperor York saw Marine Bai fly out for no reason, a strange expression appeared on his face. "Holy Maiden, what are you doing?" he asked.

Marine Bai turned to him slowly. With a smile, she replied, "Your Majesty, I've discovered something that is really interesting."

"Something interesting?" War Emperor York's brows furrowed. Confusion was evident on his face.

"Mmm hmm." Marine Bai just nodded and then once again turned to Zen. Coldly, she said, "Thad Luo? Humph, you should be called Zen Luo right?"

Since Zen had chosen the path wherein he could be easily recognized, he had naturally anticipated that the Holy Maiden would recognize him. With that, he had already come up with a few plans.

He originally wanted to fly into the enchanted barrier in order to challenge Logan. Logan's face was already filled with contempt as he waited for Zen to come. His thoughts were pretty much the same as the other warriors—because the Harlen Divine Kingdom really had no other mighty warriors, they found and sent a warrior at the middle stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm to challenge him.

After Marine Bai opened her mouth and spoke, Zen looked up at her and mirrored the strange look on her face. He then smiled and said, "My real name is Thad Luo. Who is 'Zen Luo' and why do you call me that?"

Seriousness was written all over Zen's face. Marine Bai was confused for a while, wondering if she had made a mistake. After all, it had been two years. She was definitely uncertain. But once she carefully looked at Zen, her eyes were once again filled with certainty. "Zen Luo, playing dumb is useless. I have never heard of someone called Thad Luo in the Harlen Divine Kingdom! I assume you crossed the Chaotic Ocean of Stars after the storms stopped, right? You are really bold!"

"Miss Holy Maiden, I am from the Harlen Divine Kingdom. Now, I want to challenge the warrior from your York Divine Kingdom. If you are afraid of me defeating him, you can just admit it. I think slandering me like this is pointless and highly inappropriate, don't you think?" Zen said as he cunningly smiled.

At that moment, the four emperors were also looking at each other in dismay. As for Randy, an angry expression had already graced his face. 'Marine Bai is such a bitch! Thad is our only hope. Why would this woman suddenly jump out at such a time? I must do something!' he thought. Randy had always been arrogant, but he had always been restrained in front of his elders. It was Zen's turn to fight and the glory of the Harlen Divine Kingdom depended on Zen, so how could he tolerate Marine Bai trying to mess everything up?

Suddenly, Randy came forwards, and said in a cold voice, "Marine Bai, what nonsense are you saying? Thad Luo is a warrior of the Harlen Divine Kingdom. He is from the Jade Martial House. If the York Divine Kingdom is afraid of him, just ask Logan to admit defeat!"

Just as Marine Bai was about to speak, Logan sneered, "Afraid of him? Lord Randy, I, Logan Yun, have never been afraid of anyone. Moreover, this guy is only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. I can kill him just with a single stab. Ha-ha!"

Randy sneered, "Then, could you ask the Holy Maiden to shut up?"

At that moment, Turner, the emperor of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, said calmly, "Thad Luo is from our Harlen Divine Kingdom. Miss Holy

Maiden, are you mistaking him for someone else?"

The secret sect was connected with the human race in the Upper World, and in this world, Marine Bai was its appointed representative. There were so many followers of the secret sect in the four divine kingdoms that even Turner could not reprimand Marine Bai.

"Mistake him for someone else? That's impossible!" Marine Bai was at a loss. She was sure that this fellow was without a doubt Zen, and through Master Wallace, she understood Zen's strength. He was never to be underestimated, and even if his cultivation was at the mid stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he was able to kill a warrior at the fourth-grade of Life and Death Realm.

Even though Logan was known among the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm to be someone invincible, he might not be a match for Zen.

"Miss Holy Maiden, regardless of whether you are mistaking him for someone else or not, I will kill him," Logan said, a confident smile on his lips.

Marine Bai's face showed a hint of hesitation as she tilted her head slightly. Suddenly, her eyes lit up as she turned to face War Emperor York. "Your Majesty, I'm sure this guy is Zen Luo from the Sky Northern Region. He was the one who killed Daniel! If you do not believe me, you can ask Elder Gong!"

When they entered the celestial tomb, Daniel Liu had a total of five bodyguards at the Life and Death Realm by his side. After learning about the death of his son, War Emperor York was angered and killed the four bodyguards without hesitation. As for Elder Gong, he had been exempted from death because he had performed deeds of valor in the past.

At this time, Marine Bai could only ask Elder Gong to identify Zen.

"Holy Maiden, are you sure this is the person who killed my child back then?" When he heard Marine Bai's words, War Emperor York's originally gloomy face turned even grimmer.

Actually, Marine Bai's sudden appearance was a bit rash and rude. But according to War Emperor York's understanding, although her personality was a little off, she wouldn't be talking nonsense in such a situation.

Chapter 1096 Strange

Marine nodded and said, "Your Majesty, I am not mistaken!"

The eyes of War Emperor York flashed like two poisonous snakes as he stared at Zen. He had already been convinced by the Holy Maiden but now that the man in front of him was a representative of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, he couldn't act rashly. He controlled himself before asking the question he was dreading the answer to, "Kid, did you kill my son Daniel?"

Zen shrugged, his face stoic as he replied, "I don't know who Daniel is, nor do I know this woman. And I definitely don't know what you're talking about!"

Turner couldn't contain himself any more. Two of his men from the Harlen Divine Kingdom had been defeated. Not only the crown prince had recommended Thad to fight, even Randy had thought highly of him. Now that Thad was being questioned by War Emperor York, he could no longer remain silent as the king of the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

"Lucien Liu, Thad belongs to our Harlen Divine Kingdom. He has already said that he is not the person you are looking for. Isn't it inappropriate to make things difficult for him like this?" Turner asked patiently.

Lucien Liu was the name of the War Emperor York. The entire York Divine Kingdom belonged to the Liu Clan. In theory, the York Divine Kingdom could be considered an eighth grade noble clan.

Randy paled a little. He knew that Zen's origins were shrouded in mystery and someone with such talent couldn't have been a nameless person before. Randy and the crown prince had already secretly investigated Zen's identity and background and both had received shocking news about him - he did not come from the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

Since they hadn't been able to find any information about Thad, they began investigating the guard standing with Zen. The result of this investigation puzzled them even more. This Life and Death Realm warrior called Francis actually belonged to the York Divine Kingdom and was also a steward of the secret sect.

Such results made Zen's identity seem all the more confusing. Of course, not that Randy cared much about Zen's identity, but the key was that Zen could help Randy, and that was enough for him.

As to the crown prince...

Now, Bram was sure that what Marine had said was true. This fellow, who went by the name Thad must be from the Central Region.

The crown prince, Bram, had wanted Zen to represent him in battle, but Zen hadn't moved an inch, making it clear to Bram that he wasn't going to listen to him. So of course, Bram wouldn't come forward to speak for Zen. But he wouldn't step up to expose Zen's identity either. After all, Zen now fought for and represented the Harlen Divine Kingdom. It was impossible for Bram to do something that would put the Harlen Divine Kingdom at a disadvantage. If he did, his father would be greatly disappointed.

Yet, right after Turner finished speaking, War Emperor York ignored him and snorted coldly. He looked at Zen and said, "I don't need you to speak the truth. I will search your soul myself."

As War Emperor York pointed a finger at Zen, powerful energy radiating from his soul spread out from the spot between his eyebrows.

"It's a soul attack! War Emperor York has actually directly used his soul attack!"

"A powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm can turn a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm into a moron by using just his oppressing force of soul. I never thought that War Emperor York would attack a young man using the soul attack!"

"The warrior called Thad is doomed!"

Moments ago, there had been a lot of Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists clamoring in the plaza, almost getting into a fight. One of the powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm released his soul force and suppressed all the Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists.

The soul oppressing force was not used to hurt people. The masters usually released their formidable power of the soul force just to intimidate crowds. However, the souls of mighty masters at the Soul Sea Realm were usually very powerful. If they used all of their soul oppressing force to frighten a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, it would be enough to turn him into a moron.

And right about now, War Emperor York had directly used a soul attack.

He wanted to erase Zen's consciousness and search his soul. That was the only direct and simple method to solve the problem he was facing. But as Zen's soul was scoured and the memories extracted, he would suffer mental damage to a great extent. In simpler terms, Zen would become just a simpleton, if War Emperor York was to search his soul.

It was obvious that War Emperor York didn't care whether Zen lived or not.

"Lucien Liu!"

Turner's face drained of color. He hadn't expected Lucien to do this, to act without any warning. Turner had had no time to stop him.

It was clear as day that War Emperor York wasn't afraid of Turner. He knew that Turner would not look for trouble with him just because of an unimportant Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. So he decided to go ahead with what he wanted.

As everyone watched in mounting horror, the wave of soul energy charged at Zen.

Zen's gaze flickered with a faint light as he stared apathetically at War Emperor York.

Zen had sensed the power of this soul energy ever since it had come out. His soul was now very close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm and any soul below this realm wouldn't be able to harm him much.

It was obvious that this soul force was released from a soul that belonged to the Fighting Soul Realm. Zen wasn't afraid of it at all.

So he stood calmly in the sky, his face completely expressionless. But he was on high alert, wary of War Emperor York. The fact that War Emperor York had obtained the title of war emperor meant that he was one of the top masters of the Soul Sea Realm. If this person wanted to kill Zen, he wouldn't be able to survive in the first round of the fight with him.

But the issue here was that War Emperor wanted to kill him before clarifying anything. He didn't seem to care about what anyone else had to say.

Zen wasn't bothered about suffering the soul attack. The problem was that he was being targeted by War Emperor York.

Zen did not choose to fight back, nor did he summon the cyan dragon to devour the soul attack that War Emperor York was unleashing. And right now, Zen had to only endure it all because if he fought back, War Emperor York might seriously take him on.

Even an ordinary master of the Soul Sea Realm whose soul had just entered the Fighting Soul Realm would not be able to withstand the attack of War Emperor York. With the powerful soul attack crushing on the ordinary master, the person's soul would soon be injured or even disintegrate.

War Emperor York's powerful soul attack poured into Zen's soul continuously. But Zen's soul was incomparably tough, and constantly flickered with a jade-green light. No harm was done to it.

"His soul has probably shattered."

"He didn't move an inch! He will definitely become a moron!"

"What a pitiful fellow! He shouldn't have offended War Emperor York. War Emperor York is certainly not someone to be trifled with."

As the many Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors saw this powerful soul attack, their fear began to etch itself on their faces. Although this attack wasn't directed at them, they could feel a small portion of the domineering force from the soul attack reflected onto them. And that was enough to make them shiver.

Randy closed his eyes and furrowed his eyebrows. Even though he hadn't known Zen for long, he really admired his great talent and power. Most importantly, Zen was humble and honest, which was also a reason why Randy valued Zen so much and why he treated Zen as a true friend.

If it were any other powerful Soul Sea Realm master who was attacking Zen, he would have tried to stop him. However, he wasn't able enough to fight against War Emperor York. It was too late even if he wanted to stop him.

Turner sighed softly and said, "Okay, Lucien Liu. No matter what, he represents our Harlen Divine Kingdom. Do not destroy his life energy! Let him live!"

If Zen's soul was completely destroyed, his life energy would be gone. But it was possible that if Zen's shattered soul remained in his mind, he would not die. Instead, he would become a simpleton. Turner had had no time to stop Lucien from attacking Zen, so he could only ask Lucien to spare his life.

It was better to become a simpleton than to become dead.

But just as soon as Turner finished talking, a strange expression crossed Lucien's face. He stared at Zen firmly.

The situation had become entangled in a tight deadlock for a while. Many of the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm noticed that something was wrong.

It was not only Turner who felt something strange, but also Scott from the Star Field Divine Kingdom as well as War King Wind from the Wind Divine Kingdom. They were all confused and stared oddly at Zen before looking over at War Emperor York.

Thad's eyes were clear and full of spirit. It looked like he wasn't hurt.

What was going on?

Could it be that War Emperor York had saved his strength?

This was impossible. The four kings had been on their thrones for so many years, and they knew each other's tempers very well.

War Emperor York Lucien Liu had always been sullen, extremely cold-blooded and arrogant. If he chose to make a move, there was absolutely no possibility of him holding back at all.

However, Thad seemed to be safe and sound. What had happened?

Back on the stairs, many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had puzzled looks on their faces, unable to understand the situation at all.

As time passed, not only did the powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm feel that something was wrong, even the Life and Death Realm warriors and the other Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors had sensed Zen's abnormality.

Zen didn't seem to have been harmed even a little.

Chapter 1097 Determined To Protect Zen (Part One)

The only excuse that the audience could think of to explain what was currently happening before their eyes was that War Emperor York had unexpectedly shown immense mercy to Zen. He couldn't have gone all out to attack Zen.

After the Soul Sea was created by martial artists, they created a world within their body in order to make it easier for them to cultivate their souls.

The resources of the Lower World were scarce. It was completely incomparable to what the Upper World had. In the Lower World, the means for martial artists to cultivate their souls weren't that many.

In the Upper World, many talented martial artists could cultivate their souls and make their souls enter the Fighting Soul Realm while they were at the Virtual Tribulation Realm or Life and Death Realm. In the Lower World, however, many martial artists could only cultivate their souls and make their souls reach the Fighting Soul Realm after they had created the Soul Sea and had reached the Soul Sea Realm.

Zen was a shining exception to this.

From a certain point of view, however, this was not totally unexpected. First of all, Zen did not cultivate his soul in the Lower World. He had actually relied on the Dragon Soar Arena to ascend to the Genuine Dragon World. It was in that place that he had gone through the Owl Beast devil spirit's test, and that made it possible for his soul to improve rapidly. Moreover, he was able to absorb a significant amount of soul force and that helped his soul to reach the Fighting Soul Realm.

In the Lower World, the most powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm would easily suppress all the Life and Death Realm warriors. The gap between their level of soul was vastly enormous.

Only after reaching the Fighting Soul Realm could one's soul be transformed into a powerful weapon.

War Emperor York stared at Zen in utter confusion. He could feel Zen's powerful soul which was in no way weaker than his own. In fact, it seemed like it was even stronger!

If Zen staged a counterattack, War Emperor York would inevitably suffer. At the very least, the wisp of his soul that he used to attack Zen with would likely be exterminated.

Moments passed and it became clear that Zen would not counterattack. War Emperor York thought that he was probably wary of his overall strength.

War Emperor York stared at Zen blankly for a while before saying, "Good, good, good job! At such a young age and with such a low cultivation level, you actually possess a soul close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm! Such a young hero, you are!"

The moment the people around heard what War Emperor York said, their faces became contorted with expressions of utter disbelief.

They all originally thought that War Emperor York had held back his strength, but with his pronouncement, he had indirectly confirmed that wasn't the case -- it was just that Zen's soul had almost reached the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm!

Even for warriors at Soul Sea Realm, it would be extremely difficult for their soul to enter the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. It was all the more impossible for such thing to happen in the Lower World!

In the Lower World, the available number of refinement techniques and pills used to cultivate one's soul was simply too small. Then, even if someone got a hold of them, their effects were usually very poor. Another thing was, since the ancient times, there had never been a Life and Death Realm warrior that had cultivated his soul to reach the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. Zen was just a warrior at Virtual Tribulation Realm -- how was he able to achieve that? Furthermore, he was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm!

These played inside everyone's head as their stares bounced off from War Emperor York to Zen, their mouths wide open.

Without any hesitation, Marine, the Holy Maiden immediately said, "Yes! Master Wallace has mentioned before that the Spirit Container he arranged in the Sky Northern Region was destroyed by Zen Luo. This person's soul force is so strong. We don't need Elder Gong to come to have a look. You are definitely Zen Luo!"

"No matter who this kid is, how did he cultivate his soul to such a level that even War Emperor York was helpless against him?"

"Isn't this all too shocking? Furthermore, he came from a small place like the Sky Northern Region. It has been said since ancient times that if a Life and Death Realm warrior enters the Sky Northern Region, he can flatten the entire region and kill all the living beings there."

"This is impossible! How could such a talent come from such a place like the Sky Northern Region?"

The Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors who could stand beside the West Dragon River were basically the divine-level talents of the four divine kingdoms. Moreover, they were talents of the first tier and the second tier. There were rarely any third tier warriors among them.

These divine-level talents even had a high possibility of stepping into the Soul Sea Realm in the future! But then, in the end, that was just a possibility. There still weren't many warriors who had been able to reach the Soul Sea Realm.

Despite this, nothing had stopped them from being conceited. After all, they were the best warriors in the four divine kingdoms!

But at this moment, nothing could stop them from being shocked. Zen's glaringly formidable strength wasn't the main source of their surprise, however. After all, there were many ways to gauge a martial artist's strength: cultivation method, strength, speed, cultivation level, and soul…

The soul was just one aspect.

Just like what War Emperor York had said, Zen's soul was indeed strong, like it was close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, incomparable to all of theirs. However, this did not mean that Zen's all other aspects were very strong. After all, he had not shown his real strength yet.

Chapter 1098 Determined To Protect Zen (Part Two)

But the mere fact that Zen's soul was close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm made them incredibly jealous. They didn't want to believe what they were seeing and hearing!

It was similar to a story about a group of young people, all in the same age, who were in the same starting line together. Every day, they would earn the same amount of money, but occasionally, one of them would earn twice as much. Every other person would get jealous, but since that was a normal occurrence, they would just carry on and try to earn as much as the guy who earned twice.

However, one day, a person suddenly appeared. This fellow was around the same age as them, and his cultivation level was also around the same as theirs. However, in the end, he had earned a hundred, even a thousand times more money than them. How could everyone accept that lying down?

Despite that, they still didn't have the courage to try harder and catch up to what the new fellow had already earned.

The three powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm of the Jade Martial House were more surprised at War Emperor York's words. They had seen Zen's strength before and they knew what he was capable of. Not only did he have an outstanding level of comprehension towards the laws, but his own strength had also reached a terrifyingly high level. But now, the three of them had discovered that Zen's soul was that powerful. Zen was indeed a flawless warrior!

They then started to wonder: in the future, after he broke through and reached the Soul Sea Realm, how terrifying would his strength be?

The eyes of crown prince Bram were firmly fixed on Zen. 'A soul close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm… How could this be? And why? Alas, if I could win him over, he would definitely be great help to me in the future. Unfortunately, this person has already joined Randy's team. What am I going to do?' he thought, his eyes narrowing.

Today, the kings of the four divine kingdoms were present together with the crown princes and other princes from every divine kingdom.

The princes who were there were all the powerful ones. They were all martial artists that were at the first tier. Some of the princes who were present were even strong enough to be ranked at the top of the first tier!

These princes would eventually be important players in the game of the four divine kingdoms in the future!

The divine-level talents would eventually have the opportunity to become powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, if they didn't perish. However, for these princes, there was no doubt that they would reach the Soul Sea Realm!

Despite all their potential, however, each of them had suddenly felt a pang in their chests.

They had been the pride of the divine kingdoms. Being the strongest warriors of the younger generation, they had steadily grown under the protection of their royal fathers. With the privilege to enjoy massive resources and practice places, their achievements and strength were several times greater than that of other warriors of the same age!

But now, they felt frustrated by Zen's shocking potential.

There was a saying that "comparisons are odious". In the past, no one had been able to compete with them because they were a group of martial artists that walked at the forefront. They were the best of the best. But now, they were starting to compare themselves to Zen, and they discovered that between him and them, there was a huge disparity.

'Humph, he is only strong on his soul level. He must have obtained some great lucky chance that caused a change in his soul. His own strength might not be able to withstand a single blow from me!'

'I actually want to fight with this guy. It's useless just having a strong soul. I have the soul-protecting secret weapon bestowed by my royal father. I'm sure this kid wouldn't be able to hurt me!'

'I'll wait and see. If this kid can defeat Logan, maybe I'll be interested in playing with him!'

Thoughts ran wild inside the princes' minds, effectively drowning their self-doubts and insecurities. They couldn't afford to wallow in those thoughts.

As for Lord Randy, his eyes flashed with undeterred excitement when he opened his eyes. He had long noticed that Zen was extraordinary, but he didn't expect that Zen's soul would be so ridiculously strong. Even Lucien couldn't do anything about it. It was such a big surprise!

But at the same time, he suddenly became vigilant. He sent a message to Turner through his life vitality, "Father…"

How could Turner not understand what Randy wanted to say?

Just now, Lucien had suddenly made a move and used his soul to attack Zen. Unexpectedly, Zen's soul wasn't weaker than his at all.

With that revelation, his intent to kill Zen became stronger than ever. If he used life vitality to crush Zen, he surely wouldn't survive. 'Zen wouldn't be able to survive!' Turner thought to himself, doubts starting to creep up on him.

It would be a different case if such an extraordinary talent hadn't appeared in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. But now that he had already arrived and everyone knew of his existence, Turner had to protect him at all risks.

Whoosh!

Turner's figure flashed and soon he was standing between Zen and War Emperor York. After a few moments of silence, he calmly said to War Emperor York, "Lucien, it's enough. As a king, don't you think it's a bit too much to attack a kid like that? It doesn't matter if he's Zen Luo or Thad Luo-- he's a member of our Harlen Divine Kingdom!"

Turner looked firm as he said this. The meaning behind his words was crystal clear. It didn't matter if Zen had killed the prince of York Divine Kingdom or not - Turner was determined to protect him at all cost!

Chapter 1099 The Battle Began

Where there were people, there was also struggle. The four great divine kingdoms were closely related and mutually dependent on each other. There had never occured a large scale war among them.

However, that didn't mean they didn't compete with each other.

On the other hand, because the four divine kingdoms maintained a close relationship with each other and couldn't annex each other's territories into their own, the covert competition among them got intense.

It was also the reason why the divine kingdoms had established so many martial houses. Each one of them was interested in cultivating new talents.

As the ruler of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, Turner was aware of how valuable Zen was. Although he still hadn't seen Zen's true strength, he knew that Zen was at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and that his soul was close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. It meant that he had become very powerful.

Turner spoke kindly, but he wasn't afraid of War Emperor York.

In the past few years, the York Divine Kingdom had developed the most. It was ranked first among all kingdoms in terms of overall strength, while the Harlen Divine Kingdom, being the weakest, was ranked fourth.

Still, if the strength of the divine kingdom kings were to be compared, Turner was not so inferior to Lucien.

Hearing what Turner said, Lucien grew annoyed. "Turner, what do you mean?"

"My meaning is clear," he replied calmly. "No matter if he is Zen or Thad, he is the member of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, for he is from the Jade Martial House of the Harlen Divine Kingdom!"

A trace of a cold smile appeared on Lucien's face. He harrumphed, saying, "Since you say it like that, does it mean that my son died in vain?"

The corner of Turner's mouth curled up slightly as he responded to this accusation. "If I'm not wrong, Lucien, you have more than twenty thousand descendants, right?"

Some divine kingdom rulers were fond of women and had many sons. Each ruler had fathered a great many number, for as leaders of the kingdoms, the more sons they had, the better it was for them. Only then would they be able to choose an outstanding one to be heir to the throne.

However, Lucien had more sons than the other divine kingdom rulers. He was extremely fond of women. His imperial harem stretched over a million square miles, equivalent to a medium-sized city. Tens of thousands of beauties were a part of it.

The number of princes his wives had given him was probably close to twenty thousand. He probably didn't even remember the names of all his sons...

The princes weren't worth a lot in the divine kingdom.

They all had to rely on talent and strength alone in order to prove themselves and be in their father's good graces. Most princes of inferior talent were eliminated cruelly from the competition.

From a certain point of view, the lives of these incompetent princes were worse than those of ordinary people.

"I indeed have many sons. Among them, Daniel was extremely talented and remarkable. I deeply favored him and he had a good relationship with the Holy Maiden. I'm his father, can't I gain some compensation for his death?" Lucien asked Turner coldly.

Hearing this, Turner sneered silently, realizing that Lucien was finally revealing his true colors.

Among the four rulers, Lucien was notorious for being deceitful and foxy. It was clear that in saying all this, he just wanted to extort something from Turner.

"I will make it up to you. But believe me when I say that Thad is a warrior from the Harlen Divine Kingdom." Turner moved aside slowly, saying to Zen, "Thad!"

Zen smiled and cupped his hands before Turner. "Yes, I'm here!"

"My son, Randy, wants you to represent him in the battle. Do your best! Please be careful." After saying so, Turner returned to the elevated platform.

He was the divine kingdom's ruler. It was kind of him to favor Zen. After all, Zen was just a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior.

He had warned Zen to be careful of the warrior of the York Divine Kingdom. After what he said to Lucien, the latter naturally would not make a move against Zen again.

However, the strength of the York Divine Kingdom's younger generation warriors could not be underestimated. If the warrior were to accidentally kill Zen, Turner would not be able to protect him anymore. If such a thing happened, it would only establish that Zen was not all that powerful.

He was going to represent Lord Randy in the battle.

The Harlen Divine Kingdom was under the control of the Zhou Clan.

Lord Randy's full name was Randy Zhou.

Zen was moved by Turner's warning. After all, he was not truly a warrior from the Harlen Divine Kingdom. But Turner was willing to protect Zen, even though he was just a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. It quite exceeded Zen's expectations.

Lucien had stopped his attacks on Zen for the moment. Zen turned around and flew toward the enchanted barrier in the air, his gaze finally landing on Logan.

The corners of Logan's mouth curled up, his smile exuding confidence. "Your soul is very powerful!" he said lightly. "However, I wonder about your true strength."

Now that Zen had the Fighting Soul, he had a bigger advantage over other ordinary Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors.

Even Logan, who was doubtlessly confident in his own abilities, was a little worried. He possessed a magic treasure to protect his soul, but he wasn't certain that he would be able to tolerate Zen's soul attack.

Zen smiled at him. "Don't worry! I won't use the soul attack!"

These words surprised Logan. He wondered if the young man before him was more arrogant than even himself!

Zen clearly had an unparalleled advantage in one aspect, but apparently he had decided not to make use of it. Moreover, he had already witnessed Logan's strength before. It looked like Zen was confident of defeating Logan.

"Goodness, he is confident. Logan, you must try your best to defeat him!" Lucien shouted out.

The meaning behind his words could not be more obvious. He wanted to prevent Zen from using his soul to suppress the opponent. As such, Zen would have to challenge Logan with his own strength.

Logan nodded confidently. Since Zen had given up his advantage of the soul attack, Logan was confident of his triumph. He had always believed he could not find a powerful Virtual Tribulation Realm opponent who could outmatch him, for he was the most invincible one among the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors.

However, after hearing Lucien's words, Logan understood that Lucien didn't want him to merely break one of Zen's arms. He wanted Logan to go ahead and kill Zen.

Zen drew out a long sword from his body. It flashed with a faint golden glow in the sunlight as he swung it.

"A top-grade sacred weapon?" Seeing Zen's sword, Logan raised his brows, his eyes alight.

Even within the Harlen Divine Kingdom, a region famous for weapon refiners, top-grade sacred weapons were rare. Even if they did exist, they belonged to the royal family. It was unheard of for an ordinary warrior to obtain them.

So when Turner saw the top-grade sacred weapon in Zen's hand, he too got curious. "Randy, was this top-grade sacred weapon a gift from you?"

Randy shook his head. "Zen didn't ask me for the sacred weapon. It must be his own."

Turner shook his head and smiled. "I'm afraid this boy is a mystery. He may not just be an ordinary warrior born in the Sky Northern Region."

The reasoning behind his speculation was simple. The Sky Northern Region was a poor place, so it was impossible to cultivate a weapon refiner there who was capable of refining a top-grade sacred weapon. There might be a few of those there, but none of them could have found the materials required to refine a top-grade sacred weapon in the Sky Northern Region.

Turner was a weapon refiner himself. He was well aware of the costs involved in forging a top-grade sacred weapon.

Randy nodded. "I understand. However, Thad is a good, kind man, and we get along well with each other. We have a similar character and the same hobbies. Therefore, I gave him the life stones as a gift."

"Well done. If a person like him is willing to stay in our Harlen Divine Kingdom, the benefits he would bring to us in the future are incalculable," Turner said.

Listening on to this conversation between Randy and Turner, the crown prince, Bram, sunk in his seat, visibly displeased.

Bram and Randy Zhou had competed for a long time, and now Randy Zhou had become the Lord. Even though Bram was the heir to the throne, he knew the competition between Randy and himself had not yet ended. Unless he could step into the Soul Sea Realm in the future and his father stepped down from the throne, Randy still had the chance to fight him for the position as the heir to the throne.

And now, Bram's hopes seemed to be dashing. The nervousness that Zen's presence brought him could be well imagined.

While they were talking, the battle began.

Logan had toned down his contempt. He manifested layers of space armor while the Space Chopping Sword in his hand swung in the space. It was as if countless ripples broke through the surface of air, emitting rays of various colors in the sunlight.

Logan took a step forward and a string of figures appeared in the sky. Strangely, he then materialized next to Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1100 The Other Side Of Space

The Space Law was such a powerful technique that Logan only needed to use two simple moves to defeat his challengers.

He traveled through space and then slashed his sword to his rival before the latter could react.

Though his strategy leaned on its simplicity, it seemed that no one was able to figure out how to dodge his attacks. Defeating the first-tier warriors from the other kingdoms was a breeze for Logan.

After all, the Space Law wasn't that easy to grasp. Most people had not the slightest knowledge about it, let alone knew how to cultivate or apply it. When Logan managed to comprehend the third layer of the Space Law, his strength was able to surpass other warriors of the same level.

As he traveled through space during his attack on Zen, he was surprised to witness how his rival had also disappeared right before him. He felt the familiar power of the Space Law.

"So he knows the Space Law, too…"

Logan was startled by that revelation. He hastily swung his Space Chopping Sword but missed.

There was a hint of sarcasm on Zen's face as he looked at Logan from where he stood. They weren't that far away from each other.

Seeing Zen's expression, Logan's face flushed with anger. When did any warrior with the same cultivation level dare mock him? In addition, Zen was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

The crowd began discussing their shared surprise. "I never expected that this Thad is also proficient in the Space Law! I bet he has grasped the second layer of it at least!"

"But Logan has already comprehended the third layer of the Space Law! I wonder who comes out of this battle victorious!"

"So what if it's the third layer? I don't think Logan has completely comprehended the third layer. He has grasped ten percent of it at most, so his advantage isn't that colossal. Ultimately, their fighting abilities shall decide the outcome!"

"If Thad doesn't use his soul attack to crush Logan, I think his chance of winning is still slim."

Many of the divine-level geniuses gasped in awe when they witnessed Zen's own usage of the Space Law. They believed that he was one lucky kid. Not only did he possess a strong soul, but he also practiced the most formidable of all — the Space Law.

"Seems like I need to take you more seriously," Logan said, renouncing all of his contempt by tightening his grip on the Space Chopping Sword.

"Aren't you serious enough?"

Zen smiled. He knew that he was getting on Logan's last nerve.

"Die!" Logan yelled in gritted teeth.

Taking another step forward, he disappeared once again.

"Wait, what?" Zen's eyes widened with how quick he was. He couldn't sense any of Logan's breath, too. For a moment there, it seemed that he completely disappeared from the world.

Zen knew that it could be one of the abilities a warrior could possess after grasping the third layer of the Space Law. Logan didn't disappear totally, he was only hiding in the void.

The first layer of the Space Law could enable the cultivator to travel through space for a short distance, but that was only the phenomenon on the surface. The ultimate goal was to connect two space nodes with the help of the Space Law so that one could move through them.

After grasping the second layer, the cultivator could temporarily stay out of the space. Zen could only stay in the void for a little while. Like a rock thrown into the sky would be pulled back to the ground by gravity in an instant, his body would also be rejected by the void and return to the normal space.

After the cultivator had already grasped the first and second layers of the Space Law, there were still many other methods that he could use to fight. For instance, he could condense the Space Armor or the Space Chopping Sword with the help of the Space Law.

The obelisk in the Genuine Dragon World only recorded the first layer of the Space Law, and Zen had only grasped the second layer in the Tower of Sin. Although Zen didn't comprehend the third layer yet, he guessed that Logan was able to hide in the void.

With eyes like a hawk's, Zen carefully scanned the space around him.

Indeed, Logan was a force to be reckoned with. Zen knew that, too. The ordinary warriors at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm were obviously just snacks for him.

If he were to hide in the void and launch a sneak attack, Zen didn't have much choice. It was questionable whether or not he could sidestep that possible attack.

"Whooosh!"

Since he was keen-eyed at that same exact moment, Zen easily felt the familiar energy wave of the Space Law getting closer.

"He's here,"

Zen whispered to himself. He felt an immense sense of danger. Once again, he traveled through space and left the place.

As Zen began to move a distance, he saw Logan back at the same spot as he looked back. Logan reappeared with a murderous smile on his face. A few drops of red blood dripped down from the blade of the sword in his hand.

"That's one unique physique you've got! That slash was supposed to cut your neck open!" Logan looked at Zen with a strange expression. He shook his head and smiled casually. Then, he stuck his tongue out to lick the blood off the sword, "But I am too slow! The next time, I'll be faster, and there's no more escaping for you!"

A thin line of blood appeared on Zen's neck. The Space Chopping Sword was able to destroy a sacred weapon. Even Zen's body, which was as strong as a top-grade fairy weapon, was unable to hold out against it. However, if it was another person, they could have already been decapitated.

Zen looked extremely calm and collected as he replied, "There will be no next time. Even if you hid in the void, I would see right through your dirty movements!"

"Huh, really? Isn't that just impressive?" Logan mocked Zen's words. He refused to believe him. Once again, he quickly disappeared right before his very eyes.

The void was separated from the normal space of the world. Generally speaking, it was the world within the space cracks, which was like the opposite side of a mirror. It was the other side of space where nothing existed. Nothing.

Logan wasn't using a concealment skill, nor did he intend on releasing a breath that Zen could catch. It was impossible for Zen to detect him through his movements as he said.

"As expected, Logan is not an easy opponent," someone from the audience commented.

"Logan is truly the pride of our York Divine Kingdom! It's true what they say, he is an invincible figure among all the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm! There is no way out of his attacks!"

"This Thad will certainly die in the hands of Logan! Since War Emperor York has already revealed his hostility towards him, he won't allow Thad to leave this place alive!"

The warriors of the Jade Martial House also watched the battle anxiously.

Based on the commotion before the battle began, most warriors of the Harlen Divine Kingdom had guessed that Zen was most likely from the Sky Northern Region and wasn't a true member of their kingdom.

However, Zen represented the Harlen Divine Kingdom in the battle in the name of the Jade Martial House. Their king Turner had confirmed so. That was why they were not to treat Zen as an outsider.

"Come on, Thad!"

"Be careful of him and always move rapidly! Make sure he doesn't catch up to you!"

Many warriors of the Harlen Divine Kingdom encouraged Zen through ways they could think of at the time.

After Logan hid into the void, Zen raised the sword in his hand. His eyes flickered for a moment before an emerald green light flowed inside them. He was activating his magic vision.

Such a skill allowed him to see through illusions and detect subtle changes and movements around him.

Logan's strategy of traveling through the void with the thought of assassinating him did shake Zen a little. However, he still had a way to solve that problem.

When Zen had fully activated his magic vision, the entire world became green in his eyes. Even if Logan was walking on the other side of space, it was impossible that he didn't leave tracks.

Thanks to his magic vision, Zen noticed a tiny black line extending through the air. It was a trajectory left behind by Logan's movement throughout the void.

This black line could not be seen with the naked eyes nor be detected with soul perception as well. However, it was clear as day through Zen's magic vision.

It was of utmost importance to be stealthy at all times. So instead of just focusing on the strange line, Zen kept glancing around and pretended that he didn't notice Logan's movements at all.

Meanwhile, Logan was also getting on full guard against Zen. He cautiously circled around him before he slowly approached from upfront. It seemed that he wanted to attack him by surprise from his front view.

As the black line drew closer, Zen's face started to grow hesitant. As it got close enough, he suddenly revealed a sly smile as he forcefully thrust his sword forward.

The timing was perfect. His weapon collided against Logan's Space Chopping Sword.

Since Logan had just come out of the void, he had left a space crack behind him which was just enough for a person to pass through. Zen took advantage of this opportunity as he, not only forced Logan back, but followed him into the space crack as well.

Previously, the Soul Sea Realm masters had created an enchanted barrier for the battles between the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors. But now, both of them had disappeared from the arena where they were supposed to showcase their fight.

Chapter 1101 Suffering A Lot

Despite Zen's extensive comprehension of space, his attempts to enter the void still proved futile.

Logan was quick to attack and also quick to disappear. Although Zen could vaguely feel Logan's presence, he could only clearly pinpoint his location just before he attacked. Zen was more or less a sitting duck.

But not for long. Zen had already mapped out a strategy in his head. Since he could only locate Logan in that split second before he attacked, Zen steeled himself and waited for his strike.

Three, four, maybe five seconds later, Zen felt a prickling sensation on his neck and he quickly determined Logan's exact position. Not wasting this opportunity, Zen deflected his opponent's strike and pushed him back into the void. However, he didn't allow Logan to go in alone. Zen also slipped through the space crack and followed his opponent inside. This was when Logan realized that he had been too careless. He thought that his sudden, unpredictable attacks would've been enough to weaken Zen but the young man was actually smart and saw through his strategy. He had opened the space crack a bit too big and had let Zen in.

The two vanished into thin air, greatly confusing the spectators back on the square. Where did the two fighters go? They stared at the sky blankly, not knowing where to find them.

It was only the powerful Soul Sea Realm masters and a few of the Life and Death Realm warriors that kept gazing at the sky as if the fight hadn't taken a strange turn at all.

To see through the void, a warrior would need to develop his or her own special skill. Turner, for example, had eyes that shone with golden light that enabled him to see through everything.

War Emperor York had eyes of the darkest night that let him do the same thing.

Others turned to their magical items. One of the powerful Soul Sea Realm masters, for example, placed a transparent crystal in front of his eyes in order to watch the battle now happening in the void.

The two warriors were currently engaged in a heated fight in the void.

Zen's entry into the void made Logan lose his composure, but only for a moment. The fact remained that this was still his territory, so with a loud battle cry, he lifted his Space Chopping Sword and brought it down upon his opponent.

An ordinary sacred weapon would stand no chance against the Space Chopping Sword. It was a good thing that Zen's sword was a top-grade sacred weapon that could go head-to-head with Logan's Space Chopping Sword.

As the two fought, Logan's handicap soon became apparent.

The martial skill he cultivated was simple, but by no means inferior. It focused on agility, strength, and precision. Logan preferred this method due to the fact that he wanted to achieve the best results using the most powerful swordsmanship technique in the shortest amount of time.

It was similar to the minimalist approach Zen also pursued with his own methods.

However, the 'No Move' that Zen had comprehended actually worked best against Logan's simple swordsmanship.

Zen's 'No Move' could only be beaten in two ways. First was to completely ignore Zen's move and directly suppress him with brute, physical strength.

The second was to simply grasp an even more ingenious move. Of course, there might be some mighty powerful martial artist who could achieve that. Such person couldn't be found in the Lower World and it surely wasn't Logan.

'My swordsmanship is completely at a disadvantage, ' Logan thought, his strikes now becoming sloppy because of his desperation.

Logan was a proud man. He was someone who came from nothing but, through relying on his diligence and talent, was able to rise and become an outstanding warrior. He was now at the first tier among the warriors in the younger generation of the York Divine Kingdom so his helplessness right now really got to him.

Furthermore, his swordsmanship method was the secret sect's secret inheritance that had been passed down from the Upper World. To have Zen easily break through it really dealt a heavy blow to his confidence.

Zen's strike was akin to the Incantation of the Golden Hoop: a pressure tightly bound his limbs and prevented him from fully executing his best moves.

What was more frustrating was how simple Zen's technique was. Every time Logan came at him with the Space Chopping Sword, Zen simply lifted his sword and casually deflected the blow. His movement was gentle and his face was calm while Logan became even more irate at what was happening.

Not able to hold it back any longer, Logan eventually snapped, "Break it! Space Chopping Sword, Chaotic Space Slash!"

He clenched his teeth as hundreds of sword shadows burst forth from his Space Chopping Sword.

Logan's now dark red eyes and ominous sword still did not deter Zen who casually flicked his sword to strike.

"Chink!"

After comprehending the No Move, Zen could see through most of the swordsmanship. He knew Logan had already exhausted his Space Chopping Sword to its limit. It was over for him.

The casual strike collided with the Space Chopping Sword. For a split second, Logan met Zen's eyes and was stunned with the smile he gave him. Then, an irresistible force began to pour out from Zen's sword.

As the powerful force instantly surged out, Logan almost couldn't hold the sword in his hand. If it wasn't for the fact that the Space Chopping Sword was condensed by him through the Space Law and had already become a part of him, it would've already flown out of his grip from the sheer amount of power that surged out from Zen.

Zen had no trouble getting closer to Logan. He still managed to deflect Logan's sword and made it possible for him to reach Logan.

As soon as he was at an arm's length, Zen threw a punch at his opponent's chest.

Bam!

Zen's punch was not enough to break through the space armor, so Logan got unharmed. Nevertheless, Logan was still sent flying back a few feet by the force of the attack.

'It's still not enough…' Zen thought to himself.

His eyes lit up as his body flashed and chased after Logan who was quickly retreating.

In a burst of panic, Logan turned and immediately thrust at his pursuer but Zen simply deflected his Space Chopping Sword just like he did multiple times earlier.

Bam!

Zen once again got close enough to land another punch on the space armor. This time, his strike contained the power of three hundred dragon scales which effectively left a network of spider cracks on the space armor.

'Not only is his swordsmanship incomparable, he even possesses such strong power. Is he a monster?' Logan couldn't help but think to himself.

There was fear in his heart and it wasn't a feeling that he was used to. In the younger generation, besides the royal members of the four divine kingdoms, there was also one other person who he thought was a monster and that was a warrior from the Nine Furnace Martial House.

However, that was before. Now that he had faced Zen, Logan now knew what the true definition of a monster was.

That Nine Furnace Martial House warrior was powerful but he had a weakness. Zen on the other hand, seemed to have no weakness. There was just no point denying it. His soul was strong, his swordsmanship was exquisite, and his strength could flatten down a thousand mountains, perhaps more. If it wasn't for his space armor, Logan wouldn't have withstood even a single punch from Zen.

"I'm not his match…'

he finally admitted to himself despite his pride.

A strong wind howled upon the banks of the West Dragon River. If one was not careful, the wind could effectively push them towards the river's depths, ultimately sending them to their deaths.

The warriors present here were at least at Virtual Tribulation Realm. They all stood still and patiently waited for the outcome of Zen and Logan's battle.

The powerful Soul Sea Realm masters already knew the outcome but those in the square were still clueless with the events that had transpired within the void.

"I wonder who's got the upper hand? Will Thad make it through?"

"I believe he can win…"

"I believe it too!"

The martial artists of the Harlen Divine Kingdom could only place their hopes upon Zen.

However, the warriors of the York Divine Kingdom could only laugh at their wishes.

"These warriors are too naive! Logan has comprehended the third layer of Space Law. He is invincible! How could Thad ever win this? What a joke!"

"Logan possesses the strength to fight a Life and Death Realm master. Thad is only at the Virtual Tribulation Realm so there's no way he'd win. These people are delusional!"

"Just let them be. Reality is cruel. Once Logan emerges as the victor, they'd wake up from their delusions."

Those from the York Divine Kingdom were at ease given the terrifying display of strength Logan had already shown everyone earlier.

At this moment, everyone suddenly felt a wave of energy coming from the sky. It was so strong that almost everyone immediately felt it.

"They are out!"

Everyone witnessed how a strange crack appeared in the air as a figure staggered out, evidently injured from the fight.

"The battle's over. Looks like Thad isn't a match for Lo…"

Before the York Divine Kingdom warrior could finish his sentence he realized that the miserable figure that had come out was none other than Logan!

"Logan? He looks horrible!"

The sight shocked the warriors of the York Divine Kingdom to the core.

"It's obvious he suffered a lot under Thad's hands," a warrior with sharp eyes said, shaking his head.

Chapter 1102 The Little Monster

As soon as Logan escaped from the void, Zen came out as well.

The counterattack that Logan had launched was useless. Zen used his No Move skill to easily divert the Space Chopping Sword.

With a crisp sound, Zen threw out a strong punch.

"Plink!"

"Bam!"

Those moves from Zen suppressed Logan to a point where he had no chance to fight back. He had become weak.

With that punch, Logan's armor wore out some more. It was now covered with cracks as if it could break apart at any given moment.

"Again!"

Indeed, Logan was one of those people who refused to admit defeat before their death. He would rather die than wave the white flag.

"Plink!"

"Bam!"

In a situation where both sides' strength was equal, it was usually the martial artist with a more powerful will who won.

Unfortunately, when the difference in strength was too great, willpower could become insignificant.

"Clang!"

After that particular punch, a sound like glazed tiles breaking was heard. Logan's space armor could no longer withstand the attack and shattered with a loud bang. Zen's fist landed directly on Logan's unprotected chest.

A huge force passed through Zen's fist and hit Logan in the chest. Like a falling meteor, Logan's body heavily smashed downwards.

The two of them had been fighting in the void and had already moved outside the enchanted barrier. Without the barrier, Logan had smacked into the square. As the martial artists below dodged, he crashed into the ground, creating a huge crater.

Due to the strong winds, the rising dust was blown away like smoke.

Logan's motionless body lay flat in the huge pit. No one knew whether he was dead or alive.

All of the divine-level talents of the four divine kingdoms stared blankly at him. It took them a while to accept his current condition, given his display of strength and might before that very fight against Zen.

A few divine-level talents from the Harlen and Star Field Divine Kingdoms had been defeated by Logan. Moreover, his words had affected a lot of martial artists. He was extremely talented, yet quite modest. He had all the qualifications of a warrior who everybody looked up to.

He was unrivaled among the warriors in the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and many divine-level talents could attest to that fact.

But now, his space armor had been forcefully shattered by Zen's power. He was like a dead animal lying in the pit, and it was safe to say that he had suffered a crushing defeat.

"Great! Marvelous!" Turner exclaimed.

Under Logan's suppression, Harlen Divine Kingdom had suffered a lot of humiliation. Although it didn't have an advantage in the past years, the talents of the divine kingdom were still able to compete with the others. It had never been defeated so miserably before.

However, Zen had saved its reputation. Whether he came from the Harlen Divine Kingdom or not, he passed the Jade Martial House's assessment to become their representative.

That was a timely victory.

Beaming with immense pride and joy, Randy didn't need to say anything. With Zen's help, his father could be very pleased. Since he was a fair man, Randy's position in his heart should rise up.

In the midst of an early celebration, someone was very unhappy.

Lightly, Marine's body flashed. She turned into a streak of green light that flew across the plaza and into the large crater. Then, she took out a white medicinal pill from her pouch and stuffed it into Logan's mouth.

"Holy Maiden, is he alright?" War Emperor York asked, his face gloomy. The life of a Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist didn't bother him one bit. However, as the ruler of York Divine Kingdom, he had to show his concern in front of everyone.

"His insides have been shattered," Marine said softly while shaking her head. She then coldly looked at Zen, who was in the sky, and said, "Little monster, fight for me! Kill him!"

Since Marine had an outstanding position in their kingdom, she could select candidates to represent her in battles.

Hearing her words, Zen was slightly surprised. Little monster? Who was he?

At that point, a shrill voice suddenly rang out, "According to the rules, York Divine Kingdom can't send anyone to battle during this round!"

It should be Star Field or Wind Divine Kingdom which would send out their fighter. Marine initially knew so, but she was too angry to think and act straight.

It pissed her off, but rules were rules. Through gritted teeth, she retorted, "Let's wait for the next round, then!"

It seemed like Zen was the only one who didn't have a clue who the little monster was. The others knew exactly who the person was.

Randy was stunned. He hadn't expected Marine to be so furious as to send the little monster to fight on her behalf. 'If it happens, will Zen be able to withstand it this time?' Randy thought to himself.

On the plaza, a thin warrior was sleeping soundly. Unlike the others, he was too enamored with his slumber to care about the battles.

Not once did he open his eyes to watch the battles in the sky. It was as if everything that went down around him had nothing to do with him.

However, after Marine spoke, he suddenly woke up. There were no whites in his eyes. His eyeballs were pitch black underneath his lids, like two black holes. He looked rather strange.

That person was the little monster whom Marine had spoken of.

"Marine, you really want me to represent you?" the little monster giggled. His body was extremely peculiar. How he moved was unfamiliar to everyone who had witnessed it. However, in just a blink of an eye, he was right beside Marine.

It was a huge taboo to address her by her name in front of so many people.

Marine was the Holy Maiden of the secret sect. Although she hailed from the York Divine Kingdom, her influence spread throughout the entire continent.

There were no boundaries to religion. Using the power of the Upper World, the secret sect had accepted their followers within the four divine kingdoms. That was also the reason why Marine enjoyed such a high status even though she wasn't strong enough.

Even War Emperor York himself didn't call her by her first name. Instead, he addressed her as the Holy Maiden. However, that little monster just didn't care.

Marine glared at the little monster. If she had any other choice, she really didn't want this fellow to fight in her stead.

Within the four divine kingdoms, there were countless martial houses. Nine Furnace Martial House was regarded to be the biggest one in the Divine Kingdom Continent.

The little monster was the strongest cultivator from the Nine Furnace Martial House.

As proud as Logan was, he never dared challenge the little monster.

The little monster was powerful and unkind. He killed the innocent and indulged in all kinds of debauchery. He killed women after taking advantage of their bodies. In the past few years, at least eight hundred women had died at his hands.

As the Holy Maiden, Marine definitely didn't get a free pass. She was hit on by the little monster more than once.

He was not lusting after her beauty at all, but was purely interested in her identity as the Holy Maiden.

If it were any other cultivator who showed the slightest bit of evil intentions towards Marine, he would die miserably. Nobody could desecrate the Holy Maiden of the secret sect.

However, the little monster was an exception. Once, he openly said that if there was a chance, he definitely wanted Marine to be one of his concubines. As soon as Marine heard his words, she was enraged. The little monster was the most obscene, but she still wasn't able to do anything to him.

As the number one martial house of the Divine Kingdom Continent, Nine Furnace Martial House was already close to the level of a seventh-grade sect, and the little monster was simply too important to them.

His importance wasn't the measure of his strength. That wasn't the case.

After all, he was only at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. He didn't stand a chance against any mighty warrior of the Soul Sea Realm.

The Nine Furnace Martial House did not lack Life and Death Realm and Soul Sea Realm experts, but they still needed the little monster. It was because of him that the York Divine Kingdom had been so prosperous and the younger generation of martial artists had progressed so fast in the last thirty years.

He possessed an extremely special talent.

A battle against the little monster was transcendental. Any martial artist that went against him easily fell into a state of epiphany.

If a divine-level talent of the Virtual Tribulation Realm was stuck in a bottleneck, breaking through was a walk in the park when he fought with the little monster.

In addition, the little monster's talent was not only effective for Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists. Possible, it could also work for the experts from both Life and Death and Soul Sea Realms.

Relatively, the stronger the martial artist was, the weaker the effect was going to be. When one was at the same level as War Emperor York, the effect was minute.

No matter what, almost all of the martial artists were drawn to the little monster's magical skill. Even though he was an awful creature by nature, all of the Nine Furnace Martial House still treated him like God.

Many of the Soul Sea Realm experts in the four divine kingdoms also planned to train the little monster. Currently, he was only at the late stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm, and his talent didn't have much impact on the Soul Sea Realm experts. But, what if he were to be cultivated to the Soul Sea Realm?

Chapter 1103 Fiona Huo

War Emperor York, Turner, and even the ruler of the Wind Divine Kingdom all still wanted to further improve their cultivation to a higher level.

Limited by the Lower World's resources, many of the powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm couldn't get past that hurdle.

Having such a special talent, the little monster naturally grabbed everyone's attention. To all the divine kingdoms, he was a real treasure.

His status gave him the privilege to be so unbridled, doing anything he wanted. No one would dare to give him any problems.

Back then, in the York Divine Kingdom, he had taken a fancy to an unsurpassed harlot in a brothel and ended up fighting a talented prince. In a fit of anger, he took the prince's life.

The prince was only second to the crown prince, above even Daniel. After he was killed, War Emperor York was utterly furious, but he didn't do anything to the little monster.

After a moment of thought, Marine looked at Zen as he floated in the air. With a bite of her lips, she finally replied, "Yes, I want you to fight in my place!"

"No problem." The little monster bared his teeth in a wicked grin. Paired with his strange black pupils, he was the embodiment of a humanoid monster. Rubbing his hands mischievously, he moved closer to Marine and began sniffing. "I want something back."

The vile-sounding words gave Marine an awful premonition. The monster must have had some preposterous ideas in mind.

"What do you want in return?"

Lowering her voice, she asked anyway.

Still rubbing his hands together, the monster spoke to her through his life vitality, not letting another soul hear their exchange.

Suddenly, Marine's face reddened before she angrily scolded the creature, "Do you have a death wish, little monster?"

It wasn't a surprise for him to make such an unbearable request. At the very least, the monster knew well enough to speak of such a taboo secretly through life vitality. If anyone else had heard it, it would have made a great influence on the secret sect.

His request was rather simple. He wanted to sleep with her, just once.

How could she ever agree to such a request?

After getting the hint that she was truly angry, the little monster restrained himself. "It's fine if you don't agree to that request. But the next time the Reverse Spirit Channel opens, if there's anything good released from the Upper World, would you let me choose first?"

He spoke of the ability of the secret sect.

It was also the reason why the four divine kingdoms supported the sect. Even the rulers had to be respectful toward Marine.

Only the secret sect could connect with the humans in the Upper World. Every few years, the Upper World would distribute treasures through the Reverse Spirit Channel. These things, however, weren't given out for free. The secret sect in the Upper World hoped that the four divine kingdoms could enter the Feather Holy Sea and pick out the most important things from inside.

Normally, after the Reverse Spirit Channel was opened, the four divine kingdoms' rulers would select the treasures first. But it was Marine who had the final say in the treasure distribution.

The little monster's request was excessive, but it was still acceptable. After all, the Reverse Spirit Channel didn't only pass down treasures, but many pills for cultivation. Many of the Soul Sea Realm masters looked forward to the little monster breaking through to the Soul Sea Realm.

After some hesitation, she finally nodded. "Alright!"

"Good. I'll help you kill him later, then." With that, the monster seemed to ignore the crowd and even Zen above him, and once again found an open space before turning over and falling asleep.

Upon hearing the monster's words of agreement, Marine looked up at Zen in the sky, her thin lips curling up into a sneer. 'Zen, I said that I would kill you. Even after three years, you won't be able to escape, ' she thought firmly to herself.

All the while, Zen remained standing in the air. None of the martial artists came to challenge him, so he had a clear view of the scene on the square.

Though Zen's expression remained neutral, he was on guard after witnessing how arrogant the little monster was.

Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists weren't stupid. Many of those who were proud and arrogant weren't just all talk—they were powerful. Marine's sneer made it clear that she was very confident in the little monster's power.

After Logan was defeated, it was the Star Field Divine Kingdom or Wind Divine Kingdom's turn to send their martial artists to fight.

Both kingdoms remained silent.

'So no one dares to challenge me?' Zen thought. Floating in the air in silence, he was baffled. How should he proceed with the next battle, in that case?

There were only twenty to thirty martial artists on the first tier of the four divine kingdoms.

Among those, Logan was considered the best of the best. Titus, Edwin, Gregory, and the others all suffered a crushing defeat in his hands. There was no doubt about his raw power.

Unexpectedly, though, such a strong contender was defeated all too easily by Zen. Witnessing such strength, none of the martial artists was willing to fight him. The difference in strength was too great.

Of course, it was not that no one from the younger generation dared to step forward. The strength of many princes and crown princes couldn't be underestimated. They had either inherited some sort of bloodline of talent, cultivated some strange cultivation methods, or had precious treasures and secret techniques under their wing.

But how could the royal families fight so easily?

"Who else wants to challenge Thad?" Turner asked with an evident smirk on his face.

At that moment, the War King Wind, who had been silent all the while, finally spoke, "Fiona, if you really want to give it a try, then go on and fight him. You can stop when you want to."

With that, everyone heard a feminine voice reply, "Okay, father."

In an instant, a woman, her hair long and flowing like a waterfall, walked out from behind the king.

Her braided hair reached down to her ankles, looking rather astonishing.

"She's the young princess of the Wind Divine Kingdom! The royal family is actually going to fight!"

"It's been years since I saw the royal family take part in a fight last time."

"Generally speaking, they don't, right?"

In such a situation, where no one else was willing to fight, the princess of the Wind Divine Kingdom actually stepped out. It was something far beyond anyone's expectations.

The Wind Divine Kingdom was under the Huo family's rule. This young princess, Fiona Huo, was quite powerful.

It was said that she was the most talented martial artist in the royal family. Because of her power, the crown prince in the Wind Divine Kingdom was abolished.

Martial artists were always rated by their strength. Although Fiona was a woman, if she could grow strong enough to reach the Soul Sea Realm in the future, she could take on the position of War King Wind and become an empress in her own right.

In the history of the kingdoms, there hadn't yet been any woman to ascend to the throne. But because of Fiona's strength, people believed she was likely to break that streak and become the very first empress of the four kingdoms.

But her looks were rather deceiving—she seemed weak and delicate. In fact, her demeanor was quite charming, indeed. As she gently turned around, circles of fire lotuses appeared beneath her feet. Stepping onto those fire flowers, she gracefully floated over.

After entering the enchanted barrier, she sweetly smiled, and a faint light began circulating between her eyebrows. "I am Fiona Huo!"

The introduction made Zen's brows shoot up. He didn't expect Fiona to be so polite as a princess. He replied in kind, "I am Thad Luo."

"My father said that it's shameful for a member of the royal family to fight personally. But in my opinion, my father rules the kingdom, not because of his dignity, but his true strength. If he wasn't powerful enough to convince his people, there would be no use in worrying about his image," Fiona carefully explained.

Her voice was as soft and gentle as sweet spring water. It was all too comforting to listen to.

"I couldn't agree more," Zen answered with a nod of his head.

All fame was backed by strength. Without strength, it was rootless duckweed and water without a source. A bubble reputation was never even worth mentioning.

"I wish to spar with you," Fiona said with a graceful smile.

"I am deeply honored to be able to battle with the princess of the Wind Divine Kingdom," Zen said without hesitation. Initially, Zen believed that they would begin to fight right after their conversation.

Much to his surprise, when Fiona saw the sleeping little monster in the square, a trace of fear flashed across her face. She then said to Zen, lowering her voice, "Listen, after our fight, everything will be fine if you lose. However, if you defeat me, you must pretend to have lost to me."

Chapter 1104 The Powerful Princess

"Oh? Why is that?"

Zen asked with a strange expression.

Fiona's face was filled with worry. "If you defeat me, the little monster will definitely challenge you. He's a madman, a true madman. He'll kill you," she told Zen.

He smiled at her words. She was truly worried about him given the seriousness in her tone. Fiona was indeed a pure, kind-hearted princess.

Only under the protection of the royal family would someone like her grow up to be a powerful and pure martial artist.

Zen appreciated her goodwill, "Thank you for your concern. I know what to do."

Fiona knew Zen was a person who wouldn't listen to other people's advice. She nodded and said, "Alright. I'll be making my move. Be careful!"

Zen was rendered speechless at how nice Fiona was. She actually reminded him before she launched her attack.

She was modest and obedient but her next actions caused Zen's expression to change.

Fiona raised her hand, revealing a red jade bracelet that emitted so much power. Zen felt his heart palpitate.

His eyes widened as he stared at the bracelet

"W-What treasure is this?"

Noticing the intrigued look in his eyes, Fiona temporarily halted her attack. "It was a gift from my father," she answered.

Her words rendered Zen speechless along with many of the martial artists in the square.

It was absurd but also funny.

Fiona was really just too nice. Instead of launching her attack, she actually stopped to answer her opponent's question.

"Ah, she's so cute!"

"She is the Wind Divine Kingdom's princess! Don't get any ideas!"

"Hmph, don't look down on her. Even if she tells you all her weaknesses, you're still no match for her. She may be innocent but her strength is unfathomable!"

Even War King Wind's face had an awkward expression.

"Your daughter is impressive," Turner said. "She's also very cute."

There was a slight buzz of discussion in the crowd regarding Fiona's actions. However, her next words rendered them silent.

"I like this bracelet very much. It's a semi-divine weapon," she said, gently stroking the bracelet with her hand.

A semi-divine weapon?

Even that shocked Zen.

There were certain levels when it came to weapons: a spiritual weapon, a fairy weapon, a sacred weapon, and lastly, at the zenith, a divine weapon.

What Zen possessed right now was his long sword which was a top-grade sacred weapon. But a divine weapon? He briefly wondered what that would look like since he had never seen one before.

He previously speculated that the divine kingdoms possessed a divine weapon.

Fiona's words had served to confirm Zen's speculations. A semi-divine weapon should be very close to a divine weapon given its superiority against a top-grade sacred weapon.

Everyone's eyes were trained on that red bracelet.

It wasn't a secret that the four divine kingdoms possessed divine weapons; however, these were considered treasures that laid down the foundation of a kingdom. These types of weapons would rarely be shown to the public.

For one to see a true divine weapon in person was impossible under normal circumstances.

So it was understandable for the warriors to be intrigued by this semi-divine weapon.

"Be careful of that bracelet," a voice whispered in his mind.

Lavender was wary of the bracelet's power. Ever since Zen had entered the divine kingdom, he had concealed his strength and prevented Lavender from leaving his body. However, the bracelet was frightening enough for her to make her presence known in his mind.

"Don't worry, I will," he told her. Even without her reminder, Zen was determined to be vigilant in this fight.

"Alright then. I'll make a move now, for real this time!" She waved her white wrist and the bracelet began to vibrate.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Scarlet flames burst from Fiona's hand and engulfed her entire arm as if her appendage had been made of flames.

"It's at least the third layer of Fire Law!" Zen's eyes flashed.

Fiona quickly took a step forward and suddenly disappeared. Zen was taken aback for a few seconds until she appeared once again, the distance between the two of them shorter than earlier.

"Space Law? No, this is the Time Law! Fiona practiced two laws! Not only that, but her comprehension is also very high. Far beyond Camilla's."

Her movements were very similar to Zen's space traveling; however, it was only a visual effect.

Fiona froze time whenever she drew closer to Zen, thus giving him no time to react.

He would be lying if he said he wasn't afraid now that he knew that his opponent had a semi-divine weapon and was a master of two laws.

One truly shouldn't judge a book by its cover. Fiona might have been cute but her strength was unparalleled. Even Logan, who was supposedly invincible among Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors, would be no match.

Zen knew when to pick his battles and for this one, he chose to retreat.

The Time Law was even more terrifying compared to the Space Law.

With Space Law, Zen would be able to travel through space and instantly close the gap between him and his opponent. This made it hard for his opponent to dodge his attacks but it still gave his opponent a chance to react.

Fiona's Time Law was different. She was able to compress the time flow and, within a certain range, control it to make it impossible for Zen to predict her movements.

How could he ever hope to fight against her?

There was no going around this dilemma. The only way he could win this was to comprehend Time Law as well.

In the blink of an eye, this conclusion had come to Zen's mind.

In fact, he was right.

There were many martial artists in the Upper World who practiced the Time Law. Only the Time Law was able to resist the Time Law. But a high-level Space Law might also be able to resist low-level Time Law. When the power of these laws reached the higher levels, there could potentially be earth-shattering consequences.

There was no way Zen would be able to restrain Fiona's Time Law, at least, for now.

Next thing he knew, Fiona was already beside him, her flaming arm ready to come down his head.

There was simply no time for Zen to react but, just as she was about to attack, Fiona stopped halfway which greatly surprised the crowd. "It'll hurt a bit if I knock you out, but it won't injure you too badly."

Her hesitation gave him time to escape. Zen travelled through space and put some distance between him and Fiona.

He had a grim expression on his face. He was able to dodge only because of her warning; however, he knew he was only delaying the inevitable attack.

"He has escaped?" But nobody could escape time. Fiona was a bit disappointed. She saw her warning as an extension of goodwill, but he actually took it as an opportunity to dodge.

She thought he was being crafty but really it was because she was simply too kind-hearted.

Still, she wasn't too bothered. She possessed the power of Time Law, so she could always just catch him again.

Fiona once again focused on changing time flow within a several hundred feet radius. Their surroundings had slowed and Zen felt as if he was moving in slow motion.

She appeared in front of him once again, her flaming palm ready to strike him down.

'I won't remind you this time, ' Fiona thought to herself.

Of course, her kind-hearted nature still won her over. Instead of unleashing her full-strength, she only used around seventy-percent of her power since she didn't want to kill Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1105 Please Admit Defeat

As a princess of Wind Divine Kingdom, Fiona rarely had a chance to showcase her true strength.

The imperial families of the four divine kingdoms all had their own secret training grounds, some of which were built using methods from the Upper World.

Never had Fiona competed with anyone in public—everyone had only judged her strength from her position in the Wind Divine Kingdom.

No one truly knew of Fiona's cultivation method, nor the laws she had comprehended.

Though they all knew her to be strong, they never expected her to be this powerful. Faced against her, Zen had no way to fight back.

Even though she had only used seventy percent of her power with that strike, the bracelet on her wrist slightly shook before vibrating intensely, releasing a great force.

Puff!

A sound like a watermelon being crushed reverberated.

After that, Zen's figure suddenly fell and crashed straight into the enchanted barrier.

Fortunately, it was set up by a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. When he made impact, the barrier twisted and caved in, but the eyes of that mighty warrior flashed and he instantly restored it.

If it were any other warrior on the receiving end of that strike, it would have been difficult for him to stand back up.

Zen, however, had the fairy weapon's physique. As soon as the huge force entered his body, it turned into primordial energy that let his body recover.

Since his body had been refined into a fairy weapon, he never had the chance to refine it further. The fairy weapon's physique was still not enough to use against a warrior as mighty as Fiona. Even as he tried his best, he could only manage to convert seventy percent of the force into primordial energy, letting the rest do him damage.

Still, he was able to withstand it, sustaining only minor injuries. In his current physical condition, at least, it took mere seconds for him to recover.

Fiona's white and blue gown swayed in the wind. When she looked down at Zen, her expression filled with worry, as did her heart. Even though she held back, she thought the hit might have still been too much for him.

But in the blink of an eye, her worries were dispelled. A smile of relief replaced her expression of worry as she watched Zen jump up from the enchanted barrier.

'This little girl is really kind as a saint, ' Zen sighed inwardly.

"Hmm? You've taken a fancy to her?"

Of course, Lavender didn't miss the opportunity to make such a remark.

Without a word, Zen smiled. Immediately ascending to the top, he met Fiona's eyes.

"It's done!"

Fiona suddenly shouted, turning to Zen.

The exclamation stunned him momentarily. "What's done?"

At that moment, Fiona revealed a rather strange expression. In a daze, she said, "Isn't the competition over? Didn't I win?"

Upon hearing her, all the other warriors wore a strange expression, looking at each other questioningly. A moment after, the entire crowd burst into laughter, save for the warriors of the Wind Divine Kingdom, who held the princess in their hearts as if she was some kind of goddess.

Even for the many powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, smiles were also surfaced on their faces. 'This girl is so innocent, ' they all thought to themselves.

A helpless smile appeared on War King Wind's face—he could only blame himself for this matter. Ever since discovering her talent, he had spoiled his daughter way too much, never letting her go off alone.

Of course, just because she had never trained alone, it didn't mean that she wasn't working hard. Many of her years were spent on cultivation, almost completely disregarding any other leisure activity. Her personality was still that of a young girl. Indeed, she was kind and naive, while possessing terrifying strength and talent.

"The competition isn't over yet," Zen replied in a grave tone.

Fiona's relieved expression turned into one of confusion. "But…but you just lost to me…"

As Zen smiled, his face seemed to have a sense of craftiness about it. He said playfully, "But...but I haven't given up yet."

After a blink of her eyes, she murmured, "Huh? I see. In other words, you have to admit defeat! I understand now."

Indeed, she was innocent, but that did not make her a fool. In her opinion, Zen had just lost—this was just a spar. There was no need for them to risk their lives and fight each other to the death. Now that the situation was clear to her, she had only one thought in her mind—she must make Zen admit defeat.

As soon as they finished speaking, her dress fluttered in the wind. Leaning her body forward, like a fairy, she flew toward Zen.

Simultaneously, the bracelet on her wrist began vibrating as the Time Law began spreading from her arm.

The bracelet was not used for attacking, but it had the ability to increase her strength and life vitality to a certain extent. The moment the Time Law spread, Zen was already ready to reflexively retreat.

Unfortunately, the Time Law spread impossibly fast. And because the space within the enchanted barrier wasn't large enough to begin with, there wasn't much of a chance for Zen to escape.

As he was enveloped by the Time Law, Zen's figure became incomparably slow. Although he had already found a nearby space node, he was stuck to where he was by the Time Law just as he was going for it.

'Holy... crap...'

Under the effects of the Time Law, even Zen's mind began to run slow.

Though he could see Fiona rapidly approaching him with a seemingly heightened speed, he didn't have much of a choice.

As Fiona approached Zen once again, her delicate eyebrows knitted together in frustration. To make him admit defeat, she had to completely defeat him—fighting was not something she liked.

However, Fiona understood that she was a representative of the Wind Divine Kingdom, and she belonged to its imperial family. Not wanting to lose the battle, she was left with no choice but to raise her power again.

'I'll have to use ninety percent of my strength this time.'

As she thought of it, her jade-like hand was already going for Zen's forehead.

Though the pat looked extremely gentle, as if she was merely stroking his head, Zen had to be thankful that his body was as tough as a monster's—no warrior could underestimate her strength. If it were any other warrior in front of her, his or her head would have been completely crushed in an instant.

Even with the body of a fairy weapon, he still felt dizzy to the point that he saw stars.

Puff!

Once again, Zen's body crashed into the enchanted barrier.

Under Fiona's Time Law, Zen fell incredibly slowly. After she removed the Time Law, his speed increased astonishingly, and he smashed hard into the enchanted barrier below.

"Will you admit defeat this time?" Fiona asked with a deep frown.

"No, I won't." Wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, he shouted, "I won't admit defeat!"

"Then come face me again!"

With that, Fiona appeared instantly in front of Zen. As the bracelet on her wrist trembled, her lily-white hand lightly brushed past him and Zen's body charged into the sky within the enchanted barrier.

This time, Fiona had used a hundred percent of her strength.

"Do you admit defeat?" As she asked once again, she was turning extremely intolerable—it was as though taking Zen down was making her extremely uncomfortable.

Puff! This time, Zen rushed directly toward the left. Once again, blood spurted from his mouth.

"Do you admit defeat?"

Fiona asked again, sounding rather pleading.

"No," he replied indifferently, looking up at her.

Never did she think such a fighter existed in this world—his stubbornness was making her truly anxious at this point. Even though he was clearly no match for her, he endured with sheer willpower. After a moment, she suddenly opened her mouth and pleaded, "I'm begging you, just admit defeat!"

She didn't want to kill Zen, but he refused to admit defeat no matter how hard she struck. To other warriors, it was a simple matter—they would simply kill him.

To Fiona, however, it was an impossible hurdle.

Chapter 1106 Comprehend The Time Law

At that moment, War King Wind, who had been watching the battle closely with his full attention, suddenly let out a long sigh.

'This is a trial for Fiona, ' he thought to himself.

Fiona had never gone out to practice and gain experience through real life fights, but that didn't mean she had never fought anyone. Ever since she had stepped into the nature level, her father had arranged for opponents to challenge her one after the other.

Once Fiona was able to defeat an opponent of the same level as her own, he would arrange for stronger opponents. And she did not disappoint him. Once she had reached the third grade of nature level, she was already strong enough to defeat a warrior at the seventh grade of nature level.

When she reached the tenth grade of nature level, she gained enough strength and experience to defeat an opponent at the seventh grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm.

From that moment onwards, she basically became capable of defeating any warrior whose cultivation level was an entire realm above hers.

Now, since she had entered the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, she could easily deal with a warrior at the second grade of Life and Death Realm. In fact, it wouldn't be too surprising if she managed to outwit a warrior at the third grade of that realm too.

However, these battles had all been pre-arranged just to train Fiona, and the players in such battles would stop before they hurt their opponent for real. She was a princess of Wind Divine Kingdom, and even if War King Wind wanted the warriors he called in to go all out, who would dare to harm her?

This kind of experiential learning, after all, did not put her on the border of life and death. Facing Zen now was also a big test for Fiona. War King

Wind hoped that his beloved daughter would make the right decision, so that he wouldn't lose too much face.

Zen didn't know whether to laugh or cry when he heard Fiona begging him to admit defeat. However, as a warrior, giving up was not an option. After laughing for a moment, he replied, "I won't admit defeat even if you beg me."

Fiona was at a loss as to what to do next. She looked around searching for someone else's advice. When her gaze landed on her father, he closed his eyes. As a concerned father who wanted her to make her own way in the world, he did not want to give his daughter any hints at this point in time.

Of course, since he did not say anything, numerous other warriors came up with some ideas of their own.

As the many warriors of the Wind God Kingdom saw the expression on Fiona's face, they began to shout out loud.

"Your Highness, you can just kill him. This brat doesn't know how to appreciate favors. You showed him mercy, but he didn't appreciate it at all! Just kill him and be done with it!"

'Kill him?' Fiona bit her lips and quickly stopped herself from pondering over such an idea. Ever since she could remember being herself, she hadn't even killed an ant.

When she had reached the nature level, she could feel the existence of every single living thing in the world. When she walked on grass, she would be extremely careful, fearing that she would step too hard on the grass and hurt it. If there were ants or grasshoppers on the road, she would carefully avoid them as well.

How could she be expected to kill someone now? Even if she herself was going to be killed, she wouldn't be able to do it.

Her mental strength was still too weak to take such a powerful decision. As she panicked, her eyes reddened and crystal-clear tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Seeing this scene, the numerous divine-level talents of Wind Divine Kingdom felt their hearts shatter. These people were her admirers and wanted to impress her. How could they possibly tolerate someone making her cry? At that moment, almost all of them began to hate Zen.

"Thad Luo, you are not a match for the princess at all. Don't be a scoundrel. Just admit defeat!"

"Be a man! Don't act so shamelessly! You're embarrassing all of us!"

"Hurry up and admit defeat! If you don't admit defeat, I will definitely kill you!"

All of a sudden, the warriors of Wind Divine Kingdom began to clamor.

Just then, the little monster, who had been sleeping soundly till now, suddenly turned around and roared at these divine-level talents. "Stop making such a fuss! I am trying to sleep here! You disturbed my sweet dreams! Hey, girl! What's your name? I can't remember it. Anyway, if you don't want to kill him, then just knock him out. You are such a silly woman! This is so simple!"

The roar of the little monster had angered the masses. Although he was very powerful, he could not fight against so many divine-level talents of the Wind Divine Kingdom. Therefore, everyone who had been roared at just now could not help talking back.

However, the little monster's suggestion did make some sense and silenced these divine-level talents.

"That's right. I didn't think of that. Your Highness, just knock out Thad Luo!"

"Knock him out, and you will win!"

Fiona's eyes lit up at this suggestion. She might not be able to kill Zen, but she could still barely knock him out.

Therefore, she smiled faintly at Zen. "Since you're so adamant on not admitting defeat, then I'm sorry, I have to knock you out!"

When they heard Fiona's charming voice, every single person from the audience was immediately attracted to her. If such a beautiful woman was accompanied by such a voice, then she would be a fatal attraction to any man of any age.

This time, Fiona gently floated forward and followed the same pattern. She used the Time Law to reduce the time flow rate around her.

Zen still looked as defenseless as ever. He stood there in a daze as he watched Fiona approach him at an imperceptible speed.

The princess circled behind Zen as she began her plan of knocking him out. Her jade-like hand suddenly turned into a knife as it chopped towards the back of Zen's head.

However, just as she was closing in on Zen, something happened!

Zen's movements, which had originally been sluggish like a snail's under the influence of Fiona's Time Law, suddenly sped up quite a bit. Although his speed couldn't keep up with Fiona's, it was enough for him to protect the back of his head.

Therefore, Fiona's palm strike landed on Zen's arm.

Puff!

Zen was like a ball as he was sent flying forward once again. This time, because of his protection, he was not injured. With a smile on his face, he shook his aching arm and returned to normal.

"Huh?"

Fiona's face revealed a strange expression. "Your...your movements just now...They were so quick! How is that possible?"

She had completely comprehended the first layer of Time Law, and was able to adjust the time flow rate within a circumference of 100 feet. Using her powers, she could slow down time within that radius.

A second of time passed in the outside world, but a hundred seconds passed within the area under the Time Law.

This was also the reason why Zen's speed had become as slow as a snail.

After having been slowed down a hundred times, no matter how fast Zen tried to be, his movements were still extremely slow compared to his opponent. That being the case, how was he able to block Fiona's attack?

Just now, he had not only protected the back of his head, but his speed had also increased tenfold.

It was as if Zen had forcibly increased his speed by ten times.

This was impossible!

And it wasn't because the Time Law had been stopped because Fiona could feel that there was still traces of it in the air around her. But it hadn't been released by her!

"You've comprehended the Time Law? Just now?" Fiona had a stunned expression on her face.

The war king, war emperor, and many powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were also wearing shocked expressions on their faces. They had clearly seen what had happened just now and whatever it was, it should have been impossible.

Zen had been continuously beaten up and had no way of fighting back. This wasn't to say that he wasn't strong enough, but that the Time Law was too strong.

With the Time Law in place, the advantage of fighting a warrior at the same level was unimaginably great. Zen should have lost to Fiona very easily.

Therefore, Turner thought that even if Zen was defeated by Fiona, he would still protect him.

At the same time, Turner was curious about why Zen didn't admit defeat. 'Perhaps he is afraid that if he loses, the Harlen Divine Kingdom would abandon him and let him fall into the hands of War Emperor York, ' Turner thought. He even wanted to tell Zen with his life vitality that he would still protect him even if he lost to Fiona. After all, she had comprehended the Time Law, and Turner didn't believe that Zen could win.

In fact, no one did. And since Zen had been severely beaten by Fiona just now, Turner was feeling a bit pitiful. Just as Turner was about to stop Zen, he saw Zen dodge her attack!

Now, Turner understood what Zen was doing. This guy had actually comprehended Fiona's Time Law while he was fighting her.

What was even more terrifying was that he seemed to have comprehended quite a few of it.

War King Wind took a deep breath and then said, "We all know very well how difficult it is to comprehend the Time Law. I want to know whether this kid has really comprehended it during the battle just now, or was he already accomplished at it?"

Scott, War Emperor York, Turner, as well as numerous other warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, were all immersed in deep thought.

Time Law was one of the most difficult laws to comprehend. It was several times more difficult than the Space Law, and not a single person from the audience believed that Zen would be able to comprehend it through the Time Law Power that Fiona had displayed in such a short period of time.

Chapter 1107 Zen's Speed of Comprehending Time Law

It wasn't that these powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm didn't believe it, but they found it hard to accept that Zen had actually been learning the Time Law from Fiona.

The Time Law of the four divine kingdoms was recorded on a totem. And the totem wasn't something that belonged to the Lower World but was passed down from the Upper World through the Reverse Spirit Channel of the secret sect.

But this particular totem wasn't sought after a lot. In comparison, the totems that carried the third and fourth layers of Fire Law, and those that carried the Ice, Metal, and Thunder Laws were much more popular.

The reason was simply because it was too difficult to comprehend the Time Law.

They didn't know what the situation in the Upper World was like. But there were no more than one hundred warriors in the entirety of the four divine kingdoms who could comprehend the Time Law.

For example, the female martial artist who had followed Randy, Camilla, didn't have any great talents in other aspects. But because she had comprehended 10% of the first layer of the Time Law, she had been able to reach the top of the second tier.

Fiona's talent was good enough, but it took her seven years just to completely comprehend the first layer of the Time Law.

It had taken her only nineteen years to reach the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. But it had taken her seven years just to comprehend the Time Law alone.

Because of how difficult it was to comprehend the Time Law and also because it took too long a time, many martial artists usually gave up trying to study the Time Law from the totem. Some other warriors wanted to try their luck comprehending the Time Law on the totem but they ended up discovering that they didn't have any talent in this aspect. So they also eventually gave up.

The Time Law was indeed powerful. It frustrated many warriors who achieved nothing despite having spent so much time trying to comprehend it.

Of course, there were people with great perseverance in the Divine Kingdom Continent. There was once a martial artist at the Illuminating Soul Realm, a prince of the Star Field Divine Kingdom with divine-level talent. He was obsessed with studying the Time Law and after spending a full 563 years on it, he had finally comprehended 60% of the first layer of the Law.

Since he had spent too much time studying the Time Law, he had only been able to reach the primary stage of the Internal Elixir Realm after becoming over five hundred years of age. He had finally died when he had reached the end of his lifespan.

There were only two types of people that cultivated the Time Law on the Divine Kingdom Continent. The first type was the martial artists who had a very strong affinity to the Time Law. Even in the divine kingdoms where many talents usually gathered, there was only a small number of such talented martial artists. And in the younger generation, only Fiona was gifted in comprehending the Time Law.

The other type was the mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

Since they had already reached such a high level, they had nothing else to do. And since they couldn't ascend to the Upper World, they could only cultivate various laws or explore continents and lands abroad.

They could take advantage of their long lifespans and spend a thousand years comprehending it. They could do it even if they didn't have a great affinity to the Time Law.

That was why the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm couldn't accept what they saw.

It had only been about five minutes since Zen had fought with Fiona. How had he changed the time flow rate by ten times within such a short span of time?!

It was inconceivable.

The little monster, who was not previously interested in the fight, woke up at this moment. Perhaps the only fight that could pique his interest was the one between the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm. It was quite obvious that the battle between Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors was nothing to him.

His strange-looking black eyes glittered as he gazed upon the scene before him.

'Your talent is extraordinary. If I devour you and take your talent, wouldn't I become more powerful?' the little monster thought, sticking out his tongue and licking the tip of his nose.

The little monster's eyes weren't his only strange features. His tongue was like the tongue of a snake, split open in the middle and incredibly long, reaching his nose when he stuck it out.

But there was another great secret about this little monster, one that had always been kept highly confidential among the senior leaders of the four divine kingdoms.

This little monster liked to devour human brains and as a consequence, he could take their talent as his own.

Many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm knew the little monster's secret very well. The stronger the little monster was, the more he would spread out his talent, which would benefit the warriors who dueled with him. This meant that the warriors who dueled with the little monster would easily enter a state of epiphany and make a breakthrough.

All these years, the four divine kingdoms had secretly sacrificed many second tier talents. They had offered these talents to this little monster, who would promptly swallow them.

This would occasionally result in the sudden disappearance of one or two divine-level talents from the martial houses of the four divine kingdoms.

But the Divine Kingdom Continent was so vast that it was difficult for anyone to notice these disappearances. So far, no one had realized this.

Zen smiled faintly as he looked at Fiona. He then took out his space ring and gently tossed it into the air. The ring flew three feet above Zen's head and as he spread out his fingers, a wave of power from the Time Law surged out.

A strange scene played out.

The ring seemed to fall at such a slow speed that it felt like time had stopped, and it finally landed on his hand.

"Your talent is amazing!" Fiona exclaimed as she saw this. "You managed to compress time by such a large margin! Ten times! And in such a short time! Back when I was comprehending the Time Law, it took me three years to achieve this!"

Zen had experienced baptism by laws and had the highest level of affinity with all laws. So he could comprehend any law in no time. A few months ago, when Zen had fought Camilla, he had tried to comprehend the Time Law from her. However, the Time Law that Camilla had mastered was too little, causing Zen to fail in his attempt.

Previously, Zen had tried to find out where Camilla had cultivated the Time Law. Later on, he learned that the totem which carried the Time Law was currently placed in the Wind Divine Kingdom and had always been with the royal family, which meant that Zen had no chance to comprehend the Time Law through the totem.

So when Zen saw that Fiona had mastered the complete power of the Time Law, he knew that he couldn't possibly let such a good chance slip by!

Zen smiled and merely asked, "Shall we continue?"

Fiona's slender eyebrows shot up. But she recovered and said, "Okay. But don't get carried away. You have only compressed time by ten times, and I can already compress time by a hundred times. My absolute speed is still ten times faster than yours!"

As she finished speaking, she waved her jade bracelet around lightly, causing the power of the Time Law to spread out once again.

Zen knew the gap in the mastery of Time Law between him and Fiona, but he didn't agree that she was ten times faster than him.

If both of them didn't use the power of the Time Law, then Zen could use his full strength to make his forceful energy and life vitality burst out at the same time. And together with the boost from the Cloud-chasing Lion's talent, Zen would be twice as fast as Fiona.

Once the difference in the Time Law between them would be offset, Fiona's absolute speed would only be five times faster than Zen's.

Zen could accept such a difference.

Whoosh!

Fiona's expression became more serious by the minute. Although she was an innocent and naive girl, she was way too serious about the cultivation of martial arts - more than anyone else. After all, just relying on one's talent wasn't enough for one to succeed in the pursuit of martial arts. Without strong will, perseverance, passion and seriousness, one wouldn't be able to walk too far on this path.

Fiona's figure flashed and once again darted behind Zen. Zen's speed was still relatively, extremely slow, but it was much faster than before.

Poof!

This time, Fiona thumped Zen heavily on his back. Zen twisted his body and used his elbow to block Fiona's attack.

Bam!

A muffled sound rang out as Zen felt the breath whoosh out of him. But since he had been prepared in a defensive position, he wasn't injured.

A crackling tension filled the air, filling the atmosphere within the enchanted barrier with an unparalleled intensity.

Fiona constantly struck out her palm. It was true that she had a considerable advantage in speed, but Zen had combat experience that Fiona couldn't compare with. He could always predict what would happen in advance and defend himself against Fiona's attack even before it happened.

What was more astonishing was that not only was Zen able to block Fiona's attack, the speed with which he was comprehending the Time Law was also rapidly increasing.

By the time Zen had blocked thirteen strikes from Fiona, he had already been able to compress time by about eleven times. And by the time Fiona had struck Zen twenty times, Zen had already been able to compress time by about twelve times.

Everything was difficult at the beginning. As Zen gained more insights into the first layer of the Time Law, his speed of comprehending the Time Law increased in leaps and bounds.

A powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm figured out what was happening and shook his head. Fiona would be in a pickle, he thought.

Chapter 1108 A Genuine Phoenix Descendant

War King Wind and Turner along with the mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were all observing this spectacle.

Without the use of the Time Law, the speed difference between Fiona and Zen was huge.

But the main thing to note was that while Fiona had the advantage of speed, she wasn't able to deal with Zen. His body was just too strong. He was simply too domineering.

As long as he continued to resist, his comprehension of the Time Law would become increasingly better. In the end, Fiona would be the one to lose.

"Oh, no!" said a distressed Fiona. She could feel the change in Zen's speed. He was getting faster and faster.

Overall, he was still four times slower than her, but the gap was rapidly shrinking.

She didn't want to lose to Zen; she really didn't want to! So after attacking him with her palm, she didn't attack again. Instead, her slim and graceful body floated to a corner of the enchanted barrier. "Thad, give up," she called to Zen.

"Why?" Zen had no idea what this little girl was thinking, but he was probably used to it.

It takes all kinds of people to make the world. Two people's personalities can be completely different. Zen learned this principle from Margaret's character.

"I'm going to use fire. If you can't block this move, I'm afraid you'll die," Fiona said earnestly.

"Fire?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

His primordial energy had been accumulating in his body ever since he had refined his body last time. Now it was time for him to refine his body again and advance it to the next level.

However, all this time, Zen had been unable to find a suitable fire source.

Zen himself didn't know what kind of fire source would be able to help him advance to the next level, but the stronger his body became, the more powerful the fire source he would need.

He did possess a powerful fire source. It was the black flame within the mysterious furnace. But the black flame was far too overbearing. He did not dare to try it out rashly.

Fiona was proficient in not only Time Law but also Fire Law. If Zen could borrow the power of her flames to help his body become a sacred weapon, it would be great.

"Yes," Fiona nodded. "So you should give up. Don't force me to use it. I can't knock you out right now, and your speed of comprehending the Time Law is high. I'm afraid that before long, you'll be able to completely comprehend the Time Law. By then I won't be your match."

She was actually explaining all of this to Zen bit by bit …

The divine-level talents at Virtual Tribulation Realm sighed.

These divine-level talents were so powerful that they were considered monstrous on their own territory. They were absolutely proud.

But compared to Zen, their pride was nothing. This was simply too much of a blow to them. Zen had comprehended the Time Law so fast that the term "monstrous" was not enough to describe him.

"The only explanation I can think of is that this guy is not human!" someone said angrily.

"If he isn't human, then what is he?" someone else asked.

"An animal! A beast!" This seemed to be the only explanation for Zen's achievement.

Zen, on the other hand, refused to budge. Fiona gritted her teeth. "Surrender. I beg of you! I don't want to use that move," she pleaded desperately.

This was the second time that she had begged him.

Zen shook his head and smiled faintly, "I'm very sorry, but by begging me like this, you've really put me in a difficult situation. I'm afraid I have to refuse. I can agree to many things, but surrendering is not one of them."

Fiona pouted sullenly. All the martial artists looked at her with equal parts of affection and anger. They loved Fiona, but they were angry at Zen, who had turned down their goddess.

'All he needs to do is admit defeat. What's the big deal?'

"Then you leave me no choice." Fiona sniffed and raised her right hand high.

The fiery-red jade bracelet moved back and forth on her slender wrist. As she raised her hand, the jade bracelet slid down her wrist all the way until it reached her elbow. Only after reaching her bicep did it stop.

Then, her hands got clasped together.

Every time Fiona activated her life vitality, the jade bracelet would rapidly vibrate. As it was on her arm right now, her entire body started shaking.

She shook violently. It was so fast that all you could see was a hazy outline of her figure.

The jade bracelet began turning a brilliant fiery-red color.

Seeing this, many of the Soul Sea Realm experts from Wind Divine Kingdom turned to look at their emperor, War King Wind.

He looked completely calm, but the Soul Sea Realm experts were anxious. One of them couldn't hold it in any longer and asked, "My king, are you not going to stop her?"

A complex expression crept on War King Wind's face. To be fair, he did not wish for Fiona to use that move. However, this time, he steeled his heart, because he had pampered her too much in the past. That was why she was so immature.

Even the eagle knows when to push the eaglet off the cliff to train it. As the emperor of a kingdom, couldn't he do the same?

So he had decided to let Fiona make her own decision regarding Thad. As long as her life wasn't in danger, he would no longer stop her.

"Forget it. It's up to her," War King Wind replied.

The other powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm didn't have anything to say after this.

As the flames on the jade bracelet around Fiona's arm became increasingly bright, a deep imprint appeared on her forehead and a surge of energy seeped out of it.

"Genuine Phoenix Fire, come out!"

Right on cue, a condensed phoenix phantom appeared behind her.

The people at the plaza felt an intense heat wave. The powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm managed to weaken the force of the heat wave by casting an enchanted barrier, but it was still hard for them to block it. Many Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors had to condense their protective life vitality to combat the heat wave.

"Does Fiona have the Genuine Phoenix bloodline? Is she a descendant of the Phoenix race?" yelled someone.

"The concentration of her bloodline is ridiculously high. It's very likely that she's a descendant of the Phoenix race."

Zen's eyebrows shot up when he saw the slowly congealing flames.

Once Zen had absorbed the blood as well as the blood essence of Genuine Dragons. They were very good for the refinement of his body.

However, he had only absorbed a few drops of them. So he did not have much of them in his body, and more importantly, he hadn't absorbed enough Genuine Dragon blood, so he had not yet mastered the theurgy of the Genuine Dragons.

But Fiona seemed to be the true descendant of a super legendary beast. Her blood density was ridiculously high, and the Genuine Phoenix phantom had actually been condensed to such a degree.

When Zen was at the Cloud Sect, he had learned that Tracy possessed the Blue Phoenix bloodline. However, the Blue Phoenix could not compare to a super legendary beast, and was far inferior to Genuine Dragons and Genuine Phoenixes.

Fiona was different, though. She seemed to have a complete Genuine Phoenix bloodline.

From between her eyebrows, streams of flames surged out.

The flames condensed continuously and slowly fused together to form a phoenix.

The phoenix formed by Fiona was different from the one Letitia had created. Letitia's ice phoenix was just an illusion, while this one seemed to be a real phoenix!

Chapter 1109 Sun Flame Attack (Part One)

Like normal beasts, super legendary beasts were also divided into different levels.

A ninth level fierce beast would be equivalent to a human warrior at Virtual Tribulation Realm, a tenth level one would be equivalent to a human warrior at Life and Death Realm, and an eleventh level one would be equivalent to a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm.

Regardless whether the beasts were super legendary or normal fierce ones, once they reached eleventh level, their demon cores would liquefy, allowing them to open up a new world.

Despite that, there was still a great disparity between a fierce beast and a legendary beast, a legendary beast and a super legendary beast.

A super legendary beast, such as a Genuine Dragon or a Genuine Phoenix, would have a far superior growing speed and special talents over an ordinary legendary beast or a fierce beast. Like the super talents in the human race, they could also challenge opponents who were levels above them with ease.

"We have contracted an alliance by the use of my spirit and my soul. The Genuine Phoenix named Fiery Shine, listen to my commands, and follow me!" At that moment, Fiona's voice suddenly became extremely authoritative.

The Genuine Phoenix which went by the name of Fiery Shine was Fiona's contractual beast. The stronger the cultivator was, the stronger his or her contractual beast would be. Fiona was only at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, but she was already able to have such a beast under her command. Even in the Upper World, it was extremely rare for someone to have a Genuine Phoenix as a contractual beast!

Much like the Genuine Dragon race, the number of Genuine Phoenixes in the Genuine Phoenix race was extremely small. For instance, the Genuine Dragon World had 49 fully grown Genuine Dragons. If you counted the young ones, its total number would still be less than a thousand. Despite that the Genuine Phoenixes generally outnumbered the Genuine Dragons, they still would not break ten thousand in number.

That, coupled with the fact that there were trillions of warriors in the Upper World, one would realize that to have a Genuine Phoenix as one's contractual beast was not an easy feat to achieve!

Perhaps only the descendants of Supreme Lords would have such a privilege!

The strength that Fiona had displayed had the mighty masters of Soul Sea Realm impressed and amazed. The little girl from the Huo Clan had grown to such a powerful warrior without anyone noticing.

When they saw her contractual beast, Fiery Shine, their eyes widened so much to the point that it seemed like their eyes would pop out. Nothing could relay the astonishment they felt at that moment.

"War King Wind, you have really hid your secret well!" War Emperor York coldly ridiculed.

Whatever happened, the four divine kingdoms were on the same boat. Because of that, they didn't keep too many secrets from each other. For instance, the secret of that little monster from the Nine Furnace Martial House was shared by the several war emperors and war kings.

Despite that, War King Wind had trained such a character without disclosing it to anyone.

Perhaps Fiona's current strength wasn't enough to threaten anyone from the divine kingdoms, but what if she and her Genuine Phoenix matured in the future? What would happen if this Genuine Phoenix reached the eleventh level? Perhaps none of the Soul Sea Realm masters was able to be its match then.

With the veil of secrecy lifted over Fiona and her strong contractual beast, the three other kings couldn't help but feel betrayed. They started to think how many secrets War King Wind was hiding, and whether he could still be trusted.

Turning to War Emperor York, War King Wind subtly smiled and calmly said, "Lucien, don't be so ridiculous. If I wanted to intentionally hide Fiona, I wouldn't have allowed her to participate in this battle."

What he said was the truth. From the beginning to the end, War King Wind had not given Fiona any hints. He just let her fight the battle in any way she wanted. Even if Fiona chose to summon her contractual beast, he did nothing to stop her.

Hearing this, the faces of the several rulers of the divine kingdoms softened. Despite that they had felt distrust towards War King Wind, they realized that Fiona having a Genuine Phoenix as a contractual beast was actually a good thing for the entire Divine Kingdom Continent.

The warriors' growth in the Divine Kingdom Continent was limited. No one could rebuild the passageway leading to the Upper World. Therefore, all the mighty masters at the Soul Sea Realm would eventually die here.

However, there was no limit to the growth of a Genuine Phoenix. If this Genuine Phoenix was given a chance to fully grow, there might be a chance to rebuild the passageway leading to the Upper World!

"Aooo!"

The Genuine Phoenix named Fiery Shine suddenly let out a high-pitched cry and circled around Fiona. It then rose up from behind Fiona, spreading out its dozen feet wide wings. It looked directly at Zen, its eyes full of power. Its feathers, which were about a hundred feet long each, spread around Fiona.

On top of each and every feather was a blazing flame, and from them streamed Fire Law. It was a beautiful sight to behold.

'The third layer of the Fire Law…'

Zen thought. It was his estimate of the level of the Fire Law as he felt the intensity of it. The flames emitting from the Genuine Phoenix never ceased. They had the power to destroy everything, but at the same time, there was a vigorous life force hidden within them.

Although this Genuine Phoenix was only at the ninth level, it made Zen feel a strong sense of being overpowered. This overwhelming force was much stronger than what Eddie emitted when they faced each other. Truly, a super legendary beast wasn't something to be trifled with.

If Fiona's contractual beast had been a Genuine Dragon or an ice phoenix, the pressure on Zen would definitely have multiplied. The strength of this super legendary beast was probably comparable to that of a master at the fourth or fifth level of the Life and Death Realm. Fiona was also someone who shouldn't be overlooked. Zen, with all his power and strength, did not have the confidence that he would be able to defeat them.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1110 Sun Flame Attack (Part Two)

Because Fiona had mainly cultivated the Fire Law and the Time Law, the contractual beast she had summoned through her bloodline was a fire phoenix!

Fortunately, Zen's body was a fairy weapon, and it made him completely immune to fire. He was just worried that he didn't have a chance to increase the strength of his physical body!

The higher the strength of the body, the more power of the dragon scales Zen would be able to use. It was a piece of cake for Zen to gather weapons to refine heavenly essence, but his physical body would not be able to withstand too much force. If he utilized too much of the dragon scales' power, his physical body would disintegrate.

Fiona leaned backwards until she was finally sitting on the feathers of the great phoenix behind her. Then, she pointed at Zen with her finger and said, "Fiery Shine, Sun Flame Attack!"

"Aoo!"

The Genuine Phoenix named Fiery Shine suddenly raised its head and opened its mouth. The spiritual energy of heaven and earth began surging through its body and it gathered in its mouth.

'It could directly absorb the spiritual energy of heaven and earth?' Zen thought, fully taken aback by what had happened.

When the phoenix absorbed enough spiritual energy of heaven and earth, it locked its gaze on Zen, who was standing not too far away.

Just as the Genuine Phoenix was about to launch its attack on Zen, Fiona suddenly appeared in front of it. She placed her hand on the phoenix's head and said something not audible to anyone but the two of them. It was as if she was whispering something to its ear. Then, they seemed to begin having a conversation. After a few moments of seemingly exchanging sentiments, the two came to an agreement. Fiona turned to Zen and said, "Thad, I've already proven my ability! You should understand that if the Sun Flame Attack comes out from my Genuine Phoenix, you will definitely turn into ashes!" Fiona shouted, her eyes locked with Zen's. She was not fooling around. "Before you do anything dumb, consider what's in front of you carefully. It's not too late to back off!"

Zen wondered what Fiona was trying to do. He didn't expect that she would order her contractual beast to stop attacking moments before it would. 'What is happening?' he thought to himself, totally flustered.

Fiona reminded Zen of the danger he was up against out of goodwill. Although her contractual beast was a young phoenix that was only at the ninth level, it was still a super legendary beast. Its power was not something that any ordinary fierce beast could even compare with

"I think that Thad should just admit defeat. To be able to force the royal family to use a super legendary beast, he has already caught much attention. With his current achievements, I'm sure the Harlen Divine Kingdom will reward him greatly!"

"People like Thad wouldn't admit defeat easily. He would have already admitted defeat earlier if he were that kind of a cowardly man."

"Well, if he doesn't admit defeat, he'll just have to wait for death. If he wants to die that badly, no one will stop him. Our princess Fiona has already given him chances to save his pathetic life!"

No one from the spectators believed that Zen would come out of this duel alive.

The martial artists in the Divine Kingdom Continent had a much wider range of knowledge and experience than those of the Central Region. Moreover, they also had a great deal of materials that were passed down from the Upper World.

They had a clear concept about the legendary beast and the super legendary beast. For instance, many people could estimate that the strength of this ninth level Genuine Phoenix in front of them was at least equivalent to that of a warrior at the Life and Death Realm. Even martial artists at the fourth or fifth level of the Life and Death Realm would not be a match for it.

Zen was at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and even if he had extraordinary talents, what could he do to resist the Genuine Phoenix's force? It was sure that he would be burnt into ashes before he could even get close to the beast.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Zen said calmly to the princess, "Thank you, but sorry."

He said "thank you" to thank Fiona for giving him a chance to reconsider his decision, and he said "sorry" to tell her that he wouldn't admit defeat.

Fiona revealed an expression full of regret. Summoning Fiery Shine was the decision made after careful thought. As a martial artist, she would never be able to escape a duel with another warrior. It was as necessary as eating was to humans: it was a rule that she could not break, no matter what.

Since she couldn't avoid it, she could only accept it. Fiona finally decided to fight with Zen with her real strength.

This battle with Zen made her realize what her mission and responsibilities were, and she understood more clearly what expectations her royal father had for her!

Before, she would've chosen to surrender rather than summon Fiery Shine to kill Zen.

But this time was different. She did not want to disappoint her royal father.

After seeing that her warning had no effect on Zen, Fiona's eyes narrowed greatly. She turned back to her phoenix, and patted its head in a knowing manner. Fiery Shine had been waiting for a long time. After it received Fiona's orders, it opened its mouth, and a ten feet wide beam of flame shot towards Zen.

Chapter 1111 Not Powerful Enough

An ordinary flame's heat dissipated in all directions. When one made a fire, it would often burn wild and unpredictable, and that made it weak.

The Genuine Phoenix's Sun Flame Attack was different because the blazing white flame bound and centered the heat to its core. This made it hotter, better, and far more accurate when launched.

As the white fireball came flying towards him, Zen only had one thought in his mind: it seemed that his clothes were about to be burnt once again.

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, the flames immediately enveloped him and set his body aflame.

"Hooo... hooo... hooo..."

Despite the horrifying sight of Zen burning alive, he was calm. There was no need to worry for his own safety given that he had an immunity to most flames, save of course for the black flame within the mysterious furnace.

The Genuine Phoenix's Sun Flames looked terrifying but, in the end, they only contained the power of the first three layers of Fire Law which caused no harm to Zen.

Now if the Genuine Phoenix had been a grown-up one, then he'd have a problem.

A mature Genuine Phoenix was a fourteenth to fifteenth level super legendary beast comparable to a world lord or a supreme lord. Its size was also no joke given that it could grow to a thousand miles long in length. Never mind its flames, Zen would be smashed into smithereens with just a lift of its claw.

The temperature began to reach an uncomfortably hot range and Zen's body had turned as red as a hot-iron poker.

Zen looked at his body expectantly, 'They should appear any minute.' One thing he hoped would come out of his willingness to burn himself was for his body to finally become a sacred weapon. With the combined power of several thousand dragon scales and forceful energy, his strength would be boosted to the point that he'd be able to defeat Life and Death Realm warriors with ease once he entered the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

However, this wasn't what happened. After the Sun Flame Attack had continued for about a minute, nothing had come.

"Eh? Why didn't they appear?"

Burning himself in phoenix flames wasn't enough. Golden runes should've appeared in order for Zen to completely absorb the flames into his body.

'The flames aren't powerful enough, ' he quickly concluded.

This was troublesome. It seemed not even flames from the first three layers of Fire Law would be enough.

'That phoenix shouldn't have just comprehended three layers of Fire Law, ' he thought to himself.

The Sun Flames couldn't be the phoenix's most powerful attack. Ever since it appeared, Zen had already felt a mysterious power of Fire Law hidden within the beast. The power was much more complex than the power contained within these Sun Flames and Zen assumed that it should come from a higher layer of the Fire Law.

He looked back at Fiona and an idea suddenly struck his head. He immediately turned against the Sun Flames' current and walked slowly towards her.

Meanwhile, sparks from the Sun Flame Attack had spread to the edges of the enchanted barrier that protected the spectators from the battle within the plaza.

As the Sun Flame Attack continued, the enchanted barrier gradually became unstable. It began to shake and there was a ripple in the enchanted barrier from the intensity and heat of the Sun Flames.

This enchanted barrier was created by a Soul Sea Realm master so it would look really bad if it was destroyed by a mere Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. The Soul Sea Realm master immediately waved his hand and an azure light immediately reinforced the enchanted barrier.

"Why didn't he just admit defeat? Why is he so stubborn? Is he truly willing to die for the sake of saving face? He will be burnt to ashes and lose his life because he did not cherish himself. That would've been fine but he made our princess feel bad and that is his greatest sin!"

"That's right! Thad's nothing more than vermin. Even his dead body would disgust anyone who sees it. Princess Fiona didn't want to kill him but he forced her to do it. He asked for this himself!"

"He should be killed a thousand times more for being like this!"

Fiona's sad face had driven the Wind Divine Kingdom warriors into a frenzy. Nobody made their princess sad!

Zen was sure to have died in the flames but, as a consequence of his death, Fiona would be miserable. Their simpleminded brains could only show concern for their princess who indirectly cast the flame. And their hate for Zen who got burned to death because of his pride was obvious.

Fiona tightly gripped the feathers of her Genuine Phoenix, Fiery Shine. She was indeed miserable, and her heart sank to the bottom. There had been no need to set him aflame, she knew that best of all. The world of martial artists was very cruel, but why couldn't the battle come to an end when one was defeated? Why did he choose to risk his life? Was it worth it?

She knew that Zen was someone who had limitless potential and there was no doubt that he had a great future ahead of him. The fact that he died just like that and by her own hands nonetheless made her feel really sad and miserable.

However, she also understood that she had a duty. She could not let her father down, after all.

But, just as she was about to wallow in her misery even more, a head suddenly emerged from the flames.

"Stupid bird!" Zen barked, shocking Fiona to the core. "Work harder! Is that all you've got?!"

"Eh? Thad! You're fine?!" The sight of her unbothered opponent should've made her angry but Fiona was a weird girl. She was actually quite relieved to see that he had survived.

Even the audience was stunned.

One warrior willingly set himself aflame. The other was glad that, despite setting her opponent aflame with the goal of killing him, he was still alive and kicking. The two were really just so strange.

Zen's survival truly shocked many of the warriors. However, what surprised them even more was the way he had provoked the phoenix, a mighty, super legendary beast. A super legendary beast was surely something not to be trifled with. Was he, perhaps, a masochist?

Meanwhile, Fiona had a stupidly beautiful smile on her fair face.

"They are… fighting against each other?"

"Honestly I don't know at this point."

The sight in front of them subverted some kind of concept or fundamental understanding they had of the world but they couldn't point out specifically what it was. They just knew that it was weird.

Fiery Shine was Fiona's contractual beast but it had a mind of its own. It was a super legendary beast and an extremely intelligent creature.

The relationship between Fiona and the phoenix was similar to that of friends. Fiery Shine thought and acted separately and sometimes against Fiona's wishes, especially if it was angry. When enraged, not even Fiona would be able to control the phoenix's fury.

And furious was exactly how the legendary beast felt after hearing Zen's rude provocation. How could a mere human trample over a super legendary beast's dignity? Its eyes began to blaze a fiery red.

Fiery Shine suddenly stopped spitting out Sun Flames, exposing Zen's body to the crowd. As expected, not even a trace of ash remained of his clothes.

"Ah!" Fiona cried out, immediately averting her eyes at the scene.

When he had turned against the current of the flames, Zen had walked over to Fiona and was actually quite close to the princess. Right now, his entire body was completely in full view of the pure, innocent girl.

Some of the female martial artists in the square also averted their eyes but there were a few who shamelessly ogled at him and enjoyed the view.

Zen felt a bit embarrassed at his current state but he had to have thick skin. Besides, there was another matter he should be concerned with.

"Aoo..."

His provocation had worked and the phoenix was now preparing a whole new wave of attacks for him.

Fiery Shine's feathers had spread out, informing every one of its anger. It emitted a wave of heat that was so strong, not even Fiona could withstand it.

"What were you thinking? Why did you provoke it? Fiery Shine is truly angry now!"

she blamed Zen, head still turned to the side.

He did not answer given that he didn't really care about the fight with Fiona any more. There was a more important matter that needed his attention. The heat wave was strong but he still wasn't sure if it would be enough for him to advance.

A fire ring suddenly appeared around the phoenix and Zen swore he felt some kind of special Law Power in that attack.

His heart rejoiced, 'That's it! That's the attack I need!' This was the mysterious Law Power he had sensed upon the phoenix's appearance.

This power was entirely different from that in the Sun Flame Attack earlier.

The sight of the fire ring immediately alarmed Fiona. Her father, War King Wind was also greatly concerned to the point that he actually entered the arena through the enchanted barrier and forcefully pulled his daughter out.

Chapter 1112 Nirvana Flames

Without question, War King Wind had also specialized in fire-attribute cultivation methods. His comprehension of the Fire Law was way deeper than Fiona's.

Having been able to comprehend the third layer of the Fire Law, Fiona even owned a jade bracelet that was considered to be a semi-divine weapon. But this didn't mean that she was able to resist all kinds of flames, such as the phoenix's fire attacks.

Truthfully, War King Wind was only testing Fiona. He absolutely didn't want her to suffer any damage, which was why he brought her away from the enchanted barrier.

Even Turner himself wanted to bring Zen out of the enchanted barrier. Since he had chosen to protect him, he didn't want Zen to die in there. The problem was he found it hard to understand what Zen was saying.

Previously, Zen was completely unharmed by the impact of the phoenix's Sun Flame Attack. On his face, an expression of wanting more was plastered. What was the purpose of him infuriating the phoenix? Did he really hope for the phoenix to use its full strength?

As he thought of it, Turner wasn't able to do anything at all.

Just as the War King Wind had pulled Fiona out of the enchanted barrier, the phoenix curled its body and began to shrink. The fire ring around it also began to condense rapidly.

Fiona stood outside the enchanted barrier as she stared at the contractual beast. "Thad has provoked it. Now, it wants to use the Nirvana Flames to burn him," she said.

The phoenix was the symbol for immortality.

The overall strength of this species was slightly weaker than that of the Genuine Dragon, but their vitality was much greater. Even the Nine-head

Snake, a kind of legendary beast who had a super healing ability, did not compare to the Genuine Phoenix in that very aspect.

The phoenixes, unlike all the other beasts, could be reborn forever. As long as fire existed, they could come back to life.

Why did Zen feel a kind of power that surpassed the third layer of Fire Law when Fiona summoned Fiery Shine? What was that all about? Ultimately, it was because it had reincarnated within the flames. Before Fiona summoned Fiery Shine, it had already died once.

Death wasn't a threat for the Genuine Phoenix. They could choose to die at any time and place, and they could also be reborn from any fire.

During the process of coming back to life, phoenixes could release the Nirvana Flames. That was also the fourth layer of the Fire Law, also known as the Flames of Rebirth.

Out of the ten layers of the Fire Law, the first one was called the "Raging Fire." The second layer was "The Ashes" while the third one was "Annihilation." The fourth layer was called "The Rebirth."

After burning everything, it could bring forth a new life. That was how it got its name.

As it gradually became smaller, the phoenix curled up its entire body and eventually turned into a round egg.

The phoenix egg flickered with an orange-red luster that looked extremely smooth as if it were a giant gem. However, at that time, no one dared to approach it, as endless Fire Law began to surge out from it. That was the fourth layer of Fire Law.

When the Fire Law had finally left the phoenix egg, it transformed into a golden-red flame storm that began to sweep throughout the surroundings.

The Soul Sea Realm warrior who set up the enchanted barrier had a grave look on his face. The intensity of Law Power was vastly different in each layer. Even such a mighty warrior like him felt that the fourth layer of the Fire Law was a little tricky. If the phoenix managed to break through out of the enchanted barrier, then all hell could break loose.

Therefore, he was doing his utmost best to stabilize the enchanted barrier.

The storm of flames embraced everything that it reached.

The cube that had been formed by the enchanted barrier looked just like hell. In an instant, there was nothing else but flames that could be seen.

Countless divine-level talents on the square were beginning to worry. Although the enchanted barrier was built by an almighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm, what could happen if it broke? The presence of the storm of flames could likely affect a number of people. It was terrifying.

Despite the fear that was brewing deep inside them, they all managed to hold it in. After all, they were a group of divine-level talents. They couldn't bring shame on the martial houses and divine kingdoms they represented.

Under the sweep of the flaming storm, Zen's entire body was thoroughly red. Not long later, a golden rune appeared on his skin.

'I made it, ' Zen thought to himself, overjoyed.

More golden runes began to appear throughout his body. They covered his hands, feet, face, and shoulders.

The golden runes continued to rotate as they absorbed the flames. Soon, Zen started to look like a golden bronze sculpture.

Even if the flames constantly enveloped him, Zen didn't suffer any injuries under the shroud of those golden runes. He felt extremely comfortable apart from the slight heat that he felt throughout his body.

Slowly, Zen walked through the flaming storm and carefully approached the phoenix egg.

The egg was still floating in the center of the enchanted barrier. The surface of the egg was constantly flashing with the Fire Law, as it activated an even stronger flame storm to engulf the entire area.

Zen wasn't afraid in the slightest bit. Instead, he flew towards the storm of flames and extended his hand towards the phoenix egg. His fingers gently caressed the surface of the egg's hard shell.

'It's a bit hot to the touch, and I can definitely feel the life pulsating inside it. So this is what a phoenix egg is like. I wonder if dragon eggs are the same?' he thought. Zen remembered how he still needed to help the cyan dragon obtain the Ancestral Dragon egg after entering the Feather Holy Sea.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Under Zen's touch, the surface of the phoenix egg started to crack rapidly. Then, a tiny phoenix shot out from the egg. The phoenix started to grow larger in such a quick speed as it circled around the egg.

Following the two phoenix cries, the flame storm finally came to a stop.

The phoenix looked at Zen with a confused gaze. Its flames were completely ineffective against him.

The level nine phoenix wasn't too old. Otherwise, it couldn't have been able to agree with Fiona and become her contractual beast. It could only use the third layer of the Fire Law, and as for the fourth layer, it needed to take the form of Nirvana to release it.

In conclusion, Nirvana was its most powerful move. Originally, it wanted to use the Nirvana Flames to incinerate that rude human. However, it now understood that this fellow did not seem to be afraid of fire. What was going on?

The phoenix, which was still in its infancy, could not figure it out.

At that moment, Zen smiled at the phoenix and said, "Thank you!"

'Why is he thanking me? Wasn't he scolding me just now?' The phoenix grew more confused. In spite of the fact that it was a super legendary beast, it was to maintain a respectful attitude towards Zen once it was established that he could actually defeat it in a duel.

Thus, the phoenix let out a long cry and flew out of the enchanted barrier.

"Remove the enchanted barrier and let Fiery Shine come out," Fiona ordered.

Hearing her words, the warrior at the Soul Sea Realm immediately opened the enchanted barrier. After Fiery Shine left the enchanted barrier, it flew towards its master.

After Fiona whispered a few words of consolation into its ears, the phoenix's mood seemed to ease up a little. Then, Fiona slowly approached the edge of the enchanted barrier and said to Zen, "I've lost this battle. You're stronger than I am. There is no denying it."

When War King Wind took action and brought Fiona away from the enchanted barrier, she had already lost to him.

Now that she had admitted defeat, Fiona was convinced from the bottom of her heart. She really didn't stand a chance against Zen.

Knowing that she didn't have to face up against Zen anymore, Fiona suddenly calmed down. She was quite satisfied with how their battle turned out.

Zen nodded and smiled to her. "You're not so bad yourself."

"Mm, I know," Fiona joked, but Zen knew she meant it. After all, she was a force. She knew how strong she was, and so did Zen.

After making sure no one else was around, Fiona whispered to Zen, "Let me remind you, that little monster really is powerful. You have to be careful, or he'll kill you."

In fact, Fiona could also tell that Zen's ability to defeat her was related to his special talent. It seemed that he wasn't afraid of the flames, but the little monster was a whole new different kind of evil.

Chapter 1113 The Arrogant Little Monster

After Zen's victory, all of the divine-level talents of the four divine kingdoms became speechless. Most of them became evidently listless and restless.

They might have had the impulse to challenge Zen after his fight against Logan, but after what just happened, any warrior with even the littlest self-awareness would understand that they would never measure up to him, even if they tried, for the rest of their lives.

Such a sentiment was understandable—Zen was able to survive, even under such terrifyingly powerful flames! He didn't obtain any kind of injury, and the only thing he lost was his clothes. Due to this, many people had started suspecting that Zen was not a human at all, or that his body was made up of some unknown substance. After all, Zen being unharmed was just totally illogical.

Obviously, Zen didn't care one bit about how any of them felt. After the golden runes disappeared, Zen's body had already become a sacred weapon. More importantly, there was still a considerable amount of primordial energy in his body that he could use to further refine his already invincible body.

Although going through body refinement was painful, he would happily bear it as doing so would bring tremendous benefits to him as a warrior.

With his eyes closed, Zen began stretching his body. Slowly, he felt that he had entered a new level. A hint of joy appeared on his face before he opened his eyes and gazed at Randy, Turner and the others on the platform.

Joy overflowing on his face, Randy gave Zen a thumbs-up. Zen nodded slightly and looked around, asking in a clear voice, "Who else wants to challenge me?"

The Wind Divine Kingdom had failed. The next step was for the Star Field Divine Kingdom or the York Divine Kingdom to send their best warriors to challenge him.

With the current situation, the most unhappy ones were the warriors from the Star Field Divine Kingdom. Ever since the beginning, they had never won a match. Although the Wind Divine Kingdom had lost, War King Wind had only sent one warrior to fight Zen, and that was Fiona.

Despite the fact that Fiona had lost, the strength she displayed was already enough to prove her worth. In the younger generation of the four divine kingdoms, there weren't many people who would dare say that they were match for her!

After Zen defeated Logan and Fiona, the warriors that were ranked in the first tier of their own martial houses didn't dare come up. Even with their current level of strength, they knew that they would be instantly defeated by Zen. They would only bring shame to themselves and their martial houses.

Actually, the crown princes of the four divine kingdoms had the opportunity to challenge and defeat Zen. The thing was, no one knew if any of them would take that step forward.

Just as the imperial members of the Star Field Divine Kingdom were considering this, someone had already stepped out. This person was none other than that little monster from the Nine Furnace Martial House.

There were so many top warriors within the York Divine Kingdom, including some from the Nine Furnace Martial House. Their strength was not necessarily inferior to Logan's, but only the little monster dared to come forward.

He bent his waist and suddenly jumped up. His entire body flipped in the air and instantly disappeared into the enchanted barrier. His gaze revealed an intense interest in Zen.

"It's finally the little monster's turn to fight. I wonder if that brutal fellow will receive a lesson this time!"

"That little monster being taught a lesson? You know, I want to see that too, but have you ever seen him lose before?"

"No, never..."

Even the warriors from the Nine Furnace Martial House didn't like the little monster. Even the Nine Furnace Martial House wouldn't be willing to bring the little monster here, but they had to use his power to gain more benefits in the Feather Holy Sea.

Well, the truth was that the York Divine Kingdom didn't plan to send out the little monster to fight others at all. In the past, when they had a competition before the Feather Holy Sea was to be opened, the little monster had lain on the ground and slept soundly. The battles between warriors had nothing to do with him.

This time, however, Marine personally summoned the little monster to deal with Zen.

At the sight of what was happening, an extremely complicated expression colored Marine's face. She did not know whether she had done the right thing or not.

Zen's eyebrows furrowed the moment he saw the little monster approach. He hated the kind of gaze he was giving him. But after Fiona's reminder, his vigilance heightened.

While Fiona's strength was already extremely astonishing, she was still very afraid of the little monster. This fellow's strength definitely could not be underestimated.

But Zen understood that the reason of Fiona's fear of the little monster was not solely because of his strength—it was also because his personality.

The moment the little monster landed in the fighting area, he smacked his lips and stared at Zen slyly. "Can I challenge you?" he asked, his eyes locked on Zen.

Zen replied nonchalantly, "Since you're already standing here, I don't think there's any other choice left but that. Why do you still ask?"

The little monster's long neck shrunk and his smile became more menacing. He replied, "If you lose, can I kill you?"

The little monster was starting to talk so much nonsense that Zen could only narrow his eyes in annoyance. In a cold tone, he replied, "According to the rules, you're not allowed."

"That's too bad," the little monster said, his tone mocking. "I don't know how to fight, and I only know how to kill. What should I do?" The little monster stared at Zen with his unblinking black eyes as he laughed in a sinister way. He was ready to kill.

With that, Zen only smiled and said, "Well, as you know, there's no absolute guarantee in a fight. I think we should start!" Trash talking was not something he was interested in. Also, he was too lazy to waste his breath on the little monster.

"Alright then!" the little monster replied, twisting his mouth into a wide, malicious smile. His teeth were suddenly exposed and they didn't look like human teeth at all. They were crisscrossed and exceptionally sharp, as if they were the teeth of some wild beast.

Without any warning, he rushed towards Zen.

Not one bone in Zen liked the little monster. His face was full of disgust as he watched him running towards him. Truly, he already despised the little monster from the bottom of his heart despite only meeting him a few minutes ago!

Despite the surge of such emotion in him, Zen couldn't understand why he had such emotion towards his new opponent.

Whoosh!

The little monster suddenly leapt high into the air. His strange smile was still plastered on his face as he descended on Zen, his hands out.

Zen's figure flashed, passing through space in the blink of an eye, avoiding the little monster's grasp. However, he started feeling baffled by what was happening. Would the little monster really fight him head on?

After the little monster went up on stage, he didn't take out a weapon or use any life vitality. He was only relying on his bare hands to attack Zen. He even gave up on flying and just ran on the enchanted barrier.

Zen, whose body was now a sacred weapon, was quite confident. If the little monster wanted to engage in a close combat with him, he would happily oblige. It was just that he didn't know what was on the little monster's mind, so he chose to stay alert.

The little monster missed with his attack and fell back onto the enchanted barrier. He then clucked his tongue and said, "Your strength and talent are not bad, but you are too timid!"

Hearing his provocation, Zen became even more vigilant. 'What does this guy mean? Does he really intend to fight me with his physical body?' he thought.

"There's no need to think too much about it!" The little monster grinned and said, "Against you, I don't even need to use my life vitality! I will just use my physical strength!"

After the little monster spoke, the onlookers began to discuss among themselves. They were well aware that the little monster was very powerful. Strictly speaking, although he was a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he was not on the same level as these divine-level talents.

However, everyone had clearly seen the power that Zen had. He was so formidable that even the Genuine Phoenix could do nothing to him!

Wasn't it a bit too much for the little monster to say such a thing?

At the little monster's words, a strange smile suddenly appeared on Zen's face. "You don't seem to be a body refiner and don't have any forceful energy."

"You're right. To deal with you, I do not need the forceful energy!" the little monster said again.

"Okay." Instantly, Zen soared, quickly reaching the peak of the enchanted barrier.

When warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm fought against each other, their battle space was always too small. Therefore, the Soul Sea Realm master had set up a large enchanted barrier. After reaching the peak, Zen looked down on the little monster below. He then asked with a cunning smile, "If that's the case, how do you plan on fighting me?"

"You!" The little monster's expression suddenly froze.

Even without life vitality, the explosive strength of the little monster's body was still very strong. The problem was Zen had pulled away from him, and the little monster couldn't even reach him.

If it was another warrior who wanted to compete with him in terms of physical strength, Zen would certainly agree to such a request. Whether it was forceful energy, life vitality, or physical strength, Zen was not afraid of it at all. However, he could not bear to watch the little monster act so arrogantly in front of everyone.

There were plenty of people who disliked the little monster. Even though many divine-level talents were able to break through their bottlenecks and obtain great benefits by sparring with him, the little monster was not someone whom many people liked. Well, how many people would like a guy who not only looked like a monster, but also had a cruel and erratic temperament?

Seeing that the little monster was at a loss as to what to reply to Zen's words, everyone took the opportunity to laugh. It was this laughter that made the little monster embarrassed and angry beyond measure.

Chapter 1114 Flexible (Part One)

The little monster had just said that he would not use his life vitality to fight Zen. He intended to only use his physical strength. However, without his life vitality, he would not be able to fly. Since Zen was already at the top of the enchanted barrier, how would he be able to attack him?

Since he had already boasted about how he would not need to use his life vitality to fight Zen, he couldn't break his own words. With that, he started to dart towards the edge of the enchanted barrier.

"Run!"

With his long hands and legs, the little monster looked bizarre. Once he started moving, though, every part of his body seemed to be playing huge part in what he was trying to achieve, giving him incredible advantage. He started looking streamlined -- a warrior with a goal.

After running the whole distance of the fighting area within only a few seconds, he came upon the enchanted barrier. Without any hesitation, he started scaling it. When he was halfway to the top, he suddenly did an athletic somersault. With a powerful push against the enchanted barrier, he was finally heading towards the direction where Zen was standing.

When Zen saw that the little monster had managed to charge at him without using his life vitality, his lips broke out in a sardonic grin.

A very convenient skill a martial artist had was flying by using his life vitality, so that he could change positions at will. The fact that the little monster had managed to approach Zen just by merely sprinting and taking a giant leap in the air amazed and disgusted Zen at the same time.

Suddenly, Zen's figure vanished into thin air and reappeared behind the little monster, his arms outstretched as if he was trying to reach behind his opponent.

"I can't believe you are this naive!"

he shouted, as he directed a punch towards the little monster's back. He just couldn't help but sneer at him.

This punch contained the power of three hundred dragon scales. When this power erupted, the little monster flew away like a ball that had been hit by a bat. The little monster crashed towards the other side of the arena and landed face first on the bottom of the enchanted barrier.

"Huh?" Although Zen was successful in staging his attack, he felt that something was wrong. When his fist came into contact with the little monster's body, he felt that it was very soft. It was as if the little monster didn't have any bones! Even if Zen had utilized the power of three hundred dragon scales in his strike, the little monster didn't seem to be injured at all.

Silence befell the arena as the little monster lay on the bottom of the enchanted barrier motionlessly. After a few moments, however, he started stirring and slowly got up. When he was finally standing up, he stared at Zen with his black eyes, which were much like that of a wild beast in the forest, a vicious smile on his face.

"You really won't use your life vitality, huh?" Zen asked flatly, clasping his hands behind his back.

"As I told you -- I don't need to!" the little monster replied, a mocking sneer plastered on his lips. "You are not the kind of opponent that would push me to go all out!"

Despite the aggressive provocation from the little monster, Zen made sure that he remained calm and collected. Taking a deep breath, he said to his opponent who was standing on the ground, "If you really enjoy being beat up, then let's continue!"

The little monster was indeed incredibly vile and condescending, but he knew that his physical strength wouldn't be enough to stage a fight against Zen. He also knew full well that Zen was proficient in Space Law. Now, if he didn't use his life vitality to fly, he wouldn't be able to touch even the hem of Zen's clothing.

Whoosh!

Once again, the little monster broke out into a run. This time, however, he did not climb the edge of the enchanted barrier. Instead, he directly leapt up straight towards Zen.

It was undeniable that this little monster's physical power was extremely strong. It was impossible, even for a Life and Death Realm master to be able to possess such a powerful body that would let him or her do such stunts. A warrior at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm just wouldn't compare.

However, it didn't matter how good he was at jumping or how fast his speed was -- he still wouldn't be able to catch Zen.

The moment the little monster came face-to-face with Zen, Zen took a step forward, traversed through space, and once again showed up behind the little monster. Then he threw another punch.

This time, Zen activated the power of five hundred dragon scales on top of his own strength. The power that this strike created was extremely terrifying.

The little monster leaped higher into the air, but since he couldn't find a place where he could push himself to gain momentum, it became impossible for him to dodge Zen's fist.

Bam!

A powerful punch once again landed on the little monster's back, again sending him crashing down like a shooting star.

And just like the first time around, Zen still failed to hurt him. Seeing this, Zen clenched his fists, narrowed his eyes, and gritted his teeth. His opponent's ability to withstand powerful blows was on par with that of his own body.

Despite that, Zen and the little monster were fundamentally different in their natures. Zen had transformed his body into a magic weapon, and his body itself was now virtually invincible. After being refined by the Nirvana Flames, he now had the physique that could be considered as a sacred weapon, rendering him insusceptible to injuries and attacks.

The body of the little monster, however, was on the opposite extreme side of the scale. His body seemed very soft as if he had no bones. That made any attack towards him seem like an attack on a sponge. Realizing this, Zen understood that it would be hard for him to hurt his opponent.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1115 Flexible (Part Two)

"Shall we continue?" Zen once again asked nonchalantly.

The little monster once again got up on his feet. After spitting on the ground, he looked up at Zen. There was a sinister smile contorting his lips. He did not say anything, and instead, once again leapt upwards towards Zen.

Once again, Zen appeared behind the little monster. Since the power of five hundred dragon scales was not enough to hurt him, he planned to directly activate the power of eight hundred dragon scales. He hoped that would be enough.

However, just as Zen was about to attack, the little monster's hand suddenly twisted and came towards him.

The whole scene was very confusing, but Zen quickly understood what was happening. The little monster's arm just twisted backwards to come for him!

This action would be impossible for a human to complete. It was just like trying to turn one's neck 360 degrees. A normal person would suffer from broken bones if he or she attempted to do what this little monster had done.

It was now clear that the little monster's body was extremely flexible. While contemplating this fact, Zen wasn't able to dodge the oncoming arm. It caught his arm, and its grip immediately tightened.

Just like a rope, the arm coiled itself around Zen's arm, effectively tying him down.

"Ha-ha," the little monster chuckled, happiness evident on his face. "As I have told you, I don't need to use my life vitality just to deal with you." His vicious grin widened. Suddenly, a huge force flowed through his arm, and he sent Zen flying towards the ground!

Bam!

Taken by surprise, Zen wasn't able to ready himself for the attack. Because of that, he had no choice but to brace himself for the impact. Within a fraction of a second, he crashed into the bottom of the enchanted barrier. However, the little monster's attack was not over. His arm was still tightly wrapped around Zen's body -- it had stretched out to a length of over eighty feet!

'This guy is really a monster!'

Zen thought to himself as he lay on the bottom of the enchanted barrier. Despite being entangled, he managed to prop himself up and give the little monster a good glare.

Not wasting any time, the little monster's arm began to deform again, but now, the original eighty feet long arm was shrinking. With that, the little monster was able to close the distance between the two of them quickly, while his other fist was coming towards Zen's head like a raging meteor!

Despite his body being so soft, the power that had erupted from inside him was astonishing, and to think that he still hadn't used his life vitality!

Right at this critical moment, Zen stopped thinking. He tilted his head and the little monster's fist had missed its target. The entire enchanted barrier started to shake under the little monster's enormous power.

"These two fellows are both monsters," Marine, the Holy Maiden, mumbled as she watched the battle that was happening in the enchanted barrier. Her face was colored with fear, anger, and amusement.

When she first asked this little monster to fight for her, she felt that Zen was destined to suffer a lot.

In the four divine kingdoms where there were countless divine-level talents, the reason that this little monster stood out as a freak in the eyes of every other person was not because of his special talent, but because of his incomparable strength.

He seemed to be a mutant among humans.

When they first discovered the little monster, he was living in the forest where the warriors of Nine Furnace Martial House practiced.

The practice was to enter the Seven Water Forest which was to the north of the York Divine Kingdom. That forest wasn't particularly dangerous, and the strongest fierce beasts there were only at the third or fourth level. Thus, the Nine Furnace Martial House would usually organize tens of thousands of warriors at the nature level to enter into the forest to practice.

It was during that time that they encountered this little monster.

When they came upon him, he didn't have a name, and no one knew where he came from. He didn't even know human language! He lived the same way as a fierce beast would -- eating raw meat, especially brains.

Several hundreds of people from the Nine Furnace Martial House who entered the Seven Water Forest were killed by the little monster alone. Everyone died in a different way, but one thing was in common -- all of their heads had been smashed and their brains were sucked out clean!

This news quickly spread throughout the Nine Furnace Martial House's senior leaders. It shook them up. Because of that, they decided to send over a thousand martial artists at the Internal Elixir Realm into the Seven Water Forest to investigate. It was only then did they finally discover the little monster. They had to chase after him for more than ten days before they were able to capture him.

That year, the little monster was seven years old, and he only had the strength at the marrow refining level. No one had taught him any martial skills, and all of his cultivation had been achieved through his own comprehension.

After the Nine Furnace Martial House captured him, they decided to spare his life. Even though he was dangerous, he only attacked ordinary nature creatures. The senior leaders of the Nine Furnace Martial House decided to keep him in order to unravel the secrets of his incredible body.

They never expected that they would find out so much about the little monster's body. First and foremost, his bones seemed to be extremely soft and flexible.

Once, someone cut off one of his arms as an experiment. A few days later, he grew another.

Chapter 1116 Smash

Even a powerful Soul Sea Realm warrior would have to reconnect his broken arm if it was dislocated. Otherwise, he would become a cripple.

No human body had such miraculous regenerative abilities. This was why the Nine Furnace Martial House was becoming increasingly interested in the little monster.

The martial artists of the Nine Furnace Martial House secretly conducted research on the little monster's body within the Nine Furnace Martial House. One day they discovered the little monster's secret abilities, which could help other martial artists with their cultivation.

A martial artist was born with some amount of talent. Some medicinal herbs could modify this talent, but these weren't found in the Divine Kingdom Continent.

In order to cultivate faster and reach a higher level, the four divine kingdoms had established numerous martial houses and constructed countless secret training grounds. They had organized all sorts of matches for martial artists at different levels during which they could constantly temper themselves, fight vicious beasts, and train for life-threatening situations.

All this was done to unleash their talents and make the most of them.

When the martial artists of the Nine Furnace Martial House discovered the little monster's talent, they were all excited.

A warrior at nature level was stuck at a bottleneck for many years. He probably would never have a chance to enter the Illuminating Soul Realm. However, after fighting with the little monster, he was enlightened and soon advanced to the Illuminating Soul Realm.

This was the effect of the little monster's talent.

When he had first entered the Nine Furnace Martial House, he was only at the marrow refining level. He wasn't even a nature creature back then.

The Nine Furnace Martial House soon discovered that the little monster could help others break through a bottleneck during a spar. However, this was only possible if the gap in cultivation wasn't too large.

If an Internal Elixir Realm martial artist fought with the little monster, the effects would be minimal, but a nature creature would benefit a lot from fighting with him.

The Nine Furnace Martial House had specially built a stone tower where they had chained the little monster, and every day, they would send in a different nature-level martial artist to fight him.

Many martial artists at nature level died at the hands of the savage monster. But, those who survived could rapidly advance to the next level.

The little monster was not a fool. Even though he was a fierce beast, he was smart enough to learn the purpose of this group of warriors.

So he refused to fight. No matter how much the Nine Furnace Martial House abused him, or even cut off his hands and feet, the little monster still refused to fight.

After several months of stalemate, the Nine Furnace Martial House finally compromised.

It would be a waste to use the little monster simply to cultivate warriors at nature level. If they cultivated the little monster instead, one day he would be able to reach the Illuminating Soul Realm, the Virtual Tribulation Realm, or even the Life and Death Realm. Then he would be of even greater use to the Nine Furnace Martial House.

Then the little monster fit into the human society. As he grew stronger and stronger, his talent became more and more valuable. After entering the Internal Elixir Realm, he was able to help the Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists to break through their bottlenecks, and after entering the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he could help many Life and Death Realm martial artists to break through their bottlenecks too.

Many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were hoping that the little monster could also help them to break through. That was why they were eagerly hoping that he could enter the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm soon.

If he could enter the Life and Death Realm, he would be able to help out the Soul Sea Realm warriors.

This was a huge temptation and no one at the Soul Sea Realm could resist it.

War Emperor York, War King Wind and Turner were stuck at the Soul Sea Realm for countless years. Unfortunately, the resources in the Lower world were too scarce. They were not sufficient for the Soul Sea Realm experts to cultivate in order to reach the next level.

In this situation, where the Soul Sea Realm experts couldn't ascend, the little monster was their only hope.

This was how he earned a high status. Even the princes didn't dare to provoke him.

However, the little monster's cultivation suddenly stopped ever since he attained the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Many Soul Sea Realm warriors were puzzled. The little monster's talent was very powerful. Why was he stuck at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm?

Ten years had passed and yet the little monster was still at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, unable to go further into the Life and Death Realm.

Some of the Soul Sea Realm warriors couldn't wait any longer and went to fight the little monster. However, the gap between the Soul Sea Realm and the Virtual Tribulation Realm was too big, and it didn't work out as anticipated.

There was nothing that could be done at the moment. They could only wait for the little monster to advance slowly.

Fortunately, the powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors had a long lifespan, so they could afford to wait. He couldn't break through to the Virtual

Tribulation Realm in ten years, so they would wait twenty to thirty years.

It would have been easier to use the little monster to kill Zen. However, after seeing the battle between Zen and Fiona, Marine hesitated. The talent that Zen displayed was also extremely terrifying. Just like the little monster, he also possessed extraordinary theurgy.

The battle within the enchanted barrier began to get more exciting.

One of the little monster's hands was tightly wrapped around Zen. He was forcing Zen to engage in a hand-to-hand fight. This was the little monster's best strategy. Every part of his body could be used as a lethal weapon.

None of the martial artists who fought the little monster had any chance of escaping. Without exception, all of them had died.

But this time, the little monster was facing Zen. He could turn every part of his body into a weapon, but Zen himself was a weapon.

Moreover, after Zen had refined, his body had become a sacred weapon.

The little monster's neck suddenly stretched out, and his head swung high up like a hammer and came smashing heavily towards Zen.

Zen's expression was calm. His left hand was filled with power, and he threw a punch towards the little monster's head, as if he was punching a sandbag. The power of his punch knocked the little monster's head back more than 200 feet. After crashing into the side wall of the enchanted barrier, the head bounced back and came smashing back towards Zen with a horrifying force.

They fought like two fierce beasts.

Every time they attacked, the enchanted barrier set up by the powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm shook violently.

Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors were powerful. Every punch was forceful enough to crack stone, and every single blow by these two creatures had the same effect. However, because they were trapped in the enchanted barrier, their punches did not look so scary. If the enchanted barrier was removed and they were to fight freely, then the West Dragon River would probably be riddled with holes.

"I'm stunned by this battle. From the looks of it, there seems to be no way to determine the outcome," said one warrior, shaking his head.

"Encountering an opponent like the little monster can only be regarded as Thad's misfortune. It is difficult to defeat the little monster."

"But Thad isn't weak either. What the heck is his body made of? He should have been hurt many times by the little monster by now, right? But he looks just fine!"

At this point, Zen became impatient. This little monster was even more difficult to defeat than he had thought. The first thing he needed to do was pull him off his body. So Zen suddenly turned around and twisted the little monster's other hand, and then he suddenly leaped into the air and stomped heavily on the little monster's chest.

The little monster realized what Zen was up to. "You want to get rid of me? In your dreams!" he jeered.

But in that moment, the forceful energy in Zen's body suddenly erupted, and as he stretched his legs, the power of the dragon scales within his body also surged out. Zen was like a meteor, crashing into the edge of the enchanted barrier, but the little monster's hands were still firmly entwined around his body.

Zen had already anticipated this, so when he hit the edge of the barrier, he pulled with all his might.

Pah!

The little monster's soft body crashed into the enchanted barrier.

"In my dreams? I don't believe that your body has no limits!" Zen swung his hands once again and pushed the little monster heavily. The little monster's body instantly got stuck to the barrier.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

A series of loud sounds echoed in the air as Zen swung the little monster's body, smashing it into both ends of the barrier.

Every collision caused the barrier to tremble. One could imagine how much the little monster's body was suffering.

"Um..." Seeing the little monster being treated like this by Zen, one of the Soul Sea Realm experts got worried and asked the War Emperor York, "Should we stop Zen? Although the little monster's body is almost immortal, if this goes on, he might die."

Many powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors had been anxiously waiting for the little monster to enter the Life and Death Realm. Now they were afraid that the little monster would be killed by Zen.

Chapter 1117 Son Of The Plane

Choosing to engage in close combat with Zen was a big mistake.

Sure, the little monster's body was indeed very special. He was virtually unmatched in terms of power and strength in the four divine kingdoms.

Physical combat could be considered his forte and any fight that required brute strength would always work out in his favor.

Unfortunately, he met Zen.

Despite being unmatched in the four divine kingdoms, the little monster could never have hoped to compare to Zen's strength. Not even a mighty Soul Sea Realm warrior would be able to withstand a punch from the young man.

To add to that, Zen's body had also just become a sacred weapon. An ordinary sacred weapon such as a saber or a sword could not compare to an entire human body in terms of width and physical attributes. Zen's body, therefore, was naturally stronger than any sacred saber or sword.

There was no way the little monster would be able to injure Zen in melee combat.

There was no sugarcoating it. The little monster's choice led him to his own doom.

Meanwhile, War Emperor York stewed in anger as he watched the fight. Zen's strike would've no doubt injured the little monster badly, but the war emperor remained silent and did nothing to stop the battle. He knew how tough the little monster was. He wouldn't die so easily.

Both War Emperor York and Marine had placed their hopes upon the little monster. They needed him to kill Zen. Any intervention from his part would mean admitting defeat for the little monster, and that was far from what he wanted.

It was just that the little monster had been too arrogant. The decision to fight Zen using only brute strength, without any use of life vitality, was terribly stupid. The little monster brought this upon himself and it made War Emperor York terribly angry. According to Marine, Zen was a very capable fighter. He had managed to kill a fourth-level Life and Death Realm warrior, and even both Master Abraham and Master Wallace.

However, War Emperor York remained skeptical. Zen couldn't have possibly killed Master Wallace and Master Abraham though he suspected that their deaths might still be related to the young man.

Bang, bang, bang!

Zen's onslaught of attacks continued and each strike that landed on the little monster made the expression on War Emperor York's face grow darker.

The other warriors watching, however, were the opposite. They, in fact, felt happy at the scene in front of them.

The little monster had a less than amicable reputation among them. He was a notorious character who did all sorts of evil things. Had he been born as a divine kingdom crown prince, he would've long since been dethroned.

He was someone who generated a lot of hate from the people around him, but nobody could really afford to offend him due to his strength. The only way to deal with the little monster was to outright avoid him.

The Nine Furnace Martial House warriors were especially happy seeing the little monster be brutally abused by Zen. It was like the New Year's celebration for them but five times better. They felt that Zen was helping them vent out their frustrations upon the little monster through his constant tirade of attacks. It was a strangely cathartic experience for all of them.

Fiona, who had since returned to the top of the stairs, also liked what she saw. The little monster's current predicament was proof that evil, did in fact, bounce back.

Fiona also had her share of bad memories with him. In the past, her father, War King Wind, had brought her to the York Divine Kingdom to spar with the little monster. She wasn't really someone who left her kingdom's training grounds so the battle with the little monster was initiated in the hopes of helping her achieve a faster breakthrough.

The little monster had just entered the Internal Elixir Realm, and he had been full of obscenities during the match. His attacks almost injured Fiona, which made War King Wind extremely angry to the point that he was ready to end the little monster's life. It was only because of War Emperor York that her father spared him.

The experience did help Fiona break through the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm, but it left her traumatized. The little monster's horrible image was something she brought back with her to the Wind Divine Kingdom to endure for the better part of a year.

It went without saying that a sweet, kind princess such as Fiona utterly feared and hated the little monster.

She felt the exact opposite with Zen. She greatly admired the young man. Warriors usually worshiped people stronger than them after all.

Fiona was no exception. She also worshiped many people, but all of them were seniors.

Besides the little monster, nobody had caught her attention within their generation. Even the crown prince's strength was far more inferior to hers.

Zen, or Thad as she had come to know him, was different and unexpectedly impressed her with his abilities.

She was immediately intrigued by him after his match with Logan. That was the reason why she requested her father to arrange a match between the two of them.

Fiona rarely had any interest with sparring, but Zen piqued her interest. War King Wind also doted heavily on his daughter so of course he arranged the match for her.

Her loss left her feeling quite complicated. Now that she had fought with him, there was that itching feeling within her that wanted to know more about this mysterious young man.

A lot of questions ran in her mind. Who was his master? How was he able to become so strong? Was he really from the Sky Northern Region? How could such a talent like him come from such a small place? These questions ran through her head all the time ever since. She needed to know more about him.

But of course, she could not forget her place. Fiona was a dignified princess of a divine kingdom, and she couldn't just bombard Zen with her questions all at once. She had to be subtle and thus, resigned herself to watching him from a distance.

Zen had swung the little monster hard towards the enchanted barrier. Just as he did, a sharp pain shot through his hands that made him lose his grip on his opponent.

The little monster's two long arms quickly shrank back and returned to their original state. Now that Zen had let go of him, he finally began to use his life vitality and floated onto the air.

Zen scoffed and followed his opponent up in the air, "I thought you wouldn't use your life vitality."

"I underestimated you," the little monster admitted frankly.

There was a slight hint of shame in the little monster's tone. Although he possessed an almost immortal body, Zen's earlier abuse had left him a bit dispirited especially after his blatant display of arrogance at the start of the match.

Still, that did not mean that he was an easy opponent. Zen himself was actually quite amazed at his opponent's resistance to attacks.

The little monster's body was the strongest Zen had ever seen. It was only second to his own.

The cyan dragon had once said that Zen's treasure body was probably unique in this universe, but it was only one of the many wonders that existed in their world. There were so many more unique things in the universe, and the little monster was perhaps another one of them.

The little monster had grown up in an unforgiving forest filled with all sorts of vicious beasts. His savage nature, a product of the environment he had grown up in, always got the best of him. He was arrogant, aggressive, and he was never that serious when facing his opponents.

He was a wild thing but after being groomed by the Nine Furnace Martial House, the little monster began to realize his goal, and that was to kill off all the Soul Sea Realm experts in the Divine Kingdom Continent. Why? So that he could turn it into his own world!

It sounded far-fetched but the little monster believed wholeheartedly in his dream.

Why would War Emperor York train him? So that he could get stronger and then use his talent to help the warriors break through. However, his experience with the Nine Furnace Martial House had effectively sown the seeds of hatred for all martial artists in his heart. There was only room for revenge in the little monster's mind.

Before he was strong enough, however, he knew he had to patiently endure. The reason why he had been unable to break through the Virtual Tribulation Realm

was that he was suppressing his own cultivation.

He knew that once he broke through and entered the Life and Death Realm, he would be able to affect these Soul Sea Realm masters and help them attain a higher level. This was far from what he wanted. There was no way he was helping his enemies get stronger, so he chose to suppress himself in the hopes that he could break through the Virtual Tribulation Realm and instantly reach the Life and Death Realm.

This was the only way he'd stand a chance against the Soul Sea Realm powerhouses.

For the little monster, the requirement he set for himself was to be able to fight someone who was an entire realm higher than him. He was currently at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, but he could face off against a fifth or even sixth-level Life and Death Realm warrior.

Once he broke through, he should be able to attain the third or even fourth level of the Life and Death Realm which would be enough to face off against Soul Sea Realm masters. He wouldn't be able to defeat War Emperor York, but it would be enough for him to escape the Divine Kingdom Continent. It was only once he got strong enough that he would come back for revenge.

However, his plans had come crashing down upon meeting this other "monster." Thad's cultivation level was lower than his, but he was by no means any weaker than him.

He had greatly underestimated his opponent before, but now, the little monster knew that he had to take this fight seriously. He finally activated his life vitality and let it flow throughout his body, concentrating it on his hands.

A speck of golden light sparked in his palm.

Zen couldn't help but frown at this speck of life vitality as it gave off a very strange feeling that he couldn't describe.

It was as if the golden life vitality contained some kind of strange, complex rule.

"No wonder you can't kill him," Lavender said. She was also unable to determine the little monster's origins before, but the sight of the golden life vitality in his palm confirmed something for her. "This guy isn't a monster, but he isn't exactly human either. He is the son of the plane."

Chapter 1118 Natural Talents

"The son of the plane?" Zen was momentarily stunned upon hearing Lavender's words. What did she mean by that?

"The great world that you live in can be seen as a separate plane. It is its own entity. Just as the stars have their own wills, so does this great world," Lavender explained patiently.

The will of a great world was not of a single mind. Rather, it was a mirror reflecting the wills of all living beings. Their lives and desires intertwined, creating an aggregation.

The vast majority of the living beings were the humans, and so the son of the plane took their form, even if not entirely. There were some small details that differed from that of an ordinary human's physique, such as his forked tongue, wolf-like sharp teeth, and pitch-black pupils, accounting for the space meant for other living beings.

Not every great world would have its son. It was born through destruction. Only when irreversible damage had been dealt, it would show its presence to repair the great world.

"If my guess is correct, this little monster should have been born in this great world with the mission to repair the path to the Upper World," Lavender concluded.

Her deductions were correct. The path to the Upper World had been destroyed by the Genuine Dragons, so the Soul Sea Realm masters had no way of ascending. It was because of this that this monster, or the son of the plane, was born.

Despite her understanding of the situation, Lavender knew there was something amiss. "This monster must be this great world's incarnation. However, his character is quite strange," she continued. "There must have been a lot of deviations in the process of his growth." She shook her head as she looked at the creature.

When a great world needed restoration, the son of the plane would appear by chance in the form of a living being. He would be born naturally, like any other creature, and go through the stages of his own lifetime. Only after he had reached adulthood would his mission be revealed to him. Then, he would draw from the plane's power to repair the great world.

Just as Lavender had deduced, the little monster had indeed lived through a long and torturous life. Having been born hideous, he had been abandoned after his birth in the Seven Water Forest.

No beast had touched him. They had instinctively recognized his true identity and raised him as one of their own kind.

But the peace would not last for long. The warriors of the Nine Furnace Martial House entered the Seven Water Forest to cultivate, and in doing so, killed the vicious beasts. Seeing his kind fall down one by one at the hands of humans had awoken an unforgiving wrath in him and his heart had completely turned against the creatures that had once abandoned him.

Lavender only smiled wistfully and said, "Well, this is still a good chance for you. The son of the plane is the embodiment of the will of this plane, and he carries the will of the entire plane. If he uses his own life vitality, he will release the great world's natural talent, which can help you improve your cultivation base. Even the Lucky Light in the Dragon Soar Arena and the Tower of Sin would fall behind to its effect."

The Lucky Light in the Dragon Soar Arena and the Tower of Sin was useful for all races, but the natural talent released by the incarnation of the plane was a fusion of all the natural laws. And since Zen was born in this plane, its potency would be even better.

"Alright. I understand it now," Zen said as his eyes flashed with excitement.

"Focus on prolonging the battle. The longer you fight him, the greater the benefit will be for you," Lavender suggested.

The little monster watched from the side as Lavender quietly instructed Zen. Zen's anticipation did not escape him. Seeing this, he grinned and said, "Since you've forced me to use my life vitality, I'll make sure to pay you back in full with a good fight!"

As soon as he said these words, the monster's life vitality burst forth in a blinding ray of light from his hand. Obscure laws sprung from his life vitality, like an ancient, obsolete language that no one could decipher. His golden life vitality morphed into a long spear — its blades cutting through the air and shooting towards Zen with a sharp whistle.

The spear had extraordinary power, and it would be wise of Zen not to face it directly. With a sudden twist of his body, he turned, effectively dodging the attack.

The spear dashed forward, flying past the enchanted barrier created by a master at the Soul Sea Realm. Zen's eyes widened as he saw the blade puncture the enchanted barrier. Previously, even the Phoenix's Nirvana Flames were unable to even make so much as a scratch, but the golden spear was so powerful that it pierced directly through the barrier.

Astonishment was written all over the face of the Soul Sea Realm master who had created the enchanted barrier. Then, with a quick wave of his hand, the hole that had been made by the spear instantly vanished.

Even the masters at the Soul Sea Realm could not fully comprehend what was happening before them. All they understood was that it was one of the monster's many mysteries. The obscure laws that were contained in his life vitality seemed able to counter all kinds of powers.

It was not so much that the long spear was powerful — it would not have been powerful enough to pierce through the enchanted barrier on its own. However, the laws contained in it directly dissolved the life vitality within the enchanted barrier.

Of course, they did not know that the monster was actually the incarnation of the plane. Even the little monster himself didn't know it. His body contained all the natural talents of this great world, which included all the natural talents of human beings.

In other words, the monster had an almost absolute power over this great world.

The monster was only at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, but he would be able to defeat most Life and Death Realm warriors without difficulty. Only the masters at the Soul Sea Realm would still be able to suppress him.

A Soul Sea Realm master had his own unique domain which followed its own rules. If the rules were powerful enough, it could disrupt and weaken the connection between the great world's will and the monster.

Nonetheless, it was only at present that the Soul Sea Realm masters could control the little monster. Their timing had been fortunate. Once the monster grew stronger and reached the Life and Death Realm, things would be very different.

The little monster looked at the spear approvingly. It had declared his strength very clearly. As of the moment, the monster had not yet awakened to the will of the great world. He was no different from a savage fiend. His anger fueled him, kept alive by the memories of his bloodstained past. He killed off warriors mercilessly, reveling in the way their bodies distorted and their voices rang with agonized screams. It had been his sport — one whose excitement was quickly wearing thin as his prey proved not to be much of a challenge. He had been restless and bored. Then Zen came in the picture like fresh game — his blood pumping with life and energy. He would be a worthy opponent.

The monster licked his lips as he eyed Zen with crazed bloodlust. "Great! Let's continue!"

he shouted, then burst into wild laughter. His golden life vitality poured out from his body like a tidal wave, creating more golden spears which headed straight to Zen's direction. "Now, let's see you dance, shall we?" he bellowed.

Zen dodged the golden spears carefully, and noticed some golden specks of light coming out from them. Deciding to take a risk, he tried to absorb them and, to his surprise, they flowed inside him, in a way that was very much similar to the Lucky Light.

"Lavender is right!" Zen muttered, his excitement increasing. His life vitality began to spin rapidly inside his body.

The effects of the natural talents that leaked out from those golden spears were far more potent than the Lucky Light!

Zen had not moved forward from the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm for a long time. Back at the Tower of Sin, he could have cultivated himself to a top-level war lord, but he had chosen to return to the Central Region as thoughts of Yan plagued in his mind. After that, he had reached the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm in Cloud Hall and had not made any improvement since.

Right now, his heart was pumping wildly, and Zen knew it was not solely from the fight. He had a premonition that he was on the verge of a breakthrough, and with the help of all these natural talents, he knew he could not be far off from stepping into the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

"How does it feel? Not bad, right?" The little monster grinned fiendishly as he stared at Zen. "Do you feel like your mind is clearer? Even your cultivation base is improving quickly. Your sense must be reeling from it," the monster said, then cackled once again.

Zen didn't say anything in response. He continued to quickly manuever himself through the space to avoid the golden spears, and at the same time, absorb the enegy that they released.

The monster knew that the energy he had released increased one's cultivation base. However, since he did not yet know the great world's will, he was ignorant to the fact that these lights were actually the natural talents.

War Emperor York's face darkened as he watched the battle. This was far from the result he had hoped for. His goal, along with Marine's, was to kill Zen by the hands of this monster. But now, the little monster was forced to use his life vitality, and things were beginning to work to Zen's favor.

"This man is absorbing the monster's magical energy!" some Soul Sea Realm masters exclaimed. They were unaware that the golden lights were natural talents, and they had called them magical energy instead.

The little monster's natural talents were not inexhaustible. Once he used too much of that power, his life vitality would become gray and lose the effect it had in increasing one's cultivation base. In order to maintain its use, the Nine Furnace Martial House would secretly kill some geniuses every once in a while and feed their energy to the monster. Only then would his life vitality return to a golden color.

In other words, the monster possessed the ability to devour talents from other warriors and then release them for his own use, allowing others to absorb them as well.

In the beginning, the monster had not intended to use his life vitality, but he was obviously no match to Zen in physical strength. Now, after Zen discovered the little monster's secret, he kept moving around the little monster, absorbing the magical energy from his life vitality. This was something that the War Emperor York had never even conceived possible.

Chapter 1119 Admitting Defeat

The little monster didn't seem too worried about Zen absorbing his natural talent. For him, Zen was not any greedier than the mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm on the stairs!

He had promised Marine to fight the battle, so he was not going to let Zen leave this place alive.

Hundreds of golden spears thrust out and instantly, the enchanted barrier was riddled with holes. The mighty Soul Sea Realm warrior could only repair the enchanted barrier again and again.

This little monster's attacks were indeed aggressive. It looked as if he had firmly entrapped Zen within the enchanted barrier. However, it was merely a way for the little monster to vent his anger as it didn't really cause Zen much trouble.

After a while, when the little monster felt he had done enough, a strange smile appeared on his face. "That's enough. Now it's time to send you to hell!"

Suddenly he moved and came in front of Zen in a flash, closing the distance between them in almost an instant. He was now less than two feet from Zen.

Zen narrowed his eyes and threw a punch towards the little monster. But the little monster raised his hand to block it!

With such a simple gesture from the little monster, Zen's strength had vanished into thin air without a trace!

This time, it was Zen's turn to be shocked!

How was it possible?

Zen had feared that he would get trapped by the little monster's flexible body. After all, he was a tricky creature to deal with. Therefore, he had activated the power of the eight hundred dragon scales when he threw the punch. Although it was not his maximum strength, he had used up about seventy to eighty percent of his strength!

Even a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm couldn't block his attack, yet, this little monster had managed to do it.

It was as if Zen's strike, weighing thousands of pounds, was thrown by a child; it did not move even one hair on the little monster.

Suddenly there was a deafening explosion from a mountain near the West Dragon River.

Boom!

This mountain range, which was over ten thousand feet high, stood beside the West Dragon River. Together with a mountain on the other side of the river, these mountains formed a gorge called Hidden Dragon Gorge, which was also a relatively famous gorge within the Divine Kingdom Continent.

The huge mountain suddenly erupted with a mighty force. Following the explosive sound, the entire mountain range began to crack and collapse from the center. Huge rocks rolled down towards the West Dragon River, and massive waves crashed in the surging river.

The large mountain suddenly collapsed.

"What's going on? There is not a single soul on the West Dragon River, then how did that mountain suddenly collapse?"

"I don't know. I was engrossed in the fight between Thad and the little monster just now. This Thad has innate superhuman strength. His strength is incredible, but this little monster easily countered his attack. It's unbelievable!"

"Is there a connection between these two things?"

The audiences started discussing among themselves. They were getting more and more confused about this battle.

Zen's expression was grave as he quickly withdrew his fist. He gritted his teeth, and his right hand once again accumulated an astonishing power.

This time, he activated all the power of his dragon scales, while the forceful energy within his body erupted at the same time.

All of his power flowed into Zen's fist. If this punch were to land on a powerful master of the Soul Sea Realm, it would kill him instantly!

However, the little monster still didn't dodge. He once again stretched out his palm towards Zen.

Pah!

When Zen's fist landed on the little monster's palm, the little monster's body didn't move at all. At the same time, a deafening sound erupted from another mountain on the West Dragon River.

Boom…

The second mountain collapsed…

The little monster grinned and said to Zen, "Interesting, right?"

"The power of my attack has been transferred, ' noted Zen with a frown.

The little monster chuckled and walked closer to Zen. He wasn't afraid of Zen in the least and his face was filled with arrogance. "To be honest, it's quite boring to watch you guys, who think yourselves extraordinarily gifted, jump around every day…"

With that, the little monster turned his back towards Zen. This time he faced the many warriors who had the divine-level talent and said, "You call yourselves divine-level talents, but it would take you several thousand years to advance to the Soul Sea Realm. How can you call yourselves talents? Your are only a pile of shit! Hahahahaha!" he laughed hysterically.

He continued mocking them, "Just now, this guy called Thad, no, actually Zen, showed his extraordinary skills. How awesome is he! This sort of trash can actually intimidate the talents of your four divine kingdoms. One can only imagine how lame you all are! Hahaha!" The little monster continued to laugh maniacally.

He had offended all the talents of the four divine kingdoms with his rude comments.

However, the little monster didn't care. He didn't belong to any of the four divine kingdoms, nor did he belong to the Nine Furnace Martial House. As for the powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm, he would kill them all in the future!

War Emperor York and several other rulers were also irked. This little monster was very conceited and had a strange personality. If it hadn't been for the fact that they couldn't defeat Zen themselves, they wouldn't have sent him to fight with Zen…

However, none of the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm stepped forward to reprimand the little monster. They were counting on his innate magical energy to break through to higher levels. In the end, they had no choice but to let this mad freak mess around.

'What the hell is going on?' Zen wondered.

After thinking for a moment, Lavender said, "This could also be an ability that the son of the plane possesses. My cultivation level hasn't reached the level of a world lord, so I was unable to command a great world. The world lords in the Upper World have shocking abilities."

When a world lord controlled a great world, he was able to use it to help him bear the brunt of the damage. So when two world lords fought, they wouldn't suffer many injuries but the stars in their respective worlds exploded one by one.

Hence, the battles between world lords were usually destructive. They could easily destroy thousands of stars.

The little monster wasn't a world lord, but, as he was the son of the plane, he was the embodiment of the will of the great world, which was the reason why he had the ability to transfer the blows.

"In other words, this fellow is truly an indestructible presence?" Zen asked with a frown.

"Not really. If you reach the Soul Sea Realm and your own domain is strong enough, then you can trap him within your domain and cut off his connection to the great world. Then he won't be able to do anything about it," Lavender said flatly.

Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes. He still had a long way to go before he could reach the Soul Sea Realm. But the problem was, what should he do now?

The little monster had vented and mocked to his heart's content, but the divine-level talents of the four divine kingdoms all remained silent. No one jumped out to refute or challenge him. He immediately felt bored.

What he really wanted was for these idiots to get enraged by his words and come to fight him. Then he would give them a brutal beating. He had planned to torture them both mentally and physically, but no one was taking the bait. The game had become a little boring now.

The little monster turned to stare at Zen with a mad look in his black eyes. "I forgot that the battle between you and me hasn't finished yet…"

Hearing this, Zen suddenly distanced himself from the little monster.

"Are you scared? It's too late," the little monster said with a menacing smile on his face. "Your talent is indeed much higher than those pigs. So I suppose you must taste better than them!"

With that he suddenly pounced on Zen, revealing his sharp teeth at the same time.

Whoosh!

Zen was crippled with fear.

If this fellow could truly divert his full power, then Zen had no way of defeating him.

With Zen's current strength, he could indeed topple mountains and cut off the rivers with ease. But the great world was so vast. When Zen's power poured into the little monster's body, it would fully get transferred to the great world. And it was impossible for Zen to destroy the entire universe. Even the powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm couldn't achieve that, let alone Zen!

Perhaps the person who took Yan away from the Ethereal Spirit Sect had the ability to achieve that.

Therefore, Zen didn't attack again. He acted on conditioned reflex and retreated swiftly, instantly distancing himself from the little monster.

However, in the limited space in the enchanted barrier, how could Zen deflect the little monster's attack?

Suddenly Turner said, "Zen, our Harlen Divine Kingdom admits defeat!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1120 The Will Of This World

Ever since Zen had begun cultivating, he had never admitted defeat. He had never even thought of giving up despite being in dire straits.

However, Turner, the emperor of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, could not hold it in.

Turner was like Randy. Both were more loyal to friends, unlike the crown prince.

This battle did not involve any huge interests. Victory or defeat was only a matter of fame. It was not like Turner would lose his throne if Zen lost the battle. If that was how it worked, then it was not Zen's turn to represent the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

Even if Zen lost, it wouldn't be a big deal. He had already defeated Logan and Fiona, and had already earned the Harlen Divine Kingdom a lot of honor and pride.

Besides the little monster, who else from the four divine kingdoms would dare to challenge Zen? Those princes and princesses? They might be slightly stronger than Logan, but they were probably not even a match for Fiona. There was no way they could challenge Zen.

As for the little monster, he was a mystery to them. Even after so many years of studying, the masters at the Soul Sea Realm still hadn't solved the mystery of his origins. Judging from the beastly nature, he was definitely not human.

And their guess was probably right. The little monster was not human. He was just the embodiment of the will of this world, and was called the son of this plane. It was equivalent to being a spokesperson of this great world.

After witnessing the battle for a while, Turner was sure that there was no better way for Zen to deal with the little monster. If this went on, the little monster would eat Zen's head. And this was not what Turner wanted to see.

Randy heaved a long sigh of relief after he heard what his father said. Zen's performance had already surpassed his expectations, and his goal had been achieved. Now, he was naturally worried that the little monster would kill Zen. But since his father had stopped the battle, Zen should be safe.

But War Emperor York and Marine wore expressions that did not bode well. Marine said coldly to Turner, "Your Majesty, I'm afraid this does not look good."

Turner looked at the Holy Maiden and asked with a smile, "This is just a friendly competition before we activate the entrance to the Feather Holy Sea. After so many years, it has slowly become a competition to review the strength of the younger generation of our four divine kingdoms. Since it's just a competition, it's perfectly normal for players to admit defeat, right?"

Marine was just a young girl. She was rather naive when compared to Turner. She was at a loss for words at his little speech.

War Emperor York, however, sneered, "Turner, this guy just hurt Logan, the number one warrior among the younger generation in my York Divine Kingdom. Right now, he's competing with another warrior of the York Divine Kingdom. He's no match for the little monster, and yet he wants to leave the arena just like that. Don't you think this is unfair?"

Turner knew that War Emperor York was unwilling to let Zen off the hook. So he smiled and said, "When warriors compete with each other, there will be times when they will fail and get hurt. This is normal. Lucien Liu, I'm sure you understand this."

War Emperor York laughed and said loudly and clearly, "The warriors of my York Divine Kingdom and your Harlen Divine Kingdom are in the midst of a battle. If Thad Luo admits defeat now, I believe he will also have some regret in his heart. To make sure that he doesn't regret anything, let's do this. Each of them can make only one move and the outcome of this battle will decide the winner. What do you think?"

Turner's face darkened with each word that War Emperor York said. 'Lucien Liu has gone too far. I've already announced that the Harlen Divine Kingdom has been defeated, and I have admitted defeat on behalf of Thad Luo. But Lucien Liu still wants to let the two of them fight! What an ass!

It might be just one move, but it could be brilliant on so many counts. After all, the little monster can't be measured based on common sense!'

"I don't—" Turner began.

But War Emperor York interrupted him and said, "Since both sides have no objections, let's begin!"

The little monster leaned on the edge of the enchanted barrier and sneered at Zen, "Did you hear that? One move! I still have one more chance. Ha-ha! One move is enough for me to kill you!"

Zen's face was stoic, but his mind was racing. He had heard the conversation taking place outside the enchanted barrier. Although Turner had admitted defeat on his behalf in plain words, the fact was that Zen was truly unwilling to admit defeat.

The power of the little monster was indeed too great, but it didn't mean that Zen had no way of breaking it. He just hadn't thought of it yet.

Because War Emperor York had interfered, the two of them had to exchange a last blow. But how could he subdue the little monster in one move? This was also a test for Zen.

Most people present were guessing that Zen would definitely rack his brains to think of a way to avoid fighting the little monster. Little had they known that Zen would directly face the little monster instead of running away.

There was a silence between the two for a few seconds during which neither moved. After that, the little monster suddenly said, "Are you ready? Zen Luo! I haven't shown this move to anyone, but this time, I'll let you have a taste of it. You can talk about it to the other ghosts after you die! Ha-ha!"

Amidst his own wild laughter, the little monster suddenly began to exude an astonishing aura.

This aura was not like that of a human's. The little monster seemed to have transformed into a towering mountain. It was like a vast and boundless ocean, an endless plain, or a mysterious and bizarre swamp. No one could exactly tell.

The aura that the little monster was emitting was like that of the entire world.

'This is... He is using the will of the entire world. No, he is the incarnation of the will of the world! He is using his will to suppress me!' Zen thought, his mouth hanging open in shock.

The little monster's originally wretched and ugly temperament seemed to have suddenly undergone a shocking change. In that instant, he represented the world, and this was also a sign that the will of the world was gradually awakening. The more it awakened, the more control the little monster had over the world.

Everyone was stunned, looking on at the little monster, transfixed.

The aura that the little monster was emitting was simply too enormous. Everyone felt themselves minuscule, like they were facing an enormous mountain, and before the majesty of its beauty, they looked and felt like ants.

The problem was that the little monster's aura kept changing. Sometimes it would turn into a towering mountain, and sometimes it would turn into an unfathomable sea. These natural scenes were not something that humans could conquer.

Although War Emperor York had sided with the little monster, this scene had also caused his face to darken. This was proof that the little monster had been suppressing his own strength in front of him and his cultivation level had been suppressed at the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. War Emperor York hadn't expected his strength to have risen to this level. Just what the hell was the little monster?

Even the other masters at the Soul Sea Realm felt uncomfortable. The little monster was too dangerous. Ever since the Nine Furnace Martial House had proposed to raise the little monster to the Soul Sea Realm, many people had objected, afraid that they would be raising a snake in their bosom. This guy was not human at all. If he grew up, it would become difficult to control him.

Now that they had seen the little monster's aura bursting out, many of the masters at the Soul Sea Realm became even more worried. Although they could cultivate themselves with the help of the little monster's talent, what would happen if they couldn't control the little monster?

Boom!

Zen felt a white light flashing in his mind and a multicolored will entering it.

'He intends to use the will of the world to kill me?' Zen thought, shocked.

He did indeed possess a soul close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, but even so, it might not be able to resist the will of the world.

Before Zen could react, the colorful will crashed into Zen's soul ruthlessly.

Under the impact, cracks suddenly appeared on Zen's originally sturdy soul.

'What a strong willpower!' Zen's soul began to retreat.

"Ha-ha! Zen, isn't your soul very powerful? Similar to that of a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm? Even stronger than that of a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm? But how can it counter my attack?" The colorful will turned towards Zen and laughed maniacally. Although this will was the will of the great world, it did not awaken in the end. The little monster was still controlling it.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my [Author's Page]() to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

[From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality]() (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
21

Content

Chapter 1121 The Embracing Souls
Chapter 1122 Soul Nurturing Wood
Chapter 1123 The Wrath Of War Emperor York
Chapter 1124 A Punch (Part One)
Chapter 1125 A Punch (Part Two)
Chapter 1126 Spitting Blood
Chapter 1127 Conformity And Defiance Of Natural Laws
Chapter 1128 A Difficult Question To Answer
Chapter 1129 The Light Column
Chapter 1130 The Blood Sacrifice
Chapter 1131 The Slow Arrows
Chapter 1132 Dragon Arsenic
Chapter 1133 The Magnetic Stone
Chapter 1134 Pushing The Magnetic Stone
Chapter 1135 Saving Fiona
Chapter 1136 Getting Rid Of The Poison
Chapter 1137 Spirit Beast Area
Chapter 1138 Heavenly Thunder Halberd
Chapter 1139 Pickaxes
Chapter 1140 Finding The Life Stones
Chapter 1141 Jealousy
Chapter 1142 Climbing Up
Chapter 1143 Trade
Chapter 1144 Living Off Ores
Chapter 1145 Threat
Chapter 1146 The Soul Core
Chapter 1147 Not Enough
Chapter 1148 Black Star
Chapter 1149 Purple Mineral-devouring Bugs
Chapter 1150 Scavenging Through Garbage
Chapter 1151 Life Crystal
Chapter 1152 To Increase Strength Quickly
Chapter 1153 Lighting Up Scales
Chapter 1154 Purification Fire
Chapter 1155 Black Heart Fire Stone
Chapter 1156 Dispute

Chapter 1157 Are You An Idiot
Chapter 1158 Time To Mine
Chapter 1159 Blood Arrows
Chapter 1160 Failed
Chapter 1161 Crack
Chapter 1162 The Robbery
Chapter 1163 The Master Of The Black Star
Chapter 1164 Unique Law Of Causality
Chapter 1165 The Feud
Chapter 1166 War King's Anger
Chapter 1167 Resign To Fate
Chapter 1168 The Tribulation Flower
Chapter 1169 Life Vitality Started To Solidify
Chapter 1170 Heavenly Tribulation
Chapter 1171 The Thunder Law
Chapter 1172 Control The Thunder Tribulation
Chapter 1173 Metal Tribulation
Chapter 1174 Lotus Flower
Chapter 1175 Bloom
Chapter 1176 Seven Petals

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 1121 The Embracing Souls

Zen did not speak. He knew that he had probably reached his most dangerous moment.

Retreat?

He couldn't possibly have his soul leave his body and give up his shell, right?

And since he couldn't retreat, his only option was to fight head on.

Another silent collision. This time, Zen unleashed the Spiritual Thorn. But the thorn that was formed from his own soul shattered instantly the moment it came in contact with the colorful will.

The will of the world was not something that his current level of soul could resist. Perhaps even a soul at the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm would be unable to suppress the will of the world.

A sense of despair rose in Zen's heart, clawing at his insides.

"Ha-ha! Despair, right? You are still too weak!" the little monster said in Zen's mind.

But at this moment, a roar echoed from the depths of Zen's mind.

ROAR!

Zen realized that was the roar of the cyan dragon.

"Cyan dragon..." Zen's brow creased slightly.

Another roar accompanied the first; the red dragon had also awoken, sending a spine-chilling roar at the same time. They couldn't escape the mysterious furnace, but each of them roared and simultaneously launched an attack against the colorful will.

At this, a deep sense of grief began to take over Zen's heart.

The souls of the cyan dragon and red dragon hadn't been repaired a lot. Before this, they had only swallowed an Owl Beast. If their souls had been at their best, they would probably have had the qualifications to contend with the will of the world. But not when they were in this state.

Roar! Roar!

The two soul attacks swept towards the colorful will, and two more soundless collisions occurred.

Immediately after, on the mysterious furnace, the colors of the cyan dragon's and the red dragon's bodies darkened quite a bit, and the will of the world only flickered once. It wasn't long before an even more gorgeous luster burst out and the little monster's voice sounded again, "Interesting! There's actually a furnace in your body. And what's wrong with these dragons? Aren't dragons super legendary beasts? Why are they so weak? Tsk-tsk!"

Before he had even finished speaking, the will of the world struck Zen yet again.

After this collision, Zen retreated again. He could feel his soul trembling and the number of cracks on the surface of his soul increasing. It felt like it would break apart at any time. And this time, it was truly a matter of life and death for Zen.

He probably wouldn't be able to make it through the next impact, causing despair to spread through him and appear starkly clear all over his face.

"Why don't you beg for mercy? Of course, I won't let you off even if you do beg, but you should act according to your circumstances. Right, Zen?" The little monster barked a sinister laugh.

Zen wasn't about to beg for mercy because he knew it was useless. So how could he compromise with the little monster? The despair on Zen's face was suddenly swept away at the little monster's words. Instead, a proud smile took its place. Even if he died, he would choose to die standing, not kneeling.

"That expression! That expression makes me very unhappy!" the little monster said coldly as he saw the calm stubbornness on Zen's face. He chose to attack him directly.

The will of the world shone brilliantly as it charged towards Zen.

Zen slowly closed his eyes. He knew his soul would probably dissipate in a few seconds.

But at this moment, another soul rammed into the will of the world. This soul's ferocity seemed to be no inferior to the will of the world, forcefully pushing the will of the world away from Zen.

Zen opened his eyes, a tinge of sadness evident in them. "Lavender!"

Lavender's soul had been nourished by the holy tree of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. However, she only had a sliver of her soul left. Even though it had grown stronger with the nourishment, it still wasn't able to resist the colorful will.

Lavender's soul also dimmed, and cracks began to appear on its surface too. But she said to Zen firmly, "You can't die."

"But..." Zen had wanted to say that he truly had no way to resist the will of the world.

Not only him, but that there was no one in the entire world could possibly resist this will. Although the little monster wasn't utilizing the whole of the will of the world, just using this part was more than enough to kill him.

Lavender said in a cold voice, "Josh, right? And now, you're still hiding that thing, unwilling to use it even if your own soul is damaged?"

"Using this thing involves a lot. They already noticed it when we tried to refine Zen's soul last time. If we use it again, I'm afraid..." the cyan dragon replied worriedly.

But Lavender wasn't giving up. "Survival is most important! Trust me, Zen is the most suitable candidate!" she said seriously.

The cyan dragon was from the Genuine Dragon World, and Lavender was from the Demon Night. These two worlds were so far apart that the Genuine Dragons and the Demon Night members were not familiar with each other. However, the cyan dragon and Lavender were both famous figures in the Upper World, and they had heard of each other before.

Right now, their remnant souls lived inside Zen's body, and they were placing all their hopes on him.

At Lavender's words, the cyan dragon went silent for a while, and then replied firmly, "You're right. Since we've already come this far, I should believe in Zen."

At this, the gigantic, mysterious furnace in the depths of Zen's mind suddenly began to spin, causing its lid to slowly start opening.

The black flames within the mysterious furnace appeared simultaneously.

"What...what is this?" The little monster panicked when he saw this.

Just a glance at the black flames frightened the little monster. It was as if the black flames could destroy everything. Even the heavens and earth were no exception!

Although the little monster was rather arrogant, he had grown up in the Seven Water Forest, and his habits were similar to those of wild beasts—he was very sensitive to danger. The moment he saw the mysterious furnace and the black flames, he knew something was not right. Although Zen's soul was so close that he could kill him with just another attack, due to his instinctive fear and caution, the little monster chose to retreat at such a crucial moment.

The colorful will began to retreat rapidly, wanting to break away from Zen's mind.

"You want to escape? Too late," the cyan dragon said with a sigh.

Soon after, a ray of seven-colored light shot out from the mysterious furnace. As the ray of light gently swept across, it sucked the will of the world into it in a flash of light.

Lavender's soul had become very weak, but when she saw this, she gave Zen a broad smile. "After refining the will of the world, you can absorb it. If the absorption goes well, you will inherit the will of the world and become the son of the plane."

As Lavender spoke, Zen's cracked soul floated towards her. He hugged her tightly.

Two broken souls embraced each other in Zen's mind.

Lavender was astonished at Zen's embrace. Her fiery red eyes flashed. Then she pursed her lips and closed her eyes.

The mysterious furnace was still spinning slowly. After all, it was the will of the world. Even if this furnace wanted to completely refine it, it wouldn't be easy.

On the square, everyone was staring blankly at the sky. Zen and the little monster were motionless, as if they were engaged in a soul battle.

"Zen already displayed the strength of his soul. His soul is not weaker than that of a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. But the little monster is really confident. He actually dares to use his soul to suppress Zen."

"But didn't you see the aura the little monster was emitting just now? This guy isn't human at all. I feel that he just represented the entire world. What kind of nonsense did the little monster train in?"

Everyone looked at the sky fearfully as they quietly waited for the outcome of the battle.

Chapter 1122 Soul Nurturing Wood

Five minutes had passed, but Zen and the little monster hadn't budged, standing still and motionlessly like statues.

A soul level confrontation would normally take a split second to finish, rarely stretching for this long. The confusion pulsed in the air, increasing with every second.

The mysterious furnace continued to spin. After a long time, the lid of the mysterious furnace opened once again. The stream of multicolored will left the furnace and floated quietly in Zen's mind, emitting a pure and multicolored light.

"The will of this great world seems to have become extremely pure," Zen said softly as he gazed at the brilliant luster that reflecting off the will.

Previously, the little monster had controlled the will of the great world and had infused into it a trace of evil energy. Something of the little monster's nature had somewhat influenced the will of the great world.

The cyan dragon said, "His soul has already been refined and now, the will of this great world has no owner. You can devour this will, Zen."

The cyan dragon was referring to the little monster. The soul of the little monster had been refined, which meant that the will of this great world had been purified.

Lavender extracted her hands from Zen's and smiled, fatigue tinging her eyes. She then turned to him and said, "Go, Zen!"

Zen did not notice the tiredness on Lavender's face as he nodded and slowly approached the pure will. Zen was some distance away when the pure will began to flee from Zen, as if evading capture.

Although the will of the great world itself hadn't awakened, this will was still able to perceive Zen's actions. It wasn't willing to be devoured by Zen.

But no matter how far it fled, it was still circling in Zen's mind. It couldn't escape Zen's mind if no one was controlling it. So it was technically impossible for it to escape from Zen's hunt.

Zen's soul finally caught up to the will soon after. The moment he touched the will, his soul trembled and a storm of information swept through Zen.

Zen was drowning in a massive illusion and saw a world in front of him.

"Is this the projection of the entire great world?"

Countless mountains and rivers, boundless oceans, and trillions of creatures appeared before Zen's eyes.

Human figures began to appear before Zen, one by one. The number of faces that popped up was astonishing. Among them were ordinary mortals, nature creatures, and even powerful warriors of the Internal Elixir Realm, Virtual Tribulation Realm, and Soul Sea Realm.

"Are these all of the humans in this great world?"

These figures appeared in front of Zen and disappeared almost instantly. Zen had swept across all the humans in the great world in a matter of moments.

"That's Olivia! Olivia from the Purple Heart Sacred Place!"

The scenes flashed too fast and Zen was only able to catch a glimpse of Olivia's figure. After all, although Zen had gone to many places, the number of people he knew in the entire great world was too small.

Soon after came all sorts of fierce beasts from across forests, secret lands, mountains, and seas, including all races of this great world. They spread out before Zen like paintings unfolding before his very eyes, and they disappeared in an instant.

When all the images disappeared, Zen felt as if an enormous amount of memories had embedded themselves in his mind.

"These memories seem to contain information about all living beings from the dawn of time till now. They are the memories of this great world itself," Zen muttered, his heart skipping a beat. 'I wonder if I can access these memories, ' he thought.

Moments later, a smile appeared on Zen's face. He had realized that it was easy for him to access these memories, almost instinctively.

Soon enough, Zen found Letitia.

Letitia was still lying down quietly in the Heavenly Stellar Palace. The scene playing out in the memories was very clear. It felt to Zen that if he reached out a hand, he would be able to touch her.

After he had left for the Divine Kingdom Continent. Zen was most worried about Letitia. Although he had used the life stones to replenish her life force, it was far from enough. Now that he had seen Letitia safe and sound, his face relaxed into a pleasant smile.

Zen sighed, emotional at the realization that the will of the great world had such great use. This way, wouldn't there be no secrets in this great world for Zen?

Zen withdrew from the mass of memories. It was then that he realized that his soul had been completely restored when he had devoured the will of the great world, and the cracks on the surface of his soul had disappeared. Not only was his soul flashing a dark green color, but there was also a colorful shine to it.

'After refining the will of this great world, I have now become the son of the plane, ' Zen thought and looked at Lavender.

His own soul had been restored, but the surface of Lavender's soul was still covered in countless cracks. She looked pale and her eyes were losing their shine.

In the fight against the will of the great world, not only had Zen's soul been severely damaged, but even the souls of Lavender, the cyan dragon, and the red dragon had suffered damage to varying degrees.

When Lavender met Zen's gaze, she smiled faintly at him and said, "Don't worry, I'm fine. I just need some time to recuperate."

Zen shook his head and said seriously, "I will help you recover your soul."

The cyan dragon interjected flatly, "By the time you find a way to recover her soul, it would probably have already vanished into thin air."

Zen's heart dropped at the cyan dragon's words. "What do you mean?" he asked the cyan dragon nervously.

The cyan dragon said, "Although her soul has been baptized by the life energy from the Demon Night, it is still too weak. There's only a trace of it left. Right now her soul is on the verge of breaking apart."

Lavender did not speak.

She knew the state of her soul very well. Through a secret method, she had used the life energy to strengthen her soul a lot. But the brutal truth was that she had only a strand of soul remaining and she almost had no ability to repair herself.

Lavender managed to crack a smile despite her knowledge.

Of course she didn't want to die; to be more precise, she didn't want to perish. Her hatred to the other queen of the Demon Night had not been settled yet, and it was still too early for her to have her soul dissipate.

But she couldn't decide her own fate.

"Is there any way to recover her soul?" Zen asked, a trace of desperation in his voice.

"Yes," the cyan dragon replied.

"What is it?" Zen urged the dragon.

If Lavender's soul perished because of him, he would feel guilty for the rest of his life. As long as there was a sliver of hope, he would go all out to try and save Lavender's soul.

"It's called the Soul Nurturing Wood. You can let her soul inhabit it and the wood would slowly nurture it," the cyan dragon said rather nonchalantly.

Soul Nurturing Wood?

Zen's face hardened as he gritted his teeth. What even was the Soul Nurturing Wood? He had never heard of it and now he was supposed to find it! How?!

"This is a treasure from the Upper World. It's normal that you haven't heard of it," Lavender said. She didn't have much hope of finding the Soul Nurturing Wood in the Lower World and looked dispirited.

The Upper World!

Zen's gaze flickered as he said, "I can enter the Genuine Dragon World to search for it!"

After the Martial Arts Contest ended in Oracle City, the Dragon Soar Arena fell into the hands of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. When the Ethereal Spirit Sect had been destroyed, the Dragon Soar Arena was later occupied by the Heavenly Evil Sect before being taken away by the World Commercial Alliance. In the end, the Dragon Soar Arena had gone back to Oracle City.

Zen didn't think it a problem for him to ascend to the Upper World.

"I'm afraid we won't be able to wait that long. Look at her! She probably won't last beyond one or two days," the cyan dragon said flatly.

One or two days!

Even if Zen gave up exploring the Feather Holy Sea, he still wouldn't be able to return to the Central Region within that time.

Moreover, if Zen gave up exploring the Feather Holy Sea now, he would have to wait for another year to obtain the life stones. But Letitia wouldn't be able to hold on for that long.

At this point, Zen couldn't help but clench his jaw. He became even more anxious. What should he do?

His eyes flashed and he finally noticed the large mass of memories in his mind. Would he be able to find the Soul Nurturing Wood through these memories?

Chapter 1123 The Wrath Of War Emperor York

Light filtered through Zen's eyes and he blinked slightly. He had now merged himself with the will of this great world--so in a sense, the massive amount of memories belonged to him now. However, he couldn't fully digest the numerous memories, and could only observe them.

Searching through memories was an easy task for him. All he had to do was to think about what he wanted to find.

He filtered through them and not long after, he had found the information about the Soul Nurturing Wood.

"There really is one! It's in the Divine Kingdom Continent!" Zen exclaimed. His heart hammered excitedly in his chest.

Thanks to luck and his talent, he had quickly found a Soul Nurturing Wood.

It turned out that the Holy Maiden from the York Divine Kingdom was a Holy Maiden of a secret sect. The secret sect could open a channel called the 'Reverse Spirit Channel, ' which was used by the secret sect in the Upper World to constantly send resources to them.

It was known that the Upper World was extremely rich in resources. They were so rich that the things they considered as trash turned into precious treasures when they reached the Lower World.

As Zen sifted through the memories, he noticed that the many treasures and materials that passed down the Reverse Spirit Channel had mostly been distributed to the four divine kingdoms!

Moreover, three blocks of the Soul Nurturing Wood had been passed down through the Reverse Spirit Channel!

Two of them had been used already. Two souls from two powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm had inhabited two blocks of Soul

Nurturing Wood. After they had entered the Five Aging Processes, the two Soul Sea Realm masters' lifespans would come to an end.

Even such powerful warriors couldn't resist the Five Aging Processes. In the end, they had no choice but to abandon their physical bodies and parasitize their souls in the Soul Nurturing Wood.

Right now, there was still a piece of Soul Nurturing Wood left. However, it was in the hands of War King Wind of the Wind Divine Kingdom.

The Soul Nurturing Wood had similar effect as the Immortal Mist's crystal ball. Back then, the Immortal Mist had parasitized his soul in the crystal ball, so in that way, he was able to keep his soul alive. War King Wind had also lived for more than ten thousand years, so he might have kept the Soul Nurturing Wood for himself. If he would enter the Five Aging Processes one day, he would be able to parasitize his soul inside the Soul Nurturing Wood.

A piece of Soul Nurturing Wood was enough for one soul to survive another thousand years.

Soon enough, Zen withdrew himself from the memories with a determined look. He must obtain this Soul Nurturing Wood at all costs!

At that point, Zen looked at Lavender again. Her face was ghostly pale and she looked drained. The dense cracks on the surface of her soul seemed to get bigger. It looked like she wouldn't be able to live through the day.

"Zen, I… I'm a bit tired," Lavender blinked and whispered. Her usually intimidating crimson eyes were now dim and lifeless.

Zen drifted towards her and gently caressed Lavender's face. "If you're tired, take a good rest. I'll get the Soul Nurturing Wood for you," Zen said softly.

At that same moment on the Sea God Continent, a commotion broke out in the Holy Tree Hall of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

"Our queen, our queen... What happened to her?!"

"The queen's statue is getting dimmer and dimmer. It's on the edge of being extinguished!"

"Could it be that something happened to Zen? Go and call Amber over!"

The extinguishment of a queen's statue was definitely a sign of a huge disaster for the Demon Night.

In fact, it was not only the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place that was in shock. There were thousands of sacred places of the Demon Night across the millions of great worlds, and this phenomenon was felt by all the members of the whole Demon Night. Everyone was rightfully worried.

Meanwhile in the Upper World, the great worlds controlled by the Demon Night closely watched the changes in the queen's statue as well.

The Demon Night race controlled many great worlds in the Upper World, and these great worlds were established with three of them as the core. The core three great worlds represented the three queens of the Demon Night race. They were the Dark Demon World, the Heavenly Fox World, and the Blood Night World.

At that point, a woman in a light blue feathered dress who stood on the star in the center of the Dark Demon World coldly stared at the three queens' statues. Her gaze was fixed in the statue of the Queen of Killings.

"Hahaha, this little bitch is so stubborn and reluctant to admit defeat. It seems that her days are numbered. I've originally planned to send a few people down Reverse Spirit Channel to kill that guy destined to lead the world of chaos. But now, it looks like I don't have to do anything. It has saved me so much effort!"

The owner of the malicious voice turned out to be the queen who was in charge of the punishment in the Demon Night.

Back then, her queen's statue had fought Zen and was eventually defeated. Later her statue was smashed by Lavender. She was also Lavender's greatest enemy.

When she noticed that Lavender's statue was getting dimmer by the minute, she knew that Lavender's soul was on the verge of collapsing.

In fact, during their last confrontation, she had known that Lavender lived in the body of a man, who was greatly destined to lead the world of chaos. At that time, she felt uneasy with the knowledge. As long as Lavender was alive, the Demon Night wouldn't appoint a new Queen of Killings. This fact greatly stressed her out.

But now, the tables had been turned. She was ecstatic when Lavender's statue had dimmed and lost its luster. . .

After a few moments, Zen opened his eyes and was greeted by the inside of the enchanted barrier. He felt a sense of familiarity the moment he saw what was in front of him, even if somehow the entire world had changed drastically.

He felt that everything around him was extremely familiar. With a little bit of thought, he would be able to know every person's faces, names, their past, and even their secrets as long as he wanted.

Aside from humans, he could even trace back the origins of every tree, leaf, or grain of sand.

Of course, Zen wasn't that bored to search for those things.

When he opened his eyes, the little monster still stood there dumbly like a log. Zen strode towards him and gently pushed his forehead, then the small body fell onto the ground with a dull thud.

The mysterious furnace quickly wiped out the little monster's soul. Right now, the little monster was just a walking corpse. No matter how strong his life force was, he wouldn't live for long.

"Wow! Did you see it? The little monster fell!"

When the martial artists saw this, they all went into a frenzied uproar.

"Thad won! Thad really won! The little monster was knocked out!"

"That little monster wanted death. He actually used his soul to attack Thad. Has he become a simpleton?"

"Heavens! If that little monster has become a simpleton, the Nine Furnace Martial House wouldn't let Thad go."

In the eyes of the divine-level talents below, the little monster's life wasn't important. No matter what, they wouldn't have the chance to spar with him and absorb his talent.

Besides, the little monster had always been a hateful creature. Lots of people loathed him, like Fiona. When she saw that Zen had won, her lips cracked into a smile. She had never killed anyone in her life, but this little monster had been a nightmare to her. Even if he died, she wouldn't even bother to feel pity.

Many of the divine-level talents felt good, but the faces of the masters at the Soul Sea Realm looked the opposite...

These powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm still waited anxiously for the little monster to enter the Life and Death Realm. Once the little monster reached the Life and Death Realm, his talent would help those said powerful masters, and help them break through the Soul Sea Realm.

Once a martial practitioner reached the Soul Sea Realm, that would probably be their only goal.

However, Zen had killed the little monster already!

Even Turner, who was quiet throughout the fight, looked mad.

"Zen! You actually dared to kill this little monster's soul. You're courting death!" an angry voice shouted. War Emperor York trembled with rage. He had never been so angry at a young man in his life as the ruler of the York Divine Kingdom.

Many of the divine-level talents' faces suddenly changed when they saw War Emperor York's furious expression. Even Turner and the other powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm watched him apprehensively. It seemed that War Emperor York wanted to challenge Zen!

Turner mentally sighed. He regretted it when he didn't tell Zen not to kill the little monster. Although the little monster was alive in some way, he was still no different from the dead.

However, Turner and the other powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were also very curious. How did Zen kill the soul of the little monster?

They had studied the little monster for so many years, but had never been able to unravel the mystery about him. But, they knew that this little monster was basically an immortal being.

Not only was the little monster's body indestructible, his soul was also quite special. He emitted a strange light all the time. Even the soul of a Soul Sea Realm master at the Fighting Soul Realm couldn't compare to his soul!

Thus, how did Zen kill it?

Chapter 1124 A Punch (Part One)

Feeling lost, Turner stayed silent and didn't dare to argue with War Emperor York. However, his son, Randy couldn't help but step up and speak for Zen, "War Emperor York, damages and injuries can't be avoided when warriors fight with each other in a battle. Why did you blame this on Thad?"

Other warriors couldn't help but be surprised by Randy's statement. Even Zen was astonished too. The fact that Randy had the courage to step up and speak to War Emperor York was already a feat worthy of praise.

"Shut up! How dare you scold me? Who do you think you are? If you dare to talk anymore, I'll immediately kill you!" War Emperor York was infuriated and he immediately shouted at Randy. He was too mad to choose what words would escape his mouth.

Although Randy was highly regarded by Turner, he was just a prince who got a title in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. He was not even the crown prince. And now his father Turner had remained silent, it was not Randy's place to criticize War Emperor York. It seemed foolish to other powerful warriors what Randy did.

However, when War Emperor York roared at Randy, Turner couldn't bear it any longer. After all, Randy was his son. Turner said coldly, "Lucien, what do you mean by that? How could you say that to my son in front of me?"

"What do I mean? You try to guess. Humph!"

War Emperor York did not have the time to waste with Turner. All he wanted was to vent his anger on Zen. They were not worthy of his attention right now.

However, at this time, Zen laughed wildly. "Haha, War Emperor York, you're the ruler of a divine kingdom and the emperor of the many martial artists, but it surprised me that you don't even know the rules! Hmm, why were you so mad if what I only did was defend myself? Just now, that little monster wanted to destroy my soul. If I don't counterattack, do you expect me to sit by and wait for him to destroy my soul just like that? That's absurd.

If I haven't fought back, I might be the one whose soul got destroyed. How was that? That is truly the case of courting death! And in the end, my death would only be something you would think serves me right! Why don't we be frank here this time?

Look at you. You are the dignified and respectable ruler of a divine kingdom but you are so mean to me. You lost the battle and disgraced yourself. You made a laughingstock of yourself!"

The words that tumbled out from Zen's mouth were loud and clear! Everyone around heard those words too, making them think of War Emperor York as a joke.

When War Emperor York saw that Zen wasn't intimidated in the slightest by his aura and was instead reprimanding him in such an arrogant manner, he was so angry that he almost spat out a mouthful of blood! At the top of it, Zen even dared to scold an emperor like him.

When had he, a dignified ruler of a divine kingdom been taught a lesson by a kid at the Virtual Tribulation Realm? Thinking of this made him sick in disgust. What was more, that guy had just defeated his people! How could he not get furious? He couldn't restrain himself anymore. What had happened to this world? For a moment, War Emperor York felt that the world seemed to have changed. And that was because of a young human warrior who dared to mess up with him.

Meanwhile, many divine-level talents nodded their heads at Zen's words. On the one hand, they admired Zen's courage. When facing the enraged War Emperor York, he was so calm and even dared to refute War Emperor York with clear points. On the other hand, they were worried for Zen because War Emperor York was a powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm. And the fact he was a war emperor meant that he was stronger than general powerful masters at Soul Sea Realm. Zen might face death any moment now because he infuriated the emperor.

In front of many powerful warriors, Zen had thoroughly offended War Emperor York and provoked him into making a move. He probably wouldn't be able to escape death in the end.

"Haha... Hahaha! Good, good, pretty good... I've lived for 8000 years, and an eight thousand-year-old man like me had to be educated by a twenty-year-old kid. Zen, you're really not bad, right? You're so brilliant and I really admire your kiddie courage." War Emperor York broke out into an angry laugh. He had now reached his limits. Then, he took a step forward, breaking into the enchanted barrier and arriving before Zen without hesitation.

Their gazes met. Their eyes were full of blazing stare with fuming rage. No one could come between them.

The mighty oppressing force from the soul of War Emperor York came as if hundreds of mountains were crashing down on Zen. It was too powerful that even the spectators were badly affected by that skill.

Previously, Zen had been unafraid of his soul suppression. Now that Zen's soul had fused with the will of the great world, there was not a single trace of fear on his face. That aura did not have any effect on Zen even a tiny bit. However, Zen was mad inside, so he wouldn't restrain himself and let the emperor be victorious.

Zen stood firmly and remained unaffected. But the divine-level talents below had to suffer. It was inevitable because War Emperor York's attack was too powerful to take for their levels.

War Emperor York was furious and he only wanted to take Zen's life, how would he care about the surroundings? He wouldn't waste time for these lowly creatures. Soul pressure gushed out like water. No one could stop him! He was venting his anger!

As a result, the faces of the many divine-level talents all became deathly pale. Many of the weaker martial artists even fell to the ground, rolling their eyes and fainting on the spot. Zen's attention diverted to them, but he didn't ignore War Emperor York's moves.

"Hahaha! Yes, you're right. Damages and injuries can't be avoided when warriors fight with each other. However, an eye for an eye. I will not be put upon. You, Zen, killed my son, and then the little monster. I have to settle accounts with you in the end! I have had enough of your arrogance!"

War Emperor York said coldly yet full of fiery anger.

However, Zen was still calm. He didn't refute War Emperor York's claim about his identity. Whether he admitted it or not, War Emperor York didn't believe that he was Thad. Thus, Zen asked straightforwardly, "How do you want to settle the accounts? Tell me..."

War Emperor York took a deep breath. The little monster was a trump card of War Emperor York. It was also because of this trump card that the York Divine Kingdom took a great advantage in the competitions within the four divine kingdoms. Now that the little monster was gone, his kingdom would suffer greatly.

Firstly, the little monster could practice with the princes and help them cultivate faster. Secondly, once the little monster reached the Life and Death Realm, sooner or later he could help the mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. Everyone eagerly waited for the little monster to grow. But it went in vain all of a sudden because of Zen!

Chapter 1125 A Punch (Part Two)

It was precisely because of these reasons that the other three rulers of the divine kingdoms had given way to War Emperor York on many matters. Even when it came to the distribution of the resources coming down from the Reverse Spirit Channel, the York Divine Kingdom would usually obtain far more amount than the other three! That was how the little monster was so useful to the York Divine Kingdom and its people. Now that the little monster had become a simpleton, he had suffered great losses! It was too big loss that he couldn't simply let Zen escape easily from his wrath.

"How? Why are you even asking a question with an obvious answer? Of course, you have to pay with your life, you foolish man! Now I will give you a chance. If you can take a punch from me, then I'll let you go! Hah, there's no way a mere human kid like you can do that, so prepare to die," he said, feeling insane. A sinister smile appeared on the face of War Emperor York. Right now, he was not in the right mind to take about anything else other than killing Zen.

"Aah!"

Fiona, who was at the top of the stairs, suddenly covered her mouth with astonishment. This scene was too horrible to witness.

Let Zen take a punch from an almighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm? That could not happen. Wasn't that equivalent to killing him? He would probably die at this rate. As Fiona thought of this, a trace of sadness reflected in her charming eyes. She admitted that she couldn't help but get worried about Zen's safety at the moment. She was aware of how powerful War Emperor York was.

Randy closed his eyes and clenched his teeth, looking very miserable at the sight of the scene. Even a lord like him would not dare to take a punch from War Emperor York.

If it was a master at the Life and Death Realm whom Zen had to face, he might have the chance to battle against him. With Zen's powerful body, he might be able to withstand a punch from a Life and Death Realm master. But for some powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm like War Emperor York, the chance for Zen to survive was slim. It was too impossible!

Zen was doomed! And he couldn't escape now.

At the same time, Zen's heart beat faster when he heard the words of War Emperor York. It was true that the strength of a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm was beyond imagination, but Zen had just merged with the will of this great world.

Previously, the little monster was able to easily block Zen's attack. Even Zen had exploited all his strength, the little monster was able to divert his strength to the surrounding mountains! Then, what could War Emperor York do?

After Zen had merged with the will of the great world, he had a sense of familiarity with everything around. It was as if he had established a special connection with this world. If he could use the mountains, rivers, and lakes in the surroundings to block the punch of War Emperor York, then this might be a good solution to this problem. It might save him this way. There was no other way for him to decline this offer because this would cause fewer casualties than going in an all-around fight with the emperor, where he had little chance to win.

After thinking for a while, Zen said calmly, "Okay, I agree. I will take it."

Agree? Did he really say he agreed?

Even War Emperor York was a bit taken aback to hear Zen's answer. Zen had actually agreed just like that? How brave and reckless could this kid be?

At first, War Emperor York had thought that Zen was going to argue with him, struggling to make him spare his life with some smart words. If Zen did that, War Emperor York would totally ignore him. Since they were all fighters, they both should understand the rules of martial artists' world. A mere warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm was trying to reason with War Emperor York, a mighty man of the Soul Sea Realm? There was no space for mercy and empathy! It would be such a big joke!

In the battles among warriors, the law of the jungle often prevailed. The world of martial artists was cruel. If Zen wanted to reason with him, he should at least be more powerful than him! In other words, strength and fists had the say above everything! No more pleading and tug-of-war.

However, Zen hadn't thought of reasoning at all and had agreed just like that. It was foolish for everyone around. War Emperor York smiled instead. "Do you really think you can block my attack?"

With pure sincerity, Zen shook his head and said, "I'm not sure."

"Hahahahahaha!" War Emperor York let out a hysterical laugh. He was guessing Zen's thoughts. Perhaps this kid thought that he could really resist a punch from him. He was simply too naive! How come he encountered a kid like him? As his laughter gradually faded, a cold stare came after. Then War Emperor York lazily said, "Since you're so straightforward, I can really give you a chance. I will only use 80% of my strength in this punch. How about this?"

'Eighty percent of his strength…'

A powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm shook his head in silence. Zen had no chance to survive. This would be his deadly fate.

Only powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm knew how terrifying the power of Soul Sea Realm masters was. After a Soul Sea Realm master formed the Soul Sea in his body and created his own world, the life vitality gathered in his body was as vast as the ocean. If the master condensed the life vitality and threw a punch, the power would be unimaginable. If possible, a warrior would prefer to kill himself than take a punch from a Soul Sea Realm master.

Even if War Emperor York used only 30% of his strength, Zen would still be killed, not to mention 80% of his strength. This was the thought that was shared by the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm present. What they could feel right now was only pity for Zen, and not even the tiniest bit of expectation that he would survive.

Zen's gaze was as calm as water. He nodded his head. He was also uncertain about the outcome, but he did not have a better choice at the moment. However, the will of the great world and his own body, which was a sacred weapon had given Zen some confidence, which was why he agreed so readily. He was relying on them right now.

A cold smile appeared on the face of War Emperor York, thinking that he could finally avenge his son's death and his loss of the little monster now. He had really begun to accumulate his life vitality. But at this moment, another voice suddenly rang out from the stairs, "Wait!"

Gasping their breaths, everyone was intently watching Zen's impending death. However, as a voice interrupted, everyone's attention was diverted to the origin of the voice. The one who spoke was actually the daughter of War King Wind, Fiona.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1126 Spitting Blood

Fiona's interruption made War Emperor York completely out of patience. His face darkened as he turned furiously to War King Wind and spat, "Discipline your daughter!"

But even War King Wind was clueless at what his daughter wanted to do.

Fiona's figure lightly floated towards the enchanted barrier. She landed just at the edge and promptly stretched out her left arm. The bracelet on her arm vibrated before sliding off her.

She lightly hooked her finger on the bracelet and held it out for Zen.

"I will lend this to you,"

she told him.

There was a collective gasp at Fiona's actions. Even Zen himself was caught off-guard.

The bracelet she was offering wasn't just a mere trinket. It was a semi-divine weapon. How could she just lend it to Zen so casually?

"This can greatly enhance your strength!" she said, urging Zen to accept her offer.

A smile appeared on Zen's face when he realized how serious the princess was. "Thank you for your good intentions, but I don't think I'll need it."

Fiona blinked innocently at his words. "What? Why won't you need it?"

This display of tenderness made War Emperor York irate and impatient. "Little girl," he said to Fiona. "This enchanted barrier wasn't made to withstand the power of my fist, so I suggest you stand far away from us, or you'll only end up getting hurt."

Hearing this, War King Wind couldn't idly sit by in the stands. He immediately rushed towards the enchanted barrier and pulled his daughter away from the chaos that was about to ensue within the arena.

War Emperor York was a Soul Sea Realm master, after all, and nobody knew if the enchanted barrier would hold up against his attacks. Those near the enchanted barrier were thrown into a mild panic.

If the enchanted barrier failed, they were dead meat. In an instant, all divine-level talents quickly retreated from the square and put a distance of around ten thousand feet between them and the enchanted barrier.

The Life and Death Realm warriors and Soul Sea Realm warriors, however, remained unbothered. Their strength was enough to withstand a punch from War Emperor York.

War Emperor York turned to Zen. "You brought this upon yourself, you brat. You only have yourself to blame for angering the York Divine Kingdom. Go to hell!"

His fist flashed with purple light as he hurled a punch towards Zen.

In War Emperor York's mind, Zen was already a dead man.

All the warriors present thought the same thing. The power of a Soul Sea Realm master was no joke, and anyone who faced one would be doomed to die.

War Emperor York's strike was the first attack Zen had ever faced from a Soul Sea Realm master.

The punch seemed to have gathered its strength by sucking away the power of the surrounding air. Zen watched closely as his opponent's fist inched closer to his gut.

He roared inwardly, 'Transfer the strength!'

The thought flashed in his mind as he immediately established a connection with the entire West Dragon River just as War Emperor York's attack reached him.

The punch was powerful, but Zen was able to make the connection just in the nick of time.

Bang!

The sound was similar to a muffled explosion as War Emperor York's fist blasted through Zen's body.

"Even if his body is tough, that punch is really powerful! There's no way he would survive."

"I don't think there's even going to be anything left of him. Just how powerful is War Emperor York?"

"Ah, what a pity! He is such a talented young man!"

But the audience spoke too soon and they were not prepared for the scene that awaited them once the dust settled.

"Am I seeing things?" someone mumbled in disbelief. The distance the spectators had retreated to was so far that even a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior had trouble seeing the warriors in the enchanted barrier clearly.

But there was no mistaking it. Zen hadn't been reduced to ashes. In fact, he hadn't even moved from his spot at all.

A few miles away, two mountains along the West Dragon River began to crumble.

Zen was, at the moment, trying to resist eighty percent of War Emperor York's power by funneling it to the entire West Dragon River that now roared violently as a result.

Meanwhile, the mountain ranges surrounding the river all began to erupt ominously with a series of violent sounds, causing smoke and dust to cover the skies and the entire West Dragon River.

More than twenty mountains by the side of the river collapsed simultaneously.

The scene shocked Zen to the core. War Emperor York's punch contained only eighty percent of his strength, but it was enough to crumble twenty strong mountains into dust.

He was simply too powerful!

Good thing Zen had rerouted the force of his attack or else it would've been him who was in trouble.

It was also good that his sacred weapon's physique had been enough to bear the minimum percentage that he hadn't rerouted.

There was a whir and then a roaring gale, throwing everything into chaos.

Everyone was caught in the billowing smoke and sudden dust storm that were the direct result of War Emperor York's attack.

Thankfully, everything calmed down after a couple of lengthy minutes. Both Zen and War Emperor York remained standing within the enchanted barrier.

"I-I'm not seeing things, am I?" One of the divine-level talented spectators had his mouth open at the scene in front of him. "Thad Luo… He's safe and sound?"

"What happened just now? Didn't the mountains by the West Dragon River just collapse? How is he fine? Thad seems to have inherited the little monster's ability!"

"Back then, didn't the little monster also use this skill to transfer Thad's power to the two mountains by the West Dragon River? It seems Zen also has this power now!"

"What's going on? Could it be that Zen has also acquired the little monster's power?"

Nobody could be certain.

It wasn't just the spectators, even the Soul Sea Realm masters were stunned at the current state of things.

What was going on? How did Zen do it? Since when did he figure out how to transfer power?

Did he truly acquire the little monster's ability?

He must have, since he used it just now!

This immediately gave all of them hope.

The little monster's ability had served as the hope of the Soul Sea Realm masters in one day making a breakthrough above the Soul Sea Realm.

However, when Zen turned the little monster into an idiot, all their hopes had been dashed and Turner was unable to stand out to help Zen.

But, with what they saw just now, Zen had inherited the little monster's ability, which meant there was hope for them once again.

War Emperor York, however, thought differently.

He raised his fist, now fully intent to display the full, hundred-percent extent of his power. The little monster had previously been under his control and he benefited a lot from him. However, since it turned out that Zen had inherited the little monster's ability, then the other Soul Sea Realm masters would be the ones to utilize it while War Emperor York would be left in the dust.

He had to kill Zen right here, right now. War Emperor York did not care whether or not Zen inherited the little monster's ability. All he thought about then was Zen's quick death at his hands.

"Lucien Liu! Stop that right now!" Turner shouted.

"Lucien Liu, let's investigate first. What if Thad Luo..."

War King Wind followed.

Unfortunately, War Emperor York's attack was just too fast and his fist was already close to Zen's face.

Zen's expression darkened. "Do you actually think that a hundred percent of your power can take me down? You are going back on your word. How shameless!" he grumbled, forcing all the dragon scales in his body to activate.

With this activation of the dragon scales, Zen's strength wasn't that much weaker than War Emperor York's.

Moreover, he had the skill to transfer any attack dealt to him just like what he did earlier. Meanwhile, the force of Zen's dragon scales and the eruption of his forceful energy and life vitality were to be taken all at once by War Emperor York.

Zen's actions took War Emperor York aback especially now that the power that emanated from the young man was so terrifying.

When Zen's fist landed on him, it felt like taking on the force of an entire mountain. The punch sent War Emperor York flying and he spat out a lot of blood once he landed.

Chapter 1127 Conformity And Defiance Of Natural Laws

The other emperors had originally intended to stop War Emperor York, but none of them expected Zen's counterattack could actually send him flying while bleeding out of his mouth.

In the previous battle, Zen had relied solely on his own strength to wreck Logan's space armor. It was known to everyone that Zen had the strength that was more powerful than that of ordinary martial artists. However, they didn't have it in prospect that his abilities could stretch out even further. His strength was impeccable.

Silence had reigned at the scene once again. How enormous was the difference between a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm and a powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm? It was beyond imagination. A warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm had managed to scathe a powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm. It was quite hard to grasp.

Even the old freaks who had lived for tens of thousands of years had never heard of such a thing.

The higher one's cultivation was, the deeper insight one had regarding laws and strength, but it had made it more difficult for the cultivator to challenge warriors at higher levels.

For a nature creature to challenge a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm, it wasn't such a difficult task for many divine-level talents. If a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm challenged a master at the Life and Death Realm, it was believed to be difficult. But for a master at the Life and Death Realm to challenge a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm, it was something impossible.

However, the mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm present at the scene knew War Emperor York's strength all too well. He had been too careless and even underestimated his opponent's abilities. Because Zen was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he didn't bother activating his life vitality to protect himself, nor had he employed the power of his domain.

If War Emperor York had opened up his domain and used it to his advantage, then Zen couldn't have been able to fight back. That was his biggest mistake.

It was pride most likely. A mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm who activated his domain just to deal with a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm? If such a thing spread out, his reputation could be stained. It was to be considered ludicrous, a sign of weakness!

To add, War Emperor York was sent flying several hundred feet away. His eyes glinted with a strong intent to murder. If that gaze of his could kill, then Zen could've already died a thousand times.

The punch that Zen launched towards him was so strong that he started to bleed. Wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth with one hand, he felt humiliated. It was witnessed by so many people, including the divine-level talents and princes of the York Divine Kingdom.

"Although you're only at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, the strength that you have is enough to become my opponent," War Emperor York coldly said, the previous murderous expression on his face now replaced with a strong sense of fighting spirit.

As he reached the Soul Sea Realm, his warrior spirit had been thoroughly baptized through numerous battles. He knew the ropes of that life, as it was the only life he knew. He had full control of his state of mind and kept it in check at all times. War Emperor York handled his emotions quite well.

At that particular moment, he no longer belittled Zen. After all, no matter how much he looked down on the guy, it was undeniable that he had managed to injure him. Thus, War Emperor York did the honorable thing of acknowledging Zen's strength. Even if he was only at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, War Emperor York regarded him as an important opponent.

"Fighting with a mighty warrior of the Soul Sea Realm can be a precious experience for you. Let me show you my domain!"

War Emperor York said, with a small smile playing on his lips. Then, white threads began to float in the air around him. Those threads began to intertwine with one another, forming small cocoons.

"Cloud Thread Domain!"

A mighty warrior of the Soul Sea Realm could set his own rules within a limited range, but the warrior could never ignore all the earthly and heavenly rules.

Once a warrior reached the Soul Sea Realm, his strength could develop in two different directions. The warrior could make his own rules. The better the warrior could control his domain, the stronger the power of his domain could become. The other choice for the warrior was to follow the heavenly and earthly rules, which meant to comprehend rules at higher levels in both the heavens and earth.

The situation in which one was able to control one's domain according to one's own rules was called "defiance of the natural laws", while the situation in which the warrior grasped the rules at the higher levels in the heavens and earth was called "compliance of the natural laws".

In the Upper World, there were martial artists that defied the laws of nature. They abandoned all the rules of the heavens and earth and focused on arranging their own domains and creating new rules instead. At the same time, they excluded all other rules of the heavens and earth. However, it was extremely difficult for a martial artist to completely do so.

As for the martial artists who chose to follow the laws of nature, they were to give up on developing their domains and wholeheartedly learn to comprehend seven, eight, and even nine layers of the Original Law, but the higher layers of Law Power were usually unfathomable and thus more difficult to comprehend.

Whether it was to defy or follow the laws of nature, they were both approaches for warriors to become more powerful. However, the vast majority of martial artists practiced both at the same time.

Since War Emperor York had finally brought out his domain, it only meant that he was more determined to kill Zen than ever. No matter what

Zen's capabilities were, it would all be useless if he were to be enclosed in War Emperor York's domain.

Zen's face darkened. Although he had merged with the will of the great world, it didn't necessarily mean that he was invincible. The domain of a powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm was enough to cut off his connection with this great world. 'Am I going to die this time?' he thought to himself.

At that very moment, Turner appeared right in front of Zen. He then turned to War Emperor York and said, "Lucien, why are you so eager to kill such a young kid?"

Because Zen had inherited the talent of the little monster, War King Wind and Scott also stepped forward. Unlike Turner, they didn't stand before Zen. Instead, they spoke for Turner.

"Lucien, Thad didn't do anything wrong. Why must you go for the kill?"

"You mentioned earlier that after the little monster broke through, his innate talent could help us break through as well. It is true that the little monster's soul was destroyed by Thad and he now amounts to nothing. But since he has inherited the little monster's talent, isn't Thad our only hope to break through now?"

Thanks to the little monster, the York Divine Kingdom had gained countless benefits over the years. The powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had been impatiently waiting for the little monster to break through to the Life and Death Realm. He was dead for sure, but Zen had somehow managed to obtain his talent.

For War Emperor York, that was an unacceptable circumstance. To the other powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, it didn't matter where the person was from as long as they got the help they needed to break through. Perhaps that Thad was more reliable than the little monster.

What War King Wind and Scott said echoed in the thoughts of the other powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm as they all nodded their heads in what seemed to be an agreement.

The expression on War Emperor York's face changed. He looked at Turner who stood in his way and said, "Those who get in my way shall die!"

Seeing that War Emperor York was persistent and didn't plan on backing down, Turner was enraged. He had always been a yes-man among many of the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm. He was amiable and wasn't one to do something rashly.

Back in the day, Turner had tolerated War Emperor York for countless times. Now that he stood in front of Zen, he had no other intentions but to protect him. It surprised him how War Emperor York still spoke to him so insolently.

"Die? Lucien, should we have a fight just to see who dies first?"

Turner's eyes flickered as he began to give off a powerful aura.

Both Turner and Lucien were on the same level in regard to cultivation. They were all at the peak of the Soul Sea Realm. Due to their confinement to the Lower World, there was no way for them to cross that level. But in terms of power, Turner had lived for more than ten thousand years and was more than five thousand years older than Lucien.

As long as Turner hadn't yet entered the Five Aging Processes, Lucien couldn't just easily defeat him.

"Is this for real? The powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm are going to fight?"

"From the very moment I was born, I have never seen a battle between two mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm. Wouldn't the heavens and the earth be destroyed if all their powers are released for battle?"

"Idiot! If the Harlen Divine Kingdom really does fight against the York Divine Kingdom then it can provoke a war of the divine kingdoms. Everyone will suffer! Maybe one day you'll become nothing but cannon fodder!"

Seeing such a scene, many of the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm wondered if the two powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm would really begin to fight. Were they to run away to avoid getting hurt?

Turner's response got rid of War Emperor York's aggression and arrogance altogether.

It was known that Turner was indeed a good-natured man. He didn't use his own strength to suppress others. However, in terms of strength, he was probably the strongest one among the four rulers present. His abilities were no less than those of the retired Soul Sea Realm masters who lived in seclusion.

With the knowledge of Turner's powerful strength and his firm stand on the matter, Lucien didn't intend on making a move anymore.

Coldly glancing at Lucien, Turner announced, "In that case, the warrior from our Harlen Divine Kingdom has won this battle!"

Lucien glared at Zen. He was extremely displeased about the outcome of their duel. He snorted coldly and walked up to the stairs.

Both War King Wind and Scott also took one last glance at Zen. War King Wind even gave him a kind smile as he returned to the stairs as well.

Chapter 1128 A Difficult Question To Answer

Zen was stunned when he saw the gentle smile on War King Wind's face. What did his smile mean? Why was a dignified war king acting so polite to him? He was a nobody.

Though curious, Zen felt grateful. Turner had protected him time and time again. He bowed to Turner and said, "Thank you, your majesty."

Turner shook his head and said "There's no need for you to thank me. In fact, I should be the one thanking you. On behalf of the people of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, thank you!"

Zen fought in the battle representing Lord Randy and the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

The battle between him and the little monster had ended and Zen had been victorious. From now on no one would ever dare to challenge him again.

Zen was able to neutralize a full-powered strike from a Soul Sea Realm master, which was an extremely powerful move. So now none of the warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm would dare to fight him. If any of them did, they would suffer great humiliation.

Besides, this battle had been an evaluation of the warriors without involving any interest from any of the parties.

Lord Randy suddenly asked with a smile, "Father, since Zen won the battle, what reward will you offer him?"

"A reward? But of course! How could I forget?!" Turner turned to Zen and asked, "I hear you have an urgent need for life stones, am I right? We have a few left in our treasure house. Those..."

Zen interrupted Turner refusing his offer, "Thank you, your majesty, but I don't need the life stones now."

Zen didn't know exactly how many life stones were in the Harlen Divine Kingdom. He had been told that most of the life stones would be used up instantly after they were discovered and because their stock wasn't large, a dozen life stones wouldn't be enough to save Letitia's life.

Zen decided to go looking for more life stones on his own in the Feather Holy Sea.

He was now mostly concerned about Lavender, who had fallen into a deep sleep. Her weak soul was now like a candle in the wind. It could be extinguished at any time so he had to work fast.

He needed to find a piece of Soul Nurturing Wood in order to save her.

"Are you sure, my friend?" Turner was surprised. He knew Zen had been eagerly inquiring about the life stones but now he was rejecting his offer without a second thought. He couldn't figure out why. "Since you don't want the life stones, what can I offer you instead?"

Zen cupped his hands and begged eagerly, "Your majesty, I would like a piece of Soul Nurturing Wood."

"Soul Nurturing Wood?" Turner raised his eyebrows and stared at Zen with a curious look. The Soul Nurturing Wood served as a container for souls. Under normal circumstances it was useless. Why would Zen want it so eagerly?

Turner didn't have any Soul Nurturing Wood but that didn't deviate his curiosity.

He sighed helplessly and said, "Sorry, my friend, but we don't have any Soul Nurturing Wood in our Harlen Divine Kingdom."

Once there was a piece of Soul Nurturing Wood in the Harlen Divine Kingdom, but it was used to store the soul of a Soul Sea Realm master. Turner had no idea where he could find one for Zen.

Zen was expecting this answer from Turner.

He had never asked anyone for a reward before but he needed the Soul Nurturing Wood to help Lavender. He had no other choice but to be honest and say, "I know that there's no Soul Nurturing Wood in the Harlen Divine Kingdom, but..."

Zen stopped. He looked at War King Wind and Fiona. He then turned back to Turner and continued, "As far as I know, there is another piece of Soul Nurturing Wood in the Wind Divine Kingdom."

War King Wind was taken aback by Zen's words.

There was indeed a piece of Soul Nurturing Wood in the Wind Divine Kingdom but it had been given by the secret sect's Reverse Spirit Channel. Most people didn't know about it, including Turner. The Wind Divine Kingdom had not used this piece of Soul Nurturing Wood and it had been kept by War King Wind.

Now he was wondering how did Zen know about this secret.

It was impossible for War King Wind to understand the meaning of the great world's will. Otherwise, the Divine Kingdom Continent wouldn't have been unable to reveal the identity of the little monster.

Zen, who now possessed the will of the great world, was in an omniscient state. He could receive all the information of this great world in an instant if he wanted. There were no longer any secrets that could be kept from Zen.

Turner was even more curious. How could Zen know about something that even he did not know about?

He turned to War King Wind with inquiring eyes and asked, "Wind, is this true? Do you really have a piece of Soul Nurturing Wood?"

War King Wind nodded as he gently swiped his space ring. As he did that, a brown branch appeared in his hand. The branch looked ordinary, as a branch from any tree.

But looking closely at its texture one could feel there was something odd about it. It was as if the branch was pulling one's soul into it.

"Wind..." Turner looked hesitant. War King Wind knew that he wanted him to offer the Soul Nurturing Wood to Zen. The Soul Nurturing Wood had magical effects on nurturing souls. It could only be used after one's body had been destroyed. It wasn't an easy object to find but it was not valuable for most people. War King Wind offered it with one condition, "I can give you my Soul Nurturing Wood, but you have to answer me one question."

Zen would do anything to get this piece of Soul Nurturing Wood. He would pay any price for it, no matter what War King Wind would demand in return.

He never thought War King Wind would ask him for information though.

Zen held many secrets, some he couldn't reveal. Some secrets would make most warriors lose their minds. If he asked a question that Zen couldn't answer honestly, it would be a great problem.

Oblivious to Zen's dilemma, War King Wind asked directly, "How did you know that I have a piece of Soul Nurturing Wood? Who told you that?"

Zen's eyelids twitched with hesitation. This was undoubtedly a hard question to answer.

"Just tell me honestly who told you that. I won't hold anyone accountable. After all, this isn't a big secret. I'm just curious, you know." War King Wind added with a smile.

Zen stared at the Soul Nurturing Wood. He was in a dilemma. He couldn't tell War King Wind that he had inherited the will of this great world.

Locating the Soul Nurturing Wood in the possession of War King Wind had been an easy task for Zen. If he wanted, he could easily figure out how War King Wind had grown to this level, what kind of cultivation technique he learnt, and even what abilities he acquired. Now he could know all kinds of things if he wanted.

This was how amazing his state of omnipotence was.

Zen hesitated for a moment. He was inquiring about the origin of this piece of Soul Nurturing Wood in his mind. He wanted to find out how many people had known about this piece of Soul Nurturing Wood and see if he could come up with a possible excuse.

The result was quite disappointing. After the Soul Nurturing Wood was passed down from the Reverse Spirit Channel, Marine had personally handed it over to War King Wind. Only a few people knew about its existence, including Marine and Fiona.

Zen couldn't possibly lie that Marine was the one who had told him about it. He believed that she would expose his lie immediately.

But what about Fiona?

Zen looked to Fiona. To his surprise she was staring back at him. Fiona was War King Wind's daughter and Zen didn't think she would help him to cover up his lie.

"What's the matter? Is it such a hard question to answer?" War King Wind asked with a smile.

Zen gritted his teeth. He tried to think about something to offer War King Wind to trade for the Soul Nurturing Wood. Anything would be better than revealing his secret.

To his surprise, Fiona suddenly broke the silence and said, "Father, it was me who told him about it."

"What?" War King Wind couldn't believe her words and looked at her with an astonished look. "You told him? When did you do that?"

"Just a few moments ago when Zen asked his king about the Soul Nurturing Wood, I used my life vitality and whispered it into his mind," Fiona said with a graceful and calm smile on her face.

"Is that so?" War King Wind asked as he stared closely at Zen.

This was unexpected but since she offered to help him he wouldn't be so stupid and deny it. He immediately nodded and said, "Yes, your daughter told me that you had a piece of Soul Nurturing Wood."

Even though this excuse was far-fetched, it could work if both of them confirmed it.

However, War King Wind didn't believe Fiona's words at all. He knew his daughter very well and, with just a glance, he could tell that she was lying. He was only curious about Zen's secret, and since his daughter had stepped in, he would not make things more difficult for Zen.

He passed the Soul Nurturing Wood to his daughter. Fiona walked towards Zen and handed the Soul Nurturing Wood to him.

"Thank you!" Zen said with gratitude as he took the Soul Nurturing Wood and his hands trembled with excitement. Now he could help save Lavender's soul.

Fiona blinked and gave Zen a soft smile before she turned around and returned to her father.

War King Wind had witnessed all his daughter's acts and expressions. He raised his head to look at the sky. No one knew what was going on in his mind.

Chapter 1129 The Light Column

After Zen obtained the Soul Nurturing Wood, he quickly returned to the plaza. Even though he tried his best to keep calm, he still could not suppress the excitement on his face.

The numerous Soul Sea Realm masters who saw this were certain that Zen wanted to use the Soul Nurturing Wood to rescue someone's life, but they just had no idea who it was.

As for War Emperor York and Marine, they looked highly displeased. They truly didn't expect that the little monster they had sent out would fail to kill Zen. Aside from that, they were also fuming because Zen had been granted with incredible gifts. How could they cope with such a failure?

Although the cyan dragon confirmed that Lavender's soul could survive for a day or two, it was nothing but a probability and an estimate. That happening had the exact same chance as her soul immediately collapsing after a couple of hours!

Zen hurriedly asked the cyan dragon, "How do you use this Soul Nurturing Wood?"

But the moment he asked that, the shrill voice rang out again, and it said, "The fight is over. Now we will begin the sacrificial ceremony! Open the Feather Holy Sea!"

The moment they heard the voice, all of the divine-level talents turned their gazes towards the platform. The matches that had happened beforehand were only a way to test the strength of the warriors. What was really important was the exploration of the Feather Holy Sea!

Zen was not in the mood to pay attention to the sacrificial ceremony that was going to happen. For him, there was only one thing he needed to do before anything else—placing Lavender in the Soul Nurturing Wood.

If Lavender's soul had not fallen into a deep sleep, she could have entered the Soul Nurturing Wood all by herself. But because it was unconscious, the cyan dragon told Zen that he had to move her soul into the Soul Nurturing Wood instead.

Zen looked around and found a relatively quiet corner in the wide plaza. He sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes before immersing himself in his thoughts.

Inside his mind, he saw Lavender's soul still lying quietly, cracks appearing on its surface.

Zen flew over and hugged her, dragging her out from his mind.

Before he did, however, he turned around to look at the mysterious furnace. The light shining from the cyan dragon and the red dragon on top of it had also dimmed down by quite a bit.

Zen had paid a heavy price for his battle with the little monster, but the rewards he had reaped were great. First of all, after fusing with the world's will, Zen's soul had risen to a new level. More importantly, he could connect his body to the whole world.

With that, the attacks he would suffer could be offloaded to the great world!

Aside from that, there was still a tremendous amount of information that Zen had to fully explore.

Hiss...

According to the method taught to him by the cyan dragon, Zen placed the segment of the Soul Nurturing Wood between his eyebrows.

The moment Zen moved Lavender's soul out of his mind, her soul immediately entered the Soul Nurturing Wood.

Within a short while, Lavender's soul completely disappeared, and the segment of the Soul Nurturing Wood emitted a faint red light. When Zen touched the Soul Nurturing Wood, it felt warm.

'This Soul Nurturing Wood is such a miracle!' he thought, thanking the heavens and letting out a long sigh of relief.

Although Lavender's soul was seriously injured, it would easily recover with the help of this Soul Nurturing Wood. As its name suggested, it had the ability to nurture the soul. Zen truly believed that after a certain period of time, Lavender's soul would make a complete recovery!

But even if Lavender couldn't completely recover, Zen would still have enough time to help her find the elixir that would be able to fully heal her soul.

While Lavender had not been with him for a long time, ever since she had chosen to accompany him, she had helped him survive through countless calamities.

Zen would never forget the kindness she had shown him!

After Zen finished dealing with Lavender's soul, the sacrificial ceremony on the platform had already begun!

Swoosh!

A huge circular light column suddenly appeared on the high platform. Right after it appeared, however, it suddenly shot upwards and into the air.

"Is this the sacrificial ceremony? I wonder what it is for,"

Zen mumbled to himself, saddened as he didn't know much about the Divine Kingdom Continent. However, as soon as he thought of this, he rolled his eyes and tapped his head. He had forgotten that he had the ability to comprehend everything!

An idea flashed through Zen's mind, and he already knew the answer.

The Feather Holy Sea had originally been occupied by the Dragon Lineage Human. Before the Dragon Lineage Human had died, they had killed all of the creatures within their race and made a blood sacrifice.

In the past, the Dragon Lineage Human was also considered as something flourishing for a time. The sacred place of the Dragon Lineage Human was at the late stage of eighth grade, even highly comparable to a ninth-grade power. It was far stronger than the seven great divine kingdoms!

Before they got destroyed, the number of Dragon Lineage Human members had been terrifyingly high.

In fact, a blood sacrifice was a curse!

After living creatures were killed through the ritual, a curse would be born. This would be the source of the malicious aura of the warriors.

However, the Dragon Lineage Human had cleverly used this curse in their favor. They employed this curse after sacrificing all of the creatures in their clan. It meant that every being that stepped into the Feather Holy Sea would be affected by the curse.

And this curse was manifested through a layer of golden light on the surface of the sea!

What the four divine kingdoms needed to do was to temporarily disperse a portion of that golden light. Only then would they be able to smoothly allow warriors to enter the Feather Holy Sea.

As that light column shot up into the sky, all the powerful Soul Sea Realm masters under the steps rose up at the same time. The four rulers of the divine kingdoms occupied the top position, and dozens of other Soul Sea Realm masters below started releasing their life vitality.

The shrill voice once again spoke, "Everyone, let's work together to dispel the curse in the Feather Holy Sea!"

This sharp voice would be heard from time to time, but the identity of the person behind it was still unknown. Ever since the beginning, he had never revealed anything about him, making him extremely mysterious. Under his direction, the huge light column that shot into the sky slowly tilted, and started heading towards the Feather Holy Sea.

Hoo, hoo, hoo...

At that moment, violent winds surged, and the skies changed color.

The various divine-level talents all looked at the scene in front of them, their face determined.

The moment the light column slanted and touched the Feather Holy Sea, it fused with the golden light that was coming from the Feather Holy Sea.

Then, a miraculous scene occurred. The light within the light column seemed to be fighting the golden light on the surface of Feather Holy Sea. The moment the light column entered the sea, the golden light was continuously eroded by the light column.

The originally tranquil Feather Holy Sea suddenly became frantic, like struggling giant monster. Enormous waves started appearing on the golden ocean and it went in all directions, layer by layer!

At the same time, the golden light seemed to have melted and shrank at an incredibly fast speed.

Zen's eyes narrowed. Although he already knew the process of the sacrifice from the memories that flashed before him, he was still incomparably shocked when he saw this scene with his own eyes.

This method couldn't possibly have been thought of by the four divine kingdoms members. Presumably, they had also received help from the humans of the Upper World.

After five minutes, the Feather Holy Sea slowly calmed down and the light column also began to dim.

The surface of the Feather Holy Sea was still suffused with the faint golden light. However, compared to before, the color of the golden light was much, much lighter.

After the light column disappeared, a person was standing there. That person wore a steel gray robe, and both of his eyebrows were snow-white. He did not seem angry, but had a solemn aura. He was a Taoist priest with white eyebrows.

"Alright! The sacrificial ceremony is over. Everyone can get the dragon blood and enter the Feather Holy Sea!"

The Taoist priest exclaimed. He was the person behind the shrill voice!

As Zen looked at the Taoist priest, he seemed to notice him. After he casually glanced at Zen, he ordered the Soul Sea Realm masters of the four great divine kingdoms to give out the dragon blood.

'I can't figure out how strong he is, ' Zen thought. Suddenly, his heart began to race.

Even a Soul Sea Realm master would find it difficult not to let Zen figure out his cultivation level. This time, however, Zen was completely stumped as to what the Taoist priest's cultivation level was!

There was only one possibility. The Taoist priest was definitely not just at the Soul Sea Realm!

"Aren't only the Soul Sea Realm masters and those below this level allowed to exist in the Lower World?" Zen asked the cyan dragon in confusion.

Theoretically, even the Soul Sea Realm masters couldn't be tolerated by the great world. When Life and Death Realm warriors appeared in the world, the Heavenly Law would punish them with the life and death crisis—something that could also be called as the small Heavenly Tribulation.

Right after a warrior had reached the Soul Sea Realm, the Nature Law would bring down the large Heavenly Tribulation.

Chapter 1130 The Blood Sacrifice

Although it was very easy for a warrior to die from a Heavenly Tribulation, many warriors managed to overcome it and had even cultivated further, effectively making themselves stronger.

If even the Heavenly Tribulation was unable to kill a powerful warrior, the world itself would make a way to make sure that the said warrior would be exiled from the world.

Of course, this was what was called "going to the Upper World."

However, it was a pity that there was a problem with this world's path to the Upper World. Even if the world wanted to kick a mighty warrior out of its premises, it wouldn't be able to.

The cyan dragon replied lightly, "Yes. With the resources in the Lower World, a warrior more powerful than Soul Sea Realm masters would not be able to appear in the Lower World."

"But that person's strength surpasses that of Soul Sea Realm warriors," Zen started, slightly hesitating. "How is it possible that he's here?"

"Well, Zen, the answer to that is very simple. He is not a person from this world. I am sure that he came from the Upper World," the cyan dragon explained.

"I see! That explains everything!" Zen said, his face lightening up, his heart even skipping a beat. Without wasting any time, he started searching the memory of the world's will for the origin of this white-browed Taoist priest.

"What?" he suddenly exclaimed, his face contorted due to surprise and frustration. "There's no information on this guy!" It was only then did he discover that the existence of this powerful priest was nowhere to be found in the memory of the world's will.

"That's very normal," the cyan dragon said, his voice soothing to calm Zen down. "While the world's will you got is in a state wherein you can know everything about the world, this priest came to this world through the Reverse Spirit Channel. He is not a life form that was born in this world. Because of that, I am sure that he paid a considerable price to come to this world," he concluded, trying to make Zen understand.

With that, Zen was successfully enlightened on the nature of the powerful being. However, something still wasn't sitting right with him. "But I was able to find the Soul Nurturing Wood. Tell me, why couldn't I find any information on this priest?"

"Well, the Soul Nurturing Wood is a dead item. If you don't believe me, you can check the Dark Nether Cave, Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, and the fairy palace in the Eastern Region. It's impossible to find the information on living things that don't belong to this world."

As he was still unconvinced, Zen did what the cyan dragon said. As he researched through the memory of the world's will, he was able to find out that the things presented to him by the cyan dragon were very correct. He was unable to search the Dark Nether Cave, the Tower of Sin, and the fairy palace in his memory, but he was able to find the celestial tomb.

Even without the cyan dragon's explanation, Zen could already guess the reason why he couldn't search these places. Even though Immortal Mist was also a warrior from the Upper World, he was born in this world and so Zen was able to find his existence in the memory of the world's will.

However, since the fairy palace and the Tower of Sin were both places that originated from another world, Zen was not able to find them.

Zen also tried to look for the young man who took Yan away, but he was also unable to find him either.

Since there was no other way he could find anything useful on the powerful priest, he decided to leave him behind. Just as the priest had ordered, the mighty warriors of the four divine kingdoms began to pass dragon blood around.

Zen saw several Life and Death Realm masters continuously giving out small bottles to many divine-level talents.

Even after dispelling the curse surrounding the Feather Holy Sea, it was still difficult for the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors to enter. The power from the blood sacrifice that remained was enough to make Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors unable to move even an inch, causing them to eventually die helplessly in the Feather Holy Sea. That was why every human warrior had to consume a drop of Genuine Dragon blood before entering.

The Genuine Dragon blood was a great tonic for ordinary warriors. After consuming it, they would be able to enhance their strength as a trace of the Genuine Dragon's power had been contained within their own blood. However, for warriors of this level, this tiny bit of Genuine Dragon's power was extremely insignificant—its main use was to help them resist the power of the blood sacrifice that was abundant in the Feather Holy Sea.

The length of a Genuine Dragon could be thousands of miles, almost comparable to a continent. Their blood, however, wasn't a rare treasure in the Upper World. Otherwise, when Zen entered the Genuine Dragon World, he wouldn't have been given the Genuine Dragon blood.

It wasn't clear how the four divine kingdoms were able to obtain this amount of Genuine Dragon blood. Zen concluded that they had also used the Reverse Spirit Channel in order to obtain it.

After a few minutes, Zen had also been given a drop of the Genuine Dragon blood.

A strange smile appeared on Zen's face as he received his small bottle. The Genuine Dragon blood contained in his body was surely more than all of the drops combined, not to mention that his body also contained Genuine Dragon Blood Essence.

Unlike normal Genuine Dragon blood, Genuine Dragon Blood Essence was something warriors from this world would die for. This was because Genuine Dragon blood could reproduce, while Genuine Dragon Blood Essence couldn't. Even in the Genuine Dragon World, a drop of Genuine Dragon Blood Essence was an extremely rare find.

Some warriors immediately swallowed the Genuine Dragon blood in a single gulp as soon as they received their bottles.

Although the Genuine Dragon blood wasn't of much use to Zen, he still drank it in order to blend in with the others.

After every warrior on the square had taken in their Genuine Dragon blood, they began to disperse. They knew that they were about to set off.

It was just like what Randy said. Warriors who were to explore the Feather Holy Sea would have to form their own teams. Within a few moments, the warriors grabbed a partner or formed a group of three.

At that moment, a voice suddenly rang out. "Thad! I'd like to invite you to join my team! Let's explore the secret land together!"

When Zen turned around, he discovered that the one who spoke was the crown prince of the Wind Divine Kingdom. Now, Zen already knew that the Wind Divine Kingdom was the Lu family's territory and the crown prince was called Horace Lu.

Being invited by a crown prince was considered to be a great honor to the one who was invited.

But then again with the power that Zen had displayed a while ago, who wouldn't want him to join their teams?

Although the four divine kingdoms had explored secret lands for many years now and already had a good understanding of the four secret lands, there were still many unpredictable dangers lurking in where they were headed. Because of that, having a mighty warrior like Zen in one's team would increase the chances of the team surviving unscathed tenfold.

As a response to his invitation, Zen smiled apologetically and said, "I'm sorry, but I've already accepted Lord Randy's invitation."

"Lord Randy? Randy Zhou?" Horace Lu asked as he frowned slightly.

By that time, Randy, Camilla and the others, were already approaching Zen. When they arrived, Randy patted Zen on the shoulder and turned to Horace Lu, saying, "Yes. Zen has already joined my team. Sorry kid, but you're a bit too late!"

Dejection was written all over Horace Lu's face. Actually before he invited Zen, he had already known in his heart that it would be impossible for Zen to agree to him. Although Zen was not a warrior from the Harlen Divine Kingdom, he was representing the Harlen Divine Kingdom in battle. Horace Lu just wanted to try his luck.

"You're awesome, Thad!" Camilla said as she neared Zen. An excited smile was already on her luscious lips.

Before Zen's battles, they had already known that his strength was not to be trifled with because they had sparred with him before. They believed that Zen had displayed at least eighty percent of his strength before them. But after they saw Zen fighting the warriors from the other divine kingdoms, they then realized that they were wrong.

They really didn't imagine that Zen would be that strong. Not only did he crush the strongest talents of the divine kingdoms, he also injured a Soul Sea Realm master—War Emperor York, who was even an elite among the Soul Sea Realm masters.

If they hadn't personally witnessed this scene, they wouldn't have dared to believe it.

With that, the gazes that Camilla and the others shot at Zen had completely changed. Especially Camilla—the only thing in her eyes at that very moment was a fervent worship!

Being able to form a team with Zen was an extremely fortunate thing. With him in tow, they sure would likely reap a great harvest from this trip.

Zen nodded his head. "Alright. When should we set off?"

"We can set off now," Randy said with a smile. "According to the rules, once you win against the warriors from the other three divine kingdoms, the warriors from the winning divine kingdom would be the first ones to enter the Feather Holy Sea. However, that is of no importance to us..."

As they were talking, Bram, the crown prince of Harlen Divine Kingdom, had already led several people flying high into the sky. They followed the West Dragon River upstream, entering the Feather Holy Sea.

"If that's the case, then let's go!" Zen said enthusiastically. The reason why he had joined the Jade Martial House and fought on behalf of Harlen Divine Kingdom was to enter the Feather Holy Sea. Finally, he would be able to step into it.

Soon enough, Zen, Randy, Camilla, and the others were flying into the sky, heading straight for the Feather Holy Sea.

Waves surged towards the shore of the Feather Holy Sea and the faint golden light still contained the power of blood sacrifice. The moment Zen entered the sea, he felt an omnipresent power wrap around him.

'Is this the power of blood sacrifice?' Zen thought as his eyes flashed.

Under the influence of the force of blood sacrifice, Zen's flying speed had greatly slowed. The speed of Randy and Camilla had slowed down even more than his.

As they continued forward, they felt an invisible hand pulling them into the sea.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1131 The Slow Arrows

The scattered warriors all continued to head towards the Feather Holy Sea.

The Feather Holy Sea was like a huge mine for them. After a sacrificial ceremony, the blood sacrifice power would get pushed to a lower level, but this would only last for around five days.

After that, the blood sacrifice power would gush out from the depths of the Feather Holy Sea and cover the sea once again. Then even the Soul Sea Realm masters would find it difficult to take a single step forward.

As the group slowed down, Zen, who was also following Randy, slowed down, and started descending slowly.

However, several figures were shooting at them from the shore. The person in the lead was surrounded by lightning.

Randy glanced back at the figure and said, "That is the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom, Fredric Liu."

In the previous match, Fredric Liu did not fight with anyone.

The royal family wouldn't usually participate in this sort of a battle, but since Fiona had already joined the fight, many princes of the divine kingdoms wanted to challenge and fight Zen.

However, after Zen had fought with the little monster, War Emperor York had personally fought with Zen, but he had vomited blood after being punched by Zen. Seeing this, the crown princes of the divine kingdoms had all given up on this idea.

If Zen was able to harm a Soul Sea Realm master, surely he must be very powerful and remarkable.

However, this did not mean that they accepted defeat. After so many years, countless brilliant talents had appeared in the four great divine kingdoms. Zen's strength might have surpassed them right now, but that did not mean they could not become more powerful than Zen in the future.

Moreover, the crown princes of the divine kingdoms were armed with semi-divine as well as divine weapons. They still looked down upon Zen.

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

Fredric Liu, the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom had led six warriors and advanced rapidly. Although Zen and Randy set off first, they did not pursue speed. So after a while, Fredric Liu overtook them.

Fredric Liu glanced at Zen as he passed him by. He didn't pause even for a moment and continued flying forward.

"Fredric's hidden talent is also extremely powerful. I have not seen him fight for seven or eight years. According to my estimate his strength is not inferior to Fiona's," Randy warned Zen.

But Randy was confident that Zen could defeat Fredric Liu. After all, even the little monster was no match for Zen. Furthermore, he had withstood every single punch of War Emperor York. No matter how terrifying Fredric Liu's talent was, it would be difficult for him to fight Zen.

Zen acknowledged this with a slight nod and continued moving ahead steadily, staying behind Randy.

As they went deeper and deeper into the Feather Holy Sea, the impact of the blood sacrifice power became greater and greater. Everyone's flying altitude also became lower and lower.

This was because everyone had swallowed the blood of the Genuine Dragon, and was able to counteract a small amount of the blood sacrifice power. Otherwise, the vast majority of warriors would have been pulled into the Feather Holy Sea.

After they had traveled for a dozen miles or so, Randy, Camilla and Renzo found it difficult to maintain their altitude, only flying close to the surface of the sea, except Zen.

"We can't maintain the previous speed now. Everyone, come down. If we keep moving like this, we'll be pulled down into the sea," instructed Randy as he stopped and took out a small boat from his space ring. It seemed that the boat was made of a sheet of paper. There were lots of divine textures drawn on it.

The divine texture skill of the four divine kingdoms was passed down from the humans of the Upper World. Zen found that they were familiar, but he was unable to gauge their effects.

Randy adjusted the paper boat and casually threw it into the Feather Holy Sea. The paper boat instantly expanded in the wind and quickly turned from a small piece of paper to a huge ship that was over a hundred feet long.

This large ship was covered in wonderful lights. It was extremely exquisite, as if it was a ship for an immortal.

Seeing Zen's curious gaze, Randy laughed. "This paper boat is a sacred weapon. Although it's a top-grade sacred weapon, it can only be used to carry people. It doesn't have any other function..."

"It must have been passed down from the Upper World, right?" Zen asked.

"Yes, only the weapon refiners of the Upper World are willing to spend their time creating this kind of weapon," Randy explained amicably.

The resources of the Lower World were scarce. So the weapon refiners usually only forged powerful, heavy-duty weapons. They would rarely spend their cultivation methods on auxiliary weapons. This was evident in Fiona's jade bracelet.

Camilla was the first to climb aboard the boat after Randy finished speaking. She had mastered a bit of the Time Law, which made her stronger, but her strength was still a bit inferior to that of Renzo and Barry. She was about to get pulled down by the blood sacrifice power.

After that, Barry and Renzo jumped onto the boat, followed by Randy and Zen. When everyone was settled in, the paper boat sailed forward steadily.

The pull of the blood sacrifice power was much less on Zen than that on other warriors, perhaps it was because of the Genuine Dragon's blood essence. Zen was confident that he could cross the Feather Holy Sea even if he didn't stay on the paper boat.

Other than Zen's group, the other teams brought out all sorts of magic weapons. Some were large ships, some were light boats, and there were even two houses floating above the pale golden sea.

This paper boat was truly worthy of being a top-grade sacred weapon. It cut through the waves at an incomparably fast speed. It continued sailing on high speed for six hours.

The sun gradually set and the sky darkened. A huge island appeared in front of everyone.

Zen glanced at the sky and was about to speak when he realized that he might be able to search his memories for information on this island. He did not say anything and instead began searching his mind.

He had heard Francis describe the four secret lands, and Randy had also told him about the distribution of these lands. But what he saw with his own eyes would be a bit different from what others described.

The Feather Emperor Secret Land, the Mysterious Dream Secret Land, and the Divine Emperor Secret Land were all located on three islands. These memories helped Zen come to the conclusion that the Feather Emperor Secret Land was located on the island in front of him.

The closer the paper boat got to the island in front of them, the greater the pressure of the blood sacrifice power got. Although most of the blood sacrifice power had been offset through the sacrificial ceremony, the remaining power of the blood sacrifice could still cause trouble to the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors.

After a while, the paper boat slowly approached the shore. Randy was the first to jump off the boat.

Camilla, too, jumped onto the shore. However, she was unsteady on her feet and was about to fall.

Just as she was about to fall, Zen arrived and reached out to support her.

"Thank you!" Camilla smiled sweetly. Zen glanced at her indifferently and nodded slightly.

It was extremely difficult for a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior to fly on this island. Randy's life vitality flashed gently in his hand and suddenly shot towards the paper boat. It spun for a moment, then quickly shrunk to become pocket-sized and flew back into Randy's hand.

He looked at the forest on the island trying to orient himself. Then he commanded, "Let's go!"

At the same time, many warriors entered the forest.

Once entering the forest, Randy became extremely cautious. As he moved, he started to count in a low voice.

"Sweet little Randy, what are you counting?" Camilla asked with a puzzled expression.

Randy concentrated on counting, "Three hundred and thirty-six, three hundred and thirty-seven..."

Except for Randy, it was the first time that Zen, Renzo, Camilla, and Barry had explored the Feather Holy Sea. They were all perplexed by Randy's behavior.

"Three hundred and ninety...

Four hundred!"

He suddenly stopped and said to Camilla, "We have entered the Slow Arrow Area."

"Slow Arrow Area?" Camilla was thoroughly confused now.

Randy nodded as he replied, "Yes. That is an extremely slow arrow. Everyone, be careful."

Everyone was still baffled as to what exactly this Slow Arrow Area was.

However, the moment Randy took the lead, a series of sounds erupted. A row of numerous arrows appeared in front of them!

Every single arrow was flashing with a blue light. It was possible that they were highly toxic!

Toxic arrows were very common, but the weird thing about these was that their speed was very slow. They were slower than the walking speed of an ordinary person!

Chapter 1132 Dragon Arsenic

An arrow was usually a symbol of speed. They were projectile weapons designed to be as fast as lightning, but the arrows coming towards them were the exact opposite.

"These arrows seem to be bound by the Time Law. That's why they're so slow!" Camilla observed.

Renzo couldn't help but laugh when he saw the oncoming arrows. "They're even slower than half of my walking speed. How could they ever hit anyone?"

But Randy was quick to dismiss his humor. "Don't underestimate these arrows. They contain Dragon Arsenic. It's a type of poison that can kill even a Soul Sea Realm warrior. Many Life and Death Realm warriors have died because of these arrows."

Renzo scoffed, not really believing what Randy had said. "The poison on these arrows may be powerful, but you can't expect me to believe that a Life and Death Realm warrior has died because of the arrows.

They're so slow that even an old man could easily dodge them. How can they ever kill a Life and Death Realm warrior?"

Randy shook his head at Renzo's dismissal. "These arrows are all defensive measures left behind by the Dragon Lineage Human. I'm just telling you this because it's better to be safe than sorry. You'll see soon enough why we should be on guard."

The seriousness in Randy's voice clearly emphasized the danger of these arrows. Renzo was still skeptical but chose to remain cautious. It was indeed better to be safe than sorry.

The five of them continued on towards the forest with Randy taking the lead.

There weren't a lot of arrows at first, so they could easily ignore them while they went on their way.

The arrows came from the front and everyone just needed to carefully dodge them. It wasn't hard considering that the arrows were incredibly slow.

However, they soon realized the truth in Randy's words when he told them they had to be careful. It wasn't the speed they should've been concerned with, but the rapid increase in volume of the arrows the further they ventured inside the forest.

In the beginning, three to five arrows flew towards them, which were easily avoidable.

However, that number quickly bumped up to twenty, and the arrows now came from all directions.

Sometimes the arrows would line up in a row and completely seal off a path ahead, which meant everyone would have to fly over or crawl their way through the obstacle.

It wasn't extremely back-breaking, but the suppression from the blood sacrifice did make it quite difficult for them to fly. It was good that they were skilled Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors and could still keep their movements agile.

However, Renzo couldn't help but grow impatient at these arrows.

An oncoming arrow approached him and effectively blocked his way. Thinking nothing of it, Renzo got out his dagger and swung at the projectile.

"Renzo! Don't!"

Randy shouted, but it was already too late.

The dagger was a mid-grade sacred weapon, so it was no doubt sharp. However, the blade failed to even cut through the arrow. In fact, as it came slashing down, the arrow merely trembled before speeding up towards Renzo.

Swoosh!

It was as if a switch had been flipped as the arrow suddenly took off and headed for Renzo's chest.

The sudden acceleration stunned Renzo and left him frozen in his spot.

Thankfully, Zen was quick enough to push him away at such a critical moment. The arrow missed him by mere millimeters and simply grazed the front of his chest, leaving a large hole on his shirt.

"Hurry up and help him take off his clothes!"

Randy shouted with urgency.

A streak of blue light appeared where the arrow had grazed Renzo's shirt. It was the deadly Dragon Arsenic that Randy had warned all of them about!

An ordinary poison would only take effect once it had entered the victim's body, but the Dragon Arsenic was different. It was similar to a living creature that ate through anything in order to eliminate its victim; in this case, it was eating through Renzo's shirt.

Renzo immediately panicked and made a frantic move to take off his clothes. His distress stemmed from Randy's words earlier that the poison had claimed the lives of Life and Death Realm warriors.

Zen was more direct. Understanding the urgency of the situation, he used his palm strike and directly shattered Renzo's clothes.

Randy heaved a sigh of relief once the clothes dissipated through the wind, taking the ominous blue light with it.

Meanwhile, Renzo was in a slightly dazed state having just survived a near-death experience.

Randy quickly took out a set of clothes from his space ring and tossed them at Renzo. "Put these on! If it weren't for Zen, you'd already be dead!"

Both Camilla and Barry also breathed a sigh of relief. It was at this moment that they really counted themselves lucky for teaming up with someone as capable as Zen.

"Don't be careless anymore. The deeper we go, the more arrows we'll see. They may be slow but it will still be very difficult to dodge them!" Randy warned once again.

Camilla, Barry, and Renzo all subconsciously stayed close to Zen, feeling a sense of security in his presence.

Zen noticed this but did not mind. His body was immune to most poisons and the only scary thing about these arrows was the Dragon Arsenic on them. In terms of power, it wouldn't really cause much harm to Zen. He could protect his teammates if trouble ever arose.

"Another row of arrows is coming! Everyone, follow me!"

Randy ordered.

The deeper they went, the more arrows there would be. There were so many around them now—around a hundred—that they were enough to make one's hair stand on end.

Fortunately, there was a small gap between the arrows that they could exploit.

Randy led them through the wall of arrows. All of them stood sideways and slowly eased themselves through the gap.

The wall of arrows was no joke. There were numerous arrows in front, behind, and on top of them. Blue light flashed all around them and the thought that they were surrounded by deadly projectiles containing Dragon Arsenic was very disconcerting.

Once they passed through the wall, Randy did not let them rest. "Keep moving!"

As soon as he gave the order, they heard a horrible wail come from somewhere not too far away.

"Ahhh!" a loud scream followed.

"He... He got shot!" a warrior shouted, which cast fear on everyone's face.

Zen immediately turned to look in the direction of the scream. Just a few hundred feet away from them was an empty space where a warrior had collapsed after being hit by an arrow.

The warrior was a divine-level talent from the Star Field Divine Kingdom. The sight wasn't anything short of horrifying. His entire body emitted a blue glow and his skin almost immediately started to fester. The sight of his entire flesh boiling and wriggling as it fell from his bones was something that one would not forget easily.

The group could only look in horror as the warrior's body hissed and fizzled until nothing was left of him.

Randy had warned them that the Dragon Arsenic was an extremely potent poison, but none of them could've ever prepared themselves for such a scene. Even Camilla's face was noticeably paler.

There was apparent fear in their eyes once they realized the gravity of their situation. Their group had witnessed firsthand just how deadly these arrows could be, but they knew they had to push on. All of them had already been aware of the possibility of death the moment they chose to explore the Feather Holy Sea. They just needed to be more careful if they wanted to survive.

"Let's go," Zen said, before turning to Randy. "I'll walk in front this time."

According to convention, Randy should be the one to lead the group, but since it was Zen, he had no problems with the arrangement. The young man had time and again proven himself to be a trustworthy partner.

With Zen in front, the group avoided the wall of arrows fearlessly. However, just as they were about to leave, a few figures suddenly appeared in front of them.

"Fredric!" Randy frowned slightly at the arrival of the team led by the crown prince of York Divine Kingdom. They shouldn't be here. According to his estimates, Fredric's group should've already passed through the Slow Arrow Area since they were at the very front. Did they come back?

"There's no way out!" Fredric declared coldly once he saw them.

"What? What do you mean?"

Randy had come to this island before and knew that this was definitely the right path.

"See for yourself!"

Fredric pointed to the back helplessly.

Chapter 1133 The Magnetic Stone

Behind Fredric, arrows covered the sky and earth, coming straight for all.

A sort of blue light shown on each of the arrows—under the night sky, the scene was beautiful, like thousands of stars shooting across the sky. But everyone was well aware that this beauty stemmed from the most lethal poison.

"What? How do we get past this?"

Renzo's voice trembled.

Before this moment, they had only seen hundreds of sharp arrows lined up on one side—it wasn't too difficult to get through the wall of arrows.

But now, there seemed to be hundreds of thousands of arrows before them. If the previous wall of arrows was an ordinary wall, this one in front of them was like the wall of a grand city.

Randy's eyes flashed in urgency as he called out, "Let's go around the arrows!"

"It's no use." Fredric shook his head before pointing to a beautiful lady beside him. "We've tried it. We've explored the width of this arrow wall and it seems to cover the entire Slow Arrow Area!"

As they carefully discussed countermeasures, they began retreating as far as they could.

As everyone moved back, more and more warriors began to gather, including the crown prince of the Star Field Divine Kingdom, Bram, Gregory, and the others. All of them joined in the retreat.

"How strange! I've never seen so many arrows anytime I passed through the Slow Arrow Area before."

"Is there something bad happening this year?"

"For now, let's focus on avoiding this wave of arrows. We can move on after this disappears!"

With more and more warriors gathered, the entire crowd began calling out.

At this moment, Camilla suggested, "Let's head into the sea and disembark from the other side. Would that be a good idea?"

The minute she finished speaking, everyone looked at her as if she were an idiot, leaving her rather embarrassed as her face flushed red. Randy then broke the silence. "I forgot to tell you all. This is the only path to the Feather Emperor Secret Land. There is no other path for us to take," he explained.

As a result, dozens of teams and hundreds of divine-level talents were forced to retreat completely. After everyone left the Slow Arrow Area, the arrows began to dissipate one after another.

"Again!" Gritting his teeth, Fredric continued to lead his team forward with gusto.

Warriors who entered the Feather Holy Sea were supposed to be the most powerful, heroic, young elites of the divine kingdoms. How could they have been defeated by such a minor setback?

Once again, everyone followed Fredric and stepped into the Slow Arrow Area.

With a frown, Randy said, "Something doesn't feel right. There seems to be some unforeseen event occurring within the Feather Emperor Secret Land!"

"Regardless of what happened, we'll have to enter it eventually," Zen said in a matter-of-fact way.

While others could retreat, Zen could not. Although he could check on Letitia's condition through his memory after he fused with the world's will, he couldn't rest easy until he obtained the life stones.

"Of course!" Randy agreed with a laugh. The man was also someone who refused to give up easily.

With that, Zen and the others stepped back into the Slow Arrow Area.

Though many were cautious, a careless soul fell desperate. As the hundreds of sharp arrows pierced through him, he couldn't avoid the Dragon Arsenic. His body vanished in a moment.

Inwardly, everyone sighed at the thought of the warrior who died from poison. But it didn't stop them from advancing.

Once they had all moved forward to a certain extent, a dense, black mass of sharp arrows appeared in front of them once again.

"Not again..."

Even Fredric felt frustrated.

Many of the royalties of the divine kingdoms looked conflicted—they might not be able to pass through, that day.

It was humiliating—they had explored the Feather Holy Sea once a year until then, but so many of them were unable to pass through the Slow Arrow Area. It was likely that the others outside the sea wouldn't believe them if they lived to tell the story.

Just as everyone was stuck in hesitation, someone exclaimed, "Everyone, follow behind me! I can get through the area."

Hearing this voice, everyone looked over at the source—it was the crown prince of the Wind Divine Kingdom, Callan Huo.

Behind him was Fiona, as well as the other warriors from the Wind Divine Kingdom.

Although Callan Huo was the crown prince of the Wind Divine Kingdom, his reputation was not as well-known as the other three crown princes. Generally, those who held this title were considered the most outstanding warriors among the younger generation.

Callan's talent, however, was incomparable to Fiona's. Rumor had it that Fiona might end up as the first empress in the four divine kingdoms.

But this didn't mean that Callan wasn't outstanding in his own manner. Fiona's brilliance was just great enough to outshine the crown prince of the divine kingdom.

"Callan! What can you do?" With a cold laugh, Fredric asked. From the beginning, he looked down on Callan like a piece of garbage.

But Callan's expression remained calm as he said, "I'll just use something to block the arrows."

"Haha! Callan, what are you going on about? Don't you know that these sharp arrows are made from Meteoric Iron? What can block these arrows?"

The very idea made Fredric sneer.

As royalties of the divine kingdoms, they all, more or less, had some form of secret weapon in their hands. Just as Fiona had a semi-divine weapon, some crown princes had some sort of defensive semi-divine weapons.

However, there wasn't much they could do against the rain of arrows.

In reality, it wasn't as though no one had ever thought of this method before. In order to easily pass through the Slow Arrow Area, someone had brought in a piece of ten-foot-tall heptyl gold, which was usually considered to be a refining treasure. The metal was also ten feet wide—even a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior would need a great deal of effort to break it through.

Even the heptyl gold couldn't block the arrows. The moment they shot at the metal, the Time Law suddenly shifted, making the speed increase by a thousand times. In an instant, countless holes were pierced through the gold, and the warrior had died from the Dragon Arsenic.

When no one believed him, Callan's face turned stubborn—he knew that people looked down on him and that was what he hated most. This pushed him to exclaim, "I can do it!"

At this moment, Fiona spoke up for him as well. "Trust in my brother! He has something that can block the arrows!"

Unlike the royalties of the other divine kingdoms, the ones of the Wind Divine Kingdom didn't have many overt struggles or battles. In turn, Fiona and Callan had a relatively good relationship with each other as siblings.

"Then take it out and let us have a look!"

a prince said. Although he said it gently, his tone was rather taunting. It was clear that they didn't buy Callan's words.

At this moment, Callan lightly tapped on a ring hanging from his chest. Following a flash of light, a huge boulder suddenly appeared before him.

A dark green luster covered the surface of the stone, but it was mixed. Warriors could only sense the power of the Earth Law Power in ordinary stones, but certain special stones contained other Law Power, such as Thunder Energy Stone, containing the Thunder Law Power. Several different kinds of Law Power could be felt from the stone Callan just summoned.

To be exact, there were five kinds of Law Power in the stone—the power of Metal Law, Wood Law, Water Law, Fire Law, and Earth Law.

This kind of stone was not new to Zen. Before the Martial Arts Contest even began, when Zen had taken the pre-qualifying test, the World Commercial Alliance had used the exact same kind of stone—the magnetic stone.

It was said that this stone had been excavated from the Magnetic Sacred Mountain at the bottom of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. Although there was only a small piece of it in the World Commercial Alliance, Callan had taken out such a large piece of it.

Seeing the magnetic stone, everyone was rendered speechless.

Its origin was recognized by all—the problem was that the magnetic stone itself was extremely difficult to extract. Even a Soul Sea Realm master would have to expend a great deal of energy to extract one from the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

In the end, it was useless. Although it had gathered within it the power of the five elements, this power was extremely complex. Warriors couldn't comprehend any Law Power from the stone. The stone itself couldn't be used to refine pills or weapons.

Chapter 1134 Pushing The Magnetic Stone

At this moment, everyone was convinced that Callan did have something to help them pass through the area. The magnetic stone was virtually useless, save for its incredible toughness. Even a mighty Soul Sea Realm warrior wouldn't be able to break it.

The princes were all taken aback by this discovery. Why in the world would Callan carry such a useless and heavy object with him?

Callan sneered at their speechless faces, "Do you believe me now?"

His sister also had a smile on her kind face. "Follow us if you want to pass through the Slow Arrow Area," Fiona said.

Fredric smiled helplessly, "Fine, you win. You already amazed me by carrying such a heavy thing with you."

Callan nodded happily at his words. Using his life vitality, Callan took a deep breath and lifted the magnetic stone. It was as tall as two people combined and it was so heavy that even Callan's sturdy body felt strained carrying it.

Fiona noticed how red her brother's face had gone so she reached out with a hand and let out a turbulent force from her jade bracelet. The little help was all Callan needed to ease the strain and continue on with carrying the magnetic stone.

With the siblings' combined efforts, they were able to carry the magnetic stone and lead the way.

The other warriors closely followed behind with Fiona and Callan at the helm. This could be their only chance to enter the Feather Emperor Secret Land and they were not going to let this opportunity pass.

Randy nudged Zen's side with a smile, "Come on! Let's also follow!"

Zen rolled his eyes but humored the lord with a nod.

A long line formed behind the magnetic stone which acted as a shield against the densely packed wall of arrows that were now on their way to them.

The magnetic stone was impenetrable and impossibly hard but there were still a few whose stomachs lurched at the sight of the approaching arrow wall. If the magnetic stone wasn't able to block the arrows, then they would be in trouble…

"Clank!"

They couldn't really see what was happening beyond their magnetic stone shield but they could hear the clear clinking sound of the first arrow bouncing off it.

More and more sounds rang out.

"Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank!"

It went on for a while until Callan's and Fiona's faces turned scarlet from all the effort of carrying the stone. It was apparent that they wouldn't be able to hold out for much longer.

"These arrows are powerful! Help!" Callan shouted.

The arrows were not flying at their original speed. They were slowed down but only because of the Time Law.

However, the arrows were still at full strength upon hitting the magnetic stone. Even Fiona was finding it difficult to withstand the onslaught despite she had utilized the power of the semi-divine weapon, a jade bracelet on her wrist.

Hearing Callan's cry for help, Zen immediately zoomed past the other warriors and held the magnetic stone with his hands.

His arrival immediately brought relief upon the siblings. It seemed Zen was actually able to withstand ninety percent of the blow as he pushed the stone forward.

"Thank you!" Fiona told Zen with a smile.

"Actually, we should thank the two of you," Zen said. "If not for this magnetic stone, nobody would've even been able to walk through."

Of course, there was a bit of exaggeration in Zen's words. Although it would be difficult to pass through the Slow Arrow Area, those who had cultivated the Space Law wouldn't have any problems. Zen, for example, could simply avoid the arrows by travelling through space.

However, not many warriors had comprehended Space Law and those who did would find it difficult to abandon their companions. The exploration of the Feather Holy Sea was a team effort after all. Therefore, the magnetic stone proved itself to be incredibly helpful in their passage through the area.

With Zen joining Fiona and Callan at the helm, the warriors all resumed their passage.

Just as everyone had thought the worst was over, a voice suddenly shouted, "Ah! There are arrows coming from the left! The left!"

Everyone's eyes whipped towards their left and, true enough, a barrage of arrows were on their way to rain down upon them.

"There are a lot from the right as well!"

another warrior screamed.

The situation was now grim and everyone felt panic surge through their veins.

"Damn!" Randy cursed. "Why is it so difficult to enter the Feather Emperor Secret Land?"

The arrows now flanked them left, right, and center. There was nowhere to run from an attack of this magnitude.

Even Zen wouldn't be able to pass through this obstacle unscathed.

The only one that could probably get through this unharmed would probably be Logan who had mastered the third level of Space Law. He could use his ability to travel through the void and avoid the arrows but that would mean leaving behind his teammates.

Zen frowned at their predicament. "Follow me!"

he shouted, crossing his palms and slamming them heavily onto the magnetic stone.

"Bam!"

With a dull thud, the magnetic stone shot forward. The force allowed Zen to push the magnetic stone fifty to sixty feet forward.

Zen used the full extent of his dragon scales when he unleashed that strike on the magnetic stone. There were just too many arrows and he could only push the magnetic stone that far.

Thinking quickly, the rest of the divine-level talents immediately mobilized in order to pass through the Slow Arrow Area before the arrows closed in on them. They were actually racing against the arrows.

"Whoosh! Whoosh..."

The magnetic stone that had been pushed by Zen opened up a path that the divine-level talents could utilize for their passage.

Not wasting any time, Zen quickly rushed towards the magnetic stone and slapped his palms on it once again. The momentum boosted the distance that the magnetic stone covered, launching it around sixty to seventy feet forward.

"We can make it! If we're fast enough we can pass through!"

"Quickly! Hurry up and follow me!"

"Don't push me!"

Everyone followed closely behind the magnetic stone since it was the only safe space against the flying arrows.

"Let me help you, Thad!" a prince from a divine kingdom said. He rushed forward and, like what Zen did, smashed his palms against the magnetic stone.

The prince was from the Star Field Divine Kingdom who possessed innate supernatural strength. He was a divine-level talent and was probably the strongest out of everyone in the younger generation.

It was only right that he presented his skills in such dire times of need.

Bang!

However, despite all his supposed credentials, the magnetic stone moved only less than a foot away from him…

The sight rendered everybody speechless. Just now, Zen had managed to push the magnetic stone for several dozen feet but the supposed strongest prince could only make it move a few inches away from him. Was Zen a monster?

How could this be? The prince was someone who could easily overpower all of them in hand-to-hand combat. His strength was truly nothing to be taken lightly.

But that scene with the magnetic stone just now… wasn't it a bit too ridiculous?

There were also a few who wanted to help Zen push the magnetic stone. They knew they wouldn't be as strong as Zen but they figured they could at least push it around thirty to forty feet forward.

However, everyone had a change of heart once they saw the Star Field Divine Kingdom prince's lackluster attempt. There was nothing they could do but merely follow behind those warriors who were stronger than them.

'This guy's strength is amazing. No wonder he could injure a Soul Sea Realm warrior, ' they all thought.

At the moment, however, Zen could care less about what they thought. There was a crisis to be addressed and he continuously pushed the stone forward, keeping their party safe from the arrows.

"Coming! They are coming!"

someone screamed out. The arrows were quickly closing in on them and they had to move fast.

"Hurry up!"

"There are so many people! We can't move forward!"

Despite Zen's display of monstrous strength, he was only one man and his efforts were still not enough.

The warriors could not allow themselves to die there. Many of them constantly dodged the arrows through various leaps, rolls, and somersaults. In such a critical moment, no one had time to care about their manners. Everyone moved wildly in their desperation to survive.

However, the arrows were relentless and there were still those who got hit.

"Ahh…"

The miserable screams began to ring throughout the vicinity as the arrows embedded themselves into the warriors' bodies, rotting their flesh rapidly.

"We're almost there! Hold on!" Fiona's face was flushed red and she was sweating. It was so much for her first time joining the Feather Holy Sea exploration. At first, she had been so happy when her father finally let her join. His overprotective nature had always gotten in the way of her pursuit of adventure.

But now, after seeing the scene in front of her, she understood why her father had been so adamant with keeping her out of the exploration. The Feather Holy Sea was indeed filled with dangers.

Just as she had shouted these words, four arrows came flying towards her from both sides. There was almost no room to dodge.

Chapter 1135 Saving Fiona

The arrows were fast, sharp and extremely dangerous considering that both stick and head contained the deadly Dragon Arsenic. One hit was all it would take to kill an ordinary martial artist.

It was lucky that this group of warriors consisted of divine-level talents who knew how to dodge and possessed varied, unique skills to keep themselves alive. Despite having been surrounded by arrows on all sides, only a few perished under the attack.

However, Fiona had not been so lucky given that she had been forced into a corner with nowhere left to run.

Fiona was the princess of the Wind Divine Kingdom and her status was even higher than that of any ordinary crown prince. Any warrior would normally be happy to come to her aid since rescuing someone like her meant gaining favor from the Wind Divine Kingdom.

However, the situation at that moment was dire. No one dared to risk their lives against the onslaught of the Dragon Arsenic arrows. Aside from containing deadly poison, these arrows were not ordinary projectile weapons. Instead of stopping or slowing down once they hit something, the arrows would greatly increase their speed to kill their targets faster.

"Fiona!" Callan shouted in desperation once he realized Fiona's position. The two of them enjoyed a relatively safe spot at the front of the line earlier but now, Fiona had found herself in an extremely dangerous situation with arrows cornering her in all directions.

Fiona herself felt hopeless. Her eyes darted around, trying to find a way to get through this predicament.

Thinking fast, her jade bracelet vibrated violently and a mysterious wave of Law Power emanated from her. Maybe she could use the Time Law to stop the arrows!

But it didn't. These arrows had already been infused with Time Law that was even stronger than Fiona's. Even after using her powers, the arrows still continued their approach without changing a beat in their speed.

When two warriors used Time Law at the same time, the stronger law would completely overpower the weaker one which was what happened with Fiona. Instead of stopping the arrows, the effect of her Time Law was redirected to the warriors around her instead, slowing down their speed.

Realizing what had happened, Fiona quickly withdrew the Time Law in panic. She nearly killed the warriors near her when she unintentionally slowed down their movements so it was understandable that some of them had let out a few curses directed at her.

Fiona was now left with no more options. Time Law did not work so she did not dare use any other martial skills on the arrows. She could only look on in despair as her doom slowly approached in the form of Dragon Arsenic arrows.

'Am I not strong enough? Father was right. I am still not qualified to travel alone given my current strength. I just didn't think I'd die the first time I explored the secret land, ' she thought to herself sadly.

Fiona was someone who had never experienced the cruelty of the real world. She had been sheltered and thus grew up with the naive understanding that everything was bright and beautiful. Now, however, she finally realized just how dark and unforgiving life could be for the uninitiated.

Before she left, her father had offered her a vest. This vest was a divine weapon that had the capability of blocking these sharp arrows that were now on their way to her. However, she rejected his offer thinking that he doted on her too much which inhibited her growth. She now regretted not taking that vest with her.

The arrows glowed with a faint, blue light that made her think of the gleam of Death's scythe. As the arrows inched towards her, Fiona couldn't help but regret her childishness. She should've listened to her father, but now, it was too late.

At that moment, Zen had given up on pushing the magnetic stone. Without missing a beat, he crossed over space and rushed towards Fiona.

'What is he doing back here? Does he want to save me?' she wondered to herself. Four arrows from both left and right trapped her in a corner with no way of breaking out. What was Zen planning to do in turning back for her? There was no way he could save her unless he was willing to perish by blocking the arrows himself with his body.

"Thad! What are you doing? Just go back and push the stone! Are you trying to kill all of us?"

"You idiot! We're so close! What are you doing?!"

"If you don't push the magnetic stone, all of us are going to die!"

For the other warriors, Zen was the only silver lining that remained in this situation. Following behind Zen as he pushed the magnetic stone with all his strength meant passing through the area and living for another day.

They were only several hundred feet away from safety but Zen suddenly stopped pushing and actually left the magnetic stone behind. Was he going to see everyone die?

Although the other warriors were driven into panic and despair upon his departure, Randy, Camilla, and Renzo remained silent. They were also anxious and had no idea why Zen turned back but they knew they could trust him.

Zen rolled his eyes. These people were truly demanding. In truth, Zen did not care about the lives of others but Fiona had left a good impression on him. She was kind and was even willing to lend her the semi-divine bracelet she had during his battle with War Emperor York. He felt grateful to her in some way and he couldn't just leave her behind to die.

It was clear to Zen that Fiona had done it out of kindness and nothing more. She was a nice girl and he had to save her.

By the time he arrived at her side, the four arrows were already only a few inches away from her.

"What the hell are you doing?!" she screeched when she saw Zen reach out his hands towards the arrows. These arrows contained Dragon Arsenic and had instantly killed so many divine-level talents just a few moments ago. What was he thinking just grabbing them like that in midair?

Everyone also thought of the same thing upon seeing Zen's actions. They knew he wanted to save Fiona but they didn't think he'd do it by grabbing the poisoned arrows with his bare hands!

Was he courting death?

Zen grabbed the tips of the two sharp arrows on the right as if they were mere apples from a bright, sunny orchard and not extremely poisonous projectile weapons designed to kill instantly.

However, there was a reason for his actions. Due to the influence of the Time Law, any casual contact on the arrows would cause them to increase their speed which effectively raised the possibility of piercing through Fiona's body.

The moment he held the tips, a tremendous force immediately burst forth from the arrows.

The force was enough to push him forward but, by holding onto the tips, Zen was able to take advantage of the momentum. Instead of being hit by the arrows, Fiona's body came into contact with the back of Zen's hand which was enough to push her out of danger's way.

At the same time, the two sharp arrows pierced through Zen's hands but immediately flew away and vanished without a trace.

Zen's hands were comparable to a sacred weapon but the arrows were so strong that they were able to pierce through them. One could imagine how formidable the power contained within these arrows in the Slow Arrow Area...

Fiona could only stare at Zen in a daze. Yes, she was now safe but her savior was now doomed!

Blood flowed heavily from Zen's hands while the blue Dragon Arsenic spread rapidly through his bloodstream. In a matter of seconds, the poison had made its way from his wrists to the other parts of his body.

"Stop daydreaming! That guy's now dead for sure! We have to push the stone ourselves!"

"Thad can't help us now! Let's all push the stone quickly! Everyone, be careful! Don't touch him or you'll be poisoned too!"

The other warriors knew they couldn't rely on Zen's monstrous strength now, not when he was doomed to die by the poison. They now had to push the magnetic stone themselves, otherwise, they would all die.

Five to six figures rushed forward and began to violently bombard the magnetic stone with their combined strength.

The combined efforts of these several divine-level talents had some effect but their strength could only move the magnetic stone a foot at most - significantly less than the distance Zen had managed by pushing it on his own.

While the others were busy trying to push the stone, Callan, Fiona, Randy, and Camilla remained with their gazes fixed at Zen.

'The poison has spread throughout his body but… why is his body not corroding?' Both Fiona and Callan asked the same question inside their heads at the same time.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1136 Getting Rid Of The Poison

Randy and Camilla were also quite shocked. Although they had every confidence in Zen and knew that he would be able to deal with everything fittingly, they still couldn't figure out how he was able to resist the Dragon Arsenic.

Perhaps the Soul Sea Realm masters could block the arrows which flew at such a slow speed, but at the same time, they were also unwilling to be tainted with the Dragon Arsenic. Other than being a secret poison produced by the Dragon Lineage Human, it was also lethally potent. Until now, there were no antidotes or formulas found in the four great divine kingdoms.

How did he make it?

But at this moment, a sudden scream reverberated in the air. From the sound of it, it was not far from where they were. Soon surprise engulfed them as they realized that there were more and more arrows coming from both sides, so it was getting harder and harder to dodge!

Taking in the chaotic sight, Zen didn't have time to explain anything to them, so he decided to urge everyone to rush out of the Slow Arrow Area first.

"Get out of the way!"

he roared. His body was tainted with the Dragon Arsenic, and yet he was still sprinting forward, which startled everyone.

Visibly, the poison continuously spread over his body. By then, he looked like a blue-colored sculpture. Who would dare touch him?

The people in front of him all moved aside immediately, making way for him to rush through as they heard him roar some commands.

"Look at the Dragon Arsenic spreading in his body! Could it be that the poison affected him already?"

"Damn it. It's as though he's gone insane. This guy is really crazy!"

"At the very least, he is willing to go all out like this, push the rock and sacrifice his life for everyone else..."

Those divine-level talents speculated among themselves as they keenly observed Zen. The Dragon Arsenic was lethal, so why was he still alive and kicking? Nothing gave them an inkling as they guessed that perhaps he might have a secret skill to extend his life for a short time. Once his breath dissipated, he had to die.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Oblivious to Zen, several warriors who were working together with him in pushing the magnetic stone were wary of him. They cautiously dodged him as he continued hitting the magnetic stone.

At Zen's full strength, the magnetic stone inched forward until it finally gave way with a loud thud!

A row of black walls which adorned the edge of the Slow Arrow Area appeared for everyone to see. Within these walls, there were round holes arranged according to the rules. And from these holes, arrows kept shooting out non-stop.

Soon they realized that there were already three walls in the Slow Arrow Area seeming to cage them in as arrows continued to assault towards them from the front, left and right sides. Only the direction where all they moved in did not have such a wall. "Bang!

Bang! Boom!"

At this point, Zen quickly kicked the magnetic stone with such an impact that it was sent flying up to the sky. Then it spiraled down crashing into the wall, superbly blocking some round holes.

"Go up!"

Zen shouted as he leaped up, then stepping on top of the magnetic stone and jumping onto the top of the wall.

The warriors did not hesitate to do the same thing as he did. They stepped on the magnetic stone and eagerly stood on the wall as well. However, they still maintained a certain distance from Zen. After all, the blue Dragon Arsenic on his body was too frightening.

A while after, all warriors successfully escaped the Slow Arrow Area unscathed. Callan walked up to Zen without prejudice and simply said, "Thank you for saving my sister!"

Zen smiled faintly and replied, "You're welcome."

On the other hand, Fiona blinked her eyes as she stared at the Dragon Arsenic, which was on Zen's body. She asked, "Thad, you... Are you okay?"

She felt extremely grateful towards Zen for risking his life to save her. However, she absolutely could not accept the fact that he might die because of her.

Still, with a faint smile, he replied immediately, "The Dragon Arsenic is indeed very strange. It can actually spread ceaselessly. But this poison might not be able to kill me!"

By this time, Randy, Camilla, and the others also had walked over. They too were worried, but relief washed over them when they heard Zen's words. They felt more at ease, realizing that after so long, he still looked like he was fine.

Zen looked down at his blue hands and frowned slightly. He uttered, "However, I have to expel the Dragon Arsenic, before keeping on going ahead along with you!"

"It's alright, Thad. We'll wait for you," Randy spoke, smiling faintly.

Before Callan got a chance to speak, Fiona also expressed, "Then we'll wait for you too!"

"Let's go!" Fredric glanced at Zen askew, but there was not the slightest trace of gratitude in his eyes.

Except for Callan's and Randy's teams, the rest of the warriors who had just passed through the Slow Arrow Area didn't stop. Even though it was Zen who painstakingly saved all of them, they all believed that he should do it. After all, if he didn't do that, he would also die in the end.

Sitting on this wall, they could still see countless arrows crisscrossing each other as they flew slowly. These flying arrows all occupied their own orbits, but they didn't collide with each other. It had to be said that the Dragon Lineage Human had put a lot of energy and time into arranging such a Slow Arrow Area.

Zen was musing over about how strange the Dragon Arsenic was. It only spread along the surface of his body and did not even enter the deepest recesses of his body. Seeing a perfect spot, he carefully sat down. All he had to do was to remove the poison flowing around the surface of his skin.

With great caution, he slowly extracted his life vitality from his belly, and he let it move along his arms. Then he expertly controlled his life vitality in an attempt to fuse it with the poison.

The Dragon Arsenic started emitting smoke the moment his life vitality and poison fused. Even the smoke was blue in color!

"Be careful. Get away from me!"

Zen reminded others, being surprised and shocked.

Fiona, Callan, Randy, and the rest watched Zen getting rid of the poison with much caution. Seeing the blue smoke, they all knew that it was toxic and fatal. They all abruptly took their leave and kept a distance of fifty or sixty feet away from him. As for Renzo, he moved along the wall and stayed exaggeratedly over a hundred feet away.

Seeing what Renzo did, Camilla burst out laughing and teasingly remarked, "There's no need for you to run so far!"

Renzo's face turned red, and he chuckled for a short while before he walked back.

Indeed, the Dragon Arsenic was powerful. It could even corrode the life vitality. The blue poisonous smoke was inevitably emitted by this poison after corroding the life vitality.

However, when the Dragon Arsenic gnawed away the life vitality, a portion of it was triumphantly neutralized by Zen. Seeing this, he kept on drawing out his life vitality, causing blue smoke to rise from his surface incessantly.

Over thirty seconds later, when about a third of the life vitality in Zen's body had been used up, the Dragon Arsenic on his body had finally disappeared. And now, his skin color had returned to normal.

But before he could drag his body up, someone handed him a peach-like stone. Looking at it intently, Zen was a little stunned, and soon he quickly realized that it was a supreme life vitality crystal. The sculpting technique applied to it was also extremely remarkable. The life vitality crystal looked like a vivid peach-like stone even though its color was different from that of the peach.

Then he heard Fiona whisper, "You've consumed a great deal of your life vitality. You must replenish it!"

Taking a supreme life vitality crystal was a common thing. It was not something out of the ordinary. With Zen's current worth, a supreme life vitality crystal was nothing special for him, let alone these princes and princesses of the divine kingdoms.

But he was just surprised that the shape of this supreme life vitality crystal was extremely exquisite after being sculpted.

After watching closely Zen's strange expression as he received the peach-like life vitality crystal, Fiona smiled and continued, "It was carved by me when I had nothing to do. Not bad, right?"

"Crack!"

Zen gently crushed the life vitality crystal and began to absorb the pure life vitality within it. He then nodded and agreed, "Not bad. Not bad indeed..."

The warriors of the Divine Kingdom Continent normally led easier and more comfortable lives compared to those in the Central Region. However, the warriors of the Central Region all lived more leisurely than those who dwelled in the Sea God Continent.

Consequently, warriors from both the Sea God Continent and the Central Region did not get to spend time on their hobbies. They only focused on their cultivation all the time.

"Alright, let's continue to move forward!" Randy uttered at this moment.

Now that Callan, Fiona, and their team members stayed behind, Randy was well aware that they intended to form a new team. They all considered and took Zen as their leader. Fiona might look naive, but her strength might be more powerful than his. Thus in his eyes, it was also a good thing to form a new team.

"After we pass by the Slow Arrow Area, we will now be heading to the Spirit Beast Area. However, because of the blood sacrifice, all the spirit beasts there have been killed," Randy spoke.

The blood sacrifice of the Dragon Lineage Human pertained to the sacrifice of the life of the entire clan. In theory, there were no living beings left in the four great secret lands.

"Doesn't that mean there's no more danger?" a divine-level talent, who followed Callan, curiously probed.

Randy just let out a small smile and replied, "What do you think?"

Chapter 1137 Spirit Beast Area

Everyone needed to have a good understanding of the situation in the Feather Holy Sea before they entered it. The divine-level talent had just asked a stupid question by naively thinking that there would be no dangers in the next area.

All four divine kingdoms had been exploring the Feather Holy Sea for many years, but they still hadn't completely understood it. The biggest hindrance was the many dangers in it.

However, compared to the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, the Feather Emperor Secret Land, Mysterious Dream Secret Land and Divine Emperor Secret Land were much easier to explore. Thus, every year the four divine kingdoms explored Feather Holy Sea. They would leave the other three secret lands for their younger generation to explore.

The powerful masters at Soul Sea Realm and Life and Death Realm wouldn't sit idle once the Feather Holy Sea was opened. They would find a way to enter the most troublesome and most dangerous secret land—the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land!

Randy said, "The Dragon Lineage Human once used the blood sacrifice to spread the curse, and many of the spirit beasts that were reared in this Spirit Beast Area also suffered the same fate. However, the ghosts of these spirit beasts were still floating in the middle of the area, so everyone must be more careful when entering the Spirit Beast Area."

Actually, he had already sensed that something was amiss in the Slow Arrow Area. Based on this, he had estimated that the Spirit Beast Area would be more dangerous than before. Even if he was wrong, there was no harm in being extra cautious.

Everyone nodded and continued to advance forward.

The Slow Arrow Area was in the chaotic jungle, while the Spirit Beast Area was in a pitch-black grassland. The weeds in the soil were constantly squirming like bugs.

"Everyone, try to walk at a brisk pace. Don't stop!" commanded Randy as he looked at the wriggling weeds.

"Why?" It seemed Renzo hadn't learned his lesson. He stepped into the grassland before fully understanding Randy's instructions. The moment he stepped on the grass, the weeds started to wriggle violently, knotting together and forming an obstacle. The weeds were trying to trip Renzo.

"Is this what Lord Randy is referring to?" Renzo said with a look of disdain. These small weeds actually wanted to trip him — a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm? Warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm were capable of splitting mountains. These were merely some weeds; he ignored them as they were insignificant to him…

Renzo stomped on the knots, smashing them to pieces.

However he never expected the weeds to be so tenacious. The thin roots coiled around his legs and tripped him!

Renzo smiled rather sheepishly. He had indeed underestimated these weeds. But he still believed that they could not do any real harm to him.

However, just as he was about to get up, the weeds around his fingers wriggled hard and formed many knots that tied his arms to the ground. In the blink of an eye, the weeds had covered his entire body. When seen from a distance it would impossible to find him. Only a small mound was visible. No matter how much he struggled, Renzo was unable to break free from these grassy restraints.

Randy's figure flashed and a golden red knife appeared in his hand. He moved swiftly through the grassland to get to Renzo. He lightly pressed the sharp knife's edge down and brushed it across Renzo's body.

"Whoosh…"

The weeds on Renzo's body snapped into two and he took the opportunity to leap up. Then he brushed the dirt off his body. Now he looked at the weeds fearfully.

There were many other ways to deal with these weeds. For instance, a martial artist who practiced the Fire Law could activate his life vitality and burn them. Unfortunately, Renzo, Barry and the several others had practiced auxiliary cultivation methods. They were unable to deal with these unremarkable weeds.

Randy said flatly, "These weeds are called Black Thread Grass, and they are extremely tough! It's not hard to deal with them, however, if we meet the ghosts, we might be in big trouble. Therefore, everyone should try to walk as lightly as possible and not stumble over these things!"

With that not-so-gentle reminder by Randy, everyone began moving cautiously through the turf.

There were only a few bare trees on this vast black grassland so one could see far and wide. They gradually left the gloomy Slow Arrow Area behind. They had been chasing the other warriors for a while when they suddenly saw lightning flash and heard the rumble of thunder not too far away.

"Crack! Boom!"

Randy's eyes flickered and he commanded, "Let's follow up!"

Zen followed him closely. His eyes were as calm as water when he looked at the violent bolts of lightning.

When they walked over to take a look, they discovered that the divine-level talents hadn't gone far. At least half of them had stayed there. However, these remaining warriors were standing in a circle and it seemed they had surrounded something…

"This thing is afraid of lightning! All of the martial artists who cultivate the Thunder Law attack it together. Let's kill it!"

"Strike harder! It won't be able to hold on for very long!"

"What luck! We found a Ghost Beast just as we entered!"

As Zen slowly approached the scene, he was able to see more clearly what lay ahead by the light of the lightning.

It turned out that in the center of the circle was a human-shaped ghost. Its arms were stretched out and its movements were extremely slow. It was making strange sounds from its large mouth.

It was unable to seize a single martial artist around it as it was moving too slow. Those martial artists who were proficient in the Thunder Law kept striking it with the power of Thunder Law.

Fiona's eyes flashed in anger and she yelled, "Can you stop attacking it?"

Fredric had accumulated the life vitality in his body, and so a violent purple lightning burst out from his body and shot towards the ghost with a bang. Ghosts feared lightning the most, because it could ward off all evil spirits. As the lighting hit it, the ghost trembled vehemently.

When Fredric heard Fiona's words, he glanced at her and asked, "Princess Fiona, why did you ask us to stop?"

"This…this ghost looks so vulnerable and weak," she replied.

"Hahahaha..."

"Princess Fiona has such a tender heart! She is so adorable!"

"If I could marry such a woman and make her my imperial concubine, that would be great!"

The warriors burst out laughing at Fiona's words. There weren't any seniors to supervise them here, so the young men indulged in brash jokes.

It was during her battle with Zen that many divine-level talents got to know her personality. She seemed to be full of sympathy for everything. It was fine to have sympathy for humans but to feel sorry for the ghost? That was unacceptable.

The martial artists laughed uproariously as they continued to attack the ghost with thunder. Purple, blue and white colored bolts of thunder struck the ghost's body one after another.

They could obtain many Ghost Beads from the body of the Ghost Beast. The Ghost Bead could strengthen the soul and was highly valued even in the Divine Kingdom Continent. How could they give up merely because Fiona asked them to stop?

"Crack, crack…" The lightning boomed loudly, producing deafening sounds!

Seeing this, Renzo looked at Randy gloomily. "This Spirit Beast Area isn't as terrifying as you made it sound," he remarked.

They had suffered a lot in the Slow Arrow Area and almost lost their lives, so when they entered the Spirit Beast Area, everyone's hearts tightened as they recalled Randy's words. But now this ghost, who was being bullied by the martial artists, was completely at a disadvantage, and seemed to be incapable of fighting back.

Randy smiled helplessly. "The last time we passed through the Slow Arrow Area, it was very easy and smooth, but we had encountered a lot of trouble in the Spirit Beast Area. This time, however, it's the opposite!" he explained.

Seeing that Fiona was still very unhappy about the ghost being bullied like that, Callan said, "Fiona, you can't stop them. Let's proceed!"

While Callan was urging Fiona to leave, Renzo, Barry and the several others were reluctant to go, especially Barry, who practiced a particular kind of spirit-related cultivation technique. The Ghost Beads would benefit him a lot. So for a moment, he was in two minds.

Suddenly the cyan dragon's panicked voice rang in Zen's mind.

Although the soul of the cyan dragon was a bit dim, he hadn't fallen into deep sleep like Lavender's soul. The cyan dragon said, "Zen! Run! Leave the Spirit Beast Area quickly!"

Chapter 1138 Heavenly Thunder Halberd

The cyan dragon's warning brought puzzlement to Zen's face. He asked warily, "What's wrong? What happened?"

"The language that the Ghost Beast spoke belongs to the dragon race," the cyan dragon explained hurriedly.

"The language of the Genuine Dragon?" Zen knew that the Genuine Dragon race had their own language. But when he had entered the Genuine Dragon World last time, he hadn't found it difficult to communicate with the Dragon Lineage Human. So it hadn't occurred to him that the Genuine Dragon race could have a language that was unique to them.

"That's right. The Ghost Beast is summoning other beasts from the Spirit Beast Area. If you don't leave now, I'm afraid you won't be able to leave later!" The cyan dragon warned.

When the cyan dragon had finished speaking, Zen turned to find that the Ghost Beast was being struck by lightning over and over again. His face hardened with determination as he said to Randy and the others, "Let's go! Everyone, let's leave this place! Quick!"

Randy became curious when he heard Zen urging them to leave. Zen hadn't been in a hurry just moments ago. So why had he suddenly become so anxious?

"Hurry up and leave! That Ghost Beast is summoning other Ghost Beasts," Zen urged.

Randy was still apprehensive but when he saw the seriousness etched across Zen's face, he didn't ask any more questions and made to leave. But just as he was about to leave with the rest, he turned around and saw Bram, the crown prince of the Harlan Divine Kingdom.

Bram had led Gregory, Edwin and the other members of his group to gather around the Ghost Beast. It looked like they also wanted to get some Ghost Beads from the Ghost Beast.

Although there was a huge conflict between Randy and Bram, in the end, they were half-brothers, and both were wary of that fact. This made Randy say a few words to Bram through his life vitality.

Bram glanced at Randy in surprise and frowned, but he still seemed to believe what Randy was saying. He then made to leave along with his group.

But just as Bram and his men turned to leave, he heard the Ghost Beast let out a deafening roar that reverberated across the sky.

"It's dying! Everyone, come on!" Fredric shouted excitedly.

"No matter how many Ghost Beads we get, all those who have attacked the beast can share them equally!"

"You mean they can be divided equally among us? Are you dreaming? The one who is most powerful obviously gets more Ghost Beads!"

But the expected didn't happen. The lightning didn't kill the Ghost Beast. Instead, it fell to the ground after a series of roars. At the same time, the weeds within a radius of several hundred feet suddenly began to grow at a crazy rate.

Crack!

No one was able to fly because of the blood sacrifice. They could only keep running around the Ghost Beast. Within three seconds, the weeds had grown to a height of ten feet, enveloping all the warriors who were within a radius of a hundred feet.

The layers of weeds firmly fettered them.

"AAH!"

"Get out of here quickly!"

Every warrior was struggling desperately against the weeds and it was not easy for them to break free.

The Ghost Beast walked slowly towards a warrior who was surrounded by tens of thousands of weeds. The warrior was unable to break free in the short time it took for the beast to walk up. He could only watch helplessly as the Ghost Beast slowly raised its palm and hit his body hard.

The Ghost Beast moved slowly, but was astounding strong. With just a slash of its palm, the beast had split the warrior into two and then walked towards the next warrior.

Bram had left, his men following him, and had avoided the growing weeds. It was all thanks to Randy's warning but Randy himself was now trapped in the weeds.

"Bang!"

The warriors who were trapped within the weeds wouldn't sit still and simply wait for their deaths. Some warriors who were skilled in the Fire Law suddenly released raging flames from their bodies and began to burn the damned weeds.

"Don't burn them! It's scalding me to death!"

"How can we get out of here if we don't burn them?"

"The Ghost Beast is coming towards me. Help!"

There was complete chaos in the weeds because everyone wanted to break free. Some powerful warriors and those with powerful weapons had escaped. But most warriors were still trapped in the weeds because they couldn't defend themselves or escape in time.

As they struggled, the sudden mournful screams rent the air. The sky was filled with a black mass, a group of Ghost Beasts that flew towards them.

The trapped warriors were now in genuine despair, hope draining away from them bit by bit.

"Stop looking. Let's run away right now!" When Zen left, he patted Fiona on the shoulder. She had previously been worried about the Ghost Beast, but now, she was worried about the safety of those warriors.

But now was not the time to worry about others. The number of Ghost Beasts in the black mass hovering above could be close to tens of thousands. Anyone caught by them would surely end up dead.

The group of warriors swiftly left that place.

But Zen had traveled hardly six or seven miles when he heard a loud vibrating sound emanating from behind him.

BOOM!

Zen turned just in time to see incomparably thick thunder and lightning shooting towards the sky.

The force of the explosion caused the grass in the entire Spirit Beast Area to tremble and the Ghost Beasts that were circling in the air disappeared in an instant.

'The thunder and lightning!' Zen's heart thundered against his chest as he saw that dazzling light.

When Randy saw the thick thunder and lightning, a smile appeared on his face. He then said softly, "That is Fredric's doing."

"Is he really that powerful?" Zen asked. The power of the thunder and lightning was probably on par with the full power of a Soul Sea Realm master.

Randy shook his head and chuckled. "He is the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom. Of course he is very remarkably powerful!"

The headquarters of the secret sect was built within the York Divine Kingdom, a kingdom that was home to Marine. The York Divine Kingdom was able to stand out among the four divine kingdoms mainly because of the secret sect.

The York Divine Kingdom had the right to be the first to select the resources passed down from the Reverse Spirit Channel. As the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom, Fredric naturally had all sorts of good weapons and treasures.

Randy continued, "If I'm not mistaken, he has used up the Heavenly Thunder Halberd just now, which can only be used once and is ranked as a semi-divine weapon."

Zen was surprised to learn this information about the weapon. No wonder it possessed such power!

But if Fredric hadn't used this weapon, he would have become a corpse. The members of the royal families did indeed have a lot of good things. Callan, Fiona, and Randy might also have other weapons that could save their lives when in danger.

The thunder and lightning had eliminated most of the Ghost Beasts in the Spirit Beast Area, causing everyone to heave a collective sigh of relief.

Everyone maintained a certain speed as they advanced through the grass of the Spirit Beast Area. Fiona piped up, "Can we enter the secret land after passing through the Spirit Beast Area?"

Randy nodded and said, "Theoretically speaking, yes. After we pass through the Spirit Beast Area, we will arrive at the center of the island. We can find the entrance to the Feather Emperor Secret Land there."

They did not encounter any trouble in the later part of their journey and passed through the Spirit Beast Area easily. Soon after, a magnificent sight welcomed everyone's eyes.

Lines formed from all sorts of jades and lights outlined a world that looked like paradise. Every pavilion glowed colorfully. Usually, if a place was rich in color, it would look vulgar, at least to a certain extent. But this? This wielded a power that made everyone feel comfortable as they gazed at the perfect color matching.

"It's so beautiful!" Fiona was the first to rush in as she took in this scene. Her eyes flickered with emotion. Their journey had caused everyone to tense up, but beholding this beautiful scene caused them to relax.

Zen slowly walked up and carefully observed the buildings in front of him. The buildings of the Dragon Lineage Human were quite exquisite, and the materials used to build them were mixed with luminous sand of various colors.

The luminous sand absorbed the sunlight during the day and could reflect different kinds of lights at night. The sand still looked dazzling even after thousands of years.

"Here is the entrance." It was not the first time that Randy had been to this place. He was already used to the scenery. He gestured to everyone and led them to the entrance of the Feather Emperor Secret Land.

Chapter 1139 Pickaxes

The civilization that the Dragon Lineage Human had built within the Feather Holy Sea was marvelous and had caught the eye of every single person. Everyone who was walking along the road would admire the buildings whose style was completely different from that of the human race, and in awe of their magnificent style and beauty. Several exclaims were heard every now and then.

"If only I could stay here forever!" Camilla let out a deep sigh.

"Stay here forever?" Renzo laughed and taunted. "So that the power of the blood sacrifice can squash you to death? What a choice!"

There was a strong influence of the blood sacrifice on this place and only the Dragon Lineage Humans were able to survive inside. Rumor had it that some of the Dragon Lineage Humans were still living inside the Feather Holy Sea.

Unlike the procession, Zen completely ignored these sights as he followed closely behind Randy. During this trip, he had to find life stones as many as possible. This was his main goal as he entered the Feather Holy Sea.

Under the leadership of Randy, everyone progressed and suddenly, they saw a pyramid appear in front of them.

The pyramid was very unique in terms of structure. From its base to its very top, every single one of its layers had numerous narrow doors about the width and height of a person. It was densely packed with these kinds of doors and these doors were such that each door would only allow one person to pass through it. The person who had built the pyramid most probably wanted only one person to pass through each door.

"Which door is the entrance?" Zen asked curiously as he looked at the doors. He roughly estimated that there were at least ten thousand doors around the pyramid, and most probably several times more than that.

To his surprise, Randy shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "They are all doors, and they are all entrances!"

"But they are so many. How can they all be entrances?" Camilla looked at Randy with curiosity.

Randy smiled and replied, "There are, in totality, 100, 000 entrances to the mine of the Dragon Lineage Human."

Just as Randy was explaining the ways of the mine, they suddenly saw some blue-colored rings of light appear on the side of the pyramid following which, several warriors fell down from them.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Zen recognized that these warriors were the divine-level talents who had passed through the Slow Arrow Area with him. Only about half of them had chosen to stay in the Spirit Beast Area for a while, and the others had decided to walk through it as fast as they could. As a result, they were the first ones to enter the mine.

Zen looked at them and saw that they were all carrying golden pickaxes. Something about the tools in their hands caught his eye. "Am I seeing things? Even their mining pickaxes are low-grade fairy weapons?"

Hearing Zen's words, Randy let out a laugh. "Bro, you seem somewhat ignorant. The mine of the Dragon Lineage Human is completely different from the mines you know of already. Ordinary iron pickaxes cannot be used to dig out the ores in there. Only fairy weapons are strong enough to do so."

As far as Zen knew, a normal mine was a place where soil and stones were mixed. He believed however hard those stones were, they would be soft as soil to warriors powerful enough. Why would they need fairy weapons to dig out ores?

After the warriors fell, they stood up to their feet and rushed towards the gates of the pyramid once again.

Seeing the puzzled expression on Zen's face, Randy shook his head and announced, "Just bear with me everyone. You will understand everything in a while. Camilla, here! Come and take this pickax!"

"What? You want me, a weak girl, to dig out ores too?" Camilla asked unwillingly.

Randy naturally didn't care about her nonsense at all. He took out a pickax from his space ring and tossed it towards her.

Just now, the warriors Zen had seen were holding low-grade fairy weapons, but the pickax in the hand of Randy was even more terrifying. It was actually a top-grade fairy weapon.

When he thought about how the weapon refiners of the Harlen Divine Kingdom had actually refined such a powerful thing, Zen could only sigh to himself, 'The gap between the warriors of the divine kingdoms and those in the Central Region is really huge.'

Callan and Fiona were also distributing pickaxes to the people they had brought with them.

On Zen's side, Randy had already distributed pickaxes to Camilla, Barry and Renzo one by one. After that, only he and Zen were left without a pickax in their hands.

However, Zen heard Randy chuckle as he took out two blue pickaxes from his space ring this time.

When Zen caught sight of these pickaxes, his eyes flashed once more. These two pickaxes could easily be ranked as low-grade sacred weapons.

"Take it, Thad. It's easy to obtain low-grade sacred weapons in the form of saber or sword. But I've spent an enormous amount of effort obtaining these pickaxes which are low-grade sacred weapons." Randy tossed one of the pickaxes towards Zen.

Zen caught the pickax in his hand and the strange expression on his face became even more intense as he brandished it. He was thinking about how warriors in the Central Region would often fight over a sacred weapon, but warriors in the divine kingdoms had actually made sacred weapons which were commonplace enough to be used as mining tools.

"Thad, you don't have to be too weird about this. Our four divine kingdoms originally wouldn't have wasted materials on pickaxes. But, the Feather Emperor Secret Land's mine is very special and rewarding. If we are willing to invest enough amount of money and resources on the pickaxes, we will certainly profit from it." Randy walked towards the pyramid filled with gates. Walking closer to the pyramid, he told everyone, "Let me demonstrate the process to you all. Once you enter any one of the gates, you will fall into the mine..."

When he spoke, Randy had already entered through a door at the bottom of the pyramid. He then quickly vanished inside.

"Hey, Randy! You haven't finished speaking!" Camilla pouted her lips as she shouted helplessly behind him.

Everyone was also baffled. However, in less than thirty seconds, Randy had descended from a ring of light on the side of the pyramid, just like the other warriors from before. He then appeared in front of everyone.

As he came nearer, they saw that he was carrying a fist-sized ore in his hands. He shook it and then laughed. "Hmmm. A Fire Energy Crystal. This thing isn't worth too much!" After he finished speaking, he casually threw the ore to one side.

When he saw this scene, Zen became even more curious. Previously, he hadn't used the memory of the world's will to search for the secrets of the mine. However, upon seeing a Fire Energy Crystal, he couldn't resist this impulse. However, when he searched through his mind, he discovered that there was no memory of this mine within the memory of the world's will.

Zen's eyebrows creased at the disappointing result. The world's will was a record of everything that had ever happened in this world. There were very few omissions, but this mine seemed to be one of them. He had no idea where this place had come from.

Since he was unable to find any relevant information, Zen decided to investigate on his own. Carrying the pickax in his hand, he walked towards one of the doors at the bottom of the pyramid.

The moment Zen entered the door in front of him, he immediately found that he was falling crazily through a tunnel.

Whoosh!

While he was falling, Zen turned around and saw that there seemed to be a huge plant underneath.

He was not sure what plant or even what species it was, but it looked huge even from a distance. From the trunk of this plant, several slender branches extended out, and at the end of these branches were several leaves.

Regardless of whether he looked at the main stem or at the leaves of the plant, he saw that they were all flickering with a magnificent color. The main hue of this plant was light blue, like a layer of crystal wrapped in the outer layer, but the inner layer was a myriad of particles shining with hundreds of different shades.

'Wow! What exactly is this thing?'

Just as this thought appeared in Zen's mind, he directly fell on one of the leaves.

'These leaves seem to correspond with the doors of the pyramid outside.' Zen raised his head to take a look. He had entered through one of the doors in the bottom layer and had fallen on the leaf at the bottom of the plant, missing several ones above him.

'The bottom of this leaf seems to contain ores! Could these ores have grown from the body of this plant?' Zen's heart skipped a beat. He finally understood what those colorful granules were. They seemed to be ores of all kinds.

Zen looked up at the giant tree and awe appeared on his face as he pondered over the plant. 'There are really so many wonders in this world. I think it isn't the plant itself that produces these ores. Instead, the plant takes the ores out from the bottom of the ground through its roots which then appear here.'

The leaf under Zen's feet contained several ores, each of a different color. He swept his gaze over them, but did not find any life stone that he wanted. However, since he had come in, he naturally had to take some of the ores with him. Therefore, he swiped the pickax in his hand at the leaf.

Crack! With a crisp sound, sparks flew in all directions.

When Zen's pickax hit the blue-colored leaf, a small crack immediately appeared on it. Even a sacred weapon hadn't completely cracked the leaf!

"Wow! This is so tough," Zen exclaimed. Randy was right. Even digging the ores with a low-grade sacred weapon seemed to be a bit strenuous. It was highly probable that no pickax below the fairy-weapon grade could dig the ores out.

Chapter 1140 Finding The Life Stones

Zen was holding a pickax. It was a low-grade sacred weapon so it wasn't difficult for him to cut open the leaf. As he continuously swung the pickax, the crack on the leaf became bigger until it burst open and a few ores of different sizes fell into his hand.

These ores weren't considered valuable. Even in the Central Region they could be considered rare ores, but they weren't top-grade ores. The warriors of Randy's level in the four divine kingdoms would casually discard these ores.

Zen didn't think like they did. He gathered the ores and saved them in his space ring. He felt hesitant for a while without knowing what to do. Since he had dug up the ores in this leaf, he should be able to choose to leave this place, but he didn't know how.

There was neither visible sky nor ground.

Zen looked up and saw a warrior four to five layers higher than him. He was rapidly digging out ores from a leaf. After he finished, he leaped and fell down into the void below.

Soon after, a ring appeared out of nowhere, spreading out like a ripple, and the warrior also disappeared within it.

That was how he could get out. There was probably a transmission array beneath this tree that would allow a warrior to go out.

Zen was prepared to follow suit and jump up, but in that instance he saw that within the scattered roots of the tree there were also some strange-looking ores.

This large tree used its main stem to absorb many ores and drive them into its countless branches, and finally the leaves.

"What will happen if I cut this branch off?" Zen thought.

He immediately leaped towards a branch. Just as he was about to pull out his long sword, which was a top-grade sacred weapon, a strange force pulled him downwards.

It happened so fast that Zen didn't have much time to react. When he came back to his senses, he was already standing outside of the pyramid with his sword and pickax in his hands. Randy, on the other hand, stood before him with a smile.

He looked at Zen's long sword and chuckled. "It seems like you intended to cut off a branch of the tree. Countless people have already tried it before, but no one can do it!"

Of course, the warriors of the four divine kingdoms had been exploring the Feather Holy Sea for so many years that they probably had tried everything Zen could think of.

Cutting off a branch was definitely much more efficient than digging through a leaf. But it didn't matter if it was a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, or a Life and Death Realm warrior, or even a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm, no one could break its branches.

Zen smiled feeling embarrassed. Naturally, he would only learn if he tried on his own. He put his long sword back into his space ring. This time he decided to explore this pyramid more carefully.

"If my guess is right, when I enter the doors in the bottom layers of this pyramid and excavate the leaves, all the ores I find will be of poor quality. The higher up, the better ores I'll find, right?" Zen asked.

Randy smiled and nodded, "That's right. This pyramid has a total of forty-seven layers, corresponding to the tree's forty-seven layers of leaves. Every time you enter through a door, you will fall onto a leaf and you will be able to dig the ores within. The higher the door is, the better the ores are. Of course, the difficulty for us to dig the ores will also be higher."

"Which layer will the life stones be at?" Zen suddenly asked.

He had come all the way to this continent to find the life stones. He wasn't too interested in the ores but he still kept some.

Randy pointed at the pyramid and said, "The distribution of these mineral resources is just a rough estimate. There is no way for us to be precise, but according to our experience, the life stones should be in the 25th layer or above. The higher the layer, the better the ores. We also need better pickaxes to dig the ores in the higher layers. Besides, we may be in danger on some leaves."

A light flashed through Zen's eyes as he listened to Randy's words. "Since that's the case, I'll go up too!"

At this time, a group of warriors swarmed over. The one leading them was Fredric, the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom.

A while ago, Fredric confronted the Ghost Beasts and to do that he used the powerful Heavenly Thunder Halberd. The combined attack of so many beasts had left him in a sorry state.

While the warriors were clamoring, they started to climb the pyramid. They pulled out their pickaxes and entered through the doors of the 20th layer or higher.

After they entered, Zen continued to jump on the pyramid, silently counting the number of layers he had climbed. He followed Randy's advice and chose the 25th layer.

The higher the layer, the less the doors. There were thousands of doors in the first layer. After reaching the 25th layer, there were less than a hundred doors.

Zen randomly picked a door and entered. The moment he stepped through the door, he rapidly descended. Soon after, a light flashed before his eyes and he fell onto a leaf.

He was standing in the middle section of the tree. Standing here, he could look down and see the leaves on the tree below him.

He scanned the area and turned to look at the leaf below his feet. He was looking for life stones, the kind of ancient jade that looked like an egg.

He could see that this leaf contained a lot of ores. Each of the ores seemed to contain a strange power. Some of them even had a kind of

Law Power within. Obviously, these ores were much better than those he had obtained before, but all he wanted was to find life stones.

Disappointment was written all over Zen's face. "There are no life stones in this leaf," he murmured. He was not in the mood to dig for ores, so he decided to leave.

He swiftly leaped forward and began to descend rapidly. Not long later he appeared outside of the pyramid again.

More and more warriors gathered at the bottom of the pyramid. Randy had probably started excavating for ores as well. This time, Zen couldn't see him.

Since he couldn't find life stones in the 25th layer, Zen decided to climb three layers higher and went straight to the 28th layer of the pyramid.

When Zen reached the 28th layer, the warriors gathered below the pyramid started whispering among themselves while staring at him.

"This is Thad Luo's first time in this secret land, yet he actually chooses to climb to the 28th layer of the pyramid."

"That is not strange. He's a powerful warrior. With the strength that he displayed so far, he might be able to contend against some of the Life and Death Realm warriors. So what if he chooses the 28th layer? It is not a big deal for him."

"I agree with you. It's not dangerous for him at all if he enters the layers below the 30th layer. However, the layers above that are completely different."

Amidst the crowd's discussion, Zen walked through a door in the 28th layer. A couple of seconds later, he fell down from the ring of light outside of the pyramid. He felt desperate.

Once again he failed to find life stones that he needed in the 28th layer.

Zen was feeling rather frustrated by now. He needed a great number of life stones, not just one or two. He estimated that in order to fully replenish Letitia's life energy, he would need at least a thousand life stones. If he kept going like this, he would be lucky if he could obtain one or two hundred life stones.

After falling from the ring of light, Zen picked himself up, grabbed his pickax and climbed up to the 29th layer.

"What is he trying to do?"

"Probably searching for some sort of ore."

This time, Zen landed on one of the leaves in the 29th layer. The moment his feet landed on it, a glint flashed across his eyes and a faint smile appeared on his face.

He finally found life stones!

This light blue leaf was about ten feet wide and five feet thick. It looked like a huge blue crystal. Sealed within the leaf there were several pieces of egg-like ancient jade. These were the life stones he had been looking for.

Zen counted sixteen life stones wrapped within this leaf. Although it was far from what he needed, it was still not a small amount. He would gather as many as he could and keep looking through other leaves.

"What is this?" he murmured. In the middle of the life stones there was a shiny object that Zen couldn't identify. He stared at it, puzzled.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1141 Jealousy

The sixteen life stones formed a circle around the leaf and wrapped themselves around the glowing object. The said object emitted a blinding flash of light, which made it hard for Zen to figure out what it was.

Without giving it much thought, Zen lifted the pickaxe up high into the air.

"Crack!"

He already knew that the leaves on the upper layers were thicker and bigger. Their blue color was also more vivid, and their structure was more solid as well.

While the leaves were thick, their toughness exceeded Zen's expectations. There were no cracks on the leaf at all when he slammed the pickaxe against it.

"This..."

Zen's eyes widened, and he was clearly astonished.

Although he only had a low-grade sacred weapon on him, he could easily split a mountain in half with his strength without having to use his forceful energy. Was the leaf under his feet really so tough?

But Zen had finally found these life stones, so he wouldn't give up so easily.

As he thought of it, the power of a hundred dragon scales burst forth from his body. Then, he picked up the pickaxe again and hit the leaf with it!

"Crack!"

When the pickaxe hit the leaf, a small crack appeared on its surface.

"The leaf is not that hard!" A faint smile spread on Zen's face. He continued to swing his pickaxe when he saw that his attack was effective. The cracks spread more with each strike, and on his last blow—it finally shattered.

It was only then when Zen removed the broken parts with the pickaxe that the life stones underneath were revealed.

The look in Zen's eyes softened as he gazed at the life stones. Letitia was still waiting for him to bring back the life stones to save her life, so he carefully stored them one by one into his space ring. After he was done, he turned his gaze to the shiny object.

Zen didn't see through the thick leaf clearly just a while ago, but now he discovered that it was a square crystal. The light inside flickered continuously like water, and reflected a bright, white light.

"I don't know what kind of ore it is, but I'll take it first!" Zen didn't hesitate and placed the shiny ore inside his space ring. Then, he leaped again and descended into the void below. He followed a circle of flashing light and once again, he fell from the side of the pyramid.

When Zen finally reached the ground and steadied himself, he was greeted by the sight of Callan, Fiona, and Randy.

Randy gave him a faint smile. Just as when he was about to ask Zen if he'd obtained anything, he was disrupted by a loud shriek nearby.

"Wow! So beautiful!"

"Fredric, you are really very lucky! You even dug out and got a fire stone the first time you entered it!"

"Fredric, I'm willing to pay a big price for your fire stone. Would you sell it to me?"

All the fuss immediately caught the attention of Zen, Randy, and the others. They saw Fredric with a round stone in his hand, which seemed to be engulfed in faint flames. It looked absolutely marvelous.

Meanwhile, Randy calmly glanced at the stone. "Fredric is lucky enough to have obtained a fire stone!" he told Zen.

This fire stone was a supreme treasure when it came to refining weapons with fire properties, and it was also quite useful for weapon refiners. It cost warriors in the Harlen Divine Kingdom five high-grade sacred weapons in exchange for a single fire stone!

"This is not luck! This is the good destiny of the crown prince of our York Divine Kingdom! It's not something that those nobodies can compare to!" a divine-level talent of the York Divine Kingdom said coldly. Since Zen had completely made the York Divine Kingdom lose face, even when personal grudges were put aside, the warriors of the York Divine Kingdom naturally grew hostile towards him.

If it wasn't for the fact that they weren't strong enough, they would've swarmed over Zen and tore him to pieces by now…

When Zen heard them, he simply smiled. Who would've thought that Callan would say, "Isn't it just a fire stone? I got one too!"

Then, he also took out a round stone and tossed it in the air. Upon closer look, Callan's stone seemed larger than Fredric's!

Callan's talent was inferior to his sister's, and he was also quite dull. However, he had a lot of luck. It didn't take him too much to dig up such a large fire stone.

A cold snort passed from Fredric's lips as his gaze shifted to Zen. As the crown prince, he didn't say anything, but someone beside him understood what he meant.

"I wonder what Thad from the Harlen Divine Kingdom has dug up. Can you let everyone take a look?" someone hissed.

A wave of calmness and indifference washed over Zen as he glanced at the group of guys. These divine-level talents were really disgusting. They even competed against the others after they dug up a few ores. Zen didn't really want to use childish words to describe their behavior.

But after a while of thought, he didn't bother with them. Although the four great divine kingdoms were several times bigger than the Central Region, there was no war among them. Even killing was a rare occurrence. To be fair though, while the divine-level talents all had first-rate skills, they were far less mature than the warriors in the Central Region, and hardly comparable to the warriors in the Sea God Continent during the period of turmoil.

He wondered whether those divine-level talents in the four divine kingdoms were lucky, or they just didn't try to make any progress.

Zen shook his head and said, "Does whatever I dug up have anything to do with you? I won't tell you!"

"It seems that he hasn't found anything valuable. Maybe he is unlucky today and is unwilling to take the stuff out to avoid being embarrassed," that warrior jeered. "You're so boring," Zen said with a roll of his eyes.

This group of divine-level talents was so childish, so he vowed to never do such things that would make him look immature as them.

At this point however, Fiona silently strode towards them. She suddenly extended a hand towards Zen and said, "Stretch out your hands!"

"What?" asked Zen, who was stunned. Still, he subconsciously stretched out one hand.

"Two hands!" Fiona continued. Zen was confused, and wondered what Fiona meant.

However, he still stretched out both hands, and curved his fingers. When Fiona was satisfied, she slightly shook her own hands.

As she did so, some objects began to fall down one by one from the space ring on her finger, down to Zen's hands!

They were life stones!

These life stones were different from other ores, and they were easily shattered. While Zen watched the life stones fall out of Fiona's space ring, he held them carefully in his hands, afraid that they would fall to the ground.

In just a little while, his hands held more than twenty life stones.

"I give them to you!" Fiona said with a smile. She was quite a scrupulous woman.

After the battle at the West Dragon River had ended, she remembered that Turner said Zen needed the life stones. Up until that moment, she had dug out many life stones, but no one knew whether she actively looked for them, or she unintentionally found them.

As for the other things, Zen might reject them, but he would definitely accept the life stones.

When the nearby warriors saw Fiona generously give the life stones to Zen, they became green with envy. While the life stones weren't as precious as a fire stone, they were still worth a lot…

Zen also didn't want to take Fiona's life stones without giving her anything in return. He'd dug up a dozen or so life stones as well, but he couldn't possibly use them as a gift. While he thought of that, his lips suddenly curved into a smile. He said, "Thank you. But here, I also have something for you!"

When he collected the life stones earlier, he found a shiny object in the middle of them. Zen wasn't sure what it was. He only thought that it was extremely beautiful with its flickering crystal light, so it was a good idea to give it to Fiona.

However, just as when he took the object out, Randy suddenly gasped loudly and violently coughed a few times. He then looked at Zen fearfully and asked, "Thad, are you sure you want to give that thing to Fiona?"

The cubic object Zen took out was truly eye-catching, so it instantly drew everyone's attention with its bright, white crystal glow.

Almost everyone stared at the strange object in shock, while the divine-level talents looked at it with blatant greed and obvious jealousy.

Chapter 1142 Climbing Up

Zen didn't know the value of this stone. He thought of the stone as a simple trinket he could give to Fiona in return for her gift to him.

However, based on the reactions of everyone around them, there was clearly something more to this seemingly simple stone.

Could it perhaps be something very valuable?

Seeing that Zen remained silent, Randy swallowed and continued to ask, "Zen, are you sure about this?"

"Of course," Zen replied as if he was merely giving a simple dishrag away.

"But the value of this thing is immeasurable..."

Randy reminded him.

He wanted to tell Zen that the life stones were completely incomparable to the cubic stone he was currently giving away, but he didn't want to be too straightforward and make things awkward.

"I came here for the life stones. This cubed thing isn't really important so here you go Fiona!" Zen said, throwing the shiny, cubic stone to the princess.

Many of the other warriors wanted to stretch out their hands and catch the stone but Zen had thrown it in such a way that it precisely went to Fiona's direction and no one else was able to get it.

Meanwhile, Fredric and several of his friends wore visible scowls on their faces. They were most likely jealous of this good opportunity but they couldn't just go up to Fiona and take the stone. After all, the rules of the four divine kingdoms were much stricter than those of the Central Region. They knew what would come to them if they broke the rules.

Fiona caught the cube with her soft, gentle hands, "Thad, do you really have no idea what this is?"

Zen shrugged and shook his head.

"Nope."

Fiona let out a bell-like laugh at his casual dismissal of the cube, "You really aren't from our four divine kingdoms!"

Zen didn't recognize the stone meant that Zen was most likely not someone from around here but it wasn't really important. Fiona simply meant it as a passing remark.

Zen smiled in silence. He now started to think that he might have indeed excavated something special.

"This shining stone is the Eye of Jaylen! Hmm…

You know what? This is way too precious. I can't accept this!" Fiona then tossed the cube back at Zen before smiling at Randy, "Lord Randy, it's better that you explain it to him. The Harlen Divine Kingdom knows it best."

Randy smiled at Fiona's display of kindness and tact. He turned to Zen and began to tell him of what this cube was, "Even the best weapon refiners in our Harlen Divine Kingdom are only able to forge semi-divine weapons. Even if they used up all the kingdom's resources, they could never hope to forge a real divine weapon."

The Harlen Divine Kingdom was well known for its expertise in weapon forging and refining.

It was considered the best out of all the four divine kingdoms but even they could only produce semi-divine weapons, which meant that nobody was able to forge a divine weapon within the four divine kingdoms.

Until one day, a Life and Death Realm master excavated a shiny stone from the Feather Emperor Secret Land!

The stone was first considered useless since it couldn't be merged with the weapons. However, it had interesting properties that tickled the fancy of the weapon refiners. It was extremely tough and no weapon could ever break it, it was also resistant against fire and lightning corrosion. The useless stone might not really be useless after all.

It took a while to figure out how special this stone actually was until a weapon refiner named Jaylen Zhong was finally able to unveil the mystery behind it. He was the one who used it to refine the first divine weapon of the four divine kingdoms.

They named the stone after him and called it the Eye of Jaylen. However, this refiner didn't have an easy life and suffered many mishaps.

Every time a warrior brought back an Eye of Jaylen from the Feather Emperor Secret Land, it signaled the birth of another divine weapon for the four divine kingdoms. There had been seven recorded instances of people bringing home an Eye of Jaylen from the Feather Emperor Secret Land which meant there were seven divine weapons that were forged in the four divine kingdoms.

The Eye of Jaylen was a key component in producing a divine weapon. It could even be said that there could not be a divine weapon if there was no Eye of Jaylen. The value of an Eye of Jaylen was equal to the value of a divine weapon!

If one looked at it this way, then the mere cube stone that Zen found was actually special and extremely valuable. No wonder everyone's eyes burned with passion at the sight of the stone.

Not anyone could simply acquire a divine weapon. Fredric who was the crown prince of York Divine Kingdom did not have one. The crown prince of Wind Divine Kingdom did not possess such a weapon, either. Not even Bram who was the crown prince of the Harlen Divine Kingdom - the kingdom considered the best at weapon refining, had one.

Bringing back an Eye of Jaylen raised the possibility of obtaining a divine weapon. They would also be greatly rewarded for simply bringing the stone home.

It was a pity for those that were unable to find the Eye of Jaylen first.

Zen dug the cubic stone out and it rightfully belonged to him.

The other princes wouldn't dare to openly rob him. Still, that could not be said for the divine-level talents from the martial houses. They were the ones who were willing to fight tooth and nail for something that could give them high rewards.

Ah, but were they even qualified to rob Zen? He might not be royalty but he was still too strong for these divine-level talents. They would never stand a chance against him. These divine-level talents knew there was no use in fighting a battle they could never win.

Randy's explanation enlightened Zen on the importance of the stone but he remained calm. Truth be told, a divine weapon did not matter much to him. For Zen, there was no point in an excellent weapon if one's body was subpar.

Seeing that Fiona would not accept his gift, Zen simply put the stone in his space ring to think about later.

"I'm going to continue mining!"

Zen said cheerfully.

Randy nodded, "Okay. But make sure to stay below the 30th floor."

Zen looked at him in puzzlement, "Why?"

"It's too dangerous for Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors to explore the 30th floor and the floors above it. Only Life and Death Realm warriors can go there," Randy explained.

The tree had 47 floors. Floors above 30 were for the Life and Death Realm warriors while those above 40 were exclusively for the Soul Sea Realm masters. Only the floors below the 30th floor were suitable for Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors.

The higher the floor, the higher the quality of ores. However, the leaves above the 30th floor were extremely hard and strong. Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors simply did not have the capacity to break them.

"Afraid to go to the 30th floor? Haven't you already defeated that little monster? Why would you be scared of anything now?" Fredric jeered as he scurried up the pyramid. He carried an unusual mining pickaxe with two horns at the front and back that continuously erupted with flames. This mining pickaxe was actually a top-grade sacred weapon.

As if to drive a point, Fredric leapt up and went directly to the pyramid's 30th floor, entering through a narrow door at the side.

"Ignore him," Randy said. "You can find enough life stones without going to the 30th floor." He tried to pass it off casually but in truth, he was worried about Zen taking Fredric's bait and also climbing up the 30th floor.

Zen smiled. He wasn't a fool. Of course he knew the implications behind Fredric's dare.

Besides, he had to search for as many life stones as he could with the limited time they were given.

So, without wasting any more of his precious mining time, Zen leapt up to the 29th floor once again to search for more life stones.

His luck wasn't so bad. He didn't get that much on his second try but found a lot on his third attempt.

He gathered all the life stones he found and put them all inside his space ring.

The life stones usually appeared in a cluster. Finding one life stone meant finding a dozen of them all at once. There were at least a dozen of them in a cluster and sometimes there would be as many as several dozens in one discovery.

With this knowledge, Zen continuously went in the narrow doors of the 29th floor and fell out from the light circles ten, twenty, thirty times…

His tenacity rewarded him with two to three hundred life stones but he didn't feel that it was enough. He had turned over every single leaf on the 29th floor so he knew there wouldn't be any more.

The 28th floor gave him a small pile while the 27th gave him nothing at all.

As time passed, Zen had only been able to hit one-fourth of his goal. He glanced up the 30th floor and Randy's voice echoed in his mind about how difficult the floor was for Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors to explore.

He wasn't an ordinary Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior so he figured that maybe he had a shot. He wasn't all that interested in exploring the 30th floor earlier but now that he got all possible life stones on the 29th floor, he figured that there was really nowhere to go but up.

Chapter 1143 Trade

When Zen came out of the pyramid, he was preparing to set off for the 30th floor.

Every time Zen stepped out, he would find a large crowd gathering and discussing things. It was interesting—Zen wondered why they didn't seize the opportunity to explore the pyramid. What were they all doing there?

Eventually, Zen discovered that they were all gathering to trade for ores.

Although it was unknown where the large tree sucked the ores from, those ores found in the pyramid were all unique. Through an exchange, the warriors could pick out what they needed.

Just as Zen prepared to climb up, an idea dawned on him.

When Zen walked over to the group, all the people suddenly fell silent.

Having been a sensation with his previous performance, he certainly left a deep impression on the divine-level talents of the younger generation.

Unbothered by their reaction, he brought out some ores from his space ring and piled them up on the ground. "Whoever has life stones can exchange them for my ores."

Many of these divine-level talents had explored the floors above the 20th. But at most, they could only reach the 26th floor. None of them were strong enough to break the hard leaves further up, so they never brought back any ores from the higher floors.

As Zen wandered the 29th floor, apart from the life stones, he found some other ores of good shapes and beautiful colors—he took those he could with him in his space ring.

With the help of the pickax, which was a sacred weapon, and some power of the dragon scales, digging the ores out wasn't a particularly difficult task for Zen.

The higher the floor he reached, the better the ores he could find. But most of them wouldn't be of any real use to Zen. There were some rare ores among them, with the value not less than that of life stones.

It was no surprise how many of the warriors' eyes immediately lit up with excitement the minute Zen threw out the stones he found in the pyramid.

Some of the ores were exactly what they needed.

The pile of ores were undoubtedly attractive. One of the warriors even pointed to the pile and offered, "I don't have any life stones. Name a price for this jade green ore. I can buy it with my supreme life vitality crystals."

These divine-level talents came from fifth-grade noble clans. There was no doubt that all of them were extremely rich. While they didn't have any life stones, they did have more than enough supreme life vitality crystals.

Shaking his head, Zen declined, "My ores are not for sale. If you want anything, you need to bring me life stones in exchange for it."

Disbelief painted the warrior's face upon hearing Zen's words. The next moment, he shouted out, "Two hundred supreme life vitality crystals!"

Zen didn't even bat an eyelid. He didn't want to explain his words to him twice.

"Three hundred…three hundred supreme life vitality crystals." As the martial artist saw Zen's indifference, he felt rather humiliated, which pushed him to increase the price by half.

Still, the expression on Zen's face remained the same.

"Four hundred!" the warrior increased the price by another hundred. In truth, the price of the turquoise was worth around five hundred supreme life vitality crystals in the market. Since this was where the ores originated, the turquoise would naturally cost much less than in the market.

However, Zen was unmoved. He looked at the group and said, "I don't have much time. If anyone has life stones, you can trade them for something I have."

"Kid, what do you mean? The price I offered isn't low!" The prospective buyer's expression significantly darkened after Zen's remark. Realizing that he had been completely ignored by the boy, his face turned red out of rage. Young martial artists at his age cared too much about their self-pride. Being ignored by others was something intolerable for such people.

Hearing the martial artist's question, Zen smiled with derision. Staring at the man, his frustration grew.

"Was I not clear enough? I said, only for trade, not for sale! I'll say it again. If you want it, then give me life stones in return! If you have no life stones, please don't mess around."

It was only then that the warrior realized that the kid in front of him was someone who even a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm didn't dare to provoke. How could a mere warrior like him dare to push him further? His face turned pale with embarrassment at Zen's words. In the end, he disgracefully retreated to the side.

Just as he exited, another one said to Zen, "I have ten life stones. I want to exchange them for the Green Mist Stone. How about it?"

The surface of the green ore at Zen's feet looked rather transparent, but if one examined closely, one would find that its center looked fuzzy and misty.

With a light smile, Zen agreed, "Okay, it's a deal!"

After a light tap of his finger, the Green Mist Stone flew toward the warrior.

As long as he knew that the warrior wouldn't go back on his word, Zen could rest easy. As for whether or not the ten life stones were a worthy trade for the Green Mist Stone—that was not Zen's concern in the least.

The warrior knew full well how powerful Zen was, so how would he dare fool him? In an instant, he took out ten life stones and gave them to Zen. The warrior was overjoyed—clearly, he had made a good bargain.

When some of the martial artists saw this, they secretly cursed Zen for his idiocy. He was on a huge losing end of the deal, but no one would go tell him the truth.

"Anyone else who possesses the life stone can trade with me." Seeing the others' expressions, Zen could tell what they were thinking. But the life stones were his priority—he was willing to get as many as he could, no matter the cost.

Seeing how easy the transaction went, some of the warriors were also tempted. Although there weren't many life stones within the range they had explored, a few warriors managed to find some. One of the warriors pointed at the golden ore at Zen's feet and said, "I have six life stones, can I exchange these for the golden one?"

Just as Zen was about to nod his head in agreement, a crisp voice cut through, "Six life stones for pure gold…how shrewd you are at this business!"

It was Camilla, who had just come out from the light circle. It was a shock to see Zen so casually throw a pile of ores on the ground in exchange for mere life stones.

Amongst the pile of ores from Zen, the gold ore had the highest value. Such a large piece of gold could sell for at least 4000 supreme life vitality crystals.

The face of the warrior who made the offer sank upon hearing Camilla's interjection.

However, Camilla didn't show the slightest hint of fear. Instead, she coldly returned, "What? You want to pick a fight? Thad can stab you to death with just a single finger! If you want to exchange this for pure gold, you have to take out at least eighty life stones!"

Hearing Camilla use him to threaten the warrior so openly, Zen's face turned helpless. He couldn't expect the warrior to bring out 80 life stones. Even he only had six, to save Letitia's life, however, he wouldn't hesitate to accept the offer.

In return, the warrior could only grit his teeth and say, "I don't have that many life stones! I only have twelve in my hand!"

"You have twelve, yet you only prepared to take out six to exchange for pure gold. You wanted to take advantage of the fact that Thad isn't familiar with these ores, didn't you? Well, do you want this one? It's a Golden Warm Stone." Bending over and picking up a slender golden ore, Camilla waved it at the warrior.

With his trick so easily seen through, the warrior was humiliated. Before he could say a word, she said, "How about this—three thousand and five hundred supreme life vitality crystals plus the twelve life stones in your hands for the Golden Warm Stone! No other price!"

"You…"

He could have obtained the pure gold with only six life stones, but this woman messed it all up for him. How could he not be frustrated? And he did intend to use the remaining six life stones to exchange for the Golden Warm Stone…

Unfortunately, he couldn't do anything to Camilla.

Still, as he calculated 3500 supreme life vitality crystals, plus the 12 life stones for the Golden Warm Stone, he couldn't deny that there was a chance of profit margin in the deal. In the end, he gritted his teeth and said, "Okay, deal!"

After the deal was sealed, Zen took the twelve life stones from her hands, leaving the life vitality crystals. "Thank you. This is your reward, I don't need them…"

"How stupid!"

Stuffing the supreme life vitality crystals in Zen's hands, she continued, "Besides trading your ores for life stones, you can also use supreme life vitality crystals to buy life stones from others. They're usually found in clusters. There are at least eight or ten of them in discovery, rarely six in a cluster. He said that he had six of them so obviously he hid some from you."

Camilla's analysis left Zen rather stunned—the woman was much more shrewd than he had imagined.

However, Zen couldn't be blamed for it—he had no knowledge of the market price of the ores. Since Camilla was a martial artist from the Harlen Divine Kingdom, she had been exposed to such materials and could distinguish them since she was at a young age. These ores were produced in Feather Holy Sea, and Zen failed to look up any information on them in the memories of the great world's will.

"Since you saved me before, I'll help you exchange the life stones right here!"

With a smile, Camilla added, "But you'll have to pay me commissions for every deal I make."

Chapter 1144 Living Off Ores

Zen was extremely pleased to have such a shrewd woman like Camilla help him take care of the ores. The value of the ores did not matter and he could care less about the commission.

"I'll leave this to you then!" he told her before he left.

Camilla knew her own strength. Her might as a martial artist only allowed her to mine treasures from the 19th to 20th floors but even if she worked hard, it was highly unlikely for her to find anything good. It was better for her to stay and take care of Zen's ores. Maybe it was in business that she'd be able to display her talents more.

She smiled gracefully at the people that waited in front of her, "My friends, you can choose as you please. You can also enjoy a preferential price! But the life stones come first!"

The warriors rolled their eyes. Besides the first person who managed to bag a good bargain, they all knew that the rest of them were already one step behind. It was fortunate that the price charged wasn't too outrageous so a lot of them still surrounded Camilla and her wares.

Zen, on the other hand, was already busy climbing the pyramid. Soon enough, he reached the 30th floor.

The 30th floor was usually reserved for Life and Death Realm masters but Zen would take his chance today. He easily passed through the narrow door and found himself landing on one of the leaves.

The leaves on the 30th floor were twice as wide as those on the 29th floor. Here, the higher the leaves were, the larger, darker, and harder they were to break.

Zen had gone inside the 30th floor for treasure but as soon as he landed on the leaf, he immediately felt a strong wave of killing intent.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak…"

He wasn't alone.

Beside him was a large insect that had been sitting quietly on the leaf before he arrived. The insect had six legs and was as tall as two people combined. It had a pair of brown, compound eyes and abdominal scales that shone and flickered with green light.

Zen carefully stood up from his spot, keen to avoid the insect's wrath but even the slightest movement was enough to alert the bug. It immediately pounced towards him!

Zen frowned upon seeing this giant bug. He thought that all the creatures in the Feather Holy Sea had perished in the blood sacrifice. What was a living bug doing here?

"Crack!"

The bug had thrust its spear-like foreleg towards Zen and pierced a clean hole through the leaf.

'That front leg is sharp! What a great power!' he thought to himself.

And indeed, the bug's leg was no joke. Back in the 29th floor, Zen would need to activate more than one hundred dragon scales to be able to break the leaves with his mining pickaxe which was already a low-level sacred weapon. The 30th floor surely had tougher leaves than the ones below.

But this bug was able to make a hole on the leaf with just the use of its own leg which meant that it was probably as sharp as a sacred weapon. This six-legged insect was probably no weaker than an ordinary Life and Death Realm warrior!

Zen now understood why Randy had mentioned that the 30th floor was not a place for ordinary Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors to explore.

The bug was not deterred when it missed Zen. It spread its wings and quickly charged towards him, eager to land an attack this time. Thankfully, Zen's quick reflexes allowed him to dodge the sharp forelegs that thrust towards him.

Back in the Eastern Region, Zen had dealt with a lot of blade locusts and, though the strength of those locusts was nothing compared to that of the bug in front of him, he learned something valuable from his experience. An insect's weakness was in its abdomen.

The moment the bug raised its awl-like forelegs, Zen took his chance to get close to its abdomen and strike it with his palm.

As his forceful energy burst out, the strike shattered the green abdominal scales that protected the bug's belly with a loud cracking sound. His move was quick and clean.

"Squeak squeak..."

it let out a shrill cry and quickly spread its wings and retreated backward.

"Eh?"

Without the green scales, the bug's abdomen now appeared in front of him. Its belly seemed to be transparent and Zen noticed that it was filled with numerous, colorful ores.

'Does this bug live off ores? Is this thing a creature?' Knowing the treasures it held in its stomach, Zen couldn't just let this bug get away. His figure flashed, and he didn't slow down in the slightest to chase it. Since this bug had quite a few ores within it, he didn't need to search for them one by one on the leaves.

However, just as he was about to chase it down, the bug waved its wings and jumped onto another leaf! The bug was so cunning.

Ah, Zen had lost his chance…

Leaving the leaf wasn't the ideal option. There was a strong gravitational force that would pull him down and make him fall out through the light circle. He'd have to climb up the pyramid again in order to enter through the narrow door.

There was no way he could follow the bug by jumping from one leaf to another as he was unable to resist the huge gravitational force.

"Squeak! Squeak!" The bug was cunning and also intelligent. It actually raised its two spear-like forelegs in an attempt to mock Zen now that it knew the young man couldn't easily follow to the next leaf.

The mockery made him scoff. Zen was someone who possessed strong will. He would not care if some warriors provoked him, so he could more or less ignore the provocations from this oversized bug. A good amount of ores remained on the leaf so he began to search if he could find life stones there. If the bug ever dared to come over, Zen would make sure to catch it.

A quick search throughout the leaf's surface yielded no evidence of any life stones. However, there were still a lot of beautiful and eye-catching ores around so Zen wasted no time and quickly got to work. He waved his mining pickaxe and quickly dug them out.

The leaf was tougher than the ones on the 29th floor but still very much within the range that Zen could handle. He only needed to activate three hundred dragon scales in order to break through the leaf.

Meanwhile, the bug continued its activities on the leaf next to him. The bug would use its sharp, front legs to cleanly poke a hole on the leaf, then it would lower its head to swallow the uncovered ore in one gulp.

'Sure enough, this big bug lives off ores!' Zen's eyes couldn't help but glance at the bug's transparent abdomen. Now that he looked at it carefully, he noticed about a dozen life stones that were mixed in with the other numerous ores inside the bug's belly. There were at least fifty to sixty in total!

Zen couldn't help but clench his fists at the sight. "Life stones!"

A decision had been made in Zen's head the moment he saw those stones in the bug's belly. He must kill it. He had to do it for the life stones. With this in mind, Zen willingly jumped down from the leaf and took a look at the bug. It didn't seem to care about anything else other than the ores that it kept munching on.

Shortly after falling into the light circle, Zen appeared at the side of the pyramid. He was just about to climb back up when he heard Camilla's voice call out to him, "Thad! I've already gotten ten life stones for you! As well as two thousand supreme life vitality crystals!"

The divine-level talents had a lot of supreme life vitality crystals but not many life stones.

Zen nodded in approval before tapping his space ring. Seven to eight ores shot out towards Camilla instantly just as he charged straight up to the pyramid.

"Ah, Violet Crystal, Crescent Moon Stone, and Jade Heart Stone…" Camilla listed down the ores' names before they landed in front of her.

It was an effective marketing strategy as the other warriors instantly rushed towards her. The jealousy was apparent in their faces as they looked at the ores.

"What kind of luck does this Thad have? Even if he's on the 30th floor, it would be impossible for him to dig out so many valuable ores in just one go!"

"A few others have also entered the 30th floor but they only got a few ordinary items and two broken pickaxes. Why is he so lucky…"

"He's strong, powerful, and he also has good fortune. It's so unfair!"

If someone was able to attain something through strength and willpower, people would usually admire him. However, if someone achieved something through luck, people would often feel jealous and moan about the unfairness of life. They did not know that luck could also be considered as strength for a rare group of people in this world.

Meanwhile, Zen was already on his way. He had to quickly kill that bug and get the stones. He quickly located the narrow door he had gone through earlier and entered the one right next to it.

Each door corresponded to a leaf and taking the door next to the one he entered earlier meant he would be able to land on the leaf that the bug was on. If he was fast enough, the bug would still be busy eating ores and he could get his chance in eliminating it.

Chapter 1145 Threat

Zen rushed through the narrow door and fell straight down.

His gaze was fixed on the leaf. The big bug was eating the ore in the leaf.

One thousand feet, five hundred feet, one hundred feet...

Power had already begun to accumulate in Zen's fists.

"Die!"

Zen attacked. He was desperate for the life stones. Even if there was only one life stone in the bug's body, he would kill for it.

The strike contained the impact of the fall. Meanwhile, Zen also activated the power of five hundred dragon scales.

He went straight for the bug's back. However, as he approached it, the bug seemed to have a premonition. It stomped its two hind legs and evaded the punch by flipping to one side.

Bam!

Zen's fist slammed forcefully onto the leaf. The giant leaf, along with the stem began to tremble.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

The bug who was now twenty feet away from Zen, waved its sharp forelegs, provoking him.

Zen looked at the leaf beneath his feet. His punch had already made quite a few cracks on it. He swept his gaze over it but could not find the life stone.

His body was as hard as a sacred weapon and possessed terrifying strength. He could break the leaves on the 30th layer without using a pickax. Of course, it would be easier using one.

"You want to provoke me?"

Light flashed in Zen's eyes as a look of determination came on his face. He bent his legs slightly.

Although the huge bug was quick and nimble, Zen was confident of catching it.

The bug was still waving its forelegs and squeaking, almost mocking him. Suddenly Zen leaped, covering the distance between them in a flash, his outstretched arms ready to grab the bug!

The huge bug was even more agile than Life and Death Realm warriors. Its perception of danger seemed to come entirely from its instinct. Even though Zen had deployed a strategy to attack it, the bug still sensed danger through its incredibly strong sense of smell. Before Zen could launch another attack, it spread its wings, preparing to leave the leaf and flee.

"You're going nowhere!" Zen said.

In that split-second, the forceful energy within his body erupted, and his body was propelled forward two feet!

Zen's body left the leaf. At the same time, the invisible falling force began to pull at his body. But the moment Zen was pulled down by that huge force, his hand had already grabbed one of the big bug's hind legs.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

The large bug was persistently trying to kick Zen off. But his grip was strong. The big bug would not be able to escape his hold.

This big bug wasn't affected by the gravitational pull and could freely fly among the leaves. But, the gravitational force was pulling Zen down, who was holding onto the bug's leg, and, in turn, dragging it down a little too.

The large bug flapped its wings desperately to prevent itself from being pulled down with Zen, but the irresistible gravitational force finally managed to drag it down along with Zen.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Driven by instinct, the bug continued to fly at full speed, causing both of them to spin while rapidly dropping altitude.

Lord Randy was still on a leaf of the 27th layer, painstakingly excavating the ores. There was a priceless mist stone buried underneath the leaf. The Lord had resolved to get it no matter what. When he swung his pickax again, he suddenly saw a shadow pass over him and then it circled him once. He was alarmed.

The rules in this space were extremely strict. A Soul Sea Realm warrior couldn't fly or resist the falling force. However, Lord Randy had clearly seen a figure fly above him just now.

So he hurriedly walked to the edge of the leaf and checked out the surroundings. Then his face was full of astonishment, "Th-Thad..."

He saw Zen hanging onto a large, emerald green bug and circling the tree.

"What...what's going on?" Lord Randy asked, feeling a little dizzy at the sight.

At least two-thirds of the warriors were painstakingly digging for ore in the leaves of the tree. Most of the divine-level talents were witnessing this strange scene.

"It looks like Thad. Why is he hanging off a...a mineral-devouring bug?"

"Um...it's unbelievable! How did he catch a mineral-devouring bug?"

"As far as I can remember, only Soul Sea Realm warriors have ever been able to catch these bugs."

As the crowd watched, Zen's figure rapidly descended until he reached the bottom of the tree and disappeared into the light circle.

Soon, he, dragging the bug, appeared on one side of the pyramid.

Camilla was happily bargaining with the martial artist in front of her. She believed he had at least ten life stones. She knew that Zen valued life stones, so she was determined to get all of them from the martial artist even if she ended up losing some money in this deal.

She suddenly heard a violent noise followed by the sharp, urgent sound of an insect.

She turned her head to look, and her eyes widened in shock when she saw the insect. "Th-Thad... That...that's a mineral-devouring bug!" she exclaimed.

It also drew the attention of the warriors, who were trading ores outside the pyramid.

After passing through space, Zen was no longer affected by the strong gravitational force. The large bug spread its wings and flew higher into the sky, pulling him up with it.

No way was Zen going to let this darn bug succeed!

He took a deep breath and started wriggling upwards and climbed onto the back of the huge bug.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

The large bug was quick to react, even quicker than most Life and Death Realm experts. It twisted its two forelegs and tried to stab Zen!

"In your dreams!" Zen jeered.

He swayed and dodged the attack. Using his hand as a blade he slashed the back of the large bug.

Pfft!

Zen had managed to tear off the shell on the back of the large bug. As a result, its wings broke and it plummeted downwards.

Slam!

Zen turned his body slightly and bent his left leg. He pressed his knee down on the head of the big bug. The moment the big bug fell to the ground, Zen crushed its head. Its vitality was also very tenacious. Even without its head, it continued to swing its six feet, struggling for a long time before its legs slowly stiffened, and its life gradually ended.

Zen dusted off his clothes and jumped off the dead bug. Camilla rushed to him. She had been in such a hurry she didn't even have the time to transfer the pile of ores on the ground into her space ring; instead, she just wrapped the ores haphazardly in her clothes. "Thad, how, how did you catch a mineral-devouring bug?" she asked wide-eyed.

"Oh. Is that a mineral-devouring bug?" Zen asked.

By now Lord Randy had also hurried over from the circle of light. He noticed that Zen had already subdued the mineral-devouring bug. He was happy and surprised at the same time.

Not just the Lord, but even the other practitioners in the mining tree had left the light circle and rushed over to Zen to see what the hubbub was all about.

When Lord Randy heard Zen's question, he laughed loudly and replied, "That's right, Thad. That is a mineral-devouring bug. It devours ores from the tree."

Zen looked at the divine-level talents, who were rushing over, with a strange expression on his face. 'Even though it is a mineral-devouring bug, it couldn't be valuable. It only has some ores in its stomach, ' he thought.

Before he could voice his thoughts, someone nearby said, "Zen, I would advise you not to touch this mineral-devouring bug. Otherwise, you'll be dead for sure."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1146 The Soul Core

Zen frowned upon hearing those words. It was the voice of Fredric, the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom.

He was not afraid of the threat Frederic posed. After all, among the divine-level geniuses that were there, not one had the strength to threaten him. Even Fredric was not qualified to do that.

Zen's strength was not on the same level as these divine-level talents—his was greater. This was a fact that many divine-level talents and princes were unwilling to admit.

Since Fredric had dared to threaten him the way he did, then this mineral-devouring bug might not just be a simple bug. There must be a secret hidden within it.

Smiling faintly, Zen's gaze landed on Fredric. "I'll be dead? But how will I die, Fredric? Care to elaborate?"

Fredric also observed the mineral-devouring bug for a while. He really did not expect that Zen would be able to catch it with his hands. 'It's the green kind!' he thought to himself, breathing shallowly because of his anger. After a few moments of silence, Fredric smiled back at Zen. He then replied, "This kind of mineral-devouring bug is captured by the Soul Sea Realm masters every year! When did it become your turn to capture it? You're unqualified to do that!"

Zen's gaze immediately shifted to Randy. Randy nodded and told Zen, "The mineral-devouring bug's number is small. There are only about thirty to forty of them appearing each year. Even the Life and Death Realm masters have difficulty capturing those bugs, and usually, it would only be the Soul Sea Realm masters from the four great divine kingdoms who would be able to catch them."

"Is this bug very important?" he asked.

In his mind, the mineral-devouring bug was peculiar. As its name suggested, devouring ores was its main thing, but aside from that, it was also incomparably agile. Its reaction to the things happening around it was blazing fast. Zen traveled through space as he was trying to catch it, and even with almost no time to react, the bug was still able to avoid him.

However, he didn't believe that these bugs were worth the Soul Sea Realm masters' troubles. That made him curious. Yes, the ores in these bugs' stomachs might be valuable, but that still wasn't enough to attract the Soul Sea Realm masters' attention, practically making them obsessed with it.

"Yes," Randy replied with an understanding smile on his lips. "These mineral-devouring bugs have a special ability. They can cut any leaf on the giant tree!"

"What? So what if it can do that?" Zen asked, now more confused than ever.

Randy knew that Zen would ask this question, and so he continued to explain, "Only the Life and Death Realm warriors would be able to enter the 30th layer and those above it. The reason is that they might encounter mineral-devouring bugs—those creatures pose an incredible threat to the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors. Because of that, the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors who aren't that powerful are not allowed to enter those layers.

As for the 40th layer and the above, only Soul Sea Realm masters could enter them mainly because in those layers, there is a high chance of encountering purple mineral-devouring bugs. Those are the matured versions of green mineral-devouring bugs, and they are incredibly strong.

Now, from the 45th layer to the 47th layer—the top layers—some extremely valuable ores could be found. One of the most important of them is called the 'Soul Core', and it is very important to the four great divine kingdoms. One might even consider it as the most important thing in the four divine kingdoms! However, no one can obtain that as not even a Soul Sea Realm master can slash through the leaves of those three layers."

"Even a Soul Sea Realm master can't reach and dig the leaves of the top layers?" Zen repeated, visibly surprised. As he learned that new information, his eyes began to narrow.

It was known that Zen, in particular, had witnessed the immense strength of a Soul Sea Realm master several times. The most recent one was when he was attacked by War Emperor York. The force of his punch alone was able to destroy everything in its path, and that included a mountain range!

If someone like War Emperor York wouldn't be able to slash through the leaves of the top layers of this tree, no one would be able to.

This was not a secret to the four divine kingdoms, however. The divine-level talents who were present looked calm and didn't show any kind of surprise. Callan and Fiona, however, were both astonished. They hadn't explored the Feather Holy Sea before, and although they knew about the four secret lands, they didn't know much about the actual situation in them.

"Yes, but the mineral-devouring bug, my friend, which is under your feet, can easily slash through those. That is why this creature is so important to the people here," Randy further explained, smiling. He then added, "As for Soul Cores, since this kind of green mineral-devouring bug usually stays on the 30th floor, it is less likely that it has a Soul Core inside it. But every time the Feather Emperor Secret Land is opened, both green and purple mineral-devouring bugs would be killed." As Randy's eyes bored into Zen's, he asked him, "Now, do you understand?"

Zen nodded. He now fully understood what was happening.

The Soul Sea Realm masters could not slash through the leaves on the top layers, but they were in sore need of the Soul Cores. Thus they could only place their hopes on these mineral-devouring bugs. Every year, they hunted these creatures in order to obtain those precious cores. On one hand, they wanted to drive the insects away from the tree, but on the other hand, they also wanted to get the Soul Cores from their bodies.

"The emperors do not prohibit others from killing mineral-devouring bugs, right?" Zen suddenly asked.

Randy shook his head and replied, "No."

But that was only because an ordinary Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior wouldn't have the skill and strength to catch a mineral-devouring bug. Actually, even a divine-level talent who belonged on the first tier or even a warrior as powerful as Fiona or little monster had little chance of catching such a creature.

Only the powerful Life and Death Realm warriors and some Soul Sea Realm masters had a fighting chance in catching mineral-devouring bugs.

Because of that, those Life and Death Realm warriors and the Soul Sea Realm masters would usually hunt the bugs together. They didn't set a rule that would prevent other people from hunting the mineral-devouring bugs because no one else could, except for them.

"Well, if there is no such prohibition, why can't I kill this bug?" Zen asked, turning his gaze to Fredric. His eyes didn't have any kind of emotion in them—he was indifferent.

Being under Zen's mysteriously intense gaze, Fredric couldn't help but feel a shudder run up his spine. If this guy didn't feel a single drop of fear towards Fredric's father, how could he be afraid of Fredric, the mere crown prince of a divine kingdom?

Glaring back at Zen, he shrieked, "Humph! Even if you obtain a Soul Core from this mineral-devouring bug, I'm afraid you won't have the guts to take it yourself!"

In response to Fredric's obviously hollow threat, Zen only faintly smiled. With a light tap of his finger, a long sword shot out from his space ring. With the long sword in his hand, he cut the abdomen of the mineral-devouring bug beneath his foot. The only thing in his mind right now was obtaining the life stones inside the creature's body.

The defensive power of the mineral-devouring bug's scales was extremely astonishing. Under Zen's sword strike, only a row of scales were shattered. After the second sword strike, however, Zen was finally able to break into its stomach.

Clink! Clank!

The amount of food inside the bug was shockingly huge as well. After Zen was able to cut through to its stomach, all sorts of ores flowed out of it in an instant. People estimated that three hundred ores came out of the creature!

The hundreds of divine-level talents were all staring wide-eyed at the bug's abdomen where ores were continuously flowing out. Although there were indeed numerous ores, which were all extremely precious, coming out of it, at that moment, what they were highly anticipating for was whether or not Zen would be able to find a Soul Core inside the bug.

They were all highly skeptical about it, however. First of all, green mineral-devouring bugs rarely stayed at the top of the trees, and second, if there was a small chance of finding a Soul Core inside a purple mineral-devouring bug's body, there was even a lower chance that a green mineral-devouring bug would have it inside it.

Another key point in all of these was that a year might have passed since the mineral devouring bug devoured a Soul Core from a leaf on the top layers, and it would have already fully digested it...

So, if a short while before the Feather Emperor Secret Land opened, a green or purple mineral-devouring bug flew up to the 45th layer or higher layers, dug out a Soul Core, swallowed it but still hadn't digested it when a Soul Sea Realm master captured it, then the Soul Core would still be there and the Soul Sea Realm master would have the honor of obtaining it for his or her divine kingdom!

However, in the span of a few years, it had already become too difficult even for the most powerful warriors to obtain a single Soul Core despite slaughtering several hundred mineral-devouring bugs.

As the ores in the bug's stomach slowly flowed out of it along with its bodily fluids, Randy's eyes started to show a hint of disappointment. However, Zen only smiled as he continued watching what was happening. Seriously, he asked, "What's wrong, Lord Randy? No Soul Core?"

Randy nodded and replied, "No Soul Core!"

Zen didn't care about that too much. First, it still wasn't clear to him what the function of the Soul Core truly was, and second, he was currently focused on finding life stones. A Soul Core was not a life stone, so he couldn't care any less about it.

Although this mineral-devouring bug apparently didn't have a Soul Core in its stomach, the sheer amount of life stones it had made Zen incredibly satisfied.

After a few moments, he turned to Camilla, who was beside him, and smiled. "Could you please help me sell these items?" he said pleadingly.

Camilla's eyes widened, and as a response, she pouted and said, "What the hell? No! They're so dirty and disgusting!"

Of course, Zen would not let a woman do such a dirty job. Chuckling, he personally took out the ores one by one from the mineral-devouring bug's body fluids.

Chapter 1147 Not Enough

Zen took out the ores from the body of the mineral-devouring bug and handed them to Camilla.

He did get a lot of life stones, but the number was nowhere near his goal.

Letitia's life energy was on the verge of drying up and these life stones could probably wake her up, though they couldn't restore her life energy to her original state.

Allowing Letitia into this kind of a situation had always been a great shame for Zen and he'd been deeply remorseful. The only way he could make it up to her was by obtaining as many life stones as possible.

There was no Soul Core in the body of this mineral-devouring bug. Most of the divine-level talents were disappointed.

They knew that even if Zen dug out a Soul Core from this bug, they probably wouldn't be able to get their hands on it. But they couldn't help but hope for a Soul Core when they saw Zen catch the bug.

Once he had dealt with the body of the mineral-devouring bug, Zen turned to Randy, curiosity written on his face. "Why is this so-called Soul Core so important?" he asked.

This was not a secret. Even the divine-level talents that entered the Feather Holy Sea for the first time seemed to be very clear about it. Randy simply told Zen, "Remember the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land that I mentioned to you?"

Zen nodded.

Many of the Soul Sea Realm masters weren't interested in the Feather Emperor Secret Land, the Mysterious Dream Secret Land, or the Divine Emperor Secret Land. They were only interested in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, which was way more important than the other three secret lands. And that was where the secret of the Dragon Lineage Human and the Ancestral Dragon's egg were located.

"Could it be that the Soul Core is somehow connected to entering the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land?" Zen continued to ask.

"That's right. Only by obtaining a Soul Core can we become qualified enough to go to the grand graveyard in the Divine Emperor Secret Land and control the corpses of the Dragon Lineage Humans," Randy said with a smile.

Zen's eyes flashed at Randy's words.

He simultaneously felt a slight tremble in his mind and recognized it to be the vibration of the cyan dragon's soul.

Zen had promised the cyan dragon that he would get the Ancestral Dragon's egg, but that was only if he had the chance.

Even a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm found it difficult to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. With Zen's current strength, he might not be able to do anything.

It was a good thing that the Feather Holy Sea opened every year. If Zen didn't get through this year, he would only need to accumulate enough life stones. He would first go back to the Central Region and replenish Letitia's life energy, and then when the time was right, he could come back to this continent.

It had been so many years, but the four divine kingdoms hadn't taken away the Ancestral Dragon's egg from the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. It would probably be impossible for them to do so in such a short period of time.

Before the cyan dragon could say anything, Zen told him in his mind, "If I can obtain a Soul Core from this mine, I will make sure to make a trip to the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land."

The cyan dragon's face lit up at Zen's promise. Although he was in Zen's mind, he could not ask too much of Zen. With his current strength, he was barely able to fight against the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. Dealing with the emperors alone would be a difficult test for Zen, not to mention how dangerous the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land actually was. What was worse was that Zen had already pitted himself against the

York Divine Kingdom and made sure that they would hold a grudge against him.

So the cyan dragon and the red dragon didn't say anything, closing their huge eyes in peace. They had previously helped Zen withstand a soul attack from the little monster, which wasn't a small loss for them. Their souls needed to rest for a while.

Zen didn't probe any further as to why he needed a Soul Core to control the corpses within the Divine Emperor Secret Land. The course of action was that Zen would obtain the Soul Core. So no matter how many other answers he knew, it would not change anything. Right now, he still had to hurry and excavate the life stones.

Camilla had accumulated all of Zen's ores and started a new round of trading with many warriors. This time, the ores attracted all of the warriors who were mining, and there must be many of those who had managed to dig up the life stones. Camilla was sharp and would naturally seize this opportunity.

Zen nodded at Randy and continued on his way to enter the 30th layer of the pyramid.

Zen had originally thought that the higher the level, the higher the probability of discovering the life stones. But after ages of searching, he was left disappointed.

It was harder for him to dig ores in the leaves of the 30th layer. Yet the number of life stones in the 30th layer was less than that in the previous layers.

No wonder Randy had suggested that Zen dig ores between the 25th layer and 29th layer. The number of life stones in these five layers might probably be the most.

The problem was that Zen had already gone to every door, right from the 25th layer to the 29th layer. He had probably dug out most of the life stones in these five layers himself. Some of them might have fallen into the hands of other warriors, but those numbers would probably be tiny.

Zen estimated that the other warriors only had a few more than a hundred life stones with them. And adding Zen's life stones to the count would mean that he would end up with only around three to four hundred of them. But his goal was to obtain a thousand life stones.

'This mining tree absorbs all sorts of ores from unknown places every year. The warriors of the four divine kingdoms dig them out every year and new leaves sprout only the following year, which means that...'

Zen's thought halted abruptly as he realized what the trouble was going to be. There would probably be only about 500-600 life stones from this year's production.

Zen's heart sank. Perhaps the life stones he had gathered were enough to sustain Letitia's life energy, but he knew it was still too far from his goal.

He let out a long breath.

Even so, all he could do was dig for ores and collect as many life stones as he could.

Crack! Crack!

Zen continued to excavate, and in the process, the quantity of the other ores increased, but the number of life stones didn't increase significantly.

From the 30th layer up, the life stones were becoming increasingly rare.

He continued to dig upwards layer by layer, and as the leaves became sturdier, Zen continued to borrow more power of the dragon scales.

Six hours later, when Zen went out again, the multi-colored ores around Camilla had already piled up into a human-sized mountain.

These ores flickered with a variety of colors, a result of Zen's random picking. If he had not done that, the number of ores could have been higher.

There were, of course, a lot of precious ores among them. However, there were also some that were not very valuable. Zen didn't know how to identify ores so he was very casual as he mined them.

This mountain of ores had attracted almost half of the divine-level talents to watch what was going on.

"This Thad Luo looks like a puppet that doesn't know exhaustion. His efficiency is terrifying. Tsk! Tsk! Even a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm wouldn't have been as good as him, right?"

"I have nothing to say anyway. Let's forget about what's happening this year. Next year, I will definitely advise my father not to let him in. If this goes on, he'll be able to dig out all the ores in the mine by himself!"

"Alas! I want that Saint Forging Stone, but the price offered by that woman is too high. She wants 50 life stones in exchange for it. I really can't take out fifty life stones! Not even one!"

Many of the divine-level talents were also envious, but they didn't dare rob Zen openly. Zen wasn't afraid of anyone, and he had even dared to look down upon Fredric, the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom. If they as much as tried to rob him, it would be difficult for them to escape.

Zen's mining efficiency was not inferior to that of the mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. After borrowing the power of the dragon scales, his pure strength was comparable to that of some powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, and he might even prove to be stronger than them.

Moreover, the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm would need to use up the reserves of their physical strength to mine like this, while Zen directly borrowed the endless power of the dragon scales. Although the power of the dragon scales would also be consumed eventually, with Zen's current strength, the rate at which he used the power of the dragon scales was much slower than his recovery.

This meant that he had an unending source of power. Given all this, who could compete with him when it came to mining efficiency?

Moreover, the mining efficiency wasn't the problem. The number of life stones was the problem here.

"Camilla, how many life stones have you got?" Zen walked over and threw a brightly colored ore on top of the small mountain. There were at least a thousand ores piled up there.

Chapter 1148 Black Star

"Not many life stones, though I did manage to collect quite a lot supreme life vitality crystals. I already have over 30, 000 of them now," Camilla replied, pouting her lips. She knew that Zen was not interested in supreme life vitality crystals at all. All he wanted was life stones, and life stones only. But every single life stone that any other warrior had dug out had already been taken over. She had bought them at a very high price, and now no one had any life stones left. She had been using some rare ores to lure these warriors. Some of them had even tried borrowing life stones from others, but to no avail.

All the life stones were here now, in Camilla's hands. Who were they going to borrow from?

"I see," Zen replied as he walked towards the pyramid once again.

He had completed his exploration of the 34th layer of the pyramid now, and his target was the next one. There was even a chance that with increasing height, the chances of finding life stones decreased, but he still had to try.

As he arrived at the 35th layer of the pyramid, he saw a special door.

Every single door that he had seen on the pyramid was supported by two gray pillars, forming a narrow passageway that was only as wide as an average person. This essentially meant that only one person could enter at a time.

However, there was a different door in the 35th layer. The pillars of this door were carved out of two Genuine Dragons. These two Genuine Dragons were staring at Zen with their mouths wide open, looking very lifelike and slightly scary.

'Why is this door different?' Zen thought as a hint of curiosity appeared on his face. Perhaps this was special.

Most warriors had chosen to mine for ores below the 30th layer, and none of the divine-level talents was willing to enter the 35th layer or above. The reason was very simple; it was going to be a complete waste of time anyhow. They couldn't dig out the ores from the leaves of the 35 layer at all, and if they were to encounter mineral-devouring bugs, then their lives would be in danger as well. Even a simple green mineral-devouring bug would prove quite difficult for them to handle.

Without much thought, Zen decided to investigate.

After he stepped through the door, he fell down just like he had for the past 34 layers. Soon, he found himself on top of a giant leaf. However, this leaf was completely different from the others.

The other leaves had been as beautiful and clear as glass. They had been glowing with an enchanting blue light. The higher the layer, the darker the blue. However, the giant leaf underneath Zen's feet right now was glowing with a golden light.

"This leaf seems to be very special." A curious expression appeared on Zen's face as he began to size it up carefully.

During his appraisal of the leaf, Zen's gaze suddenly froze.

"That is... a pickax! What rank is it? It looks special to me!" Zen cried out involuntarily.

A short pickax was embedded in the middle of this pale golden leaf and it looked very beautiful indeed. The whole body of the pickax was jet-black, but the aura it exuded had given Zen quite a bit of a shock. More importantly, there was a faint flow of strange divine textures on the pickax, and these divine textures seemed very powerful.

"Ten-star divine textures! There are three ten-star divine textures on this pickax," Zen cried out again.

He couldn't recognize the divine textures of the four divine kingdoms and the ones that belonged to the human race in the Upper World. But the divine textures of the Dragon Lineage Human were inherited from the Genuine Dragon and Zen had practiced drawing them through the cyan dragon. So he had at least a basic idea of them.

In any case, even in the Upper World, a ten-star divine texture was considered the pinnacle of divine textures. Even if the cyan dragon was at his peak, it would still take him an enormous amount of effort and time to draw a ten-star divine texture. And time wasn't the only factor to be considered. The materials needed to draw a ten-star divine texture were even harder to find than to draw the texture itself.

Back then, Zen had relied on three five-star divine textures to block the assault of a Life and Death Realm warrior. The disparity between two successive levels of divine textures was as great as the difference between heaven and earth. A six-star divine texture was thousands of times stronger than a five-star divine texture. A seven-star divine texture was thousands of times more than that! Judging by that, one could, maybe, imagine the power of an eight-star divine texture.

This pickax, however, had three ten-star divine textures! What grade of treasure was this pickax?

Zen wasn't able to figure it out, but he knew in his heart that since there were three ten-star divine textures engraved on the pickax, its grade would definitely not be low! In fact, he wouldn't be surprised if this pickax was the pinnacle of all weapons.

'Should I dig it out?'

This thought jumped out uncontrollably into Zen's mind.

However, in retrospect, the door to this leaf wasn't exactly hidden, which meant that many warriors must have seen the pickax before. Most of them were Life and Death Realm warriors and Soul Sea Realm warriors, and even Soul Sea Realm warriors couldn't take out this pickax. How was he going to get this pickax out?

Although this thought came in his mind, Zen still took out his pickax, which was a sacred weapon, and walked towards the light golden leaf. After he stood still, he used the pickax in his hand and lightly tapped the leaf twice.

The light golden leaf responded with two muffled sounds.

After aiming in a certain direction, Zen raised the pickax in his hand high and slapped it down hard on the leaf, hoping for the best.

Pak! Boom! Clang!

The first sound was the sound of Zen's pickax hitting the surface of the leaf. The second sound was the sound of the pickax breaking into two clear pieces as if it had been made of eggshell. The third sound was that of the broken pickax rolling down to the edge on his left and falling down.

When he saw this scene, Zen was stunned for a moment before a wry smile appeared on his face.

Although the pickax that Randy had given Zen was a low-grade sacred weapon, it had been damaged to such a degree that it was almost broken before he hit the leaf with it. The hardness of the light gold leaf under Zen's feet was simply unimaginable.

According to Zen's judgment, this light golden leaf was probably as strong as a divine weapon itself.

In other words, if one wanted to make a divine weapon, he could simply use this leaf as a raw material, in its true form!

When the low-grade sacred weapon had struck the leaf, it had been the same as hitting a stone with an egg, instantly breaking it apart.

The pickax was broken, but not a single trace of the assault had appeared on the leaf.

As he looked at the pitch-black pickax quietly lying under the leaf, he pursed his lips into a thin line. He wasn't going to admit defeat yet. The space ring on his finger flashed and he took out a top-grade sacred weapon.

The sword that had appeared in his hand was famed for its sharpness, but it was not suitable for mining. In terms of overall strength, it was far from a pickax. Zen drew his sword for a while and stood still but still couldn't bring himself to stab the leaf. He was afraid that his sword would be broken as well if he used it to hit the leaf.

After a moment of thought, Zen sighed and jumped down from the light golden leaf.

When Zen appeared on the side of the pyramid, carrying a broken pickax, Randy asked curiously, "Thad, how did you manage to break the pickax?"

Zen gently waved the broken pickax in his hand and smiled helplessly. This pickax had been lent to him by Randy after all, but now he had broken it.

"That is impossible. Even if you were mining in the 35th layer, it is impossible for a low-grade sacred weapon to break so quickly and so cleanly!" Randy remarked with a puzzled expression. This pickax was a low-grade sacred weapon, and as far as he knew, it was completely suitable for mining. The head of the pickax was thick and wide. Normally, it would be extremely difficult to break it. It was not that Randy was blaming Zen for breaking the pickax. Obtaining a low grade sacred weapon was extremely hard, but Randy valued Zen more than some pickax.

Zen replied honestly, "I found something strange in the 35th layer."

"What?" When he heard Zen's words, a look of realization suddenly appeared on Randy's face. "You mean the pickax in the gold leaf, right? You didn't try to dig that out, did you?"

That light golden leaf was not hard to find and Randy obviously knew about it. Zen then nodded his head. He was a bit embarrassed for having broken his companion's pickax.

"Ha-ha! That explains it. Dude, my fault! I should've told you earlier." Randy then explained, "That golden leaf is impossible to break. The pickax that is wrapped in that golden leaf is called 'Black Star.' It is recorded in the records of the Dragon Lineage Human. You know, it is a supreme divine weapon!"

"A supreme divine weapon?" Zen was stunned. At first, he thought that divine weapons were similar to sacred weapons and were divided into top grade, mid grade, and low grade. It seemed that this was not the case. The truth was that Zen had never come into contact with a divine weapon before. Since right now both the cyan dragon and the red dragon were sleeping, and Lavender was immersed in the Soul Nurturing Wood, he had nobody he could ask about it.

Randy smiled and replied, "I am not sure exactly how powerful a supreme divine weapon is. Anyway, this is how the documents recorded about the pickax. The most important usage of this pickax is not to defend against the enemy, but to mine. It is used to break the leaves on the top of the mine!"

Chapter 1149 Purple Mineral-devouring Bugs

From the 45th floor upwards, the hardness of all the leaves had reached an unimaginable level. Even a powerful master of the Soul Sea Realm couldn't do anything about them. Perhaps even a warrior who was stronger than a powerful master of the Soul Sea Realm wouldn't be able to break them either.

After seizing the Feather Holy Sea, the four divine kingdoms had obtained a great deal of legacies from the four secret lands. Among them were a few ancient books that explained how the leaves from the top floor could only be broken by the Black Star pickax that was kept in the golden leaf.

The big challenge was retrieving the Black Star pickax from the golden leaf and so far no one had been able to do so.

This meant that it was impossible for them to obtain this supreme divine weapon and, therefore, it was less likely that they would be able to break the leaves on the top of the tree. It was all the more impossible to obtain the Soul Cores located inside.

It was only when someone discovered the bugs that lived on the tree that they felt hope again. These bugs had no names but once the people of the divine kingdoms discovered that they ate ores to survive, they began calling them mineral-devouring bugs.

The leaves that daunted even the most powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm were an easy task for the mineral-devouring bugs. So, the warriors of the divine kingdoms stopped worrying about how to obtain the Black Star pickax and focused on studying the mineral-devouring bugs. Their hard work paid off and, in the end, they got the Soul Cores, which enabled them to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

The rumor that the Black Star pickax was impossible to get spread widely so everyone in the four divine kingdoms gave up on looking for ways to get it. Zen, on the other hand, had no idea about it. He had never heard of such a thing as the Black Star pickaxe, so he did not understand how challenging it was to obtain and he thought he might be able to get it out from the leaf.

"Well, now I know why I failed to take it out from the leaf." Zen exhaled gently, feeling a little regretful for trying so hard in achieving something nearly impossible.

He then decided to forget about it and move on. He got up and went back through the narrow door of the pyramid to search for the life stones.

Zen's pickax was broken but his fists were as strong as a sacred weapon. He just had to use a little more strength and put in a little more effort to break the leaves.

For two hours he tried hard but had no results.

In order to find the life stones, Zen gave up on mining other ores. The value of ores on and above the 35th floor was high but he did not have the patience or time or energy to waste on gathering more. He kept going in and out of the pyramid in order to look for the life stones in the tree.

From the 35th floor all the way to the 40th floor, the number of leaves on each floor decreased. Zen went back and forth over a thousand times, carefully inspecting every leaf, but he still couldn't find a single life stone.

During the search for life stones, Zen had encountered a few green mineral-devouring bugs and they seemed to have become smarter. As soon as Zen fell on the leaves, these bugs flapped their wings and carefully flew away to avoid him. Zen didn't have a chance to catch any of these bugs.

He realized that it was going to be an arduous task, so his heart slowly sank as he furrowed his brows.

It was getting harder and harder with every passing minute. If this continued, it might be a problem for him to collect even five hundred life stones. Thinking of this, Zen decided to go straight up to the 40th floor of the pyramid.

"Zen!" As Randy saw that Zen was about to enter the 40th floor, he tried to stop him and give him counsel. "The 40th floor and above are only for the powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm. If you go in, I'm afraid you may not be able to return!"

The purple mineral-devouring bugs on the 40th floor and above were ten times more powerful than the green mineral-devouring bugs Zen had encountered so far. Even the top masters of the Life and Death Realm would find it difficult to deal with them, not to mention Zen. And even if he entered the 40th floor, it would be impossible for him to break the leaves on this floor.

"That brat is going after his own death. Just let him go! The ores in the 40th floor are priceless. If someone can get one of them, that person would make a giant killing!"

"He was able to injure War Emperor York, maybe he can dig out something from the 40th floor!"

Some of the divine-level talents kept on talking to each other and whispering about how Zen was a show-off. Meanwhile, Zen was quickly climbing up the pyramid without paying any attention to them. After all, the 40th floor and above were like forbidden zones to these divine-level talents of the Virtual Tribulation Realm but Zen was daring to cross that line.

Without caring about other people's opinions he kept on fighting for what he wanted. "I will quickly go in and take a look. It won't be long. Don't worry, I will be careful!" Zen shouted to Randy.

On the 40th floor and above there were purple mineral-devouring bugs, which were equivalent to eleventh-level fierce beasts and could be compared to powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm. As long as these purple mineral-devouring bugs didn't use their domains to cut off the connection between him and the great world, they still wouldn't be able to kill Zen.

Zen could also use the power diversion technique to divert the attacks from the purple mineral-devouring bugs to other locations.

Since the life stones were so scarce in the first thirty floors, Zen assumed that the chances of finding the life stones on the 40th layer were much lower. But he had no other choice but to go in and look for them.

After stepping through the narrow door, Zen instantly fell on a leaf on the 40th floor.

Standing on it he looked over his surroundings. There weren't any of the legendary mineral-devouring bugs on the leaf he was standing but he found six of them on a leaf next to him.

A purple mineral-devouring bug was twice bigger than a green mineral-devouring bug and it had one more pair of compound eyes on its head than a green one had. The purple mineral-devouring bugs emitted a cold and gloomy aura from their heads.

The six purple mineral-devouring bugs kept their heads down on the leaf. It looked like they had just dug open the leaf and were swallowing the ores inside. Their huge purplish black bellies were raising high on the other end.

The noise of Zen landing on the leaf caught the attention of one of the purple mineral-devouring bugs. As it heard the noise it lowered its abdomen. Its body worked like a lever as it lifted its head high up. The tentacles on the top of its head shook slightly. All of a sudden it turned its head to look at Zen with its four black compound eyes.

Zen was confident that he could escape a mineral-devouring bug but he wouldn't challenge it or pick up a fight for no reason. With his strength, Zen might not be able to cut open the outer shell of the purple mineral-devouring bug.

When Zen realized that the purple mineral-devouring bug had noticed him, he looked quickly to the leaf under his feet trying to figure out what was inside. Each of the ores inside was as big as a head and some were even faintly emitting various Law Powers. Zen did not know the exact type of ores he had found but he could tell that these ores were priceless.

'There are no life stones in here. It's pointless, ' Zen thought. He expected this outcome but he couldn't help but feel disappointed. He hadn't found any life stones on the 35th floor and some floors above. It was becoming less likely he would find one on the 40th floor. Zen didn't want to give up. He promised himself he would keep looking until he found all the life stones he needed.

"Squeak!"

The purple mineral-devouring bug on the nearby leaf suddenly let out a sharp chirp and started waving its slender and sharp forelegs and pointing them towards Zen.

The other five purple mineral-devouring bugs that had been eating the ores without noticing Zen's presence, suddenly stopped and stared at him. All of them flew up and quickly charged towards Zen in an attempt to surround him.

The strength of these purple mineral-devouring bugs ranked them as eleventh-level fierce beasts, which meant that these six purple mineral-devouring bugs were equivalent to six mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm.

Zen didn't feel the power of any domain from these bugs but he was still taken by surprise by their abrupt attack. Without a second thought, he turned around quickly and leaped out of the leaf.

"Squeak squeak squeak…" the chirping continued.

The moment Zen leaped out, the leading purple mineral-devouring bug which was just three feet away from Zen, used its slender feet under its abdomen and tried to capture Zen.

If Zen was seized by it, all the other five purple mineral-devouring bugs would immediately surround him and attack him together. Then Zen would be in great trouble. He had to handle the situation quickly.

"You want to capture me? You are dreaming!"

Zen twisted his waist in midair and a cold light flashed in his hand. He drew his long sword and slashed the purple mineral-devouring bugs with it.

"Clank!"

To his surprise, the invincible top-grade sacred weapon didn't work. The purple mineral-devouring bug didn't suffer a single scratch, not even a slight bruise from his sword. The purple mineral-devouring bug's legs were not very thick, only about the size of a human arm. When Zen charged its top-grade sacred weapon into them, it only produced a crisp sound and a few sparks.

"How come the armor of these bugs is so hard?" Zen was shocked. Suddenly he felt like he was pushed down by the reverse force of his strikes.

He was falling extremely fast being pushed down by the reverse thrust of his strikes and the force of gravity. The purple mineral-devouring bugs kept on chasing him as he was falling. In fact, they were in a hot pursuit and actually dove down towards Zen.

"Whoosh!"

As he saw the bugs coming after him, he hurriedly sped up to run for his life. He frantically revolved his life vitality and, at the same time, he released the forceful energy in his body. These, combined with the forces dragging him down, made him fall at an incredible speed.

Chapter 1150 Scavenging Through Garbage

These level eleven beasts really were so much more powerful than Zen had imagined. He was fortunate enough because with his high speed, he was able to get rid of the purple mineral-devouring bugs. Jumping away, he fell straight into the ring of light at the bottom of the tree. The moment his feet touched the ring, he was worried that the bugs would chase after him and exit the pyramid in their pursuit. If they really managed to come out of the pyramid, how were the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors going to fight against them?

Thankfully, the bugs were unable to catch up to Zen, and when they discovered that there were a few other humans digging on the tree, they surged towards them like a tornado.

Callan was completely immersed in mining in the 27th layer when he suddenly heard loud noises. He raised his head and his expression immediately changed.

"Wh-what the hell are those things?" He blankly stared at those large purple-colored bugs which were rushing down rapidly.

"Ahhhh! Help! Help me!" Not too far away from Callan, a divine-level talent was caught by a purple mineral-devouring bug and was immediately tossed into the air.

When warriors left the leaves, they were pulled downwards by a massive gravitational pull even stronger than the Earth's. However, a single purple mineral-devouring bug was able to completely cancel out that gravitational pull and throw a warrior into the air. One could imagine just how powerful the creature was!

"Help me!" Other than instinctively calling for help, the warrior wasn't left with much to do. The bug was simply too powerful.

After the warrior was thrown into the air, the other bugs immediately surrounded him. They stretched out their slender feet and began to tear him apart.

Mineral-devouring bugs only ate ores to survive and weren't concerned about human flesh. This meant that by tearing their prey apart, they were simply torturing him in a cruel streak of fun.

How could the body of a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior withstand the tearing attacks of several level eleven beasts? The warrior's screams and cries for help came to an abrupt stop after only a few seconds. Immediately after being grabbed, he was torn into pieces, and the bloody confetti from his corpse fell towards the bottom of the tree.

When the other warriors, including Callan, saw this, their faces turned pale instantly. After witnessing such a dangerous event, even a fool would know that he had to run for his life. Everyone jumped off and dashed towards the bottom of the tree.

Outside the pyramid, the vast majority of warriors weren't even aware that such a fatal change had occurred. Most of them were still busy trading their ores or bargaining with Camilla.

The number of supreme life vitality crystals that she had gathered had already reached around 70, 000!

Such a number of supreme life vitality crystals was enormous, even for a crown prince of a divine kingdom, who would consider this a large amount of money. In each of the four divine kingdoms' national treasuries, normally about 200, 000 to 300, 000 supreme life vitality crystals were stored. But in just about nine hours, Camilla had already earned around 70, 000 supreme life vitality crystals.

However, her face did not seem to register that fortune. If it had been the days of the past, then after earning so many supreme life vitality crystals, Camilla would have been overjoyed. Even if she was only able to draw out a commission, it would still be a massive sum of money for her!

However, she was depressed that she couldn't help Zen get enough life stones. From the looks of it, the amount of life stones that she had gathered was far lower than his expectations. However, the mine could only produce so many life stones a year. There was nothing that Zen, or indeed Camilla herself could do about it.

Just as she was discussing the price of a piece of Black Frost with a divine-level talent, a loud sound suddenly rang out.

Boom!

Even before the effects of the blue-colored ring on the side of the pyramid had completely dissipated, a huge crater appeared below it. When the dust settled, they saw that Zen was lying in it.

"Eh? What's wrong with you, Thad? What happened?" Camilla blinked her eyes as she stared at the young man who seemed to be completely unharmed despite the huge crater he had just made.

Just now, Zen had used his fastest speed to get rid of the purple mineral-devouring bugs. However, he was unable to stop his body in mid-air after charging out at such a speed. Therefore, on falling, he had created a large crater on the ground.

Of course, with Zen's sacred weapon's physique, he wasn't injured at all. He only felt his blood churn from this impact.

Everyone watched in surprised curiosity as Zen climbed out of the huge crater. Soon after, countless rings of light began to flash above Zen's head. The next moment, bloody chunks of flesh fell from the densely packed rings of light like rain.

When Zen turned his head and saw this scene, a look of helplessness appeared on his face. After this bloody scene, the densely packed rings of light continued to flicker without end, and pale-faced divine-level talents began to emerge from the rings of light. They all seemed to be in a hurry and some even looked scared and angry.

Only a small number of those divine-level talents managed to stand up. Most of them directly threw their bodies at the crater. They didn't have a body as tough as Zen's and each and every one of them had fallen heavily.

"What happened?"

"The pyramid isn't supposed to be that dangerous. Why is every single one of them running for their lives?"

"Did they encounter mineral-devouring bugs? Did the purple mineral-devouring bugs come down?"

The divine-level talents who had been trading ores outside began a flurry of discussion. Some of them had already guessed the truth.

"Thad Luo!" A prince of the Star Field Divine Kingdom crawled out from the crater. His face was pale and there was even a trace of blood on the corner of his mouth. However, he looked furious as he angrily roared at Zen, "You were the one who lured those purple mineral-devouring bugs down to the lower layers!"

Hearing the prince speak, the divine-level talents outside the pyramid immediately understood what was going on.

It was difficult even for the divine-level talents to deal with green mineral-devouring bugs. Only the most powerful warriors like Zen, Fredric, and the others who were ranked in the first tier of the Divine Kingdom Continent dared to provoke them. However, Zen was the only one who could kill a green mineral-devouring bug. Even Fredric and the others weren't strong enough.

Purple mineral-devouring bugs were several times more powerful than green ones. Even Life and Death Realm warriors themselves didn't dare to try and fight them, let alone Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors.

The habits of these mineral-devouring bugs were very regular. The green mineral-devouring bugs usually did not go below the 30th layer, and the purple ones usually did not venture below the 40th layer. However, just now, everyone had personally witnessed Zen entered the 40th layer. That was why they believed that it was Zen who had offended those purple mineral-devouring bugs and in their pursuit, they had come down.

Even Zen himself hadn't intended for that to happen. Zen's expression didn't change at the accusation of the prince. He replied calmly, "I didn't do it on purpose."

"Well whatever! You've caused the death of a warrior. You think that you can just end it by saying that you didn't do it on purpose?" The prince was still unwilling to accept this.

Zen shrugged his shoulders. He could not have predicted such a situation. Even so, he did not intend to change his decision. He would explore the entire mine until he was able to find enough life stones.

The prince became even angrier when he saw that Zen wasn't paying any attention to him. But since he couldn't do anything about it, he could only order, "Guys, stop mining! God knows if those purple mineral-devouring bugs have flown to the upper layers or if they are still waiting for us down below!"

It was impossible for these divine-level talents to escape the purple mineral-devouring bugs. The chances were that in a blind chase, they could even take a wrong turn and find themselves at a dead end after which, they were finished.

"Alas! There's no other way. Let's go scavenge through garbage. Maybe we'll be able to find something useful in there. Not that I have much hope!"

"I'm not mining either. I'm going to scavenge through garbage too!"

"Yeah. Let's go. It's better than throwing our lives away here!"

A lot of warriors were filled with righteous indignation when they heard this. They walked around the pyramid in groups of three or five and headed in another direction.

Only then did Randy walk over with a wry smile. "Thad, did you really lure the purple mineral-devouring bugs down just now?" he asked.

Zen nodded. There was nothing he could do except admit to what he had done.

"How many?" Randy didn't care about the life or death of the other warriors. Moreover, the warrior who had just died wasn't from the Harlen Divine Kingdom which meant that he cared even less. The death of that divine-level talent could only be considered as his own bad luck.

"I think there were five," Zen replied.

Randy was rendered speechless.

Zen had been able to lure five purple mineral-devouring bugs at once. The most surprising thing was that this fellow was able to escape unharmed. For a while, Randy didn't know what to say.

"I advise you not to enter the pyramid again, Thad. The 40th layer is too dangerous. If you get surrounded by five or six purple mineral-devouring bugs, then I'm afraid you won't be able to escape either!" Randy advised.

Zen shook his head slightly without any hint of hesitation on his face. No matter how dangerous it was inside the pyramid, he simply had to go in!

Randy also knew that Zen was stubborn. He couldn't persuade him, so he said nothing more.

"Why were they talking about scavenging through garbage? What were they talking about?" Zen asked Randy before he ventured inside again.

"Scavenging through garbage?" Randy smiled. "They are going to scavenge through the trash of this place to find some weapons which were not cursed. Perhaps they'll do so in the abandoned arsenal. This place is known as the Feather Emperor Secret Land. It was originally a mine belonging to the Dragon Lineage Human. There were numerous weapon refiners of the Dragon Lineage Human who once came to this island to refine weapons. Among them, the most famous one is the Feather Emperor."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1151 Life Crystal

The Feather Emperor Secret Land was actually named after a famous weapon refiner on this island. The entire Feather Emperor Island had been a place of mining and weapon refining in the past. This could be considered an arsenal of the Dragon Lineage Human.

Back when the Dragon Lineage Human had been defeated, the members of the Dragon Lineage Human living on the Feather Emperor Island had been unable to destroy such a great number of weapons. But they didn't want them to fall into the hands of the humans, so they cast irreversible curses on the weapons.

These curses could not be removed, and the weapons that had been cursed could not be used. So for these divine-level talents, they had become trash.

But there were way too many of these weapons, ranging from low-grade mysterious weapons and spiritual weapons to fairy weapons and sacred weapons. And there were probably several million of them. But there were a few that had escaped the curses and stayed unaffected by them.

If anyone could find sacred weapons that had been spared by the curses, it would definitely be a huge advantage and work for them at a profit.

But it was highly improbable that one could find weapons that didn't have curses on them, which was why the divine-level talents referred to the process of searching for them as 'scavenging through garbage'.

A section of the divine-level talents had given up mining and had instead gone to the arsenal to scavenge for weapons. However, a majority of the martial artists still thought that it would be more worthwhile to mine earnestly in the pyramid. But now that Zen had brought the purple mineral-devouring bugs down to the lower floors, they didn't want to go into the pyramid. Mining might bring them some benefits, but no one was willing to lose their lives.

"I see," Zen said, nodding. He had no interest in picking up trash, so he decided to enter the pyramid.

Callan and Fiona also decided not to pick up trash for the moment. Even Fredric, Bram, and the other crown princes of the divine kingdoms hadn't gone either. Given their status, even top-grade sacred weapons wouldn't pique their interest, aside from semi-divine and divine weapons.

They chose to stay out of the pyramid to keep themselves from danger. The warriors who stayed all looked at Zen.

Zen didn't care what others thought of him. But he had attracted the purple mineral-devouring bugs down to the lower floors, which had scared Callan and Fiona out of the pyramid. Zen then said to them, "If those purple mineral-devouring bugs return to the upper floors, I'll come out and inform you."

Fiona wasn't very interested in mining and she had only entered the pyramid three times. Most of the time, she just sat in a corner and watched Zen go in and out of the pyramid.

Fiona wanted to advise Zen against entering the pyramid, but after some thought, she decided not to say anything. Like Randy, she also knew that she couldn't dissuade Zen from entering the pyramid.

But Fredric, Bram, and several others became slightly happy at Zen's words. After all, there was still some time before the powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm would personally come. Since they were unwilling to pick up trash, they naturally did not want to waste their valuable time doing nothing.

Zen climbed up the pyramid once he was done speaking. This time, he didn't choose to enter the fortieth floor. Instead, he climbed up to the forty-first floor and entered a narrow door.

Once he had entered, Zen did not encounter any purple mineral-devouring bugs. The mineral tree had a hundred thousand leaves growing out of it. Zen assumed that he was at the top of the tree as he stood on the forty-first floor.

There were a total of two hundred leaves on the forty-first floor, one hundred and fifty leaves on the forty-second floor. However, there were only one hundred on the forty-third floor and sixty leaves on the forty-fourth floor, ten leaves on the forty-fifth floor, six on the forty-sixth floor, and three on the forty-seventh floor.

Zen still didn't encounter any life stones on the forty-first floor and he didn't have any hope of finding any on this floor. After scanning the area, he walked to the edge of the leaf and searched for traces of the purple mineral-devouring bugs.

'There's one on the left…'

'There's one on a leaf of the forty-third floor…'

'There are five over there, ' Zen counted in his heart. Zen's eyes flashed as he saw that the five purple mineral-devouring bugs had returned to the fortieth floor, which meant that they had returned to the place they had previously been in.

He let out a sigh of relief, jumped down, and entered the light circle at the bottom. He then told the warriors outside that the purple mineral-devouring bugs had returned to the fortieth floor. After that, he climbed up to the forty-second floor.

It didn't matter that his chances of finding any life stones were slim. Zen still scanned the area carefully and found what he already knew. There were no life stones on the leaves on the forty-second floor. He jumped down and entered the forty-third floor.

He continued jumping and entering different floors. The forty-fourth floor...

The forty-fifth floor…

Callan had already entered the pyramid to start mining again. His talent might not be considered outstanding when compared to the other crown princes of the divine kingdoms, but he was definitely the most diligent one.

Fiona sat in a corner of the pyramid and watched as Zen entered and exited it.

'Who is he collecting the life stones for?' Fiona thought. The corners of her mouth curled up slightly as her eyes flickered. She watched as Zen entered the forty-fifth floor.

Forty-fifth floor?

Fiona blinked. Even though she didn't know anything about the Feather Emperor Secret Land before, she now knew that there was no need to enter the top three floors, from the forty-fifth to the forty-seventh floors.

The leaves on these last three floors were unbreakable. For so many years, so many powerful masters of the divine kingdoms had used all sorts of methods to try and break them. None of them were able to dig out anything from the leaves of the 45th floor and above because there was no way for them to break the leaves.

There were no life stones on the last three floors, and even if there were any, one could only anxiously stand aside and look longingly and helplessly at them.

Zen was well aware of this fact. But he still chose to enter the forty-fifth floor, a place that was said to be impossible to excavate.

The moment he entered the forty-fifth floor, Zen smelled a faint fragrance.

'It's so strange. I didn't smell this fragrance on the forty-fourth floor. Where does this fragrance come from?' Zen wondered as a trace of doubt appeared across his face. He looked up to find six giant leaves above his head.

And in the crack, Zen saw three more leaves. The six giant leaves were at the forty-sixth floor and the three leaves were at the forty-seventh floor, which was the top of the pyramid.

He saw that there was a flower among the three leaves.

'The fragrance is coming from that flower! But this flower looks so different...' Zen's gaze flickered, surprise etched on his face.

The flower was nothing like any normal flower he had ever seen. It looked more like a mineral. Its petals, pistils, and the root all seemed to be made up of various ores. So at first glance the flower seemed to have edges and corners.

And because of this, this flower had the beauty of symmetry.

After looking at it for a long while, Zen moved his gaze away from it. Even though he was unwilling to walk away from its beauty, he could only sigh at the magic of the creator. He still had something important to do.

However, Zen's eyes glistened with excitement as he looked down. "These... These are life stones?" he exclaimed.

Beneath Zen's feet were fourteen round stones, each the size of an egg. At the first glance, they looked very similar to the life stones.

They were of the same size and the same color as the life stones. Zen had excavated a lot of life stones before. They appeared in the shape of a circle every time and they always appeared in even numbers, like ten, twelve, or fourteen of them in a circle. A life stone should be a kind of fascicled material and would appear in a cluster every time.

The ores before Zen's eyes were also in the form of a circle. But the surface of these ores was translucent. Zen looked through the leaf and through the translucent outer shells of the ores. To his surprise, he found crystals floating inside them.

'These also have life energy! And it's so rich and strong!' The more closely Zen looked at them, the more he felt the power of the life energy. It didn't matter that Zen was observing them through the thick leaf. He could still feel the full force of the life energy.

Once a life stone was crushed, only a small amount of life energy could be released. They usually contained tiny amounts of life energy.

However, the stones before him right now were different. Just a single one of them probably contained a thousand times more life energy than a life stone would normally have. That was to say, probably one such stone would be enough to completely restore Letitia.

Seeing these small stones made Zen appreciate the marvelous things that Creator had made. And at the same time, he became very excited.

'One, I only want one of them! I'll be happy even if I can take just one of them out!' Zen thought. His gaze was firmly locked on the stones on the ground beneath his feet.

The problem was that the ten leaves on the forty-fifth floor, the six leaves on the forty-sixth floor, and the three leaves on the forty-seventh floor had never been broken by any one. Not even the most powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm in the four divine kingdoms had been able to move them. The four divine kingdoms had probably tried to seek help from the human race in the Upper World through the Reverse Spirit Channel. But they still hadn't been able to deal with them.

The brutal truth was that even though Zen only wanted to take one of them, it would still be as difficult as reaching the heavens!

Chapter 1152 To Increase Strength Quickly

As he stared at the round stones hidden under the leaf beneath his feet, Zen's mind was in turmoil. He wondered at how he could take out the stones.

"Just give it a try!"

Zen told himself as he took two steps back and put pressure on his legs to gather his life vitality and forceful energy. At the same time, the power from the dragon scales flowed into his body continually. He activated all the dragon scales to summon his utmost strength.

With his current formidable physique, the power of the dragon scales couldn't burden his body as much as before.

In addition, Zen closed his eyes and began to communicate with the stars.

"Double Star-"

The moment Zen muttered to himself, starting a line of communication with the stars, the sky above the Feather Emperor Secret Land flashed with the brilliant light of two stars.

Their immense power blended into Zen's life vitality.

"-Brilliance!" he shouted out the last word as he leapt up from the ground.

Since he was on a leaf, he was not affected by the powerful gravity of the place. As he jumped into the air, his body rose to a height of about ten feet. He then rolled once before diving down toward the leaf below.

His fist gathered powerful momentum and struck the huge leaf.

The punch had gathered all the power that Zen could use up. He had also activated his Stellar Body alongside. It was infinitely stronger than the punch he had used to injure War Emperor York.

Boom!

As soon as his punch landed on the leaf, a violent sound reverberated around him. It was as if thunder itself had struck the ground. Anyone positioned on the huge tree would have heard it clearly.

Below Zen were several scared stiff mineral-devouring bugs. Spreading their wings, they flew off in panic.

Zen's fist was still pressed tightly against the leaf. Traces of blood trickled from between his fingers and along the huge leaf.

Even though Zen possessed a physique as strong as a sacred weapon, the toughness of the leaf under his feet far exceeded it. The heavy punch that he landed on it was like smashing an egg against a rock. Although the leaf containing the ores did not crack even a bit, his fist still hurt.

'The last three layers of the leaves are sturdier than the golden leaf below. No wonder even the Soul Sea Realm masters failed to take out the ores from within them, ' Zen reflected, however he was not too disappointed. He had already expected this and had only wanted to confirm the fact.

The pickaxe — that was what he needed to solve this problem.

If he could get the Black Star pickaxe, he should be able to dig out the ores from within these leaves. However, the pickaxe itself was wrapped within the golden leaf. Nobody from the four divine kingdoms had managed to extract it, and Zen knew it would be a near impossible task for him to do so as well.

Failing to figure out any solution to this deadlock, Zen decided to leave the leaf at the forty-fifth layer.

As he plummeted, two purple mineral-devouring bugs on the forty-first and forty-third layers noticed it, wanting to chase after him. But Zen was too far away and his falling speed too quick, so they had to return to their original leaves.

On his way down, Zen thought about what he could do next.

With Zen's current strength, he was indeed unable to break the golden leaf, but it was still easier compared to smashing the leaves of the forty-fifth layer. In other words, his last prospect was to get the Black Star pickaxe within the golden leaf. If he could obtain that supreme divine weapon, probably he could break even the top-layered leaves.

Since he couldn't do it alone, how about forming an alliance with others? If a few of them gathered on one leaf and attacked at the same time...

However, Zen quickly rejected this idea.

When Zen got out of the pyramid, Randy told him that only one warrior was allowed to enter through a narrow door at a time. If a number of them passed through the same narrow door simultaneously, only the first of them would land accurately on the leaf, while the other warriors would automatically be driven out. It made it impossible for them to climb onto the same leaf at the same time.

Zen wasn't surprised at Randy's answer. After all, it hadn't been difficult for the Soul Sea Realm masters to think up similar solutions in the past.

Several powerful warriors of that realm had also previously tried stationing themselves on the nearby leaves to together attack a leaf. However, their methods had been restricted by the rules of the huge tree. It was something that a warrior of their level couldn't fight back.

Anyone who wanted to get the pickaxe could only obtain it with the help of his own strength.

Standing below the pyramid, Zen stared at its peak indifferently as he repeated this one word to himself, "Strength..."

He needed more strength to turn the situation around. But how could he increase it quickly?

Suddenly, he saw a dozen or so warriors returning from their way on the left side of the pyramid, complaining to each other loudly.

"Damn it, everything valuable from the rubbish in the armory has been stolen over the years. There is nothing left for us! We might as well come back and dig for ores in the pyramid!"

"I've searched for treasures there for so long, but I only got two spiritual weapons. They're both fucking low-grade!"

"I wonder if the mineral-devouring bugs have returned to the higher layers yet. If they are gone, we should continue mining in the pyramid."

They were a group of warriors who had gone to hunt for treasures in the debris. Although there were many weapons in the armory, it still required some luck to pick out weapons that weren't cursed. Moreover, there were other warriors every year who tried their fortunes in the armory, so the number of weapons that weren't cursed had decreased over time. The chances of finding a sacred weapon among them had become increasingly smaller.

Weapons... Could they be of any help? Zen raised his eyebrows as an idea occurred to him.

The heavenly essence in a weapon couldn't just dissipate into thin air unless it was destroyed.

Why not just go and smelt the massive weapons in the armory?

Zen's heart thumped with excitement as this thought came to his mind.

Previously Zen had been in no hurry to absorb more heavenly essence because his body couldn't withstand any greater power. His fairy weapon physique nearly reached its limit after he had activated the one thousand dragon scales.

But now that his body had improved to the level of a sacred weapon, he could withstand the power of more dragon scales.

With the power of one thousand dragon scales, Zen was unable to break open the golden leaf and take the Black Star pickaxe within it.

However, he had the opportunity to activate more dragon scales now… What if he could activate five thousand dragon scales? Or even ten thousand?

Even when his strength was far from enough to carry out a mission, Zen still tried his best to achieve things. Right now, there was a feasible plan in place. Obviously, he couldn't let go of this opportunity.

The only question now was whether those cursed weapons still contained the heavenly essence within them. Would the heavenly essence disappear because of the curse?

In any case, he could just go and see it for himself. Zen made up his mind, saying to Randy, "Lord Randy, I would like to go and try my luck in the debris as well."

Camilla was guarding the pile of ores when she heard Zen's words. Her face bloomed with curiosity. "Why would you do that? You already know it's just rubbish. If you're lucky, you might be able to find one or two sacred weapons at most among the cursed weapons. You could as well go on mining here."

If Zen sold the mountainous pile of ores beside Camilla in the four divine kingdoms, the money would be enough to purchase five or six sacred weapons. That was far more than the value he could possibly get from the rubbish.

"Camilla is right. With your strength, there's no need for you to do something so foolish," Randy stated, agreeing with Camilla. Still, for some unknown reason, he felt that Zen wasn't just going to the armory to pick undamaged weapons.

"It's fine. I'm just curious. I'll come back later to mine!" Zen replied with a smile. Just as he finished speaking, he raised his head and happened to meet Fiona's eyes.

Although he had been busy going in and out of the pyramid, he hadn't forgotten to pay attention to those around him. His sharp gaze was always aware of everything. He knew that Fiona's gaze had been closely focused on him.

As they locked eyes, Fiona showed him a soft, gentle smile and jumped down along the pyramid. Because of the suppression of the blood sacrifice's power, no one was able to fly at this place, so she had created a fiery red barrier around her body with her life vitality and glided several dozen feet down before arriving in front of Zen.

"Let me go with you! I would like to take a look as well," she suggested to Zen.

Her goal for exploring the Feather Holy Sea and entering the Feather Emperor Secret Land wasn't to obtain the ores and treasures. She had come here to gain experience.

Zen smiled and nodded in approval. He turned around and led the way, going around the pyramid and following the straight path to its left. There were quite a few divine-level geniuses who were returning from the armory one after another. Their gazes fixed on Zen and Fiona with curiosity as they passed by the two.

Chapter 1153 Lighting Up Scales

The warriors passed Fiona and Zen, speaking to one another in hushed speculations.

"Don't you think it's strange? The princess of the Wind Divine Kingdom seems to always be following Zen."

"Who knows why? I have no clue. When the two of them were at the West Dragon River, she even offered to lend Zen her very own semi-divine weapon..."

"Zen has such great luck. Imagine—a princess, taking a fancy on a mere warrior. Even death would be worth it!"

The divine-level talents talked amongst themselves, gushing praises and words of adoration about Fiona. They kept their voices muffled, so as not to let words escape their circle.

As they continued walking along the straight path for about two or three miles, an endless wall appeared in front of them. It towered over them in an undistinguishable shape, becoming clearer and clearer as they neared it: the carved lines turned and twisted to form a dragon.

Its long body was coiling, with the head and tail as pillars of the entrance to the armory.

They entered the dragon-shaped fence, and numerous warehouses came into view. A few divine-level talents were walking to-and-fro from them.

As they surveyed the area, Fiona suddenly took off to the direction of one of the warehouses. "Those weapons should be displayed in the warehouses," she said, entering.

Zen followed closely behind her, his eyes roaming around the room until his gaze landed on the large boxes inside.

Pure, untainted copper gleamed against the light. These were no ordinary boxes—their surface having undergone special treatment. There was no trace of rust on surfaces that shone with a brass glow, as if they had been lying there untouched.

The tell-tale signs of activity were everywhere: most of the lids had been lifted and moved, and weapons scattered across the floor. There were many others who had been there before.

"These weapons..."

At first glance, one would think that the weapons were new and unused in their almost-perfect condition.

However, upon closer look, curls of faint, black smoke came out of the weapons.

"What a strong curse," Fiona remarked, slowly walking over and picking up a weapon. It was an exquisite short spear, a mid-grade fairy weapon. She shook the spear lightly, and wisps of black smoke escaped from it.

Zen looked at the weapons, unconcerned about the curses contained in them. What mattered to him more was whether or not he could extract the heavenly essence from within them.

As Fiona observed the spear, Zen walked further into the depths of the warehouse. Copper boxes, like the ones they saw before lined both sides in a neat line. All of the boxes were opened, and the weapons, once neatly placed inside, were now in a wild disarray.

These weapons had not been taken away by the divine-level talents who rummaged around the boxes, which could only mean one thing: they were cursed.

'The curse can't be removed from the weapons, but if I can isolate the heavenly essence from it, that would be enough for me, ' he thought to himself. Zen dug into one of the boxes, picking out a large saber. It was a basic weapon of the Dragon Lineage Human. He swung the saber around—the blade ringing a beautiful sound as it sliced into the air. Despite being only a mid-grade fairy weapon, its workmanship was extraordinary.

Zen looked around and saw that Fiona had not followed him. Then, he gently closed his eyes and began to communicate with the mysterious furnace in his mind.

As the mysterious furnace turned slowly, a black flame shot out from the hearth.

The flame seemed to have its own soul, but Zen had been able to acquire the skill to use it in refining weapons. The black flame shot out from Zen's forehead, circling in the air for some moments before descending to the saber.

The blade of the saber coiled and twisted until it had morphed into a small mass molten iron and dissolved, finally condensing into heavenly essence.

A mid-grade fairy weapon contained a much greater amount of heavenly essence than mysterious weapons and spiritual weapons. The saber had at least a hundred drops of heavenly essence, which would be enough for Zen to light up twenty dragon scales.

However, Zen only held the heavenly essence on his hands tentatively; he was in no hurry to absorb it. The black smoke of the curse remained even after he had refined the weapon.

"The black flame can refine all weapons, but it wouldn't be able to release the curse within it," Zen muttered, his brows furrowed. This was not good news.

The four divine kingdoms left these weapons untouched because of the curses contained in them. Getting rid of the curses would be a very difficult task.

What could happen if he absorbed the heavenly essence, despite the curse?

Zen mused upon this thought as he watched the black smoke coming from the heavenly essence. There was hesitation in his face.

Another idea had formed in his mind. Once, the cyan dragon had said that if he could obtain enough heavenly essence, the dragon would be able to create a new Heavenly Body.

Countless weapons were left behind in this armory—most of them were spiritual and fairy weapons, and some were even sacred weapons.

Fairy weapons and sacred weapons contained massive amounts of heavenly essence. If these weapons were completely absorbed, then Zen might be able to help the cyan dragon forge a new body.

The Heavenly Body would not be too large. The cyan dragon's original body stretched for over a thousand miles, and it would be nearly impossible to create a body of this length and size. At best, the cyan dragon's new body would be about the size of an ordinary flood dragon.

Even so, the cyan dragon had been a great help to him. This was Zen's chance to return some of the favor back.

The problem now was how to deal with the curse...

"Let's give it a try first!" he said decisively, his mind having been made up.

Zen's sacred weapon body made him impervious to poisons. However, the black smog was no poison; it was a curse. It had a different constitution, and he wasn't sure if his body would be able to withstand its effects.

Zen closed his eyes and absorbed the heavenly essence. It shot into the space between his eyebrows.

The mysterious furnace continued to burn, and more than twenty dragon scales on the surface of the cyan dragon's body lit up. Zen had felt a difference after he had absorbed all of the heavenly essence.

"I'm not injured?" Zen wondered. His lips curled into a relaxed smile. If there were no effects, then perhaps he must have been overthinking things.

The next moment, the black flame rolled and shot directly into one of the copper boxes, inside of which were roughly a hundred sabers of mid-grade fairy weapons. The black flame shook inside the box and the sabers melted like candle wax.

The masses of heavenly essence rapidly flowed, the drops adsorbing one another until they amalgamated into an immense mass that had the gleam of mercury.

A large saber contained over a hundred drops of heavenly essence, and all of the weapons combined produced over ten thousand drops. It was enough to light up two thousand dragon scales.

In the past, Zen had to pay for materials in order to melt and forge weapons.

But right now in this vast warehouse, Zen was in the midst of thousands of mid-grade fairy weapons, and it had only been the first. Other warehouses might be keeping even more valuable ones. If he was able to find top-grade fairy weapons and sacred weapons, they would yield a much higher amount of heavenly essence.

He had come across a treasure chest, like a bird flying into a giant granary. Zen devoured the heavenly essences from the weapons continuously.

After refining the large sabers in one copper box, the black flame gently drifted away and drilled into another. It pierced through the box, creating a small hole in the two-inch thick copper. At once, it began its work, melting the weapons until the heavenly essence had been extracted.

Wolf fang hammers were in the next box. They were also mid-grade fairy weapons like the large sabers, but each wolf fang hammer produced more heavenly essence due to its heftier bulk.

One box went on to become two, then three, then four, then five copper boxes...

The black flame ransacked the boxes for all of the mid-grade fairy weapons. Soon, there were only ashes in the space that used to be filled with swords, spears, and hammers. As of this moment, Zen had absorbed about sixty to seventy thousand drops of heavenly essence.

The cyan dragon's scales lit up. Zen looked at the green light, a smile appearing on his face once more. The cyan dragon was still in slumber. Both he and the red dragon seemed to be exhausted after helping Zen resist the little monster's attack. Even now, they had not woken up. The cyan dragon might find a surprise waiting for him when he woke up.

"I have already lit up a total of fourteen thousand dragon scales..."

The power of one thousand dragon scales would equal the full force of a Soul Sea Realm master.

What would happen if the power of fourteen thousand dragon scales was released? The power might be unfathomable. Even Zen, with his sacred weapon body, might not be able to withstand its intensity.

Chapter 1154 Purification Fire

Now if Zen unleashed his strength fully, even if a powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm activated his protective life vitality to the maximum, he still wouldn't be able to withstand a punch by the former.

However, that did not mean Zen was completely invincible. He was still going to be unable to defeat a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. After all, the strength of warriors who were at the peak of the Soul Sea Realm was calculated not only by their physical strength. Their speed, martial arts, cultivation methods, and mastery of laws were all better than Zen and they could defeat him.

Zen's mind right now was focused on the golden leaf, and he was going to use his own strength to smash it open so he could take out the Black Star pickax!

Thinking of this, Zen wanted to test the limits of his physical body.

Thus, he began to gather the power of the dragon scales. However, just as he was about to pour the power of the dragon scales into his body, he suddenly heard Fiona shout from not too far away.

"Thad? Where are you?"

She had entered the arsenal along with Zen and had been looking around the weapons scattered everywhere. Looking at the curses on them, Fiona was wondering if there was any way to purify the weapons and lift the power of the curses that lay upon them.

Among various Original Laws, some of the laws were supposed to have similar effects at sufficiently higher levels.

For instance, the Space Law, the Thunder Law, and the Fire Law all contained a similar effect – that of purification.

However, the principle behind the purification ritual of different laws was different. The Thunder Law could create countless lightning sparks and a cultivator could release those sparks onto the target to purify it.

However, the Fire Law worked in a different way. One could even say that the Fire Law burned the curses instead of removing them.

Fiona had grasped the usage of a special type of flame: Purification Fire.

The temperature of this Purification Fire was not very high. In fact, it was very low when compared to that of most common fires. Its lack of warmth could be judged from the fact that if one utilized this Purification Fire on normal firewood, the latter would remain completely unharmed. However, the Purification Fire was very effective against negative powers like the power of the curses. Similarly, it could also hurt evil creatures.

However, Fiona wasn't sure if her Purification Fire could work on such powerful curses. They looked dangerous.

Thinking about that, Fiona decided to give it a try. A milky white flame appeared in her hand as she began to burn the power of curse on a spear!

Fiona's Purification Fire and the black flame in Zen's mind were on two opposite extremes. The black flame in Zen's mind could almost destroy everything. However, Fiona's Purification Fire would not cause any damage to weapons.

When the milky white flames emerged, the black smoke on the spear began to disappear and dissipate slowly.

'It works!' Fiona thought as excitement appeared on her face. She was happy because her flame had turned out to be very useful. For other divine-level talents, if they had been able to obtain a few clean sacred weapons from this cursed pile, they would feel very lucky. However, in Fiona's eyes, the value of sacred weapons was no better than that of trash.

Even if her Purification Fire had the ability to eliminate the power of curses on these weapons, she didn't bother to purify all of these weapons. She only wanted to see if the Purification Fire was strong enough.

Only then did Fiona realize that Zen had gone into the depth of the arsenal. She then immediately threw away the spear and went to look for Zen. Who knew what dangers he might have fallen into.

"Thad…."

She called out a few times and saw Zen's figure suddenly appear. At the sight of him, Fiona covered her mouth with her hand and asked in horror, "Thad, what has happened to you?"

When Zen saw Fiona looking at him in surprise, he was extremely puzzled. What was wrong with him? He felt completely fine so why did she ask so? He had only devoured a great deal of the heavenly essence. But he assumed that others wouldn't be able to know what he had done. The absorption of heavenly essence shouldn't have caused any change to his appearance.

However, what Fiona said next startled him. "Thad! Did you somehow eat those weapons?"

His heart started to beat faster at her words. He was unwilling to let anyone know about how he had devoured the heavenly essence. After all, the secret about the black flame and the mysterious furnace was only shared between him and Lavender. Lavender was his sword spirit and she was attached to his body, so she wouldn't tell anyone either.

"What do you mean?" No matter how Fiona came to know about it, Zen wouldn't admit it.

Fiona pointed at Zen's face and asked, "If you haven't devoured those weapons, why would the power of the curses be in your body? Look at the smoke that is coming out of your body!"

What Zen did not know was that after he had absorbed the heavenly essence, the power of the curses had not disappeared. Instead, it had gathered within his body.

And that was the reason why Fiona was so surprised. Because the curses were affecting him now, in a strange way.

Zen was unaware that the power of these curses was powerful enough to cause a lot of damage to living creatures. Such damage usually appeared to the naked eye in two ways.

It would either seep into one's body, slowly eroding the consciousness and taking over. Soon the person would lose his common sense, and start acting weird and even go insane and become a lunatic…

However, this only happened when a warrior tried to carry a cursed weapon with him. So no one was willing to take these weapons with them.

Judging from this characteristic of the power of the curses, one could say that the curses were similar to a poison. As for Zen's body which was a sacred weapon, it was completely immune to this effect.

However, the power of the curses also had another effect, which was to make these weapons highly vulnerable, rendering them fragile. The hardness of the weapons in front of them right now was only about half of what it had been before they were cursed. Zen was going to have to pay attention to this negative effect. This was because his body was a sacred weapon, and if his body was contaminated with the power of the curses, his physical strength would be severely weakened!

Zen was completely unaware of the effects of the power of the curses. However, he would definitely not allow the black smoke to continuously emit from his body…

Hearing Fiona's words, Zen was shocked and immediately picked up a large saber from the copper box. The shiny blade of the saber was silver enough to act like a mirror. He looked at his image through the blade and found that there was indeed black smoke constantly rising from all over him.

This was a bit troublesome. Zen's heart sank as he asked, "What other effects do these curses have?"

"I don't know..." Fiona blinked as she stared at Zen with curiosity. She just couldn't figure out how Zen had managed to get the curses onto his body from the weapons. Most people wouldn't be able to do that even if they wanted to. Unless a warrior carried a cursed weapon for a very, very long time indeed, he or she couldn't physically transfer curses.

Did Thad really eat those weapons? These were fairy weapons. No matter how strong his body was, it was going to be impossible for him to digest them.

Seeing Fiona curiously staring at him, Zen felt helpless. Perhaps Fiona was easy to fool, and even if he didn't say anything, she would not keep asking about it. But the others weren't that stupid. If those powerful masters at Soul Sea Realm happened to see this, they would surely not let him go until he gave them a valid explanation. Then he would be in great trouble.

However, there was nothing Zen could do right now.

Seeing Zen's conflicted expression, Fiona faintly smiled. She focused her beautiful eyes on the young man in front of him and told him calmly, "I don't know what the consequences of these curses are going to be, but they are definitely not going to be good. But don't worry, I can purify you!"

"You can purify me?" Zen was shocked.

"Yes," Fiona replied seriously. She wasn't the type of woman who joked around.

"Since you can purify me, then..." A smile appeared on his face as he said half of what he had intended to say.

In Zen's line of reasoning, if he had such ability, he would purify all those weapons one by one and sell them out... But the woman in front of him was the dignified princess of a divine kingdom. Of course she didn't lack money and these fairy weapons and sacred weapons were nothing to her.

Perhaps Fiona had figured out what Zen wanted to say. She smiled knowingly and ordered him, "Don't move! And don't worry! I know what I am doing."

After she finished speaking, a milky-white flame rose from Fiona's hand. Zen could not feel any heat from the flame.

"What kind of flame is this?" As Zen stared at the milky white flame, a stunned expression appeared on his face and he couldn't help asking.

"This is the Purification Fire that can purify everything," Fiona replied and slowly pushed the flame towards Zen.

When it touched his body, Zen didn't feel any heat. On the contrary, he actually felt a chill being emanated from it.

Zen found it miraculous that such a flame existed in this world, but as the chilling sensation continuously came to him, Zen's mind became abnormally pure!

That didn't mean he was losing his mind. Fiona's Purification Fire could not only purify the power of the curses, it could also purify all distracting and evil thoughts, as well as the ill intentions of all living beings. Of course, any normal person would have distracting thoughts throughout his life time. But when the Purification Fire was inside a person's body, his distracting thoughts would be temporarily cleansed. Once it left his body, his mind would return to its previous self.

Chapter 1155 Black Heart Fire Stone

Fiona was in close proximity to Zen and kept on releasing the Purification Fire, slowly pushing the flame into his body.

Zen could see the seriousness etched on her face.

He didn't have any desire towards her while his thoughts were being purified by the Purification Fire. His mind had entered a very strange state, in which he was able to appreciate the princess of the Wind Divine Kingdom with an extremely pure mind.

Fiona's skin was white as snow, her eyes pitch black and deep. Her eyelashes were constantly trembling, and her hair that was appropriately draped over her shoulders was like a beautiful piece of art.

But as she became aware of Zen's intense gaze upon her, Fiona suddenly felt shy. Her fair cheeks blushed crimson and her fingers trembled. The Purification Fire in her hand pulsed continuously as if it was beating at the same rate as her heart.

Fortunately, her Purification Fire wouldn't hurt anyone, and it wouldn't burn Zen even when it randomly jumped about.

After Zen had smelted the weapons and absorbed a considerable amount of the heavenly essence, the curse power within the weapons had also been absorbed by him. And the amount of this curse power that gathered within him was quite large.

Although the purification ability of her Purification Fire was extraordinary, it still required extreme control over the Fire Law on her part. Even if she had comprehended the third layer of the Fire Law, she could only turn her life vitality into the Purification Fire that was only as thick as a thumb. And it would still take a lot of time to cleanse all the curse power within Zen's body with her Purification Fire.

But the curse power that Zen had absorbed did begin to dissipate under the effect of the Purification Fire. An hour or so later, fine beads of sweat began to form on Fiona's forehead while the curse power emanating from Zen's body became weaker and weaker.

"Ah-ha! It's done!" Fiona let out a long breath as her face split into a wide, comfortable grin.

Even after Fiona had extinguished the Purification Fire, Zen's gaze remained fixed on her. He had entered a truly wondrous state of mind during this hour.

In Zen's opinion, there were many other uses of Fiona's Purification Fire in addition to expelling the curse power. For example, if a warrior could not calm down while cultivating, it would often result in a lot of distracting thoughts. Her Purification Fire, however, could remove all these distracting thoughts.

And when Zen had been staring at Fiona for an hour without any distracting thoughts, her face had been deeply imprinted in his mind.

Following this, a very strange feeling overcame Zen's mind, not because he had a thing for Fiona, but because of a special kinship he felt for his savior.

There was no way for Fiona to know what Zen was thinking when she realized he was still staring at her in a daze. She looked at him strangely before saying, "You still haven't told me how you managed to get the curse power into your body!"

"Uh..." Zen couldn't just tell her the truth. He thought for a moment before saying, "Just look at it like me eating those weapons."

Fiona's face filled with disbelief. But she was programmed in such a way that she didn't press on. She had never been overbearing towards anyone and she naturally wouldn't force Zen to tell her something that he wasn't willing to speak of.

However, even if the warriors were to take these cursed weapons with them, the curse power wouldn't attack them immediately. It would be a while before the curse power would take effect and corrode their bodies.

And even if Zen had really swallowed the weapons, it would have been impossible for him to absorb the curse power into his body in such a short period of time. Fiona's gaze swept the area. The bronze chests in front of her were already empty. There wasn't a single weapon in them, so what exactly was going on?

'Why is Thad acting so strange?' she thought.

She had been quietly observing Zen from the start. But ever since she had entered the Feather Holy Sea, instead of having a greater understanding of Zen, she found that he became more mysterious, as if he had countless secrets.

But digging out a person's secrets was an interesting exercise. To Fiona, exploring the Feather Holy Sea was like taking a tour, and digging out Zen's secrets was like a little game.

Since Zen had already swallowed so much heavenly essence, he could not wait any longer and wanted to drain out all the energy within his body. So he and Fiona left the armory and returned to the pyramid together.

By this time, most of the warriors who had gone to scavenge through the garbage had already returned from the armory. Because the danger of the mineral-devouring bugs had been eliminated, many divine-level talents had also entered the mining tree.

This meant that the warriors trading in front of the pyramid were once again active.

Seeing that Zen had returned, Camilla hastily waved at him. Her face was full of joy as she said, "Thad, come here! I've collected 36 more life stones!"

The divine-level talents had managed to figure out Camilla's state of mind. This year, Zen and Camilla had been the ones to get all of the life stones. And now, the life stones had become a rarity, even rarer than other rare ores.

The reason was simple. Mining other rare ores might not be useful; one might not even need them at all, only using them in exchange for something else. But mining the life stones would allow them to directly exchange them for the ores they needed from Camilla.

Furthermore, the number of life stones that had appeared was becoming smaller and smaller and the price that Camilla offered was getting higher and higher. The price that she had offered had already far exceeded the original value of the life stones.

Of course, Camilla was clear about what was going on in Zen's mind. He wanted as many life stones as possible no matter how high the cost. And no matter what, as long as the others used the life stones as an exchange, she would do her best to satisfy their requests.

Even though Camilla was unwilling to suffer any losses, she would do this to help Zen exchange the life stones.

Zen nodded, a smile on his face. Although his goal had changed, he could still use the life stones.

Even though he had smelted those cursed weapons, absorbed a lot of heavenly essence, and ignited more than ten thousand dragon scales, Zen was still not confident that he could break the golden leaf and take out the Black Star.

So that meant that the life stones were still Zen's choice. At worst, he could just take all the life stones that were produced this year and make a comeback next year.

Callan also appeared outside the pyramid. He ran towards Fiona and shouted excitedly, "Fiona! Fiona! Look at this ore!"

A bright red stone sat in Callan's hand. Its surface looked strange, with lines on it that looked like many clouds of fire. Whatever it was, it looked extremely beautiful.

"What kind of stone is this?" Fiona blinked and stared curiously at it.

The siblings of the Huo Clan didn't understand much about ores. Fiona's curiosity was piqued even further as she saw Callan's excitement.

Zen also stared at the ore in bewilderment. He didn't see anything special about it other than its unique shape. The clouds of fire were distributed in such a regular pattern that they were most likely carved by hand.

Although Zen himself did not have the ability to identify ores, with his instincts and perception, he could probably distinguish between the good and the bad. And though some of the ores that he had given Camilla were normal ores, more than 70% of them were considered very rare.

"This is the Black Heart Fire Stone! It is extremely useful for a warrior that cultivates the Fire Law. Fiona, this is for you!" Callan said with a wide smile.

Zen's expression twisted even more. Camilla blinked several times before asking, "Black Heart Fire Stone? How come I've never heard of this type of ore before?"

There were over a thousand types of ores in the mine and Camilla could recognize almost all of them. But she had never heard of the Black Heart Fire Stone.

She gazed at the stone in Callan's hand. A whirl of thoughts went through her mind. 'Callan is a simple and honest person. It would be alright if he had dug up this stone by himself. But it would be a huge loss if he had obtained it from someone else. He might have been deceived by someone.'

Thinking of this, Camilla used her life vitality to explain her thoughts to Zen.

Zen had had his suspicions and Camilla's analysis basically confirmed them. He asked, "Prince Callan, did you excavate this Black Heart Fire Stone yourself, or did you exchange it with someone else?"

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1156 Dispute

Callan didn't understand why Zen had asked such a question. In any case, he replied in a stiff voice, "I didn't dig it out myself. Fredric sold it to me. Is there something wrong?"

As Fiona heard Fredric's name, she also frowned. Of the four crown princes of the four divine kingdoms, only Callan, who was her younger brother, was honest and simple-minded. She didn't like the other three, especially Fredric, who was the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom. He was at the bottom of her list of likable men. He was extremely cunning and vicious. Although Fiona hadn't seen him many times, he had left a bad impression on her.

Thus, Fiona immediately asked, "How many life vitality crystals did you spend buying it?"

Callan replied, "Nine thousand."

The mentioned life vitality crystals were naturally supreme life vitality crystals.

Nine thousand supreme life vitality crystals was not a small number even for a crown prince. It might very well have been more than half of Callan's savings.

Fiona took the Black Heart Fire Stone from Callan's hand and frowned. Something didn't seem right.

Seeing his sister's expression, Callan opened his mouth and told her, "Fiona, they demonstrated to me that this ore can withstand fire. They said that after refining it, it would be able to greatly consolidate the purity of one's flames!"

As Callan's voice fell, a wisp of flame rose from Fiona's hand. She was going to test the stone. Although the flame in her hand wasn't large, the temperature was extremely high and it was hot beyond imagination. The power of the third layer of Fire Law wasn't a joke.

Under the heat of this pure flame, a crackling sound came from the Black Heart Fire Stone. Cracks immediately erupted from the exquisite clouds of fire on the stone as it began to melt under the immense heat and pressure.

In the blink of an eye, the entire stone was incinerated into fragments.

Callan's eyes became wide open as he blankly stared at these fragments. His face filled with disbelief. His strength might not have been as great as Fiona's, but he had also cultivated the third layer of the Fire Law. Before buying the stone, he had also used his own fire to try and burn it, and even after giving it a flame for several minutes, he was unable to burn it down. But how had Fiona turned the stone into fragments?

At this time, Callan also understood that he had been deceived.

Zen and Camilla thought that Fredric must have used some tricks to fool Callan. Callan was a dull and honest person, and it wasn't going to be difficult to fool him.

Fiona's gaze was calm, but her face looked extremely frosty. She had an amiable personality and never liked to argue with anyone, but she was simply not going to allow anyone to deceive her brother!

At this moment, the ring of light on the side of the pyramid slightly flickered. Fredric, carrying a pickax, came out from the mine. Once he was outside, the rings of light flashed one after the other and some of his followers also came out.

Although one leaf could only accommodate one warrior, Fredric's group had chosen to enter through his adjacent doors, which would allow them to fall on the neighboring leaves after entering the mine. Now, following Fredric, the divine-level talents from his divine kingdom had also come out.

Fiona held the fragments of the Black Heart Fire Stone in her hand and looked at Fredric. Although she was angry, her voice was still clear and indifferent. In fact, her voice was its usual brand of calmness. However, her words revealed a majesty that could not be refused.

"Fredric, return the nine thousand life vitality crystals to my brother. Take these fragments back and let bygones be bygones."

Fredric was in a good mood right now as he had reaped a great harvest from the mine in the Feather Emperor Secret Land. Although Zen had dug out most of the ores from the mine, the other princes, princesses, and divine-level talents had reaped less rewards than Fredric.

Personally, Fredric was envious of Zen as Camilla had helped him earn more than 100, 000 supreme life vitality crystals, but he still stayed calm. After all, Zen was a dead man in his mind. He was sure that his father, War Emperor York would not let Zen go.

Fredric's eyes darkened at Fiona's words. Looking at the pile of debris in her hand, he knew that his trick had been exposed. However, he wasn't the least bit nervous. He was cunning and knew how to come out on top of such a situation. "What are they?"

"The stone you sold to Callan was a fake. Please return his life vitality crystals to him." Seeing Fredric play dumb, Fiona got angry. Her eyebrows knitted themselves together even more fiercely. She was a kind and innocent girl, but she couldn't bear her brother being fooled by anyone.

Hearing Fiona's words, Fredric chuckled. "Princess Fiona, what you've said is incorrect. When did I say that the stone was real?"

"What? You..." Callan became anxious. Just as he was about to speak, Fredric interrupted him, "What did I say? Callan, did I tell you that the stone was real?

In fact, I even reminded you that I was not sure of the value of the stone, didn't I?

And I said I didn't want to sell it to you, right?

It was you yourself who insisted on buying it, and even swore that regardless of whether it was real or fake, you would not pursue the matter, right?"

Fredric was clever with his words. After what he just said, Callan didn't know how to retort at all. In the end, he could only suppress his anger and nod his head, his face as red as a tomato.

What Fredric had said was true. In reality, he and his followers had set up a trap for Callan and deceived him effortlessly.

"Princess Fiona, your brother has already admitted to it. Isn't this matter very clear? I already told him that I didn't want to sell it to him. Callan insisted on buying it. Now you're going to look for trouble with me. Isn't that very inappropriate?" Fredric asked.

Faced with Fredric's questions, Fiona didn't know how to answer. She wasn't someone who was particularly good at arguing. The moment Fredric opened his mouth, all the reasoning had come to his side and it seemed like her brother was in the wrong.

Seeing Fiona's expression, Fredric smiled smugly. He chuckled and told her, "As a matter of fact, although Callan forced me to sell this stone to him and it was even burnt to this state by you, it's not impossible for me to return the life vitality crystals to you. I have a deal."

Fiona's face changed. "What do you mean?"

Pointing at the jade bracelet on Fiona's arm, Fredric smiled and replied, "If you are willing to lend me the bracelet for a year or so, I will consider myself unlucky and return all the life vitality crystals. What do you think about that, Princess Fiona?"

The value of the semi-divine weapon on Fiona's arm was incalculable! Ordinary princes or princesses who were not favored by their fathers did not have such a treasure. Even as the wealthiest crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom, Fredric only had two Heavenly Thunder Halberds that could be ranked at the level of semi-divine weapons. Such weapons were extremely rare.

A bigger problem was that the Heavenly Thunder Halberds were only single-use treasures. In the Spirit Beast Area, Fredric had already used up one of those halberds in order to escape. Now, he was only left with the other.

"Ha-ha!" Hearing this, Zen couldn't hold back his laughter.

Looking at Zen laughing so unrestrainedly in front of him, Fredric gnashed his teeth and shouted, "What the hell are you laughing at, Thad Luo?"

"I'm laughing because you can act so shamelessly. I'm truly impressed by you, or rather, your stupidity and shamelessness!" Zen replied with a faint smile.

"How dare you! Thad Luo, you are courting death!"

"How dare you insult the crown prince of our York Divine Kingdom! You're dead!"

"You don't seem to have figured out your identity. You're just a nobody. You're nothing in front of the imperial family!"

Before Fredric himself could say anything, the divine-level talents who followed him began clamoring.

In the four divine kingdoms, the power of the warriors was something that every commoner aspired for but could never attain. As for the warriors themselves, the power of the imperial family members was something they could imagine of, think of, and try to achieve, but never succeed in reaching.

This sort of narrow-minded thinking had been built up over thousands and thousands of years in the four divine kingdoms. Zen, however, didn't give a damn about it.

To put it bluntly, the establishment of a divine kingdom depended on one's own strength. If a divine kingdom's imperial family members lost their strength, then the divine kingdom would automatically be in extreme danger. And since there were no Soul Sea Realm masters among this lot, Zen could beat every single one of these divine-level talents with his strength. As a result, he didn't show Fredric the slightest respect.

So what if Fredric was the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom? Zen still had the Harlen Divine Kingdom backing him up. What was more, Zen was helping Fiona and Callan. Behind them stood the Wind

Divine Kingdom. In other words, it was two whole divine kingdoms along with Zen against one.

"You guys talk too much nonsense!" Zen sneered. His eyes fell on Fredric. "I will only say this once. Return the life vitality crystals to Callan and this matter will be over. Do not embarrass yourself!"

The moment he said this, Fredric's expression immediately turned extremely dark.

Perhaps Fiona was very strong, but Fredric wasn't too afraid of her. In his mind, one of the siblings from the Huo Clan was stupid and the other was too naive. He could beat them both.

But now, Zen was standing up for them too.

If Zen was a bit more polite, Fredric might have given in, but his words were too unpleasant to listen to. If he gave in right now in front of Zen, then everyone would believe that he was afraid of him.

Chapter 1157 Are You An Idiot

Ever since he entered the Feather Holy Sea, Fredric had been facing conflicts with Zen.

The York Divine Kingdom already had an irreconcilable conflict with him. Both Marine and War Emperor York wanted to eliminate Zen as soon as possible.

However, Fredric also knew that the difference between his strength and Zen's own was too great, so he tried his best to endure these small conflicts. In Fredric's eyes, Zen would be easily killed by his father when he left the secret land.

But Fredric was still the crown prince of the York Divine Kingdom after all. Moreover, he was the most outstanding one of the four crown princes among the divine kingdoms.

There was a limit to his tolerance. He had already tried his best to tolerate Zen, but Zen was too arrogant. How could Fredric endure it?

An indescribable rage rushed straight to his head.

If it were anyone else, Fredric would have already launched an attack, even against someone like the little monster. However, thinking about Zen's almost abnormal strength, Fredric gritted his teeth and held back the impulse to attack him. "What if I don't? What is it that you want? You want to fight me?"

"No. I won't dare attack you, and there is no need to do so!" Zen smiled as a trace of indifference appeared in his eyes. At the same time, a formless soul pressure slowly exuded from him.

Zen's soul was close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. The soul pressure he emanated was enough to frighten the divine-level talents, including Fredric. Moreover, Zen's soul had fused with the will of the world.

Due to the rising conflict between the two of them, many warriors who had left the mine didn't return to the pyramid. Instead, they watched the fight from the sidelines.

Most of them knew that even if there was a conflict between Fredric and Zen, it would be foolish of them to step in and take action.

The reason for this was simple. Zen was able to survive the attack of War Emperor York unharmed. In other words, a Soul Sea Realm master couldn't do anything to Zen if he didn't activate his domain.

Which meant also that no warrior below the Soul Sea Realm could harm Zen.

He would not dare make a move against Fredric either. He had already offended the York Divine Kingdom to a great extent.

If Zen were to fight against Fredric here and injure or even kill him, War Emperor York would definitely not let him off the hook once he arrived at the Feather Emperor Secret Land to retrieve the Soul Core.

Everyone was only here to watch the show.

However, as Zen released his soul pressure, the expressions on the faces of the divine-level talents instantly changed.

The aura released by Zen's soul was not inferior to that of a Soul Sea Realm master—in fact it was stronger than that of a mediocre one. No divine-level talent could withstand it.

At the moment, they felt as if they were not facing a single person, but the world, the sea, or the mountains.

The aura was majestic and difficult to resist. Even war kings and war emperors had to bow before it.

At the beginning, the divine-level talents behind Fredric had been clenching their teeth, trying to tolerate Zen's aura. How could they accept the fact that they were being pushed back by the aura of a warrior who was only at the middle stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm?

However, as Zen's aura continued to increase, the divine-level talents couldn't endure it any longer. Their legs trembled, and at the same time, they could not help but retreat one by one.

Fredric was the only one left standing on the spot, his eyes staring fixedly at Zen as he said through gritted teeth, "Thad Luo! Don't you dare go too far!"

Indeed, Zen did not attack. He was only using his soul pressure to try and suppress Fredric. The problem was that with such powerful soul pressure, how different was this from outright fighting Fredric?

In truth, Fredric wore a necklace called the Heart Condensation Necklace, which was a sacred weapon. The necklace could eliminate sixty percent of the opponent's soul attack. In other words, once Zen's soul pressure released itself, it would get decreased by sixty percent.

Protective weapons that were also sacred weapons were extremely rare to begin with. They far surpassed top-grade sacred weapons used for attacks. What was more, sacred weapons that could resist soul attack were even rarer. Thus, the Heart Condensation Necklace was worth as much as a semi-divine weapon.

However, the necklace's design was more feminine. In the middle of the necklace was a purple gem called the Heart Condensation Gem, which played an extremely important role. Because this necklace was made for female warriors, Fredric always wore it inside so no one could detect it.

It was because of this necklace that Fredric was struggling to hold on in front of Zen.

"Huh?"

Zen's face revealed a trace of astonishment, but his lips immediately formed an even brighter smile. "Your soul is far from the Fighting Soul Realm, yet you are able to withstand my soul pressure. Interesting! Let's see how far you can go!"

As he finished speaking, Zen lifted one foot and took a step toward Fredric.

An almost unhealthy flush covered Fredric's face. However, in the blink of an eye, the flush disappeared and was replaced with a deathly pale color. Fredric clenched his teeth, stubbornly enduring the soul pressure.

In truth, Zen's strength was on par with that of a Soul Sea Realm master. It was just that he hadn't experienced a life or death crisis, hadn't activated his soul sea, and didn't have his own domain.

However, Fredric was unwilling to admit to this fact. He still regarded Zen as someone of the same level. He considered Zen to be only the most outstanding one in the younger generation.

Because of it, Fredric refused to admit his defeat before Zen. If the person before him was not Zen but a Soul Sea Realm warrior, Fredric would have probably given in and bowed his head.

One step...

Two steps...

Three steps...

With every step that Zen took, the soul pressure on Fredric increased, his face turning impossibly paler.

Six or seven steps later, Fredric's face was as pale as a sheet.

"I...I'm going to kill you!"

Fredric could not hold it in any longer. Suddenly, a short halberd materialized in his hand.

Zen saw this and the corners of his mouth curled up. "I have heard that although the Heavenly Thunder Halberd is a single-use consumable, it is a semi-divine weapon and that it is invaluable. Your father gave it to you so you could protect your life with it, correct?

This short halberd at least costs 300, 000 to 400, 000 supreme life vitality crystals. I just want you to return 9, 000 supreme life vitality crystals to Callan, yet you refuse to do so. Are you foolish? Haven't you learned arithmetic before?

I know you don't want to lose face, but even though you are the crown prince of a divine kingdom, you must learn how to perceive the situation. Moreover, a divine kingdom is of no real importance in this world. In the Upper World, it would be like a speck of dust. If you can understand this, you will understand what you must do."

Zen's gaze was cold, but his words contained an irresistible stateliness.

Fiona's eyes lit up when she heard Zen's words. On one hand, she was grateful that Zen had helped her and her brother out. On the other hand, his words awakened something in her.

She had always been doted upon by her father, the emperor of Wind Divine Kingdom, which was why she was so innocent and elegant, even willful. But even though her father was the emperor of a divine kingdom, he was not bound to protect her forever. Her future could be very different. Perhaps she should reconsider her life goal.

Zen didn't care about the 9, 000 supreme life vitality crystals. He had already accumulated a massive amount of life vitality crystals just from selling the ores.

Of course, Fredric didn't care about these 9, 000 supreme life vitality crystals either. If he really returned them, it would mean that he was afraid of Zen, and that was the last thing he wanted.

Therefore, even though Zen's words were well-founded, Fredric refused his suggestion. The life vitality in his hand suddenly flashed, purple lightning wrapping itself around the Heavenly Thunder Halberd.

The runes on the Heavenly Thunder Halberd began gleaming continuously. Clearly, these were activated by Fredric.

The martial artists gaped at the scene, their expressions changing instantly. Many of them had witnessed firsthand the power of the Heavenly Thunder Halberd before. In a mere instant, it had killed many ghosts. The Heavenly Thunder Halberd was comparable to a Soul Sea Realm warrior's attack.

Many warriors retreated. Camilla, Fiona, Callan, and the others distanced themselves from Zen. Even if they didn't die, they could still be severely wounded by the power of the Heavenly Thunder Halberd.

"Alas! What an idiot!" Zen sighed softly and took another step toward Fredric.

Chapter 1158 Time To Mine

In that moment, Fredric's nerves were also stretched taut. How could he not understand the arithmetic that Zen was talking about?

The value of the Heavenly Thunder Halberd was simply impossible to measure within the four divine kingdoms.

In the Upper World, perhaps the halberd was only worth several hundred thousand supreme life vitality crystals. But in the Lower World, no one could afford to buy it. All semi-divine weapons were priceless.

The last time Fredric had used a halberd to protect himself, it had made his heart ache. Now he was going to use the last halberd against Zen.

Crack!

The surface of the halberd had a circular red rune and emitted fragmented lightning. As long as he lightly pressed his finger on the rune, the activated halberd would keep shooting.

His fingers were trembling. The pressure that Zen had on him was too great, to the point that he was beginning to lose consciousness.

And right now, he really wanted to give up. He feared Zen instinctively. His instinct constantly reminded him that he should not go against this man because he was not someone he could afford to offend.

However, another voice sounded out, "Kill him! Even if you have to use a halberd to kill him, it will be worth it. Your father will reward you generously."

Blood pumped furiously from his heart to his veins. His eyes became bloodshot as his finger pressed down on the rune on the halberd.

A rumble sounded and

a shrill whistling sound emanated from the short halberd. It was extremely unpleasant to the ears.

This was the sound of the lightning channeling through the body of the halberd. A gigantic bolt of lightning abruptly burst forth from the halberd's front.

"Go to hell! Bastard!" shouted Fredric loudly. He refused to swallow his pride, so he refused to yield to Zen.

Although his voice was drowned out by the thunderous roar, Zen was still able to clearly hear him.

Zen smiled.

In the blink of an eye, his entire body was covered by a thick bolt of lightning.

This huge wave of lightning energy was like a river as it surged towards Zen and extended far into the distance.

Crack!

Every divine-level talent was blinded by the dazzling light.

The thick bolt of lightning destroyed everything in its way as it rushed towards the vast Feather Holy Sea. There were still a few faint golden lights on the surface of the Feather Holy Sea, which were dispersed under the intense influence of the lightning's power.

The dazzling lightning lasted for a long time before gradually dissipating. They slowly opened their eyes and goggled at Zen.

Zen was still standing at where he was, without a scratch on his body.

Even the mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm would find themselves in a difficult position when struck by such lightning.

But Zen still looked faintly amused. Neither his expression nor his posture had changed in the slightest.

A divine-level talent sighed as he saw this. "Is Zen an incarnation of God?" he said.

"No one can defeat him. He's just reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm, but he's unharmed even under such a fierce attack. I'm afraid that he will dominate the entire great world some day in the future."

"It's a power transfer. He stole it from the little monster, but the little monster himself couldn't use his power to this extent."

After all, the Heavenly Thunder Halberd was a semi-divine weapon. His body was as strong as a sacred weapon, but he would not have been able to withstand the power of the lightning with his physical body alone.

However, he had never intended to use his body from the start. The moment Fredric had activated the Heavenly Thunder Halberd, he had transferred all the injuries he had suffered into the Feather Holy Sea.

Although the Feather Holy Sea was just an inland sea, it covered a quite large area. It could dissolve even the greatest power of lightning, and the lightning that had struck Zen's body couldn't cause any ripples in it.

Zen released his soul pressure and took another step forward, shaking his head and saying, "You've suffered a huge loss in this business!"

Fredric gritted his teeth as he looked at Zen, who was completely unharmed. His eyes burned with anger as he shouted, "So what? My father will definitely kill you! You can't possibly be a match for my father!"

"I don't deny it," said Zen, nodding and taking another step forward.

"Then why aren't you on your knees? I can beg my father to spare your life!" Fredric laughed, already caught up in the madness, his eyes showing heavy traces of paranoia.

"You are not qualified." Zen stared with clear, calm eyes at Fredric, who seemed to be going crazy, and took another step forward.

Crack!

A soft explosion sounded from Fredric's body.

Countless fragments appeared on the gem of the Heart Condensation Necklace on his chest. The gem released an invisible enchanted barrier that blocked Zen's soul pressure. But as Zen pressed forward, the gem was no longer able to withstand the intense pressure and finally broke apart.

Fredric's soul was not much stronger than the other martial artists'. Without the protection of the gem, his fragile soul couldn't resist Zen's pressure at all.

In just three seconds, he felt the world spinning around him. His eyes rolled back as his body stiffened and he fainted.

Zen shook his head as he looked at Fredric unconscious on the ground. But he had no intention of killing Fredric in the first place.

Zen could resist the powerful attack from the Soul Sea Realm martial artists by combining the will of the world with his strength. But he was no match for those who already had domains. Once he was enveloped by a domain and the connection between him and the will of the world was severed, he simply wasn't a match for the Soul Sea Realm martial artists. That was why he didn't want to anger War Emperor York too much.

All the divine-level talents looked fearfully at Zen.

They all knew that Zen was very strong. He had previously fought with Logan, Fiona, and the little monster in the arena. That was why they knew that Zen was strong, but none of them could tell how strong he exactly was.

Now, they clearly understood how terrifying Zen's strength was.

As long as he had enough space and time, Zen would be able to annihilate all the divine-level talents present there, with his strength alone. The gap was no longer just one realm, but two realms, even though Zen was only in the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

"He fainted," Zen said with a smile. "Let's wait for him to wake up."

Fiona let out a light breath and said, "There's no need. It's only 9, 000 life vitality crystals."

It was a massive sum of money for Callan. Fiona was angry that her little brother had been tricked by Fredric and she just couldn't tolerate the insult. But when it came to true value, 9, 000 supreme life vitality crystals were nothing at all.

Fredric had also paid a heavy price for those life vitality crystals. The Heavenly Thunder Halberd that he had used moments ago had an immeasurable value.

Now, Fiona began to worry about Zen. He had already angered War Emperor York. If War Emperor York came to the Feather Emperor Secret Land, would he directly attack Zen? If it really came to that, she would help Zen.

If she stood out, her father would definitely support her. She had now made up her mind.

"It's time to mine!"

And as quickly as that, Zen put this matter at the back of his mind. He still had work to do. After absorbing so much heavenly essence and igniting over 10, 000 dragon scales, he was to smash the golden leaf to pieces, take out the Black Star, and then move on to the top of the mine tree.

But this was what he had assumed would happen. What would most likely happen was that he wouldn't be able to break open the golden leaf, and as a result, wouldn't be able to take out the pickax, which was a supreme divine weapon.

Chapter 1159 Blood Arrows

Under the fearful gazes of so many divine-level talents, Zen began climbing up the pyramid. He stopped at the 35th floor.

"Why is he going to the 35th floor?"

"I don't know... But he seems to be going towards that narrow door!"

"The golden leaf? His target is the Black Star pickaxe? It's a vain attempt. Does he have a way to take it out?"

A warrior who entered the special narrow door on the 35th floor would land at the middle of the tree, also the place where the golden leaf was. And within that leaf was a supreme divine weapon.

This piece of information had been obtained from the Feather Holy Sea a long time ago, which meant that most of the martial artists in the four divine kingdoms were very clear on this.

Everyone knew that there was a supreme divine weapon on the 35th floor, and it was a very strange pickaxe. But no one had been able to take it out.

For so many years, many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had used many methods. But none of them had been able to break the light golden leaf and obtain the Black Star pickaxe.

Zen, on the other hand, had just entered the 35th floor with full swagger. Could it be that he knew a way to break the light golden leaf?

Zen had previously given the crowd the impression that he was capable of everything, which was why they had instinctively thought that it was possible for Zen to get the Black Star pickaxe. But it was a while before they shook their heads in denial, after considering the toughness of the job.

"It is impossible! If it were that easy to get the Black Star pickaxe, the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm would have obtained it a long time ago!"

"Yes, you're right. I guess that Thad is only trying it out there. But a supreme divine weapon is not ordinary. He can't take it away!"

"This guy's brute force is very strong, but he has only managed to injure War Emperor York. He might not stand a chance to take out the Black Star pickaxe unless his strength increases tenfold!"

As the crowd discussed Zen's move among themselves, a few curious warriors even began climbing up the pyramid. The 35th floor was a bit dangerous for divine-level talents, but if they were to encounter the green mineral-devouring bugs, they could still escape in time. And as long as they didn't run into the purple mineral-devouring bugs, there wouldn't be any danger. The purple mineral-devouring bugs would usually stay on the 40th floor or above, and so far, only Zen had been able to attract them away from there once. So they thought it would be okay for them to go up there.

Many martial artists entered the narrow doors on the 35th floor, as well as the doors below.

And because only one warrior could pass through a narrow door at a time, a few brave ones even entered the narrow door on top of the one that Zen had entered.

Standing on the light golden leaf, Zen looked up, down, and around him, and found that there were people everywhere. Zen was speechless at the scene.

He was only going to break a leaf. What was there to look about? Did they have to make such a fuss, following him in and watching him?

Zen didn't hide anything from them, especially not intentionally. He knew that taking the Black Star pickaxe would make a lot of noise and would be impossible for him to avoid being noticed. But he still didn't like being watched like this by so many people.

'Should I lure a purple mineral-devouring bug down here and scare them away?' Zen thought for a second, but gave up on the idea on second thought. If they wanted to watch him, then so be it.

He took a few steps forward onto the light golden leaf and arrived on top of the Black Star pickaxe. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

After his body had become a sacred weapon, Zen wasn't sure just how much strength he could take on. He had planned to test out his strength the moment he had absorbed the heavenly essence but had been interrupted by Fiona. So he thought now would be a good time to test it out.

From the moment he closed his eyes, Zen had been continuously absorbing the power from the dragon scales.

He slowly absorbed the power of one dragon scale, then ten, then a hundred, and then a thousand...

When his body had been a fairy weapon, it had only been able to take in the power of a thousand dragon scales at most. If he had as much as tried to absorb more of that power at the time, his physical body could have collapsed.

But now, Zen directly activated the power of a thousand dragon scales, and then went on to two thousand.

He could feel the terrifying power slowly flowing through his body, like streams of condensed body fluids that were crawling through his limbs and bones.

His body could handle the power of two thousand dragon scales. So he decided to try and activate more.

Three thousand!

He had activated the power of three thousand dragon scales.

"I can still handle it!" he muttered to himself.

Zen could feel every cell in his body swelling up. Each cell of his body contained a power that if poured out, would produce a terrifying effect, the exact repercussions of which even he couldn't place a finger on.

He hadn't reached his limit yet. He could still handle it.

Zen took another deep breath and activated the power of four thousand dragon scales.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A violent crackling sound could be heard coming off the bones in Zen's body.

Ever since Zen's physical body had reached the level of the mysterious weapon, his bones had rarely produced such sounds. This was because every part of his body had become incomparably tough. The sounds could only be heard when his joints swelled to their limits and could not bear any more pressure.

Now that he had summoned such immensely intense power, every cell in Zen's body swelled once again. His body cells had now reached their limit.

"Look! Zen seems to have grown taller!"

"His body seems to have doubled in size!"

"How did he do that? I think his body is filled with power!"

There were a lot of warriors lying prostrate at the edge of the leaves around Zen to watch him. Some brave warriors focused all their attention on the changes in Zen's body. A few timid ones would occasionally look around to see if any mineral-devouring bugs were approaching. If they really came, they only needed to turn over to fall off the leaves and run for their lives.

'Is this my limit? It shouldn't be, ' Zen thought, frowning.

He felt a burgeoning pain in every part of his body. He also felt restrained, as if he couldn't control the power of the four thousand dragon scales.

"It looks like I have to refine my body again. But I haven't gathered enough primordial energy," he said to himself. Zen had refined his body once it had become a fairy weapon. But after Zen's body had become a sacred weapon, he hadn't had the chance to refine it. After all, the red dragon was still sleeping.

Could the power of four thousand dragon scales smash through this golden leaf?

Zen frowned, hesitating. Not a chance! He quickly pushed that possibility aside.

The powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm had thought of many ways to try and take the pickaxe out of the golden leaf. Although only one master could land on the golden leaf a time, there were many leaves around. Other masters at the Soul Sea Realm could occupy the leaves surrounding the golden leaf. If they hadn't been able to destroy the golden leaf with a combined attack, Zen assumed that he probably wouldn't be able to break open the leaf with just the power of four thousand dragon scales.

'Five thousand!'

Zen didn't hesitate and continued to summon the power of more dragon scales.

But Zen's body was wracked with unbearable pain as the power of the five thousand dragon scales erupted. The pain came from every cell in Zen's body, and the intensity was outrageous. This was unbearable!

'The state of forgetting myself!' An idea suddenly struck him.

Zen had employed a technique he had previously used. In the state of forgetting himself, Zen could temporarily forget about the pain of his body. In this state, it was as if it wasn't his body that was suffering the pain, but someone else's.

The state of forgetting oneself, however, had its pros and cons, because pain was beneficial to the human body in some aspect. When pain came from the body, it was a signal to tell you that it was overloaded or that there was something wrong with it.

If one couldn't feel the pain, it would only cause more damage to one's body.

But right now, Zen had no choice. Since he had already made his decision, he would go all out.

The power of five thousand dragon scales surged into Zen's body. As every part of his body had swelled to the limit. The cracking sounds stopped, but in the next moment, a wound suddenly appeared on Zen's chest.

The sound of ripping cloth rent the air.

A stream of blood burst out from Zen's chest like a blood arrow shooting out, cutting open his clothes. Zen's chest had been ripped open by the immense force, and blood was gushing out at an alarming rate, tearing his clothes to shreds.

"Pa!" "Pa!" "Pa!" "Pa!"

Soon after, blood arrows shot out from Zen's back, legs, and shoulders, to everyone's utter astonishment and shock.

Chapter 1160 Failed

"How did Zen get injured? I haven't seen anyone attack him!"

"It is indeed very strange… What is going on with him?"

"I have seen similar things before. When a martial artist absorbs too much power that his body is unable to withstand it, this is what happens! But Zen's body is so strong. What kind of power would make this happen to him?"

Zen gasped heavily, his expression betraying nothing. His body was on the verge of collapse. If he continued to increase the power of the dragon scales, his physical body might not be able to hold out against the strong pressure.

Had the power of five thousand dragon scales touched his limits?

He took another step forward with great difficulty. Even though he had entered into a state of forgetting himself and couldn't feel the pain in his body from the pressure of this immense power, he was still a horrible sight to look at.

'Do I need to activate the power of six thousand dragon scales?'

he wondered, a look of hesitation appearing on his face. However, he quickly gave up on this idea. Even though he had only taken one step forward, three to four blood arrows shot out from his body…

'Let me try this out with five thousand dragon scales.'

Since he had already reached his limit, Zen wasn't foolish enough to try to activate the power of six thousand dragon scales. If his physical body really collapsed, no one would be able to save him.

Zen spread out his legs, his toes pointed and buttocks clenched. He stood firmly on the golden leaf, right above the spot where the pickaxe was located. Slowly, he clenched his fists.

"Puff! Puff! Puff…"

The power within Zen's body drifted into his arms, each of the pulses in his arms bulging out like little snakes. At the same time, blood arrows continued to erupt from his skin. In an instant, the sleeves on his arms had been torn apart by the blood arrows.

Even so, he gritted his teeth and slowly raised his fist.

Zen didn't dare use his life vitality or forceful energy. Now that Zen's body had been thoroughly activated to its limits, it could be that just a little more strength would be enough to disintegrate his body and cause his body to explode.

'Let me release all the power!'

Zen's fist landed on the light golden leaf with a profound impact.

The speed of his strike wasn't fast. Since it contained such formidable power, he didn't need to increase the speed to boost his power…

As his fist approached the leaf, the immense force from his body began to pour out onto it.

Zen's body too began to shrink rapidly at this moment. Moments ago, his physical body had doubled in size. With his strength now released, it shrunk back to its normal size.

Clang!

A dull and heavy sound rang out.

A few seconds after, the golden leaf began to sink. It stopped moving after being pushed down by about ten feet. However, there were no signs to indicate that it was broken. The golden leaf, pressed down by ten feet, was like a tightly drawn bowstring. In the next moment, it quickly rebounded, bouncing Zen into the air!

Like a fish in a frying pan, Zen was thrown high into the air by the golden leaf. He flipped over and fell back on top of the golden leaf…

The huge vibration quickly spread over the entire tree. Some warriors had been lying on the edge of the leaves in order to get a better view of Zen. The leaves vibrated violently, because of which they couldn't hold on to the edge of the leaves they were on. As a result, they straightaway fell off the leaves and into the light circles…

"He failed. Zen's power has shaken the entire mineral tree…"

"His power is incredible. I'm afraid that even a mighty warrior of the Soul Sea Realm could not have such terrifying power."

"It is such a pity! Although Zen and our York Divine Kingdom are not on good terms, I really look forward to him smashing this golden leaf and extracting the Black Star pickaxe!"

The many divine-level talents fell silent, sporting disappointed looks on their faces.

They didn't care if Zen could take out the Black Star pickaxe or not. But at the same time, they were shocked by Zen's move. Even the warriors of the York Divine Kingdom felt pity for him.

Lying on the golden leaf, Zen panted heavily. Right now, he stepped out of the state of forgetting himself, clearly feeling the pain in every part of his body.

He had failed. The power of the five thousand dragon scales seemed not enough.

It looked like the power of six thousand of the dragon scales would not be sufficient, either.

The golden leaf was supported by a root that was not so thick. Someone could not smash a leaf on the tree with a hammer because the stem of the leaf had a certain elasticity.

This was also the reason why Zen had failed. The root of the tree was extremely tough, but it was its elasticity that had offset much of Zen's strength.

'If I want to smash this golden leaf, I'm afraid I will need the power of more than ten thousand dragon scales. I have already lit up fourteen thousand, but my body is unable to withstand such power. What should I do?' Zen was at a loss for the moment.

Excruciating pain shot through Zen's body, but it was nothing compared to his dejected mood.

"Give up, Thad!" The voice of Randy suddenly echoed.

Randy had been standing on a leaf at the thirty-third floor, two floors below the floor Zen was on. He faced the south-east direction, which was a good spot to watch over Zen.

In fact, many of the martial artists outside had also entered, including Callan and Fiona. Fiona was quite far away from Zen. She sat quietly on a leaf of the thirty-sixth floor, her legs dangling over by the side. A look of pity reflected in her eyes as she followed Zen's every move.

Hearing Randy's voice, Zen slowly stood up from the leaf. "I'll help you get the life stones!" Randy continued. "The majority of the life stones excavated every year have been used, but there will still be some scattered around the four divine kingdoms. We can certainly collect some of them."

As soon as Randy finished speaking, Fiona's voice came through. A little far away from them, she amplified her voice through her life vitality. "My father still has some life stones. Thad, how many life stones do you need? I think if everyone gathers some, we should be able to achieve the number you need."

"Thad… I have gathered another eight life stones…" Camilla looked up at Zen as she spoke. She was the last to come into the pyramid and was now sitting on a leaf on the thirty-second floor.

Zen was glad of their warm words and kindness.

Indeed, his main target was the life stones, which could be used to save Letitia's life.

However, that did not mean that Zen's goal was only the life stones.

He did not forget about the young man he had met in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Even though the man did not show the slightest hostility toward him or Yan, he understood that if he wanted to see Yan again, he would need to practice tens of thousands of times harder than others.

That was also one of Zen's goals.

Zen knew that if he advanced steadily, there would still be a long way to go in his life. There was a lot of time for him to grow, but Zen could not afford to waste a single second. He had to grow as fast as possible and challenge every peak he faced until he once again stood in front of that young man.

Zen would not give up in the face of the light golden leaf and the Black Star pickaxe sealed within it.

"Thank you!"

Zen said faintly, pouring his life vitality into his voice.

He said this to Randy, Fiona and Camilla who had been so kind to offer their help.

Zen sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes once again, trying to think of a way to break the leaf beneath his feet.

His physical body was unable to withstand any more power. It seemed like a predicament with no solution in sight.

Time passed by. The warriors on the leaves stared fixedly at Zen. The scene was dull as Zen now sat still doing nothing, but every martial artist seemed to harbor a lot of patience. It felt like a movie where the climax was incoming, although for the moment it was uninteresting. The audience still waited with bated breaths. They wanted to know what kind of solution Zen would come up with.

"There is no solution. He can't make it!"

"For over ten thousand years, the powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm have received many ideas to solve this problem. They tried every possible way they could think of! None of them ever succeeded!"

"It's true that Thad is a rare genius, but every warrior who has reached the Soul Sea Realm is the best among all," another spectator commented.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1161 Crack

Zen quietly sat on the golden leaf, his gaze becoming calmer and his mind becoming clearer as time ticked by.

As of now, he was unable to unleash all his strength because of the limitations on his physical body. Right now, the most urgent thing was to push this limit.

He pondered over it all. The power that came from the outside world was essentially the same as his own…

If that was the case, he could transfer his own power.

After obtaining the will of the world from the little monster, Zen was able to maintain a connection with everything in the great world.

It could be a flower, a log, a mountain, or a sea….

Everything Zen saw could be linked to him magically. He could connect to things he had never even seen before. This was because the memories of the entire world were firmly stored in Zen's psyche. He was now the spokesperson for this great world.

He could feel the origin of the will of this great world. Certainly, he would explore it himself in future, but right now he had more important things to do.

By transferring the power, Zen could take on immense strength while causing no damage to his own body, for another entity would replace him and absorb the strength. By the West Dragon River, Zen had taken on the punch from War Emperor York with the help of the mountains by the river. The vast Feather Holy Sea had helped him block the Heavenly Thunder Halberd from Fredric not so long ago.

If he used the skill of power transfer, he could take on the power of ten thousand dragon scales, or even the power of one hundred thousand dragon scales. This way, the power that his body was supposed to consume would be borne by other things.

However, the problem he was currently facing required a different solution.

He now needed to pour all of his power into this light golden leaf. If he used the skill of power transfer, the power from the dragon scales would be transferred to somewhere else.

'Transfer...'

Thinking of this, Zen tapped his forehead at an important revelation.

He had been too rigid in his way of thinking. It dawned on him that he could actually use this ability of power transfer in a different manner.

Seeing Zen's behavior and his shining eyes, Randy's eyes flashed. He wondered if Zen had come up with any good ideas.

Fiona blinked, a smile starting to form at the corner of her mouth. With Zen's intelligence, he truly might be able to find a way to solve this predicament.

Suddenly, Zen rose. Standing on the top of the leaf, he took a deep breath.

"The power of dragon scales!"

The scales of the cyan dragon on the furnace began to emit a jade-green light once again. The energy from them was like a tidal wave as it rushed into Zen's body.

One hundred dragon scales…

One thousand dragon scales…

Two thousand dragon scales…

Three thousand dragon scales...

Four thousand dragon scales…

Terrifying power gathered like a whirlpool in Zen's body.

In the previous attempt while activating the power of the four thousand dragon scales, he had felt a considerable amount of pressure. Like last time, Zen's body swelled up once again, growing taller.

Zen didn't hesitate at all and straightaway activated the power of the five thousand dragon scales.

Six thousand dragon scales!

Seven thousand dragon scales!

Eight thousand dragon scales!

Nine thousand dragon scales… the number gradually soared.

Last time when he had activated the power of five thousand dragon scales, Zen's physical body had neared its limits. It had been impossible to pour any more power into it. Otherwise, his body would have immediately collapsed.

But this time, it sustained the power of five thousand dragon scales. Moreover, this power kept on increasing. He did not suffer any damage.

"Everyone, look! Under Zen's feet!"

"The golden leaf seems to be under a kind of great pressure. It is actually sinking!"

"What the hell is going on?"

Zen was merely standing on the leaf and had made it sink!

Everyone knew how sturdy and firm the leaf was. Even if a dozen mountains were placed on top of it, they would be unable to break it even a little. But Zen was able to unleash such power by merely standing on it. Everyone around him was shocked.

Zen's eyes revealed determination and became brighter by the second, as if a pair of stars were embedded in his pupils.

Ten thousand dragon scales!

Eleven thousand dragon scales!

Twelve thousand dragon scales...

At the beginning, since Zen had been too eager to find a solution, he had forgotten a special characteristic of the power transfer.

He had thought that he could not use the power transfer skill to activate more of the power of the dragon scales, for it could only be used to transfer the power he had to take on to other places of the great world.

But then, another thought struck him.

Since he could transfer the power to any other place, how about he made the mineral tree take on the power, right on this golden leaf?

In other words, Zen's body had only taken on the power of four thousand dragon scales...

and the power of the rest of them was diverted to this golden leaf.

This was the reason why Zen's body wasn't on the verge of collapse this time, even though he had activated the power of more than ten thousand dragon scales.

Thirteen thousand dragon scales!

Fourteen thousand dragon scales!

All dragon scales had finally been activated by Zen. The power of ten thousand of them had been fully applied onto this leaf, and the power of the remaining four thousand had stayed inside Zen's body.

The golden leaf was steadily sinking. Under such heavy pressure, it was on the brink of collapse and seemed to have reached its limit.

'It's about time!' Zen thought.

At this moment, he once again spread out his legs and began to gather the power in his body into his fists.

The veins on his arms bulged out like little snakes. This time, Zen had already used up his full strength. If he could still not shatter this golden leaf… he would not give up.

If he really failed, he could just ask Fiona to go with him to the arsenal, and he would devour those cursed weapons again.

At the thought of this, Zen's fists smashed down on the golden leaf under him.

The power of the ten thousand dragon scales had already been poured into the leaf. This time, Zen's forceful energy erupted out. At the same time, the power of four thousand dragon scales inside his body surged forward.

Bam!

As his fists hit the golden leaf, a faint crack appeared on its surface.

A crack!

Zen's face broke into a small smile.

The warriors watching him were stunned.

"He did it! Thad did it!"

"Oh my god! The golden leaf that nobody could break for so many years has been shattered by Zen!"

"This... Thad is too strong!"

"The Black Star is just a pickaxe, but it's still a supreme divine weapon!"

"It's a breakthrough. This really is extraordinary…"

Their faces were full of surprise as various thoughts ran through their heads. However, except for a few people, such as Randy, Fiona, and Camilla, they were unable to contain the envy and jealousy in their hearts. It was almost as if it was their first instinct to feel jealous, like it was something unavoidable.

Those who had been looking forward to Zen smashing the golden leaf didn't feel the satisfaction they should have, for they had in fact wished that Zen would fail. Humans were such contradictory creatures.

'I'll strike it again!' Zen thought.

He bent down once again, both his fists slamming down onto the golden leaf.

Bam!

A second crack appeared on the surface of the golden leaf, extending from the bottom of the first crack.

Things had been tough in the beginning. After the first crack appeared on the golden leaf, it became its weakest point. Zen didn't let up. He kept hitting the first crack to make it shatter.

Bang! Boom! Bang…

Zen's powerful strikes landed on the golden leaf one after another. More and more cracks became visible.

At the sight of the cracks, Zen narrowed his eyes. Waves of life vitality rushed into his trembling fists. Soon after, the waves transformed into specks of starlight that enveloped Zen's body.

"Star shakes the earth! Smash to pieces!"

Zen gritted his teeth and threw out his final punch.

Boom…

Bang…

They all heard the sharp, unmistakable sound of a crack. The golden leaf under Zen's feet cracked from the middle, and at the same time, the stems of the golden leaf broke apart.

The Black Star pickaxe unveiled itself from beneath the tens of thousands of broken pieces.

Chapter 1162 The Robbery

The divine-level talents could not remain calm when they saw the Black Star despite knowing they were no match for Zen.

Several divine-level talents would easily take a risk to obtain even an ordinary divine weapon. This was a supreme divine weapon after all. Even if they had to pay for it with their lives, they would still try to take it because the temptation was just too much.

Whoosh!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Seven to eight divine-level talents shot out from the leaves in the 36th layer. Although they would be pulled down by an invisible force after they left the leaves, they were able to adjust their direction to a certain degree the moment they left the leaves.

Of course, their target was the Black Star.

It wasn't just the warriors in the 36th layer, but the ones in the 37th layer also jumped down and joined in the fight for the Black Star.

The warriors in the 34th and 33rd layers were also waiting for the opportunity to take action. They were only waiting for the Black Star to fall before they would join the fray without hesitation.

When the golden leaf was destroyed by Zen, all the fragments, including Zen and the pickax, were thrown into the air by the force of gravity. The next moment, they were all pulled back down by an invisible force.

"Thad, be careful!" Randy, who stood on a leaf not far away, shouted out loud. He was still a fair distance away from Zen and was unable to reach him. All he could do from this distance was warn him. It was the same for Camilla and Fiona.

Zen's face darkened when he saw the warriors rushing towards him. He had spent a great deal of effort getting this pickax. These guys sure knew how to take advantage of things! However, it wasn't so easy to take advantage of Zen.

"You want to rob me? You're courting death!" Zen snorted derisively. Suddenly the soul pressure in his mind exploded.

When he had released his soul pressure earlier, he had reserved some of it. Otherwise, with his soul fused with the world's will, it would have been impossible for these Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors to even approach him.

The Black Star was extremely important to Zen. He simply would not tolerate people trying to snatch it!

Therefore, this time, Zen's soul pressure had erupted with full force.

He was falling extremely fast. In the blink of an eye, he had fallen from the 35th layer to the 20th layer with the Black Star and the fragments of the golden leaf in tow. This was not a short distance from where Randy, Fiona, and the others were.

But even though there were more than a dozen layers between them, when his soul pressure erupted, the faces of Randy, Fiona, and the other warriors, who hadn't left their leaves, turned deathly pale.

"His soul pressure is terrifying even from so far away. I'm afraid that Thad is truly enraged this time!" Randy said with a light shudder.

Camilla sneered from not too far away. "Thad had to put his life on the line to break the leaf, yet these damned fellows have the gall to try to rob him. They're inviting their own deaths. No one can blame anybody!"

Fiona sat on the edge of a leaf and swung her legs. She was indifferent to the scene playing out in front of her.

In the past, she would have tried to stop them. Those warriors might not be able to survive this kind of soul pressure. However, at this moment, the balance in her heart was completely tilted. In her mind, she was thinking, 'What Thad is doing is right. If you dare to snatch his Black Star, you deserve to die.'

Some warriors were still on their leaves. They were thanking their lucky stars that they didn't join the others in robbing Zen. They, too, had wanted to rush down and fight, but they were either too far away from Zen's leaf or they had restrained themselves. The warriors who had wisely decided to not give in to their impulse felt very happy that they were far away from the eruption. There was probably no one at the Virtual Tribulation Realm who could survive this soul pressure eruption.

They could feel the force of Zen's soul pressure even from this distance. More than ten divine-level talents were chasing after the Black Star and were only ten to twenty feet away from Zen, with the closest one being only ten feet away. He had already reached out his hand to grab the Black Star, but he couldn't move forward even an inch. It was as if time had stopped at that moment.

They were instantly killed by Zen's soul pressure. Traces of blood flowed from their mouths, noses, ears and eyes. As they fell, the blood continued spilling out. No one could feel any life energy in their bodies.

Zen and the Black Star landed in a ring of light at the bottom, followed by the divine-level talents.

On one side of the pyramid, rings of light flashed constantly. Zen stood firmly in the crater he had created earlier while the Black Star was nailed to the ground.

After a few seconds, the rings of light above Zen's head started flickering nonstop, and one by one, the corpses fell heavily to the ground.

Crash! Thud! Splat!

The corpses of the divine-level talents rained down around Zen. He stood in the middle of the crater with his hand on the Black Star, like a god of death.

Not all divine-level talents had entered the mine as one leaf could only hold one warrior at a time. Besides, if warriors were too far away from Zen's leaf and their vision was blocked, then they wouldn't be able to figure out what had happened.

The divine-level talents outside the pyramid, who were watching this scene unfold, were all terrified and cautious at the same time. Could it be that Zen had gone berserk and was frantically slaughtering the divine-level talents? If that was really the case, no one here was capable of stopping him.

"He has killed so many people! Why would Zen kill them?"

"What is that thing in his hand? That seems to be..."

"If I'm not wrong, it is the Black Star that was buried in the golden leaf in the 35th layer."

"How did he get his hands on it?"

When the divine-level talents outside the pyramid noticed the Black Star, they completely forgot about the corpses on the ground.

Killing some divine-level talents was nothing, but obtaining the Black Star was incredible. This was not something they could imagine. Even though the pickax was wrapped in a leaf, who had the ability to take it?

This question had once been asked by the warriors of the four divine kingdoms. Now, the answer was obvious. It was Zen!

He walked out of the crater with the Black Star in his hand. He wasn't thinking about those people. All of Zen's attention was focused on the pickax in his hand. He didn't care about the divine-level talents present at all as they were no match for him.

Meanwhile, the rings of light in the mine slowly faded away. Randy smiled and said, "Let's go out and take a closer look!"

After Randy took his step first, the other warriors also followed. They all jumped off the leaves and started falling down.

Bram, the crown prince of the Harlen Divine Kingdom, had a smile on his face. Zen had exceeded his expectations long ago, and he could keep doing it over and over again.

Previously, Bram had been insecure of Randy's strength and had started to suppress him. He had always held the absolute advantage, but now, because of Zen alone, Bram would probably be suppressed by Randy, and he wouldn't be able to turn the situation around.

However, in the end, Randy and Bram were brothers. Perhaps there was no need for them to compete against each other like this. Bram looked relieved, and he also left the leaf.

Everyone went back outside the pyramid while Zen stood nearby with the pickax in his hand. He was frowning slightly.

Zen couldn't figure out what material the pickax was made of. Even after he turned it in his hand over and over again and examined it closely, he still couldn't see anything special about it.

"Is this really the so-called supreme divine weapon? It doesn't look extraordinary at all!"

Whether it was the semi-divine weapon on Fiona's arm or Fredric's Heavenly Thunder Halberd, the momentum and might contained within them were incomparable to a normal sacred weapon.

Apart from its extremely tough material, Zen couldn't see how the Black Star was similar to a divine weapon. And this was not just a normal divine weapon; it was a supreme divine weapon.

Chapter 1163 The Master Of The Black Star

Every one of these divine-level talents was openly staring at Zen. They could hardly hide the greed in their eyes. But remembering the corpses lying in the crater vividly as if they were implanted in their minds, they held themselves in check.

Stealing the pickax in Zen's hand? That was not taking a risk at all. But instead, that was pure suicide!

Thus everyone decided that they could only keep a certain distance from him and watch from afar.

Zen quietly observed the Black Star in his hand. It was short in length, almost looking like a small hammer. He tried gauging its weight as he scanned its body for any markings. But no matter what he did, he still couldn't figure out why it ranked as a supreme divine weapon. He was completely clueless.

'Does this pickax need life vitality to activate?'

A strand of life vitality abruptly appeared in Zen's hand as he thought of this, and he poured it eagerly into the pickax.

Fundamentally, life vitality could easily invade a weapon. But he could faintly feel that this pickax was extremely resistant to life vitality.

'I should use my perception to explore it.'

Then he started utilizing his spiritual perception to scrutinize the divine weapon. But every time he came into contact with the Black Star, he was also being blocked out by an invisible force.

'Do I need to put a drop of my blood onto it so that I'll become its master?'

Zen blinked his eyes as he mused what to do next. Then he suddenly flicked his finger, causing a drop of blood to spurt out. He aimed it immediately at the pickax, but it missed, falling to its side. It seemed to him that the weapon had some invisible force, not allowing the blood to touch its surface.

"What?" he cried out, confused.

Inspecting the Black Star thoroughly, he couldn't help feeling as if he had entered a mountain of treasures but left empty-handed. There was nothing he could do about it.

Sighing helplessly, he casually gazed at the divine-level talents in the distance. No one dared to approach him at this time, and he couldn't count on a method from their mouths.

Just as Zen was at a loss, a faint voice resounded in his mind, "Ha-ha! Black Star. This is a supreme divine weapon. I knew that it was buried in the Earth Tree, but I didn't expect you to actually take it out." It was the voice of the cyan dragon.

"You're awake!" Surprise appeared on Zen's face. He had initially thought that the cyan dragon would be sleeping for a long time.

"I sensed this supreme divine weapon, so I woke up," said the cyan dragon in a voice that revealed a hint of exhaustion.

Zen was in frustration. But a sudden realization hit him as he listened to the cyan dragon's words. It seemed like he knew a lot about this mine as well as the Black Star. Glee was written all over Zen's face as he said, "I don't seem to be able to use this pickax."

The cyan dragon chuckled heartily and replied, "It will be strange if you can use a supreme divine weapon as soon as you obtain it!"

"Then what should I do?" Zen asked quickly.

The Dragon Lineage Human was a branch of the Genuine Dragon, and the members were half-dragon and half-human. The cyan dragon was one of the super legendary beasts of the Genuine Dragon World, making him a Genuine Dragon. If even he did not know how to use the Black Star, then it would be even more impossible for the others to know.

"I'll teach you how to become its master," the cyan dragon assured him in a relaxed manner.

"Is it easy?" Zen inquired.

"If you follow my instructions, it won't be too hard," the cyan dragon reassured.

Zen heaved a long sigh of relief at the cyan dragon's words. He was currently in the territory of the four divine kingdoms. And according to Randy, those Soul Sea Realm masters still had to come to the Feather Emperor Secret Land to catch mineral-devouring bugs in the hope of taking the Soul Cores from them. If he couldn't become the master of the Black Star, those emperors would definitely take it away from him.

"Do you see the three divine textures on the pickax?" the cyan dragon probed. "As long as you activate these three ten-star divine textures, you will be able to become the master of the Black Star."

Zen nodded. The three ten-star divine textures on the Black Star had no relation to the human race—they were passed down by the Genuine Dragon.

Before this, Zen had also thought of the possibility of becoming the pickax's master by activating the three ten-star divine textures. That was why he earnestly tried to pour his life vitality into the Black Star. However, the pickax didn't have the slightest reaction. Zen had no other choice but to feel defeated at that time.

"All you need to do is draw these divine textures in the opposite order," the cyan dragon confided with a smile.

"Draw these divine textures in the opposite order?" Astonishment appeared on Zen's face as he queried, "It can't be that they're also ten-star divine textures, right?"

With Zen's current soul force, he could only draw five-star divine textures at the most. And drawing a six-star divine texture was already hard on his part. What more for a ten-star divine texture? He didn't even dare to think about it.

The cyan dragon replied blandly, "Ha-ha! If they were all ten-star divine textures, there probably aren't many living beings in this world that could become the master of the Black Star. Imagine it yourself. You'll understand once you draw these divine textures in the opposite order."

"Really?" Zen raised an eyebrow, and the three ten-star divine textures entered his vision.

After that, a look of amazement appeared on his face. "These are actually three one-star divine textures when being drawn in the opposite order. And they are the meditation divine textures I used in practice when I started cultivating divine textures!"

The reverse version of the ten-star divine textures was surprisingly three one-star divine textures.

Zen had no idea if this was a coincidence, or if the runic expert who designed these divine textures was doing it on purpose.

"Yes! However, there are too few people who know of this secret. Even if someone took the pickax away, it would be impossible for him to become its master as he didn't know the secrets behind it," the cyan dragon remarked.

Zen nodded, and then hastily said, "I got it. I'll do it now!"

Zen couldn't wait any longer as excitement burst within him. Grabbing the pickax, he swept his gaze at the warriors around. When he was sure that everyone's eyes were focused on him, he laughed coldly as he suddenly swung the pickax, smashing it down towards the ground.

The hardness of the Black Star was seemingly quite not ordinary, considering that he was not yet its master. He swiftly jumped into the pit he dug in the ground as he released his life vitality to cover his surroundings.

He only needed three one-star divine textures to unravel the ten-star divine textures on the Black Star. There were divine textures inheritances within the four divine kingdoms, and there were also divine texture experts lurking around, so he didn't want this secret to be leaked out.

At the bottom of the pit, Zen conscientiously took out some materials and deftly crafted some ink.

The level of difficulty of creating one-star divine textures wasn't that high, and Zen had enough materials at hand. He finished preparing the rest of the materials he needed with ease. After he laid out a piece of paper, he extracted a strand of his soul from between his eyebrows and connected it with the runic pen in his hand.

With Zen's current foundation, creating a one-star divine texture required no effort at all. So to speak, after about three minutes, the three meditation divine textures were all ready.

He held the three-star divine textures in his hands while he compared them with the ten-star divine textures engraved on the shaft of the Black Star.

Indeed, if one were to draw these one-star divine textures in the opposite order, it would be equivalent to drawing the lines of these ten-star divine textures.

He had initially thought that the composition of a ten-star divine texture would be very complicated, but now it seemed that it was far from what he had imagined. The greatest truths were the simplest of all. They reached the same goal by different means.

"And now?" Zen asked.

"Use your life vitality to activate these one-star divine textures and then register them onto the pickax," the cyan dragon answered.

Following the instructions given by the cyan dragon, Zen carefully imprinted a one-star divine texture onto the pickax. The moment he did so, one of the three ten-star divine textures on the Black Star suddenly glowed with light.

Zen didn't ask anything more as he appreciated the soft glow. He continued to imprint the second divine texture onto it, and the third one after that.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The Black Star was finally activated!

A magnificent color appeared on the surface of the pickax, like a layer of oil being poured into water.

"So beautiful!" Zen praised.

"Don't celebrate so soon! Put a drop of your blood onto the pickax. But let me remind you, this is a supreme divine weapon. It has its own will and will judge its master, and not everyone can be recognized as a master by it," the cyan dragon explained.

"Hmm! Got it!" Zen nodded.

After working so hard for so long, even if he really couldn't become its master, Zen would accept it graciously. After all, he had done his best!

Like before, Zen flicked his finger, and a drop of blood fell towards the Black Star again.

He understood that if he really couldn't become its master, then that would be his fate. He was no longer in a position to control the situation, but amidst that, he still stared at the drop of blood with great anticipation and with a nervous expression on his face.

Chapter 1164 Unique Law Of Causality

The drop of blood fell on the Black Star pickaxe but did not seep into it. However, it did not fall down or get repelled by the pickaxe either.

It was slowly crawling on the pickaxe like a small insect.

"Will it work?" Zen stared at it nervously.

The drop of blood slowly slid from the top part of the pickaxe, moving all the way down. Zen's eyes followed it as it slowly inched downward.

As the drop of blood continued rolling downwards, Zen's heart began to sink. It didn't look like this was going to work.

He was starting to lose all hope when the drop of blood gently swayed and then suddenly split apart. It spread out on the pickaxe and then got completely absorbed in it!

"Huh! I succeeded?!" Zen was ecstatic!

Soon after, he felt like he had established some sort of connection with the Black Star pickaxe. It felt like the bond between flesh and blood.

Zen had experienced this feeling before. Back when he had condensed the sword spirit, he felt that his soul and that of the sword spirit were connected. But the difference here was that Lavender, the sword spirit, had her own soul and thoughts, while the Black Star pickax didn't have a mind of its own. Its consciousness was only used to identify its master, so it was a simpler form.

Buzz, buzz, buzz…

Suddenly a dazzling light burst out from the three divine textures on the Black Star pickaxe. It pierced right through Zen's life vitality and soared into the sky!

"What's happening in the pit?"

"Who knows? Who has the courage to go over and take a look? Obviously Thad did all this to keep us from finding out what he's up to. Now whoever goes there will be courting death!"

"I don't dare to go there. If I were to go over there, he would definitely kill me..."

The corpses of the divine-level talents, who had tried to take the Black Star pickaxe from Zen, served as reminders of what lay in store for those who dared to approach the pit.

After the light dissipated, Zen climbed out of the pit with the Black Star pickaxe and a smile on his face. In his mind, he was communicating with the cyan dragon, "Does this Black Star pickaxe have any special abilities?"

Zen didn't know what a supreme divine weapon could do, but judging from the fact that a mere semi-divine divine weapon like Fiona's jade bracelet was so powerful, he assumed that the supreme divine weapon would have extraordinary powers.

"The abilities of the Black Star pickaxe?" The cyan dragon replied, "This is a pickaxe. What abilities do you expect it to have? It can dig anything out."

"It's…"

Zen was stunned at these words. "Just this?"

"Isn't that enough? Don't look at it as a weapon. Though it's a pickaxe, it's an extraordinary one," added the cyan dragon.

Zen's heart sank. What the hell was this?

When he had seen the three ten-star divine textures on the Black Star pickax, he had high expectations from it. That was why he had worked so hard to obtain the Black Star pickaxe.

It was a supreme divine weapon after all. Although it was just a mining pickaxe, it could still be used as a weapon! At least that was what Zen thought. He couldn't believe that the pickaxe could only be used for digging...

Seeing Zen's disappointed face, the cyan dragon slowly explained to him, "Don't underestimate the Black Star pickaxe. The supreme divine weapon contains the unique Law of Causality! There is hardly anything it can't break."

"The Law of Causality!"

Lavender had also mentioned it to him before. A chill went down his spine and his face became more serious.

The Law of Causality was extremely powerful! Zen clearly remembered Eddie's Life and Death Wind. Anyone who was hit by the Life and Death Wind would instantly die as it contained the Law of Causality. Life and death corresponded to cause and effect. It was impossible for anyone to resist the Law of Causality.

"Yes, and the Law of Causality in the supreme divine weapon is unique, that is how it earned its title," said the cyan dragon.

"So what is the cause and what's the effect in this supreme divine weapon?" inquired Zen.

The cyan dragon thought for a moment before replying, "The cause is the Black Star pickaxe itself, and the effect is its ability to dig anything out. As it's a supreme divine weapon whose function is to dig something, it can break everything…"

Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes at this. What kind of a lame Law of Causality was this? In the end, it was still just about digging…

The cyan dragon probably wasn't satisfied with his own explanation, but the fact remained that the Black Star pickaxe was indeed a very special tool. The weapon refiner who made this pickaxe had created it with the intention of making it the most powerful pickaxe in the universe. He had never intended it to be a weapon.

But as per what the cyan dragon had said, the Law of Causality contained in this Black Star pickax wasn't that bad. Since it could break anything, all defenses against the pickaxe would be ineffective.

Sadly, this tool was only a pickaxe, not a sharp sword. If this supreme divine weapon were a sword that contained the Law of Causality to break anything, no one would be able to block its attack.

It was all wishful thinking because the truth remained that it was merely a pickaxe, and there had never been any pickaxe techniques since ancient times.

Disappointed as Zen was, he didn't want to waste any more time dwelling on it. He had taken a lot of effort to obtain this Black Star pickax, and his purpose of doing this was to break the leaves on the top floors. Since this tool could break anything, it would not be difficult to break the leaves on the forty-fifth floor and the floors above. The Black Star pickaxe contained the Law of Causality so no matter how hard the leaves were, they could not resist the pickaxe.

Keeping this in mind, Zen decided to take out the life crystals first.

However, before he could climb up the pyramid, dozens of rays of light rapidly shot down from the sky!

The Feather Holy Sea was still influenced by the power of blood sacrifice, which made it difficult for warriors at Virtual Tribulation Realm to fly. If these warriors were able to fly directly above the sky of Feather Holy Sea and maintain such a high speed, they must be the mighty warriors at Soul Sea Realm!

If Zen's guess was correct, this would be the group of mighty warriors of Soul Sea Realm from the divine kingdoms, including Turner, War Emperor York, Scott and War King Wind. All of them arrived at once.

Being mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, they would certainly not be interested in ordinary ores. As they could not break the leaves on the 45th floor and beyond, they were here to catch the mineral-devouring bugs in the mineral tree. They would not kill them all. The mineral-devouring bugs would lay eggs on the roots of the tree, and new bugs would hatch every year.

They had pinned their hopes on the mineral-devouring bugs. They expected these bugs to devour the Soul Cores so that they could extract the Soul Cores before they were completely digested.

Over twenty powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm landed at the bottom of the pyramid. War Emperor York was the first one to arrive, and as soon as his feet hit the ground, several divine-level talents of the York Divine Kingdom carried over the unconscious Fredric to him.

When War Emperor York saw that Fredric was weak and unconscious, his face instantly darkened. 'What was going on?' he thought to himself. No one from the four divine kingdoms ever dared to offend the crown prince of York Divine Kingdom!

"What happened to my son? Why does his soul feel so weak? Who did this? Who harmed Fredric's soul?" War Emperor York demanded menacingly.

If an ordinary divine-level talent's soul was harmed, it would be a problem. However, for the crown prince of a divine kingdom, it was no big deal. The York Divine Kingdom's heritage was far beyond that of ordinary sects or noble clans. War Emperor York was just incensed that someone had dared to injure Fredric!

To put it bluntly, this Divine Kingdom Continent belonged to the four royal families of the four divine kingdoms. The entire continent was like the backyard of these four families. The crown prince of Liu Clan was knocked unconscious in his own backyard! Who on this continent dared to challenge the authority of the royal family?

When the War Emperor York asked the question, he already knew the answer. No one on the continent would dare to do so, except for Zen!

There still was a small possibility that it might not be him because Zen had a violent fight with him once and he spared Zen's life because Turner and several others persuaded him to spare his life. So he assumed Zen would not offend him further. And if he did, he knew he was inviting death.

A divine-level talent of the York Divine Kingdom looked at the furious War Emperor York and shuddered. He replied meekly, "Your majesty, it's, it's Zen. His soul pressure did this to the crown prince!"

War Emperor York took a step forward and reached out to his son. He put his hand in Fredric's robes and removed a necklace. The ornament looked feminine. The gem in the necklace had been completely shattered and its color had faded. War Emperor York clenched his teeth as he looked at Zen and yelled, "Zen! Kneel down before me and await your death!"

Although this Heart Condensation Necklace was a top-grade sacred weapon, its value was equal to that of a semi-divine weapon. Now it was broken, and this made War Emperor York furious!

Standing at the edge of the pyramid, Zen blinked and said calmly, "If I really wanted to die, why would I kneel down in front of you?"

Chapter 1165 The Feud

War Emperor York did not want to argue with Zen.

He was a king and Zen was merely a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. It undermined his dignity to argue with the young man. He knew that he could not kill Zen with his own strength alone. Since the boy had stolen the little monster's power, he could transfer his power to other things as he pleased.

However, this was not something that didn't have a solution. Zen was on his territory now. War Emperor York could sever his connection with the great world easily. In his domain, he was the one who made the rules. Zen was only a sitting duck.

Turner frowned. He wanted to stop them before the situation got worse, but he hesitated to do so. He was calm and fair, but it looked like Thad was in the wrong here.

In the blink of an eye, War Emperor York drew himself closer to Zen.

However, before he could even touch Zen, a figure appeared in front of the young man. The newcomer wasn't Lord Randy, but Fiona.

She stood in front of Zen with a solemn expression, the jade bracelet around her arm quivering.

When Fiona rushed over to Zen, Callan too came to stand before Zen.

"Back off!"

War Emperor York roared. He was trying to hold in his temper knowing that Fiona was the princess of the Wind Divine Kingdom and Callan its prince. If they had been any other divine-level talents, regardless of which divine kingdom they came from, he would have killed them both then and there!

"Callan! Fiona! What are you doing?"

When War King Wind saw Callan and Fiona come to stand before Zen, he immediately became anxious. He did not know why his kids were getting involved when War Emperor York was in the midst of his infamous fury.

"Thad injured Fredric. He stood up for us. War Emperor York, instead of blaming Thad, you should have educated your son!" Fiona was a naive and romantic woman, but that didn't mean she was timid. On the contrary, it was because she was naive that she had an earnest attitude.

She considered Fredric to be in the wrong in this matter, which was why she spoke in such a righteous and reasonable manner in front of War Emperor York. But he didn't want to reason with her.

He had always wanted to get rid of Zen as soon as possible, and Fredric was his best excuse!

"Humph!" A force swept over Fiona and Callan with a flick of War Emperor York's hand. He wished to push them aside, but just as his power was about to reach them, War King Wind came to stand beside Fiona. In his hands appeared a brown fire shield.

When the fire shield and War Emperor York's invisible power crashed into each other, an intense flame burst out and the shield destroyed War Emperor York's force.

"Lucien, at least listen to the kids first before you get angry," War King Wind said grimly. He understood what had happened from what Fiona said. Fiona never lied. Thad had helped out his children and that was when he injured Fredric. That was to say, Fredric had taken advantage of his children.

"Wind!" War Emperor York was filled with rage. The last time he tried to kill Zen, Turner had stopped him. This time, War King Wind was holding him back. Why was Zen so fortunate?

Seeing that War King Wind had stepped forward, Turner walked up to them. "Wind is right," he said to War Emperor York. "If there's a problem among the kids, let them make it clear."

Even though Turner was polite, he stood by War King Wind's side. Clearly, he was trying to stop War Emperor York.

With these two people urging him, War Emperor York felt somewhat helpless. He could only wait and see how the situation unfolded.

Meanwhile, War King Wind turned to Fiona and said, "Fiona, tell us what happened."

Fiona nodded and told him everything that had occurred before.

War King Wind frowned as he heard that Fredric had taken life vitality crystals from Callan with a trick. On the other hand, War Emperor York was embarrassed.

Who would have thought that a dignified divine kingdom crown prince would do this sort of thing for nine thousand supreme life vitality crystals? It was truly shameful. Obviously, he had done it because he thought Callan was too honest. It was an act of a bully.

Although War King Wind had been focusing on Fiona all the time, Callan was, after all, the crown prince of the Wind Divine Kingdom. What Fredric had done to him was outrageous.

After hearing what Fiona said, War King Wind turned to War Emperor York. "Lucien, it sounds like everything happened because of Fredric. Zen injured him, but that was something he brought upon himself. Don't you agree?"

Turner laughed as well. "I think so too. Lucien, your son is a real piece of work. He could have just returned the life vitality crystals after being exposed. But he didn't do so. Isn't it a little..." It was on the tip of his tongue that Fredric was foolish and irresponsible, but he managed to stop himself from spilling out the words.

"But my son was injured for nothing! The Heart Condensation Necklace and the Heavenly Thunder Halberd are priceless treasures. Someone must pay the price for them!" The reality that Fredric couldn't manage to harm Zen even after using the Heavenly Thunder Halberd left War Emperor York deeply dejected.

Turner did not respond to this accusation, but War King Wind's face darkened. "Price? Lucien, all these years you've been getting more and more unreasonable! Your son has always bullied my son. Shouldn't he pay the price as well? I let it go, but I can't believe you're trying to twist the facts here. Do you actually think that York Divine Kingdom is above all the others?"

War King Wind was not as good-tempered as Turner. Besides, Fiona was the apple of his eye. When she had spoken earlier, he had been quick to figure out that his daughter had been mistreated and that Thad had stood up for her. Even in his presence, Lucien was biased against Fiona. It pissed him off.

"Wind! You..." War Emperor York was too furious to finish his sentence.

War King Wind snorted dismissively, not bothering to pay attention to Lucien. If it weren't for the fact that the four divine kingdoms had been living harmoniously with each other for so many years, he would have acted out on the spot.

The development of the York Divine Kingdom in the recent years had indeed been impressive, but that was because of the martial artists of the younger generation. The Soul Sea Realm warriors of the various divine kingdoms had hardly seen any growth. If things got ugly, Lucien would not emerge the victor against War King Wind or Turner.

War King Wind turned to Zen and smiled. "Thad, you did a good job. As long as I am here, no one will dare touch you. Otherwise, be sure that they will be courting death!"

The words were heartless and cold.

A smile crept across Zen's mouth as he nodded. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. I should thank you on behalf of Fiona." War King Wind sized Zen up. The more he looked him over, the more satisfied he was.

Zen did not want to extend his stay any longer. "I have to go and mine. Please excuse me," he said to Turner and War King Wind.

Zen had been holding onto the Black Star pickax, which had previously looked too ordinary from afar. It was just like a black hammer. However, when Zen turned around, the gazes of the Soul Sea Realm warriors latched on to the pickax in his hand. Lucien, Turner, War King Wind, and Scott all had puzzled expressions on their faces.

The pickax in Zen's hand seemed a bit familiar to them.

In fact, these leaders had studied the Black Star pickax numerous times and tried to extract it, so they all had deep impressions of it in their minds.

They had assumed that nobody could retrieve the Black Star pickax.

Who could do so, if they, the strongest Soul Sea Realm warriors, couldn't? So even though the pickax in Zen's hand looked familiar to them, they didn't immediately recognize it. Not in a hundred years would they have imagined that Zen would be able to get the Black Star pickax.

Lucien stared at the pickax gloomily. His eyes glistened as they landed on the three ten-star divine textures on its head. 'Black Star pickax? In Zen's hands?

What is going on?'

The other Soul Sea Realm warriors all wondered simultaneously.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1166 War King's Anger

They weren't sure that the pickax in Zen's hand was the Black Star that had been sealed within the golden leaf.

War Emperor York was the first to react among them.

A divine-level talent of the York Divine Kingdom was quick to react. When he saw that many of the Soul Sea Realm warriors had zeroed in on Zen, he immediately sent Lucien a voice message through life vitality.

Lucien had his own suspicions when he saw the black pickax, but he couldn't be sure. He could not believe that Zen had retrieved the Black Star pickax. However, after the divine-level talent's reminder to him, his doubts were replaced by eagerness.

Before the many powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm could react, War Emperor York's figure flashed. Instantly, he was beside Zen.

He was so fast that by the time Turner and War King Wind realized what had happened, the pickax was already in his possession. A look of ecstasy crossed his face.

Zen stood on the edge of the pyramid and looked faintly at the overjoyed War Emperor York. He almost rolled his eyes.

He didn't resist War Emperor York. The pickax wouldn't have been taken away so easily from him if he had put up a fight. If Zen had used the power of the four thousand dragon scales, War Emperor York would have been unable to snatch the weapon from him.

However, there was a large chasm between Zen's strength and that of War Emperor York's. Zen didn't want to anger the ruler too much and force him to attack him.

In any case, the supreme divine weapon had already acknowledged Zen as its master. War Emperor York might have managed to get his hands on it, but it would be of no use to him.

"Black Star pickax! It's really Black Star pickax!" The War Emperor York's face betrayed a euphoric expression as he laughed out loud.

A lot of treasures were hidden within the leaves of the top three layers of the tree. Soul Core, in particular, was extremely critical to the four divine kingdoms. Up until now, they could only place their hopes on the mineral-devouring bugs, but those bugs rarely climbed up to the top to eat the ores.

If War Emperor York possessed the pickax, he would be able to mine the leaf at the top.

"Is it really the Black Star pickax?"

"How was it taken out?"

"Did Thad dig it out of the leaf on the thirty-fifth layer? How did he do it?""

Many of the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm had tried to extract the Black Star pickax without success. It came as a shock to them that the pick was truly the Black Star. Some of them were just tongue-tied.

"Was it really Thad who dug it out?" War King Wind asked Fiona.

Fiona nodded. "That's right. We saw it with our own eyes. Zen crushed the golden leaf on the thirty-fifth layer."

"This...how did he do it?" War King Wind was regretful. If he had known about this earlier, he would not have gone to the Mysterious Dream Secret Land earlier this year. Instead, they would have come straight to the Feather Emperor Secret Land. He had missed out on a good show, but what was worse was that the Black Star pickax had fallen into the hands of War Emperor York.

York Divine Kingdom had used the little monster to deter the other three divine kingdoms in the past. It wasn't great for the Black Star pickax to fall into the hands of War Emperor York.

Turner frowned as well. Zen was from the Harlen Divine Kingdom after all. How could Lucien snatch the pickax away from him just like that?

Turner approached the pyramid, all the while keeping his eyes on Lucien. "Lucien, as the king of a divine kingdom, aren't you ashamed to steal something from a young lad, your junior?"

"Ashamed? Humph! Turner, don't tell me you don't want it!" War Emperor York couldn't reign in on his excitement as he held the Black Star pickax. Even the silent Zen became endearing in his eyes. The grudge he held against Zen seemed to have vanished completely.

Heavenly Thunder Halberd and the Heart Condensation Necklace were nothing compared to this Black Star pickax.

The heart-condensing gem in the Heart Condensation Necklace had been retrieved from the abdomen of a purple mineral-devouring bug. As long as War Emperor York had this Black Star pickax in his possession, he would be able to collect the heart-condensing gems every year.

More importantly, with the Black Star pickax, he could mine the Soul Cores at the top of the tree as he pleased. Even now, there were many powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm eagerly waiting their chance to get the Soul Cores.

"But this pickax was dug out by Thad. It belongs to him!" Seeing the scene before her, Fiona couldn't hold her tongue any longer. There was even a trace of anger in her voice.

War Emperor York ignored her and continued to gaze at the Black Star pickax. Just as when Zen had obtained it, he finally realized that he couldn't control the pickax. In the past few minutes itself, War Emperor York had tried a variety of methods to bring it under his control.

Pouring his life vitality onto it, dripping his blood on it, the soul imprint, the sensory perception force...

The Black Star pickax was tossed and turned in the hands of War Emperor York, but none of the methods seemed to work.

Zen sported a mocking expression on his face. He looked at War Emperor York, then smiled at Fiona. "Fiona, don't worry. The pickax is meant to be mine. No one can steal it from me."

Fiona's bright eyes blinked as a smile surfaced on her face. Just now, Zen had set up a huge pit, isolating himself from the outside world. She guessed he had perhaps made the Black Star pickax recognize him as its master in there.

No one knew how Zen had managed to do it. However, War Emperor York seemed visibly frustrated about the weapon.

After a while, his expression grew glum. He could do nothing about the pickax. He had heard Zen's words. War Emperor York turned to look at him, shouting, "Zen! Did you make this pickax recognize you as its master?"

The gazes of the other kingdom leaders were locked on Zen as well. Turner and War King Wind would be glad of it if Zen were to be the true master of the Black Star pickax. Scott said nothing and was neutral.

Zen smiled faintly and nodded. "Yes, what of it?"

"Tell me how you did it. Otherwise, make no mistake, I will take your life!" War Emperor York did not know how Zen had managed to get the Black Star pickax to recognize him as its master. He had to wring it out of him!

Zen laughed at this. "How interesting! I dug out this Black Star pickax from the golden leaf, and it has recognized me as its master. But you stole it from me. Now you expect me to tell you how it recognized its master? Are you deluded? You are a sovereign of a divine kingdom. Your shamelessness is appalling!"

For a moment, War Emperor York's facial expression was neutral. After all, this supreme divine weapon was far too important. After thinking about it for quite a while, he seemed to hesitate.

Should he just attack Zen?

Wind and Turner would never condone it. Threatening wouldn't work on Zen. After thinking for a while, he said, "Tell me the method to make the pickax recognize me as its master, and York Divine Kingdom will fulfill your wishes for the rest of your life! York Divine Kingdom can even groom you. We will spare no resources. All of the martial houses and secret training grounds will be open to you!"

Intimidating him would be of no use. The only option War Emperor York had was to tempt him.

Hearing this, Turner couldn't help but roll his eyes. Was Lucien foolish enough to think that Zen was born yesterday? Harlen Divine Kingdom could already give Zen whatever York Divine Kingdom promised him. There wouldn't be too much of a difference in resources. How could War Emperor York expect Zen to renounce a supreme divine weapon for what he was promising?

"Lucien, give it back to Zen," Turner said. "Since the Black Star pickax has already accepted its owner, we can get Zen to help us mine the Soul Cores."

"Humph, I, a dignified war emperor, need the help of a young fellow?" Lucien snorted, extremely reluctant to return the pickax.

Boom...

Flames burst out from beneath the feet of the fuming War King Wind, each flame transforming into a nimble fire bird. The fire birds hovered around him. This was War King Wind's domain: the Firebird.

"You may not need Zen's help, but we do! All these years, we have tolerated you, while you have become more and more insufferable! I would rather leave this Black Star pickax in the hands of an outsider than let you have it! Lucien, return the Black Star pickax to Zen at once or we fight!"

This time, War King Wind was truly enraged.

Chapter 1167 Resign To Fate

The other three divine kingdoms had always tolerated the York Divine Kingdom because of the secret sect and the little monster. But on the whole, the four great divine kingdoms had been harmonious with each other all these years as they were under the control of the humans of the Upper World. The whole Divine Kingdom Continent seemed like a joint force.

Now War King Wind lost his temper because he could no longer stand Lucien's behavior. Of course, it was also because of Fiona. He had figured out that she was actually very concerned about Zen.

"This time he must be really angry. He means serious business!"

"This is the second time. It's been a long time since the four divine kingdoms had a conflict..."

"Will War Emperor York take action?"

A wave of heat spread out around War King Wind; it looked like he was about to attack.

"Lucien, since you can't control the Black Star, you should give it back to Zen," suggested Turner calmly.

Scott also took a step forward and stood beside Turner. This time, nobody seemed to be standing on War Emperor York's side.

War Emperor York was outraged but he didn't return the Black Star to Zen. Instead, his figure flashed as he charged straight towards the pyramid.

He was unwilling to accept defeat.

Even if he couldn't control the Black Star, he had to try it out. After all, it was a supreme divine weapon. The pickax might be much stronger than a normal sacred weapon or divine weapon.

Seeing War Emperor York dashing towards the 45th layer, the three divine kingdom rulers just sighed. War King Wind said, "Forget it. If he's willing to give it a try, then let him."

War Emperor York entered through the narrow door on the 45th layer and fell onto a leaf.

There was a purple mineral-devouring bug resting on the leaf. When it noticed War Emperor York, it made two short creaking sounds and flapped its wings in preparation to pounce on him.

Even before the bug could approach War Emperor York, he struck out a fist. An invisible wave of the emperor's powerful energy blew the purple mineral-devouring bug away.

In the past, War Emperor York would be interested in capturing this bug. However, now that he had the Black Star, he couldn't be bothered.

After chasing the purple mineral-devouring bug away, he took two steps forward and raised the Black Star in his hand. He brought the pickax down ruthlessly as his eyes gleamed with determination!

Smash!

Waves surged in the Soul Sea within his body. The power that his life vitality stimulated erupted in an instant!

"Bang!"

As he smashed the Black Star down on the leaf, the entire tree shook with the tremendous force.

That blue leaf remained smooth as a mirror, without the slightest of cracks...

"Thwack!"

"Bang!"

"Thump!"

"Thud..."

...

War Emperor York hit the leaf a dozen times with the Black Star. His palm cracked open and blood flowed from it towards the Black Star. However, the blood bounced off the Black Star which had accepted Zen as its master. Now this pickax would not accept War Emperor York's blood.

What was more, there was a Law of Causality on the leaf of the 45th layer too.

This Law of Causality was for absolute defense!

One couldn't break it by brute force alone. So War Emperor York failed not because he was lacking in strength, but because of the limitation of the rules!

The Black Star contained the Law of Causality that it could break anything. Most importantly, its Law of Causality was more powerful than the one contained in the leaf. If the two Laws of Causality were to compete against each other, the pickax would surely win!

However, War Emperor York wasn't able to control the Black Star nor was he able to activate the Law of Causality in the pickax.

He was deeply disappointed but also hesitant to return the Black Star to Zen.

He gritted his teeth and sighed internally. "Forget it. This thing is not something I need in my life."

He then jumped off the leaf, falling into the circle of light. Soon, his figure appeared on the side of the pyramid.

Turner and War King Wind looked at each other and smiled knowingly when they saw the expression on the poor War Emperor York's face.

With the Black Star in his hand, War Emperor York flew towards them and sneered at Zen. He waved his right hand slightly and the Black Star flew straight towards Zen with a sharp whistle. It was obvious that it was carrying an extremely strong force with it.

"Thad, be careful!" Fiona called out hastily as she saw the Black Star flying towards Zen.

Zen's eyes flashed, and suddenly his body was filled with the power of three thousand dragon scales! There was a nonchalant smile on his face. He easily caught the Black Star with just two fingers.

Seeing this, the Soul Sea Realm masters were surprised. They stood there dumbfounded.

Everyone could clearly see the enormous force of the Black Star when War Emperor York released it. Despite being highly-skilled warriors, they would have to go all out in order to receive this mighty pickax.

But Zen had done it effortlessly! He only used two fingers to catch this impressive tool. 'He must be incredibly strong!' everyone thought.

With the Black Star in his hand, Zen smiled and focused on climbing to the top layers of the pyramid.

When the Soul Sea Realm masters saw Zen entering the pyramid, they, too, flew towards it and followed him in through the narrow gates.

Divine-level talents like Callan, Fiona, Randy and Camilla also followed him. Although there were purple mineral-devouring bugs on the top layers, they might not pose a major threat to the divine-level talents as there were many powerful Soul Sea Realm masters in the tree to protect them.

Zen did not enter the top layer, but instead went straight to the 45th layer. The first ore he needed to obtain was the life crystal on that layer as it contained life energy. He only needed to get one life crystal to save Letitia.

Just as Zen was about to step onto the 45th layer, many of the Soul Sea Realm masters also entered. They stood on the leaves of the 45th layer, the 46th one as well as the top layer.

The amount of ores in the leaves of the 45th, 46th and 47th layers was not big, but all of them were rare and precious. Almost every ore could be used to create semi-divine weapons or even divine weapons.

Zen took two steps forward on the wide leaf and located the life crystal!

Zen had spent a lot of time and effort finding this life crystal. Finally, he had found it and he also had the Black Star with him. A hint of excitement appeared on his face.

"Zen needed the life stones from the start and he intends to dig for the life crystal now. It seems like this item is really important to him..."

"Is his family member's lifespan coming to an end? Does he need the life crystal to sustain his or her life?"

"I have no idea. He is not a member of the four divine kingdoms after all."

"I wonder if the Black Star can really penetrate that leaf..."

"I, too, have some doubts. Although the Black Star is known to be a supreme divine weapon, no one has ever seen its true power!"

The powerful Soul Sea Realm masters were discussing all this among themselves on the leaves, with anticipation in their eyes.

Basically, the top three layers of the mine tree were like three transparent treasure boxes! However, they hadn't been able to obtain the key to the treasure boxes for so many years. Now that the key had fallen into Zen's hands, everyone hoped that he would be able to open the boxes.

"This time, I'll definitely succeed!"

Zen's eyes flashed in excitement, and he lightly struck the blue leaf with the pickax in his hand.

He did not employ much power, but as he brandished his pickax, a mysterious force spread out! This was the power of the Law of Causality!

"Ding..."

The Soul Sea Realm masters held their collective breaths.

The power was extremely simple but superior. The Soul Sea Realm masters could tell that they would never be able to fight it! The pickax seemed to be able to penetrate through everything.

The moment the Black Star struck the leaf, an invisible force field around the leaf cracked! This was the leaf's Law of Causality of absolute defense!

When the two Laws of Causality were pitted against each other, the Black Star's Law of Causality had the absolute advantage!

Therefore, when Zen barely tapped the leaf, it began to shatter layer by layer...

Chapter 1168 The Tribulation Flower

The Black Star pickaxe clanked as it was knocked against the giant leaf.

Cracks continued to surface on the azure blue leaf, a number of life crystals popping out one after another.

Zen smiled faintly and waved his hand, gathering the life crystals into his space ring.

He had felt somewhat disappointed after obtaining the Black Star, for it could only dig up things. However, since it was a pickaxe, that was its only function.

Now that he possessed the life crystals, his most urgent goal at this place had been accomplished.

Nonetheless, after investing so much effort in getting the pickaxe, he wouldn't mind digging up some more ores.

Just as Zen looked for his next target, he heard Turner speak to him politely. "Thad, now that you've obtained the Black Star pickaxe, I need a favor from you!"

All the Soul Sea Realm masters wished to seek Zen's help, but the one most qualified to make the request was Turner.

After all, Turner had stepped in to help Zen quite a few times, and Zen was now regarded as a member of his divine kingdom. There was no reason for Zen to reject his demand.

"Your majesty, please don't hesitate to speak your mind. I will grant you everything that you wish," Zen replied, respect evident in his voice.

Turner nodded his head in satisfaction. Since Zen recognized him as the king and had regard for him, it would be easy for him to put forth his request. "In order to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, the four divine kingdoms need a type of ore from these leaves. It is called..."

"Soul Core, correct?" Zen had already heard about it from Lord Randy, so he immediately made a guess.

"Yes, and there's one about ten feet away to the left of your feet," Turner said politely, a smile lingering about his mouth.

There happened to be a number of Soul Cores on the forty-fifth, forty-sixth, and forty-seventh layers. However, in the past years, they had placed all their hopes of getting the Soul Cores on the purple mineral-devouring bugs. For that reason, the four divine kingdoms had only obtained a total of a hundred or so Soul Cores thus far.

That would have been fine if they still had all of those Soul Cores, however they had lost most of them along the way. This year, they only had thirty-six Soul Cores in their possession.

Anyone who wanted to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land would need to use a Soul Core to obtain a corpse of the Dragon Lineage Humans. The four divine kingdoms had so many Soul Sea Realm masters that the numbers of Soul Cores were far from enough. Because of that, each year the four divine kingdoms clamored over the allocation of Soul Cores.

Fortunately, they might not need to struggle over that this year.

The powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm shared this sentiment, all owing to this young man who was only at the Virtual Tribulation Realm!

Following Turner's instructions, Zen moved around, soon finding an ore under his feet. The ore had a perfectly round shape and thumped quietly like a small heart.

"So this is a Soul Core? After obtaining this, I'll have the right to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land?" Zen's eyes flickered with excitement. He finally had the chance to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. He had agreed to help the cyan dragon take the Ancestral Dragon's egg from there.

Quick as a wink, Zen brandished his Black Star pickax and shattered the leaf. He then bent down and took out the Soul Core which was still beating silently.

Seeing this, the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm smiled gladly. Turner turned to them. "Go look for them quickly!" he ordered. "Everyone, record the locations of the Soul Cores around you. Thad, I'm afraid we will have to trouble you for some time!"

"Wait a minute, sir. Please hear my request first," Zen chipped in.

Turner smiled. "Feel free to convey it, Thad."

"May I participate in your journey to the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land?" Zen asked straightaway.

Hearing this, Lucien, who stood on a faraway leaf, snorted. "The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land is the most important place of our four divine kingdoms!" he said in a cold voice. "We won't allow any outsiders in."

Some of the other Soul Sea Realm masters scorned at Zen as well. Ever since they had found the way to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, none of the talents from the younger generation under the Soul Sea Realm had been allowed in. To them, Zen's request was ridiculous!

But before Turner could say anything, Scott, who had been silent all this while, spoke up. "Thad is not an outsider. He is a member of the Harlen Divine Kingdom. In the past, our number of Soul Cores was limited, but now with Thad's help, we won't have to worry about it any longer!"

Turner too agreed with him. "That's right. The number of Soul Cores in these three layers probably exceeds two hundred. There won't be any issue if Thad joins us."

War Emperor York sneered but didn't say anything else. Now that the other two had agreed to Zen's request, he had no choice but to accept it. Besides, they still needed Zen to dig out the Soul Cores for them.

After the kings gave their assent, Zen got to work.

He jumped off the leaves and entered again through the narrow doors.

"There's a Soul Core here! Here it is, on the forty-sixth layer!"

"I found three here on this leaf!"

"Come over when you're done. I have two here as well..."

As he dug out the Soul Cores one by one, Zen did not forget to extract the other ores as well. The ores of these layers were invaluable, so Zen accumulated them all into his space ring.

The powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm watched with envious eyes as Zen took the precious ores. They wanted to take their shares of the spoils but were too embarrassed to ask for his favor.

Zen, on the other hand, had already decided what he would do with the ores. He only needed one Soul Core for himself. If the warriors wanted the rest, Zen would give them away appropriately as gifts. After all, he was just a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. He needed to get along with the emperors if he wanted to gain a foothold in the divine kingdoms. The warriors would not allow him to take away treasures from their continent without a price anyway, even though they couldn't dig them out by themselves.

Through Zen's sustained efforts, many leaves at the top three layers were shattered into pieces, revealing the hidden ores inside. After Zen reached the top layer and began digging the three leaves of the layer, his gaze turned to the exquisite flower at the top of the tree.

When Zen had been at the forty-fifth layer, he had observed the dazzling flower for a long time. There was no doubt in his mind that the flower was the core of the tree.

"Smash it open, Zen," the cyan dragon's voice rang out in Zen's head.

"This flower..." Zen muttered as he studied the flower thoughtfully.

The cyan dragon chuckled and said, "It's the Tribulation Flower of this Earth Tree."

"The Tribulation Flower? What's that?" Zen's eyes flashed with curiosity. The flower looked so beautiful, but its name sounded strange to his ears.

"The Tribulation Flower can expand the power of a Heavenly Tribulation. It can strengthen the power of a life-and-death tribulation to the maximum," the cyan dragon replied.

As he heard this, Zen's eyes widened with surprise. "Strengthen the power of the life-and-death tribulation?" he repeated with interest.

After reaching the Life and Death Realm, warriors were bound to face the life-and-death tribulations, same as the small Heavenly Tribulations that Lavender had mentioned. They could reach the Soul Sea Realm only after facing several Heavenly Tribulations. However, the dangerous life-and-death tribulations had sealed the fates of most Life and Death Realm warriors.

There were tens of thousands of Life and Death Realm warriors in the four divine kingdoms. That number would have been countless times more if all the Life and Death Realm warriors in the past thousands of years were to be included. However, there were few who had reached the Soul Sea Realm, or would make it there in future.

It was widely accepted that about ninety-nine percent of the Life and Death Realm warriors had been killed by the life-and-death tribulations.

Warriors were always afraid that the life-and-death tribulation was too difficult to brave through, but this Tribulation Flower could even make the life-and-death tribulation even harder. Zen doubted the flower would do him any good.

"Anyone in the Lower World is qualified to ascend to the Upper World after reaching the Soul Sea Realm," the cyan dragon elucidated. "But in the Upper World, the Soul Sea Realm is just the beginning; the first step for a warrior to embark on his journey! As for the Small Heavenly Tribulation of the Life and Death Realm, it is not only a tribulation but also like a baptism of fire for all warriors. Whether it is in the Genuine Dragon World or any other supreme worlds, the Small Heavenly Tribulation in the Life and Death Realm has always been regarded as an important event. The more Small Heavenly Tribulations a warrior can get through, the greater his potential in the future."

Warriors who had been promoted to the Soul Sea Realm after experiencing five or six Small Heavenly Tribulations belonged to the lower ranks in the Upper World.

Similarly, warriors who had gone through seven Small Heavenly Tribulations to reach the Soul Sea Realm were considered as second-rate warriors.

And among all kinds of forces, the warriors who could undergo eight Small Heavenly Tribulations were considered to be the top warriors, worth all efforts of the forces to train them.

However, someone who could undergo nine Small Heavenly Tribulations was decidedly exceptional. Such a character would undoubtedly shake the status quo with his name and go down in the history books of the era. In every ten million years, there were only five or six people of any great race blessed to be such chosen ones.

Zen was taken aback by the cyan dragon's words. It seemed that there were no titles such as the heaven-level or divine-level talents in the Upper World. With the methods of the great races above, it would perhaps be quite easy for a warrior to reach the Soul Sea Realm. Nonetheless, it was almost impossible to change the number of the Heavenly Tribulations one was to undergo.

"If that's the case, the Upper World should also be keen on this Tribulation Flower, yes?" Zen asked.

The cyan dragon smiled. "There are no Earth Trees in the Upper World. This Tribulation Flower is in fact a fortune for you warriors of the Lower World!"

Chapter 1169 Life Vitality Started To Solidify

The many supreme worlds in the Upper World were rich in resources, be it cultivation methods, inheritances or the vastness of the worlds.

Thus, in regard to cultivation, the martial artists from the Upper World enjoyed far greater cultivation resources than the marital artists in the Lower World.

To the martial artists of the Upper World, the warriors from the Lower World were nothing more than country bumpkins that came from remote mountains. Only a few of them could advance to a very high level.

The Upper World certainly had its own advantage, but the martial artists in the Lower World also had their own unique advantages. For instance, the competition in the Lower World was less intense than that in the Upper World.

The martial artists from the Lower World would also avoid the Tribulation Flower at all costs, as it could increase the difficulty of tribulations. The Life and Death Realm warriors hoped that after surviving a few life and death tribulations, they would be able to enter the Soul Sea Realm. So they could not wish that the tribulations increased in difficulty.

On the other hand, for the martial artists of the Upper World, the Tribulation Flower was an absolute precious treasure. Even the value of a divine weapon would not match up to the value of the Tribulation Flower.

Zen was not willing to be confined to the small Lower World. So, in order to prepare himself to advance from the Virtual Tribulation Realm to the Life and Death Realm, he would have to build a solid and strong foundation.

However, the stronger a warrior was, the more difficult the Heavenly Tribulation the warrior would face. Since Letitia practiced the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess, her strength was far stronger than that of any other martial artists of the same level. Therefore, when Letitia broke through the Virtual Tribulation Realm and entered the Life and Death Realm, the small Heavenly Tribulation she suffered was unprecedentedly stronger. She even encountered rare nightmare tribulation.

Zen was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and his strength was enough to fight against a powerful master of the Soul Sea Realm. If a powerful master of the Soul Sea Realm didn't use a domain to restrict Zen, he would become invincible in the great world.

If Zen wanted to advance to the Life and Death Realm, he had to face difficulties beyond imagination. Adding the effect of the Tribulation Flower, he might not be able to survive.

Zen looked at the Tribulation Flower. It was a beautifully shaped object. Without hesitation, he walked towards it, grabbed his Black Star pickaxe and smashed it.

An invisible force suddenly burst out from the Black Star pickaxe. Zen knew it was powerful and wondered if there was anything in the Upper World that could resist it. In this great world, however, nothing could resist it. The Law of Causality contained in his Black Star pickaxe was too powerful.

"Clang"

The Tribulation Flower suddenly shattered under Zen's blows. The polygonal petals broke into countless small fragments, revealing a small pistil in the center.

"Pick that flower pistil and drink the nectar," said the cyan dragon, who had been very clear on the benefits that the Tribulation Flower could bring to Zen, so he hoped that Zen would make good use of this opportunity.

Many of the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm hadn't left yet. They stood motionlessly on nearby leaves and watched the scene unfold before their eyes. When they saw that Zen had broken the Tribulation Flower, envy filled their hearts and faces.

The flower had bloomed for many years on the top of the mineral tree. No one knew exactly how long it had been there. Many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had speculated about what this flower could do. The flower stood at the top of the tree immovable like the leaves on the tree. So far, no one had figured out a way to pick it up. Now Zen had easily smashed the flower and taken away its pistil and they had every reason to be jealous.

Zen ignored them. This pistil was as thick as a human wrist, similar to the natural crystals of ores. The pistil was filled with a light green liquid. As soon as Zen took the pistil, he could smell the intoxicating fragrance coming from it.

"How fragrant!" Zen gasped in admiration before putting the pistil to his lips. He then drank the whole light green liquid.

When the light green liquid entered his mouth, Zen felt an intense burning sensation spreading from his mouth all the way down his throat, chest and stomach. It was as if a flame was burning in his body.

Zen was able to endure the scorching burning pain, but what followed was unbearable. He felt as if all his internal organs were on fire. His stomach started aching severely. At the same time, the life vitality in his cinnabar field and the forceful energy in the Hundred Meetings Platform also became uncontrollably erratic.

He had never felt such strong pain, even when he was refining his body. As the pain became unbearable he couldn't help but let out a loud groan.

"Ahhhhh"

Zen tried to control the pain with breathing and entering the state of forgetting himself.

Usually it was an easy task but not this time. This time the pain was too strong and took away his focus. He failed to enter the state of forgetting himself. Zen fell to the ground and rolled around, curled up with his knees up to his chest.

A sneer surfaced on War Emperor York's face as he stood on the other leaf and watched Zen. "You are so bold to randomly eat something without even trying to figure out what it is! It serves you right!"

Other than War Emperor York, Turner and a few others looked worried. They did not know whether the flower of the mineral tree was poisonous or not. If it was poisonous it could be deadly.

As Zen rolled around, he fell from the leaf.

Seeing that Zen had fallen everyone else left the leaves too.

Zen appeared once again on the outside of the pyramid. The pain in his abdomen became more and more intense, and he twisted his body vehemently. Fortunately, his body was very strong but as he rolled around on the ground in pain, the ground suddenly became full of bumps.

"Thad, what happened to you?" When Fiona and some others saw Zen in pain, they gathered around him trying to understand what was wrong with him. Randy was worried and decided to call a few other warriors to come and help.

Randy frowned and said "Do you think he has been poisoned?"

Fiona shook her head and said, "No, that's impossible! Even the Dragon Arsenic couldn't hurt Zen. What kind of poison could cause him so much pain?"

Turner, who had just left the tree and landed on the ground, said blandly, "He drank the nectar in the flower pistil at the top of the tree. I don't know why he has such a strong reaction to it!"

"That pistil is probably the most poisonous thing in the world. It will kill anyone who drinks it. This kid has brought it upon himself," War Emperor York said after Turner.

When War King Wind heard this, he coldly said, "If Zen dies, no one else knows how to control the Black Star pickaxe. No one in the four divine kingdoms will be able to break the leaves on the upper floors and get the Soul Cores. What will we do without him?"

So far, with the help of Zen, they had harvested enough Soul Cores, but these would eventually be consumed. Since the four divine kingdoms didn't have the control of the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, then they had to rely on the Soul Cores to enter it. If the Soul Cores were used up, they would have to return to their old ways of capturing the mineral-devouring bugs to get Soul Cores. That way they were only able to obtain one single Soul Core every few years. The worst situation they encountered was when they spent nine consecutive years without finding even one Soul Core.

"This year we have already gathered so many Soul Cores that would for sure allow our four divine kingdoms to occupy the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. In the future, we won't need Soul Cores anymore!" War Emperor York fell silent. This was all he could come up with to defend himself.

As the other powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm kept on discussing, Zen suddenly stopped rolling on the floor and his body started emitting a stronger aura.

"What is happening? Thad's aura is getting stronger!" a mighty warrior of the Soul Sea Realm said.

"He pulled through and made it. Now his cultivation has reached the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm!" another master said.

"He actually made it at this critical stage… It is unbelievable!"

Zen's pain had disappeared and his life vitality had gathered in his lower abdomen and condensed to an unprecedented form. After being highly compressed, his life vitality which had been in the form of gas started to liquefy.

Only martial artists at the Life and Death Realm were able to condense their life vitality. In other words, now that Zen entered the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he immediately started preparing himself to enter the Life and Death Realm.

The life vitality within Zen's cinnabar field continued to condense and it started to flow slower and slower.

For most Life and Death Realm martial artists, the condensation process of life vitality was extremely slow. Not only that but the condensed life vitality would flow just like water. However, as Zen's life vitality condensed, it actually became thicker and thicker, just like paste.

"It's getting harder for me to make the life vitality circulate! It seems like it's going to freeze…" Zen frowned while sitting on the ground.

The cyan dragon was shocked by what Zen said. "The life vitality is solidifying, this is so strange... I can't believe the life vitality started to solidify when you just broke through to the Life and Death Realm!"

Zen was in a state of confusion when he heard the cyan dragon's words, "Does life vitality solidify? What do you mean?"

Chapter 1170 Heavenly Tribulation

Normally a martial artist would be able to liquefy his life vitality at the Life and Death Realm, and the elixir field would be able to store even more of it. Once the martial artist reached the Soul Sea Realm, he would be able to open up a world, and his elixir field would be transformed into a vast ocean.

When warriors reached a higher level, they could even nurture life in the vast ocean, creatures that could reproduce, become civilized, or even cultivate.

In this period, the liquefied life vitality would slowly solidify, forming continents on the Soul Sea.

Logically speaking, at Zen's current cultivation, he should still be far from solidifying his life vitality. But his life vitality began to solidify without explanation and cause.

The cyan dragon was shocked.

As knowledgeable as he was, he could not understand what was going on.

As the life vitality within Zen's body gradually solidified, its rotation speed became slower and slower. Suddenly, in this moment, a dark cloud appeared in the sky.

"How did this dark cloud appear out of nowhere in such a clear sky?"

"It's indeed very strange. Why did the sky change so quickly?"

"The dark cloud is expanding! Really fast!"

Everyone was looking up at the strange scene in the sky.

The black cloud that had splattered suddenly across the originally clear blue sky looked like a drop of ink dripping into a pool of clear water. The terrifying thing about it was that it was expanding at an incredible speed. It had covered the entire Feather Emperor Island in the blink of an eye.

One moment, it was daytime, and the next, dark cloud had covered the sky.

It had taken half a minute for the dark cloud to cover the Feather Holy Sea.

And five minutes later, it had covered the entire Divine Kingdom Continent.

The vast lands of the four divine kingdoms were now all enveloped by darkness. Oil lamps were lit in the large towns of all the divine kingdoms. A few people belonging to the older generation even began to mutter to themselves, looking at the sky as they prayed that the gods wouldn't be angry with them.

As Zen gazed at the dark sky, he suddenly felt an intense malicious intent. It was the evil intentions of heaven.

"Is this my first small Heavenly Tribulation?" Zen wondered.

He had once witnessed a small Heavenly Tribulation. A colossal phenomenon had occurred when Letitia had gone through one. Back then, the scope of the phenomenon only just covered an area up to just being above the Cloud Hall. The black cloud in the sky, however, was endless. One could only imagine how powerful the upcoming Heavenly Tribulation would be.

"What a powerful aura! This is the life and death tribulation Thad will have to face." Turner sighed and said, "This life and death tribulation is more powerful than the ones we've faced."

War King Wind saw this and sighed, worried, "How can Thad endure this?"

When warriors broke through to the Life and Death Realm, heaven would become wary of and repulse them. The warriors would have to experience Heavenly Tribulations, irrespective of whether they belonged to the Life and Death Realm, Soul Sea Realm, or a realm that was even higher.

The more powerful the warrior was, the more powerful the Heavenly Tribulation would be.

Everyone knew that Zen's strength was far beyond that of his peers. If he was to advance to the Life and Death Realm, then the Heavenly Tribulation that he would trigger would be even more powerful!

However, no one could have imagined that Zen's Heavenly Tribulation would be this terrifying. It had already surpassed the power of the Life and Death Realm Heavenly Tribulation, and was even more terrifying than the Heavenly Tribulation many Soul Sea Realm warriors had experienced.

Boom!

A ray of light suddenly flashed across the pitch-black cloud. A giant dragon formed out of lightning spiraled through the dark cloud. The moment the giant lightning dragon lit up, the Divine Kingdom Continent that had been pitch-dark, became bright as day. Everything in the world - mountains, rivers, towns, the faces of old people, the fur of little dogs - everything was bright and clear in this moment.

But this beam of light only lasted for three seconds, after which the lightning dragon was once again hidden within the thick black cloud. Everything was immersed in darkness again.

Boom!

Another loud sound rang out. The lightning dragon streaked across the sky once again, and the light once again flickered, blindingly bright.

Some mortals in the towns knelt down and prayed to the sky, hoping that the heavens would forgive them for their sins and purify their souls.

Zen gulped, a trace of fear tinging his heart and his face as he beheld this frightening sight. He was now regretting swallowing the nectar from the pistil of the Tribulation Flower.

He would be lying if he said he wasn't afraid. Even the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were secretly scared as they faced this powerful force.

They were frightened even though this Heavenly Tribulation wasn't aimed at them. But since Zen was the target of this Heavenly Tribulation, it was natural for him to feel fear.

But Zen's fear only lasted for a short while before he clenched his fists, resolution taking over his features.

This was a calamity that had come from the heavens.

Zen had no way of retreat. This Heavenly Tribulation was a test for him, a step that he must take in the path of martial arts.

Only by taking this step could Zen qualify to be promoted to the Life and Death Realm. He would then advance towards the Soul Sea Realm, and later, step by step, towards the Upper World.

"Heavens..." Zen already knew thanks to Lavender's message that this was the heavens' intention. He looked up at the sky and softly said, "Come!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The thunder that resounded throughout the entirety of the Divine Kingdom Continent became denser and denser, like the footsteps of a massive dragon. It slowly moved above the dark cloud, taking one step at a time towards Zen, who was on the Feather Emperor Island.

"Fiona! Callan! Behind me!" War King Wind called to Fiona and Callan.

Turner had also told Randy and Bram to get close to him.

The power of this Heavenly Tribulation was simply too terrifying. Just a sliver of it would be enough to kill all of these divine-level talents.

The other divine-level talents didn't have the protection of the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, so they could only retreat as far as possible.

"Father, will Thad be okay?" Fiona asked worriedly.

This wasn't an easy question to answer for the War King Wind. If it had been an ordinary divine-level talent undergoing tribulation, they would have been able to come up with some conclusion based on their own experience. Zen, however, was anything but ordinary. Even War King Wind would not have had the confidence to go through this calamity before him, which was why he was finding it difficult to give Fiona an optimistic answer.

Fiona didn't prod her father further, once she had seen him choose to remain silent. Everyone knew the answer, but kept it to themselves. She understood how difficult this life and death tribulation was.

War Emperor York had a cold smile on his face as he thought, 'You are indeed a peerless talent! It is a pity that you are too special. If the heavens want you to die, you will have no choice but to die. You will not be able to resist!'

The other warriors at the Soul Sea Realm felt a chill steal through their hearts. Zen was probably finished now.

Boom!

Another bolt of lightning pierced the dark cloud, revealing the fact that the lightning dragon had already moved above Zen.

'Is it here?'

Zen thought, eyes glinting, and began to extract traces of forceful energy from his elixir field. Because his life vitality had solidified, the difficulty of extracting life vitality had increased. The solidified life vitality hardly moved, but he could do nothing but get used to it. Over time, Zen's meridians became much thicker than those of ordinary martial artists.

"Body-protecting life vitality."

A light purple-colored barrier of life vitality enveloped Zen.

He then began to spread out his consciousness and communicate with the stars.

"Stellar Body."

Two streaks of starlight suddenly pierced through the thick cloud and met each other on Zen's body.

"This starlight! It's the power of the stars! What kind of refinement technique is Zen cultivating?" a Soul Sea Realm warrior exclaimed, amazed. He was the one who had visualized the stars. But no matter how hard he had tried, he hadn't been able to attract the starlight no matter how real it was. He couldn't figure out how Zen had done it, how he had been able to mobilize the stars from so far away. This was simply too amazing!

Looking at the starlight on Zen's body, many of the experts at the Soul Sea Realm fell silent. They had thought that Zen had displayed his full strength at the West Dragon River. But it looked like he was still hiding a huge trump card within himself.

Just how many trump cards did this kid have on him?

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1171 The Thunder Law

Zen had used his life vitality to protect his body as he activated the Stellar Body, but it did nothing to quell his disquiet. His eyes shone as cold as ever.

Previously, when Letitia was undergoing her life and death tribulation, the first wave of the Thunder Tribulation had been the weakest, but the other waves of Heavenly Tribulation became stronger each time.

Now, even the first wave of Thunder Tribulation had already been so terrifying in its intensity. What about the next waves of Heavenly Tribulations?

Zen did not dare to imagine the frightening possibilities, nor did he bother to think any more about them.

If he could not dodge them, then he could only strike at the right moment.

As the lightning dragon was getting closer and closer to him, the dark cloud above his head roiled around, spinning in a slow circle. Then a hole opened at the center. A ray of light shot down from the hole, as if it had punctured the sky. It was a strange sight to behold.

Like a pulse, the ray of light appeared only for a split second before a blazing white light covered it. Soon, to the disbelief and fear of many people, lightning morphed into the shape of a dragon claw and descended from the hole.

The many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm looked with wide open eyes at the scene that they were witnessing.

The dragon claw reached out from the hole and began to tear the skies.

The thick layer of dark cloud was torn apart. The crowd watched as the wisps scattered into shapeless masses.

The next moment, the dragon's body descended. The blazing white dragon head formed by the lightning suddenly let out an earth-shattering roar as it faced Zen.

"Howl!"

Immediately after, lightning appeared on its body, followed by another massive explosion.

Zen's eyes flickered at the sight before him. He willed his mind to be calm, his features settling into a placid expression. His eyes narrowed on the dragon and his dry lips moved to say softly, "Come on!"

"Boom!"

Lightning struck, as if to split the entire earth in two. The colossal dragon circled in the air before pouncing towards Zen.

The dragon was the size of a mountain range, but it was rapidly shrinking as it charged forward. However, this was not an indication that its strength was weakening. It was gathering its power, preparing for its attack.

"Heavenly Tribulations are calamities that come from the heaven. There is no way to avoid them, so I would have to take on this colossal dragon."

Zen suddenly stood up from the ground. At the same time, a strong, vivid aura emanated from his body. Meanwhile, the lightning dragon continued to charge directly towards him.

"It's only a lightning dragon. All this is a facade. It's far inferior to a real dragon!" Zen declared.

Strength coursed into Zen's body. His power intensified with every second.

One thousand.

Two thousand.

Three thousand.

Four thousand.

Zen's physical body should sustain the strength of five thousand dragon scales when it was pushed to its limit. However, activating the power of five thousand dragon scales would inflict considerable damage to him and lower his defenses, making him more susceptible to injuries in battle.

The Small Heavenly Tribulations came in many waves. Right now, it was not an option for him to be injured. The best he could do, even if he was faced with a giant lightning dragon, was to advance with the power of four thousand dragon scales.

Zen could feel the power of four thousand dragon scales pouring into his body. His bones creaked as his muscles tightened, and his skin stretched as he grew in size. He stood like a giant, facing the dragon in the sky alone.

In the eyes of humans, Zen's body was twice as big. However, he was as small as an ant compared to the lightning dragon that was rapidly descending from the sky.

The dragon plunged down and closed the distance between it and Zen rapidly.

Ten thousand feet, one thousand feet, one hundred feet...

The dragon suddenly opened its bloody mouth and was about to devour Zen whole.

Zen did not falter at this terrifying vision. He leapt forward and charged straight towards the dragon.

Seeing this, Fiona covered her mouth with one hand. Her eyes were wide as she watched Zen face the dragon head on. War King Wind, on the other hand, was in awe of the young man's boldness. "Good! Zen is courageous! He dared to come forward!" he said softly.

Martial artists cultivated in different ways. Some of them complied with the rules of the heaven, while others established their discipline and resisted old practices. They had only one thing in common. No matter what path they chose, all of them would have to cross this threshold.

Heaven was a mystery and a nightmare for every martial artist.

Power was granted only to those brave enough to dare to possess it. In order to elevate in strength, one could never let go of the will to fight, even in the face of the disasters of heaven.

The moment Zen threw himself at the lightning dragon, the defense of his life vitality instantly collapsed.

A martial artist's protective life vitality wouldn't be particularly strong. Warriors were trained to fight, not to defend themselves. Zen did not practice a cultivation method related to this, and as a natural consequence, his protective life vitality crumbled under the attack of the Thunder Tribulation.

The dragon had destroyed Zen's protective life vitality and wanted to get into Zen's body. However, this time, the two rays of starlight on his body prevented the dragon from entering him.

The Stellar Body was a type of Transcendent Divine Might. By now, Zen had only mastered the second move, but its power could not be underestimated.

"The power of thunder and lightning that forms this lightning dragon should be at the fourth level, almost the fifth. Even the Stellar Body might not be able to block it." Despite the danger, Zen's gaze was indifferent. He had entered into a state where no distracting thought lingered in his mind. His sole focus was fighting against this Heavenly Tribulation.

Under the relentless attacks of the huge lightning dragon, the starlight on Zen's body began to dim visibly. The two stars on the thick black cloud also dimmed gradually along with it.

Once the starlight disappeared, he would have no choice but to rely on his own body to fight against the dragon.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Intense, coiling lightning wrapped around Zen's body and constricted his movements. It was like the death god's caress, dragging him to hell.

Soon, the star power finally disappeared, and the two stars in the sky also disappeared in the cover of the clouds.

Bone-piercing pain coursed through Zen's body.

It was fortunate that Zen's body was tough. Ordinary martial artists in the later stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm would have been instantly devoured by this powerful lightning, and not even their ashes would be left behind as traces.

Zen's body was covered with numerous black marks. Under the strikes of lightning, his skin instantly turned jet-black, as if he was a coal miner who had just crawled out of a mine.

"Stop!"

Zen charged all the way up to the belly of the lightning dragon. Then, he stretched his body and released the power of the dragon scales.

An unstoppable, tide-like force burst from within him. It aimed straight to the lightning dragon, as if it was an invisible sharp blade.

There was only silence for a fraction of a second, and then the dragon was split in half from the middle.

The warriors of the Soul Sea Realm could hardly believe what they saw. Zen had split the lightning dragon's body into two.

Zen exhaled deeply upon seeing what had happened, but the relief would only last for an instant. The next moment, the dragon that had been torn in two shot out to either side. Now, there were two smaller dragons, charging towards Zen once again.

"The lightning dragon formed in this Heavenly Tribulation is simply indestructible. How will I be able to defeat it? It would be impossible to rely on my own body to swallow it," Zen said inwardly, his face hardening.

The dragons didn't give Zen any time to think. They charged towards him, one on the left and one on the right.

"What should I do?" Zen could feel his anxiousness getting hold of him as he stood in the middle of the two lightning dragons.

Just then, the cyan dragon faintly smiled and said, "Zen, have you forgotten about your own talent?"

"My talent?" Zen asked in his mind as he watched the two dragons get closer and closer.

"You have gone through the baptism by laws, and you know the Thunder Law best. As I have said before, a Heavenly Tribulation is a catastrophe for a martial artist, but it is also a chance! Many talents in the Upper World eagerly hope that their Heavenly Tribulations can become even stronger, so that they will have greater chances," the cyan dragon reminded.

"Chance? Master the Thunder Law?" Zen narrowed his eyes.

Of all the Original Laws, the Time Law was the hardest, followed by the Space Law. The Thunder, Fire, Ice, and Metal Laws, however, were relatively easier.

Zen had gone through the baptism by laws, so he was able to quickly master the Time Law, which was the most difficult. The Thunder Law had been much easier to comprehend.

Chapter 1172 Control The Thunder Tribulation

'Yes! Comprehend the Thunder Law and control it!' Zen thought, his heart skipping a beat.

One couldn't blame Zen for not being able to think of this earlier as he had been focusing all his attention on resisting the Heavenly Tribulation. He didn't realize that instead of fighting the Heavenly Tribulation, he could make use of it.

Boom!

Zen's figure flashed as he suddenly descended, dodging the attack from the two lightning dragons. Both dragons entwined with each other, forming a bigger one again, and charged towards him.

Crack!

During this process, thick bolts of lightning struck out in all directions. Some of the lightning bolts struck the ground and were quickly absorbed by the earth, while other lightning bolts headed straight for the Soul Sea Realm masters present.

All of the Soul Sea Realm masters had already activated their life vitality to protect themselves, but the lightning bolts were lashing about like whips, striking their shields of life vitality and causing them to tremble.

'Thunder Law!'

Zen already comprehended the first layer of Thunder Law when he was at the Genuine Dragon World. This was the foundation of his Thunder Law.

As Zen's figure rapidly descended, he began to observe the Thunder Law contained within the enormous lightning dragon above him closely.

The first layer of the Thunder Law was Annihilation.

The second layer was Purification, and the third was Heavenly Tribulation.

When warriors advanced to the Life and Death Realm, the life and death crisis triggered by them included the third layer of the Thunder Law. This was probably the reason that the third layer was called Heavenly Tribulation.

However, the enormous lightning dragon that Zen was facing right now contained the fourth layer of the Thunder Law.

He silently gazed at the enormous lightning dragon as his mind spun rapidly. The mysterious Thunder Law hidden within the dazzling lightning bolts was slowly being unveiled to him.

The more compatible one was with a law, the faster one could comprehend it. After going through the baptism by laws, Zen could easily understand lower layers of various laws, though higher layers of laws were still a little difficult for him to comprehend.

Nevertheless, understanding the Thunder Law in a short period of time wasn't an easy task. Moreover, the lightning dragon didn't let go of Zen. It charged towards him repeatedly, in an attempt to swallow him.

This time, Zen did not resist. He was completely absorbed into the world of Thunder Law. The Thunder Law contained within every lightning bolt was like a piece of a jigsaw puzzle that swiftly started assembling in his mind. He wanted to control the Thunder Law contained within this lightning dragon completely before his body reached its limit.

Three seconds...

Thirty seconds...

Sixty seconds...

The lightning corroded Zen's body continuously. Even his sacred weapon-like body wouldn't be able to withstand these lightning strikes. A burning smell emanated from his charred body. It was scorched black by the lightning.

His body couldn't take it anymore!

Zen was pressed for time. The pieces of the Thunder Law, from the first layer to the fourth layer, appeared in his mind continuously, and he had already completed one-third of this jigsaw puzzle in a short period of time. However, his body was unable to withstand any more stress. It was becoming weaker and weaker. If he were to continue standing here and allowing this lightning dragon to strike him again, his body would probably be damaged before he could fully grasp the fourth layer.

Originally, he had planned to rely solely on his own strength to endure this lightning dragon. But he could no longer do so. It seemed that he had overestimated his body.

He let out a soft sigh. Suddenly he had an epiphany. He immediately began to transfer the power he had received.

"Transfer the power!"

By doing this, Zen was using the entire world to help him bear the brunt of the lightning strikes.

Boom!

There was a ginormous splash within the Feather Holy Sea.

This was followed by a second, a third, a fourth... In this way, countless violent splashes appeared and disappeared without a sound.

Zen had transferred the attacks from the lightning dragon aimed at him into the Feather Holy Sea.

Thanks to this transfer of power, Zen finally had enough time to comprehend the fourth layer of Thunder Law that was contained within the lightning dragon.

'Great! I've already grasped the second and third layers of the Thunder Law.' He stared at the dazzling lightning while absorbing the Thunder Law within frantically. He was sharp as a tack.

Laws were more difficult to comprehend when they came to the higher layers. It was easier to comprehend the first, second and third layers of the Thunder Law, but after reaching the fourth layer, the level of difficulty had increased.

Meanwhile, in the Feather Holy Sea, a massive amount of seawater continued to churn, and as the waves hit, it finally turned into a monstrous tsunami. The waves were over a thousand feet high, and they advanced fiercely in the direction of the Feather Emperor Island. If this tsunami were to hit the island, it was likely that the entire island would be submerged.

Obviously the four divine kingdoms did not want this to happen. Three of the Soul Sea Realm masters rushed to deal with the surging tsunami.

"Set up an enchanted barrier! Block the waves!"

"No! We can't just block it. If we do so and try to push it back, I'm afraid we'll destroy the cities near the Feather Holy Sea."

"Then let's eliminate this tsunami!"

The three powerful warriors launched a joint attack. They set up two enchanted barriers to isolate the tsunami. The tsunami danced manically back and forth between the two enchanted barriers for a long time before finally calming down.

However, just as they got rid of this tsunami, another one formed not far away. The three Soul Sea Realm masters looked at each other and smiled bitterly. They proceeded to subdue the new tsunami once again.

Zen was not afraid of the current Thunder Tribulation as he could transfer the power he had received. However, he knew it wouldn't be easy to deal with the other waves of the Heavenly Tribulation. The current Thunder Tribulation was just the first wave of attack by the Heavenly Tribulation. So he did not want to use the power transferring skill, which was his trump card, to overcome the Thunder Tribulation.

Crack!

The lightning dragon wrapped around Zen like a hot white chain. Soon so many lightning bolts were covering his body that the crowd could no longer see what was going on. They could only see a blazing white ball of light.

"This is the power of the fourth layer of Thunder Law. If I was trapped by such a strong power, I wouldn't be able to escape!" War King Wind said shaking his head. "But Thad has fought for so long!"

"The Thunder Tribulation is just the first wave of attack, yet it has lasted for a long time. It seems like there is no easy way to defeat it. I wonder how he is going to escape," Turner said with a frown. Even though Zen was able to transfer the power of the lightning into the Feather Holy Sea, the lightning dragon's might did not weaken. How would Zen get out of the trouble?

The Soul Sea Realm masters sighed when they saw this scene. They understood that they probably wouldn't be able to withstand such a terrifying Heavenly Tribulation even with their strength of the Soul Sea Realm. 'Thad is indeed a freak! He has attracted such an intense counterattack from the heavens, ' they thought.

He was someone who had angered even the heavens in the end!

Everyone was pessimistic about Zen's fate.

However, after five minutes, everyone suddenly realized that something was not right. The lightning dragon's body was slowly shrinking.

"Is the Thunder Tribulation finally coming to an end? But how can it decline so fast?"

"The downfall of the lightning dragon has just begun. I wonder what happened!"

"It's really strange. It seems like something has sucked the lightning away!"

The Soul Sea Realm masters were also at a loss. They stared in bewilderment at the scene playing out before them. At this moment, Fiona pursed her lips and a trace of anticipation appeared in her eyes.

Zen had exceeded her expectations time and time again. Although she was worried, she still had full of confidence in him and was certain that this time, too, Zen would be able to do the same.

The lightning dragon was shrinking rapidly. It decreased from the size of a mountain range to the size of a small mountain in mere seconds. It continued shrinking until it completely disappeared.

As for Zen, he was still standing on the ground. His entire body was charred black, but his pupils were shining brightly. A faint flash of lightning could be seen inside his eyes.

Chapter 1173 Metal Tribulation

The Heavenly Tribulation was a calamity that fell from the heavens. The lightning dragon was the creature of the heavens and had no master.

After comprehending the fourth layer of the Thunder Law, Zen began to refine the lightning dragon.

The Heavenly Tribulation was both a test for warriors and also an opportunity to enhance themselves.

Thus, from the Life and Death Realm onwards, warriors had to pass life and death crises one after another; a life and death crisis was equal to a life and death trial. It would allow one to become stronger.

Multiple rays of lightning surged unceasingly in Zen's eyes. After he absorbed the lightning dragon, the electric currents continued to ravage his body. Thanks to his control over the Law Power, he was able to digest the massive amount of lightning.

"He actually consumed all of the Thunder Tribulation! What a freak!"

"It's not like this has never happened before. When Lexer was making a breakthrough to the Soul Sea Realm, he had also absorbed the Thunder Tribulation."

"It's not the same. When Lexer was making a breakthrough to the Soul Sea Realm, the Thunder Tribulation he faced was only at the second layer. This huge lightning dragon contains the fourth layer Thunder Law."

The Soul Sea Realm masters were also whispering to each other. Their faces were full of envy. The Thunder Tribulation did not cause much harm to Zen; it actually strengthened him.

"Humph! The Thunder Tribulation was just the first wave of attack, yet it was so terrifying. What kind of damned things are behind this?" War Emperor York asked irritably.

The dark clouds in the sky began to dissipate layer by layer, and light shone down through the enormous empty space that was revealed in the sky. The thick clouds began to dissipate at a visible speed.

After a few minutes, the dark clouds that had formed over the entire continent completely disappeared, and brightness returned. Several Soul Sea Realm masters who had been fighting the tsunami also returned to the Feather Emperor Island.

Right at this moment, a golden ray of light shot out from the horizon. Within the ray of light were more than ten figures, led by a white-browed Taoist priest who was dressed in robes. He was the one hosting the competition by the side of the West Dragon River.

He was a human warrior from the Upper World.

"Master Derek!" Turner greeted the priest respectfully.

"Master Derek, are you here because of the Thunder Tribulation?" War King Wind asked as he flew up to greet the priest. The other Soul Sea Realm warriors also bowed at him respectfully.

Derek descended on the pyramid with his followers and asked harshly, "Who is undergoing the tribulation? It actually has such great power!"

The power of the Heavenly Tribulation caused by Zen was too astonishing. Derek thought that it was some powerful Soul Sea Realm master undergoing the tribulation, but even a powerful Soul Sea Realm master would find it difficult to trigger such a terrifying Thunder Tribulation. Therefore, Derek had come personally to the Feather Emperor Island to investigate.

Hearing Derek's question, Turner cupped his hands and said, "Master Derek, Thad Luo, a divine-level talent of our Harlen Divine Kingdom, is undergoing the tribulation."

"Thad Luo?" Derek was taken aback. He swept his gaze over the crowd and saw Zen sitting upright in a meditative pose not too far away. Wisps of smoke rose from the charred parts of his body. "He is merely a warrior at the middle stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm. How he is undergoing the tribulation? And how can he trigger such a powerful Thunder Tribulation?"

Derek was utterly shocked!

It wasn't that he didn't believe that Zen could make a breakthrough and reach the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm in such a short time. After entering the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, warriors would sooner or later undergo the Heavenly Tribulations. Derek came from the Upper World, and to him and other warriors in the Upper World, even a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm was considered a newcomer to cultivation.

So it was quite impressive that a mere Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior could actually instigate such a terrifying Small Heavenly Tribulation!

The emperors had never seen such a terrifying small Heavenly Tribulation before. How could they answer Derek's question?

Derek frowned, but he stayed there and observed Zen carefully.

He had already noticed Zen earlier. Zen could catch the eye of the great human powers of the Upper World if they saw Zen's performance in the previous battles.

However, the human race occupied over ten thousand supreme worlds in the Upper World. Each supreme world had countless forces and even millions of sacred places. In Derek's opinion, a talent like Zen was insignificant in a supreme world, not to mention among the three great human forces in the Upper World.

Maybe a second-rate sacred place would regard him as one of the most important disciples.

Furthermore, Derek was unlike Immortal Mist. Immortal Mist had used the power of the Purple Star Grand Palace to deduce Zen's fate. Derek, however, could not see Zen's fate with his eyes alone.

Although Zen's performance was outstanding and he could be considered invincible among the warriors of his level in the four divine kingdoms, in Derek's eyes, he was nothing at all.

However, that was his earlier impression of Zen. Now, after seeing such a massive tribulation, he was stunned.

When Zen had made a breakthrough to the Life and Death Realm, the first wave of Small Heavenly Tribulation was already so terrifying. Where did this guy come from?

This Heavenly Tribulation was not just limited to one wave. So Derek decided to observe the proceedings carefully. This Heavenly Tribulation was terrifying, so perhaps the Lotus Flower might bloom at the end of it. He wanted to see how many petals the Lotus Flower would release.

Marine was standing behind Derek. When she found out that the previous Thunder Tribulation was triggered by Zen, she had mixed feelings. As the Holy Maiden of the secret sect, she was responsible for communicating with the Upper World. She knew more about the Upper World than the Soul Sea Realm warriors present. She didn't expect Zen to be the one who had gone through the tribulation.

Meanwhile Zen was still absorbing the power of thunder and lightning within his body in the same spot. Pure power spread throughout his body, dividing and infusing every cell of his body, stimulating rapid growth within his body.

Any Law Power was not used only to destroy. For instance, the Fire Law originally symbolized annihilation, but contained within it the power of rebirth.

And the Thunder Law could bring about life amidst annihilation. According to a saying, "When the spring thunder strikes the earth, it can awaken all things that are hibernating and restore life to the natural world." This was the beginning of life.

It was said that after one activated the Soul Sea and condensed his life vitality, he would need thunder in his belly constantly. The stimulation of the power of thunder would be able to give birth to life within his belly. This was the fourth layer of the Thunder Law: Creation.

Soon, Zen's body looked as if it had been reborn. The layer of carbonized skin on his body started to crack open, revealing the tender red flesh within. When the charred skin shed completely, his body looked like that of a newborn's.

'Will there be a second wave of attack?' he wondered.

After passing through the first wave of Heavenly Tribulation safely, Zen raised his head and looked skywards.

Ordinary warriors would only have to combat the first wave of Thunder Tribulation when they were making a breakthrough to the Life and Death Realm. But the more powerful one's talent was, the more waves of Heavenly Tribulation they would have to deal with and the more powerful they would become. Even divine-level talents would often face more than one wave of Heavenly Tribulation, so the chances of Zen facing more than one wave were very high.

Sure enough, a faint golden shadow appeared in the sky. The golden light became more and more obvious and golden swords began to appear slowly one by one.

"This is the Metal Tribulation! This Metal Tribulation appears after the Thunder Tribulation. In all likelihood, it will be even more difficult to deal with!" cried a Soul Sea Realm warrior, who had experienced the Metal Tribulation before.

However, Derek had a look of disdain on his face. He looked down on all the Soul Sea Realm masters in the divine kingdoms for their lack of knowledge. "It's only a Metal Tribulation. What's so surprising about that?" he stated indifferently.

For him, neither the Thunder Tribulation, Metal Tribulation, Wind Tribulation nor Water Tribulation held much weight. Only the Lotus Flower would be able to determine a warrior's true potential.

While Zen's Small Heavenly Tribulation was terrifying, he still hadn't given birth to the Lotus Flower. So his feat was not that impressive.

Golden swords covered the sky, each of them sparkling with a dazzling light. A thousand swords. Ten thousand. A hundred thousand. A million...

As the number of golden swords increased, they blotted out the sky and the sun. It looked just like one, giant golden cloud.

Chapter 1174 Lotus Flower

As he looked at the golden long swords that kept gathering in the sky, Zen took a deep breath, his muscles tensing up once again.

These golden swords were condensed by some law, but they did not contain any heavenly essence, which was why Zen was unable to tell the grade of these swords. But judging by the cold, silver flash of light that emanated from the edges of these swords, it was likely that they had immense power.

A short while later, the golden cloud moved on its own, despite the absence of wind. With a ringing sound, the first golden sword shot down towards Zen.

The rest quickly followed.

The cloud formed by the golden swords transformed into a golden torrent that came surging towards Zen.

Zen stood upright and firmly in his spot like a deep-rooted tree, his feet spread wide. His eyes glittered with a steely resolve as he looked at the golden torrent coming towards him.

"When I underwent the Metal Tribulation, I wore my Demon Heart Armor and consumed over two hundred thousand supreme life vitality crystals, which was how I managed to survive the Metal Tribulation. These swords are much sharper than the swords I've faced before, and this boy doesn't have the Demon Heart Armor to protect him!" the powerful master at the Soul Sea Realm who had gone through the Metal Tribulation shook his head and said.

The Demon Heart Armor was a semi-divine weapon, an armor used to protect the body. As a defensive weapon, its value was on par with that of the common divine weapons. The powerful master of the Soul Sea Realm who had just spoken had borrowed it from War King Wind when he had to face the Metal Tribulation.

War King Wind smiled helplessly at the master's words. "If the Demon Heart Armor had still existed, I can lend it to Thad. But unfortunately…"

The fact was that Demon Heart Armor had been destroyed dozens of years ago.

While they were talking, the golden torrent had already charged towards Zen.

'They are coming!'

As he looked at the first golden sword that was coming at him, Zen reached out and grabbed it, crushing it into pieces in a flash.

'This isn't a real sword! It's only condensed from the Metal Law and its strength seems to be inferior to that of a sacred weapon, ' Zen thought. He now knew the power of these swords after he had shattered the first golden sword.

But in the next moment, the number of golden swords pelting towards Zen suddenly skyrocketed. He was unable to crush them all with his bare hands. Soon the golden swords came at him from all directions.

Zen was like someone who couldn't swim in a large river and was soon submerged within this golden torrent.

Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank!

Zen's body was as sturdy as a sacred weapon. Every time a golden sword collided with Zen's body, it would turn into golden powder. The tiny powder quickly turned into bits of Metal Law and dissipated in the air.

But even though these golden swords were not as strong as Zen's physical body, the edges of the swords were extremely sharp, and every edge could leave a small scratch on Zen. As numerous golden swords continued to stab Zen, the number of scratches left on Zen's body increased. After a while, it was obvious that the swords had managed to cut open Zen's skin. Blood began to spurt from the cuts.

Zen sighed softly and closed his eyes, knowing that he had tried his best to resist the swords with his strong physical body.

Thousands of miles away, in a desolate place in the western part of the Divine Kingdom Continent stood massive towering mountains. Waves of formless sword energy suddenly appeared there and began to invade the vast mountains.

A mountain that was tens of thousands of feet high began to collapse at a visible speed. It was as if there was a giant invisible mouth that was biting down on the mountain. A few seconds later, the mountain had completely disappeared, as if it hadn't existed at all. All that remained were specks of dust floating in the air.

And one by one, more mountains followed the first into collapse.

It took about five minutes for the entire mountain range to disappear into thin air.

In the meantime, the golden swords on the Feather Emperor Island had all vanished as well.

To the others, undergoing the Heavenly Tribulation was like experiencing a life and death situation, which was why it was also called the life-and-death tribulation. But it wasn't as difficult for Zen.

No matter how powerful this Heavenly Tribulation was, as long as Zen's connection with the great world wasn't severed, nothing could kill him.

There did exist the kind of Heavenly Tribulation that possessed the power to destroy the heavens and the earth. When some super masters of the Upper World underwent their tribulation, the power that would erupt would be enough to destroy a great world.

After surviving the Metal Tribulation, the Wind Tribulation appeared in the sky again. He had to go through five waves of tribulation in all.

An hour later, when nothing more appeared, Zen blinked at the clear sky and asked, "Is it finally over?"

Zen felt relaxed in this moment. While he was undergoing his tribulation, the life vitality in his elixir field gradually solidified. Just as he stood up to leave, thinking that it was over, a phantom of a pure white

Lotus Flower suddenly appeared in the sky. The Lotus Flower was still a bud and had yet to bloom.

"What is that?"

"Why did a huge Lotus Flower appear in the sky?"

"Is this also a part of the Heavenly Tribulation? It doesn't look like something ominous, though."

The powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were astonished. They stared blankly at the phantom of the Lotus Flower in the sky.

They didn't know what it was, but Derek knew.

When Derek saw the phantom of the Lotus Flower in bud, his expression suddenly changed, and his voice began to tremble. "It has appeared! It has really appeared! I can't believe that this has happened. A Lotus Flower blooming in the Small Heavenly Tribulation! This… This is incredible!"

Marine blinked as she saw this and fell into deep thought.

She knew a little about this Lotus Flower, thanks to some of the most secretive documents in the secret sect.

The classification of talents in the Upper World was different from that in the Lower World. There was no such thing as earth-level talent or heaven-level talent or divine-level talent in the Upper World where a martial artist's potential could only be gauged by the tribulation he or she had undergone. In other words, the appearance of the Lotus Flower during the tribulation would decide a warrior's level.

It was recorded in the documents that the Lotus Flower was something beyond the concept of heavenly law. If the lotus appeared after a warrior underwent the tribulation, it was an indication that the martial artist had the potential to go beyond the heavenly law.

Of course, this didn't mean that one would surely be able to go beyond the heavenly law just because the Lotus Flower had appeared. There were many warriors in the one hundred thousand supreme worlds and there were only a few who had achieved that in the past 3.6 billion years.

"But according to the records, the Lotus Flower would only appear in the Big Heavenly Tribulation. Why did it appear in the Small Heavenly Tribulation that Zen is undergoing?" Marine looked at Zen in a daze. Although Zen was her enemy, she had become more and more curious about him, now that the Lotus Flower had made an appearance.

She said, "I wonder how many petals the Lotus Flower will have in Zen's tribulation? Three or five?"

Derek shook his head and said, "A martial artist who can make the Lotus Flower produce three petals is qualified to become the core of a ninth grade sacred place. If the Lotus Flower produces five petals, the person could enter a tenth grade sacred place and become the core of a first-rate force. Holy Maiden, please report this matter through the Reverse Spirit Channel."

Marine nodded. As the Holy Maiden of the secret sect, she was well aware of what was important and what was not. Since Zen had made the Lotus Flower bloom during his tribulation, the conflict between her and Zen was no longer important.

Hearing their conversation, the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm felt chills pass through their veins, causing them to become serious.

Although these powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm were mighty in the Divine Kingdom Continent and were considered powerful figures in the Lower World, they were nothing compared to the masters of the Upper World.

Although they were the rulers of the seventh-grade divine kingdoms, they had spent many years but still hadn't been able to completely occupy the Feather Holy Sea, which was only an eighth-grade sacred place of the Dragon Lineage Human. Then what would a ninth grade sacred place be like? What would a tenth grade sacred place be like? This was simply unimaginable!

The pure white Lotus Flower slowly revolved above Zen's head. After a long while, a pure white petal emerged slowly from the bud.

The moment the petal came out, a fragrant smell wafted out from it and filled everyone's nostrils.

"This Lotus Flower is so fragrant!" Fiona couldn't help but sniff the air. Although the fragrance was rich, it wasn't unpleasant. Just a deep breath and the fragrance seemed to seep into one's soul.

"The first one," Marine said as she bit her lip. Though she had known the Lotus Flower from the documents, it was the first time she had seen a martial artist make the Lotus Flower bloom with her own eyes. And now she was actually looking forward to seeing more petals come out of it.

Zen stood still on the ground, quiet as he looked at the Lotus Flower revolving slowly in the sky, his eyes clear as water. Through the cyan dragon's explanation, he already knew what this Lotus Flower represented.

As the Lotus Flower revolved, another petal came out.

"The second one," Marine said, keeping up the count.

Chapter 1175 Bloom

If the Lotus Flower could produce three petals, it would make Zen qualified enough to become a core member of a ninth grade sacred place...

"I knew this kid wasn't ordinary. If he can ascend to the Upper World, he would soar to great ranks in the future!" Turner chuckled to himself.

However, War Emperor York's unpleasant voice rang out again. "Hmph, so what? No matter how talented this brat is, he is still trapped in the Lower World like the rest of us!"

His words made Turner frown, but what Derek said next made the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm blanch, their hearts pounding with nervousness.

"If the boy can make the Lotus Flower produce enough petals, it will attract attention from the humans of the Upper World. It is very likely that they would be willing to pay a great price to help you restore the ascending passageway in this great world!" Derek sounded sure of himself.

"What? Restore the ascending passageway?!"

"How is that possible? Do the humans of the Upper World really possess such great power?"

"If the ascending passageway could be restored, we could..."

The powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm could not reign in their eagerness about this.

They had worked hard to reach the Soul Sea Realm and become mighty warriors, but they were trapped in the Lower World and couldn't advance to the higher realms. One could imagine what a blow this was to them.

However, there was nothing that they could have done previously to fix the ascending passageway, for it was not something within the ability of the warriors of the Soul Sea Realm.

If the ascending passageway was mended, it meant that they could ascend to the Upper World and pursue higher levels of martial arts and achieve greater personal strength… Perhaps once they entered the Upper World, they would face even more arduous challenges, which meant that they would also face more life and death situations.

However, the warriors living in this world would rather make a splash for a moment than live their entire lives without serious ambition. Moreover, a higher level cultivation meant a longer lifespan for them.

At this prospect, the powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm felt exhilaration run through their veins. As they trembled with joy, excited gasps escaped their throats.

The three powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm from the Jade Martial House were also present. They stared at Zen with strange expressions on their faces, the excitement in them clear to see. They had been anticipating Zen's outstanding performance from the moment he entered the Jade Martial House, but they never expected him to possess the potential to change the course of their fate.

At the moment, even War Emperor York was facing conflicting emotions. The grudges he held against Zen were nothing compared to a granted opportunity to ascend to the Upper World!

"Ma...Master Derek... How many petals would be enough to attract the attention of the human race in the Upper World, so that they could help us repair the ascending passageway?" a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm questioned.

It was imperative to know. However, everyone was so excited that they seemed to have forgotten this crucial part.

Derek pondered for a while, then said, "Maybe seven... at least seven, I think. If the Lotus Flower only produces seven flowers, I'm not sure the humans from the Upper World would offer a hand in repairing the ascending passageway. If it produces nine petals, however, they will certainly pay heed and mend it. If the first layer of the Lotus Flower is in full bloom, there would be nine petals in total. That would be the legendary Nine-petal Lotus Flower… But in a supreme world in the Upper World, it is difficult to find someone in the countless sacred places who could make such a Lotus Flower appear." Derek shook his head. "It is too hard. In a supreme world, normally there are only about dozens or over a hundred martial artists who have the ability to activate even seven petals. In some weaker supreme worlds there are even fewer people who can achieve this."

Hearing this, many of the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were visibly disappointed.

The vastness of a supreme world was beyond anyone's wildest imagination. However, according to Derek, there were only dozens or over a hundred warriors in a supreme world who could activate seven petals. The chances of it happening were too small.

Moreover, according to Derek, even if Zen activated seven petals, the humans of the Upper World might not pay them attention anyway. Only if he could activate nine of them would they mend the ascending passageway.

They had been granted a new hope in order to change their fates. However, the flame of hope subsided as Derek doused water with his words. Their hearts sank.

Just as they started to accept the lingering disappointment, Fiona spoke up, smiling, "Look! The third one! The third petal..."

Everyone was still dejected, but still, hope burned anew. They knew it was almost impossible for Zen to activate nine petals. How could a martial artist from a Lower World be able to compete with the countless talents of a supreme world? They were on completely different levels!

"The third petal came out," Marine said faintly, staring at Zen. The expression on her face became more incomprehensible as she thought of the time when this young fellow had employed calamity on her in the test of the Wheel of Fortune.

Derek nodded casually. "Yes, a three-petal Lotus Flower. It must be enough to make the kid feel proud. When I was at the Soul Sea Realm, the Lotus Flower that appeared in my tribulation had only three petals."

"Is Master Derek a three-petal Lotus Flower warrior?" a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm asked.

A complacent smile found its way onto Derek's face. "In my first Big Heavenly Tribulation after I entered the Soul Sea Realm, I could only activate three petals. In the second tribulation, I activated five!"

Being able to activate five petals was indeed a thrilling feat. The Soul Sea Realm masters present had never heard of such a thing before…

The Lotus Flower that had produced the three petals revolved slowly above Zen's head. The people waited quietly to see what would happen next. To the four divine kingdoms, the number of lotus petals Zen could activate was far important than exploration of the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land! After all, the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land could be explored any year, but this was the first time they had seen a Lotus Flower appear during the Heavenly Tribulation of a warrior.

"The fourth petal. Come on! Come on!" Callan, who had been attentively observing on the sidelines, couldn't help but shout out.

Fiona, who stood beside him, smiled even wider. "Callan, this isn't something that can come about by shouting..."

However, just as Fiona uttered these words, the fourth petal trembled and began to stretch out.

"Now that he has activated the fourth petal, the fifth would surely come out soon enough. Thad seems to be far more powerful than I am," Derek sighed, a smile inching across his face.

As expected, just after the fourth petal opened up, the fifth petal followed.

The powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm took deep breaths, unable to believe their eyes.

The number of petals a Lotus Flower produced would be odd. Zen had already activated five petals. If he could activate more, there would be seven petals in total.

Nine petals would be too tough for him to accomplish, but seven might still attract the attention of the human race of the Upper World. There was still a great chance that they would be willing to offer a hand in restoring the ascending passageway. As long as he could activate one more petal...

"One more petal, one more petal would be enough. Thad, come on!" Turner mumbled quietly.

"Who would have known that this kid would become our only hope?" War King Wind shook his head, continuing, "I hope he succeeds!"

The powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm prayed together. At the moment, they did not want to disturb Zen, so they lowered their voices. In fact, the number of petals that the Lotus Flower produced was not something that Zen himself could control. It wasn't that he could get more out of it if he put in more effort. The number of the petals to be opened was already set and could not be changed by will. It was probably because the Soul Sea Realm masters were too aware of this matter that they were overcautious.

While everyone waited in anticipation, the Lotus Flower still spun. However, they didn't see any more petals coming out.

"One more, just one more petal... Please!" a Soul Sea Realm master cried out, weeping soundly. He looked miserable. The supposed manner of a powerful warrior of the Soul Sea Realm was nowhere to be found in him. He was like a pitiful beggar. He himself didn't know whom he was pleading. Was he begging Zen? Was it a cry to the heavens? Or to the Lotus Flower?

The other powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm didn't make a mockery of him. If his pleading worked, they would throw off their airs and beg as well. Now was not the time to save face.

Zen blinked and stared at the Lotus Flower in the sky. He wasn't aware of the great sensation he was causing among the crowd beside the pyramid. They expected more petals to open up.

After waiting a long time, Zen sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes. The cyan dragon had told him that the number of petals the Lotus

Flower would produce was determined by fate. It was not something that could be influenced by his will. It would be useless to worry too much.

Zen understood that he could not change this. But the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm expected something else. They didn't know the origins of the Lotus Flower or what the use of it, but they believed that things came about only when one had utmost belief. At such a critical moment, they saw Zen not looking at the Lotus Flower closely, but sitting cross-legged with his eyes closed, contrary to their expectations.

War Emperor York was especially anxious. He rounded on Turner, his words full of embarrassment. "T...Turner, can you go talk to Zen and tell him to be more careful about this? He can sit and meditate at any moment, but at this crucial time, he should be more concerned about the Lotus Flower..."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1176 Seven Petals

War Emperor York quickly looked back to the numerous times when he made Zen's life hell and even wanted to put him to death — on more than one occasion.

He thought it both funny and tragic that he was now on the verge of kneeling in front of that very same kid just to beg him to sprout more petals on that Lotus Flower of his.

War Emperor York was the most ambitious among the kings which meant he was also the one who pined the most for ascension to the Upper World. Therefore, he couldn't help but feel so distraught yet also so hopeful as he watched the petals on Zen's Lotus Flower unfurl one by one. Now that it had stopped blooming, War Emperor York was ready to get down on his knees to see just a few more petals from that lotus.

He didn't really hold out hope at first since he thought it would be impossible for Zen's lotus to have seven petals but he began to change his mind once he saw the flower reveal five.

But now it had stopped blooming. He wanted to kneel, to cry, to beg, but that would be embarrassing given the animosity he and Zen had with each other. War Emperor York could only turn to Turner for help.

He and Turner weren't really in the best of terms but the two were able to hold themselves back given the harmony that the four divine kingdoms enjoyed with each other.

Still, Turner couldn't help but snort when he saw the embarrassed expression on War Emperor York's face. He shook his head before stepping down the pyramid and walking towards Zen.

He wasn't doing it for War Emperor York. No, he was doing it for the sake of all Soul Sea Realm warriors of the four divine kingdoms.

Turner stopped several dozen feet away from Zen. The young man still hadn't completed his tribulation so Turner wasn't sure if he should get too close to him. "Thad, can you hear me? Er, I mean…

Don't you think it's improper to sit and meditate while the Lotus Flower is blooming?"

Zen opened his eyes and looked up at Turner, "What do you mean, your majesty?" he asked with a perplexed look. "Why is it improper?"

"I mean…" Turner trailed off, not really sure how to explain this to Zen. "Just… maybe you should take it a bit more seriously?"

Turner pointed at the Lotus Flower that slowly spun in the air.

"Take it more seriously?" Zen repeated as he also looked at the flower. He understood what Turner had meant. They thought it quite halfhearted of him to meditate at this moment.

The problem, however, was that Zen himself hadn't really planned on taking this seriously in the first place.

According to the cyan dragon, the number of lotus petals was something that had already been predetermined by destiny. Zen had no control over how many petals would unfurl from the bulb.

Nonetheless, the serious look on Turner's face was enough to make him feel a tiny bit embarrassed. Zen chuckled and got to his feet. Turner had taken care of him a lot so he had to show him some respect by taking this matter seriously. The Lotus Flower in the sky now had five petals and he couldn't help but wonder if the petals were significant to Turner and the others.

Of course, he didn't know that the number of petals was actually tied to the fates of those mighty Soul Sea Realm warriors.

The lotus in the sky continued to spin slowly, neither disappearing nor showing any indication of blooming more petals.

This made the Soul Sea Realm warriors even more anxious.

"Bloom, please! Please show us more petals!"

"God, please let the flower bloom faster! All this waiting is torture!"

"We've been waiting here for an hour but it feels like more than a year!"

Now, one must understand that a Soul Sea Realm warrior had an average lifespan of around ten thousand years so an hour was like a brief, fleeting moment for them. However, each minute that had passed for the past hour had been extremely stressful for them while they waited for the Lotus Flower to bloom.

It was only after two more hours that the Lotus Flower would once again tremble, indicating the appearance of another petal.

"Oh dear god! Do you guys see this? The flower is continuing to bloom!" one Soul Sea Realm warrior shouted with excitement.

The excitement came in the form of an intensely powerful sound wave. It was nothing to the other Soul Sea Realm warriors but it was enough to render a few young talents unconscious. Even Zen had to cover his ears.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?!"

another Soul Sea Realm master berated. He looked at Zen with concern, afraid that the sound wave might've disturbed the young man.

The raving warrior immediately realized his mistake. "F-F-Forgive me," he stammered. "I-I was too excited. I-I'm sorry."

"He's right. It is continuing to bloom," Turner mumbled.

Of course, he was also excited but, unlike the warrior earlier, he made sure to keep his voice low.

A sixth petal was slowly extending from the inside of the flower, unfurling like a delicate lady's finger. There was a certain beauty to it that captured the hearts of the crowd.

Fiona couldn't help but stare in fascination at the sight, "This Lotus Flower is so beautiful!" she gushed.

"Great! We now have some prospect of ascending to the Upper World!"

"After so many years! I thought we were all doomed to die here in the Lower World. I never expected that this day would come."

The excitement was overwhelming and many of the Soul Sea Realm warriors felt the waves of unprecedented happiness flood through their bodies.

However, Derek was quick to douse their hopes with the cold, bitter reality, "You all forget that even if the Lotus Flower yields seven petals, the possibility of repairing the path to the Upper World would only rise to around thirty percent. Though a seven-petal Lotus Flower is indeed rare, repairing the path is more troublesome. It cannot be guaranteed."

A path to the Upper World was normally repaired in the Lower World. If it was repaired from the Upper World then that would be what they'd call a "reverse repair." However, this "reverse repair" was a hundred times more difficult than the conventional way and the price was also higher.

"Only thirty percent? Master Derek, maybe we can persuade them? Maybe we can…"

War Emperor York, who had been so happy when he saw the sixth petal, found his mood plummeting as cold sweat trickled down his back.

"You can what?" Derek scoffed. "What in this Divine Kingdom Continent is worthy of the Upper World's attention? Didn't you try to get that Ancestral Dragon egg for many years but never succeeded? This great world isn't really worthy of any attention!"

War Emperor York choked, "But…"

Derek's words did make sense. No matter how much they stung, they made sense.

The difference between the Upper World and Lower World was like that of a capital city and a small mountain village. Why would a lofty capital city ever pay attention to the matters of an insignificant village? They wouldn't even show any interest to a divine weapon!

However, Derek spoke once again, "Do not worry. I will help as much as I can. Moreover, you will need to rely on the Holy Maiden to send this news to the Upper World."

His words had everyone looking expectantly at Marine who nodded her head seriously, "I will also do my best…" Marine was very much aware that she was only a messenger. The one who truly held the reigns was still Master Derek.

"The seventh petal has appeared!"

While they had been talking, the seventh petal had decided to reveal itself.

A Lotus Flower only had an odd number of petals. Since a sixth had appeared, they were sure that it would eventually be followed by a seventh. This was within their expectations.

A Soul Sea Realm master couldn't help but sigh, "Ah… if only it could have two more petals…"

His remark caused Derek to snort with laughter, "Ah! Yes, if only he could summon a Lotus Flower with nine petals. If that happened then the Upper World would have no choice but to pay attention! No matter how large the cost, they would surely repair the passageway!"

His words caused a glimmer of hope to appear among the Soul Sea Realm warriors' faces.

The ascension path was something that was too important for them. A seven-petal Lotus Flower only gave them a thirty percent chance but a nine-petal Lotus Flower could bump that figure to a hundred percent. They couldn't stop themselves from hoping that more petals would bloom.

However, Derek was quick to shatter their hopes once again, "It is a pity. A Lotus Flower with nine petals is almost impossible. It is something that is rarely seen even in a supreme world. I'm not saying that Lower World warriors are inferior but I've never heard of one that could summon a Lotus Flower with nine petals."

His words effectively calmed down those Soul Sea Realm warriors once they heard his conclusion.

Of course, a better result would be nice, but looking forward to it too much might only lead to bitter disappointment especially if the chances were already too slim. It seemed that they had no choice but to resign themselves to their fate.

How could they possibly expect a warrior from the Lower World to summon a Lotus Flower with all nine petals? It was preposterous.

The thought had all of them reverting back to their calm, collected Soul Sea Realm master personas who now stared indifferently at the Lotus Flower that continued to rotate slowly in the air.

Another two hours passed and, to everyone's shock, the flower started trembling once again!

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

22

Content

Chapter 1177 Mahayana Lotus Flower
Chapter 1178 A Thin Line
Chapter 1179 Black Light
Chapter 1180 The Whole World
Chapter 1181 Fix A Price
Chapter 1182 Divine Emperor Secret Land
Chapter 1183 The Spirit Shrine
Chapter 1184 Soul Purifying Light
Chapter 1185 Danger
Chapter 1186 Occupation
Chapter 1187 Alessandro Feng
Chapter 1188 Hard To Say The Name
Chapter 1189 Federico Feng
Chapter 1190 Spirit Supreme Realm
Chapter 1191 A Living Corpse
Chapter 1192 The World In The Body
Chapter 1193 God Of Creation
Chapter 1194 Turn Of Events
Chapter 1195 Made A Mistake
Chapter 1196 A Strange Feeling
Chapter 1197 Giant Shields
Chapter 1198 Dragon Lineage Archer
Chapter 1199 Life-saving Moments
Chapter 1200 Combat
Chapter 1201 Sea Abyss
Chapter 1202 The Sealed Sacred Place
Chapter 1203 The Dragon-shaped Monster
Chapter 1204 Escape
Chapter 1205 The Three
Chapter 1206 Zero-Homers
Chapter 1207 Fishing
Chapter 1208 Visualization
Chapter 1209 The Secret Of Visualization
Chapter 1210 Spire
Chapter 1211 Time Elapsing
Chapter 1212 The Crack On The Ancestral Dragon Egg

Chapter 1213 Unbelievable
Chapter 1214 Imprinting
Chapter 1215 Explanation
Chapter 1216 Seal Itself
Chapter 1217 Doubts
Chapter 1218 Verify
Chapter 1219 Return To Their Own Bodies
Chapter 1220 Condition
Chapter 1221 A Bet
Chapter 1222 Shadow Creature
Chapter 1223 Black Wind Blades
Chapter 1224 The Seven Stars Plate
Chapter 1225 Return To Oracle City
Chapter 1226 The Zither Player
Chapter 1227 Meet Again
Chapter 1228 Letitia Woke Up
Chapter 1229 Borrowing The Eight-diagram Wheel
Chapter 1230 Track
Chapter 1231 Shooting
Chapter 1232 Back To The Sea God Continent

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 1177 Mahayana Lotus Flower

Every time the Lotus Flower trembled, a new petal would grow. As it trembled again, they anxiously waited to see another petal bloom.

Derek's words had discouraged the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm from hoping that Zen could work wonders and impress the humans from the Upper World. The sight of the flower trembling again instantly drew everyone's attention.

Derek said that there might not be even one warrior in a supreme world that could make the nine-petal Lotus Flower fully blossom. Such a warrior would definitely attract the attention of the Upper World.

As for the ascending passageway, no matter how much they would have to pay, it had to be repaired.

Suddenly, Derek's face became extremely serious. His eyes became sharp like lightning and he was firmly staring at the trembling Lotus Flower.

He knew more about the Lotus Flower and the meaning of the bloom of its nine petals than any of the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

Martial artists could cultivate martial arts complying with the laws of nature. They could absorb the rules of nature. In order to achieve this, they would have to go step by step, from the inferior laws to Original Laws, and to superior laws, which included the Law of Causality.

However, cultivators who practiced martial arts by abiding to the natural laws would eventually encounter a huge bottleneck. They would not be able to escape the cycle of reincarnation, nor would they be able to escape the shackles of the Heavenly Law.

Only the martial artists that defied the laws of nature could go beyond the Heavenly Law and obtain higher achievements.

Not all the warriors could go beyond the Heavenly Law. Only a warrior that could activate the Nine-petal Lotus Flower into full bloom would have the potential to go beyond the Heavenly Law and be considered a talent in the Upper World.

Moreover, the definition of talent was different across worlds.

Being talented in the Lower World meant having special abilities. The people who had special gifts in certain aspects were considered talented.

However, in the Upper World, being talented referred to creatures that could go beyond the Heavenly Law.

A martial artist who had the ability to activate a Nine-petal Lotus Flower meant he had the full potential of going beyond the Heavenly Law. In any race or force, such a figure would be greatly valued.

Compared to the Nine-petal Lotus Flower, the baptism by laws was not as impressive. Although Derek had been surprised when he found Zen was able to comprehend Fiona's Time Law in a short period of time, it only caught his attention but not his admiration. It was far from the shock that the Nine-petal Lotus Flower brought to him now.

From what Derek had told them, the group of Soul Sea Realm masters had come to understand that the appearance of a Nine-petal Lotus Flower signified something extraordinary and that even in a supreme world, not anyone could make it show.

The problem was that this group of Soul Sea Realm masters had never been to the Upper World, and they didn't have any notion about a supreme world, much less one hundred thousand supreme worlds. It was like a person from the capital city telling a person from a remote village how big and how rich the capital was. However, the person from the remote village only had a general picture in his mind about what the capital city was like. Even if those Soul Sea Realm masters racked their brains, they still failed to fathom how vast a supreme world was, and it was more difficult for them to know exactly how rare a Nine-petal Lotus Flower was.

They actually didn't care about the vastness of a supreme world. All they knew was that once the Nine-petal Lotus Flower blossomed completely, the ascending passageway would be repaired. That was all they needed to know.

The Nine-petal Lotus Flower continued to tremble slowly. Zen continued to stare at it in silence, secretly hoping that the petals would all spread out. However, the cyan dragon had already told him that the number of petals that would spread out from the Lotus Flower was not something he could decide.

The amount of petals would match a person's achievement in exploration of a supreme world and was often a forecast to a martial artist's fate.

Zen didn't know much about the supreme worlds, the world lords or the strength of the Supreme Lords. However, he was fully aware of the strength of that young man who had appeared in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. That person's strength might even surpass the strength of the Supreme Lords. He and Yan had only been together for a short period of time. Yet, in the end, Yan was taken away by that young man. If he wanted to see Yan again, he knew he had to at least become as strong as that young man was.

Even if he activated the Nine-petal Lotus Flower, it did not mean that he would be able to reach the heights he expected.

Under Zen's attentive gaze, the Lotus Flower continued to tremble. One of the last two petals of the Lotus Flower finally started to slowly spread out.

"It's open, it's fully open! After so many years of hardship, It seems like we will finally see the light at the end of the tunnel."

"The eighth leaf has finally grown! There's no need to look for other ways to ascend to the Upper World anymore. We will finally be able to do it in a dignified way!"

Hearing this, one of the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm even had tears in his eyes and was about to start crying.

In order to make a breakthrough in the Soul Sea Realm and ascend to the Upper World, this group of Soul Sea Realm masters, who had lived for thousands of years, had done everything they could to achieve their goals.

They had gone overseas to seek for the right opportunities and risked their lives to reach the frontier of the great world. They wanted to cross through and enter another great world so that they could ascend to the Upper World.

They had been to the depths of the sea to hunt vicious beasts hoping that they would find a special method from them so that they could break through.

They had spent too much time in all these past years. Their goal was to become stronger, and to ascend to the Upper World.

Even the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were not invincible in a supreme world. While they were out searching for these right opportunities, many of them had died. They paid the price of their lives, and, in the end, all of them died with grievances.

Today was the day that their deaths gained meaning. Now, they would be able to complete their lifelong dream of repairing the ascending passageway.

However, these people never imagined that in the Sky Northern Region, which was also the Central Region and a barren land in their eyes, a Dragon Soar Arena had appeared three years ago. This Dragon Soar Arena belonged to the Dragon Lineage Human of the Feather Holy Sea. With the help of the Dragon Soar Arena, they would have been able to ascend to the Upper World.

The Dragon Soar Arena would send them to the Genuine Dragon World in the Upper World, and they would be imprisoned for a thousand years.

A thousand years was certainly a long time, but it meant nothing to a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm who had long lifespans. Using a thousand years of their lives in exchange for the chance to reach the Upper World would definite be a good deal.

As the Lotus Flower continuously trembled, the eighth petal had finally completely grown.

Afterwards, the ninth petal also slowly started to grow under the crowd's attentive gaze.

All the nine petals had finally grown and now the fully-bloomed Lotus Flower began to slowly rotate in the air above.

Zen smiled as he admired the beautiful Lotus Flower. Although it had been hard for him to advance to the Life and Death Realm and the process was full of twists and turns, the result was satisfying.

Everyone also understood that everything was settled. In unison they let out a sigh of relief as joy filled their hearts.

Just when everyone thought it was over, the Lotus Flower began trembling again.

"What is happening?" Zen asked with a confused gaze staring at the Lotus Flower. If all the nine petals had grown and the flower had fully bloomed, then why was the Lotus Flower still trembling?

"Master Derek, what's going on?" a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm asked.

Derek didn't know what to say. The nine petals had fully grown and the Lotus Flower now had the perfect form. But it continued trembling as if something was trying to escape from it.

For a moment, Derek couldn't figure out what was happening. He was baffled and puzzled with what was unfolding in front of him.

Looking at the Lotus Flower, Marine gently bit her lip, trying to search through the information she had got from the ancient documents in her mind.

The secret sect had a long history. It was said that the inheritances of the secret sect could be traced back to the last era, which meant that secret sect already existed before many of the creatures were born in this era. The end of an era also meant the destruction of a heaven. However, in this universe, there would always be some powerful ones who could pass on the inheritances. Some inheritances could transcend time and even the Heavenly Law.

Therefore, although Marine was not as knowledgeable as Derek, as a Holy Maiden of the secret sect, she had access to information that not even Derek was able to reach.

The Lotus Flower had nine petals and the person who could open up all the nine petals had a great fortune bestowed on himself by the precious Lotus Flower.

However, this was only the first level. The first level was the Hinayana Lotus Flower. If one could break through the heavenly barrier, one could enter the Mahayana realm, which was the second level.

Thinking of this, Marine's heart suddenly started to beat faster and she blurted out, "Master Derek, is Zen about to open the second level? The Mahayana Lotus Flower?"

She wasn't sure herself, so she could only ask Derek.

Chapter 1178 A Thin Line

Derek hadn't the foggiest notion of what was going on, but that didn't mean he was unaware of what the Mahayana Lotus Flower was.

What was unexpected was the young man in front of him. He had never thought that such a young individual would be able to activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower.

To him, such a thing was a complete impossibility.

The Lotus Flower was divided into the Mahayana Lotus Flower and the Hinayana Lotus Flower. The Hinayana Lotus Flower was characterized by a maximum of nine petals, while the former was much more powerful and had a maximum limit of twenty-seven petals!

There had been hundreds of warriors who had activated the Hinayana Lotus Flower, but it was extremely rare for any supreme world to have even a single warrior who could activate all the nine petals. Yet even with that kept in mind, in the last 3.6 billion years, the number of warriors who had achieved that wasn't too small.

However, the situation for the number of warriors who had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower was completely different.

In the last tens of thousands of years, there was, maybe, someone in a corner of some supreme world who had activated it. After all, the Upper World was simply too vast; one couldn't blame Derek for being ignorant and ill-informed about these affairs.

But despite his level of knowledge, Derek himself had never heard of anyone who had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower.

He only heard that Supreme Lord Lloyd of the Lloyd World had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower after passing through the Reincarnation Tribulation 2.6 million years ago. As for other Supreme Lords, Derek was unsure whether they had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower or not but if they had, news would have spread.

One thing was certain: only a Supreme Lord could activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower. No wonder Derek didn't believe that Zen could do that.

Derek's heart grew heavy and his facial expression turned glum. He could have accepted the fact that Zen had somehow managed to activate the Nine-petal Lotus Flower, but this news was beyond his level of control. He himself did not know what this meant. The only thing he knew was that this matter would cause an unprecedented sensation and would spread like wildfire if he were to report it to the Upper World through the Reverse Spirit Channel.

He felt his throat dry up. It had been many years since the Upper World had sent him down to supervise the four divine kingdoms and obtain the Ancestral Dragon's egg.

Derek knew of his own fate. Most likely, he had only one way to escape this world: find the Ancestral Dragon's egg and then he would be qualified to return to the Upper World.

If he was able to discover a warrior who could activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower, his fate would also change, and he might even obtain unimaginable benefits as a reward.

But, could Zen really do that?

Derek was still puzzled. This possibility was so small that it was practically negligible. If he were to report this matter and later on it turned out to be fake, the consequences far outweighed the rewards.

As he mulled this over, he suddenly had a feeling that it might be possible. The Nine-petal Lotus Flower was the limit of the Hinayana Lotus Flower. If one were to count all the warriors who had ever activated the Nine-petal Lotus Flower in the last 3.6 billion years and then count all the warriors who had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower, then the numbers painted an interesting picture. However small, the possibility was there and it was still appreciable.

The Nine-petal Lotus Flower in the sky suddenly began to tremble more and more violently in the air, and its petals began to spin faster and faster.

Zen didn't understand what was going on. He asked the cyan dragon in his mind, "Cyan dragon, what is going on? I thought the Lotus Flower was done after its nine petals! Is it possible for this thing to take root, sprout and grow a second flower?"

The cyan dragon laughed out loud. "Your idea is strange and far-fetched! How could there possibly be a second flower? But from what is happening, it seems like you are activating the Mahayana Lotus Flower now. You have the fate to lead the great world of chaos, Zen, and it is possible that you can activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower. Just wait and see!"

"Mahayana Lotus Flower? What the hell is that thing?" Zen was still puzzled.

The cyan dragon simply said, "You'll understand the difference between the Mahayana Lotus Flower and the Hinayana Lotus Flower in a moment. It's more than just names!"

Right after the cyan dragon's voice faded, a pistil slowly rose from the center of the Lotus Flower. Strangely, there was a small flower bud in the middle of the pistil.

Under everyone's watchful and curious gaze, the pistil rose higher and higher, with its bud expanding continuously. The rate of growth was such that it could be seen with the naked eye. Not long after this, the size of the bud surpassed the Nine-petal Lotus Flower itself.

"There really is a second Lotus Flower, and I was right. Far-fetched, eh?" Zen chuckled.

"No. You were wrong! That is the same Lotus Flower!" the cyan dragon retorted.

After a while, the bud stopped growing but the Lotus Flower rose up, and the petals on its surface fell apart one by one, blooming unceasingly.

"One petal, two petals, three petals, four petals..." Callan looked at the petals and counted.

Pretty soon, people could see that the new Lotus Flower had opened up twenty-six beautiful petals. However, the one petal that did not bloom somehow gave everyone a feeling that the contraption was incomplete.

After it had bloomed completely, it floated in front of everyone's eyes and came to a rest from its terrible and violent shaking. Then it emitted a sweet fragrance, and from the petals, a dazzling flowing light could be seen.

"This young man is indeed remarkable!" Marine exclaimed.

Derek immediately remarked, "You are correct! At the very least, he has the fate to lead the world of chaos. Moreover, in the world of chaos, he might not be the absolute protagonist, but he can at least assume a highly important role!"

"To lead the world of chaos..." Marine had originally intended to say the same. How could she not know that the world of chaos had arrived? There was no other way for so many divine-level talents to be present in the four divine kingdoms. In the history of the divine kingdoms, their numbers had never reached the current stage before.

Even though she knew that when the world of chaos had arrived, numerous divine-level talents would also sprout up, Marine never would have thought that a warrior who carried the fate of leading such a world of chaos would also show up and that she would actually meet such a person.

Right at that moment, Marine suddenly thought back to what had happened in Immortal Mist's celestial tomb. In the Wheel of Fortune, Zen's luck had been extremely bad at the beginning. But once he had endured the hardships that the wheel had to offer, his luck had suddenly become the best among them all and he was the first one to pass through the Wheel of Fortune.

When she thought about this and saw Zen activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower, her conjecture was confirmed.

"No wonder his luck was so amazing back then," Marine murmured.

War King Wind had a smile on his face. His gaze had shifted from the Lotus Flower above his head towards Zen. To him, Thad was becoming more and more satisfying, and was showing up to be perfect.

War King Wind was a straightforward and short-tempered man. Most of the warriors that cultivated the Fire Law had this kind of character, and if he had something to say or something on his mind, he couldn't hide it even if he wanted to. He looked at Fiona, who was sitting at his side. She was young and beautiful, and her entire body was brimming with the aura of youth. Although a warrior had a long lifespan, she still had to marry someone someday and in today's age, the sooner the better.

War King Wind was very picky about his future son-in-law. In fact, several Soul Sea Realm masters had brought up the topic in front of him, but War King Wind had shut them all down. In his eyes, among all the younger generation warriors of the four divine kingdoms, there was not a single person worthy of his daughter's hand. Yes, his future son-in-law had to be perfect.

Even though Zen's background was unknown and he appeared to be from the Sky Northern Region, Derek had just spoken so highly of him. Zen's future was prominent, and for once, War King Wind had found someone who was worthy to be Fiona's husband.

Therefore, he suddenly asked his daughter, "Fiona, what do you think of Thad?"

War King Wind simply popped the question in front of so many people. Although Fiona was innocent, she was still an adult and immediately understood what her father was implying.

Her charming eyes had originally been fixed on Zen. When War King Wind opened his mouth, her face turned red, and she retracted her gaze and pouted, "Father, what are you talking about?"

War King Wind scratched the back of his head. He also knew that his daughter was shy, but this was an important matter to him. If they didn't act quickly, maybe the others would see what was going on and seize this opportunity. They would then introduce their daughters to Zen. So he wanted to pair Zen and Fiona as soon as possible.

When this conversation reached the ears of the other Soul Sea Realm masters, they all showed a trace of understanding. 'This guy is really cunning! With Thad's potential, his future would be incalculable! No wonder he wants to marry his daughter off to Thad, ' they thought.

But War King Wind wasn't alone! The other Soul Sea Realm masters also had their own plans, especially those who had young and pretty daughters.

The Lotus Flower in the sky slowly rotated and its color finally dimmed, slowly disappearing from everyone's sight.

When he saw this scene, Zen sighed and told the cyan dragon in his mind, "Alas! I thought that I would be able to activate the last petal too!"

The cyan dragon sneered, "In your dreams, boy! To be able to activate even a single petal of the Mahayana Lotus Flower is highly difficult. You should be extremely satisfied. Also, as long as the Mahayana Lotus Flower has appeared once, it will appear each time you go through a tribulation."

Zen nodded as he walked towards the pyramid. He still had a large amount of precious ores to deal with.

However, at this time, a black thin line suddenly appeared in the sky.

Chapter 1179 Black Light

The thin line in the sky appeared all of a sudden. However, the moment it came into view, everyone, including Zen himself, froze on spot as if immobilized.

Zen felt a great aura within seconds. The aura seemed to surpass the limits of living beings.

They felt their bodies solidify and their blood stop circulating. Their hearts stopped beating and only their consciousness remained working. They felt that their souls were, under this thin line, like insignificant specks of dust.

"What is that?"

"How can something be so powerful? It is only a thin line, but I can already feel its might!"

"I'm insignificant. I feel like nobody at all."

Each and every Soul Sea Realm master had lived for tens of thousands of years. They had long lifespans, wide ranges of knowledge, and exceptionally mature minds. Their warrior spirits were meant to be as solid as rocks.

However, the warrior spirits of some of the Soul Sea Realm masters started to show signs of breakdown under the power of the thin line.

Its power was unleashed against Zen. The others were still some distance away from him and only he was bearing the brunt of it.

Zen raised his head and gazed ahead at the thin line. A cold expression covered his face. "Cyan dragon, what is that?" Zen did not think too much of it. At the moment, he felt like he was facing a life and death situation, so he immediately inquired the cyan dragon about it. At the very least, he wanted to know if he had a way to escape this obstacle.

However, the cyan dragon simply said, "I don't know."

Even the cyan dragon had not seen such a thing previously. He was indeed unable to answer Zen's question.

But soon, Zen came to know what it was.

The thin line continued to extend several tens of feet in the sky. Soon after, it split into two. As the two lines separated, their heads and ends still connected; they formed an eye socket. In the center of this eye socket was a black eye.

An eye!

There were perhaps tens of thousands of species in the universe. Each of them had distinct appearances, but there was one similarity that they all shared—the eye.

"It's an eye. Whose eye is that?" Zen's brows furrowed, a look of caution on his face. He did not feel any goodwill radiating from the eye. On the contrary, he felt a sharp hostility coming off it.

'No. Perhaps it can't be called hostility, ' Zen thought. 'I don't qualify to make it feel hostile to me. I'm insignificant. The eye appeared simply because its master is curious about me. The hostility must come from instinct. As long as the eye's master wants it, he or she could kill me in an instant!'

Zen's gaze met the eye as he stood rooted to the spot.

A moment later, the eye blinked, and a black beam of light shot out from its pupil.

The eye then blinked twice again and disappeared into thin air. However, the black light was still present. It flew off and continued to refract in the air as it approached Zen.

Whether it was Derek or the other Soul Sea Realm masters, none of them dared say a word. Their faces were deathly pale as they looked at the black light flashing in the air.

Zen had just released the Lotus Flower. For many of the Soul Sea Realm masters, he was their only hope to ascend to the Upper World. If anyone attempted to take Zen's life, they would waste no second in killing the opponent. In their eyes, Zen had become the key to ascend to the Upper World. They would protect him at all costs.

However, at that moment, none of them moved.

They were horror-struck watching the black light flash and could not even muster the thought of attacking it.

Buzz!

The black light soon covered a distance of dozens of feet and changed directions once again. It changed its direction before extending another seventy to eighty feet. It refracted several times, but its distance from Zen was constantly narrowing. It was only a matter of time before it reached him.

How could Zen possibly face this black beam of light?

He didn't have much time left and he knew that he wouldn't be able to withstand the black light. His life vitality wouldn't stand a chance. His sacred weapon's physique wouldn't do. His Stellar Body would be too weak against it. His hope relied only on the will of the world.

'I suppose I can transfer the attack of the black light to the whole world, ' he thought. Suddenly, a far-fetched idea entered his brain.

Although the eye's strength could possibly destroy the entire world effortlessly, Zen had no other choice but transfer the power to this world.

Thinking of this, Zen closed his eyes and lost in his own thoughts. He tried to frantically absorb the memories in his mind; the memories that the will of the world had projected onto him.

Quickly, he tried searching for the memories of all the mountains in the world.

Mountains...

In the Eastern Region, there were the Hell Mountain, the Dragon Mountain, the Thirty-three Peaks, and the vast northern mountains.

In the Central Region, there were the Nine-dragon Mountain, western mountain range, and over 10, 000 other mountains.

There were a total of 730, 000 mountains in the entirety of the Sky Northern Region.

About 1.3 million mountains on the Divine Kingdom Continent.

860, 000 mountains on the Sea God Continent.

In addition, there were numerous other mountain ranges on various desolate islands.

There was also a land of savagery larger than the Divine Kingdom Continent, home to over 2 million mountains.

He could count a total of more than 5 million mountains!

With just a thought, Zen had counted the mountains of the world.

After some pondering, Zen decided not to transfer the power of the black light to the Eastern Region. Just before it surged toward Zen, he activated the strength transfer.

"Since I am the representative of this world, I should have the right to rule it. I hope you can help me overcome this crisis," Zen said calmly.

The "you" he was addressing to was the will of this world.

Although Zen had fused himself with the will of the entire world, he still could not be considered its master. He had no way of resisting the black light and could only rely on the world to help him out.

Of course, the will of the world was the gathering of all life forms in this world. It wasn't a single entity or a specific thought. Even though the little monster had been the incarnation of the world's will, he himself hadn't known about this.

Zen had only uttered the words out of regard for the living beings of this world and the respect he had for himself.

As soon as he finished speaking, the black light shot at him.

Everyone present could only stare blankly at the scene before them. Seeing this black light, no one had thoughts of attacking it, for there was nothing they could do at all.

The black light hit Zen's chest in an instant and entered his body rapidly. In the next moment, his entire body, including his lips, the whites of his eyes, his nails, as well as his clothes—all turned black.

As this black light traveled across Zen's body, it instantly wrapped around each cell to destroy it. If the insides of Zen's body had been on display, everyone would have noticed that his brain, organs, bones, blood vessels, and every drop of his blood had turned black.

It was an attempt to wipe Zen out. If the black light succeeded, not a single hair or cell in his body would be left in this world. Not a single granule of his body would remain.

In one breath, a singularly terrifying power had been released.

The cells and parts of Zen's body tried to tolerate the immense impact of the energy.

As the energy of the black light began to expand, the first mountain began to collapse.

Boom!

It was a mountain in the western part of Central Region that had endured the huge amount of energy and exploded from the inside, but not a single rock rolled down. Before it could collapse completely, it had disappeared.

Chapter 1180 The Whole World

Two snow flood dragons' lair was originally built in the middle of the mountain, but suddenly, the entire mountain disappeared and the dragons began to fall down. Luckily, they managed to fly up. They were intelligent beings, but they still couldn't understand what was going on. How did a mighty mountain just disappear all of a sudden?

However, what happened next left these dragons flabbergasted. The towering mountains in front of them were rapidly disappearing. The moment those mountains started to collapse, they would disappear!

"Boom, boom, boom, boom..."

There were not many people in the western part of the Central Region. About fifty to sixty thousand mountains sat right next to each other. Even if a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior wanted to cross over such a large mountain range, it would probably take him very long.

Right this moment, these mountains were getting annihilated within seconds...

This strange scene was not taking place only in the western part of the Central Region, but all over the entire Central Region. All the mountains were being destroyed!

The three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance were holding a meeting on a small, thousand-foot-high mountain on the southern side of Oracle City. All of the investors of the World Commercial Alliance attended the meeting. Now, only the World Commercial Alliance stood out in the Central Region. However, Dillon did not hold any ambitions of forming a sacred place. The World Commercial Alliance was indeed a powerful force, but the members were all merchants after all.

However, suddenly in the middle of the meeting, the small mountain started to collapse.

Everyone was shocked, and before they could figure out what happened, the ground beneath their feet had disappeared. The entire mountain was instantly erased...

"Are we under attack?"

an Internal Elixir Realm warrior shouted. Although they had recouped from the previous attack of the Heavenly Evil Divine Kingdom, it had left a deep impression on many warriors.

"Attack? Damn it!" Hobbes, who was floating in the air, cursed loudly.

Many warriors could destroy a mountain, so could Hobbes and the others. It was not so difficult, but nobody could do it in an instant! This remarkable skill had captured their imaginations!

An even more intense crumbling sound followed and the White Mountain, which was fifteen thousand feet tall, suddenly disappeared from Oracle City!

In Oracle City, as long as people looked to the south, they would be able to see the black shadow of the White Mountain. It stood like a giant guarding the south of Oracle City. But now it had vanished without a trace!

"The...the White Mountain has also been annihilated..."

Hobbes swallowed hard. Fear was reflected in everyone's eyes; they had no idea what was happening.

One by one, the mountains vanished into thin air...

In this way, almost a hundred thousand mountains disappeared! These mountains, no matter how high they were, were all obliterated by an unstoppable force.

The Central Region, the Divine Kingdom Continent, the Sea God Continent and that was not all...

Every mountain in the whole great world was getting wiped off the face of the planet.

Zen was still pitch black, as if he had just crawled out of a black quagmire. He stood still but his mind was spinning rapidly. Through his memory, which was constantly updating, he was able to find out how many mountains were left in the whole great world!

Five million mountains...

Four million mountains...

Three million mountains...

Two million mountains...

One million...

'Is there no way to withstand the power of this black light if all the mountains are wiped out?' Zen thought to himself, his eyes flickering.

He could feel the power that the black light was continuously releasing. There was no way to know how much power it had. It was a terrifying thought. However, Zen still had mighty backup forces behind him—the sea and continents.

Zen chose not to transfer the power of the black light to the sea.

In order to resist the Heavenly Tribulation before, Zen had transferred most of the power into the Feather Holy Sea, causing a huge tsunami. It might have caused immeasurable loss. The warriors were not afraid of the tsunami, but ordinary people would get injured or even killed by it. Eventually it was brought under control by the Soul Sea Realm masters, who saved the four divine kingdoms from being destroyed.

If the power of this black light was transferred to the sea of the entire great world, it might cause a tsunami of unimaginable proportions, perhaps tens or even hundreds of thousands of feet high. Perhaps the Sea God Continent, the Divine Kingdom Continent and even the Central Region would be totally obliterated, and most of the creatures would be annihilated. This was why Zen didn't choose to transfer the power of the black light to the sea.

And he also wasn't willing to transfer the power directly to the continents. If he transferred it to the vast Divine Kingdom Continent, he feared that it would collapse in an instant despite its size!

However, if there was no other choice, he might be compelled to do so.

But he wanted to avoid this catastrophic destruction as much as possible!

In the world of warriors, the strong preyed on the weak and most of warriors were extremely conceited. But Zen was different, he didn't want to attain power at the cost of billions of innocent lives.

This was not to say that Zen was kind-hearted and righteous, and he was sometimes as ruthless and cold as any great warrior, but he just did not want to lose the last trace of humanity. In this regard, he broke free from the so-called law of the jungle like a wild beast.

Meanwhile the countdown of destruction continued. Five hundred thousand mountains...

Zen gritted his teeth, his brows deeply furrowed in concentration.

Three hundred thousand mountains...

The speed at which the mountains were being annihilated far exceeded his imagination!

Two hundred thousand mountains...

Zen's heart was beating faster and faster. He was about to face a difficult choice. Would he choose to die alone? Or would he sacrifice tens of millions of creatures?

This was a very simple and selfish choice for many warriors, but it was too difficult for Zen.

One hundred thousand mountains...

Fifty thousand mountains...

Ten thousand mountains...

If the power of the black light still didn't weaken after all these mountains were destroyed, then Zen might have to use the mountains in the Eastern Region.

He thought about the Thirty-three Peaks where he used to stay. Countless disciples were cultivated there. Most of them were nature creatures that couldn't fly. If those peaks were destroyed, numerous disciples would die!

Zen was getting more and more distressed when he suddenly felt the black energy starting to weaken.

This black light had arrived menacingly, but it had disappeared just as quickly. In the blink of an eye, Zen's originally black body began to change as the black energy vanished!

His body seemed to have been washed clean and it quickly returned to normal.

"I have survived this encounter..." There was no trace of joy on his face. Instead, he appeared sad.

He had indeed pulled through. While he was still in one piece, the entire great world had paid a huge price on his behalf.

There were five million mountains in total destroyed. There might be a great number of living beings, including humans, which were sacrificed.

"Zen withstood the black light; it was unable to kill him. This guy is really..." Marine was so shocked that his breath got caught in her throat.

The Soul Sea Realm masters were also silent. They knew that Zen was able to transfer the black light's power. The little monster from the Nine Furnace Martial House had displayed this ability more than once before. However, no one knew the limits of this ability. Could it be that there was no limit to how much power Zen could transfer?

The Soul Sea Realm masters didn't know much about the black light's power. But the one thing they did know for certain was that it could destroy them all easily. Even if the number of the Soul Sea Realm masters increased by a hundred times, they still wouldn't be able to survive the black light!

But Zen was able to withstand this incredible attack. What had he sacrificed in order to do so? Where did he transfer the power?

There were no mountains on the Feather Emperor Island, so many Soul Sea Realm masters had no clue that all of the mountains on the Divine Kingdom Continent had disappeared...

Turner couldn't take the suspense, so he asked him directly, "Thad, I know you have transferred the power to some other place, but... where did you transfer the black light's power?"

Zen blinked before he replied, "Mountains..."

"Mountains? How many mountains?" Turner asked out of curiosity.

"The mountains of the whole world," Zen responded sadly.

Chapter 1181 Fix A Price

A thick cloud of silence seemed to envelope the whole world...

Many of the Soul Sea Realm masters were quiet as well.

Suddenly, the silence was disrupted by a click of a tongue. "So, does it mean all of the mountains within the four divine kingdoms have been destroyed?" Turner asked.

"It's not just the mountains of the four divine kingdoms. The mountains in the Central Region and in other areas were destroyed as well. Almost all of this great world's mountains have been destroyed," Zen honestly responded.

In reality, many of the Soul Sea Realm masters had already had a tough estimate when Zen said he had transferred the power to the mountains.

If a Soul Sea Realm master like War Emperor York took action to attack Zen, Zen would transfer the power of that attack, and that power would be enough to destroy a whole mountain range.

The aura the black eye emitted was quite terrifying, and the power within the black light was extremely and unimaginably strong. If Zen transferred all of the power into the mountains, how many mountains would he need?

The Divine Kingdom Continent had many peaks and mountain ranges of various sizes. There wasn't any accurate record of the number of peaks and mountain ranges, but a rough estimate showed that there were at least several hundred thousand mountains out there.

But with even that many mountains, would it be enough to counter the power within the black light?

How many mountains would be needed to offset its power? A thousand mountains? Ten thousand mountains? Or a hundred thousand mountains?

In reality, about five million mountains were needed to offset the power.

All the mountains in the whole world had been destroyed, with the exception of some mountains in the Eastern Region.

The Soul Sea Realm masters went silent, but they were shocked the next second. They realized how great its impact would be on the entire great world.

And, what was the limit of Zen's power transferring ability?

He was actually able to freely transfer the power to the entire great world. Could it be possible that he could represent the whole of it as well?

Someone had finally come up with an answer, but of course, they still weren't able to guess that Zen had fused with the world's will. Thus, it could be said that Zen himself was the whole great world!

"What exactly is that black eye?" War King Wind asked in a low voice. He sighed deeply when he couldn't find any answers.

A single move had destroyed a huge portion of the whole world's mountains. What on earth was that thing?

Most importantly, the eye's owner must've thought that Zen was too weak and incapable of blocking the black light's fatal strike.

Just a small release of the black light was enough to destroy the mountains of the whole world. If a few more would be released, wouldn't the whole great world be destroyed?

How powerful exactly was the eye's owner? It was truly hard for everyone to imagine. Even the damage of the mountains alone was already too much.

"I'm not sure," Zen said and shook his head. Even the cyan dragon couldn't answer the question, more so Zen.

However, Derek, the white-browed Taoist priest, said, "I don't know what it is, but such an enormous power might at least belong to a Supreme Lord. Perhaps the owner of that eye is a Supreme Lord!"

"A Supreme Lord?" At that moment, Zen understood something.

The Supreme Lords were the most powerful beings in the universe. To destroy a great world was an easy task for them.

"Not only the Supreme Lords, but also the world lords in the Upper World could be so powerful as to destroy a great world. However, it isn't easy for a world lord or a Supreme Lord to do that. I can't even figure out this eye's origin…" the cyan dragon in Zen's mind remarked.

"I see," Zen said with a nod.

Both of them couldn't determine this eye's origins or background. Who exactly did it belong to? Why did it take action against him?

Despite that, Zen had passed through a tough challenge, taking the whole world as his backup force! As for that strange black eye… Zen considered it as a part of the Heavenly Tribulation.

Of course, Zen wasn't a careless person and was wary of his judgment. Zen might not have enemies in the Upper World, but there must be a reason for the black eye to have attacked him. He wondered if the Lotus Flower, which had bloomed, had prompted it to do so. Or was it for some other reason? No matter what, he would have to be very careful in the future.

Now that Zen had stepped into the Life and Death Realm, the slowly rotating life vitality in his body had become thick as a heavy paste. In this way, his belly could bear more life vitality and his life vitality would be even more condensed. Moreover, his strength would increase greatly.

After Zen had completed his breakthrough, he set his target on the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. He had promised to help the cyan dragon obtain the Ancestral Dragon egg, so he had to make this trip at any cost. Before he set off however, he had to deal with the matters he faced now.

A strange vibe tugged at Zen's senses when he approached the pyramid. Everyone looked at him in a completely different way.

Most Soul Sea Realm masters believed what War Emperor York and the Holy Maiden said. They were well aware that Zen did not come from the four divine kingdoms. Although they were not as hostile as War Emperor

York when they looked at Zen before, they were definitely not close to him. They all seemed indifferent to him.

However, there was a trace of gentleness in everyone's eyes now. It was clear that they treated Zen as a family member...

When Zen saw the weird way the dozens of Soul Sea Realm masters gazed at him, he felt a chill run down his spine. He quickly thought if something was wrong with them.

However, he was unaware that those Soul Sea Realm masters considered him as a treasure in their eyes, At that point, Zen had already turned the key to open the ascending passageway, and he had also opened the Mahayana Lotus Flower. All this showed that he could be a promising achiever in the Upper World in the future. Everyone thought that it was a good thing to form a relationship with Zen.

"Alright, now it's time to distribute the minerals we've obtained!" Zen announced, still being a bit stunned.

Zen had no intentions of taking all the treasures from the top layers of the tree. First of all, he wasn't a weapon refiner. Although majority of the minerals were precious, they were of little use to Zen himself. However, he had already let the cyan dragon identify some of the ores that could be used to create the high-grade divine texture, and Zen had chosen to keep those items.

As for the other items, Zen decided to let Turner distribute them. After all, he was in the territory of the four divine kingdoms. Even if Zen had dug them out himself, it would be unrealistic if he had kept all of them.

After Zen finished his words, a Soul Sea Realm master laughed and said, "Distribute? Thad, you dug out all the ores by yourself. Isn't it a little inappropriate to distribute them to everyone like this?"

Turner smiled and said, "That's right. There are a lot of priceless minerals, so you should not give them to others like that. However, there are some things that we need. Thad, you can fix prices for them and sell them to us."

"This..." Zen was stunned. He deeply suspected that there might be something wrong with those Soul Sea Realm masters. He wondered why they treated him so well after he had undergone a tribulation.

Could it be that they were plotting something?

Meanwhile, Derek and Marine silently observed Zen. The news about Zen would definitely be reported through the Reverse Spirit Channel, but now was not the time. They would wait until Zen had dealt with the ores first.

Zen thought for a while, but still couldn't figure out what was going on. He mentally communicated with the cyan dragon, but the cyan dragon also didn't understand what those masters meant. After all, the cyan dragon also didn't know that Zen was tied up to the ascending passageway.

Since he couldn't figure it out, Zen simply ignored this question and took out the ores one by one from his space ring.

When Zen had previously dug out the ores, a lot of the Soul Sea Realm masters eagerly watched him. They were quite keen on what kind of ores Zen had.

There weren't many ores in the leaves of the forty-fifth layer to forty-seventh layer, but each ore had its own unique shape.

For example, the first crystal that Zen had taken out from his space ring was like water as it slipped between his fingers and fell to the ground. However, the blue liquid quickly merged and formed a small round ball that continuously jumped about on the ground.

Zen smiled and said, "In that case, how much can this Water Crystal cost if I sell it to you?"

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1182 Divine Emperor Secret Land

Life vitality crystals, from what Zen had learned from Lavender, were also in circulation and used as one of the main currencies in the Upper World.

Since these mighty Soul Sea Realm warriors were very much willing to give him tons of supreme life vitality crystals in exchange for the ores, then of course Zen wouldn't refuse them.

Just as he finished speaking, a Soul Sea Realm warrior approached Zen, "I practice the Water Law and I just happen to need this Water Crystal. I'll give you thirty thousand supreme life vitality crystals for it, how about that?"

Thirty thousand supreme life vitality crystals were not a paltry sum so Zen naturally accepted. The first deal was quickly done.

He had a surplus of precious ores in his space ring, each one worth thirty to fifty thousand supreme life vitality life crystals. Some could even fetch a price as high as a hundred thousand!

These Soul Sea Realm warriors were loaded and could definitely afford Zen's wares. To put into perspective, a divine kingdom's treasury usually had around two to three hundred thousand supreme life vitality crystals.

If Zen sold all his ores, he'd have an estimated profit of three million supreme life vitality crystals!

He'd be richer than the entire divine kingdoms!

Once he sold off his ores, Zen took out the Soul Cores and handed them over to Turner.

These Soul Cores served as the key to entering the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. It was useless for him to keep them as he didn't know how to use them. It was enough for him to know that they would surely bring him into the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

Still, he was very much curious about how these Soul Cores were used to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

The entire point of heading to the Feather Emperor Island for the Soul Sea Realm masters was to hunt for the mineral-devouring bugs in the hopes of obtaining at least one or two Soul Cores. They got lucky and were able to haul over a hundred which meant that they could send enough people to the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land and explore.

"Alright! Since the Soul Cores have been distributed, it's time to set off for the Divine Emperor Secret Land! Thad, let me bring you along!"

War King Wind boisterously laughed as he pulled Zen to his side.

Many of the Soul Sea Realm masters cursed War King Wind in their hearts, 'This old, cunning fox. Everyone knows that he's planning to draw Zen to his side in order to gain the upper hand. He's probably going to swallow his pride and even offer his precious daughter up in the process..."

However, it wasn't as if War King Wind hadn't stood up in Zen's defense before, so it was expected that Zen would be partial to him.

In truth, after reaching the Life and Death Realm, Zen could now resist the blood sacrifice within the Feather Holy Sea. He had no need for anyone's assistance and could simply rely on his own strength but he couldn't just pass up War King Wind's offer so he accepted.

"Wait a moment!" a voice called out. It was Marine who was rushing towards Zen.

Marine was his only enemy within the four divine kingdoms and it was mainly because of her that he had been targeted by War Emperor York so he couldn't help but frown at the sight of her coming towards him.

"What is it?"

Zen asked with a sullen expression.

Marine smiled and took out a purple, diamond-shaped crystal.

"What's that?"

he asked, his guard up as Marine suddenly pointed the crystal at him

"Don't be afraid. I'm just using it to record your image," she assured him.

"Image?"

Zen repeated. He did not quite get what she was trying to do.

Noticing his reluctance, Derek smiled and quickly explained to Zen.

The crystal in Marine's hand was the kind used in making Picture Slabs. It could record and store images but this one was special. This purple crystal had the capacity to pass through the Reverse Spirit Channel.

As the Holy Maiden of the secret sect, Marine was the communicator between the Upper World and the Lower World. It was her job to deliver the news to the Upper World that a martial artist from the Divine Kingdom Continent was able to activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower and made a total of thirty-five petals come out.

It was only then that Zen finally understood why those Soul Sea Realm masters suddenly changed their attitudes towards him.

He also briefly wondered which group of humans in the Upper World was Marine going to report to.

Was it the group that Yolande belonged to? Maybe it was the group that Immortal Mist had been a part of? Or maybe it was another group entirely?

Zen thought it wise not to ask. He figured that it was better for him to play dumb given that he had never been to a supreme world that belonged to the human race in the Upper World nor did he know much about the strength of the human race there.

Once Marine recorded his image and walked away, War King Wind waved his sleeve and let out a wave of life vitality. The powerful force wrapped around Zen, Callan, Fiona, and the rest, dragging them up to the sky and pushing them into the depths of the Feather Holy Sea.

The other powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors flew up to the sky while Randy, Bram, and a few others also left Feather Emperor Island.

Not everyone could go to the Divine Emperor Secret Land. Due to the limited supply of Soul Cores the past few years, only a small number of Soul Sea Realm masters could go and explore.

This time, thanks to Zen, there were plenty of Soul Cores to be used which meant that, aside from the powerful Soul Sea Realm masters, a few of the younger generation were also given the chance to go to the Divine Emperor Secret Land.

Of course, this chance was only extended to the crown princes and other royalty. The remaining divine-level talents could only return home.

While flying through the sky, War King Wind seized the opportunity to chat with Zen.

It was a bit weird having a stately ruler of a divine kingdom probe his background but Zen politely answered all his queries despite feeling as if the questions came from a matchmaker rather than a king.

It was when War King Wind asked Zen if he was married did he finally understand why he was asking him all these questions.

He glanced sideways to Fiona whose ears were obviously flushed red from embarrassment.

"I'm not married," he replied with a smile. "But I have already pledged myself to a girl back home."

Zen had already planned it all out. Once he returned to the Central Region, he would fulfill his promise to Letitia and hold a grand wedding ceremony.

Zen's reply painted a disappointed look on War King Wind's face. It was normal for men to have several wives and concubines; he himself had more than three thousand back in his palace. However, his daughter was a dignified princess of a divine kingdom. Although he had planned to arrange a marriage between Zen and Fiona, he couldn't marry her to a man who already had a wife. That would mean that his darling daughter would only be a concubine.

While War King Wind was still deep in thought, Fiona was red with fury at her father.

She didn't like it that her father was trying to match make her with Zen right in front of her. She'd always been an obedient daughter and even she was also a bit disappointed that Zen was already engaged to another woman, she wished her father gave her a bit more face. "Father, there's no need to ask about this anymore."

"Why shouldn't I ask? I'm only doing this for your own good!" War King Wind smiled gently at his embarrassed daughter.

Fiona could only glare at her father, her face full of conflicting emotions.

Beauties had always admired heroes. This was proven true ever since ancient times and Fiona was no different. Ever since Zen defeated her by the West Dragon River, the seed of love had already rooted itself deep in her heart. However, she was still too young, not even 20, and she was too shy to express the emotions she felt for him. Meanwhile, her father shamelessly tried to match make her to the object of her affections which was greatly embarrassing on her part.

Fortunately, the awkward moment was immediately dissipated by the black island that had appeared in front of them.

Despite being quite far from the island, everyone could already feel the malicious aura that emanated from it. This was one of the four secret lands of the Feather Holy Sea - the Divine Emperor Secret Land.

Rather than just an island, this Divine Emperor Secret Land was so much more. It was a place of death - a graveyard of the Dragon Lineage Human.

Millions of corpses littered this island graveyard.

After the Dragon Lineage Human's blood sacrifice, all creatures turned into a cloud of bloody mist that became a powerful curse spread throughout the entire Feather Holy Sea.

The corpses were not living beings so they were not affected by the blood sacrifice.

Truth be told, if it wasn't for the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, there would be nothing worth of interest in this Divine Emperor Secret Land. Sure, there might be a few valuable burial items but it wasn't anything a Soul Sea Realm master would be excited about.

The power of the blood sacrifice in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was so strong that not even Soul Sea Realm masters could resist it. The only way to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was through the corpses of the Dragon Lineage Human which they could control with the use of the Soul Cores.

This was precisely the reason why they had to go to the Divine Emperor Secret Land.

Just as they landed, they found another batch of Soul Sea Realm masters already waiting.

Chapter 1183 The Spirit Shrine

The entire Divine Emperor Island was composed of a massive, black cemetery.

On the shore of the island, the other powerful Soul Sea Realm masters had already been waiting for quite a long time. Strange looks of curiosity were revealed when they saw that the four divine kingdoms' rulers came along with Fiona, Bram, and the other young warriors.

"Your majesty, why did you bring them to the Divine Emperor Secret Land?" a Soul Sea Realm master of the Harlen Divine Kingdom couldn't help but ask.

Since the group of masters waited in the same spot and hadn't traveled to the Feather Emperor Island, they had no knowledge of Zen having obtained the Black Star and many Soul Cores.

Since they didn't have enough Soul Cores every year, these masters would vie with one another to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. Because of that, many of them argued indefinitely over the qualifications of obtaining the Soul Cores.

Because of the lack of the Soul Cores, the masters went as far as to suggest an actual fight.

While they considered it for a time, they found that it would be too unrealistic—the impact of the fight among the Soul Sea Realm masters would be extremely grand. If they were to hold real fights, the entire Divine Emperor Island wouldn't survive a couple rounds.

And since that problem hadn't yet been solved, why did the kingdom rulers bring the princes with them? How come Thad came with them as well? Could it be that the divine kingdom rulers planned on assigning a portion of Soul Cores to these juniors this year?

Eventually, Turner managed a faint smile and said, "Mario, bring out all the spare spirit shrines!"

Upon that, one of the masters, Mario Zhou, furrowed his brows in shock. "Your majesty, how many Soul Cores did you obtain this time? Must we use the spare spirit shrines?"

The spirit shrine was used to stimulate the Soul Core, made by the blacksmith from the Harlen Divine Kingdom. Before departing this year, he counted twenty-nine Soul Cores, meaning there was a need for the same number of spirit shrines.

Normally, if they obtained a single Soul Core after eliminating all the mineral-devouring bugs on the Feather Emperor Island, they would be considered lucky. Obtaining two Soul Cores would be completely unprecedented—such an occurrence hadn't happened in decades.

Could it be that all the divine kingdom rulers were merely extremely lucky this time to have gotten over three Soul Cores?

Since the spirit shrines weren't anything precious, Mario Zhou had prepared two hundred of them. But no matter how many shrines there were, they would be useless if there weren't any Soul Cores available.

With a bland smile, Turner said, "Pull out all the spirit shrines. This time, we've obtained over a hundred Soul Cores."

"What?

Over one hundred Soul Cores? Does that mean everyone can enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land this time?"

"How is that possible? Isn't that the number of the Soul Cores of the mineral tree? It's impossible! They couldn't have all been dug out by the mineral-devouring bugs!"

Not only did all the Soul Cores need to be dug out, but they also had to be dug out just a few days ago. Otherwise, they would have already been digested.

It was too unbelievable for the Soul Cores to have been taken straight from the bugs' stomachs.

"Your majesty, did you find a way to open the top-layer leaves?" one of the Soul Sea Realm masters asked after a moment of thought.

Because all the masters knew how nearly impossible it was to dig out the top-layer leaves, they all wore cautious and excited expressions as they waited for the answer.

With a chuckle, Turner announced, "Everyone, we have to thank Thad. He's the one who dug all the Soul Cores out, one by one."

The words left the masters stunned. As for those who rushed over from the Feather Emperor Island, they all wore wide smiles on their faces. All were astonished by the fact—no one thought that Zen would ever be able to take out the Black Star.

However, even with the shock of the Black Star and the mineral tree, the shock caused by Zen undergoing a tribulation was incomparable.

After that, Turner told the Soul Sea Realm masters what happened on the Feather Emperor Island. And when the masters turned to Zen once again, the look in their eyes shifted.

Repairing the ascending passageway… While unprecedented, it was rather joyous news. Compared to this, exploring the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land had become a trivial matter.

With that, Mario Zhou quickly brought out the spare spirit shrines.

These so-called spirit shrines were small, extremely exquisite boxes. The top side was broad while the bottom side seemed to be more narrow, attached to four small legs for support. The most special part of the box was its material. When Zen attempted to probe it with his perception, he was instantly thrown back.

It seemed that the spirit shrine could not be touched by a warrior's soul perception.

Resigned, Zen stood quietly to the side as he watched the Soul Sea Realm masters busy themselves with arranging all sorts of things. There was no more question—the masters wouldn't refuse to let him enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land anymore. He only had to wait.

After the spirit shrines had been arranged and placed in order, Turner began to distribute the Soul Cores.

Because there were enough at the time, not only the Soul Sea Realm masters obtained the Soul Cores, but Fiona, Callan, Randy, Bram, as well as the other divine kingdom princes got the chance to have one.

Only Fredric, whose soul was injured, couldn't enter the Divine Emperor Secret Land this time.

After all the preparations were complete, War King Wind said, "Alright. This time, many of the warriors can enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. This is probably the most we've had in years. You must do your best to occupy the powerful corpses! But that all depends on your ability to do so!"

After War King Wind made his announcement, some of the masters sat down, cross-legged in front of the shrines before pulling out the Soul Cores in their hands. In the next moment, the Soul Cores began spinning, emitting a strange power.

Then, they all threw the Soul Cores into the spirit shrines. The moment they sank into the shrines, a strong, attractive force seemed to shoot out from each spirit shrine.

On the other side of the spirit shrine, a faint, black shadow appeared, catching everyone's attention.

"The soul body?" Zen's eyes flashed.

Seeing Zen's astonishment, Randy uttered, "When the spirit shrine is paired with the Soul Core, it can help us separate our souls from our bodies so that they can enter the tomb and occupy the corpses."

If a warrior's soul was powerful enough, he could take the body shell. But he still had to make use of the Soul Core to make any use of the corpse.

At this time, quite a few Soul Sea Realm masters were already sitting next to the spirit shrines, pouring the Soul Cores into them. One by one, their souls were sucked into the shrines and merged with the Soul Cores before turning into a mass of black shadows and rushing forward.

Randy, Fiona, and Callan also followed suit, pouring the Soul Cores into the shrines. Soon after, three black shadows appeared beside the shrines. From the silhouette of the shadows, others could recognize the three warriors' souls—for instance, while Fiona's soul seemed delicate, Callan's soul seemed to stand tall and strong.

Witnessing the scene, Zen proceeded to throw the Soul Core in his hand straight into the shrine. A moment later, he could feel a strong, magnetic force emanating from the shrine.

It was aimed specifically at Zen's soul. Instead of resisting, he allowed himself to get sucked into it.

In an instant, Zen felt his soul fuse with the Soul Core before it appeared on the other side of the shrine—it was then free to leave his body and roam about.

After his soul left his body, Fiona, Callan, Randy, and all the others present looked over.

The souls of Randy, Bram, and Fiona, looked a grey-green color—these were signs of instability. The souls of the Soul Sea Realm masters were pitch black, while the souls at the Fighting Soul realm were utterly stable.

But Zen's soul was blooming with green luster. The faint light emitted by his soul was the will of the great world!

"Zen, your soul…"

Through her consciousness, Fiona tried to reach him.

Zen's soul had been hidden within his mind in the past—without entering his mind, no one would see it. But now, it was impossible for him to hide it.

With a faint smile, he called to them, "Come on. Let's go!"

At this moment, many souls that had fused with the Soul Cores advanced deeper into the Divine Emperor Secret Land, which served as a perfectly renovated cemetery.

After the soul bodies flew for some time, they stopped right at the entrance where a lamp hung near the gate.

"Everyone, wait a moment," one of the Soul Sea Realm masters used his consciousness to envelop Zen and the rest.

Chapter 1184 Soul Purifying Light

Now that everyone's soul had been made bare, their strength was heavily reduced, with Zen being the obvious exception to this problem.

The reason behind this was that his soul was already several times stronger than his peers'. Although it hadn't stepped into the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm yet, once a soul had merged with the world's will, even a Soul Sea Realm master's soul couldn't compete with it.

The lamp hanging in front of the cemetery was what the cultivators called a cemetery-guarding lamp.

It was supposed to injure all of the ghosts, but at the moment, it might be dangerous to them too, since they were in a soul state, which wasn't exactly human. This was exactly why the Soul Sea Realm master had stopped Fiona and the other young warriors. He was afraid that they would be eliminated by the cemetery-guarding lamp too.

Zen stood still without the slightest signs of movement. He was trying to communicate with the cyan dragon in his mind. The Ancestral Dragon's egg had been in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land for generations after generations. These kings and warriors had tried all they could to fetch it for so many years, but all their efforts had been in vain. If Zen wanted to get his hands on it, he definitely needed help from the cyan dragon.

The Dragon Lineage Human and the cyan dragon belonged to the Genuine Dragon. Since they shared a common ancestor, Zen was sure the cyan dragon could help.

He soon received a response from the cyan dragon. It seemed like there wouldn't be much of a problem. This put Zen's mind at ease.

"You guys wait a moment. Once this lamp is extinguished, you can go in. Not before that," the Soul Sea Realm master told Zen and his companions. There was a hint of warning in his voice.

Very soon, Zen saw a black shadow rushing into the cemetery at an incredible speed.

At the very instant the black shadow touched the periphery of the cemetery, the lamp suddenly exploded into a dazzling light and viciously shot towards the shadow.

'This light is also a type of soul attack!' Zen remarked inwardly as his eyebrows suddenly twitched. There were quite a few miraculous things that the Dragon Lineage Humans had conjured up.

However, that black shadow was the soul of a Soul Sea Realm master. When the light from the lamp shot towards the soul, a part of the soul suddenly changed shape and turned into a shield. He had a way to defend himself!

'The man actually turned his soul into a shield. Interesting!' A smile appeared on Zen's face when he saw this scene.

The warrior who was trying to enter the cemetery was at the Soul Sea Realm, but his soul was only at the Fighting Soul Realm. Therefore, he couldn't just withstand the lamp's attacks directly. It was necessary for him to block it.

However, considering the current level of Zen's soul, he should be able to directly walk through without suffering too much damage from the lamp.

Soon after they witnessed the soul of the Soul Sea Realm master enter the cemetery, the lamp suddenly flickered and then slowly dimmed down.

At that moment, the Soul Sea Realm masters entered the cemetery one after another as the time was ripe. Zen and the other young warriors followed after.

What greeted their eyes was astounding. The massive cemetery they were in seemed to occupy the entire Divine Emperor Island. Exquisite tombstones stood erect on both sides of the road, and the ground was covered in thick dust.

It was unknown just how many years it had been since an actual human had set foot in here. Even the people of the four divine kingdoms had only used their soul forms to enter this place.

"Fiona. I reckon that over a million corpses of the Dragon Lineage Humans are stored here. After all these years, they would have already turned into bones and dust, right?" Zen used his life vitality to communicate with Fiona. However, she had qualms of her own.

What Fiona was thinking of was totally beyond Zen's imagination. She was completely oblivious to everyone else's thoughts and was a little worried about something else. "Isn't it considered disrespectful to take over others' corpses?"

Among the younger warriors, only Randy was able to answer Zen's question. He told Zen, "As far as I know, the corpses that we are going to take over are not close by. They lie in the depths of this cemetery. The corpses that are buried under these tombstones are all ordinary people, and their corpses never underwent any special treatment. I don't think that there are any remains left underneath the ground we walk on. After so many years, even their bones would have been turned into ashes."

Zen nodded his head. What Randy had said made sense. Without the special method that prevented decay, a corpse wouldn't be able to withstand thousands or tens of thousands of years of time.

The Soul Sea Realm masters were leading the way in their soul forms, and the juniors were following them.

Although it was dark and gloomy wherever they looked, they had not encountered anything dangerous till now.

After they covered some distance, a series of stairs appeared in front of them. On both sides of the stairs were numerous platforms which were arranged like terraces, like the stairs were made for some special appearance.

There were huts on these platforms, only about the height of an average person, and even the huts were filled with coffins.

Zen raised his head and counted the number of the platforms. These terraced platforms were layered across thirteen floors. The number of platforms on the first floor itself was the highest. There were about a thousand of them, and each platform supported three huts. On the second floor, there were two huts on each platform. As he looked up, Zen saw that the number of platforms and coffins became fewer and fewer with floor.

Many souls arrived at the bottom of the stairs and looked at the platforms.

At that moment, a Soul Sea Realm master told the young warriors, "The corpses on these platforms are arranged according to their level of strength and social status when they were alive. Of course even social status was determined by their strength. The higher the floor, the stronger the corpse. We have brought you here this time just to train you. It's okay if you fail to take over powerful corpses. You just need to be careful of the 'Soul Purifying Light' that appears on the stairs. The light can instantly eliminate your souls and you will enter a soulless, limbo state and die. With the current strength of your souls, there's no room for resistance! You must be careful. We'll climb up in a while. If the Soul Purifying Light begins to shine, you guys should enter the platforms on both sides and then you'll be safe. Do you understand?"

Zen and Fiona didn't quite understand what was going on, but they still nodded their heads.

Of course, these powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm didn't expect this group of juniors to be able to do anything. But since they had obtained so many Soul Cores, the emperors of the four divine kingdoms suddenly felt like they were extremely rich, which was why they had brought these young warriors in here. They wanted them to learn through experience.

However, every trial was marked by accidents. That was why there was a special warrior accompanying them whose job was to remind them to pay attention to these things within the Divine Emperor Secret Land.

As soon as the Soul Sea Realm master finished speaking, a ray of light came down from the top of the stairs.

The light lit up the floors one by one until it reached the bottom floor. Under its bright radiance that ranged from the very top to the very bottom of the stairs, the tens of thousands of steps started to shine brightly as if there was a staircase of light in front of them.

The Soul Sea Realm masters were unfazed by this sight. This was not the first time they had entered the cemetery. When Callan, Fiona, Randy and the others saw the light coming down the stairs, they were filled with imminent fear.

The light lasted for about half a minute, and then it dimmed down. Just as the light dimmed, War King Wind, who was standing right in front, ordered quickly, "Everyone, let's move!"

All the souls quietly shot up the stairs when they heard the order, moving in an orderly, yet quick fashion.

Randy, Fiona and the others followed closely behind Zen, who had shot up hastily.

Everyone's soul rapidly climbed the stairs, but not even the slightest trace of sound was heard from the company. The soul itself would be unable to make any sound, and could only communicate through one's life vitality. Even if there was any sound, no one else would be able to hear it.

For about thirty seconds, they climbed in complete silence. After that, a beam of light suddenly emerged from the top of the stairs and began to spread downwards at an extremely fast pace.

"Hold on! Get on the platforms!" War King Wind ordered, and in an instant, everyone charged towards the platforms on either side. No one was caught in the hasty movement and they all climbed up safely.

War King Wind stood on a platform towards the left side of the stairs, and his gaze was locked onto Fiona and Callan. Among all his children, he was most concerned about them. Naturally, he feared that they wouldn't be able to get on the platforms in time and be killed by the Soul Purifying Light.

By the time the wave of Soul Purifying Light had spread out all the way down, everyone had already jumped onto the platforms on either side, and no one got into trouble.

They had only managed to climb up to the second floor, and the platforms came one after the other. Zen took a look at a coffin that lay in one of the two huts on the platform that he was standing on.

'Is the corpse in this coffin intact?' He wondered and decided to use his perception to explore the insides of the coffin. Unfortunately, his perception was blocked by the coffin the moment it was released.

The coffin seemed to be immune to his power, the same as the spirit shrine. It looked like the same material was used to construct both of those things, and it was able to completely isolate all perceptions from the outside world.

Seeing that scene, Randy smiled and told him, "The corpses on the second floor are too weak. They are around the level of an Internal Elixir Realm warrior. They have no value at all. We need to choose the corpses on the upper floors."

Zen smiled and nodded. He was well aware of the importance of using powerful corpses if they needed to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. A corpse that was too weak would be difficult to walk even a single inch in that place. Therefore, whether they would risk it or not, choosing powerful corpses was a necessity, if not a compulsion.

Zen's gaze shifted towards the top. He had no idea just how strong the corpses on the top floor were. Were they corpses of mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm?

Chapter 1185 Danger

Zen himself was uncertain of what corpse he would be able to take over or its strength, but in the end, the higher the floor was, the stronger the corpse would be.

The Soul Purifying Light on the stairs lasted for about thirty seconds before it began to dissipate.

War King Wind wasted no time. As soon as the light died, he used his consciousness to give orders to all the warriors.

"Move!"

At his words, all the warriors standing on the platforms on both sides of the stairs charged forward.

There would be a thirty-second interval before the Soul Purifying Light lit up again. Taking advantage of this gap, everyone climbed up the next floor.

The warriors hastily went up the flight of steps. With a tell-tale light, the Soul Purifying Light lit up once again. At once, War King Wind commanded, "Retreat! Go to the platforms!"

Huts lined the platforms on the third floor to a big number. In strength, however, the corpses inside the coffins in these huts were only at the late stage of the Internal Elixir Realm when they were alive.

The strength of the Dragon Lineage Human was far greater than that of the warriors in all the four divine kingdoms. Even the four divine kingdoms had countless Internal Elixir Realm warriors, so it was only natural that the Internal Elixir Realm warriors from the Dragon Lineage Human would be great in number. However, as Zen looked around the third floor, there were only around 600 to 700 huts.

The warriors buried here were undoubtedly among the most important members of the Dragon Lineage Human. They had perished at a young age, and this cemetery served as the resting place for their corpses.

Zen did not give the coffins a second glance. These corpses were far too weak, and they would be of no use to him.

Meanwhile, the whole cemetery held its breath as the warriors stood in silence, awaiting War King Wind's next orders. The Soul Purifying Light was a fatal threat to souls, and the actions of over a hundred people had to be in perfect coordination. The slightest hesitation or the split second of untimely movement would cost them their souls, turning them into soulless cadavers.

"Warriors, keep your guards up! The Soul Purifying Light is spreading from top to bottom. The higher up we go, the shorter the time we have!" War King Wind stared at the Soul Purifying Light, watching it dim once again. The moment it disappeared, he gave orders once again. "Go!" he commanded.

Without hesitating, pausing, or delaying, the warriors once again ascended the stairs in perfect unison.

"Disperse!"

War King Wind ordered. Everyone jumped to the platforms on the either side of the stairs.

When he landed on a platform, War King Wind looked back. His eyes grew wide as his heart sank in his chest. His daughter was still standing on the stairs.

Fiona had missed her father's orders. Just as everyone was jumping to the platforms, she took a few steps towards the side of the stairs, seemingly observing the words of the Dragon Lineage Human engraved on a coffin. She had been so absorbed with it that she lost track of everything around her.

War King Wind's orders had failed to bring her out of her reverie.

She was a lone figure left standing on the stairs. Everyone else had already jumped onto a safe place. War King Wind watched in horror as the Soul Purifying Light covered the stairs at a fast pace.

The Soul Purifying Light was much stronger than the cemetery-guarding lamp at the entrance. Even a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm would be no match for its power.

War King Wind was rooted to the spot as he watched his daughter in the face of such danger.

"Fiona!"

Callan was very anxious. Although he was not that smart, he was always very serious and did not allow the slightest distraction to break his guard. After War King Wind gave the orders, Callan also followed the group to the fourth floor.

But then there was Fiona, standing alone in front of the quickly approaching Soul Purifying Light. Without any hesitation, he rushed out to save her.

However, before he could leap, a Soul Sea Realm master had reacted quickly and stood in front of him to block his path.

The Soul Purifying Light had already lit up, slowly going down from the top of the stairs. In just a few seconds, it would reach the fourth floor. Even Callan's attempt to save her would be nothing but suicide.

All the warriors turned to look at Fiona, their eyes widening in fear.

Fiona was a gifted warrior with much promise. As a descendant of the Genuine Phoenix and with a Genuine Phoenix as her contractual beast, she would not lose even to the top talents of the Upper World after she ascended to the Upper World in the future. She was destined for a greatness that far exceeded any of the Soul Sea Realm masters present.

She was not meant to die in here today.

War King Wind felt as if the sky was falling on him as he watched his daughter with great despair and anguish. And yet, there was nothing he could do to help her. Even though his soul was the most powerful among those of the Soul Sea Realm warriors present, he didn't dare to touch the Soul Purifying Light. Therefore, he didn't have enough time to run towards Fiona and save her.

As the warriors watched, a figure suddenly rushed out.

"Thad Luo?"

"Come back!"

"Thad! Don't go!" Turner shouted.

Even if Zen's soul was stronger than that of any other warrior present, time was his adversary. If the Soul Purifying Light touched him, he would be instantly eliminated.

Everyone else's soul was dispensable compared to his.

Zen was the hope of all the Soul Sea Realm warriors to restore the path to the Upper World.

Soon, all of the warriors called out to him, asking him to stay on the platform.

However, it was as if their pleas had fallen to deaf ears. Zen did not listen to them. His soul turned into a black shadow as he moved forward. The Soul Purifying Light had already spread down the stairs.

The Soul Purifying Light surged out from the top stairs. Within a few seconds, all the stairs above the fourth floor were completely covered in its blinding light, which was extending to the fourth floor. In just a few moments, the remaining stairs would be filled by its deadly glow.

At this crucial moment, Zen simply did not have the time to check how far the Soul Purifying Light was from him. He rushed towards Fiona, grabbed her in his arms, and continued to rush forward.

Bringing her back to the fourth floor would be impossible in such a short period of time. And so, he used the momentum to rush to the right platform on the third floor.

It had only been a hair's breadth. The Soul Purifying Light spread under Zen's feet the moment he leaped. The platform on the third floor shook as Zen and Fiona landed, propelling them downwards. They landed heavily on the platform on the second floor.

The moment he fell, Zen turned around and placed Fiona on top of him, using his own soul as a cushion.

Zen's soul was tenacious, but Fiona's was different. One's soul had the fragility of a newborn baby before entering the Fighting Soul Realm. Fiona's soul had undergone training, but it was still delicate.

Fiona, sitting on top of Zen absently, was still unable to break off from her daze. She had hesitated earlier, and it had almost cost her soul. In retrospect, even if she had been unable to advance with the others, she could have hidden on a platform on the third floor and waited until the wave of Soul Purifying Light dissipated. Once it had disappeared, she could charge forward once again. However, she had been overcome at the face of her looming death and was petrified.

A long sigh of relief resounded as the Soul Sea Realm masters watched the pair out of harm's way.

War King Wind was filled with gratitude. After entering the Soul Sea Realm, he did not have much to worry about, and his attention was mostly on his daughter. Even if he succeeded in exploring the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, it would be an empty victory if he lost Fiona.

The other Soul Sea Realm masters were also relieved, though it had been more for Zen than Fiona. He was their only hope to go to the Upper World. If he died here, all their efforts would have been for nothing. To them, Fiona's life would be a small price to pay if it meant Zen's safety.

The staircase continued to flash with the Soul Purifying Light. Fiona stood up from Zen's body and communicated with him with her consciousness. "Thank you," she said.

Zen smiled and answered, "It's fine. Let's keep going!"

War King Wind no longer led the group up the stairs. Instead, he waited for Zen and Fiona on the fourth floor.

Chapter 1186 Occupation

It wasn't that difficult to climb the stairs in the cemetery. As long as they seized the opportunity to make a move, they would meet no danger.

Over the years, other than the first time that a Soul Sea Realm martial artist had died without knowing the situation in the tomb, no one else from the four divine kingdoms had ever died in it.

Zen and Fiona carefully returned to the fourth floor after the Soul Purifying Light had extinguished twice.

As soon as the two of them were in front of him, War King Wind expressed his gratitude to Zen. Then he and his men began to climb the stairs in the cemetery again.

Most of the Soul Sea Realm martial artists managed to safely make it to the fifth, sixth, and seventh floors with more ease. But as they climbed higher, the time between each Soul Purifying Light became shorter and shorter.

For them, the pressure wasn't too great. However, to Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists like Fiona and Bram, the pressure was immensely greater.

"Bram, Randy, climbing up is too difficult for you. Even if you make it there, you probably won't be able to occupy the bodies of those powerful martial artists. This floor should be your limit, so try to dwell on the corpses here," Turner said with his soul power.

Although these martial artists had been dead for countless years, it was never an easy task to inhabit their corpses. The Soul Core could minimize the repulsion of the corpses, but the stronger the corpses were, the stronger the repulsive force would be.

Bram, Randy, Fiona, and the other martial artists of the younger generation all nodded in agreement. Although they all had entered the Divine Emperor Secret Land with the help of the elder generation, it was a trial for them. But they were not required to obtain anything from this journey.

"Let me help you open this coffin." War King Wind walked swiftly to the side of the platform. When he entered the hut, he purposely stood next to a coffin near him.

Briefly, he closed his eyes and said a few words to himself before communicating through his consciousness, "These corpses have been here for countless years. You have to respect them."

As he muttered these words, he stretched out his hands. Then like a wind, his hands changed their shapes and flowed smoothly along the grooves on the side of the coffin. When he felt that a part of his soul invaded the edge of the coffin, his soul fluctuated slightly, signifying that the soul power of the Fighting Soul Realm had burst out, thus lifting the coffin before everyone's eyes.

Inside the coffin was a woman at the Life and Death Realm.

Historically, it was unknown just what method the Dragon Lineage Human used to preserve the corpses. Even after so many years, it still hadn't shown any signs of decay. The woman still maintained her peerless appearance, wearing a light blue palace uniform. Apart from the pale complexion, she looked as if she was only sleeping.

War King Wind asked, "Who will do it?"

The moment he raised that question, everyone looked at him in surprise.

Among the martial artists of the younger generation, only the crown princes and other outstanding princes could follow the kings here. And Fiona happened to be the only woman among them.

Seeing everyone's confounded expression, War King Wind smiled awkwardly and stated, "Fiona, you control this corpse."

Fiona's eyes blinked. She stared fixedly at the body within the coffin and then nodded. "Okay."

Controlling a corpse was different from possessing one's body shell. And imbuing one's own soul into the corpse was not even a wonderful experience at all. However, it was the only way to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

Soon after, Fiona leaped onto the coffin as if she had no choice left. She looked hesitant as she looked at her father.

War King Wind gave her a slight smile. Walking beside the coffin, he extended his hand and pressed it on the corpse's head. As if on cue, the corpse suddenly opened its mouth, and its eyes were also wide open.

Fiona was a girl, after all. Although she acknowledged that the corpse wasn't frightening, she couldn't still hide her shock!

"Don't be afraid. Just merge with it," War King Wind encouraged her.

Fiona surveyed the corpse once more. Her face now was filled with grim determination. Then she began to drill into it.

Shortly after, rays of grey light projected out from the head of the corpse. This light was the energy of the Soul Core which had fused with the soul previously. But after Fiona successfully merged with the corpse, it started to spread throughout the corpse.

Occupying a corpse was completely different from taking one's body shell. The latter did not require the help of the Soul Core because the person being possessed was a living person with an intact body. It would only harm his soul.

These corpses had already been existent for countless years. And it was apparent that all of their blood had dried up a long time ago. In this case, the Soul Core must be used to have their body activated forcibly.

When the grey light merged fully with the corpse, the woman's fingers gingerly moved. Then after a few moments, her closed eyes suddenly opened slowly.

Everyone stood there watching the whole scene when the corpse climbed out from the coffin. It had an extremely stiff posture. It was like a puppet that was not controlled well, as it took a tentative few steps forward in a strange way.

Fiona couldn't control the corpse well at first. She was having a hard time, but her movements soon became more and more skilled. After some time of getting used to it, she pressed her legs together, and she stood in a very ladylike posture as she usually did, looking elegant.

Zen revealed a faint smile and continued to wear an amused expression as he thought that even though she was controlling a corpse, she still maintained her original habits.

"I can control it now," Fiona exclaimed. Her voice completely changed as she was controlling a corpse.

"Good job," War King Wind acknowledged. "We will help you open the other coffins, and then you can occupy the corpses."

At his words, several powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm came forward and began opening the coffins, revealing the corpses. Except for the first one, which was a palace lady, the rest were all found to be males.

All of these men wore golden armor. And they even had top-grade sacred weapons placed on their sides, which were more likely burial items.

Randy, Crown Prince Bram, Callan, and the other princes occupied a corpse respectively without much further ado.

The whole process did not take too much time in its entirety. It only took about five minutes. After they had taken possession of the corpses, Turner then turned his gaze towards Zen.

He was wondering if Zen could pick a corpse as well. He also contemplated the fact that Zen was still a member of the younger generation in the eyes of those powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, even if he had already advanced to the Life and Death Realm, and his own strength was hard to estimate.

The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was indeed a place that was not easy to infiltrate. And a warrior must consider challenging a strong corpse to get through. With this, Zen obviously wouldn't casually choose a corpse.

Long before they could say anything, Zen had already floated out, "I'll go up with you!"

War King Wind chuckled and said, "Thad's soul is already close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. It is much stronger than our souls. Surely, you have the qualifications to go up."

So Zen followed the group of Soul Sea Realm martial artists as they continued to climb up while avoiding the Soul Purifying Light.

Fiona, Randy, and the others had their souls penetrated deep into their minds. Since they were all encased in bodies, the Soul Purifying Light wouldn't cause any damage to them. Hence, they didn't need to dodge the light at all but walked up the steps at ease.

They all continued climbing up. On the eighth, ninth and tenth floors, the number of coffins became fewer and fewer while the corpses within the coffins became more and more powerful.

Starting from the tenth floor, the corpses in the coffins had already reached the Soul Sea Realm.

"I will choose this floor." A Soul Sea Realm martial artist stopped and occupied one of the corpses on the tenth floor with no qualms. His soul seemed to have just entered the Fighting Soul Realm. If not for Zen excavating so many Soul Cores, he wouldn't have been able to enter the tomb this year.

Besides, he wasn't confident in his soul's strength. Even if he went up there, he might die. So he decided to occupy a corpse on this floor.

Still, on the tenth floor, powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm started to choose their own corpses one after another.

On the eleventh

and the twelfth floors, there were already sixty to seventy Soul Sea Realm martial artists who had already occupied a corpse.

When they reached the thirteenth floor, most of them had already controlled a corpse, so they all came up the stairs with their bodies. Only Zen, Turner, War King Wind, War Emperor York, and Scott had not chosen a corpse yet.

The five of them set their gazes on the thirteenth floor, surveying the area.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1187 Alessandro Feng

There was no longer any need to avoid the Soul Purifying Light at the time Zen and the other four rulers stepped onto the thirteenth floor given that it was the top floor.

The top floor was an open, circular platform wherein one could enjoy the view of the entire Divine Emperor Secret Land - except, there wasn't really any view to enjoy. The entire scenery consisted of corpses and graveyards and nobody really appreciated looking at dead bodies.

On the platform were coffins arranged in an orderly manner.

The corpses placed within the structure, from the first to the thirteenth floor, were no doubt core members of the Dragon Lineage Human. Each coffin that they had passed by on every floor was exquisitely well-crafted.

However, they couldn't compare to the coffins that were on the top floor.

Mysterious divine textures had been carved onto the surface of the rich, elaborately crafted coffins.

Most of the runes glowed brightly indicating their activation.

Zen was immediately filled with curiosity upon the sight. These divine textures needed a continuous supply of life vitality in order to keep running. Could it be that there was a massive life vitality crystal buried underneath this cemetery? It was the only explanation he could think of as he looked at these still-active runes.

"How could this be? Just how many life vitality crystals could be enough to keep them active?" he couldn't help but voice out his thoughts. Zen figured that not even one massive life vitality crystal would be enough to keep these divine textures running for thousands of years given that the Dragon Lineage Human had been destroyed in the blood sacrifice more than ten thousand years ago.

Turner smiled at Zen's puzzled expression. "These divine textures don't get energy through life vitality crystals! Just look at the ground and you'll understand."

Zen followed Turner's instructions and looked down. Indeed, there was a huge divine texture that was also carved onto the ground.

Zen could recognize the divine texture and immediately understood.

This was a seven-star divine texture - Spiritual Energy Gather. It was an extremely important divine texture, as emphasized by the cyan dragon when he taught Zen the divine texture techniques.

This Spiritual Energy Gather that the divine textures on the coffins relied on to keep running could continuously gather the spiritual energy between heaven and earth and transform it into life vitality.

"However, these coffins are all engraved with divine textures. It would be a little difficult to occupy the bodies in the coffins, right?" Zen asked.

"Yes. The owners of these corpses were all at the top-level of Soul Sea Realm. They were probably stronger than us when they were alive," Turner told him.

Zen wasn't wrong when he assumed that the bodies inside these coffins would be hard to occupy. In fact, there was only one successful case recorded in the four divine kingdoms.

That was 36 years ago and the person that managed to do it was War King Wind. It was with the help of a powerful corpse from the thirteenth floor that he was able to further explore the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

However, that was the first and last time War King Wind had succeeded. The four country leaders had tried time and again to take over the corpses of the thirteenth floor but none of them ever succeeded. Every time they failed, they would be forced to take over the twelfth floor's corpses instead. From this, one could imagine how difficult it was to take over the top floor's corpses.

"Why is it so difficult?" Zen couldn't help but ask with curiosity.

Even if these corpses had been top-level Soul Sea Realm masters and had been stronger than Turner and the others when they were alive, the gap shouldn't be that large. Turner, War King Wind, and the others were all at the top level of Soul Sea Realm, after all. The only reason why they hadn't gone any further with their cultivation was only due to the limited resources in the Lower World.

"The reason is actually very simple," Turner said, smiling to him bitterly. "We can't remember any of their names."

Zen was taken aback by this explanation. It made him even more confused, "What?!"

Turner's consciousness drifted over to communicate with him, "You will understand in a bit. The corpses here on the top floor belonged to the most important people in the Dragon Lineage Human. How can they allow other people to desecrate their bodies? Of course they'd make it hard for someone to occupy their bodies!"

War Emperor York, Scott, and War King Wind walked along the platform followed closely by the other Soul Sea Realm masters.

Scott stopped in front of a snow-white coffin surrounded by several small trees. These trees had been growing by the side of the coffin for thousands of years now but not one was even tall enough as a person.

"Name," Scott's consciousness spread out and asked the question.

"The owner of this corpse was called Alessandro Feng. He was once the leader of the sacred land of the Dragon Lineage Human and has been dead for forty thousand years…" a Soul Sea Realm master answered.

This was the Dragon Lineage Human's graveyard and those that lay here must have died long before their people's destruction.

"Alessandro Feng? Alessandro Feng…" Scott's consciousness kept repeating the name.

Scott's actions made Zen even more curious. Was the name really that important? Why was there a need to repeat it over and over again? Zen was completely at a loss.

Once Scott repeated the name a couple dozen times, he called out, "Open the coffin, I'm ready!"

It would be difficult for Scott, who was still in the form of his soul, to open the coffin given that his soul was still at the Fighting Soul Realm. Luckily, there were already many Soul Sea Realm warriors who had occupied bodies for their own.

It wasn't as good as their own living, breathing bodies, but the Soul Sea Realm masters could still display around seventy percent of their full strength while occupying another's corpse. Several of them came over and attempted to open Alessandro Feng's coffin.

An important figure surely had strong protective measures implemented in his final resting place. The coffin shook violently when the Soul Sea Realm masters made a move to open it and the divine texture carved on it flickered like crazy.

"Buzz buzz buzz…"

As the coffin trembled, there was a loud, unmistakable roar of a fierce dragon!

"Roar!"

A couple of small dragons formed by life vitality shot out from a divine texture and immediately headed for the Soul Sea Realm masters.

'A six-star divine texture, Cyan Dragon Seal, ' Zen quickly realized as he looked at those small dragons.

A five-star divine texture was enough to defend against a Life and Death Realm master while a six-star divine texture was enough to defend against a powerful Soul Sea Realm master!

However, the six-star divine texture couldn't really go against so many powerful Soul Sea Realm masters that abounded on the platform.

It also helped that the Soul Sea Realm masters that had opened the coffin were incredibly skilled. Right after they activated the Cyan Dragon Seal, they immediately gave up trying to open the coffin and lured the dragons to chase after them instead.

Just as they ran away, several other powerful Soul Sea Realm masters approached the coffin and started attacking the six-star divine texture.

The divine texture quickly shattered under their combined efforts which made the seven to eight small, life vitality dragons slowly dissipate as well.

During this entire debacle, Scott merely stood to the side and continuously repeated Alessandro Feng's name over and over again. He didn't even pay any attention when the dragons suddenly showed up and tried to chase the others.

'It looks like that name is really important, ' Zen couldn't help but surmise.

Once the defensive rune was broken, the Soul Sea Realm masters quickly put their borrowed bodies to work and slowly opened the coffin.

Inside lay a silver-haired, middle-aged man - Alessandro Feng himself. Even with his eyes closed as a corpse, a powerful, domineering aura still emanated from him, indicating his superiority as a being.

The four rulers also had this aura, but not as sharp as Alessandro Feng's.

He was, undoubtedly, a top master at the Soul Sea Realm when he was still alive. Perhaps he was even the strongest martial artist of the great world during his time.

Scott immediately grew wary as he was hit by the corpse's aura but he didn't dwell too much on it. He turned around and gave a nod to the other three rulers before suddenly jumping into the coffin.

The moment he entered Alessandro Feng's body, Scott immediately stretched out his hand and pressed the spot between the corpse's eyebrows. The corpse opened its mouth as if on reflex and Scott's soul quickly entered through it.

The Soul Core's power spread throughout the corpse's body very quickly. It went through its arms, legs, and viscera. Shortly after, the tall and sturdy body of Alessandro Feng crawled out from the coffin.

Chapter 1188 Hard To Say The Name

It was clear that Scott was far more powerful than Fiona. As Fiona tried to control her corpse, her movements seemed stiff, like that of a wooden doll—she could barely even walk properly.

As soon as Scott entered the corpse, he appeared quite naturally, as if the body was his own. After he climbed out, he hopped up and firmly stood on the ground.

Still, his experience was something to be considered. Having entered the Divine Emperor Secret Land countless times already, Scott was naturally much more skilled than Fiona in controlling corpses.

When he climbed out, he put a palm to his forehead, revealing an expression of pain.

At this time, the one in pain was certainly not Alessandro, for he had been dead for many years already—it was Scott who was in great pain, this time.

Simultaneously, in the middle of the platform on the top floor, a stone pillar suddenly began to rise.

Crunch, crunch, crunch…

The pillar was at least twenty feet wide. While it had always been in the center of the platform, having itself suddenly appear came as a shock to Zen.

The other Soul Sea Realm masters, however, seemed to be used to it.

As the pillar slowly rose up, Zen's eyebrows furrowed in more confusion.

Four table-sized rivets were in the middle of the pillar. Similarly, four pitch-black chains were hanging on the end of the rivets, extending toward a coffin in the middle, keeping it locked tight.

This coffin was rather unique. With its azure color, it was a transparent, crystal coffin!

Since it was embedded in the stone pillar, tightly locked by chains, the person inside couldn't lie down properly. At that moment, she was standing inside the coffin.

Inside it was a young girl, dressed in thin, white, unlined clothes. Her bare legs were firmly locked in place by the black chains extending to the crystal coffin.

"What a beautiful young lady! Who is she?" the crown prince of the Wind Divine Kingdom muttered as he gazed upon the girl inside.

Indeed, while he was used to seeing beautiful women every day, he still couldn't help but marvel at the girl's beauty.

Looking at her for a short while, Zen couldn't figure out what was going on in front of them.

While everyone had their eyes fixed on her, her eyes suddenly opened. Her golden orbs then fixed down on everyone.

"Ahh…"

Even Fiona was carefully examining the girl. Women tended to be extremely sensitive to looks, even when it came to a mere corpse.

The corpse that Fiona occupied was elegant, but its beauty still didn't match that of the soul occupying it. But the young girl's corpse was even more beautiful than Fiona.

Catching the young girl in the act of opening her eyes shocked Fiona speechless.

Zen, Calla, and even the other warriors were rather scared. Only the other Soul Sea Realm masters showed no surprise, having witnessed the scene every time they entered the place before. But a flash of worry could be seen in their eyes as they looked at Alessandro's corpse, occupied by Scott.

Meanwhile, Scott was clutching his head as he staggered along the platform.

Although he seemed to be in pain earlier, he managed to hold his head when the girl opened her eyes.

While still stumbling around, Scott slowly approached. All of a sudden, he unconsciously fell to his knees, allowing his forehead to hit the ground.

It was clear that the corpse was extremely powerful—not only was his head left uninjured, but it managed to crack the area it made an impact on.

Simultaneously, massive pressure was released from the young girl's body. But this force was directed only at Scott.

"You are the brave warrior of the Dragon Lineage Human. Since you have recovered, do not forget your mission and become a zombie… Answer my question—what is your name?" she asked indifferently.

"Name?" Hearing this, Zen raised his eyebrows in surprise as he remembered Turner's words. 'Could it be that they couldn't remember the names?'

Alessandro Feng was his name, and he was a known Soul Sea Realm master before his death. Perhaps, Scott could remember it easily.

But to everyone's surprise, Scott banged his head on the ground and continued making mournful sounds as he uttered, "My name… my name is…"

"Alessandro Feng! Your majesty, it's Alessandro Feng!"

"Alessandro..."

several of the Soul Sea Realm masters reminded.

Even though they were shouting, Scott seemed unable to hear them. In a vague voice, he cried out, "My name is… Ales… My name is…"

The word 'Alessandro' seemed too difficult for him to say, at that point.

"Tell me. Tell me what your name is," the young girl flatly repeated.

"Ah…" Helpless, Scott grew increasingly miserable. "My name is… my name is…"

Once again, the girl asked, "Say your name or I will treat you as a person who has lost himself! I will reject your recovery!"

"My name is Scott Lu!" In the end, he couldn't say 'Alessandro'. But at the very least, he managed to utter his name.

The Soul Sea Realm masters were filled with disappointment at the scene.

Regretfully, Turner commented, "Alas. He failed this time."

After the name was announced, the young girl inside the crystal coffin gave her judgment, "You've already lost yourself."

When she finished speaking, Alessandro's corpse began to tremble violently before Scott's soul was forced out of the body.

After his soul was ejected, Alessandro's corpse began moving, heading straight for his own coffin to lie back down.

At this moment, the young girl slowly closed her eyes again. While the warriors present couldn't feel any breath or life vitality from the girl, she undoubtedly had her eyes open as if she were alive—it was truly strange.

As Scott's soul gently floated in the air, a trace of regret surfaced on his face. "Alas. This woman's will is just too difficult for me to resist. When her will enveloped me… I couldn't remember the name… Wind, how did you manage to say the name?"

Forcing a smile, War King Wind replied, "I've already told you many times, I really don't have any impression of it. I don't even know how I answered. Maybe I was just lucky enough to say the right name by chance!"

Only then did Zen truly understand.

In fact, the Dragon Lineage Humans didn't expect the four divine kingdoms to use the Soul Cores to manipulate their corpses—they still kept the corpses of the top masters to deal with some of their other affairs. But as the corpses were preserved in such a way, it was extremely likely that they would become zombies.

To avoid this situation, the Dragon Lineage Human set up a method to deal with this in the cemetery. If the corpse really became a 'zombie, ' then the young girl would test the corpse's mind. If that body didn't pass the test, then the soul would be ejected straight out of the corpse.

However, they had never expected that the souls that were removed belonged to human beings.

"Don't be discouraged. Scott, can you try again?" War King Wind tried to comfort him.

Shaking his head, Scott responded, "Well, I'll go to the twelfth floor and choose a corpse. Wind, Turner, Lucien, you can have a try!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the Soul Purifying Light on the stairs faded away before Scott shot toward the twelfth floor.

With that, War King Wind and Turner looked at each other. "Okay, let me do it this time!" War King Wind exclaimed.

With that, he circled the platform. Instead of choosing Alessandro's corpse, he stopped on top of a black coffin.

When War King Wind's soul stopped, a Soul Sea Realm master behind him said, "This is the leader of the Dragon Lineage Human from seventy thousand years ago. His name is Henk Feng—it's easier to remember his name."

Chapter 1189 Federico Feng

People belonging to the four divine kingdoms knew everything about the corpses in those coffins. They had spent years investigating them thoroughly in order to control the corpses.

It wasn't an easy task, learning the corpses' names and retaining them. Given the names weren't hard to remember, fusing their souls with the corpses caused the corpses to instinctively reject them.

And being interrogated by the girl who was sealed in the stone pillar would cause the memories in their souls to become confused, making it hard for them to remember the names of the corpses.

War King Wind had once succeeded in saying the correct name. But he couldn't remember how he had managed to do it and his success had been the only one in all these years.

When the masters of the Soul Sea Realm opened the coffin, they saw a thin old man lying within it. This man was Henk Feng, the one they had spoken of.

War King Wind's soul entered the old man's corpse through his mouth.

Not long after, his soul merged with Henk's corpse and controlled it such that it slowly climbed out of the coffin.

But the corpse seemed to be rejecting War King Wind's soul rather strongly. As War King Wind controlled the corpse, trying to make it walk, it staggered like a drunken man and involuntarily moved towards the stone pillar.

The following moments were most crucial. Only by saying the right name of the corpse could he escape control of the girl in the pillar. Since Scott had already failed, they thought that the chances of War King Wind succeeding were slim.

As expected, the corpse's face twisted under the girl's interrogation, as if in pain. It shook severely, trying and failing to speak out the name, "Henk Feng."

He ended up facing the same fate as Scott. The soul was forcefully ejected out by the mysterious girl in the pillar.

War King Wind was dejected and it showed on his face. But he didn't go to the twelfth floor to choose a corpse, like Scott had done. Instead, he fell into deep thought, wanting to try once again.

But War Emperor York and Turner were in no hurry to give it a try. They walked around the coffins and tried to think of a good solution.

In the past, the people of the four divine kingdoms couldn't take even a single step into the Feather Emperor Secret Land, the Divine Emperor Secret Land and the Mysterious Dream Secret Land, let alone the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. After years of scouting, they gradually found ways of entering the first three secret lands. If they could find a way to easily obtain the corpses of the ancient warriors at the top floor, they would be able to explore the whole Heavenly Stellar Secret Land some day.

But the four divine kingdoms hadn't come up with any method to solve this problem.

Zen frowned as he watched the three emperors hesitate.

As Turner had pointed out, this was indeed a matter of names. If they could clearly say the right names of the corpses in front of the girl, they would be able to obtain the corpses.

Was it really that difficult to speak out a few words?

War King Wind and Scott had repeatedly memorized the names. It was impossible for them to forget the names and there were others on the sidelines who constantly reminded them. But despite all that, they had failed to say the right names.

"Names!"

An idea suddenly occurred to Zen, and his eyes flashed with excitement. He walked up to a coffin.

"Thad, do you also want to give it a try?" Turner asked.

Most Soul Sea Realm masters also looked at Zen. Although his cultivation base wasn't high, his abilities couldn't be measured with common sense. Maybe he could think up a good solution.

As this thought crossed their minds, they became excited. One of them said to Zen, "The owner of this coffin is called Federico Feng. He was the most powerful warrior among the Dragon Lineage Humans. According to the information we've got, he was born with superhuman strength."

"Federico Feng... Federico Feng..." Zen repeated the name twice to himself.

"Shall we help you open the coffin now?" another warrior at the Soul Sea Realm asked.

"Please wait a moment," Zen replied. He did not choose to open the coffin and occupy Federico's corpse directly. Instead, he returned to the side of the stone pillar.

"What is Thad trying to do?"

"I'm not sure. I don't understand..."

"It looks like he wants to carve something on the stone pillar. Could it be that he wants to carve the name of the corpse on it? But that will not work!"

The powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm had left no stone unturned in order to occupy the corpses on that floor. Some of them had tried to carve the names on the pillar before. But they hadn't been able to remember the names irrespective of whether others whispered the names to them or whether the names were carved into the wall.

Standing beside the stone pillar, Zen stretched out a finger and transformed it into a sharp shape. With a light wave of his finger, he began to carve words onto the stone pillar.

He was carving the name 'Federico Feng' on the pillar, but indirectly. He was using the letters that spelt the name.

The names of the Dragon Lineage Human were still written in the human language. Zen believed that even if he couldn't remember the name directly, he could at least record the words by spelling them out.

Zen carved the letters one by one onto the stone pillar. He then returned to coffin and smiled as he said, "Alright, I'm ready now!"

The Soul Sea Realm warriors were surprised at Zen's actions but didn't say anything. They wanted to see if Zen's plan would succeed. If it worked, they could follow suit afterwards.

So they broke the rune on the coffin and opened it.

The coffin was a little longer than the others. It revealed a burly man lying within it, two huge gold axes lying beside the body.

Without any hesitation, Zen took his space ring from his finger and placed it beside the coffin. The space ring was very important to him, which was why he had taken it with his soul instead of leaving it with his body.

Once the preparations had been made, Zen's soul rushed towards the burly man's corpse. He opened the burly man's mouth like the others had done and entered the corpse through the mouth.

Soon, his soul settled in so that it felt like it had reached the body's brain. But the moment he tried to merge his soul into the corpse, he felt a strong force of expulsion.

Usually, warriors had to destroy their opponents' souls if they wanted to steal their body shells.

This warrior called Federico had died many years ago. His soul had already disappeared or had entered Samsara. This meant that Zen wasn't stealing his body shell but was simply obtaining his corpse.

However, when a warrior cultivated to such a high level, an unchangeable power still remained within his body even if he had been dead for many years.

And because of this, even if some powerful warriors passed away in the wilderness, no wild beasts would dare approach their corpses.

The powerful repelling force within the corpse was driving Zen's soul out of it. If it had been an ordinary Fighting Soul, it might have been instantly driven out of the corpse's brain.

That was why most Soul Sea Realm warriors of the four divine kingdoms had chosen the corpses of the eleventh and twelfth floors. They knew that it was too difficult for their souls to obtain the corpses of the thirteen floor.

Zen's soul was much stronger than that of a normal Soul Sea Realm warrior and even the four emperors, not to mention that he had fused with the will of the great world. His soul ignored the repulsive force and directly occupied the brain.

However, even though his soul had merged with the brain, he was still unable to control the corpse. He had to wait for the Soul Core's power to spread and fuse with the corpse.

Streams of grey light surged through the man's body. After a few seconds, Zen gradually regained some of his senses, finally feeling his limbs again. He soon felt that he could control this corpse as his own.

"Get up!"

Zen tried to rise from the coffin. But it was a little harder than he thought. As he made to stand up, he tottered unsteadily on his feet and fell back into the coffin.

Although Zen's movements looked funny, no one laughed at him. With his current age and cultivation base, it was his pride and joy to be able to obtain this corpse.

Few moments later, Zen jumped up smoothly to his feet. His burly body was like a steel tower as he firmly stood on the ground. His eyes were the size of saucers as he opened them and looked around.

Chapter 1190 Spirit Supreme Realm

Everyone had gotten used to Zen's lanky figure. It was awkward for them to watch Zen as he took on the tall and sturdy body of the corpse.

Randy, Fiona, and Callan were some of the few people who looked at Zen and began to grin.

A faint smile appeared on Zen's face as he casually took a few steps forward. It hadn't taken him long to freely control this corpse.

But all wasn't smooth. He suddenly felt a wave of pressure on his body.

A red ripple spread out of nowhere in the empty mind of the corpse. The surroundings in his mind turned blood-red. The pressure wasn't from the outside world but emanated from the corpse itself.

Zen had gained control of the corpse through the Soul Core. But now, he found that he couldn't control it at all. It waddled towards the stone pillar as Zen struggled and failed to control it.

'Here comes the question!' Zen became cautious.

He had previously seen War King Wind and Scott go through this process. They had not been able to resist the orders of the young girl in the stone pillar and couldn't help but walk involuntarily towards the pillar.

But this wasn't what worried Zen. The probability that he might not be able to say the corpse's name when questioned posed a greater worry for him.

'Federico Feng…' Zen repeated the name in his heart.

He felt the corpse stagger all the way and fall to its knees with a thud in front of the stone pillar. At the same time, he felt the blood-red ripple in his mind grow stronger and stronger. He knew that it was this blood-red ripple that completely isolated Zen's soul from the corpse.

In this moment, Zen felt everything become distant from him.

Someone seemed to be talking to Zen, but he couldn't hear a single word. The sound seemed to be coming from the sky, soft and harsh.

His thoughts had become a mess.

"Answer me! Your name!" the young girl's voice came from the stone pillar.

"My name? My name…" Through all the mental chaos, Zen could not remember the name of this corpse.

'It's very strange! I can't remember what this corpse is called at all. I clearly remembered it a moment ago!' Zen thought dejectedly. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't recall anything about this corpse.

"Tell me your name, or I'll-" The young girl's voice was clear, and Zen could hear every word she said.

If he could not remember the name, he would be kicked out of this corpse's mind. Zen had seen how War King Wind and Scott had bounced back from the bodies they had planned to occupy because they had failed to remember the corpses' names. But the more he became anxious, the less likely it was that anything would come to his mind. It was as if the name had been completely erased from his memory.

'Name.. What's the name?'

As Zen searched frantically for the name in his mind, his gaze penetrated the red ripples and landed on the stone pillar.

'Name, the letters!'

Zen had applied a special words memorizing method, disassembled the name of the corpse, and carved the letters on the stone pillar. As long as he restored the name using the letters, he would be able to get the name.

'F-E-D- E…' Zen looked at the letters on the stone pillar.

It was true that Zen's thoughts had fallen into chaos, but the young girl in the stone pillar only affected a part of his mind, not all of it.

According to the letters that Zen had left on the stone pillar, it wasn't that difficult to retrieve the name.

'The first name is Federico!'

He continued to work on the letters. 'F-E- N- G-'

'The last name is Feng!'

It was true that he had spelled out the name, but right now, Zen had a very strange feeling about these two words.

The words Federico Feng were very common words, but he suddenly realized that he couldn't recognize them at all. These two words, had, for some strange reason, become incomparably foreign to Zen's eyes.

This was weird and troubled Zen greatly.

He had obtained the words Federico Feng through a special words memorizing method, but he was unfamiliar with the words he had worked out and could not recognize them. Zen felt helpless.

The red ripple spread through his mind faster than Zen could react and quickly, too quickly, his soul was forced out of the corpse.

Federico's corpse staggered back to the coffin and slowly lay down.

The collective hope of the others plummeted as they beheld this scene. It was obvious to them that Zen had failed to fight the young girl's will.

"How do you feel?" Turner asked, smiling. He had expected this.

Zen chuckled and said, "I've already spelled these two words out. I know that the owner of this corpse is called Federico Feng."

"Oh!" Everyone's eyes lit up as they heard what Zen had to say. Did this mean Zen's method had worked?

But Zen shrugged and said, "It's useless even if I have them spelled out. The will of the young girl in the pillar is irresistible. I guess there's only one way to successfully pronounce the corpse's name."

"What is it?" War King Wind asked.

"Instinct. Only by relying on instinct can we pronounce a corpse's name. It's actually impossible for us, the occupants of their bodies, to do so," Zen said.

From the time of one's birth till death, the only thing that remained unchanged was one's name. Unless one became an idiot, no one would ever forget their own name. It almost became an instinct for anyone to pronounce their own name. That was why some people had failed to pronounce the corpses' names in front of the girl in the stone pillar. They had given her their own names instead.

Only by relying on one's own instincts could one get rid of chaotic thoughts. The problem, however, was that it was extremely difficult to accomplish this.

It was probably impossible for a normal person to do this.

Unless the person was schizophrenic and a part of the person's mind fantasized day and night that he was someone else. If this went on, the person would be no different from a lunatic.

Zen's analysis made sense to everyone. War King Wind's success from many years ago could probably only be attributed to luck.

"But it looks like we still failed this time," Turner said gloomily.

The difficulty of exploring the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land far surpassed that of the other three secret lands. Without the help of the most powerful corpses, they wouldn't be able to take out the Ancestral Dragon Egg. They were still unable to occupy the bodies of the corpses on the thirteenth floor. And this meant that it was impossible for them to obtain anything good from the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

But before they could do anything, Zen smiled and said, "Since I can't occupy the corpses that are in these coffins, I can change the target."

"Change the target? Do you mean the corpses on the twelfth floor?" War King Wind asked.

Zen kept smiling, his gaze flitting before landing on the young girl within the stone pillar. He did not know what her cultivation level was, but from the domineering aura that her body was emitting, Zen could tell that she was definitely much stronger than the other super powerful beings on the thirteenth floor.

The powerful masters at the Soul Sea Realm were surprised as they saw Zen's gaze. One of them said, "This girl… is a master at the Spirit Supreme Realm! She is even stronger than Master Derek. How could one take over her corpse? And it is unclear whether she is dead or not!"

Spirit Supreme Realm!

Zen's eyes gleamed.

In the Upper World, the Life and Death Realm was just the threshold, while the Soul Sea Realm was just a beginning level. The Spirit Supreme Realm warriors formed the real backbone of the Upper World.

Master Derek that the Soul Sea Realm master had mentioned referred to the white-browed Taoist who should also be at the Spirit Supreme Realm. And Immortal Mist should be at the Spirit Supreme Realm, too. But what about Yolande? Although Yolande's cultivation level was not high, she had a million duplicates. Her strength probably far surpassed the Spirit Supreme Realm.

And the more powerful beings were beyond Zen's knowledge. Even someone at the Spirit Supreme Realm would be enough to make Zen look up to him.

Thus, once he had heard what the Soul Sea Realm master had to say, Zen became even more interested in the girl in the stone pillar.

"Forget about whether the girl in the pillar is dead or not. First of all, there's no way to undo the chains, or to break the crystal coffin she is in. To control her body is completely impossible," Turner said.

But Zen merely smirked and returned to Federico's coffin. He stretched out his hand and took out a small space ring.

When the many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm saw this, they realized what Zen wanted to do. Their eyes immediately lit up with surprise.

Fiona and Randy also came to understand Zen's intentions. Even Callan, who had always been slow in thinking, said, "That's right! You can open this crystal coffin with the Black Star pickaxe!"

Chapter 1191 A Living Corpse

The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was bound to be the core of the Dragon Lineage Human given that it was above the other three secret lands.

These Soul Sea Realm warriors had never succeeded in obtaining the Ancestral Dragon Egg. Zen knew he would have to find another way to do so.

He knew that he had to obtain the Spirit Supreme Realm girl's corpse.

The other Soul Sea Realm warriors, especially War Emperor York, had gotten excited when he revealed his Black Star.

It wasn't because they didn't want to obtain the young girl's corpse themselves.

It was because they couldn't. No matter how hard they tried, none of them had ever been able to break her crystal coffin and the chains that bound her.

Zen's revelation of his Black Star filled them with excitement. To enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, it was better to choose stronger corpses and if Zen managed to break the crystal coffin, then they could also finally try to take over the young girl's corpse.

But right now, they let Zen do his thing. Nobody was willing to compete with him against this.

Surely, obtaining the Ancestral Dragon Egg would be a great achievement, but nobody was too stupid to stand in Zen's way and risk offending him for this.

Even War Emperor York, who originally had enmities with Zen, would not dare to compete and offend him now.

Zen took the pickaxe out from his space ring as he approached the girl in the pillar.

The four divine kingdoms' plunder of the Feather Holy Sea had gifted them with the knowledge and understanding of each corpse's identity, all except for one. The young girl in the pillar was deeply mysterious and none of them knew anything about her origins.

Zen couldn't help letting his wariness get to him. If the supposedly dead girl wasn't dead, then wouldn't they be in trouble if he let her out?

His soul gently floated beside the stone pillar. The clear, crystal coffin gave him an undisturbed view of the girl that stood inside.

She didn't wear a lot of clothes, and her skin was littered with nasty scars. Heavy, iron chains tightly bound both her hands and feet.

Why was she tied up like this? Who was she?

These questions lingered in his head as he sized her up. However, Zen knew he wouldn't really be able to find the answers by just standing there. He brandished the pickaxe in his hand and set to work in setting her free from her crystal coffin.

Fighting with a pickaxe was less than ideal. There were more than thousands of techniques for swords, sabers, and spears, but none for pickaxes. However, as a supreme divine weapon, the Law of Causality contained within Zen's pickaxe was very strong. That was the reason why he put a lot of trust in his pickaxe. Zen was even confident that it had the ability to dig through anything in the world.

Clang!

Zen's Jasper Fighting Soul Realm soul was incredibly strong; however, it could never compare to the strength of his physical body.

Luckily, he didn't need to exert that much effort to use the pickaxe. With a simple strike, it was immediately able to smash against the crystal coffin and introduce a few cracks on the surface.

Crack!

It didn't even need a second strike. The moment the cracks appeared, they continued to spread along the surface until the crystal inevitably shattered and turned into fine dust.

The entire coffin fell off the stone pillar but the girl remained bound by the iron chains.

Astonishment filled Zen once the crystal coffin fell and the young girl's fragrance wafted over his nose. "There's even a faint fragrance? Is she still alive?"

Out of curiosity, Zen reached out and touched her chest.

Plop. Plop. There was a heartbeat! And they were powerful.

What stood before him was no corpse, but the physical body of a living person! To say he was shocked was an understatement.

Although the young girl had been able to speak before, her voice was too mechanical for it to have come from an intelligent being, so nobody from the four divine kingdoms could discern if she was truly alive or not.

However, the powerful heartbeats in her chest indicated that she was a living person!

But the Dragon Lineage Human killed everyone for their blood sacrifice. So why was there a living person here? Did she serve a purpose?

Zen could guess that her soul had long since been obliterated, but her physical body was preserved by some kind of secret technique.

If he was correct, then that meant it would be much simpler for him to possess her body. A living but soulless body meant that he wouldn't even need the Soul Core. An added bonus was that he would be able to exert his full power, meaning that it would be much stronger than the corpses controlled by the Soul Cores.

"Then let's begin." Without thinking too much about it, Zen swung his pickaxe and broke the chains that bound her. He gently pinched the young girl's cheek with a smile. "I'm sorry. I have to take over your body now."

He put the pickaxe back in his space ring and immediately entered through the girl's mouth.

His soul appeared within the girl's mind and the moment he realized where he was, his brow furrowed and he immediately put his guard up.

It had been too easy, which meant that there was a catch and it was coming soon enough.

The girl was much stronger than any of the corpses in the surrounding coffins. There was no way Zen would be able to easily occupy her mind without the slightest repulsive force. Something was up.

"What's going on? Why haven't I integrated with her?"

The Soul Core should've helped Zen control this body, but in this girl's pitch-black mind, the Soul Core was rendered absolutely useless.

It was all too strange and Zen felt his instincts scream at him to leave her mind quickly.

"I have to leave!"

It only took him six seconds to come to his decision; however, he was already doomed the moment he entered her body.

A dignified voice spoke, "Since you're already here, you can't just leave like that?"

"It's a trap," he murmured to himself. He was panicking earlier but now that he realized that there was nothing he could do to escape, he quickly calmed himself down.

He figured that he should take things slow and easy and try to think of a logical solution to his current dilemma.

"Who are you?" Zen asked through his consciousness.

"Me? Didn't you stare at me too many times already? Don't you know who I am?" the girl asked, with a slightly offended tone to her voice.

"You're not a dead person, so why are you sealed in this cemetery?" he asked.

"Who said I wasn't dead? I have indeed died but I never expected someone to come after so many years just to occupy my body. Perhaps you want to accompany me?" the soul replied indifferently.

"You're dead…" Zen repeated to himself in puzzlement.

So she was a corpse with her own soul and undamaged body. But how could she be dead if her heartbeat was even stronger than Zen's?

"I can't really explain it to you clearly. However, since you're here, you should stay with me. Don't even try to escape!" the voice said once again.

Zen quickly cupped his hands to show his sincerity. "Lady, I am so sorry that I unwittingly barged into your body. Please forgive me for offending you. Please be magnanimous…"

The girl, however, cut him off, "What did you say? You 'unwittingly' barged in? Do you take me for a fool? I wasn't born yesterday, you know. You clearly wanted to take over my body. Do you think I will let you go? No way!"

Zen frowned at her reply. Since she wasn't going to let him go, Zen willed his soul to speed away from her mind.

However, it was in vain. The girl's soul seemed to be much more powerful than his. She merely snorted before red ripples suddenly appeared around the edges of her dark mind.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1192 The World In The Body

The red ripples firmly locked Zen within the girl's mind.

He heard her chuckle. "You want to run? Your soul isn't even at the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm yet. You actually think you can escape from me?" she said.

His heart sank at her words. It seemed she was so powerful that the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm was nothing in her eyes

That was the moment Zen knew that he was in big trouble.

He launched several attacks against the edges of the girl's mind but to no avail. His soul's power was limited and he did not dare exhaust it. He gave up in the meantime once he realized that he wasn't getting out of there that easily.

He stopped resisting and settled on quietly floating in the darkness. He waited for a while before spreading his consciousness. "It's useless to keep me here. Why don't you let me out?" he tried convincing her.

There was no response, and only silence pervaded the darkness. Zen could not control the girl's body, so his soul was unable to sense anything from the outside. He was, to put it simply, trapped inside this pitch-black prison that was her mind.

Zen continued to spread out his consciousness, trying to get her to talk.

"Hey!

Say something!

Your body was bound in that crystal coffin for so many years, and I was the one who helped you break free from it!

Your legs are still bound by the way. If you want to be truly free, you have to let me go so I can break the chains for you!"

However, no matter what he did, there was still no response.

Zen berated himself for ever entering the girl's mind. The thought of never getting out of here made him extremely depressed. He should've just knocked her off the stone pillar and thrown her somewhere. It also frustrated him that he could've easily taken over any corpse back on the thirteenth floor, but he chose to enter this young girl's strange and mysterious body. He was in this predicament because of his greedy decision.

The warriors back on the thirteenth floor were powerful, but they were only slightly stronger than the country leaders. They could never hope to compare to this girl at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

Everyone also wanted to take over her body, not just him, but he was the one that succeeded. He was the one that had been able to open the crystal coffin and everyone else didn't want to compete against him. The only problem was that he was also the one trapped in this pitch-black prison with no hope of escaping.

Just as he reflected on his actions, blood-red ripples suddenly appeared in the girl's mind and shot towards Zen!

"Dodge!"

Zen's soul quickly mobilized the moment he saw them.

His speed was enough to outrun the red ripples. However, the space in the girl's mind was limited and the ripples continued to spread.

It wasn't long before the blood-red ripples covered her entire mind and surrounded Zen. Since he was in his soul form, he was unable to use Space Law to dodge.

A red hand quickly emerged from the ripples and grabbed Zen's soul by his ankle, pulling him towards the bottom.

Boom!

The sensation of falling quickly overwhelmed him.

His soul seemed to be falling, piercing through the clouds as patches of incandescent electric lightning twisted around him.

'Is this a fairyland or just a mere illusion?' he couldn't help but wonder to himself.

As he fell, Zen saw a vast ocean. As he got closer, he saw a single, solitary island in the middle, covered with living, emerald green foliage.

Lightning continued to flash in the sky and he saw a bolt strike the island itself, setting a tree ablaze.

Zen found himself being dragged into the center of the island, where he saw a group of people standing not too far away.

Their clothes were made of leaves while their weapons consisted mostly of spears made of tree trunks. They looked primitive and not at all intelligent.

However, another sight caught Zen's attention. In the middle of these spear-wielding people were four barbarians that carried a simple palanquin made of wooden sticks. Inside the sedan chair was a woman who had slender legs and golden eyes that glared at Zen coldly.

It was none other than the girl in the stone pillar! To be exact, this was her soul!

Her primitive attendants made all sorts of weird sounds as they carried her towards Zen.

She gently raised her hand, signaling them to stop and put her down.

"What is this place?" Zen asked.

The young girl smiled at him, "A Lower World warrior is truly ignorant. You don't even know about this place!"

His brow furrowed at her words. He actually had a wild guess what this place was, but he wasn't too sure.

He knew for a fact that once a warrior entered the Life and Death Realm, the life vitality within his body would liquefy. Once it reached a certain level, he would enter the Soul Sea Realm and thus open up the Soul Sea within his body.

It was said that this Soul Sea had the small possibility of sustaining life. However, this could only be done once the person had cultivated to a higher level.

Only after reaching the Spirit Supreme Realm would the Soul Sea inside a warrior's body solidify and give birth to all sorts of creatures.

Zen had dismissed it as hearsay, but the scene in front of him said otherwise.

He returned the girl's cold glare. "It's just a world within the body of a warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm."

The young girl's attitude changed quickly once she heard his conclusion. She clapped her hands with a smile. "Bingo!"

"Why did you bring me here?" Zen asked.

The girl blinked at him. "You were the one who wanted to possess my body shell and take over my… mmm... my body. Since you failed, you are now my captive. Do you understand now?"

Zen could see that the young girl was on the verge of going insane and it gave him a very bad feeling.

He didn't know how long she had been trapped inside the crystal coffin, but it was only normal for her to go mad after being locked up for so long.

Zen realized that he had no choice but to resort to threats. "Let me out. My companions are waiting for me outside. If I don't go out, they might destroy your body."

Her face broke into a frown. "Your companions? You mean those little guys at the Soul Sea Realm?"

'Little guys at the Soul Sea Realm...'

Those 'little guys' were war emperors and war kings. To Zen, they were old monsters that had lived for tens of thousands of years, but to this girl, they were nothing.

His silence prompted the girl to continue speaking. "You think they can hurt me after you opened the crystal coffin with the Black Star? I'd like to see them try. If they even dare to…" She paused for a moment before letting out a borderline maniacal laugh. "There really is an idiot coming over!"

The girl momentarily closed her eyes. When she opened them again, a golden light flashed within her pupils. "It was a little guy at the Soul Sea Realm. I've already killed him," she drawled lazily.

"What?!" How could someone just kill a Soul Sea Realm warrior so quickly? How was that even possible?

"You're lying," he said in a grave tone.

The girl shot him a sharp look. "Lying? Why would I do that? I didn't want to kill him, but you threatened me. I needed to teach you a lesson. I've disintegrated both that guy's body and soul. Anyone who dares to steal Dragon Lineage Human's bodies is seeking death!"

Chapter 1193 God Of Creation

A wave of silence washed over Zen when his soul entered the girl's mind. The Soul Core had no effects, and his soul didn't get ejected.

However, the Soul Sea Realm masters were worried about Zen.

Although the people of the four divine kingdoms had thoroughly checked all areas in the cemetery, this woman's identity was still unknown. Even if she could speak, no one could figure out from her voice if she was dead or alive.

Zen had smashed the crystal coffin as soon as he reached it, but it would be too risky to take over this woman's body.

But this woman had been locked up for an immeasurable amount of time. Even if she was a Spirit Supreme Realm master, her lifespan should've been long exhausted. She still wouldn't escape death, even after having experienced the Five Aging Processes!

It was impossible for the masters in the universe to escape their lifespans' limitation. It was just that their lifespans had varying lengths.

Therefore, taking such a risk was definitely worth it. At that time, War King Wind, Turner and War Emperor York wanted to give it a try. However, Zen managed to occupy the corpse before the others could take a chance.

When they saw Zen enter the physical body, all movements suddenly stopped. Everyone became worried and wanted to see what happened.

At that moment, several Soul Sea Realm masters, who controlled the corpses they had just occupied, approached the young girl's corpse.

The Soul Sea Realm master who was the nearest to the young girl's body stood only a few feet away. When he looked closer, the girl's eyes suddenly opened!

The Soul Sea Realm masters were quick to react, since they occupied corpses of some powerful Soul Sea Realm masters. Although the bodies were all dead, the masters had activated most of the corpses' strengths using the Soul Cores.

However, the nearest Soul Sea Realm master still couldn't escape!

The young girl's eyes were sharp, and had golden pupils. A golden light enveloped the Soul Sea Realm master in front of her, who suddenly howled out in pain.

Soon enough, cracks began to form on the corpse's skin, which was inhabited by the Soul Sea Realm master. The cracks continued to spread like the dry ground during an earthquake.

The corpses had been in storage for at least ten thousand years. The blood in their bodies had dried up long ago, so no red liquid flowed out when the corpse collapsed. However, the Soul Sea Realm master's soul was forced out of the disintegrated corpse.

The soul continued to howl and couldn't escape from the clutches of the young girl's gaze. The Fighting Soul should've been unbelievably strong, but it quickly dissolved like ice in the hot summer heat under the golden light.

In just a blink of an eye, it completely vanished.

"So ruthless... This young girl is definitely alive!"

"Everyone, move back. Don't get any closer!"

"I don't know how Thad is doing now. I just hope he doesn't die here. I shouldn't have brought him into the Divine Emperor Secret Land this time!"

In the beginning, the Soul Sea Realm masters all thought that Zen's soul was stronger than theirs, so entering the Divine Emperor Secret Land might not be a problem. Zen's powerful strength could easily take over the corpse of a Soul Sea Realm master.

But who would've thought that Zen would want to occupy the body of the young girl in the pillar?

Now, the tables had turned as they were afraid that Zen might stir up a lot of trouble.

The Soul Sea Realm masters, Callan, Randy, and the others all stepped aside. They nervously stared at the girl in the pillar in silence, afraid that she would suddenly attack them.

If this young girl was really alive, she could probably kill everyone as her cultivation base was at the Spirit Supreme Realm!

After that moment of silence, they all saw the young girl slowly close her golden eyes. Relief flooded their senses.

"Your Majesty, what should we do now…" a Soul Sea Realm master asked Turner. Now, Turner and War King Wind were upset. According to the original plan, everyone who entered the cemetery was supposed to occupy a corpse and continue to advance towards the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

As for the four divine kingdom rulers, they were to think how to occupy the corpses on the thirteenth floor. If they made it, they would occupy them. If they failed, they would give up on the corpses and try to occupy the other ones. For instance, one of the divine kingdom rulers, Scott, tried to control a corpse but was unsuccessful. Thus, he just gave up.

However, no one expected Zen to mess up the original plan and occupy that woman's body. So now, he ended up in such a troublesome situation.

Turner hesitated for a while before he gritted his teeth and said, "Wait!"

At that point, he wasn't sure whether Zen was dead or alive. But after he saw the miserable ending of that Soul Sea Realm master whose soul had been melted, he thought that Zen was most likely in great danger now.

Then again, everyone's fate in the world was set by the heavens, and it had to follow some sort of logic.

Zen was blessed with good luck and had even opened the Mahayana Lotus Flower before. Such a warrior with a lucky destiny would definitely not die in a Lower World. He might shoulder a more challenging mission, and make greater achievements in the future.

Therefore, Turner decided to wait and check what happened to Zen.

While the blood sacrifice's power in the Feather Holy Sea would gradually recover over time, there were at least a few more days left. Thus, they weren't that pressed for time.

Meanwhile, the crowd could only watch from a safe distance away from the young girl in the pillar, and wait quietly.

Waves of lighting flashed and thunder roared within the world in the girl's body, and then sprinkled onto the sea of life vitality.

The young girl didn't appear to be too malicious towards Zen. She only told him to follow her obediently when she was carried by the aboriginals towards the side of the island.

A few moments later, Zen saw an extremely primitive tribe. There were quite a few people, with old and young alike everywhere. However, they seemed to live in an older time as majority of the natives were naked.

After they entered the tribe, an old man with a bag of skulls on his back showed up. He waved the white bone cane in his hand and crawled towards the young girl. Soon after, all the people in the tribe knelt down in front of her in a reverent manner.

"You created all these humans, right?" asked Zen. The girl's lips curved into a faint smile.

"Yes, they all call me 'God of Creation'. I think that's the right name. It took me a lot of time to create this world…"

"Boom!"

As the girl spoke, another wave of thunder struck the sea. The crack of thunder crashed within the small world, as if it was about to destroy it. In turn, the entire sea of life vitality let out a roar.

The young girl chuckled at Zen's shocked expression and said, "Don't be afraid. This thunder's power is not strong. It's just that it's quite scary in the inner world. I've put in a lot of time and energy just to obtain the thunder. The crystal coffin can't draw the thunder towards it. When it rained and thundered, I could only let the thunder pass through the chains and into my body. It's too inconvenient…"

The Spirit Supreme Realm warrior could indeed solidify the life vitality. But even if a continent was created in the Soul Sea, it would still be lifeless. If one wanted his body to be filled with living things, then the only way was to continuously draw in thunder to constantly strike the continent. Only then would some low-level creatures begin to appear in the life vitality sea.

After that, life would slowly evolve. It usually took hundreds, or thousands, or even tens of thousands of years to make the world fully alive and vigorous.

"It took me one hundred and twenty thousand years to nurture this island as well as the various creatures in it," the young girl sighed softly.

"After one hundred and twenty thousand years, it's only this little..." Zen was stunned. This speed was much slower than he had expected.

The young girl smiled and shook her head. "You don't understand. The inner world's nurturing speed is extremely fast. The birth of the first and most insignificant creature might take one hundred thousand years, but it would only take a few thousand years for this civilization to grow and prosper!"

"So that's the case," Zen said, blinking his eyes. He didn't feel too much malice from this woman, so he asked again carefully, "But why did you lock me up here?"

To Zen's surprise, the young girl smiled and said, "Creating the world on my own is too boring. Stay here and create the world with me. Isn't that very interesting?"

In turn, Zen was utterly speechless and surprised when he heard her.

He originally wanted to retort that it was not fun at all, but he didn't say that. After a moment of thought, he said, "My soul left my body, and my physical body is still outside. My soul can leave my body for a few days, but if it stays outside away from my physical body for too long, I'm afraid that I will be in trouble."

The young girl pouted and said, "It doesn't matter." She added, "My soul is also disconnected from my physical body all the time. Look, my physical body is still alive and well, so is my soul! I have a way to make your soul immortal! This method was inherited from the Soul Race. Do you want me to teach you?"

Chapter 1194 Turn Of Events

Hearing what the girl said, Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes. Perhaps, he had met a mad woman.

The good thing was that she did not immediately kill him, otherwise, with her strength she might be able to destroy his soul within seconds…

The problem was that if he really was confined in here, the situation could get quite troublesome.

As he was lost in thought, a spiritual wave suddenly came over him.

"Zen, you seem to have run into some trouble." This wave had come from the cyan dragon.

The cyan dragon and the mysterious furnace were inside the head of his physical body, but Zen had already confirmed before that he was still able to communicate with the cyan dragon while his soul and body were separated. As for how the cyan dragon managed to know what Zen was up to, the latter had no idea.

"Yes, there is a little problem. I seem to have met a crazy woman," Zen muttered.

"Crazy woman?" the cyan dragon asked in a strange voice.

"Hmm…" Zen narrated to him everything that had happened in the cemetery.

When Zen mentioned that the woman's pupils were golden, the cyan dragon interrupted him, "Are you telling me that this woman has a pair of golden eyes and was sealed within the crystal coffin?"

"Yes," Zen answered.

"Haha, so that explains it." The cyan dragon's laughter rang through Zen's ears.

"What's so funny? You're a powerful figure in Genuine Dragon race. Don't you have some way of helping me out?" Zen asked, irritated.

At this moment, the woman stared at Zen's soul and asked, "Who are you speaking to?"

This world within the woman's body had been created by herself. Even though Zen had communicated with the cyan dragon through his own perception, she still noticed that he was talking to someone.

Zen pursed his lips and ignored her. The voice of the cyan dragon came through once again. "Zen, ask her if her name is Brianna Feng."

"You know her?" Zen asked him.

"Maybe," the cyan dragon replied. From his tone, it seemed that he was immersed in past memories.

Zen nodded. With a smile on his face, he spoke to the woman. "Someone wants to know if you are Brianna Feng."

When Zen said the name, the woman's body trembled. The earth and heavens of this world were shaking violently…

Rumble…

With a crash of thunder, the entire island vibrated. The life vitality sea roared. Huge waves with the size of small mountains swept toward the island.

On the island, the aboriginal humans were in a state of panic. They were fleeing and murmuring something in a language that Zen did not understand. It had probably been created by this woman herself…

This world was the woman's creation, so it reflected her state of mind. What Zen just said had obviously caused some sort of turmoil in her heart.

When Zen saw the apocalyptic scene before him, he gasped. Confused, he wondered what the big deal was. Wasn't it just a name? Did she have to make such a fuss about it?

"Who...who told you my name?" Brianna Feng asked, still staring at Zen.

Before Zen could say anything, the cyan dragon spoke again, "Tell her that it's her grandpa Josh."

Hearing this, Zen chuckled with amusement. "Really? She is your granddaughter?"

Josh was a Genuine Dragon, but this woman wasn't. Zen had heard that after a legendary beast progressed to a certain level, it could take a human form. Zen wondered if it meant that Brianna Feng was a Genuine Dragon too.

The woman stared at Zen with burning eyes and repeated her question, "Tell me, who is it?"

"He said he's your grandpa Josh!" Zen laughed.

Boom…

Lightning flashed across the sky, silver sparks the shape of snakes crashing down into the sea. In the outside world, such lightning would perhaps not be as scary. However, in the world inside the woman's body, the streak of lightning was comparable to a large mountain. From the looks of it, it was quite frightening.

Seeing this woman in a frenzy, Zen couldn't help but sigh, "Could you calm down a bit…"

But the young girl's face betrayed her sorrow. She couldn't hold it any longer and finally began to wail.

However, she was still in the form of her soul. Thus, when she cried, Zen only heard the sound but did not see any tears.

Zen felt even more helpless now. He did not know if he should remain quiet or pacify her. Although she looked like a little girl, she was in fact much older than some of the oldest masters.

"Cyan dragon, what should I do now?" Zen could only turn to the cyan dragon for help.

"Tell her to stop crying," the cyan dragon replied calmly.

Zen could only convey this to the girl, "Your grandfather is telling you not to cry!"

It worked. Just as Zen uttered these words, Brianna Feng stopped crying altogether and stared at Zen blankly. "Why is my grandpa Josh with you?" she whispered. "What about the other grandpas…"

"Shall I tell her the truth?" Zen asked the cyan dragon.

Up until now, Zen had never revealed the secrets of the mysterious furnace and the nine Genuine Dragons to anyone. Even the black flame within the furnace was to be used only as a last resort. The only other person who knew of the nine Genuine Dragons was Lavender.

Zen was understandably cautious and hesitant.

"She's not an outsider, so you can tell her everything," the cyan dragon assured him.

Zen shrugged and told her about the nine Genuine Dragons. He then added, "Looks like these nine Genuine Dragons are your grandfathers…"

Brianna Feng nodded, her expression miserable. "I see."

Zen heaved a sigh of relief. He was glad that she was able to understand it. It seemed that this woman wasn't all that crazy after all. She too was one of them. If that was the case, then what he dealt with ahead would be easy to handle.

If he had known that this matter could be resolved in such a way, he would not have wasted his precious time arguing with her.

"Now that you understand, it's all good. Would you let me go?" he asked her.

Brianna Feng blinked, her eyes seemingly vacant. "Why should I let you go?"

"What? Do you still want me to stay with you and create this world?" Zen asked her crossly. This woman seemed to have a deep relationship with the nine Genuine Dragons, so she shouldn't make things difficult for him for no reason.

"I am under the Soul Sealing Spell of the Soul Race, so my soul is imprisoned inside the world within my body. This spell cannot be broken, and I cannot control my own body," she said quietly.

Zen had noticed something strange in her before. Brianna Feng had been in chains and sealed in the crystal coffin, so her body could not move at all. It seemed that she had been locked up for countless years. A Spirit Supreme Realm warrior's life span was longer than that of a mighty warrior of the Soul Sea Realm. Her lifespan should still be of a hundred thousand years.

However, from what Brianna Feng had said, she spent one hundred thousand years just creating the creatures in her world, and yet she hadn't entered the Five Aging Processes. Zen assumed that she had used some sort of technique to delay that.

The technique, apparently, was the Soul Sealing Spell. But she wasn't the one who had imposed it on herself, it had been someone else!

To a certain extent, the Soul Sealing Spell was able to delay the Five Aging Processes. In the Upper World, there were truly some powerful ones who could use this technique to extend their lifespans.

However, the drawbacks of the method were obvious. Before anyone removed the Soul Sealing Spell, they would lose completely control of their body. Then their soul would be confined within their body. Except for creating their own worlds to kill time, there was nothing else that they could do then…

Ordinary cultivators at the Spirit Supreme Realm could create a world in their cinnabar field using just a wisp of their souls. They did not need the entirety of their souls to enter the world.

Brianna Feng had been deliberately put into a helpless situation. Her soul had been sealed into her cinnabar field by someone else.

"I do not have control on my body, but if your soul has fused with the Soul Core, then I can help you control it!" Brianna Feng said, smiling widely.

Could it work that way? Zen was speechless, but his face revealed his joy.

Controlling her body had originally been Zen's goal from the beginning itself. It seemed that he would be able to achieve his goal. However, he did not anticipate that the process would be so strange...

He was fortunate that Brianna Feng and the cyan dragon were family. In the absence of this turn of events, he would have been in great trouble. Facing a soul of a master at the Spirit Supreme Realm, Zen would have had no way to survive.

Chapter 1195 Made A Mistake

"I'll get you out of this inner world right now,"

Brianna said and lightly waved her hand towards Zen. The next moment, he felt an invisible force enveloping him.

Soon after that, his soul suddenly shot straight up into the sky. As he was flying in the air, he was struck by another bolt of lightning that startled him.

After leaving the inner world, Zen returned once again into Brianna's mind. As he was getting aware of his surroundings, he heard the woman's voice.

"I've sealed off all the power you released from the Soul Core earlier. But there shouldn't be any problem now."

Following this piece of information, strands of grey light began to soak into Brianna's body. Zen's soul was immersed in her mind now, and her bodily senses were slowly wakening.

Unaware of these developments, Turner, War King Wind, and the rest of the company were standing around with gloomy expressions on their faces.

The atmosphere was extremely depressing on the platform, and it was visible on everyone's face.

The longer they waited, the slimmer their hopes became. It had already been four hours since the unfortunate incident, but there was still no news of Zen, nor any communication from him.

Everyone knew that Zen's soul had probably perished long ago. It was just that they were still in denial and didn't want to admit it.

"Alas, we shouldn't have explored the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land this time. It would have been completely fine if we didn't try to get our hands on the Ancestral Dragon's egg. What really gets to me is that we brought

Thad with us. And now he's gone..." a Soul Sea Realm master suddenly remarked. Regret could be seen on his face.

"Give up on the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land? Humph! I don't think Master Derek would have been too happy with that idea!" another Soul Sea Realm master refuted.

"I don't think so. Although the Ancestral Dragon's egg is important, I believe Thad is more important than that. Furthermore, I am unsure that we will obtain the Ancestral Dragon's egg this year anyway. So I guess we will have to try next year."

"Guys, the problem is that Thad himself insisted on entering the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land! So it's not actually our fault, and we can't blame it on him either."

Numerous powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm began animatedly discussing the matter.

"Quiet!"

War King Wind suddenly stood up and roared at them furiously. Although every single warrior on the platform was at the Soul Sea Realm, the authority of any one of the four emperors was unquestionable. Thus, when War King Wind roared, everyone shut their mouths.

"I will take over a corpse on the 12th floor. And then we'll head towards the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land!" War King Wind continued. He was already in a terrible mood to begin with after seeing what happened to Zen, so when he heard them make a ruckus, he naturally became extremely agitated.

Hearing that her father wanted to leave, Fiona stopped him. "Father, why don't we wait a little longer?"

Even though Fiona's soul was currently in another woman's body, War King Wind could still read the sorrow in her eyes. "Look. Thad is probably dead."

Although no one knew what was going on inside the woman's body, the death of a Soul Sea Realm master could easily explain everything. The master's soul was still inside the corpse when he had approached the woman's body, but the corpse had been burned and the master's soul was eliminated in the blink of an eye.

This woman was extremely powerful. The corpse belonged to the Dragon Lineage Human, but it was still burnt to a crisp just by the power of her eyes.

Fiona pursed her lips, and a trace of stubbornness appeared on her face. She replied, "Father, I want to investigate a bit more!"

"No way!" War King Wind refused Fiona's request without hesitation. The miserable state of that Soul Sea Realm master was still fresh in his mind, and he wasn't going to let his daughter fall prey to the same fate.

"Fiona, give up." Callan also shook his head at his sister.

Fiona didn't say anything. She only looked at the nearby stone pillar, lost in thought.

Right now, only Turner, War King Wind, and War Emperor York were still in their soul forms. After the woman's crystal coffin had been opened, the resultant events had made them afraid that more accidents might follow, so they had entered the 12th floor.

Soon after that, War King Wind and the other two emperors had picked up corpses on the 12th floor and returned to the 13th floor.

"All right! Let's go!" War King Wind ordered.

Although everyone felt helpless, there was really nothing they could do. They could only choose to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. The emperor could not be questioned.

The road to the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land lay at the back of the cemetery. They just needed to go down the stairs on the other side. However, just as everyone was about to go around the stone pillar and leave, Fiona suddenly started walking towards the stone pillar.

"Fiona!" Callan shouted loudly.

The Soul Sea Realm masters were also alarmed by Fiona's action. They moved back a couple of steps.

At the same time, War King Wind shot towards Fiona like an arrow.

'Alas! Fiona has always been an obedient child, but now, she is going to do something against my orders. For a man. Even if Thad is not dead, she will be killed as soon as she gets close to that woman! I must stop her!' he thought.

Fiona felt regret in her heart. She felt that it was impossible for Zen to die here just like that. As for the mystery surrounding this woman, she really wanted to look into it.

"Fiona! Stop right there!" War King Wind roared.

Fiona merely turned a deaf ear to the angry roar of her father. She stood in front of the woman and asked calmly, "What did you do to Thad?"

Seeing this scene, War King Wind cursed harshly inside his mind. He was furious at the fact that his daughter could be so naive. Luckily, the woman did not open her eyes. He hoped that she would let Fiona go. Right at that moment, War King Wind was only about 20 to 30 feet away from Fiona. As for the other Soul Sea Realm masters, they had also returned and were following behind him.

While these events were taking place, the grey light from the Soul Core had already enveloped all parts of Brianna's body.

"There is a girl standing in front of me who isn't afraid of death. She dares to come close. Is she your sweetheart?" Brianna asked Zen in her mind.

Of all the warriors present, only Fiona was a female. Zen understood Brianna's reference and replied, "Don't hurt her!"

Brianna smiled but didn't say anything.

Zen had now completed his assimilation. The control of the body was temporarily in his hands. He tried moving his fingers a few times, and then slowly opened his eyes.

When the golden pupils in the woman's eyes appeared, War King Wind revealed a look of shock. He increased his speed even further, adamant on getting Fiona out of the danger zone.

However, Fiona sternly said, "Master, please tell me how Thad is doing. We are here just—"

Before she could finish her words, a figure rushed over and pulled her away from the stone pillar.

"Go! All of you! Run! She is waking up once again!"

"We need to get out of here and make it into the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land!"

After all, this woman was at the Spirit Supreme Realm. There was not a warrior in this company that could stand in front of her and not be crushed. No one wanted to face her.

Fiona was being dragged down by her father, and was forced to run down the stairs at the other side while the other Soul Sea Realm masters were now rushing forward as well.

When Zen opened his eyes and saw this scene, his face was filled with bewilderment. Why did they abandon him and run away? With a quick thought, Zen understood this point.

Brianna had just killed a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. Now he was controlling her body, but they didn't know who was pulling the strings. It would have been more strange if they didn't run away. They didn't know it was him.

Since he was not familiar with the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, he had to enter it with the people from the four divine kingdoms. As he thought of this, Zen quickly grabbed the space ring that he had placed aside and took out the Black Star. He gently waved it and shattered the chains on the woman's legs.

Then, he leaped down from the pillar.

'Wow! This body is awesome. A Spirit Supreme Realm warrior is indeed quite amazing.' Zen could feel that the woman body was filled with power.

His own strength was not weaker than a Life and Death Realm warrior. But if he didn't use the power of the dragon scales, he would be weaker than a Soul Sea Realm master.

The moment he stepped on the floor, he immediately felt that his chest was sinking. At the same time, a strange expression appeared on his face. The structures of a woman's and a man's bodies are quite different, and being in the former one felt quite strange.

However, right now, Zen could not care any less about that. He quickly steadied himself, his feet lightly stepped on the floor and his entire body shot out like an arrow, closely following behind Turner and the rest.

"We're safe now, guys. That woman's legs are still bound by the chains!"

"Hmm, there's no need to run then."

"It was really dangerous just now though. Where did this woman come from? I thought Spirit Supreme Realm warriors would be driven away from this great world. Why is she here after all this time?"

Just as the warriors of the four divine kingdoms relaxed, a Soul Sea Realm master looked back and saw the woman diving down at an extremely fast speed. His face darkened and he shouted out, "Run! She's still after us!"

Chapter 1196 A Strange Feeling

Many heads swiveled around at the same time. Their shock was palpable at the sight of the woman at the Spirit Supreme Realm swooping down at such an unbelievable speed.

They came forward in a mad rush.

War King Wind grabbed Fiona and Callan and rushed to the front.

Everyone knew that if they could run in the front, they would survive, and those who lagged behind would definitely die.

"Holy shit! They are running so fast!"

Zen exclaimed. He looked at the Soul Sea Realm masters in front of him, and saw that they were trying to dodge him at a speed that was mind-boggling. He was helpless, but he felt a slight heat blossoming in his lower abdomen that indicated waves of life vitality.

This life vitality was drawn from Brianna's inner world and was in continuous supply. Zen flew up into the sky by using the life vitality.

Once they had entered the Divine Emperor Island, they couldn't fly because of the blood sacrifice. The corpses they occupied didn't have any life vitality, so they could only rely on the power of their own physical bodies. The group of Soul Sea Realm masters in front of Zen could normally fly freely in the sky, but now, they could only run around on the ground with their legs.

However, their speed was still no match for the flying Zen, despite the mad dash.

Whoosh!

'Wow! This speed is really amazing!'

Zen thought in wonder. He himself was a little stunned. 'Is this the power of a Spirit Supreme Realm master?'

He utilized the life vitality and shot out at a speed that he would never even have imagined. Even if he brought out his forceful energy and life vitality at the same time, his speed would not be able to hold a candle to his current speed.

This speed meant that Zen had caught up to them in no time.

But he was not familiar with this body and couldn't properly control his speed. He had flown past them and landed in front of these Soul Sea Realm masters. After all, this body was not his own. Because he wasn't able to coordinate properly, he smashed onto the ground when he landed, creating a large crater at the point of contact.

"Hey, this is my body. Don't do anything reckless!" Because of the Soul Sealing Spell, Brianna was no longer able to control her own body. But this was still her body. This kind of a random collision wouldn't injure her body, but that didn't mean that it was okay to treat it like that.

Zen flashed an embarrassed smile and got to his feet.

He walked over to the group of Soul Sea Realm masters with a smile on his face, but was only greeted with a strange chilliness.

Most powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm looked nervously at Zen. Turner, War King Wind, and War Emperor York were stronger and calmer than them, but right now, they had already decided to risk their lives in resistance.

The problem was that even if they fought to death, they were simply no match for a Spirit Supreme Realm master.

Moreover, since they had already occupied the corpses of others, they were unable to display their full strength.

Going by this, the top masters of the four divine kingdoms would be in big trouble this time.

Turner looked calmly at the smiling woman and then said, "Master, we have accidentally landed in the cemetery. Please forgive us if we disturbed you."

As he watched their expressions, Zen suddenly had the urge to play a prank. Wiping the smile off his face, he said coldly, "Forgive you? You accidentally landed in the cemetery? Humph! That's nice to hear!"

The group's hearts sank at Zen's words. It looked like the woman hadn't come with good intentions.

All the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were struggling to maintain calm, and this was evident on their faces. If they were to fight against this woman at the Spirit Supreme Realm, all of them would probably die here.

But Fiona rushed out of the crowd and asked, "Master, what did you do to Thad? Is he dead?"

Zen was touched at Fiona's concern for him. He suddenly smiled and said, "Of course I'm fine!"

The group's confusion grew at this ridiculous reply.

Fiona was confused as she stared searchingly at the woman in front of her. But she knew that the woman's smile was somewhat familiar.

Even if people changed their appearances or even their bodies, their previous habits, movements, and features were bound to remain. A thought occurred to Fiona. A possibility.

"Thad! You're Thad. You've succeeded!" she said suddenly.

Zen nodded, smiling.

Fiona's exclamation brought the realization that this was Zen himself to the people at the Soul Sea Realm. He had actually succeeded in occupying the body of the woman in the crystal coffin.

They were greatly relieved. They hadn't expected Zen to succeed.

"Thad, since you've succeeded, can we take over the corpses on the 13th floor?" War King Wind asked.

Just moments earlier, they had been unable to take over the corpses of the super powerful masters on the 13th floor because of this woman. But now that Zen had taken away the body of the woman, they could simply turn around and take over the corpses on the 13th floor.

Taking away the woman's body was tantamount to removing a crucial obstacle.

Zen nodded at them and said, "Sure, you can take over the other corpses."

War King Wind, Scott, War Emperor York, and Turner were overjoyed. The four of them chose to turn around immediately. The Soul Sea Realm masters who believed that their strength was of the same level as the four emperors also wanted to join them. After all, anyone would be willing to occupy a powerful corpse.

Zen and the rest stood where they were, waiting for them to change their corpses.

Fiona, Callan, Randy, and the rest of the young warriors looked strangely at Zen. Fiona walked over to Zen, smiling slowly as she did.

One usually chose a corpse of the same sex. But Zen's soul was now in a woman's body, making it an extremely strange experience.

At first, they hadn't known that the woman was Zen and had been naturally fearful of her cultivation that was at the Spirit Supreme Realm. But now that they had discovered that it was actually Zen, they surrounded him and began to size the body up.

Randy chuckled and asked, "Thad, how do you feel?"

Zen didn't know how to respond. As a man, he didn't like the feeling this body brought him, but on the other hand, it was still the body of a Spirit Supreme Realm master. With the help of Brianna's body, the chances of him entering the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land to obtain the Ancestral Dragon's egg would increase by many times.

"Not good," Fiona said, shaking her head as she sized Zen up.

Bewildered, Zen looked at Fiona before asking, "What's not good?"

"You're wearing too little!" As Fiona spoke, she took out a set of clothes from her space ring and tossed them to Zen. Although a majority of the warriors had entered the cemetery in their soul forms, they still carried their space rings with them. After all, their space rings could come in handy if they ever needed anything important that the rings contained.

The clothes on Brianna's body were flimsy, and her slender legs were exposed. Fiona clucked her tongue as she paid attention to these details.

However, when Zen picked up the clothes that Fiona had thrown over to him, he was rendered speechless. It was a set of emerald green dresses.

Zen refused to wear them, even though he knew that Fiona only had good intentions. He took out a man's outfit from his space ring and casually wrapped it around Brianna's body.

Now that Zen had taken over her body, it was easy for the four emperors to seize the bodies on the thirteenth floor. They returned quickly, once they had taken over the corpses.

None of the emperors could contain the excitement on their faces, even though they were in someone else's corpses.

Only one of them had ever gotten a corpse on the thirteenth floor once. But this time, all of them had managed to get corpses. It was very likely that this time, they would be able to explore the entire Heavenly Stellar Secret Land in one go, and even obtain the Ancestral Dragon's egg.

"We still have to thank you this time," Turner said to Zen.

War King Wind agreed and said, "That's right. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have been able to obtain so many Soul Cores, and we wouldn't have been able to take over these corpses." War King Wind occupied Federico's corpse, standing in the middle of the crowd like an iron tower, emitting a powerful, domineering aura.

Zen smiled and said, "I'll need all of your help in this secret land."

He looked towards the end of the cemetery. The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was above these other three secret lands. It was the core of the Dragon Lineage Human.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1197 Giant Shields

The Divine Emperor Island was a huge cemetery, and the road was lined with many tombstones on both sides.

The sacred place of the Dragon Lineage Human was an eighth grade power and the warriors who were buried in the cemetery were big shots. The ones who were buried on the platforms were core members of the Dragon Lineage Human. The Dragon Lineage Human had a lot of warriors with other surnames apart from 'Feng'. The warriors with other surnames were inferior. Even those at the Soul Sea Realm didn't have the qualification to keep their corpses. These powerful warriors were buried in the cemetery after their deaths, and slowly faded into insignificance. The only difference was that their tombstones were in the shape of golden dragon heads, which could be recognized even from a distance.

The powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm looked at the tombstones and felt sadness wash over them. If they couldn't open the passage to the Upper World, they would never be able to break through to a higher realm. And they would, without a doubt, die if and when they ran out of lifespan.

Others would hold big funerals for them, and they would sleep in delicate coffins, slowly fading out of memory.

The martial artists of this universe had used their entire lives to cross this limit and escape death.

The group encountered a dark forest once they had left the cemetery behind. At the edge of the forest was the tail of the Divine Emperor Island, and at the end of the island was a funnel-shaped area that lined a long, narrow sea.

A twenty-foot wide road extended through the sea, cutting it into two. It looked like a brown ribbon lying on the surface of the sea and it formed a wondrous sight.

Under the supervision of the white-browed Taoist priest by the West Dragon River, a ceremony had been held to dispel much of the power of the blood sacrifice in the Feather Holy Sea. However, the power of blood sacrifice around the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land did not weaken one bit. The golden sea water, like pure molten gold, beat continuously along this narrow road.

The power of blood sacrifice in this area was so strong that even the mighty martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm couldn't break through. But the power of blood sacrifice didn't work on the Dragon Lineage Human. This was also why these powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm wanted to occupy the corpses. Only then could they safely enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

The towering figure of War King Wind stopped in front of the long, narrow road. He turned to everyone and said, "This is the Road of Saints of the Dragon Lineage Human. The entrance to the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land is at the end of this road. But it is not easy to pass the road, so we must be very careful."

Hearing his father's warning, Callan asked, "Father, what danger is there on this road?"

War King Wind smiled and replied, "You guys have encountered the Slow Arrow Area in the Feather Emperor Secret Land before, right?"

The juniors nodded. Even now, the memory of the arrows that had flown at them triggered fear in their hearts. If it hadn't been for Zen pushing the magnetic stone forward, it was likely that all of the younger generation martial artists would have been trapped in the Slow Arrow Area.

War King Wind continued, "The Slow Arrow Area is located in the Feather Emperor Secret Land. In a sense, this Road of Saints is known as the Fast Arrow Area."

"Fast arrows?" Zen raised an eyebrow. "This road is so narrow. How can we avoid the arrows that come at us swiftly?"

War King Wind smiled and said, "Although the four divine kingdoms cannot explore the entire Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, we have thought of countless ways to get here. More than a dozen Soul Sea Realm martial artists died in the quest to pass through this Road of Saints. These are all lessons paid for with blood."

His gaze landed on Turner. Turner gazed back before saying, "Show us what you have."

The four Soul Sea Realm martial artists from the Harlen Divine Kingdom took out giant shields that were twenty feet long.

Zen's gaze scanned them as they stabbed the shields into the ground one by one. There were more than ten shields present.

A rainbow-colored luster emanated from the surface of these shields, and Zen could feel the power of the five elements from them.

"The magnetic stone!" Zen's gaze flickered as he asked, "We can't process the magnetic stone, can we?"

Zen had noticed the hardness of the magnetic stone before, and the power of the five elements within it was extremely chaotic. Because of this, no absolute power could restrain it. Moreover, it was so hard that even if a divine weapon came in contact with it, it could destroy the divine weapon.

This meant that even the mighty martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm couldn't do anything to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

At Zen's apprehensive and slightly stunned gaze, Turner smiled proudly and said, "It is true that the magnetic stone cannot be processed. It caused the world to tremble when the Magnetic Sacred Mountain fell, crashing from the sky. A few small fragments scattered across the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, and most of these fragments have been collected by our kingdom."

Zen's brow cleared in sudden enlightenment at Turner's explanation. He looked again at the huge shields and found that they were indeed embedded with small magnetic stones. As for what the Harlen Divine Kingdom had used to assemble the magnetic stones, Zen had no idea.

It was true that the four divine kingdoms had thought of all sorts of ways to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

"Alright, it's getting late. Shields up. Let's go! Fiona, Callan, you youngsters have to follow us closely. The difficulty of going past the Fast

Arrow Area is far greater than that of going past the Slow Arrow Area," War King Wind warned.

The juniors' hearts skipped a beat at these words as they nervously followed behind.

A powerful martial artist of the Soul Sea Realm was carrying a huge shield as he walked ahead. He held his shield horizontally as he faced the Road of Saints.

Four powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm were blocking the flanks with huge shields held on their shoulders. Two more were holding their shields up, facing the sky, while the last one covered the rear.

These shields were huge and quite heavy. But since they had occupied the corpses of powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm, it was easy for them to lift the shields up.

The craftsmen of the Harlen Kingdom had crafted exquisite buckles at the edges of the huge shields. The powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm only had to lightly touch the edges of the shields for the buckles to merge together. The huge shields thus formed an airtight box that covered over a hundred people.

War King Wind shouted, "Let's go!"

Everyone took a synchronized step forward. The eight powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm also carried their huge shields and maintained the same pace as everyone else. The long, narrow box slowly moved on the Road of Saints.

They were only thrice as fast as an old man walking. When they had walked for more than a hundred feet, the sound of countless waves crashing against each other suddenly reached their ears, emanating from the surrounding golden sea.

A number of dragon statues emerged from the middle of the sea. These statues had blue arrows in their mouths.

War King Wind didn't flinch as he said, "It's coming. Stay alert! Grasp your shields firmly!"

The eight powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm became serious, and they gripped the huge shields tighter.

They had barely taken another step on the Road of Saints when they heard a cracking sound.

Whoosh!

An azure light streaked across the sea's surface, leaving a blue ripple in the air as it shot towards the box.

Zen blinked at the speed with which the arrow's light was approaching them. The Fast Arrow Area was probably more troublesome than the Slow Arrow Area by a large margin. If the powerful martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm were to be hit by the arrow, a huge hole would be left on their bodies. The blue arrows were most likely coated with Dragon Arsenic as well.

Now that Zen had possessed Brianna's body, he wouldn't be able to escape if he was hit by the arrow. His own body was as strong as a sacred weapon, but Brianna's body wasn't.

The arrow that had originally been a thousand feet away reached them in the blink of an eye and crashed into a giant shield on the left.

Boom!

Even a single arrow of such power carried an irresistible force under such a high-speed collision. The box formed from the giant shields tilted to the right, only just escaping from slipping into the sea.

"Steady with the shields!" With a loud shout, War King Wind extended his huge hand and slapped the giant shield to his left, bringing the box back to the Road of Saints.

Chapter 1198 Dragon Lineage Archer

Once they had taken over the bodies of the corpses, the mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were able to display and use seventy percent of their original power. But they hadn't expected that the attack from just one sharp arrow could have such terrifying power.

Several young warriors became nervous at their contact with the arrow.

War King Wind noticed Fiona's and Callan's nervousness. He smiled and said, "Don't be afraid. We've traveled the Road of Saints quite a few times in the past. There won't be much danger."

He had originally wanted to say that the real danger was within the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. But as he watched anxiety ripple through the warriors, he decided against it, not wanting to cause too much panic.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The effect of the first arrow crashing into the shields had barely subsided when three arrows came at them from their right.

"They are coming from the right! Attention!" War King Wind yelled.

The two powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm who were holding the shields on the right flank gripped the shields more firmly, bracing for impact.

The arrows hit the surface of the shields with a clanging sound and smashed into pieces.

Since they had taken careful precaution, the shield box only shook a little before the warriors balanced it back and continued on their path.

"The arrows in the Fast Arrow Area are hard to dodge, but with these giant shields, it won't be too much of a problem," the crown prince of the Wind Divine Kingdom said with a smile.

After all, there were so many elders protecting them on this trip. The princes weren't as nervous as they had been moments ago.

The whooshing sound of consecutive arrows reached the ears of everyone.

As the box formed by the giant shields went further along the Road of Saints, more and more dragon-shaped sculptures emerged from the sea, and more blue arrows shot out of the waters.

These arrows came from all directions. Some appeared out of nowhere and some even came from the dragon-shaped sculptures that raised their dragon heads to shoot the arrows high up into the sky. As a result, the arrows came at them in a downward curve.

Fortunately, the eight giant shields had firmly encased the warriors inside. No matter which way these arrows came from, they could not penetrate the shields. The shower of arrows could do nothing to them.

Although the group wasn't progressing at a fast pace, they had managed to traverse one-third of the path in about five minutes.

Arrows kept raining down on the shields.

War King Wind was focused on reminding the other Soul Sea Realm masters to keep their balance and avoid falling into the sea.

"This Road of Saints is only 20 miles long. We will be able to cross it in an hour at the current speed we're moving," Turner said to Zen.

Zen nodded. He was relaxed as he walked in the middle of the crowd. After all, he didn't need to worry about how to pass through Road of Saints. He wasn't in a hurry.

At this moment, a statue slowly rose from the sea two thousand feet away from Road of Saints. This statue was shaped like a human.

It looked like it was carved from white jade, and every part of him seemed lifelike, and the pair of eyes seemed to be made of some kind of precious stone, which was flickering with a scarlet light. What was stranger was that even though he was a statue, his limbs could move nimbly, as if he were alive.

The human-shaped statue held a dark golden longbow in his hand and a dozen or so black arrows sat in a quiver on his back. He slowly rose up from the sea, took out a black arrow from his quiver, nocked the arrow on the dark golden longbow, and aimed it at the group.

Zen had initially been indifferent as he followed the many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm in a slow advance. It looked like an easy trip to make to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. And he had somehow thought that Brianna's physical body hadn't been much of use, despite her being at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

But a chill went through his spine as he beheld the sight before him. It was as if his body had instinctively felt a great sense of crisis.

"Danger?"

Zen looked around through the gaps between the shields.

Brianna's soul suddenly sounded a message from her world. "Idiots! It's the left side. Not the right! You guys have alarmed that fellow!"

"That fellow? Who is it?" Zen immediately turned his gaze to the right. He narrowed his eyes and discovered that something was amiss.

The statues that kept rising and descending in the surroundings were almost all dragon-shaped statues. But there was a 'person' - just one - standing about two thousand feet away from them.

Brianna said flatly, "The Dragon Lineage Archer is one of the masterpieces that Master Hendrix Feng was most proud of."

"His arrows can penetrate these giant shields?" Zen asked.

Brianna smiled and answered, "Most likely. Though the magnetic stone is hard, these eight shields are not completely made of magnetic stone. They are, in fact, made by assembling many small magnetic stones together. I don't think they will be able to resist his arrows. That fellow's arrows… They have a power that's immense and intense!"

The Dragon Lineage Archer drew his bow as Brianna spoke. As he saw this, Zen shouted to alert his group, "Everyone, be careful! Pay attention to the right!"

He had barely finished speaking when the Dragon Lineage Archer released the bowstring.

He had released the arrow.

The ear-piercing sound of a bowstring vibrating resounded across the group.

It created ripples on the surface of the sea, making it resemble the scales of a fish, following which, a ray of black light shot towards them.

Not many people could react in such a short period of time. The moment the black light had suddenly shot out, the sound of an explosion rent the air, and the black arrow's speed increased a notch.

When the black arrow was about five hundred feet away from the box formed by the giant shields, there came another explosive sound. Its speed increased twofold.

"It has accelerated three times in the bowshot!"

Zen's face hardened. His hands moved as fast as lightning, grabbing Callan and Randy and pushing them away as he shouted, "Get down! All get down!"

But however loudly he shouted, his words came out in Brianna's crisp voice. Only a few of the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm reacted quickly enough. By the time the other Soul Sea Realm masters heard the shout and turned, the black light was only twenty or thirty feet away from the giant shields.

Boom! Boom!

Two muffled sounds could be heard.

Everyone had stopped moving forward, astonished. But it wasn't long before they became fearful.

Two small, round holes appeared on the shield box, one on a left shield and the other one on a right shield. This arrow had actually gone straight through the shields!

A giant shield was twenty feet long and ten feet wide. The eight shields formed an area that wasn't small, but with the eighty to ninety mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm cramped inside, it definitely wasn't enough. They were all squeezed in together, so there wasn't much space for them to move freely.

Once the arrow had pierced through the giant shields, everyone looked around, only to see four people standing motionlessly in their places.

They all had small holes on their foreheads. It was pretty obvious that the black light had pierced right through their foreheads.

The four of them were all at the Soul Sea Realm and they all had souls of the Fighting Soul Realm. But the power of this arrow was too great. It had penetrated their heads and entered their minds, directly shattering their souls.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Once their souls were shattered, the corpses became owner-less and fell to the ground with eerie thumps.

Both Callan's and Randy's eyes were filled with great fear. The place that they had stood in a moment ago was where the arrow had pierced through and shattered those souls. If it hadn't been for Zen, who had pulled them aside, that black light would have penetrated their minds and destroyed their souls!

"What … What is that?"

"That statue, that human-shaped statue! His arrows can pierce through shields!"

"What should we do? We can't move very fast. We're like a moving target!"

Four mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had died under this arrow. How could the others not be panicking?

The key point was that everyone was bound within the box formed by the giant shields. The space was limited, and there was no room for dodging, unless they abandoned the box. But the problem was that if they abandoned the box, they would have to face the countless arrows out there. And that was something they would definitely not survive.

Chapter 1199 Life-saving Moments

Right now, they were stuck in a dilemma. They could neither retreat nor advance.

The faces of the four emperors were so grave that it seemed as if they had turned to stone.

"What on earth is that?" Zen asked, his eyes narrowed to slits.

Turner shook his head. "I've never seen anything like this before."

War King Wind frowned. "That humanoid statue is clever. He knows that we are occupying the corpses, so he aimed his arrow at their heads to kill them!"

The warriors were all in possession of a corpse each, and right now, they were rather like zombies—zombies with souls.

If a corpse was shot through, it would only create a hole. It would not cause any fatal damage to the warrior, nor would blood flow out of the body.

But if the arrow pierced through the head, the soul itself could shatter to pieces.

The arrow could penetrate a shield of magnetic stone. Even the powerful warrior corpses that the four rulers possessed could not resist the force of the arrow.

"Your Majesty, what should we do? Let's go back!"

"Your Majesty! Think of a way out of this."

Some Soul Sea Realm warriors were obviously in a state of panic. On the other hand, Callan and the others, although frightened, didn't say a word. Fiona and the other martial artists of the younger generation knew they didn't have the power to work this out. They could only listen to their fathers and hope that they could figure out a way.

But what could the four rulers do?

War Emperor York, Turner, and Scott all had impatient looks on their faces. They had gone through great pains to obtain the bodies of the thirteenth floor and had originally planned to fight in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. However, they hadn't even entered the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land yet when they had encountered this problem. How frustrating it was!

At this point, War King Wind's voice rang out. "Let's charge! It's our only option. The statue probably can't move. Everyone, let's charge together, with the giant shields!"

As the king, even if he could not come up with a solution, he had the authority to make a decision on the spot. War King Wind did not know if his guess was correct. It was very possible that more people would die because of his orders, but no matter what decision he made, it was better than standing rooted to the ground and being shot.

When the Soul Sea Realm masters heard his words, they no longer hesitated. Carrying their shields around them, they began trudging toward the Road of Saints.

Surrounded by the shields, they tried to run faster, but it didn't make as much of a difference, even though they were indeed quicker than before.

However, just then, one of the Soul Sea Realm masters pointed to the sea. "Look at him!"

They turned their heads and saw the human-shaped statue take a leap and move on the sea surface.

"He is actually following us! He can even move in the sea..." a powerful warrior said helplessly.

"He is drawing his bow! He is drawing his bow! Everyone, be careful!"

Under everyone's gazes, the humanoid statue took out another black arrow from behind his back and loaded it onto the dark golden longbow before aiming at the warriors once again.

Just a moment ago, they had been running with all their might like a team. Now that the humanoid statue was aiming at them again, they began scrambling in all directions, flustered. They pushed and nudged each other in the process. It was havoc.

"Calm down! You fools! Don't be so frantic!" War King Wind shouted out.

The ruler's rage proved to be useful for they all calmed down a little. "Everyone spread out," War King Wind continued. "Try to spread out as much as possible. Don't gather in a crowd. It might cause even more deaths!"

If everyone could spread out a bit, the humanoid statue's arrow would not be able to pierce through so many people at a time. If they stuck together in one place, one arrow might be able to kill five or six people, perhaps even more.

They followed the orders given by War King Wind and started to spread out when another ray of black light shot out from the dark golden bow of the humanoid statue.

Whoosh! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Its speed was only slightly faster than the arrows smeared with Dragon Arsenic. However, it could explode three times in a row in the air, in which case its speed and strength increased two-fold each time. After the third explosion, the speed and strength of the arrow reached a petrifying level.

The black light disappeared quickly in front of everyone's eyes. Soon after, two small holes appeared on the giant shields.

The warriors exchanged looks before their eyes landed on a Soul Sea Realm warrior on whose forehead could be seen a small hole. With a thump, he fell to the ground.

"Only one died this time," Turner mumbled.

"We are still quite far away from the end of the Road of Saints. Even if we were to rush there, we would all most likely die."

"I'm afraid the result would be the same if we were to retreat!"

"Then what should we do?"

Only one person had died because of the second arrow, but many of the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm fell into despair.

It was not that they were afraid of death. They had endured hardship for many years and were finally about to embark on the ascending path. Still, they hadn't expected to come face to face with such an obstacle. It was understandable for them to panic.

"Send someone to take care of the statue!" War King Wind ordered in a solemn voice.

"But the Road of saints is surrounded by the sea. We cannot use life vitality, nor can we fly!" a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm replied.

As soon as these words fell from his lips, everyone's eyes landed on Zen.

They were aware that Zen was the only one in possession of a physical body. He had also used his life vitality to fly before, not to mention that his physical body had the strength of the Spirit Supreme Realm. Right now, they could only count on him to get them through.

However, outside of the giant shields, he had to face countless arrows, which made it equally dangerous for him to go out.

When Zen noticed everyone looking at him, he blinked, his golden eyes twinkling. He smiled faintly. "It seems like I'll have to go and destroy that statue."

War King Wind's eyes bored into Zen's. "Thad, if you can save us this time, you will be a great benefactor to our four divine kingdoms. If in the future..."

Zen waved his hand casually to stop War King Wind from continuing. "We are traveling through the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land together," he said indifferently. "We're on the same boat. If I save you guys, I would be saved too. Without further ado, open up these giant shields, please."

The masters at the Soul Sea Realm gazed at Zen with gratitude.

The young man had fought on behalf of Jade Martial House beside the West Dragon River. He had demonstrated his formidable strength. Clearly, he was much stronger than his peers. After entering the Feather Holy Sea, he had played a humongous part. Now, he was the only hope the warriors had left, if they wished to ascend to the Upper World.

At the moment, besides gratitude, only regret remained in their hearts.

Two Soul Sea Realm masters unbuckled the giant shields. Brianna was so petite a small crack was enough for her to get out.

Zen forgot he was in her body. Her chest scraped on the edge of a shield on Zen's way out. Brianna complained.

Of course, Zen chose to ignore such complaints.

Click!

After releasing Zen, the two mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm instantly buckled up the shields again. The black light was certainly fatal, but the arrows were fatal too.

Just as Zen left the protection of the shields, seven to eight blue arrows shot toward him. Within moments, they were a few dozen feet away from him.

"Let's go!"

Zen's life vitality had already been activated. The speed of a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior was striking. In the blink of an eye, Zen left his original spot and soared high into the sky.

Perhaps it was because he didn't reign in his life vitality and strength well enough. With a leap, he rushed to a height of about five thousand feet.

"Be careful. If an arrow hits you, it would be a pain to deal with the Dragon Arsenic!" Brianna warned Zen in his inner world.

Zen chuckled and nodded. His gaze swept across the golden ocean and locked on the Dragon Lineage Archer. As if sensing the stare, the archer raised his head, his pair of scarlet eyes finding Zen as well.

Chapter 1200 Combat

This Dragon Lineage Archer was a mere puppet, but he was designed to be the best archer there ever was.

The moment the puppet's gaze landed on him, Zen immediately felt shivers run down his spine as if he was a sheep currently being stalked by a deadly wolf.

"Will you die if he shoots you?" Zen asked.

It was a given that a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior's body was even stronger than a Soul Sea Realm one, and Zen was curious just how much more resilient the former was compared to the latter.

"Nonsense!" Brianna retorted angrily. "His bow is a semi-divine weapon, but his arrows are true divine weapons. How could I possibly block them with my physical body?"

'Arrows of the divine tier...' The astonishment was apparent in Zen's face. It was truly evident that the Dragon Lineage Human indeed had an eighth-grade sacred place when even a puppet guard wielded a divine weapon. It was no wonder that the black arrow light had been so glaring.

That shiver he had felt before now escalated to a full-body chill as an uncomfortable feeling of wariness pooled in his gut.

On the surface of the golden sea, the Dragon Lineage Archer had already notched a black arrow onto the semi-divine longbow and took aim.

Zen's eyes narrowed in contempt and braced himself to charge towards the archer. However, Brianna suddenly spoke in his mind. "Are you just going to charge? Using just my life vitality and my body to kill him? Just like that?"

"What else can we do?" he told her.

A Spirit Supreme Realm warrior's life vitality and physical strength would be enough to crush a Soul Sea Realm warrior. Despite being fierce, the Dragon Lineage Archer would still be nothing compared to Zen's speed.

"But to activate... Hey!" Zen did not give her any room to argue and quickly charged towards the archer.

"Zen's attacking! He just charged towards the statue!"

"I hope he destroys that thing in one go! May the heavens bless us!"

"Stop talking nonsense! If the heavens really did bless us, then what's the point of Heavenly Tribulations?!"

"That statue is taking aim at Zen! I hope he'll miss."

All the Soul Sea Realm warriors watched with rapt attention as the agile figure of a young girl flew across the sky and swooped down with incredible speed.

Zen's eyes zeroed in on the Dragon Lineage Archer below who let his arrow loose towards the approaching opponent.

Whoosh!

The black light shot towards Zen who suddenly leaped and spiraled into the air.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

There were three consecutive explosions as the black arrow continued shooting towards Zen at a terrifying speed.

It grazed past his ear and the air current that it carried smacked Zen in the face. Even a Spirit Supreme Realm body felt the pain from the arrow's momentum.

"Be careful!" Brianna snarled. It was still her body after all.

"My apologies, but your face is too tender," Zen chuckled.

At that moment, countless blue arrows intersected his path. These ordinary blue arrows were inferior to the speed Zen flew at.

Zen's approach quickly pushed the Dragon Lineage Archer to retreat. Even as a puppet, he was intelligent enough to understand strategy.

It was only then that Zen realized that the Dragon Lineage Archer couldn't fly; nor did the archer rely on his life vitality to stand on the water's surface. Stone pillars had been submerged just under the surface of the water that the archer used to jump to and from the area.

Zen couldn't help but imagine a dragonfly skimming across the surface of the sea as the puppet jumped onto these pillars to run away from him.

But of course, Zen wasn't just about to let him off.

Distance was an archer's greatest ally. Now that Zen had gotten too close, the archer was now desperately trying to widen the space between him and his target. Of course, Zen wasn't going to let that happen.

Tup! Tup! Tup!

Both of them rapidly bounced off the surface of the water. Zen's legs were tense as his body flew horizontally. He focused his life vitality in his hands and watched as it solidified into a thin blade.

This life vitality contained the rules of the inner world that existed within Brianna's body. The visualized blade was a provisional measure for Zen to deal with the puppet.

Zen was relentless with his chase and the Dragon Lineage Archer quickly realized that this fellow would truly never quit. Knowing this, the archer suddenly stopped and steadied himself on a stone pillar. He then stomped his foot down and golden waves splattered all around him, disrupting Zen's line of sight.

Taking advantage of this, the archer once again drew out an arrow, now planning to shoot Zen at a distance of just three feet.

Before the golden spray fully settled, Zen had found himself facing the Dragon Lineage Archer head-on. He stared at the black arrow aimed at him with conviction.

"Haha, die!"

The archer spoke! And he was speaking the human language!

However, there was no time to dwell on this. The archer suddenly released his grip on the bowstring, and Zen saw how the black beam quickly approached his face.

His reaction was quick: just a slight tilt of his head had been enough for the arrow to brush past his ear and miss him. A faint smile appeared on his face at his successful dodge. "I won't die that easily!"

This black arrow had three stages of acceleration. After three explosions, it would be enough to kill even a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior. Luckily, it was neither powerful nor fast enough to threaten Zen.

Swish!

Frustrated at missing his target, the Dragon Lineage Archer brandished his longbow and swung it towards Zen's neck, fully intending to use the bowstring as his blade.

Zen quickly reached out and grabbed the bowstring using Brianna's delicate fingers.

Pfft!

Although he managed to stop the bowstring from cutting off his head, it still cut his fingers and made blood spurt out from his hand.

"Hey! Can you be more normal? This is still my body!" Brianna scolded, thinking that Zen did not value her body at all because it wasn't his. If it weren't for the cyan dragon, she would've definitely pulled his soul into her inner world and ravaged it.

However, this was not the case at all. Zen's own physical body was invulnerable to swords and spears, so he got used to dealing with enemies in such a brutal way. He forgot that although Brianna was at the Spirit Supreme Realm, her body was still made of flesh and blood.

However, he chose to remain deaf from Brianna's nagging. Instead, Zen pulled on the bowstring and released it as fast as lightning.

The bowstring bounced back and let out a strange hiss as fish scale-like ripples appeared on the surrounding sea surface.

The Dragon Lineage Archer froze in his spot as his scarlet eyes stared intently at Zen. Not much later, a thin line appeared on his neck before his entire head slowly slid off his body.

The cut was clean and the puppet seemed to have been made of some sort of soft jade. Just as the head slid down onto a stone pillar, Zen quickly reached out to take the bow and arrows from the puppet's body.

He would be crazy to just throw away a semi-divine longbow and a quiver of divine-tier arrows into the sea.

However, just as he was about to take the valuables, the Dragon Lineage Archer's body suddenly moved. It seemed losing his head did not make him any less agile. The body quickly drew out a black arrow from the quiver and intended to stab Zen in the face.

Just as he brandished the arrow, a loud explosion rang throughout the vicinity. The headless puppet's arm quickly went slack and moved no more.

Zen, on the other hand, smiled. He lifted his foot and quickly crushed the Dragon Lineage Archer's head beneath him.

Chapter 1201 Sea Abyss

The puppet wasn't a sentient creature. Obviously, Zen wasn't idiotic enough to think that he would be able to get rid of him just by cutting his neck.

However, the maneuver did achieve one thing. Once he crushed the puppet's head with his foot, the headless corpse could no longer move. It stood still on the stone pillar.

Then Zen calmly took away his long, dark, golden bow. It stood as high as a person, and there were several lines drawn on it in a bright shade of gold. The aura emanating from it was mysterious and powerful. Zen still didn't know what material the bowstring was made from. Although it was as thin as a human hair, it was still incomparably flexible and remarkably sharp. When Zen merely pinched it lightly, Brianna's finger got cut.

"This is a semi-divine weapon, but pitifully, it's a bow." Zen had never used a bow as a weapon before, and had no experience with it. But such a long-range weapon could sometimes have miraculous effects.

After observing the bow in his hand for a while, Zen reached out and his hands easily extricated the quiver from the back of the puppet.

"Divine-level arrows!"

Zen almost shouted out in his ecstatic excitement. Though the arrows didn't have any special abilities, the power that they shot out was extremely terrifying. Not only could they easily kill mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, they could also penetrate through giant shields made of magnetic stones.

According to what Brianna had said, if her body was hurt, she wouldn't be able to escape either. This meant that Zen had to be careful.

"Unfortunately, there aren't enough arrows in here." Zen sized up the innards of the quiver. There were only about eight black colored arrows in it.

Although these black arrows were divine weapons and therefore, extremely powerful, they were still for one-time use only, just like the Heavenly Thunder Halberds. Zen only had enough for eight shots.

But something happened the moment his hand touched the quiver. His eyes flashed as he felt the aura of the Space Law transmit from it.

"The Sumeru Space?"

Normally, Sumeru Space recognized its own master only, but the Dragon Lineage Archer was just a puppet. This meant that removing his mark wasn't the least bit difficult. Zen easily erased the mark from the quiver and then probed it with his own consciousness. Soon after, a look of pleasant surprise appeared on his face.

In the Sumeru Space of the quiver, were not eight, nor eighty, but hundreds of black arrows.

There were not only black arrows, but also arrows in another two colors. One of them was entirely red, with a small ghost head embedded in the front, and the other was a shade of dark green, as if it was filled with a strong life force. Zen wondered what these arrows could do.

Whoosh!

Zen was still investigating inside the quiver when a few more arrows flew towards him, trailing some blue light behind them.

However, their aim went south as Zen flashed agilely and returned to his original spot. The two arrows with the Dragon Arsenic that had been shot at him lost their aim and fell into the golden sea.

Clearly this was not a place where treasures were to be examined. Once Zen had quickly stored the bow and quiver he had just found into his space ring, he flew up high into the air and once again stepped onto the Road of Saints.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Dragon Lineage Archer was already dead, but there were still countless dragon statues which were rising and falling, spitting out blue arrows nonstop in vain at their ever-moving target.

Most of these arrows landed on the giant shields, and others went astray, but none of them hit Zen as he dashed forth towards his friends.

"Open the shields!"

War King Wind roared an order amongst the chaos. When the other masters saw that Zen had killed the humanoid puppet and returned safe and sound, an expression of great joy appeared on all of their faces.

However, Zen waved his hand and remarked in a soft voice, "You guys continue forward. I'll just fly."

With the physical body of a Spirit Supreme Realm master, other than the black arrows of the Dragon Lineage Archer, these ordinary blue arrows would not pose any threat to Zen. Thus, he had no need to stay in the narrow and crowded box that the company had made up using their shields. Though the box was enormous, it had gotten crowded inside with so many people.

Under the command of War King Wind, the box continued on the Road of Saints against the rain of arrows. This time, it was moving much faster than before.

Zen rose to a greater height, floating and flying in the air. Maintaining himself at this height would allow him to avoid the rain of arrows from the dragon statues. There was another advantage. He could see farther than his companions. The narrow Road of Saints extended into the distance, and at the end of the road was a huge cave.

There was also a very strange sight to behold.

When the seawater on both sides reached the end of the Road of Saints, it would stop flowing and retreat, as if an invisible force was cutting it all off. Not a single drop of the mighty water body entered the cave, so a sort of sea abyss was formed.

"Is the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land located in the abyss?" As Zen saw this, he exclaimed in his heart. He couldn't figure out just how the Dragon Lineage Human had managed to stop the flow of seawater.

Further still, he wasn't sure about the depth of this abyss. And even if he wanted to, he couldn't see the bottom of the abyss even from ten thousand feet above sea level with extremely powerful sight.

However, he was in no hurry to learn everything at once. Leisurely floating around in the air, he waited patiently for the small box below him to slowly move ahead and reach the cave. At the same time, he observed carefully if there were any more Dragon Lineage Archers around. Luckily, that didn't seem to be the case. He must have killed the only one. Therefore, the company moved smoothly along the Road of Saints.

When they reached the second half of the Road of Saints, the number of arrows started to fall down. Farther along the road, it fell exponentially with distance. As they reached the last one-fifth part, the Soul Sea Realm martial artists began to put away their giant shields.

Without the threat of arrows, the group began to run wildly down the Road of Saints. It only took them a few seconds to arrive at the end of the road, and Zen descended down slowly as well when he saw them reach the end.

At the end of the Road of Saints was a fan-shaped platform. Its size was a wonder to behold in itself and slap bang in the middle of it was a road that was inlaid with a right angle of 90 degree above the abyss.

The seawater flowed all the way to the two sides of the platform and then started flowing downwards at a 90 degree angle. They were standing at the top of a cliff formed by the seawater.

"How do we proceed further? Do we jump down from here or what?" Zen asked.

War King Wind replied with an amused smile, "Just follow me!"

After he finished speaking, he started walking towards the edge of the platform. At the edge of the platform was a bottomless abyss and there was no way around it. Since War King Wind had occupied a corpse, he was unable to use his life vitality to fly. This meant that with his next step, he would definitely fall into the abyss. However, he confidently took that step.

The moment he moved forwards, a strange sight greeted their eyes.

Instead of falling down, War King Wind somehow stood horizontally on the vertical road. The entire gravity around him seemed to have shifted its base.

From Zen's angle, he seemed to have suction pads on his feet since he was easily standing horizontally below him, his feet adhering to the surface of the road.

The other powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm also took a step forward. Everyone changed his or her angle and stood on the road perpendicular to the earth below them.

Seeing this scene, Zen also took a step. When he walked towards the abyss, he suddenly felt a drastic change in the gravity around him. Like everyone else around him, he did not fall into the abyss, but instead stood on the vertical road.

From Zen's current angle, it was as if he was standing on the entrance to a giant, round cave. Along with the road underneath his feet, golden seawater was also flowing slowly above his head, entering the cave from his left and right.

"The Dragon Lineage Humans were extremely smart. They managed to somehow change the gravity of the world and established their core sacred place here!" Zen couldn't help but sigh. No wonder the seawater was down here. Since the gravity and its direction were completely changed now, the direction in which the seawater would flow accordingly changed too.

When Turner heard Zen's sigh, he smiled and told him, "The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land has many miraculous things, but it also has numerous dangerous places, so we have to be careful. Especially after arriving at the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, we have to obey the orders. Do not act rashly."

Zen nodded as he looked into the distance. The road under his feet once again extended outwards and they saw a huge city in front of them.

Was this their first glimpse of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place?

The eighth grade sacred place of the Dragon Lineage Human was called the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place. After their fall, their sacred place had become a secret land for the four divine kingdoms to explore.

There was no danger in front of them right now. Along with many other Soul Sea Realm martial artists, Zen and the others followed the road under their feet and proceeded towards the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place.

The road was only 50 to 60 miles long. After rushing forwards for less than five minutes, they arrived in front of the sacred place. At the end of the road was an arched gate made up of a dragon statue.

After passing through this arched gate, they would enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. However, the dragon carving on top of the gate had a bewitching red look in its eyes as it stared at the crowd. It seemed that it wouldn't be easy to pass through this gate.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1202 The Sealed Sacred Place

Zen gazed at the arched door of the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land in silence.

Without a doubt, there were hidden mysteries on the other side of the arched door. It was not easy to pass through it. However, it was not the first time that the four rulers had explored the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. They certainly must have methods to deal with it.

At this moment, Turner and War King Wind stepped forward. They did not barge through the arched door immediately, instead, they walked over to the sides.

The two of them took out two red dragon-shaped keys from their space rings and inserted them into the small holes on either end of the arched door. Nodding to each other, they turned the key at the same time.

Crack!

The jarring sound of shifting gears sounded, and Turner and War King Wind retreated at the same time. They saw the huge arched door slowly begin to rotate.

The dragon-shaped door spun three times. The red light reflecting in the eyes of the dragon sculpture at the top of the door extinguished quietly. Following this, a jade-green light rose in its eyes and a transmission door appeared in the center of the arc.

Seeing the sudden appearance of the door, Zen was slightly stunned. A clouded expression entered his eyes.

The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was located right behind the transmission door. Why did they have to go through this door to reach there? Wasn't that unnecessary?

Turner noticed Zen's surprised gaze and said, "The Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place that you see is just an illusion. There are dangers aplenty inside. If you were to enter through it, only death would await you! In the past, many people from the four divine kingdoms have been fooled by the illusion, and a lot of them have died."

"Illusion…" Zen muttered to himself.

The beautiful and life-like city before him was an illusion. Zen was a little surprised at this revelation. It had obviously been created in order to mislead the invaders. If they had entered this illusion without knowing about it, they would only have had a slim chance of surviving.

"Only through this transmission door can we enter the real Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. It has been opened now. Let's go inside." Without wasting any more time, the powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm entered the transmission door in succession.

Zen nodded and followed the others through the door.

After a short period of space transmission, an azure-colored city appeared in Zen's field of vision.

The entire city looked as if it had been carved out of crystal. The edges of both the giant and smaller buildings reflected a jade-blue crystal light. The city looked as if it had been pulled right out of a fairyland from someone's dream. Everything seemed unreal.

"It's so beautiful!" Fiona couldn't help but cry out in praise as the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place revealed itself before her eyes.

Beside her, Randy nodded. "It is indeed beautiful. I'm more than willing to believe that this city is an illusion, not the one that we just saw!"

Pausing at the gates of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place for a while to marvel at the view, they walked ahead along the main road of the city.

The seven divine kingdoms and the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place had been established almost at the same time centuries ago. In the beginning, the Dragon Lineage Humans and the human race did not have anything to do with each other.

The two races did not even know of each other's existence.

However, as the number of powerful warriors in the divine kingdoms and the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place increased, the warriors of the Dragon Lineage Human began to expand their territory and population beyond the Feather Holy Sea. As for the seven divine kingdoms' martial artists, they too began to explore the Feather Holy Sea.

It was at this time that the two races first made contact.

At the start, when the human race had just reached out to the Dragon Lineage Humans, they had been friendly, but this peaceful state lasted less than ten years.

The racial barriers soon made them turn against each other. What happened next was a war that spanned across tens of thousands of years.

During the war, the strength of the seven divine kingdoms and Dragon Lineage Human rose rapidly.

Even though the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place had been fighting the seven divine kingdoms all alone, they were not at a disadvantage. On the contrary, the seven divine kingdoms had always lost out against the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place.

Perhaps the most important reason for that was the Dragon Soar Arena that the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place had been in possession of. Almost all Dragon Lineage Human tribes in the Lower World had their own Dragon Soar Arenas.

It was known that only powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm could enter the ascending passageway and rise to the Upper World. If they had access to the Dragon Soar Arena, it would have been a different case. Through the arena, all of them could freely send warriors of the younger generation to the Upper World to practice and learn their craft.

Long ago, Zen had made a trip to the Upper World through the Dragon Soar Arena. After returning to the Lower World, he fought the talents in the Central Region and always emerged the victor. The arena had been of great help to him.

Because of their advantage of the Dragon Soar Arena, the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place had developed a lot more rapidly than the seven divine kingdoms. By the time the seven divine kingdoms had come to possess quasi-seventh grade power, the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place had already become an eighth-grade sacred place.

With the fast speed at which the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place developed, it was only a matter of time before the entire Divine Kingdom Continent was annexed by them. Later, with the help of the secret sect, the human race of the Upper World opened up the Reverse Spirit Channel and often came to the aid of the seven divine kingdoms.

The seven divine kingdoms which had the Reverse Spirit Channel on their side, finally had the confidence to wage a decisive war against the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place. Thus, the grand war went on in full operation.

The battle was known in the history of the seven divine kingdoms as the 'Dragon Lineage Human Massacre'. It lasted for more than a hundred years, and in the end, three of the seven divine kingdoms had been annihilated. The Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place used the lives in their sacred land to seal the Feather Holy Sea in a blood sacrifice.

There were also countless treasures hidden and left behind in the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place after the war. To obtain them, the four divine kingdoms had explored the place for a number of years, and innumerable people had died within the Feather Holy Sea.

After numerous trials, they had finally managed to access the other three secret lands and find a way to enter the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place.

After obtaining the inheritance of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, the four divine kingdoms grew rapidly. However, During the Dragon Lineage Human Massacre, the ascending passageway was destroyed and no one in this great world could ascend to the Upper World anymore. Many powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were thus trapped in the Lower World.

So it was natural that some of the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were always morose every time someone mentioned their circumstance. They would rather that the Dragon Lineage Human Massacre had never happened, and that they had never inherited anything from the Dragon Lineage Human. Now, their only hope was that the ascending passage had not been destroyed.

After all, what did they gain from the many treasures of the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land? In the end, they were stuck at the Soul Sea Realm. When their lifespans ran out, they would eventually die and turn to ashes. Soaring to the Upper World was absolutely out of the question!

This was the past of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place…

Now, everything here seemed to have frozen over time. The windows were still open and the doors unlocked. A few flying chariots were scattered over the roofs of houses.

Back in the age, Dragon Lineage Human preferred death over dishonor and practiced blood sacrifice using billions of lives of the race. The vast majority of the clansmen had not known about this decision. When the blood sacrifice began, the clansmen turned into clouds of bloody mist within seconds. Not even a bone was left behind. The blood mist gradually became the golden spell of blood sacrifice and spread all over the Feather Holy Sea.

Afterward, the entire place was sealed up under the spell for a number of years until the four divine kingdoms explored the sites and entered the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

Clop-clop!

Eighty to ninety martial artists in the four divine kingdoms had entered the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place this time. With such a large group walking into the empty city, they could all hear the echo of their footsteps. The sound made several youngsters especially vigilant.

Seeing Fiona, Callan and a few others so nervous, War King Wind laughed. "Children, don't be afraid. The danger of Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place cannot be found here. This is just an empty city. We've been here so many times before, but we've never encountered another living being."

Indeed, because of the spell of the blood sacrifice, there were no living creatures anymore in the Feather Holy Sea. All the way through the sea and the three secret lands, Zen had only discovered one person who could be considered sort-of alive, and that was Brianna's body—which he had occupied.

However, because Brianna's soul had been locked up, it had separated from her body. In a sense, she was like the living dead, a zombie.

"Okay." Fiona smiled and nodded. The empty sacred land made her feel cautious and she did not know why. She could not help but feel jittery. However, the very next second, she heard the sound of rustling, like a wild beast was chewing on some bones.

Crack... Crack...

"Huh?" Hearing the strange sound, Fiona stiffened. She immediately stopped in her tracks, her gaze sweeping over her surroundings. But the sound soon stopped.

Chapter 1203 The Dragon-shaped Monster

Fiona was puzzled.

She believed her father when he said that the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place might be an empty city, and there might not be anything else.

But she wondered why her blood had pounded through her as she entered the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, as if an invisible force had begun to put pressure on her.

"What's wrong, Fiona?" War King Wind asked, concerned. He had tried comforting his daughter but Fiona didn't seem to be convinced or relieved. Instead, she looked even more nervous.

Fiona's brown eyes were worried as she said, "I just heard a sound..."

"Fiona, don't be too nervous!" Callan also tried to console her.

Fiona pursed her lips. She was afraid, but it probably wouldn't be dangerous if her father and the Soul Sea Realm masters stayed with her.

So she nodded and continued to follow them. But her nervousness didn't go away.

Zen walked up to Fiona and looked at her, frowning slightly at her nervous expression. There were people in this world who had special senses. Perhaps she really could sense something strange, seeing as she was a phoenix descendant.

Fiona had hardly walked eighty feet when her body suddenly stiffened.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The sound of bones being gnawed rang out again.

Fiona suddenly turned her head while controlling the corpse to keep walking. She looked to the street nearby and came to a stop, as if she had suddenly become glued to the ground.

"Fiona!" War King Wind frowned at his daughter's behavior. Fiona had always been a clever, obedient girl. Sure, she was naive, but as a warrior, she was definitely not timid. If she were a coward, she wouldn't have wanted to challenge Zen who had defeated Logan before!

Many Soul Sea Realm masters looked at Fiona suspiciously. No one knew what she was up to.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A clear voice rang out.

In this spacious, sacred place, it sounded like a wild beast gnawing on bones.

Such a sound belonged to a forest. But they were in the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place right now and there weren't any living creatures in the Feather Holy Sea. Everyone agreed on this. There were a few warriors who argued that there might be some living creatures hiding in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, but most other warriors didn't think so.

After all, the Feather Holy Sea was protected by the power of the blood sacrifice. So how could any living creature survive in such a place?

"There..." Fiona's eyes flashed strangely and she said, "I can feel it! I can feel its presence!"

No one questioned Fiona now that everyone had heard the voice. Someone asked, "What is it?"

To everyone's surprise, Fiona began trembling. Her red lips suddenly paled. "It is my nemesis! The nemesis of my life!" she said, her voice shaky.

This shocked the Soul Sea Realm masters.

The nemesis?

What nemesis did humans have?

Humans had many enemies in the Upper World, but no race had been able to stop the expansion of the human race. Although there were millions of races in the one hundred thousand supreme worlds in the Upper World, each of them had their own unique characteristics. There were some strong races among them, like the Demon Night and the ogre.

But the human race had expanded the fastest. So far, they had occupied nearly ten thousand supreme worlds and they were practically invincible.

Then what was the nemesis that Fiona was talking about?

Zen's eyes flashed as Brianna's perception came from the inner world. "This woman has the bloodline of the Genuine Phoenix, right?"

"Yes," Zen said. It was not a big deal for Brianna to figure out that Fiona was a descendant of the Genuine Phoenix.

Brianna said, "Dragons have competed with phoenixes since time immemorial. As two supreme legendary beasts in the universe, the Genuine Dragon and the Genuine Phoenix have fought for countless eras. If she feels a nemesis close by, she might be sensing the existence of a Genuine Dragon."

"Genuine Dragon?"

Zen frowned. Even though the souls of nine Genuine Dragons existed in his mind, he had never seen a Genuine Dragon.

But why would a Genuine Dragon appear in such a small world? If it was an adult Genuine Dragon, its body would be tens of thousands of miles long. How could there be a Genuine Dragon in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land?

Brianna answered his unasked question, "Perhaps the Ancestral Dragon egg has hatched, but this Ancestral Dragon... But that shouldn't be the case." Suspicion crept up her voice. She was just speculating, and her speculations seemed to contradict each other.

As everyone looked around in confusion, War King Wind asked, "Fiona, your nemesis? What nemesis do you have?"

Fiona shook her head. Her body continued to tremble as if she were in a world of ice and snow. "I... I don't know. I only have a vague feeling that is very terrifying!"

Zen walked up to Fiona, stared at her, his golden eyes boring into hers, and asked, "Is it a dragon?"

Fiona's eyes flashed with fear at Zen's words. Before this, she had only had a vague sense of this kind of fear. Now Zen's words, like a candle lit in the darkness, caused her perception to become clear. "Yes, it's a dragon. A most extraordinary one!"

"Ancestral Dragon!"

"Could it be that the Ancestral Dragon egg has already hatched?"

"We might be in trouble. I've heard that the Ancestral Dragon egg is impossible to hatch. But it's weird if it has hatched. Why would it hatch now? We'd better go back right now. If the Ancestral Dragon appears in this world, I'm afraid the whole great world will collapse!"

The Soul Sea Realm masters began to speculate at Fiona's words.

Their goal was to obtain the Ancestral Dragon egg. But they had just wanted to take the egg away, not a living dragon. This Ancestral Dragon most likely concerned the entirety of the Genuine Dragon race. They knew that it might be quite strong even if it had just hatched. So how could they resist it after all?

The Soul Sea Realm masters were about to retreat when a voice suddenly sounded again.

A clattering sound could be heard.

The sound was extremely clear, coming from the street running parallel to the crowd. Soon, everyone saw a black mass appear at the corner of the street. As they looked over, they saw a tiny black dragon-shaped monster chewing on a snow-white bone.

It wasn't big and had a dragon head on a short body, looking like a small dragon. But it had a pair of long, snow-white fangs on either side of its mouth.

"Is it a dragon?"

"This isn't a dragon, right? How can a dragon look like this?"

"Even if it's a dragon, there's nothing to be afraid of..."

The voice had shocked everyone, but the appearance of the small, dragon-shaped monster filled them with relief.

Everyone had occupied a corpse, but their perceptions still came from their souls. Just with one glance, they could tell that this little thing wasn't strong or powerful.

"Fiona, are you afraid of this little thing? I can go and capture it for you!" a Soul Sea Realm master of the Wind Divine Kingdom said, controlling his corpse as he rushed towards the little monster.

Zen shouted for the master to stop. "Don't go there!"

But the Soul Sea Realm master was too fast. In an instant, he was close enough that stretching his hand would help him catch the dragon-shaped monster.

The dragon-shaped monster suddenly raised its head and opened its mouth—a mouth that was completely out of proportion to its body. It roared at the Soul Sea Realm master.

Its voice was extremely loud, completely at odds with its small body. The sound wave it let out forced everyone to cover their ears. They watched in horror as the upper half of the corpse that the Soul Sea Realm master had occupied disintegrated into powder.

What was more, even half the house that was behind the Soul Sea Realm master also collapsed the same way as the master.

Chapter 1204 Escape

With a whooshing sound, the blue crystal-like structure turned into dust and scattered into the air.

Everyone was stunned. The dragon-shaped monster hadn't appeared to be dangerous. Perhaps it could only be considered a second-level or third-level fierce beast.

But it had completely destroyed the corpse occupied by the Soul Sea Realm master with a single roar!

What on earth was it?

The soul of the Soul Sea Realm master had been within the corpse's mind. Since the entire upper body was now shattered, his soul was probably destroyed as well.

"Grab that thing! I'm going to take revenge for Nigel!" One of the Soul Sea Realm masters was enraged and rushed towards the dragon-shaped monster.

"Be careful! This little thing is a little strange."

"Stay out of way of its roar!"

The dragon-shaped monster's roar was powerful, and had even killed a Soul Sea Realm master. But most of the warriors present were at the Soul Sea Realm. For them, the roar was loud and amazing, but not that scary. So no one tried to escape from the spot.

But just as the Soul Sea Realm master came up in front of the dragon-shaped monster, he skidded on the ground and turned around, rushing back.

"Let's go! Run!" the Soul Sea Realm master shouted to the crowd.

Everyone looked doubtfully at the master, but their questions were answered when they saw hundreds of dragon-shaped monsters suddenly appear in the alley by the side of the street.

It was not difficult to deal with this little thing. It was deadly dangerous, but subduing it wasn't a difficult task. But hundreds of dragon-shaped monsters? Now, that was terrifying!

The stunned looks on everyone's faces instantly morphed into fear, after which War King Wind ordered, "Everyone, run!"

But even before he had finished speaking, he noticed that everyone had already run away, with Zen leading the retreating pack.

They were just about to turn into the main road when they heard numerous dragon roars.

Dozens of sound waves drifted up from the alley nearby and shattered the ten crystal buildings into pieces. The dragon-shaped monsters' roars were too powerful.

It didn't take long for the dragon-shaped monsters to reach the main road, chasing after the warriors. Each of the dragon-shaped monsters held their breath, as if they wanted to emit the deadly sound waves again.

"Split up! Don't stay here! Split up in two directions and gather at the Jade Lake!" The moment the order had left War King Wind's mouth, the group of Soul Sea Realm masters split into two and rushed into two different streets.

GROWL!

As soon as they entered the streets, dozens of sound waves attacked them from different directions. The sound waves that were released into the sky did not have any effect, and some sound waves that were at the lower altitude caused a crack to appear on the surface of the road.

As for the surrounding exquisite buildings, they were no match for the power of these sound waves and fell one after the other.

Whoosh!

Zen frowned and jumped up, landing on the roof of a building and watching the little beasts constantly jumping in excitement.

"Brianna, what are these things?" he asked.

This trip to the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was turning out to be quite unusual. When Zen had entered the Feather Emperor Secret Land, the difficulty of passing through the Slow Arrow Area had been greater than the previous years. Now that these strange monsters had appeared, he felt even more curious and confused.

Zen wasn't exactly clear about Brianna's identity, but he was certain of one thing. She was a Dragon Lineage Human, meaning that she might know about these things.

Brianna, who was floating in the interior world, shook her head and replied, "These little monsters seem to have the blood of the Genuine Dragon, but their blood is not pure. I'm unable to determine what they exactly are!"

Zen, who was standing on the roof of the building, realized that he had attracted the attention of a dragon-shaped monster. It flapped its narrow wings and flew along the eaves of the building. It then jumped and lunged towards Zen, opening its large mouth.

It let out an almighty roar, and

an invisible sound wave attacked Zen without warning.

Zen's golden eyes flashed. He dodged the sound wave with a blast of air. He appeared behind the dragon-shaped monster and struck it with a swift and fierce elbow strike.

Whoosh!

Zen's attack sent the body of the dragon-shaped monster flying backwards.

Since the physical body that Zen occupied was at the Spirit Supreme Realm, its strength was extremely terrifying. It was probably equal to the strength of Zen's four thousand dragon scales. The monster flew ten thousand feet into the sky before slowly falling down.

BAM!

The dragon-shaped monster smashed into the ground.

Zen's gaze was fixed on the little thing. Logically speaking, his elbow should've directly crushed it, but not only did it not shatter, it even flipped over after falling on the ground, getting back to its feet again. It was as if it was unharmed.

"How is this possible?"

Theoretically speaking, if Zen's sacred weapon body ever suffered a heavy blow from Brianna's physical one, the attack wouldn't actually kill him, but he probably wouldn't be able to stand up for a while.

The Soul Sea Realm masters, however, might die after taking such a blow. After all, they were not as powerful as the warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm. And the gap between the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors and the Soul Sea Realm warriors was very large.

"Let's go!"

Zen saw about eight dragon-shaped monsters heading straight for him. His body suddenly moved and flew forward.

It was much easier for Zen to escape than the others. After all, he occupied a physical body which was at the Spirit Supreme Realm. The others only occupied the corpses that had been dead for many years, which meant that they couldn't fly and could only rely on the corpses to run on the ground.

Roar!

Roar!

Roar!

Under the power of these roars, the houses on all sides started to collapse.

Miserable shrieks could be heard from time to time. Quite a few warriors had probably been killed by the dragon-shape monsters' roars.

"Help!"

As Zen was flying through the air, he heard Callan's scream.

He was being chased by two dragon-shaped monsters and it looked like there was no escape for him.

"Get away! Such annoying monsters!"

Buzz! Buzz!

War King Wind roared as his two golden axes flew out.

He had occupied Federico's corpse and its power was extremely terrifying. In his fury, he had thrown the giant golden axes with an impressive power that could even split a mountain.

Bang! Bang!

The giant axes flew at a speed that didn't allow the dragon-shaped monsters to dodge them. The huge force of the axes colliding into the monsters caused them to smash into a building behind them.

Boom!

The building collapsed under the impact of the two axes and the monsters.

"Let's go!" War King Wind carried Callan and sprinted forward, fast enough that he didn't see that the two monsters had crawled right back out of the ruins of the building.

When it came to speed or strength, these dragon-shaped monsters weren't superior. But their physical bodies were terrifyingly tough.

Even a young Genuine Dragon could not have such a strong physical body. Everyone was completely helpless as they faced the dragon-shaped monsters. All they could do was to run away.

Dozens of Soul Sea Realm masters were running fast in the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, avoiding the attacks of the dragon-shaped monsters. It was fortunate for them that the little monsters didn't move fast. As the crowd ran madly, they managed to escape the pursuit of the little monsters.

They had, very quickly, passed through half of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, and soon arrived at the center of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, gathering at the Jade Lake.

Everyone was fearful and uneasy. Some of them, especially War King Wind, had entered the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place so many times, so they knew clearly which place was safe and which was dangerous.

It was impossible for living creatures to exist in the main city of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place. Even the most troublesome puppets did not exist here. But now that these dragon-shaped monsters had appeared out of nowhere, it was beginning to look like a bad omen.

Fiona stood at the edge of the Jade Lake, her face still pale. When War King Wind saw his daughter's expression, he felt sorry for her and tried to console her, "Fiona, those little things are powerful but they're not that scary!"

Zen appeared with a dragon-shaped monster in his hand. He had just flown around and caught one of the dragon-shaped monsters in his hand!

Everyone looked at the dragon-shaped monster warily. But Zen had already sealed its mouth, so it could not pose a great threat.

"Look, Thad has caught one with his bare hands. There's nothing to be afraid of!" War King Wind said with a smile.

But Fiona stared at Zen dazedly and said, "No, that's not what I'm afraid of!"

Chapter 1205 The Three

Since she entered the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, Fiona had been acting strange.

While the strange dragon-shaped monsters were indeed troublesome to deal with, they weren't particularly deadly to the many powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. After all, they were only cubs—they weren't a threat so long as the warriors were careful enough to not be besieged.

With a glance at Fiona, Zen grabbed the dragon-shaped beast and said, "I guess this is not what Fiona is afraid of. This is merely a cub."

"Yes, I think so too!" a Soul Sea Realm warrior nodded with a solemn face.

While it was dragon-like, the thing wasn't quite a dragon yet. The very shape of the young beast was already terrifying. What would happen when it grew up later on?

But even though this monster was still a cub, there could be a mother beast lurking around. Could their mother be in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land?

This conclusion wasn't too difficult to come to—most of the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm could easily figure it out.

The most important question, however, was what kind of mother beast gave birth to these dragon-shaped monsters? And what level of strength did it possess? Would the crowd be able to resist it?

The thought made the emperors frown. "How about having this year's Heavenly Stellar Secret Land exploration end here? There will still be a great number of opportunities in the future," Scott suggested.

In truth, what he wanted to say was that since the ascending passage would be opened because of Zen, sooner or later, everyone would be able to ascend to the Upper World—there was no need to risk their lives in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land.

The four emperors along with the Soul Sea Realm warriors of the four divine kingdoms had worked themselves to the bone, all for the benefits of the Reverse Spirit Channel.

If they could ascend to the Upper World, they would obtain endless resources—they wouldn't have to fight over the Ancestral Dragon Egg any longer.

"But if Derek asks, how will we account for it?" one of the Soul Sea Realm experts asked cautiously.

"Hmph! Why didn't he just enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land himself? He's stronger than us, so he's just bullying us because we're still unable to ascend to the Upper World. He's just using trash from up there to trick us into working for him!" another Sea Soul Realm powerhouse exclaimed angrily.

Although the four divine kingdoms listened to the secret sect, they were absolutely not its submissive subjects. Each of them planned for their own future.

They had already stepped into the Soul Sea Realm. Once Zen's information was relayed and the passage was repaired, they only had to wait for the day to ascend.

And as for the Ancestral Dragon Egg… it was indeed good stuff, but what did it have to do with them?

Seeing that everyone maintained the same kind of attitude, War King Wind was also interested. After some pondering, he decided, "Okay, if that's the case, when Derek asks, let's tell him that we failed. This sacred place has already changed so much. For safety's sake, we should go back!"

With that, a positive response resounded from the other Soul Sea Realm warriors—everyone's life was valuable. While they could perhaps obtain some lucky chance and benefit from the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, compared to their own lives, it wasn't that important.

However, just as they were to retreat, the ground began to tremble.

Boom!

It was as if a huge beast was beating the ground.

"What was that?" War Emperor York was an extremely cautious person. His face turned gloomy.

Rumble…

The tremor continued like a strong earthquake. All the buildings in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land began to rise and fall, collapsing piece by piece.

"Go! No matter what it is, it's definitely not something good! And it has nothing to do with us!" After shouting, Turner took the lead to run back.

Everyone felt a tinge of regret—they should've left when they encountered that puppet archer.

For all the years they spent exploring the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, they hadn't yet obtained the Ancestral Dragon Egg—they were all well aware of the many dangers in this sacred place. For the past ten years, not a single person had died in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land and they grew too complacent. Now, it was no easy task to retreat.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The warriors at the Soul Sea Realm turned into streams of light and started running back. As for the small dragon-shaped monsters they found on the way back, they couldn't care less about them now.

While Zen had come for the Ancestral Dragon Egg as well, there was a difference in the essence of his purpose. Although Zen wanted to obtain the Ancestral Dragon Egg because of the cyan dragon, this group of Soul Sea Realm experts were all too ready to retreat—this was bad.

But at this moment, a black blade-light suddenly appeared from the building before them.

Swoosh!

It then spread out at lightning speed.

Pfft!

In an instant, the corpse of one of the Soul Sea Realm experts was cut into two pieces before his soul was separated from his mind to float away in the air.

Witnessing the scene, some of the warriors behind him jumped in surprise, while others fell to the ground to avoid the blade light—fear filled them all.

"Who is it?"

War King Wind sensed life vitality emitting from the light. It was clear that their opponent was neither a fierce beast nor a puppet.

To their right was an exquisite-looking tower with a stable foundation—even after the earthquake, it remained standing.

Creak!

The door to the second floor of the tower opened abruptly. A young man, clad in black, walked out—he had long hair, a thick beard, and a lazy look on his face. In his hand, he held a black saber.

"Huh! Strange. Why is there a group of corpses running around here?" The young man sniffed something for a moment. "It doesn't smell like zombies. Some people seem to have abandoned their own bodies and occupied the corpses of the Dragon Lineage Human. This is weird. Dorothea, what's going on?"

As soon as he asked the question, another person stepped out of the ruins—a beautiful, silver-haired woman stood in front of them. The only twist to her beauty was in her right eye—a pale, pink flower grew there, its root deeply embedded in her eye socket. It was a terrifying trait.

"Hmph, it's simple. These folks couldn't even resist the power of blood sacrifice, but they managed to come up with such a method. They used Soul Cores to control the corpses of the Dragon Lineage Human and snuck into the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. They should be natives of this great world," the silver-haired woman responded indifferently.

Afterward, a tall and sturdy man walked over along the street, carrying a fiery red sickle on his shoulder.

While the burly man walked toward War King Wind and the others, he remarked, "Seems like we're lucky. We're lacking in bait to lure that thing out. But since these live souls are in corpses, the bodies are perfect for bait!"

It seemed as though the three of them weren't taking the warriors seriously at all—Scott, War King Wind, and Turner were all utterly offended.

"Friend, what do you mean?" War King Wind asked coldly.

With a sinister smile, the silver-haired woman asked, "Who is your friend? Weren't we clear? We're capturing the Evil Dragon. We want to borrow your corpses… and your souls!"

"How conceited! To keep so many of us here? As if you could! Humph!" War Emperor York scoffed.

Although the Soul Sea Realm warriors couldn't use their full strength due to the occupation of the corpses, they were still at the Soul Sea Realm—they wouldn't submit to defeat so easily.

"Haha! Conceited? No one has mentioned that!" the silver-haired woman laughed in amusement.

As the burly man walked to the other side, carrying the giant sickle, it seemed as though he paid no mind to Zen's group. Faintly, he said, "Dorothea, capture them. Max can't wait any longer!"

With a slight nod, the silver-haired woman revealed an enchanting smile. And then, the flower in her right eye began to spin.

Chapter 1206 Zero-Homers

Across the great world, many powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were on top of almost everyone. Since when had they ever been looked down upon like this?

Even though these people seemed to have unfathomable strengths, many of the powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors looked indignant.

However, the other side showed no interest in messing around with them.

The flower in Dorothea's eyes slightly rotated before she said in an aloof tone, "They are using the Soul Cores to control the corpses. As long as I disturb the power of the Soul Cores, their souls can all be imprisoned inside the corpses forever. It must be Max's great luck that the god has sent them to us. They can be our baits! Haha, Max's luck truly never fails!"

When her soft laughter had died down, a wispy pink mist floated out from the flower.

"Power of fragrance. Spiritual confinement…"

"Hooo... hooo... hooo..."

A faint fragrance quickly wafted out from her and trapped many of the powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors inside.

At that moment, everyone suddenly realized that they couldn't move the corpses anymore!

"The Soul Core--the Soul Core stopped working! How is this possible!?"

"The power of the Soul Cores must have been disturbed by that bitch!"

"I can't leave the mind of this corpse now!"

Those powerful Soul Sea Realm masters had used the power of the Soul Cores to make the corpses move. Alas, Dorothea seemed to have easily disrupted the power of the Soul Cores!

This meant that she could easily cut off the connection between the souls of these powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors and the corpses they occupied.

But they had yet to realize the worst thing that happened. They previously thought that they could just abandon the corpses and leave--but some of the Soul Sea Realm masters tried doing so, and found that their souls were firmly locked inside the corpses' heads, with no ways to escape.

"Stop trying, it's useless. A small group of souls at the Fighting Soul Realm won't be able to break free from my spiritual confinement," Dorothea said indifferently, as she seemed to have sensed the Soul Sea Realm masters' movements.

At that point, even Zen couldn't move!

Although he had occupied Brianna's body, which wasn't dead, he had still used the Soul Core to control the body. The Soul Sealing Spell had made it impossible for anyone to forcefully control Brianna's body, so Zen had no choice but to temporarily control her body with the Soul Core.

"Now, everyone turn around." Dorothea smiled and walked past them, as all the corpses turned around simultaneously. Now, everyone was under her control.

"Hmm? Why is there a living body?" Zen caught Dorothea's attention amidst the crowd of corpses, and she immediately walked towards him. "And this body is at the Spirit Supreme Realm…but it's also actually controlled by the Soul Core. How strange!"

She sized Zen up and confusion clouded her irises. Of course, she didn't know that Brianna's soul was locked by the Soul Sealing Spell, and Zen had taken over her body.

"However, she is so beautiful!" A strange glow flashed in Dorothea's eyes. Then, she suddenly leaned over and kissed Zen on the cheek. "If I don't need this body later, I will keep you," she said with a smile.

Zen felt nothing towards the kiss, but within the body, Brianna felt goosebumps prickle all over her skin. "That's so gross! Zen, I'll kill her for that!" In the world within Brianna's body, her thunderous roar together with the crack of thunder and lightning were heard. Brianna's soul was extremely powerful, and Dorothea's actions disgusted her so much that she reacted quite angrily.

"I can't even move right now and I can't even protect myself. How can I kill her?" Zen said helplessly.

No one would've thought that a bunch of creatures had suddenly appeared in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. Those dragon-shaped monsters first showed up, then they met these three mysterious masters…

What had happened in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land? Were these people here for the Ancestral Dragon Egg as well?

"Who exactly are they? Do you know them?" Zen asked. A cold snort passed from Brianna's lips.

"They are from the Celestial Position. And they are the hunters of the Celestial Position!" Brianna whined.

"Celestial Position!" Zen's eyes lit up. This wasn't the first time he had heard about it. The Tower of Sin in the Sea God Continent belonged to the Celestial Position!

He had passed the test in the Talent Tablet and was even recognized by the Celestial Position back then. However, Zen still didn't know what the Celestial Position was until now, and what abilities they had.

"What exactly is the Celestial Position?" Zen asked again. "You're really curious," Brianna said.

Then she added, "Although I don't know what they'll feed us to, it's definitely not a good thing. You don't seem to care about this!"

"Didn't that woman say that she'll spare you?" Zen smiled. "I would rather die than fall into her hands!" Brianna said angrily.

Her eyes cast Zen an incredulous look, as if she couldn't believe he even said that. "The Celestial Position is a group of mavericks. They are also a group of idiots!" Brianna continued.

"Idiots?" This left Zen confused. "Why?"

"The members of the Celestial Position are also known as the Zero-Homers. Strictly speaking, the Celestial Position isn't a race, but a group of super talents from various races who gathered together and formed a group. The world calls them Zero-Homers because they've always been planning to reset the entire universe!" Brianna said flatly.

Curiosity was written all over Zen's face. "What do you mean by reset the entire universe?"

"Destroy the heaven and stop the cycle of reincarnation!" Brianna quickly answered. It was known that the heaven was in constant cycles of reincarnation.

One cycle took 3.6 billion years, which was also equivalent to an era of the universe.

Many powerful creatures in the universe wanted to destroy the heaven. At the end of each era, a great new world would begin. Thus, it would be a world of chaos for the rule of the heaven!

If the heaven was destroyed, then the era would come to an end. A new heaven would be formed, and all the entire universe's inferior laws, middle level laws, and superior laws would be reconstructed!

Older civilizations in the entire universe had undergone the countless cycles of reincarnation--from the endless round of birth and death to shape new ones.

However, the Celestial Position was quite strange. Their goal was not only to destroy the heaven, but also to stop the cycle of reincarnation and put it to an end.

"If they end the cycle of reincarnation, and if there is no new heaven created, then…" Zen was even more curious about the consequence.

"Then the entire universe will become a death land. No living beings will be born, no living beings will die, and there will be no wars. Everything will return to zero," Brianna smiled lightly and said.

Zen was speechless. "What's the point of this?"

"They think it's meaningful, so they're a bunch of idiots. Moreover, they're very powerful idiots," Brianna said helplessly. "Just now, that woman has affected the power of the Soul Cores, but I can help restore it. Later I will find a chance to recover it, and you can slip away."

"But they…" All of the top masters of the four divine kingdoms were under the woman's control, the four rulers also included.

"Who cares if they die or not," Brianna snapped.

Zen's eyebrows creased together. Indeed, it was none of Zen's or Brianna's business. Zen didn't need to help the four divine kingdoms. But if he had the chance to save their lives, then he would not sit idly!

Meanwhile, the corpses under Dorothea's control advanced slowly behind her, just like wooden zombies.

The powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors remained trapped and were still inside the corpses' minds. However, they could still observe their surroundings. As they continued to move forward, dragon-shaped monsters rushed out from various directions.

Dorothea continued walking forward as if nothing had happened. Just as the dragon-shaped monsters were about to pounce on her, the flower in her eyes gently rotated, and a faint fragrance wafted out. The dragon-shaped monsters immediately became dizzy, as if they had gotten drunk. Soon enough, they lost their strength and slumped to the ground.

After a few more moments of slow progress, they passed by the Jade Lake and continued their way towards the center of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Loud, booming sounds were heard from a distance not far away. The entire sacred place shook vehemently like boiling pot of porridge.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1207 Fishing

Zen couldn't move, and the great disturbance he felt in front of him was not helping in settling his nerves.

"What the hell are these guys doing?" he asked Brianna in his mind, the shock obvious in his tone.

Brianna snorted, "Only God knows. The Celestial Position race is made up of a bunch of weirdos. Do you know they once tried to destroy all the stars in the universe? They probably got to around more than twenty thousand stars until they were ruthlessly slapped by the heavenly law. Many of them died, so they had to give up their stupid plan."

Zen was rendered speechless by her words.

He remembered how he had been recognized by the Celestial Position race back in the Tower of Sin. Did that mean he was a member of this weird race?

It would be for the best if he wasn't.

Zen's body involuntarily moved forward, passing through piles of ruin until he saw a large circular crater. At the edge of the crater were six people. Among the six were the burly man and the black-clothed young man that Zen had met a while ago.

In the middle of the crater, dragon-shaped monsters came out one after another.

Roar! Roar! Roar! Roar!

The dragon-shaped monsters immediately rushed towards the people that surrounded them.

All six people were immediately targeted and struck with invisible sound waves from the dragon-shaped monsters.

The sound waves, however, did not have the chance to do any damage as the black-clothed young man simply brandished his black saber and cut through the monsters.

Black light continuously streamed from his hands as each strike cleaved the dragon-shaped monsters into a rain of bloody mist.

"That thing is really patient. It just refuses to come out!" the burly man said.

Dorothea walked over them, followed by the many Soul Sea Realm masters she had under her control. "In that case, maybe we should change our method." Then she turned to a man with a silver mask and said, "Max, you truly have superb foresight. The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land should've been empty, but we were able to find some baits we could use."

The Celestial Position race had dispatched seven people to this world, and they now worked together to capture a creature from this huge crater.

Max, who was wearing a blood-colored cloak and a silver mask, simply nodded at her words. "Let's try it. It's your turn now, Hank."

"Sure, Max." one of them answered with a laugh. This one wore a tattered straw hat and had with him a golden fishing rod.

He waved the fishing rod in his hand and a thin green thread flew towards the warriors from the four divine kingdoms. A Soul Sea Realm master was immediately caught by his thread.

Dorothea had restrained the Soul Cores used by the four divine kingdom warriors to control the corpses. Thus, these corpses, along with the souls within, had been reduced to unmoving bodies similar to inanimate blocks of wood.

But they all remained in a state of consciousness.

Once caught by the fishing thread, the Soul Sea Realm master realized that a mighty warrior like him was about to become the "bait" Dorothea had been talking about earlier. He was now about to be sacrificed for the creature that resided in the crater.

They would've all trembled in fear at the sight if not for their state of helpless paralysis.

Dorothea, however, felt their fear come in waves. "Hank, the greater the soul fluctuation, the more attractive it should be to the thing below!"

Hank nodded as he gently waved the fishing rod and began to lower the bait.

However, just as he was lowering down the bait, dozens of dragon-shaped monsters rushed out of the crater, releasing sound wave attacks towards the corpse.

Roar! Roar! Roar!

The sound waves were strong and broke down both body and soul of the mighty Soul Sea Realm warrior into fine dust.

"Humph!" Max huffed. "That thing is quite cunning. It doesn't want to eat the bait. Hank, release a few more!"

Hank did as he was told, gently waving the fishing rod and throwing fishing thread towards their collection of bait warriors.

All the paralyzed warriors looked in fear at that green fishing thread, knowing that to be caught by it was equivalent to death.

Reaching the Soul Sea Realm was no easy feat, and now that they had heard of the possibility of repairing the path to the Upper World, not a single one of them was willing to die here.

However, their current state rendered them completely helpless. They could only watch as the fishing thread came towards them to take control of their lives and lead to their eventual deaths.

This time, the thread caught six Soul Sea Realm warriors. Among the ones caught were two leaders of the Jade Martial House that had been treated and respected as noble masters. However, they were now nothing but fish baits for whatever it was inside that crater.

"I'll make the thread longer this time. Let it have a taste. Once it knows how good these people taste, it'll bite them and fall for our trap!" Hank did not pull them into the air but released his fishing thread instead and threw all six baits into the large crater.

Just as they fell into the crater, the flower in Dorothea's eye turned slightly and screams of despair suddenly resounded from the dark, horrifying crater.

"Eh?

Dorothea, why could those guys scream?" the black-clothed young man asked curiously.

"I've released part of my restraining force so that they'd be able to scream. It adds a bit of flavor for that thing," she replied with a smile. "Ha-ha!

Dorothea, you're so mean," the black-clothed man joked, shaking his head in laughter.

These Soul Sea Realm masters were terrified beyond their wits, so, of course, the first thing they'd do was scream the moment Dorothea released part of her restraining force.

However, their cries only lasted for a few seconds before they came to an abrupt stop.

A little later, the silence was broken by the terrible sound of cracking bones.

Crack! Crack!

It was as if a huge mouth was currently chomping on the bodies of those Soul Sea Realm masters.

It was spine-chilling to hear such sounds from the crater. After a while, Dorothea smiled, "It should be done by now, right?"

"Again!

Let's see if it will take the bait this time!" Hank exclaimed, waving his fishing rod and taking a few more corpses with it. This time, the green fishing thread headed towards Zen.

Both Zen and Brianna frowned at the sight of the thread. "Shall I fight back now?" he asked her in his mind.

However, Brianna maintained her cool. "No rush! The owner of this fishing rod is only at the Spirit Supreme Realm. Among all of them, only that one called Max is stronger than me. The problem is how much of my strength you can unleash?"

Brianna's life vitality attribute was very different from Zen's. Therefore, he wouldn't be able to control this body effectively and utilize its full strength. Escape might be an option, but he wasn't too confident that he would be able to really run away.

He only had one chance and he had to be careful.

However, his salvation came in the unlikeliest package. Just as the green thread reached for him, Dorothea interrupted, "Hank, leave this for me!"

"She is alive!" Hank remarked in surprise, only realizing now that Brianna wasn't a corpse but a living person.

Dorothea nodded.

"No wonder. I was wondering when your taste became so weird that you began to be interested in corpses!"

Dorothea's face scrunched in anger at his words. "Stop talking nonsense or I'll kill you!"

Hank merely chuckled, already used to her threats. The green thread lightly trembled and headed for War Emperor York instead.

Only seventy Soul Sea Realm masters remained, and the chances of the four emperors being selected had been very high. It seemed War Emperor York was the unlucky one.

Just as the fishing thread came for him, the flower in Dorothea's right eye rotated slightly, releasing a bit of her restraining force.

War Emperor York suddenly roared, "I am the emperor of the York Divine Kingdom. I will give you everything. Just spare my life!"

Chapter 1208 Visualization

Only one in a hundred million warriors could reach the Soul Sea Realm.

And even a Soul Sea Realm master could only play a supporting role in the four divine kingdoms. For the past tens of thousands of years, the main characters of the four divine kingdoms had been the four emperors.

In War Emperor York's eyes, his fate was so great that he could ascend to the Upper World in the future. His future was limitless, so how could he be willing to die here?

Ever since Dorothea had restrained his body, his thoughts had kept spinning and spiraling out of control. This was probably the biggest trouble he had ever faced in his life. He had never felt so powerless even when he had gone into the sea to hunt for the young Water-eyed Swallowing Beast.

He knew he couldn't fight back against his enemies with his soul in such a state. No matter how hard he tried, he still wouldn't be able to think of a way to save himself.

When Dorothea undid part of the restraining force, he didn't scream like the warriors before him. He knew this was his only chance to tell his opponents that he was a dignified emperor and that he could pay any price in exchange for his own life. And he wanted to seize it.

Hank waved the fishing rod in his hand lightly. This time, he did not intend to throw these corpses into the crater. Instead, he would hang them above the crater to lure the thing that lurked below.

The front of the fishing rod was only as thick as a little finger, and the thin green thread was fine as a hair. But it was strong enough that six or seven corpses could be hanged without any problem.

"An emperor?" Hank suddenly chuckled at War Emperor York's words. "How big is your York Divine Kingdom?"

"Thirty million acres of land. Four billion living creatures. I can give you my place! I will make you the emperor of York Divine Kingdom!" War Emperor York said rather desperately. Since he was suspended in midair, he could clearly see the situation within the huge crater. He noticed that at the bottom of the crater, there was a pair of huge, demonic red eyes. He knew he was pressed for time, so he took the chance to speak. Or perhaps it was begging for mercy.

"Thirty million acres!" Hank didn't know whether to laugh or to cry at this information. "How big is thirty million acres? It sounds pretty big."

The York Divine Kingdom wasn't small. Of the four divine kingdoms, it occupied the largest area of land. But it looked like Hank wasn't interested in the slightest.

Dorothea said calmly from some distance away, "Thirty million acres is about one in ten million of the Sacred Region of the Celestial Position World. It's not even as big as my garden. These natives have quite a narrow vision."

"Is it not enough? If it's not enough, I can give you the entire Divine Kingdom Continent. The four divine kingdoms—" War Emperor York became anxious. He didn't know what else he could offer to move the hearts of these people.

Or perhaps he had already understood that what he was saying was all nonsense and that these people would never take a fancy to anything that belonged to him.

The ground began to shake again.

"Max, that thing is moving. Looks like it can't hold it in any longer. It does work!" Dorothea smiled excitedly.

"Be careful, everyone! It looks like it's about to come out," Max said as a way of warning.

Each of the seven people standing at the edge of the crater adopted a fighting stance, ready to fight against the upcoming enemy. Even though they were extremely powerful, they didn't dare relax in the face of the terrifying existence within the crater.

War Emperor York also felt the change. He saw the pair of glowing red eyes getting closer and closer, constantly rising towards the surface.

Roar!

A pure black dragon's head suddenly reared out of the crater.

This dragon was unique in its appearance, very unlike any normal dragon. Dragons and phoenixes were symbols of good fortune. And though dragons were powerful, they didn't look evil.

There were six pairs of horns on this dragon's head, and its blood-red eyes looked terrifyingly evil. Ordinary warriors would go insane if they were enveloped by its aura.

Roar!

The pure black dragon jumped out of the huge crater, opening its mouth wide to bite the corpses of the Soul Sea Realm masters.

War Emperor York had now become desperate. He knew that no matter how much he resisted, he wouldn't be able to escape this calamity.

The dragon was about to bite the baits, and if it succeeded, there was no chance that they would survive. But at the last moment, Hank gently lifted the fishing rod and pulled War Emperor York and the others higher into the air.

The dragon bit down on empty air.

Hank wasn't trying to save their lives. He was just trying to lure the huge dragon out of the crater. He didn't even stop to consider War Emperor York and the others, and to him, they simply didn't matter.

Roar!

The giant dragon's power was imposing and powerful, on par with that of an ordinary Genuine Dragon. The only difference was probably that it was still young and didn't have a lot of spiritual wisdom.

The dragon stretched out, raising its huge head and continuing chasing after the corpses.

Hank gripped the fishing rod tightly and swung War Emperor York and the others so that they smashed heavily to the ground. Hank finally said, "It's your turn!"

At Hank's words, the burly, muscular man, who had been standing at the edge of the crater, jumped to his feet. Flames appeared on the sickle in his hand.

The burly man charged at the dragon, sickle waving in the air and creating a circular arc that spiraled and slashed towards the dragon's neck.

"Come on! Fight me!" he roared.

Even Zen was secretly shocked at the extent of the power of the man's attack. The power was difficult to estimate, but the giant red sickle in his hand was a divine weapon, which meant that its power was unimaginable.

But as the powerful slash landed on the dragon's scale, it only produced an intense flame that sounded like metal clashing, but didn't cut through the dragon's neck. The dragon was indeed on par with a Genuine Dragon.

"Such powerful defensive power! What kind of dragon is this?" Zen asked Brianna in amazement.

Brianna hadn't said anything from the start. She just stared blankly at the giant dragon in the crater.

Seeing that Brianna wasn't responding, Zen asked again, "Hey, why aren't you talking?"

After a long while, Brianna said, "No wonder! I think those dragon-shaped monsters were summoned by this dragon. I really didn't expect to see the Evil Dragon appear after so many years!"

"Evil Dragon?" Zen said, taken aback.

Brianna, however, did not hear Zen and muttered to herself, "It's still not right. Why would the Evil Dragon appear in the world? There was an

Ancestral Dragon's egg hidden in the sacred place of the Dragon Lineage Human. Could it be that this egg had hatched the Evil Dragon? This is impossible!"

"Hey, what exactly is the Evil Dragon?" Zen asked again, now slightly annoyed by Brianna's lack of attention.

Brianna finally reacted and said, "The Evil Dragon is the opposite of the Ancestral Dragon. It is a faith inheritance derived from our race."

"A faith inheritance derived from your race?" Zen said quizzically. He didn't know what she was talking about.

Brianna immediately replied, "Neither the Ancestral Dragon nor the Evil Dragon should exist. They are only creatures created by the illusions of our race."

"Creatures created by illusions?" Zen felt that the more he listened, the more confused he became.

Brianna understood Zen quite well. As a warrior of the Lower World, Zen's knowledge of certain things in the Upper World was rather limited. She asked, "Hasn't my Grandpa Josh told you that? Creatures created by illusions are not strange at all. It's just like your so-called visualization. If you visualize something long enough, you can use the life vitality to create what you want."

She continued, "Then, creatures of any race can visualize something together, and eventually produce something that doesn't exist in the world. The secret sect of your human race is a good example. They gathered a trillion humans to visualize something together. Of course, they called it 'faith.' They all believed in a sword embryo that didn't exist! After a hundred thousand years, they finally created that sword embryo. And then, the most powerful human weapon refiner forged a legendary weapon with it."

Chapter 1209 The Secret Of Visualization

A warrior could turn his life vitality into something substantial by meditation and visualization.

Take for example a saber: if a warrior wanted to turn his life vitality into a saber then he would have to spend a lot of time observing and contemplating the blade. The greater his concentration and the longer his visualization, the more powerful the life vitality saber would be.

However, this kind of visualization was based on the life vitality. The more real the thing the warrior imagined, the more real the object transformed from the life vitality would be.

Without any life vitality, a saber could never hope to take shape no matter how hard the warrior tried to visualize it.

According to Brianna, if one hundred trillion creatures gathered together and visualized an object, then that object could be formed through sheer willpower alone. It was something beyond Zen's imagination and comprehension.

"You mean we can form a legendary weapon just by imagining it? Without the help of life vitality?" Zen asked.

"It's not strange," Brianna huffed. "Being the faith of the Genuine Dragon, the Ancestral Dragon can let the Genuine Dragon race become prosperous after being born in this world."

"You can regard the Ancestral Dragon as your faith, but why did you let an Evil Dragon be born? Could it be that many members of the Genuine Dragon race have taken the Evil Dragon as their faith?" he asked curiously.

Brianna shook her head. "How would that be possible? Who would be silly enough to do that? All creatures in this world have both light and dark sides within them. The Evil Dragon represents the dark side of the Genuine Dragon race, similar to hell. It seems that you have no idea that the entire hell came about from the contemplation of all creatures of the universe."

Her words shocked Zen even more.

The Netherworld River, the gate of hell…

He would never expect that the hell had been formed through nothing but meditation and imagination. It seemed that if one really tried hard to imagine an object, it would really appear and exist in the physical plane.

Thoughts were powerful and people should probably be more careful with what they imagined in their minds. The universe truly had a lot of surprises in store.

"Roar!"

The Evil Dragon roared in fiery rage as flames rose from its huge head. The strong man's attack was nothing to the beast but he still angered it.

"It's going to spit dragon's breath! Hank, tie it up!" the man with the silver mask ordered.

"Huff, huff, huff..."

Green threads began to spiral and twine around the Evil Dragon, tying its mouth shut instantly. With the dragon's mouth shut, the strong man was able to get close and continue attacking the beast with the huge sickle in his hand.

Zen looked up at the dragon. "It seems the Evil Dragon isn't that powerful. The seven Celestial Position members are only at the Spirit Supreme Realm but it doesn't seem to have the ability to resist them."

"The Evil Dragon has to undergo seven transformations to reach the true extent of its power. It seems that it has only undergone three. If it can go through the fourth transformation, then it will become so powerful that none of the members of the Celestial position would be able to defeat it. This is for the best. They're actually helping you kill it. If they let the Evil Dragon be alive then it would definitely eat the great world and undergo the fifth transformation," Brianna replied.

"Eat the great world?" Zen repeated. He hadn't had the time to explore the secret of the world's will despite being fused by it, but now that he had become the son of the plane, he wouldn't be able to stand by and just let some dragon eat the great world.

"Don't concern yourself too much with the Evil Dragon. Now that they're busy dealing with it, you should take this as a chance for you to escape."

And Brianna was right. Initially, the Celestial Position members had no intention to kill Zen or any of the other insignificant Soul Sea Realm warriors. They were as good as bait in their eyes but if they couldn't attract the Evil Dragon, then there was no need to bother.

However, the Celestial Position members were called Zero-Homers. They even tried to stop the reincarnation. The divine kingdom warriors would most likely be killed after the Evil Dragon was dealt with.

Escaping was the only choice for Zen at this point. As for Fiona, Callan, and the others of the divine kingdoms, he would have to find another way to rescue them.

"These seven warriors are all at the Spirit Supreme Realm and I am currently controlling your physical body. How can I escape?" he asked, looking around hesitantly.

"Except for Max, all of them are just at the early stage of the Spirit Supreme Realm. I know you can only use a bit of my strength but I can teach you an escape skill. You should gather and employ my life vitality later and leave as quickly as you can!"

Zen figured that he didn't really have a choice but to learn this new skill and use it to run away. It seemed that it would give him a better chance of escaping than just merely making use of Brianna's life vitality.

Brianna used her consciousness to pass a pithy formula to Zen. "This is a wind travelling skill. My life vitality is compatible with the wind travelling mind method but how much of it you can comprehend and master is all up to you!

This wind travelling skill is called Cloud-chasing Skill! It is based on the legendary beast, the Cloud-chasing Lion which is second only to the

Celestial Mouse in terms of speed. If you master at least thirty-percent of the skill, you'll be able to escape when they're not looking. Just remember the pithy formula… Dharmakaya of cloud, moving one thousand miles a day, searching at high speed, reaching the heavens and the netherworld..."

The Cloud-chasing Lion?

Zen was a bit surprised when Brianna imparted the wind travelling skill to him.

Back when he managed to obtain a section of the Cloud-chasing Lion's bone, he transplanted it to the Hundred Meetings Platform. After that, he gained the ability to move as fast as the Cloud-chasing Lion but since the bone was used for the body refining skill, it would only reveal itself when the forceful energy erupted.

Forceful energy and life vitality were two different kinds of energy but their basic qualities were similar. Coupled with the fact that his current talent was extremely great, it wasn't difficult for Zen to comprehend the Cloud-chasing Lion's wind travelling skill.

His soul quietly floated in Brianna's mind and gradually grasped the skill.

Meanwhile, Brianna's soul stayed in the interior world, silently staring at Zen. She didn't expect him to master it in such a short time. The Cloud-chasing Skill was extremely difficult to grasp and he would still need to comprehend the Wind Law. However, since she knew her physical body was compatible with the skill, then maybe it would be enough for her to help him escape.

""Bang, bang..."

The Evil Dragon moved irritably, its battle with the seven Celestial Position members in full swing.

Five minutes later, Zen suddenly opened his eyes.

"How much of the skill have you mastered?" Brianna didn't think he'd grasp much of the skill in a mere five minutes. It would be enough if he could activate the Wind Law of her life vitality.

"I think I've mastered it," Zen said, flashing her a bright smile. To some extent, this skill was tailor-made for him. He was sensitive to the Cloud-chasing Lion's talent and this skill was created based on the legendary beast. Brianna imparting the skill to him made him gain a new comprehension for it.

"Aooo!"

The Evil Dragon let out a deafening roar as it broke free from Hank's grip, it's body rising out of the large hole and into the air.

"Vincent! Grab it and drag it back here!"

"Don't let it run away! Dorothea, release the confining power!"

Brianna's eyes flashed at the scene. "Now! This is the best time to escape. Are you ready?"

"Yes!" Zen nodded.

At that moment, Brianna's interior world began to shake as an intangible power covered her physical body, expelling Dorothea's confining power.

Once the confining power was dispelled, Zen immediately felt his soul connect to Brianna's physical body. He wasted no time mobilizing Brianna's life vitality.

"Eh?" Dorothea remarked, suddenly realizing that her confining power had been negated. Turning her attention away from the Evil Dragon, she saw Zen's figure float like the wind and disappear with a flash.

Chapter 1210 Spire

Although every single person from the Celestial Position had his or her attention focused on the Evil Dragon, Zen's sudden disappearance attracted their gaze. They noticed the sudden movement despite their lack of attention.

"A little mouse has run away! Hey Dorothea. Isn't she the one you have a crush on?" The black clothed young man taunted with a smile.

However, the person wearing the silver mask said, "Don't let her run around. Chase after her. There's gonna be so much trouble if she breaks the Ancestral Dragon Egg's hatch."

The flower in Dorothea's eye spun slightly as a look of astonishment came to her face. "Delroy has put up an enchanted barrier around it. It's not gonna be destroyed, right? But I guess it's best if I capture her and bring her back." After she finished speaking, she chuckled and chased after Zen with a bell-like laughter tolling behind her.

Zen was crazily circulating the life vitality within Brianna's body and continuously stimulating the Wind Law. His figure was moving like a shuttle and rapidly traveling through the air.

"This fellow..."

Brianna was completely shocked now and didn't know what to say.

To be able to grasp even thirty percent of the Cloud-chasing Skill in such a short period of time was a remarkable feat in itself. That was what she had told Zen but she didn't have too much hope with him.

In any case, she had taught the Cloud-chasing Skill to Zen as a frantic last-minute effort when she was left with no options. However, she had never thought that Zen would be able to grasp almost all of it in such a short amount of time.

Just how strong was this fellow's innate talent?

If she were to count the capabilities this young man possessed, she would be at a loss. She already knew that the nine dragons had been residing inside his mind for a long time. And since he was chosen by her grandfather, it was clear that Zen wasn't a common warrior. It was still shocking to see just how powerful he was, though.

Even in the Genuine Dragon World, which was filled with hundreds of talented warriors, she had never seen someone with these many capabilities.

Zen had actually grasped seventy percent of the Cloud-chasing Skill within a span of five minutes. In fact, judging by his speed, he might even have grasped more than eighty percent. The black lines Brianna could see behind her were something that only appeared when the Cloud-chasing Lion was running at its top most speed, which compressed the wind around its body to the maximum.

Brianna herself could unleash the full effects of the Cloud-chasing Skill, but this cultivation technique was created from imitating the innate talent of a legendary beast, which was known as the Cloud-chasing Lion. When the Cloud-chasing Lion ran at full pelt, it would create black lines behind it, like a brush doing its work.

This was something that even Brianna couldn't do. However, Zen had completely mastered it within five minutes, and had even achieved a higher level of cultivation than herself.

Now things were getting a bit too hot to handle!

Outside, Zen had no idea Brianna was in great shock. In complement to Brianna's amazement, he was sighing at the strength of this Spirit Supreme Realm body he was using and the unparalleled purity of the life vitality inside it. Normally, the life vitality could last for an okay amount of time, but he could feel that the explosive power of the life vitality within Brianna's body was comparable to his own forceful energy.

Whir!

Zen flew past the exit of the sacred place very soon and directly flew through the arch where they had first appeared.

He was moving so fast that he didn't even have the time to assess the situation and directly charged towards the arch. In fact, not until he had passed through the arch did he realize that something was wrong! He didn't enter the transmission channel. How was he supposed to get back?

"What? The transmission channel has been closed!" Zen was taken aback.

When they had entered the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, they had used the two dragon-shaped keys to open the arch and then activated a transmission channel. Now, the channel had disappeared and the arch was just a stone structure.

In Zen's case, it was nothing more than a decoration.

Immediately after he stopped, he heard a bell-like laughter behind him. "Bet you're surprised about that, huh? Come back with me without making a fuss and I won't kill you."

Zen frowned and asked, "I'm not your enemy. Why did you pursue me so relentlessly?"

"Eh? Who said that we were enemies? I like you, so you have to come with me. Got it?" Dorothea laughed and continued, "Once we have taken care of this place, I will take you somewhere else. The flying passage in the great world has already been destroyed. You don't want to be trapped here for your entire life, do you?"

A strange expression appeared on Zen's face. So that was the secret. Dorothea was an open minded person. She liked women.

"It seems like this woman has taken a fancy to you," Zen teased Brianna with a smile.

Brianna screamed from within her body with a red face, "Go to hell!"

"Don't move. Follow me obediently." Dorothea's voice suddenly became gentle, and the flower in her right eye slowly started to rotate as she gradually moved closer to Zen.

At this moment, Zen's gaze turned soft. He actually forgot to flee, and stood still there. In Zen's eyes, Dorothea had transformed into a unique beauty of the human world. Her entire body was exuding an unfathomable color, and somehow, looked like Zen's greatest desire for a woman.

Just as Zen was standing there in a daze, he suddenly felt a sharp, stabbing pain inside him and instantly regained his consciousness.

"You were being hypnotized by her! Hurry up and run!" Brianna screamed.

Dorothea had already gotten extremely close to Zen by now. Her eyes looked gentle and soft as she reached out her hand to caress Zen's face.

The instant he woke up, Zen punched out. At the same time, he triggered the life vitality within the body. His entire body turned into a violent gust of wind and suddenly evaporated right where he stood.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, he had already travelled thousands of feet away from Dorothea.

Dorothea didn't seem to be in a hurry as she followed behind Zen at a leisurely pace. The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land was only about the size of her palm as far as she was concerned. No matter how fast Zen was, and how many laws he used, it was impossible for him to escape.

Zen changed his direction and continued to speed along. He was thinking about how he was going to leave the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place.

Although they had originally entered through a transmission array, the place was still a physical construct and was built inside the Feather Holy Sea, which existed in the same dimension as his own.

If Zen was able to find a space crack, he would be able to leave without the need of a transmission channel. However, as he traveled, disappointment appeared on his face. He could not discover a single crack in the fabric of space around him.

"Aooo…" Another wave of earth-shaking voice came.

On the other side of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, the six Celestial Position warriors and the Evil Dragon were still engaged in a fierce battle. Even from such a long distance, Zen could still see that a thick pillar of fire was shooting towards the sky. From the looks of it, the battle had already reached its climax.

However, he chose to ignore the battle. But the slight moment of losing attention did cost him. While he was running, a white flower strangely appeared not far in front of him. That flower was blooming at an unbelievable speed, and Dorothea walked out from within the flower. She had a smile on her face as she told Zen, "Little thing, you won't be able to escape!"

When he saw this scene, Zen didn't pause and swept past her again.

Dorothea kept pursuing Zen in the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, still travelling at her leisurely pace. After a while, Zen noticed a transparent enchanted barrier covering a spire not too far away.

"What is that?"

Zen's eyes flashed faintly when he saw the transparent barrier.

It seemed that dramatic changes were taking place inside the barrier, whatever that place was. The bottom of the spire seethed and teemed with life, with all sorts of strange flowers and herbs covering the area. Vines were coiled around the exterior walls of the spire, and the strangest thing was that these plants were growing at a speed that could be seen with the naked eye. In fact, not only growth, Zen could even see death as the vines seethed, grew, twisted, withered and died.

"Time! The speed at which time is passing within that barrier is remarkably fast!" "What exactly is inside that spire?" Zen enquired.

Brianna shook her head. "I'm not sure. The barrier has almost completely isolated all of the auras from within and I can't feel a thing."

"Let's go in." Regardless of what was inside, Zen didn't think too much and charged towards the barrier. He didn't have much of a choice anyway. The moment he approached the barrier, his life vitality gushed out and he punched the barrier with all of his strength.

Boom!

Even though he was controlling a Spirit Supreme Realm body, his punch did not even crack the barrier.

Chapter 1211 Time Elapsing

Before Zen could try anything else, another snow-white flower bloomed beside Zen. Dorothea quietly stepped out from it. When she saw Zen's actions, she smiled faintly and told him, "The barrier cast by Delroy won't be broken so easily. You might as well give up and save your energy!"

Zen stared at her and asked, "What's inside?"

She chuckled, "If I tell you, will you obediently follow me? I guarantee that I won't let you suffer or come to any harm!"

Hearing this, Zen smiled, "In that case, you have to tell me first."

"This is a sacred place; the Ancestral Dragon and the Evil Dragon appeared in here at the same time. At the end of this era, our Celestial Position will naturally collect them. We must stop the Evil Dragon, and also get the Ancestral Dragon." Dorothea answered.

"So, is it the Ancestral Dragon inside this spire? Or is there more to the story?" Zen's eyes glinted.

Dorothea tilted her head and replied in affirmative with a smile, "Yes!"

"Great!" Zen suddenly took out the Black Star pickax from his space ring and swooshed it down towards the enchanted barrier.

Originally, Dorothea wasn't concerned even though Max had been worried that Zen would run around and barge into this place, interfering with the incubation of the Ancestral Dragon egg. However, Dorothea was sure that this worry was unnecessary, since Delroy's enchanted barrier was not that easy to break.

Furthermore, she could sense that although the woman in front of her seemed to be alive, she was, in fact relying on a Soul Core to drive her physical body; this meant that she would be unable to unleash her strength.

As for why Zen was able to use his unique movement technique, and how he was moving so fast, Dorothea could not understand. But no matter what, speed and strength were two different things. And the enchanted barrier that Delroy had cast contained a special Law of Causality, so it could not have been broken by an ordinary cultivator at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

However, when Zen pulled out the pickax, her expression changed drastically. At the same time, the flower in her eye started to spin crazily and turned a dirty shade of red from its usual, beautiful white.

"The supreme divine weapon Black Star!" Dorothea screamed.

By the time she had finished, Zen had already brandished the pickax and struck the enchanted barrier. The barrier suddenly shattered. Since in its entirety, the barrier was a single entity, even if a single part of it was damaged, the entire barrier would instantly shatter like powdered glass!

With a loud clang, the enchanted barrier collapsed.

At the same time, among the group of six men who were still fighting the Evil Dragon, a middle-aged man dressed in an embroidered green robe, suddenly cursed with a shocked expression on his face, "Damn it!"

Max, who was wearing a silver mask, asked, "Delroy, what's wrong?"

"Someone destroyed my enchanted barrier!" Delroy replied with a frown.

The moment they heard his words, the faces of Max and everyone else turned grim.

This time, once they had entered the Lower World, everything had gone smoothly inside the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place. That was thanks to one of the Celestial Position warriors, who had used a secret technique to manipulate Max's luck, allowing him to essentially double the good fortunes that came on him within a few months.

Logically speaking, they should have been able to smoothly capture the Evil Dragon, and have the Ancestral Dragon hatched. Then they could have brought the Evil Dragon and the Ancestral Dragon back to the Celestial Position Race.

But now, a change had occurred.

Delroy's enchanted barrier had covered the top of the tower and locked it inside. Once Max changed the time flow rate, it wouldn't take long for the Ancestral Dragon egg to hatch. All they needed to do was focus on dealing with the Evil Dragon.

Unexpectedly, the enchanted barrier had been broken.

"Could it be the woman who just escaped?" the tall and sturdy man ran over and asked, defending himself from a wave of fire. He had dodged the Evil Dragon's claw and replaced himself with someone else.

"Impossible. Even though that woman is at the Spirit Supreme Realm, she's not strong enough to shatter Delroy's enchanted barrier. I wonder what Dorothea is doing. She has been away for too long now. It gives me the jitters. Woody, go check," Max instructed.

The black-clothed youth nodded his head. The cynical smile on his face disappeared, and his figure turned into a black shadow. He flew towards the tower like a ghost.

As for Zen, the moment he managed to break the barrier, he got inside it.

The time flow rate within the enchanted barrier was completely different from that of the outside world. It seemed to be flowing several times faster, and he could actually see the plants reproduce, die, reproduce and then die again quickly.

From Zen's perspective, he did not feel anything. But Dorothea, outside the enchanted barrier, essentially saw him disappear with a flash after he got inside the tower. All this was because the time flow rate gradient between the outside world and the tower.

Dorothea gritted her teeth and with a flash, she also entered the enchanted barrier.

However, because of the delay of about 30 seconds that had elapsed when she hesitated to go behind Zen, the time gap she had to face was huge.

The time flow rate inside was a very interesting number. For the 30 seconds that Dorothea had wasted outside gawking at Zen's invisible figure, more than eight hours had passed for Zen on the inside.

Of course, Zen couldn't feel that difference at all once he was inside.

In fact, from his perspective, he felt that time was going by at a normal speed. Only those who were outside the barrier could see just how amazing the consequences of a different time flow rate were.

"The tower..."

Zen raised his head to look at the huge structure in front of him. If it weren't for all those unexpected events that had happened in the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, this place would have been the destination of Zen and the other Soul Sea Realm warriors.

Also, he had no idea what kinds of traps were inside this tower. Even after so many years, not a single Soul Sea Realm warrior had ever managed to fetch the Ancestral Dragon egg.

Although it was highly embarrassing to be chased by someone, Zen wasn't bothered about that. His goal this time was the Ancestral Dragon egg. It was a coincidence that he had accidentally entered this place.

He walked straight towards the door of the huge structure in front of him. He had originally intended to break through the door. But the moment he came to and stood in front of it, a ray of faint light glistened from the door frame. Once it had circled around the door frame once, the door slowly opened of its own accord.

Behind the door was a pitch-black space.

Zen turned his head to look at the outside world. The sky was what greeted him. Perhaps it was because of the Time Law that except for the area that lay about several hundred feet around the tower, the entire Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place had disappeared from Zen's sight.

Anyway, since he could not see Dorothea chasing him anymore, Zen stepped through the door.

Now he saw that in the empty space, there were glowing steps. These steps were circling around and rising up. Zen stepped on them and started to climb quickly.

After climbing for a while, Zen suddenly saw a giant chain appear at the top of the stairs. He looked carefully at it and found that a small, glowing object was attached in the middle of the chains.

In fact, it was completely tied up by the numerous chains that surrounded it.

Zen stared intently at it and suddenly, his eyes sparked, "This is..."

"The Ancestral Dragon egg," a calm voice sounded from within his inner world. It was obvious that Brianna had also noticed the object and recognized it.

A faint smile appeared on Zen's face, but then he heard Brianna tell him, in a tone that sounded like she was shaking her head, "You can't take it away!"

"I can't? What do you mean? Why not?" Zen wondered.

"If it were so easy to obtain, it wouldn't have taken the four divine kingdoms and their emperors so many years," Brianna pointed out faintly.

Zen agreed with her words. The Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place wasn't that dangerous, yet the Soul Sea Realm warriors of the four divine kingdoms, who had entered the place so many times, had still been unable to get their hands on the Ancestral Dragon egg.

"These are just some chains. I think I can handle them." Zen shook his head as he spoke, though his face revealed a look of doubt. He thought that those warriors hadn't been able to get the egg because the chains were too hard to break. Luckily, he had the Black Star. It shouldn't be difficult for him to break this chain. He had to try anyway.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1212 The Crack On The Ancestral Dragon Egg

Devoid of any hesitation, Zen took out the Black Star pickaxe and held it in his hand. There wasn't much time left for him. If Dorothea arrived, then he would be in a lot of trouble.

However, just as he brandished the Black Star pickaxe and hit the chains, a seemingly odd scene transpired!

As a supreme divine weapon, it was capable of destroying anything. There was rarely anything in the universe that it couldn't crush.

And to his surprise, it actually penetrated the chains!

"Is it an illusion?" Zen was amazed and bewildered at the same time.

The chains in front of him, as well as the Ancestral Dragon Egg that was wrapped in chains, seemed to be nothing more than illusions!

He then hastily reached out his hands for the chains. His fingers infiltrated through them with ease, and he felt nothing!

"What the hell is going on?" Zen wondered.

Both the chains in front of him and the Ancestral Dragon Egg in the center were life-like. He couldn't assimilate that they were only illusions. He could see them, but he couldn't touch anything.

Brianna smiled faintly and remarked, "If I guessed it right, the Ancestral Dragon Egg is sealed in another layer of space, so you can see it, but you cannot touch it!"

"Another layer of space?"

He was confused at her words. He was indeed proficient in the Space Law, and even before he had gone through the baptism of Laws, his affinity with the Space Law had achieved an unprecedentedly high level. Although after undergoing the baptism of Laws, he had no problem cultivating any Original Laws, he was still the most sensitive to the Space Law.

At any rate, he had only reached the second layer of the Space Law. If he was given enough time to practice in the four divine kingdoms and was able to obtain the totems carrying the third and fourth layers of Space Law, he might have the chance to gradually comprehend them.

However, after he came to the four divine kingdoms, there was not much time for him to practice. From the moment he entered the Harlen Divine Kingdom, he had busied himself in achieving his goal of finding and accumulating the life stones. Later on, he participated in the competition by the side of the West Dragon River. After that, he entered the Feather Holy Sea. He rarely had any time to think about anything else.

"Yes, if I am not mistaken, this should be the fifth layer of the Space Law, the so-called Refraction! This Ancestral Dragon Egg seems to be sealed in another space. Everything you see is only the refraction through space! It is simply impossible to take out the Ancestral Dragon Egg that easily!" Brianna shook her head and added, "Unfortunately, I don't specialize in Space Law. Back then, I could only comprehend a layer of it."

"Because of this reason, War King Wind and the other rulers were unable to take away the Ancestral Dragon Egg?" Zen frowned.

After all, mastering the Original Law required much effort and skill to deal with it. The first layer was relatively easy. The second layer was extremely difficult. And if one wanted to master the third layer of the Original Law, one must possess a divine-level talent at the least, and those martial artists who could master the fourth layer were likely to be the core members of their race, even in the Upper World.

As for the fifth layer, it wasn't something that an ordinary martial artist could reach.

"Whoosh!"

Zen's figure flashed as he traveled through space. He instinctively stretched out an arm towards the Ancestral Dragon Egg in the center.

Just like earlier, he seemed to be grasping a mirage of the Ancestral Dragon Egg. These chains and this Ancestral Dragon Egg were all indeed illusions!

"It's useless. If my guess is correct, those warriors from the Celestial Position also didn't master the Space Law well. They can't take out the Ancestral Dragon Egg, so they came up with another method," Brianna calmly stated.

"What method?" Zen probed further.

"It's so simple. They try to accelerate the ripening of this Ancestral Dragon Egg! They plan to change the time flow rate by accelerating it in the entire steeple. With time flow rate increased by one thousand times, they will wait for the Ancestral Dragon to hatch. Soon after the Ancestor Dragon comes out, they can take it away," Brianna assumed.

Zen nodded. This time, he completely agreed with her analysis. But, his eyebrows furrowed again. "Now that I have entered this steeple, doesn't it mean that the Time Law will also apply to me? Wouldn't it be too long before this Ancestral Dragon Egg hatches if I wait right here?"

The rate of time flow was considered normal beyond the extent of influence of Time Law. But within the range, time flew a thousand times faster. Now that Zen was within this range, his time flow rate seemed to be in sync with that of the Ancestral Dragon Egg.

"Your analysis makes sense. If you want to wait for the Ancestral Dragon Egg to hatch, there might be hope if the Ancestral Dragon is about to break out of the shell. Otherwise, the only thing you can do is leave the range of the Time Law and slowly wait…" Brianna blinked her eyes as she went on.

"This... This will be even more troublesome." For a moment, Zen couldn't think of a better way.

It was also at this moment when Zen instantaneously heard the sound of footsteps approaching. When he looked down, he saw Dorothea climbing up the stairs, and their eyes met.

Dorothea let out a small wicked smile and mocked, "I'll forgive you this time. But you destroyed the enchanted barrier outside. Delroy would not easily let you go. Obediently follow me out of here! Well, it's not too late!"

Zen breathed out lightly. The biggest drawback after he entered the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place this time was that he couldn't use his own abilities. Although he had taken over Brianna's body, it was still impossible to utilize her full strength. It was so depressing.

However, this group of warriors were all at the Spirit Supreme Realm. They could not be underestimated even in the Upper World!

Even if Zen had not been affected by the power of the Feather Holy Sea's blood sacrifice, he would still be like an ant in front of these masters of the Spirit Supreme Realm with his current strength at the Life and Death Realm. He would not be able to fight back.

"Good girl, come with me!" Dorothea continued to laugh as she lightly stepped onto the stairs and slowly walked up.

Right at this moment, Zen's gaze happened to land on the Ancestral Dragon Egg. He noticed that a tiny crack had appeared on it!

"A crack…"

"You are so lucky, this Ancestral Dragon is coming out!" He heard Brianna's voice.

"But that woman is coming!" Zen communicated with Brianna in his mind.

"Find a way to delay her. The Ancestral Dragon has the imprinting behavior! As soon as it comes out from the egg, it will follow and become attached to the first moving object it encounters!" Brianna pointed out.

The hatch of the Ancestral Dragon Egg would take a long time beyond anyone's imagination. It was true that the power of the blood sacrifice exerted by the Dragon Lineage Human had sealed the place for that long time, and Zen had no inkling on how long the Time Law had been in effect here. If the Celestial Position entered the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place a year ago, then under a time flow rate that was a thousand times faster than the normal time flow rate, the time had passed for close to a thousand years in this space.

Regardless of this, when he arrived here, the Ancestral Dragon Egg had finally cracked. Perhaps this was to be considered his luck!

"Imprinting behavior..." Zen didn't have time to mull over the meaning of this phrase. Dorothea was already walking up to him step by step. He needed to find a topic to delay her.

He turned to her after some thought as an idea came to his mind and asked, "Celestial Position, do you all belong to Celestial Position?"

When Dorothea heard him mention the Celestial Position, she was surprised. She asked with confusion, "Eh? How do you know that?"

He grinned slightly, then replied, "It's because I also belong to the Celestial Position!"

Hearing this, Dorothea showed an expression of disbelief. She giggled and exclaimed, "It's impossible! Every member of our Celestial Position possesses a special mark. If you are a warrior recognized by our Celestial Position, I must be feeling the existence of that mark!"

Zen smiled faintly as his expression became more at ease. "You should have noticed that this body doesn't belong to me, right?"

Dorothea nodded her head. Her power to restrain the Soul Cores was also effective on the girl in front of her, which meant that she had also relied on the Soul Core to control the physical body she was in now. However, Dorothea didn't know about the Soul Sealing Spell on Brianna, so she felt very strange about the body in front of her as well. It was a living physical body, so why did she still need to control her physical body through the Soul Core? Wouldn't it be unnecessary?

Zen's explanation, however, sort of answered some of her doubts.

"You said that you obtained the recognition of the Celestial Position. But to think that you are only a martial artist from the Lower World, how did you gain the recognition of our Celestial Position?" Dorothea probed with a smile. She refused to believe what Zen said.

From the corner of his eyes, he noted the crack on the Ancestral Dragon Egg was slowly spreading. He then quickly replied, "Tower, I obtained the recognition of Celestial Position in a tower!"

The Tower of Sin originally belonged to the Celestial Position, so what he said was the truth.

Chapter 1213 Unbelievable

"A tower?"

Dorothea asked with a skeptical expression on her face. There were three towers used for training in her Celestial Position race.

In order to gain recognition of the Celestial Position, a warrior normally had to pass the Talent Tablet test in one of the three towers.

However, one of the three towers had been lost, not to be found again. When Zen suddenly mentioned a tower, Dorothea was convinced a little.

"What's the name of the tower?" she asked with a frown.

"Tower of Sin," Zen continued, his eyes fixed on the Ancestral Dragon egg, yearning for it. More and more cracks were appearing on its surface. On the upper half of the dragon's egg, the cracks spread out like spider webs.

"Tower of Sin... that's not right!" Dorothea shook her head. "It's not what the lost tower is called."

Hearing her words, Zen smiled. He knew very well that he wasn't lying, so he was confident that he could use this subject to engage her attention. "The Tower of Sin has fifteen floors. I took the Talent Tablet test on the tenth. I still remember the names on the first row of the Talent Tablet... such as Abigail Yun, Odom Gu, Cliff, Fire, and so forth."

'Odom Gu!'

Dorothea was surprised to hear Zen utter the name, her smiling face immediately turning grave. "That was the Tower of Crystal. I believe you have been there."

"Tower of Crystal..."

Zen remembered that. "Tower of Sin" was the name given to it by the creatures of the Sea God Continent, but since it was the Celestial

Position's tower for training, it was naturally not called the same here. It seemed that it had originally been called the Tower of Crystal.

The reason why Dorothea was so excited

was that she heard a very familiar name escape Zen's mouth: Odom Gu.

Her full name was Dorothea Gu. Odom Gu was her father.

"Where is the Tower of Crystal?" Dorothea Gu asked him.

As Zen heard this, his heart skipped a beat. He seemed to have revealed something that he shouldn't have revealed just to stall for time.

Tower of Sin was very important to the Sea God Continent. It was the same with the Purple Heart Sacred Place of humans. Although the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had already developed, the Purple Heart Sacred Place was still relatively weak. If they found out the whereabouts of the Tower of Sin and took it away, it would be impossible for the human race to become stronger than the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place in such a short amount of time. Perhaps that was good news for the ogres.

Seeing the hesitation on Zen's face, Dorothea Gu sneered, "This great world's ascension passage has been sealed. The tower of Crystal must be here. It won't be too difficult to find it. If you're so unwilling to answer me, I will not force you, but... You said you received the recognition of the Celestial Position. What row is your talent in? I hope it's not the fourth or the fifth."

Although the three towers of the Celestial Position had been differently named, their shapes and details were about the same. In fact, the three towers were not only used for trials, but also as weapons of suppression.

Dorothea Gu had great talent. In the Tower of Illusory, her talent had been ranked in the first row.

As far as she knew, only the warriors whose talents were in the first two rows in the Talent Tablet test had the potential to be recognized by the Celestial Position.

As for the martial artists whose talents were below the second row, their names were also recorded on the tablet, but since there were other countless warriors like them in the Upper World, they were not deemed worthy.

Dorothea Gu's instinct was to disregard Zen, a young boy who stole a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior's body. How could he be as strong?

Hearing her question, Zen smiled faintly. "I don't belong to any rows."

"Oh..." Her expression dimmed. "A young man whose name is not even listed on the tablet, and who claims that he belongs to the Celestial Position Race. You must be delusional."

Previously, Dorothea Gu had thought that Zen's name was in the second row. If that was the case, she could indeed see Zen as a member of the same race. The Celestial Position warriors were not in great numbers, but they were all elites.

Amber from Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was a great instance of it. After her name was listed in the second row of the tablet, it only took her two hundred years to become the leader of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. She even led them in the war against the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

However, ever since the ascension passage was sealed, Amber was unable to break through the Soul Sea Realm. Her lifelong achievements had come to a halt. If the great world's ascension passage was intact, then she would have been able to cultivate to a higher realm and progress even among the many members of the Demon Night in the Upper World.

Zen, however, couldn't even manage to get his name on the tablet. In Dorothea Gu's opinion, he wouldn't make a great talent in any race. The Celestial Position was out of the question. How naive was he to think that he had the recognition of the Celestial Position just because he had been to the Talent Tablet?

Suddenly, another crack appeared in the middle of the Ancestral Dragon egg. Zen raised his eyebrows, continuing, "You think I'm delusional? My name is not there in the six rows, but it has been recorded."

"Recorded? Where?" Dorothea was confused at his reply.

"Above the names of those such as Odom Gu and Cliff," he said softly.

"What!" Dorothea Gu spluttered, seemingly losing her composure.

She took a deep breath. "So you say. What is your title then?" she asked somewhat nervously. "Asura? Rakshasa? Innate? Eight? Which one? Is the name in gold or silver?"

"Th-there are so many titles?" Zen was instantly taken aback by Dorothea's words.

He was aware that the ones who ranked above the first row naturally surpassed the other warriors. However, since his name was the only one there, he didn't know that so many titles existed.

In truth, a great deal of emphasis was placed on the titles on the Talent Tablet. Moreover, each of them was of a different level. For instance, Asura and the Rakshasa were the two highest titles. Then, there were titles such as Innate, Eight and so on.

In fact, anyone who could obtain any of these titles was considered to be among the strongest warriors in the universe. The difference between the titles was quite small. But however small, it still made a difference.

The titles were also classified into gold, silver, and bronze, where gold was the highest and bronze the lowest.

"You say that you've obtained a title. So tell me, what title did you obtain?" asked Dorothea, staring at Zen.

Zen looked puzzled, "It's none of those that you've mentioned."

Dorothea Gu frowned. "Is it Young Heart? Or Sea Arriving?" Those two titles were ranked at the very end. However, even so, they were impressive enough. Although Dorothea Gu had been listed in the first row, she hadn't gotten any of those titles.

"Neither," Zen said. "If I remember correctly, it was the gold 'Celestial Position.'"

After Zen said this, the flower in Dorothea Gu's right eye started to whirl. The root of the flower was buried deep in her eye. Seeing the flower spin like this, Zen wondered if she was in pain.

What he didn't know was that his words had set off a storm in her heart.

"How...how is this possible? Celestial Position! Gold Celestial Position!" Dorothea Gu found his words incredible.

As per Zen, he had been to the Tower of Crystal and indeed taken the Talent Tablet test. If he hadn't seen the words "Celestial Position" inscribed on the tablet, he wouldn't have known that such a title even existed.

Dorothea Gu knew that for a fact, which was why she found his claim so hard to believe.

Chapter 1214 Imprinting

It was natural for any living being with a mind to desire improvement and betterment. Thus, all the races in the universe gave their all to expand and develop their forces.

In order to improve their races in the fastest pace possible, they had to train their young talents just as vigorously.

It was why every race had designed their own sets of rules to conduct a series of tests, which would evaluate the skills of the young members.

Of course, each method of assessment differed greatly from each other.

Aside from the observation of the Lotus Flowers, the testing methods from three races were considered the most accurate of them all: the Heavenly Path from the human race, the Ogre Abyss of the ogres, and the three magical towers of the Celestial Position race.

Anyone who obtained any of the titles in the three magical towers would receive close protection by the Celestial Position race, and would be considered one of their core members. The same was also applied to those even of the lowest titles.

Up until now, only less than a hundred thousand living members of the Celestial Position race had managed to possess a title. Eighty thousand of them held a bronze title.

Eighteen thousand of them had a silver.

Only one thousand managed to have a golden title.

Among all of the members, only about sixty were given the Rakshasa or the Asura title.

As for the Celestial Position title…

Only six people were known to have it. They had all become absolute leaders of the Celestial Position race, and were considered legendary figures.

That was why Dorothea felt taken aback by Zen's words.

She couldn't believe that this person in front of her had such an exceptional talent, as if Zen had only existed in dreams.

She had been previously delighted when she heard about the Tower of Crystal. They had come here to complete an important task of capturing the Ancestral Dragon and the Evil Dragon, and the information about the Tower of Crystal was an unexpected surprise. If they managed to bring back the Tower of Crystal to the Celestial Position race, it would definitely be recorded as a great contribution, even greater than the capture of the Ancestral Dragon and the Evil Dragon.

However, all of that seemed insignificant now when they had discovered someone with a golden Celestial Position title.

At that point, Dorothea wanted to stop the capture of the Evil and the Ancestral Dragons so that she could go to the Tower of Crystal and seek the truth. Once she had verified whether Zen had really passed the test of the Talent Tablet and obtained the golden Celestial Position title, they would bring this man to the Celestial Position race as soon as they could.

Dorothea could only imagine the shock on the faces of the Celestial Position's higher-ups if they brought this man in front of them.

"You... You are not lying to me, right?" Dorothea asked in a trembling voice. She couldn't speak straight with all the adrenaline and excitement that flowed into her being.

Dorothea had always been proud to be ranked at the first row of the Talent Tablet. But every time she met other members of the Celestial Position race with a title, she felt a bit frustrated that her talent was inferior to theirs.

Nonetheless, she also understood that talent was only an indicator of a warrior's abilities. Her arduous efforts and good luck still might make it possible for her to surpass those titled talents. Such instances weren't rare.

Still, she didn't feel the same way towards the man in front of her. Their talents had such a huge gap between them, that she wouldn't even compare to him at all.

Zen nodded as he looked at Dorothea with a smile and then said, "Yes, I'm not lying to you. But..."

"But what?" Dorothea blinked nervously. She hoped that Zen wouldn't say anything that would disappoint her.

Zen chuckled and said, "It looks like the Ancestral Dragon has hatched successfully."

While they talked, the shell of the chained Ancestral Dragon egg had been completely broken. A soft nose nudged a shell piece away, and revealed a hairy body inside.

The tiny creature looked less like a newborn baby dragon and more like a small seahorse instead. It had a long and thin head, and a pair of large eyes that glowed a bright cyan.

After the tiny Ancestral Dragon came out from its eggshell, it swallowed the eggshell in one gulp, then started to look around in curiosity.

"Keep making up stories to trick that woman, and try to draw the Ancestral Dragon's attention to you. Once it stares at you first, it will recognize you as its family by imprinting," Brianna reminded Zen in his mind.

Then, Brianna heard Zen explain to Dorothea about his golden title, which looked like it shocked her. Although Brianna had also heard about the towers of the Celestial Position race, she herself had never seen them, and couldn't understand what Zen meant.

Even then, Brianna admired how Zen spoke. Of course, it wasn't because he had obtained a golden title or whatever it was — but she was impressed in how he got to trick this woman from the Celestial Position race like a fool. She believed that Zen merely made up stories.

'His boasting skills are truly not for show, ' she thought.

After the small, furry creature had stared at Zen for quite a while, Zen finally smiled and told Dorothea that the Ancestral Dragon's egg had hatched.

A soft purr was heard from the tiny dragon as it stared at Zen.

Suddenly, it jumped and easily broke free from the refracted space, and proceeded to pounce towards Zen.

If this had happened a few moments prior, Dorothea would've been furious. They had painstakingly set up all sorts of devices in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land just to capture the Ancestral Dragon and the Evil Dragon. But now, Zen had messed up their plan, and all their efforts were wasted.

But after Dorothea had made sure that Zen was most likely telling the truth, the Ancestral Dragon didn't seem that important anymore. She was surprisingly calm at this moment.

If this man really possessed the golden Celestial Position title, then it wouldn't be surprising if the Ancestral Dragon acknowledged him at the right time. He undoubtedly had really good luck.

Meanwhile, the little dragon purred and jumped into Zen's arms.

It showed a close sense of intimacy towards him, and it kept nudging its furry head against his chest.

It was known that an oviparous creature could move around completely on its own after it hatched out, and could also think independently to some extent. Thus, it was possible for such creatures to imprint. This meant that they automatically recognized the first living creature around them as their mothers.

On the other hand, creatures like humans were completely ignorant upon birth. They needed a long period of training and learning before they could gradually establish their own awareness. Thus, such creatures did not have any imprinting behavior.

The Ancestral Dragon might be the faith of the Genuine Dragon race, but it was also influenced by the imprinting.

After it saw Zen at first sight, a strong imprint had been formed in the little dragon's mind. And because of the imprint's effect, it recognized Zen as its mother.

The seven people of the Celestial Position race had actually prepared to prevent the imprinting behavior. They had originally planned to use the Time Law to hatch the Ancestral Dragon first, then seal it and bring it back to the Celestial Position race before any imprinting could happen. This matter was to be done by the higher-ups of their race.

However, the Ancestral Dragon had hatched out faster than they had expected, and Zen had accidentally run into this spire when Dorothea chased him, then he obtained the dragon's acknowledgement on Brianna's instructions.

As he carried the small dragon with his hands, Zen thought that Dorothea would attack him out of anger, so he thought about how to escape.

But Dorothea didn't even move the slightest. She just stood there and blankly stared at him. She didn't even pay the least bit of attention to the small dragon in his arms.

"What's wrong with this woman?" Zen was confused, so he asked Brianna's soul inside the body. She shook her head and said, "I don't know, either. Maybe she was taken aback by the amazing stories you've made up just now."

"I didn't make up anything..." Zen retorted. "Who knows?

I don't believe a bit of it, anyway," Brianna sneered. She had witnessed Zen's bragging skills before, so she didn't believe his words at all.

"You should go with me!" Dorothea piped up from out of the blue.

"Go with you? Why?" Zen was totally confused.

"I won't pursue the Ancestral Dragon egg anymore. But, you have to obey me first!" Dorothea said seriously.

Chapter 1215 Explanation

Dorothea was well aware of what the real priority was.

Although the Ancestral Dragon was indeed important, it was still nothing compared to a warrior with the title of the golden Celestial Position.

Even if they found out it wasn't true, they would still be able to take away the Ancestral Dragon.

An imprinting was always troublesome, most especially the imprinting on this Ancestral Dragon. Even the Celestial Position race would have to pay a considerable price if they wanted to remove it from the Ancestral Dragon.

Still, that was only trouble—trouble that could be solved.

And no matter how much trouble they dealt with, they probably still wouldn't be able to get a warrior with the Celestial Position title. After a moment of thought, Dorothea decided to verify the matter before anything.

Seeing Zen's golden eyes remain vigilant, Dorothea knew he was still hostile toward her. With a slight smile, she said, "I won't capture you. Can you follow me?"

Albeit cautiously, Zen still nodded.

With that, Dorothea started walking down the stairs step by step, while Zen followed behind, carrying the Ancestral Dragon in his arms.

The two quickly exited the tall, pointed tower, leaving the area affected by the Time Law.

Although they spent an hour in the tower, the time flow rate they were under the influence of sped up real time by a thousand—to the outside world, they were in and out of the tower in an instant.

The moment Zen stepped outside the tower, the time flow rate around him returned to normal—all the plants around the area covered by the Time Law began to rapidly blossom, wither, and die in a cycle.

Whoosh!

A black shadow flashed toward Zen and Dorothea, like a swallow flying through the clouds before he stopped midair. It turned out to be a man in black called Woody.

"Dorothea, what happened? Why did Delroy's enchanted barrier shatter…" he asked immediately.

But before he could finish his words, his gaze fell on Zen, who was standing still behind Dorothea. His focus shifted to the small dragon in Zen's arms. Realizing what it was, Woody's eyes shone aggressively.

"What's going on? The Ancestral Dragon… Has it already hatched?"

When Woody entered the pointed tower numerous times in the past, the Ancestral Dragon was ever-protected by a refracted space, and he was unable to take it for himself. All he could do was to make use of the time flow rate to speed up its hatching.

So even if Delroy's enchanted barrier was broken, they weren't too nervous about it—even with the enchanted barrier broken, no one should have been able to take the egg away.

But when Woody saw Zen holding that very dragon, he was baffled, wondering what really unfolded in the pointed tower.

Without much thought, Woody had the instant urge to snatch the small dragon from Zen's hands right at that moment.

But Zen would not let Woody take it. Suddenly, he activated the life vitality within his body as he exerted the Cloud-chasing Skill, ready to escape.

"Don't try to run!" Woody sneered.

Then, he unsheathed the enormous black saber and began fiercely chopping at Zen.

Dorothea frowned and the flower in her right eye suddenly spun. A pink, blinding light shot out from the flower's pistil.

"Bang!"

The light went right for Woody's black saber, instantly sealing it in place!

Preparing to slash down, Woody was going extremely fast as he brandished the black saber. But the sealing power of Dorothea's pink light was too domineering—after being sealed once, the black saber was completely wrapped and suspended midair, unable to move an inch.

Never did Woody expect Dorothea to use such a powerful sealing skill on his saber. Just as he was about to slash down, the saber turned uncontrollable and slipped out of his hand. In the end, he held onto nothing but air as he tried to slash Zen—it was rather humiliating for him.

"Dorothea, what are you doing? Are you going to betray the Celestial Position?" Woody asked her, like a warning.

When he saw Zen carrying the dragon and following behind Dorothea, Woody could tell that something was wrong. Now that Dorothea was blatantly getting in his way, he couldn't understand what was going on in her head—Dorothea betraying the Celestial Position was the only plausible conclusion he could come to.

But much to his surprise, Dorothea shook her head. "No. There's something more important I have to do."

"Something more important? What are you saying?" Woody asked, almost in a fit of rage. Though he had always respected Dorothea, at this moment, he couldn't think of anything more important than the Ancestral Dragon. Collecting the newly hatched Ancestral Dragon and the young Evil Dragon was the whole purpose of their trip. It wasn't a particularly difficult mission, but it was truly important.

After pondering, Dorothea decided that there were some things she did not need to explain to Woody. But after seeing his glare, she continued, "I found the Tower of Crystal."

"The Tower of Crystal?"

After the initial stunned silence, Woody began to understand.

As a member of the Celestial Position, he had once entered the Tower of Illusory for training—his name was right beside Dorothea's on the first row.

He was aware of the three towers that were used for training, but the Tower of Crystal had been lost.

These three towers were very important to the Celestial Position race. Finding the Tower of Crystal was no small matter.

"But… But so what if we find the Tower of Crystal? We cannot let this guy just take the Ancestral Dragon away!" Woody was clearly indignant. The Tower of Crystal and the Ancestral Dragon were completely unrelated to each other.

"You don't need to say any more," Dorothea said. "Let's go and look for Max first. You'll understand later."

Gritting his teeth, Woody didn't say anything in the end. He knew how Dorothea normally was—she always seemed happy-go-lucky, fond of playing tricky games. Very rarely was she deadly earnest in dealing with anything.

Seeing how serious she was, Woody had to consider the gravity of the matter.

With that, Dorothea walked to the front while Zen followed behind, the small dragon still in his arms. All the while, Woody stared at Zen ruthlessly, making sure that he wouldn't try to run away again.

The three of them kept a constant speed as they flew above the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place.

Meanwhile, the little dragon in Zen's arms was running its fluffy head against his face. From time to time, it made a gurgling sound, much like a human infant, acting spoiled in Zen's care.

At that moment, a sorrowful roar suddenly erupted.

"Aooo..."

When the roar was heard, the dragon in Zen's arms suddenly began trembling as it buried its small head into Zen's chest—by then, it had regarded Zen as its mother, thinking that Zen could protect it by all means.

The roar was of the Evil Dragon in the distance.

On that end, Max and the other four continued suppressing the young Evil Dragon.

"Be careful! This Evil Dragon will seal himself up and undergo the fourth transformation!"

"Stop it, or we'll be in huge trouble!"

"Attack its neck. I've already cut it open…"

Boom, boom, boom...

The powerful attacks landed right on the Evil Dragon's body one after another, releasing intense light right on the surface of its body.

At the edge of the large hole, the warriors of the four divine kingdoms were still blankly staring at the battle in the sky.

The strength of these Spirit Supreme Realm masters was far beyond their imagination, but the Evil Dragon was also undeniably terrifying. It hadn't yet grown up, but its strength was equivalent to an eleventh-level vicious beast's, equal as well to that of the human Soul Sea Realm warrior.

But an Evil Dragon of this level could fight against several Spirit Supreme Realm masters with its own strength. When this Evil Dragon grew up, how terrifying would its strength be in the future?

Of course, the Soul Sea Realm masters were worried—they could barely protect themselves at the time. Most of them were already wondering how soon they would be killed.

As Soul Sea Realm masters, they were considered powerful among the four divine kingdoms. But when faced with the Spirit Supreme Realm masters, they were practically nothing. And having their souls confined in the corpses didn't help—they didn't even have the strength to resist.

Chapter 1216 Seal Itself

The Soul Sea Realm warriors of the four divine kingdoms understood that they could only let themselves be slaughtered since they lacked the ability to fight back.

Once the Celestial Position members subdued the Evil Dragon, they would most likely kill them all. The members didn't need to kill them but there was really no merit with letting them go.

As the saying went, "The weak will stand as easy prey to the strong." They were mere ants in the eyes of these Spirit Supreme Realm warriors.

Each warrior that stood frozen against their will had differing views on their situation.

Quite a few found themselves unable to accept the reality, and one of them was War Emperor York. At first, he had been unlucky and had been used as a bait to lure the Evil Dragon. However, his fate reversed when the Evil Dragon did not swallow him up and he was able to come back alive.

Now with a second chance at life, War Emperor York was currently racking his brains trying to think of a way to escape from his current predicament.

A few others, however, were not as afraid of death. War King Wind, for instance, did not mind dying that moment though he did feel extremely guilty for bringing Fiona and Callan with him. A parent would never wish death upon his children after all.

Fiona, on the other hand, was indifferent to her own fate, too busy worrying if Zen had managed to escape.

Roar!

The Evil Dragon let out another horrifying bellow, twisting its long and narrow body as it tried to drill itself back into the large crater.

"Don't let it get in! Stop it!" someone shouted.

Max, the one who wore a silver mask, held up a bent walking stick in his hand and blocked the top of the crater ahead of others.

Roar!

The Evil Dragon seemed to be wary of Max and immediately fired its burning breath towards him.

The sight of devastating flames would've made anyone panic, but nobody could tell with Max because of his mask. He looked calm though, as he lightly held out his walking stick and summoned an irregular crystal shield out of nowhere, protecting him from the dragon's attack.

Noticing that its attack did nothing to its opponent, the Evil Dragon opened its mouth fully, intending to swallow Max whole.

A fully grown dragon would be big enough to wrap itself around an entire continent, but this Evil Dragon was only at its infancy, so it was significantly smaller. However, it was still gigantic compared to Max.

So when it opened its mouth, it could be compared to an eagle trying to swallow a mosquito. It would've been a funny sight if not for the context of the situation.

Of course, Max wasn't going to let himself be eaten so easily. He quickly waved his walking stick and traced a circle in the air. "Spin around and go down," he muttered.

The moment the Evil Dragon touched the circle, its entire body suddenly flipped itself.

It was as if an invisible giant in the sky reached out and grabbed the beast, then threw it heavily to the other side.

Boom!

The Evil Dragon's body smashed onto the ground and caused a heavy tremor through the earth.

Boom!

The four divine kingdom warriors all fell to the ground from the shaking. Rocks had also been dislodged and were now on their way to smash them.

It was fortunate that the corpses they occupied all had high cultivation levels that were able to smash the rocks that headed their way. These corpses served as shields that protected the souls within.

The Evil Dragon was also fine. Though it had been smashed down by a heavy force, it did not sustain too much damage. Now that it realized that it could no longer return to its own nest, it immediately lay down on the ground with a huff and surrounded itself with a cloud of dust.

"Crap! Stop it! It wants to seal itself!" Max shouted, rushing towards the beast.

The burly man, armed with a giant sickle in hand, rushed towards the Evil Dragon along with the others.

However, as the man neared the dust cloud, a miraculous scene appeared.

One would think that even an ordinary person without any cultivation would be able to rush towards a dust cloud with no problem.

However, the burly man found himself unable to charge into the cloud, the dust acting as a natural barrier to keep intruders from venturing inside.

"Break it!"

The burly man immediately raised his giant sickle.

Clang!

He slashed through the air, but there was only a small spark. It had been unable to cut through the flying dust.

His failure upset him greatly as he pulled a long face.

And it wasn't just him. The others were also unable to break through the dust barrier. Max slowly floated over towards them and said, "This is troublesome. The Evil Dragon has really sealed itself. The method of sealing is an instinct of any super legendary beast."

"How long will it last?" one of the members asked.

"It won't be short, but it won't also be terribly long. It's extremely troublesome. Also, while it is sealed, it will undergo its fourth evolution. When that happens, we're all doomed."

The Evil Dragon's third evolution already required several Spirit Supreme Realm warriors. A fourth evolution would do wonders for its power. By then, only the executives of the Celestial Position race could probably deal with it.

"What do we do now?" the burly man asked. He had been able to injure the Evil Dragon after activating his blood's berserk power—with great difficulty. None of them ever expected that the dragon would seal itself and that they'd be able to do nothing about it.

Max only shook his head, his mask hiding his emotions. Since he was their leader, they would have no choice but to follow his orders.

At that moment, three figures flew over from the horizon. Max looked up and tutted. "Let's not bother about this. It seems like the situation with Dorothea will be more troublesome."

"More troublesome?" The burly man also raised his head to look and his bell-like eyes widened in surprise. "Damn! That woman took out the Ancestral Dragon's egg? And it's hatched? How can the Ancestral Dragon be in her hands?"

That "woman" the burly man was referring to was actually Zen within Brianna's body.

The scholarly man frowned. "What's going on with Dorothea? Why would she let that woman take the Ancestral Dragon?"

Max sighed, "Even though I've had my luck boosted, it seems there's someone out there with a luck stronger than mine."

He said those words bitterly.

As a core member of the Celestial Position race, Max had once obtained a silver-colored title in the Tower of Illusory.

After living for so long and undergoing a myriad of experiences, he had come to believe very much in destiny.

Therefore, when he saw Zen with the Ancestral Dragon, he did not get angry but simply uttered a bitter sigh.

"Dorothea, what's going on? How could you let her take the Ancestral Dragon?" the burly man cried out, staring at Zen with a deep frown. It was defeat after defeat. The Evil Dragon had sealed itself which meant all their efforts had been in vain. And now, the Ancestral Dragon egg had been taken and actually hatched by a country bumpkin who had escaped from them.

Dorothea's eyes flashed. She was too lazy to answer the burly man the moment she landed.

"Dorothea, what's going on?" Max asked. "Is it because the Ancestral Dragon hatched when she rushed into the spire?"

Dorothea nodded, "Sort of."

"But how did she break my enchanted barrier?" the scholarly man asked. He couldn't imagine just what kind of method Zen had devised to break the enchanted barrier he had set up so meticulously.

Dorothea smiled lightly. "She has a supreme divine weapon in her possession—the Black Star. No matter how strong your enchanted barrier is, Delroy, it could never hope to stand against it. The Law of Causality contained in the Black Star is much stronger than yours!"

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1217 Doubts

When they heard about the existence or rather the presence of the Black Star, the Celestial Position warriors finally understood what had happened.

The Black Star did not adorn the list of the most powerful weapons in the Upper World, mostly because of the fact that it was just a pickax and not suitable as a weapon.

However, it was a supreme divine weapon; this meant that the Black Star was extremely useful in certain scenarios. So one could definitely call it a treasure, and it would be easily worth a king's ransom.

The middle-aged scholarly man named Delroy gave a slight nod. "Ah! I see! No wonder she broke my enchanted barrier. I was curious just how someone from the Lower World was able to do that. Turns out it wasn't her own strength."

He had obtained a title from the Tower of Illusory. And a title of Asura was not to be taken lightly, no matter what its color. The title that the man had received was bronze, but was the highest bronze title one could get. That alone was enough to make him extremely proud of himself and equally confident in his abilities.

To his knowledge, no warrior from the Lower World could ever shatter his enchanted barrier. A Law of Causality that had with it associated a sort of "Relative Defense" was in that enchanted barrier. Who among the natives of the Lower World could figure out how to use a Law of Causality?

Yet that was his knowledge. And even though Delroy's thoughts were mostly correct, he had still underestimated the warriors of the Lower World. For example, Eddie from the Central Region had once used the Nameless Saber to activate a Law of Causality—the Life and Death Wind. This only partially violated Delroy's beliefs. Eddie did not know about the Law of Causality and had only lured the Life and Death Wind over from the Netherworld River.

Zen's situation was more or less the same as that. He did not comprehend any Law of Causality that belonged to him, but had merely relied on the one which was present inside the Black Star to destroy Delroy's enchanted barrier.

"There's no need to waste any more words now. We should just snatch the Ancestral Dragon and take it away. No wait! It is already hatched and has taken this woman as its mom. The imprinting can't be reversed. There's nothing we can do about it. Alas! All we can do is return to the Upper World and think of some other means," the burly man remarked in a thoughtful tone. He was also a little curious as to why Dorothea and Woody had not tried to snatch the Ancestral Dragon away, but instead brought the woman here.

Max, however, was smarter than the burly man. Seeing Dorothea's expression, he could see that something was up. "Dorothea, did you discover something? What are you not telling us?" he asked.

Only then did Dorothea nod and reply, "Yes! I did make a few important discoveries." After a little bit of pause, she added with a smile, "Very important discoveries indeed."

When everyone heard her cautious emphasis on the word "important," they became curious and turned their attention towards her.

"What important discoveries?" Max was the one to ask.

Woody laughed and rushed in front of Dorothea before she could reply. "Dorothea found the location of the Tower of Crystal. It is somewhere inside this great world!"

"What? The Tower of Crystal? Are you kidding me?"

"Are you talking about that Tower of Crystal which is known as one of the three trial towers? Hasn't it been lost for so many years?"

There were many murmurs instantly. "Is it true, Dorothea?"

Max asked in a clear voice.

He paused for a moment and continued, "Dorothea, is the Tower of Crystal really located inside this great world?"

Dorothea nodded in reply. "Yes, most certainly. This is the world that plays host to the Tower of Crystal!"

"Oh my God! Max, we have been blessed indeed this time! If we were to find that tower... Although this Evil Dragon is a bit difficult to deal with, the value of the Tower of Crystal is immeasurable!" the burly man said with a laugh.

Delroy also nodded in affirmation. "Both the Tower of Illusory and the Tower of Jade are currently packed with people. What's more, those two trial towers are far from enough. If we can find the Tower of Crystal, it would be a great contribution to our race. Dorothea, how do you know the whereabouts of the Tower of Crystal?"

Dorothea's response was astonishing. She pointed at Zen and said, "I heard it from her."

Crack!

The burly man waved the giant sickle in his hand and hit it on the ground. He then walked towards Zen and asked in a cold voice, "You, tell me the location of the Tower of Crystal!"

Zen stared indifferently at the burly man and did not answer him. He wasn't going to give in to rude orders.

When he saw that the woman in front of him was treating him as if he was nothing, the burly man took two steps forward and tried to threaten her into responding. "Woman, I'll ask you a few more questions. If you're smart enough, you'll tell me what I want to know—"

He was only halfway through his threat when Dorothea interrupted him. "The most important thing that I discovered is not the Tower of Crystal's whereabouts," she said.

The Tower of Crystal was a treasure whose value was beyond measurement to the Celestial Position race; in fact, to the seven people standing here right now, it was incomparably precious. But even after, Dorothea was saying that the Tower of Crystal was not important. What the hell was going on? The company was confused and looking at her with a complicated expression.

Max asked in confusion, "What do you mean the Tower of Crystal is not important? Of course it is! What could be more important than that?"

"Her!" Dorothea pointed at Zen, and there were several gasps and a few groans. Ignoring that, she continued, "This woman said that she had been to the Tower of Crystal and had also been tested by the Talent Tablet. She even saw my father's name on it."

"Master Gu?" Max exclaimed.

Odom's talent could only have been ranked in the first row, and he hadn't gotten a title from the Tower of Crystal, but talent was only one of the numerous aspects that decided a warrior's achievements. Even without such a feat, Odom was known as a powerful warrior and revered among the Celestial Position race. So when Max mentioned Dorothea's father, he still had to respectfully address him as "Master Gu."

Out of the seven people present in the company, only Dorothea and the burly man had not received any titles from the Talent Tablet. Of the remaining five, Max had obtained a silver title, and the other four all had bronze titles.

Strictly speaking, Dorothea didn't have the right to join their team. The main reason why she was able to join this mission was because of her father, Odom.

Dorothea nodded, "Such important information cannot be faked, so I believe that she has indeed entered the Tower of Crystal."

"Even in that case, what is more important than the Tower of Crystal? Just stop beating round the bush!" the burly man asked impatiently.

"I told you! It's her!" Dorothea said again.

At this point, her words had already confused the other six. What did this mean?

The woman in front of them was indeed special, that much they could tell. There weren't many creatures in the whole universe who walked around with golden pupils. It was possible for some descendants of the Genuine Dragon, but a mere descendant of Genuine Dragon wasn't enough to pique their interest, and most certainly not Dorothea's.

"She said that she had obtained a title in the test of the Talent Tablet, so she can be considered a member of our Celestial Position race," Dorothea calmly explained.

Hearing this, Delroy flashed a mocking smile. "She has obtained a title? Ha-ha! As if someone from the Lower World would actually be able to obtain a title in the Tower of Crystal. That is too far-fetched, Dorothea! What color is that title, and what title is it?"

Among the warriors present, Delroy's title was the second best. He was concerned about Zen's title.

"I know, I know. We still need to verify her title." After thinking for a while, Dorothea added, "But she said that she had obtained the golden title of Celestial Position."

The moment Dorothea said those words, the other six men lost it and started laughing out loud.

The one with the most intense reaction was Delroy. Though it wasn't physically that intense, he smiled arrogantly and then said, "Dorothea, you've gone mad. Do you know what you're talking about?"

Even Max shook his head slightly and remarked, "Dorothea, you're still lacking in experience. How can you be so naive and believe something like that?"

"Ha-ha! Dorothea, that sounds ridiculous and you're better than to fall for that. What nonsense are you spouting!" The burly man also laughed.

They simply could not believe Dorothea's words at all.

In truth, Dorothea was also skeptical of Zen's words. After all, they were empty words, without any proof.

However, her belief in Zen was based on her own judgment and she didn't care what the others thought. "Max, the Tower of Crystal has been lost since a long time ago. As far as I know, before it got lost, it had only opened for a short period of time and no one had ever managed to obtain a title from it. But this woman herself was the one who mentioned the golden title of the Celestial Position. If she didn't see it with her own eyes, how would she be able to speak of it? No such thing as a coincidence, right?" she asked.

Delroy snorted lightly and said, "What if she got some information about our Celestial Position race from somewhere. Or perhaps someone she knew got the golden title?"

"Someone else... There's no such possibility." Max shook his head.

There were a hundred thousand supreme worlds in the Upper World. The talents of every single race had already tried their best to go to the Celestial Position race's trial towers. In the history, there had been only six living creatures who had managed to obtain the golden titles of the Celestial Position. Even if there were millions of great worlds in the Lower World, it was impossible for a creature of today's generation to obtain a golden title.

Chapter 1218 Verify

Max was very sure that the girl in front of him couldn't have obtained the title of golden Celestial Position.

It wasn't that they, a group of martial artists from the Upper World, were arrogant and looked down on the creatures that came from the great world of the Lower World.

In truth, there were numerous creatures in the millions of great worlds and there were also many martial artists that had ascended to the Upper World by showing great talent and a strong warrior spirit.

There were many creatures that had made extraordinary achievements after they ascended to the Upper World. Some of them had even become world lords or Supreme Lords.

But, generally speaking, there was a great disparity between the martial artists of the Lower World and those of the Upper World. And such disparity meant that the warriors' martial arts cultivation in the Lower World were greatly restricted since the time they were born. Restrictions existed everywhere.

For instance, the spiritual energy of heaven and earth in the Upper World was much more violent than that in the Lower World. The creatures that nurtured by the spiritual energy of heaven and earth in the Upper World were stronger than those nurtured by the spiritual energy of heaven and earth in the Lower World.

In addition, there was also great disparity in resources, inheritances, and more between the Upper World and the Lower World.

For this reason, they couldn't believe what Dorothea said.

"Dorothea, don't forget the most important point. This woman said that she gained the recognition of the Celestial Position but I couldn't sense the existence of the mark of our Celestial Position on her. She's lying!" Delroy said again.

Everyone's eyes flashed. They were so shocked by Dorothea's words that they forgot about what was truly important.

To be acknowledged by the Celestial Position, one had to have his or her name on or above the second row of the Talent Tablet. If a person reached that level, the Talent Tablet would secretly put the mark of the Celestial Position on his or her body.

Right now, they couldn't sense the mark on the woman's body. This meant that the woman was either lying, or had indeed entered the Talent Tablet and taken the test, but failed to have her name reach even the second row.

Dorothea nodded. "Yes, I didn't sense the mark on her body either. However, the physical body isn't hers to begin with, the person inside simply took over it." Dorothea wavered in her belief after everyone offered their opinion in denial. Even though all facts supported her guess, she now felt that the absence of the mark was suspicious. Without it, the woman in front of her couldn't possibly hold the title of the golden Celestial Position.

"We can easily verify this. We just need to find the real body of the soul inside her and take a look. It's an easy job." The tall and sturdy man laughed. "It will not be easy to pose as a Celestial Position warrior."

Zen still hadn't said a single word. It was unrealistic for him to fight against the seven powerful warriors of the Spirit Supreme Realm by himself, not to mention that he was now in the physical body of Brianna. Even if Brianna's soul hadn't been sealed, and she could use all her strength, she still wouldn't be able to fight against the seven powerful masters in front of them.

A master at the Spirit Supreme Realm could pulverize anything in this great world.

At this point, Zen understood that if he wanted to safely take this Ancestral Dragon away, he had to prove himself worthy. The truth was, he hadn't lied.

Zen said, "Yes, my physical body is outside of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place. If you don't believe me, you can come with me and fetch my body."

Max pondered for a moment and turned to look at the sealed Evil Dragon. After thinking for a while, he then said, "The Evil Dragon has already sealed itself, I think we will need to get someone else to remove the seal. We can go with you."

The burly man coldly smiled. "It takes only a minute to verify whether you lied or not. If you are lying and wasting my time, things will not end well."

Zen nodded his head calmly. He then looked at the Soul Sea Realm masters and said, "Please bring them together."

The group of Soul Sea Realm masters of the four divine kingdoms looked like giant wooden logs, standing motionlessly on the side, listening to the conversation between Zen and these strange warriors.

They didn't understand about the Celestial Position or anything related to it. They vaguely knew that Zen was trying to prove something to them. They wouldn't attack Zen directly as they somewhat believed his words, which gave them a chance of survival.

Even if this group of Soul Sea Realm masters hadn't taken over the corpses, they still wouldn't be able to fight against the seven masters of the Spirit Supreme Realm when they were in their best condition.

Now that Zen asked them to bring them together, these martial artists of the four divine kingdoms suddenly felt a glimmer of hope rising within their hearts.

Unexpectedly, the burly man indifferently swept his eyes over these warriors and said, "They are just a group of little mice. Just kill them. It's too troublesome to bring them together!"

Hearing this, all of the martial artists from the four divine kingdoms present felt their hearts sink.

To the Spirit Supreme Realm masters, their lives meant nothing.

"Yes, Tiernan is right. It's too troublesome to bring them together. Just kill them!" After he finished speaking, Woody walked towards Turner and the other warriors from the divine kingdoms with a black saber in his hand. The group of Soul Sea Realm masters were unable to move. All Woody needed was to draw one slash of his black saber to exterminate the souls of the martial artists from the four divine kingdoms.

Zen's golden eyes suddenly flashed with a stern expression as he screamed, "Stop!"

Woody would not take orders from Zen. He raised his black saber and streams of black energy began to spread along the blade just as he was about to strike it.

The martial artists of the four divine kingdoms could not believe what was going on. They never thought that they would die like this. But they couldn't resist. They couldn't accept being killed so easily.

Even though they felt desperate, they had no control over the corpses they occupied. Other than showing resentment and hatred in their eyes, they were not even able to say a single word.

At this moment, Zen said coldly, "What if I prove that I do possess the title of the golden Celestial Position in the end?"

Woody lowered his black saber and turned to face Zen, who felt confident in himself. With a smirk Woody said, "Oh? It sounds like you are really sure that you have obtained the title of the golden Celestial Position?"

"Yes." Zen said, staring at Woody, his eyes as calm as water.

"What if I find out that you are lying?" Woody asked with a smile.

"In this great world, no one can act against you. I'll be at your disposal if I fail to make you believe me. And the other warriors too, you can do whatever you want to us then!" Zen said.

At this moment, Dorothea frowned and said, "Woody, stop. We can still kill them if what he is saying is a lie!"

At this moment, the black saber in Woody's hand suddenly struck out. But instead of landing on the mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, when it was just about to hit them, Woody slightly tilted the saber to one side. A wave of thick blade energy suddenly burst out and extended several hundred feet long. The blade energy entered the ground and shot towards the distance.

"Whoosh…"

From the sky above the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, a thin line extending from the center of the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place could be seen all the way to the edge of the land.

"Alright, you decide!" Woody smiled. To him, it didn't matter whether these rats died or not.

The flower in Dorothea's right eye gently turned and removed the confinement on War King Wind and the rest of the warriors. All the corpses were free from the spell.

Even so, none of the Soul Sea Realm masters chose to run away.

The corpses they occupied could not use the life vitality. They couldn't even fly or run fast enough. They simply had no power to resist the seven powerful masters at the Spirit Supreme Realm. If they tried to escape, they would be killed.

"Let's go now. Your physical body shouldn't be too far away from the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, right?" Delroy said indifferently.

"How far can it be? This great world isn't even that big." the burly man sneered.

Zen didn't reply to the provocations. He turned to War King Wind and the others and said, "Everyone, let's go together!"

The martial artists of the four divine kingdoms silently nodded and followed Zen. As for the seven powerful masters of the Spirit Supreme Realm, they followed right behind everyone else.

It took them about five minutes to leave the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place. After the transmission array was recovered, the group once again entered the Feather Holy Sea. They would travel along the Road of Saints in the Feather Holy Sea and return to where they set off.

When they reached the Road of Saints, all the mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm took out their huge shields. They planned to use them to block the blue arrows.

Delroy smiled and said, "No need to use these!" Then, he gently waved his hand. His life vitality flashed and an enchanted barrier appeared, enveloping everyone within.

Chapter 1219 Return To Their Own Bodies

Although the blue arrows were supposed to be extremely strong, they could not pierce through Delroy's enchanted barrier.

Under its protection, everyone easily passed through the Road of Saints even under the constant barrage of arrows and entered the Divine Emperor Secret Land.

"So that's it! The Heavenly Stellar Secret Land is connected to a huge cemetery. No wonder you all took over corpses to pass through. These corpses must have come from the cemetery, if I am not mistaken?" Max asked.

Although as members of the Celestial Position race, they all looked down on the strength of the warriors from the Lower World, the seven people of the company simply had to admire the way they had figured out to avoid being affected by the blood sacrifice.

"That's correct." Zen nodded slightly.

"Then where are your actual bodies?" Max's curiosity was aroused.

"They are on the other side of the Divine Emperor Island," Zen replied.

Normally, when they were returning, the warriors of the four divine kingdoms would place the corpses back in their coffins as they passed through the cemetery. That was what they had been doing every time they had come here.

After all, there were very few corpses in the cemetery which had been preserved properly. In fact, the corpses of Soul Sea Realm warriors in prime condition were extremely difficult to get, and every time they used corpses, some wear and tear showed up.

If these corpses were casually thrown away every time they used them, it was likely that there would not be enough corpses for them to use next time.

This time, however, these Soul Sea Realm masters didn't place the corpses back in their coffins. They controlled the corpses and passed through the cemetery, heading towards the coast of the Divine Emperor Island.

Several Soul Sea Realm masters were guarding the coast of the Divine Emperor Island. After all, so many people had gone inside, and if their bodies were destroyed while they were in soul forms, things were going to be extremely troublesome. They would be left with no physical existence at all.

Derek, Marine, and the others had not entered the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land and were also present there.

Numerous spirit shrines were lined up on the shore, one after the other, and the bodies of the Soul Sea Realm masters who had entered the secret land were sitting on the ground in a meditative posture.

"They're back! They're back!" shouted a mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm who was keeping an eye out while the others guarded the place.

Marine's and Derek's eyes lit up. But then they noticed the corpses and their eyes revealed a strange expression. "What's going on? Why didn't they drop the corpses in the cemetery?" Marine asked in astonishment.

Derek's gaze was fixed upon a young lady in the front of the group. She seemed to be carrying something. In her arms was a furry little thing. Although it looked very strange and didn't look like any animal, the aura that leaked out from it was very specific. Derek was completely certain that it was a dragon.

"The Ancestral Dragon! They got it! They've got the Ancestral Dragon!" Derek's face lit up with joy. He was about to fly towards the arriving company, but at this moment, he suddenly felt several powerful pressuring auras stopping him in his path.

A warrior mighty enough to make Derek feel such kind of pressure did not exist in this world.

Even Zen himself wasn't able to put so much pressure on him. After all, even though the former had shown great abilities, his cultivation was still only at the Life and Death Realm. As for his strength, aside from the fact that he had fused with the world's will, he was probably no different from an ordinary Soul Sea Realm master.

"Seven people! All of them are at the Spirit Supreme Realm!" Derek announced with a serious expression as he coldly stared at the seven Celestial Position warriors who accompanied the company.

After the long trek they had just endured, War King Wind and the others finally returned to the Divine Emperor Island, and their expressions showed relaxation. None of them was too willing to let their souls stay in other people's corpses. That was not a good feeling. However, this clumsy method was the only way for them to avoid the power of the blood sacrifice.

"Everyone, let's go back to our bodies!" War King Wind and the others had just escaped their deaths. They were tired and could not be the least bit bothered about explaining anything to anyone for the moment. One by one, they withdrew their souls from the corpses and flew into their own bodies.

After their souls left those corpses, the corpses all fell down to the ground one by one with a thump. The warriors rushed towards their own bodies, unconcerned about the corpses that were falling down with thumps.

As for Zen, he wouldn't and couldn't treat Brianna's body in such a manner. She was not dead. If he treated her like that, she would probably go berserk in rage.

Thus, he found an open space to sit down in before leaving her body and flying back to his own.

After coming into his own, he slowly opened his eyes. At that moment, he saw the newly born Ancestral Dragon running towards him.

"Huh?"

Zen's face revealed a puzzled expression. The first person the Ancestral Dragon had seen when it had hatched was Brianna. Logically speaking, it should have considered Brianna as its mother. Why was it pouncing towards him?

The moment his question appeared, the cyan dragon told him in his mind, "The Ancestral Dragons does treat the first person it sees as its mother, but this is not done depending on one's looks. It detects souls. The Ancestral Dragon recognizes your soul as its mother. Thank you, Zen. You've managed to do it!"

Previously, when Zen's soul had left his body, it had distanced itself from the cyan dragon. Although there was still a thread of connection between the two, the cyan dragon was unable to observe Zen's surroundings. This meant that communication was impossible and fruitless. Now that Zen had returned to his body, the cyan dragon had also appeared.

He was naturally happy to see Zen bring the Ancestral Dragon back with him.

"What? No! This one is a man!"

Dorothea couldn't help but exclaim in disappointment when she saw that the soul which emerged from Brianna's body flew straight into the body of a handsome man.

Max, who was standing at her side, stared at Zen and nodded slightly. "He does have the mark of the Celestial Position on him. This guy really has been to the Tower of Crystal."

"Hang on, now! Even if he has a mark, it doesn't mean that he has obtained a title. Once his talent reached the second row of the Talent Tablet, there would be a mark on his body, regardless of whether or not he won a title." Delroy stated, unconvinced.

Max nodded and replied, "It doesn't matter anyway. We can continue to verify his words. In any case, he's been to the tower and we need to find it."

"Man! That is a man..." Dorothea murmured, still very conflicted. As for whether or not Zen was recognized as a member of their own by the Celestial Position race, she did not care. It was a man!

The newly born Ancestral Dragon had no sense of estrangement from Zen as it threw itself into his embrace, constantly licking him with affection. At that moment, Derek walked towards Zen with a smile on his face and said, "Thad, thank you for bringing the Ancestral Dragon out of the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land."

As he held the Ancestral Dragon in his arms, Zen looked at Derek coldly. He then asked in an icy tone, "Why are you thanking me?"

Hearing Zen's words, Derek frowned and replied, "We've been trying to get the Ancestral Dragon's egg for so many years, yet we failed to do so. Now that you've helped us obtain the dragon itself, I naturally have to thank you."

"Ha-ha! You don't need to thank him, because the Ancestral Dragon doesn't belong to you." Woody stepped forward with a sarcastic laugh and raised the black saber in his hand, slowly walking over towards Derek.

Both of them were at the Spirit Supreme Realm, and they had discovered that fact instantly. However, the seven Celestial Position warriors did not take Derek seriously as he was alone. Derek knew that he was too weak against seven people. Furthermore, the Ancestral Dragon was in Zen's hands, so he did not care about the seven warriors. He tried to flatter Zen.

Derek's face immediately darkened at Woody's words. "Who do you think you are? I work for the Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment..."

Derek knew that he probably wasn't a match for these seven people. Their aura was astonishing. Fortunately, his backing was well-known throughout the whole universe. Facing these experts of the same cultivation level as him, Derek could only bring out his backing.

However, just as he was proudly announcing it, the burly man in front of him laughed and said, "Ha-ha! How funny! Are you trying to scare us by mentioning a Supreme Lord? You can use that move to deceive the warriors of the Lower World. But we are from the Upper World. Your trick doesn't work on us."

"Deceive them?" Derek's eyes narrowed.

At that moment, Max cut in, "The Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment is the weakest of the three Supreme Lords. But I have to admit that a Supreme Lord is not something we can comment about or take lightly!"

"It's good that you know that!" Derek replied proudly. It was obvious that the man standing in front of him and wearing a silver mask was the most powerful among them all. He might be able to fight the other six one-on-one, but he had no confidence in facing this foe. Therefore, Derek restrained himself when talking to him.

"But even though you work for the Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, the Ancestral Dragon belongs to our Celestial Position race. Other races have no possibility of getting their hands on it," Max continued in a cold tone.

"Celestial Position race?" Derek's face twitched when he heard Max's words.

Chapter 1220 Condition

A range of emotions, complicatedly intertwined with each other, flitted across Derek's face as he learned that these seven were from the Celestial Position race.

The Celestial Position race did not have a good reputation in the Upper World. It had a mixed background and a small population, but almost all of its members were elites.

But the biggest problem was that they were a bunch of lunatics.

Derek had originally hoped to scare these people by revealing the force that backed him. Although the force of the Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment was the weakest of the three great human powers, it still occupied 2, 000 Supreme Worlds. It wasn't inferior to any race.

If he had known that these people belonged to the Celestial Position race, Derek wouldn't have even bothered to talk.

The problem, however, was that he had to get the Ancestral Dragon.

The Soul Sea Realm masters of the four divine kingdoms stood aside and did not say anything. After all, the Ancestral Dragon would not fall into their hands, no matter what happened. If Derek was powerful, he could just snatch it from their hands.

Derek rolled his eyes before saying, "So you all are from the Celestial Position race. But I've been trying to get the Ancestral Dragon for—"

Max interrupted Derek impatiently, "No matter how much effort you've put in, hoping for this bunch of natives to enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land to obtain the Ancestral Dragon's egg was nothing more than a dream. We were the ones who hatched the Ancestral Dragon and took it out."

Woody and the burly man were fiddling with the weapons in their hands, staring at Derek and grinning from time to time. It looked like they were quite eager to fight him.

Derek said, "Even though you are from the Celestial Position race, you can't be so unreasonable—"

Woody and the burly man were charging at him even before he could finish talking, trying to attack him without warning.

The Spirit Supreme Realm warriors had a speed that was absolutely terrifying.

The two men were aggressive as they attacked Derek, the crowd watching closely.

Swoosh!

But Derek was fast. As the two men moved forward, he retreated putting thousands of feet between them, shouting, "Stop! We can talk about it!" The small shield in his hand transformed into a ray of multi-colored light, blocking any attack from the front.

The two men cursed in unison, moving back to Max's side.

The Soul Sea Realm masters of the four divine kingdoms sighed. These guys were truly tyrannical, not thinking a single jot about Derek.

But Derek was a clever man. It looked like he could only look for help through the Reverse Spirit Channel. He looked at Zen, who was holding the Ancestral Dragon in his arms, and thought, 'If the Celestial Position warriors were not lying and they did indeed hatch the Ancestral Dragon, then why is the Ancestral Dragon following Thad?'

Max didn't care about what was on Derek's mind. Their goal was simple: to verify if Zen really had obtained a title from the Tower of Crystal. And as for the Ancestral Dragon that was following Zen, they wouldn't take it back for now.

"Since you really possess the mark of our race, the next step is to find the Tower of Crystal," Max said as he walked towards Zen. His tone became much gentler because he could feel the mark of his own race on Zen's body. And right now, he could truly see Zen as one of his own.

Zen nodded. He would never get involved in the dispute between Derek and the Celestial Position race. "Of course. I will take you to the Tower of Crystal."

Zen's gaze now concentrated on Brianna's body, and at the same time, he asked the cyan dragon, "Can we do something to help Brianna?"

"She is affected by the Soul Sealing Spell. Although her body is alive, it's like she is dead. Only if someone can break the Soul Sealing Spell will she be able to recover. But the Soul Sealing Spell is a secret technique of the Soul Race, and the creatures mastering it are too few," the cyan dragon answered and sighed. The nine Genuine Dragons shared a deep bond with Brianna, which was why, naturally, the cyan dragon was very concerned about her.

Now that Zen had brought Brianna out, the cyan dragon naturally hoped to help her.

Zen saw Dorothea walking towards Brianna, disappointment etched on her face.

"Is this just an empty shell? A soulless body?" She reached out to touch Brianna's face, ignoring Zen's presence.

Zen was rendered speechless at the scene playing out before him. Dorothea was indeed strange. He knew that Brianna probably started getting angry within her inner world.

Sure enough, Brianna's consciousness suddenly spread out. "How dare you say I'm a soulless body!"

"Huh? Another soul in the body?" Dorothea looked pleasantly surprised.

Zen walked up to Dorothea and said, "Her soul has been sealed within the inner world."

"Sealed in the inner world?" Dorothea frowned, but then her eyes lit up and she asked, "The Soul Sealing Spell?"

Although it was a secret technique of the Soul Race, the Soul Sealing Spell was very famous. And Dorothea was already proficient in soul cultivation methods. She guessed the reason behind Brianna's soul being sealed within the inner world the moment she heard of it.

Zen nodded, a plan forming in his mind. The cyan dragon couldn't break the Soul Sealing Spell. But could Dorothea do it? Weren't there a lot of capable people in the Celestial Position race?

"Hey, can you help her break the spell?" Zen asked.

Dorothea became serious. Only those who knew about the Soul Sealing Spell would understand how difficult it was to break it. She thought for a moment and then seemed to make up her mind before saying, "I can break it, but..."

'She can do it!' Zen was overjoyed, and quickly asked, "But what?"

"But there is a condition!" she answered.

"What condition?" Brianna spoke first this time, before Zen could even open his mouth to speak.

For the last 100, 000 years, because of the Soul Sealing Spell, she had obtained longevity that far surpassed an ordinary warrior's. Her body had even stopped aging, and the Five Aging Processes had yet to descend. In truth, the Soul Sealing Spell was also one of the ways that warriors from the Upper World used to extend their lifespans.

The problem was that over the past few years, she had been only able to build her own world within her inner body slowly. She felt rather lonely.

Brianna hoped, even in her dreams, that someone would be able to break the Soul Sealing Spell.

Now that Dorothea was saying that she could help her solve this problem, Brianna was extremely excited, no matter how much she hated Dorothea.

Dorothea giggled, temporarily forgetting about Zen and returning to be her cheerful self. She smiled and said, "The condition is that you have to marry me. What do you think?"

"Ahem!" Zen began coughing violently.

The Celestial Position race warriors shook their heads in exasperation. They knew about Dorothea's personality and her sexual orientation very well.

Brianna was silent, not knowing what to say at that moment.

She was not like Dorothea. She was not gay, and it was impossible for her to fall in love with a woman, but the Soul Sealing Spell was much more torturous when compared to the prospect of being married to her.

At Brianna's silence, Dorothea blinked and said, "You also know that breaking the Soul Sealing Spell is going to be quite troublesome. I have to ask someone to help me, and I will have to pay a heavy price. This condition isn't too much, is it?"

Zen shook his head, but didn't say anything. He didn't have anything to do with the relationship between these two women.

He had left the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. He had also obtained the Ancestral Dragon and the life crystals to save Letitia. He would first return to the Central Region to wake Letitia up, and then bring this bunch of people to the Sea God Continent to find the Tower of Crystal.

He didn't know what Brianna and Dorothea were talking about, but in the end, Dorothea flashed a very satisfied smile. It looked like the two of them had reached an agreement.

Max said to Zen, "We better not stay here any longer. Since you know where the Tower of Crystal is, take us there immediately!"

Chapter 1221 A Bet

The seven of them could do nothing about the sealed Evil Dragon. They could only send for more capable and powerful Celestial Position warriors from the Upper World.

In comparison, the Tower of Crystal was even more important.

Although Max and his men didn't believe that Zen had gained the title of the golden Celestial Position, they really wanted to see how Zen had obtained recognition from the Talent Tablet. Was his talent listed on the second row or the first row of the Talent Tablet? Or had he obtained a bronze title?

All these doubts needed to be clarified.

But Zen said rather nonchalantly, "I will take you to the Tower of Crystal, but before that, I still have something important to do."

Zen had planned that after he obtained the life crystals, he would return to the Central Region as soon as possible. But his plan had been delayed since he had promised the cyan dragon that he would enter the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land to take out the Ancestral Dragon Egg.

He had obtained the Ancestral Dragon, but it was hard to say where it would belong in the end.

Even if this Ancestral Dragon had an imprinting of him on it, the Celestial Position would never give it up. Moreover, Derek was also here, watching him covetously, and Zen was sure that he would not give up easily.

But Zen was not worried. Neither Derek nor the warriors of the Celestial Position had shown absolute hostility towards him. Furthermore, he had obtained the title of the golden Celestial Position in the Tower of Crystal, so he only needed to cooperate with them. But before that, he had to return to the Central Region to save Letitia.

"Important thing? Is that an excuse for you to back away?" Woody said coldly. Even if Zen possessed the mark of the Celestial Position, he had only gained recognition. Woody felt that Zen had boasted about his achievements, but didn't dare try to prove it for fear of being caught.

Zen looked witheringly at Woody as he replied, "I am not from the Divine Kingdom Continent. I came here only to seek life stones to save someone. If you don't believe me, you can search for the Tower of Crystal in this great world yourself. This great world isn't too big for you, is it?"

Although this great world was not that big, it was still difficult to accurately pinpoint the location of the Sea God Continent. The four divine kingdoms were relatively close to the Central Region, but the Sea God Continent was too far away. It was not that the several warriors of the Celestial Position could not find it. But if Zen did not provide the coordinates and direction, it would be impossible for them to find the Tower of Crystal in a short period of time.

"Humph! It's so simple! We can directly search your soul. Dorothea is most proficient in this technique," Woody said with a sneer.

Zen's face darkened at this, but Dorothea interjected, "He was recognized by our Celestial Position. If he were to join the Celestial Position in the future, he would become our compatriot. So watch your tongue, Woody!"

Woody chuckled and continued, "He's just a martial artist from the Lower World who is fortunate enough to have his name listed on the Talent Tablet. At most, he would only be able to leave his name on the second row! And compatriot? Is this fellow qualified to be our compatriot?"

Dorothea shook her head. Sometimes, Woody didn't think before speaking. But Dorothea still had a glimmer of hope because Zen really didn't seem like he was lying. So Dorothea said, "What if what he said is true? What if he really does have the golden Celestial Position title?"

If they could confirm that Zen's talent had really been honored with the title of the golden Celestial Position, it would be a news to celebrate for the entire Celestial Position.

"Ha-ha!" Woody laughed loudly. "Dorothea, you have always been shrewd and astute. But right now, I can't believe that you are actually convinced by this brat's words!"

Delroy, Tiernan, and the others also started laughing. They might have believed it if Zen had claimed to have obtained the silver or bronze title. But it all sounded too strange when he claimed to have received the golden title. They would probably not believe it even if they saw it with their own eyes.

"What will you do if it is true?" Dorothea stared at Woody and asked seriously. She didn't know why but this time, she chose to believe Zen. Perhaps it was her sixth sense that was telling her that Zen wasn't lying.

With a swish, Woody produced his black saber, maneuvered it effortlessly in a series of arcs and placed it before him. He said flatly, "If it's true, I will swallow the Black Nether Saber in one gulp!"

"Really?" Dorothea blinked and then laughed.

Woody nodded. He was serious this time. "Yes, I mean it!"

Zen gasped as he watched them make the bet. The Black Nether Saber, at least a supreme divine weapon, was unusually sharp, and this guy was saying he would swallow it if he lost! Zen couldn't wait to see if he could do it or not.

"You two stop messing around!" Max's voice sounded. He finally turned to Zen and said, "Since you said you wanted to go back to save someone, we shall leave immediately. We can take you there, and it won't take much time!"

Zen's spirits lifted at this.

Right this moment, a terrifying storm was brewing in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. It would be difficult to cross the ocean, even for Soul Sea Realm masters. Even if Zen had entered the Life and Death Realm, he would probably have died if he forced his way through.

The abilities of this group of Spirit Supreme Realm masters were unimaginably powerful. And if they could help bring him back to the

Central Region, he would be grateful to them.

"Okay, we shall set off immediately!" Max said, waving his hand. A piece of blood-red rune appeared in his hand which he casually tossed away. The rune formed a huge red cross, which then firmly engraved itself on the ground.

"What's that?" a few martial artists from the four divine kingdoms whispered.

"It's just a locating rune used by the Celestial Position. Using special methods, they can return here at any time," Derek said sullenly. From the conversation between Zen and the warriors of the Celestial Position, it seemed that Zen had taken a test in a tower belonged to the Celestial Position. And this piece of information had left him sour.

The Celestial Position didn't have a good reputation in the universe, but they were very famous. Derek knew about the three towers of the Celestial Position that were used for warriors to practice, and it was said that they had lost one. But he had never heard of Thad ever having been tested in the tower.

Previously as Zen was in the process of undergoing his tribulation, Derek knew that this kid had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower. Derek had been overjoyed at the time. To him, the Ancestral Dragon Egg was very important and Zen, even more so.

He had been thrilled to see Zen appear on the Divine Emperor Island with an Ancestral Dragon in his arms. But he had not expected the Celestial Position race to interfere. But gauging from their conversation, it looked like Zen had already gone through the test in a tower and had a Celestial Position mark on him.

Derek's heart was filled with despair, his face darkening.

After setting up the locating rune, Max once again raised his cane and gently waved it in the air before bringing it down in a sharp slash. An irregular space crack appeared out of thin air.

"Delroy, open it," Max ordered.

Delroy nodded and walked towards the space crack that was over a hundred feet high. He stretched his hand and sent an enchanted barrier shooting out of it. Shortly after, the enchanted barrier started to rapidly expand. Cracking sounds rent the air before the enchanted barrier succeeded in opening the space crack. A small space hole had appeared.

Hank took out the Eight-diagram Wheel that was several dozen feet wide. It grew as the wind came at it and it was pretty obvious that this was their treasure to fly.

Woody and the rest of the group followed Max and jumped onto the Eight-diagram Wheel. Dorothea then looked at Zen and said, "Alright, let's go!"

Zen nodded. His eyes turned towards the group containing Fiona and Randy, and looked at them wistfully yet fondly. Although he hadn't been in the Divine Kingdom Continent for very long, he had made many friends.

A variety of thoughts flitted through the minds of the group Zen was looking at. Zen had saved them several times, but if it weren't for Zen, they wouldn't have been able to return from the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land. Even their fathers and all the other Soul Sea Realm masters of the four divine kingdoms wouldn't have survived without Zen's help.

They were grateful to Zen, but now, Randy and the others were reluctant to part with him.

They couldn't talk to Zen, given the current situation. Even the four rulers chose to remain silent in the presence of this group of Spirit Supreme Realm warriors.

As their gazes met, Zen smiled and said, "I will come back!"

He had barely finished talking when Fiona suddenly turned into a fiery red shadow and ran towards Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1222 Shadow Creature

Seeing his daughter leave in a rush, War King Wind was rather shocked, and it showed on his face.

Even as a king of the Divine Kingdom Continent and a top-notch warrior in the Lower World, he was nothing in front of the Spirit Supreme Realm masters.

These seven masters had been acting a little crazily from start to end. He was afraid that his daughter's behavior might irritate them somehow. While War King Wind wanted to stop her, his daughter shot out like an arrow—he couldn't stop her in time.

Caring about Fiona the most, War King Wind understood her personality rather well. He had already figured out long ago that his daughter took a fancy to Zen. She had always been so gentle and restrained—War King Wind hadn't exactly expected her to be so impulsive when it came to such matters.

Rushing out, Fiona stepped in front of Zen and stared at him with her most charming eyes. There was no smile on her face and her expression turned utterly serious.

"Will you really come back?" Fiona bit her lips and softly asked.

Seeing her expression, Zen faintly smiled and nodded cautiously, "Of course I'll be back."

Though she seemed ready to speak, it was an impulse, just now. At this moment, she realized that everyone was looking at her—it made her blush. But this hesitation could only afford to last a few seconds. Sometimes, it was difficult for a young girl to do certain things. But no matter what, she immediately made up her mind—she took the necklace from her neck, walked up to Zen and put the necklace on him.

While it wasn't a precious thing, it was still her token.

"I'll wait for your return!" Fiona said. She had to put on the best-forced smile she could before turning around and leaving.

Wearing the necklace, Zen watched Fiona's back with a complicated expression. Silently, he nodded and then got on the Eight-diagram Wheel. As for Woody and the big man, they both had faint smiles on their faces—both of which Zen chose to ignore.

In addition to Zen and the other seven members of the Celestial Position, Brianna was brought into the wheel.

As the Eight-diagram Wheel slowly rotated, the warriors inside flew into the space hole. Not long after, the Eight-diagram Wheel disappeared from the members of the divine kingdoms. After Delroy removed the enchanted barrier of the space crack, it diminished rapidly. The crack was considered as something like the 'wound' of the great world. Originally, the world had the ability to self-heal—such a wound was a minor thing. But the warriors who mastered the Space Law could see the shadow—the weakest part of the space.

In the eyes of the four divine kingdoms' warriors, the Celestial Position members were like the plague—they brought upon fear and doom. As soon as they disappeared, many Soul Sea Realm masters felt the burden lift off their shoulders as relief replaced their anxiety.

Only Derek still pulled a long face.

"Master Derek," Marine called him. "Do you still want to report on Zen's information?"

"Humph! Of course! This news must be reported! Today, the Reverse Spirit Channel will be opened! How could the Celestial Position race meddle in our matters?" At this point, Derek was shouting in fury.

In his eyes, he had to search for either Zen or the Ancestral Dragon himself. If the Celestial Position wanted to have a hand in it, they had to first prove if they had the ability to do so.

The several rulers of the four divine kingdoms merely ignored Derek's anger. It was all thanks to Zen that they were even alive. After getting everything ready, they set on their own journey as well, leaving the

Feather Holy Sea. They had to leave this place before the blood sacrifice power fully recovered...

In the darkness, the Eight-diagram Wheel was moving at rapid speed.

There was no light in the space crack—behind it was only the void.

After Zen determined the proper direction, Hank steered the Eight-diagram Wheel, moving forward at an increasing speed. This time, they passed through the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and traveled to the backside of the world, avoiding the threat of the deadly storm.

In the past, Zen and Logan fought in the void, but only for a short period. This time, it was a far longer journey in the void.

Zen's curiosity was piqued in the pitch-black darkness—it was as though nothing existed around him. Sitting on the Eight-diagram Wheel, he glanced around in thought and then asked, "Does nothing exist in the void?"

The seven members of the Celestial race sat cross-legged on the Eight-diagram Wheel, their heads held high. Upon hearing Zen's question, Woody responded in a voice dripping with sarcasm, "Of course, it's called the void because nothing exists in here. What a foolish question!"

Zen only rolled his eyes at the retort. Apart from Max and Dorothea, none of the rest seemed friendly. Many were very arrogant and some often liked to offer unkind jabs just as Woody did. With that, Zen decided to stop talking and sat cross-legged to meditate, closing his eyes off to the world.

But at this moment, Zen felt a sudden wave of cold breath rush past him.

The other seven opened their eyes as well at the sensation. Suddenly, Max stood up with a deep frown on his face.

Everyone else seemed to have felt the coldness. "What's that?" Dorothea asked with her brows furrowed.

In his worry, Max's face turned grim.

"We're unlucky this time around. It seems that we will encounter the Shadow Creature!" "What on earth is a Shadow Creature?" Woody asked, his voice a bit raised from frustration.

"The Shadow Creature is the living being on the back side of the world," Delroy responded. "I should also correct you from earlier—something indeed exists in the void. Although there aren't many Shadow Creatures in here, all of them are very strong. We'll be in great trouble if we ever have to face them."

"Why is there such a thing..." At this point, Woody began feeling rather embarrassed. When the Shadow Creature appeared right after he retorted Zen, it put him in an awkward situation.

But Zen merely rolled his eyes, finding the whole thing very trivial—he had never liked arguing with idiots like Woody.

Huff, huff, huff…

In the darkness, not even the Spirit Supreme Realm masters could see from a long distance. Still in the flying Eight-diagram Wheel, they surely had no idea what happened. The sound alarmed everyone, turning the atmosphere anxious.

Zen's eyes flashed and a wisp of jade-green luster shone in his eyes. After he activated his magic vision ability, the darkness in the void slowly disappeared—it was instead replaced by a green, healthy world. After surveying the area for a moment, his gaze fell on something behind him. His eyes widened in shock as he shouted, "What is that?"

A giant head, tens of thousands of feet away from the Eight-diagram Wheel, rapidly followed behind them.

The head looked like that of a human being, but it was as large as a mountain. Instead of hair on its head, there sat numerous thick pythons.

Unlike the others, Zen could make use of his magic vision to observe the giant head from a distance.

"What do you see?" Max asked nervously. It was no easy task for them to deal with the Shadow Creature, after all. And while Max was curious about how Zen saw the creature, he didn't dare question him.

Zen could see the head approaching them. "A head… a huge head!"

"A head?"

After a moment of pondering, the fear sank in as Max's eyes widened. "This is terrible… How could such a thing exist in the shadow of the great world?"

Delroy looked devastated as he spoke in a trembling voice, "Oh no… Leave this void right now!"

"Leave the void? But the outside area is the sky above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars! This Star Storm is also..." Zen began uttering.

But Max merely snorted at his reaction. "Compared to that creature, the Star Storm is nothing at all! Delroy, get ready!" With that, Max swung his cane in front of him once again. It was obvious that this time, Max had made complete use of his power, charged through his cane.

"Crack!"

With such great power, the cracking sounds of the space began blending—it was extremely ear-piercing, as if tens of thousands of people were scraping their nails against a screeching surface.

Chapter 1223 Black Wind Blades

The space crack in front of them was quickly ripped open by Max's crutch. Seeing that, Delroy clapped his hands and swiftly opened his palms. In an instant, an enchanted barrier spread open in the crack.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…"

The ominous whoosh of the wind reminded them of their limited time as the thing behind them got closer and closer.

Even without his magical vision, Zen was still able to make out the gigantic outline of a head that had opened its huge mouth, intending to swallow the Eight-diagram Wheel in one gulp.

The Eight-diagram Wheel was around fifty feet wide but it looked like a tiny mosquito compared to that huge, cavernous mouth.

If one turned around and squinted, he or she would be able to make out a few shadows that resided within that mouth. However, it was too dim around that they couldn't distinguish the shape of these shadows. The horrible outlines of these mysterious beings caused a shiver to run up everyone's spine.

The Shadow Creature advanced at a frighteningly fast rate, quickly closing the distance with the warriors. Failure to go through the space crack and get out of the void in time would mean death by being swallowed into its huge, gaping mouth.

At that moment, Hank suddenly took out a sharp weapon. Clenching his teeth, he cut his wrist open and slapped on the Eight-diagram Wheel!

"Splash!"

Instead of red, a stream of golden blood burst out and was immediately absorbed by the Eight-diagram Wheel.

"Let's go!"

"Whoosh…"

Hank's blood obviously activated something in the Eight-diagram Wheel as rays of bright light suddenly burst out and it increased its speed two-fold!

The light also illuminated the shadows that they had all noticed earlier and everyone gasped in astonishment at what they saw.

Delroy and Max, however, looked more nervous than shocked, seemingly already aware of what they were currently facing.

Thankfully, because of its increased speed, the Eight-diagram Wheel was finally able to enter the space crack!

Seeing its prey have escaped, the Shadow Creature suddenly let out a cold aura that spread and covered the entirety of the Eight-diagram Wheel.

This aura contained a variety of negative emotions like the desire for violence, bloodlust, cruelty, and reluctance to admit defeat.

"Humph! That thing can only survive in the void. Once it steps out, it would be like a fish out of water and will surely not survive. It won't dare come out and chase us," Max huffed with a cold snort just as they rushed out of the void. His words might have been sure but his face was still as pale as ever.

However, just as he finished his words, they heard the sharp whistle of the wind above their heads.

"What the hell is this!?" Woody shouted at the sight of sharp wind blades rushing towards them. A couple would've been alright but there were millions above them!

None of these Spirit Supreme Realm warriors from the Celestial Position race ever took anything from the Lower World seriously. They never thought there would be something here in this great world that would actually render them speechless.

Both cyan and black wind blades rushed after them. The wild, cyan ones contained the power of four layers of the Wind Law while the black ones contained five layers of Wind Law.

Zen had warned them about the dangerous storms in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars before they set out but nobody took it seriously. None of them were prepared for the strength of the coming storm because they weren't able to fathom just what kind of devastation it could entail. These seven were powerful masters at the Spirit Supreme Realm who could enter the Feather Holy Sea as they pleased, unlike the other Soul Sea Realm warriors who could only utilize corpses to explore. They had great faith in their strength and capacity to weather any challenges that might arise for them, be it monsters or some kind of dangerous storm.

However, the sight of these wind blades above them told them just how wrong they were to have underestimated Zen's warning.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

Seven to eight pitch-black wind blades charged at them all at once. Tiernan acted quickly, twisting his fiery red sickle and slicing the blades in pieces before they could do any damage.

However, his attack just then had already used 80% of his strength! The huge counterforce shook the entire Eight-diagram Wheel violently.

A few wind blades were nothing, but millions of them… well, it was another matter entirely.

Despite slicing a couple of blades, more than ten thousand were already on their way to them, sending everyone to a mild panic.

"Delroy! What are you doing? Open the enchanted barrier!" Woody roared.

Delroy sent him a scathing glare before clapping his hands once again. An enchanted barrier instantly wrapped everyone inside but there was a catch. "My enchanted barrier can't block the fifth layer Wind Law!"

A violent crashing sound came from above them just as he finished speaking. The onslaught of wind blades was too much and Delroy's enchanted barrier shattered under the powerful pressure.

The Law of Causality might be considered as a kind of superior law however it was still divided into levels. Delroy's enchanted barrier contained the Law of Causality but he had only comprehended a low level which made it susceptible to caving in under the attack of a higher level Original Law. Besides, there were millions of wind blades. Millions!

"I shouldn't have counted on you!" Woody shrieked, waving the Black Nether Saber in his hand desperately. A black aura burst out from the saber and lots of black energy shot out from it.

"Puff puff puff…"

Dull bursts of sound could be heard as the blades in the air and the energy from Woody met and clashed in the middle. Woody's black blade energy was able to shatter a few cyan wind blades but was instantly devoured by the black wind blades.

"Whoosh!"

The black wind blades continued their descent and rushed towards Zen at an extremely fast rate!

The sight immediately put him on edge and he put his guard up immediately. Zen knew he could not count on any of these Spirit Supreme Realm masters to help him. They were all too busy trying to fight off the legions of wind blades that threatened to end them all.

"Be careful!" Dorothea shouted, noticing he was in trouble. She'd help but she was currently preoccupied with dodging the other wind blades.

The black wind blades were almost within reach. Noticing this, Zen quickly clenched his fists and gathered the power of his dragon scales, aiming a punch towards the oncoming attack.

"You idiot! Do you want to cut your own hand off?!" Woody screamed when he saw what Zen was about to do. As Spirit Supreme Realm masters, they would never dare face these blades head-on. The power of five layers of Wind Law was no joke. Even if it was the divine weapon, the Black Nether Saber that hit the wind blades, they would notch the saber. How could Zen just punch them away with his fist?

"Bang bang bang bang bang…"

Of course, Zen simply ignored Woody. He waved his fist and formed shadows that began to attack the black wind blades headed for him. To everyone's surprise and wonder, the black wind blades immediately shattered to pieces.

Meanwhile, Zen was in perfectly one piece, unharmed and unbothered.

Woody couldn't help but stare at him with his mouth gaping open. He was so shocked that he even forgot where he was and that there were millions of wind blades headed his way. He could only dumbly stare at Zen and wonder just how he did the stunt just now.

What was this fellow's body made of? A divine weapon? A supreme divine weapon? Or something that was even more powerful than a supreme divine weapon…

It wasn't just Woody. Dorothea, Delroy, Max, Hank, and everyone else had seen Zen's actions and the surprise on their faces was evident.

It was true that Zen had received recognition from the Celestial Position race and was regarded with a high standard. However, he was still a martial artist from the Lower World and would have to prove himself deserving of the title he had claimed.

They never did bother to find out Zen's actual strength…

What was a mere first-level Life and Death Realm warrior to a group of powerful Spirit Supreme Realm masters after all?

They didn't even take Derek, a Spirit Supreme Realm master, seriously so what more Zen? Their race was made up of elites and the gap between a human and a Celestial Position member both at the Spirit Supreme Realm was huge.

But here was Zen, breaking all these preconceived notions they had for him. Just how did he shatter those frighteningly powerful wind blades that contained five layers of the power of the Wind Law!? Sure, he might have some type of magic strength that helped him destroy the wind blades but still! Even a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior would've been instantly cut in half if he or she was hit by the wind blades but Zen was able to come out unscathed!

Chapter 1224 The Seven Stars Plate

The seven people from the Celestial Position race didn't understand how Zen could break the black wind blades.

Fifteen hundred miles away, there stood a mountain in the sea. It was estimated that it stood at a height of hundreds of feet above sea level. Zen directed the power to the mountain and eight explosions burst out in quick succession.

The mountain looked colorful. It had remained unharmed over the millions of years it had been in the violent storm of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, constantly slashed by the black wind blades.

This mountain was the Magnetic Sacred Mountain that had been lost to the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

Most part of the mountain was hidden under the sea and only a small part stuck out of the water. Fierce waves swept and crashed against it and the wind blades kept cutting at it, but the mountain stood erect and unshakable.

When Zen had fought against the terrible force of the Heavenly Tribulation, he had shifted all the force to the five million mountains in the great world. It caused every mountain, except the ones in the Eastern Region, to be destroyed.

Zen hadn't damaged the great world on purpose and he wasn't willing to do so either. He had felt sorry, guilty even, and thought that maybe he had done so for his own sake. The Magnetic Sacred Mountain was so firm that nothing could harm it. He should have shifted the force to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. It was a pity that the situation had been urgent at the time, and he hadn't been able to think of it carefully before going ahead with his plan.

He had learned a lesson from that incident and he became more cautious from then on, careful not to make the mistake again.

A whirring sound announced that the Eight-Diagram Wheel was flying forward.

The seven people of the Celestial Position race resisted the dense black wind blades with everything they had.

Max held on to his crutch and said anxiously, "Delroy, we can't go on like this. Sacrifice something you have!"

"I've already used my Seven Stars Plate five times! I don't want to waste it again," Delroy said reluctantly.

Delroy owned a precious treasure called the Seven Stars Plate. It was a kind of a supreme divine weapon, but it could only be used seven times. Over the years, Delroy had survived several crises by relying on this Seven Stars Plate. It could be said that the seven opportunities of using the plate meant that it could save his life seven times.

Which was why he really hated the idea of wasting one of his valuable opportunities here.

"The Chaotic Ocean of Stars is vast and I don't know how long it will take for us to cross such a long distance. Do you think we can make it the way we're going?" Max asked coldly.

Delroy rolled his eyes and retorted, "Why don't you use your Holy Blood Secret Skill?"

"Hum! Do you really think so?" Max snorted acidly, glaring fiercely at Delroy.

At the glare, Delroy thrust his hand into his Sumeru Space and reluctantly took out his milky white Seven Stars Plate.

Zen was disappointed at the conversation between these two men. They were all in big trouble and they should be united right now.

But maybe these men were too strong and didn't deem the storm as a real crisis. If the Soul Sea Realm cultivators from the four divine kingdoms had come here instead, the wind blades might have slashed them to rags.

When the Seven Stars Plate worked, Delroy's eyes lit up like the stars. Although it was daytime and there were thick clouds floating in the sky, Zen could see seven stars shining overhead.

Zen's eyes flashed as he saw what was happening. He realized that the principle of the Seven Stars Plate was similar to the Stellar Body that the red dragon had taught him. The difference between the two skills was that while Zen's Stellar Body was connected to his body, Delroy's Seven Stars Plate was connected to the seven stars in the sky and had a limit on how many times it could be used.

"Zing, zing, zing ..."

With a zinging sound, a milky white enchanted barrier appeared on the Seven Stars Plate, which then enlarged quickly to spread all around.

It wasn't long before everyone was enveloped in the enchanted barrier.

The milky white enchanted barrier would sink when the countless wind blades slammed against it, but wouldn't break.

It seemed to be very soft, though it was made of a rather tenacious material.

"We are safe now. The Seven Stars Plate's performance of isolation is strong enough to avoid the attacks of black wind blades," Delroy told the others, but he sounded unhappy. The enchanted barrier had blocked the deadly wind blades, but it looked like he was still not happy about utilizing the Seven Stars Plate one more time.

Everyone, including Dorothea and Woody breathed a deep sigh of relief.

Max shook his head and said, "The storm is abnormal anyway."

"The whole great world is essentially abnormal," Delroy muttered unpleasantly.

They had studied the information related to the great world before setting out from the Celestial Position. The ascending path of the great world had been destroyed and the people there couldn't fly to the Upper World using normal methods. It was just a minor problem, though, because in the millions of great worlds, it wasn't the only one that had been destroyed.

So they didn't pay much attention to the danger they might face. But they had just been chased all the way by the Shadow Creature in the void. They had managed to escape and had encountered a terrible storm, every single experience completely unexpected.

Zen agreed with Max. The Chaotic Ocean of Stars had existed since ancient times. The storm had completely separated the Central Region from the four divine kingdoms. So although the two continents weren't that far apart, there had been little contact between them for a number of years. The question now was: how did the storm come into being? Perhaps nobody knew the answer.

The wind blades whirred

and the Eight-diagram Wheel they were on galloped smoothly forward.

Max kept going over the possible causes of the storm and kept quickly contradicting his conclusions himself. "No matter how it happened, a storm of this intensity is not supposed to occur in the Lower World," Delroy said carelessly.

Zen shrugged. He thought Delroy to be arrogant to be looking down on the Lower World.

Delroy frowned at Zen's reaction. He suddenly remembered what Zen had just done to the wind blades. Even more fantastic than the dangerous storm was Zen's ability to withstand the black wind blades with his physical body.

"Zen, may I ask you a question? How did you break those wind blades? You do know that the black wind blades contain the power of the five layers of the Wind Law," asked Delroy, staring at Zen.

Delroy's question reminded the others about what had just happened. Woody and Dorothea had just calmed down and hadn't gotten to think about it. Everyone looked inquiringly at Zen. "You broke those wind blades with your fists. How are you not injured?" Dorothea asked, coming over to Zen, grabbing his hands, and examining them.

Zen didn't know how to answer this question. He just chuckled and said, "Compared to yours, mine is just an insignificant skill."

Dorothea raised an eyebrow. "You don't want to tell us?"

"It's really hard to explain," Zen smiled and said.

They knew that Zen was acting modest and hiding something. But they couldn't really force him to tell them his secret. After all, everyone had their own secrets to keep. Moreover, Zen was not their enemy and bore no hostility towards them. If it was confirmed that Zen had really attained the title, no matter what the title, they would be comrades-in-arms.

Everyone lapsed into silence as they looked at the dense wind blades raging outside the enchanted barrier. Even the great masters in the Spirit Supreme Realm felt small and weak in the face of nature and its omnipotence. "Max, what is the creature that followed us in the void? The big head." Zen broke the silence.

The storm was severe but the Spirit Supreme Realm masters were powerful enough to handle it. They could block the wind blades using their skills despite how troublesome the blades were. And going by Delroy and Max's conversation, it looked like they still had other skills to manage the storm.

But when the big head had chased them in the void, Max's face had paled with fear. 'What in the Lower World could make him so frightened?' Zen wondered.

Chapter 1225 Return To Oracle City

These seven warriors were all Spirit Supreme Realm masters and Max was probably the most powerful among them.

But even though they were remarkable, they still ran away from the Shadow Creature. So what was hiding in the dark behind of this world?

Even Zen was curious about this.

Before Max could reply, Delroy said, "That is the God Despised Race."

"The God Despised Race?" Zen repeated, his eyes flashing.

Delroy nodded and said, "It is a race that is despised by the gods. Although the Shadow Creatures are divided into many races, the largest of them is the God Despised Race."

Seeing that Zen and the others were listening curiously, Max nodded and said, "Delroy is right."

Even the universe had a back side, but compared to that of the great world, the space of the Upper World was much more stable and hence, more difficult to tear apart.

At the back side of the whole universe was a large, empty world. Though the Shadow Creatures were rare, their actual number in the back side of the universe wasn't small. The God Despised Race ruled absolutely over the Shadow Creatures. They couldn't leave the back side of the world, but they still had a great influence on the entire universe.

"A race despised by the gods... Why do the gods despise them, though?" Zen asked.

Max laughed, shook his head, and said, "I have no idea. Perhaps the world lords and Supreme Lords know the reason."

Zen nodded, but he had an extremely uncomfortable feeling, as if there was something unknown invading his body. A sense of foreboding took over his mind as he continued to ask, "Then why would the God Despised Race enter this great world?"

Zen was well aware of this sense of crisis. Ever since he had fused with the will of the great world, he had gradually become one with the entire great world. And now that he knew about the existence of such a terrifying thing at the back side of the great world, he naturally felt foreboding creep through him.

"I have no idea, but I will report this to the Celestial Position race. But whether the Celestial Position race investigates the matter or not is not up to me," Max said, looking straight ahead.

The God Despised Race was mysterious and strong, so the Spirit Supreme Realm masters would not be able to interfere with the race's actions or resist them. Max's current task was just to search for the Tower of Crystal.

Zen nodded. No matter what these Shadow Creatures wanted to do, he couldn't interfere with them with his current strength. It was better to rush back first.

After the Eight-diagram Wheel had burned Hank's blood essence, its flying speed had multiplied, surpassing Zen's expectations. When the storm had stopped, Zen had spent several days traversing the entire Chaotic Ocean of Stars, but this time, it had taken them only four hours.

Four hours later, the Eight-diagram Wheel dashed out of the huge storm, confronted by a pitch-black object that seemed to rise slowly out of the horizon.

Zen's eyes flashed at the black object. That was a corner of the Central Region. He became excited as he saw it. He had finally returned after roving around the four divine kingdoms for nearly half a year.

As the easternmost continent of the Central Region, the Fish Dragon Sect had remained intact despite quite a few upheavals.

And as Zen and the others approached, they could see many warriors of the Fish Dragon Sect cultivating in front of the sect gate.

A tiny black dot came into being in the air, flying towards them at the terrifying speed above the sea.

But it disappeared in a flash in just a few seconds.

"Master, what is that thing?" a young warrior asked.

"It is just an illusion. Do you understand? It's your illusion. Focus on practicing!" an elder scolded.

"Is this really an illusion? I think I see it too...

Perhaps even Zen, the top warrior in the Central Region, cannot fly at such a high speed..."

"Looks like we are all hallucinating at the same time!"

Ever since Zen had killed Eddie, he had gained considerable prestige in the Central Region and replaced Eddie as the strongest warrior in the Central Region. All kinds of stories about Zen were spreading among the warriors.

But the Central Region had fallen into chaos during Zen's absence.

The Ethereal Spirit Sect that had been destroyed by the Heavenly Evil Sect had been rebuilt. Although the Ethereal Spirit Sect and the Ethereal City had been attacked and damaged, some of the key figures had survived. With the rich resources of the Ethereal Spirit Sect, it could have been rebuilt in a short period of time. But since many of its members had been killed, its recovery had fallen to a snail's pace. It would take hundreds of years to return to being a top sect of the Central Region.

Apart from this, Simon, the Poison King, seemed to be making a move again. He had gathered some members of the Heavenly Evil Sect, and it looked like they were trying to stage a comeback after the attack had failed.

When Zen had killed Eddie, Simon had quickly escaped and hidden in the Dreamy Swampland where he had earlier lived in for hundreds of years. He was probably tired of living there in seclusion. So when he learned news that Zen had gone to the four divine kingdoms, he had begun plotting.

If only Zen made use of the will of the great world and looked into these matters, he could figure out what was happening. He knew everything about the great world, now that he had fused with the will of the great world. And as long as he concentrated for even a short while, he could get any information he wanted.

But Zen had never used this ability a lot. He only ever used it to occasionally check on Letitia.

It had taken the Eight-Diagram Wheel only four hours to travel across the vast Chaotic Ocean of Stars that could probably accommodate a hundred Central Regions.

So once they had entered the Central Region, it took them only five minutes to get to Oracle City.

As they arrived, Max looked down on the Oracle City and asked, "Is this it?"

Zen nodded.

Woody said, "Hurry up and go. We'll wait for you here."

Zen turned to them and asked, "Since you've come all the way here, would you like to..."

"No! We are not interested in this sort of a place," Delroy remarked arrogantly.

Max didn't say anything, and the others sat cross-legged, their eyes closed, as if they were asleep.

'These guys are really cocky. I was just politely inviting them, ' Zen thought, rolling his eyes. He then prepared to leave the Eight-diagram Wheel.

But just as he began to leave, he heard Dorothea say, "Zen, I'll accompany you!"

Woody chuckled and said, "Dorothea, this place is far inferior to even the Divine Kingdom Continent. Why do you still want to go?"

"It's none of your business," Dorothea said and jumped down with Zen. Dorothea probably thought that Delroy and Woody had been too haughty and gone too far. She said to Zen, "Don't think too much about what they say. They are from the Upper World and are born with arrogance!"

Zen smiled. He hadn't taken this to heart at all.

Zen had met a lot of arrogant warriors since he had started cultivating martial arts. He had traveled to many places and noticed that there was no dearth of such people in the C County, the Imperial Capital, the Cloud Sect, and the Cloud Hall. He had gotten used to this kind of arrogance. Though the six warriors on the Eight-diagram Wheel were Spirit Supreme Realm masters, they were all arrogant like other ordinary warriors.

Two figures shot down from the sky and headed directly for the Heavenly Stellar Palace.

Through the memories of the great world, Zen knew that Letitia had been at the Heavenly Stellar Palace for the past half year. He was in a hurry to meet her and wasn't even bothered to inform the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance.

Just as Zen landed in the Heavenly Stellar Palace, hundreds of runes suddenly appeared around it.

Zen and Dorothea were almost blinded

as all the runes simultaneously emitted rays of brilliant light. The light flew towards Zen and Dorothea.

"Do you have a death wish?"

Dorothea did not know what was going on, and became angry as the flower in her right eye started spinning.

The power of these rays of light was nothing to Dorothea, but the consequences of attacking her would be severe. She could strike back with a strength that could debilitate anyone.

Chapter 1226 The Zither Player

Seeing that Dorothea wanted to retaliate, Zen hurriedly waved his hand. "Don't!"

The strength of the Spirit Supreme Realm martial artist was terrifying. If a Soul Sea Realm martial artist could destroy a mountain range with a wave of his hand, then her attack could probably destroy the entire Oracle City in an instant.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Those rays of light struck Zen and Dorothea but did not cause any harm to them. Zen's body was as strong as a sacred weapon, while Dorothea had her life vitality to protect her. These runes of third and fourth grades could not harm them.

"Who are you?"

"The Heavenly Stellar Palace is an important place to the World Commercial Alliance. Whoever trespasses will become our enemy!"

Dozens of figures flashed and appeared. The man in the lead had a handsome face and bright eyes. He held a curved blade in his hand. He looked at Zen with a surprised expression.

Zen smiled and shouted, "Owen!"

"Oh my God! Zen!" Owen sized up Zen a few times and his eyes flashed with happiness. "You're back!"

This was not the first time Zen had left the Central Region, nor the longest that they hadn't had any news from him. Most people often thought he was dead. Although they were still worried about him going to the four divine kingdoms this time, they knew that he would return sooner or later. They just didn't expect him to come back so early.

"But the Chaotic Ocean of Stars..."

Every other week, the World Commercial Alliance would send back news from the far east of the Central Region. The storm in the sky of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars had been triggered a few months ago.

The storm was so powerful that it could even stop the Soul Sea Realm martial artists. If martial artists from the Divine Kingdom Continent wanted to enter the Central Region, they had to wait for the storm to stop. The storm was the Central Region's natural barrier.

Since the storm had already started, the Divine Kingdom Continent and the Central Region were completely isolated. So they wondered how Zen was able to return.

Looking at the curious expression on Owen's face, Zen smiled and said, "Why is the Heavenly Stellar Palace so heavily guarded?"

Right now, the World Commercial Alliance was the most powerful in the Central Region, and Oracle City was the headquarters of the alliance. No one would dare to intrude the city.

The alliance had dispatched many guards to protect the Heavenly Stellar Palace. It seemed like they were keeping guard against someone.

Owen said, "Zen, you've been away from the Central Region for half a year, so you don't know what has been happening here. Simon is doing everything he can to see the Heavenly Evil Sect rebuilt, so recently he is taking action. That is why our leaders gave the order to send more guards. I also received the order some time ago and came to guard the Heavenly Stellar Palace."

"Simon?!" Zen's eyebrows creased slightly.

Back then, outside Oracle City, after Zen killed Eddie, Simon ran away.

At that time, Zen was too busy trying to save Letitia to deal with Simon. The Central Region was a vast place, so it was not easy to find someone. Since Eddie had been killed, Simon, who was weaker than Eddie, couldn't go around making waves, or he would be immediately recognized. So Zen decided not to pursue him.

He didn't expect that he would be causing trouble this early.

Unlike before, Zen now possessed the will of the great world. As long as he was in this great world, no matter where Simon was hiding, Zen would be able to find him in an instant.

"I see..." Zen sneered. "Let him live for a few more hours!"

'Let him live a few more hours? What does he mean?' Owen thought to himself.

Of course, he knew Zen's talent was extraordinary. Half a year was enough for him to reach higher levels. But even if he reached the Life and Death Realm and could kill Simon effortlessly, he couldn't decide when Simon would die. After all, it would take a lot of effort and time to find Simon in the vast Central Region.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

At that moment, several rays of light crossed the sky and landed right next to them.

They were the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance.

"Zen!"

"Zen!"

"You're back, finally!"

Dillon, Hobbes, Haber, and others all quickly descended into the Heavenly Stellar Palace with smiles on their faces. They knew that it might be difficult for others to obtain the life stones in the Divine Kingdom Continent, but they were quite sure that it would be an easy task for Zen who was blessed with a great destiny.

Zen smiled and nodded in response. Actually, Zen was eager to enter the Heavenly Stellar Palace, but people kept arriving one after another, and so he had to show his respect to them.

"Zen, who's the girl beside you?"

Dillon, Hobbes and the rest looked at Dorothea, wondering who she was.

They were at the later stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Even if someone was to conceal his cultivation level purposely, they would still be able to tell which levels they were at. For instance, they could feel the difference between them and Miguel, and the other Soul Sea Realm martial artists.

But the girl in front of them didn't seem to be at the Life and Death Realm or the Soul Sea Realm.

So they were quite surprised.

The Soul Sea Realm was the highest realm that Dillon and the others knew.

There were very few Life and Death Realm martial artists in the Central Region. Those who

had reached the Life and Death Realm were considered the top martial artists on the continent. No one had reached the Soul Sea Realm in the history of the Central Region. Only the Divine Kingdom Continent on the opposite side of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars had Soul Sea Realm martial artists. They were the top powerhouses of the great world and the pillars of this world's strength.

The three alliance leaders were unable to tell Dorothea's cultivation level, although they were very sure that she was not concealing it on purpose.

They wondered what level she was at, and if she had surpassed Soul Sea Realm martial artists. According to the rules, such a powerful figure shouldn't have appeared.

The three of them kept guessing. To them, everything Zen did was too surprising. The powerhouses that he kept bringing were getting stronger and stronger. Last time, he brought a group of Life and Death Realm martial artists and several Soul Sea Realm martial artists. The girl with him this time seemed much stronger than those.

When they were on their way to the Heavenly Stellar Palace, they spotted the Eight-diagram Wheel above their heads but they did not dare to get close to it.

"Oh, this is one of my..." Zen thought for a moment, not knowing how to introduce Dorothea. After all, his identity had not been confirmed by Dorothea and the others, so he didn't know whether or not they could be considered friends.

Dorothea replied warmly, "Friends... I'm Zen's friend."

Dorothea seemed a little strange, but she was more polite than the people Zen brought before. Hearing Dorothea's reply, Zen nodded his head and said, "Mr. Shi, I'll be going in. I have the life stones with me."

Everyone nodded heads, but no one followed Zen in. They knew about his relationship with Letitia and wanted to give them privacy. Besides, the Heavenly Stellar Palace was considered a forbidden area in Oracle City. Other than Margaret and a few female servants, no one else was allowed to go in.

Zen went straight to the Heavenly Stellar Palace and Dorothea followed close behind him. There was already a servant girl waiting by the door, and seeing Zen enter, she obediently said, "Mr. Luo, Miss Ning is listening to the zither in the garden behind the palace. Please follow me."

"She's listening to the zither?" Zen could not believe her words. "She's awake?"

The day before, when Zen had secretly checked on Letitia, she was still sleeping. Now she was listening to the zither.

The servant girl smiled and said, "You will know soon enough."

After they passed through the Heavenly Stellar Palace, they came to an open backyard that was filled with all kinds of flowers and grass. There was a clear pond at the side that was filled with pink lotus flowers. The backyard looked peaceful, but Zen felt hundreds of defensive runes around.

He smiled as the beautiful sound of zither floated into his ears.

Not far away, he saw Letitia dressed in ice blue, lying on an elegant bed.

Close to her, a girl in a purple dress played the zither with greatest skills. While plucking the strings with her fingers, her life vitality surrounded her, allowing her to play music beautifully.

She was focused on playing her zither when she heard someone come behind her. Then she said to her maid expressionlessly, "Faye, bring the fresh flower tea over."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1227 Meet Again

The person playing the zither was none other than Margaret.

She had been missing Zen terribly ever since he had left. She didn't care about becoming his wife; her biggest wish was to stay by his side.

Even when Brent, who had also disappeared for a long time, had come to Oracle City after the Ethereal Spirit Sect had been rebuilt and offered to take her back, Margaret had turned him down.

She wanted to wait for Zen here. That way, if he returned, she would at least be able to see him as soon as he came back.

Margaret hadn't returned to the Ethereal Spirit Sect. But the World Commercial Alliance had contributed quite a bit to help rebuild the sect because of her.

The relationship between the World Commercial Alliance and the Ethereal Spirit Sect was by no means strained. And even though Margaret was a delicate woman, her strength had skyrocketed after she had activated the Purple Power Body.

Even though she was only at the Internal Elixir Realm right now, she was strong enough that she could be counted as one of the top three warriors in the Central Region, thanks to the power that she drew from the Purple Power World.

On that particular day, Margaret had summoned countless huge swords and killed countless warriors of the Heavenly Evil Sect. That scene was still fresh in everyone's mind. If Zen was key to fighting the Heavenly Evil Sect, then it could be said that Margaret was the second most important person.

But Margaret was not as well-known as Zen, and a majority of the warriors did not even know how the huge swords had appeared. Other than a few strong warriors, most people did not know that there was such a powerful woman in the Central Region.

That was because Margaret had been spending most of her time in the Heavenly Stellar Palace. She could tolerate each passing hour, but her longing for Zen had been increasing with each passing day.

Sometimes, when she was in a good mood, she would instruct the servant girl to bring the unconscious Letitia out to bask in the sun. She herself would concentrate on playing the zither, and this, more often than not, eased her yearning for Zen.

When Margaret heard footsteps behind her, she thought it was her servant girl, Faye. She had asked her to fetch the tea that she'd made, but there was no response from Faye. The string of the zither in her hand twisted slightly and her brow creased. Margaret was still the same old arrogant young miss; it was just that she would hide her true colors before Zen. She got angry when Faye didn't respond.

"Faye?" Margaret's voice had an ominous ring to it. She twisted the zither string in her hand and it began to vibrate at her irritation. Her yearning for Zen was the reason behind her agitation.

"Why aren't you answering me?" Margaret asked angrily, her frown deepening. She pushed away the zither and turned around. She was not prepared for who was standing before her.

Zen stared at Margaret, a smile on his face.

Margaret's lips trembled and she took a few steps forward. Then she barreled on and threw herself into Zen's arms.

Half a year of being apart was just a few moments to a warrior, but to Margaret, it had felt like an eternity.

Margaret didn't close her eyes when she enjoyed Zen's warmth. Then she found Dorothea, who was standing behind him.

Margaret was a scheming woman, but she was willing to change for Zen. No matter how many women he had, she wouldn't show any dissatisfaction. But that didn't mean that she didn't have any thoughts. She sized Dorothea up secretly.

Margaret was only at the Internal Elixir Realm, but she could feel a strong aura emitting from Dorothea. This was not soul pressure, but the unique aura of a powerful warrior. She wasn't sure what kind of strength Dorothea possessed, but she knew that she was very strong.

But Margaret didn't care whether Dorothea was a strong warrior or not. She only wanted to be Zen's woman.

'Is this woman from one of the four divine kingdoms?

She came all the way to the Central Region with Zen. Is she also his woman?

But she is looking at me so strangely, ' Margaret thought to herself.

As Margaret rested her head on Zen's shoulder, her gaze met Dorothea's. There was no woman in this world who would be willing to share her loved one with other women. Even if Margaret had taken the initiative to take care of Letitia, she was still jealous of Letitia from time to time. She'd rather sleep like Letitia as Zen ran all around the world for her.

Dorothea seemed to be looking at Margaret strangely, which made Margaret feel like she was being sized up by a man instead of a woman. For a moment, Margaret was at a loss for words. 'What is going on? What is wrong with her?' she thought, confused.

How would Margaret know that Dorothea was gay? And that she was looking at Margaret because she thought that Margaret was rather appealing.

Margaret felt uneasy at Dorothea's relentless stare. She glared back fiercely at Dorothea before pulling her hair to the side and blowing out a breath of warm air towards Zen, hugging him tightly.

At this, Dorothea burst out into laughter.

Zen gently stroked Margaret's hair, and turned to look at Dorothea asking curiously, "What are you laughing at?"

"It's nothing. I just think your woman is very interesting," she answered, chuckling.

Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes. He pulled away from Margaret and said, "Let me take a look at Letitia first."

"Okay!" Margaret nodded and stepped aside, allowing Zen to walk up to Letitia.

Letitia had been in a deep sleep ever since her life energy had been sucked dry by the Life and Death Wind. Although the servant girls in the Heavenly Stellar Palace had taken good care of her, she still looked haggard, now that her life energy had dried up.

Dorothea slowly walked over to Letitia and looked her up and down before asking Zen, "So you said that someone was waiting for your treatment? Is this her?"

Zen nodded.

Dorothea's eyes swept over Letitia once again and she exclaimed, "This woman's life energy has completely dried up." After a while, she shook her head and said, "No, not all. There is still a little bit left. This is weird. This usually happens when one reaches the end of their lifespan. But this woman isn't very old. It's very strange!"

A person was like a bowl, and the bowl was filled with life energy. As a person grew older, that life energy would constantly be consumed, and at the same time, it would also be slowly replenished.

But life energy began to deplete unceasingly after the Five Aging Processes, and it would stop being able to be replenished. Even with life crystals, one couldn't replenish the life energy because the bowl was broken.

Letitia hadn't reached the Soul Sea Realm, so she wouldn't have experienced the Five Aging Processes. It was only when one's lifespan was near its end that the life energy in their body would dry up. Dorothea was really confused as to why Letitia's life energy had dried up when she was still so young.

Zen answered, "Her life energy was taken away by the Life and Death Wind from the Netherworld River."

"The Life and Death Wind?" Dorothea blinked and laughed. "Are you kidding me? The Law of Causality contained within the Life and Death Wind would indeed corrode one's life energy. If she had really touched the Life and Death Wind, she would've been dead already. How could you have kept her alive? What's more, you can't even bring the Life and Death Wind from the Netherworld River."

"It's a secret," Zen said with a cunning smile. Letitia's survival was also a part of the Heavenly Fragment's contribution, and it restrained the Law of Causality in the Life and Death Wind. Zen of course wouldn't explain too much to Dorothea. So he merely concentrated on doing his job. He took out a life crystal from his space ring.

This life crystal was almost completely formed from life energy. The life energy within it was far more than that contained within a life stone.

Dorothea's eyes lit up at the sight of the life crystal in Zen's hand. "That's great!"

Not just Dorothea. Everyone, including the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance outside the Heavenly Stellar Palace, had felt a strong life energy radiating from it when Zen had brought out the life crystal.

The life crystal was rare even in the Upper World. However, Dorothea had originally wanted to say that it would be a waste to use it that way. But considering that Zen had obtained it, she felt that she was not qualified to speak.

It was as if Zen was holding not a piece of ore, but a living creature that radiated a strong life energy in all directions.

He placed the life crystal on Letitia's face and gently pinched it. The surface of the life crystal cracked, and Zen retracted his hand fast as lightning. The life energy was like a living thing and would enter the body of the nearest creature, and Zen was afraid that the life energy would enter his hand.

A dense flow of life energy floated above Letitia, twisting into all kinds of irregular shapes.

After a few seconds, the dense life energy seeped into Letitia's thin lips.

Chapter 1228 Letitia Woke Up

After her life energy was drained, Letitia's appearance did not change. However, anyone who saw her could feel that the life energy in her body was very weak and could only keep her sleeping.

With the continuous infiltration of the life energy of the life crystal, Letitia's pale and haggard face started to change.

Her paleness gradually faded away and her cheeks became flushed once again. She now looked like she had regained her strength and energy.

As for Margaret and Dorothea, they could also feel the life energy in Letitia's body increasing rapidly. They could feel like she was suddenly emitting a strong life energy. Letitia was originally like a withered tree, but now new buds began to sprout and roots began to spread, giving people a sense of vitality and hope once again.

Letitia had now absorbed all the life energy contained in the life crystal. Zen stared at her, his eyes filled with anxiety.

"Why doesn't she wake up?" he murmured.

His eyes gradually darkened. The biggest reason for him to go to the Divine Kingdom Continent was to find a way to save Letitia. The life crystal was his only hope.

She had absorbed all of its life energy and she looked better, so why was she still unconscious?

"Zen..."

Margaret felt sorry for him and was hoping to console him. Zen, however, was like an iron statue, standing where he was without moving an inch.

A look of surprise covered Dorothea's face, and her mouth opened slightly. She knew that after most of Letitia's life energy had been drained by the Life and Death Wind, her body had activated its self-protection mechanism and forced itself to go to sleep. Only by doing so, Letitia would be able to save the last bit of life energy that she had within her.

The flower in Dorothea's right eye turned slightly and an intangible sensation spread through her. Soon, a smile appeared on her face. Her talent was the flower in her right eye. She was much more sensitive towards souls than other cultivators of the same level. That was when she realized that Letitia had already woken up.

'Zen has good taste when it comes to women, ' Dorothea thought to herself. Then, using her life vitality, she told Zen, "She is awake now."

"What?" Zen's heart skipped a beat at Dorothea's words. When he saw Letitia pretending to be asleep with her eyes closed, he felt both angry and amused. Letitia had a lot of tricks up her sleeve. When she was before the elders of the Cloud Hall, she seemed very solemn, but most of the time she had the temperament of a child.

Zen rolled his eyes and waved his hand. He then sighed and said, "She hasn't woken up yet. Let's leave."

Margaret did not know what was going on and looked at Zen with a puzzled expression. Dorothea smiled and patted Margaret's shoulder. "He's right. Let's just leave. It doesn't seem like she will wake up any time soon."

As Dorothea touched her, Margaret immediately moved a few steps away from her and glared at her as if she had been bitten by a scorpion.

Dorothea didn't seem to care and only chuckled before the three of them left the courtyard.

Right after Zen and the others left, Letitia's fingers trembled slightly. If ordinary mortals had been sleeping like this for several months, their body functions would have been affected. They wouldn't even be able to walk for a long time, and their eyes would be closed for a long time, unable to withstand the sunlight or see anything around them.

However, for Letitia, a Life and Death Realm warrior, it was not a big problem. After all, warriors could cultivate in seclusion for eight to ten years, which was quite common. Their body functions were far superior to those of the mortals.

Her fingers trembled for a moment, and then her body turned and floated into the air. She was very petite and was wearing an ice blue palace dress. The ribbons of the dress danced with her body, like blue ice flowers dancing in the cold wind.

After her feet landed on the ground, she had a sly smile on her face as she carefully walked towards the main hall. However, before she could enter the hall, a figure suddenly came out and firmly held her in his arms tightly.

"Aargh!"

Letitia let out a sharp scream frightened at Zen's sudden appearance. She had not used her perception to search around the palace. Otherwise, she would have discovered Zen, who had been hiding behind a pillar.

The two of them hugged each other tightly forgetting everything around them. Zen lowered his head and kissed on her lips.

Zen lifted Letitia's petite body in the air with his embrace. Her feet could barely touch the ground. She wasn't scared of losing balance and falling. She trusted Zen with her life and knew he would always catch her.

They hugged and kissed for a long time.

Margaret and Dorothea stood in the main hall, quietly watching them.

A myriad of emotions flooded Margaret. During the past six months, she had repeatedly reminded herself of who she was and her worth. She knew very well that Letitia was much more important to Zen than her. She couldn't help but feel jealous of Letitia. But she tried her best to remove those thoughts from her head, calm herself down and stay in the Heavenly Stellar Palace with the other servant girls to take care of Letitia.

Before this day, Margaret had thought she could peacefully accept the fact that she and Letitia would share Zen.

But now, Margaret realized how fragile and ridiculous her thoughts were. It should be even more difficult for a woman to overcome her jealousy than it was for a man to overcome his lust.

Dorothea could feel Margaret's emotions draining from her soul. Through the flower in her right eye, Dorothea could easily see people's souls and know of all their feelings and fears.

She turned her head to glance at Margaret, and then said with a smile, "All men are like this. They are all two-timers, huh?"

Margaret rolled her eyes at Dorothea. Dorothea was also a beauty. Aside from the strange flower in her right eye, she was still beautiful. Margaret, however, was still feeling uneasy close to Dorothea.

"Humph! Men are all two-timers, but Zen is an exception." Margaret retorted.

Dorothea, however, smiled and said, "Indeed. Zen is an outstanding man. But in the end, he has more than one woman. What a pity! How about..." As she spoke, Dorothea took another look at Margaret.

"How about what?" Margaret was slightly stunned.

"How about you marry me?" Dorothea giggled.

When Margaret heard this, she glared at Dorothea furiously, and without containing her anger, she scolded her for the first time, "How dare you!"

Zen and Letitia embraced and kissed for a long time before separating. She stared at Zen, who was just inches away from her. She had a sweet smile on her face, but it quickly disappeared. "Eddie..." she murmured.

After being hit by the Life and Death Wind, Letitia had fallen into a deep slumber. She had no idea how long she had been unconscious, nor did she know about the battle with the Heavenly Evil Sect. Although Zen was standing before her, safe and sound, she couldn't help but worry about everything that had happened.

"He is dead. I killed him," Zen replied immediately.

Letitia nodded her head. Since Zen was standing right in front of her, Eddie's chances of survival were very low. But she could not figure out how Zen defeated Eddie and how he killed him.

Zen briefly recounted the events that happened after Letitia fell asleep. As for his journey to the Divine Kingdom Continent to find the life stones, he only mentioned it briefly.

Although Zen had concealed the hardships of the trip to the Divine Kingdom Continent, Letitia could guess that he had gone through a tough time. She leaned on Zen's chest and asked him to tell her more details. He could only answer truthfully. As she listened to Zen retell his stories, she used her fingers to lightly draw circles on his chest, her mind wandering away.

Chapter 1229 Borrowing The Eight-diagram Wheel

As Zen narrated the dangerous moments, life vitality began to flash across Letitia's slender fingers. A blue, icy chill slithered through Zen's clothes and hit his chest.

Normally, this kind of a chill could not hurt Zen. However, the force of it was too strong, and he could still feel the piercing cold when not using his life vitality to block it. She was as if scolding him for taking such risks.

The two of them lost track of time as they talked and confided in each other, the world outside forgotten. An hour passed by quietly.

Some time later, strange sounds of some animal echoed in the sky. "Caw! Caw!" A furry figure descended rapidly.

The little thing was born with the ability to fly. It was able to bypass the restraints of the fifth layer of Space Law and directly jump out of the refracted space.

However, it had only been short while since it was born. Although flying came to it naturally, it was not something it was skilled at yet. Due to incorrect estimation of the distance and its inexperience in controlling the speed, it whirled down from the sky and smashed to the ground like a meteorite, creating a huge pit.

Letitia let out a small cry and frowned, vexed that their romantic time was disturbed like this. She looked at the little thing in the pit with annoyance, asking, "What is this?"

"Caw, Caw!"

The Ancestral Dragon had originally been placed on the Eight-diagram Wheel. Perhaps because it had been separated from Zen for too long that it was unhappy and had jumped off the wheel.

It shook its head with vigor to shake off the dirt on its body, rushing toward Zen the very next moment.

At the moment, Zen was holding Letitia in his arms. The little Ancestral Dragon butted in and forcibly pushed Letitia to the side. It made some noises as if in disapproval of Letitia.

Seeing this, Zen was both irritated and amused. Although he had come to obtain this small dragon, he had not communicated much with this little dragon on his way back from the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place. He had never expected it to be so jealous…

The Ancestral Dragon had imprinted on Zen. It regarded Zen as its family, so in its mind, it would not allow anyone else to get closer to Zen.

However, Letitia was somewhat indignant at being intruded upon by this unexpected animal. The Ancestral Dragon's appearance was peculiar indeed. It looked similar to a seahorse, so at first sight she didn't recognize that it was, in fact, a dragon. She reached out to push it to the side coarsely.

However, as soon as Letitia extended her hand, the little dragon grew enraged.

"Caw, Caw!"

The little dragon's voice sharpened, a unique power bursting out of its body.

Letitia took a few steps back under the force of the power. The dragon's hostility made her tremble in shock.

Not just Letitia, even Margaret, who was standing not so far away, felt the strong aura. The crowd waiting outside the Heavenly Stellar Palace shivered. The aura did not feel like it had come from a human. It was domineering and inhumane.

Only Dorothea looked on indifferently. Although the Ancestral Dragon was very powerful, it had only just broken out of its shell. Furthermore, she was proficient in soul-related cultivation methods, so the aura had no effect on her.

As Dorothea observed that Letitia and Margaret looked slightly pale, the flower in her right eye revolved gently. With a wave of her hand, a faint circle of light floated over and enveloped the Ancestral Dragon, trapping the aura it exuded. Margaret and Letitia immediately felt better.

"The dragon was born not so long ago, but it is still very dangerous. Its wisdom has not been fully awakened and its intelligence is akin to that of a three-year-old child. Don't provoke the creature."

Zen scooped up the Ancestral Dragon in his arms and glared at it. He still had not decided how to deal with this little companion. He would ask the cyan dragon what to do about it after he was done his affairs.

"Dragon? Did you just say that this is a dragon?" Letitia asked, her eyes fixed on the little one. She couldn't believe that the tiny creature was a dragon. It didn't look like one at all.

Zen nodded, not denying it. The Ancestral Dragon seemed to have understood Letitia's words, for it raised its voice, the hostility in the noise obvious.

"Be it a dragon or otherwise, it is very cute," Margaret said from the side, smiling.

"Caw, Caw!"

The Ancestral Dragon seemed to understand what the people were saying. Perhaps because Margaret had praised it, it suddenly left Zen's embrace and flew straight into Margaret's arms. The dragon licked Margaret with its soft tongue.

A strange look was plastered across Zen's face as he witnessed this. He too had no idea why the little dragon was treating them differently...

Letitia pouted at the Ancestral Dragon, but her gaze was focused on Dorothea. The woman had easily confined the little dragon's power with a simple gesture. Letitia could tell that her skill was exceptional.

However, she had no idea what kind of method the woman had employed.

Letitia tried to glean more but was only surprised. She couldn't see through the woman's cultivation.

Letitia had already entered the Life and Death Realm. She could even distinguish if a warrior was at the Soul Sea Realm. However, she felt that the life vitality released by Dorothea was much purer and refined than that of a mighty one of the Soul Sea Realm.

"Zen, this is…" Letitia began.

"This is the woman I mentioned to you." Zen continued, "She is from the Celestial Position. There are altogether seven of them who have come to the Central Region."

"Why would they come to the Central Region?" Letitia asked.

Zen shook his head and smiled. "I may only be able to stay for a short period in the Central Region. I'll be leaving soon."

Thanks to Dorothea, who had persuaded the several other Celestial Position warriors to go to Central Region with Zen, he was able to come back and revive Letitia. Otherwise, they would have accompanied Zen to the Sea God Continent in search of the Tower of Sin.

"You are leaving again?!"

Margaret and Letitia exclaimed at the same time. They didn't expect that Zen would leave again so soon after his stay in the Oracle City. He had barely been here for half a day.

Zen nodded. "Yes, but I will be back as soon as possible…"

At this moment, an impatient voice rang out from outside of the Heavenly Stellar Palace. "Zen! I have given you enough time!"

It was Woody's rough voice.

Zen frowned, his face darkening. He led Letitia and a few others out of the main hall of the Heavenly Stellar Palace

At the main entrance of the palace, Dillon and the others were looking fixedly at the Eight-diagram Wheel nearby. The wheel rotated slowly as six people stood on top of it. Beside them, a woman lay on the side. It was Brianna from the Dragon Lineage Human.

Whether it was the six people standing or the woman lying down, they were all powerful in their cultivation. The aura they emanated far surpassed that of mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm.

Wry smiles were evident on the faces of Hobbes and the rest. The people that Zen brought back were more intimidating than the previous ones, but what was troubling was that this time they didn't even seem to be friendly with Zen himself! Any of these individuals could destroy the Central Region with a simple flick of their hands. It was not a wise decision to offend them.

They were cold, aloof, and didn't seem to like anyone approaching them. Dillon, who had the gift of the gab, could not find any opportunity to speak up. The difference in strength was too great and made him lose the courage to talk.

Facing Woody's cold face, Zen's expression was indifferent. "It has only been two hours, why are you in such a hurry?" he asked in a monotone voice.

"Humph. I have a lot of time, but there is no reason to waste it on you," Woody responded, snorting dismissively.

Zen smiled faintly. His gaze passed by Woody and landed on someone else. He cupped his hands at Max, who was at a little distance. "Max, thank you for bringing me back to the Central Region. However, I have one more thing left to do before we set out. I want to borrow the Eight-diagram Wheel from you."

Hearing this, Woody was even more displeased. "What? You still want to waste more of our time? How about we just stay and live here with you?" he asked mockingly.

Chapter 1230 Track

Woody's face had signs of clear dissatisfaction. Max, however, asked, "I'm not in a hurry. But Zen, why do you want to borrow the Eight-diagram Wheel?"

Zen smiled and explained, "I have an enemy who is hiding in the Central Region and I want to kill him before I leave. Our feud has gone on long enough, I believe."

Those who knew about Simon were really surprised when they heard Zen's resolution. He wanted to kill his enemy right now? More importantly, it was Simon he wanted to kill?

The way they saw it, although Simon was building up his forces, he was still not as flippant and impudent as Eddie was. In fact, he could even be described as cautious in his actions. The World Commercial Alliance was well informed and had a remarkable number of intelligence sources in the Central Region, but they couldn't be able to find him anytime soon.

An interesting aspect about people whose cultivation had reached a realm higher than the Soul Sea Realm was that their temper was known to be short. They were already impatient and would get pissed off real soon. Furthermore, they didn't seem to have a good rapport with Zen.

Dillon spoke up and tried to warn Zen, "Zen, a clever rabbit has three burrows. It's going to take us a long time before we can unearth Simon's location. If he finds out that you've returned to the Central Region, he might even not dare to show up. Please take your time."

Zen waved off the warning. How could he allow Simon to pose potential danger to him? If chances were that Simon would stay in seclusion and become a hermit who stood aloof from worldly matters, Zen might have let him go. After all, he didn't like killing, but he was determined to kill his enemies without fail. If the person in front of him was not guilty beyond forgiveness, he would let him or her go.

However, Simon was the kind of person who did not know what was good for him and actually wanted to try and reestablish the Heavenly Evil Sect. He had even tried that while Zen was away from the Central Region, which meant that Zen wasn't going to let him go so easily.

"Oh, that's such a trifle for us. It won't take too much time." Max nodded and continued, "Alright then. Tell us where he is hiding, and I'll have Hank control the Eight-diagram Wheel and follow you."

Woody's face was filled with indignation. In his opinion, it was one thing that Zen was an outstanding and talented warrior, but this guy was most likely just a swindler or a nobody at the Life and Death Realm. How could he be allowed to order them around? To be direct and blunt, Woody felt that Zen was not qualified.

Zen wasn't even looking at Woody. He thanked Max, "Thank you so much."

He then turned towards Letitia and Margaret and told them, "You guys hang on. I'll be right back!"

"But Zen, Simon..." Dillon was still worried.

Zen gave him a calm smile to set him ease. "Mr. Shi, don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

With a slight whistle, the Ancestral Dragon left Margaret's arms and jumped into Zen's, who then stepped onto the Eight-diagram Wheel.

Considering Zen's extremely high speed and factoring in the size of the Central Region, it would take him at least two to three days to find and kill Simon. This was because he would have to waste a lot of time unearthing his enemy. But with the help of the Eight-diagram Wheel, it would take him less than an hour to traverse the entire Central Region.

After he got on the wheel, a thought flashed through his mind and memories of the great world began to appear next.

The memories then expanded and began to encompass everything in this great world, including all the continents, oceans, skies, birds, and beasts.

Furthermore, the time span also increased and he could see through the very fabric of time into the remote ages.

After a few moments of investigation, Zen managed to lock onto Simon's position. "There you are!" His eyes flashed gently before he told Hank where Simon was.

As the wheel started to rotate lightly, Zen and the others started to gradually ascend into the sky. Then, out of the blue, their speed suddenly increased and like a shooting star, they became a straight line and disappeared into the horizon within three seconds.

"Their speed is remarkable!" Dillon looked at the disappearing Eight-diagram Wheel and sighed.

Hobbes shook his head and remarked, "You know what, Zen's level of contact with the world is no longer something we can understand."

Three years ago, Zen was just a newbie, but still a rising star in the Central Region. Today, the tables had turned and he had become a figure that these guys looked up to. In fact, they could hardly have reached him now.

Letitia asked with a smile on her face, "But he's still the Zen we know, isn't he?"

Hearing this, the three leaders nodded at the same time. Zen had been able to kill Eddie when he was only at the middle stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. Now, he had broken through into the Life and Death Realm, and his strength was even more unfathomable, yet he was still as friendly to them as ever. He wasn't pushy and overbearing and wasn't overly proud of himself. It was a great fortune indeed to have Zen as their friend.

The southern area of the Central Region had been marked by the Southern Sky Mountain some time ago.

It was a famous mountain in the Central Region, but some time ago, every single mountain in this place had been destroyed.

Naturally, Southern Sky Mountain was no exception. After it was destroyed, a tributary of a big river flowed in, submerging the entire area and converting it into a swamp.

As Simon looked at this swamp, filled with mud and decay, his eyes revealed a hint of anger.

In the early days, he had lived in seclusion in the Dreamy Swampland for hundreds of years, and he was already tired of that sight. Afterwards, he had finally managed to establish the Heavenly Evil Sect with Eddie, which had changed his life. Bu then Zen had destroyed the sect, and killed Eddie.

When these events had taken place, Simon was trembling with fear, which was why he had escaped. Now as he thought about it, he regretted that. He had been either too cautious, or worse yet, too timid. Therefore, he had missed a great opportunity to kill Zen.

Letitia had been attacked by the Life and Death Wind, so she was most definitely dead now. Eddie had managed to get rid of the Ancient Tycoon of the World Commercial Alliance. The three leaders of the alliance alone could pose no real threat to Simon. Therefore, as long as he managed to kill Zen, no one in the Central Region could defeat him.

When that day came, he would be able to establish his own divine kingdom, unify the entire Central Region, and become the first sole ruler of a divine kingdom in tens of thousands of years.

After he had escaped from Oracle City, something like a bug was constantly biting at his warrior spirit. However, life didn't have an undo button. Since he had missed an opportunity, he couldn't go back and find it again, and it was going to be extremely difficult to find another one now.

However, after finding out that Zen had left the Central Region, Simon had become restless again.

The combination of the three fat leaders of the alliance was powerful, yes, but they could not do anything to him. If he really managed to reestablish the Heavenly Evil Sect, Oracle City was too far gone to be able to stand up against him.

It was difficult for him to withhold this thought. Zen had gone to the Divine Kingdom Continent which was marked with countless powerhouses. It was very likely that he wouldn't be able to return anytime soon. For Simon, this was probably the second opportunity he craved for so badly.

He had already wasted the previous one, and he did not want to do the same on his next one. In the end, he decided to take actions.

During the last few years, he had often sent people to scout the situation inside Oracle City. Letitia was the only Life and Death Realm martial artist in the city, but hurt by the Life and Death Wind, she had been in a deep slumber. If Eddie were still alive, he would have directly stormed his way into the city.

However, Simon had always been a cautious and maybe even a paranoid person. He was afraid of being cheated and wanted to send people to assassinate Letitia first.

To his disappointment, the Heavenly Stellar Palace was so well-protected that he had yet to make a move.

Today, Simon had gathered part of the old members of the Heavenly Evil Sect to discuss this issue.

Before their meeting could convene, he suddenly saw a thin line appear in the sky. Like a shooting star it was, only the moment that it appeared, it shot towards him at an extremely fast pace. Its speed was just indescribable!

"What's that?" Simon's eyelids twitched. He didn't know why, but he had a bad premonition in his heart about this. However, he couldn't pinpoint where it came from.

Upon hearing his words, several, or rather all the subordinates of the Heavenly Evil Sect also raised their heads and turned around to look at the strange, newly-appeared object.

"It's an abnormal phenomenon!"

"Thank you for stating the obvious!"

"Are we going to get a secret treasure today?"

"Should we fly up and take a look?"

No one could figure out where the streak had come from, and their faces were full of curiosity. Perhaps Simon was the only one who had a bad feeling about this.

However, as it flew, the line, which had originally been flying parallel to the ground, slightly changed its direction and began heading straight towards Simon and his men.

Simon's eyes opened wide as a sense of danger arose from the depths of his soul. Although he still couldn't see clearly what it was, he was sure that it definitely wasn't a good thing for him. What if that thing hit him? The momentum it carried was terrifying due to its high speed and he still didn't know what or how heavy it was!

Only six seconds after the Eight-diagram Wheel had appeared in front of Simon, it steadily stopped above him and began to descend.

When Zen's figure appeared in front of Simon, his entire body was like a carved stone. He was terrified instantly.

Chapter 1231 Shooting

"Z..Z..Zen.. It's Zen!"

said one of Simon's men as he trembled in fear.

But Simon didn't need to be reminded. He had already seen Zen himself.

In truth, Zen was the only person that the remaining confederates of the Heavenly Evil Sect were afraid of. The scene of Zen killing Eddie was etched in their minds. It haunted them like a nightmare, one that they might not forget for the rest of their lives.

Simon was extremely nervous, but his mind was racing. He first sized up Zen and discovered that he had broken through to the Life and Death Realm!

Zen was currently at the first level of the Life and Death Realm.

Despite that, he still had a chance to escape. Since Zen had returned to the Central Region, Simon thought that he could choose to leave the Central Region and escape overseas and never set foot in the Central Region again.

However, when Simon glanced at the people around Zen, his face darkened, revealing an expression of utter despair.

He could not read the strength of these people. This could only mean one thing—the gap between him and them was far more than a realm. A bitter taste filled Simon's mouth, which was even more bitter than the most toxic poison he had made.

"Is he the guy you want to kill? Do you need some help? If you want to kill him, one swipe will finish him." Woody raised his black saber and glanced at Simon casually.

Meanwhile Delroy and the others just closed their eyes and concentrated on their cultivation. They didn't bother dealing with a Life and Death

Realm warrior from the Lower World. A warrior at such a level was nothing more than an ant to them. Why would they bother about an ant?

Zen obviously knew that Woody didn't really want to help him. They just didn't want to waste time here. So Zen just shook his head and said, "I'll handle this person myself," he said.

Suddenly Simon took out two black beads. Although he was in despair, he still had a desire to live. Seeing that Zen was about to attack him, Simon's life vitality suddenly surged.

He crushed the two black beads in his hands and they emitted black poisonous mists, and his surging life vitality instantly made these mists spread!

"Oh Lord! Ah…"

"How can you…"

"I… I…"

Simon's subordinates did not expect him to activate the black beads without any warning. The poison contained in them was very powerful. The faces of the few Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors nearby immediately turned black and they instantly dropped dead.

Whoosh…

Using the cover of the poisonous mists, Simon turned into a beam of light and flew backwards.

"No one has come after me! There is still a ray of hope!" Anticipation filled Simon's heart. He noticed that Zen was standing firmly on the Eight-diagram Wheel without moving an inch.

Dorothea was also sitting on the Eight-diagram Wheel but she suddenly turned around and reminded, "He's going to run away!"

Zen nodded and replied confidently, "He can't escape!"

He took out a dark golden longbow and a black arrow from his quiver.

"Oh? A semi-divine-level bow and a divine-level arrow," Woody noted, but there was something odd about the way he said it. It was hard to tell whether he said this because he was envious or he was just ridiculing him.

Delroy opened his eyes slightly, glanced at Zen and then closed his eyes again. Divine weapons were rare in the Upper World. However, Zen's bow was only a semi-divine weapon. The black arrow was as powerful as a divine weapon, but it could only be used once, so he did not take them seriously.

It was Zen's first time using this bow. In any case, as long as he was in this great world, it was impossible for Simon to escape from his grip. Zen had indeed treated him as a target.

He notched the arrow on his longbow. He seemed to have formed a connection with it. It was as if the black arrow could understand his intentions, and Zen, in turn, could control the black arrow as he wanted.

'This divine weapon can be connected to the person who uses it?' Zen wondered curiously.

To date, the best weapon he possessed was this dark golden bow, but it was only a semi-divine weapon. He wanted to have a divine-level sword, but he was afraid that it would be difficult to obtain one currently. Perhaps he would only find one in the Upper World.

"Draw the bow!"

"Buzzzzz…"

As Zen drew the bow, it emitted a faint ringing sound. He had used the power of nearly two hundred dragon scales just to draw the bow.

His vision was blocked by a black poisonous mist, so he could not see Simon's figure clearly with his eyes. Zen did not know how far he had fled as he was very fast, but a thought flashed in his mind and he immediately closed his eyes.

He searched for Simon's location in his mind, using the will of the great world.

"I found him..." he muttered and then he loosened his fingers, releasing the arrow.

"Whoosh—"

The black arrow shot out, piercing through the thick poisonous mists.

It wasn't very fast in the start. It went at the same speed as a normal Soul Sea Realm master would when he flew at full speed.

However, when the black arrow was released, Zen could still feel that his soul was connected to it. He could feel that this black arrow seemed to contain three divine textures. If he wanted, he could activate the divine textures with his mind.

Zen acted immediately.

"Boom!"

There was an explosion somewhere in the distance.

With this explosion, the black arrow suddenly became twice as fast!

"Explode again!" commanded Zen.

"Boom!"

The speed of the black arrow increased again. The more speed the arrow gained, the more powerful it would be!

"Explode again!"

"Boom!"

Now the black arrow had reached its maximum speed. At this speed, not even a Soul Sea Realm master would be able to dodge it. Even Zen had used Brianna's body when he had faced the arrow for the first time, he had only narrowly escaped it.

But Simon was only a Life and Death Realm warrior...

He was desperately trying to escape. As he flew, he released his perception and discovered that Zen wasn't chasing him.

But while he was using his perception to probe, he discovered that an arrow had appeared behind him!

'He is shooting an arrow at me?'

Simon immediately dismissed the thought. It was impossible. At his speed, ordinary arrows wouldn't be able to catch up to him at all.

Unfortunately, the black arrow had already surpassed his thinking. The black arrow had already penetrated the back of his head and come out from his forehead, leaving behind only a small bloody hole.

He froze mid-air. His remaining life vitality was still working, causing him to float in the air.

After a few seconds when his life vitality dispersed, his body fell from the sky like a heavy sandbag, smashing into a hill with a loud crash.

"Thump!"

Zen turned the longbow lightly and put it back in his space ring. Then he smiled at Max and said, "Thank you, Max. I've already killed the person I wanted to."

Some confederates of the Heavenly Evil Sect still remained, but the Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists meant nothing to him. It was not worth his time or energy to kill them.

It had taken Zen only a quarter of an hour, from the beginning when they had set out from Oracle City to the time they had arrived at the Southern Sky Mountain to kill Simon.

Max nodded slightly. Since Zen had settled all his matters, they could finally head back. Next, they would set off to find the Tower of Crystal.

Soon after, Hank operated the Eight-diagram Wheel and returned to the Oracle City. At this time, everyone was gathered in front of the Heavenly Stellar Palace. When they saw that the Eight-diagram Wheel had returned, the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance and Letitia were in a state of confusion. It had only been a while since they left. How did they return so quickly?

To their surprise, Zen told them that he had already killed Simon at the Southern Sky Mountain…

Zen's efficiency stunned everyone. If one wanted to slaughter a chicken, one would have to sharpen the knife first. But, in such a short period of time, Zen had already taken the life of Simon, who was thousands of miles away.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1232 Back To The Sea God Continent

The group of Spirit Supreme Realm warriors from the Celestial Position race had given Zen quite a bit of time to stay in the Central Region. It was now time for him to leave.

However, Letitia and Margaret weren't pleased with the news. They had only been with Zen for less than two hours, then he had to leave so soon. Nonetheless, Letitia knew that the group of super warriors in the Eight-diagram Wheel weren't particularly friendly towards Zen, and now was not the time to protest. She could only hope for Zen to return quickly to the Central Region after he finished what he had to do.

Meanwhile, Zen felt that it would be inconvenient for him to bring Brianna on his trip to the Sea God Continent. Thus, he decided to leave her here for now and ask the people of the World Commercial Alliance to take care of her.

Naturally, Dorothea was unhappy about it. The cyan dragon had told Zen that although the Soul Sealing Spell was hard to remove, he did have some clues to the solution, and he didn't need help from the Celestial Position race. Therefore, Zen didn't mind Dorothea's discontent. Besides, Brianna seemed to dislike her anyway.

After Max had finished preparations, he waved his hand and etched a blood red cross-shaped rune in the Oracle City. After that, the Eight-diagram Wheel slowly rose up towards the sky, then headed towards the southeast direction as indicated by Zen.

Zen already had a specific outline of this world's map, thanks to the great world's memories. The land only occupied twenty percent of this great world's surface, and the remaining eighty percent belonged to the boundless ocean. On the west side of the world were several main continents, such as the Divine Kingdom Continent, the Central Region, among others. In addition, a massive piece of savage land lay in the north of the Divine Kingdom Continent.

However, the Sea God Continent was an exception. It was isolated on the other side of the great world, which was why distinct cultures and customs flourished in it.

A strong gust of wind blew against the Eight-diagram Wheel's sides. After the Eight-diagram Wheel had left the southeast area of the Central Region, it flew in a quick and steady speed in a straight line.

Going to the Sea God Continent without traveling through a transmission array meant that they would have to cross nearly half of the great world. Such a thing was impossible to do in an instant, even for those Spirit Supreme Realm warriors.

Although Zen could enter the Immortal Mist's celestial tomb again and use the transmission array to directly travel to the Sea God Continent, he still hesitated to trust the seven people from the Celestial Position race. He didn't want to disturb Immortal Mist's slumber because of them.

Blurry lines of blue clashed in the middle of the horizon. It was as if nothing existed between the heaven and the earth except for the dark blue sky, as they flew across the vast ocean.

The Eight-diagram Wheel was enveloped in silence most of the time. Aside from the Ancestral Dragon's occasional whimpers, all the humans sat cross-legged in meditation. After Zen had seen Brianna's inner world, he knew that all the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors had opened up their inner worlds. He guessed that everyone except him were operating the inner worlds within their bodies.

Caw!

The small dragon that was curled up beside Zen suddenly cried out, with its large eyes fixated on him.

As Zen tilted his head and smiled at the little creature in return, he suddenly remembered that he still had to figure out how to deal with it.

The Ancestral Dragon egg was originally a task the cyan dragon entrusted to him. But ever since it had hatched out, Zen never had the time to properly think about how the small dragon should be settled.

When Zen asked the cyan dragon about it, he flatly replied, "Your imprint has already affected this small dragon. Removing it by force would harm the small dragon to some degree. It might be the reason these people from the Celestial Position race didn't snatch the dragon from your hands."

But the main reason they didn't snatch the Ancestral Dragon was because they had recognized Zen's identity. At the same time, they knew that forcefully erasing the imprint would negatively affect the Ancestral Dragon. After they had confirmed the Tower of Crystal's location, they were most likely to bring Zen to the Celestial Position race and employ him as the Ancestral Dragon's breeder.

Of course, all of that depended on Zen's talent. If Zen had really obtained the golden Celestial Position title like he said, then everything would be completely different.

"Let's just wait and see what they will decide on. In my opinion, they will just let you raise the Ancestral Dragon as you please," the cyan dragon said and chuckled. He was quite clear that Zen hadn't lied about anything. Someone so talented like him would always catch the higher-ups' attention. After his real talent was confirmed, the people of the Celestial Position would take care of him, and wouldn't dare offend him.

"Let me raise the Ancestral Dragon?" Zen's eyes widened in astonishment.

Even from the very beginning, he had never intended nor thought about doing that. He only entered the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place to get the Ancestral Dragon egg at the cyan dragon's request. Now, Zen felt that he couldn't be bothered to take care of the little creature.

"What's wrong? Don't you wanna give it a try?" the cyan dragon calmly asked. "This kind of imprint between you and the dragon is even stronger than the contract between Fiona and the Genuine Phoenix. Moreover, this Ancestral Dragon has a far greater talent than a Genuine Phoenix. It could be your capable assistant after it grows up," he added.

"But I don't know how to raise a dragon!" Of course, Zen knew that the cyan dragon meant him no harm. Since the Ancestral Dragon was the faith of the entire Genuine Dragon race, it must have extraordinary talents and powers. The problem was, Zen had never planned to raise a dragon.

"The Ancestral Dragon has a very fast growth rate. It will mature soon enough so that you don't need to worry about it. Trust me, try your best to win it from the Celestial Position race," the cyan dragon said with a smile.

Still, Zen didn't feel quite convinced. But when he glanced at the little furry fellow which curled up beside him in a deep sleep, he blinked and eventually nodded his head.

For the first time ever, there was a trace of loneliness in the cyan dragon's eyes. When the red dragon noticed it, he tried to console his brother and said, "My brother, they are the first to be heartless. The race bond between them and us is already gone! Isn't it a wise choice for us to establish our own branch?"

The red dragon had a quick and fiery temper, and wasn't as logical as the cyan dragon was. His younger brother shook his head and said, "After all, we came from the Genuine Dragon race. It's true that we can rely on the Ancestral Dragon to establish our own branch, but..." He stopped his words and sighed.

Back then, there was a fierce dispute within the Genuine Dragon race, and nine Genuine Dragons had paid a huge price. Until now, only two of them had been awakened.

If they hadn't come across Zen, perhaps the old dispute and the mystery of the nine dragons would've drowned slowly into the river of history. But as Zen grew stronger as time passed, the cyan dragon began to feel hope. If Zen and the Ancestral dragon became powerful enough one day, Zen would be able to rebuild their Heavenly Bodies and they could establish a new Genuine Dragon branch. Although the cyan dragon felt happy about this prospect, he was also reminded of their previous sorrows.

The Eight-diagram Wheel traveled extremely fast, so it only took them a few hours to reach the Central Region from the Divine Kingdom Continent. However, it still took them a full two days to travel from the Central Region to the Sea God Continent.

They had encountered several huge fierce beasts along their way, such as an ocean beast with a twenty-thousand-feet-long body, and a giant bird with a wingspan of more than ten thousand feet, which made it look like a palace in the sky. However, these eleventh-level fierce beasts were aware of the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors on the Eight-diagram Wheel. They feared these warriors and thus, didn't dare provoke them.

As for Dorothea and the other Celestial Position race warriors, they were not interested in those beasts at all. There were rarely things in the Lower World that could arouse their interest. Their goal of this trip was only the Tower of Crystal.

After two full days, a continent finally appeared before them. The Sea God Continent looked exactly as Zen remembered it on the day he left.

"Where in this continent is the Tower of Crystal?" Delroy asked indifferently. "It's in the center of this continent," Zen turned to him and said.

"Very well," a cold smile formed on Delroy's lips.

"Let's go over there," he said to Hank.

But Zen shook his head and said, "If you want to get close to the Tower of Crystal, I'm afraid it won't be as easy as you think..."

"What do you mean?" Delroy asked with a frown. The rest of them frowned as well. Seeing was believing, as the saying went. Although Zen looked serious, they still doubted his words unless they saw the Tower of Crystal themselves.

Zen answered seriously, "Because no warrior above the Virtual Tribulation Realm is allowed into the Cursed Land. Anyone who goes there will die."

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

23

Content

Chapter 1233 The Ghost Curse Spell
Chapter 1234 A War
Chapter 1235 Stake Everything On One Throw
Chapter 1236 Three Arrows
Chapter 1237 Hope
Chapter 1238 Stall Him
Chapter 1239 Zen's Friends
Chapter 1240 Wipe Out The Ogres
Chapter 1241 Amber's Return
Chapter 1242 A Despicable Bitch
Chapter 1243 Confirm
Chapter 1244 Titled As Asura
Chapter 1245 A Man Without Destiny
Chapter 1246 Activate The Tower Of Crystal
Chapter 1247 Going Back To The Central Region
Chapter 1248 The Unexpected Dispute
Chapter 1249 An Appointment For A Fight
Chapter 1250 Margaret's EQ
Chapter 1251 Pestering
Chapter 1252 Wedding
Chapter 1253 The Wedding Gift
Chapter 1254 A Divine Weapon
Chapter 1255 Margaret's Doubt
Chapter 1256 Persuasion
Chapter 1257 Wedding Candle
Chapter 1258 Sword River
Chapter 1259 The Purple Jade Building
Chapter 1260 The Soul Enchanting Building
Chapter 1261 Elder Apeiron
Chapter 1262 Four Years (Part One)
Chapter 1263 Four Years (Part Two)
Chapter 1264 Return to the Cloud Sect
Chapter 1265 Aura's Whereabouts
Chapter 1266 Battle
Chapter 1267 They Met Again
Chapter 1268 Go To The Fairy Palace Again

Chapter 1269 Meet Saul Again
Chapter 1270 The True Path
Chapter 1271 Avoiding Shortcuts
Chapter 1272 The Universe Spirit Tablet
Chapter 1273 Dark And Light Energies
Chapter 1274 The Sacred Race
Chapter 1275 The Token Of Mountain
Chapter 1276 A Prison
Chapter 1277 The Chaotic Storm Chronicle
Chapter 1278 A Love Story
Chapter 1279 Falling Books
Chapter 1280 A Unique Book
Chapter 1281 Footprints
Chapter 1282 Difficult Steps
Chapter 1283 Pushing His Limits
Chapter 1284 Becoming A Disciple
Chapter 1285 The Roaring Token
Chapter 1286 The Death Chain
Chapter 1287 The Extreme Pain
Chapter 1288 The Chaotic Energy

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 1233 The Ghost Curse Spell

In the past, Mist had also entered the Sea God Continent, but he had been intimidated by the Cursed Land. In the end, he set up a massive transmission array, connecting the two continents and then waiting in the celestial tomb for several years, long before Zen finally arrived.

Because of that, Zen figured that Mist was a Spirit Supreme Realm expert. If he couldn't enter the Cursed Land, the seven of them wouldn't be able to enter either.

Before, Zen had been able to enter the Cursed Land unhindered. But at that time, he was only at the Illuminating Soul Realm. Now, at the Life and Death Realm, naturally, he would be affected by the curse's power.

When Zen briefly explained the whole situation of the Cursed Land to everyone, Max's expression turned slightly grim. Still, he ordered Hank to control the Eight-diagram Wheel to move forward.

They managed to fly fast above the Sea God Continent. Not long after, a distinct line appeared in the Sea God Continent. On the surface, everything seemed perfectly normal. Inside the line, however, it was pitch-black. No plants or creatures seemed to inhabit it—it was a pitch-black world.

"Is this the Cursed Land?" Max could only stare at it and wonder.

When Zen nodded, Delroy went ahead and said, "Let's go down and take a look."

As Spirit Supreme Realm experts, they weren't reckless people. Since they already knew that it was a strange land, they wouldn't dare rely on their own cultivation to forcefully break into it immediately.

After the Eight-diagram Wheel slowly descended, the seven of them stepped down, one after another. With the Ancestral Dragon still in his arms, Zen followed and jumped down. The little thing looked at the Cursed Land, fear growing in its eyes. It seemed worried about Zen bringing it to such a place.

"Gagoom…" the dragon went.

Seeing how frightened the creature was, Zen patted its head and smiled gently, "Don't worry. I won't bring you in."

But Zen was rather curious—this Ancestral Dragon had just hatched. Although it had a strong innate talent, it should've only been considered a first-level vicious beast, meaning it wouldn't be affected by the curse. Perhaps, its fear was purely instinctive.

Meanwhile, Max had an evident frown on his face as he examined the area. "Delroy, what do you think?"

Taking two steps forward, Delroy approached the edge. Another step forward and he would have entered the Cursed Land. After a short pause, he extended his hand beyond the edge.

"Be careful! The curse is very strong!" Zen reminded him.

Zen had already personally witnessed two war sages turn into pools of blood in an instant. The power of the curse didn't seem to be something any ordinary human could withstand.

But Delroy paid him no mind and stubbornly continued to extend his hand into the Cursed Land.

The activation of the curse would take some time—he just wanted to test how strong the curse really was.

After a moment, his expression changed as he quickly retracted his hand and retreated. "Dorothea!"

Taking one step forward, Dorothea had the flower in her eye spin rapidly. From the flower's pistil shone a bright pink light.

Underneath, something was illuminated.

After taking a look, Zen found a bunch of little ghosts.

All were only about the size of a finger. In spite of their size, they looked extremely disgusting, and more so being so densely packed together—

there were hundreds of them. All swarmed toward Delroy's right hand and began gnawing at it.

Buzz... buzz... buzz...

To protect his right hand, Delroy activated his life vitality and opened a small enchanted barrier. The little ghosts, however, completely ignored the defense and continued attacking. The flesh and blood on his hand seemed to melt into streams of pus—it was an appalling sight.

In a matter of seconds, the little ghosts ate up Delroy's right hand completely and were ready to move up along his arm.

But being a bold expert, Delroy gave a pointed, calm look at Woody who stood beside him.

Understanding his meaning, Woody wielded his Black Nether Saber and swung.

With only one bone left, Delroy's hand was sliced off and fell to the ground.

Unable to crawl up, the little ghosts simply turned around to continue gnawing at his hand bone.

"Damn it! What the hell are these things?" Woody could feel his scalp begin to tingle as he watched the densely packed creatures. They weren't particularly strong, but they could completely bypass the life vitality defense—they even broke through Delroy's enchanted barrier. It was just too terrifying.

In spite of all that, the look in Delroy's eye was calm. With a gentle wave of his right arm, a golden spurt of blood came out from the wound. As it continued to flow, it formed the shape of his hand. And after the last bit of the golden light dissipated, it began to form the bones and meridians, quickly regenerating the skin. In only a few moments, a right hand was there once again.

Even Zen was astonished—Delroy truly had great theurgy. Of course, in the Lower World, a broken limb could be reconstructed. But the warrior's strength could be greatly damaged and the new limb could end up a new weakness in one's body.

But the nonchalant expression on Delroy's face made Zen think that maybe he had the ability to regenerate his body without any damaging after-effects.

Under the pink light from Dorothea's right eye, the little ghosts had nowhere to hide.

Everyone could hear as they crunched through the bone. The warriors trembled with fear and disgust.

Slowly, Max walked over and took a closer look at the ghosts. "Are these the…"

"It's a Ghost Curse Spell. But it's an extremely rare thing to release such a large area of the Ghost Curse Spell in the Lower World," Dorothea explained.

In other aspects, Max and Delroy were quite knowledgeable already, but when it came to soul incantations, Dorothea's expertise came into play.

Delroy's hand bone was eaten up rapidly.

The little ghosts scattered and dashed toward the Cursed Land. Soon after, they disappeared from everyone's view.

Observing the Cursed Land, Max frowned and asked Zen, "Did you say that only martial artists below the Life and Death Realm can enter this Cursed Land?"

With a nod, Zen answered, "In this continent, Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors are considered war lords. Once warriors of the Sea God Continent become top-level war lords, they have made it to the late stage of the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and they have to leave this Cursed Land. Otherwise, the curse will take their lives."

The Cursed Land was forbidden to war sages and Soul Sea Realm experts, after all.

Flatly, Dorothea explained, "This Ghost Curse Spell has set a target for it to take effect—it isn't difficult."

"What should we do? How are we going to get to the Tower of Crystal?" asked the burly man.

Staring at the Cursed Land, Delroy said, "I don't believe this place is filled with the Ghost Curse Spell!"

With a knowing smile, Dorothea returned, "You'll know when you see it, won't you?" The moment she finished speaking, the flower in her right eye began to spin, emitting a pink light a hundred times broader than the last one.

In this moment of illumination, Zen, Max, Delroy, and the others were all astonished.

An endless wave of little ghosts filled the Cursed Land. Because there were too many, they had to squeeze together—they were in a constant state of crazy squirming.

Because it was too crowded, the ghosts seemed to devour each other. But soon afterward, new little ghosts would be born.

"Kof kof kof..." Goosebumps rose all over Woody's body. In a haste, he said, "Dorothea, extinguish that light!"

It wasn't just Woody. Other than Max and Dorothea, the rest looked absolutely horrified.

It made Zen frown—he was the only one among them who had entered the Cursed Land. Never did he think that in the seemingly empty place, ghosts were already lining up. A chill crept up from the depths of his heart.

Chapter 1234 A War

The pink light that Dorothea released was able to reveal the true form of this Cursed Land!

Had Zen been aware of the amount of ghosts that filled this Cursed Land, he wouldn't have ever thought of entering it in the first place.

Even Woody and Delroy were obviously unsettled, prompting Dorothea to extinguish the pink light with a hint of a smile.

Once the light was gone, any hint of ghosts disappeared and the black Cursed Land appeared as empty as it had been before.

Huff, huff…

"S-So disgusting!" Woody heaved as he touched his chest in mild alarm.

Max also shook his head, "In that case, it seems impossible for us to break in."

Delroy nodded at his words. "We can't resist these ghosts. We'll be devoured completely if we force our way in. It seems the only thing we can do is to report this matter to the upper leaders."

Max sighed, "Our trip to the Lower World has been fruitless. We failed to capture the Evil Dragon. And the Ancestral Dragon..." He couldn't help but glance at Zen upon mentioning the Ancestral Dragon that had since imprinted on Zen. "Now that we can't confirm anything about the Tower of Crystal, are we really just going back empty-handed?"

Delroy shrugged helplessly. "Well, what else do you want to do?"

Max set his eyes on Zen, his gaze somewhat calculating. "I want to enter the Tower of Crystal and take a look."

Delroy couldn't help but roll his eyes. The Cursed Land wasn't just some place they could enter so easily, which was already obvious from what they had just seen earlier. Max, in Delroy's opinion, was spouting nonsense.

However, just as he was about to tell him off, an idea suddenly popped in Woody's head, "Hey Zen," he said, turning to the youth beside him. "You knew we wouldn't be able to enter this Cursed Land all along, didn't you? You were just randomly bragging about that title you've obtained. We'd be unable to verify it anyway."

Zen rolled his eyes and sneered but didn't bother to argue.

Max ignored this exchange and turned his attention to Hank. "Did you bring any puppets with you this time?" he asked.

Everyone's eyes suddenly lit up with hope!

"Puppets!"

"That's right! Hank's puppets could work!"

Not only was Hank proficient in all sorts of flying tools, he was also a master puppeteer. If they could take advantage of his puppets, they'd be able to get through the Cursed Land with no problems. They still wanted to take a look at the Tower of Crystal, Woody in particular since he really wanted to expose Zen and his lies. The youth would have a lot of explaining to do if it turned out that his title wasn't on the Talent Tablet.

However, Hank's next words would wipe away any hope they all had, "I… didn't bring any puppets with me…"

Everyone's shoulders slumped at his reply. Their last sliver of hope was gone.

"But it shouldn't be difficult for you to gather some materials around and make a few of them, right?" Max prodded.

Hank nodded in affirmation. "Yes, that won't be a problem but the puppets won't be that powerful since the materials would come from the Lower World. I'm afraid I can't produce puppets that would be at the Soul Sea Realm."

'Puppets at the Soul Sea Realm…'

That meant Hank could produce puppets that were way stronger! Zen couldn't help but let out a sigh and finally understood why these Celestial Position warriors had been so arrogant. The disparity between the Lower World and Upper World was just too great.

"That's fine! We don't need puppets to be that powerful. As long as they can help us cross the Cursed Land, they would do. We can just scrounge up some materials." Woody sneered, side-eyeing Zen. He had wanted to see if he looked anxious or uneasy. Liars usually were nervous just before their lies were exposed. However, none of those emotions were traceable in Zen's features.

Instead, he even stepped forward to volunteer, "I'm very familiar with a few races on the Sea God Continent. They might have the materials you need which will be easier for us than searching for them ourselves."

"That's great!" Max smiled in relief.

Once the discussion was done, everyone quickly returned to the Eight-diagram Wheel and headed straight towards the direction Zen had indicated which would lead them to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place!

The Sea God Continent wasn't that big, especially since the Cursed Land occupied a huge chunk of its center. The areas surrounding the Cursed Land were actually even smaller than the Central Region, so it only took a few minutes for the Eight-diagram Wheel to arrive above the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

However, just as they arrived, a concerning sight came into Zen's view: a long column of smoke rose from the holy tree in the distance and massive waves of life vitality were spread out all over the land.

Zen's eyes immediately widened, "A war?"

How could the other races dare challenge the Demon Night with Amber guarding the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place?

Back when he was in trouble, both the Purple Heart Sacred Place and Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had sent a number of war sages to his aid through the transmission array. Even Miguel and several other powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm from the Demon Night had personally come to the Central Region!

They could freely leave their homes mostly because they knew Amber would be guarding both sacred places. She was the strongest and the most talented warrior on the Sea God Continent.

As long as she was there, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and Dread Ogre Sacred Place would not dare act rashly.

So what was this war happening in front of his very eyes? Did something happen to Amber?

Zen's expression darkened and he jumped down from the Eight-diagram Wheel to rush towards the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh…"

Numerous beams of light constantly flashed and collided in the sky - a clash between war sages!

Zen's gaze quickly swept over the scene and a trace of cold light appeared in his eyes, "It really is the ogres! The Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place... They actually dared to attack the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place!"

Above him, two bright beams of light constantly repelled and intertwined. One was long and narrow, within which flowers constantly bloomed and flourished.

'Esther?' Zen thought to himself, squinting to see clearer. Looking at the direction where the beam of white light flashed, Zen found that it was indeed a woman and she was rapidly moving in the sky.

At this moment, Esther was in a very sorry state. Her slender body was already full of injuries and there was a gaping wound on her waist that revealed the white bone underneath the bloody flesh. However, despite the pain and suffering, she visibly gritted her teeth and continued fighting off her opponent.

It was none other than a fourth-level ogre war sage!

As a top-level war lord, Esther had been the most powerful warrior in the Tower of Sin. When she left the tower, she had advanced into a first-level war sage and after taking advantage of the Lucky Light she had accumulated in the Tower of Sin, she had tried several times and finally advanced to a second-level war sage. However, despite her advancements, it was evident that she still found it difficult to deal with her fourth-level war sage ogre opponent.

"Hahaha! Just accept your fate and surrender Esther! You're a beautiful Demon Night woman. I don't want your looks to go to waste. I know you and I are of different races, but if you become my captive, I'll make you the happiest woman for the rest of your life!" Her opponent laughed hysterically, waving the fiery red saber in his hand. Bright red lights burst from the saber and headed straight for Esther's vital parts.

Zen couldn't just bear to stand by and watch. He quickly jumped up and rushed towards her.

Esther's perception was extremely sharp and she was able to sense Zen's approach even as she tried to dodge the ogre's attacks. Thinking that it was another ogre that had come for her, Esther immediately swerved and launched a beam of light towards Zen, attacking him with flowers.

Zen's figure flashed and quickly avoided the blooms. "Esther, it's me!"

The sound of a familiar voice made her turn around in confusion. However, the moment she saw him, Esther's face immediately lit up with joy. She never thought Zen would suddenly appear at such a critical moment!

"Zen!" she called out with glee.

The fourth-level ogre war sage who was chasing Esther also turned his head once he heard her mention Zen's name. He too, couldn't help but be stunned at his sudden arrival.

Zen's name was whispered and spat like a curse in both the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place. It was this guy and this guy alone that had driven their entire race out of the Tower of Sin. All of them knew this name despite never having seen him.

Chapter 1235 Stake Everything On One Throw

The ogre war sage before him had left the Tower of Sin several years ago, broken through the shackles of top-level war lords and stepped into the ranks of war sages.

Naturally, now he could not enter the Cursed Land again, nor could he enter the Tower of Sin.

This was why Zen's name was etched in his heart as a painful reminder of the past. However, he had never actually come face-to-face with him before.

So when he heard Esther calling out Zen's name, he was very excited. "Zen Luo! Zen, I felt sad when I heard that you had already left the Sea God Continent. I didn't think you would dare to come back here to court death! Interesting, interesting!"

Esther got anxious when she saw Zen. She thought it was not the right time for him to be here. Although she saw that he had already broken through, he was still only a first level war sage.

Of course, Zen's strength couldn't be measured by his cultivation level. Back when he was still a war lord, he had managed to kill a war sage.

The problem was that the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had started a large-scale sect war against the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, and there were several Soul Sea Realm martial artists among them. And Zen would not be able to defeat them.

"Zen, run! The Heavenly Feather Sacred Place is about to fall. Run for your life!" Esther screamed with all her might.

Zen, however, remained indifferent to her warning. His eyes darkened slightly. "Why would the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place dare to attack the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place ruled by Amber?" he asked.

Before Esther could explain, the ogre war sage interrupted, "Now that you are here, you won't be able to escape! If you think you can, it is wishful thinking on your part!" He had been hearing about Zen for a long time. All the ogres in the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place hated Zen to the core.

When Zen had driven the ogres out of the Tower of Sin, it was as if he had cut off the future of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place. Without access to the Tower of Sin, they would surely decline sooner or later.

When the top-level war lords went back to the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, all the ogres, whether they were war sages or war fighters, had cursed Zen. As for the war sage in front of them, Zen had angered him so much that he demolished his own house. Little wondered then that he was thirsty for revenge.

If he was allowed to enter the Cursed Land, he probably would have torn Zen to shreds.

But that wasn't possible. And now that Zen himself had come to him, how could he let him go so easily?

Whoosh!

Ogres' bodies were huge and this particular war sage was like a small mountain. Wind whooshed as he rushed towards Zen. The saber in his hand contained a heavy pressure as he wanted to cut Zen into two.

"Zen!"

Esther had confidence in Zen's abilities. She believed that after he attained the Life and Death Realm, his strength had also improved greatly. She was just worried that Zen might not be a match for the Soul Sea Realm martial artists. However, she hadn't seen him for a long time, so she wasn't too sure about his strength levels now that he had become a war sage.

Therefore, she was a bit apprehensive, especially when she saw that Zen wasn't dodging the attack at all.

Clang!

Zen's gaze was unwavering as the saber landed on his body.

His body was strong as a sacred weapon, but in this great world, he didn't need to rely on his body. He had transferred the power of the saber to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, so the strike didn't really have much of an effect on him.

"Your name is Saroyan, right?" Zen asked coolly.

Saroyan's jaw dropped in shock. His strike had cost him one hundred percent of forceful energy and yet Zen stood there without batting an eyelid! Like other ogres, Saroyan was reckless but smart. He despised Zen, but in fact, he had weighed Zen's strength in his heart, so he had used up one hundred percent of his strength in the very first strike itself.

He'd never thought that such a powerful strike would not hurt Zen at all. Was Zen really a first-level war sage?

"H..how...how did you know my name?" Saroyan spluttered. He was shocked and puzzled all at once.

"You have been in this world for one hundred and ninety-two years, three months, thirteen days," said Zen with a straight face.

"How? How did you know that?" Saroyan was truly flummoxed now.

Esther, too, was staring at Zen in amazement. There were just a few Soul Sea Realm martial artists in the Sea God Continent, but there were quite a few war sages in the races, especially in the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place, the Dread Ogre Sacred Place and the Demon Night. Zen was able to recognize this ogre war sage with absolute accuracy, right down to his age, including the month and day.

Even the highly-skilled intelligence system of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place wouldn't be so accurate. It was a mystery as to how Zen got this information.

Zen did not answer Saroyan's question. He only shook his head in mock sadness. "But you will die right here, right now."

Saying this, Zen gripped Saroyan's saber, and the power of one thousand dragon scales flowed out from within his body. This amount of power was more than enough to kill a martial artist of this level.

Clang!

The mid-grade sacred weapon in Saroyan's hand broke apart right from the center.

Pure terror filled Saroyan's heart. It was not just Zen's strength that frightened him; there was something eerie about him. It was almost as if Zen was omniscient and understood everything about him.

Saroyan turned around, hoping to escape him. The ogre who was famed for his aggressiveness had actually chosen to flee after a single strike.

"You want to flee? No way!"

Zen's gaze was unfaltering. He turned his body into a thin line and caught up with Saroyan in a flash. His hand was already on Saroyan's neck.

Immediately after, a ripping sound was heard, and with Zen's immense power, the ogre war sage's head was separated from his body!

Esther watched this scene in stunned silence. She was tongue-tied. She knew that after Zen became a war sage, he would become much stronger. But she didn't expect his strength to be quite so much.

War sages were divided into nine levels, and just like the Life and Death Realm, martial artists had to undergo a Small Heavenly Tribulation on each level.

Some martial artists had already broken through to the Soul Sea Realm when they became fifth- or sixth-level war sages. Saroyan was a war sage at the later stage. Yet, he was killed by a single strike from Zen.

Only Soul Sea Realm martial artists could kill a fourth-level ogre war sage so easily.

When Zen was a first-level war lord, he was able to fight against a first-level war sage. Could it be that he had maintained such outstanding strength and fought against Soul Sea Realm martial artists?

Actually, Esther's guess was not totally correct.

Although Zen's body was strong enough to fight against Soul Sea Realm martial artists, he lacked a crucial component, which was his own domain.

After merging with the will of the great world, Zen was linked with the world. As long as the world was not destroyed, it was impossible for him to be killed. But, if a Soul Sea Realm martial artist used his domain and severed the connection between Zen and the world, then he would be in grave danger.

However, the power he was displaying at this point was truly impressive.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

In the sky above the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, over a hundred beams of light were still rapidly zigzagging among each other. The Demon Night was currently at a complete disadvantage.

Seeing this, Zen asked, "Esther, you still haven't answered my question. How can the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place dare to attack the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place? Where is Amber?"

Esther's face revealed a trace of bitterness. "She is undergoing a tribulation."

"You mean the Big Heavenly Tribulation?" Zen asked.

"Yes! The Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place are taking advantage of this opportunity to attack our sacred place," Esther explained angrily.

When one reached the Life and Death Realm, they would become a war sage. At this stage, one had to undergo Heavenly Tribulations. Small Heavenly Tribulations were for the Life and Death Realm warriors, while Big Heavenly Tribulations were for the Soul Sea Realm warriors. The Big Heavenly Tribulation was more terrifying than the small one.

Although Amber's talent was impressive, the Big Heavenly Tribulation was undoubtedly very challenging.

In the past, the Tower of Sin had maintained a delicate balance within the Sea God Continent, and therefore, many races lived on friendly terms with each other, never offending each other openly. If Amber had undergone the Big Heavenly Tribulation at that time, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place would not have risked attacking the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

But now the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had lost the access to the Tower of Sin. After the Demon Night and the humans quickly grew stronger, it would be only a matter of time before they were completely destroyed. Thus, when Amber was undergoing the Big Heavenly Tribulation, they had chosen to stake everything on one throw.

Chapter 1236 Three Arrows

"I see. That's how it is," Zen said as he nodded.

At that exact time, a massive flame suddenly blazed up in the sky. The sudden explosion was shaped like a volcano, and the heat waves it emitted scorched the plants in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

They weren't the only things affected by the blaze, however. Even the war sages weren't able to withstand the heat that was coming from the flames. Every one of them hid behind something, hoping to be spared by the fire's power.

As the flame spread out, an ogre slowly arose from it. On the ogre's head was a three-pronged crown. He was wearing a golden armor and was holding a dark golden ghost staff in his hand. To say that he looked magnificent would be an understatement.

A blue-clothed woman was who he was after. Her slender body was enveloped in a light blue Water Pattern Domain, blocking all of the flames outside its protection. However, no matter how hard she tried, she just could not get rid of the ogre chasing after her.

"Lacey..." Seeing this, Esther became worried.

Zen had met Lacey before. She was a Soul Sea Realm expert from Demon Night.

The Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had occupied the Tower of Sin for the longest time as they had three Soul Sea Realm experts more than the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. That advantage, however, was easily cancelled by Amber, as she was more than a match for three or four ogres at the Soul Sea Realm. With her being able to easily overpower them, the two sides had been able to maintain a delicate balance.

Lacey, on the other hand, was obviously not as lucky as her. Right now, she was being suppressed by the ogre at the Soul Sea Realm.

Esther and all the other Demon Night war sages who were in the middle of a fierce battle with the ogre war sages, had dejected looks on their faces the moment the scene unfurled in front of their eyes. It greatly undermined their morale.

"Lacey, Lacey, Lacey," the ogre said, chuckling, "the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place is destined to be removed from the Sea God Continent, so there's no point resisting. All of you are beautiful —you can just be us ogres' concubines. That's way better than being killed. Am I right?"

Amidst all this shaming, Lacey remained calm and the Water Pattern Domain around her stayed sturdy. "Even if you successfully destroy the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, the moment Amber returns, you ogres will sure pay a heavy price," she said coldly. "Lamar, do you really think Amber will let you off?"

Amber was looked up to in the Sea God Continent as much as Zen was idolized in the Central Region. Both were considered the strongest warriors of their respective areas. With that, everyone knew that as long as Amber had the chance, she would not hesitate to kill all the Soul Sea Realm experts of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

Lacey's threat, however, didn't scare Lamar one bit. Instead, he laughed even more arrogantly. "Amber? Do you really think that she's going to come back here and save your sorry ass?" he said, sneering. "I know that she went to the Hundred-mile Island to undergo tribulation! Did you really think you could keep it secret from us?"

Hearing these words, Lacey was evidently taken aback.

Indeed, Amber quietly left for the Hundred-mile Island in order to undergo her tribulation. Only a few members of the Demon Night knew about this, so how did Lamar know? 'Who told him?' she thought.

As she was sure that no member of the Demon Night would betray the sect, this only meant that the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place had been tracking Amber's activities for some time now. To martial artists, undergoing tribulation was extremely dangerous —they could not be disturbed at all as they were in their most vulnerable states. If the ogres had known of Amber's whereabouts, she might be in grave danger now.

"You..." Lacey's expression began to darken. The Water Pattern Domain she put around herself as a protective barrier began to move erratically. Amber was the only hope of the Demon Night. If she died, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would not stand a chance against the ogres, and would lose all its chance to be able to be rebuilt.

Amused by the reaction he was able to solicit from Lacey, Lamar continued his verbal attack. "Do you think that the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place was the only one taking action? Uh-oh little missy, you're mistaken! The people from the Dread Ogre Sacred Place have already been going after Amber for a long time. Haha! I have already told Harlow to keep Amber's severed head and soak it in the ogres' secret medicine. With her beauty, she could be the perfect ornament for the Flaming Ogre Palace!"

As they were talking, six war sages of the Demon Night were killed by the ogres. Waves of mournful cries resounded throughout the entire Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

Lamar became fired up as he saw how gallant the ogre war sages had been. His eyes were burning with passion as he stared at Lacey. Chuckling, he said, "If you don't surrender, I will cut off your head and place it in my bedroom!"

With that, he wielded the ghost staff in his hand and charged at Lacey once again. The raging flames on his body became even more intense. The Water Pattern Domain around Lacey's body, on the other hand, became increasingly unstable as this happened. It seemed like she was going to be defeated.

At that moment, Zen took out his dark golden longbow and three black arrows from his space ring.

"Zen!" Esther called immediately in an attempt to stop him from doing whatever he was planning to do.

While Zen was an undoubtedly powerful being, Esther didn't think that he had a chance of defeating a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm.

To rashly attack someone with that kind of level was suicide.

However, Zen's expression told her that he would not back down. Soon, he already had the three black arrows notched on his longbow.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

The bowstring began to hum softly.

Afterwards, Zen launched the three black arrows into the air. They all turned into three streaks of black light, all coming towards Lamar at an incredibly fast speed.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

At first, the three flying arrows weren't easily noticeable. After all, the entire sky above the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was a complete mess, and the three black rays of light did not particularly stand out.

Because of that, Lamar did not notice the three arrows rapidly approaching him. He continued running towards Lacey with a crazed smile. "It's useless to resist!" he roared. "We ogres are destined to trample on all the other races in the entire Sea God Continent! Give u-"

But before he could even finish what he was trying to say, he heard three extremely loud cracks.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Puzzled, he turned his head to look for their source. As he did so, he heard another three cracks.

The sound came from the arrows as they accelerated through the air. At that point, they were already coming towards Lamar faster than the speed of light.

"What are those?" Lamar asked, confused and stunned, as he felt the speed and power of the three black lights coming towards him. Terror suddenly took a hold of him.

Lacey, who was struggling to hold on to her protective barrier, also noticed the three black lights that were fast approaching. Her eyes were suddenly filled with surprise and uncertainty. Quickly, she traced where the black lights came from and saw a young human.

'Zen! Why is he here?' she thought, confused.

The three black lights were coming on so fast that Lamar gave up the idea of dodging them. 'I'll take this head on!' he thought, preparing for the impact. His bronze-colored arm, which was as thick as a human torso, swung the giant ghost staff, which was as big as a tree trunk. He violently smashed it towards the three black arrows.

The ogres were indeed powerful, but the development of civilization in the Sea God Continent was far inferior to that of the Divine Kingdom Continent. It was even slower than that of the Central Region. The ogres could, at most, refine a mid-grade sacred weapon. On the other hand, weapon refiners from the four divine kingdoms could even make divine weapons. Of course, refining a divine weapon usually required help from the Upper World. Without the Reverse Spirit Channel, the four divine kingdoms wouldn't have the ability to forge those kinds of weapons.

Thus, the ghost staff in Lamar's hand was only a top-grade sacred weapon.

While Lamar was swinging his ghost staff at the three black arrows, trying to prevent them from hitting him, he heard three muffled sounds. Then, out of the blue, the three sharp arrows pierced his body.

Lamar never underestimated the power of the three black arrows. The moment he saw them, he immediately dropped his attack on Lacey, and instead, focused all his energy on blocking them.

However, the moment the black arrows penetrated his ghost staff, he realized that despite all the precautions he made, he still severely underestimated their power.

Chapter 1237 Hope

Lamar was a Soul Sea Realm master, which explained his speedy reaction.

But the moment the black arrows pierced his ghost staff, his burly body began to twist.

The three black arrows penetrated Lamar's enormous body one after the other. But since his body had begun to twist, two of three arrows pierced his right shoulder and his thigh, and the third passed through his chest, close to his heart.

Six small holes appeared in his body, pulsing with blood. Lamar was, however, a strong ogre, which meant that these injuries weren't fatal at all.

But that didn't mean that the situation was not dangerous.

Zen had aimed his three black arrows at Lamar's head and heart. If Lamar hadn't twisted his body at the last moment, he would have turned into a corpse by now.

Lamar was lucky enough to avoid the three black arrows. He looked fearful as his gaze looked for the source of the arrows. As he found Zen, his fear turned to shock and fury.

"He is a human being! An early-stage human war sage! How did he shoot out three terrifying arrows? This guy is definitely not from the Purple Heart Sacred Place! Where is he from?" Lamar muttered, staring at Zen.

Esther, who was standing beside Zen, had clapped her hand to her mouth as she looked at Zen reverently. She had stayed with Zen in the Tower of Sin for a long time so she knew the extent of Zen's strength. But she hadn't expected just the three arrows to hurt the Soul Sea Realm master to this extent. This surprised her even more since Lamar was a strong ogre.

And she could see that the three arrows had almost killed him.

"You are just a human warrior but you've managed to injure me! You are remarkable! I'll give you one more chance to challenge me. And then, I'll let you die a miserable death!" Lamar said flatly.

In his shock and anger, Lamar had even given up on attacking Lacey. He gathered the raging flames together and charged towards Zen at an unbelievable speed.

Above the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, the ogre war sages and the Demon Night's war sages stopped fighting. The black arrows that Zen had sent flying towards Lamar had shocked them, too. And now, they sneered as Lamar dashed towards Zen.

Zen's black arrows had been a shock, but it could have been a fluke because Zen was merely an early-stage war sage after all. The ogre war sages believed that he might be in great trouble for provoking Lamar.

Lamar's body was like a small flying mountain as it charged towards Zen. It formed an increasingly expanding shadow under the sunlight, enveloping Zen.

Zen did not avert his eyes. He was pretty confident about this.

"Zen?" Esther became more and more anxious by every minute that Zen didn't budge. She knew that Zen couldn't escape, even if he wanted to, because it was a Soul Sea Realm master he was up against.

To Esther's surprise, Zen shouted at her, "Esther, move away!"

At the same time, the power of the dragon scales within Zen's body began to circulate frantically.

One thousand dragon scales! Two thousand dragon scales! Three thousand dragon scales! Four thousand dragon scales! And then, five thousand dragon scales!

The dragon scales' power had reached its limit.

Lamar was a Soul Sea Realm master but he didn't use his domain, perhaps because he despised Zen to no end. He probably felt that there was no need to open up his domain while dealing with an early-stage war sage.

But for Zen, this was a good chance.

As long as he avoided being trapped in the domain of the ogre Soul Sea Realm master, Zen was almost invincible in this great world. Now, in order to defeat his opponent, he had to make use of all of his strength to fight against Lamar, who was sorely underestimating his strength.

"Ha-ha! You are just a war sage, but you aren't even trying to dodge my attack! You are really courageous! Or perhaps just stupid!" As he watched Zen stand still as a mountain, Lamar was confused, but also extremely furious. 'Does such an ordinary war sage really dare challenge me?' Lamar thought. "The price of your courage is that you will be smashed to smithereens!"

Lamar had barely finished speaking when his bulky arm suddenly began to swell. His bronze fist was now half the size of Zen's body.

"Go to hell, little guy!" Lamar sneered. As the forceful energy erupted from his fist, he threw a punch towards Zen, who still stood his ground and didn't dodge him.

Zen's gaze was calm, but the power in his hand was like a tidal wave as it gushed into his fist. He also swung his fist, a slight smile on his face.

Zen's smile caused Lamar to hesitate a little. Zen didn't seem like a lunatic and he should know by now that he was going to die. But he was smiling, which led Lamar to guess that there was probably a trick involved in all of this.

There was a saying among the ogres that no matter how cunning a wolf was, it could not defeat a stronger hunter.

With the absolute advantage of power, Lamar believed that he could prevent Zen from playing any trick and could surely beat him.

But when the fists of the two warriors collided with each other, the entire battle changed face. Everyone saw Lamar's fist crack at impact, the bones on his fist crumbling into tiny particles. The veins and vessels on his large arm burst and pieces of muscle peeled off his arm under the impact of such a huge force.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The bones in his hand began to break apart layer by layer, the terrifying power of Zen's punch continuing to work even after. Under the impact of Zen's powerful punch, the small bones began to split apart, disintegrating into fine powder.

Just a single punch had smashed Lamar's right hand into smithereens.

As his hand disintegrated, Lamar was sent flying backwards because of the power of the punch.

The sky above the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was dead silent. No one had imagined, even in their wildest dreams that a Soul Sea Realm master would be defeated by a first-level war sage!

What was more, this ogre Soul Sea Realm master had prided himself on his physical body. He was the patriarch of the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place!

Esther, who had stayed several hundred feet away from Zen, was shocked at this development. As she looked on with glassy eyes, her shock apparent on her face, Esther suddenly thought of the title that Zen had obtained at the Talent Tablet in the Tower of Sin.

The Celestial Position, the golden Celestial Position...

She did not know that besides the golden Celestial Position, there were also many other titles like the silver and the bronze titles, on the Talent Tablet. But right now, Esther was hit with a rather preposterous but precise premonition that perhaps very few Upper World warriors could obtain such a title as the golden Celestial Position.

"Zen! That warrior is Zen!" an ogre war sage suddenly roared as if he had discovered something amazing.

A majority of the ogre war sages present had never seen Zen before, but a small number of them had once been in the Tower of Sin and seen Zen there before. They had left that place and become war sages once they had made a breakthrough and reached the higher cultivation level.

Moments ago, those war sages hadn't been certain of Zen's identity. The figure had been somewhat familiar, but they learned from the information of the two ogre sacred places that Zen had long since left the Sea God Continent.

And now, someone had finally recognized Zen.

"Zen! He's that human warrior from the Tower of Sin!"

"He's the enemy of our two ogre sacred places!"

"He was just an early-stage war lord a year ago. And he has become a war sage now!"

"But how could a war sage like him defeat Lamar?"

The ogre war sages looked surprised yet indignant. Back then, Zen had driven the ogres out of the Tower of Sin because the powerful masters of the two ogre sacred places hadn't been able to enter the Cursed Land. But now, Zen wasn't relying on the Tower of Sin, and had openly stood at the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place to challenge Lamar.

Zen's punch had even broken one of Lamar's arms while he looked unarmed. Many of the ogre war sages were unable to accept this truth.

The war sages of the Demon Night, on the other hand, had earlier been in a state of despair, but the moment they had recognized Zen, they became hopeful. Even though Zen was only a war sage, his battle with Lamar had revealed Zen's strength. This was enough for Zen to become their hope.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1238 Stall Him

Lamar was sent flying backwards, and crashed into hundreds of towering trees. The trees had already been burnt during the previous chaotic battles, leaving only carbonized tree trunks.

After repeated collisions, an intense fire erupted from within Lamar's body. He finally stabilized himself and looked at his empty right shoulder. The shock and anger on his face grew.

When he heard someone shout "Zen Luo," Lamar was even more astonished.

Never in his wildest dreams would he have imagined that the skinny human in front of him was the one who drove the ogres out of the Tower of Sin.

Boom!

Rays of intense flames spread out from Lamar's body. The high temperature immediately burned the thousand-year-old trees to ashes.

Lamar slowly rose higher as he stared calmly at Zen with his huge eyes.

His calmness was even more terrifying than his rage. By now, everyone knew that Lamar had finally begun to take things seriously.

"You are Zen Luo!" Lamar asked Zen and stared at him coldly. "It is better to see once than to hear a hundred times. You've just become a war sage, yet you have such great power. No wonder the ogres were driven out of the Tower of Sin by you."

Back then, when Zen had chased a group of top-level ogre war lords out of the Tower of Sin, Lamar was furious.

For the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place, being chased out of the Tower of Sin by a human war lord was absolutely humiliating. Therefore, those top-level war lords who had left the Tower of Sin were useless existences in the ogres' eyes.

Back then, being reprimanded by Lamar, the top-level war lords did not dare to raise their heads. However, a trace of unwillingness could be seen in their eyes.

At that time, Lamar could not understand why these war lords were not convinced. Now, he finally understood that he could not judge Zen's strength based on his cultivation level.

There wasn't the slightest trace of fear in Zen's eyes, and he was wondering how to deal with Lamar.

His punch had damaged one of Lamar's arms, but he understood that if Lamar were to activate the Raging Fire Domain, he would be unable to fight back.

Once his connection with the great world was cut off, he wouldn't be able to withstand the attack of a Soul Sea Realm master with the help of his sacred weapon's physique.

This was Zen's hidden weakness.

Lamar, who was slowly approaching Zen, continued, "Although I don't know how you did it, the power that you just unleashed is enough to make me admire you. It's a pity that you're only a war sage and don't have your own domain yet. I wonder if you can defeat me using just your strength!"

Lamar was treating Zen as an opponent on the same level as himself, and there wasn't the slightest trace of condescension in him anymore.

He didn't hesitate in the slightest. His domain formed from streams of raging flames spread out, and he charged towards Zen once again.

This time, Zen did not stand on the spot the way he had when he fought Lamar the first time. Now that his opponent had unleashed his domain, Zen would not stand there foolishly and accept his death. He started to retreat.

Whoosh!

Seeing Zen's retreating figure, Lamar mocked him, "What are you afraid of? My domain? I felt it. The power of the attack on you seems to have been absorbed by some kind of abyss. You are afraid that I'll cut you off from that abyss, right?"

Lamar's guess was somewhat correct, except that he had not realized that the abyss he spoke of was actually the entire great world. Zen had transferred the attack that landed on him to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Zen's eyebrows creased. Lamar was indeed very sensitive. Although he didn't know that Zen had fused with the will of the great world, he had come very close to decoding the mystery.

And now, Zen's withdrawal from the fight confirmed Lamar's suspicions. The Raging Fire Domain spreading from Lamar's body became even brighter, and the heat wave even ignited the forest beneath the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. The entire sacred place was already submerged in the sea of fire, and now, under the heat wave, the line of sight was also refracted.

Zen was retreating fast, but Lamar was faster. Many of the Demon Night members immediately became nervous.

For them, Zen's sudden appearance was their last hope. However, as they watched Zen retreating, their hope started dwindling. He alone wouldn't be able to reverse the situation.

Just as Zen was about to get enveloped by Lamar's domain, a blue ray of light descended and Lacey's Water Pattern Domain cut down from above, blocking the path between Zen and Lamar.

"Do you have to go all out against a junior? Lamar, aren't you going too far?" Lacey's voice was icy. "Your real opponent is me!"

Lamar shook his head and sneered, "Lacey, you are not my opponent. Zen is not some junior. Even though he's just become a war sage, he has enough qualifications to be my opponent!"

"It's my honor," said Zen from behind Lacey, the dark golden longbow appearing in his hand and a black arrow once again affixed on the bowstring. He then added, "Lacey, find a way to stall this guy."

When he saw the black arrow in Zen's hand, Lamar's eyes twitched. Lacey had already seen the power of this kind of black arrow. If she could stop Lamar, it might be possible for Zen to kill him.

"Alright! I'll do my best."

Lacey bit down on her tongue gently. With a sway of her body, she ignited her blood essence and a dark blue tornado appeared in her Water Pattern Domain. Like hundreds of tentacles, the tornadoes charged towards Lamar.

"Stall me? Hah! In your dreams!" Lamar gently pinched the air, and a series of flaming sabers shot out from his domain, instantly cutting off the tornadoes one by one.

Just as the two Soul Sea Realm masters were fighting, the black arrow in Zen's hand shot out again.

Whoosh! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The black arrow accelerated three times in the air and reached Lamar in the blink of an eye. But he was prepared this time. His body flashed as he narrowly avoided Zen's arrow.

Zen's first arrow had missed its target. The second arrow arrived in an instant.

Following this was the third arrow.

And then the fourth arrow...

Lamar found it hard to deal with Zen's and Lacey's attacks at the same time. His strength was enough to suppress Lacey, but it would take him a while to take her down. In addition to that, the water-related cultivation method that she practiced was the natural enemy of his fire-related cultivation method.

On top of that, he also needed to focus on dodging Zen's deadly black arrows. He had lost an arm, so it was even more difficult for him to focus on fighting Lacey's tornadoes.

It was a losing battle. Zen's black arrows flew past Lamar's ears several times and almost pierced through his head.

"Hurry and help Master Lamar!"

When the ogre war sages below saw Lamar in such a dangerous situation, they rushed forward to help him.

However, the Demon Night war sages would naturally not let them come up. Soon, the war sages in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place once again started a chaotic battle.

Lamar cursed violently. He never thought that he would fall in trouble. If this carried on, he would be killed by Zen sooner or later.

However, three more beams of light shot out from the horizon.

Three more mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm!

But when Lamar noticed who the three mighty warriors were, he was ecstatic while Lacey's and Zen's faces darkened.

"Omari! Santino! Help me kill that guy who's shooting the arrows!" he roared while resisting Lacey.

Two of the three warriors in the sky were the other Soul Sea Realm masters from the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place. Omari and Santino were chasing down one of the Soul Sea Realm masters of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place—Chantel.

Chantel was slightly stronger than Omari and Santino, and she was able to continuously escape their combined attacks. Thus, from the start, she had lured the two ogre Soul Sea Realm masters away from the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. After they circled around a corner of the Sea God Continent for over ten thousand miles, they had finally made a detour.

Chapter 1239 Zen's Friends

"What? Kill the guy who's shooting the arrows?" The two ogre Soul Sea Realm masters in the sky looked at Lamar, puzzled. They had thought that Lamar could defeat Lacey easily. But they hadn't expected Lamar to be faced with such a huge disadvantage.

Whoosh!

Another ray of black light shot out from behind Lacey. The black arrow brushed past Lamar's face, leaving a thumb-sized wound in his rough face.

If this arrow had been two or three inches to the side, it would have pierced through Lamar's brain and killed him.

"You two! What are you waiting for? Hurry up and kill that brat. He is Zen Luo!" Lamar roared. He was furious at Omari and Santino for standing there like statues when he was so clearly in danger.

"Zen Luo?"

"That brat is Zen Luo?"

Santino and Omari had noticed that the arrows shot by Zen were surprisingly powerful. Lamar had become truly helpless when Lacey had stalled him.

"Ha-ha! So this is Zen! Lamar, I will help you kill him!" With a hearty laugh, Omari changed direction and flew past Lacey, straight towards Zen.

As he saw this, Chantel, a Soul Sea Realm master of the Demon Night, didn't wait for Zen or Lacey to say anything. Instead, she turned her body to face Omari and sent out tens of thousands of dark blue wind blades to stop him.

"I am your opponent," Santino said as he came to stand before Chantel.

The ogres had three Soul Sea Realm masters, but the Demon Night only had two. The situation had become extremely unfavorable for Zen.

Besides the war sages and Soul Sea Realm masters in the sky, there were also countless war lords, war generals, and war fighters bathed in blood as they engaged in a life-and-death fight in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

However, the Demon Night members were extremely powerful. In battles between war lords and war lords, between war generals and war generals, and between war fighters and war fighters, the Demon Night had always gained the upper hand, forcing the ogres to retreat step by step.

But right now, the war lords, war generals, and war fighters of the Demon Night did not wish to fight. They were focused on the battle in the sky.

Their winning wouldn't determine the results of the war. The war would be over if the Soul Sea Realm masters of the Demon Night lost. So when the Demon Night members watched the three powerful ogre warriors at the Soul Sea Realm enter the battle, despair filled them.

"Are our queens unable to protect us anymore?" a woman of the Demon Night asked sorrowfully. The weapon in her hand had already dropped to the ground, her expression gloomy as she muttered to herself.

She wasn't the only one who was praying. The other Demon Night women were also praying for the three queens of the Demon Night to bring them a miracle at the last moment.

The Eight-diagram Wheel was floating far away in the sky. The Ancestral Dragon was jumping around on the wheel while making gurgling noises. It seemed to be in a fretful mood.

Zen's imprinting had been engraved in the Ancestral Dragon's soul. It could feel the danger Zen was facing, but Delroy, who was standing to the side, used an enchanted barrier to envelop the Ancestral Dragon. It was still so young that it couldn't cross this barrier, no matter how hard it tried.

"Let's go down and help Zen. We can't really let him die here," Delroy said coldly.

Woody snorted and said, "Humph! He knew that we wouldn't watch him die. That's why he rushed in without a care!"

Max smiled and said, "At least he brought us to the Sea God Continent. How hard would it be to deal with a few ogre rats? Woody, Dorothea, you two go help him."

Dorothea nodded and jumped down from the Eight-diagram Wheel. Despite his unwillingness, Woody waved the Black Nether Saber in his hand, turned into a streak of light, and flew towards the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

When Lacey saw another ogre at the Soul Sea Realm rushing down, she gritted her teeth and bit the tip of her tongue again, continuing to burn her blood essence.

Burning one's blood essence could produce an even stronger power in a short period of time, but one's blood essence couldn't burn indefinitely. It would take a long time to recover and replenish the used blood essence.

Splash!

Water-colored tornadoes began to dance about crazily in quick succession. But Lacey knew that it was impossible for her to stop the two ogres at the Soul Sea Realm.

She shifted her gaze to Zen and noticed that he did not shoot any arrows again. Instead, he was standing still with a smile on his face.

'What is going on?

Has he given up?' she thought.

Lacey hadn't interacted much with Zen, but she understood his personality. He was definitely not someone who would give up so easily, but why would he stop shooting arrows?

As she finished the thought, Lacey saw two people rapidly approaching them from a distance.

A man and a woman. The man held a black saber while the woman had a flower in her right eye. They looked strange, but the strength that radiated off them was inexplicably incomparable.

Lacey's eyes widened as she realized that the two of them were actually above the Soul Sea Realm. Even from afar, Lacey could feel their bodies emit an extremely terrifying aura, something that not even Amber could compare to.

'Are they at the Spirit Supreme Realm?' Lacey thought.

The Demon Night members in this world were still in contact with the ones in the Upper World. Thanks to the queens' statues, it wasn't difficult for them to learn about the Upper World, so it had been pretty easy for Lacey to reach this conclusion.

But the three ogre Soul Sea Realm masters were different. They didn't even know that the realm above the Soul Sea Realm was called the Spirit Supreme Realm. So when they saw Dorothea and Woody, they were confused.

'Why are they so powerful?' they all wondered. 'They are even more powerful than the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm! Are they really immortals from the Upper World?'

The fear and bewilderment were palpable among the members of the Demon Night as well as the ogres. Both sides were speculating about the intentions of the approaching man and woman—which side were they actually on?

With the strength of these two added, destroying the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place and the two sacred places of the ogres was just too simple.

But how could such powerful warriors interfere in a war of this level?

The answer came quickly. Dorothea slowly floated towards Zen and said, "Hey, are you done? Finish this battle as soon as possible. We still need to find materials for Hank to make the puppets." Dorothea and her companions weren't taking the battle seriously at all. To the Celestial Position warriors, this kind of war was as boring as hell.

Woody glared coldly at Zen and said, "You are useless. You can't even defeat a guy at the Soul Sea Realm. It can't be that you have enough talent to obtain the golden title of the Celestial Position."

Zen shrugged, not showing any signs of weakness as he faced Woody. He only smiled and said, "When I step into the Spirit Supreme Realm, I'll beat ten guys like you."

Dorothea laughed out loud and said, "That is quite possible!"

To be honest, when Woody and Dorothea were at the Life and Death Realm, they couldn't fight against a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. But Zen could do this. He would be considered a talented warrior even in the Celestial Position race.

Woody, however, hadn't been fond of Zen from the beginning, which was why he mocked him.

The members of the Demon Night and the ogres stared at this trio as they chatted and ribbed each other.

Lacey, Chantel, and many war sages of the Demon Night became excited as they saw who the two mighty masters were talking to. Some of them had felt that they had been collapsing before these two came along. They had been tensed for a long time and now, they could finally relax. Because at this moment, as they watched Zen banter with Dorothea and Woody, they knew that the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place would be safe.

The ogres, on the other hand, had different thoughts. The three Soul Sea Realm masters, Lamar, Omari, and Santino, as well as the war sages, war lords, and war fighters, felt their hearts plummeting into a bottomless abyss.

Zen and the powerful warriors seemed like friends, and this was a death sentence to the ogres.

For the two sacred places of the ogres, this battle was a gamble. Everything was on the line. The appearance of Dorothea and Woody was probably a preamble to their disappearance from the Sea God Continent.

Chapter 1240 Wipe Out The Ogres

The two powerful masters of the Spirit Supreme Realm looked calm. It made the ogres tense. They felt as if they were trapped under a heavy mountain.

"Stop chatting, let's get down to business!" Dorothea's words made Woody grumpy. He hastily ended the subject at hand, his gaze falling on the tall and sturdy ogres. Casually waving the Black Nether Saber, he said, "Fortunately, the race we need to wipe out are the ogres. I find I don't have a very good opinion of them...."

Dorothea smiled. "What a coincidence! I don't have a good opinion of them either."

In the Upper World, the ogre race was not considered to be weak, but they were too aggressive and overbearing.

The Celestial Position had always taken a neutral stance in the Upper World. Their goals were vastly different from those of the other races. Human race, Demon Night, ogre race, and the other races all had similar aims of expanding their own races as the core, but the Celestial Position was formed by the talents of countless other races. They represented a unique group in the universe, their goals rather different from those of other ordinary races.

Because the Celestial Position was neutral and strong, they shared a good relationship with most of the other races. For instance, they were on good terms with the humans, Demon Night and some other powerful groups in the universe.

However, Celestial Position had a bone of contention with the ogre race. The ogres had a strong sense of loyalty toward their own race. They did not allow any ogre talents to join Celestial Position. If they found out that someone had betrayed them, they would banish them as traitors and hunt them down to the ends of the world.

The ogres were also obstinate and fierce. They had fought Celestial Position several times. Sometimes, a few Supreme Lords had gotten involved.

Thus, the ogres were not on friendly terms with the members of Celestial Position. Now that several Celestial Position warriors had come down to the Lower World and encountered these ogres, how could they possibly let them go unharmed?

They were rather pressed for time. Even it was not for Zen's sake, they would still take this opportunity to destroy the sacred places of the ogre race.

Hearing Dorothea and Woody, Lamar got anxious. Even though he couldn't figure out where the masters had come from, he would not subject his Flaming Ogre Sacred Place to destruction!

"Tw-two respected masters! May I have a word with you?" Lamar asked, his coarse voice trembling.

"Hmm? What is it?" Woody looked at Lamar indifferently.

"This matter is with regards to a grudge between the two sacred places of our ogre race and the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place," Lamar said. "I'm afraid it is unsuitable for you two masters to interfere like this."

Woody only smiled. Of course, he knew that the Soul Sea Realm masters of the ogre race were on their last legs. "Unsuitable? Why?"

"The disputes between the two races should be resolved by the two sides involved. Masters, please show us some mercy..." Lamar knew that the excuse he made up was untenable. In the world of warriors, strength determined everything. If a powerful master wanted to kill someone, he would find one hundred reasons and more to justify it. However, in this situation, Lamar could only brace himself and make excuses in the hopes that the two masters would let them go.

Lacey and Chantel were nervous too. The situation was obvious. The two Spirit Supreme Realm masters before them were to decide the fate of the battle. However, they weren't certain that the two masters would be on Zen's side. What if Lamar managed to convince them?

"If you are kind enough not to intervene in this matter, the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and Dread Ogre Sacred Place would offer up all our treasures. We will bow down before you," Lamar continued.

"Enough." Woody yawned and raised the Black Nether Saber in his hand, giving Lamar a wicked smile. "I have no interest in treasures belonging to some small sacred places. I am rather more interested in slaughtering ogres!"

"Save your words! Let's start." Dorothea smiled faintly, the flower in her eye starting to spin.

Lamar, Santino, and Omari realized that begging was useless. The expressions on their faces changed. The forceful energy within their bodies exploded and in an instant they flew off in three separate directions.

No one was willing to sit still and await death. Knowing that they were unable to fight these powerful masters, the three of them chose to escape simultaneously.

"They want to escape?" Woody's face looked fierce. His body suddenly turned into a black shadow. Circling the air quickly, it flashed and disappeared from everyone's sight.

The next moment, the crowd saw the black shadow fly toward Santino. They didn't see how Woody was attacking. They only witnessed a flash of black light that hit Santino's mountain-like body, making it spout blood mist. He quickly fell to the ground with a thud.

After killing Santino, Woody turned into a streak of lightning and charged toward Omari...

As for Dorothea, she let out a bell-like laughter and chased after Lamar. Compared to Woody's pretty good saber skills and fast speed, Dorothea was slow in her pace as she followed Lamar. Meanwhile, the flower in her eye began to emit a faint green light.

Under the influence of the green light, Lamar's speed gradually slowed down. Very soon, a terrified expression covered his face. He howled in a frenzy and waved the ghost staff, causing raging flames to engulf the empty space.

Lamar kept roaring hysterically.

As he waved the ghost staff frantically, blood arrows burst out from his chest and his heart exploded. The ogres all had enormous build and their hearts were more powerful than those of ordinary creatures. After his heart burst, the blood arrows flew several hundreds of feet away.

Lamar's power began to rapidly weaken soon after. He fell down in no time, his eyes as wide as saucers. Even as he breathed his last, he was traumatized by the fear.

"It's an illusion…" Lacey said in a low voice.

"It was fear that caused his heart to explode. That led to his death." Chantel nodded, feeling like Lamar's frightening death would long linger on her mind.

The ogres were indeed tyrannical, but they were also brave. How terrifying was the illusion that it had scared him out of his wits and made his heart explode?

Dorothea was still smiling, her hands behind her back. The flower in her right eye stopped spinning as she flew toward Zen.

Whoosh…

After killing Omari and Santino, Woody soon materialized beside Zen. "All right, we have finished off these three rats," he stated coldly. "It's time to ask your Demon Night friends to help us gather the materials."

Now that the three mighty ogre warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had been killed off, the confidence level of the remaining ogres dropped to their feet. They began scattering in all directions.

As for the warriors of the Demon Night, they were enjoying a boosted morale. They began chasing and killing the fleeing ogres.

Lacey and Chantel did not join the others in the killing. The outcome of this battle was a foregone conclusion, and the two of them clearly knew what to do next.

Before Zen could even respond to Woody, Lacey respectfully bowed to him. "Master, the Demon Night will forever remember what you did today, but we do not know of the materials you require. We would certainly do our best to help."

Woody chuckled. "Aha. They are not very special materials," he said courteously. "You should exterminate those little rats first."

Seeing Woody's attitude, Zen felt suspicious. Woody was a hateful man and never had anything nice to say. Why was he being so polite to the Demon Night?

His face reflected his confusion. Dorothea, who stood beside him, chuckled and stated to him in a low voice, "The woman he fell in love with is from the Demon Night."

Comprehension dawned on Zen. Now he knew why Woody was acting so strangely. The Celestial Position consisted of talents from different races. It was not unusual for Demon Night members to be a part of the Celestial Position. Indeed, Woody loved a girl from the Demon Night, so he was courteous to the members of the race. No wonder he had just gone all out to kill the ogres.

At the moment, Chantel spoke up, her face full of worry, "Lacey, I don't know how everything is going with Amber. If the Dread Ogre Sacred Place really went after her, I'm afraid she might be in danger..."

Zen's eyes suddenly flashed as he shuffled through the memories of the great world. He soon released a sigh of relief, saying with a smile, "Amber is fine. She is currently on her way back."

He then lifted his head and looked into the distance. A few minutes later, a ray of light in the sky shot toward the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

Chapter 1241 Amber's Return

The streak of light was extremely fast as it approached the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place.

Both Lacey and Chantel breathed huge sighs of relief the moment they realized who that streak of light was.

It was Amber! Her arrival gave them hope but, at the same time, made them question just what kind of ability Zen had to be able to foretell her return. Could he see the future or something?

Even Esther, who stood nearby, was equally perplexed. She then remembered the other time when Zen had exhibited such a skill. When he fought with Saroyan, Zen had been able to find out how long his opponent had lived accurately down to the number of the days. He also seemed to be aware of everything that went on in this great world. Was he, perhaps, an incarnation of an omnipotent deity?

Whoosh!

Their thoughts were interrupted by Amber's frantic advance, her light purple robe swishing behind her as she drew closer. The anger on her face was very apparent when she saw the scene that awaited her.

Since the fellows from the Dread Ogre Sacred Place dared to chase after her, she surmised that the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place would definitely attack the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. She knew that Lacey and Chantel would not be able to stop the invasion just by themselves.

Thick smoke rose above the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, deepening her frown. If it was really destroyed, then she swore to kill every single ogre from both the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and Dread Ogre Sacred Place even if it cost her life.

Fortunately, the sight of Lacey and Chantel unharmed calmed her heart especially when she saw a familiar, white-robed human youth.

"Zen!"

The sight of Zen clarified her thoughts. The Heavenly Feather Sacred Place's victory against the ogres' invasion definitely had something to do with him.

"Amber!"

Both Lacey and Chantel greeted her with joy once she arrived. "Amber, are you alright? The Dread Ogre Sacred Place knew about your movements and they took advantage of the fact that you were undergoing tribulation…"

"You mean these three fellows?" Amber asked and suddenly held up three large heads in her hand. One of them was the leader of the Dread Ogre Sacred Place.

All of them were at the Soul Sea Realm and had died by Amber's hands.

Zen smiled, realizing how valiant Amber really was. Not only did she safely pass through the Big Heavenly Tribulation, she had also been able to kill the three Soul Sea Realm ogres that had come to possibly eliminate her during her most vulnerable state.

She casually threw the heads away and headed for Zen. She almost froze midway when she caught a glimpse of Dorothea and Woody standing behind him.

She would never admit it but the sight of those two scared her slightly. Their aura was extremely powerful given that they were obviously Spirit Supreme Realm warriors. She figured that they were the ones responsible for reversing their situation. Zen was extremely talented but she knew that he would still be unable to face against mighty Soul Sea Realm warriors even after breaking through to the Life and Death Realm.

Amber's gaze was on them as she spoke, "Zen, just now…"

Zen nodded in confirmation as he gestured to the two behind him. "We have to thank my two friends here for their help."

Amber immediately knelt down on one knee in front of Dorothea and Woody. "Thank you so much! My clan will forever be grateful!"

Dorothea looked indifferent but Woody laughed out loud. "Don't mention it! You've been recognized by the Celestial Position, right?" Woody asked.

Amber stood up and her eyes flashed upon hearing Woody's words. "The Celestial Position? Are you talking about the Talent Tablet?"

Woody nodded. "I can feel the Celestial Position's mark on your body. If I'm not wrong, you should be in the second row?"

Amber nodded in affirmation. Besides Zen, she was the only person who managed to place herself in the second row and had been marked by the Celestial Position.

"That's great then! You and I are of the same race," Woody cheerfully told her.

Zen rolled his eyes at this. He had also been recognized by the Celestial Position but never received such friendly treatment from Woody.

Following the exchange, Amber quickly learned the purpose of Zen's visit and immediately instructed Lacey and Chantel to clean up the mess of their sacred place while she helped them gather the materials. Under Dorothea's guide, the five people on the Eight-diagram Wheel also went over to enter the holy tree with Amber.

Hank quickly gave Amber a list but she felt somewhat embarrassed when she looked at it. Most of the materials were readily available in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, and some could be procured within a day or two, but there were a few that she had never heard of before.

Woody, however, sighed in understanding, "I know. The Lower World lacks resources. Hank, replace some of the materials."

Hank took back the list. It was fortunate that he was a master puppeteer and was able to come up with a few alternatives on the spot. Once he was done, he handed it back to Amber who figured that it would take around one to two days to collect all the materials they needed.

The seven Celestial Position members would have to rest in the Demon Night's place for the time being.

It was around that time that Miguel arrived, having rushed over from the Purple Heart Sacred Place. The news of the ogres' invasion had reached the humans a bit late and, by the time they arrived, things had already settled down.

Amber, on the other hand, couldn't help but feel depressed once she saw the extent of the damage. The Heavenly Feather Sacred Place had taken quite a beating and was charred here and there.

Miguel quickly went to console her. "Let's exterminate the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place!" he declared fiercely.

The battle earlier had killed all the mighty warriors of both ogre sacred places. The Purple Heart Sacred Place alone would now be able to completely annihilate the ogres if they wished.

Amber nodded at his words before turning to Zen, "Zen, I would like to know how my queen is."

The light from Lavender's statue had almost completely faded some time ago. Amber was beside herself with worry, thinking that their queen had perished or something. However, just as it had almost dissipated, the light gradually stabilized and was now gradually recovering. Still, Amber remained wary.

If she wasn't about to undergo the Big Heavenly Tribulation, then she would've gone all the way to Central Region to see Zen just to inquire about Lavender's well-being.

Zen took out a brown branch and Amber's eyes immediately widened.

"The Soul Nurturing Wood!" she exclaimed.

Her heart immediately dropped at the sight of the Soul Nurturing Wood. This extraordinary branch was used to help someone hold on to his or her last breath of life, which meant that Lavender, right now, was in a critically ill state.

Zen's face was also filled with grief. "Lavender blocked a soul attack for me. Her soul was on the verge of collapsing so I had no other choice but to place her inside the Soul Nurturing Wood."

Amber gritted her teeth. "Let's use the holy tree's life force again. It would at least be able to awaken our queen."

Zen, however, shook his head. "I don't think that's going to work."

The entire Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was terribly devastated from the battle. If they wanted to restore it to its former glory, they would have to rely on the holy tree's power.

Right now, the huge holy tree was riddled with holes and if they used it on Lavender now, it would probably drain it of its power.

"My queen is more important. I can feel the holy tree's will and it is willing to sacrifice itself to save her!" Amber insisted.

Zen could only sigh. "Lavender is like this because of me. I'll find a way to revive her," he said. "Besides, the nourishment of the holy tree alone will not be enough to completely repair her damaged soul."

The power of the Soul Nurturing Wood in his hand wasn't any weaker than that of the holy tree. Its effects, however, were slower but it was enough to protect Lavender's soul.

Just then, they were interrupted by a yellow-robed Demon Night girl who bowed down to Amber.

"Ailsa, what is it?" Ailsa was a third-level war sage so Amber was curious why she was here.

Chapter 1242 A Despicable Bitch

Ailsa had kept her head down all this time.

However, Amber's voice made her raise her head and they all saw how her eyes glowed with a strange azure light, like otherworldly fireflies on a dark, summer night.

She immediately rushed towards Zen, hands outstretched and ready to snatch the Soul Nurturing Wood from his hands.

Her actions shocked him and he was immediately on guard. He had never thought a Demon Night member would endanger Lavender like this!

The queen's soul was extremely weak and fragile. Any slight attack towards the Soul Nurturing Wood held the possibility of destroying Lavender's soul completely.

With a flick of his wrist, Zen quickly threw the Soul Nurturing Wood into the air.

Ailsa's eyes were trained onto the brown branch and she immediately launched herself into the air to grab the Soul Nurturing Wood. Zen, however, was quick to catch Ailsa by the ankle and pull her down forcefully.

"Come down!"

He threw the azure-eyed girl to the ground while he caught the Soul Nurturing Wood safely in his hands.

The two guards beside Amber were immediately onto Ailsa and forced her onto the ground.

"Ailsa!" Amber fiercely berated the girl. "What do you think you're doing?"

Ailsa ignored Amber and instead sneered at Zen. "You're Zen, right?"

Zen frowned. "This voice…" he murmured to himself. He had heard this voice before in the Holy Tree Hall from the queen statue that he had smashed into pieces.

The members of the Demon Night immediately knelt on one knee upon hearing Ailsa's voice.

"Queen!"

Their race had a total of three queens. Lavender was the queen of killings while the one in front of them was in charge of punishment… It seemed this queen had used some kind of secret technique to temporarily occupy Ailsa's body with the intent of harming or perhaps even killing Lavender.

Amber had a rough guess why the Queen of Punishment wanted to harm Lavender but it was a dispute that she couldn't really meddle with. Right now, she had to maintain a neutral façade and see how the situation unfolded.

Zen, on the other hand, was not part of the Demon Night race. For him, the dispute between the queens did not matter. If anyone wanted to harm Lavender then he would do whatever it took to eliminate that person.

Zen sneered coldly, "Yes, I am Zen and you're the Demon Night's Queen of Punishment, right? May I know your name?"

"You are not qualified to know my name," Ailsa said haughtily. "I advise you to hand over that Soul Nurturing Wood and let Lavender's soul dissipate in this world. If you do that, I'll consider letting you off."

Zen suddenly froze, quite unsure of what he had just heard. However, once he realized that the queen was serious, he couldn't help but let out a loud laugh.

Ailsa frowned at his reaction. "What's so funny?" she asked.

Zen wheezed for a bit more before walking towards Ailsa. He coldly sneered at her as he looked straight at her glowing, azure eyes. "No wonder…"

"No wonder what?" Ailsa asked, the annoyance obvious in her curt tone.

"No wonder Lavender said you were a bitch," Zen cursed mercilessly. "Her soul is extremely vulnerable right now but you actually want to take advantage of her situation and kill her. You're indeed merciless!"

Normally, a rude and insulting remark towards a Demon Night queen would be dealt with swiftly and ruthlessly. Amber, for one, would not hesitate to behead anyone brave enough to disrespect their beloved queens. However, the other party could be considered as an affiliate of another queen, so Amber could do nothing but keep her head down and let the circumstance work itself out.

Zen's remark struck a nerve but Ailsa merely smiled. "You're very daring, aren't you? So what if you have the fate to lead the world of chaos? The opening of the chaotic world is not for you alone. Every time a chaotic world comes, many warriors with your fate die, and believe me, you will definitely be one of those who shall perish…"

Her statements were strong but Zen remained calm and collected in front of the queen. "It doesn't matter whether I'll perish or not. What matters is that you're a bitch."

Ailsa frowned in displeasure at his words but she decided to use her honeyed voice to try and tempt Zen. "If you give me the Soul Nurturing Wood, I can use the power of the Demon Night to let you…"

"You're a bitch!" Zen rudely interrupted.

"My status is higher than Lavender's and my abilities far surpass what you can imagine…"

"You're a bitch!"

"I…"

"You're a bitch!"

Zen probably repeated himself around seven or eight more times before the queen finally snapped and dropped her attempt of tempting the youth. She quickly controlled Ailsa's body and roared, "Amber! Kill him!"

Amber, however, did not try to kill Zen. She merely continued kneeling respectfully on the ground, along with the rest of the Demon Night members.

None of her subjects were willing to go through with her order which meant that the Queen of Punishment had to kill Zen herself. However, such a feat wouldn't be so easy. For one, Ailsa was a mere third-level war sage so she wouldn't be able to kill Zen. Besides, since the queen merely controlled Ailsa's body, her original strength would be greatly reduced. It was the same case as when Zen had controlled Brianna's body with the Soul Core but was unable to employ Brianna's full strength.

"Bang, bang..."

With a frustrated roar, Ailsa rushed towards Zen and attacked. However, a few strikes were all it took for Zen to completely overpower her.

That wasn't the end of it though. Zen quickly shot himself towards the Holy Tree Hall and went inside. One of the Demon Night members lowered her voice and quickly informed Amber, "Zen has entered the hall…"

Amber merely shushed her, "Just pretend you didn't see that."

As soon as he entered the hall, Zen walked up to the blue queen's statue and carelessly patted it twice. "What else do you want to say?" he asked with a smile.

The Queen of Punishment's statue trembled and opened her eyes. Just as she was about to open her mouth, Zen beat her to it. "You're a bitch!"

The teasing had become too much and the statue's exquisite face twisted in anger. "How dare you insult me like this! If one day, you ascend into the Upper World I'll..."

"Clang!"

It was already too late. Just before she could finish her sentence, Zen had already thrown a strong punch and shattered the statue into pieces. "You're really a pretentious bitch!" he shouted, shaking his fists with a smile.

Satisfied with the result of his handiwork, Zen exited the hall and returned to Amber's side. None of the Demon Night members gave any indication of having acknowledged the events that had just transpired, seemingly determined to pretend nothing had happened. Miguel and his men though were obviously dumbfounded, not really sure of what was going on.

Zen's expression was relaxed but deep inside he was already boiling with determination. Once Lavender's soul was recovered, he vowed to quickly find a body for her and help her regain all that she had lost. As for that Queen of Punishment, he swore in his heart to punish and torture her for her despicable deeds.

Now that the matter was taken care of, everyone went about their ways and the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place was left to recover.

Its healing rate was actually incredible. The holy tree's trunk was scorched black but the roots were fortunately untouched.

These roots ran several thousand feet underground with a few extending over a hundred miles horizontally. It constantly absorbed nutrients from the earth and was a vital factor in speeding up the tree's recovery process.

As it healed, the tree also nourished the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. Green seedlings had already sprouted all around which meant that it would be able to fully recover in no time at all.

Meanwhile, Miguel and the rest members of the Purple Heart Sacred Place had teamed up with Lacey and the other Soul Sea Realm masters to attack the two ogre sacred places.

After the ogre race's expulsion from the Tower of Sin, it was obviously only a matter of time before they declined. What the other races did not expect was the swiftness of their extermination. In less than a year, the two imposing ogre sacred places would be wiped out by humans and the Demon Night!

The ogre's downfall was considered good news for the other races. The previously powerful race had been too brutal and tyrannical compared to the gentler human race and Demon Night race. Even after the humans took control of the Tower of Sin, they did not abuse their position to break any rules or annihilate other races.

Within two days, the Demon Night members were finally able to gather all the materials Hank had requested.

Once he had all the materials, making the puppets was a piece of cake for Hank. In just half a day, he was able to fashion eight puppets for them to use.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1243 Confirm

What was amazing was that the eight puppets were all true to life. Every single one of them was the exact replica of the people in the group.

Zen sized up the puppets. Finally, his gaze landed on the puppet that resembled him. He was shocked and disappointed. "Why is my puppet weaker than all of yours?"

The materials used to make these puppets were very complicated. The strength of the seven puppets of the seven Celestial Position masters was equivalent to that of a Life and Death Realm warrior. However, Zen's puppet's strength was equivalent to that of a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior.

Woody retorted, "Isn't that accurate? After all, you are still a lot weaker than us!"

Zen rolled his eyes. He didn't want to waste time arguing with this fellow.

Max spoke up, "Anyway, it's all done. Now we can control these puppets and enter the Cursed Land."

Everyone nodded their heads. They had been waiting for some days and now they were eager to enter the Tower of Crystal. Everyone poured a part of their souls into their corresponding puppets. One after another, the puppets opened their eyes and came to life.

But Zen was lost at this point. He didn't know how to "split his soul", so he wasn't able to pour a part of it into his puppet.

While his soul was very close to the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, he hadn't actually stepped into the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm.

So he hadn't practiced the soul-splitting technique. He could only control the shape of his own soul for now.

Splitting the soul involved peeling off a part of one's soul to form a single entity, which was completely independent.

Lavender's soul was actually a fragment. Her physical body and main soul had already perished, thus that soul fragment was now her only remaining soul.

Zen just didn't know what to do! Woody flashed a mocking smile, enjoying Zen's obvious discomfort. Thankfully Dorothea offered to help. "Zen, let me help you. First, detach part of your soul from your body," she explained.

Zen did as Dorothea instructed. He squeezed out a portion of his soul from the spot between his eyebrows. Then, the flower in Dorothea's right eye turned slightly, and an invisible force gently floated out. Zen felt the light pull of this force, and a wisp of his soul separated from the main soul.

Now Zen was able to control this portion of his soul. He poured it into his own puppet and brought it to life.

The eight of them sat down on the floor solemnly, while the eight puppets hopped onto the Eight-diagram Wheel. They didn't waste any more time and immediately took off to the Cursed Land.

The puppets would not be effected by the Cursed Land. The Eight-diagram Wheel didn't pause and directly entered the area. Soon, a huge tower appeared in front of everyone's eyes. It was the Tower of Sin, also the Tower of Crystal called by the Celestial Position.

"That's it," said Max's puppet excitedly, "It really is the Tower of Crystal!"

"It seems that the Tower of Crystal hasn't been fully unfolded yet," Delroy observed.

Max nodded and said, "Yes, it isn't fully developed!"

Zen's face was full of curiosity, as he asked, "Fully developed? What do you mean?"

Max smiled and replied, "You'll understand soon."

Whoosh…

Hank's puppet was controlling the Eight-diagram Wheel. He quickly landed it at the entrance of the first floor of the Tower of Crystal.

Many creatures from the different races of the Sea God Continent stared at this mysterious sight of the Eight-diagram Wheel with the puppets on it.

Nobody on the Sea God Continent was skilled in making puppets. They did not see any signs of life in these puppets. Everyone was intrigued and immediately launched into a frenzied discussion about this alien phenomenon.

"What are these things? They don't seem to be humans!"

"Zen! Oh no! One of them looks like Zen!"

"Has he returned to the Sea God Continent? Look closely, these fellows seem to be made from Mica gold... But what exactly are they?"

Max ignored all the creatures who were watching them and walked directly towards the Tower of Crystal. At the sight of these Celestial Position warriors, the two Giants guarding the entrance quickly pulled open the gates. Even though they were puppets, they had strength comparable to the Life and Death Realm and they were controlled by Spirit Supreme Realm masters. No one in the Tower of Sin could be their match.

As they entered and started climbing up the floors, they attracted the attention of countless creatures inside.

One floor, two floors, three floors, four floors...

As Zen started climbing up from the ground floor, familiar scenes from the tower came into his view, triggering many past memories. He never thought he would actually return to the Tower of Sin, and in such a form. Zen lamented the days gone by.

Looking at his aggrieved expression, Woody laughed maliciously and remarked, "Your lie is about to be exposed, but why do I feel so sad?"

Zen smiled wryly and retorted, "Someone's about to swallow his own weapon. I am also feeling very sad."

Woody was startled at his confidence. Could it be that he had really obtained the golden Celestial Position title from the Talent Tablet? Impossible! Woody shook his head, his face filled with disbelief.

As for the others, they didn't bother worrying about it at this point. The truth would unveil itself. After reaching the tenth floor, everything would become clear.

The ongoing battle on the tenth floor of the Tower of Sin was still as intense as ever!

As soon as the group reached the tenth floor, they saw a group of people surrounding the Talent Tablet. It seemed that someone had entered the Tablet to take the test.

Max took a few steps but suddenly stopped and craned his neck to see above the heads of the creatures of various races. He stared at the wall in bewilderment.

Zen's name was right on the top, above the first row. There was no need to squeeze into the crowd to read it. This was the reason for Max's abrupt halt.

Delroy had also paused. These puppets created by Hank were ingenious. Their expressions were vivid and lifelike. Delroy's gaze was complicated and he seemed to be deep in thought!

Dorothea's eyes were shining bright. She chuckled softly and said, "Looks like my hunch was right!"

The others were all silent. Woody's expression was the most exaggerated. His mouth was wide open and his face turned dull; he didn't know what to think at this moment.

When Zen had obtained the golden Celestial Position title from the Talent Tablet back then, many races from the Sea God Continent were shocked. However, they didn't know what the golden Celestial Position was.

Amber was the most powerful talent of the Sea God Continent throughout history. And even she could only be ranked on the second row, which was probably equivalent to the second grade. However, Zen was ranked above the first grade, meaning his talent was at least two grades higher than Amber's!

The warriors of the Celestial Position had more clarity on the rankings of the Talent Tablet than anyone else.

The ranking system consisted of three tiers, represented by three colors—golden, silver, bronze. There were various titles under each color. Although there wasn't much of a difference between two titles of the same color, there was a huge gap between the lowest title and highest one.

Celestial Position was the topmost title!

"Golden Celestial Position. Wow! It really is that position! Ever since Aliza became the Supreme Lord four hundred thousand years ago, there hasn't been anyone who has obtained the golden Celestial Position title," Max muttered.

Four hundred thousand years might sound like a long time, but actually it was a very short time frame, if one considered the intervals between the appearances of two golden Celestial Position titles.

Judging from the measure of time, an era lasted for 3.6 billion years, and during this era, only six warriors had obtained the title of golden Celestial Position. The warrior who had obtained the golden Celestial Position before Aliza obtained it tens of millions of years ago, or even hundreds of millions of years ago. This time span was beyond imagination.

Dorothea's face wore a smug expression now. She hadn't done anything to harm Zen before, which was indeed the right decision on her part. She giggled and said to Woody, "Didn't someone make a bet with me?"

Woody looked pale. He was a serious man. His puppet didn't have blood vessels, so it couldn't blush in embarrassment. However, his real form, which was controlling the puppet in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, had turned red in the face. Of course, he was not really going to swallow the Black Nether Saber. But he didn't know what to say to save his face.

Max didn't care about this silly bet between Woody and Dorothea. He suddenly remembered something very important.

Chapter 1244 Titled As Asura

Any Life and Death Realm warrior was bound to undergo the first Small Heavenly Tribulation before they reached the realm.

Almost everyone who could obtain a title on the Talent Tablet would manage to do one thing during the tribulation for sure: activate their Lotus Flowers.

What Max did not know was that Zen had undergone his Small Heavenly Tribulation at the Feather Emperor Island. At that time, the group of Spirit Supreme Realm warriors from the Celestial Position race were still in the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place and trying to figure out a way to lure out the Evil Dragon. Obviously, they knew nothing about what had happened back then and just how far Zen had gone!

It was only now that this crucial question finally crossed Max's mind.

He knew that almost all titled warriors could summon a Lotus Flower. What he was curious about was the kind of Lotus Flower that had appeared during Zen's first Small Heavenly Tribulation.

Was it a three-petal Lotus Flower? A five-petal one? Or perhaps a seven-petal one? Nine-petal?

The golden Celestial Position title was already extremely rare and extraordinary, which meant that although it would have been Zen's first time going through a Heavenly Tribulation, he was very likely to have summoned a seven-petal or a nine-petal Lotus Flower. Even a Mahayana Lotus Flower wasn't out of the question either.

"Zen, when you went through the Small Heavenly Tribulation, did a Lotus Flower appear in the sky?" Max finally couldn't hold off and enquired in a low voice.

There was a trace of respect in his voice. His attitude towards Zen had completely changed now.

Truth be told, that was because he was very clear on what it meant for the Celestial Position race to find a golden Celestial Position warrior in this world. As an expert at the Spirit Supreme Realm, he was much stronger than Zen at present. However, the latter was like a seed with unlimited potential. His future showed promise and that was enough for Max to respect this guy.

Even the arrogance of Delroy had been swept away now. A truth that he never would have believed had just been proven correct right in front of him, and he now knew one thing: there was nothing he had that gave him a right to be proud in front of Zen.

All warriors from the Celestial Position race focused their eyes on Zen's face, waiting for him to answer Max's question. They had been curious about this too.

Zen hesitated for a moment when he saw so many eyes focused on him. Then he replied, "Yes. It did."

"How many petals? How many petals did your Lotus Flower have?" Delroy was even more curious than Max and forgot all about his arrogance.

It was hard to explain just how the Lotus Flower and its petals were linked to one's talents. The more petals it had, the greater was one's possibility of surpassing the heaven. And talent had an effect on a warrior's cultivation speed which increased with talent. Yet there was, for sure, a link between the Lotus Flower and the talent. People with low talents were usually unable to summon a Lotus Flower, and those with higher talents usually managed to conjure up a flower with more petals than those with lesser talents.

Zen asked with a smile, "How many petals did your Lotus Flower have?"

"You want to know about me first?" Max was surprised. That was a strange way to answer a question; by asking the same thing himself. He smiled and replied, "After stepping into the Spirit Supreme Realm, I made my Lotus Flower reveal seven petals."

A seven-petal Lotus Flower was rare enough in his eyes. Even if there were many geniuses in the Celestial Position race, very few warriors could have achieved that. Most were unable to surpass five.

Following Max, Delroy also said, "I summoned a five-petal Lotus Flower during my last Heavenly Tribulation."

Dorothea smiled sweetly, "My Lotus Flower also had five petals."

She hadn't obtained a title on the Talent Tablet, and her talent was lower than Max's and Delroy's, but thanks to her efforts, she had still managed to summon a five-petal Lotus Flower.

"Well," Zen nodded his head. It was kind of embarrassing to tell about his own flower now, "During my Heavenly Tribulation, my Lotus Flower revealed thirty-five petals in total."

"Thirty-five!" Woody's voice choked with astonishment and he almost screamed.

Delroy and Dorothea also widened their eyes in shock. Thirty-five! That was truly beyond their imagination. A seven or nine petal flower would have already been far-fetched. But THIRTY-FIVE!

Max, however, remained calm. He knew that the golden Celestial Position title meant that everything about Zen was already far beyond their imagination. He commented in a faint voice, "So it was a Mahayana Lotus Flower then. With one more petal, it would have been a perfect Lotus."

"What happens if one creates a perfect Lotus?" Zen asked.

Max chuckled and replied, "You will know it when you activate the last petal."

As they were discussing about the Lotus Flower, their ears picked up a ruckus beside the Talent Tablet. Something was happening!

The puppets they controlled were now on the tenth floor. Although they were already incompatible and eye-catching, the creatures within the tenth floor seemed to be more curious about the warrior who had been tested for his talent in the Talent Tablet anyway.

They looked past the crowd and saw the door into the Talent Tablet open from inside. A young human walked out gracefully, calm and composed of himself despite the ruckus that most probably, he himself had caused.

He had an ordinary appearance, and he only possessed the cultivation base of a tenth-level war general. However, his expression was full of confidence and there was some air around him that made him the center of attention.

At the same time, the words on the Talent Tablet began to change. A layer of faint silver luster enveloped the wall and eventually dissolved away to morph the word 'Asura.'

"Asura: Klein Zhao."

The letters appeared right below Zen's name.

"What? How did Klein manage to achieve that? I never expected that he would have such amazing talent! He has already surpassed everyone on the first row and ranks only behind Zen!"

"Doesn't this mean that Klein's talent is second only to Zen's? Oh my god, what the hell is going on with the human race these days? Two of their members with such enormous power have appeared in less than a year!"

"The rise of the human race is inevitable now. They're gonna take over things slowly. I heard that Miguel has already led his forces towards the two sacred places of the ogres. Most likely, both of those sacred places have already been destroyed."

Delroy, Max, Woody, Dorothea and the rest were also staring at the new name on the Talent Tablet. Their faces were filled with astonishment and they were silent amidst the discussion.

After a long while, Delroy finally broke that silence, "What the hell man! This world is too strange for me to handle!"

The silver Asura title...

In terms of what the Talent Tablet had to say, this young man called Klein had already surpassed these seven people of the Celestial Position race.

Max was the most powerful among them all and had only gotten a silver title till now; that too of a very low rank.

In the entire Celestial Position race, very few people had ever managed to obtain a golden title, and those who had ever managed to achieve a silver title could also be counted on the hands. Anyone who was blessed enough to do so was powerful enough to become a core member of the Celestial Position race and would be highly valued. That was the main reason why Max was known as the leader of their team.

It was already astonishing enough that a genius like Zen had appeared in the Lower World, but now another human with a silver Asura title was standing in front of them. These seven Celestial Position race warriors were all overwhelmed with astonishment.

After the young and talented Klein came out, unaware of the astonishment he had bestowed upon seven certain people, several top-level war lords of the human race also descended from the higher floors.

Today, the human race's position in the Tower of Sin was completely different from what it had been when Zen had come here last time. The human race and the Demon Night race had jointly become the controllers of the Tower of Sin. No other races were able to fight against them now.

Klein seemed ecstatic, surrounded by the crowd, and cheered on continuously. He was very confident in himself, and was equally satisfied to be able to surpass the first row and obtain a title. He was humble too. Surpassing Zen was something that he would never even imagine or dream of.

In fact, although Zen had left the Sea God Continent a long time ago, he had already become a legendary figure in the Purple Heart Sacred Place. Nobody was arrogant enough to think that he or she could surpass a legendary figure like him.

At this moment, Max ordered his puppet to walk towards Klein's direction.

A hint of doubt appeared on Klein's face. He had just walked out of the Talent Tablet and had not noticed these eight strange guests who had strangely appeared on the tenth floor. Although they looked human outwardly, he could only feel their soul waves. There were no breaths or signs of life.

The top-level war lords of the human race also stared at them warily. They had already gone on high alert upon seeing these unknown guests in the Tower of Sin, but since they were all attracted by Klein's test result, they hadn't bothered to deal with them till now.

Suddenly, someone with hawk's eyes noticed Zen who was standing a few feet away from Max and everyone else.

"Zen! Hey, it's Zen! I can't even believe my eyes!"

"Zen has returned to the Sea God Continent!"

Just as they were about to cheer on, someone noticed it! "Wait, there's something wrong with him. Although this guy looks like Zen, he doesn't seem human at all..."

"That's because it's just a puppet! What motives do you have for pretending to be Zen?"

The Sea God Continent only had a few crude puppets. Nobody there was talented enough to create a puppet as vivid as Hank's.

The one he had made for Zen looked almost like Zen himself. However, there was obviously a difference between a real person and a puppet. And warriors who were powerful enough could detect that something was wrong with just a slight sweep of their perception.

Just as everyone was feeling puzzled and cautious, a young girl, wearing a colorful dress, descended from the top of the stairs. Everyone heard her cold voice ring out, "That is exactly the Zen you know, but... It seems like his cultivation base has reached the level of a war sage, and therefore, he has to send in a puppet to enter the Cursed Land. This puppet technique looks like it has been inherited from the Celestial Position race. Am I right? And these seven people with him... You all are from the Celestial Position race, right?"

Chapter 1245 A Man Without Destiny

Actually, Max wanted to say something to Klein.

According to Celestial Position conventions and rules, all warriors who managed to receive a title from the Talent Tablet would be invited to join. That was regardless of race.

Now that Klein had obtained the silver Asura title, Max was naturally going to invite him to join his clan, especially considering the fact that the former's title was better than his own.

Amber would also have been invited, but she was only able to get a spot in the second row of the Talent Tablet. Although this was considered as one of the top results in the Sea God Continent, in the eyes of the Celestial Position, this was barely qualifying. The second row of the Talent Tablet was the lowest level of the Celestial Position.

However, before Max could even open his mouth, the human girl had already spoken and inferred their origins. She had been able to learn of that through a single glance and that spoke to her powers. Max, Delroy and the others immediately became alert when they heard her say that.

Zen's cursory gaze swept over them and then met Yolande's. A faint smile surfaced on his face.

Yolande also nodded her head towards Zen and smiled in return. She then continued, "Klein is from the Purple Heart Sacred Place. He belongs with the humans who will give him an important position once he flies into the Upper World. I recommend that the Celestial Position does not do anything to interfere."

Hearing Yolande's words, Delroy and his clansmen frowned. This wasn't something they wanted.

Now that they had confirmed Zen's talent, and in the process, accidentally discovered another one, they weren't going to let the two of them go so easily. They would try their best to win over Zen and Klein.

Max coldly asked, "And who are you? Which group of the human race are you from?"

"That's irrelevant." Yolande shook her head and continued in her usual, calm voice, "I'm just here to tell you that we won't let you take Klein away."

Delroy gave a cold snort. "Whatever! The flying passage in the great world has already collapsed. If we don't take him to the Upper World with us, he will only get confined to this world for the rest of his life."

"Don't worry about that. It's not going to be difficult to repair the flying passage." Yolande shook her head.

Max took two steps forward and sized up Yolande with a sweep of his gaze before threatening, "You have just reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm. How can you stop us?"

Yolande's gaze was still indifferent. "You're just a bunch of guys at the Spirit Supreme Realm. Why can't I stop you?"

At her words, seven pairs of eyes of the Celestial Position stared speechlessly at each other. How could this mysterious human girl actually tell their cultivation level? She had done that with only a part of her soul. Who on earth was she?

Seeing the expressions of utter embarrassment on their face, Yolande put up her rare smile. "You know what? Klein may not be destined to join your clan, and I will fight for him. But Zen... Well, he has his fate under his own control. If he's willing to join you, I won't stop him."

When Zen had obtained the Heavenly Fragment, Yolande had told him that she would not interfere with his decisions now. Whatever he wanted to do, she would let him and support him.

"What do you mean?" What Yolande said left Max and his clansmen perplexed.

They could give up on Klein, of course. Although very few warriors could have obtained the silver Asura title, there was still a huge gap between it and the gold Celestial Position.

Zen was also a human. Why was this mysterious woman choosing Klein over Zen? They couldn't figure out the reason.

Seeing the perplexed expressions on the seven faces in front of her, Yolande explained faintly, "I don't need to tell you everything. I only need you to know that although Zen may seem to be able to lead the world of chaos, he is a man without destiny."

"A man without destiny?"

Hearing Yolande's words only made them even more confused.

Dorothea, Woody and other people of the Celestial Position also looked confused.

Delroy seemed to have understood something, if not everything. His face was filled with shock. "A person without destiny? Did you just say that Zen is a person without destiny?" He was shaking his head as if the idea was too hard to swallow!

Zen also had a strange expression on his face. He didn't know what that meant either. A man without destiny? What did that mean?

Yolande gently turned around. "This is not a good place to talk about this. Let's go to the living area."

Everyone followed Yolande and left the Talent Tablet. Several martial artists were quietly having a conversation amongst themselves. Yolande had just said that these people were from the Celestial Position.

Although the Tower of Crystal was known as the Tower of Sin on the Sea God Continent, they had learned something interesting from a book that was stored on top of the Tower of Sin. It was said that the tower belonged to the Celestial Position. All the top-level war lords could read the book, so it was not a secret.

"What does that mean? Are these people at the Spirit Supreme Realm? Are they even stronger than the mighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm?"

"So the Celestial Position really is the original owner of the Tower of Sin. Have they come here to take the tower away?"

Many of the creatures on the tenth floor immediately tensed up when they heard these words. The Tower of Sin was far too important for the Sea God Continent to give up. Where would they practice and level up without it?

The Sea God Continent had always been in chaos, and had originally been a piece of savage land. If it wasn't for the Tower of Sin, it wouldn't have been able to match up to even the Central Region, let alone the Divine Kingdom Continent.

Now that the crowd had heard that the Celestial Position had come to the Tower of Sin, how could they not be nervous?

"Did Zen bring them here?"

"This is too much for me to bear! In the early days, Zen had also obtained a number of benefits from the tower. Although he…"

"Don't spout nonsense. Zen is different from you. He has his own plans for what he's going to do and we never know what's going on in his mind."

Almost everyone had entered into an endless argument now. Yolande on the other hand had already reached and sat down in the living area. The wooden clogs hanging from her feet lightly knocked on the floor, letting out a crisp sound.

"What does a man without destiny mean?" Woody asked Delroy curiously.

Delroy frowned as he thought about how to explain it. "In the Great Realm Pavilion of our clan, I read a book titled 'About Destiny' which records a bizarre doctrine. According to the book, everything in the universe is predestined. Our destiny has been firmly fixed, and we are forced to follow it without any deviation. We can't make our own decisions."

"Every smile, word, step, and thought has been arranged. What's left is just a meaningless rehearsal," Yolande continued.

Dorothea puffed her cheeks and shook her head. "I still don't understand! I am here. I do what I want to do!"

"It's normal if you don't understand. Actually, you're not supposed to!" Delroy replied expressionlessly. He then stood up and glanced at a wooden tray placed on a nearby stone table. He grabbed the wooden tray and asked, "If I let this go, what will happen?"

"Well, that's obvious. The tray will fall down on the ground," Dorothea replied. She couldn't understand why Delroy would ask something like that.

Delroy nodded and released his grip. The wooden tray in his hand fell to the ground, producing a crisp sound. "See. You predicted that the tray would fall down."

"Come on!" Dorothea chuckled. "Everybody knew that would happen!"

Delroy continued, "You knew that I would let the tray go. You knew the height of the tray and the speed and place of its fall, so you predicted what would happen."

"Yeah. That's common sense!" Dorothea nodded. She felt Delroy's words were getting more and more mysterious.

"What if," Delroy was becoming more and more passionate, "What if someone was able to predict everything that would happen in a span of all 3.6 billion years in this era, because he has already witnessed the birth of the era?" He asked.

"But that is simply impossible!" Woody could not hold it in any longer. He stared at Delroy and burst out, "Can you predict what I will do next? No! And the era lasts 3.6 billion years. Countless creatures live in this universe. I know that some powerhouses in our clan are capable of predicting the future, but they can only peek a tiny bit into the primordial chaos. You know this better than I do, Delroy! This is impossible!"

Seeing how passionate Woody looked, Yolande, who was kicking her clogs slowly postulated, "What if it's not a person, but the heaven itself?"

Delroy nodded. "The heaven has deduced everything. The birth and death of every creature has long been decided. Everything is predestined, including me standing here and saying these words."

"The heaven..." Woody was somewhat baffled.

Just then, Yolande turned towards Zen and asked, "Now do you understand what a man without destiny means?"

Chapter 1246 Activate The Tower Of Crystal

The entire grand era had been initiated by the Heavenly Law. Because of that, the Heavenly Law knew the fate of everyone living in the worlds like the back of its hand.

It also meant that it was in control of everything—how and when a person would come into and leave the world, when would he or she laugh, when would he or she cry...

However, there would always be accidents that would create exceptions from this rule. Throughout time, there were people who had fates that were not under the control of the Heavenly Law.

In other words, the Heavenly Law could not calculate and foresee when and how these people would be born, and it had no idea how their fates would play out in the future.

Zen looked extremely stunned. Even the cyan dragon in his mind was caught off-guard, and couldn't do anything but sigh. "Alas! I never thought that I would ever feel inferior to this human girl. Zen, even the Heavenly Law doesn't know anything about your future."

Yolande slowly stood up and said, "That's why I hadn't tried to change Zen's mind when he appeared and obtained the golden title of Celestial Position. As for you, people from the Celestial Position race, if you decided to persuade Zen to join you, I will not intervene. However, you cannot do anything to Klein, who just obtained the silver title of Asura."

The seven members of the Celestial Position race were all silent. In their eyes, Zen had already become an anomaly.

Max turned to look at Zen and asked, "Are you willing to join our Celestial Position race?" He believed that regardless of whether the Heavenly Law could tell Zen's fate or not, since Zen had the golden title of Celestial Position, they could not afford to let him go. If they did, the Celestial Position's upper echelons would find out, and it would mean a huge trouble for all of them.

Zen thought for a moment, his thick brows furrowed. He then smiled and said, "I don't seem to have any other choice."

Woody sneered, "It seems like you have a clear estimation of yourself and your abilities."

"Well, no one could see through my fate," Zen replied, smiling. "Joining the Celestial Position race doesn't sound like a bad thing, but I have a request." With that, the expression on his face suddenly changed.

"What request?" Max asked.

"I need you to keep the Tower of Crystal on the Sea God Continent for 500 years."

Zen had his mind made up since the very beginning. The tower was extremely important to the many races that resided on the Sea God Continent, especially the humans and the Demon Night.

Even though the threat from the Flaming Ogre Sacred Place and the Dread Ogre Sacred Place would probably disappear in the near future, the Purple Heart Sacred Place hadn't fully developed yet. If he let the Celestial Position members take away the tower, it wouldn't affect the Demon Night much, but for the Purple Heart Sacred Place, it would still be a big problem.

"500 years?" Max repeated, pondering for a moment.

No matter how they looked at it, the deal was extremely worthwhile. They could easily convince Zen to join the Celestial Position race without having to spend too much effort if they agreed with it.

Delroy, however, seemed to have another plan. "300 years!" he firmly said. "Right now, the Tower of Crystal only displays half of its original capabilities. We can help you activate the entire tower. After that, the Lucky Light will have greater effect, and the number of its floors could easily reach up to thirty."

"Activate the entire tower?" Zen asked, his eyes suddenly lighting up.

Delroy nodded. Actually the three trial towers of the Celestial Position race all had thirty floors. But only fifteen floors of the Tower of Crystal in front of them had been activated.

Zen appreciated the plan Delroy put forward, but he shook his head. "Forget about that. In the Tower of Crystal, warriors can only cultivate up to top-level war lords. Even if you help them activate the entire tower, it would not really change anything."

The Tower of Crystal was located in the middle of the Cursed Land. They could only become top-level war lords, because if they exceeded that limit, they would be affected by the curse. Therefore, activating the entire tower would be useless.

"This problem is easy to solve. We can just set up a transmission array inside the Tower of Crystal," said Delroy.

Zen shook his head again. "The Tower of Crystal will absorb everything. Transmission arrays will also be absorbed."

At this, Delroy smiled proudly. "The transmission array that you set up will naturally be absorbed. But the one we will set up will not!"

These words amazed Zen. If they could really set up a transmission array that wouldn't be absorbed by the Tower of Crystal, then war sages and Soul Sea Realm masters would be able to freely enter and leave the tower. As long as they didn't stay inside the tower for more than a month, they wouldn't be afflicted by the curse.

Zen looked at Yolande and asked, "Are Fabian and Jarrod still at the bottom of the tower?"

Yolande nodded. "That's right. After becoming war sages, they have been training there intensively."

"It seems that they will be able to see the light of day again," Zen humored, chuckling. "Call them over first."

If what Delroy was saying was true, then they wouldn't have to stay at the bottom of the tower any longer.

On that note, Zen and the people from the Celestial Position race knew that they had reached an agreement. Yolande promptly sent a message to the seat owners of the human race and the Demon Night, telling them to evacuate all creatures from the Tower of Sin.

"Leave the Tower of Sin? What does that mean?"

"Are the Celestial Position warriors really taking the Tower of Sin away?"

"What the hell! I just became a level eight war general! I never thought that the Tower of Sin would be taken away, especially at this time. Why do I have such bad luck?"

Creatures from many different races were immediately displeased upon hearing the news. With anger on their faces, they all began shouting, airing their opposition.

Yolande, however, couldn't be bothered to explain anything to them when she and the Celestial Position warriors arrived at the top of the Tower of Sin. They invited Fabian and Jarrod, the two human war sages, from the bottom of the tower. Upon seeing Zen, they became pleasantly surprised.

Then, when they learned that the people beside Zen would actually be helping them set up a transmission array, the two became even more ecstatic.

At that point, their minds became so much at ease. Although they could return to the tower from time to time, it was still very boring to spend most of their time at the bottom of the tower. It always made them feel depressed at the thought of how they would never be able to leave the Cursed Land in their lifetimes as they were trapped in the Dark Nether Cave and this small tower.

But once the transmission array was built, they could return to the Purple Heart Sacred Place at their own will. It was indeed something to celebrate and be happy about.

On the Cursed Land, the creatures from various races were densely packed around the Tower of Sin. As they stared at the tower in front of them, many of them had unwilling expressions on their faces.

"Aren't those people too overbearing? How can they take the tower away just like that? The Tower of Sin belongs to the Sea God Continent!"

"Although I am also very unwilling, according to the legends, this tower does belong to the Celestial Position race. Taking something that belongs to them could not be considered as overbearing, right?"

"But then again, so what if we are unwilling? Have you heard? Those people are at the Spirit Supreme Realm! Do you know what the spirit Supreme Realm is? It is a realm even higher than the Soul Sea Realm. They could destroy our sacred places with a snap of their fingers!" Actually, even the guy himself didn't know what the Spirit Supreme Realm was. He only knew that the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors were much more powerful than the Soul Sea Realm ones.

Under the gaze of many creatures, the entire Tower of Sin suddenly began to shake violently.

Boom!

The buildings in the surrounding villages began to shake as well. It was as if there was a small earthquake. Some of the weaker houses even collapsed in the middle of what was happening.

"Will they... will they make the Tower of Sin fly away?" someone muttered.

Under the constant tremors, the tail of the Tower of Sin began to stretch continuously.

The giant tower then started to act like a living being. With this extension, it grew taller in front of everyone's eyes. The tower's first floor quickly rose into the air. The two giant warriors guarding the door could only stand on the ground in a daze.

Flying was prohibited within the Cursed Land, so no matter what happened, no one dared to fly.

The tremor lasted for about an hour. After that, the section of the tower that was above the ground had significantly elongated, reaching a height of 16 floors. As for the underground section, it maintained a height of 14 floors.

Delroy fulfilled his promise and fully activated the Tower of Sin.

Chapter 1247 Going Back To The Central Region

When the tremor stopped, many of the creatures were still in a daze, doubt etched on their faces.

"It stopped just like that? What is going on? Weren't the Celestial Position warriors taking the Tower of Sin away?"

"Is this happening because they don't have the strength to take it away?"

"Maybe..."

After quite a few minutes of speculation, they finally understood that the Tower of Sin hadn't been taken away, and that the tower was now in its complete form.

But in this process, they had learned an important piece of information—the Tower of Sin could exist on the Sea God Continent for only three hundred years. The Celestial Position members would take it away after the period was up.

Creatures on the Sea God Continent were both relieved and worried at the news. The fact that the Celestial Position race was willing to give them a buffer was already a great favor.

It was said that this buffer period had been granted because Zen had agreed to certain conditions of the Celestial Position race.

What was more, the Celestial Position warriors had set up two transmission arrays in the Tower of Sin. One was connected to the Purple Heart Sacred Place, and the other to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. This way the Demon Night and human race could have greater control over the Tower of Sin. After all, once the war lords of the other races became war sages, they would have to use one of these transmission arrays to go between the tower and the outside world if they wanted to continue cultivating in the tower.

Once the Eight-diagram Wheel had flown back to the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, Zen pulled his soul out of his puppet. He smiled as he looked at it, an almost exact replica of himself. He said to Hank, "Can I keep this puppet?"

"No problem," Hank said with a laugh.

Hank might not be the strongest among the seven people of the Celestial Position race, but he knew a lot of things. He spoke rarely, but his straightforward character had impressed Zen.

Zen put the puppet, an incredible likeness of a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior, into his space ring.

The Celestial Position warriors had had only one purpose in coming to the Sea God Continent: to take away the Tower of Crystal. But once it was confirmed that Zen had actually obtained the golden title of Celestial Position, he had helped the Sea God Continent warriors ask a great favor of the Celestial Position race.

That was not to say that Zen was against joining the Celestial Position race. Although Brianna had called this race a crazy one, they were still a neutral force compared to the other forces in the universe.

Plus, he had to wait until after he ascended to the Upper World to become a member of the Celestial Position race. And since he had just entered the Life and Death Realm, nobody knew when he would ascend to the Upper World.

They'd been on the Sea God Continent for more than a month. Compared to when they'd arrived, the Celestial Position warriors were more patient now and did not have much to worry about. Once Zen had managed to persuade them, the seven of them had a rare tour of the Sea God Continent.

And Zen had chosen to stay for a month on this continent because of Amber.

In the beginning, Amber had wanted to squeeze out the life energy from the holy tree and pour it into Lavender's soul. The holy tree had already been severely injured, which was why Zen refused.

But in the next few days, the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place displayed great vitality, changing with every passing day. The originally messy sacred place transformed such that all the plants began to grow crazily.

The surface of the holy tree had also recovered quite a bit. Following Amber's repeated requests, Zen finally agreed to stay in the sacred place. A month later, when the holy tree had replenished a portion of its life energy, Zen finally handed the Soul Nurturing Wood to Amber.

But Zen was a lot more careful this time. He had broken the statue of Queen of Punishment, but the Demon Night members had erected another statue in the blink of an eye. He was afraid that that evil woman would control the Demon Night members to attack Lavender again.

And now, only Amber and Zen remained at the top of the holy tree. The tree began to shake slightly, a vigorous life energy starting to gather along its branches.

The life energy extracted from the holy tree this time was far less than what it was the last time. But once the life energy was poured into the Soul Nurturing Wood, Zen's perception also entered the wood to examine Lavender's situation. He could feel that she was much better now.

She hadn't yet woken up and was still in a deep sleep, but she would eventually wake up.

But it wouldn't be easy if he wanted to control the sword spirit within his body to fight like he had in the past.

After dealing with this, Zen and the Celestial Position warriors would return to the Central Region. But this time, Max and the rest did not use the Eight-diagram Wheel. They merely stood on a branch of the holy tree and asked Zen to join them.

"Aren't we going to use the Eight-diagram Wheel to go back?" Zen asked.

Delroy smiled and said, "There's no need. We have left a transportation imprint in the Central Region, so we don't need to travel across the sea."

It was not until then that Zen remembered that they had left a blood-red cross mark in the Heavenly Stellar Palace. They had also left a similar mark in front of the cemetery on the Divine Emperor Island. Such a mark ensured that they could easy travel to the place it was left in. 'Wow! This is really convenient!' Zen thought to himself and went to stand beside them.

Soon after, a blood-red flag appeared in Hank's hand, pulsing with a strong power of space. He waved the flag gently, and a blood-red belt of light began to float around them. Soon enough, a powerful gravitational force began pulling at Zen.

"Don't resist this power," said Dorothea from beside him.

Zen nodded, and the force pulled him into a transportation channel.

He didn't know how the Celestial Position warriors had managed to travel to a place so far away in such a short time.

Zen usually used a large-scale transmission array and even with that, it would take him a long time to reach his destination. When Zen had traveled from Immortal Mist's celestial tomb to the Sea God Continent, he had been severely injured during the transportation. This had happened upon his return from the Sea God Continent as well.

But it took them only about thirty seconds to return to the Central Region through this transportation channel, one that seemed amazingly stable.

A light began to flash from the blood-red cross mark before the Heavenly Stellar Palace in Oracle City. Zen and the seven members of Celestial Position race appeared in this light.

The Celestial Position warriors did not stay in the Central Region for long. Max told Zen that they would report to the upper echelons of their race about Zen, and others would take over. After that, they would continue to deal with the Evil Dragon. Minutes later, they activated the transmission imprint on the Divine Emperor Island and headed towards the continent.

As he watched the Celestial Position warriors disappear, Zen thought, 'I think the Celestial Position race has a dispute with Master Derek and

Marine.' But he merely shrugged since it had nothing to do with him.

He suddenly felt a sense of relaxation spread through his entire body.

From the moment he had begun cultivating, time had been like a giant rock pressing against him, constantly pushing him forward. There were still things that he had to do, like helping Lavender recover her status and finding his sister.

But these were still far beyond his reach, and he couldn't accomplish them in a short period of time. For example, the young man who had taken Yan away was unimaginably stronger than Zen. Even now, with his current strength, Zen had no doubt that that young man could kill him a thousand times over with just a single glance. Even this great world might not be able to withstand his attack.

So this was a rare moment of relaxation for Zen.

He took a look around the Heavenly Stellar Palace. The hall was already empty. Letitia should have returned to the Cloud Hall once she had recovered. 'Would Margaret have followed Letitia back to the Cloud Hall?' he thought.

Just as he thought this, he saw a hefty guy flying over. It was Dillon, one of the three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance. The moment he saw Zen, Dillon broke out in a sweat as he shouted, "Zen, you're finally back! Something terrible has happened! They're fighting!"

Zen was curious. "They're fighting? Who?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1248 The Unexpected Dispute

It had been quite a while since Dillon had constantly watched the Heavenly Stellar Palace. When he heard that Zen had finally returned, he immediately rushed over to meet him.

Meanwhile, Zen was confused when he saw Dillon's anxious expression. What was he about to hear this time?

A few puffs of air escaped Dillon's lips before he relaxed, and told Zen everything. After that, Zen suddenly realized that Margaret and Letitia had fought again. What was their fight about now?

It was known that Margaret's and Letitia's cultivation bases were far from each other. Letitia was a Life and Death Realm master, while Margaret was only at the Internal Elixir Realm. The Virtual Tribulation Realm lay between those two cultivation bases, so they clearly weren't at the same level.

However, Margaret's strength wasn't easily measured. She wasn't just an ordinary warrior, since she relied not on her own strength but on the Purple Power World's assistance from beginning to the end...

As of now in the entire Central Region, Zen had both killed Eddie and Simon. Other than a few independent warriors who had yet to appear, Letitia and Margaret were probably the strongest and most powerful. If those two fought, a highly intense battle might ensue.

It wasn't long after Zen had destroyed the Heavenly Evil Sect that he had brutally killed Simon. The few members of the Heavenly Evil Sect who wanted to revive their sect were finally defeated, and the entire Central Region gradually became stable.

The rebuilding of the Ethereal Spirit Sect and the Ethereal City also progressed slowly but orderly. The other sects also developed steadily, and the same could be said for the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance. On the other hand, the warriors had fewer and fewer things to talk about...

Then suddenly, the battle between Margaret and Letitia became a hot topic in the Central Region, and it spread quickly like wildfire.

Before, the warriors who loved to guess and gossip believed that Letitia and Zen were romantically involved. While most warriors knew about the relationship between Margaret, the young lady of the Xi Clan, and Zen, they didn't know that it was she who had summoned the numerous swords that had killed the people of the Heavenly Evil Sect that day.

Currently, the argument between the two women had escalated into a fight. Such news had of course, spread quickly.

When news of it had spread, many began to feel jealous of Zen. Aside from Margaret being Xander's granddaughter, Letitia attracted many warriors in the Central Region. However, Letitia always looked aloof on the exterior and had a high position and cultivation base. Thus, ordinary warriors were inferior to her. Most warriors who fancied her could only admire her in secret, and had no chances of getting close to her.

But Zen had these two women infatuated with him, and even fight each other for him. Of course, many warriors who saw that were envious. Some of them even felt that they couldn't accept this fact.

However, this was all due to Zen's negligence.

He had left the Luo Clan at sixteen, and had constantly practiced martial arts ever since. He had several years of experience and became a young man in his twenties, and had made great achievements in the field of martial arts that were impossible for other warriors of the Lower World to make. But, he didn't know much about love and had no idea how to deal with his relationships with women.

While Margaret's personality had greatly changed and she was obedient towards Zen, she was still a person who refused to admit defeat. Even if she was willing to take care of Letitia when the latter was asleep, it didn't mean that Margaret would give in. On the contrary, she only cared about Zen. She could give up or sacrifice other things, but never on Zen. She would always fight for him.

As for Letitia—the powerful, noble, and respected lady since her youth, she was in control of the Cloud Hall at a young age. Zen had once been a disciple of the Cloud Hall, and she was older than him. Although a warrior's lifespan was long and being a few years older didn't mean much, Letitia was more reserved and mature when it came to affection.

But Letitia was someone who pursued perfection. Even if she was immersed in martial arts and didn't get to choose a life partner, women's fantasies about love were still perfectly magnificent. But she couldn't tolerate it if there was a single flaw in the love—it was like a black dot that marred a perfectly smooth jade.

The most troublesome thing was after Zen had hurried back and awakened Letitia, he left in a hurry. He didn't arrange properly for that matter.

After Zen had left, the air between the two women had changed drastically. Although they didn't argue, they clearly didn't get along at all. Dillon and the others had noticed it.

To add to the troubles, Letitia didn't immediately return to the Cloud Hall, and waited for Zen all the time in the World Commercial Alliance instead.

At that point, Imogen, who had gone overseas, had returned.

All the Life and Death Realm warriors were fully prepared for life and death crises in advance.

Then again, it wasn't easy to undergo the life and death crisis. Thus, the Life and Death Realm warriors seized every moment of chance and used every method they had to pass through the tribulation.

At that time, Imogen knew that she wouldn't be able to undergo the second life and death crisis due to her old age and declining strength. In that case, she only had one way left, which was to go overseas and search for opportunities.

In fact, warriors in the Central Region and the war kings and war emperors of the four divine kingdoms alike would all choose to go overseas to look for opportunities.

However, it wasn't easy to look for those overseas opportunities. In most cases, the warriors who were almost at the end of their lives never returned. They most likely died in an unknown sea in the great world.

Therefore, Letitia clearly knew what it meant when Imogen left for overseas at that time.

Yet, she never expected to receive a voice message from Imogen in her own message rune upon checking it when she woke up. Imogen had already returned to the Central Region and had rushed back to Oracle City.

Naturally, Letitia was ecstatic. Now that her master, Imogen, hadn't died overseas, it meant that she might've passed the second life and death crisis. Putting aside the fact that her master's strength had greatly increased, Letitia would be the happiest as long as her master survived in this world.

After all, Imogen had already become Letitia's only family after her entire family had been exterminated.

The three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance were also overjoyed when they heard the news. They even organized a banquet for Imogen's return.

Not a lot of warriors were invited to the banquet, but the leaders of the fourth-grade sects in the Central Region as well as Xander and the other warriors, who were busy rebuilding the Ethereal Spirit Sect, would join the banquet.

When Imogen learned that so much had happened since she left the Central Region, she sighed. Luckily, the Heavenly Evil Sect had been destroyed and peace and harmony were restored in the Central Region. There was currently nothing to worry about.

However, Xander had mentioned his great-granddaughter, Margaret, to Imogen during the banquet.

He politely expressed that if Margaret would marry Zen of the Cloud Hall in the future, he and Imogen would become relatives by marriage.

Imogen was in a good mood when she had known that Zen, who was quite powerful, had killed Eddie and even found some super masters to kill the masters of the divine kingdoms. But when she heard Xander mention Margaret so suddenly, she was surprised and her expression quickly changed. She turned around to look for Letitia and saw the younger woman with an unreadable face. At that moment, Imogen, who was known for her violent temper, got furious.

She knew that Letitia liked Zen. Before, she didn't think that Zen was good enough to deserve her most outstanding disciple, but now it seemed that the two of them were a perfect match. One was the leader of the Cloud Hall, the strongest sect in the Central Region, and the other one was the strongest warrior in the Central Region! They were definitely made for each other, but why did Margaret suddenly appear to meddle in their relationship?

"She is just a nobody. How could she even deserve to marry a powerful warrior like Zen?"

Everyone present were all reputable figures. Although the Ethereal Spirit Sect was under reconstruction, Xander wasn't easy to deal with. It was only a matter of time before the Ethereal Spirit Sect would be powerful and prosperous just like before. Xander pulled a long face upon hearing Imogen. He was quite fond of Margaret, so how could he tolerate such insults towards her?

Thus, the two of them began to quarrel and tension quickly filled the atmosphere. Meanwhile, Dillon, Hobbes, and the rest looked worried. They regretted holding such a banquet. No one expected that such a small matter would cause a commotion.

If only Xander and Imogen argued, then this matter would be over. And everything would have to be discussed after Zen returned. But when Brent saw his sister being insulted like that, he was unhappy and thus spoke out in Margaret's defense.

Soon enough, Letitia and Margaret themselves got involved, and the ruckus had gotten worse.

Chapter 1249 An Appointment For A Fight

Letitia quietly sat in her seat, seemingly detached from all that was happening around her.

However, Imogen continuously attacked Margaret verbally and the argument had now taken a nasty turn.

Margaret had initially been very obedient and silent when she was with Zen but the insults thrown at her right now were too much. Imogen might be a Life and Death Realm master but Margaret felt no fear. She had her great-grandfather beside her, after all.

"Master Imogen, you said I'm not worthy of Zen but so what?" she said stubbornly. "Although Zen and I haven't officially gotten married, we've already done everything that a wife and husband are supposed to do!"

Her words plunged the entire hall into an uncomfortable silence.

A cup of top-grade, hundred-year-old wine sat untouched in front of Letitia but the moment Margaret spoke, she extended her jade-like fingers and downed the alcohol in one gulp. Her cultivation assured her that she would never get drunk but the strong taste still made her face flush, "Shameless," she muttered coldly.

Sex was not a taboo subject in the martial arts world but the way Margaret boldly announced it to the entire Cloud Hall was a bit crass and insensitive.

Letitia's remark made Xander fly into a rage. "How can you speak like that…"

Of course, Imogen wasn't just going to let an outsider chide Letitia in their own territory. Not long after, the silence had once again plunged into a chaos of sharp words and nasty arguments.

Not even Dillon, who was an exceptional mediator, could settle the two parties' differences. This confrontation went on for quite a long time before ending with Margaret issuing a challenge to Letitia for a fight.

"The location of the fight is in Cloudy City?" Zen asked after Dillon told him the whole story.

Dillon nodded with certainty, "Yes. It's in Cloudy City!" The moment Dillon confirmed the location, Zen was already on the move and immediately dashed towards the portal to Cloudy City.

From the perspective of the World Commercial Alliance, the issue could've been solved peacefully, with no need for a formal challenge to a fight. For them, it was better that everyone prioritized settling their differences and living harmoniously.

But it wasn't their place, and besides, Zen had already returned. Perhaps he was the key to resolving this conflict once and for all.

Once he entered the portal of the Oracle City, Zen swiftly flew through the channel headed towards Cloudy City. With his fast skilled bodily movement, it only took him a very short time to reach the other end of the channel.

Swish…

There was a flash of white light as Zen's figure emerged from the transmission array and into Cloudy City.

Several guards were stationed around the transmission array of the Cloudy City. The Heavenly Evil Sect might have been wiped out but all major cities remained on high alert and all main cities were heavily guarded. Anyone who came in or out must have a token or, in the case of merchants, special documents issued by the World Commercial Alliance.

Zen's sudden arrival alerted the several Illuminating Soul Realm guards who immediately set out to identify him and his cultivation level. To their amazement, however, they found that they couldn't see through his cultivation level at all!

They still had a job to do though, even if they knew Zen wasn't someone they should provoke. One of the guards braced himself and set out to fulfill his duty. "Excuse me, you are…"

Of course, Zen was already too anxious with the imminent fight between Margaret and Letitia to bother with these guards and their insignificant questions. He ignored them and immediately flew towards his destination. The guards, on the other hand, were left in a daze since all it took was a brief flash for Zen to vanish from their sight.

The dutiful guard immediately set out to sound an alarm but his colleague stopped him, "There's no need."

"Why? We can't just let a stranger break into Cloudy City…" the dutiful guard asked with a puzzled expression.

However, his colleague shook his head. "That's no stranger. That's Zen from Cloud Hall!"

The dutiful guard's eyes widened in shock, "That's Zen?!" He then looked up to the sky where Zen had vanished but there was no trace of him.

Above Cloudy City were several Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors, along with a few Life and Death Realm masters like Letitia and Xander.

These people could be considered as the top warriors within the Central Region who were now head to head all because of one man. This was probably the first time this had happened in the history of the entire Central Region.

Letitia's strength had greatly increased when she entered the Life and Death Realm. Even if she was only at the first level of the Life and Death Realm, she was strong enough to take on a second or even a third level Life and Death Realm warrior.

Margaret was only at the Internal Elixir Realm. Internal Elixir Realm warriors were common to be seen in the many sects of the Central Region, but her Purple Power Body was exceptionally strong. Her abilities not only included getting help in the form of huge swords from the Purple Power World. She also had a terrifying ability to summon the true spirit that could lay waste to both heaven and earth.

If this battle reached a point of life and death, it could spell disaster for everyone.

Letitia herself had witnessed how Margaret summoned countless giant swords that chopped hundreds of thousands of Heavenly Evil Sect's independent warriors into mincemeat. Many of the casualties had been Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors. She knew better than to take this battle lightly.

Truth be told, Letitia never expected to find herself in a battle just for a man.

But this was Zen… Just thinking of his kiss made her feel warm inside. How could she share him with others?

Swish…

The two of them faced against each other as a gentle wind swept over the battle arena. The ice phoenix's feathers fell behind Letitia whose eyes flashed with a fierce icy light. A large, mysterious ice halberd appeared in her hands.

Margaret, on the other hand, stood not too far away. A stubborn aura exuded from the young girl, indicating her persistence and determination to win this fight. Letitia knew she had no choice but to be merciless for Margaret to know her position.

Margaret was only an Internal Elixir Realm warrior, facing against a Life and Death Realm master, yet she remained calm in the face of adversity.

Her determination to stay with Zen gave her the strength and courage to face Letitia and she would do whatever it took to achieve her goal. Margaret truly did not expect anything when it came to Zen's love, unlike Letitia. She knew he would never love her back whole-heartedly and she had no qualms sharing him with other women. All she really wanted was to stay by his side.

With Letitia arming herself with her mysterious ice halberd, Margaret extended her hand and countless ripples suddenly began to appear in the sky. True to her signature, huge swords from the Purple Power World had pierced through the clouds in her aid.

Whoosh—

Just as the battle was set to formally begin, a figure suddenly shot forward with incredible speed and stood between the two ladies.

Zen's gaze was calm and there was a gentle smile on his face. He looked at Margaret and then at Letitia. "What are you ladies doing?" he asked, pretending as if he didn't know anything.

"Zen!"

The sight of the young man filled Margaret's heart with relief. She really didn't want to fight with Letitia to begin with and the huge swords from the sky immediately vanished as she ran towards Zen.

Meanwhile, Letitia was still on guard, her mysterious ice halberd pointed at Margaret as she stared at Zen. She would never do something so brazen like throwing herself into a man's arms, just as Margaret did just now, but there was an evident trace of sadness in her eyes as she looked at the scene.

Huge smiles broke out from both Xander and Brent when they saw Zen. They both greeted Zen with smiles.

Brent, the Ethereal Spirit Sect's top talent, had always wanted to challenge Zen but never really got the chance. Still, he called him "brother-in-law."

Imogen's face quickly twisted in anger when she heard it, letting out a cold, obvious snort to indicate her displeasure.

Zen quickly turned his attention to her and cupped his hands. "Master Imogen, I heard that you've recently returned from overseas. Congratulations! I'm very happy to see you."

Imogen tutted, "Are you really happy? I think you must have wished I died when I was away overseas!" Imogen had always thought highly of Zen but his relationship with Margaret made her furious at the young man.

Zen, however, retained the smile on his face knowing that resolving the conflict between the two ladies was the most important thing on the agenda. Since Imogen was clearly on Letitia's side, of course she would be hostile to him.

As for Letitia, she remained as still as an exquisite ice statue but the moment she looked at Margaret's face, a cold chill surfaced on her face.

Chapter 1250 Margaret's EQ

Margaret contentedly leaned into Zen's embrace in joyful bliss. Right now, all that mattered was him and his comforting presence. Their surroundings and the current context of the situation did not matter so long as he was here.

The young woman's obvious smile was like a thorn that pierced through Letitia's heart.

Clang!

The loud, clanging sound reverberated in her ears as the ice halberd fell from her grasp and shattered into a thousand crystal pieces of life vitality that dissipated and returned to the spiritual energy of heaven and earth.

"Master, I want to go back," Letitia murmured, turning away from the offending scene in front of her. Her back was straight and her gait was elegant, like an ice phoenix that flew back towards the Cloud Hall, heartbroken, but dignified. Zen, however, could tell that she was hurt.

"Tia!"

"Tia!"

both Zen and Imogen shouted at the same time.

The elder cast a burning glare at Zen before quickly following behind a sulking Letitia.

A few elders remained despite Letitia's and Imogen's departure. One of them was Saint Morphens, who smiled bitterly at Zen.

The young man had risen in leaps and bounds when it came to cultivation, and his extraordinary luck helped him survive multiple near-death experiences, but the same could not be said for his love life.

It was normal for warriors to have multiple women. War kings and war emperors from the Divine Kingdom Continent even had thousands. An ordinary Illuminating Soul Realm warrior in the Central Region would normally have a group of women that he would regularly indulge in sexual relationships with.

However, Letitia was different. Saint Morphens feared that she was someone who would never concede to such an arrangement. Moreover, Imogen was fiercely protective of Letitia and would not just stand by while Zen had another woman with him. Saint Morphens could only hope that Zen would be able to solve this matter on his own.

Zen wanted to follow Letitia, but Margaret was already curled up in his arms like a sheep. She was obviously very emotionally overwhelmed, and he had no idea how to deal with it.

This wasn't his line of expertise. He was a hardened warrior who only knew the ways of battle and the path of cultivation. He had no experiences whatsoever when it came to love and emotions.

Meanwhile, Letitia was already inside her Ice Palace where icy mist had already filled the place.

A lifelike ice phoenix flew slowly around her. Although this ice phoenix was a creature produced by visualization, it had gained some semblance of intelligence for having existed by Letitia's side for so long.

It could feel Letitia's sadness, which also made it sad in return.

The ice phoenix let out a soft, melancholic cry as it nipped Letitia's hair softly.

Letitia couldn't help but smile when she realized how the ice phoenix was trying to comfort her. She reached out and gently stroked its head but the loneliness remained in her heart.

There was also that frustration present, that lingering feeling of stubbornness she couldn't erase. She didn't know why or where it came from. Was it maybe because she instinctively hated Margaret? Or was it because she hated Zen?

Knock! Knock! Knock!

The icy mist parted and revealed Imogen smiling gently at Letitia.

"Master," Letitia called out, forcing a smile on her face at the presence of her master.

Imogen sighed. "Don't force yourself to smile when you're sad," she told her.

"I'm not sad," Letitia said, shaking her head in denial.

"Silly girl. How can I not understand your thoughts?"

Letitia was by no means inferior to Imogen in terms of cultivation attainments. Even her talent was an outstanding existence compared to the divine-level talents in the four divine kingdoms.

However, she was also still young and she could never compare to the amount of worldly wisdom Imogen held for having lived so many years.

Letitia couldn't help but pout with how easily Imogen saw through her. Sighing, her master sat down next to her. "No matter how you look at it, Zen is the perfect husband. Warriors' lifespan is so long that it's normal for them to have several women."

Imogen had previously stood so fiercely on Letitia's side, but here she was, trying to convince her otherwise.

Letitia reached out her finger and formed a six-sided snowflake in the midst of the mist. "If he is the perfect husband, won't that mean that all women in the world would want to marry him?" she complained.

A snowflake was normally only the size of a needlepoint, and it required a great deal of vision to distinguish its shape. But the one on Letitia's hand continued to extend and expand until it reached the size of her palm.

"All women in the world want to marry him?" Imogen repeated with a smile. "That brat might not be able to take it, but you're half-right. No matter what, you are truly being too stubborn. In my opinion, Margaret is much smarter than you."

Letitia pursed her lips at her master's words. "She's smarter than me? Bah!" She wasn't very sure if she was more talented than the warriors from the four divine kingdoms, but she was pretty sure she was the best among all Central Region warriors in terms of talent. She was quite conceited in that regard.

The fact was that Letitia's talent would place her as an outstanding warrior in the entire great world. If all female warriors of the three continents were gathered and ranked together, she would be on par with Fiona of the Wind Divine Kingdom and possibly just a slight bit inferior to Amber of the Demon Night. It was only because she had yet to enter the Tower of Crystal to determine the stage her talent belonged to that she couldn't be too sure.

Imogen quickly corrected herself saying, "I meant in terms of EQ, you're still a child in this aspect. And Zen is too!"

Of course, Imogen could see what Saint Morphens could see. It was just that she didn't want to lose face and her prestige in front of Xander earlier. The only reason why there was a dispute was that Imogen was fiercely determined to protect Letitia, but she clearly understood what these youngsters were thinking.

If Zen also had a higher EQ, this issue would've been quickly solved by him. He only had two women, yet he wasn't able to deal with them. People with a higher EQ had multiple women who all got along well with each other.

Zen had just turned twenty while Letitia was only a few years older. They were both still too young and had hundreds, even thousands of years left to live. They were still naive children who still had no idea how love and relationships worked.

Margaret, on the other hand, had displayed an extremely higher EQ.

She was incredibly stupid in the beginning, but was able to quickly restrain all her pettiness and turned into an extremely obedient wife in front of Zen. She treated him as the absolute center of her world and would rather die than not stay by his side.

Men absolutely adored this kind of woman.

Letitia thought about this for a while. Silence and the mysterious mist surrounded both master and pupil before Letitia's eyes finally brightened in realization. "I can't do it now," she said.

Imogen, however, heaved a sigh of relief. Being unable to do it now did not mean that she would not be able to do it in the future. It seemed her pupil had thought things through.

Meanwhile, in a quiet place in Cloudy City, both Xander and Zen found a chance to catch up and talk. Xander immediately expressed his gratitude towards Zen in helping rebuild the Ethereal Spirit Sect. If it weren't for him, the Heavenly Evil Sect would've still used their base as headquarters and they would've been completely erased from history.

As Zen talked with Xander, his mind couldn't help but wander towards Letitia. Although she betrayed no expression on her fair face earlier, her figure that slowly floated away made his heart ache.

Xander was a clever man. The reason he stood up for Margaret before was because she had no one else to rely on. But with Zen here, it would now be improper for him to get involved. Besides, Margaret had the upper hand in this. Zen also carried a lot of responsibility when it came to this issue.

After their chat, Xander got up and left with Brent. Before leaving, Brent's face was full of smiles and he kept asking Zen when he'd marry his sister.

Once the people from the Ethereal Spirit Sect left, Margaret's smile disappeared and a serious expression fell on her face. "I think you should go to the Cloud Hall," she suggested.

"Why should I? I'm not going," Zen said.

A smile appeared on her face. "Are you really not going?"

Chapter 1251 Pestering

Although Margaret seemed rather stupid while dealing with most things, she was very clear on matters regarding affection.

She was keenly aware that she could not monopolize Zen. She did not want other women to get close to him, but she also knew that Zen was promising and would become someone remarkable in the future. He had already become the strongest person in the Central Region at such a young age. Certainly, he would not be limited to the small Central Region in the time ahead.

Margaret would be deeply satisfied if she were to marry such a famous talent. But how could she possibly attempt to control him?

Letitia had gone off in a huff, but Margaret just ignored her. Margaret was not someone to be trifled with. She could not sympathize with Letitia, but she understood that Letitia was important to Zen. She had said the words because she did not want to see Zen upset.

"Why? What should I do if I go there?" Zen asked, forcing a smile.

Margaret returned a smile, whispering into Zen's ear, "Don't all women want to be coaxed? She is the hall leader, but she is still childish when it comes to affection. She will be happier if you coax her with a few nice words..."

Margaret's voice sounded soft and pleasant as she talked to Zen.

Zen smiled and kissed her lightly on the forehead. "You sound like you're very experienced."

Margaret's face turned red, her eyes rolling as she shot Zen a coquettish glance. "Well, I'm not that experienced! I'm just giving you some advice!"

However, Margaret's words calmed Zen down a little. Although he felt that it was not easy to deal with this matter, he still knew that there were some things that he had to face on his own.

After arranging a place for Margaret to stay, he was prepared to enter the Cloud Hall. However, suddenly, the Ancestral Dragon in the spirit beast bag on Zen's back stuck out its small head and let out a 'quack' toward Margaret. The dragon's face revealed a friendly expression.

"This little dragon..." Zen began, shaking his head.

When he had been in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, the Demon Night members had gifted him a small spirit beast bag.

Normally, a Sumeru Space could not keep living creatures. However, the space of the spirit beast bag had been specifically designed and arranged for them. Although there wasn't much of it, it was enough for the young Ancestral Dragon to live inside.

Perhaps the little dragon wanted to come out and get some fresh air after being stuffed up in the spirit beast bag for so long. This time, when it saw Margaret, it cried out to her and left the spirit beast bag to pounce at her.

Besides considering Zen as its family, the Ancestral Dragon seemed to like Margaret very much. Zen was puzzled. Could it be because Margaret had the Purple Power Body? Or was it something else he did not know of? Zen could not afford to ponder on this at the moment. He decided to temporarily leave the Ancestral Dragon in Margaret's care. Transforming into a beam of light, he then flew toward the Cloud Hall.

Although the Cloud Hall's sect-protecting array was still open, Zen chose to bypass a shortcut and straightaway went through the main entrance.

Several guards were keeping watch at the main entrance of the Cloud Hall. When they saw Zen, they respectfully released a part of the enchanted barrier to let him in.

After the battle between the Oracle City and the Heavenly Evil Sect, Zen returned to Cloud Hall after an entire year. However, he was still very familiar with its surroundings. As he went through the main hall, he swiftly made his way toward the Ice Palace.

Just as he arrived at the entrance of the Ice Palace, Zen felt waves of cold air seep out from the inside.

Observing the milky-white breath for a while, he walked deep into the cold air.

However, just as Zen entered the palace, a few loud sounds broke through the air.

'Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!'

Three dark blue ice spikes suddenly shot toward him.

Zen smiled as he watched the ice spikes rapidly come at him. His body flashed as he dodged them easily. However, just as he did so, another three ice spikes zoomed over.

This time, Zen did not dodge the attack. Instead, he caught the ice spikes in his hand and threw them to the ground, resulting in a cracking sound.

Ice spikes continued to shoot out from the white mist as Zen advanced, still getting attacked. As he continued to move toward the Ice Palace, he caught more than a hundred ice spikes along the way.

They were getting faster and faster, their attacks getting stronger.

"This..." Zen's face betrayed a wry smile. It seemed that Letitia was very annoyed with him this time. She seemed to have lost her temper. An ordinary Life and Death Realm warrior would not be able to withstand such sharp ice spikes.

To Zen, however, these attacks were nothing special. In this great world, only the Soul Sea Realm masters could threaten him by making use of the domain. Life and Death Realm masters would not be able to kill him no matter how powerful they were, unless they destroyed the entire great world.

'Whoosh!'

Zen quickened his pace and rushed into the depths of the Ice Palace. Letitia sat on the ground, her feet bare. Thousands of ice spikes floated in the air around her.

When she saw Zen appear, she grew even more furious, a trace of grievance and disappointment on her face. She waved a hand callously and all the ice spikes shot toward Zen.

Seeing this, Zen simply stood there without moving, his eyes closed.

However, when she noticed that Zen stood still, not dodging them, Letitia was astonished and frightened. The ice spikes that she had just released were powerful enough to kill ordinary Life and Death Realm masters. Letitia knew that Zen's physical body was strong and different from those of ordinary warriors, but no matter how strong and sturdy he was, he would not be able to withstand such an attack.

She had initially thought that Zen could dodge easily, but she did not expect him to suddenly stand still. The ice spikes she had shot out were not far away from him now. She immediately screamed at him, "Dodge! You can't withstand them!"

Clang, clang, clang…

Thousands of ice spikes rushed to Zen at the same time and crashed into his body, turning into blue ice crystals and releasing sharp sounds.

In no time, the shattered pieces of ice had buried Zen.

Letitia was scared witless. Although she hated Zen right now, she still cared for him. Running barefoot toward the pile of ice dregs in panic, she forgot that she could remove them easily. After all, the ice spikes had been transformed from her life vitality. With just a thought, she would be able to turn them into her life vitality once again.

She used her bare hands to quickly dig into the pile of ice dregs as she kept shouting his name, "Zen? Zen!" Panic was written all over her face.

However, just as Letitia was digging with all her might, a hand suddenly stretched out from the pile of ice dregs and grabbed her waist, pulling her up to the dregs. Zen slowly climbed out.

Seeing that Zen was safe and sound, Letitia was both surprised and happy. However, anger and grievance replaced the emotions again.

She had indeed been very worried just now. After all, her strength had increased manifold after she reached the Life and Death Realm. Her attack had been intense, but she did not expect Zen to emerge completely unharmed.

Letitia was aware that since Zen had become a Life and Death Realm warrior, his strength had increased by a lot. She did not think that it would grow to this extent.

"You... Get your hands off me!" Letitia was shy and furious at the same time. Her small and soft body struggled in Zen's embrace.

But Zen wasn't willing to let go of her. He wrapped his arms around Letitia's waist even more tightly, holding her by his side. With Zen's current strength, how could Letitia break free?

After struggling for a while, Letitia was exhausted. Her stiff body relaxed, but she still had on a long face as she stared at Zen with hatred.

An idea suddenly struck her. Streams of life vitality burst out from her body, condensing into a large number of ice crystals that wrapped around Zen and transformed into a huge ice coffin. As the ice crystals accumulated one layer at a time, the coffin got larger and larger, tightly freezing the two of them inside.

The cold was indeed piercing, but Letitia's ferocious face only escalated Zen's desire for her.

It could be that Zen was unable to coax Letitia with some nice words, but he could use his actions to prove his affection for her.

Chapter 1252 Wedding

The ice that Letitia had condensed was as hard as iron, but still Zen's power erupted, the muscles in his body trembling. Countless cracks appeared on the surface of the ice coffin. From the outside, the originally transparent and flawless ice coffin donned a milky white color due to the cracks.

This was followed by a sharp sound when the ice coffin suddenly shattered.

Letitia was still peeved. When the ice coffin collapsed, she once again released her strong life vitality and another ice coffin replaced it. However, soon after, Zen used his strength again and the new ice coffin broke down.

As the ice shards continued to condense and collapse underneath the pair of them, their number kept increasing. The ice shards gathered together to form a small ice mountain, causing the two to ascend higher and higher.

When Letitia went through her tribulation last time, the dome of the Ice Palace had almost been ruined by her. Afterward, it was reconstructed, leaving an opening in the dome. One could see the sky through it in the middle of the palace.

As the ice mountain continued to rise, it pushed the two of them through the opening in the roof.

Letitia's Ice Palace was not only built in the deepest part of the Cloud Hall, it was also the highest point.

Guards patrolled the Cloud Hall. Their eyesights and vision were strong. If the warriors below looked up, they would witness the scene at the top of the Ice Palace.

Zen still held Letitia tightly in his arms when the ice mountain lifted them out of the roof.

"Why is there an ice mountain growing out of the Ice Palace?"

"Could it be that the leader is in the process of cultivating a new method? Is there a new breakthrough?"

"Idiot! Can't you see that there are two people on top of the ice mountain?"

Although the discussions were taking place quite far away, as a Life and Death Realm warrior, Letitia had a keen sense of hearing. Even though their voices were hushed, she could hear them clearly.

She felt embarrassed and ashamed. Lowering her voice, she said to Zen angrily, "Let go of me!"

"I'm not letting you go!" Zen said to Letitia with resolution.

"Please!" Letitia had never begged in her life, but she felt she had no other choice.

"It's useless even if you beg me." A trace of a smile surfaced on Zen's face.

The various elders, stewards, and disciples of Cloud Hall realized that they must stay away and give Letitia and Zen some private moments, but they could not contain their curiosity. More and more people looked up at the couple from windows and corners.

Letitia's face turned red from pale. The blush spread across her neck. Even though she was lying on the ice-cool mountain, it didn't do anything to help the temperature. She suddenly felt warm all over.

She was furious and mortified. After repeatedly begging Zen to no avail, Letitia, who was always as tough as a man, could not hold it in any longer and burst into tears.

"You jerk! You're bullying me!" she sobbed.

"I like bullying you," Zen said playfully, grinning and staring fixedly at her pretty face.

Tears welled up in Letitia's eyes as she bit Zen's shoulder heavily. However, his body was strong like a sacred weapon. Her teeth almost broke due to the bite.

She couldn't beat him, nor could she scold him. Now, she couldn't even bite him! She was like a helpless little girl, burying her head in his shoulder and crying.

Zen ran his fingers through Letitia's hair, lifted her head and pulled her face close to his. He looked at her tear-stained face, lowered his head and gently kissed her lips.

Letitia whined unwillingly, but not long after, she gave up resisting and closed her eyes, giving in to the kiss. She kissed him back passionately.

As the leader of Cloud Hall, she could not believe herself. She was kissing a man on the top of the Ice Palace under the watchful eyes of so many warriors. However, she stopped giving it any thought. She was so absorbed in the kiss that she forgot about the people witnessing the scene.

At the entrance of a small thatched cottage on the side of Cloud Hall, Imogen gazed at the pair with a satisfied smile on her face. After a long while, she turned around and entered her cottage, muttering, "It is perfectly normal for young people to kiss each other."

When Letitia's frenzied mind calmed down, she reached out behind Zen's back and gently pressed a hand to the ice mountain. The ice disappeared in an instant, turning into life vitality and dissipating in the air.

Losing support of the small ice mountain, Zen and Letitia plummeted downward.

Thud! Zen fell to the ground with a heavy sound while Letitia used him as a cushion. Her petite body bounced from his body, her hands adjusting her messy long hair as she stared at Zen with a shy smile.

Their passionate kiss had aroused him. Many warriors had experienced the beauty of sex at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. However, Zen had only slept with one woman before and that was Margaret. He was unable to contain his desire for long. With a flash, he pulled Letitia close again.

This time, Letitia showed signs of panic. She covered her chest with her hands and frowned. "No!"

"Why?" Zen pouted. He wouldn't force Letitia.

"You promised me before! We can only do that after our wedding." Letitia was a strong warrior, but deep in her heart, she was a very traditional woman. Many warriors did not value marriage, but she was an exception.

She did not want this so soon, so Zen didn't force her. "Then tomorrow we'll start preparing for our wedding ceremony," he whispered softly in her ear.

Letitia pursed her lips but didn't say anything else, meaning that she agreed with him.

The news of their wedding ceremony soon spread like wildfire across the Central Region through the World Commercial Alliance's channels within a matter of three days.

Currently, the World Commercial Alliance was the largest force in the Central Region. However, the Cloud Hall, which Zen belonged to, was the largest sect. They had sent out countless invitations to the third-grade forces and above in the Central Region.

The fight between Letitia and Margaret seemed to have come to an end. In the past, Letitia could not have imagined sharing her husband with another woman. But now, even though she had strong jealousy in her heart, she had to let go of it because of Zen. In the future, she and Margaret might quarrel a lot, but at present, she did not care for it.

Preparations for the wedding ceremony continued for more than a month. After an auspicious day was selected, the transmission array in the Cloudy City flashed continuously, and the reputable warriors came to congratulate the couple. The various rare gifts alone were the size of a small hill about twenty to thirty feet high.

The Cloud Hall had been whitewashed and had a bright, new look.

The three divine textures created by Zen had made the Cloud Hall's runic expert, Felix, feel inferior to him. Even if he expended all his energy, he still wouldn't be able to set up a sect-protecting array as strong as Zen's.

However, Felix's talent in runes was nothing to be ashamed of. By studying Zen's divine textures, his knowledge of runes had increased manifold. Other than Zen, no one else in the Central Region was stronger than him. This time, Felix did help Zen.

He created several runes to decorate the Cloud Hall. Their power was not exceptional, but as long as one replenished life vitality crystals to activate the runes, they effused different colors. Some rays projected onto the enchanted barrier named the Light of Water and morphed into flying dragons and phoenixes, dancing on top of it with exuberance.

In the Cloud Hall's Martial Arts Hall, a dense pack of warriors had gathered from all over Central Region. These big names were all leaders of various top clans and sects.

Of course, the sect leaders of the fourth-grade sects, including the Mysterious Luna Hall, Bloodwood Cliff and Black Mountain Sect, were all present.

When they had first met Zen, he had merely been a junior at the Illuminating Soul Realm. However, right before their eyes, Zen's cultivation level soared without limits, and soon no one in the Central Region could contend with him. As they came up to congratulate him, they sighed in their hearts. They used to look down on him, but now all they could do was worship him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1253 The Wedding Gift

Margaret busied herself in the kitchen in the Cloud Hall. The way she held the kitchen knife was kind of stiff, but her swift motions of chopping made the knife glow with the sharpness of cold silver light.

Today was Letitia and Zen's wedding day, and it seemed like she was absent-minded while doing the chore. The knife she was using was made out of heptyl gold and was extremely sharp. Since Margaret was spacing out, she failed to notice the deep cutting marks she created against the ironwood chopping board.

The clamor of voices outside kept ringing in her ears and made her distracted.

Margaret helplessly pursed her lips as she continued chopping swiftly, turning the vegetables on the chopping board into tiny pieces.

"Caw, caw…"

The Ancestral Dragon let out a moan. Its tiny body curled up.

Ever since the Ancestral Dragon had secretly eaten the dishes cooked by Margaret some time ago, it had almost forgotten about Zen. This glutton had been staying with Margaret almost every day.

Margaret was in a trance. Perhaps, she unknowingly focused her attention on the commotion outside, so she slowed down in her work. The Ancestral Dragon made the noise to remind her to hurry up.

"Be patient. Wait for a while, and your meal will be ready," Margaret said with a smile. She was completely oblivious that she had already shredded the vegetables into a puree.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Above the Cloud Hall, a speck of sparkling and translucent radiance rose into the air, turning into multicolored clouds that spread beautifully across the sky. Margaret could see the scene clearly. But she didn't stop what she was doing. The ironwood chopping board had already been broken into several parts by her!

"Caw, caw…" the Ancestral Dragon whimpered again.

"Wait for a minute..." There was still a faint smile on Margaret's face as she appeased the Ancestral Dragon. But that smile never changed. It was like a mask, looking extremely stiff.

"Caw, caw…"

Bang!

The kitchen knife in Margaret's hand was shoved firmly on the stove. Her soft body slightly trembled, and a powerful aura burst forth from her body. "Didn't I tell you to wait?"

"Caw."

Seeing that Margaret was about to go berserk, the Ancestral Dragon felt chills through its veins. It coiled up its small body immediately and buried its head in it.

In the Martial Arts Hall, the grand wedding ceremony was carried out in an orderly manner. And as expected of martial artists' wedding ceremony, it was usually very solemn. The cost of money for any part of this rite would entail a considerable amount that would be more than enough for an ordinary family to live for several hundred years. However, there was not so much red tape involved in Letitia and Zen's wedding ceremony.

Amidst the blessings and congratulations, Zen stood in the middle of the Martial Arts Hall, waiting for the arrival of the bride.

Soon, his bride's whole entourage slowly approached him on a cloud. Everyone's gaze focused on Letitia who was wearing a red robe. She was surrounded by many servants who were dressed beautifully for such an occasion.

Even if Letitia hadn't worn any makeup at all, she would still be incomparably elegant and beautiful. She was breathtakingly dolled up for her grand wedding. Every detail of her looks exuded perfectness. Even a single glance of her would make one's heart beat wildly!

When Letitia descended from the cloud, the sound of gongs and drums reverberated through the hall. At this moment, everyone could watch the nine-colored auspicious clouds begin to dance in the air, together with a dragon and a phoenix projected on the enchanted barrier of Light of Water.

In Cloudy City, many ordinary citizens looked up at the colorful Cloud Hall in the sky. Their faces filled with envy.

"I heard that it's a grand wedding ceremony held by the immortals! What a grand scene!"

"Humph, immortals? They are only a group of extremely powerful warriors with high-level cultivation."

"Aren't you a warrior too? When can you hold a grand wedding ceremony like that?"

The news about the grand wedding ceremony quickly spread among the ordinary citizens, creating numerous rumors about it. The stories such as there were some peaches of immortality that had grown over ten thousand years, and nectar which could keep people from all diseases, and other sorts of strange legends went wild among the crowd of ordinary beings.

Just as Zen was making his way towards Letitia, people in the Central Region heard a laugh. The laughter seemed to come from the sky. But it suddenly spread out to the whole place, making everyone feel taken aback.

Zen frowned. He was clueless who had come. But today was his wedding day. If anything unpleasant happened, that would spoil his big day.

Whoosh!

A figure shot down from the sky. It was an old man dressed in white clothes!

Unexpectedly, the old man directly went through the Light of Water. The extremely tough enchanted barrier did not cause any problem to him.

If it was Zen who tried to walk through the Light of Water, he would need to enter through the weak area at the bottom to pass through with no difficulty. However, this old man was able to penetrate the Light of Water with ease. Such theurgy he possessed amazed Zen.

Everyone raised their heads and looked over. Their eyes revealed shocked expressions as they carefully examined this old man.

There was no way that they could tell the old man's strength!

Most of the warriors present were at the Virtual Tribulation Realm, and a few independent warriors were at the Life and Death Realm. However, even the most powerful of them couldn't see through this old man's strength. So they assumed that his strength was beyond the Soul Sea Realm.

However, Zen was clear that this person's strength was way beyond the Spirit Supreme Realm.

Previously, when Zen was with the seven masters of the Celestial Position, he had gotten acquainted of what Spirit Supreme Realm masters were like from the aura around them. If someone's cultivation was a level higher than the Spirit Supreme Realm, he might be able to distinguish it. And it would be hard for him to estimate the person's strength if it was two levels above it. Nonetheless, his knowledge about the strength of warriors at or above the Spirit Supreme Realm was still in a grey area.

Judging from his intuition, Zen believed that this old man was indeed a warrior whose strength was beyond the Spirit Supreme Realm.

Most people in the crowd were nervous, especially the people from the World Commercial Alliance and the Ethereal Spirit Sect, fearing that some bad thing might happen. Although the bride of this grand wedding ceremony wasn't Margaret, in the end, Zen was the man that she had to rely on for the rest of her life. Brent didn't look good at this time. He pursed his lips and seemed to be gloomy. He fully knew that his sister was not happy right now. So he selfishly hoped that this old man, who appeared out of nowhere, would disrupt the wedding ceremony so that Letitia would be upset.

As for some others, such as those from Black Mountain Sect and the like who had once clashed with Zen, they had no choice but to submit to the Cloud Hall. With the unknown tension in the air, they were eager to watch a good show. On the surface, they looked like they were paying tribute to Zen, but deep inside, they all hoped that he would have some trouble.

Seeing Zen look uneasy, the old man roared into laughter. "Don't be nervous. Today is your wedding day. I come to attend your wedding ceremony. What? Am I not welcome?"

Hearing this, Zen heaved a sigh of relief. The old man didn't seem to have borne an ill-intention. No matter who he was, Zen could only greet him with a smile. He said in a clear voice, "Anyone who comes would be our guest. Since you are here to attend my wedding ceremony, I'm more than pleased to extend my warm welcome!"

"Ha-ha. Kid, you are a nice man. I like your straightforward manner," the old man said and laughed. "However, I have come here in a hurry and haven't brought any gift. That's not good," the old man added with a frown.

Zen smiled faintly. "Don't be bothered about the gift. It's only a way to express your blessings for us. We warriors don't care about those unimportant things. As long as all of you come here to celebrate our wedding day, I'm already very contented. Please be seated here and have fun!"

The other guests also nodded their heads. The two maids beside them added a table to make him sit above the salt. Although these maids did not know how strong this old man was, from the reactions of the top masters in the Central Region, they knew the old man was not someone to be trifled with. Even though this old man looked quite messy, they all knew that he was akin to a powerful being, who was far beyond their wildest imagination. So he must have the seat of an honored guest.

To their surprise, the old man suddenly shook his head and said, "No!"

Zen's eyes flashed, confused. "Excuse me?"

"A wedding ceremony is a great event in one's life, how can I not prepare a wedding gift?" The old man then shook his head fervently.

A look of helplessness appeared on Zen's face. He wanted to roll his eyes in his heart, but he still managed to look nice. Why did some old men become so difficult to deal with as they were getting on in years? Perhaps in the future, when he grew old, he would also behave like this, he wondered.

However, before Zen could say anything, a few of the more brave guests started to clamor.

"Since you want to give them a wedding gift, then show it to us!"

"You intentionally said so to keep all of us in suspense. You've already prepared the wedding gift, right?"

"Then let everyone see what it is!"

These guests who were speaking did not have a high level of cultivation and were only at the primary stage of Virtual Tribulation Realm. However, it was Zen's wedding day, so they assumed that no matter how strong this old man was, he wouldn't make things look ugly in such an occasion.

The old man chuckled and nodded. "Ha-ha, how do you know that I've already had a gift for them?" With that, the old man's body instantly flashed, and he appeared right in front of Zen, who didn't even have time to react.

After that, he faced Zen with his eyes wide open. Then everyone saw Zen close his eyes and quickly fall to the ground!

Chapter 1254 A Divine Weapon

The old man's actions were sudden, and everyone's faces changed drastically.

However, there was also a small group of warriors who had a smirk on their faces. Like a comet, Zen had risen quickly to prominence and had been in the limelight for a long time. But in the end, even he was defeated by someone.

Letitia's expressions turned stern and her face became red with fury. She stomped her feet, and the pearl crown on her head swayed as she began to rush towards Zen.

Imogen, Xander and the three fat alliance heads all had nervous expressions on their faces. They didn't know what was going to happen next.

However, before anyone could react, time suddenly stopped.

In the Heavenly Stellar Sacred Place, when they had hatched the Ancestral Dragon Egg, the Celestial Position warriors had increased the time flow rate. This meant that every day inside the hatchery was just a few seconds. Time passed as quickly as sand running through one's fingers in there. One year had passed in the outside world, while inside that barrier, a thousand years passed.

And now, in the Cloud Hall, time had become a thousand times slower.

Everything was happening at a speed that was a thousandth of the outside world. People moved slower than a snail. In fact, it was safe to say they weren't moving at all. It was difficult for the naked eye to notice their movement.

What was even more terrifying was the area that was affected. Time had almost come to a halt within a one-thousand-mile radius of the Cloud Hall. This was in stark contrast to the enchanted barrier, both in terms of direction and area.

The birds in the sky stopped in midair, and the smoke leaving the chimneys solidified into a column that did not get dispersed. The ripples on the surface of the lake also remained the same. Of course this was only for the outside world.

However, somehow, the Ancestral Dragon was unaffected by this change.

"Gagoom…" the Ancestral Dragon cried. At its current age, its intelligence was the same as a human toddler's. Although it was not affected by the change in the time flow rate, it was curious about why Margaret had stopped moving.

Suddenly, as if by instinct, it seemed to sense something and flew out of the window, heading straight towards the Martial Arts Hall.

The old man smiled and looked up at the sky before he left out a sigh, "Time waits for no one. Although your cultivation has advanced tremendously, resources in the Lower World are scarce. You're still too slow. Let me lend a helping hand."

Just as he finished speaking, the Ancestral Dragon flew in.

"Gagoom...gagoom…"

the beast called out anxiously when it saw Zen lying on the ground with his eyes closed. Its hostility towards this old man was intense. Like any baby to its mother, it wanted revenge.

The old man chuckled and told the Ancestral Dragon, "You puny thing."

Instead of finishing his sentence, he ignored the Ancestral Dragon and walked towards Zen. Extending his withered hand, he brought out a dark green medicinal pill.

As soon as the pill was taken out, it flew toward the sky.

"Only enlightened a little and you want to escape? I don't think so. No. In your dreams!" The old man's hand gently twirled and an invisible force somehow dragged the medicinal pill down.

The weird thing was that the pill did not only seem to be conscious but also sentient. It looked capable of fighting since green halos suddenly appeared from within the pill. Those halos instantly condensed into a green bolt of lightning and tried to counterattack the old man.

This old man seemed genuinely unhappy with this display. With a cold snort, he pointed his finger and the round pill broke into several tiny pieces which then turned into a green cloud and spread out.

Following this, the green-colored cloud began to float motionlessly in the air above the Cloud Hall.

"Down!" The old man let out a soft whisper. As if commanded by a master, the huge green cloud started to slowly swirl and then finally morphed into a small stream that began to flow into Zen's mouth.

Very soon, Zen had completely absorbed the green cloud. The old man then walked gracefully towards his seat and poured out a glass of fine wine for himself. Next, he blinked his eyes and time was restored to normal within an instant.

Letitia, who was midway in taking a step forward, immediately stabilized herself, but she still looked flustered.

Although this old man had just slowed down time, it hadn't absolutely stopped. In fact, even if he wanted to completely stop time, he couldn't have done that no matter how hard he tried. There was a theory about the Time Law which postulated that any creature who cultivated the Time Law could only slow down or increase the time flow rate; they couldn't stop it.

Thus, everyone was still able to see what was going on in front of them. Their minds could still think and their senses were still intact. By now they understood that this old man truly did not bear any enmity towards them.

However, his practice and command of the Time Law had left everyone stunned.

In the Central Region, very few martial artists were proficient in Space Law, and cultivating the Time Law was far more difficult than cultivating the Space Law. As a result, until now, there hadn't been a single martial artist who was proficient in Time Law. Zen was an exception, although he had never demonstrated his theurgy in Time Law.

However, this old man had changed the Cloud Hall's time flow rate with a few simple flicks of his eyelids. During that period, everyone and everything had almost come to a halt. This was a mysterious and powerful method at play. Everyone could sense that this old man was incredibly strong. In fact, the word "strong" was a bit of an understatement. His power was simply terrifying!

The pill the old man had taken out was even harder to fathom. It had the consciousness to run away and was even able to attack the old man when forced to. At the same time, the old man had been completely unharmed by the display of thunder that had ensued. The green bolt of lightning from the pill was powerful enough to kill any mortal man. But the old man had been completely unaffected.

So, undoubtedly, the pill was potent.

Forgetting about all that, everyone was quite envious right now. Not of the old man, but of Zen. He didn't seem to know this guy but the old man had still come all the way over here to give him a wedding gift. The warriors who had gloated at Zen's misfortune, and everyone else too, were now green with envy.

"Sir, what did you do to Zen?" Letitia couldn't help but step forward and ask the old man.

The old man lightly shook his head and casually replied, "I gave him a wedding gift, of course." When he finished speaking, he rolled his eyes and slapped his head. "Oh right, how silly of me! The groom got a wedding present, so the bride should have one too. But this wedding gift is a bit simple. I hope you won't mind."

The old man patted his belly. But nothing happened. Then he muttered to himself, or rather to his own belly, "Now, now! Don't be greedy. I didn't put these divine weapons in there for you to use them. Even when you did use them, I never said anything about it, but do you really think they are yours to keep?"

Everyone was looking at each other in astonishment. Was this guy crazy? 'Why is this old man talking to his stomach? Is he a madman?'

At that moment, Zen stood up and asked with a smile on his face, "Are there experts in your inner world who possess and use divine weapons?"

The old man rolled his eyes. "There's a guy inside my body. He's reached the cultivation base of Soul Sea Realm. He directly occupies all the space in my body and proclaims himself to be the sacred emperor. He even hid the one thousand divine weapons I had stored in my inner world. He thinks that they are his own. Silly him! Damn! Bring them out!"

After that, the old man pointed his finger and a bright gold bracelet suddenly appeared out of nowhere and floated into his hands. The old man now laughed, "I came in a hurry and didn't have time to prepare something good. This bracelet is the only thing I thought was appropriate on this occasion. It's a bit too simple. I'm embarrassed to give you this. But it's a divine weapon after all, so I believe it will do the trick." The bracelet then floated towards Letitia.

"A divine weapon..."

Shock appeared on everyone's face. Some of them couldn't even believe what they were seeing and hearing with their own senses. 'A divine weapon is too simple?

That's a divine weapon for crying out loud!' Some people began to curse inwardly.

The most powerful treasures in the Central Region were only some mid-grade sacred weapons, and even those were very few in number. People might have read about them in books, but the general public at least had never seen them in real life.

And the old man had just said that as a present, the bracelet was too simple. It burned the other warriors up.

Chapter 1255 Margaret's Doubt

Zen was also taken aback by the old man's words, but it wasn't the divine weapon that incited this astonishment.

Divine weapons were rare and precious, true. But with Zen's current level of knowledge, he wasn't too shocked after seeing one. He had, after all, a Black Star pickaxe!

What shocked him was the old man's words.

Warriors at the Soul Sea Realm could open up a Soul Sea inside their bodies. But those at the Spirit Supreme Realm could in fact, solidify their life vitality and build up a world of their own. For example, Brianna had operated on her inner world for a hundred thousand years. But she had only managed to create a tiny island, and the creatures on this island were still going through a primitive period.

Warriors at such a high cultivation level didn't have much of a use for space rings. Their inner worlds could replace such small totems.

This old man had also stored his treasures inside his belly. However, according to his words, there was also a Soul Sea Realm master in the world inside his body, and that was inconceivable.

The inner world was formed and solidified through life vitality, and the lives inside it were created by borrowing the power of thunder. They bred and evolved very, very slowly.

After those living beings developed their wisdom to a certain extent, they could then borrow the life vitality from within the inner world they were living in and cultivate on their own.

However, the space within such inner worlds was limited, and the resources available were very few. After all, such inner worlds were tiny.

But even after that, somehow, the person inside this old man's inner world was able to cultivate himself to the Soul Sea Realm. Just how large was his inner world? Just how strong was this old man?

Seeing that Zen's face was filled with shock at his words, the old man waved his hand and told him, "Alright, I've already given my gifts to both of you. Now your wedding ceremony is the most important thing, so just leave me alone and get on with your shenanigans. You can talk to me later if you want!"

Letitia bowed to the old man respectfully for the precious gift he had given her. Although this divine weapon was 'too simple' in the old man's eyes, it was still a precious item for her, and its value was more than a 'simple thing'. She knew that the old man had given it to her for Zen's sake only, but that was no reason for her not to accept it with gratitude.

At that moment, Margaret, who was going around in her everyday clothes, suddenly appeared some distance away.

"Margaret!"

"Sister!"

Xander and Brent shouted at the same time when they saw her.

In fact, the people of the Xi Family were not overly happy about today's wedding ceremony. They didn't want it to happen. However, it would be impolite for them to not attend, so they had to swallow their resentment and attend when Zen invited them.

Before Margaret showed up, Xander and Brent had been very worried about her. They were afraid that she would be unhappy the entire day.

Margaret nodded at her brother and her great grandfather in reply. Her eyes fell on Letitia and she immediately felt a pang of sadness coming over her. The reason why she had stayed in the kitchen and decided to look after the culinary affairs was because she didn't want to see this scene. Of course she had already persuaded herself not to be jealous of Letitia, but she wasn't a machine. She could only try to control her emotions, but she could never sweep them away completely.

Bitterness stirred inside her when she saw what a perfect match Zen and Letitia were for each other.

The small Ancestral Dragon had disappeared some moments ago. She was afraid that it would get lost, so she had come out to search for it and had finally arrived here in its pursuit.

The Ancestral Dragon let out a happy roar when it saw Margaret and jumped over towards her.

It had rushed over when it sensed that Zen was seemingly in danger. Now that it had made sure that Zen was unharmed, it suddenly thought of the delicacies it had yet to taste in the kitchen. It let out several intimate sounds and threw itself into Margaret's arms.

This small episode of course wasn't going to disturb the progress of the wedding ceremony. Zen and Letitia began to go on with the rites.

The old man, who was seated in a corner, suddenly focused his gaze on Margaret. He opened his mouth and called out, "Young lady!"

"What?" Margaret looked around curiously, but she didn't know who had called out to her.

"Young lady, please come over here!" The old man used his life vitality to speak to Margaret this time.

Margaret looked around again and finally found out that the person talking to her was a slovenly old man. She frowned and an impatient expression appeared on her face. She didn't want to bother herself with this person. Her cultivation base was still at the Internal Elixir Realm, so she had no idea just how strong the old man was at all. And being in the kitchen the whole time, she didn't even know what had happened just now.

She had always neglected cultivation practices because she didn't have much of an interest in martial arts. In her eyes, there was no difference between a Life and Death Realm warrior and a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior.

She held the Ancestral Dragon tightly in her arms and was about to leave. She couldn't stand seeing Zen and Letitia's display of their affections any longer. She could learn to be magnanimous as time passed, but not now!

Seeing that Margaret was about to leave, the old man couldn't hold himself back anymore. He had read her mind through her expressions, so he snorted and asked, "Young lady, do you feel resentful upon seeing the man you love marry some other woman?"

Hearing this, Margaret's expressions changed. She glared at the old man and asked in an unfriendly tone, "What's it got to do with you?"

The old man chuckled and replied, "I just want to give you a piece of advice. It is true that the bride is carrying the day right now. But in the future, the person who will spend countless years with Zen will be nobody but you!"

Immediately, Margaret's face was filled with astonishment. What did he mean by that?

Although she couldn't figure it out, but these words were enough to make her walk towards the old man with curiosity. The maidservant brought over a chair for her, and she sat down next to the old man.

Curiosity was revealed on everyone's faces when they saw that, and even Zen's attention was drawn. Letitia, who had Zen's hand in her own, emitted a small strand of life vitality from her fingertip when she noticed his gaze. The cold energy was transferred from her fingertip to Zen's palm. He turned around and met her angry gaze, which made him feel both alarmed and apologetic.

After all, it was the day of their marriage. Letitia's displeasure was obvious in her face when she saw him staring at some other woman. Women!

"What did you mean just now, sir?" Margaret asked curiously. As this old man had mentioned Zen without any signs of hostility, her tone was much friendlier now. She even revealed a gentle smile on her face.

The old man smiled and asked instead of replying, "Never mind that. I just want to be sure about something. You have the Purple Power Body, am I right?"

Margaret nodded in reply.

"In fact, if I am not mistaken, you have the Black-purple Power Body, which is the top-grade. Don't you know what that means?" The old man continued to ask.

Margaret shook her head without any signs of expression on her face. She wasn't interested in martial arts, and her enthusiasm for cultivation was even less than what she had for her newly-learnt cooking skills.

She had little aspirations, and all that she wanted was to stay by Zen's side. Although she knew that she had the Black-purple Power Body, she had no idea just how strong it could be or what use it had.

To be frank, it wasn't too difficult to understand that. The Purple Power World was a very special one, and there were countless great masters with the same physique staying within it. As long as she took a casual walk in the Purple Power World, it would be very easy for her to find numerous powerful masters who would be more than happy to help her.

After all, anyone with the Black-purple Power Body had the potential to control the Purple Power World. It was extremely rare to find someone who possessed it in the entire universe.

The problem was that once Margaret had activated her Purple Power Body, she had only borrowed the huge swords from within it and had once pulled Zen and Letitia into the Purple Power World to save them. At other times, she had never used her powers and in fact, had steered clear of the world she belonged to.

"No wonder the old lady didn't notice you," the old man shook his head and then asked, "Do you want to become a master? How about I find you a teacher?"

Margaret stared at him with a strange expression on her face. She felt like he was simply talking nonsense. She was willing to sit here and listen to him because he had told her that she could stay with Zen for countless years in the future, but now he was talking about irrelevant matters like teaching and becoming a master. Why should she become a super master? Why should she find a teacher? Did that have anything to do with Zen?

Margaret was becoming impatient again, and she answered perfunctorily, "No, thank you. I have no interest in that."

"What? You have no interest? Don't you understand my words? You could become a powerful cultivator who can look down on everyone else in the entire universe!" What the old man didn't know was that he was now deviating from the main point that he had mentioned just now and thereby, losing Margaret's attention.

"So what if I become more powerful than everyone else? What fun would that be?" Margaret began to doubt that the old man was just making a fool of her. She stood up from her seat and decided to leave with the Ancestral Dragon in her arms.

Seeing her actions, the old man thought for a moment and finally discovered the crux of the problem. He now understood that this young lady had no interest in martial arts at all. But even so, he was not disappointed because he also found a way to convince her otherwise.

Chapter 1256 Persuasion

"Don't go, little girl. Listen to me!" the old man hurriedly said. It was then when he realized he made a mistake—never had he thought that there would be such strange people in the world who treated martial arts like garbage.

But then again, everyone had their own ambitions. In reality, he had seen many strange warriors of the Celestial Position. Since this young woman was interested in Zen, he could easily use him as bait.

Seeing the old man's expression, Margaret tried to put a damper on her temper and returned to her seat. Still wearing a cold expression, she asked him, "What is it you still want to say?"

With a chuckle, he replied, "Although you aren't the bride in today's grand ceremony, I can guarantee that you can be the one to stay by Zen's side for the days to come."

That bit caught her attention. "What do you mean?" she asked, blinking her eyes as she focused.

With a shake of his head, he looked at Letitia. "That bride isn't half bad. She might be a top warrior in the Lower World, but that means nothing in the Upper World."

Letitia's talent might be on par with Fiona's, or even Amber's, but her name could, at most, be placed on only the second row of the Talent Tablet. This level could only get the recognition of the Celestial Position—it was nothing special in the old man's eyes.

"Does this have anything to do with me?" Margaret said, sounding confused. As the old man talked casually, Margaret didn't know how to respond.

Chuckling again, he responded, "Why, of course it has something to do with you. Zen is a truly powerful warrior. How can such a remarkable warrior be limited to the mere Central Region?"

"What do you mean by 'limited to a small Central Region'? It's a vast area with abundant resources. Where else would Zen ever need to go in the future?"

In her eyes, the Central Region was the whole world. Perhaps, she knew of a Divine Kingdom Continent not too far from there. Perhaps she even knew that the world was divided into several levels. But what did any of that have to do with her?

The Central Region wasn't half bad, in her opinion. As for Zen, it was perfect, as no threat could be posed to him in the area. Being able to live a peaceful and comfortable life in the region was already a plentiful blessing. Though Margaret wasn't necessarily short-sighted, she wasn't interested in anything else.

For instance, after she awakened her first-rank Purple Power Body, Margaret also had a vague idea about her special physique. But never did she consider cultivating it, nor developing her strength—it just wasn't meaningful enough to her.

Of course, the old man couldn't help but roll his eyes at her response. It was rather pathetic to him, hearing her call the Central Region a vast land with abundant resources. From his perspective, the entire Central Region was a distance that could be traversed in a mere few steps, compared to the rest of the universe. It wasn't even comparable to one of his courtyards, nor his internal world.

As for resources, the Central Region was even lacking. When the poor warriors of the Central Region saw one of his divine weapons, their eyes were all glowing with envy—they looked like hungry ghosts that had been starved for decades. All of them seemed to be good for nothing. A divine weapon was considerable treasure for the Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors of the Upper World. But such a divine weapon was no rare thing.

So to the old man, the Central Region was merely a backward, poor area, lacking in all aspects of development.

But because Margaret had quite a testy temper, he didn't bother saying such words. Instead, with another chuckle, he continued, "The Central Region is vast in your eyes. But with Zen's talent, along with the

Heavenly Oracle Pill that I fed him, Zen's cultivation base will soon increase tremendously. After he breaks through to the Soul Sea Realm, he will be rejected by this great world, all to ascend to the Upper World." As he explained it, he could tell that Margaret was not interested in the matters of ascension to the Upper World, nor of repairing the flying passage. In reality, she might not have even known about the flying passage at all, so he figured it would be wise to keep things to himself.

But to his surprise, Margaret's face turned angry as she berated, "You can't fool me. You're a bad man! Not one of your deeds has been out of the goodness of your heart!"

The accusation left the old man speechless in surprise. As he had already given Zen a Heavenly Oracle Pill, how could Margaret still say he hadn't done anything good? Why was he the bad guy in her eyes? Wearing a rather comical gaze, he stared at her. "Even without the pill, he'll still fly into the Upper World."

"And then?" Margaret still asked.

"Well, with your first-rank Purple Power Body, your cultivation speed will not be slower than his. Once he enters the Upper World, his bride will definitely not be able to ascend to the Upper World immediately. Zen can only bring her there after he makes some great achievement. Otherwise, she'll need at least one or two centuries to fly into the Upper World with her own strength."

"And then?" She just asked again.

With a roll of his eyes, the old man continued, "Surely, it's all clear now... You may also fly into the Upper World soon. With your physique, you can keep up with Zen's pace and assist him well. In that case, you'd be able to stay by his side, right? But as for this new bride, she'll have to wait here alone for over a hundred years!"

While Margaret was hearing his compelling words, something suddenly clicked in her mind. "I see!" she exclaimed as her eyes lit up.

With a chuckle, the old man went on, "So, let me find a master for you. You should enter the Purple Power World often to cultivate. When your cultivation improves, you'll be able to fly into the Upper World and be with Zen." With that, he cast a deliberate, disdainful glance at Letitia. "She's better off and more popular than you are right now, but don't be dispirited. Those who have the last laugh can smile the brightest, right?"

All of a sudden, Margaret's eyes were full of passion and determination. Never had she pursued anything in the field of martial arts—she had relied on all kinds of pills after reaching the Internal Elixir Realm. Without her Purple Power Body, she was inferior even to many Illuminating Soul Realm warriors.

But the old man gave her enough hope to make a shift in her mindset.

For Zen, she knew she could endure Letitia with a smile on her face when she married Zen in the grand ceremony. But now that there was a way for her to be with him, she decided that she wouldn't give up too easily.

"Yes, I understand now." Tilting her head, she asked again, "You said that you would find me a master. That will be you, right?"

With a shake of his head, he replied, "Of course not. My wife shall be your master!"

Many of the warriors with Purple Power Bodies were women, so it made sense for a woman to serve as her master instead of the old man.

"But... where is she?" Margaret asked curiously.

Stretching out his withered hand, he said, "Give me your hand!"

In spite of the initial confusion on Margaret's face, she offered her hand anyway.

"Open your hand," he ordered again.

Obediently, Margaret opened up her fair, delicate palm.

Suddenly, a scarlet cross appeared on the old man's finger. The divine texture within it was similar to the Celestial Position's location rune, only smaller than the actual one.

Whoosh!

As soon as the scarlet cross appeared, it submerged into Margaret's palm—it was eye-catching across her white, tender skin.

When Margaret raised her hand to examine it, her face filled with worry. "What is this?"

"It's only a location rune," the man replied. "When you enter the Purple Power World in the future, my wife will be able to find you!"

"The next time I enter the Purple Power World... But I don't intend to enter it," Margaret confessed. Unless someone chased after her, she wouldn't hide in there any other time.

The man's eyes grew wide as he remarked, "Exactly how much do you hate cultivating? You have to find some time to enter the Purple Power World. So long as you do, my wife can find you! You must work diligently and strive for your own future happiness." With that, he gave an intentional signal with his lips as he turned toward the happy scene over there. At this time, many guests had already arrived and engaged in idle chat. Meanwhile, Zen and Letitia were brimming with joy.

Throwing the couple a cold, unseen glare, Margaret nodded, now determined. "Okay, I got it now."

Chapter 1257 Wedding Candle

The old man couldn't help but rub his forehead, trying to figure out just what happened to Margaret.

His wife was the supreme master of the Purple Power World and countless warriors would kill to become her disciples. Margaret, however, was different. He was actually the one who tried his best to convince her to cultivate and become his wife's disciple. It took him so long to persuade the young lady and she had finally agreed!

He also had wanted to say something to Zen but it wouldn't be appropriate given the context of the situation, so he could only put it aside for now.

The celebration lasted for hours with festivities going on well into the night. It was very late when the guests finally departed, leaving the Cloud Hall in silence once again.

Letitia sat stiffly on the bed, the sheets underneath made of exquisite golden silk and brown cocoon fibre. It felt like soft, buttery clouds underneath her touch.

In this world, an ordinary girl was normally married at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Letitia was by no means old, but it was true that she had married a bit late compared to other mortal girls.

She was also a virgin, which naturally made her nervous and also a bit frightened.

The discomfort made her chatty, constantly finding random stuff to talk about with her new husband. "Who was that old man we met today?" she asked in a hushed voice.

Zen shook his head and smiled. "I'm not sure."

The old man had made no effort to reveal his identity, but he stayed in Cloud Hall for the meantime. Zen roughly guessed that he was someone powerful, maybe even a master sent by the Celestial Position. Or perhaps he was from the human race. After all, he knew Derek would have surely reported his information to the Upper World.

Letitia's bright eyes widened. "You're not sure who he is? Then why did you take his pill?" Her expression was stern but the playfulness in her tone made her look adorable.

Her face tugged on Zen's heartstrings as he sat down next to her. "You also saw him feed it to me so…"

It was true that he didn't know what that pill was for but his body remained the same. There was no reaction so far so maybe it still hadn't taken effect. Zen would have to wait to find out what effect the pill that old man gave him would have.

"Do you feel uncomfortable?" she asked, turning her face to look at him.

Zen gently pulled her into his arms. "No,"

he murmured softly, lifting her chin so that he might have easier access to her lips.

Only when Zen was close enough did she realize what he was trying to do. "You!" she exclaimed but she did not struggle. The proximity made her heart race but she wasn't sure if it was from hesitation or anticipation. Still, she figured she wouldn't have any reason to struggle tonight so she decided to curl up like an obedient lamb.

The dim room was bathed by the light of a single candle, casting a sensual, romantic mood between the two lovers. The golden silk was soft and light between their two bodies and the tell-tale fragrance of love was heavy in the air.

The two had a very wonderful night, but the same could not be said for Margaret.

The Light of Water rippled above her and the dark clouds hid the beams of the waning moon. She was in an awfully bad mood and the melancholic night sky was not helping.

"Caw," the Ancestral Dragon cried out. It was normally very energetic but it somehow sensed Margaret's unhappiness. It only cawed every now and then but did not dare misbehave.

"This place isn't fun," Margaret said, rubbing her shoulders for warmth in the cold night. The Ancestral Dragon tilted its head at her in curiosity. "Want me to bring you somewhere interesting?"

"Caw!" It did not refuse at all and was very eager with Margaret's proposal. The Ancestral Dragon might have built an initially close relationship with Zen because of the imprinting but after being taken care of by Margaret, the dragon seemed to have grown closer to the young woman.

Margaret stood up. "Let's go then," she said, opening her arms and allowing the Ancestral Dragon to happily jump in her embrace.

A purple haze surrounded Margaret and coiled around her body while her eyes glowed a dim purple. The purple smoke slowly enveloped her until her entire body disappeared and stepped into the Purple Power World.

The old man had told her that once she entered the Purple Power World, his wife would be sure to find her. She wanted to test that out now for herself.

The Purple Power World, contrary to its name, was not a complete world but a shattered one.

However, despite its state, it was still significantly bigger than the great world.

"Caw! Caw!"

the Ancestral Dragon cried out with glee once it entered the Purple Power World, seemingly pleased with what it saw. It circled around the vast, limitless space and constantly let out its lively caws.

The Purple Power World was big and empty but Margaret wasn't scared of anything at all. This place gave her a sense of security, as if she belonged here and it belonged to her.

She looked around for a bit before sighing, "The old man told me that someone would take me in as her disciple. Did he lie to me?" She curled her lips, unhappy with the possibility of having been fooled.

She was initially averse to cultivating. However, Zen made her think otherwise. She imagined a wonderful future with him where she could stand proudly at his side once he rose to the top of the universe. It would be her greatest happiness if she managed to help him reach his goals and fulfill his destiny.

The urge to cultivate as soon as possible was driven by her excessive need to stay by his side.

'By then, I'll be a thousand times stronger than you, ' she thought in confidence as she imagined Letitia in a red dress, facing her as an enemy.

'Cultivate! I want to cultivate too!

Even if my master doesn't appear, I will still cultivate, ' she thought in determination. A firm and resolute expression appeared in her eyes, signifying her strong commitment to walk the path of a warrior for love.

"Whoosh..."

With a light wave of her hand, a gigantic sword descended from the sky.

"A sword..."

"Whoosh..."

"Two swords..."

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Countless gigantic swords were summoned and descended upon the Purple Power World.

These nine hundred and ninety-nine swords were densely packed in the sky, arranged by a certain order. These swords would normally disappear and return to their original positions after slashing down.

However, Margaret was currently in the Purple Power World and her summoned swords did not return to their original positions.

These swords were controlled by warriors from different sky regions of the Purple Power World.

In the Southern Sky Region, a large ship decked in precious jewels glided in the sky. At the bow of the ship stood a woman, seemingly around 30 years old and still charming with her fair, exquisite face.

Her purple robe floated elegantly around her figure as the wind whooshed past the ship. However, this serene image was quickly interrupted by the sight of huge swords dropping rapidly from the sky.

The woman frowned. "What's going on?"

The gigantic swords of the Purple Power World had the ability to penetrate space and arrive at their destination in an instant. This could be considered as a type of Law of Causality so that no matter where a warrior was, in this world or another, they could make use of these swords so long as they had the Purple Power Body.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1258 Sword River

The fact that the swords weren't returned immediately after being borrowed was a nuisance. Instead, they had been pulled down from the Southern Sky Region, attracting the attention of the purple-robed woman.

'Could it be that someone is practicing the Colorful Sword Array?' she thought curiously.

The Colorful Sword Array was a kind of sword array in the Purple Power World. For a cultivator to practice it, eleven thousand colossal swords had to be used.

But what happened soon after made her disregard the assumption completely—the number of gigantic swords that were pulled out of the deep sky before her increased.

At first, only one or two swords fell. In the next moment, the number grew to dozens, then hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands…

There had to be over a hundred thousand swords coming down—the number of great swords left in the sky of the Southern Sky Region was dwindling.

"So many are coming down. Is the person taking them as some kind of food?" The woman's expression shifted entirely.

Although there was a great number of swords in the Purple Power World, there were also quite a lot of martial artists that possessed the Purple Power Body. Countless great swords would be borrowed out every day.

But usually after these swords fell and fulfilled the task, they would be returned immediately. It was a rather normal thing to witness the swords constantly flying away and coming back.

Very few people would ever attempt to summon all 99.9 billion great swords in one go—such a person who could do that would need to at least possess the first-rank Purple Power Body, which was the black-purple body. But warriors at such a level were already powerful in themselves and normally didn't need to use the swords. Although the weapons were powerful enough to destroy a great world, they weren't much of a threat to the most powerful masters. In dealing with the masters, these swords only served as an intimidation tactic.

In the instance of two masters fighting against each other, if one of them had the ability to summon numerous swords, then the warrior could wipe out all the disciples and supporters on the other side.

Still, it was a rare occurrence. A year ago, the giant swords in the Southern Sky Region had once been summoned away on a large scale. Although it wasn't clear who had done it, the astonishing number of swords being summoned away was enough to attract the attention of the powerful masters of the Purple Power World.

Only when a high-rank Purple Power Body appeared could it be possible. At the very least, a third-rank blue-purple body or a second-rank exact-purple body warrior would be able to achieve it.

Meanwhile, many people were sent to search through the Purple Power World, hoping to find which Purple Power Body was responsible.

But the search was fruitless and the powerful masters were left puzzled and at a loss.

After a Purple Power Body had woken up, it instinctively had a sense of belonging to the Purple Power World. Clearly, the woman whose Purple Power Body just woke up didn't stay in the Purple Power World for long. It was an unusual thing as the person left no clues as to who she really was. In the end, they left the matters unsettled. If the woman didn't appear on her own accord, it was impossible for them to find her via space nodes.

'Is this the woman who summoned the swords a year ago?' the purple-robed woman suspected.

Generally, the warriors of the Purple Power World were well aware of the rules—unless one borrowed the great swords to practice the sword array, one wouldn't pull the swords down for no reason. It would take an extremely high-ranking martial artist to effortlessly control the swords.

But this woman controlling the swords was going beyond anyone's imagination—she wasn't following the usual rules. Naturally, the purple-robed woman associated it with the matter from a year ago when flocks of swords went away and came back.

As she pondered, she gently stomped her feet, making the ship turn around and take a dive.

Whoosh… whoosh… whoosh…

The swords were still raining down. Some were about to run into her ship, so she had no choice but to avert the ship and avoid a hit.

"Oh… this hateful woman!" As she dodged the swords, she grew more and more agitated. Even if the person summoning the swords didn't know about the rules, she should at least have had some common sense. What the hell was she doing by pulling all the swords down there? Was she going to eat them all? They weren't food! After everything, she would have to return the hundreds of thousands of swords back to where they came from—that was no easy task.

Following the swords' trajectory, the ship dove at an increasing speed.

Soon after, the woman on the bow of the ship saw something that left her shocked and wide-eyed.

Millions of gigantic swords were gathered below. It became clear that the woman in white hadn't only pulled down swords from the Southern Sky Region, but also a great number from the Northern, Western, and Eastern Sky Regions.

Millions of weapons spiraled in the air, making more evident the river of swords. In spite of everything, it was a spectacular sight.

"This…"

Summoning the swords from other planes was a simple process—once a cultivator summoned them, they would simply slash down by inertia before disappearing. The Purple Power Body owner didn't need to operate anything after the summoning.

But these huge swords formed a river, each of them moving under someone's precise control. When every weapon reached the end of the flow, they would turn around, merging into the river like a nimble fish.

On top of that, a terrifying fact was how they did not make even a hint of noise as they surged. What did that mean? While controlling the millions of weapons, the person hadn't caused any two swords to clash together even once.

The scene before the purple-robed woman was all too strange and shocking. She wondered how strong a power could be that it could control this volume of weapons to such a degree.

Rolling up her sleeves, Margaret revealed her fair-skinned wrists. As she waved up toward the sky, her slender fingers trembled.

At that point, she had yet to understand how she should practice her skills. On the one hand, she controlled the swords by mere instinct, but on the other hand, she was feeling rather bored.

With a faint smile, she spoke to the Ancestral Dragon. "How was the show, little dragon?"

"Caw, caw!" The dragon gave a long look at the river of swords flowing through the sky and suddenly shook its tail.

With that response, Margaret smiled. "Then I'll show you more!" Suddenly, she stopped waving her hands and raised ten fingers upright.

"Hooo… hooo… hooo…"

All the swords stood upright in unison at her gesture.

"Turn!"

Swoosh!

The several million swords formed a circular vortex in a slow rotation.

Back on the ship, the scene left the purple-robed woman speechless.

The Colorful Sword Array was an extremely powerful sword array among all in the universe.

A beginner who had just begun to learn the skill had to learn to control eleven hundred gigantic swords.

Once someone completely mastered the skill, one could control one hundred and ten thousand great swords with ease. The swords, of course, were not of top-grade—if warriors in the Spirit Supreme Realm happened to be rich enough, they could forge one hundred and ten thousand low-grade sacred weapons to be used in the sword array.

But many masters in the Purple Power World could control 1.1 million great swords simultaneously—all of which were top-grade sacred weapons.

As for the super masters, they were able to control as many as eleven million great swords. In the eyes of these super masters, however, the divine weapons weren't of much value. But because they couldn't find eleven million divine weapons, they could only mix in a few divine weapons in the array.

At that moment, the one performing the stunt could control millions of gigantic swords with ease.

What was even more unbelievable was how the sword array changed according to a certain pattern. Through continuous practice, one could control the sword array more accurately—the weapons didn't form the shape of a massive sword but instead formed varying figures.

Whoosh…

The purple-robed woman adjusted the angle of the ship and passed right by the densely packed bunch of swords. A woman in white stood below her, wearing a big smile—she controlled the swords with astonishing facility.

'Indeed… she's merely playing with them…' The sight was rather disturbing to the purple-robed woman. 'She's a young girl at the Internal Elixir Realm. How could she be doing this?'

Jealousy surged within her—usually, it was easy for women to fall victim to envy when faced with someone stronger than themselves. An Internal Elixir Realm martial artist was considered as weak as a newborn baby as far as the Upper World was concerned. Strictly speaking, a warrior at such level couldn't even be considered to have passed the threshold of martial arts. Nonetheless, the girl before her was freely controlling all the swords as she pleased. It was too unfair, she thought.

Chapter 1259 The Purple Jade Building

The woman in the purple robe was jealous but she didn't let it mess with her mind. She thought that Margaret's ability of controlling the swords was amazing. Moreover, since Margaret could use millions of giant swords at will, her Purple Power Body must surely be at a high grade.

As she thought this, the woman in the purple robe controlled the large ship and descended slowly.

Margaret was enjoying playing with the swords. As her eyes flashed, she pulled them out one by one from the slowly spinning whirlpool. They came together to form words in the air.

"In the cold, long night, only loneliness comes to me when I think of you."

As Margaret gazed at the sentence in the sky, her eyes turned wistful. She might look happy as she played, but she still couldn't drive away the loneliness in her heart.

The woman in purple had already left the large ship. As she looked up at the words, a sneer took place on her face. "Such a pathetic woman!" she muttered acidly.

She fumed inwardly for a while as she thought and then said to Margaret, "With your talent, you can choose any outstanding man in the entire universe once you achieve your cultivation. Why do you have to be so miserable?"

Margaret had been too focused to notice the large ship and the woman in purple. But at the woman's words, she turned and took a long look at her before saying, "No matter how outstanding the other men are, they won't ever match up to him."

"Other men are inferior to him? I don't believe that," the woman in purple said disdainfully. According to her, Margaret only had a cultivation base that was at the Internal Elixir Realm and she didn't know anything about the Purple Power World. She must have been born in some Lower World, and she was of the opinion that warriors of the Lower World were not very remarkable.

Moreover, Margaret was just an Internal Elixir Realm warrior, which meant that the man she was longing for might not have a high-level cultivation base, probably at the Virtual Tribulation Realm. But if he was really so outstanding, he might, at most, be a Life and Death Realm warrior. And according to the woman in the purple robe, such a warrior was a mere nobody. The female warriors of the Lower World always had limited horizons and didn't know that there were far too many outstanding men in the universe.

Margaret did not want to talk about this and was a little incensed with the woman in purple, but she asked suddenly, "Are you my master?"

She had learned from the old man that as long as she entered the Purple Power World, a 'master' would naturally come looking for her. Since the woman in purple had appeared alone, Margaret's mind had immediately jumped to the thought that perhaps this woman was her master.

The woman in purple was taken aback at Margaret's words.

She was at the Spirit Supreme Realm, which meant that she was definitely competent enough to be the master of an Internal Elixir Realm warrior.

The woman in the purple robe had already figured out that Margaret was not an ordinary warrior. If she really took Margaret as her disciple, her own master would probably chase her out of the Purple Power World.

But if she informed her master about Margaret, her master would probably be overjoyed.

This thought brought the bitter taste of jealousy to the woman's heart. But she rearranged her features and a courteous smile surfaced on her face as she said, "You want to find a master here?"

Margaret replied, "Yes." She wanted to cultivate but she really didn't know how. She had learnt a few cultivation methods of the Ethereal Spirit Sect back at the Xi Clan, but they were incompatible with the Purple Power Body and couldn't be used at all.

She would be more than willing to cultivate if she had a master. The thought that she would be able to help Zen in the future and even give him a big surprise brought her a sense of satisfaction.

The woman in purple smiled. "You're qualified to have a good master. Just wait a moment. Your master will be here very soon."

The woman in purple believed that recommending Margaret to her own master would be a great deed, a chance that she would grab with both hands.

But she was not the only warrior present in the Purple Power World. Margaret had suddenly pulled out millions of gigantic swords, which would probably also shock other warriors in the Purple Power World. The woman in purple intended to introduce Margaret to her master before anyone else got a chance to meet Margaret.

So the woman in purple quickly took out a message rune and burned it. The rune she was using was naturally much stronger than the ones from the Lower World. It could even send voice messages across this supreme world.

Margaret took the woman at her word when she said that the master would be arriving soon. Margaret was pretty weak in aspects other than her EQ. Or rather, she couldn't be bothered to think too much about other things. So she picked up the Ancestral Dragon and continued to control the millions of giant swords. This time, the words she spelled out in the air were: "Staying in the pale moonlight, I miss you very much."

As she waited for her master to arrive, the woman in purple looked at the words in the air. The melancholic words rendered her speechless, but also surprised her and made her a little curious as to why Margaret missed a man so much.

She then spoke, "My master is a supreme expert of the Purple Power World. If you are lucky enough to become her disciple, you have to cultivate wholeheartedly. As for the man you love, don't even think about him anymore."

To the woman's surprise, Margaret suddenly turned and blinked, a smile gracing her face. "If you don't allow me to think of him, I'd rather not cultivate."

The woman in purple frowned, and then said, "If you become my master's disciple, I will be your senior. You should remember what I tell you today. My master is an outstanding warrior, and there are very few warriors in the universe who are qualified enough to become her disciples. You have to seize this opportunity, and once you grow stronger, you have the chance to select any young and excellent man you like! But right now, you should focus on your cultivation instead of thinking of the man you like."

"I choose to cultivate just because of him," Margaret said. "If you're telling me not to think about him, then I will not cultivate. Do you understand?"

"Oh!" The woman in purple was stunned at Margaret's words, wondering about the logic behind them. How could she cultivate just for a man? She thought about it for a few seconds and said, "Cultivating martial arts will strengthen your mind so you can break through your mental barrier and reach the top level of cultivation. You should cultivate for your own sake —think about yourself. How can you cultivate for someone else?"

"But what's so inappropriate about my wanting to cultivate for someone else?" Margaret asked, tilting her head.

The woman in purple was now in shock. She thought she should let her master persuade and teach Margaret. There was no need for her to meddle in this matter. In her eyes, it was hard to communicate with a woman like Margaret.

Minutes later, beams of purple light gathered and someone slowly appeared on the large ship.

The woman in purple turned to watch, respect replacing the shock on her features. She knelt to the ground and greeted, "Master!"

The person on the ship was dressed in a light purple robe. She was a beautiful woman, seemingly about forty years of age. The moment she had appeared, her eyes found Margaret and then shifted to the giant swords floating in the air.

She had just learned from her disciple about the woman with a high-rank Purple Power body that her disciple had discovered. Her body might be at least a third-rank blue-purple body. At this news, she had hurriedly rushed over from the Purple Jade Building.

The number of the Purple Power Bodies in the universe was huge. But most of them were light purple or cyan-purple. The light purple body and the cyan-purple body were at the sixth rank and the fifth rank respectively. The number of fourth-rank Purple Power body was extremely small. And if a woman had a fourth-rank Purple Power body, she had the qualifications to unconditionally join the Purple Jade Building.

So when her disciple had told her that there was a woman with the blue-purple body, she was eager to meet her. She believed that Margaret might have the third-rank Purple Power Body.

But she was left shocked when she saw Margaret. It wasn't a third-rank or a second-rank Purple Power Body that Margaret had. It was much higher! She had the first-rank black-purple body. How had a first-rank Purple Power Body appeared? It was next to impossible! The beautiful woman was momentarily confused.

"Master..." the woman in purple uttered softly, kneeling before her master.

Realizing that she had lost her composure, the beautiful woman said to the woman in purple, "Bridget, please stand up."

She then walked over to Margaret as Bridget went up to take the beautiful woman's arm. As they came to stop before Margaret, she asked her, "What is your name?"

Realizing that the beautiful woman was her master, Margaret bowed and replied, "My surname is Xi, and my first name is Margaret."

"Margaret Xi?" the beautiful woman asked.

Margaret nodded.

The beautiful woman then said, "I'm the leader of the Purple Jade Building. If you take me as your master, then you'll have to join the Purple Jade Building."

Chapter 1260 The Soul Enchanting Building

The Purple Jade Building was extremely famous in the universe, but Margaret didn't know about it and also could not totally understand what the beautiful woman said.

Although she had to join the Purple Jade Building if she wanted to become the beautiful woman's disciple, Margaret didn't mind it at all. With a smile on her face, she said to the beautiful woman, "Okay! No problem!"

At this moment, the beautiful woman raised her head to take a look. Those large words that were formed by the giant swords seemed to form a poem which showed how much Margaret missed a man.

Thus, the beautiful woman frowned and said, "The cultivation method of the Purple Jade Building emphasizes pure heart and few desires. If you still have any ties with the mortal world, you must get rid of them one by one. Don't even think about anything else while cultivating here."

"What..." Margaret blinked. It was different from what the old man had told her, but she still shook her head resolutely. "That's impossible. If so, I will not join the Purple Jade Building or acknowledge you as my master!"

The beautiful woman also did not expect that Margaret would change so quickly.

But Margaret had the first-rank Purple Power Body, so the beautiful woman would not give up persuading Margaret to be her disciple.

She coldly laughed. "You are still young and immature, so I won't allow you to do any reckless thing as you wish."

Margaret didn't care how powerful the beautiful woman was, and she insisted on saying, "I will not join the Purple Jade Building! Don't force me to do that!"

When the woman called Bridget saw that her master pulled a long face, she quickly persuaded, "Margaret, my master's suggestion is also for your own good. I think you had better..."

Margaret got even more morose. She just wanted to be the beautiful woman's disciple, but she didn't know that there was such an annoying rule. At this moment, she did not say anything and was going to leave.

But just as she was about to turn around, she felt as if her body was stuck in quicksand; she couldn't move even a single step.

"Caw!" However, the Ancestral Dragon was not affected in the slightest. It leapt onto Margaret's shoulder and roared at the beautiful woman!

"This little dragon... isn't affected at all!" the beautiful woman exclaimed. The beautiful woman revealed a trace of surprise on her face.

In truth, this Ancestral Dragon was able to break free from the shackles of most of Original Laws. Even the high-grade Space Law and Time Law had no effect on it.

"Let me go!" Margaret wanted to leave here and return to the great world she had lived in. When she was unable to move, she suddenly waved her hand and all the giant swords in the sky smashed down.

Meanwhile, the beautiful woman smiled faintly and waved her hand, which caused the gigantic swords to break free from Margaret's control and return to their original positions. "You're only at the Internal Elixir Realm, yet you can control millions of giant swords. This talent is indeed worthy of praise, but to think that you can injure me with them is too much. Don't be so silly! Since you're so young, and a bit stubborn, I won't blame you for this. You should just obediently follow me to the Purple Jade Building! I will treat you well. Once you make great achievement in your cultivation, I will definitely help you choose the most outstanding talent in the universe..."

"You are not my master yet, so you don't have the right to pick any talent for me," Margaret coldly shot back. However, the beautiful woman didn't get furious. Her lips were still even curved into a smile.

Bridget, who stood at one side, was also stunned. She knew that her master had a bad temper—but even if Margaret scolded her just now, she didn't get mad. Thus, she guessed that her master really thought much of Margaret.

It was a pity that Margaret still didn't appreciate that and kept on refusing the beautiful woman's invitation. In the end, she would just ask for trouble. Bridget mentally sighed at the thought of this.

"If you don't want to go to the Purple Jade Building, I'll go kill that man and stop you from thinking of him. Do you think that is a good way?" the beautiful woman said in return after walking in front of Margaret.

"What..."

When Margaret heard her words, she quickly became anxious.

She didn't know the beautiful woman's cultivation level and strength, but she guessed that she surely must be as powerful as that old man. Even Zen didn't have the strength to fight against him. Margaret was worried and didn't know what to do if the beautiful woman really intended to kill Zen.

When the beautiful woman saw Margaret's panic-stricken face, she smiled gently. "Don't worry. If you join the Purple Jade Building and focus on your cultivation, you will soon forget about that man. After all, falling in love with someone is just of no use to a warrior..."

However, Margaret's panicked expression only lasted for a moment before she coldly retorted, "Don't even think about it. If you dare kill Zen, I'll immediately commit suicide. I won't acknowledge you as my master even if I die!"

"Zen?" The beautiful woman pondered over this name, and compared it to the names of hundreds of young, outstanding warriors in the universe who left the deepest impressions on her. She thought that Zen wasn't one of those outstanding warriors. Since he was a nobody, then there was nothing to be afraid of. The beautiful woman had her doubts before; if the man that Margaret admired was the successor of a Supreme Lord, then it would be troublesome if she killed him.

When Margaret realized that she had blurted out Zen's name, she quickly covered her mouth, and regretted it.

However, the beautiful woman did not expect that Zen, who was relatively unknown now, would become quite remarkable in the future. His name would be the one that she would never forget for the rest of her life!

"Ha-ha..."

At that moment, a wave of laughter suddenly rang out in the sky.

The voice sounded gentle and pleasant, but it was extremely enchanting. People's faces flushed and their hearts raced upon hearing the tantalizing laughter.

While the beautiful woman still remained calm, Bridget began feeling uncomfortable. As for Margaret, she was affected since her cultivation base was at the lowest level. Her face flushed and her breathing quickened when the enchanting voice entered her ears. She was Zen's woman and she wasn't a virgin anymore, so such an enchanting voice caused her body to respond unnaturally to it.

"The Purple Jade Building is a building full of nuns, and those who enter there are widows. You would be very bored if you become a disciple of this woman," the voice floated over gently. It felt like someone blew cool air in Margaret's ear, which made all the hairs on her body to stand on their ends, and caused her to tremble uncontrollably.

Not long after, a large golden bed appeared in the sky. The bed was around one hundred feet wide and over one hundred feet long, but surprisingly, a delicate woman lay on it and was not a giant.

The pretty woman was pure as a white lotus. However, her minimal clothes barely covered her svelte and curvaceous figure. Ordinary men would surely find her attractive, and even Margaret thought that the woman was extremely charming.

But what flabbergasted Margaret the most was that ten men, who were naked from the torso up, sat on the edge of the bed. All of them looked vigorous and powerful. Right now, all of them sat cross-legged with their eyes closed.

"Leah, you impudent and immoral woman! You don't have the right to scold me!" The beautiful woman was livid when she saw the pretty woman on the bed appear.

The barely clothed woman named Leah Zhao lifted her body up and coiled her legs like two thin snakes. She then placed an arm on the shoulder of one of the strong men. A charming smile lit up her face as she looked up at the poem in the sky. "Little girl, I see that you are not a virgin anymore. And you made such a gloomy poem in the sky with the giant swords because you miss a man very much, right? You should consider joining the Soul Enchanting Building. Not only can you play with all kinds of men, but you can learn about the secret female-male dual cultivation methods..."

"Bitch!" the beautiful woman hissed before Leah Zhao finished speaking.

Leah Zhao didn't get angry even after being insulted. She simply smiled and said, "There is more than one way to cultivate martial arts. Krista, we've already argued many times, but you haven't convinced me even once."

Margaret stood in her spot and hugged the Ancestral Dragon. Her mind was a mess and she felt very confused, as she had no idea who were these people she encountered.

She didn't know that there were three buildings in the Purple Power World, and that they were well known throughout the universe. The beautiful woman, Krista Hua, was the leader of the Purple Jade Building, while Leah Zhao was the leader of the Soul Enchanting Building.

However, these two buildings differed greatly from each other. The Purple Jade Building was a typical nunnery, so those who wished to enter it must have little to no desire and stop thinking about anyone or anything in their lives.

As the name suggested, the Soul Enchanting Building was indeed a tempting place for many male warriors. Plenty of bold and promiscuous girls lived there, but not many warriors dared to enter such a place.

Chapter 1261 Elder Apeiron

Yes, sex was nice but it wasn't incentive enough for men to enter the Soul Enchanting Building where few souls dare to tread.

Why? Because no matter how much pleasure one experienced in life, it would all be for nothing if he ended up dying from too much.

The women in the Soul Enchanting Building had no need to force anything on anyone. Their top-tier flirtation skills were enough to make any man never want to leave. Once caught under their spell, the men would indulge themselves in the sins of the flesh non-stop, until their bodies were drained and their life vitality greatly depleted. All their hundred or even thousand years of hard work and cultivation would all be taken away. The danger of damaging one's core power was high and the worst that could happen was death.

There was no way Margaret would join such a place. It was true that she wanted a man but that man was Zen and Zen alone.

The Purple Jade Building, on the other hand, was a place where love was forbidden which she would also never accept.

'I was tricked by that wicked old man…'

she brooded resentfully. What should she do now? She was already here. How would she be able to escape with these two people in front of her? She briefly wondered if she could use the space node to escape and go back to the Central Region. However, what if she brought trouble to Zen? This was truly a tight spot she found herself in.

Meanwhile, as these questions rushed through her mind, Leah and Krista began arguing.

The two bickered persistently, opposing each other as both were unwilling to give way. Margaret had a first-rank Purple Power Body, a very valuable asset for whoever got her as a disciple, so neither of them were willing to lose. Just as their arguing turned into screaming, an old and dignified voice called out, "Will the two of you go away!"

Both Leah and Krista froze, their argument forgotten as an old woman walked into the scene.

The woman wore a solemn expression on her face and held a cane in her hand.

Despite having shouted at each other wildly just moments before, both Leah and Krista immediately composed themselves and extended a respectful greeting to the old woman, "Elder Apeiron!"

The Purple Power World had three renowned buildings and a famous tower. One was the Purple Jade Building, the second was the Soul Enchanting Building, and the third was the Moon Building. But the one that held the absolute power over all of them was the

Apeiron Tower!

The old woman in front of them was none other than the tower's owner: Elder Apeiron!

The old woman hobbled slowly towards Margaret with the help of her cane. "Good, very good! That old fellow has found a good disciple for me!"

Krista's eyes immediately widened at the old master's words, "Elder Apeiron, I was the one who found her first…" she whined. There was no way she was giving up someone as special as Margaret!

Leah chuckled beside her. "So what if you found her first? She obviously doesn't want to join your Purple Jade Building to become a nun!"

Elder Apeiron snorted, "You were the first?" She gave Krista a cold glare before turning to Margaret and smiling warmly at her, "Little girl, give me your right hand."

Margaret was completely lost. There was no way she was going to be rash in calling anyone her master. Nevertheless, she extended her right hand timidly towards the old lady.

On her palm was a special locating rune that belonged to the Celestial Position.

Leah and Krista finally understood why Elder Apeiron had claimed Margaret as her disciple. Even if she herself was not a member of the Celestial Position, her husband was an important member of the race.

Elder Apeiron looked at Krista and asked, "Do you see it? Do you still need me to explain?"

Krista shook her head in embarrassment. "No need, Elder Apeiron. I didn't know you have already claimed her before us."

"Never mind," Elder Apeiron huffed, before turning to Margaret with a smile. "Little girl, my old man asked you to learn from a master, and that master is me."

Margaret pursed her lips. The earlier ruckus with Leah and Krista had made her lose hope of ever finding a master but the sudden appearance of this old lady revived the determination in her veins. It was only through the help of a master would she be able to improve her cultivation and stand proudly by Zen's side.

She continued to ask with a vigilant look, "You… Can I think about my man if I take you as my master?"

The question baffled Elder Apeiron, not really getting what Margaret meant at first.

Leah, who had been standing in the sidelines, burst into laughter. "Ha-ha! This beautiful girl looks virtuous but I bet she has some traits that she could develop better in our Soul Enchanting Building. It seems our place is more suitable for you!"

Margaret's face flushed beet red. "No, no, no. I didn't mean that!" The argument between Leah and Krista earlier had muddled her head and now she didn't know what she was saying. She couldn't believe she asked such a thing to a potential master.

It was a good thing that Elder Apeiron seemed to have understood her heart. She chuckled lightly and patted Margaret's hand. "My old man has already told me all about you. I know that you originally had no interest in further advancing your cultivation but now you want to practice martial arts for that man. There won't be many restrictions if you become my disciple. However, advancing will be heavily dependent on your belief and determination. Your perseverance will be rewarded if you can bear through the end for that person..."

Margaret was greatly relieved at what she heard. If it was for him, then she would never lose sight of her goal. She nodded enthusiastically. "I can!"

Elder Apeiron smiled. "Very good. Since that's the case, follow me into the tower."

"Now? Can I wait?" She had come here to find a master but she did not want to immediately enter the Apeiron Tower. Zen had just recently returned to the Central Region and she wanted to spend more time with him.

Elder Apeiron nodded her head. "Of course. You can come whenever you want! However, you have to follow me to the Apeiron Tower right now so that when you come back, you can directly enter the space node and arrive at the tower's entrance."

The first time a Purple Power Body warrior entered the Purple Power World, the space node through which the warrior entered was entirely random but could be easily changed so that the next time she came in, she could enter from the point where she left. Elder Apeiron wanted to change her space node to the place near the Apeiron Tower.

"Okay!" she immediately agreed. A self-satisfied smile made its way on her face. Elder Apeiron seemed like a kind and amiable person so Margaret felt that she could have much leeway once she became her disciple.

...

...

The couple back in their chamber had spent a romantic night.

Letitia stretched her well-proportioned body lazily and lay on Zen's side, staring at his peaceful sleeping face.

Their night had been eventful. The two of them had spent the entire night tangled together in the throes of passion and neither of them had gotten a wink of rest.

She shuffled towards Zen's chest, curling her body towards him, "Are you asleep?"

Her small frame molded perfectly with his and she felt as if she was lying down on a large, wooden boat in the middle of a peaceful ocean. Realizing that Zen was only pretending to sleep, she mischievously raised her hand to pinch his nose.

Just before she could reach it, Zen immediately grabbed her hand at lightning speed.

Letitia pouted cutely. "You're so annoying. Let go of me!"

But how could Zen let her go? He smiled and pulled her closer to his tight embrace.

"Hmph, last night you…" she started to protest once again.

Zen laughed, interrupting her before she could finish her words, "Don't mention that. You almost froze me!"

"You deserved it! You were so naughty! Be like that again and I'll freeze you to death!" she teased.

"I'm not afraid of being frozen. If you don't believe me, maybe we should do it again…" He laughed suggestively.

"No way! Do you think I'm an idiot…"

The morning was filled with soft touches and cheerful laughter. This went on for a while until they had to get up and bathe. Letitia put her hair up in a bun, revealing her small and tender earlobes. After marriage, it was customary for the bride in the Central Region to tie her hair up in a bun for three days after the wedding day. The hairstyle changed her usual cheerful and playful look into that of a dignified young woman.

Zen, on the other hand, made his way straight for the old man's place. The mysterious old man still hadn't left Cloud Hall and Zen had yet to figure out what he came here for.

The Cloud Hall had arranged a tea house for the old man to rest in. Zen found him drinking tea leisurely once he arrived.

Zen respectfully bowed before him just after entering. The old man chuckled as he saw another figure fly over from outside the tea house. It seemed that Margaret had also returned.

Zen found it weird to see Margaret look so worn out as if she had just returned from a terribly long journey. Did she leave Cloud Hall yesterday? Where could she have gone to?

He remembered the old man talking to Margaret yesterday and now she rushed over here so early in the morning. Did something happen between the two? Zen wondered curiously.

Chapter 1262 Four Years (Part One)

Margaret walked in, or rather, flew into the room with a faint smile on her face. She asked the old man in a sweet tone, "Sir, may I offer you a cup of tea?"

The old man chuckled at the softness of her tone and nodded in agreement.

The kind and considerate Elder Apeiron was the wife of this old man, and she had just become Elder Apeiron's disciple the previous night, so it was only right that she now treated the old man in front of her with great respect. However, she was currently unwilling to let Zen find out that she was trying to improve herself in cultivation.

Smiling upon the consent she had received, Margaret sifted a pot of green tea before brewing a cup and handing it over to the old man, who accepted with an ecstatic expression on his face.

He was very happy to have found this girl. Laughing loudly, he showed his happiness, "That's a good girl! No one among my disciples is so courteous like you!"

He was sure that his wife must be very grateful to him for introducing such a talented disciple to her. And now, upon discovering what a sweet and good mannered girl she was, he felt even more pleased with his discovery. However, since he was able to read her mind, he also understood the bitterness she had borne in mind at the wedding ceremony the day before. It was his pity for the lovesick girl that had made him praise her to the skies in front of Zen, whether the effort bore fruit or not.

Margaret smiled with gratitude as she prepared another cup of tea. She handed it over steadily to Zen and then retreated to one side, giving the two men some room to talk.

After Zen had taken a small sip of his tea, he turned to the old man and began to thank him, "I am really grateful for the gift you gave me yesterday. I..."

But before Zen could finish his sentence, the old man waved the gratitude off and directly continued with his own agenda, "Max and the others have returned to the Celestial Position race. The pill that I gave you is nothing impressive. It will merely help you cultivate a little faster. As for that man who was sent there by the Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, I have already asked him to leave! I don't have a name, so you don't need to ask me about it..."

Clearly, he was the sort of person who was least bothered about polite and traditional conversation starters.

Zen's mouth was still wide open for having been interrupted. Furthermore, before he could ask a single question, the old man had already told him everything he wanted to know. In fact, it was his straightforward way of speaking which had rendered Zen speechless.

The old man chuckled and drained the cup of tea in his hand in one gulp. He then turned his head towards Margaret and asked, "Little girl, please pour me another cup of tea!"

Margaret walked up to him and filled the porcelain teacup before retreating to the side once again.

Even after that, Zen didn't have an opportunity to speak as the old man continued himself, "Since you don't have a destined fate, our Celestial Position race won't be able to control your future. Therefore, I am not going to bring you back to the race."

"Really?" Zen was surprised.

The old man chuckled, "Do you feel disgruntled about that? In any case, it has been already determined. Although some old men almost fought with me over this matter, I was right after all! You are free to ascend on your own. Our race will not interfere with your path or your journey in this world and beyond."

Zen was even more confused now. He thought for a moment and decided to ask about the Tower of Crystal. Max and the others had discussed the matter with him and decided that the Tower of Crystal should remain in the Sea God Continent for at least three more centuries.

Once more, before he could even utter a single word of the question, the old man answered it, "We'll just leave the Tower of Crystal here for now. It's not going to be of much use for us, anyway."

Zen was flabbergasted. He had never seen anyone forestalling their partner in a conversation like this before. Even before the questions were uttered, this old man would answer them all. Zen had to remain silent the entire length of their discussion.

On the other hand, Margaret was quite amused and started to snigger in the corner. She had never seen Zen so embarrassed before.

Zen then began to think about the reason why the old man wasn't going to bring him to the race, but just as he moved his lips, he immediately shut them again. He was sure that the old man wouldn't let him ask it anyway.

As he expected, the old man piped up, "There's no reason for that at all! I've thought about it a lot. Anyone without a destined fate has to choose his or her own path. You possess the talent and the strength to lead the world of chaos, and yet, you are not destined for it. You will have to make a decision on your own. Nobody should interfere with your fortune or your future..."

Zen took another sip of his tea in silence. Yolande had said similar words to him just some time ago.

She was ready to fight the Celestial Position race for keeping Klein on her side. Klein was the one who had received the silver Asura title. However, she had said that she wouldn't interfere a single bit with Zen's matters. In fact, even after he had obtained the Heavenly Fragment in the past, she hadn't had any reactions and had just let Zen make the decision by himself.

Zen was indeed completely free to choose his path. But one little doubt was still nagging him. He felt that he still needed someone to point him in the right direction. He was conflicted.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1263 Four Years (Part Two)

This time also, Zen had no intention of speaking out loud, but the old man still patted him on the shoulder and comforted him, "Nobody can repeat the paths of those who have become legends, nor could they ever predict the path for those who will. No one has the right to point the way for you. Not even a Supreme Lord! But you should remember one thing: even if I don't bring you to the Celestial Position race, and even if your blood is not changed, you are already a member of our race. I believe you will remember the promise you have made in the Tower of Crystal!"

With that, the old man stood up from his seat and waved the porcelain teacup in his hands as he asked Margaret, "May I have another cup of tea?"

Margaret smiled and walked over to fill his cup. After the old man drank his third cup in one gulp too, he looked at the Ancestral Dragon roaming around near Margaret's feet and said, "Oh, I almost forgot, we have also decided to leave the Ancestral Dragon here with you. Okay, I must go now! See you next time!"

But Zen simply kept quiet in response. He was sure the old man would interrupt him again if he spoke.

Therefore, it wasn't he who responded to the old man's goodbye, but Margaret.

She smiled softly and asked, "Sir, what is your name? Would you mind telling it to me?"

The old man tilted his head and smiled at her. His mouth moved slightly and a slight, invisible wave of life vitality spread out towards Margaret.

After that, his figure flashed and suddenly disappeared from their sight.

'Nameless... The old man's name is Nameless. No wonder he told Zen that he doesn't have a name, ' Margaret thought to herself. The old man had finally told her his name through his life vitality. As for Margaret's teacher, she already knew that she was called 'Apeiron.'

'Nameless' and 'Apeiron.' The couple were quite famous warriors in the entire universe, even though very few people had ever actually met them.

Zen looked at her with curiosity and asked, "Margaret, what is the name of this old man?"

Margaret's lips pursed as she snorted, "I am not going to tell you!"

"No, you must let me know it! I am dying with curiosity." Zen was disgruntled. This girl was starting to keep secrets from him. How could he allow her to do that?

"No, I won't!" Margaret giggled. Her eyes were full of a desire that she tried to hide, but her body was slowly retreating backwards, towards the wall.

Zen of course wasn't going to let her go easily. He approached her in a single stride and pulled her into his arms. Since she was unwilling to tell him the truth, he wouldn't let her go before she surrendered. After a while, they almost forgot about the name, as a wave of life vitality spread out from Zen's body and wrapped itself around the teahouse. Margaret gently placed the teapot on the table, and her body fell limply into Zen's embrace.

Nobody else witnessed the joyful times they then shared with each other.

However, despite their glorious and ecstatic moments, Zen still failed to learn anything about the old man's name.

And nor could he find out what the old man had said to Margaret or where she had gone last night.

Despite his curiosity, he had to give up in the end since Margaret wouldn't let him know no matter how much he begged her. She had started to become a little mysterious in Zen's eyes. He wondered what kind of secrets this once obedient girl had begun to conceal from him. Did it have something to do with that old man from the Celestial Position race?

And Margaret apparently had her reasons for not telling the truth. In fact, given her way, if she could always stay by Zen's side without any efforts, she wouldn't give a penny's worth to martial arts anyway.

But now, she understood that the Lower World wasn't the place where Zen would stay forever. He would have to ascend to the Upper World someday, and she had to follow him.

She wanted to give him a surprise. She decided that after he ascended to the Upper World, she would enter the Purple Power World to concentrate on her cultivation, and thus, would be able to meet him in the Upper World too. As for Letitia, she might have to cultivate for about a hundred years before she could ascend, so Margaret would be the only woman staying by Zen's side at that time. This was the happy future she was looking forward to.

In the following days, besides accompanying Letitia and Margaret, Zen spent the rest of his time cultivating. Half a month later, he stepped out of the Cloud Hall and looked to the east.

The Eastern Region...

Four years had passed like a flash since he had set foot on the Cloud Road.

To most warriors, four years were almost negligible compared to their long lives. But Zen had only been twenty years old at that time. Four years was already a fifth of his past life, and in these four years, his life had almost completely turned around. He had been through a lot during this time.

"It's time to go back now. It's time to go back to the Clout Sect." He muttered to himself.

In the last four years, Zen had travelled without even a day's rest on the way. From the moment he left his home, he had never had the time to rest, and even when he was home, he hadn't had an easy time. And now he believed that he needed to pay a visit to the Eastern Region now that he finally had the time.

Chapter 1264 Return to the Cloud Sect

As he looked south, a figure appeared in his heart, shocking Zen.

The figure belonged to Aura, the eldest princess of the Burning Sky Empire who always took care of and protected him in the past. She was always dressed in green.

After Zen had left the Eastern Region, he had channeled most of his time and energy into rescuing Yan. Aura had been waiting for him in the Eastern Region, but it was only now that he got the chance to return to her.

He thought of Aura who ran about wildly in the palace with him, smashing one wall after another as she looked on, a carefree smile on her face. She didn't have high expectations, always acting like a teacher who had enlightened him about the world. She had always tried her best to do everything the right way and never demanded anything.

Zen felt a sudden sense of guilt as he thought of this.

Zen's reputation had risen rapidly within the Cloud Hall. After that, he had become very powerful and famous in the Central Region, his reputation spreading to the Eastern Region, too. This was enough to ensure Aura's safety.

Kenneth wasn't the leader of the Cloud Sect for no reason. He was not a fool. He wouldn't even dare let Aura suffer even the slightest of injuries.

Zen wasn't worried about Aura's safety. He had once promised to return to the Eastern Region, but he hadn't been able to keep his promise for a long time. According to everyone else, four years was not a long period of time. They thought Zen to be amazing, having achieved so much in the world and now returning to the Eastern Region, after having been away for such a short time. Zen had already had several chances to return to the Eastern Region before. But he had chosen to spend his time cultivating because of Yan.

This looked like Zen had left Aura behind, without contacting her during the time he had been away.

Zen could choose one of two routes to go back to the Eastern Region. One was to pass through the transmission array and enter the relics of the sixth-grade sect, and the other was to directly pass through the Central Region.

In the past, Zen would probably have chosen the shortest route and passed through the transmission array.

But Zen wasn't in a hurry right now. It was as if he had a lot of spare time that he could use to relax. He travelled east with Letitia and Margaret, choosing to pass through the entire Central Region before entering the Eastern Region.

"I've never been to the Eastern Region," Letitia said with a smile.

The two women seemed to be happy as they made their way to the east. Zen didn't know if they were still in conflict but at least now, they weren't being openly hostile to each other.

Margaret blinked and smiled. "I've never been there either, but I want to see Zen's hometown where he grew up!"

The Eastern Region was merely an extension of the Central Region. But it was still much larger than the Western Region and the other regions. This allowed the presence of the powerful Burning Sky Empire in the Eastern Region.

With the high speed at which they were cruising along, it would probably take them only a day to cross over the Central Region. But the three of them moved leisurely and treated this as an outing, their speed slowing down. It took them seven days before they arrived at the Burning Sky Empire.

Zen attracted a lot of attention as he stood at the entrance of the Burning Sky Empire with the two beautiful women flanking him.

Margaret and Letitia were very attractive, a noble aura framing them and making them look like fairies in a painting. Many people looked at them, admiration tinging their countenances.

"That guy looks quite arrogant. He's even brought two pretty women into the Imperial Capital!"

"He would get in trouble if those hoodlums even think of targeting him!"

"Are you joking? I can't even figure out the cultivation base of those three. I think they are at least in the Illuminating Soul Realm, and that man is probably an Internal Elixir Realm warrior. Who would dare take action against them? The noble clans? In that case, they'd be asking for trouble if they dare do so!"

Some commoners and warriors began to quietly discuss among themselves.

The three of them stood there, impervious to these discussions.

In the Eastern Region, the Internal Elixir Realm was the highest level of a warrior's cultivation base. Kenneth, the leader of the Cloud Sect belonging to the Cloud Hall, was the strongest warrior in the entire Eastern Region.

Letitia and Margaret were not interested in the Burning Sky Imperial Capital. Letitia controlled the Cloud Hall, which was equivalent to controlling the Cloudy City. And compared to the Cloudy City which had many, many clans, the Burning Sky Imperial Capital was almost nothing.

Margaret had grown up in the Ethereal City, a big city that was famous for its resources and foundation. It had been destroyed by the Heavenly Evil Sect, but in the past, even the big cities of the Central Region had been nothing to the members of the Ethereal City.

Zen was on a completely different emotional plane, sighing as he looked upon this place.

As Zen and the two women arrived at the entrance of the Cloud Sect, there seemed to be some sort of event going on. Several stewards of the Cloud Sect stood on the flying chariot, guarding the gate.

When one of the stewards saw Zen walk over with Letitia and Margaret, he looked shocked.

The steward could not figure out Zen's and Letitia's cultivation levels. But he could recognize that Margaret was at the Internal Elixir Realm.

Margaret's fighting strength might not have been as good as some mighty warriors at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm if she didn't rely on her Purple Power Body to fight. But as she was an Internal Elixir Realm warrior, she could still intimidate some warriors, especially in the Eastern Region where the Internal Elixir Realm warriors belonged at the top.

The steward approached them on the flying chariot and jumped down from it. He folded his hands at the three of them. "May I know why you've come to the Cloud Sect?"

Zen looked at the steward and after a moment, laughed. "Steward Cao, don't you remember me?"

Steward Cao had guarded the Lake of the Magical Fish in the past. It looked like he had been demoted to the position of a patrolling steward.

Steward Cao looked at Zen, confused, but as he recognized him, shock and surprise took their place on his face.

He had felt that Zen seemed a little familiar in the beginning, as if he had seen him somewhere else.

But Zen had left more than four years ago and in these years, he had turned from a teenager into a strapping young man. His strength had increased by leaps and bounds. He had refined his body several times and his physical body had changed a lot. He also had a different aura now.

That was why Steward Cao hadn't recognized him.

Surprised recognition lit up his eyes.

Zen!

Even though a lot of information could not be spread to the Eastern Region from the Central Region, people could still learn a few tidbits through the Cloud Sect.

And Zen was a disciple of the Cloud Sect in the Eastern Region. So it was obvious that the Cloud Sect would pay attention to his movements. As long as there was a chance, news of Zen's every move would be spread to the Eastern Region from the Central Region.

As he watched Steward Cao's face bloom in surprise, Zen nodded and raised a finger to his lips, indicating for him to keep silent.

Steward Cao nodded and controlled himself from shouting out loudly.

When Zen had trained at the Lake of the Magical Fish, Steward Cao had noticed Zen's remarkable performances. He had even tried to report Zen's great performance to the top leaders, but was stopped by several saints.

Kenneth had punished those saints, one even killed, in the All Peaks Competition. But once that was over, those saints had begun trying to get back at Steward Cao because of the humiliation they had faced. But Steward Cao wasn't the reason behind Kenneth's fury. Those saints had later found a reason and demoted Steward Cao to the position of a patrolling steward.

"Why have you been demoted?" Zen asked curiously.

Steward Cao was overjoyed, guessing that Zen was in a very high position now. He probably would not be able to get any benefit from Zen, but since Zen had himself asked about it, there might be a chance that Zen could help him be promoted to a higher position. It might be difficult for someone like Steward Cao to achieve something, but Zen might be able to help him get what he wanted just by giving an order.

So he briefly told Zen about what had transpired.

Zen nodded, but before he could say anything, Letitia frowned and said, "I have never been to the Cloud Sect before and had never expected such a boring thing to happen in a second-grade sect. I wonder how Kenneth manages the sect. If I meet him, I'll have to punish him for that."

Steward Cao's jaw dropped a little as he heard Letitia refer to the Cloud Sect leader by his name. She was blaming the leader? And would she do that to his face? Who was this woman?

Steward Cao did not dare ask, but he was secretly trying to guess Letitia's identity.

As he saw Steward Cao's expression, Zen smiled. "Alright. Since the top leader is paying attention to this matter, I believe there should be no problem at all."

"The top leader?" At Zen's words, Steward Cao mustered enough courage to ask, "This fairy-like lady is..."

"She's the leader of Cloud Hall," Zen said with a nonchalant shrug.

Chapter 1265 Aura's Whereabouts

The Cloud Sect was a second grade sect affiliated to the Cloud Hall.

But to a majority of the disciples and stewards in the Cloud Sect, the Cloud Hall was a legend.

There were very few disciples in the Cloud Sect who could enter the Cloud Hall.

The All Peaks Competition was held every three years, and only the top three from the competition would earn tickets to the Cloud Road. But there were hundreds of thousands of disciples in the Cloud Sect, and they had only one in a hundred thousandth chance to enter the Cloud Road.

Besides, the elites of the Cloud Sect would have to compete with the disciples of other four second-grade sects.

The leader of the Cloud Sect could only be considered a steward in the Cloud Hall, at most. He didn't even have the qualifications to become an elder. It could be deduced from this how high and mighty the Cloud Hall was.

Zen had no intention of hiding anything, so he told Cao everything about Letitia's identity.

But he had overestimated Cao's ability to accept this. Cao's mouth was wide open as he looked at Letitia, his face fearful. He was lost for words at the moment.

There were some elders from the Cloud Hall who had visited the Cloud Sect before. But the leader of the Cloud Hall had never personally been here. For a moment, Cao could not tell what was going on, but he was quick to recover. He bowed to Letitia and said respectfully, "I feel honored that Master Ning has personally come to the Cloud Sect. I will report this to our leader immediately!"

It was up to Kenneth to judge if the person before him was the leader of the Cloud Hall or not. Cao only needed to perform his duty and pass the information to the leader.

With that, Cao jumped onto his flying chariot and rushed into the Cloud Sect.

"Cao, why are you in such a hurry? What has happened?" one of his companions asked.

But Cao didn't have the time to talk to him. He didn't pause, ignoring the steward as he headed straight to the hall.

"Crazy idiot!" the steward cursed at Cao. The other stewards were also baffled. What had just happened? They turned, only to find three people standing at the entrance of the Cloud Sect, the cultivation level of whom they couldn't figure out. They were all startled and then became anxious as they thought of how Cao had left in a hurry.

It didn't matter who these three people were. All they knew was that they weren't someone they could afford to offend.

Moments after Cao had left, a burly figure rushed over to the entrance. It was Kenneth, the leader of the Cloud Sect.

"Master Shi!"

"Master Shi!"

The stewards were good at judging situations through people's expressions. As they watched Master Shi hurry over, they assumed that the three people standing at the entrance of the sect were someone important. But they didn't have a clue who these three people were.

When Kenneth arrived, he first saw Zen and was pleasantly surprised. When he saw Letitia, his expression became respectful. "Greetings, Master Ning! I did not know that you would come in person. I'm sorry I didn't come out to greet you. Please forgive me!"

Letitia rarely showed up in the Cloud Hall. Kenneth was only a steward and despite having held the position for so many years, he was still not qualified to ascend to the position of an elder since his cultivation had stopped at the Internal Elixir Realm.

The stewards' hearts began to race as they heard the name 'Master Ning' and saw the courtesy with which their leader was treating the woman.

There was no divine kingdom in the Central Region, but the leader of the Cloud Hall enjoyed a status on par with that of an emperor of a divine kingdom. The Eastern Region, where the Cloud Sect was situated, could only be considered as an annexed territory of the Cloud Hall.

They had never thought that the leader of the Cloud Hall would come to a place like the Eastern Region. And what was she doing here?

But the stewards were swift to react. They followed Kenneth and bowed respectfully to greet Letitia as they said, "Greetings, Master Ning!" In actuality, with their strength, they weren't qualified to meet and bow to Letitia. But no matter which rank they belonged to, all warriors hoped to reach higher levels through hard practice. Although the chances of them becoming Letitia's subordinates were slim, they still treasured the chance to pay their respects to the supreme leader.

Cao hurried back on his flying chariot. The moment he saw everyone bowing to the fairy-like woman, he knew for sure that she was the leader of the Cloud Hall.

He jumped down from the flying chariot and stood alongside the other stewards, greeting Letitia with a low and respectful bow.

Letitia looked at Cao and said, "I've heard something about the saints. Cao is a dutiful person, why would he be relegated-"

The moment Letitia uttered the words, Kenneth's scalp began to tingle in nervousness. How could he not be nervous when the leader was questioning him? He suddenly remembered what had happened to Cao in relation with Zen.

At the time, he had indeed gravely punished the few saints who were involved. However, these saints had deep relations with the seven noble clans, and he could not suppress all of them. Since Cao did not have any background, he had assumed that the saints had retaliated against him.

But he was a leader of a sect and he had so many affairs to deal with. How could he have the time to attend to every single thing that happened in the sect? But this time, Zen had arrived and happened to meet Cao, which was how Letitia had gotten wind of this. Kenneth felt a sudden deep resentment towards those damned saints. He would take drastic measures to clean them up once the leader of the Cloud Hall left.

"It's my fault. I failed to govern with the necessary stringency and I let some subordinates go unpunished. I will overhaul the Cloud Sect. As for Cao, I will give him justice and the position he deserves," Kenneth said, bowing even lower.

The other stewards looked at Cao and felt their hearts tighten. The leader of the Cloud Hall had personally asked about Cao and Master Shi had promised him a position. It was a given that Cao's fate was now going to change. "If a wall starts tottering, everyone wants to push it," or so the saying went. Ever since Cao had been removed from his original position, this group of stewards had often bullied him. But now, luck had turned in Cao's favor.

Cao was now excited. He hadn't expected his fate to change with just a few casual words!

Letitia smiled at Kenneth's seriousness and nodded. "Alright," she said. "I'm here to accompany Zen on his travels. You don't have to be so nervous."

Relief flooded through Kenneth. This was the first time in history that the leader of the Cloud Hall had personally come to the Cloud Sect. He had been frightened to have been questioned by Letitia in the beginning.

"Take it easy, Master Shi. Don't be so nervous," Zen said to him with a faint smile.

"Please don't call me 'Master Shi' anymore. Just address me by my name," Kenneth replied rather obsequiously.

Strength decided one's position in the world of martial artists. Zen had left the Cloud Sect, but his strength had long since reached a level that Kenneth could only look up to. He felt a little ashamed and flustered as Zen called him a master.

Zen, however, answered seriously. "I'm from the Cloud Sect, it's normal to call you master. I don't think there is anything inappropriate."

Kenneth felt he had no choice but to accept it, since Zen was insisting so much. He sighed with emotion. He could see that Zen was someone who placed a high value on old friendships. In fact, Kenneth had done nothing to help him before Zen had taken part in the All Peaks Competition. Zen had earned all the resources he had relied on for practice through his own efforts. Kenneth had not expected Zen to become the strongest warrior in the Central Region within just a few years.

Kenneth knew all about Letitia and Zen's wedding ceremony which had taken place a while ago. But the Cloud Sect had only sent them a lavish gift. The people who were invited to the wedding ceremony were all leaders of the third-grade sects. Although the Cloud Sect was affiliated to the Cloud Hall, it wasn't qualified enough to attend the wedding ceremony since it was only a second-grade sect.

And now, Zen had suddenly returned to the Eastern Region. It was true that Zen's family was in the Eastern Region, but what concerned Zen the most was still the Sky Princess Aura.

Letitia and Margaret followed Kenneth and Zen for a tour of the Cloud Sect.

As they moved ahead, Zen asked Kenneth through his life vitality, "Master Shi, where is Master Su?"

Kenneth had expected Zen to inquire about this, so he replied truthfully, "After you left the Eastern Region, Aura was still confined in the royal palace. But half a year later, I brought her back to the Cloud Sect. She then returned to Drizzle Peak and did her job as a master."

Kenneth had promised Zen that as long as he was around, nobody could harm Aura. He said that he couldn't help Aura grab the throne, but he could guarantee her safety.

A year after the promise, when news of Zen's rise in fame in the Martial Arts Contest reached Kenneth, he changed his mind.

Kenneth knew of the relationship between Aura and Zen. He knew that in the future, Zen would definitely become a core member of the Cloud Hall.

Kenneth arrived at the Burning Sky Palace the day after he had obtained information about Zen's achievement in the Martial Arts Contest and kicked Ray off the throne in front of all the civil and military officials. He then released Aura from her house arrest.

Chapter 1266 Battle

After Kane disappeared, Kenneth was the only representative of the Cloud Hall in the Eastern Region, so who in the Burning Sky Palace could stand against him?

The Burning Sky Empire was merely an empire of mortals. They were as weak as infants in front of the warriors. No matter who the emperor was, what the powerful warriors decided was taken as the final word.

The officials of the imperial court were stunned at seeing what had happened, but no one dared say anything about it. As for the several Internal Elixir Realm warriors who lived in the Burning Sky Palace, none of them were willing to meddle in the matter.

Kenneth had given Aura two options. The first had been to depose Ray and ascend to the throne. The second one was to head for the Central Region to be with Zen.

However, Aura's decision surprised Kenneth. She did not choose to kill Ray to become the first empress of the Burning Sky Empire. She also did not leave the Eastern Region. Instead, she went back to Drizzle Peak of the Cloud Sect to continue to be a master.

Kenneth told Zen about what Aura had done while he had not been present in the Eastern Region.

Zen nodded lightly, a smile appearing on his face. It had to be said that Kenneth had done well enough. However, it surprised Zen that Aura was willing to stay at Drizzle Peak permanently.

The two of them spoke through life vitality. "What are you guys talking about?" Letitia asked curiously.

"Uh..." Kenneth was filled with embarrassment. Since Zen was using his life vitality to communicate with him, he naturally did not want to let the two women next to him in on the conversation. Kenneth could not reveal what they were talking about. He did not know what to say to Letitia.

Zen smiled. "It's nothing," he said. "Just some events that happened at the Cloud Sect. Tia, Margaret, now that you two are here, you should ask Master Shi to take you around. I have something to deal with."

Margaret stayed silent, her eyes fixed on Zen. When she saw the gleam in his eyes, she immediately guessed at what the matter was.

On the other hand, Letitia could not figure out what was going on. "What is it?" she asked again.

"Master Ning, please follow me," Kenneth said quickly. "I will be showing you the various peaks of the Cloud Sect later..."

Zen made up an excuse and left. Margaret and Letitia followed Kenneth, heading straight to the other direction.

The moment Kenneth entered the main hall, he asked the maids to serve them food. However, before they could enter the hall, Margaret came to stand at the gates.

Letitia glanced at Margaret. "What are you doing?"

Margaret smiled. "Nothing. I can sense that something is wrong."

"What's wrong this time?" Letitia asked her.

Margaret did not respond to this. She raised her head and entered the main hall.

Letitia frowned, not knowing what was going on in Margaret's head. She stepped forward cautiously and blocked Margaret's path, asking, "What exactly happened? Is this about Zen?"

Margaret, of course, knew Letitia very well. She could tell that Letitia was clueless about this. However, Margaret did not want to interfere in Zen's matters, or rather, she did not dare meddle at all. Letitia had no such qualms. Margaret kept her in suspense just to lure her into questioning about what had happened.

Needless to say, Letitia was curious about Margaret's behavior.

Margaret smiled. "Yes, but I think we should not meddle in his affairs."

"What on earth is going on?" suspicious, Letitia asked her in a low voice.

In the hall, Kenneth had already ordered the maids to prepare tea and dessert for Letitia and Margaret. Even the tables and chairs had been arranged for them. He was now patiently waiting for them to enter the hall. For a moment, he considered gathering the elite disciples of the thirty-three peaks of Cloud Sect together and letting them perform their martial arts before Letitia.

However, the two women still stood at the entrance, chatting in low voices.

"Zen was born in the Eastern Region," Margaret said indifferently. "He is not a man who associates with a lot of women, but I think he is still affectionate toward someone here. I wonder who that person is."

Letitia was obviously jealous at this. She was not like Margaret. Eager to be the best and possessive about everything, she could not stand to share the man she loved. Allowing Margaret to remain by Zen's side had already touched a nerve. Now it seemed that Margaret had not been the first woman she had to endure at all. Perhaps not the last one either!

Although Letitia tried her best to be in control of her emotions, the expression on her face betrayed her discomfort.

Seeing how upset she was, Margaret giggled. "It is okay for men to have several wives. If a man doesn't have at least a few of them, that would be considered abnormal."

"Nonsense!" Letitia rushed into the main hall. Before Kenneth could get a chance to lead her to her seat, she sat down by herself in a huff, leaning against the giant dragon throne in the middle of the hall.

Seeing the indignant expression on Letitia's face, Kenneth tensed up, not daring to speak.

Margaret walked up to Letitia calmly and sat down beside her. "No matter what, this is Zen's choice," she said to her seriously. "He is already your husband, so you can't be this angry at him."

Although Letitia and Margaret were not close like sisters or even on good terms with each other, they seemed to live in harmony for they had stayed together for quite some time. Now, sharing such an experience of misfortune, they had pity for each other.

"Don't you want to go and have a look?" Margaret suddenly said in a low voice.

Letitia didn't even think before replying, "I don't want to!"

"You really don't want to?" Margaret slid closer to Letitia.

"I don't want to..." Letitia's words were clearly not as resolute as before. Seeing the mocking expression on Margaret's face, she said, "Let's sneak over then."

Kenneth tried to intervene, hesitating for a while before Letitia interrupted him coldly. "Kenneth, where is Zen?"

Surprised, Kenneth did not know how to answer her. Once again, an awkward expression surfaced on his face.

"Do you want me to look for him myself?" Letitia asked as she stared at Kenneth.

"I wouldn't dare do that. Zen went to Drizzle Peak. I will lead you there," Kenneth responded almost immediately.

Letitia was the top leader after all, so Kenneth would rather offend Zen than her. Besides, Zen was a man more magnanimous than a woman. Even though Letitia was usually decisive, Kenneth didn't believe that she could be generous in matters of affection.

With Kenneth in the lead, the two women went straight toward the Drizzle Peak.

A few months ago, to resist the black energy, Zen had destroyed the mountains of the great world. However, in the end, he had preserved those of the Eastern Region, including the Drizzle Peak.

Otherwise, the thirty-three peaks of the Cloud Sect would have been annihilated at the time.

Staying at the bottom of the mountain for a while, Zen flew upward.

The mountainside of Drizzle Peak was where the outer disciples lived. Above the mountainside was where the masters were. When Zen flew over, he saw a large number of warriors gather there.

"The battle ring?" Zen's eyes flashed as he took a long breath. He slowly approached them.

Two disciples in black robes could be seen fighting on the battle ring.

'Why are the inner disciples fighting here?' Zen thought, a bit puzzled. A smile split his lips when he spotted someone. "There's Nory!" he muttered.

Nory had been Zen's first friend when he had entered the Cloud Sect. His temperament had clearly undergone a great change; different from what it had been when before. Most importantly, he had already become an inner disciple.

His talent was average and he didn't have enough willpower. Most of the time, it was only because of Zen's encouragement that Nory was able to brace himself and progress on his cultivation. Back then, Zen had stepped up and taken action against the master of the Mo Clan because of Nory...

It seemed that after he left, Nory had put in a great deal of effort into his cultivation. At the moment, he was standing on the battle ring, his life vitality exploding through. But his opponent's strength was not to be taken lightly, who might be even more powerful than Nory. However, Nory's willpower was unmatched. No matter how strong the opponent's counterattack, Nory could resist it. He would not be willing to retreat or give in.

Nory had indeed changed...

Zen sighed silently, but as he continued to observe the battle, he frowned.

The other warrior on the battle ring was obviously much stronger. He seemed to fight Nory effortlessly. There was an obvious playful expression on his face as he continued to strain Nory with his attacks. It was noisy but Zen could still hear the warrior's comment. "You people are delusional. The Drizzle Peak doesn't have it in them to be ranked as number one among the thirty-three peaks!" he spoke with a sneer. "Only Zen was the outstanding one here. After he left, this place turned just as ordinary as before."

Chapter 1267 They Met Again

The inner disciple's face reflected his arrogance and craziness, his attacks getting fiercer by the minute.

But a greenish gray aura remained on the surface of Nory's body. His opponent wouldn't be able to knock him down even if he let out a shower of attacks against him.

The aura seemed unique, indicating that perhaps Nory had had his own fortuitous encounters.

"Nory, you can do it!"

"You can't lose to this guy from Skytop Peak!"

"Defend our dignity! We are the Number One peak!"

Zen smiled at the crowd's cheers. This battle was between the Skytop Peak and the Drizzle Peak.

The Drizzle Peak had ranked first back when Zen had defeated Rocher and Patrick. Rocher was from the Skytop Peak, which ended up second. It was completely unexpected that this situation had remained the same to this day.

Bang!

Nory had blocked many of his opponent's attacks, but one finally made it through to hit him and sent him flying to the edge of the battle ring.

The black-robed disciple sneered as he walked towards Nory. He raised the weapon in his hand and asked, "Are you going to roll off yourself, or should I help you with it?"

Nory gritted his teeth and then stubbornly clenched his jaw. The life vitality within his body began to gather. Despite his disadvantage, he still wanted to retaliate.

"Looks like you won't give up. I'll simply have to disable you then!" The disciple of the Skytop Peak sneered again, raised the weapon in his hand and was about to smash it down on him.

A voice sounded from across the crowd. "Enough!"

The crowd parted as a woman made her way to the front. She was wearing a yellow waistcoat over a light yellow dress that accentuated her slim figure. Her face was as beautiful as a fairy's, but it had been four years and she had become more mature.

"Master Su!" Zen murmured as his eyes lit up.

Aura did not see him as he was floating in the air. She walked up to the side of the battle ring and said to Nory, "You've done well enough. Surrender, Nory."

"But Master Su—" Nory hesitated, unconvinced.

Aura smiled and said, "This is not perseverance, but recklessness. A warrior should know when to surrender."

As she looked at Nory, Aura was reminded of Zen. After all, not everyone had talent like Zen's. While perseverance was a very important quality, it was only when used together with talent that one could achieve the greatest of heights.

But it looked like Aura's words didn't have an effect on Nory, who stood up and charged at his opponent.

"You're courting death! Since you refuse to admit defeat, I will disable you!" The inner disciple sneered again as he increased his speed. He landed a lightning-fast kick at Nory, knocking him to the ground, and then raised his fist and punched his belly.

Aura frowned. She wanted to stop him, but she was still too slow.

A figure flashed out of the sky and landed inside the battle ring. He gently pushed the inner disciple away from Nory.

At this push, the inner disciple felt a force that he could not resist, and stumbled a dozen steps backwards before coming to a stop. He stared darkly at Zen.

Nory had originally thought that he was going to suffer a miserable defeat, but this figure had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. He raised his head to look at the figure in white, but his expression quickly morphed into one of utter disbelief.

"It's... you!" Nory didn't know how to address Zen in that moment.

A few inner disciples, led by Wurth, emerged from the crowd.

They had also been watching the fight between Nory and the inner disciple, but they hadn't expected anyone to appear and interfere with the fight. Wurth and Zen were familiar with each other, and though Zen's temperament had changed, Wurth was still able to recognize him after years of not having seen him.

"Zen!"

"It's really Zen!"

"Zen is back!"

At first, many disciples of the Drizzle Peak hadn't recognized Zen, but after someone had shouted his name for the first time, it seemed like everyone had awakened from a deep slumber. The mountain seemed to boil with excitement.

The name Zen was the glory of Drizzle Peak.

Any news of Zen's presence in the Central Region was always relayed to Drizzle Peak and spread throughout the Cloud Sect and the Eastern Region.

"Zen!" The inner disciple of the Skytop Peak was evidently shocked. The person standing before him was the strongest warrior in the Central Region. And he used to be one of the disciples of Drizzle Peak.

Aura trembled as she saw Zen. She stared at him for a few seconds before she turned on her heel and walked away, disappearing into the crowd.

Zen sensed Aura's movement and hurriedly pulled Nory off the ground. In a flash, he followed Aura, calling after her.

Aura was wearing embroidered shoes with silk flowers that she didn't bother about as she quickly walked forward. She did not know where she was going, but she wanted to leave this place.

"Master Su!" Zen chased after Aura and shouted.

Aura looked straight ahead, her expression cold and distant. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear before shaking her head and saying, "I am no longer your master."

Zen had been promoted to become one of the disciples of the Cloud Hall a long time ago, which meant that she couldn't be considered his master anymore.

Zen smiled playfully and said, "Alright. I'll call you Aura."

"I used to be your master, and I'm older than you. How can you call me by my name?" Aura said coldly, still facing away from him.

"Then how about... Sister Aura?" Zen smiled, relaxing a little.

Aura did not reply.

When Kenneth had entered the royal palace and kicked Ray off the throne, Aura had guessed that one of two things had happened.

Either Zen or Kane had returned.

She hadn't had to wait too long before she got her answer. She had heard of Zen's various achievements in the Central Region. He was comparable to any talent of a fourth or fifth-grade sect. He had been able to suppress all the talents from the Central Region when he was at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

At that time, Aura had had many choices laid out before her. Kenneth respected her choice and no matter what she wanted to do, he would try his best to cooperate.

But she had given up.

She had returned to Drizzle Peak and was quietly serving as a master.

In fact, deep down, Aura knew that she was waiting, but what she was waiting for, she did not know. Or perhaps, she did not dare admit to herself.

The path of cultivation was an extremely long one. Zen had now stepped into a new level, a level that she couldn't even hope to reach.

However, she was still waiting and focusing all her energy on the Drizzle Peak, hoping to find more talented disciples, giving them the greatest help, and hoping for a better result. Only by doing so, would she be able to be patient for a little longer.

Four years wasn't a long time, and she hadn't thought that Zen would come back. In these four years, she had heard that Zen had offended a strong warrior from the Central Region, gone missing, returned, looked for a capable doctor, and then left the Central Region for a foreign land that was far beyond her imagination, in order to save the leader of the Cloud Hall.

The Eastern Region was too far away from the Central Region, and the information had not been transmitted smoothly. This meant that every emotion stayed with Aura for a long time until the next message was sent, before being replaced by another emotion, be it excitement, worry, hope, relief, or gratification.

But Zen had returned today! 'Have I been waiting for him?' she asked herself. Her mind was a mess. She could not think straight and did not know the answer.

Suddenly, her body trembled, as a pair of hands wrapped around her.

"Let me go!" Aura said, nervousness lacing her voice.

She was still a master, even if she was not that older than the disciples of Drizzle Peak. Many disciples on the mountainside were looking at her. She felt embarrassed and shy.

At her words, Zen hugged her even tighter and didn't let go for a long time. "I'm sorry I'm late," he said apologetically.

He had promised that he would come back.

On the other side of the Drizzle Peak, Margaret and Letitia were hiding behind a rock. Margaret smiled and said, "Look! I guessed right."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1268 Go To The Fairy Palace Again

Letitia was in an extremely bad mood. "He has so many women! He's not a good guy!" she fumed.

Margaret didn't know why, but the sight of the normally dignified girl's pout made her smile. Maybe she found it endearing. Margaret wasn't sure, but Letitia's jealousy seemed to cancel the bitterness in her heart. "But Zen got to know this woman first," she teased.

"I don't care! No matter what, he's not a good guy!" Letitia huffed, her face red in anger.

Margaret tutted, "If Zen was a bad guy, he would've just left and never come back. His righteousness is what made him keep his promise."

But Letitia still adamantly shook her head as tears welled up in her eyes. "No! He is not a good guy!" she stubbornly whined.

Margaret sighed in resignation and extended her sleeved arm towards her.

Letitia flinched at her sudden movement. "What are you doing?" she asked.

Margaret ignored her question and used her sleeve to wipe away the tears from her face. "He's not a good guy, but he's still our husband," she reminded Letitia.

Her words stunned the crying girl in silence. Margaret was right. No matter what Letitia thought of Zen, at the end of the day, he was still her husband who she had to stick with through thick and thin. She knew she could get very possessive of him, but she had already known that someone like him couldn't belong to her entirely. It was time she swallowed this bitter truth.

Kenneth, on the other hand, couldn't help but feel a bit jealous as he looked at Letitia. 'Zen is really so awesome!' he thought to himself as he floated further away.

It was normal for a warrior to have multiple women. Kenneth himself had dozens of women.

Zen only had three, but the thing was, all his women were top-notch!

Letitia was the leader of Central Region's biggest sect. Although the woman beside her was unknown to Kenneth, he knew her background couldn't be simple. Zen's brides were sure to be of high status. How could they ever be compared with ordinary women?

'He just married Master Ning and held a grand wedding ceremony not too long ago, but here he is with Aura. Zen is indeed a real man!' Kenneth thought, admiring Zen from the bottom of his heart. However, he also could not help but steal a glance at Letitia. 'She looks rather furious, but there's nothing she can do about it...'

Zen took his time comforting Aura. After a while, the topic finally shifted to her father.

Kane had once been a steward of Cloud Hall, but disappeared during a mission. There was no news of him until now.

Fortunately, Zen was able to gather the information regarding Kane's whereabouts within the memories of the world's will which contained all the happenings in this great world.

A trace of sadness visibly appeared on his face. "Your father has passed away in some relic in the Central Region," he told Aura.

The girl's eyes dimmed. "Oh, is that so?" she muttered sadly. She had already expected this since her father had been gone for so long, but there was always that small sliver of hope in her heart that he was alive. Getting this information from Zen finally confirmed her fears.

"I will have Cloud Hall send someone to bring back his remains," he assured her.

Aura nodded quietly. She was more reserved compared to Letitia, and now that Zen had let go of her, she purposely put some distance between the two of them.

Meanwhile, Margaret saw that Letitia had finally calmed down. She grabbed the other girl's hand and pulled her up. "Come on."

Letitia frowned and tried to pull away. "What are you doing?"

Margaret smiled, "Let's go and say our greetings." "No!" Letitia stubbornly refused.

Margaret shook her head at her childishness. Who knew the leader of the biggest sect in Central Region could act like this. "In the end, we still have to get to know each other. How can you avoid that?" she reasoned.

Letitia bit her lip, unable to think of a reply to Margaret's sound logic.

She helplessly let Margaret drag her away as they flew towards the mountainside.

Margaret's way of thinking made her baggage much lighter compared to Letitia's. So long as she could accompany Zen to the very end, then it was paradise. It did not matter how many women he met and fell for along the way.

Zen's expression, on the other hand, couldn't be painted once he saw Margaret and Letitia arrive. He had no idea how to deal with his relationship with three women, but he had to force himself to introduce them to each other.

Margaret, fortunately, was extremely sociable and greeted Aura first. Letitia merely stood to the side quietly. The three of them looked unsurely at each other, not really knowing what to make of the situation.

Each one of them felt differently about this arrangement but it was a harmonious first meeting, for now at least. Zen felt he got lucky this time for passing this kind of test.

The next two days were spent in the Cloud Sect. According to reports, Nory, with his own strength, had regained his position in the Mo Clan. Wurth, on the other hand, had officially taken over the Zhang Clan's business. It seemed everyone managed to accomplish a lot over the past few years.

After those two days, Zen headed south, back to the Luo Clan in C County.

Although its location wasn't in the Burning Sky Imperial Capital, the Luo Clan's sudden rise in power couldn't be ignored. They had even managed to surpass the force of the seven noble clans, mainly because of Zen.

They knew his rise and fall in Central Region. He had even disappeared for two years, but no one ever dared to offend the Luo Clan in case Zen ever returned. That was how much they feared him.

This fear from others allowed Luo Clan's influence to expand rapidly, making them an unbeatable force in C County.

Zen's presence was now celebrated in the Luo Clan. He had also brought with him treasures and precious cultivation methods.

Of course, these things he brought were just mere, ordinary trinkets for him, but they were extremely valuable to the Luo Clan. Zen was careful not to give them too much of the good stuff.

Nevertheless, he helped them when he could. Zen knew he was fated to live an extremely long life and when he came back again, probably many years later, the entire clan might have already been replaced with new faces. He also knew he wouldn't be able to care for them forever since he would need to focus on his training and preparation to ascend to the Upper World.

It was a good thing that the Eastern Region was under the control of Cloud Sect, which in turn was under the control of Cloud Hall. Even if he didn't ask, the Could Sect would still look after the Luo Clan for him. However, living well would still depend on the capabilities of the clan itself. He could only hope the best for them.

A few days later, he left the Luo Clan and went west.

This confused his ladies. Since Zen had already finished his tasks, he should be rushing back to the Central Region. Why were they heading west?

Zen, of course, refused to tell them and chose to act mysterious. He simply told them that he was bringing them to a mysterious, secluded place.

This "mysterious, secluded place" turned out to be the Dragon Valley of the Cloudy Mountain. It was the location of the fairy palace that Zen had entered before.

This fairy palace was extremely strange. Aside from Zen, the only person that had ever come here was Immortal Mist.

But, even with his cultivation level at the Spirit Supreme Realm, Immortal Mist was still unable to control the fairy palace and had only managed to obtain one more token than Zen. The token he got had the character "thunder" on it. He had given it to Zen, who had initially gotten the one with "wind."

According to what Immortal Mist told him, this fairy palace did not have a name since nobody, in the entire a hundred thousand supreme worlds of the universe, had the qualifications to name it.

Zen thought Immortal Mist might've been exaggerating, but he knew that it was a place he definitely had to explore before he ascended to the Upper World. He did not know if he'd be able to obtain the fairy palace's secrets despite reaching the Life and Death Realm, but he would have to see.

"So this is where you wanted to take us?" Letitia said, looking at the empty valley.

"Follow me!" he said, walking towards a seemingly insignificant corner. He slowly walked between two bamboo sticks before a green light flashed and he disappeared right before their very eyes.

Chapter 1269 Meet Saul Again

The sudden flash which marked Zen's figure disappearing left traces of curiosity on Aura's face. This was something exotic! "Is that a transmission array?"

The Eastern Region wasn't exactly marked for its construction and presence of transmission arrays. The only one that had been built within the Cloud Sect was the one that led to the Cloud Road. Even that particular array was now in a dilapidated condition due to its lack of use and maintenance.

To transfer a person through a transmission array required the use of a supreme life vitality crystal, and even someone as powerful and rich as Kenneth would be reluctant to do that.

Therefore, when Aura saw the transmission array, she felt a little surprised.

As for Letitia and Margaret, their expressions were unfazed. Transmission arrays in the Central Region were common, day-to-day objects. Sometimes, even some commonplace merchants who were slightly wealthy enough would choose to use transmission arrays for transporting their goods. Although it was expensive, it was safe and convenient.

Zen hadn't told them where he was leading them, but in Letitia's eyes, even if this small Eastern Region had any secrets to keep, they would be nothing significant. Such a small place simply could not have some secret land.

But in any case, she was willing to accompany her husband wherever he went.

As soon as Letitia stepped into the space between the two bamboos, a white light flashed around her and she found herself in a strange place. A look of surprise appeared on her face now.

"It looks like this transmission array does not have any space channel, and I don't sense the power of the Space Law associated with it. That is unusual," she muttered.

Behind her, Margaret and Aura also passed through the two bamboos and found themselves in the same place.

The scenery around them was stunning due to the sheer magnitude of its size.

"These trees are so huge. Is this the world of giants?" Aura looked at the trees that stretched tall as a mountain, her eyes filled with shock.

At first glance, the surrounding scenery looked very normal indeed. But after careful observation for about a second or two, everything seemed to have been magnified countless times. Even the weeds that were growing below the trees were the size of a common house. It was as if this world was created specifically for giants.

Zen chuckled when he saw their shocked expressions. When he had first arrived at this place, he was only at the nature level. He had been scared by the scenery too, and at that time, there was an unbelievably large white tiger on the other side of the enchanted barrier. Fortunately, the barrier saved his life.

"What is this place?" Margaret asked curiously. In fact, to be perfectly honest, what this place was wasn't important to her at all. But seeing that Zen seemed to want to surprise them, she decided to play along. This man had her heart, after all.

Letitia and Aura were both curious in reality and looking towards Zen.

Zen smiled cunningly and replied, "Come with me! I'll show you." He began leading the way towards some unknown destination.

Hardly had he taken a couple of steps when he suddenly heard Margaret and Aura scream. A burst of life vitality rushed out from Letitia's body and she turned around, looking behind her with extreme vigilance. From behind the enchanted barrier appeared dozens of leopards.

Just like the white tiger Zen had encountered on his previous trip, these leopards were extremely large and seemed to have been magnified in all aspects. When they opened their mouths to reveal their fangs, the company saw that they were as tall as a human.

"Wild beasts again?" Zen's eyes flashed and he assured his companions, "Don't worry. They can't enter the enchanted barrier. If they try to even touch the enchanted barrier, they will die."

He was sizing up the leopards as he spoke. When he had first come here, he was only a nature level warrior and was unable to discern the cultivation level of the white tiger. But now, Zen had already reached the Life and Death Realm. Those days of blissful ignorance were long gone.

However, when he tried to size up the leopards, he was instantly left more shocked than he had ever been in his entire life. He could not discern the cultivation level of leopards either.

In theory, a level ten beast was equivalent to a Life and Death Realm warrior, a level eleven beast was equivalent to a Soul Sea Realm warrior and a level twelve beast was equivalent to a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior. What the classifications said beyond that was still unknown.

With Zen's current level of cultivation, he could easily sense the cultivation level of a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior. But he still couldn't perceive just how strong the leopards were. This could only mean one thing: the cultivation level of these leopards was still beyond his imagination.

It seemed that the location of this fairy palace and this space were still unfathomable to Zen. In fact, in retrospect, that was to be expected.

Even Immortal Mist with all his power was unable to truly control this fairy palace. He only had one more token with the word "thunder" on it than Zen. So how could Zen hope to understand the workings of this place?

Roar! Roar!

The leopards growled in a guttural voice as they slowly approached the enchanted barrier.

When Aura and Margaret heard Zen's words, they no longer looked as nervous as before. The two women had no doubts about this man's words. If he was saying that they were safe behind the enchanted barrier, then they were safe for sure.

As for Letitia, her face still looked a little pale. Although she believed Zen's words, with her higher cultivation, she could feel the strength of these ferocious beasts. These gigantic leopards actually had a cultivation level that, just like Zen, she couldn't see through. That was the primary reason she was scared more than the other two women.

Zen's expression was indifferent. If these leopards were stupid enough to pounce on him, they would end up just like the white tiger three years ago: mere skeletons.

However, the leopards continued to circle around the enchanted barrier cautiously, as if they were extremely afraid of it. In the end, they only roared helplessly in a furious tone from the other side and did not choose to send themselves to death.

The intelligence of a beast was not related to its strength. Some beasts' cultivation level was very low, but their intelligence was abnormally high. Some were even smarter than humans. On the contrary, some beasts, whose strength was incomparably high, lacked so much intelligence so as to still be considered like common garden rats.

These leopards were smarter than the white tiger by a few notches but not smart enough to instantly know they were defeated. Otherwise, they wouldn't have wasted their time in front of the enchanted barrier.

"Let's go!" Zen went up and held Letitia's hand, squeezing it and giving her a reassuring smile.

Seeing that scene, Margaret ran over with a smile. "Hold my hand, too!" She took the initiative to grab Zen's other hand before he could respond.

As for Aura, she merely smiled and silently followed behind the three.

After they traveled some distance, a fairy palace appeared before them. The gate to the palace was about ten thousand feet high. This meant that even a mountain-like giant would be able to smoothly pass through it.

"Whoa! This thing is huge!" Letitia uttered out in astonishment.

"I wonder how tall the people who live in this fairy palace are..." Margaret muttered under her lips.

Zen smiled and took the lead by stepping through the gate. Not long after they walked along the wide plaza, everyone suddenly discovered that the ground began to tremble.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Footsteps as loud as a huge drum set came their way, and two huge puppets charged out from the inner courtyard.

Seeing their enormous size and momentum, the three women let out a soft cry.

"Zen!"

"Zen!"

However, with a swift movement, Zen took out a token from his space ring. It was the one inscribed with the word "wind" on it that he had received from Saul when he had left the fairy palace last time. Saul had told him that this token would allow him to control the outer courtyard and enter the fairy palace.

It was only a token. While it was true that he was the owner of this fairy palace, it didn't grant him any authority over the place.

The two enormous puppets immediately slowed down the moment Zen brought the token out of his space ring. Although they were still striding forward, it was obvious that they had no intention of attacking the company now.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

They walked up to Zen and knelt down on one knee.

Zen nodded slightly, and then called out to the three of them. Though they were hesitant, the three continued walking into the inner courtyard.

Actually, at Zen's current strength level, these puppets couldn't have hurt him at all. However, since he had a token that allowed him to control them, he was obviously not going to waste any time fighting them.

After entering the inner courtyard, they saw a huge pond in front of them. Inside the pond, countless carps were rolling about.

Zen, who was still holding the token in his hand, walked straight into the enormous pavilion with the three women. He then began to move the statues in the pavilion and arranged them according to some rule. They managed to simply pass through the pavilion.

Soon after that, a voice floated their way. "Zen, my friend. It's been a long time. I've been waiting for you for four years now."

Not far away from them, stood a middle-aged man wearing a silken robe. This was Saul, who had given him the token the last time and who had been separated from Zen for quite a while now.

He looked like a puppet too, but a soul was hiding within the puppet.

Zen smiled and nodded at his friend. "You are right. It's been a while. How's everything going around here?"

"You tell me! In four years, you managed to jump from a nature level warrior to a Life and Death Realm warrior. Your cultivation speed can be considered quite remarkable," Saul replied. "But it's still not enough!"

Chapter 1270 The True Path

Saul's words were confusing, and Letitia's face filled with astonishment.

In just four years, Zen had advanced from a nature level warrior to a Life and Death Realm warrior. Yet Saul was saying that his cultivation speed was still not enough.

Such a fast pace of breaking through could be considered extremely rare.

At least in Letitia's knowledge, among all the years she had spent in the Central Region, she had never seen a person talented enough to have achieved such a fast speed.

Just how high were this man's standards?

However, what Saul said next made Letitia more shocked. He sighed and told Zen, "And yes. I can see that although you are only at the Life and Death Realm, your foundation is much more stable than ordinary warriors. In fact, I know that your strength is comparable to a Soul Sea Realm warrior. But it is still not enough. You cannot break through the barrier to the True Path at this level, nor can you walk on it. Although I have some regrets, you still need to cultivate for a few years before coming back."

'Not enough?' Letitia thought, speechless. Was this place still in the Eastern Region? Even a Life and Death Realm warrior was not qualified to pass through. What sort of legacy did this fairy palace have?

Hearing Saul's words, Zen did not seem to be dejected at all. Instead, he smiled and asked, "What if I have this token?"

As he finished speaking, he took out the other token from his space ring. On the token in his hand was carved the word "thunder."

This token had been given to Zen by Immortal Mist, who himself had suffered the Five Aging Processes. It had left him with only a strand of his remnant soul. If he had held onto this token, it would have been of no use, so he had given it to Zen as a gift, telling him that with this token, he could activate the True Path.

This fairy palace was of great importance. Before ascending to the Upper World, Zen was going to try his best to control the fairy palace. To do so, he had to cross the true path. It was impossible to do so without that.

Saul looked at the token in Zen's hand, and remarked in a calm voice, "That's Mist's token. I guess he's passed away now. I didn't expect him to give his token to you. Yes, with this token, you can enter the True Path without breaking the barrier. However, with your strength, even if you were to enter the True Path, you would probably not be able to pass through the first stage."

"What's the benefit of passing the first stage?" Zen asked and his eyes lit up at the prospect.

Saul replied, "There are a total of eight tokens in the fairy palace—heaven, earth, water, fire, thunder, wind, mountain and valley. Other than the 'heaven' and 'earth' tokens, it is possible for you to obtain the other six tokens. These two, I fear are beyond you."

"Six tokens? But I already have two of them; one with the word 'thunder' and the other with the word 'wind.' What if I end up with a token with the same word?" Zen asked curiously.

Saul smiled, "This will depend on your luck. There are no two ways about it."

A look of helplessness appeared on Zen's face as he asked, "And what's the use of obtaining the other tokens?"

Hearing this question, Saul waved his hand and pointed towards the entrance. "With the token of wind, you will be able to enter and leave the fairy palace at will, just like you did this time. With the token of thunder, you can enter the True Path. With the token of valley, you can enter the pill refining workshop. The token of fire allows you to enter the weapon refining workshop. With the token of water, you can enter the library. With the token of mountain..."

Like a tape recorder, Saul told Zen the use of every single token. Only after hearing his response did Zen fully understand that mastering these six tokens actually allowed him to gradually control everything in this fairy palace. However, each token could only correspond to one thing. And if he had two of the same, it wouldn't make any difference.

He didn't know why the first master of this fairy palace had set it up in such a manner. This was truly making things difficult for anyone who entered the fairy palace.

When he thought of this, Zen spoke again. "Hang on. That's only six. What's the use of the tokens of heaven and earth?"

Saul smiled and replied, "When you've gathered the first six tokens, you can ask me again. I won't tell you about it now."

Zen shrugged his shoulders. He knew Saul well enough. Whatever he was unwilling to answer, he would not answer no matter how many times he was asked. In any case, Zen had made up his mind. He would definitely enter the True Path. Back then, when he had first entered the fairy palace, he had only obtained one thing—the Sun Moon Stars Picture.

As for the weapon refining workshop, the pill refining workshop, the library and so on, he didn't even know how to enter them until now. Yet even at his current level of strength, he wouldn't be able to force his way in.

Now that Zen was ready to ascend to the Upper World, there was no way for him to retreat.

"Is the True Path dangerous?" Margaret asked in a concerned tone. She knew clearly that even if there was danger up ahead, Zen would not cower back in the slightest.

Saul replied, "That depends on Zen."

The bigger the reward, the greater the risk. It was the same as Zen's every adventure. If there were no risk, wouldn't everyone be able to obtain the reward without any effort? What good would that be?

Zen was just about to let Saul guide him into the True Path when a thought suddenly flashed through his mind. "I passed the trial last time. Can they also participate in the trial?"

Letitia had her own cultivation method, and the creature she had visualized was the ice phoenix. However, that did not mean that the Contemplation Pictures in the fairy palace were useless to Letitia, Margaret or Aura. If the three of them could enter the fairy palace to train, it would be of great use to them, and even better for them if they managed to obtain their own Contemplation Pictures.

Saul nodded and replied, "Yes, they can. But they won't be able to get any token."

Zen was the current owner of the fairy palace, and only he was qualified to obtain tokens. The previous owner of the fairy palace was Immortal Mist. When Zen had entered the fairy palace, Immortal Mist had already suffered the Five Aging Processes, and was, in fact, already a dead man, left with nothing but a strand of his soul. And now, no one else was qualified to gain the recognition of the fairy palace unless Zen died.

"Okay. Got it." Zen nodded his head cautiously as he turned around to look at the three women. He had asked for an answer from Saul, but he also didn't know if the three women would agree to accept the trial.

As expected, the three women had different reactions to the idea.

When Letitia found out about the opportunities that lay within the trial, she became very excited. As the leader of the Cloud Hall, she was as outstanding as she had always been and was also fearless of any trial or challenge that came her way.

As for Aura, there was a trace of uncertainty on her face. Among the three women, her cultivation level was the lowest and she was only at the fourth grade of the Illuminating Soul Realm. Although she was willing to participate in the trial, she lacked the confidence that she had the strength to pass it. However, Saul told her that the difficulty of this trial would be adjusted according to one's cultivation level.

Finally, there was Margaret. She was currently in a conflicted state of mind. Her cultivation level right now was at the Internal Elixir Realm.

However, if she did not use the power of the Purple Power World, she would probably be no match even for Aura. Her cultivation had been built up through resources. Her foundation was weak and unstable.

"Can I borrow some external force?" Margaret asked.

Saul sized up Margaret and replied, "You seem to have the Sky Purple Body. There are hidden space nodes in your body, and you can connect to the outside world." Then he shook his head and added, "But no. It's impossible to borrow external force in here."

Purple Power Body had a different name in Saul's mouth. Margaret did not care about the Sky Purple Body at all. Since she could not borrow any external force, she might as well skip the trial. With her current strength, she would probably not be able to pass the trial.

When she chose to give up, even Zen had no way of convincing her. Right now, under Saul's lead, Letitia and Aura were the first to undergo the trial.

The trial didn't last long. An hour later, the two women both passed easily.

Letitia looked calm and relaxed, while Aura looked completely in contrast to that. Even after she had left the illusion world, her face was still as pale as a sheet. It was only after Zen gave her a pill to calm her down that she finally relaxed.

Letitia had obtained the Cloud and Flying Birds Picture from her trial, which was only second to the Sun Moon Stars Picture.

Her talent and strength were already extremely strong, so obtaining this result was not surprising. As for Aura, her result was extremely surprising. She had actually obtained the third picture, the Nine-day Cycle Picture.

Seeing that Letitia and Aura had obtained their own Contemplation Pictures, Margaret felt a little jealous in her heart. But she still knew her own limits. If it weren't for her Purple Power Body, she would be the weakest among the three women. She swore to herself that she would cultivate harder in the Apeiron Tower in the future so that Letitia and Aura would not look down upon her.

After the two women passed the trial, Saul led Zen towards the True Path. They walked along a long, narrow road, until finally, before them appeared a pale yellow wall.

Chapter 1271 Avoiding Shortcuts

"This wall is the True Barrier," said Saul as he looked at the pale yellow wall.

Zen walked forward and stretched a hand to touch the wall. This barrier was blocking the road ahead of him. According to Saul, he would have to break this barrier if he wanted to move forward.

But since Zen had the 'thunder' token, he had the right to pass the barrier directly.

Zen's eyes flashed as he looked at the pale yellow wall. "Is it really impossible for me to break this barrier?"

"You can try if you want," Saul said with a smile.

But it was Letitia who answered with a question, "Can I have a go?"

"No problem," Saul replied.

Zen smiled and stepped aside at Letitia's interest in the wall.

Letitia liked to take challenges. She and Zen were both at the first level of the Life and Death Realm. In her opinion, there might be a gap between her strength and Zen's, but the gap should not be that great, which was why she wanted to test out her strength.

Everyone stepped aside, giving way as Letitia walked forward gracefully to stand in front of the True Barrier. Her gaze was fixed on the wall in front of her, the life vitality within her body beginning to surge.

"Aroo!"

As more and more ice crystals began to condense, an ice phoenix appeared beside Letitia.

Saul said, "It's the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess. It is a pretty good cultivation method, but this cultivation method cannot be fully mastered. It can only be considered an abridged version."

Letitia's heart skipped a beat at Saul's words.

This cultivation method was considered to be a top-notch martial skill in the Central Region. Saul was a man who had knowledge and experience that was way beyond anyone's imagination. If Saul had called the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess as something good, it would have been an extremely powerful cultivation method. But here he was, saying that it was only an abridged one!

The Sutra of Empyrean Goddess was a cultivation method that Letitia's master, Imogen, had passed down to her. Even Imogen didn't know about its origins.

"An abridged cultivation method?" Letitia asked curiously.

Saul nodded and replied, "Yes, this Sutra of Empyrean Goddess has not been completed yet. All these years, I have been flipping through all the myriad cultivation methods in the library. I know I'm not wrong."

It was abridged but Letitia had gotten too far into this cultivation method and had no choice but to stick with it to the end.

Letitia gently turned her fingers, causing the ice phoenix to coil around her arm. She looked straight at the wall, a cold chill spreading out of her body.

"She is truly worthy of being the leader of the Cloud Hall. What a formidable aura!" Aura said, a mix of shock and awe lacing her voice. Letitia's strength was much higher than her own and the level that Letitia had reached was far beyond her imagination.

Margaret snorted as she thought, 'What's so special about that? I'll become more powerful than her once I enter the Apeiron Tower!'

The ice phoenix in Letitia's hand swirled faster. The cold air that emanated from her became even chillier. The temperature in the area several dozens of feet around her dropped drastically.

As the chilliness spread out, Margaret and Aura strained to withstand it. But a stream of protective life vitality spread out as Zen waved a hand, protecting the two women behind him.

It wasn't long before Letitia's punch landed on the True Barrier.

Boom!

A snow-white mark appeared on the True Barrier at the impact, but didn't spread further. Instead, it began to shrink and a while later, disappeared.

Zen nodded as he saw the extent of the power that Letitia had unleashed. The punch seemed to have no effect on the True Barrier - the punch that no one in the Central Region could withstand the power of. Even Imogen and the other Life and Death Realm cultivators couldn't handle it.

She had entered the Life and Death Realm after restarting her cultivation nine times. Her strength was truly astonishing!

Letitia merely smiled and shook her head at the wall that stood intact. She had expected that the True Barrier wouldn't budge a lot, but she hadn't expected that she couldn't move it even an inch. That was a big blow to her.

So she stood aside, indicating that it was Zen's turn to try.

He walked up and touched the True Barrier. He could feel a trace of the mysterious Law Power hidden within, but it wasn't any of the Original Laws. He thought for a moment before asking, "This True Barrier has the Law of Causality hidden within it, right?"

Saul nodded and said, "This is a Law of Causality barrier created by the master. With your current ability, you can't penetrate it. If you don't want to waste time, I think you should just use your 'thunder' token to go through."

Zen smiled.

Zen could take a shortcut by using the token, but he knew very well that a martial artist who preferred to take shortcuts wouldn't get anywhere. Sometimes, one had to take shortcuts if there was no other choice, and some other times, one had to learn to avoid taking shortcuts. Martial artists had to constantly test their own strength and challenge their limits. On the other hand, opportunistic people could temporarily take the lead by taking the shortcuts, but they would lose out in the end. Martial artists who relied purely on shortcuts would ultimately not be able to go far.

So Zen wouldn't use the 'thunder' token to walk through the True Barrier unless he truly had no way to break it.

Standing in front of the True Barrier and looking at the pale yellow transparent wall, Zen took a deep breath and lit up the dragon scales within his body. The surging power of the dragon scales poured into Zen's body.

He activated the power of a thousand dragon scales!

Two thousand.

Three thousand.

Four thousand.

Five thousand!

His body had begun to accommodate the power of five thousand dragon scales once Zen had consolidated his cultivation.

When he had just broken through to the Life and Death Realm, the power of five thousand dragon scales had almost caused his body to explode. This time, Zen was able to handle it even though he felt a little uncomfortable.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Due to the influx of power into Zen's body, his joints began to produce explosive sounds. His body also started to expand and his body suddenly doubled in size.

"Darling, don't push yourself too much!" Letitia said worriedly as she looked at what was happening.

Aura was staring blankly at Zen, the aura erupting from his body rendering her breathless.

There was no one in the Eastern Region who could compare to Zen. Aura knew that Zen had become very strong but it was still beyond her imagination as to how strong he really was right now.

Now that Zen was gathering his strength, his entire body had undergone a tremendous change. His aura had become invincible. If a martial artist like Kenneth had faced Zen, he probably would have turned pale and teetered.

Zen had become unimaginably strong in just a few years' time. What did the future behold? What kind of a character would Zen grow up to become? A small place like the Central Region would not be able to restrain him.

Aura pondered. She still couldn't fathom how strong Zen would become. A strong sense of crisis overcame her.

She did not know that two months ago, when the old man Nameless had told Margaret about her falling out once Zen advanced further, Margaret had already taken the necessary measures. She had made a plan to improve her cultivation and that was why she had gone to the Purple Power World to find a master for herself.

The biggest problem was that Margaret had a special physique and already had a way to deal with the crisis. But what about Aura? What did she have to do to follow in Zen's steps?

She suddenly remembered that when Zen had first entered the Cloud Sect, she had argued with the old man in charge of the test to win over Zen. Now the boy had become such a powerful man she could only look up to.

She felt sad as she thought this. Zen had returned and told her how he felt about her, but she could do nothing about it. She was like a puppet, unable to change anything.

Aura was deep in thought, but Zen had already landed a punch.

Powerful energy surged out, producing an intense airflow.

Aura and Margaret wobbled on their feet as the currents moved around them. Letitia and Saul stood quietly on the spot and watched Zen's punch strike out.

Boom!

The punch landed on the True Barrier, causing it to tremble. Cracks appeared on it, but they quickly narrowed and disappeared. Zen had failed in his attempt.

Chapter 1272 The Universe Spirit Tablet

Seeing this scene, Letitia curled up her lips and said to Saul, "It looks like this barrier cannot be opened at all!"

The power that Zen's terrifying punch released exceeded Letitia's expectations, but it still wasn't enough to break through the barrier. She started to wonder whether Saul was just trying to play a trick on them.

Hearing Letitia's words, Saul looked indifferent and responded, "Zen can't break this barrier, but that doesn't mean others can't do so."

"Hmm. If even Zen can't break through this barrier, who else can?" Margaret asked indignantly. The three women had done all they could to defend Zen.

Saul couldn't be bothered to argue with these women. He directly turned towards Zen and told him, "Since you've already tried brute force, you should use the token with the word 'thunder' now. Like I said, with your current strength, you can't break through the True Barrier."

However, Zen laughed and remarked, "I don't need to use the token!" After he finished these words, a pickaxe appeared in his hand.

When Saul saw the pickaxe in Zen's hand, a hint of surprise finally appeared on his face. "The Black Star?"

Zen nodded. This time, he brandished the Black Star in his hand and without hesitation, ruthlessly smashed it at the True Barrier!

"Clang!"

The True Barrier shattered with a loud bang as soon as it was hit by the Black Star. The incomparably hard barrier collapsed like a paper under the attack of the Black Star.

Then, Zen asked Saul, "You've been staying in the fairy palace all this while, so how come you know this pickaxe?"

Saul slightly smiled and the surprise on his face faded away. He told Zen, "In this universe, numerous warriors have created their own ranking of magic weapons, but the most popular one is the Universe Spirit Tablet. After this Spirit Tablet was created, the various races from all over the world also created a copy of it. As soon as a supreme divine weapon is born, it is detected by the Spirit Tablet, and its name appears on it..."

"The Universe Spirit Tablet?" Zen suddenly raised his eyebrows.

Saul nodded and continued, "If I remember correctly, as a supreme divine weapon, this pickaxe is most probably ranked in the top 900 places. The Law of Causality within the Black Star is at a very high level. But it is just a pickaxe after all, so it is not easy to bring its actual strength into play. If it was forged into a weapon like an axe or a sword, it might be able to find itself among the top 600 or 700 weapons of the universe!"

Hearing this ranking, Zen nodded his head. He knew very little about the situation of the Upper World and was extremely curious about the Spirit Tablet. So he asked, "Are there over ten thousand weapons on the Universe Spirit Tablet? And are all of them supreme divine weapons?"

However, Saul shook his head. "The number of the supreme divine weapons is small in the universe. A small universe wouldn't be able to hold more than ten thousand supreme divine weapons."

"A small universe..." Zen's face was filled with amazement. The universe as he knew of, encompassed 100, 000 supreme worlds, and the scope of a supreme world was so vast that Zen found it hard to imagine. But Saul thought that the universe was too small. What did this man have in his mind? From his words, Zen was able to draw a conclusion. This universe seemed to have an end. What was at the end of the universe? And what existed beyond the universe?

However, it was difficult for Zen to understand such a vast and complex matter right now. It also wasn't something that Zen needed to explore right now either. He still wanted to know more about the Spirit Tablet though.

"If a supreme divine weapon is forged, it is ranked in the top 3, 000 on the Spirit Tablet. The top-grade divine weapons are over 3, 000th in the rankings. However, the top one hundred weapons on the Universe Spirit Tablet are very special. In the future, when you fly into the Upper World, you will naturally find everything there is to know about them. Moreover, I have not explored the Universe Spirit Tablet for a long time now. It is not made of cold stone. The weapons on it will constantly change according to the reaction of the Spirit Tablet... After so many years, the Black Star which can only be used for digging things has probably fallen out of the top thousand," Saul continued.

Zen nodded his head in silence. The Black Star was not a weapon for Zen, but it still came in very useful some times. "Well, in any case, I have used the Black Star to break the True Barrier. Now, take me to the True Path!"

Saul nodded. "Follow me."

Under Saul's lead, Zen and the three women continued to move forwards. Just like what Immortal Mist had said, this fairy palace was actually much bigger than what Zen had imagined.

After walking for a while, Zen saw the surrounding scenery gradually change. The high walls could no longer be seen and their surroundings were all open spaces now. There was a path with all kinds of strange flowers and plants glowing on both sides.

The path was just a common ridge of the fields in a small village. However, this path was so thin that only one person could walk on it at a time. It stretched all the way to the far end without any visible end to it.

"Here we are," Saul said simply.

Seeing the small ridge of the fields, Zen, Letitia, Aura, and even Margaret who was usually nonchalant had strange looks on their faces, "Is... this really the True Path?" Zen could not help asking.

Saul nodded his head. "Yes, there are a total of six stages to this True Path. And every time you manage to pass through a stage, you can get a token. However, it would be best if you just challenge the first stage right now. I am not even sure you can pass that at your current level of strength."

"It's just a thin ridge of the fields, why is it difficult to walk through?" Margaret smiled.

"You can try for yourself," Saul replied flatly after hearing Margaret. Although he was a bit dull, he was still a living soul after all.

"Alright, I'll give it a try!" Margaret finished speaking and was just about to step onto the ridge of the fields, when a strong hand pulled her back.

It was Zen. He asked Saul, "Will our lives be in danger if we walk on the True Path?"

"The True Path isn't a magic array, and all challenges that you will face are real, so yes... There is a risk associated with it. Generally speaking, the True Path is passable enough for warriors at the Soul Sea Realm or above. Of course, there are a few outstanding Life and Death Realm warriors who can walk on it. However, even such exceptional Life and Death Realm warriors can only walk through the first stage," Saul explained.

Hearing this, Zen immediately pulled back Margaret several more steps. Fortunately, he was able to grab hold of her. With Margaret's current strength, she wouldn't have been able to last on the True Path.

Saul's words made Letitia and the others worried. The three women did not want Zen to risk his life for this endeavor. Aura could not hold it and tried to stop him. "Zen, if it's too dangerous, you can wait and go back this time. You can come here and give it a try after your cultivation base improves and reaches a higher level."

Letitia also frowned and nodded her head. He had just broken through and reached the Life and Death Realm. It was not wise to recklessly face such dangerous challenges for the time being.

Zen stared at the ridge of the field which was extending almost into the horizon. After pondering over it for a while, he remembered that the mysterious old man, whose name he still didn't know, had given him a pill on his wedding day. At that time, the pill didn't seem to have any effect at all. However, in the following days, Zen was surprised to discover that a miraculous change had occurred inside his body. The life vitality that was supposed to gradually solidify now seemed to be liquefying, and he could feel that his cultivation base had increased several times faster than before.

Although the old man didn't consider the pill to be something valuable, Zen was clear that this pill had awakened its intelligence, and it could even escape and attack people. Besides, its strength was also very powerful. No matter what the case was, the pill's effects were far beyond Zen's imagination.

For now, all he knew was that his cultivating speed had increased greatly. Although he had spent most of the past two months with Letitia and Margaret, and had only spent a few days cultivating, Zen could faintly feel that his cultivation base had reached its limit. He thought that he would have to accept the second small Heavenly Tribulation and advance to the second level of the Life and Death Realm pretty soon.

With Zen's current strength, it would not be difficult for him to return to the Eastern Region from the Central Region and enter the fairy palace.

Although What Letitia said made sense, Zen still shook his head. He wanted to try now. "Since we've already come here all the way, how can I give up so easily?"

Saul smiled slightly. "I know you won't give up so easily, but I still have to remind you. Your true strength is comparable to that of a Soul Sea Realm warrior, so yeah, there is a chance that you might be able to break through the first stage of the True Path. As long as you can get a token, that's not too bad. You can even open the weapon refining workshop or a library with the token, which would let you gain endless benefits. So I suggest you should give it a try."

Margaret asked in an annoyed tone, "What if Zen is injured? Are you responsible for that?"

Saul just ignored her words. He could not be bothered to argue with her.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1273 Dark And Light Energies

Zen knew that the girls were worried about him. So he looked at them, assuring them with confidence, "Trust me. I'll be okay!"

The girls showed concerns of varying degrees, but since Zen had already made his decision, how could they possibly interfere?

Moreover, it was what the world was like. In the world of martial artists, except for Margaret who had grown up well-protected, everyone had to encounter dangerous situations on their path of pursuing marital arts. Aura had also experienced a few life and death situations. And Zen had saved Letitia from the jaws of death not long ago.

Once Zen had set foot on the True Path, Letitia said, "Zen has a great destiny, and I believe he will pass successfully."

Letitia hadn't gone overseas with Zen and she had no idea what kind of danger Zen had encountered during his several trips. But she was very confident about Zen's strength and luck.

Just after Zen had set foot on the True Path, mists began to rise from either side of this ridge. There were two kinds of mists, each of a different color. The mist on Zen's left was black, while the mist on his right was white.

"These mists are very strange," Zen muttered, a strange feeling overcoming him at the sight of these mists. He felt like they could turn into everything in the world.

Just as a trace of doubt arose in Zen's heart, Saul's voice floated into his ears, "These are Dark and Light energies. The first owner of the fairy palace had worked them out. You need to be careful."

At the beginning of heaven and earth, everything was in primordial chaos. It was infinity. This infinity gave birth to the supreme ultimate that then produced two modes. The two modes represented two contrary forces and they generated the four images. The four images included east, south, west and north and the four images gave birth to the eight diagrams. The eight diagrams multiplied to become sixty-four diagrams and they continued to multiply themselves. There was no end to it!

If the Dark and Light energies continued to develop, it was likely that they would lead to the origin of the entire world. Zen was unable to figure out the mysteries within them.

But he didn't need to know anything about them at the current stage. What he needed to do was to continuously advance on this True Path.

As he thought this, Zen sped up and shot forward like a shuttle.

The Dark and Light energies turned into strange flowers and plants as they rushed towards Zen.

Zen's expression did not change and a long sword suddenly appeared in his hand. He swung the long sword to the left and unleashed sharp sword intents. He then spun the sword to the right and grasped the sword with one hand. The sword intents soon wrapped around Zen to protect him.

Rays of light from the sharp sword whirled in the air, and in an instant, the strange flowers and plants formed by the Dark and Light energies were ground to dust. They returned to their original forms and became black and white mists, before condensing into different strange plants that continued to attack Zen.

"They are not difficult to deal with," Zen muttered, dropping his guard. He increased his speed tremendously with the protection of the sword intents. As he flew forward, he turned to look back and found that everything behind him had actually disappeared. Margaret, Letitia, and Aura were shrouded in the black and white mists. He traversed the narrow path alone, and loneliness suddenly arose in his heart.

As Zen continued to charge forward, the things that the Dark and Night energies transformed into varied. This time, they transformed into a large number of small insects of different species, of which Zen could recognize only a few, like butterflies, dragonflies, and beetles. Most of these insects were strange to look and they had hateful countenances.

The sword intents whirled around and smashed the insects into pulp and powder.

The insects multiplied in size as more and more of them swarmed out. Some were even the size of a fist. The thick shells covering their bodies were so hard that Zen had to put in a lot of effort to cut them to pieces even with his top-grade sacred weapon. The noise of the sword intents colliding with the shells filled the place.

But they were still unable to stop Zen despite there being so many of them. His speed only increased!

As he dashed forward, these insects gradually disappeared and were replaced by scores of reptiles like lizards and snakes.

Zen was suddenly struck by a thought. 'This True Path... It seems to have been arranged in accordance with the evolution of living beings!'

Creatures throughout the universe had not appeared out of thin air. Every species came into existence, reproduced and gave birth to new generations. Through constant evolution, they would erase their weak points, improve on their strengths, and become stronger.

It was the survival of the fittest in natural selection.

A lot of the creatures that came at Zen were foreign to him. Some had probably already become extinct in this world, while some others had evolved into even more powerful races.

'But why is the True Path set up like this?' Zen wondered.

"Swish! Swish..."

On both sides of the True Path, Dark and Light energies kept transforming into different colored reptiles of different sizes, and continued to move towards Zen. Just like the insects and plants, these low level creatures posed no threat to Zen. He continued to move as fast as he could.

But the moment he had walked past this area, the difficulty of advancing on the True Path suddenly increased.

The Dark and Light energies began to transform into ferocious beasts. There were lions, tigers, leopards, mastiffs, and so many more that Zen couldn't even recognize.

"Kill!" But Zen remained calm. Any ferocious beast that dared approach him would be easily killed.

Once Zen had killed all these ferocious beasts, primates like monkeys, gorillas, baboons, and a few human-like beings began to appear on the True Path.

The attacks from these primates were even weaker than those from the ferocious beasts. They held sticks in their hands, and threw stones at Zen. They even used fire. It was extremely primitive, but Zen was clear that all human-like creatures like the ogres, Demon Night members, and the Giants could develop into what they were today only because of the wisdom they had activated in the ancient time.

But who had bestowed such wisdom to them?

He had no idea. All he knew was that he had to continue killing them.

The primates' attacks were futile.

They weren't able to harm Zen at all.

Under the frenzied slaughter, these primates gradually disappeared. But after that, more human-like beings appeared one after another! They were taller.

"Humans? But they don't look exactly like humans!"

These creatures looked very similar to humans, but when Zen looked closer, he knew it was not the case.

They were taller than humans, and their every muscle and bone was perfectly in position. They had sharp ears like those of the Demon Night. Their pupils and skin resembled those of the ogres. They also had dark green scales covering their back, and although these scales weren't very beautiful, they could protect them from attacks they couldn't see.

In addition to their strength, Zen could feel a perfect aura emanating from their bodies. What kind of race was this? Why was there such a perfect race? Zen looked at them curiously.

Zen had previously considered the Demon Night to be the most perfect race. They were born nature creatures, with pure and flawless bodies. But they also had some drawbacks. They were quite weak at reproduction and increasing their population. There were many talents in their race, but their population was still small and the number of powerful masters and talents they had was far smaller than that in the human race. Each race had their own advantages and disadvantages.

The creatures standing in front of Zen made him feel strange. This race seemed to be a perfect combination of all the strong points of many different races. But why hadn't Zen heard of this race before?

Those perfect creatures charged towards Zen, taking advantage of the time he was spending pondering over his doubts.

They seemed to have grasped some crucial battle techniques as they directly attacked Zen's vitals.

"Humph!"

Zen grunted but recovered to throw a punch towards one of them. He didn't use the power of the dragon scales. He was still in the early stage of the True Path so he thought he didn't need a lot of strength. Zen was confident that he could bring a person down with one punch.

But as Zen's punch was about to hit him, the one standing in the lead suddenly curled up, reducing the impact he had to suffer. His bones began to twist in an astonishing way that no normal person could have done. He looked miserable as he rolled on the ground in pain. His shattered body began to recover a while later.

Zen was shocked as he saw this.

The people of this race gave Zen the impression that they were perfect beings, but they had never cultivated martial arts. Even though their bodies were pure, they were only nature creatures.

The punch that Zen had thrown was very powerful. Even a warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm would get killed immediately. A nature creature was no match at all.

Yet this guy had offset more than half the power in Zen's strike by relying on his flexible body. More surprisingly, he had actually managed to get to his feet unscathed.

How did he do it?

Chapter 1274 The Sacred Race

Zen was a Life and Death Realm warrior so he knew he could easily deal with these creatures if he really wanted to.

But the way they were able to disperse the force from his attack with their bodies just shocked him.

To put it into perspective, the Zen from the past, who was also a nature creature, would never have survived a single punch from the present Zen now. However, this creature had managed to resolve Zen's strength. Although it seemed hard for him and he might have been severely injured, he was still able to move around smoothly.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

They pounced towards Zen one by one, none of them having practiced any cultivation method but still surviving Zen's fists.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Zen purposefully did not increase his strength and these creatures were all sent flying by him. However, they all stood up from the ground and revealed faint smiles on their faces.

"Do these guys have intelligence? Or did the person who set up this True Path deliberately arrange them this way?"

The creatures were quick to come at him again, but this time, Zen did not pull his punches.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

He had activated the forceful energy within his body and launched a series of formidable attacks upon those who came at him. Anybody that got close was immediately smashed into a bloody pulp by his punch.

The sight of the bodies exploding surprised him, not because of the gore, but because of the color of the blood that burst from the inside. "Golden blood?"

As far as he knew, only those belonging to the Celestial Position race had golden blood. Zen, as an outsider who was recognized and became a member, had yet to have his blood changed but the fact remained that golden blood was the signature of the elite race.

There must be a connection.

His punches smashed the creatures into a pulpy, golden blood shower that then dispersed and transformed once again into Dark and Light energies. These energies coalesced and reformed into solid, human-shaped creatures that once again charged at Zen.

This time, he noticed that the creatures had grown exponentially faster and stronger!

"Forceful energy!"

he remarked in shock when he felt it emanate from the creatures that were now rushing towards him.

However, there was another peculiar thing: the way they moved seemed very similar to his own style.

A sudden realization popped in his head: they were copying him!

Zen couldn't help but feel angry at this observation, "I'll destroy you all from the inside out!"

A bit of forceful energy wasn't going to stop Zen from squashing these nature creatures. Zen took a deep breath and began to circulate the life vitality in his body, allowing it to surge into higher levels.

But, the moment he tried increasing his strength, the creatures also seemed to do the same!

Nature level...

Illuminating Soul Realm...

Virtual Tribulation Realm...

Life and Death Realm!

The suddenness of this increase in power stunned Zen and he finally started to feel the pressure catch up to him.

Bang!

Several creatures charged at him simultaneously. There was no room to dodge since the True Path was only enough for one person which forced Zen to retreat a few steps.

This was the moment he realized that he shouldn't have wasted his time fighting with these creatures. The goal was to pass the True Path and there were probably still many stages he would have to undergo. There was no point in wasting both his time and strength here.

Finally having clarified his goal, Zen activated the power of the dragon scales and used it to shatter his enemies. As they fell, he summoned his forceful energy and gathered his life vitality at the same time.

"Cloud-chasing Skill!"

The wind travelling skill he learned from Brianna truly came handy this time. It was good that, despite having only grasped the first layer of the Wind Law, he had already mastered the technique after many hours of practice when he got back in Central Region. Zen borrowed the power of the winds and used it to glide forward uninhibitedly.

With the wind under his control, Zen was able to go through and leave the peculiar creatures behind him.

However, that was from his perspective.

Saul, Letitia, and the two other girls both saw something else. Despite Zen, himself, feeling as if he was getting away, the others only saw him make running postures but did not move an inch at all.

"Zen seemed to have discovered something. He's good for now but the next bit will be difficult," Saul said.

His life vitality had greatly increased his speed but Zen soon realized that the creatures, formed by both Dark and Light energies, also became faster as well.

Zen's eyes suddenly widened in realization, "Life vitality! They're using life vitality."

They saw him use it and now, they had suddenly also gotten the ability to use life vitality.

It didn't help that all their cultivation bases had been raised to the first level of the Life and Death Realm, the same as Zen!

What was worse was that they were all much stronger than ordinary warriors. As nature creatures, they were already able to withstand Zen's attacks which meant that they were pretty powerful than all races Zen had encountered.

He truly felt the pressure pounding in his veins now.

They were strong but it was fortunate that Zen realized he didn't have to waste time and energy fighting them. It wasn't worth it. The only thing he needed to do was to sprint forward and get through this path. He'd be okay as long as he maintained the distance between them.

However, this distance was quickly diminishing. Zen felt the strong Wind Law behind him. Couple this with a few creatures also using the Space Law to travel through space, and it was only a matter of time before the gap was closed.

Boom!

The explosion and smell of slightly singed hair told him that the creatures just attempted to launch a formidable pillar of Fire Law towards him.

Law Powers, they were using Law Powers!

He had only used the Wind Law earlier but these creatures were now using all kinds of Original Law, trying to get to him.

"Are they also proficient in all kinds of Original Law?" he couldn't help but wonder to himself.

"The Sacred Race is the creator of all the Laws," he heard Saul's voice reverberate through the path. "The members of this race can automatically comprehend all the Laws shortly after being born. Once you use a Law Power, then they will use every kind to fight you!"

It was at this moment that Zen felt his movement slow down.

The Time Law!

"The Sacred Race? I've never heard of them!" he exclaimed grumpily.

The Time Law had made him sluggish so he quickly had to apply it to himself to cancel the effects and help him speed away once again. Had he known this before, Zen would've given up fighting with them and just used his physical strength, "What kind of race are they?"

"This race is the origin of all primates. The most perfect race!" the cyan dragon, who had been silent all this time, answered in his head.

The number of races classified as primates was extremely large: there were monkeys, gorillas, baboons, humans, ogres, the Demon Night race, etc.

Vicious beasts, legendary beasts, super legendary beasts, and true spirits, after gaining enough wisdom and having enough strength to reach the morphing stage, would usually take on the shape of a human.

The cyan dragon, for example, had morphed into a human named Josh in the past. Formidable creatures like him usually had a human form counterpart.

But those races actually didn't transform themselves into humans. The cyan dragon's explanation quickly cleared things up for Zen who now understood that the transformations were not based on humans but on a more powerful race which looked quite similar to humans: the Sacred Race.

But that was not all. All races, be it human, Demon Night, ogre, or whatever, all inherited some kind of unique characteristic from this primordial Sacred Race that caused them to choose different paths and adopt different systems of cultivation.

It was the Demon Night who resembled the Sacred Race the most. Newly-born Demon Night infants were already nature creatures which was an unrivaled advantage over other races. However, there was a cost to this inborn advantage. The Demon Night race was known to have more females than males which made their reproduction rate extremely low.

"I understand it now," Zen said.

However, another thought crossed his mind: If they were so perfect, then why had he not heard of them before? Why were there no traces of them? Did they all just disappear?

He was about to ask the cyan dragon for his wisdom but a sudden flurry of attacks rained down upon him by the creatures.

There was no way he was allowing himself to get hit given his current strength. The only thing Zen could do was to continue running in the hopes of dodging their attacks. Unfortunately, the creatures coming for him only seemed to increase both in number and power.

Whoosh!

Crack!

Zoom!

All sorts of Law Power attacks came at him: wind blades, fire swords, thunder strikes…

Saul shook his head at the sight, "Zen won't be able to take it much longer."

Chapter 1275 The Token Of Mountain

Letitia's fists suddenly became clenched when she heard Saul's indifferent words.

An impossibly large number of Life and Death Realm creatures had surrounded Zen and were attacking him. The worst part was that every single one of these creatures was proficient in all sorts of Law Power. This was perhaps the biggest challenge for Zen.

Aura put her hands over her chest and closed her eyes. She knew that she could not change or stop anything now and could only silently pray in her heart.

As for Margaret, she didn't care about rules and took a step forward, raising her hand.

"What are you doing?" Saul asked indifferently.

"I am going to break the True Path!" Margaret couldn't be bothered to reason with others. She did not have Letitia's rationality and cared only about Zen's safety.

However, before she could make her move, Saul piped up, "Your Sky Purple Body is indeed powerful, but you will not be able to activate the space nodes in here."

Margaret was totally unwilling to listen to this guy. He was kind of a jerk. With a slight movement of her finger, she tried to communicate with the huge swords in the Purple Power World. Her hands circled the area a few times, but there was no response from her surroundings, nor were there any fluctuations. It was just as Saul had said; she could not communicate with the Purple Power World from this place at all. It was as if the place was magically shielded.

She was at a loss for what to do now. Seeing Zen constantly struggling in the midst of so many kinds of Law Powers, she was really worried and scared.

No longer able to bear it, she was about to step forward and jump onto the True Path.

"What are you doing?" Letitia shouted coldly and grabbed onto Margaret.

If Margaret had jumped onto the True Path before Zen, she wouldn't have been in too much danger since the challenge would have been at lower level. But now, those warriors who had been conjured up by the True Path were all at the Life and Death Realm. How could she hope to fight against them?

"But Zen..." Margaret said with a face full of worry.

To be frank, Margaret was indeed smarter than Letitia in certain aspects, such as speculating on Zen's thoughts. Her EQ was also higher than Letitia's, but in the field of cultivation, she was far from Letitia as she could be. Letitia knew that Margaret would be simply courting death if she jumped onto the True Path now.

Fortunately, since Margaret's strength was far inferior to Letitia's, no matter how hard she struggled, she could not escape Letitia's control.

At that moment, Aura chimed in calmly, "Don't worry."

Margaret looked at Aura and snorted, "You're not worried about Zen's life at all, are you?"

"It's not like that." Aura shook her head. "I believe in Zen. I know that he has the strength to fight back and win!"

Letitia also nodded. "Zen's limits and powers are far more than what they seem. Don't listen to this idiot." With that, she pointed at Saul.

The three women did not have a good impression of Saul. However, it was obvious that the guy did not care about that at all. He was busy watching Zen's every move as indifferently as if he didn't care about his life at all.

Boom!

The warriors had been building up their Law Powers and attacked Zen altogether. But the moment the various kinds of Law Powers struck Zen, intense rays of light burst out.

The three women's hands clenched together, their faces full of nervousness and mouths open in shock.

After the light faded away, Zen was still standing there, his body completely intact. However, his clothes had been destroyed by the energy.

"What? This guy seems to have transferred the power that hit him somewhere else." Saul's face once again revealed an expression of surprise.

As for Margaret and Aura, they both let out a sigh of relief with ecstatic smiles on their faces. They did not care about the process, nor did they want to know how Zen had survived the attack. What they cared about was that Zen seemed all right and would live to fight another day.

Letitia's eyes were also filled with shock. "How the hell did he do that?" she asked curiously.

"For the time being, even I can't tell. He seems to have fused with some kind of will. A will usually belongs to some treasure, and he might have transferred the power to that treasure," Saul tried to explain. Even he was unable to figure out that Zen had fused with the will of the entire great world. He had just transferred the power he had received to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. The attacks from the mighty warriors were simply unable to break the mountain.

Relying on this means, Zen once again rushed forward. Since he knew that they could not hurt him, he let those warriors use all sorts of methods, but he himself did not stop at all.

Not long after, he felt the warriors falling behind and the road ahead gradually brightening up. Moreover, he saw that Saul and the three women were standing right in front of him.

When Zen had set foot on the True Path, these four people had been right behind him. However, he hadn't thought that the end of the road would actually be the beginning of it, which surprised him a bit.

Whoosh!

Zen jumped up and out of the True Path. He smiled at Saul and asked, "Did I pass the test?"

"You passed the first stage," Saul answered in his usual indifferent tone.

"What about the token?" Zen asked.

Saul pointed behind Zen. The latter turned his head around, and saw that the Dark and Light energies on the fields were slowly drifting. Eventually, they congealed. At the same time, the entire fields disappeared, and a token slowly descended from the sky.

The three women also raised their heads and looked at it. Letitia said cheerfully, "It's a token of water."

A token carved with the word "water" slowly floated down and dropped into Zen's outstretched hand. He looked at it and heard Saul say, "With that token in your possession, you will be able to enter the library and read all the books within it."

"The library!" Zen's eyebrows shot up.

Nothing inside this fairy palace was insignificant. But for Zen at his current level of cultivation, other parts of the palace might not be that important, but the library was definitely an indispensable item.

"You are much stronger than I have imagined. Even a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm wouldn't have survived under the siege of so many Life and Death Realm warriors. They were from the Sacred Race. However, you seem to have transferred the attacks you received onto some treasure. If you have confidence in that treasure, you can also start challenging the second stage of the True Path now," Saul encouraged.

Saul thought that Zen possessed some kind of treasure, but actually such a thing did not exist. Of course, he could also view the entire great world as Zen's treasure.

The capacity of a great world was terrifying. Even though some of the strongest warriors of the universe could destroy every single creature of the Central Region, it was impossible for them to destroy an entire great world.

Of course, Zen couldn't let the great world suffer from too many strong attacks. Last time, in order to resist the attack of the black eye, Zen had caused almost every single normal mountain in the great world to be destroyed. This time, he had transferred the attacks he had received to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

"Sure. I'd like to," Zen replied with a smile.

Saul nodded his head. The fog below dispersed and the True Path was once again opened up in front of Zen.

"Zen, the second stage is even more difficult than the first one, so you should be careful," Saul told him. "But since you can transfer the attacks you receive, so as long as your treasure can bear those attacks, there shouldn't be too much danger for you."

Thus, Zen once again rushed onto the True Path without any hesitation.

Now, Margaret turned her head and smiled at Aura. "Alright, you can turn around now."

Only then did Aura turn around and look at the True Path. Her face was still filled with shyness and her cheeks were crimson. Zen's clothes were gone, so she had turned her head away shyly. As for Letitia and Margaret, they were naturally not shy. After all, they had already had sex with him.

The second stage of the test took an hour, and the strength of the Sacred Race warriors also rose several notches level. Although they still did not use any cultivation methods, the warriors created by the Dark and Light energies were all at the Soul Sea Realm. Even the Law Powers they had grasped had risen to the third or fourth layer.

Fortunately, these guys did not know how to unleash domains. Once again, Zen merely transferred the attacks from these warriors to the

Magnetic Sacred Mountain and the mountain simply absorbed all the attacks.

However, Zen was focused on dashing forward on the True Path instead of fighting, and didn't have the time to investigate the condition of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Even though it was impervious to swords and spears and such weapons, there was a limit to the amount of strength it could endure. Just how terrifying was the power contained within the continuous attacks of dozens of powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm? Could it withstand that?

In reality, the majority of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain was located at the bottom of the sea. There was already a shallow crack in it, and that crack was constantly expanding.

"Done!" Zen had passed the second stage of the True Path. However, it was only now that he saw Aura's face blushing, and she suddenly turned around. He chuckled as he took out a set of clothes from his space ring and put them on.

Following the descent of the vast fog, another token appeared in the sky.

This time, it was a token of mountain.

"What's the use of this token?" Zen asked curiously.

When Saul saw that Zen had obtained this token, a trace of happiness appeared on his face. "With this token, you can carry the fairy palace around with you!"

Chapter 1276 A Prison

Saul's body had been created by the first owner of the fairy palace. He wouldn't go through the Five Aging Processes, and his body would not break. In other words, even if he wanted to kill himself, he wouldn't be able to do so. His soul was tightly sealed within, making it impossible for him to disperse his own soul.

For Saul, guarding the fairy palace was a rather boring task. Dying was an extravagant hope for him.

If only someone stayed in the fairy palace, it would be so good for him.

All the previous owners had attempted to take control of the fairy palace, but all of them had failed. Saul had even hoped for the return of Immortal Mist, but in the end he also died because of the Five Aging Processes.

Now, Zen was slowly gaining control of the fairy palace. Not only had he obtained the token of water, he had even managed to get the token of mountain.

"Carry the fairy palace around with me? Is the fairy palace movable?" Zen asked.

Saul nodded. "The token of mountain is the most special one of the six tokens. It is the projection of this fairy palace, and is equivalent to the entrance. You can regard it as the fairy palace itself. As long as you have the token, you can return to the fairy palace at any time you want." It seemed like Saul was in a good mood. "You can also treat the fairy palace as this woman's Sky Purple Body and the token as a space node," he explained, pointing at Margaret.

"So that's how it is," Zen remarked. This way, if he wanted to return to the fairy palace in the future, he wouldn't need to travel tens of thousands of miles to get to the Eastern Region. He could do so with the token of mountain in his hand.

"Do you want to continue?" Saul asked.

Zen had already obtained two tokens in a short period of time, but this time he chose to give up.

In the next stage of the test, a large group of Spirit Supreme Realm warriors would probably appear. Although Zen could completely transfer all the attacks faced by him, the problem was that the Magnetic Sacred Mountain also had a limit to its carrying capacity. If a large group of Spirit Supreme Realm warriors used the fifth layer of any Original Law, their power would become unimaginably strong.

If the Magnetic Sacred Mountain was destroyed, the overflowing power would probably damage the foundation of the entire great world. Zen was not willing to take this risk. Besides, now that he had the token of mountain, he could wait for his strength to increase and then return to the fairy palace in the future to obtain the other tokens.

He still had the token of water in his hand. He smiled and said, "Then, can we head to the library now?"

"No problem," Saul said with a nod.

Zen's eyes flashed, and he asked, "Can others also enter?" He was naturally referring to Letitia and the others.

"Possessing any token is equivalent to being the owner of the fairy palace. It's up to you to decide whether or not they can enter the library," Saul said.

"Got it!"

Previously, although Zen was considered to be the owner of the fairy palace, he couldn't control anything. The token of wind was at most just a ticket into the fairy palace, and the token of thunder gave him the right to challenge the True Path.

Now that he had the tokens of water and mountain, his mastery over the fairy palace was growing more and more. Someday, he would be able to acquire the other four tokens, and even the tokens of heaven and earth.

So everyone turned around and began to walk back. However, when they were halfway there, a violent and savage aura suddenly erupted from the depths of the fairy palace.

Roar!

At the same time, a strange cry was heard.

Even though it was at a great distance, the vicious aura was abnormally terrifying.

Zen's face fell while Letitia's was as pale as a sheet. As for Margaret and Aura, they fainted on the spot.

"What is this?" Zen asked Saul as he helped Aura up while Letitia went to support Margaret.

The evil aura was not released from the front. Moreover, it was quite far from Zen. However, it shocked and terrified him. One can imagine just how dangerous that thing must be.

Saul's expression changed. He then said, "Looks like someone is getting impatient."

"Where did that sound come from?" Zen asked.

"The dog house," Saul replied simply. "Zen, now that you've obtained the token of water, you can go to the library yourself. I'll just go take a look inside now."

Not waiting for Zen's answer Saul flew straight to the depths of the fairy palace.

There was an exquisite backyard in the depths of the fairy palace. And a ferocious beast was tied with a chain in a corner of the backyard. The beast was on the ground, not moving at all.

Saul walked towards the beast expressionlessly and asked, "What are you so anxious about?"

Roar! The beast's voice was softer this time, but its head was still facing the deep pit.

"Are the guys in the prison being naughty again?" Saul walked towards the deep pit. In it was a row of fences, and underneath these fences was absolute darkness.

Saul yelled into the pit, "You've endured so many years. Why are you being so impatient now?"

There was no answer.

Saul continued to speak. "The young man's talent is very strong, and his luck is not bad either. He has actually obtained four tokens. The important thing is that he has the tokens of mountain and water. In the future, he might even be able to get the tokens of heaven and earth."

There was pin-drop silence in the deep pit.

"I know you're not optimistic, but this time it might really be different. You have already waited for so many years. Believe me, you will only have to wait for a thousand years at the most. For you, this amount of time is nothing! Just be a little more patient," said Saul trying to encourage them.

Seeing that there was no response, Saul was ready to leave. However, just as he turned away, he heard a voice from the pit saying, "Then call him in. I'll teach him. I promise it won't take a thousand years. A hundred years is enough. After that, he will be the strongest warrior in the whole universe. He will beat the shit out of those Supreme Lords."

Saul didn't turn back around; he just stood there. He shook his head and said, "Master's rules cannot be broken. If he can't obtain the tokens of heaven and earth, then he can't enter this place."

With that, he left the backyard.

A middle-aged man with long, straggly hair was sitting next to the fences in the deep pit. He looked up indifferently and muttered, "Even if I have to wait for a hundred million years, I won't complain. A thousand years is nothing. But the problem is, I'm afraid the monsters in the lower level of the prison can't wait any longer."

How could Zen have known what was going on?

He and Letitia revived Margaret and Aura, and gave them some pills to calm themselves. Only then did they head towards the library.

Naturally, the gate to the library was inordinately tall. Zen raised his head, but it was hard to see the top of the door frame.

"Can I open the gate by just using the token of water?" Zen took out the token of water, and the moment he did so, a golden light flashed from the top to the bottom of the gate. With a muffled sound, the entire gate revealed a crack.

Zen sprang into action and attempted to push open the gate. The gate looked as tall as a mountain, and Zen thought that it would take much effort on his part to push open the gate. However, the gate opened just with a light touch, and the scent of books wafted up his nose.

Books don't have a natural fragrance of their own. Surely the books in the library must be made from special wood pulp. Countless years later, the natural fragrance was still intact. It was an intoxicating smell.

"Let's go!" Zen smiled at Letitia. He was the first to enter the library. Letitia, Margaret, and Aura followed closely behind.

Even after being shut for countless years, the library was still free from dust. In front of Zen stood bookshelves that were comparable to small mountains. As for the books on these bookshelves, each of them was thirty feet tall and twenty feet wide.

"How can I read them?" Zen looked miserable when he saw such huge books.

Chapter 1277 The Chaotic Storm Chronicle

This was really depressing. The two stages of the True Path hadn't been easy, and now, when he had finally entered the library, how could he return empty-handed?

Zen leaped forward and jumped onto a bookshelf in the first row.

The covers of every single book on this shelf were made of some kind of metal. They were extremely cold and tough, and the books themselves were enormously heavy. Although Zen couldn't identify the materials of the pages inside, he was sure that they were more than strong enough to be used in weapon refining.

He grabbed the side of a huge book and exerted all the strength he had in his body. However, the book did not even budge a single inch.

"Is this book that heavy?" Zen exclaimed, as his expression suddenly changed. This was an impossibility.

When his power exploded out, it was enough to tear apart mountains and the earth itself. However, he hadn't expected the book to be this heavy.

Zen had already been proud of his strength, but now he couldn't even lift a book. A look of unwillingness and irritation appeared on his face. This time, the force of the dragon scales within his body suddenly erupted out, and he used every ounce of his strength to grab onto a corner of the book. Finally, he managed to pull it off the bookshelf.

The three women were still looking up when they suddenly saw a book that was as big as a house crashing down towards them. Their faces also revealed astonishment.

On the other hand, Zen's expression changed drastically as he roared, "Dodge it quickly! Get out of the way!"

The weight of the book was unknown, but Zen reckoned that it was no lighter than a mountain range. It was almost equivalent to the combined weight of 23 mountains, and if the three women were to be hit by it, even

Letitia would not be able to survive such an onslaught. Margaret and Aura were even weaker than her so they had to get out of the way.

Fortunately, Letitia's reactions were extremely fast. She gently reached out her hands, grabbed both Margaret and Aura and retreated quickly to a side.

The moment the three women got clear of the zone, the huge book directly fell on the spot where they had been standing.

It was unknown what material was used to make the floor. But what was astonishing was that even when such a heavy book smashed down on it, not even a crack appeared. It was as though an ordinary book had been thrown to the floor.

Zen didn't know just how many years it had been since this fairy palace had come into existence. If it was built using ordinary stones, how could it have withstood the endless years of erosion? It would have already turned into ashes if that were the case. Any sort of material that could withstand the corrosion of time was no ordinary thing.

Zen leaped down and turned towards the women with a helpless smile and an apologetic look on his face.

Letitia glared at Zen, clearly blaming him for his reckless actions. However, to be honest, Zen already knew that Letitia was capable of saving the other two women. Otherwise, he would have used the Time Law to save the three of them.

After taking the book off the shelf, Zen walked towards the edge of the enormous book and flipped its cover open. It was no mean task.

Though it was only a cover, yet it weighed as much as a mountain.

The moment Zen flipped open the large book, he saw that rows upon rows of faint golden words were beginning to appear on the first page.

When Zen initially saw these words, his eyes lit up. Each of these words were giving out an invisible pressure. They looked like twisted runes painted by some newcomer, but he understood that these runes were not divine textures, but something else entirely.

After he stared at the large book for a while, a helpless smile appeared on his face. "I don't understand these words."

The three women had surrounded Zen and the book. If even with Zen's experience, he couldn't understand the words that had sprung up, how could they hope to do so?

It hadn't been easy for him to obtain the token of water, but now, he was unable to read a single word in here. Thus, Zen was somewhat dejected. However, after some thought, he felt that it was normal.

After all, with the development of civilization, numerous different cultures had evolved, and almost every civilization had come up with their own language. In fact, Zen was sure that these words were from some language he hadn't even heard of. And that was okay. No matter how powerful a warrior was, he wouldn't be able to understand every single language.

However, at that moment, a large book that was lying alone on another shelf opened up by itself. Smoke rose up from inside it, and from within the smoke, an amiable old man slowly appeared.

After collecting his wits, the man started to walk in Zen's direction. As he walked, the smoke dissipated, giving the people beholding the old man's presence the feeling of a transcendent being, as if he was riding on clouds. The old man looked like an immortal to Zen and the three women.

"Young man, you shouldn't have opened the book. I can see that you don't even know any of the words," the old man reprimanded, shaking his head.

Zen's face was filled with curiosity as he asked, "Was the method I used wrong?"

The old man nodded before saying, "Close the book. Let me teach you how to really open it."

Since he wanted to learn its secrets, Zen followed his instructions and closed the book. He then asked, "Who are you?"

By that time, Saul had already rushed over. Upon hearing Zen's words, he answered for the old man, "You can just call him Immortal Book. He is responsible for managing this library." After he finished speaking, Saul smiled and said to the old man, "Hey there. It's been so many years since we last met."

Immortal Book glanced at Saul, and snorted, as if he was extremely dissatisfied with the latter. "That's because it's been so many years since the library itself was opened. Master entrusted the fairy palace to you, yet you seem so irresponsible."

Saul had a helpless look on his face. It was not that he had not wanted to open the library; it was just that the previous owners of the fairy palace had sucked. The second owner was someone who had disappeared even before activating the True Path. As for the third one, which was Immortal Mist himself, although he had activated the True Path and obtained the token of thunder, he hadn't even passed through the first stage of the True Path.

Immortal Book seemed to be too lazy to argue with Saul. He was responsible for the library, and he would serve those who entered the library. He walked up to Zen and told him in a friendly manner, "Wealth and beauty can be gained through diligent study. In this library, each book has its own universe. Take a look!"

Then, he pointed a finger at the book, and a golden pattern, spiral in shape and endless in beauty, appeared on the cover of the book. The old man now said slowly, "Inject your perception into it, and you will be able to read this book. It is called the Chaotic Storm Chronicle, and it recorded what our master experienced when he traveled in endless chaos. You might learn quite a lot of things in here."

Hearing this, Zen did as Immortal Book had said and poured his perception into the golden pattern. The moment he did that, a huge ball of light suddenly appeared inside his mind, as if what was inside the book was now taking place in his mind. As the light slowly dissipated, everything in his surroundings started to float rapidly. A completely strange world appeared in his mind.

Standing in the air, Zen looked around with his eyes filled with shock. "Is this the world recorded in the Chaotic Storm Chronicle?"

The world in this book was in complete chaos. It was difficult for Zen to even describe the kind of space he was looking at. It was not an absolute darkness, since there were faint rays of light coming in from the surroundings. However, it was enveloped by layers of grey mist, and everywhere was diffused a black-and-white colored fog. Zen had seen this kind of fog before on the True Path—it was formed by the Dark and Light energies.

Boom! A massive bolt of lightning struck through the chaos out of nowhere. "I can't comprehend the Law Power that is contained within this lightning!" Zen cried.

The Thunder Law within the lightning was in a perfect and complete state, and Zen was unable to comprehend it. Compared to this bolt of lightning, the lightning that Zen had seen before somehow seemed incomplete. This was not a simple comparison in terms of power, but a comparison in terms of perfection. Although Zen could not see which layer of Thunder Law this lightning contained, he estimated that it was very likely to be the tenth layer.

Zen's line of sight was shuttling back and forth through the chaotic world at an extremely high speed. In fact, he was unable to control his own perception, as if he was following the movements of the owner of this book. It was like watching a picture with real time effects. Zen could see everything but only as a passive spectator, accepting the breathtaking scenes recorded in the book.

A long while later, Zen finally exited the chaotic world of the book with a look of shock on his face.

If what he guessed was right, then the chaos he had just seen was outside the universe itself. But what existence lay outside the universe? What did those bizarre scenes represent?

Zen had not found the answers to those questions in this book. The owner of this book had traveled an unknown distance in the chaos, but beyond that chaos was chaos still. It was as if the chaos was endless.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1278 A Love Story

When Zen withdrew his perception from the book, he discovered that Letitia, Margaret and Aura had also released their perceptions into the book under the old man's guidance. They were standing blankly by the side of the book. This meant that right now, they should be wandering within the Chaotic Storm Chronicle.

After a long time, the three women also withdrew themselves from the book; their eyes filled with endless shock. They had seen the same things he had.

In fact, they were also unable to understand the book. They knew what it said, but what it implied was far beyond them. The world that the book depicted had shocked them greatly. They couldn't help but wonder just how powerful the writer of the book was.

When Immortal Book saw their expressions, he looked extremely satisfied, as if that was exactly what he wanted. As the person in charge of the library, he had scrolled through almost all of the books in the library, and it was said that he found an endless amount of joy in sharing them with anyone who came this way. In these long years, he had roamed the ocean of books and had seen many profound secrets. He wanted to share his thoughts with others, but there was no one that he could communicate with. It was indeed a pity.

Of course he knew that the people in front of him were completely shocked by the primal chaos, and he felt extremely happy in his heart. He then told them, "The Chaotic Storm Chronicle is just a drop in the bucket when you are in this library. The things left behind by our master are all treasures and extremely valuable ones. If you want to read these books one by one, you will need many years to finish reading them all. Come on! I'll recommend a few more to you guys."

Zen, Letitia and Aura were looking forward to it. However, Margaret pursed her lips and pouted, "That was just a hazy world. It was boring. I guess whatever you recommend will be boring as well."

"What?" Hearing Margaret say that, Immortal Book was unhappy. It was as if she had treated the most important thing in his eyes as rubbish. This was something he could not tolerate, so he spat out, "Young girl, what nonsense are you talking about? The books in this library are as numerous as the stars in the sky, and there will always be books that are suitable for you. What kind of book do you like? I will find it for you!"

Margaret had just flipped through the Chaotic Storm Chronicle. Although she was also incomparably shocked, she didn't like such kind of book. Now that Immortal Book wanted to recommend a book to her, she smiled cunningly and remarked, "I'm afraid that there is not a single book that I would like in here."

"Humph!" Immortal Book snorted and pulled a long face. "That can't be true. You name it, and I will have it. If I can't find a book you like, then I won't be worthy of the title of Immortal Book."

Seeing that Immortal Book did not look happy, Zen also told Margaret, "Margaret, don't speak carelessly."

Unexpectedly, Immortal Book told Zen, "Don't worry. I don't mind. I'm not angry; I'm just not convinced. Girl, just tell me!"

Margaret blinked a few times before opening her mouth and saying something no one had expected. "I like reading love stories. I presume this place doesn't have that kind of book."

Zen and the other two women were rendered speechless. Zen could only shake his head with a bitter smile. As for Letitia, her face was expressionless as she had already guessed that Margaret would come up with some strange request. Aura, however, covered her mouth and giggled. 'This woman really is a hopeless romantic!' she thought.

In the Ethereal City, where Margaret had lived all her life, there were numerous scholars. Some of them would often write novels when they were free. Even though these novels were not considered as a refined art, they circulated among the women of the society for their romantic aspect.

When she was at the Xi Clan's house, Margaret would often send her servant to buy some novels for entertainment when she had nothing better to do. That was just one of the many things she did to pass her time since she was totally not interested in cultivation.

As for Letitia and Aura, one was the leader of the Cloud Hall itself, and the other was a master from the Cloud Sect. Normally, they were busy with cultivation and business, so how would they find the time to read novels or love stories?

Hearing Margaret's request, Immortal Book was also stunned. Then, he raised his head and laughed, saying, "Girl, come with me!"

"There really is one?" Margaret asked in surprise.

Immortal Book didn't answer her question. He only brought her to a bookshelf towards their left. With a gentle wave of his finger, a huge book slowly fell down from the bookshelf.

Zen's eyebrows shot up at Immortal Book's ability. This book had been brought by Immortal Book himself without any effort at all. Clearly, its weight, just like the previous one, was equivalent to a mountain range, yet Immortal Book had taken it down so easily. Terrifying strength was revealed everywhere in this fairy palace. Even a person in charge of the library had the sort of strength that Zen could not even imagine.

Under the guidance of Immortal Book, Margaret stood in front of the book and quickly immersed her perception into it.

As for Zen, Letitia and Aura, they were curious as to what sort of love story the fairy palace might hold, so they also followed her into the world inside the book.

After a long while, everyone left the book.

By that time, Margaret was already in tears. Her nose was sniffling and her eyes were in a daze as if she were still immersed in the story. The story seemed to be a sad one.

Aura's expression also revealed sadness. She was also moved by the story that was written in the book.

Even Letitia was lost in thought. In the past, she had always buried herself in cultivation, and had never come across such a romantic story before. So the impact on her should have been the greatest. However, her warrior spirit was firm, and although she was moved by the tragedy that lay within the book, she was able to control herself, unlike Margaret.

As for Zen, his face was filled with helplessness. He was completely confused by what was going on and wasn't moved by the story at all. If Margaret were still in her senses, she would say that this guy was hopeless.

As Margaret sobbed, she actually threw herself into Zen's arms. "Oh Zen! The woman in this book has such a tragic story. I don't want to read any more of these stories in the future."

"Girl, do you still want to see more of these kinds of stories?" Immortal Book revealed a complacent expression.

Margaret wiped her tears away and asked in surprise, "Are there more of these?"

Zen was once again left speechless when he saw Margaret's reaction. He would have thought that she wouldn't want to see anymore.

Immortal Book had chosen a few more books for Margaret, and she was immersed in one of those. Then Zen asked, "Immortal Book, are there any books about cultivation methods in the library?"

Immortal Book laughed and said, "Of course there are. The library contains books about a myriad of things. How could it not have some about cultivation methods? Come with me!"

After saying that, Immortal Book rode on a cloud and brought Zen and the remaining two women deeper into the library. Saul also followed behind.

As for Margaret, Zen was going to let her cry for a while.

When Zen had mentioned cultivation methods, Letitia's and Aura's eyes had lit up.

Letitia knew that the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess she had cultivated was only an incomplete one and that she needed to practice a lot more. Although she wanted to follow in Zen's footsteps in terms of cultivation and strength, it looked like the gap between them was widening day by day. If she could find a suitable cultivation method in this library, she would be more than willing to obtain it and get closer to her husband. In reality, she had thought about the future that she and Zen had, much more than Margaret had done. It was not until the old man had reminded Margaret about her powers that she then realized that Zen would ascend to the Upper World. But Letitia had long known about this and was getting ready to follow him. If she couldn't keep up with his pace, she would be left alone in the Lower World in the future. Of course, she wasn't willing for that to happen. This library was definitely an opportunity for her and she wouldn't miss it.

As for Aura, she was not as far-sighted as Letitia was. However, she only had one thought in her heart. She did not want to catch up to Zen's level of cultivation, but only wanted to be able to follow him.

The library was surprisingly large and could almost be considered bigger on the inside. Each bookshelf was equivalent to a mountain. They weaved through the bookshelves, as if strolling inside a valley. As they walked, Immortal Book told them, "These books were also written by our master.

These are travel notes.

These are verses and ditties.

These are odes and songs.

These are..."

After a long while, Immortal Book stopped in his tracks and said, "These are the cultivation methods which were created by our master. All of the cultivation methods in this row are suitable for women."

Zen's eyes flashed at the words of Immortal Book. He then asked, "I wonder if there is any Transcendent Divine Might among these cultivation methods?"

Chapter 1279 Falling Books

When Immortal Book heard Zen's words, he chuckled.

Bewildered, Zen asked. "What are you laughing at?"

Saul, who was staying beside Zen, looked impatient and grunted, "This old man has read too many books and likes to put on an act like this."

Immortal Book just snorted at Saul and was not even bothered to quibble with him at all, but he quickly disclosed, "There is no good or bad cultivation methods in the world. And that Transcendent Divine Might you're referring to must be related to the Law of Causality. That kind of cultivation methods are extremely rare, but yes, we do have some."

Taking in all the information Immortal Book had revealed, Zen then queried the cyan dragon in his mind, "Is all Transcendent Divine Might related to the Law of Causality?"

Zen only realized that the Law of Causality was so powerful soon after he took hold of Black Star. At that time, Zen was still practicing the Stellar Body. But until now, he hadn't finished the first half part of it yet. So he had no understanding as to whether the Stellar Body had some kind of correlation with the Law of Causality or not.

When Zen entered the fairy palace, the cyan dragon was also extremely astonished by the diversity of things inside. He merely maintained his silence, but he snapped out of his musing when Zen threw him a question. He then commented, "Yes, you can say so. The Law of Causality is contained in the large majority of Transcendent Divine Might. However, I only obtained the first half part of the Stellar Body, and the Law of Causality might be hidden in the second half part."

"I see..." Zen nodded.

Immortal Book took a glance at Saul and seemed to be annoyed by the way how he described him. He then spoke amiably to Zen, "I know you want to choose a cultivation method suitable for yourself, but there are simply too many cultivation methods here. However, since the owner of this fairy palace has constructed such a large library, which is for the benefit of the later generations, he has told me the method of determining and selecting the suitable cultivation method for each warrior." With these words, he led Zen and the others to show the different row of shelves. Then glancing back to Letitia and Aura, he stated, "The cultivation methods on this row are suitable for women, so you two come over here."

Letitia and Aura both looked at Zen's direction, who tilted his chin as if permitting them. Only then did the two ladies follow Immortal Book.

Promptly, Immortal Book pointed to the ground and a circle of light became visible. Within that circle of light, there was a thin line that shot out continuously right from its edge. "Who wants to come in first?"

Letitia's eyes flashed, and she immediately stepped into the light circle.

As soon as Letitia was inside the light circle, the entire bookshelf started to shake non-stop. The mountainous bookshelf shook as if there was an earthquake.

"Bang..."

All the books on the bookshelf started to emit a faint golden light. After a while, a large book unforcedly came out from the top shelf and eventually landed in front of Letitia.

Immortal Book gaped at her and then let out a laugh. "You are very lucky to get the Green Frost Mysterious Ice Scripture. At the later stages of the cultivation method, you will find that it also contains the Law of Causality. I think it also belongs to the Transcendent Divine Might that Zen mentioned." Judging by his words, Immortal Book disdained this so-called Transcendent Divine Might!

A gentle smile tugged at the corner of Zen's mouth after he listened to the exhilarated outburst of Immortal Book. He mused that although Immortal Book loved to show off, he was nicely accommodating. Apart from this, Zen also learned from the cyan dragon that the Transcendent Divine Might was the best kind of cultivation methods in the universe. Since Letitia could get one Transcendent Divine Might, she was in luck.

"Green Frost Mysterious Ice Scripture..." Letitia's face also beamed with excitement. "Is it that powerful?"

Immortal Book glimpsed at Letitia briefly and then answered, "You cultivated the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess before and dispersed your cultivation base nine times. So I must say, you indeed laid a good foundation for yourself. But the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess is not impeccable and not a complete cultivation method, and finishing it off will not be easy. So cultivating the Green Frost Mysterious Ice Scripture is naturally ten or a hundred times better. You can enter the book and have a look to check whether what I say is correct or not."

Letitia agreed. She realized that ever since she entered the fairy palace, there were many things she had seen that were so difficult for her to understand. Thus the cultivation methods in the library might surely be complicated!

With this in her thoughts, she hastily immersed her perception into the Green Frost Mysterious Ice Scripture in great anticipation. It was after five minutes when Letitia withdrew from the book. Her face wore an excited expression as she grabbed Zen's hand and said, "Zen, this cultivation method..."

"Is this cultivation method good and suitable for you?" Zen smiled and asked her gently.

"This cultivation method is perfectly tailor-made for me! On top of that, the mysteries contained within are all exceptionally marvelous. I, I..." As the leader of Cloud Hall, Letitia had experienced a lot of major events. Whenever hearing her subordinates in the Cloud Hall report everything to her, Letitia could remain calm, no matter how important or urgent those matters were. However, she was so excited at this moment and couldn't control her emotion at all.

Zen was now curious as to what kind of cultivation method the Green Frost Mysterious Ice Scripture held, and how it had aroused so much excitement for Letitia.

Only after a while did Letitia calm down. Just like Immortal Book had said, the Sutra of Empyrean Goddess she cultivated was to build a solid foundation for her. If she wanted to break through and make great progress, the Green Frost Mysterious Ice Scripture was the most suitable cultivation method for her.

Seeing that Letitia had regained her composure, Zen gently probed her, "You still haven't told me what happened to you."

The corner of Letitia's mouth curved into a teasing smile, and she snorted. "I might surpass you if I were to practice this cultivation method!"

Zen chuckled, "Then I'll have to do my best!"

While they were still engaged in their talk, a cultivation method had been chosen for Aura to practice. A large book slowly fell and landed beside her. Compared to Letitia, Aura was a little more indifferent towards the cultivation method that she got. What she obtained was a cultivation method with wind attribute.

Even though Aura's expression was indifferent, she was as determined as Letitia. Knowing that both the resources and the cultivation methods in the Eastern Region were nothing as compared to those in the Central Region, she needed to push herself harder to catch up with the warriors in the latter. She desired to be as outstanding and powerful like them.

Since the two women had chosen their cultivation methods, it was Zen's turn now.

The cultivation methods on this row of bookshelves were suitable for women to cultivate. Now that it was time for Zen to choose a cultivation method, Immortal Book brought him further into the depths of the library.

After stopping at another row of bookshelves, Immortal Book once again drew a circle of light on the floor and said to Zen, "You can go in now."

Zen tilted his head and took a step into the light circle. Soon after, the entire bookshelf began to shake once again!

"Bang..."

This process was considered normal. As the bookshelves rumbled, a book at the second row of the shelves emerged.

With an amused expression, Immortal Book exclaimed, "Not bad. It seems that the Heaven and Earth Sword Skill has chosen you..." However, another large book from the bookshelf slowly moved out, halting Immortal Book in midsentence!

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

At this moment, both Saul and Immortal Book looked surprised.

There was no restriction imposed on selecting books in the library. So it was only appropriate for Zen to pick out a few more cultivation methods.

Only Immortal Book could pick out the most suitable cultivation method for the warrior who wanted to choose one. Under normal circumstances, only one book would appear at one time, and now it seemed like there were two cultivation methods suitable for Zen to cultivate at the same time.

"It's rare to see two cultivation methods appearing at the same time, but I've seen such a scene before." Immortal Book's astonished expression immediately vanished as a faint smile appeared on his face again.

However, just as he was done commenting, a third book on the bookshelf slowly moved, revealing half of it, seemingly to be about to fall from the bookshelf as well.

"The third book..." Immortal Book's face now was wearing startled and amazed expression!

Saul frowned and asked Immortal Book, "Does something wrong happen to your secret method? Why would three cultivation methods appear at the same time?"

The secret method of Immortal Book was to help the warriors choose the most suitable cultivation methods for them. And there was usually one fitted for every warrior. Sometimes, there would be two books appearing, which could be because the warrior was almost equally good in two aspects. But now, three cultivation methods had appeared, and Saul suspected that there was something wrong with the secret method.

Soon after Saul raised his suspicion, the other books also started to fall. The fourth book, the fifth book, the sixth book...

Witnessing what was transpiring, there was a hint of fear emanating from Immortal Book. "Back off!"

Chapter 1280 A Unique Book

Each of the books was thirty feet tall standing upright, and the entire bookshelf in itself was basically a mountain, standing at least ten thousand feet tall. There were roughly three hundred or so rows in a single bookshelf. So all in all, the books must have numbered in tens of thousands just on a bookshelf.

At that moment, the massive books seemed to have begun being dumped from the bookshelf.

With each book's weight equal to that of a mountain range, the huge crashes were rather horrifying!

Holding out his hand, Immortal Book caught a few that were crashing down. Still, he couldn't support them all.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Knowing that they had to move quickly, Zen grabbed Aura and retreated with Letitia, Immortal Book, and Saul following after.

By the time they escaped, the entire bookshelf was empty—all the books were strewn about the floor, piled up into a mountain.

"Idiot! I told you there was something wrong with your method!" Saul shook his head in frustration.

For a moment, all Immortal Book could do was stare at the scene before them in silence. Finally, he opened his mouth and said, "No, that's not the case."

"What is it, then?" Saul returned, rolling his eyes at Immortal Book. The latter was in charge of the library, but it hadn't been opened for several years. Given what just happened, Saul was convinced that he was merely incompetent, having blown his chance after Zen finally got the library open.

"I can hear these books," Immortal Book muttered. "All of the cultivation methods should be suitable for Zen."

The words shocked Saul almost speechless. "Impossible!"

All warriors had their strengths and weaknesses, without exception.

When Zen first comprehended the Law Power, he was rather good at the Space Law, and then the others, most especially after the baptism by laws. Still, it had to be impossible for him to attract all the books on the bookshelf.

Some of the cultivation methods were not divided by attributes, nor did they require warriors' comprehension of the laws—some cultivation methods only required a certain level of the soul.

There could only be one explanation—Zen was extremely balanced in every aspect and simply didn't have any weakness.

But even so, it was unheard of to attract such a large volume of cultivation methods. Even with no weakness, he would stand out in only certain aspects. The method Immortal Book used was to pick out the cultivation method that suited Zen the most—not all of them could be suitable to him.

But no matter how baffled the others were, the truth was as such—the method used to find Zen's most suitable cultivation method had caused such a disaster.

While the two bickered, Zen walked straight toward the mountain of books with a bitter smile on his face. "Which book should I get?" he asked.

As the saying went, "Don't bite off more than you can chew." Zen was well aware of this. Immortal Book's method of selecting cultivation methods was indeed good, but it was basically useless on Zen.

On the other hand, Letitia walked toward Zen and jokingly remarked, "Zen, you can cultivate them all!"

Zen merely rolled his eyes. Of course, it would be great if he could cultivate them all. The Law of Causality was nothing in his eyes, according to Immortal Book. So all the cultivation methods there couldn't hurt to choose.

But when Zen looked over, he saw a single book on the bookshelf that had yet to fall.

It was thirty feet tall and twenty feet wide as well, but it was thin. With all the other books having fallen out, it seemed like a strange sight as it remained alone on the bookshelf.

"Eh?" Letitia noticed it as well. "Why is there one that hasn't dropped yet? It must be a proud one as it refuses to let you learn it!"

"Hey, what is that one about?" Saul asked when he and Immortal Book took notice as well.

"Strange…" Immortal Book examined it curiously. "I've never seen that book before!"

His exclamation was followed by Saul's dramatic sigh. "Having you stay in the library for so many years to become Immortal Book was in vain. Didn't you say you had read every single book in the library? Were you just boasting?"

Still, Immortal Book looked confused. With him being nearly immortal, he had gone over all the books in the library over and over.

With confidence, he could claim to have flipped through each book at least ten thousand times.

But this book was new to him—a chill crept up his spine.

In the midst of all the questioning, Zen leapt onto the row where the book sat.

Because it was on the 20th row, Zen flew up over six thousand feet to reach it.

Letitia and Aura slowly followed suit, with Immortal Book and Saul catching up eagerly.

Reaching the end of the row, Zen examined the book carefully.

The book was clearly different from the rest—all of the others had a rune on the cover. When Immortal Book activated these runes, he could infuse his perception into them and absorb the books easily.

But the massive book in front of Zen didn't seem to have any kind of means to open it.

With that thought, Zen put a careful hand on the book's cover. Since he couldn't use his perception to read it, he thought he could try opening it with his own strength.

But with a single tap, the book didn't budge at all, leaving Zen with a frown.

Then, the power of two thousand dragon scales erupted.

But the book refused to budge.

Three thousand dragon scales…

Four thousand…

Five thousand…

Still, the book remained motionless.

It was as if the book were fake and could not be opened at all.

"Let me open it!"

"I'll do it."

While Saul and Immortal Book would be stronger than Zen, he was taking control of the fairy palace step by step, meaning he could be considered their master as well.

So instead of fighting over the book, the two tried to work the book open together.

Still, the book didn't budge.

"Old man, what do you think the situation is?" Saul asked in frustration. While his curiosity was overflowing, he had no clue how to attempt to open the book.

Shaking his head, Immortal Book responded, "I've tried searching for a solution in our master's memoirs, but to no avail. I don't know what to do!" From the very beginning, Immortal Book tried to find answers within the memoirs.

Having flipped through each book in the library thousands upon thousands of times, he could probably recite any book he wished—it was too simple a task for him at that point. But never did his master mention such a book without a rune. Was it that important that it had to be hidden?

"It must be some kind of deceptive trick. Master probably doesn't wish for anyone to find this book. If that's the case, there must be a seal on the book somewhere. With only our strength, I'm afraid we can't open it," Immortal Book concluded.

While Zen stared at the unmovable book, thinking about how to get it open, he knew that the books on the floor were already more than enough for his cultivation.

But no one could deny that the strange book tugged at everyone's curiosity—no matter what kind of cultivation method was held in the book, Zen was determined to see what was inside.

Chapter 1281 Footprints

Apart from the lack of a rune, the book didn't look particularly special to Zen. It was only a little bit thinner than the others.

The cover seemed to be a dark red color as well, slightly darker than that of the others.

Upon careful examination, Zen could see a thin layer of energy quietly circulating on the book's surface.

"What is this?" Zen asked as he stared at the layer of energy radiating from the cover.

But Immortal Book only shook his head and explained, "It's just a layer of Dust Repelling Spell. Although I clean the library every day, dust can't be avoided. Master used the spell on most of the books."

After circling around the book a few times, Saul shook his head in defeat. "I know Master's personality. Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't leave behind these unsolvable puzzles. And even if he did, he wouldn't leave them in the library of all places."

"Where is your master now?" Zen asked.

If even the puppet their master had created had become immortal, then he must have been an extremely powerful warrior. It made Zen wonder where he had gone.

"After Master entered the depths of chaos, he never came back," Saul muttered.

"The depths of chaos…" Suddenly, Zen was reminded of the Chaotic Storm Chronicle—the chaos was seemingly unending. It was unknown how many years it would take to explore.

Meanwhile, Immortal Book was still lost in thought.

Though he was in charge of the library, he was completely clueless about the book—it was rather humiliating on his part. He had stayed in the library for countless years, after all.

After a long moment of pondering, Immortal Book said slowly, "Whatever the case is, the book is here. It must be a cultivation method that can be cultivated."

"Cut the crap!" Saul sneered.

But Immortal Book shook his head. "Master has collected countless cultivation methods in his lifetime. He has learned them all and is proficient in each."

The fact caught Zen's attention in surprise. "You mean that he has already practiced these tens of thousands of cultivation methods?"

"Not only that. There are far more than just tens of thousands of cultivation methods in the library. With Master's talent, he can master a single cultivation method in a day. It's too simple for him at this point."

The thought left Zen speechless—such talent was probably too much for him to even comprehend.

"However, during the last ten thousand years before Master left, one thing troubled him," Immortal Book continued.

To that, Zen's eyes slightly flickered. "This kind of almighty being must be practically omnipotent. Could anything really bother him?"

With a nod of his head, Immortal Book explained, "Master has great abilities, so there are few things in the world that could really trouble him. But he has spent these 10, 000 years doing a single thing—he wanted to introduce chaos into his body so he could wield it."

"Introduce chaos into his body to use it?" Zen's expression turned even more shocked than it was.

A warrior's body was the purest vessel.

It was true that it could be used as a Sumeru Space and contain foreign objects, like manuals and treasures.

But the inner world formed within one's belly was still formed from the purest life vitality—it was just like Brianna's inner world, where the small island, the vast sea, the roaring thunder, and all other living beings took form from her life vitality.

As for the forceful energy, it was always scattered throughout one's body, from its organs to its muscles and tendons. Life vitality and forceful energy were two different kinds of energies—even forceful energy couldn't be introduced to one's belly. How could chaos be drawn into the body? Was it even possible?

"That's right. According to Master's speculation, the chaos is a type of origin energy. The positive and negative energies evolved from it, just as the four seasons were evolved from those positive and negative energies. All sorts of things in the universe come from the chaos, after all. Since the spiritual energy of heaven and earth evolved from it as well, then why couldn't the chaos be considered a kind of life vitality?"

As Immortal Book explained, Zen remained silent—such thinking wasn't something he could comprehend so easily. While he understood that there was some truth to the conjecture, how could any living being in the universe ever dare to do such a thing? The chaos was something that existed outside of the universe, after all. Even a Supreme Lord wouldn't be able to leave the universe and enter it.

"In the memoirs Master left, I discovered some things. He did verify his own method and compiled a cultivation method as well. But this cultivation method seems to have some limitations—he is unable to practice it. I suspect that this cultivation method is recorded in this very book."

Given that Immortal Book knew every single other text in the library, this was the only plausible conclusion he could come up with.

Even Saul, who was always skeptical of him, nodded in agreement. "Perhaps this is the one. Unfortunately, it looks like we have no way of opening it."

Zen's gaze lingered on the mysterious book as the curiosity grew in his heart.

In truth, Zen didn't lack in cultivation methods by any means. In his life, he never had enough time to completely comprehend all the methods he used, such as the one left behind by Blood Fiend Emperor. And he had only mastered the second move of Stellar Body.

Of course, Zen was well aware how lucky he was to have become the owner of the fairy palace. One day, he would ascend to the Upper World and encounter talents from one hundred thousand supreme worlds. Some of them could end up his opponents in the future.

As an incomplete Transcendent Divine Might, the Stellar Body was something Zen would focus on cultivating. But an incomplete cultivation method had its own flaws, of course. For instance, Letitia's Sutra of Empyrean Goddess was incomplete—she encountered quite a bottleneck during her cultivation. With that in mind, Zen believed that it was extremely important for him to choose a proper cultivation method this time around.

While he still wasn't clear on what kind of cultivation method the book held, he could tell that it was an outstanding one. Undoubtedly, he wanted to take a look, even though whether or not he could cultivate it at all was another story.

But the main issue remained—he couldn't open the book.

Strength alone might not have been enough, but how about the Black Star?

When that thought came to mind, Zen brought it out, planning to smash the Black Star against the book's cover.

At the sight of his motion, Saul's and Immortal Book's faces turned into those of panic. In an instant, Saul grabbed Zen's hand and yelled, "Don't!"

"Master hates it when his books are destroyed," Immortal Book hurriedly explained. "The Law of Causality within the pickax is indeed powerful, but if you want to break the cover, that's just wishful thinking. If you try to destroy this book, it will trigger the siren—you'll be in deep trouble."

When he saw the pair's reaction, Zen sighed in defeat and put the pickax back in his space ring. At that moment, he felt truly helpless—forget about cultivating the hidden cultivation method, he couldn't even open the book itself.

Suddenly, Aura, who wasn't far behind, spoke up. "This bookshelf seems to have changed."

"What? Where?" Saul asked in confusion.

When she pointed at her feet, the rest took a look, only to see light footprints at their feet.

The footprints looked faint on the pitch-black bookshelf, so no one had noticed until that moment.

"Footprints! Where did these come from?" Saul asked aloud.

Once again, Immortal Book's face was riddled with confusion at the strange string of events. "I've cleaned this library countless times, but I've never seen these footprints before!"

"No wonder you're an idiot!" Saul threw another crack at him with a roll of his eyes.

"Saul, how big is your master's body?" asked Zen, keeping his eyes fixed on the footprints.

"Master has a pretty huge physique. Though he can control it at will, he usually stays about the same height as the bookshelf."

The bookshelf was about as tall as a mountain—how could such a giant leave those small footprints?

Chapter 1282 Difficult Steps

Something was amiss. Their master was enormous in size, so it was impossible for him to leave small footprints behind. He must've left them there on purpose.

"Why did he leave behind such footprints?" Saul asked curiously. "What's more, these footprints are exactly the same size as a human's. Maybe he'd already known that this day would come," he added.

Just after thousands of books had reacted to Zen, a special cultivation method appeared. And no matter how one looked at it, it didn't seem to have appeared coincidentally at all but was specially arranged.

"I think so, too. Our master knows everything in this world, thanks to his great theurgy. He should know what would happen today." "I believe our head already knew that one day Zen would enter the library. That was why he made this arrangement. We didn't know what he'd done until today," Immortal Book said in agreement. However, he said those words to comfort himself as well.

But on second thought, it was odd.

Of course, Zen wouldn't question the power of the fairy palace's owner. Someone like him who had transcended the universe possessed great theurgy, without doubt.

However, the old man from the Celestial Position and Yolande had already said that he was a man with no destiny, and no one in the universe could tell his fortune. Even if Immortal Mist tried to, it wouldn't be genuine.

Thus, it might be because of two things: either the owner of the fairy palace improved his ability to a certain level, and could even predict what Zen, a man with no destiny, would do; or it just so happened to be a coincidence.

Right now, nothing seemed to matter anymore. The most important thing was to open this book.

As Zen thought of it, he quickly flew towards the other end of the bookshelf. The faint footprints extended from the bookshelf's center all the way to its end, and directly faced the huge book.

Dust scattered as Zen stepped forward and followed the steps on the bookshelf.

Never had he expected that just as his feet landed on the footprint, a powerful gravitational force reeled him in. It felt like his feet were welded onto the shelf, and made it hard for him to move a step.

"How could this be?" he said with a frown. He tried to activate the forceful energy within his body and raise his feet.

However, he wasn't able to make even the slightest movement. The power that held his feet was so strong that he couldn't even move an inch.

When Immortal Book, Saul, and the three girls saw Zen, they all rushed and gathered around him.

"Can't you move?" Saul asked. He stared at Zen's feet, which looked quite normal.

Zen nodded. "It's alright. I can walk!" he said with a smile plastered on his face.

He felt confident in his own strength. With gritted teeth, he activated the power of three thousand dragon scales. Once he was ready, he forcefully lifted both his feet.

Alas, he still couldn't move them at all.

"Why?" He sucked in a breath of cold air. He never thought that the gravitational force attached to the footprints was so strong, but his face suddenly twisted in a thoughtful expression.

4, 000 dragon scales.

5, 000 ones.

Even though Zen's strength had been raised to the limit, both of his feet were still motionless.

A light flickered in Zen's eyes. He never thought that it would be so hard to follow these footprints--he couldn't even move a single step!

Zen had almost reached his limit when he used the power of 5, 000 dragon scales. He felt a burning sensation when he poured the power into his feet and forcefully lifted them up. If he pushed a little more, his feet might break.

'If I can't get my feet out, I may have to spend the rest of my life here.' With that thought, Zen attempted to retreat.

As he retreated, his feet were easily lifted out of the blue. But because he overexerted himself, he staggered a few steps back and almost fell down.

After he steadied himself, he gradually calmed down and looked at the row of footprints.

"It's exactly our master's usual style. Although I don't know why he made such an arrangement, I guess every one of us has learned that it's difficult to advance but easy to retreat," said Immortal Book.

It was difficult to advance but easy to retreat.

While that was a true and plain fact, how many people had actually put it into practice? Most people understood this, but during a critical moment, they chose to beat a retreat in the face of difficulties.

As Zen thought of it, his eyes glinted slightly. He was filled with resolution and once again, he stepped on the footprints.

The three girls did not speak.

They were well aware that they should not speak now, but they were still a little worried.

On the other hand, Margaret looked at Zen with joy. Zen's serious expression always drew her in, for he looked like the most enchanting creature in her eyes.

Zen's feet were once again firmly fixed onto the footprints. Since the owner had set such a path, there was no way he would be completely unable to resolve it. And this time, Zen was fully prepared. He first relaxed his whole body, and then held in a deep breath.

Since he couldn't move his feet with the power of 5, 000 dragon scales, he would use 6, 000 ones.

His cultivation had greatly increased, and so was his ability to bear the power of the dragon scales when he had broken through to the Life and Death Realm. However, his body had reached its limit when he used 6, 000 dragon scales.

Because of the sudden increase in size, more bloody wounds etched themselves on his body.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Three separate wounds appeared on Zen's chest and his back. The blood shot out like an arrow.

"Rise!"

Zen tried to lift a foot.

"It doesn't work, either."

"6, 100 scales!"

Puff!

A fourth wound burst on his skin.

"Rise again!"

His feet didn't move at all.

"6, 200 scales!"

Puff!

Still, his feet weren't able to move at all.

"6, 300 scales!"

6, 400.

6, 500

6, 600.

More and more wounds ruptured on his body as he continued to increase the number of dragon scales.

Immortal Book stared in a mix of awe and confusion. "Where did he get such powerful strength? It has exceeded the limits of what his physical body can handle."

Meanwhile, Saul shook his head and looked rather aloof.

Beside him, the three girls became more and more anxious. Aura looked deeply regretful. If she had known earlier, she wouldn't have warned Zen about the footprints on the ground. But then again, he would've still discovered them sooner or later even if she didn't tell him.

"6, 700 scales! Rise!"

This time, Zen had finally lifted his right foot. Then he took a step forward, and his right foot was now firmly planted on the next footprint in front of him.

Once again, he accumulated the power of the dragon scales and raised his left foot.

"Step forward!"

The immense force pressed down on all his body's blood vessels, which naturally ruptured them, including the small ones in his eyes. It made him look like a creature with blood-red orbs.

One step…

Two steps…

Three steps..

Zen knew that he could have the strongest fighting strength when exerting the power of 5, 000 dragon scales. If he raised it to 6, 000 dragon scales by force, his body would be near its limit.

Therefore, Zen advanced extremely slow. He walked even slower than an ordinary person. It was as if he had the weight of a mountain on his back.

Four steps, five steps, six steps…

With every single step he took, a gash appeared on his body and blood gushed out of it. Blood arrows shot out from the wounds and pierced through his clothes.

One of the blood arrows shot towards Aura. Letitia reacted quickly. She waved her hand, and an ice crystal shield blocked the arrow. The blood arrow's power had dented her shield, which made Letitia look at it with fear.

How tremendous was the energy that filled Zen's body?

Aura reached out her hand and touched the dent on the ice crystal shield. The blood was frozen solid by the cold air when the blood arrow hit the shield. Aura was speechless as her finger touched the cold bloodstain.

Seven steps, eight steps, nine steps.

It was now that Zen had reached his limit.

A breath of air escaped his mouth, which was stained with blood from his body. It then became a cloudy red mist. His internal organs couldn't withstand such a powerful force and had gotten injured.

Puff! Puff!

More heavy pants came from Zen as blood seeped heavily from his wounds. He had only taken nine steps, but the footprints in front of him extended all the way to the other side of the bookshelf. It only took the palace master two to three steps to walk from one side of the shelf to the other, but it was thousands of steps for Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1283 Pushing His Limits

At this time, Margaret walked over to him and took out a dainty, white, silk handkerchief that she used to wipe the sweat off Zen's brows.

A pat here and there was all it took to ruin the pristine silk fabric, staining it with gunk and blood.

Margaret smiled as she lightly wiped his face. "Come on!"

She wasn't as worried compared to Letitia and Aura. It wasn't because she didn't care but because she liked seeing Zen struggle every now and then. For Margaret, a man was the most attractive when he struggled through adversity.

Zen nodded to Margaret, his hands reaching for his chest to take out some pills. Meanwhile, Letitia was prepared with a milky white pill beside them. This pill was extremely valuable and guaranteed to be effective since it came from Cloud Hall. She handed it over to Zen immediately.

Zen took the pill from Letitia's hand and swallowed it. The medicinal pill, coupled with Zen's lightning-fast recovery rate immediately healed all wounds on his body. Though each bloody gash looked serious, they weren't that deep and in the end, Zen emerged good as new. The only indication that he was ever wounded was the holes left on his clothes from the blood arrows.

Zen finally realized that this road was meant to test his limit of strength. Mighty Soul Sea Realm warriors or even formidable Spirit Supreme Realm warriors would undergo the same thing if they set foot on this path.

It was only by pushing himself to the limit would Zen be able to advance!

Retreating was easy, all he would need to do was turn back and leave. However, that would mean throwing all his hard work down the drain.

"I'm not afraid of some little test," he murmured firmly. The edges of his vision darkened, tunneling his focus on the several thousand steps ahead of him. The road ahead was difficult to go through, but he didn't flinch a bit.

"Go!"

Zen let the power of the dragon scales surge through his body once again. Blood spurted out of him with each step he took.

This time, Zen had taken ten steps. The price he paid for ten steps was twelve wounds on his body.

The moment he stopped, Letitia was already beside him, stuffing another pill into his mouth. "This is the Ice Muscle Pill. I've got about forty along with around fifty Rejuvenating Pills. I don't know if it's enough since there are at least three thousand footprints..."

she mumbled worriedly. Would these elixirs be enough to help Zen walk down to the end of the road? she wondered.

Hearing this, Margaret quickly checked her space ring to see what she had. Unfortunately, instead of pills, all that was in there were neatly folded clothes of varying styles and a few unimportant trinkets. No pills were found there.

"I still have some pills…" Aura offered meekly.

Letitia scoffed, her eyes flashing dangerously. "Your pills wouldn't be of any help."

And it was true. Aura's pills could never be compared to Cloud Hall's. The best she had were only of the fifth grade while Letitia's were at the seventh or eighth grade caliber and they were the top elixirs in the Central Region. One Ice Muscle Pill could probably cover an entire year's expenses for Cloud Sect - that was how valuable and precious Letitia's pills were.

"It's all the same! I'll be okay. I will get through this. Besides, I still have some pills with me," Zen said, breaking up the awkwardness of the situation before it escalated further.

Immortal Book remained silent. Saul shook his head and said, "It's a pity that the pill refining room is closed. I can't get any pills for you. The pill refining furnace in the room has been there for countless years. There are still some unfinished pills in the furnace from when Master left. I don't know how they are now after so many years of refining…"

When Zen heard this, a smile appeared on Zen's face. It didn't necessarily mean that the longer a pill was refined, the better it would be. In fact, there was the danger of a furnace exploding if it was left to work too long.

However, the theurgy that the owner of the fairy palace had was beyond anyone's imagination. There was no way that a pill refined by him would be no good. Zen was certain that whatever was inside the pill refining room would benefit him greatly.

But that was something for later. Right now, he needed to focus on the difficult path laid out in front of him.

Just as Letitia's pill took effect and healed him, Zen took a deep breath and activated his powers once again. This time, he summoned the power of more than six thousand dragon scales! Then he continued to advance!

The path to advancement was bloody, literally. His robe, once pristine white, had now been dyed a deep, blood-red from all the wounds he had sustained. The road behind him was also a casualty, being stained red from the blood from his body.

A change of clothes was in order. However, after he took another hundred steps, his fresh clothes had once again been drenched in blood.

It took Zen two hours to reach the middle section of the bookshelf. Immortal Book couldn't help but shake his head. "The test set by the master is too cruel."

Saul couldn't help but agree, "I know it's meant to test his limits, but aren't there too many footprints? One or two hundred should've been enough. Why are there so many? It would be impossible for an ordinary martial artist to withstand the pain!"

A warrior's potential was realized under extremely trying situations. One's survival in the path towards the very top depended on his willingness to endure hardship during life and death trials. Now, this was all well and good for Zen, who had limitless potential. The only problem was, each step he took on this path was like one, huge, extremely difficult trial that exhausted his strength to the limit. The path had several thousand steps laid out for him. To get through this meant he must have strong willpower.

He might have covered half the distance, but the possibility of him giving up was still high.

His face was growing paler by the minute.

All of Zen's advantages and abilities were put to the test. He had a sacred weapon-like body, the pills provided for him by his wife were all top-grade but the blood he had shed along the way was also too much. His body was heavy and his legs felt like lead. Not even the power of the dragon scales was enough to help him take that one step forward.

But he had already gotten so far. He had already accomplished one thousand and seven hundred steps.

Was he really giving up now? He was now halfway through his goal. His body was exhausted and his mind was addled, but all he could think about was how each shallow footprint only brought him closer to the end.

The remaining footprints extended all the way to the front of the huge book. Each footprint looked like a fiend, mocking him and causing more suffering to him.

He could feel it. He could feel how his body was giving up on him. There was no strength left in him to continue.

Zen breathed deeply. He stood still on the spot, back hunched over as he looked at the path in front of him.

The sight sent a pang to Letitia's and Aura's hearts. They'd bear the pain for him if they could. It hurt them so much seeing him suffer this way. However, other than encouraging Zen, they didn't know how to help him

The two stood quietly to the side, frozen with the dilemma of not knowing how to help him. Margaret, however, was different. She rushed towards Zen and hugged him. The blood on his body soaked her chest red. She sniffed the air and the bloody smell filled her nostrils. "You smell of blood," she remarked.

"What are you doing?" he asked her weakly, leaning on her embrace.

Margaret smiled. "I'm just giving you a warm hug to cheer you on."

Zen couldn't help but chuckle. "Do you think I'll give up?"

Margaret shook her head, her eyes shining with confidence as she looked up at him. "No. How could my husband, a mighty warrior give up so easily?"

It was true that she felt bitter about the grand wedding ceremony Zen held for Letitia back in Cloud Hall, however, Margaret comforted herself with the thought that her wedding ceremony would be a thousand times grander once she accompanied Zen to the Upper World. Any displeasure on her end was hidden with her grand vision for the future.

She would invite all the powerful masters in the universe and all her guests would be famous people with great reputations such as Nameless and Apeiron. Moreover, she would invite all the Supreme Lords to her wedding ceremony. Her wedding ceremony must be a thousand times, or ten thousand times grander than the one of Zen and Letitia…

Margaret had set herself to invite all the Supreme Lords despite not really knowing what rank they belonged. It wasn't a title she had heard of until she met Elder Apeiron. The creatures of the Upper World would no doubt be shocked if they knew Margaret's plans for this grand wedding ceremony.

Zen smiled down at her. "Of course I will not give up,"

he said, patting her head before walking away from her embrace, taking on the path once again.

There were no dangers on this path. It was only an arduous test that required him to push himself to the limit at every step. Three thousand footprints meant pushing his limits over three thousand times.

Even a sacred weapon would probably turn to dust under this sort of repeated torture…

Chapter 1284 Becoming A Disciple

In the martial arts world, undergoing greater risk and exerting greater effort would often lead to greater rewards and it was this principle that Zen lived by.

However, even if, at the end of this path, it was revealed that this grueling test that pushed him to the limit three thousand times was only an elaborate prank by the owner, he would still accept it. He didn't need any reward, he just wanted this trial to end.

He might have been blessed with exceptional luck but Zen knew he would have to undergo some pretty challenging obstacles every once in a while. This test was proving to be an exceptionally challenging obstacle for him right now but he could only keep the faith and move forward.

Each step was excruciating and it was a struggle to even lift his foot forward. There was no doubt that this might be one of the most dreadful experiences in his life.

Zen had considerably slowed down upon crossing the halfway mark of the road. It took him longer to rest and recover for each step as his body took on a toll from all the suffering he was made to endure.

It was a good thing that there was no time limit set for this task. A time limit would've truly made it impossible to cross this path.

After he had taken two thousand steps, Zen would have to rest for several hours for each pause. After two thousand and five hundred steps, he would have to rest one day and night every hundred steps forward.

His three ladies faithfully accompanied him every step of the way, alert and always ready to give him aid. He was their husband and they were more than ready to serve him in whatever way they could.

As for Saul and Immortal Book, the two of them had existed in this world for far too long. The amount of time it took Zen to traverse this path was nothing but a blink of an eye to them.

Zen took a hundred steps a day.

So seven hundred steps took him seven days.

It was at the end of the seven days that Zen was finally able to step onto the very last footprint…

He would've breathed a sigh of relief, perhaps even lain down, but he was not given any chance as a bright ray of light suddenly burst out from behind him.

This bright light coalesced into a figure that stood at the starting point of the path. This figure followed the footsteps Zen had also taken but he crossed the distance of over three thousand steps in an instant - much faster than Zen did.

The figure quickly brushed past Zen and walked towards the huge book, reaching out to flip the cover they had initially failed to open.

"It's opened!" Immortal Book squinted at the figure, "This… Could it be the master?"

Saul also tried to make out a face from the glowing figure, "Maybe it is? I can't be too sure." None of them could make out any defining features from the figure. Perhaps what they saw was merely a shadow left behind by the owner.

The book opened on the first page, revealing a door.

It was only a book, and the door was only a picture, though it looked incredibly lifelike for Zen.

The figure, however, reached out his hand and touched the picture. To everyone's surprise, the figure gently pushed the door and opened it!

"It moved! The picture actually moved! It's so interesting!" Margaret laughed.

Letitia frowned beside her. She too thought that everything that happened was amazing, magical even, but she disapproved of Margaret's playful attitude towards the situation. Zen had suffered greatly just to open this door, after all.

From the opened doorway was a pitch-black space which the figure readily stepped into. Before he fully entered, the figure turned around and pointed at Zen.

"Me?" Zen asked, pointing to himself.

The figure nodded in confirmation.

Zen did not hesitate and immediately followed the figure to the door. He had suffered a great deal to get this far. The only thing he felt now was curiosity as to what this book and this door hid from them all.

"I want to go in too!" Margaret whined.

"No, you can't!" Immortal Book said, hurriedly stopping her.

Letitia was also quick to scold her, "Do you want to die?!" This fairy palace wasn't dangerous but it was incredibly strange. It was only after suffering and being driven to his breaking point three thousand times was Zen able to earn the privilege of entering this door. Those unqualified to enter, such as Margaret, might face serious repercussions if they attempted to go inside.

Margaret stuck out her tongue. "I was just joking," she said playfully.

Letitia rolled her eyes at her childishness while Aura tittered on the side.

Zen and the shadow both entered through the door and he found himself in a different world. Just as Zen entered, the picture started moving again.

The door behind them closed and light that had come from outside of the door immediately vanished, plunging Zen in pitch-black darkness.

Just as he was about to feel the onset of early panic, a voice rang out from the darkness, "You were able to cross my Limit Road which shows your incredibly strong willpower. You are a promising young man! However, you didn't know what was inside the book in the first place. Just what was it that made you hold on so fiercely in reaching the end?"

The voice stunned Zen for a moment and it didn't help that the question posed was quite complicated to answer, "Well," he said, gathering his thoughts for a second. "I just thought the reward will be high considering the difficulty of walking through this road..."

The voice let out a sound of approval. "You're quite frank! I like this straightforward manner of yours! Hahaha!"

he laughed maniacally. Slowly, the darkness receded as a rainbow-colored light broke through the void, forming irregular patterns across the space. The figure that had opened the book earlier reappeared right in front of Zen.

"The cultivation method I created needs to be practiced before entering the Soul Sea Realm. Once the cultivator opens up a Soul Sea, the embryo of a world will be formed within his body. By then, it will be too late to exchange chaos for life vitality..." the figure told him.

This greatly explained things.

Immortal Book contained a wide range of knowledge and knew the fairy palace owner quite well.

He knew how the owner spent a lot of time creating a cultivation method that he himself could never use. The reason why he wasn't able to use it had been unknown to Immortal Book, until now.

It seemed the prerequisite for learning such a method involved not having opened up a world within a warrior's body.

Warriors at the Life and Death Realm liquefied their life vitality in their cinnabar field, and they could form a Soul Sea after they entered the Soul Sea Realm. Zen's life vitality had already started to liquefy way back when he was still at the Virtual Tribulation Realm and it had actually started to solidify after he broke through to the Life and Death Realm. However, he would still need to achieve the Soul Sea Realm to fully form a world within his body.

"I must warn you, the cultivation method I created is only theory through deduction. It is a mere embryo and the only way to cultivate it to the later stages is up to you. You will have to find the path yourself and it is highly possible… that the cultivation method will lead to a dead-end and ruin you! However, it is also possible for you to open up a new path. Do you dare practice it?" he asked Zen.

Judging from his words, the cultivation method had only been deduced based on the creator's own vast and profound knowledge. It hadn't yet been applied nor adopted by a living person yet.

The Central Region and Eastern Region both had countless cultivation methods, some were tried and true, others a bit more obscure.

This one, the one being proposed by the fairy palace owner, could not even be considered a full-fledged method, it was just a mere concept!

For example, someone in the Central Region proposed the idea of "using stars to refine body". This proposal might be correct since Zen himself had been able to activate the power of the stars through the cultivation of Stellar Body. So it might work if he used the power of the stars to refine his body. The concept was possible but merely proposing it was not the same as actually doing it in practice. The presenter of the concept might not necessarily fully compile all the processes and practices that came with his proposal. In short, all he really presented was the idea of the method.

Theory and praxis were different. And the difference could be too enormous that what came out of theory might be completely irrelevant from what had been originally proposed.

But of course, a mere warrior from the Central Region was different from the fairy palace owner whose theurgy had already surpassed the range of the world and possibly even the heavens. So the concept that he deduced based on his knowledge would naturally be more reliable.

There was incredible confidence coming from him in proposing this concept.

Zen nodded his head, "Yes, I do!" he answered with no hesitations.

The figure smiled at his ready answer, "Very well then, kneel down!"

Zen couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, "Kneel?"

The figure laughed at his reaction, "Why? You don't want to? You want to practice my cultivation method but you're unwilling to become my disciple?"

Become this person's disciple…

Truth be told, ever since he embarked on the road to martial arts, Zen had never truly had a master.

Aura was his master but not in the traditional sense. Letitia, meanwhile, was the leader of Cloud Hall so he was more or less her subordinate.

He did not really have anyone he could formally acknowledge as his master. He never would've expected that he would get one after suffering three thousand times and entering a door inside a mysterious book. The amount of things currently happening overwhelmed him a bit so Zen was quite hesitant.

"Hahaha… I also did not expect that I will one day have a disciple. You seem hesitant to make me your master. Don't tell me you want me to beg you?"

Chapter 1285 The Roaring Token

At this, Zen no longer hesitated. He respectfully went down on his knees and bowed to the figure.

He had earlier hesitated because he suddenly had to acknowledge someone as his master. And since he had accepted the owner's legacy, he had to acknowledge him as his master. True men wouldn't go down on their knees and Zen was no exception.

But now that he had chosen to be the owner's disciple, he did what he was supposed to do and paid his respects according to the rules.

The owner was an extremely detached man who didn't regard the ceremony of taking a disciple as important. When Zen bowed before the owner, an invisible force stopped him and helped him up.

"It's alright," the owner said, nodding. "We martial artists don't attach much importance to worldly rules. Since you are willing to take me as your master, I will pass on the cultivation method in this book to you. Do you know why I set such a path for this book?"

"I have no idea," Zen said, shaking his head.

The owner continued, "I had spent tens of thousands of years calculating countless number of times before managing to create a brand-new path. I do not know what lies at the end of this path, but the cultivation method begins with replacing life vitality with chaotic energy. For this, you have to forcefully shatter your cinnabar field and introduce chaos into your body. Only those with great perseverance can bear the pain in this course. You relied on your willpower to walk down the path outside, but I still want to remind you that the pain of replacing life vitality with chaotic energy is far beyond what you can imagine. Do you understand?"

Zen nodded, and said cautiously, "Yes, I do."

The owner smiled at this. "It's easy to say yes now. You'll only know the pain later." He looked Zen up and down and said, "It's strange. There seems to be primordial energy in your body. And you used it to refine your body once before, right?"

Zen nodded. The owner seemed to know all the secrets of his body.

"Your body is a little strange," the owner repeated, but didn't go on about the secrets of Zen's body. "Body refinement is also very painful, but the pain brought by replacing life vitality with chaotic energy is probably thousands of times greater than that brought by body refinement."

Pain was something that could not be quantified. Some people found it unbearable while others had the strength to bear it.

But the owner knew that there was an enormous difference and was very clear about it. He hadn't just said that to frighten Zen.

"I've been fully prepared for this since I acknowledged you as my master," Zen said.

"Good," the owner said, giving Zen an approving look. "Since you managed to endure that path, you're worthy of confirmation. I'll sow a sliver of chaotic energy for you."

Saying this, he pointed off into distance, a gray fog sweeping out from deep within the space.

"So this is chaotic energy?" Zen raised his eyebrows as he stared at the dusky fog.

The chaotic energy circled in the air once and then shot towards Zen, entering his cinnabar field through his abdomen.

From beginning to end, Zen hadn't felt anything unusual. When the fog entered his cinnabar field, he felt a slight pain in his abdomen, as if he was being stuck by needles.

"I've already planted a strand of chaotic energy for you," the owner said.

Zen tried circulating his life vitality and didn't feel anything out of ordinary or any unbearable pain. He was puzzled, since he had thought that he was going to die of the pain.

The owner smiled at Zen's expression and said, "Chaotic energy has only been planted into your cinnabar field. I will pass on a cultivation method to you to cultivate it. You will understand when that time comes."

The world spun as mysterious formulas of cultivation method poured into Zen's mind. And then, the owner looked surprised. The nine dragons were being suppressed by the Divine Flame Cauldron!

'My disciple's luck isn't bad, ' he thought emphatically. Given his high level of theurgy, he had never accepted disciples easily.

He had only accepted two disciples so far. And right now, despite his realization, he did not tell Zen that he had good luck. As Zen's master, he would not interfere with that. But as he thought about the origins of the Divine Flame Cauldron, he couldn't help but remind Zen, "If you are to ascend to the Upper World one day, you can't tell anyone anything about the Divine Flame Cauldron that's in your mind. Before you grow to be strong, you must hide it and treat it as your greatest secret!"

"Divine Flame Cauldron!" Zen knew that he couldn't have secrets from his master. But he was still amazed when his master mentioned the name of the mysterious furnace.

He knew that the mysterious furnace was something extraordinary but he didn't know its name. The cyan dragon was unwilling to tell him about its origin and he could hardly trace it to its source.

And now, he had finally learned its name from his master.

His master, however, seemed to have no intention of talking more about the Divine Flame Cauldron. He said, "I've left a projection in this book. I've accepted you as my disciple today, but I don't have any gift for you. These things may be useful for you one day."

Saying this, he gently waved his hand and a few shiny treasures flew towards Zen.

Zen held the golden lights as he thanked his master. There were a few sparkling fragments, within which were sealed a few treasures.

"Alright, I've been away for too long. This soul projection can only exist for a short period of time. Since I've already planted some chaotic energy within you and imparted a cultivation method to you, you have to cultivate hard. Maybe one day, I will be able to come back from that endless foreign land. And then, I will check on your strength, my cheap disciple." His voice became softer and his figure became fainter by the minute.

"How do I use these things?" Zen asked, looking at the fragments in his hand. Each of these was tiny, smaller than any of Zen's fingers.

"Just crush them." The figure became fainter and fainter, and his voice was almost inaudible now.

"Crush them?" Zen looked at the place where his master had completely disappeared and said dubiously, "A cheap disciple? What does that mean?"

The cyan dragon's voice sounded. "He has you as his disciple. Of course it's cheap for him!" Cyan dragon hadn't dared to speak all this while, but now that Zen's master had discovered the Divine Flame Cauldron, he knew that he must also have discovered the nine dragons. He simply had avoided pointing it out. So the cyan dragon hadn't shown up of his own accord.

"You mean he has taken advantage of me? It's funny," Zen said, amused, finding it all very interesting.

He had entered the fairy palace and obtained a cultivation method, and now, had gained so many gifts. No matter how he looked at it, he had taken advantage of his master.

The cyan dragon chuckled and said, "It's a good thing to take you as a disciple, as you have got a Mahayana Lotus Flower." It was obvious that the cyan dragon's thinking was going on a completely different path from Zen's.

Zen didn't press the issue because at that moment, a door had appeared behind him. He knew that the door on the painting had opened again. And then, he flew out, still looking wonderingly at the shiny fragments in his hands.

As he flew, he followed his master's instructions and crushed one of the fragments. The texture of the fragment was tough and brittle, and with a gentle pinch, it shattered into pieces. A palm-sized sculpture in the shape of a bear with its mouth wide open emerged.

"What is this?" Zen examined the sculpture, confused and curious.

Even the knowledgeable cyan dragon stared at the palm-sized sculpture thoughtfully.

But Zen had already stepped into the huge book and walked out of the painting. Immortal Book saw the sculpture in Zen's hand and laughed. "Master did leave a legacy in the book but I hadn't expected him to leave the Roaring Token for you!"

"The Roaring Token!" the cyan dragon cried out in Zen's mind as he heard this. He had turned pale with fright.

Chapter 1286 The Death Chain

What the hell was the Roaring Token?

Zen stared at Immortal Book in bewilderment.

Immortal Book shook his head, preparing to showcase his knowledge. But Saul intervened and said, "This Roaring Token is an old object that was used by the master in the past. If one uses the Roaring Token to shout out something, his voice can be heard throughout the entire universe. The Roaring Token is very common in the universe, but our master's Roaring Token is special. It can be used countless times."

"Countless times!" the cyan dragon roared once again.

"How could there be such a damned thing!" the red dragon roared after being uncommunicative all this while.

The two Genuine Dragons were inexplicably excited. Zen was dizzy with all the roaring going on in his head. He had learned from Saul that the Roaring Token was just a tool to shout out words. Moreover, Saul had introduced the Roaring Token rather indifferently, which showed that it was perhaps not something important. But why were the two Genuine Dragons so excited?

"Why?" Zen asked the cyan dragon, confused.

The cyan dragon let out a long sigh and then said incredulously, "I know that the owner of this fairy palace is a True God who surpasses the natural law, but I didn't expect him to actually have such a treasure..."

"What do you mean? Can you explain more clearly?" The cyan dragon wasn't helping relieve Zen's confusion. This token was just a tool for shouting, so why did the cyan dragon marvel so much at it? The cyan dragon hadn't been this excited when Zen had obtained the Black Star. Could it be that the Roaring Token was better than the supreme divine weapon?

The cyan dragon said, "A hundred thousand supreme worlds are too vast and it is extremely inconvenient to communicate with others in the universe. A single Roaring Token can spread your voice throughout the entire universe!"

"Oh..." Saul had just talked about what the Roaring Token did and the cyan dragon was merely repeating it all. Was spreading the voice all over the universe that important?

Seeing Zen's dubious expression, the cyan dragon smiled and said, "Once you fly into the Upper World, you'll have the right to speak if your voice can spread throughout the universe. Which is why every race and every force demand that the Roaring Token be used an unlimited number of times!"

The cyan dragon was trying his best to explain the Roaring Token to Zen.

Zen knew that the Upper World was composed of a hundred thousand supreme worlds, but he didn't have a clear understanding of the scope of these worlds.

The supreme world was too large, which made gathering and making use of its forces extremely difficult.

Besides, as the three great forces of the human race occupied nearly ten thousand supreme worlds, a wide range, communication became a big problem. The Roaring Token could help warriors' voices spread through the universe to let others hear them easily.

Why did this token's name contain the word "Roaring"? It had something to do with a unique legendary beast in the universe called Roaring Tapir.

The Roaring Tapir wasn't the strongest among the legendary beasts, but it developed an innate theurgy as it attained adulthood. This theurgy had a type of Law of Causality, which was why the Roaring Tapir's roar could spread throughout the entire universe.

Some Supreme Lords had discovered the theurgy of the Roaring Tapir, caught, and killed it. They then took away its throat and had their craftsman create the Roaring Token with its throat.

The Roaring Token allowed the Supreme Lords to spread their voice throughout the universe.

From then on, legendary beasts like the Roaring Tapir faced extremely tragic fates.

Back then, a lot of Roaring Tokens existed in the universe, even some world lords owning a large number of them. And a number of unfamiliar voices would keep ringing in one's ears.

The most ridiculous event was when two races that were considered as old enemies roared at each other and called each other names through the Roaring Tokens even though they were separated by hundreds of supreme worlds. That war of cursing lasted for months, and countless creatures in the universe suffered.

So some Supreme Lords had had no choice but to use the Roaring Tokens to warn the two races against quarreling. If these two races continued to shout abuse, then they would have to be very careful of their own territories!

But there wasn't much use in warning someone. If someone with a high status was to randomly use the Roaring Token and got punished by the Supreme Lords, he could just ask an insignificant subordinate to be the scapegoat. On the other hand, if some nameless warriors used the Roaring Tokens to make their voices heard throughout the entire universe, it was impossible for others to find the sources or figure out who were using the Roaring Tokens since no one knew their identities.

The universe didn't contain a countless number of Roaring Tapirs.

But the number of Roaring Tapirs wasn't small either. A lot of races needed the Roaring Tokes. It could be said that whoever had the most number of Roaring Tokens would be able to command a certain right to speak.

One Roaring Tapir's throat could only be used to make one Roaring Token. Even the best craftsman could, at the maximum, only create two tokens with one Roaring Tapir's throat. And so, the number of Roaring Tapirs began to rapidly decrease.

It had ended up becoming an extremely rare species.

Since its numbers dwindled, the Roaring Tapir's value increased exponentially to the point where ordinary world lords could no longer afford the Roaring Tokens. Because of this, an undisturbed, quiet environment followed hundreds of years of chaos in the universe, much to everyone's relief.

There were still quite a few Roaring Tokens in the universe, thanks to some large forces that had started raising the Roaring Tapirs. But their growth was slow and the value of the Roaring Tokens was still very high. In the hundred thousand supreme worlds, there were a few world lords who had one or two Roaring Tokens. But they weren't willing to use them recklessly.

The Supreme Lords had more Roaring Tokens, but they were also against casually using them.

Zen understood the Roaring Token better once the cyan dragon had introduced it to him.

He hadn't thought that a tool for shouting words across the universe would be so important. However, once he had thought about it, he understood the functioning of the Roaring Token better.

To put it bluntly, this thing could shout out to the entire universe any number of times.

For example, if there ever was a war between humans and ogres, and both sides were fighting in thousands of supreme worlds, it would be extremely inconvenient to communicate with each other. By the time reinforcements got news of fierce battles taking place in obscure places of a supreme world, the battles would have already ended. But if they used the Roaring Token to communicate with their members, news would reach their reinforcements in a short time.

Besides, in a battle between two races, if one side had a lot of Roaring Tokens, they would make use of them to abuse and defame the other side, and even fabricate fake intelligence, which would be a huge blow to the morale of the enemy.

If one side had too few of the Roaring Tokens, or none at all, then members could do nothing but stare.

Zen laughed as he looked at the Roaring Token in his hand. It was indeed a good thing.

Zen did not forget that he still had one more important goal, and that was to find his sister. Although he felt that Yan was safe, he couldn't accept the fact that she had been taken away by someone he did not know.

If he were to fly into the Upper World in the future, Zen might have to use this Roaring Token to shout to Yan to see if she could reply.

"I just can't figure out how the owner of the fairy palace created a Roaring Token that can be used for unlimited times!" the cyan dragon said disbelievingly, still in shock.

"I don't care!" Zen couldn't be bothered to think about this, as long as it was useful.

Once he had put the Roaring Token into his space ring, Zen crushed the second fragment. As he did so, a shining chain appeared within the fragment. Zen pulled the chain out and said, disappointment lacing his voice, "This... What the hell is this?"

In the beginning, he had thought that his master's gift would most likely be a supreme divine weapon. And he had guessed that his master might give him at least a divine weapon. But now, as he crushed the fragments, he was confused as to why he was getting such strange things.

When Saul saw the chain, he smiled and said, "This is the Death Chain!"

"The Death Chain? What's the use of it?" Zen asked.

"When you first entered the fairy palace, did you trigger a Desperate Melee in the pavilion?" Saul asked as way of an answer.

Zen nodded. He still remembered that Desperate Melee vividly. Everyone had been connected to each other by a special energy and fought a life-and-death battle as only one could survive in the end.

"So that's it. The Death Chain can lock you and your opponent together, and it would open only after the battle is over and one of the fighters is killed. Even if a Supreme Lord is locked up with you, he won't be able to escape if he can't kill you."

Chapter 1287 The Extreme Pain

Zen wasn't stupid to lock himself in with a Supreme Lord.

But thanks to Saul's explanation, Zen understood that the Death Chain would be of great use. He could lock an opponent whose strength was on par with his so that he wouldn't be able to escape.

Zen felt that the Death Chain was much more practical when compared to the Roaring Token. The decision was in his hands and he could decide whether or not he would use it.

Zen stuffed the Death Chain into his space ring, in no hurry to crush the remaining pieces. But he was anxious to figure out the cultivation method his master had just passed down to him.

His master, who had created and named the cultivation method, had poured it into Zen's mind. It was called the "Primal Chaos Technique." The name was rather simple; Zen suspected that his master was just too lazy to think of a suitable name.

But the strength of warriors did not depend on their names. Likewise, the strength of a cultivation method was not something that could be determined by its name either.

Zen was a little worried when it came to cultivating this method. After all, his master had only deduced it, and he himself had never practiced it. But if a cultivation method could be obtained and cultivated by many people, it wouldn't be valuable enough and Zen wouldn't take a fancy to it.

This cultivation method was different—no one had cultivated it before. If Zen started on this path, it would be one that no one had ever walked before. Who knew what he would find at the end?

Zen followed the method recorded in the manual and slowly condensed the life vitality in his belly. The wisp of chaotic energy that had disappeared, jumped back to life and whirred in his belly. It was at this moment that he finally understood what pain was.

Zen paled the instant the pain began shooting through his body. He was rooted to the spot, unable to move. Even his instinct to howl had disappeared.

"What's wrong?" Letitia asked nervously. When the three women saw that Zen seemed to have obtained some sort of inheritance after entering the book, they had become happy. But they became worried at the way he had paled so suddenly.

The pain originated from his cinnabar field, as if something was grinding his belly without stop. The cinnabar field was the most sensitive yet most important part of a warrior. The pain spread and stimulated every nerve in Zen's body.

Margaret rushed forward and asked nervously, "Zen, are you feeling alright?"

Zen barely had the time to answer before his eyes rolled back and he fainted.

He hoped that he would remain unconscious because he knew that if he woke up, it would be nothing less than hell's torment for him.

The three women surrounded Zen, anxious at his state.

"Zen! What's wrong with you!"

"Why did he pass out?"

They all started to cry.

Immortal Book glanced at Zen before saying, "Don't worry. He isn't hurt. It's just too painful."

Zen stirred after a while, but the pain was like a shadow that followed him into consciousness. He let out a howl as his eyes rolled back and he fainted again.

It wasn't that Zen's willpower was lacking; it was just that the pain had already far surpassed the limit that a human could endure. A warrior's cinnabar field was usually filled with pure life vitality. So how could it tolerate a foreign object?

Due to the excruciating pain, Zen's body had activated its self-protection mechanism, causing him to faint.

The three women were speechless and worried for Zen.

They had no idea what was happening to him, or why he was suffering so much.

After a long time, Zen woke up once again. He was still unable to speak, but the duration for which he woke up this time was much longer than the second time he had regained consciousness. The second time, he had only lasted three seconds, and the third time around, he had endured about fifteen seconds before fainting again.

When he woke up the fourth time, Zen held on for about a minute, wailing and groaning as he did so.

The fifth time, he persevered for about two minutes.

The sixth time, about three minutes.

The seventh time, about five minutes.

The eighth time...

Zen repeatedly fainted and woke up. He was not used to this kind of pain. It was not something that humans could adapt to. It was just that his willpower to endure it was rapidly increasing.

After the tenth time, his lips trembled, and he finally spoke. "We will be taking our leave first. Let's talk about it after we return to the Central Region." Then, he fainted once again.

Zen had the token of mountain, which meant that he could return to the fairy palace any time he wanted. But he didn't have much time to think right now. Moreover, it would be very difficult to focus under extreme pain. He would have to wait until he returned to the Central Region.

Since Zen had said so, the three women would naturally bring him back to the Central Region.

This time, Letitia gently clapped her hands and took out the flood dragon puppet that she and Zen had obtained together.

Zen woke up once again. After bidding farewell to Saul and Immortal Book, he rode the flood dragon puppet with the three women and left the fairy palace. They returned to the Eastern Region and exited the Cloudy Mountain, flying into the sky.

The valley in the Cloudy Mountain was called Dragon Valley because there were rumors that a dragon lived in there.

Many people in G County watched as the flood dragon puppet left the Cloudy Mountain. They were now convinced that there was indeed a dragon in the mountain.

It had to be worshiped since it was a dragon's nest. They believed that if anyone provoked the dragon, it would most probably punish all living beings. Therefore, a few large clans in G County had issued a prohibition, preventing anyone from approaching the Cloudy Mountain.

As they nestled within the body of the flood dragon puppet, Zen fainted and recovered continuously. He remained unconscious for a longer period of time than he stayed awake. He would be awake for five to ten minutes, but would be unconscious for several hours.

It took Letitia a few days to bring the flood dragon puppet back to the Cloud Hall.

She instructed people to prepare a private residence for Aura, after which she stayed with Zen to take care of him.

Three months had passed in the blink of an eye.

These three months saw Zen constantly passing out and waking up. This would be sheer torture to anyone and Zen was no exception.

This pain had persisted for too long, and had even caused Zen's mentality to change. He was extremely regretful. If he had known that it would be so painful, he wouldn't have practiced this cultivation method no matter what.

It was not that Zen's willpower was weak. He was not almighty. Even if his warrior spirit and willpower were stronger than those of ordinary warriors, this kind of pain was not something that any living being could endure. And Zen couldn't bear it either. Or maybe he could if he were a rock.

How could the three women even smile when they saw the pain that Zen was in?

Letitia fiercely guarded the Ice Palace. She let Saint Morphens take care of other matters that cropped up in the Cloud Hall.

As time went by, the time that Zen remained conscious became longer and longer. This kind of pain did not numb the body. Every time a wave of pain rippled through him, it made him feel like his head was about to explode. He would rather not wake up than endure this.

One day, Zen slowly came to consciousness, and the moment he woke up, he knew that he would have to spend a few more hours in torment.

But he could hear a melodious sound wafting in. Margaret was caressing the strings of her zither, just outside the Ice Palace. The music was so beautiful that it made Zen feel at ease.

Even though the music could not suppress the pain, Zen still felt slightly better. He struggled to get up, while Letitia, who had been waiting by his side for a countless number of days, immediately went up to support him. "Be careful," she said softly.

But as he rose, Zen suddenly discovered that the pain in his cinnabar field had disappeared. The torment that had lasted for almost half a year had suddenly disappeared!

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1288 The Chaotic Energy

Of all human sensations, pain demands the most tolerance. The fact that Zen was able to endure such intense torture for a long time without losing his mind was testament enough to the strength of his will.

When all the pain left his body, relief flooded his senses.

Half a year had passed, and he had overcome the torture.

Margaret and Letitia did not know that the pain had gone. As Zen straightened himself slowly, Margaret halted playing the zither while Letitia asked him softly, her voice expressing her deep concern, "Zen, are you alright?"

A mischievous thought came to his mind as he looked at the two women's faces. Deciding to play a trick, he shook his head slightly and affected an air of being in pain. "I...I'm afraid I can't make it this time," he coughed out.

Shadows immediately fell upon Letitia's and Margaret's faces at his words. Not far away, Aura, who had been praying for Zen, ran over to him in haste and held his hand.

The three women hovered over him in somber silence. Suddenly, Zen's arms shot out and pulled the three of them into his embrace. Margaret and Aura screamed; surprised gasps tickled his ears as he flew up into the sky and burst into laughter. He took them and jumped out of the Ice Palace's roof with them in his embrace.

Their worries fled as they floated in the air.

Aura's eyes were bright as she marveled at him. Zen's strong arms were wrapped around her securely, and she felt the warmth of his skin on her own. Margaret laughed as she pummeled his chest, playfully castigating him for playing such a dirty trick. It was only Letitia who was different. Her eyes were as sharp as daggers as she glared at him, anger written all over her face. The next moment, a white, cold mist rose up in the air.

"Hey! It's freezing," Margaret complained, her mood going sour at Letitia's actions.

The cold draft touched them with its icy fingers and the other two women shivered.

Letitia only let out a defiant "Humph" and slipped out from Zen's arms, returning to the Ice Palace.

The three women had been at peace for the past few months. It had been a standstill among them when Zed was unconscious, but now that he had recovered, the old discord had come to life once more. Jealousy was an emotion that could only be suppressed at most, but never dispelled or forgotten.

Zen could only smile wryly before he let go of Margaret and Aura. He then followed Letitia and entered the Ice Palace, wanting to soothe her.

That night, after he had bathed and changed his clothes, he sat alone on a platform in Cloud Hall. Letitia had calmed down after some time of coaxing, and he had some time in his hands. For the past months, he had not been able to check on himself in the midst of the extreme pain.

His first instinct was to scrutinize the changes in his body.

Zen crossed his legs, adapting a posture for meditation and focusing his energy on his belly. A shocked expression appeared on his face as he entered into a state of introspection.

Before, his body had been filled with liquefied life energy. It had been a unique kind—viscous and malleable. But now, there was not even a single drop.

None of his previous life vitality was present. Instead, he found the chaotic energy which looked dusky in its place.

"Is it done? Has the chaotic energy replaced my life vitality?" Zen muttered.

The cyan dragon said in his mind, "Chaotic energy! Your master has indeed surpassed the natural law. The chaotic energy inside you is proof of that. Warriors use their own life vitality to cultivate—that is the law of nature. Even Supreme Lords have no power over this. But your master was able to create such a unique cultivation method, replacing the life vitality with chaotic energy. This is truly an amazing feat." The cyan dragon couldn't help but shake his head as he spoke.

Zen's forehead furrowed in confusion. "But you said it yourself. Warriors use their life vitality to cultivate. The life vitality will be liquefied when a warrior reaches the Life and Death Realm. Then a deep sea of life vitality will be opened up in his body when he reaches the Soul Sea Realm. When he reaches the Spirit Supreme Realm, the life vitality will be solidified and creatures will be created within the world in his body. But now, I no longer have any life vitality. So how am I supposed to progress?" he asked.

The cyan dragon shook his head grimly. "Such a thing has never happened in my life. It is beyond me. Therefore, I cannot possibly answer you."

There was no guarantee that Zen's master, the creator of this cultivation method, would be able to answer his question. It was a newly-carved path in the world of warriors, and there was no one who could possibly offer him guidance.

Sensing Zen's loss, the cyan dragon continued, "However, there is one thing I can say. This chaotic energy is something that exists outside of the universe. All creatures had been born from primal chaos. It is an extremely powerful but equally dangerous existence for all creatures. And yet, you have it inside your body, which is a very strange occurrence. Even I am not sure whether the chaotic energy can really replace life vitality."

Warriors relied primarily on their life vitality for cultivation. It was an indispensable element, as an arrow is to a bow.

However, Zen's life vitality had completely disappeared. There was nothing but the chaotic energy inside him. Did this mean that the known cultivation methods were now completely unsuitable for him?

As he listened to the cyan dragon, Zen's heart skipped a beat. What he said made perfect sense.

Zen started to manipulate his belly the usual way, using his meridians to extract life vitality from his body. However, under this kind of extraction, the chaotic energy was drawn out instead of the life vitality.

As the chaotic energy followed his meridians, he felt a sudden and intense pain.

"Again?"

Zen clenched his teeth as he thought of the implications. For half a year, he had endured the unthinkable pain, and now it was as if the pain had only shifted its position and began to target his meridians next.

To his relief, the overwhelming sensation only lasted for a few brief moments before it subsided. Then, Zen began to test the newfound chaotic energy. With a gentle wave of his hand, a streak of vigorous chaotic energy gushed out from his palm.

"The Fire Law!"

Zen was unfamiliar with any fire-system cultivation method, but he had no problem activating the Fire Law.

Boom!

At first, there had only been complete silence in the darkness. It was deep in the night, and people in Cloudy City had already fallen into a deep slumber.

In the midst of the quiet, a violent explosion suddenly rang in the air, wrenching people away from the arms of sleep. At the same time, they looked outside their windows with stupefied expressions. It was the middle of the night, and dawn was still far off, so where did all the light come from?

A huge sun-like flare was in the sky, lighting up the surroundings with a brilliance that was akin to sunlight.

All Zen did was casually throw out a fireball based on the first layer of the Fire Law. He had never imagined that it would have that much power. The fireball spread out and was eventually covered by the circular "Light of Water." The light reflected and took the form of the sun.

"What unbelievable power!" Zen marveled at the sight.

He had been right to direct the fireball towards the sky. The lingering flames had ignited quite a number of parts of the Cloud Hall, but left everyone unharmed. After the fireball exploded, the light remained for some more moments before disappearing. The Cloud Hall was awake, with disciples running around in haste to put out the fire.

Zen gazed into the sky for some time even after all the light had disappeared. The cyan dragon's words about primal chaos lingered in his mind.

Other warriors trained their life vitality, which was a kind of energy created and bound by nature. What Zen possessed now was chaotic energy, created by the primal chaos.

Just now, he had only used the chaotic energy to activate the Fire Law. How much more powerful would it be if he used the methods in the manual that his master had created? As Zen became more and more familiar with the chaotic energy inside him, his future achievement might exceed his master's expectations.

His master had created the Primal Chaos Technique, but he had not practiced it himself. At present, chaotic energy had completely replaced the life vitality within Zen's body. With this, he would be able to create his own cultivation method far beyond his master's limits.

Zen's chest beat wildly in anticipation. The future held endless possibilities. No one had walked this path before, and it would be incredibly difficult for Zen to learn on his own. But he believed that once he completed his journey, a new era would open up by his own hands.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

24

Content

Chapter 1289 The Way To Collect The Magnetic Sacred Mountain
Chapter 1290 Cut The Mountain With Wind Blades
Chapter 1291 Are They Intelligent
Chapter 1292 Rise Up
Chapter 1293 The Hook In Shadow
Chapter 1294 A Mad Rush To Ascend
Chapter 1295 Improving Too Fast
Chapter 1296 Ascending
Chapter 1297 The Ascending Well
Chapter 1298 The Vitality Pressure
Chapter 1299 Be Handcuffed
Chapter 1300 Go And Join My Uncle
Chapter 1301 The Supreme World Channel
Chapter 1302 Life Vitality Jade (Part One)
Chapter 1303 Life Vitality Jade (Part Two)
Chapter 1304 Freya Mu
Chapter 1305 The Roar From A Supreme Lord
Chapter 1306 Unable To Take Them Away
Chapter 1307 Run!
Chapter 1308 Snake Venom
Chapter 1309 Being Immoral
Chapter 1310 A Palm
Chapter 1311 Where Are You Yan Luo
Chapter 1312 The Return Of Yolande's Clones
Chapter 1313 Counting
Chapter 1314 The Beast Attack
Chapter 1315 Riyad
Chapter 1316 Confusion
Chapter 1317 The Mental Predicament (Part One)
Chapter 1318 The Mental Predicament (Part Two)
Chapter 1319 Upgrade
Chapter 1320 Two Masters' Visit
Chapter 1321 Holy City
Chapter 1322 The Vast Holy City
Chapter 1323 Make Your Choice Now
Chapter 1324 Teaching Them A Lesson

Chapter 1325 Myriad Spiritual Force House
Chapter 1326 Fenton Sima
Chapter 1327 Mervin Tie
Chapter 1328 Thirteen Palaces Of The Heavenly Alliance
Chapter 1329 The Projected Reflection
Chapter 1330 An Interesting Habit
Chapter 1331 Different Types Of Law Power
Chapter 1332 The State Sword
Chapter 1333 Sword Painting
Chapter 1334 The King
Chapter 1335 Defeat Fenton
Chapter 1336 You Were Shouting So Loudly
Chapter 1337 Speculation
Chapter 1338 The Border Channel
Chapter 1339 The Smell
Chapter 1340 Weapon House
Chapter 1341 Weapons Under The Dome
Chapter 1342 The Red Light Dots
Chapter 1343 The Second Page
Chapter 1344 A Constant Speed

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 1289 The Way To Collect The Magnetic Sacred Mountain

A warrior paved his cultivation path towards a unique goal.

Some saw it as a road towards unlimited power and resources. Some saw it as a stepping stone to achieve recognition. Some saw it as an easy way to get beautiful women.

Zen, on the other hand, was obsessed with the practice of cultivation itself. His main motivation was not gold, power, or glory but the sheer interest he had for it.

In the past, Zen had created his very own sword move—the No Move. This time, he practiced a cultivation method that had been practiced by no one before. It was like walking a new, undiscovered path. He knew it was bound to be difficult, but he had faith that it would lead to a beautiful place.

The large fireball greatly alarmed the warriors of Cloud Hall, but they quickly calmed down when they heard that it was only Zen cultivating.

No one would dare argue nor admonish him. Zen, first and foremost, was a disciple of Cloud Hall's Elite House. Moreover, he was now also the number one warrior in Central Region and the husband of Cloud Hall's leader—nobody could really consider him as a mere disciple anymore.

Now that he had finished his goal of returning to the Eastern Region and taking Aura back, Zen could now rest and cultivate in peace here in Cloud Hall.

Aside from that, he was also blessed to be graced with the company of three beauties. It wasn't really as peaceful as he would've hoped since there was still a bit of conflict among them. None really entertained the notion of having to share a husband. Still, their dynamic worked.

Margaret was relatively carefree and spent most of her time teasing the Ancestral Dragon or idling by Zen's side. She should've, in theory, already made a breakthrough given the time and ample resources the

Cloud Hall provided. Her Purple Power Body also gave her an innate advantage but the young woman just didn't take cultivation that seriously.

Margaret remained stuck at the early stage of the Internal Elixir Realm and did not seem to have any intention of improving herself—at least that was what Zen thought.

He actually had some doubts regarding this carefree lady of his. He hadn't forgotten that old man from the Celestial Position race. Zen had tried to use the memories of the world's will to find out what that old man and Margaret talked about back then, but he came up with nothing.

He figured that it might be because the old man was technically an outsider from this great world so he might not necessarily be able to find out any information about him. Margaret, though, was born in the Central Region which made Zen suspicious. The old man might have done something to shield their conversation, hiding them from the memories of the world's will.

The only thing Zen was able to discover was Margaret's mysterious departure from the Cloud Hall that night. She most probably entered the Purple Power World but whatever transpired in there was unknown to him.

He truly did not intend to pry. He was just worried since Margaret had the tendency to be stupid sometimes. It was difficult for Zen to ask her about it directly and he didn't have any idea how to make her open up to him since she had long been on guard around him. It was an issue he was still trying to work around with.

Aura and Letitia, on the other hand, remained diligent with their cultivation.

Letitia was a somewhat busy woman, spending her days in cultivation while also dealing with the Cloud Hall's affairs. Margaret's constant presence around Zen irked her, but she really couldn't do anything about it since the young woman was not a disciple of the Cloud Hall.

The one that surprised Zen the most was Aura.

She had been very hardworking all this time. The moment she arrived at the Cloud Hall, Aura quickly immersed herself in cultivating the method she had chosen within the fairy palace.

During the half year Zen spent being ravaged by chaotic energy, Aura was making leaps and bounds in her cultivation. Her cultivation was now at the ultimate level of the Illuminating Soul Realm, on par with Margaret.

Zen had also considerably improved as time went on. He had recently experienced his second life and death tribulation, but it had not been difficult since he was able to redirect the attacks to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

However, he still remained on guard against the black eye that was hell-bent on destroying him.

Dealing with such a formidable enemy was incredibly serious.

Last time, Zen was lucky and had managed to redirect the black eye's strike to the great world's mountains causing the destruction of around five million mountains. Such a devastating outcome came about from a mere, casual attack from a mighty being. Zen was certain that if the black eye got serious, he was sure to die. Even though he had fused with the will of the great world and even if he would never die so long as the great world existed, Zen knew it would be a piece of cake for the black eye to destroy everything.

Fortunately, the black eye did not appear during his life and death tribulation so he was able to breathe a sigh of relief.

The pill that the old man from the Celestial Position race gave him also helped since he noticed his cultivation rise at a faster rate ever since he took it.

It was after another half year that his third life and death tribulation descended upon him once again.

A lot of interesting things took place during this time. More and more talents appeared while those from Zen's generation had finally settled and found their calling.

Rocher, only in his early twenties, had become the youngest elder in the Cloud Hall. His talent had reached terrifying new heights with his continued comprehension of the Heavenly Sword. Letitia had remarked to Zen that Rocher was in the running as the next leader of the Cloud Hall, a position she would be vacating once Zen and she ascended to the Upper World.

There were, of course, many more talents in the Cloud Hall, and Rocher was sure to have a lot of competition in store for him if he ever wished to vie for the position. Still, Letitia believed that he was a strong, worthy contender.

Zen's rise to power also signaled the advent of the prosperity of Central Region's warriors. The four divine kingdoms remained superior, of course, but it could not be denied that Central Region had come a long way from their initial state.

The Bloodwood Cliff, Mysterious Luna Hall, Black Mountain Sect... The Ethereal Spirit Sect had just recently been rebuilt and was now focusing on nurturing their pool of warriors. It was highly likely that Central Region's divine-level talents would go on to become Soul Sea Realm masters in the future.

Today, Zen took out the token of mountain and held it in his hand. He had never used it, nor did he know the principle behind it.

However, the moment he activated the token, the information flooded through his mind and he suddenly was able to understand how it worked.

With this sudden influx of information, the image of the fairy palace appeared right in front of him. It was exactly the same as the one in Cloudy Mountain but relatively smaller in size.

Zen quickly stepped into this mini fairy palace and was suddenly transported inside. Despite appearing to him as a smaller version, the place he had stepped into was incomparably grand and huge. Of course, it was all an illusion shown to him by the token.

"So this is how it is supposed to be used," he remarked to himself. If he ever found himself in a pinch, he could take out the token and hide himself in this palace.

Since he was already here, Zen made it a point to head towards the library.

The library was an immense fountain of knowledge from which he could reap endless benefits.

Instead of searching for cultivation methods, Zen looked for and gathered information regarding weapon refining and divine texture writing.

Immortal Book whispered recommendations to his ear all throughout but Zen still managed to browse a few books he chose himself. In one of these books, he had unexpectedly managed to obtain some information regarding the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

According to the source, the Magnetic Sacred Mountain could actually be collected.

It contained the power of five elements: metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. It was also extremely sturdy and unbreakable.

It was also the reason why nobody in the four divine kingdoms showed any intention of targeting it.

Chapter 1290 Cut The Mountain With Wind Blades

It couldn't be denied—the breadth of Zen's master's knowledge far exceeded his expectations.

The book entitled "Myriad Manifestations of Nature" was a record of some of the universe's extremely powerful and unique items, including the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Not only was its refining method recorded in the book, but a number of other aspects went above and beyond Zen's imagination. But because the materials for refining the mountain were rare, Zen had yet to find them.

Although the origin of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain wasn't wholly clear, it indeed existed in the great world. At the very least, it was not owned by anyone.

If only the Soul Sea Realm masters of the four divine kingdoms could move the mountain, the mountain would have already settled on the Divine Kingdom Continent.

But even while Zen finally had the method of collecting the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, there were still a number of hurdles to overcome.

A violent storm had been hanging above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars since many years ago—its wind blades were a great threat to even the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors. Although Zen had already consecutively advanced two grades and currently stood at the third grade of the Life and Death Realm, it was too unrealistic for him to attempt to block the wind blades with the strength he had.

An important point to note was that the most crucial part about collecting the Magnetic Sacred Mountain was stripping off the bottom of the mountain. It was such a sturdy structure that not even dozens of Soul Sea Realm masters could destroy it—Zen couldn't even dream of doing so.

After a moment of pondering, Zen came up with a plan.

At this time, the World Commercial Alliance suddenly released a message requesting all kinds of rare materials. Although these materials more or less appeared in the Central Region, they were extremely difficult to obtain.

But brave men after great rewards never ran out. After all, how many people in the world could truly resist such temptations?

Some of the materials had been kept in certain clans for generations. Now that they were sold at such a high price, they were all willing to sell them to the World Commercial Alliance.

All the materials collected were piecemeal before being sent to the Cloud Hall one after another. Because of the great purchase momentum, it caught the attention of many other sects. After some investigation, it was revealed that the World Commercial Alliance was only helping the Cloud Hall, or perhaps, to speak frankly, it was helping Zen take them all.

But why was Zen in need of such uncommon things? What could his purpose have been?

It was rumored that he wanted to help the Cloud Hall build a super sect-protecting array, along with the rumor that he was preparing to make a breakthrough to the Soul Sea Realm.

But these rumors were hardly convincing. The Cloud Hall already had a sect-protecting array, and Zen and Letitia were top figures in the Central Region—the Cloud Hall had no need for another sect-protecting array. Even more ridiculous was the rumor that Zen was about to make a breakthrough to the Soul Sea Realm—he was only at the third grade of the Life and Death Realm, after all.

But Zen was making divine textures, indeed. According to the records in the Myriad Manifestations of Nature, the process of collecting the Magnetic Sacred Mountain was divided into three steps—first, the mountain had to be compressed in a small space; second, the power of the five elements had to be used to suppress the entire structure; and third, the mountain would be collected.

Already, Zen was making his preparations.

With that, his time seemed to grow shorter once again. In the day, he prepared the materials and made the divine textures. At night, he immersed himself in cultivating. In the next three months that passed, Zen had no moment to spare.

Zen's figure appeared above the sea, south of the Central Region.

Although Letitia and Margaret were insistent of going on the quest with him, Zen refused.

While Letitia's strength had improved remarkably, she was still not strong enough to deal with the wind blades. Some of them contained the fifth layer of Wind Law—even though Zen's body was tough as a sacred weapon, he would be torn to pieces if he didn't know how to redirect the attacks.

After possessing the will of the great world, Zen tried to digest the memories in his head, uncovering numerous secrets.

In the northern part of the Divine Kingdom Continent, for instance, lay a savage land and some extremely powerful vicious beasts—there were even a number of extremely powerful races among them. But the culture was utterly backward, and countless times more chaotic than the Sea God continent.

Also, in a corner of the great world, a glorious civilization was settled—one that was destroyed 500, 000 years prior because of the Tower of Sin. Under the conflict of those warriors from the Upper World, that continent sank to the bottom of the sea.

But no matter how far Zen searched, he couldn't find any memories of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. It seemed that the will of the great world had no knowledge of the storm, its origins, or what lay in the center of it. It was a strange ordeal, indeed.

Moreover, behind the area was a group of Shadow Creatures whose strength was feared even by the mighty warriors of the Celestial Position race. Why would they be wandering behind the great world? Were they planning to do something to it? It couldn't be helped—the great world still had many unsolved mysteries.

At the moment, Zen didn't have the means to unravel such mysteries—only collecting the Magnetic Sacred Mountain occupied his thoughts.

But while it was impossible for Zen to strip away the bottom of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain with his own strength, the power of the storm could be used instead.

The second he entered the range of the storm above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, raging winds swept over him.

The ocean seemed to be sucked into the sky by the violent storm, entwining like water dragons, forming a bridge between the sea and sky—it was quite the spectacle.

Zen's figure rapidly shuttled back and forth between the dancing water and by then, quite a few wind blades were already sweeping toward him in the storm's periphery.

The blades were a light-cyan color, with only level one of Wind Law, some holding level two. These didn't pose much of a threat to Zen—he didn't even need to dodge when the wind blades hit him directly.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Even if he didn't manage to transfer the attacks, the wind blades were of no harm to him.

As he endured the storm, his speed increased considerably as he flew forward.

But he wasn't headed for the Magnetic Sacred Mountain—through the memories of the world's will, Zen had already ascertained that the mountain was to the west of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. Instead of flying to the west, he flew south, going straight into the heart of the storm.

Of course, he wasn't planning on merely exploring the heart of the storm out of curiosity—it was a necessary step for what he intended to do. If there was some powerful creature in the center of it, he would be doomed.

While it was impossible for Zen to strip away the bottom of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain with his own strength, the power of the storm could be used instead.

The wind blades were indeed ridiculously powerful—Zen was positive that transferring this power to the mountain could do the trick.

One wind blade was probably not enough, but a hundred thousand, or maybe a million wind blades could work. Taking advantage of the wind blades, Zen believed the Magnetic Sacred Mountain could be removed from its base.

A concrete method had to be decided.

As Zen advanced to the center of the storm, the wind blades turned sharper and sharper. Even wind blades containing the third or fourth layer of Wind Law began appearing around him, the colors fluctuating from light to dark shades of cyan.

'It's not enough. These wind blades are enough to threaten me, but they can't shake the mountain, ' Zen thought, observing the blades sweeping around him. Even after he attempted to transfer the attacks to the bottom of the mountain, they had no trace of an effect on the mountain.

'I have to find those black wind blades!' Fixing his gaze on the blades, Zen continued to advance. After he had flown for about half a day, the first black wind blade finally appeared before him.

Chapter 1291 Are They Intelligent

When he saw the wind blade, Zen got pleased, with a hint of joy on his face. He had finally discovered the black wind blade!

Realizing that the black wind blade didn't shoot in the right direction, Zen swiftly adjusted his direction and headed straight towards it.

"Puff!"

With a muffled sound, the wind blade that contained the fifth layer of Wind Law directly hit Zen's chest!

"Power Transfer!"

When the black wind blade hit his chest, Zen ensured to simultaneously use the will of the great world to search for the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

After that, Zen's gaze faintly flickered. An indistinct white mark became visible at the bottom of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

The wind blade containing the fifth layer of Wind Law could only leave a faint mark. So how long would it take him to cut this massive Magnetic Sacred Mountain?

There was a trace of depression in his face.

But Zen resolutely would not give up that easily. During his stay in the Central Region, he not only focused on cultivating, but he also needed to prepare to fly into the Upper World.

He quite fully understood then that preparedness ensured success and unpreparedness spelled failure. Since he was able to achieve it with a small price, why wouldn't he do it?

So he continued moving forward. As he plodded on, he mentally noted that the number of black wind blades increased, while the number of cyan wind blades decreased.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!"

The moving tracks of the black wind blades were different, and Zen could only try his best to use his body to collide with them. With this constant collisions, streams of power kept transferring to the bottom of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

"Ten streams of power..."

"One hundred...

"One thousand..."

In the eyes of the onlookers, these black wind blades were deadly, seeming to represent the death god. But it was not for Zen as he could not wait to charge at them.

He swiftly hit them! Soon he had been able to smash three thousand black wind blades! When Zen checked the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, the power of the three thousand wind blades was transferred by him to the bottom.

And now, he had finally cut a little part of the mountain, leaving a tiny cut as thick as a thumb!

Witnessing this scene, Zen couldn't help feeling disappointed. He was speechless!

His effort of gathering the power of thousands of black wind blades only left a tiny mark on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

He deduced that a large mountain was always thin at the top part, and was massive at the bottom. How many black wind blades would it take to peel off the Magnetic Sacred Mountain from its base? Would it need hundreds of millions or even billions of wind blades?

If so, it might be impossible for Zen to execute that with the wind blades alone. Although there were a lot of black wind blades in the storm, and they were distributed in the sky above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, but they would not rush towards him all at the same time! Zen admitted that he did not have the power to attract all of the black wind blades, so he would have to rely entirely on himself to hit those black wind blades, which might probably take decades to peel off the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

It wasn't that Zen didn't have the resolution and persistence to move a mountain. And it never daunted him in the first place. It was just that he didn't have enough time.

Shaking his head, he could only continue moving closer to the center of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

Zen had once entered the center of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. He didn't find anything special aside from a few powerful ferocious beasts.

He thought that with the devastating storm, those eleventh-level beasts probably wouldn't dare to float onto the surface of the sea. The only things left in the surroundings were the black wind blades.

When Zen continued to advance more than a thousand miles, his eyes suddenly flashed. He saw a strange black wind blade rushing towards him at a rapid speed!

This black wind blade's shape was the same as that of the black wind blades he hit earlier. But there was something unusual with the way it moved. It would repeatedly disappear and appear during its flight. Sometimes, it could become transparent. And at times it looked black, and the two colors alternatively flickered. The Wind Law that emitted from it seemed to be stronger!

Zen was unable to determine which layer of Law Power the wind blade contained. To date, Zen had only practiced the first layer of the Wind Law. He had just learned from the seven members of the Celestial Position that the black wind blade held the fifth layer of the Wind Law.

However, the Law Power contained within the weird wind blade that constantly changed colors was higher than that of the other black wind blades. He could only surmise that this wind blade carried the sixth layer of Wind Law.

Zen was currently a bit worried and disappointed. With the strength of the black wind blades, it would take at least ten years for him to cut the mountain. But now, he was overjoyed upon seeing this two-tone wind blade!

"Dash towards it!"

The wind blade moved at a fast speed, cutting into his body the moment he lunged forward. Though it closed in with uncanny precision, it didn't stop from changing its colors even once. The gutsy air current emanating from Zen's body created a thunderous force, causing a whirlpool to surge up from the sea underneath Zen. And the tremendous explosion of that force nearly made the base of the vortex visible!

The surge of power arising from the two-colored wind blade was so terrifying. And most of its power was triumphantly transferred by Zen to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

"Boom!"

The Magnetic Sacred Mountain that was thousands of miles away from Zen suddenly shook violently!

For countless years, this Magnetic Sacred Mountain that held the power of five elements had been majestically standing there. And there was no telltale sign of disturbance on the mountain throughout the years. As for even the erosion of the seawater, the slapping of the waves, or the cutting of the wind blades, none of these had been able to shake this mountain. After all, it was far away from the center of the storm.

With that massive amount of power directly penetrating the base of the mountain that continued to quake violently, a large splash of seawater began to roll in. And the seawater surrounding the Magnetic Sacred Mountain became foamy, akin to boiling water as bubbles appeared generously, thus refracting the azure sea into a milky white color as though it was a rice soup.

"It works!" Zen blurted out in obvious delight.

Just a double-colored wind blade was enough to leave a nearly ten feet-long cut on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. The sharp cut was precise that it was as if a god wielded a giant ax and chopped the mountain down.

It was hard for Zen to imagine the power of the two-colored wind blade. If his execution to transfer the power to the mountain failed miserably in the nick of time, then he would have been sunk without trace by the wind blade.

"Again!" With newfound hope swelling within him, Zen glanced around again. But luck was not on him this time as there was no two-colored wind blade at his sight at all!

Zen's heart was at ease now, and he was feeling so much better. Since he couldn't find the two-colored wind blade nearby, he continued to advance towards the center of the storm to find more.

He steadily flew further ahead. Along the way, there were only a few two-colored wind blades, but Zen did not miss any of them. After encountering dozens of two-colored wind blades, the gap at the bottom of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain had grown larger and larger.

Later on, as he carried on with his pace forward, Zen began to hesitate.

He realized that he had no clear grasp of what was at the center of this storm. He wasn't afraid of the double-colored wind blades. It was just that if he encountered some powerful creatures at the center of this storm, dealing with them would be impossible for him. Might he be able to escape by then?

After a brief moment of hesitation, Zen braced himself, as he gritted his teeth and charged forward.

As he made his way towards the center of the storm, he met more and more double-colored wind blades. Every single two-colored wind blade was able to leave a ten-foot-deep cut on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. Although this mountain was huge, it would eventually peel off under such attacking and cutting of the wind blades. Zen's mental state eventually became stable.

However, just after Zen advanced for about two hundred miles, he discovered a new type of wind blade. It was a golden wind blade!

What was stranger was that they were not like those ordinary wind blades which shot into all directions. Instead, they gathered and moved together, like a flock of birds flying smoothly in the air.

"Are these wind blades intelligent?" Zen was amazed as he stared at the golden wind blades.

So to speak, the wind blades were the things created in a storm. The stronger the wind blade was, the higher the level of Wind Law it contained. But no matter how powerful the wind blade was, it might not be able to produce a pearl of wisdom. To put it bluntly, it was nothing but just a gust of wind.

There were too many mysteries in this universe that were left unsolved. And Zen fused with the will of the great world, making him all-powerful and invincible, but sadly some things still confused him.

While Zen was too engrossed in observing the clumps of golden wind blades, some of them noticed him. One of the golden wind blades circled in the distance, and the other golden wind blades also started chasing after him!

'Flee!'

At that unexpected turn of event, this was the only thought that crossed his mind.

Chapter 1292 Rise Up

The three thousand black wind blades had only left a tiny cut on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

But only one double-colored wind blade was necessary to make a ten-foot-deep cut into the mountain.

There was no getting around the fact that the difference in power of the two types of wind blades was immensely large.

If a golden wind blade's power was equal to that of ten thousand double-colored wind blades, then one golden wind blade would be enough to cut right through the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

All Zen needed to do was to attract a single golden wind blade—if he managed to do so, it would save him heaps of time and energy. It would have been the perfect solution, except that there were over a hundred golden wind blades chasing after him simultaneously.

If he led all of them to the mountain, their collective strength would be excessive. 'Where can I transfer all the extra power?' Zen thought in frustration, furrowing his brows.

Should he transfer it to the Divine Kingdom Continent or the Central Region? The blades' terrifying power would probably wreck the Divine Kingdom Continent to pieces.

Without any sound solution at the moment, Zen decided to flee.

Fortunately for him, he had fast enough reflexes and a quick mind—right after noticing the golden blades were after him, he flew as fast and far as he could to evade them in an instant. With that, he made sure to maintain a safe distance from the threat behind him—in spite of all the precautions he had taken, the thought of a hundred golden blades flying after him at top speed was enough to send shivers down his spine.

Zen was well aware of what the blades could do to him. With such power not far behind him, he knew that he would never be truly safe. 'The blades can easily catch up with me in a fraction of a second, ' he thought, beads of sweat running down his temples.

At that moment, he gave up on thinking of a solution—he was somewhat unwilling to let the Divine Kingdom Continent and Central Region take the blades' damage. He wouldn't have the Sea God Continent take the hit too. If the blades managed to catch up to him, he would probably have to sacrifice the savage land after peeling off the mountain.

Suddenly, a brilliant thought came to his mind. "I have a token with the word 'mountain' on it. It should allow me to enter the fairy palace!"

Just as he was readying himself to stage his plan, the golden wind blades stalled and began circling the air. In the next moment, they did a 180-degree turn and moved away from Zen.

Puzzled, Zen stopped mid-flight when he saw the blades moving in the opposite direction. With a smile, he muttered, "They really are intelligent, huh?" Zen sighed in relief as he observed the golden wind blades disappear into the distance—that was too close an encounter.

As he began to analyze what had happened, he realized one thing—the golden wind blades didn't dare chase too far. Instead, they seemed to be protecting something. Pushing the curiosity to the back of his mind, Zen continued on his way. While he flew above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, his curiosity about the center of the storm grew exponentially, becoming all too tempting to satisfy. But ultimately, he did not want to risk his life on a whim. No matter what lay in the heart of the storm, it was impossible for it to exist in the great world. 'Even if I sacrifice this world, I would still barely make it into the center, ' he thought.

'Forget it. I must focus on finding the two-colored wind blades.' With that, Zen continued on his way, even as the thought lingered on his mind.

One double-colored wind blade could make a cut over ten feet deep. What about a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand of them?

After fifteen days, Zen had already been blessed with over thirty thousand two-colored wind blades. At the time, the bottom of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain had already been completely cut off from the ground. Only a few pillars on its sides were keeping the mountain in place.

But with Zen's current strength, he still wouldn't be able to do anything to move the mountain.

Puff, puff, puff, puff…

After several more two-colored wind blades collided with the mountain, the entire structure was finally stripped off completely.

Releasing a deep breath, Zen looked toward the center of the storm and shook his head. Curiosity was what killed the cat—he knew he shouldn't be so reckless in his actions. It wasn't a place he could simply approach just as he was. With that, he turned around and shot toward the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

With the mountain ten thousand miles away from Zen, it would take him only several hours to reach it.

Although he had observed the place many times through the will of the great world, it was the first time he was visiting the mountain in person.

Only a sixth of the entire Magnetic Sacred Mountain was above sea level —its enormous entirety was hidden in the water.

Whoosh…

When he arrived, he flew over and stood at the mountain's peak.

"Huh?" When he saw the mountain under his feet, Zen's eyes flashed. Suddenly, he thought of the magnetic stone that Callan, the divine kingdom crown prince, had pulled out when they were on the Divine Emperor Secret Land. The stone was as tall as a person, and it seemed to fit perfectly on top of the mountain. But Zen had no clue as to how the stone broke.

At the moment, the bottom of the mountain had already been peeled off. The next step was to lay down the divine textures and finally bring the mountain away.

It was no easy feat. According to the Myriad Manifestations of Nature, it was necessary to put thirty-three six-star divine textures on the mountain to form a Sumeru Space. Only after it was fettered could it be refined.

With that in mind, Zen slowly took out the items he had prepared from his space ring and imprinted the first divine texture onto the mountain's surface.

Zen leaped into the air and crashed down the surging waves, circling the structure as the divine textures in his hands landed on the mountain one after another.

In the beginning, everything went rather smoothly. But just as Zen was concentrating on imprinting the textures on the mountain, dozens of creatures charged right at him from the depths of the sea.

The sound from the sea wasn't one easily heard—Zen only felt an abnormal movement of water behind him. When he looked down behind him, his brows furrowed. "Tenth-level beasts?"

Such a creature was comparable to a Life and Death Realm warrior.

The Magnetic Sacred Mountain had existed for many, many years. Naturally, quite a number of creatures grew to rely on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain for survival. Seeing an invader in their territory, it was only natural that they attacked him.

Among the tenth-level fierce beasts were ugly, strange fish, huge-bodied beasts, soft-bodied beasts, some kind of octopus riddled with sharp teeth, and some creatures of odd shapes that Zen couldn't even recognize.

"You're courting death, fools!"

Unafraid of the creatures, Zen merely looked down on them. In his eyes, even though they were comparable to the Life and Death Realm warriors, they were still no different from ordinary fish.

But this time around, Zen planned to take the chance to train himself by taking on the fierce beasts. As the chaotic energy gushed from his belly, a long sword appeared in his hand.

"Whoosh!"

The sword intent activated by the chaotic energy began forming numerous gray cyclones, creating a string of tiny bubbles in the water.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

With a muffled sound, the first group of beasts were cut into countless pieces—the sharpness surpassed even Zen's expectations. After changing the life vitality in his body, Zen's strength had a qualitative change. But at the moment, he was facing mere tenth-level beasts. Although their strength was comparable to that of the Life and Death Realm warriors, their intelligence was far inferior.

Still, the chaotic energy also had a weakness.

The life vitality was created by nature—if a warrior's life vitality was used up, he would be able to continuously absorb the vitality of heaven and earth to replenish it. If one wanted to do it quicker, one could make use of the life vitality crystal.

Normally, the chaotic energy could only be refined and created within the warrior's body. But according to the deduction of Zen's master, everything in the world evolved from chaos. In turn, everything could be turned into chaos. Because Zen had yet to cultivate to such a state, he had to endure his weakness for the time being—it was still impossible for him to do anything.

The sword attack had killed dozens of tenth-level and ninth-level beasts—the creatures came to realize that Zen was indeed, very powerful. At that moment, they all ran for their lives.

Fortunately for them, Zen had no intention of chasing after them. In the first place, he had no clue why the ferocious beasts attacked him—perhaps they knew that he was going to move the Magnetic Sacred Mountain away. Still, Zen knew that he had destroyed the home they had inhabited for tens of thousands of years. If the creatures hadn't recklessly attacked him, he didn't have the heart to kill them.

After chasing the beasts away, Zen swiftly laid out all the divine textures on the mountain. After finalizing the preparations, he began activating the textures one after another according to the method recorded in the Myriad Manifestations of Nature. Then, he returned to the very top of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain and activated the final divine texture. Suddenly, Zen slammed his palm hard on the surface of the mountain as he shouted, "Rise up!"

Chapter 1293 The Hook In Shadow

At the same time, the divine textures began to emit a faint halo of light, as if some mysterious power was wakening up. The halo was revolving around the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

And then, something incredible happened! The entire mountain itself shook and slowly rose up from the sea!

The Magnetic Sacred Mountain, in appearance, was not so different from an ordinary mountain; it was about ten thousand feet tall and proportionately wide. However, it was definitely a lot heavier than an ordinary mountain. The latter was made of commonplace rocks, while the Magnetic Sacred Mountain was made of magnetic stones.

These magnetic stones were tough, and slightly heavier than common rocks. They contained the power of five different elements, which prevented any type of law from invading them. That was the reason why the mountain could not be destroyed by knives or swords. There were other mountains in this world too. Some were the type which contained a lot of rich and pure iron ore. In fact, they might have been much heavier than the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. However, they were useless to Zen and he wasn't going to refine them.

As Zen continued to ascend, the part of the mountain which had been immersed in the sea gradually rose up towards the surface. Finally, the entire mountain left the sea level and floated in the air.

Some living beings that had gathered on the mountain left their nests and jumped into the sea, startled by the sudden change in atmosphere.

At that moment, Zen's finger gently flicked and dozens of drops of blood left his body.

"Blood Refinement Technique!"

To take ownership of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, not only did Zen need to set up the six-star divine textures, but there was also a more important part: the Blood Refinement Technique which was recorded in the "Myriad Manifestations of Nature".

After the drops of blood had flowed out of Zen's body, they slowly rotated and revolved around in the air. Under the circulation of the Blood Refinement Technique, they then began to merge with one another and quickly formed a palm-sized, blood-refined rune.

The blood-refined rune continued to spin around and began to descend towards the gigantic mountain underneath it.

The Magnetic Sacred Mountain was enhanced by the power of five elements, so it was hard to collect it because no matter which type of law was used, it wouldn't be able to react completely with the mountain. However, the Blood Refinement Technique had a miraculous effect in refining the mountain.

It was because of this reason that Zen had begun to admire his master more and more. However, he didn't know whether or not the various secret techniques within the "Myriad Manifestations of Nature" were all created by his master. Maybe his master had collected them while he was travelling.

As Zen's blood-refined rune hit the mountain, the mountain began to shake at a much faster speed. Finally, it began to rotate at a pace which was comparable to that of the drops of blood and the blood-refined rune.

Whir! Whir! Whir!

The mountain was huge and the momentum was remarkable. Its spinning caused the wind to be torn apart and the whirring sound was heard for miles apart. From time to time, some light-cyan wind blades would hit the mountain and emit a muffled sound.

As soon as the blood-refined rune had come into being, a connection was established between it and Zen. However, the rune had been formed from the blood within his body, so the connection was extremely weak. As a result, Zen couldn't control the mountain at all.

But that wasn't a cause for worry. The thirty three divine textures surrounding the mountain were there for a purpose. They suddenly erupted a resplendent light.

The power contained within each of these thirty three divine textures was different. Zen had spent quite a bit of time and effort in crafting them since they were six star ones. Sometimes, he even had to discuss it with the cyan dragon and ask him for help. According to the cyan dragon, the purpose of these thirty three divine textures was to temporarily suppress the power of the five elements within the mountain. That was the only way in which, the blood-refined rune would be able to completely immerse itself within the mountain.

And now, whatever was happening was just as the cyan dragon had said. The Magnetic Sacred Mountain, which originally had several colors revolving within it, was now changing. As the thirty three divine textures showed their effects, the five elements within the mountain suddenly stopped flowing.

The numerous colors of the mountain morphed themselves into a pale yellow shade.

"The power of the five elements has disappeared, right?" Zen mumbled. He also could feel that the laws within the mountain had disappeared now. There were still traces of the Earth Law in it, which meant that by now, the mountain had turned into an ordinary earth mountain.

Puff! Puff!

As a few light cyan wind blades hit the mountain, they immediately caused several deep dents on it. Previously, these wind blades that contained only the second layer of the Wind Law were unable to cause any substantial damage to the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. In fact, even if they had been black colored wind blades, they would have hardly left a few small marks on it.

But the mountain had transformed for the time being. If Zen had not suppressed the power of the five elements in this way, it would simply have been wishful thinking to subdue the mountain.

"Whoever thought up of this method to suppress the power within the mountain was clearly a precocious genius." The cyan dragon was watching the scene from Zen's mind and marveled at the technique.

"All right then. The power of the five elements of the mountain is suppressed now. Refine it!" In that instant, several mysterious seals appeared in Zen's hand. Meanwhile, the blood-refined rune which was originally lying on the surface of the mountain was now sinking into its interior.

"Draw a six-sided world with the space boundary. Collect the mountain!"

At that moment, six of the thirty three six-star divine textures erupted an intense power of the

Space Law.

Under their action, the power of the Space Law instantly spread out and formed a six-sided world, encompassing the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. This was actually a Sumeru Space, and the Magnetic Sacred Mountain was inside it. Things were beginning to look much more interesting now!

As the Sumeru Space gradually stabilized, the six-sided world began to shrink rapidly, forcing the mountain to also become smaller and smaller. The decrease in size caused a change in speed, as required by the laws which governed motion of bodies. The spin became faster and faster. The mountain which was about ten thousand feet tall eventually turned into a small palm-sized object right in front of Zen's eyes. It kept spinning, its surface still earthy yellow.

After suppressing the power of the five elements, it was going to take some time for the mountain to recover, so Zen left it alone. Once the six-star divine textures' energy ran out, the Magnetic Sacred Mountain would return to its original state.

As he held the continuously spinning mini hill in his hand, Zen had a satisfied smile on his face. Right now, the power of the five elements was suppressed, and the mountain was useless. A single punch from a Life and Death Realm powerhouse would destroy it easily.

What Zen was marveling at was that such a method to suppress the power of the five elements wasn't something an ordinary person could come up with, and was only recorded in the "Myriad Manifestations of Nature". The cyan dragon had expressed amazement at the idea because even he felt that it was really ingenious to use thirty three six-star divine textures to dissolve the power of the five elements and transform it into pure Earth Law.

As far as the cyan dragon knew, many sacred places in the Upper World had set up their sect-protecting arrays with the power of the five elements inside them. This was because the five elements together didn't have an absolute weakness. Thus, not only could these thirty three divine textures be used to destroy the power of the five elements of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, even the most powerful sect-protecting arrays would become as fragile as an eggshell if they were attacked in this way.

However, the Magnetic Sacred Mountain would be strong again once it recovered its power of the five elements. And that was when it would come in handy. At that time, Soul Sea Realm powerhouses could do nothing to the mountain, and even Spirit Supreme Realm martial artists could only sigh in helplessness if they encountered this mountain. If they wanted to break it by force, they would probably need five or even seven layers of Law Power. However, there weren't too many supreme warriors with such Law Power in the Upper World, so the mountain would definitely be a great support for Zen in his future endeavors.

Zen had obtained the Magnetic Sacred Mountain now and his goal had been achieved. However, just as he was collecting the mountain, his heart suddenly skipped a beat as an extremely uncomfortable feeling arose within his heart. His sixth sense was telling him something!

"It seems like someone is spying on me." Zen's brow creased as he swept his gaze across the area, spreading out his senses at the same time.

The wind blades swept and the waves churned, but there was nothing else in the world. Not a single living soul. As for those living beings in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, Zen had made them suffer bitterly, so they had hidden deep and wouldn't dare to show up.

Zen could not find any living creature spying on him, but the wariness in his heart grew even stronger by the minute.

Right at that moment, a crack suddenly appeared in the space not far behind him. In fact, it looked like the very fabric of space had been cut open by someone. In that hole, it was pitch-black. It looked like the reverse side of the world where even sunlight couldn't reach. At the same time, a long black hook shot out of it and rushed straight towards Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1294 A Mad Rush To Ascend

'It's the Shadow Creature!'

Suddenly Zen's head throbbed.

The black hook seemed to be made from the bones of some animal and it was incredibly fast. It charged straight at Zen, trying to drag him into the space crack.

But he was quick to react. Coincidentally, a gale swept over him. He immediately followed the gale and floated slightly in the air. His body suddenly drifted a couple of feet horizontally and dodged the hook just in time!

The black hook missed its target and continued hovering in the air. Then it actually turned around and chased after Zen once again.

"Cloud-chasing Skill!"

How could Zen afford to stop?

Even the seven Spirit Supreme Realm masters of the Celestial Position had fled for their lives in the face of the Shadow Creature. If he were to get dragged into this crack, he would be doomed.

Whoosh!

The storm contained a strong Wind Law. As he employed the Cloud-chasing Skill, the forceful energy within his body also erupted, giving Zen an amazing boost. His speed reached its peak.

However, the black hook too sped up as it chased him. It seemed determined not to give up until it caught Zen!

"Oh no! Why can't I escape it?" Zen's perception told him that the black hook was moving faster and getting closer to him. His expression darkened.

When the black hook was only a dozen feet away from him, Zen suddenly turned around mid-flight, and the power within his body shot out crazily. If he could not escape it, he could at least try his best to get out. This was what was on his mind.

However, there was a dramatic turn of events at this point. As Zen was focusing on fleeing, the hook suddenly straightened up. Although the tip of the hook was still emitting rays of cold light, it paused and couldn't move from its spot at all…

Zen's eyes glistened as a smile appeared on his face. The hook wasn't long enough to reach him.

This hook was released by the Shadow Creature from the back side of the world. The hook could leave the back of the world, but the Shadow Creature couldn't.

In the next moment, the black hook retracted with a whoosh. It seemed as if the Shadow Creature had given up.

However, Zen didn't dare to drop his guard. The Shadow Creatures seemed to be active on the back side of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. He was not sure what these creatures wanted to do with him, but it would definitely not be a wise decision to stay here. So he immediately sped away towards Central Region.

Indeed, just as Zen had guessed, space cracks appeared now and then and hooks emerged from them to chase after Zen on the way back too.

But Zen managed to escape in time when the space cracks appeared and the hooks stretched out. He had never been caught by any hook in his mad dash.

This hot pursuit continued all the way to the edge of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, only then did the Shadow Creatures give up.

Zen felt strange that the Shadow Creatures suddenly gave up chasing him. Logically speaking, there was no limit to the range of movement of the Shadow Creatures. Even if they had reached the Central Region, they would still be able to hunt him down in the shadows, but why would they suddenly stop there?

Of course, it was a good thing for Zen. He heaved a sigh of relief. If those creatures continued to follow him, then even if Zen entered the Cloud Hall, they would still be able to hunt him down in the shadows. Then never would there be days of peace for him.

However, Zen couldn't figure out why these creatures suddenly stopped chasing him.

Could it be… that there was something they were afraid of in the Central Region?

This was impossible. Zen immediately disregarded this idea. It was true that there were many dangerous areas in the Central Region, but once one reached the Life and Death Realm, one could enter and exit the land freely. For example, although the Dreamy Swampland was dangerous and mysterious for ordinary martial artists, it wasn't a scary place for Zen.

On the way back to the Cloud Hall, Zen maintained vigilant and various conjectures came to his mind. After some thought, Zen came up with a reasonable conjecture. Probably in the back of the Central Region there existed some powerful being! The Shadow Creatures were extremely fearful of this powerful being, so they did not dare to invade the back of the Central Region!

But what was on the back of the Central Region?

Curiosity arose in his heart. With his current strength, he could forcibly tear open space and enter the back of the Central Region to figure out the mystery.

However, after some thought, he gave up on the idea.

No matter what was on the back side of the Central Region, it was not something he could afford to offend. At the very least, the powerful being had been in the Central Region for a long time, and it had never appeared in the history of the Central Region. So Zen decided that he'd better not explore the back side of the Central Region.

Zen knew that his luck was good, but if he sought death himself, he would die no matter how strong his luck was!

Zen had returned to the Cloud Hall after obtaining the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. In addition to practicing the Primal Chaos Technique, he also needed to study the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. Its simplest and crudest use was to smash people.

If he refined a common mountain and used it to attack people, a powerful Soul Sea Realm master would be able to smash it with one punch. However, Zen had a Magnetic Sacred Mountain and it was not so easily blocked. Of course, smashing people was just its simplest function. One could extract Magnetic Sacred Light from the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, which had the power of the five elements that had evolved over countless years in the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. It could be absorbed and used by the cultivator. The Myriad Manifestations of Nature stated that the Magnetic Sacred Light could suppress the power of all five elements in this world.

After studying the Magnetic Sacred Mountain for two months, one early morning, Zen suddenly felt a tremor in his soul.

An extremely joyful feeling arose from the depths of his soul. It was the joy that came from the world's will!

"Huh?"

Zen, who was still in the midst of cultivating, had a strange expression on his face. He immediately closed his eyes, and raised his eyebrows, and remarked, "The flying passage has been repaired!"

He didn't know who had repaired it. Perhaps it was the Celestial Position, or the human race. According to what the old man from the Celestial Position had explained, the Celestial Position had probably reached a truce with the human race. At the very least, Derek would not look for trouble with the Celestial Position. As for who was responsible or taking the Evil Dragon from the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, Zen had no idea.

He didn't expect the flying passage to be repaired in such a short period of time…

Other than Zen who himself had felt great joy, all the creatures below the Soul Sea Realm were indifferent in the great world.

Life and Death Realm masters weren't strong enough to make the great world repel them. They were unable to ascend, so they didn't care if the flying passage was repaired or not.

Contrarily, for the mighty warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, it was big news!

The powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm in the four divine kingdoms immediately felt an invisible expulsion force being exerted on their bodies!

It was trying to squeeze them out of their plane!

The powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm were ecstatic. Even War Emperor York and War King Wind were thrilled.

They had dreamed of the day they could ascend to the Upper World. The appearance of this mighty force was great news for them.

Five minutes after the repelling force appeared, a bright silver light erupted from the Harlen Divine Kingdom and shot up towards the sky.

"Damn! Who is this guy that is flying away? Why the hell he is in such a mad rush?" Turner cursed as he stood watching this scene from the palace of the Harlen Divine Kingdom.

The powerful masters of the Soul Sea Realm in the four divine kingdoms had been waiting for this moment for countless years. No matter how anxious everyone was, they couldn't risk ascending recklessly!

The four divine kingdoms had a good relationship with each other, and it was the strength of each divine kingdom that maintained the peace among them. If all the Soul Sea Realm masters in the Harlen Divine Kingdom ascended to the Upper World and only Turner was left, how could the divine kingdom continue its reign?

It was a crisis situation, so Turner immediately summoned all the Soul Sea Realm masters in the Harlen Divine Kingdom to the palace.

The problem was that all the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm wanted to ascend to the Upper World. They could have immediately ascended to the Upper World after entering the Soul Sea Realm, but the truth was that most of them had been stuck at the Soul Sea Realm for countless years with no scope of ascending. Now they were in a mad rush to ascend to the Upper World and nobody could stop them, not even Turner!

'Everyone recognizes you as the ruler of the divine kingdom, and once I ascend to the Upper World, I might still regard you as my king for the sake of our old friendship. But if you think you can stop me from ascending to the Upper World, then you must be dreaming!' Most of the Soul Sea Realm masters in the Harlen Divine Kingdom had this same thought in their minds.

Chapter 1295 Improving Too Fast

Several bright, silver lights shot up to the sky after Turner called a meeting. Only half of the Soul Sea Realm masters stayed and rushed towards the imperial palace, choosing to obey his command instead. Those that obeyed were mostly people who had a good relationship with Turner, with some coming from the Zhou family.

Dozens of bright lights scattered all throughout the sky with the Soul Sea Realm warriors' ascension. It was a wondrous sight that left all citizens of the four divine kingdoms in awe.

Titles had been handed over, management of family affairs had been imparted and instructions to disciples had already been given. The Soul Sea Realm masters could ascend peacefully to the Upper World.

Turner, War King Wind, Scott, and War Emperor York watched solemnly as they watched their subordinates ascend to the Upper World before them. Though happy for this opportunity, their hearts were a bit heavy at the thought of falling behind because of their responsibilities. They did not enjoy the same level of freedom as these warriors. They were emperors who needed to do more than just give a list of instructions to their descendants in order to ensure proper management of kingdom affairs.

It would be quite a while before they could ascend with no worries.

War Emperor York was especially infuriated. Almost all of York Divine Kingdom's Soul Sea Realm masters had chosen to ascend with only one opting to remain - his younger brother.

It didn't help that they all readily chose to go their way the instant the passageway was repaired, completely ignoring War Emperor York's summons. He had wanted to threaten them, to tell them that he would wipe out their clans if they ascended without his permission. However, he held himself back. He was also bound to ascend at some point. What if the enemies he made now came back and sought revenge on his clan once he left? It wasn't practical to lose his clan over a momentary feeling of rage.

Still, he couldn't help but grit his teeth at the sight of the illuminated sky. He had never been a magnanimous ruler and had treated his kingdom's Soul Sea Realm warriors harshly. Now that they had been presented with a way out of his bondage, it was no surprise that none of them were willing to obey him and they chose to escape from his clutches instead.

There were considerably more Soul Sea Realm warriors that chose to stay from the other three divine kingdoms. However, the number was still terribly low and the Divine Kingdom Continent would be sure to see a reshuffling of powers among the four divine kingdoms. Gone was the age of the Soul Sea Realm masters, replaced by the emergence of the Life and Death Realm warriors who now had the opportunity to compete and establish a new order.

On the other side of the world, the same phenomena could not be observed in the Sea God Continent.

There weren't as many Soul Sea Realm warriors here compared to the Divine Kingdom Continent. Furthermore, the entire place was still in a state of chaos and the two or three Soul Sea Realm masters in each race served as the sole guardians of their people. There was no way they would willingly leave with the imminent threat of extinction by the hands of other races.

They would not ascend right away but Miguel and the others still discussed the matter quite seriously.

Everyone took this as good news. It was a great opportunity to ascend and further improve one's self, after all. However, this wasn't the case for Amber.

The Tower of Sin had been opened completely and there was no doubt that the Sea God Continent would soon see an explosive rise in powerful warriors.

The human race and the Demon Night race would inevitably become the rulers of the continent considering that they held the reigns within the tower.

Amber had full confidence in the capacity of the Demon Night race to flourish even without her leadership, so what was stopping her?

She, of course, desired ascension once. Her talent had been recognized by the Tower of Sin. Even if she had only ranked in the second row of the Talent Tablet, she was definitely an exceptional genius even in the Upper World. She knew she was strong and had unlimited potential that she could utilize to contribute even more to her race if she ascended to the Upper World.

However… The recent circumstances turned this desire into a mere pipe dream.

Right now, Amber was currently, albeit involuntarily, entangled in the conflict between two queens.

Zen had destroyed the Queen of Punishment's statue twice and even came into a head-on conflict with her. The queen had ordered Amber to kill both Zen and Lavender during that confrontation.

However, Amber chose to ignore her orders, meaning she committed a capital offense by defying the will of her queen.

She could imagine a terrible fate waiting for her in the Upper World if she ever chose to ascend at this point in time.

The fact left a bitter taste in her mouth. Forcibly staying at the Soul Sea Realm all her life wasn't really what she had in mind for herself. She was still quite young, only two hundred years old, and she had ambitions. How could someone so powerful and talented such as her be willing to waste her potential in the Lower World?

But of course, she must face the consequences of her actions.

The Central Region, meanwhile, had no Soul Sea Realm masters so there was no issue of ascension.

Still, all sorts of creatures from various places took part in this momentous event. Some came from savage lands, others from the boundless ocean.

In the midst of it all, Zen was the only one aware of such an important occasion in the Central Region. Everything was the same in Central

Region with its people treating it as a normal day, going about their normal, everyday lives.

He had already gone through his third life-and-death tribulation.

As long as the mysterious black eye did not appear, then he was safe. The pill the old man gave him also continued to help increase his cultivation base which was of great help to Zen.

Time passed. Zen usually occupied his days cultivating and spending time with his three women but he had also recently started paying attention to the happenings in the four divine kingdoms. He heard that almost all of the Soul Sea Realm warriors had chosen to ascend to the Upper World.

What surprised him was the fact that Fiona, the girl with the Genuine Phoenix bloodline, had ascended as well!

This initially shocked Zen but, after some investigation, he found out that she hadn't actually ascended with her own strength.

Fiona had just reached the Life and Death Realm when the power of the Genuine Phoenix bloodline burst out from her body and produced a special flame. This mysterious flame whisked her away and made her disappear from this world and Zen guessed that she might've entered a supreme world of the Genuine Phoenix.

He had promised to visit her in the Divine Kingdom Continent but he didn't think he'd be able to make good on that promise now. The 100, 000 supreme worlds were unimaginably vast and a reunion with Fiona was close to impossible.

He did not dwell on this and chose to focus on cultivating instead.

Two years passed. His cultivation base kept rising steadily and Lavender's soul was also slowly recovering in the Soul Nurturing Wood.

As for Brianna…

Zen had helped her communicate with the cyan dragon several times. According to him, there was no way to remove the Soul Sealing Spell while in the Lower World. She would have to return to the Upper World for that.

However, it would be impossible for Zen to bring her along once he ascended in the future.

There was a simple method to send her back through the Dragon Soar Arena but this suggestion of his was quickly shot down by both Brianna and the cyan dragon.

Even though Brianna belonged to the Genuine Dragon race, she refused to return due to some conflicts with the other members. When Zen heard this, he quickly dropped the idea.

He was left with no choice but to place her body deep inside Cloud Hall and have people guard it closely.

He would just have to ascend to the Upper World, find a solution, and then return to the Lower World at some point in the future to help her remove the Soul Sealing Spell.

Zen continued to improve as his cultivation base kept rising rapidly. He soon experienced his fourth life-and-death tribulation, just three months after his third.

As his cultivation base rose, the intervals between the tribulations grew shorter and shorter.

Truth be told, Zen had almost wanted to purposely impede the improvement of his cultivation. It was just a peaceful point in his life wherein he could relax and spend as much time as he wanted with his girls. However, there was no stopping his lightning-fast improvement.

He told himself that he would try to suppress himself from ascending even if he reached the Soul Sea Realm.

But after his fifth life-and-death tribulation, it seemed that the great world suddenly began to reject him.

Chapter 1296 Ascending

It was only after a warrior entered the Soul Sea Realm that he would be repelled by the great world since, it was only during this time that a world would've formed inside his body.

Zen was only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm so he shouldn't be feeling the repelling force yet. Why had it come so early?

Besides, hadn't he already fused with the world's will? Why was it rejecting him then?

He wanted an answer to his questions but it wasn't something that the great world would be able to provide for him. Besides, the world's will was not born out of a singular being but of a collection of all living creatures. To question it was folly.

Still, Zen tried as hard as he could to fight off the repelling force by culling his cultivation.

To his surprise, his resistance consumed all his strength. "This is not right!" he muttered to himself in confusion.

During his investigation of the four divine kingdoms and the Sea God Continent through the great world's will, Zen noticed that Amber and the other Soul Sea Realm masters had also felt the repelling force but were able to easily suppress it. In short, it didn't cause as much trouble to them as it did to Zen who wasn't even supposed to feel it in the first place!

Ever since he broke through to the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm, the formless repelling force only grew stronger day by day. It almost grew exponentially.

At first he was relaxed and comforted himself with the fact that he'd be able to resist it if he exerted enough effort.

However, the following days proved him wrong.

The second day was fine and he only felt a mild feeling of repellence. On the third day, however, the force was so strong that it completely distracted him from his cultivation.

By the fourth day, his struggle was already very apparent from the bitter look on his face. As the days passed, Zen had to continually use more and more power to suppress the repelling force.

Letitia had noticed this sudden change in his behavior and was extremely worried thinking that he was unwell.

However, this couldn't be possible since his level of cultivation rendered him immune to any kind of disease. There was no way that his suffering was brought on by some kind of ailment.

When she asked him what was wrong, Zen tried to play it cool and assured her that he was okay.

However, on the fifth day, Zen was unable to bear it anymore. He quickly gathered his three wives and told them the truth: that he was being repelled by the great world and would soon have to leave them for his inevitable ascension.

The shock was clearly painted upon his three wives' beautiful faces.

They knew for a fact that Zen would one day ascend to the Upper World. It was his fate and they had long since accepted that a person as mighty as him was bound to go to a higher place. However, he was still at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm! Why was the great world taking him away from them so soon?

They wanted to shout, to cry, to hold onto him for dear life but the suffering etched on their husband's face was too much for them to bear.

Letitia felt particularly depressed once she accepted his imminent departure. She knew all good things had to end but she did not expect that it would be this soon.

Zen felt even worse. He had merged with this great world's will and had become a sort of spokesperson for this plane. He did not know why this great world was kicking him out so early. Not even the cyan dragon could figure out why this had happened. It was extremely peculiar and also depressing on Zen's part.

In the end, the cyan dragon suggested that this might have something to do with the Primal Chaos Technique he practiced. The ascension of a warrior was actually related to the world within one's body. A warrior could only ascend after forming a world within his body, and what constituted the world within the body was a massive life vitality sea.

Although Zen hadn't formed a world within his body, what was inside Zen wasn't life vitality but chaotic energy!

Maybe the cyan dragon was right. Zen's practice of the Primal Chaos Technique had placed him in a completely different path that might have led to the great world forcibly rejecting him and caused an early ascension. Perhaps even if his master had been here, he couldn't explain it, either. The cyan dragon's conjecture kind of made sense.

During the fifth day, Zen had no choice but to use one-third of his strength to suppress himself.

On the sixth day, he resorted to using the power of the dragon scales. Only in this way would he be able to avoid being sent away to the Upper World.

It was during this time that he knew he would not last long on this plane.

Both Letitia and Aura had already stopped cultivating two days ago to spend more time with him. As they parted ways this time, they would never know when they would see each other again. Margaret continued to cling onto him all day long. She was very clear that she too would depart from the Central Region and enter the Apeiron Tower in the Purple Power World.

Unbeknownst to them, Margaret was faced with a dilemma: once she finished her cultivation in the Purple Power World, how would she ever find Zen in the Upper World? It was a place that she couldn't even fathom so finding Zen in the future worried her greatly.

Resisting the repelling force was extremely difficult this time around and the dragon scales' powers were not inexhaustible. Zen had to activate the dragon scales in batches, switching out the ones that had dimmed down as he tried to prolong his stay here in the Lower World.

By noon, Margaret came by and presented him with a ton of dishes.

They had all gathered together in the Ice Palace and his three ladies all looked a bit sad at this probable last meal with him.

Zen wanted to say something, to leave some kind of reminder before he left. However, he didn't feel the need to do so. Letitia was extremely strong and he knew nobody in Central Region could pose a threat to her. But he was afraid that she would accidentally break into the backside of the world, so he gently reminded her about that...

Zen had held on as much as he could but it was while he was imparting his last few words that he realized that he could no longer suppress the repelling force.

Once the power of the dragon scales disappeared, a bright, silver light wrapped around him. Zen forced a smile at Letitia and the other two.

Letitia looked as if she wanted to say something but the light was too bright and it hurt her to look at Zen anymore. Just as the brightness was getting too much, it suddenly shot up to the sky, taking Zen away from them.

It had been nighttime and this brilliant streak of light was even brighter than lightning. The Cloudy City witnessed how the strongest warrior in Central Region ascended to the Upper World, leaving behind three beauties in his wake. Of course, people who had seen the bright light weren't aware that it had carried Zen away so all sorts of rumors circulated regarding this seemingly strange phenomena.

The three girls were left alone in the empty hall, the feeling of emptiness settling in their hearts.

Margaret was sad but she was evidently the calmest out of all of them. This strange sense of security stemmed from her faith and confidence that she would be able to meet Zen again soon enough.

She turned to Letitia, who looked sad. "What were you planning to say to Zen just now?"

Letitia pursed her lips and lowered her head to look at the floor. "Nothing…"

Her face immediately betrayed her. But since she didn't want to tell them, Margaret thought it best not to pry.

Letitia stood up to leave but just as she did, she felt some kind of discomfort in her throat and she suddenly began to retch all over the floor.

It was at this moment that they realized what she was probably going to tell Zen earlier: she was pregnant!

Actually, it had already been a few days since Letitia found out. She wanted to tell Zen but she just didn't have the opportunity ever since she found out of his imminent ascension to the Upper World.

It had been easy for her to suppress the urge to vomit in front of him, however, it wasn't recommended since nausea was a natural symptom for pregnant women. With him gone, Letitia stopped hiding and thus vomited so suddenly.

"Why didn't you tell him?" Margaret asked.

Letitia merely shook her head. "It wasn't the right time."

Margaret shook her head but smiled. "It doesn't matter. I'll tell him when I meet him!"

Letitia stared at Margaret. "What do you mean?" she asked, feeling some sort of strangeness in her heart at Margaret's words.

"Nothing," Margaret said. "I'll be leaving Central Region tomorrow. I'm going to go straight to the Ethereal Spirit Sect and bid farewell to my great-grandfather and Brent!"

"You're going to the Purple Power World?" Letitia asked.

Despite that Zen hadn't told her outright, Letitia knew Zen wanted her to take care of both Margaret and Aura in his stead considering that she was now the most powerful warrior in Central Region.

Margaret nodded. "Yes!" she said with a smug face. With Zen gone, Margaret returned to her original wilful manner.

"I forbid you to leave," Letitia ordered with a frown. She didn't expect this at all.

But how could Margaret possibly listen to Letitia? She let out a snort, "You have no right to stop me!"

Letitia knew this very well, of course she had no right to tell Margaret where she could go. However, there was a selfish reason behind Letitia's reaction.

On the day of her wedding, she too had seen the old man from the Celestial Position speaking to Margaret. She assumed that their conversation had something to do with her Purple Power Body. Now that she had confirmed her suspicions, she was hesitant in letting Margaret leave. Letitia knew that once Margaret entered the Purple Power World and cultivated, she would advance way faster than she ever could and be able to ascend to the Upper World sooner.

The two bickered about this for a while, not noticing Aura who had grown quiet beside them.

Aura knew that she was the weakest among the three of them which meant she would have to put in ten times the effort in order to catch up. It would be hard but her determination had soared towards new heights. She was dead-set in working hard to be able to ascend and see Zen again one day.

What she didn't know was that, in the future, she would also have her own fortune.

Chapter 1297 The Ascending Well

Zen was enveloped by the bright silver light. He flew faster and higher with every passing minute.

An invisible force pushed him away from the plane and towards the boundless sky.

Living beings that were too powerful were usually excluded from the plane. But the Celestial Position warriors had probably used some kind of a secret technique to avoid the repelling force. It was like a person sinking into the water, not knowing how to swim and finding it difficult to overcome the buoyant force.

If Zen ever had the urge to return to the great world in the future, he would probably have to master this secret technique.

He looked down at the dark continents. At first, he could vaguely see lights from large cities like Cloudy City and Oracle City. But as he continued to fly upwards, the continents shrank in his field of vision.

Soon after, he could look at the Divine Kingdom Continent and the Central Region.

The sound of the wind mixed with a metallic noise gave rise to strong gales that assaulted him.

These all-conquering gales, however, couldn't cause any damage to Zen right now. The bright silver light had formed a special protective layer. Normal attacks would only pierce through his body, without causing any damage to him.

Once he passed through the layer of gales, Zen continued to rise.

He had already experienced this when he had practiced the Stellar Body. But at the time, he had relied on the gravitational force of the stars to activate his perception to soar. And now, it was his physical body that was roaming the skies. This, however, was not his own strength. He was borrowing the power of the great world's repulsion.

As he drew further and further away from the great world, his connection with it also grew weaker. A thought suddenly struck him at this.

In the great world, he could freely transfer his power to any place in the world. But would he still be able to do it now that he had left the great world?

Possessing the miraculous ability of transferring power made Zen invincible in this plane. No matter how strong the power was, it couldn't do any substantive damage to Zen, unless the power was so great that even the entire great world could not hold it in. The great world would be destroyed if the power were to be that strong.

But would he still be able to do that after leaving the great world?

As he thought this, Zen tried to transfer his power but in vain. He smiled wryly. The transfer of power was no longer effective.

He had lost this important ability after he had left the great world.

He felt a pang of regret but quickly recovered and became calm. After all, the transfer of power hadn't been his own ability, but was something that he had borrowed from the great world.

For martial artists, their own strength was the most important. They could be strong for a while by relying on external force, but it wouldn't last long. If Zen relied too much on this ability, it would be difficult for him to fully cultivate.

But though he couldn't transfer power, the memories of the great world still existed in his mind. He still maintained a faint connection with the great world, and could also look up events that had happened in the past as well as those that were happening in the present.

So even after leaving this plane, Zen was still able to observe what Letitia and the others were doing.

His physical body didn't travel as fast as his perception, and he was slower now than when he ascended through the Dragon Soar Arena. He was like a leaf floating in the vast universe, drifting along with the wind.

Zen had maintained the same posture for a few days.

He had already seen the universe and the scenery it had to offer dozens of times. Now, he closed his eyes and observed the happenings in the Cloud Hall through the memories of the great world.

He saw Letitia sitting in the Ice Palace, looking up at the sky dazedly - a sight that made his heart ache.

He also saw the seriousness on Aura's face as she practiced meticulously.

But where was Margaret? Why couldn't Zen see her?

He sent this thought into the memories, but he was unable to find any trace of her throughout the great world.

It was impossible for Margaret to ascend at her cultivation level. There was only one explanation for her absence: she had already gone to the Purple Power World.

But why did she go to the Purple Power World?

Zen was confused. Margaret had begun to speak hesitatingly ever since the old man from the Celestial Position had paid a visit. She must have been hiding something from him.

He thought for a long time and when he still couldn't figure it out, Zen had no choice but to let it go. Although she was obedient in front of him, she was born with stubborn willfulness and he had no control over what she wanted to do.

It took him a full month to ascend all the way up.

A month later, Zen's light suddenly dispersed and he rushed into a large black hole at a high speed. Just as he passed through the large hole, a loud noise sounded from above him.

Boom!

The sound rose to a deafening pitch, screeching through Zen's ears and almost causing him to faint. His mind went blank.

He gradually recovered consciousness and once he was completely awake, he found that he was lying in a square well.

The clear water in the well was suffused with a light blue glow. The water was so clear that Zen could see the bottom. He felt a strange sense of comfort as he soaked in the clear blue water.

But Zen was not alone. There were quite a few other people in the well.

And just like Zen, they appeared to be clueless as to their whereabouts.

Zen sized them up. All of them were at the Soul Sea Realm, but it looked like they had just reached the realm. Their strength was far from that of Turner and War King Wind of the Divine Kingdom Continent. They were even weaker than the three leaders of the Jade Martial House.

Zen guessed that they had also flown here.

And they had chosen to ascend as soon as they reached the Soul Sea Realm.

As the ascending passage in the Divine Kingdom Continent had been destroyed, many of the Soul Sea Realm powerhouses couldn't ascend. In such a long period of time, all of them had reached the middle stage or even the later stage of the Soul Sea Realm. These warriors who had just reached the Soul Sea Realm were much weaker than them.

"Is this the Upper World?" a warrior asked curiously after observing the well for a long time.

Another person nodded and replied, "It should be. But what about this square well?"

The others merely shook their heads.

In a corner, a girl wearing plain clothes said, "If I'm not mistaken, I think this is the Ascending Well."

"The Ascending Well?" the others asked in union.

The girl nodded and continued, "I've heard that some of the Upper World's sacred places would use the Ascending Well to bring warriors from all over the universe. And I think this is that Ascending Well. I just don't know which human sacred place we have ascended to."

"Must it be a human sacred place? What if it's another race's sacred place?" a bearded man asked, eyebrows raised slightly.

The plain-clothed girl answered him, "It can't be, because there is a mysterious between link among different members of the same race. But I've also heard that there were indeed situations where warriors ascended into other races' supreme worlds. For example, if a human sacred place has just been taken away by the ogres, and we have ascended to this place, I'm afraid-" she hesitated.

"Afraid of what?" a tall, thin warrior prompted.

The girl smiled faintly and said, "We will have no chance of survival if we fall into the hands of the ogres."

The others were taken aback at her words.

In the Lower World, only top-level powerhouses could reach the Soul Sea Realm and ascend to the Upper World. They had impatiently chosen to leave the Lower World because they were eager to realize their ambitions. They wanted to reach higher realms and pursue supreme martial arts.

But they would be doomed if they ascended into the wrong places, or even fell into the hands of the ogres or other cruel races.

All of them were afraid - afraid of dying before they could even achieve something.

The girl smiled at their expressions. "Don't be afraid. This rarely happens. Our luck isn't that bad!" Her gaze landed on Zen once she had finished speaking. How could he only have the cultivation of the Life and Death Realm?

Chapter 1298 The Vitality Pressure

Only after a breakthrough to the Soul Sea Realm could one ascend to the Upper World. This had almost become the law of the universe.

The warriors in the Ascending Well were all at the Soul Sea Realm, but what was a Life and Death Realm warrior doing here?

When the woman dressed in plain clothes had talked about ascending to a foreign race, she had been quietly paying attention to Zen, for she had sensed that he was the calmest of the lot even though he was only at the Life and Death Realm. Zen wasn't pretending to be poised though; it was his usual state. He kept composure at all times, which implied that his warrior spirit was very stable.

It was true that the rest of the warriors were at the Soul Sea Realm. So far, their warrior spirits had withstood the ravages of time and danger. However, it was still difficult for them to keep poised as Zen.

Which was why the woman in plain clothes was all the more curious about Zen.

"The water in this square well is comfortable, but it is not appropriate for us to keep soaking in it like this! Let's get out fast!" one of the warriors voiced out.

This suggestion was immediately echoed by the others. One of them swam to the well's surface, floating toward its mouth.

However, just when the warrior was halfway, a muffled sound escaped him. It was as if his head had hit an invisible wall. All of a sudden, he fell back into the well.

"What is going on?"

"There seems to be a transparent door at the top."

The others were befuddled and wanted to know what had happened.

Zen shot an indifferent glance toward the top of the square well before leaping up himself and reaching out to touch the void.

Sure enough, there was an invisible enchanted barrier at the opening of well. If one wished to break through, one had to unfasten this enchanted barrier first...

Zen was confident in his own strength, but he didn't dare act on it. He was unfamiliar with this place, so it was better not to act rashly for now. Although he wasn't afraid of trouble, he didn't want to cause mayhem for no reason either.

Plop!

Sinking back into the water of the well, Zen said faintly, "There is indeed an enchanted barrier above. It must have been set up by someone else."

The warriors in the well nodded at this. They looked at Zen curiously, the bearded warrior becoming more and more curious as he stared. Suddenly, he laughed. "You are only at the Life and Death Realm, so how did you ascend here? There is something entirely wrong with this picture."

"That's right. You're just a Life and Death Realm warrior, but you can ascend to the Upper World! I've never heard of such a thing before!"

"I was thinking that I was the weakest among this lot when I flew to the Upper World because I have only just created the Soul Sea. Never thought to find a Life and Death Realm warrior here!"

The trace of disdain was evident in their talk.

After all, they were all powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. They understandably looked down upon Life and Death Realm warriors.

Only the woman in plain clothes did not show contempt toward Zen. As a Life and Death Realm warrior, he had flown into the Upper World and already broken the rules of ascension. He was someone to watch out for. If she was correct, Zen's actual strength certainly surpassed the Life and Death Realm.

Zen's expression remained indifferent as he listened to them. He stretched his arms and legs and tried his best to let his entire body remain in contact with the water in the well.

They soaked in the well for half a month. During this time, they became well acquainted with boredom. Moreover, the enchanted barrier above isolated the energy between heaven and earth. When they cultivated, they could only replenish their life vitality with the help of the supreme life vitality crystals that they carried with them.

It was about half a month later that they suddenly heard a clamor of footsteps.

A short while later, an armored warrior came to stand by the side of the square well, observing the group of people below with a bored expression on his face. "Seemingly they have been washing themselves for over half a month! I wonder if these disgusting warriors from the Lower World have scoured themselves clean by now!"

This statement drove the warriors in the well up the wall.

It was true that they came from the Lower World, but they were also the top warriors there. They demanded respect! Some of them occupied high positions and were comparable to divine kingdom emperors. Countless living beings of the divine kingdoms admired and worshipped them, so how could they endure such an insult?

A hero should be respected by others no matter where he came from. How could they stand being confronted with scorn?

The warriors in the well were enraged and glared daggers at the armored warrior at the top of the well. They were trapped in the well, so they could do nothing at the moment. It was best that they tried to hold back their anger.

Zen smiled as he looked on casually. It seemed that this supreme world was similar to the Lower World. There was no lack of such warriors.

The armored warrior above the square well could sense the angry gazes from below and chuckled. "I know you are indignant now, but if you don't wash your flesh with the purification water, I'm afraid you would be unable to bear the violent vitality between heaven and earth once you leave this well! Do you think our supreme world is the same as your small one?"

"The violent vitality between heaven and earth? What does that even mean?" The warriors looked at each other with dismay.

That armored warrior boomed with laughter. "You've already been soaking in the well for half a month. It is about time now. I will let you feel it!"

As he finished speaking, the armored warrior removed the enchanted barrier above the well with a flick of his hand.

The moment he undid the barrier, the warriors below felt a violent, chaotic force sweep over them from above the well.

They were shocked. As this violent power was released, it seemed to suppress them with an invisible pressure, making them fidget and squirm with discomfort.

"How is this vitality between heaven and earth so strong?"

"It can even activate my cinnabar field..."

"My life vitality sea has set off a storm!"

Even the woman in plain clothes, who previously thought herself knowledgeable about the Upper World, was visibly upset.

The Soul Sea Realm warriors were discovering that their life vitality seas reacted violently with the frenzied vitality between heaven and earth. The sea water that their life vitality created was stirring up strange waves, as if their inner worlds were rolling over. It was acutely troubling.

Some of the warriors who could not withstand this pressure realized that only the well water could protect them. As their bodies fumbled and sank in, they instantly felt better.

"The vitality between heaven and earth is wild and violent," Zen spoke to himself, feeling the abnormal sensations.

The vitality between heaven and earth was prevalent in the universe, but in this supreme world it was drastically different from that in his original world. If the vitality between heaven and earth in the great world could be likened to a docile sheep, then in this supreme world, it was like a fierce tiger or leopard.

However, even if the vitality was frantic and violent, it could not have much of an impact on Zen.

The reason for it was that there was not a single trace of life vitality in his body. After practicing the Primal Chaos Technique, Zen's cinnabar field had undergone a tremendous change. There was only the chaotic energy present within it which could not be activated by this frantic vitality between heaven and earth.

Zen looked at the powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm strangely. "The vitality between heaven and earth is manic and difficult to tame and absorb. But should these warriors truly react like this?" he asked the cyan dragon. The Soul Sea Realm warriors could not tolerate this vitality between heaven and earth. Then what about the other warriors in the supreme world?

The resources in the supreme world were abundant, but not all warriors were at the Soul Sea Realm. There would be countless mortals, nature creatures, and others at the Illuminating Soul Realm...

If even the Soul Sea Realm warriors could not bear it, how did the nature creatures survive?

The cyan dragon's smile flickered in Zen's mind. "There is nothing strange about it. The reason for it is simple. For fish living in the deep sea, it is difficult to survive in the shallow waters. If we force them out of the deep waves, I'm afraid their bodies would explode and then die."

"I know. That is because of the water pressure there," Zen said, nodding.

"Yes, the vitality between heaven and earth can also cause this because of the Vitality Pressure. These warriors might be at the Soul Sea Realm, but they require an adjustment period to adapt to this new environment. After this short time, they won't feel so uncomfortable," the cyan dragon replied.

"But when I went to the Genuine Dragon World, I didn't feel this kind of Vitality Pressure," Zen said.

Not only had Zen been to the Genuine Dragon World, he had been to the Purple Power World as well. Letitia and Margaret had also entered it, but they did not feel anything strange.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1299 Be Handcuffed

The cyan dragon answered Zen's query. There were differences among supreme worlds. In fact, neither the Genuine Dragon World nor the Purple Power World was considered to be a complete supreme world. The mass of vitality of heaven and earth in these two worlds was similar to that of the Lower World.

Zen nodded his head in understanding. It was then that the armored warrior saw the reaction of the Soul Sea Realm warriors and laughed out loud. "Look at these fools! Ha-ha! Each time we open a well, we see it happen. It's too funny!"

The Soul Sea Realm warriors in the well were still angry, but they could not do anything about it. The sensation of their life vitality rolling inside their bodies was too unbearable. No one wished to float up the well.

"It looks like there aren't any people worth mentioning in this well. All right then. You should slowly get used to it." The armored warrior backed out as he finished speaking.

Since the enchanted barrier sealing the well had disappeared, there was no need for Zen to stay in the well water any longer. The Vitality Pressure had no effect on him at all. Quick as a flash, he leaped out of the well and landed next to it.

His gaze swept across the area, and a look of surprise marred his face. He did not expect there to be so many wells around him.

Next to him were a number of wells densely packed together. Not far away from them were more than ten armored warriors searching along the wells one by one. 'There are a lot of Ascending Wells. Does that mean there are other Soul Sea Realm warriors in each of the wells? There could be hundreds of them. That's the number of Soul Sea Realm warriors who have only come from the Lower World, '

Zen reflected and could not help but sigh.

Meanwhile, his sudden appearance had alarmed the armored warriors around him.

Zen stood by the side of the well and immediately attracted their attention. Under their helmets, their gazes were focused on him, full of astonishment.

"What? Am I daydreaming?"

"Wasn't the enchanted barrier just removed from the well? How could someone adapt to the Vitality Pressure in such a short time?"

"What a strange man!"

A few of the warriors gazed unblinkingly at Zen.

"You all have failed to realize the main point here. This young man is not just strange, he is the strangest of them all. Can't you see? He is only at the Life and Death Realm!" an armored warrior voiced out.

Many of the warriors were stunned as they realized this.

The armored warriors were all at the Soul Sea Realm. Their mission was to guide the warriors who had just ascended from the Lower World. Over the years, the number of warriors they guided had only increased.

A vast majority of the warriors stayed in the wells for ten days to over half a month. The purpose was to gradually let them get used to the vitality between heaven and earth in the Upper World. The next step was to open the enchanted barrier and allow the vitality to flow in, allowing them to adapt to it ever so slowly.

If a warrior who had just ascended from the Lower World was suddenly thrown into this violent vitality, it would cause the life vitality inside his body to flow backward. The belly was the foundation of a warrior, and every single move within it could impact him majorly. If the life vitality started to flow backward, the warrior could suffer serious injuries at the least, go berserk or die because of belly explosion at the most.

Thus, after the enchanted barrier was removed, there was usually a period of adaptation for about half a month.

Those who could adapt well were able to do so within ten days, while those with excellent physiques were able to adapt within seven days.

There were always some talents in this world who were able to respond positively to the Vitality Pressure within a mere three days.

However, those warriors were few and far between. After so many years, only one or two of them had made appearances.

According to some of the older, senior armored warriors, there had once been someone like that who ascended from the Lower World. It was said that he had adapted to the Vitality Pressure within four hours. That man was now the famous Supreme Lord Illusion.

It had only been less than five minutes now

since they had removed the enchanted barrier, and this young man jumped out of the well. He acted like nothing had happened to him.

What was even more shocking was that he only seemed to be at the Life and Death Realm! Why was a Life and Death Realm warrior able to ascend to the Upper World at all?

The armored warriors were utterly puzzled. They suspected that something had happened in the universe to change the ascending rules.

"You!" The armored warrior who had just left the well turned around and trudged toward Zen. However, his originally formidable aura swiftly weakened as he stepped in front of Zen. He seemed to not be able to think straight. As he stood before Zen, he suddenly realized something.

He could not treat the young man as any other ordinary warrior from the Lower World. Zen's growth had clearly been astounding, and in future, if he were to make a name for himself, he might become a Supreme Lord or a world lord. Even if he only became a highly-ranked official of some sacred place, he was someone the armored warrior could not afford to offend.

The armored warrior instantly regretted mocking and ridiculing the warriors in the well when he had removed the enchanted barrier. Now he only hoped that Zen would not mind what he had said.

He rushed toward Zen aggressively, but a smile found its way on his mouth. "My friend! Welcome to the Upper World," he said in a polite tone. "You have become a member of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Unbelievable! You got used to the Vitality Pressure so soon!"

The armored warrior's attitude had changed so quickly that Zen sighed deeply in his mind. Although he had loathed the man's words previously, he did not want to argue. "Does the Spiritual Force Sacred Place belong to the human race?" he merely asked in an indifferent manner.

"Yes!" the armored warrior beamed. "The Spiritual Force Sacred Place is one of the three tenth grade sacred places in the Spirit Reading World."

A tenth grade sacred place!

Zen nodded. The four divine kingdoms could barely be called eighth grade sacred places. Perhaps a tenth grade sacred place was considered the peak among the sacred places. He wondered how big this Spiritual Force Sacred Place was and how many powerful warriors lived here.

When the armored warrior realized that Zen had no intentions of rebuking him, he took out a pair of black shackles and waved them. "I'm sorry, but please let me handcuff you," he said.

Zen's brow creased at the sight of the shackles. "What do you mean?"

Noticing Zen's unfriendly expression, two armored warriors came over. "No offense," one of them said in a no-nonsense tone. "According to the rules of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, anyone who ascends from the Lower World must first be handcuffed and serve the sacred place. Only after meeting certain conditions can they leave!"

"Is everyone like that?" Zen's frown deepened.

His plans had been to achieve his goals one by one after he ascended to the Upper World. He would first become an independent warrior and gain experience before finding out the whereabouts of his sister.

Once his strength increased, he would be able to help Lavender return to the Demon Night race. The best course of action would be to help her get rid of her opponent. Then he would help the cyan dragon build a Heavenly Body.

Of course, each of these goals was more difficult than the last.

For instance, Lavender's own strength was on par with a world lord, and her opponent's too. With Zen's current strength, it would be too unrealistic for him to confront a world lord. If he wanted to achieve this goal of his, it would take him a long time.

As for helping the cyan dragon build a Heavenly Body, it was not going to be simple either. To find Yan would be the hardest to achieve. At the same time, it was his most important aim. The commendable strength of the young man who had her was still imprinted on Zen's mind. His own strength could not match his one in ten million. The gap between them was just too big.

Time was still tight for Zen. He did not feel the slightest bit relaxed.

He had just ascended to the Upper World, but now he was about to be locked up like a criminal. It would be strange if he were happy to be enslaved.

Seeing the displeasure on Zen's face, the armored warriors too grew unhappy. In their eyes, Zen was perhaps the best among the warriors who had just ascended to the Upper World, but he was still from the Lower World. His cultivation was only at the Life and Death Realm.

"It is the rule. Regardless of whether or not you follow the rules, you must serve in the sacred place. You have no choice," one of the armored warriors said with a smile. "Don't make things difficult for us now."

Zen thought for a moment before nodding in resignation. He extended his hands and allowed the armored warrior to handcuff him.

Chapter 1300 Go And Join My Uncle

After Zen was handcuffed, he took a look at the materials the shackles were made of—it made him shake his head.

As it turned out, the Upper World's resources weren't as exaggerated as he had imagined. The shackles were a mere mid-grade sacred weapon—managing to bind him was wishful thinking. Although there were some mystical divine textures on the shackles, Zen was confident that he could break through them with his own strength.

But just as the armored warriors said, there was no need for him to make anything difficult for them. He was facing several Soul Sea Realm warriors, after all—with his current strength, he couldn't make a complete escape.

Even after ascending into the Spirit Reading World, he was well aware of the need to act according to his circumstances—he was no longer the reckless young man that lacked patience.

With the shackles on Zen, an armored warrior took him to a nearby pavilion.

Before the armored warrior left him be, Zen suddenly felt some movement in his spirit beast bag, followed by a cackling sound.

It made the armored warrior give Zen a curious look. "You actually brought a spirit beast with you when you ascended to the Upper World? Is that a contractual beast?"

Hearing the question, Zen thought he would be in deep trouble.

The Ancestral Dragon was something the Celestial Position race was after, which meant that it was very valuable. If anyone found out it was with Zen, he would be cornered. In the calmest tone he could manage, he smiled and said, "Yes, it's a contractual beast captured in the Lower World."

With a nod, the armored warrior turned and left. After all, in the eyes of the Upper World warriors, there couldn't be anything of interest from the Lower World. Luckily, for Zen, that particular armored warrior was too lazy to check his bag.

"How dangerous!" Zen muttered to himself when the armored warrior was out of sight. "Hey, don't make any noise." He patted the spirit beast bag. "If anyone catches you, I won't be able to save you."

After a few days of growth, the Ancestral Dragon had the intelligence equal to that of an eight or nine-year-old child, and understood Zen's words well enough.

Before Zen ascended, Margaret had cooked heaps of food to pack into the spirit beast bag. It was likely that the Ancestral Dragon had already eaten it all.

With the body of a divine weapon, the Ancestral Dragon didn't actually need to eat at all—all it needed to do was absorb the vitality of heaven and earth to grow. But because Margaret had spoiled it with delicious food, it became rather picky. It seemed that it wasn't pleased having to stay in the bag after filling himself up with a feast.

But Zen's threat was rather effective. The Ancestral Dragon treated him as its "mother," after all, and was too afraid of being separated from Zen to act recklessly. After Zen's warning, it curled up in the bag without making another sound.

For nearly half a month, Zen waited.

In the first week, none of the warriors who ascended were able to enter the pavilion. It was only on the tenth day that the first warrior arrived—a woman in plain clothes and shackles around her hands. When she sized Zen up, her eyes widened in surprise.

It seemed that she had a good understanding of the Upper World's rules, something that others usually lacked. She knew that it wasn't easy to adapt to the vitality of heaven and earth after leaving the Ascending Well.

Even with that knowledge, it had taken her ten whole days to leave the Ascending Well, while it took Zen only five minutes to adapt to the vitality—the difference in ability made her incomparable to the man before her.

Taking a seat beside Zen, she went straight to the point. "How did you do it?"

With a polite smile, Zen asked, "What?"

"How did you adapt to the vitality of heaven and earth in such a short period of time?" After a moment, a thought came to her. "There is only one explanation—you're not a warrior from the Lower World. You must be from the Upper World—you descended to the Lower World and ascended back here. Am I right?"

Her deduction put a stunned look on Zen's face as he immediately shook his head. "I'm not from the Upper World."

Pouting her lips, the woman was certain that Zen wasn't telling the truth. With a calm smile, she said, "If you really are from the Lower World, then you will be greatly valued in the future!"

In spite of her skepticism, Zen maintained a calm demeanor as he gazed at the Ascending Wells in the distance.

As Zen kept quiet, the woman continued, "Actually, one of my uncles is the lord of the Blue City of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. After we leave this place, I can go and join him. If you have nowhere else to go, you can come with me."

In response to her offer, Zen merely glanced at her indifferently. When they were in the Ascending Well, the woman didn't even know if this Upper World was ruled by humans. From the looks of it, she was only pretending to be ignorant in the well. Zen wondered how powerful the lord of Blue City was.

He didn't know where he was headed. He was still rather inclined to becoming an independent warrior—he wasn't even interested in joining the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, let alone following this woman to Blue City.

As soon as he finished his service at the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, he planned to take his leave.

But things developed beyond his imagination.

The Spirit Reading World was one of the remote supreme worlds among those controlled by humans. Three powers ruled over this supreme world—the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, the Tide Sacred Place, and the Spirit Reading Sacred Place.

In addition, countless sacred places and divine kingdoms of varying sizes were scattered throughout the supreme world.

Ninth grade, eighth grade, seventh grade, sixth grade… Sacred places and divine kingdoms of all sort of grades were around, with the fifth grade, fourth grade, third grade, and second grade sects being countless.

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place and the Tide Sacred Place were the weaker ones among the tenth grade sacred places. Given its name, the Spirit Reading Sacred Place was naturally the core of the entire Spirit Reading World.

Regardless of how wide the supreme world was, just the area occupied by the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was already too big for Zen to imagine.

With Zen's current speed in flight, it would take him at least three years to leave the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

Clearly, this was why Dorothea said that the Divine Kingdom Continent was not even as big as her backyard—the scope of a supreme world was far beyond Zen's expectations.

As for Blue City, it was a relatively important area of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. The woman's uncle was someone who had ascended from the Lower World like her and managed to be promoted to the position of a city lord—he could be considered one of the top figures in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Because the woman had taken quite a fancy to Zen's talent, she figured she could recommend him to her uncle in the future.

But much to her dismay, Zen seemed to be arrogant and not interested in her proposal. After making that judgment, she decided not to bring it up again.

After the woman left the Ascending Well, more and more warriors gradually adapted to the vitality of heaven and earth. After leaving one after another, each entered the pavilion wearing the standard shackles.

These powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm all had an arrogant nature—how could they have been willing to wear shackles and be put under control? It was inevitable that they would clash with the armored warriors, but the latter showed no kindness whatsoever. Instead, they started with a warning—no matter how great the warriors were in the Lower World, after choosing to ascend, they were back to zero.

"In the Lower World, you may have been able to hold the life and death of thousands of people in a single sentence. You may have surpassed countless others where you came from. But in the Upper World, you are nobody!" one of the armored warriors roared at the powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors.

The insult triggered two of them, making them exchange blows with the armored warriors. The result of the squabble wasn't hard to guess—the two Soul Sea Realm warriors had to pay the price. They were shackled with special handcuffs, twice the size of the normal ones. These were divine weapons with two massive black balls hanging from them, restricting the warriors seemingly indefinitely.

No one knew what material the black balls were made of—even the powerful warriors had trouble pulling them along. It seemed that it would be all too difficult to even fly away from the restraints.

Three days later, all the Soul Sea Realm warriors left the Ascending Wells before staying with Zen in the pavilion.

After the armored warriors counted the warriors that arrived, they registered all of their names before escorting them to a transmission array.

The supreme world was so wide that even the almighty warriors at the Soul Sea Realm had to use transmission arrays to travel. Otherwise, it would take a warrior almost a year to travel the distance of over a hundred million miles between the two main cities.

Chapter 1301 The Supreme World Channel

Before entering the transmission array, Zen had noticed that the divine textures on it were unique.

In the Central Region, transmission arrays were constructed by runes and driven by life vitality crystals. The principle was usually quite simple. The runes were used to make a transmission channel that was connected to the array in another place. The transmission channel could shorten the distance between the two places. For the warriors who previously spent several days flying to Cloudy City from Oracle City, it only took them less than five minutes to get to the destination through the transmission channel.

However, the structure of this transmission array was completely different. Although the divine textures were unfamiliar to Zen, he could roughly guess at how they were put to use.

Not only did the transmission array expand outward and form a transmission channel, it seemed to connect to something else. As for what it was, Zen had no idea.

As the armored warrior activated the transmission array, the warriors who had ascended to the Upper World formed a queue. With a flash of white light, they entered the flying passageway.

When Zen first entered the flying passageway, nothing seemed abnormal about it. It looked almost the same as the one in the Lower World. The entire channel was azure in color.

Not long after, they passed through the azure transmission channel. Suddenly, a large transmission channel appeared before them.

"The transmission channel is so stable!" Zen said as his eyes landed on it.

This giant transmission channel was purple in color. Normally, a channel would only be thirty to forty feet wide, but this particular one was over one thousand feet broad.

What surprised Zen most was that the channel was much more stable than an ordinary one. The surrounding space seemed to be frozen, so it might not be easy for anyone to break through it...

However, just as they entered, they saw two warriors fly over from the other side of the transmission channel.

They looked down at the warriors from the Lower World. One of them chuckled. "We won't be able to accept all of them at the same time. It seems there are more than a thousand warriors here who have entered the Upper World."

The armored warrior who was escorting Zen frowned. "They are all useless. The test is about to begin, and can our Spiritual Force Sacred Place count on these filthy warriors from the Lower World to pass?" He took out over a thousand supreme life vitality crystals from his space ring. "This time it's quite a number of them who have to use this transmission channel. Can you give me a discount?"

The man counted the life vitality crystals and smiled faintly. He picked hundreds of life vitality crystals and handed them back to the armored warrior. "Don't talk to me about a discount. After all, it's the Spiritual Force Sacred Place that pays the money..."

The armored warrior distributed the returned life vitality crystals among his colleagues, handing them each a few pieces. Clearly, the life vitality crystals were now their own.

After this was done, the armored warrior spoke to the other warriors. "All right everyone, follow me. Let's continue moving forward!"

Although many warriors from the Lower World were dissatisfied with the armored warrior's words, they didn't act rashly. They followed the armored warriors and continued advancing along the transmission channel.

"Where did the light purple transmission channel come from? Why do we need to pay a fee to pass through it?" Zen asked the cyan dragon since he naturally did not want to inquire the armored warriors about this.

The cyan dragon smiled. "This sort of large-scale transmission channel is the supreme world channel. Only the world lords or those at higher positions can create it."

"The supreme world channel?"

"Yes, a supreme world is too vast. In the Central Region, a small transmission channel can be built for a length of just over a hundred thousand miles. If it's too long, it would be difficult to stabilize," the cyan dragon informed Zen.

Zen nodded in understanding. He thought of the super transmission array built by Immoral Mist. It connected the Central Region to the Sea God Continent, but since the distance was too much, the transmission channel was extremely unstable. While traveling to the Sea God Continent from the Central Region, he had encountered an intense space windstorm and almost died at that time. Even after returning from the continent, he still suffered heavy injuries even though his cultivation base had steadily increased.

The size and depth of a supreme world were far beyond the imaginations of the warriors of the Lower World. If a Soul Sea Realm warrior wanted to cross a supreme world, it would take him hundreds of years to do so, not just one or two.

However, there were countless capable warriors in the Upper World. Almost every supreme world had a supreme world channel to connect to other supreme worlds. Some channels were quite long.

It took a great deal of effort and time to construct these transmission channels, so maintaining them was naturally not an easy task either. The warriors had to pay a toll fee when passing through these channels. It cost each warrior one supreme life vitality crystal right now. Their journey was short as they only needed to travel two to three million miles along the transmission channel. If they had to cross the entire supreme world, the toll tax might reach over ten thousand supreme life vitality crystals.

As for the cost of crossing more than one supreme world, it might surpass one million supreme life vitality crystals...

Zen was very rich. Once he had dug up minerals in the four divine kingdoms, he exchanged them for a great number of supreme life vitality crystals. But now, it was shocking to him that for all his wealth, he could not even travel across the supreme world.

Zen sighed and followed the others as they flew through the enormous transmission channel.

One hour later, the armored warrior in the lead stopped and entered a side passageway. They reached the normal transmission channel and very quickly left it altogether. A dark and steep mountain appeared before them.

"This is..." one of the warriors began as he stared at the black mountain.

When an armored warrior heard this, he sneered. "This is the place where you all are to do forced labor. According to the rules of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, if you want to join us, you have to dig up one hundred life vitality jades!"

"Life vitality jade?"

"What's that?"

The armored warrior snickered. "I know that you do not know what a life vitality jade is, but the mountain in front of you is a vein of the life vitality crystal. There are life vitality crystals of all levels, including low-grade, top-grade, and even supreme ones. Of course, there are also life vitality jades, but if you cannot dig out the jades then you can exchange ten thousand supreme life vitality crystals for a life vitality jade. Your task would be complete if you dig up a million supreme life vitality crystals."

The warriors now understood what they were being asked to do.

The best life vitality crystals in the Lower World were at the supreme grade. They never thought that there would be a purer life vitality crystal in the Upper World—the life vitality jade.

The warriors were expected to dig out one million supreme life vitality crystals. They began murmuring among themselves. It was shocking!

Wasn't that too big a number?

The warriors who had ascended to the Upper World were undoubtedly at the top in the Lower World and wealthy enough. Before flying over to the Upper World, they had not taken many life vitality crystals with them. Some of them might have about ten thousand supreme life vitality crystals in their possession, and some just over a hundred...

One million supreme life vitality crystals was a substantial fortune in the eyes of any Soul Sea Realm warrior.

The four divine kingdoms could be considered relatively wealthy. But, there were less than two hundred thousand supreme life vitality crystals stored in their national treasuries. It was unprecedented that they were required to offer up one million supreme life vitality crystals if they wanted to join the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

"One million life vitality crystals!"

"How long would it take for us to dig up so many crystals?"

"We would have to spend several hundred years here..."

"I don't want to join your Spiritual Force Sacred Place!" a warrior spit out in annoyance. "I just want to be an independent warrior!"

The armored warrior chuckled. "You want to become an independent warrior? Well, then you have to provide two hundred life vitality jades!"

Two hundred life vitality jades... That equaled two million supreme life vitality crystals!

"That's absurd! Why?" the warrior shouted in anger.

The armored warrior was still smiling. "You flew into our Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Now you have to obey us."

His tone was condescending and familiar. The Soul Sea Realm warriors immediately grew silent. They had cultivated in the Lower World for a long time before they reached the Soul Sea Realm. How could they not understand what was going on here?

Under the circumstances, it was useless for them to ask why, for the answer was already obvious. They were only Soul Sea Realm warriors and would be unable to revolt against a large sacred place of the Upper World.

Seeing the dejected warriors, the armored warrior took some pity on them. "Be mentally prepared and get to work. The Spiritual Force Sacred Place is quite lenient. Some other sacred places are even harsher!"

Chapter 1302 Life Vitality Jade (Part One)

Everyone was silent for a while after hearing that. They had to face reality. And the harsh and bitter reality was that although every single one of them was at the Soul Sea Realm, they had no choice but to bow their heads since they were in someone else's territory now.

After a few moments of silence, one of the warriors suddenly walked out and asked, "So if I pay a million supreme life vitality crystals, then I'll be exempted from service?"

The armored man replied, "Kind of. It's not that you will be exempted from service. The very purpose of the service is to mine for life vitality crystals! If you can pay up enough life vitality crystals, you can leave at any time!"

To everyone's shock, as soon as the armored man finished his words, the warrior took off the space ring from his finger. He gently tapped it, and hundreds of thousands of life vitality crystals piled up on the ground like a small hill in front of the audience's eyes!

They were glittering like diamond and translucent and pure in texture. The vitality of the heavens and the earth contained within them was extremely rich and powerful. Anyone could tell that these were all supreme life vitality crystals!

Although several of the newcomers had seen a great deal of wealth in their life, when they saw this small mountain of supreme life vitality crystals in front of them, their hearts began to thump wildly.

"Here are a million supreme life vitality crystals. Can I leave now?" the warrior asked.

The armored man nodded in satisfaction, but then shook his head and answered in the negative, "If you want to join the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, one million supreme life vitality crystals are enough to serve the purpose. But if you wish to become an independent martial artist and leave our Spiritual Force Sacred Place or the Spirit Reading World, you will need to hand in two million supreme life vitality crystals!"

The warrior frowned. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, but then, he took out another space ring. With a gentle wave of his hand, another small mountain of supreme life vitality crystals appeared in front of the armored man!

"Damn, this guy… He's super rich!"

"Look! He just took out two million supreme life vitality crystals without even batting an eye. Where is he from?"

"Well. There are some great worlds which are indeed fabulously wealthy. I heard that in the great world neighboring my own, there is a giant mineral vein of life vitality crystals running through the entire place. In fact, people over there are so rich in terms of life vitality crystals that the crystals have lost their value. In that world, they don't serve as a currency anymore!"

With so many supreme life vitality crystals piled up on the ground, the armored man seemed to have run out of things to say. What surprised the audience beyond anything was that the warrior wasn't done. He soon dumped even more life vitality crystals from his space ring in front of the armored man, which formed themselves into two other small hills. He pointed at another martial artist behind him and said, "These are for my brother. He will come with me."

Seeing the four piles of supreme life vitality crystals, the armored man picked one of them and held it in his hand. Satisfied, he chuckled and said, "Of course, you two can go now! This supreme world is vast, and you can go wherever you want!"

The two warriors nodded, and then left the place under the guidance of the other armored man.

As the rest of them watched the two warriors leave, then besides feeling envy, they could only sigh under their lips. It wasn't that they were all poor. In fact, some of them were even richer than the warrior who had just left. But not many people would have thought of taking so many supreme life vitality crystals with them to the Upper World.

Zen shook his head slightly in regret. When he had been in the four divine kingdoms, he had collected a great number of supreme life vitality crystals. However, he had left a large portion of them in the Cloud Hall. Thinking about it, he remembered that he had only brought about two hundred thousand supreme life vitality crystals with him to the Upper World. They were far from enough.

When he thought about it, he suddenly remembered that he had numerous valuable things with him, such as the Black Star mining pickaxe. This supreme divine weapon was worth quite a bit of money. However, even if someone offered him over hundreds of millions of supreme life vitality crystals to buy it, Zen would never be willing to sell such a valuable thing.

No. He would not sell it in any case. And since he didn't have enough life vitality crystals with him, he would have to mine for them…

The life vitality jade which the armored man had mentioned just now had piqued Zen's interest. The former had said that the jade was much more valuable and he only needed a hundred life vitality jades to earn his freedom. The questions was, could Zen dig out any of these life vitality jades from this dark and steep mountain range in front of him?

Under the lead of the armored men, the warriors arrived at a gathering place. The chances of escape were zero since several Spirit Supreme Realm masters were scattered around to guard the place.

Not far ahead, several martial artists seemed to have just flown in with pickaxes on their backs. After handing over all the life vitality crystals they had dug up, they got the count of crystals handed over recorded and then flew back. They went back and forth like this, digging for life vitality crystal in the mines, trying to be free as soon as possible.

When the newcomers entered the gathering place, they also received their mining picks and tokens according to the rules.

Although everyone was reluctant to go for the mining, they still had hopes that they would leave here soon. They had the same thoughts as Zen. Since only one hundred life vitality jades were needed to get them out of this place, their goal, therefore, was to dig out one hundred life vitality jades as fast as they could.

Chapter 1303 Life Vitality Jade (Part Two)

Coincidentally, over a hundred warriors also returned to the gathering place, just as the newcomers were about to leave. These warriors took out all of the life vitality crystals they had obtained and began handing them over.

However, when Zen saw those life vitality crystals they handed in, he frowned. Although there was a massive amount of them in the pile, their quality wasn't too high; there were just some top-grade life vitality crystals and a few supreme life vitality crystals among the lot. There was even a massive amount of mid-grade life vitality crystals. But he saw no life vitality jade in the piles.

Zen walked up and asked, "Friend, may I ask why you only excavated top-grade and mid-grade life vitality crystals? Isn't it too arduous to get these lower grade life vitality crystals? I mean, it would be easier if you got the life vitality jades instead..."

Everyone's goal was to get one hundred life vitality jades, which was equivalent to a million supreme life vitality crystals. In fact, if they exchanged them for top-grade life vitality crystals, the number would be too enormous. After all, a supreme life vitality crystal could be exchanged for about 100 top-grade life vitality crystals. That was to say, they had to gather one hundred million top-grade life vitality crystals to be free. So whatever the warriors had just brought in was worth ashes and sand.

The warriors who had arrived in the Upper World with Zen were also concerned about this issue and they all cast their gazes over to them, full of curiosity and expectations.

To their surprise, the warrior shook his head with a wry smile on his face. "If I don't excavate these things, what else will I mine?" As he spoke, he took a look at Zen and the others and asked, "Are you guys new here?"

Zen and the other warriors behind him nodded in unison, like a programmed machine.

The warrior sighed, and then ventured a guess. "If I am right, you all want to dig out the life vitality jades, right?" He then laughed.

"What's wrong with that? It would be easier, right? Is it impossible?" Zen asked curiously.

"Of course you can try to get them." the martial artist chuckled. "When I had just arrived, I also wanted to dig up the life vitality jades so I could leave as soon as possible. But if you want to dig up the life vitality jades, you will have to be ready to lose your lives."

"What do you mean?" Zen asked immediately.

The martial artist turned around and pointed to the distant mountain range in response, "Look. Here's the deal. If you want to dig up the life vitality jades, you will have to go into the depths of the mineral vein that runs in there. The only problem is, there are eleventh and twelfth grade vicious beasts scattered all over the place. Ordinary warriors simply don't dare go down there to dig up the life vitality jades. It's too risky. These powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm who are trained by the Spiritual Force Sacred Place don't want to take this risk while trying to dig up the life vitality jades themselves. And they also couldn't count on weak warriors to do the task. So they came up with this system for warriors who have just ascended to the Upper World to do the task. Now we have to take the risk if we are in a hurry. But, no life comes cheap. I would rather dig out ordinary life vitality crystals and waste time here than risk my life to get those life vitality jades!"

Hearing the martial artist's words, the newly arrived warriors finally came to understand the situation.

As it turned out, life vitality jades were not that easy to obtain and they would have to toil in here only.

The warriors of the Soul Sea Realm who had ascended to this place might be insignificant in this supreme world, but they had still acquired some strength.

Mining was originally something that was done by the weaker warriors. In the Lower World too, it was the same case. Most often, nature creatures, or those at the Illuminating Soul Realm did the mining work.

The problem was that it was impossible for weak worriers to get in deep enough to dig the life vitality jades and the local warriors of the Soul Sea Realm were unwilling to do it. So they took it for granted that this task should be done by the newcomers who had ascended to this world.

However, the vast majority of newcomers cherished their lives more than fast freedom. How could they be willing to risk losing them?

After all, anyone who had reached the Soul Sea Realm was bound to have a long lifespan. At worst, it would only take them thirty to fifty years. Even worse case scenario would be a hundred years to gather all the life vitality crystals they needed.

The group of warriors who had come here with Zen had also planned to excavate life vitality jades initially. But when they heard how difficult it was to get them, they immediately gave up on the idea and decided to dig for life vitality crystals instead. At least, they would be safe that way.

They then left one after the other to start their work. The earlier they started, the faster they could leave this godforsaken place. No one wanted to stay here forever…

As for the plain-clothed woman, she was holding onto a pickaxe in her hand with a sullen face. The poor girl had expected her uncle to come and pick her up. However, no one had come. She had no choice but to follow the others and take a shot at mining. She looked very depressed indeed.

Zen examined the mountain range from a distance. Once he had put the token and pickaxe in place, he flew towards the mountain range.

Even though the martial artist he had talked to had said that life vitality jades were very difficult to dig out and that the places where they could be found were very dangerous, Zen had no intention of giving up. He had a supreme divine weapon that was specifically used for mining and he was going to use that to earn his freedom.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1304 Freya Mu

He was naturally unhappy to do hard manual labor after he had ascended to the Upper World, but Zen did not hold grudges against anyone.

Back then, if he had let Yolande extradite him or even left with the Celestial Position members, he would not have been treated like this.

However, since he wished to ascend on his own, he had to now face all kinds of things all by himself. He had left himself no other choice but to move on.

Zen flew for a while and soon discovered that the woman in plain clothes had been following him all the way.

He stopped at once. Turning around, he asked, "Why are you following me?"

The woman in plain clothes flashed him a small smile. "Oh, nothing! I just think I would be lucky to dig minerals with you."

"You haven't asked me if I am okay with that," Zen said faintly.

His words slightly stunned the woman.

In fact, no one would expect a Life and Death Realm warrior to speak like this to a Soul Sea Realm master. One would think that a warrior at the Life and Death Realm would be eager to tag along with a Soul Sea Realm master. How could Zen, a Life and Death Realm warrior, have no desire to be with her?

The woman in plain clothes smiled. "Okay. So do you mind me following you?"

Zen shrugged casually. "It's up to you."

"Okay. My name is Freya Mu. May I know your name?" the woman inquired him.

"Zen Luo."

As soon as Zen uttered his name, he flew toward the mountain range without lingering for another moment.

Freya Mu stared blankly at Zen's back, her exquisite face betraying a helpless and bitter smile. She thought that Zen was just a Life and Death Realm warrior, but he was also arrogant. It seemed that he really had extraordinary abilities. She instinctively felt him to be very special. If she followed him, it would only help her fortune.

Whoosh...

Over the years, many warriors had entered the mountain range and returned with a plethora of treasures. Of course, there were some who never returned at all, becoming lifeless corpses on the mountains.

The range had a total of over a hundred huge mountains, each one a hundred thousand feet tall. They were covered with mine holes of various sizes. These pits had been excavated by the predecessor warriors bit by bit.

Zen had gathered information about the distribution of life vitality crystals across the mountains.

There were many low-grade life vitality crystals on the top layer of the mountain range. If such a mountain range was found in the Lower World or even the Central Region, it would have been considered a rich mine.

However, the Soul Sea Realm masters present here ignored the low-grade life vitality crystals. They needed one trillion low-grade life vitality crystals in exchange for one hundred life vitality jades... The number they were expected to offer up was simply mind-boggling. It was easy to find low-grade life vitality crystals, but it would take them a long time to find so many of them.

The middle layer of the mineral vein was covered with mid-grade life vitality crystals. The lower layer had supreme life vitality crystals. Life vitality jades could be found and dug in the bottom layer.

The dangers to be encountered in each layer were different. For a Soul Sea Realm master, the top layer and the middle layer were almost completely safe. However, the lower and the bottom layer could well be dangerous.

Zen casually chose a pit and flew down into it. The walls of the cave were marred with traces of excavation. This place had probably been excavated countless times, so naturally, he would not waste any time here. Freya Mu, who was following Zen closely, became increasingly curious. Where exactly did Zen want to go? Could it be that he was planning to head straight to the bottom layer?

After about five minutes, Zen had entered the depths of the mine hole over ten thousand feet away from the entrance. This was already the lower layer of the hole. There was a good chance that Zen could dig out the supreme life vitality crystals here.

Everything was silent here. Only the occasional sound of dripping water could be heard. Still, Zen did not stop once inside the dark hole.

While he was flying, a few black shadows seemingly flapped their wings at the top of the cave. They quietly followed Zen, aiming to charge straight at him while hiding in the darkness.

Freya Mu seemed to have practiced a kind of special cultivation method which made her perception skills sharp. The few black shadows did not emit any aura, but she was still able to sense them easily.

"Zen, be careful!"

However, just as she was about to take action, a sharp sword appeared in Zen's hand. He swung it casually and then it dematerialized. He did all this without stopping for a second or turning his head, as if there were a pair of eyes stuck at the back of his head.

"They were just some tenth-level fierce beasts..." Zen said flatly.

Freya Mu, who still followed him, smiled wryly. A tenth-level beast was equivalent to a Life and Death Realm warrior. Zen was only at the Life and Death Realm, but he spoke so indifferently about it, as if he was much superior to the level.

The sword attack that Zen had displayed just now indeed surprised Freya Mu. She was born into a famous and powerful clan and had seen many masters in the Lower World. However, she had never seen a warrior slash out his sword and make such a sharp and strange arc. She assumed that Zen was far more powerful than what his level suggested. It could not be measured from his cultivation base as it far surpassed that of an ordinary Life and Death Realm warrior.

Freya Mu had already made certain conclusions in her head.

As they continued moving forward, their surroundings began to change gradually. At first, the cave seemed to be made up of brown rock walls, but now the surrounding rock walls began to turn translucent and crystal clear, formed with pieces of pure quartz.

Some other ores were embedded within the quartz, a few of them emitting a faint luster. Under the gentle shining light, the environment in the lower layer was not so depressing and dark.

"This place is rather beautiful..." Freya Mu whispered as she glanced around.

"But the supreme life vitality crystals have all been dug out." Zen pointed at the marks carved into the walls of the cave. The other ores did not have much of an attraction for those who had ascended to the Upper World, but the supreme life vitality crystals had all been dug out and taken away.

The supreme life vitality crystals were formed by the vitality between heaven and earth. It took a long time to form such crystals. As the mine had been continually excavated for so many years, the number of supreme life vitality crystals must have dwindled day by day.

A newcomer like Zen had to rely on his luck if he wanted to find the supreme life vitality crystals and take them out.

"My fortune is not so bad today. I see one here!" Freya Mu was looking around. She discovered a supreme life vitality crystal not too far away.

Zen smiled easily. He did not move but instead let Freya Mu go ahead to dig it out. He had to accumulate life vitality crystals if he intended to obtain a large number of them, but he did not really care about one or two stray pieces.

However, as Freya Mu walked over, a look of surprise and joy washed over her face. "It's not just one crystal. There seems to be a cluster of them growing here!"

As Zen approached her, he saw through the sub-transparent quartz wall and found there was a mass of supreme life vitality crystals hiding inside. There might be several hundreds of them.

"Look! I told you! My hunch is always right. I get luckier if I follow you." Freya Mu smiled, adding, "Let's share them equally!"

Zen nodded noncommittally.

In fact, Freya Mu's hunch had indeed been correct. When Zen had been in the Central Region before, his fortune had been much discussed by others. They came to the conclusion that he was a warrior with great luck.

A warrior like Eddie might also have had great luck, but he devoured the good fortune of the people around him to strengthen himself. Such had been the case with Marilyn and Simon. Their luck was devoured by him and they ended up being killed by Zen.

However, Zen's own fortune spread to the people around him, such as to Letitia, Margaret and even the fat men from the World Commercial Alliance...

Freya Mu had the right inkling because she was sensitive to the luck of others. However, it was not easy to be sure of such a thing, so she could only rely on her intuition.

She was also a warrior who practiced the Ice Law. As she leaned to the side, she reached out and flicked a hand lightly. A gust of sharp, chilly air spread out along the piece of quartz, freezing the entire cave wall. In the cold, the incomparably hard quartz became brittle and countless cracks appeared on its surface. As she gently stretched her hand and touched the wall, it collapsed in an instant. Several hundred supreme life vitality crystals revealed themselves before them.

Chapter 1305 The Roar From A Supreme Lord

Although Zen didn't bother concerning himself with the few hundred supreme life vitality crystals, Freya proceeded to carefully divide the crystals in half, splitting them with Zen.

After securely stashing away all the supreme life vitality crystals they had gathered, the two sped up their pace downward. It wasn't long after they realized they had reached the end of the cave.

Initially, someone else had dug up the area but seemed to have stopped after a certain point at the lower layer of the mine.

Examining the place, Freya couldn't seem to find any other supreme life vitality crystals.

"What should we do?" she asked, fixing her eyes on Zen, waiting for his decision. "Should we change direction and find another cave to explore? Or should we move forward and dig this further?"

Pointing a finger to the ground, Zen replied, "We will go down!"

"Down? You want to go to the lowest layer?" Freya's eyes flashed with surprise.

If they continued digging the cave horizontally, while it would be rather troublesome, they could still probably gather quite a number of supreme life vitality crystals. With their cultivation and strength combined, they could randomly dig up the lower layer—even if the mine caved in, it wouldn't pose much danger to them.

Going further down also meant heading toward the life vitality jades. She had also heard that eleventh-grade and twelfth-grade beasts awaited at the bottom. While the eleventh-grade beast wouldn't be too difficult for her to beat, the latter would be all too tough for her—they were equivalent to the Spirit Supreme Realm masters. If Freya was unfortunate enough to encounter them, she would be led to her doom.

In a moment, it hit her how ambitious the Life and Death Realm guy in front of her really was.

All the while, Zen maintained a faint smile. He did not need the woman to follow him—if she was unwilling to go along, he wouldn't force her. In truth, he thought he would feel freer digging by himself—the feeling of having someone follow him felt like extra baggage.

After taking two steps forward, he decided on a location. Extending his fist and gently waving it for a moment, the power of two thousand dragon scales gathered in his right fist—he smashed it heavily into the ground.

Boom!

In a single, powerful jab, numerous cracks appeared on the ground around him, spreading under his feet.

Crack… crack… crack…

Watching him go, Freya couldn't help but raise her brows in surprise. 'This guy's strength is extraordinary. From the looks of it, he wasn't using his full power in the strike. But his physical strength is probably much more remarkable than mine, even though I'm at the Soul Sea Realm. Is he really only at the Life and Death Realm?' she wondered.

Then, Zen threw the second punch.

Boom!

The ground covered in countless cracks instantly gave way. Tiny fragments spread in all directions, forming a massive crater of seventy to eighty feet in depth under Zen's feet!

Standing in the middle of the huge crater, he began incessantly swinging his fist downward, intending to form a path.

Watching the scene unfold before her, Freya bit her lip hard. Inwardly, she was hesitant—should she leave him to search for supreme life vitality crystals in other areas, or should she follow him down?

At the time, she decided to go with her gut feeling—her intuition told her that if she followed Zen, she would get the task done much quicker.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Following the ear-splitting sounds, Zen continued to sink deeper.

Seventy feet…

One hundred feet…

Two hundred feet…

Five hundred feet...

One thousand feet…

Freya didn't remain idle either—she busied herself with checking the crater's walls for more supreme life vitality crystals, successfully picking up dozens.

The large pit continued stretching downward under Zen's continuous stream of punches. After reaching a depth of over twenty thousand feet, his fist broke through the ground. With that, Zen fell into a cave.

Before he landed, the chaotic energy in his body circulated, steadying his figure as it floated in air. The debris that fell along with him scattered out of his way before falling to the ground.

"It's broken! Is this the bottom?" Freya followed Zen into the cave promptly.

The caves in front of them seemed to have been formed naturally and left untouched by any humans—they had reached the bottom of the mineral vein.

There, they had to be extra cautious. Most of those who had ascended to the Upper World wouldn't have dared enter the cave—dangers were probably awaiting.

Ten thousand feet lay between where they stood and the top of the mountain. Over the past thousands of years, since the mine was formed, it couldn't be penetrated by sunlight. As waves of cold wind blew from the karst caves around, the two took more careful steps.

But just as they were examining their surroundings, a voice suddenly scared them out of their wits.

"Supreme Lord Myles! You bastard! You only know how to escape and hide yourself. If you have any guts, come to the Autumn Mountain World! We shall battle it out! Otherwise, I'll be cursing you like this every month!"

The voice resounded clearly in Zen's and Freya's ears, putting fright on both of their faces.

"This should be the Roaring Token…" Freya muttered immediately. Although she was also a martial artist that had only just ascended to the Upper World, she knew more about the place than most other martial artists did. Assuming that Zen was not knowledgeable about this, she continued to explain, "It is said that the Roaring Token is incredibly expensive—a single token is worth tens of millions of life vitality jades. Even a world lord of a supreme world wouldn't easily make use of it. The one who did spend it is probably a powerful Supreme Lord. I'm afraid that this curse has already spread across all the supreme worlds. It's only a curse but it consumed so many life vitality jades...it's too much..."

A hundred life vitality jades were enough for imprisoned warriors to buy their freedom—tens of millions of life vitality jades was an astronomical number. For a tenth-grade sacred place, it was an almost ridiculous sum of money.

Much to Freya's surprise, Zen seemed expressionless and merely nodded his head, indicating that he was already aware of the situation.

What she didn't know was how mad he was at the man who shouted the curse, shocking him speechless.

Having received a Roaring Token from the owner of the fairy palace, Zen could use it limitlessly.

But while he was busy looking for life vitality jades, he didn't bother finding out who did it, even when the shouting caught him off-guard. Instead, Zen decided that if he had time after getting out of that place, he would use the Roaring Token to curse the offender, regardless of whether or not the person was a Supreme Lord—he wouldn't be able to trace it back to Zen, anyway.

Fortunately, the Roaring Token was a highly precious treasure to even a Supreme Lord. After the roar resounded throughout the supreme worlds, it halted and disappeared.

What Zen had yet to find out was that it was the renounced Supreme Lord Amritpal who made use of the token. The conflict between him and Myles was something of common knowledge at that point—all the living beings in the supreme worlds, from toddlers to old men, were aware that a deep-seated hatred brewed between the two.

Such was the effect of the Roaring Token.

Once a month, Supreme Lord Amritpal would use the Roaring Token to lay a curse on Supreme Lord Myles. Because the number of Roaring Tapir was in decline, it became increasingly difficult to obtain the Roaring Tokens—even Amritpal, a Supreme Lord, had to use it sparingly.

But even though he used it only monthly, each spending was extravagant.

For a tenth-grade sacred place like the Spiritual Force Sacred Place that had governed an area of almost a twentieth of a supreme world, they could only afford half of a Roaring Token with ten years of revenue. What was worse was that the token was so precious that even the wealthiest in status couldn't make a purchase because of the limited supply.

But this time, the Supreme Lord's roar aroused Zen's interest. The Roaring Token seemed to be a rather curious thing—he could probably use it to search for Yan if given the opportunity.

But for the meantime, he had to find the life vitality jades.

As Zen and Freya slowly travelled through the naturally formed caves, they could tell how different it was from the upper layers. If any twelfth-grade vicious beasts sensed their presence, they would have no choice but to run for their lives.

After squeezing through a passageway barely the width of a person, Zen stepped into some kind of wide clearing. A massive creature lay prostrate within the cave—it had nine heads, all of which were lying quietly on the ground, sound asleep.

"It's a legendary beast, Nine-head Snake! A fully grown one!"

"Shh! It's a twelfth-grade beast. You can compare it to a Spirit Supreme Realm master!" "Let's go back!" Freya whispered harshly into Zen's ear. The sight made her extremely vigilant.

But Zen only pointed to something in the distance. "Look over there!"

In the area where the Nine-head Snake was in a deep sleep, a mass of milky white gems lay. Even though they were over four hundred feet away from them, the two could still feel the incomparably pure vitality of heaven and earth they contained.

"Are those life vitality jades?" When the milky white gemstones came into Freya's view, her eyes gleamed with excitement. While she knew that the twelfth-grade beast wasn't something she could dare to provoke, she couldn't ignore the pile of live vitality jades.

If she could obtain them, it would make a third of her task accomplished. Even if the gemstones were to be divided between her and Zen, each of them could still get over ten.

The weight of the gemstones made her consider the risks of heading straight for them—the Nine-head Snake was no obstacle to take lightly.

Chapter 1306 Unable To Take Them Away

In fact, both of them had never seen a life vitality jade before.

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place did not treat the warriors who flew to the Upper World very well. They just set up an enchanted barrier around the mine and threw the warriors in, treating them like locked up prisoners.

If the warriors wanted to get out, they had to hand over one hundred life vitality jades. It was no different from robbing them.

The only good thing about it was that it made the warriors from the Lower World stop longing for the Upper World. It made them realize how helpless the Soul Sea Realm warriors would be once they ascended to the Upper World.

The stones were exuding with life vitality, so they were most likely to be life vitality jades.

However, it was not easy to take away the life vitality jades, which were placed not far away from a twelfth-level fierce beast.

With Zen's current strength, he could fight a Soul Sea Realm master. However, this twelfth-level fierce beast was equivalent to a Spirit Supreme Realm master, and the lifespan of a beast was often longer than those of humans. Besides, the Nine-head Snake was probably regarded as a legendary beast, so even if Zen fought it, he could not defeat it.

As for Freya, she had only just broken through to the Soul Sea Realm. Perhaps she thought that she was stronger than Zen, but Zen didn't think much of it.

The two of them stared at the cluster of life vitality jades as they observed the sleeping Nine-head Snake. They were hesitant about reaching out to get the life vitality jades.

Still, they did not want to give up. However, they were afraid that they would risk their lives if they tried to take away the jades.

At the moment, Freya smiled faintly. "I have a hidden treasure and with its help I can hide most of my breath. This Nine-head Snake is still sleeping. I should go and steal those life vitality jades."

Hearing Freya's words, Zen did not utter a word. It would be good if she could successfully take them away. There was great risk in it, but the benefits they would reap were not small. Therefore, he nodded solemnly.

Freya took out a light green muslin robe. The robe was as thin as a cicada's wing. As Freya casually put it on her body, Zen's face betrayed a trace of surprise.

Indeed, it was just as Freya had described. Once her body was covered in the muslin robe, a large portion of her breath was concealed. Even with Zen's incomparably keen sense of perception, it would have been difficult for him to detect her existence if he had not been paying attention to her. Of course he could not sense her through his perception, but if he observed with his eyes, he could see the noticeable green hue.

However, the purpose of this kind of magic treasure was to conceal the breath. Moreover, this Nine-head Snake was still sleeping. Since she was able to conceal the breath, the muslin robe was suitable for this current dilemma.

'Judging from its use, this magic treasure could be considered a divine weapon, ' Zen thought to himself.

Freya blinked at Zen, and after nodding, she walked toward the Nine-head Snake.

Although she tried her best to suppress her emotions and keep calm, Zen could still see that she was very nervous. He wanted her to give him the robe so that he could go and fetch the life vitality jades himself, but after seeing that she had already taken a few steps forward, he gave up on that idea.

Freya's nervousness was inevitable. She came from a prestigious clan, but after ascending to the Upper World, everything had been different from how she had imagined it.

She had thought that her own uncle would come and pick her up. Then she would join the Spiritual Force Sacred Place to continue her cultivation...

However, ever since she had ascended to the Upper World, not only did she not meet her uncle, but she took such risks in exchange for her freedom. She was still a Soul Sea Realm warrior, so she had the courage, perseverance and willpower of the same. She decided she would not be flustered and helpless like a weak young lady whenever she got into trouble.

The Nine-head Snake might have been sleeping in this place for countless years. Vicious beasts tended to sleep for a relatively long time. Before it could advance to a higher level, it would often sleep for hundreds of years, even a thousand. Snakes even had the habit of hibernating.

'This thing won't wake up...'

Freya kept comforting herself silently. At the same time, she moved toward the life vitality jades with light footsteps.

With her cultivation base, she could control almost every inch of her meridians and muscles with incomparable coordination. Thus, from beginning to end, she was like a nimble cat as she walked toward the treasure.

At this time, another voice came from the above.

"Amritpal, I'm not hiding from you. Once I've mastered the Energy Returning Incarnation, you can obediently wait for death in the Autumn Mountain World!"

This voice was like thunder as it traveled through a hundred thousand supreme worlds and spread through the universe. The voice could still be heard clearly in the deepest parts of the earth and in the deepest depths of the oceans. Every warrior and every living being could hear it.

This was how overbearing the Roaring Token was...

Zen and Freya could hear it, and the sleeping Nine-head Snake could also hear it.

"Heh..."

However, since the snake had been asleep for far too many years already, it could not be woken up by the voice. It just turned one of its heads over, let out a moan, and then fell asleep again.

Freya was very nervous at first. When she suddenly heard the sound, she got even more nervous, her heart racing twofold. As she saw one of the Nine-head Snake's heads move, her body trembled. Her originally nimble steps became disorderly. One of her feet landed on a palm-sized rock. As the rock rolled, there was a loud rumble.

The sound echoed clearly in the cave.

Freya's entire body froze on the spot, and so did Zen. At this moment, both of them seemed to stop breathing.

"Heh, heh..."

When two snake heads heard the sound, they slightly raised themselves as if trying to figure out the source of it. Fortunately, they did not open their eyes. Perhaps they were too tired. The two heads lay down on the floor again.

Up until that moment, Freya felt that she was going to get herself killed, but after seeing the Nine-head Snake's reaction, she let out a long, deep breath and turned around to smile at Zen before continuing to walk toward the life vitality jades...

Once Freya successfully approached the cluster of life vitality jades, her eyes emitted a ray of light.

With a casual glance, she determined that there were thirty-nine life vitality jades hidden there. She didn't know what the life vitality jades were. They could clearly be considered ores, but each of them was like the 'fruit' of a plant which grew here.

Freya reached out and was about to pick the fruits one by one.

But as she went to grab the life vitality jade, she was astonished when her complexion changed suddenly. She was unable to take out the life vitality jade!

Zen, who had been observing from afar, also frowned. Freya was a Soul Sea Realm master and for a woman, her strength was great. How could she not pick the life vitality jade?

Freya gently circulated her strength. This time, she used thirty percent of it, but the jade in her hand did not move at all, nor did the milky white branch, as if the pair of them were made of steel and inlaid there.

Even if it was an iron tree, it should not be able to withstand Freya's tugging. It seemed to her that it would not be so easy to take away the life vitality jades.

Freya took another deep breath. This time, she used sixty percent of her strength, but the life vitality jade still did not move at all...

Finally, she tried to make use of ninety percent of her strength.

Freya's face was red with anger, but the life vitality jade was still hanging onto the branch.

At this time, she understood that she would not be able to pick it with just her strength alone.

She turned her head and looked at Zen helplessly. She could only give up and return to his side.

"I can't take it down..." Freya's face revealed a trace of anger. She had just been about to succeed, but then she discovered that she could not pick the life vitality jade after all. Naturally, she felt dejected and disappointed.

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place was the one to blame for all of this. If there was a shortage of life vitality jades there, they would send Spirit Supreme Realm masters to dig for the life vitality jades in the various mines of the sacred place. Usually, because of their abundant reserves, the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors could not be bothered to take action.

Besides, if they went out to look for the life vitality jades, it would not only take them a lot of time, but also pose them great risks.

If one wanted to obtain life vitality jades, they would usually make use of some kind of a tool to dig them out. It had to at least be a divine weapon!

The life vitality jade had absorbed a vast amount of vitality between heaven and earth before slowly being created from the grounds. How could it be so easy to pluck it out?

Chapter 1307 Run!

Zen had a rough grasp of the scene he had just witnessed.

Freya was not able to take the jades, but that did not mean that he couldn't.

Freya's features morphed into frustration. Immediately, she said, "Let's leave this place. If the beast stirs, we'll be screwed."

Zen, however, only reached out a hand towards her. "Hand it over," he said.

Freya looked at his outstretched hand in confusion. "What?"

"Your robe," Zen replied. "Lend it to me."

A look of understanding dawned on her face. "You want to get the life vitality jades?" she asked, almost incredulously.

Zen nodded. Freya did not know what to make of it. She was a full realm higher in cultivation than Zen. If she had failed to get the life vitality jades, what more could he do?

As if reading her mind, he smiled. "Don't worry. I can make it."

She had her doubts, but as she looked at his determined expression, she knew she had to. It was as if something told her that Zen would succeed.

After all, they were already here. It would be a pity to go back empty-handed. If Zen wanted to give it a try, she had no reason to refuse. She took off her robe and handed it to Zen's waiting hand.

"Thank you!"

The robe cloaked one's breath. Zen wore the garment, and instantly his energy was muted. His aura had become almost inaudible.

Then, wordlessly, he rushed towards the life vitality jades at lightning speed.

Freya barely had time to register what was happening. Zen was acting so recklessly. One of her hands went up in shock to cover her mouth. Her pulse picked up with his every step closer to the life vitality jades. She held her breath, not daring to breathe. He made no sound as he got closer, and she finally allowed a relieved sigh. 'This guy is too rash!' she thought.

As he approached the life vitality jades, Zen wanted to directly pull one of them down from above just as Freya had done.

However, it refused to budge from his tug.

Zen used the power of the dragon scales and gave it another pull.

He had activated 1, 000 dragon scales, but it was to no avail. The life vitality jade remained wedged from above. This time, however, he no longer increased his strength.

His current power would be enough to pull even huge mountains. This meant only one thing: there must be some Law of Causality hidden within the life vitality jades, which meant that this was not a problem that could be solved by force.

As he thought of this, Zen's body leaned to the side, his back facing Freya. Gently, he pressed his space ring and took out the Black Star. He moved discreetly, not wanting anyone else to know that he had it. From where she was, Freya probably wouldn't be able to see it.

Slowly, he extended the pickax and hammered at the stem of one of the life vitality jades. A very subtle sound rang through the silence.

Crack!

The life vitality jade had come loose and was now in his hand.

Zen's eyebrows creased as an idea formed in his mind. Why did he have to pry them off one by one? The life vitality jades sprouted from one root. Wouldn't it be faster if he pried the whole root up?

He tested this idea, and began to pick at the root. The Black Star's Law of Causality had taken effect, and after his continuous prodding, he completely uprooted the whole plant.

Zen smiled at his victory and returned the pickax into his space ring. Then he turned his head and waved the plant in Freya's direction, beaming.

Freya could almost not believe her eyes as she saw the plant in his hand.

He had managed to take out the whole plant that she had spent so much effort pulling out with seeming ease. It didn't even look like he lost much energy, given the vigorous way he shook the plant.

'This guy's strength is incredible!' she thought.

Waves of relief and rejoicing filled her heart. Her intuition had been right—something that both delighted and worried her. Now that he had the plant, would Zen take all the life vitality jades for himself? However, she quickly dismissed the thought. She believed that Zen was no selfish man.

Zen held the plant in his hand and slowly walked towards Freya.

It was at this moment that the Nine-head Snake stirred. With a sniff, its heads moved around tensely. It knew that something was amiss.

The Nine-head Snake slept near the plant, safeguarding and absorbing its energy unto itself. Since the energy within it was already full, the excess would be released. It was for this same reason that Zen and Freya were drawn to the plant just now—they had sensed the abundant vitality between heaven and earth it released.

When Zen pulled the plant out, the Nine-head Snake immediately felt the change in the vitality between heaven and earth. It had disappeared. The snake quickly knew that something was wrong.

Hiss!

Hiss! Hiss!

The nine heads moved about angrily, as if searching for the culprit.

The snake wasn't able to detect Freya before because it hadn't yet opened its eyes. As the snake woke up, it saw a human not too far away taking away the plant. How could that Nine-head Snake not be enraged?

Zen had his back facing the Nine-head Snake, so it was Freya who noticed first that it had woken up. Her eyes widened in alarm as she pointed to Zen's back.

He sensed movement behind him.

Whoosh!

Zen did not need to turn his head to look—his instincts told him that he was in peril. Like an arrow, he shot towards Freya.

At the same time, a loud rumble came from behind him. A snake head opened its mouth wide and snapped forward to devour Zen. It was a narrow escape, but Zen managed to dodge. The snake head crushed the rock beneath Zen's feet, and the entire cave began to shake in protest.

"Run! What are you waiting for?" he shouted towards a petrified Freya.

Zen put the plant into his space ring and pulled Freya as he shot forward.

After Zen dragged Freya for a distance, she finally came back to her senses. She circulated her life vitality and also ran towards the front, choosing a random path in panic.

The body of the Nine-head Snake began to move. It was huge in size, but this did not hinder its agile movements. It was a level twelve beast, and its own speed was faster than Freya's and Zen's. It had quickly closed the distance significantly in only a matter of seconds.

"It's fast!" Freya circulated the life vitality in her body crazily, dragging sparkling and translucent snowflakes behind her.

As the Nine-head Snake chased after them, a tiny snake head in the middle spoke in human language. "A human at the Life and Death Realm dares to steal my life vitality jades? Your attempts at escape would be futile. I advise you to stop the senseless running. These nine brothers of mine have been starving for a long time."

Zen's eyes flashed. It seemed that the Nine-head Snake was intelligent enough to communicate with humans. Coupled with its power, it was a dangerous enemy.

The Nine-head Snake was considered to be among the ranks of legendary beasts, just like the cyan dragon. It was much smarter than ordinary humans.

"Quick!" Zen shouted. "We will go through the cave in front of us!" Zen was running on the path that they had taken when they came. Freya was at a loss of what to do. If she didn't follow Zen, she might have run away aimlessly. If it happened, she would have alerted more and more vicious beasts and brought more trouble.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The two of them ran, and the Nine-head Snake kept up the chase.

"Is there any way to make it slow down?" Zen asked.

As soon as he finished speaking, Freya turned around. Her life vitality spread out from within her body, instantly condensing into a rapidly dancing snow ring.

"Snowfall Domain!"

In normal circumstances, when a domain was condensed, it would follow its summoner and move around. However, after Freya had condensed this domain, she immediately threw it to the snake. She followed closely behind Zen.

When the Nine-head Snake passed through the Snowfall Domain, it slowed down. However, the next moment, it swung its tail forcefully and lightly knocked against the ground. The Snowfall Domain that Freya had condensed was shattered like shards of glass.

Chapter 1308 Snake Venom

The Snowfall Domain Freya condensed slowed the Nine-head Snake by a mere three seconds, but these three seconds were all it took for them to come out of there alive.

This area was incomparably dangerous, but as with all great risks, the chances of obtaining live vitality jades were high.

Still, it didn't seem that practical for a newly ascended warrior to bet his life so early on in the game. No one was really willing to risk his life here in the mine.

Majority of the Soul Sea Realm warriors opted to search for supreme life vitality crystals instead of risking their necks to find the life vitality jades at the bottom of the mine.

With the three-second buffer Freya had provided them, the two immediately jumped into the vertical hole Zen had opened, shooting themselves upwards and away from the beast.

However, the mighty Nine-head Snake wasn't just going to let them go so easily!

Hiss!

The snake's heads all stood up on alert as the beast launched its entire body up in the air.

However, as it blindly followed its supposed prey, the Nine-head Snake failed to take into account its size and the fact that the hole was only twenty to thirty feet wide. It smashed onto the entrance violently, but remained relentless in its pursuit.

Crack!

Realizing that it wouldn't be able to fit, the beast figured that maybe it would be better to use its formidable strength instead. The Nine-head Snake wasted no time and smashed its incredibly huge and strong body onto the hole, causing the collapse of the entire cave system. Despite the falling debris, however, its speed remained unimpeded.

As they rushed upward, Freya continually unleashed her icicles upon the enemy.

Freya's icicles were strong since they came from a Soul Sea Realm warrior. However, the snake's defenses were infinitely stronger and each attack did nothing to pierce through the thick scales that protected the beast's flesh.

Truth be told, the Nine-head Snake could be considered the weakest among all legendary beasts when it came to attack power. However, it had one unique trait that made it very difficult to deal with.

This ability was regeneration wherein even if one beheaded the snake, the severed extremity would simply heal and regenerate over time. Zen, who had obtained a Nine-head Dragon's blood vigor on Cloud Road, had emerged with a strengthened body and an increased recovery ability reminiscent of this beast's unique trait.

The only thing keeping both Zen and Freya alive right now was the weak attack and chase skills of the beast. Had it been any other level twelve beast, they would both be dead.

It might be the weakest, but the Nine-head Snake was still a legendary beast.

During the chase, the tiny head in the middle of the nine heads seemed to grow impatient. "Kill them! Kill them! Poisonous Blood!"

Hiss! Hiss!

The remarks of one head caused a frenzy with the others. All of the heads began to shriek, opening their mouths and letting blood-red lights condense within.

Freya couldn't help but pale at the hopelessness of the situation. They were being chased by a legendary beast with only a long and narrow space to move in. There was nowhere to dodge and nowhere to go but up.

Hiss!

Once condensed, the blood-red lights quickly burst and turned into nine bright-red blood pillars.

These blood pillars plunged their surroundings with a heady smell of metallic blood along with a certain, choking stench—most likely poison spat out by the Nine-head Snake.

"What should we do?" Freya murmured in disbelief. She continued flying upwards but, deep inside, she was seriously contemplating her survival rate in this place. Sure, Zen had come to help her, but she also believed that he was weaker than her. Therefore, she really did not expect that he would be of much help.

He was truly the last person she expected to save her, and this fact did not bring her any comfort considering the seriousness of their current situation.

While Freya ruminated on this dilemma, Zen's face was serenely calm. With a flip, he reached out and immediately grabbed Freya.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed. She tried to wriggle away from his grasp, afraid that he was going to use her as a shield against the incoming blood pillars.

The thought of being reduced to a scapegoat after they had come so far and achieved so much was unacceptable to Freya, who then resisted Zen's approach.

To her surprise, Zen did not fight her and instead let her pull him back to shield her from the danger that came at them. Freya had misunderstood. He was actually protecting her.

'So he just wanted to block the blood pillars for me?' she thought.

It was bizarre, to say the least. They had only just met. Though they had built a sort of trust with each other, it was still extremely fragile as of the moment.

That was why Freya did not put it past Zen to double-cross her. However, his show of bravery made her realize just how serious he was with this alliance of theirs, considering that he was willing to risk his life to save her from those blood pillars.

The shock was painted all over Freya's face.

"You!" she exclaimed.

Zen merely smiled, spreading out his arms as he blocked the oncoming poison blood pillars.

Hiss! Hiss!

The effect of the pillars were already very apparent in the way they reacted with the surrounding rock and quartz layers. The poison spat out by the Nine-head Snake seemed to be extremely corrosive, leaving nothing behind but creamy white foam and black smoke in its wake. This was the same with Zen's clothes, but the poison strangely had no effect on his body.

'Poison immunity?' she wondered. This was the moment that she realized just how much she underestimated him. One truly could not judge a book by its cover.

She also felt a bit ashamed about suspecting Zen of double-crossing her when it was the exact opposite of what he wanted to do.

Boom!

Though his poison-immune body was enough to deal with the blood pillars, there were still a few issues to be addressed. For one, the Nine-head snake had now expanded the tunnel to ten times larger. The beast's movements shook the ground violently as the chase continued.

Fortunately, the two were able to pass through the tunnel and leave the bottom of the mine. They couldn't afford the luxury to catch their breath as they tried to escape their pursuer.

The farther they went, the narrower the tunnel got. Even the Nine-head Snake had a bit of trouble with the stones it bumped into from time to time.

It was during this time that Freya knew she had to keep calm and keep it together. She nimbly dodged the beast's attacks and occasionally used her Snowfall Domain to try and slow down its speed. At times when she wouldn't be able to dodge, Zen took on the pillars for her.

It was with this constant running and teamwork that the two finally arrived in the middle of the mine.

The moment they arrived, the beast suddenly halted and the smallest head revealed an extremely hesitant expression. "If you dare barge in again, I will kill you!" the beast warned.

These were its last words before it turned away and retreated.

The Nine-head Snake's departure was a huge weight off their shoulders. Escaping with your life was probably the most adrenaline-rush inducing activity ever. However, they managed to harvest thirty-nine life vitality jades.

"This exploration shall come to an end here. We'll split these in half once we return," Zen said indifferently.

Freya nodded in understanding. "Of course!" She felt at ease knowing that their distribution would be fair.

The two of them simultaneously flew to the top of the mine. Zen used this time to carefully size up a life vitality jade in his hand.

At first, one would think that the life vitality jade and the life vitality crystal were similar, but Zen knew that there was a difference between the two.

Life vitality crystals were a special sort of ore that contained the vitality between heaven and earth. Supreme life vitality crystals were the same, but contained a lot more energy at a purer state.

Life vitality jades, on the other hand, were like fruits that sprang from tree branches, condensed with the vitality between heaven and earth.

They not only provided life vitality, but also had a multitude of other uses.

A supreme life vitality crystal could cost around 100 high-grade life vitality crystals, but a life vitality jade would be equal to 10, 000 supreme life vitality crystals. Such was the difference.

The life vitality jade in his hand was warm and smooth, and it emitted pure life vitality that any holder could absorb.

Unfortunately, this was no use for Zen, who relied on chaotic energy instead of life vitality.

As he thought about this, six to seven warriors appeared above them.

They were all at the Soul Sea Realm. "Hold it right there!" one of them called out.

"Eh? This one's a Life and Death Realm guy!" another one jeered.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1309 Being Immoral

Both Zen and Freya did not say anything. They were warriors who had immense experience on their back and had seen a lot of things. Therefore, they naturally understood that this group of people were not here with good intentions.

Freya frowned and asked, "What's going on? What do you want?"

The bald warrior in the lead carefully stared at Freya with a curious gaze that lingered on her chest and waist for a while. The corners of his mouth slightly rose up with a malicious angle, and his eyes revealed an obscene look. "What do we want? We want to ask you something. That's all." After that, he paused for a while and then pointed to the cave behind Freya. "Do you know how this cave was formed?"

"No. How did it come into existence?" Freya asked with a sarcastic tone.

"I dug it out! Bit by bit, I made this cave!" The bald warrior replied, patting his chest, as if proving a point.

Zen's gaze was still indifferent as he played with the life vitality jade in his hand. He had not said a single word till now.

Freya's face, on the other hand, was full of confusion as she asked, "Did you really dig the cave yourself? But so what?" This entire mountain was already filled with countless mine holes. If they wanted to dig out some life vitality crystals, they would have to dig them out anyway. There was nothing in there to be proud of!

The bald warrior faintly smiled. "Don't you understand what I mean? Well, you're stupid. Not to worry, I like that in a girl! You see, since I dug this cave myself, all of the life vitality crystals that you brought out of it naturally belong to me!"

"That's right. That's the principle!"

"Ha-ha. Ernest is right!"

numerous Soul Sea Realm warriors standing behind Ernest muttered, echoing his words.

Freya had already figured out that this group of warriors were aggressive and they were there with malicious intentions. However, she had not expected that they would be so shameless. It was impossible for them to dig out such a monstrous cave. After all, those who had come here before them had already dug out countless mine holes, and there might be hundreds of thousands of holes in this enormous mountain range. Even if they really had dug such a cave, they shouldn't force Zen and her to hand over the life vitality crystals.

Freya pulled a long face as she asked in a cold voice, "Why don't you just be straight? You are going to rob us, right?"

The bald warrior bluntly responded, "Oh look at that! You finally understand. Ha-ha!"

"How can you take these crystals away from everyone else under broad daylight? Won't the Spiritual Force Sacred Place meddle in this kind of robbery or punish you for doing this?" Freya was looking annoyed now. The seven warriors in front of her were all at the Soul Sea Realm. Although Freya was also at the Soul Sea Realm, she was worried about Zen who was only at the Life and Death Realm. Although he had shown some incredible abilities just now, Freya still did not think highly of Zen's battle prowess.

After all, the gap between the Soul Sea Realm and the Life and Death Realm was quite broad. What was more, Zen hadn't even opened up his own inner world yet, so he couldn't use his own domain. Thus he would be unable to fight against the Soul Sea Realm warriors.

"The Spiritual Force Sacred Place? Hah! They don't care about warriors from the Lower World like us." The bald warrior, whose name was Earnest, sneered in a sour tone, "As long as we offer them enough life vitality crystals, they won't meddle in anything even if we kill someone or rob others!"

Hearing that, Zen slightly raised his eyebrows as he continued to play with the life vitality jade in his hand. In his heart, he had already expected that the Spiritual Force Sacred Place would really not interfere with this matter. Thus, he could do anything he wanted right now. He was trying to be sure which was why he had been so calm till now.

By that moment, Freya's teeth were already clenched. She was afraid that the life vitality jades and crystals they had obtained would have to be handed over this time. The life vitality jades were carried by Zen and she also had several hundred supreme life vitality crystals with her. As she pondered over the matter, she finally hatched a plan. "I have indeed dug up a few supreme life vitality crystals. I can give them to you."

After she finished speaking, Freya flipped her hand and took out a fraction of the supreme life vitality crystals she had dug up.

The bald warrior faintly glanced at her and chuckled. "That's great. But did you really manage to dig out only this small amount of supreme life vitality crystals? No, no... I don't think so!"

This request was even more excessive. Freya was willing to hand over the supreme life vitality crystals that she had obtained, which meant she had already made a great concession. She hadn't expected that these warriors would be so greedy...

However, she was truly helpless now. If she did make a move, then she would be at a clear and terrible disadvantage against these warriors. She gritted her teeth and responded, "I can let you check my space ring, if you want!" After she finished speaking, she stretched out her white and delicate hand. There was a light red ring on her middle finger.

The bald warrior's eyes narrowed. He immediately stretched out his hand!

Regardless of whether it was in the Upper World or the Lower World only, the number of female warriors was very small. And those female warriors who had reached the Soul Sea Realm and ascended into the Upper World were even fewer in number.

Many of those who had ascended to the Upper World had more than a single wife in the Lower World. However, when they entered the Upper World and began mining for ores, they rarely had the opportunity to get close to any woman. Although Freya was dressed in simple white clothes, her appearance and figure were both beautiful and attractive. The bald warrior was of course aroused by her.

He grabbed Freya's hand and pretended to check her space ring. Then, he chuckled. "Well, there really aren't any hidden treasures in there, but I think they might not be hidden here. They might be hidden there..." After he finished speaking, he actually moved his hand towards Freya's chest!

"Get away from me!" At that moment, Freya finally became angry. Her life vitality gradually spread out, condensing into a snow-white ring which suddenly spread towards her surroundings, trying to force this bald warrior away.

Unexpectedly, the latter's hands suddenly turned golden. He gently pinched Freya's snow ring and without any apparent effort, crushed it into pieces. With an obscene expression on his face, he chuckled and said, "If you agree to accompany me and my fellows and make us happy, I won't take these supreme life vitality crystals away from you."

"You just said that the Spiritual Force Sacred Place doesn't care about warriors killing anyone and looting goods, right?" Zen suddenly asked in a flat tone.

Since the beginning, they had completely ignored Zen. They were indeed curious as to why a Life and Death Realm warrior had appeared there and were also wondering whether he had relied on his Life and Death Realm cultivation base to ascend to the Upper World. But upon seeing Freya, they had all become busy staring at her, all of their eyes lighting up. Why would they pay attention to a Life and Death Realm warrior?

However, when Zen spoke at such a crucial moment, the bald warrior replied coldly, "That's right. Don't worry. Once I deal with this little girl, I won't let you off. You should stay here obediently. Eh? What is that thing in your hand?"

As the bald warrior spoke, six pairs of eyes suddenly fixated themselves on the little green thing in Zen's hand.

"A life vitality jade!"

"Ernest, it's a life vitality jade!"

"Ha-ha. This time my luck is really good. This life vitality jade is worth ten thousand supreme life vitality crystals! Wonderful!"

These Soul Sea Realm warriors were immediately overjoyed, as if the life vitality jade belonged to them.

Zen nodded his head. "Yes, it is indeed a life vitality jade. In fact, I have more than a few here..."

"Zen! Are you crazy?" By this moment, Freya was already in despair. And she hadn't expected Zen to say such words.

Zen was as calm as ever, and he even faintly smiled, taking out the other thirty-eight life vitality jades from his space ring. "Look, I have so many life vitality jades."

When the seven Soul Sea Realm warriors saw the life vitality jades in Zen's hand, they all got astonished and excited. They were rich now!

"So many! How come you have so many life vitality jades?

They are actually equal to several hundred thousand supreme life vitality crystals! Ernest, we are really very lucky this time..."

When these warriors robbed in the mines, they could only extort a few hundred supreme life vitality crystals every month, and they might get about a few thousand life vitality crystals at most if they were lucky enough. The problem was that their group had seven members, and they had to gather seven million supreme life vitality crystals so that they would be able to leave. That was no mean feat and would take time.

Everyone here was at the Soul Sea Realm, and after some warriors had been robbed once, they became shrewd and alert. Thus it became more and more difficult for these seven warriors to rob them.

With so many life vitality jades suddenly appearing in front of them, how could they not be wild with joy?

The bald warrior smacked his lips. Looking at Zen with joy on his face, he had some doubts he needed to clear. "I don't know if you are really stupid or just too naive. Only a complete dunce would hand over so many life vitality jades so easily! Why did you show them to us?

Even the most stupid man in the world would not do such a thing." The bald warrior called 'Ernest' was quite curious about this.

Zen stretched out his arm and replied, "Actually, before I entered the mines, I had already considered robbing. Compared to digging hard, robbery can help me get the life vitality crystals faster. However, after thinking about it, I kind of felt that it was not appropriate for me to do such a despicable thing. Also, I was not sure if the Spiritual Force Sacred Place would interfere in such a matter. So I decided okay, let's go legit!"

Zen slightly raised his head, slowly putting those life vitality jades back into his space ring. He gently opened his mouth, a faint killing intent appearing on his face. Although the killing intent was very light, it made those warriors unconsciously feel scared. "But now, I have to thank you for answering my question. So, the Spiritual Force Sacred Place wouldn't interfere if I kill or rob anyone here."

Chapter 1310 A Palm

The seven warriors who had reached the Soul Sea Realm were left wondering if they had heard wrongly.

At the same time, they were also wondering just where the chill had come from. It wasn't so scary just now.

They had been either rulers of some divine kingdoms or leaders of sacred places of sixth or seventh grade in the Lower World. Such places weren't exactly full of Life and Death Realm people but these guys had seen their fair share of them.

And from their very foundation, they always looked down on Life and Death Realm martial artists.

Now, they saw that this young man at the Life and Death Realm looked like he wanted to have a fight here.

Where did he find the courage? How could he even hope to fight seven martial artists at the Soul Sea Realm alone?

Was he crazy? He was clearly biting off more than he could chew.

Thinking about that, the seven Soul Sea Realm martial artists burst into a mocking laughter.

Freya, who was standing beside Zen, was also dumbfounded. She really did not know what made Zen so confident and had no idea what the hell he was trying to do, except that he would die. Could it be that Zen had someone backing him? Wait, no! That was impossible! If Zen had a backer in the Upper World, why would he want to mine here? He would have been taken away long ago.

However, although Freya was very confused, she still looked calm. Zen had already shown his incredible skills in front of her twice. Could it be that he had a way to deal with these Soul Sea Realm martial artists too, just like he had dealt with all their problems before now? On second thought, with Zen's cultivation, he probably wouldn't have any chance of victory. Thus, although she looked calm, she was actually very anxious.

While laughing uncontrollably, the martial artists were also staring at Zen with derisive eyes. The one named Ernest, their leader, was laughing so hard that he couldn't even breathe. But at the end, a vicious sneer curled the corners of his mouth. "I'll give you a chance to live. Give me all the life vitality jades you have, now! And, if you give me enough jades every day, I'll let you go. If you fail by the end of any day, your life..."

"Thank you for your kind intentions, but I don't need that chance," Zen interrupted and smiled, as the chaotic energy within his body suddenly erupted and he closed in on Ernest.

During his last few months in the Lower World, Zen had diligently and painstakingly trained without stopping.

In addition to cultivating the Primal Chaos Technique and the Stellar Body, he had also found some books which had the Original Laws in them inside the fairy palace's library.

Generally speaking, the Original Laws were carved on the stone tablets, but his master had directly recorded numerous kinds of laws in huge books. By reading these books, one would be able to completely master them without a single omission. With Zen's perfect affinity, and his cultivation speed enhanced by the old man's pill, his mastering speed was extremely fast. As soon as he had obtained these books, he had begun to swiftly learn the Original Laws.

Therefore, in a short period of time, he managed to learn three layers of them. Other books in the library also had records of the rest of the laws. However, it was quite time-consuming for him to master them. He knew clearly that he couldn't have too much on his plate, so he had not spent too much time in learning the remaining laws.

He had tried to use the chaotic energy to activate the Law Power before. By experience, he knew that his power would increase exponentially in this way.

Once he broke through to the Life and Death Realm, he would have the strength to fight against ordinary Soul Sea Realm martial artists. During the training he had done before flowing into the Upper World, he had replaced his life vitality with chaotic energy and raised his cultivation base to the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm. It was no exaggeration to say that he had made a huge spurt of progress, so he wasn't afraid of those martial artists who had just reached the Soul Sea Realm.

As the chaotic energy in his body surged, he used the Cloud-chasing Skill that he had learned from Brianna. Utilizing that, he moved towards Ernest at an unbelievable speed.

Ernest was stunned. At that moment, he suddenly remembered that he had once suffered due to underestimating his opponent.

Before flying into the Upper World, he had suffered a great loss in the Lower World. He had looked down on his opponent, and was severely wounded as a result. In fact, he had almost died. He was able to successfully ascend merely because of his fortuitous encounter after being heavily injured.

From then on, he had repeatedly warned himself that no matter what happened, he should never underestimate his opponents. He promised that no matter who it was, he would treat his enemy seriously.

But the guy in front of him was just a young man at the Life and Death Realm.

The gap between the Life and Death Realm and the Soul Sea Realm was unimaginably huge. With merely the power of his domain, he would be able to suppress every single Life and Death Realm martial artist.

Seeing that Zen was closing in on him, he had a bad feeling in his heart. He, who had suffered once, instantly became vigilant and reflexively spread out his domain.

"Myriad Ghosts Domain!"

As he activated his Myriad Ghosts Domain, the surroundings immediately began to be filled with ghostly shadows. In just a few moments, his entire surroundings were blanketed in a grim atmosphere.

When he was in the Lower World, Zen had relied on the world's will to transfer the attacks, so he was very afraid of Soul Sea Realm martial artists. However, he was no longer in there and wouldn't be able to transfer the attacks to fight now. Still, he had become much more powerful than before.

"You know what, it's too late to activate the domain now." Zen shook his head. If Ernest had used the power of his domain from the very beginning of this fight, it would have taken a lot of effort for Zen to break it. But even then, he was sure that he would have defeated his opponent. Now, since they were only a short distance away, the domain didn't work at all.

Before the ghostly shadows could form perfectly, Zen's palm had already struck Ernest's chest.

In this move, he had used the strength of four thousand dragon scales. Moreover, the forceful energy in his arm had also erupted, and a rich amount of the power of the Wind Law had also been brought up. Therefore, everyone saw Zen's hand move at a speed that exceeded the limits of what could be seen with the naked eyes. They merely saw a flash of blue light, and then a muffled sound came.

Puff!

Ernest's tall body fell from the top of the mine. Like a falling meteor, he directly smashed into a cave. At that very moment, the momentum was so high that the cave collapsed, followed by a loud rumbling sound.

Rumble!

From the depths of the mine, the sound continuously emerged. Everyone knew that Ernest had been buried and smashed thousands of feet into the mine.

Only after a long while did the rumbling sound fade away.

The remaining six Soul Sea Realm martial artists were still looking down where their leader had fallen in shock.

Their eyes were filled with astonishment, and they kept swallowing, trying to fight their fear.

With a single slap from Zen, their leader had fallen into the depths of the mine. Without doubt, he must have died down there.

They had chosen Ernest as their leader because his strength was the strongest amongst the seven of them. That was the only reason why they had agreed to band together and compete for the life vitality crystals of other martial artists. In this mining field, they weren't the only people who had done that. In fact, a considerable number of martial artists were too lazy to dig for themselves, so they collected life vitality crystals by robbery.

This group of seven people was relatively small in number. Some of them had even combined their strength to form a group of dozens of members. They even monopolized a mine in this vein. All the martial artists who entered their mine would have to pay a certain amount of life vitality crystals.

When these seven people had first seen that Zen was only at the Life and Death Realm, they were confused. How could a Life and Death Realm martial artist come here? They couldn't figure out why.

However, they didn't ponder over it too seriously. They weren't going to pay much attention to a mere Life and Death Realm martial artist. They did not even take Freya seriously, let alone Zen.

Now they finally understood that Zen's cultivation and strength could not be underestimated. His strength was much higher than that of those who had just reached the Soul Sea Realm. Even Ernest had hardly been able to resist him.

Freya's mouth was slightly open as she thought about what had happened just now. She had an expression of disbelief on her face. No matter how imaginative she was, it was impossible for her to come up with a scenario where Zen was exactly his own backer.

Zen looked at his palm with a faint smile on his face, as if the intense scene in front of them didn't even happen. Then he asked, "I wonder if the Spiritual Force Sacred Place really does not care about us killing people for their goods. If so, that's great."

At his words, the faces of all the martial artists changed drastically and turned a deathly shade of pale and white.

"We have to leave! Now!"

As Soul Sea Realm martial artists, they made their decisions very quickly. They knew that Zen was trying to threaten them, but if they didn't act tactfully, he would kill them without the slightest bit of hesitation. Therefore, no one dared to answer his question.

Whoosh...

In an instant, all of the martial artists had fled.

Chapter 1311 Where Are You Yan Luo

Some bystanders couldn't help but sigh when they saw the two newcomers surrounded by Ernest and his men. It was an unlucky day for them since not only would they lose all their life vitality crystals, the woman was also surely going to be humiliated by this group of bullies.

They earnestly watched the scene from a distance. Most of them had also experienced being blackmailed by Ernest before and had no desire to undergo such an experience ever again. They could only sympathize and hope these newcomers wouldn't be hurt too much.

To their utmost surprise, instead of being bullied, the Life and Death Realm kid suddenly punched Ernest and sent him flying through the air. They all couldn't help but flinch when they heard an ominous crack once his body fell into the cave.

This show of monstrous strength immediately changed the bystanders' perception of Zen. No longer could they see him as a random Life and Death Realm kid. He was a devil that must be feared. Realizing that a bigger fish had arrived, they all quickly scattered and flew far away from that place.

Zen couldn't help but shake his head at the others' reaction. He turned to Freya and gave her a smile. "Let's go back and hand over these life vitality jades,"

he said, before quickly flying away towards the gathering place.

Freya quickly followed behind him. Their journey was quiet but her gaze spoke volumes at how much she regarded Zen with a new light.

She had first thought of herself as stronger owing to her higher cultivation along with the fact that her uncle was also the lord of a big city in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Freya was not lacking in both physical and social power. She had initially planned to do Zen a favor by recommending him to her uncle to help the young Life and Death Realm warrior reach his full potential under his tutelage.

However, seeing just what Zen was capable of, Freya now thought it stupid to think that he needed her or anyone's help. It was, in fact, the opposite: she was the one who needed his help.

This was a big blow to her pride but she couldn't help but also feel extremely grateful since he did get her out of the earlier altercation.

The two of them shortly arrived in the gathering place. Warriors were continually milling about the place. There were those that arrived to hand over their life vitality crystals. Others would rest for a bit while most went straight back to mining in order to gather one million supreme life vitality crystals so they could leave this damned place as soon as possible.

Zen took out the life vitality jades and all the warriors present couldn't help but feel extremely envious at his haul.

It was unfortunate for these jealous warriors because numerous Spiritual Force Sacred Place warriors guarded the gathering place, making robbery an impossibility.

"Eh? Aren't you that warrior who just registered here not long ago?" the armored man in charge of collecting the life vitality crystals remarked, looking Zen up and down as he tried to size up the youth.

It wasn't because life vitality jades were rare. There were plenty of warriors out there willing to risk their lives by entering the bottom of the mineral vein to dig for these things. However, Zen was a newly registered warrior but he already had so many life vitality jades with him which was a valid cause for surprise.

"And what of it?" Zen asked indifferently. "Is there a problem?"

The armored man chuckled. "Of course not!" he said. "It's actually great that you managed to obtain so many! The sooner you finish the task, the earlier you can leave! And that's a good thing for you."

The life vitality jades were equally divided and registered under both his and Freya's names. Despite Freya not really playing a major part in getting their precious haul, Zen was still a fair man and chose not to be greedy over something that he knew he could work to get. He did not hope that Freya would bring any benefit to himself, nor was he attracted by her beautiful appearance, He was someone who believed that as long as someone had the strength, then nice things would come sooner or later.

After handing the life vitality jades over, Zen did not go back to mining right away. Although he was unable to leave the mineral vein, he was still relatively free to walk around the place, and he had something more important to do right now.

A vast open field laid just outside the gathering place wherein a lot of warriors sat in meditation.

Both Zen and Freya agreed to meet in the gathering place at noon tomorrow to explore the mineral vein together again.

Freya had wanted to follow Zen but felt that he wanted to do his errands alone. She found a corner for herself instead and started cultivating.

Zen hung out in the field for a while before going back to the mineral vein. He soon found a small cave and entered. Once he was deep enough, he decided to smash the walls to form a small hollow big enough for him. Taking out his sword, Zen set out and carved a small bed in his manmade hollow cave. He also set up a divine texture at the entrance of the cave to conceal his scent. Satisfied that he hid himself pretty well, Zen went back to his makeshift bed and took out the Roaring Token.

The cyan dragon had already expressed the importance of this token to Zen. It wasn't something that could easily be obtained by anyone. In fact, a world lord of a supreme world only had two at most. The one Zen had in his hand could be used for unlimited times, and thus was invaluable.

Zen knew he had to be extremely careful in using this invaluable trinket.

Knowing that he had done the necessary preparations, Zen had taken out this Roaring Token and prepared to activate it.

According to Immortal Book, this was activated with life vitality which Zen no longer had. However, he had chaotic energy which was way stronger. It was this chaotic energy that he poured into the Roaring Token which soon began to emit a faint, golden light.

Zen's eyes flashed once he saw it glow. "It's done," he said. He then held out his hands and readied his voice, "Yan Luo! Where are you?!"

He shouted these words into the Roaring Token that then got to work in spreading his voice far and wide across the supreme worlds.

"Yan Luo! Where are you…?!"

his words rang loud and clear in the Spirit Reading World!

But it didn't stop there.

The Autumn Mountain World, the Myriad Ogres World, the Divine Might World, the Lofty Emperor World, the Cloud Light World…

A hundred thousand supreme worlds heard his voice all at the same time.

All the people who lived in these worlds heard the call.

"Yan Luo! Where are you…?"

Even Freya, who was in the middle of cultivating, heard it.

Her eyes snapped open at the voice.

It felt somewhat familiar. In fact, the voice sounded like… Zen's?

But that couldn't be possible. Zen was nowhere near her at the moment. The next moment, she realized that it was the sound spreading throughout the entire universe by the Roaring Token!

Her eyes widened at a sudden realization, "No… it couldn't be," she murmured to herself.

Perhaps the voice she heard was just similar to Zen's. There was no way that youth was in possession of a Roaring Token!

A Roaring Token's value was incalculable and even the world lord of the Spirit Reading World only had one in his possession. Zen was someone who had only recently ascended to the Upper World and there was no way he would subject himself to mining here if he had something as precious as a Roaring Token. The price of just one of those things would be enough to free all the warriors in this mineral vein.

Freya tried to convince herself that it couldn't be Zen but she couldn't shake the fact that the voice she heard was just too familiar.

Yan Luo - that was the name the voice had uttered earlier. The surname was Luo and the given name was Yan. Yan Luo and Zen Luo… No matter how she looked at it, the two names were unmistakably related!

'No, maybe it's just a coincidence, ' she thought to herself. Zen might have surprised her with his strength but there was no way someone like him was in possession of such a valuable thing as a Roaring Token.

It wasn't just her. A lot of creatures who gained wisdom all across the universe were also puzzled by this voice.

It seemed the voice uttered the name of a person he was looking for, however, this Yan Luo seemed to be someone obscure. Was it really necessary to have used a Roaring Token just to find someone?

"Maybe it's a descendant of some Supreme Lord. He might have a lot of Roaring Tokens on hand so he didn't bother wasting it!"

"This is really burning money! My God, a Roaring Token... Isn't it too wasteful to use it like this?!"

"Well, this wouldn't be the first time. The eldest son of Supreme Lord Dafydd once used a hundred Roaring Tokens to express his love for Supreme Lord Darryl's daughter back in the day. Rich people can be really wasteful sometimes."

Back in the small cave, Zen continued to wait.

According to Lavender, the young man that had taken Yan was even stronger than a Supreme Lord so Zen assumed that he should have a Roaring Token. And the young man had promised Zen that Yan would be safe with him. If Yan heard him then she would also definitely reply.

However, Zen waited for a long while but did not get any response. His gaze gradually darkened

There were only two reasons he could think of which would explain this situation: one, Yan had been unable to obtain a Roaring Token and couldn't answer, or two, she was not within the range of this universe.

The first reason would entail that Yan's situation wasn't as good as Zen had initially thought. She could be imprisoned or worse. Maybe the young man was mean and refused to give her a Roaring Token to reply to her brother.

Chapter 1312 The Return Of Yolande's Clones

A crease appeared between Zen's brows at the thought of the second possibility: Yan was not in the universe.

If that was true, then it would be a piece of bad news for him.

The universe was too vast, and infinite even. How would Zen even begin to find his sister?

If Yan was outside the universe, that would even be harder for him!

There was a trace of unwillingness on Zen's face when he thought about those possibilities. He stretched his hand, and then activated the Roaring Token once more.

"Yan Luo, where are you?"

For the second time, Zen's booming voice reverberated throughout the entire universe as the Roaring Token gently vibrated.

All the numerous races and living beings of the universe heard the familiar call of Zen once again.

"Damn it. Who the hell is Yan Luo? Why is she so lucky? In order to find her, the man has used two Roaring Tokens without even batting an eyelid."

"He's rather wilful, I must say."

"But the way he shouted was confusing. Even if he's looking for someone, he shouldn't shout like that, right? He should've at least told where he is. Who looks for someone like that?"

What they didn't know was that Zen didn't have a powerful backer, nor was he a descendant of a Supreme Lord. Thus, he had to be careful due to his current strength and status. He couldn't tell anyone his name or location. If he revealed too much information, others would come after him.

After his second shout had been transmitted, he waited again for five minutes, but there was still no response.

The seconds passed by idly, and Zen felt himself starting to get impatient.

He had originally planned to use the Roaring Token to find his sister. After that, he would try to obtain enough life vitality jades and become an independent warrior. Finally, he would find a way to travel to the supreme worlds and see Yan.

Alas, he couldn't even finish the first step of his plan because Yan did not respond.

In extreme dissatisfaction, Zen begrudgingly activated the Roaring Token again. And like what he did before, he shouted, "Yan Luo, where are you?"

Just as his last word slipped out of his lips, a voice resounded in his ears. Someone responded to the call from his Roaring Token.

"Hmph, so what if you've mastered the Energy Returning Incarnation? I'll wait for you in the Autumn Mountain World. Will you dare to come?"

Zen was already filled with anticipation when he heard the voice, but it turned out that it was from Supreme Lord Amritpal. An already agitated and impatient Zen became even more furious.

He was afraid that his voice wouldn't reach Yan's ears. When someone had interrupted him, he became more ablaze with anger.

However, he didn't bother to provoke Supreme Lord Amritpal. But just as Supreme Lord Amritpal had finished speaking, another voice chimed in. "Just you wait. Wait for me to come and take your life!" Supreme Lord Myles shouted.

Zen's ears reddened with irritation. Now, two Supreme Lords were quarrelling with the Roaring Tokens in his ears and it instantly infuriated him. Therefore, he impulsively activated the Roaring Token again.

"What are you guys arguing about? Can't you just shut up?"

Truly, Zen had run out of his gentle patience and had finally snapped. Everyone was stunned in silence, for all the living beings in the universe were surprised to hear what he had just said.

The Mist World.

In the Mist Palace.

A glittery, milky white stream of light illuminated the countless ascending passageways, making them look like magical wisps.

However, they weren't meant for martial artists from the Lower World who wanted to ascend into the Upper World. These ascending passageways were made by a mysterious woman from the Mist Palace.

She sat in a crystal bathing pool in the middle of the Mist Palace, her body bare and nude. She was enveloped in a layer of clouds, which made her beautiful figure and jade-like skin just vaguely visible to the naked eye. But her immense beauty was matched by her horrible back, which was covered in countless wounds.

Not too long after, a silvery white light flashed from a nearby ascending passageway, followed by a woman who walked out from within it. She surprisingly looked exactly like the woman from the Mist Palace. There was nothing different at all between their appearances, expressions, and demeanor.

The clothes from her body fell to the ground as she walked and stepped naked into the palace. As soon as she set foot inside, she instantly turned into a red light, and then she was absorbed by the woman in the bathing pool.

After that, more and more women came out of the ascending passageways, and they were all absorbed by the woman in the bathing pool. Soon enough, the palace floor was littered with all sorts of clothes.

The woman in the bathing pool was none other than Yolande, who Zen had known in the Lower World before.

But she wasn't actually the Yolande Zen knew. To be exact, Zen had met two of her clones.

Yolande had cultivated a technique to divide her own soul into one million pieces, and then scattered them around the Lower World for cultivation. This renowned method was the Technique of One Million Clones.

Since then, she had been constantly cultivating with her clones. This had greatly increased her cultivation base, experience, and comprehension.

The reason was that she wanted to break through to the world lord level.

Right now, her clones had already reached the end of their service and were being absorbed back through the ascending passageways.

However, the entire absorption process wasn't fast and easy. It would take about a month or so. After all, there were many great worlds, and her clones ascended at varying speeds. What was more, not all of the clones had survived. Quite a small number of them got killed by the others, and some of them got imprisoned. She couldn't control all of them, so some accidents couldn't be helped.

Of course, it was impossible for her to go down to the Lower World to seek revenge for them--she wasn't that bored anyway.

In addition, she also needed to extract the clones' memories.

Many of their memories were completely meaningless to her. However, she was surprised to find a man named Zen Luo in the memories from two of her clones.

After she noticed the two clones' memories, she quickly extracted all the parts related to Zen.

"This man is extremely special. He can lead the world of chaos, but at the same time, he's a man without destiny. It is impossible for one to have these two qualities because they are in complete contradiction, but surprisingly, he has both of them."

The water stirred as Yolande soaked in the emerald green bathing pool. She tied her hair into a bun and raised her head, and then quietly fell into deep thought.

At that moment, she heard Zen shout through the Roaring Token.

"Yan Luo, where are you?"

Her face quickly twisted in confusion as she heard his voice.

She had just extracted the memories about Zen from her two clones.

One of the memories was about the time when Zen had been a nature creature, and the other was about when he had broken through to the Internal Elixir Realm in the Tower of Sin.

Therefore, Yolande knew that the voice was from Zen the moment she heard it.

"He is fast," Yolande muttered with a faint smile. "But where did he get that Roaring Token?"

There were only five Roaring Tokens in her possession.

Since she was almost a world lord, she didn't have many Roaring Tokens. Ordinary lords of supreme worlds usually had one or two. Given her special position, she had five.

Five Roaring Tokens were already very rare to begin with. She wouldn't have used them, unless for an especially urgent matter.

But in just this short amount of time, she had heard Zen shout thrice already.

"What a waste it is to find his sister with the help of Roaring Tokens." Yolande was at a loss for words. She had found out through her clone in White Emperor City that Zen had a sister named Yan Luo, who seemed to be related to a grade two sect in the Lower World.

Later on, she was kidnapped and brought to the Central Region. However, Yolande had no idea how she came to the Upper World, since she didn't find any clues from her clones' memories.

She just simply dispersed her clones like seeds, so she wouldn't control wherever they went. Furthermore, it really was impossible for her to control a million clones.

Next, she heard the two Supreme Lords who used the Roaring Tokens to curse and argue against each other.

It was known that Amritpal and Myles had long been enemies. Their cursing had lasted for many years, and it was unknown just how many Roaring Tokens they had wasted.

They were Supreme Lords, so they had many Roaring Tokens and they were free to use them in any way they pleased. Now, Zen, on the other hand, was not. How could he be so wasteful?

Yolande scanned her surroundings. There were no signs of the ascending passageways opening up again. She assumed that her clones were still in flight, so she soaked her entire body in the bathing pool. The absorption process had made her weak and exhausted, so she had to immerse herself completely in the special liquid.

The moment half her head was soaked in, she heard Zen's angry curse. She coughed and exhaled repeatedly. She was so taken aback by Zen that she had swallowed a bit of the liquid, which made her cough more violently.

Chapter 1313 Counting

Owing to the Roaring Token's incredibly valuable status, possession and use of it were usually reserved to the richest and most powerful warriors.

Amritpal and Myles, both renowned as extremely strong warriors in the entire universe, were known to use it just to quarrel with each other.

It was extremely troublesome for those who heard them constantly but nobody was willing to provoke the ire of these two, not even the other Supreme Lords themselves.

It wasn't because they were extremely, terrifyingly strong. It was mostly because Amritpal and Myles were both independent warriors who could afford to go on a reckless rampage if ever angered by anyone without having to think of too serious repercussions.

So even if the way they used their Roaring Tokens disgruntled a lot of people, these people could only swallow their complaints and bear with it.

They comforted themselves by simply cursing these two people in private.

Zen, on the other hand, wasn't really keen on subtlety. He actually blamed these two Supreme Lords with his own Roaring Token.

It was stupid but also incredibly impressive.

Yolande coughed to clear the liquid she had choked on moments before, dumbfounded by Zen's boldness.

'What an interesting boy, ' she thought to herself. 'I really wonder where he is now after ascending from the Lower World.'

She couldn't help but agree with her clone in the Tower of Sin. Anyone without a destined fate was significant for the era and it wasn't right for others to forcefully change their fate.

"He doesn't have a destined fate but if he happens to ascend to my world, then it must be destiny pulling strings to let us meet again," she murmured before walking out of the pool.

Just as she left the fog, a faint green light enveloped her body, fitting her with an elegant green dress.

At that moment, five to six transmission passageways flickered in front of her, containing each one of her clones.

All the clones took off their clothes and were preparing to fuse into her main body.

However, Yolande held up her hand, "Wait here for me. I need to go and deal with something first."

The clones obediently froze, like puppets waiting for their puppeteer to pull their strings and allow them to move.

The 'something' that Yolande had to deal with was finding out the names of those who had recently ascended from the Lower World. She issued an order asking for a comprehensive list of these people and she was determined to go through this list meticulously.

Her subordinate was baffled at this strange request of hers, not really sure why she'd want such information. However, Yolande was boss and there was no way he was going to neglect her order so he quickly set out to accomplish this strange request.

Countless of ascending passageways abounded in the thousands of supreme worlds under her control. A compiled list of all those who ascended was not going to be an easy task.

Meanwhile, back to Zen's declaration of fury towards the two Supreme Lords. The warriors, world lords, and Supreme Lords who heard it felt the same as Yolande.

All of them had been completely taken aback by this bold move.

'Who the hell is this guy?' they all wondered. 'How could he have the courage to be so rude to the Supreme Lords?'

Zen's initial attempt to contact Yan by yelling out her name had already got him some attention. However, this sudden declaration of hostility from him raised this attention to new heights! Trillions of creatures now wondered about who and where he was.

The two Supreme Lords he had chided grew silent but Myles's angry voice soon resounded across the entire universe.

"You insolent brat! Do you know who I am?!" he screamed. Myles was someone who could never tolerate being scolded due to his violent temper.

Hearing his angry voice, everyone thought this would be enough to silence the young man who had infuriated two Supreme Lords.

Zen's courage was admirable but angering the powerful was never a smart move. Still, the listeners couldn't help but feel elated. The entire universe had put up with the two farts' intermittent quarrels over the years and hearing an unknown junior scold these two mighty lords was like a breath of fresh air.

However, the Roaring Token was a rare and incredibly valuable item. This unknown junior might've stumbled upon several tokens purely by luck but once he used them up, they figured that he wouldn't be able to respond to the Supreme Lords afterwards.

But then, everyone's assumptions were always wrong when it came to Zen.

"Of course I know who you are. You're Supreme Lord Myles, right?" Zen answered through his Roaring Token.

Myles scoffed, "You actually dare scold a Supreme Lord? Are you courting death boy?!" the lord spat angrily.

Zen chuckled, "Of course I don't want to die, but what can you do to me anyway?"

Myles might be a Supreme Lord but there were countless races and countless creatures in the entire universe.

Searching the one hundred thousand supreme worlds for just one voice was more difficult than looking for a needle in a haystack. Myles had no idea who Zen was and he had no clue where to find him.

Zen was well aware of this which was the reason why he scolded them so boldly. No matter how mad they got, they wouldn't be able to do anything to him.

Truth be told, it wasn't just him, many people had already done this in the past.

When there were still many Roaring Tapirs in the universe and the Roaring Token wasn't that rare, the universe was filled with constant, endless noise.

If a group of world lords were dissatisfied with a Supreme Lord, they would hand over around a thousand Roaring Tokens to a subordinate who would then scold this Supreme Lord all day long. This was once common and the noises that filled the ears of trillions of creatures were almost enough to drive them mad!

But then the population of the Roaring Tapirs dwindled and people couldn't recklessly use their Roaring Tokens anymore. Even a Supreme Lord had to think twice before using the few he had in his possession.

Amritpal, who had only been hostile with Myles before, now joined the conversation since he also got scolded, "It's true that we can't do anything to you but I wonder just how many Roaring Tokens you can afford to argue with us."

Inside the cave, a cocky grin appeared on Zen's face. He originally had no intention of provoking the two Supreme Lords and only scolded them to vent out his frustrations over failing to contact Yan.

But they were the ones that asked for it.

"Do you really want to know how many Roaring Tokens I have?"

"Can you count them for me?"

His words rendered entire populations speechless. Those two sentences could've been merged in one but Zen chose to purposely divide them in two.

Even a Supreme Lord couldn't afford to be so wasteful.

However, it didn't end there.

Zen suddenly began to count.

"One."

"Two."

"Three."

"Four."

"Five."

He paused every time he counted, obviously using a Roaring Token for each number.

This display of extravagance got all the living creatures talking.

"Oh my god! How many Roaring Tokens does this guy actually have?"

"He's already gotten to ten! That's enough to purchase an ordinary tenth-grade sacred place! Just who is he?"

"Maybe he's a rich Supreme Lord's descendant? I've never seen such a spendthrift!"

Similar remarks were made by various creatures all over the universe.

But Zen continued counting.

"Twenty."

"Twenty-one..."

"One hundred..."

Both Myles and Amritpal were rendered speechless.

Sure, the two of them had more Roaring Tokens than most people but it could never compare to the amount Zen had. Myles had a lot since he raised several hundred Roaring Tapirs. However, his current supply only amounted to a little over a hundred and the next batch of tokens wasn't due to be produced anytime soon.

Amritpal had less with only eighty Roaring Tokens.

And even if their token collection was larger than any other Supreme Lords, the fact remained that they couldn't afford to squander them away like Zen was currently doing.

They truly could not comprehend just how this unknown young man from god knows where got ahold of so many Roaring Tokens.

Trading just a few of these tokens would've been enough to obtain a huge amount of resources for his cultivation! Why did he choose to use them this way?

While they ruminated on this, Zen's voice continued to resound throughout the universe.

"One hundred and ten..."

"One hundred and twenty..."

"One hundred and thirty..."

The numbers only went larger and larger.

Zen's counting lasted for a full four hours. During this time the listeners' feelings went from astonishment to disbelief, and then numbness. He was at the ten thousandth mark when a voice finally interrupted him.

"Hey, what are you doing? Is counting so much fun?"

It was a light, ethereal voice of a woman, and was extremely pleasing to the ears.

But the moment the world lords and Supreme Lords heard this voice, their faces changed drastically!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1314 The Beast Attack

He had been counting for hours now and he was all doing it just to prove a point to those two Supreme Lords.

However, he did not expect a woman to suddenly interrupt him in the midst of his counting.

Zen was excited at first since he had been looking forward to hearing Yan's voice but then he quickly deflated when he realized that it wasn't her. "It's not fun," he replied to the woman grumpily.

"Then why are you still counting? Are you crazy?" she asked.

"It is quite boring. I don't really want to talk anymore. I'm going to go cultivate now," he said, finally deciding to put away the Roaring Token he had been fiddling with for a while now.

However, the woman on the other end quickly protested, "Wait! Don't go. Do you want me to sing a song for you?"

It was an innocent offer but a dozen voices suddenly rang out at her suggestion. Almost all of the reclusive warriors used their Roaring Tokens to speak!

"No! Please don't sing!"

"Your voice is nice and pleasant but please don't sing. No one wants to hear you sing!"

"Hey, hey! Didn't you promise us that you wouldn't sing anymore?"

Everyone spoke at the same time.

Zen's earlier argument with Amritpal and Myles was met with silence from the other Supreme Lords. Nobody deemed the spat important enough to arbitrate and use their Roaring Tokens for.

However, this simple offer of a song was met by such loud refusal by all the Supreme Lords.

Zen couldn't help but be baffled at their reactions. She just wanted to sing a song. Wouldn't that be better than listening to him count all day long?

"I only want to sing a song. Why are you all so nervous?" the woman asked in a gentle voice. "Is it because my voice is bad?"

"No! No one in the entire universe has a more beautiful singing voice than you but you promised us that you wouldn't sing anymore!"

"We think that your voice is wonderful but please don't sing..."

"Don't sing. Please don't sing!"

The Supreme Lords' ardent refusal made Zen curious. "Why are they afraid of hearing you sing? Is it because you're bad at it?"

The woman giggled. "They don't like it when I sing, but I want to…"

"We don't think your voice sounds unpleasant, but just don't sing…" Several of the Supreme Lords repeated, still trying to persuade her to change her mind.

"Hmmm," the woman hummed as if thinking her next decision. "Okay. I won't release the demonic sound from my voice. Don't worry. I promise it won't cause another beast attack!"

"Are you sure?" one of the Supreme Lords asked cautiously.

"Yes! Last time they were affected by the demonic sound so they became violent. That won't happen this time," she explained.

Hearing this, Zen finally understood why everyone had been so against her singing.

This wasn't the first time her voice was heard throughout the universe.

A few years ago, a mysterious voice was heard for the first time. It was a woman's voice: gentle and extremely pleasing to the ears. Her first few words were still ingrained onto the memory of all the living creatures who heard it.

"Is anyone here?" she had asked.

It was more insignificant than the words Zen uttered when he tried to look for Yan.

Countless people heard this question but none were willing to use a Roaring Token just to answer her. Myles and Amritpal, though they both had a collection of Roaring Tokens, reserved them to scold each other.

She repeated her question many times. When none answered, that was when she began to sing.

Her voice had been pleasant to begin with and her singing was incredibly good. It was lovely and really captured the hearts of many.

However, this beautiful singing voice hid sinister magic within. Any creature with intelligence felt excited after hearing her sing, to the point that they were unable to control themselves.

But those with less developed minds such as beasts immediately caused a riot, triggering the greatest attack in history!

Supreme worlds erupted with beast attacks from time to time. It wasn't rare for a group of vicious beasts to gather in the thousands, even millions, to attack a sacred place at the same time. They just really went crazy sometimes.

This was often mitigated through the help of other races who banded together to help the ones targeted by the beasts. Thus, a beast attack wasn't considered as an incredibly hard problem to solve.

However, that wasn't the case when a beast attack erupted all at the same time across all one hundred thousand supreme worlds.

There were some beasts that weren't particularly powerful but drew their strength in numbers. All kinds of species participated in this mindless attack: ants, scorpions, snakes, and so on!

Once the powerful ones joined in, it wasn't long before the entire universe was thrown out of control.

It was an extremely dark time.

Many races suffered and the one hundred thousand supreme worlds suffered immeasurable losses. Countless sacred places and divine kingdoms were destroyed, killing various powerful masters. These were known as the "Gloomy Days".

This was all because of one woman and her song.

Nobody had forgotten and none were willing to risk it ever happening again.

No one knew who or where this woman was from. Her identity remained a mystery in this vast universe.

A Supreme Lord had once tried to entice her into spilling her background but the mysterious woman did not reply. Since they couldn't find out who she was, the other Supreme Lords merely persuaded her not to sing in the future and she was never heard from again afterwards.

At least, until today.

With Zen's appearance and his argument with the Supreme Lords, he had caused this woman to reappear, effectively threatening the safety of the entire universe. The Supreme Lords couldn't help but pin the blame on him for this one.

Still, it would be unwise to say too much. The Supreme Lords knew nothing about their backgrounds and could only persuade the woman not to sing.

Fortunately, the woman promised not to use her demonic sound reverberation. It wouldn't be much of a problem if she remained true to her word and just sang a simple song…

Unbeknownst to Zen, all the sacred places and divine kingdoms had gone into high red alert status!

Humans, the Demon Night, the ogres, and various other races had all begun to prepare against a possible beast attack.

All sects, all sacred places, and all divine kingdoms had also done their part in issuing orders to their warriors, ensuring that every entrance, main road, and city wall were well staffed and well-guarded.

It was as if the entire universe had prepared for war.

Although they were told that her voice wouldn't cause a beast attack, the events from long ago were still deeply etched in their memories. There was no way they were going to be lax in the midst of a possible beast attack.

Nobody knew who she was and there was no way they could make her pay if she caused devastation all throughout the universe the second time around.

Vigilance was paramount when it came to possible devastation.

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place Zen was in was no exception. Its members were set for war with a large number of powerful masters already gathered to defend their land. There was no expectation set to the warriors who had recently ascended from Lower World. None of them really had any idea how terrifying a beast attack could be so most of them simply continued digging ores.

Not long after, a clear, melodious voice echoed throughout the universe.

"Reviving in the midst of the wind and leaves, floating under the shadow of the trees...

The musical notes around my fingertips, for whom...

The whistling wheels..."

The slow and elegant melody was haunting and her lilting voice perfectly fit the song. It was like the sound of a nightingale singing on a cool, starry night.

However, nobody was in the mood to appreciate her singing, save for Zen of course. Everyone was just too tense and too on edge to pay attention to her otherworldly voice when the threat of a mass-scale beast attack hung over their heads.

Chapter 1315 Riyad

Once her song was finished, the woman giggled and asked, "Am I a good singer?"

"Absolutely!"

"It's such a wonderful song that belongs to the Heavens!"

"I've never heard such a beautiful song before."

It made their hearts ache to use their precious Roaring Tokens to praise this unknown woman, but the Supreme Lords had no choice.

She might sound young, but she was someone none of them could afford to offend. Her displeasure might spell doom for the entire universe, after all.

The woman snorted, "I'm not asking you guys! I'm asking him!"

It was clearly obvious who she was referring to.

Noticing that the young man who had counted for so long earlier had gotten silent, the Supreme Lords scrambled to get him speaking once again. "Say something boy!"

Zen smiled to himself in his cave. He activated the Roaring Token in his hand and praised, "You're a good singer."

"Really?" she exclaimed. "Then can I sing to you every day?"

Her voice was incredibly lovely but all the Supreme Lords would die of stress if she sang every day. How could they ever enjoy such good singing if the threat of a horrifying beast attack hung on her every note?

Unfortunately, it was not their place to deny her of her wishes. They couldn't afford to offend her though they wished Zen would reject this offer of hers.

"Okay," Zen replied.

"Great! By the way, I don't know your name. How should I address you in the future?" she asked him.

This immediately piqued the interest of the Supreme Lords.

A name would greatly narrow down their options in finding this young man. These two fellows were incredibly interesting, and they all wanted to know just where they got their Roaring Tokens from and how they hadn't used them up yet.

However, Zen was no idiot. There was no way he was going to announce his name to the entire universe after scolding two Supreme Lords. His special Roaring Token would also be at risk if his identity was ever exposed.

"I'm sorry, but it's a secret," he said.

"What a pity!" she replied in a dejected voice. There was a collective intake of breath as the Supreme Lords all thought that Zen's reply had offended her, but the woman quickly spoke again. "It doesn't matter, as long as you can chat with me. I'm trapped here and I can't go anywhere so I'm really bored."

"If I have the time, I'd be happy to chat with you," Zen said.

He wasn't really interested in talking with her. He already had a lot on his plate so he didn't think he'd have the time to chat with an unknown woman from God knew where.

He only said that to make her happy.

Finishing the conversation, Zen put away his Roaring Token and chose to cultivate in solitude for several hours.

The next day, Zen returned to the gathering place and found it abuzz with discussions regarding the Roaring Token matter that happened yesterday.

"Who do you think that mysterious young man is?"

"I think he's the descendant of some Supreme Lord."

"Me too. Only a Supreme Lord's descendant would be so willful when it comes to using Roaring Tokens."

One of the armored men who heard the conversation sneered, "Stop talking nonsense! Not even a Supreme Lord would be willing to waste Roaring Tokens like that, let alone his descendant. That young man's background isn't something you guys can even speculate!"

"Wait! If he's not some Supreme Lord's descendant, then who is he?" a warrior asked.

The armored man asked in reply, "How should I know? But I'm pretty sure he's not the descendant of some Supreme Lord. There are too many people in this universe. Nobody can ever really know who he is."

He was wrong though.

There were people who knew this mysterious man's identity since they recognized Zen's voice.

Yolande and the warriors from the Celestial Position race were those who knew of his identity.

However, the Celestial Position warriors weren't too sure. Like the armored man had said, there were too many people in the universe and there might be someone with a voice similar to Zen's. They could only guess that it was him.

Yolande, however, was sure of his identity. She knew about Yan and the fact that Zen was also looking for this sister of his. There was no doubt that Zen was the owner of the voice they all heard yesterday.

There was no way a random person with the same voice as Zen's would start looking for someone named "Yan." Coincidence was never just coincidence.

Zen, meanwhile, ignored all this talk about Roaring Tokens and waited for Freya. According to their agreement, they were to meet here once again.

As she went on her way to the gathering place, Freya could feel the gaze of numerous Soul Sea Realm warriors on her. It made goose bumps rise on her skin and some even went so far as to even invite her to mine with them. She refused, of course, not missing the way their eyes roamed lewdly on her body.

She was also thinking about the voice everyone heard yesterday. There was still some suspicion in her heart regarding to the identity of this young man.

She had listened attentively to every word he had said and couldn't help but think that it was too similar to Zen's voice. In fact, it was exactly the same!

But Zen was only a warrior that had ascended from the Lower World. There was no way he had Roaring Tokens with him and carelessly squandered so many of them.

There was simply no way.

Seeing Zen in the gathering place, Freya quickly approached him. "Let's go!" she said with a smile.

Zen nodded in response. His goal was to dig up the life vitality jades at the bottom of the mine. The more he got, the faster he could obtain his freedom.

However, on their way to the mine, Freya started asking Zen a lot of questions which put him on high alert.

She seemed to be suspecting him though Zen could understand why. She probably heard his voice yesterday and wanted to confirm her assumptions. However, it would be impossible for her to verify it this way. So long as Zen did not admit it, then Freya would be left with nothing but her wild guesses.

In the midst of their conversation, they did not notice the eyes that watched them as they entered the mine.

A kind of system had formed among those who had recently ascended to the Upper World.

The warriors were divided into three factions with the most powerful one led by someone called Riyad Qiu.

The bald warrior slapped to the point of death by Zen yesterday was actually one of Riyad's subordinates. How would some baldy like him dare rob someone if he didn't have a powerful backer?

Riyad was someone who had already accumulated the required amount of life vitality jades. He had originally planned to leave as soon as he turned over his mined ores but decided to stay and accumulate more life vitality jades. He planned to use this surplus to purchase resources that could aid him in his cultivation once he left.

The leaders of the two other forces also had the same plan. In fact, there was a kind of tribute system that had developed in the mine wherein the warriors not only had to give their earnings to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, but also allocate a percentage to the three forces.

The six warriors that had run away yesterday had gone to Riyad and aired their grievances. Riyad, as the one who held the most power in the mine, took Zen's actions as a challenge to his authority.

Newly ascended warriors were often conceited since they were not aware of who was boss. Those who offended Riyad's men often disappeared without a trace.

Chapter 1316 Confusion

With regard to Zen's cultivation level being only at the Life and Death Realm, Riyad was also a bit curious.

Moreover, the few followers of the bald warrior described to Riyad earlier about how Zen had fought yesterday. Zen seemed to have great strength. He had actually sent the bald man into the mine with a mere slap.

This strength was enough to make Riyad wary. Therefore, he sent three men to follow Zen into the mine.

All three of them were Riyad's best fighters. Although they were also from the Lower World, they were outstanding among the warriors, and their strength was far greater than the ordinary ones.

Riyad had instructed them to kill Zen in secret.

Although the Spiritual Force Sacred Place did not have much control over fighting and killing in the mine, Riyad was always very careful. If he killed too many warriors, the number of life vitality crystals he would have to hand in would decrease. If someone superior was angered, then the armored men who managed the mine would blame Riyad for this.

Thus, under normal circumstances, Riyad didn't kill people. As long as the warriors obediently handed over their life vitality crystals, he didn't make things difficult for them.

However, when it was time to act, Riyad did not hesitate in the slightest. Zen dared to kill his man, so he must pay with his life. Otherwise, how would Riyad become the leader of the strongest force? How could he get a foothold before so many of his subordinates?

Freya was still immersed in her doubts and speculations. She carefully thought about it and realized that Zen had purposely avoided her the day before. In any case, she was completely unaware of his whereabouts during that period of time. He indeed had plenty of time to do other things.

Just as Freya was making wild guesses, she heard someone talk to her in her mind.

"Some people are following us," Zen said.

Even though the three people behind them had intentionally concealed their auras, how could they escape Zen's senses? As soon as he had left the gathering place, Zen locked onto the movements of the three people.

However, he had not been sure of their intentions earlier. After all, it was possible that the three of them were just going to mine. However, after Zen changed directions several times, he realized that they were still following him.

"Really?"

At Zen's words, Freya also noticed the three people following them.

In fact, the three warriors didn't try to hide themselves. Riyad had asked them to make Zen "disappear" in the mine. In their eyes, a Life and Death Realm warrior and a Soul Sea Realm warrior were no match for them. They didn't need to hide themselves at all.

"What should we do?" Freya was quite anxious. At the moment, she could only ask for Zen's opinion.

"Let's talk after we enter the mine," Zen said indifferently.

The two of them sped up as they headed toward the mine. The three people behind them also moved faster.

Zen randomly picked a cave and entered it along with Freya.

The three people behind them snickered. One of them said, "No doubt this brat sensed our intentions. He still dares to enter the mine! It seems he is very confident of himself."

"It's a good thing he is confident. But overconfidence often leads to one's death," another responded.

"Leave the woman to me. There are few women here. It isn't easy to find one so beautiful. Don't kill her," the last person said with an evil grin.

After this, the three of them shot into the cave at full speed.

Just as the three of them entered, they found Zen standing alone, not so far from them. He held a long sword in his hand and said with a smile, "Hello."

The look on the faces of the three didn't change. The leader looked at Zen and said coldly, "You know we want to kill you, but you're not running or hiding. You are bold enough."

"You might be bold, but you don't have enough strength. In the end, you would die here without anyone knowing," another person added.

"Did you come to kill me because of the bald warrior from yesterday?" Zen asked indifferently.

"I'm not sure. Riyad told us to kill you, so naturally you have to die," one of them replied.

"Riyad?" Zen's eyebrows rose slightly. "I've never provoked someone called Riyad."

"You might have never provoked Riyad, but that's not important. What's important is that you have to die!" The three of them were very decisive in their actions and didn't waste any more time talking to Zen. As they finished speaking, they attacked him from all directions.

At the same time, a gust of cold air swept over them. It was Freya's Snowfall Domain which spread out and enveloped the three of them.

A proud smile materialized on Zen's face. As he waved the sword in his hand elegantly, a strange arc flashed in the air. He sighed to himself. There was no real difference between the Upper World and the Lower World. This was also a world where the strong preyed on the weak. There was no reason or rhyme to it. Suddenly, a feeling of dullness arose in his heart. If the Upper World was the same as the Lower World, why did he try so hard to ascend to it initially?

Although Zen's mind was muddled, the sword radiance in his hand was sharp as ever.

At the side of the gathering place, some warriors had used stones to build simple houses.

A mighty warrior at the Soul Sea Realm had the power to move mountains and overturn seas. It was easy for them to cut some stones and construct houses.

This was where Riyad lived.

In truth, he had originally planned to build a palace. Back in the Lower World, he had been a peerless and formidable ruler. His divine kingdom had almost completely ruled over the great world that he resided in.

He was used to a life of resources and women. After he had arrived in the Upper World, he found that they were few and far between.

However, the palace was not completed yet. The armored men of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place did not approve of it, saying that if someone from the upper echelons were to see it, it would bring about huge problems.

After all, this was a place for the warriors to mine. They were not here to enjoy life!

Thus, Riyad had given up.

He also knew that his own strength was nothing to speak of in the Upper World, but it didn't matter. He had accumulated tens of thousands of life vitality jades and that was already a massive amount of wealth. He used a portion of them to bribe the armored guards and kept the rest of them. These life vitality jades were enough to let him cultivate.

Riyad looked forward to a better life in the Upper World. Unfortunately, he still needed to endure this current state. He knew he would have a good future, so he was patient right now. He would be able to leave this damned place if he endured for just a while longer.

Even though he lived in a simple house, he still had access to pleasure.

The three women in front of him tried to roll their hips enticingly in an attempt to seduce him.

Females were rare to find here. Only a few warriors were able to enjoy these women. Riyad, of course, was one of them.

The three women had been top warriors in the Lower World. Perhaps they were holy maidens, or perhaps they had been empresses of divine kingdoms. It was a pity that after ascending, they had to cling to and depend on these men to make their living.

While the three women were performing an alluring dance, Riyad's complexion whitened. He crushed the metal wine cup in his hand into a ball.

"The slave seals disappeared?" His expression turned grim.

The slave seals he had planted on his own subordinates had completely vanished in an instant.

It pointed to only one possibility—all three of them had been killed.

They were Riyad's most capable men, and he was well aware of their strength. Moreover, the slave seals disappeared at almost the same time, which meant that someone had used a technique to kill the three of them in the blink of an eye.

Did the young Life and Death Realm warrior and the woman at the Soul Sea Realm do this?

This was impossible!

Almost subconsciously, Riyad dismissed the idea in his mind.

It was most probable that the three of them were lured to the bottom of the mine by Zen, where they encountered powerful vicious beasts. However, his men were very careful. They would not allow Zen to enter the depths of the mine.

"Riyad! What's the matter with you? You don't look too good!" A woman shook her slender waist and sat on his lap.

Riyad snorted coldly. "Nothing. Something interesting happened."

Chapter 1317 The Mental Predicament (Part One)

After he had killed the three warriors, Zen got lost in some deep thought. Something was itching in the back of his mind.

Even Freya, who was standing beside him, could feel that something was wrong with him. It seemed that Zen was not in a good mood and after Freya continued to try talking to him for a while, Zen began to ignore her.

The truth was that the problem that Zen was thinking about wasn't really a problem in the eyes of other warriors.

That was because even though they could work hard to achieve numerous kinds of things, they often lacked an ultimate and definite goal.

In the early days, Zen had indeed been guided by Yan. Perhaps this was a kind of arrangement by his fate. And even now, Yan was still the main impetus to make him move forward!

However, searching for Yan was something that Zen only had to accomplish, and not his ultimate goal. No. His ultimate and definite goal was something that came from the most resolute determination in his mind.

His obsession was indeed to pursue mastery in the martial arts. He wanted to see what level of strength he could achieve as he continued his cultivation. Would he be able to control this world, or would he be able to go on and create his own world?

After he had flown into the Upper World, it had come to his discovery that the rules here were similar to those in the Lower World.

A feeling of disgust arose in his heart as he thought about that, and this sort of disgust would accumulate into confusion soon. If he still had to see the same scenery and go through the same experiences even after he reached higher cultivation levels and ascended to the Upper world, then he simply could not be interested in anything!

What even Zen himself didn't know was that he had fallen into a mental predicament now. He was at a loss for what to do.

This so-called mental predicament was a shackle of the warrior spirit!

When Eddie had taken Yan away, Zen had gotten trapped into a similar type of mental predicament too, but one that was caused by his opponent. If he wanted to break out of such a dilemma, all he had to do was to defeat Eddie and get Yan back. After that, his warrior spirit would recover and be unimpeded!

But this time, the problem had originated from within Zen himself. The man, for the first time in his life, had doubts about the goal that he had been pursuing this whole time. In fact, he was even feeling tired about something.

Such a kind of dilemma and confusion was far more serious and troublesome than the one caused by Eddie's actions. It could even break Zen if he let it. The way out last time was to set his mind towards his opponent and win over the latter. This time, what could he do?

This time, his opponent was himself.

And as was often said, the most powerful opponent of a man was his own self. It wouldn't be easy for Zen to defeat himself and escape this time. He had to have a plan.

While he was searching for life vitality crystals in the mines, he hadn't chosen to enter the bottom layer, since he didn't have much of an interest in that.

Thus, he had hastily finished mining, only finding a few supreme life vitality crystals in the process and then getting out.

After seeing Zen's indifferent and morose expressions, Freya didn't ask him anything. He wasn't replying anyway. However, after witnessing Zen's strength, she knew that it was fortunate for her to be able to obtain Zen's protection before she could find her uncle. If it wasn't for him, she might have had to rely on some other powerful warrior like other women who had ascended to the Upper World. And she wasn't sure she could have found a decent one in time.

After returning to the gathering place, Zen casually found a place and sat down with his legs crossed. However, he did not cultivate.

He was still racking his brains, trying to come up with an answer to the big question.

Many warriors would encounter this kind of problem. A warrior, who worked hard in his cultivation would, one day, suddenly lose the motivation to move on, and ask what the meaning of life was. What was the point?

If the warrior couldn't find an answer to that, it was very likely that he would be utterly defeated by his own self, and his temperament would undergone a huge change. His strength could come crumbling down like paper castle. However, once he found the answer, his mind would undergo a transformation and he would be elevated to a higher level!

Right now, Zen was trapped in that limbo between the two possibilities.

While he was sitting, lost in thought, Riyad, wearing a black cape, strutted through the gathering place and headed straight towards Zen.

Some of the newcomers didn't know about Riyad's power, but most of the warriors there knew clearly that even though he was also from the Lower World, it was better for them to not provoke him. This guy was known to be even harder to deal with than the armored warriors of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. And that was saying something.

The reason behind that was that those armored warriors were bound by the rules of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. But there was nothing restraining Riyad's behavior and he could do whatever he wanted. Although he was just a warrior who ascended from the Lower World, he had the power to decide the life and death of everyone else in this mine!

Zen was still sitting quietly on the spot with his eyes tightly shut. He kept on pondering over the question which was puzzling him.

Even the cyan dragon noticed the change in Zen's mental state.

However, he did not say anything and only carefully watched Zen's every move. He had already guessed that Zen was in a mental predicament, and this was a very troublesome state to be in. What was worse, the more confidence and persistence Zen had before, the more difficult this predicament would be!

Chapter 1318 The Mental Predicament (Part Two)

No one could help Zen right now; even the cyan dragon's simple teachings were meaningless. Zen could only rely on himself to convince himself and defeat himself. During the struggle, he had to fight with his mind and attitude and no one could meddle in it; unless they had a way of changing his mind. And changing someone's mind meant changing their very soul and foundation. They would lose their memories and become a different person altogether.

At that moment, Riyad walked up to Zen.

Zen opened his eyes as he felt the presence of a Soul Sea Realm warrior in front of him. He then looked at Riyad indifferently. Although he hadn't met him before, he could easily figure out his identity and guessed that the man in front of him was the one who had sent the three warriors to kill him today.

"Where are they?" Riyad asked coldly with an icy stare at Zen.

"Where are who?" Zen asked.

Riyad laughed coldly and replied, "The three warriors. Who else do you think I am talking about? Will you pretend that you don't know them?"

"Ah yes. Them! Well... I killed them." Zen shrugged.

"You killed them? On your own?" Riyad was skeptical.

Zen let out a long sigh, and then responded, "Yes, just me. On my own..."

When they heard the conversation between Zen and Riyad, a stunned expression appeared on the faces of the other warriors, who were busy cultivating or resting nearby.

There seemed to be a conflict between Zen at the Life and Death Realm and Riyad at the Soul Sea Realm.

Furthermore, Zen had actually killed three warriors who worked for Riyad...

Was this guy really that powerful?

If he tried to provoke Riyad, wouldn't he be courting death?

Riyad seemed to be thinking the same. "You're courting death." Although he already knew Zen had killed his men, he got even more furious after hearing the confirmation from his enemy's mouth.

"Everyone has to seek a road for himself..." Zen suddenly raised his head and looked up at the sky. It was a cloudy night, and the sky was covered in fog.

Hearing Zen's words, a strange expression appeared on Riyad's face. "What do you mean?"

"I want to know the meaning of and what lies at the end of this road..." Zen responded.

This time, not only Riyad, but everyone was also confused. Was this guy crazy? Or had he lost his mind out of fear. Did Riyad scare the hell out of this guy?

Seeing Zen's indifferent face, Riyad laughed. "It's useless to act like a madman now. There are two choices for you. You can either be enslaved and work for me, or you can wait until tomorrow. By then I will surely kill you when you go to the mines."

Zen looked at him as indifferently as before. His gaze was extremely clear. Suddenly, he smacked his head and muttered, "I know why I feel tired of something. I've heard these kinds of words countless times!" As he spoke, he also smiled. His smile was pure and simple.

This time, Riyad was left speechless with annoyance. He even had a shroud of doubt that Zen was not pretending to be crazy, but had really become insane after being scared by him.

"Even though I know why I am tired of something, I still can't find out the meaning or a way out..." Zen frowned as he stared at Riyad.

Since there were so many warriors from the Lower World and armored warriors of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place around them right now, it was not appropriate for Riyad to take any action. If this place was empty, Riyad would have begun the fight long ago.

"This Life and Death Realm warrior seems to be quite crazy..."

"He must be scared very much and is too terrified to face Riyad; but it is useless for him to do that; act like a fool, I mean! Riyad never lets off anyone who offends him. It's useless for anyone to beg for mercy, and even more useless to pretend to be insane! That man, is dead!"

"I don't feel like he has lost his mind. His words sound a little strange, but he seems to be thinking about something."

The warriors didn't dare get close to Zen and Riyad, but they didn't leave either. They knew that Riyad wouldn't kill people right now, so they didn't need to worry about being involved in the fight. Of course, they still lowered their voices anyway as they discussed, so that Riyad wouldn't be able to hear them.

"What is the point of pursuing to be powerful? Do you know the answer?" Zen suddenly asked as he stared at Riyad.

Riyad's eyelids twitched and he clenched his fists. He couldn't tolerate Zen and was almost about to lose control. At the beginning, he just wanted to put psychological pressure on Zen so that he would obediently become his slave. He did not expect that Zen would not only ignore him, but also talk nonsense!

He really wanted to attack Zen there and then but alas!

In the end, he managed to suppress the anger inside and not say a word. Tomorrow, he would think of a way to deal with this idiot. Promising that he would kill Zen for sure, Riyad turned around and left.

However, Zen did not let him go. Instead, he moved and in the blink of an eye, was standing in front of Riyad. He stared at him and asked, "What's the point in pursuing to be powerful? Do you know that?"

Riyad wanted to leave, but Zen blocked his way once more. The former was almost mad with anger now.

As for the nearby warriors, their eyes were wide open as they watched this scene. One of them remarked in a low voice, "He is probably out of his mind after being scared by Riyad. Otherwise, he wouldn't have the gut to block his way..."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1319 Upgrade

If Riyad knew that Zen was going to act like a fool, he never would have come here tonight to meet him.

His purpose for looking for Zen was very simple. He wanted to put the slave seal on Zen, making him be a slave under him. If Zen was unwilling to be enslaved, Riyad would choose to kill him. For those who were useful, Riyad would never kill them carelessly. This was one of the reasons why he could become so powerful in the mine.

However, to everyone's surprise, Zen was choosing to ignore this dangerous situation, and was even talking to Riyad like an idiot.

If Riyad didn't have any scruple about the public right now and made up his mind to kill Zen, Zen was sure to be dead by now, in everyone else's eyes at least.

"I warn you one last time. Get out of the way," Riyad snarled as he stared at Zen with a cold gaze. It was indeed an extremely shameful thing for him to be fooled by a Life and Death Realm warrior in front of so many people.

Zen didn't show the slightest signs of fear as he stared back at the man and asked, "Tell me. What is the purpose of becoming powerful?"

A trace of killing intent flashed across Riyad's eyes and he stretched out his hand to grab onto Zen's shoulder. Since Zen did not back away in the face of the attack, Riyad decided to punish him; to hell with the rules and the witnesses.

His hawk-like hand directly grabbed Zen's shoulder. The life vitality within his body began to circulate. He seemed to have launched an effortless attack, but in fact, he was using almost 80% of his strength.

Of course, no one else knew what was happening inside him. To them, it was most likely that Riyad had already used every ounce of his hidden strength. Zen's bones were probably going to be shattered within about three seconds.

However, they were astonished to see that Zen was standing motionless and he repeated his words...

At that moment, Riyad got mad and unleashed his power. Zen's shoulder gently swayed and emitted a counter attacking power which was so strong that his enemy couldn't even stand upright.

Under the attack of Zen's power, Riyad, shocked by the terrible strength of his opponent, found his entire body starting to retreat rapidly. His feet plowed two grooves into the ground, and after he had been forced back hundreds of feet, his entire body flipped over and his fist smashed itself of its own accord into the ground behind him before he finally came to a stop!

Riyad had actually released a terrible power by launching this punch. If he hadn't done that, his bones wouldn't have been able to withstand the immense and shattering pressure and would break apart into pieces inch by inch!

Bang!

When Riyad's punch landed on the ground behind him, it caused the ground to sink slightly. Then, the surface of the ground started to roll up and formed a one thousand-feet huge crater. Several of the warriors, who were silently cultivating, were sucked into the crater too, and they all started to fly up into the air.

Some of them, who were extremely focused on their cultivation and had been disturbed, were furious and their faces were filled with anger. However, when they saw Riyad, they didn't dare to flare up. They were curious about who had caused him to thrust his fist on the ground.

As for those who were watching the scene before them, they were all left dumbstruck after witnessing the entire process.

It was easy for every single one of these warriors to create a one thousand-feet crater in the ground with just one punch.

The problem was that they had clearly seen that Zen had not punched anything just now. He had merely moved his shoulder a little bit, but he had managed to release so much power!

Moreover, after his shoulder had slightly swayed, his power had been transferred to Riyad's body. This was the first layer of the force dispelling technique! Then Riyad had kept on retreating, which was the second layer. And finally, when Riyad could not get rid of the power completely, he had no choice but to push it into the ground. This was the third layer.

This was to say that Zen's strength had caused such enormous damage even after being reduced three times...

He had erupted this powerful force just by moving his shoulder a little.

How terrifying was Zen's strength?

As for Riyad, a look of disbelief surfaced in his eyes. He naturally could not understand why or how Zen was able to unleash such power, but he began to understand why the three men he had sent out to kill Zen were instantly sent to hell, and why the three slave seals had disappeared at the same time.

The man's strength was immeasurable!

Whoosh!

Zen was like a ghost as he traveled through space and instantly appeared in front of Riyad.

The latter no longer looked down on Zen. He realized that even if he went all out, it wasn't going to be an easy task to defeat Zen. Therefore, when Zen moved towards him, the life vitality within Riyad's body started to surge crazily. He vigilantly stared at Zen, ready to take action at any time to strike him.

If he were to make a move here, it might lead to quite a bit unnecessary trouble. But right now, nothing was more important than his own life.

However, after Zen moved and came to a halt in front of Riyad, he just uttered the same words, "Tell me..."

At that moment, Riyad looked very confused and upset. He was indeed afraid of Zen; even though he looked like a fool, he was still very powerful. Puzzled, he wondered what Zen's words meant.

It seemed that he wouldn't be able to leave today if he didn't answer Zen's question. Therefore, Riyad, usually such a formidable person, finally refrained himself from attacking and began to seriously ponder over Zen's question.

"If we become more powerful, we can live longer!" Riyad replied impatiently after a while. In any case, he had already lost his face today, so he didn't care about putting himself in a more awkward situation by answering Zen's question.

"And what's the purpose of living longer?" Zen asked again.

"Living longer allows us to become more powerful!" Riyad continued to answer, rolling his eyes.

"Then again, what's the purpose of becoming stronger?" Zen continued to ask.

Riyad's mouth opened but he didn't say anything. He just stared at Zen. He was really on the verge of despair and anger, wondering whether Zen was insane or just psychotic.

As for the other warriors, they were holding in their breaths to prevent themselves from laughing out loud... They didn't dare laugh anyway. Of course, if some other warrior had answered Zen's questions like Riyad had done just now, they would surely laugh out loud without scruple.

Riyad, who was becoming more and more helpless and morose, roared, "Becoming stronger is for a better enjoyment. If we become more powerful, we can control the whole world and make use of the wealth of the world. And we can take charge of the life and death of all living creatures!"

As Riyad roared, Zen's eyes suddenly lit up and he once again fell into deep thought.

"Taking charge of everything..." Zen muttered and his voice trailed off again.

He truly did feel tired of something, but that didn't mean that Zen had lost his motivated warrior spirit. He was just tired of killing and the law of the jungle that he had to face everywhere. He wanted a better world.

"If I can take control of everything, I will definitely change the rules and this universe." The light in Zen's eyes became brighter and brighter, and they shone like fire!

"At my current strength, I'm not yet qualified to be tired of anything. I still have many important matters to attend to, tasks to complete and all...

It's useless to be tired of everything. I can only work hard to become stronger and then change... Yes."

After ascending to the Upper World, Zen's state of mind had been affected by something and changed a bit; perhaps this was because he was not used to the new environment, or perhaps he was lonely, which was why he had finally become trapped into this mental predicament.

However, his ability to recover himself was also extremely strong. He just relied on his instincts to analyze and contemplate and the questions he asked Riyad were just a channel.

Of course, the answer which he forced Riyad to come up with was not the correct one. Or rather, it was not important.

But Zen had managed to contemplate correctly and obtain some amount of comprehension after being enlightened by Riyad's words, or rather, from the train of thoughts they started in his mind.

To a warrior, suffering such mental predicaments was an extremely dangerous affair. Many warriors, who encountered such dilemmas, weren't able to find the meaning of their own life and they never recovered. Some of them hid in the mountains, some became crazy, and some even killed themselves the moment they figured out the meaning of life...

Zen, on the other hand, quickly walked out of this predicament through contemplation.

After he had broken free from his confusion, Zen's goal was even clearer to him now. His warrior spirit had also completed its transformation and had upgraded through this contemplation...

An expression of grievance almost began to appear on Riyad's face. He thought that it was rather unlucky and idiotic of him to provoke a fool like Zen!

However, at that moment, with a gleam in his bright eyes, Zen smiled at Riyad and said the most unexpected thing, "Thank you!"

Riyad frowned. He no longer wanted to talk to Zen. With a flick of his cape, he dashed towards the other side of the gathering place.

He believed that Zen wasn't insane, and was just playing around with him, like a cat with a mouse. He became even more indignant at the thought of this. Just as he had returned to where he lived, he saw two armored warriors standing at his door.

When Riyad saw these two armored warriors of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, a smile immediately appeared on his face. The reason he had been able to be so overbearing and supercilious in the mine was all because of the support of these two armored warriors.

"Mr. Huang, Mr. Chen, why are you two here? Are you short of life vitality jades?" Riyad chuckled, and was extremely polite as well.

After he had taken control of the mines, he had given out a lot of life vitality jades to these two warriors. The trio could be considered quite familiar and frank with each other. The armored warriors would let him do whatever he wanted to, and he would give them life vitality jades in return. This was their deal.

However, one of the armored warriors just coldly uttered, "Riyad, I don't want your life vitality jades today. But I am warning you not to take any action against Zen."

Chapter 1320 Two Masters' Visit

Riyad's face darkened upon hearing Chen's words.

Back in the Lower World, Riyad was incredibly famed and feared for his power. The reverence given to him by others made him proud and unyielding.

He was a hardened warrior who did not tolerate insults. Anyone who dared to offend him suffered instant death.

Zen's humiliation wasn't something he was ever willing to let go and he had already thought of so many ways to retaliate against the young man. But here was Chen warning him not to go after Zen. Riyad was immediately enraged.

"Why?!" he exclaimed, not understanding the logic of Chen's words.

Huang shrugged. "No reason. It's just a warning. If you listen to me, then that's good. If not, then that's on you."

They were about to leave when Chen hesitated and leaned into Riyad's ear, "It had taken that kid only a few seconds to adapt to the Vitality Pressure on the day of his ascension."

With this information, the two armored warriors left without looking back.

Their departure left Riyad conflicted. He could easily ignore the advice of other people but those two warriors had a close relationship with him. They might have been blunt but he knew they only told him those things for his own good.

He briefly wondered if what Chen said was true. Did Zen really only take seconds to adapt to the Vitality Pressure after he left the Ascending Well? A deep frown was entrenched onto Riyad's face.

He remembered how he had taken a full five days to adapt to the Vitality Pressure after ascending to the Upper World. These five days were already considered fast since Riyad had shown great adaptive capacity upon his ascension. But a few seconds? This feat was highly likely a reason for the Spiritual Force Sacred Place to notice Zen.

Many of the warriors born and raised in the Upper World had a slight prejudice against those who merely ascended from the Lower World. However, this prejudice was nonexistent to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place which was always hungry for more talents. Breeding and birth origin did not matter to this tenth-grade sacred place.

Zen's quick adaptation to the Vitality Pressure was immediately reported by the armored warriors shortly after the young man left the Ascending Well.

There was a gap in strength between Lower World and Upper World warriors but every now and then, an extraordinary ascended individual would emerge.

From the exact moment Zen started mining, the Spiritual Force Sacred Place had already dispatched a couple of eyes to observe this young man closely.

It was fortunate that Zen had set-up a divine texture yesterday before using the Roaring Token. The divine texture served as a temporary screen from these prying eyes, hiding him away from the world.

Meanwhile, the object of Riyad's rage and intrigue currently sat in the open field, meditating with his eyes closed. Zen felt a strong sense of urgency every time his warrior spirit rose. His mind was always occupied with the list of things he had to do: helping Lavender regain her strength and glory, helping the cyan dragon and other dragons, finding Yan...

He had so many things to do, so many goals to accomplish, but he had to get stronger first.

The warriors around him currently sized him up. They all knew how this kid had pretended to be insane to tease Riyad. It was a wonder if he was still going to be alive tomorrow.

So long as he stayed in this gathering place and veered away from the mines then he would probably be safe. Riyad would definitely have his head if he ever stepped foot into the mineral vein again.

At least, that was what they all thought. Zen and Freya had gone to the mine the next day but came back unharmed and untouched.

It was the same for the third day.

And on the fourth day, Riyad actually came out of the mine and greeted Zen with a smile when he passed by him in the gathering place.

It was then that the warriors realized that Riyad must've finally given in though none of them were quite sure why. They could only speculate what made the fearsome boss be like this to Zen.

Zen, meanwhile, was flourishing in the mine. The bottom layer of the mine was extremely dangerous but it was no problem for him so long as he kept running fast and avoided all the dangers.

If he ever got cornered, all he would need to do was to use his trump card: activating the 'Mountain' token and escaping into the fairy palace. Fortunately, he hadn't gotten around to using it yet.

But it wasn't always great mining for the two. Just the other day, Zen and Freya found a pile of around fifty to sixty life vitality jades.

Unfortunately, this pile was guarded by three twelfth-grade vicious beasts. It was a waste but Zen valued his life more than those precious jades. The two were then forced to retreat.

Between constant mining and cultivating, time passed by very quickly in the mineral vein.

Both Zen's and Freya's registered life vitality jades had reached eighty which meant they only needed to hand over twenty more to gain their freedom and join the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

The thought overjoyed Freya. As soon as she joined the sacred place then she could rely on her uncle for further development.

Zen, on the other hand, quickly informed her that he had no desire to join the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

He wanted to be an independent warrior which meant he would have to hand over two hundred life vitality jades.

Freya was quite shocked upon hearing his plan. The Spiritual Force Sacred Place was, after all, a tenth-grade sacred place. Why on earth would Zen ascend into this world only to become an independent warrior?

She was curious but Zen didn't explain too much, nor did he want to.

They were only temporary partners so after making it known that he wasn't going to tell her anything, Freya thought it best to just leave him alone.

But of course, destiny had a way of playing with people. A few months later, both Zen and Freya finally accumulated their one hundred life vitality jades. At this time, the Spiritual Force Sacred Place sent two people to the mine.

The armored warriors were quick to welcome these two guests respectfully, signifying their status as important figures of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

"Greetings Master Shen and Master He!" They all bowed in unison.

All armored warriors guarding the mineral vein had mobilized to clear away the gathering place and now stood in a neat, straight line to greet the masters.

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place was actually ranked last among the three great sacred places of the Spirit Reading World. It occupied only a few regions but due to the enormous area of the supreme world, it was still unimaginably large…

They had a total of thirty-six halls that each governed a thousand large cities. To put it into perspective, that meant that the Spiritual Force Sacred Place had a total of thirty-six thousand large cities!

And these two people that just arrived were two leaders from two of these thirty-six halls.

The warriors who managed the newly ascended were mostly at the Soul Sea Realm. If they remained stuck and were unable to progress with their cultivation, they could only ever hope to become a city lord which was an extremely difficult task considering the number of fifth-grade and sixth-grade families within cities. There were also numerous small sacred places within cities.

For two mighty leaders to make an appearance in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place spoke volumes!

They were only below the top leader, the core figures, and the elders when it came to the hierarchy of power.

The armored warriors had to show their utmost respect for these two masters that went out of their way to visit this remote mineral vein.

The armored warrior that led everyone came forward. "Masters, what can we do for you? We will try our best to offer any assistance…"

"There's a person named Zen Luo that has recently ascended to the Upper World," Master Shen said, cutting off the warrior's words. "He's in this mineral vein, right?"

The armored warrior immediately nodded his head. "Yes! He is indeed in our mineral vein!"

"Where is he?" Master Shen asked.

The armored warrior fumbled and made an effort to crane his neck around. He couldn't really keep an eye on Zen all day long so he currently did not know where the young man was at the time being.

"Master Shen, Zen entered the mineral vein today," another warrior helpfully supplied.

Master Shen nodded his head in understanding. "Then we shall wait for him here."

Two mighty leaders of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place were willing to wait for a young, newly ascended warrior! It was shocking and mildly disturbing. Just what kind of background did Zen have to warrant such special treatment?

They remembered how the higher-ups issued an order for them to keep an eye out for Zen due to his fast adaptation to the Vitality Pressure just after he came out of the Ascending Well. They kind of knew he was someone whom the Spiritual Force Sacred Place prospected for but could such small achievement actually warrant such a special kind of treatment from the two masters? The armored warriors would be lying if they said they weren't envious of Zen right now. True, they were superior to these ascended warriors but there was no doubt that the achievements of the ones they enslaved were often set to be much greater than any of them could ever hope to imagine.

Roughly guessing the intention of the two masters' visit, the armored warrior in the lead quickly spoke, "Master Shen and Master He, since you two have come for Zen, I think there is something you must know.

"What is it?" Master Shen asked.

"Zen already handed over one hundred life vitality jades. He could have left the mineral vein but he still chose to continue mining. He wants to gather two hundred life vitality jades to obtain his freedom and become an independent warrior!" he said.

Master Shen was silent but Master He let out a sinister laugh. "An independent warrior? Ha! I'm afraid that's not up to him to decide."

Chapter 1321 Holy City

The armored men volunteered to enter the mine to find Zen but were rejected outright by Master Shen and Master He.

Why were the two masters so patient?

This refusal raised a storm of conjecture among the armored men. They mused over what kind of background Zen had, and some probable reasons as to why these two masters were adamant in waiting for him.

They enduringly waited from noon until dusk before Zen finally returned from the mine.

Freya, on the other hand, chose to leave the mine. After obtaining 100 pieces of life vitality jade, she went directly to her uncle. They only left a communication token for each other.

In the supreme world, however, it was considered a joke to leave a communication token.

This token was merely a method of communication in the Lower World. Its range could only reach as far as sixty to seventy thousand miles. The territory occupied by the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was over ten thousand times larger than this range. So in far too many instances, the communication token was all for naught. Save in the case when Zen was within sixty to seventy thousand miles away from Freya.

Since Zen had relieved himself from his mental predicament, he had positively set his goals. He had just entered the Upper World and was still unfamiliar with the place. Accordingly, he had to explore by himself.

In this stage of exploration, his priority was to awaken Lavender. She had been asleep for too long, and currently, there were no signs of her waking up. Zen had intended to accumulate two hundred life vitality jades and then go to find a treasure that would repair her soul.

Luck was on his side today as he encountered the Nine-head Snake again. Aside from taking away seven pieces of life vitality jade from the snake, Zen had also uncovered a secret. He figured out that if he wanted to find life vitality jade, he would have to follow those vicious beasts that were fond of spending their days in the mine and absorbing the vitality of heaven and earth from the life vitality jade.

If it weren't for the fact that these beasts were too powerful, Zen seriously wanted to leave imprints on their bodies, and then he wouldn't have to search for them for a long time every time.

However, just as Zen returned to the gathering place, he sensed that there was something wrong.

As his gaze swiftly swept across the place, his brows were scrunched together.

"These two men are quite powerful."

Up till now, Zen had seen many unimaginably strong people.

Take the master that he had acknowledged in the fairy palace as an example. It was only a shadow left behind by his master, so estimating his true strength using that shadow was not easy. He only knew that his master was a figure that surpassed the universe.

Next was the young man who had taken his sister away in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. That fellow's strength was also hard to imagine. With Zen's current knowledge, he was still unfit to determine who was stronger between that man and his master.

Then it was the old Celestial Position man that he and Letitia met during the wedding. According to Zen's conjecture, this old man might be at the world lord level.

As for the two men in front of him, they gave Zen a distinct impression. Notwithstanding this, they ought to be below the world lord level.

Zen had no intention of provoking them no matter who they were. Right after he landed, he subsequently planned to find the armored men to record the life vitality jades that he handed in today. But seeing the armored men standing in a row and no one seemed to have come to him, he was slightly confused. He had no idea whom to give the life vitality jades.

At this moment, Master He steadily walked over to him and cracked a smile. "You're Zen Luo?"

Judging by his words, Zen immediately knew that it was most likely that they came for him.

He couldn't avoid the meeting anyway, so he nodded and replied, "Yes, I am Zen Luo."

Master He blurted, "Congratulations! You have just concluded your term of service. And finally, you have become a member of our Spiritual Force Sacred Place!"

Hearing this, the armored men looked at each other in utter dismay. The leader of the armored men had already reminded the two masters that Zen was planning on becoming an independent warrior.

Zen's brow creased. He then smiled and replied, "Sir, is there a mistake? I do not intend to join the Spiritual Force Sacred Place."

"This isn't up to you, but it's an order from Holy City. We'll directly lead you into Holy City," Master Shen joined in.

When they heard Master Shen's remarks, all of the armored men' jaws dropped.

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place was such an enormous place. Most of the warriors who joined the Spiritual Force Sacred Place could only do some jobs and take up some positions in its 36, 000 cities.

For example, although the armored men had reached the Soul Sea Realm and they were not weak in the Upper World, being city lords was seen as a good job there.

Truly the most outstanding warriors had set their goals at the thirty-six halls.

It would be undoubtedly an unrivaled honor if they were able to join these thirty-six halls.

But the predicament of joining these halls was greatly unimaginable. For the vast majority of warriors, this was a dream that was simply out of their reach.

The thirty-six halls, to be exact, were not the core of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. It was Holy City instead.

Holy City was considered with paramount importance in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. It was also something that the latter used to its own advantage to compete with the other two sacred places in the Spirit Reading World.

In Holy City, talent bore more prominence than cultivation. As long as warriors possessed talent, promoting their cultivation to the Soul Sea Realm would be extremely simple for Holy City.

Generally speaking, the warriors that were chosen to enter Holy City were all below the Soul Sea Realm. Holy City would not accept warriors that were above the Soul Sea Realm unless they were especially outstanding.

There was only one reason for this, and that was the tribulations of those at the Life and Death Realm.

Once warriors broke through to the Life and Death Realm, they would be going through Small Heavenly Tribulations next.

Most normal warriors would only have five or six Small Heavenly Tribulations before they reached the Soul Sea Realm. Although they could enter the Soul Sea Realm ahead of time, that was not a good thing. The fewer Heavenly Tribulations Life and Death Realm warriors experienced, the less potential they would have in the future.

Almost all warriors who had ascended to the Upper World were consistently eager to leap forward to the Soul Sea Realm. It must be admitted that predominantly, such warriors held so much power, but sadly, they would not be able to make a difference in the future.

The warriors that could enter Holy City would often have to go through eight or even nine Small Heavenly Tribulations.

As a result, there was a saying in the Upper World.

And that was, if one could go through nine Small Heavenly Tribulations, there would be a good chance of becoming a world lord.

Zen had no slightest notion of these things. Previously, however, he had ingested the Tribulation Flower in the Divine Kingdom Continent. According to the cyan dragon, the flower only existed in the Lower World. After he unintentionally swallowed it, he would surely meet nine Small Heavenly Tribulations.

At this point, the armored men stood dumbfounded.

Previously, they thought that Zen had been selected by the two masters. And he had the qualifications to join the thirty-six halls. Unexpectedly, the two masters would take him directly to Holy City.

The armored men surnamed Chen and Huang instantaneously felt a lingering fear in their hearts as soon as the realization hit them.

Fortunately, the two of them had warned Riyad in time to not cause any trouble for Zen. If they hadn't stopped Riyad at that time, the two of them probably wouldn't have been able to survive if something bad had happened to Zen.

Trembling with fear, the two of them made up their minds that they couldn't let Riyad mess around. Although they had obtained quite a few benefits from him, they would be the ones to suffer if he provoked some extraordinary warriors who had ascended there.

Under the envious gaze of the armored men, Zen asked doubtfully, "Holy City? What place is it?"

The armored men were surprised at his question. However, after some thought, they realized that Zen was from the Lower World, so it was normal that he had no idea of Holy City.

Master He said, "It is the core of our Spiritual Force Sacred Place. If the Spiritual Force Sacred Place is considered a great sacred place, then Holy City is its sacred place."

This metaphor was very appropriate, and Zen understood immediately. He asked, "What if I refuse?"

Hearing that Zen wanted to refuse, the armored men were heartbroken. As long as they could join Holy City, they would give up everything except their own lives.

The two hall leaders did not reveal any expression of surprise. After all, they were people who had seen a lot of things. They were clear that there were a lot of grade 10 sacred places in the world, and some peerless talents might not want to join the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

Master He countered, "With your current strength, you don't have the qualifications to refuse. For your understanding, we are asked to take you to Holy City."

Since he had already said so, Zen had nothing else to say. They were all intelligent people, and with his current strength, there was no room for resistance.

Chapter 1322 The Vast Holy City

Zen was also curious as to why he was chosen when there were so many warriors.

He didn't know that he wasn't the only one with this doubt. The armored men, other warriors, and the two hall leaders were also quite curious.

It wouldn't be a big deal even if Zen was talented and able enough to adapt to the Vitality Pressure in a short period of time.

The supreme world was vast and there were many, many talented people in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. How could he, of all people, go to Holy City just with his talent? They wouldn't believe it, no matter what.

Since Zen no longer resisted them, the two hall leaders finally set their minds at ease. They didn't know that it was a matter of great importance to take Zen to Holy City. They only knew that someone who asked them to do that couldn't be taken lightly. So they acquiesced, not daring to offend Zen.

One usually had to find the armored men and go through some transfer formalities when leaving the mine. But the present situation, being an anomaly, excused the need for all formalities.

The armored man in the lead even stepped forward at the right time and said seriously, "Zen has left the mine on an exceptional basis. He shouldn't have paid the life vitality jades in the first place, so I will return them to him."

What kind of logic was this? The speaker was quite quick-witted. He wanted to curry favor with Zen in front of the two hall leaders.

The 100 life vitality jades was not a small amount for Zen at his current stage, which was why he gladly accepted them.

The life vitality jade was nothing to the two hall leaders. They knew that the armored man was trying to curry favor with Zen. With a faint smile, they took Zen away.

Once Zen left, the mine immediately went through a major reorganization. The warrior called Riyad was the first to bear the brunt of this crisis. He seemed to have fallen to great misfortune; all of the life vitality jades that he had accumulated over the years had been taken away and he had had to pay another 100 life vitality jades in order to leave the mine.

The other warriors were green with envy when they learned that Zen had been taken away just like that. But they couldn't do anything about it.

Along the way, Master He had been conversing with Zen in an extremely cordial tone.

The two hall leaders were curious about Zen and wanted to know who had ordered them to take Zen to Holy City. They wanted to find out who the big shot behind Zen was.

But Zen himself was at a loss. How could he answer the two hall leaders? He didn't know any big shot in this vast Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

Zen followed the two hall leaders into the space channel, traveling for what felt like ages. Zen couldn't gauge how far he had traveled. After flying for five days and five nights, they finally arrived at another enormous space channel, through which they flew for another three days before they emerged.

Once the light from the space tunnel had dissipated, Zen found that he was standing on a transmission platform that was tens of thousands of feet tall. As he lifted his head to scan the area, he saw a vast and boundless city in front of him. He could not see the margins of the city at a glance. Buildings as tall as mountains dotted the landscape around him.

Nobody knew what kind of material these buildings were made of, but their bodies were all flickering with a light blue luster. As a result, when he looked at them, he felt that the city was carved with crystals and found it extremely beautiful.

"Is this Holy City of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place?" Zen could not help but sigh.

As far as Zen's understanding of the universe went, the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was not a particularly powerful force.

He had previously learned that the human race controlled over ten thousand supreme worlds. The world he was presently in was only one of that vast number. Moreover, the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was not the strongest among the sacred places in the supreme world. It was only ranked third.

But to his surprise, Holy City of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was vast. He marveled to himself at the vastness of the supreme world and how it far exceeded his imagination.

The two hall leaders threw proud glances at each other at Zen's exclamation. Zen, a warrior from the Lower World, had never seen the real world. Master He said, "Just Holy City alone has a vast variety of living beings."

A vast variety of living beings? Zen couldn't believe his ears. "How big is Holy City?" he asked.

Master He chuckled and replied, "If we use a vivid analogy, it is around a tenth of a plane of the Lower World."

At this, Zen was stunned yet again.

It was amazing to him that a city alone could cover a tenth of the great world.

Zen then understood why it took ten days for them to reach Holy City through the transmission channel.

Cities like Oracle City and Cloudy City could already be considered large cities in the Central Region. The capitals of the Divine Kingdom Continent were as large as Oracle City.

Oracle City had a size that was at most a thousandth of the Central Region.

However, in the Lower World where Zen was from, seas covered seventy to eighty percent of the area. The Central Region occupied only about three percent of the great world's area.

The size of this city before him was three times that of the Central Region.

Most mortals who lived in such a large city would probably never be able to leave it.

Zen had guessed the truth.

Not everyone in the Upper World was a warrior. Most of them were ordinary human beings who were unable to cultivate, or who did not aspire to cultivate. They could not leave this city no matter how hard they tried. After all, the city was too huge, and even the warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had to fly for several days before they could leave the city.

"Alright, let's continue on our way," Master He said, satisfied at the shock on Zen's face.

Once Zen left the transmission platform, he found thin, straight lines in the air. These thin lines intertwined with each other, but their heights varied. Right at this moment, many warriors were flying along these thin lines at incredible speeds.

As he saw Zen looking at these lines, Master He said, "There are too many warriors in Holy City. If we fly too fast, we are bound to collide with each other, which is why we have used divine textures to set up tens of thousands of lines that lead to all the places in the city. The red lines are entrances, and blue lines are exits. These lines differ in height from each other to prevent us from colliding."

Zen now felt enlightened about the purpose of the thin lines.

Illuminating Soul Realm warriors could fly in the air and although there were a lot of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors in the Lower World, the sky wasn't too crowded.

There were a number of warriors at and above the Illuminating Soul Realm in Holy City. They had to have a plan in order to prevent accidents when they flew.

These thin lines were the same as roads in a city.

The two hall leaders brought Zen to one of the lines and continued onward.

Just like what Master He had said, all warriors on their line were flying in the same direction. Their speeds were different but they flew in an orderly manner.

If it weren't for these thin lines, the sky above Holy City would have been packed to the brim, and the warriors would have been unable to fly even if they wanted to.

Zen had just been on the thin line for a short while when a rowdy group of warriors charged forward.

They didn't have the slightest intention of abiding by the rules. They were all shouting and chasing each other at a speed that was way higher than it should have been.

They seemed to be in their early twenties but their cultivation bases were not low. Most of them had reached the Soul Sea Realm. Only a few were at the Life and Death Realm.

As they spotted the rowdy group, the warriors who were flying in the same direction as Zen ducked out of line.

Young as they were, they hailed from aristocratic families and were powerful enough that no one dared to offend them.

The two hall leaders frowned as they saw this.

They enjoyed a high status as hall leaders. But they didn't want to stir up trouble in Holy City. After all, this place had a countless number of people with many different abilities. The leaders of the thirty-six halls were powerful figures in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, but there were also many elders and other high-ranking people above them. So they had to avoid trouble whenever possible.

Noticing that the two hall leaders had retreated, Zen also stepped aside. He hadn't thought that two of the youths would change direction and actually rush towards him.

Chapter 1323 Make Your Choice Now

A lot of people were angered by the young group of martial artists that brazenly flew in the reverse direction of the line and broke the rules of flight above Holy City. However, they could do nothing to stop them.

Zen, still unfamiliar with the city and not wanting to stir up trouble, merely moved to the side to avoid them.

However, it seemed fate just had a way of stirring up trouble for him.

Although he had gone out of his way to avoid them, two young martial artists rushed straight at him. There was a trace of a crazed expression on their faces.

These two were obviously out for a fight. Unfortunately for them, Zen wasn't someone who was afraid to retaliate against bullies. He had never hesitated to kill those who offended him in the mine.

Seeing that these two weren't going to let him go easily, Zen quickly gathered the energy in his body.

The two hall leaders paled considerably in fright when they saw this scene. They had been tasked to deliver the young man safely to Holy City, so how could they ever explain themselves if anything happened to him?

However, there was no time for them to intervene. The two young martial artists were already hurtling towards Zen at high speed. The only thing they could do was to shout and get Zen to move away since just one hit from these Soul Sea Realm warriors would be enough to terribly injure him.

"Dodge! Hurry up!"

To their dismay, Zen simply stood in the air and stared at the two men that charged at him.

The two let out high pitched, mischievous laughter just as they reached Zen. Strangely enough, Zen's face also broke out into a smile.

The two young men relished in their mischief before noticing the strange smile on Zen's face. This halted their laughter since they were confused as to how a Life and Death Realm warrior still had it in him to smile moments before crashing into two Soul Sea Realm warriors.

The three inevitably collided with each other.

A muffled sound reverberated into the air as soon as they all crashed into each other.

Puff!

"Oh my gosh!"

The two masters had closed their eyes, not willing to face the possibility of their supposed ward being severely injured this early on. They didn't expect Zen to be so unlucky.

These group of troublemakers were from wealthy families in Holy City. Owing to their high status, they were mostly conditioned to look down upon others and mostly got away with their mischief because of their power. It was unfortunate that they targeted Zen to bully this time around.

However, the next few moments left everyone dumbstruck.

Everyone had probably expected him to be badly beaten after colliding with the two warriors but he simply retreated a few hundred feet and remained standing. He couldn't transfer the attacks and his opponents were Soul Sea Realm warriors, but he could still rely on his body to resist the attack. The impact had caused his blood vitality to frantically roll around but it was quickly digested by his powerful physique. Had he really wanted to frighten his opponents, then all he needed to do was to remain where he stood.

Zen was more or less okay. However, the same couldn't be said for the two warriors.

The moment they crashed into Zen, they felt as if they had been hurled onto a mountain.

Their Soul Sea Realm strength should've been enough to save them.

Just a few days ago, these young warriors got into a fight with someone and smashed over ten buildings, all of which were thousands of feet tall.

When they saw Zen, they thought they had found an easy target since he was only a Life and Death Realm warrior who was only around 20 years old. Such a cultivation level was quick to attain in the Upper World so they thought he was a simpleton who they could push around very easily.

Zen had avoided them when they came, so they also thought he would avoid them when they rushed towards him.

To their surprise, not only did Zen take them on, he also stood still to withstand their attack.

It was only after bumping into him that they realized why he had stood still.

The two grunted and felt something very wrong in their stomachs. During the collision, Zen's explosive power had caused their internal organs to move. Even their inner worlds churned and caused a monstrous wave of life vitality to stir up from within their bellies.

Puff! Puff!

A fountain of blood spurted from their mouths and both of them became limp and plummeted downwards, smashing onto the ice-cold ground.

The street market below had mortals scurrying about, going their way. One could imagine their shock when two Soul Sea Realm warriors suddenly fell from the sky!

The mortals who lived in Holy City knew how to defend themselves despite living in a completely different world from the martial artists. Despite the initial shock of the two warriors falling onto their market, the mortals quickly gathered themselves together and dispersed, just in case these powerful warriors suddenly rose up from the ground and attacked them.

Mortals were easy cannon fodder for these warriors who had the capabilities to kill indiscriminately.

"Well..." Both Master He and Master Shen were flabbergasted at the events that had just transpired. They were glad that Zen was okay but neither of them could still quite comprehend what just happened. It was surely not what they expected.

The other martial artists were also in a state of disbelief. Two others from their party flew downwards to retrieve their friends on their backs.

Zen turned to both Master He and Master Shen, seemingly unbothered from the whole ordeal. "Masters, shall we continue our journey?"

The two masters merely nodded their heads. They finally realized the reason why Zen had been chosen by the big shot.

Just as they were about to leave, the group of martial artists quickly protested.

To them, they had just suffered a great loss which never happened before. It was usually them that beat people up so their pride was greatly wounded. There was no way they were going to let Zen go. He would have to pay a price!

"Stop! Don't you dare run away after bumping into my friends!" one of the warriors yelled.

Zen turned to look at him. "They were the ones who bumped into me."

"Oh? They bumped into you? Why didn't you dodge then? Why did you just stand there?" another asked.

Zen sneered, "You good-for-nothings really have nothing else to do but bother other people, huh? You don't have any skills. You don't deserve to live! You are courting death and yet you want to blame me! You are scum!"

he spat, stunning these young martial artists.

They had thought Zen would take the typical route of defending himself. Maybe he would even let the two hall leaders beside him reason for him. They didn't expect him to be so scathing with his words!

Zen was someone who had already experienced many things in his life and he understood that there would always be people who were unreasonable. These young martial artists were troublemakers who never learned so he thought it best to teach them a lesson.

Very few people had ever dared to stand up to these rich, entitled young warriors because of their physical and social power. They also had a group of seniors in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place to back them up. There was no way these warriors could be touched.

But Zen was different. He went out of his way to scold and embarrass them in front of everyone.

His scolding enraged these warriors. Reputation was paramount for them, way above their lives in terms of importance. Zen had just called them scum and it wasn't something they were willing to accept. One warrior came forward. "Do you know who we are?"

Whoosh!

There was a flash of blue light as Zen activated his space ring. Suddenly, a sharp long sword was pointed at the speaker's throat. "I don't need to know who you are, nor do I care who your elders are. You are mere good-for-nothings who use your backgrounds to do what you want. Do you want to fight me together or one by one? Make your choice now!"

Zen truly had no regard for these young warriors.

His words shocked the two masters even further. They had never seen such an arrogant person, especially considering that Zen was a mere Life and Death Realm warrior against a whole group of Soul Sea Realm masters.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1324 Teaching Them A Lesson

Countless warriors were moving through the crisscrossing spiderweb-like lines in the sky.

These warriors were certainly not as timid as the ordinary mortals below. The dispute between Zen and the others aroused their interest. Thus, they all stopped to watch from the sidelines.

Upon hearing Zen call the Soul Sea Realm warriors as scum and dare them to challenge him together, all the onlookers were thrilled as they anticipated to see a good show. They were all wondering why the guy at the Life and Death Realm was so arrogant.

However, they knew that arrogance should come from power. He was undoubtedly courting his death if he didn't have the strength to save himself.

"Well, is it your strong body that you are bragging about, thus, you're this arrogant? Are you even sure that you want us to fight you together? You are thinking too highly of yourself! I can teach you a good lesson by myself, you brat!" A long-haired youth walked out from that group of warriors.

Zen smiled slightly as he raised the long sword in his hand. He was ready to accept the challenge.

However, the two hall leaders wouldn't let this ruckus happen since it was their duty to escort Zen to the Holy City. Therefore, it was also their task to stop this fight even if Zen was more than fit to fight.

Master He moved a step forward and said to the young warriors, "I'm sorry but we still have urgent matters to attend to. We can't accept your challenge now and I hope that you guys know when enough is enough."

However, the long-haired youth paid no heed to Master He's words and even scolded him. "Enough is enough? Who do you think you are? How dare you stop us?"

Immediately, Master He's face darkened in anger.

There were many experts in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Besides several heads of the sacred place, about a hundred elders, and other important members, the leaders of the thirty-six halls like him were still honored higher than anyone else.

In other words, Master He and Master Shen were ranked among the top 200 in this tenth-grade sacred place.

Moreover, Master He's cultivation base was only a little below to those world lords. Thus, he was extremely annoyed at being scolded by a merely 20-year-old junior.

Master He sneered coldly, "Young man, regardless of who your parents are, you must be careful not to make troubles outside!" Pondering about the arrogance that this group of warriors was displaying, Master He guessed that they must have a strong background. Therefore, he tried to restrain his anger. He would have crushed them into ashes with just a wave of his hand if they were other ordinary warriors.

"So what if I make some troubles here?" the long-haired youth snorted. He could obviously sense the powerful strength of the two hall leaders but he just didn't pay it any attention.

"If you don't know how to behave yourself then I might as well teach you a lesson in your parents' place!" Master He said angrily. This bunch of reckless boys was really getting on his nerves.

The long-haired teenager smiled and said, "My grandfather is Elder Hershel of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Do you want to teach me a lesson? Are you even qualified to do so?"

The two masters' faces hardened upon hearing Elder Hershel's name. They now understood why the boy dared to act as such.

Since those young warriors dared to be so arrogant in the Holy City, their background shouldn't be underestimated. Otherwise, they should have already been punished.

Upon noticing how the two masters' expressions changed because of those words, the group of young warriors became even more arrogant. The long-haired youth even dared to sneer and ask, "Sir, don't you think that you should ponder whether you have the right to teach me a lesson before saying that?"

Master He looked very embarrassed as he was questioned by the youth.

Elder Hershel was an extremely powerful elder in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. He had a short temper and was very unprincipled when it came to protecting his descendants. Many hall leaders had learned that to their cost. Thus, both Master Shen and Master He didn't want to provoke that old guy.

The group of young warriors noticed that the two hall leaders had lost their auras of authority and began to scold them aggressively.

"Do you have the qualification? Tell me!"

"Say it out loud!"

"Who do you think you are? Yes, your cultivation base is higher than ours, but it doesn't mean that you are superior to us!"

The long-haired youth also took a step forward and asked, "Tell me now. How do you want to teach me a lesson?"

"I... You..." Master He stammered. He was surely more powerful than this youth if they were to talk about cultivation. However, he was still forced to step back due to his background.

"Tell me! Aren't you a hall leader or a vice hall leader? Well, it's true that you are the head of your land but then, remember that you are nothing here in the Holy City!" said the long-haired youth as he continued to draw near.

Just as Master He took another step back, a figure suddenly flashed past him.

It was Zen, who traveled through space and dashed forward. At the same time, the chaotic energy within his body produced an extremely strong power of the Wind Law. As he applied the Cloud-chasing Skill, he swiftly approached the long-haired youth and slapped his face.

Surely, his slap wasn't that easy to bear.

Even if it landed on a ferocious beast with a tough body, the beast would probably not be able to withstand the power of the slap.

The long-haired youth ended up spinning like a top because of Zen's powerful strength.

After he finally managed to dispel the force of Zen's slap and stood on his feet, one side of his face was already red and swollen. The finger marks on his face also swelled up as if they were embedded in his skin.

Zen brandished his sword and sneered coldly, "I said that you're scum and that was true. You see, you are nothing without using your grandfather's name!"

"You brat!" The long-haired youth was immediately enraged. His humiliation completely numbed the pain on his face. "I will kill you!" he spat.

"Kill this brat!"

"Kill him! I will drop his body in the dirtiest place in the Holy City!"

Those young warriors all rushed towards Zen together.

On the other hand, Zen also prepared to accept the challenge. Although he acted extremely arrogant, he decided not to kill anyone in this battle.

Nonetheless, the two hall leaders with profound cultivations would not let the battle happen.

Master Shen extended a finger and pointed at them as he said, "Freeze!"

Whoosh!

A stream of power that contained the Time Law spread out, enveloping those young warriors.

He nodded towards Master He and grabbed Zen's arm. After that, Master He performed his Grand Teleportation technique as he grabbed Zen and Master Shen before they three disappeared into a white spiral of light and left that place.

The Grand Teleportation technique could only be used after grasping high layers of Space Law. It was actually something similar to Zen's traveling skill through space. The only difference was that Zen's skill could only move him a few dozen feet away. Even after two years of cultivation and comprehending more of the Space Law, Zen could only move a distance of three to four hundred feet at most.

The Grand Teleportation technique, however, could easily cross several hundred miles. It was a life-saving measure for warriors who comprehended the Space Law. And when it was cultivated to an extremely high level, the Grand Teleportation technique could cross an unimaginable distance, allowing the user to teleport between different supreme worlds.

After they three disappeared, the effect of the Time Law slowly vanished and those young warriors regained their moving abilities. There was a grim expression on each of their faces as none of them could accept their great loss!

"As long as you are still in the Holy City, you will never be able to escape from me!" The long-haired youth grinned fiendishly as he stuffed a pill into his mouth. It was an expensive eighth-grade pill.

Regular warriors wouldn't want to use such an expensive pill unless they were already at the verge of death. Although Zen's slap made him look utterly embarrassing, it was still far less than necessary for him to take that pill. However, the finger marks on his face were a great shame to him. Thus, he wanted them to disappear as soon as possible and consumed the precious pill.

The effect of the medicinal pill was astonishing. The finger prints left by Zen's palm began to visibly fade away not even a minute after he swallowed it.

However, even though the palm print on his face had disappeared, his heart was far from being at peace!

Whoosh!

After using the Grand Teleportation technique, Zen and the two hall leaders reappeared in another corner of the Holy City.

Master He sighed and said, "Forget it. Let's continue on our way now."

When Zen saw the worry on Master He's face, he said, "Master He, why do you fear those brats? They should've been taught a good lesson!"

Master He didn't say anything to answer him. Instead, Master Shen interrupted, "Zen, you don't know this. Although we thirty-six halls are impressive in others' eyes, we're nothing compared with the Holy City. Those young warriors have a strong background and I'm afraid that they might not let you go easily."

Chapter 1325 Myriad Spiritual Force House

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place was a tenth grade sacred place and one of the three hegemons of a supreme world.

And the core of the sacred place was within this Holy City.

An elder was someone who enjoyed the elevated status of being a grand official. How could they dare provoke the elders?

Zen had experienced things like this before, so he had gotten used to it. But he still smiled and said, "Thank you for your concern but I will be fine."

"I hope so," Master Shen said, nodding.

The three of them continued on their way.

A few hours later, a large building, roughly the size of Oracle City, loomed before Zen.

Zen was even more stunned to see that this building was neither built on the ground nor did it float in the air like the Cloud Hall. Instead, it emerged from the back of a giant tortoise!

"This gigantic tortoise..." The giant tortoise beneath the building was obviously alive, but was prostrated on the ground, motionless. The aura that it was emitting, however, evoked a feeling within Zen that could only be termed 'ethereal'.

"This isn't a tortoise. It's actually a huge snake but with a shell," Master Shen said.

"A huge snake with a shell? And it allows humans to build the building on its back?" Zen asked as he watched on, his eyes wide open.

Master Shen chuckled and replied, "Of course, it is the contractual beast of the leader of our sacred place, and it also guards the entire Holy City to ensure its safety!"

"It doesn't move under the weight of such a big building?" Zen asked again. He was very, very curious.

"It hasn't moved for three thousand years. I remember that three thousand years ago, it was in a different spot over there, and then later it has moved its position once…" Master Shen said.

There were so many interesting things in the Upper World, and it became difficult to count after a while. Just one Spiritual Force Sacred Place had made Zen feel the novelty radiating off of it. So one could only imagine how many miracles existed in the other supreme worlds.

Zen observed it for a few more minutes before following Master Shen and Master He towards the giant building.

As they approached the strange snake, a group of armored warriors emerged from the building.

These warriors were dressed in brown armor of dragon scales and all of them were at the Spirit Supreme Realm. They blocked the path of Zen and the two masters.

"Who are you? Why have you come to the Spiritual Force Hall?" the warrior in the lead asked coldly.

Master Shen merely smiled and showed him the token he was holding.

The warrior looked around, surprised, before saying, "Master Shen! May I know what the purpose of your visit is?"

"We are here at the request of the Saint Lord. Please help us pass on the message," Master Shen said.

The Saint Lord? So it was the leader of the sacred place who had summoned him?

The controller of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place? Zen looked even more puzzled.

He didn't even know who the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was, and why the Saint Lord had summoned him.

He couldn't come up with any reasonable answer as he stood there in deep contemplation. But the answer would be revealed soon.

After the armored warriors had reported to the Saint Lord about their arrival, the two hall leaders and Zen went into the grand Spiritual Force Hall. There were six enchanted barriers guarding the hall. Zen took a quick look around and found that all these enchanted barriers were set up with at least seven or eight layers of divine textures. This place was really heavily guarded.

Once they had passed through these enchanted barriers, they entered the center of the Spiritual Force Hall. In the middle of the hall was a big room, a middle-aged man with a purple-gold crown sitting alone at a table in there. There were all sorts of amazing-smelling but strange fruits on the table. The middle-aged man was eating them one by one.

Master Shen and Master He stepped forward and saluted the man and said in unison, "Greetings, Master!"

The middle-aged man nodded and waved his hand nonchalantly. His gaze landed on Zen.

As his gaze locked onto him, Zen felt exposed, as if he had been seen through completely. Was this middle-aged man the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place?

If he was, then his cultivation level would be on par with that of a world lord!

Zen wondered about this person's level of cultivation but at the same time, he found it off-putting that the middle-aged man was looking at him like that. It made him uncomfortable. He hated the feeling of being seen through with a single glance.

The middle-aged man felt Zen's emotions and nodded, uttering, "Okay." After a brief pause, he said calmly, "He's a good seedling, but his level isn't enough… I wonder why that is!"

His words were a bit baffling. Zen didn't understand him, but even Master Shen and Master He had no idea what he was talking about.

"It's so strange... So strange..." The middle-aged man was finding it difficult to figure it out, but he continued to size up Zen. "There must be a lot of warriors of this level in our Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Why would it turn out like this?"

His mumbling puzzled Zen even more and he couldn't hold it in any longer. Ignoring all rules of etiquette, he asked rather directly, "May I know why you have summoned me?"

Master Shen and Master He tensed up at the way Zen was speaking so insolently to the Saint Lord. They knew that the Saint Lord had always been extremely serious.

But the middle-aged man only smiled and said, "Nothing important. I just thought it inappropriate to leave you in the mineral vein to do the mining."

Zen looked at him suspiciously before asking, "If that's the case, can I leave the Spiritual Force Sacred Place?"

The middle-aged man smiled, amused. "Of course not. You can't leave the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. You can't even leave the Holy City," he said.

"What do you mean?" Zen frowned and asked, "Are you trying to imprison me?"

Master Shen thought Zen was talking nonsense. As someone who had ascended to the Upper World, what made him worthy of being imprisoned by the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place? What a joke! So Master Shen said, "Zen, since our Saint Lord is making you stay in the Holy City, he will not treat you unfairly. You don't need to ask anything else."

The middle-aged man waved his hand and said, "It doesn't matter. It's not that I want to keep you in the Holy City, but someone wants to come here. But it will still take a few days. You can just wait here for a while."

"Someone? Who is that?" Zen asked as he stared at the middle-aged man. This mystery was getting more complicated by the minute and his curiosity was shooting through the roof.

"You will know when the time comes," the middle-aged man said, unwilling to divulge anything else. But he thought for a moment before he said, "Jevan Shen, take him to get a token he can use as a pass to enter and exit the Myriad Spiritual Force House. While you wait for the person to come, you are free to use any of the practice places of our Spiritual Force Sacred Place."

"Okay, Master!" Master Shen hurriedly nodded.

"Alright, if you need anything, you can come find me," the middle-aged man said as he looked at Zen, his face a mask.

Master Shen and Master He led Zen away.

Although Zen hadn't conversed much with this middle-aged man, it had made Master Shen and Master He even more apprehensive.

Their Saint Lord was at the level of a world lord and was one of the top masters in the entire Spirit Reading World. Even though he hadn't gotten the title of a world lord, his strength wasn't inferior to one.

But today, the Saint Lord had been so amiable, asking Master Shen to get Zen a token and even telling Zen to come to him directly if he needed any help.

Just who was backing Zen?!

Master Shen and Master He had guessed that Zen might be related to an elder, but now, it looked like the 'important figure' behind him was even more powerful than the Saint Lord. The Saint Lord wouldn't have treated Zen so well otherwise.

Everyone knew that the Myriad Spiritual Force House was the core of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

Only the most outstanding disciples of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place were qualified to practice in the Myriad Spiritual Force House.

Master Shen and Master He were both from the Myriad Spiritual Force House. Even if they weren't the most outstanding warriors, they were still qualified to be leaders of some halls.

This kind of place would only allow the most talented core disciples to enter. But Zen could not be considered a member of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Normally, an outsider wouldn't be allowed to enter the Myriad Spiritual Force House. However, the Saint Lord himself had invited him to practice there, nobody would have any issues with this.

Zen, who was at the Life and Death Realm, was becoming more and more mysterious in the eyes of the two hall leaders.

Chapter 1326 Fenton Sima

Zen didn't plan to stay for long in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, and he was not particularly interested in the Myriad Spiritual Force House.

But since the others had intended well, he naturally wouldn't refuse.

Once Zen had left, the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place clapped his hands. Two old men walked over from the side of the hall.

"Saint Lord, what can I do for you?" one of them asked.

The Saint Lord said, "Inform Fenton and have him challenge this young man to test out his strength."

A strange expression appeared on the faces of the two old men, and one of them asked curiously, "Saint Lord, you want Fenton Sima to challenge Zen Luo?"

"I'm afraid Zen Luo is not qualified to fight Fenton," the other said disdainfully.

The Saint Lord, however, nodded and said, "Fenton has already passed through the nine small Heavenly Tribulations. But it's hard to say if he will go through the tenth one. Zen, however, has only passed through five small Heavenly Tribulations. He is inferior to Fenton when it comes to cultivation level. But there must have been a reason that the alliance has chosen Zen. If Fenton can defeat him, I can send him into the alliance."

The two old men looked on in disbelief at the Saint Lord's words. "Saint Lord, are you saying that the alliance has chosen this guy?"

The Saint Lord nodded, perplexed. "Zen is special, sure, but the alliance's attention on him just because of that is unusual. I don't understand this either. But the alliance will send people to pick him up, and before that happens, I want Fenton to challenge him so that I can introduce him to the alliance. If Fenton joins the alliance, there will be great benefits for him."

The two old men nodded appreciatively. "You are so wise, Saint Lord!" they said in unison.

Fenton Sima was the most outstanding talent of the younger generation in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. He was the hope that sustained the whole sacred place.

He hadn't reached the Soul Sea Realm yet, but had already passed the ninth small Heavenly Tribulation.

Most Life and Death Realm warriors in the universe would make a breakthrough and reach the Soul Sea Realm during the fifth or sixth small Heavenly Tribulation. Some outstanding warriors even had to experience seven small Heavenly Tribulations, while other talented warriors went through eight ones. The number of warriors going through nine small Heavenly Tribulations was quite small.

The more small Heavenly Tribulations one overcame, the greater their potential would be in the future.

Fenton Sima had already passed through nine small Heavenly Tribulations, but he still hadn't reached the Soul Sea Realm. It was quite possible that he would attract the legendary tenth small Heavenly Tribulation.

What was more, the Lotus Flower had already bloomed when Fenton Sima had experienced his first small Heavenly Tribulation. It had sprouted seven petals during his ninth small Heavenly Tribulation.

This was also why the Saint Lord placed such importance on him.

The alliance controlled 3000 supreme worlds. Fenton Sima was the core of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, but with so many supreme worlds competing against each other, it would be difficult for the Saint Lord to send him into the alliance.

Zen, in comparison, was a mere warrior who had ascended from the Lower World. But the alliance had selected him not long after he had ascended, causing the Saint Lord to look at Zen dubiously.

The Saint Lord was stoic before Zen, but he had already made his plan, which was why he was willing to make an exception and allow Zen to enter the Myriad Spiritual Force House.

The Myriad Spiritual Force House was the place that all warriors in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place yearned for.

But it was impossible for ordinary warriors to join the Myriad Spiritual Force House. There were probably more than one billion warriors in the entire Spiritual Force Sacred Place. However, only 9, 000 of them were able to enter the Myriad Spiritual Force House. The rule was that for a warrior to enter the Myriad Spiritual Force House, another warrior had to be expelled.

Even the sixth-grade and seventh-grade clans tried all means to send their clansmen to join the Myriad Spiritual Force House. After all, entering the Myriad Spiritual Force House meant that their future would be limitless.

But an exception had been made by the Myriad Spiritual Force House today. Now that they had accepted Zen, there was one person more in the Myriad Spiritual Force House than the prescribed 9, 000 members. There were 9, 001 of them in there.

And the extra guy was a warrior from the Lower World!

This news spread at a lightning speed throughout the Holy City, making a lot of warriors green with envy.

Once a seventh-grade clan, which was the richest clan in the sacred place and controlled over 2, 000 of the 4, 800 mines of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, had spent millions of life vitality jades to send a talent from their clan to the Myriad Spiritual Force House.

One could only imagine what the warriors had felt when the Saint Lord had made an exception for a warrior from the Lower World.

Despite everyone being unhappy about this, they didn't dare speak up once they had heard that it was the Saint Lord's personal command.

There were various kinds of cultivation methods in the Myriad Spiritual Force House. There was also the Spiritual Energy Gathering Array set up by the Saint Lord himself. The degree of purity of the life vitality provided by the array was nothing short of amazing.

In addition to all these, there were countless benefits. Some warriors were stubborn enough to think that training in the Myriad Spiritual Force House would allow them to cultivate in a highly efficient way.

This was indeed a legendary sacred place for cultivation.

So Zen was destined to attract envy the moment he stepped into the Myriad Spiritual Force House.

Many clans were secretly paying attention to him, wondering if they should try drawing him to their sides. After all, the other 9, 000 talents in the Myriad Spiritual Force House all had their own origins. They were either from large clans or direct descendants of the elders of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Zen, on the other hand, was someone who had emerged out of nowhere.

However, when Zen stepped into the Myriad Spiritual Force House, he did something that was quite unbelievable.

The Myriad Spiritual Force House was grand. As a sacred place for cultivation in the Upper World, it was much better than the Central Region and the Divine Kingdom Continent. The vitality between heaven and earth that spread throughout the sacred place was much richer and purer, but it wouldn't be of much benefit to Zen.

Zen had embarked on a very different path of body refinement from the very beginning, using his own body as a weapon to cultivate.

After he cultivated the Primal Chaos Technique he had gotten from the fairy palace, the life vitality in his belly was completely replaced with the chaotic energy.

Ordinary training methods were almost completely useless to him.

He couldn't reject the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, and since the Saint Lord had asked him to wait in the Myriad Spiritual Force

House, all he could do was obey.

So once he had entered the Myriad Spiritual Force House, Zen found a corner and sat down cross-legged. He then closed his eyes and began to meditate.

Master He and Master Shen, who had led Zen into the Myriad Spiritual Force House, were flabbergasted at his behavior. Both had boasted about the various benefits of the Myriad Spiritual Force House. But it looked like he was not interested in any of this. What a weirdo!

"Zen, the cultivation places of the Myriad Spiritual Force House are extremely useful for Life and Death realm warriors," Master He couldn't help but remind him.

But Zen merely smiled and said, "Master He, I appreciate your intentions. However, I have my own plans for the path of cultivation."

The two masters knew they could not persuade Zen. Now that they had brought him to the Myriad Spiritual Force House, their mission was complete. They had nothing to do with everything else that was going on. So they bade their farewells and left.

Zen sat in the corner and cultivated by himself, while the others glared at him, as if he was an eyesore.

"This guy is probably just pretending! Do you think he is willing to leave empty-handed after entering a mountain of treasures? I don't believe it. He'll be anxiously requesting for the right to use the cultivation places in less than a day!"

"That's right. Our Saint Lord is willing to make an exception for such a mere warrior from the Lower World. This is a huge favor, but he dares to put on airs!"

"I really want to teach this guy a lesson!"

What Zen didn't know was that he had infuriated a lot of people by just sitting there.

No one bothered with his training. There weren't many warriors in the Myriad Spiritual Force House. Most of them only glanced at him before leaving in a hurry.

Three days passed.

Those who had thought that Zen was putting on airs understood that he didn't really need to train in the Myriad Spiritual Force House.

Chapter 1327 Mervin Tie

The warriors saw that Zen had no intention of entering the Myriad Spiritual Force House to cultivate, and immediately changed their opinion.

"Who does he think he is?"

"Such arrogance. Is he so great to think of himself above the Myriad Spiritual Force House?"

"How dare a warrior from the Lower World disdain cultivating in here! Bastard!"

The air shifted throughout the entire Myriad Spiritual Force House with the warriors spitting out indignant sneers about Zen. Soon enough, the rumors of an arrogant Lower World warrior even reached the Holy City.

It was unheard of that a mere warrior from the Lower World had dared look down on the sacred place that many of them could only yearn for.

Zen had become the target of everyone's ire. At first, they saw it as nothing more than a joke, but now they seriously took offense in his actions.

The sixth day arrived with a group of warriors appearing in the Myriad Spiritual Force House.

Zen had recognized them instantly. He had seen them before—they were the young warriors who clashed with him when he had just entered the Holy City.

Two of their strongest warriors had been beaten half to death after the fight. It had taken a few days for them to even barely recover.

Most of these warriors were direct descendants of the elders of the sacred place. Their talent was undoubtedly of a high-level, but so was their arrogance. News had reached them about the warrior who had appeared and looked down upon the Myriad Spiritual Force House. There was no way that they would tolerate such humiliation.

When the two warriors had regained their health, the group finally returned to the Myriad Spiritual Force House, where they belonged.

Their anger fuelled by the rumors, they came and discovered a man sitting in one corner with his eyes closed in meditation. However, when they recognized who he was, their eyes widened in disbelief.

"How could it be him?"

"Humph! We've been looking for this bastard everywhere. I never thought that he would enter the Myriad Spiritual Force House."

"What do we do now? Should we teach him a lesson?"

That day after their clash, the group had immediately investigated Zen's identity. The Holy City was such a broad territory, and finding even one person would prove to be a difficult task.

They never had thought that they would see him in the Myriad Spiritual Force House, of all places, and on top of that, he was the same bastard in the rumors.

"To think he's a nobody. A scum from the Lower World. Isn't this just hilarious?"

"It's best not to be careless. This bastard's strength is a bit strange. It would be better to find someone to deal with him."

"I'll go find someone! I think Mervin Tie would be pretty good. Ha-ha!"

These warriors were conceited in nature. Had there been no previous conflicts, they still would have found a way to make trouble. To them, the previous clash was favorable. It gave them the perfect excuse to deal with Zen, for old and new wrongs.

However, Zen had displayed great power, and they had first-hand experience with it. The two warriors' injuries were still fresh in their memory. They had to hold back. After some consideration, the group decided that it was best to send someone after him, rather than deal with him on their own.

Mervin Tie was ranked among top 100 of the 9, 000 warriors in the Myriad Spiritual Force House. Without a doubt, his strength was formidable.

Having him come and deal with Zen would be another matter. It would cost a fortune for him to do their bidding, but money was the last concern that the group had. One way or another, they had to save face. That was of the utmost priority.

Thus, they temporarily withdrew today.

Unbeknownst to them, Zen heard every word clearly.

The corners of his mouth curled up in an arc as Zen kept his eyes closed. He had long understood that avoiding trouble with the group was impossible. If they wanted trouble, then he would give them exactly that.

It was a day later that the warriors returned. This time, however, a noticeable addition to their little group stood out. They walked inside the House, a dark-skinned warrior following them.

He looked to be around 20 years old. His eyebrows were knit together, and his eyes were ruthless with dagger-like sharpness. Three deep scars ran across one side of his face, giving him a menacing air.

The group stopped inside the House, and only the dark-skinned man walked directly towards Zen.

"A few days ago, I heard about a Lower World warrior joining the Myriad Spiritual Force House," he said, not bothering with introductions. "I heard that he had been looking down on the House and hidden here to cultivate by himself. Is that you?" He spoke coldly, his eyes fixed on Zen.

At this, Zen opened his eyes. His expression had remained calm. "I have never looked down on the House. I am only staying here to wait for someone. Therefore, there is no need for me to cultivate in the House," he answered, returning the man's stare with his steady eyes.

"Waiting for someone?" the dark-skinned man repeated, as if Zen's answer did not satisfy him. He regarded him for a moment and said, "Alright. If you say so." He paused, a cold smile appearing on his face. "Then why don't the two of us spar?" he asked. It was not a direct challenge. The dark-skinned man wanted to make sure that Zen would not be able to refuse. After all, he could not force anyone into fighting against him in the Myriad Spiritual Force House. If Zen refused, that would be the end of it and there was nothing else he could do.

Zen swept his eyes over him and repeated, "Spar with you?"

"Yes!" The warrior smiled and nodded enthusiastically.

Zen shook his head.

At this, the warrior's face sank. "What? Are you too afraid?"

The young warriors listened to the exchange from where they were, wearing dissatisfied expressions. They had spent a lot of money making Mervin Tie agree to what they wanted. Even if Zen refused, they wouldn't be able to take the money back.

Zen smiled as he lifted his head. "It's not that I don't dare to." He stared at the young man before continuing, "It's because you are not qualified."

As the words left his mouth, an angry flush crept onto Mervin Tie's face. At once, he turned completely red, like a piece of burning iron.

He himself was one of the top 100 talents in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. During his tribulation, his Lotus Flower had sprouted three petals.

Even beyond all this, he had already entered the Soul Sea Realm. Although he was only at the first stage, his strength was not to be underestimated. Other ordinary warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were no match for him.

And yet here was a Life and Death Realm warrior telling him that he wasn't qualified to spar with him. He boiled over in fury, and his fists clenched in an effort to contain his anger.

Mervin Tie was quite strong, and he was a man of action. He did not say anything back to Zen, but held his breath and locked his burning eyes at him as if he wanted to swallow him whole.

The young warriors behind Mervin Tie could no longer hold back their anger and began cursing.

"How dare you! You are nothing but a Life and Death Realm warrior. You are not qualified to even talk back."

"You think this is the Lower World? The talents in our Spiritual Force Sacred Place are masters that your puny brain cannot even imagine!"

"If you are too scared and does not want to accept, then you can just say so. How can you reject it with such outrageous reason? I've never known Lower World warriors are such cowards."

The atmosphere grew heavy as the other talents of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place grew outraged at the scene. Zen was looking down on Mervin Tie, a warrior who was ranked among the top 100. This meant that he was looking down on them as well.

Mervin Tie finally made his move. He took a few deep breaths, seemingly to calm himself, and then said to Zen, "It doesn't matter whether you think I am qualified or not. You must accept my challenge. Otherwise, don't blame me for what happens here."

The Myriad Spiritual Force House was not a place where they could freely attack. However, at this moment, all of the warriors' anger prevailed. Even if Mervin Tie broke the rules, no one would stop him for doing so. All they wanted was to see Zen get beaten up.

Mervin Tie knew this as well, and he was prepared to take advantage of his favored position.

Zen remained calm despite all the animosity directed at him. "You are not qualified, and I mean it. If you attack me, it'll bring nothing but humiliation to yourself. Are you sure you are prepared for that?" he said seriously.

Mervin Tie's ears almost rang in his anger. His closed fists shook at Zen's words. He no longer had any desire to talk. He circulated his life vitality. If Zen wouldn't accept his challenge, then he would just have to force him into action.

At this moment, a white-clothed warrior appeared. "Mervin, what he says is true. Your strength is still inadequate to face him," he said indifferently.

"Fenton!"

"Fenton Sima actually came!"

"Is he here for Zen Luo too?"

Fenton was the number one talent in the Myriad Spiritual Force House. Even the second-ranked warrior was very far inferior to him in terms of strength and skills.

Chapter 1328 Thirteen Palaces Of The Heavenly Alliance

If one took all the talents of Myriad Spiritual Force House and divided them into several tiers, Fenton would stand at the very top! All the rest, from the second place to the hundredth place, would belong to the second tier.

And to think Fenton hadn't even reached the Soul Sea Realm yet! That wasn't all, Fenton had also already gone through nine small Heavenly Tribulations!

Zen remembered the time when he swallowed the Tribulation Flower. According to the cyan dragon, this flower only appeared in the Lower World and was a rare treasure. Thus it was a benefit that only the martial artists in the Lower World could enjoy.

The Tribulation Flower forced a martial artist to undergo nine life and death tribulations.

It might sound horrible but these tribulations served to strengthen a warrior. Once someone entered the Life and Death Realm, the amount of small Heavenly Tribulation he went through would solidify his foundation and make him a more powerful Soul Sea Realm master.

For Fenton, to experience nine small Heavenly Tribulations without the aid of any special flower was already rare. However, the Spiritual Force Sacred Place hoped for more. They prayed that the young man would experience the legendary tenth small Heavenly Tribulation!

If a warrior experienced ten small Heavenly Tribulations in the Life and Death Realm and managed to withstand all of them then it was very likely for this person to become a Supreme Lord in the future!

A Supreme Lord nurtured by them would be a great glory for the Spiritual Force Sacred Place! They all pinned their hopes onto Fenton.

Their ranking in the Spirit Reading World was not an ideal situation. They were often subject to the suppression of the top two sacred places.

However, this dynamic might change if Fenton became a Supreme Lord.

There was no denying that Fenton was a treasured disciple. When he came up to speak, Mervin immediately fell silent.

As Fenton was considered the strongest and the one with the most potential in the Myriad Spiritual Force House, his words were taken with the highest regard, even more than their supervisors' words.

If Fenton said that Mervin was not qualified, then he was not qualified! No questions asked!

Everyone was silent since nobody had any initiative to argue. However, a trace of confusion still appeared in their eyes.

Why did Fenton say that Mervin was not qualified?

This newly ascended warrior named Zen was only a Life and Death Realm martial artist. It was glaringly obvious that he was not Fenton's match.

A talent that had already gone through nine small Heavenly Tribulations was a legendary force to be reckoned with. He was waiting for the tenth one to come. That was why he hadn't reached the Soul Sea Realm. However, he could enter the Soul Sea Realm any time if he wanted.

There was no way Zen could ever hope to compare to Fenton.

To think of such a thing was laughable. How could a fifth-level Life and Death Realm warrior ever face off against the great Fenton? There were over one hundred thousand people out there in the Holy City at that level.

They might not openly go against Fenton's words, but a lot of them wanted to refute what he said. There was just no way they could believe it! Fenton was a super talent that was trained with all the resources of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. In this place, Fenton's word was law and none of them could do anything about it.

Fenton calmly sized Zen up as he approached, "I want to challenge you."

This shocked everyone present! After agreeing with Zen about Mervin not being qualified to challenge him, Fenton actually went and challenged Zen instead.

What was happening?

To them, Zen didn't even deserve to breathe in Fenton's direction, much less fight him.

Any of the top one hundred warriors in the Myriad Spiritual Force House would be enough to deal with Zen. The second-ranked Macsen Kan could've also sufficed if Zen proved himself capable. But Fenton? It was a humiliation to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place to think that Fenton had to come personally to deal with someone like Zen.

What was the merit in defeating such a low-levelled warrior? What did Fenton seek to gain in his challenge?

Zen was not aware of everyone's thoughts. He simply stared at Fenton with grave seriousness. Although this guy in front of him was only at the Life and Death Realm, he knew this person wasn't going to be a simple opponent.

"I am not here to spar with anyone. I'm just waiting for someone," Zen said.

"Ha! You don't have the guts, right?"

"Why didn't you say that Fenton doesn't have the qualifications to fight you this time?"

"There will always be a price to pay for your arrogance! Since you don't want to accept his challenge, kneel down and kowtow thirty-thousand times! No, three hundred thousand times!"

Zen's refusal of Fenton's challenge convinced them that the warrior was indeed weak and was afraid of losing against such a great warrior. All confusion over Fenton's acknowledgement of Zen was thrown out of the window and replaced with some kind of sick gratification that they were right in assuming Zen's weakness.

Fenton, however, wasn't giving up that easily. "You cannot refuse."

"Why?" Zen asked curiously. He didn't take this guy as an unreasonable person.

"Because this is the order of the Saint Lord. He wants me to challenge you," he replied.

There was no need to hide it. He had to tell Zen the truth that this was the Saint Lord's order.

"The Saint Lord wants Fenton to challenge Zen? What's going on!?"

"Why?"

"Who is this Zen that made the Saint Lord give out such a ridiculous order…."

Everyone was suddenly abuzz with discussion.

Even Zen was a bit confused. Was this the Saint Lord's plan all along? To make him stay in the Myriad Spiritual Force House temporarily so that Fenton could issue him a challenge? Why?

Fenton noticed the conflicted look on Zen's face. "The Saint Lord is doing this for me. He wants to recommend me to the alliance but you have already been chosen by them. If I defeat you, then I can prove my strength to the alliance and make them choose me. This is the reason why the Saint Lord issued such an order."

"The alliance…" Zen mumbled, realizing a few things. There was clearly someone in the alliance who wanted him. The Saint Lord took this as an opportunity to further his own plans. Zen quickly understood the logic behind all this.

That didn't mean he had any idea what this alliance was about.

However, the talents of the Myriad Spiritual Force House were very familiar with it and were greatly shocked.

Mervin, along with those who clashed with Zen earlier, finally understood why Zen hadn't been impressed by the Myriad Spiritual

Force House.

This guy had already been selected by the alliance!

"This, this... Why! Why was someone like him chosen by the alliance?!"

"How could he be so lucky? He is just an ascended warrior. How is he qualified to join the alliance?"

"A talent like Fenton doesn't have the qualifications to join the alliance but this kid was chosen by them! No wonder the Saint Lord issued out such an order! This is truly outrageous!"

The outburst from everyone present quickly signified that none of them agreed with this.

Zen, in the midst of it all, still had no idea what this alliance was.

In truth, this alliance was a general term and it wasn't anything to be trifled with.

It was a large human power established by the Supreme Lord of Oracle - the Heavenly Alliance!

It consisted of three thousand supreme worlds and was considered to be one of the top forces in the entire universe.

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place was a member of this Heavenly Alliance and the Spirit Reading World was only one of the three thousand supreme worlds it covered.

Warriors of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place also automatically belonged to the alliance.

However, all the supreme worlds, including the Spirit Reading World, could only be considered as the outer supreme worlds of minor importance on the periphery of Heavenly Alliance.

When Fenton said he wanted to join the alliance, that meant that he actually wanted to join one of the thirteen palaces that formed its core.

Each of the thirteen palaces occupied a supreme world and was led by a world lord who enjoyed a higher standing than the regular world lords of other supreme worlds.

These thirteen palaces formed the core of the alliance, after all, and were greatly revered by all.

To join the thirteen palaces meant access to the best martial arts sacred place in the world, which also meant getting in was extremely hard since admission was extremely selective.

Only renowned talents with monstrous strength deserved a spot. They were either descendants of Supreme Lords and world lords, or had special physiques that were extremely rare and were thus valued highly.

How could someone like Zen be selected by the thirteen palaces? What exactly was going on?

The warriors present instantly felt envious of Zen. It also only took a moment for their jealousy to turn into rage. They didn't like him then and they surely hated him now.

What one did not have, they yearned for. And when they saw someone having this thing they wanted so much, it was in their selfish nature to start hating this privileged person.

How could a nobody from the Lower World be selected to join the prestigious thirteen palaces of the Heavenly Alliance?

Fenton, however, was a righteous warrior and he did not carry these thoughts in his heart. He was neither jealous of Zen nor did he hate him. "I understand why the Saint Lord did this. Gold shines no matter where it is. It's a good thing to enter the thirteen palaces but it is not the only path one can take to succeed," he said calmly.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1329 The Projected Reflection

Hearing Fenton's words, Zen clapped his hands out of the blue.

Not many people had such a state of mind—Fenton's attitude earned Zen's admiration.

It was the attitude of a true master.

Although Zen did not know what the alliance was all about, judging from the crowd's expressions, he figured it was a great place in the Upper World.

But for a warrior living in this world, believing in oneself was crucial.

Gold will shine no matter where it is. While it would be good if there was a shortcut to take, it would be putting the cart before the horse if one completely relied on everyone or everything else instead of oneself.

"That's right. I couldn't agree more," said Zen with a smile as he stood up.

Calmly, Fenton returned, "I don't need your approval."

"Indeed. But I accept your challenge!" Zen said nonetheless.

"Good. I appreciate your courage as well." Fenton nodded in response.

Never did he think he would ever lose. Even being at the Life and Death Realm, he had gone through nine small Heavenly Tribulations. While he hadn't opened up a Soul Sea, his strength far exceeded that of any ordinary warrior of the Soul Sea Realm.

If he lost to a warrior at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm, he'd seem like a joke. Even if Zen was chosen by the Heavenly Alliance, perhaps he had used some special way to make it happen. But for Fenton, it was unimportant.

"He agreed! This brat actually accepted the challenge!"

"Haha! I can't say I like Fenton going ahead and challenging the brat, but I'm still looking forward to seeing this guy get crushed!"

"He looks calm and composed now…I can't wait to see him beg for mercy once he gets beaten by Fenton!"

All of the martial artists in the Myriad Spiritual Force House seemed to get riled up—they could all tell that another good show was about to unfold.

The ignorant brat from the Lower World had no clue what he was in for, but the talents of the Myriad Spiritual Force House were all well aware of Fenton's strength. So it wasn't only Fenton who was extremely confident in himself, it was all the warriors there—the blind faith they had in him was rather overwhelming.

"In that case… this way, please!" Fenton gestured with his hand as he spoke.

Only then did Zen leave the corner.

It was the first time since he entered the Myriad Spiritual Force House that he even stood from his spot.

Zen then followed after Fenton as they walked along the Myriad Spiritual Force House, the other warriors gathering to follow behind them.

"You're still in closed-door cultivation? Hurry up and come out! Fenton is going to fight!"

"Fight?" "Yeah, he's going to teach some newcomer from the Lower World a lesson, haha!"

"Sounds like a good show to see… I'm coming!"

The news of Fenton challenging Zen spread like wildfire through the Holy City through the communication tokens.

Even some of the disciples of the Myriad Spiritual Force House who were in the middle of practicing couldn't resist rushing over.

As for the disciples in closed-door cultivation, they hurriedly packed up and hurried over.

Those in the Holy City were the most anxious—the city was simply too big. Because they couldn't easily rush back, all they could do was find the nearest transmission array to head back. While they did, they prayed that Fenton would show some mercy to his opponent. It was all they could do to hope that the warrior who had just ascended from the Lower World would be strong enough to hold on for a little longer until they arrived.

As Zen followed his opponent, the crowd behind them seemed to grow. From only about a hundred onlookers, their audience grew to a thousand, then two thousand, three thousand, and even four thousand…

Seeing the huge crowd behind him, Zen was rendered speechless. Most were at the Soul Sea Realm, and only a few seemed to be at the Life and Death Realm. Never did he think that the people in the Upper World would make such a big fuss over a trivial thing.

After entering the depths of the Myriad Spiritual Force House, Fenton led Zen into a large hall.

"Is it alright to spar in this hall?" Although the grand hall in front of Zen was spacious, it wasn't nearly enough to contain warriors of their level—when they sparred, they could topple mountains and overturn seas. Within a few moves, they could easily end up blowing off the roof.

But Zen's question drew a wave of laughter from the crowd behind him.

"He really is a bumpkin from the Lower World!"

"He doesn't even know about Illusion Space…"

"Hmph! This guy is so ignorant. Well, he came from a small place, what kind of things can you really expect him to know?"

Hearing the insults, Zen merely pursed his lips and forced a smile.

But Fenton didn't mock him. Instead, he pointed to the two diamond-shaped jade symbols floating in the middle of the hall. "This is the

Dragon Tiger Hall, a place for our martial artists to spar with each other. Here, there is an Illusion Space where our reflections can be projected. All our weapons, treasures, and cultivation methods will be duplicated in this space—everything only a reflection. This way, when we spar with each other, we can fight without holding back and nobody would get hurt."

With that, Zen easily understood why he was brought there. "So this is a magic array?"

After a moment of thought, Fenton nodded and said, "You can understand it that way, but this Illusion Space isn't exactly the same as a magic array."

Magic arrays created a lot illusions—warriors' bodies could be covered in them. As for the Illusion Space, it took advantage of the fifth layer of Space Law, 'Refraction', which could project a martial artist's own reflection into it. Much like when looking into a mirror, the reflection of the martial artists could enter that particular space to fight, along with all of their weapons and anything attached to their bodies.

From this perspective, the Illusion Space was much more complex than the magic array.

Fenton didn't bother explaining too much to Zen—there was nothing wrong with Zen thinking it was a magic array.

"Well then… How do we start?" Zen asked.

With a wave of his hand, Fenton made the pair of diamond-shaped symbols float the Dragon Tiger Hall. When they flew over, he extended his hand and lightly pushed the symbols toward Zen.

"You must pour your life vitality into it to enter the Illusion Space," Fenton explained.

Hesitation seemed to appear in Zen's expression. Once he entered the space, everything about him would be duplicated—did that mean his secrets would be leaked as well? It was quite a dilemma because Zen was well aware that there were some secrets that couldn't be exposed no matter what.

Seeing Zen's hesitant expression, Fenton had a moment of thought. As if he could read Zen's mind, he said, "The Illusion Space is only using the Space Law. It doesn't copy your body by fully understanding you, so it won't remember anything you wish to hide. It's the same as looking into a mirror."

A mirror could clearly reflect a person's image, but it did not store anything about that person before it.

Zen's misgivings were dispelled by that single metaphor. But in his moment of hesitation, he became an object of universal derision.

"This warrior from the Lower World is so cautious…he's probably too afraid of his secret getting exposed!"

"I wonder how much that secret is worth…"

"The poor tend to scurry for a place to hide… you should get used to it!"

Still, Zen's concerns were justified.

Not to mention the furnace in his mind, nor the Heavenly Fragment—if the Roaring Token were to be revealed, he'd be stuck in deep trouble.

Even Supreme Lords would go crazy over a Roaring Token with limitless uses—Zen had every reason to be extra careful.

Not minding the derision, Zen calmed himself down instead and activated the diamond-shaped jade symbols.

Swish! Swish!

The moment Zen activated them, he suddenly found himself sinking into another space.

But he wasn't actually entering another space. Remaining where he stood in the Dragon Tiger Hall, he created an identical main body through reflection.

'This Illusion Space is truly interesting…one can fight with all his might here. Even when you're killed off, only the projection dies. Avoiding any real damage, we won't have any scruples going all out!' Zen thought in delight.

A slight smile tugging at his lips, Zen examined his surroundings. Where he stood, it was incomparably spacious—there was no end in sight. Fenton's figure quietly appeared in the space, standing not too far away, just as his reflection entered the Illusion Space.

Chapter 1330 An Interesting Habit

Fenton was holding a jade sword in his hand and floating around quietly. He looked calm and peaceful.

"I could have rejected the proposal of the Saint Lord," he suddenly remarked in a mysterious voice, playing with the jade sword casually. "Truth is, I am challenging you not only to fulfill the Saint Lord's wishes, but also to prove a point to the thirteen palaces of the alliance."

"And what might that point be?" Zen asked with a smile.

"I want to prove to them that their choice is wrong," Fenton answered.

Upon hearing that, Zen smiled faintly and told his opponent, "Then come! Prove it!" He raised his long sword in front of his chest. This was a top-grade sacred weapon.

"A sacred weapon?" Fenton was surprised when he saw that.

"Yes. So what?" Zen asked.

"Nothing. Actually, it is understandable. You've just ascended and therefore, I don't find it strange that you don't have a divine weapon," Fenton shrugged his shoulders. Unexpectedly, he then sheathed his dark red jade sword and took out a light green one instead. "I have two swords. The crimson one is a secondary first-rank divine weapon called the State Sword. I would have used that against you but it would spoil my reputation if I did. The green one in my hand is a secondary third-rank divine weapon. It is only one grade above yours. I know that it would still be a little unfair to you, but I don't have any sacred weapons. So I'm sorry." Fenton genuinely seemed like a warrior who followed fair play rules.

"A secondary third-rank divine weapon? And a secondary first-rank divine weapon?" Zen was confused when he heard that.

The warriors from the Myriad Spiritual Force House all laughed when they saw his face. Through a Picture Slab in the Dragon Tiger Hall, they could view the entire Illusion Space, and at the same time, the sound from this world was also transmitted to them. They could know everything that was going on here.

"I told you that anyone who comes from the Lower World is a bumpkin. Hah!"

"Maybe this guy has never even seen a divine weapon."

"That's a real possibility and it would be a hoot! In the Lower World, it's very difficult for a weapon refiner to refine a divine weapon."

They were all wrong. In fact, Zen had seen many divine weapons in his life than they would have expected.

However, he had never studied the grades of the divine weapons. He had always thought that the divine weapons, much like the sacred weapons, were also divided into three grades: top, middle and low.

But judging by Fenton's words, that was not the case.

The truth was, the lowest grade of the divine weapons was the secondary third-rank. It was one level stronger than a top-grade sacred weapon, which was called a semi-divine weapon in the four divine kingdoms.

From then on, they went all the way from third rank to secondary second rank, second rank, secondary first rank and first rank, with each one better than the last one. At the top of them all was the supreme divine weapon.

Fenton's dark red State Sword was a secondary first-rank divine weapon. Which meant that it was quite a formidable sword. However, the most powerful weapons in the universe were the ones which were listed on the Universe Spirit Tablet.

The Universe Spirit Tablet was ranked by some three thousand supreme divine weapons that adorned its top. Only after that came the first-rank divine weapons, which went all the way till ten thousandth.

When Fenton came to know that Zen didn't know the classification of weapons in the Upper World, he even explained it to Zen. He seemed like quite a charmer if it weren't for the fact that he was going to fight Zen.

Zen did have a supreme divine weapon --- the Black Star pickax, but it was not so appropriate for combat situations. Moreover, this was the Upper World. He might not be strong enough to protect his weapons now. Therefore, it was better if he hid his Black Star pickax from prying eyes of some super strong warriors.

'We have talked too much. It's time to fight," Fenton smiled and began to motivate his martial arts skill.

"The Wind Law, at the fourth-layer." Zen's eyes narrowed as he appraised his opponent's skill.

"You are right. It's a pity that my affinity of the Space Law is not that good. I would have loved to use that." All of a sudden, his figure vanished even before his words had ended.

Faced with an invisible enemy, Zen released his sense to perceive the surroundings. "Everyone's affinity to the Law Power is different. Wouldn't it be better for you to practice the law that you are good at?" He also asked the thin air around him.

"You don't understand." A voice drifted over from all around, "The Space Law and the Time Law are two of the most fundamental skills in the Upper World. You can ignore the other laws, but it is necessary to practice these two Laws."

Along with the voice, a fierce wind also blew over towards Zen. At the same time, a light green sword stabbed out from within it secretly. However, it wasn't fast enough.

"Clang!" Two swords collided.

"Your reaction is quite quick!" Fenton praised his opponent and vanished into the wind again.

Zen still persisted with his questions, "Tell me. Why does a warrior in the Upper World have to practice the Time Law and the Space Law? What's so important about them?"

"Well. I've only comprehended one layer of the Time Law and two layers of the Space Law. And I am quite distressed about this incompetence. Be careful! It won't be easy to dodge me this time." With that, the wind blew again, and it was fiercer this time. It was going to be more difficult to locate his position.

However, Zen warded Fenton's second attack off quite easily with his long sword. Once again, he was the winner.

The two were chatting and fighting, as if they were playing games instead of real combat.

"Huh?"

Fenton was surprised when he failed the second time.

His first stab had only been a sort of test. Something to see how strong Zen was. Fenton had used only thirty percent of his strength. So, it was understandable that Zen had dodged the first stab so easily.

But the second time, he had used the Forty-nine Wind Skills, so the power had been very strong. According to Fenton's guess, Zen should have been in an awkward state even if he had resisted the attack.

In his plan, he wanted to stab Zen's reflection in the Illusion Space with his third attempt.

But, his second attack didn't work as he expected.

Zen still looked calm. "I still don't understand. Why are the Space Law and the Time Law necessary skills for the warriors in the Upper World?" He asked when he dodged Fenton's second attack.

"Yes! They are absolutely necessary. Which is why I've been staying in a secluded place to practice the two laws very hard for the last several days." Fenton moved over with a gust once more.

This sort of information was very important for Zen.

It made sense for everyone here to honor time and respect space.

These two Original Laws were extremely strong. Take the Time Law for example. If your opponent could change the time flow rate, he could move at a speed hundred times your own. And no matter how fast you moved, he would still be a hundred times faster since time was flowing differently for him.

The only way to deal with a warrior practicing the Time Law was to practice the Time Law yourself.

The same could be said for the Space Law.

If someone had mastered the Space Law, he could move tens of thousands of miles in a single step. Thus, he could escape from his rival in a fight very easily and appear behind him the next instant.

Hence, the Time Law and the Space Law were the basis of every law and also an essential requirement for all the warriors in the Upper World.

When Zen and Fenton fought and chatted at the same time, there was a lot of discussion about them among the warriors in the Dragon Tiger Hall.

"I didn't expect that this guy would be able to ward off two attacks from Fenton."

"Take it easy, Fenton hasn't tried his best yet. Don't you remember that he always defeats his opponent in three strikes?"

"But this guy hasn't used his full strength too. Look at his relaxed expressions! And he is still asking questions."

"Hum, I think he's just pretending. I think he is almost frightened to death in reality and just putting up a brave face."

"Be quiet! Fenton is going to launch his third attack," someone shouted.

Fenton had a basic habit that he would never defeat his enemy with a single attack. His first stab was only a symbolic greeting, while the second one brought suppression against his enemies. Only with the third stab would he release his real power and finally come out on top.

Over the years, in countless fights, Fenton had never broken this habit. Many warriors from the Myriad Spiritual Force House had also experienced the power of Fenton's third stab.

In fact, some of them took this as an "honor" to boast in front of others, "I successfully dodged Fenton's first two stabs."

In the Illusion Space, a fierce momentum was suddenly conveyed from the frenzied gale. Zen's face turned cautious in an instant.

Chapter 1331 Different Types Of Law Power

Fenton was probably the first talent Zen had fought since ascending to the Upper World.

Victory or defeat in this battle had no effect on Zen. Moreover, death in the Illusion Space was nothing too serious. However, it had a crucial guiding role in Zen's judgment.

Facing Fenton's third sword attack, Zen was naturally wary.

Huff, huff …

In the endless Illusion Space, countless violent gales appeared out of the blue and circled around Zen.

Soon after, the formless gales began to squeeze together, creating a strong spiral tornado in front of Zen, a layer of golden light covering it.

"The Metal Law..." Zen's eyebrows twitched. "Is this the perfect fusion of the two types of Law Power?"

Fenton's figure materialized once again next to the increasing number of gales that still fused together unceasingly. He no longer needed to hide his own figure.

Just now, Zen had easily deflected Fenton's second sword attack, which surprised the latter.

However, Zen's strength was reasonable and to be expected.

Fenton didn't treat Zen as any other ordinary warrior from the Lower World. Although he detested the foresight of the members of the thirteen palaces, he believed that they had an eye for outstanding warriors. Zen indeed had some remarkable skills.

However, his evaluation of Zen so far was only limited to these certain 'skills'. An opponent of this level did not need to face Fenton's full strength to be defeated. Thus, he believed that Zen would fail to block his third sword attack.

When the gust of wind and the golden light merged together, Fenton stabbed his jade sword in the tornado.

His jade sword was a secondary third-rank divine weapon, but being made of jade, it was extremely soft. As it pierced the winds, it instantly turned to dust.

However, as the jade sword broke into pieces, Fenton kept his hold on the sword hilt and smiled at Zen. "I think we should talk outside of the Illusion Space..."

Once Zen's physical body within the Illusion Space was destroyed, his reflection would disappear, which implied that he would certainly 'die' under the sword strike.

"Whoosh!"

Without waiting for Zen's reply, Fenton lifted the sword hilt easily. The mass of wind suddenly changed shapes; turning into the blade of his jade sword from the rotating circle it had initially formed. Fenton extended two of his fingers toward the 'blade', swinging the sword with his other hand with all his strength.

Huff, huff …

A wind blade, flickering with golden light, charged straight at Zen.

"The golden wind blade!"

Zen was shocked to see it.

He had seen this kind of golden wind blade before. In the middle of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars were a large number of golden wind blades. These seemed to possess some intelligence.

They were far more powerful than the black wind blades and the two-colored wind blades. Zen could try to transfer the power from those wind blades to other places, but he never dared approach the golden wind blades...

As per his judgment, the power of the Wind Law contained within the golden wind blades was on an unimaginable level.

'That's not right!'

With a quick thought, Zen denied his own conclusion. This particular golden wind blade had a similar shape, but the power contained in it should be inferior to that in the golden wind blades of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

Fenton was undoubtedly the topmost talent in the tenth-grade sacred place.

However, all warriors of the Celestial Position were great talents.

At the time, it was very difficult for the several Spirit Supreme Realm warriors of the Celestial Position to tolerate the black wind blades, not to mention the two-colored wind blades and the golden wind blades.

It was impossible for Fenton to have such formidable strength. It didn't make any sense at all.

As Zen thought of this, the pressure in his heart suddenly dissipated and the chaotic energy within his body began to surge increasingly.

He had learned the other Original Laws in the fairy palace. His affinity toward the various Laws was high, and so, comprehending them was not too difficult. Before entering the Upper World, he had naturally prepared himself for all obstacles.

As Zen swung his long sword, a wind blade suddenly appeared attached to its surface. This green wind blade revolved wildly around the sword. Zen wanted to use the Wind Law to combat Fenton's attack.

When Fenton noticed the Wind Law that Zen employed, a trace of disdain flashed in his eyes.

He was a warrior who mainly focused on cultivating the Wind Law. The Metal Law was his second choice. Thus, his cultivation method was also compatible to the Wind Law. As he saw Zen perform the Wind Law, he thought Zen was too overconfident and reckless to show off his meagre skills.

Zen seemed to be using the Wind Law that only had three layers. How could such a low level of strength block Fenton's sword strike?

"I overestimated you," Fenton said in a whisper.

As for the warriors of the Myriad Spiritual Force House, they were happy to witness the scene inside the Dragon Tiger Hall.

"He is showing off his incompetence before a superior master! He is just asking to be humiliated!"

"Ha-ha, this boy is a warrior who has only just ascended to the Upper World. Being able to practice the third layer of the Wind Law already is not bad!"

"Let him struggle in despair for some time. When he comes out of the Illusion Space, we will make him eat the humble pie!"

The warriors laughed out loud.

As more and more warriors rushed back from outside, the spacious Dragon Tiger Hall got crowded. At least six or seven thousand warriors occupied the hall, perhaps even more. The other warriors who had not yet returned were in the process of practicing an important cultivation method in the secret chamber and were unable to come out.

What these warriors did not know was that at the moment, even the Saint Lord and the elders of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place were silently watching the spectacle occurring in the Illusion Space.

However, they wore puzzled expressions on their faces and their reactions were different from those of the warriors.

"Elder Gong, what do you think of this?" The Saint Lord asked as he stared at the wind blade that Zen had created in the Illusion Space.

Elder Gong, who was also one of the founding members of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, said with a serious face, "It's unusual... He is indeed performing the Wind Law, but this Wind Law just has three layers. He is far inferior to Fenton! I can see that the wind blade is completely different from any other ordinary one, however. It's so strange."

The Saint Lord nodded. "I thought earlier that I was the only one who had this illusion. Zen hasn't used any secret technique or cultivation method. He has only used his life vitality to condense the Law Power. How did he create it?"

With their keen senses, the Saint Lord and the elders noticed the abnormality the moment Zen created the wind blade.

However, they were confused by this occurrence and did not know what it meant.

There were only three layers to Zen's Wind Law, and the number of layers was a key factor for its strength. The quality of one's cultivation determined the power of the wind blade.

The problem was that they could not tell what kind of technique Zen had used. At most, it was only an exquisite and strange sword technique...

However, the Saint Lord and the elders were rigid in their thinking, and it rendered them unable to see the clues hidden within Zen's technique.

They didn't know that Zen didn't use the life vitality in this instance and that there was in fact someone in this universe who could use chaotic energy.

Indeed, he did not use any other cultivation methods, for the chaotic energy circulating in his body was a kind of cultivation method in itself that none of them had heard of before.

When warriors absorbed the vitality between heaven and earth, they could transform it into life vitality to be used by themselves, which meant that they could utilize what was created by nature. After following the rules of using the life vitality, they could make it release great power.

Chaos, on the other hand, was a purer substance. It was the very source of the world that was the cause of all formations, from a blade of grass or a tree to the mountains and rivers. The Law Power that erupted out of chaos was different from that of life vitality.

The trials and tribulations that Zen had endured in order to cultivate the Primal Chaos Technique were something that ordinary people could not imagine undergoing. However, the rewards that he would reap in the future were also beyond his imagination.

Fenton's sword attack was powerful and seemed to overturn the entire continent. If his cultivation method had been performed somewhere else in the Myriad Spiritual Force House instead of the Illusion Space, it would have destroyed the place.

In contrast, Zen's sword strike seemed less powerful. As he swung the sword, a green wind blade condensed in the middle of the sword light.

The wind blade formed by the third-layer Wind Law was far from enough to withstand Fenton's strike. Many disciples of the Dragon Tiger Hall watched the battle with a mocking expression on their faces. They believed that the wind blade would be swallowed up by Fenton's sword attack very soon, along with Zen's body being engulfed and torn to shreds. They couldn't wait to see Zen's dejection upon leaving the Illusion Space.

Chapter 1332 The State Sword

In the Illusion Space, the combatants, Zen and Fenton, were maintaining a cautious distance from each other.

The large and small wind blades collided together at this moment with a shower of sparks.

In power and size, these two wind blades were completely opposite. Fenton's was infused with the strength and power of metal. It was exceptionally sharp, seemingly able to cut through anything in the world, slicing it to pieces.

Zen's wind blade seemed to be an ordinary one, with only a few fragments of sword light emanating from it in occasional flickers.

So, from the bystanders' perspective, it was like a lion pouncing on a helpless rabbit. It seemed obvious who was going to win the fight.

The instant the two wind blades collided, an ear-piercing sound rang out in the Illusion Space.

It was the sound of the wind blades colliding with each other.

"Sizzle…"

At this moment, the power hidden within Zen's cyan wind blade suddenly exploded.

The cyan wind blade became like a ferocious beast. The moment it collided with the golden wind blade, it bared its hidden fangs and attacked.

In just a split-second, the golden wind blade was completely defeated, as it was utterly engulfed by Zen's cyan wind blade.

But after that the terrific cyan weapon's momentum didn't decrease at all, even continuing to roll back towards Fenton to pursue the attack.

In the Dragon Tiger Hall, witnessing this scene, the martial artists of the Myriad Spiritual Force House were silent for a moment before a tumultuous uproar broke out.

"Th-this is..." someone stammered, too stunned to finish his sentence.

"How is this possible? Fenton already has the fourth layer of Wind Law while Zen has only the third. How is it possible that Fenton has been defeated by Zen?"

"Moreover, the cultivation method that Fenton practices is something special. He has also completed the fourth layer of the Metal Law. Thus, he is much more powerful than before."

In the uproar, all of the martial artists' mouths were left wide agape. Some of the martial artists even vigorously rubbed their eyes, as if they couldn't believe what they had seen.

At this moment, the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place suddenly stood up and stared blankly at what was happening in the Illusion Space. Disappointment and chagrin were evident on his ancient features.

The other elders of the sacred place were also left silent and dispirited.

"What's going on? How could this happen?" asked the Saint Lord, frowning as he stared at the Illusion Space.

"Zen indeed only has the third layer of Wind Law, but now it seems he is much more powerful than that."

The Saint Lord and the elders had already mastered the fifth or even the sixth layer of Law Power. They knew completely how powerful each layer of the Wind Law was. Even with the force of other cultivation methods, Zen shouldn't have been able to harness such immense strength.

Therefore, they were even more shocked by the scene than the talents of the Myriad Spiritual Force House. Confusion reigned in the Dragon Tiger Hall as the spectators tried to understand how these unlikely results had occurred.

Elder Gong thought for a long time before finally frowning and saying, "Yes, that's the third level Wind Law. Even if Zen had used a special martial skill or technique, he still wouldn't have been able to launch such a powerful attack against Fenton. This is simply impossible!"

Elder Gong clearly thought Zen's sword attack was impossible. The problem was that this "impossible" scene had played out right before their eyes.

However, at this time, the Saint Lord suddenly slapped the violet gold chair he was sitting in, instantly turning the armrest of the chair into smoke. He had always been gentle and refined, but now he lost his composure as he cursed, "Damn, I've lost this time!"

The elders looked at the Saint Lord in silence, sighing in their hearts. They had indeed suffered a terrible loss.

When the thirteen palaces of the alliance had asked them to send Zen over, the Saint Lord had paid special attention to him. He had been trying to figure out why they had requested Zen, while Fenton was a much more experienced and accomplished fighter.

Zen had ascended to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, but now the thirteen palaces wanted him. This would displease any sacred place.

After all, there were also some talents among the figures who had ascended from the Lower World. They were worth their training. Therefore, when one was serving in the mines, the cost of becoming an independent warrior was much higher than joining the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Joining the sacred place required 100 life vitality jades, but being independent and free would cost 200 life vitality jades. The extra 100 pieces were the cost of borrowing the Ascending Well. After all, the Spiritual Force Sacred Place had built a channel for the ascending, and they had dug many more Ascending Wells to help the ascending figures to get used to the pressure of vitality between heaven and earth. None of those could be used free of charge.

Countless sacred places in the Upper World were doing the same thing. It had a certain economy to it which enabled the ascension process.

After knowing that Zen had been selected, the Saint Lord had been observing him carefully. He hadn't noticed anything strange in the past, believing that Zen was at most born with an innate godly strength. But that wasn't enough to make the Spiritual Force Sacred Place pay any special attention to him. Since the thirteen palaces wanted him, the Saint Lord would just send him over. Clearly, Zen had not been a significant cultivator when compared to the other talents.

That was why the Saint Lord had wanted Fenton to challenge Zen. It would give an excuse to recommend Fenton to the thirteen palaces. With Fenton being accepted, it would add much more prestige and funding to the pot.

Now the Saint Lord realized that he had made a huge mistake.

Zen was indeed not an ordinary warrior. There was a reason why the thirteen palaces had chosen him. Yet the Saint Lord had been blind to his potential!

Of course, the Saint Lord could not refuse the thirteen palaces' request for Zen. However, he could have asked for an enormous reward from the thirteen palaces.

Right now, the Saint Lord was extremely conflicted. Now that he saw the strength that Zen had displayed, he wouldn't get anything other than jealousy. After all, it wouldn't be appropriate for him to ask the thirteen palaces for anything now that the deal had been sealed.

He was incomparably depressed when he thought of the loss.

Elder Gong let out a long and heavy sigh and said, "However, we can still use this opportunity to send Fenton to the thirteen palaces."

The Saint Lord understood what Elder Gong meant. In fact, he had already thought of this notion a moment ago. The alliance wouldn't refuse if the sacred place sent Fenton together with Zen to the thirteen palaces for free.

In other words, Fenton entering the thirteen palaces was a sure thing, but so what? The Saint Lord still felt that he had suffered a great loss. If they accomplished that, it would be nothing more than a slight compensation. It was far from enough to cover his loss.

In the Illusion Space, after Zen's wind blade had crushed Fenton's wind blade, it continued to attack Fenton.

Fenton hadn't expected to lose to Zen, so when he saw the wind blade sweeping towards him, his usually calm face was filled with astonishment and a flicker of fear. When the wind blade began to harass him, he flung his body backward, and started to frantically retreat. Zen's wind blade mercilessly pressed the advantage.

The shattered jade sword in Fenton's hand began to reform as he retreated. He swung it five or six times to fend off the attack before he finally dissipated Zen's wind blade.

Though the two of them had exchanged blows, Fenton hadn't suffered any substantial damage, but his warrior spirit was deeply wounded. Every successful warrior had a certain arrogance which was usually well earned, but Fenton had just met his match and was brought low for a moment.

Fenton was far-sighted and broad-minded, but incredibly proud. He might treat others kindly, but that was only if they didn't hurt his pride, or if they didn't pose any threat to him. He was so proud that he didn't even bother to flaunt his pride.

But now, that pride in Fenton's heart was shattered by Zen's attack. His eyes were filled with confusion, and he couldn't stop asking himself why he had lost. That strike had completely shattered all of his long held beliefs that he had accumulated over the past years.

It didn't make sense!

However, in the blink of an eye, Fenton suddenly bit into his own arm. The bite was extremely forceful, and blood instantly flowed out of the teeth marks, the intense pain instantly clearing his mind. The contempt within his heart for Zen completely disappeared, and was replaced by a serious attitude. He knew now that he was facing a great enemy. Fenton was a professional and was not about to give up.

"You're really strong.

The thirteen palaces have shown good judgment. I was wrong.

Among the younger generation in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, you are the only one that I have had to fight using my full strength,"

Fenton said. After he had finished speaking, he took out the jade sword which he had stored in the Sumeru Space.

The State Sword was a secondary first-rank divine weapon.

The moment he held the sword in his hand, a strange red light burst forth from the blade. When the red light reached Zen's eyes, he sensed a majestic aura. This aura seemed to emanate from the life force of billions of creatures, and Zen felt both strange and awed.

Chapter 1333 Sword Painting

Zen was made familiar with the might of divine weapons back when he was still in the four divine kingdoms.

The Upper World, however, offered a more defined grading standard for divine weapons. Fiona's jade bracelet, for example, was a secondary third-rank divine weapon.

The divine weapons the emperors of the divine kingdoms wielded were at the third-rank. Meanwhile, Fenton's divine weapon was a secondary first-rank divine weapon - two levels higher than the divine weapons Zen had encountered.

That meant that the power of this State Sword was not to be trifled with!

The moment the weapon was activated, it felt as if the wielder had transformed into a mighty and aggressive monarch who ruled his state with an iron fist!

Zen felt the suppression try to overwhelm him, to force him to bow down to this figure of authority. However, he refused to yield.

His eyes glinted with scorn, "You want to suppress me?"

Boom!

A strong, equally oppressing force was suddenly released from Zen's soul!

A warrior improved in three areas during their cultivation: their bodies, their life vitality, and their souls.

Zen's body refinement and life vitality cultivation were completely different from other people.

However, his soul training remained pretty standard in terms of technique.

During his final stay in the Central Region, the cyan dragon had planted a soul seed for him so that his soul might finally be able to enter the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm.

Although he had made a great effort to enter the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, Zen did not really have much of an edge when it came to soul training and stayed in the Fighting Soul Realm for quite a long time.

The Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was already privy to the strength of Zen's soul. However, even if reaching the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm as a fifth-level Life and Death Realm warrior was impressive in the Lower World, the standards were much higher in the Upper World.

Nonetheless, the soul seed planted by the cyan dragon helped Zen a lot and gave him extraordinary powers.

As Zen released his oppressing force, the soul seed was activated and increased his soul pressure threefold!

Not only that, but his soul was also fused with the will of the great world he lived in. The imposing aura of the great world was fused and inseparable with Zen's own soul pressure.

The State Sword Fenton wielded was a secondary first-rank divine weapon forged long ago by a tenth-grade divine kingdom emperor's lifeblood.

That emperor had imparted his knowledge and passion of rule which made the sword emit such an intimidating aura.

However, the sword was merely a container of the emperor's long-dead inspiration. It couldn't ever hope to compare to the living, throbbing aura that was the will of the great world contained in Zen's soul.

This will had been accumulated for countless years, from the birth to the flourishing age of the great world.

The will of the great world had added to Zen's aura significantly. In the Lower World, he carried the disposition of a ruler but in the Upper

World, his aura made him feel as if he was an incarnation of an entire, different plane of existence.

The State Sword's aura was quickly overpowered by Zen's, to everyone's amazement.

Fenton's face darkened as Zen stood before him. At that moment, he felt as if he was facing against an entire world.

He was rooting on the State Sword's power to suppress Zen but he did not expect that the tables would turn this fast. 'How many secrets is this guy hiding?' he couldn't help but wonder to himself.

Zen smirked and brandished the long sword in his hand, "So, this will be your fourth strike?"

Fenton shook his head, "No, I've already used six strikes."

He had included the times when he had to defend against Zen's attacks.

"You are an earnest guy!" Zen laughed. "Well, it is the seventh strike then."

Fenton nodded in agreement, "If I can't defeat you with this last strike, I will admit defeat."

Despite being proud, Fenton was still a man of integrity. Zen took his words to heart and his face grew solemn, "Okay, let's continue!"

It was, at that moment, that the warriors in the Dragon Tiger Hall finally realized that Zen wasn't someone to be trifled with.

Mervin also realized that he did not have the qualifications to challenge this mighty warrior. Not even Fenton could stand up to Zen. What more could someone like Mervin do?

Those popinjays that had caused trouble for Zen also realized just how big of a mistake they made in the Holy City. It was lucky that Zen had a fairly good temper, otherwise, they would all have perished in his rage.

Everyone held their breaths as they watched the two face off in the last round.

The Saint Lord and the other elders, meanwhile, had lost all interest in the fight.

They already knew what to make of it despite the still remaining round.

Truth be told, the odds had already been skewed at the very onset of the fight. Fenton had a higher cultivation base than Zen, after all.

The Saint Lord had thought it would be their chance to recommend Fenton to the thirteen palaces. He was a youth with endless potential considering that he had already experienced nine Heavenly Tribulations.

Zen, on the other hand, was only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm. There was clearly a large gap between the two.

However, despite this handicap, Zen was able to fight with Fenton so it could be surmised that it shouldn't be too difficult for him to also undergo nine small Heavenly Tribulations. Zen would surely be able to surpass Fenton's strength.

The results of the battle had already been decided.

Still, there was another thought that crossed through the Saint Lord's mind.

"This boy has already experienced five small Heavenly Tribulations. Has he ever summoned a Lotus Flower? How many petals did his Lotus Flower reveal?" he couldn't help but ask aloud.

Elder Gong seconded this, "Such a talented boy must have also summoned his Lotus Flower. How many petals must he have had?"

"I think it was seven," the Saint Lord said.

Elder Gong hummed in disagreement, "I think it may be nine!"

The Saint Lord actually thought it was also more than seven but he was too annoyed to say it out loud. He couldn't bear the fact that such an outstanding talent was going to be plucked out from this place and only by deluding himself into thinking that Zen was less talented than he looked could he remain at ease.

Elder Gong, on the other hand, was frank since he had long since accepted the truth.

The Saint Lord sighed in resignation, "Had I known this earlier, I should have taken Zen's name off when the alliance asked us to hand over the list of those who had just ascended from the Lower World."

Elder Gong let out a loud laugh, "We couldn't have known that he would be so talented! Besides, if the thirteen palaces hadn't discovered him, then he would still be down in the mines, digging for life vitality jades!"

Elder Gong's words seemed to have stirred the Saint Lord's fury, "Check out the information of all the ascenders. Make an assessment of each person's strength and talent and report everything to me. I'm giving you a month!" the Saint Lord ordered coldly.

Elder Gong visibly paled, realizing the Saint Lord had unfortunately vented his anger on him. The data to be collected would be useful for the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, but not on such a large scale. There was no way they were ever going to find a second Zen anytime soon.

Unfortunately, there was no going against a Saint Lord's order. Elder Gong knew it was going to be a long, arduous time-waster on his part, but what could he do?

During this time, Fenton was finally preparing his last strike - the final attack that would determine the winner of this fight.

"Sword painting! May the sight of the entire state appear in front of me, and a wisp of wind shall create everything!"

he chanted as he started swinging the State Sword in the air.

A magnificent picture materialized from the State Sword's movements as if it was a giant brush instead of a sharp blade. This picture drew the entire sight of the state!

The gold signified the power of the Metal Law while the green was the Wind Law.

The process of painting cut Fenton's arms several times, letting the red blood essence swirl and add to the magnificent picture.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1334 The King

This technique of using the sword to draw the state consumed a great deal of blood essence!

And it was not easy for any martial artist to restore blood essence once it had been consumed.

However, Fenton did not want to lose against Zen.

Fenton didn't think himself to be an invincible one among his peers, who were on the same level as him.

Fenton was an undefeatable figure in the eyes of many warriors of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. However, in the Spirit Reading World, he was only ranked in the third place.

There were many extraordinary talents in the top two sacred places of the Spirit Reading World, such as the son of the world lord of the Spirit Reading World…

Zen had only ascended to the Upper World.

Be it the resources or environment, those in the Lower World couldn't compare to those in the Upper World. Thus, the martial artists who had ascended from the Lower World were a great deal weaker than those who were born and raised in the Upper World from the start.

This idea was carved into the bones of the martial artists in the Upper World and even Fenton was no exception.

As his blood essence continued to spurt out, the golden colored state in the painting became tainted with a trace of the intense bloody aura!

In the painting, the state was not a peaceful land where songs and dances were performed, signifying good times, but it was a place where horses trampled on the land and heroes contended for hegemony!

Countless blood-stained soldiers were depicted in this sword painting. The bright red colors served as the finishing touches to this enormous State Painting!

By now Fenton had accumulated enough energy for this strike! He swung his sword all of a sudden.

"Pa…"

When his sword struck, a beam of bright silver light flashed like a pair of sharp scissors, slicing the State Painting into two!

All the images on the painting started to twist and distort, converging into the beam of light and charging towards Zen at the same time!

"It's coming!"

Zen retreated quickly when he was faced with Fenton's full attack.

The power contained within this strike was extremely special. Although this State Painting had been created using the Metal Law and the Wind Law, and it was also infused with Fenton's blood essence, it created an extraordinary and special intent!

This kind of intent also put psychological pressure on Zen. Its power could not be underestimated.

However, Zen was no longer the same warrior as before. He had many methods of dealing with this strike. The simplest and crudest one was to use the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

This Magnetic Sacred Mountain was so powerful that even the masters of the Spirit Supreme Realm couldn't do anything to deflect it. The sword couldn't move it even the slightest bit.

But Zen's intention was not to use the Magnetic Sacred Mountain to block Fenton's attack.

After all, he was only sparring with Fenton. Even though Fenton had used a secondary first-rank divine weapon and there would be nothing wrong in using the Magnetic Sacred Mountain against him, Zen was not going to rely on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain to defeat his opponent.

He wanted to use his own strength to avert the sword strike. He needed to gauge the gap between himself and the talents of the Upper World…

As the consummate sword intent swirled out from Zen's hand, the chaotic energy in his body also slowly spun!

Since his sword intent had reached the consummate level, he had stopped practicing further, but he had developed some insights in the art of swordsmanship. As the chaotic energy fueled his sword intent, he felt his sword intent getting enhanced!

'I will resist this attack with my body, a sacred weapon!'

Zen retreated some distance and made up his mind about how he would deal with the attack. Unexpectedly, he charged towards the beam of light coming from Fenton's sword.

Seeing this, Fenton was astonished once again. 'What was this guy trying to do?' he thought to himself.

He had thought that Zen would have some sort of trump card or defensive weapon to block his attack, or that he would be able to evade his sword with his flexible physical skills.

However, this fellow didn't dodge the strike, instead he was coming alone, unarmed, to face a secondary first-rank sacred weapon!

The thousands of martial artists in the Dragon Tiger Hall, who were watching them, were also confused. They finally saw Zen's strength, as the Wind Law erupted from him. Although they were confident about Fenton's State Painting drawn by his sword, they were still a little worried.

Who knew what trump card Zen had up his sleeve?

But Zen didn't seem to have any special ways of dealing with the attack. He was still using his 'life vitality' to drive the sword intent. This meant that either he was not taking Fenton seriously or he was courting death!

The Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place didn't pay much attention to this battle. The result didn't matter to him as he could not keep Zen in the sacred place either way. However, when he saw that Zen was fighting Fenton's strongest move this way, a strange expression appeared on his face.

"This kid is taking such a radical stance. His every move has been beyond my expectations…" Elder Gong muttered, "But he has overestimated himself this time. It's wishful thinking on his part if he thinks he can just rely on the consummate sword intent to fight against Fenton's State Painting. But considering that there is no danger in the Illusion Space, maybe he is only trying it out... This brat is very bold!"

Elder Gong had actually guessed Zen's strategy to a certain extent, but he didn't expect what happened the next!

When Zen fell into the beam of light, countless soldiers materialized in front of him out of nowhere. Each of them held a sword in their hands, which they swung at Zen!

"This beam of light is... It's just like an army of ten million men! If they were to rush over like this, they would make a clean sweep of all the obstacles in their paths!"

What was even more terrifying was that the illusory soldiers seemed to be synced to each other. Every time an attack was launched, tens of thousands of them would attack with their swords at the same time. If he let his guard down even for a micro-second, he would be dismembered.

Zen didn't cease his attack at all, bravely trooping forward!

He instantly blocked countless strikes with his long sword. In order to strike faster, Zen also employed the Time Law!

Within a fraction of a second, his sword created thousands or even tens of thousands of beams of light!

"Whoosh! Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank!"

As the beams of light from the sword clashed, metallic sounds rang out throughout the place!

"Kill!"

As the sword intent swirled in the air, it instantly shredded thousands of soldiers. However, the number of soldiers in the State Painting was infinite. As Zen killed crazily, the number of soldiers in the painting kept swarming out. It was impossible to kill them all, and the number of soldiers was increasing.

Fenton's face was calm. 'The intent of the State Painting is fused with the unceasingly formidable power. How will it be possible to obliterate it with just the sword in your hand? To use a single sword against my move is simply too reckless. In the end, it will only bring you shame…'

Just as Fenton thought, Zen was indeed in big trouble!

Although the beam of light from Fenton's sword was powerful, it was not very sharp. Within this endless intent, the illusory soldiers rushed over like tidewater. There were too many of them. Zen kept killing them desperately but there seemed to be no end in sight.

Other than ordinary soldiers, there were also some generals wearing red armors! The illusory generals were even stronger, and it was even more difficult for Zen to fight them.

Right now, he was in a dilemma!

'Fenton's move cannot be endless… ' When Zen unleashed his sword intent once more, a look of contemplation appeared on his face.

Suddenly Zen's figure flashed upwards, and the beam of light from Fenton's sword followed closely behind him as if it was a maggot attached to his bone. Zen's figure only paused for a moment before it dropped on him once again. He had to face the endless attacks from the illusion of the soldiers and generals once more.

"I found it!" he exclaimed.

The beam of light had absorbed the State Painting, and the state in it was ruled by people, and the mountains and rivers also belonged to the people. They must be ruled by someone!

When Zen widened the distance between them, he discovered that there was a king dressed in yellow robes hiding deep within this beam of light.

The soldiers, generals and the king must have been formed by a kind of spiritual projection technique, which was much more profound and extensive than that of the Lower World…

"That's him!"

Zen did not retreat now. Instead, he charged straight at his target—the king!

If he could kill him, the beam of light emitting from the State Painting would naturally dissipate!

Seeing Zen's actions, Fenton's mouth curved slightly. "You finally found him. But do you think you can defeat him?"

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh…"

Zen shattered numerous illusions and in an instant, he had passed the thousands of soldiers and arrived in front of the king.

Chapter 1335 Defeat Fenton

The king exuded a bold and dignified aura. When he saw Zen charging towards him among a great number of men and horses, the graceful king rose.

He then roared loudly and all the entire lands and rivers suddenly came together to form a long sword in his hand, which he slammed down towards Zen.

This strike was hiding the sharpest killing intent within the sword light.

Instead of being terrified by this, there was a hint of a smile on Zen's face as he faced this sword strike.

Zen found the unending onslaught from the illusory army difficult to cope but now that all the lands and rivers were contained in the king's sword, he did not fear it at all.

"Power of dragon scales!"

Zen had activated the power of three thousand dragon scales. His sword moved from the bottom to the top as he slashed forward. Two rays of light intersected with each other.

However, to his surprise, his top-grade sacred weapon couldn't withstand the pressure and broke.

Bang!

Only half of the long sword spiraled forward, flying towards Fenton.

Fenton had originally been staring attentively at Zen's attack. Never in his wildest dreams did he expect that half of a broken sword would come flying at him. He was unable to dodge in time, and the broken sword directly pierced his chest.

Even though he was severely injured, he didn't move an inch. He kept his eyes fixated on Zen. Even if he was dead, in the Illusion Space, it was not a major problem. He only wanted to know if Zen could withstand this move. If Zen succeeded, he would lose, but if Zen couldn't take it, he would win. Therefore, he didn't deal with the broken sword that was stabbed into his body.

Now that Zen's sword was broken, what was he going to use to take the king's sword?

The top-grade sacred weapon was no longer suitable for Zen. A normal sword was only two inches wide, with a sharp blade and an extremely thin body.

Zen's physical body could only withstand the power of five thousand to six thousand dragon scales. He had just used the power of three thousand dragon scales, so the sacred weapon naturally wouldn't be able to withstand the pressure. Add to that the heavy pressure from the king's sword, and it snapped just like that.

Zen was unable to obtain a better sword from the Lower World. If he had been able to access the weapon refining workshop in the fairy palace, then the situation would have been very different. However, he had just covered two stages of the True Path. He wouldn't be able to use it currently.

He didn't have a sword anymore, but he could still use his fists.

In that instant, Zen tossed away the other half of his sword and grabbed onto the king's sword with his bare hand.

He was using his bare hand to shoulder the enormous weight of the sword.

Puff!

Zen was holding onto the blade of the sword with his hand, immediately causing his blood to burst out. At the same time his other hand had already smashed the king's face.

Boom!

His punch contained the power of five thousand dragon scales. When it landed on the king, his body split into pieces, turning into specks of golden light. The sword aura displayed by Fenton was blown to smithereens by Zen.

Except for Zen and Fenton, no one else could see these illusions. For the others, it appeared as though Zen was surrounded by Fenton's sword light. Zen was holding on with the sword in his hand and in the end, his sword broke.

Then they saw Zen brandishing his fist and smashing Fenton's sword light into a million pieces.

Many of the warriors in the Dragon Tiger Hall felt that this was inconceivable. They couldn't understand how Zen had done it at all. It was a miracle.

"I lost!" Fenton admitted miserably, his face deathly white. The broken sword had already pierced through his heart, but his body was especially powerful as he was a warrior. Even with his heart pierced, he had already survived for a long time. So he'd been waiting here.

Zen shook the blood off his hand, and said to Fenton with a triumphant smile, "That's right, you've lost!"

Fenton forced out a tiny smile and said, "It's too painful to speak like this. Let's talk after we get back to the Dragon Tiger Hall."

Although he would not die in the Illusion Space, his projection could feel the pain caused by the half-sword. Being stabbed in the chest with a broken sword was not a pleasant feeling.

Both Zen and Fenton opened their eyes at the same time in the Dragon Tiger Hall.

Zen stood up and looked around. The talents in the Myriad Spiritual Force House were all stumped. They could not see exactly how Zen had broken through Fenton's sword moves, but he had managed to defeat Fenton using a top-grade sacred weapon alone!

Fenton was the most powerful warrior in the Myriad Spiritual Force House, and more importantly, his sword was a secondary first-rank divine weapon. One could imagine just how big of a gap there was between him and Zen.

Perhaps Zen had some kind of a trump card that he hadn't used yet, but they didn't need to know anymore. The strength that he had displayed in this fight was enough to earn him their respect. From this day on, they would all look up to him.

Fenton moved in front of Zen and bowed deeply in front of him, saying, "In the past, I had some prejudice against those who had ascended from the Lower World. But now, it seems that I was wrong. You're not as weak as I thought!"

All the other warriors in the Myriad Spiritual Force House could not help but nod their heads in agreement as well.

Warriors from the Upper World indeed had an inexplicable sense of superiority in front of warriors from the Lower World. Even if some warriors from the Lower World had become Supreme Lords, those from the Upper World wouldn't respect them, because they thought those Supreme Lords had just got lucky.

They didn't know that all warriors who had reached a certain level of achievement would have to rely on both luck and strength. In fact, the warriors of the Upper World were no exception.

Zen only smiled, but didn't say anything.

He did not care about the contempt others had for him. As the saying went, the strong were always strong. If he became sensitive about what others thought, how would he have managed to gain a foothold in this cruel world?

After leaving Dragon Tiger Hall, Zen returned to his corner and started cultivating with his eyes closed.

Talents who were coming in and out of the Myriad Spiritual Force House looked at Zen with reverence. He indeed had earned the right to look down on the Myriad Spiritual Force House. His arrogance was justified and he had the strength to defend his attitude. Nobody would be stupid enough to gossip about it.

Still, some warriors of the Myriad Spiritual Force House weren't entirely convinced. Some of the top-ranked talented warriors were unable to witness the battle on that day in the Dragon Tiger Hall for some reason. When they came back from the outside world, or came out of their closed-door training, they wanted to challenge Zen.

However, they were stopped by the people of the Myriad Spiritual Force House. They advised these top-ranked warriors that if they wanted to challenge Zen, they had to defeat Fenton first. Otherwise, they would be humiliated.

As for the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, he had been extremely unhappy lately.

He wanted to talk to Zen and find a way to turn this situation around. He wanted to see if he could pay the price to keep Zen at the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

If Zen stayed, then the young talents in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place would have an advantage in the competition with the other two tenth grade sacred places in the Spirit Reading World. With Zen's power, they might even be able to turn their luck around and defeat the Spirit Reading Sacred Place.

The competition among the young martial artists would not decide the structure of a supreme world, but it sure would decide the clashes of the sacred places.

However, when he thought about the thirteen palaces, he gave up on that idea. The thirteen palaces had claimed Zen, so they must know him well.

When he first saw Zen's sacred sword break in the Illusion Space, he thought he could give him a second-rank, or even a secondary first-rank divine weapon as a gift to win him over, but on second thought, the thirteen palaces could offer him everything that he could offer too.

Such a powerful young fellow might slip away from him. This filled the Saint Lord's heart with deep regret.

In the Myriad Spiritual Force House, Zen was quietly meditating for his cultivation. He could already feel that the sixth small Heavenly Tribulation approaching. He wondered if there was any difference between going through the Heavenly Tribulation in the Upper World and in the Lower World.

Time quietly passed as he was waiting and cultivating. However, the big shot who wanted to meet him had yet to appear.

One month later, an elder from the Spiritual Force Sacred Place entered the Myriad Spiritual Force House. He informed Zen that the people from the thirteen palaces had arrived and were currently with the Saint Lord.

Chapter 1336 You Were Shouting So Loudly

Zen had always been curious about this so-called "big shot." Not having much information, he had been a little wary of him or her.

It seemed that the other party was spying on him from the shadows.

But just how did the person learn of his existence? And how did this person discover that he was in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place?

So when he heard the elder's announcement, Zen immediately stood up.

He followed the elder to the hall that he had been before.

In the hall, all the elders of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place were already in their seats. The person who occupied the host's seat was not the Saint Lord, but in fact a woman.

This woman wore a long skirt sporting nine colors. The dress was made from the feathers of nine legendary beasts, which explained the nine different colors. The light blue feathers were the tail feathers of an ice phoenix and actually emitted cold air. As for the dark red feathers, they belonged to the tail of a fire phoenix. The cyan feathers were the softest ones from the back of a Celestial Mouse.

This dress was priceless!

The problem was that so many precious materials were wasted in order to decorate the dress. Clearly, the maker of this colorful dress was an extravagant person.

A pair of white, small feet encased in a pair of wooden clogs rocked back and forth. Her gaze lightly swept over the elders in the hall. Whenever anyone met her gaze, their hearts would tremble slightly.

In truth, this woman's cultivation level wasn't very terrifying. She was almost a world lord.

And in this hall, the Saint Lord's cultivation level was equivalent to a world lord. Of course, there was only one lord of a supreme world, and the lord of the Spirit Reading World was the Saint Lord of the Spirit Reading Sacred Place, not the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Elder Gong, too, was also almost a world lord, which meant that his cultivation level was on par with the woman's.

But it wasn't the woman's cultivation level or strength that intimidated everybody, but her identity.

She was one of leaders of the thirteen palaces. But more importantly, her father was a Supreme Lord, which meant she was a Supreme Lord descendant. Therefore, she enjoyed a high position in the alliance!

Suddenly, several warriors appeared in the hall. One of them was emitting an aura that was several times stronger than that of the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

When he entered the main hall, he faced the lady and bowed lightly before her, saying, "Welcome to our Spirit Reading World. I'm the lord of the Spirit Reading World."

He was the true lord of the supreme world, and also the master of the strongest tenth-grade sacred place in the Spirit Reading World.

This time, the leader of the Mist Palace had personally come to the Spirit Reading World. Although she did not visit the Spirit Reading Sacred Place and instead went straight to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, the world lord still had to come and greet her personally.

A trace of impatience appeared on her face. The Spirit Reading World was only a distant supreme world. If it wasn't for Zen, she probably would have never come here. As for the world lord, she wasn't interested in him or the niceties at all.

But he was, after all, the lord of a supreme world so the least she could do was smile politely in response. The world lord sat on the second chair, which was closer to the host's seat than that of the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

The world lord was extremely surprised to learn that the leader of the Mist Palace had arrived.

He had received the news earlier that an extraordinary warrior from the Lower World had appeared in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place and had been selected by the thirteen palaces, but he hadn't taken it seriously at the time.

A sizable number of warriors had ascended from the Lower World, so it wasn't strange for formidable talents to appear occasionally even if they were chosen by the thirteen palaces. The universe was so huge that there was always a good chance that such a person would appear.

The question was what made the leader of the Mist Palace take the trouble to come here for that warrior?

It was a mere warrior from the Lower World! How could a warrior like that be so eye-catching for her? Although it was impossible to enroll this warrior in the Spirit Reading Sacred Place, he still wanted to take a good look at just who this special warrior was.

"He still isn't here?" Yolande grumbled in a low voice.

She spoke softly, but the people in the hall did hear her. A hint of a smile played on the world lord's face. Although his Spirit Reading Sacred Place and the Spiritual Force Sacred Place both belonged to the alliance, they were both in the same supreme world and were competing with each other.

As for the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, a hint of embarrassment appeared on his face. He replied, "He should be here soon. Please wait for a little while."

Barely had the words left his mouth than Zen strode into the hall. His eyes were drawn to the colorful dress when he just stepped into the hall. When his eyes met hers, he chuckled and said, "So it's you, Yolande!"

The mystery was finally unraveled after a long period of suspense.

All the elders in the hall gasped loudly as they stared at Zen in bewilderment.

Even the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place and the lord of the Spirit Reading World were staring at Zen with a strange look. Wasn't Zen being a little too bold by calling out her name?

Nobody was aware that Zen had encountered two of Yolande's clones. He had always treated her as an equal. Over time, he had gotten used to it, and when he saw her again, he was pleasantly surprised. He could tell that she held a high position going by how the other warriors treated her, but he was simply unable to treat her as an elder.

Zen noticed that her temperament was completely different now compared to when they were in the Lower World.

Of course, this mystery had already been explained to Zen by the cyan dragon earlier.

The two Yolandes he had met in the Lower World were her clones. The Soul Split Spell still had its own flaws. The emotions and memories of these clones were incomplete, and that meant that there were flaws in their personalities. The actions of the clone in the Eastern Region and the one in the Tower of Sin were very weird.

They weren't exactly robotic but they lacked emotions such as joy, anger, sadness and happiness.

As for the woman in front of him, she seemed to be completely different and so was her aura, or perhaps it could be said that she looked more "human."

Yolande smiled lightly at Zen and said, "I already told you, I wouldn't intervene in your business, but you still came here. Since you are already in my territory, I naturally have no choice but to take you away. I just hope that those people from the Celestial Position race do not come looking for me."

The audience tensed again at this exchange between Zen and Yolande.

'This guy has been targeted by the Celestial Position race?' they all wondered scratching their heads.

Although the Celestial Position warriors were few, they were all elites. And while their actions and goals were quite bizarre, no one dared to look down on them.

The key was that it was better to join the Celestial Position race than to join the alliance. Of course, the conditions to join the Celestial Position race were harsher, and it was not easy for warriors in the Upper World to be recognized or respected by the Celestial Position race.

Zen smiled and continued, "And how did you know where to find me?"

Yolande actually smiled and rolled her eyes, giving him a playful look. She responded, "You were shouting so loudly that I would be deaf if I didn't hear you."

When Zen had been using his Roaring Token to look for Yan, Yolande had heard him and figured out his identity. She had collected the names of all the people who had ascended to the 3, 000 supreme worlds in the last year. Scanning the names on the list in her hand, she had found Zen's name in just five minutes. There were actually two warriors with the same name.

Many warriors ascended from the Lower World, and there were cases where people shared the same name. However, after Yolande investigated the appearance and other characteristics of the two warriors, she confirmed that he had ascended to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

However, at that time, she had been busy gathering her clones, so it was not a convenient time for her to go find him. Once she had collected all her clones, she had hurried over from the Mist Palace.

Zen immediately understood what was going on. She had identified his voice when he had been using the Roaring Token. She must have known that his Roaring Token was unique.

The faces of the world lord of the Spirit Reading World and the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place turned serious. "He was shouting so loudly? What does that mean?"

Chapter 1337 Speculation

The world lord, Saint Lord, and even the elders were all extremely intelligent people.

They could deduce everything based on a tiny hint and grasp a vast understanding of things that normal people would have trouble figuring out.

Zen was shouting loudly. And Yolande heard him shouting. This was not hard to figure out!

In the entire universe, only the Roaring Token was capable of such a feat. Nothing could even come close to it.

Then they remembered something—a while ago, there seemed to be a mysterious young man who spent over ten thousand Roaring Tokens at once. Could it be that Zen was the young man? What were the odds?

When they thought of this, they all stared at Zen in shock. Their eyes were wide as they processed what this all meant.

It was then that they realized how the other people around him were also staring at him as though they had been shocked by lightning. It was amazing how he didn't look fazed at all, despite the exchanged glances and low murmurs. This only confirmed their speculation as their throats dried up. They regarded Zen with appalled eyes, more aghast than ever.

Did this guy have Roaring Tokens in his hand? And there were so many of them!

The atmosphere in the large hall became strange and restless.

But after thinking about it some more, they began to deny their own guesses. One by one, they cast doubts upon themselves and their ability to perceive things.

This was simply impossible.

Where did a warrior from the Lower World get so many Roaring Tokens? They couldn't imagine what he had to go through just to get his hands on them. Could he have done something really drastic? Could he have exchanged something vital in order to possess the Roaring Tokens?

What Zen did not know was that, ever since he used the Roaring Token to clamor throughout the universe, the discussions and speculations about his identity spiraled out of control. For a long time, they kept wondering about who he really was, and even until now, they had not stopped.

They still couldn't figure out the identity of the mysterious woman before. Then here came a young, mysterious man, who they also couldn't unravel so easily. The only difference was that while the mysterious woman started beast attacks in the universe through singing, the mysterious young man didn't do much harm to the universe. He was at least gentler than the woman.

However, it was hard for them to prove their speculations. The universe was vast, and it would be impossible for them to find someone who had used the Roaring Tokens among the 100, 000 supreme worlds. As long as the man didn't show himself, they would have no way of finding out.

The problem was that Yolande had purposely said it, making the impression that Zen was the one who used the Roaring Tokens.

The reason why the world lord of the Spirit Reading World and the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place thought it was impossible for Zen to be the young man was that they thought even a Supreme Lord would not be able to own so many Roaring Tokens. So how could a warrior from the Lower World possibly own them?

Upon thinking of this, the world lord smiled in embarrassment. Although he knew that Yolande probably wouldn't speak the truth, he still couldn't help but ask, "Master Yolande, what did you mean by saying that?"

Yolande smiled cunningly and made an excuse. "When I was in the Lower World, I gave him a message rune. After he ascended, he begged me to take him away every day. He had probably been living a miserable life in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, so he cried very loudly. That's what I meant!"

This explanation was too far-fetched, not to mention unbelievable.

At this moment, everyone in the hall, including the world lord, the Saint Lord and the elders, rolled their eyes.

Yolande was talking nonsense as expected.

A message rune of the Lower World could only cover a distance of 70, 000 to 80, 000 miles. It was not enough to cross a world. When Freya had left the mine, the message rune that she gave Zen was considered the best one in the Lower World. They didn't know of anything that could have topped that.

The runic experts in the Upper World were more skilled, but the furthest sound transmission distance was less than 200, 000 miles. The distance of 200, 000 miles was not even enough to cover the entire Spiritual Force Sacred Place. So it was really impossible for Zen to contact Yolande, who was in another supreme world, with just a message rune. Everyone rolled their eyes as discreetly as they could.

The problem was that although Yolande was talking nonsense, no one dared to question her. The world lord merely smiled and stayed silent. He was at a loss for words.

As for Zen, he was also cursing Yolande quite aggressively in his mind.

'It's fine if you know that I have a Roaring Token, but why did you give everyone a hint? Are you trying to threaten me?'

But as he surveyed the situation around him, Zen could tell that Yolande's status was indeed not ordinary. The Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place did not dare say anything before her, and the one who had just spoken seemed to be even more powerful than the Saint Lord. 'Is he the world lord of the Spirit Reading World?' Zen wondered.

Zen didn't care who the man was. What was important was that his secret wouldn't be revealed. Although these guys had guessed a little of the truth, they didn't seem to believe that he had so many Roaring Tokens.

But in the end, he knew it was still inappropriate to arouse others' suspicions.

Zen was not stupid enough to argue with Yolande about this. If they had doubts in their hearts, then let them be. After all, no matter what conclusion they reached, they wouldn't be able to give it any certainty.

At that moment, the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place saw that it was about time, so he said, "Master Yolande, Zen has, after all, ascended to our Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Now that you want to take him away, shouldn't you give us some—"

Before the Saint Lord could finish speaking, the corners of Yolande's lips curved up in a smile. Then she immediately declined. "No!"

The Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place almost fainted. He wanted to ask for compensation, but he didn't expect Yolande to directly reject him before he even said it out. Wasn't she too overbearing?

However, since the words were already out of his mouth, he clenched his teeth and continued, "Actually, we don't care about compensation. But one of the disciples from the Myriad Spiritual Force House is very talented. Can he enter one of the thirteen palaces to cultivate?"

Yolande giggled, but this time she nodded. "Why didn't you just say it in the first place? Why did you have to mention compensation first? You are really scheming. Sending two or three disciples into the thirteen palaces is no problem!"

The Saint Lord forced an embarrassed smile. It turned out that Yolande had already seen through him. Originally, he was afraid that she would turn him down, so he wanted to ask for compensation first before taking a step back in exchange for Fenton's entry into one of the thirteen palaces. This was the safest method.

However, he did not expect Yolande to act like this and agree with it so easily. Now that Fenton could enter one of the thirteen palaces to cultivate, it seemed that Zen had brought him some benefits after coming to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

Beside him, the lord of the Spirit Reading World became rather excited when he heard this. Knowing that Yolande could give them two or three licenses, his eyes immediately lit up.

In fact, every once in a while, the 3, 000 supreme worlds would obtain a few licenses to the thirteen palaces. As the Spirit Reading World was relatively remote and was unknown within the supreme worlds, the number of licenses they had at their disposal was naturally fewer. So being able to obtain extra spots was a huge thing. The world lord was just about to open his mouth and say something when Yolande extended three fingers. "That's it. Since Zen has ascended to your Spirit Reading World, I'll give you three licenses. As for how to allocate them, it's your own business."

Of the three licenses, one was already occupied by Fenton, which meant that the remaining two would depend on how they divided it up.

Although the Spiritual Force Sacred Place already obtained a license, the Saint Lord thought that the licenses were granted because of Zen. It was fine for them to obtain an extra license, but the world lord did not think so. It could only be said that the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was lucky to have Zen, but the fact remained that it was too much for a sacred place to have two licenses.

After Yolande brought Zen and left, a dispute started between the two sacred places because of the remaining two licenses. It even involved another tenth-grade sacred place in the Spirit Reading World. The Saint Lord of the tenth grade sacred place thought that the three licenses should be given to the three sacred places, one for each.

There was a carriage floating above the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

The purple carriage was made with incomparable ingenuity. Strings of strange flowers and plants grew around the body of the carriage.

The most astonishing thing was the two horses in front of the carriage. They were actually legendary beasts!

Normally, legendary beasts were very arrogant and proud. They could enter into a contract with warriors and become their contractual beasts, but they could not be enslaved or tamed by warriors.

This "Heavenly Phoenix Horse" was one of the few legendary beasts that could be tamed, but even taming it would take a lot of energy and time.

So not only was the Heavenly Phoenix Horse an excellent mount, it was also a symbol of status.

The rest of the people respectfully saw Yolande off as she brought Zen into the carriage.

Judging from the outside, the spectators thought that this carriage was only the size of an ordinary carriage. However, after the doors were opened, a different world inside greeted them. It was as wide and wonderful as a palace.

"Tell me. Where did you get so many Roaring Tokens?" Yolande asked with a smile.

"Um..." Zen found it hard to explain.

Chapter 1338 The Border Channel

Yolande was somebody he could trust.

She thought that Zen had innumerable Roaring Tokens.

But Zen would not be able to explain to her how he got the Roaring Token because it concerned the fairy palace, his master, and many other things that he would rather not discuss with her.

So Zen chose not to explain and keep mum about the whole matter.

Yolande also knew that Zen wouldn't tell her the truth. Since he refused to explain it, she couldn't force him to reveal his secret. At least he didn't deny being in possession of these tokens.

Instead, she asked, "Do you know the identity of that mysterious woman who was singing that day?"

Zen shook his head absently.

Like him, the mysterious singer also seemed to have countless Roaring Tokens. It was very likely that her token could be used countless times, just like the one in Zen's hand.

But he didn't know who that stranger was.

"All right!" She nodded believing him but continued sizing him up.

The current Yolande was in her complete body. So from that perspective, this was the first time she had met Zen.

One of her clones had taken the decision to allow Zen to ascend freely, and the Celestial Position had come to the same conclusion. She was very pleased with the fact that the Celestial Position did not force Zen to join them. But coincidentally, he had still ascended to the alliance. It was obviously his fate.

There was no certain path for a man without destiny, but no matter what Zen's future path was, she didn't mind helping him.

Aiding him was worth her while, especially since his Roaring Token could be used countless times. The token was very useful for many races, and perhaps she would need Zen's help several times in the future. Since she didn't have many Roaring Tokens, he could help her spread the news.

As Yolande regarded Zen with these thoughts racing through her mind, he felt like she was seeing right through him. She made him feel naked and bare, like he no longer had any secrets from her.

He knew that even though Yolande's cultivation level was incredibly high, she didn't have the expertise. The only reason he was feeling uncomfortable was that the gap between his and her cultivation levels was too great.

This was exactly how he had felt when the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was sizing him up.

Zen's cultivation level was too low. In the Lower World, he was already a top-level warrior but in the Upper World, the Life and Death Realm was just the beginning for him.

Most importantly, he hadn't gotten any news from his sister. Perhaps it was just as Lavender had said back then—all the great worlds were extremely afraid of the young warrior who had appeared in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. He surpassed the heaven, and Yan was somewhere beyond the heaven.

Zen didn't want to believe this conclusion, but the possibility was high. If he wanted to find Yan, his current strength was far from enough.

He thought about Lavender and asked, "Yolande, do you know any way to awaken Lavender?"

"Lavender?"

Yolande was stunned by his question. Her clones had too many memories. They had met too many people and seen too many things, so she could hardly remember anyone. But Zen was an exception.

She managed to find Lavender in her memories.

"You mean the Queen of Killings of the Demon Night? If I remember correctly, she seems to only have a single soul fragment left," Yolande said with a faint smile.

The disappearance of the Demon Night's Queen of Killings was widely known. The three queens were their symbols. If Lavender died, a new Queen of Killings would be elected immediately to replace her.

Zen nodded wordlessly.

Yolande continued to stare at Zen and laughed. "You want to help her to take back the throne of the Demon Night?"

Zen nodded again.

Yolande continued cackling. "The Demon Night is so powerful that even we humans cannot ignore it. The other two queens might only be world lords, but as queens of the Demon Night, their words are often more useful than Supreme Lords'. Lavender's position is of extraordinary significance, and your current strength is far from enough."

"I will improve my cultivation," Zen said with a look of determination.

Seeing his serious expression, Yolande giggled. "I'm not your master, so I can't change your mind. Your own will is up to you. I didn't interfere in your matters back in the Sea God Continent, and I'm not interfering now either. Once we reach the Mist Palace, I'll help you awaken Lavender and repair her broken soul."

"Did you just say you could repair her soul?" His eyes immediately lit up.

Technically speaking, Lavender's host soul had died, and the wisp of soul accompanying Zen was the only remnant soul.

He thought he could only wake her up, but he didn't think that Yolande could actually repair her soul and make it good as new!

Seeing the joy on his face, Yolande smiled and said, "Let's go!"

At her command, two horses neighed outside the carriage and the carriage trembled and hurtled forward.

In almost an instant, the carriage had charged into the space channel.

"Hmm?" There was no space channel in this place. However, the carriage entered it, so Zen was quite curious about it.

"It's just the innate theurgy of the Heavenly Phoenix Horse. It can freely enter and exit the space channel," she explained.

Zen nodded. Ever since he had ascended, he had been intrigued to know the various things that went on in the Upper World. He would probably need some time to get his head around them.

Cross-world travel was a luxury for martial artists. In fact, 99 percent of the martial artists were never able to leave their own supreme worlds in their entire life. The 100, 000 supreme worlds that existed in the universe were just concepts and legends to them. They all knew about these supreme worlds, and they had heard the roars of many Supreme Lords and world lords, but they had never actually seen them.

Zen was following Yolande right now. He was going to travel thousands of supreme worlds and went to the core supreme world of the alliance. It was a very exciting prospect.

The two Heavenly Phoenix Horses entered the space channel and galloped away at a dizzying speed. What surprised Zen even more was that when the Heavenly Phoenix Horses ran, they seemed to be accelerating. The legendary beasts' initial speed was not particularly fast. If Zen used his full strength, he might be able to catch up with them.

The problem was that the Heavenly Phoenix Horses did not seem to have a limit on their speed. After running for a day, their speed had already reached an unimaginable level. On the second day, the speed was twice as fast as the first day. And on the third day, they doubled their speed once again.

In the beginning, Zen had been able to observe his surroundings from the supreme world channel. He had seen some martial artists flying in the same direction as them.

However, on the fourth day, he was no longer able to clearly see the scenery outside his window. As the horses ran extremely fast, everything turned into blurry lines, making it impossible to tell if it was a person or something else.

There were countless checkpoints in the supreme world channel, which required a fee to pass through. For an ordinary martial artist, the cost of traversing through a supreme world was astronomical. However, no one dared to stop Yolande's carriage at any checkpoint.

Even if they wanted to, it was impossible for them to stop given the current speed.

On the sixth day, Yolande informed Zen that they had left the Spirit Reading World.

"We have left the Spirit Reading World?" Zen thought that with their speed, they would have long since entered another supreme world.

According to the current speed, if they wanted to cross over a thousand supreme worlds, they would probably need almost 20 years to reach their destination.

However, the speed of the Heavenly Phoenix Horses continued to increase.

After leaving the Spirit Reading World, they entered the border channel, which was wider than the supreme world channel. Building these channels and connecting thousands of supreme worlds to each other like pearls in a necklace was a vast and unimaginable project.

'The supreme world channels are constructed mostly by world lords, so it must be the Supreme Lords who build the border channels, ' Zen thought to himself.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1339 The Smell

It took them almost three days to cross the second supreme world.

However, the third supreme world had only taken them a day.

As time passed slowly, Yolande and Zen crossed different supreme worlds one after another. All the supreme worlds were occupied by humans and these were just one of their three great forces. It was easy to see how powerful humans were across the universe.

Zen had been busy with cultivation the whole time he was traveling swiftly.

A month later, Zen felt the exquisite carriage finally stopped. He slowly opened his eyes and looked out of the window, seeing an orange crescent moon in the sky.

"Here we are." Yolande pushed the carriage door open and walked out first.

Zen followed Yolande. He suddenly thought of something and asked, "Well, if Fenton wants to come here, how long will it take?"

Thinking for a moment, Yolande replied, "He has to do it by his own if the Saint Lord of his sacred place doesn't help him. It should take about two to three hundred years for him to get here by himself."

Zen was left speechless. That was a long time! Fenton was the pride of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Thus, the Saint Lord would surely not let him waste several hundred years of his time on such a trip. Moreover, crossing so many supreme worlds would require considerable expenses. Fenton would never be able to afford them.

"Let's go. Once you're strong enough, you'll realize that the universe isn't as big as you first thought." Yolande continued walking ahead after speaking.

Zen was left eyeing her from behind. Her colorful skirt was swaying beautifully and Zen couldn't help but slightly smile before he followed her.

As a matter of fact, this Yolande gave Zen a very strange feeling. Her two clones that Zen had met before were too different from her in personality. Although he knew the reason for that, he still felt different for this Yolande. However, if he was to base his idea from their gracefully slender figure, Zen was sure that they were exactly the same person.

They both saw a large city after some minutes of walking. To him, the Upper World cities were like giant behemoths. Each city was as vast as the Central Region. Thus, he didn't bother to check how big the city exactly was.

He could see a giant stone pillar standing proudly within the city. It was so magnanimous that Zen could clearly see it even if he was hundreds of miles away. It must be tens of thousands of feet tall with a towering palace sitting on its top. The palace was like the crown of a large tree, spreading wide at the top of the pillar. It was not known how the palace was built.

"This is one of the thirteen palaces, the Mist Palace," Yolande said. "Follow me in."

Then she gently waved her hand, creating an invisible force that enveloped Zen.

Whoosh!

Zen felt his body flash in space once and in the next instant, he appeared in another place.

It was spatial transference.

Zen could travel in small spaces but the distance between him and the Mist Palace was too great. With just space traveling, Yolande brought him instantly inside the grandiose place. Only spatial transference could do that.

It was just as Fenton said. In the Upper World, martial artists had to master the Space Law and the Time Law. It was obvious that Yolande's control over the Space Law was extremely profound.

Thousands of steps welcomed their view as soon as they entered the Mist Palace. There was a soldier standing proudly in every three steps. In total, the whole stairs were guarded by hundreds of warriors. Each of them had reached the Soul Sea Realm, looking solemn as they stood in perfect posture.

The soldiers bowed one by one to Yolande each time she stepped. Nonetheless, Yolande acted as if she wasn't seeing them and just continued to ascend.

At that time, several rays of light appeared in the sky. In a matter of split second, they came from the horizon and appeared next to Yolande.

Zen noticed that the person in the lead was a thin middle-aged martial artist. He had an aquiline nose and a pair of very sharp eyes which were as slender as willow leaves. Zen couldn't tell the cultivation of the man before him. However, he could sense that his aura was almost the same as Yolande's.

"Is this man also a world lord?" Zen asked in slight surprise.

"Master, I heard you were back, so I came to greet you." The man gave Yolande a light bow but there wasn't the slightest hint of respect in his voice.

This confused Zen a little. Just as he understood it now, Yolande was the master of the Mist Palace, which was one of the thirteen palaces. How was it possible that the man wasn't respecting her?

Yolande looked at the man and said in a cold voice, "There's no need to greet me. I still have things to do. You can leave now."

The man touched his chin but didn't move away. Instead, he turned to Zen, sizing him up with interest. He then stepped forward and sniffed at Zen, chuckling. "Master, where did you find this guy? He smells like someone who has ascended to the Upper World. Am I right?"

Yolande blinked her eyes upon hearing the middle-aged man and stared at him. "So what?"

The man snickered. "Nothing. It is just that I've never picked garbage. Do you want to see the two new martial artists I brought back this time, Master?"

The moment he stopped talking, two young martial artists appeared behind him and looked at Yolande's direction. Their faces were hard, displaying how profound they were. They had just reached the Life and Death Realm, but like Fenton, they had also gone through nine small Heavenly Tribulations.

Surely, the two of them did not dare to disrespect Yolande. However, their expressions immediately became disdainful when their gazes landed on Zen.

Yolande sized up the two men, and then said indifferently, "Not bad. It seems that our Mist Palace has gained another two talents."

The man laughed. "Of course. This is the son of the lord of the Great Circle World. When he was just born, his father used the power of the supreme world to clean up his hair and marrow. As for the other martial artist, he has inherited the blood of the Celestial Mouse. His Lotus Flower already has seven leaves. I estimate that after reaching the Soul Sea Realm, he will have the qualifications to join the Swallow Cloud House!"

"Good," Yolande replied in a cold tone. It seemed that she did not want to talk with the man and was going to bring Zen away.

However, the middle-aged man stopped her and continued, "Master, what is this guy capable of? Why did you personally bring him here? He must have powerful backing, right?"

"I see! He's from the Lower World!"

The two martial artists with extraordinary backgrounds interrupted hatefully.

"I can smell the disgusting smell even from a few feet away!"

As a matter of fact, they were very respectful towards Yolande. However, they could tell that the man with an aquiline nose didn't respect Yolande and even went further to humiliate her. Thus, they started blaming Zen.

Yolande's beautiful face showed anger, but she seemed to fear the man with an aquiline nose, so she held herself back. She honestly didn't have any clue on how to explain what she did.

At this moment, Zen chuckled and sniffed. He said, "Why don't I smell it?"

One of them said mockingly, "If one stays in the salted fish shop for long, he won't smell the smell of salted fish. How can you smell your own smell?"

"Oh." Zen sniffed again and said, "So that's how it is. You two probably won't be able to smell your own smell either!"

"What smell do we have?" one of the martial artists asked aggressively.

"Don't you know that you guys smell like idiots?" Zen said with a smile while covering his nose. "Although it isn't disgusting, it's bad enough. This is not a good place to stay for long."

Yolande giggled upon hearing Zen. Although she knew that Zen was someone who wouldn't lose out, she hadn't thought that his words would be so incisive.

"How dare you!" one of the three men said angrily.

"How dare you!" echoed Zen.

"Bastard! Who do you..."

"Bastard! Who do you think you are? Do you know who my father is?" Zen repeated again and even insultingly finished the second half of the man's words.

Chapter 1340 Weapon House

Zen's acting was vivid, and he was even able to guess what that man was going to say. Needless to say, the warrior was stunned.

He said in a daze, "How did you know what I—"

"How did you know what I was going to say?" Zen continued, "It's simple—it's very easy to guess what an idiot is about to say!"

"Ha-ha!"

Even Yolande, the leader of the Mist Palace, couldn't help but laugh.

The man with an aquiline nose was resentful. His eyes were cold and sharp as he glared at Zen.

Meanwhile, the two talents from the Upper World were also glaring at Zen as they wanted to beat him up.

Zen learned this from the old man from the Celestial Position race. He always accurately predicted what others were going to say. It could be upsetting at times.

Zen knew how to observe people so he knew that the man with an aquiline nose didn't have a good relationship with Yolande. Since they weren't on the same side, Zen wouldn't mind offending him. He was always a straightforward man.

The man with an aquiline nose had enrolled two good disciples, wanting to show off in front of Yolande. It had gone smoothly at first. Warriors whose Lotus Flower had sprouted seven petals were rare in the universe. Naturally, he'd be proud but Zen ruined his good mood.

"Kid, warriors don't use their mouths to fight," the man said as he coldly stared at Zen.

"Don't bother teaching me anything. I have my own master. I don't need you to teach me," Zen replied. Most warriors would be very nervous when facing a warrior who was as powerful as a world lord. Some would even get aggressive but Zen was noticeably calm.

If he became too nervous, he'd make Yolande lose face. If he was too aggressive, he might get her in trouble. Zen had just told off the two disciples, not the man with an aquiline nose. The two disciples were of the same generation as he was, so it wouldn't cause him much trouble. Zen tried to be as neutral as possible when talking to the man with an aquiline nose.

"Master?" The man chuckled. "I wonder what cultivation level a mere warrior from the Lower World is at."

A strange look appeared on Yolande's face. 'Does Zen have a master?' As far as she knew, Zen was pretty independent on his path of cultivation which meant he didn't have a master.

Hearing this, Zen said with a straight face, "I don't know."

"You don't even know your master's cultivation level? That's ridiculous!" The man shook his head.

Then Zen added, "But he's someone that is widely respected and revered throughout the universe." A faint smile once again appeared on Zen's face.

Upon hearing this, both the man and Yolande looked shocked. 'Someone who is widely respected and revered throughout the universe? Is he just showing off? He's being too arrogant!' the man thought.

Zen then said, "Of course, that's just my opinion!"

The man with an aquiline nose had lost face in front of Zen. He found himself constantly responding to anything that came out of Zen's mouth. This wasn't like him at all. He was as powerful as a world lord—he should always be calm and composed in front of a mere warrior like Zen. However, he couldn't help it. He was stunned and he couldn't hide it no matter how embarrassing it was.

If it weren't for the fact that he was in the Mist Palace, he would have killed Zen already!

However, Zen wasn't even being disrespectful. Even if he did want to reprimand Zen, he wouldn't know what to say either. Ultimately, he could only grind his teeth and bark, "Let's go! To the Weapon House!"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Everyone else didn't want to stay there a second longer than they needed to, so in the blink of an eye, they were gone too.

As for Yolande, she was beaming with joy as she stared at Zen and said, "I've really underestimated you!"

Zen sighed softly, "I didn't want to, but I've encountered too many people like him. I'm used to it."

He had encountered so many people who always tried to make everything unnecessarily difficult for him. If he could, he'd teach that warrior a lesson or two. But he couldn't, so the only thing he could do was tell them off.

Yolande was in a much better mood now. As she walked, she told Zen that the man with an aquiline nose was Timothy Xu, a vice leader of the Mist Palace.

He had a great background and his father was a Supreme Lord. When he entered the Mist Palace, he competed with Yolande to be the leader. Since then, they had always been at each other's throats.

This time, he intended to taunt Yolande, but Zen had angered him so much that he left. Naturally, this pleased Yolande.

After climbing the stairs, Yolande extended her hand towards Zen. "Hand it over!"

"What?" Zen asked.

"Do you want to help Lavender recover her soul or not?" Yolande asked.

"Right now?" Zen was astonished.

Yolande shook her head and said, "Lavender was once almost a world lord. It's impossible to completely repair her soul in a short period of time, but I have a way to wake her up and restore a large portion of her soul."

Upon hearing Yolande say this, Zen happily took out the Soul Nurturing Wood from his space ring. He checked Lavender's status in the Soul Nurturing Wood, and a warm feeling was transmitted from it. Lavender had been sleeping for a long time, and now she could finally wake up. He wondered how she would react if she found out she was in a supreme world.

After passing the Soul Nurturing Wood to Yolande, he received a jade slip and a small jade pendant from her. "Within this jade slip is the map of the Mist Palace. Whoever enters our thirteen palaces will have the chance to choose a weapon from the Weapon House for free. Whatever weapon you choose is up to you."

Weapon?

"What rank are the weapons? Are there any divine weapons?" Zen asked.

Yolande didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "What do you think the thirteen palaces are? Do you really think we won't have divine weapons here?" Yolande shook her head. She could tell that Zen didn't understand how abound in resources the thirteen palaces were.

The top talents of the 3, 000 supreme worlds were gathered here. It would be laughable if the weapons in the Weapon House weren't even divine weapons.

Zen nodded. In his last battle with Fenton, his sacred weapon had been broken. Of course, the Illusion Space was just a projection. Naturally, his top-grade sacred weapon wasn't actually broken, but it meant that Zen didn't actually have a proper weapon.

Since he already had the opportunity to choose a weapon, he wouldn't miss the chance.

As Yolande was helping Lavender recover her soul, Zen followed the map in the jade slip to the Weapon House.

The Myriad Spiritual Force House of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place had gathered all the top talents of the tenth-grade sacred place. The Mist Palace, as one of the thirteen palaces, was a place where talents from different sacred places gathered.

Any one of them was good enough to become a core member of a tenth-grade sacred place. Even the Spiritual Force Sacred Place would have to try pretty hard to get Fenton into the thirteen palaces. They hoped that he could have better resources and opportunities there.

After traveling through the huge Mist Palace for a long time, Zen finally found the Weapon House.

At the entrance of the Weapon House, there were also two guards. These guards were much stronger than the ones on the stairs. They were warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

At that time, the guards were being surrounded by warriors.

These warriors were all very young, roughly the same age as Zen. The older ones were only around 30 years old. They were all gathered together, pointing towards the Weapon House.

"Today, the Weapon House has some new secondary first-rank divine weapons."

"So what? Sounds like we can't get one of them."

"I want to try my luck!"

"Bah! It costs 300 life vitality jades to try once. If you can afford, then go on and try it!"

These warriors should also be talents that had been sent into the thirteen palaces by their respective supreme worlds. Needless to say, Zen was confused.

One had to pay 300 life vitality jades to choose a weapon from the Weapon House?

Zen had more than 100 life vitality jades in his hands. However, this was far from enough. He'd never heard of a place that required so many life vitality jades. So Zen, who had originally been planning to enter the House, stopped in his tracks.

Chapter 1341 Weapons Under The Dome

Standing at the entrance of the Weapon House, Zen keenly observed for a while and then saw two people walk over.

They happened to be those who had clashed with Zen on the stairs of the Mist Palace previously. Each of them held a small jade pendant in their hands. After waving it in front of the two Spirit Supreme Realm guards, they were permitted to enter the Weapon House.

Then a sudden realization hit Zen as he took in this scene.

'I'm so stupid, ' he mused. The jade pendant, which was given to him by Yolande, of course, had its uses.

Accordingly, he walked up to the guards and also waved his jade pendant before entering the Weapon House right behind the two warriors.

The other warriors standing outside the House made a ruckus and wanted to squeeze in just behind Zen.

The faces of the two guards at the entrance darkened as they swiftly blocked their path.

"We're just going in to take a look. Given that we don't have a jade pendant, we can't choose weapons."

"It doesn't affect anything. Please let us in."

Zen turned his head to look back and was speechless. 'I'm only picking a weapon. What is there to look at?' he thought, shaking his head. It seemed that there was no lack of gossips everywhere, even in the Upper World.

He didn't expect that their pleas would be so effective. The guards just said, "Don't make a ruckus in there! Anyone who doesn't obey the rule will be thrown out."

After receiving the approval of the two guards, those warriors gladly followed Zen into the Weapon House.

"Hey! Hey! Hey, newcomer." A warrior at the eighth level of Life and Death Realm patted Zen's shoulder from behind.

However, before he could touch Zen, his body gently twisted, easily dodging this patter. He then asked indifferently, "What is it?"

The warrior was surprised for a moment before he probed, "What rank of weapon do you want to choose?"

Hearing this, Zen replied, "Naturally, the more suitable the weapon, the better."

"Ha-ha, that's a good answer. These juniors are now staring at the powerful weapons. They don't know what suits them the best!" said a white-eyebrowed elder who was seated in a corner of the Weapon House.

Zen nodded his head towards the old man and smiled. The old man then said, "If you want to choose a weapon, you can now hand over the jade pendant to me."

After turning over the jade pendant, Zen carefully looked around the Weapon House.

In the center of the Weapon House was a wide dome, and under this dome, there floated numerous balls of light.

Zen silently scrutinized these balls of light. Then he figured out that they, in fact, contained weapons of all shapes and sizes.

"There are loads of divine weapons!"

No wonder when Zen asked Yolande whether there were divine weapons in the Weapon House, her face showed an expression of not knowing whether to laugh or cry. She probably thought that he had underestimated the Mist Palace.

Each one of the weapons wrapped in these balls of light was a divine weapon.

It was probably Zen's words that made the white-eyebrowed elder feel very comfortable, so he gleefully added, "All these weapons in the Weapon House are divine weapons. But they are also divided into different ranks. Those divine weapons at the bottom are of the secondary third rank, which is the lowest level."

Zen nodded his head. The secondary third-rank divine weapons in the Weapon House were semi-divine weapons in the eyes of the warriors from the four divine kingdoms.

"The higher a weapon is, the higher its rank. And the difficulty of obtaining a weapon also increases as you move up. If you want to secure one of the high-rank divine weapons, you'll have to rely on your own abilities!" the white-eyebrowed elder said.

Right at this time, the two warriors who had been at loggerheads with Zen strolled over from the other side of the Weapon House. There was another person beside them. This person was already at the Soul Sea Realm.

Earlier, Zen had taunted the two warriors in front of the vice leader of Mist Palace. How could their faces look good after they'd discovered Zen?

When one of them saw Zen, he immediately told the Soul Sea Realm warrior, "Rhydian, it's him!"

"Really?" The Soul Sea Realm warrior casually sized Zen up and sauntered over. "You are just a brat at the Life and Death Realm and even from the Lower World. I've never seen someone act so arrogantly."

This Soul Sea Realm warrior was very young, so it was unbefitting for him to call Zen a brat.

When the warriors who came to watch Zen select a weapon noticed the Soul Sea Realm warrior, their expressions also became cautious. They were muttering to themselves, "How did this new guy offend him?"

The thirteen palaces were originally places to train talents from the 3, 000 supreme worlds. The ultimate goal was to gather all of the most talented warriors and produce even more powerful warriors.

The Mist Palace was only one of the thirteen palaces, and it held a very competitive stance against the other twelve palaces.

By the same token, the warriors in the Mist Palace were also severed into two groups.

Those warriors who had just gained entry in the Mist Palace belonged to the Ice Cloud House. Zen was classed as a new disciple since he hadn't gone through a series of formalities yet, so he also belonged to the Ice Cloud House. The stronger ones could enter the Swallow Cloud House.

This Soul Sea Realm warrior before him was called Rhydian Xie. Although he was also a member of the Ice Cloud House, he was ranked significantly higher. Perhaps he could be promoted to the Swallow Cloud House in the next semester.

Rhydian Xie was not only powerful and talented, but he was even the son of a world lord. His younger brother, Matteo Xie, had also been enrolled into the Mist Palace. He took his brother here to choose a suitable weapon.

Along the way, Matteo Xie did not lose the opportunity to inform him that there seemed to be a newcomer, who was supremely arrogant and appallingly daring to talk back in front of the vice leader of the Mist Palace. When he met Zen, he would inevitably ridicule him.

Zen remained calm after he listened to what Rhydian Xie solicited. Previously, he had answered back only to help Yolande. Although the other party had openly provoked him, Zen was too lazy to open his mouth. Instead, he asked the white-eyebrowed elder, "Do I only have one chance to choose a weapon?"

The white-eyebrowed elder assented, "Yes. According to the rules of the Weapon House, you only have one chance!"

Zen grinned slightly and was just about to fly up to retrieve a weapon when Rhydian Xie halted him. "My brother came first, so he should take it first."

The white-eyebrowed elder seemed to like Zen more. Upon hearing that, he gazed at Zen as if asking for his opinion. Zen shrugged his shoulders and revealed a casual expression. Then the white-eyebrowed elder said, "It doesn't matter who comes first. Both of you can enter and obtain a weapon."

Rhydian Xie tapped Matteo Xie on the shoulder and cast a warning glance at Zen. All the people within the thirteen palaces were talents from many supreme worlds. And Rhydian Xie had a high ranking in the Ice Cloud House, so he looked down upon Zen, thinking he was a mere warrior from the Lower World. Subsequently, there would be lots of chances to make Zen suffer, and he wouldn't even need to do it himself. He then urged his younger brother, "Do your best and strive to obtain a secondary first-rank divine weapon!"

Although the majority of the warriors here virtually possessed a solid background, not everyone could acquire a secondary first-rank divine weapon.

For example, the State Sword that Fenton was using didn't belong to him. It was given to him by the Saint Lord, and if Fenton left the Myriad Spiritual Force House, he would have to return the sword.

Matteo Xie lightly bobbed his head as he listened to his brother before walking to the center of the hall. After sweeping a glance at the dome, he immediately leaped up.

Swoosh!

All the balls of light under the dome began to dance about as soon as Matteo Xie jumped sharply into the air.

By the time Matteo Xie had jumped to a height of 20 feet, his speed had already slackened down. From the looks of it, he seemed to be struggling a bit.

Keeping their eyes glued on this rueful scene, the surrounding warriors couldn't help starting to discuss among themselves.

"Rhydian Xie is extraordinarily powerful, but his little brother is nothing special."

"I don't think he can get a secondary first-rank divine weapon. Maybe he is even unable to get a secondary second-rank divine weapon. Tsk! Tsk! How embarrassing!"

"Such a waste! I'd rather exchange my secondary second-rank divine weapon for his jade pendant so that I can give it a try. Maybe I can snatch a good one."

Zen originally not understood what was going on with the balls of light, but now he finally comprehended. Matteo Xie was also a warrior at the ninth-grade of the Life and Death Realm, which made him comparable to Fenton in terms of cultivation level. However, it was not easy for him to seize a good weapon.

Matteo Xie's face turned red as he struggled harder and harder until he, at last, managed to get hold of a ball of light before plummeting down from the air.

He had only clutched a third-rank divine weapon, which was an ax. And its estimated value was to be around 20 to 30 life vitality jades. The question whether it was valuable aside, he had undeniably lost his face.

"I don't want this!" Matteo Xie protested stubbornly after he got up. Throwing the golden ax to the side, he steadied himself and was about to fly up to the dome once again.

However, the white-eyebrowed elder reached out his hand and gently pinched it. An invisible force suddenly pressed Matteo Xie down, who had just left the floor. He felt a sudden pang of pain as if he had been struck by a hammer as he fell to the floor.

"Only the first time is for free. If you want to try again, you need to pay 300 life vitality jades first," the white-eyebrowed elder stressed coldly. "If you want another chance, you must pay upfront!"

Chapter 1342 The Red Light Dots

Seeing how his brother had worked so hard and still only managed to obtain a third-rank divine weapon, Rhydian was a little disheartened.

As Matteo got up from the ground, a look of unwillingness crept on his face.

With their status, they held third-rank divine weapons in contempt. Matteo, now standing on the side, said furiously, "I underestimated the pressure of the dome! Rhydian, I want to try again!"

The cost of trying again was three hundred life vitality jades, which equaled three million supreme life vitality crystals. To most warriors, this was a stupendous sum.

Of course, to the warriors of the Mist Palace, it was not a small amount of savings either. Although it cost a lot of life vitality jades, since Matteo desired it, Rhydian reached into his pocket and took out three hundred life vitality jades, throwing them onto the white-eyebrowed elder's table.

The elder smiled faintly. As the elder received the three hundred life vitality jades, Matteo once again leaped forward, flying toward the dome.

In fact, with Matteo's strength, he could have easily grabbed a secondary second-rank divine weapon. But what he got his hands on was a third-rank one instead. He was unwilling to accept this fact and decided to have a try once again. Since he had lost a chance already, this time he wanted to do his best to obtain a divine weapon of a higher rank.

His target was a secondary first-rank divine weapon...

Now that he had such a wild ambition, he had to pay the corresponding price. His goal was to possess a secondary first-rank divine weapon, but in the end, he was hit by the giant pressure before being smashed onto the ground. He had managed to receive nothing once again.

Upon seeing what happened, Rhydian frowned as well.

As for the other warriors in the Weapon House, they sighed. Matteo had wasted three hundred life vitality jades just like that—for absolutely nothing in return. It was really a pity.

This time, Matteo was too embarrassed to try again, so he stepped aside silently.

Suddenly, Rhydian took out four hundred life vitality jades and handed them over to the white-eyebrowed elder. He said, "Here are four hundred life vitality jades. Let me have a try this time!"

'Four hundred life vitality jades?' Zen thought, his eyes flashing with surprise. Just now they said the task only needed three hundred life vitality jades. Why was Rhydian paying one hundred more life vitality jades this time?

However, the talk of the warriors around Zen made him realize what was up.

"Oh no. Rhydian is truly ambitious. He has his eyes on those first-rank divine weapons!"

"Rhydian is very powerful. Now that he is a Soul Sea Realm warrior, he might be able to get his hands on one of them!"

"Well, he wants to earn back what his brother has lost. But the pressure of the dome is adjusted as per the cultivation of the warriors. These first-rank divine weapons have been here for countless years, and only a few of them have been taken so far. I heard from an elder from Ice Cloud House that the most recent time the first-rank divine weapon was taken was a hundred years ago."

A first-rank divine weapon?

Zen raised his eyebrows.

In the Lower World, all weapons Zen had used could be considered top-grade weapons in the Central Region or the Sea God Continent. However, his weapons were not regarded as the best in the Divine Kingdom Continent.

The most important reason for it was that Zen relied too much on his own body instead of the weapon in his hand, as his own body itself was a weapon. Now in the Upper World, Zen had begun to understand the importance of a high-grade weapon.

It was true that the Black Star was a supreme divine weapon, but it wasn't appropriate to show it to others in most occasions or make use of it to fight an enemy.

'I should just observe for a while, ' Zen thought to himself.

As the white-eyebrowed elder received the four hundred life vitality jades, the faint smile still lingered on his face. He stretched out his hand and a picture scroll appeared, with several kinds of magic weapons drawn on it.

"One of the first-rank divine weapons in the Weapon House, the Blood Dripping Spear, was borrowed by a steward. Now there are sixteen first-rank divine weapons left. You can choose four of them and I will place them on the dome," the elder said.

"I know the rules." Rhydian nodded as his gaze swept over the picture.

He casually pointed at some weapons and picked out four from the sixteen first-rank divine weapons.

It seemed that Rhydian was a sword cultivator. The four weapons he chose were all first-rank divine swords—the Crimson Fire Sword, the Book Sword, the Heavenly Shadow Sword, and the Ten Directions Howling Sword respectively.

After he had selected the weapons, the elder reached out and gently flicked his finger. Four red light dots entered the dome. They were extremely eye-catching amongst the white light dots. However, after floating for a while, the red light dots floated over to the highest point of the dome.

It was obvious that these first-rank divine weapons were priceless items. It would not be easy to obtain them.

Even the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, or those with higher cultivation levels, could not easily receive them, let alone a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm!

Many of the elders as well as the stewards of Mist Palace borrowed these weapons from the Weapon House when they needed to step out to fight. Once they returned, they had to hand back the weapons.

However, placing the first-rank divine weapons here was only a form of encouragement. Very few warriors of Ice Cloud House and Swallow Cloud House were able to get them. Those who could do so were all very outstanding talents.

Rhydian intended to accept the challenge. His brother had had a free opportunity just now and spent three hundred life vitality jades in addition, which was not a small expense for him. If Rhydian were able to obtain a first-rank divine weapon, he would gain profit.

Furthermore, not only would he be able to obtain a treasure, he would also become quite popular at the Mist Palace.

Under the gazes of the other warriors present, Rhydian walked to the center of the dome. He was not in a hurry to rush to the dome, but he had to make some preparations. First, he needed to swallow a pill which would make the life vitality sea within his inner world surge vigorously and increase his strength by at least twenty percent. This pill was worth thirty to forty life vitality jades, but he had already spent four hundred life vitality jades now, so he made use of this expensive pill without hesitation.

After swallowing the pill, Rhydian took a deep breath and left the ground.

He knew that there was a short period of delay as the downward pressure traveled down from the gravity dome. Although it was a brief period and only lasted for the blink of an eye, it would be a precious opportunity for him.

The gravity of the dome could sense the strength of the warrior. As the warrior increased his strength, the gravity increased correspondingly.

Hence, Rhydian slowly flew up. Even so, the surge of energy was still very powerful. As he rose higher and higher, the gravity that he felt grew stronger and stronger.

Right now, many white light dots floated around Rhydian. Within the dots were various secondary third-rank divine weapons. Weapons of this level naturally did not attract his attention. He continued to move higher without once glancing at them.

Very quickly, he reached the light dots that covered the second-rank divine weapons.

The warriors inside Weapon House once again started to whisper to each other.

"He has already reached the place where the second-rank divine weapons are placed. It would be great if he were to just grab a second-rank divine weapon at random!"

"That's right. A second-rank divine weapon is not bad either. But since he has already handed over one hundred more life vitality jades, his target must be a first-rank divine weapon..."

"It is tough to obtain a first-rank divine weapon. If he is unable to grab hold of it, I'm afraid he would leave empty-handed."

At the moment, Rhydian's face was completely red. Under the great gravitational pressure, it was much harder to ascend even by an inch. But he still gritted his teeth and slowly moved upward. Facing the white lights floating around him, he could not be bothered to even glance at them.

He only paid attention to the red light dots that contained the first-rank divine weapons.

As he slowly moved upward inch by inch, he passed the second-rank divine weapons and got to the area of the secondary first-rank divine weapons.

He was now less than ten feet away from the red lights. As he looked at the four red light dots floating in the air, his eyes flashed with a savage gleam.

Chapter 1343 The Second Page

Rhydian had originally planned to unleash his full strength once he was about five feet away from the red light dots. While gravity was steady, he thought he could seize an opportunity to charge forward and get the weapon.

It was said a master had once used this method to obtain a first-rank divine weapon.

However, Rhydian had almost reached his limits for now. It would be difficult for him to raise his height even by an inch. At the moment, he could only rely on his own will to hold on.

After several seconds, he finally managed to rise a few feet higher. He realized that he was now a spent arrow; if he didn't employ his full strength now, he might never get another chance to do so. At the thought of this, he gritted his teeth and the life vitality within his body began to roll over in massive waves.

Rhydian had been rising slowly, but now with his life vitality surging, he suddenly sped up.

In the moment that his strength erupted, the gravity pressing down from the dome multiplied by several times.

"I've been tricked!" he cried out.

To himself, he wondered, 'Didn't they say that there would be a delay in the increase of gravity? Why did the gravitational force increase the moment my power erupted?'

The white-browed man sitting at the table had a sneer on his face. "By using crooked ways instead of relying on your own strength, you will always fail miserably!"

Actually, it wasn't that Rhydian had been tricked.

It was indeed possible to collect the divine weapon from the dome by using this method in a certain window of time.

The gravity divine texture on the dome constantly detected the martial artist's condition. However, this detection had a certain degree of time-delay. Some martial artists discovered the loophole, so they suppressed their strength at the beginning when they flew to the dome and then unleashed it when they figured that it was time to take advantage.

Although this period of delay was short—less than the blink of an eye—it was enough for a martial artist to ascend.

Weapon House certainly could not allow such a loophole to exist. Although they did not explicitly ban it, they secretly repaired the divine texture on the dome and eliminated it.

This was something that Rhydian didn't know. He falsely believed that he could take advantage of the loophole and get the divine weapon.

Although the life vitality within his body had been unleashed, the gravitational force too multiplied by several times. The burst of life vitality had driven his body higher by several feet, but it was still some distance away from the nearest speck of red light.

Worse, the speck of red light intentionally floated toward him. He was only a foot away from the red dot, but the small gap was like a chasm for Rhydian.

"I'll go all out to get it!"

Suddenly, Rhydian's eyes flashed red. He bit down on the tip of his tongue and his blood essence began to burn.

It was difficult to restore one's blood essence once it had been used up. One had to pay a great price to make up for it.

Right now, Rhydian was like a gambler who had lost everything. The more he lost, the more he wanted to win back what he had lost.

However, Rhydian seemed to have forgotten that the effect of the gravity divine texture increased with the surge in one's power. After burning his blood essence, he obtained the force to ascend upward, but that gravity also intensified.

There was one foot left, and then half a foot, until finally he was one inch away from the red light dot…

Struggling under the influence of the massive gravitational force, Rhydian was now just before the red dot.

If he remembered correctly, the treasured sword inside this particular speck of light was the Ten Directions Howling Sword.

He had researched on this Ten Directions Howling Sword before in detail. It was not heavy when one held it, but in reality, it contained the weight of ten thousand mountain ranges. The wielder of the sword could use this weight the way he desired. So if one were to wield such a sword, it would be equivalent to slashing an opponent with the strength of ten thousand mountain ranges.

If he could get it, the money he had spent would be well worth it.

Rhydian gritted his teeth. He could feel his fingertips already touch the red dot of light. As long as he could rise above just half an inch, he would be able to get hold of it.

But just at this moment, a strange thing happened, making his heart plummet. The light dot leaped nimbly, then flew away from Rhydian…

The specks of light above the dome weren't fixed in place. They were like little fairies as they flew around the dome.

When he saw this, Rhydian could no longer hold on. As his strength weakened, his entire body was hurled down by gravity.

As he fell, his hands began to wildly snatch at the air in an attempt to grab onto some other divine weapon.

Boom!

The deafening thud rang throughout Weapon House as Rhydian's body crashed to the ground. During his fall, he had indeed managed to grab onto a divine weapon. Rhydian, who was now lying on the ground, brought the divine weapon closer to take a look and nearly vomited blood out of anger. It was a secondary third-rank divine weapon, which was worse than what his younger brother had got his hands on.

"I still failed!"

"It's still commendable. Rhydian is indeed not someone ordinary. He just needs some good fortune!"

"Don't forget that he has burnt up his blood essence. He must have suffered a huge loss!"

As Rhydian rose from the ground, he wore a dejected expression on his face. He tossed the secondary third-rank divine weapon in his hand to the side.

Noticing that Rhydian was about to lose his temper, the white-browed elder smiled and asked, "Do you want to try again?"

"No need!" Rhydian stated coldly. He had paid a lot for this but in the end, he only obtained a secondary third-rank divine weapon. He felt mortified and didn't want to stay here any longer, so he decided to take Matteo with him and leave.

It was then that Zen handed over a jade pendant in his hand to the old man and asked, "If I want to obtain one of those first-rank divine weapons, would I have to pay another hundred life vitality jades?"

The jade pendant was the ticket to obtain a divine weapon from the dome. In reality, it was equivalent to three hundred life vitality jades. Because Zen asked if he needed to pay another one hundred life vitality jades, his intention of acquiring a first rank divine weapon was obvious.

Upon hearing Zen's words, Rhydian, who had been preparing to leave, suddenly stopped and turned around. With a mocking expression on his face, he said in a low voice, "Ha! A warrior who just entered Mist Palace wants to attain a first rank divine weapon? You overestimate yourself!"

As he finished speaking, he decided to stay. He wanted to see if Zen was just talking big or if he really possessed the courage to go after a first rank divine weapon. When people fell and hurt themselves, they hoped that others would fall too, for it at least proved that they were not the only fools to make mistakes.

The white-browed elder chuckled and said, "Yes. However, according to the rules, if someone has already paid one hundred more life vitality jades, others can also try their hands on the first rank divine weapons up on the dome!"

What he meant was that Zen did not need to give him one hundred life vitality jades. The white-browed elder would not put the four first-rank divine weapons away.

Zen nodded briefly and said, "But I still want to see the pictures of all those weapons."

It was not that he was greedy. He just knew that it was not so simple to choose a weapon that suited him, so he wanted to take a closer look to see if he had better choice.

"Sure." The old man nodded and quickly unrolled the picture scroll before handing it to Zen.

There were a total of sixteen first rank divine weapons on the first page. Rhydian had picked out four swords out of these sixteen.

Zen skimmed through the pictures one by one. Apart from the four swords that Rhydian had chosen, there were sabers, spears, bows, and even a bag of arrows…

One look alone told Zen that he did not need to pay another one hundred life vitality jades to get any of these. However, after flipping over the paper, he discovered that there was another page of weapons.

"Eh? There is a second page?" A curious expression appeared on Zen's face.

Only three weapons were pictured on the second page.

When Rhydian saw Zen's curious expression, his lip curled. "You don't need to look at the second page. You can't get those weapons!"

Zen glanced at Rhydian indifferently. "What does that have to do with you? I'm the one who gets to decide which page I want to look at!"

Rhydian was furious about picking a secondary third-rank divine weapon, but when he heard the kid who had only just entered Mist Palace speak to him in such a manner, killing intent arose within him. Matteo, who was beside him, said, "Brother, he is one rude brat!"

Sensing Rhydian's killing intent, Zen remained unmoved. Instead, he glanced at Metteo with contempt as he continued to examine the second page.

The white-browed elder smiled. "Everyone must observe the rules of Weapon House. If you want to fight, go outside!"

Of course, Rhydian would not fight here. He only wanted to intimidate Zen. The white-browed man turned to Zen. "The weapons on the second page were left behind by former leaders of the palace. If you pay another one hundred life vitality jades, you can choose one of those three items and I will put it on the dome."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1344 A Constant Speed

The second page of the scroll wasn't even a secret in the Weapon House.

The tradition had been passed down through the generations of the Mist Palace.

When an old leader of the Mist Palace left his post, he usually left behind one of his treasures and placed it in the Weapon House.

These three weapons belonged to the previous three leaders of the Mist Palace.

Even first-rank divine weapons would be classified according to quality.

The divine weapons of the previous leaders were naturally more powerful and much better than ordinary first-rank divine weapons.

So the rule was that if one wanted to place the first-rank divine weapons on the first page into the dome, they had to pay one hundred life vitality jades and they could then choose any four weapons to place in the dome.

But if one wanted to place the first-rank divine weapons of the second page into the dome, they also had to pay one hundred life vitality jades, but could only choose one weapon.

Zen observed these three weapons carefully.

Of the three weapons, two were sabers—the Positive Energy Saber and the Flame Shadow Saber!

Zen had never practiced saber skills, which meant that sabers weren't suitable for him. He casually browsed through them, his eyes skimming over the picture.

Soon, Zen's gaze fell on the last weapon.

A sword.

"The Thunder Wind Divine Sword!"

This sword was five feet long.

The force of the sword was like the wind, and the attack of the sharp sword like the thunder.

"I used this sword for two hundred thousand years in the universe and when I left my post, I placed it in the Weapon House.

Those who are lucky to meet this weapon can get it with their own strength.

I wish the one who obtains this sword is able to achieve greater things with the help of this sword."

Zen read the text underneath the sword. Those words had probably been left behind by the previous leader of the Mist Palace.

Once he had finished reading, Zen's eyes flashed. He pulled out one hundred life vitality jades from his space ring and handed them over to the white-eyebrowed elder.

The white-eyebrowed elder smiled and asked, "Have you chosen the weapon?"

"Yes," said Zen, nodding.

"What have you chosen? I'll release it for you," the white-eyebrowed elder said, his smile steady.

Zen pointed and said, "I want the Thunder Wind Divine Sword."

The elder's smile vanished. "This sword has been left behind by the leader before last," he said flatly.

"Has this leader undergone the Five Aging Processes?" Zen asked.

Zen was just a young man, and the time scale of the Upper World was way different from what he could imagine. It was likely that the previous leader had entered the Five Aging Processes since leaving his post.

Zen, in way of inquiring about the Five Aging Processes, had a different motive. He wanted to ask if the leader had died.

The white-eyebrowed elder sighed and shook his head. "No. This is a sword left behind by Master Xiao, one of the previous leaders of the Mist Palace. Not only did he not fall into the Five Aging Processes, he is probably trying to break through to become a Supreme Lord."

"Breaking through to become a Supreme Lord!" Zen said sharply.

The white-eyebrowed elder nodded but did not say anything else. He gently flicked his finger and a blue light appeared in the dome.

There were many dots of white light floating under the dome and there were four red light dots on the higher layer of the dome. But the blue light dot was floating at the highest point of the dome!

"Blue, blue light dot! This guy has actually chosen the divine weapon on the second page!"

"How can there be blue light dot? I can only see dots of red light, that too, occasionally. I've never seen anyone successfully take out a first-rank divine weapon. This is still the first time I've seen this blue light dot!"

"Nonsense. It's impossible to take away a weapon on the second page! Obtaining a first-rank divine weapon on the first page is still possible. But first-rank divine weapons of the second page? Everyone has a lot of life vitality jades, but who would be so silly to spend so many on such a challenge?"

"This guy is too arrogant. I don't think he even thought of taking a first-rank divine weapon. He's just spending one hundred life vitality jades getting a chance to have a look at it!"

Many warriors looked at the dot of blue light above their heads, the light hum of their discussion growing into a quiet roar.

Rhydian's and Matteo's smiles grew wider. "I've been in the Mist Palace for a long time but I've never seen any idiot placing a weapon of the second page into the dome. That guy is absolutely ignorant and fearless!"

Matteo laughed. "If he has too many life vitality jades, he could give them to others. Why does he choose to spend so many life vitality jades doing such a silly thing?"

But the fact was that Zen didn't have a lot of life vitality jades. All the life vitality jades that he had—all one hundred of them—had been returned to him by the armored warriors of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. And now, he had gone and exchanged all the life vitality jades he had for a chance. His goal, however, was very simple. He only wanted to get the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

Zen laughed at Matteo's words. He did not have the time to retort to Matteo and merely turned and walked towards the center of the dome.

Matteo's strength and talent weren't worth a mention for Zen. Matteo's brother, Rhydian, on the other hand, could be considered as a strong opponent to Zen. It was difficult for Rhydian to ascend to the top of the dome, as it would be for Zen to touch the dot of blue light.

Once he had mentally prepared himself, Zen took a deep breath. The chaotic energy in his body circulated gently and as a result, his body quietly left the ground.

The moment Zen rose, a force pressed down on his body.

'The gravitational force is so strong, ' Zen thought, squinting.

This gravity was similar to that in the mineral tree of the Divine Kingdom Continent, but wasn't as overbearing. There was no way to resist the gravity in the mineral tree, as warriors would be pulled down once they left the leaf.

The gravity Zen was facing right now didn't cause any problems for him. He didn't rush but instead, ascended at a slow pace.

The gravity on his body grew more intense with every foot that he rose.

It was as if there was a giant hand at the center of the dome holding onto Zen tightly, forcefully pulling him downwards.

Despite that, Zen still maintained a constant speed before calmly increasing it. Apart from the slow increase in speed, no one could notice that a gravitational force was being exerted on Zen.

"He's doing so well, this guy! It doesn't look like he's pretending!"

"Yeah. Looks like it's not going to be that difficult for him to obtain a second-rank divine weapon."

"He's only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm but I feel that he will soon be able to join the Swallow Cloud House!"

These warriors didn't know Zen one bit. When they had noticed that Zen was only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm, they had more or less underestimated him. But now that they were watching him ascend so easily, they had begun to admire him.

Rhydian, however, snorted. "Humph. He's only pretending to be calm. I think he's only barely holding on. I've seen too many of his kind!"

"You're right. This guy should be able to obtain a third-rank divine weapon at most!" Matteo remarked.

When the warriors around them heard this, some of them whispered, "He is stronger than you. He can get a third-rank divine weapon pretty easily."

The white-eyebrowed elder, however, continued to look upon Zen with an amiable gaze laced with a tinge of surprise.

He had guarded the Weapon House for so many years and had seen many warriors try to obtain divine weapons. There were many peerless talents among them who had had great confidence in themselves. But the white-eyebrowed elder had always felt the fluctuations in their state of mind.

Even though Rhydian had also slowly ascended, he still needed to make use of a portion of his strength to resist the gravity. Because of this, he hadn't risen at a constant speed. He moved in jerks, sometimes fast, sometimes slow.

This was very similar to a person pushing a car, with strength being rhythmically released bit by bit.

There was, however, an exception. If the car was very light, the person pushing the car could deal with it pretty easily, allowing the car to maintain a constant speed. But when a person pushed a heavy car, he could maintain a constant speed only if he had immense strength.

It was similar to how Zen was moving upward. His speed was even, not too fast, not too slow. He wasn't going to slow down even a little. This meant that Zen's strength was more than enough to deal with the gravity and suppress it.

'This guy has maintained a uniform speed right from the very beginning. He's probably trying to show off his strength. But does he have enough of it? And how high can he reach with such a uniform speed?' the white-eyebrowed elder thought to himself.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

25

Content

Chapter 1345 I Know
Chapter 1346 Control The Light Dots
Chapter 1347 Complaints
Chapter 1348 Unexpected News
Chapter 1349 Dazzling Light
Chapter 1350 I Have A Roaring Token
Chapter 1351 Beg Me And I'll Stop Talking
Chapter 1352 Image
Chapter 1353 Fight For The Sword
Chapter 1354 Law Power Enhancement
Chapter 1355 We'll Give It To You
Chapter 1356 Smell Of Gunpowder
Chapter 1357 Helpless
Chapter 1358 The Red Cloud Ring
Chapter 1359 The Pursuer
Chapter 1360 Dazzling Light
Chapter 1361 Who Has The Final Say
Chapter 1362 In The Apeiron Tower
Chapter 1363 Orange Sea World
Chapter 1364 Supreme Lord Sword's Legend
Chapter 1365 Comprehension
Chapter 1366 Get Hurt
Chapter 1367 Hone His Sword Intent
Chapter 1368 My Heart Is Going To Explode
Chapter 1369 Crack
Chapter 1370 The Purification Pool
Chapter 1371 Law Storm
Chapter 1372 The Enchanted Barrier Tower
Chapter 1373 At The End Of The Line
Chapter 1374 Winner Of The First One Thousand Miles
Chapter 1375 Being Eliminated
Chapter 1376 Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill
Chapter 1377 Gap
Chapter 1378 Sixteen Thousand Miles
Chapter 1379 An Incredible Record
Chapter 1380 Not Bad

Chapter 1381 The Prototype
Chapter 1382 Break The Record
Chapter 1383 The Flame Pool
Chapter 1384 The Divine Flame World
Chapter 1385 Thirty-six Thousand Miles
Chapter 1386 The Cold Plum Blood Spear
Chapter 1387 Challenge
Chapter 1388 The Peeling-off Words (Part One)
Chapter 1389 The Peeling-off Words (Part Two)
Chapter 1390 Long Hair
Chapter 1391 A Sheep
Chapter 1392 Torture
Chapter 1393 Strategies
Chapter 1394 The Space Characteristic
Chapter 1395 Purpose
Chapter 1396 The Final Round
Chapter 1397 Brother
Chapter 1398 Lincoln Ai
Chapter 1399 Exchanging Punches
Chapter 1400 Stars

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1345 I Know

The Weapon House was quite spacious, but the dome above Zen was only about two hundred feet high.

If it weren't for this powerful gravitational pressure, any martial artist would be perfectly capable of reaching the top of the dome if they wanted to.

When Zen had risen to fifty feet high, the gravitational pressure was almost equal to that of a huge mountain weighing down on his body.

This wasn't a problem to Zen. He was able to maintain his speed as he rose and he wasn't even breaking a sweat. He kept his focus on the blue dot of light at the very center of the dome—that was his target.

When Zen rose by another twenty feet, he was already able to touch the white dots of light on the lowest layer.

When Zen saw the secondary third-rank weapons of all kinds wrapped in the white light dots, he didn't let himself get attracted. He just shifted his gaze and continued to rise. He could only take one weapon in this attempt. If he caught any of the white light spots, he would be most likely pulled down.

The gravitational force had already doubled when Zen reached a height of seventy feet, and it began to cause more pressure for him.

However, the pressure was still very minimal as he continued to slowly rise.

When Zen reached one hundred feet, the pressure from the gravitational force became even greater. At this point, what floated around him were third-rank divine weapons now.

He continued to go up…

When he reached one hundred and twenty feet, the gravity increased yet again. The specks of light around him were secondary second rank divine weapons now…

He continued to rise...

As this happened, all the warriors in the Weapon House were silent.

It was only then that they realized that Zen's calm demeanor wasn't an act.

Even if he wanted to fake it, he couldn't because he needed the strength.

When Rhydian had reached this height before, his face had turned red due to the pressure of the gravity. However, there was still no signs of changes on Zen's face. He didn't show any signs of struggling with the pressure either.

The elder was shocked to witness this and it was written all over his face.

"A boy has reached such a height and he's still able to maintain his speed. Normally, the gravity should be having some effect on him already."

When other warriors tried to obtain a weapon from the dome, it was normal to maintain speed as the warrior rose in the beginning. But Zen had already reached a height of one hundred and twenty feet. At this height, he was still able to easily control his speed. If his strength were to suddenly erupt sending him into a rush towards the dome, up to what height could he possibly reach?

The elder had actually wanted to discourage Zen from trying. Zen had taken out 100 life vitality jades just to get the weapon he wanted in the dome. However, when he saw the look on Zen's eyes, he knew Zen was persistent and determined.

Young people needed to have the drive and ambition to do the impossible. And every time they failed, they just could get back up stronger than ever. Zen was in his twenties but to the elder, he was just an infant. It would do good for Zen to experience some failure.

So the elder placed the Thunder Wind Divine Sword into the dome as Zen had wanted.

However, he didn't think that Zen would even come close to obtaining the first rank divine weapon.

Even as the elder watched Zen, he still refused to believe that Zen would be able to do it. However, with Zen's current momentum, he might be able to obtain a weapon wrapped in the red speck of light, which was a first rank divine weapon that Rhydian had paid for to put there.

Nonetheless, it was still quite a feat. It was rare even in the other 12 palaces that someone would obtain a first rank divine weapon in their first time at the Weapon House, let alone in the Mist Palace.

"He was still able to maintain speed even at the height of 120 feet. I'm betting he won't be able to hold on when he reaches 140 feet because the gravitational force will immediately increase once he reaches 140 feet." The elder was curious as to up to what height Zen could reach.

The elder was so caught up in his thoughts that he hadn't noticed that Zen had already surpassed 130 feet at a moderate speed.

When he started to near 140 feet, he suddenly felt the gravitational force double!

The gravitational force that pressed on Zen's body was terrifying. It was constantly multiplying and it had risen to another order of magnitude which was unbelievably heavy.

Zen's body slightly trembled in response to this change.

The initially quiet Weapon House was suddenly buzzing with conversation. Still, the martial artists lowered their voices.

Even though they could never obtain any of those divine weapons themselves, they were crossing their fingers for Zen. They wanted to see what grade of divine weapon this newbie would be able to obtain.

Of course, not everyone believed Zen could do it.

For example, the brothers Rhydian and Matteo along with the other warrior who just joined the Mist Palace...

When they saw Zen rise to a height of 140 feet, their looks on their faces shifted.

Especially Rhydian who had entered the Weapon House many times before. Rhydian was nowhere near the elder in terms of judging people but he knew that Zen could definitely obtain a secondary first rank divine weapon. Perhaps he could still obtain a first rank divine weapon for himself!

He'd spent years in the Ice Cloud House and still he couldn't compare to this young man who had just recently ascended to the Upper World. It definitely irked him.

In fact, he regretted staying to watch Zen reach great heights with such ease. It was such a big blow to his confidence. He'd been working so hard for so long and yet here came Zen who looked much weaker than him but achieved something that he couldn't even do after years of hard work and training. Who wouldn't be upset to see this?

In addition to that, Rhydian had gone as far as to consume a precious pill and even burn his blood essence in the process.

Only someone who wanted to give it his all and sacrifice anything would go as far as to burn his blood essence. He wasn't feeling as great as Zen probably was.

As for Matteo, he had nothing to say. The gap between him and Zen was incomparable. He was numbed in shock as he watched Zen. He couldn't help but worry about his brother when he saw the look on his brother's face. However, he kept his mouth shut and didn't bother to try and comfort Rhydian.

The elder let out a sigh of relief when Zen's body trembled. The kid finally couldn't take it anymore.

If Zen could maintain that speed and continue to rise then he would just be a freak!

Fortunately, that wasn't the case here which the elder was pleased to find out.

However, just as he was thinking of all of this, he was suddenly met with another surprise. The calmness in his eyes was replaced with astonishment.

"This kid..."

It seemed as if Zen was able to adapt to the force of gravity even at 140 feet. The tremble his body did earlier was just his body adapting. He was still rising while maintaining his speed!

The elder was dumbfounded. Who had recruited this boy into the Mist Palace?

Should he inform the leader of the palace about this?

He knew it was the right thing to do. He immediately took out a message rune and as it burned, he recorded a voice message.

"Master, there's a young boy here whose purpose is to obtain a weapon. It looks like he just joined the Mist Palace. I was wondering who recruited him here. The boy is actually..."

Before the elder could finish speaking, Yolande's indifferent voice interrupted him, "I know."

"How do you know?" The elder was surprised. He hadn't even finished what he was going to say and the leader wasn't even here in the Weapon House. How could she already know who he was referring to?

"I was the one who brought Zen into the Mist Palace. Let him take whatever he can get from there…" When Yolande finished speaking, she cut off the message right away. Since she had promised Zen that she would help him recover Lavender's soul, she had no intention of going back on her word.

As for the elder's words, Yolande didn't take them to heart.

Zen surely wasn't the only martial artist entering the Weapon House at this time. However, Yolande was certain that the only person who could make this old man suddenly talk to him was Zen. As for the two fellows Timothy had brought, they just couldn't surprise the old man.

No matter what, she still had a lot of confidence in Zen…

After Yolande cut off the message rune, the elder looked at Zen and realized that he was the boy who had been personally brought in by the leader of the palace.

Even if it was the leader who had personally brought him in, that still wasn't an explanation as to why Zen was so amazing. The elder thought this over. The thirteen palaces were intended to be the places where talents for the alliance were discovered and honed. Every year, leaders and vice leaders from every palace brought in so many talents and they were all amazing. However, even so, Zen's talent was still too rare.

Chapter 1346 Control The Light Dots

The other warriors of the Weapon House didn't know what was going on. They felt that it was very easy for Zen to keep ascending higher and higher.

In addition to the white-eyebrowed elder, Rhydian also found the whole thing pretty mysterious.

Previously, when Rhydian flew higher off the ground, he had also deliberately suppressed a portion of his strength. He did this because he wanted to conserve his strength in order to use it after reaching a certain height. So his purpose was different from Zen's.

Despite deliberately restraining his strength, he would still be suppressed by the gravitational force after reaching this desired height. But he couldn't be as calm and composed as Zen and maintain a uniform speed.

Judging by this, Zen's strength was far from reaching its limit!

One hundred and fifty feet, one hundred and sixty feet...

Small white light dots were jumping around Zen haphazardly. Within these dots lay second-rank divine weapons.

Some light dots even landed on Zen's face. If he reached out to grab them, he could get them easily.

However, he continued to raise his head, and the chaotic energy within his body spun more wildly...

Second-rank divine weapons existed at one hundred and sixty feet above the ground, while the secondary first-rank divine weapons were located at a height of one hundred and eighty feet.

There were only four red light dots at a height of one hundred and ninety feet. These red dots signified the first-rank divine weapons that Rhydian had paid for. They cost him four hundred life vitality jades.

The only divine weapon that Zen had chosen, with a blue light dot, floated at a height of two hundred feet. The blue light dot was constantly dancing close to the ceiling of the dome...

"Rise..."

The gravitational force was also getting stronger and stronger now!

Zen was finding it hard to move up now. However, he maintained a delicate balance and made his chaotic energy spin faster and faster. At the same time, he used the power of the dragon scales to resist the gravitational pull.

The dragon scales within his body lit up one by one like a string of lights.

Five hundred dragon scales...

One thousand...

Two thousand...

When four thousand dragon scales were activated, he had already reached a height of one hundred and ninety feet!

If he moved horizontally at this moment, he could have pursued the four first-rank divine weapons.

"This guy's real target is the Thunder Wind Divine Sword..."

"Actually, if he grabs a first-rank divine weapon, he would make a fortune! But this guy seems to be unsatisfied with those divine weapons."

"Nonsense! He has the ability to chase the better weapon, so surely he would not pick the worse one."

The warriors had already gauged that Zen possessed the strength to do so!

Rhydian had also reached a height of about a hundred and ninety feet in the past, only a hair's breadth away from a first-rank divine weapon.

However, he managed to stay at that height for a very short duration of time, so he didn't have the power to chase the red light dots.

Zen, on the other hand, was able to stabilize himself at a height of one hundred and ninety feet. He was merely ten feet away from the dome!

At this moment, he had forgotten about everything else, and his eyes were only fixed on the blue light dot, which was dancing in the air!

However, just reaching this height was not enough. The light dots would not remain still. They were like tiny fireflies that danced constantly.

Luckily, the speed at which the dots were dancing was not too fast. With their quick reflexes, warriors would be able to easily catch the dancing lights even if they moved ten times faster than their current speed.

However, with this gravitational force, if one let his guard down and his strength dropped even a little bit, he would be directly pulled down by the gravity. So one could imagine the challenges of catching these light dots.

When Zen caught sight of the light dot, he let out a big sigh of relief.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword was truly difficult to obtain. When Zen was only thirty feet away from the dome, the gravitational force doubled, and it kept doubling every ten feet. He had to double the power of the dragon scales to deal with the gravitational force in the final stretch.

If the gravitational force doubled once more when he reached a height of two hundred feet, he would probably be unable to withstand it.

This was because Zen's physical body could bear the power of about six thousand dragon scales at the most.

He could of course activate the power of eight thousand dragon scales, but his own body would not be able to withstand this surge...

He would be risking it all!

It had not been easy to reach this height, and Zen certainly did not want to return empty-handed. If it was just about safety, he could choose any one of the four first-rank divine weapons. However, since he had set a goal for himself, there was no excuse for him to not achieve it, no matter how difficult the goal seemed to be.

He never feared challenges. A warrior could only become more powerful by facing and overcoming challenges!

"Whoosh!"

Zen had suddenly activated more than six thousand dragon scales in his body!

The power rapidly surged through his limbs and bones. At the same time, a crackling sound erupted from within his body once again.

"It seems like he has activated some kind of a secret technique!"

"This guy probably doesn't know that in this dome, the more powerful one's own strength is, the greater the force of gravity that the dome will subject him to!"

"Just wait and watch. Whether he succeeds or not depends on his performance at this moment. However, I admire his courage whether he is successful or not. At least he has the courage to try to obtain the weapon left behind by the previous leader right after entering the Mist Palace..."

It was just as the warriors had said, the gravity rapidly increased after Zen's power erupted.

However, the gravitational pull didn't increase as fast as Zen's speed!

That was because Zen had used the chaotic energy in his body to invoke the Wind Law, and at the same time, his forceful energy also began to erupt.

"Whoosh!"

At this moment, Zen was no longer focusing on maintaining his slow rising speed. Under this eruption, the speed at which he rose had increased several times!

"Such a strong gravitational force!"

At this height, the surrounding space started to become extremely viscous under the influence of the powerful gravity. Zen felt like he was floating through a quagmire. Every breath of air was like wet mud pressing down onto his body.

However, Zen was as nimble as a squirrel. Now he didn't rush upwards desperately, but instead he changed his direction, dashing forward at a slanted angle. Then he twisted his body, and once again increased his altitude!

After a few similar twists and turns, he finally reached the ceiling!

All the warriors in the Weapon House had stopped talking. Some had even clenched their fists anxiously. The scene in front of them was truly inconceivable. After all, the weapons of the Weapon House were notoriously difficult to obtain.

At the same time, they also felt lucky to have witnessed this scene. After all, some warriors had managed to take the first-rank divine weapons, but the former leaders' weapons hadn't been taken away by anyone in the past.

Being witnesses to this scene gave them bragging rights in front of their friends for a year...

Zen's body stabilized at a height of two hundred feet. He knew that if he relaxed even slightly, his efforts would be for naught and he would fall straight to the ground like Rhydian.

Therefore, after reaching this height, he concentrated all of his energy on resisting the force of gravity and did not rush to chase after the blue light dot.

The blue light dot continued to flutter about without any care. Occasionally, it would move closer to Zen to tempt him but just as it came close to him, it suddenly leaped away.

Three seconds...

Six seconds...

Zen's breathing became heavier and more strained.

His physical body had already reached the limit at which he could bear the power. If he were to increase the power by even the slightest bit, it would break his physical body and he would come smashing down to the ground.

"He is lost in thought even at a height of two hundred feet. This guy is really strange..."

"He is probably concentrating on that blue light dot. Hovering at the height of two hundred feet is just too scary. Right now it's like he's walking on a tightrope. He can slow down. After all he can still withstand it, but he can't make any mistakes. Otherwise he'll just fall down!"

"But even if he moves slowly, there must be a limit. He's just standing still there!"

At this moment, the white-eyebrowed elder was already standing and looking at Zen...

A thought suddenly appeared in the white-eyebrowed elder's mind. He did not think that Zen would obtain this Thunder Wind Divine Sword so easily. He wanted to see the limit of Zen's strength!

The white-eyebrowed elder had personally set up these light dots. If he wanted, he could easily control them.

He didn't mean to make things difficult for Zen. It was just that he was really curious and wanted to see whether Zen could hold on or not...

Chapter 1347 Complaints

Zen bid his time for a while at this height.

He could already clearly see the trajectory of the blue light dot.

As he determined the direction it was going in, a bright light flashed in his eyes as his body moved ahead.

Whoosh!

Even though the surge of energy within his body was close to its limits, he did not slow down as he rushed forward.

As per his judgment, he should have an eighty percent chance of making it.

The warriors on the ground were quite excited.

"His victory is in sight! He can still maintain such a speed even now! He's extraordinary!"

"Any of those three divine weapons would be invaluable. He will possess one so soon after entering Mist Palace. I really envy him."

Zen leaped toward the blue light dot, the distance between the two rapidly shrinking.

The light dot drifted aimlessly. However, Zen had estimated the possible trajectory in the next few seconds and waited there ahead of time.

It could be said that Zen was one step ahead of the light dot in reaching its destination. As the light dot moved, it only came closer to him.

"It's close!"

At the moment, a hint of a smile rested on Zen's face as he stretched his hand to grab the light dot.

When the light dot was less than a foot away from his hand, it suddenly seemed to have sensed danger ahead and stopped mid-air.

The smile on Zen's face froze. As he clenched his teeth, his body flashed as he made a move to grab it.

However, as he did that, the light dot retreated backward.

Zen, along with the warriors of Weapon House, was greatly surprised.

"Seriously? I have never heard of anything like this! The light dot has slipped away!"

It was similar to how Rhydian had been trying to grab the red light dot earlier, but when he almost touched it, it left him.

The warriors knew that the light dots were floating randomly. In Rhydian's case, they blamed it on his misfortune. They thought that if his luck had been a little better, he would not have failed.

But the way the blue light dot moved away just now was outrageous.

The moment it was about to reach Zen, it stopped abruptly. When Zen had reached out to grab it, it looked like it darted away at will.

It was unbelievable.

Zen did not let it bother him too much. He did not want to waste more of his time and was not discouraged by failure. On the contrary, he tried his best to maintain his height. As he had leaped toward the light dot, his body fell four feet down. He now slowly ascended, his face beginning to turn stormy. It was quite difficult for any warrior to maintain his or her height while at the same time resisting the great gravitational force.

However, the warriors below were displeased.

All of them, including Rhydian, turned their gazes onto the white-eyebrowed elder in unison.

Surely, Rhydian did not want to speak up for Zen. But like Zen, he too almost grabbed onto a first-rank divine weapon, but disappointingly, it slipped out of his hands. He wondered if the white-eyebrowed elder was playing tricks on them.

In his heart, he knew it was just that he was down on his luck. But if he expressed his suspicion about the situation like the others, he would at least save face. Everyone clearly believed that the white-eyebrowed elder was playing tricks, and that what happened to Rhydian was not because the latter was weak.

Sensing everyone's eyes on him, the white-eyebrowed elder grimaced awkwardly. 'Oh, heavens, ' he thought. 'I shouldn't have manipulated the dots so obviously. Now it has aroused suspicion.'

"Well..." He coughed dryly to conceal his embarrassment before saying, "There must be a remnant of intelligence contained within the weapon of the former leader. If you want to catch the sword, I'm afraid you will have to work harder."

"Oh…"

"So that's how it is."

"I see. It looks like the weapons have intelligence. That's incredible!"

The warriors did not dare to question the white-eyebrowed elder's claim, but the expressions on their faces and the tones of their voices revealed that they did not believe what he said. Even a child would find it hard to believe such a lie.

Whether or not Zen obtained the weapon of the former leader was of no concern to the warriors. However, since Zen had already come this far, they kind of hoped that he would succeed. It would be a bit disappointing to witness his failure.

What was more, if Zen were to succeed in this challenge, it would set an example for them. Perhaps in the future, they too would be able to ascend two hundred feet into the dome and obtain a weapon of a former palace leader.

This was why they were unhappy with the white-eyebrowed elder.

Now, the white-eyebrowed elder was more embarrassed. He was considered to be upright. He felt humiliated doing such a thing and was afraid that bad reputation would befall him. After all, he was the one who said that the weapons in Weapon House belonged to whoever caught them, while he also manipulated the light dots to escape whoever approached them. Was this not a trick?

He did not intend to keep the weapons to himself. He was merely in charge of Weapon House and was not concerned with who got their hands on the weapons. He really only wanted to test Zen.

Having learned a lesson, Zen was much more careful before his second attack. He now knew that the blue light dot could evade him on purpose. It would be even more difficult to catch it.

He reflected on what to do now. Just flying at this height was already so difficult, and the blue light dot was doing its best to escapee him. It was obvious that one could hardly catch it.

But even in this situation, Zen chose not to give up.

He had encountered many more difficult situations in the past. There was no danger to his life at Weapon House, so he mustered all his strength and charged towards the blue light dot once again.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

As Zen accelerated ahead, the light dot also sped up. At the moment, Zen was like an eagle chasing down the hummingbird that had always been incomparably agile.

Due to gravity, however, Zen's speed was greatly reduced. Moreover, the light dot was fast and flexible. After both of them circled the dome a few times, he had no choice but to stop in the end. He breathed heavily as he stared at the light dot.

Seeing this scene, the warriors below were speechless.

It was already a miracle that Zen could fly up to a height of two hundred feet, but he was also able to continuously circle around at that height. While they were surprised at Zen's strength, they were even more angry at the white-eyebrowed elder.

In the beginning, no one had dared to speak up because they did not want to offend the elder.

Before long, someone broke the silence. "This is unfair. Why don't you control the other light dots too, so that we never get a single weapon? Then the Mist Palace is going to make great profits!"

"That's right. We don't even stand a chance when we pay three hundred life vitality jades for just one try. Let's spread the news around! Tell everyone not to be fooled by Weapon House!"

"This is injustice! This is unfair!"

The voices of the warriors grew louder and louder and the atmosphere grew tense. Some of the warriors stepped forward to the white-eyebrowed elder. "Elder Yue, have you tricked us?"

"That's right. If you don't want to give us the weapons, just tell us frankly. Don't fool us!"

"Hey man! Come down. You can't get the weapon. Elder Yue is just making fun of you!"

As the crowd clamored, the white-eyebrowed elder could no longer hold back his misery. His face was red from embarrassment. If this news were to get out, no warrior would come to the Weapon House again. That had not been the original intention.

He had just discovered that although Zen could not catch the light dot by himself, his physical strength was extraordinary. Zen managed to keep himself at a height of two hundred feet. As soon as his height was lowered, he unfailingly increased it again.

The white-eyebrowed elder had no way to determine the limits to Zen's strength. If he increased the gravity of the divine texture by several times, Zen might be unable to withstand it. However, it was troublesome to modify the divine texture.

As the elder stood being ridiculed by everyone in a slight daze, Zen took it as an opportunity to rush forward.

He had already noticed the situation below and could guess what was happening. Losing no time in taking advantage of this, he once again moved toward the blue light dot. He drained almost all of his potential and increased his speed substantially. Zen reached out to grab the blue light dot and then descended at full tilt. Steadily, he landed on the ground and a sharp sword of astonishing length appeared in his hand.

Even though Zen had now obtained the sword, the other warriors did not stop accusing the white-eyebrowed elder. The scene seemed to be getting a bit out of control.

Chapter 1348 Unexpected News

Zen didn't even have time to examine the first-rank divine weapon in his hand before he heard the martial artists continuously denouncing the white-eyebrowed elder. The martial artists were not happy with what he did.

The white-eyebrowed elder was a high-ranking senior. However, now he was besieged by so many martial artists of the younger generation. Plus, he was in the wrong, so he didn't know what to say. Respect aside, he was supposed to apologize.

"What, what are you talking about?" Zen walked over with a light smile on his face.

The white-eyebrowed elder realized that if he did not give an explanation, the juniors wouldn't let him go. He sighed and grudgingly said to Zen, "I'm so sorry about what I did just now. It's not that I did not want you to obtain the sword; but, I was curious about your limits and thus, I controlled the light spot."

"You finally admit it! You have indeed controlled the light spot!"

"What a shame! The Weapon House might as well change its name to Dark Heart House!"

"I don't believe you anymore." The martial artists all roared at the elder in protest.

The white-eyebrowed elder had admitted his mistake, but the martial artists were still aggressive, making it hard for him to back down.

Surely, Zen knew that the blue light dot was being controlled by the white-eyebrowed elder. However, in the end, Zen had obtained the sword, and he even accepted the elder's excuse. Zen waved his hand and said, "It's alright. It was just a little strenuous activity."

If the white-eyebrowed elder had insisted on not letting him have the sword, then Zen really might not have been able to obtain it.

Since the elder had now made an apology, the martial artists who had a strong sense of justice quelled the anger in their hearts. Then, they looked at the first-rank divine weapon in Zen's hand with envy. It was a magnificent weapon, and they would all have relished having it.

For the vast majority of martial artists, an ordinary first-rank divine weapon was even something that was far beyond their reach.

The standard length of an ordinary long sword was three feet and three inches, but the Thunder Wind Divine Sword was five feet long. It was nearly fifty percent longer than an ordinary sword; this ensured a further reach during combat, making its wielder formidable.

Furthermore, its blade was slightly wider than that of an ordinary sword. It was somewhat similar to a heavy sword, but the blade was extremely thin and therefore more lightweight. In a sustained battle, it would enable another advantage to the martial artist who possessed it.

At a glance, the sword had two layers. The inner core was light blue, while the outer edge was golden red. The hilt was engraved with complex patterns. From its appearance, it more resembled an exquisite piece of art, than a weapon.

As for its power…

Zen hadn't known that he was being tested here. This group of martial artists had helped him, so he didn't mind letting them admire his sword for a while longer. After a while, he placed the sword in his space ring and left the Weapon House.

Rhydian stared at Zen's receding figure with his cold and looming eyes. The corner of his mouth curled up into a sneer. "You must possess as much strength as your weapon has. Although your talent is high, your strength is not enough to match that sword. I want to see just how many days that sword can stay in your hands!"

In both the Ice Cloud House and the Swallow Cloud House, countless talented martial artists had wanted to claim the three weapons left behind by the former palace leaders.

However, it was too difficult to take these weapons by sheer force. Inadequate in their talent, they could only enjoy them by looking at them for now.

Trying another strategy, the younger generation from influential families wanted to spend a large amount of life vitality jades buying the weapons from the Weapon House, but the Mist Palace had money to burn and wasn't interested in the exchange. They didn't care about life vitality jades. They wouldn't sell the weapons no matter how high the prices being offered were.

As a result, these three weapons were left unclaimed in the Weapon House ever since. Now that Zen had taken one of them away, he would certainly become a target for many people who wanted to take the blade from him.

Rhydian intended to make a big fuss about this matter and fuel conflict for Zen. He believed that there would be endless trouble for Zen until he gave up on the sword.

However, Rhydian didn't need to spread the news.

Two hours later, the news about a new comer taking away the Thunder Wind Divine Sword had spread like wildfire throughout the Mist Palace.

In the beginning, the news had only travelled within the Ice Cloud House, because the martial artists who had witnessed Zen claim the weapon were all from the Ice Cloud House.

However, very quickly, the news was also sent to the Swallow Cloud House. The magnitude of Zen's accomplishment was hot news, and many martial artists were interested in it and awed by Zen's skill.

"A new comer has really taken away the Thunder Wind Divine Sword? Did I hear that right?"

"Unbelievable. I just happen to need a good sword now. The Thunder Wind Divine Sword should be perfect for me! I wonder if that man is good-natured."

"I can offer as many life vitality jades as he wants to buy the sword!"

There were many such conversations among the martial artists during the day. Of course, Zen had no idea about any of it. After he left the Weapon House, he went to find Yolande.

Compared to the sword in his hand, what Zen cared about the most was Lavender.

After leaving the Weapon House, Zen wandered around for a few minutes and was at a loss. He didn't seem to know where Yolande was.

After some thought, he took out the jade slip Yolande had given him. The jade slip contained a map of the Mist Palace.

Of course Zen knew how to read a map, but the problem was that the Mist Palace was huge, and Yolande's whereabouts was not marked on the map.

"I might as well head for the center," Zen mused curling his lips into an absent smile and walked straight to the center of the palace.

The Mist Palace was built on top of a huge pillar, and it took up a tremendous amount of space. As he travelled through the buildings, he soon arrived in front of a large hall.

"It should be here." Zen stopped at the door of a hall and confidently strode forward.

However, as soon as he stepped through the door, a strange power pushed him out before he could cross the threshold.

"What?"

Curiosity appeared on Zen's face and he looked inquisitively at the doorway.

It was at this moment that a figure walked out from the hall. It was Timothy, the vice leader of the Mist Palace, whom Zen had seen once before.

Timothy coldly sized Zen up and then berated him in a cold voice, "How can you barge into the True Mysterious Hall so recklessly? Do you lack a sense of propriety?"

Zen looked indifferent at the vice leader as he said, "I'm looking for Yolande."

Timothy's face froze slightly. He was quite baffled. Why did Zen immediately call out Yolande's name?

Due to their previous unhappy encounter on the steps of the front courtyard, Timothy didn't like Zen at all. In fact he resented Zen from the bottom of his heart. So Timothy coldly said, "Yolande isn't here. Leave quickly!"

Zen politely nodded his head before withdrawing. At this moment, a figure drifted over from not far away. It was Yolande.

At the sight of her, Zen's face broke into a handsome smile as he asked, "How is the thing going?"

Obviously, he was asking about Lavender.

Yolande smiled and nodded. She glanced at Timothy, who was now beside her, and asked, "I was wondering what kind of weapon you got from the Weapon House. Even Elder Yue has sent me a message because of you. Everybody seems excited about your luck."

When Timothy, who was standing at the side, heard this, he said disdainfully, "A two-bit character uses a low-grade weapon, humph!" After he had finished speaking, he turned to step into the True Mysterious Hall. In his opinion, with Zen's cultivation level, he could at best have obtained a third-rank divine weapon. If he was lucky, he would have been able to claim a secondary second-rank divine weapon. However, Timothy did not care about this at all.

Zen smiled faintly and then took out the five-foot-long Thunder Wind Divine Sword from his space ring and said, "I've got this."

The power contained within the Thunder Wind Divine Sword was astonishing. Even though Timothy had his back to Zen and was going to enter the hall, he felt the sword light pierce his back. The weapon emanated power and awed all who were near it.

Timothy was almost as strong as a world lord. Only extremely sharp divine weapons could make him feel this awe. Ordinary swords had no effect on him.

He had already taken a step into the True Mysterious Hall, but now he looked over his shoulder and stared intently at the weapon in Zen's hand.

He was very familiar with the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

And he had even used it for a period of time many years ago.

However, as the vice leader of the Mist Palace, he was only qualified to use it, and could not claim it for himself.

He hadn't expected that Zen would actually be able to take ownership of the sword. His face was filled with an expression of disbelief.

Actually, he wasn't the only one who was surprised. Yolande's beautiful eyes were also filled with surprised awe. When Elder Yue had spoken to her via the message rune, she was doing her best to restore Lavender's soul, so she didn't talk anything else with him. Originally, she had thought that Zen had taken a secondary first-rank divine weapon, or an ordinary first-rank one.

However, she had never thought that Zen would actually be able to claim a former leader's Thunder Wind Divine Sword. She just couldn't believe it! Never, not even in her wildest dreams, had she considered Zen to be that powerful.

She couldn't help but shake her head. From her memories, she recalled that Zen had always been like this, always causing others to be surprised.

Chapter 1349 Dazzling Light

Despite Yolande's shock, she had absorbed the memories of her two clones who had known Zen for quite some time. It was astonishing that Zen had managed to obtain the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, but it didn't take her too long to accept this fact.

That was also why she had been very calm when the manager of the weapons used the message rune to inform her. She believed that Zen was able to obtain a good weapon.

Still, Zen had exceeded her expectations and had obtained an extraordinary first-rank divine weapon.

Timothy was even more shocked. He stood frozen at the entrance of the hall.

He was prejudiced against those who ascended from the Lower World. In addition to that, he was incompatible with Yolande, so he naturally wasn't happy to see this happen.

Even if he didn't bump into Zen right then, he would surely hear about him obtaining the Thunder Wind Divine Sword sooner or later.

The sword was so precious that even though he was the vice head, he was allowed to borrow it for a short time.

But now, it belonged to Zen, completely!

He was just a fifth level Life and Death Realm junior, and he had been in the Mist Palace for less than a day and yet he managed to snap up the sword.

It wasn't hard to imagine how much this frustrated Timothy. If Yolande wasn't there at the point, he might have played the bully and just snatched the sword from the boy's hand.

But then again, he was the vice head of the palace. It would be too shameful if he really went so far as to snatch the sword from Zen!

He just glared at Zen and the sword in his hand angrily. The sword that he had once desired was now detestable in his eyes. Finally, he turned around and entered the True Mysterious Hall.

"Congrats to you," Yolande smiled at Zen. She was quite happy to see Timothy looking dejected for the second time that day.

Zen merely nodded in reply. He was more worried about Lavender.

Yolande, of course, understood this looking at his expression. However, this was not the place or the time to discuss this matter, so she led Zen into a hall.

After they made sure that nobody else was around, Yolande took out the Soul Nurturing Wood and passed it to Zen.

He scanned the wood after taking it from her. He could feel that Lavender's soul was now much stronger than before, in fact it was even stronger than his own. He was also surprised to see that the surface of her soul was emitting a faint layer of silver-colored radiance.

"Her soul... It's at the Silver Fighting Soul Realm!" Zen exclaimed.

When a soul was strong enough, it could reach the Fighting Soul Realm. At this realm one's soul would be considered strong enough to assist one's physical body in battles.

Zen's soul had already entered the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm. Above that was the Silver Fighting Soul Realm, a much stronger and more difficult stage.

Yolande nodded and said, "That's what it was originally. However, only a remnant of her soul remained, and it was not enough to manifest its level. I have now helped her to regain 60% of her soul power."

"But why hasn't she woken up yet?" Zen asked nervously.

Yolande's face revealed an innocent expression. She hesitated for a moment and said, "She is awake but... she's pretending to be asleep. It seems that she isn't willing to talk to me."

The relationship between the Demon Night race and the human race was neutral — neither bad nor good.

As the queen of the Demon Night race, Lavender had a lot of pride and was aloof to other races.

Although Lavender and Yolande hadn't shown hostility towards each other when they met in the Tower of Sin, they weren't friends either. They just maintained a cordial relationship.

Even if Lavender had received a lot of help from Yolande, she still wasn't willing to be sincere towards her.

Zen instantly figured it out. He knew Lavender's temper very well.

Lavender's body was destroyed, and only a remnant of her soul remained. Her life was on the line, but he had found her at that point and had been accompanying her in the past few years. He was perhaps the only person she could trust.

In the next two hours, Yolande assigned Zen a house to stay for the time being.

The huge Mist Palace was divided into several areas. Since Zen was a newcomer to the palace, he was made to stay with the other warriors of the Ice Cloud House.

This was the core sacred place for cultivation in the alliance. So even an ordinary disciple's residence was decorated well like a small-scale palace. All sorts of facilities were available to them, save for the beautiful female servants.

It wasn't until nightfall that Zen finally had the time to examine the Soul Nurturing Wood.

Before he had a chance to observe the conditions inside the Soul Nurturing Wood, he suddenly felt a strong soul power rushing towards his face.

Poof!

The charge of the soul was extremely violent. Zen, whose soul was at the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, was unable to endure such an impact and felt momentary dizziness.

When he finally pulled himself together, he found that Lavender's soul was standing in front of him, watching him quietly.

Her soul looked vivacious, and her aura was sharper than before!

"You... You're awake...!" he stammered in disbelief. Suddenly her soul rushed into his body.

Whoosh!

Zen could sense that she had taken the initiative to fuse with his sword spirit again.

But with her current strength, she no longer needed to exist as his sword spirit. Her soul was at the Silver Fighting Soul Realm, and the strength of her soul alone was enough to defeat enemies.

Still, Zen did not stop her from fusing with his sword spirit. He knew she had her reasons for doing so.

After the fusion, Lavender reappeared out of his body. She extended her slender arms and embraced him tightly.

Zen was taken aback. After a while, he murmured, "Why are you in such a hurry to fuse with my sword spirit?"

"Because I want to feel you better..." Lavender usually spoke in a cold and solemn tone, which made her seem distant. But right now, there was a hint of mischievousness in her voice.

It all became clear to Zen. Although the body of the sword spirit wasn't made of flesh and blood, its touch felt more real than the soul's.

Lavender eventually took two steps back and floated up in the air. Then, with a smile on her face, she said sincerely, "Thank you!"

But Zen shook his head and said, "I should be the one thanking you, Lavender. Your soul was wounded because of me."

Lavender blinked and thought for a moment. She said wryly, "You don't have to be sorry about that."

"Why?" Zen asked, perplexed.

"You are very important to me. Even if my soul is completely destroyed, I know you will avenge me sooner or later. But if you die, there will be no hope for me in this world." she replied flatly.

Zen knew that she was right to a certain extent. As his sword spirit, she could extract her own soul and continue to live on even after he was dead. However, she would only be a wandering soul. Even if she could continue living in other people's bodies, it would be almost impossible for her to reclaim her position as the queen to take revenge.

On the other hand, she was absolutely sure that the day for revenge would arrive soon if she helped Zen.

This was proof of her trust in Zen. Nobody but Zen inspired this much faith in her. So even though it was Yolande who had paid a hefty price to recover her soul, Lavender was unwilling to thank her sincerely.

Her trust in him was almost blind, but for some unknown reasons, she believed that she had done nothing wrong.

She sized up Zen with a hint of curiosity on her face, "You've only reached the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm but you've already ascended to the Upper World. You didn't ascend on your own. You had some help, didn't you?"

Free ascension through the ascending passage was an ancient and rigid rule. Lavender had never heard of a warrior who could ascend on his or her own without reaching the Soul Sea Realm.

Zen shook his head and answered earnestly, "Yes, I ascended on my own through the ascending passage."

"But..." A baffled expression appeared on Lavender's face.

Zen smiled softly. Lavender had been in a deep slumber for a long time. He began to tell her about his journey to the Divine Kingdom Continent, as well as everything that had happened after that...

At the same time, about thirty thousand supreme worlds away from the Mist Palace, a pretty woman in a yellow robe stood quietly in front of a statue, her eyes full of hatred.

This charming woman wasn't human. She had a perfect figure quite unlike an ordinary human girl, and the biggest difference was her long, pointed ears.

She was another queen of the Demon Night race — the Queen of Punishment, who had two head-on conflicts with Zen!

There were three queens' statues in her palace just like the ones in the other residences of the Demon Night race.

These days, she had been keeping an eye on the statue of Lavender, the Queen of Killings.

She knew that Lavender had been on the verge of dying. There was only a faint light on the statue; it hadn't vanished completely. It seemed that Lavender's soul would die anytime now — something she was looking forward to!

But earlier today, the statue had suddenly started emitting a dazzling red light. The red light had a thick aura of slaughter, and it was quite disturbing to her eyes.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1350 I Have A Roaring Token

The Queen of Punishment stared blankly at Lavender's statue, which seemed to stare back at her. She'd felt a deep sense of foreboding—if she did not kill Lavender the soonest possible, she might end up being dethroned.

She had learned from the queen's statue that a strand of Lavender's soul still remained. As long as the statue wasn't completely dark, Lavender's soul was alive somewhere in this universe.

However, the Queen of Punishment thought that it was useless. Lavender's soul would soon vanish any time, like a candle flame amidst a gale.

Thus, she didn't think too much when she found out about Lavender through the queen's statue.

The remaining soul had little to no effect, and at that time Zen was only a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior. To her, Zen was no more than a mosquito.

The second time the Queen of Punishment saw Zen, he had broken through to the Life and Death Realm. It had only taken him a year or two and he also had quite the fast cultivation speed. However, she still didn't consider him a big threat. In her opinion, warriors at the Virtual Tribulation Realm and the Life and Death Realm weren't that powerful.

Nevertheless, she had decided to be on guard during that time.

That was why she had forcefully controlled the members of the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place—she had intended to destroy Lavender's soul. However, Zen had discovered her plan in advance, and managed to stop her from fulfilling her plan.

And now, Lavender's soul had gotten a million times stronger!

It was further confirmed as it was something that she could sense from the statue, which was filled with killing intent.

'An almighty master has helped Lavender repair her soul...' The Queen of Punishment's face was unreadable. 'It seemed like that man has ascended to the Upper World, ' she thought.

While Lavender's soul had been repaired, it still wasn't enough to threaten the Queen of Punishment—only later, she had discovered that Lavender's soul which used to be like only a spark, seemed to have the power to burn now.

Therefore, the Queen felt uneasy and threatened.

It was possible to restore Lavender's soul now, which meant that she could obtain a complete physical body in the future. She might even recover her cultivation and be strong enough to fight back against the Queen of Punishment.

With that thought in mind, the Queen of Punishment began to feel queasy. Even Lavender's statue looked like it had a mocking look in its eyes.

"How dare you mock me?" With teeth clenched, the Queen of Punishment angrily flicked a finger. An invisible wave of energy rippled out, which caused Lavender's statue to crack and suddenly collapse.

The queens' statues which were scattered throughout sacred places of the Demon Night were made of different materials. Those that were in the Queen of Punishment's hall were made of the best adamantine spar, but could not withstand the power of a light flick from her finger.

The Queen of Punishment glanced at Lavender's statue. Even though it was broken, its head was still intact, and even looked back at her with wide, open eyes.

"Bang!"

She stretched out her hand and lightly flicked it again, and the head of Lavender's statue finally shattered.

But although Lavender's statue was no more, it wasn't enough to quell her mood. She was even more agitated as she walked around the hall.

At that moment, there was a heavy tapping sound against the hall's floor.

Two female guards in leather armor walked into the hall, and then knelt down on one knee in front of the Queen of Punishment.

"My Queen, we have already found Amber's whereabouts. She flew into the Black Spark World three days ago," one of the female guards reported.

The Queen of Punishment's lips curved up into an icy smile. "Really? I never thought that she would even ascend into the Upper World! Bring her here!"

During the battle between the Queen of Punishment and the Queen of Killings, Amber had maintained a neutral stance. The battle between the two queens was something she couldn't partake in.

Of course, Lavender and Zen didn't blame her. Besides, she had done her best to help Lavender and Zen even though she couldn't defy the Queen of Punishment.

However, the Queen of Punishment didn't find Amber's decision acceptable. For her, it was an unforgivable betrayal!

And because she was the queen in charge of punishments, anyone who crossed her would be the receiving end of her unimaginable wrath. Although it was useless to punish Amber, she needed to calm down quickly, and Amber was perfect for the job.

The Queen of Punishment wasn't the only one who knew that Lavender's soul had recovered. Almost everyone in the Demon Night paid their respects to the queens' statues almost everyday, so naturally they had noticed as well.

Aside from the Queen of Punishment, all the warriors in the sacred places of the Demon Night also knew that the Queen of Killings' strength seemed to restore quickly... There were even some warriors among them who once followed and supported Lavender!

What was more, there was even a Supreme Lord who supported Lavender as well!

Roughly an hour later, that Supreme Lord's voice resounded throughout the universe, and it was old and sorrowful.

"Lavender, are you back? Are you back in the Upper World?"

His voice was heard by every living creature. Of course, the Queen of Punishment, Zen, and Lavender had all heard it.

"Huh?" Lavender mumbled.

She was surprised to hear the call, as she had never expected it.

Suddenly, she realized who it was. "It's Leroy Meng! Supreme Lord Leroy!" she exclaimed.

Beside her, Zen's eyebrows twitched in confusion. "Who's Supreme Lord Leroy?" he asked.

"He's one of my supporters!" Lavender said with a smile.

However, her expression soon dimmed as she lamented, "He's probably the only Supreme Lord left among my supporters. Moreover, he might've been severely injured and hid away from the Demon Night..."

It was generally known that every queen of the Demon Night had their own many supporters.

In the past, Leroy Meng wasn't the only Supreme Lord who supported Lavender. But as she and the Queen of Punishment fought, the latter had used every method to get benefits. Besides, with Lavender's carelessness at that time, some of Lavender's supporters had changed their minds and sided with the Queen of Punishment instead.

Majority of the warriors in the Demon Night were female, and only a few male warriors had become Supreme Lords. Leroy Meng, who was both a male warrior and a Supreme Lord had supported Lavender all the way.

It was because of his support for Lavender that he'd gotten attacked by several other Supreme Lords of the Demon Night. When he became seriously injured, he had no choice but to escape and hide.

But even though in hiding, Leroy Meng had created a queen's statue. He had also noticed the abnormality of Lavender's statue and guessed that she might've already ascended to the Upper World. It was why he used the Roaring Token to try to talk to her.

"It's a pity that I don't have a Roaring Token, so I can't respond to Leroy," Lavender said miserably.

A strange smile formed on Zen's face when he heard her words. It was true that Lavender didn't have a Roaring Token, but Zen had one...

Just as Zen was about to tell Lavender that he had a Roaring Token, they heard another voice.

"Leroy, you're such a shameless traitor. Haven't you died yet? Ha-ha! If I remember correctly, you were supposed to enter the Five Aging Processes!"

Lavender thought that the voice sounded quite familiar. Zen also knew who it was. It belonged to the Queen of Punishment.

When Lavender heard her call Leroy Meng a traitor, she felt annoyed and infuriated. But her face remained stone cold as she said, "One day Elena, I will definitely destroy your position of being a queen!"

"So the Queen of Punishment is called Elena," Zen said. He decided to remember her name by heart, as he couldn't always call her a bitch.

Suddenly, Leroy Meng responded right away, "You bitch, you're not even qualified to call me a traitor! Lavender's soul has recovered a lot, and some powerful master might've even helped her. I'm sure that you'll be dethroned someday. I am indeed about to enter the Five Aging Processes, but I believe that I could wait and see you be exiled in the future!"

Leroy's words had sent Lavender into a state of frenzy.

Back then, Lavender had always maintained a calm and cold exterior no matter the situation. However, she was extremely excited right now, which had never happened before.

"A powerful master has helped her? Ha-ha! Just so you know, only a part of her soul has been repaired, and she hasn't completely recovered yet. She even has no way of responding to you right now. I'm afraid that she doesn't even have a Roaring Token!" the Queen of Punishment sneered. At that moment, a few other voices from around the universe chimed in as well.

"Leroy, find a suitable replacement for Lavender, as the Queen of Killings is right.

Why are you still so stubborn? Can't you see the current situation now?"

"Now, it's impossible for Lavender to return to the Demon Night. Her remnant soul won't be able to hold on for long..."

"Leroy, do you think we're only good for show? Who in the universe could cast Elena off the throne? You? Humph! Don't be so silly!"

Those who responded with the Roaring Tokens were none other than the Night Demon's Supreme Lords, who were all supporters of the Queen of Punishment.

When Lavender heard their words, she bit her bottom lip and said, "It's really sad that I don't have a Roaring Token..."

While Lavender felt gloomy, Zen simply smiled.

Lavender saw Zen and frowned. "What's so funny?"

"Because I have a Roaring Token," Zen said with a sly smile.

Chapter 1351 Beg Me And I'll Stop Talking

Although Zen told her what happened after she fell asleep, he barely had enough time to go into detail. As he first explained what unfolded, the Roaring Token was missing from his narration.

But Lavender was someone Zen trusted absolutely—he had no need to hide anything from her.

Of course, Lavender was rather taken aback to have heard that Zen was in possession of a Roaring Token.

But even the Roaring Token wasn't something all too precious in Lavender's eyes.

She was the queen of Demon Night, after all. Although she wasn't the strongest, she was still the Demon Night's spiritual totem—even the Supreme Lords had to bow before the three queens.

In the past, she had over three hundred Roaring Tokens, much more than what many Supreme Lords possessed.

Even though it wasn't much to her, a single Roaring Token was already extremely valuable to ordinary warriors or Zen.

Zen was someone Lavender believed to know very well. While it certainly wasn't difficult for him to earn life vitality crystals, it wasn't too long ago when he ascended to the Upper World. A Roaring Token was worth a year's expense of a tenth-grade sacred place—how could Zen have possibly obtained one?

"Did Yolande give it to you?" Lavender asked after a moment of thought.

But Zen only shook his head. "No, it's mine." With that, he handed her the token and said, "Feel free to use it. I'm not fit to speak…"

"What? Why?" Lavender asked curiously.

"You'll know in a while," Zen said with a smile as he shook his head.

The fact that Zen had used the Roaring Token to curse Supreme Lords had escaped Lavender. He even had used it to count the numbers merely to kill time—most people should have remembered his voice.

But there were tens of millions of creatures in the universe—any two people could easily have similar voices.

If Zen were to use the Roaring Token at this moment, it was likely that Elena would suspect him. With that, he decided to let Lavender speak for herself.

Under Lavender's odd gaze, Zen helped her activate the Roaring Token. She coldly said through Roaring Token, "Elena, who said that I don't have a Roaring Token? I want to see how long you can keep being so arrogant, you bitch! I, Lavender, as the Queen of Killings of the Demon Night, will forever be queen. I will not die so long as the Demon Night race exists. And, I will definitely remove you from the throne!"

The sound of her voice rang through the entire supreme worlds through the Roaring Token.

Since she thought she only had one token, it was her only chance at speaking to the entire supreme worlds—she had to make the most of it.

"Lavender, you really came back! Where are you?" In an instant, Supreme Lord Leroy's voice came through.

Queen of Punishment Elena's voice followed closely behind Supreme Lord Leroy's voice, "Huh, you little bitch! You actually managed to get a Roaring Token…it seems I've underestimated you. Hmph! Since you're already in the Upper World, prepare to die at any time!"

When Lavender heard Elena's words, her expression turned cold. Thinking that the Roaring Token in her hand had already been used and that she wouldn't be able to respond to Elena, she had no intention of responding.

But the token in her hand seemed to still be intact.

"This Roaring Token hasn't shattered. What's going on?" Lavender was utterly bewildered.

Normally, when the Roaring Token was used, the Law of Causality inside it would be activated, spreading the sound throughout the universe. After that, the entire Roaring Token would dissolve into a pile of dust. But the token in her hand was still intact.

With a smile, Zen stretched out his hand to activate the token once again. "You can continue and curse her freely, now!"

"Ah!" in her astonishment, Lavender couldn't help but cry out.

Since Zen had activated the Roaring Token, the scream of surprise resounded throughout the entire universe…

At that moment, Supreme Lord Leroy, Elena, and the other members of the Demon Night all put on a strange expression.

What was going on? Did Lavender have more than one Roaring Token up her sleeve?

Given Lavender's current condition, it was unlikely that she would waste the Roaring Token this way.

Looking at the token in her hand, Lavender was stunned still for a moment before recovering her senses. "Zen! Your Roaring Token…"

"You can use it as many times as you want…there's no limit to its uses." Zen merely shrugged his shoulders and lightly laughed.

"Ahh…"

Lavender screamed once more.

When the cyan dragon found out the specialty about the Roaring Token, he was also rather shocked. While Lavender had a similar reaction, her expression was rather exaggerated.

Zen's words frightened her. She was well aware of what it meant to have a Roaring Token that could be used limitless times.

Of course, Lavender had high expectations for Zen. So long as he was given enough room to grow, one day, he would be able to stand at the highest point of the universe and look down upon it.

But never did Lavender expect that Zen would actually obtain such an incredible thing right after he ascended—she almost couldn't believe her own eyes.

Zen's mouth curled into a smile. Normally, Lavender maintained a nonchalant expression as if there was nothing in the world worthy of her surprise—this was mainly because her status was too high. But the fact that she was greatly astounded couldn't be denied. Zen was rather proud that he managed to surprise this supreme queen.

Without bothering to answer Supreme Lord Leroy's question or talk back to Elena, Lavender held the Roaring Token in her hand and carefully examined it. After a long moment, she sneered and said, "Good. Finally, I can freely scold this slut in front of everyone in the universe!"

"Haha! Lavender, you little slut… it seems that you've gone insane. You only have two Roaring Tokens in your hands, don't you? Or are you having fun with some man? No wonder you released such a scream!" Elena coldly said.

Lavender's expression turned cold. "Help me activate the Roaring Token!"

With a wave of his hand, Zen activated the Roaring Token for Lavender…

"Bitch, I don't only have two Roaring Tokens. You're the one who should watch out…you'd better save your nonsense. I'm sure it must hurt for you to use one…but I can waste as many Roaring Tokens as I like. So what?" Lavender said with a cold voice.

Before Elena could respond, Lavender continued, "I want to announce to the members of the Demon Night that this slut isn't suitable for the position of the Queen of Punishment. Back then…"

"..."

"..."

Lavender's every remark resounded loud and clear throughout the universe.

Most of it was to insult Elena, with the occasional response to Supreme Lord Leroy.

In the beginning, Elena used the Roaring Token to refute Lavender's curse, but the number of Roaring Tokens in Elena's hand was limited. After using over a hundred Roaring Tokens, she looked at the mere dozens of tokens in her space ring. Suddenly, she felt powerless.

Just where did Lavender get so many Roaring Tokens?

The spitballing of words lasted for two hours, four hours, six hours…

Still, Lavender didn't feel tired, so she continued using the Roaring Token to bombarding Elena's ears.

In the depths of the Mist Palace, Yolande was still enjoying her bath. The moment she heard the sound, the corners of her mouth tugged up. She couldn't help but shake her head, 'This Zen is truly vicious…'

As for the Supreme Lords of the other races, they could only keep their mouths shut.

The argument between the two queens of the Demon Night had nothing to do with them, but many races were rather entertained to see the scene.

Although the Demon Night race wasn't high in number and they didn't occupy that many supreme worlds, they were an extremely powerful race. The more intense their internal strife was, the smugger the other races could be.

But all the other races also found it rather strange—wasn't the Queen of Killings close to demise? Where on earth did she get so many Roaring Tokens? Why did it feel like the Roaring Tokens kept losing their worth?

At first, the mysterious woman appeared, followed by another mysterious youth. And now, it was the Queen of Killings of the Demon Night who squandered the Roaring Tokens. Just how did they obtain so many of them?

And now, Elena seemed like she was going crazy.

In the middle of it all, Elena already regretted that she had started the verbal war with Lavender—the latter seemed to have endless Roaring Tokens.

In the hall, Elena covered her ears, desperately trying to stop the voice from reaching her ears. But the sound of the token was impossible to avoid—it was pouring directly into her mind.

"Enough!"

Shouting as loud as she could, Elena activated a Roaring Token.

"Enough? Beg me! Beg me and I'll stop talking," Lavender returned coldly.

"You're a wisp of soul at its last breath. Do you really think you deserve me begging you? You must be dreaming!" Elena replied resolutely. How could she go and beg for Lavender's mercy in front of the entire Demon Night race?

"Then… I'll go on," Lavender's voice resounded.

Chapter 1352 Image

This scolding battle was even way more outrageous than the one Zen had participated in last time.

To put it into perspective, this one had been going on for at least fourteen to sixteen hours now.

Lavender paused, noticing the stunned expression on Zen's face.

"Is there something wrong?" she asked.

"No, nothing's wrong! Just curse as much as you want," Zen assured her.

Lavender's face reddened in embarrassment, realizing just how much she had cursed in front of Zen. She didn't know why, but she didn't feel good about the possibility that Zen might see her as a shrew...

So she shook her head and stopped the scolding.

Contrary to what she thought though, Zen completely understood her need to vent. At least she could use this Roaring Token to nag at the Queen of Punishment and make her feel uncomfortable whenever and wherever.

She handed the token back to Zen and watched him put it away. "Where did you get this Roaring Token?" she asked.

Lavender had used Roaring Tokens for tens of thousands of times in the past but she never thought this kind of token existed. She never thought someone would be able to create a Roaring Token that could be used for an unlimited number of times.

"I've told you about the fairy palace, right?" Zen said.

Lavender nodded. "Yes…"

She'd heard about it but never really paid much attention whenever Zen mentioned it. The fairy palace of the Lower World wasn't anything remarkable to someone like her.

"I obtained this Roaring Token from the fairy palace. I might be able to enter that place again in the future. You'll know more about it by then," he told her.

Lavender didn't think the fairy palace would contain such a divine object. It seemed her perceptions were wrong and the palace itself was actually an extraordinary place.

Just as they were talking, the entrance to Zen's small palace was thrown open with a bang.

"Brat! I've been waiting for you day and night! Why do you still stay at this place?" the intruder roared as he entered.

Zen shook his head and threw a wink at Lavender. She nodded her head and quickly slipped back into his body.

Sighing, Zen gathered his wits and prepared to meet the people in front of his abode.

A group of warriors were gathered by the entryway. Zen was already familiar with these types of situations but he was still perplexed as to why there were suddenly so many people in front of him. He had just entered the Mist Palace and had yet to make enemies so he didn't know what this ruckus was for.

"What's up?" he asked faintly, looking more annoyed than bothered.

A warrior stepped forward. He was a tall and sturdy man who sported a fierce beard on his face. "My name is Jared Bi! The fourth most powerful warrior of the Ice Cloud House!" he declared.

Zen raised an eyebrow. "Oh? So?"

Jared Bi's smile was not friendly at all. It was more predatorial considering how sharp his eyes got when he looked at Zen. "I heard that you took a sword left behind by the previous leader of the Mist Palace," he asked.

Zen hummed and suddenly took out the aforementioned sword. The blade of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword glinted faintly in the light as he casually swung it around. "You mean this sword?"

Zen was no fool. He understood that Jared Bi came here to take his sword away. It was fortunate that Zen wasn't in a hurry and had the time to hear what the warrior had to say.

The sight of a first-rank divine weapon made all the warriors' eyes light up in awe.

This sword was far stronger than any ordinary first-rank divine weapon. If enhanced just a bit more, it had the potential to be listed on the Universe Spirit Tablet!

Jared Bi looked greedily at the sword in Zen's hand, "I'm in need of a good sword. I have to thank you for helping me fetch it from the Weapon House. I suggest you hand it over quietly or it's death for you, boy."

Zen almost laughed but he managed to hold it in. He swung the sword and played with it, briefly admiring the way the ripples on the metal caught the light. "I took this sword from the Weapon House on my own. If you want, you can go there and spend three hundred life vitality jades for a chance to obtain a powerful divine weapon."

Jared Bi scoffed, "It seems you're not going to part with it willingly. Foolish boy!" he spat.

Zen smirked. "And it seems you're not interested in leaving quietly."

"Ha!" Jared Bi exclaimed. "You don't seem to understand what the fourth most powerful warrior of the Ice Cloud House means! Do you really want me to teach you a lesson?"

Zen knew there was no use talking to these idiots. He stepped up to this 'fourth most powerful warrior' who seemed to also have a giant stick up his ass. "Yes, I really don't understand," he said. "I don't understand how you can't seem to get that you're in no position to demand things from me. I will give you nine seconds to go away. Do you want me to teach you a lesson?"

News of his acquisition of the sword had already spread through the entire Mist Palace like wildfire and it couldn't be helped that a lot of warriors had grown envious of Zen.

He was a mere newcomer with the cultivation base at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm.

Someone like him surely didn't deserve a fine weapon such as the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

A few warriors had thought of blinding this supposed greenhorn with money by buying it from him for a high price.

Others wanted to take advantage of his newcomer status by threatening and intimidating him to give up the sword willingly.

Meanwhile, there were those who wanted to simply steal the sword outright.

Jared Bi was one of those people. Sure, he had first used the 'threaten and intimidate strategy' but since Zen didn't seem to be the cowardly type, he could only resort to outright stealing.

The other warriors couldn't help but sigh. They had all gathered here with the same goal in mind: to take this amazing sword for themselves. However, Jared Bi had gotten way ahead of them and would most probably come out of this palace as a victor.

They had no doubt that Jared Bi would severely beat Zen up and take the sword. However, despite the roguish manner of obtaining the weapon, all of them felt that Zen deserved to lose. It was solely his fault that he wasn't strong enough to defend himself against people like Jared Bi.

Of course, none of them expected that Zen wasn't someone to be trifled with. They were extremely shocked by the way he just condescended upon Jared Bi.

Jared Bi couldn't help but laugh out loud. "Nine seconds, hahaha… I haven't seen such an arrogant junior for a long time… Hahaha..."

"Boom!"

His laughter was suddenly cut off by the sudden force that propelled him backwards. Everyone was witness to how Zen's figure suddenly flashed and slammed onto Jared's body, smashing his straight, strong chest onto the small palace wall behind them.

Zen stood to the side and held onto the Thunder Wind Divine Sword tightly. "Nine seconds pass quite fast," he muttered indifferently.

Everyone was gobsmacked at what they had just witnessed in front of them!

"Such fast speed!"

"He's crazy strong! Jared Bi was sent flying with just one punch!"

"Jared Bi's strong but he's too arrogant for his own good!"

They understood that Zen might have possessed some sort of extreme strength since he was able to obtain the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. However, the fact remained that he was still only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm. There was no way he could fight against a Soul Sea Realm master. Or could he?

Zen's lightning-fast punch had made everyone second-guess their assumptions for this young man.

"I should have tested the sword's power just now…" Zen muttered to himself, shaking his head in regret as he walked away from the scene.

The power of this sword...

His offhanded remark made those who heard it gulp in fear. If his punch had already been enough to heavily injure Jared Bi, what more could his sword?

The thought hung over their heads as a threat. At that moment, they knew Zen would not hesitate to kill anyone who got in his way.

Just as Zen was about to close the door behind him, a voice rang out through the entry hall, "Wait!" A short warrior had burst through the crowd.

"What is it?" Zen asked.

"I'll give you money for the sword! I'll make sure the price will be fair and good!" the short warrior uttered.

However, Zen shook his head. "It's not for sale."

"Three hundred thousand life vitality jades!" the short warrior exclaimed in one breath.

Chapter 1353 Fight For The Sword

Everyone's breath hitched at the amount this short warrior was proposing. A life vitality jade's value was ten thousand times higher than a mere life vitality crystal.

With this conversion rate, that would mean that three hundred thousand life vitality jades would be equal to three billion supreme life vitality crystals! Just thinking of such stupendous amount was enough to have someone's palm itching.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword was indeed a first-rank divine weapon, but offering three hundred thousand life vitality jades for it was still too shocking.

Nonetheless, the warriors knew the bidder could afford it.

"Caleb's family controls 80% of the mines in dozens of supreme worlds. The price of three hundred thousand life vitality jades is something he could definitely afford!"

"But if I were the one who had the sword, I wouldn't sell it even for a price that good. Life vitality jades can be earned through time but acquiring a first-rank divine weapon is just once-in-a-lifetime! Besides, having such a great weapon can increase your chances of survival in a tough fight!"

Caleb Jia did not pay attention to this idle talk and merely stared at Zen expectantly. "What do you think? The price I'm offering is fair, isn't it?"

However, Zen shook his head. "I'm sorry. It's got nothing to do with the price. This sword is simply not for sale."

Caleb Jia was powerless against Zen's refusal. There was no way he could resort to force since his abilities were far inferior to those of Jared who had already been beaten up by Zen.

Zen turned to close the door again, not really willing to waste even more time bothering with these Ice Cloud House warriors.

Just as he was about to pull the door shut, a life vitality jade was suddenly thrown into the gap and rolled towards him.

A voice rang out from the crowd, "Jim of the Swallow Cloud House wants to exchange a single life vitality jade for the sword. If you give the sword to him, he will ensure your safety in the Mist Palace. If you refuse, your life may become forfeit in your stay here."

"This..."

Such an obvious display of arrogance had Zen raging in his mind.

There was clearly something wrong with these warriors. He was the one who took this sword from the Weapon House. It rightfully belonged to him. These warriors were greedy and were not willing to work hard enough to go to the Weapon House and take it for themselves. Now that he had it, all of them were scrambling to take it away from him.

His goal in sending Jared flying with a single punch was to intimidate these warriors so they would leave him alone. He didn't expect that they would be far more insistent when it came to the sword.

And now the warriors from the Swallow Cloud House also wanted to take it.

He was aware of the gap in power between the two Houses. The Ice Cloud House couldn't be compared with Swallow Cloud House in terms of disciples, but Zen did not care. He wasn't afraid of anyone in this place.

He glared at the life vitality jade in front of him. Some people really had the audacity to look down on others this way. Unfortunately, Zen wasn't someone they could easily bully. He walked towards the precious gem and gently ground it down with his foot.

"Crack!"

A hint of life vitality burst forth from the life vitality jade as it was crushed underneath Zen's foot.

The life vitality contained within a single life vitality jade was thousands of times more concentrated than that of a supreme life vitality crystal.

"No matter who you are, just go away…" he said, beginning to close the door.

The warrior opened his mouth but Zen quickly slammed the palace door shut, not wanting to hear whatever he still had to say.

The warrior scoffed but did not dare push the shut door open. He instead ignited a message rune on the spot.

Meanwhile, the other warriors ruminated on whether to leave or stay. Some had initially wanted to leave but now chose to stay after hearing Jim's name.

The Swallow Cloud House was superior to the Ice Cloud House when it came to their disciples' strength and talent.

Jim was a formidable figure here in the Swallow Cloud House and he was surely not going to back down from this fight. They expected quite a bit of drama between him and Zen.

Meanwhile, Zen was grumbling with rage and annoyance at what had just happened. This Mist Palace seemed to be a chaotic place where everyone tried to snatch each other's belongings.

Even the mines of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place had some set, structured rules. The gathering and living area was a place of peace where fighting and killing was prohibited. The Mist Palace didn't seem to have that. Did no one supervise or restrain these warriors' training? Was that why they were all so arrogant and willful?

Zen would have to ask Yolande once he got the chance.

However...

Zen thumbed the handle of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword and a cold glint flashed across his eyes.

He hadn't tested its power yet. With a smile, Zen held it up horizontally in front of his chest.

He had no idea who Jim was but if he dared to come and cause him any sort of trouble, Zen would not hesitate to use the sword to attack him.

"Whoosh!"

Lavender's figure suddenly flew out from his body.

"Why are you coming out?" he asked.

Lavender smiled. "I'm not doing anything. I just want to see how much your strength has increased."

"They might not come here," he told her.

But Lavender gave him a knowing smile. "They will definitely come here," she said, staring at Zen intently.

"How sure are you?" he asked, feeling a bit weird since he wasn't used to Lavender's staring.

"You're an outsider, but you took the best thing in this place," she pointed out. "They would surely come for you."

Zen couldn't help but sigh. The Mist Palace had initially been called a gathering place of over three thousand talents but he felt that this place did not deserve such a title.

Its warriors were arrogant, ill-tempered, and easily jealous of other people's success.

True to Lavender's words, several warriors had flown over to his place in just under five minutes.

When the warrior in the lead had just arrived in front of Zen's palace, the one who had tried bargaining with Zen earlier nodded and said, "Jim, that guy is in this palace but he said he won't see anyone!"

Jim was a delicate-looking youth with fair skin and long, dark hair that made him look like a woman. His smile revealed a trace of seductive aura. "My words have already reached you. I will give you another chance: one life vitality jade for the sword and I will guarantee your safety!"

he called out from beyond the door in a calm, soothing voice but the arrogance was obvious in his words. One life vitality jade in exchange for a weapon of that caliber was already pushing it but to insinuate that Zen's life would be in danger if he didn't hand over the sword truly showed just how much he looked down on this newcomer.

Zen could not be bothered to answer. His eyes were shut and he was too busy pouring chaotic energy into the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

He hoped this weapon was as powerful as everyone claimed it to be. Once he was done, Zen angrily screamed, "Fuck off!"

A man of Jim's status couldn't help but be extremely arrogant. He was one of the super talents of Swallow Cloud House, after all, and whatever he wanted, he got without even asking.

However, Zen had just rudely dismissed him. Jim's delicate features morphed into a scowl and his eyes flashed with killing intent. However, it came as soon as it went and the frown was quickly replaced with a smile. "My name is Jim. I am just a swordsman who likes to collect famous swords and treat them as friends! Your cultivation does not match up well with this sword. It will be unhappy if it's left under your possession. I advise you to sell it to me. It's the best choice you can make for yourself and for the sword!"

Apparently, according to this crazed maniac, Zen had to give him his sword with three reasons: first, he collected swords and treated them as friends; second, his cultivation did not match with it; third, it was going to be sad if it was left with him. Just what kind of logic was that?

He had a lot of reasons to refute but Zen didn't feel like it would be worth it. It seemed the only way to establish his prestige here in the Mist Palace was to fight someone so these warriors would stop messing with him. It seemed he had to do the same thing he did back when he was still in the Lower World.

Taking Zen's silence as his refusal, Jim once again spoke through the door, "Don't be so silly and reckless. If I fight with you, you're just going to end up losing an arm or a leg..."

And with that, Jim slowly walked towards the palace entrance, fully intent on entering Zen's abode.

Everyone knew Zen was definitely not going to hand over the weapon willingly. Jim, on the other hand, was a powerful warrior of the Swallow Cloud House. They couldn't help but sigh, knowing Zen was going to suffer under Jim's hands.

Inside the palace, Zen's eyes suddenly opened. He sat cross-legged on the floor and waited.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword lay still in his hands and Lavender watched as his eyes grew sharper with each passing moment.

Just as Jim was fifty feet away from the palace entrance, Zen's arm shook and the sword suddenly trembled. The momentum of wind and thunder fused with his sword intent and a faint, invisible wave burst out.

He hadn't used all of his strength since he wasn't intending on killing anyone. The Mist Palace's rules were still unknown to him since he was a newcomer. All he really wanted to do was to teach Jim a lesson.

However, that formless wave had given Zen a fright!

Chapter 1354 Law Power Enhancement

An invisible wave of energy shot out of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. But it could only create a crack on the gate.

The wave of energy released a lightning that was dark blue in color and a black-as-night wind blade. These two kinds of Law Powers intertwined together to form a blurry figure that rushed at Jim.

"What is this?"

Zen asked, his gaze suddenly freezing.

"The fourth layer of the Wind Law and the fourth layer of the Thunder Law!"

Until now, Zen had only grasped the third layer of the Law Powers, irrespective of whether it was the Wind Law, the Thunder Law, or the Fire Law.

But when he poured the chaotic energy into the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, it had actually touched upon the fourth layer of the Law Powers.

Lavender wrapped her arms around her knees and looked at Zen's sword light through the crack. "This sword has the ability of Law Power enhancement," she said, impressed. "It's not bad for a first-rank divine weapon."

"Law Power enhancement?"

"Yes. This sword can help you increase your Law Power."

"Doesn't that mean that I can display the fifth layer when I comprehend the fourth layer of the Law Power?" Zen's eyes lit up.

Lavender shook her head. "It isn't that easy! The gap between the fourth and the fifth layers is huge. Controlling the first few layers of the Law Power isn't difficult, but things are completely different when it comes to the higher layers. This sword can only enhance your Law Power, but it can't help you increase the layers."

Zen nodded in dawning comprehension. "So that's how it is!" It was already turning out to be of great help to him.

What was more, the sword seemed to have more benefits than just this. For example, the blurry figure!

Jim was a warrior belonging to the Swallow Cloud House, and was extremely confident in his own strength. The warriors from the Ice Cloud House and those from the Swallow Cloud House weren't easy to deal with. People who could enter the Mist Palace could be considered top talents in the Upper World, and only extremely powerful warriors of ten-grade sacred places were qualified to enter the Mist Palace.

Only by standing out in Ice Cloud House and joining Swallow Cloud House could they be considered super talents, worthy of the alliance spending resources in nurturing them.

This was why Jim was so arrogant. According to him, this new member of the Mist Palace had obtained the Thunder Wind Divine Sword through sheer luck.

He had even thought that Zen wouldn't dare fight him.

But the moment he walked over unhesitatingly once this thought had crossed his mind, a blue bolt of lightning appeared before him. The bolt was circling around a black wind blade, and a faint figure hung behind the wind blade.

His eyes shone, reflecting the lightning. All the hair on his body stood up, and before he could even take a breath, he was propelled backwards, a sword appearing in his hand. It was a shield sword!

Jim loved to collect swords of all shapes, sizes, and functions. He had a large collection that included broadswords, two-handed swords, snake-shaped swords, rapiers and so on. There were all sorts of swords of all ranks—mysterious weapons, spiritual weapons, fairy weapons, sacred weapons—you named it, he had it!

This shield sword was a type of heavy sword that was one and a half feet wide and three feet long. It looked like a shield.

And as a secondary first-rank divine weapon, the sword had saved his life at many critical moments, helping him withstand many terrifying attacks.

Jim had never thought that Zen's sword attack would be so fierce. It was precisely because of this momentum that he felt the threat of death. So he unleashed his strongest life-saving technique without hesitation.

"Earth Elemental Shield Sword!" he yelled.

He sent a surge of life vitality into his sword as he retreated.

Swoosh!

A yellow light appeared on the sword, releasing a dense aura of Earth Law that caused the sword to appear even thicker and more solid.

At the same time, the intense lightning strike landed on the large, heavy sword, leaving behind pitch-black patterns on its surface. It was as if small snakes were spreading on there.

'I need to let go of the sword!' Jim thought.

When the power of lightning spread across the sword, Jim dared not hold it. He let it drop and scrambled back as fast as he could.

But Zen's sword was not limited to just the power of lightning. Soon, the black wind blade cut through the shield sword, striking it in half.

Retreat!

Jim felt his heart break as he watched the damage done to the shield sword. But it was more important for him to stay alive. He retreated further, because there was also the blurry figure to contend with in addition to the lightning and the wind blade.

Neither he nor Zen knew anything about what was going on with it.

But Jim had lost the protection of his shield sword, and the figure was charging straight at him. Even a fool would run away and try to escape.

The figure, however, was fast and caught up with Jim in no time. Before Jim could comprehend what was going on, it threw a punch at him.

This punch looked simple, but it would be foolish to underestimate it. Jim held up his arms against his chest as a reflex reaction.

Boom!

Crack!

Both of Jim's arms broke, but the force of the punch did not weaken and landed on his chest. He was sent flying backwards like a kite with its string cut, and landed heavily on the ground.

It was very quiet in the room where Zen was sitting. And he couldn't hear a single sound from outside, where everyone else was standing.

The power of this strike not only surpassed the expectations of many onlookers, it also exceeded Zen's expectations. Only Lavender looked on indifferently.

There were really not many things that could shock Lavender. The Roaring Token that Zen had previously displayed made her think it to be unbelievable because it had exceeded the scope of common sense. But she didn't think this sword was that amazing.

Zen was stunned as he looked at the gradually disappearing figure. He exclaimed, "Why does a person appear when I stab with my sword?"

Lavender threw him a look before answering him, "If my guess is right, that person's move can be modified. There won't be just one punch."

Zen's eyes lit up at Lavender's words. When he had stabbed the sword, he had felt like his mind had been linked to something. He had thought that this was an effect of the sword, but now that he thought about it, he realized that he had formed a connection with the figure in that instant.

But Zen wasn't sure how he could change the figure's movements. He would have to spend more time and effort figuring this out.

Jim had been lying on the ground for quite a while before someone appeared and picked him up. The person cast a fierce glance in Zen's direction before making a quick exit.

No other warriors dared linger or approach Zen's house.

Jim belonged to the Swallow Cloud House, but had almost been disabled by Zen's sword strike. How could this group of Ice Cloud House warriors not learn a lesson from Jim's fate? Wasn't this courting death?

In no time, the area in front of Zen's door had emptied.

The corners of Zen's mouth curled up in a smile at this.

Finally, peace and quiet!

Zen hadn't thought that he would attract such a huge reaction with just a sword strike. The people in the Mist Palace weren't easy to deal with. But he was sure no one would look for trouble with him in the near future.

"What are your plans after this?" Zen asked Lavender cautiously.

Zen's strength at this moment was far from enough in the Upper World. Even someone at the Spirit Supreme Realm could beat Zen very easily, let alone a world lord.

The Queen of Punishment, on the other hand, had the cultivation of a world lord. At Zen's current strength, he wasn't even qualified to stand in front of her.

"I'll wait!" Lavender said with a queer smile.

"Wait for what?" Zen asked again.

"Wait for you to grow," Lavender replied.

This answer left Zen speechless, unsure of whether to laugh or to cry.

At this stage, Zen's cultivation had already reached the peak of the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm. He should have been prepared to fight against the sixth small Heavenly Tribulation.

But just as he was preparing for it, someone else had come to the Mist Palace. To Zen's surprise, it was the previous owner of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, who was also the previous leader of the Mist Palace.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1355 We'll Give It To You

In the hall on the highest floor of the Mist Palace, sat an old man wearing a long black robe. Next to him was a young woman wearing a cyan dress.

The girl was very young. She was only twenty years old—two years younger than Zen.

"I happened to drop by this world, so I thought I would visit you. By the way, I want you to do me a favor," the old man said slowly.

Yolande, who was sitting on the side, was extremely respectful to the old man as she replied with a smile, "Master Xiao, please tell me. I'll do my best to meet your demand." As she spoke, she sized up the girl beside the old man and continued, "Could it be that you want to let this girl cultivate in our Mist Palace?"

The reason Yolande was being so respectful to the old man was that he was one of the previous leaders of the Mist Palace and also the previous owner of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. His name was Kyron Xiao.

He was truly outstanding. It was rumored that he was planning to make a breakthrough to become a Supreme Lord. He was considered a popular character in the alliance.

Kyron Xiao shook his head, before saying, "I had hosted the Mist Palace for 13, 000 years, and had taught countless disciples. However, I have never accepted a personal disciple. But now I have one. She is my only and last personal disciple."

The cyan-clothed woman beside him stood tall with a trace of arrogance on her face.

Yolande smiled at the woman's expression. If Kyron Xiao really became a Supreme Lord, this woman would be considered a Supreme Lord descendant. She had every reason to be arrogant having the opportunity of inheriting the resources and cultivation methods from a Supreme Lord at this age.

"Congratulations, Master Xiao, for having such an outstanding disciple. If I'm not mistaken, your disciple seems to have the fate to lead the world of chaos," Yolande remarked.

Kyron Xiao seemed to be very happy. After he finished laughing, his face revealed a hint of dejection. He let out a sigh and said, "The world of chaos has already revealed itself. Even Supreme Lords are destined to just be bystanders. We will have to see how the favorite warriors of this era will perform on the stage of the world of chaos."

His disciple immediately said, "Master, I will definitely not let you down!"

Kyron Xiao nodded and said, "You certainly won't disappoint me, Layla." Then, he turned to Yolande and said, "If I remember correctly, the alliance is going to hold 'Passing the Torch.' I want Layla to participate in it on behalf of the Mist Palace. Would you please do me the favor?"

After hearing his words, Yolande finally understood why he had come. He wanted his disciple to participate in Passing the Torch.

This was not a bad thing for the Mist Palace, and Yolande had no reason to reject it.

There were many races in the universe that had ways of testing one's talent, and the one that humans used was known as Passing the Torch. It was similar to the three towers of the Celestial Position race, and it was also one of the most authoritative methods in the entire universe. But the difference was that Passing the Torch was only aimed at human warriors, while the Celestial Position race's three towers were aimed at all the talents in the universe.

Yolande nodded. "Master Xiao, you don't need to be so formal with me. If she aces Passing the Torch, our Mist Palace would also be so proud. I'd be happy to see her succeed too."

Kyron Xiao chuckled again before saying, "Layla has already activated the Nine-petal Lotus Flower. She will score well in Passing the Torch."

Even though he spoke nonchalantly, he was still quite proud of the fact that Layla Ai had managed to activate the Nine-petal Lotus Flower. How many talents in the entire universe had managed to do so? With her potential, she would definitely excel in Passing the Torch. This was a guaranteed fact.

The woman called Layla Ai pursed her lips. Her master had such high hopes for her. Her goal wasn't simply to do well in the test, she was planning to win first place!

Suddenly, Kyron Xiao realized something. "If I remember correctly, one of my weapons is still in the Weapon House. Yolande, can you take us there later on and let Layla take it out herself?" he requested.

Kyron Xiao did not ask for his weapon directly, but he wanted Layla Ai to take it by herself.

No one had been able to take away the Thunder Wind Divine Sword all these years. But he was very confident about her. He was certain that she was capable of doing so.

These words stunned Yolande, and a helpless smile revealed on her face.

"What happened? Is something wrong?" A strange expression appeared on Kyron Xiao's face.

Yolande shrugged her shoulders and explained, "Well, that sword was taken away by someone a few days ago."

"What? Really?" Kyron Xiao asked curiously. He was not angry about the news. With his strength and status, a first-rank divine weapon didn't matter to him that much. He wanted Layla Ai to have it for herself, firstly because her cultivation method was perfect for using the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, and secondly, because he wanted to prove her strength to Yolande.

But he never thought that someone else would actually take away the sword. When he was the leader of the Mist Palace, he had personally placed his own weapon in the Weapon House, so he was well-versed with the rules of the House. It was extremely difficult to take away his sword.

"I wonder who took it and which cultivation level this person was at." Kyron Xiao actually was interested in that person.

"His name is Zen Luo. He is at the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm, and has just ascended from the Lower World." Yolande divulged the information about Zen truthfully.

"He is from the Lower World? And only at the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm?" Kyron Xiao's eyes widened in shock. He was indeed very surprised to hear that someone with such a low cultivation level managed to take away his sword. "I never thought that this kind of warrior would appear in the Mist Palace!"

Layla Ai seemed unwilling to accept the fact that someone else had taken away the sword. It should have been her! Her master did not compare her to Zen, but she felt very unhappy about this development.

"I would like to meet this warrior named Zen Luo. Is it possible?" Kyron Xiao asked.

Yolande nodded and said, "Yes, certainly. Zen is cultivating in the Mist Palace. I'll call him now."

Not long after, Yolande's message rune reached Zen's ear, informing him that the previous owner of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword wanted to see him.

Zen was a bit perturbed. Could it be that the previous owner of this sword had reneged on his promise and wanted to take the sword back?

But then he dismissed this notion. A warrior at that level wouldn't take a first-rank divine weapon so seriously. After tidying up, he rushed over according to Yolande's directions.

He quickly entered the large hall led by two stewards.

When Kyron Xiao saw Zen, he stared at him unblinking. A bewildered expression came on his face, but he quickly suppressed it and said with a smile, "I heard that it was you who took away my Thunder Wind Divine Sword."

Zen cupped his hands towards him and said, "Yes. It was me who took away your Thunder Wind Divine Sword."

"Good! You're at the Life and Death Realm and have only experienced five small Heavenly Tribulations. I think you will make good use of it," Kyron Xiao commented.

"From what you're saying, I hope you don't want it back?" Zen asked.

It was Layla Ai who spoke first. "Are you kidding me? Master doesn't care about a first-rank divine weapon. Why would we want it back? We will give it to you."

Zen bristled at her comment. "I took this sword with my own strength, and I also spent life vitality jades. How can you say that you'll give it to me?"

If Kyron Xiao had made this statement, Zen wouldn't have gotten so offended. But the woman beside him made it sound like she was doing charity to him. She got on his nerves. 'I'm not a beggar. And this sword is not given by you!' he thought angrily.

"You..." Layla Ai bit back her retort when her master shook his head and said, "Indeed. The rules of the Weapon House were set by my master back then. Whoever has the ability to take a weapon in the Weapon House shall be its owner. Young man, since you have obtained the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, I shall also give you a set of mind method. Otherwise, the power of this sword will be greatly reduced in your hands."

Chapter 1356 Smell Of Gunpowder

The true secrets of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword lay within the shadow of the figure.

The first time Zen had wielded the sword, he discovered this mystery and pondered over it for a long time.

Each time he swung it, it would produce lightning and wind blade, and at the same time, a human figure would appear alongside them.

Curiously, Zen felt that he had a connection to it.

However, he had tried many times to control that figure, but he could not do so. Eventually, Lavender came to the conclusion that perhaps a certain cultivation method existed to match this Thunder Wind Divine Sword. It might be very difficult for Zen to get knowledge of this method.

Therefore, when Zen heard the words of the former leader of the palace, he raised his eyebrows and asked, "The mind method in relation to the Thunder Wind Divine Sword?"

Kyron nodded. "It seems you've already tried to wield the sword. I'm afraid you won't be able to control the Nether God Shadow within it…"

"Yes, I've tried many times, but I couldn't grasp the technique," Zen replied.

"It is not something that you can master merely by trying," Kyron said as he took out a jade slip and handed it over to his disciple, Layla.

Layla wanted to step forward and hand it to Zen, but with a quick thought, she gently tossed the jade slip in the air. The slip then flew toward Zen slowly.

She didn't use her life vitality or any other method to throw the jade slip at him. Instead, she manipulated time in the space between her and Zen.

"Time Law?" Zen smiled at this silently.

In truth, this was only the first layer of the Time Law. Any martial artist who had comprehended the first layer would be able to do so, but Layla had used the Time Law in a clever manner. She had precisely calculated the distance between her and Zen to direct the law within the range.

It was obvious that she did it to show off her skills.

Zen had taken away the sword before her, and she was still unwilling to accept that. She wanted Zen to understand the chasm between him and her.

Layla, in fact, did not care about the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. She knew her fate. As long as she did not die, she would be the star of this era. As the world of chaos slowly unleashed itself, she would eventually become one of the top warriors.

As for this boy, Zen... he was nothing!

Zen felt a trace of hostility coming from this woman in cyan. It left him a little baffled.

Of course, he did not take this to heart.

As the jade slip slowly flew toward him, it got slower once it reached halfway. Although it still moved forward, its speed was like that of an inchworm. If one did not look carefully, one would think that the jade slip was frozen mid-air.

Seeing this, Zen smiled as he took a step forward and stepped into the area where Layla was controlling the Time Law. He reached out and grabbed the jade slip.

From beginning to end, the Time Law had no effect on Zen.

Seeing that Zen had easily dealt with her Time Law, Layla bit her lip and asked him, "You'll participate in Passing the Torch, right?"

"Passing the Torch?" Zen was momentarily stunned. "What is that?"

Seeing how clueless he was, Layla said in a low voice, "You don't even know about Passing the Torch. You are indeed an ascended warrior…"

Yolande patted his head and said to Zen, "Sorry, I forgot to tell you. You must participate in Passing the Torch."

Zen shrugged. "I will, but first I want to know what it is."

"Passing the Torch is a method to test one's potential in the thirteen palaces, and it is held once in a while," Yolande told him. After thinking for a while, she added, "You can compare it to the test at that tower of the Celestial Position."

The memories of the Tower of Sin were fresh in Yolande's mind.

She had not forgotten that Zen had obtained the title of golden Celestial Position.

He was one among the few who had gained such a great title in this grand era, so Yolande looked forward to his performance in Passing the Torch.

Layla, who was a disciple of the former leader of the palace, seemed to have some special skills. From her mildly disdainful glances, it seemed like she wanted to compete with Zen in Passing the Torch. She obviously overestimated herself, for she would be no match to Zen.

If the former leader of the palace knew that Zen had the title of golden Celestial Position, he would have asked Layla to give up immediately on this idea of defeating him.

However, Yolande decided not to tell him about Zen's title of golden Celestial Position. The girl was young and extremely talented, but Kyron always pampered her. As a result, she had become very conceited. Yolande, as a senior, did not like her arrogant manner and thought it would be a good opportunity to let Zen deflate her arrogance a bit.

Of course, Yolande only instinctively felt that Layla was weaker than Zen, but the results remained to be seen. The universe was vast and there were many talents here. Unexpected occurrences were not unheard of. It would be interesting to see who performed better at Passing the Torch.

"Oh, I see." Zen nodded before turning to the woman in cyan. "I will participate in Passing the Torch, but I don't know why you are so interested."

Layla stared at Zen and said coolly, "I'll win and leave you far behind!"

"And then?" Zen asked again, wearing a languid smile.

Seeing his nonchalant expression, Layla decided not to answer him. She gave him a fierce glare and returned to her master's side.

A strong smell of gunpowder was obvious between the two young talents. However, Kyron and Yolande just let them be. The world of martial artists had always been like this. Only through competition could one display his or her limits and potential.

Zen shelved the matter of Passing the Torch for the time being. He held the jade slip in his hand and walked over to Kyron to extend his heartfelt thanks to him. The mind method was extremely useful to him, and since he had taken away this person's sword and received his mind method without giving him anything in return, Zen felt obliged to him.

After he left Yolande's place, Zen learned more about Passing the Torch.

Passing the Torch could indeed be used to test a martial artist's potential and talent, but its purpose was limited only to test.

As for the Tower of Sin, also known as the Tower of Crystal, it was a place to temper a martial artist's fighting spirit. The Talent Tablet could be considered an important part of it. The tower was most significant to the cultivators as they fought and practiced there. Not only did one receive a good reward from Passing the Torch, but there were also some important human inheritances to be gained from it. Zen, of course, would not refuse to take the test and even looked forward to it.

A few days later, in the great hall where he was staying, Zen stood holding the five-foot-long Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand.

With a light flick of his finger, he slashed the Thunder Wind Divine Sword and a ray of light shot into the sky.

However, there were no lightning or wind blades within this light.

Right now, Zen was in complete control of the first rank divine weapon and had temporarily filtered out the two types of Law Power. He had only activated the shadow of the figure inside.

The mind method that the former leader of the palace had passed on to Zen was known as the 'Nether God Mind Method'. With this technique, a cultivator was able to control the 'Nether God Shadow' within the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

The first time he used the sword, the shadow only performed a barging fist. After days of training with the Nether God Mind Method, the movements of the figure had become much more complicated.

Whoosh!

The figure in the large hall rushed forward. After a confident stride, it turned and meandered ahead before doing a somersault and gradually dissipating into thin air.

Zen wielded the sword once again and another shadow of a figure shot out. A dense stream of fist radiance emerged from its hand. Within a short period of time, the shadow had performed an entire set of boxing movements before gradually disappearing again.

Swoosh!

Zen drew back his sword slowly and fell into deep thought.

If a single strike was capable of producing a single Nether God Shadow, did that mean he would be able to make multiple Nether God Shadows if he swung the sword in successive motions?

As he thought of this, Zen extracted a large amount of chaotic energy from his cinnabar field and let it gush into the long sword. Suddenly, killing intent clouded his eyes as he quickly brandished the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zen struck ten times in one breath.

To an ordinary swordsman, it was not tough to thrust a sword so many times in the blink of an eye.

But as Zen finished the ten strikes, ten Nether God Shadows appeared before him, each performing a different set of movements.

If the original possessor of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, the former leader of Mist Palace, had witnessed this, he would have been dumbstruck. He had never imagined that someone would be able to use the Nether God Shadow successfully to this extent.

Chapter 1357 Helpless

All divine weapons had great, impressive origins, not to mention the first-rank divine weapon.

Even though the Thunder Wind Divine Sword couldn't be ranked within the Universe Spirit Tablet, it was definitely a masterpiece that one couldn't deny.

Kyron Xiao was the owner of this sword. In the past, he had only been able to create three Nether God Shadows simultaneously, when he wielded the sword. According to the description of the Nether God Mind Method, the Thunder Wind Divine Sword could only produce three Nether God Shadows at most.

It was not that Kyron's sword technique was not fast enough. With his high cultivation level, his understanding of sword techniques was not something that Zen could compare with. It was just that when the fourth Nether God Shadow appeared, the first Nether God Shadow disappeared so as to maintain the balance. It meant that only three Nether God Shadows could appear at the same time, regardless if a new Nether God Shadow appeared or not.

But now, when Zen casually struck out with his Thunder Wind Divine Sword, ten Nether God Shadows appeared side by side. He had undoubtedly broken the rules of the Nether God Mind Method.

As for the reason, Zen could not explain it, but he could only attribute it to the chaotic energy. It seemed that the effects of the cultivation methods and the laws activated by the chaotic energy were increased by a lot, hence also increasing the number of Nether God Shadows. It was the only plausible explanation that Zen could come up with, although he had no way to prove it.

Besides, his attention was mostly on the Nether God Shadows and not the reason why they appeared. He must admit that this method was quite interesting.

Using the Nether God Shadows, Zen created countless battle techniques, such as a few strikes where the Nether God Shadows were coordinating with each other, or just using the huge-crowd tactics to attack all at once. There was indeed much more room to improve and he was willing to grind until the technique reached its full potential.

In addition to these Nether God Shadows, Zen had his own sword spirit—Lavender. She could hide amongst the Nether Divine Shadows to carry out assassination.

Now that she had recovered most of her soul power and possessed the Silver Fighting Soul, she would be able to kill even powerful masters if she caught them off guard...

The news that Zen took the Thunder Wind Divine Sword after entering the Mist Palace had quickly caught other warriors' attention. They couldn't believe that he was able to do such a thing.

As for that sword attack performed by Zen, it had been widely spread and discussed by others in the Mist Palace.

The warriors of the Ice Cloud House did not dare provoke Zen, but the warriors of the Swallow Cloud House

were very concerned about this matter. Some of the talents even threatened to challenge Zen, as though they were not aware of the dangers they'd be facing once Zen took up the challenge.

On the other hand, several top talented warriors from the Swallow Cloud House reacted indifferently as they didn't have much interest in Zen.

After all, those super talents were still quite reserved. The Thunder Wind Divine Sword was indeed attractive, but if they took action against a Life and Death Realm newcomer because of a minor matter like this, their image would suffer.

As for that remarkable sword strike, it seemed like they did not pay attention to it.

Because the torch was about to ignite, no one paid attention to Zen. All the talents were actively preparing for it. Through Passing the Torch, not only would they be able to determine their own status, they would also be able to receive some extraordinary rewards. This event was far more important than a newcomer's sword technique as far as they were concerned.

Thus, Zen and whatever he did in the Mist Palace slowly faded and were soon forgotten.

It was just perfect for Zen as he also didn't want to stir up trouble. Now that no one was keeping an eye on him, he was relieved and happy to be free. He could now do anything as he pleased.

He spent each day on cultivation, consolidation, or new comprehension.

He was even thinking about helping Lavender get another spear.

With the current strength of Lavender's soul, she actually didn't match up well with Zen's sword spirit. However, she could be considered as an 'attachment' to Zen by fusing with the sword spirit. Of course, it would still depend on what she wanted. Zen would respect her choice.

The problem was the spear belonging to the sacred weapon level also didn't match up to Lavender's current strength.

That was why it was important to find a different spear for Lavender; a divine weapon level would be perfect.

However, entering the Weapon House required three hundred life vitality jades. Obtaining so many life vitality jades was still an arduous, if not impossible, task for Zen.

He did consider borrowing some life vitality jades from Yolande, but Zen trashed the idea as this was not his personality at all. He decided to put this matter aside and think about it again after the opening of Passing the Torch.

This sort of peace and quiet only lasted for a few days. Before long, the Mist Palace was once again in an uproar—not because of Zen, but because of his neighbor.

His neighbor was a woman called Layla, but he knew her full name to be Layla Ai.

Layla Ai was brought into the Mist Palace by the previous palace leader, and her goal was to participate in Passing the Torch!

With the departure of the previous palace leader, the Mist Palace's members had naturally arranged a residence in the Mist Palace for Layla Ai. She now lived in the area where the Ice Cloud House's warriors and Zen lived. The warriors who just joined there would be arranged to stay in the same area. After Layla Ai entered the Mist Palace, she became the member of the Ice Cloud House. Thus, it wasn't surprising that Zen and Layla Ai became neighbors.

Zen had no objection to this. Under normal circumstances, he spent most of the time staying in the house and cultivating.

However, Layla Ai was truly willful and naughty! She was not as weak as her appearance suggested.

After she arrived there for the first time, she told everyone that she would challenge all the warriors in the entire Mist Palace, including the warriors from the Ice Cloud House and the Swallow Cloud House...

She had used the Tiger Roar Token to issue this challenge.

This Tiger Roar Token was similar to the Roaring Token. Of course it wasn't as precious as the Roaring Token and it also didn't have such a perverted ability to transmit sound throughout the whole universe, but it was still pretty impressive.

In addition to the Roaring Token, there were also the Dragon Roar Token, Lion Roar Token, Tiger Roar Token, and all sorts of other treasures that could transmit sound. But the ranges of the sound that could be spread differed according to the kind of token. As for the Dragon Roar Token, it could transmit sound within the domain of ten supreme worlds, while the Lion Roar Token could expand the sound to a certain supreme world.

As for the Tiger Roar Token, it could spread the sound over hundreds of miles. In fact, if some Soul Sea Realm masters could erupt life vitality, they would be able to spread their voice out to such a large range even without using the Tiger Roar Token. Layla Ai might be able to do that, but it was not appropriate for her to use her life vitality to roar in this case.

But the Tiger Roar Token had the same function as the Roaring Token as it also could forcefully send one's voice into the minds of others...

The Mist Palace was filled with talents who had come to cultivate. Everyone was busy with their own cultivation, and even though sometimes they would be disturbed by the roars reverberating throughout the universe, they would not dare to blame those Supreme Lords who made the noise.

However, Layla Ai had just entered the Mist Palace, yet she was already making a ruckus with the Tiger Roar Token. Besides, she was directly challenging the talents of the Ice Cloud House and the Swallow Cloud House. Her voice was filled with contempt. It was not appropriate for her to do that.

Her challenge was like a spark thrown into a sea of flammable oil and immediately triggered the anger of the warriors of the Ice Cloud House and the Swallow Cloud House.

Not only the warriors of the Ice Cloud House and the Swallow Cloud House, but also some stewards and several vice leaders got angry. They were disgusted with Layla Ai's behavior. When they heard that Layla Ai was sent here by the former palace leader, though, none of them said anything. Anyway, the super talents of the Ice Cloud House and the Swallow Cloud House would go and teach this woman a lesson, and she would have no choice but to pay the price for her arrogance.

Before the commotion, the place was quiet and peaceful because of Zen and his powerful sword attack. When the warriors from the Ice Cloud House passed by his gate, they would even feel fear, for they knew that Zen was emanating such power from the inside. They could not afford to make a mistake and get on his bad side.

Now, due to the disturbance caused by Layla Ai, the entrance to his residence was once again bustling with noise and excitement. He was so unlucky to be this woman's neighbor. Even worse, their residences faced each other, so they almost shared the same entrance.

It was early in the morning, and Zen had spent the entire night cultivating. He didn't appreciate the noise at all.

Lavender quietly lit three incenses to help Zen concentrate his focus. The faint fragrance could make people feel refreshed and at peace.

Suddenly, there was an explosion of noise outside.

"I, Ryker Lu of the Swallow Cloud House, accept your challenge!"

Immediately after that, there was a burst of cheers. It seemed everybody wanted to see Layla Ai lose.

"Come on, Ryker. Do your best!"

"This woman is too arrogant. We should teach her a lesson!"

"Ryker Lu is ranked 79th in the Swallow Cloud House. This woman shouldn't be a match for him..."

Zen could not help but reveal an amused yet annoyed smile on his face. This kind of disturbance really did not stop whether he liked it or not.

In the past few days, there had been four or five warriors who had come to challenge Layla Ai. Moreover, they were all from the Swallow Cloud House, including the warriors ranking among the top 400, top 200, and even in the top 100.

Among them, Ryker Lu was ranked 79th.

The previous warriors had all suffered a crushing defeat while fighting Layla Ai.

The more miserable the warriors of the Swallow Cloud House had become, the more they wanted to triumph over Layla Ai.

If the warriors of the Swallow Cloud House did not win in the next round, this challenge would continue until Layla Ai was successfully defeated.

That also meant the commotion would go on for a long time. Zen truly hoped that Ryker Lu could defeat Layla Ai. Otherwise, he would have to suffer through the noise every single day.

Lavender faced the door and glanced indifferently before saying, "This Ryker Lu isn't a match for Layla."

The power of her soul perception was much stronger than Zen's, and he knew better than to question her. Even from such a distance, she could still determine the level of a warrior's strength.

Zen helplessly pursed his lips, wishing someone strong enough would come and finally bring peace to his mind and the surrounding area.

Chapter 1358 The Red Cloud Ring

As speculated, the waves of life vitality quickly erupted outside his residence.

Under the pressure of the intensely hostile atmosphere, the doors and windows of Zen's small palace began to shake continuously, as if a violent storm had begun outside.

After a few seconds, a miserable scream was heard from outside the palace. Soon after, Zen heard a sound of wind. He frowned. Without a moment's pause, his palace's door was smashed open by a heavy object with a thud!

It was Ryker's body that had smashed open the door effectively crumbling the door to pieces.

He had smashed through the front door swiftly. The momentum of his body did not weaken by the slightest extent. Hence, his body crash landed on the ground and left a messy ditch. After invading through the palace wall and creating a large hole, he flew out of Zen's small palace.

Zen stood there alone and felt perplexed as he curled his lips helplessly. This was the second time that such a thing had occurred.

The warriors outside the palace sighed.

"Alas, even Ryker has been defeated so easily!"

"Could it be that this woman in the Life and Death Realm is so invincible that she can defeat the warriors of the entire Swallow Cloud House all by herself?"

"I really hope that's just a rumor and someone can defeat her!"

They sighed as they glanced at Zen constantly.

Both Layla and Zen had just joined the Mist Palace, and they had almost blossomed into neighbors.

Both of them were Life and Death Realm warriors, but Layla's cultivation base was slightly higher than that of Zen, as she was at the ninth level of the Life and Death Realm, while Zen had just reached the fifth level.

Seeing the warriors of the Swallow Cloud House being defeated by Layla, they couldn't help but compare Zen with Layla.

The duo were extremely powerful, and those warriors couldn't help but wonder the result of a duel between them.

It was a pity that Zen seemed to focus solely on his cultivation and didn't have any intention of challenging Layla.

When he first arrived here, he caused a spontaneous chaos only because he took away the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. But the disturbance quickly subsided. Everyone was well aware that Zen wasn't the type of a warrior who would constantly stir up trouble.

"Is there any way to persuade Zen to challenge Layla?"

"No. Don't you see that Layla is doing this deliberately? She has quite intentionally smashed Ryker into Zen's palace. This was a blatant provocation. Zen was able to tolerate it during the previous attempt. This time, he might still tolerate it, yet again..."

"Our Mist Palace is filled with talented individuals, but now we are suppressed by a woman. What a disgrace..."

Zen followed the ditch on the ground and walked to the door. At this moment, Layla, who was dressed in cyan, also came over.

Before Zen could say anything, Layla uttered, "I will compensate you for the damaged items..."

Zen frowned. "Your meagre sum of compensation is not the principal matter of concern here. This is the second time this sort of an incident has occurred here. I'm inclined to believe that you did it on purpose."

Layla smiled lightly, but refused to admit to his allegation. "I didn't do that deliberately. During the challenges, it would be hard to avoid mistakes and I might cause some collateral damages. I'll get someone to fix the palace for you immediately. Don't worry."

Before Zen could muster some words to reply, the other warriors had already begun expressing themselves.

"This woman is so shameless to lie so confidently!"

"Obviously, she did that deliberately with devious intentions!"

"Earlier, she singlehandedly lifted Ryker and threw him over here. I saw that with my own eyes!"

After the warriors finished talking, Zen stared coldly at Layla. "Did you just hear their opinions?"

"No," Layla replied with a carefree smile.

"The Mist Palace has its own Illusion Space which is specially designed for battles, so you will not get injured while fighting, and you can even unleash your full strength. However, you fight in front of my door every time and disturb my cultivation. What's your original motive behind all this?" Zen asked, his eyes fixated on Layla.

Noticing that Zen was furious, she curled her lips. "It's simple. If you're willing to fight me, I naturally won't bother you any longer!"

"I'm not interested in that," said Zen. How could he not read this woman's mind to deduce her aim? However, he really didn't have the interest to indulge in a battle right now.

Layla smiled faintly. "Then I'll have to continue disturbing you. I'm afraid I can't avoid mistakes in the challenge and may end up destroying your palace in the process..."

Hearing this, Zen immediately felt morose. This was like getting into trouble for no reason at all!

As she had promised, a craftsman came over to help repair Zen's palace without further delay. Layla's challenge continued without any significant interruption. She would often damage Zen's house during the fighting solely 'by mistake'.

However, after Zen endured her for a few days, the disturbance seemed to have finally subsided.

In the past few days, the challengers had higher rankings, including warriors ranking 60th, 32nd, 17th, 9th...

The last fighter was ranked fourth in the Swallow Cloud House. The fight between him and Layla lasted for about two hours!

The warriors at such high level would undoubtedly be a cause of great devastation even if they were to launch a small strike. The reason why Layla had not caused such a great damage in the previous battles was because she had the overwhelming advantage over those warriors, which meant that she had always won with one strike. The fourth ranked warrior of the Swallow Cloud House was indeed not at all a cakewalk for her and the damage caused during the two hours of combat was unbearable.

Zen's small palace was completely annihilated. Not only his house, but the dozen or so palaces where some other warriors lived had all been demolished and crumbled into sawdust. Only Layla's house was still standing strong and alone, as if she had used some kind of secret divine texture technique to consolidate her own house...

Zen sat on the only intact floor, but he felt regretful. If he could have anticipated this earlier, he would have duly accepted this woman's challenge.

The warrior who ranked fourth in the Swallow Cloud House was defeated by Layla, ultimately.

After Layla clapped her hands, she looked at Zen who was sitting on the floor not far away with an innocent face, and smiled faintly. Her toes lightly touched the ground, and like a little bird, she floated over to Zen. Then she said apologetically, "I'm sorry... I'll compensate you."

Zen rolled his eyes as he chose to remain silent.

However, Layla's efficiency of repairing houses was quite high. The palaces which had been destroyed were rapidly repaired within a few hours.

Because of her fight with the disciple ranking fourth in the Swallow Cloud House, her status had risen rapidly in the entire Mist Palace!

Everyone now understood that Layla was probably a strong competitor during the Passing the Torch!

She had already challenged and defeated the disciple who was ranked fourth in the Swallow Cloud House. And the challenge was finally over for good.

The top three warriors of the Swallow Cloud House were unequivocally exemplary talents from the supreme worlds. In order to perform well in the Passing the Torch, they all began cultivating in seclusion. Hence, they weren't available to challenge Layla amidst the cultivation.

Zen also enjoyed a peaceful coexistence during this period of time, without any further disruption of his life from any other source. Layla had finally ceased being a nuisance...

Another month passed like the blink of an eye. During this month, all of the warriors had concentrated fiercely on their cultivation, preparing for the Passing the Torch that was just around the corner.

During this month, the Mist Palace too was relatively very peaceful and quiet. But recently, the sky was abruptly lit up by the light of six stars, which aided in getting the curiosity level of many warriors skyrocket.

Normally, when a phenomenon related to the stars unfolded, some warrior would probably be practicing the cultivation methods related to the stars. As for the cultivation methods related to the stars, they were all extremely powerful and volatile. However, no one was able to wholeheartedly guess exactly who was practicing such a cultivation method at that particular moment...

Zen didn't neglect the Stellar Body either. During the last period of time in the Lower World, Zen still attempted to establish communication channels with the stars, hoping to trigger a few more stars eventually. However, it was very difficult for him to activate those stars. Hence, he was determined to make as many attempts as necessary.

While he was in the Lower World, Zen would have to spend almost an entire night letting his senses separate from his body. Thus, a day would often pass in a blink of an eye.

Now that he had ascended to the Upper World, the distance between him and the stars was much closer and the time it took to cultivate was even shorter. Thus, whenever night fell, Zen would patiently attempt to establish a communication with any of the many stars that caught his attention.

Owing to his perpetual and frequent efforts, the number of stars that had triggered due to Zen's efforts increased to six.

The only Transcendent Divine Might he had was a fragment of a book, but Zen would still work hard to cultivate it. His determination was unmatched. The opponents he had to face in the future would be stronger than all the ones he had to face so far. Elena, the Queen of Punishment of the Demon Night, was one of his prospective opponents, but her strength was so powerful that he feared facing her in direct combat. Moreover, if he wanted to rescue Yan, he had to face even more enemies who would pose an even dangerous threat to his own very existence. Thus, Zen was left with no option but to continue cultivating without a moment's pause.

One month later, a frightening voice was heard throughout the entire Mist Palace.

Yolande's figure was like that of a pristinely white lotus, floating all alone in the sky. She said bluntly, "The Passing the Torch begins!"

After she had proclaimed the commencement of the event, a few more figures floated out. It was none other than Timothy and the other vice leaders of the Mist Palace.

"All the warriors in the Mist Palace who can pass through the Red Cloud Ring, please follow me!" Yolande then gently pointed her finger upwards and a ring appeared in her hand. It immediately spread downwards. That crimson ring was over a hundred feet wide and occupied a position above the heads of many warriors.

Chapter 1359 The Pursuer

The warriors in the Ice Cloud House and the Swallow Cloud House walked out of their residences and looked at the crimson ring in the sky.

Some of them were unusually excited, while some of them were obviously dejected.

Only after passing through the Red Cloud Ring would they qualify to follow the palace leader and participate in Passing the Torch. But not all could pass through the Red Cloud Ring.

In fact, the warriors who joined Mist Palace had good knowledge of their own talents. They knew whether or not they would cross through the ring.

The excited ones were confident in their skills, while those who stood by gloomily believed that they would never be able to pass through.

"I have heard that only the warriors who have activated a Lotus Flower of at least five petals qualify to cross the Red Cloud Ring!"

"Not necessarily. In the past, some warriors who had only activated the Three-petal Lotus Flower passed through as well. However, most of those who crossed over were the ones who had activated a Lotus Flower of at least five petals."

"When I went through the tribulation last year, the Lotus Flower that I manifested only had three petals. Does that mean there is no hope for me?"

The warriors looked at the ring and whispered among themselves.

At this time, a figure soared into the sky and flew straight toward the Red Cloud Ring.

"He is Jonah Zhan from Swallow Cloud House! He will no doubt pass through the Red Cloud Ring!"

Jonah Zhan flew speedily. In the blink of an eye, he arrived before the Red Cloud Ring. Without hesitation, his body gently swished, flashed, and passed through the Red Cloud Ring.

Whoosh!

The moment he passed through, the ring released a dazzling scarlet light.

"What blinding red light! I heard that Jonah Zhan released a Five-petal Lotus Flower a few years ago. Judging from the dense red light, he must have activated a Seven-petal Lotus Flower this time!"

After Jonah Zhan passed through the ring, he stood behind one of the vice leaders who had brought him into Mist Palace. Jonah Zhan could be considered the vice leader's direct descendant.

The vice leader smiled briefly, pride evident on his face. At the same time, Jonah Zhan looked haughtily as he stared into a distance below the Mist Palace.

After the first warrior passed through the Red Cloud Ring, the second warrior also rose quickly.

As this warrior rushed toward the ring and was about to pass through it, the ring suddenly emitted a black light. Soon after, a transparent membrane appeared in the center of the ring, blocking the warrior and preventing him from making his way through.

"Has he failed to pass?"

"Yes, he is a warrior from Ice Cloud House. His talent is inadequate to pass through the Red Cloud Ring!"

"There are always some warriors in Ice Cloud House who succeed in crossing the ring!"

The warrior clearly looked disappointed at the failure. Although he found the fact hard to accept and was dejected, he did not dare question the leader of Mist Palace. He could only retreat.

More warriors began flying toward the Red Cloud Ring in the sky.

Judging from their flying speeds and momentum, it was easy to guess whether or not they could pass through the Red Cloud Ring. The confident ones flew at full speed, not showing any signs of slowing down. They were most likely to pass through the Red Cloud Ring. Of course, a few overconfident warriors, who were not, in fact, so powerful, also rushed toward the ring at full tilt, only to be directly hurtled back by the membrane and end up being laughed at by the others.

As for the warriors who slowed down and hesitated, most of them were not able to make their way through the Red Cloud Ring. They were well aware of their own talent and only wanted to give it a try. There were also a few others who thought they would not pass through the Red Cloud Ring but successfully crossed it in the end, making them wild with joy.

The corners of Zen's mouth curled up slightly as he looked at the Red Cloud Ring. He was not in a hurry to dash ahead like the others. It would be better to wait until there were fewer warriors left.

However, at this moment, he noticed Layla staring at him. It made him frown.

The woman gave Zen the impression of being exceedingly conceited. She was also always willing to challenge him. Clearly, she had been waiting for an opportunity to fight him.

The problem was that Zen was not too interested in that sort of thing.

After experiencing the mental predicament, he had long understood what he should do. What he needed was to achieve his goals step by step, not to try and prove something to others. He had already set aside any such desire. It was obvious that Layla had not passed that stage yet.

"The more lotus petals you have activated, the stronger your reaction to the Lotus Flower and the brighter the light of the Red Cloud Ring," said Layla with a smile. "How many lotus petals have you manifested?"

Zen curled his lips and replied, "I'm not sure."

"You don't want to tell me?" Layla laughed.

Zen shrugged. He was really unwilling to answer her.

While the two of them talked, a blue figure flew up into the sky. It was a warrior in blue who was about to give the ring a try. As he flew up, his body emitted a sharp, cold aura.

"It's Javier Xue!"

"He ranks first in Swallow Cloud House!"

"Javier is a warrior who activated the Nine-petal Lotus Flower into full bloom. It is certain that he will pass through the Red Cloud Ring..."

"I have heard that he is a warrior who ascended from the Lower World! He flew into the Upper World six years ago!"

The instant Javier Xue passed through the Red Cloud Ring, the ring effused an even hotter light. Streaks of light stayed on the ring for a while, lighting up the faces of the warriors in Mist Palace in red.

Already over a hundred warriors had passed through the Red Cloud Ring. Javier Xue was the one to release the brightest light.

As he passed through, he smirked and strode toward Yolande.

Yolande smiled faintly. "Not bad!"

"It is far from enough," said Javier Xue. "I will prove myself before you in Passing the Torch!"

Yolande's expression was a little strange, but she said, "Stop it now!"

However, Javier Xue did not listen to her. "I joined the Mist Palace because of you! I will prove to you that I can be topmost in this era. If only you give me twenty years, I would draw level with you and become just as powerful. By then I will be a good match for you!"

Hearing this, many warriors, including the vice-leaders, were stunned.

Javier Xue was quite daring to reveal his affection for the leader of Mist Palace before this huge crowd.

However, the chasm between their cultivation bases was too large. Javier Xue was only at the Soul Sea Realm, while Yolande was almost at the world lord level. The time it took warriors to break through was based on their strength. With the exception of the Demon Night, there were far more male warriors than female ones in other races. Moreover, their strength also exceeded that of female warriors.

If Javier Xue was truly interested in Yolande, then the first thing he needed to consider was his own cultivation.

Hearing this, Yolande pursed her lips. She uttered in a cold voice, "Javier, who you encountered was only a clone produced by the means of my cultivation method! It was just an illusion. Please don't indulge in such a dull daydream!"

At this reprimand, Javier Xue gritted his teeth and moved to stand behind her. Although he looked disappointed, his eyes still glittered with passion.

"What is going on with Javier?"

"Haven't you heard of it? When our palace leader practiced the Soul Split Spell, she divided her soul into a million parts so they could all train in the Lower World. Javier too was a warrior of the Lower World. He fell in love with one of her duplicates!"

"He is a strange one. Rumor has it that when he ascended to the Upper World, he stayed in a place more than sixty supreme worlds away from our supreme world. It is due to his perseverance and luck that he managed to cross so many supreme worlds and arrive at the Mist Palace."

"He can be eccentric. No matter where he goes, his talent is impressive enough to be thought highly of by others. As long as he wills it, others have no reason not to keep him at the Mist Palace!"

"He was infatuated with one of the leader's clones. Now that she has gathered all of her duplicates into herself, it's not the same thing!"

Astonishment was written all over Zen's face as he heard the words.

Comprehension dawned on him soon enough.

Before flying into the Upper World, Javier Xue had encountered Yolande's duplicate in the Lower World. However, who he met was just her clone. Right now, he was trying to prove his talent and strength in order to pursue Yolande herself.

It would never work. Zen shook his head slightly.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1360 Dazzling Light

When Zen had ascended into the Upper World and met Yolande, he felt a sense of unfamiliarity.

In fact, even now, this feeling of strangeness had not yet disappeared.

In Zen's eyes, the Yolande in front of him was not any different to the two clones from the Lower World when it came to appearance. However, she was clearly a completely different person.

In other words, the Yolande he had known had disappeared, replaced by this one.

Even though the Yolande before him had inherited the memories of the two clones, those memories were just two in a million.

The reason why Yolande had such a deep impression of Zen was because she had extracted the memories of him from the memories of a million clones of herself.

If Yolande had not also extracted her memories of Javier, he would have been a stranger to her.

Javier had come to the Mist Palace because he had feelings for Yolande, and she had noticed him because of his outstanding performance. She understood his intentions. But it still did not change the fact that he was like a stranger to her.

However, from the looks of it, Javier would not give up until he had achieved his aim. Zen shook his head slightly. So what if Javier proved his strength in the future? It was not like Yolande would fall in love with him just because he was powerful. If she were an ordinary woman, it might have been possible. But she was the daughter of a Supreme Lord, and she had power and a high position. How could she give herself over to someone so easily?

Of course, this had nothing to do with Zen.

The warriors below continued to fly toward the Red Cloud Ring in an orderly manner. Those that passed through stood behind the leader and vice leaders of Mist Palace. Those that failed left in disappointment. Gradually, fewer and fewer warriors were flying up.

"Are you still not going?" asked Layla, who was standing next to Zen.

"You should go up first," Zen said.

"Actually, I want you to go first," said Layla. "But since you suggested it so nicely, I'll go first!"

The next moment, Layla's feet lightly kicked the ground. She rose up and after circling in the air for a while, she nimbly moved toward the Red Cloud Ring. She turned around and cast a proud smile at Zen before flying toward the ring.

The instant Layla passed through the Red Cloud Ring, a scarlet ray of light was released. The ray of light spread rapidly along the ring.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The entire Red Cloud Ring began to hum with a sound.

At the same time, dazzling rays of light surged up the Red Cloud Ring like waves, unwilling to diminish.

The light was so bright that the Red Cloud Ring no longer looked like a ring to the crowd below. It was more like a giant fireball or a sun.

"What a strong response! The woman must be a great talent. How many petals did her Lotus Flower sprout?"

"Javier's Lotus Flower sprouted nine petals. Could it be that she has surpassed it?"

"No wonder she is so arrogant, daring to challenge the entire Mist Palace. Her talent is indeed praiseworthy."

The vice leaders of the Mist Palace held surprised expressions on their faces. They had some information on Layla. Not long ago, she had used the Tiger Roar Token to challenge the talents in the Mist Palace. The vice leaders had asked around and found out that she was the personal disciple of the former leader, so they did not question her further.

They might as well let her do anything she liked if she was the ex-leader's personal disciple.

The personal disciple of the former leader was certainly not weak, regardless of strength or talent. However, they had not expected her to trigger such a reaction from the Red Cloud Ring.

Yolande's expression betrayed a trace of surprise. "To make the Red Cloud Ring react this way, her Lotus Flower must have spouted nine petals too."

"I agree." A vice leader nodded. "It must be so. If my guess is correct, her Nine-petal Lotus Flower should be at the top level. If she can trigger and pass the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation, there might even be a chance to activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower."

"The Mahayana Lotus Flower..." Another vice leader sighed and added, "Master Xiao's luck favors him. He has such a talented personal disciple, and he is about to become a Supreme Lord. What's more, he has managed to avoid the Five Aging Processes. What a fortunate man!"

The number of warriors in the universe who had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower were few and far between.

Yolande nodded and smiled. "This girl should have a place in the world of chaos."

However, she did not dare to confirm this claim. Now that the world of chaos had begun forming and would last for a very long time, many things were unknown and could not be ascertained beforehand. Even if Layla was fated to lead the world of chaos and was the favorite of this era, she might not necessarily be able to become the main character of the era.

Moreover, from Yolande's point of view, Layla was too arrogant. Although Yolande had not left her palace in some time, she understood some things, one of which was that Layla provoked Zen time and again. Layla was simply courting death.

If she continued to do so, no matter how lucky she was, she was doomed.

Of course, Yolande did not have time to care for such things. She did not give Zen any advice or special treatment. He had his own fate and she would let him walk his own path.

"Zen, why haven't you gone up yet?" Yolande glanced at Zen.

Actually, Zen's and Javier's statuses were very similar. Both of them had ascended to the Upper World. Both had met Yolande's clones while they were still in the Lower World. Both were equally outstanding.

However, when Yolande read her clones' memories, she was shocked at the information she found regarding Zen. He was even more impressive than Javier. Yolande's impression of Zen ran many times deeper than that of Javier.

Layla floated in the sky. She was introduced into the Mist Palace by the former leader and should have been standing behind Yolande, but she floated alone at the side instead. As for Red Cloud Ring, its brilliance was still as magnificent as before. The fiery red light illuminated her face.

She looked rather calm despite the shocked gazes of the crowd, but deep inside, she felt somewhat proud.

That did not mean she was satisfied.

Her goals were not limited to the small Mist Palace. She was going to face all the top talents in the universe, and she was going to win her place in the world of chaos.

Passing the Torch was just the beginning of this.

As the light slowly dimmed down, the Red Cloud Ring returned to its original peaceful state.

Behind her, several other warriors also flew up. This time, Layla stared down at Zen. "Zen, it's your turn. Don't you want to join Passing the Torch?"

Zen had repeatedly rejected her challenges, so she had no choice left but to defeat him in Passing the Torch.

Hearing Layla's words, Zen smiled. Many of the warriors focused their gazes on Zen.

Recently, one of the two new talents with impressive performances was Layla, and the other was Zen. In truth, many of the warriors of Mist Palace were curious as to which of the two was more powerful.

However, Zen had only fought two warriors at Mist Palace. The first time, he had defeated a warrior from Ice Cloud House. The second time, he had almost taken Jim's life.

Jim was ranked after two hundred in Swallow Cloud House. It was difficult to ascertain Zen's true strength from that encounter.

However, Layla had defeated more than ten people in a row. Among them were those who were ranked among the top few hundred in Swallow Cloud House, and those who were ranked among the top several dozen. The fourth-ranked warrior in Swallow Cloud House had also been defeated by her.

When Layla passed through the Red Cloud Ring, the light that she attracted was several times brighter than Javier's. It made everyone realize that the girl's potential far exceeded their imagination.

Therefore, although the vast majority of warriors did not like Layla, they thought she was far stronger than Zen.

"Hurry up! Come up!" Layla stretched out her palm toward Zen. Her five slender fingers were spread open, as if she wanted to give a hand to him, who was more than a few hundred feet away.

Zen nodded and circulated his chaotic energy to slowly float up to the Red Cloud Ring.

"Zen doesn't seem confident enough."

"No one knows how many petals his Lotus Flower has sprouted. Could it be that it only sprouted three petals? Is he afraid that he can't pass through the Red Cloud Ring?"

"That's impossible!"

"There is only a small possibility that he will cross the ring. I know how many petals my Lotus Flower sprouted, and so do you. Look at Zen! He is hesitating. He is afraid that he can't pass it."

Chapter 1361 Who Has The Final Say

A smile appeared on Yolande's face when she heard these words. Her confidence in Zen, however, was strong.

She didn't know how many petals Zen's Lotus Flower had sprouted, nor did she receive any such related memories from her two clones. Zen had gone through the Heavenly Tribulation while he had been on the Divine Kingdom Continent. One of her two clones had then been in the Eastern Region, while the other on the Sea God Continent.

She did not ask Zen about it. Since he already had obtained the golden title of Celestial Position in the Tower of Sin, it would be comical if he could not even pass the Red Cloud Ring.

Zen maintained his normal speed as he slowly flew toward the Red Cloud Ring.

Those who had failed were all standing below. Curious as to whether or not Zen would pass the Red Cloud Ring, everyone had their attention on him.

Although Zen's speed was slow, the height of the Red Cloud Ring was only about two to three hundred feet. In a short while, he arrived before the ring.

The Red Cloud Ring in its normal state was like a red-hot iron ring, showing streaks of dark red light.

Under the gaze of everyone present, Zen quietly headed in the direction of the Red Cloud Ring.

It was clear to see that the Red Cloud Ring did not produce the transparent membrane to block Zen. Furthermore, the moment he passed through, the Red Cloud Ring seemed to sense something. A streak of scarlet light began to accumulate on the ring.

"The momentum of the light is so fierce. It seems to surpass Layla's light."

"That can't be possible. The light the Red Cloud Ring released when Layla passed through probably reached the ring's limit. How could that be surpassed?"

"Let's wait and have a look first. There will always be a superior!"

In the air above the Red Cloud Ring, Layla bit her lips and stared intently at the Red Cloud Ring.

Why was it that she considered Zen her opponent?

The reason was definitely not because he took away her master's Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

However, that day, her master had told her in secret that Zen had the same fate as her—the fate to lead the world of chaos. Moreover, there seemed to be some uncertainty about Zen's fate, which meant that no one could tell for certain how his future would turn out.

Zen was qualified to be her opponent.

Layla did not take the talents of Mist Palace seriously at all. For instance, although Javier was a powerful and talented warrior, she thought he was no match for her.

As such, ever since she had entered Mist Palace, she could have lived in a secluded place to cultivate without any disturbance. However, she had chosen the small palace in Ice Cloud House to become Zen's neighbor on purpose.

After issuing the challenge through the Tiger Roar Token, Layla had hoped that Zen would challenge her. However, he did not care at all and casually ignored her.

She had provoked him multiple times and even demolished his house, but he still chose to disregard her.

In the end, Layla had no options left. She could not possibly attack Zen without a proper reason.

Although the most crucial part of the test was Passing the Torch, she could also have an idea of Zen's talent from the reaction of the Red

Cloud Ring.

Seeing the light accumulated on the Red Cloud Ring become brighter and brighter than before, Layla became nervous. With her proud nature, she was certain that there were not many talents in the universe who could compare with her, and in the thirteen palaces, there were even fewer of them.

The light on the Red Cloud Ring continued to gather, about to surge through with brilliance.

Yolande watched the scene unfold. A look of disbelief was evident in her eyes. As for Timothy, the vice leader, he pulled a long face.

However, suddenly, the light accumulated by the Red Cloud Ring disappeared. The bright light disappeared, but that was not important. Under normal circumstances, the Red Cloud Ring remained lit with a dark red color. However, at this moment, the dark red light also disappeared, making the entire Red Cloud Ring turn into a black-colored iron ring.

When the crowd saw this scene, they were stunned.

"How could this be?"

"Could it be that the Red Cloud Ring gave out?"

"How is that possible? The Red Cloud Ring is a first-rank divine weapon, after all. It's not like it has been damaged by an attack, so it's impossible for it to come to an end just like that!"

Whether it was the warriors in the sky or the ones below, everyone was discussing among themselves.

As a treasure of Mist Palace used to screen talents, the Red Cloud Ring had never before been damaged.

Zen had just passed through the Red Cloud Ring when he saw what happened. 'What is going on?' he thought.

Meanwhile, Layla heaved a long sigh of relief. She did not think that the Red Cloud Ring would prove anything. This was just a small screening conducted by Mist Palace before Passing the Torch. Even if Zen was able to make the Red Cloud Ring release a stronger light, it did not mean that his talent was better than hers.

Layla did not wish for Zen to surpass her when it came to the Red Cloud Ring. As she had watched the light brewing on the Red Cloud Ring grow larger, she had grown worried. Now that the Red Cloud Ring gave out, she was once again at ease.

Yolande gently floated toward the Red Cloud Ring, her expression growing grave. She glanced at Zen listlessly before reaching out to touch the Red Cloud Ring. As her finger gently touched it, the ring was activated and it once again released a red light.

"What's going on?" Zen asked out aloud.

Yolande stared at Zen, the corners of her mouth slightly lifted. "Why don't you try again?"

Zen nodded and went round the Red Cloud Ring, following Yolande's instructions. He again went up from below.

In the end, it yielded the same result as last time.

The red glow on the Red Cloud Ring extinguished after having been restored for a while. Then the ring turned black and lost its luster.

Seeing this, Yolande blinked. She waved her fingers at him and said, "All right. You've passed."

Zen nodded, no longer bothered by the strange occurrence. He flew up into the air and stood side by side with the other warriors who had passed through the Red Cloud Ring.

But at this moment, Timothy said, "Miss, isn't doing this against the rules? According to the rules, if one wants to participate in Passing the Torch, they have to go through the selection process of the Red Cloud Ring. Zen hasn't passed it."

Yolande said coldly, "He has already passed the Red Cloud Ring."

"But there's a problem with the Red Cloud Ring!" Timothy argued with reason.

"He still passed the ring," Yolande replied, maintaining her stance.

Timothy let out a cold laugh. "So you're saying that if one doesn't activate the Red Cloud Ring, he still passes? Doesn't that mean that everyone else can pass the test and take part in Passing the Torch? If so, what is the point in passing the Red Cloud Ring? If this rascal is allowed to pass, wouldn't it be unfair to the other warriors?"

In fact, as long as one was not blind, one could clearly see that the Red Cloud Ring extinguished only after Zen had crossed it.

However, Timothy's words triggered the anger of the warriors below who hadn't passed the test.

Only less than ten percent of the warriors had passed through the Red Cloud Ring. The other ninety percent would not be able to participate in Passing the Torch. Obviously, they were disappointed and unhappy.

When they heard Timothy's words, they joined in as well.

"That's right. If you let him pass, shouldn't everyone else be able to pass as well?"

"You have to make him pass it again. Or else it is fraud!"

They shouted out aloud.

Hearing the voices of the warriors below, Yolande was furious. Her eyes became cold as ice.

She had already guessed what the problem was, but she didn't want to say it. Just now, when Zen had passed through the Red Cloud Ring for the first time and the light extinguished, she had figured out what happened—he had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower.

The Red Cloud Ring could only sense the Hinayana Lotus Flower. Beyond this, the ring did not react normally, so its light extinguished straightaway.

According to Yolande's previous deductions, Zen's Lotus Flower had at least sprouted seven petals. It was very likely that it had sprouted nine petals, like Javier's, or perhaps it was the top-level Nine-petal Lotus Flower, like Layla's. However, she had never expected Zen to activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower when he was only at the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm.

However, her deduction was only based on the reaction of the Red Cloud Ring. How many petals had Zen's Mahayana Lotus Flower sprouted? Eleven petals? Thirteen? Or even fifteen? She did not ask Zen.

Facing Timothy's doubts, she only laughed coldly and stared at him, saying, "In Mist Palace, who has the final say?"

Chapter 1362 In The Apeiron Tower

Yolande wasn't argumentative type. She respected the opinions of others, as long as they respected hers.

Although she was the leader of the Mist Palace, she spent most of her time cultivating in silence, and did not take her position overly serious.

As for the reason why Timothy had always been so aggressive and was always stirring up trouble for her, it was nothing more than a dispute over leadership of the palace…

This time, however, Yolande did not remain silent. Instead she questioned them firmly, "Who is in charge here?"

After all, she was the leader of the Mist Palace!

The other vice leaders of the palace hadn't had any disagreement on this matter to begin with. They were all well aware of the reason for the dysfunction of the Red Cloud Ring. It was most likely because it couldn't accurately test Zen's ability, so it had failed to work properly.

However, Zen did indeed possess the skills and power to participate in Passing the Torch. If Zen was not qualified, he would have been bounced back when he just started to pass through the Red Cloud Ring.

They were all just curious as to how many lotus petals Zen had activated.

As for Timothy, he was simply looking for trouble, as usual.

Now that Yolande had taken a stronger stance, Timothy's eyes revealed only traces of malice, but he didn't dare to say anything else.

As for those martial artists that hadn't passed the Red Cloud Ring, how could they dare to say anything in front of Yolande? It would just seem like crying over spilled milk to become disgruntled afterwards.

"The selection by the Red Cloud Ring is now over. The three hundred and fifty-six martial artists who have passed the Red Cloud Ring, come with me!"

As Yolande finished speaking, she turned around and flew off in a specific direction. The martial artists of the Swallow Cloud House that Javier was from looked at each other curiously and followed closely behind Yolande. The other vice leaders of the palace also led their martial artists to follow after her.

Zen and Layla were the last to leave.

The two of them were considered to be freaks within the Mist Palace. Although they were nominal warriors of the Ice Cloud House; in truth, they had strength comparable to that of the warriors of the Swallow Cloud House! Most surprisingly, both of them were Life and Death Realm warriors, and what was most difficult to believe was that Zen was only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm…

Following after Yolande, the group left the Mist Palace and entered the space tunnel.

Over the next sixty hours, the massive group of several hundred people traveled through the space tunnel with Yolande in the lead.

Although their speed wasn't slow, as they traveled across the supreme world, it would usually have taken them years. Even though they were travelling via the supreme world channel, the distance that many martial artists had finished was nothing compared to the size of the supreme world.

After they followed Yolande out of the space tunnel, a large city with strange spiraling towers appeared in front of them. This was not their destination; it was only a stop along the way.

Although to the martial artists, this was only a stop, there were tens of millions of living creatures inhabiting the foreign city.

After they landed, everyone boarded a large ship of a foreign design. Once more they entered a supreme world channel and continued on their journey.

Fortunately, they didn't need to continue using their life vitality to fly as they could now travel on this large ship. Zen found a quiet place and closed his eyes to cultivate. While he was cultivating, he tried to use the memories of the great world to check on the situation of the Lower World.

Although he was very far from the great world he had come from, with the fusion of his soul and the will of the great world, he could still look up memories within the great world at any time. However, he was unable to use the power transfer technique up here.

After a while, he found that Amber had already ascended…

When he had returned to the Sea God Continent last time, Amber had successfully gone through another Heavenly Tribulation. It was very likely that she was also driven out by the great world just like he had been.

With Amber's talent, she should be able to develop well in the Demon Night, Zen thought and was greatly pleased.

His attention turned to the Central Region. It seemed that while he was gone, Aura's cultivation had steadily risen, but Margaret was still nowhere to be found. As for Letitia, she seemed to be getting a plumpness to her figure. There was a soft glow in her face that spoke of great joy and possible maternity.

Zen suddenly realized something and searched further into the memories with a growing excitement. Only then did he discover that Letitia was pregnant with his baby!

The memories of this great world had recorded everything from its birth up to this moment. It had recorded almost everything that had happened in every passing minute. Zen now traced back through time and continuously searched for the memories about Letitia within recent times.

Only then did he realize that a few days before he had left, Letitia had already discovered that she was pregnant!

"I'm going to be a father?" Zen couldn't help exclaiming aloud. He was sitting on the spot, still in a daze, but his face was immediately filled with joy! The pregnancy had not been anticipated, but was welcome all the same. It was a pity that he had only discovered this now that he had ascended to the Upper World. He had wanted to stay in the Lower World for a bit longer. However, the great world didn't allow it. Zen had been forced to ascend here, and could do nothing to stop it back then.

And now that Zen had ascended, it would be impossible for him to return to the Lower World any time soon. He felt sad that Letitia now had to face all of the struggles of motherhood alone…

A martial artist had to constantly challenge Nature if he wanted to advance further in his cultivation. Hence, the land of warmth and tenderness with women was a tomb for a hero. Although Zen was concerned about his family in his heart, he also knew that there were some things that he couldn't change. 'You can't have your cake and eat it, ' as the saying went. He couldn't have things both ways in this world. Sacrifices had to be made to advance in cultivation.

After searching through the memories again, he still could not find any traces of Margaret. It seemed that she had truly remained on the Purple Power World the entire time, but Zen had no idea what she had been doing there.

At this very moment, in the Purple Power World…

There were three buildings and one tower that were very famous in the Purple Power World. The three buildings were the Purple Jade Building, the Soul Enchanting Building, and the Moon Building. And the tower was known as the Apeiron Tower, which was the most powerful among the four structures.

Since the tower was called the Apeiron Tower, it clearly had something to do with Elder Apeiron. However, the tower was indeed boundless. It was thirty thousand feet wide and one million feet high, so it could be said to be more of a massive constructed mountain, than a tower. It was an awe-inspiring sight to behold.

At this very moment, Margaret was throwing a tantrum on one of the many floors of the Apeiron Tower!

"I... I don't want to cultivate anymore! Humph… humph!" Margaret brought down her hands. Then the countless great swords that were hovering in the air, under her power, suddenly came crashing down! The sound of metal hitting stone was a great cacophony of jangled sound. The other warriors who were caught under the sudden shower of giant swords tried to escape.

"Margaret, you can't do that!"

"Elder Apeiron said that you must train for two hours today!"

"In fact you have improved a thousand times faster than any ordinary martial artist before you. If you practice just a bit more, then it will benefit you greatly…"

Many of the elders came to Margaret's side and attempted to persuade her.

"I won't cultivate anymore!" Margaret began to cry. It was a heart-rending sound full of grievance.

She had never, ever, practiced seriously like this since she was a child. Back when she was in the Ethereal City, her family had always let her have her way. This was also the reason why, even if she had the Purple Power Body, she remained inferior to some Illuminating Soul Realm martial artists when she was at the Internal Elixir Realm. Her foundation was too weak to support greater cultivation and advancement.

As Zen had ascended to the Upper World, Margaret had wanted to meet him in the Upper World and give him a big surprise, which was why she had agreed to meet Elder Apeiron and to enter the Apeiron Tower, and take the elder as her master.

In the beginning, Margaret had been able to endure the rigid practice, but as time passed, she couldn't bear it any more…

The cultivation of martial arts required one to practice every day. And there were endless rounds. How could Margaret, who had been fond of playing the zither and admiring the flowers, possibly get used to this? She simply didn't have a work ethic which could support her advancement.

Therefore, she had become more and more resistant to the practice sessions in the past few days, annoying the other disciples in the Apeiron Tower with her relentless wailing and moaning. She was acting like a spoiled child!

Margaret hadn't been in the Apeiron Tower for very long. Compared to the thousands of years of time many warriors spent in training, the several months she had stayed here were really a short span of time. However, in these few months, Margaret had already broken various records, and her outstanding talent had made the other disciples extremely jealous of her.

The main reason for her excellent performances was because of her special Purple Power Body. Ordinary martial artists' Purple Power Body was far inferior to hers, and the cultivation methods taught in the Purple Power World were almost all related to the Purple Power Body. This gave her a distinct advantage.

What left everyone even more speechless was that Margaret wanted to give up after such a short time of practice. If she really did give up, her great talent would go to waste!

Elder Aperion of course wouldn't allow that to happen. Although she had been away for a few days, she had instructed a few elders to take care of Margaret in her absence. She had truly treated Margaret as a treasure. It was no wonder that Margaret had attracted so many jealous gazes.

"Margaret, on the path of martial arts, perseverance and willpower are keys for success. If you give up so easily, how can you have any achievement in the future?" an elder said, hoping to inspire her.

"I don't want to have any more achievements. I have a husband, and I'm just a common girl!" Margaret whined sulkily.

Another elder shook her head and said, "I know that your husband is not an ordinary warrior. The world of martial artists is also very cruel. Even if you are husband and wife, you have to be a match. You need to be able to keep up to him in his cultivation and journeys. And in the future, if you want to always be with your husband, you have to work hard now!"

"Zen, Zen isn't that kind of person!" Margaret wailed again, and angrily refuted the elder's advice. Anyway, Margaret could not stand this kind of repeated practice any longer.

Chapter 1363 Orange Sea World

Hearing Margaret's words, another elder laughed and said, "I admit that you are right to a certain extent. However, it's quite normal for a man to have several wives. And since he has ascended to the Upper World, it's possible that he might have found a new partner there. How are you going to compete with his new wife, if you are not strong enough?"

Actually, this was pure speculation on the elder's part. She didn't know Zen, and so she didn't know his true character. She had only heard from the tower head that her husband thought highly of Zen's strength and talent. She hadn't witnessed it first-hand.

But she wanted Margaret to focus on her cultivation, so she had no other choice but to spout this sort of a nonsensical theory. She wanted to motivate Margaret to concentrate on her cultivation.

"Well, I don't care!" Margaret declared.

This method had been used too many times. It was pretty effective originally, but gradually it was becoming more and more ineffective due to the boredom of cultivation.

Margaret sat grumpily in the corner, unwilling to pick up her sword and continue with her training.

Margaret was throwing a tantrum and the elders were out of ideas to persuade her. Everyone was at their wits' end. This girl was such a stubborn student!

It was all the more frustrating for the elders as Margaret had a great talent for cultivation that was not inferior to her brother's. However, she was obstinate and had always been pampered by the elders in her clan, so no one was able to arm-twist her into cultivating.

Perhaps Zen would be the person who could tame this shrew.

Those elders in front of her were all famous figures in the Purple Power World, yet none of them had a way to persuade her into cultivating.

Just then a figure quietly walked in and stood not far away from them.

When Margaret saw that person, she said in an aggrieved tone, "Master!"

The others noticed her too and turned to greet her respectfully, "Elder Apeiron!"

Elder Apeiron strolled towards them. Seeing the grievance on Margaret's face, she smiled softly and said, "I heard that the Illusion Battlefield will open in a few years."

Margaret looked at her with curiosity and asked, "Master, what is the Illusion Battlefield?"

Elder Apeiron smiled and asked, "You have cultivated in an Illusion Space before, haven't you?"

Creating Illusion Space was a very common practice in the Upper World. Many great sacred places had this sort of space, which served as a platform for warriors to spar with each other.

Margaret nodded in reply. She had practiced in that space as well.

Elder Apeiron continued, "When the Illusion Battlefield is thrown open, all the younger-generation warriors from different races all around the universe will compete and fight with each other. I believe Zen will also participate in this event!"

Margaret pondered over this for a moment and said, "So..."

"If you can reach the Soul Sea Realm in the coming years, I will help you to enter the Illusion Battlefield! If you can fight for your place in the Illusion Battlefield using your own strength, you might have the chance to meet Zen there!" Elder Apeiron said with an enigmatic smile.

"Really?!" Margaret was startled with this piece of information.

"However, the enemies you will meet in the Illusion Battlefield will be from all races from across the universe. There will be experts from all sorts of races, and their talents and strength can not be underestimated. It won't be easy for you to meet Zen." Elder Apeiron added with a meaningful look.

"Is that so?" remarked Margaret, the surprise on her face slowly changing to hesitation.

She had learnt a lot after entering the Apeiron Tower. She understood the many advantages of her Purple Power Body as well as her great potential in martial arts.

She was very confident in her own talent, but not in her perseverance to follow through something.

The main reason of her impatience was that she didn't know how long it would actually be before she could see Zen again if she continued cultivating like this. Would it take ten years? Or a hundred years? Or even a thousand years?

The thought alone was enough to make her tingle with fear!

However, if she could reach the Soul Sea Realm and then enter the Illusion Battlefield like Elder Apeiron had said, she might just get the opportunity to meet Zen!

"I can guarantee you that if you work hard in your cultivation, your chances of meeting Zen in the Illusion Battlefield will be very high!" Elder Apeiron assured her.

Margaret pursed her lips, a trace of determination slowly appearing in her eyes. She would work very hard for Zen. She would put in her heart and soul if it meant getting a chance to meet him.

"I understand now, Master..."

The great ship on which Zen was entered the trans-border channel and began to travel across different supreme worlds.

Zen was not so lucky as Margaret in comparison. Ever since she had entered the Apeiron Tower, Elder Apeiron had tried to satisfy whatever she wanted. Moreover, she enjoyed an exalted status in the tower and was even addressed as the Young Master. She never lacked words of encouragement when she was tired of cultivating.

But Zen had to fight for everything he required.

It was said that Passing the Torch would reward a warrior richly. Naturally, Zen wouldn't miss such a good opportunity.

A few days later, the ship finally left the trans-border channel to reveal a strange world in front of them.

Yolande led the Mist Palace's warriors out of the ship and continued flying onward.

Below them was a stretch of orange-colored water. This boundless orange sea was indeed quite a bizarre sight for visitors.

"This world..." Zen mumbled with a puzzled expression on his face. He detected a strange aura here.

Layla, who was flying next to him, was calm and composed as she spoke, "This is a shattered supreme world."

"A shattered supreme world? Is it the same as the Purple Power World?" Zen asked.

She nodded and replied, "That's why the alliance chose this place for the Passing the Torch. This broken world was once called the Orange Sea World because all the seawater in this world is orange!"

The Orange Sea World was home to a particular type of tiny organism, which was great in number and densely scattered across the ocean. It was their color that dyed the entire ocean orange.

Tens of millions of years ago, the Orange Sea World had been a complete supreme world. However, several Supreme Lords of the human race had a skirmish with each other, which had led to a battle in the Orange Sea World. The supreme world hadn't been able to withstand the massive power of these Supreme Lords and had been shattered into pieces in the end. Only ten percent of the original Orange Sea World survived, so the present world could no longer be considered a supreme world.

Their destination was a gigantic island called Willow Island in the Orange Sea World. It would host the Passing the Torch.

This 'island' was so named only by the warriors in the Upper World. According to the standards in the Lower World, this so-called island was ten times larger than the Central Region and could easily pass off as a continent!

After hearing Layla's introduction, Zen nodded and smiled with gratitude. She might have caused many troubles in the Mist Palace, but she still was a good source of information.

After all, he had come from the Lower World, and Yolande was the only one he knew in the Mist Palace. He didn't want to bother her with every small question he had. So he didn't even know what Passing the Torch was actually about.

Two hours later, the warriors from the Mist Palace finally arrived at the island.

After walking on the island for an hour, a huge rock appeared in front of their eyes.

The rock was about ten thousand feet high and a hundred thousand feet wide. A poem was carved on to its surface.

The poem was etched deep into the mammoth rock, and the words seemed to contain some kind of magical power within them. Many warriors looked uncomfortable as they stared at the words, as if the strokes of the words contained sharp swords, which could cut their hearts out any minute.

However, most warriors tried to suppress their discomfort when they looked around and found out that other people remained calm. As warriors, they refused to admit being inferior to others. Since other people could bear the pressure, they would try to stand it as well in order not to lose their faces.

Layla suddenly turned to Zen and asked with a smile, "How do you feel?"

He stared at the words on the rock and replied softly, "I feel a little uncomfortable."

Her lips curled as she said, "You're an honest man. Look at those fellows in front of us. They are all in great pain but still pretend as if nothing has happened. They are dead determined to save their faces!"

She didn't bother to lower her voice so some warriors heard her. They were furious but also embarrassed because she had revealed their true feelings. The writing on the rock was indeed torturous for many warriors.

"This poem was carved by a Supreme Lord with his sword. The sword intent contained within the words can aim directly at one's heart. His sword intent was praised to be perfect, having absolutely no flaws!" Layla explained. She could feel the anger of the warriors, but she didn't seem to mind it in the slightest as she continued to enlighten Zen.

Chapter 1364 Supreme Lord Sword's Legend

Zen's eyes lit up at Layla's words. "No flaws?" he asked.

Although Zen had comprehended the consummate sword intent and even created the No Move, he did not dare guarantee that his sword intent would have no flaws whatsoever.

However, the No Move did not have a fixed style. If one wanted to break it, one would have to move heaven and earth to do so.

That did not mean that no one could break it, but so far, Zen had not encountered anyone who could.

"Of course. How could the sword intent of the master of Killing Sword Mountain have any flaws?" Layla asked with pride.

"The master of Killing Sword Mountain?" A curious light gleamed in Zen's eyes.

Layla pursed her lips. 'Zen really has come from the Lower World, hasn't he? He doesn't seem to know anything at all, ' she thought.

Suddenly, a cold voice resounded in Zen's mind. It was Lavender. "She was referring to Supreme Lord Sword. Among so many Supreme Lords in the universe, he is an extremely powerful one. His sword is lodged at the top of the Killing Sword Mountain, which is the highest position. If you have any questions, ask me. Don't ask this woman again!"

Needless to say, Lavender found Layla intolerable.

However, Lavender did not know much about the affairs of the human race, such as the broken Orange Sea World. Neither did she know enough about Passing the Torch. After all, these were internal matters of the alliance.

But how could she not know about Supreme Lord Sword and the Killing Sword Mountain?

Zen nodded in understanding, but his eyes were still fixed on the poem on the huge rock.

Each word of the poem was about several hundred feet in height and width. As he got closer to the words, he could feel the sharp sword intent radiating from them.

The warriors at the front had already turned their heads away, unwilling to look at the giant words.

However, Zen's gaze grew more and more intentional.

Under such an intense gaze, the large characters seemed to move. Suddenly, a sword intent shot straight at Zen.

The shadow of the sword intent was very faint. Zen stared at it for a long time but could only see vague outlines.

Zen did not fight back. He let the sword intent come at him. The moment the sword intent pierced into his body, an uncomfortable feeling arose in him, as if somebody had truly stabbed him with a sword.

So the reason why everybody felt uncomfortable when they saw these words was because of the invisible sword intent.

Zen's eyes lit up at the thought.

Could this invisible sword intent temper his own sword intent?

Although Zen assumed it might be the case, he was still a bit uncertain. Even if he was not sure, he would still give it a try.

Yolande, who was in front of them, led them around the giant rock. At the same time, she turned around, speaking to everyone. "Our destination is behind the giant rock." As she finished speaking, she saw Zen halt in his steps.

She looked at Zen curiously. "Hey, what are you doing? Do you get scared stiff so easily?"

Yolande also flew over. Although she had no reason to intervene in Zen's business, Passing the Torch was very important and she had to know what Zen was up to.

"What's wrong, Zen?" Yolande followed his gaze. "Is there a problem with the words?"

"I want to give it a try," Zen said.

"Try what?" Yolande asked eagerly.

Layla's gaze gleamed with curiosity as she looked at Zen.

Zen had already taken the Thunder Wind Divine Sword out of his space ring by now. He pointed at the words and said, "I can see a faint sword intent. I want to try and see if I can temper my sword intent with it."

When they heard this, both Yolande and Layla stared at him, their eyes wide as saucers.

"That's impossible! You think the legend is true?" Layla cried out.

Yolande stared at Zen, seemingly lost in thought. Back when she had brought Zen to Mist Palace, she had told herself that anything was possible with him. However, she did not think that he would perform so many miracles in such a short amount of time after coming here.

Noting their exaggerated reactions, Zen looked at them strangely. Due to his lack of concentration, the faint shadow of the sword intent had long disappeared. It was as if he had to be extremely alert and focused to be able to see the sword intent.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked in confusion.

Yolande did not answer his question but asked, "Can you really see the sword intent? What does it look like?"

Layla also stared fixedly at Zen, but did not say anything. Yolande had already asked him the question on her mind.

"It's just a pale white sword," Zen explained. "It's about two feet long; rather short."

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword in Zen's hand was five feet long, almost twice the length of the white sword he had seen.

Yolande nodded and sighed. "Then it is indeed Supreme Lord Sword's sword. His sword is two and a half feet long, white in color. It is said that Supreme Lord Sword can battle against a True God."

Layla pouted. In fact, she believed Zen more than Yolande herself did. Yolande asked Zen the question because she was suspicious, but Layla had already known that Zen knew nothing of the Orange Sea World or Supreme Lord Sword, which was why it was even more impossible for him to know about this legend.

Naturally, he could not make up a story to fool them. As such, what he said was correct.

Seeing Yolande's shocked expression, Zen asked, "What happened?"

"It happened inside the human race, but the legend is very famous," Lavender told Zen.

Supreme Lord Sword earned his title because it was said that he could compete with a True God with his swordsmanship.

However, he did not have a successor. His swordsmanship had disappeared along with him.

According to the legends, he had carved his swordsmanship into a poem, evidently the one that was inscribed on the massive rock before them.

It was said that if one could see his sword intent in the poem, he would be able to comprehend his swordsmanship and be considered his successor.

This legend had once been popular among the warriors.

It was the reason why many swordsmen spent their savings and became destitute. They wished to read the poem and comprehend the swordsmanship. They wanted to learn the ultimate skill of Supreme Lord Sword—a swordsmanship that could fight a True God.

All swordsmen yearned for such power.

After Lavender narrated the first half of the story to Zen mentally, Yolande told him the remaining part. She pointed to the small island below.

"Look at the densely packed pits in the ground below," Yolande said.

Zen looked in the direction indicated by Yolande. Numerous small pits were present in the ground. It could make one's hair stand on end, for there were probably millions of them.

"What are these?" Zen asked curiously.

"The pits were created by swordsmen who sat quietly in front of the rock, in order to meditate."

There were warriors who had great perseverance. In order to comprehend Supreme Lord Sword's sword intent, they had been willing to spend all their lives here, no matter how arduous it was.

Some Life and Death Realm warriors almost threw away their entire life's worth of time before this giant rock. Just like that, they sat and meditated, visualizing and comprehending, hoping that one day they would be able to see through the mystery of the poem.

If one sat here for tens of thousands of years, it would cause the ground to cave in and a pit to appear.

As he heard this, Zen sucked in a sharp breath of cold air before asking in concern, "Did anyone succeed?"

Yolande had a small smile on her face as she shook her head. "No, not a single one of them."

"What? They spent their entire lives here, yet they failed. It must have been such a loss to them." Zen sighed.

"They were like gamblers. The more they lost, the more stubborn they became. In the end, they were no longer able to leave and spent their entire lives on the gambling table. They thought that if they won, they would learn the outstanding swordsmanship. But they lost, so they could only accept the bitter outcome," Yolande said.

"Truly admirable," Zen said.

However, Layla frowned. "It's not like everyone just accepted the outcome so easily. There were still some who could not do it. A lot of people accused Supreme Lord Sword right after going through the Five Aging Processes. It is said that they too carved their words here, but I don't know exactly where."

Yolande shook her head and pointed in a direction. "They are over there."

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1365 Comprehension

Zen and Layla looked in the direction which Yolande was pointing in, and saw some dense words inscribed on the rock.

Some of these words were huge and some were small. The huge ones were as tall as a person, while the small ones were only the size of a palm. They were written in a myriad of styles.

"I gave up my great future and spent all my life here, yet ended up gaining nothing. I must tell everyone in the universe that this is only a scam concocted by Supreme Lord Sword!"

"Liar! Supreme Lord Sword is a great liar! I wasted ten thousand years of my time here and only encountered the Five Aging Processes. If I am able to reincarnate and am fortunate enough to come here again, I will definitely shatter this stone."

"Alas! Newcomers, stop dreaming. Just focus on cultivating your own methods. If you want to comprehend Supreme Lord Sword's sword intent in these words, be warned that this is just nonsense! Life is so short. Don't waste your time here."

Between these dense lines of writing, there were traces of pessimism and advice scattered for the later generations, by the prior generations, to give up on the futile observation.

Seeing the words, Zen sighed and shook his head. He could understand these people's feelings. They had spent all their lives here, but in the end, they had gained nothing. If he was one of them, he himself would find it hard to accept this fate.

"Why is there no one here now?" Zen asked curiously.

From the pits on the ground, Zen could imagine that there should have been many warriors who had come here to observe the rock, but now, he didn't see any signs of them. Their bodies had over years shaped pits in the ground where they had sat in watchful meditation as they had all focused on the rock.

"Since the Orange Sea World became the place for the alliance to hold Passing the Torch, ordinary warriors aren't able to enter it. Moreover, no one in living memory has been able to comprehend the mysteries within it, not for millions of years. Many warriors have also begun to doubt the legend. However, there are occasionally warriors who would come to meditate," Yolande said as she looked around before shaking her head. "But I don't see them today."

Layla stared at Zen and asked, "Zen, are you sure you saw that white sword shadow?"

Although Yolande and Layla didn't think that Zen was lying, they still didn't dare believe that he could see that white sword shadow.

After all, in the past millions of years, countless warriors had come to observe the rock and not a single one had managed to discover the secret. It was inconceivable that Zen would see the white sword shadow right after he had just arrived here.

The vice leaders and talents of the Mist Palace waited at the side of the huge rock, avoiding the intimidating aura of the words with downcast eyes.

"What are they doing?"

"It seems like that guy said he saw through the mysteries of the rock!"

"That is simply impossible! Supreme Lord Sword's poem is already a joke in the universe. It is clearly a complete and utter lie!"

"Why are you so emotional?"

"You know what? One of my uncles was about to reach the Spirit Supreme Realm, yet he chose to come here to observe the rock instead. We could only watch helplessly as he encountered the Five Aging Processes and passed away."

When Timothy heard about Zen's claim, he flashed a mocking smile and taunted, "Humph! I believe this brat is only bragging. There have been many warriors like him. They saw nothing, yet they lied and said that they saw something. These people were common rubbish. Some of them claimed that they saw a huge chessboard, some said they saw snakes, and some said that they saw tens of thousands of swords. They were all talking nonsense!"

Actually, Timothy was telling the truth. Observing the rock gradually became a real deception, and it even seemed to have driven some of the observers mad. Some fabricated strange things, telling other warriors that they could see something, in order to defraud them of their money and belongings.

In a word, there were so many disputes and stories around the rock that it was difficult to describe them in detail or know what the truth was.

"Let's go. Warriors from the other palaces should have been waiting for us. We don't need to wait for that brat," Timothy said in a cold voice. He was here to take the talents of the Mist Palace to take part in Passing the Torch, not to see Zen observing the rock. This was a waste of their time.

The other warriors all left together.

In their eyes, the mystery had been there for millions of years. It was impossible for Zen to have solved it when he had just arrived.

Hearing Layla's question, Zen thought for a while and shook his head. "I'm not so sure." He had seen the white sword shadow, and felt it piercing into his body, which was why he had felt so uncomfortable. The vision had been slightly disconcerting.

But he was not sure that it was the mystery left by Supreme Lord Sword. After hearing the story from Yolande and Layla, Zen even began to doubt and suspect himself. 'So many warriors failed to solve the mystery. How could it be possible that I could solve it the moment I came here?' he thought befuddled. Even though he was confident in his ample luck, he was not so sure that he could solve the mystery.

Layla pursed her lips as disappointment was suddenly written all over her face. A moment ago, she had faithfully believed that Zen could solve the mystery. She looked at the retreating figures of other warriors and urged, "Let's not waste time here then."

Yolande stared at Zen, lost in thought. After some consideration, she nodded and said to Zen, "We'd better hurry up. The warriors from the other twelve palaces should have arrived by now."

"May I stay here for a while?" Zen asked, his face still filled with doubt and speculation.

Yolande smiled, and she realized then that Zen had seen something. So she nodded. "I'll inform you when Passing the Torch starts." After saying that, she and Layla left the rock and flew away.

When they had disappeared from sight, Zen descended to the ground.

The ground was rather hard under his feet. Zen couldn't image how many years it had taken for the warriors to create so many pits in the ground just by sitting here and meditating. He believed it couldn't be done in anything less than decades.

He found a smooth place and sat down. Then he raised his head and looked at the huge words on the rock. A while ago, when he had concentrated on the words, he had seen the white sword shadow. But once he was distracted, the shadow would disappear.

"Can I see it again if I concentrate?"

he murmured as he stared at the words and began to focus on them. Zen deepened his focus and intent.

After he had observed the words for a long time, he failed to see the white sword shadow again. But he still felt uncomfortable, like a sword was piercing through him. It meant that the sword shadow was still there. It was just that he couldn't see it. Zen frowned as he concentrated and puzzled at the mystery.

'Is it because of my lack of concentration?' he thought then, seeking the problem within, like any good warrior who quested for cultivation was wont to do.

Maybe his state of mind had changed after he had heard the story from Yolande and Layla.

Thinking of this, Zen instructed himself to calm his mind. He deliberately slowed his breathing. After a few moments, he was finally able to keep a peaceful mind.

After about thirty seconds, a faint light began to emerge from the huge words. There was a spectral quality to the light, and Zen stared at it, while still forcing himself to remain calm and focused.

It was indeed a sword shadow!

Although the shadow was rather faint, Zen was sure that he saw it again.

When he was about to concentrate more in hopes of seeing more clearly, a harsh voice interrupted him in a jeering tone, "Ha-ha! We have a new friend here. These last few years, few young warriors were still interested in Supreme Lord Sword's mystery."

Zen's peaceful state of mind was shattered by the harsh voice. The white sword shadow immediately disappeared. He frowned in disgruntlement.

He hated being disturbed at this moment of intense concentration.

Warriors all hated being disturbed when they were cultivating. That was why they preferred to cultivate in seclusion. Interruptions were considered extremely rude, and the interrupted warrior had every right to become vexed and seek retribution.

After all, even a light cough might cause a warrior immersed in cultivation to spiral into madness.

His face became dark and sullen, and Zen raised his head to see who it was. It was a middle-aged man in dark shabby clothes. He was slightly fat and filthy. Probably, no one knew how many years it had been since he had taken a bath, or how many years he had neglected grooming the matted beard on his face. He was rather shabby looking.

The man was very excited at the sight of Zen and called out to his friend, "Landry! We have another friend. Come over here!"

Swoosh!

Another man flew over at a fast speed. He was thinner than the first one, but he looked equally dirty.

'Their cultivation levels are surprisingly not low at all, ' Zen thought. He guessed that they were both at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

The warrior named Landry Chen sized Zen up with a smile, his dark eyes glittering excitedly, and he asked, "Young man, do you want to comprehend the mystery hidden within the huge rock?"

Zen nodded slowly. That was the reason why he had stayed here. Seeing the two warriors' bedraggled status, he asked, "How many years have you been here?"

Landry Chen and the fat man looked at each other and smiled slightly insanely. Landry Chen pointed at the fat man and said, "This is Damian Xu. He has been here for more than twenty thousand years."

Chapter 1366 Get Hurt

Zen had learned from Yolande that most warriors had spent tens of thousands of years on this island, observing and gaining insights.

But after learning that Damian had studied it for twenty thousand years, Zen could not help but marvel at that!

The scenery of this Willow Island was pretty good. No matter what, staying there for twenty thousand years meant that one would have to face the expansive and bare rock all those years. One could almost imagine just how boring it was!

Zen turned to look at Landry and asked, "What about you?"

Landry chuckled and proudly stretched out his fingers. "Sixty thousand years..."

Sixty thousand years!

Zen took a deep breath.

Zen was merely in his twenties. But Landry had stayed there for sixty thousand years only to observe and to try to unravel the mysteries left behind by Supreme Lord Sword.

Landry, who seemed to be accustomed to the shocked expressions of others, softly chuckled. "Sixty thousand years is nothing. Previously, there was an old fellow who stayed here for one hundred and thirty thousand years. But after breaking into the Five Aging Processes, he returned. Perhaps he has died already..."

The two of them had no ill intentions at all and were even quite friendly to Zen. It was only after their conversation that they understood that Zen had come to participate in the Passing the Torch.

"Since you can participate in the Passing the Torch, you must be a warrior, who is highly valued by the thirteen palaces. There would still be a long way to go in your life, so I suggest that you should not contemplate at the stone. That particular stone has a kind of enchanting magic, and once you are obsessed with it, you will be unable to extricate yourself from it without difficulty. I'm afraid that you will also waste your time on it like us by then," Landry warned.

"Since you know that it is just a waste of time, why haven't you left?" Zen couldn't stop himself probing out of his curiosity.

A bitter smile crept on Damian's face when he heard Zen's words. "Ha-ha. We have spent all these years here, but now you want us to leave? Doesn't it mean that all my previous efforts will be wasted?"

"If truth be told, we also know that we can't obtain anything here, but so what if we refuse to leave? We can no longer engage in accomplishing some things and make great achievements in other respects too. So, we might as well hold on, and die here," Landry disclosed as he smiled helplessly.

Zen hadn't been able to fathom it before. Since those warriors couldn't succeed in obtaining Supreme Lord Sword's inheritance, they could give up on it, but sadly, they didn't choose to give up. Now, he could deeply perceive how their mindsets worked.

On the path of martial arts, 'perseverance' was fundamentally the most important thing. A warrior, who could persist and endure, had firm determination and was highly resolute that he could succeed. Landry and Damian were both Spirit Supreme Realm warriors. Being inherently powerful, they could lead a decent life in high status in any sacred place of the Upper World.

Undoubtedly, the strength of will of these two definitely would never be weak.

However, they had to find the right course to persist. If they maintained the wrong direction, they would be able to get further and further away from their goals.

Landry and Damian fully knew that they were already in the wrong, but they had ignored it and continued to persist for too long. They had journeyed too far on this wrong route and were no longer able to turn back.

After hearing the warning from the two seniors, Zen smiled and nodded. "I understand. I merely pass by, and I am suddenly curious. I want to give it a try!"

"That's good!" Damian shook his head. And with a flip of his body, he quickly sat down in a large pit, causing the entire pit to sink ten-feet deep into the ground. Due to friction, its wall had become smooth resembling a mirror, and Damian looked like he was inserted to it.

This was the pit that Damian had quietly sat in to meditate for twenty thousand years!

Landry's figure also flashed as he sat down in another pit, staring at that huge stone with his eyes wide open as if he was battling with someone else. In an instant, the two of them had already entered a meditative state!

Zen smiled slightly and raised his head to look at the huge stone again.

After over one minute, some faint white sword shadows appeared in front of Zen's eyes again!

As he became more and more focused, these sword shadows were also getting more and more real!

At the start, there were just the white sword shadows, but after fifteen minutes, the sword shadows were already like real swords.

As these sword shadows became more real, Zen had the stronger feeling of being pierced when the sword shadows stabbed into his body and caused his heart to increasingly ache.

But in fact it was just an illusion, and his body wasn't injured at all! Zen also tried to remind himself that it was just an illusion.

However, this did not seem to be of any use. The pain seemed to be real. And every time a sword shadow stabbed into his body, it would make his heart twitch as if a sword was really thrust into him, but he wasn't injured.

"No..."

Zen's eyes flashed. He was firmly set that he could not let these white sword shadows bring him any pain!

Thinking of this, Zen turned over and took out his Thunder Wind Divine Sword. Bracing himself, he faced the incoming white sword shadows, and suddenly swung his sword through the air!

"Whoosh!"

Zen's sword intent swiftly erupted from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

At this moment, a very strange scene appeared. One white sword shadow directly swallowed Zen's sword intent!

Afterward, the white sword shadow continued to rush towards Zen. As he was unable to avoid the attack, the sword shadow went straight into his body!

"Puff"

At that moment, a muffled sound came from within Zen's body, and subsequently, he felt a sweet sensation in his throat as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

This time, Zen was indeed injured!

Although Landry and Damian were in a meditative state, their faces both wore strange expressions when they witnessed what had happened to Zen.

In front of this massive stone, they had observed many hilarious things that had occurred since then.

Some warriors swore that they saw the soul of Supreme Lord Sword. They even pretended to kneel and acknowledge him as their master, talking to him in the air. Some warriors even claimed that they were surrounded by a sword array. As long as they broke the sword array, they would be able to comprehend the swordsmanship of the Supreme Lord Sword.

In short, all sorts of things had taken place there.

And they had spotted many warriors like Zen, who incessantly waved their swords in front of the big words on the giant stone!

Many warriors performed in front of the massive stone to show their swordsmanship. They seemed to want to use their skills to break the mystery of Supreme Lord Sword. However, in the end, it was proved to be their only wishful thinking.

But now, Landry and Damian were curious as to why Zen was injured. How did he get hurt?

The brush strokes reflected from the poem on the giant stone indeed made warriors feel very uncomfortable. But they would only feel that way and would not be injured. Those who were not accustomed to them, on the other hand, would even become restless when facing those words. But, once they got used to them, they would not have that terrible feeling anymore.

How could anyone be hurt in this case?

But it was incontestable that Zen vomited blood!

"This guy seems to be playing some tricks."

"He might have deliberately injured himself, but what's the use of playing this trick in front of us?"

The two of them quietly talked through the life vitality. They had encountered all kinds of things there before. They could be considered as the experienced elites. But after making a random deduction, they believed that Zen only pretended to do that in front of them and that he had purposefully spat out blood.

They nonetheless failed to understand that there was no need for Zen to act like that in front of them. They had spent their entire lives there and it was of no value. Even though Zen's cultivation level was not high, he still had the qualifications to participate in the Passing the Torch, which meant that he was one of the remarkable warriors of thirteen palaces and that he would surely have a promising future. Thus he didn't need to deceive Landry and Damian.

Zen was naturally not clear about the thoughts of these two warriors, but his face revealed an unconvinced expression.

He had just released a strand of sword intent, but it was swallowed again by the white sword shadow. Moreover, when the sword intent bounced back, it actually injured him, which meant that he was hurt by his own sword intent!

"Again!"

"Whoosh..."

This time, Zen did not send out the sword intent. Instead, he wrapped the sword intent around Thunder Wind Divine Sword. And he patiently waited for the white sword shadow to approach. Then, he hit it with his sword!

That white sword shadow was still an illusion, so when the two swords clashed, there was no sound at all. But this time, Zen's sword directly deflected the white sword shadow, but the white sword shadow circled and shot into Zen's body again!

'I can't block it, and it seems to be useless for me to do that, ' Zen thought, frowning. It seemed that even if he saw the white sword shadow, he wouldn't be able to do anything with it!

Surprisingly, this time, Zen was not injured.

Chapter 1367 Hone His Sword Intent

Countless warriors had spent years in this place but none had ever been successful in comprehending the mysteries behind it.

Zen did not expect himself to comprehend anything at all in the short amount of time he was there.

In all honesty, he didn't stay to comprehend anything, but he was just curious about the white sword shadows that had been left behind by Supreme Lord Sword.

When he carved this poem, Supreme Lord Sword also inserted his insight of swordsmanship into the words.

These words, inscribed with his insight, had constantly released white sword shadows for over a million years now...

But not everyone could see these sword shadows. Fortunately, Zen was able to see them with his concentration.

He was able to resist these sword shadows using his own sword intent. He was still curious, however, and decided to try blocking them with his sword. To his surprise, the sword shadows quickly avoided his blade but still continued to dash towards him.

It seemed that these white sword shadows couldn't be blocked.

But Zen wasn't going to give up that easily.

Again!

He did not release his sword intent since doing so would cause the sword intent to be devoured by these white sword shadows.

There was no doubt that he would suffer serious injuries if he wasn't careful. He had to take this seriously!

He tried it once again. Using his five-foot long sword, Zen lightly blocked the white sword shadow. It quickly bounced off his blade but suddenly began spinning in the air and headed towards Zen once again.

This was all according to plan. Once it got close, Zen swung the Thunder Wind Divine Sword and flicked the white sword shadow away once again...

and again, and again, and again.

He did this for a couple more times, his sword brandishing blue sword flowers and deflecting the white sword shadow time and time again.

A mere three seconds had passed and Zen had already deflected the sword shadow for a total of seven times.

After seven hits, the white sword shadow stopped its attack and suddenly shattered!

Zen's eyes widened in wonder, "It broke?"

The white sword shadow shattered into hundreds of faint, light sparks that all floated in the air and shot towards Zen's body.

"Is it the sword spirit?" he asked curiously.

"Sword spirit?" Lavender, who was still inside his body, asked. "Why can't I see it?"

Zen shrugged, "I don't know…"

Not even Lavender seemed to be able to see the white sword shadows and the white light dots. It seemed Zen was the only one.

And the white light dots that headed towards him didn't seem to be the sword spirit at all…

Zen couldn't help but feel as if there was something terribly wrong.

The poem etched onto the stone continued to emit countless sword shadows and one of them was aimed right at Zen.

But after he shattered that one sword shadow, the others had strangely disappeared.

He stared at the words etched on the stone and he couldn't help but feel an ominous foreboding in his mind.

It wasn't just him. Both Landry and Damian also felt that something was off.

Of course, they couldn't see the white sword shadows. The reason why they felt something was terribly off was because the constant piercing sensation they had felt suddenly disappeared.

Both of them had meditated in this place for tens of thousands of years—Landry for sixty and Damian for twenty.

During this time, there was no doubt that a lot of things had changed in the mortal world—nothing was constant in the way people lived after all.

However, the only sure thing that never changed nor disappeared was the piercing sensation they constantly felt during their tens of thousands of years of meditation. Landon and Damian couldn't help but shoot confused looks at each other.

They had always been able to feel the sharpness of the words through a constant stabbing pain in their hearts.

But it suddenly disappeared with no warning. After tens of thousands of years of being subject to such a sensation, they couldn't help but feel a bit weird, not really used to being free of the piercing pain.

What happened? Could it be that the words left behind by Supreme Lord Sword suddenly lost all power and momentum? Was that even possible?

"What's going on? This is impossible…"

"Do you think this matter is related to that guy?"

"Impossible... It couldn't be..."

"But the pain is really gone..."

Their eyes were mirrors of disbelief. They had simply watched Zen perform ridiculous moves with his sword, wanting to see how long his strange performance was going to last.

They didn't expect they would be affected in such a strange, sudden way. They couldn't find any other explanation other than the fact that this was most probably related to Zen.

Just as they looked to the youth for answers, Zen had suddenly turned around and ran away at an extremely fast rate, surprising the two Spirit Supreme Realm warriors.

"What is he doing?"

"I haven't got the slightest idea..."

Unbeknownst to them, Zen was currently running for his life.

The words on the huge stone hadn't lost any of their momentum or power. In fact, white sword shadows had suddenly shot out from the stone and all flew towards Zen.

It seemed his earlier actions irritated someone. But all he did was to block and shatter a tiny white sword shadow. Was there really a need to attack him all at once?

He had no idea what just happened. All he knew was that he had to get away from this horde of white sword shadows that chased him. He didn't know how but every time he got stabbed by one of them, his heart would feel this intense, piercing pain. If all of these white sword shadows stabbed him all at once, he wasn't sure if he would survive the amount of pain they would bring him.

There was no way he was going to let that happen.

The only thing he could do now was to run!

"Whoosh..."

He rushed with great speed but the white sword shadows weren't lacking in agility.

Despite doing his best to escape, Zen was soon taken over by the onslaught of these white sword shadows that quickly overwhelmed him.

The initial wave of attacks shot a stabbing pain to his heart. It wasn't long before the pain became too much and he felt as if his heart was going to explode. The pain had paralyzed him, sapping him of the strength to flee. There was no more hope to escape as hundreds of white sword shadows pierced into his body.

His eyes rolled to the back of his head as he fainted and fell from the sky.

However, just before he hit the ground, Lavender shot out from his body to catch him.

There had been no need given that Zen's body would've surely survived the fall. However, Lavender decided to still come out at the last moment and break his fall.

She gently placed him on the ground and observed his face. "It seems that the sword spirit has become stronger," she murmured.

The sword spirit belonged to Zen. Lavender's soul was merely attached to it.

However, Zen had also given Lavender complete control which meant that the sword spirit's body could now be considered her temporary shell!

He had never paid attention to his sword spirit but it seemed that it had gotten stronger, as Lavender had said.

Now that she was stronger, Lavender realized that there was no longer any need for her to be attached to the sword spirit. It only served as a hiding place for her now since she had gotten used to using it as her shell.

Looking at it now though, she couldn't help but wonder how Zen was able to strengthen it. Did something happen during the time he spent blindly swinging his sword in the air?

Thankfully, the young man quickly came to. The piercing pain he had felt was only illusory and did not really have the capacity to cause any physical harm to his body.

"Lavender?" he called out, seeing her beside him.

"You seem to have honed your sword intent just now," she told him.

But Zen scratched his head. "I'm not really sure," he said. The image of the white sword shadows crossed his mind but he felt a bit scared just thinking about it.

"I've become stronger!" Lavender smiled at Zen.

The wording wasn't really correct. Lavender's soul was at a level that the sword spirit couldn't hope to match. It was Zen's sword spirit that became stronger and not really Lavender, but she still said it for the heck of it.

"Ah..." Zen murmured, and the weird foreboding feeling still hadn't left him.

The aura released by the sword spirit seemed sharper and more forceful. It did not come from Lavender's soul at all, but from the sword spirit itself.

Still, he smiled back at Lavender. "Indeed. It seems I can hone my sword intent by using the white sword shadows!"

Though his sword intent had reached the consummate level, it was not yet at its limit. Back when he entered the Killing Sword Mountain, Zen had only inserted his sword into the mountainside.

It was good that he was able to strengthen his sword spirit but the white sword shadows still made him feel queasy inside.

Did the path towards becoming stronger entail so much suffering? It seemed so.

Chapter 1368 My Heart Is Going To Explode

Zen did not expect himself to solve the mystery left behind by Supreme Lord Sword. That was giving way too much credit to his abilities.

These white sword shadows had indeed proven useful in improving the strength of his sword spirit.

However, they also gave Zen extreme pain. Every time a white sword shadow passed through his body, his heart would suffer this intense, piercing pain.

After being subject to the attack of thousands of white sword shadows, he was surprised that his heart was still intact since he felt as if it was going to explode.

Still, he had been through worse. The piercing sensation in his heart was nothing compared to the excruciating pain he had experienced when he replaced his life energy with chaotic energy. There was no way he was going to back down just because of a little pain.

Zen returned to the site of the huge rock but was surprised to see the two Spirit Supreme Realm warriors staring at him as he approached.

These two originally sported benign faces but now looked as if they were about to murder him.

"You, you… What did you do?" Landry asked with a trembling voice.

"How did you do it? What have you done…. How did you make the feeling disappear?" Damian asked as well.

Their eyes glazed over, making the two of them look like mad beasts who had been shaken out of their peaceful abodes.

The two of them had spent tens of thousands of years meditating on this spot, dreaming that one day they would form some sort of magical connection with the words etched on the giant stone.

The giant stone had been there long before the two of them. It had been subject to the weathering of the elements but still emitted a fierce aura that remained unchanged despite the passage of time.

However, Zen suddenly arrived and enacted such a strange change to this place. How could they remain calm?

These two had spent their lives meditating, therefore, their physical strength was far inferior to other average Spirit Supreme Realm warriors. Their minds had also lost all hunger for blood and had been conditioned for peace. However, this change made their emotions bubble up to the surface!

Supreme Lord Sword was one that could battle with True Gods after all! The swordsmanship he left behind was powerful enough to defeat a deity, so long as one was able to comprehend it. The two Spirit Supreme Realm warriors had spent all this time and this effort trying to unlock the mysteries of this technique. Whatever they sought to gain, they understood that they would have to pay for. However, the sudden arrival of this newcomer had thrown everything off balance.

"I didn't do anything!" Zen quickly claimed.

"Impossible! You better tell us the truth!"

"Do you think we were born yesterday? Who are you fooling?"

The two of them had initially chosen to watch calmly on the side. They didn't really think Zen would be able to comprehend anything nor make such a dramatic change to this place.

However, the sudden disappearance of the piercing pain in their hearts changed everything. Their faces were now filled with malice…

Zen was alarmed by their accusations but could definitely understand where they were coming from. These two had spent their entire lives here as if they were guarding a huge treasure trove for years.

However, he had suddenly come and triggered some strange phenomena. He might not have solved the mystery left behind by Supreme Lord Sword, but he still did something.

It would be strange for these two to not react this way.

A fight didn't worry him. Zen knew Yolande was nearby so starting a fight with him would be courting death for these two. Also, they were acting this way because of their heightened emotions but there was no trace of killing intent from any of them.

Truth be told, Zen pitied them a bit…

"I swear I didn't do anything. I just saw these weird sword shadows and broke a few into pieces. After that, it became like this," he explained. There was no need to hide anything since he had already mentioned this to Yolande and Layla.

However, none of them believed him.

"Sword shadows!"

"What do these sword shadows look like?"

Zen tried to explain with his hands but at that moment, he felt the familiar piercing sensation in his heart. "The sword shadows seem to have appeared once again," he said with a wince.

It wasn't just him, the two Spirit Supreme Realm masters felt it too. It seemed the words on the giant rock had gone back to normal.

"So all these years, that piercing pain in our hearts was caused by the sword shadows?"

"Why can't I see them? Why can't I see them…?"

they muttered to themselves, feeling depressed.

Zen couldn't really be bothered to answer but did wonder why these two men were so bothered by the sword shadows.

It was as if they were so desperate to see these sword shadows as well.

At that moment, a white sword shadow flew towards him. Zen raised his Thunder Wind Divine Sword and his sword intent circled around the blade as he slashed towards the sword shadow seven times!

Whoosh whoosh whoosh…

The white sword shadow shattered after seven strikes, just as he expected.

However, after shattering one sword shadow, the rest immediately flew towards him once again!

This time, Zen did not resist. He knew trying to run away from these sword shadows was futile so he might as well go all out and practice his sword intent!

He held the sword straight in front of him and placed his other hand on the blade.

The white sword shadows surged like a tidal wave but Zen's eyes held a deadly seriousness in them.

With the approach of thousands of these faint lights, he let out a cry and struck out with his sword!

Zen did not release the Law Power within the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. He merely activated his sword intent as he wildly waved the sword in his hand while firmly standing his ground.

From a mortal's perspective, they wouldn't see Zen's hand nor his sword. All they would be able to see were the fluttering shadows of his sleeve and the blue flashes of his sword.

His movements were too swift and the scene would be too much for a normal person's eyes to bear.

Whoosh!

Strong gales of wind rolled out from his sleeve as Zen tried to fight off the constant tirade of white sword shadows. The Thunder Wind Divine Sword proved to be effective in repelling these sword shadows but they merely spun and shot back towards Zen, causing the warrior to exert more effort in fighting them off.

Fortunately, seven strikes were all it took to shatter these white sword shadows.

As the sword shadows shattered into thousands of faint pieces, they all quickly rushed into his body and merged with his sword spirit.

However, there were just too many of these white sword shadows and Zen's strength had already reached its limit.

He was initially able to fight them off but quickly fell short of strength. It wasn't long before Zen was submerged under a tidal wave of these sword shadows. Unfortunately, that meant he was once again subject to unbearable, piercing pain.

'My heart… is going to explode!'

he thought, his eyes rolling to the back of his head before fainting.

Lavender once again came out of his body as soon as he passed out. She turned to the two warriors in front of him and glared coldly at them. She took it as her responsibility to protect him during this period of vulnerability.

Even if she was a mere soul, her current soul was already at the Silver Fighting Soul Realm which meant she could still face off against these two warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm. She vigilantly kept her guard up in case these two ever decided to attack.

Meanwhile, both Landry and Damian stared blankly at Zen's unconscious form.

They were certain that Zen had uncovered a few mysteries but neither of them could find out what.

They were so desperate for answers, almost on the brink of losing their minds but they knew it wouldn't end well for them if they hurt a martial artist of the thirteen palaces.

It hadn't been easy ever since the Willow Island became the thirteen palaces' territory to hold the Passing the Torch. The two of them had paid a large amount to bribe those in charge to let them stay in this spot.

Laying a single hand on Zen's head would mean courting death, as all the powerful warriors of the thirteen palaces had now gathered in the Willow

Island.

Instead of harming him, perhaps they could work with him? When Zen comprehended the mysteries of Supreme Lord Sword, maybe they could get a share of the mysteries as well?

They were going nuts with all the thoughts that were going through their heads but they had to fight off the impulse of kidnapping Zen and forcing him to spill his secrets…

A moment later, however, Zen finally came to.

After that last round, his sword spirit had now become even more powerful! It was not impossible to block these white sword shadows and this fact fired Zen up for the next fight.

"I'll practice it again!"

he roared, readily approaching the torrential wave of the white sword shadows. He slashed out seven times with his sword, the sword shadows were activated and came at him like a torrent once again, and he was once again submerged by them…

He was able to hold on for a few seconds longer this time before fainting once again after his heart reached its breaking point.

It was a cycle of fighting, being submerged by the white sword shadows, fainting from the pain, and waking up once again.

Lavender, his sword spirit, on the other hand, was continuously growing stronger at a visible rate. Zen could also feel that his sword intent had changed once again.

Chapter 1369 Crack

A drop of sweat ran down Zen's forehead. After a long and arduous process, his consummate sword intent was almost perfect now.

There seemed to be ample streams of consummate sword intent cyclones, which Zen had often seen before. This consummate sword intent had almost reached perfection, and looked like it was impossible to advance it any further.

But just in a split second, Zen was shocked to discover that his consummate sword intent suddenly became extremely unstable!

In the past, Zen could easily release the sword intent with just a thought, as if it only came from his arm. However, Zen now felt that it was quite hard to control—even if the faint sword intent that lingered around his long sword had gotten increasingly powerful.

Therefore, the whirlwind formed by the sword intent wasn't enough anymore. It suddenly became fidgety like a snake and constantly jumped around Zen's sword.

To put it simply—instead of becoming stronger, the sword intent only became worse!

Zen's lips curled down into a frown. "Why did the sword intent suddenly become like this?" he complained.

While honing the sword intent with the help of the white sword shadows did greatly enhance the sword spirit, Zen now found it difficult to control the sword intent.

There was a slight trace of hesitation on Zen's face. Should he continue this?

While his eyes roamed around the scattered white shadows, he felt his determination rise up again.

Zen was the type of person that once he set out to do something, he would do his best. Giving up halfway simply wasn't in him. Thus, he decided to see how his sword intent would develop at this rate.

At this stage, Zen's sword intent was impossibly strong—but he managed to suppress it by force.

In addition, the speed at which the white shadows were being chopped down had increased much greater as the sword intent became even sharper.

It was a good progress, and it was now possible for Zen to shatter the white sword shadows in about four sword strikes instead of the usual seven.

It didn't come a surprise for Zen to hit hundreds of white sword shadows with his sword when he faced a torrent of them. And true to his prediction, he had done the job in just four consecutive strikes!

The grey, rocky surface of the stone seemed to mirror Zen's mood. His feet ached slightly as he had been standing in front of it for four hours.

As he tried his best to kill the white sword shadows, Yolande's voice reverberated throughout the area.

"Zen, are you still contemplating the words on the huge stone? The Passing the Torch is about to begin..." she said in a faint voice. Her question was met with a slight pause.

"Can you wait a bit longer?" Zen finally responded.

"Sure I can, but we'll have to hold the first round of the test after the Passing the Torch begins. You should come over as soon as possible..."

The disciples of thirteen palaces were still required to undergo a test together. If Zen would be late for the test, he might be ranked last. In addition, the stone inscriptions of the Original Law would be distributed after the assessment. It might have an influence on Zen if he were the last person to choose a stone inscription.

However, there was a slight problem. Zen had no time to attend the examination at this moment.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand danced in a progressively swift manner as the sword intent became sharper and sharper.

"Whoosh!"

Alas, Zen became a little careless and the sword intent that lingered around the sword suddenly shot out. It dashed quickly like a passing comet and shattered a dozen white sword shadows. Then it entered straight inside the nearby desert, and left behind a tiny crack.

Naturally, losing his sword intent meant that Zen couldn't resist the white sword shadows, and before he could condense another sword intent, those white sword shadows engulfed him once again.

Bright light entered Zen's eyelids as he blinked repeatedly. He had apparently passed out for a bit, but he stood up and fought the white shadows once again. Zen grew braver in each passing second of the fight.

Two strenuous hours later, Zen only needed three sword strikes to finish each of the white sword shadows!

Another two hours had passed, and Zen needed just two strikes now.

In the next two hours, Zen didn't faint again. Not a single one of the endless white sword shadows had broken through his sword flowers, and he had successfully chopped all of them off.

However, Zen had failed to control his sword intent this time. Although he tried his best to maneuver it on the sword blade, it shot out every nine seconds every time he condensed a new sword intent!

At least now, the white shadows could no longer devour his sword intent. It would cause Zen serious injuries or even death if the shadows were still able to do that.

However, Zen's failure to control his own sword intent had made him upset. He could make hundreds of sword strikes in nine seconds, but he had to quickly condense a sword intent in that time frame as well. At this rate, he would quickly run out of his body's chaotic energy!

If his belly had contained life vitality, he probably would've replenished over a thousand supreme life vitality crystals. Nevertheless, he was lucky that his body had chaotic energy in it. A wisp of it would suffice for now.

Meanwhile, Landry and Damian watched Zen practice his sword in awe. They just sat there, motionless and full of admiration for a few hours.

Although they didn't understand what was happening, they felt that something was about to come...

They kept their eyes firmly fixed on Zen as they didn't want to miss anything. If Zen revealed the secret of Supreme Lord Sword, then they would have a chance to take action.

It had been another hour since Zen had continuously cut the white sword shadows, and then he suddenly stood still. His sword intent suddenly shot out, but there was no newly formed sword intent this time, as no sword shadows had erupted from the large swords on the huge stone...

"What happened? Why there are no sword shadows?" Zen eyed the large words in curiosity and said, "Aren't there enough sword shadows? I don't know how many white sword shadows I have shattered!"

He tried to trace back what happened. In the past few hours, Zen had smashed countless white sword shadows...

However, what Zen didn't know was that he had cut 9, 960, 000 white sword shadows during that time.

In the past, the sharp sword intent was left on the words when Supreme Lord Sword carved the words with his sword. What pierced into the warriors' hearts were these very white sword shadows!

There were originally 9, 990, 000 white sword shadows in total, but there had been too many warriors in the past millions of years who had come here to comprehend the stone in this place. While they weren't as powerful as Zen who could see the white sword shadows, some of them still accidentally shattered some of the sword shadows.

Thus, it had made the other white sword shadows to attack them and make them faint! However, only a few warriors had actually done that. Even those who had noticed the sword shadows only thought that they couldn't withstand the "heart-piercing" pain, and would be ridiculed by the others...

Zen however, was the complete opposite. He had now shattered all of the white sword shadows and his sword intent had reached its maximum peak! It was true that he couldn't control this sword intent, but it was powerfully sharp and fierce.

It seemed like Supreme Lord Sword arranged this so that he could hone his sword intent. 'But why did he create such a strange sword intent?' Zen thought. At that point, Lavender decided to move.

Her graceful body had left Zen's own, and she now stood by his side.

After that, she scanned her own body as well.

Aside from the fact that Zen's sword intent had become so sharp and uncontrollable, the sword spirit body had also undergone a tremendous change.

The sword spirit was just an illusion at the beginning. Although Lavender looked exactly like an ordinary person, she actually looked a bit different from an actual human on a closer look. She was like a reflection in water while floating in the air. The strong light could even penetrate her body!

However, at present, if Lavender didn't tell anyone that she was a sword spirit, nobody could know the truth! She looked just like a real body.

From her flowing black hair to her snow-white skin, her whole body looked so vivid and life-like. She was no different from an ordinary person, and her body looked convincingly solid.

She slightly raised her wrist and lightly touched her arm. "It seems that the sword spirit body becomes real! And when I control this sword spirit body, my strength will increase by a lot as well," she said with a faint smile.

Back when she didn't have a vessel, she had still liked to rely on Zen's body. It could be said that she wasn't that motivated to find a body for herself.

Now that this had happened, Lavender thought that she had also made a good choice in life when she accompanied Zen.

Meanwhile, Zen glanced at Lavender. He felt his heart race at the sight of her glossy hair and fair face. However, he soon turned back his attention towards the enormous stone.

It looked like there was no way to reveal the secret left behind by Supreme Lord Sword.

It had taken him several hours to strengthen his sword spirit to such an extent. This was already considered a good harvest. As for figuring out the secret of Supreme Lord Sword, that was something that could just depend on one's luck. Zen would not persist.

In addition, the Passing the Torch had already begun, so Zen wasted no time and flew towards one side of the huge stone.

Not long after Zen left, the two Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, Landry and Damian, were still blankly focused on the huge words on the stone. Suddenly, a slight rupturing sound came from one of the words, and a crack appeared!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1370 The Purification Pool

The mood of the two warriors was extremely complicated.

They discovered that the sharp sword intent contained within the words had completely disappeared.

The source of this problem must be Zen. They could not think of anyone else.

But they did not dare stop Zen and force him to reveal the truth. Moreover, he probably did not know what the truth was. It was possible that he was unaware of what he'd done.

Therefore, they could only watch Zen's retreating figure and continue to stare at the words on the giant rock in a daze.

After losing the sharp sword intent, these large characters lost their charm although they still looked the same as before. Even the brush edges of the characters were no longer sharp and forceful.

If someone had said that this poem was carved by a Supreme Lord, the onlookers would have nodded in agreement. After all, only a Supreme Lord could carve such sharp characters.

But now, if others were to see it, they would think that it was carved by an ordinary craftsman. There was nothing special or extraordinary about it. It almost looked disappointing, if they were being completely honest.

"That brat took away the charm in those characters. What exactly is going on?" Landry asked with a sullen face.

Damian shook his head, his expression dispirited.

Right at this moment, a crack suddenly appeared on one of the characters. The two men were shocked.

This huge rock had never been damaged by anyone before. But a crack appeared just now. Wasn't this extremely abnormal?

The two of them looked at each other with excitement written all over their faces.

They were the only two among the countless warriors that had stayed here to the end. Perhaps what was happening in front of them was the turning point in their fates.

Meanwhile, Zen did not know that the characters cracked after he left.

When he arrived at his destination, he saw magnificent ancient buildings that stood there for countless years.

Yolande and a couple dozen other people were waiting in this place.

"Yolande, there is still one more person from the Mist Palace who has yet to come. It has already been several hours. If he still hasn't arrived, then I'll have to seal the Purification Pool!" said an old man dressed in cotton clothes. He had an impatient expression on his face.

To any warrior of the thirteen palaces, Passing the Torch was a great fortune. But there was actually someone who was yet to arrive, and it was unknown just what he was waiting for. The old man grew frustrated and angry.

Yolande shrugged and said, "Just wait."

A tall and slim woman dressed in jade-green sneered. "Tsk! Tsk! Yolande, I'm so envious of you. If it were someone from other palaces, I'm afraid the Purification Pool would have already been sealed!"

This time, all the leaders of the thirteen palaces had rushed over from thirteen different supreme worlds to participate in Passing the Torch. The woman dressed in jade-green was the leader of the Shadow Palace.

Actually, what she said was right. The old man was very impatient, and he hated those who were late. According to the rules, he would seal the Purification Pool even if someone had been late for only five minutes. But Zen had already been late for several hours now.

As much as he wanted to seal the Purification Pool, he couldn't do so because Yolande was the daughter of a Supreme Lord. He had no choice but to wait against his will.

At this time, another warrior also said to Yolande, "Why do you want to wait for this guy, Yolande? I don't think it's a big deal if he misses it. Could it be that there's something really special about him? I can't think of any other reason why we are waiting for him for this long."

There were hundreds of warriors in each palace participating in Passing the Torch. When the other twelve leaders saw that Yolande insisted on waiting for Zen, they became very interested in his identity. They wanted to know his background and true power. There was definitely something that Yolande was keeping from them.

Yolande pursed her lips. Deep in her heart, she had high hopes for Zen. However, since she knew that Zen had his own fate, she would not interfere with his thoughts. She would just let him do whatever he wanted. She wondered if he had succeeded in comprehending Supreme Lord Sword's sword intent.

"Yolande, why is that brat so late? Shouldn't he have come with you?" another person asked. "There are so many leaders here, yet we are waiting for a mere disciple. Do you think this is appropriate?"

According to the rules, this place had to be sealed once all the participants entered. Since Zen was still not here, the place couldn't be sealed. These people were all leaders and very proud. How could they not be angry when they had been delayed by a mere disciple? To them, this was utter disrespect.

"That brat might be trying to comprehend that poem of Supreme Lord Sword. It would take thousands of years." It was Timothy, the vice leader of the Mist Palace, who spoke.

Hearing Timothy's words, many palace leaders had strange expressions on their faces as they all stared at Yolande in disbelief.

These palace leaders all heard of the mysteries of Supreme Lord Sword. Whether or not it was a scam, they had their own opinions. But they believed that smarter warriors would never waste their entire lives on it.

"Ha-ha! I never thought that there would be such a stupid guy in the Mist Palace. He actually believes in the secret of Supreme Lord Sword!" a palace master exclaimed, laughing.

Another palace leader sneered and said to Yolande, "It can't be that you want us to wait for a thousand years, right?"

Of course, this was a sarcastic remark. Yolande was furious, but she could only urge Zen with her life vitality. Before she could speak, though, a figure had already rushed over from the horizon.

When she saw Zen coming, Yolande let out a sigh of relief and said, "He's already here."

Swoosh!

After Zen landed, he cupped his hands towards Yolande and said, "My apologies for the long wait!"

Yolande nodded her head slightly, but before she could say anything, the old man spoke. "Long wait? Humph, you don't have the qualifications to make us wait for you."

His tone was quite unkind, but Zen was indeed late and didn't say much. What the old man said was right, after all. As a mere Life and Death Realm warrior, he didn't have the qualifications to inconvenience these people, let alone make them wait.

The other palace leaders and vice palace leaders also furrowed their brows as they stared at Zen. They had not expected that after waiting for so long, they would only see a warrior at the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm. Was there really no other talent in the Mist Palace? Or was it because he had some sort of special background?

"Since you're here, hurry and enter the Purification Pool," Yolande said in a low voice. "The others have already left for a few hours. You are already far behind."

Zen nodded his head and looked in the direction Yolande was pointing at. He saw a circular pool.

There was clear water in this pool—so clear that the bottom could be seen. The aura that was being emitted from this pool reminded Zen of the Ascending Well he had stayed in before.

Everyone was urging him to get a move on and Zen was unwilling to make things difficult for Yolande any more than he already had. Without further ado, he jumped into the Purification Pool so fast that his figure appeared to have flashed right before everyone's eyes. But the moment he jumped in, he discovered that the clear water in the pool wasn't as simple as it seemed. The resistance of the clear water was much greater than he had imagined.

After he jumped in, he expected that he would sink, but he remained on the surface of the pool.

Seeing Zen having trouble with it, Yolande said, "You can sink down. The Purification Pool will help clear up your soul for a short period of time and increase your perception by several folds!"

What Zen didn't know was that the warriors from the thirteen palaces had had a round of competition in the Purification Pool.

The Purification Pool's water buoyancy was extremely great. It was only twenty feet wide and twenty feet deep, yet it was already this resistant. If its area was expanded by several times, even a mountain range would still be unable to sink down.

Many warriors were proud about being able to sink to the bottom so as to show their strength.

But this was not such an easy feat. Most of the warriors in the thirteen palaces couldn't sink to the bottom of the Purification Pool, and most of them only stayed in the middle section.

Of course, the thirteen palaces didn't lack powerful warriors. Just like Layla, Javier, and the other warriors, they had seamlessly sunk to the bottom. There were more than ten warriors in the thirteen palaces that were able to overcome the challenge.

In truth, it didn't matter whether or not one was able to sink to the bottom. This was only a way for warriors of the thirteen palaces to compete with each other.

"Young man, you can try and see how deep you can go," a palace leader said to Zen with a smile.

Zen looked at Yolande. "Is it really that important to sink to the bottom?" he mouthed.

Seeing that Yolande shook her head slightly, Zen did not bother to pay attention to the palace leader who had just spoken to him. With a flip of his body, he entered the Purification Pool without sinking to the bottom.

The palace leaders, including the old man who just offered him a smile, started to frown in disappointment. What a huge let down this was! They had waited for a very long time only for the sake of this guy.

Chapter 1371 Law Storm

The Purification Pool was also a place to gauge the strength of martial artists of the thirteen palaces.

In the previous few hours, thousands of cultivators had jumped into the pool and made a show of their abilities.

The pool was an important aspect of Passing the Torch. The leaders also informed the warriors of their own palaces to exhibit their strength.

Among the warriors of the thirteen palaces, Layla from Mist Palace had previously sunk into the bottom of the Purification Pool the fastest and the most effortlessly.

In just a few seconds, she had quietly sunk twenty feet into the depths of the Purification Pool. The resistance of the water in the Purification Pool seemed not to hinder her in any way.

Zen was also from Mist Palace but he had arrived late. In the end, he had not put up an extraordinary show.

Whether or not Zen used his full strength, he was floating at such a shallow depth right now that he could only be ranked below average with his current performance, or even among the most incompetent martial artists of the thirteen palaces.

"I was wondering what kind of an extraordinary talent he was. It seemed I have waited in vain!"

"The boy could not be so intelligent since he actually believed the mystery left behind by Supreme Lord Sword."

"All right, we can seal off the path of Passing the Torch now!"

"I still want to check on how the little ones in my palace are doing?"

Some of the leaders of the palaces were dissatisfied when they heard the announcement.

The voices passed through the clear pool of water and reached Zen's ears, but he looked calm and indifferent. It was then that he noticed Yolande looking at him. He grinned at her.

The two of them smiled at each other knowingly at the same time, neither of them knowing what the other was so amused about…

After that, Zen turned back to what he had to face. Immersing himself in the water of the pool, Zen felt his spirit become more refreshed. He became quicker in thinking.

As Zen left the Purification Pool, the old man in the cotton clothes clapped his hands. A huge word—'seal'—appeared in the sky.

When the word appeared, it immediately locked them out from the Orange Sea World on the outside. It was as if an independent space had formed within the scope of the word.

'What a powerful technique!' Zen was somewhat surprised to see the old man's skills.

This old man in cotton clothes must be halfway into becoming a world lord, or at least had the strength equivalent to that of one. The great theurgy he had displayed through his cultivation amazed Zen.

After the path to Passing the Torch was sealed off, Zen followed the crowd and entered a square. A few square stones were placed in the square.

Each of the stones was about two feet in length and was engraved with densely packed words the size of mosquitoes or flies.

At the end of the square were thousands of warriors sitting on the side. They held a square stone carving in their hands, contemplating on the contents with their heads lowered.

"You, choose a stone carving yourself! Go sit over there and meditate!" the old man in the cotton clothes said coldly.

Zen had not left a good impression on this old man. Naturally, the latter did not sound pleasant while talking to him.

At the moment, Yolande was looking at the few stone carvings scattered on the square. She said to Zen, "The stone carvings that are easy to comprehend have all been taken away. The remaining ones might be very difficult to understand…"

There had originally been thousands of stone carvings at this square and the difficulty level of these were also varied. The few stone carvings that were left over were the relatively complicated ones.

Zen nodded before walking off into the square. His eyes began to sweep over the stone carvings.

As Zen's gaze immediately moved across the area, his eyes suddenly flashed. 'Isn't what is recorded on these stone carvings the Law Power?' he wondered.

Soon after, he walked toward a stone carving and lowered his head to carefully examine it.

'This is the power of the four layers of the Metal Law…' Zen had comprehended three layers of eight Law Powers, but he had not comprehended the fourth layer of each law.

However, it was not that Zen could not find the fourth layer of the laws to comprehend, it was just that he did not have enough time to do so.

It would take a lot of time and energy to comprehend the fourth layer of the laws, even if Zen had experienced the baptism by laws.

'No, this isn't the pure power of the Metal Law!' Zen's eyes flashed in confusion.

There were a total of six sides on this square stone carving. The central part of each side contained a type of Law Power. So, the entire stone carving contained six kinds of Law Power.

However, at a juncture where two types of Law Power overlapped, they would fuse together…

'How does one comprehend six kinds of Law Power at the same time?' Zen was deeply curious. What exactly the Passing the Torch aimed to test in the warriors?

Zen held the stone carving in his hand and walked to a corner of the square. He planned to sit down to study the stone carving.

But as he walked over, Layla suddenly waved at him, shouting, "Zen, this way!"

Her voice was dynamic and pleasant to the ear, but the rest of the square was quiet. None of the thousands of martial artists ever made a sound when they were so completely focused on comprehending the stone carvings in their hands. Anyone who spoke with such a loud voice certainty disturbed the others.

However, this was how Layla was like. When she had first entered Mist Palace, she immediately used the Tiger Roar Token. She never cared how the other warriors at the palace felt.

However, her performance in the Purification Pool had attracted the attention of the martial artists of the younger generation from the thirteen palaces. She had been most outstanding in the Purification Pool and could be considered their biggest competitor in Passing the Torch.

In private, many warriors had investigated on Layla and learnt about her background. Moreover, she was such a beauty that some of the male martial artists were very attentive toward her…

Therefore, her loud clamor did not cause any public reaction.

Previously, many warriors who had been keeping an eye on Layla realized that she had saved a place for someone beside her, but they did not know for whom. Now, everyone finally knew that it was for Zen.

For the moment, all eyes were fixed on Zen.

When they found out that Zen was only at the Life and Death Realm, their expressions varied. Disdain, contempt, curiosity, and other feelings were obvious on their faces, but none of the warriors looked very friendly.

It was not like there were no other Life and Death Realm warriors here, but most of them were at the ninth level. They were all on the brink of reaching the tenth level of the Life and Death Realm. Those warriors were no weaker than those at the Soul Sea Realm.

Someone at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm, however, was too ordinary. He was not worth their attention at all. Why would Layla reserve a spot for someone like him? He did not deserve it.

Zen felt helpless as he read their unfriendly faces. 'It's not me who made a ruckus, so why does it feel like everyone is blaming me?' he thought bitterly.

He ignored Layla and sat down in the corner he had chosen.

But he did not know how stubborn Layla could be. Seeing that Zen ignored her and sat by himself in a corner, she raised her voice even more. "Zen, come over here! I have something to ask you!"

Hearing this, Zen was speechless. He lowered his head and began to contemplate the laws on the stone carving. He knew how infuriating the woman could be. He was in no mood to bother with her.

Layla saw that Zen did not react as if he had not heard her at all. She carried her own stone carving and stood up. Walking past the warriors, she crossed half of the square to reach Zen's side. She gently lifted up the hem of her dress and sat with her knees on the ground. After placing the stone carving beside her, she asked him, "I'm talking to you, can't you hear me?"

"I heard you," Zen replied indifferently as he read the laws of the stone carving.

"So then why didn't you respond?" Layla persisted.

Zen shrugged. "No reason. I just didn't feel like it."

"Why? I don't remember doing anything to irritate you!" Seeing Zen's perfunctory attitude, Layla did not relent.

Zen suddenly felt a headache coming. He just hoped that she would not make a commotion just to disturb him, but he was not a man who could be rude to a woman. He exhaled and stared at Layla. "All right, what do you want to ask me?"

Layla rolled her eyes at him before asking with a smile, "What did you figure out from the words Supreme Lord Sword left behind?"

Zen shook his head. "There are people who haven't comprehended anything after having meditated for tens of thousands of years. What secrets can I figure out?"

"You haven't figured out anything, yet you have stayed there for so long?" Layla continued, baffled.

She would not stop nagging him.

Zen could not help but roll his eyes heavenward. "Could you stop talking, please? I still need to contemplate on this stone carving!"

He had already been late here for a few hours, and now that Layla kept pestering him non-stop, Zen was unable to contain his frustration any longer.

"Oh…" Layla wore a resentful look on her face. "In fact, if you want to comprehend the six kinds of Law Power on the stone carving, you need plenty of time. The Law Storm is a fusion of many different Law Powers, so the more you comprehend now, the further you will go…"

"Law Storm?" Hearing this, Zen raised his head.

Layla knew that he would be curious about that, so she smiled, choosing to keep him in suspense. "Don't you wish to figure out the stone carving by yourself? Why are you asking me?"

Chapter 1372 The Enchanted Barrier Tower

Layla had finally succeeded in arousing Zen's curiosity, and her face now revealed a complacent smile.

She then raised one corner of her mouth in a meaningful way and smiled, "You said that you don't want to say anything and just want to focus on studying the stone carving, right?"

In response, Zen merely glared at her with a cold gaze. He seemed to dislike being kept in suspense.

Layla seemed to sense that and stopped beating around the bush. "The most important part in the Passing the Torch is to advance through the Law Storm. The storm is formed of every single law power in the entire universe and can be a bit, feisty..."

"Every single type of law is contained in the storm?" Zen confirmed.

Layla nodded. "Yes. But don't worry. Those laws are extremely fragmented, left behind by numerous Supreme Lords as they fought in the past. The Law Storm is imprisoned within the Enchanted Barrier Tower!"

The Enchanted Barrier Tower had also been left behind by a Supreme Lord. In appearance, it was much like a tower, but was in fact, an enchanted barrier. It had been created many years ago and things were much different now.

Several Supreme Lords had fought in the Orange Sea World, which ended up disintegrating this supreme world. As a result, the laws left behind by them had become disordered and uncontrolled, making the Orange Sea World a dangerous and chaotic place. Any warrior visiting it would be dead within seconds if he or she wasn't careful enough and got trapped in the chaotic law current.

Later, a human Supreme Lord had taken a planned risk and gathered all of the law currents together, trapping and enveloping them within the

Enchanted Barrier Tower. The broken Orange Sea World gradually became peaceful after that.

The chaotic law currents within the Enchanted Barrier Tower had also weakened over time, losing much of their energy. Later on, they interacted and formed a storm. But time had passed so much since then that even the storm's might had weakened by a great deal. In the last several hundred years, it had weakened enough to be used as a method of testing the warriors of thirteen palaces.

After hearing Layla's instructions, Zen understood what was going on. No wonder the warriors of thirteen palaces were required to comprehend those stone carvings; they had six types of laws on each of their six sides. The Law Storm was actually a combination of many different Original Laws, which meant that in order to resist it, they needed to comprehend a sufficient amount of Law Power.

"So we are going to make an effort at the last moment, huh? It would be useless you know. Even if we spend twenty days cultivating here, it won't be enough. Forget about forty hours! If you want to make greater achievement in the Law Storm, you will have to rely on your accumulation of knowledge and cultivation base in the past!" Layla told him arrogantly.

Zen glanced at her indifferently, realizing that she was both proud and confident in herself.

"Even so, I have to do what I have to do," Zen responded.

"Look! I told you. It's just useless! Like I said, I don't need to comprehend this stone carving. I can surely obtain first place and break the record here without doing that! Let's just chat!" Layla smiled.

Zen rolled his eyes in response. "Layla! I'm not as confident as you are." After he finished speaking, he didn't raise his head anymore and instead concentrated on observing the stone carving in his hand. He was going to ignore her if she kept on nagging him like that.

When Layla saw that Zen was ignoring her, a resentful expression once again appeared on her face. However, after a second thought, her smile returned. She was very confident in herself. She also knew that Zen would surely be very dejected if he could not perform better than her in the test after he had tried to contemplate the stone carving so earnestly.

Zen could clearly understand what Layla was thinking about. But he just kept on staring intently at the stone carving, deep in thought.

If all the six Law Powers were fused together at the same time, what effect would that lead to?

Zen had already seen the perfect fusion of two kinds of Law Power before. For example, Fenton's sword art was a perfect fusion of the Metal Law and the Wind Law.

However, it was already extremely hard to fuse even two of the Original Laws together, let alone all six of them.

Some of the Original Laws reinforced, and some of them restricted each other; for example, the Fire Law and Water Law were exact opposites. Their restraints on each other were the most obvious among the laws of five elements.

But was there really no one in this world who could mix all kinds of Law Power together?

Of the six kinds of Law Power on this stone carving, the fusions were pairwise. Moreover, the fusions of any two laws weren't complete.

Further, Zen still didn't know how powerful that Law Storm was. He couldn't imagine what would happen if several different kinds of laws came together and acted on a single point, but he could obtain the fusion method from the stone carving.

Very quickly, Zen entered a state of immersion.

Most of the thousands of warriors from thirteen palaces had also sunk into the world of laws, just like Zen. They were trying to comprehend as much of these carvings as possible.

Layla was bored and even started to stretch herself. Seeing the serious expressions on Zen's face, she curled her lips and finally, with nothing to do, also picked up the stone carving.

The warriors only had forty hours to comprehend the stone carvings and they were trying to make the most of it.

Zen had been standing in front of the huge stone and was delayed for a couple of hours. Therefore, after Zen had meditated only for about thirty hours, a voice simultaneously sounded in everyone's ears.

"Alright, folks! Time is up! Please put down the stone carvings in your hands and enter the Enchanted Barrier Tower! Quickly now!" The voice belonged to the old man dressed in cotton clothes and standing near the tower.

The warriors, who were standing at the side of the square put down the stone carvings and quickly stood up.

Everyone was naturally well-prepared to participate in the Passing the Torch. But some of them were more confident than ever, while some had hesitant expressions on their faces. Some of them also uttered, "I wonder what the reward is this time."

The old man in cotton clothes continued speaking indifferently, unfazed by the mutters, "This time, those who can reach a thousand miles will be rewarded with a Tribulation Exterminating Pill!"

"Tribulation Exterminating Pill?" Zen's eyes flashed.

Luckily, Layla immediately explained, "The Tribulation Exterminating Pill is a powerful medicine that can extinguish the punishment imposed on us by the heavens!"

"Destroy the Heavenly Tribulation directly?" Zen asked curiously, "But from my estimate, the warriors here probably don't need the Tribulation Exterminating Pill, right?"

To an ordinary warrior, the Tribulation Exterminating Pill might be incomparably important. Some of them would really suffer a lot while undergoing the Heavenly Tribulation, and if they weren't careful, they could end up dead!

In the past, when Zen had undergone a small Heavenly Tribulation, he had been almost killed by the black light.

However, undergoing the tribulation even once was extremely beneficial for the warriors themselves. The warriors of thirteen palaces were talented people from tenth-grade sacred places. Going through the tribulation was actually a good thing for them. Layla, a warrior at the ninth level of the Life and Death Realm, was looking forward to the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation!

To these warriors, exterminating the tribulation was not a good thing, but would be a great loss, since they were in no danger but would lose its effects.

Layla slightly smiled and replied, "Of course not! The Tribulation Exterminating Pill isn't able to completely destroy the Heavenly Tribulation! If that were the case, then I wouldn't want it! The Tribulation Exterminating Pill can only delay the arrival of the Heavenly Tribulation! If a warrior is already in danger or severely injured, it would be inconvenient for him to undergo the Heavenly Tribulation. If the Heavenly Tribulation arrives, then this Tribulation Exterminating Pill can be used to delay the Heavenly Tribulation!"

Zen nodded his head, thinking what Layla was saying made sense. Back when he was in the Sea God Continent, the two ogre sacred places had launched a surprise attack during the absence of Amber who had gone out to undergo the tribulation. Although Amber had successfully passed through the tribulation and come back in time, both she and her race had been in an extremely dangerous situation while she was gone.

It seemed that the Tribulation Exterminating Pill could indeed be of some use at a critical moment.

"Reaching one thousand miles will get you only one Tribulation Exterminating Pill..."

"Mmm. This reward for Passing the Torch seems to be too small!

"Are there any other prizes? Please tell us..."

These warriors were participating in Passing the Torch just for its rewards. Naturally, they would pay attention to them and want bigger ones to be present.

The old man continued, "Those who can travel three thousand miles will be rewarded with a secondary first-rank divine weapon!"

Zen had been slightly interested in the Tribulation Exterminating Pill. He felt a bit of a lack of interest when it came to the secondary first-rank divine weapon.

As for the warriors from thirteen palaces, they were also somewhat dissatisfied.

"I heard that the warriors who traveled three thousand miles in the last Passing the Torch were rewarded with first-rank divine weapons, but this year the reward is just a secondary first-rank divine weapon... So cheap!"

"Indeed, the rewards seem to have decreased in grade this time. What happened I wonder?"

The old man dressed in cotton clothes didn't care about everyone's dissatisfaction and continued with his announcement, "As for the reward of traveling ten thousand miles, I will announce it when someone of you is able to make it!"

Obviously, the old man wanted to keep everyone guessing and increase suspense.

The crowd was naturally unhappy...

It was extremely difficult to advance through the Law Storm. Very few warriors would be able to move forward even for a thousand miles.

As for reaching the three thousand miles mark, most likely, only about a dozen warriors would be able to do so.

Ten thousand miles was a dream that was unimaginable. The warriors of thirteen palaces wondered whether there was even a single warrior who could travel ten thousand miles. To be honest, there was no point in announcing the rewards of this case. No one would make it!

Although everyone was dissatisfied, no one chose to give up. They were clear that the benefits attained by Passing the Torch were not limited to just this. If they were able to achieve a good result, then they would be highly valued in the palaces. And they could also get a lot of resources several times more than they had now.

Chapter 1373 At The End Of The Line

Under the instruction of the old man in the cotton clothes, the crowd of warriors rapidly moved towards the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

Although it was called the Enchanted Barrier Tower, it didn't look like a tower. It was in fact a massive space that had Law Storm tightly locked within it.

As the Law Storm continued to rage, it was as if this space was limitless; but, in reality, there was a boundary. In the deepest part of the Enchanted Barrier Tower, there was a mighty power lingering there, left by the fight among several Supreme Lords. Anyone who got sucked into the power would suffer the inevitable consequence, and their bodies would be smashed to smithereens.

Of course, that would only happen when one reached one hundred thousand miles into the tower's depths. It was impossible for the younger generation of the thirteen palaces to reach such a depth. Hence, they were quite safe still.

Thousands of martial artists entered the Enchanted Barrier Tower…

As soon as they entered the Enchanted Barrier Tower, everyone felt a strong Law Power rushing towards them!

"This Law Power contains many different laws!"

Zen raised his head cautiously and looked ahead. The laws in front of him formed a violent storm that covered nearly every corner of the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

Even though they had just entered the tower, everyone already felt a formidable pressure building around them. Many of the martial artists immediately revolved their body-protecting life vitality to protect themselves…

Only a few of the gathered talents did not use body-protecting life vitality, such as Javier, Layla of the Mist Palace, and the other top talents of the other twelve palaces.

As for Zen… He did not use the body-protecting life vitality to protect his body either, not because he did not want to, but the problem was that he did not have life vitality anymore. Although the characteristics of the chaotic energy and life vitality were very similar--and to a certain extent, the chaotic energy could be regarded as an enhanced version of life vitality--the chaotic energy was not distributed evenly like the life vitality when it surged out.

Or perhaps Zen just hadn't grasped the method to make it emerge more evenly yet. However, this was not the appropriate place to experiment now.

The martial artists of the thirteen palaces had been gathered here from many supreme worlds. They would become core members if they chose to stay in any tenth grade sacred places. And right now, each of them wanted to outperform the others. Competition was stiff!

Seeing that Javier, Layla, and some others had easily adapted themselves to the Law Storm without activating their body-protecting life vitality, the other warriors were soon convinced that they were really extraordinary talents.

However, when they saw that Zen, who was a warrior only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm, hadn't used his body-protecting life vitality either, they had disdainful looks in their eyes.

"Just keep bluffing. If he can't hold on for more than one hundred miles, that would be truly shameful!"

"Ha-ha, there are always people who make a fool out of themselves..."

This year, the test in the Enchanted Barrier Tower was not a competition of speed. They needed to use their skills and strength to walk through the Law Storm as far as they could. After they entered, some moved fast, some were slow, but they all started to explore deeper into the tower.

In the beginning, the crowd was gathered close together, but gradually, the thousands of martial artists formed a long line, and the whole group soon became scattered.

The Law Storm continuously roared, and occasionally, a few Fire Laws would coalesce together to form a flame the size of a fist. One of these flames suddenly struck Zen's body, sending a searing pain throughout his body.

Or sometimes, a few Wind Laws collided with each other, forming a few tiny wind blades that swept over the warriors...

Zen's speed wasn't fast, but he looked extremely calm and collected as he quietly sized up this world filled with all sorts of laws.

These Law Powers didn't fuse together. They only intertwined with each other after being shattered!

At this moment, Zen noticed that a few of the Time Laws had gathered together and formed into a small ball, shooting towards him. His eyes followed the disturbance through the air as it raced towards him.

Zen extended his hand and gently poked the small ball. The moment his finger entered the ball, his speed suddenly decreased markedly. However, after calmly circulating the Time Law, Zen managed to offset the effect of the Time Laws in the ball. Then the ball shattered like soap bubbles.

'When the laws are intertwined together, there is a very familiar feeling, ' Zen thought. After he entered the Enchanted Barrier Tower, Zen had become a bit absent-minded. It was this odd feeling of familiarity that distracted him.

After thinking for a long time, he still couldn't figure out where this feeling of familiarity was coming from…

Layla had long since rushed to the front of the group; while Zen lagged behind, and was still at the back. There were even some weaker warriors behind him who were increasing their speed and surpassing Zen quickly.

As they passed Zen, all of these martial artists had looks of surprise on their faces. They had thought that Zen was strong as he had got the attention of Yolande and Layla, but they were astounded that he wasn't in the lead with the other warriors.

'This fellow doesn't use life vitality to protect himself. It will be extremely difficult for him to travel through this Law Storm like that. What is he trying to do?' they all thought in their hearts.

Of course Zen didn't care about the strange gazes which the others directed at him. He maintained his speed and moved forward at a steady pace.

This group of martial artists could fly very fast given their current advanced cultivation. If it weren't for the Law Storm, it probably would only have taken them a quarter of an hour to reach the goal of travelling a thousand miles into the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

However, the further they went, the more terrifying the Law Storm became, and as a result, this greatly slowed down their speed.

Outside of the Enchanted Barrier Tower, on the rooftop of an ancient building, the many leaders and vice leaders of the palaces sat around a large round table. As for the old man in the cotton clothes, he was sitting in the center. They were all closely watching what was happening in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

"There are a few kids who are starting to speed up. He-he!" the old man in the cotton clothes said with a faint smile.

One of the leaders laughed lightly and said, "The one rushing in front seems to be Kunal Fang, a warrior from our Ice Might Palace! Hehe, it seems like Kunal Fang will be the first to reach the one thousand miles!"

"It's not a competition of speed. He who laughs last, laughs best. Only the one who sticks it out to the end, and reaches the furthest, is the best." Another leader retorted, though a shadow of doubt flickered in his face. His own warriors were not near the front, and he worried that they would not succeed at this challenge.

The old man in the cotton clothes faintly smiled and said, "In this Passing the Torch, I think that girl will be the best!"

After saying that, he pointed in the distance, and the gazes of the many leaders of the palaces landed on Layla…

"A warrior from the Mist Palace?"

"That girl is called Layla Ai, if memory serves me right?"

"Indeed, she has potential. However, it is still too early to come to this conclusion…"

Layla was indeed outstanding, but there were also some super talents in the other twelve palaces. Their strengths were not to be underestimated, and they weren't about to be defeated that easily.

The old man in the cotton clothes shook his head resolutely and said, "You all know, I have always been accurate with my judgment of people! This Layla Ai is the most outstanding. Her excellence far surpasses that of talents in a general sense."

The faces of the other leaders darkened when they heard this. After all, the thirteen palaces had always been on par with each other. In the competitions of the Passing the Torch, their rankings came with ups and downs, but the disparity was not too great. This maintained a kind of status quo and kept the challenge more or less even.

"This Layla Ai is Kyron's disciple. It is said that she has the fate to lead the world of chaos. It is not strange that she is so outstanding. Actually, strictly speaking, she is not a warrior of the Mist Palace! It must be Kyron who suddenly decided to let her participate in the Passing the Torch!" a leader jested lightly.

"So that explains it..."

"It is indeed difficult for an ordinary talent to contend against her, since she is a warrior who has the fate of leading the world of chaos, and therefore, a great destiny…"

When the other leaders of the palaces heard these words, they inwardly heaved a sigh of relief. At least, they could more easily accept what the old man said after they had discovered her background.

Yolande also nodded slightly and said, "Yes, Layla is not a warrior of our Mist Palace."

She didn't place her hopes on Layla, so she told them frankly.

Right at this moment, the old man in the cotton clothes pointed at someone and laughed. "This kid is actually the last one!"

Everyone's eyes swept across the tower and discovered that Zen was now at the end of the line!

Thousands of martial artists had formed a long line as they moved forwards through the Law Storm in the tower. Only Zen was left behind, and he was at the ending of the line. This naturally attracted a lot of attention and speculation.

The leaders of the palaces also smiled condescendingly. Zen was the last one that had arrived. Currently, he also stood last in the test of the Enchanted Barrier Tower. It was indeed strange.

Several of the leaders even glanced at Yolande, their gazes faintly mocking, and she could almost see them shaking their heads imperceptibly.

"This boy has actually not used the body-protecting life vitality?"

"Interesting. I don't know why, and he's moving so slowly!"

Yolande still looked very calm. She believed in Zen's strength, but she was becoming a bit curious. What was Zen thinking?!

Zen still kept everything under his control, maintaining a steady speed as he advanced. The fragments of laws in the air were in complete disarray, making it impossible for him to comprehend them. Of course, he wouldn't have comprehended the Original Laws here. This place defied all notions of what should be and what shouldn't be.

And at this time…

The dozens of martial artists that were walking at the front of the line had already traveled eight hundred miles. They began to rush forward to cross the one thousand miles line! Everyone wanted to be the first.

Although the first one to reach the one thousand miles would not receive any extra rewards according to the rules, the old man in the cotton clothes would announce the names of the top ten warriors who had passed the one thousand miles mark. It would also bring honor to the palaces that they belonged to. Warriors were all lured by esteem and prestige.

Of course, Layla strived hard, though not for the honor of the Mist Palace. She was a very proud warrior. How could she be willing to fall behind? She would not let herself fail and prepared for the final sprint.

At an extremely fast speed, she charged forward through the Law Storm. Right now, she was still ranked third, but her only goal was to become the first…

Chapter 1374 Winner Of The First One Thousand Miles

The long line that the four thousand people had formed could be divided into three echelons.

The first echelon had only about twenty martial artists, and they had already advanced eight hundred miles in the Law Storm.

Although this region's Law Storm was much stronger, these super talents didn't feel any pressure.

They were competing against each other to be the fastest. The moment they had entered the Enchanted Barrier Tower, they had rushed off at full speed towards the one-thousand-mile mark.

The fastest warrior at the moment was one from the Shadow Palace whose surname was Li. He was completely surrounded by a black domain that immediately swallowed any law fragments that approached him. He was using this method to advance rapidly, and the law fragments in the Law Storm were failing to hinder him.

Javier was the second fastest. He was an excellent warrior among those who had ascended to the Upper World. There weren't any tricks involved in his advancing within Law Storm; he relied completely on his own strength. He kept an eye on the Law Storm as he advanced.

"Nine hundred miles done," Layla mumbled to herself. "Another 100 miles to go." She smiled at this and ground to a halt.

The martial artists in the first group weren't too far apart from each other, just a mile or so apart. Everyone was pushing their individual speeds to the limit.

So when Layla stopped suddenly, the other warriors rushed past her, leaving her behind.

In the blink of an eye, she had dropped from the third place to the end of the first echelon.

The martial practitioners who had surpassed her were puzzled. Nobody knew why she had stopped so suddenly.

But Layla only paused for a minute. With a light flick of her wrist, green rays of light spread out from behind her back, forming two wings that radiated the green light.

She flapped her wings gently and nimbly flew forward.

Whoosh!

Her speed left a trailing smear behind her.

By then, the martial artist surnamed Li had become excited. He had already traveled 950 miles. He only needed 50 more miles to reach the destination.

He did not care about the reward, a mere Tribulation Exterminating Pill. Everyone could obtain that. But the Shadow Palace had secretly promised him that if he came to be the fastest to finish traveling one thousand miles, he would be rewarded with a first-rank divine weapon.

He wanted to help Shadow Palace get this glory.

And he was just about to succeed! But it felt like success had come too easily to him.

But just as he advanced, a whistling sound caught his attention. A shadow flew past him, causing his vision to blur for a moment.

'Eh? What was that?'

He hadn't seen Layla clearly. Under the ravaging of the Law Storm, everyone's vision had been limited to a very small range. And he thought that the movement was caused by the storm.

A few seconds later, the old man in cotton clothes spoke.

"The first warrior to travel one thousand miles is Layla Ai of Mist Palace."

Li was stunned at this, his face filled with disbelief. "Wh-what?"

Outside the Enchanted Barrier Tower, the old man and many other palace heads stared at the pair of wings on Layla's back, amazed.

"Those are the Green Wind Wings!

This girl is still at the Life and Death Realm, but she is already able to control this pair of wings!"

"To use Green Wind Wings, doesn't one have to cultivate the embryo of the Green Wind Spirit in the elixir field? She is only at the Life and Death Realm. How was she able to do that without opening her Soul Sea?"

Green Wind Wings were not something that a human could possess. It came from the abilities of a special creature in the storm, the Green Wind Spirit.

Those with these wings could soar thousands of miles in an instant.

The Green Wind Spirit was not an ordinary creature. It was impossible for a martial artist to inherit or obtain their bloodline.

But in order to become stronger and faster, every martial artist would rack their brains to come up with a method to obtain those wings. In the end, someone had thought of a way. They got the embryo of the Green Wind Spirit, put it into their elixir field, nurtured it with their life vitality, hatched it, and gradually controlled the wings.

This method was extremely dangerous and costly. Moreover, if there was even the slightest mistake, the warrior's elixir field would be damaged, and he would become a cripple.

In the entire universe, there were very few warriors who could catch the embryo of the Green Wind Spirit, and even fewer who could successfully nurture it. Those who did succeed were at the Spirit Supreme Realm or higher.

At the moment, they couldn't understand how Layla, who was at the ninth level of the Life and Death Realm, had obtained these wings.

Layla stopped and looked back after she had covered the thousand miles. She had left everyone else far behind and this brought a smug look to her face.

'Too easy. This is not challenging at all. I wonder what place Zen is in now. That fellow can't fight for the first place in the first one thousand miles anymore.' Even though she had obtained first place in the first one thousand miles, Layla didn't let her guard down. Her premonitions were always accurate, and according to her, the actual competition between her and Zen was yet to come.

Four hundred miles away, Zen continued to fly at a moderate pace. He smiled as he heard the old man's voice.

The first squad of martial artists had already crossed one thousand miles. The martial artists in the second squad had covered between seven hundred and eight hundred miles. The slowest of the martial artists in the third squad had traveled 500 miles, while the fastest had covered 600 miles.

Zen, however, was even not close to the third squad.

'I can't figure it out, so I'll forget about it for now, ' he thought. He shook his head to dispel all thoughts and quickened his pace.

The intensity of the Law Storm within the first thousand miles didn't fluctuate a lot.

Ten minutes later, Zen finally crossed a thousand miles.

By then, all the warriors in the three squads had passed this stage. He was still the slowest.

He felt the Law Storm become stronger beyond the first one thousand miles.

'This Law Storm should be a circle, and we should be closer to the center.' This reminded Zen of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

The storms of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars were formed by the Wind Law only, not like the disordered Law Powers around him. But although the

Law Storm was a little stronger, it still didn't put much pressure on Zen.

Outside the Enchanted Barrier Tower, the old man in cotton clothes said, "Three thousand miles is a hurdle. Many warriors would be eliminated before they reach the destination."

One of the palace heads nodded and replied, "Some of the Law Power will condense after a thousand miles. It becomes stronger. The key question is: how will these warriors deal with it?"

"Where is the slowest little guy? Is he still at the end?" A palace head laughed.

"That's right. That little fellow is quite strange. He's already beyond a thousand miles, but he still hasn't used his life vitality. Could it be that he doesn't intend to use it at all?" another palace head said, amused.

These palace leaders had discovered that Zen was special.

This wasn't, in any way, a form of praise. They just thought he was weird.

They were all paying attention to the martial artists of their own palaces. Layla had won the first prize in the first one thousand miles. Now it was time to compete in endurance, to see who could travel the farthest in the Law Storm.

Many martial artists were having a difficult time walking forward in the endless Law Storm. The martial artists of the first group had kept their pace, but those of the second group had slowed down by a great deal.

From time to time, a highly powerful fire spirit would emerge from the storm and fly towards the warriors.

Sometimes, a black wind blade would appear all of a sudden.

These dangers were fatal, so everyone had to be careful.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1375 Being Eliminated

As everyone else receded their pace, Zen maintained a steady speed as he eventually caught up with the other warriors.

Without further delay, he surpassed a warrior. Soon, he passed by the second, the third, the fourth...

The warriors at the tail were likely to be defeated because their strength and speed seemed highly inadequate and they wouldn't be able to catch up in time. Some of them, facing the threat of a fierce Law Storm, even considered of giving up altogether.

After all, every warrior had a distinct goal, one that might be significantly different from another. Some warriors were aware that their own strength was limited, so they would be satisfied with just a Tribulation Exterminating Pill.

However, there were also some warriors who persevered despite all odds, even though their strength was barely enough. They realized that they wouldn't be able to cover 3, 000 miles, but they chose to challenge themselves to the last minute rather than surrender once and for all. The attitude of a warrior was of prime importance in his life.

An unusual space unexpectedly appeared inside the Law Storm. A warrior had accidentally entered and was in fact bound by that space. He surely wished to escape, but perhaps it was too late. At that precise moment, a sharp black wind blade suddenly appeared in front of him, swiftly chopping off his arm.

Another warrior inadvertently triggered the fluctuation of some law and was surrounded by many red flames. Simultaneously, sharp golden lights enveloped him and several holes appeared in his body.

After 1, 000 miles, situations like these were not novel. More and more warriors got injured and they could only give up midway.

The speed of the warriors in the third and second tiers receded drastically. Every warrior appeared to be very cautious on his way forward.

However, the speed of the warriors in the first tier still couldn't be underestimated.

They were considered to be the elites of the thirteen palaces. They were also the selected elites from among the elites of the three thousand supreme worlds.

Moreover, most of them were warriors who had activated the Nine-petal Lotus Flower.

Whether it was their hard work and determination or their gifted talent and ultimate perseverance, they simply couldn't be matched by ordinary warriors.

Therefore, the warriors in the first tier had gotten miles away from those of the second tier.

When the warriors in the second tier barely touched 1, 700 miles, Layla, who was the confident leader in the first tier, had victoriously covered 2, 000 miles.

The warriors in third tier had just reached 1, 500 miles. They indeed had a sad existence.

Zen found himself at the middle of the third tier.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Ice spears suddenly appeared within the Law Storm, enveloping an area not too far away from where Zen was standing.

There was a warrior just ahead of Zen. His face seemed to showcase a faint trace of fear. Just as he was about to flee, he discovered that his speed had turned out to become excruciatingly slow. He was entirely enveloped by the cage created by the Time Law. Although his speed hadn't exactly fallen, the after effect was that his speed had receded to 1% of his original speed due to the Time Law. It was impossible for him to dodge the ice spears that frequently kept attacking him from all directions.

If one of the ice spears would be able to strike him, the result would be devastating. Even if he did manage to evade death, he would be seriously injured.

When he noticed this scene unfolding before him, Zen's figure suddenly flashed and moved hundreds of feet forward, arriving right beside that warrior.

'The Time Law...'

With that thought, Zen also circulated the Time Law.

The Time Law and Space Law were rather special as warriors could use the same law to cancel out any of these two laws.

After breaking the cage created by the Time Law, Zen quickly pulled the warrior away and the sharp ice spears landed on the ground where the warrior had been standing.

The warrior had been scared out of his wits by whatever had just occurred. When he was saved by Zen, a look of gratitude naturally appeared on his face. "Thank you for saving my life!"

Zen nodded his head, but did not care to pause at all. He maintained his speed as he continued to strive his way ahead.

The number of helpless warriors eliminated by the Law Storm continued to increase exorbitantly.

Especially the warriors in the third tier were more vulnerable such as the one who Zen just rescued. If it wasn't for Zen, he would have had to give up and surrender immediately.

The third tier comprised of around 3, 000 warriors. After they had covered 1, 000 miles, more than 1, 000 warriors had already faced inevitable situations and gotten themselves eliminated.

As for the second tier, it was composed of over 1, 000 brave warriors, and now they had to let go about 300 of them.

Whereas not a single warrior from the first tier had been eliminated so far.

"Their performance during this year's competition has been exemplary. The elimination rate is comparatively low. Moreover, there were only seven or eight warriors in the first tier before. This time, there are more than twenty people contesting, significantly increasing the caliber pool of the competition. That is more than three times the last year's number!" The old man in cotton clothes let out a satisfied smile.

"Now that the world of chaos has started, these young talents are naturally expected to appear. It's perfectly normal that there are more than twenty warriors in the first tier. Besides the thirteen palaces, other forces of the alliance, the human race and other races have also welcomed many talented warriors," another palace leader replied.

The old man nodded. "If that's the case, then they might topple the previous record in Passing the Torch."

Within the Enchanted Barrier Tower, the best record of the previous generations was 18, 000 miles.

A palace master shook his head and smiled, "I don't think anyone can break Supreme Lord Illusion's 18, 000-mile record. But there definitely is a hope of breaking the second record this time!"

Supreme Lord Illusion was the warrior who had used four hours to adapt to the vitality between heaven and earth in the Upper World.

In the past, he had also participated in Passing the Torch. When he had entered the Enchanted Barrier Tower, he had created a shocking record of the magnitude that hadn't been witnessed before or after—18, 000 miles.

At that time, even Supreme Lord Illusion was at the ninth grade of the Life and Death Realm.

Why did this record leave the other warriors dumbfounded?

Because before that, the best result was only a mere 12, 000 miles.

And with the appearance of Supreme Lord Illusion, he raised the bar to a whopping 18, 000 miles. An increase of 6, 000 miles was simply too terrifying and overwhelming. After that incident, no one else had gotten close to breaking the legendary record.

During the later years, there were a few talented warriors who shattered 12, 000-mile record and achieved a distance of 14, 000 miles. This result was the second rank in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

"Right, I think so too. Perhaps Layla can cover 14, 000 miles," another palace leader stated bluntly.

Yolande didn't pay much attention to the discussion that the other palace leaders were indulged in.

Her gaze was still solely focused on Zen. Although he remained in the third tier, he was slowly moving ahead to occupy the front row of third tier. It seemed as if he would enter the second tier soon enough.

Many palace leaders were only concerned about the warriors in the first tier. Naturally, they didn't notice that the guy who had ranked last maintained a steady pace as he moved forward, surpassing many others.

After a while, the first tier of warriors had finally broken through the 3, 000-mile mark. The old man dressed in cotton clothes reported the names of the top 10 once again.

Layla managed to retain her first position and was the center of attention. Besides, her background was rather special as well. Although she was participating in Passing the Torch representing the Mist Palace, the palace leaders didn't treat her as a warrior of the Mist Palace.

Therefore, many of the palace leaders were rather generous in their praise for Layla.

"This girl must be the center of attention in the world of chaos!"

"That's what I think too. Kyron Xiao has the insight to recognize sheer talent at a single glimpse."

They talked about Layla extensively as the warriors kept struggling to move forward.

Layla appeared to be unusually calm; she neither seemed tensed nor excited. After passing 3, 000 miles, she used her time for a quick rest. Speed was no longer the key factor from the 3, 000th mile to the 10, 000th mile, so she was in no hurry. She bit her lips and shot a quick glance behind her. 'Why is Zen still not here?' she wondered.

The second one was not the warrior whose surname was Li from the Shadow Palace, but Javier.

Javier was one of Yolande's admirers. He was panting. Relying on his greater willpower, he surpassed the warrior with the surname Li and became the second one to cover 3, 000 miles right behind Leyla.

He looked at the boundless Law Storm and cried out in his mind, 'Yolande, can't you see? I will definitely grow up to be good enough for you!'

The third place...

The fourth place...

All of the warriors in the first tier slowed down after reaching the 3, 000-mile mark.

There was still a long way to go. The 10, 000th mile was a huge hurdle, and not many had successfully covered it.

After a surprising turn of events, Zen finally left the third tier and entered the second tier. When he entered the second tier, the second tier had passed 3, 000 miles. The second tier originally was composed of over 1, 000 people. Now, there were only about 300 people as 70% of them had been eliminated. The competition had gotten fierce and the prize seemed near, yet so far.

Chapter 1376 Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill

In the Enchanted Barrier Tower, the 3, 000th mile was a huge hurdle.

In the first tier, not a single warrior was eliminated. But in the second tier, 70% of the warriors were eliminated.

As for the third tier of warriors, they were even more desperate. 90% of them had been eliminated, and only 300 out of the 3, 000 warriors had passed this stage.

However, the warriors who had covered 3, 000 miles were already very proud of themselves. The alliance would invest more resources to train them. As for the reward of a secondary first-rank divine weapon, it was simply insignificant in their eyes.

After 3, 000 miles, the warriors in all the tiers had slowed down greatly.

Zen, however, maintained his own speed.

If people had been paying full attention to him, they would've known that his speed hadn't changed at all since the beginning.

Moreover, he still hadn't used life vitality to protect his body. He only relied on his own strength and body as he faced the vicious Law Storm.

Only Yolande had been watching Zen from beginning to end.

It didn't take long for someone else to take notice too.

As the old man in cotton clothes was looking at the warriors in the first tier, he looked back and discovered something wrong with the second tier.

"Huh?" The old man's eyes lit up. "This young man isn't using his life vitality to protect himself!"

When he looked over, his expression froze. "Isn't that the guy who was late? Wasn't he at the tail? When did he catch up with the second tier? And he even went over 3, 000 miles."

3, 000 miles wasn't much of an accomplishment to the old man.

Zen didn't exactly perform the best before, so the old man had completely forgotten about him. If it wasn't for the fact that Zen wasn't using his life vitality, the old man probably wouldn't have noticed him.

However, Zen, who had been lugging around in last place, was now suddenly catching up. It was as if he had been teleported. Naturally, the old man was surprised.

"Is this the same guy who was in the last place and refused to use life vitality to protect himself?" asked another palace leader.

"That's him! How interesting! I didn't expect him to catch up to the front of the second tier."

"It's a bit strange. He has covered 3, 000 miles, but still hasn't used his life vitality to protect himself. He's very confident in his own strength!"

"There are a lot of interesting people in the Mist Palace right now. Layla aside, even the one who's in the second place is from the Mist Palace."

The rest of the palace leaders turned their attention towards Zen.

"I would like to see if this guy has any plans on using his life vitality to protect himself."

The truth was that using life vitality was only a method for warriors to protect themselves. This method might be considered useful within 3, 000 miles, but it wasn't that useful after 3, 000 miles. Warriors cultivating some special cultivation methods were an exception, such as those cultivating Earth Law.

"Look at his speed! He's a lot faster than the other warriors. He's going to catch up to the first tier soon enough."

"Wow! He's truly something."

Upon the old man mentioning Zen, the rest of the palace leaders started talking about him. While everyone was surprised by his performance, they were still a bit skeptical.

As the warriors moved forward, besides strength, they also had to rely on their own comprehension and ability to deal with enemies.

Warriors that could safely cross 3, 000 miles all had their own secret weapons. But even so, the speed at which they were being eliminated was still increasing.

No one from the first tier had been eliminated when they reached the 4, 000th mile while half of the second tier had been eliminated, and two thirds of the third tier had been eliminated.

5, 000 miles...

6, 000 miles...

7.000 miles...

Zen had already surpassed the second tier and caught up to the last person in the first tier.

At this time, the Law Storm had risen to yet another level.

Ice spears, wind blades, earth spikes, time cages, and other such weapons occasionally appeared before, but now, they were everywhere.

Warriors gave their everything to fight these obstacles and Zen was no exception.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Suddenly, countless spikes appeared on the ground. Although these spikes were formed from rock, the surface was gold in color. The sharpness of these spikes was comparable to a sacred weapon.

Zen's figure was like a shuttle fish as he continuously swam between the spikes. The moment he dodged the spikes, countless ice thorns burst out from them and completely sealed off his entire body.

After a while, the ground was suddenly shaking and all the ice thorns were shattered by some huge force. Zen's lean figure appeared again and continued moving forward at his pace.

"This guy really has some skills!"

"His strength is amazing and his body seems strong too!"

"With his strength, he can enter the first tier!"

Now that Zen had caught up to the first tier, it naturally attracted the attention of some of the palace leaders. As for Yolande, she still looked stoic. This still wasn't Zen's full strength yet. She would reserve her energy for that.

At the 8, 000th mile, a warrior from the first tier was finally eliminated.

At this time, there were less than 10 warriors left in the second tier. As for the third tier, they were completely eliminated. No one reached the 8, 000-mile mark.

Right now, the warriors that had been eliminated had returned to the square. After being eliminated, they could only become spectators.

Layla was definitely leading in first place. Most of the remaining 30 plus warriors had just passed 8, 000 miles, but Layla had already reached the 9, 500th mile. She would cross 10, 000 miles in no time.

When she reached the 9, 800th mile, she turned her head to look at the boundless Law Storm and murmured, "Zen, you can't possibly be eliminated now, right? If you're eliminated, you won't be qualified to be my opponent anymore."

After speaking, she once again turned her head. The pair of green wings on her back lightly flapped as she rapidly shuttled forward amidst the Law Storm.

"The first warrior who has passed 10, 000 miles is Layla Ai from the Mist Palace!" the old man's voice came as she passed 10, 000 miles.

The warriors on the plaza were also discussing among themselves.

"10, 000 miles! She has already passed 10, 000 miles!"

"Didn't he say that once someone crossed 10, 000 miles, he would announce the reward for it? Why isn't he announcing it yet?"

"She's too strong! How can a woman defeat so many men?"

The old man continued to announce, "Warriors that have reached the 10, 000th mile will be able to obtain a Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill!"

As the old man finished speaking, the warriors that were standing on the square began to discuss among themselves.

"The Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill!"

"What? That's amazing!"

"Oh my God! If I had known, I would have fought with all my might."

The Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill was able to introduce the Heavenly Tribulation. It had the similar function of the Tribulation Flower that Zen had swallowed on the Divine Kingdom Continent.

The Tribulation Flower could increase the number of Heavenly Tribulations to nine.

There were many warriors in the Upper World that didn't need to swallow a Tribulation Flower. With their talent, they would eventually anger the heavens. Naturally, they would have to face countless calamities. Talents in the Upper World all had to face nine Heavenly Tribulations.

If a warrior entered the Soul Sea Realm with the cultivation of the eighth grade of the Life and Death Realm, then he or she would not be qualified to be called a talent.

The Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill was very rare. Even though the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill and the Tribulation Exterminating Pill were both pills related to Heavenly Tribulation, the two couldn't be mentioned in the same breath.

The Tribulation Exterminating Pill was only a seventh grade pill, while the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill was a ninth grade pill.

The most important thing was that this pill could help a warrior trigger the tenth Heavenly Tribulation, which was also called the Perfection Tribulation. This was because after the tenth Heavenly Tribulation, a warrior's foundation would then go into a perfect state which, of course, was important to a warrior.

Layla pursed her lips and continued moving forward.

After she had passed 10, 000 miles, Javier was right after her. However, there were two deep holes with blood in his legs and his clothes were torn apart. He looked rather miserable.

Chapter 1377 Gap

Except for Layla, the rest of the warriors from the first tier were injured in varying degrees.

All the warriors were equipped with many healing panaceas, but the problem was that the Law Storm was everywhere in the Enchanted Barrier Tower. There was no place for them to hide and heal their wounds.

Therefore, at this moment, everyone had to endure the pain and keep moving forward. It was a true test of their endurance.

After Javier covered the distance of ten thousand miles, the other warriors on the first tier also sprinted to cover the same distance!

Only two or three warriors had managed to travel ten thousand miles during the Passing the Torch in the past. Sometimes, only one warrior managed to do this. But this time, the number had increased significantly.

By the time Zen reached the ten-thousand-mile mark, he was already ranked thirteenth.

Other than occasionally dodging a powerful Law Power in the storm, he had been able to move forward at a constant speed!

But he wasn't faster than some of the other warriors who had used special methods to increase their speed. They used these methods as a boost in the last stretch of the test and sprinted as fast as they could.

But Zen was much calmer than the other warriors and he wasn't injured...

As of now, Layla and Zen were probably the only ones who were completely unharmed in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

"There is something very strange here! This guy called Zen seems to have maintained the same speed from start to end!"

"Well, his speed is neither fast nor slow—he maintains a steady pace. In a Law Storm of this level, it's hard to believe that he is completely unharmed!"

Hearing this, Yolande's eyes flashed faintly. It was only now that these warriors were noticing Zen's amazing performance...

He had now become the center of attention.

Although he still hadn't made it into the top ten, his calm demeanor made him appear enigmatic.

Zen had maintained his ranking in the top thirteen for five minutes, while two super talents in front of him had been injured in succession and were eliminated from the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

With their elimination Zen moved up to the eleventh position!

The warrior ranked tenth wasn't too far from Zen. It seemed as if he had also been ravaged by the Law Storm, and was finding it extremely difficult to even take a single step further. It was easy for Zen to surpass this injured warrior and enter the top ten now.

Zen was closing in on his opponent, but just as he was about to surpass him, the warrior turned around and glared at him. Then he bit his tongue and burnt his blood essence, causing the aura from the savage land to erupt from his body.

"Whoosh!"

The warrior's speed suddenly increased three times, and he zoomed ahead, leaving Zen far behind!

Clearly, he didn't want Zen to beat him!

Looking at the warrior who was moving further and further away, Zen shook his head and smiled. 'Did he do that just to retain his place in the top ten?' he thought curiously.

This warrior might have inherited some sort of ancient bloodline. Blood essence was very precious. But he had burnt his own blood essence just to stay in the top ten. This was a bit of a waste...

Moreover, at this stage, speed was no longer important. In fact, after they traveled ten thousand miles, it was more a competition of endurance.

The warrior fled rapidly into the endless Law Storm. His figure quickly became blurry and he gradually disappeared from Zen's line of sight.

Zen maintained his pace, continuing to fly at a moderate speed!

Another five minutes passed...

As he advanced steadily, a gigantic black hole appeared not far away. It completely engulfed the warrior who ranked tenth.

The Law Power at this stage was already terrifying. In addition to that, some very rare laws were also present in the Law Storm. Although these laws were derived from the Original Law, they had formed another law system.

This huge black hole was the legendary Dark Law. It was said that once one cultivated this Dark Law to its full limit, it would be able to devour everything, including the entire universe!

Although the black hole in front of Zen couldn't achieve this, it was difficult for the warrior, who was devoured into it, to get out and fight it on his own.

As he passed the black hole, Zen also felt its strong magnetic pull. At the same time, he also saw that the warrior within the black hole was trying to call out to him.

But Zen could not hear any sound. The black hole could absorb everything, including sound and light. The warrior's cries for help could not escape the black hole either.

Zen tried to read the warrior's lips and understood that the warrior wanted him to help!

He shook his head indifferently.

It wasn't that he planned to just stand by and watch the warrior get eliminated. In fact, it might not be a big deal for Zen to help the warrior escape the black hole.

But Zen himself wasn't familiar with the Dark Law. It would be too bad, if he, too, were to get trapped in it. He also believed that the palace leaders would help to extract the warrior from the black hole. At this point though, the chances of the warrior getting eliminated were high, or perhaps it could be said that he had already been eliminated.

Now that he had surpassed and replaced his competing warrior, Zen was finally in the tenth place.

However, just as Zen entered the top ten, a figure flew overhead at a high speed. He didn't see it clearly in this boundless Law Storm. He could only make out that the faint shadow might belong to a big bird.

When the "big bird" approached, Zen realized that it was Layla. But she had a pair of wings on her back!

When Layla came closer him, he asked with a strange expression, "Why are you flying back?"

She looked at him blandly and replied, "I thought you have already been eliminated!"

"I won't be eliminated so easily," Zen said, shaking his head confidently.

"You are just too slow!" she mocked him again.

"We are not competing for speed!" Zen was not going to increase his speed in order to chase after someone, nor was he going to slow down for anybody.

"It is great that you are not eliminated. I'll wait for you in the front!"

Layla spread her wings and flew away. However, suddenly a "snowstorm" appeared. Gigantic fireballs formed by the Fire Laws and ice spears, which were over one hundred feet long, started falling on them!

Layla whizzed off, and she passed through the snowstorm in a flash. Occasionally, there would be some fireballs blocking her way, but she wrapped her wings around her body and zoomed directly through them.

"She came back just to say something to Zen..."

"Layla is really very self-confident!"

"She can travel twelve thousand miles with such ease. This woman... This woman might have the qualifications to challenge the record set by Supreme Lord Illusion!"

Not many warriors remained in the Enchanted Barrier Tower, and the few who were there garnered attention by the others. Layla, who was previously ranked first, naturally received the most attention.

She only wanted to talk to Zen when she had returned resolutely, which stunned the palace masters.

Other warriors found it difficult to take a single step forward, but Layla seemed to advance in such a fierce Law Storm pretty easily. Everyone marveled at her remarkable ability!

Meanwhile, Zen continued improving his ranking.

Ninth place, eighth place, seventh place...

With his steady progress, he quickly entered the top five and then the top four...

By the time they reached the 13, 000th mile, he was already in the top three.

This was because seven of the top ten warriors had already been eliminated!

The strangest thing was that the top three warriors were from the Mist Palace.

Layla was still in first place, Javier was second and Zen was third!

The palace leaders and vice leaders from the other twelve palaces looked very embarrassed at this point.

In the past, their warriors had excelled in this competition. However, this year, it seemed that every palace had some remarkable talents, and all of them had attained the ten-thousand-mile mark. All the warriors, who were still moving forward after traveling ten thousand miles, belonged to the Mist Palace. It was obvious that the gap between the warriors of the Mist Palace and those from other palaces was very large.

Chapter 1378 Sixteen Thousand Miles

The leader of the Shadow Palace sighed. "It seems that the warriors of the Mist Palace are performing very well this year."

The other palace leaders were also speechless. They didn't know where and how the Mist Palace had found such remarkable talents. It seemed that these three warriors could easily break the record—a distance of fourteen thousand miles!

Yolande was still calm.

Yolande thought that Zen had much greater potential than this. He could achieve far greater things.

At this moment, the old man in cotton clothes spoke, "Zen and Javier are warriors who ascended from the Lower World, right?"

Yolande nodded. "Yes."

The old man dressed in cotton clothes chuckled and said, "It looks like we got another miracle from the warriors of the Lower World..."

This so-called miracle of the warriors, who had ascended to the Upper World, was just a concept that circulated in the Upper World.

Over the years, there had been many warriors who had ascended from the Lower World, but most of them were just ordinary warriors with ordinary abilities.

This was also pretty normal. Generally, the cultivation methods, inheritances, and resources of a supreme world were much superior to those of the Lower World.

So all those who had ascended from the Lower World were always amazed at what they saw in the Upper World. However, some of them had managed to surprise everyone with their skills and strength after they ascended.

For instance, Supreme Lord Illusion's great talent surprised all of the members of the whole alliance before. After becoming a Supreme Lord, he became one of the most outstanding Supreme Lords ever.

"A miracle of the warriors from the Lower World... Can it really be called a miracle?" A palace leader shook his head.

"Are you saying that they might be able to break the record of Supreme Lord Illusion?" another palace leader asked.

The old record of eighteen thousand miles was difficult enough to beat and not even the most talented warriors of thirteen palaces could even dream to break it.

In the previous Passing the Torch, no warrior then had the ability to break this record.

The old man dressed in cotton clothes only chuckled and didn't say anything more.

In the Enchanted Barrier Tower, Layla didn't stay any longer. She was like a jubilant skylark, just freely flying through the Law Storm.

Now that she was sure that Zen was following her, she didn't need to wait any longer. She wanted to leave him as far behind as possible.

Layla's flying speed had now increased by double. No matter how crazy the Law Storm was, it was unable to hinder her agile figure.

Javier, meanwhile, was exhausted.

Javier had already cultivated in seclusion before he joined the Passing the Torch.

Zen was brought into the Mist Palace by Yolande not long after he ascended to the Upper World.

However, Javier had experienced a lot of hardships after flying into the Upper World. His remarkable talent was what brought him to Yolande. After that, he successfully entered the Mist Palace with the help of Yolande.

He found out about the story of Supreme Lord Illusion there!

He knew that those who ascended to the Upper World could also achieve supreme achievements and become a Supreme Lord to be admired by the living creatures in the universe.

When they were in the Lower World, Javier had met Yolande during a crisis. Yolande had offered him help and even trained him to become one of the most powerful warriors in the great world.

When he had already achieved his goal, he sought for Yolande. However, he discovered that she was only a clone that had already returned to the Upper World.

When he found out about this, he decided to follow her. He didn't want to give up looking for Yolande even though he knew Yolande didn't necessarily like him.

He just wanted to prove to her that he could become a great warrior too just like Supreme Lord Illusion.

But now, the Law Storm was becoming stronger and stronger. The wounds on his body were becoming increasingly severe. Both his legs and arms were so seriously injured that his bone was already protruding.

He relied on his strong willpower to be able to make it through for now.

As for Zen, he was still in third place. His speed didn't increase, and he also didn't slow down!

As he kept moving into the depths of the Law Storm, he saw more beauty of it.

Along the way, for example, he saw the purple ice crystals that regularly formed strange lines on the ground. These lines were all completely natural but they contained the very unique Law Power.

He also saw the terrace-like pools where the purple liquid flowed, but if one looked carefully, one would see that the liquid was actually caused by the lightning.

Of course, among these magnificent layers hid danger. If Zen wasn't careful, then the Law Power would pounce right at him.

Just as Zen was advancing, there was a violent roar that came from the front.

"Ah..."

Zen looked over and saw a figure.

Javier?

Zen didn't really know Javier, but he knew that he was the warrior that ranked first in the Swallow Cloud House. He also said something strange when Yolande used the Red Cloud Ring to select warriors.

He seemed to be pursuing Yolande.

When Zen walked in, he found Javier's body entangled among the golden vines. He was struggling, trying to break free from the vines. He looked like he was having difficulty breathing and his body was covered in wounds. He looked miserable.

Zen was stunned to see Javier struggle like that. He exhaled a deep breath to calm himself down.

While these golden vines were not living creatures, they were formed by the Wood Law. No matter how hard Javier struggled, he wouldn't be able to break free from these vines.

Zen's figure flashed as he hovered in the air. He then asked, "Do you need help?"

Javier had been struggling for quite a while and he still hadn't been able to get rid of the golden vines. Suddenly, he heard Zen. He glared back at him, "No!"

"But you can't escape these vines on your own," Zen said, lowering his head. He knew that there were some warriors who had strange tempers, so he asked Javier first instead of helping him right away. The more talented a warrior was, the more temperamental he was.

At that moment, Javier suddenly raised his head and stared at Zen. He looked crazily at him as he said, "What I want is to prove my strength, so I don't need your help."

Hearing this, Zen smirked. "Are you doing this for Yolande?"

"You... Why are you calling her by her first name?" Javier said in a cold voice, his face indignant.

Yolande held a high position in Mist Palace. Normally, the young talented warriors would address Yolande as "Master" and none of them dared to call her by her name alone.

But Javier called Yolande by her name because he had met Yolande in the Lower World before. In addition to that, he had always felt that he was special to Yolande. Besides, Yolande didn't care what they called her.

Zen smiled faintly and said, "Is it that strange? You aren't the only one who met Yolande in a great world..."

"You're also a warrior from the Lower World, and you..." Javier had cultivated in isolation in order to take part in the Passing the Torch, so he didn't know anything about Zen.

Before Javier could even finish speaking, Zen nodded his head and said, "That's right, Yolande has so many clones so you're not the only one she's encountered."

Javier was silent upon hearing this and he didn't look so indignant anymore.

Zen continued, "I know you want to prove yourself to Yolande but you seem to have made a mistake."

"What mistake?" Javier said coldly.

"The Yolande you like isn't the same Yolande you are meeting now...

The clone is not the main body after all. After Yolande devours the clone, it will disappear from this world...

So you don't need to prove anything to the current Yolande."

Zen wasn't a relationship expert but since Javier had ascended to the Upper World like he did, he didn't mind saying stuff like this to him.

Suddenly, the atmosphere outside the Enchanted Barrier Tower became awkward.

Even Yolande, who normally kept a straight face, had a strange expression. The rest of the palace leaders were knowingly eyeing Yolande.

As for the old man in cotton clothes, he chuckled and said, "Now these young warriors are very strange and interesting. I can't believe they can manage to talk about things like that in the middle of this Law Storm!"

Javier was calm upon hearing what Zen had said. Zen shook his head as if he thought there was no use persuading Javier anymore. He just wanted to tell Javier what he thought. To Yolande, her clones were just trivial memories. She couldn't possibly reciprocate Javier's affection.

After Zen finished speaking, he didn't linger anymore and continued moving forward. It was up to Javier if he was going to accept it or not.

As they got distracted by Zen and Javier, everyone quickly turned their attention to Layla who had already traveled over sixteen thousand miles.

She was only two thousand miles away from Supreme Lord Illusion's record. However, as she reached this, it was increasingly becoming difficult to move forward.

Chapter 1379 An Incredible Record

"She's already reached the 16, 000th mile. This Layla, she's really amazing…"

"I have no doubt that this woman is going to be admitted to the Spring Fragrance Pavilion when she passes the test of Passing the Torch!"

"It's truly impressive. Back when I took the test in the Enchanted Barrier Tower, I was only able to travel 13000 miles. That was already my limit!"

The leaders of the palaces were all shocked at Layla's capabilities.

Even though she'd already impressed them earlier, they never thought that she would break a record.

Everyone was more amazed at what happened next.

When Layla surpassed the 16000 miles' mark, she increased her speed again. Her body was then covered in a layer of cyan light and a small crack appeared on the spot between her eyebrows where a small cyan stone could be seen.

The stone was about the size of a fingertip and it looked nothing out of the ordinary.

When the leaders saw the stone, they seemed to be shocked. The old man in cotton clothes even stood up in surprise.

"The Wrath of the Ocean!"

"She actually has the Wrath of the Ocean!"

"That old Kyron really did hide it quite well…."

Some were surprised while some sighed.

The other martial artists who were also watching were confused. They didn't know what the Wrath of the Ocean was.

The old man in cotton clothes descended slowly back to his chair and muttered, "That's not right. If Layla has the Wrath of the Ocean, it's impossible that the Spring Fragrance Pavilion didn't know, and Kyron wouldn't have sent her to participate in Passing the Torch in the first place…"

"From the looks of it, he probably doesn't know that Layla has the Wrath of the Ocean.." Yolande said as she nodded. She was suddenly looking at Layla in a different light.

In fact, Yolande had always thought that Zen would surpass Layla sooner or later. It was something she'd always believed in based on the memories of two of her clones.

However, when she saw that Layla had the Wrath of the Ocean, she started to question her judgment.

The Wrath of the Ocean was an extremely special and powerful talent.

In the Upper World, special talents, skills, and physiques weren't uncommon. For instance, there was an ancient ogre who had a physique that was indestructible. When the cultivator reached a certain realm, his body could never be destroyed. Even when he was turned to fine powder, he could still recover.

Other examples were the Purple Power Body, the Genuine Phoenix and Genuine Dragon bloodlines, and all sorts of legendary beasts bloodlines. There were some martial artists that came from these bloodlines and it wasn't uncommon at all. Just like the Dragon Lineage Human of the Genuine Dragon World, almost all of them were descended from the bloodline of the Genuine Dragon. They might be extremely rare in the Lower World, but they were very common in the supreme worlds.

But the Wrath of the Ocean was different.

Martial artists with the Wrath of the Ocean were extremely rare and still remained a mystery to all the supreme worlds.

It was said that every Wrath of the Ocean had different abilities but there was definitely a Law of Causality within each of them. What was even more amazing was that the Law of Causality grew along with the martial artist's growth.

The weapons that possessed the Law of Causality were also supreme divine weapons. In all the supreme worlds, there were only about less than 3000 supreme divine weapons. Ordinary martial artists wouldn't be able to see any of these weapons in their lifetime. They could only be able to see the names of these weapons on the Universe Spirit Tablet.

Once a supreme divine weapon was forged, the Law of Causality within it would not be changed, and it was even more impossible for it to grow stronger…

This was why the leaders were all astounded when they saw the cyan stone on Layla's forehead.

Once Layla activated the Wrath of the Ocean, her speed only increased.

17000 miles…

18000 miles…

19000 miles…

20000 miles…

In just less than five minutes, Layla had already broken Supreme Lord Illusion's record. She hadn't even broken a sweat!

Within ten minutes, Layla had already surpassed 20000 miles.

From here on, as Layla continued, she was just creating her own record now.

The leaders were all watching with excitement. They wanted to know how far Layla could go.

Yolande pursed her lips and shifted her gaze back to Zen.

Zen's achievements were also amazing too. He wasn't by any means slow and he'd already reached the 16000th mile.

If Layla hadn't been here, Zen would have been the center of attraction.

What a pity that

Layla was so incredibly talented. When Zen had reached the 16000th mile, Layla had already reached the 20000th mile by then.

Zen's achievement paled in comparison.

"Layla's speed is still increasing!" one of the leaders cried.

At this point, no one was paying any attention to Zen anymore.

All of the leaders had their eyes fixed on Layla. As she continued to move forward, the Law Storm became more and more terrifying. However, she did not slow down, instead she moved even faster. Everyone was astounded. They all collectively gasped in admiration.

21000 miles…

22000 miles…

23000 miles…

Every time Layla advanced a thousand miles, the leaders of the palaces would exclaim in amazement.

As for the talents on the side of the square, they also marveled at her achievements. They no longer were in the place to be envious of this kind of woman. In the future, Layla would definitely become someone that they would look up to.

However, at this moment, the old man in cotton clothes said faintly, "Zen has also passed the eighteen thousand miles mark…"

The leaders who were staring at Layla finally withdrew their gazes from Layla.

"Zen also broke Supreme Lord Illusion's record?"

"That's amazing! If Layla wasn't here, Zen's achievement would still be just as amazing."

"What a pity. He-he, Zen is really unlucky. He should have set a new record, but in the end, Layla managed to set a more incredible record before him!"

The warriors in the square also started to discuss amongst themselves.

"Who knows who's going to win? Zen may not be fast, but he's still moving forward. He might even be able to catch up with Layla!"

"That's impossible. Layla has reached the 24000th mile. They're apart by 5000 miles. Once they go deeper into the tower, it'll be more difficult for him to catch up. How could you say he can catch up?"

"Of course he can't catch up. Everyone, look! Zen isn't moving!"

Suddenly, Zen stopped and everyone saw it.

Before this, Zen had continued to advance at a steady pace. He was neither slow nor fast. It was this rate of speed that allowed him to jump from last place to second place.

Zen stopping meant that he had run into trouble.

"I'm afraid that he has reached his limit."

"That might be the case. The Law Storm is at the level that he can no longer withstand..."

"Layla has already passed 240000 miles!"

As Layla constantly broke record after record, everyone couldn't help but wonder: how far could she go?

However, they all believed that in the end, the record that she would set would be one that wouldn't be surpassed anytime soon by anyone. What she had achieved today was outstanding even more so than the record Supreme Lord Illusion had set before.

Just as they expected, after Layla broke through the 24000 mark, her speed was still astonishingly fast without any signs of decreasing or stopping.

As for Zen, he had seemingly stopped at the 18000 mark and he wasn't moving as if he was meditating.

Yolande pursed her lips as she gazed at Zen. She was a little worried. From the very beginning. She had thought highly of Zen and hoped that he would surpass Layla. But now, Zen was seemingly stuck in the middle of the Law Storm. 'What is he up to?', she wondered.

"25000 miles!"

"26000 miles!"

"27000 miles… I'm going crazy, this woman's a freak!"

Layla didn't slow down until she reached the 28000th mile.

"She finally slowed down…"

"She has already surpassed Supreme Lord Illusion's record by 10000 miles. That's unbelievable!"

"Of course she has to slow down. If she continues to advance deeper into the tower, then she'll reach the place where the Law Storm is completely out of control. There's an inner layer of the Law Storm that's impossible to be seen."

Layla's speed rapidly decreased. After reaching the 28000th mile, she had advanced another 200 miles before she came to a stop.

Not long after, Layla's figure appeared at the entrance of the Enchanted Barrier Tower with a huge smile on her face.

While she was proud, she was still approachable. The martial artists from the thirteen palaces looked at her with great admiration as if she were some superior being.

When Layla returned to the side of the square, she looked up at the Enchanted Barrier Tower and asked, "Where's Zen? Eh? He's still at the 18000 mark?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1380 Not Bad

Layla tried to find out where Zen was before she left the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

However, in the face of the boundless Law Storm, she naturally couldn't know where Zen was or whether he had even been eliminated from the test already.

"So Zen reached the 18, 000th mile, right?"

Layla smiled. Even though she had left the Enchanted Barrier Tower before him, she was confident with what she had achieved. She knew that there was no way Zen would be able to beat her record.

Admittedly, 28, 200 miles was the best she could do.

After reaching the 28, 200th mile, Leila could feel the pressure.

The Law Storm could only be described as terrifying. The power of both thunder and fire mixed together, the extremely compressed wind blades, and the frost that could freeze anything...

If Layla had tried to push herself and realize her full potential, she might have been able to travel another thousand miles further.

However, she didn't think it was worth it. She believed she did her best and people were already impressed enough with her.

It was more than enough for her that she had beaten ordinary warriors and the talented ones too. She could proudly hold her head high in front of anyone including Zen.

It was so satisfying to see the astounded looks of all those warriors from the thirteen palaces.

She couldn't help but feel fulfilled as everyone looked at her with much respect and admiration.

"Layla, please come upstairs," she heard Yolande's voice calling for her.

Layla nodded lightly in response. Her embroidered shoes clattered on the floor as her small figure floated over so that she was in front of all the leaders.

Before, these leaders never really paid that much attention to Layla.

They were all powerful warriors that were qualified to be world lords and were regarded with prestige.

Layla was just a junior compared to them. She was much inferior in terms of age and her cultivation base.

But after what they had just witnessed, they regarded her now with respect and admiration.

Even standing in front of these powerful figures, Layla wasn't nervous at all. Instead, she turned to the old man wearing a cotton robe and asked, "If there's a reward for crossing 10, 000 miles, shouldn't there be a reward too for crossing 20, 000 miles?"

The old man was dumbfounded.

He'd never considered before that someone could reach 20, 000 miles.

So he hadn't prepared a reward for such an achievement.

One of the leaders said with a smile, "There should be a reward for her! 28, 000 miles. That's amazing! She deserves the best reward!"

"I agree! She should get a reward at least for the new record she has set!" another one chimed in.

The old man hesitated for a moment. What reward would be proper? He had trouble figuring it out.

Suddenly, they heard a faint voice, "I will give this reward to you."

The leaders of the palaces were stunned when they heard that voice. They then saw a person passing through the barrier that the old man had placed. He was descending slowly towards them.

"The lord of the Sunset World!"

"What an honor to see you here!"

When they recognized who it was, they all stood up from their seats to greet him. They all looked at him with much respect.

It should be noted that the leaders of the thirteen palaces were all considered important figures in the supreme worlds near the alliance.

For example, even though Yolande wasn't a world lord, the world lord of the Spirit Reading World treated her with respect when she went there for Zen.

Of course, all world lords enjoyed the status and respect.

The lord of the Sunset World had an extremely high status in the alliance. He was a core member even among all world lords, and he alone controlled the thirteen palaces' supreme worlds. His status was only second to that of the Supreme Lords, and only a few other world lords enjoyed the same status.

While everyone regarded the lord of the Sunset World with respect, Layla didn't seem like she could be bothered to show any respect for him. After all, she only cared about her reward.

Upon hearing the world lord's words, Layla excitedly asked, "So you'll give me the reward, right?"

The lord of the Sunset World nodded and looked at her kindly. "Yes, little girl."

"I'm not a little girl. My name is Layla!" Layla corrected him impatiently.

"Okay, Layla," the lord of the Sunset World was amused. He cleared his throat, a bit embarrassed and then added, "I was in a hurry so I wasn't able to prepare anything. However, I have three treasures with me, each of which can be considered a good reward for you. You can choose one."

After he finished speaking, the lord of the Sunset World waved his hand and three masses of light appeared out of nowhere in front of him.

There was a precious treasure within each of them.

Two of the treasures were first rank divine weapons: a snow-white sword and a light yellow saber.

The last one was a feather robe which was only a secondary first-rank divine weapon. However, since there were very few defensive weapons, this made the feather robe as valuable as the other treasures.

"The first two divine weapons are both ranked on the Universe Spirit Tablet. Although their rankings are very low, they are still far more powerful than any ordinary first-rank divine weapons. As for this feather robe, it is a defensive treasure that I unintentionally obtained," the world lord explained.

To everyone's surprise, Layla didn't hesitate at all and immediately pointed at the feather robe.

"Are you sure you're choosing the robe?" The lord of the Sunset World asked in curiosity.

"Of course!" Layla answered firmly, "It's the only one that looks nice!"

Upon hearing this, the leaders scratched their heads in confusion. Every treasure on the Universe Spirit Tablet was extremely valuable but Layla wasn't interested in them simply because they didn't look nice. It was as if she didn't care about the treasures' real value.

While the feather robe did look nice, it was extremely light and its surface reflected a variety of colors and patterns. It gave off an ethereal feeling. However, even then, most warriors would consider functionality above all especially given a special opportunity as this. Very few warriors would choose their weapon based on appearance alone.

The lord of the Sunset World nodded and then he did some sort of gesture. The light containing the robe floated towards Layla who then reached out to the mass of light and grabbed the gorgeous feather robe. It took her only a flick of the hand to wear the robe.

She proudly spun around on her tiptoes making sure to be graceful still. She'd always taken pride in her achievements.

The lord of the Sunset World then continued, "Now that she has reached such a distance, the Spring Fragrance Pavilion might send people to recruit her very soon. I wonder how Kyron will respond to it."

Yolande sized up the lively young girl and then answered, "Since Kyron has sent her here to undergo the assessment of Passing the Torch, he must have thought about this. I think he won't refuse the Spring Fragrance Pavilion."

"That's good." The lord of the Sunset World nodded. He suddenly turned to the Enchanted Barrier Tower, a curious look on his face. "Is there still someone inside the tower?"

Yolande nodded, "Yes. It's a warrior from my Mist Palace."

"Oh?" The lord of the Sunset World took a careful look and said with a slightly surprised voice, "He has reached the 18, 000th mile. That's not bad."

In fact, 18, 000 miles was not bad at all because it was excellent. This was Supreme Lord Illusion's record back then. Plus, Zen was actually at 18, 300 miles already which meant that he had already broken Supreme Lord Illusion's record.

This achievement was far from 'not bad.'

However, since Layla had just set a record of 28, 000 miles which was 10, 000 miles ahead of Zen, Zen's achievement suddenly paled in comparison.

Yolande discreetly pursed her lips and said, "Zen seems to be meditating. I think he's still going to go farther."

Yolande couldn't be sure. She had guessed that Zen would beat Supreme Lord Illusion's record and she had turned out to be right.

However, she wasn't sure how far Zen could actually reach. She could only make a conservative estimate.

Layla also looked towards the Enchanted Barrier Tower and said with a smile, "I agree! Zen's achievement is already great! He might go a bit farther and he might even reach the 20, 000 miles' mark!"

Yolande shot her an annoyed glance. She disliked Layla for her arrogance. Layla seemed to doubt that Zen could break her record.

Yolande secretly hoped that Zen would beat her. However, she knew how difficult it was to break the astonishing record that Layla had just set. For some reason, she felt upset about this.

The lord of the Sunset World said, "Let's just see if this boy will surprise us. If he can reach the 20, 000 miles' mark, I will also give him my reward. I just wonder how long he's going to meditate there. It's a bit difficult to meditate inside the Law Storm, after all."

The crowd then fell into silence as they observed the last person in the Enchanted Barrier Tower. Zen hadn't moved in a while and everyone was wondering how long this would last.

Chapter 1381 The Prototype

For the most part, there was no actual suspense regarding the contest results in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

Layla had not only broken the record set by Supreme Lord Illusion, but had also set a new record herself.

She had raised the bar higher by setting a record that was even more difficult to beat.

To put it simply, beating her record would be like turning the world upside down—impossible!

Zen had broken the record set by Supreme Lord Illusion. In spite of that, everyone was convinced that he wouldn't be able to break Layla's incredible record.

Eighteen thousand miles was already an insurmountable record, let alone twenty-eight thousand miles.

Since Zen was the last person to come out of the Enchanted Barrier Tower, everyone's attention was focused on him.

As time went by, Zen remained motionless in the Enchanted Barrier Tower like a monk in meditation, as if he was trying to comprehend something.

Layla curled her lips and darkened her eyebrows. Her eyes shone bright, reflecting the strong light from the sun.

Despite the first eighteen thousand miles being a bottleneck, it was relatively easy to finish. Beyond it, the Law Power was compressed to the limit.

All of the law fragments were condensed together to form the dark Law Storm.

Earlier when Supreme Lord Illusion stopped here, it was most likely due to the Law Storm.

However, Layla did not linger there for even a moment. After she opened Wrath of the Ocean, her focus kept her rushing on forward.

Although the dark Law Storm was fierce, it didn't pose much of a threat to Layla.

Meanwhile, everyone else wondered what was going on inside Zen's mind.

Two minutes had passed.

Five minutes...

One hour...

Two hours...

Four hours...

The heads of the palaces and the lord of Sunset World, however, remained calm. After all, they were all strong and experienced warriors.

To them, this length of time was like a fleeting moment.

On the other hand, the warriors in the plaza were starting to become a little anxious.

It wasn't that they were feeling impatient.

After all, they had gone through countless tough training and boring practices to become so strong and resilient.

A mere few hours of waiting was nothing to them. Sometimes, when they practiced closed door cultivation, they would spend at least an entire year with no one but themselves to keep them company.

However, Passing the Torch did not consist of only one trial in the Enchanted Barrier Tower. They were eagerly looking forward to the next trial. With this expectation, it wouldn't be a surprise if they felt as though time was passing dreadfully slowly.

"What is Zen doing? He is wasting everyone's time."

"Who knows? There's nothing we can do about it. The next trial of Passing the Torch will not be activated unless he comes out of the Enchanted Barrier Tower."

"If he wants to continue, he needs to hurry up! He has already broken Supreme Lord Illusion's record. That's more than enough. What else does he want? To beat Layla's record?"

The complaints of thousands of eager people filled every corner of the place.

Yolande, whose pale eyes were narrowed and without so much as a glint, was also filled with immense curiosity.

What was Zen thinking about?

Woosh...woosh...woosh...

The Law Storm swirled around violently in a spiral pattern in front of Zen.

It was divided into different levels.

At one thousand miles, the law fragments were still scattered, and gathering them together was no easy feat. Even after the initial condensation had occurred, what they formed were just tiny fragments of Law Power, which could only amass short wind blades or tiny fireballs.

However, after three thousand miles, the fragments of the Law Storm had gathered together on a massive scale.

The further one went, the more condensed they were. After ten thousand miles, those law fragments would take shape on a massive scale. Their attacks would become even more terrifying and formidable.

From ten thousand miles to eighteen thousand miles, despite the continual increase of power, there weren't any significant changes in the

Law Storm.

However, at this moment, the Law Storm in front of Zen had already been condensed to its limit. Multicolored laws had gathered together, swirling like a vast, gray fog.

At first glance, the speed at which the Law Storm circulated seemed much slower than before, but in reality, because of the compression of the various laws, it was much more difficult to advance forward in them.

The reason why Zen had stopped here was not that he was unable to pass the Law Storm, but that he had discovered that the highly condensed Law Storm was actually extremely similar to the chaotic energy in his body.

'By condensing all of the Original Laws to the limit, one will get the prototype of the chaotic energy. In fact the similarity is staggering, '

Zen pondered as he stared at the Law Storm in front of him.

'The Original Laws of the Law Storm are the result of several Supreme Lords exchanging blows with each other. They transformed the vitality between heaven and earth into the Law Powers, making them interweave and compress until finally they became like this.

All life evolved from the primal chaos, and the Original Laws are the foundation of all life in this universe.'

Zen's eyes started to glow like tiny balls of fire.

The vitality of heaven and earth could be harnessed by martial artists that cultivated the life vitality system.

According to this theory, these highly condensed Law Power already had the properties of chaotic energy. And now, Zen was the first to learn the Primal Chaos Technique.

Could he master the Law Storm?

As he thought of this, Zen no longer hesitated. He chanted the spells of the Primal Chaos Technique in his heart and began to trigger the condensed Law Storm.

Zen's master had placed the chaotic energy in Zen's elixir field, and then Zen slowly refined it.

At the moment, however, Zen didn't use the chaotic energy within his body. Instead, like a martial artist cultivating the life vitality system, he used the Primal Chaos Technique to make the Law Storm swirl in reverse, controlling it like the vitality between heaven and earth.

Even his master hadn't expected such an outcome. After all, the chaotic energy in the universe was very little to no.

Fortunately, Zen wasn't inflexible. As a warrior, he loved exploring new things. More importantly, even his master himself did not cultivate the Primal Chaos Technique. Since Zen had chosen to be a practitioner, he could only comprehend it, study it, and improve on his own.

Three seconds later, his body started to emit an invisible force, wrapping his body.

A smirk appeared on his face as he sat there and closed his eyes. The Law Storm in front of him seemed to be affected by the force and started to swirl in two opposite directions.

The gray Law Storm was constantly swirling, but at a slow speed. It was spinning slightly unnaturally due to the influence of Zen's Primal Chaos Technique, but the lord of Sunset World outside the Enchanted Barrier Tower, Yolande and the other heads of the palaces did not notice anything amiss.

Soon, someone shouted, "Finally this guy has stood up!"

"Does he plan to leave the Enchanted Barrier Tower or continue to move forward?"

"It looks like he's starting to move forward."

"He's actually walking with his legs."

"He's finally flying."

"He is still very slow."

"He is accelerating! Wow, he is moving really fast!"

"But... he still hasn't used his life vitality! It seems like he isn't using any secret techniques. So how can he be so fast?"

"Oh God!"

The practitioners, on one side of the plaza, who had been complaining nonstop before, were now clamoring again. Of course, this time they weren't complaining about Zen's delay, but rather they were amazed at his speed.

Zen was advancing even faster than Layla from before.

The heads of palaces, at this moment, had very interesting expressions on their faces. The lord of Sunset World was looking at Zen attentively.

Zen knew why Layla was able to travel 28, 000 miles at such a high speed. She did so by opening the Wrath of the Ocean.

However, Zen was relying only on his own strength. Despite his vast knowledge and experience, the lord of Sunset World was unable to figure out how he did it.

"Zen seems to be even more powerful than Layla," one of the heads of the palaces exclaimed, mouth agape in astonishment.

"That seems to be the case, but he still hasn't covered twenty thousand miles. I don't think he will be able to break Layla's record," argued another palace leader.

Yolande remained indifferent just as she was before, but the corners of her mouth curved into a faint smile.

The surprise in Layla's eyes was undeniable as she stood on the top floor. However, after she pursed her lips, she faintly said to herself, "I know you won't stop at 18, 000 miles, otherwise you wouldn't be fit to be my rival. But to go beyond 28, 000 miles is impossible!"

Chapter 1382 Break The Record

Zen didn't really absorb the Law Storm into his body.

It could be because of the high degree of concentration of the Law Storm that it had the elementary form of chaotic energy. It seemed that there was some sort of "restoration" taking place in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

However, the Law Storm was not chaotic energy, and it wouldn't be good for Zen if he absorbed it into his elixir field.

Nonetheless, Zen was satisfied that he could make use of the Law Storm.

He was aware that the Law Storm couldn't obstruct him anymore. It was as if he was flying in the outside world. He felt rather relaxed.

As Zen increased his speed, he flew forward like a bat out of hell.

Thus, the palace leaders became more and more surprised.

In an instant, Zen had passed 19, 000 miles.

And then, 20, 000 miles....

21, 000 miles...

22, 000 miles...

Zen did not stop and continued onward at full speed.

"This is so amazing! He is like flying in the outside world."

"What secret method is this guy using? He must be cheating!"

Javier was still healing himself at the corner of the plaza. A bitter smile cracked his lips after he witnessed the performance of Layla and Zen.

'Darn, I was so naive.

I wanted to prove myself so bad and be the number one in Passing the Torch.

Why didn't I think of how impossible that was with Layla and Zen around? I'm far behind to either of them, ' he thought.

Meanwhile, Layla could no longer stay calm.

Her heart pounded and her hands clenched into fists. Her fingertips were beginning to turn pale due to the amount of strength she was using. Thus, her blood couldn't flow to her fingertips anymore.

"He passed 23, 000 miles! Will he continue?" uttered Layla to herself while looking sideways at Zen. She really wanted to call for a halt. She wanted Zen to stop. 'Stop moving! Stop moving!' she kept yelling inside her head.

However, Zen just kept moving forward.

23, 000 miles...

24, 000 miles...

25, 000 miles...

"He has already passed 23, 000 miles." The lord of Sunset World clapped his hands and laughed. "Amazing! Truly amazing! I missed his performance earlier. I didn't expect this guy to be capable of doing something like this."

"Well, it looks like you are going to suffer a great loss," joked Yolande with a smile.

As a reply, the world lord laughed. "I have always been generous to the juniors. Since I've promised, I won't go back on my word."

Yolande suddenly thought of something at that time. Thus, she flashed a smile and asked, "There is a reward for passing 20, 000 miles. I wonder if there's another reward for passing 30, 000 miles."

Surprise showed on the world lord's face. On the other hand, all other palace leaders looked at them too with a strange expression on their faces.

"30, 000 miles? Yolande, you must be kidding," exclaimed one of the palace leaders while shaking his head.

Still laughing, the world lord said, "It's not like you don't know why Layla gave up just now upon reaching 28, 000 miles, Yolande."

Yolande nodded. "I know. After reaching 28, 000 miles, the warriors will enter the inner circle of the Law Storm. I also know that the Law Power within it hasn't been completely shattered. It's a forbidden area for a warrior like Zen."

"Now do you still have the confidence that Zen can pass 30, 000 miles?" mocked another palace leader.

Zen was still continuing his journey by that time. It was indeed a stunning performance, but to pass 30, 000 miles still seemed impossible for a warrior like him. Thus, nobody believed Yolande.

"Where are you getting your confidence?" asked another palace leader.

Yolande just smiled at the palace leader and didn't even seem to care about his doubts.

To be honest, she wasn't that confident that Zen could pass 30, 000 miles either. But then, it had been common for Zen to surprise her with what he could do. That was the reason that she felt confident that time.

"I'm actually not as confident as you all think, but I think that a miracle is about to happen now," she voiced out.

"Impossible," a palace leader said resolutely.

Yolande glared at that palace leader angrily and spat, "I'm not talking to you."

Amused by her reaction, the world lord laughed and said, "Well, since Yolande brought it up, I have to do something. Okay. If this kid passes 30, 000 miles, then it will be just natural for me to give him a big reward."

It was only after Yolande heard that promise that her face beamed with happiness.

Layla, who happened to be standing at the side, heard their conversation. She was secretly fuming inside, though her face remained expressionless.

'30, 000 miles?

He hasn't even broken the 28, 000-mile record I set yet! How could they talk like they were sure he'll break my record? That's absurd!'

she thought amid the growing worry in her heart.

The momentum of Zen's sprint was definitely not any weaker than hers. Actually, it was even fiercer and faster than hers.

'How is this possible?

I've even activated the Wrath of the Ocean.

However, Zen hasn't even used his life vitality to protect his body yet. He's just relying on his own physical strength to travel more than 20, 000 miles. What is going on?' her mind asked.

Irritated by her own thoughts, Layla arrogantly cocked her head to the side.

She was under the impression that she was the most talented warrior in the universe. Thus, she had always looked down at every one since entering the Mist Palace.

None of the warriors from the thirteen palaces could compare to her, and never had she expected to encounter a threat to what she believed.

However, on her first day in the Mist Palace, she met Zen and felt that he was a threat to her. Although she had been ignoring the mild fear he was stirring inside her, her worry of losing against him just kept on growing stronger and stronger.

Looking back at where Zen was, she finally understood why her heart was beating anxiously. Sadness and dejection flooded her in an instant, making her oblivious of the loud noise that suddenly filled the square.

"26, 000 miles!"

"Zen will definitely surpass Layla!"

"There shouldn't be much of a problem for Zen in surpassing Layla."

"27, 000 miles!"

"28, 000 miles! He'll break Layla's record after covering another 200 miles."

Layla's beautiful face turned pale. Her perfectly manicured nails dug her flesh when she clenched her hands into fists.

'200 miles.

It would only take a couple of seconds for Zen to cover that with his speed.

He will break my record for sure!' raged her thoughts.

Regret was eating her inside out fast. She would have fought harder if she had known how capable Zen was earlier. Even if she might have injured herself, she would have fought for a longer period of time. She could have done it!

She took a deep breath to calm herself down.

She was wrong when she left the Enchanted Barrier Tower safely. She was too confident that Zen wouldn't be able to catch up to her at the distance she set. It was only now that she realized how naive she had been to think of that.

She was still drowning in her regret when Zen passed 28, 200 miles and officially broke her record.

Originally, many warriors thought that Layla's record was unprecedented and unbreakable. Nobody expected for her record to be broken in this grand era.

However, the shocking reality was now screaming at their faces.

It was as if Layla's record wasn't terrifying and suffocating enough that Zen easily broke it.

Layla's record only lasted for a few hours.

"Will Zen continue moving forward?"

"Can he pass 29, 000 miles?"

"The space after 28, 000 miles is already the inner circle of the Law Storm. The difficulty isn't the same as how it was in the outer circle. Thus, Layla chose to leave the space 200 miles after she reached 28, 000. I believe that Zen will give up now that he has broken Layla's record."

The audience all thought that Zen would be leaving the Enchanted Barrier Tower now since there was no one competing with him anymore. He had already taken the first place, and it would be of little significance for him to still advance.

However, they were wrong.

This was because Zen wasn't thinking of surpassing anyone and had only been following his own will to move forward since he started.

The only person he wanted to challenge wasn't anyone else but himself.

Thus, he didn't stop and continued charging forward.

"We won't be able to observe him any longer once he enters the inner circle," a palace leader said while staring at the dark gray Law Storm.

"But we can still feel his position. He has already reached 29, 000 miles," the world lord said with a helpless smile. He now realized that Zen's goal was to pass 30, 000 miles.

At that time, one of the palace leaders said, "At around 29, 000-mile mark, I remember that there is a flame pool. There is the Immortal Profound Flame left by Supreme Lord of Profound Flame. Even after all these years, the flame pool still hasn't been completely absorbed by the Law Storm. I don't think Zen would cross that flame pool."

Chapter 1383 The Flame Pool

After Zen entered the inner circle of the Law Storm, no one could see him, but they could still feel his position and deduce how many miles he had covered. This was truly becoming an interesting spectacle to observe, and the palace leaders all followed Zen's progress with bated breaths.

The palace leaders were all extremely familiar with the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

When that palace leader had mentioned the flame pool earlier, the other leaders immediately understood what he was talking about.

The flame pool was located at the 29, 800-mile mark. This was where the Immortal Profound Flame had been left by Supreme Lord of Profound Flame.

In the chaotic war among several Supreme Lords many years ago, the Law Power that they had used had nearly torn the entire Orange Sea World apart. The remnant might of the Law Power reverberated throughout the entire supreme world, turning the Orange Sea World into a dead world.

In the end, the alliance took a fancy to the Orange Sea World and used the remaining land as a training ground, while they named it Passing the Torch. The alliance had made the best use of the Orange Sea World's remains.

The remaining Law Power had slowly evolved, disintegrating into various law fragments, and then finally intertwined together to form this massive Law Storm.

However, not all of the Supreme Lords' remaining Law Power had disintegrated. Some of it still lingered in the Orange Sea World.

The skills of some of the Supreme Lords were able to transcend both space and time, such as the Immortal Profound Flame.

Even though it had endured for countless years and was engulfed by the Law Storm, the Immortal Profound Flame still maintained its exuberant state, burning fiercely within the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

It wasn't that the Immortal Profound Flame hadn't been disintegrated at all, but rather that it had also been disintegrated into a considerable amount of Fire Law fragments. And these Fire Law fragments had also fused with the Law Storm.

But even after so many years, when some of the palace leaders entered to investigate, they discovered that the flame pool still contained much danger.

The flame pool would not have been worth mentioning to the palace leaders, but it was still something left behind by a Supreme Lord. For warriors at the Life and Death Realm or the Soul Sea Realm, it was like hell. Zen was going to face an obstacle the likes of which he had never dealt with before.

Yolande, the other palace leaders and the lord of the Sunset World were well aware of it.

That was why that palace leader had firmly told Yolande that it was simply impossible for Zen to reach 30, 000 miles.

This was equivalent to letting a newborn child walk into a blazing fire. But Yolande confidently said that this child would be able to do so. This was a very laughable hypothesis!

29, 600 miles...

29, 700 miles...

29, 800 miles...

No one could see Zen's figure, but they could all feel that he had stopped. At the distance of 29, 800 miles, he had stopped!

"I've already said it before. Zen won't be able to pass it. Even if the Immortal Profound Flame only has one in a hundred thousand of its original power, he will still not be able to pass it."

"I think this kid is probably busy worrying about the flame pool."

"Actually, 29, 800 miles is far enough. I can guarantee that there will be no one who will be able to break the record any time soon. Not a single one! Zen has already won."

These palace leaders weren't despising Zen, but they were rather relying on their own common sense to make a correct estimation and evaluation of him.

Yolande didn't say anything. There was no point in arguing. The key was that she wasn't sure, and was even slightly worried.

She had been to the flame pool formed by the Immortal Profound Flame before. It was naturally nothing for her. However, with Zen's cultivation level, no matter how hard he tried, it would be difficult for him to pass.

She was afraid that Zen was too stubborn. Even though he clearly knew that his strength was insufficient, he still wanted to pass the flame pool. If he was seriously injured or even died in the flame pool, that would be such a tragic loss.

Zen was a man who couldn't be told his fate, but that did not mean that he would not die. It was just that no one would be able to deduce his fate. His life was a mystery. He had defied all the odds in his progress as a warrior, and was not someone who could be placed into a box. He was continuously redefining himself.

As for the warriors at the side of the plaza, although they couldn't see Zen's movements, the discussion had become even more intense now.

"Zen must pass 30, 000 miles."

"He has already reached 29, 000 miles. It will be such a travesty if he doesn't manage to make it through."

"You guys know nothing! There's a flame pool there. Have you heard of it? A few years ago, there were still people who investigated the remaining power left behind by Supreme Lord of Profound Flame. It is said that even if a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior were to touch the flame, he would still be burnt to ashes. What do you think Zen is made of? Are you planning to let him swim through the flame pool?"

They argued with each other intensely, as if the warrior in the Enchanted Barrier Tower weren't Zen, but themselves.

After all, they knew they would by no means be able to compete with Zen. They were not even able to compare themselves to him. Therefore, there were some more objective points of view when they discussed about it.

Layla, on the other hand, was sitting in a corner with her mouth pursed, looking like a wronged little girl. No one knew what was on her mind.

At this moment, Zen was indeed standing next to a huge flame pool.

Although it was called a pool, the truth was that the flame pool was 200 miles long. It was already comparable to some of the large lakes of many great worlds.

Within this flame pool, purple flames soared into the sky and directly cut open the surrounding Law Storm. They reached the dome of the Enchanted Barrier Tower, blocking Zen's path forward. The air crackled with the lively energy present at the scene.

"I'm completely unable to comprehend the Law Power within these flames. This Fire Law is at least beyond the fifth layer," Zen muttered to himself.

Zen understood that the Fire Law definitely wasn't limited to just the fifth layer. After all, the Law Storm was the remaining might of Supreme Lords. And, the layer of laws comprehended by Supreme Lords was not something that Zen could easily imagine.

"There seems to be a trace of Life Law within these flames. This is really amazing!" Zen exclaimed in excitement at the discovery. The Fire Law represented annihilation, and was contrary to the Life Law. With these two laws fused together, it was easy to imagine just how difficult it was to create such flames.

Zen was able to control the compressed Law Storm to a certain extent, but he was unable to control the flames in the pool.

However, he had already begun to formulate a plan in his mind. The warriors outside the Enchanted Barrier Tower had spoken correctly, and Zen was planning to swim over.

After Zen's body was forged into a sacred weapon by Raging Fire, he was no longer able to find some suitable fire to temper his body further. To him, the flame pool before him was not a crisis but a lucky chance. He always relished the chance to prove himself and reach a new level.

Perhaps, he would be able to improve his physical body once again with the flame pool and make his body into a divine weapon.

If his physical body became stronger, the amount of dragon scales he would be able to bear would also increase by a level. It would clearly have obvious benefits for his strength development.

However, Zen felt some hesitation when he stopped in front of the flame pool.

The flame pool was something left behind by a Supreme Lord. Perhaps the remaining might within it had weakened countless times over the years, but the purple flames still made Zen feel a brief tingling of fear. There was something ominous and threatening about the purple flames.

Would his sacred weapon body be able to withstand the burning of these purple flames? Was he overestimating his skills? Would he soon face the music? Warriors were all endowed with a certain elevated sense of self, and though this was one of their best assets, it could also be their downfall.

Previously, Zen had also understood that with his sacred weapon body, he didn't seem to be afraid of any flames. However, this time, the flames he encountered were completely different. And clearly more deadly!

If he did not succeed and died here, it would be a tragedy. To have come so far and then fail was a tragedy which he could not allow.

Thinking of this, Zen slowly walked to the edge of the flame pool. The closer he got, the more he could feel the fierce heat blowing against his face. Great, shimmering heat waves drifted lazily across the air.

When he was still about 100 feet away, his clothing burst into flames and then turned into a pile of white ashes, scattering from his body. Flexing his powerful body, Zen struggled on.

"These are the most powerful flames among all of the flames that I have ever come in contact with," he murmured appreciatively.

Zen was both vigilant and hopeful in the face of the roaring flames. He knew that he was taking a risk, but there were some dangers that he had no choice but to face. His honor demanded it, and he didn't back down from a challenge.

He slowly walked to the edge of the flame pool and stared at the violent flames as he extended his hand into the flame pool.

Chapter 1384 The Divine Flame World

To be safe, Zen only stretched out one hand.

If these flames could really incinerate his body, then he would be able to retreat in time. Losing one arm was better than losing his entire body.

Zen was being naive, though.

The moment he touched the purple flames, they spread from his arm throughout his body at a speed that far exceeded his imagination. There was no time for him to react at all.

The scorching heat from the flames poured directly into his body, spreading to every bone and every organ.

"This is bad..." Zen's face darkened. He hadn't thought that these purple flames would be so powerful.

He gritted his teeth while bearing the scorching heat of the purple flames. As for whether or not he would succeed, it was up to the heavens.

Zen had been tempered by flames before, but this time his body reacted way faster and much more violently.

Under the burning of the flames, his body turned red, as if he was a statue that was melting into molten steel.

At the same time, golden vortexes appeared on the surface of his body and started to spin quickly.

When the golden vortexes began to absorb the purple flames, Zen started to feel relieved.

Although Zen felt confident, he couldn't help but worry that the flames left behind by the Supreme Lord were too powerful. It was true that his physical body was comparable to a sacred weapon, but these flames were impressive. He knew that if he were to throw a sacred weapon into the fire, it would instantly turn into molten metal.

Zen never thought that these flames would be so fierce. He felt relieved that his body reacted incredibly fast, or he wouldn't have been able to withstand the heat.

Now that he had already absorbed some of the purple flames, he decided to wait before crossing the flame pool until his body had settled.

As the dense golden vortexes were crazily absorbing the purple flames, he soon found out that there was something wrong.

The golden vortexes were absorbing the flames too fast, just like a starving boy wolfing down his food. Each time the golden vortexes were activated, they would be able to completely absorb the flames within a short period of time. They were just like vicious beasts that had starved for a thousand years, and were extremely greedy for the flames.

Now, even though his body had been absorbing the flames for so long, the purple flames on his body would not disappear. They kept on burning even more brilliantly making Zen shine.

From a distance, Zen looked like a burning pillar of fire. A long tower of fire soared up above his head, charging straight to the top of the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

"These purple flames keep coming. It seems like I will never be able to absorb all of them."

Zen placed his hands in front of his chest and looked at the purple flames that continuously coiled around him. A worried and cautious expression appeared on his face.

"This is the Immortal Profound Flame left by the Supreme Lord of Profound Flame. It will not be easy to extinguish it," Lavender said calmly.

"The Immortal Profound Flame?" asked Zen.

"Yes, the Immortal Profound Flame has a great history. It wasn't created by the Supreme Lord of Profound Flame himself, but came from the Divine Flame World," Lavender continued.

"The Divine Flame World?" Zen was caught by surprise. He had never heard of this supreme world. However, he hadn't been in the Upper World for long, so there was no way he could know everything about it.

The Divine Flame World was an independent supreme world within the universe.

The special thing about this supreme world was that it was filled with all sorts of blazing fires.

It was not suitable for living beings to live in, and only a few fire-resistant or special-shaped creatures could survive here. Truth was, the flames were the indigenous inhabitants of the Divine Flame World.

In fact, fires and thunders would all gradually turn into spirits and slowly acquire wisdom.

The golden wind blades that Zen had encountered before in the storms of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars also possessed their own intelligence.

On the other hand, the Immortal Profound Flame was extremely rare to find in the enormous Divine Flame World.

Back then, in order to obtain this flame, the Supreme Lord of Profound Flame had personally entered the Divine Flame World. It had taken him dozens of years before he could capture a single wisp of it. He had nurtured it carefully afterwards, until it eventually became strong and vast.

The most important characteristic of the Immortal Profound Flame was that it could never extinguish.

Most of the power left behind by the Supreme Lords in the Law Storm had gradually disintegrated into law fragments. Yet, the Immortal Profound Flame was still burning fiercely. Even though it was much weaker than it had been back then, it still burned brightly.

Zen became anxious when he heard that the fire couldn't be extinguished.

"But... if the Immortal Profound Flame can't be extinguished, will it always be burning on my body? Will this ever end?" asked Zen.

"The Immortal Profound Flame can burn on your body for tens of thousands of years. Walking around with this flame on your body for tens of thousands of years is indeed very eye-catching." Lavender laughed.

It seemed that as a sacred weapon, Zen's physique could withstand the burning of the Immortal Profound Flame. After absorbing the immortal fire, it was very likely that his body would become even stronger and complete a new round of transformation.

The problem was that the flames couldn't be extinguished. Would Zen really have to walk around with the flames burning on him? He wouldn't even be able to wear clothes.

Moreover, he always carried with him his spirit beast bag, space ring, and other personal belonging, which now had been put somewhere near him.

If he couldn't extinguish the Immortal Profound Flame, he wouldn't be able to take those things with him. The space ring that Letitia had given him wasn't of a high grade. If it was burned by the Immortal Profound Flame, it would melt instantly.

Now, Zen was stumped.

However, he suddenly felt that something was amiss. He realized that Lavender's tone was extremely relaxed.

She supported Zen. As she already knew about the characteristics of the Immortal Profound Flame, she should have spoken up to stop him when he was trying to refine his body with the Immortal Profound Flame.

However, she didn't say a word, and her tone right now was very casual. It looked like she already knew a way to solve the problem.

"All right. Stop teasing him. Zen, you forgot about the Ancestral Dragon. Although it is still in its infancy and has no fighting power, it possesses some abilities that you can make use of," the cyan dragon said slowly.

"The Ancestral Dragon?" Zen was slightly surprised.

The baby dragon was still in Zen's spirit beast bag. However, ever since Zen had ascended to the Upper World, it had been sleeping a lot. When he was in the Mist Palace, Zen would let it roam around, but the little guy did not seem to be interested in him. Every time it was out of the bag, it would look for Margaret.

The Ancestral Dragon loved her food, so it kept following her. And even though it wouldn't help it grow, it really liked the flavor of her food.

When the cyan dragon brought the Ancestral Dragon up, Zen realized that the Ancestral Dragon seemed to be able to ignore all laws.

When he was in the Heavenly Stellar Secret Land, Zen had been unable to take out the Ancestral Dragon egg. The Ancestral Dragon had been able to easily ignore the limit of the spatial refraction. However, Zen and the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors of Celestial Position couldn't enter the refracted space.

"The Ancestral Dragon..."

A light flashed through Zen's eyes as he looked at the spirit beast bag.

But he didn't reach out to take the spirit beast bag. He lightly flicked his fingers towards the bag from a distance and, in a flash, the baby dragon dashed straight towards him and pounced into his arms.

The little guy had spent most of its time in Zen's spirit beast bag. Although the interior space of the spirit beast bag was big, it still felt stuffy and had to run outside to take a stroll.

It simply jumped onto Zen's body, ignoring the Immortal Profound Flame just like it had ignored the spatial refraction before. The Immortal Profound Flame indeed did not cause any harm to the Ancestral Dragon.

'This little guy is immune to all Original Laws.'

Zen held out his hands in front of the Ancestral Dragon. The purple flames on his hands continued to burn, without any sign of weakening.

When the Ancestral Dragon saw this it opened its small mouth and swallowed the flames burning on Zen's hands.

Before long, Zen began flying across the flame pool. He would still catch the Immortal Profound Flame while flying, and he did not let the Ancestral Dragon clean the flames on his body. He wanted to wait until after he had covered these two hundred miles.

Just then, the warriors outside the Enchanted Barrier Tower discovered that Zen had once again advanced!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1385 Thirty-six Thousand Miles

"This brat… he dared to break into the flame pool!"

"Anyone who touches the Immortal Profound Flame is doomed to be burned into ashes! Is this kid not afraid of death?"

Zen had stood in front of the pool for quite a while and all the leaders thought he would eventually give up and turn away. However, one could imagine their shock when he actually went and jumped into the pool!

The Immortal Profound Flame was an inextinguishable fire that would never cease to glow. If one valued their life then one would choose to steer clear of it, and it would be a blind faith if one chose to continue moving forward.

All these leaders had extensive knowledge and experience of the world while their strength could be considered close to the level of world lords. But despite their wisdom, it seemed they could still be surprised.

"Sir, shouldn't we bring that kid back?"

one of the leaders asked the Sunset World lord. The world lord pondered for a moment. It would be quite a pity if such an extraordinary warrior like Zen died in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

Layla was definitely set to be admitted to the Spring Fragrance Pavilion.

Zen, on the other hand, would probably be sent to the Gauze Pavilion!

There was no way the Sunset World lord could allow this young man to die. He suddenly stood up and prepared to go after him!

A world lord's stride could cross tens of thousands of miles in just a blink of an eye.

However, a gentle voice froze him in place, "Sir, please wait…"

The sound of Yolande's voice caused a strange expression to appear on the Sunset World lord's face, "Oh? What is it?"

"There's no need to bring Zen out. He… He won't perish," she told him.

She had initially been worried about Zen and also thought conclusions of these leaders were indeed reasonable, and she could also predict what would happen if Zen stepped into the flame pool.

However, after thinking more about it, she realized that Zen was not someone who would do something so recklessly. Since he had chosen to move forward, then he probably knew what he was doing. There was no need to worry about him.

These leaders' worries were reasonable and not unfounded but Zen had proven time and again that he wasn't someone that could be judged by common standards.

The Sunset World lord stood his ground after hearing Yolande's words. He stood back and looked towards the place where the young man had vanished. He too wanted to see if Zen would make it.

With this, the many leaders' worries abated, especially when they saw what happened to him next.

Within the flame pool, they witnessed that Zen was moving forward at a fast pace!

The entire flame pool was only two hundred miles wide.

His speed wasn't slow so it wouldn't take too much time for him to pass through it.

In fact, after five minutes, one of the leaders could only mumble in a daze, "He has passed it…"

"He's already traveled thirty thousand miles. This kid's speed has increased once again!"

"Thirty thousand and five hundred miles!"

Everyone fell silent, including the leaders and the warriors at the side of the square.

Even Layla was at a loss for words.

She remembered her master telling her that she would be the main character, nay, the star of this era.

But what was this? Why did someone such as Zen suddenly come and make her pale in comparison?

She dazedly pulled the blue butterfly ornament off her hair and kneaded it in her hand.

This ornament was incredibly vivid and was also a second-rank divine weapon of supporting functions. The blue butterfly also had its own special origin.

Layla always wore this ornament above her right ear. During times of extreme frustration, she would often take off an accessory from her body and knead it in her hand.

Cracks suddenly began to appear as she continued kneading the second-rank divine weapon.

Not long after, a small, shattering sound snapped her out of her reverie. Layla looked down at her hand and found that the butterfly wings had crumbled and broke in two. Then the whole ornament became numerous pieces in her hand.

A second-rank divine weapon was invaluable and destroying one was not an easy feat. She had obviously used her life vitality to destroy it, causing it to shatter.

It was only when the ornament had been reduced to dust that she raised her head. Her eyes flashed with a strong aura!

"I won't lose. Not to someone like you, Zen Luo!" she muttered.

She could accept her loss at this time in the Enchanted Barrier Tower but there were other tests to be accomplished in Passing the Torch. She did not feel discouraged despite this setback.

However, the price to set her mood back on track was high. The fine dust of the former second-rank divine weapon was proof of her rage but it served to further strengthen her conviction. Compared to those talents who lost and were unable to recover from the heavy blow, Layla's warrior spirit was relatively strong.

Amidst everyone's silence, Zen continued to break through.

Thirty-one thousand miles…

Thirty-two thousand miles…

Thirty-three thousand miles…

There was no limit to how far he could go. Nobody could predict when he would stop.

It wasn't until he reached thirty-six thousand miles that he halted.

And only because there was a lightning waterfall in front of him.

The lightning contained the power of the Water Law which resulted in its peculiar, waterfall-like movement.

The intense power of thunder and lightning collided and emitted a dazzling light. This electric waterfall exuded a far more intense power than the previous flame pool he jumped into before. There was no doubt that this was also another 'masterpiece' created by some Supreme Lord.

Zen simply stood in front of this waterfall.

He probably had a chance to cross it but was there really a need to take that risk?

Sure, it was important to test one's limits but there was a fine line that must be drawn between guts and reckless stupidity. He could die if he wasn't careful.

The only reason he was so confident to cross the flame pool earlier was because his body was immune to the attack of the Fire Law. All he needed to do then was to grit his teeth and run.

However, the power of thunder and lightning was another story.

Thus, Zen summoned the Ancestral Dragon and let it devour the Immortal Profound Flame that was on him!

After he passed through the flame pool, Zen hadn't put the Ancestral Dragon back into the spirit beast bag but instead had it accompany him along the way.

The little dragon seemed unaffected by the Law Power and was able to fly freely in the storm.

Meanwhile, Zen used the Immortal Profound Flame to temper his physical body, not really in any hurry to extinguish the flame after passing through the flame pool. Since the golden vortexes were absorbing the Immortal Profound Flame unceasingly, he would just let them be.

Numerous golden vortexes began to close up, absorbing the Immortal Profound Flame. Zen had to get rid of it now because Lavender had reminded him that he would walk out of here with the ball of Immortal Profound Flame on him. But he didn't think it would be acceptable if others saw him like this.

After the Ancestral Dragon completely devoured the Immortal Profound Flame, it burped loudly, indicating that it had eaten its fill.

Zen then stretched his hand out towards the little dragon.

With a snort, the Ancestral Dragon obediently went towards him and Zen stuffed it inside the spirit beast bag. His actions seemed to have displeased it as the little dragon moved wildly for a little bit before finally becoming still.

With the extinguished Immortal Profound Flame, Zen's molten red body finally began to cool down.

His tempered physique had once again risen another level though he couldn't be too sure what rank he had reached since he didn't see any evidence of divine textures on his chest. He could only figure it out in the future.

However, his strength still increased greatly!

To test this out, Zen began to condense the power of the dragon scales.

The surging power quickly rushed into his body!

One thousand dragon scales...

Three thousand dragon scales...

Five thousand dragon scales...

Ten thousand dragon scales...

Fifteen thousand dragon scales...

He had already activated all the dragon scales that had been lit up, but he felt nothing different in his body. All he could feel was the raw power surging through his veins!

He clenched his fist and marveled at how such a small action could release such a huge force that actually distorted the surrounded space!

It seemed that he would need to collect more heavenly essence…

Chapter 1386 The Cold Plum Blood Spear

Gathering the heavenly essence was not a difficult task for Zen.

In the past, he was restricted by his own sacred weapon body, but now that he was more powerful, he was no longer stopped by it.

His physical body had already become a divine weapon. Although he didn't know what grade of weapon it was, it would definitely be able to contain more than ten thousand dragon scales...

Thinking of this, Zen suddenly patted his head in self-assurance.

Would his body become a supreme divine weapon if it continued to gain more power?

'I've heard that the Universe Spirit Tablet is very special. Although the Law of Causality contained within it is useless in battle, it could detect all the magic weapons in the universe, ' he thought.

If his physical body became so strong, would his name also appear on the Universe Spirit Tablet?

Impressive as it was, Zen did not consider this a good thing for himself. He didn't want his special physique to be exposed to others.

Hence he voiced his concern.

Both Lavender and the cyan dragon passed their judgment at the same time, believing that it was indeed possible for his name to appear on the Universe Spirit Tablet!

His current physical body appeared to be made of flesh and blood, but his essence had already been changed by the Divine Flame Cauldron. In many ways, his body had the characteristics of a weapon.

One might say that he was half-human and half-weapon...

This sort of situation had never taken place in the universe before. Lavender and the cyan dragon thought it might be possible, but they were not a hundred percent certain that his name would really appear on the Spirit Tablet.

When Zen stopped in front of the lightning waterfall, the world lord of the Sunset World, Yolande and other palace leaders thought he was about to cross it.

Even Yolande was starting to get nervous. If Zen really did cross it, she would personally go in the waterfall and bring him out...

However, after reaching thirty-six thousand miles, Zen paused for a moment and changed his mind. Then, he suddenly appeared at the entrance of the Enchanted Barrier Tower!

At this moment, Zen's physical body upgraded to another level as he got burnt by the Profound Flame. His clothes were charred, so he took out a spare set of white clothes and put them on. He looked vivacious and extraordinary.

Many warriors who had returned from the Enchanted Barrier Tower were either injured or covered in dirt. Zen had traveled thirty-six thousand miles, going twice as far as Supreme Lord Illusion and eight thousand miles farther than Layla. It was not hard for the warriors of the thirteen palaces to imagine the danger involved in this journey.

But Zen looked perfectly fine, as if he had just returned from a vacation.

Many warriors were speechless and surprised, while some were indignant. The gap between them and Zen was just too large. They began to wonder if he had cheated in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

However, with so many palace leaders and the world lord watching, it was close to impossible to cheat. The truth was that they only accused him falsely in their minds to make themselves feel better.

"Zen, come up," Yolande said gracefully.

He nodded, and with a stomp of his foot, he flew to the top of the building and his eyes met Layla's.

If he had come out a little earlier, Layla would have glared at him. However, she had managed to compose herself, so she sportingly said, "Congratulations!"

He nodded slightly in acknowledgement and turned to look at Yolande. Layla, however, continued to study him, thinking to herself, 'I believe I can get another chance to defeat you...'

Yolande smiled faintly at Zen. "I don't think that anyone can ace your score in the future. You didn't disappoint me. Congratulations!"

"Thank you," he said with a smile.

Yolande looked at the Sunset World lord beside her and introduced him to Zen, "This is the lord of Sunset World. He has promised that there would be rewards for breaking twenty thousand miles and thirty thousand miles!"

"There are rewards, too?" asked Zen with his heart racing.

He had heard that there were rewards for traveling one thousand miles, three thousand miles and ten thousand miles. He wasn't aware of any other rewards. He tried his best to travel thirty-six thousand miles without even knowing that there was a reward for him at the finish line.

However, if the world lord of a supreme world was offering him a reward, he would definitely accept it...

The lord of Sunset World had made a promise in front of everyone, so he naturally wouldn't go back on his words. The world lord gazed at Zen before smiling lightly. "Young man, I have been forced by Yolande to provide the reward of reaching thirty thousand miles. So I've decided to give you these rewards. As for the reward of traveling twenty thousand miles, what do you want?"

"What do I want?"

Zen's gaze flickered slightly, and he already had something in mind.

"Spear! I want a spear!" he demanded excitedly.

"A spear?" Layla, who was at the side, couldn't help but ask incredulously, "What do you want a spear for? Aren't you adept at using a sword? Can you even use a spear?"

He actually wanted the spear for Lavender. Now the sword spirit had strengthened and more than half of Lavender's soul had also recovered, but she didn't have a proper weapon to use.

Zen had wanted to enter the Weapon House to help Lavender choose a spear, but he didn't get the chance as he didn't have enough life vitality jades...

Yolande, of course, understood this. The Demon Night's Queen of Killings usually used a spear, and Zen was trying to help Lavender. He had found the right person to ask for this weapon!

"Ha-ha," the lord of Sunset World chortled.

Zen looked at him curiously.

The world lord of the Sunset World said, "What a coincidence! My usual weapon of choice is also a spear!"

Then several rays of light shot out behind the lord of Sunset World, and floated out in front of Zen.

"You can choose any one of these four spears," the lord of Sunset World said, with a smug expression on his face.

Since the world lord's preferred weapon was a spear, he naturally possessed many good spears. The four spears floating in front of Zen were with different colors and lengths, and each of them had varied levels of power but they were all extraordinary.

When Yolande saw the four spears, she smiled at the world lord and remarked, "I believe you might have more than four good spears."

The lord of the Sunset World smiled. "Indeed, these four spears can all be listed on the Universe Spirit Tablet. However, I still have two first-rank divine weapons, and they can be ranked in the top four thousand on the Universe Spirit Tablet. They are only second to the supreme divine weapons. If Zen picks one of the two first-rank weapons right now, I'm afraid I will have no other powerful weapons to give him as the reward for reaching thirty thousand miles..."

A first-rank divine weapon that ranked in the top four thousand was considered a remarkable divine weapon. The top three thousand weapons on the Universe Spirit Tablet were all supreme divine weapons.

Yolande said to Zen, "If you choose the first-rank spear, the lord of the Sunset World will give it to you now, but he will not give you any other reward. That means you can only get one prize even though you have broken two records and are eligible for two prizes."

Now the ball was in Zen's court. He would have to make a choice.

Lavender said flatly, "Zen, you don't need to use up two rewards for the spear."

But Zen was still hesitant. He considered Lavender to be very powerful. If he could help her get an even better spear, he would not think twice about it. He didn't care whether he was sacrificing one or two rewards for this purpose.

Reading his thoughts, Lavender said, "No need! I just want the black spear on the right side."

Since Lavender was determined not to get the first-rank spear, Zen could no longer insist on it. He nodded to the lord of the Sunset World and said, "There's no need. I want this spear!"

said Zen pointing at the black spear on the far right.

"Oh?" A look of surprise flashed across the Sunset World lord's face. "You seem to have a really in-depth knowledge of spears. Or is it someone else who gave you this advice?" he asked looking in the direction of Yolande.

The four spears were ranked at around nine thousand on the Universe Spirit Tablet, and the Cold Plum Blood Spear that Zen selected was the best among the four options he was given. It currently ranked nine thousand and thirty-sixth.

Every month, the Universe Spirit Tablet would be refreshed and the words written on it would change. The rankings of the weapons also changed constantly, and the lower the grade of the weapon was, the more its rank fluctuated. However, this Cold Plum Blood Spear was more prized than the other three spears.

Zen had chosen it without thinking too much, so the lord of the Sunset World believed that it was Yolande who advised him to pick that spear.

Yolande naturally knew that it was Lavender who had asked Zen to choose that spear. She shook her head and said to the lord of the Sunset World, "I have never spoken to Zen through my life vitality. Besides, you can always feel the life vitality fluctuations."

Chapter 1387 Challenge

This was the truth. Although the others couldn't hear the life vitality sound transmission, they could still feel it.

The Sunset World lord was very sensitive to life vitality.

He was unable to detect any life vitality fluctuations around Yolande and Zen.

The Sunset World lord nodded and looked impressed. A martial artist's vision was often very important.

He stretched out his hand and flicked the Cold Plum Blood Spear, and the spear went spinning towards Zen.

Zen grabbed the spear and studied it closely. He discovered that there were faint traces of plum blossoms on the shaft of the spear.

A trace of chaotic energy emitted from his palm and got absorbed within Cold Plum Blood Spear silently.

The plum blossoms on the shaft gradually revealed themselves, turning into streaks of blood-red plum blossoms. Under the blood light, they bloomed to become more vivid and glistened, while at the same time, they exuded an aura from remote ages. Since the name of the spear had the word "blood" in it, there must be a story behind it.

"Eh? How is your life vitality so refined? The color of the plum blossoms that is activated is so bright." The Sunset World lord had a strange expression on his face.

With his cultivation as a world lord, the life vitality he had accumulated was countless times greater than that of a kid at the Life and Death Realm. However, even he was unable to awaken the ancient blood to this extent. So how did Zen do it?

It was only possible if Zen also possessed a strand of ancient blood, which was able to interact with the ancient blood within the spear.

However, the Sunset World lord was unable to detect the aura of an ancient bloodline from Zen's body. He was bewildered now.

All talents had their own secrets. For example, Zen was able to fly 36, 000 miles relying only on his own physical strength. What abilities did he have that allowed him to travel so far? It was a mystery. And the Sunset World lord didn't intend to probe.

The other palace heads also looked at the spear in Zen's hands with a trace of envy in their eyes.

The weapons held by the palace heads were somewhat on par with Zen's spear. How could anyone not envy this kid who had obtained such a powerful weapon at this level?

"Sir, do tell us what is the reward for traveling 30, 000 miles?" Yolande cut in again.

The Sunset World lord chuckled in response and said, "I will reveal it to Zen when the Passing the Torch ends!"

Unlike the Celestial Position's Tower of Crystal, Passing the Torch was a pure trial, and this trial was divided into two parts. The first part was the Enchanted Barrier Tower, and the second was the Illusion Challenge.

Zen and Layla descended from the top floor and returned to the group of martial practitioners.

He found a corner and sat down. Layla sat beside him.

Many of the martial artists in the thirteen palaces now knew why Layla had only allowed Zen to sit beside her when she was meditating on the stone carving.

Everyone sighed silently in their hearts. Indeed, among the younger generation, there weren't many who were qualified enough to sit next to Layla. And Zen was one of them.

At this moment, the old man in cotton clothes, who was floating in the air, spoke in his aged voice.

"Warriors of the thirteen palaces will enter the Illusion Space next. The Illusion Battlefield will be opened soon, and this time, the Illusion Space trial will be a rehearsal for the Illusion Battlefield. So everyone, work hard!"

The old man then led the way, and the martial artists of the thirteen palaces stood up and followed him.

Layla's face was as calm as still water, but there was uncontrollable excitement in her heart.

She had already been defeated in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

She just had to win in the Illusion Space trial!

It was very difficult to make her concede defeat. After confirming her fate, she had to work ten times harder than other martial artists!

She wasn't willing to play just a supporting role in this battle of worlds. Perhaps Zen was an obstacle that the heavens had arranged for her. His sudden appearance in her life was no coincidence, nor was the fact that he was more powerful than her.

'I will definitely beat you in this battle!' she promised herself.

Layla's eyes flickered as she looked at Zen. Thanks to her determination, she was unwittingly radiating a decisive aura, causing other warriors to turn to watch her.

Zen was the only one who did not turn around. He strutted off in front of Layla, but the corners of his mouth turned up slightly.

The Illusion Space was built within an ancient palace on Willow Island. It was not far from the Enchanted Barrier Tower. Soon, everyone arrived at the venue.

"Get into groups of two hundred! Go into the Illusion Space. The trial begins." After the old man in cotton clothes finished speaking, he took out a namelist. He casually swiped his finger across the namelist and drew out the names of 200 martial artists.

One by one, golden names appeared above everyone's heads.

When the warriors saw their names, they stepped forward and entered the ancient palace.

Afterwards they sat down cross-legged.

Zen had only entered the Illusion Space once and knew that once they sat down, their images would appear in the Illusion Space.

He looked at Layla who was sitting beside him.

She took the initiative. "What do you want to know? Don't tell me you've never entered the Illusion Space before."

She knew that Zen had ascended from the Lower World, and that he had only spent a short duration of time in the Upper World, so it was very likely that he had never been to the Illusion Space.

Zen shook his head and said, "I've been there once, but what is Illusion Battlefield?"

Layla laughed lightly, "Illusion Battlefield will only be open in a few more years!"

"What happens once it opens?" he inquired.

"It's simple! All of the talents in the universe, including the future world lords, successors to Supreme Lords, and even some of the reclusive talents will participate." Layla added, laughing, "Actually, I've never seen it either. Nor has any of the creatures of this grand era."

"What? Nobody has seen it before?" Zen was taken aback.

A single grand era was 3.6 billion years, and it was said that when a grand era ended, it would often be accompanied by great extinction.

Countless living creatures in the universe would be destroyed during the extinction. Only when the next grand era began would life slowly bloom again.

The universe had witnessed many grand eras. It was unknown just how many cycles it had gone through.

The end of a grand era would cause even the heavens to collapse. The Heavenly Fragment Zen had was a fragment of the previous heavens, which had collapsed at the end of the last grand era.

Only a small number of supreme experts would be able to survive the last grand era and go on to the next by surviving the extinction period.

"What's so strange about that? It's said that the Illusion Battlefield has always opened during the war of the worlds. Perhaps, it is a prelude to the chaos worlds." Layla thought this was common knowledge, but it was necessary to elucidate to Zen.

"I understand," he said, nodding.

Now, everyone's attention was on the trial in the ancient hall.

Under the instructions of the old man, a row of Picture Slabs were hung up for people to watch the trial in the ancient palace.

The two hundred people entering the Illusion Space together were definitely not going to fight with each other at the same time.

It was only when the Picture Slabs were hung up that Zen clearly saw that the warriors had been continuously accepting challenges after entering the Illusion Space.

Soon, martial artists were getting eliminated from the competition. Their projections died in the Illusion Space. When the original bodies opened their eyes, they dejectedly left the ancient palace.

Over time, the challenge became more and more difficult, and more and more people exited the area.

The last person endured a total of eleven rounds before his projection finally perished in the Illusion Space. When he opened his eyes, he discovered that he was the only person left in the ancient palace. A smug look appeared on his face.

When all two hundred of them had left the ancient hall, the old man shook his head and said, "Even the one with the best results in this round has only accepted eleven challenges. This is quite disappointing."

It was obvious that the old man's opinion of the two hundred warriors was not high. He didn't even announce the name of the warrior who took the first place.

Chapter 1388 The Peeling-off Words (Part One)

"The second group!"

The old man dressed in cotton clothes stretched out his hand and once again casually made a mark on the name list, in the end selecting two hundred warriors' names.

As those names floated out, the warriors, who saw their names, entered the ancient palace.

As for the challenges in the Illusion Space, the vast majority of the warriors were able to hold on for the first six rounds.

After six rounds, the difficulty level increased dramatically. There were more and more warriors expiring then, and once they were vanquished, they would be eliminated from the Illusion Space.

Seven rounds, eight rounds, nine rounds, ten rounds…

As the difficulty increased, the number of eliminated warriors also increased.

However, there were a few who were more powerful, and displayed eye-catching talents in the second group.

For example, the warrior who was surnamed Li lasted for an amazing 19 rounds before he was finally eliminated!

This time, the old man in cotton clothes was somewhat satisfied. He said in his customarily dry voice, "Among this group of warriors, Rafael Li has held on for nineteen rounds. Not bad!"

A faint trace of a smile appeared on Rafael Li's impassive face. He then glanced at Zen and Layla, hoping for a reaction on their part. A talent who could enter the thirteen palaces was, after all, quite conceited.

Before participating in the Passing the Torch, Rafael Li had been very confident of his own strength. However, in the Enchanted Barrier Tower, he hadn't performed as well as Zen and Layla had!

Even though he had thought that it would be very difficult for him to get a first place, he had never expected that the gap between him and these two warriors would have become so large...

The trial in the Illusion Space was not a competition of endurance, but a display of the strongest combat power one could wield with skill. However, Rafael didn't know how strong Zen's and Layla's combat powers were. He was secretly concerned that they would be able to beat him in this leg of the contest too.

But Rafael Li tried to sooth his worries by reasoning that Zen was only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm, and Layla was just a woman after all… Rafael Li's mind was filled with distracting thoughts which came with an over inflated ego and distorted sense of self. Naturally, he did not want them to surpass him.

"The third group!"

Zen looked at the names floating in the air, but he still couldn't find his own name.

Layla was disappointed as she also didn't see her name. She took off one of her heart-shaped earrings and gently kneaded it in her palm. This time, she used too much strength and crushed it within her hand. Though, she hardly noticed, as the heart crumbled under her grip.

However, the third group of warriors included Javier from the thirteen palaces.

Javier had been severely injured in the Enchanted Barrier Tower. After the treatment he had received just now, he had managed to recover quite a lot.

After the two hundred warriors entered the ancient palace, they quickly assumed their positions, projecting their figures into the Illusion Space...

As they kept on battling, more and more warriors were eliminated, their projected selves disappearing after being vanquished...

Among this group of warriors, Javier was the one with the best performance. If they were ranked according to the results of the Enchanted Barrier Tower, Javier would be ranked as one of the top three.

Although he wasn't as excellent or talented as Zen and Layla, who stole the show, quite a few warriors still thought highly of him. He had impressed the other warriors with his skills and determination.

But his result was shocking and disappointing this time. In the end, he was only able to hold out for a mere seventeen rounds! Not good enough to beat Rafael's score.

Javier was the number one warrior in the Mist Palace, yet he had only lasted seventeen rounds, and his result was rather disappointing.

When he left the ancient palace, Javier seemed a bit disheartened. Upon seeing his morose expression, Zen could not help but shake his head in sympathy. Although Javier was persistent, he had bound his success to others and relied on everyone else's support to strengthen his conviction. In the end, he would fail to complete as many things as he could as his foundation was not solid.

As for Yolande, she remained indifferent and showed no reaction to Javier's defeat.

The fourth group...

The fifth group...

The sixth group...

They waited for a long time, but Zen's and Layla's names were still not selected or announced.

As time passed, Zen was becoming a bit confused. It seemed like the old man dressed in cotton clothes had done it on purpose, and wanted him to be in the last group. Layla would probably be arranged in the same group as him. The lengthy wait was starting to affect their nerves as Zen and Layla waited for their chance to enter the ancient palace.

Even though two hundred warriors entered the ancient palace each time, the warriors might still need to be divided into over twenty groups, as there were more than four thousand warriors. So Zen had to wait for a long time before he took his turn in entering the ancient palace.

Layla could also roughly guess what was going on, so she did not raise her head to look for her name.

As more and more warriors entered the Illusion Space, some of them achieved amazing results.

Some warriors might have only walked about eight thousand miles or even five thousand miles within the Enchanted Barrier Tower during the previous challenge. But, they had still managed to obtain good results this time. Testing different skills led to great accomplishments.

After all, while the warriors had stayed in the Enchanted Barrier Tower, they had just faced the test of endurance and the comprehension of laws. Being a warrior was determined by more than just two skills.

It was true that their fighting strength was linked to these things, but there were some warriors who simply weren't able to display their full strength in the Law Storm. In a different environment, these warriors were able to rise to the occasion and achieve greatness.

Chapter 1389 The Peeling-off Words (Part Two)

Because of this, the rankings had undergone a dynamic shift. The warriors from some palaces, such as the Coldness Palace and the Gold Palace, obtained good results, and some of them had even held on for twenty rounds. This was an impressive display of martial arts and cultivation.

The palace leaders naturally felt proud and elated. The achievements of their subordinates added to their own esteem, after all.

However, when their gazes inadvertently landed on Zen and Layla, they started to feel slightly displeased. The final results of the match were hard to determine for now, since Zen and Layla hadn't even taken part in the battle yet. It was still anyone's game.

Several hours later, it was finally the last group of warriors' turn to challenge!

The last group included one hundred and sixty-three warriors, less than the two hundred warriors who had numbered the previous groups.

The old man didn't even need to call out the remaining warriors, because they already knew that it was their turn now. This was their chance to impress now, and tensions ran high after a whole day of waiting to be called.

However, when the old man marked and selected the names for the last group, Zen and Layla were still unable to find their own names…

What was going on? Zen was astonished and confused.

Layla tilted her head also with a deeply puzzled look on her face.

The old man dressed in the cotton clothes hovered in the air, and seemed to have noticed their expressions, so he said, "The two of you are in the next group!"

"Is that really necessary..." Zen looked morose at that moment. As for the old man, he had a calm expression, as if it was all a matter of course. He was extremely willful and insisted on arranging Zen and Layla in the last group.

Finally, the one hundred and sixty-one warriors all entered the ancient palace to undergo the test.

At this moment, the huge stone on the other side of Willow Island underwent some dramatic changes.

After Zen had left, a crack appeared through the words of the huge stone.

The cracking progressed with a slow speed, as it ran along the rock face.

Two cracks had also appeared on the other two big words four hours after Zen had left.

However, the cracking speed kept increasing. In these past two days, countless cracks had appeared on the big words written by Supreme Lord Sword!

During the last two days and two nights, the two Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, Landry and Damian, had also kept their eyes on everything that was happening in front of them.

After they had already spent tens of thousands of years there, two days and two nights were not a long time in their eyes.

However, now they felt that these two days and two nights seemed to be as long as one thousand years. Time was always a relative concept!

They didn't know what Zen had done, but at the very least, he had somehow managed to trigger the huge words left behind by Supreme Lord Sword. This meant that the secret left behind by Supreme Lord Sword would very likely be unraveled after so many years' mystery!

It was very likely that the greatly anticipated mystery did not even exist. The result might indeed bring the fatal blow to Damian and Landry, and they might even pass away on the spot!

However, if the mystery existed and was unraveled, they could gather endless benefit from it, as long as they managed to comprehend ten to twenty percent of it.

Their rank wasn't considered too high. Even if they worked hard, it was likely that they would only be able to obtain the position of the vice city lord of a tenth-grade sacred place in a supreme world. This was a mere pittance to some, but heavenly treasure to them.

Warriors who were willing to contemplate at the stone were usually divided into two types of warriors. One type were those with extraordinary talent, who believed that they could comprehend the secret of Supreme Lord Sword; and the other type were those with mediocre talent, like Landry and Damian, who didn't want to lead a mediocre life. This was their only chance at greatness.

Therefore, to them, these two days were the most important two days of their lives.

More and more cracks appeared, and the words began to slowly peel off and slip down along the stone wall, shattering into pieces as they finally connected with the earth.

Every time a fragment fell from the stone, Landry would be the first one to rush up and grab it. He collected those stone fragments, treating them as precious treasures. As he continued doing that, the stone fragments he collected formed a small mountain of their own.

He had examined these fragments which were just ordinary stones and nothing special. Since he had been staring at the stone for tens of thousands of years, now he treated these fragments as treasures... They were as relatives to him, and had become his family after he had spent so many thousands of years observing them.

As the last piece of stone fragment fell down, all the words on the giant stone wall peeled off, leaving only a few lines of uneven writing at the edges. Both Landry and Damian stared in awe at the barren rock face now. They waited expectantly for a moment, and then they both stepped back from the rock face.

There was no reaction, nor was there any mystery...

A bitter smile appeared on Damian's pale face and heaving a deep sigh, he said, "From now on, we can be free."

"Free? Ha-ha... Sixty thousand years! Sixty thousand years! I've been sitting here for sixty thousand years!" Landry's laughter was somewhat hysterical as it echoed back off the blank rock. He had stayed there for three times longer than Damian. Back then, when the Willow Island was turned into a place for the Passing the Torch, all the warriors who were in front of the huge stone had to leave there. Landry had tried his best to strive for the chance to stay there, and he finally made it!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1390 Long Hair

Even after spending so much time and energy, the two warriors got nothing. It was such a big blow!

Their expressions were deranged, and they were unable to control themselves.

Suddenly, a shallow layer of white mist appeared on the huge rock, floating in the air.

At first, the layer of white mist was very light, almost invisible to the naked eye. The two of them were sitting on the ground, venting their feelings, and they didn't notice it.

The white mist became thicker and was more conspicuous.

Landry was lying on the ground, looking at the sky as his miserable laughter resounded in the air. Damian, however, was staring at the rock. His crazy smile froze on his face, and a stunned expression filled his eyes.

Landry sensed that something was amiss when he looked at Damian, so he asked, "What's wrong?"

Damian surveyed the rock and pointed at the white mist. "What...what the heck is that?"

Upon hearing these words, Landry quivered and suddenly turned around. He stared intently at the rock, and suddenly a bright light emitted from his eyes. He was ecstatic now.

"This...this is... the sword cloud left behind by Supreme Lord Sword! This... This is..." Now Landry was so excited that he couldn't even speak clearly anymore.

Damian was just as thrilled. He was gaping at the sight before him.

Wisps of the white mist in front of his eyes were slowly floating out from the huge rock. The mist contained water, as the huge rock was damp.

The mist was condensing very slowly, and it took a while for a thin layer to appear. Landry had deduced that it was a sword cloud, but he could not see its shape right now. He could only wait for the mist to condense.

Zen, on the other hand, naturally wasn't aware of what was happening at the huge rock.

Except for him and Layla, all the candidates had completed their tests.

As the old man in cotton clothes had made the arrangements, Zen and Layla did not have much of a say in it. He called out the last two names, and the two young warriors stepped into the ancient palace.

A moment later, Zen stepped into the Illusion Space.

The Illusion Space seemed to be engulfed in a thick fog, as if it was a paradise on earth. The ambiance had an ethereal feel to it.

In the fog stood many circular stone platforms. There were a total of two hundred stone platforms to accommodate the two hundred warriors who underwent the trial at the same time.

Zen was standing on one of the stone platforms. His gaze swept around and then he saw a stone platform not far from him. Despite the thick layer of fog, he was able to see a blurry silhouette on the stone platform.

The mist continued to swirl around them and gradually dissipated, revealing the figure on the stone platform slowly.

As there were only two warriors in the Illusion Space, the silhouette had to be none other than Layla.

When the fog dissipated completely, Zen found that Layla was smiling at him and a cyan sword was already in her hand.

The sword exuded a simple and austere aura; it was obvious that it was not an ordinary object!

Layla liked to collect different hair ornaments, so she often had all kinds of beautiful jewels on her head.

However, she had removed all her hair ornaments now, and her straight, black hair, which was almost ten feet long, floated in the wind.

She slowly raised the cyan sword in her hand and yelled, "This time, I will be more focused!"

It wasn't that she wasn't focused in the Enchanted Barrier Tower, but she hadn't used all of her power. She thought that 28, 000 miles was enough and that no one else could overtake her.

However, she was proven wrong and she had failed spectacularly. Not only did Zen easily beat her record, he had even gone on to set an unbreakable record.

This time, she wouldn't give him the chance.

The old man had purposely arranged for Zen and Layla to be in the same round. Perhaps it was because he saw that Layla did not go all out in the previous battle, or maybe he took Sunset World lord's suggestion.

There were only the two of them in the Illusion Space. Furthermore, they were in very close proximity to each other. She could keep an eye on Zen's progress at all times. This time, she was determined not to underestimate him or give him any leeway.

"You two may begin!" The old man's voice came from outside the Illusion Space. "You will be able to start the trial after stepping on the disc below your feet."

Outside the Illusion Space, the Sunset World lord, the palace leaders, the vice palace leaders, and the warriors who had finished their trials were staring at the two people on the Picture Slab.

Zen looked down at the platform. There were many discs in the middle of the platform. Each of the discs had a number written on it. Right now, the disk before Zen's feet had the word "One" written on it. Evidently, stepping on this disk would signal the start of the first round of the trial.

Without hesitation, Zen took a step forward and stepped onto the disk.

When Layla saw this, the corners of her mouth lifted. She turned her head, and her shockingly long black hair flowed behind her like a satin ribbon painted by an artist. She, too, gently tapped the first disk with her foot.

The first round of trial in the Illusion Space had commenced.

A circle of soldiers, wearing heavy armors and robust helmets, appeared on the stone platform.

Zen was indifferent to the presence of this small army. He took out the Thunder Wind Divine Sword and did not use its special capability. Instead, when the soldiers approached him, he swung his sword horizontally, slashing his enemies one after another. As the light from the sword flashed, the soldiers were instantly sliced to pieces.

After Zen killed the group of soldiers, another group appeared around him. The moment his figure moved, the soldiers turned into fragments once again.

After three consecutive waves of attacks, the first round of the trial was over.

It played out rather quickly. From start to end, it only took about thirty seconds. But when Zen passed the first round and looked to the right, he saw Layla's long hair laid on the platform. She tilted her head and looked at him. It seemed that she had passed the first round before him.

Zen smiled slightly and stepped on to the disc with the word "Two" as he initiated the second round.

The first few rounds of the trial were relatively simple. Even the weakest warriors of the thirteen palaces were able to pass the sixth round, and only a few warriors were eliminated in the seventh round.

Now Zen did not hesitate. In the second round, his speed increased a little. The long sword in his hand swiftly destroyed the white-robed warriors who were advancing on him.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Compared to the first round of soldiers, these warriors were slightly stronger. But Zen was able to take care of them without much trouble.

Thirty seconds later, Zen passed the second round.

However, Zen found that Layla was still standing where she was, with her long hair spread out on the platform. She was staring at him with a proud smile.

Zen was astonished. He had thought that passing the second round in thirty seconds was fast enough. He hadn't expected that Layla to be faster than him in this round too.

She mocked him, "You're really slow."

Zen shrugged and turned around to step on the third disk.

This time, a group of bronze-armored warriors appeared on the platform.

But Zen wasn't in a hurry to fight the bronze-armored warriors. Instead, he locked his gaze onto Layla. He wanted to see how she was able to achieve that mind-blowing speed.

Layla had activated the third round. The moment the bronze-armored warriors appeared, she gently raised her sword. When she noticed Zen's gaze, she smiled sweetly, and her cyan sword vibrated. All the warriors shook violently, and almost instantly their armors exploded. All the warriors vanished.

"Wow! That is truly amazing!" Zen exclaimed. He was stunned and was not sure how she did it. No wonder she was able to pass the trials so quickly!

Meanwhile, the warriors on his platform had already surrounded him. He was jolted back to the situation on hand and began to deal with them.

Chapter 1391 A Sheep

For both Zen and Layla, the first few rounds of the trial were hardly challenging.

But the observing crowd outside measured the strength of the two by how fast they passed the trial.

"Zen is still a bit weaker than Layla—he's naturally faster than the other warriors, but he's still inferior to her."

"Is there any point in comparing their speed, though? I believe that Zen can do it too, but it's not really necessary. It's not like whoever's the fastest can always win."

"It's still a significant factor to consider. Speed and strength should be proportional. Some warriors will slow down after passing the fifth round, making it even more difficult to pass through the sixth round—they'll barely make it through the seventh round and probably fail at the eighth round."

The palace leaders had no comments to make at present.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As the formidable sword beam swept across the area, Zen swiftly cut the bronze-armored soldiers to pieces.

By then, Layla had already passed the third round of the trial. She could have easily stepped on the fourth disk, but she decided to wait for Zen to pass the third round as well before stepping onto the fourth disc.

It was a form of provocation—every time she opened a new round of trial at the same time with Zen, she could finish it faster than he could.

Then, the fourth round was activated.

Suddenly, many strange-looking white beasts appeared on the platform.

Perhaps Zen had felt Layla's provocation and purposely sped up his movements.

As soon as the fourth round began, Zen infused a sliver of chaotic energy into the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, triggering the sword in his hand to thrust forward rapidly. In the blink of an eye, he had thrust out over ten stabs.

Crack!

At this moment, about a dozen sword lights that brought along with wind and thunder aggressively shot out.

In an instant, all the white beasts on the stone platform were defeated by Zen. He passed the fourth round!

The white beasts appeared stronger than the warriors from before. When Layla raised her sword to make use of the same method, the white beasts only spat out blood. After the second vibration of the sword, they fell to the ground.

In the fourth round, Zen worked faster than Layla. After she finished off the white beasts, she intended to start the fifth round after Zen had finished the fourth. But this time, he was calm and composed, standing in the middle of the platform. The corners of his lips tugged up as he stared at her.

"Humph!"

Layla snorted, pursing her lips in annoyance as she immediately began the fifth round.

Since the two were competing in terms of speed, the tempo of the round sped up increasingly.

In the usual practice, the further they went, the slower they would get—the increasing difficulty of each round of the trial would slow them down.

Previously, some strong warriors had also pursued speed in the earlier rounds, but they would eventually slow down.

However, not only did Zen and Layla refuse to slow down, but they both also increased their speed dramatically.

In the fifth round of the trial, Layla spent twelve seconds, whereas Zen spent thirteen.

In the sixth round, Zen spent nine seconds, while Layla spent ten.

As for the seventh round, both of them spent nine seconds. Their speed was still about the same.

In the eighth round, they spent six seconds.

Then, the ninth round...

The palace leaders were still calm. Zen's and Layla's speed increased as the strength inside them exploded, growing stronger.

The rest of the warriors were all left flabbergasted.

Layla's and Zen's results were already enough to make them stand out.

Still, a number of warriors were still not convinced enough. The first factor among warriors to measure strength was always their difference in combat strength.

Perhaps the two had managed to grasp some method to walk further in the Law Storm, but that didn't mean they were stronger in combat when faced with the others.

But no one could use any tricks to pass the trial in the Illusion Space—only those with truly formidable strength could stand out.

As for Layla and Zen, both were at the Life and Death Realm, one in the fifth grade and the other in the ninth grade. It was unlikely that either could manage to go any further.

But after these nine rounds, the battle strength displayed by the two would be too difficult for the warriors to accept.

The first six rounds wouldn't be too much for the warriors to handle, but after that, they would all need to get serious. In spite of that, Zen and

Layla acted like their opponents were mere infants—they didn't seem to take their enemies seriously at all. They were moving at lightning speed.

Both of them had barely spent six seconds passing the tenth round.

"They're monsters! I'm no match for Layla," one of the warriors said as he shook his head.

"Haha! Are you kidding? You want to fight her? I heard that the moment she entered the Mist Palace, she already defeated all the other talents. Even she is at the Life and Death Realm, her real strength can't be overlooked."

"Zen is even more terrifying. He is only at the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm, but he's so strong."

The first ten rounds took them a total of only about five minutes. For the previous batches of warriors, if they wanted to pass through the first ten rounds, they needed at least thirty minutes.

But in the eleventh round, even those two slowed down.

Originally, Zen planned to increase his speed during the eleventh round. Since Layla had the guts to compete with him in speed, he decided that he wouldn't lose to her.

But the opponents in the eleventh round were completely different.

In the first ten rounds, all the opponents were created by the magic array—they weren't considered real-life forms.

But the warriors in the eleventh round all wore different expressions. Some had cold smiles plastered on their faces while others wore calm gazes.

It was startling, even for Zen. Although he had observed the trial through the Picture Slab earlier, he hadn't taken close enough look at them. "Are you also the warriors who have entered the Illusion Space?" he asked.

"Yes," one of them answered with a smile. "We are at the other side of Willow Island. This is a different kind of trial for all for us!"

Not every warrior had the chance to enter the thirteen palaces, after all. In fact, there were many warriors in the alliance that wanted to make it. But only the most elite warriors could enter the thirty palaces.

Some warriors couldn't grab their chance to do so, so they had to grapple at every other means they could find to get close.

While they were unable to participate in Passing the Torch, they were qualified to serve as sparring partners, waiting on the other side of Willow Island. When the warriors participating in Passing the Torch opened up the Illusion Space and passed the first ten rounds of the trial, the sparring partners would be able to enter the Illusion Space and serve as opponents of the warriors from the thirteen palaces.

The warriors in the thirteen palaces who performed well could go through about fifteen to sixteen rounds of trial. In each round after the tenth, over ten sparring partners would be assigned to enter the Illusion Space and fight against a warrior. Each time, two hundred warriors would accept the trial in the Illusion Space.

So on the other side of Willow Island, there were over 30, 000 sparring partners on standby. Every time a warrior entered the eleventh round, the sparring partners would enter the Illusion Space and surround the warrior within to attack.

With this arrangement, not all sparring partners had the chance to enter the Illusion Space. Even as sparring partners, they still had to fight for the position. Every sparring partner had to work especially hard. And because in the Illusion Space, ultimately, no one died, the sparring partners could try all means to defeat their opponents without limit.

These sparring partners were talents of many sacred places—it was only that their talent wasn't quite enough for them to enter the thirteen palaces. Their hearts yearned for it and they couldn't help but be filled with envy toward the warriors of the thirteen palaces.

Since they had the opportunity to fight with a warrior from the thirteen palaces, even if they weren't a good match and were likely to be killed, they would still try to inflict as many blows on him as possible.

In this way, they were exceptionally vicious.

Zen nodded slightly as he heard it. The arrangement might be rather troublesome, but it wasn't anything Zen couldn't handle.

"Guys, he's only at the fifth grade of Life and Death Realm—this is an opportunity! We must finish him in the eleventh round to get a good reward out of this!"

The dozen or so sparring partners turned into something like a pack of hungry wolves as they discovered a sheep strolling on the prairie. With that, they surged forward and began attacking Zen mercilessly.

Chapter 1392 Torture

On the other side of Willow Island, tens of thousands of warriors were gathering together in a large square.

The journey into the Orange Sea World was a great opportunity for these warriors to spar with the talents of the thirteen palaces. Not only that, if they got to injure or kill any talent, they'd receive quite a number of rewards.

And it was these rewards that made them salivate with greed.

However, this round of Passing the Torch was coming to an end. They could only wait until the next Passing the Torch if they wanted to participate.

"There are one hundred and sixty-one opponents in the last round… Shouldn't the test be over?"

"Yes. It's not two hundred, so those warriors should be the last group. However, they have now especially arranged two warriors to fight!"

"If my guess is correct then this fight is going to be a good one! These two people should be extremely special or outstanding! A test with only the two of these warriors could only mean that they are going to be exceptional!"

"Outstanding? Exceptional? It's just two Life and Death Realm martial artists. I bet that kid at the fifth level won't even pass our first round of sparring!" This first round of sparring referred to Zen's eleventh round of test. Because these martial artists had only started to get involved in the Illusion Space from the eleventh round, those who got eliminated in the first ten rounds had no chance of ever meeting with these warriors.

The warriors all talked amongst themselves as they observed both Zen and Layla through the Picture Slab.

"No matter what, we'll just have to wait and see how our buddies will perform for this round…"

The warriors had all been strictly subdivided according to their strength, with the more powerful ones going into the arena in the later rounds.

Back in the Illusion Space, both Zen and Layla were quickly swarmed by their opponents.

It was impossible for them to easily defeat these warriors by simply slashing at them with their swords. Their opponents were all living, thinking beings who used various strategies to fight them: some ran away, others faked their movements, while a few had decided to launch fierce, all-out attacks.

However, their cultivation method was still very limited. Their only strength came from their sheer number but they were all basically only at the seventh or eighth level of the Life and Death Realm.

They were a mere two or three levels higher than Zen and posed no threat to him whatsoever.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Several lights burst forth from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword!

"Ahh…"

The lights shot out and instantly killed four people. The other thirteen were fortunate enough to have used their movement techniques and managed to avoid the sharp lights.

The warriors were mere projections in this Illusion Space and couldn't really die. However, they felt all the pain that their opponents inflicted upon them.

"Kill him!"

"Moon Splitting Slash!"

"Cyan Nether Swordsmanship!"

They all shouted simultaneously, pointing all sorts of weapons at Zen.

However, he was already gone before they could even land a strike! Zen had zoomed past them swiftly and reappeared behind them. He raised his sword above his head.

"Nether God Shadow!"

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

With a wave of his sword, thirteen Nether God Shadows shot out from his sword!

This was the first time he had ever used this technique in combat.

To his relief, the shadows did not disappoint. Each one had its own method to attack as they charged towards his opponents.

In an instant, the thirteen remaining warriors had been ripped to shreds by the Nether God Shadows, and then were kicked out of the Illusion Space.

Although this could be considered impressive, the four thousand warriors from the thirteen palaces who were watching them did not feel that this was a big deal. All of them had already gone through the eleven rounds of tests and had already proven themselves in handling these opponents. Still, they couldn't help but nod appreciatively at these Nether God Shadows that Zen had managed to summon to deal with his opponents.

The warriors on the other side of Willow Island were a bit more dumbstruck at what they had witnessed.

Like they had speculated, they knew Zen and Layla were somewhat special since they were the ones that participated in the Illusion Space test as a separate group.

However, they never imagined that they would be surprised by a mere fifth-level Life and Death Realm warrior!

The warriors that young man had killed with a single strike were all two or three levels higher than him! How did he do that? None of them knew. In fact, all of them were currently rendered speechless by what they had just witnessed.

"I finally know the strength of the Heavenly Alliance's top talents…"

"The thirteen palaces are the places to gather young talents to send to the alliance. These young ones all need to grow before they become true super talents. I can't imagine how terrifying those freaks in the Spring Fragrance Pavilion and the Gauze Pavilion are..."

"Hmph! We'll definitely be able to defeat that kid!"

Someone harrumphed. These warriors were all only slightly inferior to the talents of the thirteen palaces but they were still core members within their sacred places. They all had pride and strength. There was no way they could be killed by Zen that easily.

He might have passed the eleventh round, but there was still the twelfth round waiting for him. They were going to send in their most powerful warriors to fight him!

They were all so focused on Zen's combat strength but the Sunset World lord was more concerned about the Nether God Shadows Zen had summoned…

"How did he do that?" a palace leader asked in bewilderment.

Kyron's Thunder Wind Divine Sword was quite famous in the past. "Shouldn't there only be three Nether God Shadows?" the Sunset World lord muttered strangely.

"This fellow managed to produce thirteen Nether God Shadows in one go. Is it because of the powerful sword or the capable young man?" another palace leader asked.

Yolande chuckled at their remarks. "Of course it's because of Zen! Kyron was the one who taught him the 'Nether God Mind Method.' He himself was only able to make three Nether God Shadows come out back then. Who would've thought Zen would be able to create thirteen..."

Yolande's words rendered the palace leaders speechless.

As for Layla…

She had also rendered her opponents speechless once they realized that the person they were supposed to fight was a woman, and more than that, a beautiful woman.

However, they mostly respected her as an opponent, though a few still threw out some obscene words.

They couldn't resist the pleasure of teasing such a beautiful and talented woman from the thirteen palaces. There was really nothing to lose once they entered the Illusion Space since they couldn't really die in there.

They forgot that despite not really dying, Layla could still make them suffer intense pain while inside the space.

She raised her cyan long sword that began to vibrate at a high frequency.

A ripple had been created by this sword and began to spread around the vicinity. These ripples were invisible to the naked eye. Layla had used this method in the first ten rounds but, this time, the long sword vibrated even faster. It was a similar technique but with a slight twist.

During this moment, the warriors all began to charge towards her. Some were not even charging to fight but to do something dirty to Layla.

However, not one of them could even lay a single strike on her. The fastest of them, after getting at least twenty feet away from Layla suddenly began to feel his heart beat strangely!

In fact, all of them found it hard to breathe and control their bodies.

And then, an intense pain suddenly burst from their cinnabar field!

A warrior would typically pass out once the pain became too much for his physical body to bear. However, they all remained conscious despite being tortured by the vibrations of Layla's sword.

It was as if they were prisoners who were constantly being tortured and woken up with cold water.

The pain was too much and they all wished they could 'die' as fast as possible to escape the suffering in this Illusion Space.

That was when they realized that they might have underestimated their opponent. Layla might have looked unsophisticated but she was very capable of making sure her enemies suffered for doing her wrong.

Right now, she shifted her focus from competing with Zen to accurately controlling the pain her opponents were feeling instead.

It lasted for a few seconds, a minute, a few minutes…

but it felt like hundreds of years for these warriors!

At that moment, voice of the old man in cotton clothes rang out, "Layla, stop…"

he murmured magnanimously. These martial artists had been invited by the thirteen palaces, after all. It wouldn't be too good if she went on to torture them like this.

"Humph!" she scoffed.

Layla drew a circle with the tip of her sword, her ten feet long black hair casting down from her chest, waist, and going all the way to her legs. The end of her hair spread spirally as she stabbed the sword into the platform and used her finger to lightly flick on its steel surface, producing a clear, metallic sound.

"Pop…"

The suffering warriors instantly exploded into a bloody mist.

Chapter 1393 Strategies

Zen had already completed the eleventh round of the challenge. He stood on his platform, observing Layla's battle.

He could not force back a shake of his head as he watched.

Layla was using some sort of profound Sword Cry Technique. The place rang with the blood-curdling cries of her opponents. It was brutal torture, the violence extending to the spectators. Soon enough, the old man in the cotton clothes came forward to put a stop to it.

The blood mist exploded and the martial artists were kicked out of the Illusion Space.

The match was over; however, the image of pain was something that would haunt them forever. The memory was paralyzing, as if they were reliving the same ordeal.

Their faces had turned deathly pale, a few of them not managing to keep hold of their consciousness and fainting.

The martial artists on the other side of the Willow Island bore witness to this with growing rage.

The violence was needless. Layla was a top talent of the thirteen palaces. That had been established, but there was no need to go to the lengths of torture in which she subjected her opponents, since everyone here was a training partner. How could she use them as a display of power?

"That little bitch!"

"I will defeat her in the second round to teach her a lesson!"

"But we can only send out the martial artists from the second group for the second round. With her strength, I'm not certain they will be able to stop her..."

"Even if they can't stop her, they will have to put her in her place!"

The plaza was abuzz with sounds of disorderly voices and mutters.

The tens of thousands of people in the plaza were divided into dozens of groups and ranked according to their strength and cultivation levels.

The second group of martial artists would be facing the twelfth round of trial in the Illusion Space. In terms of strength, they had a slightly higher rank than the first group.

At this time, a youth garbed in white walked out from the crowd. "Everyone, quiet down!" he spoke in a loud voice.

A hush fell over the plaza at his words.

This young man in white was not that strong. His cultivation was at the seventh level of the Life and Death Realm, and he was assigned to the first group. Zen and Layla were the last two at the other side, and there were quite many martial artists in the first group. He was inferior to the others, so there was no chance for him to fight.

They surely sent their best warriors to fight Zen and Layla, so the trials the two underwent were more difficult than those of the previous martial artists.

The young man in white was named Adrian Rao. He was weaker than the others, but he had a nimble mind, brimming with resourcefulness. Previously, when they had been grouped up, he had given a lot of sound opinions and devised strategies with other martial artists that led to their victory over the others from the thirteen palaces.

"Adrian, what are you saying?" a martial artist inquired.

Adrian turned to him, his eyes glinting with certainty. "It will be impossible to defeat these two martial artists in the twelfth round, but I have an idea. I hope that you all can cooperate. It might give us a good chance."

"Humph, their strength is something else. Whether we follow your advice or not, we will have to throw our lives away just the same," a martial artist said with disdain, his voice edging on defeat.

Hearing this, Adrian just smiled faintly and shook his head. "That can't be right," he answered.

"They are the most outstanding martial artists in the thirteen palaces, so they will definitely not stop at the twelfth, or even the thirteenth or the fourteenth round. In other words, it is impossible to stop them. Their skills are far beyond ours. Not to mention that the cultivation methods they practice and the cards they have in their hands are not something that we can match. We have all seen it with our own eyes. They were able to defeat martial artists several levels higher than them. It wouldn't be a far stretch to say they could even easily kill us in the next few rounds!"

"So what?" a martial artist asked disinterestedly.

The faint smile on Adrian's face did not falter. "I can force out their trump cards," he said. "This way, the rest of you can counterattack with your own martial skills."

Everyone went silent for a moment at his proposition, until a voice broke out of the group. "Forcing these two people to reveal their trump cards? We can't even tell what kind of cultivation method that girl used, so how can we force her to use her trump card?"

Adrian turned to the direction of the voice and answered, "She only used the Sword Cry Technique. Perhaps the inheritance she received is better, and with her special skill, she managed to make use of the Sword Cry Technique to the extreme." His voice was confident as he continued, "I know how to break the Sword Cry Technique."

Some martial artists who possessed great talent found it difficult to improve their cultivation and strength. However, their skills lay in a different area altogether. They were known as think-tank type martial artists, and had a deep understanding of the laws, cultivation methods, legends, treasures, and even the patterns. They could read them like the palms of their own hands. Adrian was one of them.

It did not take much to convince everyone. After all, they had already been pushed to a wall.

Some of them were still unconvinced, but Adrian's plan was their best chance. All of them were of the younger generation. Not one among them was willing to compromise on their own talent and humiliate themselves.

Adrian sensed the crowd's approval as no one else followed with questions. He began laying out the details of the plan. "To my knowledge, the use of the Sword Cry Technique relies on the frequency of vibrations to produce special sound waves."

There were some powerful martial artists in the plaza. Quite a number of them were at the Soul Sea Realm, with some at the advanced stage.

They were among the tenth group, or even the eleventh and twelfth groups, and they managed to defeat formidable opponents from the thirteen palaces in the twentieth round.

They remained silent as they listened to Adrian.

The information he had just provided them was very useful indeed. If they coordinated with one another well, they had a good chance of forcing Zen and Layla to reveal their trump cards. Should this be successful, it would be much easier for them to launch attacks in the nineteenth and twentieth rounds.

Before he brought up his opinion, Adrian had already observed Zen and Layla, silently scrutinizing their abilities, characteristics, and preferences.

"That martial artist called Zen Luo makes use of the edge of the long sword in his hand. He has only revealed his weapon, and his strength is still unknown," Adrian said. "Those of you from the second group who are confident in your own cultivation methods, you may fight him yourselves."

Adrian did not exactly know the figures released from Zen's sword. However, the sharpness of the Nether God Shadow did not escape his sharp, perceptive eyes.

Without further information, the best approach would be using cultivation methods to create obstacles for Zen. This would test his strength and his skills.

After devising his strategy for dealing with Zen and Layla and discussing it with the others, he seated himself in a corner with a short wooden stick poking out from one corner of his mouth. He fixed his eyes at the image on the Picture Slab, squinting for better focus. He saw that Zen and Layla had stepped on a disk again.

On the surface of the disk was a word written in clear text "Twelve".

It was the twelfth round.

Zen did not know how many rounds of trials existed in the Illusion Space. However, at the current stage, he was determined to use his Nether God Shadow and finish everything all the way.

The Nether God Shadow was efficient when dealing with many people. Zen controlled every shadow, each possessing different techniques. Manipulating them required the use of a lot of soul power. However, Zen's soul had already stepped into the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, so it was not a big consideration.

But after the twelfth round had begun, Zen had discovered something strange.

During the eleventh round, the martial artists he encountered were all different. However, this round was much different. All of the martial artists in the twelfth round seemed to be proficient in movement techniques.

The moment Zen released his Nether God Shadows, his opponents used different kinds of Law Power to dodge his attacks.

Some used the Space Law to create illusions, some used the Earth Law to take cover under the earth and make themselves invisible, and some made use of the Wind Law to fly.

What was unusual about all of this was that despite using different approaches, none of them was fighting him directly.

Was this an obstacle that the old man had intentionally set up? Or had someone devised a plot against him?

Zen speculated the possibilities for a moment, his face wearing a pensive expression, but soon enough, a faint smile appeared on his face. It did not matter what their goal was; he only needed to follow his own plan.

The other martial artists' movement techniques were powerful, so he could no longer stay where he was.

As he began to move, he was pulled back by something from underneath. Looking down, he discovered that a brown vine had appeared beneath his feet and firmly tied him to the ground.

'It will take more than a flimsy vine to tie me up, ' Zen thought to himself.

Ignoring the coiled strand on his leg, he took a step forward. At first, he thought of forcing the vine to tear apart with the impact of his movement. However, he did not imagine that the vine was extremely tenacious. Not only did it remain intact, it even grew longer as it moved along with his body.

Whoosh!

With a backhand slash, the vine snapped in half. Immediately, two more vines sprang from the ground and once again restrained Zen, gripping him in their tight hold. It was at this same time that the martial artists who had been dodging his attacks began to charge towards him from all directions.

This scene had left the martial artists of the thirteen palaces bewildered and slightly impressed. It was beyond their expectations that these fellows would work together so well.

Even the lord of the Sunset World and the others had surprised expressions on their faces. One of the palace masters said faintly, "Someone from the Willow Island must have offered advice. I hate to admit it, but it is a clever plan."

Chapter 1394 The Space Characteristic

The warriors' attacks were futile under the suppression of absolute strength. At most, it could only create some obstacles for the opponent. This was the view shared by most of the warriors.

Since Zen had easily broken through the eleventh round of the test, the twelfth round shouldn't cause too much trouble for him.

There wasn't any trace of panic on his face, even if he was being attacked by more than a dozen warriors and his movements were restricted by vines.

As the warriors surrounded him, a crackling sound suddenly came from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword!

The difference between these warriors and those from thirteen palaces was not just in terms of talent or strength. Those warriors from thirteen palaces were also advanced when it came to the weapons they wielded. Those warriors wouldn't have any difficulty at all obtaining a third-rank or secondary second-rank divine weapon in the Weapon House.

Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword was one of the amazing first-rank divine weapons.

The sword would be much more powerful once combined with the Law Power that was erupting from the chaotic energy. It was something that these warriors could not withstand. Moreover, there was also the unstoppable Nether God Shadow.

The power of thunder suddenly spread out around Zen. The bright blue lightning was only as thick as his pinky but it formed a circular thunder net with Zen as the center! This was equivalent to using a layer of thunder net to sift through the entire platform. There was no room for escape at all...

The warriors attacking him immediately burned as if struck by lightning. Their bodies turned pitch black and after hovering in the air for about three seconds, they fell onto the platform.

After that, Zen smelled the scorched flavor.

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

Another figure appeared in the air right after the thunder net eased out.

This warrior's main cultivation method was making use of the Space Law and it was only him who survived the attack.

However, just as this warrior had avoided the attack and was plotting to assassinate Zen, seven figures had appeared before him. These were the seven Nether God Shadows cast by Zen. In the blink of an eye, they had torn that warrior into pieces.

Zen then passed the twelfth round...

Compared to the eleventh round, the twelfth round was a bit strenuous for Zen. It was relatively more challenging than those he had already passed.

What he didn't know though was that there were tens of thousands of warriors with depressed faces, standing just on the other side of the Willow Island. They had made a plan to force Zen to use the ace in the hole. However, Zen only relied on the Thunder Wind Divine Sword even after twelve rounds.

Could it be that he relied solely on this sword?

The warrior named Adrian was still indifferent while sucking the wooden stick. Zen's state of mind was much more stable than he had imagined. He couldn't guess which aspect Zen was good at. Thus, he had arranged the advanced and fierce warriors to take Zen down. Nonetheless, he still failed to provoke Zen!

How could such a talent only rely on his weapon? He couldn't believe how Zen completely ignored what he did. After spending a while fighting those warriors, Zen still passed the twelfth round without using anything else but his sword.

'Zen should be more troublesome, ' Adrian thought disdainfully.

He then gazed at the highest point of the enormous square.

The tens of thousands of warriors in the whole square were arranged in a fan-shaped formation with the low level warriors standing at the front. The number of high-level warriors at the back was very small. It was only normal for any place to have a lot of low-level warriors and only a few high-level warriors. This place was no exception to that.

It was just that most of the talents of thirteen palaces tended to stop at around the eleventh or twelfth round. Only very few warriors had the guts and qualifications to challenge other more powerful warriors. This number would even be lesser in the eighteenth round, the nineteenth, or the twentieth round. Thus, it wasn't really necessary to arrange more powerful warriors for the Passing the Torch.

The existence of some extraordinary talents had also been taken into account when the Illusion Space was designed and built.

There were several cages standing at the highest point of the square. Inside those cages were burly but ragged warriors.

They were the condemned prisoners from the Villain World and the ultimate challenge in the Illusion Space.

But until now, no warriors had the chance to challenge the prisoners in the Illusion Space.

The reason why Adrian showed up at this moment was because of these condemned prisoners!

The battle that Layla took part in had not been over yet.

Just as Zen had thought, Layla planned to use the Sword Cry Technique before the twentieth round of the test.

If Adrian hadn't appeared and meddled in the fight, Layla's Sword Cry Technique would have been enough to deal with all her battles in the first nineteen rounds. It wouldn't have been easy to break her Sword Cry Technique. More so, it would have been impossible for the eleventh to nineteenth round warriors to defeat her.

However, Layla soon discovered that her Sword Cry Technique had lost its effect during the twelfth round.

All of the warriors that Zen encountered in the twelfth round were well trained in all sorts of dodging movements. Thus, he couldn't fight them head to head at all.

However, the warriors Layla encountered were those who cultivated the Water Law!

After the challenge began, the warriors created a curtain of water over the platform. Some of them even created a monstrous wave washing over the whole place.

All liquids were viscous. Although Layla's Sword Cry Technique was extremely powerful, she was unable to perform it underwater. Her Sword Cry Technique's power was greatly reduced and couldn't even cause any warrior real harm.

She was caught off guard by their attack and forgot to use her life vitality to protect herself. Thus, her entire body was thoroughly wet! Her clothes stuck to her body.

Layla, of course, could guess what was going on. This was definitely a strategy that someone had deliberately set up to deal with her Sword Cry Technique.

None of the warriors were talking nor approaching Layla. None of them were hiding from her too. However, each of them performed their own skills. Some of them continued to unleash large waves one after another towards Layla, while the others created water spears to attack her.

These attacks were nothing in Layla's eyes. With a light wave of the cyan long sword in her hand, she easily dispelled the incoming attacks.

Very soon, the corner of her mouth curled up into a smile. "You, you think that I can only use the Sword Cry Technique?"

After saying that, she held the cyan sword above her head again. Her body trembled slightly as the cyan sword drew and left many sword shadows in its wake. She didn't want to kill all those warriors one by one. So, she was using some powerful sword skill to kill all the warriors on the platform with a single strike.

Hearing this, Adrian on the other side of the Willow Island said calmly, "Of course I don't think so. I just want to see how many trump cards you have..."

Layla's actions were exactly what he wanted to see.

The sword shadows Layla created with her sword started to spin faster and faster. The dense sword shadows covered Layla's entire body.

At this time, the power of the Space Law surged from Layla!

With her other hand, she gently waved in the air, causing the space outside of the sword shadows to directly collapse. She actually erased the surrounding space!

"That is Kyron's Space Erasing Hand! It seems that he treats Layla well and even taught her such a great skill," remarked the lord of the Sunset World. His eyes were gleaming with familiarity as he watched the girl's cultivation skill.

"This isn't how a Space Erasing Hand works. She's wasting it." Yolande commented flatly.

The Space Erasing Hand was one of Kyron's famous consummate skills.

It would require a deep comprehension of the Space Law for a warrior to use such a skill. When performing this skill, the warriors would need to stretch out their hands to touch the space and erase the place surrounding them, making it disappear.

Of course, the space that Kyron could erase was naturally large compared to what Layla could. The girl was only able to erase the space outside of her sword shadows. It was a circular space that was over one hundred feet wide.

The warriors using the Water Law cultivation were standing around the edge of the platform at first. However, their bodies had no option but to involuntarily moved as soon as the space around them was erased.

This was also a special characteristic of space. Normally, a warrior who cultivated the Space Law might not be able to use the Space Erasing

Hand. Nonetheless, they still understood the principles behind it.

If a section of space in the middle was missing, the sections of space on both sides would instantly stick together!

Those warriors were in the outer space of the platform when Layla had erased a circle of space in the middle. Thus at this moment, all the warriors were pulled to the center by the space as a section of space had been missing.

And in the center of the platform, the sword shadows were still rapidly spinning. In a blink of an eye, those warriors, who had been pulled in, were cut into pieces.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1395 Purpose

Under the furious onslaught of Layla's sword shadows, the warriors standing up against her had almost no room to fight back.

They were quickly sliced into pieces and kicked out of the Illusion Space, never to be seen or heard from again.

As her life vitality gently revolved, Layla's body began to emit a white mist, and the moisture from her wet clothes instantly disappeared, as if the mist was a warm and comfortable fire. She put both of her hands behind her head and gently stroked her astonishingly long hair. The white mist now surrounded her hair too and spread to the end of her long, lustrous locks.

Even so, Layla's expressions weren't exactly happy. Though busy fighting, she still had been able to notice Zen, who had passed the twelfth round of the test long before her. He was standing in front of her with a long sword in his arms, looking at her with a meaningful gaze!

She looked towards him and gave him a fierce glare, "Don't be cheeky! I'll be faster than you in the next round!"

Zen smiled faintly and a noncommittal expression appeared on his face in response. He then silently started the thirteenth round...

Adrian had already arranged three groups of candidates to deal with them in the thirteenth round. Right now, he was going to take care of a more serious matter.

While Zen and Layla were fighting, he passed through a crowd of people in the enormous square and headed towards the large cages...

These cages were seven in number and placed on a high platform. If a warrior was able to hold on to himself through the final challenge, these cages would be opened and the condemned prisoners within them would be released. This was the ultimate trial of the Passing the Torch event.

The cages were enormous, but the warriors inside had been standing ever since they had been locked in. One among them was a burly and sturdily built man, who looked like the most powerful of them all.

From beginning to end, the burly man had never opened his eyes...

All of these prisoners were extremely strong and even from a distance, emitted an extremely ruthless aura. Almost all of the warriors who participated in the training were unwilling to approach this platform.

Adrian flew towards the platform and headed straight for the large cage in the middle.

Inside it, the burly man was sitting still with his eyes closed. "Who are you?" he asked when he sensed someone approach him.

"My name is Adrian Rao," Adrian replied with a smile.

"What do you want?" Came a gruff and succinct response.

Adrian placed his head next to the pillar of the cage and softly uttered, "I want something; it's about the secret treasure of the Dark World..."

Before Adrian could even finish his words, the burly man's eyes popped open and he stood up.

The instant he opened his eyes, an extremely sharp soul suppression force was abruptly shot out, making Adrian's body tremble in fear and crumble down. Immediately after that, his face turned extremely pale and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

"You are just a nobody! How and what do you know about the secret treasure of the Dark World?" The tall man uttered furiously.

Although Adrian had just spat out a mouthful of blood, a faint smile still appeared on his pale face. After wiping the traces of blood from the corner of his mouth, he replied, "You are right. I am indeed not a big shot. However, you don't seem to be that important either..."

Hearing that, the burly man snorted and said, "You are right. I am only a Soul Sea Realm warrior who can easily be called a nobody in this big universe. But you are not qualified to judge me."

Adrian smiled faintly. "You were the most outstanding talent of the Star World in the past. I also know you were qualified to enter the Gauze Pavilion. I am obviously not a patch on you... However, in the end, you managed to end up being caught. Now you are just a prisoner who is going to live only for eight hundred years..."

This condemned prisoner was going to be executed eight hundred years later. For mortals, a time span of eight hundred years was equivalent to a dozen or so lifetimes, but for a Soul Sea Realm warrior, eight hundred years were nothing. For these prisoners, they were going to be executed real soon.

"What on earth are you trying to do?" the burly man asked coldly.

Adrian still did not directly answer the burly man's question. Instead, he continued, "You are all condemned prisoners selected from the Villain World. However, If you succeed in assassinating the talents of thirteen palaces, you can be pardoned and released."

"Nonsense," the burly man snorted in a cold voice. He could not believe this man.

Warriors who took part in the competition were rewarded with various kinds of objects if they got good results during the event. And these condemned prisoners were supposed to be rewarded if they successfully attacked and killed the talents of thirteen palaces. This time, the reward was their freedom.

This arrangement was made because the idea of being free and fleeing death would make these prisoners go all out on their opponents.

However, these condemned prisoners rarely had the chance to go to battle. Furthermore, once they did get a chance to fight, their opponents were often extremely strong and talented. Thus, they didn't have many chances to obtain freedom.

"I can help you get a chance to fight," Adrian spoke.

"And then?" The burly man coldly asked.

"I'll teach you how to defeat your opponent and gain your freedom," Adrian responded.

On hearing such a notion, the burly man immediately smiled. His smile was filled with contempt for Adrian. "Who are you? A nobody! I don't need you to teach me..."

The burly man was far stronger than Adrian in terms of cultivation base, strength, and talent. Even if he were to fight with a hundred warriors who were as powerful as Adrian, he could have annihilated them himself in an instant.

However, Adrian didn't get angry even though he had just been scorned by the burly man. He calmly smiled and replied, "You might not know this, but there are only two warriors left in the Passing the Torch. They are the most powerful warriors who have ever taken part in the event. My advantage is that I have the right to decide which one of you will fight them."

Adrian was speaking to the burly man through his life vitality, and the other prisoners nearby couldn't hear his words.

Hearing this, the burly man finally frowned. "So, that is the reason you are so confident of yourself and dare to invite me."

"Yes." Adrian had broad smile on his face. He also took out a pill and put it into his mouth. Just now, the soul suppression force from the burly man had caused some damage to his soul. He had to take care of it.

"What do you want? Why would you do this?" the burly man asked again.

Adrian then stretched out three fingers. "Thirty percent. When you find the secret treasures of the Dark World, I want thirty percent!"

"Thirty percent? Do you even know what the secret treasures of the Dark World mean?" The burly man's face revealed an evil grin.

"Yes, I do. I know and that is why I only want thirty percent," Adrian replied.

Adrian was good at observing others and figuring out their thoughts, and he also behaved with a sense of propriety. Thus, by his own rules, he only wanted to take thirty percent of the treasures, instead of asking for more.

The burly man closed his eyes and let out a deep sigh. He had been very famous and respected in the past, but now, he was exiled to the Villain World and his fate was being controlled by a nobody like Adrian.

Adrian guessed what the burly man was thinking, and indifferently told him, "Look. Everyone has his own uses. It is true that the warriors of this universe respect only those who are the most powerful among them all, but this matter is also very important. Don't look down on me. If you cooperate with me, it would be even easier for you to get the secret treasures of the Dark World."

When he was uttering these words, he looked very confident. Perhaps many warriors thought that Adrian was just good at playing petty tricks, but he wanted to show them that these so called petty tricks could bring about fatal threats, and could even reverse situations.

The burly man opened his eyes once again and looked at Adrian with a complicated expression. He then stood up and said indifferently, "Alright, I agree..."

Only then did Adrian return to the massive square with a satisfied expression on his face. There were numerous warriors in the square who were looking at the scenes occurring in the Illusion Space. They were all discussing about the fight with excitement. Suddenly, someone greeted Adrian, "Adrian, we failed to deal with that woman. How can we break her move and win against her?"

"The warriors in the third group also can't hold on for much longer against her. She is too powerful! Adrian, think of a way!"

A faint smile appeared on Adrian's face. He replied with a serious tone, "It's fine. The next group should be..."

In fact, he had no interest in attacking Layla and Zen right now. However, in order to deal with this group of hot-blooded fellows, he naturally had to pay a price. After a series of detailed analysis, he was rewarded with a resounding cheer from the warriors present there. After that, he selected some of the warriors to form the fourth group and sent them into the Illusion Space for the next round.

The fourteenth round...

The fifteenth round...

The sixteenth round...

Inside the ancient palace, the warriors from the thirteen palaces could clearly see that the strength that the two contestants were displaying inside the Illusion Space was far beyond their imagination.

If the warriors who had passed nineteen rounds before them took part in the fights that were going on right now, they probably wouldn't have lasted even for the first sixteen rounds.

However, Zen and Layla were not ordinary warriors after all. Although they felt that it was getting increasingly difficult to win by the moment, they were still able to suppress their opponents and had passed every round of test till now with their own strength.

However, there was still a slight difference between the two of them...

Zen was still only relying on his Thunder Wind Divine Sword and had not yet showed signs of using any other weapon.

However, Layla had already used a number of her trump cards. Each time she made use of a new supernormal skill, her opponents would be able to come up with a method to restrain it, making that skill useless in the next round. This was going to reduce her number of moves with every round.

But an advantage she still had was that the number and quality of martial arts she was proficient in were unimaginable.

Chapter 1396 The Final Round

Of course, Layla was capable of dealing with these annoying opponents. However, after being targeted by them so deviously, she became rather irritable.

She and Zen entered the twentieth round not long after these bloodthirsty fights.

Twenty rounds was the best result that previous warriors of the thirteen palaces had achieved.

Before this, no one had been able to pass the twentieth round because, the opponents at that level were all warriors at the middle stage of the Soul Sea Realm who had undergone at least four big Heavenly Tribulations.

For the talented martial artists of the thirteen palaces, it was not difficult to challenge those above their cultivation levels. However, dealing with several Soul Sea Realm martial artists at the same time was quite challenging.

So it was in this round that Zen and Layla finally felt the immense pressure they were facing.

There was a huge chasm between the Soul Sea Realm and the Life and Death Realm. What was most troublesome were the domains of the Soul Sea Realm warriors. The suppression of each of these domains had caused a lot of trouble for Zen and Layla.

"Finally, things have become tricky for them. These two should not have stopped at the twentieth round, right?" a palace leader asked.

The Sunset World lord nodded his head indifferently. "That's hard to say. This is after all a one-to-many fight, completely different from the test of the Enchanted Barrier Tower. The opponents they have to face are also vastly distinct…"

"Zen could fight back the attacks of the Soul Sea Realm warriors even though he is just at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm. I wonder what he will be capable of once he breaks through to the Soul Sea Realm." The leaders were paying more attention to Zen because of his extraordinary performance in the Enchanted Barrier Tower.

However, another palace leader had a different question in mind. He looked at Yolande and said, "I seem to have overlooked something. How many petals did Zen's Lotus Flower have?"

Hearing this question from the palace leader, everyone looked at Yolande curiously.

Before the warriors participated in Passing the Torch, a selection process had been held for all the martial artists from the palaces. The Red Cloud Ring could sense the strength of the warriors and roughly deduce the number of lotus petals that they had activated.

But Yolande shook her head and said, "I don't know."

"You don't know? Could it be that Zen failed the test?" a palace leader asked.

"No." Yolande continued, "When Zen passed through the Red Cloud Ring, its sensing power closed because it reached its saturation point. It was impossible to deduce how many petals Zen had activated."

Hearing Yolande's words, many leaders were shocked.

The Sunset World lord stared, his eyes flashing. "Does that mean it's likely that Zen activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower?"

In the universe, the Hinayana Lotus Flower and the Mahayana Lotus Flower were both important milestones. Martial artists who could open the Nine-petal Lotus Flower were considered to be top talents, but the number of them who could activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower was few and far between. It was hard to find someone who could achieve this, even among a trillion living beings.

"How interesting…" One of the world lords said, seemingly lost in thought. "How about later after we give him the pill, we let him take the

Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill? After he triggers the Heavenly Tribulation, wouldn't we know how many petals he activated in his Lotus Flower?"

"That... doesn't sound very right..." Yolande looked hesitant.

"What's wrong with it? Isn't it normal practice for warriors to trigger Heavenly Tribulation and go through it once they finish the test of Passing the Torch?" another palace leader asked.

Many martial artists could not wait to take the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill, hoping to enhance their cultivation as soon as possible. This was because after undergoing the intense test of Passing the Torch, they often received great insights on martial arts.

Thus, every time Passing the Torch ended, over a hundred warriors chose to undergo the Heavenly Tribulation.

After hearing this suggestion, Yolande finally nodded. "Okay, but I'll let Zen decide for himself."

At the moment, the thousands of warriors outside the ancient palace were staring at the battle within the Picture Slab, exclaiming with disbelief.

Although everyone knew that there were no real deaths in the Illusion Space, the battles within were no different from those in the outside world. When they saw a dangerous situation, they would gasp in shock.

The difficulty in the twentieth round had increased. Zen started to find it troublesome to deal with his opponents.

Although the number of his opponents had reduced to six, all of these warriors of Soul Sea Realm had a tactic of dividing forces. They formed a two-pronged attack. It was difficult to break through this temporary well-planned formation.

The six warriors were all at the Soul Sea Realm. Before them, Zen could only be considered a junior.

The fact that Zen had not been defeated under the pincer attack of these six was already a great humiliation to them. It would be a shame if news spread out that six Soul Sea Realm martial artists had joined forces to attack a martial artist who was merely at the Life and Death Realm.

However, as Zen and the six men fought continuously, they had no time to consider their reputation.

They discovered that as time passed, Zen seemed to become more powerful and more in control. Feeling somewhat defeated by Zen, who was only a kid at the Life and Death Realm, they were embarrassed.

Moreover, it made them anxious.

However, before they went out to fight, Adrian had told them that the most important thing to keep in mind while fighting Zen was to stay calm. No matter what, as long as they forced Zen to use his full strength, it would be counted as a victory for them.

In the end, they did it… They experienced Zen's true power.

As warriors of the Upper World, these warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had seen a lot. However, to their surprise, when Zen's power surged out, they were frightened.

In order to fight his great power, one of the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm opened the 'Eleventh Earth Domain'.

The Eleventh Earth Domain that he had comprehended from the Earth Law was the most solid of all domains. The Soul Sea Realm warrior who employed this domain stood ahead in front of the other five warriors.

However, such a strong domain was still easily shattered by Zen. Zen, who was at the Life and Death Realm, charged into the group of warriors of the Soul Sea Realm like a tiger before a flock of sheep. The scene was quite shocking to witness.

Most of the talents of the thirteen palaces could easily defeat warriors of the Soul Sea Realm in a one-on-one fight. However, there were not many like Zen who could defeat so many Soul Sea Realm warriors at the same time. Other than him, perhaps only Layla could do it.

After Zen's battle ended, Layla too finished fighting. It seemed that Layla had used a powerful trump card, for a cyan stone appeared on her forehead. She had activated the Wrath of the Ocean.

They both passed the twentieth round…

The two of them obtained the favored results in the test of Illusion Space at the same time, but it wasn't the end for them.

Soon, the twenty-first round started…

Then the twenty-second round…

Next was the twenty-third round…

The twenty-fourth round….

Having learned from previous experience, no one was willing to guess the limits of their abilities.

In the Enchanted Barrier Tower, when everyone had assumed Layla's limits in the beginning itself, she had shocked them by reaching twenty-eight thousand miles eventually. Later they predicted that Zen would not be able to reach thirty thousand miles, but to their bewilderment, he reached thirty-six thousand miles.

By now everyone knew that they must not assume the strength of these two. It would be a slap in the face for them otherwise. Zen and Layla had far exceeded their estimations.

But the Illusion Space was different from the Enchanted Barrier Tower. Every round of the test involved warriors prepared to fight them.

Since the test was arranged, there had to be certain limitations.

On the other side of the Willow Island were about fifteen groups of martial artists, divided according to their levels of strength. Each group corresponded to the eleventh to the twenty-fifth rounds of the test in the Illusion Space.

The martial artists of the fifteenth group were prisoners of the three cages on the high platform.

The twenty-fifth round was the final round of the test…

From beginning to end, Adrian had been the one to work out the strategies and give suggestions. Even though his plan had not been successful against Zen and Layla, everyone had seen its effect. Therefore, they were happy to have Adrian give them orders. At that moment, he once again stepped onto the high platform on top of the enormous square.

"If we want to fight that woman, we'll have to send these condemned prisoners into the battlefield…"

"I heard that these condemned prisoners were all extraordinary characters who came from the Villain World!"

"If they can defeat those two in the ultimate round, they will be able to get their freedom. I believe they would go all out for it, right?"

Under the gazes of the crowd, Adrian walked toward the tall and sturdy man and asked, "Two people have entered the final round. A man and a woman, which one do you choose to fight?"

The burly man asked arrogantly, "Are you joking? How could I choose a woman?"

"I suggest you choose the woman. The man is very strong and has an unfathomable level of strength. I, at least, haven't seen his limits so far," Adrian said in a low voice. After so many rounds, he had not even accomplished his goal. What vexed him especially was that he could not figure out how far Zen's strength went.

"How strong is he?" the burly man asked.

"He's at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm," Adrian replied truthfully.

The burly man narrowed his eyes and looked at Adrian coldly. "Are you insulting me? Saying that he is strong at that level!"

Even if the man Adrian had mentioned was considered to be a top talent within the thirteen palaces, the fact that the man was still only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm was the only thing that vexed the burly man.

Chapter 1397 Brother

This man's pride was steep and could not allow him to accept the fact that his opponent was a mere fifth-level Life and Death Realm warrior.

And could his opponent even be called a warrior? In front of him would be no man, but a mere kid. The burly man couldn't help but scoff in disbelief. However, he was also reminded of the fact that this kid was still a talent of the thirteen palaces. Was it really wise to look down on him this early in the fight?

It also did not escape his attention that this kid had made it past the twenty-four rounds that were pre-requisite to facing him. Only those who managed such a feat could be considered a top existence within the thirteen palaces.

How in the world was he only at the fifth-level of the Life and Death Realm?

"Don't underestimate him. I've been watching him for the past twenty-four rounds and I'm certain that this guy hasn't even shown us half of the stuff he can do," Adrian advised him. "If I had a guess, I'd say he was only using around thirty-percent of his true strength."

"Thirty-percent? Against several warriors of the Soul Sea Realm?" the burly man remarked in surprise.

"That's why my suggestion for you is to choose that woman," Adrian told him.

Zen and Layla had both emerged victorious in all twenty-four rounds. They were like battering rams that rushed unimpeded against all those who stood in their way. Adrian's slight change in tactics gave them a bit of trouble but the two still managed to emerge victorious.

Zen was a low-key fighter who preferred to use his long sword as his primary weapon. Layla, on the other hand, preferred flashy movements and unique martial art techniques, filling the crowd in awe with epic scenes on the battlefield.

This dynamic told a lot about these two. Because of Zen's low-key nature, Adrian realized that he was most probably hiding a lot of his strengths and techniques which made him an unpredictable opponent. Layla, on the other hand, showed all her skills off but this might also backfire on her since predictability was never an advantage in battle.

The palace leaders shared his view, even the Sunset World lord thought the same.

These people were all ranked higher in terms of strength and knowledge but Adrian's intuition amazed them.

Unfortunately, the burly man did not heed Adrian's advice.

"Nah, I think I'll go with the boy," he snickered. "A warrior who possesses such strength while still at the Life and Death Realm is worth my attention."

Adrian's face darkened at his words. Truth be told, he wasn't at all interested with these so-called talents. His to-do list was already full: defeating Layla, freeing the burly man, and excavating the secret treasures of the Dark World.

The entire point of this trial was for them to win, no matter what. Zen was obviously a hard opponent and Adrian wasn't that confident of their victory against him.

He was about to talk him out of fighting Zen but the burly man huffed angrily at him, "I'll make sure to win the battle but I choose my own enemy. Got it?" His words immediately silenced Adrian but the burly man wasn't done, "I am someone who almost got into the Gauze Pavilion. I'm not going to chicken out in front of a junior and go fight with a little girl. What will that make me? I'm not willing to become a laughingstock for everyone to point at after this trial. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to pick that young boy and I'm going to defeat him so you can just sit back and clap along with everyone else once I win!"

Adrian couldn't help but sigh. This fellow was too arrogant for his own good. If not for his cockiness back then, he wouldn't have been chained up and imprisoned in the Villain World before being sentenced to death…

Still, Adrian couldn't really do anything. This burly man was the key figure in his whole plan. The only thing he could do was to sit back, relax, and clap along with everyone else once he won, just like the burly man advised him to.

'If he won.' Adrian couldn't be sure. He looked away and

took a good long look at Layla and then towards the other cages beside him.

For these men who had been sentenced to death, the chance to earn their freedom by winning this battle was like a golden ray of hope in their dark, dreary lives. However, this golden ray of hope was held by one person: Adrian. Those who sincerely wanted to fight Layla would have to prove themselves to him.

"The ultimate trial… How many opponents will appear?"

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, Zen was a picture of calm and determination. This was his last trial in the Illusion Space.

Layla, on the other hand, was also quietly waiting for her final opponent not too far away.

The past trials had made her quite unhappy. Despite leaving behind those other warriors from the thirteen palaces, the fact that Zen still managed to hold his ground and enter the final round with her irked her.

That wasn't all, Zen managed to pass the trials faster and faster. In the last couple of rounds, he passed them twice as fast as she did which upset her. Layla hadn't been able to keep up with him and raise her own pace, not even by a little bit.

But she couldn't be discouraged. Since they entered the final round almost at the same time, there might be a draw between them after the fight.

She could only hope for a stronger opponent on his battlefield in the final round. The thought was enough to cheer her up a little.

Shortly after...

A faint ray of light coalesced on the battlefield and unveiled Layla's opponent.

Her designated foe was a man, sporting a prominent scar on his forehead and dressed in tattered rags. A sinister aura emanated from his whole body and Layla did not miss the way he looked at her as if he was a starving beast and she was a piece of bloody meat.

"A warrior who cultivates on an evil path?" she remarked and slightly raised her guard. She knew that this fight wasn't going to be easy since this kind of opponent would definitely have some unique skills that might catch her off-guard.

"I'm such a lucky guy to get a little girl as my opponent," the man said through gritted teeth.

For this trial alone, seven prisoners were chosen and sent in from the Villain world. However, only two of them had the privilege to fight. The burly man had already chosen Zen so this scarred man decided to go with Layla since he figured the little girl would be easy to deal with. He had already spent quite a bit of fortune gaining the privilege of fighting from Adrian, so he was definitely going all out against his opponent.

The man's aura was frightening but Layla remained unfazed. She reminded herself that this was going to be the last round of her trial and if her opponent was this strong, then Zen's was most probably going to be at the same level.

Her opponent might look strong but it wasn't going to be impossible for her to defeat him.

Just as she summed up her strategy in defeating this scarred man, she couldn't help but look towards Zen's direction, 'What about him? Who did he get?'

she thought to herself just as a burly man appeared in front of him. Her eyes immediately widened at the sight.

Layla couldn't help but yell out something that caused a huge shock to everyone afterwards. The burly man had stepped into the battlefield and confirmed that his opponent was indeed a kid at the fifth-level of the Life and Death Realm.

Still, he couldn't really look down on him. Zen had, after all, passed the trials and was able to last until the final round which meant he wasn't ordinary in the slightest.

Besides, measuring an opponent's power just by looking at his cultivation base was not wise. However the burly man was once a proud genius of the alliance so he couldn't help but be cocky. As he mentioned earlier, he was someone who almost reached the Gauze Pavilion before his life was turned upside-down and he was sent to the Villain World. For his whole life, he chased power and challenged those stronger than him. Yet, this time, it was the other way around. Today, he faced a kid who ranked lower than himself.

His cultivation base had remained stagnant in the Villain World given its scarce resources but he did not fear a mere Life and Death Realm warrior.

He looked Zen up and down and tried to size him up while Zen did the same to him.

To Zen, the burly man's cultivation base was quite firm and powerful but he also sensed a strong level of pride in him. There was no doubt that his opponent was a hardcore fighter with formidable strength! Zen sighed. 'This is going to be a tough fight, ' he thought to himself.

However, just as the two looked at each other's eyes, a yell was heard from the battlefield right next to them, "Brother!"

Zen was astonished by Layla's scream as were the audience who watched with agape mouths as the scene in front of them unfolded.

The burly man gazed at Layla in confusion. He knew he had a sister but he left her ten years ago after being sent to the Villain World. She was only around seven or eight years old at the time which was why he didn't recognize her at first glance.

"Brother! It's me! Layla!" she shouted, her heart bursting with anxiety on whether he remembered her or not.

Her declaration of her name cleared the remaining doubt on the man's face and replaced it with a kind of light that had evaded him for a long time.

The little girl whom Adrian had mentioned was actually his sister…

And to think that she had grown up to be such a powerful warrior, the feelings rushed over him like a tidal wave as he tried to process this piece of information. He couldn't believe that he almost faced against his very own sister!

Even the Sunset World lord sat in shock, also not expecting this kind of coincidence to occur in this ultimate trial.

Chapter 1398 Lincoln Ai

The usually placid face of the Sunset World lord was now marred with confusion. "Who is this person?" he asked.

However, Yolande merely blinked upon hearing his question and stayed silent.

At that moment, one of the palace leaders spoke up. "I remember him. This is the little fellow who held a grudge against the son of the Supreme Lord Winfred during the Heavenly Fruit Assembly!"

That specific incident wasn't long ago, and it had only been a little more than a decade. The mere mention of it made the other palace leaders remember it as well.

"This man's name should be Lincoln Ai, that peerless talent of the Major Cultivation World. Back then, the Gauze Pavilion wanted to break the rules to include him in their group, but the dispute between him and the Supreme Lord Winfred had him exiled to the Villain World," another palace leader chimed in. "Layla Ai...

Lincoln Ai... Are they really siblings?"

Meanwhile, the martial artists from the thirteen palaces outside the ancient hall seemed to have an even more intense reaction than the palace leaders themselves.

Lincoln Ai was just a talent from the younger generation in the eyes of the palace leaders. They didn't have a strong memory of him. Their dispute wasn't anything big back then, and it was normal for him to be unknown to the people like the Sunset World lord.

However, Lincoln Ai was popular among the younger generation. The moment his burly figure appeared, some martial artists had already recognized him.

"It's Lincoln Ai! He actually got released from the Villain World!"

"Lincoln Ai is Zen's opponent! If the Supreme Lord Winfred hadn't punished Lincoln Ai back then, he would've probably reached the Spirit Supreme Realm now!"

"Not just the Spirit Supreme Realm! His cultivation was only at the Life and Death Realm at that time, and he was supposed to be recruited by the Gauze Pavilion. His future could've been limitless... What a pity!"

For many of the common martial artists, it was easy for Lincoln Ai to have the support of the lower-level martial artists because he had been oppressed by Supreme Lord Winfred. There were various legends about him everywhere, and even a rumor that he had once entered hell and fought all sorts of evil spirits just to save a friend.

The core members of the alliance might be unfamiliar with all those legends, but the lower class of martial artists thought all of them were superb.

"I didn't expect Layla to be Lincoln Ai's sister!"

"Both these two siblings are indeed powerful. Lincoln Ai was fierce, having sparred with the overly proud son of Supreme Lord Winfred at the Heavenly Fruit Assembly—where he ruthlessly shamed his rival in defeat. His little sister's talent is no joke, either."

The heated discussion among the younger cultivators only increased. Everyone had something to say about the fierce, exiled warrior.

If Layla could name a happiest memory, it would have to be right now.

Never in a million years would she have thought to see her brother in the Illusion Space.

She knew that her brother had offended someone powerful, and thus was exiled into the Villain World. On top of that, he had only 800 years to live.

However, eight hundred years was more than enough for her. She would grow stronger within that time frame and save her brother from the Villain World.

She had committed this secret vow to heart, and never shared it with anyone else ever since she had chosen to take the path of martial arts.

Her brother's figure, clad in tattered clothes, came into view. She briefly thought of his tall and powerful persona when she was younger, and felt like shedding tears.

"Layla, it's really you." The smile on Lincoln Ai's face only grew wider. His sister was a young woman now, but he could still vaguely make out her childhood appearance. He was more than ecstatic to see his sister in the same place.

He had gone through a lot after being exiled. The Villain World had no rules, and had extremely limited resources. It definitely wasn't easy to survive there—but because of Adrian this time, he had a chance to get his freedom. And now that he had seen his sister, he saw that she had indeed become powerful already.

Tears welled up in Layla's eyes as she nodded. She was so excited that she didn't know what to say.

A chuckle burst out of Lincoln Ai's lips. "This is truly great. I didn't expect that we would reunite on the day I would get my freedom. Once I defeat this kid, I'll be free."

Upon hearing Lincoln Ai's words, Layla's expression suddenly changed. "They'll set you free if you defeat Zen?" She'd never heard of such a reward.

"Yes, indeed." Lincoln Ai said with a nod.

Light sparkled in Layla's eyes as she turned to face Zen. "Zen, will you please admit defeat?" she pleaded.

Zen was speechless at the sudden turn of events. Why did his opponent have to be Layla's brother? And Layla, who had wanted to challenge him in the Mist Palace, now wanted him to surrender. This was unbelievable.

"Don't worry, I will admit defeat too," Layla said seriously. "I can give up the final test. Then we'd have the same results," she added.

Once again, Zen was speechless at Leila's words. All this time, he'd never considered her as an opponent. His participation in the Passing the Torch was only for his own assessment.

Zen also had a younger sister. While Layla and her brother had reunited in this place, there had been no news so far of Zen's sister.

Of course, it wasn't that Zen didn't want to help the siblings.

"I beg of you," Layla implored. She'd been such a proud girl before, but now she urgently hoped that Zen would respond in kind. She continued, "I will do my best to fulfill any request you have. Anything is fine! Please!"

Just as Zen was about to agree, Lincoln Ai suddenly laughed. "Layla, how can you beg?"

"But..." However, her brother interrupted her before she could finish.

"I've always relied on myself. How can I let my sister beg for me? Don't you have confidence in me? Do you think I am no match for this fellow in front of you?" he said arrogantly.

The two siblings didn't come from a privileged family. The Ai family was just a fourth-grade noble family from the borderlands. They were simply too ordinary compared to the seventh-grade, eighth-grade, and even ninth-grade and tenth-grade noble families.

But even so, Lincoln Ai had quickly become famous and had even been appreciated by the Gauze Pavilion. He had always relied only on himself to gain other people's favor, too proud to ask for help. Thus, he absolutely couldn't stand his sister begging someone else for his freedom.

Meanwhile, Zen had really intended to just admit defeat.

But when Lincoln Ai said those words, he couldn't say anything. These siblings seemed to have the same temper and were too proud. Zen could only shake his head, and felt somewhat helpless in the face of such a dramatic scene.

Lincoln Ai then turned to Zen and smiled faintly, "You're Zen Luo, right?"

Zen nodded in response.

"You're now my opponent for this round, which is not bad for a man with a cultivation at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm. Don't listen to my sister. Use everything you've got! If I can't defeat an opponent whose cultivation level is far inferior to mine, then I would rather not have my freedom."

Zen felt annoyed, and once again muttered to himself about these siblings' proud personalities.

On the other hand, Layla felt conflicted. She knew her brother's character. There was little to no possibility of convincing her brother in such a situation, so she was extremely anxious for this battle.

"Make your move!" Lincoln Ai's booming voice reverberated throughout the area. He took this battle quite seriously even if Zen was only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm.

Since Lincoln Ai said so, Zen lightly held the Thunder Wind Divine Sword horizontally and made a polite gesture.

After that, a beam of light flashed from the sword's tip. The lightning and wind blades carried a figure as they charged towards Lincoln Ai.

Meanwhile, a handful of martial artists outside the ancient palace were talking about Lincoln Ai. Their discussion never seemed to die down. On the contrary, it only became more intense.

"Why didn't Zen admit defeat?"

"I saw that Zen had intended to admit defeat, but Lincoln Ai didn't let him."

"What? Lincoln Ai is powerful! Does he need Zen to admit defeat? What a joke!"

"I think so too. Although Zen has some ability and has gotten to enter the final exam, I'm afraid he'll stop at this round since he's faced with

Lincoln Ai. After all, even the son of Supreme Lord Winfred lost to Lincoln Ai. He was ruthlessly humiliated. It was the very reason that Lincoln Ai had been exiled."

Chapter 1399 Exchanging Punches

The crowd's voice from the outside did not reach the confines of the Illusion Space.

Layla had intended to watch the fight between her brother and Zen, but she was occupied at present with her opponent.

"Focus on our battle, little girl. Ha-ha!" he taunted. His derisive laugh was accompanied by a strange, ghost-like aura that emerged from his body. It turned into fist-sized skulls and shot straight toward Layla.

At present, Layla's brother was fighting for his freedom. The thought weighed heavily on her even as she fought her own battle.

She made no response to the warrior in front of her, her figure dancing gracefully in the air as her long hair swirled with her movements. Her eyes remained fixed on Zen.

Zen attacked with his sword, and Lincoln let out an almost manic laugh. Golden light flashed from his body as he blocked the wind blade with his bare hand.

Crack! Crack!

The next moment, the blade scattered into pieces. The lightning that struck Lincoln's body did not affect him in the slightest. Zen then used the Nether God Shadow, but once again, it was smashed to pieces.

Having solved Zen's another move, Lincoln took large strides and dashed straight towards him.

Zen remained calm even as Lincoln stopped his attacks one after another. The battle was his sole focus—he thought of nothing else but the present fight.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, ten Nether God Shadows shot out from Zen's hand.

Upon seeing the surging Nether God Shadows, Lincoln roared. The golden light around his body became even more resplendent. The light clothed him like a second skin, giving him the appearance of a golden figure. The luminous glow was almost blinding.

Zen's Nether God Shadows were strong and fierce, but stood no chance against Lincoln. As soon as they approached him, they splintered to a thousand pieces.

"Lincoln has a profound comprehension of the Metal Law. This is probably going to be troublesome, even for Zen," a palace leader remarked.

At this, another palace leader shook his head. "That may not be so. Zen was able to cross the flame pool. He must have uncovered secrets unknown to anyone else. He had only used Thunder Wind Divine Sword in the first twenty-four rounds of the trial. We still do not know what sort of trump card he might be hiding."

Compared to the other warriors, the palace leaders' appraisement was naturally much more accurate.

As for the warriors from the thirteen palaces, they had kept on flattering Lincoln, cheering at his every movement.

After destroying Zen's Nether God Shadows, Lincoln took a step forward, quickly closing the distance between him and Zen. A streak of Time Law simultaneously erupted from Lincoln's body. In an instant, the entire platform began to slow down.

The next instant, Zen undid the restraints of Lincoln's Time Law.

The Time Law and Space Law were opposites, but they did not affect each other. Lincoln's action was only a probing move. To warriors of this level, knowledge of the Time Law was nothing unexpected.

"Nether God Shadows!"

After the Time Law was undone, Zen's figure once again retreated. One after another, Nether God Shadows continued their onslaught of attacks on Lincoln. Each of the shadows displayed a different technique as they surrounded Lincoln from different directions.

Any other warrior would have been dwarfed by the relentless attacks. Lincoln, however, was no ordinary fighter. "Useless," he said with a confident smile. This time, he did not even bother to defend himself. He charged forward, his body like a raging bull, and shattered the Nether God Shadows that were in his way.

He moved with a power that could destroy even a mountain range. "I know that you have more strength than this. Why don't we quit playing around and be more serious?" he said aloud provokingly.

As Lincoln got closer to him, Zen moved back the platform like a gust of wind, releasing one Nether God Shadow after another.

Upon seeing that Zen was using the same trick, Lincoln shook his head. "I've already told you. This is all useless." He kept on shattering the shadows that Zen released, and then said again, "Since you insist on relying on the sword in your hand so much, then I'll just have to remove it."

Lincoln intertwined his hands together. Then, a golden ring appeared in front of him.

The moment it appeared, Zen felt his Thunder Wind Divine Sword being absorbed by a strong force, as if it wanted to fly out of his hand. He gripped his sword even tighter, trying to fight off the strange magnetic force.

Zen was proud of his strength. But when he felt the golden ring trying to wrench his weapon out of his grasp, his heart raced.

A trace of surprise flickered over Lincoln's features when he saw that Zen's sword remained in his hands. With another shout from him, the golden ring expanded to three times its original size, increasing its force threefold.

Zen had remained expressionless despite the increased strength of the golden ring. No one would be his equal in terms of pure strength.

The power of the dragon scales poured into his body, and his grip on the long sword became even more stable. It barely shook despite the powerful sucking force from the golden ring.

"Huh?"

Astonishment dawned on Lincoln's face as he watched his opponent.

The Metal Law was his strongest suit, and no one had ever escaped the Everlasting Golden Ring cast by him. He had disarmed his opponent every time. However, Zen's sword remained in his grasp as he dodged. It was the first time someone had ever been able to withstand this technique. 'What incredible strength!' he thought to himself.

'Is this strength his trump card?'

Lincoln moved on from his surprise quickly enough. Once again, his hands intersected and the golden ring expanded once more. A profound understanding of the Metal Law allowed one great power.

Each of the Original Laws had the power to destroy the heavens and the earth with enough skill and mastery. Thus, there existed a proverb in the Upper World, "There is no strongest law, only the strongest warrior."

The laws contained boundless power, but similar to any weapon, they were only as strong as the hands that wielded them.

A small smile appeared on Zen's lips as the sensation of an unknown gravity flowed through him. The strength of the dragon scales was swiftly pouring out. There was no way he would allow his own sword to be snatched away from his own grasp.

As the fight went on, it became even more apparent that the two men were evenly matched. Lincoln grabbed the golden ring in his hand and gently spun it. Streams of golden light shot towards Zen, but he kept a firm grip on his sword. The two parties had come to a deadlock.

On the other side, Layla had already activated her movement technique to the maximum as well. She dodged her opponent's attacks while simultaneously watching her brother's battle.

"I thought I already told you to be more serious, little girl. You'll lose if you're distracted," her opponent jeered.

Layla wore a cold expression. She no longer had the heart to fight. So what if she won? All that mattered to her was her brother's victory.

Things were different for her opponent, however. This battle held great merit to him. Victory would mean his freedom. Seeing Layla's dispirited face, he took advantage of the moment to press her closer.

Zen continuously dodged the golden beams of light while keeping his strength to a certain level in order to prevent his Thunder Wind Divine Sword from being wrenched from his hand. At the moment, he was in a somewhat passive position.

The Nether God Shadows dealt no damage to Lincoln. Lincoln's metal-attribute cultivation technique was overwhelming, but it was not that Zen did not have any way for a counterattack. He could use the Nether God Shadows to send Lavender to Lincoln's side. With her current strength and the Cold Plum Blood Spear, she would only need one spear strike to kill Lincoln.

However, Lavender's identity was a very sensitive matter. Other than Yolande, Zen didn't trust anyone else in here. Moreover, in a fight like this, he did not want to rely on Lavender's help.

As he considered all this, Zen put the Thunder Wind Divine Sword back into his space ring. Then, his figure flashed as he charged towards Lincoln.

From the beginning, Lincoln had been trying to force Zen to engage in close combat with him. As he saw him move forward, a faint smile appeared on his face. He was most confident of his own body.

He had trained the Metal Spirit Body with the help of the Metal Law—his body was as tenacious as a divine weapon. No one would match him in close combat.

"Finally!" he shouted. "You decided to not waste my time." Lincoln smiled.

Zen's expression remained calm. He did not speak, but he felt his body hum with the power that had been long stored away since the start of the battle.

Boom!

Lincoln faced him head on, returning the punch with just his raw power. At this moment, the strength of their physical bodies would be the decisive factor in the outcome.

A loud noise echoed around the two men, followed by a drastic change in Lincoln's expression.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1400 Stars

Had it been any other Soul Sea Realm warrior, his body would have already been shattered by the force of Lincoln's punch.

The number of warriors that had been smashed by Lincoln's punch in the Villain World was countless by now. It was only because of his Metal Spirit Body that he was able to survive all his battles to this day.

Lincoln was well aware of his power, and took great pride in it. He had almost forgotten what it felt like to be surprised by an opponent—he did not have much reason to be, until today. The moment Lincoln came into contact with Zen, his body vibrated with a strength that was as vast and immeasurable as the ocean.

The golden light on his body faltered, and he retreated on the platform.

It was only when he reached the edge that he stopped.

'Such power! This brat's physical body is actually stronger than mine!' he thought in disbelief, and a look of bewilderment appeared on his face.

Every cultivation method had its own unique characteristics. He couldn't be certain which law Zen focused on, but it was definitely not the Metal Law. For warriors who practiced the Metal Law, their greatest pride lay in the Body in the Diamond-like State.

How come Zen was able to make his body so tough?

In his puzzlement, Lincoln failed to notice his opponent. Zen stood on the other side of the platform, his face mirroring Lincoln's own surprise.

He had already used the strength of 8, 000 dragon scales in the punch that he threw earlier.

An ordinary warrior at the Soul Sea Realm would not be able to withstand the power of just 2, 000 to 3, 000 dragon scales. Even War Emperor York had been forced back by a single strike from him. 8, 000 dragon scales was out of the question. Had the War Emperor been hit with this power, he would have been killed immediately.

He observed Lincoln from where he was. His opponent had been forced to retreat, but other than that, he showed no other sign of damage. Lincoln's strength was turning out to be much stronger than he had expected.

Outside the ancient palace, the scene was punctuated with sighs from the spectating warriors. Close combats such as this always turned out to be among the most gruesome. The air shifted around the warriors as they watched. No blood had been drawn as of yet. They had no longer been thinking about the outcome of the battle. Instead, they were looking to see more blood.

"So this is your trump card," Lincoln said, his eyes sharply fixed at Zen. "Your body is comparable to a divine weapon, and you possess terrifying strength." His lips split into a broad smile and he continued, "However, this alone might not be enough to win against me!" The confident glint was back in his eyes, although one could tell that he was exercising more caution.

The next moment, a crack broke in his forehead, revealing a small cyan stone.

Zen noticed the cyan stone, and his face also revealed a trace of wariness.

At this time, he heard Lavender speak to him. "Be careful, Zen. That stone you see is the Wrath of the Ocean."

"The Wrath of the Ocean? What is that?" Zen asked.

At the moment, Lavender didn't have much time to answer his question. "There's not enough time to explain. It's something with a great history. Once this Wrath of the Ocean is activated, one's strength will increase exponentially. This is truly strange. Humans have actually arranged such a difficult trial in Passing the Torch."

At the same time, the Sunset World lord's gaze froze at the sight of the stone in Lincoln's forehead. "The siblings both have the rare Wrath of the

Ocean. Unbelievable!"

One of the palace leaders asked, "Since Layla has the fate to lead the world of chaos, what of her elder brother?"

Yolande shook her head at his question. "I'm afraid we would have to ask someone to inquire further before we can tell his fate."

Upon discovering that the Wrath of the Ocean was something of extraordinary power, Zen naturally became even more vigilant. He fixed his eyes on Lincoln, watching for every small movement. Just as the two men were about to approach each other, a woman's shout echoed through the space, slicing sharply at the silence.

"Fuck off! I'm not in the mood for your pestering. Die!"

Layla's fury hardened her voice as she shouted. Ever since she saw her elder brother, she had lost all desire to fight. However, her opponent was persistent.

Zen and Lincoln halted their movements, their gazes shifting to Layla's side.

Countless ghost heads surrounded Layla with gusts of cold wind, forcing her into a corner.

"This is a trial, little girl. There's no way I don't fight you," her opponent said. "But if you want to admit defeat, that's fine too!"

Layla's anger boiled over, flowing hotly into her veins.

Throwing the cyan long sword to the side, she flipped in the air, her long hair leaving a graceful trail. The crack in her forehead grew larger and larger, and the cyan stone shone with a strange light.

Rays of cyan light surrounded her. The next moment, a small spot between her eyebrows exploded.

The moment he looked at the spot of light, Zen was overcome with the sense of extreme danger. That ball of light was an absolute threat to his life.

As the people watched, the light spot suddenly enlarged and turned into a ball. It kept on expanding until it was the size of a person. Then, it wrapped itself around Layla.

Once the light had completely enveloped her, it pulsated and began to rapidly grow larger once more.

In a matter of seconds, the entire platform was engulfed in its light.

With the light covering the entire space, Layla's opponent had nowhere to flee. He could only raise his hand against the blinding light as it swallowed him.

The cyan light ball pulsated and sent forth a blinding light, forcing the people to close their eyes. When the large light ball slowly scattered, even Zen could not help but suck in a deep, much-wanted breath.

"What?"

The round platforms within the Illusion Space were built on stone pillars. Because the space's nature, the objects inside weren't real. They were created using divine textures and magic arrays. Warriors' strength was taken into account upon the building of the structure.

Under normal circumstances, these platforms were impossible to destroy. Even after having endured countless battles, these platforms were left unscathed. They had been built to withstand long and violent battles.

No one would have ever expected what came into their sight after the light dissipated. Layla's opponent was nowhere to be found.

So was the whole platform. A sole pillar stood in the middle of the space. Had it not been for that, it would have been as if the platform had never existed at all. The stone pillar had a concave on the surface that was eroded by the light. Layla was sitting atop it as her hair was scattered down.

Her face had a pallid complexion as she stared in Zen's direction. It was evident that whatever she had done used up quite a bit of her energy. It had burned even her blood essence.

Everything was only a projection in the Illusion Space. Even burning one's blood essence wasn't too much of a matter. "Lincoln, you can do it!" she shouted.

With what had just happened, Layla had as good as passed the final test. However, after considering the situation, the old man in cotton clothes did not make her leave the Illusion Space, allowing her to stay there and watch the battle between her brother and Zen instead.

On the other side of the Willow Island, Adrian's brows furrowed slightly.

A bad premonition came to him as he watched.

He had not the slightest interest about the relationship between Lincoln and Layla. All he wanted was for Lincoln to defeat Zen.

Previously, he had thought that Layla was inferior to Zen. However, now that she had displayed such power, it had left Adrian astonished. At the same time, he grew anxious about Lincoln. He didn't want him to lose the battle.

"No matter how hard we try, some things just won't go as we wish. Fate is cruel," he muttered, shaking his head. His mind was resigned to whatever the outcome of the fight would be.

Lincoln smiled faintly. His chest was filled with pride for his sister. After the Wrath of the Ocean was activated, the golden light around his body shone even brighter. He clenched his fists and turned to Zen. "Fight me!" he shouted.

Zen nodded his head in response. A silent understanding passed over the two men. The outcome of this battle was no longer important. Lincoln was as proud as Layla, but he was principled.

It would not be easy to meet such an opponent. Zen's body thrummed with excitement. His gaze turned more serious as he looked at Lincoln. Then, in the boundless starry sky of the Orange Sea World, a few rays of starlight suddenly appeared.

These stars had always hung above the universe, shining down upon the countless supreme worlds.

But they were not visible due to their great distance. Such eye-catching luster was not often seen by human eyes.

However, at this moment, those few rays of starlight shot straight towards the ancient hall.

At almost the exact instant that the stars flickered, the Sunset World lord frowned, and the expression on his face grew from bewilderment to shock. "Don't tell me Zen has cultivated the Stellar Body?"

A palace leader echoed his surprise. "It's the Transcendent Divine Might that Supreme Lord Star had left behind many years ago. Where did Zen learn it from?"

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

[Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master]() by Dragon Fly

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

[From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality]() (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

[The Supreme God of Martial Arts]() by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

26

Content

Chapter 1401 Kindness
Chapter 1402 Introducing The Heavenly Tribulation
Chapter 1403 Fourteen Petals
Chapter 1404 Golden Snakes
Chapter 1405 Luck-devouring Snakes
Chapter 1406 The Outline
Chapter 1407 Great Luck
Chapter 1408 Endless Heavenly Tribulations
Chapter 1409 Gods-intimidating Strike
Chapter 1410 Thirty Percent
Chapter 1411 The Sword Practicing Hall
Chapter 1412 Crack (Part One)
Chapter 1413 Crack (Part Two)
Chapter 1414 Lincoln Arrived
Chapter 1415 The Secret Treasures
Chapter 1416 Resources
Chapter 1417 Imprisonment (Part One)
Chapter 1418 Imprisonment (Part Two)
Chapter 1419 The City Lord
Chapter 1420 What Price
Chapter 1421 The Shocking Sword Strike
Chapter 1422 Jevan Shen (Part One)
Chapter 1423 Jevan Shen (Part Two)
Chapter 1424 The Feast
Chapter 1425 Let Me Serve You
Chapter 1426 Secret Sect
Chapter 1427 The Second Sword Embryo
Chapter 1428 Stealing The Faith Energy
Chapter 1429 Previous Subordinates
Chapter 1430 Destroy The Statues
Chapter 1431 The First Step
Chapter 1432 Try It Out
Chapter 1433 The Creation of The Soul Sea
Chapter 1434 The Dark Underground Palace
Chapter 1435 A Long Narrow Passage (Part One)
Chapter 1436 A Long Narrow Passage (Part Two)

Chapter 1437 Snake Heads (Part One)
Chapter 1438 Snake Heads (Part Two)
Chapter 1439 Little Moths
Chapter 1440 Dodging In The Darkness
Chapter 1441 Open The Door
Chapter 1442 So Many People
Chapter 1443 The Endless Abyss
Chapter 1444 Lashing
Chapter 1445 Trick
Chapter 1446 Fight For The Chance Of Survival
Chapter 1447 Windy Tunnels
Chapter 1448 A Seed Of The World Tree
Chapter 1449 Difficult To Get
Chapter 1450 A Conflict
Chapter 1451 Getting The Tree Seed
Chapter 1452 Fight The Ogre Warrior
Chapter 1453 A Loop (Part One)
Chapter 1454 A Loop (Part Two)
Chapter 1455 Freezing Cold
Chapter 1456 Human Pyramid (Part One)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1401 Kindness

The Transcendent Divine Might was something that was known to be quite rare even in the Upper World.

Only Supreme Lords could create Transcendent Divine Might!

The cultivation methods in the upper world were compiled by relying on the rules of the entire universe… There were so many factors involved that they could not have been quantized.

For example, the visualization technique allowed the cultivators to obtain intents and insights through visualization of all the living things in the world. A creature could utilize his deep comprehension of the universe to create an entirely new cultivation method.

However, most of these martial arts only involved very inferior laws. But the Transcendent Divine Might used the most superior law of all, which was the Law of Causality.

Once the Law of Causality came into picture, extraordinary things began to happen. Its power could be understood from the fact that the Black Star pickaxe Zen had contained a kind of Law of Causality that was unsuitable for combat, but was still powerful enough to be ranked among the top three thousand on the Universe Spirit Tablet…

Treasures and weapons had to be carried with warriors. They were limited. However, a Transcendent Divine Might required the cultivator himself to grasp the Law of Causality. Thus, it made a great deal of difference to his chances and power.

Since a living being had limitless intelligence on his hand, he could progress. The grasp of a Transcendent Divine Might was equivalent to a pass that would allow one to reach the highest and the mightiest rules of the universe. This way, the cultivator could then grow endlessly. Even the most powerful supreme divine weapon could not be changed once it was forged.

The Sunset World lord had once grasped a Transcendent Divine Might by chance. This chance achievement had allowed him to take a huge leap and become a grand world. But he was the only one to do so. Even among the leaders and vice leaders of the thirteen palaces present here, Yolande was the only one who possessed a Transcendent Divine Might. Since she herself was a descendant of a Supreme Lord, she had once had a chance to cultivate a Transcendent Divine Might and caught onto it.

It was also deemed extremely difficult to cultivate a Transcendent Divine Might. Each type of it was more difficult than the other and as unique as a fingerprint. The Soul Split Spell that Yolande cultivated had paved the way for her to cultivate the Transcendent Divine Might.

As for Zen, he had spent a lot of time cultivating the Stellar Body after coming to know about it. He would have progressed very far indeed but that was the future. Right now, he was still very young and had only reached the third level of the cultivation method so far. Moreover, the Stellar Body he possessed was an abridged version.

Even so, when he had employed the Stellar Body technique and drew upon the power of the stars, it had left many leaders of the palaces stunned.

"Ummm, guys! Supreme Lord Star spent his entire life comprehending the stars. As far as chronicles go, when he drew upon the power of the various stars in the sky, he managed to transform their light into swords and then crossed over ten thousand worlds to kill Supreme Lord Sherman, only to be killed by the curse that his enemy possessed. It was a life for a life and he perished instantly. That was truly a pity. What I don't understand is, Supreme Lord Star never had any descendant. So how come this guy inherited the Stellar Body?" a palace leader remarked lightly.

The Sunset World lord looked up at the stars in the sky and then said in a mysterious tone, "Perhaps it is his own fortune that led him to it. This boy has many secrets. I can't see through them all. If he doesn't die, then there would definitely be a place for him in the supreme worlds…"

Yolande did not participate in this discussion.

Among all the people present, she was the only one who knew Zen best and was also the most interested in him. After all, she had spent some time with him.

"Don't judge the fate of men without destiny!" This was a common phrase used by those who had speculated about fate and such mysterious matters. However, since Zen had dual fates, his future seemed to be even more complicated and mysterious. The universe was a big and vast and complicated place, but Zen's appearance had made it even more interesting.

In the Illusion Space, streams of starlight superimposed themselves on Zen's body, and the power of the stars that had condensed through them was getting richer and more powerful by the minute.

The Stellar Body was very different from other cultivation methods. As more and more stars were connected, the power of this cultivation method increased through multiplicative factors!

Seeing the lights, Lincoln's expressions became even more cautious…

Back during the Heavenly Fruit Assembly, he had once gotten into a conflict with the son of Supreme Lord Winfred. Being a common martial artist, he had humiliated Supreme Lord Winfred, who was two levels above him in cultivation! One could imagine how confident he was in his strength!

However, he had never expected that he would be locked in battle with a boy who was an entire realm lower than him in cultivation.

Now he understood that there were just too many freaks in this universe!

He stopped thinking about the idea and the golden light once again enveloped his body, while the cyan stone on his forehead began to flash continuously with a faint cyan light!

"Swish! Swish!"

The two warriors on the platform once again dashed towards each other and their weapons clashed together.

At this moment, Layla's hands were tightly clenched into fists and her gaze was slightly dazed…

His brother was extremely stubborn. All kinds of thoughts appeared in Layla's mind.

'Brother, you can definitely beat Zen!

Even if you lose, it doesn't matter. I will definitely find a way to save you from the Villain World…' she thought at first.

But then, she was in two minds. On one hand, she was very confident in her brother and knew that he could beat anyone. On the other hand, she was afraid of Zen's unfathomable strength. Whether or not she would like to admit it, Zen's hidden strength was far more terrifying than she could ever imagine!

"Boom!"

Due to the collision, a golden light suddenly dispersed around the arena and the power of the stars also unceasingly vibrated.

Other than the dazzling light, Layla, could not see anything else since she was standing too far away and the light itself was also too bright…

"Did he win?" Layla suddenly rose and stood on top of the lonely stone pillar, waiting for the light on the platform to dissipate!

Right at that moment, a few muffled sounds rang out from the light, and a figure suddenly shot out from it.

Layla's gaze froze and then a look of ecstatic happiness appeared on her face. She could see that the warrior who had just flown out was Zen!

His body shot out from the platform and fell down from the rolling clouds in the Illusion Space. This meant that Zen had been wiped out from the competition!

Lincoln was standing at the center of the platform. Cracks had appeared on his body. He fell into deep thought, his eyes under his perfectly-shaped eyebrows staring at nothingness.

"Brother! You win!"

All her previous worries had been dispelled at this moment! Her brother had won and was now free.

Since Zen had failed the final round of the Illusion Space, she had also won! And his own brother, after defeating Zen, would gain his freedom!

It was a double delight. At this moment, Layla was extremely excited!

Hearing Layla's words, Lincoln smiled, but it was clearly a forced smile. To be able to obtain his freedom was indeed a joyous thing for him. He felt that his life was going to change after being reunited with his sister this time.

One more pressing matter was that he had seen clearly what had happened just now. Zen must have held back on his strength when their strikes met.

He was sure of this fact because the power that Zen had just released wasn't even half of what it had been before. Lincoln's keen observation skills told him that the limits of Zen's strength were far more than just this.

'It is such a shame that I have to bear the pity of this little boy. I think I will still settle this debt with him sooner or later, ' Lincoln said in his heart.

In the ancient hall, Zen's eyes slowly snapped open and a hint of helplessness could be seen on his face. Then he slowly walked out of the ancient hall.

He wasn't a benign person by nature, but it didn't matter much to him whether or not he could pass this final round. After all, it was just a challenge and he would have far bigger opportunities to prove himself.

When he had seen Layla's sad and melancholy face, he had suddenly felt that it resembled the expression on Yan's face a lot. He had been slightly moved at that moment…

Outside the ancient hall, the old man in cotton clothes floating in the air also had a strange expression on his face. Not only him, the leaders of the thirteen palaces, including Yolande, and the Sunset World lord looked strange. They had also sensed what had happened just now.

They all came to the same conclusion in their hearts that Zen had lost this round deliberately!

The only reason they could think of when pondering over why Zen had deliberately given up was that he wanted to help Lincoln gain his freedom.

Relatively speaking, Zen and Layla were competitors. Besides, Layla had provoked Zen time and time again…

'I didn't expect this Zen to be such a good fellow," one of the leaders remarked, shaking his head. "You know, in this world of martial arts which always follows the rule of natural selection, kindness isn't a merit."

However, the Sunset World lord chuckled and replied, "To the weak warriors, perhaps kindness is a fatal weakness, but to the absolute strong ones, kindness is a mercy that should not be taken lightly…"

Every race and every creature in the universe was almost always in a constant state of danger, since the universe was filled with uncertainty and turmoil, making this a world where the strong preyed on the weak. If a person's strength was insufficient, then being kind would only bring him bad luck and fate. No good would fall to such a person as his kindness would be taken advantage by people with ill intentions. But when this person's strength was strong enough, then even if he compromised or gave way, it didn't matter to him, because his foundation was extremely strong and no one could shake it. The worst that could happen to him was a temporary defeat of his own will.

Though Zen had yet to reach that level, in the eyes of the Sunset World lord, he was going to reach it pretty sooner than people thought.

Chapter 1402 Introducing The Heavenly Tribulation

After a while, Layla emerged from the Illusion Space.

At this moment, the beam of happiness was evident in her demeanor.

Before leaving the space, her brother told her that he would be released in the near future — he promised to visit the Mist Palace right after to visit her. Their reunion day was just around the corner.

As she walked out of the ancient hall, she turned to Zen with a huge smile on her face. A kind of complacency and arrogance surfaced in her eyes.

She was the only one to have passed the ultimate test in the Illusion Space trial.

Although admittedly, her opponent's strength was far inferior to her older brother's.

But she believed that it was merely Zen's bad luck that got him her brother as his opponent. While she might not have managed to beat Zen in a one-on-one fight, the results proved, at the very least, that she had better luck than he did. A warrior's good luck was also a kind of strength, after all.

In spite of her outward display of arrogance, Zen merely nodded graciously in reply with a face that remained calm and expressionless.

Zen's indifferent reaction left Layla rather disappointed — shouldn't he have been frustrated after having been defeated by her brother and in turn losing to her in the trial? Why couldn't she find any signs of frustration on his face?

Without the delight of relishing in Zen's frustration, Layla somehow felt unfulfilled. But when she thought about how soon she would be reunited with her brother, her mood shot up instantly.

After Zen and Layla left the Illusion Space, the old man announced the warriors' rankings in the event, proceeding to hand out their respective awards.

The Tribulation Exterminating Pills, the divine weapons, and the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pills…

Most warriors from the thirteen palaces could at least get a Tribulation Exterminating Pill as a reward for participating in Passing the Torch.

Additionally, those who managed to reach 3, 000 miles in the Enchanted Barrier Tower could obtain a secondary first-rank divine weapon.

For warriors at their level, such a weapon was already a pretty good reward. But few of the warriors were qualified to receive it. Reaching 3, 000 miles in the tower was no easy feat — many people had been eliminated early on.

After that, the old man recited another list of names.

These were the names of the warriors who reached 10, 000 miles, all of whom were qualified to obtain a Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill.

This batch of pills was easily more valuable than the secondary first-rank divine weapons.

And of course, both Zen and Layla were on the list. After the group of warriors gathered around the old man, he pulled out a small jade pot and opened it up, emitting strands of icy, cold air.

"The Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill has special medicinal properties. Once it's taken out of the pot, these properties will volatilize almost instantly. After that, it will become an ordinary stone. Because of this, you must consume it as soon as you receive it from me," warned the old man.

'What? I have to consume it right here and now?'

Zen felt rather embarrassed.

The pill was supposed to help warriors invoke their Heavenly Tribulations instantly, but this function was used mostly by warriors who had undergone nine Heavenly Tribulations — this would trigger invoking the tenth.

Every warrior who had undergone ten Heavenly Tribulations would get a perfect Soul Sea. This was why all the races attached great importance to warriors at the ninth level of the Life and Death Realm. Such warriors did not only have a stronger foundation than most, but were also capable of opening up a perfect Soul Sea.

The warriors around Zen were either at the Soul Sea Realm or the ninth level of the Life and Death Realm.

Meanwhile, Zen was only at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm — he could feel the embarrassment of the fact creep up his spine, making his mood sink.

When Layla noticed Zen's expression, she smiled and asked, "Zen, what about giving your pill to me? I want to try and see if consuming two pills in the row will invoke the eleventh Heavenly Tribulation!"

But the old man gave her a sharp look before shaking his head and sighing in resignation.

"Isn't the tenth Heavenly Tribulation the limit of the Life and Death Realm?" another warrior behind them chimed in. "Warriors can get a perfect Soul Sea after experiencing the tenth Heavenly Tribulation. I've never heard of the eleventh Heavenly Tribulation."

Then, the old man interrupted them, "It's true that the tenth Heavenly Tribulation can contribute to the perfect Soul Sea. Nonetheless, there might be people in this world who indeed managed to invoke the eleventh Heavenly Tribulation."

"The eleventh? Really?" asked a warrior in his astonishment.

With a nod, the old man continued, "But as far as you're concerned, that exists only in stories. It has nothing to do with you. You can take your pills now!"

With that, the old man lightly patted the icy jade pot. Numerous brown pills flew out from its opening and landed right in the warriors' hands.

The pill was neither round nor square — it came in a strange, decahedral shape. The moment it landed in Zen's hand, he felt a slight chill. A bitter smile surfaced in his expression as he examined it.

Because he was to go advance to the sixth level of the Life and Death Realm, consuming the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill right then was a waste for him.

While it would have been convenient if he could store it, he had to consume it immediately before it lost its properties.

"I can exchange a first-rank divine weapon for your Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill so you don't waste it. What do you think?" Layla walked over to Zen's side. In her mind, it was a rather good deal and he had no reason to refuse her.

But Zen only shook his head and said with a smile, "Thank you, but I don't want to just give up this valuable pill even though it might be of no use for me."

Although he didn't have many life vitality jades with him, he had many priceless treasures worth a great fortune. A first-rank divine weapon wasn't nearly enough to earn his interest.

"Well, it's still up to you." Layla didn't attempt to force the deal.

With that, all of the warriors consumed their Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pills, including Zen as he stuffed the ice-cold pill into his mouth.

The air in the Orange Sea World had rich vitality between heaven and earth. There were also many palace masters standing guard over it, making it conducive to accommodating the Heavenly Tribulations.

The group of astounding warriors was then arranged in an open area. As soon as they were all settled, they sat down cross-legged at an equal distance from each other and began to digest the pills.

While the pill was supposed to help them invoke their Heavenly Tribulations, it wasn't always managed with certainty — not all of them could experience their Heavenly Tribulations right there and then. The time the tribulations began for each warrior also differed from one another.

The first one to start his Heavenly Tribulation was Javier, only five minutes after he consumed the pill.

Because it was already his tenth Heavenly Tribulation, he would reach the Soul Sea Realm after he passed. After opening up his Soul Sea, his strength would increase significantly, securing him a place in the Upper World.

"I never would have expected Javier to start his tenth Heavenly Tribulation first. It seems like a formidable one!" someone in the crowd commented.

"Did you really think he's an ordinary warrior? Come on, he's ranked third in the test of Law Storm! Without any rare genius like Zen or Layla, he would have been ranked first!"

"The Lotus Flower! His Lotus Flower appears! It's a Nine-petal Lotus Flower!"

As they discussed, a faint image of a Lotus Flower appeared before floating over Javier's head in silence.

The flower seemed to be in full bloom as it slowly spun in the air.

Just as the other warriors had said, both Javier's talent and strength prevailed over most of the other young warriors in the entire alliance. While he should have attracted the crowd's attention, he paled in comparison to Zen and Layla — they were just too exceptional.

Neither the palace masters nor the Sunset World lord paid him any special attention.

Boom!

"It's a divine lightning!"

"The Evil Fiery Poison!"

"Look at the mist and shadows!"

"This is indeed an extraordinary small Heavenly Tribulation!"

As Javier began to undergo his tribulation, the small Heavenly Tribulation intensified.

The palace masters looked perfectly calm as they watched from the sidelines. For warriors at their level, the power of such Heavenly Tribulation was nowhere near enough to make them budge.

"Javier's tenth small Heavenly Tribulation is quite powerful. He will surely excel to the top after he reaches the Soul Sea Realm. I'm only curious as to how powerful Layla's tenth small Heavenly Tribulation will be," commented a palace master in a regulated, calm voice.

Chapter 1403 Fourteen Petals

Many of the palace leaders paid no attention to Zen.

The reason for this was quite simple.

At present, Zen was at the fifth level of the Life and Death Realm. The sixth small Heavenly Tribulation was incomparable with the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation that Layla had to face.

And so things proceeded with everyone's gazes fixated on her.

As Javier started the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation, the warrior, with the surname Li, began to undergo the same trial. In addition to him, several other warriors started to experience their tribulations too.

Across the sky spanned all kinds of the Heavenly Tribulations' powers. Voices escaped through the clouds like the beginnings of a tumultuous storm.

Two hours had passed.

Javier's small Heavenly Tribulation had finally come to an end. The Lotus Flower gently spun, its shadow gradually dissipating.

An immaculate Soul Sea sprung in his body. In its perfection, he was now the epitome of a Soul Sea Realm warrior. As his cultivation base increased, the Soul Sea inside him would grant him greater power. It opened up endless possibilities—some of which could only be obtained with the help of the immaculate Soul Sea.

Javier closed his eyes and reinforced his cultivation base...

On the other hand, the small Heavenly Tribulations of Layla and Zen had yet to arrive.

The Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill couldn't guarantee the arrival of Heavenly Tribulations on all people. Layla felt the beginnings of her anxiousness grow as time stretched longer. Zen, however, did not share this worry. It did not matter whether his sixth small Heavenly Tribulation came or not. After all, as his cultivation base increased, it would come sooner or later.

To Layla, the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation was of utmost importance. She could not afford to let her chance pass.

Another hour passed, and all the warriors who had taken the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill had passed through the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation. From among them, those who managed to reach the ninth level of the Life and Death Realm were all considered outstanding. The Heavenly Tribulations that they triggered were indeed tremendous, but they had come fully prepared—death was no danger.

Two warriors had immediately fainted after passing through the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation. This failure was brought about by arrogance. They had underestimated the power of the Heavenly Tribulation and overused their strength.

"It hasn't come yet.." Layla murmured, her voice edged with anxiety.

She threw a tentative look at Zen's direction. He looked calm, as if the prolonged waiting did nothing to agitate him in the slightest.

It was right at this moment

that a faint shadow appeared over Layla. It grew denser, until a Lotus Flower revealed itself.

"It's here!" Layla exclaimed, a look of surprise crossing over her face.

At the same time, a faint black dot started to appear in the sky. The black dot grew in size, forming a black hole that was several dozen feet large. Purple lightning flashed around it, and mysterious divine textures hovered in its surroundings. These divine textures came with no human intervention—they formed spontaneously, following the world's natural order.

"The Heavenly Sacred Thunder Tribulation!" one of the palace leaders exclaimed, a ray of light shooting out from his eyes.

"This woman... It comes as no surprise. With the level of her cultivation base, even the heavens would not be blind to her abilities!"

The palace leader's conjecture was accurate. Layla's cultivation defied the heavens. A warrior's Heavenly Tribulation matched his or her own strength. The stronger a warrior was, the more intense the tribulation would be.

The other warriors from the thirteen palaces watched in awe as the Heavenly Sacred Thunder Tribulation descended. It was a terrible sight. Some of them could not help but worry for the fate of the woman who was to face it. With such a powerful Heavenly Tribulation, it would be possible for her to be destroyed into pieces.

"Boom..." The sound of thunder permeated through the space.

The tenth small Heavenly Tribulation was truly overwhelming, but Layla's own strength would not pale in comparison.

Her techniques were endless. From the Enchanted Barrier Tower to the Illusion Space, she had displayed incredible mastery of different skills. Moreover, she possessed sharp and precise judgment. It was as if all her methods were both calculated and instinctive—she performed them naturally, but with deadly accuracy. The sight of her in battle was quite a sight.

As Layla went through the Heavenly Sacred Thunder Tribulation, several more tribulations followed suit. One by one, the Invisible Fire, the Washing Nightmare, and others arrived.

These small Heavenly Tribulations were the greatest ones among all. Even the palace leaders who knew the power of Heavenly Tribulations best were shocked at their appearance.

A single small Heavenly Tribulation would bring about several others, the difficulty and power of such tribulations increasing gradually. These tribulations that Layla underwent were definitely regarded as the strongest ones among all the warriors'. She would have to face them one by one, each one more terrifying than the last.

At this moment, Layla felt her strength draining from her body. She was flying in the air, fighting against the descending tribulations with all her power.

After what had seemed to be an endless stretch of time, the Heavenly Tribulations finally dispersed.

Layla's shoulders heaved with every breath. She descended to the ground and sat down cross-legged. Despite her fatigue, a small, victorious smile was on her lips. She had successfully passed through the tenth Heavenly Tribulation. Never had she come face to face with a greater power than this.

Everyone watched with bated breath as the Lotus Flower above her head began to spin.

Under ordinary circumstances, the shadow of the Lotus Flower would become increasingly faint after the Heavenly Tribulation until it completely vanished.

But now, not only did the Lotus Flower above Layla's head not disappear, it had even become more and more solid.

At the sight of this, even the lord of the Sunset World's eyes widened, his face revealing his shock. "This is ..."

Yolande threw him a quick glance. "The Mahayana Lotus Flower..." she finished.

"Incredible! If it's her, then it's possible. To think that she can activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower even when she is still just breaking through to reach the Soul Sea Realm! This..." A myriad of emotions crossed the palace leader's face. He could not believe his own eyes.

Even the most knowledgeable and experienced palace leaders found it difficult to maintain their composure at the sudden turn of events.

The warriors who had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower were an extreme rarity, but what was even more unbelievable was that Layla activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower when she had just reached the Soul Sea Realm. The implications were both exhilarating and terrifying.

As she became stronger, she was bound to be an outstanding master, surpassing even the heavens.

The warriors of thirteen palaces stood petrified at the revelation.

To be able to participate in the Passing the Torch, one must be among the elites of the thirteen palaces. There were countless of them from sacred places, gathered in the thirteen palaces—all of them in possession of great talent. All of them had at the very least activated the Five-petal Lotus Flower.

However, summoning the Mahayana Lotus Flower was almost inconceivable. And yet, here was Layla, about to activate the Mahayana Lotus Flower right in front of their very eyes.

The Lotus Flower above her continued spinning, and an even larger Lotus Flower appeared above it. The second flower had even more petals.

The Hinayana Lotus Flower had a total of nine petals, and the Mahayana Lotus Flower had a total of twenty-seven.

When the Mahayana Lotus Flower appeared, the first lotus petal on it slowly unfolded. It was followed by a second, a third, fourth, and fifth...

Layla raised her head to look at the lotus that was constantly blooming. Her tired face brightened with a faint smile.

Five lotus petals bloomed. With the addition of the Hinayana Lotus Flower's nine petals, there were a total of fourteen petals.

After five petals opened, the Mahayana Lotus flower began to fade and after some moments disappeared.

The palace leaders looked at Layla with conflicted expressions. The Passing the Torch was arranged to test the junior warriors of thirteen palaces, but the abilities that Layla had displayed were something that sparked the envy of even the palace leaders themselves.

When Layla's Lotus Flower had disappeared, Layla glanced at Zen and smiled meaningfully.

Back in the Enchanted Barrier Tower, he had bested her due to the fact that she had come out in advance.

Then, Zen had lost to Layla's brother in the Illusion Space. She was able to win over him only because her brother was too strong. If it was her skill against his, Zen did not fall much farther behind her. This closeness in their strengths irked her. She had wanted to put a gap between them and establish herself as undoubtedly the better warrior.

Layla smiled in satisfaction. With her results this time, how could Zen match up to her now?

Zen was no fool. He understood instantly what was in Layla's mind. However, he remained unbothered.

At this moment, he cared more about his sixth small Heavenly Tribulation. He waited, wondering why it still hadn't arrived.

Chapter 1404 Golden Snakes

The Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill couldn't have lost its effectiveness already, could it?

The tribulation Zen had attracted was not the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation, but the sixth. Actually, even if he hadn't used the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill, the tribulation would still have descended because his cultivation had already reached that level. This was disappointing to Zen, to say the least.

Why had the small Heavenly Tribulation still not shown up?

Yolande glanced at Layla and frowned. She had also been looking forward to Zen's small Heavenly Tribulation. Although it wasn't the tenth one, she was still able to observe how many petals Zen's Lotus Flower would sprout.

However, Layla's expression made Yolande dislike her. There was a hint of condescension in her eyes, and it was unbecoming in Yolande's opinion. Layla didn't seem to know that Zen had actually purposefully held back his strength in the Illusion Space and, as a result, had lost to her brother. Why didn't he explain it to her?

Now, only Zen had yet to undergo his tribulation.

It was impossible for other warriors to just wait like this. Normally, after the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill was used, it would usually trigger the Heavenly Tribulation within two hours. Other than the special case of Layla, it was impossible for a warrior to bring down the Heavenly Tribulation after two hours.

Someone suggested that the old man in cotton clothes remove the seal. This meant that the Passing the Torch would have come to an end.

The old man greatly admired Zen in his heart. However, since his small Heavenly Tribulation had not come, it was likely that it would not come. He was very confident about this point and sadly nodded his head. "Alright!"

With that, he waved his hand, preparing to completely remove the seal and end the Passing the Torch.

However, at this moment, streaks of golden light suddenly appeared in the sky, drawing the attention of everyone present.

After the streaks of golden light appeared, they intertwined with each other like little golden snakes writhing in the sky.

"Huh?" When the old man saw the small golden snakes, his face revealed a surprised expression. "What are they?"

The gazes of many palace leaders, Yolande, the lord of the Sunset World, and the others all uniformly shot towards the air above Zen's head. Their faces were all filled with strange and uncertain expressions. The golden light reflected off their faces as they looked up to the sky.

And in the same instance as these little golden snakes appeared, a faint image of the Lotus Flower appeared above Zen's head!

"It's here! Zen's sixth small Heavenly Tribulation!"

"What are you so excited about? It's just the sixth small Heavenly Tribulation. Which one of us has not experienced this before?"

Zen was at the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm, and it was indeed the lowest here. It was not a ranking to be particularly excited about. Among the warriors of the thirteen palaces, there was no one who was weaker than him in terms of cultivation level.

They had all experienced the sixth small Heavenly Tribulation, so there was nothing to be surprised about. However, with Zen, they had discovered that things were rarely as plain as they seemed.

As for Layla, there was a faint smile in the corner of her mouth as she raised her head to look at Zen. He had always been truly strange in her eyes. She had previously had to wait for her tenth small Heavenly Tribulation, which was within reason. After all, the heavens needed time to brew the power of the Heavenly Tribulation. The more powerful the Heavenly Tribulation was, the more time it needed.

It was indeed a very strange thing that Zen had been waiting for his sixth small Heavenly Tribulation for even longer than her. Was there something special about his sixth small Heavenly Tribulation?

'I don't know how many petals Zen's Lotus Flower sprouted the last time.' As she thought of this, Layla stared at Zen's Lotus Flower, which was slowly solidifying in the air above his head. It was becoming less and less translucent, and the glow intensified, bathing Zen in golden light.

However, as the Lotus Flower gradually solidified, Layla's frown slowly deepened, and the pupils in her eyes also grew larger. Her expression was mixed, a twisted reflection of her tumultuous emotions.

Not just Layla was in conflict!

At this moment, the lord of the Sunset World, many other palace leaders, and the gathered warriors of the thirteen palaces, as well as the old man in cotton clothes, were all staring at the air above Zen's head. Jealousy was quite evident on many of their faces, while others stood in awe.

Zen had actually activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower!

What was even more terrifying was that not only was there a total of nine petals sprouting from the bottom, but there were also twenty-six petals rising from the apex. There was an astounding total of thirty-five petals!

Layla's Lotus Flower had sprouted fourteen petals, which had already been very eye-catching. She was revealed to be countless times more talented than they had imagined. They had not held much hope for Zen. After all, Zen was only going through his sixth small Heavenly Tribulation, and the gap between it and the tenth one was still quite large. This tribulation should not have been significant at all.

However, the sudden appearance of the Thirty-five-petal Lotus Flower made them unable to think clearly. It was mind boggling!

"Could it be fake?" someone murmured, overcome by envy.

Many warriors had the same thought and they glanced around nervously. It was indeed hard for them to accept the sight of the Mahayana Lotus

Flower. No one wanted to accuse Zen of foul play, but they were all reluctant to admit that his power was perhaps even more powerful than they had believed.

"How can it be fake? How can this thing be fake?" someone queried.

"But if this guy has now activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower, then why is he still only at the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm?" another person asked, frowning at the sight of Zen with the Lotus Flower above Zen's head.

"How should I know?"

Yolande had a faint and satisfied smile on her face. When Zen had earlier passed the test of the Red Cloud Ring, she had secretly already deduced that he had activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower.

However, she hadn't thought it possible that not only had Zen activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower, but it had sprouted twenty-six petals. If there was one more petal, the Mahayana Lotus Flower would be in a perfect state.

Even though Yolande had a premonition about the situation, she still felt rather surprised as she looked speculatively at the scene.

She had read through the memories of her earlier clones in detail and understood that Zen couldn't be judged by ordinary measures. He had always defied expectations.

"Yolande, you already knew about this?" asked the lord of the Sunset World as he saw the satisfied smile hovering on her face.

"Know about what?" Yolande played dumb.

"Zen has activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower," he continued to push, as his widened eyes examined her face.

Yolande smiled, "I guessed so, but I hadn't expected that his Mahayana Lotus Flower would have already sprouted so many petals."

The world lord's gaze was complicated. There was a mix of fear, respect and concern in his eyes. "I'm afraid the future of this fellow is not something that the human race could ever control." He looked rather worried.

Hearing this, Yolande did not say anything. However, she thought to herself, 'No race can control him. Furthermore, strictly speaking, he has already joined the Celestial Position race.'

She couldn't simply tell the world lord this though. As for Zen's future, she would follow her usual attitude and let the nature take its course. However, she looked forward to seeing Zen develop further. It was exciting to watch.

Layla stared blankly at the Lotus Flower in the sky. The look in her eyes became more and more complicated. Frustration and envy flooded her.

The pride that she had accumulated suddenly disappeared in this moment. The scene unfolding in front of her eyes allowed her to clearly sense the gap between her and Zen. This was a gap that could not be bridged. She was out of her league when compared to Zen, and she knew it.

Strictly speaking, her Mahayana Lotus Flower had only sprouted five petals. Zen had outdone her by twenty-one petals!

Furthermore, Layla had gone through the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation, while Zen was only at the fifth grade of the Life and Death Realm, which meant that he had only gone through five small Heavenly Tribulations. But his Mahayana Lotus Flower had already sprouted twenty-six petals.

What Layla did not know was that Zen had already activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower during his first small Heavenly Tribulation, and that it had already sprouted twenty-six petals back then. If she knew, Layla might have passed out on the spot.

Even now, she was still dealt a heavy blow. Her ego was in pieces at the monumental defeat.

Although the Lotus Flower was an illusory existence, it was a measure of a warrior's chances of surpassing the heavens in the future.

Furthermore, no one was able to predict when he would activate the Lotus Flower or how many petals it would sprout. No matter how Layla thought about it, she was still unable to change the fact that there was such an obvious gap between her and Zen. Now she had to face her own short comings.

"This is too much..." Layla muttered these words in a low voice, almost sounding like a growl.

She felt that Zen had gone too far, but she had forgotten that from beginning to end, he had never had the intention to compete against her. Even though he had attended the Passing the Torch, he had just wanted to obtain the reward and he wasn't concerned with the status the Lotus Flower bestowed.

On the contrary, it was Layla who had targeted Zen from the beginning, and had even provoked him without any reason. But now, when she felt disappointed and wronged, she subconsciously began to believe that he had targeted her on purpose. She was laying the blame squarely at his feet.

The golden snakes in the sky extended continuously after the Mahayana Lotus Flower appeared. They grew from a few feet to several dozen feet, then to several hundred feet. They spiraled in the air and shot towards Zen.

The world lord's face changed when he saw the little golden snakes. He felt that these little golden snakes were a bit familiar. Suddenly, he seemed to remember something and cried, "Holy crap!"

Chapter 1405 Luck-devouring Snakes

The various palace leaders looked at the lord of the Sunset World in confusion. One of them opened his mouth and asked, "What's going on?"

The world lord's gaze was fixed on the golden snakes as he spat out, "Luck-devouring Snakes!"

"Luck-devouring Snakes? Do those creatures truly exist?"

"Now that I think about it, they do seem somewhat similar to the legendary Luck-devouring Snakes."

"The Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation. That is a legendary tribulation. How could a Life and Death Realm warrior encounter it?"

The palace leaders did not recognize the origins of these golden snakes, but they immediately understood what this meant after hearing the world lord's words.

The warriors of the 100, 000 supreme worlds had a much clearer understanding of fate than those who belonged to the Lower World.

Warriors could defy the Nature Law and change their fate through mere cultivation. Eventually, they could become immortals.

Ordinary people had short lives spanning a few decades. However, after cultivation, they could live for much longer, and this defied the Nature Law. The heavens would naturally punish warriors once they entered the Life and Death Realm, by using the Heavenly Tribulations.

Warriors could also change their fates through cultivation. Although almost everyone's fate was sealed, warriors could use every possible method to change it.

Every single one of the warriors was constantly in an attempt to rewrite his or her own fate.

A mortal might come face to face with a bucket of water that could not be lifted, an indestructible city, or a cup of poisoned wine that a king gave him which he could not refuse.

But what a warrior faced was far worse—a mountain that he could not break, an opponent he could not defeat, or a Heavenly Tribulation that he could not subdue, even if he exhausted all of his strength.

This was also the reason why the warriors of the Upper World attached great importance to the Lotus Flower. It was because the fate of all creatures was decided by the heavens—from the stars to the insects and the ants. But the Lotus Flower determined a warrior's talent, which was also the possibility whether the warrior could shake off the control of the heavens.

If one could withdraw from the control of the heavens, then his fate was in his own hands and he would secure true freedom. If one could not change his fate, however, then he would be reincarnated again and again. He might have been a human in this grand era, but in the next, he could be a Supreme Lord, or a speck of dust. In the end, he would not be able to escape this loop.

The more petals one's Lotus Flower sprouted, the stronger one's luck was. This was a widely accepted conclusion in the Upper World. Although the Lotus Flower was not a symbol of talent, it was often more important than even that.

The lord of the Sunset World looked at Zen, then looked at the Luck-devouring Snakes, and finally at the Mahayana Lotus Flower hanging over his head. "What sort of fate does Zen have? Why is the heavens sending down Luck-devouring Snakes to destroy him?" he murmured.

Hearing his doubt, Yolande said confidently, "Zen has two kinds of fate. Strictly speaking, his fate to lead the world of chaos is a false one. No one can predict his real fate."

The world lord was slightly startled, his eyes revealing a strange expression. "It seems that I have to inform the people from the Gauze Pavilion about this!"

Yolande pursed her lips and smiled. "Let's wait for him to pass his tribulation first!" The Gauze Pavilion was indeed a good place for Zen to go to, but he had already taken on too many responsibilities.

"But can he really survive the Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation?" The world lord's face betrayed worry.

The Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation was different from an ordinary Heavenly Tribulation. These snakes could swallow one's luck. Apart from his or her talent, luck was most important to a warrior.

A warrior with good luck could survive many a crisis and even gain great benefits. They could turn unfavorable situations into blessed encounters. Wherever they went, they traveled unhindered. On the other hand, even though those with bad luck were cautious, they had to face death with every step that they took.

If Zen's luck was devoured by the Luck-devouring Snakes, then things would become much more troublesome for him.

At this time, as Zen watched the golden snakes slither in the sky, a bad premonition rose in his heart.

These golden snakes did not possess much power and were far inferior to Thunder Tribulation, Fire Tribulation, and Nightmare Tribulation. However, at the sight of them, a sense of foreboding struck him, as if these golden snakes could take away his most valuable asset.

When the golden snakes crossed a certain distance, they opened their mouths as if devouring something in the air.

"What are they eating?" Zen murmured.

Doubt was written all over his face.

"They are having a feast on your luck," Lavender said. "These are the Luck-devouring Snakes. They can devour the good luck of warriors. Quite unique creatures!"

"Having a feast on my luck?" Zen was shocked. The reason he had been able to come so far was not his cultivation methods or the treasures he possessed. Rather, it was his willpower, talent, and luck. These three were the most important to him, and at no point should he be lacking in them! It was not just Zen who knew this to be true. Anyone who wanted to reach the peak of cultivation had to have these three assets.

Ever since he had left the Eastern Region, Zen's luck had always been good. His good fortune not only benefited himself, but also the people around him. This had been the case for the people close to him. For example, the moment Margaret entered the Purple Power World, she was able to become the disciple of the Apeiron Tower. It was due to the influence of Zen's luck.

Letitia, Aura, and even Rocher had their own lucky incidents happen to them. They were all affected by Zen's good fortune.

Changing a person's fate was not easy.

Zen had once participated in the Wheel of Fortune test in Immortal Mist's celestial tomb, where he was cursed by the holy maiden of the York Divine Kingdom. When Zen rolled the dice, the worst would happen, as if the curse had truly changed his good luck.

In truth, Immortal Mist had only changed the Wheel of Fortune, not Zen's fate. According to the rules set by Immortal Mist, as long as one was cursed, no matter how good his luck was, the outcome would not be in his favor.

And now, these Luck-devouring Snakes were devouring Zen's luck, one bite after another. As his good luck depleted bit by bit, there would soon be no way to make up for the loss.

'Why is there such a strange Heavenly Tribulation? Luck cannot be seen or touched, but it can apparently be swallowed up by these golden snakes!'

When Zen thought of this, he no longer had any hesitation as he suddenly leaped up and rushed toward the Luck-devouring Snakes.

Anyone who found out that his luck was being devoured could not just sit by idly and do nothing.

Whoosh!

Never would Zen have thought that upon charging ahead, he would actually pass through the golden snakes. The golden snakes were a form of illusory existence.

The other warriors, including Layla, did not understand what was happening in front of their very eyes. To them, the golden snakes that had descended from the sky were no match to the Heavenly Tribulation that the warriors themselves had encountered before.

The lord of the Sunset World and the other palace leaders, however, were clearly worried.

A warrior who was in the process of undergoing the Heavenly Tribulation could not rely on the help of outsiders. They could only depend on their own strength to bear through the trial.

The world lord had assumed that Zen had a plan to deal with this, but when he saw the scene before him, he knew that Zen did not know how to handle the Luck-devouring Snakes.

The Luck-devouring Snakes paid no attention to Zen. They continued to slither in the air after Zen shifted his position, as if changing their direction again. Then they continued to devour his luck.

"A Luck-devouring Snake isn't a creature. It can be said that it exceeds the existence of any living being." The lord of the Sunset World fixed his eyes on Zen as he continued, "If I remember correctly, I've seen an example of this in the records of the grand eras. Countless grand eras ago, another warrior had encountered the Luck-devouring Snakes. Anyone qualified to attract the Luck-devouring Snakes naturally possesses good fortune. After the Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation descended on him, however, he could only watch helplessly as the snakes devoured his luck without encountering any sort of resistance!"

A palace leader could not help but shake his head. "In other words, Zen's struggle is futile."

"What a pity! I was really looking forward to seeing the extraordinary future this little fellow would otherwise have!" Another palace leader sighed in disappointment. Although Zen did not come from this particular leader's palace, the latter cherished talents. He could not help but be silently dejected at the prospect of witnessing the end of such a talent.

As for Yolande, her expression remained calm. To her, Zen was a warrior who turned unfavorable situations into miracles. She still believed that he, who had turned things around so many times, could do it once again.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1406 The Outline

The Luck-devouring Snakes continued to circle in the air, gnawing continuously at Zen's luck with soft sounds.

They did not cause any harm to Zen's physical body, but Zen's expression became more and more grim...

Crack, crack...

The soft chewing sounds were like those made by a silkworm that nibbled on mulberry leaves. The snakes were wearing down Zen's luck slowly.

It went without saying that luck was of great importance to him, but it just so happened that these Luck-devouring Snakes were completely illusory.

They did not seem to exist in this world, and Zen could do nothing about them with his current strength.

Even the cyan dragon in Zen's mind let out a faint sound resembling a sigh. It was only because Zen's good fortune was too great that he was facing this terrifying Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation today.

Since ancient times, there had been no method recorded in any ancient books to resolve this tribulation, regardless of which scripture it was.

Both the cyan dragon and Lavender could not think of a way out. This was an unstoppable Heavenly Tribulation. Perhaps no one could resist it.

Zen grew worried and was at a loss about what to do. However, as time passed by, he calmed down, gradually composing himself and his slightly anxious state of mind.

He turned over and coiled his legs in the air. Then he quickly fell down and returned to his original spot, his expression returning to a tranquil one...

It was not that Zen had chosen to give up. Ever since he had made up his mind to cultivate the martial arts, he had never once thought about giving up on anything.

No matter how strong the Heavenly Tribulation and his opponent was, they would never make Zen yield.

The Heavenly Tribulation was not a deathly tribulation. Otherwise, most of the warriors in the universe would have died long ago because of it. Since the heavens let such a powerful Heavenly Tribulation manifest before him, it must contain a profound meaning. Zen realized that he had to be calm mentally and observe first, instead of becoming anxious.

No matter how unlucky he was, he would not die so quickly. This was how he comforted himself silently.

Crack, crack...

The Luck-devouring Snakes still gnawed in the air as they slithered around. They seemed to have taken a liking to Zen's luck. It was like exquisite food to them and they swallowed it one bite at a time...

"Zen is able to maintain his composure. He is truly remarkable," one of the palace leaders pointed out.

"Maybe he has already figured out a way to overcome this," another palace leader said.

"Ha-ha... Forget about Zen; even the Supreme Lords of the supreme worlds would not be able to think of a solution to such a Heavenly Tribulation. Such a thing should not even exist in the universe!" the palace leader, who had spoken previously, remarked.

Zen's state of mind was like a peaceful ancient well, without any fluctuations.

The Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation was a catastrophe that fell on him, but he was using the snakes to train his state of mind, so that he would still be all right and powerful, even if he lost the protection of his good luck.

Luck indeed had a role in making miracles happen at times, but Zen had not relied solely on it to achieve so much and become so remarkable.

Without luck, he might find it more arduous to cultivate in the future, which meant that he would encounter an even more difficult challenge. But so what?

'So what?'

As he thought of this, Zen opened his eyes once again. A profound look entered them. While he was in the face of this irresistible tribulation, his warrior spirit once again ascended to the higher level.

This was a contest between gains and losses. Zen realized that he could still give it a try even if he was unable to succeed.

Layla stood right in front of Zen. When she met his eyes, she got shocked. Her heart started beating rapidly.

She could not figure out what Zen was thinking, but his eyes were filled with determination and an emotion more complex.

What happened to Zen?

A mystery arose in Layla's heart. She did not know what Zen had experienced in this short period of time.

Not only Layla, but the other warriors of the thirteen palaces were baffled as well. Their hearts raced inadvertently as they glanced at Zen.

Clap, clap, clap... The lord of the Sunset World clapped his hands suddenly. "The boy is remarkable! He knows full well that he's unable to fight the Luck-devouring Snakes, but he is still honing his mind by the use of them. His warrior spirit must have advanced greatly."

Very few warriors were able to keep calm under such circumstances. Not only that, but Zen was also trying to hone himself. Thus, the lord of the Sunset World could not help but cheer for him...

Every warrior had a different personality. Their mental states were greatly different as well. As for the lord of the Sunset World, he was straightforward and always praised the people he admired. Yolande, on the other hand, was a reserved person, so when she saw Zen's outstanding performance, she simply smiled. Without doubt, however, they all admired what Zen was doing.

Even as Zen's state of mind underwent another transformation, the Luck-devouring Snakes continued to gnaw in the air. For them, the feast was far from over, but Zen himself did not care about that anymore.

After over ten minutes, however, something strange happened.

Huff...

A light breeze suddenly swept over them.

The wind gathered around Zen's body and began to spread in all directions.

When the wind swept through Layla's hair, a hint of doubt appeared on her face.

'The wind is blowing, but where is it coming from?' she wondered in confusion.

Everyone looked puzzled. The place had been completely sealed by the old man in cotton robes, so the wind from outside could not blow in here. Every warrior stood there quietly, without deploying their cultivation methods. They could not disturb the airflow.

Zen too did not make the slightest movement. Instead, he calmly sat on the spot like a stone.

Compared to the warriors of the thirteen palaces, the group of palace leaders and the Sunset World lord were much stronger. They were countless times more sensitive than the warriors.

The lord of the Sunset World stared at Zen and said, "This wind is coming from behind Zen. There's something there."

"I don't see it. It is completely empty there. There's nothing to be seen." The other palace leader took a glance at the spot, firmly believing his judgment.

The other palace leaders also nodded. "Indeed, there's nothing out of the ordinary behind Zen..."

But the wind was real. It was not the Law Power formed by life vitality. It seemed as if some extremely powerful creature was about to be born, causing the airflow to become chaotic.

The wind became sharper and fiercer while everyone looked on curiously. Its intensity became stronger and stronger. It had gradually turned from a gentle breeze into a mighty gale.

Huff, huff, huff…

The strong wind spiraled around the crowd, emitting loud sounds.

In fact, the warriors—by relying on their own comprehension of the Law Power—could summon a hurricane ten thousand times stronger than this strong gale with a single thought.

However, no one knew where this gust of wind came from and how it was formed. It was all too strange.

Just as everyone was wondering about this, a warrior suddenly pointed at Zen's back and said, "Look! What is that?!"

Behind Zen was nothing. However, it was precisely because of this that the situation seemed even stranger.

The strong wind was howling non-stop, and as it blew to every corner, it inevitably brought up a bit of dust. Everything became a bit blurry all of a sudden, but many warriors could still see their surroundings.

When the strong wind blew behind Zen, they discovered something strange.

The wind seemed unable to pass through Zen's back. This was because the wind, which carried traces of dust with it, had drawn a faint shadow behind Zen. It was the shadow of a giant.

Or at least, it was what could be called a shadow in some ways. The wind could not penetrate it, and a faint virtual outline had been drawn.

It was quite a coincidence that the Luck-devouring Snakes were nibbling along this outline. It looked like they were gnawing on a nonexistent giant!

When he heard the voices of the crowd, the expression on Zen's face remained calm. However, as he turned his head to take a look, his eyes twinkled.

The outline of a giant? What was this about?

Since the Luck-devouring Snakes were devouring on the giant, could this shadow be called his luck?

Why did his luck assume this form?

Although Zen was able to maintain his composure, he could not help but be perplexed when he saw this strange scene.

More importantly, since when had this shadow been following him?

Chapter 1407 Great Luck

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

The wind had remained persistent.

Everyone watched the strange scene unfolding in front of them, with no one knowing what exactly it meant.

"Is this my luck?

One's karmic luck is innate. Then, does that mean that the silhouette of this giant has been with me ever since I was born?

But if it is the case, then it would have accompanied me through the Eastern Region, the Central Region, the Sea God Continent, the Divine Kingdom Continent, and the ascension...

Why does my luck take this form?'

An onslaught of questions flooded Zen's mind as doubts tugged at him and filled him. Those Luck-devouring Snakes were still hanging suspended in the air, continuously devouring the giant's body.

The Sunset World lord wore a puzzled expression.

The Upper World had a thorough and deeply-rooted understanding of karmic luck. It was something that couldn't be seen or touched, but everyone knew that karmic luck was ever-present. There were only certain methods that could influence it to some extent.

However, fate was formless. And yet, here was its manifestation, with an undeniable shape.

In retrospect, the Luck-devouring Snake was also an existence thought to be found only in legends. A creature eating away one's luck sounded absurd, but to witness it was another thing entirely.

One could only imagine how shocked everyone was when they saw it happening to Zen.

They had yet to recover from their astonishment when the giant's silhouette started to move.

No wind penetrated this area, and the giant's shape became more defined. The spectators watched the outline of a giant change in shape and redirect the path of the wind, creating the illusion of movement.

It brought a heavy hand to its body, right where the creatures devoured it.

The next instant, one of the golden Luck-devouring Snakes had been reduced to dust.

"This …"

It was as if the lord of the Sunset World had lost all capacity for intelligible speech. He gaped the scene, wide-eyed and wordless.

The other palace leaders mirrored his expression on their faces. What was happening before them was something beyond their comprehension. Even the most knowledgeable among them had no explanation for the events they had witnessed.

After the first Luck-devouring Snake had been smashed, the giant's outline once again waved its hand in the air, slapping its body. In a split second, another snake was pulverized. Bits of gold powder scattered in the air.

This went on with a third, a fourth, a fifth …

The palace leaders, still unable to speak, watched the scene in silence.

No one had expected such a thing to happen, and they had no means of comprehending it. It would be wisest to wait until the whole thing was over before making any move.

One after another, the Luck-devouring Snakes were pounded into dust by the giant's hands.

There were only eight of them. By this time, seven had been destroyed, with the eighth seeming to have drilled into the giant's torso.

The giant reached out with its hand. The next moment, the snake was plucked out of its body and choked with a merciless squeeze.

Zen's face was filled with amazement.

As the person with a direct connection to all this, there was no one else more shocked than him.

He observed the giant figure, his brow creasing slightly as he sensed a familiar energy from the silhouette.

He had seen this giant somewhere before, but even as he scoured through his memory, he could not remember who the giant was.

All of the eight Luck-devouring Snakes had been smashed to pieces. A golden powder of some sort swirled in the air until it descended, settling down onto Zen and vanishing.

The snake was untouchable, and the giant's outline was an intangible existence.

The wind gradually came to a halt after the snakes had been pulverized. As the whipping lashes began to subside, the giant's outline also gradually disappeared until it vanished, leaving behind no trace of its existence.

Silence swept over the space even as things had seemingly returned to their original state.

No one dared utter a word, as if fearing that one sound would cause another anomaly. Everyone was certain of only one thing: Zen had survived the calamity of the Luck-devouring Snake.

Not one among them, not even Zen himself understood what had happened.

"Zen seems to have absorbed the snakes after they were destroyed. Will that golden powder give him some sort of new power?" someone asked.

In the world of warriors, it was common knowledge: the greater the danger, the more power it held.

Would absorbing that strange, unknown substance strengthen Zen's own luck?

As with most of the things that happened, no one held the answer to the palace leader's question. The Luck-devouring Snake was a legendary, almost unheard of existence. There was nothing they could consult about its origins or effects.

"Does this mean that… I have survived my first Heavenly Tribulation?"

Zen's eyes flickered, his expression becoming increasingly calm.

However, it would not last long.

Crack!

The next moment, Zen found himself facing a Thunder Tribulation.

Of all the Heavenly tribulations, the Thunder Tribulation was the most common. However, this was no ordinary tribulation.

Just as the purplish black heavenly thunder appeared, it crashed downwards directly from the sky!

Boom!

From a far distance, a giant dragon appeared, charging straight towards Zen.

It landed right in front of him, puncturing a huge crater into the ground.

Once again, the palace leaders found themselves speechless. The Thunder Tribulation had gone into disorder as if some force had tampered with its natural course.

Seeing this scene, everyone had a surprised expression on their faces.

Since when had the Thunder Tribulation gone into disorder? It was unheard of.

Boom …

A purplish-black bolt of lightning suddenly came crashing down from the sky. Zen dodged the attack quickly, and it had landed on his right side, not far from him.

Boom, boom, boom...

One after another, bolts of lightning rained down from the sky. The earth shook with vibrations as they continuously missed their target and landed on the ground. The power contained in each of the lightning bolts was enough to kill a Soul Sea Realm warrior.

Zen was unharmed. He had managed to dodge every time a lightning bolt was about to strike him. All around him, fissures opened up in the ground.

Not long after, a giant crater formed in front of him. The lightning bolts were incessant in their assault, but not one of them hit Zen.

"Luck! Zen's fortune must have been strengthened!"

"It's most likely due to the Luck-devouring Snakes. I wonder how long the effects would last."

"Is it possible that this kind of luck would be permanent? If it continues like this forever, Zen would always possess terrifying luck!"

The palace leaders discussed their conjectures amongst themselves.

In their eyes, the Heavenly Tribulation was among the absolutes in the entire universe. How could the heavens make mistakes?

At present, Zen's karmic luck seemed to be incredibly powerful. Up until this moment, no lightning bolt had struck him. It was all too strange.

An expression of surprise surfaced on Zen's face as he avoided the lightning strikes from the tribulation. He couldn't explain it himself, but it seemed that his luck had suddenly increased to unimaginable heights.

Yolande had the same thing in mind. Suddenly, she rose and closed the distance between her and Zen. He was preoccupied with his tribulation. Extending her hand, she sent an intangible wave surging towards him.

The palm strike contained a thousandth of her strength. Had Zen been sitting on the spot, he would have had no chances of dodging it.

Another strange occurrence once again took place. Before Yolande's strike could reach Zen, the air shifted around, creating a windstorm that erupted and directly clashed with Yolande's palm strike, effectively circumventing the attack.

When the other palace leaders saw this, they became more confused than ever.

Zen was still dodging lightning, seemingly oblivious to what had just taken place. It was impossible for the windstorm to have come from him. It had been formed naturally. But why?

The Orange Sea World was a broken world, but it had always been secure. Many years of operation by the alliance was testament to its stability. The possibility of a space windstorm appearing in such a stable space was almost nonexistent.

And yet, with the most minuscule probability, the windstorm had undeniably appeared.

Chapter 1408 Endless Heavenly Tribulations

The appearance of the space windstorm that set off Yolande's attack had to be more than mere coincidence.

However, no one had the means of explaining how such a force emerged and why it had deflected Yolande's hit.

The other martial artists were fixated on Zen and failed to notice what had just happened. It was one enigma after another. How was Zen able to dodge the Heavenly Tribulation? Not one lightning ray had touched him since it had started. Then there was the leader of the Mist Palace striking out her palm towards him, and the next thing they knew, a strange space windstorm had materialized.

They were at a loss as they struggled to put the fragments of the puzzle together.

Amidst the warriors' confusion, Layla stood on one side, silent and pensive, as if she was trying to figure something out.

Her feet lightly tapped the ground, causing cracks to appear beneath her feet. With a barely noticeable wave of her finger, a small stone shot up from the ground.

She grabbed the stone and threw it straight at Zen's direction.

The stone was not large in size, but it moved towards Zen in an overwhelming speed. In a matter of seconds, it had arrived in front of him.

"Boom!"

Just as it was about to hit him, another bolt of lightning struck at his side, smashing the stone into pieces…

From where she stood, a faint smile played on Yolande's lips. "It seems that Zen's luck has now reached unimaginable heights. It's almost as if he is invincible," she said.

The Sunset World lord also smiled helplessly at the unexplainable coincidences that kept happening one after another. That Zen had indeed increased his luck when he had absorbed the Luck-devouring Snakes. That might be the most plausible conjecture as of the moment...

The Upper World held a number of methods that could temporarily change one's luck. The effects of these techniques, however, were minimal at best. For instance, there was the "prayer for fortune" in a secret sect, and there existed divine weapons that could increase one's luck. The Sunset World lord, Yolande, and the others, viewed these methods and items as charms that had more to do with psychological effects than actual changes in one's fortune. The changes, if there were any, remained obscure and were yet to be defined.

However, the scene in front of him was different and defied all logic…

Zen's luck had undeniably changed after he absorbed the Luck-devouring Snakes.

With this much luck, it was as if god himself was in Zen's favor.

There had already been more than enough proof. The probability of a space windstorm appearing on Willow Island was close to none - perhaps only about one in a hundred trillion. Even more so was the chance of it arriving at the exact same time with Yolanda's strike.

However, the Sunset World lord had witnessed both things happen in front of his very own eyes.

"It's a bit of a waste that he is only able to use his luck this way," he said, shaking his head regretfully. It was a pity that those Luck-devouring Snakes couldn't be restored. Had Zen saved one or two of them, he would probably have greater use for them in the future.

By this time, Zen was starting to comprehend what had happened. However, he could not put his thoughts in order as his Heavenly Tribulation demanded more of his attention.

The streaks of lightning hacked on the ground again and again, but all of them kept on missing their target. Just what kind of Heavenly Tribulation was this?

He felt the beginnings of disappointment stir inside him, but he kept his ground. It would be better for him to just wait and see what would happen next. Was his luck really that strong now? he wondered.

Zen's round of tribulation continued for a full hour…

After this, the sixth small Heavenly Tribulation finally dissipated. The Mahayana Lotus Flower rotated a few times, then its shadow slowly faded.

To Zen's surprise, the flower's last petal had remained unfurled.

Just now, he had been expectant that he would be able to open the Mahayana Lotus flower fully. With his current luck, the likelihood of it happening was greater. Perhaps he had thought too much of it. Even his great luck wasn't enough to affect this Mahayana Lotus Flower.

No one could have expected what happened next.

Zen made motions to get up, but right at this moment, the Mahayana Lotus Flower appeared once again on top of Zen's head. It spun slowly as everyone gazed at it with dumbstruck expressions.

The clouds roiled around angrily, a terrifying aura emanating from the sky. Immediately, everyone knew that Zen's Heavenly Tribulations were still not over yet. The sky swirled as the seventh small Heavenly Tribulation arrived…

"Another tribulation? Is this Zen going through them successively?"

"There's nothing that surprising about this. Once one reaches a certain level of cultivation, the Heavenly Tribulations would come in accordance to a warrior's level - no more, no less."

"I had witnessed a similar occurrence in the past. One warrior had deliberately suppressed his own cultivation for too long a time, and he had encountered two small Heavenly Tribulations successively just after he entered the Life and Death Realm. However, as he had not been fully prepared, he was struck by lighting and was gravely injured. In the end, it had cost him his own life."

"This Zen wouldn't die, would he?"

The old man in cotton clothes was preparing to remove the seal he had placed when Zen finished his sixth small Heavenly Tribulation. He had never expected that another tribulation would arrive for Zen to go through.

At this time, the intense fixation everyone previously had for Zen began to dissipate. A single tribulation would take a few hours at most. This amount of time was not of much consequence. Eyes began to wander away from the scene and the once lively spectators did not bother to watch Zen experience one more tribulation.

There would be no Luck-devouring Snakes in the seventh small Heavenly Tribulation...

However, it was not uncommon to see all sorts of powerful Heavenly Tribulations. The seventh small Heavenly Tribulation that Zen was undergoing was comparable to the ninth or even tenth small Heavenly Tribulation that other warriors had experienced.

It had started uneventfully. Due to Zen's heightened luck, the small Heavenly Tribulations, instead of targeting him, attacked aimlessly. As a result, Zen did not have to do much to avoid them.

Zen was far from satisfied with how things had turned out. For martial artists, the Heavenly Tribulation was no ordinary ordeal - it was a test of one's true strength. Only after successfully undergoing this would they be baptized by the Heavenly Tribulation. It was the sole path that would allow them to advance to higher levels in the Life and Death Realm.

And yet, these small Heavenly Tribulations just attacked without aiming at Zen. They landed around him with no particular pattern and missed him every time. What the hell was this? Could this still be considered Heavenly Tribulation?

Suddenly, an idea flashed in his mind...

Rumble…

The next moment, purple bolts of lightning whipped hard on Zen, the streaks like burning lashes from hell…

With Zen's newfound luck, it seemed that even the heavens and the earth were ready to do his bidding. This was something that Zen had never expected. When the lightning appeared, he was unprepared and was struck directly.

In one movement, he turned and jumped up from the ground. These Heavenly Tribulations appeared one by one, so he would certainly be able to follow them easily and take them on. Moreover, with his great luck, he could avoid being hurt too much by the Heavenly Tribulations.

Even without the sudden increase in his luck, Zen was confident that he could survive the force of the small Heavenly Tribulation.

His body had the tenacity of a divine weapon. Resisting the Heavenly Tribulation shouldn't be too difficult a task for him.

Zen chased the attacks around, letting them come in direct contact with his body. This went on for over an hour. Then, the seventh small Heavenly Tribulation was finally over. However, the Mahayana Lotus Flower remained incomplete and had instead disappeared. Eyes widened in disbelief at what had just happened.

'It can't be… There are still more tribulations to come?' Zen thought.

Perhaps the eighth small Heavenly Tribulation was truly bound to appear, or perhaps it was Zen's great luck that called it forth.

As the shadow of the Lotus Flower reappeared, the eighth small Heavenly Tribulation descended…

Zen sighed as a wry smile appeared on his face. He couldn't believe his eyes. With how things were turning out, he was no longer sure if his fortune was a blessing or a curse.

"To undergo three Heavenly Tribulations consecutively…"

"This man...He has risen from the fifth to the eighth level of the Life and Death Realm in less than four hours. "

Many of the martial artists stared at the flower's shadow, all of them speechless.

It was uncommon to see someone undergo two consecutive Heavenly Tribulations, but it was not entirely unheard of. For a martial artist to experience three Heavenly Tribulations in a row, however, was something else.

Zen steeled himself to face the next round of tribulation. Another hour passed…

"Four consecutive small Heavenly Tribulations?"

"After he finishes this round, his cultivation will be at the ninth level of the Life and Death Realm!"

"With this progress, is he going to break into the Soul Sea Realm?"

"If you remember, this Zen had taken the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill. Could it be due to this that these Heavenly Tribulations were triggered?"

"There seems to be no end to it!"

As Zen looked at the terrifying power of the Heavenly Tribulation condensing in the sky, he didn't know how to respond. What the others said was true. The tribulations indeed seemed to be endless. Truthfully, he was anxious to increase his own cultivation - he wanted to see what he would be capable of after he created his own Soul Sea with his chaotic energy.

However, he did not expect things to happen this quickly.

Another hour later, Zen stared at the shadow of the Lotus Flower above his head with blank eyes. The Lotus Flower had only bloomed thirty five leaves, with nine leaves in the lower layer, and twenty six leaves on the upper layer. The last leaf had remained closed, and the tenth Heavenly Tribulation was coming...

Chapter 1409 Gods-intimidating Strike

Tribulation was harsh. Not everyone was lucky enough to survive it, so it was rare for a warrior to continuously undergo it.

Even Zen himself hadn't thought that he could trigger five consecutive small Heavenly Tribulations.

Fortunately, his physical body had advanced once again. With his unimaginably strong luck, it wasn't that hard for him to deal with the tribulations.

Zen's cultivation had rapidly increased after experiencing the Heavenly Tribulations.

He was currently a warrior at the tenth level of the Life and Death Realm already.

Strictly speaking, the Life and Death Realm didn't have a tenth level. It was because once someone had entered the sixth level of the Life and Death Realm, their life vitality would liquefy continuously. The longer this process took, the more perfect the Soul Sea formed inside their body would be.

After the warriors reached the tenth level of the Life and Death Realm, their life vitality would quickly liquefy and form a flawless Soul Sea. This meant that they actually had reached the Soul Sea Realm.

However, Zen's situation was a bit special.

Layla's and Javier's elixir fields were naturally evolving into their Soul Seas.

Zen had also attempted to check his own elixir field after he passed the tenth level of the Life and Death Realm. He wanted to see if the chaotic energy inside him had successfully evolved into his Soul Sea.

When Zen's master had taught him the Primal Chaos Technique, his master had deduced that since the chaotic energy was the essence that formed the universe, it should also be able to form the Soul Sea. But different from the sea of life vitality, the Soul Sea created by chaotic energy would be a true world.

A warrior could gradually nurture a world inside his body once the Soul Sea opened up at the Soul Sea Realm. From there, all kinds of creatures would be nurtured, forming a new country, a new society, and a completely new culture.

However, there was a law which governed such a world. Any creature that was raised in it was not allowed to leave its premises. If they left, the laws of that world would prevent them by disintegrating them into life vitality again.

This specific rule was also the strongest Law of Causality in the universe. So far, no one had been able to break this rule.

There was an abundant supply of legends and stories that were passed down in the supreme worlds. Among them was a tale about a Supreme Lord who fell in love with a woman nurtured in his inner world.

The Supreme Lord had thought of many ways to bring the woman out of his inner world. And so, he had spent thousands of years traveling throughout the universe to find a solution. In the end, he found one.

That Supreme Lord had paid a great price to have this woman survive in the outside world for only one day!

The next day, the woman had quickly dissolved into life vitality and dissipated into air under the Law of Causality, never to return again.

This tragic story was well known in the Upper World, especially among humans. Even a Supreme Lord couldn't defy such a law, let alone ordinary martial artists.

But according to Zen's master's deduction, lives and materials in the inner world which was cultivated from chaotic energy were no different from the ones in this universe.

Simply put, if Zen had successfully opened up his Soul Sea and nurtured many living creatures and other materials in it, he would be able to bring them out to the outside world.

The reason was simple. All living beings in the universe evolved from chaos, which meant that the creatures Zen had created from the chaotic sea and the living beings in the universe were the same. They weren't affected by the Law of Causality.

Then again, it was just his master's deduction about the Primal Chaos Technique. After all, no one had practiced the Primal Chaos Technique before Zen. Even though his master's existence was above the heavens, it was hard to avoid a big mistake in deducing something.

After Zen had passed his tenth Heavenly Tribulation, he used his inner vision to observe his inner world. After a while of observation, he discovered that the chaotic energy had become increasingly viscous; but there were no traces of liquefaction.

Back then when Zen had just stepped into the Life and Death Realm, his life vitality had started to liquefy already. He didn't expect that now that he had stepped into the Soul Sea Realm, the same had yet to happen to the chaotic energy.

Such was hard for Zen to figure out. No one could solve the problems he faced. Even his master, the creator of the Primal Chaos Technique, couldn't give him an answer. He could only wait patiently.

After Zen had experienced all his tribulations, the Passing the Torch finally came to a conclusion.

The old man in cotton clothes waved his hand and removed the seal that covered the venue.

But the moment he removed the seal, everyone suddenly realized that there was something wrong with their surroundings.

A crease formed between Layla's brows as she looked up at the sky. "There are so many clouds," she said.

The sky above everyone's heads was now covered with fluffy white clouds.

"What's going on?"

"How could there be such clouds in the Orange Sea World when there's no rain all year round?"

"Something doesn't seem right about these clouds."

It wasn't long after that someone had noticed something strange. There were faint shadows within the clouds, which constantly evolved.

The Sunset World lord stared at the clouds as well. Then his gaze suddenly focused on something. In a single step, he disappeared from where he stood.

The other palace leaders seemed to have thought of something too, and they instantly disappeared one after another as well.

A moment later, the Sunset World lord stood in front of the giant stone on Willow Island.

The two ragged Spirit Supreme Realm warriors stood in front of the huge rock and blankly stared at the clouds in the sky. Their eyes shone with indescribable joy. It turned out that they were actually trying to feel something from the clouds.

A few seconds later, the clouds shrouded the entire Willow Island.

While the clouds endlessly drifted about, faint figures appeared from within their fluffy white bodies. All of them moved in the same way, which was a simple and direct stabbing motion.

However, that single stab contained unfathomable, boundless power in it.

"It's the Gods-intimidating Strike! It is a sword attack that Supreme Lord Sword had spent his entire life creating. Although it's only a single strike, it is the only strike that can harm a True God."

"It's a pity that I'm not a sword cultivator."

"Of course, I can't miss such a rare opportunity. Even though I can't comprehend the sword intent inside it, I can assimilate it into my own spear," the Sunset World lord muttered.

He sat in a cross-legged position like the two Spirit Supreme Realm martial artists, floated up into the air to look at the thick clouds, and tried to comprehend the strike.

The Sunset World lord would never pass up on such a rare opportunity. Naturally, the others followed suit.

One by one, the palace leaders, even Yolande and the old man in cotton clothes began to focus on the clouds.

While Zen and the others couldn't move as fast as the palace leaders and world lord who could teleport, they weren't slow either. They quickly rushed as well and when they saw the sky upon arrival, they immediately understood what was happening.

Someone must have triggered the secret left behind by Supreme Lord Sword.

At this point, no one really cared about who exactly had done it and how they triggered it. No one wanted to miss out on such a great chance. They all raised their heads and tried to understand the sword intent as much as they could.

Zen's eyes moved to look at the figures in the clouds. His jaw dropped, and his gaze became slightly dazed.

This strike was quite similar to Zen's No Move. In fact, they were even indistinguishable.

But of course, they were still greatly different in nature.

They were both only one strike, and both were created under the principle that the greatest truths were the simplest. However, Supreme Lord Sword's move was a lot fiercer than Zen's.

Zen's No Move couldn't be broken because it had no fixed form. Meanwhile, Supreme Lord Sword's strike couldn't be broken either, but it was because it had an extremely fixed form.

So even with the same principle, the two strikes were vastly different due to the completely different methods.

However, it had to be said that Supreme Lord Sword was superior. This Supreme Lord with the title of "Sword" was one of the martial arts ancestors when it came to comprehending sword moves.

Still, Zen had an advantage. Since he understood the No Move, it was easier for him to grasp the depth and intensity of the Gods-intimidating Strike.

Chapter 1410 Thirty Percent

The warriors on Willow Island wasted no time in comprehending the sword intent in the clouds.

The sword practitioners were able to comprehend the sword intent faster than the others owing to their natural advantage.

However, the saber and spear practitioners were not simply going to let this opportunity pass. Intents were similar and they could still seize this chance to comprehend each strike in the clouds.

Zen stood still and stared at the sky, lost in his thoughts for a moment. He smiled after he realized something.

'So that's why I found it so hard to control my sword intent after I tempered it.

This sword move…is a last resort move! Its aim is to kill in one shot. One must lay everything on the line in that one thrust, even his own life!

Such an extreme sword intent could only be matched by such an extreme move.'

The realization hit him like a ton of bricks.

The first step to comprehending a sword intent or practicing a cultivation method was learning how to control it. Only by turning the sword intent or cultivation method into one's own power, one could release the power to achieve his goals. Warriors had to practice martial arts step by step in order to grasp and control the higher levels of the cultivation method they practiced. The more a warrior was able to exercise control, the more power he would be able to use and release.

However, Supreme Lord Sword skipped this step altogether. He had abandoned all reasoning and simply performed this sword intent without any reason for control.

"The only way to compete with a True God is if one abandons all reason and simply throws it all in. Is that the reason why Supreme Lord Sword is said to be on par with the True God?" Zen couldn't help but mutter to himself.

His conclusion would've greatly pleased Supreme Lord Sword had he been standing beside him. A young man who had just managed to break through to the Soul Sea Realm was able to perfectly sum up things based only on the sword move Supreme Lord Sword performed.

Zen's baptism by Supreme Lord Sword's sword intent meant that his comprehension speed was much faster than anyone else.

At that moment, Willow Island stood at a complete standstill.

The warriors below the thick clouds were determined to utilize every second in comprehending the sword intent carried by the clouds.

Two hours…

Twenty hours…

Two days…

It wasn't until three days later that the sword clouds gradually faded away and revealed the purple sky. This magnificent sight was the result of the blue heavens reflecting off the waters of the Orange Sea World.

A few warriors remained where they stood, staring blankly at the purple sky as if trying to comprehend more sword intent.

Those who were diligent in their comprehension learned a lot!

"It's a pity I don't specialize in swordsmanship! Studying just one stream of that sword intent made me feel as if I already learned a lot! You sword practitioners got really lucky this time!" someone remarked.

A sword practitioner heard his words and couldn't help but agree wholeheartedly, "Ten percent…." he murmured.

"I was only able to comprehend ten percent of this Gods-intimidating Strike but it's still enough to improve my swordsmanship by leaps and bounds!" he exclaimed as his hands shook from the power of his sword.

One's comprehension depended on their intelligence and their own level of understanding of sword intent. The deeper the understanding, the more the warrior would be able to comprehend.

The leaders were also smiling. Their strengths were far more powerful than the common warriors in the thirteen palaces. They too had gained much insight because of the sudden arrival of the sword clouds.

"But, who exactly made these sword clouds appear? Why were the words on the stone wall completely destroyed?" a palace leader asked in bewilderment.

The words left behind by Supreme Lord Sword had been there for countless years. Numerous warriors had stayed by the stone's side trying to comprehend the mysteries within this relic but none was ever successful. Why did they choose to reveal themselves in the sword clouds during this particular Passing the Torch?

Yolande's gaze fell on Zen. She remembered how he said something about some white sword shadows just before he started the test. Did the arrival of these sword clouds have something to do with him?

It wasn't just Yolande, the gaze of the old man in cotton clothes also fell upon Zen, "Zen! Before the Passing the Torch started, were you meditating here all this time?"

They had almost forgotten about this seemingly trivial fact. After Passing the Torch started, while others were perceiving the laws on the stone carvings after passing the Purification Pool, Zen had been still absent and hadn't arrived until a few hours later.

Layla suddenly remembered about this after hearing what the old man said...…

A trace of helplessness appeared on Zen's face as everyone regarded him with scrutiny. Even if he absorbed the white sword shadows, the appearance of the sword clouds had nothing to do with him!

In the midst of everyone's confusion, they were unaware of the two Spirit Supreme Realm warriors who had both risen. It wasn't until the two ragged-looking warriors released their powerful auras that everyone turned to notice them. And they saw the two warriors were holding swords in their hands.

Though these two warriors were at the Spirit Supreme Realm, their talents were ordinary and could never be compared to those from the thirteen palaces. Their swords were also mediocre, which were two secondary third-rank swords. The weapons of most of the warriors from the thirteen palaces were better than those. They were not special at all and were mere old men who had wasted their days meditating.

The two had been here for tens of thousands of years and their weapons had long since been worn down. Landry's long sword, in particular, was already covered with cracks and tears.

A swordsman cherished his sword, however, even the most cared-for divine weapon rusted in time.

Landry never wavered in polishing his sword every once in a while but he couldn't keep time at bay. The cracks eventually formed on the blade and made it look weak and a bit rusty.

However, it was this cracked old sword that drew everyone's attention. They could feel the powerful aura that was emitted from the sword!

With a battle cry, Landry raised it up high and thrust it towards the huge stone!

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

The warriors had just spent the past three days carefully comprehending and this move was very familiar to them. Quite a number cried out after seeing Landry perform this move.

"This old man…. has at least comprehended thirty percent of the Gods-intimidating Strike!" a palace leader shouted.

These leaders had all managed to comprehend a lot more with their cultivation and talent, but they had only comprehended around ten or twenty percent in the end.

However, Landry, this Spirit Supreme Realm warrior was able to comprehend thirty!

Those leaders looked sullen. How could such an old Spirit Supreme Realm warrior comprehend so much more than those mighty talented leaders? It didn't make any sense!

None of them considered the fact that this old man had spent sixty thousand years just sitting by the stone and trying to comprehend the intent hidden within the words left behind by Supreme Lord Sword.

His intensive studying had paid off and Landry, along with Damian, had gotten so much more insight than even the Sunset World lord!

"Whoosh-"

a sharp, shrill sound emanated from the tip of Landry's sword.

This strike contained mere thirty-percent of Supreme Lord Sword's power but the results were frightening. To put into perspective: a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior's power could never hope to compare to this mere thirty-percent strike.

The cracked sword pierced through the huge stone, and left it crumbling under its power! This rock had been bigger than a mountain but it immediately cracked and crumbled into pieces as it collapsed.

The sight overwhelmed Landry whose eyes began to tear up.

He had already given up all hope of ever achieving anything in his life after staying in this place for thousands of years.

Like all the other warriors who had chosen to stay here, despite knowing that it was a dead end, all he could do was meditate and hope that an event such as this would come one day.

A vast majority of warriors had already given up or were driven away due to the Orange Sea World's exploration. Only Landry and Damian stubbornly remained and even ended up shelling a huge amount just to stay there.

They had been hopeless, waiting for their Five Aging Processes to come and their lifespans to end. However, the day was yet to come.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1411 The Sword Practicing Hall

They would never have believed that a miracle would really come if it were not for the sudden appearance of those sword clouds.

It was surreal, to say the least. They had stayed there for tens of thousands of years holding onto the hope that one day, a miracle would appear and absolve them of all the hardship they had endured. It wasn't easy. Such a long time of waiting was sure to weaken any person's resolve no matter how strong their will was when they started. All those years waiting had made them forget just exactly what kind of miracle they were waiting for.

Until, of course, the sword clouds arrived. It was truly that miracle, coupled with their long-standing suffering of waiting here for tens of thousands of years, that resulted in their comprehension of around thirty-percent of the Gods-intimidating Strike. That alone, however, was not enough to assure them of greatness. Their old age and subpar talents would still make it difficult for them to achieve great things in the future.

Thousands and thousands of years were wasted just meditating by the huge stone. They had completely neglected nurturing their inner world and consolidating their cultivation base.

Still, these two had enough knowledge between them to make a name for themselves at some lower ranked sacred place somewhere.

In fact, their futures weren't half-bad. The slightly younger warrior, Damian Xu, would go on to become an elder of a certain great sect. The warrior named Landry Chen, on the other hand, would become a swordsmanship master who would eventually impart his understanding of the Gods-intimidating Strike to the younger generation.

Layla tilted her head as she looked at Zen. "How much were you able to assimilate?" she asked with a sly smile.

"To be honest, not much," Zen replied with a shake of his head.

Layla sighed. "I think I grasped around fifteen percent of the Gods-intimidating Strike. It's unfortunate that this kind of skill is incompatible with my state of mind, which means it's going to be harder for me to master it."

Her words were humble but there was that underlying tone of pride in her voice. Majority of the warriors, after all, were only able to grasp five to ten percent. Layla was probably the one who was able to absorb the most knowledge.

Nevertheless, she still couldn't hope to be on par with Zen.

Despite what he had said, Zen had almost completely mastered this sword skill.

He had already swallowed those white sword shadows and honed his sword intent prior to the arrival of the clouds. The Gods-intimidating Strike now felt as if it was custom-made for him.

One shouldn't be mistaken though. It wasn't purely by just absorbing those white sword shadows that he was able to fully comprehend the skill. A few years ago, back when Zen was still a nature creature, he was able to learn the most valuable of all lessons: the greatest truths were the simplest, and so were the greatest men. His sword intent and its compatibility with the Gods-intimidating Strike was unmistakable.

It was the consolidation of these factors that enabled Zen to fully comprehend the skill but only by using the uncontrollable sword intent would he be able to perform this sword strike!

He understood that despite learning how to use it, actually utilizing the Gods-intimidating Strike in battle was a different matter altogether given the fact that such an attack required an immense source of force and power.

Even Supreme Lord Sword himself devoted over a million years just practicing the technique. Zen's strength and cultivation base were far inferior to that man of legend, which meant he couldn't really be sure of himself when it came to utilizing the skill properly and effectively.

Zen was still pleased though. The comprehension and acquisition of this skill was another addition to his roster of trump cards he collected here in the Upper World.

One month later, Zen and the other warriors finally returned to the Mist Palace.

Some had chosen to go out and gain more experience while others chose to return to their own families and deal with some important matters.

Layla, who lived right across from Zen, stood outside her residence while she waited for her brother.

He had managed to defeat Zen and obtained his freedom but he wasn't able to return with her to the Mist Palace. It would take Lincoln a bit more time before he could cross the supreme worlds to find the Mist Palace and reunite with his sister.

It didn't matter that much, especially to Layla who was practically glowing with happiness and excitement at the thought of finally being with her brother again.

As for Zen, he really made Layla feel so dejected after Passing the Torch.

But ultimately, he ended up losing to her brother. This fact alone was enough to serve as a consolation prize. The young woman relished in the fact that it was her kin that was able to defeat Zen at something.

Zen was going to be staying in the Mist Palace for a few days. During this time, he constantly observed everything in his inner world. The flow of chaotic energy had started to slow down but it still hadn't been completely liquefied yet. Zen couldn't help but feel depressed with the slow progress his chaotic energy had made to turn into the sea.

He was also on the process of recalling the Gods-intimidating Strike from the sword clouds...

He really wanted to perform this move after knowing that most warriors from the Passing the Torch experienced a tremendous increase in strength because of it.

The news regarding the revelation of Supreme Lord Sword's secret had spread all throughout the universe like wildfire.

Warriors who had spent a lot of time in front of the huge stone but left the Orange Sea World before the event, either willingly or unwillingly, naturally learned of this matter.

The news astonished them and quite a lot cried in regret for giving up so early. Only two warriors had been able to prevail and hold onto their spots until the very end.

Back to Zen: the young man still felt incredibly frustrated over the fact that he had fully mastered a skill but had no opportunity to use it.

He forgot this matter for the time being until one day when he arrived in the depths of the Mist Palace.

This area had an Illusion Space where warriors could practice their skills and hone their strength.

It was late at night when Zen arrived so there were currently no other warriors who were using the Illusion Space. It was all just him.

He quickly entered the hall and found a signboard beside it that read, "Sword Practicing Hall".

Of course, this hall wasn't just limited to swords. Saber, spear, and fist practitioners could very well practice their arts here.

Zen quickly opened up the Illusion Space and the scenery in front of him suddenly changed. Instead of a hall, he was met with a huge mountain range!

It was so big that he could see neither the summit nor the foot of the mountain!

This entire scenery was bathed in a gold and silver glow. Coupled with its immense proportions, the view in front of Zen could be described as nothing short of ethereal.

He had never seen such a sight since this kind of scenery could only exist within the Illusion Space. Everything he saw was created by divine textures and wasn't real.

Upon closer inspection, Zen saw this great mountain range also possessed a ton of marks.

There were countless marks all over it!

Sword marks, saber marks, arrow marks, spear marks, fist marks...

This place had served as a training ground for the entire warrior population of the Mist Palace, so it was only natural for these marks to have accumulated over the years.

"It seems I've come to the right place,"

Zen remarked with glee, eager to finally practice the sword skill he had been itching to try for days now! It was truly too bad that there was nobody here in the Mist Palace he could ask to try this skill on.

Wasting no time, Zen quickly unsheathed his Thunder Wind Divine Sword and pointed the tip towards the enormous mountain range!

This simple movement caused such a great difference in his aura. It felt as if Zen's gaze alone would be enough to cut through rock and split this entire mountain range!

"The Gods-intimidating Strike is unable to gather momentum…

I have to brandish the sword the moment I raise my hand.

No momentum, no hesitation… I must forget my emotions. This mentality has already been tainted with a trace of divinity..."

According to legend, it was only when one forgot emotions that they could become a True God. Supreme Lord Sword had done this very thing: he threw away all emotions in order to create this one, powerful sword strike.

This kind of mentality was overwhelmingly wondrous. Zen felt as if he was able to grasp it momentarily before it suddenly slipped out of his mind in the blink of an eye.

This was normal. An epiphany was always something that came and went instantly. Ideas were fleeting and warriors would often have to work hard in grasping their slippery conclusions time and time again. It was okay since Zen was only intending to practice the move for the time being. The epiphany might be quick and slippery but it was sure to come back again in the future.

As Zen threw all hesitation aside, his sword intent flashed and emitted a faint light as it shot out from his long sword...

The sword intent was uncontrollable as it constantly spread throughout the space but that was the point! It should not and did not need to be controlled! Zen could only follow his own comprehension as he thrust the sword towards the direction of the mountain range!

He quickly felt a tremendous change in the sword intent. It seemed to have a mind of its own as it forged its own way with the attack...

Chapter 1412 Crack (Part One)

The day Landry had comprehended thirty percent of the Gods-intimidating Strike was one to be remembered. The explosive power he had unleashed had also shaken many palace leaders who were also there.

Those who were almost as powerful as world lords were not afraid of Landry's sword attack, but they still were quite jealous of him. To their dismay, they had just found out that even a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior like Landry with no great talent in himself was able to unleash such power.

On the other hand, Zen's strike was an almost complete move of the Gods-intimidating Strike.

Although, in terms of pure swordsmanship, he did not dare to call himself a master, but he was still quite confident in himself. This was a sword skill created by a Supreme Lord and he did not have the qualifications to evaluate it too much.

However, by relying on his own insights into the sword intent of Supreme Lord Sword, he was able to unleash almost ninety percent of the Gods-intimidating Strike's power... Such power was unbearable.

To put matters into perspective, he simply could not release ninety percent of the power. If he were to do so, this entire supreme world would have been cut in half!

As a response to his attack, a faint sword intent flew out at an extremely fast pace. At the beginning, it did not seem to be shocking at all. In fact, after the sword intent had entered the endless golden and silvery mountain, it disappeared without a trace.

Zen was looking as calm as the eye of the storm, but there was a hint of confusion on his face. What was going on?

His strike did not seem to be too powerful if evaluated purely in terms of power.

Could it be that he hadn't completely comprehended the Gods-intimidating Strike?

He had of course not expected this sword strike to be able to shake the entire heavens and the earth, but since it had disappeared without a trace after entering the mountain, it had truly let him down. This was supposed to be a legendary sword skill that could wound a True God, but right now, Zen could not see its effect at all.

Was his understanding of the Gods-intimidating Strike not enough? Was he doing something wrong? Or did he really have to forget love and emotions in order to use the Gods-intimidating Strike?

No matter how he thought about it, Zen still couldn't figure out what he had done wrong and why his strike hadn't had any effect.

Perhaps, his state of mind was truly unable to reach such a level as required by the laws!

In the early days, he had once learned how to enter the state of forgetting oneself, but it was only a common technique to control one's state of mind.

But to somehow entirely forget one's emotions, it was required to cultivate some entirely new cultivation method. However, Zen was yet to find a method that guaranteed such a stoic state.

What Zen did not realize was that he had completely underestimated the state of mind.

Being able to forget his emotions just wasn't something that Zen could grasp with his current cultivation base. Even a world lord would only be able to master one tiny bit of it.

Why did Yolande cut off her own soul and transform it into a million clones?

The answer lay in emotions. Through this method, the clones which had been created from split souls would have incomplete emotions. They would be reincarnated into the mortal world with incomplete emotions, and would only experience life and death. Then Yolande would collect those clones and comprehend the memories within them, essentially aggregating their knowledge into herself.

So this method would help her to avoid having all kinds of emotions. This was related to the cultivation method she was going to practice in the future. Right now, in the eyes of the onlookers, she was just a lucky and powerful woman with the backing of a Supreme Lord. But just by relying on her understanding of this art, she would be able to walk on a path that was different from everyone else.

So how was it going to be so easy for Zen to comprehend the state of forgetting emotions?

In any case, Zen was not too disappointed. The power of the Gods-intimidating Strike was weaker than he had expected; but it did not mean that the method was useless. The most important thing was that this sword technique did not require any accumulation of power and momentum and could be unleashed instantly. Such a power was enough to resist an enemy's attack if he required a quick shield.

After getting out of the Illusion Space, Zen shot an indifferent glance at the words "Sword Practicing Hall" which were mounted above the enormous doorway, before quietly leaving the hall.

What he didn't know was that the moment he left, a loud rumbling sound suddenly reverberated throughout the entire Illusion Space!

This enormous golden and silvery mountain had been transformed from an eighth-grade divine texture and reinforced by sixty thousand auxiliary divine textures. It was modelled on the legendary Golden-silver Demon Mountain. Both its height and width were far beyond Zen's imagination.

If he were to climb up as fast as he could from the foot of the mountain, he would probably have to climb for a year or so to reach the peak. If the mountain was placed horizontally on the ground and if a ground to hold it existed, it might take up several great worlds...

Since the Illusion Space was extremely spacious and endless, such a huge mountain could easily be formed by the divine textures and placed there. When Zen had entered this Illusion Space, he couldn't see the peak or the bottom of the mountain because of its unimaginable size.

The rumbling sounds that had started after Zen left continued for several hours.

Zen had entered the Illusion Space around midnight, but the rumbling sounds had not stopped for a long time. They lasted all the way until the sun had risen in the morning.

Chapter 1413 Crack (Part Two)

The warriors of the Mist Palace were very diligent.

To any cultivator, being given a chance to enter the Mist Palace was enough to make them proud among their entire generation.

However, after these so called talented warriors from supreme worlds gathered there, they discovered that their past pride and power were nothing compared to what was on display in the Mist Palace.

Early in the morning, a warrior named Gorman Gao, carrying his maple-leaf spear, entered the Sword Practicing Hall. He had once been the absolute pride of his family. Ever since he had become a warrior, he had been surrounded by envious gazes from all of his relatives.

After successfully joining an eighth-grade sacred place, his remarkable ability had quickly attracted the attention of a tenth-grade sacred place. Then he was brought to that tenth-grade sacred place, and had even taken the lord of the sacred place as his master. Afterwards, his master had tried every means possible to succeed in sending him to the Mist Palace.

Gorman Gao had thought that with his great talent, he would definitely be able to become one of the most powerful warriors in the Mist Palace. Yet his dreams had come crashing down on him.

After arriving there, he had begun to feel self-abased and disappointed. He had once been proud of himself for activating a Lotus Flower with one lotus petal. It was a symbol of surpassing the heavens. But he saw that there were numerous warriors of the Mist Palace who could activate even more petals of the Lotus Flowers, and he was a nobody among them. He even didn't have the qualifications to take part in Passing the Torch.

However, a talent should not just be arrogant. After adjusting his attitude, Gorman Gao had forced himself to work hard and face his difficulties. He believed that one day, he would be able to get his own glory there.

After cultivating in seclusion for a long time, he was now rushing over to the Sword Practicing Hall. He wanted to test practice the "Potent Ether Blood"—the thirteenth move of the "Potent Blood Spear" that he had comprehended over the last few days. This move's power was extremely fierce and overbearing, and it was likely to have a good effect.

However, after he entered the Illusion Space, he heard the rumbling sounds which were going on for a long time.

Thunder? Gorman Gao was stunned, but how could there be thunder in the Illusion Space?

This made him very confused...

However, just as he was wondering what had happened, he suddenly realized that there seemed to be something strange about the huge Golden-silver Demon Mountain. Something was there which shouldn't be.

In the middle of the mountain, there was a long, thin crack, almost negligible, were it not for its extreme length. It went from top to bottom, spreading all the way until it went beyond Gorman's sight!

Seeing this, Gorman Gao was really surprised and there was bewilderment visible on his face from miles away.

What was going on?

Was there someone practicing the sword just now? Since the booming sounds were still echoing in the air, the warrior practicing the sword shouldn't have gone too far. But when he had entered there, Gorman Gao didn't see anyone, and he also didn't meet any other warriors along the way.

Gorman Gao of course did not know that there was a warrior who had practiced the sword there earlier, but had already left a long time ago.

Being naturally curious, he flew down along the crack. However, even after flying for a long time, he was still unable to find the end of the crack. In the end, he had to choose to fly up. This time, he spent twice as much time flying up, but still couldn't see the end.

During this process, he became more and more aghast. 'Who on earth created this crack? Who on earth even could?'

For warriors with high enough cultivation bases, destroying a mountain range with a single move wasn't difficult, and even Gorman Gao himself could do it.

The problem was that the Golden-silver Demon Mountain in the Illusion Space was not an ordinary mountain. Even if Gorman Gao were to unleash his full strength, he would only be able to leave a mark of about a hundred miles on the mountain.

He was not that powerful and was not worth mentioning in the Mist Palace where there were so many talents. But even so, such a long crack?

A year ago, he had coincidentally met Javier who was ranked first in the Swallow Cloud House. Although the latter was only at the ninth level of the Life and Death Realm, with a casual swing of his sword, he had left a mark about a thousand miles long on the Golden-silver Demon Mountain.

But now, Gorman Gao was very astonished to discover an endless crack which stretched for countless thousands of miles. He had no idea what had happened in here.

Thinking about this, he left the Illusion Space. He then walked to a corner of the Sword Practicing Hall. There was a tall curtain hanging at the corner of the hall.

All attacks at the Golden-silver Demon Mountain were recorded on the curtain.

Gorman Gao didn't know the exact calculation method to calculate someone's strength, but in theory, it should have been based on the reference base of an early-stage Illuminating Soul Realm warrior. Perhaps this measurement method wasn't particularly accurate, but it could easily be used as a reference.

With a single attack, Gorman Gao could achieve an effect three times as much as that of an early-stage Illuminating Soul Realm warrior. In other words, his one attack was equal to three times the strength of such a basic reference warrior.

However, this kind of result was not a good one. In any case, he wanted to figure out just how powerful the attacking strength of the warrior who had left such a terrifying mark was.

Chapter 1414 Lincoln Arrived

The curtain in the Sword Practicing Hall displayed the rankings of warriors.

If Gorman remembered correctly, the topmost record had been set by Javier, and it was 32 times stronger than a warrior at the Illuminating Soul Realm.

Going purely by this, Javier's strength should be more than ten times that of Gorman. However, there were many variables in a fight. Some cultivation methods were extremely powerful, but they might not be able to evoke particularly great power.

Therefore, it was not certain that Javier was definitely ten times stronger than Gorman, but it was certain that Javier was much stronger than Gorman.

When Gorman's gaze fell on the screen, he was stunned.

"Three hundred and seventy-nine times? This is impossible!"

Gorman was dumbstruck for a while, unable to form a sentence.

In terms of pure power, the number one on the screen was over a hundred times more powerful than him. This person was also more than ten times stronger than Javier, the number one disciple of the Swallow Cloud House.

"This is impossible," he murmured again.

A warrior who was capable of invoking such power was definitely not at the Soul Sea Realm. He would at least be a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior.

This was the conclusion Gorman arrived at.

However, the strongest disciple in the thirteen palaces was at the Soul Sea Realm. The Mist Palace would not enroll a disciple at the Spirit

Supreme Realm.

'It should be a steward from the Mist Palace. Or maybe an executive, or the palace leader, or some vice palace leader, ' he thought.

But this was a low possibility, as the Sword Practicing Hall was a cultivation place only used for sword practicing. Gorman had never seen an executive from the Mist Palace practice in here before.

After all, if they were to practice in here, the records on the curtain screen wouldn't be just a hundred times higher than the power of an Illuminating Soul Realm warrior, it would be tens or even hundreds of thousands of times higher. And the Illusion Space would not be able to bear their attacks.

As the sky gradually brightened, more and more warriors entered the Sword Practicing Hall. Many warriors checked the rankings on the screen before entering the hall.

For the disciples of the Mist Palace, this was a glorious place.

"Three hundred and seventy-nine times? Who created this record?"

"Am I dreaming?"

"Could it be Zen?"

Most of the warriors present didn't have the qualifications to participate in Passing the Torch, but some of them guessed that it was Zen.

After all, news of the competition in Passing the Torch had already spread throughout the Mist Palace. Even those warriors who didn't have the qualifications to join Passing the Torch had heard about the showdown of Zen and Layla.

This time around, the two of them stood out among the thirteen palaces. No one from the other twelve palaces could match up to them.

A warrior dismissed this notion. "It is absolutely impossible for a warrior to be able to display such power with a cultivation below the Spirit Supreme Realm. I admit that Zen's strength was like a monster's in Passing the Torch, but even he can't achieve this!"

That day, news of the top ranker in the Sword Practicing Hall had already spread throughout the entire Mist Palace.

Now speculation was rife among the warriors as to who had achieved such a terrifying result.

The most popular contenders were Zen and Layla. Of the warriors in the Mist Palace, they were probably the only two who had the highest possibility of achieving such a result.

The next day, Layla entered the Sword Practicing Hall under the watchful eyes of the crowd. After seeing the result of the first rank, she entered the Illusion Space.

Layla had also comprehended the Gods-intimidating Strike, but she had only got to 15%. Even with only 15%, her improvement was considerable.

Unlike the other warriors in the Mist Palace, Layla did not know just how terrifying three hundred and seventy-nine times was. No matter how high this record was, she was willing to break it, regardless whether or not it was created by Zen.

After about five minutes, Layla left the Illusion Space with a confident smile. But when she saw the results on the screen, her expression turned sullen.

There was some change in the rankings on the screen, but three hundred and seventy nine times still stayed stubbornly on the first place. However, Layla's score pushed her up to the second place moving her competitor, with a score of thirty-two times, downward by a single line.

She had scored eighty-two times by using her full strength in one strike.

If it wasn't for the incredible score above her, she would have been in the first place for a long time.

"It doesn't seem to be Layla," came a voice from the crowd.

"Then it can only be Zen!"

"I still can't believe it. Maybe it's someone else!"

Layla's mouth pursed, and a look of disbelief appeared on her face when she heard all the gossip. She then turned around and once again entered the Illusion Space.

Not long after, another second ranking score appeared on the screen, which was eighty-four times. This pushed Layla's previous score into third place, and as for the score that Javier had achieved, it was placed fourth now.

Layla entered again, and returned having only achieved eighty-one times.

Eighty-six times...

Eighty-five times...

Eighty times...

Seeing Layla's behavior, the warriors in the hall were speechless.

This was simply too much!

Javier's result had been at the top of the ranking list for a long time.

But now Layla's countless scores were pushing the rest down and off the screen—all except the first place.

For the vast majority of the warriors in the Mist Palace, a score of over eighty times was impossible to achieve. So in the future, if another warrior wanted to be ranked on the screen, it would be nearly impossible.

The warriors present were already disheartened. But seeing Layla's monstrous strength, they could only grit their teeth and endure.

Just like that, Layla continued to rewrite her scores, one after the other, until she finally left the Illusion Space. Her face was pale, as if she had used a secret technique that drained her completely. This time, her score was only ninety-six times.

In the end, she had no choice but to give up.

The Mist Palace was in an uproar, but Zen himself didn't seem to care. He still went on with his life in a very orderly fashion.

He was cultivating and observing the chaotic energy in his elixir field.

The entire universe was as lively as ever. Occasionally, some creatures would use Roaring Tokens to spread their voices across the entire universe.

In these past two days, it seemed as if several Supreme Lords had been engaged in a war of words. Moreover, two or three ogre Supreme Lords had also joined in.

Zen naturally wouldn't participate in this spat among the Supreme Lords. However, after overhearing their debate, he understood that they were fighting over a lost secret treasure.

After a period of time, the Mist Palace once again welcomed two new groups of guests, and thus, there were new topics of discussion.

"The Spring Fragrance Pavilion and the Gauze Pavilion have arrived at the same time."

"It seems like they are going to take Zen and Layla away."

"These two are so lucky. I'm so envious of them."

But they could do nothing. If they could achieve results like Zen and Layla, they, too, would be highly valued by the Spring Fragrance Pavilion and the Gauze Pavilion.

After joining the Gauze Pavilion, each warrior was presented a Gauze Token. With this token, one could travel freely through the alliance's supreme worlds. No one was allowed to intercept them. Moreover, as long as they were in the alliance's territory, they would be able to obtain help by showing their Gauze Token.

Traveling through the supreme worlds was not an easy task for many warriors. Traversing several supreme worlds often meant an expensive price—the toll for travelling within a supreme world as well as travelling between two supreme worlds was enough to consume the life savings of an ordinary warrior. Zen still had many things to do in the supreme worlds. If this token solved so many problems, he naturally would not refuse it.

Sometime later, Lincoln, who had fought with Zen in Passing the Torch, finally arrived at the Mist Palace.

He had rushed straight to the Mist Palace after he was freed.

He had spent nearly two months reaching this place due to the unimaginably long distance between supreme worlds.

After reuniting with Layla, Lincoln asked his sister whether Zen was still in the Mist Palace.

This made her curious as to why her brother was so concerned about Zen's whereabouts.

In her eyes, Zen was nothing more than the defeated opponent of her brother.

But Lincoln had told her that he was only able to obtain his freedom because Zen had let him win.

Layla was surprised to hear this. She recalled Zen's indifferent smile and finally understood everything. She was now completely convinced that he was stronger than her in every aspect, be it talent or strength.

Chapter 1415 The Secret Treasures

Zen was a bit surprised that Lincoln had taken the effort to come and visit him.

The reason why he had decided to deliberately succumb to defeat before Lincoln was that he felt that Layla's experiences were somewhat similar to his.

However, the issues Zen was facing were even more troublesome. As of that moment, he didn't have the slightest idea of Yan's whereabouts. Although he had used the Roaring Token to shout throughout the entire universe, his efforts went in vain.

Lincoln was also a straightforward person. After he'd arrived, he bowed quite low before Zen to express his sincere gratitude.

It might have been a trivial matter as far as Zen was concerned, but for Lincoln, the meaning of gaining his freedom was extraordinary.

Sometime ago, he had offended the son of a Supreme Lord and was exiled to the Villain World. Hence, his future prospects were practically ruined. A meagre lifespan of just 800 years was too short for warriors, but now having obtained freedom was an extensively fortunate thing for him.

Layla, on the other hand, sat quietly by her brother's side. Feelings originating inside her were naturally very complicated.

From the moment she entered the Mist Palace, she had treated Zen as her opponent, and she had provoked him very frequently. However, he remained unmoved no matter what, and he had gone to great lengths to help her brother obtain his freedom.

"This time, I've come here almost entirely for the sake of my sister. But I have another important matter to discuss with you!" Lincoln cupped his hands and said.

"What is it?" Zen seemed to be faintly surprised. He was under the impression that Lincoln had arrived only to thank him.

Lincoln's eyes flashed, his face revealing a trace of vigilance. He extended his hand and took out a light yellow divine texture. After pouring his life vitality into it, an invisible enchanted barrier began to spread out, enveloping the three of them within it.

Noticing that Lincoln was being overly cautious, Zen was intrigued. What exactly was so important that he needed to be this cautious?

After that, Lincoln cupped his hands again and said, "If this was occurring some time ago, I wouldn't have told anyone about this even if my life was at risk. But you are different. You are my life saver."

"Please say it." Zen's curiosity had just skyrocketed.

He patiently heard Lincoln narrate his adventurous tales.

After Lincoln had been sent to the Villain World, he had been placed under extremely dangerous and volatile situations.

The Villain World was earlier a very prosperous supreme world. Moreover, it was a famous supreme world in the universe.

However, after hundreds of millions of years of exploitation, the resources of the entire Villain World had depleted rapidly, and some sects of the Villain World had decided to flee from that place. In the end, the entire supreme world became a place of exile, and warriors who were convicted of serious crimes were exiled to this place.

The entire Villain World was in a state of absolute chaos. After all, the majority of the warriors residing there were notorious evildoers. There were no existing rules at all. It was common for them to kill each other in order to survive.

When he had just entered the Villain World, Lincoln himself had suffered greatly. His own life had to be risked many times.

Perhaps, he was indeed a lucky person after all. When he was being chased by his opponents, he had accidentally entered a cave and found the clue to the Dark World's secret treasures.

Zen's face appeared to show his excitement. "The Dark World's secret treasures?"

"Yes!" Lincoln's eyes lit up. "That's why I want to invite you to explore this place with me!"

Zen's face showed a hint of hesitation. He did not know what the Dark World's secret treasures were, but the nervousness on Lincoln's face helped him figure out that it was no small matter. Therefore, he was confused about what to do.

At this moment, Lavender told him in his mind, "Agree to his request, Zen."

"Hmm? Why?"

"Promise him now. We'll talk later."

Since Lavender insisted, Zen no longer had any hesitation. She rarely gave advice to him, but since she had taken the effort to open her mouth, there must have been a legitimate reason for it.

There weren't many people who could gain the complete trust of Zen, and Lavender was one of them.

Lincoln naturally didn't know what Zen's thoughts were. As far as his knowledge was concerned, the secret treasures of the Dark World were of great importance. No one, not even a world lord, had any reason to reject him.

It was a pity that Zen didn't know much about the Upper World. When he heard about the secret treasures of the Dark World, he was neither intrigued nor interested. It was because of Lavender that he agreed to be a part of this.

Then, Lincoln handed over a pre-drawn map to Zen and told him, "In half a year, we will reach the Dark World. We will meet at the location marked on the map."

Zen took the map and examined it for a moment before asking, "Where is the Dark World?"

Hearing this question that involved common sense, Lincoln was slightly stunned. How could there be a warrior who didn't know where the Dark World was located? This was awfully weird.

Next to him, Layla burst out in laughter. "Lincoln, Zen had ascended from the Lower World just a while ago. You need to help him."

A smile appeared on Zen's face when he found out the location of the Dark World. He hadn't thought that the Dark World would be adjacent to the Spirit Reading World, which was the supreme world that he had ascended to.

The Spirit Reading World was originally the border region of the alliance's 3, 000 supreme worlds, and the other side of the Dark World was no longer the territory of the alliance.

The distance between the supreme world where he found himself in at present and the Dark World was so long that it would probably take several months even if one were to travel across borders continuously. Only then did Zen understand why Lincoln had proposed to meet in the Dark World after half a year.

Zen wouldn't go back on his word.

After the brother and sister left, Zen asked Lavender, "Lavender, what's wrong with the secret treasures of the Dark World? Why did you wish my presence in this team?"

Hearing his innocent question, Lavender gradually condensed in front of Zen. She smiled slightly before uttering, "The secret treasures of the Dark World were a legend from an hundred thousand years ago. However, as the person involved, I happen to know some of the secrets within. There are some things that are quite important to you."

"I don't know if this warrior named Lincoln really has a way to obtain the secret treasures, but it's certainly worth a try."

Hearing Lavender's words, Zen silently nodded his head in approval.

He couldn't have stayed at the Mist Palace to cultivate forever. Furthermore, he had promised Lavender that he would help her return to the throne.

Half a year's time was simply too short for the warriors of the Upper World. In order to travel through the supreme worlds, one had to travel for months, and after a simple preparation, Zen bid farewell to Yolande. Yolande was not at all astonished by Zen's abrupt departure. Even the warriors of the thirteenth palaces would look for an opportunity to go out and train, not to mention the fact that she had promised Zen that she would not give him much restraint from the very beginning.

Without further delay, Zen quietly left the Mist Palace and barged into the supreme world channel.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1416 Resources

Zen left on a Heavenly Phoenix Horse.

This legendary beast that was used for travelling was considered rare even in the Upper World. Naturally, it was gifted to Zen by Yolande in honor of all Zen's accomplishments.

After he had left, Yolande turned around and returned to the depths of her palace.

On a flight of stairs deep within the hall, there was an obscure and complex divine texture carved into it. As Yolande stepped onto the stairs and activated the divine texture, a black figure began to emerge from the air around her.

"Father," she called out.

Yolande's father was Supreme Lord Healum, one of the three great heads of the alliance.

Supreme Lords were the most supreme entities in the entire universe. Even Yolande would not disturb her father easily, unless she had an important matter to discuss with him. Theirs was a formal, but familial bond.

Supreme Lord Healum had an indifferent expression. Even when he was facing his own daughter, his tone of voice didn't contain the least bit of emotion. He was consumed by his status, and had left the more mundane emotions, such as love, behind. "Has that brat left?" he asked.

Yolande nodded absently.

"I will do everything I can to help you with your plan. However, there are no secrets under the heavens. If you can think of something, then they can think of it as well," said Supreme Lord Healum in warning.

Yolande smiled sweetly. "Of course, I know that. There are a lot of people who know that Zen is a man without destiny. So what? What can they do about it? The fate of a man without destiny cannot be deduced or determined. It is a path that no one can estimate. I am only being very careful in pushing Zen from behind. Who can say for sure about what will happen in the future?"

"That's true. The most difficult thing for a schemer is to jump out of a rut. Yolande, you're not good at scheming, but this time you are doing great," Supreme Lord Healum complimented, though his tone remained indifferent.

"Thank you, Father, for your appreciation," Yolande smiled sweetly despite the customary cold shoulder which he gave her.

"However, you still have to be careful. Zen's luck is truly rare, and the things he is trying to accomplish are not trivial. For example, he wants to help the Demon Night's Queen of Killings regain her throne. That will be extremely difficult. If he were to die on that mission, it would be a pity and a waste."

"Yes, Father. I understand."

Her father had always spoken very little. A Supreme Lord was at the stage where they could sever all emotions and attempt to obtain a trace of divinity. He had almost ceased to be human now.

Because of that, her father had never revealed any emotions since she was born. He was still as cold as ever today, but Yolande was very happy to hear him say so much to her, and he even showed a minuscule trace of concern.

Ever since she had reported Zen's news to her father, Healum had shown much interest in Zen. This was the first time she'd received her father's praise since she'd become a martial artist. Though she had told herself that she didn't need his approval, the validation was nice.

Traveling on a legendary beast through the passages of the supreme world was quite eye-catching and caused a stir.

There were countless other practitioners hurrying along within the wide passageway. A trace of envy was revealed on their faces every time they saw Zen's Heavenly Phoenix Horse. They also silently tried to guess Zen's identity.

A martial artist qualified to ride the Heavenly Phoenix Horse was not an ordinary person. They reasoned that he must then be someone of great importance.

On the way, Zen formed a preliminary plan for his next step.

With his current level of strength, he definitely wouldn't be able to help Lavender reclaim the throne on his own.

The good thing was that Lavender was not alone in the Upper World. For example, Leroy had been firmly standing behind her, up until now. Aside from Leroy, there were also some of her old subordinates awaiting her to return. She would not face the mission alone.

In addition to that, Lavender had concealed huge amounts of resources. She planned to use these resources to help Zen rapidly increase his strength.

Once he reached the Soul Sea Realm, Zen's cultivation rate would increase very slowly, but the resources consumed would be a hundred or even a thousand times more than before. It would be costly to boost Zen to his full potential.

This was no longer a matter of talent.

In the world of warriors, those below the Soul Sea Realm only trained their foundation. However, it was not suitable for them to use all kinds of alchemic resources to make it mature. Otherwise, it would cause their foundation to be unstable and lead to disaster.

Therefore, Zen and the other talents had all been relying on their own talents to make breakthroughs in their cultivation, not piling up resources.

However, after reaching the Soul Sea Realm, the warrior training had more to do with the inner world and it was an advanced training method.

To open up one's Soul Sea, to expand one's inner world, to induce divine thunder to fill one's body, to nurture a small world within one's Soul Sea …

All these steps needed so much more than one's talent alone.

The late stage of the Life and Death Realm also featured this. For instance, if an ordinary martial artist didn't have the Tenth Tribulation Introducing Pill, it would be almost impossible for him to attract the tenth small Heavenly Tribulation. Therefore, those kinds of pills were extremely precious and rare in many sacred places; even the martial artists of the thirteen palaces could only rely on their own strength to obtain them in the Passing the Torch.

A world where the practitioners had to fight over resources was crueler. This was also one of the reasons why it was difficult for those who had ascended from the Lower World to rise above others. This was because talent was very important here, but resources were also becoming more and more important. Thus, when Supreme Lord Illusion had ascended to the position of a Supreme Lord, it was considered a miracle.

Lavender knew about the treasures of the Dark World. It could even be said that the origin of the secret treasures was closely related to her. That was why she had asked Zen to accept the secret treasures when he hesitated and remained on guard. The treasures were the very first stipend of resources she would give him.

If he were to simply fly at his own speed, it might take dozens of years or even longer for Zen to cross the vast distances of these supreme worlds.

The Heavenly Phoenix Horse was originally a rare creature in the world. With its great speed, in under a month, Zen had already arrived at the edge of the supreme world occupied by the alliance.

"The Mind World...

the Noble World...

the Star Rain World...

the Spirit Reading World."

After crossing the Spirit Reading World, he would reach the Dark World.

Who would have thought that after shuttling through so many supreme worlds of the Upper World, he would once again return to the Spirit Reading World?

In the universe, many martial artists, even those at the Soul Sea Realm, were unable to travel through a single supreme world. The distance was simply too great. However, Zen had traveled through more than a thousand supreme worlds and now had returned.

He had Lavender to thank for that.

Crossing through a world was time and money-consuming. Crossing a supreme world could nearly exhaust a martial artist's entire life's savings, and it could take several decades. For an ordinary martial artist, such consumption of time and money was simply impossible to bear. It was an unattainable desire for most.

Zen, with his Gauze Token and Heavenly Phoenix Horse, naturally had no obstructions on his journey.

Lincoln had promised to meet up with Zen in the Dark World in half a year's time. Zen assumed that Lincoln had to be very resourceful indeed, to make it to the Dark World within half a year. He did not have the Heavenly Phoenix Horse at his disposal like Zen did.

Zen did not plan to stay long in the Spirit Reading World. It was just the supreme world he had ascended to.

However, as he was flying through the passage, a voice suddenly echoed in his ears. "Zen, where are you? Can you help me?"

Hearing that voice, Zen was slightly stunned. It was Freya's voice!

Before they had left the mine, Freya and Zen had exchanged message runes with each other. This was a way to keep in contact over great distances, though it had its limits.

When he thought about it later, he found it had indeed been a very laughable thing to do.

The universe was simply too vast. One supreme world was already far beyond their imagination in size. In the Lower World, the most powerful message rune could travel around thirty thousand miles; and though the quality of the message rune that Freya had exchanged with Zen was even higher, it could only reach sixty thousand miles.

Sixty thousand miles in the great world was enough to cover a continent, and could even transmit their voices between two continents.

But in the Upper World, this distance would seem ridiculously short. Even when Zen was in the Enchanted Barrier Tower during Passing the Torch, he had withstood the Law Storm and had rushed over a distance of thirty thousand miles.

Since this message rune was ringing in his ears, it meant that the distance between him and Freya was within sixty thousand miles. In a supreme world, this distance was very short, almost equal to the distance from his home to the market.

Zen wasn't overly familiar with Freya. Back then, in order to leave the mines, the two of them had a mutually beneficial use of each other. It had been because of Zen that she was able to leave the mines earlier. Of course, what happened afterwards proved that even if Zen did not mine, there would in any case be people who would take him away.

'Freya is in trouble?'

Zen didn't know when she had burnt her message rune. Perhaps it was several months ago, and that message rune had still been reverberating here. There was no way to tell.

She had told Zen that one of her uncles held the position of city lord in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Zen supposed that, given her status, she would be treated better than ordinary warriors who had ascended.

A hint of hesitation appeared on Zen's face, but he still lightly patted the Heavenly Phoenix Horse's neck. Following Yolande's instructions on riding the magnificent beast, he stopped the Heavenly Phoenix Horse, and turned around to leave the passageway. Zen would never leave a friend in need, and he wanted to find out what trouble Freya was in.

Chapter 1417 Imprisonment (Part One)

Zen dashed forward with the Heavenly Phoenix Horse as his mount.

Only a month had passed since he had made the appointment with Lincoln, and five more months were there for Zen to do whatever he wanted.

He had met Freya through a chance encounter but she had helped him to collect life vitality jades in the mines.

He wondered what kind of trouble she got into after they went their separate ways.

Pondering this, he spurred the horse onward and left the trans-border channel. The soldiers guarding the passage sized up his horse and were immediately respectful towards him.

Normally, it cost travelers a large amount of life vitality jade to use this passage, so Zen was about to pull out his Gauze Token, which would give him a free pass, but to his surprise, the soldiers permitted him through without asking for the toll.

These soldiers were obviously smart. They knew that a warrior using a legendary beast as his mount was not someone they could afford to offend. If this distinguished visitor on the Heavenly Phoenix Horse had a bad temper, they would regret inconveniencing him. Therefore, no one dared to keep Zen even for a second.

After Zen left the trans-border channel and entered the common teleportation channel, the soldiers stared after him and began to discuss in low voices.

"Oh my god! It's a Heavenly Phoenix Horse! Such a rare thing in a remote supreme world like ours!"

"I bet that even the Saint Lord of our Spiritual Force Sacred Place doesn't have the ways and means of getting this horse. Who's this talented young man?"

"Could he be the son of a world lord? He must be! There's no other explanation. But it's strange that he has no arrogance of a rich man. Instead, he seems like an easy-going man..."

They didn't know that six months ago, Zen had just ascended from the Lower World. Back then, as a warrior from the Lower World, he was imprisoned in the mines of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place and had to collect life vitality jades to gain freedom.

After leaving the teleportation channel, Zen returned to the land of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

The Spiritual Force Sacred Place only occupied ten to twenty percent of the Spirit Reading World's territory, but it was still very expansive.

Outside the teleportation passage was a large city. Zen jumped down from the Heavenly Phoenix Horse and started to study at his surroundings. Hoping to find a person in the Upper World was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Fortunately, he had exchanged message runes with Freya, but the one he gave her only worked at a distance of twenty thousand miles.

Without thinking too much, he sent a message using the rune, "I've received your message, Freya. Where are you?"

He waited for a while but didn't get any response.

'She's still too far...'

Zen thought and once again mounted his Heavenly Phoenix Horse. He gently patted the horse's neck and spurred it to soar towards the sky.

He flew up and stayed within a radius of several hundred thousand miles. He kept altering his position and trying the message rune.

He finally received a response on the sixth attempt.

Freya's voice whispered into his ear.

"Zen! It's you! You've left the mines!" There was a hint of surprise in her voice.

She had sent Zen the message through the rune merely in a desperate attempt to save herself. He hadn't chosen to leave the mines after accumulating 100 life vitality jades but instead he had remained in the mines to collect more jades. Freya, on the other hand, had only wanted to visit her uncle to seek shelter and thus, she opted to leave.

This place was more than sixty thousand miles away from the mines. Freya didn't think that Zen would be able to receive her message even if he had left the mines.

What she didn't know was that Zen had already traveled across a thousand supreme worlds. It was a distance that she could never imagine. Many warriors of the Soul Sea Realm would never be able to cross such a distance in their entire lives!

Coincidentally, Zen's destination this time was the Dark World, which was not too far. He had been traveling through the trans-border passage when he happened to receive her message from the supreme world below.

When he received Freya's response, he knew that she must be no more than twenty thousand miles away from him. And there was only one big city, called Bright Sky City, within such radius. Without hesitation, Zen had turned his horse and headed straight for the Bright Sky City.

For Zen it was a big city by the Central Region's standards, but that was not accurate in the Upper World.

In fact, there were thirty-six thousand cities of a similar size in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. Master Shen and Master He, who had taken Zen out of the mine, were each in charge of over a thousand such cities.

After arriving at the Bright Sky City, Zen ordered his Heavenly Phoenix Horse to descend to the ground. There was a no-fly ban in the city, so it was not a good idea for him to ride his flying horse into the city.

After he landed, he took out the spirit beast bag, wanting to drive the Heavenly Phoenix Horse into it.

The space inside the spirit beast bag was quite large, but to Zen's surprise, the Heavenly Phoenix Horse seemed to be rather resistant to the spirit beast bag. It raised its forelegs and kept retreating, refusing to enter the spirit beast bag.

"What's wrong?"

The horse had been very docile the whole way. So Zen was perplexed by the beast's reaction. He couldn't understand why it resisted the spirit beast bag.

"Could it be because of the Ancestral Dragon?" Lavender asked.

The Ancestral Dragon was a very special creature after all. Despite its submissiveness to Zen, its overwhelming aura couldn't be ignored. The Heavenly Phoenix Horse was also a legendary beast, but it had an instinctive fear of the Ancestral Dragon, so Zen had no choice but to lead the horse into the city.

On the way, he continued communicating with Freya through the message rune.

Chapter 1418 Imprisonment (Part Two)

Although she told Zen that she was in great trouble, she was equivocal about it and wouldn't divulge much information about the nature of her problem.

He had no choice but to keep following her directions. He arrived at the appointed place and saw a residence with a pretty good environment. To his astonishment, there were four Soul Sea Realm warriors guarding the residence. He also sensed several divine textures around the house, as well as the presence of hidden auras of powerful warriors inside the building.

Seeing this scene, Zen immediately understood what was going on. Freya was imprisoned here by someone!

"What are you doing here?" yelled one of the guarding warriors when he noticed Zen.

Admittedly, these warriors were not as smart as the soldiers guarding the trans-border channel. The soldiers guarding the trans-border channel had seen many warriors from different places every day. Thanks to their occupation, they had a clear understanding of mounts, which was why they were able to recognize the Heavenly Phoenix Horse at a single glance.

These warriors were under the city lord's order to guard this place. Although they sensed that Zen's horse was not an ordinary beast, they weren't afraid of offending him.

Zen frowned at their bad attitude. He raised an eyebrow and answered honestly, "I'm looking for Freya."

The warriors exchanged glances with each other. They knew that Freya had just ascended from the Lower World not long ago. They couldn't figure out how Zen knew her.

"We don't know anyone by this name. Now get out of here!" The same warrior replied impatiently.

But Zen pointed towards the residence and said, "I know she's inside the building. She just sent me a message using her life vitality."

Since Zen had exposed their lies, the warriors had to give up their act. They stared at him with cold eyes and threatened, "Mind your own business! Otherwise, you'll regret coming here!"

Hearing their threat, the corners of Zen's mouth lifted to flash a contemptuous smile. "I wonder what kind of trouble it will be."

"The woman inside was chosen by our city lord. She will be offered to an important figure of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place as a gift. But she is disobedient, so she has been imprisoned here! Are we clear now, you brat? Can you afford to offend the city lord?" said another arrogant warrior with narrowed eyes.

They bothered to give Zen an explanation only because he had come with his Heavenly Phoenix Horse. Although they couldn't recognize the horse, they knew that it was a strong beast. Plus, although Zen was just at the Soul Sea Realm, his aura was extraordinary and overwhelming.

If it was an ordinary warrior, they would have attacked him straightaway!

"Oh, I see,"

Zen nodded. No wonder Freya had asked for his help but hadn't given any details to him.

The City Lord of this Bright Sky City was Freya's uncle! Zen couldn't understand why he wanted to sacrifice his niece after she had ascended to the Upper World.

"Get out of here now! If you take too long, you won't be able to escape when we change our mind!" When the warrior saw Zen deep in thought, he assumed that his words had the desired effect on him and a trace of pride appeared on his face.

Suddenly, Freya appeared inside the residence. Her cultivation base did not seem to have improved. Instead, there was a trace of weariness on her face.

"Zen! You have already reached the Soul Sea Realm?" Freya noticed the change in Zen, and a bitter smile appeared on her face.

In fact, she wasn't sure that Zen would be able to rescue her.

Although his performance in the mining cave had been extraordinary, he still wasn't strong enough to fight in the Upper World.

However, she had made great efforts to ascend to the Upper World before turning to her uncle for shelter, only to be sacrificed by him as a human cauldron to an important figure. She had her own dreams and ambitions. How could she agree to submit to such an unfair fate?

But she was only at the primary level of the Soul Sea Realm, so she didn't have the power to fight her uncle!

Finally, she had been imprisoned here and wasn't even allowed to go out.

What was worse, the divine textures around the residence were able to cut off all the vitality between heaven and earth. She couldn't even cultivate here!

Freya was filled with remorse. If she had known this earlier, she would have continued mining with Zen in the mines. Once she had accumulated 200 life vitality jades, she could have exchanged them for an independent warrior's identity. Although she couldn't get support from her uncle, at least she would live in this supreme world freely without being imprisoned or becoming a human cauldron.

She was feeling miserable when she saw Zen again.

Never would she have imagined that their experiences in the Upper World would be so different.

In a last-ditch attempt, she had asked Zen for help through the message rune even though she knew that with his current strength, it was almost impossible for him to save her.

Her uncle was the city lord and his cultivation base was at the late stage of the Spirit Supreme Realm, while Zen was just an ordinary warrior who had ascended from the Lower World.

Zen smiled faintly at her and said, "No wonder you asked me for help. I didn't expect your uncle to imprison you!"

"I used the message rune because I didn't have any other choice. But you should leave, Zen. I don't want to get you into trouble," Freya said, shaking her head. She calmed down a little after she saw Zen, and resigned to her ugly fate. Finding her uncle had been her own choice, while Zen was just a friend who she met in the mines. There was no reason for him to risk everything and save her.

Besides, even if Zen wanted to save her, he probably wouldn't be able to do so.

But to her surprise, he extended his hand towards her and said firmly, "Come with me. It's all right."

Hearing his words, the guarding warriors' faces immediately darkened.

Chapter 1419 The City Lord

No one dared cause trouble here.

While Bright Sky City was insignificant in the Upper World, it still had the support of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

Not even someone like Zen, nor the other martial artists at the Spirit Supreme Realm, nor those at levels even higher than the Spirit Supreme Realm would ever dare to stir up anything risky.

If they offended Bright Sky City, they would, in turn, offend the thirty-six halls, and then the Spiritual Force Sacred Place—the Saint Lord of the sacred place was much stronger than a world lord.

The martial artists showed mercy to Zen. To begin with, Zen's bearing was already extraordinary, and his horse in tow was nowhere near ordinary. Anyone would assume that he had a special background.

But at that moment, Zen had completely ignored their warnings—he was determined to take Freya away. Some would have called it wishful thinking.

"What do I mean? Don't you understand?" Zen replied with a smile. Then, he turned to Freya. "Let's go."

His frankness stunned her for a moment—she was moved by Zen's utter willingness to come and see her in spite of everything he had to endure.

But even though he had broken through to the Soul Sea Realm, taking her away was basically impossible. They couldn't afford to offend the city they were in.

"Zen, you have to go. I… I can't leave." Freya shook her head in defeat. In that moment, she regretted burning up the message rune to ask him for help. There was never any hope, in the first place, but because Zen was the only one she met after ascending into the Upper World, burning the message rune for him seemed like the only thing to do. Anything was better than nothing, after all.

The chance of him receiving the message was incredibly slim, yet he got it anyway after leaving the mine. But what for?

The four martial artists had already made their moves, surrounding Zen from all directions. Their compelling eyes were fixed on him, silently willing him into submission. The leader of the group had a particularly icy glint in his glare. A bright silver short sword was in his grasp, a kind of black light revolving around it. "I've already given you a chance to back down. Now, I won't let you escape!"

The second he finished speaking, he moved in to attack Zen.

These martial artists were no pushovers. It was clear that they thought highly of Zen. Otherwise, they wouldn't have waited so patiently. They were under the impression that Zen just didn't know what was good for him—he must've had a death wish if he wanted to take Freya away in those circumstances.

Four martial artists at the Soul Sea Realm launched an attack as fast as lightning. The group's leader moved in extremely close, his sword shooting out explosively at the short distance in beams of black light. There was barely any room for Zen to dodge.

All Zen could do was remain where he was—his figure wavered only slightly before he returned to his original position. The sword pierced through his body but caused him no harm.

As he wore a smile on his lips, his eyes seemed to have been filled with faint killing intent.

The four martial artists instantly realized that this fellow who had just reached the Soul Sea Realm couldn't be underestimated.

"Kill him!"

The four moved in from all directions, leaving Zen no opening.

Witnessing the scene before her, Freya shaded her eyes in despair. But she knew it was utterly useless for her to feel any regret then. She knew that Zen was outstanding. Even when he stood at the Life and Death Realm, he was already easily as strong as her who just reached the Soul

Sea Realm. There was no doubt in her mind that he would make a real difference in the future.

In the worst-case scenario, he would become a city lord in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. She never would have expected that the message rune she sent to him would get him into such deep trouble.

She saw Zen gently raise his hand. A long sword appeared in his grasp. With a mere slight movement of the long sword, gray figures suddenly appeared around him.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A soon as the clear sounds rang in Freya's ears, the four Soul Seal Realm martial artists were set flying back in four different directions, one of them even smashing into Freya's space.

Things were happening all too quickly. In the blink of an eye, the four martial artists lay fallen on the ground. No one knew whether they were alive or dead.

Freya's eyes widened in shock before she turned to Zen. He was standing not too far from her.

It was no simple thing. Zen managed to defeat four Soul Sea Realm martial artists in a single move.

Amongst the many martial artists who had ascended into the Upper World, Freya's strength could easily be considered above average. Still, that didn't mean she suddenly had the skill to fight against the other martial artists in the Upper World. At first, she had no confidence in Zen's skill, but to her utter surprise, he exceeded anyone's expectations.

After breaking through to the Soul Sea Realm, Zen had indeed become much stronger.

The scene before her was unbelievable.

When she finally calmed herself down, she looked at him in fright. "Zen, you've gotten into so much trouble. Run, quick! This is the territory of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. No matter how strong you are, you'll be no match for them."

Not only did Zen ignore her warning, but he also brandished his sword and released a few rays of sword light. With that, the restrictions positioned in front of the house suddenly exploded, releasing streams of black smoke.

Such restrictions were enough to bind the Soul Sea Realm martial artists, but they couldn't even put a bump in Zen's road. At that point, Zen already didn't want to waste any time—he was set on destroying the divine textures behind the restrictions with sheer brute force.

After removing the restrictions, Zen turned to Freya and announced, "Alright, let's leave this place together!"

Freya took one look at Zen and the horse behind him—it seemed to have an extraordinary air about it. Suddenly, a sense of trust grew in her heart.

The worst-case scenario would be Freya getting caught and being turned into a cauldron. But if she were to run away with Zen, she would get her chance to escape from the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

Although it was a slim shot, she still had to grab the opportunity.

In truth, she had already fallen into despair. In her heart, Bright Sky City was huge and great—it wasn't something a martial artist like her could easily pick a fight against. The Spiritual Force Sacred Place supported the city and she was nothing more than an ant.

But now, her desperate heart seemed to have been touched by a sweet dew as she felt some of her confidence be restored. No longer did she have to hesitate or drown in worries.

In a swift motion, Zen pulled her onto the Heavenly Phoenix Horse. As he gently patted the horse's neck, it raised its hooves before shooting toward the sky as if it could run on the clouds.

At first, it didn't feel particularly fast. But in only nine seconds, it was already in the sky. When it arrived the height of ten thousand feet, a huge net suddenly appeared in the sky to stop Zen in his path.

The strange net seemed to cover the city's entire sky.

"It's a no-fly ban," Freya reminded him.

When he saw the restriction, Zen's expression didn't shift in the slightest. As he brandished his sword once again, the sword's light rippled like billowing waves.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

When Zen's sword hit the net, crisp sounds resounded from the impact. But the slashes did nothing for the restriction. Zen was puzzled.

As he wondered why nothing was working, a burst of vigorous and powerful laughter suddenly resounded from afar.

"Haha! Well well, this is a first. How dare you cause trouble in the city?" From not very far away, ten beams of light flew over. The leader, wrapped in a blood-red light, wore a robe just as red. His eyes seemed to emit some kind of uniquely fierce aura as if he had just practiced some extremely powerful, evil technique.

Seeing that person fly over, Freya's expression shifted drastically behind Zen. "Uncle…"

Hearing her voice, Zen began sizing up the group's leader, his expression turning deadly-calm. "A Spirit Supreme Realm powerhouse. Is he your uncle?"

"Yes." Frey nodded. "He's also the lord of Bright Sky City."

As she spoke, the martial artist wearing a blood-red robe arrived. He glanced at Zen indifferently before his gaze landed on the Heavenly Phoenix Horse. He became stunned for a moment, a trace of greed appearing on his face right after.

Chapter 1420 What Price

The warrior's blood colored robes flapped with the wind. Naturally, he could tell that the horse Zen rode was no ordinary one.

The animal puzzled him at first glance, but once he sensed that the horse had the bloodline of a legendary beast, he was certain that this youth was riding the famous and precious Heavenly Phoenix Horse!

It was known that martial artists couldn't travel fast enough across a supreme world if they only relied on their physical bodies to fly.

It would still take a long time even for warriors of the Spirit Supreme Realm to travel across a supreme world through a space tunnel.

There were a few ways to move through supreme worlds: by mastering the skill of spatial transference, by using top-rank treasures to fly, or by riding a legendary beast.

For example, the Azure Smoke Bird and the Heavenly Phoenix Horse which Zen rode were legendary beasts which were of great help for warriors' travels.

However, it was extremely difficult to capture a legendary beast; and even harder to suppress and tame one.

The warrior's brows furrowed. The Heavenly Phoenix Horse the young man rode had actually been tamed...

He clearly knew what a tamed Heavenly Phoenix Horse meant. It was likely something that even the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place was keen to possess.

If the warrior could get the Heavenly Phoenix Horse, he wouldn't use it for himself. It wasn't something someone of his level could own--but if he offered this legendary beast to someone with a higher rank, he would greatly benefit from it.

As the warrior thought of it, the greed in his heart continuously entangled him like dark, black vines.

However, the warrior was not a fool. It was impossible to capture such a creature in the wild. Even if they were strong enough to capture one, there was no way for them to tame it.

He glanced at the young man once again. Since he possessed a domesticated Heavenly Phoenix Horse, he must've come from a powerful background.

It was this very reason the warrior didn't choose to fight Zen directly and take his Heavenly Phoenix Horse away. Instead, his face softened as he said, "Freya, as your uncle, I have treated you well. Why did you run away like this?"

Ever since Freya had chosen to escape with Zen, she knew that there was no turning back. "Uncle Julian, I've traveled far to reach here after I ascended to the Upper World, hoping to have your help in securing a better future for me. Alas, you will just make me a human cauldron, and sacrifice me to help someone in his cultivation. How could I willingly become someone else's human cauldron?" she said coldly.

In turn, the warrior in blood red robes forced a smile. "Freya, you might have misunderstood me. I have strived hard in the Upper World. I can tell you from my experience that it is much more cruel here than you have imagined. It's not a bad thing to become a human cauldron... I wonder, who is this man behind you?" he said.

In reality, the warrior in red wasn't interested in what Freya had to say; rather, he said those to get more information about the young man.

However, Zen's heart and mind were as clear as a mirror. How could he not know this warrior's motives?

"Freya and I ascended to the Upper World at the same time, and that was how we met. You're too vicious as an uncle. You even wanted to sacrifice your niece," Zen said with a smile.

The warrior in red robes was truly shocked at Zen's words!

Was he actually an ascended warrior?

The warrior in blood red robes was also an ascended warrior. He had relied only on himself to become a lord of one of the thirty-six thousand cities in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place all these years, so he could be considered as someone with real power.

However, he was actually far from being a big shot in the entire Spiritual Force Sacred Place--but it didn't deter him from being ambitious!

And now that this young man was someone who ascended to this place, it made matters much easier...

He had been originally cautious in case that Zen might have a powerful background. Now that he no longer had any doubts about him, the smile on his face gradually faded.

"Ha-ha boy, I'm her uncle and I will take care of her. As an ascended warrior, I'll warn you not to meddle in other people's affairs, as doing so often comes with a heavy price!"

Zen cocked an eyebrow and decided to play dumb and ignorant. "What price?" he asked.

"The price of life," the warrior in red sighed and shook his head. Then, he turned around and gently waved at his men.

The warrior in red's cultivation was at the late stage of the Spirit Supreme Realm. In his eyes, a kid at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm like Zen wasn't worth his effort to deal with. Thus, he gave his men the order and they all rushed towards Zen.

Puff puff puff puff puff puff…

The moment the warrior in red robes turned to face Zen, he heard muffled sounds from behind him. His head whipped to side, then he saw his six men thrown like rag dolls into the Bright Sky City.

On the other hand, Zen still wore an innocent smile on his face as he asked, "What price?"

The eyes of the warrior in red robes widened in shock. A warrior at just the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm had instantly killed six warriors at the late stage of the Soul Sea Realm! The faint smile on the warrior's face froze. This young man's strength had completely exceeded his expectations.

Was it even possible for a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm to have such strength?

The warrior in red robes looked at his dead men covered in dust, then to the sword in Zen's hand.

His eyes almost popped out of their sockets when he sensed the Thunder Wind Divine Sword's aura! The sword was at least a secondary first-rank divine weapon... no, no, it was most likely a first-rank divine weapon!

At that point, it was clear to the warrior in red robes that Zen wasn't an ordinary person, from his mount which was a Heavenly Phoenix Horse to his first-rank divine weapon! Even the Spiritual Force Sacred Place's core talents didn't have such first-class equipment.

Was this young man really just someone who had ascended to the Upper World?

Freya had ascended not too long ago, so it was impossible for her to have met anyone important. This young man before him had a high chance of being an ascended warrior. Hell, he'd even frankly admitted it!

The question was, did ordinary ascended warriors possess such strength? And, a first-rank divine weapon?

If the warrior in blood red robes calmed down, then he might stop and reconsider. If he offended someone of a much higher status, he would be doomed. The warrior had been alive for so long, so there was no reason for him to not understand this logic.

It was just that Zen's sword and the Heavenly Phoenix Horse behind him posed the greatest temptations.

Even if the warrior was the lord of the Bright Sky City, any treasures of Zen were things that he could never possess in his lifetime, no matter how hard he strived.

Murder and theft were common deeds in the world of martial artists. Thus, greed had gotten the better of the warrior's mind.

Meanwhile, there was a strange glint in Freya's eyes as she sat on the Heavenly Phoenix Horse. Ever since she had met this young man Zen, she had always been in for a surprise. She couldn't see through his strength at all! However, the light in her eyes dimmed a bit when she thought about her uncle's cultivation, which was at the Spirit Supreme Realm. No matter how powerful Zen was, he probably couldn't beat her uncle.

The warrior in blood red robes gazed at Zen for a while then said, "Interesting... But your strength isn't enough..."

After that, a violent and malicious aura shot out from the warrior and spread out like a tide. The weaker martial artists and the many mortals in the entire Bright Sky City all trembled in fear under the pressure. The majority of them didn't even dare raise their heads.

Meanwhile, the Life and Death Realm and Soul Sea Realm warriors watched the battle in the sky from a corner of the city.

"The lord of the Bright Sky City actually came down personally to fight!"

"Why does his opponent seem to be a kid who has just entered the Soul Sea Realm?"

"Don't underestimate that young man. He has instantly defeated six warriors at the late stage of the Soul Sea Realm! Is he a core talent from a sacred place?"

In the battle, a mass of constantly boiling blood rose up from the warrior's hands. It swirled continuously until it gradually formed into a blood red long spear.

He waved the blood red spear for a bit, then pointed it at Zen. "You'll soon know the price you have to pay!" he declared.

Zen's face hardened at that moment, and he didn't say another word. This was his first time to face a Spirit Supreme Realm master. As he lightly swung the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, a ray of lighting and a wind blade crossed paths with each other. On the other hand, Nether God Shadows rushed towards the warrior in blood red robes from different directions.

"Come on!" the warrior in red shouted.

The blood red spear quickly shot out several times. Each strike had successfully hit Zen's Nether God Shadows and shattered them!

But he wasn't finished. After he broke Zen's Nether God Shadows, his long spear charged straight towards Zen, like a cyan dragon that dove into the depths of the sea.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1421 The Shocking Sword Strike

In the eyes of the warrior dressed in the blood-red robe, Zen had just overestimated his own strength, and it would be reckless for Zen to attack him.

However, in Zen's opinion, it was a chance for him to test his strength.

The Spirit Supreme Realm warrior's strength was much higher than any Soul Sea Realm warrior's. When Zen had been in the Lower World, the strength displayed by the seven Spirit Supreme Realm warriors of the Celestial Position had surprised him, making him marvel at their power. However, although the warrior in the blood robe was also at the Spirit Supreme Realm, he was only the lord of a city in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. His strength might not be on par with the seven warriors of the Celestial Position. Either way, Zen was curious to find out.

When he saw his Nether God Shadows being instantly shattered, Zen rapidly retreated, ignoring the no-fly ban on the sky!

'The strength of a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior is indeed more powerful than I have imagined. This man is merely the lord of a city, and his talent might not be so outstanding. However, the power of that blood spear is beyond my expectations, ' Zen marveled.

Zen was constantly pondering this information in his mind. Facing the thrust of the blood-red long spear, Zen gently waved his long sword, causing wind blades and lightning to once again shoot towards the warrior in the blood robe. This attack proved ineffective though. The blood-red spear was very strange. In an instant, it turned into many blood flowers, which mixed with the Law Power, instantly melting the wind blades and lightning.

"It's no use, Brat. Among warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, you are indeed very remarkable, possessing a formidable strength; however, your comprehension of the Law Power is still not developed enough..." After he finished speaking, the warrior dressed in the blood robe raised his blood-red spear once more. In an instant, the no-fly ban on the entire Bright Sky City seemed to cooperate with him!

The black net, which had been filled with streams of blood aura at the beginning, started to turn into a dark red net. Under this large net, tiny blood threads extended out and continuously interweaved, forming a huge blood net cage that locked around Zen and the warrior dressed in the blood robe.

Freya quietly sat on the Heavenly Phoenix Horse with a nervous expression on her face. Fighting against the warrior in the blood robe earlier, Zen had been forced to keep on retreating. Now he had become trapped in the large cage, there was nowhere for him to retreat anymore! He was trapped!

"It's over... You and Freya ascended to the Upper World at the same time, but I do not know how you managed to obtain a first-rank divine weapon and that Heavenly Phoenix Horse in the short span of a single year. However, that is no longer important, because everything that you possess will now be mine!"

In the cage, the greedy look upon the face of the warrior in the blood robe gradually became more and more intense. He no longer hid anything from Zen and leered at him with a terrible rage.

Zen merely glanced at the warrior nonchalantly and didn't say anything. He held his long sword up in front of him, and his eyes slightly narrowed as his entire demeanor underwent a drastic change.

That tiny bit of change happened in an instant…

The entire process took less than three seconds! Before the warrior in the blood robe could realize what was happening, Zen's sword had already begun to lunge out.

At this moment, the warrior in the blood robe also swung his long spear, countless spear flowers appeared and moved towards Zen. In his opinion, the Law Power that Zen had unleashed was not worth mentioning at all. As long as he continued to dissolve the Law Power, he would be able to easily resist Zen's attack, and then kill Zen with a single spear strike! His arrogance would prove his downfall though, as he had underestimated Zen through his poor judgment.

He had never expected that this seemingly casual sword strike from Zen would be so different from before!

He could feel in it a power that he could not comprehend!

It was a very ordinary strike! Yet...

Zen did not even use the Law Power, but instead there was only a long and sharp sword intent that lingered and expanded at a phenomenal rate.

Clearly, this seemingly ordinary strike contained a sword force that caused the warrior to be at a loss. Hesitating, the warrior in the blood robe paused uncertainly.

He felt as if Zen wasn't a living creature at all in that moment, but had become a stone without any life energy in it.

But how could a stone wield the sword?

And how could he launch such a terrifying sword strike? It was beyond the warrior's field of knowledge.

The most important thing was that Zen didn't have any accumulated energy. This sudden sword strike seemed like a casual thrust, but it caused the warrior in the blood robe to feel an unstoppable force. Without thinking, the warrior took a step back from the intensity of Zen's strike.

The Gods-intimidating Strike...

It was said that it was a sword strike that could injure and even kill a True God. Although Zen could not yet employ it perfectly, the sword force contained within was terrifying enough.

The Gods-intimidating Strike contained an unstoppable power, and more importantly, compared to other trump cards, the sword strike did not require any accumulation of force at all. As long as a warrior fully comprehended it, he could easily perform it at any time. After the sword intent was activated, the warrior could destroy anything with a single sword strike. The power of this strike was devastating, and the warrior in the blood robe gasped in sudden fear.

He hadn't been anxious previously. In his opinion, although Zen had displayed quite a powerful strength, he could still easily defeat him with the help of the no-fly ban and his Dark Blood Cultivation. He had considered Zen as a minor inconvenience to be dealt with.

But the reversal had happened in an instant! Suddenly the warrior knew raw fear, as he realized that he could not oppose this terrifying force which Zen wielded.

Just as he had been prepared to torture Zen bit by bit to let him understand the price he was going to pay, Zen had suddenly launched such a terrible sword attack.

When the warrior finally ceased being perplexed, he discovered that he had been completely penetrated by Zen's sword force! His body was impaled upon the force, as if he had met an immovable object. Immediately after, his entire body crumbled into pieces that began to rapidly disintegrate.

The first thing to dissipate was his torso, and the last thing to disappear was his head…

Before the warrior's head could completely shatter, Zen's gaze remained indifferent as he asked, "Tell me, what price did you want me to pay?"

The warrior's head glared at Zen indignantly, and then began to disintegrate into bits and pieces, slowly dissipating in the air...

'How can there be such an extraordinary warrior? He even destroyed my main body with a single strike! Oh my God!' the warrior thought in despair.

At the same time, in the mansion of the lord of the Bright Sky City, a secret room was filled with the smell of fresh blood. A mass of blood essence floated in the air, forming a human figure that roared relentlessly in the air! The Dark Blood Cultivation that the warrior in the blood robe had used was able to create a blood vigor body.

In the future, he might be able to use this blood vigor body to form a second physical body which would be exactly the same as his.

However, his blood vigor body had not been completely cultivated yet. But now his main body had already been destroyed. This was a huge blow to him!

With a crazed roar, the blood body formed from the blood essence seemed to have suddenly discovered something. Surprise appeared on his bloodied face. "Master Shen! It seems like Master Shen is flying towards Bright Sky City. After I inform him about this news, I will have one last chance!' the crimson being thought.

The accidental destruction of his main body was a huge loss to Bright Sky City, but if Master Shen was willing to protect him, this loss could be easily made up for!

A hall master of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place controlled a thousand cities. In the eyes of the lord of Bright Sky City, those masters were very mighty and powerful, and were extremely important figures within the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. After the blood man completely absorbed the blood in the pool, he rushed out of the chamber, still dripping crimson splashes on the cobbled floor.

The power that had erupted from Zen's sword strike was too strong. It had easily pierced through the physical body of the warrior in the blood robe, and had also easily destroyed the no-fly ban. The sword intent had stretched out across an extreme distance, spanning tens of thousands of miles. Only then had the sword force that Zen had gathered finally dissipated.

Even after dissipating, the power of that sword momentum was still felt by a great many warriors.

Many powerful warriors within a radius of over one hundred thousand miles all felt the formidable sword power at the same time. The lords of more than one hundred cities came forth out of their residences and raised their heads to look at the echoes of the sword strike that was coming from the west. Their faces were all serious and ireful.

Under normal circumstances, the Spiritual Force Sacred Place did not experience any large conflicts. After all, ordinary warriors did not dare to fight within the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. However, who were the warriors that had been fighting just now? And only a powerful Spirit

Supreme Realm warrior, who used all of his strength, would have been able to unleash such power....

Many of the city lords felt the remnant power of the sword attack and rushed towards Bright Sky City. The first to arrive at the city was a hall master of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

This master's surname was Shen, and he could have been considered an acquaintance of Zen. When Zen had left the mine in the past, it was Master Shen and Master He who had led him to the Holy City. There was a history between him and Zen.

He had just hastened over when he saw a bloody figure emitting a bloody light rushing towards him.

Chapter 1422 Jevan Shen (Part One)

The sudden burst of power in the sword attack which Zen unleashed indeed alarmed Jevan Shen.

Jevan didn't think the sword strike was that powerful at first. In fact, because there was a considerable distance between them, he had yet to witness the full power of Zen's sword strike with his own eyes.

But, he did detect a very unique intention from the aura emitted by the sword.

That was also why he had come looking for them. He even searched and went all the way to the Bright Sky City for the source of the sword strike.

By the time he arrived at the Bright Sky City, he saw a mist of blood shaping in the form of a human rushing towards him.

Jevan glanced over indifferently with his brows knitted, "Julian? What's wrong? What made you like this?"

Jevan was in charge of over a thousand cities, and only thirty of them were under the control of the warriors who had ascended from the Lower World. Julian was one of the city lords whom Jevan happened to know well.

"S...sir... My body was destroyed by a brat. He has turned me into this, a blood shadow of my own self!" The lord of the Bright Sky City informed Jevan in a dejected tone. Suddenly, a gleam of hope flickered in his eyes, "But sir, that punk had a piece of treasure in his possession. I guess he hasn't left the Bright Sky City yet."

"Oh?" A strange look took over Jevan's face. 'How could someone in possession of a treasure dare to seek trouble in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place?' The recklessness confused Jevan.

"Sir, I will take you there right away!" offered Julian hastily. Without further ado, Julian led the way with Jevan followed him closely. Since Julian's physical body was destroyed, it was impossible for him to covet

Zen's Heavenly Phoenix Horse or the first-rank divine weapon anymore. However, if he were to help Jevan attain these treasures, he might benefit more from him later.

At the same time across the city, Freya was on the Heavenly Phoenix Horse with Zen. She was gazing at Zen with admiration. During this short period of time, he had slain the lord of the Bright Sky City, before proceeding to destroy no-fly ban of the city. She didn't even know how to comment on the whole thing. She stared at him blankly.

'What on earth had Zen come across in the past year?

Could the resources in the Upper World be so good? Is that the real reason why he has become so strong after he has cultivated at the Spiritual Force Sacred Place for a year?

It is absolutely impossible!' Freya dismissed the thought the moment it entered her mind. She was just trying to understand how Zen had acquired enough power to kill a Spirit Supreme Realm master.

Because she had been in the Bright Sky City for so long, she hadn't really had the chance to understand the Upper World in detail. Her uncle, who had been in the Upper World for many years, was slain by a single strike from Zen. Being the lord of a city, her uncle's talent was higher than average. So, it was quite an impressive feat on Zen's part. This simple kill had convinced Freya that this kind of power couldn't be simply measured by one's length of stay in the Upper World.

She just couldn't figure out how Zen could have boosted his strength so quickly.

If she knew that he had traveled across more than a thousand supreme worlds before returning to this city, she wouldn't be asking such a question. It was far beyond her imagination.

Riding the Heavenly Phoenix Horse together, Zen was completely unaware of the fact that Freya's thoughts were running wild about him. He didn't feel a thing. In fact, he was not entirely satisfied with the sword attack he had just executed. There was even a hint of a frown on his face. He knew that even if the Gods-intimidating Strike didn't require the accumulation of strength, he still needed to adjust his state of mind and shut down all his emotions completely when executing the strike. Only by doing this would he ensure that the Gods-intimidating Strike's power reached its climax.

However, it was easier said than done. No matter how hard he tried, the moment he performed the Gods-intimidating Strike and slashed his sword, his focus shattered.

'If a stone were to execute the Gods-intimidating Strike, it would be able to achieve 100 percent perfect result, ' he thought to himself sarcastically. Unfortunately, he was neither a stone, nor a True God. He was just a living human. A human being could never shut down all of his emotions.

"Let's go," Zen sighed to himself. Then, a smile went on his face as he spoke softly at Freya.

She nodded slightly in response, her eyes shining with respect as she looked at him.

When Freya had just ascended, she always gave off an air of superiority to people because unlike other warriors, who ascended without any help or backing from any authority, she had the support of the lord of this city.

Now that she thought about it, she shouldn't have been in such a rush to go to her uncle. It turned out that Zen was much more trustworthy than her own uncle.

Now she almost revered Zen, and it seemed to her that she couldn't behave casually around him anymore.

While both of them were busy with their own thoughts and concerns, two streaks of light suddenly shot out from the horizon in their direction.

Looking carefully at the people rushing towards them, Freya tensed up!

She recognized the blood mist in the form of a human in front of her as her uncle. She tried to see through the cultivation base of the martial artist following him, but she couldn't.

"Zen, what should we do now?" Zen was a trustworthy partner to her now. So she lightly tilted his body and tried to hide behind him without giving it much thought.

Zen scanned the two men standing in front of them. To everyone's surprise, a faint smile appeared on his face. He seemed to have sensed Freya's nervousness, so he moved toward Freya and tried to comfort her with a soothing voice, "It's all right; he seems to be one of my acquaintances."

Following the 'blood mist lord' of the Bright Sky City, Jevan rushed to the west side of the city. Before he arrived there, he was quite confused about Julian's description of the intruder. But, when he reached and finally saw Zen with his own eyes, the questions in his mind vanished. Standing in front of Zen, Jevan raised his eyebrows and looked him up and down.

There was no big change in Zen's appearance, apparently. After breaking through to the Soul Sea Realm, Zen's cultivation base had advanced by leaps and bounds. It seemed to Jevan that his temperament had become even more powerful. This made him somewhat suspicious for a moment.

'Zen should have been taken away by the palace leader of the Mist Palace. He shouldn't be here! Even if he did escape the Mist Palace, why on earth is he here at the Spiritual Force Sacred Place all by himself?' Jevan thought to himself. In fact, for a moment, he wasn't sure whether the young man next to him was Zen or not!

Chapter 1423 Jevan Shen (Part Two)

"Sir, this is the kid I was telling you about. He has a first-rank divine weapon and the Heavenly Phoenix Horse as his mount." Julian told Jevan in a low voice, "And the woman beside him is the woman I was going to send to you. She will be the best human cauldron ever for cultivation."

Upon hearing her uncle's words, Freya was both sad and angry. Her uncle wanted her to be the human cauldron for someone who had power over him! It seemed that the man that her uncle was talking about was this very person standing right in front of her. Suddenly, she felt awful about going to her uncle when she got into the Upper World. She never dreamed that her own uncle would be such a despicable person who even tried to get his hand on his own niece!

Averting her gaze from her sinister uncle, Freya turned her eyes on the other man accompanying him. This person's cultivation base was much higher than her uncle's. She wondered if Zen was strong enough to deal with him. Although Zen's performance was astounding in Freya's opinion, no matter how talented he was, there was still a limit of his capability. 'Defeating his uncle whose cultivation is a whole realm higher than his was already a miracle. How could he possibly defeat this person who might be two or more levels above him?' This thought instantly worried Freya.

The stranger sized up Zen for a few times and a modest smile appeared on his face. He waved at Zen and spoke to him in a very friendly tone, "Zen, it's good to see you again so soon."

Upon seeing Jevan, Zen nodded slightly and replied, "Master Shen, good to see you, too."

Both Freya and Julian were shocked at this friendly exchange. Both of them just stood there, dumbfounded as they had assumed that these two were enemies. However, shortly after, a smile eventually appeared on Freya's face. She assumed that this man was nothing like her own uncle.

Even if Julian was in the form of blood mist, Zen could still see the unease on his face, quite contrary to his niece.

'This can't be real! Master Shen is ranked so high that no one dares to greet him without bowing or saluting! I have never seen him talking so amicably to someone who messed up his men! At least, he has never spoken to me, or the other lords who are under his command, this way!' Julian's mind went wild. He couldn't process what was happening right in front of his 'bloody face' right then.

On the other hand, Julian concluded, if Master Shen was polite to this young man who just killed many of his own soldiers on his own land, then this meeting spelled bad news for him.

While he had confirmed that the young man was indeed Zen, Jevan was still a little suspicious. He wasn't trying to hide it, so he asked Zen directly, "Hey, young hero. I heard from the Saint Lord earlier that you have been brought into the thirteenth palaces. May I ask why you returned to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place in such a short period of time?"

Even the Saint Lord thought highly of Zen, so Jevan would surely treat him well for the potential greater good.

Zen replied with a smirk, "To be honest, Master Shen, I just happened to pass by this place. Surprisingly, I heard that a friend of mine, who ascended with me a year ago, was imprisoned by her own uncle. Do you know the worst part? Her uncle had threatened to make her a human cauldron for someone with power. Some authorities, I guess."

'Friend? Uncle? Human cauldron? This is bad...'

Jevan could feel the cold sweat trickle down his back!

At this moment, he had no idea that Zen had joined the Gauze Pavilion already, nor did he know about what had happened to Zen back in the thirteen palaces. After all, with his status as a hall leader, he wasn't qualified to join the thirteen palaces.

From this alone did Jevan deduce that Zen wasn't someone he could trifle with without worrying about the consequences. He just couldn't afford to risk his position, or his resources that had been accumulated over the years. Jevan clearly knew that, even if the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place were to meet the palace leader of the Mist Palace, the Saint Lord would offer her the highest courtesy. Even the world lord of the supreme world needed to show her respect!

He was only one of the thirty-six hall masters in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. He was not such an important figure at all.

A single word by the Saint Lord would silence him forever if Zen were to speak ill of him.

Jevan also noticed that Zen and Freya were very close, although he wasn't quite clear whether they were just friends or there was something else brewing between them. Thinking of Julian's earlier proposal again nearly gave him a heart attack.

'Offering your own niece to me as a human cauldron! What the hell was wrong with this Julian? It'll be better if you just kill me...' Jevan gave Julian a cold stare for his lack of consideration.

Everyone had seen that Zen was taken by Yolande, which indicated that they might be friends. Jevan never had the chance to meet Yolande in person because he was not qualified to do so. If Zen were to tell Yolande all about today, he would be a dead man. More so, the leader of the Mist Palace was also the daughter of a Supreme Lord. A single glance from her could get him killed more than a thousand times!

Jevan nodded at Zen with a sycophantic smile, "Young man, don't ever mention the human cauldron again. It's my improper management that caused my man to make such a big mistake. I sincerely apologize for that." After he finished groveling, he glanced at Julian who was standing beside him and continued deliberately, "I know now that this subordinate of mine is extremely vicious. If he was going to treat his own relative in such horrible way, then he has decided his own destiny, which is to be expelled from the position of city lord. I hope this decision will ease the tension of your beautiful female friend."

Now, if Julian's face was in its true form, it must've turned pale like a blank piece of paper. He was deeply terrified that his horrible premonition had come true!

Without a second thought, Julian turned around all of a sudden and ran like he was being chased by the devil. As a human-shaped blood mist, he was able to run at a greater speed. In a split second, he had put fifty feet between them.

Jevan sneered and pointed his finger at Julian, as though anticipating this outcome. Almost immediately, Julian let out a blood-curdling scream. At the same time, he collapsed and turned into several streams of blood froth. Then, the blood froth changed its shape repeatedly as if it was being compressed by an invisible hand. Gradually, Julian was kneaded by the compressing air, and shrank into a small piece of blood vigor, as light as a feather.

Chapter 1424 The Feast

To be able to gain the position of a hall leader in a tenth-grade sacred place, Master Shen was definitely a clever man.

He was indeed acutely aware of what it meant for Yolande, the leader of the Mist Palace, to turn up unexpectedly and take Zen away personally.

Though he fell short in terms of the ability to carry out an investigation and deduce the secrets within, he didn't need to know that.

It was more than enough for him to be enlightened that the one who took Zen away was the leader of the Mist Palace and also the daughter of a Supreme Lord. When she had come here, the lord of the Spirit Reading World had personally welcomed her. The thirty-six hall leaders didn't even have the chance to meet her.

From the very beginning, Master Shen had considered that Zen might have a solid base and strong background within the sacred place. It was also because of the Saint Lord's orders that they had brought him to the Holy City.

However, little did he expect that Yolande would come to this supreme world and take Zen to the Mist Palace herself.

Such a background truly made Master Shen afraid for a while. They even cautiously recalled whether they had taken good care of Zen on their way to the Holy City.

And now, Zen had currently returned to the Spiritual Force Sacred Place.

Undoubtedly, that was a journey across over a thousand supreme worlds! Even if it was Master Shen himself, crossing over the same distance was still an exceedingly difficult task. He would probably have to spend all of his wealth and endless time.

Zen had left for the Mist Palace, which was over a thousand supreme worlds away, and just briefly returned.

Even Zen hadn't realized that this was a magnificent feat in many warriors' eyes. At the very least, there weren't many Soul Sea Realm warriors who could cross over so many supreme worlds. Only the top talents of supreme worlds had the resources and ability to do so.

Master Shen then discreetly swept his gaze over the place and immediately recognized the Heavenly Phoenix Horse behind Zen. Although he was unable to determine the origin of the sword in Zen's hand, spotting a first-rank divine weapon based on his experience was easy as falling off a log. Likewise, the strong aura of the Law Power, being faintly transmitted from the sword, was too outstanding among the first-rank divine weapons for him not to notice.

If it was merely an ordinary warrior leading a Heavenly Phoenix Horse and holding a first-rank divine weapon instead of Zen, Master Shen might seriously scheme to kill him and seize his treasures away. After all, obtaining these extraordinary things in this life would be rather difficult for him. Be that as it might, he didn't have the guts to act rashly and assault Zen.

Not only did he not dare to behave recklessly, he even raised his hand and destroyed Julian's blood essence. Then he refined it into a piece of blood essence spirit.

Soon after, he found himself apologetically handing over the blood essence spirit to Zen. "He had cultivated the Dark Blood Cultivation, which is to extract his own blood essence entirely and reconstruct his physical body. But unfortunately, he was unable to do a physical body reconstruction. This blood essence spirit is a superb tonic, Zen. Please consider this as compensation!"

Zen gazed indifferently at the blood essence spirit in Master Shen's hand. It was of little use to him, but he did not reject it. Instead, after he received it from Master Shen, he handed it to Freya, who was beside him. "Your uncle is, after all, a close relative of yours. You should accept this blood essence spirit."

Freya's body trembled slightly at Zen's words. Before Master Shen came over, she had already given up hope.

When Zen showed up, she had surprisingly seen hope from despair. Then, Master Shen appeared and she helplessly fell into despair again soon after seeing a glimmer of hope. Her state of mind seemed to be in a roller-coaster ride, experiencing many ups and downs.

What she hadn't thought of was that the moment Master Shen had arrived, he was genuinely very polite to Zen. And one could even see the flattery in his eyes. To apologize to Zen, he had even raised his hand and exterminated her uncle's blood essence body.

What background did Zen have?

For a warrior, a year was not way too long. Memories of her and Zen were still vivid in Freya's mind as if they all happened only yesterday.

In the Ascending Well, Zen had been fully immersed in his thoughts while Freya had spoken confidently. He had kept silent as if he had nothing to say. Then he had spent almost no time getting used to the vitality between heaven and earth in the Upper World.

Warriors in the Ascending Wells were all from the Lower World. But presently, the majority of the warriors who had ascended with them were still mining. Freya herself was more than lucky enough to have left the mine in a short time. But she hadn't expected that Zen already possessed such a status.

Freya couldn't still figure out what had happened to Zen in the short span of a year.

Freya hardly threw a glance at the blood essence spirit in her hand after receiving it from Zen. Although she knew that it was notably beneficial to a warrior, she chose not to absorb it. Instead, she stored it carefully in the space ring. It was the blood essence spirit of Julian, her uncle.

A smile hung on Master Shen's face as he continued, "Zen, since you are already here, why not come to our Spiritual Force Sacred Place for a chat?"

If a warrior from the thirteen palaces cultivated successfully, he would surely have a significant position in the alliance. Although this was something that would likely happen in the far future, Master Shen was quite clear that he should be on friendly terms with Zen.

Zen did not decline Master Shen's sincere invitation. He had plenty of time for this trip to the Dark World anyway.

Thus, Zen and Master Shen left the city together at once. Freya, on the other hand, remained sitting dazedly on the Heavenly Phoenix Horse. The light in her eyes constantly flickered, but she was still in a daze.

Master Shen was in charge of the Void Flower Hall in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place. The said hall was located in another large city. Although this city was incomparable to the Holy City of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, it was still not relatively small.

After their arrival at the hall, Master Shen treated Zen with proper decorum at its finest. And Freya, who was at the side, seemed to be in a dream from beginning to end.

She was also a Soul Sea Realm warrior equipped with a lot of experiences in the Lower World. In the Upper World, she realized her insignificance. The lord of a city held an incredibly powerful existence in her eyes. With this, she highly regarded Master Shen as he was in control of a thousand cities.

The Saint Lord of this sacred place, the lord of this world, and even a Supreme Lord—for her, these were all legendary existences that were far beyond her reach. Freya felt like an awkward villager in a remote village, while these people were emperors. She had never thought that she would meet a Supreme Lord in her life. In other words, even if a Supreme Lord were to appear in front of Freya now, she would probably act the same as she was facing Master Shen.

Each of the exquisite dishes laid out in front of them was all made of expensive raw materials, such as the Red Lustrous Fruit, the Jade Sea Wine, and the milky-yellow thick soup with a pleasant smell. If this were in the Lower World, they would be considered top-grade treasures. And one would seriously have to refine them into pills to bring out the best medicinal effects.

But here, they were just made into ordinary dishes.

This was a complete waste!

In order not to squander such valuable things, Freya completely disregarded her way of eating and ate heartily. She wolfed down everything as if it was her only meal.

With the way Freya devoured her dish, none of the numerous maids at the Soul Sea Realm in the hall dared to laugh at her. They didn't even have the nerve to look at her with a hint of despise in their eyes.

Zen and Freya were both at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm. Their cultivation level was even lower than that of the dancing and singing ladies in the hall. However, the two of them were their leader's distinguished guests. Under these circumstances, who would be bold enough to show the slightest bit of contempt? Otherwise, they would be courting death.

As for Zen, he didn't gobble his food as Freya did. After gaining admission at the thirteen palaces, he now understood that from the time when he was a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm, every step he advanced would not only depend on his talent but would also consume a large number of resources.

What was placed before him at the feast was not the resources he deemed to consider as vital. Even the several tenth-grade sacred places would fall short in supplying the resources he needed.

"Zen, you had gone to the thirteen palaces earlier, but why did you decide to come to our supreme world this time?" Master Shen started to probe curiously. "If I remember correctly, the distance between the Mist Palace and the Spirit Reading World is one thousand three hundred and twenty supreme worlds."

Zen had already guessed that Master Shen would not let him off easily with this question. With a faint smile, he responded, "I can't possibly stay in the Mist Palace forever to cultivate. Even the warriors in the palace would have to go out to train. I just have an appointment with a friend in the Dark World."

He felt that there was no need to hide his whereabouts, so he did not conceal anything.

Freya, who was sitting beside him, was quite stunned as her eyelashes trembled. What did it mean that he had traveled across more than a thousand supreme worlds?

Chapter 1425 Let Me Serve You

All that Freya had known about the supreme worlds was from hearsays and stories. The Upper World had always been described as a place so immense that one could only imagine its vastness.

A normal warrior at the Soul Sea Realm would have to expend all his life earnings in order to use a space channel that linked supreme worlds.

Even Simply traversing across the Spiritual Force Sacred Place would take a considerable amount of time.

And yet here was Zen, a warrior who had travelled to a place which was more than a thousand worlds away. Furthermore, he came back! It was truly an incredible feat.

Freya had no knowledge of the thirteen palaces that Master Shen had spoken of, but she seemed to have understood Zen's history bit by bit. He was an extraordinary warrior. What could be his reason for appearing in an Ascending Well? He had even mined with her.

The contradictions were tangled threads that she failed to unravel.

Zen had spoken freely, but Master Shen did not probe into his true intentions of this trip.

At some point in their conversation, Master Shen steered into another direction. Turning to Freya, he asked, "Young lady, you are Julian's niece and had also ascended to our Spiritual Force Sacred Place. I wonder what your plans for the future are."

Master Shen was a clever man. He could see that Freya and Zen got along quite well, but he had gleaned from his earlier conversation with Zen that he was simply passing by, and by chance had saved this woman. It was likely that Zen would not bring Freya along as he headed to the Dark World. Master Shen's question spoke of another implication—knowing that Freya would not be travelling with Zen for long, he would be offering her a position in the sacred place.

A faint smile crossed Zen's lips for a moment. Master Shen was indeed a person of wisdom. He remained silent as the older man waited for Freya's answer. Zen and Freya were acquaintances at best, and they had yet to be closer to consider each other friends.

The question made Freya turn nervous. "I...I don't know..." she stammered.

Her thoughts swirled wildly in her head as she considered the question.

She had gone to her own uncle, but he had offered her nothing but disappointment. He offered her no assistance, and had even wanted to send her off to another man as a gift. Now that her uncle was dead, she had no direction. No clear answer came to her even as she pondered over the question.

Master Shen's next words came as a surprise. "If you would like, I can help you enter the Myriad Spiritual Force House of our Spiritual Force Sacred Place. It would give you a chance to hold the position of a city lord in the future. I can keep your uncle's position for you. What do you think?" he said with a smile.

'The Myriad Spiritual Force House? A city lord?'

Freya's thoughts were all in a muddle. There had been no earlier indication from the older man that he would be offering her such a big opportunity. She gaped at him wordlessly for some moments before finally being able to respond.

'Entering the Myriad Spiritual Force House to cultivate and taking over my uncle's position?'

She felt as if her feet had left the ground and she was floating in the air. She was on cloud nine. How had she come across such wonderful fortune?

None of this would have been possible if not for the man who was standing not far from her.

Back then, Freya had persuaded Zen to go with her and visit her uncle. Now she felt like she was a fool.

Zen looked at Freya, who appeared to be deep in thought. It was true that it would not be convenient for him to bring her to the Dark World. Danger awaited at every corner, and truthfully speaking, she would be of little help.

Now that Master Shen took the initiative to propose such generous conditions, Zen thought that Freya would definitely accept.

Freya's eyelashes trembled. There was an excited glint in her bright eyes, but its light disappeared the next moment. She cast her gaze downward and took a deep breath.

"Master Shen, I'm sorry, but I cannot accept," she said, her voice firm with resolve.

As these words left her mouth, Zen and Master Shen were both stunned. What Master Shen had just offered her was a great chance. They could find no reason for her not to agree.

Recovering from his surprise, Master Shen proceeded to ask, "I wonder what the reason is behind your decision."

Freya suddenly stood up and walked towards Zen, her eyes fixed on his steadily. She knelt down towards him and said, "Zen, you saved my life. I don't know how I can ever repay you. Please let me stay by your side and serve you."

Her face was set in a serious expression.

At this moment, Master Shen knew how terribly he had underestimated her. A look of pleasant surprise crossed his face as he secretly praised, 'This girl is smart.'

She was able to figure out the parts of the situation the two men chose not to reveal and had pieced the puzzle on her own. The reason why Master Shen made such a generous offer was because of Zen. It was a perfectly good opportunity, but Freya herself knew that if she could stay at Zen's side, it would work more to her advantage in the long run.

However, these thoughts were only half right. It was true that Freya wanted to stay at Zen's side because she knew that the benefit would be far greater. However, there was another more personal reason. She didn't know yet what exactly she wanted. Nevertheless, Zen had saved her life, and she had a debt to repay.

She had nothing. No valuable possessions, no wealth, and even the few precious treasures in her space ring were unlikely to interest Zen. The only thing she had left was herself and her skills. After a moment's hesitation, she made this bold decision.

This put Zen in a bit of a difficult position.

Master Shen remained silent. He was curious what Zen would do next.

Freya knelt in front of him with a resolute expression. She had a determined aura, her body taut with seriousness.

After a brief moment of consideration, Zen reached a hand out to Freya and helped her up. Flashing her a small smile, he said, "Don't say such unnecessary things. I don't need a servant. If you want to follow me and risk your life, then you are free to do so."

Zen had already been travelling far and long. He had no need for a servant—he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself. However, when he saw the determination in Freya's eyes, he couldn't find it in him to refuse.

If they found themselves in a precarious position, he could just transport Freya inside the fairy palace for her safety. The mountain token in his possession would be a useful card in this gamble.

Only then did a smile appear on Freya's face. She had her own doubts if she had made the right decision, but she had already steeled herself even in the Lower World to face the dangers of the Upper World straightforwardly. Otherwise, her ascent to the Upper World would have all been for nothing. She would look unflinchingly even at death.

A great world in the Lower World was more than enough to accommodate a Soul Sea Realm warrior like her. Countless creatures bowed their heads before her. She would always be a superior existence.

Freya was nobody when she ascended to the Upper World. Just like everyone else, she had to start at the very beginning. There was no place for fear and troubled thoughts after she had come this far. If she just wanted peace and stability, she would have stayed in the Lower World.

As of this time, Zen had been staying in Master Shen's palace for more than half a month.

Throughout this time, he continued to cultivate diligently, not even sparing a moment to rest.

Apart from cultivation, he was also still reflecting on the Gods-intimidating Strike that he had just comprehended.

The most profound aspect of the technique was still beyond him. Perhaps he would never be able to unleash that sword strike unless he abandoned all emotions.

It was a task that demanded much, but Supreme Lord Sword had perfectly executed it.

It was not that Zen overestimated himself and compared himself to a Supreme Lord.

It was just that he already had a rough notion of the Gods-intimidating Strike's secret.

In the legends of the Upper World, it was said that one could become a True God after abandoning his emotions.

The very few Supreme Lords who were able to jump out of the heavens were the ones that could successfully sever ties to their mortal nature and lay claim to a True God's character. Only then would they have the qualifications to become True Gods.

Abandoning all of one's emotions was a feat that troubled even Supreme Lords.

Like those who were cursing at each other with the Roaring Tokens, all of them possessed violent tempers, and this anger was the most difficult to subdue.

Despite their unbelievable strength, this was the task of a lifetime.

Even Supreme Lord Sword had yet to become a True God.

However, the power of his sword strike would be enough to face a True God. Legend had it that he had once injured one. There was only one explanation for this. His Gods-intimidating Strike had been executed in a completely emotionless state, but he was still unable to completely relinquish his emotions. Had he done so, he would have long since become a True God.

Supreme Lord Sword must have used some other method as replacement, or perhaps he had found a way to reach a state when he was free of emotions. Zen pondered for a long time, thinking of what method Supreme Lord Sword had used.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1426 Secret Sect

For the past few days, Zen had been in deep thought.

He didn't know much about Supreme Lord Sword, other than he was the owner of the Killing Sword Mountain.

When Zen was still a nature creature, he had once stepped into the Killing Sword Mountain after comprehending the consummate sword intent. Now, he finally realized that the sword stabbed into the summit of the Killing Sword Mountain might belong to Supreme Lord Sword, and that it was also the white sword shadow in front of the huge stone.

Zen wondered if one had to use the sword of Supreme Lord Sword to perform the Gods-intimidating Strike.

Zen immediately rejected this thought. The Gods-intimidating Strike required a type of comprehension that matched that of a divinity. And those who could not display the strike perfectly were probably not in their right state of mind.

If a warrior had completely comprehended the sword strike, then he would be able to unleash a terrifying power even if holding a blade made of grass in his hand. It was true that the two-foot sword of Supreme Lord Sword was a powerful treasure but, in the end, it could only be used to help a warrior perform the Gods-intimidating Strike better.

Zen couldn't stop thinking about these things. As for Freya, she had already packed up her stuff and planned to set off on their journey.

"Right now, we are in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place," Freya said as she poured her life vitality into a jade slip. In an instant, a giant map appeared around the two of them.

This jade slip contained a two-star divine texture and was able to draw a map within it. This display of the map was both intuitive and convenient.

On this map, Freya carefully marked their current location, which was also the location of the Void Flower Hall.

"I've already learned about the entire Spirit Reading World and found out the location of the Dark World. We can pass through this space channel to get to the supreme world channel, so that we can get there faster. Then, we can travel all the way north to the trans-border channel..." Freya said seriously, "Strictly speaking, the Dark World isn't the territory of the alliance. In fact, although the Supreme World is very close to the alliance, there are still many living creatures of all kinds and races gathered there. Besides the human beings, there are other powerful races, including the Demon Night and the Ogres..."

Zen felt taken aback with Freya's words.

"Did you collect all this information in the past few days?" Zen asked.

Freya nodded, and then replied, "It's not difficult to get information about these matters in the Void Flower Hall. I just asked around."

She didn't know anything about these matters before. She didn't even know about which supreme worlds were next to the Spirit Reading World nor how many tenth-grade sacred places the Spirit Reading World had.

However, after Zen agreed to let her join him, she started to get prepared. It might have been difficult to gather information from any other city, but that was not the case in the Void Flower Hall.

Zen was now starting to realize what a great idea it had been to agree to Freya joining him.

Freya really took this matter seriously. She tried her best to obtain the related information and meticulously prepared for everything.

After everything was prepared, Zen bid farewell to Master Shen.

As the Heavenly Phoenix Horse let out a loud screech, it carried Zen and Freya straight into the sky. Soon after, the two of them turned into a transmission channel and headed straight for the supreme world channel.

The Heavenly Phoenix Horse moved faster and faster and it was capable of traveling a long distance. The time it took to cross a supreme world was longer than they imagined.

Not long after, the two of them passed through a supreme world and decided to leave the transmission channel. They once again unfolded the map and compared it with their own position. The location that Lincoln had indicated seemed to be in the center of the Dark World.

As Zen's finger pointed towards that place, Freya immediately said, "In the center of the Dark World, there is a large city called Auspice City. This is a city of trade, also known as the Hundred Races City because many races have established agencies here to trade with each other. The city is famous in the alliance and there are many living creatures from over a hundred races."

It seemed that Freya was reciting every single word of the information she had gathered. Even though memorizing things was a basic skill for a warrior, with Freya's preparation being so thorough, it still made Zen a little stunned and surprised.

"The three most famous auction houses are controlled by the three great races." Noticing that Zen was staring at her, Freya stopped talking. She stuck out her tongue in embarrassment and said, "Let's get moving!"

Zen nodded, feeling a bit confused.

He always assumed that the secret treasures of the Dark World would be at a deserted, remote place. However, now they were heading for a bustling city of trade. Why had Lincoln asked Zen to go there?

Perhaps he was hoping to meet him there.

No matter what, Zen decided to make his way to the Auspice City first.

After traveling through the supreme world channel, they had finally reached their destination, the Auspice City, which was also known as the Hundred Races City.

Just as they left the transmission channel, several mountain-like living creatures appeared in front of them. They were tall and sturdy ogre warriors.

Zen knew the ogre warriors quite well. When he stayed on the Sea God Continent, Zen had fought this race many times.

The ogre was a very aggressive race. Even in the Upper World, they had become enemies of many other races. Their relationship with the human race was not good, and the two races would even fight disputes sometimes.

However, the situation in the Upper World was a bit more complicated. Not only did the human beings have an alliance, but there were also two other major human forces. The ogres were also divided into several forces and the relationship among the forces was very complicated.

Although there was some friction between the races, Zen did not feel any enmity within this trade city.

This wasn't the Sea God Continent after all. On that chaotic continent, all the races were fighting for the right to survive and trying their best to suppress their opponents.

The Dark World was originally very complicated, being a supreme world that contained so many races. But now, the purpose of everyone staying there was just to do business. They emphasized on making money through peaceful means, and there was no need for them to fight other races for no reason.

Life didn't go as peacefully in other supreme worlds. For example, right now, human beings and ogres were fighting each other in other supreme worlds, killing each other to death.

After entering the Auspice City, Zen forcefully stuffed the Heavenly Phoenix Horse into the spirit beast bag.

This was no longer human's territory, so he had to be more careful. Even when he was on a territory belonging to the human race, there was someone like Julian who had still tried to kill him and take away his Heavenly Phoenix Horse. If he were to ride the Heavenly Phoenix Horse through the city, it would be too ostentatious and gather unwanted attention.

Zen and Freya were travelling through Auspice City and moving towards the place that Lincoln designated.

Just like the Holy City of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, many lines formed by the divine texture were also carved into the sky. All living beings flew along those lines in an orderly manner.

After travelling for an hour, Zen and Freya landed on the ground.

At this moment, a grand and imposing building appeared in front of them. It was a large circular building supported by hundreds of huge stone pillars. A special circular rune was drawn in front of the building.

In front of this building, there were a lot of warriors going in and out. Most of them were human warriors.

"What... place is this?" Zen asked.

Freya got flustered as she heard Zen's question. Although she had a thorough understanding of the Dark World, it was impossible for her to understand everything about it in such a short amount of time. Moreover, this was only a single building in one of the large cities. There might be over one hundred large cities in the Dark World.

Noticing Freya's panic, Zen couldn't help but laugh. Freya was serious all the time and even though being serious was a virtue, there was no need to take his question so seriously. He was only asking casually.

"It doesn't matter. I'll go ask around and figure out what it is," Zen said with a smile.

Freya shook her head and uttered, "I will go then..."

However, at this time, a warrior wearing a long white robe walked up to them and said to Zen, "Hey, if you want to enter, I can show you in!"

Zen was immediately curious but Freya asked, "What is this place?"

The warrior spoke proudly, "This is the Luster Force Secret Sect. Have you heard about it?"

"Secret sect?" Zen's eyes suddenly flashed as he remembered the Holy Maiden of the Divine Kingdom Continent.

Chapter 1427 The Second Sword Embryo

The man in white nodded. "The Luster Force Secret Sect is the biggest secret sect of the human race. Do you have any interest in joining us?"

Freya stood beside Zen, the eyes beneath her thick lashes filled with curiosity.

She was also an ascended warrior and did not know any better about the Upper World than Zen. Previously, she had only gathered some information about Zen's destination and so was able to answer his questions. But she had never learned anything about secret sect and had no idea what it was about.

At the man's invitation, Zen did not speak.

The white-robed man did not force Zen to give him an answer. Instead, he invited Zen with utmost sincerity to follow him to the secret sect.

Entering the grand and imposing building, Zen saw people everywhere…

There were all kinds of people present. Most were ordinary without any cultivation. They ranged from old men to children less than ten years old. At least a million people occupied the huge square.

The people spread out in circles and knelt on the ground. They muttered something, bowing down before the center of the square.

People closer to the inner circle had a higher level of cultivation. About a dozen Spirit Supreme Realm masters were also present in the inner circle. The outer circle was basically filled with ordinary citizens.

Zen's gaze finally landed on the center of the square. In the center was a round, transparent sphere. At the bottom of this sphere was a kind of light green liquid which took up one third of the volume of the sphere.

When Zen looked at the sphere, he felt a faint soul pressure exuding from it.

However, the soul pressure did not have any malicious intent. Neither did it have any kind purpose. It was merely emitting pressure that did not cause any effect.

"This... What is it?" Freya asked.

The white-robed man suddenly spread out his hands and said with a trace of a fervent worship on his face, "This is what we believe in. It's our God, still in its embryonic stage. As long as everyone gives their most sincere love, our True God will gradually grow and reveal Himself and deliver all living creatures from torment..."

These were words that he had perhaps repeated countless times, for he said them with great fluency. It was similar to the way Freya had repeated the names of places on the map before. However, every glance and every action of the white-robed man complemented his words, and unknowingly, a listener could well be convinced and brainwashed.

This method might work on mortals and even some martial artists with weak warrior spirits, however, Zen did not feel anything, and even Freya's face revealed disapproval.

At this moment, Lavender's voice came to his ears. "What he said sounded sanctified, but it's just for the sake of collecting the Faith Energy. The Supreme Lord of Original Sin has spent a hundred thousand years and used the Faith Energy of a trillion living creatures to hatch a sword embryo. This sword is now ranked second on the Universe Spirit Tablet. They are not satisfied and seem to use the old trick in hopes of hatching another sword embryo!"

Hearing Lavender's words, Zen suddenly remembered that Brianna had mentioned this to him before.

"In other words, the transparent sphere in the middle of the square is in fact a sword embryo?" Zen asked Lavender silently.

Lavender shook her head and said, "This isn't a sword embryo. This is just a container for collecting the Faith Energy. The light green liquid inside is the Faith Energy they have accumulated over the years."

Hearing what Lavender said, Zen concluded that there were perhaps countless divisions of the Luster Force Secret Sect in the Upper World. The one here was merely one of its branches.

The Luster Force Secret Sect gathered as many followers as they could to condense a sword embryo, so that they could obtain a super weapon which held immense power. It was indeed a brilliant idea.

Although there was no emotion on Zen's face, the white-robed man continued to endlessly preach the power of the Luster Force Secret Sect, as well as the benefits of joining them.

However, at this moment, Zen suddenly felt his spirit beast bag move.

The space inside the spirit beast bag was not small by any means. Even if both the Heavenly Phoenix Horse and the Ancestral Dragon stayed together in the spirit beast bag, it should not be crowded in the slightest. What was the little dragon doing inside?

Zen released a strand of his perception into space to investigate what was happening in the bag.

He discovered that the Ancestral Dragon was knocking on the walls of the spirit beast bag, as if wanting to escape it. Its movements were savage as its small head hit the edges of the space within the bag.

As for the Heavenly Phoenix Horse, it seemed afraid of the Ancestral Dragon and kept a certain distance from it. At the same time, it stared vigilantly at the mad creature.

"Be quiet, now is not the time to come out." Zen tried to pacify the Ancestral Dragon.

Although the dragon was born not long ago, it was still quite obedient. After all, in the heart of the dragon, Zen was his mother.

But today, the Ancestral Dragon did not listen to Zen. It kept knocking around the spirit beast bag…

At this moment, the cyan dragon said indifferently, "The Ancestor Dragon has found its food."

"Food?" Zen was stunned to hear this. "What does it eat?"

He did not know what the Ancestral Dragon liked to eat. In the past, it seemed to especially like eating what Margaret cooked. Besides that, it did not seem to need food at all.

Zen had asked the cyan dragon about this before. He had asked whether the little fellow needed to devour the Law Power to grow.

But the cyan dragon did not give Zen a clear answer. He only told Zen that the Ancestral Dragon indeed had its food, but it was impossible for Zen to obtain such food in a short period of time, so Zen dropped the matter altogether. Anyway, it seemed like the little dragon could not starve even if it did not eat.

And now the cyan dragon was saying that the Ancestral Dragon had discovered its food?

According to what Brianna had said, the Ancestral Dragon was also a faith totem. Zen followed this line of thought, and as his mind raced, he realized something. "Could it be that its food… is the Faith Energy?"

"Ha-ha, you got it right! Only by devouring the Faith Energy will the Ancestral Dragon truly grow," the cyan dragon answered and nodded.

Zen finally understood why the Ancestral Dragon was reacting this way upon entering the secret sect. It turned out that the Faith Energy was the food it had needed all along.

"But I can't just let this little dragon devour the Faith Energy right now." Zen looked helpless.

For a shrine of the Luster Force Secret Sect, there was no way that powerful people did not guard it. As far as Zen could see, quite a few powerful masters were among the millions of fanatics in front of them. There were several Spirit Supreme Realm masters in the inner circle. Surely even more powerful beings were in the secret sect to back up if something happened here.

The cyan dragon said in reply, "In truth, with the current strength of the Ancestral Dragon, it is impossible for any normal martial artist to injure it. If you let it out, it will find its own way to obtain the Faith Energy."

Presently, the power of the Ancestral Dragon could not be considered very noteworthy. However, it had the talent of being immune to all Original Laws. It would be next to impossible for anyone to hurt it or try to capture it using uncommon tricks.

However, Zen could not release an Ancestral Dragon in the midst of so many people, just so it could devour the Faith Energy. The Faith Energy in the sphere had accumulated over an unfathomable number of years, and it was still not much. Realizing that the sphere would not be taken away anytime soon, Zen knew that he needed to think carefully and work out a good plan if he wanted to help the Ancestral Dragon consume the Faith Energy. At the very least, he should observe first and find an opportunity later...

Thinking of this, Zen prepared to leave.

However, the white-robed martial artist who had been preaching all this time shifted, suddenly aware that Zen was about to leave with Freya. He instantly stood before Zen and tried to maintain an amiable manner as he asked, "Friend, now that you have visited our Luster Force Secret Sect, why don't you join us? If you join, you will get benefits you cannot imagine!"

Zen replied faintly, "I do not need any benefits."

"Friend, having faith can purify your heart and mind. This will be good for you," the white-robed martial artist insisted with a smile.

"I don't require any benefits, haven't I made myself clear?" Zen looked indifferently at the man.

Unexpectedly, the white-robed warrior then said, "All living beings in Auspice City understand that one has only two choices after entering the shrine of our Luster Force Secret Sect. You can be carried out of this place dead, or you can kneel before the square… You see, those members of Demon Night who worshipped their queens also ended up joining our Luster Force Secret Sect!"

After he finished speaking, he pointed to an area in the square, where Zen spotted a few members of the Demon Night.

Chapter 1428 Stealing The Faith Energy

The piety of the Demon Night in their faith was something Zen was well aware of. To the entire Demon Night, their only faith consisted of the three queens, Lavender, Elena, and the last queen.

Regardless of whether it was in the Upper World or Lower World, in any sacred place of the Demon Night race, their faith remained the same.

Such a thing couldn't easily be changed in a person, after all.

The moment the members of the Demon Night were born, they underwent the baptism of the queens' statues, engraving their fealty into their bones. The Luster Force Secret Sect recruited a few of the Demon Night race members into their sect most likely because they had some special means to make the latter obey.

Seeing Zen's solemn expression, the white-robed martial artist's smile slowly faded. "Do you need me to spell it out?"

"It seems as though I can't refuse…" Zen suddenly commented with a smile.

The other man seemed pleased upon hearing this as he said, "You're a smart boy. I believe you can become a good believer. The gods will definitely protect—"

"No, I won't join you," Before the man could finish his statement, Zen interjected.

The man's expression froze and his gaze upon Zen turned cold. "Do you know what it means to refuse?"

"I don't know." A faint smile surfaced on Zen's face. "But I don't want to waste time creating a sword embryo for some Supreme Lord."

It was no secret that the Luster Force Secret Sect was making a sword embryo. Only the highest of figures in the Upper World were made aware of it, but in the name of 'god, ' the Luster Force Secret Sect still managed to gather a remarkable number of believers. In the eyes of many, after all, a Supreme Lord was hardly different from a god.

With that, Zen's straightforward words were deemed blasphemous. The face of the white-robed martial artist darkened as the corners of his mouth curled up into an icy smile. With a gentle wave of his hand, he triggered several rays of light to shoot out from the upper floor of the shrine—several warriors clad in golden armor could be seen in each ray.

"Capture the man who slandered our god. We're going to burn him to death with hellfire." With that, the white-robed martial artist commanded the warriors to seize Zen.

But Zen seemed rather down—they had merely stepped inside to take a look around, but escaping turned out to be such an ordeal. What kind of damned place was this?

In a flash of green light, the five-foot-long sword appeared in his hand. Then, Nether God Shadows shot out from the sword edge, rushing toward the golden-armored warriors from all directions.

The golden-armored warriors stood only at the Life and Death Realm, and their strength seemed ordinary.

With the Nether God Shadows' strength, Zen had no trouble dealing with a warrior who had just entered the Soul Sea Realm. As for the Life and Death Realm martial artists, the Nether God Shadows were enough to finish them off.

But Zen felt no hatred for them. He had only just entered the Auspice City—it would be dishonorable to randomly take an innocent's life. But he needed to subdue them.

Much to Zen's surprise, beams of light green light emitted from the body of the warriors and they seemed to block all the attacks from the Nether God Shadows—they were left completely unharmed.

"What's going on?" The surprise was evident on his face, but he didn't hesitate in the slightest. Realizing that they shouldn't linger there any longer. He grabbed Freya and dragged her away. "Let's go!"

"You won't be able to escape," the white-robed man warned coldly. Several of the golden-armored warriors rushed to surround Zen where he stood—over a hundred Life and Death Realm martial artists were mobilized.

But as he watched the warriors charge toward him, Zen merely sneered. In a casual swing of the long sword in his hand, an arc-shaped beam of light spread out.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With one strike, Zen managed to knock down a huge group of warriors. Still, the green light emanating from their bodies seemed to protect them effectively against his sword light.

Could the green light really be that strong?

The warriors who had been knocked down simply got up once again and rushed toward him like it was nothing. Meanwhile, a chilling light flickered in Freya's body—she had to deal with the pincer attack coming from the many golden-armored warriors.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Even after Zen knocked them out again, they seemed to have the endurance of a cockroach—they couldn't be killed.

At this moment, four particularly nimble golden-armored warriors approached Zen. Two of them locked onto his arms while the other two grabbed his legs.

Locked in the dogfight, Zen grew terribly impatient—killing intent seemed to grow in his pupils.

"Get Away!"

As the power of the dragon scales surged forth, his body trembled as he sent the four warriors flying.

The powerful force penetrated right through the green light, shattering the warriors' guts, the impact enough to make them spit blood.

Initially, Zen only planned to intimidate the warriors. Never would he have thought that the other warriors wouldn't get the signal—they continued flocking over with fervent gazes. The group came like a golden ocean, designed specifically to drown Zen.

Such fellows seemed to have lost their minds—fear of death did not exist within them.

At that moment, Zen confirmed that he couldn't stay there any longer.

As he thought it, he showed no mercy as the power in his body soared once again. Like a raging bull, he raced away. Waves of air currents seemed to gush out from his body, blasting away all the golden-armored warriors who dared to approach Zen's body. As for Freya, her figure seemed to flash as she followed closely behind Zen, dashing all the way out of the shrine.

Just as Zen finally stepped out the shrine's entrance, surprise flashed in him. All the warriors seemed to stop mid-motion, having no intent to chase him any further. Instead, they froze and stared blankly at Zen. The whole scene left a strange taste in Zen's mouth. It seemed as though the warriors could fight only within the shrine.

The white-robed martial artist strode to the front of the shrine. Wearing a courteous smile he said, "Join our Luster Force Secret Sect and you won't regret it. You can make a decision now, while it's not too late."

Zen only smiled and shrugged in response. "All I'm sure about is how much I don't want to join you. I won't regret it—you will."

"What do you mean?" the man asked curiously.

With that, Zen only shrugged in return and left the area with Freya. Those secret sects didn't dare go overboard in the Auspice City. After taking Freya out of the shrine, the others didn't follow.

But Zen wouldn't let the matter end so easily.

In the evening, Zen brought Freya back to an area beside the shrine.

"What are you doing back here?" she asked, puzzled. The golden-armored warriors seemed to leave a rather deep impression on her—they were like puppets as they went all out in their attacks, not seeming to have a lick of concern for their own lives. Given the scene earlier, she assumed they had slave seals or had been controlled by some other special means. Anyway, she had no intention of joining the secret sect and turning into a puppet.

"There's a little guy who is hungry," was all Zen said in return.

Freya seemed puzzled until she saw him pull out the small Ancestral Dragon from his spirit beast bag.

The little dragon made some gurgling noises before tilting his head toward the shrine. It was clear that he had smelt food—he began struggling, trying to free himself from Zen's grip.

"This... What is this?" Freya asked, still puzzled.

It was no surprise that she didn't know what the animal was—the dragon was still too young and looked nothing like a Genuine Dragon.

Without answering her question, he said to the dragon, "Go! But you must be careful."

With that, he released his grip on the creature and the dragon sank into the ground in an instant, disappearing from their view.

Because Zen didn't answer, Freya decided not to ask any further—it was Zen who did so, and he must have had his reasons.

Inside the massive square inside the shrine, every believer was busy mumbling to themselves as they fell prostrate on the surface, offering their Faith Energy.

What they had yet to realize was that the tiny Ancestral Dragon was rapidly moving underground, approaching the center of the square.

When it felt its 'food' above it, it changed course and carefully slithered into the stone pillar above its head. The pillar was just the one holding up the sphere.

Chapter 1429 Previous Subordinates

Over a million people crawled through the area, tirelessly offering their Faith Energy. Even after spending a year, they were only able to form a sliver of it.

Only a third of the sphere was filled with the Faith Energy, which was offered by millions of people praying day and night.

The Ancestral Dragon was now hidden behind the stone pillar, moving upward.

After some time, it arrived at the top of the pillar where a convenient, spherical-shaped container held the Faith Energy.

It was a unique divine weapon that could contain Faith Energy, but that was nothing to the Ancestral Dragon. It simply opened its mouth wide and bit into it.

Crack!

A crisp sound resounded from the middle of the plaza.

The Ancestral Dragon bit into the bottom of the container, leaving a hole in the surface. The green Faith Energy easily poured into its mouth.

All the creatures on the plaza raised their heads, stunned speechless.

All of them were kowtowing with sincerity, completely ignoring the outside world. When Zen had fought the golden-armored warriors, no one was even curious enough to take a look at them. In their eyes, any distraction would mean them desecrating their god.

But now, their god embryo was broken.

All the believers were stunned in silence.

Their god represented everything to them.

How could their god embryo possibly be broken?

Soon after, everyone heard the sound of huge gulps of water being swallowed, the Faith Energy in the container visibly decreasing.

"What is that?"

"Someone is stealing our Faith Energy!"

"Just what is that thing?"

All the corners on the square were thrown into a mess.

To all the believers, the outside world was of no importance—only their own faith mattered. The green liquid in the sphere was proof of that faith. Over a million people spent years in there to form the liquid, and it almost hurt how easily it was swallowed up in the blink of an eye.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

It wasn't only the believers. The other powerful warriors within the shrine were also startled speechless. Several white-robed warriors flew out from the depths of the shrine and took a look at the container before their expressions filled with exasperation.

The Faith Energy they had painstakingly accumulated for years upon years just disappeared in an instant.

In truth, the Luster Force Secret Sect wasn't particularly heavily guarded. Although the Faith Energy was a precious resource, no warrior would try to steal it—it was essentially useless to regular warriors.

Soon, the believers began to chase after a strangely-shaped creature.

Various kinds of Law Powers rumbled inside, but even the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors couldn't do anything about it. They couldn't even cause the slightest harm to the Ancestral Dragon. As this tiny dragon circled around, its face revealed a trace of satisfaction. Of course, the creature was utterly satisfied after swallowing up all the Faith Energy.

"What's going on?" Freya asked Zen after hearing the huge commotion.

With a smile, Zen shrugged. "Maybe someone went crazy. I wonder if the god they believe in will give them comfort."

The uproar lasted for quite a while before gradually coming to a halt. Suddenly, a small crack surfaced under Zen's feet before the small body of the Ancestral Dragon slithered back up and leaped into Zen's embrace. "Caw…caw…"

After devouring the Faith Energy, the Ancestral Dragon seemed to be in a pleasant mood.

News about the stolen Faith Energy in the Luster Force Secret Sect had spread like wildfire.

There were many secret sects in Auspice City as the human race had already assigned different sects to take in believers of different sorts and accumulate Faith Energy.

While the Faith Energy was useless to ordinary warriors, after a certain amount of Faith Energy was accumulated, it could be made to refine peerless weapons. Because of this, apart from the Demon Night, other races used all sorts of methods to gather Faith Energy. When the other secret sects heard the news, they easily took pleasure in the Luster Force Secret Sect's misfortune. But in the next moment, all the Faith Energy in Auspice City was robbed by the Ancestral Dragon.

In order to deal with the creature, two of the secret sects hid their Faith Energy in an especially remote place, sending dozens of Spirit Supreme Realm warriors to watch over the Faith Energy. But they still couldn't avoid the Ancestral Dragon's uniquely strong sense of smell.

During this period, Zen spent some supreme life vitality crystals to purchase a mansion in the city and stayed there for some time.

After the Ancestral Dragon devoured a satisfying amount of Faith Energy, the little guy easily fell back into a deep sleep. No matter what Zen did, the creature didn't budge—it was as limp as a snake in hibernation.

The cyan dragon told Zen that after the Ancestral Dragon accumulated enough Faith Energy, it could complete its first evolution, after which, it should look more like a fully-fledged dragon instead of its current seahorse-like shape.

After a few days, Freya returned from her travel.

She had spent the past few days helping Zen gather information about the Demon Night.

There weren't many Demon Night members in Auspice City. After all, the race wasn't good at dealing with other kinds. But if one race wanted to survive in a supreme world, it was inevitable to trade with other races.

"In the Dark World, there's a tenth-grade sacred place belonging to the Demon Night called the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place.

But it has less than a hundred thousand Demon Night members dispatched to Auspice City.

Most of them stay in the north of the city," Freya explained.

Of course, it was Zen who had asked Freya to collect information. He had promised Lavender he would help her return to the throne, after all.

Lavender's plan consisted of investing a large amount of resources on Zen to help him cultivate and gathering her previous subordinates.

But Zen had a special Roaring Token. In the past, so long as Lavender used the token to gather her previous subordinates, the Demon Night members in the entire universe would have listened to her. Even now, although the number of Demon Night members willing to follow Lavender wasn't large by any means, it was still not too small either. But it would still be difficult to gather them openly through the Roaring Token—doing it in private was their best choice for the time being.

After analyzing the information Freya had provided, Zen left her to take care of the mansion and rushed to the northern part of Auspice City by himself.

As Zen headed north, the number of Demon Night members along his way increased. The surrounding architecture seemed to shift into something else entirely different from the rest of Auspice City.

The places where ogres lived were rather rough—they liked using blood-red iron flame rocks to construct buildings. Inside the black bricks, faint red flames seemed to flow, giving onlookers a feeling of vigor. Meanwhile, humans' architecture stood very neat, horizontal and vertical, and well-organized.

But the north of the city, the gathering place of many Demon Night members, was made up of massive forests. The roads narrowed into the ground, and even the roots of plants could easily make one stumble over them.

If any other race were to enter the place, it would probably be deemed troublesome. But for Demon Night members who lived on the holy trees since birth, it was no issue.

But the other races wouldn't simply rashly barge into the Demon Night's gathering place. Naturally, Zen's sudden arrival earned many surprised gazes from the Demon Night members.

It was a rather good thing that Zen had Lavender as a guide. Under her instruction, he found the central area of the settlement. It was a huge tree with a height of a thousand feet.

The area was not a sacred place of the Demon Night, so it was naturally impossible for a holy tree to have been settled there. But the appearance of such a massive tree in Auspice City made people rack their brains for an explanation.

Just as Zen approached, two Demon Night members stood in his way. One of them gripped a long spear in her hand as she pointed it at his chest. "Halt, human!"

"What brought you here? Is there someone you are looking for?" the other woman asked.

Only a few number of humans had visited the Demon Night's gathering area. And when they did, it was only for business. The Demon Night had a specific group of warriors responsible for dealing with the other races.

Chapter 1430 Destroy The Statues

The long spear before Zen emitted a sharp cold glow. Nonetheless, his face remained void of any emotions.

Facing the questions asked by the Demon Night women, he reached for the tip of the spear and gently pinched it. He then smiled and said, "I'm not looking for anyone."

The Demon Night women didn't attack. In a normal situation, all they would do was drive away those warriors from other races that were barging in. They were sent here by the sacred place to trade with other races after all. It wouldn't be good for their sacred place if they just randomly killed creatures from other races.

"If you are not looking for anyone, then leave!" she warned while looking at Zen. She felt rather strange that he didn't look nervous at all.

They had thought that Zen would obediently leave after hearing their warning. However, they had never expected the man to push the spear away from him instead and utter, "I'm not looking for anyone but I'm not leaving either."

"Then you are looking for death!"

This was the center of the Demon Night's residential area. These women were the guards here. Thus, they couldn't allow Zen to just cause any trouble.

The Demon Night woman thrust forward as soon as her voice faded.

She was at the Soul Sea Realm and was holding the spear with both hands.

Her attack was actually very powerful!

Nonetheless, her spear only managed to move forward three inches and couldn't go any further than that.

Zen smiled as he pinched the tip of the spear.

Disbelief flooded the Demon Night woman's eyes. She never thought that this human warrior before her could seal off her spear with just two fingers.

Unwilling to give up, she used all her might to pull her weapon away. However, her spear remained motionless.

This situation was only possible if the strength between her and the human was almost equal.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two Demon Night women who were standing by also joined the battle when they saw their friend at a disadvantage. They pounced over from above Zen's head. But then he abruptly released the spear, took a step forward, and charged towards the tree.

"Stop him!"

one of the Demon Night women shouted.

Facing the fierce attack from behind, Zen simply waved his hand and sent the two weapons flying away.

Although Zen's expression was indifferent, his gaze was grave. This was because Lavender had reminded him more than once that this was the first and most important step in helping her take revenge.

Boom!

A loud sound echoed out. The door at the bottom of the big tree was directly smashed into pieces by Zen's body. Wood chips fell to the ground, and the sound alarmed all the warriors of the Demon Night.

"Someone is trespassing!"

"Intercept this person!"

"Just kill him!"

This tree was called the Ginkgo Pavilion by the Demon Night members. It was a branch of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place set up in Auspice City.

Zen's charge was similar to poking a hornet's nest.

However, many members of the Demon Night were also puzzled. 'Does this human have nothing better to do than to barge into the Ginkgo Pavilion? What on earth is he even doing here?'

They couldn't figure out any justifiable answer for Zen's acts. Warriors at the Soul Sea Realm and Spirit Supreme Realm all surrounded him as they all thought of taking the human down.

Three emerald green arrows shot towards Zen in an instant. But he just smiled and stepped aside, easily dodging all of them. His body movement skills were superb.

After he had just dodged the arrows, he came face to face with a broadsword as tall as a man, hacking down towards him.

It was clear to Zen that fighting with so many Demon Night warriors would only stop him from reaching his destination. Thus, with a flip of his body, he dodged the large blade before him. His speed was extreme. In the blink of an eye, he reached the second floor.

Almost all warriors of the Demon Night were good at speed and were extremely agile.

However, they all appeared like helpless puppies compared to Zen. He was continually shifting left and right, rolling up and down, and unexpectedly dodging attacks from six or seven Demon Night women at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

Third floor...

Fourth floor...

In almost a single breath, Zen had already charged to the top floor of the Ginkgo Pavilion.

That was when a soft sigh aired through the place.

"Stop!"

A faint pink figure suddenly appeared behind Zen. Both of her legs were placed together in the air, and her eyes were filled with coldness. This woman's strength obviously surpassed the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors by far.

Although he felt the pressure from the woman, Zen continued to rush forward to the three queens' statues.

When she saw that Zen did not listen to her, the woman laughed coldly and pointed two of her fingers towards him, sending out a flying shuttle from her sleeve.

The tail of the flying shuttle was tied with a dark cyan chain. It shot out for less than a foot before disappearing. Immediately, it passed through space, and in the blink of an eye, it was already hanging on Zen's legs.

The moment Zen was bound, he immediately felt an enormous, formless force firmly binding him in place.

Even so, the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in Zen's hand instantly thrust forward. From within it, six or seven Nether God Shadows shot out and headed straight for the queens' statues.

"You're courting death!"

The pink-clothed woman's face immediately showed anger. She didn't plan to kill Zen. She just wanted to punish the one who trespassed into the Ginkgo Pavilion.

However, a sudden trace of doubt sprang in her heart. What was Zen's reason for breaking into the Ginkgo Pavilion in the first place? The Ginkgo Pavilion was merely the core of the gathering place of the Demon Night members. It didn't have any great treasures or secrets in it at all. It couldn't be that he was just crazy.

Nonetheless, it didn't take a minute more before she understood what this human brat was after. He was actually trying to destroy their queens' statues.

Wherever there were Demon Night members, there were also queens' statues. They would still build the queens' statues even in none sacred places.

With the Demon Night members that were stationed in Auspice City, this place was equivalent to a sixth-grade sect. They had built these three queens' statues on the very first day they had entered Auspice City.

The statues were their totem of faith. They weren't precious, but they were important to the Demon Night warriors. Why was this brat trying to destroy them?

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The pink-clothed woman gently raised her wrist, and another flying shuttle suddenly flew across space. Following this, it charged towards the Nether God Shadows.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

The Nether God Shadows easily shattered by the flying shuttle one after another. However, Zen's movements just now were too fast. Moreover, he released seven Nether God Shadows at the same time. The flying shuttle continued to move forward but still failed to destroy two Nether God Shadows.

Clank! Clank!

Two queens' statues were instantly smashed to smithereens.

The statues of Queen of Life and Queen of Punishment were destroyed.

The pink-clothed woman's expression went even darker and madder. Her originally indifferent eyes were now filled with a want to kill. Any Demon Night member would defend their queens, and breaking their queens' statues was the greatest blasphemy to their queens.

"Kill him! Kill him!"

"How dare he destroy the queens' statues!"

"Death penalty!"

The warriors at the bottom of the tree also followed behind. Their eyes were flooding with rage as they saw fragments of the statues flew all over the place.

The pink-dressed woman did not hesitate any longer and released two formidable flying shuttles to attack Zen. Two blue-colored lightning balls engulfed the shuttles' surface.

The balls of lightning were only the size of a fist, but the power contained within them made Zen's heart jump with fear.

"I'm afraid that the Thunder Law has already reached the fifth layer. Lavender, if you don't come out and help me now, I'll be in trouble!" Zen calmly said.

As soon as his voice fell, a blood-red shadow shot out from Zen's body. The moment that figure condensed into existence, the Cold Plum Blood Spear in his space ring shot out too and was caught by that figure.

Clank! Clank!

With two crisp sounds, the two flying shuttles with terrifying balls of lightning were easily brushed aside by the figure.

Upon seeing this, the pink-clothed woman, who was in the lead, furrowed her eyebrows and became even more furious than before. However, her expression drastically changed when she recognized the figure that had appeared next to Zen.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1431 The First Step

Every member of the Demon Night race knew very well what Lavender looked like and what she smelled like. To some extent, they were even more familiar with her than with their parents.

From the moment they were born, they would be baptized in front of the queens' statues. The Queen of Life could make their life energy grow stronger, the Queen of Punishment could make them observe the laws of the Demon Night race, and the Queen of Killings could boost their courage, making them understand the killing way.

At this moment, although Lavender was now only a sword spirit, her soul force had already recovered 60%. The Cold Plum Blood Spear in her hand exuded a majestic aura.

As the Demon Night martial artists of the Ginkgo Pavilion witnessed this, their hearts suddenly trembled. They realized that their queen had actually arrived…

The Dark World was a remote area where many races gathered. The whole supreme world was mainly a place for trading. Although the human race, Demon Night, and ogre race all had a tenth grade sacred place here, among the various races, they were still considered relatively weak forces.

Therefore, when these warriors of the Demon Night saw the sudden appearance of their queen, they were all stunned!

To them, the personal visit of any queen here was an unparalleled honor. In the hearts of the members of the Demon Night race, a queen was even more important than a Supreme Lord.

Thump! Thump...

All of the Demon Night members knelt down right away to honor their queen, Lavender.

Floating high up in the air, Lavender looked down at her subjects. Her gaze finally landed on the woman in pink. "What's your name?"

"My queen, you can call me Nela," the woman in pink answered sincerely.

In fact, a few months ago, all the members of the Demon Night knew that their Queen of Killings had returned to the Upper World, and that she had a conflict with the Queen of Punishment.

At that time, Lavender had used Zen's Roaring Token to quarrel with the Queen of Punishment. Not just the Demon Night race, everyone knew about this.

After all, this was an internal conflict within the Demon Night race. Some of the races that hated the Demon Night race was expecting to watch a good show. After all, the return of Lavender would definitely cause an internal strife within the Demon Night race.

Lavender coldly nodded, and then continued, "Nela, I want all of you to make an oath of allegiance to me, in front of the statue."

Upon hearing this, Nela and her other subordinates uneasily raised their heads—discomfort evident on their faces. The task Lavender was asking them to do was extremely difficult.

Actually, they had the same concern as the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place did back then. Even though Lavender was their queen, she was only one of their queens as the Demon Night race did not only have one queen.

For so many years, the three queens had been advancing and retreating together. Each of them performed their respective positions and led the huge Demon Night race. But once they made an oath, it was equivalent to breaking away from the protection of the other two queens and becoming loyal to only one of the three queens!

Back then, Amber didn't have to decide. At that time, Lavender did not force the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place to choose because a sacred place in the Lower World would not be of much help to her and it wouldn't really change anything. But it was different now. Lavender and

Elena had already declared war against each other. From that moment, she decided she would take her own power back and eventually return to the throne.

So before she came here, Lavender had only asked Zen to do one thing.

No matter what kind of masters he faced, he only had one goal in mind when he charged into the Ginkgo Pavilion and that was to destroy the statues of the other two queens!

Any Demon Night tribe would have the queens' statues at their place. The reason for this was so that the queens of the Demon Night could observe what was happening in every tribe through the statues. They could also communicate with any of the sacred places. Even though there was a small chance that Elena would be watching, Lavender still asked Zen to smash the statues the moment they arrived for good measure.

Seeing the anxiety on Nela's and the others' faces, Lavender laughed coldly. "Is it really that difficult to make you swear an oath to your queen? Or do you think that the Queen of Killings is no longer worthy of your trust?"

Upon hearing this, they became even more panicked.

The three queens were very different from one another. When the Demon Night members faced the Queen of Life, they felt boundless vitality. When it came to the Queen of Punishment, they were reverent but truthfully, the majority of them liked the Queen of Killings the most.

When facing the Queen of Killings, they could feel the endless killing intent. It was able to awaken the courage deep in their souls, allowing them to be even braver and more skillful in battles!

But right now, the Queen of Killings' power had collapsed. The old members that had followed the Queen of Killings had either died or lived in seclusion. Under such circumstances, choosing to stand by Lavender's side was definitely not a wise choice!

If they chose her and this spread out, Lavender could instantly be exterminated by Elena and they would definitely be implicated.

Elena was the queen in charge of the punishment, and also the cruelest queen of her kind. If they were to be implicated, the entire Demon Night of the Dark World would have to die with Lavender!

Zen sat on a railing in the Ginkgo Pavilion. Even though his face was blank, he was feeling nervous on the inside.

He promised that he would help Lavender return to the throne, and it was something he needed to do. It didn't matter when he did it as long as he did it. What they were doing now was the first step to get Lavender back to her throne. But it was still a little difficult for them to decide right now.

If they were to refuse to take the oath, it might cause trouble.

Lavender's whereabouts would be exposed, and Zen's whereabouts would be exposed as well. With Zen's current strength, he had no power to resist the Queen of Punishment.

For Zen and Lavender, this was an adventure, but one that they had to take no matter what!

Lavender's face looked extremely solemn while the faint soul pressure released from her contained an aura of supreme majesty. As the pressure came down, even the face of Nela turned deathly pale.

For them, it was an extremely difficult decision to make, but every member of Demon Night present knew that this was something they couldn't avoid. The conflict between the two queens had long reached a point where they could not tolerate each other anymore, so naturally only one of them would be staying.

Lavender didn't say anything else. If her efforts to come here herself to get the support of her subjects was wasted then she would never be able to return to the throne.

Time ticked by. After five minutes…

Nela's eyes glistened with determination as she raised her head and swore, "My queen is the glory, and the glory is my life! With eternal killing, to guard the territory of our race…"

After Nela took the lead to take the oath, the other Demon Night martial artists also followed her and began making their oaths!

As they swore the oath, the only remaining statue - Queen of Killings glowed with a faint red light. With her eyes gleaming, Lavender listened attentively to their oaths.

The oath of the Ginkgo pavilion was the first step for Lavender's return to the throne.

After everyone made their vows, Lavender said lightly, "You can all stand up now."

Nela nodded and led the many warriors of the Demon Night to their feet. Since she had made a vow to the queen, it meant that from now on she would only serve Lavender as her queen.

However, to them, this was still a supreme honor. Every day, they would worship the queens' statues but most of them would never be able to see their queens for their whole life. Now that Lavender had come here personally, how could they reject her?

Although it was a painful choice for them to give up on the other two queens, it was still a great opportunity for them to grow.

Once Lavender returned to the throne, they would definitely be valued for their support and loyalty.

"My queen, what can I do for you?" Nela asked as she rose. Lavender coming here definitely meant that there were very important things to be accomplished. Otherwise, she wouldn't have taken the initiative to come here herself.

Lavender said simply, "I want you to head to the Eternal Night World to find someone and give this jade slip to her."

As Lavender spoke, Zen, who was by her side, took out a jade slip. It was a jade slip that had been created beforehand and contained extremely important information.

"Eternal Night World…" Nela raised her eyebrows. She also knew that the Eternal Night World was the supreme world where the Queen of Killings used to live. Since the Queen of Killings disappeared, the entire Eternal Night World was taken over by the Queen of Punishment.

However, since she had already taken an oath of allegiance to the Queen of Killings, Lavender's orders were not to be disobeyed. She had no reason to refuse even if she was asked to go to a mountain of swords and a sea of flames.

Chapter 1432 Try It Out

Before heading to the Ginkgo Pavilion, Lavender had thoroughly considered the pros and cons of her journey.

With the authority and confidence she possessed, it was sure that this tenth grade sacred place in the Dark World would submit to her and her alone.

But subduing a tenth grade sacred place was practically meaningless to her, and it was in fact, dangerous. It would help her very little in her fight against Elena and would alert the enemy too.

All of her activities would have to be done in secret. The fewer people knew about it, the better.

The Ginkgo Pavilion had been set up in Auspice City by the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place. It was basically a trade-hub that spent much time trading with the other forces in Auspice City, which meant it always had a rich collection of treasures and abundant resources at hand.

After taking a look at the resources they had, Lavender merely shook her head. None of them had caught her eye.

After all, the Dark World was just a small place at the outskirts of the Upper World, and was nothing when compared to the Mist Palace. These resources might have been extremely precious to some ordinary warriors, but they were of no use to Lavender or Zen.

She was far more concerned about the secret treasures of the Dark World.

In any case, although the resources and treasures that lay there did not catch her eyes, she did pick up quite a lot of life vitality jades.

Every year, when the Ginkgo Pavilion traded with the other races, they turned over the life vitality jades to the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place, which meant that there was an abundance of them in here.

To not arouse suspicion at the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place and protect Nela, who was in charge of handing over all the life vitality jades to the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place, Lavender only took about one fifth of them. Even then, the number of life vitality jades she collected was close to thirty thousand.

Zen no longer needed life vitality jades because of the enormous changes that had happened inside his body. However, the more money and treasures one had, the better. It might come in handy some day. Previously, Zen had risked his life to gather about a hundred life vitality jades. To any warrior of the Soul Sea Realm, these thirty thousand life vitality jades were no less than an enormous fortune.

After staying in the Ginkgo Pavilion for two days, Nela resigned from her post in the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place. Then she found an excuse to leave and set out to the Eternal Night World with the jade slip that Lavender had given her.

At the same time, Zen quietly returned to his residence in Auspice City, waiting for the arrival of Lincoln.

Some months earlier, Lincoln and Zen had agreed to meet each other in half a year. In the blink of an eye, time had gone by and now, only some forty days or so were left till the day they were supposed to meet. Zen was actually worried whether Lincoln would arrive here at the scheduled time or not.

One and a half months later…

Zen was still immersed in his cultivation.

After breaking through to the Soul Sea Realm, his cultivation had increased and his strength had improved greatly. He had also been comprehending higher levels of the different Law Powers and the Stellar Body in an orderly manner.

Very occasionally, he would find himself able to communicate with several stars. Perhaps it was because he had absorbed the Luck-devouring Snakes that his luck seemed to have increased now.

In fact, when Zen had just absorbed the Luck-devouring Snakes on Willow Island, his luck had, for the moment, risen greatly. For some time, he had become the favored one of the entire world, with his luck reaching a point where almost all his wishes came true. However, that extreme good luck hadn't lasted long and was gone after a few hours.

In the following days, his luck seemed to have returned to normal. Or it might have increased a bit. In any case, luck was an abstract concept that was somewhat difficult to define, and there was no way for him to measure it with a scale.

The only thing he could be sure of was that it was relatively easier for him now to draw upon the power of the stars. So either his strength, or his luck, or both had increased.

However, Zen was also troubled by the fact that the chaotic energy inside his body still wasn't showing any signs of liquefying.

Theoretically speaking, by the time a warrior broke through to the Soul Sea Realm, his life vitality should have already begun to liquefy. However, the chaotic energy inside him was still rolling around in his cinnabar field like waves.

He couldn't find anything in the Primal Chaos Technique to explain this, nor did he have any books that talked of this matter. His master had only speculated that like the life vitality, the chaotic energy would also turn into the chaotic sea. However, it was obvious that his master's deduction was wrong, at least at this stage.

'To condense life vitality, one has to compress it to the limit in order to liquefy it, much like any gas would behave.

But it is very difficult to produce chaotic energy in the first place. It cannot be replenished by absorbing life vitality from the outside world, and the chaotic energy itself is relatively slow in production. How can one possibly compress it?'

For the last few days, Zen had been deeply troubled by this problem. In order to find a solution, he would occasionally venture out to refresh his mind, hoping to obtain some enlightenment…

While he was thinking about it, Zen would also often converse with the cyan dragon.

Among the Genuine Dragons, the cyan dragon had extensive experience and vast knowledge. However, when it came to Zen's problem, even he seemed to have no idea why things were what they were. The cyan dragon was familiar with the life vitality system, and the red dragon was familiar with the body refining system. They specialized in two different areas but the cultivation method of the chaotic system was simply unheard-of to them.

However, the cyan dragon did have a suggestion to give that piqued Zen's interest!

When Zen had been in the Eastern Region, he had once obtained a cultivation method of the ogre race called the "Heavenly Ogre Fist". It had played an extremely important role for him when he had begun to learn the martial arts.

In the eyes of the cyan dragon, the fist intent and moves contained in the Heavenly Ogre Fist were nothing special, but the demonic life energy cultivated from the Heavenly Ogre Fist had very interesting properties. This demonic life energy could almost completely devour other life energies and make them its own.

As time passed, Zen had become more focused on learning other cultivation methods and had stopped practicing the Heavenly Ogre Fist. But now that the cyan dragon brought it up, it provided Zen with a new way of thinking.

Although the cyan dragon wasn't clear about the reason why Zen was unable to liquefy his chaotic energy, the way he saw it, there was a very high probability that the amount of chaotic energy that Zen had was not enough to be compressed into a liquid. Therefore, the cyan dragon had a bold idea, suggesting that Zen use the mind method recorded in the Heavenly Ogre Fist and make chaotic energy possess the ability of devouring power.

When he heard this suggestion, Zen's gaze flickered slightly. This idea could probably work. And he couldn't wait to try it out.

The path he was on was a road never taken before. He had to grope around to progress all by himself anyway. This gave him an advantage; even if he went wrong, he could start over again, and he would not be stuck with the rules of this universe. After all, he had seen his master travel in the chaos and vaguely knew that this Primal Chaos Technique had already surpassed the rules of this universe. This meant that there were no bounds on it.

If Zen still stuck to the rules, then he would be too pedantic.

When the idea was suggested, Zen didn't waste any time and immediately started to practice according to the mind method recorded in the Heavenly Ogre Fist.

Using chaotic energy to activate other cultivation methods wasn't something new. For example, any law power when activated by chaotic energy would increase several times. For that reason, Zen had strong expectations with his experiment, and was quite confident that the chaotic energy would be able to generate the "demonic life vitality".

As Zen practiced the mind method in the Heavenly Ogre Fist, the chaotic energy within his body boiled…

A trace of chaotic energy extricated itself from Zen's cinnabar field and circulated along his meridians. Finally, it shot out from his fingertip. A thin strand of gray chaotic energy, much like a thick mist began to float around his hand.

'This strand of chaotic energy was activated by the mind method of Heavenly Ogre Fist. I wonder if it possesses the devouring power.' Zen was a little nervous, but in the blink of an eye, his nervousness completely disappeared and eagerness took its place. He laughed and thought to himself, 'Even if I fail, I can look for another method. Who's there to stop me? What is there to be nervous about?'

Thinking about that, he reached into his space ring and brought out a supreme life vitality crystal. Streams of thick life vitality were preserved in this small stone.

Zen did not immediately crush the life vitality crystal. Instead, he gently tapped the stone with his finger and a small hole appeared. A wisp of pure life vitality flowed out from the hole!

Before it could properly escape, Zen injected the chaotic energy on his fingertips into the life vitality crystal, his eyes staring straight at it with a firm gaze.

"Not working?"

Through the transparent stone shell, Zen could see that the brown chaotic energy was continuously swirling within the life vitality crystal. It didn't fuse with the milky white life vitality within the crystal, nor did it show any signs of trying to devour the life vitality…

Zen curled his lips. It seemed that he'd been too naive and the experiment had failed.

'Ah well. Wait!' Just as Zen was about to put the life vitality crystal back into his space ring, the entire crystal suddenly exploded right in front of him!

Chapter 1433 The Creation of The Soul Sea

Zen was startled as the supreme life vitality crystal suddenly exploded.

It shattered into tiny fragments, but the life vitality it contained did not shoot out. Instead, it was replaced by several wisps of chaotic energy.

Zen had transferred only a small amount of chaotic energy into the stone shell. Now, it had increased greatly from the original measure.

However, due to the impact from the explosion, the currents of chaotic energy looked like thin whips that lashed out fiercely in all directions, leaving behind in its wake countless tiny dents in the room.

"Hiss, hiss..."

From the dents, other strands of chaotic energy slowly rose up like little gray snakes.

Zen's eyes widened as he looked at the scene in front of him. He was beyond bewildered at what was happening.

In only a few seconds, the small dents in the room had multiplied. The little gray snakes of chaotic energy quickly eroded everything in their surroundings, while giving rise to more strands.

"Zen, if you don't do anything about all this chaotic energy right now, this house will collapse!" The cyan dragon's words rang faintly in Zen's ears with warning.

At this, Zen finally came back to his senses!

He waved his finger lightly, and the strands of chaotic energy quickly shrunk. One after another, the little gray snakes crawled out of every corner of the room and gathered in Zen's hand.

Zen was now holding chaotic energy that was a thousand times larger than before. The wisp of chaotic energy that he had poured into the crystal was not much thicker than a thin thread. Now it was the size of a fist.

"It seems that the chaotic energy can absorb much more than the life vitality in the crystal. If things have continued, it would have swallowed the whole house..." Zen said in a daze, staring at the mass of chaotic energy in his hand.

The cyan dragon broke through his musing. "It is capable of more than that. Chaotic energy would be able to devour everything..." he said.

The cyan dragon was unable to keep his composure at the turn of events.

The suggestion that Zen tried things for himself came from the cyan dragon, and from the look of things, the chances of failure were far greater than the chances of success.

The cyan dragon had lived through hundreds of thousands of years and had seen many different kinds of cultivation methods. When Zen had first entered the Cloud Sect to select his cultivation method, the cyan dragon kept the Heavenly Ogre Fist in mind. It was a technique that could manipulate life vitality into such power that it would be able to ravage and devour everything. It was a very unique cultivation method, and its origins had remained unknown. No one could even be sure that it originated from the ogre.

Zen had been preoccupied with other things, and thus was not able to take time to discover the history behind this cultivation method.

The cyan dragon had suggested that Zen fuse the characteristics of the Heavenly Ogre Fist with the chaotic energy that dwelt inside his body. The insatiate nature of the chaotic energy was far more forceful than the life vitality. Not only could it devour the life vitality, it could even devour the entire house.

Even the cyan dragon himself could not help but be astounded...

An elated expression was on Zen's face when he recovered from shock.

Even his master might not have conceived such an attempt.

What his master wrote about the Primal Chaos Technique had only been speculations. He surmised that breaking into the Soul Sea Realm would yield the same results for chaotic energy as it would with life vitality. The chaotic energy would liquefy and turn into the sea of chaos. Perhaps his master had neglected other considerations.

Zen's eyes flashed when he thought of this. He raised his hand and tentatively pointed a finger. The next instant, the mass of chaotic energy in front of him shot towards a square table in the corner!

"Hiss..."

The coagulation of chaotic energy passed through the center of the square table, puncturing it with fist-sized hole.

Under Zen's control, chaotic energy flowed continuously along the square table. It was as if it housed an invisible monster. Within a few seconds, the table had been completely devoured.

Once again, Zen collected the bulk of chaotic energy in his hands. Its size had increased even more from before.

"Fascinating! The chaotic energy keeps on devouring everything I direct it towards. When the chaotic energy in my body condenses enough, it would be able to liquefy and turn into a sea!" Zen's eyes kept flashing.

The process seemed to be a bit of a troublesome task. Many other warriors were naturally able to create the Soul Sea in their bodies after reaching the Soul Sea Realm, but Zen was a different case altogether. He would have to go to greater lengths to form a sea in his body. In the end, however, it would yield him a greater reward. Chaotic energy could be found everywhere, and it was not particular with its source. With everything else at his disposal, the chaotic energy within his body would be inexhaustible, and Zen could make use of it as much as he needed or pleased.

At this moment, the door swung open. Freya came inside with a pot of tea in her hands.

Since the beginning, Zen had already told Freya not to bother serving him like a servant to a master. He did not need nor want her to act as if she was of a lesser status. However, Freya maintained her actions and tried her best to take care of Zen. Numerous dents came into sight as she entered the room, and a strange expression appeared on her face. Silently, she stepped back and exited the room...

Freya was extremely respectful. She would not even glance at things that she were not supposed to see, and she never pressed Zen for details, waiting for him to tell her of his own accord instead.

For the following stretch of time, Zen tested chaotic energy continuously, learning as much of its characteristics as he could.

Back then, Zen's demonic life vitality had not been as powerful in terms of devouring matter. It could devour ordinary life energy and life vitality directly, but it was at a much slower pace, especially if the items to be devoured were formed through visualization and imagination. Apart from this, there were some forms of conjured items that the demonic life vitality would not be able to ingest.

Chaotic energy seemed to be more or less the same.

When the chaotic energy absorbed ordinary things such as tables and chairs, it was able to do so at an incredible speed. It proved to be the same with materials made of wood or clay. Metals, on the other hand, took a little bit more time to be devoured.

With this discovery, Zen proceeded to fetch various things and fed them to the chaotic energy, including precious things such as mysterious weapons, spiritual weapons, fairy weapons, and other treasures.

What he discovered with this was that the higher the grade and the more powerful the weapon was, the longer it took the chaotic energy to absorb it. In order to test this further, Zen had even let the chaotic energy swallow a sacred weapon. It took about half a day for it to be completely ingested. With this pattern, an even longer time would be needed for the chaotic energy to devour a divine weapon.

Zen fed the chaotic energy weapon after weapon—its amount increasing at every instance. He felt his belly expand with the massive size of the energy.

Ever since he started training the Primal Chaos Technique, the internal world started to slowly refine the chaotic energy. Upon reaching a certain amount, it had stopped increasing, and he did not feel full for a long time.

However, as Zen continued to devour things with his chaotic energy, the chaotic energy inside him increased, and the entire inner world began to narrow down, making the chaotic energy contained within him start to condense.

Once the concentration of chaotic energy had reached its limit, it would be able to liquefy. Zen continued to pour chaotic energy inside him while paying attention to the changes in his body.

He was not disappointed.

Soon enough, his inner world was made visible—masses of chaotic energy gathered together and formed a brown colored liquid that quickly sank into the depths.

After the first portion of chaotic energy started to liquefy, the entire internal world underwent a tremendous change. As the brown liquid continued to form, edges had begun to appear...

For six days, the liquefaction continued. On the seventh day, the brown sea in Zen's inner world began to slowly fluctuate. He had already stepped into the Soul Sea Realm after passing through ten small Heavenly Tribulations, but he had only truly created the Soul Sea today. Compared to other Soul Sea Realm warriors' Soul Seas, his was much different... The constantly churning waves of his Soul Sea would enable chaotic energy to completely swallow even a divine weapon.

Not long after Zen's Soul Sea was established, a familiar voice rang in his ears. It was Lincoln who contacted him by burning the message rune Zen had given him before. It seemed that he had already arrived at the Auspice City!

With Lincoln's invitation, Zen had arrived at the Dark World and had been waiting for word from him for a long time. Circumstances appeared to be in his favor, as Lavender knew of some of the Dark World's secrets. Zen had every intention of getting the resources there.

Zen responded to Lincoln's message and told Freya to pack up and make preparations to set off.

Chapter 1434 The Dark Underground Palace

Lincoln had given him directions in his message. Zen and Freya traveled through Auspice City and after a few minutes found themselves in a commoners' district.

People from different levels and social status lived in the area. Most of them were ordinary people, but some of the wealthiest men were able to afford to hire some martial artists who served as guards to their houses. Thus, low-level martial artists, such as those in the Illuminating Soul Realm, could be seen occasionally.

In this kind of setting, the arrival of two martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm was something that immediately attracted curious gazes.

Young boys watched Zen and Freya with yearning. The auras that surrounded the two were far stronger and more arresting than those of the martial artists they usually saw. Soon, these boys trailed behind them, no doubt attracted to their energy.

A frown appeared in Freya's face even as she followed closely after Zen. She did not understand why they were in this place.

They walked for a short distance. Then, a large manor came into their sight. A fat landlord bowed respectfully at the entrance, leading the two into the manor.

He was one of the affluent merchants in this region. That was what common people thought. All of his wealth would amount to no more than one or two thousand supreme life vitality crystals- a number that, to martial artists, was not even worth mentioning. However, it was quite an accomplishment for an ordinary mortal to earn this much without a martial artist's ability. After all, this was the rough equivalent to the annual expenditure of a third-grade clan.

The landlord did not know who Zen was. None of the several martial artists that he hired to guard his house did, either. They could not even tell Zen's and Freya's cultivation levels, more so their identities. All the landlord knew was that the two had unimaginable strength. For a mere mortal, he possessed shrewdness that served him well.

He had always treated martial artists with reverence, no matter who or what level they were. Upon their arrival, he would respectfully lead them into his mansion and ask his wife and children to stay in other places in Auspice City, leaving behind some servants to serve his guests. All of this served to his self-interest as well. He knew that with their strength, they could easily turn decades of hard work into dust, and there was no one to help him if that happened.

Zen and Freya were led into a room that seemed like a cellar.

The oil lamps that hung on the wall had all been extinguished, and no lamps provided light. He had been given explicit instructions not to light any lamps, and did not dare to disobey.

Right now, he only wished for these martial artists to leave as soon as possible. He tiptoed around his own mansion, afraid of unknowingly offending them in some way. Their motives were unclear to him, but he did his best to satisfy them, in the interest of protecting the wealth that he and his family had accumulated bit by bit for three generations.

The dark cellar led to an open space. In the middle was a round table, around which sat eight people.

All of them tried their best to conceal their cultivation bases, but the faint auras they gave off were telling of their strength. Zen had sensed their auras immediately after entering the cellar. A trace of wariness appeared on his face.

"Zen, here you are," Lincoln spoke. He was sitting on one side of the round table and laughed heartily upon seeing Zen's expression. "Sit down first, and then we'll talk."

The light in the space was dim, but it hardly mattered to these warriors. They did not need much light to be able to observe one another.

There seemed to be something amiss with the atmosphere, as if all of them were animals that would strike at the slightest provocation.

Zen had expected Lincoln to have other companions. However, he did not think that he would invite martial artists at the Spirit Supreme Realm. These men gave off an aura that was almost sinister, and Zen was immediately on guard at their presence.

Just when Zen and Freya were about to sit down on two empty chairs, one of the martial artists spoke up derisively, "Lincoln, why did you bring these two good-for-nothings along to explore the Dark Underground Palace?"

Zen's brow creased at his words.

Lincoln had previously told him that he was the only one who knew about the secret treasures of the Dark World, so the upcoming exploration should be led by him, but it seemed that it was no longer the case.

Lincoln tried to smooth things over, laughing away the beginnings of embarrassment. "Don't say that. I was able to leave the Villain World with Zen's help, so he must be part of the expedition to the Dark Underground Palace."

"Humph! With one portion for you and one portion for him, how much would be left for me and my brothers?" another martial artist said, clearly dissatisfied.

Lincoln was visibly displeased at his words. His expression turned cold as he answered, "I have already made an agreement with Adrian. You and your brothers will be taking thirty percent of the secret treasures in the underground palace. I will decide what to do with the rest. "

Lincoln was at the later stage of the Soul Sea Realm, and he possessed incredible talent. With the Wrath of the Ocean, he had no reason to be afraid of these martial artists who were at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

"Thirty percent? Are you insulting us? You will only be leading the way. Why are you entitled to take away seventy percent? What qualifications do you have to do that?" another martial artist challenged.

A disdainful glint passed through Lincoln's eyes. "Well, then. I'd like to see you try and get it alone. Since you think I do not have the qualifications, then you are free to leave. The underground palace is right below the city. I'm sure all of you can find the treasures of the Dark World on your own," he said in a voice that was almost freezing in its coldness.

"Cut the crap, Lincoln. Who do you take us for? If you don't bring us into the underground palace, then don't even think about leaving the Dark World," another one of the men threatened. An intimidating aura exuded from him as he finished his words. It was as if they were in the presence of a demon.

Above the cellar was the landlord's courtyard. The sinister aura penetrated through the walls and spread out, forming tremendous force on mortal souls. In an instant, all the people within a ten-mile radius fainted.

Lincoln remained calm in the face of such an overwhelming soul force. Zen's gaze, similarly, was indifferent.

Ordinary Soul Sea Realm martial artists stood no chance against Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, but both Lincoln and Zen had the qualifications to enter the Gauze Pavilion. In the instance that a fight erupted, the two men would have no fear of the people in front of them.

Seeing that a fight was threatening to break out before the group set off, a warrior in the corner laughed dryly and began to mediate. "Men, let's not fight over such a trivial matter. We should follow the agreement."

The man who spoke was Adrian, the warrior who had devised the plan against Zen and Layla back on Willow Island.

Lincoln had promised Adrian thirty percent of the secret treasures of the Dark World if he helped Lincoln regain his freedom. Adrian was extremely smart, but his cultivation and strength were far from enough, so he invited those seven brothers to come together.

They were independent warriors from the Upper World. Upon receiving the invitation, they found out that the one who was able to open the underground palace was a warrior who was merely at the later stage of the Soul Sea Realm. It wounded their pride, and they began to hold

Lincoln in contempt. Moreover, they would get only thirty percent of secret treasures, which was far from enough for them.

To their surprise, Lincoln had invited Zen in addition to Adrian and themselves. This newcomer's cultivation level was even lower. What right did he have to get a portion?

Adrian's words worked. He had managed to persuade the two sides and the tension on the atmosphere thawed out.

Of course, the seven brothers didn't want Zen with them. He was a nobody. However, only Lincoln knew the way to enter the underground palace. With Adrian's persuasion, they had no choice but to temporarily restrain their tempers.

Lincoln had a fiery disposition, but he had always been a man of his word. He had promised Adrian thirty percent, and temporarily set aside his own anger. "The complexity of the underground palace far surpasses your imagination. Before we enter it, we need to make some preparations. We can't set out without being fully prepared," he said, more calmly now.

He knew very well that they would have to fight against the evil energy in the underground palace. After devising a good plan, they left the mansion and headed to Auspice City to secure some items. Then, they gathered once again at the place that Lincoln had designated.

Chapter 1435 A Long Narrow Passage (Part One)

The Dark Underground Palace wasn't considered a secret place in the Dark World.

Many creatures in the Dark World were also well aware that there was an underground palace here. However, in the last hundred thousand years, no one had been able to enter its mysterious depths.

Legend had it that a Supreme Lord in remote ages had once passed away in this place hundreds of millions of years ago.

Time was the most powerful opponent of all warriors. Even a Supreme Lord's lifespan was not without its limits. If a Supreme Lord was unable to become a True God, he or she would eventually encounter the Five Aging Processes and die. Immortality could not be achieved easily.

Therefore, the eternal life was also one of warriors' ultimate goals.

It was said that before this Supreme Lord from remote ages had passed away, he had used extremely special methods to set up an incomparably grand underground palace, and that he had left behind all of his knowledge and inheritances within it. It was rumored to be a treasure trove for any martial artist.

Each time the Dark Underground Palace was opened, the time and method required to open it were different.

In the endless years since it had first been established, there had been many warriors who had entered the underground palace and obtained great benefits from it. However, entering the underground palace was not something that any warrior could hope to accomplish.

Lavender had once entered the Dark Underground Palace. This was already ten thousand years ago when the underground palace had opened.

When Lavender had once been in the underground palace, she had also obtained a wealth of resources and benefits. Therefore, when she had heard that Lincoln had also found a way to enter the Dark Underground Palace, she immediately made Zen agree to accompany him. If she remembered correctly, the resources left behind in the underground palace would be of great help to Zen in his endeavors.

Following Lincoln's lead, they traversed through more than half of Auspice City and quickly found the entrance to the Dark Underground Palace.

The entrance to the underground palace was not hard to find. It was not hidden. However, after the last ten years of evolution, the entrance to the underground palace had actually become a place frequented by commoners. Of course, no commoner would dare to stop warriors as they passed through. They didn't meet any troubles before they stood in front of the Dark Underground Palace.

"This is the entrance to the underground palace," Lincoln told Zen.

However, Adrian chuckled from behind them. "Everyone knows that this is the entrance to the underground palace. It's hardly a secret. It's just that no one knows how to explore it and find the treasures. We'll have to trouble you to lead the way, Lincoln, since you have found a way!"

As for the seven brothers who followed behind Adrian, their expressions were indifferent. Despite Adrian's constant reminders to be watchful of their manners, they could not hide the raw greed on their faces. They were little more than treasure hunters, and brought no respect to the time honored traditions of the warriors.

In their eyes, as long as Lincoln could successfully lead them to find the treasures, everyone else could then be killed, other than themselves, of course. As for Adrian, he was still quite useful to them, so they could temporarily spare his life. To these men, life held little value.

"Follow me." A confident expression settled on Lincoln's face as he took the lead and entered the passage.

Zen, Freya, and the other warriors, who followed behind him, also entered the dark and forbidding passage.

This passage was incredibly long and sloped slightly downwards. Adrian and the seven brothers had collected a vast amount of information before they had come here, so they had formed a good understanding of the underground palace. They had already known that the passage into the underground palace was quite complicated, and its length would be astonishing to behold. But it was not until now that they began to realize how long it truly was.

This passage extended downwards and continued for an unknown distance. Without hesitation, they soon stepped into the passage.

At the start, everyone had proceeded forward on foot, but very quickly, they discovered that the passage was so long that they could not see the end of it, nor could they reach it easily. Everyone then started to fly to speed up their journey.

At the same time, something was happening in the western part of the Dark World. There was a sacred place named Magnolia Sacred Place there.

There were many races found in the entire Dark World. However, because this supreme world was situated at the junction of three great races, the three strongest races in this world were still the ogres, the human race, and the Demon Night race.

These three races had all established their own tenth-grade sacred places in the Dark World, but because of the geopolitical formalities, which they all observed, these three sacred places interacted extremely well with each other. There wasn't much competition among them, and they maintained trade relations with each other. So it could be said that these three sacred places were the windows through which the three races interacted with each other. However, in other supreme worlds, the three races still fought against each other and all kinds of conflicts never ended.

The Magnolia Sacred Place was a tenth-grade sacred place established by the human race.

In the center of this sacred place, there stood a towering palace that pierced the clouds. Two black-clothed warriors were rapidly entering the palace now.

"Saint Lord, a few warriors have entered the underground palace again today," said one of the two black-robed warriors in a respectful tone.

Their leader, who sat enthroned in the palace, asked with an indifferent face, "Who are they? What is their race? Do you know their cultivation levels?"

"They are human warriors. There are only eleven of them in total. Seven people are at the Spirit Supreme Realm. The other four are all at the Soul Sea Realm," the black-robed warrior again answered very respectfully.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1436 A Long Narrow Passage (Part Two)

The leader shook his head. "Every year, there are some overconfident warriors who enter the underground place, thinking that they can open it and find some treasures."

"But, Saint Lord, the activation of this underground palace doesn't have any fixed pattern. Maybe they can succeed in opening it this time," the black-robed warrior said.

The Saint Lord of the Magnolia Sacred Place smiled and said, "It doesn't matter. I've already set up a monitoring array in the underground palace. If the underground palace is opened, I'll receive the news immediately. If they really succeed in opening it, it would be the best news for us, and I can then send our disciples there."

When Zen and the others had been walking in the passage leading to the underground palace, all three biggest sacred places in the Dark World had somehow received the news.

These sacred places had only paid attention to the movements of Zen and his companions. Other than that, they didn't do anything.

Every once in a while, warriors would seek to enter the underground palace for a variety of reasons. But the last time that the underground palace had opened was over a hundred thousand years ago. It had never been successfully reopened since then.

However, this did not mean that the three sacred places did not value this underground palace. It was a place of strategic importance and whichever warriors did make it into the palace would gain the upper hand in the current status quo among the three races.

This was, after all, the resting place of a Supreme Lord from remote ages. Although the underground palace had been opened so many times before, no one had managed to take out the most important secret treasures. The entire Dark World was still relatively barren compared to the other supreme worlds. If there was a chance to enter the underground palace again, how could the sacred places possibly let it go? This was a rare opportunity for the warriors who were all questing to their own personal betterment.

Therefore, every sacred place had secretly set up networks of spies, and had placed them at the entrance of the underground palace or perhaps even in the passage. And every time creatures had entered the hidden depths of the underground palace, these spies would closely observe them. Besides the three tenth-grade sacred places, there were also many seventh-grade and eighth-grade sacred places, and many sects that secretly observed everything that was happening in the entrance and passage of the underground palace.

It could be said that when Lincoln led Zen and the rest down the passage, their movements had already been observed by the many forces of the Dark World. If they really succeeded in opening the Dark Underground Palace, these forces would soon take actions.

"How long is this damn tunnel?" someone complained in frustration.

The person who had complained was called Coy Hou. The names of the seven brothers were very distinctive. The eldest was called Ab Hou, and the other six brothers were Baal Hou, Coy Hou... The youngest one was named Gil Hou. The first letters of their given names were A, B, C, D, E, F and G. Thus it was easy to remember their names. With their names, they could even easily figure out who was elder and who was younger among them.

"You should be a bit more patient, Coy. It is said that this underground palace is truly huge. Besides, it's only been four hours, and you can't take it anymore?" Ab Hou said indifferently and sneered.

"There must be a limit or end to this, no matter how long the passage is. We have already travelled hundreds of thousands of miles. When will this be the end?" Coy Hou continued to complain bitterly after his brother teased him.

Actually, not only Coy Hou, but the others were all muttering in their minds. Even flying at their current top speed, they could still not see the end of the passage. Indeed, they had never seen such a long passage before. It seemed to continue indefinitely.

"I heard that this underground palace was built by a Supreme Lord. Therefore, crossing through a supreme world would be quite normal here. This unit of length then is normal and acceptable. I'm just afraid that if we keep flying down there, we won't be able to reach the end in two or three months," Baal Hou said and shook his head, not wanting to seem weak before his peers.

At that moment, Adrian, who was following after them, suddenly pointed ahead and said, "It seems like we have finally reached the end."

Everyone's eyes immediately lit up as they looked towards the front. From the looks of it, there was no other way forward. Ahead of them was a solid wall. It seemed that they had indeed reached the end of the passage. But then, their faces were filled with disappointment. Stepping closer, they found that this was only a turn in the passage. After turning this corner, there was still an endless passage stretching ahead of them.

"Go on," Ab Hou said helplessly. His brothers had become more and more impatient.

However, at this moment, Lincoln said, "Wait."

Everyone's eyes focused on Lincoln. Ab Hou asked impatiently, "What is it?"

Lincoln couldn't be bothered to answer these brutish warriors. These seven brothers were only able to follow him into the underground palace because of Adrian. Completely ignoring them, Lincoln took out a divine texture from his space ring and pasted it onto the wall of the passage.

Afterwards, Lincoln concentrated and poured his life vitality into the divine texture. A faintly green light began to spread out, shining onto the wall in front of them.

With a grating sound of stone on stone, the wall slid to the side in a shower of dust and cobwebs. As the wall on the side of the passage opened up, another passage appeared before them.

Chapter 1437 Snake Heads (Part One)

"Two passages?" From the look on his face, Adrian seemed to be quite surprised.

Curling his lips, Lincoln said, "If you decide to take the passage on the left, you won't ever be able to step foot into the Dark Underground Palace until the end of time!"

Originally, when he agreed to Adrian's request, it had been solely because he helped him to gain his freedom. Back then, he wasn't really expecting that Adrian would be insisting on taking the seven Spirit Supreme Realm warriors along with them.

To be capable of cultivating to such a level, it should go without saying that none of them were fools. Lincoln might have been so relaxed all the time, but he was also quite a brave and cautious man. The seven brothers, on the other hand, were by no means good people. There was a good chance that they'd opt to take all of the treasures the moment he opened the entrance to the underground palace.

Be that as it might, Lincoln had faith in his own abilities. And on top of that, he was even more confident in Zen's capabilities.

If they could behave well in the process, things would be good, but were they to do something that troubled him or Zen, they would just be shooting themselves in the foot.

The moment the hidden passage was opened, a dark and numbing aura blew out from deep within. It felt as though a countless number of ghosts had been rushing toward them, with each and every single one of them baring their fangs and swinging their claws, raring to tear everyone to shreds.

"Such a dense amount of dark energy!" Ab exclaimed in awe.

"It's a good thing that I brought this with me."

Adrian, who had been standing on the side, brought out several pale yellow branches. These branches were from the Sun Flame Tree. It was a type of tree with fire attribute, which was rather hard to come by. It only grew at the top of a number of volcanoes. In the event that a volcano would erupt and the tree would get covered by layers of lava, the Sun Flame Tree would not burn, and instead, it would actually even draw in the heat from the lava itself.

Making use of the branches from the Sun Flame Tree to withstand the dark energy was a great plan. It was something that Lincoln had asked them to prepare beforehand.

As if Freya was carrying out a feat of magic, two branches of the Sun Flame Tree suddenly manifested in her hands. After handing one over to Zen, she kept one for herself. Then, with just a wave of Zen's hand, two balls of fire appeared and ignited the tips of the branches they were holding.

Despite the fact that the branches of the Sun Flame Tree were completely dry, the speed at which they had been burned wasn't that fast. In actuality, they simply let out a bit of smoke as dark red light was emitted from the burning area.

When the branches were lit up, the dark energy suddenly met its archenemy. It was just like ice and snow coming into contact with a big fire as it rapidly melted away.

"Well, then. Let's go in," Lincoln said, as he held onto a branch of the Sun Flame Tree, showing them the way into the hidden passage.

The lips of the seven brothers moved slightly, making it seem as though they were communicating through the use of life vitality. Even though Zen was unable to hear anything, he could tell from just a single glance that they were probably up to no good.

He and Freya then stepped into the depths of the passage as well, each of them having a branch of Sun Flame Tree in their hands.

Zen's lips moved just the slightest bit, and he whispered to Lincoln in secret, "Those guys seem to be plotting something."

"Are you going to turn tail?" Letting out a soft chuckle, Lincoln couldn't help but poke fun at him.

"Are you kidding me?" Zen replied flatly. "I just wanted you to know."

"There's no need for you to get anxious. It's gonna be just fine if these guys don't do anything, and I'll keep my promise and give them their shares. And even if they do, then they'll just be digging their own graves," Lincoln replied, sounding so sure of himself. Right after saying that, he asked Zen, "Isn't that right, Zen?"

From this, it was easy to understand that he intended for Zen to be on his side.

"Of course." There was a deadpan look on Zen's face. Truth be told, he couldn't really care less about the agreement made between Lincoln and those warriors. That being said, if those people acted recklessly, he wouldn't really have any qualms about getting rid of them whatsoever.

Right now, it wasn't just the people from the Magnolia Sacred Place who had their eyes on them.

In the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place of the Demon Night, there were also some warriors who had been keeping a watchful eye on them.

"They have already located the second passage. It looks like they came prepared, or at least, they didn't come barging in." The Saint Lord of the sacred place stood atop the highest leaf. Despite the leaf being just about the size of a palm, it was still able to hold the weight of a warrior.

"They've just arrived at the second passage. That doesn't really count for anything, given the fact that they still have seven passages ahead of them. What's more, with regards to this matter of the Dark and Light Nine-turn Passage, it wasn't much of a secret anyway. One could easily ask around in the Dark World and learn about it. The only thing we have to do is wait and see whether they really have a way to open the underground palace or not," stated another Demon Night woman, with a smile creeping onto her face.

Chapter 1438 Snake Heads (Part Two)

If one intended to get to the Dark Underground Palace, there was no other choice but to go through the Dark and Light Nine-turn Passage, and all of those nine turns had to be chosen correctly. If they so much as made a mistake along the way, then entering the underground palace would be out of the question, and one could only aimlessly go through the endless maze of passages.

The level of difficulty of making it through the Dark and Light Nine-turn Passage might not appear to be too high at first glance. One would have to accurately choose between two different passages nine times. If one were to pin their hope solely on luck, the probability of getting through and choosing all the correct passages was only one in 1, 028.

In any case, it wasn't really that big of a secret in the Dark World whether one should take the light or the dark passage. One could find that out without difficulty by simply asking around in this supreme world.

However, at this moment, the three great races were all hoping that Lincoln's group had not learned of this secret from asking around in the Dark World, but from other supreme worlds. Only then would they be able to have hopes of opening the underground palace.

The things that the Supreme Lord from remote ages had left behind were exceedingly tempting to any tenth-grade sacred place. For that reason, it shouldn't come as a surprise that everyone, be it ogres or Demon Night members, would have their attentions completely focused on every single person who had stepped foot into the place.

After a couple of hours of walking along the dimly-lit passage, Lincoln suddenly stopped once again. Then, he proceeded to open up a light passage that didn't seem to contain any dark energy.

What they had to do next was travel back and forth between two entirely distinct passages with Lincoln leading the way.

Going through each passage would take a couple of hours. Upon making their way through the sixth and seventh passages, they opted to take some time to rest before going on their way.

Finally, after two days and two nights of seemingly endless walking, they were now done pacing through this inconceivably long passage.

Turning his head around to gaze upon the passage which they had just walked through, Coy blurted out, with fear apparently still remaining in his heart, "Just how long is this passage? We should probably be a long way away from Auspice City by this time, right?"

"It's not that far away," answered Adrian, who had been staying on the tail end of the group, pointing with his finger. "It is indeed true that every single one of these passages is of quite a considerable length, but all of these passages had been designed in a way that we have only been walking in two big circles around Auspice City. At this point, we should have already made our way back to the bottom part of the city."

"Are we actually right below Auspice City?" Finn Hou cried out, seemingly so dumbfounded.

Nodding his head, Lincoln answered apathetically, "What Adrian said is correct. We are currently at the bottom of Auspice City. All of you, follow me!"

After telling them that, Lincoln led the way and was the first to exit the passage. Hearing his words, the group immediately followed him.

The moment they got out of the passage, the area surrounding them turned bright in an instant. And right in front of everyone was a colossal statue of a Nine-head Snake that was about the size of a mountain.

"Five heads of the Nine-head Snake have already been cut off!" exclaimed Freya all of a sudden, who was standing behind Zen, with her eyes wide open.

There were a total of nine massive snake heads protruding on top of the huge statue. Every single one of them had their fangs exposed, giving them the appearance like they could swallow the warriors at any second. Apart from that, the statue had quite a lifelike appearance. However, five out of the nine snake heads were severed just around the neck area, leaving behind only four snake heads still intact.

Lincoln sized up the snake heads before he flew up and headed straight toward the seventh head of the Nine-head Snake statue.

"The seventh head of the snake statue? Is that how he's going to open the seventh passage? Ha-ha, it seems like we're gonna need to get our disciples ready to go on an exploration of the underground palace. If the underground palace really were to get opened, it's going to take a lot of effort to fight for it and take everything inside!" Meanwhile, in the Dark Asura Sacred Place of the Dark World, a mountain-like ogre warrior had his gaze fixated on the scene that was happening in front of him and let out a blaring laugh, appearing as though he had great confidence in Lincoln's following actions.

There was a total of nine ways to open the underground palace created by the Supreme Lord from remote ages, and those nine ways had been carefully passed down from generation to generation in great secrecy. None of the methods which could be used to open the underground palace were alike, so it was almost impossible to work those things out. And above all else, the Supreme Lord had placed quite a troublesome enchanted barrier inside the underground palace for undisclosed reasons.

For a Soul Sea Realm or Spirit Supreme Realm warrior, this enchanted barrier could be considered as an overwhelming experience. Be that as it might, to a lot of world lords and Supreme Lords, it wasn't really something particularly worth mentioning.

The main problem was that as long as the enchanted barrier received any sort of damage, everything in the underground palace would be destroyed instantly. For that very reason, not a single mighty warrior could force their way in.

Chapter 1439 Little Moths

The Supreme Lord's origin was extremely mysterious mostly because it was literally ancient history that had been forgotten due to the passage of time.

This underground palace had already been explored before but none of the warriors who went in had managed to successfully unravel the mystery behind the Supreme Lord's true identity.

This wasn't a normal occurrence. The origins of each and every Supreme Lord were meticulously recorded, documented, and compiled ever since the start of the grand era. To forget such important information was extremely rare. A Supreme Lord, after all, had a fixed, constant position in the universe and the replacement of one was usually only due to the death of a former one, which would no doubt generate a lot of attention and shock from the heavens.

However, nobody found any clues or documents pertaining to the origins of this Supreme Lord in the Dark World.

The Nine-head Snake statue at the entrance of the underground palace served as the only hint that the Supreme Lord might likely possess this creature's bloodline. There were nine entrances, each corresponding to an individual snake head.

Each head meant an opportunity to open up the underground palace.

Every time an entrance was opened, the snake's head would break and an enchanted barrier would open. The underground palace would then patiently wait for the next time it could be opened.

Lavender had entered this palace a hundred thousand years ago through the sixth snake head. A hundred thousand years later, Lincoln obtained the opportunity to explore the palace through the seventh snake head.

The sacred places in the Dark World paid careful attention to this underground palace and were always aware whenever someone was able to gain the opportunity to open up an entrance.

If Lincoln could open the entrance, then the sacred places would waste no time sending their young elites over!

Everyone waited with bated breath as Lincoln entered the seventh snake head. It was incredibly silent, especially since the palace was located miles underground. A needle dropped on the floor would no doubt echo through this palace.

However, the silence was broken by a sound.

"Tick tack…"

It was the sound of water drops dripping onto the ground.

It didn't sound too far away and the seven Hou brothers were quickly on guard.

Despite being Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, they were scared as well. There were a lot of things that could go bump in the dark, especially here.

"Tick tack. Tick tack. Tick tack…"

The droplets had gotten faster, echoing all throughout the underground palace's entrance.

Freya was visibly afraid and moved closer towards Zen. "What is it?" she asked.

Zen frowned and quickly activated his magical eyes skill.

A tinge of green flashed across his eyes as he surveyed the dark spots where no light was present. "Lincoln!" he called out in a clear voice. "How long will it take you to open that entrance?!"

"Just a moment!" Lincoln said. His voice was faint since he had already completely entered the seventh snake head.

"Hurry up, please! We might be in a bit of trouble here," he said.

His tone was very calm but his words did nothing to comfort Freya.

Zen was an omnipotent being in her eyes. For someone like him to describe something as trouble meant whatever was hiding in that dark place was horrible and frightening.

Adrian thought the same thing. Despite being the weakest, he was the cleverest among the group. He had already witnessed Zen's abilities back in the Willow Island so he didn't dare doubt his words now.

The Hou brothers weren't that worried, however. They were quite confident with their cultivation base, perhaps even a bit too cocky. Ab snorted at Zen's words, "If you don't have the guts, then maybe you should leave. A coward isn't worthy of getting a share of the Dark World's secret treasures. Coy, go take a look!"

Zen did not grace him with a reply, his green eyes still fixated on the darkness that was laid in front of them. However, hearing Ab order Coy to go check it made him smile.

Coy gave Zen a look of disdain as he passed by him before entering the darkness.

This was the dark space at the side of the Nine-head Snake's statue. Despite having a Glint Pearl in his hand, Coy was only able to see the surrounding area around him.

"Coy! Did you find anything?" Ab asked.

Coy let out a booming laugh and answered, "There's nothing here! We really have some idiots for companions. Look at how nervous they all got! I bet even the sound of the wind would freak those cowards out. Ha-ha!"

His brothers laughed after hearing that but it was only the band of siblings who found amusement in their situation.

Freya turned to Zen and activated her life vitality to talk to him, "There seems to be something wrong with Coy's Glint Pearl. Why is the light coming from it so dim?"

Glint Pearls were divided into levels. The one Coy had was by no means at the highest level but it was still an extraordinary item. It should've exuded a lot more light.

"If I'm not wrong, there should be a trace of the Dark Law around here that is suppressing the light of the Glint Pearl. That guy is most probably going to get himself into big trouble," Zen answered.

Coy was grinning while his brothers were laughing. However, their amusement froze when they suddenly saw something in the darkness.

Coy didn't seem to have noticed anything but suddenly felt a chill at the expression on his brothers' faces. He turned his head and waved the Glint Pearl around but still couldn't find anything in the darkness.

He heaved a sigh of relief before turning to his brothers with a smile. "Come on guys! You were all messing with me just now! Stop that!"

However, his brothers still sported the same look of horror on their faces. One of them even pointed at Coy's body. It was then that Coy shook the Glint Pearl and aimed it towards himself.

The sight made Freya gasp and she couldn't help but tightly grasp onto Zen's clothes.

Meanwhile, his brothers retreated a few steps back in unison!

The sight was horrifying. The Glint Pearl perfectly illuminated the way the darkness literally consumed Coy, eating away at his flesh and blood. The weird thing was that he didn't feel any pain nor did he feel anything was amiss.

However, the horrifying sight still overwhelmed him.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

he screamed, running back towards everyone!

"No! Don't come here!"

"Just stay there and die!" his brothers all said.

Despite being initially confident in their skills, their brute strength would only prove useful against ferocious beasts. The mysteries of the unknown were way scarier than any vicious creature.

"What should we do?" Freya asked Zen in panic.

However, he merely grabbed Freya's waist and let out one single order, "Retreat!"

Whoosh!

Their group was quick to follow his command, along with the six brothers.

Coy, who had been running towards them, was no match for the corrosive darkness. He rapidly lost the remainder of his body and all that remained was his skeleton that smashed loudly onto the ground. The Glint Pearl he once held as a beacon also rolled down the floor and reflected the dancing little moths in the dark.

Chapter 1440 Dodging In The Darkness

The Glint Pearl was the only glowing object amidst the dark surroundings, but little inky black moths the size of a finger continuously circled around it.

The moths seemed to hate the light, so a few of them suddenly shot towards the Glint Pearl, and in a second, the last ray of light was gone. Once again, the moths sank into the darkness.

Shock was written all over Ab's face. "These are..."

"These are Cannibal Moths! And here... This is the Nether Water!"

"The dripping sound we heard just now was from the Nether Water!"

"We should leave now…"

The seven Hou brothers who had mocked Zen just a while ago were now scared out of their wits.

There was a Magical Insect List in the universe, and all the insects ranked in the list had extremely powerful abilities. The Cannibal Moth was one of the very dangerous insects included in the list.

For instance, the Ice Jade Butterfly was ranked fifty-first in the list. Although it was deceptively beautiful, it was immensely lethal: any living being exposed to its cold poison would freeze quickly; even their souls would no longer fall into the path of reincarnation.

The vicious Cannibal Moth was ranked twenty-first on the list. It normally lived in the form of an insect egg in the Nether Water, and would remain like so even after thousands of years. As long as it was under the Nether Water, the insect egg could live up to a hundred thousand to even a million years long.

However, once the Cannibal Moths felt the existence of a living creature and needed to search for food, the insect eggs would control the Nether

Water and let it flow out. Then, the Cannibal Moths would hatch out from the insect eggs and search for food in the darkness!

At that moment, Zen used his magical eyes to see the drops of Nether Water that dripped down from above. In a blink of an eye, the finger-sized black moths had hatched and come out of the water.

They wouldn't be much of a threat if they were ordinary moths, but Zen had felt the strong aura of the extremely rare Dark Law. He had encountered this kind of Dark Law before in the Enchanted Barrier Tower. This Law Power seemed to be the light's enemy and could devour all the light, which was why the underground palace was pitch black.

Zen knew that the moths weren't ordinary when he saw them. Thus, he asked Lincoln to open the entrance to the underground palace the soonest possible.

Meanwhile, the fearless seven Hou brothers seemed to ignore the danger, so Zen didn't say much anymore. He couldn't be bothered to remind them!

The seven Hou brothers were a collective of independent warriors, so they did everything in the universe together. They had extraordinary experiences and insights, but now that they realized that those moths were Cannibal Moths, how could they even stay there? Two of them named Deke and Finn quickly rushed to the passageway in front of the underground palace.

"That is also..." Zen saw them and wanted to say that the Dark Law had also engulfed that side.

The two Hou brothers reached the exit and had just ignited two oil lamps on both sides of the passageway just now, but the oil lamps' light was quite dim. It turned out that there were Cannibal Moths that flew towards the passageway's exit!

But before Zen could even warn them, Deke and Finn charged straight ahead. Strong cyan gales suddenly appeared from their bodies, and wrapped them in layers of cyan wind as they rushed towards the other side of the passageway.

However, black spots appeared above the two oil lamps before they could enter the passageway. Then, the oil lamps were extinguished with a loud bang. Only two miserable shrieks were heard after that, followed by the audible crack of shattering bones.

Once again, the entrance to the underground palace had completely sunk into darkness and deathly silence.

Naturally, everyone was like a blind person without the oil lamps' light. What made everything worse was that countless Cannibal Moths still roamed around the area!

No one wanted to make any more light rays because as long as there was light, the Cannibal Moths would attack them. They would end up with their flesh and blood devoured by the moths, and be left as lifeless skeletons. Moreover, it was also said that the Cannibal Moths could also devour souls.

The most important thing about the Cannibal Moths was their special ability. Even if their bodies were doused in flames and shocked with lightning, they couldn't be stopped and could still attack.

Freya clenched her teeth hard in the inky blackness. Even though she was terrified, she wouldn't cause Zen any trouble.

She was mentally prepared since she had finally decided to follow Zen. Of course, she wouldn't regret making such a decision!

"What do we do now..." Baal cried out and sobbed. Surviving in the dark while being chased by Cannibal Moths drove him crazy!

"Everyone, try your best to get close. After Lincoln opens the underground palace's gate, we can retreat into the underground palace," Adrian uttered in the darkness.

Adrian wasn't that powerful when compared to the Hou brothers, and his strength wasn't even worth mentioning. However, he was the calmest since he and Zen were well aware of their current situation. They might have a chance to live if they managed to calm down. Being scared wouldn't help and would just make things worse.

Upon hearing Adrian's words, Ab added, "Everyone, gather over here!"

While the Cannibal Moths were small, they naturally comprehended the Dark Law. They seemed to be unbeatable and resistant to any damage as they flew effortlessly in the dark.

On the other hand, Zen didn't gather with the rest of them. He grabbed Freya's hand instead and felt her trembling slightly. "Don't be nervous. Follow me," he whispered.

Freya nodded, but remained silent. She was afraid that she would uncontrollably scream out loud if she opened her mouth...

Thanks to Zen's magical eyes, he could see everything in the darkness even if the surroundings was like a black hole.

As more droplets of Nether Water dripped down from above, the number of moths increased. They flapped towards their surroundings and covered them in a dense mesh.

Zen could only rely on his own vision to save Freya from the moths' attacks. However, time was ticking and the entire space would soon be filled with the Cannibal Moths. But Zen still had another treasure—the token with the word 'mountain'. He could use the token to summon the fairy palace, and then take Freya there.

Freya didn't know that Zen had such a marvelous token. Thus, she thought that if even those Spirit Supreme Realm warriors couldn't resist the Cannibal Moths, she was even more helpless. Until then, she could only rely on Zen, so she held his hand to ease the fear in her heart.

"Lincoln, have you opened the door yet?" Zen gripped Freya's hand as well and slowly retreated into the darkness. His eyes looked up at the Nine-head Snake's statue. Luckily, the Cannibal Moths didn't spread out to that direction. If they did and also blocked Lincoln's way, Lincoln might not open the underground palace's door.

Lincoln also knew that something unexpected had happened outside, but he was currently using the method he learned from the man in the Villain World to open the underground palace gate. He couldn't afford to be distracted now. He could only anxiously say, "Wait a moment..."

"We can't wait anymore! Why are you so slow even when you're opening the door?" Ab couldn't help but curse in the dark. He never expected to encounter such strange insects there, and he had lost three of his brothers in the blink of an eye!

Just as the last curse slipped out of his lips, they heard another miserable scream in the dark. Clearly, another person had been taken by the Cannibal Moths.

The moment they heard the scream, Ab angrily punched the air and sent the next person flying.

"Ab, that's Gil!" Baal said angrily. "If I don't do that, we're all going to die!" Ab coldly shot back.

Everyone felt their hearts sink into despair as they kept backing away. However, the Cannibal Moths were everywhere.

They didn't know if retreating was the right choice, but they all did it on instinct.

On the contrary, it was much easier on Zen's side. He could see the distribution of the Cannibal Moths, so he was able to avoid attracting them as much as possible as he carefully dragged Freya along. He had managed to dodge three or four groups of Cannibal moths now, but the dripping sounds continued, which meant more Cannibal Moths had hatched, and there was less space for Zen and Freya to retreat.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1441 Open The Door

As the space for dodging became more and more limited, Zen's gaze became incrementally more serious.

Couldn't these Cannibal Moths be killed?

Just now, Zen had also clearly seen that the instant Deke and Finn rushed out, they had also activated their protective life vitality. At the same time, they circulated their life vitality which turned into a violent storm to protect themselves.

Even so, they were still unable to resist the Cannibal Moths and were still hard pressed. The strength of Deke and Finn was as nothing when compared to that of Zen, but they were still Spirit Supreme Realm masters.

However, although there were some strange insects in the world, there should be some methods to restrain them…

Generally speaking, these evil and strange insects tended to be afraid of thunder and lightning. As Zen brought Freya alongside to avoid the insects, he saw a lone Cannibal Moth floating slowly towards them from the darkness. Its tiny shape was ghostly in the darkened space.

At this moment, an idea occurred to Zen. A ripple faintly appeared in the sea of chaotic energy within his body, as if he wanted to form a flash of lightning.

"You're thinking too much; it's useless!" Lavender spoke up at this moment.

At the same time, the cyan dragon also cautioned, "The Thunder Law will have no effect on the Cannibal Moth. Moreover, the lightning that is produced by the Thunder Law will instead attract a greater number of Cannibal Moths!"

Hearing their warnings, Zen suppressed the power that was going to erupt. No wonder Ab and the others hadn't used this method.

"Then what should we do?" Zen asked with a frown as he looked at the phantasmal moths floating towards them with ravenous intent in their beady eyes.

"Wait! Just wait until the door of the underground palace is opened, then you can rush in," Lavender advised. She had entered the underground palace before, but it had been one hundred thousand years ago, and at that time, there hadn't been any Cannibal Moths. If she had encountered those Cannibal Moths back then, she would have reminded Zen to be well prepared, and they wouldn't now have fallen into such a difficult situation.

Upon hearing Lavender's words, Zen nodded his head slightly. He could only drag Freya along as he continuously paced back and forth to avoid the moths.

However, as more and more tinkling sounds rang out, the number of Cannibal Moths that hatched out of the Nether Water also increased. Soon, there was almost no room remaining for them to dodge the clumsy insects.

"Ahh…"

Another blood-curdling screech rang out, and the sound of bones collapsing could be heard. It was likely that another person had been overwhelmed by the sheer number of the insects and had been devoured by the Cannibal Moths.

Freya's heart thumped rapidly in fear. She didn't know how long they would be able to hold on in this desperate situation. Any second now, she would perhaps be devoured like the other people, with only skeletal remains left…

Zen's brows furrowed deeper. The densely packed Cannibal Moths had already completely sealed off the surrounding space, and there seemed to be no way out!

"Up!"

Zen's eyes flashed. The space in front of the underground palace was filled with Cannibal Moths. If he stayed here, he would die sooner or later. However, the number of Cannibal Moths was relatively smaller in the space around the Nine-head Snake sculpture.

These Cannibal Moths floated in the air in large, swarming clusters. There was no way to figure out their pattern of movement. Zen stood where he was without moving at all. After half a second, he saw an empty space and immediately said, "Let's go!"

As a blast of power suddenly surged from his body, he immediately pulled Freya along and leapt into the air.

Freya felt as though the sky and the earth were spinning as she was pulled through the air by the force coming from Zen's hands. Then she landed on a snake head of the sculpture, next to Zen. However, it was pitch black and she couldn't even see her fingers in front of her face. She was dizzy and didn't know where she was right now.

Zen had jumped to stand on one of the other snake heads of the Nine-head Snake statue and they had temporarily avoided the hordes of Cannibal Moths. However, the people below were in serious trouble.

In just a moment, they heard Ab's anguished shout, "Baal!"

It seemed that another person had died…

The situation below them was still not looking good as Zen watched vigilantly. The problem was that he had no way to deal with these Cannibal Moths. He could only wait for Lincoln to open the door to the underground palace. Zen was not good at waiting, when there were enemies to be slain.

Right at this moment, the clear sound of gears sliding through eons of rust rang out, filling the ears of everyone present with hope. After that, the entire Nine-head Snake statue began to rumble!

"I made it!"

From inside one of the snake's heads, Lincoln's voice rang out. It was likely that Lincoln had successfully opened the door to the underground palace!

At the same time, several rays of incandescent light appeared in the space in front of the underground palace. These rays of incandescent light suddenly flickered through the darkened space.

The entire area in front of the underground palace was illuminated as if it was daytime!

Only under the blazing white light did Freya clearly see that the underground palace was covered with dense black dots that seemed almost to vibrate. And each black dot was a Cannibal Moth!

She now knew that there should be a lot more Cannibal Moths around her. Zen had brought her all the way here safe and sound, so she had naturally taken it for granted that the number of Cannibal Moths was not too great. But now that she saw so many densely packed Cannibal Moths, she felt shocked. She couldn't figure out how Zen had managed to take her out from the space below while it was filled with so many Cannibal Moths. It seemed that Zen had run an impossible gauntlet of the creatures in the blinking of an eye. Or was it possible that he could see each of these Cannibal Moths?

However, at present she didn't have much time to waste on thinking about such things…

Zen's attention wasn't focused on the Cannibal Moths. His eyes reflected the bright light, and he could feel the mysterious power of Space Law from this light!

"This is…" Zen's expression looked grim.

"Someone is using the Grand Teleportation technique, and there's more than one of them!" Lavender exclaimed, immediately solving Zen's quandary.

"The Grand Teleportation technique!"

The Grand Teleportation technique could only be mastered when one comprehended at least five layers of the Space Law. Obviously, the strength of the people who were being teleported was not ordinary.

Very quickly, from within the three flickering rays of bright light, many figures emerged one after another!

"Demon Night members, ogres… And humans?" Zen instantly realized that these fellows had probably been waiting for the underground palace to open!

The Cannibal Moths hated light very much. The Space Law had produced dazzling light. At this moment, all the Cannibal Moths pounced on those rays of light.

However, the martial artists that had come out of the masses of light seemed to be completely prepared. All of them, be they Demon Night members or humans, held a thin yellow bamboo in their hands. From one end of the yellow bamboo came plumes of faint yellow smoke.

The Cannibal Moths didn't fear the Law Power at all, but after coming into contact with the yellow smoke, they didn't have the slightest ability to resist. As the yellow smoke spiraled out, they fell from the sky one by one. In an instant, a large number of Cannibal Moths were killed!

"Ha-ha, the underground palace has truly opened. It must have been a hundred thousand years since the last time the underground palace opened. One hundred thousand years… Back then, I was just a kid!" The one who spoke was a human martial artist, and he was the Saint Lord of the Magnolia Sacred Place.

"A hundred thousand years ago, our queen has entered this underground palace. I wonder what benefits we will get this time?" a woman from the Demon Night asked calmly. This woman was the leader of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place. The Ginkgo Pavilion that Zen had once visited was affiliated to the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place. The queen which she mentioned was Lavender.

As for the one who led the ogres, he was the Saint Lord of the sacred place of the ogres…

They had been observing the situation at the entrance of the underground palace the whole time. They did not care about the life or death of Zen and the seven brothers of the Hou family. To these leaders, life was cheap. However, the moment the door of the underground palace opened, they had brought the young elites from their sacred places and rushed over!

The underground palace had previously repelled strong warriors with a high level of cultivation. The three leaders of the sacred places were all expectant world lords. If they rashly forced an entry into the underground palace, it would collapse and be ruined. Although the three powerful leaders couldn't enter, they could still send many of the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors in their sacred places into the underground palace in their stead.

Ab had completely fallen into despair. Earlier, while still in the darkness, he had only been able to watch as his brothers died one by one, turning into piles of lifeless bones. He had not known for how long he could hold on, and when his six brothers had all died, a group of people suddenly appeared and easily killed those Cannibal Moths! He stood slack-jawed and stared at the newcomers in stunned amazement, while his emotions were in turmoil.

Flames of fury then rushed into his mind. "You… " Why didn't you come earlier?"

Normally, Ab would never speak so insolently to these powerful masters. However, when he looked at the piles of bones, which were all that was left of his brothers, the bitterness in his heart overwhelmed him.

The Saint Lord of the ogres glanced coldly at Ab and sneered. He didn't even bother to speak to Ab or express his condolences. A Spirit Supreme Realm warrior was not in a position to question him. With a slight flash of his mountain-like body, a bloody light condensed at the tip of his finger. There was a mighty power contained within the blood light. Obviously, he was intent on killing Ab.

Chapter 1442 So Many People

In the eyes of the Saint Lords from the tenth-grade sacred places, Lincoln's group was nothing more than a key to open the door.

As long as the door was opened, they were of no use to them. To kill them would be as simple as crushing an ant.

Ab could feel the power of the bloody light. He also felt that as long as he touched even a trace of it, it was very likely that he would be reduced to ashes. His face immediately turned deathly pale. He lost control of his emotions at the deaths of his six brothers. Finally, he realized that he had offended people whom he never should have offended.

Moreover, they were from the ogre race. People like him were nothing more than grass to them; they could trample on them as they pleased.

Seeing the blood light emit out, Ab did not even have the courage to dodge it. After all, a world lord was two realms higher than him. How could he match up to that?

But at this moment, the Saint Lord of the Magnolia Sacred Place reached out and a light blue screen appeared in front of Ab. The Saint Lord said indifferently, "Yosef, haven't we, the people from the three sacred places, agreed that we won't kill anyone, no matter which race comes to open the underground palace?"

Hearing his words, the bloody light in the hands of the Saint Lord from the ogre race gradually faded away. It did not make much difference if he killed an ant! He only gave a faint snort and paid no more attention to Ab.

The human Saint Lord glanced at Ab quickly. Considering that he was also from the human race, the Saint Lord said, "Since you've chosen to enter this underground palace, you should have been prepared to pay for it with your lives. For martial artists, to experience trials is an everyday occurrence in this world. Try your best to survive."

What the human Saint Lord meant was simple—since Ab led his companions to explore the underground palace, he must be ready to compensate for it with their lives. He could not accuse someone else for not rescuing him in time, just because he himself was too weak to survive. It was immature of him.

How could Ab not understand this truth? He was just unwilling to accept it.

When he looked up, he saw Lincoln, Zen, and Freya jump down from the Nine-head Snake statue. Once again, Ab felt it to be unfair.

He knew Lincoln was strong, but why were Zen and Freya left unwounded? Just now, the two of them had been surrounded by the Cannibal Moths. How did they escape from that danger? Ab was clueless.

As Zen leaped down, the human Saint Lord's gaze landed on him. A flicker of appreciation appeared on his emotionless face. The Saint Lord saw clearly that the young man had some kind of a magical power to see through the theurgy of the Dark Law. Under the siege of the Cannibal Moths, he managed to evade the attacks and hold on till the last moment.

Zen's gaze met the Saint Lord's for a moment and he nodded. Although it had not been long since he ascended to the Upper World, he had already seen many powerful people like world lords, expectant world lords, and also those who were a half-step away from a world lord. The old man in front of him was not anyone special…

However, Freya sensed the cultivation of the human Saint Lord and timidly came to stand behind Zen. Previously in the Spirit Reading World, Jevan had been a figure Freya had looked up to. Freya could not believe her eyes as she stared at him.

The Saint Lord felt a little strange about Zen being so calm. He had wanted to ask if the boy was an independent warrior. If so, he would take him to Magnolia Sacred Place and properly nurture him. In future, Zen would certainly become a great figure.

"Master, everyone is here," at this time, a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior came before the human Saint Lord, interrupting his thoughts.

The Saint Lords could only get to the entrance of the underground palace. Although they had the strength to force their way in or break the enchanted barrier, they were aware that the treasures in the underground palace would be destroyed if they did so. If their cultivation was too strong, it could also trigger an annihilation.

Because of this reason, not a single world lord had dared to barge into the underground palace all these years.

The human Saint Lord nodded as he said, "For you, this is a rare opportunity. It has already been a hundred thousand years since the underground palace was last opened. You must seize this chance."

"Yes, master!"

Although Magnolia Sacred Place was a tenth-grade sacred place, the Dark World did not have many advantages when compared to other supreme worlds. Even the borderland supreme world—Spirit Reading World—was far more equipped. Magnolia Sacred Place was not too popular among the many tenth-grade sacred places in the alliance. So far, there was not a single warrior in the place who had qualified to enter the thirteen palaces.

There were not many opportunities left for the talents from Magnolia Sacred Place. But now that the underground palace was opened, it brought them much assurance.

Aside from these warriors of the human race, the talents from the ogre and the Demon Night races had also prepared to enter the underground palace.

As for Lincoln, he was visibly helpless.

It had not been easy for him to get his hands on such a great opportunity. Finally, he had opened the underground palace. What he did not expect was that doing so would attract the attention of so many others. Could it be that these secret treasures of the Dark World was an open secret? Were these people guarding the palace for his arrival?

Previously, he had been too naive. He had planned to share the secret treasures of the underground palace with Adrian and Zen. The shares would have been distributed among themselves. Thirty percent for Adrian, thirty percent for Zen, and forty percent for himself. But now, it seemed that he had been daydreaming. With so many people entering, who knew what he would be able to get!

Moreover, Lincoln had no power and no influence. Now that the door to the underground palace had been opened, he could not just kick out the three Saint Lords of the sacred places with his power alone. If he had the ability to do such a thing, there would have been no need whatsoever to enter the underground palace.

Seeing Lincoln's dejected look, Zen patted him on the shoulder and said, "There's still a chance."

The world lords could not enter the palace. How could the talents of the Dark World compete with someone like Zen and Lincoln?

It was true that Lincoln still had a chance, but when he thought of the fact that what had originally belonged to him was now being taken over by these people, he was understandably upset. Still, he was adaptable to circumstances, so he prepared to enter the underground palace with Zen and Freya.

But they did not expect what happened next. As they prepared to enter the underground palace, the Saint Lord of the ogre race snorted coldly and waved his rough hands. An invisible force restrained Zen, Lincoln, and Freya. "Little bastards come from nowhere and wish to enter the palace ahead of my people!"

The three of them were immediately held back by the invisible barrier.

Lincoln's face turned red as blood rushed to his face. He was the one to open the door, yet he was the one now being held back! This was going too far.

However, the invisible energy was not something that they could resist. No matter how much Lincoln struggled, he was unable to move an inch.

Seeing Lincoln struggle so much, a faint smile emerged on the ogre Saint Lord's face. If he had not made the promise to the other two Saint Lords, he would have killed them a long time ago. To the Saint Lord of the ogre race, Zen, Lincoln, and the others were merely the key to the underground palace. Once it was opened, it hardly mattered what happened to these warriors.

When the human Saint Lord saw this, he did not say a word to stop them. As long as the Saint Lord of the ogre race did not kill anyone, he would not be breaking any rules.

Suppressed by the invisible power of the Saint Lord of the ogre race, Zen's mouth twisted into a tight frown. Suddenly, the power of the dragon scales surged up inside his body. He stared at the invisible power as he lifted his foot.

The Saint Lord of the ogre race possessed the cultivation of a world lord, but due to the history of the Dark World, there were no world lords. Therefore, he could be considered an expectant world lord who had the cultivation of a world lord, but did not possess the true abilities of that title. Similarly, the Saint Lord from the Spiritual Force Sacred Place in the Spirit Reading World was also an expectant world lord.

Although the invisible force that bound Zen and the others did not look anything extraordinary, the Saint Lord of the ogre race possessed a cultivation of a world lord. He was one of the top three warriors in this supreme world and so his invisible power was unimaginably great.

Lincoln, who was beside him, struggled furiously, but it was next to impossible for him to break free from the restraints of the invisible energy.

However, Zen continued to activate the dragon scales one by one. As the incrementing power poured into his body, he took a big step toward the entrance of the underground palace under the restraint of the immense invisible force of the Saint Lord of the ogre race.

The Saint Lord could not help but exclaim in surprise. He looked at Zen with bewilderment.

Chapter 1443 The Endless Abyss

It made no sense. How was it possible that Zen, a warrior who had just reached the Soul Sea Realm, could break free from his restraining power?

Yosef could hardly believe his eyes.

His binding technique didn't look threatening, but it made up for what it lacked in presentation of strength, like a giant bearing down his weight to squash a miniscule, feeble insect. Perhaps he too had been fooled by appearances. This particular insect he was dealing with was much stronger than he thought.

Zen felt a huge force pressing down on his body. He was struggling, but he was able to resist it, walking with big, forceful steps towards the entrance of the underground palace.

Not only Yosef had been surprised by the sudden turn of events. The Saint Lords of the Demon Night and the humans watched with strange expressions on their faces. Clearly, none of them had expected this.

"How interesting," Yosef sneered. He was not one to lose. Once more, he raised his hand to press a thick finger towards Zen, doubling the force of his bindings.

Zen felt a greater force enveloping his body. He was the sole target of Yosef's technique, and all of its power was directed at him. He felt his muscles complain as the force around him grew heavier.

For a moment, Zen closed his eyes and focused. With a deep breath, he activated the power of more than ten thousand dragon scales in his body.

The spectators watched Zen pause for a moment. The next thing they heard was a loud crackle coming from within his body as it expanded.

"Hey!" Blood rushed to Yosef's head as rage took over him. It was simply ridiculous that a mere warrior at the Soul Sea Realm would be able to subdue the strength of his giant finger. In a fury-filled move, he poured all strength and sent his entire palm towards Zen's head.

"Yosef, think about your position. You are a Saint Lord. It would be disgraceful to compete with a junior!"

The human Saint Lord could no longer stand Yosef's contemptible pride. With a light wave of his hand, he dispelled the tremendous force that came from Yosef to Zen.

The next second, Zen felt freed from the invisible force that bound him earlier. The human Saint Lord then released the force that had been suppressing Lincoln's and Freya's bodies.

The human Saint Lord's words poured over Yosef's senses like ice, dousing his rage and pulling him back to his senses. Yosef chuckled. "I am not competing with him. I just think that he is a bit interesting."

With Yosef's anger visibly placated, a smile curled on the human Saint Lord's face. He had thought the same exact thing. Just now, he helped Zen because he could sense his potential. It would be a waste not to see what the promising young warrior could do in the future. After they had explored the underground palace, he planned on taking him into the Magnolia Sacred Place.

With no one stopping Zen and the others, they walked quickly towards the entrance of the underground palace. Adrian, who was not far away, had a smile plastered on his face as he said loudly, "Lincoln, please wait for me!"

Time was of the essence. Adrian knew that if he didn't follow them in now, he would lose the chance to enter under the eyes of the Saint Lords present. He spoke to Lincoln in a familiar way deliberately, because it would help make sure that no one was likely to stop him.

Ab had been scared out of his wits. When he saw Adrian following the group, he decided to follow him closely from behind.

The underground palace of the Dark World opened, and the four of them were the first ones to enter.

Soon after, the martial artists of the ogres, the Demon Night, and humans entered the underground palace after them.

A dark yellow enchanted barrier was placed in front of the entrance. It was an ancient spell, but its effects remained to be potent.

Zen passed the barrier with ease. He lifted his foot and passed through it, with Lincoln, Freya, Adrian and Ab stepping inside next.

The moment Zen passed through the barrier, it was as if his foot landed on air. The next moment, he found himself suddenly plummeting downwards.

He was plunging down into a bottomless abyss.

The same happened to Lincoln, Freya, Ab, and Adrian.

In this situation, ordinary martial artists would direct their life vitality in an attempt to stabilize their bodies in the air and moderate the rapid fall.

Freya, Lincoln and the others did this very thing, channeling their energy to float in the air. However, it proved to be completely useless.

Ab had even used the Wind Law to form a strong storm underneath him. Even this failed to stop his fall.

As for Zen, he took a step forward, and with a slight flash, he grabbed onto Freya and took another step, attempting to travel through the space. He had used the Space Law, but the resulting occurrence was very strange. He had travelled some distance, but the moment he came out of the space, he and Freya did not elevate, but proceeded to fall.

"How strange," Lincoln remarked. They had tried many different methods, but not one of these succeeded. They kept falling downward into the dark abyss.

"Ahh…"

"What the hell is going on?"

a shout echoed through the space. Zen looked up to see that the martial artists sent by the three Saint Lords were also falling downward with

them.

They were in an unfamiliar territory, but Zen calmed himself down. There was no use panicking. "Lavender, what's going on?" he asked.

"Well..." Lavender smiled mischievously. "I'm just giving you a little surprise. Welcome to the Endless Abyss!" she said cheerfully.

"The Endless Abyss?"

"Yes. It was constructed by the Supreme Lord from remote ages. Flight is impossible here. Everyone and everything that enters will only descend continuously." In an instant, Lavender's smile disappeared, her face returning to an indifferent mask.

"So we just keep falling down like this?" Zen asked.

"You could say that. Don't worry. You won't be falling to your death," Lavender replied.

They continued to fall towards the bottom of the abyss, dropping at an accelerating speed. It was only after they reached a certain distance that their speed stabilized.

They had been like a house of cards in a thunderstorm, but after a while, they got used to the sensation and started to wonder when they would stop as their eyes searched aimlessly in the darkness.

The weakest of the martial artists who entered the underground palace were at the Soul Sea Realm. Most of them were at the Spirit Supreme Realm, so they remained undaunted with the fall and the darkness. They were, however, on tenterhooks from the vast, unknown space. There was no telling what awaited them at the bottom of this abyss.

They continued to descend, their senses tingling with agitation

as the wind blew past their ears. They kept falling for five minutes.

As they descended, Zen's eyes wandered around the surroundings within the abyss. It was impossible to decipher what sort of theurgy the Supreme Lord had used, or the reason why he built such a strange abyss.

However, one thing was clear. The creator had undergone great lengths in order to construct the dark space.

Having reached a wall with his questions, Zen turned to ask Lavender once again.

"I do not know," she answered simply. "A hundred thousand years ago when I explored this abyss, my cultivation was just at the Spirit Supreme Realm. I am more or less familiar with the underground palace, but I had not succeeded in discovering all of its secrets. The Supreme Lord's origins are obscure and mysterious. Until today, no one has been able to uncover his true identity. There is a possibility that he constructed his own grave in this way in order to choose a worthy successor. That, however, is only my guess."

A long time had passed since the abyss' creation. No one knew what sort of tribulations the creator had gone through in the past before he built the underground palace.

"Be careful," Lavender warned. "If I remember correctly, the first ordeal in the Endless Abyss should arrive at this time."

Zen's blood froze as he looked down. There, at the bottom of the pit were dark-green vines as thick as an arm, their spikes densely packed together.

He was only several thousand feet away from the vines. At the rate of their fall, the vines would pierce them immediately.

Chapter 1444 Lashing

There was still a slight difference between their falling speeds.

After descending for a while, they realized that even though they could not fly up above, they could change their stature and adjust their speeds.

By lowering one's head, the four limbs would naturally come together and the falling speed would increase.

By stretching one's limbs, the speed of one's descent would decrease because of the fluttering clothes.

Right now, none of them had any idea how to deal with their current crisis. They tried to adjust their speeds to be as slow as possible and stuck close to each other.

With this rapid descent, they charged into the dense vines.

Mysterious Life Law surfaced on these vines. It was as if they had their own set of brains. As Zen and the others came to be surrounded by the vines, the vines turned into long whips and lashed out at them.

Pah! Pah! Pah…

Loud sounds erupted from the lashing vines, akin to the explosion of a firecracker.

Except for Zen, the other warriors activated their life vitality to protect themselves quickly. Most of the ogres summoned their forceful energy to shield their bodies as soon as they could.

However, the power contained in these vines far exceeded their imaginations.

As a vine lashed out, a warrior's life vitality was instantly torn apart. He would be fiercely smashed into the deep abyss walls and continue to fall down.

No one was able to fly or adjust their positions, so they could hardly dodge the vines.

The vines seemed to contain some kind of special power which was strong and intense. No matter what treasure or cultivation method one used, the vines would break through and whip the warrior's body. The pain almost instantly killed him. It was as if the vines were whipping him both physically and mentally.

Miserable cries echoed through the abyss. The warriors twisted in pain, their faces revealing their suffering.

Zen was the only one who seemed calm in the face of the vines lashing at him.

The whips were strong but it was impossible for them to break through his divine weapon-like body. The whipping only caused him to twist and spin. The pain was easily dispelled by a warm current flowing through his body.

However, when he turned around to look, he saw Freya being whipped by the vines. Her body twisted in the air at an uncontrollable speed.

Zen had thought that Freya was a timid girl from how she had acted before. Facing the Cannibal Moths, she had been so frightened that she had lost control and tightly held on to Zen. Right now, however, she appeared to be resilient.

Ever since Freya had ascended, her state of mind experienced great ups and downs. Although she did not understand what kind of destiny Zen possessed and what future he would have, what happened along the way made her deeply understand that following Zen was the right choice for her, even if it were to be his servant!

She did not want to cause trouble for Zen, but in the face of danger at the entrance of the underground palace, she had inevitably become a burden to him.

Even though Zen did not say anything, Freya blamed silently herself for not being strong enough.

The pain of the lashes seeped into her heart. However, she tightly clenched her teeth despite the unbearable pain, for she did not want Zen to worry. To be precise, she did not want him to detest her. She did not make a sound as she tolerated the pain of the whips one at a time.

When he saw this, Zen smiled slightly. He stretched his limbs and slowed in his descent. He then approached Freya quickly and pulled her into his arms.

Freya, who was trying her best to endure the beating of the vines, was startled upon being embraced by someone so suddenly. Only a moment later did she realize that it was Zen who was embracing her.

"Let go of me!" Freya struggled weakly.

Zen, however, shook his head indifferently as he said, "It's all right. My thick and leathery skin will save me from the vines. Don't worry."

Freya pursed her lips and carefully adjusted her body, not daring to struggle anymore. Zen's arms protected her from the lashes, but Zen himself was now being subjected to the whips.

Screams of pain lingered in the atmosphere and reached Freya's ears. No matter the ogres, human warriors, or Lincoln, every time they were whipped by the vines, they cried out in pain, their faces contorting with misery.

Although Freya felt embarrassed being embraced like this by Zen, a flicker of happiness engulfed her heart.

Ever since she had ascended, her original illusion of the Upper World had been completely shattered. She had drowned in disappointment. However, there was no such thing as a time machine. Now that she had already ascended, she had no way to return to the Lower World.

But at this moment, she realized that she had made the right choice. Perhaps, the heaven had arranged for her to meet Zen at the Ascending Well so she could follow him.

Falling into this abyss, the warriors were whipped by the vines for two whole hours.

Two hours later, they finally descended far enough to escape the area covered in vines. The vines disappeared, and the abyss turned bottomless once again.

The faces of the warriors had turned as pale as ghosts.

The pain they had just suffered had been far beyond what average humans could bear. The warriors who had reached the Soul Sea Realm or the Spirit Supreme Realm were much sturdier and tougher. Their bearing capacity surpassed that of most other warriors. However, they too had been unable to stand those vines. What just happened had been like a nightmare to them.

"Heavens! What kind of a nightmare is this underground palace!" an ogre roared. Even though he was an ogre whose leathery skin could stand even a sword attack, he had failed to take the pain of being whipped by the vines.

"I heard from Saint Lord that there is no bottom to the abyss. The only way to gain something is to repeat the falling process again and again. With each circulation, one can obtain a part of the Supreme Lord's treasures," another ogre said.

In fact, Lavender was not the first to enter the underground palace. She got into the palace through the sixth 'snake head', and this time they had entered through the seventh 'snake head'. This meant that the underground palace had already been opened five times before Lavender. There were six broken 'snake heads' on the previously Nine-head Snake statue.

Zen kept looking downward as he fell. Lavender had already told Zen that this was his chance to improve himself. He would not give up or change his mind. He was confident in his own talent but just like Lavender had pointed out, compared to the other geniuses of the Upper World, Zen lacked resources, not talent.

Zen decided to do his best to gather resources along the way. In the Upper World, it was the effective way for him to grow stronger.

Lost in thoughts, Zen heard a timid voice. "Zen, Zen, could you... Could you let me go?"

Hearing this, Zen realized that they had already passed the vines. There was no longer any need for him to keep Freya in his arms.

He loosened his grip and gently let Freya go. He gave an embarrassed smile and said, "Sorry."

Freya's face blushed a little. As she stared at Zen's embarrassed face, she realized how interesting he was. She then made up her mind. No matter how hard it got to pass the abyss of the underground palace, she would follow Zen closely.

The warriors tried to maintain a normal speed as they fell.

From the moment they had entered the underground palace, they had descended tens of millions of feet already.

They did not know when it would come to an end. After experiencing the whipping of the vines, they had become even more vigilant.

Only then did Zen ask Lavender, "What will happen if we go further down?"

"Hmm? Let me think. A hundred thousand years have passed since I was here last time. I need some time to recall." Lavender hesitated for some moments before continuing, "If I remember correctly, the second round is the Blade Mountain Trap."

"The Blade Mountain Trap?"

Although Zen didn't understand what this was, a bad premonition rose in his heart as he heard the name.

Chapter 1445 Trick

The warriors who entered the Endless Abyss wished to possess the treasures of the underground palace.

But after experiencing the attacks of the strange vines, the warriors realized that the benefits of the underground palace were not to be easily obtained.

Most of the warriors had tolerated the whips of the vines, but other than Zen and Freya, most of them had suffered light or heavy internal injuries. Moreover, the whips of the vines had obviously cast a shadow over the warriors.

The first round of the Endless Abyss had been tough to tolerate. The next test would no doubt be even more difficult.

It had to be known that the warriors were only talents of the three tenth-grade sacred places in the Dark World.

Whether it was the human Magnolia Sacred Place, the Demon Night's Purple Bamboo Sacred Place, or even the ogre's sacred place, none of them could be considered as particularly important or popular compared to the sacred places in other supreme worlds.

Among the talents sent out by the three races, a few of them were at the Soul Sea Realm, while the majority were at the Spirit Supreme Realm. They might be slightly stronger, but they could not be compared to the talents of the thirteen palaces.

Entering the Endless Abyss meant that they would encounter opportunities to grow stronger. However, the treasures obtained would need to be handed over to their respective sacred places. Presently, many warriors were beginning to want to retreat.

The issue was that they fell straight down as they stepped into the abyss. They could not manage to fly, so they could not go back.

Just as everyone was starting to feel depressed, they saw something deep in the abyss. Purple dots of light floated in the air at a distance.

These purple lights were in a relatively motionless state. However, because everyone was falling rapidly, they felt the lights rapidly approach them in their vision.

"What are those dots?"

Some of the warriors reacted quickly and reached out to grab the spots of purple light.

"Hey! Those are divine textures."

"It's an ancient divine texture!"

"It seems like the purple spots can help us return to the entrance!" a warrior cried out in excitement.

Zen and Freya also grabbed on to a purple light dot respectively. The moment they caught hold of them, indescribable consciousness effused from the dots. Everyone instantly understood their function.

"Return..."

Zen smiled as he held the dot and crushed it with a gentle pinch.

It seemed like the Supreme Lord from remote ages did not set up the Endless Abyss simply because he wanted to lure warriors to their deaths. Even though the Endless Abyss was clearly full of danger, the Supreme Lord had given them a chance to go back on their decision.

The warriors who had been on the verge of retreat were naturally overjoyed. They understood the use of the divine texture. They had been worrying about how to withdraw just before the divine textures appeared before them. How could they not be elated?

They quickly activated the divine textures in their hands.

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz...

Very soon, a faint light enveloped their figures. At the same time, they stopped falling and with a rapid speed rose up into the sky, still engulfed by the purple light.

In the blink of an eye, the number of warriors in the Endless Abyss decreased by about half.

Zen's eyes landed on Freya, who was deep in thought as she held a purple dot of light in her hand. "What do you want to do?" he asked.

Hearing Zen's words, Freya's face was slightly frozen.

Truthfully, Freya was not willing to contribute to Zen's troubles. Before this trip to the Dark World, she had thoroughly looked into any information on the Dark World in order to prove her value. She only wished that she could help Zen when he asked for it.

Freya could absorb and supplement the detailed knowledge, but her cultivation and strength would only accumulate slowly, day by day.

If she stayed in the Endless Abyss, it would only bring Zen more trouble. Thus, when she realized that the purple light could send her back, her first thought was to leave.

However, after thinking for a while, Freya did not activate the divine texture. Instead, she put away the purple dot of light with a turn of her hand. "I want to carry on for a little longer."

Although it was dangerous, Freya still wanted to see how far she could go in this Endless Abyss.

In fact, Freya herself noticed that her personality and character seemed to be affected in Zen's presence. Her confidence was also recovering little by little. As long as she stayed by his side, she would always be able to feel his confidence. People around Zen were easily influenced by his strength and luck. They became determined like him.

"Good!" Zen nodded, "Try your best."

The remaining warriors did not activate the divine texture. However, just like Freya, most of them did not crush the purple dots, rather they put them away. If they were unable to pass the next test, or if their lives were at stake, they could choose to activate the divine texture at a later stage.

However, one other person did the same thing as Zen. It was Lincoln. The moment he obtained the purple dot of light, he crushed the divine texture straightaway, for he understood that it could be used to retreat to the entrance.

Lincoln was seething silently. Supreme Lord Winfred had almost killed him. Facing such an opponent, Lincoln had to go all out. He had to enhance his own cultivation as far as possible before the Illusion Battlefield opened up. This opening of the underground palace was his greatest opportunity to do so, so he absolutely could not allow himself to give up!

The warriors continued to descend. Five minutes after passing the purple dots of light, a thin white line suddenly appeared at the bottom of the abyss.

The thin line ran through the middle of the abyss, splitting it into two hemispheres.

"What's that?" someone asked.

Because they were still far away from it, they were unable to see clearly what the line was.

But as they got closer, someone shouted, "Blade! It's a huge blade!"

Zen's face grew grave. It was indeed a blade. Since the blade's tip was right at the top, they only saw a white line flashing with sharp light.

But the huge blade was not a threat to the group. After all, no one would be stupid enough to crash into it.

However, as the first huge blade appeared, a second one followed. This second one was also placed in the abyss, but the blade was only half exposed.

As they looked at the blades, they felt a chill in their hearts. If they turned their bodies, it would still be easy for them to avoid them.

"Is this the Blade Mountain Trap?" Zen asked Lavender.

Lavender smiled. "You'll know soon enough!"

Just as she finished speaking, three giant blades surfaced in the abyss, forming a small angle at their top.

Although the number of blades had increased, the warriors still had space to dodge them because of the wide cross-section of the abyss. Only one person was not careful enough. He fell passing by one of the blades and was almost cut into two pieces.

However, as everyone continued to descend, the number of blades in the abyss grew.

Four, five, six...

As they fell, there was no place for them to dodge the incoming attack. Their bodies were not nimble enough to shift around. They carefully avoided the nearing blades, but they were still surrounded by danger.

"Ah!!!"

One of the warriors was not able to shift in time and his arm was cut off by the blade. Drops of blood splashed out like rain of blood.

Hearing the pitiful cry, Freya bit her lip and stared at the blade below her. One could imagine what it would be like being cut by that blade. If the vines only gave her a painful whipping, the blades would cost her life!

She focused her attention on trying to dodge the silver-white blades.

However, just as was the case with the other warriors, it was difficult to reverse directions in the air. They were very inflexible at the moment.

Thinking of this, an idea suddenly flashed in Freya's mind. She looked toward the top of the abyss. Then, she turned her body and slowly approached the side.

Seeing Freya's movements, Zen's face was filled with doubt. At the same time, Lavender's voice rang out, "Ha-ha, that girl is quite smart. She has discovered the trick so quickly!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1446 Fight For The Chance Of Survival

The walls of the abyss were smooth and there was nothing to cling on to.

Previously, martial artists had tried to shatter the walls of the abyss. They had first wanted to make a big hole in the wall, but it was not long before they realized that all attempts would be futile.

A faint enchanted barrier was present on the walls of the abyss. The enchanted barrier was not so conspicuous, but with the level of strength of this group of warriors, it was impossible for them to shatter it.

However, Freya did not want to cling to the wall. Instead, she moved to make her body as close to the wall as possible, maintaining a distance of about a foot from it. When several enormous blades appeared from below again, she slapped the wall with the palm of her hand. By taking advantage of the counterforce, she was able to control her position in the abyss and dodge the huge blades.

Zen's eyes twinkled when he saw Freya's movements.

The warriors had fallen from above but were unable to fly. It was indeed difficult for them to evade the huge blades. If they did not dodge them in time, the blades would cut them off. Freya's method proved to be helpful.

Those who were willing to stay in the abyss were those with strong willpower. Facing the cold glint of the enormous blades, everyone was a little scared, but they clenched their teeth with determination and persevered. Seeing how Freya avoided the blades, they all followed suit, adjusted their positions, and approached the walls of the abyss.

In the abyss, the scene was such that the warriors clung firmly to the wall and each time a batch of blades appeared, they hit the wall. Some warriors stomped on the wall with their legs, while some martial artists only used their hands to hit it. In this way, they managed to survive the marathon of blades that came at them.

However, as they descended farther down, the number of blades increased. At the start, only two or three giant blades appeared deep into the abyss. Later, there were seven, eight, or even ten blades entangled together, leaving everyone with less and less space to pass through.

"Pfft!"

Zen reached out to tap the wall of the abyss and his body drifted twenty to thirty feet horizontally. His goal was to move to the position above the chasm in the middle, between the blades, which was about five to six feet wide. Zen could then easily pass through the gap and avoid getting pierced by the blades.

But just as Zen adjusted his position and was about to rush toward the gap, he heard a loud, deafening sound. It was from an ogre who had hit the wall of the abyss. The counter-force made him move straight for the gap in the middle, like a huge elephant!

Zen and the ogre martial artist were at the same height. If they continued to fight for the chance of survival by going through the gap, one of them would definitely be pushed out.

However, the problem was that Zen was the first one to make the move. He had not used much force when he hit the wall. If he had done so, he would have likely crashed into the other side of the abyss... He saved his strength in order to make his body fit into the gap.

But the ogre martial artist thought differently and had acted later than Zen. He had perhaps seen Zen try to fly toward the gap, so he immediately smashed his fists against the wall, his entire body like a small mountain as he charged at Zen.

The many martial artists also adjusted their positions, trying to go through the gaps formed by the intricately placed blades below. After they did so, they would not have to move to automatically fall into the gaps. Their gazes shifted to Zen when they heard the loud sound.

"Zen! Be careful!" Freya, who was below, saw this scene and was shocked.

"You! Get out of my way!" The ogre martial artist sneered. As he shifted his body, he hit Zen with his shoulders.

The ogre was at the Spirit Supreme Realm and was as tall and sturdy as a mountain. Moreover, he had an armor with a golden skeleton resting on his shoulder. If Zen were to be hit by the shoulder armor, his entire body would be smashed into pieces, even without the densely-packed blades below.

The other warriors looked at Zen with pity on their faces. To be targeted by an ogre martial artist in this abyss… this Zen was truly unfortunate!

The ogre warrior was one of the top talents in a tenth grade sacred place. In addition, his cultivation was at the Spirit Supreme Realm which was one realm higher than Zen's. The rest of the warriors were sympathetic toward Zen and could imagine what would happen to him in this encounter.

Meanwhile, outside the underground palace, the Saint Lord of the ogre race abruptly frowned and could not help but curse, "What an idiot of that Awais!"

Although the Saint Lords couldn't enter the Endless Abyss, they could clearly see every single movement within. The Saint Lord of the ogres had tested Zen's strength and was deeply impressed by it. He had used the power in his fingers to attack Zen two consecutive times but failed to make him yield. He understood Zen's potential well by now. In strength alone, even the average warriors of the Spirit Supreme Realm were far from being his match, let alone anyone at the Soul Sea Realm.

In fact, the martial artists from the three tenth grade sacred places were present when the ogre Saint Lord battled Zen. Awais had also witnessed the event. However, ogre warriors were always arrogant and reckless in nature. Perhaps Zen had been too conspicuous in his performance, which was why the ogre warrior intentionally targeted him.

The ogre Saint Lord regretted that he had not reminded his warriors to be careful of Zen's strength. He knew the personality of these ogres of the sacred place, but he never expected Awais to look for trouble by attacking Zen. If he had predicted this earlier, he would have warned each and every warrior of his before they entered the underground palace. He worried that Awais would provoke and seal his own fate.

At this time, Zen was already above the gap. Facing Awais, his eyes narrowed. He found another gap and his eyebrows scrunched together as a giant force gathered within his body.

At this moment, Awais tilted his body and aimed the skeleton on his shoulder at Zen to hit him violently.

Boom!

Even though it was just a physical collision, the explosive sound was as loud as thunder.

The moment Awais crashed into Zen, the ogre's eyes widened as he stared blankly at the golden skeleton which suddenly shattered with a loud sound. It was a second-rank divine weapon. He had even used the armor to put a twelfth grade beast to death. How could it be smashed to pieces by a human kid?

However, right now, Awais's biggest issue was not the broken golden skeleton armor. Just now, when he and Zen collided, the two of them were pushed away by the impact of the collision. At this time, everyone, including Zen and Awais, were descending rapidly and were incredibly close to the giant blades.

Because of this collision, the two of them were distanced from the gap between the blades. Awais wanted to shift, but it was too late to find another gap. Looking at the blades that exuded rays of cold light from below him, a look of despair covered his face. Before he could sense his impending doom, he instantly activated the purple light dot, hoping that he could use the divine texture to return to the entrance of the underground palace before he was cut to pieces by the blades.

As for Zen, he had calculated the amount of impact force he would take on before colliding with Awais. He and Awais were like two clashing marbles, and the instant Zen was pushed back, his body flew in another direction. In that space was another ogre martial artist.

This particular ogre martial artist had already adjusted his position and thought that all he needed to do now was to wait to fall into the gap below without any worries. He would then pass through the layer of blades. Seeing Zen fly over, the ogre martial artist was stunned and shouted, "You, you dare to touch me?"

Bang…

However, the problem was not that Zen dared to do so. Even Zen himself was unable to control his movements. He directly collided into the ogre martial artist and sent him flying back, but Zen's own body firmly stopped above the gap.

Suddenly, the enormous blades formed a fatal net, closing in on the crowd.

Except for Awais and the other ogre martial artist who had just been sent flying by Zen, the warriors dropped into the openings of the net, namely the cracks between the blades, and safely passed through.

Awais's body fell straight onto the blades. At the instant before his body was about to be cut by the blades, the purple light wrapped around him and flew upward...

Chapter 1447 Windy Tunnels

All of this happened in a span of just three seconds.

Awais had activated the divine texture when he had knocked into those blades, causing his body to become engulfed in the purple light as he came to a standstill. And then, the purple light tugged at him forcefully and pulled him out of the blades.

He would have been sliced into pieces if he had been any slower.

But he was already heavily wounded, his body having been riddled with several terrifying bruises and cuts. And now that he had used the divine texture, there was no chance for him to return to the Endless Abyss for a second time.

Since Awais was one of the top geniuses of the sacred place of the ogres, this showdown had resulted in a burning resentment towards Zen. As he was pulled back by the purple light, he roared at Zen who was down in the abyss, "You brat! Even if you can survive the abyss, I can guarantee that you won't be able to leave the Dark World alive!"

The other ogre warrior wasn't as lucky as Awais. He hadn't expected Zen to crash this suddenly into him. Having been caught off guard, he hadn't had the time to even react before two intersecting blades cut through his body into pieces.

Nobody would blame Zen for this warrior's death, though. They all knew that Awais had caused it.

The tragic end of the two ogre warriors caused everyone to look at Zen in what could only be a mix of caution and trepidation.

Zen had been ambushed by Awais, but had reacted quite quickly, leaving him unharmed. He had also managed to take revenge and wound two ogre warriors. He was undoubtedly an opponent that couldn't be trifled with, whether in terms of intelligence or strength.

What made this even more incredible was that he was only at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm.

Seeing how the two ogre warriors had found themselves in such a miserable situation, most of the warriors now refrained from competing with each other. If one of them tried to struggle with another for a gap between the blades like Awais had done, they would most likely end up in pieces.

The blades finally disappeared after about an hour. Just as everyone began getting curious about the next trap, someone suddenly shouted, "Look! There's a platform down there!"

There had been nothing for them to cling on to ever since they had entered the underground palace and started falling into the abyss. But the appearance of the platform had immediately attracted everyone's attention.

"Let's go there!" a Demon Night woman ordered, her golden hair swishing with her every gesture.

The other warriors of the Demon Night race quickly adjusted their positions and slowly approached the platform that protruded from the wall of the abyss.

The Demon Night warriors had performed their best during this exploration of the underground palace. While some warriors of other races had been killed or wounded when they had passed through the Blade Mountain Trap, not a single one of the Demon Night warriors had been injured.

"Let's head over as well," Zen said to his companions.

Freya nodded. And then, the warriors from the human and the ogre sacred places also moved towards the platform.

Click!

The first to reach the platform was the blonde Demon Night woman. Even though she had fallen towards the platform at a great speed, she hadn't made too much noise. Her strength was coordinated and she had evenly distributed her power between her feet, legs, and waist.

All other members of the Demon Night race followed her actions.

The human warriors, on the other hand, each used a different method to land safely. Freya crossed her hands, streams of cold air gathering in square blocks of ice under her feet. These blocks shattered into pieces as she fell onto the platform because of the great momentum. But with them as a buffer, Freya arrived at the platform steadily.

The thought of using any skills didn't even cross the minds of the ogre warriors. They relied entirely on their powerful bodies to crash onto the platform.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

They crashed down one after another like meteors, causing the entire platform to shake.

Some warriors were worried that these casual participants might break down the platform. But they knew that the ogres usually were outrageous and domineering in behavior, which was why they remained silent despite their worries.

The moment Zen landed on the platform, his gaze roamed around it. At the end of the platform was a cave.

"This cave...," Zen muttered, before deciding to ask his companions about it.

But Lavender interrupted him. "This is the first trial of the Endless Abyss. Whether or not you can obtain the reward will depend on your own abilities."

The golden-haired woman from the Demon Night race had already led her race members into the cave.

Lavender's words propelled Zen into action and he walked unhesitatingly into the cave. The rest followed close behind.

This cave was rather narrow but the humans and the Demon Night members could still pass through it without any problem. The burly ogres, however, had to nearly squeeze through this narrow passage. They swore and cursed as they moved slowly forward into the cave, their voices echoing angrily.

As they moved forward, they heard the sharp howls of winds emanating from the depths of the cave.

The gusts blew fiercely.

The whistling sound of these winds actually contained some sort of a rhythm, as if someone were playing a flute. Each sound was different in its pitch.

Nothing unexpected happened in this abyss, so even though everyone was puzzled as to why there were such strong winds and such strange sounds, no one asked or said anything. They just silently advanced.

After a while, the originally narrow path suddenly ended, revealing the entrance to another gigantic cave.

Zen's gaze swept across the cave. He estimated this cave to be over a hundred thousand feet wide, and as high as ten mountains being stacked on top of each other.

Since this Supreme Lord was able to create a bottomless abyss, nobody was surprised to see such a large cave here.

Wild winds flowed swiftly within this cave at a frightening speed.

The wind blades needed certain conditions to be fulfilled in order to be created, which was why there were no wind blades from these gales. For example, wind blades of different shapes and sizes could be created by living beings when they deliberately used the Wind Law, or when violent gales collided with each other.

But the winds here were moving in some kind of a pattern. They were fierce and contained a shocking power of the Wind Law, but they didn't form any wind blades under some kind of artificial arrangement.

"Look! What's that?"

"There seems to be a Rebirth Vine on the other side of the cave!"

"It's really a Rebirth Vine!"

"Hey, didn't you see that? There is a cluster of Flowery Fire Grass on top of that stone pillar!"

Many warriors exclaimed in surprise.

Every Demon Night member, human, and ogre stared around the cave, their eyes wide as they took in the rare treasures and resources that filled this cave.

These treasures were precious, even to a tenth-grade sacred place.

"How can we get there? Can we fly over to the other side?" someone asked.

Since they were not within the Endless Abyss, some of them tried to float to the sky but quickly discovered that they still couldn't fly.

"How can we get our hands on those treasures if we can't fly?" a warrior complained.

The blonde woman from the Demon Night race glanced around again and said, "Over there!"

Everyone followed her gaze and found that there was a row of naturally formed stone platforms on this side of the cave. They could see the whole row of platforms from where they were standing.

There were a total of over a hundred stone platforms, and at the bottom of each platform was a circular windy tunnel.

The tunnels were an explanation to the melodious wind they had encountered. Strong gales blew out of these tunnels, and when these gales rushed out from below the stone platforms, it sounded like someone was whistling. The different sizes of these platforms resulted in different pitches of the sounds, making it sound like someone was playing a flute.

The blonde woman jumped onto a stone platform and bent to observe the windy tunnel below. After a while, she turned to the others and said, "It looks like every windy tunnel has a different route."

"You are right! If we enter different windy tunnels, we will arrive at different positions on the other side and obtain different treasures!" someone said and many other warriors agreed with this.

Suddenly, a human warrior pointed to the top of the cave and shouted excitedly, "Look! What's that at the top of the cave?"

Chapter 1448 A Seed Of The World Tree

At the top of the giant cave, there was a small crack. And there was a sere grass vine tumbling out from that crack. Its withered leaves were mere remnants growing against the shriveled stem.

There was nothing special about this dried vine itself, but there was an extraordinary tree seed hanging on its tail. The seed was the size of a thumb and bright yellow all over. And its surface was extremely smooth. It was unknown how many years it had been hanging there, balanced between the heavens and the lands beneath.

Everyone was, however, engrossed in looking at numerous strange flowers and herbs in the cave. And because the seed was far away from them, nobody had noticed the small, shiny treasure.

Suddenly, the loud, excited shout of a warrior attracted everyone's attention.

All sorts of exotic flowers and herbs could be seen in this cave, causing everyone's eyes to water with zeal. Apart from Zen and Lincoln, most of the other warriors were from the three tenth grade sacred places of the Dark World.

The resources in the Dark World were scarce, so they didn't see as many rare treasures as the warriors from the thirteen palaces did. Every rare flower and herb in this cave could give them each a great advantage.

And when they saw the seed, desire burned strongly in their eyes.

However, the three Saint Lords at the entrance of the underground palace frowned deeply when they also noticed the seed.

"If I'm right, it's a seed of the World Tree!" The eyes of the Saint Lord from the ogre race were tainted with a trace of greed. He desired the seed as soon as he saw it.

The Saint Lord from the Magnolia Sacred Place shook his head slightly, and said in a regretful tone, "Our cultivation has broken through the

Spirit Supreme Realm, and our inner worlds have already solidified. A rare treasure like the World Tree seed is useless to us."

The Saint Lord of the Demon Night looked unperturbed and calmly said, "They are lucky to find a seed of the World Tree, but it's hard to tell whether they could reach it. As far as I know, the World Tree seed has been hanging above the cave for countless years. The underground palace has been opened several times, but nobody has ever come close to claiming that seed."

The underground palace had been opened six times before. The most recent time was when Lavender, the queen of the Demon Night, had entered here. The World Tree seed was one of the rarest treasures in the universe, and she had not been able to obtain it last time.

At that time, Lavender's cultivation base had not been as strong as now. Although she had already been the queen back then, she had not been able to obtain the seed, even with the Demon Night's elites to help her. It was a bit unrealistic for these young men to hope to obtain it.

So for the Saint Lord of the Demon Night, the seed was still nothing more than a shiny bauble in the end, although the World Tree seed was an attractive pursuit for most.

The three Saint Lords were silent once more, as they waited to see what would happen next.

"This is the legendary World Tree seed. It can transform into the very foundation of a warrior, and grow along with their inner world!"

"The World Tree is more than just that. The World Tree seed can store the power of the world. After placing this small seed into one's inner world, it can greatly increase a warrior's strength!"

"If a tree seed gets a warrior's life vitality sea to nourish it, it will spout, grow, blossom, and bear fruit. Then it will give birth to even more seeds, and it will increase one's strength countless times over!"

Many warriors were well versed in the World Tree's lore!

The truth was that up until now, the World Tree seed had only ever appeared five times in the entire history of the universe. And in just these five times, the two warriors who got the World Tree seeds had become Supreme Lords upon claiming these seeds.

There were many wonderful treasures in the universe. They were classified by usage, and there were thousands of categories of each.

However, the World Tree seed had one of the biggest differences from the many other treasures to be found. For example, this kind of treasure, which could directly work in the inner world, had a special classification called the "Elixir Field Treasure".

As the name implied, the World Tree seed was the type of inner world treasures which could work inside one's elixir field. This could give the warrior who claimed it incredible power and talent.

For a warrior, their inner world was a relatively independent world. After the Soul Sea was opened, it could be used as a Sumeru Space. Many warriors would place their treasures into their inner world for safe keeping.

However, the inner world was rather frail. Generally speaking, the items and treasures placed within a warrior's inner world would need to undergo a special process first. Furthermore, items like divine weapons could not work inside the inner world at all.

Therefore, the Elixir Field Treasures, like the World Tree seed, were different. They were directly used within the inner world, and anything that could be called an "Elixir Field Treasure", was a very rare find in the universe. Finding such a treasure was the dream of most warriors, yet it was the destiny of few. The World Tree seed was considered a top treasure!

According to speculations, treasures like the World Tree seed had been passed down since the last grand era. In other words, if someone used one, there would be one missing. The number of seeds was therefore finite. Everyone present could hardly resist such a charm.

The warriors had all lost control as greed roiled in their eyes.

Every warrior was eager to get their hands on this seed. As long as they could claim it, the impact on their future would be huge.

Freya stared at the seed and smiled. She turned her head and looked at Zen, who was standing beside her, and asked gently, "Zen... Can you get it?"

Freya was concerned with who would get the World Tree seed as well, although she understood that it was impossible for her to compete against these warriors. First of all, her cultivation was considered almost the lowest among this assembly, not to mention that they were all the elite talents in the tenth-grade sacred places. She was only a footnote to this historic event.

However, hearing their heated discussion, Freya also felt some of their anticipation. Accepting that she might not be able to get it, she wondered about Zen. In her heart she craved the seed on his behalf.

"Get out of the way! Let me go first!"

At this point, a tall and sturdy ogre pushed aside the other warriors and stepped forward.

There were naturally formed stone platforms which were connected to each other by a small path at the edge of the cave. The ogre walked along this path, but as he looked at the seed at the top of the cave, and then at the row of stone platforms in front of him, a hesitant expression appeared on his face. This was not an easy task. The path was treacherous!

All of the warriors present saw that there was a wind tunnel underneath each stone platform. If they jumped off the stone platform, they would certainly be swept into the turbulent winds and streams, and each stone platform would carry one to a different direction. This meant that the fall could end in different disasters.

Since this Supreme Lord had planned such an arrangement, then there must have been a violent current underneath the stone platform that was also able to sweep a warrior towards the top!

The problem was there were over a hundred stone platforms in front of him. He did not know which one to choose.

There were many stalagmites in the cave. Resting on each stalagmite, there were many rare treasures. Whichever stone platform he chose, it was possible that he would be able to get something in the wind blow.

If not for the World Tree seed at the top of the cave, everyone would have a chance to obtain at least one treasure. They then could all leave in satisfaction with their treasures.

But now, the other rare treasures were nothing as compared to the seed. They were nothing but worthless garbage!

This ogre was a decisive person. After hesitating for a moment, he clenched his teeth, strode forwards, and rushed out.

He did not choose a stone platform, but rather decided to directly leap into the air!

The moment he leapt out, his giant body was sucked into a turbulent vortex. The force of the gale was terrifying! His elephant-like body was like a leaf being swept away in the gale, haphazardly moving along a certain path in the cave!

"This turbulent current is rushing upwards!" an ogre shouted excitedly.

The other warriors immediately became anxious. There was only one seed, and if it was taken away by that ogre, the others would not have any chance then.

However, at this very moment, the turbulent wind that was lifting the ogre up suddenly changed direction and violently swept downwards. The ogre, caught in this wind storm, didn't have any chance to resist at all. He had been only like a leaf floating in the wind, but now he plummeted, falling into the depths of the cave.

Some of the warriors with good eyesight could see the unwillingness on the face of the ogre. Fortunately, when the ogre passed a stone pillar, he reached out and grabbed a precious fruit from the stone pillar. At least, he had gotten one treasure now.

Having learned the lesson from this ogre, everyone became very cautious. They didn't want to take any action without consideration and they wanted to observe the turbulent wind's rules first.

Zen leaned against the wall, looked at the seed of the World Tree at the top of the cave, and asked, "Is the seed really that important?"

"Of course, if not, then why did I let you agree to Lincoln's invitation? This World Tree seed is one of my goals. You have to get it!" Lavender answered in an unquestionable tone.

"But... The chances of getting it are so small." Zen shook his head in astonishment.

His luck was indeed not bad, but it hadn't reached the point where he could accomplish anything he wished for. When he had absorbed the Luck-devouring Snakes during his tribulation, he had indeed been quite lucky, almost to the point where he had achieved what he wished for, but it had only maintained for a short period of time. If he had absorbed a few more Luck-devouring Snakes already, he would have been confident that he could obtain the World Tree seed.

"Your chances are small, but I have a plan," Lavender said with a faint smile.

Chapter 1449 Difficult To Get

Lavender had indicated that she had a way to get the seed, so Zen didn't say much and just stood aside, watching.

Many warriors also knew that the chances of obtaining the seed of the World Tree were very small, so they had to take a step back and focus on getting the other treasures.

After the warriors had chosen their targets, they selected one of the stone platforms and jumped down, drifting along the wind path. Whether they could attain the thing they favored or not would depend on their luck.

After pondering for a while, the lady with the golden hair who had led the people from the Demon Night also walked onto a stone platform.

She didn't rush to jump down from the stone platform. Instead, she removed a small scented sachet from her space ring. She gently touched the sachet, and a faint pink scented fog appeared.

Even though there was a violent wind blowing in the cave, everyone was able to smell the fragrance. It was an extremely refreshing smell.

Everyone was perplexed when they saw this scene. What was the blonde woman trying to do?

"Hey, I did the same thing back then. Someone must have taught her this method," Lavender's voice rang out again.

Zen studied the blonde woman's actions carefully and said, "She... Does she want to determine the direction of the gale?"

"Yes," Lavender said nodding.

As the pink fog dispersed, it floated into the wind tunnel below the stone platform, leaving a pink trajectory in its wake!

This fragrant fog was swirling around in the cave. After circling a few stalagmites, it made a turn in the air and floated to the opposite side of the cave.

"We can clearly see the path of the wind this way!"

"Try different platforms one after another. One of them is bound to succeed. This is indeed a good method!"

Many warriors were impressed by the intelligence of the woman from the Demon Night. Several warriors even quietly approached the stone platform. If this woman really succeeded, then they could jump into the wind tunnel instantly. There was only one seed of the World Tree in the world, and nobody wanted to give up such a great opportunity.

"What should we do? Do you want me to go up first?" Zen asked Lavender. Since she knew the way to get the seed of the World Tree, he should go ahead of others. If this woman from the Demon Night had really found a way, things would have been much more troublesome!

But Lavender smiled, "It doesn't matter, she won't be able to test it out this way."

The blonde woman's movements were quick. Every time her slender fingers brushed the scented sachet, a different colored fog drifted down. As she continued to jump on to different stone platforms, the mist drew different colored trails within the cave.

Not long after, she had tested every single one of over one hundred stone platforms with the fragrant fog. Each and every track was memorized by all the warriors.

However, just as Lavender had predicted, she did not test it out.

"What's going on?"

"None of the wind tunnels lead to the top of the cave!"

"Then why is the seed of the World Tree hung on the top of the cave? Is he kidding us?"

Naturally, no one could answer this question. With what intent did the Supreme Lord from remote ages spend painstaking efforts establishing such an enormous underground palace? So far, no one was able to figure it out.

More importantly, most of the warriors were not willing to accept this outcome!

Although there were many treasures on the walls of the cave as well as on the stalagmites, those who had reached this level would not give up so easily. If they chose to do so, they would have left the underground palace when faced with the Blade Mountain Trap.

This was especially true for the warriors from the three sacred places. Although they knew that they could only be considered as marginal characters in their race or forces, they simply couldn't contend with the talents of the core supreme worlds.

But everyone had embarked on a path to pursue the pinnacle of martial arts. If they had the opportunity to get the seed of the World Tree, no one would choose to give up!

Lincoln's eyes flashed. He had already firmly memorized the traces of the wind in each wind tunnel into his mind. Since there was not a single wind tunnel that led to the top, it meant that after jumping into the wind tunnel, he would have to change directions several times before he could obtain the seed of the World Tree.

Everyone only had one chance. Sooner or later, the situation wouldn't be too different!

"Zen, I will go first!" Lincoln smiled and chose a stone platform. Without any hesitation, he leaped down!

Whoosh!

Lincoln finally felt the might of the gale!

The strength of the Wind Law, simply made it impossible for him to compete with the wind. The Supreme Lord had cleverly used the wind tunnels. He had designed it such that the wind in over one hundred tunnels would not disturb each other. If he had not designed it so smartly, wind blades would probably have sliced everyone present into pieces!

He flew in the trajectory of the wind. He was like a light leaf, floating lightly and swiftly along the path.

When he approached a stone pillar, he grabbed onto a pale yellow flower on the stone pillar. This was a 'Vitality Refining Flower', and it was also an extremely rare treasure. It was able to be refined into a Vitality Refining Pill, which could help warriors to refine a more pure life vitality.

Lincoln had planned to get into this wind tunnel before time, and his aim was to obtain the 'Vitality Refining Flower'.

The instant Lincoln grabbed the Vitality Refining Flower, he struck the stone pillar. The explosive force forcefully pushed him from one wind tunnel to another!

He clenched his teeth and a crack appeared on his forehead. A small cyan stone began to emit a faint cyan light. He had activated the Wrath of the Ocean.

Lincoln did not stop after entering another wind tunnel. His body rolled in the air and he suddenly stomped his feet on the other stalagmite. Like a fish jumping in a river, he leaped upwards!

"Ah, that guy!"

"He is so close to the seed of the World Tree!"

"Damn it! He beat me to it!"

Lincoln was able to see the tree seed at this point so he changed his direction several times in the cave to approach the seed of the World Tree. Other warriors might have wanted to do the same, but they hesitated a little because they wanted to wait and see what others would do!

Now that Lincoln was getting closer and closer to the seed of the World Tree, the other warriors regretted their decision to wait and watch. If they had known earlier, they would have taken this step themselves.

"Huff, huff..."

Lincoln used the force of the gale to rush to the top of the cave. The seed of the World Tree was right in front of him now!

But right then an invisible wind blew from the side, forcefully changing Lincoln's direction and pushing his tall and sturdy body to another direction.

Soon after, he landed on the opposite side of the cave. Looking at the seed of the World Tree, he clenched his teeth angrily.

The other warriors also sighed in frustration. They were happy that Lincoln didn't get the World Tree's seed, and that they had a shot at it but it also proved that the chances to succeed were very small.

Driven by mixed emotions, the other warriors jumped into the wind tunnel and used all their power to try to get the seed.

Some of the warriors had luck on their side. They had chosen the right wind tunnel as well as the correct angle but they still hadn't been able to obtain the World Tree's seed.

A while later, most of the warriors had already reached the other side of the cave, leaving only Zen, Freya and Adrian with a few people.

Adrian looked very depressed!

He had planned this trip to the underground palace for a long time, but he never would have expected it to be like this. Although there were many opportunities here, one needed to rely on their own strength to fight for them. But his strength was obviously not enough.

Feeling helpless, he also jumped into the wind tunnel. Whether he could get what he wanted or not depended on his luck.

Freya glanced at Zen and said, "I'm going too."

She didn't have a specific goal. If she was lucky, she could just take any one of the treasures away.

Chapter 1450 A Conflict

Even though Freya had already ascended to the Upper World, she wasn't exactly an ambitious person.

She didn't even recognize the rare, invaluable treasures found within the cave. She learned from the discussions of others that the tiny World Tree seed at the top of the cave was an extraordinary object.

However, she did not target this tree seed, but instead focused on the side of the cave, where there was an ice lotus emitting a cold aura.

She mainly cultivated the Ice Law. This ice lotus would be useful to her, but she wasn't sure if she could do it. After all, not all martial artists that had entered the wind tunnels would be able to obtain what they wanted. Some of them came out empty-handed.

Seeing Freya's expression, Zen smiled and encouraged her, "Try your best! You can do it!"

Zen couldn't help her much after all.

Freya nodded at this. She felt encouraged and was feeling a bit more confident now. "Thank you! I'll try my best!"

She stretched out her arms, releasing a stream of cold air. Her entire body was like a kite as she flew along a wind tunnel.

Perhaps it was because she was a little flustered. As she was floating in the wind tunnel, her petite body continuously twirled. After a long while, she finally managed to stabilize her body.

Her eyebrows were knitted together, completely focused. She understood that although this ice lotus was valuable, it wasn't a life-and-death thing for her. However, when she thought that Zen was watching her from behind, she took it more seriously. She'd decided that she was going to get that ice lotus.

"Still another hundred feet."

As Freya was getting closer and closer to the ice lotus, her expression became increasingly solemn. Although these wind tunnels didn't intersect with each other, the wind still caused her to sway back and forth every now and then.

"Here it is!"

Freya stretched out her hand when she saw that the ice lotus was just inches away from her now. Just as she was about to reach for the ice lotus, her body was suddenly dragged towards the opposite side by the violent and strong wind. Her hand was still reaching for the ice lotus.

She gritted her teeth as an icy blue ribbon appeared in her hand, sweeping towards the ice lotus. As the ice lotus was pulled by the ribbon, an extremely cold aura burst forth. Freya's face brightened as she finally got the ice lotus.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Soon she was standing on the other side of the cave. She held the small ice lotus and examined it for a while. There were seven seeds in the ice lotus which was naturally formed from the Ice Law. Just swallowing these lotus seeds would do wonders for her.

She gazed at the lotus in her hands before raising her head to smile at Zen who was standing opposite of her.

Just then, a tall figure walked towards her. It was an ogre martial artist. He looked down at Freya, an evil grin on his face. "Ten life vitality jades, and the ice lotus is mine."

Freya's expression shifted.

She worked so hard for this. Ten life vitality jades were nothing compared to that. In addition to that, she loved the ice lotus so much that she wasn't willing to sell it at all.

But the bidder was a Spirit Supreme Realm martial artist. In terms of both cultivation and strength, he was much stronger than Freya.

Clang!

The ogre martial artist despised Freya. Before she could respond, he took out ten life vitality jades and threw them on the ground. Then, he stretched out his fan-sized hand and demanded, "Give the ice lotus to me!"

Freya pursed her lips, her eyes showing a trace of stubbornness. She took two steps back.

"I don't want to fight, but if you don't understand..." The ogre martial artist didn't expect that Freya would dare to refuse. He was about to make a move.

However, at that moment, another burly figure appeared in front of Freya. It was Lincoln who had also entered the cave.

Freya had followed Zen all the way here. Lincoln couldn't just stand by and watch Freya get treated like this without doing anything.

As Lincoln stood in front of Freya, all of the other ogre martial artists surrounded them. They were like small mountains as they stood in front of the two.

On this side of the cave, there were also many human martial artists. Besides Adrian and Ab, there were the talented martial artists of the Magnolia Sacred Place. They all just stood by and watched the drama unfold as Freya and Lincoln weren't members of the Magnolia Sacred Place.

The martial artists of the Demon Night wouldn't get themselves involved in this kind of thing either.

Lincoln looked very calm and the Wrath of the Ocean on his forehead was shining with a faint cyan light. He was at the later stage of the Soul Sea Realm, so it wouldn't be too difficult for him to defeat the Spirit Supreme Realm martial artists. However, over ten ogre martial artists at the Spirit Supreme Realm weren't easy to deal with.

"You little brat! If you know what's good for you, you're going to give me that ice lotus. Do you really want to lose your life for this?" the ogre martial artist sneered.

Lincoln didn't move out of the way. He was a decisive killer. The ogre martial artist's words didn't deter him at all. He was scheming on how he would counterattack once his opponent attacked.

Freya turned pale with fear. She hesitated as she looked at the ice lotus in her hand. Suddenly, she heard a voice. Then, her eyes flashed and she said, "You're right. I don't want to die for this. I'm giving it up."

A puzzled expression appeared on Lincoln's face. When he turned his head, he saw Zen standing on a stone platform across from him. His expression was calm but Lincoln could tell that something else was going on.

That was how he figured that he didn't need to do anything to help, so he stepped aside. The ogre martial artist received the ice lotus with a smile and said with satisfaction, "Human girl, you are very smart."

Freya smiled gleefully. However, the ogre martial artists didn't know that she wasn't smiling at them. She was smiling because she heard Zen say, "Give the ice lotus to them. I'll deal

with them later."

Zen was standing on the stone platform, the expression in his eyes as calm as water. The ogre martial artists always had no idea what Zen was planning. He wasn't planning on doing anything right away so he asked Freya to stand by for a while.

Now, his target was the World Tree seed.

Following Lavender's directions, Zen chose the 72nd stone platform. The wind tunnel underneath it was relatively remote.

Zen had observed that no martial artist had chosen this wind tunnel until now. The reason was simple: when the Demon Night blonde had her test here using the scented mist, the wind in the tunnel flew downwards to the bottom of the cave.

Everyone's goal was to go up, so no one would choose to go down such a wind tunnel.

However, since Lavender had asked him to choose this tunnel, he had no choice but to follow.

Inside the cave, there were only two or three martial artists that didn't follow the wind to the other side. But by now, Zen had gotten everyone's attention.

"He seems to have chosen the most unreliable tunnel."

"It's useless. Some people like to think outside of the box, but the wind in that tunnel goes down all the way. He doesn't even have the slightest chance."

"Yeah, I think so too."

They discussed amongst themselves as they watched Zen.

When Zen had finished preparing, he took a step on the stone platform and his entire body merged with the fierce wind that was blowing out from the tunnel.

Whir! Whir! Whir!

Zen flew down against the wind.

His body kept descending at an angle of 90 degrees.

However, after he descended for over two hundred feet, he maintained a certain angle and slowly moved upward.

With the fast speed of the wind, Zen was able to hover to the right of the cave in less than three seconds.

"To the left!" Lavender's cold and brisk voice came through.

Upon hearing this, Zen quickly hit the stalagmite on the left, and then he charged out of the tunnel and went around to another one.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1451 Getting The Tree Seed

Each wind tunnel had a different trajectory, but the final destination for all would be on the other side of the cave.

Zen wasn't the first warrior to change the wind tunnel. For example, Lincoln and some other warriors had also changed the wind tunnel several times.

However, Zen's change in direction this time was completely incomprehensible to the other warriors. They believed that he had gone completely off course.

Whether it was Lincoln or the other warriors, they were all rushing upward. Their goal was clear, since their only goal was the seed of the World Tree.

This time, Zen had switched from one wind tunnel to another, but his position was getting lower and lower.

"Now, switch again!" Lavender's voice came again, as a series of sharp barked commands.

With a stomp of his feet on a towering stone pillar, Zen broke away from the wind tunnel and once again changed his path! It was a combination of Zen's physical prowess and Lavender's dynamic directing.

"Right! Now!"

"To the left."

With the crispness of Lavender's series of orders, Zen had almost completed a dazzling acrobatics performance! His body was a whir against the air as he darted and thrust, changing direction like a bird in flight.

He leaped into the cave with the help of the wind, but he still stayed at the bottom of the cave.

"Look at this guy. Is he here for doing acrobatics?" a warrior said as he looked at Zen in a stunned daze.

Even now, Zen still hadn't been able to claim a single treasure. However, his movements made many warriors silently admire him in their hearts. If it were them, it would be difficult to have managed such aerial maneuvers, especially when they were all being swept away by the strong gales.

After changing between wind tunnels thirteen times, Zen arrived at the very center of the cave.

When Zen reached the center, a strange phenomenon occurred.

At this moment, Zen was neither advancing nor retreating. He was floating, suspended in the middle of the air. And around him, there seemed to be a slowly rising current of air that wrapped around his entire body, and made him float ethereally towards the seed of the World Tree at the top of the cave!

"What… What's going on?"

"This guy can't be flying by himself, right? This place clearly doesn't allow us to fly!"

"I think there is a rising wind that is directly lifting Zen up!"

Witnessing this scene, Freya became extremely excited. The difficulty of getting the seed of the World Tree was so great that Freya did not even dare to think about it. There seemed to be nothing now that could stop Zen!

A look of excitement also appeared on Lincoln's face. Although he had not obtained this seed of the World Tree, Lincoln had always been in awe of the people who were stronger than himself. Lincoln could only respect him for doing what they had thought impossible!

As for the warriors of the three sacred places of the Dark World, their eyes were almost spitting fire as they were also calculating Zen's strength at the same time. In any case, this guy didn't belong to their three sacred places, so no one would back him, even if they killed him. They would not let him take the seed away. They began to plan how they could take the seed away from Zen once he came down again.

Outside the underground palace, the three sacred places' Saint Lords all had gloomy looks on their faces. This was not an outcome that they had envisioned.

In fact, the Saint Lord of the sacred place of the ogres really wanted to send a message into the underground palace to ask his warriors to snatch that seed of the World Tree away from Zen!

His inner world had already solidified, and this World Tree's seed was no longer of use to him. However, if he were to offer this seed of the World Tree to another high ranking warrior, he believed that he would obtain a good return.

But since that young man had obtained the World Tree's seed, he definitely wouldn't be so foolish as to keep it. He would definitely swallow it as soon as he got it. Then it would be out of the Saint Lord's reach forever.

The look on the face of the Saint Lord of the human sacred place immediately became indifferent, but his eyes revealed an appreciation that couldn't be hidden. However, he was extremely confused about just how this young man had found that way to make the ascent?

There were over a hundred wind tunnels in this cave, and there were loads of changes. However, Zen had been able to switch between the wind tunnels and accurately reach the center of the cave. He even knew that there was a gentle, slowly ascending whirlwind. This was definitely not a coincidence. He must have had some prior knowledge.

This suspicion also existed in Zen's heart.

When he was lifted up by this light whirlwind, Zen asked, "Lavender, how did you find this way?"

Lavender smiled, "In the past when I came to explore this cave, I already knew the principle of this cave. I also used the scented fog to outline the tracks of over a hundred wind tunnels, and only then did I realize that the wind tunnels in this cave were actually arranged in accordance to a certain array!"

This array was an ancient array. When Lavender had brought a group of clansmen into the underground palace, there was naturally someone who had recognized this array. It had soon become apparent that one had to enter the heart of this array if they wanted to obtain the seed of the World Tree.

However, even though Lavender had understood the wind array, she hadn't been proficient in it back then. Although she had seen through the flaw in the wind array, a single speculative error had made her float to the opposite side of the cave. The chance to gain the ultimate treasure was lost then.

Lavender had regretted it because she didn't get this World Tree's seed. After leaving the underground palace, she had learned more about this array. Even though it was not long ago, Lavender had learned the lessons from her past, and with Zen's precise coordination, it was easy for him to pass!

Soon, Zen arrived at the top of the cave, where the World Tree's seed was hanging from the vine.

Under the envious gazes of the crowd, Zen reached out his hand and grabbed the seed of the World Tree. With a light tug, the withered vine broke apart and the seed finally landed in Zen's hand. He smiled in jubilation as he grasped the priceless treasure.

As the seed nestled on the palm of his hand, Zen examined it closer. The seed was extremely smooth, like a pebble that had been washed by water. He studied it closer but didn't notice anything special. It seemed like any other seed to the uninitiated eye. He asked, "Can I just directly devour this seed of the World Tree?"

Lavender nodded. "After you swallow it, you have to draw it into your cinnabar field. The seed will take root, and sprout in your internal world..."

"But there is a problem," Zen said, with worry etched on his face.

"What problem?"

"Since this seed of the World Tree is planted in the inner world, it will grow by absorbing the life vitality, right?" Zen asked again.

After some thought, Lavender said, "You're right. Are you worried that it will not absorb your chaotic energy?"

Zen nodded.

Lavender shrugged, indicating that she didn't know either. After all, even Lavender had never heard of such a situation, where one could have no life vitality in his cinnabar field.

Zen didn't think too much about it. He couldn't possibly give up on this World Tree's seed because of a minor worry, right? He wasn't that stupid.

However, just as Zen was about to swallow the World Tree's seed, a tall and sturdy warrior from the ogres roared from the other side of the cave, "Human brat! Put down the seed, and I can ensure your safety when you leave the underground palace later! But if you dare to swallow it, I can guarantee that this underground palace will be your grave!"

Zen floated at the top of the cave, looking down at the ogre warrior with ridicule on his face. He did not place much stock in the brute's threat.

Just now, this ogre warrior was the one who had snatched away Freya's ice lotus!

Zen had already decided earlier, when the ogre had offended Freya, to kill this ogre warrior. However, this fellow still dared now to threaten him. Besides laughing in ridicule, Zen could only sneer!

With a grin, Zen swallowed the seed in one gulp. Then, he drew out a beam of the chaotic energy from his cinnabar field, which allowed him to hook this seed down into his internal world. Zen paused then and waited for a reaction.

The chaotic sea in Zen's body was still calm, not even a ripple could be seen!

As for the other warriors, whenever they activated their cultivation methods, the Soul Sea within their bodies would stir up great, stormy waves. But, this rarely happened to Zen's chaotic sea.

This chaotic sea, which was condensed of chaotic energy, seemed to be much thicker than the life vitality seas which other warriors commanded.

"Pop."

After the seed of the World Tree had fallen into his cinnabar field, it went straight into Zen's chaotic sea. There was only a ripple on the calm surface before it sank and disappeared.

"That's it?" Sensing this continuing stillness, Zen asked Lavender.

Lavender shrugged and said, "What else do you want? The seed has already fallen into your cinnabar field. No matter what you do, you can't take it out now. Just wait and see. It will take some time for the seed of the World Tree to take root and sprout."

Hearing this, Zen nodded, and his eyes once again turned to that ogre warrior!

As the ogre warrior saw Zen swallow the seed of the World Tree like that, he felt a great pain in his heart, which made him feel like his heart had begun to drip with blood. Of course, it wasn't just him who was in a bad mood, the other warriors weren't happy either. They had all coveted the World Tree's Seed.

Most people had this mentality. When they were unable to obtain something, they often wished for others to be unable to do so as well!

Chapter 1452 Fight The Ogre Warrior

The warriors, including the ogres, humans, and the Demon Night members, stared at Zen with dark eyes.

"The seed of the World Tree has been swallowed by him!"

"Can we get it back by cutting open his stomach?"

"That is impossible. Once an Elixir Field Treasure is devoured, it enters the warrior's inner world. If we kill him, the inner world will collapse as well, and then everything within will be annihilated!"

"Then we can do nothing about it."

Once an Elixir Field Treasure was devoured, not even the person who had swallowed it could take it out, let alone someone else.

Zen, who was floating at the top of the cave, had not moved an inch. From what Lavender had told him, it would be best if he rested for a moment after swallowing the World Tree's seed, so that it could sink safely into the sea of chaos in his belly.

As for the other warriors in the cave, their gazes reflected their desire to kill Zen, but he turned a blind eye to them.

While everyone was deep in discussion, the ogre warrior smiled widely. His smile was ferocious. Anyone could see that the ogre wished to devour Zen in one go.

"Kid, I already warned you before. If you dare to swallow the seed, this underground palace becomes your grave!"

The platform across the cave was small. But as the ogre warrior released his aura, the other warriors began to retreat.

"He has the Ancient Evil Ape bloodline!"

"That bloodline is very pure."

"Once that human brat comes down, we will work together to attack him. Perhaps the World Tree's seed hasn't entered his elixir field yet."

Zen's previous performance had made the warriors of the three tenth-grade sacred places wary of him. But when the ogre warrior who had activated the Ancient Evil Ape bloodline took the lead, the others responded in unison.

If they killed Zen, there might still be a sliver of a chance to win over the World Tree's seed. If they did not act now, that chance would cease to exist.

Under this increasing greed, the warriors would easily lose their heads. After all, obtaining a World Tree's seed meant that their future paths would expand and their destinies would become full of countless possibilities. In addition to that, no one wished to live in their barren supreme world forever.

In comparison, the Demon Night warriors were much more reserved. The blonde-haired woman of the race pulled her people into a corner. Although she was disappointed that Zen had obtained the World Tree's seed, he had done so with his own strength. Other than Zen, no one saw through the true trajectory of the gusts of wind.

The woman was puzzled. How did Zen manage to find the correct way in so many gusts of wind?

Zen floated at the top of the cave, quietly watching the crowd of warriors. His eyes were calm as he waited in silence. After about five minutes, he sensed a strange feeling come from his elixir field.

When the World Tree's seed sank into the chaotic sea, Zen could no longer sense its existence.

The seed sank slowly in the sea of chaos. Eventually, it reached the bottom. As it did so, the originally smooth seed revealed tiny, slender tentacles. As the tentacles extended out, they quickly took root in Zen's elixir field.

Once the World Tree's seed took root, he felt its existence again. In a sense, the seed had already become a part of Zen's body.

"All right, it's done." The corner of Zen's mouth curled up slightly as a faint malicious aura surfaced in his previously calm eyes.

The spiraling gusts of wind originally maintained a delicate balance. As Zen leaned forward slightly, his body glided forward and was soon sucked into a gust of wind, flying toward the other side of the cave.

Seeing Zen flying downward, the ogre warrior with the Ancient Evil Ape bloodline roared aloud. At the same time, he took out a giant hammer from his Sumeru Space. The hammer glinted with dark golden light. Suddenly, both of his eyes turned red. The Ancient Evil Ape's aura that surged from his body was incomparably formidable. Even Freya, who stood far away from him, had a deathly pallor under the pressure of the aura. Lincoln, on the other hand, had a cautious expression on his face. He knew that the moment Zen descended, he would face a fierce battle.

The ogre warrior was planning to use his dark golden hammer to smash Zen into a pulp the instant he descended.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone present, Zen flew along the gusts of wind and landed on the ground. With an indifferent smile on his face, he leisurely took out a sword from his space ring.

"Thunder Wind Divine Sword! This boy is from Mist Palace!"

The moment Zen took out the sword, the human Saint Lord's face became grave.

The Saint Lord of the Magnolia Sacred Place immediately saw through the origins of the sword in Zen's hand.

From the start, the Saint Lord had suspected Zen's and Lincoln's origins. As per common sense, with such strength at their cultivation levels, they must have had a powerful background in the Upper World.

The Saint Lord had planned to engage in a talk with Zen and Lincoln once they left the underground palace. If the two of them were truly independent warriors, he would have liked to invite them to the Magnolia Sacred Place. However, the strength that Zen displayed caused the Saint Lord to be certain that his origins were not so simple.

His deduction was turning out to be true.

The moment Zen revealed his Thunder Wind Divine Sword, the human Saint Lord recognized it.

"The sword used to belong to Kyron Xiao. There is only one possibility, and it's that this boy comes from Mist Palace. It isn't strange for him to show such strength." The human Saint Lord sighed, a hint of disappointment appearing on his face.

He could see through the origins of the sword. However, the other warriors in the underground palace could only see the grade of this sword.

"A first-rank divine weapon!"

"It is indeed a first-rank divine weapon. How did this rascal come to possess such a treasure?"

"As the saying goes, never reveal your wealth! You are only at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm, yet you dare to use a first-rank divine weapon to brag about your possessions. Hah! It is not that we want to kill you; it is you who seek death!" the ogre warrior taunted Zen.

The rest of them had been waiting for the ogre warrior to make his move, so they could follow after him. When they saw the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, the greed in their eyes strengthened.

The Dark World was much inferior to other supreme worlds in terms of resources. These warriors were young talents of various sacred places. The resources they had access to were far inferior to those that the warriors of the thirteen palaces possessed. For the warriors of the thirteen palaces, this first-rank divine weapon was of course extraordinary, but to the Dark World warriors, it was a fantasy coming true. It was much like the World Tree's seed that Zen had swallowed.

The moment Zen took out his sword, he flew over at a fast speed. The ogre warrior with the Ancient Evil Ape bloodline raised his dark golden hammer.

An earthen yellow light gathered on the giant hammer, causing the ogre warrior's aura to become several times more intense. Once again, he roared loudly, "Earth, go berserk! Tear apart the sky!"

Normally, most ogre warriors focused on refining their bodies. This particular ogre warrior's body was not inferior to those of the ogre body refiners, and he also specialized in the Earth Law. With the two different kinds of cultivating systems, the power of his hammer strike was much more forceful.

As the other warriors witnessed the ogre warrior's full attack, they could not help but widen their eyes. The hammer strike could smash Zen and his sword into a pulp. Although Zen's sword was a first-rank divine weapon, the sword blade itself was not too thick. It could easily be bent or broken.

Freya looked at Zen, her heart racing with worry. However, when she saw the smile on his face, an inexplicable confidence rose in her heart. Zen certainly knew how to deal with this.

The moment the ogre warrior swung his hammer, the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in Zen's hand charged at his opponent.

Zen did not choose to dodge the ogre warrior's attack; rather, he faced him head on as he wielded his sword.

Chapter 1453 A Loop (Part One)

The moment Zen decided to face the ogre warrior's hammer head-on, a lot of people thought that he had lost his mind.

Because essentially, in a situation such as this one, the odds of winning were completely against a Soul Sea Realm warrior.

In the general run of things, when human warriors engaged in battle with ogres, they would opt to think of something else and would in no way face the enemies head-on.

That being said, at this moment, a strand of cold light manifested on Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword all of a sudden. And at the same time, an immeasurable amount of malicious aura began gushing out from his body.

In just a few seconds, an unstable malicious aura spread out, effortlessly keeping the Ancient Evil Ape's aura that the ogre warrior emitted in check. Not long after, everyone watched as Zen slashed his five-foot-long sword down on the giant hammer.

Boom!

At the point of impact between the long sword and the giant hammer, the only thing the crowd could hear was a somewhat muffled sound. It was in no way clear whatsoever.

The next scene they witnessed left everyone watching from the sidelines utterly dumbfounded.

The Earth Law which had been enveloping the dark golden giant hammer had just gotten shattered by Zen's sword with such ease.

From the looks of it, the slash from Zen's sword came out with a relentless force, splitting the giant hammer in half without difficulty.

It was worth mentioning that the ogre warrior's hammer had already been infused with his full power. If it were in the Lower World, even a continent would collapse from that mighty hammer strike.

Be that as it may, Zen wasn't the slightest bit fazed. Quite the opposite, at the swing of his sword, it gave the impression that the giant hammer was made of tofu from the way that it had been split into two, ending up in such an unthinkable form. On top of all that, one more thing that had been cut in that same moment was the body of the ogre warrior himself.

It should be pointed out that the ogre warrior, in no way, underestimated Zen's capabilities.

What happened with Zen and the other two ogre warriors in the Endless Abyss was still vivid in everyone's mind. By now, they probably would've realized already how they should not be writing Zen off just because he was still at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm. In silence, each of them thought that they should keep a watchful eye on him.

In any case, the ogre warrior had taken the initiative just now, given the fact he actually thought highly of Zen as his opponent. That was also the main reason why he let out his bloodline's power during the battle. What he had in mind was that he needed to give Zen a lethal blow the second he came into contact with the ground.

Unfortunately for him, there was just no way he could've known that Zen would end up using quite an intimidating method such as using his sword to directly clash with his own giant hammer.

Apart from that, he never could've possibly thought that the power expelled by Zen's sword would be so far beyond what he had expected it to be.

Puff!

And just like that, a mountain-like body along with a ten-foot-long giant hammer had been split in half by Zen. A bone-chilling amount of blood gushed out in all directions. Most of the warriors made use of their life vitality to cover themselves, protecting them from the blood that was spurting towards them.

Zen held his sword horizontally. The blade of the sword quivered and the blood on it vanished in an instant. After that, he gently moved his hand

and pointed the sword toward his own finger. The long sword proceeded to go into his space ring.

From within the Sumeru Space, Zen had been utilizing a place to serve as his weapon storage area. He had actually constructed a row of sword racks that held sword-type weapons in particular. So, when the Thunder Wind Divine Sword went into the Sumeru Space, it directly perched itself on one of the sword racks.

"Ancient Evil Ape bloodline? Meh!" Shooting the lifeless body of the ogre a quick glance, Zen stretched out his arm to reach for his space ring. He forcibly removed his spiritual mark and poured out all of the items stored inside it.

A warrior's space ring tended to contain a lot of various items.

After picking up the icy lotus from all of the cluttered items spread out on the ground, Zen didn't even bother paying attention to anything else. Most importantly, he didn't so much as bother paying any attention to the hundreds of life vitality jades lying on the ground.

With the icy lotus in his hand, he approached Freya and told her, "Next time, if you come across a situation such as this one, try not to fight back. You should just ask me to lend you a hand."

Freya was in a state of euphoria at the moment. In her eyes, Zen had the appearance of a superhero. Just how many people would be willing to do something for others? Probably not a lot.

She understood full well how genuine Zen's words were.

From the moment he grabbed the space ring to the point when he picked up the icy lotus, Zen was perfectly laid-back, keeping his guard lowered down.

The other warriors who had intended to gang up on him before had been caught completely off-guard, simply keeping silent as they watched him move.

In spite of the fact that they had been planning to come at Zen all at the same time, they couldn't gather the courage to pull it off. As they marveled at the lifeless remains of the ogre warrior, they could already tell what the outcome was going to be if they were to raise arms against Zen. The strength this guy possessed was comparable to that of a devil, and these people, who were merely at the Spirit Supreme Realm, wouldn't even be worth mentioning before Zen. Deep inside, a few of those warriors couldn't help but feel an immense fear.

Chapter 1454 A Loop (Part Two)

With regards to the other ogre warriors, their hearts had obviously been brimming with so much anger after they witnessed how Zen had completely disgraced their companion by throwing the items he had within his space ring all over the ground. Out of all races, the ogre warriors could probably be considered as the most prideful one. If they could bring honor to their race, they would have no qualms about putting their lives on the line. Meeting their death while standing on the battlefield would even be a great honor.

In spite of feeling that way deep in their hearts, at the moment, not a single one of them could muster up the courage to anger Zen. No one could even hold him responsible for anything.

"Let's go ahead. Refining this icy lotus should be of huge benefit to you," Zen told Freya, letting out a soft smile before turning around and walking away.

Nodding her head in response, Freya stored the icy lotus in her space ring and proceeded to follow after Zen. As she walked by the remains of the ogre warrior, she saw up close what a mess was left all over the ground. In that pile, there were many rare and precious objects, and the hundreds of life vitality jades scattered all over was in no way a meager amount of wealth.

A tinge of hesitation crept onto her face. Considering that the ogre warrior had died at the hands of Zen, these items now technically belonged to him. So, wouldn't it be such a waste to leave them lying on the ground?

In any case, Zen didn't pick them up, so she opted not to take anything from it as well. That was the least she could do to make sure he didn't lose face.

After a moment of hesitation, she ended up deciding to let it go and simply continued walking behind Zen.

With the match reaching its conclusion, the warriors of the Demon Night along with the human race left as well.

As for the ogre warriors, they picked up the lifeless body of their own kind and gathered all of the things that had been left on the ground. It should go without saying that all of them had a despondent look on their faces.

"There's no way our Saint Lord will ever let this human brat go scot-free!"

"This human brat is bound to leave the underground palace at some point. When that time comes, our Saint Lord will most certainly put an end to him."

"The Saint Lord is gonna help us get retribution!"

When they were finally done picking up the remains, they also headed out as well.

After making their way through the gusts of wind, the group drifted into the other side of the cave. Eventually, they made it back into the abyss.

Without thinking much of it, Zen just went ahead and jumped down.

Lavender had already mentioned to him before what the Endless Abyss was like.

If he were to keep on falling down this abyss, he would have a way to preserve his life and get his hands on precious treasures.

In truth, the Supreme Lord from remote ages actually even gave every single one of them an opportunity to turn back, bestowing all of them with a divine texture that would let them return to the entrance of the underground palace.

Following closely behind Zen, Freya promptly jumped down as well, with all of the other warriors behind her also following suit.

"It seems that the Endless Abyss really doesn't have a bottom. If we're falling down like this, then when is it going to stop?" Zen asked Lavender as they were falling.

With a faint smile creeping onto her face, Lavender replied, "Indeed, there is no bottom to the Endless Abyss. The reason for that is because the Supreme Lord from remote ages made use of a special technique to connect the top and bottom parts of the abyss. The truth is that it's actually just a loop."

"A loop?" Zen was a bit taken aback.

"When you reach the bottom of this abyss, what happens is that you just return to the top, without even noticing it. You may be feeling like you're ceaselessly falling down, but in reality, you've only been spinning in a loop, giving you the impression that you are in an abyss without an end. Despite being warriors with exceptional capabilities, it was still impossible for any Supreme Lords to set up a bottomless abyss that would go against the limitations," Lavender explained to Zen in great detail.

Nodding his head in response to what she said, Zen was finally able to wrap his head around the concept and find out more about the Endless Abyss.

"You might not have realized it yet, but after what you have been through so far, you've actually already completed one full lap around this loop. Of course, after that comes the second lap," Lavender added.

"All in all, how many laps did you make back then?" Zen asked straightforwardly.

"Four laps. When I reached the fourth lap, the things I had to come face to face with became much too dangerous, so I had to give up," Lavender flatly answered.

Despite merely being at the Spirit Supreme Realm at that point, Lavender had actually become a queen already. She was quite an honorable queen that she even held sway over the Supreme Lords of the Demon Night, so she by no means lacked any sort of resources. It was due to her being concerned of her own safety that she decided to just give up.

"However, you can't give up this time," Lavender went on and added.

Chapter 1455 Freezing Cold

Lavender had high hopes for Zen.

To be exact, she didn't just have high hopes, she had placed her entire faith in him.

It wasn't because he was the only person in the universe who could help her. Lavender knew well that she could contact her old subordinates once she ascended to the Upper World. She'd even be able to ask help from Supreme Lord Leroy.

However, there was just that gut feeling inside of her that knew Zen would be the one to ultimately help her regain her throne.

Opening the entrance of the underground palace might have been coincidence or it might also be another manifestation of Zen's incredible luck.

Lavender remembered her own journey within the abyss of the underground palace in the past. She hadn't been able to pass the fourth round which was a great pity on her part. This underground palace in the Dark World held a lot of secrets, some even more special than others and she failed to uncover them at that time.

That was why Lavender added those words.

However, all Zen did was nod and that was when she knew that her worries had all been unnecessary.

She should know by now that Zen wasn't someone who gave up easily.

She had not forgotten his trial back at the Killing Sword Mountain where each step was torture and took everything from him. However, even if Zen consistently reached his limit, he never backed down.

He was someone who never gave up, someone who gave it his all and then some more. There had been no need to remind him.

Lavender was the Demon Night race's sharpest sword. She had led her entire race to conquer many supreme worlds. Each step she took was tinged with the blood of her enemies.

She wasn't warm, far from it. Lavender was cold and ruthless-a hardened killer but there was this sense of relief every time she shrank into Zen's body. There was just this feeling of security she had with him.

Falling into this Endless Abyss meant endless and unexpected dangers for all of them. A split-second distraction was all it took for one to lose his life, however, Lavender did not feel the slightest bit of worry. And that was all because of him-Zen.

Whoosh!

The aforementioned young man wasn't aware of the things currently running through Lavender's head. He was way too focused on his fall.

The previous Blade Mountain Trap hadn't posed that much a threat but that only meant that things were about to turn up a notch soon enough.

If he ever felt that the next round was too dangerous then he would urge Freya to activate the divine texture first. He didn't care about the others, only about those who chose to follow him like Freya so he would always prioritize her safety.

Just as he decided on this, a cold chill came from below. "The temperature has dropped.

This must be the extremely cold test," Lavender said.

True to what she said, the more they descended, the colder the Endless Abyss got.

A couple of meters down, Zen noticed white frost appeared on the walls indicating just how frigid the temperature had gotten.

Zen could feel his own body temperature decrease. The temperature had now dropped to frighteningly low levels and the freezing air that rushed past him felt like icicle claws scratching at his cheeks.

Zen had no choice but to circulate his strength through his body, otherwise, his blood was sure to freeze! However, just as he initiated the circulation of his strength, he quickly realized that it wouldn't be enough to help him get through this icy test.

How could he ever hope to pass it when even the air itself seemed to have frozen?

Beams of milky white gas floated through the space, slowing everything down at an abnormal rate.

First, it was the walls, then the air, now even their speed had been affected by the freezing temperatures!

The air right now was extremely buoyant which made their descent slow down considerably.

Bang!

Not willing to die here in the cold, Zen quickly used his chaotic energy to summon a ring of flame around him.

However, the effort was futile. As soon as the flames ignited, the white fog quickly wrapped around the fire and extinguished it instantly!

"This chilling air…" Zen muttered, his teeth chattering from the cold.

A single step had proven to be quite a challenging feat given his circumstances and the same could be said for his companions.

A few had tried to use protective life vitality to shield their body from the elements, however, temperatures this low would prove to be too much to handle. These warriors could only watch helplessly as their protective shields froze and cracked, exposing them to the unforgiving chill of the abyss.

After cracking, the life vitality that formed the shields would've normally dissipated into the air.

However, that wasn't what happened. The life vitality simply remained solid and slowly embedded itself onto the white, frosted walls of the abyss!

Realizing that their life vitality was useless, many of the warriors copied what Zen did and tried to activate their Fire Law in the hopes of wrapping their bodies in the flames for warmth.

Zen's flames, activated using chaotic energy, lasted only around ten seconds. The other warriors' flames burned for less than that - they were now truly at a disadvantage!

What could they do now? Passing through this area wasn't going to be easy.

On the other hand, Freya seemed to be performing well. Perhaps it was because of her specialization with ice attributed cultivation methods, she didn't seem to have too much trouble with this area. She appeared to be even more relaxed than Zen at that moment.

However, although the temperature was terrifyingly low, it was not a deadly threat to the warriors.

There were two ways that the warriors identified to get through this: First, they could stimulate their life vitality and let it circulate through their bodies. It would maintain the blood circulation in their veins and maintain a certain degree of heat in their internal organs.

Second, they could use their life vitality to condense flames. The flames only lasted for a couple of seconds at a time but it was enough to provide them a great deal of warmth. Since there were quite a number of them who were making this effort, they could share the flames together.

This lasted for about an hour.

By this time, even the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors were weak and pale. All of them looked like frozen zombies with their dark purple lips and sunken faces.

A warrior could usually endure extreme environments but this was a whole new level of extreme. Those who really couldn't take it had used the divine texture to return. The potential of finding great treasure was tempting but temptation could only push one so far. Not many people were willing to risk their lives just for mere precious trinkets after all.

For those that remained, they held onto the hope that they would soon pass through this area. However, just as they were thinking it was all going to be over, a diamond-shaped ice crystal with the size of a human suddenly appeared below them!

Whoosh!

The appearance of this huge diamond-shaped crystal caused Zen to feel as if his brain was about to freeze from the intense cold!

His reaction time was much slower and it was only when the crystal was around fifty to sixty feet away from him did Zen realize what was happening! He quickly twisted his body and dodged the oncoming projectile!

He was lucky to have avoided it, as did Lincoln and Freya.

However, a human warrior had been too slow.

An ordinary ice crystal wasn't too dangerous. Even one that was the size of a mountain wouldn't pose that much harm to a hardened warrior.

However, this was not an ordinary crystal. The moment it made contact with the unfortunate warrior's skin, the crystal immediately froze him and smashed his body into pieces from the sheer impact!

Clang!

It was a terrible sound, like a piece of shattering glass or porcelain.

The sight horrified many. Zen, and most of the warriors in the abyss sported grave expressions on their faces upon realizing the gravity of danger their lives were currently in.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1456 Human Pyramid (Part One)

The Endless Abyss in the underground palace seemed to be much easier to pass than those legendary dangerous places of similar renown in the Upper World.

This abyss was constructed by the Supreme Lord from remote ages through substantial effort. These warriors even saw this underground palace as a trial, where they could obtain golden opportunities and precious treasures. It was a means for testing themselves, and finding their measures.

However, only now did they realize that they had seriously miscalculated.

Anyone who was not careful in this abyss would immediately be killed!

After the warrior was ripped into pieces, his broken limbs fell down above everyone's heads. As they descended relatively slower than those alive warriors, the warriors were constantly below the bloody shower which followed them.

"Another one!" a fighter screamed with a note of fear in his voice.

Just as the voice rang out, the crowd heard a whistling sound coming from below, heading straight for them. It grew in intensity as the noise drew near.

However, Zen was on the left side of the abyss at this time, and the diamond-shaped ice crystal was only the size of a person. So it seemed that he would not get hit by the diamond-shaped ice crystal.

There were dozens of warriors falling down in the abyss at the same time, and the diamond-shaped ice crystals were rising at a much faster speed. Even if they noticed the diamond-shaped ice crystals, it would not be easy to dodge them during their descent. There was little room for them to maneuver.

Previously, as they were passing through the Blade Mountain Trap, they had maintained a careful distance from the walls of the abyss. When several giant blades appeared, they would nimbly adjust their positions by pushing the abyss walls. But now there were ice spikes growing on the walls, so this method was obviously no longer suitable as the walls had become like a giant cheese grater and would shred anyone who came too close to them.

The assault of these diamond-shaped ice crystals were like the uncertain coming of a death god, killing indiscriminately. The fate of most martial artists in the abyss could now only depend on their good luck or bad luck.

"Whoosh!"

In almost the blink of an eye, the diamond-shaped ice crystal shot toward Freya at an extremely fast speed. She instantly froze in place as she saw death hurtling towards her.

Seeing the diamond-shaped ice crystal shooting towards her, Freya's face paled. She tried her best to avoid the fast approaching death object, but she was unable to fly into the air, and had no way to gain the momentum to change her position. The difficulty of avoiding it was simply too great. She watched helplessly as it approached.

At the last second, she almost twisted her waist into a bow, but was still unable to avoid the diamond-shaped ice crystal.

'That human girl is going to die!' the other warriors all thought.

Freya had almost stopped breathing as she stared at the diamond-shaped ice crystal with a look of sheer despair on her face. As what she had already seen before, the only result she could achieve was to freeze, and turn into ice scraps after being hit by the diamond-shaped ice crystal.

Because the speed was simply too fast, she didn't have the time to crumb the divine texture to return to the entrance of the underground palace.

At this moment, a black ray of light shot overhead at an even faster speed. Before the diamond-shaped ice crystal struck Freya, the black ray of light had already struck the diamond-shaped ice crystal.

"Clank! Clank! Clank..."

The black light had hit and instantly shattered the diamond-shaped ice crystal, showering Freya with its icy remains.

When the diamond-shaped ice crystal exploded, it had released strong cold energy. After Freya passed through that layer of cold energy, her entire body was snow-white, as if she had been covered in a layer of frost. Icicles even hung from her clothes and hair.

She subconsciously turned her head to look at Zen, who was holding onto a long bow. He fell backward in the air, with his chest facing upwards. The bow in his hand was still vibrating, as that black light had been the arrow that Zen had shot when she was in danger.

Although she had been in despair just now, she had still clung to one belief for salvation. At this time, only Zen could save her. However, an apologetic look appeared on her face all of a sudden. She felt ashamed of needing Zen's protection constantly in the underground palace.

She hadn't wanted to cause trouble for Zen in the first place, but she'd been bothering him all the way up, since they'd entered the underground palace. So she felt so sorry now.

As Zen saw the apologetic look in Freya's eyes, he only smiled, and with a flick of his finger, a red pill shot towards Freya. Zen had collected a lot of pills in his space ring. That was a Heating Pill, which was able to catalyze one's life vitality and emit a great amount of heat, although it was not a high level pill. Freya practiced the cultivation method of the ice attribute, but the cold energy emitted from the diamond-shaped ice crystal had still been too much for her to take. Her body was shaking heavily from the chill, and she gratefully accepted the Heating Pill.

Although the cold energy of this diamond-shaped ice crystal was terrifying and its speed was difficult to dodge, it was only an ice crystal after all. As long as one didn't come into contact with it, you could easily survive it by shattering it in advance. It was simply a matter of avoiding the ice, and remaining alert.

Everyone had already gotten ready again for the approaching diamond-shaped ice crystals. Some of the human warriors pulled out a row of flying knifes in their hands. As for the warriors of the Demon Night, they all took out their bows.

"Shoop! Shoop!"

Accompanied by two whistling sounds, two more diamond-shaped ice crystals shot out from the bottom of the abyss! Their frigid shapes were quickly approaching.

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

27

Content

Chapter 1457 Human Pyramid (Part Two)
Chapter 1458 Snow Demon
Chapter 1459 Experience
Chapter 1460 Ancient Treasures
Chapter 1461 Livingston
Chapter 1462 The Origins
Chapter 1463 The Malicious Aura In The Abyss
Chapter 1464 Killing Each Other
Chapter 1465 The Power Of Three Queens (Part One)
Chapter 1466 The Power Of Three Queens (Part Two)
Chapter 1467 Caught In A Dilemma
Chapter 1468 The Ghosts
Chapter 1469 The Power Of Incense (Part One)
Chapter 1470 The Power Of Incense (Part Two)
Chapter 1471 A Whirlpool
Chapter 1472 Osborn
Chapter 1473 The Shake Of The Heavens
Chapter 1474 Ascending (Part One)
Chapter 1475 Ascending (Part Two)
Chapter 1476 Threat
Chapter 1477 Retreat
Chapter 1478 Lavender's Subordinates
Chapter 1479 The Past
Chapter 1480 Suicide
Chapter 1481 The Despicable Queen
Chapter 1482 To The North
Chapter 1483 Unconvinced
Chapter 1484 Preparations
Chapter 1485 Abolish
Chapter 1486 Riddled With Holes
Chapter 1487 The Moving Fairy Palace
Chapter 1488 The Gathering Of Many Supreme Lords
Chapter 1489 Elena Arrived
Chapter 1490 Drag More Supreme Lords In
Chapter 1491 Transformation
Chapter 1492 Burn The Star

Chapter 1493 A Grain Of Sand
Chapter 1494 Showing Their Special Skills
Chapter 1495 Warning (Part One)
Chapter 1496 Warning (Part Two)
Chapter 1497 Only One Can Survive
Chapter 1498 Groveling
Chapter 1499 Die One After Another
Chapter 1500 Heading North
Chapter 1501 How To Obtain A Satisfying Heavenly Destiny (Part One)
Chapter 1502 How To Obtain A Satisfying Heavenly Destiny (Part Two)
Chapter 1503 Tell A Story (Part One)
Chapter 1504 Tell A Story (Part Two)
Chapter 1505 Embark On True Path Once Again
Chapter 1506 Gus
Chapter 1507 Gods-intimidating Strike
Chapter 1508 Emotion Closing Godly Way
Chapter 1509 The Endless Divine Land
Chapter 1510 The Weapon-Refining Workshop
Chapter 1511 Star Essence Iron
Chapter 1512 The Beginning Of The Illusion Battlefield

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1457 Human Pyramid (Part Two)

However, this time, just as the two diamond-shaped ice crystals appeared, two crisp sounds also rang out. A green light and a purple light shot towards the diamond-shaped ice crystals at the same time. The accuracy was unmistakable.

"Clank! Clank!"

Following the two crisp sounds, the two diamond-shaped ice crystals instantly exploded and shattered outward into streaks of cold air before disappearing from everyone's sight.

The archers were now two women of the Demon Night.

Although the many warriors were competitors in this abyss, everyone could only go further by working together. When faced with the threat of the diamond-shaped ice crystals, enemies had to become friends, and fight for a common goal - survival.

As they were continuing to fall, all the warriors had now understood this principle. Facing those diamond-shaped ice crystals, they didn't hold back their strength anymore. Every one of the warriors was now accepting the responsibility for destroying the dangerous diamond-shaped ice crystals.

Whenever the diamond-shaped ice crystals flew over, someone would always take the initiative to smash them into pieces. The ones who contributed the most were not humans, but those from the Demon Night. Although the warriors of the Demon Night were good at different kinds of weapons, the most common weapon they used was a bow and arrows. Almost everyone of their warriors was equipped with a longbow. Hence, they had a reputation for proficiency in shooting which was unmatched among their human and ogre counterparts.

At the beginning, there was only one or two diamond-shaped ice crystals, but soon, the number of these dangerous hazards began to increase exponentially. Surviving the gauntlet of the rising diamond-shaped ice crystals was becoming even more dangerous now.

Three, four…

six, seven...

At the same time, more and more diamond-shaped ice crystals appeared and the pressure became greater and greater. More people began to work together. The sounds of explosions echoed throughout the abyss for a time as the diamond-shaped ice crystals were exploded through archery and teamwork.

This situation continued for almost an hour, and the expressions of the warriors became more and more serious. At the same time, the number of diamond-shaped ice crystals that shot up had already reached twenty, and if there was even the slightest mistake, someone would be killed. If the number of diamond-shaped ice crystals reached a certain point, the result wouldn't be hard to guess. Everyone in the abyss would be faced with an inevitably disastrous consequence.

"Buzzzzz…"

Some warriors had already foreseen this. They shattered the purple specks of light and activated the divine texture, choosing to withdraw and return to the entrance of the underground palace.

It would be too late to withdraw by the time that the warriors found it was beyond their ability to handle. The opportunities and treasures in the abyss were indeed attractive, but their lives were still the most important aspect of consideration.

The fewer people there were, the greater the pressure would be. After all, there were still so many diamond-shaped ice crystals to deal with; and with fewer archers to take out the diamond-shaped ice crystals, the task was becoming impossible.

When the first person chose to retreat, the other warriors' minds immediately wavered. Very soon, the second and third warriors also activated their divine textures, transforming into a beam of purple light as they shot upwards. The tide of abandonment increased as more warriors chose to leave the fight.

However, many warriors still chose to stay.

Some chose to fight with all their might, while others chose to protect themselves. There was no right or wrong decision to be made. This was about survival.

Zen understood, however, that he could not give up. The competition in the Upper World was certainly more brutal than that in the Lower World and the path he chose to walk on was far more difficult than that of an ordinary warrior. If he gave up on this small challenge, how could he continue on his tough path. Besides, he was doing it not only for himself but also for Lavender. There would be too much to be lost, if he abandoned the task now.

"Freya, adjust your position and try to maintain a straight line with me," Zen instructed.

Freya nodded. She, of course, clearly understood Zen's arrangement.

Now everyone was falling. She then adjusted her position and kept herself above Zen's head. It was as if Zen was standing in front of her, shielding her from harm.

When the other warriors saw Zen's arrangement, they saw the wisdom of this move and their minds changed as they followed suit. Therefore, a rather comical scene appeared. Almost all of the warriors began to adjust their positions and moved towards Freya's position. They were all trying to shelter themselves behind Zen now.

Not only the human warriors, but also the ones of the Demon Night and the ogres, were also coming, one after the other. They formed a straight line, as if they were a living pyramid, during the rapid descent.

Looking at the neatly arranged pyramid above his head, a helpless smile appeared on Zen's face. He couldn't blame these guys for taking advantage of the situation. Arranged like this, they would indeed avoid a lot of trouble. There was safety to be secured in this pattern. All Zen needed to do was to break the diamond-shaped ice crystals that had shot up from the bottom.

Therefore, with Zen as the leader and apex, this pyramid formed by humans, ogres and Demon Night members continued plummeting downwards at top speed.

After about an hour, the number of diamond-shaped ice crystals began to decrease. Although the surrounding cold energy was still high and copious, the temperature had also increased by quite a bit. Things were definitely looking up for them.

It seemed that they had passed through this round of trial. However, just as everyone's mood was slightly released and tensions faded, a soft laughter suddenly rang out.

Chapter 1458 Snow Demon

Suddenly, a feminine laughter came from the chilling abyss, making all the martial artists nervous once again.

"This sound… Where did it come from?" a warrior asked worriedly.

Everyone heard the soft laughter but nobody could tell where it was coming from…

"Hee hee…"

Immediately, everyone heard the sound again.

The soft laughter rose and fell, echoing in everyone's ears.

"What the hell is that?" an ogre martial artist roared incredulously.

Nobody answered his question; not because they didn't want to, but because no one knew where it was coming from!

Zen's expression was wary, but he still asked in his mind, "What is that?"

Lavender hesitated for a moment, then replied, "If I remember correctly, it must be the Snow Demon…"

"The Snow Demon?" Zen's eyes flashed.

Lavender smiled faintly and said, "The Snow Demon won't pose much of a threat to you."

While he was pondering over Lavender's words, a white shadow flashed before his eyes, before disappearing into the depths of the abyss!

It was not only Zen who saw the quick flash of the white shadow, everyone else saw it, too.

"What is that? This white thing seems to be circling us!" shouted a warrior.

"Snow Demon! I know it! This damned thing can only exist in the frozen land… Isn't the Snow Demon a kind of evil creature, which only exists in the Snow World!?" another fighter yelled in panic.

As soon as the martial artist finished speaking, white shadows emerged from the walls of the abyss one after another. They seemed to have no fixed form and could freely travel through space, and these white Snow Demons maintained the same speed as the warriors. They circled the crowd of martial artists, getting closer and closer to them!

"Everyone be careful! The Snow Demons can take over people's souls, and make people lose themselves!" reminded another warrior.

"Ha-ha! This damned thing can make me lose myself? What a joke!" roared an ogre martial artist. With a wave of his hand, he threw out a saw-toothed rotating wheel.

The rotating wheel had sharp saw teeth embedded all around it, and it spun towards a Snow Demon. However, it only penetrated the Snow Demon's body lightly, and did not cause any damage to it!

The Snow Demon was a famous evil creature in the Snow World. It could transform into different forms and was able to know the most important person to a warrior. It would then transform into that person to mislead the warrior. If a warrior was enchanted by a Snow Demon, it would invade the warrior's mind and occupy his body!

Zen did not move. His gaze was locked onto a Snow Demon. He carefully sized up these white Snow Demons around him...

First, they looked like beasts with strange appearances, but as they circled around the warriors, they rapidly changed their shapes.

The number of Snow Demons was equal to the number of warriors left in the abyss, which meant that each warrior would face a Snow Demon.

The warriors were at different heights, and Zen was still at the bottom. In other words, he was the bellwether.

He soon discovered that the Snow Demon in front of him was like a lump of snow, constantly melting while at the same time reforming its body. When the Snow Demon changed its form, Zen had a peculiar feeling, as if it was spying on his heart.

"Hee hee…" The Snow Demon let out a feminine laugh while changing forms.

At this moment, it was not only Zen who was staring at the Snow Demon, Lavender who was hiding within Zen's body was also watching carefully. She actually looked expectantly to see what the Snow Demon would change into. She knew that these creatures could read people's hearts, and as the Snow Demon spun around Zen, it used its talent to probe his heart.

This sort of talent was extremely rare. It was a skill that the Snow Demons relied on to survive. The vast majority of martial artists had very strong wills, so it was difficult to confuse them! Only after a Snow Demon read one's mind could it turn into a certain form to mislead its prey!

Very soon, the Snow Demon's body turned into a pair of fair and thin arms, then came the exquisite waist, two slender legs. When the entire body was formed, the features slowly materialized…

When Lavender saw this appearance of the Snow Demon, she was faintly disappointed. Clearly, the person created by the Snow Demon was not her.

"Yan." Zen was slightly surprised to see his sister's face, but he sneered. Did the Snow Demon think that by changing into his sister, it would be able to confuse him? This Snow Demon wasn't going to be difficult to deal with at all!

Zen slightly raised his long sword and held it horizontal. An azure-colored lightning shot out from the hilt of Thunder Wind Divine Sword and twirled around the blade!

There were many methods to restrain the evil creatures in this world. Since Snow Demons were not afraid of ordinary attacks, presumably the lightning that counteracted evil force should be effective!

As Zen lifted his Thunder Wind Divine Sword and pointed it at the Snow Demon which was approaching him, a trace of hesitation appeared on his face.

Zen was not bewitched by this demon.

He had come here all the way from the Lower World. The first thing he did upon arriving in the Upper World was to find his sister using the Roaring Token. However, to his disappointment, there was no reply from Yan.

There were only two possibilities for this: either Yan was outside of the supreme worlds and could not hear Zen's voice, or she did not have a Roaring Token, so she was unable to respond to him.

Either way, he did miss his sister a lot…

In fact, the Yan in front of him transformed by the Snow Demon was quite different from the real Yan. This was because the Snow Demon had transformed itself based on the image of Yan in Zen's mind and not on the real Yan.

When someone missed a person for a long time, one would imagine the person to be perfect in his mind.

Yan was the one that Zen cared the most. After all, blood was thicker than water, and there was a deep bond between siblings.

Ever since Zen stepped onto the path of learning martial arts, he rarely had spent any time with Yan. As his longing for her increased, in his heart, Yan had become more and more perfect.

So, the 'person' in front of Zen was actually the Yan that was in his mind.

Zen knew that what was in front of him was an illusion created by the Snow Demon, and he also knew that it wanted to take over his body. However, he hesitated the moment he raised his sword.

There was no news of her ever since Yan was taken away by the young man. Although he was determined to find Yan, he did not know when he would meet her again. Facing the fake 'Yan', he could not help but want to see her more…

Zen's heart softened. At that moment, a flaw appeared in his state of mind.

At the same time, the Snow Demon's eyes suddenly shone with a dreamy color…

When the dreamy color flashed, Zen's eyes also reflected the same color. He was completely lost in the illusion. Zen's entire body was blankly falling down.

Lavender was still curled up within Zen's body, doing nothing to stop this.

But the cyan dragon spoke up to him at this time, "Why didn't you remind Zen? He should have avoided getting lost in this illusion."

Snow Demons might be a deadly existence for martial artists with weak warrior spirits, but for a martial artist like Zen, they were not too much of a problem. Especially since he still had Lavender, the cyan dragon and other dragons in his body to help him.

The cyan dragon remained silent, but that did not mean he did not pay attention to Zen. However, since Lavender was very familiar with the Endless Abyss, it was her place to advise Zen. The cyan dragon naturally did not interfere too much.

But Lavender hadn't stopped Zen. Instead, she just let him get immersed in the illusion created by the Snow Demon. This confused the cyan dragon.

Lavender smiled faintly and replied, "That was Zen's own choice. Since he misses his sister, just let him stay in the illusion for a bit longer and I believe that he will be able to come out by himself…"

After hearing this, the cyan dragon couldn't help but roll his eyes, which were emitting a mighty aura.

Chapter 1459 Experience

The interaction between the Genuine Dragon and the Demon Night was not much.

Granted, the cyan dragon inside Zen had already known Lavender for quite some time now and naturally understood her personality more.

Despite being already a hundred thousand years old, Lavender was nothing more than a child in the cyan dragon's eyes whose emotions he could predict just by looking at her face.

And right now, she was clearly dissatisfied with Snow Demon's appearance as Yan.

Ever since she ascended the throne, Lavender had been heralded as the Demon Night's killing symbol that struck fear into the hearts of outsiders.

Elena was her counterpart. She represented the Demon Night's law and enacted punishment against clansmen who committed heinous crimes.

A queen's ascension was always significant as those who took the throne would also become a symbol for the entire race. It was even said that a Demon Night queen was tainted with a trace of divinity.

After countless years, Lavender was no longer just an ordinary queen though she also could not be considered a True God. Still, the Demon Night regarded her as a goddess: all-powerful and mighty. However, despite being a pseudo-divine, it seemed Lavender showcased a very human emotion: liking Zen.

Even the cyan dragon was surprised at this realization. However, it had nothing to do with him so he just let it be for now. Right now, the Snow Demon had caught Zen in its grasp and was a witness to the young man's greatest weakness. The cyan dragon only hoped that Zen would be able to work it out for himself as soon as possible.

The illusion wasn't fully the Snow Demon's work. All it really did was to build up the foundations by digging out a person's greatest desire. The rest of the picture would be supplied by the person himself who then essentially painted his own fantasy.

And Zen's deepest desire painted the most beautiful picture of warmth and serenity. It was around sunset and the entire Luo residence was covered with faint, orange light.

Zen was on the roof of the mansion with a serene view of the C County laid out before him. There were no fights and no noisy rackets, but just him, his family, and this peaceful, wonderful view.

He couldn't remember the last time he experienced such peace and silence. The past few years had been hard on him as he spent every waking moment trying to strengthen himself and gain power. His life had been nothing but a constant uphill climb and the summit didn't seem to be anywhere near.

Yan sat beside him, flipping through a stack of old calligraphy and paintings she found in a corner of their house. She was very curious and opened each dusty scroll one by one.

The artworks were all laid down in an orderly fashion and she passed those she deemed interesting enough onto Zen.

"Look at this one Zen!" she said, handing over a scroll to him. "This was left behind by the only top scholar in our clan. It was actually abandoned in the corner! What a pity…"

Of course, a top scholar wasn't really a big achievement for a clan. In fact, it wasn't even a big deal. This world was controlled by warriors after all. Not even an emperor could afford to offend a sect lest he made his entire country suffer.

But Zen gave an extremely thorough commentary on that piece of calligraphy.

Time passed quickly and the orange sky soon darkened into the starry, evening sky.

Both brother and sister were still on the rooftop. Zen was on his back, staring at the stars while Yan whispered beside him.

Her murmurs were like a soft lullaby, pleasant to the ears. Zen suddenly remembered how he accidentally fell asleep on the roof many times in the past. Once, he even fell off and suffered a really bad injury.

He didn't realize it but he had actually fallen asleep, lulled by Yan's whispers. Everything was calm, peaceful and he was at ease with the world.

At that moment, a strange smile appeared on Yan's face, one that did not seem to fit her beautiful face.

Inches away from Zen's face, Yan suddenly opened her small mouth and revealed a row of extremely sharp, white teeth!

At that moment, Zen's eyes flew open!

There was a trace of reluctance in his eyes as he looked at this monster in front of him. "This experience wasn't so bad. I actually really liked it. Thank you," he said with a smile. However, his gaze soon turned cold. "But I must kill you now."

Whoosh!

His hand shot out and quickly pierced through the monster's body.

At that moment, a cold, sinister laugh echoed through the air as Yan transformed into an entirely different creature. Her hands elongated into sharp claws and she desperately tried to swipe at Zen. Unfortunately, the bulk of a Snow Demon's ruse relied heavily on the illusion. Once the person it had hoped to ensnare woke up from his fantasy, then there wasn't really anything the Snow Demon could do but struggle and exert a few weak attacks.

Zen only needed to exert a minuscule amount of force before the Snow Demon's body was twisted in his hand and died.

The monster's death quickly wiped away the scenery that had served as his fantasy stage. His eyes once again gained clarity and could now differentiate fact from fiction.

The Snow Demon also disappeared, its twisted body breaking down into pieces that were carried away by the wind.

Zen could've killed the Snow Demon at the very start but he chose to let it set up an illusion for him. He was partly glad for the experience. At least he was able to reunite with Yan even for just a moment.

Still, there was that all-too-familiar pang of sadness in his heart as he was thrown back into reality.

"You're out?" Lavender's voice rang out. Her voice had always been cold but there was a trace of bitterness mixed with it this time.

"Yes!" he said, not sensing the change in Lavender's tone at all.

He turned around and quickly looked at how the other warriors were doing. It seemed all of them were still immersed in their own illusions as they closed their eyes during falling down. Meanwhile, the Snow Demons were unrecognisable. Their appearances had changed in accordance with the warriors' illusions and their figures were currently hard at work, whispering sweet nothings to their victims' ears.

The girl with golden hair seemed to be an exception though. She had used some sort of treasure to stabilize her heart which rendered the Snow Demon unable to change its appearance. The monster was unable to attack this whole time.

"Freya!"

Zen burst in surprise when his gaze landed upon the girl.

She was curled up in a ball with a smile on her face. In front of her was a Snow Demon who looked very much like Zen.

"That Zen is even way more handsome than you!" Lavender remarked.

And it was true. This Zen the Snow Demon pretended was taller than the real one and was undeniably more handsome.

It is often said that we often idealize the people we like. Those we hold dear in our hearts, for example, would always appear more handsome in our minds than they do in real life. If we hate a person, however, then the opposite would apply: they would look uglier instead.

Zen didn't realize Freya thought of him that way which embarrassed him a bit.

"What do we do now?" he asked, trying to divert the topic. "Do we wake them up or wait until they break free?"

The Snow Demon hadn't done any sort of harm to Zen. However, that didn't mean that it wasn't dangerous. If a person let his heart be confused by the monster then his soul would be devoured entirely. The only thing that would be left behind was his body which would then serve as an empty shell for the Snow Demon's possession.

"Let's wait. Snow Demon can confuse people but I think they all have a high chance of breaking free from their illusions," Lavender advised.

At that moment, a warrior suddenly opened his eyes and a strange smile broke through his face. He let out a burst of shrill, feminine laughter and summoned a long sword to his hand before charging straight towards Freya.

"That warrior! He's already been occupied by the Snow Demon! He can no longer be considered as a human! Kill him," Lavender ordered.

Even before Lavender said that Zen had already known that there was something wrong.

He quickly reached out and grabbed onto Freya to pull her beside him. There was a bright flash of light just as he took out his sword from his space ring and sent forth three Nether God Shadows towards the warrior.

Chapter 1460 Ancient Treasures

The warrior lost control of his faculties as the Snow Demon took over his body like a string puppet.

Although the human warrior was at the Spirit Supreme Realm, the Snow Demon who occupied his body probably couldn't even unleash at least ten percent of his strength.

Lavender had previously given a firm order, and Zen didn't hesitate to comply. After the Snow Demon had occupied the human warrior, he could no longer be considered human.

His legs turned to jelly as he swayed and grasped the long sword with some difficulty, He wanted to resist those three Nether God Shadows, but the Snow Demon couldn't even draw out his life vitality. How could he resist then?

In the blink of an eye, the warrior's body dropped dead, courtesy of the three Nether God Shadows.

After Zen was finished with the warrior, he once again focused on Freya.

While Lavender wasn't worried, Zen still checked up on Freya just in case. After all, being possessed by a Snow Demon was equivalent to death. One couldn't blame Zen for being worried that Freya wouldn't get to escape from the Snow Demon's illusion.

But just as he turned his head, he saw a blast of cold energy which suddenly burst out from between Freya's fingers. A stream of blood from her fingertip immediately followed.

Suddenly, her body twitched and her eyes opened. Her lids fluttered to reveal a gaze as clear as water. When she saw Zen looking at her concernedly, she smiled and said, "I'm fine."

Zen couldn't help but be surprised as he eyed Freya's wounded finger with confusion. "What's this?" he asked.

"Just now, I was afraid that the Snow Demon would bewitch me, so I formed an ice spike using my life vitality. Then I held onto it. If I didn't melt the ice spike within five minutes, it would explode," Freya explained.

It was known that the Snow Demon could build an illusionary land for warriors where they could immerse themselves in wonderful dreams, and then used this opportunity to devour their souls and occupy their bodies.

However, Freya's little trick had worked. The moment she felt the pain, she would have a chance to break out of the Snow Demon's illusion.

Zen couldn't help but admire her. He realized that even though Freya wasn't particularly strong, she was quite intelligent. She knew how to make use of small tricks, and those tricks could prove significant in critical moments.

At that point, more and more warriors regained their consciousness.

While the Snow Demon was fierce, the warriors who had already come this far had strong warrior spirits, which meant that they could shake off the illusion anytime soon.

Most of the warriors still struggled to get out of the Snow Demon's illusion, but a few of them unfortunately lost themselves and were possessed by the Snow Demons. Thus, the other unaffected warriors had no choice but to kill them.

Some warriors didn't maintain the correct falling position. As a result, their bodies floated towards the edge of the abyss and smashed into the ice spikes on the wall while they were in illusion. Some of them ended up with broken heads and bloody, wounded bodies. Some of them were seriously injured and had no choice but to activate the divine texture to leave the Endless Abyss. It was unlucky of them to have failed because based from past experiences, there was a reward after breaking out of the Snow Demon's illusion.

Sure enough, another stone platform stuck out from the wall of the abyss not long after.

The remaining warriors' faces lit up when they saw the stone platform.

Everyone had tried their best to stay and descend from the abyss. Their goal was to reach that kind of stone platform.

However, this stone platform was slightly different compared to the previous one. It was wrapped entirely in a thick layer of ice. Zen adjusted his position and landed on the stone platform.

His landing's momentum could crush even a hundred-foot-thick layer of ice into pieces, but there was only a slight sound when Zen stepped on it. The three-inch-thick layer of ice that enveloped the stone platform didn't even have a single footprint on it. It turned out that the Supreme Lord from remote ages had used a special method on the ice.

After a while, the other warriors all landed on the stone platform.

However, no one expected for something tragic to suddenly happen. Ab, who had followed Lincoln in the underground palace, also adjusted his position after he found the stone platform. But he never thought that he'd slip on the ice platform and down to the abyss. "Aaaaaargh!" he cried out.

"What bad luck!" Zen's gaze remained frozen on where Ab had stood.

Meanwhile, Lincoln, who stood beside Zen, just laughed and said, "Ha-ha! I can only wish him good luck." Lincoln didn't really have a good impression of the seven Hou brothers. He thought that it would be best if Ab died. Even if he didn't, Lincoln might not let him go when they left the underground palace.

Ab had directly entered the third cycle of the Endless Abyss. As for whether he could go through the third cycle alone, or chose to activate the divine texture to leave the Endless Abyss, it all depended on him.

The rest of the crowd stood on the stone platform; none of them would pay attention to such a person. They advanced towards the cave behind the stone platform. They ran so fast as if they were all fighting for it.

But, it was for a good reason—the cave contained some rather impressive treasures. The items in the second cave were all quite unique. Thus, all the warriors were filled with anticipation.

"What's in the second cave?" Zen asked Lavender. His eyes travelled to the warriors' anxious faces and he couldn't help but shake his head.

"Ancient treasures," Lavender said simply. "Various ancient treasures left behind by the Supreme Lord."

"Ancient treasures? Wow! I'm looking forward to them."

"Ha-ha! You will be disappointed. They're useless. A hundred thousand years ago, I entered, looked around, and just left," Lavender replied.

Not even divine weapons were spared from the erosion of time if left untreated. Their strength gradually weakened as time went by. No one knew just how many million years had passed since the Supreme Lord had built the Endless Abyss. Even if the ancient treasures he had left behind had been impressive in the past, it was likely that they had lost their effect by now.

The warriors stood in a row once they reached the cave. Then, a treasure mountain appeared in front of them.

Swords, halberds, spears, sabers, hammers, bows, axes...

There were all sorts of weapons, but everyone looked at them in pain.

These weapons were basically divine weapons back then. After they underwent countless years of erosion, they were nothing more than a pile of scrap metal now.

Although these weapons were not rusty or damaged, they were all greyish-white in color and no longer possessed their original luster.

Even most of the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors in the three major sacred places in the Dark World only had secondary third-rank divine weapons. Third-rank and secondary second-rank divine weapons were extremely rare. The ancient treasures were at least second-rank divine weapons. There were even first-rank and secondary first-rank ones among them.

However, they had lost their heavenly essence as time went by. The divine textures carved on them were also incomplete. After all, their materials had a time limit once the divine textures had been inscribed on them. Some extraordinary divine weapons might be able to stay the same after a million years, but after hundreds of millions of years, they too weren't spared from the corrosion of time. In fact, all of them weren't even considered "ancient treasures" now.

No wonder Lavender had left the cave after she looked around.

However, some warriors weren't willing to leave empty-handed. Perhaps they would not be able to make it to the next cave, and weapons were what they needed the most. After a moment of hesitation, they soon dug through the treasures, in hopes of finding something special.

Many of the warriors rummaged through the mountain pile of various weapons, and picked one weapon after another.

Once they were satisfied, they placed the weapons into their space rings, even if they knew that the weapons were all just scrap metal. Although the ancient treasures had lost their magic and weren't worth much, they still had a certain collection value. But of course, their collection value was also low.

Freya blinked, and joined in the search as well.

On the other hand, Zen did not join them. It wasn't that he looked down on such things, but he still had a little doubt.

Were these ancient treasures really the Supreme Lord's inheritance? From the looks of it, something wasn't right. The Supreme Lord had meticulously planned out the Endless Abyss, and then spent a lot of effort spreading the keys and methods that could open the underground palace throughout the entire universe. He would've foreseen that the weapons he had left behind would definitely become a pile of junk after hundreds of millions of years.

However, the Supreme Lord still did it despite knowing that it was the case. After Zen thought about it for a while, he felt that there was something fishy going on.

Chapter 1461 Livingston

Compared to the previous cave, this one was clearly smaller and could be easily surveyed with a single glance.

There was nothing strange about the surroundings, and it was almost dull in appearance.

Zen noticed that Freya was carefully picking up the ancient treasures. Naturally, he didn't leave immediately, but strolled around in the cave. He was making a final check on the cave, looking for any signs that they had perhaps missed.

After circling the cave once, Zen was now even more sure that there were no other mysteries to be found in the cave.

When Zen looked back again, his eyes widened. The ancient treasures that had been piled up like a small mountain were reduced by half. Obviously, the warriors had put the other half into their space rings. The wealth had truly been pillaged now!

When seeing this scene, Zen could not help but shake his head. After the heavenly essence within these ancient treasures was lost, the value of these ancient treasures was no longer great. They had been reduced to mere trinkets now.

A faint smile flirted over his face. Just as he was about to take a step forward, he noticed a sword plunged upright in the ground nearby.

'Perhaps this sword can't even be considered an ancient treasure. I wonder who stabbed the sword into the ground, ' Zen thought. His eyes narrowed slightly as a look of bewilderment surfaced on his face.

The ancient treasures that were piled into a small mountain had been eroded by the passage of time, and the heavenly essence within them was long gone. But strictly speaking, each and every one of them had been of the highest quality.

However, the sword in front of him seemed to be of a much lower grade. Even the edge of the sword blade had been rendered dull over time. Was this really a sword?

Despite being unable to obtain what he wanted in this cave, Zen was not discouraged. When he saw the sword, his interest was piqued. It was so strange and out of place, since it was clearly of an inferior quality to the other treasures.

When he thought of this, Zen took two steps forward and extended his hand to grasp the exposed blade of the sword. It did not move at all! The sword remained plunged into the ground, as if the very ground was holding fast to it.

"Huh?"

Zen became even more curious. Although he had only exerted a slight amount of strength, it should probably have been an easy task to pull out the sword. Was it because most of the sword was buried in the earth?

Zen stood firmly on the ground and held the sword with both his hands, resting one hand on the blade. The blade of the sword was already dull, and it did not cut his hand at all. However, even if it was not dull, with his current body strength, it should not be too much of a hindrance to him.

Grasping this sword, Zen suddenly exerted his full strength and pulled with all of his might.

A huge force was suddenly released upwards as the blade was finally freed from the earth.

Boom!

At this moment, the entire cave seemed to tremble as if in fear.

The warriors who were still picking through the abandoned ancient treasures immediately raised their heads and observed their surroundings. Soon enough, everyone's eyes locked onto Zen. They momentarily stopped searching and looked at him curiously.

"What is he pulling out?"

"It looks like a sword. It must be something extraordinary!"

"Quick! Let's go take a look!"

"What's the use of going there? Do you dare to snatch something from his hands?"

In the eyes of these warriors, the current state which Zen was in was of an existence akin to a fiend. Who would dare provoke him?

As Zen lifted the "sword" upwards, countless cracks began to appear beneath his feet. Soon after, a black object was half-pulled out from the cracks.

"Huh? What is this?" Even Zen couldn't help but take a few steps back after he lifted half of the "sword."

Zen had originally thought that it was an ancient sword, but when he pulled it halfway up, he realized that he had jumped to a conclusion.

What was grasped in Zen's hands was not a sword. Instead, there was a head made of metal underneath the sword, and a body made of metal, too, connected to the neck below the head. Slowly, Zen drew it further out of the ground to examine it.

"It's a puppet!" Zen murmured as his gaze froze.

Puppets were definitely not uncommon. However, this puppet in front of him had a very strange appearance. It was different from Saul in the fairy palace, and also different from the puppets in the Central Region. It was quite unique.

At the top of the puppet's head was a sharp object that looked remarkably like a sword. The body of the puppet had been buried in the earth, with only the "sword" abruptly sticking upright out of the earth.

No one knew why there would be a puppet inside the cave.

The Endless Abyss had been opened six times, but no one had discovered this secret on the previous five occasions. The last time

Lavender was here, she had only wandered around once before leaving. Of course, she couldn't answer Zen's question. He stared at the puppet, at a loss for words.

The other warriors looked over, reflecting longing in their expressions. Although they didn't know what this thing was, everything that was discovered in this abyss was considered to be a treasure. Naturally, they wanted this puppet.

However, when they thought about the miserable condition of the ogre warrior who had activated the Ancient Evil Ape bloodline in the last cave, they could only grimace and restrain their greed. This greed would drive them to move, but Zen's strength could definitely stop them.

Zen looked carefully at the unique-looking puppet in front of him.

This puppet was not originally a living being, but a man-made one. Everyone's sense of beauty was different, so no matter how unique and absurd the puppet was, it was not strange at all. To someone it had been a thing of beauty.

However, since those ancient treasures had been left here for countless years and had already been turned into trash, the puppet should be no different from trash now, right? Zen considered whether he should leave the puppet with the other worthless items.

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, an almost inaudible voice came from the puppet.

"You...you have… Alas..."

The voice was hoarse and weak. Even if Zen had listened attentively, he wouldn't have been able to clearly hear what the puppet had said.

But no matter what this puppet had said, it proved one thing—the puppet was still "alive."

Since that was the case, Zen's interest naturally increased and he looked at it more closely.

Although Zen didn't know what this puppet was saying, he couldn't really be bothered to listen carefully. Instead, he immediately grabbed the puppet's head and pulled it up hard, until its entire body was unearthed. In any case, the puppet's components looked ordinary, but despite the years in the ground, it still looked quite sturdy.

Boom!

After Zen had pulled out the puppet, he threw it to the side, where it landed with a loud booming sound.

The shape of the puppet was very strange, with a bald oval-shaped head, a bald oval-shaped body, and a sword-like ornament on top of its head. It had four limbs that were similar to a human's. It was a weird sort of human-formed puppet.

Throughout the entire process, the puppet continued babbling in a low voice, but no one could tell what it was trying to say. It could be because it was too weak, or it could be because it was speaking in a language which was now dead. After all, languages changed over years.

Zen turned the puppet over as he examined it, and discovered a small groove in its back.

Noticing the groove, Zen smiled knowingly.

There were also warriors that specialized in puppets. For instance, the Cloud Hall's Saint Morphens was good at puppet-mastering techniques, and the energy he supplied to the puppets was often from his life vitality. Zen considered that this puppet could also be out of juice.

The puppet in front of him might also be driven by life vitality.

In any case, Zen decided that he wouldn't suffer any loss if he tried it. Thinking of this, he took out a supreme life vitality crystal from his space ring, and inserted it into the groove in the puppet's back. There was a loud clicking sound.

The moment Zen slotted the supreme life vitality crystal in, the puppet suddenly cried out in excitement, "I...I can actually..."

Immediately though, the voice weakened again, and Zen was no longer able to hear what it was saying.

Zen's eyes were clouded with confusion. But as he stared at the groove, he instantly understood that the supreme life vitality crystal had been instantly exhausted.

"That's fast!" Zen was left speechless. The life vitality contained in the supreme life vitality crystal seemed to be far from enough. The speed at which the puppet had consumed the life vitality was also astonishingly fast.

Without thinking too much, Zen once again took out a life vitality jade from his space ring and once more inserted it into the groove.

"I...I actually come back to life! I can't believe it!" the puppet called out excitedly again.

Zen stared at the puppet and asked, "Who are you?"

The puppet sized Zen up and then slowly collected its limbs and moved towards him. It took a while before it smiled and said, "I… I'm Livingston. Ha-ha!"

This puppet seemed to think that reporting its name would shock all of the warriors in the cave, and its voice also contained a trace of pride.

However, after he finished speaking, many of the warriors were still clueless and they stared at the puppet in confusion.

"Livingston?"

"I've never heard of it."

"Does this name have any background?"

Zen also asked the same question in his mind. Not only had Lavender never heard of it before, even the experienced and knowledgeable cyan dragon didn't know who Livingston was. Clearly, the puppet had faded beyond memory over the centuries in which it had been buried.

"Huh? You don't even know who Livingston is?" The puppet's voice contained grief and indignation. "I am the number one weapon refiner in the universe! Are you guys ignorant or simply massively ill-informed on such matters?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1462 The Origins

The number one weapon refiner in the universe. What an awe-inspiring reputation.

These juniors were ignorant and ill-informed, and never had heard of the name of Livingston, but they were greatly shocked.

The puppet was furious, but he turned his nose up in the air.

Many of the martial artists stared at him in a daze, including Zen.

"The number one weapon refiner in the universe?"

"Don't give yourself airs. What I see before me is just a lousy puppet. How dare you claim to be the number one weapon refiner?"

"It's known to all that among all clans in the universe, the number one weapon refiner is Delroy Xu from the Celestial Position."

Weapon refiners played a significant role in the world of martial artists. The sacred places of all the races had their own weapon refiners, but first-class refiners were apparently rare. The Universe Spirit Tablet was often modified because of the existence of these refiners.

The title 'number one weapon refiner of the universe' fell like thunder upon the ears of most martial artists.

There was no question that the number one weapon refiner of the universe was Delroy Xu. No one dared to doubt that. The reason for it was obvious. The supreme divine weapons ranked from one to ten on the Spirit Tablet had all been refined by Delroy alone.

They were all puzzled about this puppet and could hardly believe him when he said that he was the number one weapon refiner in the universe.

"I'm not boasting! I am Livingston! Go and ask your elders. I..." Livingston exclaimed dramatically, waving his arms about. However, as he spoke, his voice became softer and softer. After a while, he was no longer able to move at all and his voice once again became inaudible.

Perhaps the life vitality jade that Zen gave him was completely used up now.

"The puppet is fascinating. I will bring him to Magnolia Sacred Place to study him." A human martial artist smiled as he stepped forward, holding ten life vitality jades in his hands. He wanted to supplement the jades for the puppet.

He was clever. The puppet might have been found and unearthed by Zen, but it seemed that he had his own thoughts. Thus, he could be classified as a living being.

This way, it was up to the puppet to decide whom he wanted to follow.

The human martial artist handed over ten life vitality jades to Livingston, trying to please him. If he persuaded the puppet to leave with him, Zen would presumably not stop him.

However, he had only taken a few steps when one of his legs got stuck to the ground. He was unable to move any farther. Zen stared at the human martial artist indifferently. Although there was no killing intent in his gaze, the human martial artist did not dare to act rashly. After all, he did not wish for death.

Zen then smiled faintly. He once again took out dozens of life vitality jades and stuffed them into the groove on the puppet's back.

Very quickly, the puppet returned to life, brimming with energy. "Go back and ask your elders. You will know that I am..."

"I don't want to know who you are," Zen interrupted him abruptly.

Livingston stared at Zen in a daze. "So you claim to be the number one weapon refiner in the universe," Zen continued. "You must know how to refine weapons very well."

"Of course!" Livingston pointed to the divine weapons that were piled high on the ground. "I refined all of them. They are all my works… But what's wrong with them?" He finally managed to say a few words normally, but then he started to turn abnormal once again. The puppet cried out in grief and indignation, "Why? Why have they all died?"

Zen's eyelids quivered. He felt like he had met a madman.

On the ground were just a bunch of inanimate divine weapons. Why was Livingston saying that they were dead?

Livingston walked over and knelt on top of the pile of ancient treasures clumsily. He took some of the ancient treasures in his hands, looking comically upset.

"He really is a madman," said Lavender.

But the cyan dragon disagreed on this. "No. He's not mad."

Zen's eyes glinted before he asked, "What do you mean?"

"I am not obsessed with weapon refining, but my fourth brother is talented at weapon refining in the Genuine Dragon race," said the cyan dragon softly.

So far, among the nine dragons, only two had been awakened. The cyan dragon's fourth brother was the fourth oldest dragon among the nine dragons. He was the green dragon.

According to what the cyan dragon just said, his fourth brother was a good hand at weapon refining. The Genuine Dragon race was not generally good at weapon refining. After all, super legendary beasts did not value weapons very much, so their refiners were incomparable to the human ones.

"Although my fourth brother's attainments in weapon refining were not profound, he was always engrossed in the work. Every time he spoke of it, he insisted that the divine weapons he refined had their own souls. They were like living things created by him, meant to continue his bloodline," the cyan dragon continued.

It was hard to believe that Livingston was the number one weapon refiner in the universe, but the cyan dragon believed that he showed special preference to weapon refining.

Meanwhile, Livingston was heartbroken. He grabbed one of the short swords and said in a low voice, "This one is just a second-rank divine weapon. Back then, I had poured heavenly essence into it and used divine textures to stabilize it. The heavenly essence would slowly fade away, but its speed should be much slower than that in normal divine weapons. It should have taken at least three hundred million years for it to completely ebb away. But now, I see the heavenly essence has completely disappeared. How many years have passed?"

Three hundred million years?

"My word! What a long time!"

"Three hundred million years! Do the Supreme Lords have such a long lifespan?"

"I heard that they do. Their sense of time is completely different to that of common martial artists."

Even to a martial artist with a long lifespan, the time span of three hundred million years was unimaginable.

However, when Zen heard this, his eyes turned hard.

This time span was just Livingston's speculation. The actual amount of time taken must have been far longer than what he had speculated.

The Supreme Lord's origins were mystifying. Livingston considered himself to be the number one weapon refiner, but no one in the universe even knew of his name. No matter which way Zen thought of it, there was something odd about this.

"No doubt, many years have passed. However, I just don't understand. If you are a weapon refiner, why did you become a puppet?" Zen asked him.

"You have no idea," Livingston said, any warmth absent from his voice. "A weapon refiner is destined to be unable to go far on the path of martial arts. To me, the body is just a shell. I personally made the body of a puppet for myself. It was the only way for me to fully immerse myself in weapon refining, and at the same time acquire an even longer lifespan!"

So, Livingston had turned himself into a puppet.

He was truly a fanatical weapon refiner.

As Zen thought of this, the corners of his mouth curled up. He knew of the weapon refining workshop in the fairy palace.

The workshop was yet to open, but as Zen's cultivation level increased, he would once again set foot in the True Path. By then, he would need Livingston's help after obtaining the token to open the workshop.

It did not matter whether or not Livingston was the number one weapon refiner in the universe. If he was able to refine so many divine weapons, his refining skills and techniques must be extraordinary. He was also a puppet, which was a fact that appealed to Zen. If his origins had been different, or if he had been a refiner from a large clan, Zen would probably not have considered taking him to the fairy palace.

Thinking of this, Zen smiled. "Do you still want to refine weapons?"

"Of course, I was born to refine weapons. If I didn't refine weapons, I would have long been dead!" Livingston's voice rose to a crescendo once again.

Zen did not expect Livingston to be so excited at his proposal, so he was a bit speechless. "If that's the case, I know of a weapon workshop where you can put your superiority into full play."

"A weapon workshop? Ha-ha!" Livingston sniffed arrogantly. "There is no refining workshop in the universe that could accommodate me." He paused for some seconds before continuing, "However, I can make do with it."

Livingston changed his attitude abruptly. Because he was addicted to weapon refining, he could not be too picky about his place of work. However, he still had his pride. He turned up his noses at ordinary places.

Zen did not bother to waste more words with Livingston. He straightaway grabbed him and stuffed him into the spirit beast bag. Living beings could not exist in the Sumeru Space, but Livingston's soul was in the puppet, so he would have to stay in the spirit beast bag for the time being.

Chapter 1463 The Malicious Aura In The Abyss

Zen grabbed Livingston and thrust him into his spirit beast bag. His gaze scanned the bag to make sure he had placed him well.

The other warriors had traces of envy on their faces...

They were not sure if Livingston's weapon refining skills were truly that stupendous. However, he did just mention that he was the one who had refined the bunch of ancient treasures before them.

The ancient treasures were not low-rank weapons. A weapon refiner like him would be extremely sought after in any tenth grade sacred place.

Even if Livingston was a swindler, he could at least unravel the secrets of the underground palace after living here for so many years as a puppet.

Now that Zen had simply picked up Livingston and thrown him into his spirit beast bag, the other warriors were naturally unhappy.

However, they could do nothing about it. Zen did not plan to reveal anything about what he was up to. Obviously, he did not want Livingston to disclose too many secrets, so he threw him into the spirit beast bag at the first opportunity…

Besides the martial artists of the three sacred places, the three Saint Lords outside of the underground palace were also upset to see what Zen had done.

The Saint Lord of the human race shook his head and said, "This boy is going too far. He shouldn't want everything for himself!"

A weapon refiner able to refine divine weapons was an important asset in any tenth grade sacred place. The Saint Lords were most aware of this. The shortage of divine weapons in Magnolia Sacred Place was a constant source of burden for its Saint Lord.

Although Magnolia Sacred Place was responsible for a part of the trade, it was only a trade channel for the Humanity Alliance. They did not get any real benefits.

"Ha! For now, just let him take everything he wants in the Endless Abyss. It seems this kid has come into a fortune, but he still has to leave the underground palace. I want to see if he can make it out of the Dark World alive!" the Saint Lord of the ogre race said, an ugly sneer on his face.

These words caused the human Saint Lord to frown. "No matter what, the boy is from the thirteen palaces. If he can return here safely, I will ensure that he also leaves this place safely. Don't ever entertain that idea again…"

Zen, who was in the underground palace, was naturally not privy to this discussion. After he stuffed Livingston into his spirit beast bag, he called Freya and left the cave. As for the pile of ancient treasures, Zen did not even spare them a single glance.

Hearing Zen call her, Freya hurriedly collected a few ancient treasures before following him contentedly.

Silently, she calculated how many life vitality jades these ancient treasures could be exchanged for. Just now, she had carefully selected a dozen or so ancient treasures of extraordinary quality. Although the treasures were not worth much, she would be satisfied to sell them for a handful of life vitality jades…

Soon, the remaining ancient treasures got divided among the rest of the warriors.

One could imagine how dejected the warriors of the three races were. In the first cave, Zen had obtained the World Tree's seed. That was acceptable. In the second cave, there was a pile of ancient treasures, but Zen had instead taken away a puppet with unknown origins who was obviously of great importance. From the looks of it, the other warriors would only end up being bit part players in this exploration of the underground palace!

However, although they felt indignant and were understandably disturbed, they still followed Zen in unison.

In fact, they too knew subconsciously that Zen's strength was extraordinary and that he could lead them deeper into the abyss.

"So... Let's continue to go down." Zen smiled at Freya. He slid sleekly on the ground and then fell into the abyss.

Freya did not say anything. She trusted Zen fully. She too tilted her body and jumped down.

The other warriors, such as Lincoln and the others, followed Zen and leaped into the abyss once again…

Just as Lavender had described, the abyss was in fact a ring. Zen and the others felt that they were falling down the abyss, but in reality, they were just flying round a giant ring.

Every time they finished a circle around the ring, a new cave would appear.

According to Lavender's prediction, there was a limit to the number of circles they could make around this ring. The Supreme Lord from the remote ages had probably set a test to pass five circles on this ring.

A hundred thousand years ago, Lavender had passed four circles. The greatest secret of the Endless Abyss should be revealed after the fifth circle…

The fifth circle was Zen's destination.

He had only finished two circles when the third one began.

By now, the warriors were used to falling like this and kept their bodies bent at a certain angle. This way, they could adjust their positions freely and tackle the dangers that came at them at any moment.

The other warriors here, except Freya, Zen, and Lincoln, were at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

At this time, Freya wondered if it was finally the time for her to give up.

Perhaps with Zen's help, she could go further. After some thought, she decided to observe for a while before activating the divine texture to return to the entrance. Then she could choose to wait for Zen outside the underground palace.

As they kept falling for about five minutes, they encountered no danger. Nothing happened in the entire abyss.

Despite so, no one let down their guards. After all, from what they had learnt from the previous two times they fell, it was always relatively safe at the beginning of the fall. The dangers often came out of nowhere and occurred in an instant. Thus, they had all become more cautious this time.

In the second cave, they had not come across much. They only got their hands on a few abandoned ancient treasures, so now they could only place their hopes on the third cave.

"There is something down there. Everyone, be careful," the blonde woman of the Demon Night race, who had been keeping an eye below her all this time, said to other members of her race in a faint voice.

Zen narrowed his eyes, his gaze sweeping down into the abyss. He frowned slightly as he asked, "What is that?"

They saw a mass of blood-red color appear at the bottom of the abyss. The moment it appeared, every martial artist felt their hearts tighten.

"What… such an intense malicious aura!"

"This malicious aura…. How will we bear it?!"

"We can avoid its impact by maintaining our state of mind!"

As they continued to descend, the color of the surrounding walls too began to change. Cracks began to appear on the walls. Within the cracks were circulating dots of red light, as if the cracks were the blood vessels of a living being. Malicious aura exuded from the walls continuously.

In order to avoid the malicious aura, the warriors started to distance themselves from the walls of the abyss and gathered to the center.

Under normal circumstances, the malicious aura would not have affected the martial artists too much.

After all, they were tainted with malicious aura whenever they killed a creature. As the majority of them were at the Spirit Supreme Realm, the number of creatures who had died by their hands was too large a figure.

But usually for the martial artists, the malicious aura in their bodies was within the range of their control. For the martial artists who practiced evil cultivation methods, it was a different case. They were required to kill more creatures in order to gather more malicious aura…

When the malicious aura in them accumulated over time, inner demons and all sorts of demonic barriers appeared in their hearts. Especially, when one cultivated, it was easy for the cultivator to go wrong in his martial arts cultivation and spiral into madness.

But because martial artists were used to living with their malicious aura, the one in the abyss should not have affected them much, even though it was strong. After all, the aura was not within their bodies. Facing its turbulence, many of the martial artists were a bit nervous, but they were not afraid.

However, not long after, they discovered that they were completely wrong.

As they continued their descent, the malicious aura in the abyss became increasingly thicker. At first, the blood-red light only flowed along the cracks in the walls of the abyss. But as everyone continued to fall, the malicious aura condensed into red specks of light that floated around the abyss.

The specks of light could be seen everywhere. Even if the warriors gathered toward the center of the abyss, they could not avoid them. They kept colliding with Zen and the other warriors.

Once someone came into physical contact with these red specks of light, the malicious aura would enter into the martial artist's body and be instantly absorbed…

At first when they absorbed a few specks of light, the warriors did not feel anything. But as the number increased, they became more agitated. Their hearts beat wildly and they felt as if they wanted to tear everything around them into pieces.

Chapter 1464 Killing Each Other

Killing could easily become an addiction. The more lives one took away, the easier it was for the malicious aura to grow deep within.

The red specks of light were highly concentrated malicious aura—a single speck was the result of slaughtering over a hundred thousand living beings. Because they constantly absorbed these specks of light, the great impact on them was undeniable.

Freya's chest was heaving. In her gentle, calm eyes, a glimmer of red light then appeared.

Like the other martial artists, her heart seemed to grow wildly restless. The urge to tear apart every single thing in sight was strong within her. Even as she did her utmost to restrain herself, she could feel her reason gradually fading away.

Huff!

She condensed a stream of cold air.

Instead of releasing it toward the other martial artists, she made the stream shroud her own body.

The life vitality wasn't to protect herself—merely releasing the cold air was basically the same as cutting herself. In an instant, she was almost completely frozen solid.

The invasion of cold air lifted her spirit, allowing her to maintain a clear mind.

The other martial artists, on the other hand, were already unable to hold themselves back.

The ogre martial artists were the first to launch their attacks.

To begin with, they were naturally extremely bloodthirsty, so the malicious aura within their bodies was already much more than that of other martial artists. Such a massive amount of the aura triggered the already restless blood within them to boil even more.

"Ah!"

one of them roared. All his muscles tensed up, his veins bulging like earthworms under his skin. Then, he rammed into a human martial artist beside him.

Small as he might have been beside the ogre, the human didn't want to let himself be outdone so easily. Instead of cowering in fear, he chose to fight the monster head-on.

Bang!

With a reverberating sound, the two of them collided, only to be repelled at the same time, rebounding against the abyss wall.

Both were severely injured from the collision. Blood flowed from their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths, yet there didn't seem to be a trace of pain on either of their faces. Beating the wall, they attacked each other again with the added force of the impact.

Earlier, when everyone avoided the malicious aura on the wall, they gathered in the center of the abyss. Now, the aura affected them greatly, forcing them into a state of frenzy, stimulating bloodthirsty fights.

"I'm going to tear you apart!"

another one of the ogre martial artists roared and caught a woman of the Demon Night.

But this woman wasn't weaker than him—she had the firmness of will. Although she was also affected by the malicious aura, she didn't allow herself to lose her reason. She was concentrating on keeping herself stable when the frantic ogre picked her up without giving her a chance to defend herself.

Compared to the robust and burly ogre, the woman was all too slender—she couldn't escape his grip.

If the ogre used even the slightest bit of strength, the woman would probably be torn in half.

Currently, all the martial artists were either in a frenzied state or bitterly supporting themselves. There was no one to save her.

Just as the ogre was about to use his strength…

Puff!

With a flash of black light, his head seemed to explode into a mere spray of blood, leaving only his strong body.

From a distance, Zen drew his longbow, his expression as indifferent as ever.

The lives and deaths of the martial artists of the three sacred places had nothing to do with Zen, but the Demon Night martial artists were Lavender's subjects. Even without her asking for his help, at the very least, he held a better opinion of the Demon Night as opposed to the ogres.

While Zen's mind was still clear, it didn't mean that he was immune to the malicious aura.

In fact, just as he came in contact with the red specks of light, his heartbeat began speeding up—he started sinking into an indescribable manic state.

The malicious aura was simply too fierce.

If only there was one with a genuinely pure heart without the slightest intention to kill. Only such a person's state of mind would be left undisturbed by the red specks of light, no matter how much malicious aura they contained.

Children, for instance, knew little about life. If they absorbed these specks of light, they wouldn't be affected at all. In their eyes, the world was still pure.

But martial artists grew up with the normalcy of slaughter.

Even though Zen wasn't fond of killing all the way, he still held killing intent in his heart. When the malicious aura entered him, it enlarged the hint of killing intent dramatically. The more malicious aura he absorbed, the fiercer his killing intent became.

But the effect of the malicious aura on him lasted for a very short time. After that, he managed to deposit the aura he absorbed straight into the Killing Sword Mountain.

When he first entered the Killing Sword Mountain, he stabbed his sword into the mountain, establishing a connection with the place.

With that, he could store all of the malicious aura into the mountain, or opt to take it away. But because he hadn't fully mastered the killing way of sword skills, he seldom used the malicious aura after returning to the Central Region.

With such an ability, Zen didn't fear the endless flow of malicious aura—it would have no real effect on him.

Still, he wasn't certain how much of the malicious aura the Killing Sword Mountain could contain.

Since he learned the Gods-intimidating Strike, he began to re-examine the mountain. Until then, he had not been able to fully unleash the strike. No matter how hard he tried to learn more about it, it only became clear how something was missing—like a jigsaw puzzle, Zen couldn't find the last piece to complete the picture.

The Supreme Lord Sword was the master of the Killing Sword Mountain. Perhaps, the most important secret of the strike lay right in the heart of the Killing Sword Mountain.

Many martial artists grappled at each other as they fell down. From a distance, they looked like moths circling in the sky, constantly colliding into each other without a care.

In less than five minutes, apart from the ogre martial artist whose head had been blown off by Zen's arrow, a Demon Night martial artist, along with two human ones, had also been killed.

Though Freya had bitterly endured the malicious aura accumulating within her body, she hit her breaking point and finally lost herself.

Her brown pupils turned blood-red. With a wave of her hands, ten thin and long ice blades grew from the tips of her fingers.

"You… Go to hell!"

In a frenzied state, martial artists attacked the persons closest to them. Since Zen stayed by Freya's side, he became her first target.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As Freya's fingers danced like flying shuttles, transparent ice blades flew toward Zen.

Facing the attack, Zen could only smile wryly. Then, with a wave of his fists, streams of fist radiance appeared.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The first radiance erupted, immediately shattering the ice blades.

As he countered, he managed to move closer to Freya.

With her current strength, she couldn't injure Zen at all. When he got within range, he reached out to grab her.

As Freya had fallen into a frenzy, her fighting instinct had been stimulated to the extreme by the malicious aura. She struggled, twisting her waist and kicking Zen's chest as much as she could. In a flip, two ice hairpins appeared in her hands and pierced toward Zen's ears.

In some ways, malicious aura was rather beneficial to martial artists. It could stimulate their fighting instinct to the absolute limit. The strength Freya was displaying was at least thirty percent better than usual. Such attacks would be difficult for ordinary martial artists to guard against.

But Zen was strong enough to resist. A faint smile still rested on his lips as he tilted his head back to avoid the two ice hairpins Freya had whipped out with the intent to kill him. When she crossed her hands, he grabbed onto her slender arms with a single hand and pulled her toward him.

Even with her hands restrained, she didn't give up resisting. Instead, she twisted her hands in another attempt to break free from Zen's grasp.

Chapter 1465 The Power Of Three Queens (Part One)

As though they had gotten caught between two iron pincers, Freya's hands were bound. How could she possibly break free?

Having said that, the look on Zen's face became rather alarming. How was he supposed to get rid of the malicious aura in her body?

Initially, the malicious aura was just gradually accumulating, and the speed at which it progressed wasn't really that fast. It was quite possible that there were martial artists who weren't capable of killing a hundred thousand living creatures even after a couple centuries. However, there was a handful of evil martial artists who could lay waste to people in multiple cities in just a short span of time, and they were inclined to pull stunts that angered the people.

But at this moment, there were a lot of martial artists who had accumulated a vast amount of malicious aura at such an alarming rate. How on earth would they be able to get rid of all that?

Even if Zen were to lend Freya a helping hand in leaving the underground palace, the malicious aura residing in her body would still pose a significant threat.

If it came to that, then the Endless Abyss would only end up being a cul-de-sac for them.

At this point, Zen, who had stepped foot into the Killing Sword Mountain, was the only person who could withstand it by making use of the mountain. In the end, the other martial artists started to lose their minds and fight amongst each other. Right above Zen's head, violent energy was fluctuating. If this didn't come to a halt, none of them was going to make it.

As all of these thoughts were running in circles in his head, Lavender told him in his mind, "There's no need for you to worry. Freya is going to be just fine as soon as she gets out of this area. In the past, when I brought my clansmen here, we also encountered the malicious aura, and a lot of my people weren't able to pull through. But there was an area of purification right at the bottom of the abyss that had the ability to get rid of the malicious aura. It's gonna be beneficial for the martial artists."

When he heard Lavender's words, Zen was able to feel a bit at ease. Essentially, the most important thing for them to do right now was to make it through this part.

The battles between the martial artists up there were becoming much fiercer by the minute. All in all, there were more than twenty Spirit Supreme Realm martial artists involved in that skirmish. All those men were utilizing their trump cards, so it should go without saying that the power they were letting out could make someone's blood run cold.

As luck would have it, the abyss was totally indestructible. In comparison, if dozens of Spirit Supreme Realm martial artists were to engage in such a battle in the outside world, it most certainly wouldn't take long before the continent itself crumbled.

Bang!

A thunderous sound emanated from somewhere within that chaos. Raising his head to check what it was, Zen found out that Lincoln had reduced an ogre martial artist into a bloody mist.

In that exact moment, Lincoln's body was glowing with a golden light, with his eyes completely bloodshot. It should be worth mentioning that he possessed an exceptional amount of strength. Having the power at the later stage of Soul Sea Realm, he could lay waste to a Spirit Supreme Realm martial artist without breaking a sweat.

After doing away with the ogre martial artist, Lincoln had his eyes set on the Demon Night blonde woman.

Considering the formidable strength she had, she was probably a core talent of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place, as she carried a vast amount of treasures on her body. Right now, she had in her hand a well-crafted lantern that had been giving off a faint colored light which was cloaking her from within.

As the malicious aura drifted toward her, the colored light prevented it from getting any closer. Because of that, she had not been affected by aura in any way from start to finish.

Amongst all of the martial artists present, it was quite possible that only Zen and the golden-haired girl could keep their consciousness. Be that as it might, the methods they used were entirely different. For Zen, he had absorbed the malicious aura, pouring all of it into the Killing Sword Mountain. The girl, on the other hand, managed to directly avoid the specks of light formed by the malicious aura.

In any case, being able to maintain their consciousness wasn't of any use whatsoever, because the others could still attack them just as well. Like a ferocious beast, Lincoln lunged at the golden-haired girl.

At first, the girl gave an effort to evade his attacks. At the end of the day, Lincoln's attack was just too powerful, so this was her best option to get away from it. Unfortunately for her, after safely avoiding it a number of times, Lincoln was able to back her into a corner.

Having been caught in such a situation, a somewhat stern look crept up onto her face. Raising the lantern she was holding, a few unclear words came out of her mouth.

Zen wasn't really able to catch what she was saying, but he noticed that in that moment, the expression on Lavender's face suddenly shifted.

"Oh, no! I have a bad feeling about this. A storm is brewing!"

"Why do you think that?" At present, Zen was at the tail end of the group. In spite of the fights being quite intense, it didn't really have much to do with him.

Based on what Lavender told him, the only thing he had to do was to endure this part. So, right now, he was simply watching the fights from the sidelines. As far as he was concerned, as long as he could keep Freya in check and stop her from taking part in the fights, that would be enough.

"It appears that this girl possesses the ancient Demon Night bloodline! What she's doing right now is summoning the Power of Three Queens!"

Lavender said, sounding a bit anxious.

Chapter 1466 The Power Of Three Queens (Part Two)

"The Power of Three Queens?" Zen was a little nonplussed, given that he wasn't really expecting anything like that.

Nodding her head in response, Lavender went on and said, "There is but a very small number of Demon Night martial artists who are still preserving the ancient bloodline of the clan, giving them the permission to utilize the Faith Energy stored within the three Pools of Faith of the clan. But, why was it that she chose to stay in the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place?"

The three Demon Night queens she had just mentioned were being worshiped by over a trillion clansmen who were following them. Because of that, the Faith Energy was shooting up at a constant rate. Their Faith Energy in particular was quite noteworthy. And the power which they could borrow from the Faith Energy was especially remarkable.

The Faith Energy was all accumulated together and channeled into the three pools.

In addition to the three queens who could freely make use of these three pools as they saw fit, there was a handful of martial artists that possessed the ancient Demon Night bloodline. Meaning to say, all of them were also qualified to borrow the Faith Energy from the aforementioned pools. They might only be able to borrow a fraction of that Faith Energy, but the amount of energy that erupted was still so terrifying.

That being said, not a lot of martial artists possessed the ancient Demon Night bloodline. And once they were identified, they would automatically be recruited into the core sacred places of the Demon Night. With that in mind, why on earth would this golden-haired girl bother staying in the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place in the Dark World?

That was something that kept Lavender at a loss.

After the golden-haired girl was done chanting the obscure ancient words, ripples materialized in the three pools in a faraway space. Two of those headed straight into the Queen of Life and the Queen of Punishment, and immediately after a peculiar refraction, they traveled once more into the endless space to the Dark World, to the underground palace, and to the depths of the Endless Abyss.

All forms of Faith Energy were under the control of the three queens. In fact, even if the martial artists had the ancient Demon Night bloodline in them, they would still need to get the consent of three queens first before they could actually use the Faith Energy.

Throughout this entire process, the queens could easily cut off the transmission of the Faith Energy.

That might have been the case, but the martial artists who possessed the ancient Demon Night bloodline were regarded as great assets to the clan. And in reality, they refrained from making use of the Faith Energy unless they were caught between a rock and a hard place. Taking note of the fact that the Faith Energy which could actually be borrowed was just a small amount, the three queens had a tendency to just let the stream of energy flow instead of having it cut off.

The three pools contained Faith Energies which were different in color. The Queen of Life's Faith Energy emitted a faint green light, while that of the Queen of Punishment was azure in color, and lastly, the Queen of Killings' energy was blood-red.

"Oh? It seems that someone is borrowing the Faith Energy within the Dark World."

In one of the core supreme worlds of the Demon Night, Elena was seated in a magnificent palace at present. A bit of the Faith Energy in her pool was being extracted and transmitted straight into the distant Dark World.

A small amount of Faith Energy had been extracted from the Pool of Faith. But since the pool was continuously amassing Faith Energy, a minuscule amount such as that was nothing but a hair off a bull's back.

Even so, Elena was still burning with curiosity. Just who could be drawing out the Faith Energy at this moment?

Martial artists who possessed the ancient Demon Night bloodline were quite few and far between, meaning to say, seeing the energy being extracted from the pool seldom came to pass.

Elena decided not to cut off this strand of energy. Instead of doing that, she fused her perception into the flow of energy. And after just a short while, it had been transmitted to a distant location like an arrow from a bow.

With her life on the line, Lincoln's immense power left the blonde girl with no other choice but to use the Faith Energy. If she were to continue holding back, she feared that she might not make it if she got caught by the frenzied Lincoln.

However, she never would've imagined that the act of borrowing the Faith Energy could give rise to such a huge problem. In a way, it could even alter the evolution of the universe itself.

Green and blue Faith Energies had already been extracted. And before long, the third Faith Energy made its way through the endless space and reached the abyss. In spite of that, something completely unexpected happened. This red light didn't go straight into the golden-haired girl's body, and for some reason, it directly reflected onto Zen's body. After that, it suddenly refracted and surged out towards the girl.

"Ahh..."

As she witnessed this, even the girl herself had gotten caught in a daze.

But as luck would have it, all of the Faith Energies had already been gathered together, forming a three-colored light barrier that surrounded her whole body.

Even though Lincoln's onslaught was becoming increasingly terrifying, causing the light barrier that materialized to reverberate, it still couldn't manage to shake the light barrier in the slightest.

The girl opted not to fight back. In a state of bewilderment, her gaze was still completely fixated on Zen.

And it wasn't just her who felt that way. At this moment, the Saint Lord of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place, who was outside the underground palace, had an extremely dreadful look on her face as well, with hesitation written in her eyes.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1467 Caught In A Dilemma

Zen's strength was not enough. He had a much longer way to go before being able to protect Lavender.

Hence, the fact that she was hiding within his body was a secret that could not be revealed.

Once Elena found out, there would be an endless pursuit for Lavender. She would not give her even a moment's peace. It had already been quite some time since Lavender had left her throne. It was impossible for her current subordinates to face Elena.

Now was not the time to disclose this secret.

However, when the blood-red Faith Energy refracted on Zen's body, the secret was bound to be out.

Rumble... rumble... rumble...

Under the malicious aura's control, Lincoln relentlessly attacked the golden-haired woman's three-colored light barrier like a rabid beast.

In her distraction, the golden-haired woman had already forgotten to retaliate. Her eyes were fixed on Zen, her forehead creased in confusion.

"My queen? Why did the light refract on a man? What's going on?" she mumbled.

Outside the underground palace, the Saint Lord of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place watched, her doubtful expression becoming more serious by the second. "Our queen has been missing for a long time. It seems that she has been in the body of this human warrior!"

The expressions of the faces of the Saint Lords of the ogres and humans changed more dramatically.

Not long ago, the two Demon Night queens had been cursing each other with Roaring Tokens. Now, it seemed that the long-missing Queen of

Killings had been in this underground palace.

Zen's face darkened. This was a seriously troublesome situation.

Swish!

The blood-red light vanished as Lavender extinguished the Faith Energy from the distant space. The golden-haired woman's three-colored barrier lost its red ray. However, it still held enough power to block Lincoln's attacks.

It was too late. There was no point in extinguishing the Faith Energy reflected on Zen's body.

Not long after, Elena's manic laughter resounded.

"Hahaha! I thought our little game of cat and mouse would continue for a little while longer. I hadn't expected to catch you so soon. My, my, Lavender. You disappoint me. You turn out to be even more stupid than I thought!" Elena had used the Roaring Token to spread her voice throughout the entire universe. It reached Zen's and Lavender's ears clearly.

Everyone in the universe now knew that the Queen of Killings of the Demon Night had been found.

"My queen, where are you?" Supreme Lord Leroy's voice called out, his tone urgent. He was one of the most powerful among Lavender's old subordinates, and he had been gathering information on Lavender to find her whereabouts. What Elena said caught his attention.

There was a slight shift in Yolande's expression as she watched from within the Mist Palace. Lowering her head, she muttered, "This is bad."

This was an internal affair of the Demon Night. Yolande couldn't interfere. Had it been any other matter, it wouldn't have been difficult to involve herself in the conflict.

However, as it was, the situation was much more complicated. In front of their eyes was a battle between two Demon Night queens, and they had no room or desire for compromise. If Yolande interfered, she would be putting the Supreme Lords of both the Demon Night and the alliance in a perilous position. The situation was delicate—now that a chaotic world had arrived, many of the Supreme Lords were simply lurking in wait for a new round of Heavenly Destiny to unfold. It would be unwise for Yolande to make a move, given the current circumstances.

But Zen...

'He is far too careless. I can only hope that he can find a way to get away from this trouble, ' she said to herself as she shook her head.

Zen grabbed onto Freya, his eyebrows tightly-knit as he continued to fall. The disclosure of Lavender's whereabouts was purely an accident. She hadn't expected the blonde woman to use the Power of Three Queens. If not for it, her whereabouts wouldn't have been revealed.

"What next?" Zen asked. Lavender's face had a troubled expression.

Her mind raced with the dismal possibilities. She answered Zen, her eyes stern. "Continue to go down. Let's go through the Endless Abyss first! We'll think about other problems later!"

They were in an extremely precarious position.

Back in Auspice City, Lavender had forced Nela into an oath, which would help keep her secret.

However, she wouldn't succeed in convincing the Saint Lord of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place outside the underground palace to do the same. She would not budge, even with her position as the Queen of Killings. The ones at the top always proved to be the craftiest. The Saint Lord knew Lavender's position as queen was already teetering on the verge of collapse.

Now that the Saint Lord had blocked the entrance to the underground palace, nothing but doom awaited them if they attempted to leave the Endless Abyss.

But they couldn't stay here forever. The Endless Abyss would be unable to stop a Saint Lord from entering. What prevented them from forcing their way in were the treasures within the underground palace. They did not know what sort of opportunities the palace held, but forcing their way in could lead to its destruction, and consequently, the loss of the secrets it promised.

Even if Zen stayed in the Endless Abyss for a time, it would do nothing more than fuel Elena's impatience. Once it reached the end of its tether, she would surely force her way in. It was only a matter of time before more trouble came.

Right now, Zen had no time to pay attention to other martial artists, even Lincoln. He grabbed Freya and moved closer to the abyss' wall. The moment he came into contact with the hard surface, his entire body was propelled sideways as he kicked the wall.

Whoosh!

He had kicked upwards, lending more speed to his fall.

His drop hadn't been slow, but time was of great consequence. He needed to pass through the Endless Abyss as quickly as he could. Both he and Lavender were anxious about what happened after, but as of this moment, their descent in the Endless Abyss demanded their attention.

Zen adjusted his position to get closer to the wall. Repeating his earlier motions, he kicked it again!

Whoosh!

Their speed once again increased.

Zen kept on following this pattern of shifting and kicking, leaving the frantic warriors farther and farther above.

Boom, boom, boom …

Lincoln had not ceased his attacks on the blond woman's dual-colored light barrier. She was staring blankly at Zen's figure, which was growing more and more distant with each passing second. She was only a warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm, but the ancient Demon Night blood running in her veins made her far more valuable to the Saint Lord than other higher ranked warriors.

A warrior with a bloodline like hers was meant to be sent to the core area of the Demon Night to cultivate. However, fate had other plans. She had grown up in the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place and the Saint Lord was kind to her, so she had concealed the truth about her lineage. But after being cornered by Lincoln, she had used the Power of Three Queens. She had not expected it to cause the uncovering of Lavender's whereabouts.

The Roaring Token resounded throughout the universe, and naturally arrived at the blonde woman's ears as well. Two queens stood at the forefront of this battle. A faint emotion of guilt cast over her. She was partly to blame for the impending strife.

Lavender and Zen, on the other hand, felt no hatred for the golden-haired woman. She could not have known that Lavender was in Zen's body. The discovery of Lavender's whereabouts had been purely a coincidence.

As Zen descended rapidly, the scenery around him once again changed. The blood-red walls of the abyss had screamed slaughter a while ago. However, at this depth, white specks of light were now gleaming around the walls.

These lights were from the extremely pure Power of Purification!

The specks glistened like snowflakes, swirling gracefully in the depths of the abyss and quickly entering Zen's and Freya's bodies.

The Power of Purification did not have much of an effect on Zen. The malicious aura he absorbed had by now been completely wiped off and sent into the Killing Sword Mountain. However, he felt himself seized by calmness, as if his anxiety was slowly dissipating. The Power of Purification did not only affect one's body but also cleared one's mind.

As the Power of Purification entered Freya's body, the malicious aura in her body began to wane rapidly, the red light in her eyes fading like a mist lifting with the wind.

Not long after, Freya's body was completely freed from the malicious aura, and her expression returned to normal.

"Z-Zen..." Freya called.

Just now, she had fallen into a frenzy. Her mind had been dominated by the malicious aura, so she didn't know what had happened.

"Leave the Endless Abyss," Zen said simply, not elaborating further.

At this, Freya's expression instantly froze. Zen had spoken seriously instead of the cordial way he usually addressed her. She lowered her eyes as she bit her lip and uttered, "Hmm." She knew that she was nothing but deadweight. Her following Zen was holding him back. It made perfect sense that he would want her to leave the underground palace as soon as possible.

Zen watched shadows cross over her features. The tremble in her lips betrayed her emotions even as she answered him in a levelled voice. Zen gave her a reassuring smile and said, "It's not what you think. I have other things to take care of."

"Other things?" Freya asked in a concerned voice.

"You'll find out soon enough." Zen turned back to approach the wall, and with a stomp, sped up his sprint, leaving Freya to stare after his receding figure.

Shaking her head, she activated the divine texture.

Chapter 1468 The Ghosts

Freya knew very well that even if it was a minor problem, she wouldn't be able to solve it for Zen.

Judging from Zen's expression, he had indeed met with quite a big trouble this time. She had to be as supportive as possible since she could do nothing to help.

After the divine texture was activated, a purple light enveloped her as her descent rapidly came to a halt, following which, the purple light brought her upwards rapidly.

Zen's current falling speed was more than three times faster than before, and he was in a highly tense state from the exertion.

He hadn't expected that this trip to the underground palace would bring him so much trouble.

However, nothing was certain in this world. The unexpected was bound to happen, and everyone's life was different. Zen's fate was not predetermined and could not be predicted.

Nevertheless, what Zen was facing now was a serious dilemma, but not a hopeless one.

Now he had to seize the time to explore the Endless Abyss first. Long ago, Lavender had stopped at the fourth lap of the abyss. However, she had come to the conclusion then that there was an even bigger secret hidden in the fifth lap of the abyss. Perhaps that secret could help Zen to escape from his current predicament.

The sound of the wind blew crazily in Zen's ears as his speed became faster and faster in exponential bursts.

Not long after, he saw another stone platform appear in front of him.

"The third cave!" Zen's gaze froze in anticipation and trepidation.

"You don't need to enter it," Lavender stopped him. "There are all kinds of protective treasures scattered around the third cave. Although they are attractive, it will cost a lot of time to obtain them."

As Zen heard Lavender's words, his eyes briefly flashed before he nodded. He did not adjust his position, but continued to descend rapidly, his gaze sweeping past the third cave.

After quickly dashing past the third cave, Zen entered the fourth lap of the Endless Abyss with focus and determination.

"The fourth lap will be a little more troublesome. Be careful," Lavender warned.

"Understood," Zen replied briskly. At the same time, he held his long sword in his hand, and the dragon scales within his body began to light up as well. His body began to accumulate a vast amount of power as he prepared himself for the unexpected.

Lavender, who had stayed inside Zen's body, was equally nervous, but when she noted his serious expression, she suddenly smiled confidently. Although she had warned Zen, she still believed that he would be able to make it through the fourth lap. It had to be said that she had put Zen under a lot of pressure before, in the hopes of preparing him.

'Rest assured, Zen. Anyway, I have already been exposed. I will help you with the remaining path in the abyss, ' Lavender secretly thought.

There were Demon Night martial artists present within the Endless Abyss. Moreover, the Saint Lord of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place stood guard at the entrance of the underground palace, so Lavender didn't plan on making any moves first. She had hoped to remain hidden.

But now, everything had changed. Her biggest enemy, Elena, had already discovered her whereabouts, so there was no longer a need to hide herself. All she needed to do now was to help Zen through the Endless Abyss.

Zen kept plunging downward at meteoric speeds. Not long after, the sounds of ghosts' woeful wailing suddenly echoed up from the bottom of the abyss. Waves of eerie ghost aura were being transmitted from below, as if there were tens of thousands of ghosts wailing down there. At this moment, the Endless Abyss seemed to have been transformed into an abyss that led straight to hell.

"Roar! Roar!"

"Awoo..."

There were countless densely packed gatherings of ghosts surrounding the wall.

Some of these ghosts were big and some were small. Even in death, they had as much diversity as they had held in life. When they heard the commotion above them, they all raised their heads. Then they discovered Zen, and they all opened their mouths and began to roar with a terrible hunger.

Faced with such a large number of ghosts, Zen did not hesitate at all. Instead he charged straight down.

Of course, there was no use in hesitating. There was no way for him to fly, and he had no other way to avoid these ghosts, unless he crushed the divine texture and left the Endless Abyss, but that would be an unrealistic idea. Zen would not abandon his quest.

Due to Zen's fast speed, the gatherings of ghosts did not have any time to react before Zen shot into them.

However, after he sped downwards a few miles, the ghosts that were clinging onto the wall had finally reacted. They jumped off from the wall ahead of time, and rushed to surround Zen with an awful intent.

"Awoo…"

A ghost that looked like a gorilla had leaped from the wall. Its entire body was emitting a pure black ghost aura. It was about to grapple with Zen.

"Go to hell!"

Zen's eyes flashed vehemently, and he thrust out the Thunder Wind Divine Sword with his mighty hand.

These ghosts did not possess any physical bodies, so the Nether God Shadow and the wind blades were unable to cause any harm to them, but thunder could ward off evil spirits, so it had a miraculously powerful effect on them. Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword lashed out with tremendous force and energy, shattering the ghosts.

Knowing that the wind blades could have no effect, Zen had only activated the Thunder Law within the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

Crack!

An azure bolt of lightning streaked across the pitch-black abyss, reflecting off the densely packed ghosts on both sides of the abyss. The scene could have made one's blood freeze. It was a vision of hell!

The bolt of lightning struck the gorilla-like ghost's body, instantly causing it to vanish into thin air.

However, Zen's attack did not intimidate these ghosts. Instead, it had only served to incite their fierceness.

One ghost after another raced along the wall with the intent to pounce on Zen. At the same time, Zen suddenly heard various beastly howls from above. It turned out that the ghosts that Zen had swept past, had left the wall and were chasing down after him.

However, their speed of descent was far inferior to Zen's, so they had been left far behind by Zen. As more and more ghosts flew past, they tightly blocked the top of the abyss.

That was to say, Zen's surroundings, including the space above his head, were now filled with ghosts. The air became littered with the incorporeal shapes and their howls became an endless drone which proliferated in the abyss.

"All of you, go to hell!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As the bolts of lightning reverberated in the abyss, the ghosts were killed by the lightning bolts released from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

However, there were simply too many of them! Even though Zen brandished the sword crazily, he couldn't kill all of them in his charge by using his strength alone.

A ghost finally struck Zen and attached itself onto his body. Although it was light and weightless, the moment it touched Zen's body, streams of dark energy invaded his body. Zen felt an instant drain of his energy as the ghost began to suck the life from him.

"Go to hell!"

Zen deftly turned his sword. He did not shoot out a single bolt of lightning, but rather, created a glittering arc that circled around his body like a silver dragon.

Crack!

The lightning once again shattered the ghost and Zen felt a release from the pressure of the ghost draining him.

However, three ghosts now attached themselves to Zen's body as soon as he killed the first one.

"Awoooo..."

As the number of ghosts attached to Zen's body increased, the streams of dark energy continued to invade his body with increasing intensity.

The dark energy was very special and insidious. Although it did not cause much pain to Zen, other than the cold, he soon felt his reaction speed begin to slow down.

"Awoooo..."

As Zen's speed fell, more ghosts attached themselves to him and clambered all over his body.

Ten, a hundred, a thousand…

Seen from a distance, Zen's figure had completely disappeared. The ghosts clung to each other, tightly wrapping around Zen and forming a huge round ball that slowly fell towards the bottom of the abyss. He seemed to have become completely lost in the ghostly attack.

The bodies of these ghosts were extremely light, but as Zen was wrapped by them, his falling speed had been greatly reduced.

"What should I do?" Still wrapped within the ghosts, Zen knitted his brows in consternation. Even though he could use the Thunder Wind Divine Sword to release lightning, with every lightning bolt being able to annihilate dozens of ghosts, the speed at which he could kill them was far from being able to match the speed at which these ghosts were latching on.

The most troublesome thing was, as the dark energy attacked him, Zen's body and his reactions became slower and slower, and his speed plummeted.

He had tried to expel the dark energy, but it seemed to be useless. The dark energy circulated rapidly throughout his body and even moved through his meridians, approaching his belly with every second that he was being invaded by the ghosts!

Lavender's voice sounded very faint as she spoke from within Zen. She could feel his anxiousness and quietly said, "Let me deal with them."

At this moment, Lavender's figure left the protection of Zen's body, and expanded to overlap with the ghosts. At the same time, a red light passed through the endless space and gathered all over her body.

Previously, Lavender had been afraid of exposing her location, so she did not dare to use her own Pool of Faith. But now, having already been discovered, she no longer feared anything.

Chapter 1469 The Power Of Incense (Part One)

There were many people who worshiped the great Buddha and other deities in all kinds of temples around the universe. The incense just kept on burning continuously, making lazy tendrils of fragrant smoke that wafted through the air.

Belief was held only in the believers' eyes. When there were hundreds and thousands, or even millions of creatures who fell to their knees and burned incense in reverence, even a Buddha made from clay would become their god. Their belief made it so, and gave power to the inanimate.

This was the power of incense, and it worked wonders. In the eyes of the martial artists of the Upper World, the power of incense was just like the power of Faith Energy!

A single belief might be insignificant, but with tens of millions, hundreds of millions, even hundreds of trillions of beliefs converged together, the power would become staggering. It was similar to the way in which countless streams converged into a river, and countless rivers converged into a great river, and then numerous great rivers converged into an ocean, and countless oceans would eventually flow in one direction, and become the Pool of Faith of the Demon Night.

The cultivation of the queens of the Demon Night wasn't even the strongest in the entire universe. The three queens were only equivalent to world lords, but with the Faith Energy absorbed by the countless statues of the queens, and with the Faith Energy gathered from the millions of subjects worshiping them, they had the ability to defeat the Supreme Lords! Belief was their power, perhaps even more so than mere cultivation.

As the Faith Energy continued to gather around Lavender's body, her aura also became increasingly powerful, and the blood-red light in her eyes developed a staggering intensity!

"Now! Break!"

From the depths of the abyss, a stream of thin, blood-red light suddenly shot out from the giant sphere formed by the countless ghosts!

"Whoosh…"

Following that came the second, the third, the fourth stream of light… And then, suddenly, there were countless streams of light coming out from the sphere! The abyss had become a light-show with the constant streams of blood-red light shooting off into space.

Following the wails of the thousands of ghosts, an incomparably magnificent red sun appeared in the abyss. The Faith Energy swept through all of the ghosts like it was crushing dry weeds. The ghosts were soon disintegrated by the blood-red light.

Moments later, the red sun dissipated, and Zen began to fall again with Lavender by his side.

Dense Faith Energy circulated and slowly congealed on her body, forming a blood-red suit of armor. The shoulder guards of the armor were covered with spikes that stuck out all the way down to her back. The lower the part of her back that they reached, the longer these spikes were. The longest spike was at least twenty to thirty feet long! These two rows of spikes formed two enormous 'wings' that occupied almost the entire space within the abyss, with Lavender in the center of them.

The giant spiked wings on the back of Lavender's slender body caused a dramatic visual impact. The sight of her armored suit and the vicious spikes was quite breathtaking.

At this moment, she had transformed into the deity whom millions of creatures worshiped. A supremely noble aura was being emitted from her body. Just a glance at her would make anybody feel awed. Even Zen, who had extremely powerful willpower, was no exception! He could not keep his eyes off her as she descended like a phoenix, wreathed in red light.

The Faith Energy was actually this powerful! He was apparently shocked.

As he looked at Lavender by his side, a strong sense of the unfamiliar arose in Zen's heart. It was as if Lavender had achieved a complete transformation at this moment…

The truth was that this was indeed the case. After absorbing a certain amount of Faith Energy, Lavender had obtained divinity. Although there was a great difference between her and a True God, the aura she exuded was almost the same quality as that of a True God!

"Give me the spear and keep accelerating… I will help you pass through the rest of the journey as soon as possible. This will not last for long," Lavender said coldly.

"Why can't it last?" Zen asked.

Lavender sneered and said, "That bitch, how could she let me keep extracting this energy from the Pool of Faith continuously?"

That explanation cleared it up for Zen. He took out the Cold Plum Blood Spear and handed it over to Lavender…

After Lavender took the Cold Plum Blood Spear, she wielded it in a glittering arc and calmly said, "Turn around and get ready!"

Zen understood what Lavender wanted him to do. With a sudden twist of his body, he went upside down and his entire body curled up into a ball. At this moment, Lavender brandished her Cold Plum Blood Spear and ruthlessly hacked downwards at Zen!

At the same time, Zen's body suddenly straightened as both of his feet stepped on the spear and pushed forward with an extreme force that propelled him forward at an incredible speed!

"Whoosh—"

In this instant, with the momentum gained from the Cold Plum Blood Spear shooting down at him, Zen's speed was at its limit as he surged downwards…

Many supreme worlds away from the Dark World, Elena had a faint smile fluttering on her face. Her ten-foot long dress trailed behind her on the pristine ground.

Behind Elena came a finely-dressed man of the Demon Night. He had silver hair, a handsome appearance, and a lean and lanky body. The biggest difference between him and a human warrior was his long, pointed ears. By the standard of the aesthetics of the Demon Night race, whether or not one's ears were straight up was one of the most important beauty indicators…

The members of the Demon Night were mostly women, and they were usually more talented than male warriors in the group. Thus, in the various supreme worlds where the Demon Night members existed, there were very few men who had achieved the cultivation level of a world lord. This man had a cultivation equivalent to that of a powerful world lord, and was thus considered even more accomplished and rare.

Chapter 1470 The Power Of Incense (Part Two)

"Enzo." Elena's voice sounded indifferently.

"Yes, my queen." Enzo, the man in the fine clothes, placed his hand on his chest, waiting for the order from his queen.

"Seal off Lavender's Pool of Faith, and then send out Salvador, Viveca, Aneisha, and Elspeth to head for the Dark World!" Elena ordered.

Hearing this order, Enzo looked hesitant. "But what about the Board of Elders…"

"They won't say anything." Elena's face remained expressionless. As the Queen of Punishment, the controller of the court, who would dare to gainsay her now?

"Those who speak against me will join the dead," Elena added.

Sealing the Pool of Faith was a massive taboo.

This was because the three Pools of Faith absorbed the Faith Energy from the trillions of members of the Demon Night, through the three queens' statues every second of every day. This was Lavender's source of power.

Once the Pool of Faith was sealed, it would be impossible for Lavender to extract Faith Energy from her Pool of Faith, and the Faith Energy of the trillions of members would also not be able to replenish her Pool of Faith!

The queens of the Demon Night were not always the same. Lavender would die, and so would Elena, eventually. However, the Demon Night would always have three queens. Once the old queens died, they would choose others to become their new queens.

Strictly speaking, the three Pools of Faith did not belong to any single one of them. They were the most precious and prized possession of the entire Demon Night race…

Forcefully sealing a Pool of Faith would inevitably result in a backlash from the Board of Elders! This was trouble which Elena would have to account for.

But that didn't matter. The current Board of Elders was weak and easily manipulated, and didn't have much of a binding force over Elena. The Queen of Life had maintained her silence, and more than ninety percent of Lavender's old supporters had been ruthlessly eliminated by Elena. Now who could contend against her?

Previously, Elena hadn't chosen to seal Lavender's Pool of Faith because she had hoped that Lavender would use the Faith Energy from her Pool of Faith, so that she could trace her and find where she was. The Faith Energy could be used as a method to track Lavender and plan an attack against her.

Of course Lavender knew what had been on Elena's mind. So after she had ascended to the Upper World, Lavender had never even considered using her Pool of Faith…

It had been unintentional that the golden-haired girl with the bloodline of the ancient Demon Night race had accidentally unleashed the Power of Three Queens, thus exposing Lavender's whereabouts.

Since she had already been exposed, Lavender had no scruples any more, and now she did her utmost to help Zen pass through the rest of the journey in the Endless Abyss as quickly as possible.

However, the problem was that Lavender was unable to display the full power of the Faith Energy. Firstly, she was too far away from the Pool of Faith to draw on her full might. Secondly, Lavender was not in her complete form, as she was only a soul in her current existence. Without these obstacles, she would have easily assisted Zen to leave the Endless Abyss, and the Saint Lord of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place who waited outside would have no power to stop her.

Therefore, before her Pool of Faith was sealed, she had to seize the opportunity!

Zen descended at an extremely fast speed, almost reaching terminal velocity, while Lavender followed by his side. She firmly grasped the

Cold Plum Blood Spear with one hand. In the face of any potential danger that appeared in the abyss, she would be able to destroy it with one blow…

Originally, it would have taken at least four hours to finish one lap of the Endless Abyss. However, with Lavender at his side to protect him and the meteoric speed at which he fell, Zen managed to pass through the fourth lap in less than an hour!

"There is another cave!"

"We're not going into it."

Though the treasures in the cave were also important, they now had no time to even think about them. A hundred thousand years ago, Lavender had obtained huge benefits in the fourth cave. Moreover, she had also planted a now-extinct Sacred Thunder Bamboo in the fourth cave. The environment in that cave was very suitable for this Sacred Thunder Bamboo's growth. It would be a priceless find to reclaim the Sacred Thunder Bamboo.

Now that one hundred thousand years had passed, how many inches had the Sacred Thunder Bamboo grown? Had it thrived and become a fantastic and magical forest of bamboo? If Zen could harvest some of the sacred shoots from the Sacred Thunder Bamboo, he could then comprehend even the most powerful and profound mysteries of the sixth layer of the Thunder Law! How incredibly powerful Zen would then become!

But now, Lavender wanted to help Zen quickly pass through the fifth lap since time was now against her!

Perhaps with Zen's own strength, he would also have been able to pass through the fifth lap by himself. However, there was not much time left, and right now, they had to progress as fast as they could. As for the Sacred Thunder Bamboo, they would still have a chance to obtain it after they passed the fifth lap!

"Whoosh…"

Zen swept past the fourth cave at lightning speed, like what he had done with the third one, and then he entered the fifth lap, which was the final circle of the Endless Abyss!

Chapter 1471 A Whirlpool

The dark abyss was illuminated by strings of lightning segments intertwined with each other, which formed a single thick lightning bolt that hung in the abyss.

Every time Zen touched the lightning bolt, a thunderous roar erupted from the abyss, accompanied by explosions of 30 to 40 feet wide balls of lightning.

The lightning balls were terrifyingly powerful. The Thunder Law inside them had broken through the limit of the fifth layer, and had reached a degree which Zen couldn't understand anymore.

Such was its tremendous power, that even Zen's divine weapon body found it hard to resist.

However, Zen still sped downwards with gritted teeth. He had reached his speed's limit, so it was impossible for him to stop even if he wanted to.

Crack!

A lighting ball exploded under Zen's feet. Blazing white light erupted from the explosion and shone harshly upon Zen's eyes, followed by a huge force of impact which began to press down on him.

Boom!

As a result, the huge impact stopped Zen's descent, and he was sent flying high up while his whole body spun in the air.

Zen soon stabilized his body after that disastrous incident, but a stream of blood flowed from the corner of his lips.

"This is too dangerous!" he mumbled.

His eyebrows twisted into a slight frown, but he didn't look deterred in the slightest. He used the momentum of his descent to charge downwards once again.

Meanwhile, Lavender was beside him and saw everything. Her usually cold face was warmed up by a faint smile as she floated behind Zen. She closed her eyes, and let her pure white arms pass through his underarms.

Her sharp wings formed by the Faith Energy then began to bend constantly. The wings not only wrapped around her, but Zen's whole body as well.

"Go on!" she ordered.

Whoosh!

Since Zen was under Lavender's protection now, the speed of his descent suddenly increased several times.

On the other hand, thick lightning strands were repeatedly triggered. The number of exploding lightning balls in the abyss also increased as violent rumbling sounds echoed throughout.

Fortunately, the lightning balls couldn't penetrate the wings, no matter how powerful they were.

Soon enough, they had descended all the way down, and there was no obstruction.

After they passed through the area filled with thunder balls, they were next greeted by thunder spirits with their own will.

The thunder spirits looked strangely adorable as they floated about in the abyss. They sometimes even let out soft cries, as if they were pets that could be adopted.

But despite their cute appearances, the thunder spirits had immense powers. Back then when Lavender was still at the Spirit Supreme Realm, she chose to leave the abyss because of the thunder spirits.

While Lavender could already use the Faith Energy at that time, she could only use a small part of it.

Lavender's arms wrapped around Zen as they continued descending head first, but the thunder spirits gathered together and began to launch a series of attacks.

Boom, boom, boom!

The thunderous crack of the turbulent lightning energy surged again, but Lavender's wings were indestructible. The thunder spirits didn't get to dodge in time, so they collapsed and disappeared in the collision.

"Wow!" Zen exclaimed.

He suddenly thought that something was strange.

The Ancestral Dragon had previously eaten quite a bit of the Faith Energy. However, Zen didn't realize how powerful the Faith Energy was at that time.

Now, Zen finally understood. While Lavender was still only a remnant soul and her soul had only recovered about sixty percent as of now, normal world lords were still weren't a match for her if she used all of her Faith Energy. She was even on par with a Supreme Lord.

But if what Lavender said just now was true, then Elena had a way to cut off her ability to extract Faith Energy. It looked like Lavender wouldn't be able to use her mysterious and immense power for quite some time.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Five minutes was all it took for Zen to pass through the fifth lap of the Endless Abyss, which was faster than the time it took him in the fourth lap.

It didn't take much long for Zen to finally see the bottom of the abyss.

From there he saw a deep, quiet valley which was surrounded by strange plants. Although there wasn't much light, the plants still looked lush.

Boom! Boom!

As Zen fell deeper into the valley, his body suddenly twisted and then he landed firmly on the ground.

At the same time, Lavender's wide wings retracted and condensed into twelve blades which neatly folded themselves on her back. They now looked like a pair of smaller wings.

"Is this valley the end of the Endless Abyss?" Zen asked.

He felt miniscule as he took in the quietness and his surroundings.

Back then, he would always find a cave every time he circled a lap of the Endless Abyss. According to the rules, there should also be a cave at the end of the valley.

Meanwhile, something flashed in Lavender's eyes. Two blades on her back suddenly separated from her body, and then hacked at the plants at an extremely fast speed as they circled in the air.

Numerous plants at the bottom of the valley were cut into pieces. It wasn't long before the valley became empty. Then, a small cave came into view at the valley's side.

This cave was much smaller compared to the previous ones.

This time, Zen kept to himself and didn't ask Lavender. It was because she had never been in this place before, so she naturally didn't know what was in the cave.

After a few moments, Zen walked towards the cave. Lavender floated behind him with eyes filled with curiosity. After all, she'd never reached this cave before. Thus, she wanted to know the mysteries behind it, now that she was here with Zen.

Just who was the Supreme Lord from remote ages? Why did he need to build such an underground palace? What kind of inheritance could Zen obtain?

The cave was quite narrow, so Lavender's blade-like wings shrunk again into a small, spider-shaped pattern that attached itself to Lavender's back.

The Faith Energy was completely under Lavender's control, as well as the shape it could transform into.

Their slight footsteps echoed against the rocky walls as Zen led the way. Soon enough, they reached a stone house. It was clearly built by removing the inner part of the cave. Its walls were straight and there was even a stone bed inside.

However, there was nothing on the stone bed except for a thick pile of dust.

Perhaps the bed used to have something on it, like bed sheets. If a divine weapon wouldn't be able to withstand a hundred million years of corrosion, then ordinary things would probably just degrade into a pile of dust.

No matter how Zen looked the house, it was just an ordinary stone house to him. Even a warrior could build one in just a few seconds.

Lavender's eyes fell on one corner of the stone house. "There's a back door," she said.

Zen nodded in response, and opened the door as Lavender requested.

The moment Zen pushed the door open, a strong gravitational force tugged at him.

Lavender felt it too, and wanted to stabilize her body and resist it at first. However, she was shocked when the force had dragged her easily through the small door. She realized that even if she borrowed the Faith Energy, it was useless against this strong pull.

"Wow!" Zen exclaimed.

Both of them now stood beside each other in an unknown space, which was filled with countless stars of various sizes.

"So many stars... Is this an Illusion Space?" Zen asked. The magnificent stars looked like twinkling lamps as Zen marveled at them.

Lavender shook her head and said, "It's not an Illusion Space. Our bodies were pulled inside this place, but the Illusion Space is just a projection."

"These stars seem to be different from the stars in the universe," Zen murmured as he gazed at them.

He had cultivated the Stellar Body, which required him to observe the stars every day. Thus, he was quite familiar with them. While it was impossible for him to count all the stars in the universe, he was sure that the constellations in it weren't arranged in this way.

The stars arranged themselves in an orderly manner in front of them. They looked like a huge whirlpool, which revolved around the center.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1472 Osborn

The stars before them were a complete, albeit scaled-down version of the universe. It was, quite frankly, a magnificent sight!

However, Zen didn't just jump into the abyss to go through all those tests just to see stars.

He reached out to grab his spirit beast bag to pull out Livingston.

The puppet had been forcibly stuffed into the spirit beast bag previously, so when he got out, he immediately took in his surroundings.

"Huh? You've barged into Osborn's residence!" Livingston exclaimed.

The puppet was someone of great origins. Both Zen's and Lavender's eyes lit up at his remark.

Zen hadn't had the time to bring Livingston out lately because of all the things he had to do while in the abyss. He only found an opportunity to finally seek counsel with the puppet after reaching the bottom. He figured that asking Livingston for advice would be useful in breaking through this stage.

"Oops, that's not right," Livingston said with a laugh. "The entire Endless Abyss is technically Osborn's residence. But this small Milky Way was constructed by me personally. It is a complete replica of our universe down to the very last star. Whatever you see here is in sync with the sky outside. Osborn used it to cultivate his Transcendent Divine Might—Star Plucking Technique!"

Zen immediately shot Lavender a look.

The sight of this Milky Way had awed them, but Livingston's revelation had now truly put them in a state of bewilderment.

"Star Plucking Technique? Transcendent Divine Might?" Lavender repeated in wonder.

The Transcendent Divine Might was something that only a Supreme Lord could create. There might be a lot of Supreme Lords in this universe, but that number remained constant and Lavender knew just about every single one of them. However, this was the first time she had heard of the Star Plucking Technique.

Only two kinds of Transcendent Divine Might used the power of the stars; one was Zen's incomplete "Stellar Body" while the other was the "Dual Forest of Stars Theurgy" cultivated by an ogre Supreme Lord. She had never heard of a third technique.

"Even I do not know of this Star Plucking Technique," the cyan dragon said.

Lavender shot a look at the rotating stars. "The universe regards the heavens as a supreme existence. Do you know the name of the current round of heavens?"

Each round of heavens had its own will and its own name.

The origins of this ancient yet unknown Supreme Lord was making Lavender suspicious.

The universe had a constant 128 Supreme Lords.

The arrival of a new Supreme Lord meant the death of another. The number always had to remain at 128, no more and no less.

The boundless universe had countless grand world lords at the same cultivation level as Supreme Lords. However, there were no vacancies for the role. Until a Supreme Lord died, none of them could ever hope to be promoted to the role.

This was why it was so easy to record the identities of the Supreme Lords—they were mostly a constant existence in the universe. The historical records pertaining to each Supreme Lord were meticulously recorded—from their birth to their death and the moment they ascended the role.

That was why it was extremely peculiar for this certain Supreme Lord to be almost virtually unknown. It could be Osborn, the one Livingston referred to, but they had never heard of Supreme Lord Osborn before.

Lavender's question confused Livingston even more. "The name of the current round of heavens is naturally Nature. The stars are connected and this is the Milky Way. Why do you ask this?"

"Nature?" Zen repeated, his eyes widening in surprise.

Lavender's eyes flashed. She had already suspected it from the start, but Livingston's reply still surprised her slightly.

Their reactions did not go unnoticed by Livingston. He had spent quite a lot of time sleeping within this puppet he had created. He now figured there might've been some changes to the universe he once knew before.

It was only through infusing with Zen's life vitality jades that he was able to regain consciousness. After his awakening, he estimated that he had probably been asleep for at least 300 million years.

Lavender's question about the name of the current round of heavens baffled him. His head even froze in place for a few minutes.

"Do you mean that the heavens already changed?" he asked.

Lavender nodded in response. "It's Cosmos now," she told him.

Nature had passed through a grand era and finally collapsed.

Zen, however, still held a Heavenly Fragment of this past era in his hands.

The end of a round of heavens signaled the end of a grand era. All the living creatures in the universe were fated to die, along with the planets. It was with death that a new round of heavens began.

Livingston initially thought he was only asleep for 300 million years, but in truth, the entire grand era of 3.6 billion years had already passed. He never thought it was possible for him to sleep that long.

"Ah, I see. No wonder the weapons I refined had all turned into scrap metal," he remarked. "It didn't make any sense for the heavenly essence to completely disappear just like that! Now I know why. The heavens changed. The heavenly essence is naturally useless now."

The heavenly essence could be created when a weapon refiner observed the Heavenly Law, and he would then seal it into a weapon.

It actually meant that the weapon refiner comprehended the rules of the heavens.

But once the heavens changed, then the previous round's heavenly essence would be deemed completely useless. That was why Livingston's ancient treasures had all been reduced to nothing.

"I didn't expect Osborn to be so capable! He actually brought me to cross over a whole grand era," Livingston said with a laugh. He looked at Zen with a trace of arrogance on his face. "No wonder you young people haven't heard of me! I'll have you know, I'm the greatest weapon refiner in the entire universe! Ha-ha!"

Zen's eyes lit up at this revelation.

He had thought that the puppet was merely bragging, but now he realized that he might have been telling the truth. It was highly possible that Livingston was the greatest weapon refiner to have lived in the previous round of the heavens.

Zen couldn't help but see this as a wonderful opportunity. The weapon refining workshop in the fairy palace still stood empty. If he could manage to start it up, then this puppet would be the perfect candidate to manage it. One could only imagine the kind of weapons the greatest weapon refiner could make.

However, that was a discussion for later. There was still a more important matter at hand.

"Was Osborn a Supreme Lord of the previous round of heavens?" Zen asked.

Livingston nodded in confirmation before walking towards the miniature universe in front of them. He reached out to casually pick up a star and the entire galaxy revolved at a much faster speed. Zen and Lavender could only watch as a path started to form right in the middle of the Milky Way.

"Back then, in order to have a long lifespan, I begged Osborn to find the rarest material in the entire universe to help me create this puppet body. The price was to stay in this place and help him refine weapons for 400, 000 years. This puppet body is driven by life vitality, and I am unable to absorb vitality between heaven and earth. Osborn would send me a massive amount of life vitality jades once in a while, but suddenly, the deliveries stopped."

After using up the life vitality jades, Livingston was lulled into a deep slumber and the rest was history.

"I created this Milky Way. Osborn should have died long ago. I wonder what other treasures he left behind. Come with me," he said, beckoning them towards him. Zen couldn't help but notice the tinge of sadness in the puppet's tone.

Billions of years had passed in a single dream. The world he once knew was no more and the friends he once had were all dead. Livingston was alive, but the world he knew was already dead.

Zen and Lavender followed behind him into that ray of starlight within the rotating Milky Way.

Chapter 1473 The Shake Of The Heavens

The experience of walking along the road of stars was indescribable.

Zen and Lavender could not help but size up the surrounding stars.

Those countless stars were densely packed. No one knew what method Livingston had used to imprint the stars in the previous round of heavens and condense them into a star plate of this size.

Similar to the stars that Zen communicated with, the sizes of these stars differed greatly from one another.

Some of the stars were several dozen or even a hundred times larger than a person. However, most of the stars were like tiny grains of sand, extremely tiny.

"Hm?"

As Zen walked along the road of stars, he noticed a small azure star floating beside him. It was only the size of a fingernail. Nonetheless, it was extremely beautiful as its surface seemed to be covered by a sea. It was just that it was so tiny, so Zen couldn't see its surface clearly.

Other than this tiny star, there was also a fireball that was countless times larger than it.

"It's so beautiful!" Lavender exclaimed.

However, just as Zen was about to reach out and grab the azure star, Livingston at his side stopped him. "There are many stars in the star plate and every single one of them is very important. They are part of the Milky Way. Thus, you can't take them away."

Zen shrugged his shoulders. He let go of the small azure star and continued to walk forward.

Although the road of stars didn't seem long, he realized that it was indeed very long while he was walking. Livingston's body was clattering as he led them. Thus, they were walking really slowly.

It took about an hour for Zen to realize that the distance between him and the center of the Milky Way was not getting any shorter.

"How long will it take for us to walk like this?" he asked.

"Well, crossing this half of the star plate at this speed will take about two days and two nights. Back then, I spent hundreds of years building the star plate, and every star was completed..."

Zen rolled his eyes. He did not wait for Livingston to finish speaking before he grabbed Livingston and started sprinting on the road of stars.

Now he had to make the best use of his time. He must be nuts if he followed Livingston's pace.

After a short while, Zen had crossed over half of the star plate and arrived at the center of the Milky Way. There was a massive sphere of light, emitting blinding scarlet rays.

The sphere of light was around 10, 000 feet wide. The sand-like stars that surrounded it were almost negligible.

"Is this the sun of the last grand era?" Zen questioned as he stared at the huge ball of light.

The sun was the most dazzling star in the universe. It was so bright that it made all the other stars surrounding it dim whenever it glowed. None of the stars there could outshine it.

Livingston nodded and fiddled with a star on the plate.

Soon after, the light of the sun gradually dimmed. It was just then that Zen noticed a hidden palace within the sun!

"Follow me. This palace is the core of the Reincarnation Plate. Osborn started cultivating here many years ago. Maybe he hasn't died yet," said Livingston.

Nervousness showed on Zen's and Lavender's faces as they heard those words.

It wouldn't be good for them if Osborn was still alive. No one knew what method Osborn had used to cross a grand era. Everyone knew that even a Supreme Lord would find it difficult to endure the mass extinction at the end of a grand era. Since this sort of thing had happened, it was likely that Osborn was still alive.

"The Reincarnation Plate?" Lavender spoke after thinking for a moment.

Livingston slightly nodded. "The Reincarnation Plate is a space tool I made. We are currently in the Reincarnation Plate."

"The Reincarnation Plate is the Endless Abyss?" It was Zen's turn to ask.

"Yes, you are right." Livingston smiled.

Lavender and Zen finally understood that the underground palace was actually a space tool. Thus, it wasn't a wonder that they experienced a lot of odd things there.

An empty palace welcomed Zen when he followed Livingston. There wasn't any sign of Supreme Lord Osborn or his remains.

It had been a very long time after all. Supreme Lord Osborn's body would have turned into ashes if he really passed away here.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Wandering around the empty palace, Livingston shook his head and said with disappointment, "Osborn, you have gone ahead of me and entered the six paths of reincarnation."

Lavender also walked around, checking on some of the divine textures in one of the palace corner. "Are these divine textures used to control the Reincarnation Plate?"

"Yes." Livingston nodded.

"Since the plate is a space tool, does that mean we can fly away with its help?" Lavender followed up with another question.

Livingston smiled at her. "Of course. The Reincarnation Plate that I refined is more than that. You are underestimating the number one weapon refiner in the universe!"

Lavender's eyes suddenly lit up at his words.

Just then, Zen's gaze fell upon a strange object floating in the air above a large throne at the side of the palace.

It was similar to a headband, but also looked like a crown. It was made of neither gold nor iron. Its surface was emitting a faint golden light. The strange phenomenon of it floating in the air attracted Zen's attention.

Unable to stop himself, Zen reached for the crown and asked, "What is this?"

Lavender and Livingston were talking about the control over the Reincarnation Plate when they heard Zen's voice. Thus, they both turned their heads to him. As Lavender saw the crown, her eyes flashed. However, she immediately thought of something even before she could open her mouth. Confusion flooded her face when she subconsciously said, "Zen! Don't touch that!"

Livingston also said, "This is strange. Why does this thing stay here?"

However, Lavender was too slow. It was already too late when she stopped him. Zen's fingers already touched the crown and before they could even get themselves ready, it suddenly started to tremble.

At the same time, the round of heavens in the universe began to shake.

Several tens of thousands of supreme worlds away, a Supreme Lord that was in a deep slumber suddenly opened his eyes. His cultivation method was very special, he cultivated by sleep.

Now a new chaotic world had begun, many Supreme Lords didn't waste time and began to cultivate. This Supreme Lord was no exception, but when he woke up, his eyes were filled with bewilderment as he looked at the sky and the stars.

"The round of heavens is trembling. Why is this happening?! Are we going to have a new Supreme Lord?" The Supreme Lord was amazed. "The one hundred and twenty-eight Supreme Lords are all in their positions. How could there be the hundred and twenty-ninth one?! It is impossible! No one can forcefully be one of us!"

He was not the only one to be shocked. In fact, all of the other Supreme Lords in the universe were looking up at the sky in confusion too. What was happening before them exceeded their scope of knowledge.

There was no Supreme Lord in this universe at the beginning of a new grand era. Therefore, there was no one to bear the Heavenly Destiny.

But as millions upon millions of years passed, the universe, which had suffered the mass extinction, began to give birth to new life forms.

The races were slowly established and evolved in the span of hundreds of millions of years due to various reasons.

Then, a competition started.

There was a limit to the number of the Supreme Lords that bore the Heavenly Destiny. As the saying went, the early bird caught the worm.

At this point, whoever could surpass the world lord level would be bestowed the title of Supreme Lord and be able to bear the Heavenly Destiny.

Humans were at the forefront in this grand era under this new round of heavens called Cosmos. Thus, humans had the highest number of Supreme Lords. With the Supreme Lords of the three great human forces added together, the Supreme Lords of other races were far from matching this number.

In a perfect situation, nobody would be able to become a Supreme Lord anymore since there were already one hundred and twenty-eight Supreme Lords. Even if other martial artists surpassed the world lord level, they shouldn't be getting to the Supreme Lord level anymore. They would have to wait for the Supreme Lords to die first before they could seize their Heavenly Destiny and become new Supreme Lords.

Chapter 1474 Ascending (Part One)

The rules set by the heavens were perfectly ironclad. No one could ever fly in the face of them.

After reaching the status of a Supreme Lord and bearing the Heavenly Destiny, one could make use of the Law of Causality to construct their own Transcendent Divine Might. And apart from that, their lifespan would also be significantly extended.

There were simply not enough positions available for the Supreme Lords. In its entirety, the universe had a hundred thousand supreme worlds, and every single supreme world had their own world lord. Also, there were dozens of grand world lords who ruled over some supreme worlds.

That being said, there were only 128 world lords that could have the chance of bearing the Heavenly Destiny and becoming a Supreme Lord.

For that very reason, whenever a Supreme Lord would draw his last breath, there was bound to be a fierce battle between the world lords to get their mitts on the vacant position.

Be that as it might, this time, a completely unexpected exception cropped up.

For some unknown reasons, an extra position for a Supreme Lord had suddenly appeared from out of the blue.

This additional position seemed to have altered the fate of the heavens, causing it to tremble violently and bringing chaos to the rules set by the heavens.

Every single one of the Supreme Lords had a somber look on their faces. They were clueless as to what was about to happen because they had never been in a position such as this one. What on earth could end up happening now that there was an extra position for a Supreme Lord? How did this come to be? What caused it to manifest in the universe? Just how were they supposed to take this extra position in hand?

Given the fact that it went completely against the rules imposed by the heavens, it had quickly caught the attention of all the powerful figures in the universe.

The relentless chaos in the heavens continued.

Meanwhile, at the bottom of the Endless Abyss, Lavender had already walked over toward Zen's side. As her gaze was completely fixated on the shaking crown in front of her, a dreadful look appeared on her face.

"This is the Crown of Destiny," Lavender said under her breath, "It only appears when a Supreme Lord passes away."

Back in the day, Lavender had once led the Demon Night race to have a hand in the battle for the Crown of Destiny. After an Orc Supreme Lord's lifespan unfortunately reached its end, the Crown of Destiny materialized. Lavender summoned a number of branches of the Demon Night race, managing to successfully win the Crown of Destiny from all of the other races.

And at the end of that, the one who bore the Heavenly Destiny, becoming the Supreme Lord, was none other than Supreme Lord Leroy.

For that very reason, Supreme Lord Leroy had always been loyally following her since that day.

As he attentively listened to Lavender's explanation, Zen seemed to be deeply interested and asked, "Then, does that mean I can become a Supreme Lord once I put on this Crown of Destiny right here and now?"

"No, you will not," shaking her head, Lavender answered, "Those who bear the Heavenly Destiny have to go through the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm and the Spirit Transformation Realm and become a world lord first and foremost. I'm afraid your cultivation base is still much too low!"

The Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm were the three important levels before the world lord level.

The Soul Sea Realm was the process of developing the Soul Sea, while the Spirit Supreme Realm was the process of bringing life into the inner world. And lastly, the Spirit Transformation Realm was the process of transforming into a god in the inner world.

It should be worth mentioning that a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior wasn't an actual 'god'. The title of 'god' was only with respect to the living creatures within the inner world. After a warrior reached the Spirit Transformation Realm, the more lives were brought forth within the inner world and the more powerful the strength of such lives was, the more terrifying this Spirit Transformation Realm warrior's strength would turn out to be.

Only after reaching the Spirit Transformation Realm could one be given the title of a world lord and receive the qualification to bear the Heavenly Destiny.

Nodding his head in response, Zen realized that this Crown of Destiny seemed to be something quite astonishing. Unfortunately for him, it wasn't something that could really be of help to him given the situation they were in. "So, that means this Crown of Destiny is just a useless piece of trash to me right now," he cried out, sounding so disappointed.

"What did you say?! You dare call it a USELESS PIECE OF TRASH?!" Livingston had been left utterly dumbfounded by his statement. The heavens might have changed, but the rules for bearing the Heavenly Destiny still remained the same. The Crown of Destiny was regarded as a very important treasure for every warrior from any of the races, and yet here was Zen referring to it as useless trash!

A tinge of a smile crept onto Lavender's face as she said, "Indeed, it might be of no value to you at the moment, but after you become a world lord, I assure you that it's going to be very beneficial to you by then. What I'm dying to know right now is what's going to happen if one more Supreme Lord appears apart from the 128 current Supreme Lords."

Livingston was in the dark as to what was going on with Zen and Lavender right now.

It should be recognized that the Crown of Destiny was something that everyone would be willing to put their life on the line for. However, it couldn't dramatically give Zen an instant boost. Earlier, Elena had already made her move, making it even more difficult for them to get out of the underground palace. And there was just no way Zen would be able to continue cultivating here until he could reach the level of the world lords and then bear the Heavenly Destiny and eventually become a Supreme Lord. That was obviously totally out of the question at this point.

In comparison, figuring out a way to get out of the underground palace was of the utmost importance to them.

Chapter 1475 Ascending (Part Two)

However, one thing they were completely oblivious about was that all of the 128 Supreme Lords in the universe were now frantically trying to calculate the location of the Crown of Destiny.

Concurrently, just outside the underground palace, every other warrior who had entered the underground palace had returned outside one by one.

This expedition deep into the underground palace was quite an abundant harvest for these warriors. Apart from the second cave, they were all able to acquire good fortunes in the third and fourth caves.

Sad to say, the number of casualties inside the underground palace was quite huge. All in all, more than half of the members of the Demon Night race, the humans, and the ogres had lost their lives during the exploration.

Having already received Elena's instructions, the Demon Night Saint Lord was lying in wait for Zen and Lavender to come out of the underground palace. Never in her wildest dreams would she have thought that this trip to the underground palace would involve such a big issue!

In any case, deciding on which side to pick between the two queens was such a no-brainer. Elena had already sent out Salvador, Viveca, Aneisha, and Elspeth into the Dark World. Although she still had some qualms regarding Elena's orders deep inside, as the Saint Lord of the Purple Bamboo Sacred Place, she was the one responsible for the well-being of the entire sacred place. Most importantly, she knew full well what the repercussions would be for going against Elena's orders. With Elena being the only authoritative figure in the Demon Night race, it would be foolish to oppose her.

As luck would have it, the only thing she had to do was to wait here and let Elena's men take care of everything. With the level of strength she had at present, she could lay waste to Lavender and Zen with such ease.

However, if Lavender were to put up resistance, she would find it hard to bear the crime of killing the queen.

Through the eyes of the ogre warriors inside the underground palace, the ogre Saint Lord had been watching everything the entire time. Zen was someone he couldn't stomach. At this point, he really couldn't care less what problems existed between Zen and the Demon Night race, as he was dead set on not letting Zen go so easily.

On the other hand, the Saint Lord of the human race was caught between a rock and a hard place at the moment. He was well aware that Zen was a warrior of the Mist Palace, but the situation right now had already gone out of hand, so he had no idea if he should be poking his nose into it.

At the very bottom of the Endless Abyss.

Walking toward the center of the palace, Zen did as Livingston instructed. He went ahead and sat down in the middle of numerous divine textures.

"Learning how to control the Reincarnation Plate will require you to have a complete mastery of all the 3600 divine textures. The amount of time it's going to take will rest on how well your divine texture perception is." Livingston explained, as his voice emanated from the other end of the palace.

Screwing up his eyes, Zen did his best to impress the divine textures into his memory as he tried to activate them.

True enough, it was just as Livingston had told him. The Reincarnation Plate was an enormous space tool. If he could successfully learn how to control it, then he could take advantage of it and leave this wretched place!

All of these 3600 divine textures had been passed down from the previous grand era. To Zen, these things were utterly unheard of, meaning to say, learning to master them would be exceptionally troublesome. So, the best he could do at the moment was to just try and wrap his mind around them as soon as he possibly could.

Two hours later, the divine textures surrounding Zen started to illuminate one by one.

However, it was barely over a hundred of them that had been lit up. If this continued at the current rate he was learning, it would most probably take about seventy-two hours before he could activate the divine textures in its entirety!

But for all that, Zen increasingly became even more familiarized with the patterns of these divine textures, so much so that the speed at which he was able to activate them became much, much faster.

Four hours later, close to three hundred divine textures had been illuminated!

Six hours later, he already managed to activate over a thousand divine textures, making such a significant improvement in contrast to what he was able to accomplish in the first four hours.

And eventually, after eight hours of concentration, every single divine texture was now giving off such a radiant glow. At this point, Zen finally opened his eyes again.

"Are you good to go?" Lavender asked, standing on the other end.

Beaming her a gentle smile, Zen nodded his head in response. Then, he proceeded to raise his hands and stretch his arms up in the air.

With this simple gesture, the ground began trembling all of a sudden.

And in no time at all, the underground palace in its entirety was already shaking uncontrollably!

At the same time, the warriors standing close to the entrance to the underground palace had been thrown off balance. They had no idea what was going on inside, but they all watched in awe as the space outside the underground palace started to collapse.

"The underground palace looks like it's shifting!"

"How could this possibly happen? The Endless Abyss is actually moving?"

"Only God knows what the hell has caused this phenomenon!"

Even the three Saint Lords themselves had confusion written all over their faces as they feasted their eyes on this. Their attention was completely fixated on the inconceivable event that was transpiring right in front of their very eyes.

The Reincarnation Plate was a sizeable space tool. Having it under his disposal, Zen made it ascend from tens of thousands of miles deep underground!

Not long after, a great chasm appeared in Auspice City right at its very center. One after the other, the houses started to cave in, and a thick cloud of dust started to form. In the end, everyone was forced to watch in disbelief as an enormous golden plate came out of the crack and floated into the air.

Chapter 1476 Threat

The moment the Reincarnation Plate lifted off the ground, the three Saint Lords appeared above the Auspice City.

As they looked at the plate, they couldn't help but frown.

The warriors of the Dark World truly had many conjectures—some could speculate that the huge underground palace could be some kind of space tool.

When seeing such a massive magic treasure, all of them were surprised.

But the three Saint Lords all belonged to different forces, so they all had different thoughts on their minds.

Naturally, the Saint Lord of the Demon Night forbade Lavender to leave. Although she was rather inwardly hesitant, she also knew that there was no other way out—if she let Lavender go, she would be implicating the entire Purple Bamboo Sacred Place.

But before she could even make a move, the eyes of the ogre Saint Lord flashed as he burst out in a cold laughter, "Heavenly Ogre Palm Print!"

Even though the Saint Lord of a tenth-grade sacred place wasn't considered a world lord, he still had the same extent of cultivation base. That in itself made him extremely powerful.

The instant the Saint Lord attacked, all the vitality between heaven and earth in the sky above the Auspice City began to move in chaos. A massive palm print formed in the sky, no smaller than the Reincarnation Plate.

In the depths of the plate, the palace surrounding Zen completely disappeared, leaving only himself and the three thousand six hundred divine textures.

From where he stood, Zen could see everything that was happening in the outside world. As the giant palm print came into view, a hint of seriousness flashed through his eyes.

It would have been ideal if he could flee through the Reincarnation Plate—if it were to be broken, he would have no choice but to make use of the token that read 'mountain' to get back to the fairy place. But that was Zen's last resort—he firmly decided not to do it unless he didn't have any other choice.

The palm print contained the power of extermination of all living things—it was the strongest attack Zen had ever seen.

Even if he had a divine weapon body, that wouldn't have stopped him from disappearing into thin air under the power of the giant palm print. Although Livingston was confident in the Reincarnation Plate, Zen's and Lavender's expressions turned grave.

Boom!

After an exploding sound, the palm print suddenly covered the Reincarnation Plate, making it rattle and descend several dozen feet.

Zen's feet were firmly rooted to the ground. Both his hands moved like shuttles as he controlled the divine textures, doing his best to stabilize the plate's height.

"Haha! This guy may have the cultivation base of a world lord, but that still doesn't make him qualified to break my Reincarnation Plate!" Livingston sneered.

The ogre Saint Lord's eyes seemed to turn cautious. While the Heavenly Ogre Palm Print also drew out seventy percent of his strength, it still wasn't enough to break down the Reincarnation Plate.

The Saint Lord of the Demon Night seemed to be deep in thought. After releasing a long sigh, she gave a slight wave of her hands and a huge bow, several dozen feet long, appeared. In a flash, she grabbed the bowstring and suddenly retreated.

Buzz!

As she let go of the bowstring, the bow suddenly shot out an invisible arrow at the plate.

Boom!

Even as the plate was attacked by the invisible arrow, the plate remained as firm as ever, not budging once even as the arrow exploded on it.

At the sight, the Saint Lord of the Demon Night sighed slightly in relief. Although she didn't want to fight against Lavender, she had to. But if she still failed to break the Reincarnation Plate with her own strength, Elena couldn't blame her.

In her heart, she actually hoped for Lavender's quick and clever escape.

The three queens were highly respected by all members of the Demon Night. While Elena had been trying to eradicate Lavender's supporters for the past few years, Lavender's queen statue was irreplaceable. So long as she wasn't dead, she would still be the queen of the Demon Night.

The two Saint Lords had already taken action.

As for the Saint Lord of the human race, he had no reason to act. Zen was a member of the alliance, after all, so all he needed to do was to stand by Zen's side. But much to his disliking, now that Zen got involved in the internal conflict of the Demon Night, the human Saint Lord wasn't willing to meddle.

If their involvement was discovered, it could trigger the breaking of the friendly relations between the Demon Night and the alliance. The human race's sacred place in the Dark World would have also needed to be relocated.

In this case, the human Saint Lord had to consider the human race's interests first before recklessly taking action.

The ogre Saint Lord wasn't willing to give up. The tougher the plate was, the greater his interest grew. To every sacred place, this sort of space tool was supreme.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Huge palm prints covered the plate, making the whole surface vibrate. In the end, he couldn't do anything to shatter it.

A smile appeared on Zen's face. Never did he think that a Reincarnation Plate would be so strong as to withstand the attacks from a world lord.

But in the next moment, Zen's smile disappeared as he saw Freya.

The ogre Saint Lord ceased his attacks, but Freya, clad in white clothes, floated gracefully in the air, approaching the ogre Saint Lord.

Numerous green and gray chains twined around Freya's body—she was leaning forward with her hair hanging low as if she had already fallen into a coma.

"Your name is Zen, right?"

A huge roar resounded through the sky in a clap of thunder, spreading into the Reincarnation Plate.

"I have no interest in your life. That's a matter between you and the Demon Night! Just hand over the Reincarnation Plate and the puppet! I can let you go!"

the ogre Saint Lord proclaimed as he used his massive hand to grab hold of Freya. In the hand of the ogre, her petite frame was like a doll's. If he tightened his grip even slightly, she would be crushed to death.

Witnessing the scene before him, Zen pulled a long face. If he handed over the Reincarnation Plate, he and Lavender would both die. It was impossible for the Demon Night to just let them go.

Lavender's eyes flashed as she frowned—she might not hesitate to sacrifice Freya. In her eyes, the woman was merely a human who had ascended to the Upper World. She was of no significance to her. But Lavender had a good grasp of Zen's character. While Freya might not have been anyone important, Zen would never sacrifice her. Never would Zen give up his decision.

And it was as expected.

After Zen activated one of the divine textures, his voice transmitted from the Reincarnation Plate. "What if I don't hand it over?"

Hearing this response, the ogre Saint Lord wore a strong smile on his face. Then, two little black snakes slithered out of his sleeves. The slithery creatures extended from his wrists all the way to Freya, coiling around her body.

Initially, the ogre Saint Lord was afraid that his threat would be useless. Because Freya was merely good-looking, not as powerful nor precious as she was made out to be, Zen probably wasn't willing to hand over the Reincarnation Plate because of her.

"The consequences of not handing over the Reincarnation Plate is very simple." After the ogre Saint Lord finished those words, the two little snakes coiled around Freya's white neck, spitting out slender, forked tongues. "These Iron Snakes can make this woman suffer terrible torment, enough that she would wish for death."

Zen's face turned gloomy as he stared at Freya. After a moment of pondering, he suddenly sneered. Then he said, "I understand, but you seem to be the Saint Lord of a tenth-grade ogre sacred place."

"So what?" The ogre only snorted.

"I wonder if this tenth-grade sacred place is important to you. I remember that it should be up north in the Dark World. But I don't know if you'd be sad if I destroyed this tenth-grade ogre sacred place!"

"How dare you!" Hearing this, the ogre Saint Lord got furious.

But with a wave of his hand, over a hundred divine textures were activated. The entire Reincarnation Plate slowly spun before shooting to the north.

The Reincarnation Plate was a space tool used by the Supreme Lord, with an extremely fast speed of travel. Relying on the plate, Zen managed to block the attacks of the Saint Lords. But he couldn't make his counterattack. The three thousand six hundred divine textures didn't have such an ability.

Just by relying on the enormous size of the plate and its unshakeable outer shell, it was enough to set a rampage within the ogre sacred place.

Boom!

In a flash, the ogre Saint Lord caught up from behind and once again placed his palm on the Reincarnation Plate, intending to stop Zen.

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1477 Retreat

The ogre Saint Lord had struck a terrifyingly powerful blow but it still hadn't been able to stop the Reincarnation Plate.

"If you don't stop, I'll kill this human girl right now!" the voice of the ogre Saint Lord sounded once again.

Zen snorted before replying coldly, "I will flatten your sacred place if you dare kill her!"

Having said this, Zen acted immediately and increased the speed of the Reincarnation Plate.

Under Zen's control, the massive Reincarnation Plate began to gather speed. As it flew up in the air, it caused a giant tornado that quickly swept over the place.

Zen looked on in amazement as the speed of the Reincarnation Plate far exceeded his imagination.

Flying through a supreme world usually took a long time. In order to save time, most martial artists chose to go through the supreme world channel.

Their original location and the sacred place of the ogres were quite far apart. Even if the warriors of the Soul Sea Realm made a round trip between these two places, it would still take them a long, long time if they didn't go through a supreme world channel.

But now that Zen was being pursued by the ogre Saint Lord, in less than two hours he saw a number of black buildings with unusual styles crop up. This was one of the biggest cities of the ogre race. Zen had already reached the territory of the ogres.

He made the Reincarnation Plate crash downwards with an ear-splitting rumble.

It plowed through the earth, dragging into existence a ditch that was hundreds of miles long and several miles wide.

If one looked from the sky, it looked like a horrible scar had suddenly appeared across this large ogre city.

And nobody knew how many of the ogres living in the city had died.

The ogre Saint Lord's eyes flashed as he saw this scene.

This guy really acted on his words!

This ogre city was only a border city and the ogre Saint Lord wouldn't necessarily care if it was destroyed. But if this fellow were to continue destroying cities like this and if he reached the core area of the sacred place, it was possible that he would completely destroy all the property that the Saint Lord had accumulated over the years!

A deep rumble sounded again.

The Reincarnation Plate continued to wreak havoc on the city and carried devastating disasters with it wherever it went.

All the ogre martial artists in the city flew up, all of them looking at this massive plate in shock and anger. These burly ogre martial artists looked like insignificant mosquitoes in front of the Reincarnation Plate. They had no idea why such a catastrophe should come to them.

Some of the ogre warriors even tried to fight back. But even the ogre Saint Lord couldn't shake the Reincarnation Plate off and they were only capable of doing much less. The attacks of the Life and Death Realm and Soul Sea Realm warriors felt more like an itchy spot on the Reincarnation Plate and didn't leave the slightest trace on it.

The Reincarnation Plate continued to crush the entire city. Ten circular movements later, it had destroyed almost half the city. Only then did it come to a grinding halt and start to float in the air.

"How about that? Did you change your mind?" Zen's cold voice came from within the plate.

The ogre Saint Lord's face hardened. To use a human girl to threaten a boy at the Soul Sea Realm had already been very embarrassing for him. The Reincarnation Plate was too important, otherwise, as a Saint Lord of a tenth grade sacred place, he wouldn't have done such a shameful thing.

And right now, Zen was threatening him right back.

Zen didn't give the ogre Saint Lord any time to think.

He had strong psychological advantages over the Saint Lord but knew that if he showed any sign of fear, he would only lead Freya to her death.

The massive Reincarnation Plate abruptly started moving again and began to go deeper into the ogre sacred place.

Countless ogre martial artists were floating in the air above the large ogre city, more than half of which Zen had destroyed. As their gazes found the Reincarnation Plate and then the tall, sturdy figure in the sky, they recognized the burly figure to be their Saint Lord.

"It's our Saint Lord!"

"Why didn't the Saint Lord stop the plate?"

"Oh no! My home is ruined!"

The ogre Saint Lord became upset as he heard the wails of the ogre martial artists below. Hatred was etched on his face but he was reluctant to let go of Zen. The temptation of the Reincarnation Plate was too great, and the secrets that the plate held were more than he had just seen.

So what other choice did he have than letting him go?

He had this human girl who he could threaten Zen with. But it seemed that his threat had had no effect on Zen and had instead caused him to lose a city. There might have been a lot of fatalities had the full devastating power of the Reincarnation Plate been unleashed.

This boy was also a decisive killer. If the ogre Saint Lord continued to hesitate, then this sacred place would suffer greater losses. The number of dead or injured ogre martial artists might increase tenfold, or even a hundredfold!

Finally, the ogre Saint Lord gritted his teeth and took a step forward. The Space Law around him flashed as he crossed space to arrive in front of the Reincarnation Plate.

"Stop!"

The ogre Saint Lord blocked the path of the Reincarnation Plate. He had Freya with him.

The Reincarnation Plate suddenly slowed down, finally coming to a stop only a few dozen feet from Freya.

"Have you decided?" Zen asked coldly. "Let Freya go, and I'll consider nothing to have happened!"

Nothing to have happened?

The ogre Saint Lord looked on in disbelief, sulking from within. His entire city had been destroyed and Zen was talking about it like it hadn't happened at all? How could he possibly say that?

But he knew that he had nothing to offer in negotiation with Zen. In the end, he sighed, defeated and helpless and he finally released his hand, causing the black chain around Freya's body to dissipate.

He tapped lightly on Freya's forehead with his other hand and a black beam shot out from where he had touched her. It was only at this moment that Freya finally regained consciousness.

Freya had lost consciousness the moment she had activated the divine texture which could help her to leave the Endless Abyss. She was completely unaware of what had happened after that. So when she saw herself in the hands of the ogre Saint Lord, her eyes widened, confused.

"Let her go!"

Zen's voice rang out.

"Zen!"

Freya turned to locate Zen, only to see a huge dazzling golden plate in front of her. She was surprised. What exactly was this enormous plate?

Why did Zen's voice come from inside it?

The ogre Saint Lord gritted his teeth and loosened his grip. Freya shook her shoulders, her mind filling to the brim with a lot of questions. Why would the Saint Lord of the ogre race listen to Zen?

But now that she had obtained her freedom, Freya needed to get away from here as soon as possible. She pushed off the ground and broke free of the ogre Saint Lord. She then floated towards the plate.

"Zen?" Freya shouted, the surprise not having worn off yet.

"Come over here, below the plate!" Zen said.

When the Reincarnation Plate had been hidden deep underground, there had only been one entrance - the entrance that Supreme Lord Osborn had meticulously set up.

However, once Zen took control of the Reincarnation Plate, he sealed off the entrance. He knew through these divine textures that there were many entrances to the Reincarnation Plate, and one of them was at the very bottom.

The ogre Saint Lord stood on the sidelines in silence.

Zen said to him rather nastily, "You, get way from here!"

The ogre Saint Lord's face flashed at Zen's words. He was a dignified Saint Lord! How could he tolerate a junior shouting at him like this?

"You brat-" the ogre Saint Lord gritted his teeth as he spoke.

"I don't want to waste time listening to your nonsense. If you don't want your tenth grade sacred place to be destroyed, then move away!" Zen's voice sounded again from the Reincarnation Plate, his tone indicating that there was no room for argument.

The ogre Saint Lord let out a long breath, but all he could do was step far away from this place.

The ogre Saint Lord had originally had a plan. If this human girl were to enter the Reincarnation Plate, Zen would definitely open an entrance. He could take this opportunity to travel over space and enter it.

But chances of success were very slim. Moreover, this boy had a personality that told him he would definitely take revenge. If he were to fail, his tenth grade sacred place might really be destroyed.

After much consideration, he chose to retreat.

What he didn't know was that there was a Crown of Destiny in the Reincarnation Plate.

The tremor of the heavens caused by the Crown of Destiny could only be felt by the one hundred and twenty-eight Supreme Lords.

This Crown of Destiny was something that could make any world lord go crazy for it. If he had known this, he would probably have gone all out, since it was a chance to carry the Heavenly Destiny!

Chapter 1478 Lavender's Subordinates

Freya carefully walked in an empty world.

The background of the palace had disappeared. She felt like she was walking on the floor, but the ground below was now transparent, and she could clearly see the mountains and rivers far below. What a strange feeling it was.

"Zen, where are we?" Freya asked curiously.

"The Reincarnation Plate," Zen replied.

Freya's face became depressed. Zen's answer was the same as not answering. Where did this big space tool come from?

Zen smiled when he saw Freya's expression. He then briefly recounted what had happened after Freya left. After listening to him, she suddenly came to a realization.

"So the Endless Abyss turns out to be a gigantic space tool." Freya's expression became filled with surprise.

Space tools weren't anything rare. They were quite commonly seen in both the Upper and the Lower Worlds, but it was simply inconceivable that the Reincarnation Plate was in fact a space tool which could block the full force attacks of world lords.

A world lord, as the name suggested, was the lord of a world.

In the entire universe, there were trillions of lives. World lords were only ranked second to Supreme Lords.

Being coerced by Zen, the world lord had to let Freya go. For a moment, Freya didn't know how to express her complicated mix of feelings.

The ogre Saint Lord had used her to threaten Zen, but Zen didn't give up on her or run away. Instead, he had tried to think of a way to save her.

When she thought about this, she felt warm in her heart. Zen had not abandoned her.

"Where are we going now?" Freya asked after thinking for a while.

"Now we have to leave the Dark World. If we don't leave now, I'm afraid we won't be able to leave later." Zen's expression had turned more serious.

The Reincarnation Plate was indeed incomparably sturdy, and able to block the attacks of the ogre Saint Lord. But there were simply too many powerhouses throughout the universe. Although the ogre Saint Lord was as strong as a world lord, he still was not a world lord. The real world lords would be much stronger than him.

And now that Lavender's identity had been exposed, Elena would lose no time to make her move. She would definitely send her men to chase down and kill Lavender. It was very likely that she would send world lords, grand world lords and even Supreme Lords. Those were odds that even Zen would struggle with.

The situation was still very grim, and now was definitely not the time to relax or let down their guard.

"Where are we going after leaving the Dark World?" Lavender asked the same question.

"Hmm?" Zen was slightly surprised.

When he thought of this, traces of hesitation appeared on his face.

Should he return to the alliance?

The alliance's three thousand worlds would be able to accommodate him. Furthermore, he had joined the alliance's Gauze Pavilion and possessed quite a few privileges in the alliance.

But now that both his and Lavender's identities had been exposed, would Yolande still be able to protect him?

Since Lavender was involved, the Demon Night would never compromise.

Perhaps Zen's current talent was enough to attract the attention of the alliance, but he was, after all, only a member of the younger generation at the Soul Sea Realm. No one would make an enemy of the Queen of Punishment of the Demon Night for the sake of such a young man. There was no reason to expect the alliance's support.

It was not far-fetched to believe that Elena was willing to pay any price in order to kill Lavender. If Zen returned to the alliance, Elena wouldn't stop until she reached her goal. The alliance would not stop her.

Whether or not Yolande could protect Zen was, in the end, a big question. At that time, the Supreme Lords of the two races would have to face each other. That was a conflict which the alliance might best want to avoid.

Thinking of this, Zen shook his head and said, "No, we're not returning to the alliance."

"Well then, where are we going?" Lavender smiled.

"Let's wait and see," Zen replied. Having heard this question twice in a row, he fell into deep thought.

There was not much time to ponder over their dilemma now. The forces in the Upper World were complicated, and the situation was even worse there than in the Lower World. The great races didn't hate living together under the same sky, but rather, they could happily kill each other, while at the same time, coexisting peacefully in the Dark World.

So Zen had to re-evaluate his course of action.

From the very beginning, Zen's main goal had been to find his sister.

Even now, he still pursued this goal. However, he had no clue as to where exactly Yan could be as the universe was a big place!

If she was not in this universe, which he had now traveled widely, where could she be? Could it be that she had already surpassed the heavens and left this universe?

As Zen controlled the enormous Reincarnation Plate, he pondered on his next step. There was so much to consider and careful decisions to be made.

The Reincarnation Plate sped through the sky above the Dark World, passing countless cities on the way.

There were cities belonging to the Demon Night and those belonging to the humans. Of course, there were cities belonging to the ogres as well. Every time they passed a city, it would attract the attention of countless people. These people would stop and stare up into the sky at the magnificent spectacle that passed over their heads. No one had seen the likes of the Reincarnation Plate before.

A few hours later, the Reincarnation Plate seemed to have covered the span of half of the Dark World and arrived at the side of the supreme world.

Even the broad passage of the supreme world could not accommodate the huge Reincarnation Plate. If Zen wanted to cross the supreme world, he had to force the world through. However, since the Reincarnation Plate was a space tool used by a Supreme Lord, it wasn't too difficult to accomplish that. After Zen had activated a few divine textures, the plate then rushed into deep space. As rays of incandescent light flashed on its surface, it was about to speed across space.

However, just as the Reincarnation Plate began to fly off into deep space, a violent vibration was suddenly felt across the space tool.

Boom!

With this violent vibration, Freya could barely stand and fell to the transparent ground. She had such a fright that a small scream escaped her lips.

Through the transparent wall, one could see that Zen had a severe look on his face, and Lavender's face had turned very pale.

As for Livingston, this matter had originally had nothing to do with him. However, ever since Zen had turned on the Reincarnation Plate, he hadn't rested for even a moment. Livingston said curiously, "It seems that you have offended quite a few big shots!"

Around the Reincarnation Plate four martial artists of the Demon Night had appeared. There were both men and women and they were all ferocious-looking.

Zen couldn't tell their cultivation. However, the auras radiating from them were definitely much more powerful than that of the ogre Saint Lord.

Lavender stared fixedly at the four people with her cold gaze. There was a faint trace of sorrow and regret in her eyes. Then, she lowered her head and said icily, "They are Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth. They used to be my subordinates."

As the Queen of Killings, Lavender represented the strongest sword of the Demon Night. The martial artists who had originally gathered around her were of course the strongest.

Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth were chosen from the most talented geniuses of the Demon Night. They had followed Lavender to grow their cultivation, and they had succeeded in reaching an impressive level.

100, 000 years ago, when Lavender had explored the Endless Abyss, she had been accompanied by the four of them. At that time, they were only at the Spirit Supreme Realm. Yet, they had proven their mettle.

In the past, they were all juniors of the Demon Night, but by then, Lavender had become a queen, and they became her guards.

Salvador had almost sacrificed his life to protect Lavender while exploring the Endless Abyss. He would have gladly done so in the past. Yet, now it seemed that he was here to claim that life.

100, 000 years later, the four had already become world lords, but their status and strength were even higher than those of normal world lords.

They had held good relationships with Lavender, but now they were sent here by Elena to chase down Lavender.

In fact, Elena had many powerhouses that served her, and some of them were much stronger even than these four, but since she had chosen to send them to kill Lavender, she must be fully confident in their abilities. At the same time, Elena wanted to show off.

'Lavender, these people were the closest to you, but they have chosen to betray you. What qualifications do you have to fight with me?'

Elena thought to herself arrogantly. This was exactly the reason why she had sent Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth.

Hearing Lavender's voice suddenly change, Zen controlled the Reincarnation Plate as he rapidly advanced. He turned his head and stared blankly at Lavender, seeing her pain and disappointment. However, he didn't know how to comfort her.

Boom!

At this moment, there was another violent vibration.

One of the four was a martial artist in a white robe. He held a pale green long spear in his hands. With the thrust of his spear, he had nearly flipped the entire Reincarnation Plate over!

"His spear attack is so strong!" Zen's eyes narrowed as he tried to control the divine textures. It was only with great difficulty that he finally managed to stabilize the Reincarnation Plate.

Just then, Lavender said, "Let me talk to them."

Zen remained silent as he activated another divine texture. Then, Lavender's voice drifted out from within the Reincarnation Plate.

Chapter 1479 The Past

"Salvador..."

The sound of Lavender's voice drifted out of the Reincarnation Plate and echoed in this space.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Salvador swung the spear in his hand and knelt down on one knee with eyes dark as ink.

"My queen."

He was dressed in a snow-white robe and his long silvery-gray hair hung behind him. His delicate face was more beautiful than the face of any of the women that accompanied him.

Salvador was the only man in the group. The other three—Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth—were all women.

As Salvador knelt down on one knee, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth all followed suit.

In the Reincarnation Plate, Lavender looked attentively at the four. "You... How have you been?"

At Lavender's greeting, the four warriors trembled as they recalled their troublesome past.

Seven hundred years ago, a vision happened in the universe. A crack appeared in the intact heavens; a corpse fell from it and landed on the Dark Purple Star.

It was said that the corpse was the body of a True God.

Countless races in the Upper World were excited at the news and sent warriors to the Dark Purple Star to investigate the corpse. The Demon Night was no exception. Lavender sent Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth to the Dark Purple Star too.

That day, Lavender saw them off in person from her Hollow Hall.

The four warriors would have to compete with the top warriors of the other races, but Lavender had faith in them. Together, they could defeat a Supreme Lord.

While Supreme Lords seldom showed interest in these types of happenings, this mission was not that hard to the four of them.

However, right after the four left, Lavender was struck with a bad feeling that made her feel ill. She could tell that something bad was about to happen, but she didn't know what exactly it was.

Whenever this type of feelings came over her, she would ask Supreme Lord Leroy for counsel. But this time, Supreme Lord Leroy was still in closed-door cultivation, and she couldn't interrupt him.

Right at that moment, Lavender heard the sound of chains. Then, she saw Elena appearing in front of the Hollow Hall. She was wearing a blue armor, the Saint Sky Armor, and holding her weapon, the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer.

The Saint Sky Armor and Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer were two supreme divine weapons of the Demon Night. They both ranked top 50 in the Universe Spirit Tablet. When Lavender saw Elena armed, she immediately realized what she was up to.

Instantly, the Saint Killing Spear appeared in Lavender's hand. Meanwhile, ripples quivered across the surface of Lavender's Pool of Faith. She adopted the fighting stance and began to extract the Faith Energy from the Pool of Faith.

If Lavender was in her best condition, with the help of her Pool of Faith and her spear, she could even kill a Supreme Lord. After all, she was the Queen of Killings, the strongest weapon of the Demon Night.

Elena didn't make a move. She kept on swaying the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hands. Strands of lightning flashes appeared like snakes around the hammer. These lightning flashes were very thin but contained the eighth layer of Thunder Law, as well as a fatal Law of Causality.

Only those who had been hit by the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer knew how powerful the weapon was. And those people didn't live to tell their stories. They had all been killed.

Time went by.

The entire Hollow Hall went silent. Lavender panicked as she realized that she was unable to extract the Faith Energy from the Pool of Faith. It was the first time that she had failed to do so since she had become the Queen of Killings.

"Did you seal my Pool of Faith?

That is a capital offence in the Demon Night.

The Board of Elders won't let you go unpunished!" Lavender threatened.

Elena did not speak. She stepped towards Lavender, making crisp sounds with her sharp high-heeled boots that echoed across the Hollow Hall. Even though she had made a careful plan, nobody but herself would dare to bear the crime of killing the queen. She had to be the one to do it.

"Why?" Lavender asked in a cold voice. A faint cold light lit the tip of the spear in her hand. Without the Faith Energy, she couldn't defeat Elena.

Elena smiled upon hearing the question. "Why? Let me see. Well, the reason is simple. I just hate you."

Not long after, earthquakes hit all the Demon Night's sacred places, and the light surrounding all the statues of the Queen of Killings dimmed.

The Demon Night represented a large race in the universe. They lived in hundreds of supreme worlds. They had thousands of tenth-grade sacred places and countless forces. All the members knew that their queen was injured the moment the light from the statues dimmed.

This was a great event in the Demon Night. The replacement of the queen was almost related to the rise and fall of the race, and Lavender had only been in office for one hundred thousand years.

Soon the Demon Night members found that Lavender was still alive because every Lavender's statue showed a faint light that hadn't perished.

The members soon found out the truth. Or maybe it was Elena who had never planned to hide the truth.

The Demon Night was actually controlled by the three queens. The Board of Elders had less influence on them. The three queens had their own followers. Soon, Lavender's subordinates were either killed or betrayed their queen.

When Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth came back, they couldn't reverse the situation.

Seven hundred years had passed, and the four finally met Lavender again. But they were now her enemies. When they heard Lavender greeting them, a myriad of emotions flooded them.

They used to be Lavender's subordinates and her closest friends. Yet they betrayed her.

Salvador stood up slowly. A bitter smile was on his face. He didn't know how to face Lavender. His other three companions had the same feelings. After Lavender left, they had a hard life.

"My queen, I apologize!" Salvador said solemnly while bowing.

They still loved their queen, and that love couldn't just disappear even after seven hundred years.

They didn't want to go against Lavender. However, they couldn't disobey Elena's orders, or she would kill all of their families, relatives and friends. They couldn't afford such a miserable faith, so they had to come here.

Lavender sighed heavily. She knew the four well, and she knew they must have come here for some reason. She didn't blame them at all.

Elena was the Queen of Punishment and a cruel woman. She knew how to manipulate people. Lavender knew that Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and

Elspeth wouldn't betray her for their own advantage. It had to be Elena threatening them.

Meanwhile, Zen narrowed his eyes and activated the Reincarnation Plate again.

After Salvador took a bow, he moved the spear in his hand.

Zen had seen the same move many times before. It was Lavender's move. She had used it when she was still a weak sword spirit, but the move was very powerful.

This was the Almighty Spear Technique, the best spear technique in the Demon Night. Only the Queen of Killings could learn the spear technique. Back then, Lavender asked for the permission from the Board of Elders to pass on the spear technique to Salvador.

When Salvador used the spear technique, his power was tens of thousands of times stronger than what Zen had witnessed before. After all, Salvador's cultivation level was now much higher than Lavender's at that time.

That invisible spear strike stabbed the surface of the Reincarnation Plate, bursting out with a huge noise.

Boom!

The Reincarnation Plate didn't break, but its surface caved in notably.

Meanwhile, the other three ran after the Reincarnation Plate and used their own weapons to attack it.

Bang! Bang!

Zen frowned and didn't say a word. He was focused on controlling the Reincarnation Plate, which moved forward at full speed. Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth chased after the Reincarnation Plate and kept moving forward attacking it.

Not long after, cracks appeared on the surface of the Reincarnation Plate one after another. No matter how fast the Reincarnation Plate moved forward, it was unable to shake the four off.

Crack! Crack!

The divine textures around Zen exploded one by one.

"They are too powerful. The Reincarnation Plate is unable to stop them," Livingston said with a bitter smile. "I'm afraid it will break under their attacks."

Nervousness was written all over Freya's face. She even tried to hold back her breath in order not to disturb Zen. She knew she was of little use at this moment. All she could do was keep quiet.

"Let me out!" Lavender suddenly said.

"No!" Zen turned her down without hesitation. Lavender's soul had recovered 60% and her sword spirit body was more powerful now. She might be able to fight a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior, but she was unable to block a world lord's strike.

"The Pool of Faith is not sealed yet, so I can stall them for a while longer." After saying that, Lavender activated several divine textures around them.

Holding the Cold Plum Blood Spear, Lavender appeared outside the Reincarnation Plate. As soon as she left the Reincarnation Plate, the huge wings formed by the Faith Energy spread on her back. She swung her spear and stood before Salvador.

Chapter 1480 Suicide

Salvador's eyes softened as he saw Lavender, and he withdrew the long spear that he'd been holding and intending to stab her with.

The four people who had been attacking the Reincarnation Plate paused at the same time.

Lavender gently flapped her wings and descended slowly to stand behind the Reincarnation Plate, fixing a stoical gaze on the four people in front of her. "Why did you stop?"

The four of them remained silent.

They had been through an excruciating ordeal, having chased the Incarnation Plate all the way here.

They had battle of contradicting emotions going in their hearts during the chase. The enormous Reincarnation Plate was just a buffer.

They knew they could smash it. But what would happen next?

Would they really kill Lavender?

The four of them glanced at each other, despair filling their eyes.

Lavender understood their expressions and their situation. She smiled what could only be an indifferent yet dangerous smile as she gently waved the long spear in her hands. "Who will make the first move?"

None of the four moved.

Lavender was strong enough to use Faith Energy but was still too weak to fight them.

With their strength, they could kill her in an instant.

But the four of them were stiff as statues as they flew behind the Reincarnation Plate.

Not a single one of them charged forward.

The Reincarnation Plate flew through space, the two sides in a strange kind of stalemate.

Suddenly, ringing laughter resounded in the universe once again. Elena's voice.

"If you don't do it, I will! The Punishment of Eternal Night has not been used in a long time!"

The faces of the four darkened at Elena's declaration.

The Punishment of Eternal Night was one of the cruelest punishments of the Demon Night.

If Elena used it to punish them, their clans would suffer the most and die. The pain of the physical body wasn't the point. In fact, in the Punishment of Eternal Night, the souls of their clansmen would be extracted and placed in a Demon Night's soul prison, in which there was no life or death; only eternal torture.

Usually, only the most sinful traitors of the Demon Night were punished with Punishment of Eternal Night.

But now, it was going to be used on their loved ones.

"I'll give you guys five minutes to think about it. After that, you won't have a choice." Elena's voice dripped sweetness, and it was obvious she was enjoying this moment the most.

Once Elena's words had faded out, Salvador rushed towards the end of the Reincarnation Plate where Lavender was standing.

Rays of spear intents gathered together at the spear in Lavender's hands. She used the same spear art as Salvador did, but despite the Faith Energy she was using, her attack had less than a tenth of the power that Salvador's had.

But she did not retreat, her face betraying no emotion.

Salvador threw his long spear aside as he charged towards Lavender.

His entire body slammed into the Cold Plum Blood Spear she was holding.

The tip of the spear drilled into his chest, passing through his back. Under the immense impact, his body slid down the spear shaft towards Lavender's side, blood flowing along the spear and falling on her hand.

Lavender panicked, staring blankly at Salvador's face that was even more beautiful than a woman's.

She opened her mouth, but didn't know what to say.

A swooshing sound alerted her to the presence of another figure that had dashed over. Aneisha!

Lavender turned the spearhead as she saw this. She knew what Aneisha was about to do.

But Salvador gripped the spear that had pierced through his heart so forcefully that Lavender was rendered unable to move.

Another swoosh sounded, and Aneisha also thrust her body onto the long spear.

Viveca and Elspeth followed closely behind.

The four of them looked resolute.

The nine-foot-nine-inch-long Cold Plum Blood Spear was crowded with the four warriors' bodies.

Lavender's jaw dropped as she stared at the four people on her spear. But she could not say a single word.

Salvador then released the shaft of the Cold Plum Blood Spear, a dejected smile on his lips. He raised his head to look at Lavender, and said with sadness, "My queen... May I call you by your name?"

Lavender nodded blankly.

"Lavender, I...I... Actually, I..." A blush crept up on Salvador's beautiful face at this.

He couldn't finish his sentence even after fumbling over his words for a long, long time.

"Salvador likes you, my queen," Aneisha, who was behind Salvador, blurted out.

Although the queens of the Demon Night held a supreme position, they were not allowed to marry anyone from the Demon Night. This was because the throne was not allowed to be passed down to their next generation. After the queen died, a new leader would be chosen from the Demon Night. Only the purest of the Demon Night martial artists could be chosen to succeed to the throne.

Lavender nodded blankly once again. "I got it."

"Do you still remember the South Heaven Ferry? We had just broken through to the Life and Death Realm and were training at the South Heaven Ferry. I put something very interesting there. If you would go there again, I hope you will find it. May my queen soar once more!"

"May my queen soar once again!"

"May my queen soar once again!"

"May my queen..."

Once they had finished speaking, muffled sounds came from within their bodies.

They had forcefully disintegrated their inner worlds!

The inner world at their level was already very rich. There were tens of thousands of lives in it as well, and there were even warriors at the Life and Death Realm and the Soul Sea Realm.

When an inner world collapsed, it was like the collapse of the heavens in the universe. All life would go extinct. The Life and Death Realm warriors, Soul Sea Realm warriors, and all kinds of fierce beasts would all go extinct at the same time without a chance to resist. This was the law of the inner world.

The moment their inner worlds fell apart, Viveca, Elspeth, Salvador, and Aneisha stopped showing any sign of life.

Lavender loosened her grip on the Cold Plum Blood Spear and retreated a few steps. The four of them were still in a standing position, their eyes wide open as they stared at her with smiles on their faces.

Feeling utterly powerless, she fell to her knees with a thud.

Not long after, Zen, Freya, and Livingston heard a loud howl, like an enraged female leopard that had just lost its cub.

Zen retreated from the messy pile of divine textures. Now that nobody was chasing after him, he let the Reincarnation Plate fly freely in the universe. He opened an exit and arrived at the end of the plate.

He saw Lavender sitting there alone, four dead powerhouses standing lifelessly before her, pierced through by the Cold Plum Blood Spear.

All of these four had the strength to traverse the universe, and they were more powerful than many grand world lords. Even their corpses emitted a powerful aura.

Zen floated over to stand silently behind Lavender.

She was his sword spirit, and he and she had always been one. Even though he stood behind her and did not see her sorrowful expression, he could still feel her pain.

The four of them were probably facing a deathtrap, already having prepared this plan in their hearts.

They didn't want to kill their queen.

But disobeying Elena's orders meant that they had to watch their own family members, relatives, and clans suffer in Punishment of Eternal Night, which was something they weren't willing to see.

In this kind of conflict, they could only choose to die by Lavender's spear. Only by committing suicide like this could it not be considered as disobeying Elena's will.

"Lavender, get up," Zen suddenly said.

She didn't move.

"Get up!"

Lavender still did not move.

So Zen began to control his sword spirit with a single thought. Thanks to this, Lavender's body started to float off the ground.

She was the body of Zen's sword spirit, and he could control her on his own. But after Lavender's soul took over the sword spirit's body, it was usually controlled by her.

Under Zen's control, Lavender floated in the air, looking at him, her eyes lacking the vigor they had in the past.

Chapter 1481 The Despicable Queen

Lavender stared blankly at Zen. She looked like a doll without emotions.

In a moment of great grief, her mind stopped working.

Zen looked at her with pity. Seeing that Lavender was unable to move, with a simple thought he controlled her light sword spirit and pulled her into his embrace.

With her hands hanging down, Lavender still did not move.

'You didn't kill them.

This is exactly what Elena wanted. Either the four of them would die, or you would die. This is not your fault.

I will help you kill Elena. I will help you! I promise!'

Zen thought.

"Thank you!" Lavender said.

"What?" Zen was stunned.

A trace of gleam flashed Lavender's dazed eyes. Her mind was connected to Zen's, so she could feel his determination and decisiveness as his thoughts ran over his mind.

"I won't compromise. I promise you I'll kill her!" Lavender said softly.

She was sad because of the death of Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth who had once been faithful to her. She had started her path as a remnant and she had put a lot of energy into becoming so strong. She would not change her mind so easily after she made a decision.

When Zen saw that Lavender had recovered a little, the corner of his mouth curled up slightly. However, he continued to ask, "Who is that? Who do you talk about?"

"Elena! I will kill her with my own bare hands!" Lavender's voice grew louder and louder and a hint of lust for blood appeared in her eyes.

Zen continued to encourage her, "Say it louder!"

"I will kill you, Elena!" Lavender kept on screaming out loud. Her voice, which was usually very melodious, turned into a high-pitched scream, just like the angry roar of a young girl.

The fury in her eyes became intense as did her killing intent.

Zen, on the other hand, pointed his finger at the sky full of stars, saying, "They can't hear you. You have to speak louder!"

Lavender wanted to keep on shouting but Zen extended a finger and pressed it on her lips. With a slight smile, he took out the Roaring Token, which had already been already activated. "Now they can hear you."

Lavender tensed up as her chest contracted. She then roared with the Roaring Token.

As such, the entire universe was filled with a high-pitched scream. It was a declaration that resounded throughout the entire universe.

"Elena! I will kill you! You will pay for this!"

An intense scream suddenly burst out, making all the living creatures in the universe get startled. Some fierce beasts who had yet to develop their intelligence grew so restless that they started attacking without reason.

After a while, Elena's voice was heard once again. "Ha-ha! You want to kill me? Lavender, do you think that you are safe? I just sent your four supporters to kill you! But they willingly sacrificed their lives for you. I couldn't predict they would give their lives for yours. Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth were truly faithful... But do you really think you can escape?"

Lavender remained calm. She was prepared to reply with the Roaring Token again but Zen snatched it from her hands.

"Do you remember me, bitch?" Zen said through the Roaring Token with a smile.

"You? Humph! Of course I remember you. You are just a nobody staying at Lavender's side," Elena replied.

"You tried to kill me several times in the Lower World. Now, do you still want to kill me?" Zen continued to ask.

"Humph, you are just as insignificant as an ant. You had a chance to fly into the Upper World only because you encountered Lavender's remnant soul. As Lavender would die soon, you will die with her," Elena said indifferently.

In fact, Zen had made fast and great progress in his cultivation, which worried Elena. She had never seen Zen, but just as Lavender said, Zen had the fate to lead the world of chaos, and if he obtained a qualification in the Illusion Battlefield, then he would become the most powerful warrior of this age, which would pose a threat to her.

"What if I won't die?" Zen suddenly asked.

Before Elena could reply, Zen activated his Roaring Token again and said, "Then, will you admit that you're a bitch?"

"You!" She had been a bit flustered and exasperated with Zen's disrespectful address to her. She was a queen after all. However, being a queen, she couldn't be bothered with the slandering of a nobody. She hadn't expected Zen to shout at her again though.

The voice spreading from the ordinary Roaring Token would sometimes be drowned out by other voices. But Zen's Roaring Token was very powerful and the voice which came from it would not be drowned. Before Elena had a chance to speak, Zen continued, "After everything you have done, you have reached the lowest level possible. It doesn't matter if you are the queen of the Demon Night. You are a despicable queen!"

"Ha!" Lavender who was at the side suddenly laughed out loud.

Freya who was in the Reincarnation Plate also couldn't help but laugh. She already knew that Zen was using the Roaring Token, and at the same time, she was sure that the fellow who had used the Roaring Token countless times in the Spiritual Force Sacred Place's mines was him.

That was the first time Zen had used the Roaring Token at that time.

Freya still vividly remembered the words he had uttered through the Roaring Token at that time when he was looking for a girl called Yan, but she didn't know if he had found her or not.

Freya, Lavender and many warriors from many races in the universe were amused hearing Zen talk to Elena in such a way.

Elena was the queen of the Demon Night, but she was cursed by Zen without fear. They thought that Elena had disgraced the Demon Night's name.

Even the warriors of the Demon Night couldn't help but laugh.

Elena was undoubtedly the most respected queen of the Demon Night, as well as their faith totem. But there were factions within the Demon Night and each of the three queens had their own supporters. Now the Queen of Punishment, was disliked by a considerable number of Demon Night members, especially by the elders from the Board of Elders.

Since its foundation, the Demon Night had been ruled by three queens. The Queen of Life had always been silent and didn't meddle in anything, even when Elena planned to kill Lavender. If Elena succeeded in killing Lavender, she would take control of the whole race. The elders of the Board of Elders were already worried about this, but they did not dare say anything out of fear. They were waiting for the opportunity to revolt against Elena.

Now that they heard the human warrior humiliating Elena, they thought this might be their chance. It felt like Zen was speaking for them and venting all their grudges that had been harbored for many years.

"Ha-ha! This little fellow really has the guts!"

"But Elena has already targeted and attacked Lavender. This guy will probably die sooner or later. How could he be so daring?"

"Don't underestimate anyone. A bold person might not be reckless. Perhaps he really does have something powerful to rely on."

"I think that this guy's voice sounds exactly the same as that of the mysterious young man who had a quarrel with Supreme Lord Amritpal and Supreme Lord Myles more than a year ago. If that's the case, then his Roaring Tokens..."

Those powerful warriors would surely notice and think of this matter just as Freya did.

More than a year ago, a mysterious young man appeared with many Roaring Tokens that he used to curse Amritpal. Then, he used the Roaring Tokens to chat with a mysterious woman.

No one had figured out who that mysterious woman was. During this one year, she and that mysterious young man seemed to have disappeared.

Afterwards, Lavender's voice suddenly resounded throughout the universe. Not long after that, the voice of the mysterious young man could be heard once more.

Anyone could see that the mysterious man was Zen who spoke now and Lavender's Roaring Tokens should have come from him.

"Hey, young man, you have so many Roaring Tokens. Where did you get them?" As expected, at this time, a Supreme Lord roared out a question to Zen with a Roaring Token.

Zen was not afraid at all. He had already provoked Elena and wasn't afraid of provoking a Supreme Lord. "It's none of your business!"

The Supreme Lord became infuriated at Zen's answer. "Brat, do you know who you're talking to?"

"You are a Supreme Lord, right? So what?" Zen replied.

"Since you know who I am, are you not afraid of being killed? You know I can find you through the Demon Night, right?" the Supreme Lord said with a sneer.

Hearing these words, Zen once again activated the Roaring Token and laughed arrogantly. "I can block the Queen of Punishment's chase. So even if there is one more Supreme Lord attacking me, I can still easily deal with this situation. Why do you think I would be afraid of your threats?"

His words were extremely arrogant. Lavender reached out her hand to cover the Roaring Token while she smiled and shook her head. "Alright, I'm fine now. You can put it away now."

She knew that Zen had put in a lot of effort just for her sake.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1482 To The North

It was very dangerous for martial artists to expose themselves in the Upper World.

A single Roaring Token that could be used infinitely was enough to cause many Supreme Lords to fight over it.

Nonetheless, Zen didn't even hesitate to transmit his voice using Roaring Token. He was obviously ready to throw caution to the wind.

Lavender knew that Zen still had the fairy palace to rely on. However, Elena, as well as many Supreme Lords, had tailed him.

Zen could easily compete with Spirit Supreme Realm powerhouses with his strength. But what if he faced those Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists? Or world lords? Or Supreme Lords?

There wouldn't be an option for Zen to retreat if that happened. He was too impulsive.

He wasn't the type of person to bother about those things though. He just followed his heart regardless of how dangerous his decisions were. He was ready to pay any price.

Looking at the corpses of Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca, and Elspeth, he asked, "How should we deal with them?"

Lavender sighed lightly and replied, "Keep their corpses for the time being. If I can return to the Demon Night one day, I'll bury them in the queens' tomb."

One of the highest honors a martial artist of Demon Night could get was to be buried in the queens' tomb. Only the greatest martial artists and those who had made special contributions to the Demon Night could be buried there.

Although Lavender couldn't bury them in the tomb now, it didn't mean she wouldn't be able to do it in the future.

World lords' corpses would not rot even after ten thousand years. It wouldn't be difficult to store them away. Following Lavender's instructions, Zen carefully stored the four corpses.

Lavender then floated at the end of the Reincarnation Plate and stopped before a spear.

Salvador had thrown out his spear before killing himself. Now it was stuck on the surface of the Reincarnation Plate.

"This is the North Dawn Spear. It was forged from the north dawn crystal. I gave this to Salvador. I didn't expect that he still used it after such a long time," she muttered.

The North Dawn Spear was only a first-rank divine weapon. Although it was on the list of the Spirit Tablet, its rank was not high. It was ranked around seven thousandth.

In reality, Salvador had the ability to acquire a supreme divine weapon when he was still alive. However, he chose to stay with this spear for a long time.

Lavender stretched her hand to take out the North Dawn Spear. She stroke it gently, running her delicate fingers to its shaft. Not long after, a soft smile appeared on her face as she turned around and placed the spear into Zen's space ring.

The Reincarnation Plate continued to fly deep into space.

There were 100, 000 supreme worlds in the universe and the deep space was all the same across it. However, as the angles were different, the arrangements of the stars were slightly different.

After returning to the hall of the Reincarnation Plate, Lavender said, "Let's head north."

"North?" asked Zen curiously.

Lavender nodded slightly. "Yes."

She remembered that Salvador said something to her before he killed himself. He mentioned about the South Heaven Ferry.

It had been a long time ago when Lavender went to the South Heaven Ferry to train with Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca, and Elspeth.

Salvador's cultivation base was still low back then. He said that he would leave behind all the disputes and roam in the universe once his cultivation base developed.

"Where do you want to go the most?" Lavender asked Salvador once.

Thinking for a moment, Salvador then pointed to the sky and gestured to the most dazzling star at the South Heaven Ferry. "The Northern Twilight Star."

On more than one occasion, Salvador had said that his first destination once he traveled the universe would be the Northern Twilight Star.

The South Heaven Ferry was located in the depths of hundreds of supreme worlds of the Demon Night. Although Salvador mentioned the South Heaven Ferry, he never really asked Lavender to head there. Instead, his true destination was the Northern Twilight Star.

He couldn't tell the truth since Elena had been keeping her eyes on him.

Thus, Lavender was asking Zen to turn the Reincarnation Plate and head straight for Northern Twilight Star now.

As Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca and Elspeth were already dead, they had survived Elena's first wave of attacks. Neither Zen nor Lavender felt at ease.

Elena was extremely cruel and merciless. She definitely wouldn't let them off so easily. There would certainly be even more powerful pursuers following them.

Zen would need to get himself ready in advance since nobody could tell when Elena's next round of attacks happened.

He was controlling the Reincarnation Plate, letting Freya once again enter the third and fourth caves of the Endless Abyss. Freya was getting all the treasures left behind by the Supreme Lord.

There were many defensive treasures in the third cave and all sorts of rare materials for weapon refining in the fourth cave. A huge part of these materials came from the previous grand era and many of them had disappeared in the current grand era. Nonetheless, they were all extremely important in the eyes of Livingston.

After the preparations were made, the token of mountain appeared in Zen's hand.

To be exact, the token of mountain was not something for transmission. It did not simply transmit Zen. It was actually the fairy palace itself, or it could be said to be a projection of the fairy palace.

Swish!

The token glowed faintly when Zen poured a bit of his life vitality into it. At the same time, it began to twist and transform into a piece of melted wax. Finally, it transformed into a palm-sized mini fairy palace.

Lavender had seen Zen use the token of mountain before. Thus, she was not surprised at all. However, at this moment, Freya and Livingston were quite curious.

Livingston was wide-eyed while looking at the token. As the most powerful weapon refiner in the previous grand era, his life wasn't simply just about refining weapons. He had wide experience and extensive knowledge of a lot of things. Nonetheless, he did not expect Zen's token to change forms. It greatly shocked him.

"What? What the hell is this?"

Livingston couldn't tell what material the token was made of. In addition to the extremely special Space Law, there seemed to be many types of Law of Causality that he had never heard before.

Although the Law of Causality in every round of heavens was different, they were largely identical with only minor differences. It would allow Livingston to see through even the supreme divine weapons under this round of the heavens.

But then, this mini fairy palace was clearly beyond his understanding.

Zen gently threw the fairy palace onto the ground, and then it began to rapidly expand.

In the end, the palm-sized fairy palace grew into an area eighty feet long and eighty feet wide. Compared to Zen's height, the fairy palace was still very small. For example, the walls of the fairy palace were just to Zen's chest, making it look like an artificial miniature scenic spot.

Nonetheless, it was enough for Zen and the others to enter.

"Let's go in." After Zen finished speaking, he walked through the small door of the fairy palace and instantly disappeared.

Livingston, Freya, and Lavender followed him.

The instant they entered, the scenery around them underwent a tremendous change. The originally small fairy palace suddenly became incomparably tall and the towering walls rose up more than thousands of feet.

Freya curiously looked around. The fairy palace was very new to her. She couldn't figure out where Zen came from. How could a Soul Sea Realm martial artist have such a fairy palace like this?

"This... This fairy palace..." Livingston's face was filled with astonishment.

Freya, on the other hand, couldn't contain her curiosity. She knew that the fairy palace was extraordinary but she couldn't see anything special about it.

However, Livingston was different.

When his gaze landed on the walls of the fairy palace, the two rays of light on his head began to flicker.

"Oh my God!"

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Livingston stepped forward rapidly. It was hard to imagine how an old puppet could move so fast.

Then, he threw himself onto a wall, stretched out his claw and gently drew a line on the cyan brick.

The brick was not very sturdy. As Livingston scratched it with his claw made of metal, a shallow groove was left. Surprisingly, a moment later, the groove started to wiggle and returned to normal.

"This, this is... A cyan brick made of light peace sand!" Excitement was flooding Livingston's face. He took two steps back, looked at the wall which was thousands of feet tall, and exclaimed with even more excitement, "The whole wall is made of light peace sand!"

Freya asked curiously, "What is light peace sand?" In her eyes, this was just an ordinary cyan brick.

"It is the best material! That is impossible! I dare say no one is able to gather so much light peace sand throughout the universe. Ha! I'm going crazy!" Livingston seemed to be unable to control his emotions.

Chapter 1483 Unconvinced

Livingston threw himself crazily onto the cyan brick, as if he had met his most beloved lover after a long absence.

After lying on the ground for a short while, his gaze shifted to the wide open space in the fairy palace.

Clank! Clank!

He then lay down on the ground again and began to carefully observe the details on the floor which was over one hundred feet in length and width.

"No way!"

After a while, he let out a high-pitched shriek of excitement.

Immediately afterwards, he used his claw to carefully tap on the floor and shouted in disbelief, "This is emperor vigor stone, a genuine emperor vigor stone! All my life, I've only seen a piece of emperor vigor stone once, and it was only palm-sized."

Livingston had enjoyed an exceptionally long lifespan, even longer than those of some of the Supreme Lords. Just as the puppet had said, the emperor vigor stone was indeed extremely rare.

However, the floor of the fairy palace, which was as huge as a plaza, was completely inlaid with the priceless emperor vigor stones. It did seem extremely exaggerated.

A hint of a smile flashed onto Zen's face as he watched Livingston's crazed performance while the puppet continued to admire the stones. It seemed that Zen had found a knowledgeable fellow this time.

Zen had known that the fairy palace was extraordinary, but he hadn't truly noticed the floor and walls before. He would also never have thought that the materials needed to build the fairy palace would be so rare. It gave him quite a shock to discover this.

Just then, Saul appeared. He greeted Zen with a slight bow. Then he smiled warmly and said, "Master, you've returned."

Zen had previously obtained three tokens and had acknowledged the first master of the fairy palace as his master, so he was now considered to be a half-master of the fairy palace.

Before Zen could reply to Saul's greeting, Livingston rushed forwards.

"Are you a puppet?" Livingston crawled all over Saul as he looked him up and down, sometimes tapping on Saul's legs and sometimes tapping on his chest. "You are really a puppet! Heavens! I didn't ever believe it possible for someone to be able to make such a perfect puppet!"

Livingston was very proud of his skills in weapon refining, but he didn't hold a candle to the creator of Saul.

Although the puppet that Livingston had made for himself was ugly, it contained an incomparably perfect Life Law within it. This was also the reason why his soul had been able to live until now without withering over time.

In Livingston's eyes, except for him, there had probably never been anyone else in the world who could achieve such a remarkable accomplishment.

However, now that he saw Saul's puppet body, Livingston finally understood what it meant to have met his match, or perhaps his peer. His own puppet body was simply insignificant when compared to Saul's.

Saul looked at Livingston and said with an indifferent expression, "Don't touch me so randomly."

Livingston was deeply fascinated, and he was not willing to stop. How could he? Although he had stopped touching Saul, he still walked around the artificial body, conducting a visual inspection.

Saul could only look at Zen for help in exasperation. He couldn't understand why Zen had brought this strange man here.

Zen could only shrug his shoulders helplessly and explain, "He is a weapon refiner. According to him, he was the best weapon refiner of the last round of heavens."

"He has survived the end of the previous round of heavens?" Saul's indifferent facade showed a slight hint of surprise. Then he looked at Livingston and remarked, "It's not bad. With limited resources available, he was able to construct such a puppet body for himself. Although the appearance is a little crude and ugly, he has displayed the characteristics of these trashy materials to the limit."

Saul's perfect puppet body was certainly not something that Livingston could compare to. The materials used in Saul's construction were unfathomable to Livingston, because he had never seen them before. Materials and technologies had changed greatly with the passage of time.

Saul had lived for so many years, and he had followed his master for many years, so he had developed a good eye. He had taken a dislike to the materials from which Livingston was made. These trashy materials had produced an ugly and strange puppet body, which meant that Livingston must be a truly talented weapon refiner to have made something that lasted this long, while using scraps.

"Trash?! You said I used trashy materials?"

Livingston was unwilling to accept this. Back then, in order to obtain these materials, Osborn had gone out of his way. How could Saul say they were trash?

However, on second thought, Livingston felt discouraged. Not wanting to dwell on the insults, he directed his attention back to the fairy palace instead.

Light peace sand had been used to bake the bricks that were used to build the walls, and the emperor vigor stones were used to pave the floors. Livingston realized then that if he had been the owner of the fairy palace, he would also have thought that the materials he had used were trash, especially when compared to such opulence.

Saul didn't ask Zen why he had returned to the fairy palace. He was merely a servant left behind by his master to serve Zen. He would do his best to help Zen in governing the fairy palace and settling into it.

The purpose of Zen's return to the fairy palace this time was to place Freya and Livingston in it.

Freya was becoming more and more curious as she traveled along the walkways through the fairy palace. The fairy palace was not a place that she could easily understand, but she also understood now why Zen had been so confident before. It would be very difficult for outsiders to invade such a fairy palace, right? It was a magnificent place of mysteries and marvel.

Livingston was at the back of the little group. Soon he had already become somewhat numb. In his eyes, every kind of material that had been used to build the fairy palace was a precious treasure. He couldn't wait to plunder the pavilions, the railings and the floor tiles. Livingston almost trembled at the thought of everything that he could make with this wealth of materials at his disposal.

However, after seeing so much, he finally seemed to slump into a haze of befuddlement. Just as he passed by the pavilion in the center of the pond, his eyes became fixated in that direction.

There were several passages connected to the pavilion, and each passage led to a different hall. Among them were the library, the pill refining workshop, and the weapon refining workshop--magical places all!

"The weapon refining workshop!"

Livingston recalled that Zen had said that he would help him settle down in a weapon refining workshop. Was this to be his workshop?

As a puppet, Livingston didn't have a heart. If he had one, his heart would probably have started beating crazily at this very moment, at the mere sight of the weapon refining workshop.

The fairy palace was amazing, so the weapon refining workshop definitely seemed to be extraordinary. There were a multitude of tools and materials carefully stored in the workshop, and Livingston eagerly feasted his eyes on the sight which tempted him so much.

Clank! Clank!

With that thought in mind, Livingston's pace quickened as he charged on his wobbly legs toward the weapon refining workshop, hoping to explore the hidden secrets within.

Half way into the workshop, with a tremendous crash, Livingston hit a transparent enchanted barrier that had suddenly materialized. He hit the ground hard, sat up for a moment and then lay back on the ground, motionless.

Upon witnessing this scene, Saul was left speechless. "Has he used up his life vitality crystals?" Earlier, Saul had noticed that the energy used to drive Livingston's puppet body was extremely inferior. He was actually driven by life vitality. If one wanted to control him, he or she would have to spend a massive amount of life vitality. It would be a costly exercise to keep the ancient puppet running.

Zen smiled wryly at Saul. As he walked up to the Livingston, he heard Livingston's nearly inaudible cry. Then he once again took out life vitality jades, supported Livingston up into a sitting position, and slotted the life vitality jades into the groove on his back.

Very soon, Livingston was able to move again. Immediately after he recovered, he said, "Why can't I go in the workshop?"

Zen shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "The reason is simple. I don't have the right to enter it, so neither do you."

"Ahh…"

Livingston let out a miserable cry and leaned back against the invisible barrier. He eagerly looked at the workshop, which was just out of reach, wanting to open a hole on the door. "How can I get in?"

"It depends on luck," Zen answered.

Zen would definitely push his way through the True Path. After all, he only had three tokens with him. However, he wasn't too sure if he could obtain the token to open the weapon refining workshop, so he didn't make Livingston any promises.

Livingston was very disappointed as there was clearly no hope for him to enter the workshop. He clambered to his feet to follow Zen in leaving, but turned to look back repeatedly with every reluctant step. He kept saying, "It depends on luck? What kind of luck will it take to open the workshop?"

Saul, who was leading the way, calmly said, "With your lowly weapon refining skills, even if you manage to open the workshop, you still won't be qualified to control it!"

"How is that possible?"

Livingston, after years of believing that he was the best weapon refiner, was not convinced by Saul's doubt.

People could doubt everything about him, like his life, but he absolutely would not allow them to doubt his weapon refining skills. He had intentionally turned himself into an ugly puppet just to survive in the world and study his refining skills. How could people doubt him without even knowing all that he had survived?

Saul smiled faintly. He pointed at the library and said in a conciliatory tone, "My master's library contains a myriad of things, including many books on weapon refining. You are free to read them."

Chapter 1484 Preparations

Livingston still wasn't convinced even as he followed Zen into the library.

Now that they were in this fairy palace, Zen wanted to help Freya and Livingston settle down into the fairy palace. He also advised Freya to look around and pick out a book that might help her cultivate. Her original cultivation method was derived from the great world she had originally come from.

Livingston was in awe at the sight of so many books before him. He effectively ignored those on cultivation methods since they would be useless for his current puppet body. What piqued his interest were the numerous texts on weapon refining, so much so that he even refused to leave after entering the library, too engrossed with his reading.

Once the two were settled, Zen immediately departed and, with a gentle tap of his hand, shrank the majestic fairy palace back into the palm-sized token in his hand.

The Reincarnation Plate was in tatters but it wouldn't be destroyed so easily in such a short period of time. Zen was confident that if Elena's subjects launched an attack, then all he would need to do was to step back inside the fairy palace. However, catching him at this point in time was unlikely since they would need to destroy the Reincarnation Plate first.

Once done with his preparations, Zen once again controlled the Reincarnation Plate and flew straight through the sky to roam around and explore the universe.

In the Demon Night's core supreme world: the Punishment World.

This supreme world's structure was incredibly unique owing to the fact that it was entirely made up of one huge mountain.

This mountain was aptly named Punishment Mountain with its foot starting just at the edge of the world and extending all the way to the center.

Of course, the residents of this world couldn't really feel like they were living in a mountain, because this mountain was just too huge. The only way one would be able to discern the form of the landmass was if they looked at it from a distance in space.

The Heavenly Punishment Palace stood like a beacon on the mountain world. Today, numerous Demon Night warriors gathered at its gate.

These warriors, both men and women, that had gathered here were elders of the Demon Night who had lived for millions of years. A few had even undergone the Five Aging Processes already. They were mostly weathering away as they waited for death to consume them. There was no longer any possibility of extending their lifespans since they were mere world lords that could never attain immortality.

"Let Elena out! We want an explanation!"

"She has to explain what she did to the Board of Elders!"

"We can't let her mess things up anymore!"

The Board of Elders was an important fixture to the Demon Night.

Aside from the three queens, it was these elders who decided upon the internal matters of the race. The three queens already had their hands full of responsibilities: Elena was in charge of punishment, Lavender of killing, and the Queen of Life was in charge of the continuation of their race. Thus, the affairs of handling the administrative workings of Demon Night were delegated to the Board of Elders, making them extremely important to the race.

Elena and Lavender's battle had begun seven hundred years ago.

Killing a queen was an unimaginable thing to the Demon Night. It was the sort of crime whose punishment could never offset the deed. However, the Board of Elders had all said nothing when Elena made her move so many years ago.

After all, what could they do if the one who wanted to kill the queen was another queen?

The Board of Elders had chosen to remain silent after it had become apparent that Lavender was going to die. After her death, all of them were unwilling to speak out against Elena and chose to quietly wait for a new queen to come instead.

Seven hundred years! They waited seven hundred years for their new queen. No queen ever came though because there was no need for a replacement. Lavender did not die and she even managed to return!

The recovery of Lavender's soul caused a ripple across the Board of Elders. They knew the old queen had the power to return but that did not ensure her success. They all had to wait and see what would happen.

However, Elena was not willing to idly sit by. She quickly dispatched Viveca, Elspeth, Salvador, and Aneisha to kill Lavender, which elevated the ripple into violent, crashing waves.

Her actions had driven the Board of Elders into a frenzy. It wasn't the first time Elena had done something that caused dissatisfaction across the board, but her attempted re-assassination of Lavender was the final straw. They knew they could no longer allow her to continue lest their entire race collapse.

And so the Board of Elders decided to act. More than twenty of them gathered at the gate of Elena's Heavenly Punishment Palace.

However, the palace gates remained closed.

They had waited there for around fourteen hours now and some of the elders were already airing out their grievances. Some had even begun shouting and berating the guards.

"Our queen is still sleeping. Please return another time," Enzo, the silver-haired guard, announced with a faint smile.

"Do you take us as fools? I am more than a hundred times older than you! I was not born yesterday! Get Elena out here immediately!"

"The Board of Elders is not a puppet. Lavender is not a traitor. How could Elena treat her in such a manner?!"

"If Elena does not come out of her palace and explain herself, then we will not hesitate to impeach her!"

Enzo sneered at the elders' words, "Impeach her? You must be joking."

It was true that the Board of Elders had the right to impeach queens and appoint new ones in paper. However, there had never been a need to exercise such a right.

A Demon Night queen's influence ran deep after all. Those in the upper management had more insight into the conflicts that happened at the top, but the majority of the race blindly worshiped their queens with devotion. They served as the Demon Night's spiritual symbols after all, far higher than the Board of Elders.

Therefore, the threat of impeachment had no teeth against Elena.

The elders continued to protest loudly in front of the gate, annoying Enzo greatly. He was doing his best to restrain the killing intent in his heart with all the whining these old fools were doing.

These old fools were all world lords, after all, and a few of them had once been grand world lords. They once served as the Demon Night's backbone but were now simply waiting for death to claim them after living in this world for too long.

They were no longer the formidable pillars they had once been in their prime. Time had come and eroded the strength they once had in their bodies.

Still, the prestige and respect they carried were no joke. These old warriors represented the seventy-two major clans of their race. If Enzo killed one of them, it was possible that he would unknowingly start a domino of unnecessary trouble.

He had to deal with them here in a peaceful manner, for Elena's sake. He knew these old fools would never dare to charge into the Heavenly Punishment Palace forcefully.

In the midst of the protest, a silhouette quietly appeared in the center of the palace. This newcomer was a tall man clad in a long, plain robe held together by a python patterned jade belt.

"My queen," he addressed Elena but did not bow to her.

Elena smiled at him cordially atop her throne. "Gunter, what's wrong?"

she asked the Demon Night Supreme Lord.

There weren't a lot of Supreme Lords in their race. They only had four so far. This was taking into account the hundreds of supreme worlds and countless sacred places that the Demon Night occupied. Supreme Lord Leroy was able to obtain the Crown of Destiny with the help of Lavender and her clansmen.

This did not mean that the Demon Night was weak, but only 128 creatures were given the privilege to bear the Heavenly Destiny. No matter how gifted a newcomer was, he or she could not ascend the role if all positions had been filled up.

It did not matter how talented warriors were. Without the Crown of Destiny, they would never be able to break through.

Supreme Lord Gunter was one of Elena's supporters and his presence here made her nervous.

Did he come here for the exact same reason those elders that currently protested at her gates had? Was he here to dissuade her?

That might be troublesome if that was the case. Supreme Lord Gunter's suggestion would be something she could not set aside so easily.

However, his next words made her heave a sigh of relief.

"The heavens trembled," he said.

"The heavens trembled?" Elena repeated and a trace of ruthlessness appeared on her exquisite face.

She was not a Supreme Lord and did not bear the Heavenly Destiny, so she could not feel the vibration of the heavens.

Chapter 1485 Abolish

When one heard the word heavens, it was often associated with grace, strength, and the ability to sustain a whole grand era.

Generally speaking, the current round of heavens was quite stable. If something interrupted this stability, great consequences definitely awaited.

Most of the time, it included the fall of a Supreme Lord and the reappearance of the Crown of Destiny.

There were only 128 Supreme Lords in the whole universe, and all of them had extremely long lifespans. And while a Supreme Lord's death was a rare thing, it was also a great opportunity for all races.

The Supreme Lords were so few that even a large race like the Demon Night race only had four Supreme Lords. Thus, it was considered highly important to have another Supreme Lord.

Now, not all four of the Demon Night race's Supreme Lords supported Elena.

Although Supreme Lord Gunter was one of her strong supporters, Supreme Lord Leroy had always stayed hidden and was always a steady supporter of Lavender. As for the other two Supreme Lords, one of them stood by the Queen of Life, while the last one remained neutral but occasionally followed the Board of Elders' commands.

If Elena could obtain another Crown of Destiny, the Demon Night race would have the fifth Supreme Lord who would give her his or her unwavering support. This way, her dominance would further be strengthened.

"The heavens just trembled… Did a Supreme Lord die?" Elena asked, her eyes alight with a beautiful blue sparkle. Gunter shook his head respectfully in response.

"No, my queen. All the Supreme Lords are still alive," he answered.

"No? Are you sure?" Elena cocked one fine brow. She was surprised by his answer, so she asked, "Then what caused the heavens to shake?"

Gunter's face held a trace of doubt. He hesitated for a moment, but continued, "Although no Supreme Lord has died, I can feel that there is an extra Heavenly Destiny!"

"An extra Heavenly Destiny?" Elena repeated, apparently taken aback by his statement. "How is it possible? I've never heard of such a thing."

A round of heavens only settled 128 Heavenly Destinies for the Supreme Lords to bear. This was common knowledge in the entire universe, and was also regarded as an unbreakable law. Thus, Elena was confused after she heard what Gunter had said.

"I don't know why, either," Gunter said and shook his head. He had no idea what would happen if someone had forcibly carried the extra Heavenly Destiny, but the Crown of Destiny was something they had to fight for no matter what. "Anyway, I have already figured out the location of this Crown of Destiny," he added.

"Where is it?" Elena asked eagerly. "It's in the Dark World," Gunter said.

"However, it has been constantly changing its position since the day before yesterday. It seems that it has already flown into the deep space, headed towards the Northern Sky Region," he added.

A hint of curiosity flashed in Elena's eyes. Then, she suddenly burst into a fit of laughter.

"My queen?" Gunter asked with apprehension. He was sure that he didn't say anything funny, so he didn't know why she was laughing.

"Lavender was in the Dark World several days ago. I sent my people to chase her, and she is now in the deep space and heading towards the Northern Sky Region! This couldn't be coincidence, could it?" Elena grinned. "I didn't know about this!" Gunter exclaimed with surprise.

He thought that it made sense, but he did not calculate Zen and Lavender's positions anyway.

Although the Supreme Lords carried the Heavenly Destinies, they still couldn't calculate everything. If they wanted to calculate any living being's position without using any relevant information, it was only possible if it was located in the same supreme world. Other than that, anyone beyond that distance was out of their calculation reach.

Despite that, calculating the position of the Crown of Destiny wasn't difficult for them. In fact, whenever a Supreme Lord died and the Crown of Destiny reappeared somewhere in the 100, 000 supreme worlds right after, the other Supreme Lords calculated its position and sent their people to capture it.

"It seems that the odds are in our favor! We must hurry up so we don't waste this chance," Elena said excitedly as she stood up from her throne. Her several feet-long azure skirt trailed along the steps as she quickly walked towards the palace entrance, with Gunter in tow.

Everyone wanted the Crown of Destiny so badly. Gunter wasn't the only one who could figure out its location, as other Supreme Lords could do it as well.

The Crown of Destiny was so coveted that every time it appeared, all the races fought fiercely over it.

Some races had been lucky enough to see the Crown of Destiny appear right in their sacred place. If a warrior at the world lord's level had captured it, he or she would become the new Supreme Lord. However, it wasn't a really good thing for weak races.

It was because the Supreme Lords who had just carried the Heavenly Destiny ended up quite weak. Furthermore, their strengths differed greatly from each other. For instance, a Supreme Lord born from a small race would often be killed by Supreme Lords from other races. After that, the Crown of Destiny would disappear, then reappear in another place in the universe.

There had once been a time when the Crown of Destiny had appeared at extremely unlucky locations for seven consecutive times. It had appeared in the sacred places of some small races and as a result, seven new Supreme Lords were killed in succession. These seven unlucky Supreme

Lords had died for the same Crown of Destiny. Many of the world lords saw this crown as a truly fatal temptation, the smiling Death.

In the end, that Crown of Destiny ended up in the hands of a small race. That race's world lord knew that even if he carried the Heavenly Destiny, he would die quickly without the other Supreme Lords' protection. After some consideration, he had finally decided to give up the Crown of Destiny and let the other bigger races fight for it among themselves.

The very first thing Gunter did after knowing the crown's location was to meet Elena. He wanted to inform her of the matter and hoped her to participate in the fight for the Crown of Destiny as soon as possible.

It was a coincidence that Lavender actually had the Crown of Destiny. Moreover, Elena had already sent people to kill her. And now, the Demon Night race had clearly seized the initiative this time!

Click, click, click!

As the silk of Elena's skirt glided towards the tiled hall of the Heavenly Punishment Palace's main entrance, the doors automatically opened.

The group of old fellows from the Board of Elders had been waiting for quite a while now. When Elena arrived, all their eyes were trained on her.

Among them was Enzo, who was surprised when he saw Elena had walked out of her palace. He whispered, "My queen…"

"Elena!" an elder chimed in. "Are you going to listen to our words? You shouldn't ignore the Board of Elders!"

"A fight between two queens is something against the ancestors' wills. No matter how great your hatred is, you just can't do it!"

"If you set a precedent for this, the three queens of the Demon Night race will no longer remain as a whole, and I'm afraid that our race will no longer prosper!"

Elena wasn't really respected among the elders. Although the queens were above everyone else, these old elders had a million years or even up to ten million years' worth of lifespan. They had seen many queens come and go. Moreover, the elders had the right to advise the queens.

Elena waved her hand. Her eyes swept over the elders before she said in an aloof voice, "I don't have the time to listen to your nonsense."

"Nonsense? You..."

"How dare you call our advice as nonsense! Do you mean the Board of Elders is of no use to you?"

A cold smile graced Elena's face as a faint, blue light flashed from within her body. Her perfectly sculpted face looked unabashedly hostile as she said, "Indeed, the Board of Elders is no longer of any use to me. If you don't mind, I will just abolish it."

"Abolish?!"

"How dare you!"

Elena's words were like a giant stone thrown into a very quiet lake, and caused a ripple of an uproar among the elders.

The head of the Board of Elders was an old man who had lived for over eight million years. He jumped up and pointed accusingly at Elena's face as he scolded, "Back then, we shouldn't have helped you get to the top. How could you do this to us..."

Meanwhile, Enzo frowned and decided to step forward and stand in front of Elena. Even if this old man was the head of the Board of Elders, offending the queen in such a way would still be regarded as an outrageous act. Still, it would be troublesome for them if he insisted on his seniority.

On the other hand, Elena remained stoic as ever. "Gunter," she said in her iciest tone.

Behind her, Gunter quietly walked forward and looked the head of the Board of Elders in the eye.

The old man froze for a moment and seemed to have thought of something. Suddenly, his eyes widened as he shouted in anger, "Gunter!

How dare you! You can't!"

Before Gunter had become a Supreme Lord, he had also been a member of the Board of Elders. When the Demon Night race had obtained a Crown of Destiny back then, they had decided to choose a member of Board of Elders to bear the Heavenly Destiny. It was the head who had recommended Gunter for the job.

Never had he expected that millions of years later, he would actually die in Gunter's hands!

Thump!

There were no demonstrations of power, no gruesome fights, and no flows of life vitality.

The head of the Board of Elders, a Demon Night warrior and also a grand world lord, fell to the ground with a loud thud. All it took for death to claim him was a single glance from a Supreme Lord.

Chapter 1486 Riddled With Holes

Looking in horror as the old man fell to the ground, everyone from the Board of Elders seemed like they had just been hit by a truck.

Never in their wildest dreams would they have thought that Elena would actually have the guts to put them down, let alone their leader.

"If you insist on continuing with this nonsense of yours, I don't give a rat's ass about killing each and every single of you."

After stating that, Elena went ahead and took Enzo as well as Supreme Lord Gunter away. In any case, she just couldn't afford to waste her precious time on these over-the-hill fellows of the Board of Elders.

At first, she actually intended to have a bit of fun in this game of cat and mouse between her and Lavender. That being said, in the case of Crown of Destiny, she was fully cognizant of the fact that it was about time for the game to reach its conclusion.

"Enzo, tell Maddox and Tanya to finish the job without delay. And as for the Crown of Destiny, if they happen to locate it, then bring it back to me right away." Elena gave out her order.

"Crown of Destiny?" Enzo was in a state of shock, with his eyes completely glued to Supreme Lord Gunter.

Supreme Lord Gunter simply nodded his head to reaffirm it. "A Crown of Destiny has suddenly appeared. There's a good chance that it's with Lavender."

"I see." Enzo had always been quick on the uptake, so there was no need for them to say anything more.

Meanwhile, in a star in the universe.

There was a storm raging incessantly within the star. From afar, it was much like a scar on the surface of the star, stretching out for millions of miles. Little by little, it moved around on the star's surface.

In truth, this storm was actually a fusion of thunder and fire. What was more, it had not faltered at all for a million years.

Under such extreme conditions, not a living being could ever hope to pull through.

Be that as it might, there was one person who was sitting in the very eye of the storm. With his arms outstretched, he had been continuously making calculations using his fingers!

"Not here."

Upon making that statement, he proceeded to raise his hand once more and carried on with his calculations! His mind was completely engrossed in finding something.

"Not here either!"

Then, he simply started calculating again.

And before one could say "knife", that person opened his eyes, revealing a radiant glow that was like that of the stars. "I've done it! Ha-ha, it's making its way to me! This Crown of Destiny... It's destined to be in my hands!"

When he was done speaking, his silhouette vanished into the massive storm. At that exact same time, the storm started to die down bit by bit!

In the vast universe, a great many Supreme Lords had been trying to calculate the current position of the Crown of Destiny.

For each of those Supreme Lords, their methods of calculating it might have varied, but all of them were perfectly capable of figuring out the location of the Crown of Destiny. This could only indicate that they had all locked on to Zen's whereabouts and were already starting to adopt measures.

This was something that even Zen himself was not able to foresee!

Indeed, he had a lot of faith in his fairy palace. However, that was just when he was holding his ground against Elena. If Supreme Lords were to actually come to him personally, there was no telling what could happen.

Unfortunately for Zen, he was totally oblivious of the fact that his location had already been figured out by a number of Supreme Lords. At the moment, he still had his hands full with operating the fractured Reincarnation Plate and moving through the deep space heading north.

There was an innumerable amount of stars in the universe. In a supreme world, if a man was to look up at the stars in the heavens, he might think that the distance between them was not that far. But after personally journeying into the deep space, he would start to think otherwise and comprehend the actual distance.

The Reincarnation Plate was moving at intense speed. At the rate that it was moving, even if Zen were to unleash his maximum speed, it was highly unlikely that he would be able to reach so much as a hundredth of its current speed. In spite of that, even though he had already been flying for a full month, he had only moved a small distance in the deep space. Meaning to say, he was still a long way from the Northern Sky Region.

The key was that there was no space channel in the deep space, and the distance between one star to the next was unthinkably great. Only warriors who cultivated in spatial transference were capable of moving around freely within it. Apart from that, because of the spatial transference's complex principles, only those at the level of world lord or higher could actually cultivate it.

With that in mind, Zen continued making the Reincarnation Plate head north and began to cultivate as well.

In that span of time, a small vortex started taking shape right in the middle of the chaotic sea within Zen's inner world.

Ever since the moment the World Tree seed entered his elixir field, it had been gradually absorbing his chaotic energy without stopping.

At present, Zen had already managed to establish a connection with the seed. And he could tell that right after absorbing the chaotic energy, the seed had somehow transformed it into a special kind of energy.

The new energy didn't seem to be life vitality, nor was it the pure Law Power. As for what it truly was, even Zen found it hard to tell.

The truth was that he had actually asked the cyan dragon as well as Lavender about this before, but the two of them were totally in the dark.

To be fair, the chaotic energy was related to something they could not comprehend. In the beginning, the cyan dragon actually had misgivings whether the tree seed would be able to hold out against the chaotic energy and successfully take root in Zen's body. The results proved that he had been worrying over nothing. Despite that, Zen was now having some strange reactions, and it was something he had to make sense of by himself.

After one and a half months had passed

Boom!

Without a warning, the enormous Reincarnation Plate began to tremble violently.

At this moment, Zen immediately opened his eyes and thought, 'They're here!'

As soon as he got to his feet, his eyes swept the area around the Reincarnation Plate. It wasn't long before he saw a man and a woman from the Demon Night standing in front of the Reincarnation Plate.

'The strength that these two possess probably isn't much too different from that of Viveca, Elspeth, Salvador, and Aneisha.'

Furrowing his eyebrows just a tad bit, Zen knew that he was still far too weak. In the state that he was currently in, putting up a resistance against these strong people was definitely out of the question.

This was all because Lavender had gotten exposed much too soon. Zen didn't really have enough time to bump up his strength whatsoever. And right now, he was about to be backed into a corner by such powerful enemies. No amount of talent would ever be able to help him hold his ground against these mighty world lords in just a short amount of time.

Whoosh...

In spite of sustaining a rather severe blow from the other party, the Reincarnation Plate was showing no signs of stopping at all. On the contrary, Zen was actually dead set on still making his way through the deep space!

"Our queen told us to go all out. First, we're going to tear this Reincarnation Plate apart, and then we'll end that boy's life, and finally, we'll take away the Crown of Destiny as well!" the woman from the Demon Night said, sounding as though it was just nothing.

A faint smile crept onto the face of the man wearing a long robe. "This is going to be a cakewalk. Just you watch!"

Immediately after he was done talking, a light purple crystal sword materialized in his hand. Starting off as just a light shaking, the crystal sword started vibrating uncontrollably!

Buzz... Buzz... Buzz...

In just a blink of an eye, the crystal sword split into two, and then two split into four, and the four into eight...

In just a span of five minutes, through this fission process, a countless number of crystal swords had filled the space above the Reincarnation Plate.

"Spirit Crystal Rain!"

The moment the male Demon Night member's voice drifted away, all of the crystal swords floating above plunged straight toward the Reincarnation Plate one after the other!

Pfft!

It was hard to say where these crystal swords really came from. Even the exceedingly durable outer shell wasn't able to withstand the penetrating power of these crystal swords!

The first crystal sword penetrated the plate with ease, leaving a bowl-sized opening on its surface. After that, the second one followed suit, then the third one, the fourth one... It appeared that there was no stopping that attack whatsoever.

Pfft pfft pfft pfft...

To put it simply, these crystal swords were much like a relentless rainstorm. It didn't take too long before the whole Reincarnation Plate became riddled with holes.

On top of that, after piercing right through the Reincarnation Plate, they actually managed to penetrate even the bottom of the plate as well as bounce back.

After that vicious onslaught, the crystal swords shifted their direction, hurling once again into the Reincarnation Plate.

Pfft!

And just like that, the Reincarnation Plate was now chock-full of crystal swords.

As Zen was seated at the bottom of the plate, a crystal sword pierced right through the palace and was coming straight at him.

Because he was sitting on the ground, Zen went hell for leather in order to evade the crystal sword. All he could do was watch as the crystal sword disappeared into the ground, but after that, he simply moved back to his original position. He still persistently operated the Reincarnation Plate. Throughout all of that, the expression he had on his face never shifted, not even once.

There was no doubt that this Reincarnation Plate was indeed such a high-grade space tool, but considering the current level of Zen's strength, there was no way for him to prevent it from receiving damage. The best he could do at this point was to just make the most of what was left by having it go as far as it possibly could!

Pfft pfft pfft...

While Zen was still preoccupied with maneuvering the Reincarnation Plate, another set of ten or so crystal swords made their way into the palace. In response, Zen's figure flashed one more time as he went on and continued to concentrate on navigating the plate.

As these crystal swords ceaselessly hurtled to and fro, the Reincarnation Plate had become perforated all over.

"The time is now. Let me do it myself." At this point, the woman held a ten-foot-long saber parallel to ground behind her, and a cold light suddenly enveloped the blade.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1487 The Moving Fairy Palace

The two Demon Night warriors were a man and a woman. The man was called Maddox, and the woman was called Tanya.

They were Elena's most capable subordinates, and their strength was on par with Viveca, Aneisha, Salvador, and Elspeth.

However, since the two warriors had followed Elena all these years, the benefits they had obtained were naturally much greater than those of the latter four.

The weapons in their hands were both supreme divine weapons.

The crystal sword in Maddox's hand was called Infinite Crystal Sword. As long as he was strong enough, he would be able to turn the crystal sword into two, then into four. The stronger he was, the more crystal swords he would be able to divide. Each crystal sword would have the same power as the original one.

On the Universe Spirit Tablet, the Infinite Crystal Sword was currently ranked the 2, 120th.

As for the weapon in Tanya's hand, it was a machete called Slash. The machete's weapon refiner was a man with a very strange temperament. He had made only a few weapons, each of which was named with one word and was listed in the top 3, 000 in the Universe Spirit Tablet rankings. Moreover, every weapon also contained a Law of Causality.

When Tanya waved the Slash, the cold glint on the blade suddenly became so bright that no one could look at it. It was as if a star had been embedded on the surface of the machete.

With a wave of the machete, Tanya sent forward an attack.

Whoosh!

The blade light spread out in the shape of a fan, making it seem as though a gigantic fan had appeared in the vast sky.

Anything that came within the range of the light would be cut in half.

The Law of Causality in Slash was very similar to that in the pickax named Black Star. However, the Law of Causality in Black Star was penetrating everything while that in Slash was cutting everything in half.

Tanya had intentionally brandished the machete in such a way so as to cut the Reincarnation Plate into two.

However, when the fan-shaped light had extended enough to almost touch the Reincarnation Plate, the enormous plate suddenly rose to a higher altitude, dodging the attack in an extremely strange manner.

In fact, Zen was the one who was controlling the Reincarnation Plate. He couldn't avoid the densely-packed crystal swords, but he had the confidence to avoid the slowly-spreading blade light. He was not an idiot who knew nothing but to run as fast as he could.

Seeing the sight, Maddox couldn't help but laugh.

The Reincarnation Plate was so large, yet Tanya had missed her target. It was indeed a joke.

Tanya had never thought that the Reincarnation Plate would be able to dodge her attack even though it was riddled with holes.

There was a hint of anger in her eyes as she snorted coldly. Then, she crazily swung Slash around in her hands.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The machete in her hands transformed into rings of light, followed by dozens of blade lights. With Tanya at the center, they spread out, and this time, the speed of the blade lights was a hundred times faster. Moreover, some of these blade lights were vertical, some were horizontal, and some were slanted. There were no blind spots at all. Even Maddox had to step back to avoid being grazed by these blade lights.

Crack! Crack!

A sound that could make anyone's head ache echoed out from within the Reincarnation Plate. The blade lights were unstoppable and instantly cut the massive Reincarnation Plate into several pieces.

Maybe it was because the blade lights were too sharp—the Reincarnation Plate kept flying forward out of inertia even after it had been cut into several pieces. However, a few more thin lines appeared on the surface of the plate. It flew like this for a period of time before the plate began to disintegrate bit by bit into giant, shapeless pieces that floated and rolled in the air.

One of the gigantic fragments of the plate was slowly rotating in a spiral, and Zen had his feet firmly nailed to it. His entire body rolled along with the fragment, but his gaze was always directed at Maddox and Tanya. He even had a faint smile on his face.

"This is the brat!" Maddox announced, taking a look at Zen. "Lavender is his sword spirit, so she is within his body."

"Kill him first," Tanya said coldly. In her eyes, this young man at the Soul Sea Realm was only a novice who had just set foot on the road of cultivation. There was no need to waste words on him, and following Elena's orders would always be the first priority.

But right at this moment, the token of mountain appeared in Zen's hand. Instantly, it transformed into a mini-sized fairy palace, and his figure disappeared from where he stood.

Seeing this, Tanya was slightly stunned. "There's another space tool?"

Space tools were not very common, so Tanya and Maddox hadn't expected Zen to have another small space treasure to hide in after the Reincarnation Plate was destroyed.

"It is a waste of time," Tanya added quickly, shaking her head. Without any hesitation, she headed straight for the fairy palace.

However, just as she was about to charge over, she saw that the fairy palace was flying forward at an extremely fast speed, faster than she could comprehend.

"How can this space treasure be so ridiculously fast?" Maddox raised his eyebrows as well. It was obvious that the scene in front of him was nothing like anything he'd seen before.

Both of them were top world lords. They were one of the few beings in this grand era that had an acute understanding of the Space Law. They just hadn't obtained any Crown of Destiny; otherwise, they could become Supreme Lords too.

And yet, the tiny fairy palace was somehow several times faster than them. In the blink of an eye, there was a great distance between them and the fairy palace.

"No matter how fast you are, it's useless!"

Snorting again, Tanya swung her machete down, tearing apart space. With a single step, she crossed several hundred miles of space, accompanied by the Space Law Power.

Maddox did the same. With a single step forward, he teleported and stood right in front of the small fairy palace.

The speed of the fairy palace was indeed extremely great, but in the end, it was still flying within space. Compared to the two of them who could cover hundreds of miles in just a single step, it was still a lot slower.

"Break apart!" Seeing the fairy palace heading straight for her, Tanya swung Slash straight at it.

Whoosh!

Not only was the small fairy palace extremely fast, but it was also agile. The fairy palace made a ninety-degree turn in the air, avoiding the might of Slash.

However, just when it managed to dodge the large blade, it was met with Maddox's crystal swords. The densely-packed crystal swords poured down like beautiful but deadly rain. Surprisingly, the fairy palace maneuvered through the rain of swords without coming into contact with a single crystal sword.

After escaping Tanya's and Maddox's interception, the fairy palace continued to fly away. The two warriors once again teleported through space to intercept it.

They were growing increasingly impatient with Zen, who kept managing to slip through their fingers even after being chased and intercepted so many times.

They had destroyed the huge Reincarnation Plate so easily that they had never thought that they would be unable to deal with the small fairy palace. The fact that there was nothing they could do about it was a great humiliation to them.

Inside the fairy palace, Zen was standing on a square. Saul was standing behind him. In front of them was a crystal wall, and on the crystal wall was an image of the outside world.

To be more accurate, what was outside the fairy palace was not a part of the universe at all; it was a place unknown to Zen. The real outside world had been blocked by the enchanted barrier that was being released from the fairy palace.

The small fairy palace which was being pursued was nothing more than an illusory manifestation of the real fairy palace.

"It seems that we can't get rid of them." Zen looked at the image of the two Demon Night warriors chasing after him on the crystal wall.

Saul smiled slightly. "Zen, there's no need to worry. These two have comprehended spatial transference, so the fairy palace can't flee by flying alone. However, we don't need to be afraid of mere world lords. Even if the fairy palace remained motionless, they wouldn't be able to break through it."

Zen nodded. He still didn't know how to resolve this crisis, but at the very least, he was able to guarantee his own safety as well as Lavender's. Right now, all he could do was take one step at a time and see how long Elena could pester him like this.

The chase lasted for about two days, and the distance between them and a bright yellow star in the Middle Sky Region was getting closer and closer. This whole time, although Maddox and Tanya were pursuing them with all their might, they still couldn't do anything to this small fairy palace.

However, just at this moment, a streak of black smoke appeared behind the two of them. As the black smoke rolled over, a giant hand reached out and grabbed at the two of them.

Chapter 1488 The Gathering Of Many Supreme Lords

Suddenly, a giant hand grabbed at Maddox and Tanya. Even with their abilities, they couldn't escape it.

In the blink of an eye, they were caught in the grip of the giant hand.

Tanya's face darkened. Her machete and her body were tightly grasped in the huge hand. Slash unexpectedly released a circular light screen that continuously spread in an attempt to forcefully push the huge hand apart.

Maddox also released his own power to try and break free from the giant hand.

"May I ask who you are? We are from the Demon Night, and we are here to act on behalf of our queen!" As Maddox struggled, Tanya revealed their identity.

At this, a sneer came from the sky. "So you're from the Demon Night. You can scram now!"

After that, the giant hand gently pinched the light screen that Tanya had created, causing it to shatter with a loud bang. Then, it suddenly swung forward and threw the two of them into the air.

A Supreme Lord's strength was unimaginably great. With just a gentle toss, Maddox and Tanya began to roll in the air. In the blink of an eye, they flew tens of thousands of miles before slowly coming to a stop.

The two of them exchanged glances, frowning. Although their strength was extraordinary among the world lords, it was still too insignificant in the face of a Supreme Lord.

The difference between a warrior that carried the Heavenly Destiny and a warrior that didn't was just too great. A warrior could only become a Supreme Lord if he or she possessed a Crown of Destiny and carried the Heavenly Destiny.

"What do we do now?" Maddox asked.

"Our queen and Supreme Lord Gunter must be rushing here at top speed right now! Even if this Supreme Lord snatched the Crown of Destiny, he wouldn't be able to take it away," Tanya said with a cold snort.

It took a warrior a certain period of time to carry the Heavenly Destiny after he or she obtained a Crown of Destiny. Even if this Supreme Lord took away the Crown of Destiny and passed it on to a world lord beside him, that world lord wouldn't be able to carry the Heavenly Destiny in such a short period of time.

Furthermore, during the process of carrying the Heavenly Destiny, a warrior had to communicate with the heavens without moving even a single step.

If this Supreme Lord obtained the Crown of Destiny and immediately fled, he might be able to run away. However, other Supreme Lords would chase after him.

Every time a Crown of Destiny appeared, many great races would fight for it. Maddox and Tanya felt rather frustrated right now. If Elena had sent them to kill Zen from the beginning instead of sending Salvador, Aneisha, Viveca, and Elspeth, they might have already taken the Crown of Destiny and returned to their place.

But now, the small fairy palace had flown quite far away and was heading straight for the nearest light yellow star.

As the billowing black smoke dispersed, a tall and sturdy figure came into view. This guy was clad in black armor. His eyes were like bells, and his body was wide and broad. It was an impressive ogre Supreme Lord.

As the ogre Supreme Lord looked at the small fairy palace that was fleeing far away, his face revealed a faintly discernible sneer. The billowing black smoke once again enveloped his entire body, and he chased after the fairy palace at an even faster speed.

Standing inside the fairy palace, Zen watched the events in the outside world as the pale yellow star grew bigger and bigger in his eyes.

Mountains, rivers, deserts...

Every single detail on this star was clearly visible to Zen. Ninety percent of the surface of this star was covered by sand, and there were no living beings on it.

Some of the stars were home to living beings; even a few large stars were occupied by the races in the universe. There were also some extremely special minerals and resources on these stars that were impossible to find within the supreme worlds.

The small fairy palace charged straight toward the surface of this star. At Zen's request, it drilled into a desert.

Zen had watched as the two Demon Night warriors had battled the giant black hand before being flung away. Although he didn't have to worry about the two Demon Night warriors anymore, he now had a bigger worry. Since the giant hand had been able to easily grab two world lords and casually fling them afar, it must mean that the owner of the giant hand was a Supreme Lord.

"I don't know which race you are from, brat, but all I want is the Crown of Destiny. If you hand it over, then you won't have to die!"

While Zen was deep in thought, he heard the voice of the Supreme Lord resound through the fairy palace. In the sky, a burly figure emerged from the black smoke, looking down at him like a giant god.

With just a single glance from this Supreme Lord, Zen's heart began to beat wildly. It was as if there was a type of powerful energy contained within that gaze, and that was the supreme law under the heavens.

'So he is a Supreme Lord. And not just any Supreme Lord, but an ogre Supreme Lord, ' Zen thought.

Although he had heard of Supreme Lords before, this was the first time that he had seen a Supreme Lord in person. The number of Supreme Lords in this universe was far too low.

Moreover, nearly all the Supreme Lords cultivated in seclusion and seldom showed themselves. 'He wants the Crown of Destiny? How does he know I have it?' Zen wondered with a frown.

He knew that some of the stronger warriors in the universe had calculation abilities. Even Immortal Mist from the Lower World was proficient in Purple Star Astrology and was able to calculate a person's fate.

But it was hard for Zen to imagine that someone could be able to pinpoint the position of a tiny Crown of Destiny among 100, 000 supreme worlds in the vast universe. This was a bit inconceivable, as Supreme Lords weren't gods, nor were they an omniscient existence.

Zen naturally did not know that the Crown of Destiny was originally connected to the heavens. His unintentional contact with the Crown of Destiny had alerted all the Supreme Lords in the universe.

When the ogre Supreme Lord saw that the warrior in the mini fairy palace did not respond, a sinister smile appeared on his face. The black smoke once again turned into a giant hand that enveloped the area below.

However, just then, strange blue threads suddenly appeared in the sky. These threads interweaved and formed a huge and dense net, blocking the view of the ogre Supreme Lord.

When the ogre Supreme Lord saw the blue net, his eyes flashed with a cold light. He waved his giant hand in an attempt to break through the net.

Under his control, the power of the massive hand suddenly increased by more than ten times. That blue net seemed to be unable to withstand the pressure; its threads broke off one after another, and the entire net was about to collapse. However, at this time, another blue net formed from threads appeared above the head of the ogre Supreme Lord, enveloping him.

The ogre Supreme Lord noticed this net at the last minute and quickly withdrew his hand. His body flashed and turned into black smoke to avoid the net. "Zenia! You are simply courting death!" he said in a cold voice.

As the ogre Supreme Lord finished speaking, the blue threads intertwined and gradually formed a beautiful and exquisite figure in the air. In an instant, the threads turned into a young and beautiful human girl. With a slight smile on her face, she stared at the ogre Supreme Lord.

"Hi, Addison. I'm just looking for the Crown of Destiny. There's no need to get so worked up." Supreme Lord Zenia had a frivolous smile on her face as she stared at the ogre Supreme Lord.

The ogre Supreme Lord was the famous Supreme Lord Addison. He was considered one of the oldest and most famous Supreme Lords in the universe, and his lifespan could also be considered one of the longest.

'Another Supreme Lord...'

Inside the fairy palace, Zen's expression once again sank. The sudden appearance of two Supreme Lords was indeed beyond his expectations.

Even though he was extremely confident in this fairy palace, facing two Supreme Lords was still hard to imagine.

Right at this moment, a ball of purple flames suddenly burst out. The flames seemed to contain the might to burn the heavens. At once, a flash of scorching heat spread, causing the entire desert to turn into a blazing hell. Then, a figure walked out of the flames. "I always thought I was fast, but I never thought that you two would be even faster! Ha-ha!"

"Another Supreme Lord!" Zen exclaimed. His heart skipped a beat as a wry smile appeared on his face.

The allure of the Crown of Destiny was actually this great. In the blink of an eye, it had attracted three Supreme Lords. He didn't know if there would be more Supreme Lords to come.

Just as this thought appeared in Zen's mind, a fourth Supreme Lord slowly appeared in the sky.

Chapter 1489 Elena Arrived

The area spanning a tenth-grade sacred place was already unimaginably large, and within a supreme world, there were only two or three world-lord level warriors.

Ordinary warriors had very little chances of meeting a world lord even once in their lifetimes.

As for Supreme Lords, although they were scattered throughout the one hundred thousand supreme worlds, they were all legendary figures in the universe.

From the moment a warrior stepped onto the path of cultivation, they broke through their limits step by step and became even more powerful.

Once a warrior's cultivation reached a new realm, he or she would name the realm

The five levels of body refining, nature level, Illuminating Soul Realm, Internal Elixir Realm, Virtual Tribulation Realm, Life and Death Realm... After that, there were the Soul Sea Realm, Spirit Supreme Realm, and Spirit Transformation Realm. Eventually, a warrior became a world lord.

In theory, a world lord was the last realm warriors could reach. It was the end of the cultivation path warriors could reach with their talent and perseverance.

It was impossible to walk farther with only those two aspects. If a warrior wanted to continue on that path, he or she would need a Crown of Destiny. Only by carrying the Heavenly Destiny would they be qualified to become Supreme Lords.

There were only 128 Supreme Lords in the entire universe. Four had already appeared before Zen.

Zen was also a bit speechless at the moment.

He knew that these Supreme Lords had come for his Crown of Destiny. It seemed that the crown was far more important than he had imagined.

What was worse was that the number of Supreme Lords who appeared before him was still increasing.

Five...

Six...

Seven...

Buzz...

At this moment, the sword spirit inside Zen's body manifested next to him. Lavender stood beside him and stared indifferently at the sky.

"Supreme Lord Gunter." She frowned.

"Supreme Lord Gunter?" Zen's gaze was fixed on the seventh Supreme Lord. From his appearance, he was able to determine that the Supreme Lord was a Demon Night member. However, he had not heard of him before.

"Since Supreme Lord Gunter has come, Elena would be here too," Lavender said flatly.

"Elena!"

When Zen heard this name, killing intent flashed through his mind.

Zen had never wanted to kill someone as much as he wanted to kill Elena. Not even Eddie, who had been his great adversary. If Eddie had been willing to let Yan go, Zen would have let him go as well, even though he badly wanted to do away with him.

However, this woman was an exception.

Lavender still looked at the sky as a deep blue light appeared there. At the front of the light was a person wearing the Saint Sky Armor and slowly approaching them, the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hands.

The woman was one of the three queens of the Demon Night race, the Queen of Punishment.

Zen had seen Elena's statues more than once before. He had even broken her statues several times, but this was the first time he had come face to face with her true appearance.

As the saying went, "Fine feathers make fine birds." The Saint Sky Armor was special as it was made according to Elena's figure. It made her chest look plumper and her waist look more slender. Beneath the bottom of the armor, her legs were slim and athletic. She was like a demure and composed goddess.

Zen had to admit that Elena was indeed an almost perfect woman, but on her beautiful face, there was an almost violent and malicious sneer.

Under normal circumstances, the queens of the Demon Night would only be at the world-lord level. After all, none of the three queens carried the Heavenly Destiny.

But at the moment, a bright blue ray of light shone behind Elena. This ray of light was the Pool of Faith of the Demon Night which belonged to her. The Pool of Faith continuously replenished her Faith Energy. It was her fighting state. It was due to the help of the pool that Elena was not inferior to any Supreme Lord present here.

However, the strongest one of the three queens of the Demon Night was, in fact, Lavender. After all, she was the Queen of Killings as well as the strongest weapon that the Demon Night possessed.

Next came Elena, and then the Queen of Life.

Lavender was unable to use her Pool of Faith because Elena had sealed it up. However, previously when Lavender was able to extract the Faith Energy from it, she had still not been a match to a world lord. After all, she was in a rather poor condition right now and was unable to absorb the Faith Energy without restraint.

As the Supreme Lords in the sky spotted Elena, they took several steps back, their faces revealing traces of fear.

The Demon Night only had four Supreme Lords, which was fewer than those of the humans and ogres. But the three queens were not weaker than the Supreme Lords and matched up to them in their own right. It was about the same as having three more Supreme Lords. Even though the Queen of Killings was nowhere to be found right now, the Queen of Punishment was not to be underestimated.

Supreme Lords were divided into top-rank, mid-rank, and low-rank individuals. They each had their own Heavenly Destiny. The Laws of Causality that they possessed were different, and thus their levels of strength were also different.

The Supreme Lords who had just now appeared could be considered to be low-rank. As for Elena, she was comparable to a mid-rank Supreme Lord.

Elena sashayed and slowly tip-toed in the sky with a proud expression on her face. It was as if she did not take these Supreme Lords seriously at all. She straightaway headed toward the mini fairy palace above the desert.

"You..."

These Supreme Lords were currently in a stalemate, and it would not be entirely surprising if they started a fight for the sake of the Crown of Destiny. But since they were all Supreme Lords, they were constantly weighing the pros and cons of their decisions. As of now, they maintained a delicate balance. No one wanted to snatch away the tiny fairy palace, for they were afraid that they would become the target of heavy public criticism.

But when Elena stepped forward, it was as if nobody else was present. Supreme Lord Addison could not help but speak out to stop her.

But just as Supreme Lord Addison opened his mouth, Supreme Lord Gunter's ghost-like figure floated over to Elena's side. He had an arrogant smile on his face as he stared at Supreme Lord Addison. "Addison, this is an internal matter of our Demon Night race. Do you want to interfere?"

"An internal matter? What a joke! When did the Crown of Destiny become the internal matter of the Demon Night?" Supreme Lord Addison asked with anger. The ogres also had mid-rank and top-rank Supreme Lords. It was just that they had not made an appearance as of yet. Otherwise, he would have already taken action.

The Demon Night and the ogres never got along well. The two races had fought against each other in dozens of supreme worlds up until now.

However, in race wars of this level, Supreme Lords rarely fought. Even if a supreme world was occupied by the other force, it would be difficult to attract the attention of a Supreme Lord. After all, the Supreme Lords of every race were their trump cards. Once they participated in a normal-level war, the shockwaves they created would no longer make the situation a trivial matter.

"The Queen of Killings of the Demon Night is hiding in the fairy palace. Tell me, is this not an internal matter of the Demon Night?" Supreme Lord Gunter asked with a cold smile.

"The Queen of Killings? Lavender?" Supreme Lord Addison frowned at once.

Back then, Lavender had killed a Supreme Lord in order to help Leroy get a Crown of Destiny.

Every Supreme Lord's death was an event that shook the heavens in this universe. Killing a Supreme Lord had far-reaching consequences and was tough to boot. Even a top-rank Supreme Lord did not have complete confidence that he or she could kill a low-rank one.

However, Lavender had managed to do it. She was also the first world lord to kill a Supreme Lord, even though she had relied on the Faith Energy of the Pool of Faith.

They could not forget how it had happened. Since then, Lavender's name was remembered by each and every Supreme Lord. It was the Queen of Killings who had killed a Supreme Lord, with no Heavenly Destiny on her shoulders.

Several hundred years ago, Lavender had suddenly vanished in the universe.

Even though the Demon Night members had tried their best to conceal this matter, the statues of the queens were spread throughout the various sacred places of the race. It was almost impossible to hide something so huge.

To the Supreme Lords of other races, it was good news. Later on, they got to know that the two queens of Demon Night were engaged in an internal conflict.

Now, it seemed that this matter was true.

The most powerful queen of the Demon Night was hiding in this tiny fairy palace! Since she possessed the Crown of Destiny, why did she not try to carry the Heavenly Destiny? The Supreme Lords present were clearly suspicious.

Elena did not pay any attention to the conjectures of the Supreme Lords. As she stopped a certain distance from the mini fairy palace, a small smile bloomed across her mouth. "Lavender, it's time to come out, don't you think?"

Lavender's gaze was fixed on Elena's face. She, who was usually so calm and indifferent, couldn't keep her cool anymore. Just as she was about to speak, Zen suddenly reached out and stopped her with a smile. "Let me handle this bitch."

Chapter 1490 Drag More Supreme Lords In

Right now, the fairy palace was Zen and Lavender's last shelter.

If the fairy palace was destroyed, Zen would have no choice but to accept his fate.

Now that he was facing so many Supreme Lords as well as Elena, he seemed to have fallen into a deathtrap. However, he didn't mind making the situation more complicated if it meant that he could find a way out.

With that thought in mind, he took out the Roaring Token. A moment later, Zen's voice resounded throughout the entire universe.

"Hi bitch, we meet again!"

When Elena heard Zen's words, a trace of anger blossomed in her icy gaze.

'How dare he insult me!' she thought.

As an exalted queen of the Demon Night, how could she tolerate a mere Soul Sea Realm warrior humiliating her?

However, her face was still calm. She said coldly, "In my eyes, you're just a nobody. A Soul Sea Realm warrior doesn't have the qualifications to even talk to me. Let Lavender out!"

Zen opened his mouth again.

"Humph! In my eyes, you aren't even a queen of the Demon Night. You're just a bitch. You want us to come out? Not a chance. Why don't you come in if you're powerful enough? There are many treasures in this fairy palace. Other than the Crown of Destiny, there is also my Roaring Token. This thing should be something that surpasses the heavens, right? It has limitless use."

Zen's words shocked all the intelligent creatures in the 100, 000 supreme worlds.

"A Soul Sea Realm warrior has a Crown of Destiny?"

"According to the legends, a Crown of Destiny is what allows a world lord to become a Supreme Lord. But now, it has been obtained by a mere Soul Sea Realm warrior."

"If I have this Crown of Destiny, I can become a Supreme Lord!"

All around the universe, warriors at a low cultivation level just said whatever they pleased. The truth was, if this Crown of Destiny truly fell into their hands, it would just be a hot potato. They wouldn't gain anything out of it. In fact, they might even lose their lives.

However, some of the world lords were immediately envious.

Every supreme world in the universe had a world lord, with the exception of a few extremely barren and harsh supreme worlds. Some supreme worlds even had two to three world-lord level warriors, such as the Dark World and the Spirit Reading World.

When these world lords heard Zen's words, they immediately wanted to obtain this Crown of Destiny as well.

They had already reached the peak of their cultivation path.

The only way they could take a step further was to obtain a Crown of Destiny.

They couldn't understand how it had been obtained by a mere Soul Sea Realm warrior.

"Bring that Crown of Destiny here!" "I'll ask my grandpa to obtain the Crown of Destiny for me."

"Where is this brat now?"

Some ordinary world lords could do nothing about it, but there were other world lords who had powerful forces backing them. Some of them were even the children or personal disciples of Supreme Lords.

Although 128 Supreme Lords had already known about the Crown of Destiny in Zen's possession, many of them hadn't been intending to take any action due to various reasons.

But now that the news of the Crown of Destiny had spread throughout the entire universe to all races and all living beings, the situation had changed. "The brat's Roaring Token can actually be used an infinite number of times!"

"Isn't this too exaggerated? Who in the universe could create such a Roaring Token? I don't believe it!"

"You have to believe it. Do you remember how many times this brat has already used the Roaring Token? Even Supreme Lords would not casually use a Roaring Token. It's too difficult to obtain one in the first place. Where did that brat get so many Roaring Tokens?"

Zen's mention of the Roaring Token had shaken the universe almost as much as his possession of the Crown of Destiny.

A Roaring Token was something that even Supreme Lords had to pay attention to.

Elena's frown deepened when she heard Zen's words. 'What is this guy trying to do?' she thought.

Zen put down the Roaring Token and turned to Lavender with a smile. "What star is this?"

Lavender thought for a moment, and then said, "This is the twelfth star in the Middle Sky Region. I think it's called Yellow Sand Star." There were many stars in the sky, and although her memory was extraordinary, she wasn't too sure about her answer.

Zen activated the Roaring Token once more and said, "This is truly an honor. On the Yellow Sand Star, the twelfth star in the Middle Sky Region, several Supreme Lords have gathered in front of me. I wonder if there will be even more Supreme Lords descending here. I'm honored to be able to witness so many Supreme Lords!"

When Zen spread these words to the entire universe through the Roaring Token, the expressions on the faces of the Supreme Lords on the Yellow Sand Star changed several times.

"This brat wants to drag more people in!"

"He is trying to attract even more Supreme Lords. Ha-ha, he's quite clever."

"No, he's too childish. This move is useless."

The gazes of several Supreme Lords had traces of admiration while other Supreme Lords had expressions of disdain.

In the eyes of these Supreme Lords, the young man hiding in the fairy palace was facing certain death today. They thought that the reason he was trying to attract even more Supreme Lords was because he wanted to complicate things and take the first opportunity he got to run away.

Under normal circumstances, this move of Zen's might be useful. But there were several Supreme Lords here. No matter how complicated the situation became, Zen wouldn't be able to escape under their watchful eyes.

Nevertheless, Zen had still made the move. Not only had he thrown out the bait, but he had also accurately exposed his position.

In fact, exposing his location was just a superfluous move. After all, it wasn't difficult for any Supreme Lord to figure out the position of the Crown of Destiny. The key was that Zen had successfully let everyone know about the Crown of Destiny as well as the Roaring Token. Everyone in the universe would want to obtain those treasures.

Most of the 128 Supreme Lords belonged to great races. There were only a very small number of strange Supreme Lords that were all alone and didn't belong to any great races at all.

Before this, many of the Supreme Lords had maintained a wait-and-see attitude. Since they had already become Supreme Lords, they had no intention of fighting for Zen's Crown of Destiny. After all, there was great risk in doing so and almost nothing to gain from it. But now, they were faced with their own descendants and children begging them for help.

Soon

some of the Supreme Lords that hadn't made a move yet began to head toward the Middle Sky Region.

This included even Supreme Lord Myles and Supreme Lord Amritpal. These two Supreme Lords not only aimed for the Crown of Destiny, but also the Roaring Token.

Both of them had been ridiculed by Zen using the Roaring Token. They had been confused about why this mysterious youth had so many Roaring Tokens.

But now, they had heard Zen personally admitting that his Roaring Token was something that surpassed the heavens. They were both shocked and convinced. They had no desire to obtain the Crown of Destiny, but they wanted to obtain the Roaring Token no matter what.

As a result, more and more Supreme Lords began to leave their own supreme worlds and head toward the Middle Sky Region.

"It seems that I was wrong," Elena said with a cold smile. When she had just discovered Zen, she should have personally gone to the Dark World instead of dragging things out and sending people to exterminate him. That had wasted a large amount of time.

If not for this, she would probably have taken away the Crown of Destiny and Lavender's life a long time ago.

Now that Zen had disclosed his possession of the Crown of Destiny and the Roaring Token to attract even more Supreme Lords, the situation had become a little tricky. He could cut a deal with a top-rank Supreme Lord and exchange the Crown of Destiny for a guarantee of his safety.

Since the situation was complicated, it was beneficial for Zen.

Because of this, Elena no longer had any hesitation. As the Faith Energy filled her body, the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hands began to emit over 10, 000 bolts of lightning.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her attack was about to smash straight down upon the fairy palace.

However, just as Elena made her move, Supreme Lord Addison's black smoke rapidly spread over. He had been the first Supreme Lord to arrive, and with his tyrannical personality of an ogre, how could he give up his prey?

Dozens of giant hands made of black smoke grabbed at the fairy palace from different directions.

However, just as Supreme Lord Addison moved, countless tiny shadows erupted from Supreme Lord Gunter's body. Each shadow was only the size of a palm, but they contained a unique Law of Causality that seemed to completely melt away anything that touched them. The black smoke hands of Supreme Lord Addison were no exception. In the blink of an eye, they had completely melted away.

However, even though Supreme Lord Gunter had blocked one of the Supreme Lords, he was unable to stop the remaining five Supreme Lords. All of them came over at almost the same time. They couldn't stand aside and let someone else take the Crown of Destiny.

Chapter 1491 Transformation

The power of a Supreme Lord was simply magnificent.

If the several Supreme Lords present there released all of their powers at once, then they would probably be able to instantly shatter this giant Yellow Sand Star!

They were restraining their strengths even when they were fighting for Zen's fairy palace. In reality, they were not looking at this battle as a matter of life-and-death at all.

But even so, the power that erupted from these Supreme Lords was far superior to that of an ordinary warrior. They were just beyond imaginable.

As Addison roared in both anger and shock, the other several Supreme Lords all joined in the battle at the same time.

The first target of these Supreme Lords was to get the mini fairy palace located on the desert.

Elena slightly furrowed her brows upon realizing that. Her eyes flashed with hostility when she immediately raised the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand. As the hammer gently shook, it released a streak of lightning of a hundred thousand feet long!

Countless beams of lightning circled her, forming a massive vortex around where she stood.

The Thunder Law contained within this thunder had already reached the eighth layer or even the ninth layer!

Even a Supreme Lord would have no choice but to back away if faced with a sharp vortex of thunder.

Thus, the faces of the Supreme Lords were suddenly flooded with both surprise and anger. The Demon Night's Queen of Punishment really took action to attack without the slightest hesitation!

All the other Supreme Lords were startled except for Elena, who remained calm and determined. How could she allow others to snatch away the things she wanted to get?

After the lightning dissipated, she looked down and was slightly stunned, finding out that the mini fairy palace was already gone!

"It's too childish to expect to run away..."

In Elena's eyes, relying on a space treasure to escape before so many Supreme Lords was simply daydreaming!

She then gently raised her hand and instantly, a huge crack appeared at the edge of the desert on the Yellow Sand Star. It didn't even take a second when the crack continued to extend and circled the entire desert!

Beneath the desert was soil and beneath the soil was a layer of rock stratum.

"Rumble..."

The desert, the soil below the Yellow Sand Star, the rock stratum and even the mantle underneath the star's surface were completely lifted by Elena.

If one were to look from above the starlight, it seemed that a giant was holding a ladle, scooping up a large part of the Yellow Sand Star!

She was that strong!

There was a huge pit that was thousands of miles deep at the bottom of the dessert.

After digging up the ground, Elena once again waved the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand. With a light wave, the hammer burst with lightning and smashed into the desert!

"Boom..."

Right after the hammer drilled the desert, the entire desert started to collapse and disappear under such a strong attack.

"Whoosh!"

A tiny fairy palace shot out from the debris as the ground broke and threw out dust from it.

With a sneer, Elena began to chase after the fairy palace again.

The other Supreme Lords all began to move at the same time. Elena might be slightly stronger than them but it was still extremely difficult for a Supreme Lord to kill another Supreme Lord. More so, those who were skilled with spatial transference.

The several Supreme Lords passed through space and headed toward the mini fairy palace too.

Elena wielded the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer once again to disturb her opponents. The power of this strike was more than twice as great as the previous strike under the infusion of a dense amount of Faith Energy.

"Humph! Do you really think we're afraid of you?"

A crimson fire ring suddenly appeared in the hand of one of the Supreme Lords. His body was erupting with fire.

"Heavenly Annihilating Flame!"

An extremely terrifying heat shot all over the place when he released his fire ring. Cracks appeared in the space around the fire ring and the space started to collapse continuously. Even the space could not withstand the power of fire. Then, the red fire ring continuously circled in the air and went straight for Elena.

Another Supreme Lord also took action and attacked Elena right at that moment. As his hands flicked out, his entire figure seemed to be floating in the water. He stretched out his hands and pointed at Elena, freezing her before softly whispering, "Break!"

"Crack..."

A strange crack suddenly appeared right where Elena was standing. Shockingly, the crack spread through Elena's body!

Elena's entire body was enveloped in a thick aura of Faith Energy by that time. The Faith Energy was the solid foundation of strength for her to battle against the Supreme Lords.

Nonetheless, the crack that appeared in the space was a very strange method of attack. It was extremely overbearing and had directly split the Faith Energy apart. A moment after and a gash appeared on Elena's bare right shoulder, making her blood burst out from the fresh opening!

If the crack continued to extend, it would directly split Elena's body into two!

It was at that moment when the Saint Sky Armor on Elena's body suddenly flickered with a rich light. Many streaks of strange and obscure light appeared on the surface of the Saint Sky Armor, forcefully stopping the crack from extending any further!

This was, after all, a Saint Sky Armor. In the entire universe, this Saint Sky Armor was a defensive supreme divine weapon and was incomparable.

Although Elena succeeded in avoiding the first attack by using the Saint Sky Armor, the blood-red fire ring of the other Supreme Lord swept towards her.

Other than these two Supreme Lords, the other two Supreme Lords were also eyeing her like tigers eyeing their prey. It was really hard for Elena to resist the siege of four Supreme Lords at once. However, retreating was not necessary in her mind right now.

Since these four Supreme Lords attacked and delayed her, Elena failed to obtain Zen's mini fairy palace again. The palace drilled into another desert on the Yellow Sand Star while all the clamor was happening.

It was clear to the Supreme Lords that the mini fairy palace wouldn't escape them regardless of what it could do. Therefore, the most important thing for them now was to deal with Elena, who had every intention of taking the mini palace away.

Those Supreme Lords had different ideas and plans in their minds. Some wanted to sit down and discuss while others wanted to get a chance to take the fairy palace directly. However, none of them expected Elena to appear and go straight to the fairy palace in an exceptionally domineering manner. Thus, she became the center of their attention, making some of the Supreme Lords want to besiege her.

Now that they had joined hands to force Elena to back away, one of the Supreme Lords tried to catch up to the mini fairy palace. He intended to grab the tiny space treasure first regardless of anything.

Within the fairy palace, Zen, Lavender, and Saul were closely watching the battle outside.

Saul was the one who was controlling the fairy palace at that time. He commanded it to drill into the desert again. With a huge grin on his face, he said, "I'll transform the fairy palace once more!"

Although the fairy palace was transformed from a token with the word 'mountain' embedded on it, it could also freely morph into various shapes. After entering the interior of the Yellow Sand Star, it directly transformed into a palm-sized stone!

Just as the fairy palace had completed its transformation, a Supreme Lord waved his hand and once again the massive desert was dug out from the Yellow Sand Star. The Supreme Lord used the same method as Elena's and then burnt the desert with the blazing flames.

Being burnt by the flames, the desert sand turned into numerous transparent crystals which began to melt.

Not long after, a desert of one hundred miles long had been burnt down and only a little part of it was left. A few scattered items fell to the large hole at the bottom of the Yellow Sand Star.

As a stone among the items, the fairy palace kept tumbling in the air before falling into the hole and stopped moving.

The Supreme Lord got no clue that what he was searching for just flew out somewhere!

"Huh?" A wondering expression appeared on his face.

He stood bewildered, looking at his empty hand. He almost grabbed it! How could the fairy palace disappear? He had burned the entire desert, yet he couldn't find that fairy palace again.

"There was no space fluctuation happening right now. That space treasure must be on top of the Yellow Sand Star!" another Supreme Lord said indifferently.

"Humph! I reckon that the fairy palace must be here." Another Supreme Lord began to count on his fingers and try to figure out the palace's location. As long as the Crown of Destiny wasn't carried by anyone, it wasn't difficult to figure out its position. Moreover, the Supreme Lord was not far away from the Crown of Destiny, so it would not be so complicated to deduce its location!

The Supreme Lord, who was calculating the space, suddenly turned towards the Yellow Sand Star. Then with a frown, he muttered, "It is indeed still on the Yellow Sand Star but what happened just now?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1492 Burn The Star

A look of confusion appeared on the faces of all the Supreme Lords.

Even Elena, Supreme Lord Addison, and Supreme Lord Gunter stopped fighting.

Nothing could escape from these mighty warriors, and that was precisely why they had started fighting. They had been confident that the mini fairy palace wouldn't be able to go anywhere.

But now, it had inexplicably disappeared.

Escaping under the watchful eyes of so many Supreme Lords was impossible.

The Supreme Lords quickly began to analyze the situation, and they all soon came to the same conclusion—the fairy palace hadn't left the Yellow Sand Star and was merely hiding within it.

Faced with this tricky situation, the Supreme Lords that gathered on the Yellow Sand Star naturally stopped quarreling.

They had all come for the Crown of Destiny, and that was their only goal. They had no interest in sparring with other Supreme Lords.

Elena's cold gaze swept across the surface of the Yellow Sand Star over and over again, but she did not find any clues. In the end, her hostile eyes fell upon the other Supreme Lords. She cursed inwardly, 'If it weren't for these bastards, the fairy palace wouldn't be able to hide from me.'

Whoosh!

A few more figures descended from the sky. Several other Supreme Lords had rushed over.

"Supreme Lord Myles!" someone exclaimed.

Supreme Lord Myles was a mid-rank Supreme Lord. Even Elena frowned at the sight of him.

"Supreme Lord Amritpal!"

When Supreme Lord Amritpal descended, his gaze first landed on Supreme Lord Myles.

The two of them were a famous pair of rivals, bringing joy and entertainment to all creatures in the universe. They had been challenging and quarreling with each other for countless years, but they hadn't fought against each other even once. Many Supreme Lords had asked them why they hadn't engaged in a real fight, but the two of them always ignored those questions.

Now that the Supreme Lords gathered on the Yellow Sand Star saw these two appear together, they thought that the two would immediately start bickering again. They never imagined that these two Supreme Lords would greet each other so warmly. It was as if they were good friends who hadn't seen each other in a long time.

When two Supreme Lords fought against each other, the Crown of Destiny would dissipate after one of them died, and then it would randomly appear in a corner of the universe. So after a Supreme Lord killed another, the greatest benefit would fall into the hands of others. As a result, Supreme Lords would not fight to the death against each other unless they were sworn enemies. Previously, when Elena had fought with four Supreme Lords, none of them had used all their might.

Not long after, more Supreme Lords arrived.

The number of Supreme Lords circling Yellow Sand Star had reached twenty.

It was extremely rare for so many Supreme Lords to be gathered in the same place.

Even back in the days when the Heavenly Fruit Assembly was held, there were only 18 Supreme Lords. But now, on the Yellow Sand Star, there were twenty.

And these Supreme Lords had all been attracted here by Zen, a mere Soul Sea Realm warrior.

"What? That magic space treasure that looks like a fairy palace is hiding within the Yellow Sand Star right under your very eyes?" Supreme Lord Myles asked in disbelief as he shook his head. Then, he added, "Let me deal with it."

He slightly raised his head and clasped his hands together. Two golden beams of light shot out from his eyes. The golden beams of light spread out and swept across the surface of Yellow Sand Star.

"It is said that Supreme Lord Myles' Rebirth Pupils are able to see through the myriad of illusions under the heavens. I presume that he will be able to find that fairy palace," a Supreme Lord said with a faint smile.

Supreme Lord Myles' expression was indifferent. If it was true that the fairy palace was using a mere illusion technique, then his Rebirth Pupils would naturally be able to unravel the illusion.

The Yellow Sand Star was not particularly large. In just a few seconds, the two rays of golden light had completely scanned the star. Following that, a puzzled expression appeared on Supreme Lord Myles' face.

"This is really strange. I can't see the fairy palace even though it is clearly on the Yellow Sand Star. This is impossible!"

His Rebirth Pupils were the eye technique he had cultivated from the Heavenly Destiny that he carried. It contained the Law of Causality to see through everything, and this Law of Causality wasn't something he had cultivated himself, but something he had inherited from the Heavenly Destiny. There was nothing within the heavens that he couldn't see through.

If the fairy palace was hiding in plain sight using an illusion technique, how could he not see through it?

This was a violation of the rules of the heavens.

unless the fairy palace was something that surpassed the heavens.

"Even the Rebirth Pupils couldn't see it?" a Supreme Lord pondered aloud.

As Supreme Lords, they were all well aware of the Heavenly Destiny they carried. Each Heavenly Destiny had inherited an extremely powerful Law of Causality, and these Laws of Causality were the supreme laws of this universe. From the smallest grain of sand in this universe to the stars in the sky and the 100, 000 supreme worlds, everything had to follow these Laws of Causality without an exception.

Hot water would boil when heated. Warriors would encounter Heavenly Tribulations when they were too strong. These were all Laws of Causality.

These could also be considered the laws of the universe. The laws set down by the heavens could not be violated.

Elena's expression became increasingly sullen. In order to humiliate Lavender, she had acted on her own volition and sent out Viveca, Elspeth, Salvador, and Aneisha to deal with her. However, she had wasted a considerable amount of time by doing that. Now, the number of Supreme Lords that gathered in front of her was rapidly increasing.

Meanwhile, the tiny fairy palace was gone.

It would be great if she could find it before anyone else. Her biggest goal was to kill Lavender, but the Crown of Destiny was still an object that she had to obtain. With so many Supreme Lords in front of her, it would not be an easy task for her and Supreme Lord Gunter to forcibly take the Crown of Destiny away.

"Let me do it. Who cares what illusion technique he is using? This move is the simplest and most effective one!" said Supreme Lord Amritpal. The flame in his hand turned into the shape of a fire dragon and continuously floated around in his hand. "Since I can't see where the fairy palace is, I'll burn the entire star to ashes."

After he finished speaking, that wisp of flame pounced forward.

The tiny fire dragon flew out from his palm and quickly grew in size, transforming into a huge fire dragon that soared into the sky and headed straight for the Yellow Sand Star.

Whoosh!

As the fire dragon continued to grow in size, it circled around the star, wrapping it up in flames.

All of the Supreme Lords retreated temporarily.

None of them could deny that Supreme Lord Amritpal's method was an effective one.

Destroying a star was not a difficult task for a Supreme Lord. If several Supreme Lords attacked together, even a supreme world would be torn to pieces, let alone a star like the Yellow Sand Star. The Orange Sea World of the human alliance was an example.

Although the Yellow Sand Star was considered a relatively small star, its diameter was over 80, 000 miles. It was an absolute colossus.

However, after the fire dragon wrapped it up, the surface of the Yellow Sand Star turned black, and then it began to slowly melt.

"He wants to burn the entire star down," Zen murmured. His eyebrows twitched. "Supreme Lord Amritpal is such a decisive man!"

When Supreme Lord Amritpal began to burn the Yellow Sand Star, Zen sensed a faint trace of sorrow in his perception. When that feeling of sorrow was transmitted to him, he instantly understood that it came from the will of the stars.

Stars had their own will. Zen had understood that long ago when he had practiced the Stellar Body. So far, he had already activated more than 20 stars. The sadness of the stars that he felt was emitted from the stars that he himself had activated.

It was a pity that he couldn't do anything to prevent this.

Zen shook his head slightly. He could only watch as Supreme Lord Amritpal continued burning down the Yellow Sand Star.

Boom!

Under the embrace of the fire dragon, a huge crack appeared in the middle of the Yellow Sand Star. It was actually starting to fall apart.

However, the flames of Supreme Lord Amritpal did not die down. Instead, they continued burning the Yellow Sand Star with fierce intensity.

Under the constant burning, the Yellow Sand Star's size continued to shrink. The easily incinerated materials within the star were burnt away.

Within five minutes, the diameter of the Yellow Sand Star shrank from 80, 000 miles to 40, 000 miles.

An hour later, the Yellow Sand Star shrank down to just 10, 000 miles in diameter.

Just like that, a huge star had been slowly burned down. However, the fairy palace was still quietly lying inside.

"Humph! Let's see how long the fairy palace can hold against such heat. Let's see how long it can hide. Brat, you scolded me back then. I can reject that Crown of Destiny, but I will definitely take your Roaring Token!" Supreme Lord Amritpal was someone who held grudges. He still remembered the time when Zen had insulted him when he was feeling down.

Chapter 1493 A Grain Of Sand

Even if Supreme Lord Amritpal released his hottest flames, the rate at which the Yellow Sand Star burned had slowed down.

This star's surface was only soft sand and underneath was ten miles of soil.

Beneath the soil was a layer of hard rock, under which lay the mantle. The mantle was made of tougher stuff than normal rock and encased the very core of the star.

A star's core was extremely sturdy and its weight was equally astonishing. A palm-sized core was equal to the weight of an entire mountain.

It was impossible for Supreme Lord Amritpal's flames to burn the entire star out in just a short period of time.

"Leave the Crown of Destiny to me. There is someone in my clan who urgently needs it,"

Supreme Lord Myles said, taking advantage of the situation.

"Someone in your clan needs it? Are you joking? You're not the only one who needs the Crown of Destiny!" a Supreme Lord protested.

It was a fact that there were many world lords in this boundless universe but too few Crowns of Destiny.

Nearly twenty Supreme Lords had arrived, and Zen's use of the Roaring Token was only going to invite more. A huge problem had now posed itself: who took ownership of the Crown of Destiny?

It was not something that could be halved, nor could it be shredded into pieces for distribution.

"Humph! You greedy guys! All you think about is this Crown of Destiny, but none of you has ever considered the most important thing! This is the

129th Crown of Destiny. If there really is someone who carries the Heavenly Destiny, then has any of you thought about what would happen?" another Supreme Lord asked in a clear voice.

His words plunged everyone into silence.

A single round of heavens could only carry 128 Heavenly Destinies. This number had always been constant.

What would happen with the emergence of the 129th? Nobody knew.

Would it perhaps trigger the collapse of heavens? Would it end this grand era so suddenly? The risks were numerous and too heavy to even start comprehending.

The silence was heavy among these mighty Supreme Lords, and it was only broken by the appearance of another one of their ranks. "Ranell! You've finally come!" Supreme Lord Addison greeted.

Supreme Lord Addison had been the first one to arrive, but the arrival of so many others had pushed him to the very edge of the crowd.

He was one of the oldest Supreme Lords, yet prestige was not determined by age but by the Heavenly Destiny. The power of the Law of Causality contained within a Heavenly Destiny was directly proportional to the strength of a Supreme Lord.

Supreme Lord Addison's Heavenly Destiny was not particularly amazing and was considered as one of the weakest out of all Supreme Lords.

However, the expressions of all other Supreme Lords present changed the moment they heard the name "Ranell."

This newcomer was not only the second-ranked Supreme Lord among all ogres, but he was also a mid-rank Supreme Lord with incomparable fierceness. It could be said that his strength was on par with both Supreme Lord Myles and Supreme Lord Amritpal, maybe even stronger.

He was the third mid-rank Supreme Lord to have made his appearance before the Yellow Sand Star.

In his arrival, he brought with him thousands of densely packed, skeleton-like shadows that constantly gnawed at his back.

It was fortunate that these skeleton-like shadows were no match to his protective life vitality.

"Ranell, why are there so many skeletons behind your back?" Supreme Lord Addison asked as he gave the skeletons a strange look.

"I encountered the Shadow Race when I rushed over here," Supreme Lord Ranell replied with a somewhat angry expression. "They were extremely persistent and dared to actually chase after me. I killed quite a few of them!"

"The Shadow Race actually dared to chase after you?" Supreme Lord Addison asked in bewilderment.

The reactions of the other Supreme Lords were of similar puzzlement.

The Shadow Race was extremely troublesome and no Supreme Lord had any desire to provoke any of them. It was not because they feared them, but because the members of this race released these persistent skeletons upon their death.

It wasn't easy to get rid of these skeletons. They would latch onto their target and constantly bite him or her.

It was essentially the curse of a dying Shadow Race member, one that would last for several years.

A skeleton's bite was nothing to a Supreme Lord, but it was extremely annoying.

Still, Supreme Lord Ranell's predicament was only a momentary distraction. The main issue here was the Yellow Sand Star that was currently burning in front of them.

Meanwhile, inside the fairy palace, Zen was currently passing by the time.

"The Yellow Sand Star is getting smaller and smaller," he mumbled, revealing a trace of worry on his face. If this went on, he would have nowhere to hide anymore.

Saul's face maintained a deadpan expression, not really particularly worried about their current situation. "Transforming the fairy palace into a stone was still too eye-catching. I shall turn it into a grain of sand instead!"

he declared and instantly transformed the stone into a minuscule grain of sand that immediately fused into the star core.

Outside, the Supreme Lords continued arguing amongst themselves. Despite being warriors of might, they were no different from ordinary mortals when it came to furthering their own agendas. Everyone was on high alert as the matter of ownership of the Crown of Destiny hung tensely over their heads.

If it ever came to it, a fight to the death was highly possible.

But for now, they could only wait for the entire star to burn out before making their move.

A bead of sweat ran down Supreme Lord Amritpal's temple as he looked at the burning star. With a wave of his hand, a fire dragon once again appeared in his hand. He immediately threw it onto the burning star and watched as it assimilated with the fire dragon from before, increasing its firepower by twofold.

"Supreme Lord Amritpal, I'm here to lend you a hand," another Supreme Lord offered.

Almost every Supreme Lord had completely comprehended the Original Laws of the universe, and even those who did not necessarily practice fire-attribute cultivation methods were still far superior to ordinary warriors in terms of the Fire Law.

Bang!

There was a loud explosion as more power was poured into the fire dragon, greatly strengthening its flames.

The joint forces of the Supreme Lords helped burn the star much faster.

The rate at which it shrank was even visible to them.

A thousand miles in diameter...

Eight hundred miles in diameter...

A hundred miles in diameter...

The initial layers had been burned away, leaving behind a solid glazed substance that was similar to hot, molten metal.

Ten miles in diameter...

One mile...

A thousand feet...

Finally, the star core made its appearance. The 80, 000-mile diameter Yellow Sand Star was no more. All that remained now was this small core which was the size of a person's fist.

The sight of this black object made the Supreme Lords' faces fall.

"Where is the mini fairy palace?"

"He couldn't have possibly escaped, right? Did he run away through spatial transference? That's not possible! We would've seen it if he did!" Questions ran through each of the Supreme Lords' minds but none of them could comprehend just how the small fairy palace suddenly disappeared right under their very noses. Perhaps it was in this fist-sized, black star core?

Supreme Lord Amritpal extended a hand and made a few calculations with his fingers. "Continue to burn the star core!" he declared with a cold sneer. "The fairy palace is truly very interesting! It is actually hiding inside the very core itself."

And he was right. The mini fairy palace had turned into a grain of sand that had drilled itself into the very center of this impossibly hard star core.

And as long as Supreme Lord Amritpal continued with his incineration, then the mini fairy palace would eventually be exposed.

There was another huge burst of flames as the star core was once again set alight by the Supreme Lords. From the size of a fist, it shrank down to the size of a pebble, until it finally vanished and left behind a grain of sand that slowly rotated in the air.

Chapter 1494 Showing Their Special Skills

Such was a rare phenomenon, that it could almost be considered a miracle: a star over 80, 000 miles in diameter was forcefully refined just like that! No one else but a Supreme Lord could accomplish such a feat.

They were so powerful that even a grain of sand couldn't escape a Supreme Lord's heightened senses. When they discovered this particular grain of sand, however, they couldn't help but be surprised.

When the Supreme Lords saw the little fairy palace back then, they didn't think much about it. It didn't matter to them as it was just a space treasure.

Now that they had a closer look at this grain of sand, they realized that it wasn't just an ordinary treasure…

Because that grain of sand had undergone tempering of Supreme Lord Amritpal's fire!

However, the Supreme Lords couldn't see the mysteries inside the grain of sand. Then again, it was the only thing left unrefined from everything that Supreme Lord Amritpal's fire had burned. Thus, it could be said that the grain of sand was the embodiment of the little fairy palace.

It floated about in the air for a while, and then it shot towards the north!

One Supreme Lord wore a cold smirk, before he stretched out one hand and tore apart a vast space. The grain of sand was sucked into the shattered space. Then the surrounding spaces folded together and used their power to easily bind the grain of sand inside it.

"Such a powerful space treasure is truly unheard of," a Supreme Lord said with a shake of his head.

There were only a select few treasures that could cause a Supreme Lord to have such thoughts. It was difficult to tempt them—they wouldn't budge even if a supreme divine weapon appeared in front of their faces.

However, this fairy palace had so many changes that even the Supreme Lords present couldn't see through it. It had even withstood Supreme Lord Amritpal's fire.

Therefore, the Supreme Lords naturally wanted such a space treasure.

Before, they only wanted the Crown of Destiny and the Roaring Token, and destroy this space treasure. Now, they sang a different song. This space treasure was definitely a rare treasure.

"Your name is Zen, right?" one Supreme Lord, who remembered Zen's name, said. "You can come out. Although we Saya people are not a big race, we can ensure your survival if you offer this space treasure and the Crown of Destiny with both hands!"

"Survival? Ha-ha! Kid, although you are only at the Soul Sea Realm, I can make an exception and accept you as my disciple. The price would be your Crown of Destiny and this ever-changing fairy palace," Supreme Lord Ranell of the ogres casually said.

On the other hand, Elena's blood ran cold upon hearing the two Supreme Lords.

These old freaks were only there to steal the Crown of Destiny and the other treasures, but Elena's real goal was to kill Lavender.

It would be quite troublesome for her if Zen accepted any deal with this group of Supreme Lords.

It was true that the Demon Night was powerful. However, only Supreme Lord Gunter, out of all the Supreme Lords, supported Elena. There really wasn't much that she could do against these old monsters.

Although she was infuriated, she remained silent. She hadn't expected the situation to escalate to this point.

'Damn it. So many Supreme Lords came because of Zen, ' she thought.

After a while, Zen's voice once again rang throughout the universe.

"Ha-ha, I am truly honored. Thank you all for your kind intentions, but I have another use for this Crown of Destiny! If you want me to offer it to you with both hands, you are dreaming!"

Zen's words made the light in the Supreme Lords' eyes turn frigid.

How could the Crown of Destiny be of use to a mere Soul Sea Realm martial artist like him? Moreover, how did the boy think he would survive with so many Supreme Lords around him?

Supreme Lord Addison couldn't help but say, "There's no point talking to this boy. Let me break apart this space treasure!"

Once he finished his words, the black smoke behind him exploded and he rushed to grab the grain of sand!

"It's only shattering the space treasure. I can do it too. I don't need you to help me out!" said the Supreme Lord who previously bound the grain of sand. He then stretched out his hand and placed the grain of sand between his index finger and thumb.

At that exact moment, the space around the grain of sand cracked. It continued until it reached the grain of sand.

"Crack!"

This Supreme Lord was an expert in a type of profound mystery of the Space Law, which was the Heavenly Destiny recorded in the Crown of Destiny. Thus, anything held between this Supreme Lord's fingers would be torn apart by space!

Other than a few supreme divine weapons like the Saint Sky Armor, there was nothing in the universe that could stop this shattering force!

This Supreme Lord's lips twisted into a cold grin as the crack extended and quickly passed by the grain of sand. He was sure that this space treasure would definitely be destroyed.

He withdrew his hands after a while and looked at the grain of sand. Suddenly, his eyes looked astonished.

He hadn't had such a look in his eyes in more than ten thousand years ever since he'd been a Supreme Lord.

The grain of sand that should have been shattered was still intact and quietly floated in the distance. His Law of Causality of shattering seemed to have no effect on it.

"Ha-ha, you failed," another Supreme Lord said as he shook his head. Then he stepped forward with two divine weapons in his hands: the Golden Demon Awl, and the Pure Light Hammer which were ranked fifty-second on the Universe Spirit Tablet.

The Supreme Lord suddenly pointed the Golden Demon Awl at the grain of sand.

Then, he swung the Pure Light Hammer and smashed it heavily at the end of the Golden Demon Awl!

"Boom!"

The crispiest hissing sound anyone had ever heard echoed out.

While the sound wasn't too loud, it was heard through nearly half of the starry sky. Even some martial artists from other supreme worlds had clearly heard it!

The Supreme Lords present were perfectly fine. However, the martial artists who were far away and cultivating within the stars felt as if their hearts were struck by a heavy blow. Their eyes dimmed and they spat out a mouthful of blood.

The other martial artists who were weaker had their hearts broken apart.

The collision between the two divine weapons was so strong that millions of lives even from far away places were dead.

There were very few martial artists in space, and only a handful of them lived on the stars. If the collision had taken place in a supreme world, trillions of living beings would've died!

The sound the martial artists on the stars had heard was only the last bit of strength of the collision, but it was already immensely powerful. How much of a terrifying attack would this grain of sand in front of the Golden Demon Owl withstand?

A finger-sized spark shot out from the top of the Golden Demon Awl. When the spark had dispersed, the grain of sand was still intact.

All the Supreme Lords present were stunned.

It was known that the Supreme Lords were the most powerful in the universe, even though there were countless incredible mysteries and many dangerous lands as well.

They were all nothing in a Supreme Lord's eyes. Since they had lived for a hundred million years and counting, it was hard for them to find anything that could surprise them.

However, this grain of sand was out of their imagination. To add to that, they were also more interested in Zen's space treasure too!

"Let me do it!" Supreme Lord Ranell said and stepped forward. Since he was a mid-rank Supreme Lord, he was far more powerful than the Supreme Lords who had previously tried.

He already had a saber in his hands—the Imperial Mysterious Saber. This saber was refined from the last Mysterious Bone Demon of the universe, and it was ranked 27th on the Universal Spirit Tablet!

The Mysterious Bone Demon had a special talent. It could disrupt the vitality between heaven and earth, and could even absorb an unlimited amount of it. It was because of this ability that the Mysterious Bone Demons had been exterminated. Their race consumed far too much vitality between heaven and earth. It was something that the heavens couldn't tolerate!

The last living Mysterious Bone Demon had been captured by the ogres' weapon refiner, who had then created the Imperial Mysterious Saber out of it.

The saber suddenly slashed out, and a crescent-shaped saber light appeared in the sky. As a result, the vitality between the heaven and earth in the sky was disrupted. It spread out everywhere in insanely fluctuating amounts!

It was all too much to take—the vitality between heaven and earth contained in this saber light was far beyond the imagination of an ordinary martial artist.

"Whoosh!"

At that moment, the beam of saber light shot towards the grain of sand!

Chapter 1495 Warning (Part One)

There was a blinding flash as the Supreme Lord's saber swept through the air and accurately hit that single grain of sand.

The moment the steel tip of his saber hit the grain, he noticed a hairline crack appear on his crescent blade light.

In the end, his crescent blade light couldn't even swat the tiny grain away. The tremendous force of his slash was wasted and merely continued passing through half of the universe to pierce through thousands of stars before totally dissipating.

The tiny grain of sand merely floated on the spot as it slowly rotated in the air.

The results greatly dismayed Supreme Lord Ranell. He was a mighty Supreme Lord yet he couldn't even cause any damage to this tiny grain of sand!

He raised his saber to try again but another Supreme Lord stepped forward and indicated that it was now his turn to attack the sand grain.

The Supreme Lords all took their turn trying to break this grain of sand one after another. They exhausted all of their abilities and used every kind of Law of Causality they knew but to no avail.

It wasn't just the Supreme Lords. Even Zen and Lavender, who currently hid within the fairy palace, were equally shocked at the extreme resilience of the sand grain.

This fairy palace had always been Zen's final fort, a place where he could hide when things immediately went south for him — a sanctuary in times of desperation.

He relied greatly on this fairy palace but even he did not expect that it would be able to block even a mighty Supreme Lord's attack.

He was extremely nervous earlier but witnessing the Supreme Lords fail one after the other relieved him greatly. The strength of the palace wasn't something to be trifled with.

It seemed that he had greatly underestimated his master and the origin of this fairy palace.

He knew his master was someone who had surpassed the heavens and this fairy palace was something extraordinary but never to this extent!

What exactly was the world above heavens like? And just how powerful was his master's cultivation base?

It was something Zen couldn't really imagine.

His thoughts then veered towards the man who had taken Yan away.

Now that he thought about it, he realized that not even Lavender would stand any chance of defeating that man. The young man's strength far surpassed that of a Supreme Lord which was the level Lavender's true strength was at.

Someone above heavens… was he the true god?

The conclusion left a bitter taste in his mouth but he nonetheless found himself smiling. If that was really the case, then it seemed he had quite a long way to go if he wanted to see Yan again.

Lavender floated quietly beside Zen but the sparkle of excitement in her eyes was undeniable. She was equally shocked and awed by the fairy palace.

She was ten times more knowledgeable than Zen but not even she could gauge the true power of the fairy palace. She didn't even think it was anything special at first. Now that she was witnessing its resilience first-hand, she finally understood that it was something way beyond her imagination.

Outside the fairy palace, more than twenty Supreme Lords had already used whatever method they could think of to make the tiny grain budge, but none of them were successful.

It was truly laughable how they were just threatening Zen a few moments ago. They never thought they'd end up being the powerless ones in this situation.

Zen hid in this minuscule sand grain but they could do nothing to him!

Elena had the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand but silently dropped it while gazing at that tiny grain of sand.

So many Supreme Lords had already tried their best but it had all been in vain. She knew the power she could unleash with the help of the Faith Energy was going to be stronger but she didn't think it would still be enough.

There was a hint of resentment in Elena's eyes. Lavender's unintentional exposure of her position should've ended things smoothly. Elena thought that this was going to be the perfect opportunity for her to finally kill her rival queen who remained as the final obstacle in her domination of the entire Demon Night race.

She didn't think that things were going to be a bit more complicated due to the protection of this mysterious fairy palace.

'If I let Zen go this time, he and Lavender will rely on this fairy palace to become stronger…' she thought. Elena then found herself in a state of great crisis. She didn't fully know the origins of this fairy palace but she knew that it was probably something far beyond her imagination. It was most likely filled with great resources that could increase Zen's strength in the future.

If Zen managed to become a Supreme Lord, he'd surely help Lavender recover her strength. When that happened, Elena was sure to be doomed.

"No, I can't give up! I must break this space treasure today!" Elena brandished the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand and smashed it towards the grain of sand…

A day had passed but the Supreme Lords could now only stand and watch as the grain of sand spun slowly in place.

The Crown of Destiny had made them come here but this powerful space treasure that was the fairy palace completely captured their interest.

Some of them had truly exhausted all means necessary to break the grain with a few even using some very special Laws of Causality. In their desperation, one even used poison.

The poison strategy greatly amused Zen. A Supreme Lord's poison was a thousand times stronger than regular ones but it still wasn't enough. This tiny grain of sand drove these Supreme Lords mad!

Several more Supreme Lords arrived and their number was now close to thirty.

They all came from different races and represented the different forces of the universe.

Buzz!

There was a slight buzzing sound as another burst of light signaled the arrival of another Supreme Lord.

The light slowly condensed into a figure of a man and the sight of his face changed the expressions on everyone's faces.

Although the figure was of a man, this latecomer did not come from the human race but from the Celestial Position race.

This race was peculiar and was a hybrid of many different races. Whether it was a human or some other member of another race, one would have to go through the pre-requisite blood exchange to become a true Celestial Position member. It wasn't a large group but every single member was powerful, especially their Supreme Lords.

However, the race was also well-known for being unreasonable. The arrival of a Celestial Position Supreme Lord meant that things here were about to get complicated soon enough.

"Supreme Lord Marcello! Did the Celestial Position race also come to have a finger in the pie?" Supreme Lord Ranell asked with a sneer.

Chapter 1496 Warning (Part Two)

Although the Celestial Position was effectively a multi-racial group and was generally tolerant of the differences of their members' origins, their relationship with the ogres was extremely bad.

Supreme Lord Marcello's gaze was hard and cold, "What did you say? Have a finger in the pie?" He scoffed and continued, "Our race has been involved from the very beginning, and yet we won't demand anything from the young man."

"What do you mean?" Ranell asked curiously.

The other Supreme Lords listened intently, also perplexed by Marcello's words.

The Celestial Position Supreme Lord pointed at the tiny grain of sand that slowly spun in space, "Because the young man in this space treasure is a member of our race!"

This declaration surprised and displeased the Supreme Lords present.

"A member of your race? I don't believe it! I'll say he's a member of the ogres then!" Ranell snorted.

The other Supreme Lords quickly sided with him. They were simply unwilling to believe Marcello's words.

However, Marcello remained a picture of calm despite the disbelief from the other Supreme Lords, "Zen passed our race's test and has obtained the golden Celestial Position title. He is a significant member of our race."

This revelation surprised the other Supreme Lords greatly. Golden Celestial Position titles were extremely rare and appeared only a few times during this grand era. However, they were quick to hide their surprise and replace it with their skeptic looks.

Who knew if Marcello was merely speaking nonsense? Did he want to take this young man away with this casual excuse? What if his real agenda was to take the Crown of Destiny and the space treasure all to himself? Ha! In his dreams!

"So what if it's a golden Celestial Position title?" a Supreme Lord uttered with disdain.

Marcello smiled, already catching on as to where this hostility was coming from. "Don't worry, I'm not here to fight with you over the Crown of Destiny. Although it's important, our race doesn't take it that seriously!"

Another Supreme Lord snorted, "You don't have to pretend to be so aloof. Just tell us why you came here."

The Celestial Position was an unconventional race. They did not care about the expansion of their forces unlike the other races and often did things that an outsider couldn't understand.

They had a habit of occasionally giving up some of their supreme worlds to share with other races, not to mention a few other crazier acts…

"I have something to say to everyone here," Marcello declared in an incredibly serious tone.

"What's it?" Addison asked.

"If any of you dare to harm a single hair on Zen's head then the Celestial Position race will not hesitate to kill you, even if you are a Supreme Lord."

The declaration stunned the Supreme Lords present but their surprise quickly evaporated with rage.

"Do you actually think you have the qualifications to threaten us?" a Supreme Lord sneered.

"Do you think that the universe belongs to your race? Do you think you have the power to decide our fates?" another asked in a cold voice.

Killing a Supreme Lord was no easy feat. A war amongst their ranks was no simple manner and often spelled disaster for the 100, 000 supreme worlds. When two mighty Supreme Lords fought, countless lives often ended up being forfeited in the midst of the battle.

But Marcello merely shrugged, "It wasn't said by me. It came from the old man, the head of our race."

The head of the Celestial Position race…

The Supreme Lords immediately fell silent.

The head of the Celestial Position race was a great figure. He was easily placed the same level as the leaders of the three greatest human forces — the Supreme Lord of Oracle, the Supreme Lord of Original Sin, and the Supreme Lord of Thunder Law — as well as the Demon Night race's Supreme Lord Giovani and the ogres' Supreme Lord Mathias.

These six leaders were the only top-rank Supreme Lords in the entire universe.

Their reactions were simply brushed off by Marcello. "I also have a message for you, Zen," he said, looking towards the grain of sand. "Our head hopes that you will pay a visit to our race when you have the time. It would be better if you come before the Illusion Battlefield begins. The old man has something important to discuss with you."

After that, he shot a sideways glance to the other Supreme Lords before turning into a speck of light and disappearing from everyone's sight, leaving just as quickly as he came.

It wasn't anything new. The members of the Celestial Position race were always like that.

Back to the matter at hand: the Supreme Lords now knew they had to leave Zen alone lest they drew the ire of the Celestial Position race head. That old man's background was too mysterious and it would be unwise for them to provoke him.

However, the Crown of Destiny and the fairy palace were still fair game. They did not care for Zen's life at all.

Except maybe Elena.

How could she kill Lavender without killing Zen after all?

The Demon Night race always had an amicable relationship with the Celestial Position race. Nearly one-third of the Demon Night's young geniuses accepted the test and trials of the Celestial Position race before becoming famous. Some returned to the Demon Night while the rest continued to stay in the Celestial Position race.

This symbiotic relationship between the two races would no doubt come to an end if Elena killed Zen. She was now currently at a loss as to what she should do.

"Hey, human boy, did you hear that? The Celestial Position race will protect your life. You better leave that fairy palace now and we'll spare you. Otherwise, I'll cut off the vitality between heaven and earth and you'll be trapped inside there for a million years! Remember, you're only at the Soul Sea Realm! Your lifespan will not exceed one hundred thousand years!" a Supreme Lord threatened. The Celestial Position race's warning did not deter them in the slightest to attain their goal. These Supreme Lords had endless time to confront Zen here.

"Do you really think the words of the Celestial Position race head would be enough to scare us?" Ranell sneered. "Let's see just how long you'll last, human boy!"

Zen's eyes flashed when he heard their threats. He quickly turned to Saul, "Looks like there's no need for me to hesitate. Since these fellows are too stubborn, then just do as you've suggested earlier!"

Saul smiled, "You are too merciful. It's no big deal to kill several Supreme Lords. What's more, their death would mean more Crowns of Destiny. I can't wait to see what interesting things will happen after that."

As soon as he finished speaking, a beam of light suddenly shot out from the grain of sand. It had burst out so suddenly that the Supreme Lords didn't even have the time to react to it.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1497 Only One Can Survive

A black and white band of light appeared suddenly with a maximum speed.

When the Supreme Lords finally realized what happened, the band of light had already connected the five Supreme Lords together.

All of the Supreme Lords present stared at it without being able to recover from the surprise it had caused.

Within the fairy palace, this band of light was released precisely from the pavilion in its center. It was also the Desperate Melee that Zen had inadvertently triggered when he first went to the fairy palace.

Once the living creatures were trapped by it, only one of them would be able to survive.

"Is this Desperate Melee also effective on the Supreme Lords?" Zen asked, looking at the band of light outside of the fairy palace. When Zen had entered the pavilion before, he had been tied up with a group of Illuminating Soul Realm warriors. At that time, the Illuminating Soul Realm warriors weren't able to break free. Would the same happen to the Supreme Lords?

Saul smiled faintly. "Why wouldn't it work? They are mere Supreme Lords and each of them only bears a Heavenly Destiny, so even they cannot escape its powerful force!"

"Mere Supreme Lords? Only a Heavenly Destiny? How can you say things like that so easily?" Zen was shocked with his words. Judging from Saul's tone, he didn't think much of the Supreme Lords.

"Yes, this Heavenly Destiny is just a Law of Causality in the universe. With the rules contained in the Desperate Melee, if this group of Supreme Lords can break free, then they're really amazing." Saul looked extremely relaxed, as if he was not worried if the Supreme Lords would be freed from the Desperate Melee or not.

The five Supreme Lords that were trapped on the Desperate Melee were Addison from the ogre race, Gunter from the Demon Night, Myles, and other two Supreme Lords.

The Supreme Lords didn't reveal any emotions or show that they were worried about what was happening. Gunter was actually smiling. "This band of light seems to be some sort of restriction. I can feel that it's transmitting an intention. I just can't figure out what it is exactly."

"I think it wants us to fight among ourselves. And only one of us will survive." Addison was stunned for a moment, and then his face revealed a sneer.

"This is actually funny!" Myles gently waved his hand and ripples of water appeared on his hand. The water glowed and was about to cut the band of light in half.

However, as this water glow passed through, the band of light remained the same.

"Huh?" Myles frowned slightly.

The other Supreme Lords also tried to use their own methods to destroy the band of light, which was only two fingers wide. But it remained intact and seemed to be able to withstand any attack. The five Supreme Lords were still chained to each other.

All of the Supreme Lords started to feel intrigued by this band of light. There were too few things that could threaten their lives in this world. They were regarded as the invincible ones. They would find a way to be released from it. In the entire universe, the Supreme Lords could kill each other and there were only a few super legendary beasts that could threaten their lives. Except for that, no one could hurt or threaten them.

But now, no matter what methods they used, the black and white band of light still emitted a faint halo. There were no energy waves being transmitted out or any reaction from it.

Addison, being the oldest Supreme Lord, was the first one to realize that something was wrong. His figure flashed as he attempted to keep away from the band of light, but the band of light that was connected to his body extended with him, lengthening.

"The Desperate Melee's desolation is limited to a range of one hundred miles. He can't run away and stay at a distance over one hundred miles away," Saul said as he looked up at the sky.

To a Supreme Lord, a hundred miles was nothing more than a single step.

When Addison dashed out and was one hundred miles away, a strange thing occurred. A massive force suddenly appeared within the band of light and dragged Addison back.

Addison was shocked, the uneasy expression stapled on his face. He knew how powerful he was. If he were to unleash his full strength, his fist could easily shatter a star.

But at this moment, no matter how much he tried, he was unable to travel one hundred miles.

After he was dragged back, he breathed for a moment before both of his eyes once again widened. An extremely frightening power once again erupted from within his body.

This force was enough to crush half of a supreme world.

However, when he rushed out of the range of one hundred miles, he was still dragged back.

In this Desperate Melee, one hundred miles became the Law of Causality of these five Supreme Lords. It was even stronger than the Law of Causality. It was impossible for them to go against it and escape.

Seeing this, the remaining four Supreme Lords became frustrated.

Gunter, Myles, and the other two Supreme Lords were similarly walking in different directions.

The same thing happened to them.

One hundred miles was a range that none of them would be able to reach.

"Huff, huff..."

The five Supreme Lords gathered once again. They could see the shock on each other's face.

They carried the Heavenly Destiny which represented the highest Law of Causality in the universe. However, this band of light had already surpassed them. It was beyond their knowledge and imagination. All of them wondered what kind of power it was.

"If you want to undo this black and white band of light, you need to kill each other. Only one of you can survive," said Zen, his voice spreading all over the universe again.

When Zen's voice was heard, it shocked many of the living creatures in the universe.

Earlier, trillions of living creatures in the universe were clear that many Supreme Lords seemed to have surrounded Zen.

Many warriors sighed with emotion and wondered who on earth Zen was. He was only at the Soul Sea Realm, but he could attract so many Supreme Lords to surround him. Those warriors thought that if they could become as powerful as Zen and attract so many Supreme Lords, it would be worth it even if they were killed by the Supreme Lords.

But now they started to be a bit at a loss when they heard Zen's words.

"What did he mean?

Let the five Supreme Lords kill each other?" "What does he mean that only one of them can survive?"

"How did Zen do that?"

Within the Mist Palace, when Yolande heard Zen's words, she immediately took a deep breath.

When Zen was trapped this time, Yolande did not try to help him.

She never expected that after she let Zen go out for training, he would be able to find a Crown of Destiny and actually provoke dozens of Supreme Lords.

If these dozens of Supreme Lords were to gather together, they would probably be able to destroy the whole alliance she was in.

She wasn't capable of helping Zen once again. All she could do was to wait.

She had never seen anyone who could cause so much trouble. If Zen provoked some Spirit Transformation Realm warriors or even world lords, she would not hesitate to help Zen out. But now he was besieged by dozens of Supreme Lords, so she could not do anything about it.

Now hearing Zen's voice, Yolande was stunned again. 'What did he mean?' she thought.

'Only one of the five Supreme Lords can survive? He wants to kill four Supreme Lords in one go?

How did he make it so far?'

After Yolande cultivated the Soul Split Spell, her mind had become much stronger than that of the ordinary world lord. When the warrior's cultivation of martial arts reached the extremes, training the mind was even more important than cultivating the martial arts. However, at this moment, Yolande's mind was like a tide, churning and rolling, unable to calm down.

Yolande wasn't the only one who was so astonished.

Many warriors who had heard of his name were confused about him.

Those warriors included Master Shen and Master He from the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, the Saint Lord of the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, Lincoln who stayed in the Dark World, as well as the talents of the Mist Palace, such as Javier and Layla.

They looked up to Zen's terrifying talent. They still regarded him as a Soul Sea Realm warrior. If he was just slightly stronger than them, they could still accept that.

However, it had only been about half a year, and Zen was already able to go against Supreme Lords. Judging from Zen's tone of voice, it seemed like he was going to kill the four Supreme Lords without mercy.

They were not the ordinary warriors, but four Supreme Lords.

There were only a few Supreme Lords in the alliance.

"What is Zen doing?"

Layla was standing on a star in the Western Sky Region. Purple ice crystals were scattered around her, and it was hard to tell what she was thinking.

Zen, who she had once regarded as her greatest opponent, had grown to be so powerful in such a short amount of time.

The polar region of the star was a perfect place to cultivate and gain experience. It was her master, Kyron, who had personally brought her up here. At this time, Kyron had also descended by Layla's side, and he was looking towards the Middle Sky Region. His face was also filled with surprise as he said, "He shouldn't be relying on his own strength. Perhaps he has some sort of trick up his sleeve. The Illusion Battlefield will begin in just a few years. Layla, you should focus on your cultivation."

Chapter 1498 Groveling

This sort of conflict was not something that an ordinary martial artist could participate in.

Yolande was not apt to do it, and so was the case with Kyron.

However, being incompetent did not mean that they did not pay heed to it.

The three great human powers—the Humanity Alliance, the Thoughtless Minds, and the Blessed Buddha Land—were all watching closely.

The Demon Night, the ogres, the Celestial Position, and the thousands of other Upper World races were also paying close attention in silence.

It could be said that the entire universe was focused on this place. On this day, they had memorized a name, and the name belonged to a warrior who was only at the Soul Sea Realm.

The faces of the Supreme Lords gradually darkened, revealing their frustration.

As the other Supreme Lords looked at the black and white light band, they turned deathly pale. At the same time, they felt relieved that they had not been caught by it.

The situation in front of them had suddenly turned chaotic.

Among the five Supreme Lords, only one could live.

These five Supreme Lords were closely related to the others. For example, Addison and Ranell were from the same sect and race. If Addison decided to attack, Ranell would undoubtedly help him out.

Furthermore, if Supreme Lord Gunter were to make a move, Elena, Queen of the Demon Night, would not just stand by and watch.

The price of a duel to the death would be too high. It might even cause the entire universe to be thrown into turmoil.

The trouble was that even after paying so much, they did not receive anything, owing to Zen's trickery. He was just some kid at the Soul Sea Realm. How could the Supreme Lords be willing to accept this?

The Supreme Lords present thought things through. They chose not to act. Instead, they looked toward the grain of sand. The black and white light band had come out of the grain.

A faint smile rested on Addison's face. With one leap, he appeared right before the grain of sand. Just as he was about to open his mouth, he stopped, not knowing what to say.

To plead with a nobody at the Soul Sea Realm was indeed embarrassing for a Supreme Lord like Addison. After mulling over it for a while, he finally spoke up. "Your name is Zen, correct?"

"Supreme Lord Addison. What is it?"

Zen's indifferent voice resounded through the universe.

Addison raised his head and looked at the sky. In his heart, he cursed Zen viciously. 'This kid apparently wants all creatures of the hundred thousand supreme worlds to know that I'm groveling before him.'

In the end, to Addison, his life was more important than his dignity.

The other four Supreme Lords watched with cautious expressions on their faces, wondering how this negotiation between Addison and Zen would turn out.

"I see no point in using this Desperate Melee. Could you remove the black and white light band?" Addison used a gentle tone as he spoke to Zen, clearly placing a request.

The ogres were known to be arrogant and ruthless. Even an ordinary martial artist of the race would not be so amiable, much less a Supreme Lord. Addison was indeed putting his dignity on the line.

"Remove it? Heh! I do not have control over it, so naturally, there is no way to remove it," Zen replied once again, his voice echoing through the universe.

Before deciding to release Desperate Melee, Zen had asked Saul if it could be revoked.

The answer he got was a resounding 'no'. Saul had told him that Desperate Melee had been devised by his master. Unless his master personally came here to remove it, only one person among the people confined within the light band would survive.

Hearing Zen's answer, Addison took a slow deep breath. He was visibly disturbed. "You mean..."

"Only one person will survive. Only one Supreme Lord. There is no other way." Zen's indifferent voice once again sounded like it came from the heavens. The faces of the other four Supreme Lords darkened at the same time. This was not the answer they had been hoping for.

A faint killing intent was visible within Myles' eyes. If only one of them could outlive the others, then that person should be him! In this kind of situation, it was best to make the first move.

Of course, at this moment, it was not only Myles that had the killing intent. So did the other Supreme Lords who had the same thoughts.

Their lives were too precious. They had finally reached the top-level of martial arts with much struggle and inherited their Heavenly Destinies. None of them was willing to be tricked and killed by Zen in such a manner.

'Die, all of you must die! The one who lives should be me!' Each of them was thinking along the same lines.

But they still waited.

After all, they only had one in five chances of surviving. They wanted to confirm if there were other ways to save themselves. If there were none, they could only fight.

Right now, in the deep space below the Middle Sky Region, the atmosphere crackled with apprehension.

Although Addison had a faint smile on his face as he talked to Zen, he was still on his guard. Once the others took action, he should be prepared to protect himself.

"What if the five of us stay here for the rest of our lives?" Addison gave this idea after thinking for a while.

The black and white light band had confined these Supreme Lords, but it did not disturb their minds. What if they lived in harmony with each other?

The lifespan of the Supreme Lords was unimaginably long. If they stayed here for a million years, would the Desperate Melee's light band restrain them for that period of time?

Hearing this question, Zen once again turned to Saul, who was standing to the side. As he explained the situation to Zen, Zen activated the Roaring Token.

"The colors of this black and white light band will tell you the time you have left. When the white of the light band completely disappears and this band turns black, the five of you will die."

As soon as Zen finished speaking, the Supreme Lords present focused their gazes on the black and white band of light. The black and the white, each occupied half of the area of the band. But if one looked carefully, they could see that the two colors were transforming quietly.

The white on the light band was slowly being eroded by the black.

At first, the black and white had taken up equal spaces on the band. In a short time, the black had occupied sixty percent of the area, while the white was constantly shrinking. Now, only about forty percent of the band was white.

"How long do we have?" Addison asked again.

"Six hours," Zen replied.

No one could say for sure whether or not this black ribbon would take the lives of the five Supreme Lords, but they were not willing to take the risk of testing it when their lives were at stake. Thus, just as Zen finished speaking, someone could not help but take action.

The first to attack was Myles. A faint water pattern appeared on his body and a water ring appeared behind him. A spine-chilling aura began to emit outward.

Whoosh!

Myles' first target was Addison himself!

Myles had considered it before making a move against Addison. He was a mid-rank Supreme Lord and was stronger than the four in front of him.

If there were only the five of them without the other twenty-odd Supreme Lords watching, then his chances of winning would undoubtedly be the greatest. But Supreme Lord Ranell was still backing Addison up. Ranell was also a mid-rank Supreme Lord who was not weaker than Myles.

Sooner or later, Myles would face Addison, and Ranell would help the latter. Rather than leaving Addison to the last, it would be better to kill him first. Once Addison died, Ranell would be upset, but he might not act on it.

This was why he chose Addison to be his first target.

"You!"

Amongst the Supreme Lords, Addison feared Myles the most. He also had a plan in his head. Once the Supreme Lords were almost done fighting, he would fight the survivor together with Ranell. This way, his chances of victory would be much higher.

However, he had not expected Myles to choose him first. It was obvious from Addison's face that he was both shocked and angry.

As soon as Myles moved, Gunter attacked at the same time.

As for the other two Supreme Lords, they were not slow either.

When a Supreme Lord attacked, the power released was very intimidating.

The battle of these Supreme Lords was enough to shatter a supreme world.

What was more, they were bound within a hundred miles.

Boom!

With a deafening explosion, the battle finally began.

Chapter 1499 Die One After Another

As the battle began, nearly twenty of the Supreme Lords retreated at the same time in great haste, afraid that they would be caught up in the conflict.

As for Elena, Ranell, and the other Supreme Lords, not only did they not leave, but they even charged forward at this moment...

In the realm of world lords, it was difficult to determine the victor in a battle between these warriors.

The reason was that the world lord had basically comprehended the spatial transference, and perhaps he wouldn't be able to beat his opponent, but it wasn't difficult for him to escape.

After using the skill of spatial transference, the warrior had already traveled one million miles in only a moment! He was in a sense therefore unreachable.

There had once been two world lords who had fought and chased each other for over ten years, and they had traveled through a hundred thousand supreme worlds… There was no way to delineate the battle zone, when the combatants could 'disappear' in an instant.

As for the battle between two Supreme Lords, one of them could defeat the other. But it would be impossible for the Supreme Lord to kill the other if the opponent wanted to escape!

A Supreme Lord would be killed unless there were several Supreme Lords working in collusion, or if the few top-rank Supreme Lords that had the highest Law of Causality were involved!

But now, the five Supreme Lords were trapped in a Desperate Melee within the open range of one hundred miles.

Whether they made use of the spatial transference, their special fleeing skill, or other methods, they were unable to escape from the band of light which bound them, nor were they able to leave the area of one hundred miles. Despite these restrictions, they were able to jump around within this massive battle zone.

Since the very start of the grand era, nothing like this had probably ever happened before!

As such, battles within a hundred miles were exceptionally fierce!

Zen and Lavender, who were standing within the fairy palace, silently looked up into the sky. This grain of sand which the fairy palace had transformed into was located in the very center of the battle! It was a whole new experience to have front row seats!

In the sky, there was a dramatic play of all sorts of illusory colors and lights. Other than that, it was practically impossible to see anything else...

Zen simply couldn't understand this level of battle! The scope was too massive.

The only thing he could discern was that those extremely profound Water Laws were being created by Myles. As for the shredded shadows, they might be from Gunter of the Demon Night...

Even if he couldn't understand it, and could only distinguish the Law Power, the mass of light around Zen still gave him a great shock. It was mind boggling to observe the mammoth scale battle.

As for Lavender, her face was instead filled with extreme excitement...

"Will Elena die here?" Lavender asked indifferently.

If Elena died here, it would be a release for Lavender. Her enemy would then have been dealt with.

Even though Zen had personally promised to help her kill Elena, there were a lot of risks and consequences involved in this undertaking. Lavender knew that Zen would definitely do what he had vowed; but, right now, she seemed to have the intention of preventing Zen from taking that risk!

Lavender was the Queen of Killings, and her will was forged through slaughter. The Faith Energy she absorbed was mainly from slaughter, containing the most primitive killing intent of the Demon Night members. But now, even she was hesitant.

It was a pity that Elena wasn't also trapped inside the light band of the Desperate Melee.

This band of light had been set up by the owner of the fairy palace and was not under anyone's control. It was a move that Saul had come up with at a whim, so it was not unnatural that Elena hadn't gotten trapped in it.

"Boom!"

"Bam!"

"Buzz, buzz..."

In this blazing light, there were all sorts of sounds reverberating across the space.

Slowly, the space began to crumble and vanish, little by little...

It was hard to imagine the scope of the power spreading!

Myles released the Light of Still Water, which was a form of light arrow that was about three feet wide, but possessed an infinite length. Every Light of Still Water stretched from both ends to the deep space. One end of the Light of Still Water pierced straight to the top of the universe, and the other end went straight through the sky, piercing into a supreme world. There might be many innocent creatures who were being killed...

As for Addison, each time he launched the Dark Star Fist, a massive black hole would form in the air above them. That black hole would suddenly appear, sucking into it all of the surrounding energy and light!

Every Supreme Lord was trying their best to fight! There was no regard for the cost of this titanic battle.

But the Supreme Lords' life energy and defensive capabilities were too great. Even though they had endured such a terrifying attack, none of the

Supreme Lords had died in the initial short period of time.

Two hours later, the heavens began to tremble again...

More than twenty Supreme Lords outside of the battle raised their heads at the same time, their faces filled with both amazement and shock.

Although, they couldn't clearly see what was happening on the battlefield, they knew that a Supreme Lord had now been killed!

If a Supreme Lord died, the Heavenly Destiny would lose its position, and would inevitably cause the heavens to shake!

Soon, a new Heavenly Destiny would be turned into the Crown of Destiny, which would randomly appear in any far flung corner of the universe.

One hour later, the heavens began to tremble once again...

"A second Supreme Lord has been killed," Supreme Lord Healum from the core sacred place of the Humanity Alliance said in a bleak voice which matched his cold face. There was a look of disbelief in his eyes. Zen, who Yolande had thought so highly of, had already tricked and killed two Supreme Lords!

After five minutes, the heavens shook once more...

A third Supreme Lord died.

In less than five minutes, the fourth Supreme Lord also perished!

A Supreme Lord could live for over a hundred million years. If he used some additional method, it wasn't too difficult to live for two hundred million, or even three hundred million years. They were in a real sense close to being immortal!

Before this, it had been a long time since any of the Supreme Lords had died.

But today, in just four short hours, four Supreme Lords had perished. They had fought each other, and had been killed during the battle. Strictly speaking, they had been tricked and killed by Zen!

Elena crossed her legs, floating in the air.

Although her expression was calm and composed, she still looked extremely miserable...

Excessive consumption of Faith Energy was a tremendous blow to her as well, and it left her drained.

On the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand, a crack, two fingers in width, had appeared. The Saint Sky Armor draped over her body was all but destroyed.

The heart-protecting mirror on her chest had already cracked in half, and the spikes of the armor's shoulder guard had also completely shattered. The pair of boots that had wrapped around her legs had already been completely torn apart, and there was a shocking, gaping wound on the side of her thigh. Fresh blood flowed down from the wound to drip on top of her toes, drop by drop. Before the blood reached the surface of the supreme world, it had already been air-dried and had dissipated in the wind...

Elena had tried her best, but she still couldn't save Gunter.

In truth, Gunter was the third Supreme Lord to have perished. After Gunter died, Elena left the center of the battle. The fighting there was just too intense, and even Elena couldn't withstand the frenzied attacks of the gathered Supreme Lords.

She had personally made a trip there. She would never have thought that not only would she fail to exterminate Lavender and obtain the Crown of Destiny, but she also lost Gunter in the battle.

From that point on, the Demon Night had then lost one more Supreme Lord. The Board of Elders' head had also died. Losing one more Supreme Lord had a great influence on the Demon Night. Because of this, if Elena returned to the Demon Night, she would probably be held accountable for the loss and failure by the other two Supreme Lords.

Elena let out a deep sigh. At this moment, a strong feeling of helplessness overwhelmed her mind. Zen and Lavender were so close to her, yet she couldn't do anything to them! It was galling.

She could do nothing but give up for the time being...

Elena was really unwilling to accept the fact. Defeat was not a word she was used to.

Right now, it wasn't just she who was disappointed and indignant.

Of the five Supreme Lords, four had perished!

A Supreme Lord represented a race and with that Supreme Lord's support, that race could grow stronger within the 100, 000 supreme worlds of the universe. After the four Supreme Lords had died, how could the members of the races which were supported by them be willing to submit to such a situation?

Chapter 1500 Heading North

Supreme Lord Myles was the only one who had survived among the five Supreme Lords.

However, his aura was declining and his face was as pale as a sheet right at this moment.

As a mid-rank Supreme Lord, his strength might be slightly higher than the other four Supreme Lords. Nonetheless, one's strength was no longer important in such a chaotic battle. The only thing he relied on to survive was a wisp of luck.

Supreme Lord Myles stared at the grain of sand with lingering fear. He had to admit that Zen truly had the qualifications to be so arrogant by relying on the fairy palace.

All of the Supreme Lords deliberately maintained a certain distance from that grain of sand, afraid that they would once again be caught by that black and white light band.

On the other hand, Supreme Lord Ranell had a sullen face. He had joined the fight earlier to save Supreme Lord Addison. It was unfortunate that he failed to save him and even got himself severely injured in the process.

However, unlike all the other Supreme Lords who stayed far away from this grain of sand, Supreme Lord Ranell even approached it alone. His face was cold as he sneered, "The Desperate Melee is truly amazing. It is indeed beyond imagination. But I'm here alone, so you are unable to use the Desperate Melee on me, right?"

Supreme Lord Ranell was probing.

He already knew that the Desperate Melee was just an array that would cause all living things bound up to kill each other. This type of array was not rare in the Upper World. Many great races had arrays with similar functions.

For example, if a hundred people entered the Hundred-in-one Array together, only one person would survive. This person could also absorb the energy of other people's flesh and blood to strengthen his or her own body. This was the ogres' array to cultivate their elite warriors. The only one to survive the brutality would be an elite warrior.

The Slaughter Feast Array had the same effect. It was being used by the Upper World's Blood Spirit race.

However, normal arrays had no effect on Supreme Lords or even world lords.

That black and white light band just now was something that not even Supreme Lords could break free from. This was truly unbelievable.

Zen looked at the overbearing Supreme Lord Ranell, a smile on his face.

"Yes, I'm unable to use the Desperate Melee on you alone. But what is the use of you standing here? Are you planning to guard here forever?" he asked.

Supreme Lord Ranell snorted. "There is no need for me to guard this place. A mere Soul Sea Realm warrior like you isn't worth dealing with personally. I will only send a world lord to guard this place. I'm afraid you will never be able to leave this fairy palace for the rest of your life!"

The other Supreme Lords also agreed after hearing Supreme Lord Ranell's words.

Tricking and killing four Supreme Lords was a heinous crime. How could they tolerate Zen after he did such? Of course, they wouldn't let him go that easily.

With how the situation looked like, Zen's only method to deal with them was to use the Desperate Melee. It might be powerful but then it would be utterly useless if there was only one warrior guarding that place. Thus, sending just one person there to guard would mean that Zen couldn't leave the fairy place.

This was probably the Supreme Lords' only method to deal with Zen.

Therefore, Supreme Lord Ranell's suggestion immediately attracted the support of many other Supreme Lords. After a simple discussion, each of the Supreme Lords agreed to dispatch a world lord of their respective races to take turns in guarding the fairy palace.

Among everyone present, the one with the strongest killing intent towards Zen was naturally Elena. She immediately called Tanya and Maddox over. The two Demon Night warriors had been thrown away by Supreme Lord Addison, but they did not leave and instead maintained a relatively far distance from the Supreme Lords as they observed the fairy palace. Hearing the queen's summons, the two of them rushed over as soon as possible.

Both of them were the first ones to see the mini fairy palace. After the two of them forced Zen out of the Reincarnation Plate, he then stepped into the mini fairy palace.

Nonetheless, Tanya and Maddox weren't thinking much about the mini fairy palace at that time. They were under the impression that they could simply destroy the fairy palace after they had destroyed the Reincarnation Plate. Unfortunately, Supreme Lord Addison came and threw them away. They were full of desperation and self-blame back then as they failed to complete the mission assigned by their queen.

As the situation slowly evolved, the two of them realized that the mini fairy palace was not something that they could deal with. Even the Supreme Lords had suffered great loss in dealing with the fairy palace. Four Supreme Lords had already died.

Some Supreme Lords were already leaving when they heard Elena summon them. On the surface, these Supreme Lords said that they would send world lords of their respective races to take turns on watching Zen.

However, their true intentions were obvious.

Sending a world lord to guard this fairy palace was just a small matter. These Supreme Lords already had other motives.

Four Supreme Lords had been killed today. Not long from now, the Crowns of Destiny that disappeared with the four Supreme Lords would appear again. They were sure that the crowns would appear randomly in the corners of the universe.

Zen's mini fairy palace only had one Crown of Destiny, and that Crown of Destiny didn't seem to be of the right origin. After all, it was the 129th Crown of Destiny in the universe. Nonetheless, the deaths of the four Supreme Lords caused four more Crowns of Destiny to be of no owners.

Four Crowns of Destiny were enough to create four new Supreme Lords. It was enough to change the fates of many races.

Having been arranged by Elena to guard this place, Maddox and Tanya also felt reluctance.

Both of them possessed the strength of a grand world lord and their biggest dream was to become a Supreme Lord. For Zen's Crown of Destiny, Elena had placed the two of them here to guard Zen. Naturally, they did not have a share of the four Crowns of Destiny. One had to know that there were still thousands of world lords that wanted to obtain a Crown of Destiny within Demon Night alone. The two of them were the elite warriors among these world lords.

Although they were unwilling, they couldn't defy the imperial order.

Elena left wordlessly after making this arrangement for them. Honestly, she still couldn't accept her defeat.

Lavender just came back to the Upper World and she had made Elena's follower, a Supreme Lord, lose his life. However, Elena hadn't even seen Lavender.

Elena was more than sure that she would face the questioning of the Board of Elders once she returned to the Demon Night's base. The other two Supreme Lords of the Demon Night would also come to her and ask about this thing. The only way left for Elena to take back the losses was to take back a Crown of Destiny. She swore in her mind that she must obtain one of the four Crowns of Destiny.

All of the Supreme Lords left in a few hours.

The Middle Sky Region had once again returned to silence.

For a while, there was only the deafening emptiness radiating across the universe.

It was an indescribable humiliation for any Supreme Lord to return with a defeat in front of a Soul Sea Realm warrior. No one was willing to use the Roaring Tokens at this moment.

Maddox was guarding the grain of sand. He didn't try to attack it. Even a Supreme Lord was unable to break through the fairy palace, and he was also unable to do so.

To be safe, Maddox had even stayed several hundred miles away from Tanya. Otherwise, the light band of the Desperate Melee would lock the two of them, causing one of them to die.

At this moment, a faint luster appeared on the surface of the grain of sand. The originally slowly rotating grain of sand began to rapidly spin, gradually expanding into a palm-sized fairy palace. This mini fairy palace continued expanding.

Maddox stared at the constantly changing fairy palace without even a blink. The tiny thing had expanded all the way until it transformed into its original size.

Both his and Tanya's expressions grew complex. He couldn't help but sigh. There was actually such a precious treasure in this universe.

Whoosh!

After the fairy palace had been restored to its original size, it continued to flee towards the north.

Maddox and Tanya glanced at each other from afar and followed behind the fairy palace. Their goal wasn't to destroy the fairy palace but to keep Zen inside it. Wherever the fairy palace ran, they would follow.

Inside the fairy palace, Zen had already entered a meditative state and began a new round of cultivation.

The power of the fairy palace came from his master, which was also the first owner of the fairy palace. In other words, its power wasn't his.

It was impossible for him to stay in the fairy palace for his entire life.

However, Supreme Lord Ranell's words had brought him some trouble. If they really sent their world lords to take turns to guard outside the fairy palace, it would be equivalent to isolating Zen from the outside world. He wouldn't be able to step out of the fairy palace.

At this moment, Zen couldn't think of a way to solve it. If he were to leave the fairy palace now, he would be killed instantly by the two Demon Night world lords. He could only make the fairy palace move towards the Northern Sky Region.

Another voice suddenly echoed around him just as he entered his meditative state.

Chapter 1501 How To Obtain A Satisfying Heavenly Destiny (Part One)

"Hi guys. I seem to have missed something interesting."

It was the laughter of a young girl.

Zen had heard this voice before. The first time he had used the Roaring Token, this girl had replied to him and sung a beautiful song.

She had then fallen silent for more than a year.

But at this moment, the young girl's voice unexpectedly resounded throughout the universe.

"No big deal. I was just surrounded and attacked by a bunch of Supreme Lords," Zen replied with his Roaring Token.

He was just surrounded and attacked by a bunch of Supreme Lords?

Zen's indifferent tone rendered all the intelligent creatures in the universe speechless

and angered the Supreme Lords who were rushing back to their own races. But what difference did it make? It was impossible to pull Zen out of the fairy palace, and they could do nothing about it.

Zen not only had an indestructible space treasure, he also had a Roaring Token that could be used an unlimited number of times. They were upset enough that they couldn't do anything about Zen, and now he was even bragging about it.

The Supreme Lords felt a grievance they had never felt before.

"Awesome!" the mysterious girl praised.

Zen looked on indifferently as he placed the Roaring Token before him.

He wouldn't respond to the girl if it wasn't absolutely necessary. He had nothing to do with her, and the two of them had only communicated with each other once by using their Roaring Tokens.

But Zen understood that the Roaring Token in the girl's hand could be used an unlimited number of times, just like his own.

Zen's Roaring Token was given to him by his master and was not a product of the current round of heavens. The Roaring Token in his hand and the fairy palace were both products that surpassed the heavens.

Thus, Zen guessed that this girl was not from the universe.

She might also be an existence that surpassed the heavens.

The only reason Zen wanted to communicate with her was to track down Yan.

"You are just being modest. These were a group of Supreme Lords. They are the supreme existences in the universe. Let me see. Hmm... The Heavenly Destiny of Shadows, the Heavenly Destiny of Darkness, the Heavenly Destiny of Strength, and the Heavenly Destiny of Earth. These four are missing. You really are amazing!"

All the Supreme Lords and the world lords were startled at the girl's words.

Her origins had always been a mystery.

She would use the Roaring Token to sing, causing beast attacks.

In any case, many Supreme Lords knew that this girl had an extraordinary background, and that she was a character they couldn't afford to offend. But they just didn't know enough about her. There was no Supreme Lord that would waste Roaring Tokens in meaningless conversations with her. There weren't that many Roaring Tokens in the universe, after all.

The girl had just casually pointed out the four missing Heavenly Destinies. This was truly unbelievable.

Carrying a Heavenly Destiny was in truth carrying a Law of Causality in the universe. A Supreme Lord that carried a Law of Causality was an absolute authority in this domain, and was able to control the ultimate strength of this sort of law.

The Heavenly Destiny of Shadows used to be carried by Supreme Lord Gunter, which was why he had controlled the most powerful Shadow Splitting Technique in the entire universe. Theoretically speaking, he could split his own shadow into countless parts and fill the entire universe.

But while this method could be used to exterminate an entire race or a supreme world, it wasn't too useful in dealing with other Supreme Lords.

After all, no matter how many shadows there were, they were still inferior to Supreme Lord Gunter himself. This didn't mean that Supreme Lord Gunter was weak. It was just that the Heavenly Destiny he had previously carried was rather weak. When the five Supreme Lords had been fighting, Supreme Lord Gunter had created countless shadows. This would help him hide his whereabouts. But the moment these shadows had appeared, they had been drawn into the attacks of the other Supreme Lords and completely annihilated. In the end, Supreme Lord Gunter had been killed.

The Supreme Lord that had carried the Heavenly Destiny of Darkness had mastered the extremes of the Dark Law. The Heavenly Destiny of Strength and the Heavenly Destiny of Earth both had their own miraculous uses, but in the end, they were still the weaker Laws of Causality.

After the four Supreme Lords had been killed, the Heavenly Destinies they had carried would have been removed from the heavens and transformed into four brand-new Crowns of Destiny.

Every time a new Crown of Destiny appeared, there would be a new Heavenly Destiny and a new Law of Causality.

This new Law of Causality could be either a low-rank one or a top-rank one.

If a world lord obtained a top-rank Law of Causality, they could take a leap and become a top-rank Supreme Lord, the strongest in the entire universe. This could change the fate of an entire race.

The Celestial Position race had used this rule to become the top race in the universe.

In the beginning, there were two Supreme Lords in the Celestial Position race. One of them carried the Heavenly Destiny of Rebirth.

The corresponding Law of Causality of the Heavenly Destiny of Rebirth could revive those who had died.

This Law of Causality was not particularly strong and didn't have much of an effect during battles.

But back then, in the Celestial Position race, an extremely powerful world lord had appeared and received the title of the golden Celestial Position from the Talent Tablet. This world lord had been waiting for a long time for the chance to obtain a Crown of Destiny and carry the Heavenly Destiny.

This world lord had waited for close to 200, 000 years when one of the Supreme Lords finally died, and the world lord seized his chance. The members of the Celestial Position had successfully obtained the Crown of Destiny for him. The world lord had successfully carried the Heavenly Destiny, but the result wasn't satisfactory.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1502 How To Obtain A Satisfying Heavenly Destiny (Part Two)

Since he had merely obtained a low-rank Law of Causality, he would only be a low-rank Supreme Lord his entire life.

And because of this, the Celestial Position members killed him.

Following this, the Supreme Lord who carried the Heavenly Destiny of Rebirth resurrected him.

After he died, the heavens shook and the Crown of Destiny dissipated. After being revived, he became a world lord again.

Not long after, the Crown of Destiny appeared again, and was captured yet again by the Celestial Position race. This man carried the Heavenly Destiny again but was still not satisfied as the second Law of Causality he had obtained was still a low-rank one.

The members of the Celestial Position killed him, and the Supreme Lord revived him again. He then carried the Heavenly Destiny again.

The Celestial Position race had made full use of this rule to obtain all sorts of strange Laws of Causality.

For example, he had obtained a Law of Causality that could see through everyone and a Law of Causality that could control the movements of stars. He had once even obtained the Heavenly Destiny of Sound. It was similar to a Roaring Token and could make his voice heard across the whole universe. The Roaring Token was a precious treasure, but if a Supreme Lord's special talent was the same as a Roaring Token, this was not acceptable.

Most Crowns of Destiny wouldn't be of much use to the Celestial Position race.

This had been repeated 13 times, and the Crown of Destiny also dissipated and was reborn 13 times. On the fourteenth time, the Celestial Position race finally obtained a top-rank Law of Causality, which was also the strongest one in the universe. It finally allowed this world lord to become a top-rank Supreme Lord.

He had finally become the leader of the Celestial Position race, and had led the race to this day.

Other powerful races followed suit once the Celestial Position race had used this rule. For example, the ogres, the Demon Night race, and the humans all wanted to use this method to create a top-rank Supreme Lord.

Resurrection of the dead was a very difficult task, but many races could do it, albeit at a high cost. It was just not as easy as it was for the Celestial Position race.

After obtaining a Crown of Destiny, the Thoughtless Minds, a human force, picked out a world lord to carry the Heavenly Destiny and become a Supreme Lord. They weren't satisfied with this Heavenly Destiny, so like the Celestial Position race, they killed the Supreme Lord and planned to revive him. Only then did they find they couldn't revive him.

The ogres and the Demon Night had also done the same experiment. They all came to the same conclusion that once a warrior carried a Heavenly Destiny, he or she couldn't be revived after being killed.

The same method had produced completely different results.

After much deliberation, many Supreme Lords came to the same conclusion. It seemed that after the Celestial Position race had used this rule to cheat, the heavens had changed this rule. This loophole no longer existed.

But this also illustrated a problem. The round of heavens had its own thoughts, and it seemed to be constantly repairing itself.

Or it could be said that someone was managing the heavens. When this person discovered this loophole, he or she changed the rule to prevent these Supreme Lords from using such a method to obtain top-rank Laws of Causality.

Who was this person? Where was this person?

This had always been a mystery.

But this mysterious girl was able to know every single one of the Heavenly Destinies like the back of her hand.

Was she the manager of the heavens?

Judging from the fact that her singing could cause massive beast attacks to erupt in a hundred thousand supreme worlds, combined with her infinite usage of the Roaring Token, many Supreme Lords unanimously came up with this answer.

Zen didn't know the story, so Lavender told him about it. Then he understood it in an instant.

If this mysterious girl was the manager of the heavens, he would ask her Yan's whereabouts. However, before he could say anything, the other Supreme Lords burst out, unable to restrain themselves.

"Young lady, you did not come personally. How do you know which Supreme Lords died and which Heavenly Destinies vanished?" a Supreme Lord asked, using the Roaring Token.

The girl giggled. "Do you want to know the answer?"

"Yes," the Supreme Lord said.

"But I won't tell you," she replied. "You bunch of old guys won't beg that of me, right?"

At her words, the Supreme Lords scattered throughout the 100, 000 supreme words fumed in sullen anger. But none of them scolded her, since they knew that they could afford to offend neither Zen nor her. They could only swallow the humiliation and say nothing in return.

"Ha-ha!" Zen laughed at the girl's answer.

"What are you laughing at?" The girl turned her attention to Zen.

Zen smiled and said, "Nothing. Hey, can you do me a favor?"

What Zen had never expected was the girl to take the lead before he could say anything. "Looking for Yan Luo, right?" she said.

Zen's heart sped up at the indication that she knew something.

"Yes, I am looking for a woman called Yan Luo. Do you know where she is?" Although his voice was calm, truth was that he was extremely excited, and it was hard to conceal his excitement.

But the girl's next sentence filled Zen with disappointment.

"I don't know. It's just that you said that you were looking for her the last time," she said, seeming to sense Zen's mood.

At this, not only were the Supreme Lords infuriated, even Zen wanted to scold her.

Lavender snorted. She looked up at the sky and said, "Ignore her. She's just another stupid woman!"

Zen shrugged and prepared to put away the Roaring Token. But the mysterious girl said something that stopped him short. "I can ask around for you. But I have a condition."

Chapter 1503 Tell A Story (Part One)

'Seriously? Ask around? A condition?'

Zen was about to put away the Roaring Token when he heard the girl's words. A glimmer of hope then appeared in his eyes and his whole body turned frigid without warning.

He ended up grabbing the Roaring Token and activated it!

"So, you're going to lend me a hand?" Zen asked, feeling a bit enthusiastic.

"Yes, but the best I can do is to ask around for you. There's no telling whether I'll actually be able to find Yan or not," the peculiar girl replied.

"You mentioned something about having one condition. What is the condition?" Zen asked again, with his stomach about to be tied into knots.

Right now, lots of things were running through his head as he tried to weigh things out. What kind of demands could this mysterious girl ask for?

He would do what he could. The thing was, at the moment, he couldn't really leave this fairy palace. If this mysterious girl would require him to take care of a few things, he might end up failing to complete his mission, which could be quite problematic for him. But he would try to come up with something. This was about Yan. There was no way he would give up that easily.

After a period of silence, the mysterious girl let out a soft chuckle, "There is only one condition. I want you to tell me a story. I'll die of boredom staying here!"

Plop!

The second he heard her request, Zen quickly planted his forehead into the ground.

Slowly lifting his head up from the floor, he was at sixes and sevens whether he should laugh or cry.

With another shrug of her shoulders, Lavender flatly remarked, "As I've said before, this woman is stupid."

But it wasn't just Zen who had no idea if he should laugh or cry. Apart from him, there were also over a hundred Supreme Lords, several hundred thousand world lords, and the trillions of living and breathing beings within this universe.

"A little storytelling with the Roaring Token. Could there possibly be anything more luxurious than that in the entire universe?"

"Zen may be the only person who can pull that off. As a rule of thumb, a Supreme Lord would usually have just a little over a hundred Roaring Tokens. Without a shadow of doubt, they would have probably used up all of their Roaring Tokens already before they could wrap up a single story."

"That should go without question. She happens to find the perfect person to do something like that. Still though, how bored could this woman really be for her to come up with such a request?"

Both large and small races alike had been taken by surprise by this woman's bizarre request!

Little did Zen know that this mysterious girl was just genuinely getting bored to death from staying in this universe.

Massaging his forehead, Zen stopped for a second and took a deep breath. This request might have really been so preposterous beyond belief, but he still managed to pull through in the end.

Setting aside the identity of this woman, given the fact that she would ask around for Yan's current whereabouts, he was willing to throw caution to the wind and do whatever she said, let alone tell her a story.

To other people, this might seem like such a challenging request to fulfill. All things considered, Roaring Tokens were as rare as hen's teeth. But that was not the case for Zen, however.

No matter what, this story needed to be told.

Lightly breathing in, he paused for a while to prepare himself.

Zen had started reading at such a young age. And as a matter of fact, he had actually read a substantial amount of good books such as "The Seven Heroes and Five Gallants" and "The Legend of Ghosts and Demons." And in spite of the fact that it had been such a long time since he read those books, he still remembered how the story went a little bit.

Just as he was about to start, his eyebrows became deeply knit. Even though he still had the gist of how the story should go, he would still have a bit of a hard time recounting the tale from the very beginning. Because after all, he had ventured into the road of martial arts at such a young age. And as soon as that happened, he just didn't have the time to read these works of fiction anymore.

'Wait a second!'

Zen's face seemed to have lightened up.

He might not be able to depend on his memories, but he remembered that he still possessed the memories of the great world.

That orb of memories consisted of all the memories of the entire great world. Using these memories, he would be able to easily search for some good stories.

As soon as this thought popped up in his mind, memories of these stories began surging toward him like a tidal wave. With the size of the great world he had come from, it was a given that there were a great many stories which even Zen had never read or heard of.

It shouldn't come as a surprise that the story that was being passed on the most from generation to generation in the great world he was from was also the most well-known.

The story was entitled "The Heroic Wife." He ultimately decided to pick that one.

Upon activating the Roaring Token, Zen stated, "If you can really help me find a way to get to Yan, then I'd gladly tell you a great story!"

"Of course," the mysterious girl softly responded.

"A long time ago, there was a mountain known by all as the Mountain of Lady Yue. At the very foot of the mountain..."

This story "The Heroic Wife" in particular took place around a millennia ago. It had been widely spread all throughout the four divine kingdoms. Zen had never actually read it before in his life, and now, he was reading it word for word as he perceived in from the memories in his head. His faint voice could be heard resounding in every part of the vast universe.

Chapter 1504 Tell A Story (Part Two)

Even though he was giving an account of this story directly to the mysterious girl, the living beings in the universe had no way to steer clear of the sound of the Roaring Token. For that reason, trillions of lives were forced to listen in on his story.

It was the first time that a man was heard telling a story to all living beings in the universe.

Zen read it aloud part by part based from his memory. In dribs and drabs, his attention became riveted on the story.

In all sincerity, this story was indeed truly captivating.

It was about the tale of a woman from the State of Yue whose husband had been falsely incriminated by a traitor. Because of that, she made an oath to make the culprit pay at all costs. The chain of events kept a lot of the listeners on the edge of their seat.

Zen had been at it for two hours already without stopping, yet he had barely even covered half of the overall story.

"The woman's sword attack brought about a series of events..."

At this point in the story, it had come to its most crucial juncture.

Every creature that could breathe in the universe were idly listening to Zen's supposedly gripping story. But because of the varying cultures and languages all over the universe, there were bound to be a few of those who might not have the faintest idea what he was blabbering about.

Be that as it might, a great deal of creatures had been listening to it attentively. And it wasn't just the ordinary mortals, but even Soul Sea Realm warriors, world lords, and even a number of Supreme Lords who had been pricking their ears, tuning in to Zen's story.

When he finally stopped talking, the entire universe felt as though it had reached a moment of tranquility.

One thing he had no way of knowing was that the moment he stopped, numerous creatures of the supreme worlds started uttering profanities left and right!

"Fucking hell! That bonehead stopped right in the middle of the story. You've gotta be kidding me!"

"Either you never bothered starting it, or you continue it till the end! What the hell is this?"

"I don't have any Roaring Tokens, but if I did, I would certainly call this guy some bad names!"

"It's just a false pretense of an otherwise legendary story. Is there a real need for you to get so worked up about it?"

The reason why Zen had stopped all of a sudden wasn't really because he could not continue anymore. It just so happened that Freya had left the library and was heading towards him to get some advice on a few things regarding cultivation.

Thank heavens, the mysterious girl was surprisingly very patient and didn't put the screws on him.

However, after a while, another voice from the universe resounded out of the blue. "What happened next? Tell me, what happened to the woman's sword?"

This voice belonged to a Supreme Lord.

They had barely heard about half of the story. Even so, this Supreme Lord became so engrossed in it that he resorted to using the Roaring Token just to ask Zen.

Any way you looked at it, a Supreme Lord was originally a mortal. They had not yet reached the True God level. Despite their mental states being much stronger as opposed to that of a normal martial artist's, the twists and turns of this story still somehow managed to tug at their heartstrings.

The minute he heard this Supreme Lord's query, Zen was left utterly dumbfounded. Only then did he finally realize that apart from the mysterious girl, there were countless others who had been listening to his story. As a smile crept onto his face, Zen simply replied, "Just wait a moment, I'll continue the story later."

"Can't you do it sooner? Don't just stop at such a crucial part! You're leaving me hanging!" One more Supreme Lord used the Roaring Token to urge him to continue telling the story without delay.

"Why are you dawdling?" The voices of several Supreme Lords echoed all over the universe. They actually ended up taking turns trying to urge him to continue.

"Why are you pressing him? I'm the only one Zen's supposed to be telling the story to. As far as I'm concerned, he's free to continue any time he wants. Why are you kicking up a stink?" The mysterious girl, on the other hand, sounded off on Zen's behalf.

In truth, Zen couldn't care less about these Supreme Lords urging him to go on. He leisurely talked with Freya about a few things. And after about an hour, he raised the Roaring Token once again.

"Now I'm ready to continue where we left off. After that unforeseeable event which had befallen her husband, she didn't give a damn about her own life anymore..."

The rest of the story was narrated for six hours straight. When it finally got to the exceedingly tragic but beautiful scene, even Zen himself couldn't help but feel touched deep inside. It was quite possible that the cultivation base and strength of the martial artists of the great world weren't strong enough, but whoever it was who managed to put out such a compelling story without a doubt possessed great talent.

By the time the story finally reached its conclusion, the mysterious girl could clearly be heard weeping. As it turned out, she was actually moved by the final plot of the story. And it should go without saying that she wasn't the only one who felt that way. Truth be told, a lot of creatures who had been paying close attention to the story felt so touched as well, but it was just that they didn't have a Roaring Token to cry their hearts out.

Chapter 1505 Embark On True Path Once Again

The audience in the universe reflected on the story that Zen told them.

Of course, not all living creatures liked to listen to such things.

Many martial artists needed to cultivate in seclusion and not be disturbed at all. Once they had cultivated to a critical point, a single disturbance could cause their cultivation to go berserk.

The sound of the Roaring Token was unstoppable in the entire universe. Whether it was deep underground or far into the sky, it could be heard without any obstructions. There was no way to resist it.

The Supreme Lords had only a few Roaring Tokens. Normally, only one of them would be used in a day. Sometimes, they did not use it even once in fifteen days. Even so, once it rang out, it was not a small risk to the martial artists undergoing a tribulation or breaking through their bottlenecks, for it could possibly jeopardize their tasks.

But now, Zen had used the Roaring Token to tell a story, and he narrated it for several hours.

It was torture enough for these martial artists.

Some practitioners had even given up on their training. They became resentful of Zen.

However, the lifetime worth of these martial artists might not be enough to purchase a Roaring Token. Even if they were angry, Zen would not be able to hear them.

Not long after he finished telling his story, Zen heard a series of clanging sounds behind him. He turned to see Livingston rushing toward him speedily. In the blink of an eye, Livingston used his hands to grab onto Zen's arms and said in an excited tone, "Z-Zen..."

"What is it?" A strange expression appeared on Zen's face.

"I...I..." Livingston continued to gesticulate frantically, unable to speak clearly. After a long while, he finally said, "Can you open that weapon refining workshop? Immortal Book said that you could do it!"

To open the workshop, Zen had to embark on the True Path once again. He could obtain a token immediately after passing a stage of the True Path.

Zen's current cultivation and strength had improved by quite a bit. He was confident that he would be able to take another step forward in the True Path. Perhaps, he might even be able to take two steps forward.

However, the tokens he obtained from roaming about the True Path would be randomly distributed. In addition to the token required to open the weapon refining workshop, there were also tokens for the pill refining workshop, as well as the training tower. Zen could not guarantee for certain that he would get his hands on the one required for the weapon refining workshop.

Therefore, he smiled faintly and said, "This time, as I've returned to the fairy palace, I will certainly try to overcome the True Path once again. However, I can't guarantee you that I'll be able to open the weapon refining workshop."

Clang! After hearing Zen's answer, Livingston fell to the ground. Although one could not see any expressions on his face, one could tell from his action that he had fallen into depression.

"What's wrong? Have you learnt a lot in the library?" Zen asked.

Hearing Zen's question, Livingston got up abruptly and said enthusiastically, "Yes, quite a lot! Oh my Lord…"

His excitement was beyond words. As a weapon refiner of the last grand era, he was naturally a very conceited person, even to the point of madness.

When he had first flipped through the books on weapon refining, he had been full of disapproval. The fairy palace was a magical place, but in Livingston's eyes, its owner was wasting a lot of resources in decorating the walls and the floors. The wastefulness of it all was outrageous.

However, once he started reading through the books in detail, he was immediately immersed and unable to extricate himself from it.

Livingston was a very intelligent person as well. With respect to weapon refining, he had put forward many bold ideas. But just because he had put them forward did not mean that he could realize them.

As he skimmed through the pages, he realized that many of his ideas already existed. Not only had the ancestors completed his ideas, but they had also improved on them.

After all, these ancient books and legacies came from beyond the universe; from above the heavens.

Once Livingston had finished reading, he felt almost dizzy. The shock in his heart had almost caused him to be unable to stand steadily.

It was also because of this that his interest in the weapon refining workshop had grown even more. However, he was unable to enter the workshop and could do nothing about it.

Just at that moment, Immortal Book had reminded Livingston that Zen could open the weapon refining workshop. Upon hearing this, he naturally became ecstatic and ran over, begging Zen to open the workshop by any means, no matter what.

Zen did not reject his plea. Back then, he had in fact brought Livingston into the fairy palace in order to put him in charge of the weapon refining workshop.

Zen had already passed two stages of the True Path and had broken through to the Soul Sea Realm. It was time to enter again. It was just that he could not guarantee what kind of token he would get.

After making some preparations, Saul led the way for them. Zen, Freya, and Livingston followed closely behind. Naturally, Lavender floated by Zen's side as they passed through the great halls of the fairy palace and headed straight for the True Path.

Previously, Zen had embarked on the True Path in the Lower World. At that time, he had relied on "power transfer" to transmit the power of his opponent to any corner of the great world.

It was also because of this ability that he had been able to pass the first two stages of the True Path in one go.

As of now, Zen had already ascended to the Upper World. His connection with the great world was already weak. Now, he could only rely on himself.

However, his strength was no longer what it used to be. After his cultivation improved, his strength had also greatly increased. Facing the vast fog, he did not hesitate to step into the True Path.

Zen already had four tokens in his possession. They were the wind token for entering the fairy palace, the thunder token to open the True Path, the mountain token to bring the fairy palace along, and the water token to access the library.

Since these were tokens corresponding to the Eight Diagrams, there should still be four more tokens in True Path, namely the fire token for opening the weapon refining workshop, the valley token for opening the pill refining workshop, the earth token for opening the training tower, as well as the heaven token.

Which token he obtained was a matter of pure luck. Saul had once said that there was a probability of obtaining a token he already possessed, something that would be unfortunate.

Huff, huff...

As Zen slowly moved forward, the surrounding scenery gradually changed. The Dark and Light energies once again appeared and entangled with each other, forming numerous human figures.

The Sacred race was a race with golden bloodlines, just like the Celestial Position.

Zen was still unclear as to the relationship between the two, but the Sacred race was indeed a perfect race.

These figures materialized one by one into Sacred martial artists and charged straight toward Zen.

Whoosh!

Zen held the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand, his eyes flashing with a dazzling light. The chaotic sea in his body surged along waves, while the power in his body began to rush forward like the tides.

During the times he had been chased, he had relied on the Reincarnation Plate, Lavender, and the fairy palace.

As for Zen himself, he had not contributed too much. His cultivation was still too low, so he needed to train more.

"Kill!"

As he slowly brandished his sword, dozens of Nether God Shadows escaped from it. They went in different directions to encounter the Sacred martial artists.

Pfft, pfft, pfft...

As the Nether God Shadows closed in on the Sacred martial artists, they easily tore their opponents to shreds, quickly turning them into Dark and Light energies.

Zen was aware that it would not be difficult for him at the beginning of the third stage of the True Path.

Just the Nether God Shadows themselves were enough to tear apart the Sacred martial artists. He maintained his speed and continued forward.

However, after about five minutes, the strength of the Sacred martial practitioners formed by the Dark and Light energies seemed to increase. Almost all of the martial artists who appeared before him were at the late stage of the Soul Sea Realm.

"Elites from Sacred race?" Zen's gaze darkened as he stared at them.

These warriors from Sacred race were clad in golden armors, with exquisite patterns carved onto them. They held all kinds of divine weapons in their hands. It was obvious that they were unlike the Sacred warriors whom he had encountered before.

The punches of the Nether God Shadows were far less effective than those of the elites. The elites easily cleaved the Nether God Shadows into pieces and then circled round Zen.

Facing the first Sacred elite, who rushed at him, Zen wielded the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand.

Clang!

A crisp sound rang out. Zen's face revealed some surprise. His sword attack had been blocked by a Sacred elite, who was using a halberd!

Zen snorted dismissively and turned his sword in a soft motion. His weapon flashed like lightning as it went around the elite's neck. When a spurt of golden blood squirted out, Zen's figure was already a thousand feet away.

Chapter 1506 Gus

Zen's silhouette flew through the air, his sword light like wheels of light.

Although these Sacred elite warriors had their own consciousness and techniques, Zen was able to easily kill them without much effort.

Within five minutes, he had travelled nearly half the distance on the True Path.

Freya, Livingston, Lavender, and Saul stood at the starting point of the True Path in silence as they watched Zen fight.

"Zen's cultivation speed is not slow. Two years ago, he was only at the first grade of Life and Death Realm," Saul commented. In truth, Zen had not relied on his own strength to pass the second stage of the True Path two years ago.

Freya glanced at Saul furtively. In two years, Zen had crossed a great realm! Yet Saul's only conclusion was that Zen's cultivation speed was not slow. In her eyes, his cultivation speed was pretty unbelievable. Back then, she had expended a country's resources in order to break through that realm.

Lavender nodded in approval. "It is indeed not slow, but it is still not enough. Isn't the Illusion Battlefield about to open? Before Zen enters the battlefield, his strength will need to increase even more!"

As for Livingston, he stood frozen as he watched Zen. He did not care whether or not Zen had improved or how much he must improve further. He only cared for the weapon refining workshop in the fairy palace.

In just a few moments, each of the Sacred elite warriors had been eliminated by Zen.

Strangely, the Dark and Light energies on the True Path did not condense again. Zen was the only one running on the path.

"How is the third stage so easy to pass?" A look of doubt passed Zen's face.

Zen naturally would not miss the chance to pass through the True Path. Since there was no resistance, his speed increased a bit.

However, the situation did not last for long. After a while, the Dark and Light energies slowly began to circulate and gather once again. This time, they gathered at a single point. Ever so slowly, they morphed into a person.

"Who is it? Who's there?" A grave look marred Zen's features as he took in the human figure. There was no way that such a flaw would appear on the True Path. This person must indeed be strong.

Not long after, the human form became more and more distinct. It was a young man dressed in cotton clothes. His hands and feet were bare, and he did not hold any weapons in his hands.

"A warrior at the early stage of Soul Sea Realm?"

Zen was puzzled as he sized up his opponent. The cultivation level of this young man was almost the same as his. Previously, the elite warriors from the Sacred race he had encountered had all been at the Soul Sea Realm. Some of them had even been at the later stage of the Soul Sea Realm. But now, a warrior at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm had materialized before him. This left Zen rather confused.

As the young man's figure was outlined and became more visible, his face revealed a strange smile. The next instant, he began to run ahead with all his might.

Whoosh!

He ran on the side of the True Path, sprinting forward as he closed in on Zen. He was, in fact, quicker than Zen.

"So fast?" Zen was slightly shocked, but the power of his grip on the Thunder Wind Divine Sword only increased. When the young man got near enough, Zen would waste no time in killing him.

A hundred feet...

Fifty feet...

Thirty feet...

"Nether God Shadows!"

When the young man was less than thirty feet away, Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword vibrated lightly and seven Nether God Shadows leaped out. They shot toward the young man swiftly.

"Ha-ha!"

A soft laugh escaped the young man's lips. He suddenly jumped up and turned his body.

For some unknown reason, Zen felt his vision blur as the man easily avoided the seven Nether God Shadows.

"What is this movement technique? It is so odd!" A light passed through Zen's eyes as the Thunder Wind Divine Sword slashed down at the young man's head.

At this moment, the young man uttered, "Wait! No hurry."

As he said this, he stretched his fingers and lightly flicked Zen's sword.

Buzz…

With such a light flick, his strength should not have been great. However, the sword in Zen's hand began to vibrate heavily, almost making him unable to maintain his grip.

As the power of the dragon scales surged through him, Zen forcefully suppressed the vibrations of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. He took a few steps back and pointed the tip of the sword downward. A vigilant expression came over Zen's features.

When the young man saw Zen's reaction and his suppression of the vibrations of the sword, he was a bit surprised. A smile appeared on his face as he said to Zen, "Are you the new owner of the fairy palace?"

Zen did not answer his question, but asked instead, "Who are you?" The man before him had also materialized from the Dark and Light energies. However, he seemed to be more special. Not only was his strength extraordinary, but he seemed eager to talk to Zen.

"Me? Ha!" The young man laughed.

However, at this time, Saul cut in, "Gus, he is Zen, your junior fellow disciple."

Hearing Saul's words, Zen was utterly shocked. 'So Master has taken in more than just one disciple. This man in front of me is also his disciple. He is my senior fellow disciple?'

The smile that the man named Gus sported only grew wider. He looked at Zen more closely. "Back then I left this soul fragment here. Now it seems I had made the right move. I didn't expect Master to end up taking in another disciple!"

As Gus spoke, he seemed to realize something. "Wait!" he said suddenly. "If Master was willing to accept you as a disciple, does that mean you have cultivated the Primal Chaos Technique?" He looked Zen up and down with disbelief in his eyes.

For countless years, the master of the fairy palace had only accepted two disciples. He had divided the cultivation methods of his lifetime into two sections and passed on to each of the two disciples a section. Gus was Zen's second senior fellow disciple.

Gus remembered that his master had once said that he would not take in a disciple again, unless the person's physique was suitable to practice the Primal Chaos Technique. His master always kept his word. Since Zen had become Gus' master's third disciple, he must have mastered the Primal Chaos Technique.

Zen stared at Gus, deep in thought. His expression was indifferent, but in his heart, he weighed the strength of the man before him.

With Zen's current strength, it would be difficult for him to find a suitable opponent at the Soul Sea Realm. However, this man made him feel a faint sense of danger.

"Answer me, Zen! Have you truly cultivated the Primal Chaos Technique?" A smirk still adorned Gus' lips as his gaze almost pierced through Zen.

"I have no need to tell you that," Zen said indifferently.

Gus crossed his arms over his chest, seemingly amused. He chuckled as he ambled toward Zen. "Interesting. You seem to be very arrogant. My body might only have been formed through the Dark and Light energies, and I might only be at the Soul Sea Realm, but I think you will find yourself unable to pass through me. If you show me some respect and just answer my question, I will let you pass unharmed."

As he spoke, he got closer and closer, now only a few feet away from Zen.

"That sounds like a good idea." Zen smiled. "But I don't want to do that."

As he spoke, Zen's sword light flashed, a chilling blue light leaking from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, straight toward Gus' head.

Whoosh!

Ding!

Gus' feet were as if nailed to the ground, and his body did not move at all. Instead, he leaned to the side. He tapped at the Thunder Wind Divine Sword slightly, and it began to violently tremble once again and left Zen's hand.

Zen seemed to have expected this move. He did not pursue his sword. Instead, with the power of over ten thousand dragon scales that had poured themselves into his two fists, he threw two punches at Gus with all his might.

"Hey now, Zen. Get this right. I am from the Sacred race. The difference in power between you and me is—"

Bam!

Gus did not take Zen's attack seriously. He chuckled, about to be at the receiving end of both of Zen's fists. He merely swung one hand out.

It was not that Gus looked down upon Zen. The Sacred race had originally been a perfect race. It was the origin of all primates. Humans had been born out of the Sacred race and had inherited some of their strength.

However, Gus did not expect the formidable power stored in Zen's fists. After all, Zen was only at the Soul Sea Realm. Before Gus knew it, he was sent flying backward by Zen's fists. He didn't drop to the ground until he had flown thousands of feet in the air.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1507 Gods-intimidating Strike

Puff!

A mouthful of golden blood sprayed forth from Gus' mouth.

The Dark and Light energies were very special, and the life form which they created was no different from a real one.

Gus extended his hand to wipe away the golden blood from the corner of his mouth. A peculiar light flashed through his eyes as he looked at Zen with new respect.

"Master always has sharp instincts. You are a talented warrior," Gus commended him. He stood up, regaining his feet and checked his own status. "However, to be able to be accepted by Master as a disciple, one has to be one in a million. Our eldest fellow disciple is a super talent too. But Zen, I don't think that you can possibly defeat me. I will give you one more chance. Give me a salute, and—"

Before he could finish speaking, Zen had already turned around. He controlled his sword which was not in his hand with his mind and made it fly towards Gus. Meanwhile, he himself was flying towards the finishing point of the True Path. He was too bored by this senseless prattle to listen to this fellow.

Seeing Zen's flying figure, Gus gnashed his teeth and chased after him in hot pursuit.

Ever since he had become a disciple of his master, Gus had been constantly bullied by his eldest fellow disciple.

Back then, his master had been in his prime years and had wanted to find a successor for his two outstanding cultivation methods.

His master's first disciple had joined their sect only a few hundred years before Gus did. And because of the gap of a few hundred years, Gus had been bullied by him for countless more years, and he still hadn't been able to turn the tables, even now.

If this went on, the possibility of him repaying the insults and tortures of the past, would be very small in the future indeed.

Now that he had finally found a junior fellow disciple, how could he let him go?

If his original body came into being, he would naturally then be bullying the weak. With Gus' true strength, a single glance would have been enough to instantly kill Zen.

However, this body formed by the Dark and Light energies had the same level of cultivation as Zen. This leveled the playing field.

"Don't run! Zen!" Gus suddenly leapt into the air and his strange figure flashed into succession as he easily overtook Zen and appeared in front of him.

"Get out of the way!"

Zen similarly jumped up and circled around him. His sword also arrived at his side. Then, he grabbed onto it and suddenly thrust it at Gus.

Zen's strength exploded out completely in the tremendous strike that followed.

He was in a different situation than Gus. His only goal was to pass through the True Path. If Gus wanted to provoke him, then Zen would kill him without hesitation.

Gus looked at Zen's sword and a calm smile spread over his face. Although he was only at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm and was about the same level as Zen, the difference in experience between the two was far greater.

"This strike is not bad! Master doesn't use a sword, so you must have figured it out by yourself, right? Under this round of heavens, you're also considered one of the top talents."

Seeing the sword slashing down directly at his head, Gus still did not dodge. Instead, both of his hands only moved slightly. This was the most commonly seen martial arts move. He faced the blade with empty hands.

Ordinary warriors would be able to use this move if they were confident. But, in order to use this move, they had to know their own strength and grasp the exact direction of the sword. Gus also had to be extremely precise if he hoped to win. There could be no failure with this move, for failure meant death. If there was even the slightest unaccounted variable, his hands would be crippled.

Moreover, Zen was already a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm and Gus had already witnessed the terrifying strength that Zen had unleashed, but he still dared to fight empty-handed against Zen's sword! He was clearly supremely confident in his own strength.

The blade of the five-foot-long sword pierced through Gus' palms with tremendous force. The sword stabbed straight into his palms, but its speed instantly slowed.

One inch, five inches, nine inches, twelve inches…

As the sword stabbed twelve inches into Gus' palms, it was forcibly caught within. As for the sword's tip, it finally stopped right in front of his chest with the tip gently pressing against the bare skin.

Gus smiled. "With your cultivation at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm, the power you can unleash is comparable to a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior. You are considered outstanding, but still far from enough in my eyes!"

Zen's gaze froze slightly. Aside from the Supreme Lords, the world lords and the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, Gus was indeed the strongest opponent he had ever met amongst his peers.

In the Humanity Alliance, besides those Supreme Lord descendants, Layla had been considered his strongest opponent. However, Zen was still able to leave her far behind with his power and skills. That being said, Gus' current cultivation was also at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm, but he could snatch away Zen's sword with his bare hands.

But the fight was unfair. Gus' true strength was hard to imagine. Even the Supreme Lords in the universe would not be able to compare to him. When he fought against Zen, he had suppressed his strength to the same level as Zen's. But whether it was combat experience, or the difference in their understanding of raw strength and laws, Zen was left feeling much inferior to Gus.

"Cut the crap!"

Zen suddenly drew his sword, and with a resounding slash, he stabbed it vehemently towards Gus.

Gus chuckled as he followed suit and seized the blade with his bare hands again. He gripped Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword with both hands, and with a light rub between his left and right palms, the hilt suddenly spun rapidly from Zen's hands.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Gus approached Zen and his shoulder suddenly collided with him.

Bam!

The collision had unexpectedly sent Zen flying, while Gus also took a few steps back. An astonished expression once again appeared on Gus' face. "What a tough body!" Gus pinched his shoulder and let out a hissing sound. Then, with a light pinch, a crisp cracking sound was heard. The broken bone had been instantly reattached; such was Gus' power.

Then, he threw the sword to stab into the ground in front of Zen, causing the blade to wiggle endlessly. At the same time, he laughed and said, "What the hell is with your body? How could it be so strong?"

However, Zen couldn't be bothered to talk to him.

Zen had never suffered loss in a physical confrontation before, but he had just been sent flying by this warrior in their collision.

The Sacred race warriors were indeed strong. 'I had originally thought that no one in the same realm could defeat me. However, Gus' cultivation is only at the Soul Sea Realm, yet he's actually able to suppress me in the aspect that I'm most adept at, ' Zen thought.

Gus came to the same conclusion in his heart. The disciples that his master had accepted were indeed all extraordinary warriors.

Zen didn't know, of course, that Gus had long since surpassed the heavens. He was a heaven-shaking figure and even beyond the heavens. Although he was impressed, he would not accept his fate. There was no such word in Zen's head as surrender.

With a flip of his body, he pulled out his Thunder Wind Divine Sword and once again charged towards Gus.

Bam!

The same move, the same method, the same result!

Zen fell to the ground once again, and the Thunder Wind Divine Sword again ended up quivering in the ground next to him.

After Zen got up, Gus smiled and said, "Zen, you should accept your fate. You aren't even 30 years old, while I have lived for several grand eras. If I really was to be defeated by you, then I would truly be an idiot. No! Even an idiot who has lived for several grand eras would be somebody..."

He stopped midsentence.

At this moment, Zen's gaze suddenly turned incomparably cold. A faint sword intent was now attached to the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

The Gods-intimidating Strike was extremely powerful. When it was used by a Supreme Lord, it could even injure a True God.

However, this was not the most terrifying part of the Gods-intimidating Strike. In the history of the universe, countless talents had created many miraculous martial skills, some of which were extremely terrifying. Combined with the Laws of Causality of some Supreme Lords, they might not be weaker than the Gods-intimidating Strike.

However, either the cost to use these heaven-defying martial skills was enormous, or the time needed to prepare was extremely long. Either way, it was not a swift battle tactic.

When warriors fought each other, the long period of preparation for a martial skill was also a major flaw. It could not be used to fend off an immediate attack.

However, the Gods-intimidating Strike was very special. It did not even require a brewing process, and it could be performed at will. That alone made it intimidating to not just the gods.

When Zen entered the state of abandoning all of his emotions, his sword was suddenly thrust out.

"Do you still dare to take it head on?"

After he finished speaking, Zen's sword had already arrived in front of Gus.

Gus had already seen that Zen's sword attack this time was extraordinary, but how could he willingly show his fear? He continued to extend his hands, intending to receive Zen's sword blow with the same force as before.

The sword blade was again received by Gus.

But at the same time that he caught Zen's sword, the powerful sword intent left the blade and continued to charge straight at him.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

This sword strike could cut through the heavens, destroy tens of thousands of laws, and even exterminate a True God. It was unstoppable.

It was true that Zen had displayed such terrifying power, as he had already comprehended 99% of this sword technique. How many people at the same level could contend against him?

Chapter 1508 Emotion Closing Godly Way

At this moment, the power contained within the sword intent caused Gus' expression to change drastically. Stunned, he cried out inwardly.

Almost in an instant, he let go of the sword in his hand and leaned backward, trying to avoid the daunting sword intent.

But when Zen truly launched the power of the 'Gods-intimidating Strike', even Zen himself would not be able to control the strong power it contained.

The piercing sword intent went straight for Gus and impaled his chest. It pierced through his chest, as if it had not encountered any physical resistance whatsoever. The sword intent escaped out of his back. Golden blood blossomed into golden flowers, morphing into the Dark and Light energies that gradually dissipated.

"You should have done that a long time ago!" In the distance, Freya stared at this scene in front of her. The corner of her mouth slightly curled up and she let out a long sigh of relief.

Regardless of the level of Zen's true strength, in Freya's heart, he was already invincible.

Aside from the fact that Zen was unable to fight world lords and Supreme Lords, when had he ever suffered a loss while facing a Soul Sea Realm or Spirit Supreme Realm warrior?

Freya's insight was naturally inferior to that of Lavender. It was even inferior to Livingston's. Livingston was indeed immersed in the path of weapon refining, but he had also been a powerful world lord back then.

When Livingston and Lavender had seen Gus materialize, they realized that he exuded profound strength. Although he had only been at the Soul Sea Realm, they felt that Zen was in trouble.

But how could Freya feel that?

She only saw that the young man was unarmed, yet he had snatched away Zen's sword two or three times in succession. Zen, meanwhile, had almost no strength to fight back!

When she saw Zen continuously suffer setbacks, she had been incredibly nervous. She also hated Gus. He had known Zen was his junior fellow disciple, yet he attacked ruthlessly. Clearly, Gus was not a very righteous person.

However, it was not long before she saw Zen unleash the astonishing sword attack, injuring Gus. Her heartbeat finally returned to normal.

The smile on Gus' face had frozen.

Even though he was only at the Soul Sea Realm, his eyes were sharp.

When Zen unleashed his sword intent, Gus realized that it was passed down in the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

The specialty of the Emotion Closing Godly Way was decisive killing. The instant one executed a sword move, one could completely close off all his or her emotions.

However, one usually had access to the edge of the Emotion Closing Godly Way only after becoming a world lord. Even a Supreme Lord would not be able to display the full extent of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, but the aura contained within Zen's sword strike seemed to have reflected that.

'Is this boy truly only at the Soul Sea Realm?'

Gus suspected that Zen was a True God, reincarnated with the latter's memories and insights.

Zen's eyes turned cold once again after the attack. No warmth seemed to exude from his body. At the same time, a wisp of sword intent constantly pulsated on the edge of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, emitting a faint blue light.

He did not give Gus the chance to recover. The Gods-intimidating Strike contained a majestic aura, and it was already shooting at Gus.

"Stop! Calm down. We can talk about this..."

Gus vigorously tapped the ground with his hand. His body flashed. The outline of his figure turned erratic right in front of Zen's eyes. Zen could not see him clearly anymore.

Gus displayed his strange escaping technique in an attempt to dodge Zen's slash.

A few drops of golden blood fell to the floor.

In the next moment, Gus appeared beside Zen with a wry smile on his face. "We can talk about this without fighting..." Even before he finished speaking, Gus's expression changed once again.

Zen let out a short huff. His eyes still flickered with a cold light as the Thunder Wind Divine Sword slashed a circular sword light in the air. It was the Gods-intimidating Strike. It was still incomparably fast and still possessed a terrifying might.

Gus' movements were still strange as he tried to deploy his technique. He barely managed to dodge the attack.

The Gods-intimidating Strike could be called one of the most powerful sword skills in the universe. Whether it was speed or power, it reached the pinnacle of swordsmanship in both aspects.

If Gus himself had personally come and stood there while Zen slashed tens of thousands of times with his sword, he would not have lost anything. However, the Gus before him was only at the Soul Sea Realm. Dodging Zen's attack was quite an arduous task.

Puff!

Another golden flower of blood bloomed on Gus's leg. The wound was so deep that the bone was visible.

"I have something important to tell you. Can you stop? Let's have a good talk first!" Gus' features were anxious, but his words had no effect on Zen. Right now, Zen had already entered the state of closing emotions.

Although he could not block out all the emotions in his heart, he was anyway not the least bit interested in the nonsense Gus was spouting.

"Damn you! The Primal Chaos Technique is awful!" Seeing that Zen was still wielding the sword at him, Gus once again used his escape skill to avoid the Gods-intimidating Strike.

Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike was indeed powerful, but it was not so impressive in Gus' eyes. What had him troubled was the Primal Chaos Technique.

The reason for it was simple.

A sword move like the Gods-intimidating Strike demanded a high amount of life vitality from a martial artist. The speed at which the life vitality was being consumed was much more.

Warriors at the Soul Sea Realm who cultivated the life vitality system could only use two strikes at most. Then they had to stop and replenish their life vitalities.

However, this boy in front of him did not have the life vitality within his body. Rather, he was accumulating chaotic energy in his body!

In his early years, Gus had heard from his master that the natures of the chaotic energy and the life vitality were similar.

For instance, life vitality could be turned into something through visualization, but chaotic energy could directly be turned into something. Life vitality could form a world within the body and nurture life, while the chaotic energy was the very foundation of all life.

It was also because of this conjecture that his master had written the 'Primal Chaos Technique' and was quite proud of it. Chaotic energy was thousands of times thicker and more solid than life vitality, and once successfully cultivated, the sea of the chaotic energy that the body contained was multiple times more powerful than the sea of life vitality that it could cultivate.

Later on, when his master had finished compiling the 'Primal Chaos Technique', he mournfully commented that no one in the entire universe would be able to cultivate the Primal Chaos Technique. He told Gus that if he met such a person in the future, he would undoubtedly take him in as his third disciple.

Zen was able to unleash the 'Gods-intimidating Strike' again and again without hesitation, while Gus did not even have time to speak. He only tried to flee in every direction.

Slashes of sword intent continued to pierce through the True Path, as if they were invisible blades slicing a number of cracks in the ground. Zen walked slowly, closing in on Gus step by step.

With every thrust of his sword, the ground was covered with more golden blood. The wounds on Gus' body also increased in number.

Saul, who was watching the battle, also looked surprised. As a 'high level' puppet, his appearance was no different from a human's. Therefore, he could show more expressions than ordinary puppets. "I never thought that Gus would find it hard to tackle Zen!" he said.

Freya looked at Saul curiously, thought for a while, and said, "Wasn't it obvious? Zen has a weapon, but Gus... he is unarmed, and he is also just at the Soul Sea Realm." She had originally wanted to point out that Gus was already coping well, being at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm. He was still able to fight Zen to this extent. However, right now she was inside the fairy palace, which she felt was extraordinary in itself and it intimidated her. She was too embarrassed to retort to Saul.

Saul gave her a small smile and said, "You don't understand. Gus possesses the bloodline of a king of the Sacred race and is considered a top existence in the race. My master took him in as a disciple, so how could he be weak? You treat him as an ordinary warrior at the Soul Sea Realm? Pah!"

The 'master' that Saul was referring to was naturally Zen's master as well.

Even though Lavender, Livingston, and Freya were not aware of Gus's origins, Saul knew of it all too well.

As someone who had surpassed the heavens, Gus was now someone who could secure a place even in the world above the heavens. Even though he was only at the early stage of the Soul Sea Realm now, in fact, he should still be much stronger than Zen.

However, Saul was only expressing his feelings. If his master were to come to know of Zen's strength, he would be extremely pleased. As for the fight on the True Path, Saul would naturally not stop it.

Puff!

Some more golden blood spurted out.

By now, Zen had chopped up most of Gus's body into pieces. His body parts turned into Dark and Light energies and gradually diffused in the air.

Only his head and upper body were left on the ground now. He could not dodge the attacks any more.

However, Zen's offense slowed down. He walked up to Gus and squatted down, saying, "Speak. Now we can have a good talk."

Chapter 1509 The Endless Divine Land

Zen's goal now was to pass the third section of the True Path.

Gus had ambushed him in the third section.

Although Zen believed that Gus was his master's second disciple, he did not hold back at all.

Gus was too strong. If Zen gave him a chance, Zen might lose to him.

Right now, Gus could no longer fight back, so it was a good time to have a talk, like he had suggested earlier.

Seeing Zen's cunning smile, Gus rolled his eyes. "How could you treat me like this?" he asked in anger.

He had been bullied by his master's first apprentice for a number of years. Now that he had met the third apprentice, he thought he would turn the situation around in his favor. To his chagrin, however, Zen fought him fiercely at their very first meeting. It disgusted Gus to no end.

Zen's smile grew an inch wider. "Is this what you want to talk about?" He held the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand as he spoke, as if ready to cut Gus' head off at any moment.

"Of course not." Gus was unhappy to a great extent.

Zen paused for some time and asked, "What exactly do you want to say?"

"You know what, I did this for your own good. In any case, we have the same master," Gus said in despair. "If our senior fellow disciple comes to know about this, he may decide to punish me again."

Zen continued to look indifferently at Gus, not saying a word.

"You're a member of the fairy palace, but you've only cultivated the Primal Chaos Technique. Your other cultivation methods don't originate from the library, correct?" Gus asked.

Zen nodded slowly. He was not sure how Gus knew of it, but he had indeed not chosen to cultivate the other cultivation methods in the library.

There were all kinds of martial arts in the library; even the Transcendent Divine Might was commonly seen, but Zen believed that he was suited the best only to certain cultivation methods. In addition to the Primal Chaos Technique, he had only read books on the Original Laws in the library.

"Ah, what a waste! You have many treasures, but you don't make good use of them." Gus heaved a sigh, curling his lips in distaste.

"Hey, your body is fast disappearing. Could you just get to the point?" Zen reminded him.

The Dark and Light energies had transformed into Gus' body. Now that he was severely injured, the part of the body above his chest was slowly dissipating back into Dark and Light energies.

However, Gus himself did not care a bit. He continued, "This wisp of my soul isn't able to tell your fortune. But as my master's disciple, if you can't even cross the heavens, it's a joke. To be honest, if you merely rely on the Emotion Closing Godly Way, you will find it unimaginably hard to cross the heavens. Since our master is not here, I will guide you on his behalf."

"Your neck is about to disappear too," Zen reminded him expressionlessly.

Most of Gus' body had disappeared. Even his neck was slowly diffusing away, turning into Dark and Light energies.

"I know!" Gus screamed with contempt. "I don't need you to remind me!"

"Then don't talk such a load of garbage!" Zen said.

"..." Gus stared at Zen, clenching his teeth in bitter hatred. "A long time ago," he said, "I heard our master mention that if the Primal Chaos Technique was combined with other cultivation methods, it would have fundamental changes. Now that our master is not here, I can recommend you a few cultivation methods on his behalf, and you can cultivate them in the fairy palace. They are the Enemy Repelling Arts, the Thunderbolt Annihilation, and the Eight Smoky Melodies."

"Do they belong to the Transcendent Divine Might?" Zen asked.

Gus' face revealed a hint of disdain. "Transcendent Divine Might? Come on! Only those in the universe dare to claim their martial arts to be transcendent! Hah! I don't know whether or not they belong to Transcendent Divine Might, but I should tell you that I was able to dominate the universe and cross the heavens once I mastered them years ago. And although you're not as strong as me, you're not weak either."

As he finished, his entire head began to disappear, turning into energies.

However, just as he dissipated, a speck of light appeared from the Dark and Light energies and circled Zen once before a ray of consciousness penetrated into his mind. "Work hard. I'll wait for you. When you meet me, I'll tell you more. Ha-ha!"

Following this, the speck of light began to rapidly rise higher and higher until it reached the pink enchanted barrier at the top of the fairy palace. It crept outside and completely disappeared.

In the Endless Divine Land above the heavens.

Within the dense fog were many glittering, richly ornamented buildings.

A cyan ox knelt on the top of one of the buildings. On the back of the ox sat a boy, holding a flute to his mouth as he played it softly.

Not long after, someone jumped toward the building, waving at the boy.

"Brother! Brother!"

The figure leaped and landed on the top of the building, where the boy was.

Boom! A loud sound rang out and some tiles on the roof were shattered to pieces.

"Moo..."

The cyan ox, frightened by the sound, protested in dissatisfaction.

The boy put down the flute in his hand and stared at the intruder unkindly. "What is it that makes you so flustered?" he asked in a chilly tone.

"Brother, did you know that our master has accepted a third disciple?" The man smiled as he asked the question.

The boy was surprised at his words. "A third disciple? You mean, our master found a suitable person to cultivate the Primal Chaos Technique?"

"Yes. But the boy is only at the Soul Sea Realm. He's still struggling under the heavens."

The person speaking was Gus.

As a matter of fact, Gus was only his nickname. His full name was Augustus Yu. In the Endless Divine Land, he was a well-known figure.

"A Soul Sea Realm boy?" The boy looked to be deep in contemplation. He put the flute to his waist, stretched out his fingers, and gently pinched them together. A mysterious halo of light spread out on his palm.

Even a Supreme Lord could not arbitrarily tell the fortune of someone in the universe. The only way to tell it was if the person whose fortune was to be told stood in front of the fortune teller. Back then, the specific location of the Crown of Destiny had been estimated accurately because it was scarce and there were few variables.

Yet, the boy was trying to see Zen's fortune.

After the faint halo of light came to being, it slowly rose up. The boy constantly moved his fingers. After

a while, his face betrayed his confusion. He could not see anything.

As the halo completely disappeared, the boy waved his hand again and another halo of light spread out. He continued to try to tell Zen's fortune.

"Why?"

The boy was taken aback. "The martial artist seems to be a man without destiny! I can't tell his fortune!"

"A man without destiny?" Gus was surprised as well.

"There is nothing under the heavens that I cannot know, except those without destiny. That is the only explanation to this." The boy frowned as he stared at his fingers. He glared at Gus and continued," You have cultivated the special vision technique and a wisp of your soul fragment alone can tell the fortunes of others. Since you met him in the fairy palace, why didn't you tell his fortune?"

"Well..." An innocent expression appeared on Gus' face. "Brother, I have recommended three cultivation methods to him."

"That's not enough! What a good-for-nothing!" The boy gently patted the cyan ox and it struggled a few times before standing on its feet. "I am leaving."

As he finished speaking, the cyan ox lifted its four hooves and soared into the sky.

Just then, Gus remembered something. He smacked his head. "Brother, there's one more thing! As far as I know, our little brother cultivates the Emotion Closing Godly Way."

"The Emotion Closing Godly Way?" The boy turned around with a thoughtful expression on his face. "Isn't he only at the Soul Sea Realm?"

Gus shrugged. "I too find it strange. He has mastered much of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. When my soul fragment transformed into a Soul Sea Realm warrior, it was killed by his sword intent!"

"You are truly useless." Saying this dismissive statement, the boy swiftly left with his ox.

Gus was visibly upset as he watched his brother leave. He sat down on the top of the building, looking sulky.

Over the years, he had always been looked down upon by his senior fellow disciple. By now he was accustomed to it.

However, a faint smile soon emerged on his face. If Zen could cross the heavens in the future, he would have a little brother to bully too!

Chapter 1510 The Weapon-Refining Workshop

Zen was running at top speed along the True Path.

The second half of the third section of the True Path had been secretly changed by Gus. He himself was the only test.

Now that Zen had defeated Gus, the Dark and Light energies no longer condensed, and there was no longer any resistance. Therefore, Zen passed through the rest of the path with ease.

Not long after, Freya, Livingston, and the others appeared in front of Zen.

After he passed through the True Path, a white light flashed in the sky as the dense fog dissipated. Then, it slowly descended. It was a token of the fairy palace.

Everyone's gazes, including Zen's, were focused on the token.

Livingston screamed out, "A token! Is this the token used for opening the weapon refining workshop?"

When it came to this adventure along the True Path, Livingston was the one who cared the most about the result.

Saul said in his usual emotionless voice, "Except the tokens of heaven and earth, it could be any of the other six tokens. Weapon refining needs fire, so the token of fire is related to the weapon refining workshop. It's only a one-in-six chance."

"A one-in-six chance!" exclaimed Livingston, shaking his metallic head. This probability was neither high nor low, and it immediately made him feel excited.

The corners of Zen's lips curved up slightly. To him, anything was fine as long as the tokens didn't repeat themselves.

As the token slowly descended, Zen reached his hand out to grab it and flipped it over.

"What token is it?" Livingston waved his sharp claws, looking extremely excited.

Zen gently waved his hand and, with a smile, showed the token to Livingston. On the front of the token, the word "fire" was impressively carved in large letters.

Livingston tossed his head back in a howl of berserk laughter. "It really is the token of fire! Luck is on my side. The heavens have given me what I want!"

Freya, Lavender, and even Saul couldn't help but roll their eyes at Livingston.

The fairy palace was a place that surpassed the heavens. The things above the heavens had nothing to do with Livingston's luck.

If anything, this was Zen's luck.

After obtaining the token of fire, the group walked back to the main courtyard of the fairy palace and followed the path in the pavilion. As Zen activated the token in his hand, the door to the weapon refining workshop opened.

Zen was the first to enter, and Livingston, who could hardly wait, followed right behind him.

After entering the workshop, Zen looked around in surprise.

There were all sorts of materials placed around the workshop, layer upon layer.

"These materials..." Not far away, Zen saw a pile of wood. These pieces of wood had been cut into one-inch-thick blocks and were piled up like mountains. What was strange were the rings on the pieces of wood that looked like strange ghost heads.

Zen was not proficient in weapon refining. Although he sensed a special kind of power from the wood, he had no idea what kind of wood this was.

And it wasn't just him. Freya didn't know either. Even Lavender, who was much more knowledgeable than Zen and Freya, was at a loss.

Zen wanted to grab a piece of wood casually, but before he could touch it, he heard a sharp cry from Livingston.

"Stop!"

Clank! Clank!

After the scream, Livingston quickly squeezed his way to Zen's side, stretched out his claws, and said with a trembling voice, "This is... This is Primeval Death Spirit Wood!"

At first, Livingston didn't know what kind of wood this was either.

But in this short period of time, he had read all the books about weapon refining in the library, and he had come across records of Primeval Death Spirit Wood.

"What is Primeval Death Spirit Wood?" Zen asked.

In a shaky voice, Livingston answered, "The tree has no bark or leaves. All it has is a bare trunk."

"How does it grow without bark or leaves?" Freya asked curiously.

Livingston laughed, and then excitedly explained, "I just learned about the Primeval Death Spirit Wood from the books in the library. I thought it only existed in legends, but surprisingly, it actually exists in real life. The tree grows because of the countless dead people that are buried beneath it. Although it doesn't have bark or leaves, it has stems that can absorb the nutrients from corpses. It grows very slowly. For example, it will take at least 300 million years to grow from the seedling stage to the wood we see. It needs to absorb trillions of dead souls to stay alive. My word, there really is such a tree!"

The difficulty of cultivating Primeval Death Spirit Wood was beyond imagination.

It wasn't just because it grew slowly. It was actually a very fragile tree that could only survive by absorbing dead souls. That meant that corpses had to be constantly buried under it.

If it needed only hundreds of years to grow, it would not be a big problem. Some large clans and sacred places could bury the corpses of their martial artists under the tree, so that it could absorb their souls.

However, the tree needed hundreds of millions of years to grow.

What did hundreds of millions of years mean?

It was equivalent to the lifespan of a Supreme Lord.

Moreover, during these hundreds of millions of years, nothing could go wrong. If the smallest thing went wrong, the tree would wither and die.

The difficulty of nurturing the wood was evident.

That was why when, a while ago, Livingston had found the records of Primeval Death Spirit Wood in the books on weapon refining, he hadn't taken it seriously. He had thought that such a thing simply did not exist in the world. Even a Supreme Lord would not be able to cultivate such wood, because if the slightest mistake was made during the hundreds of millions of years, then the tree would be lost altogether.

But now, a pile of Primeval Death Spirit Wood had appeared in front of Livingston. He was so excited that he almost couldn't believe his own eyes.

Seeing the indifferent expressions of Zen and the others, Livingston could barely wait to tell them about the history of the Primeval Death Spirit Wood.

"But what is it used for?" After Zen heard what Livingston said, he looked curiously at the wood. It was indeed something of great origin. The existence of something that needed so much care over hundreds of millions of years seemed almost impossible.

Livingston laughed and said proudly, "The Primeval Death Spirit Wood can produce the mixed element flame, which is one of the most perfect flames."

"The most perfect flame?" Zen's eyes flashed.

Livingston began to show off his knowledge. He knew much more about the materials for weapon refining than the others present. Moreover, he had broadened his horizons in the library. After he read so many weapon refining books, his knowledge had expanded by more than ten times.

"Yes, it's one of the three most perfect flames. By 'perfect, ' I mean that they are the most suitable for weapon refining. Other than the mixed element flame, there are two other perfect flames. One is the Sun Spring essence flame, and the other is the divine flame. These two types of perfect flames are not easily obtainable. It is said that the Sun Spring essence flame exists exclusively in the Sun Spring. As for the divine flame, it is said that it is born within the Divine Flame Cauldron."

At first, Zen had no interest in Livingston's answer.

However, when Livingston mentioned the Divine Flame Cauldron, Zen's eyes suddenly flashed.

It turned out that the black flame within the Divine Flame Cauldron was the divine flame, one of the three perfect flames.

Livingston, however, didn't notice the change in Zen's expression and continued to impart his knowledge to the others even though he himself had only learned these things a while ago.

While he was speaking, his eyes fell on a nearby weapon refining furnace.

Bang!

Livingston casually threw away the Primeval Death Spirit Wood in his hand and rushed toward the furnace, which was placed in a corner of the workshop.

It had a very unique shape; the bottom was thin and the top was thick. It looked like a large wine pot, with the mouth missing.

Livingston threw himself at the furnace and opened the door at the side of the furnace. Soon, a rainbow-colored light shot out from within. Surprisingly, the furnace was still burning, and there was a red-hot sword embryo lying inside.

Obviously, the sword embryo had been burned for hundreds of millions of years in the furnace.

Chapter 1511 Star Essence Iron

The sword embryo was a piece of the Star Essence Iron that had been forged before. As soon as Livingston's eyes landed on it, they were glued to it.

The sword embryo was not a refined one. It had been absorbing the flames from the furnace for many years, so it exuded a rainbow-colored light.

The craft of weapon refining was very complicated.

The process involved lots of steps, and refining a high-grade weapon needed more operations. The higher the grade of the weapon, the more intricate the process of refining it.

The most crucial step of refining a weapon was smelting the metal.

Many unimaginable materials existed in this world, such as the Star Essence Iron, which was derived from a star known as the 'Dark Star'. The Dark Star was very small and it could not shine, so it was tough to locate it.

Every substance made out of the Dark Star was surprisingly heavy.

Even a piece of it the size of a fingertip could weigh as much as a hundred thousand mountains. Undoubtedly, the Star Essence Iron weighed a lot more.

It was almost indestructible.

Even if someone was to obtain a piece of the Star Essence Iron, it would be difficult to preserve it. After all, it was too heavy.

Once upon a time, a peerless master had taken a piece of the Star Essence Iron from the bare Dark Star, but he had no way of keeping it. When this piece fell to the ground, it directly penetrated into the earth, forming a small but bottomless hole.

Storing the Star Essence Iron was indeed asking for trouble. Once, someone had tried to place it into the Sumeru Space, but the weight of it instantly broke through and smashed the space.

However, such a problem could not defeat humans. The warriors of this universe were brave in the face of all difficulties and tried to figure out the solutions to them with their endless efforts.

It had happened that once, someone used a weaker material to create a bracket and then placed the Star Essence Iron on the top of the bracket. Three hundred thousand giant logs were then used to build up a huge chassis under the bracket to support the iron's weight, with eight million divine textures placed around it as well.

The bracket finally succeeded in holding the Star Essence Iron. The eight million divine textures were simultaneously activated and supported the huge chassis as well as the bracket to hold the Star Essence Iron.

Before this activation, when the piece of Star Essence Iron was placed onto the bracket, the entire chassis sunk thousands of feet deep into the ground due to the massive weight, forming a huge crater.

It was only after activating the eight million divine textures and forming a powerful floating force that the chassis finally stopped sinking down and was able to support the piece of the Star Essence Iron.

But the eight million divine textures consumed life vitality jades at every moment. Keeping this piece of the Star Essence Iron in the supreme world required tens of thousands of life vitality jades a day. It was a massive expense for a year.

The piece of the Star Essence Iron before them, however, was laid casually in the middle of the furnace.

The furnace, obviously, had to take the mass weight of the Star Essence Iron. So did the ground beneath the furnace.

Livingston circled the furnace a few times, and then told the others about the origin of the Star Essence Iron.

Zen, Freya, and Lavender were all petrified by it. Only Saul looked calm. Saul had come across such things too many times by now, so he was not caught by surprise anymore.

Zen, as the current owner of this fairy palace, could not express his astonishment. It would be mortifying for him to reveal his ignorance in this aspect.

'That explains it!' Zen finally realized something.

The Star Essence Iron could be kept here easily like other ordinary items, which meant that the structure of the fairy palace was distinctly tough. No wonder that when the group of Supreme Lords had been attacking on the outside for so long, the enormous fairy palace never shook once.

As Livingston finished talking about the origin of the Star Essence Iron, his brows knitted together, the expression on his face betraying the bitterness he felt in his heart. "I can see that this sword embryo has been here for countless years. With its weight, it's impossible to process it with my current abilities. Forget forging it, I won't be able to move it at all…"

Even the smallest piece of the Star Essence Iron was incredibly heavy. This sword embryo, however, was four feet long. A supreme world would find it hard to take on such mass weight.

Listening to what Livingston said, Zen agreed with him. At the same time, he smiled and said, "Even if you possessed the ability to process it into a sword, I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to lift it."

When Saul heard their conversation, he walked to a corner of the weapon refining workshop and took out a light cyan pair of pincers.

It was a common pair of pincers, but since it had been placed in here, it was obviously special.

If made to touch the burning flames of the furnace, an ordinary pair of metal pincers would melt down instantly. However, Saul placed the pair of pincers into the furnace and firmly gripped the sword embryo with it and smiled, "You both can try."

Hearing this, Livingston reached out with his sharp claws at once. He had created this body for himself for the sake of weapon refining. The claws were just about perfect to grab onto the end of the pair of pincers. Livingston hoped to lift it up.

What happened next did not come as a surprise. The sword embryo did not move at all!

It was as if it was embedded into the furnace.

Obviously, it was not truly embedded in it. This just meant that the sword embryo was heavy beyond measure.

According to Livingston, a piece of the Star Essence Iron the size of a fingertip could weigh as much as a hundred thousand mountains. Compared to that, the sword embryo before them must weigh tens of millions of mountains. Or even more, if one were to calculate the weight.

If anyone could pick up this sword embryo, he or she would have enough strength to lift up a great world.

Livingston withdrew his claws and stepped aside.

Zen immediately took the pair of pincers from Livingston and looked at the four feet long sword embryo. He used the pair of pincers to grab it. As his eyes narrowed, the dragon scales in his body was activated and their power started to surge toward his arms.

At this moment, Zen experienced renewed strength. The muscles in his body seemed to inflate. The faint sound of growing bones could be heard.

"Still not moving?" Freya neared him and stared at the sword embryo, gently shaking her head. No matter how strong Zen was, he could not lift up a great world. So how could he move the sword embryo?

In the end, Zen had no choice but to release his grip. A helpless smile surfaced on his face and he gave the pair of pincers to Saul.

Saul returned the pair of pincers to its original place. But when he got back to the furnace, he held another pair of pincers in his hand.

It was a black pair of pincers with carved lines on its surface.

"Is this pair of pincers made out of wood?" Curiosity was all over Zen's features.

Many people knew that fire and wood neutralized each other. A metal pair of pincers would melt in these rainbow-colored flames. Would this wooden pair of pincers not burn in an instant?

"Master, you can try first," Saul said with a smile.

Zen nodded quietly. He reached to take the pair of pincers and was dumbstruck when he held it. "Eh? This pair of pincers... It's weightless!"

Everything in this world had weight.

Even the air had weight. The clouds floating in the sky turned into water upon condensing. The weight of the water was then equal to the weight of the clouds. Similarly, although paper and feathers were all very light, they still had a certain amount of weight.

However, the pair of pincers in Zen's hand was actually weightless. He did not feel as if he was holding something light in his hands. It was like he was not holding anything at all. The pair of pincers was entirely without weight.

Saul laughed, "Master, you can try to lift the embryo with this pair of pincers."

Zen was curious as he looked at the pair of pincers. Since Saul had requested him to try to lift the sword embryo with it, he stuck the pair of pincers into the furnace with some hesitation. It then clamped onto the sword embryo.

As it did so, a strange sensation spread through Zen's hands.

At this moment, it was as if the sword embryo had lost its weight as well. With a gentle lift of the pair of pincers, the sword embryo lifted like it was a feather. Zen quickly pulled it out of the furnace.

The sword embryo, glinting with rainbow-colored light, had not been refined. It had a coarse surface and looked nothing special. It was no doubt that the sword embryo could be processed and forged into a peerless divine weapon.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1512 The Beginning Of The Illusion Battlefield

Two strange rays of light shot out of Livingston's iron head. They glowed with vigor.

Even though his puppet body was simple and crude, it was still able to express his emotions. The radiance clearly indicated that he was excited.

"How.. how is this possible?" he exclaimed with surprise.

It was hard to believe that this large piece of Star Essence Iron, which was unimaginably heavy, had been picked up by Zen so easily!

It was something beyond Livingston's imagination.

Zen swung the sword embryo in a circle and smiled at Livingston. "Do you also want to give it a try?" He then handed the pincers to Livingston.

Livingston took the pincers from him and discovered that as he held them, he did not feel their weight at all. "What a miracle!" he said. "This tool is extraordinary!"

He had high expectations of the weapon refining workshop and knew that the items here were all special, but still, this miraculous tool exceeded his expectations.

He examined the pincers closely but could not find anything special in them. Livingston failed to understand how the heavy iron became weightless by the tool.

"This pair of pincers is made of the Infinity Stone, so theoretically, it should be able to lift anything, regardless of the weight it has," Saul explained in a flat tone.

"The Heavenly Destiny of Infinity!" Livingston shouted out a strange term at Saul's explanation.

Saul gave him a surprised glance and asked curiously, "What's that?"

"It's the Heavenly Destiny of the last grand era. It was contained in the Crown of Destiny which was obtained by Supreme Lord of Infinity!" Livingston recalled.

The so-called Heavenly Destiny of Infinity was also a Law of Causality. After the Supreme Lord of Infinity grasped such a Law of Causality, he could lift anything, including the sun, the moon, and the stars.

"Oh, that's impressive," Saul responded listlessly. He then turned to Zen. "Zen, my master, you don't have to worry about the weight of the sword. There should still be some Infinity Stones in this workshop. After the Star Essence Iron is shaped into a sword, its hilt can be made out of the Infinity Stone. Then you can use the sword at will."

Zen nodded in agreement.

Judging from the materials alone, it would be nearly impossible for his opponents to destruct and damage this new sword of his.

But how powerful it turned out to be would depend on Livingston's workmanship.

"This is great!"

Livingston was wild with joy. He held the pincers in his hand and toyed with the sword embryo skillfully.

Clang!

He was so happy that he threw the iron upward and loosened the grip of the pincers at the same time.

"Watch out!" Freya screamed. His outrageous action scared the life out of her.

Although the sword embryo was only four inches long, it weighed more than ten million mountains. If it were to fall on someone, they would be smashed into meat paste! What a careless puppet!

However, the puppet in question, Livingston, was quite confident of his movements. He unhurriedly waited for the sword embryo to spin once in the air. Before it fell to the ground, he extended the pincers and caught it steadily. He had immersed himself in weapon refining for hundreds of millions of years. How was it possible for him to make stupid mistakes like that?

After he put the sword embryo into the furnace, he turned to Saul and asked, "I can now handle the Star Essence Iron with these pincers, but how am I to forge it?"

Obviously, ordinary hammers could not be used to forge this rare material.

However, Livingston also knew that since the sword embryo was found in the workshop, there would be a suitable tool for it here as well.

"Please follow me." Saul smiled and led them into the storeroom of the workshop.

Aside from the various tools in the storeroom, there were countless rare materials, all arranged in a neat manner. It felt like a great treasure house. Livingston was dazzled by what he saw. He jumped with joy.

This workshop was like paradise to him. Both him and Zen were lucky to be able to utilize this place.

However, it would still take him some time to make full use of this weapon refining workshop. The day he would forge the sword embryo was yet to be on his agenda, but ever since he had entered the workshop, he could not move a step away from it.

As for Zen, he once again immersed himself in the library.

Gus' embodiment of Dark and Light energies had been defeated by him. He had later recommended three martial arts books to him.

They were Enemy Repelling Arts, Thunderbolt Annihilation and Eight Smoky Melodies.

There were countless martial arts books in the library, but since Gus specifically recommended these three books to him, Zen decided to find them and read through them in detail. Whether or not he practiced them would depend on their suitability to him.

Meanwhile, a number of world lords guarded the fairy palace outside.

After the Supreme Lords left, several large races had sent out some of their world lords to spy on the fairy palace.

These world lords maintained a certain distance from the palace. After all, even the Supreme Lords were unable to escape the Desperate Melee. If these world lords were caught in it, it would not be a good end for them.

With them around, Zen had no other choice but to hide in his fairy palace and continue his cultivation.

So it was that one month passed.

Then the second month.

And then the third.

The fairy palace still continued to float through the deep space.

The universe had restored its peace.

During this time, many Supreme Lords chose to stay indoors.

Although they could not snatch the Crown of Destiny from Zen's hands, they knew that four new Crowns of Destiny would appear now that four Supreme Lords had fallen.

Obtaining a Crown of Destiny meant the advent of a new Supreme Lord in their race. All races in the universe were ready to fight for the Crowns of Destiny.

Soon, the sixth month arrived.

The Supreme Lords felt the heavens shake.

The first Crown of Destiny had appeared.

In the seventh month, the heavens shook again.

The second Crown of Destiny had manifested.

In the eighth and the ninth months, the other two Crowns of Destiny arrived.

For these four Crowns of Destiny, the Demon Night race, the ogres, the human race, and many other races fought four intense battles, expending their formidable strength.

The fight for the Crowns of Destiny involved high stakes. Only the Supreme Lords and the world lords participated in the war. It had little influence on the warriors under the world lord level.

Even though the Supreme Lords fought tooth and nail for the Crowns of Destiny, not a single one of them was killed. Six world lords were the only sacrifice of the war.

In any case, it was a near impossible task to kill a warrior who had become a world lord and mastered the skill of spatial transference.

It was proof of the Desperate Melee's powerful effect. Four Supreme Lords had died at the same time because of it.

One of the three big human forces, named Thoughtless Minds and led by Supreme Lord of Original Sin, obtained two Crowns of Destiny.

The other two were taken by the Demon Night race and the ogres respectively.

However, Elena did not feel too happy about obtaining a Crown of Destiny. Since Gunter had died because of the Desperate Melee, the Demon Night race still had the same number of Supreme Lords as before.

It was the same with the ogres.

As for the Thoughtless Minds, no Supreme Lords from their group had died previously. The newly obtained Crowns of Destiny undoubtedly enhanced their human force by a wide margin.

The Thoughtless Minds had originally been the greatest force of the human race. They had controlled four thousand supreme worlds. Its leader, the Supreme Lord of Original Sin, was one of the few top-rank

Supreme Lords in the universe, and his Heavenly Destiny contained an extremely powerful Law of Causality. After this particular war, two members of the Thoughtless Minds would become Supreme Lords. This fact was the cause of worry for the rest of the races and the other two big human forces — the Humanity Alliance and the Blessed Buddha Land.

Zen, however, knew nothing of these events in the outside world. Since he could not leave the fairy palace, he decided to cultivate in seclusion.

Time went by quickly.

One year.

Two years.

Three years.

Four years.

In the blink of an eye, five years had passed.

To most warriors, five years were almost negligible compared to their long lives.

Freya, for example, was much older than she looked. But for Zen, five years was already a sixth of his past life.

In these five years, Zen experienced three big Heavenly Tribulations, while his cultivation base reached the middle stage of the Soul Sea Realm.

As for the seed of the World Tree, it grew inside Zen's Soul Sea of chaotic energy. A trunk also emerged from the surface of his Soul Sea.

One day, the heavens suddenly shook again.

This time, it was not because a Crown of Destiny had appeared. The one hundred and twenty-eight Supreme Lords were all alive, so no Crowns of Destiny were to appear.

However, the creatures in the one hundred thousand supreme worlds around the universe paid close attention to it.

They knew the Illusion Battlefield was about to begin.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

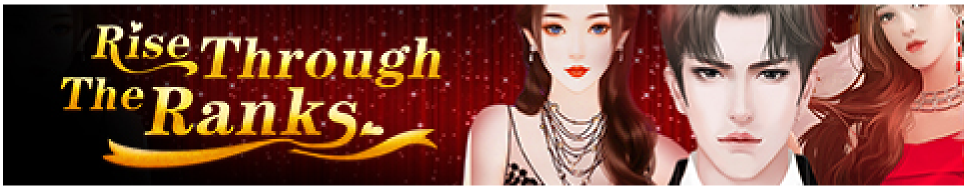

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

28

Content

Chapter 1513 Margaret's Journey
Chapter 1514 Gathering
Chapter 1515 In The City
Chapter 1516 Fatten The Opponents
Chapter 1517 Not Interested
Chapter 1518 Eight Smoky Melodies
Chapter 1519 Strange Movement Skill
Chapter 1520 The Celestial Mice
Chapter 1521 Thunderbolt Annihilation
Chapter 1522 Ezra
Chapter 1523 Strength
Chapter 1524 Wolves Were Back
Chapter 1525 Layne
Chapter 1526 Beaten
Chapter 1527 One Hundred And Forty Thousand
Chapter 1528 Kill Him Once Again
Chapter 1529 Killing Layne For The Third Time
Chapter 1530 Deduction On Illusion Points
Chapter 1531 The Ancient Temple
Chapter 1532 Golden Buddha
Chapter 1533 The Genuine Dragon
Chapter 1534 Multiple Stars Brilliance
Chapter 1535 Past Solemn Kalpa
Chapter 1536 Teleportation Token
Chapter 1537 Getting The Illusion Points Effortlessly
Chapter 1538 Teleportation
Chapter 1539 The City Lord (Part One)
Chapter 1540 The City Lord (Part Two)
Chapter 1541 Pay The Illusion Points
Chapter 1542 A Girl In A Purple Dress
Chapter 1543 Norton
Chapter 1544 The Falling Snow (Part One)
Chapter 1545 The Falling Snow (Part Two)
Chapter 1546 Lucille Ji
Chapter 1547 A Giant
Chapter 1548 Magnetic Sacred Mountain

Chapter 1549 The Five Elements Godly Way
Chapter 1550 Golden Sword Rain
Chapter 1551 Competing Against Zen
Chapter 1552 The Crescent Blade
Chapter 1553 Death Chain (Part One)
Chapter 1554 Death Chain (Part Two)
Chapter 1555 Rising Rapidly
Chapter 1556 Lucy
Chapter 1557 Deal
Chapter 1558 A Familiar Face
Chapter 1559 Amber's Whereabouts
Chapter 1560 Deadwood Gate
Chapter 1561 Save A Demon Night Woman
Chapter 1562 Sacrifice
Chapter 1563 Sorcerer Race
Chapter 1564 Aurora
Chapter 1565 An Old Friend
Chapter 1566 Anticipation
Chapter 1567 Explosive Ferocious Ant (Part One)
Chapter 1568 Explosive Ferocious Ant (Part Two)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1513 Margaret's Journey

Strictly speaking, the opening of the world of chaos in the universe was an imminent crisis.

Before the danger arrived, the heavens had sensed it and let the great luck reach the remarkable and matchless talents in the universe.

This meant that those talents had the fate to lead the world of chaos.

Those who possessed good fortune would go on to become the great men and women of the era. Their luck was different from that of ordinary people.

However, there was still a chance that the one with the fate to lead the world of chaos would die. With the advent of the world of chaos, those warriors destined to fight would compete with each other and strive to become the main characters of the world.

It was said that such a person would lead the races to combat the great danger that was going to befall the universe...

The opening of the Illusion Battlefield would enable the warriors to compete with each other. The most powerful talent of the grand era would then be selected during the battle.

In these five years, besides cultivating, Zen had used the Roaring Token to tell stories...

However, the mysterious young girl did not have enough time daily. She seemed to spend most of it sleeping and cultivating, waking up once or twice every other year.

The first thing she did when she woke up was to force Zen to tell her stories.

At this time, Zen too asked the mysterious girl for any information regarding Yan.

The young girl told Zen that she had entrusted the search for Yan to others, but had not received any response yet.

Even though Zen was disappointed, he was still willing to tell stories.

He was unable to confirm anything at present, but the world above the heavens was still too ethereal to him. That mystifying world was something that even the one hundred and twenty-eight Supreme Lords knew nothing about...

Perhaps only this mysterious young girl could help him find Yan.

As the heavens shook, indicating the opening of the Illusion Battlefield, the mysterious young girl woke up once again. However, this time, she did not rush to ask Zen to tell her a story. Instead, she announced in a strange, cold voice, "The Illusion Battlefield has opened. This time, the battlefield would accept all Soul Sea Realm warriors of the universe..."

As the mysterious young girl finished speaking, all the stars spun speedily.

Zen opened his eyes. He was sitting on the square of the fairy palace...

"The Illusion Battlefield is your opportunity to shine. If you were to obtain a good ranking in the battle, the world lords guarding outside would leave soon..." Lavender spoke flatly as she glanced at the stars in the sky.

"I have tricked and killed the Supreme Lords of their races. Would they be willing to leave without avenging them? Would Elena let us off the hook as well?" Zen asked. At this moment, he had no idea what the Illusion Battlefield was all about.

Lavender smiled faintly. "Elena, of course, is unwilling to let go of us. She will never abandon her desire to kill me... However, perhaps to appease her race members for a while, she would choose to give in."

"I see." Zen nodded.

Not long after, the stars in the sky began to shine brighter and brighter...

Thin light spots shot down unceasingly...

The number of Soul Sea Realm warriors in the one hundred thousand supreme worlds was too high. Each light spot corresponded to a Soul Sea Realm warrior.

Buzz...

A circular light spot appeared in front of Zen. Without hesitation, he stepped into it and sat down.

At the same time, a circular light spot appeared in front of Freya. Her face betrayed a hint of doubt as she considered if she should enter the light spot or not.

Lavender glanced at Freya. Although Freya's talent was not great, she was still very intelligent. Among all the women around Zen, she was the only one Lavender did not despise. "The Illusion Battlefield is, in fact, a giant Illusion Space, where there is no danger to life," Lavender told her. "However, for warriors of the Soul Sea Realm like you, it is also an excellent cultivation opportunity that you must not miss."

"Illusion Space?"

Freya had heard of the Illusion Space before. However, she had not been in the Upper World for long. So far, she had never entered the Illusion Space. Upon hearing Lavender mention it in relation to the Illusion Battlefield, she was somewhat perplexed.

However, Lavender did not want to explain further. Whether or not Freya was willing to enter the Illusion Battlefield was entirely her own decision.

Freya hesitated for a moment. Since Lavender had pointed out that the Illusion Space was not dangerous, and seeing that Zen had already entered the battlefield, she chose to enter it as well.

Countless light spots appeared around all Soul Sea Realm warriors.

In the Purple Power World.

This strange little world was not counted among the one hundred thousand supreme worlds.

On the top of the Apeiron Tower, Margaret sat on a giant sword.

Countless gigantic swords spiraled around her.

She looked much more mature and less gentle than how she was a few years ago.

Her incomparably beautiful face looked charming under the shine of the sword light...

By now, her cultivation base had reached the Soul Sea Realm.

With a slight wave of her hand, hundreds of thousands of swords surged forward at the same time. Soon after, they converged to form a unique sword array that surrounded her.

At first glance, the sword formation was nothing extraordinary, but when Margaret stood up and casually waved her hands about, the aura of the sword array underwent a tremendous change. The sword array emitted a strong killing intent.

As she controlled the sword array, a lonely expression surfaced on her face. She seemed a bit aloof.

It had been seven years since Margaret and Zen separated.

All these years, she had missed Zen to pieces. She had also waited for the Illusion Battlefield to open.

Her master had told her that when the Illusion Battlefield came upon them, Zen would be sure to step inside. That would be when they met each other.

But when exactly would the Illusion Battlefield open?

At the thought of this, Margaret, who was performing the sword array, got a bit morose. With a flip of her slender and delicate fingers, she made a posture. She tried to keep calm. The giant swords turned over at the same time, forming a flat barrier above the Apeiron Tower. These giant swords seemed to consider Margaret their queen. They subserviently submitted to her.

Margaret crouched and hugged her knees. Once she started to miss Zen, it was difficult for her to stop thinking of him. Zen's clear and shadowy figure continuously flashed through her mind.

At this moment, Elder Apeiron appeared behind Margaret.

"Master..." Margaret did not turn back, but she could feel the movement behind her.

With a benevolent look on her face, Elder Apeiron walked toward Margaret, asking, "Margaret, what's wrong?"

"Nothing..." All these years, Margaret had firmly reinforced her warrior spirit and rarely complained. Sometimes she felt depressed, but she knew how to disguise her emotions.

However, Elder Apeiron smiled. "Are you thinking of Zen again?"

"No," Margaret replied immediately.

"I believe you miss him very much. I have had such an experience before, so I understand your feelings," Elder Apeiron said kindly.

Hearing these words, Margaret got even more upset. She sniffled a little and said, "I miss him, but it is useless... I have no clue where he is!"

Elder Apeiron placed her withered hand on Margaret's shoulder. "Zen might have already entered the Illusion Battlefield," she pointed out.

"Huh?" Surprised, Margaret raised her head and looked at Elder Apeiron. "The Illusion Battlefield has been opened now?"

"Yes!"

"How exciting. It really opened!" Margaret was so enthusiastic that she almost jumped up.

She had been waiting for this day for a long time.

Elder Apeiron nodded with certainty. "All Soul Sea Realm warriors can enter the Illusion Battlefield. You are in the Purple Power World, where the spots of light cannot shoot in. Once I take you out of the Purple Power World, you can enter the Illusion Battlefield as well."

"Are you sure Zen can enter the Illusion Battlefield too?" Margaret was still unsure.

Elder Apeiron gave her a small smile. "I am not sure if he can enter the Illusion Battlefield right at this moment, but I am sure he will enter it sooner or later! However, If you want to meet him, you have to rely on your own strength for an opportunity to come."

Hearing this, Margaret was confident. "Okay. Master, I understand! I will put my best foot forward in the Illusion Battlefield."

Seeing Margaret's confidence, Elder Apeiron nodded in satisfaction. "I believe you can obtain a good outcome. You are my most outstanding disciple yet. You also have the most powerful Purple Power Body. I hope you can succeed this time. Now, let's go. It's time for me to get you out of the Purple Power World..."

In the last five years, Zen had used the Roaring Token many times in the universe. So how could Elder Apeiron, who often left the Purple Power World, not know of Zen's movements?

In fact, she was even aware that Zen had been besieged by the world lords of several races in the Northern Sky Region...

However, to make sure that Margaret focused on her cultivation, Elder Apeiron did not want to convey this piece of information to Margaret. If Margaret was strong enough, she would meet Zen in the Illusion Battlefield easily.

Margaret strode forward, now prepared to leave the Purple Power World with her master. She looked at the world covered in purple halos, her heart full of strong emotions. She knew that her journey was about to begin, and that she was about to search for Zen.

Chapter 1514 Gathering

All the talents of the young generation were eagerly rubbing their hands together in anticipation of the opening of the Illusion Battlefield.

The various successors of the world lords and the Supreme Lords were all well prepared.

Some of the hidden supreme divine weapons also changed hands. Although the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm might not be able to use the full strength of the supreme divine weapons, the weapons would help them greatly.

Thoughtless Minds, Blessed Buddha Land, Humanity Alliance, Celestial Position, Demon Night, ogres, Giants, Saya race...

All the Soul Sea Realm warriors from every race of the Upper World would enter the Illusion Battlefield within five days.

Among them, there were some warriors at the Soul Sea Realm who were in dire straits.

For them, this was also an opportunity to change their fates.

For example, a Soul Sea Realm warrior who was trapped in a fearful land of a supreme world and couldn't escape even after hundreds of years of struggle and survival.

However, with the light spot shooting out of the heavens, he could temporarily enter the light spot and avoid the danger in front of his eyes.

The so-called Illusion Battlefield had the same principles as the Illusion Space; the warriors' physical bodies didn't enter the Illusion Battlefield, only their projections did.

But for these warriors, standing in the shadow of the light spot was tantamount to being protected by the heavens. Therefore, no Soul Sea Realm warrior had to worry about the safety of their physical bodies.

That simple spot of light meant that the universe had the strictest Law of Causality. Even a Supreme Lord would not be able to break it.

Meanwhile, in a prison in a tenth-grade sacred place of the Demon Night race in a core supreme world, a Demon Night woman's hands were tied to a huge bronze pillar.

Black raindrops occasionally dripped from the ceiling of the prison.

These raindrops had an extremely strong corrosive property. They would form a massive crater if they touched the ground. So naturally, if they fell onto a human's body, they would corrode the human's flesh and blood!

This was an extremely painful punishment for the Demon Night race. Warriors were tied to a bronze pillar and left to rot under the rain. These warriors often had thousands of wounds on their bodies, but even if they were in unbearable pain, they could not choose death. The bronze pillar behind them had a special property as well: the Queen of Life of the Demon Night had personally added the energy of life into it such that after a day of punishment, the bronze pillar would emit strong life energy, causing the Demon Night prisoners to recover completely.

The woman from the Demon Night endured this punishment day after day, year after year. Whether it was her physical body or soul, she suffered unimaginable torture.

This woman was none other than Amber.

The truth was, before she had ascended, Amber had hesitated several times.

Although she'd been in the Lower World, she knew that with her position and strength, participating in the battle of queens was the same as asking for trouble.

However, Lavender had suddenly shown up, so she'd had no choice in the matter.

After the ascending passageway had been repaired, Amber had still hesitated before finally choosing to ascend.

But Elena hadn't forgotten her even though she was a small figure.

As a result, she had been imprisoned in this prison and made to suffer cruel and inhuman torture!

In the past few years, she'd also heard Zen's voice every time it resounded throughout the universe. Apart from being shocked, she had been secretly pleased to hear it.

This little guy had displayed all sorts of extraordinary abilities on the Sea God Continent. It had only been a few years since his ascension to the Upper World, but he had already been able to shake the entire universe.

If Zen knew of her situation, she would have a sliver of hope of seeing the sun again.

However, it was impossible for Amber to contact Zen from this prison. So how would Zen ever notice her?

There would be no hope of that happening for the rest of her life.

If she had known that she'd end up like this, she would have willingly crippled her cultivation and lived a happy and peaceful life in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place. That would have been much better than flying to the Upper World.

Amber passed her days in despair.

But today, all of a sudden, she heard that voice, that mysterious girl's voice.

This mysterious girl seemed to be a great character from the Upper World. Even Amber could see that some of the Supreme Lords respected this mysterious girl.

However, this girl kept pestering Zen to tell her stories.

These stories were rather interesting. While Amber was being tormented, no one could communicate with her. So, hearing a story from Zen sometimes had become a small comfort for her.

'The Illusion Battlefield has opened, what does that mean?' Amber lowered her head in thought. Her talent might be much greater than Freya's, but after ascending to the Upper World, she had been confined within this prison for a long time. Now, her knowledge and experience were far inferior to Freya's.

Not long after, however, a speck of light appeared in front of Amber.

"What is this light spot?" A hint of doubt appeared on Amber's face.

Only after the mysterious girl finished speaking did Amber come to a realization.

This spot of light was the entrance to the Illusion Battlefield.

All warriors at the Soul Sea Realm could enter the Illusion Battlefield!

'Does that mean I can also enter it?' Amber's eyes brightened all of a sudden.

This was an opportunity given to her by the heavens!

With Amber's strong willpower, it was impossible for her to just sit back and let the opportunity slip out of her hands.

The moment she had this realization, she did her best to move toward that light spot.

That spot of light was only a step away from Amber, but since her hands were tied to the bronze pillar, her range of movement was very limited. She did everything she could to bring her legs together and move toward the light spot bit by bit.

Soon, her toes touched the edge of the light spot.

"Come on. Just a little more," Amber said as she gritted her teeth.

She continued to struggle forward with all her might.

At that moment, a drop of black rain fell on her snow-white thigh.

Swish!

With a plume of white smoke, the black raindrop started to boil, continuously corroding Amber's flesh. Not long after, it formed a small pit on Amber's leg.

Although it was extremely painful, Amber didn't make a sound. These five to six years of punishment had made her numb to the pain of having her body corrode again and again. In the end, she always relied on the bronze pillar on her back that made her body slowly recover.

"Come on! I've almost made it!"

Right now, there was no room for Amber to retreat. She had to seize this opportunity no matter what!

Her entire body was stretched taut and her legs stretched out to the limit.

Finally, she stepped into the halo of light.

The next moment, Amber's entire body was pulled by a force, firmly immobilized on the light spot. Then, her consciousness became ethereal and she found herself immersed in darkness.

Five days was the period of time that the heavens gave the martial artists of the Upper World to prepare.

Within these five days, all the martial artists that had entered beforehand were thrust into darkness, unable to move, unable to see, and unable to exit the light spots.

In these five days, something had gone wrong in all the Illusion Spaces in the universe.

An Illusion Space was not a rare thing. The great sects, sacred places, and races all had their own Illusion Space built for martial artists to cultivate and spar with one another.

But after the opening of the Illusion Battlefield, all the Illusion Spaces had been completely blocked, making it impossible for anyone to enter them.

At the same time, a pyramid began to appear above every Illusion Space.

It was a giant pyramid formed by names.

On this pyramid, the names of all the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm in the 100, 000 supreme worlds were lined next to each other. The number of names on the pyramid was increasing rapidly.

In the entire universe, there were 128 Supreme Lords, over 200, 000 world lords, hundreds of millions of Spirit Transformation Realm powerhouses, and hundreds of billions of Spirit Supreme Realm powerhouses.

As for warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, they existed in trillions.

All the creatures of the 100, 000 supreme worlds were curiously searching for something.

Right now, the Illusion Battlefield had not yet officially begun, so the names on the pyramid were not arranged in any rank or order. They were all gathered at the bottom of the pyramid, and looking for a particular warrior's name was the same as looking for a needle in a haystack.

However, all of the great races, Supreme Lords, and world lords had already set their sights on the pyramid of their own races, hoping to see the names of their races' talents appear at the top!

In these five days, the number of names in the pyramid continued to rise rapidly. Many warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were joining the Illusion Battlefield this time.

Zen sat quietly on the ground, closing his eyes to rest his mind.

120 hours passed. Five days and five nights...

Following the sound of a clear and cold voice, he suddenly opened his eyes.

Chapter 1515 In The City

When Zen suddenly opened his eyes, the entire world had undergone an earth-shattering change.

His projection had already entered another world, a humongous Illusion Space.

This sort of massive Illusion Space was equal to fifty supreme worlds!

In reality, the Illusion Space was divided into fifty parts. Each of the parts looked like separate supreme worlds and all the warriors were scattered throughout the fifty supreme worlds.

Zen was currently in a large city inside one of those supreme worlds. The place was packed with warriors from all different races. All of them were at the Soul Sea Realm!

After getting up, Zen looked around at the scenery.

The Illusion Battlefield looked so real that it could be mistaken for a real supreme world. However, the Illusion Battlefield was in a closed state most times and there were only a few chances for warriors to enter it when it opened.

The city before Zen didn't look like a human city.

All the buildings' roofs were painted with just two colors, black and red. There was also a faint red light circulating constantly in the cracks of the buildings. It was the stone materials used for these buildings. The stones contained a layer of flowing magma!

"The ogre's city?" Zen's eyes flashed.

The myriad of warriors from one hundred thousand supreme worlds were also distributed within this Illusion Space according to a certain rule.

Zen was located in the Northern Sky Region which was relatively close to the ogre's city. Thus, there was a huge possibility for him to be distributed in the city of ogres.

Looking around, he noticed that all warriors surrounding him were as tall and sturdy as small mountains. There were only a small number of human warriors and warriors from other races.

Unfriendly gazes showed on the ogre warriors' faces the moment they saw Zen.

However, Zen didn't pay much attention to them.

It didn't matter which region he was in.

The battle of the Illusion Battlefield was only for the strongest young warriors of the entire universe. In other words, everyone had to face trillions of opponents!

Since Zen had to face trillions of Soul Sea Realm warriors, it was no longer important if his opponents were human beings, ogres, or from other races. What was important to him now was to defeat all his opponents and become the sole winner in the Illusion Battlefield.

Zen would think this way, but the other human warriors might not. The human warriors that were assigned to this city all looked extremely morose and depressed.

Some of the human warriors were relatively close to the ogre's territory before they entered the Illusion Battlefield. Such as those human warriors from the sacred place of the Dark World. After they entered the battlefield, some of them might be allocated to the city of humans, and some of them to the city of the ogres.

However, there were also some human warriors who were unintentionally assigned to this place even though they were far away from the ogre's territory.

The truth of the matter was that everyone there would be competing with each other regardless if they were of the same race. Since this place was called a battlefield, everyone would be his or her opponent in the Illusion Battlefield and it didn't matter which race the opponent came from.

The Illusion Battlefield had just opened and the warriors of all the races were very curious about this new world, constantly observing it.

Not long after, a cold voice rang out.

"Flying and fighting are prohibited in all large cities. Those who violate the rules will directly 'die'. There are still four hours left before the city gates open!" This voice belonged to that mysterious girl, who had completely transformed into a different person right after the Illusion Battlefield opened. Her voice became extremely cold and detached as she announced the rules of the Illusion Battlefield.

The rules of the Illusion Battlefield were extremely important, so Zen focused on memorizing every single word of these rules silently.

Just as the mysterious young girl finished speaking, a rough voice boomed all over the place.

"All human warriors, get over here!"

Not far from Zen, over a hundred ogre warriors gathered together, surrounding all the warriors from other races!

There were ten more other human warriors in the same place as Zen. Their faces immediately showed fear when they heard the roaring voice.

Since it was mentioned that fighting was prohibited within the city, Zen was certain that the ogres wouldn't dare to hurt anyone while here.

However, after thinking for a while, those human warriors obediently walked towards the ogre warriors.

A trace of indifference appeared on Zen's face as he turned a deaf ear to the ogre warrior's words.

"Why don't you go over there?" one of the human warriors suddenly asked Zen. He was wearing a gray cloak and had a long thin pipe in his hand. He was puffing out smoke rings with a calm expression.

"Why do I have to go over there? Fighting is prohibited in the city, so these ogres would not dare beat me," Zen said with a smile.

"Well, they might be very supercilious and brutal." The human warrior who was smoking his pipe added, "That ogre warrior in the lead should have a privileged background. If you disobey him, you might be in great trouble."

Zen shrugged. "Maybe you're the one who would get me into great trouble..."

After he finished talking, the two of them grinned at each other.

The Illusion Battlefield might have gathered all the young elites in the universe. However, the warriors' strengths were still at different levels. Some of them were very powerful while some were weaker than others.

The weaker warriors were just like a clump of grass. They could only be bullied and defeated by those stronger warriors.

On the other hand, the more powerful warriors were as aggressive as wolves. They were generally showing prominence over other warriors.

Both Zen and the warrior in a cloak understood what each other was thinking. They were both outstanding and strong. Generally, they were both from the latter description of warriors, the wolves. Thus, they saw ordinary warriors around them as prey. They intended to compete with each other and strive for becoming the most powerful warrior!

More so, they wanted to prove that they were better than one another.

"You two! Come over here too! Are you deaf?" After the ogre warriors had gathered the other human warriors, one of them walked towards Zen and the warrior in the cloak.

Zen and the warrior in the cloak were leaning against the wall as if they hadn't heard anything. They didn't even bother to talk with those ogre warriors. In their eyes, that group of ogre warriors before them were nothing but a clump of weak grass.

They both remained quietly standing there, waiting for the city gate to open.

When the ogre warriors saw how they deadpanned them, they all strode forward and surrounded Zen and the guy in the cloak.

"Brats, do you know whose territory this is? If you don't behave obediently..."

Before one of the ogre warriors finished speaking, Zen's eyes flashed with a cold light. He lazily shouted, "Fuck off!"

With Zen's current strength, every move he made possessed a formless majesty. The ogre warrior couldn't help but take two steps back after being intimidated by Zen. It was like an invisible power that pushed him back. When the ogre regained his composure, his face was flushed red. Nonetheless, a trace of fear was already visible in his eyes as he looked at Zen again.

The warrior in the cloak took a deep drag on his pipe and blew out a smoke ring. His eyelids drooped down as if he didn't see what happened.

Just then, another warrior uttered, "What are you doing?"

The one who spoke was an ogre warrior wearing a silver armor. His silver armor seemed to be a rare treasure and judging from its color, it could be ranked as a second-rank divine weapon. It was easy to gauge that the armor was a defensive tool that could even be compared with a secondary first-rank divine weapon.

"Young master Ezra! There are two human warriors here who do not want to follow your orders!" an ogre warrior said.

Ezra, who was a tall and strong ogre, came out of the crowd and looked down at Zen and the warrior in the cloak. He said coldly, "I'll give you two one more chance. Just obey me and line up over there!"

Zen and the warrior in the cloak glanced at each other.

Ezra was as weak as a sheep in their eyes, so they believed that they could easily deal with him.

Zen smiled. "Obey you? What good is there in doing that?"

"I'll let you off after I kill you twice in the Illusion Battlefield!" Ezra responded coldly. It seemed that he regarded killing Zen twice as a mercy to Zen.

The warriors wouldn't really die or leave the Illusion Battlefield after they were 'killed' in the Illusion Battlefield. Instead, they would return to the city to "revive". In Ezra's opinion, killing these foolish humans twice would be an act of kindness. If he had every intention of killing them, he could kill them countless times!

Chapter 1516 Fatten The Opponents

In response to such a proposal, Zen only smiled.

"Who cares what they say! These trashy people can't spit out anything good!" the cloaked warrior said to Zen.

"My fault," said Zen. Then he said nothing more.

Ezra's face revealed a trace of sullen anger when he saw the attitude of the two human warriors. He pondered for a moment, then took two steps forward, and approached the two with a sinister smile. "You will regret it!"

The cloaked warrior immediately raised his hand to cover his nose. "Honestly, I'm feeling a little bit regretful now!"

Ezra looked confused. He then heard the cloaked warrior continue, "Your mouth stinks too much."

The young ogre lost his composure and now was utterly enraged. Standing upright, he roared to his followers, "You guys follow behind these two. As soon as they step out of the city, kill them without mercy!"

"Yes, young master!"

After hearing Ezra's order, all of the ogre warriors present immediately surrounded Zen and the cloaked warrior.

Two hours quickly passed by.

Right at this moment, the cyan-colored curtain of light surrounding all the cities of the Illusion Battlefield vanished simultaneously.

Witnessing this, many warriors rushed out of the cities. What followed then was an endless slaughter!

"Time's up. Let's go out of the city," the cloaked warrior suggested.

Zen nodded as the two of them sauntered towards the entrance of the city together.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As Zen stepped forward, he noticed faint red rays of light flying back from the outside of the city.

These rays of light represented those warriors killed outside the city.

According to the rules of the Illusion Battlefield, the body of warrior who was dead would return to a city nearby in the form of a stream of light after it dissipated. Soon after, that warrior would be resurrected.

For most of the young warriors, the Illusion Battlefield was not only a place to compete but also an excellent place to gain experience.

While Zen and the cloaked warrior wandered out of the city at their own pace, two squads of ogre warriors were following them behind. They had been ordered by Ezra to kill them the moment they got out of the city.

However, they didn't know what kind of people these two human warriors were.

"I don't want to fight with you for the time being," the cloaked warrior told Zen. The city gates were right in front of them.

"It doesn't matter. I can wait," Zen replied casually.

"That's good." The cloaked warrior was beaming, very happily.

Usually, when other warriors dashed out of the city gates, they would either rush towards their targets or quickly leave the city. They were all very alert and would never stay in front of the city gates.

However, after the two of them stepped outside of the city gates, they still maintained a slow pace as they moved forward.

The uncaring behavior of these two confused the ogre warriors who were keenly following behind. The ogre warriors originally thought that Zen and the cloaked warrior would run off in a flash, so they were highly on guard against this move. But the two seemed unmindful of their presence.

Were they really that confident? Or were they just stupid?

"Ezra commanded us to kill them. After they come back to life, kill them again! Snatch away all of the Illusion Points from them!"

the leader of the ogres said fiercely. As soon as he finished his words, all the ogre warriors scurried towards the two of them.

At this particular moment, Zen and the cloaked warrior turned around at the same time. A similar smile appeared on both of their faces. That was the smile of a wolf seeing a sheep.

Zen did not incline to use his sword.

He merely utilized his chaotic energy to form a wind blade that slowly rotated on his fingertip.

To these warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, this unremarkable cyan wind blade was like the edge of death.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

To Zen, the ogre warriors in front of him weren't a flock of sheep, but grasses. They couldn't see Zen's figure at all, and their lives were swiftly harvested like grasses by him.

The cloaked warrior put his pipe away. He also didn't use his weapon, only using his bare palms, gently slapping the ogre warriors' heads or chests. Then the sound of bones breaking echoed out. These ogre warriors were like watermelons that were smashed apart by his palms.

As expected, after an ogre warrior died, his body disintegrated. Soon after, countless yellow light spots and a ray of red light emanated from within his body.

The ray of red light wrapping around the warrior's soul slowly flew back to the city.

As those yellow light spots floated away, they slowly gathered around Zen and the cloaked warrior. These yellow light spots were the Illusion Points of the Illusion Battlefield.

The first stage of the entire Illusion Battlefield test was to rank the warriors by the Illusion Points they gathered.

When the Illusion Battlefield was in its initial state, everyone had an equal number of Illusion Points, which was only a hundred points.

The number of one's Illusion Points would be reduced to half after his first death. The initial 100 points would then be reduced to 50.

If the warrior died again, his remaining 50 points would be reduced to 25 by then. Just like that, his points would continue to be cut in half until not a single bit remained.

The cloaked warrior had killed five ogres. This was the first time that these five ogres had left the city. And each of the ogres possessed 100 Illusion Points. With their death, the cloaked warrior had gained 250 points.

Since Zen had slain six ogres, he naturally gained 300 points. And by adding his own 100 points, he now had 400 Illusion Points in total.

In unison, a sudden thought cropped up in Zen's mind telling him his current ranking.

"Your ranking is the 8, 800, 000, 000th in the whole Illusion Battlefield. And within this world, your ranking is 1, 900, 000, 000th." A self-mocking smile swiftly adorned Zen's face when he heard that. This ranking was too low for him. He never expected that right after the Illusion Battlefield started, the other warriors would go all out like this.

As for the cloaked warrior, a helpless smile slowly curled up on his lips as soon as he heard his ranking. He was rated lower than Zen after slaughtering the five ogre warriors.

Nonetheless, the two of them did not care much about this hierarchy.

The Illusion Battlefield had only just begun anyway.

The number of Illusion Points contained within these "grasses" was too few, thus making the "sheep" as their next goal.

They firmly believed that only by eating grasses could a sheep get fat, and only by eating sheep could a wolf get fat.

While at the same time, all the mighty warriors in the universe were checking the rankings through the pyramids.

To think that the Illusion Battlefield had only been in effect for less than five minutes.

Most of the warriors' names were still lying at the bottom of the rankings. But some of the names already were rapidly rising among the list.

Zen and that cloaked warrior stood guard at the city gates after they had killed those ogre warriors.

Since most of the warriors gathered in the city, the fastest way for Zen and the cloaked warrior to collect Illusion Points was to guard at the city gates. From here, they could kill outright those who left the city.

However, the methods they both displayed just now were too ferocious.

At first, there were a large number of ogre warriors inside the city that were preparing to leave or perhaps still considering whether they should leave or not.

But in the end, they only witnessed the bloody and intimidating scene outside the city gates.

This group of ogre warriors that initially flaunted themselves fiercely now looked quite cowardly. With their current strength, they would be slaughtered as soon as they left the city.

Consequently, all of them were stuck in the city and refused to come out.

Because the ogre warriors in front were blocking the way, the others behind them were unable to leave the city. As the ogre warriors at the rear end had no idea of what was happening, they began to curse heatedly.

However, no matter how much the warriors behind them cursed and grew impatient, the warriors in front of them refused to budge. In the end, many of them could only choose to leave through other city gates.

Observing this scene, Zen knew that his plan had been foiled. The ogres were no fool. Knowing he and the cloaked warrior were guarding the city gates, they wouldn't recklessly act to let him slaughter them. In the Illusion Battlefield, though their death was not real, they would still suffer by losing part of their Illusion Points.

As if on cue, the two of them looked at each other helplessly and could only turn away from the city gates. However, the two of them quickly headed in different directions.

They both knew that there would be a battle between them in the end, but that moment wasn't the right time. They needed to wait for the opponent to accumulate enough Illusion Points before they could set the match.

The instant Zen turned his back from the city exit, he had chosen a route that allowed him to advance at a leisurely pace. He was reflecting thoughtfully on how to accumulate Illusion Points.

It was downright unrealistic to merely stand at the city gates and wait for the warriors to come out. Killing a warrior would only earn him 50 Illusion Points. And by slaying that same warrior for the second time, the Illusion Points that he would only obtain was 25. This was not the appropriate way to accumulate Illusion Points.

As he mulled over this, Zen's gaze accidentally landed on a mountain peak a short distance away. After pondering for a few moments, he then leaped onto that mountain peak.

"I was in too much of a hurry. The sheep have not gotten fat yet, and the wolves have not gotten fat either. I can wait a little longer until the sheep and wolves all get fat," he murmured.

Chapter 1517 Not Interested

Zen thought about it for a few moments, and then decided not to linger anymore.

He rose up ten feet above the ground in a flash, like a graceful eagle soaring high in the air.

Once Zen and the cloaked warrior were gone, the group of warriors who had gathered in the city emerged from the gates like an army of crabs.

Once they had left the city gates, all of them scattered everywhere as they tried their best to stay away from each other.

This was the rule of the Illusion Battlefield.

It was known that once they left the cities, dangers lay ahead.

They could be skilled hunters, but that didn't mean they couldn't become prey to others.

An ordinary-looking ogre warrior rushed out of the city gates along with the other warriors. Once he got out, his lips curved up into a strange smile.

"Purple Flame Explosion!"

Purple-colored flames suddenly exploded from the ogre warrior's body.

The profound Fire Law formed ripple-like flames. The flames then spread outwards, while the ogre stood still in the center.

At that point, more than a hundred warriors had emerged from the city gates already.

When the other ogre warriors sensed what was happening, they all displayed their life vitality or forceful energy and tried to protect themselves from the burning hot purple flames.

However, the purple flames were too powerful, burning the ogres' protective life vitality or forceful energy like it was a thin piece of paper. Their fiery tendrils were like an animal that licked the warriors' bodies.

"Aaaargh!"

"These damned flames fucking hurt!"

"Be careful!"

In the blink of an eye, the purple flames had burned all of the warriors.

Some of them used escape techniques and flew into the air. But the faster they moved, the more flames they ignited. They only got to fly about half their intended distance before they burned into ashes, scattering in the air.

Some of them used crystal clear ice shields to block the flames from their bodies, but the power of these flames was beyond imagination. The ice shields they formed instantly melted, and they still got burned to a crisp.

After those warriors died, a beam of red light shot up from everyone's body and flew back to the city.

As for that ogre warrior, he absorbed half of the Illusion Points of the dead.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The ogre warrior stood casually at the city gates with a cold smile. Purple flames slowly pulsed in his palm as he eyed the warriors inside the city.

The ogre warrior's flames had spread to around 10, 000 feet in diameter, but those that spread towards the city vanished completely in a mere second.

At the current stage, the space within this city was still safe. Any attacks would be neutralized at the city gates.

In addition, all the cities in the entire Illusion Battlefield, which covered fifty supreme worlds, were in the same condition as well.

The ogre warrior had already absorbed about 6, 000 Illusion Points in just a short amount of time, and he was also quickly rising up the ranks.

"Who are you?" an icy voice asked. Soft footsteps were heard from within the city, which turned out to be from the leader of the group of warriors who had just got killed.

So far, there were still many warriors who weren't aware of the current situation. After all, most of the warriors in the city were ogres, who were all against Zen and the cloaked warrior because they were humans. However, they never expected that one of their own kind would mercilessly attack them.

The ogre snorted and asked, "Is it important?"

"We are all ogres. Why did you attack us? Are you out of your mind?" Some of the ogres then began to shout and protest in anger.

The ogre warrior cut him off and said, "I don't want to hear nonsense. I only know that there is no race within the Illusion Battlefield, and the losers will all be eliminated. You're all just stepping stones for me so I can ascend to the top of the rankings!"

Many ogre warriors were enraged by his words, but strangely enough, even more of them felt enlightened.

Although many of the ogre warriors had made sufficient mental preparations to welcome the opening of the Illusion Battlefield, it was clear that they didn't have a deep understanding of it. The Illusion Battlefield was literally a survival of the fittest; only those who were strong and cruel enough would live.

Clinging to the idea that creatures of the same race should help each other was no different from childish ridiculousness.

Suddenly, the ogre warrior walked towards the city gates with the purple flames burning strongly in his hand. Then, he extended his hand inside the city gates. The moment his hand crossed the boundary, the flames were extinguished because of the rules of the Illusion Battlefield. "My name is Layne," he said.

He quickly turned around after he spoke. He knew that the warriors in the city would not come out to die, so staying there would be a waste of time.

"Layne!"

"So it's him!"

"The ninth generation successor of the lord of the Ogre Flame World."

"Being in the same city as him can also be considered our bad luck!"

"Humph, what's there to be unlucky about? All the Soul Sea Realm warriors from 100, 000 supreme worlds have entered the Illusion Battlefield. Every city has a few mighty warriors that we can't afford to offend. Now, I wonder if Layne could fight against those two human warriors. I wish they would have a battle."

Once Layne's figure was out of view, the warriors inside the city rushed outside again.

It was common for things such as blocking the city gates to happen in the beginning of the competition in the Illusion Battlefield.

At this moment, many warriors had already stood out in the ranking list.

There were countless Illusion Spaces in the 100, 000 supreme worlds outside the Illusion Battlefield. And there was a pyramid on top of each Illusion Space. The pyramids displayed the rankings of all the participants in the Illusion Battlefield.

Creatures of all races and forces closely watched the change of rankings. And because there were many unexpected accidents, the names of the warriors inside the Illusion Battlefield rose and dropped constantly in the ranking list.

Whoosh!

A wind blade shot out from Zen's fingertip.

Several deer with grey horns crawled on the ground not far ahead. The deer looked quite docile, but they were actually fierce tenth-level beasts.

The wind blade zipped through the air and passed through several deer's chests. Cries of death followed; then the deer lost their vitality. Zen's wind blade had shattered their body organs.

The dead deer soon disappeared from Zen's field of view. Then, pale yellow Illusion Points shot towards his body.

"Wow! Killing beasts can also gain Illusion Points. But killing a deer only gains an Illusion Point," Zen cried.

A helpless sigh escaped his lips as he shook his head. It was true that one could gain Illusion Points by hunting beasts. However, the Illusion Battlefield was an extremely huge arena, and its real intention was to encourage warriors to fight each other and compete for the title of strongest victor. Therefore, the rewards for killing beasts were relatively small.

"I wonder how many Illusion Points I can get if I hunt stronger beasts," he murmured.

Zen's figure flashed once more as he leapt onto the hillside and rushed forward at a moderate pace.

If ever he encountered any beasts along the way, then he would attack and kill them.

A vicious beast of the same level as the deer with gray horns would only give Zen one or two Illusion Points. The amount of Illusion Points was negligible, and he did not care about it.

According to the rules of the Illusion Battlefield, the initial accumulation of Illusion Points was not important. After some of the stronger warriors had accumulated enough Illusion Points, Zen would kill them to snatch their points.

Zen could even just lie here and cultivate, or even find a place to sleep.

But he had finally gotten a chance to leave after being trapped in the fairy palace for so many years. Thus, he actually wanted to wander aimlessly around the vast Illusion Battlefield.

Just as Zen slowed down his speed, his eyes suddenly flashed and the corner of his lips slightly curved up.

He paused in mid-air, then turned his head and looked down. "How long are you planning to follow me?"

The wilderness was completely quiet except for his voice, as if there were no other life forms.

"After you accumulate a little more Illusion Points, come and find me again. I am not very interested in you right now," Zen said indifferently, and continued to fly forward.

Three people had been following Zen, so they definitely didn't have the time to accumulate enough Illusion Points. Zen would only earn 150 Illusion Points even if he killed all three of them, so he really wasn't interested.

There was the sound of rough laughter; then three burly figures appeared out of thin air. Three impressive ogre warriors eyed Zen.

"Ha-ha! But we are interested in you!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1518 Eight Smoky Melodies

Compared to the other ogre members, these three ogre martial artists were shorter and their armors were very special.

Their armors might be black at first glance but they reflected different colors whenever hit by sunlight.

These armors were made from "Light Accumulation Iron". After activating them, they would change colors according to the surrounding environment. Combined with some divine textures, they could enable their users to disappear. Most warriors would not feel them around even if they were close to them.

This method was useful to ordinary warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, but not to Zen.

Zen's current perception was far stronger than that of an ordinary martial artist. Thus, he could easily detect them even though they were concealing their presence.

These three ogre warriors had developed an intention to kill Zen since they saw his extraordinary strength at the city gates. Truth be told, they planned to execute him upon seeing him leave the city by himself.

The three of them were not weaklings. They were so powerful when they worked together. They had already killed a Spirit Supreme Realm master before. And now, they were silently tailing Zen.

A trace of boredom appeared on Zen's face. He had been silent for years but he was ready now. He was just like a butterfly that had emerged from his cocoon. His mind had also quietly changed. He now needed to fight for a spiritual baptism of his own.

He looked down at the three ogres below him and muttered, "Since you're interested, then come on. Let's fight."

The three looked at each other while sneering. Amid their laughter, they all quietly vanished from Zen's sight.

This method of concealment was indeed very effective.

The method wasn't only covering their voices and auras. It was also making them invisible!

Zen smiled as he watched the three of them quickly disappear.

He had originally wanted to wait for the grasses and sheep to grow, and then he could finally participate in the fight. Before that, he would just relax in this wilderness. However, these three fellows came to him and he wouldn't mind a little fun.

Zen had also dabbled in the three cultivation methods recommended by Gus in the past five years.

Zen had never stepped out of the fairy palace for five years and no one had been able to fight with him. Lavender was not suitable to fight with him since she was a sword spirit. Plus, the difference between his and Freya's strengths was just too great. Although Freya had also made great progress during these five years, she was still not qualified to spar with Zen.

After the three ogres had hidden, they used the technique of restraining their breathing and rushed towards Zen from several directions. Their figures were completely concealed from him to the point that he couldn't even see their shadows.

Meanwhile, Zen closed his eyes gently and a strand of perception spread out from within his mind!

The surrounding environment formed in his mind under the perception's depiction.

There were three empty spaces on the picture, and these three empty spaces were rapidly approaching him.

"They are really fast but it's a pity..."

Within Zen's inner world, the seedling of the World Tree was gently swaying. Following that, a stream of chaotic energy quietly rose from the seedling and was sucked into his body.

Simultaneously, a faint smoke appeared on Zen's hands!

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

Although Zen didn't think much of this senior fellow disciple, his insight was indeed quite unique!

The three cultivation methods that he had selected were not conspicuous in the library. However, after looking through them, Zen found that each one of these cultivation methods was extremely suitable for him.

Even if there was a little problem with Gus, it wasn't strange that he had this kind of vision after thinking carefully. He was someone who had surpassed the heavens after all and in his eyes, Zen was like a transparent person who was easy to understand.

This Eight Smoky Melodies was an extremely unique movement technique!

The vast majority of the escape techniques in the universe were all crafted from Original Laws.

For example, wind travelling skill naturally used the Wind Law. Earth travelling skill, on the other hand, used the Earth Law. Although the cultivation methods highlighted different things and used various Law Powers, they all led them towards the same destination in the eyes of experts.

Nonetheless, the Eight Smoky Melodies was different from all others. In reality, this cultivation method was somewhat similar to the Lower World's cultivation methods.

The smoke in Zen's hands was formed from his visualization, but it did not contain the Law Power!

Logically speaking, the higher the cultivation method, the higher the Law Power it had. In this universe, the Transcendent Divine Might was also what the Supreme Lord comprehended from his own powerful Law of Causality.

The Eight Smoky Melodies was a reversal of these principles!

There was a drawing on the first page of the ancient book.

It was a ball with eight holes, and within the pattern, there was a thin line that pierced through the eight holes.

Zen still hadn't figured what this was until now, but the first step in practicing the Eight Smoky Melodies was to visualize this diagram!

The more he visualized it, the more mysterious Zen felt!

The distribution of the eight holes and the path that the thin line had cut through vaguely reminded Zen of something. The pattern seemed to be struggling with words and even Zen felt strange about it!

This was a feeling that Zen had only experienced once in the past few years!

The first time this happened to him was back in the Divine Kingdom Continent where he crossed his tribulation for the first time.

In the final moment of Zen's tribulation, a black light that was enough to destroy the universe appeared. This black light was dragging a thin line through the air, spiraling continuously, interweaving, and slowly descending towards Zen!

From the looks of it, the black light's line was randomly drawn, as though it was moving through the air at will. However, its trajectory seemed to be in tune with some sort of terrifying rules!

Although Zen could vaguely understand this sort of rules, he still couldn't say anything about it. He couldn't even describe it!

The line that was in the Eight Smoky Melodies might not be as complicated as the black streak, but the feeling it gave Zen was the same.

Even if this martial skill wasn't considered a Transcendent Divine Might, and it didn't contain the Original Law, Zen still cultivated it without hesitation!

Whoosh!

The faint smoke spread down from Zen's body.

At the same time, a black machete cut through the air and silently appeared behind him!

Two other weapons appeared from two different directions as well.

"Kill!"

"Imperial Slash!"

Zen's expression didn't change at all while facing sudden attacks.

He lightly swayed in the air and familiarized himself with the pattern inside his mind. His body was completely relaxed. He no longer had any killing intent, more so, any thoughts of counterattack. As if he was waiting to die, his hands folded. Nonetheless, he was very oblivious to everything going around him. He began to synchronized his mind along with this cultivation method.

The three powerful techniques used together created ripples of energy!

Especially the machete-wielding warrior whose slash sounded of whistling wind.

However, Zen was like a wisp of cyan smoke at that time, wandering about in this world.

The machete broke through space and reached Zen's back. This machete was as fast as lightning. An ordinary person would not be able to clearly see the machete's shadow.

Nonetheless, Zen's body moved with the machete just when it was about three inches from his back.

It wasn't Zen who was moving, but rather the machete was 'pushing' him away!

When the slash didn't hit him, the machete-wielding martial artist didn't hesitate at all and slashed the second time!

Zen still maintained a distance of three inches away from him and the warrior still failed to slash Zen!

The third slash!

Still three inches!

The ogre martial artist was stunned upon seeing what was happening.

Nevertheless, he didn't slow down from attacking amid his shock.

'What was this movement technique?'

He had never seen such a strange movement technique!

Zen's body seemed weightless. As long as he swung his machete, it would push Zen away from a certain distance. He would continue slashing but the machete continued pushing him!

He would never be able to slash Zen this way!

He had always maintained a distance of three inches from Zen. These three inches were like an insurmountable natural moat!

The Imperial Slash was a remarkable swordsmanship. It had the seven slashes that an ogre emperor thought to be the most powerful. It contained an extremely blade intent that was sealed within the seven slashes.

However, this Imperial Slash could not even touch Zen's clothes and he did not resist at all.

Chapter 1519 Strange Movement Skill

Both the ogre and Zen were at a standstill. The former had ceased his attacks while the latter merely floated in the air.

Zen was already aware of the peculiarities of the Eight Smoky Melodies when he began cultivating it.

He even asked Freya to fight with him at one point just to see how special the movement skill was. She had used her long sword during their fight but not once was she able to land a strike on Zen.

There was no such thing as absolute motionlessness in this world.

Even stationary things such as trees and grass would sway every now and then from the wind and other stronger, external forces. The stars in the sky did not merely twinkle in place but spun at various speeds in space. Even the hundred thousand supreme worlds were mobile. There had been cases of numerous supreme worlds colliding with each other every now and then. Of course, the process took millions of years but the fact that there were cases of collision was sufficient proof of the mobility of the worlds within this universe.

The slightest of movements could have the potential to cause the greatest of catastrophes. It was through the Eight Smoky Melodies that these slight ripples of mobility could be used as the greatest shield.

The slightest fluctuation of movement was enough to push Zen's body into motion and this was the reason why the ogre's attacks did not hit him at all.

Freya's strength was nothing compared with the three ogres but that did not mean that they were anything special in Zen's eyes.

He merely thought of them as test subjects—a good opportunity to find out just how powerful the Eight Smoky Melodies truly was.

"Huff, huff..."

The machete-wielding ogre huffed as he tried to gather his wits. Meanwhile, the second ogre was already at the ready with his spear that he immediately thrust at Zen with full power.

"Snake Spear!" he bellowed.

This spear of his was special with its tip formed like a snake's head. When thrown, this serpent-like spear would often strike fear to an enemy's heart in the midst of battle.

However, even as the snake spear hurtled towards him, Zen remained calm and unyielding.

Instead of dodging, Zen stretched out and stood upside down but he kept his eyes on the black spear that came closer to impale his head.

Three inches away from his brow and Zen could fairly make out the cold, black glow that encased the tip of the weapon. He could see the shallow lines that ridged its surface, and appreciate the somewhat decent craftsmanship of the weapon refiner of this spear.

Three inches—that was all the distance it needed to travel to embed itself on Zen's skull.

But these three inches was an unattainable and everlasting distance for the spear, as if there was an invisible barrier that prevented it from getting closer.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…"

The spear was thrown with a heavy force and it cut through the air with a whistle that sounded more like the explosion of firecrackers during a village festival.

However, despite the power and agility that the weapon held, it still wasn't enough to graze the tip of Zen's hair.

This turn of events greatly displeased the three ogres.

This movement skill of Zen's was truly strange. They had never seen anything like it which was how they knew that this matter was something they had to take extremely seriously.

A humiliation born out of a loss was unforgivable for an ogre, after all.

"Guys, block his way!" the ogre in the lead roared as he once again charged towards Zen with his trusty machete.

The Eight Smoky Melodies Zen used contained some kind of rule that enabled him to move with the wind. This rule had some kind of supreme skill which enabled him to maintain that three-inch distance between him and the ogres. However, his opponents did not know this. For them, it looked as if Zen was merely using his own speed to maintain the gap and play with the three of them like mere toys.

The only way they could ever hope to defeat Zen was that all three of them surrounded him on all sides within a circle.

However, the chances of this strategy's success were not absolute.

The three of them had managed to surround Zen and leave him with no room to run away.

An ogre was with a machete, another with a spear, and another with a sword. Zen was now trapped and no matter which direction he went, he would crash into one of his opponents' weapons.

Was this perhaps the turning of the battle's tide? Unfortunately for the ogres, it wasn't. Despite surrounding Zen from all corners, they saw a strange thing happened.

Their trap was not airtight and Zen was able to twist his body and squeeze out of the circle through a narrow gap that existed between their weapons.

And he still managed to maintain a distance of three inches during the entire process!

"How… How did he do that?"

the ogres could only mumble in shock as they watched him literally slink away from their grasp.

Was Zen even human?

A warrior often had a few cultivation methods that enabled him or her to contort or manipulate their bodies at will. They could make it so that their bodies were the same firmness as that of a rock, or as soft as jelly. A strong and sturdy ogre would be able to fold his own body into a certain shape if necessary.

However, what happened just now wasn't normal.

The gap between their weapons was only half a foot. For Zen to slip through, his body flattened entirely like a boneless mollusk and evaded the entrapment set by the ogres' weapons.

Once he was out of their attack range, Zen's body returned to normal. "Shall we continue?" he asked almost mockingly with a smile on his face.

Two of the ogres were on the verge of giving up. Why would they continue when their opponent was like this?

The three of them were originally confident in defeating Zen and taking away the Illusion Points within his body. It was supposed to be an easy kill for them. However, their cockiness was quickly put into place upon realizing just how skilled this young man was in fighting.

"You guys aren't going to attack? Guess it's my turn then," Zen remarked as the smile was immediately replaced with a cold, calculating glare. One hundred and fifty Illusion Points—that was the amount he estimated he would gain once he killed the three ogres in front of him.

Suddenly, a popping sound was heard on the battlefield, quite similar to that of a bowstring snapping after releasing an arrow.

"Whoosh..."

Not too far away was an ogre who had drawn his string and shot an arrow towards Zen.

"Damn it!"

he cursed, seeing the arrow headed straight towards him.

"Eight Smoky Melodies! Retreat!"

It was nerve-wracking for the smoke to spread around his body but the arrow was already so close to his chest.

Fortunately, it stopped its flight once it was three inches away from his body.

And with that, Zen was sent careening backward by this tiny arrow.

It sent him back a thousand, no, ten thousand feet! This arrow was shot by a Soul Sea Realm ogre after all so its force wasn't to be taken lightly.

Zen only stopped once the remaining momentum from the arrow finally dissipated and it drooped forward to indicate the loss of its strength.

The arrow remained a mere three inches away from him before falling onto the ground. As it fell, Zen's body once again twisted and flattened itself to fit through the crack between the arrow and the ground.

It should be noted that Zen's body remained three inches away from both the arrow and the ground during this entire process.

Even Zen himself was dumbfounded at what had just happened. He wouldn't be able to explain how or why this was possible because even he didn't know just what the heck was happening.

"What the hell is this Eight Smoky Melodies? Isn't this too much of a crazy movement skill?" he couldn't help but mutter in disbelief. He didn't know why but he always managed to put three inches between him and his opponent. He briefly wondered if he ended up being tricked by Gus, that unreliable buffoon.

Zen shook the smoke from his body and slowly rose in the air while his opponents quickly fled in opposite directions.

"Whoosh..."

The ogres were quick to scatter after realizing that they wouldn't be able to defeat him. They had been secretly following Zen all this time but this experience had greatly destroyed their confidence in defeating him. Unfortunately, Zen wasn't going to let them go so easily.

The ogres were around ten thousand feet away from him now but he knew it wouldn't be difficult to deal with them considering his strength.

Fleeing from battle was often considered dishonorable but the ogres couldn't be bothered with codes of conduct anymore, not after seeing what Zen was capable of on the battlefield.

It was fortunate that they were only at the Illusion Battlefield and still had the chance to be reborn after dying, granted they would lose half of their Illusion Points.

The ogre who shot an arrow at him was a completely unexpected opponent. However, this supposed ace was left dumbfounded after witnessing the scene of how Zen avoided and outwitted the strong arrow shot towards him.

He thought he had Zen with that arrow, but it turned out he was wrong.

The ogres, after realizing that Zen was hurriedly chasing after them, quickly activated their armors in the hopes of disappearing from his sight.

However, it was all in vain.

Unable to escape their fate, three red dots of light wrapped around the ogres' souls and then shot towards the main city where they would have no choice but to wait for their revival.

Chapter 1520 The Celestial Mice

Red dots of light kept shooting back toward the main city.

Martial artists were being killed constantly with up to half of their Illusion Points being extracted. But after some waiting in the main city, they were resurrected.

Such a system was an excellent opportunity for them to cultivate.

Not all warriors had the chance to enter the Illusion Space, after all.

In reality, only tenth-grade sacred places could establish the Illusion Space in their core practice areas in a supreme world.

Normally, only the core talents of the sacred places had the right to enter the Illusion Space.

But this Illusion Battlefield was open for the 100, 000 supreme worlds. All warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, regardless of origin or talent, could freely enter and fight within.

Some warriors of the Soul Sea Realm clearly understood the fact that it was simply impossible for them to get a good ranking in the Illusion Battlefield with their strength.

There were simply too many talents to be found from a hundred thousand supreme worlds.

Inheritors of the small sacred places, descendants that city lords had nurtured with all the resources they could gather, the core talents of the various sacred places, the descendants of the Saint Lords…

Counting these martial artists alone, they added up to an extremely staggering number. Moreover, there were descendants of numerous world lords, Supreme Lords, even the martial artists that were fated to lead the world of chaos—the stars of this world.

To compete with such remarkable talents…how difficult would it be for the common warriors to rise up in the Illusion Battlefield?

After giving up on the idea of achieving a high ranking, some martial artists decided not to be too upset about losing Illusion Points. They would just constantly go to fight outside the city, cultivate their skills, and be revived if they got killed. The process was cyclic, and they managed to gain experience and learning to strengthen their warrior spirit through the repeating life and death trials.

Above the Mist Palace, a massive pyramid also appeared.

Many martial artists looked up to it from time to time, checking on the rankings.

"Zen's name… is still nowhere to be found," an old man remarked as he respectfully stood beside Yolande. "There are way too many names in the pyramid's lower levels. I can't find his name! But Layla Ai's name already came up...130, 000th in her supreme world, and the 4, 600, 000th in the entire Illusion Battlefield!"

With Yolande's and the old man's perceptions, they could easily find their targets among the millions of names.

But after Zen left the city, he barely got any Illusion Points. Not only had he failed to move up a rank, his rank actually dropped below tens of billions of names.

Finding Zen's name among so many people's was no easy task.

"How strange… what is that guy doing?" Yolande was puzzled.

With Zen's strength, even if he didn't manage to make it to the top of the Illusion Battlefield, it should've been easy for him to enter the top five million, at the very least.

"Keep watching. Report to me immediately if anything happens to the warriors of our Mist Palace," Yolande instructed calmly.

The Mist Palace was the core power of the Humanity Alliance—its warriors were all elites.

The universe was utterly vast—astonishing geniuses could pop up from any corner at any moment. Yolande wasn't certain about the warriors of the thirteen palaces securing high ranks.

At this stage, Layla already managed to enter the 130, 000th ranking of the supreme world. With her talent and abilities, Yolanda believed that she wouldn't have any problem entering the top 5000. Her achieving something higher would depend on her performance and strength she had left from then on.

Within the Illusion Space, countless cities of the fifty supreme worlds were riddled with warriors slaughtering their ways through, almost in a frenzy. Those considered geniuses climbed all the way up the pyramid under the gazes of countless creatures of the 100, 000 supreme worlds.

Twelve hours later, the quiet night fell.

But in the Illusion Battlefield, the fight continued.

"Pah!"

The evil turtle's shell shattered from Zen's punch. Following a faint cyan flash, Zen crushed the body within the shell like it was nothing.

After the turtle completely disappeared, ten Illusion Points flew toward Zen.

When he traveled through the wilderness, he wasn't able to rack up Illusion Points all that quickly, but he didn't really mind.

Many powerful masters acted as Zen did and temporarily left the main cities as they waited for the other warriors to gather more Illusion Points. Some warriors even dug themselves a hole for a good night's sleep.

On the other hand, Zen used the opportunity to explore the wilderness, not wanting to waste a second of his time.

After defeating the turtle, Zen looked at the rolling mountains in front of him. The chains of mountains stretched far beyond what he could see as if they were endless.

The Illusion Battlefield was massive—it was equal to the area of fifty supreme worlds. Even there were countless main cities in the Illusion Battlefield, Zen didn't think the distance between these cities would be close.

'It's about time to head back, ' thought Zen as he looked into the distance and smiled. Then, he prepared to return to the main city—it was nearly time to reap the harvest.

But just as Zen turned his head, he felt a faint energy fluctuation from the northwest.

With a flash of his eyes, he disappeared from where he stood and ended up at the top of a mountain where the fluctuation was coming from.

At the bottom of the two mountains, a light was constantly spinning from a cave.

'What is that?' Zen felt rather surprised.

This Illusion Battlefield wasn't as simple as Zen had thought it would be. Perhaps, besides obtaining Illusion Points by killing other warriors, there were other ways to gather them.

Surrounding this light were three, golden-furred mice. They were huge for mice, almost the size of a piglet. Even as they were prostrated, their aura seemed intimidating, and it was emitted from their blood.

"These must be legendary beasts…

the Celestial Mice?" Zen muttered with a frown.

The old, legendary beasts were all exceptionally strong. All the mice in front of him were of the eleventh level, their strength comparable to that of the Soul Sea Realm warriors. But because they had the bloodline of legendary beasts, it made them much more troublesome.

What was there in the cave? Three mice were really guarding it?

Because of the situation, Zen's interest in the cave only grew.

Celestial Mice were top legendary beasts—by nature, they were already extremely aggressive. Their pairs of front teeth were pretty much invincible weapons. To add to that, they were the fastest of the legendary beasts.

Although the Celestial Mice were by no means easy for Zen to deal with, he wouldn't give up before exploring the cave.

He was in the Illusion Battlefield, after all—there was still a chance to make a comeback if he failed. Moreover, it was not impossible that Zen might defeat them.

Slowly, he trailed down the mountain.

The three mice, prostrated on the ground, raised their heads vigilantly. Their bean-sized black eyes fixed on Zen as they made creaking sounds—they seemed to be communicating with each other.

While Zen remained calm, he became much more cautious. The Celestial Mice were not to be trifled with.

Slowly, Zen approached them.

Two hundred feet… one hundred and fifty feet…

Then a hundred feet.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

The moment he stepped within that distance, the mice suddenly disappeared from his sight.

Only three blurry shadows flashed before him when he felt a sharp pain as if something stabbed his body.

Soon after, the three Celestial Mice appeared, not far away from him. They formed a triangular formation and surrounded Zen, revealing their sharp front teeth. Multicolored lights seemed to radiate from the teeth—that was where their talents lay. Because they also contained a Law of Causality, they could be used as a lethal weapon to kill prey in an instant.

Puff, puff, puff!

Then, three streams of blood flowed from Zen's left shoulder, chest, and leg.

Their attack was undoubtedly fast.

At that moment, Zen cared nothing about the wounds on his body—the speed of the three tiny Celestial Mice already exceeded his imagination and he wasn't foolish enough to chase after them.

Locking his target onto the shining cave, he started walking toward it.

Just as he made his move, the three mice disappeared once again.

The moment they disappeared, Zen drew out his Thunder Wind Divine Sword. The sword's shadow then appeared, acting as his shield. Simultaneously, dozens of Nether God Shadows emerged from the tip of the sword, spreading out around Zen.

Chapter 1521 Thunderbolt Annihilation

The outermost layer of Zen's protection was made up of dozens of Nether God Shadows, while the sword light from the inner layer protected him like a spinning wheel.

Zen's defense was impenetrable.

But even so, he still found himself unable to block the advancing attacks of the three Celestial Mice.

The awe-inspiring speed at which these three Celestial Mice advanced greatly exceeded Zen's anticipation.

The three tiny golden rat shadows drilled through the dense ghostly Nether God Shadows at a speed which the human eye could not track. Although Zen's sword light revolved around him like a roulette, it was not a real one after all, just an illusion created by the sword's high-speed rotation. There were still gaps which the mice could use.

Those Celestial Mice were so small that they could easily slip through these cracks and then they swiftly closed in on Zen.

"Puff, puff, puff!"

Three blood sprays spurted out as the mice bit Zen, just like before.

One of the mice bit Zen on his clavicle. At the critical moment, he had leaned backwards slightly, otherwise his throat might have been severed by the rodent fangs.

Although the wound caused by the Celestial Mouse's attack wasn't big, the mouse's teeth were almost invincible. Normal damage to Zen's body couldn't harm him at all, but when faced with the rat's attack, he couldn't resist at all! The teeth marks were vividly seen on his flesh.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak…"

In the blink of an eye, the three Celestial Mice appeared nearby. They were still maintaining a cautious distance from Zen and communicated with each other with high-pitched squeaks. However, a trace of ridicule seemed to glitter in those bean-sized black eyes.

Legendary beasts were all known to have intelligence, so the Celestial Mice were no exception.

Zen grew calmer and calmer as he watched his tiny adversaries.

The Celestial Mice were ranked number one among all legendary beasts. Their race might even be second only to super legendary beasts.

It was said that the reproductive abilities of the Celestial Mice was much stronger than that of other legendary beasts. Right now, Zen was only facing three Celestial Mice, so the pressure wasn't too great. However, if he were facing hundreds of them, he might be running for dear life by now.

In terms of speed, Zen probably wouldn't be able to do anything to them. He wouldn't even be able to track their small bodies, how could he hope to kill them?

The habits of these Celestial Mice were quite strange. If Zen didn't move, they wouldn't move either. However, once he moved, they would launch the most precise series of attacks in the shortest amount of time. They were perfectly coordinated with each other. Human warriors would struggle to match their synchronicity.

Zen now stood quietly in the same spot, deep in thought. Not long after, a faint smile appeared on his face.

Following the appearance of a few ripples on the surface of the sea of chaotic energy, the white smoke once again appeared around Zen's body.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

Although this cultivation method was somewhat baffling, in many cases, it had the much desired effect of catching his enemies off guard!

When Zen activated it, his entire body floated like a catkin or smoke on a breeze, and the three Celestial Mice leaped into the air once again!

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

They were so quick that Zen couldn't even see how they moved. He could only hear their squeaking sounds.

Although he was unable to lock onto the figures of the three Celestial Mice, after the Eight Smoky Melodies was activated, he could be affected by any fluctuations in the air around him. Even the smallest energy wave could push Zen into motion.

The moment the first mouse pounced on him, it pushed Zen backwards and out of the rodent's reach!

The second mouse pounced over from another direction, and Zen's body changed direction again, still floating in the air.

Then the third charged towards him.

No matter how these three mice attacked, Zen would always be able to maintain a distance of three inches away from them! Zen's eyes stared at the colorful mouse teeth in front of him, an indifferent expression now featuring on his face.

The mice's pouncing speed was shockingly fast, but the speed at which Zen was continuously reacting matched them perfectly.

If someone witnessed this scene, they would definitely have been dumbstruck!

This was because they would only see four intersecting shadows, and would not even be able to tell what these four rapidly flickering shadows were!

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…"

While dodging the mice's attacks, Zen was able to draw out strands of chaotic energy from his body!

Half of the chaotic energy that he drew out was used to replenish the stores consumed by the Eight Smoky Melodies, while most of the other half floated in the air and some even silently sank into the ground.

The chaotic energy that floated in the air quietly connected together, forming a faint ring.

The ring covered the surrounding space with a radius of a thousand feet. At the same time, a tiny bit of the mysterious Law Power began to form on the surface of the ring. The Law Power contained more than just the Thunder Law, and there were even lines of internal momentum intertwined within, as if tiny Genuine Dragons were intertwining with each other.

This was the second cultivation method which Zen had practiced in the past few years, the Thunderbolt Annihilation.

It was the second cultivation method Gus had recommended, and it was very powerful.

Compared to the Eight Smoky Melodies, the Thunderbolt Annihilation seemed a bit more normal. However, this was only "normal" to Zen!

He wasn't sure what level of cultivation method it belonged to, or whether it was considered a Transcendent Divine Might. However, ever since Zen had started cultivating it, he had discovered that this Thunderbolt Annihilation consumed an enormous amount of chaotic energy.

For an ordinary Soul Sea Realm martial artist, even if they had used up their Soul Sea, they still wouldn't be able to activate the Thunderbolt Annihilation, because it consumed too much life vitality. It was a costly cultivation method indeed!

Even Zen had used a considerable amount of chaotic energy to arrange this Thunderbolt Annihilation.

When Zen was cultivating in the fairy palace, he had also observed the power of Thunderbolt Annihilation several times. However, this was the first time that he was using it in actual combat, and he was curious to witness its full effects firsthand.

The three Celestial Mice were still swiftly chasing after Zen.

Speed was their greatest advantage. At this moment, they were also using their speed to the limit, stimulating their bloodline to the maximum. Their fur was even emitting a pure golden radiance as a result!

However, what they could not understand was that no matter how fast they traveled, Zen was merely adjusting his speed accordingly. He simply continued to drift out of their reach.

If they sped up, Zen would speed up, and if they slowed down, Zen would slow down too. It was as if they would never be able to touch him, as if he were an illusion!

The moment Zen activated the Thunderbolt Annihilation, a throbbing sensation started from within the depths of their bloodlines, causing them to feel a strong sense of impending danger.

At this moment, the three Celestial Mice seemed to have come to an instant agreement as they fled in three different directions!

Having lost the propulsion from the mice, Zen once again came to a standstill, gently bobbing up and down in the air. He looked at the three disappearing mouse shadows as they scattered and fled, and the corners of his mouth curled up into a satisfied smile.

"You can't escape!"

After the ring had been formed, the surrounding thousand feet had instantly turned into a disaster zone.

All living things within it would be baptized by the Thunder Tribulation, with the exception of Zen.

No matter how desperately the three Celestial Mice fled, they were unable to escape this calamity. Their yellow eyes were filled with fear. At the same time, their squeaking sounds became sharp and urgent!

Enormous pressure suddenly formed in the sky. Mysterious Internal Momentum Law was arranged neatly in the air. Only when one was undergoing a tribulation would such a strange phenomenon occur. However, Zen had forcefully drawn this Thunder Tribulation over.

"Crack!"

In the sky, a thick dragon-like bolt of lightning circled around once before descending with white hot energy!

This Thunder Tribulation, which had been attracted by Zen, began to baptize the entire area within a radius of a thousand feet! The lightning struck simultaneously and continuously all over the area within the ring.

Even at this moment, the three Celestial Mice did not choose to give up. They pushed their speed to the limit and even hid in the gaps that occurred between the branches of the lightning bolt.

However, the power of this Thunderbolt Annihilation was too great. It nearly covered every inch of an area of a thousand feet. As more and more lightning gathered and the lightning became larger and larger, there were no more gaps left; the three Celestial Mice had nowhere to hide.

Several minutes later, the sky gradually cleared and returned to normal.

The three Celestial Mice lay smoldering on the ground, their bodies charred. Not long after, their corpses gradually disintegrated, and at the same time, each of the Celestial Mice created a thousand Illusion Points that moved swiftly towards Zen.

"There are actually three thousand Illusion Points?" A smile appeared on Zen's face.

His goal had been the cave, but he hadn't thought that he would receive such a valuable reward for killing each Celestial Mouse. However, compared to what the other martial artists achieved, three thousand Illusion Points was nothing.

Once a martial artist had killed sixty of the other martial artists, they would get three thousand Illusion Points as a reward. In the Illusion Battlefield, some radical martial artists had already killed thousands of their opponents, while reaping massive rewards.

Chapter 1522 Ezra

Zen didn't even bother to check his ranking.

Not because he didn't want to fight for a good ranking in the Illusion Battlefield, but because the battle itself had just begun.

He actually planned to get the best results. However, looking at the ranking this early wasn't something he would be anxious about.

After Zen absorbed the Illusion Points, his gaze fell on the cave which was guarded by three Celestial Mice. He didn't know what was hidden inside the cave.

He was already walking towards the cave's entrance when a light beam slowly formed before him and blocked his path.

At the same time, some words flashed through Zen's mind:

"To enter the Evil Wind Cave, one has to pay three hundred thousand Illusion Points!"

'Three hundred thousand Illusion Points!' Zen bitterly smiled at that thought.

He had only collected less than four thousand Illusion Points so far. Thus, he needed to get more points for him to enter the cave.

It was depressing for him that he couldn't enter it even after spending so much time and efforts fighting those mice. However, he had borne this place mentally as he couldn't help but wonder what was inside it. Not only was it guarded by three legendary beasts but it was also asking for three hundred thousand Illusion Points.

Making up his mind, Zen didn't stay in that place any longer. He turned around and flew into the air, quickly returning along his original route.

"Whoosh."

After five minutes, the main city appeared once again in front of Zen.

An ogre in silver armor was shrouded in a bloody aura right now. In his hands were a pair of massive bloody axes that were crazily brandished by him.

This ogre warrior was Ezra, the same warrior that Zen encountered in the city before.

Ezra had a privileged and wealthy background. Although he was not considered a core disciple of a tenth-grade sacred place, he was born in a wealthy, famous clan that was comparable to a tenth-grade sacred place.

He had obtained his clan's most valuable treasure when the Illusion Battlefield opened.

Not only did he put on the holy ogre armor, but he even took a pair of secondary first-rank divine weapons, the Ogre Blood Axes!

He had spent the last few hours organizing a group of ogre warriors for killing all the other warriors from other races. He alone had slaughtered six hundred human warriors and about four hundred warriors from other races.

In the first round alone, he had earned more than fifty thousand Illusion Points and his ranking in the Illusion Battlefield immediately soared to the top!

He kept slaughtering the same warriors after they revived in the second round. The Illusion Points in a warrior's body were reduced by half whenever they died. With Ezra killing those warriors the second time, he obtained about twenty thousand points. Thus, he got a total of about seventy thousand points in just two rounds of massacre.

Being a greedy warrior, Ezra initially wanted to slaughter those warriors for the third time but he could not get many points this way.

Although the warriors in the Illusion Battlefield had understood the rules, they had never experienced it themselves. Thus, they didn't understand the rules too well.

However, no one was a fool. After being killed once or twice, everyone finally understood what the battlefield rules were about. They, of course, would not be willing to be at the mercy of others.

Death was nothing more than losing some Illusion Points. And those warriors didn't want others to keep on killing them like that. Besides, it was safe for them to just stay in the city. In this way, they could avoid giving Ezra another chance of killing them again.

Not only the warriors who had been killed but also those ogre warriors who had helped Ezra began to come up with this thought.

The warriors entered the Illusion Battlefield, either to fight for the ranking or to gain experience. Ezra might be very powerful and overbearing outside but it would be impossible for him to order others in the Illusion Battlefield. Even though some warriors and Ezra were from the same race, they should be enemies when standing in the Illusion Battlefield.

Ezra could only look for his target by himself as of now, hoping to gain more Illusion Points.

He was born in a prestigious clan and the clan's elders had high expectations on him. Naturally, he hoped to obtain a good result!

However, he never expected himself as a target to several ogre warriors as soon as he stepped back in the Illusion Battlefield.

In the beginning, Ezra took advantage of the fact that no one understood the rules and earned so many Illusion Points. Naturally, some people were jealous and wanted to kill Ezra to obtain about forty thousand Illusion Points at once.

However, Ezra was powerful and his talent was great enough to become one of the core disciples of some sacred places!

Moreover, he had great treasures in hand. Not only had he not been killed yet, but he had also killed five or six warriors more. He had earned a lot of points.

"Roar... Look at you. Such a bunch of disgraceful warriors! I can cut down and kill all of you!" At this moment, Ezra had also activated his bloodline power, the Bronze Blood!

The Bronze Blood was similar to the Berserk Blood of ogres. It could make a warrior forget his pain in a short period and double his strength. The warrior could become even more excited and brave! Nevertheless, the Bronze Blood was stronger than the Berserk Blood and had less damage to the warrior's body.

Since the three ogre warriors dared to besiege Ezra, they were the aggressive warriors with evil intentions.

In the beginning, the three of them could still suppress Ezra, but after Ezra's Bronze Blood was activated, he became more and more valiant. The three warriors began to retreat.

"Puff!"

The bloody axe hacked down onto one of the ogre warriors by chance, and directly split that warrior into two pieces!

After the ogre warrior fell, he turned into a red dot of light that returned to the main city to revive. His Illusion Points were then naturally absorbed by Ezra.

After seeing how Ezra killed one of them, the remaining two ogre warriors were suddenly eaten by fear. One of them even turned around to flee, wanting to return to the main city!

However, with the activation of the Bronze Blood, Ezra would never let these two warriors escape.

He howled and the mysterious marks appeared above the two bloody axes in his hands. After that, he threw the bloody axes towards the two ogre warriors.

"Huff, huff, huff..."

The two ogre warriors heard the sound of heavy objects flying behind them. Before they had the chance to turn around and look, the bloody axes had already turned into four, and eventually into countless bloody axes floating in the air!

"I'll cut you into pieces!"

With a roar from Ezra, the bloody axes rushed towards the two ogres at once.

The bloody axes began hacking down the two ogre warriors as if countless people were holding them. The two ogre warriors were directly chopped into pieces by these axes.

"Huff, huff, huff..."

The bloody axes continued to merge, finally turning into two bloody axes and returning into Ezra's hands.

The bloody axes in Ezra's hands were indeed regarded as the secondary first-rank divine weapons. Many warriors who were watching from above the city wall turned silent by their shocks.

"The bloody axes... I thought they were just illusions!"

"Humph, the strength of Ezra is quite average. He only relies on his clan's Bronze Blood and those two divine weapons!"

"Since he has these two divine weapons in hand, his attacks are unmatched. Besides, he is invulnerable to swords and spears!"

The strength displayed by Ezra was so formidable that the warriors inside the city didn't dare to leave the city.

Ezra held two bloody axes and knocked the blunt part of it against his armored chest. Under the stimulation of the Bronze Blood, he roared towards the many warriors in the main city, "Idiots! Come out quickly and let me kill you! Other than contributing your Illusion Points, what else can you do?"

It had to be said that Ezra was one of the smarter ones among the ogres. When he first entered the Illusion Battlefield, he was able to persuade the warriors from the same race to help him accumulate Illusion Points.

However, he was still defiant even after accumulating enough points as he tried to provoke others. His provocation targets were not limited to the warriors from other races. In fact, all of those that he killed now were ogres!

"Boaz! Go and challenge him!"

"Damn it. I have helped him tie up so many human warriors before. How could he intend to kill me?"

"Alas, this is the Illusion Battlefield and all of us have to take everyone as the opponent, regardless of race. We were so stupid to help him in the beginning!"

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Ezra's two bloody axes repeatedly smashed against his chest armor with a deafening sound. His eyes were dark red, but a trace of cyan gleam could be seen within. This was the effect of the Bronze Blood.

Just as Ezra was provoking the other warriors excitedly, Zen's figure suddenly appeared behind him.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1523 Strength

Zen did not hide his aura. His eyes glinted fiercely as he approached Ezra.

On the other hand, Ezra got too excited that he ignored the person behind him.

He suddenly turned around when Zen was just three steps away from him. Since he was under the Bronze Blood's control, he acted out of instinct without any thought!

Ezra hadn't even seen Zen clearly before he subconsciously attacked Zen out of reflex.

The massive pair of bloody axes flashed with a blood-red light and smelled thickly of blood. The axes swung down heavily in a horizontal manner, like two brushes painting a bloody piece in front of him.

Whoosh!

The axes emitted a powerful aura in each heavy swing.

Ezra's attack under the Bronze Blood's activation had no moves--because he didn't need to use any!

His attack's violent power felt like it could crush mountains and the earth. Everything within the axes' slash's radius were obliterated without a second thought.

A vast majority of martial artists would choose to retreat and look for another opportunity in the face of such an attack.

It was an absolutely unwise choice to confront an ogre martial artist--especially one who had activated the Bronze Blood!

Despite all the odds, Zen did not retreat.

Zen still firmly stood three inches from the bloody axes, no matter how fast or heavy the weapons were swung.

He was like a butterfly in the eye of a storm. The strong wind could destroy houses and trees; but the little butterfly would always dance along with the wind.

All the martial artists who hid in the main city were all dumbfounded when they saw Zen.

The main city lay a bit farther away from Zen, so he seemed like he was glued to the bloody axes from the martial artists' point of view.

The scene created an illusion. It was as if Ezra wanted to throw Zen off the axes, rather than chop him off with them. However, Ezra couldn't get rid of him no matter how hard he tried.

"What did this guy do? How did he do it?"

"Maybe he practiced a very strange cultivation method and glued himself to the bloody axes!"

"But that doesn't sound right… if he was stuck on them, why wouldn't Ezra smash the axes on the ground to kill him?"

Numerous ogre warriors discussed and argued among themselves about what was happening to Zen.

However, Ezra had indeed done so, just as they finished talking. This kind of illusion wasn't a rare thing for martial artists--thus, Ezra too, had a strange feeling that this man was stuck to his axes.

With the pair of bloody axes raised high in the air, Ezra proceeded to heavily swing them downwards!

As gravity pulled the axes down, Zen had somehow strangely squeezed out from the gap between the axes' edges and the ground when he was three inches above the floor line.

Boom!

The two bloody axes hit the ground with a loud thud and immediately created a huge fissure.

The crack continued to extend in all directions, and exceeded more than ten miles. It could even form a small canyon.

"What the hell!"

"This human warrior is really odd. He seems like a slippery leech that can't be caught!"

Once again, all the warriors behind the city wall were all stunned!

After that, Zen's body floated at the end of the bloody axes. His feet were still three inches away from their blades.

Even Ezra, who was still under the influence of the Bronze Blood, couldn't help but pause and stare at this man in front of him!

"It's you!"

Ezra had finally recognized Zen.

If his memory served him right, he was one of the two human warriors he had met at the beginning of the Illusion Battlefield!

It seemed that Ezra had misjudged them at that time. He never thought that those two human warriors were so powerful that they had instantly killed eleven ogre warriors.

Even then, Ezra still didn't take them seriously.

For him, real powerhouses would choose methods such as blocking the city gate and collecting points. Thus, he thought that these two human warriors chose to leave because they felt confident of themselves.

He didn't know that the method of blocking the city gates was inefficient, as no one was willing to leave the city to risk their lives now?

On the other hand, Zen thought a warrior like Ezra who used a method like blocking the city gates was like a sheep that ate grass. Now that he had returned, he would definitely choose to slaughter this sheep...

"It's me," Zen said with a faint smile.

"Ha-ha! Well, well. Let's see how far you can escape!" Ezra said and laughed wildly. Although he dreaded Zen's strange movement technique, he didn't feel any fear under the influence of the Bronze Blood. The pair of bloody axes split apart and attacked Zen from both of his sides.

If Zen was hit by the bloody axes, he'd end up getting chopped into pieces.

But surprisingly, Zen didn't dodge!

He stretched his arms and stared at Ezra after he dispersed the white smoke from his body, a smile plastered on his face.

Swish! Swish!

Zen's hands were like two agile snakes that slithered quickly as he grasped the bloody axes' blades.

Ezra attacked with all his might. His slashing movements were even strong enough to split a mountain!

Therefore, almost all the warriors thought that Zen would use that bizarre movement technique of his to dodge the attacks.

But Zen being Zen was quite unpredictable: not only did he avoid dodging, he directly stretched out his hands and grabbed the bloody axes' blades with his bare hands! All of Zen's ten fingers were deeply embedded on the bloody axes' surface, which dug ten deep grooves on the divine weapon.

Suddenly, the main city quieted down.

It was known that ogre martial artists were naturally ruthless, and wherever they gathered was always noisy due to their massive size. The sky shook the moment they opened their mouths. The bad thing was, there weren't many things that could keep them quiet!

However, something that defied common sense happened in front of them…

This human martial artist had actually used his bare hands to grasp Ezra's dual axes!

All the races in the universe had their own specialties. It could also be said that each race was fond of displaying their strengths to the extreme.

For instance, cultivating life vitality suited humans, ogre warriors were best at body tempering, and the Demon Night warriors were naturally strong. Thus, it wasn't bad to choose any of them to cultivate.

There was a 99% chance that an ogre martial artist would choose to refine their body, and this Ezra was one of the most outstanding body refiners of the ogre race. On the other hand, this human warrior seemed to be a martial artist that cultivated the life vitality.

They did not sense any fluctuations of the life vitality from his body, but he had actually used his bare hands to catch Ezra's two bloody axes!

Thus, the ogre martial artists thought they had just seen a monster!

Not to mention, to be defeated at something he was supposedly adept at was an unbearable setback, and a huge blow to Ezra.

What was even worse was that all of Zen's fingers had made dents on his secondary first-rank divine weapon!

This was a secondary first-rank divine weapon. The bloody axes were huge and thick, and were far harder than any sword, spear, saber, or other similar weapons. Weapons like axes and hammers at the same rank consumed several times more materials, but they were also much tougher.

Sadly, the truth was laid out in front of them. Many ogre martial artists subconsciously shook their heads, as if they didn't want to believe this; but their eyes didn't lie to them.

"How did he do it…"

"There weren't any fluctuations of life vitality. This human didn't seem to have cultivated the life vitality system!"

"No, that's not right. He isn't a body refiner either. I didn't sense the eruption of his forceful energy!"

Many ogre martial artists were silently transfixed on Zen for a while, before they began to talk about him all at once in especially loud voices.

Then, they came to an even more frightening conclusion amidst their discussions.

Zen didn't rely on his life vitality or his forceful energy. He used his physical body and his own strength instead to block the two axes.

"Where did this freak come from..." one of the ogre martial artists murmured. But of course, Ezra was probably countless times more shocked than the spectators.

He had the Bronze Blood and he was a descendant of a golden family of ogre race.

Although he couldn't compare to those world lords' or the Supreme Lords' descendants, he was still more than enough to become a core disciple of a tenth-grade sacred place! He was excellent in both aspects, be it talent or bloodline.

The Bronze Blood could increase his strength by more than three times after it had burst. Combined with his cultivation of the blood strengthening forceful energy, even a warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm wouldn't withstand the might of his axes!

However, this human warrior who didn't even look built or sturdy at all, had just squeezed his axes with his bare hands?

He felt a deep sense of humiliation within him as he looked at the smile on Zen's face. To make things even worse, he couldn't pull out his pair of bloody axes!

Chapter 1524 Wolves Were Back

Ezra's bloodshot eyes glowed an intense cyan as he fully activated the Bronze Blood.

The effects were instantaneous on his body: thick, snake-like veins popped underneath his skin as his meridians significantly bulked up on his arms and his muscles.

The amount of power within him would be enough to overturn mountains in the Lower World.

But not here. His strength wasn't nearly enough to pull the two axes out of Zen's hands.

'Just a bit more… He should've already reached his limit!'

Ezra thought, urging himself to go on.

"Slash at him now!"

Ezra roared. Since he couldn't pull the bloody axes away then he would have to recalibrate his strategy. What if he pushed instead?

With a roar, Ezra threw his entire weight onto his bulked-up arms and violently pushed the bloody axes towards Zen. The sudden change should've caught the young man off-guard, perhaps even made him drop the axes.

But that wasn't what happened. Whether he pushed or pulled, Ezra's efforts remained ineffective against Zen.

"Hey, dude!" Zen called. Ezra frowned when he saw the mocking smile on his opponent's face. He was then caught off guard by the sudden force that Zen exerted into his hands.

"Crack!"

The bloody axes that he had been holding suddenly started to split and crack along their surface.

"Plop!"

The force was devastating on the axes which quickly shattered into fine fragments right in front of everyone's eyes.

Ezra could only watch in despair as the mighty axes were reduced into wooden stumps.

These bloody axes were his clan's greatest treasure but there was another cause of his frustration.

It was important to remember that they were in the Illusion Battlefield where nobody died and no weapon was damaged for real. Everything and everyone were mere projections and whatever weapon was damaged within the arena, whether it was a simple stick or a clan's treasured weapon, was only a copy. The real one was perfectly safe and sound outside the battlefield. This was why divine and supreme divine weapons could be used by mere Soul Sea Realm warriors. Such weapons of caliber were often only wielded and owned by world lords, grand world lords, or Supreme Lords. It was only in the Illusion Battlefield that lower-ranked warriors had the opportunity to take these weapons out for a spin. The bloody axes that had unfortunately shattered into a million pieces just now were still safe and sound in the real world.

So why was Ezra finding it so hard to stomach the loss of his weapon?

It was because of the fact that Zen was able to crush a secondary first-rank divine weapon with his bare hands and Ezra wasn't willing to accept the horrifying strength his opponent had.

The young man in front of him couldn't be this strong, right? He couldn't be. But as Ezra gazed at the two wooden sticks in his hands, the disbelief gradually turned into some kind of deep-seated fear. He looked up at Zen and couldn't help but think to himself, 'This guy is a monster.'

"It's over!"

Zen shouted, not wanting to waste too much time with Ezra. His main goal was to get as many Illusion Points as possible and defeating Ezra meant getting plenty of points. He was about to hit the mother lode!

Ezra's power was considered extraordinary among the ogres but to Zen, he was even weaker than the Celestial Mouse.

He could never hope to compare with Zen who, time and again, had emerged victorious in fights against warriors of the same level and above.

Zen approached Ezra and quickly pointed his finger at his forehead.

"Puff!" There was a crisp sound as the latter's head exploded into a horrifying mix of brain, bone, and blood and another dull thump as his headless body fell onto the floor.

"Boom!"

There was a loud boom as his body slowly dissipated and a red dot of light immediately shot back to the main city.

At the same time, a large number of yellow Illusion Points flew out from where Ezra's corpse had been and shot straight into Zen's body.

Ezra had accumulated around seventy to eighty thousand Illusion Points and his death by Zen's hand meant that the young man now obtained half of Ezra's hard-earned wealth.

It was no surprise that most of the ogres that stood watch on top of the city wall were currently grumbling amongst themselves at Zen's victory.

They just couldn't help but feel jealous of his success.

"A total of thirty-seven thousand and four hundred points. If I add the points I got before then that means I've now surpassed forty thousand! In this supreme world, my ranking would be at… the five hundred and twenty thousandth place. And I rank number twenty-four million in the Illusion Battlefield."

These rankings were no easy feat and were already considered high among normal warriors.

The participants for this competition numbered at the trillions after all and most of them were geniuses and talented warriors themselves.

However, this wasn't enough for Zen. There remained more than twenty million Soul Sea Realm warriors as his competitors and he was not willing to lag behind any of them.

His gaze drifted upon the ogres who watched from the city walls.

Ezra's activation of his Bronze Blood earlier was an intimidating feat, but Zen's defeat of their talent surely made a bigger impression upon all of them. How could they ever dare leave the city now?

However, the world was filled with all kinds of people.

Warriors generally came here in the Illusion Battlefield to seek glory and validation. Here, they fought with others and accumulated Illusion Points, challenging themselves and pushing their bodies to the limit in every single fight to emerge at the top. Such was the way of martial arts.

"Shoop! Shoop!"

Zen was about to leave when several ogres suddenly rushed out of the city walls and ran directly towards him as a kind of ambush.

However, the young man remained calm and stared at them indifferently. These ogres were only at the beginning stage of the Soul Sea Realm and posed no threat to him whatsoever. Besides, these were free Illusion Points and Zen wasn't just going to pass on such a wonderful opportunity.

They were the ones who jumped into the arena to challenge Zen to see just how far the gap was between them and a strong warrior such as him.

And they were about to find out just how big the gap was. Zen, despite being at the same Soul Sea Realm level, could perfectly defeat an ordinary talented, Spirit Supreme Realm master. These ordinary talented Soul Sea Realm warriors were nothing to him.

The 'fight', if one could even call it that, ended as soon as it began. The ogres all disappeared into tiny red dots that quickly flew back to the main city before they could even realize that they had already been eliminated.

Zen remained standing in the middle of the arena, almost as if in a daze.

Was he tired? Did fighting with so many ogres finally sap his strength? No, it was merely because he was currently in a state of utter disbelief and disappointment. He knew the number of Illusion Points those ogres had would not be big but he didn't expect it to be so low! Four warriors at the Soul Sea Realm and they only had a combined total of two Illusion Points!

He got one from each of the two while the other pair did not even have one! And yet they had the audacity to actually come for him!

Unbeknownst to him, these warriors, though crazy, were also hardworking. The moment they were resurrected and revived, they immediately looked for someone to kill. If they died, they would simply resurrect back in the main city. Once up and running, they would immediately go back into hunting another warrior to fight with, forgoing rest for experience.

They belonged to the crazy bunch who only cared about cultivation and nothing else. They didn't care about the Illusion Points and only wanted to take advantage of the Illusion Battlefield to cultivate. The stronger their opponents, the better trials they would get.

Just as he had sent those four ogres back to the main city, another three charged towards him.

He wasn't that much interested in this group considering his experience with the former. It was evident that they only had a few Illusion Points based on the aura that they exuded.

Zen didn't have the time to bother with them so he quickly took a step through space and disappeared right under everyone's noses.

With his departure, the warriors on top of the walls sighed while those on the outside began to move once again.

Meanwhile, back to Zen: he had once again encountered another ogre, almost at the same level as Ezra's, who was continuously harvesting Illusion Points from ordinary warriors outside the city walls.

He was cocky but it was his unfortunate luck that he ran into Zen who was very interested in his stock of Illusion Points.

Like all of Zen's other opponents: the ogre quickly turned into a red dot and flew back into the main city.

Zen had encountered two 'sheep' outside the main city, one being Ezra and the other being this ogre. He absorbed an additional thirty thousand points this time and his accumulated number of Illusion Points had now reached around seventy thousand. His ranking in this supreme world was already at the four hundred and ten-thousandth place while it was at the nineteen millionth place in the Illusion Battlefield.

This was incredibly high but still not enough to be noticed. He still had a long way to go to reach the top.

Zen was hard at work harvesting as many points as he could. The warriors he faced were the sort to spend a lot of time fighting over a target for mere fifty points but he was someone who got tens of thousands by easily defeating one skilled warrior.

However, it wasn't just him who made his return.

There was a saying: grass was eaten by sheep, and sheep were eaten by wolves.

Zen was a wolf who fed on these fat sheep who gave him lots of Illusion Points.

However, he wasn't the only wolf in town and he was about to meet another of his kind very soon.

Chapter 1525 Layne

In the Illusion Battlefield, the weak martial artists were defeated one after another.

Some of those who were originally at the top of the list fell to the bottom rather rapidly.

Meanwhile, some of the lower-ranked martial artists were surprisingly rising to the top.

All the races paid close attention to every update on the rankings as shown on the pyramids above their Illusion Spaces.

The crowd kept a particularly close eye on the names of the top talents of every race. Many paid special attention to one name, Zen Luo.

At that point, Zen Luo was a name often heard and well-remembered throughout the universe—even the top talents of different races, the sons of Supreme Lords, and the successors of world lords simply couldn't match up to him.

And there was one simple reason behind it—he had the Roaring Token.

Trillions of living beings could be found in the universe, and every one of them could hear the sounds transmitted by the Roaring Token. The mysterious girl shouted out Zen's name repeatedly.

The news of Zen being surrounded by dozens of Supreme Lords and killing some of them from years ago spread like wildfire throughout the universe.

Since ancient times, he was the first martial artist to enjoy such fame and glory—not even the Supreme Lords had such.

Not only Yolande kept an eye out for Zen's ranking—the members of the Celestial Position and the rest of the universe had their eyes hot on it.

Because Zen was so well-known, even the Supreme Lords grew curious as to how he had performed in the Illusion Battlefield.

But the search left the people quite disappointed.

With the trillions of names on the pyramid, the names on the lowest levels were almost totally stuck together, making it impossible for anyone to make anything out.

Only the first few million martial artists were notable. They had accumulated quite a lot of Illusion Points, after all, and the gap between them and the rest was huge.

To find Zen's name, people had to go all the way down from the top of the pyramid—they went through tens of millions of names, but Zen's couldn't be found.

"Doesn't Zen Luo have an extraordinary fairy place? Why isn't he ranked among the top ten million?"

"That's simple—he got that indestructible fairy place only by good luck. He may not even be that talented, let alone skilled enough to make it to the top ten million. It seems as though he's weaker than the talents in some core sacred place."

"You're right. The top ten million is a pretty low standard. It seems like a disaster will be unfolding soon."

"Disaster? What disaster?" someone curiously asked.

"Think about it. With Zen's talent, if he's trapped in the fairy place for tens of thousands of years or even hundreds of thousands of years, he'll definitely die in there. By then, the fairy place will be left without an owner. All the Supreme Lords in the universe will use every means possible to fight for it. I'm afraid no one will give it up."

"There is some truth in that, yes."

The martial artists from the outside world discussed among themselves the names at the top of the pyramid.

70, 000 Illusion Points and the nineteen millionth place. Surely, Zen wasn't satisfied with this ranking.

On this trip back to the main city, Zen wanted to get a minimum of 300, 000 Illusion Points—it was just enough to open up the cave in the wilderness.

But as Zen walked all the way around the city walls, the wry smile on his face grew all the more evident. Was there some kind of problem with the rules of the Illusion Battlefield?

It wasn't that Zen was avoiding a fight with anyone for the Illusion Points, but it was that he didn't even have a chance.

More and more wolves returned. Those like Zen who had returned to the main city had begun massacres around it.

The main city was incomparably large. The martial artists who had amassed many Illusion Points were growing smarter—they couldn't afford to offend someone like Zen. But they could, at the very least, hide from him.

Because of this, many of them chose to merely hide within the city and refused to step into open view.

Fighting was prohibited within the main city, so Zen would never barge in to take someone out.

The sensible martial artists who had racked up plenty of Illusion Points hid within the city. On the way there, though, there were some who knew no fear and rushed to challenge Zen.

Even if Zen killed them, he wouldn't gain any Illusion Points. Still, they insisted on provoking him and chasing after him to the end. He was left with no choice but to put in all his effort to get rid of them.

"There's something wrong with the rules of the Illusion Battlefield."

Overall, the set of rules itself was not much of a problem. If martial artists wanted to stand out, they had to kill the others. It was merely a system where the large fish ate the small fish, the small fish ate the shrimps, and the shrimps ate mud.

But the organizers shouldn't have set up a safe haven like the main city—it was totally unfair in Zen's opinion.

But the Illusion Battlefield had only just opened. If all the martial artists stayed within the city, it would be impossible to gauge their strength. With such a set-up, the Illusion Battlefield would go against its original purpose, so the rules should change pretty soon.

Zen pondered as he ran around the city.

Just as he passed a corner of the city wall, a purple-colored flame curling up came into his view. The sound of an explosion came before him.

Whir! Whir! Whir!

Unexpectedly, the wind pressure from the intense explosion contained numerous cyan wind blades. One could only imagine the intensity of the explosion just then.

After the light ribbons slowly faded into nothing, a huge crater appeared at the bottom of the city wall. It was tens of thousands of feet wide and several thousand feet deep.

On top of the city wall, many ogre martial artists looked into the crater, their eyes riddled with fear. A wisp of purple flame rose into the air from within.

"Layne is truly worthy of being the successor of the lord of Ogre Flame World. It seems like he's already mastered his cultivation method to its maximum. The power of his attack just now was amazing!"

"Wallis was still so arrogant when he just returned. He killed seven people within two hours and accumulated about 200, 000 Illusion Points. Unexpectedly, Layne killed him in only three moves… Three moves!"

"The strongest martial artist in our city must be none other than Layne!"

Many of them in the city were staring at the large pit, discussing among themselves. The conversation reached Zen's ears.

"Layne?"

The name didn't mean much to him, but Zen got something significant from it—Layne seemed to be a step ahead of Zen, having accumulated about 200, 000 Illusion Points in a short period of time. He was undoubtedly faster than Zen.

Before Zen came back, many martial artists had already returned to the main city. After obtaining a few Illusion Points, they quickly hid themselves in the main city. When Zen came back, the weak ones were already defeated. During his return, Zen had only encountered two warriors who could be called "sheep".

Not long after, a rather skinny figure slowly rose from the pit.

This person was none other than that Layne everyone was talking about. A streak of purple devil flame turned into a giant hand beneath his feet and lifted him up.

Although Layne was also an ogre martial artist, he wasn't as tall as his clansmen. While still being much taller and stronger than humans, he was considered puny among the sturdy ogres.

After Layne emerged from the pit, his eyes swept across his surroundings. As he spotted the many martial artists hiding within the city walls, his expression turned mocking.

Even if they took the initiative to leave the city, he wouldn't bother killing those cowards.

But when the gaze of Layne swept along the edge of the city wall and extended to its very end, he saw a lone figure floating in the corner.

It was Zen, dressed in cyan.

A hint of doubt swept across Layne's face. Why wasn't he hiding within the city walls like the rest of the human martial artists?

As the successor of the Ogre Flame World lord, conquering this city was merely a trivial goal for someone like Layne—what he truly wanted was to fight with the real top powerhouses in the Illusion Battlefield.

From the beginning, Layne had always looked down upon the city, including all its martial artists.

So when Zen didn't hide himself from him, Layne was left rather puzzled. Had this human been scared silly?

As he wondered, he saw Zen fly toward him slowly with a warm smile on his face.

Chapter 1526 Beaten

The smile on Zen's face was undoubtedly quite annoying in Layne's eyes.

Humans were considered a most formidable race in the universe, but in this main city, ogres were in the majority!

The other races were all unintentionally assigned to the main city, but these warriors were nothing more than cannon fodder.

Now that Layne was standing here, the tens of thousands of martial artists in the main city didn't dare to take even a single step… Was this human youth strutting around before his eyes an idiot?

Zen's smile became rather confusing at this moment.

Layne didn't know that, although he was one of the raiders in the city, he was nothing but a fat sheep in Zen's eyes. At this moment, Zen fretted that Layne would return to the main city.

Already, Layne had accumulated 200, 000 Illusion Points. Even if Zen could get half of that number, that would be 100, 000 Illusion Points; while, Zen currently only had a total of over 70, 000 Illusion Points!

"Where did this human warrior come from? He actually went straight at Layne?"

"Does he want to die?"

"I know this guy. Previously, he killed Ezra in the southwest! He's a powerful warrior! He shattered Ezra's axes with his bare hands! They were a secondary first-rank divine weapon!"

Secondary first-rank divine weapons were as nothing in Zen's eyes.

However, in the eyes of the many warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, they were treasures which could only be found by luck.

"Is this guy really that strong?"

Upon hearing these words, the city's ogre martial artists' eyes all looked at Zen with new respect.

"Even so, he's not a match for Layne. They… They will never be in the same league in terms of strength. Layne has already comprehended some profound mysteries within the Fire Law, and has made them his own to use. This boy actually dared to take the initiative to provoke Layne. Does he think that he has collected too many Illusion Points to lose?"

As they discussed this event, a small number of the human martial artists' eyes began to shine with a bright light!

These human warriors had been unilaterally assigned to the main city, and could only accept their unlucky fate. The difference of races didn't matter in the Illusion Battlefield, and only their strength mattered. These ogre warriors would even kill each other in squabbles between themselves. However, as long as the small number of human warriors left the main city, they would all be immediately targeted.

It was because, firstly, the human warriors in the main city were indeed a bit weaker. Secondly, they were of a different race; and thus, they were more vulnerable to attacks.

Hearing that this human youth in front of them had actually displayed such strength, they also began to feel a bit proud, and it could be said that watching Zen's combat had actually helped them vent their pent-up anger.

However, having witnessed the battle that Layne had fought just now, they couldn't help but worry for Zen. After all, the strength displayed by Layne was too terrifying to underestimate. The young human warrior in front of them might be strong, but he was no match for Layne.

More and more warriors began to gather on the city wall.

They also wanted to see what this human youth had that made him dare to challenge Layne like this.

Outside the city walls, the two warriors' gazes were locked onto each other. They were both concerned that the other party would be too afraid to fight and might escape into the city!

However, as the distance between the two continued to close, both sides realized that their worries were unfounded!

They could see the strong self-confidence present in each other's eyes. This self-confidence was not something that could be pretended. It was accumulated and defined over and over again through arduous battles, and had seeped into their very bones. It was not in their natures to run.

"I wonder where your confidence comes from," Layne said indifferently when the distance between the two was only one hundred feet. He stared at Zen with a hint of ridicule in his eyes. "However, you will soon understand what despair is… You should be glad that this is the Illusion Battlefield, for at least you won't die for real."

Zen's gaze was calm as he said with a smile, "You can choose to believe that I have overestimated myself."

A brilliant light flashed in Layne's eyes, and his majestic aura was suddenly released. The aura contained his comprehension of the Fire Law, so even though it was just an aura, it radiated an abnormal scorching heat. Standing in front of Layne was like standing in front of a blazing furnace!

"An interesting human warrior..."

As he finished speaking, Layne suddenly raised his hand and a ball of purple flames appeared on his palm. He squeezed lightly and the ball of fire was suddenly extinguished.

At the same time as the purple flames were extinguished, great balls of the purple fire appeared within a radius of one thousand feet around Zen. Layne smiled faintly, and the moment he took a step forward, blazing flames suddenly erupted from his back. These flames split into two massive purple wings, like a great hawk spreading its wings, and he then pounced towards Zen!

Facing Layne's attack, Zen briefly looked flustered and quickly moved to dodge. In the eyes of the crowd, he seemed to want to avoid Layne's flames, but they could see that Zen had no chance of avoiding them as his speed and the direction he chose to flee made him doomed to suffer.

As Layne's punch landed on Zen's body, a ball of purple flames several feet in diameter exploded outward!

From the purple flames, a figure shot out like an arrow, and crashed into the ground.

"Boom!"

A deafening roar could be heard as the figure smashed a huge crater into the ground.

When the purple flames dissipated, the figure of Layne was still seen floating in the air. The one who had been smashed down was Zen!

"Huh, I thought this human martial artist had some skills. It seems that he is even far inferior to Wallis!"

"He has been defeated with a single punch, and Layne hasn't even used his profound mysteries of the Fire Law yet…"

"He could not withstand even a single blow. So lame!"

Layne didn't push the attack on him. He looked down at the large crater with a mocking smile, but a trace of doubt arose in his mind.

Generally speaking, talented martial artists would have developed a sensitive intuition. They were able to judge the strength of their opponent from their confidence, bearing, and expression. This sort of judgment wasn't always absolutely right, but it was usually very close to the fact.

Although Layne looked down on his fallen opponent, Zen's indifferent expression created a faint sense of pressure and unease in Layne.

On the surface, he had been mocking Zen with his words. He was only belittling him strategically, but he did not underestimate Zen in the slightest when he had employed his tactics. So when he had attacked Zen just now, he had not held back at all!

This move, 'Soaring Phoenix Flaming Dragon' seemed to have been nothing special, but its power was extraordinary…

It looked like the results were quite spectacular. At least, Zen hadn't been able to dodge this move. But Layne faintly felt that something wasn't quite right.

Maybe he was just being oversensitive…

Layne indifferently glanced back at the human martial artist below. At this moment, Zen had already climbed out of the huge crater, and was looking at Layne with a grim expression. There was an unyielding look in his eyes.

"Ha-ha, don't look at me like that." Layne's body swayed slightly, and those two wings of purple flames spread out on his back once again. "You must have accumulated a lot of Illusion Points… But to me, you're just a sheep, and I'm a wolf…"

As he said that, his figure flashed once again, leaving a path of flames in his wake.

As Zen calmly looked at Layne, who was rapidly approaching him, there was a sly twinkle deep in his eyes…

It wasn't difficult for him to gather enough Illusion Points. It was just that the rules set for this Illusion Battlefield had not worked to his advantage. However, if he were to win this round, he could indeed take away half of Layne's Illusion Points. But if Layne really lost to him, then he would probably choose to hide in the city and never come out!

The Illusion Points which Layne had were quite a lot. Zen had to convince Layne that he wouldn't admit defeat.

"Boom!"

Zen's body shook once again, as if he was trying his best to avoid Layne's attack, but this time, he still failed!

As a ball of purple flames exploded, Zen's figure once again flew outward and heavily collided with the city wall…

This city wall had been constructed according to the rules of the Illusion Battlefield, so it was naturally indestructible. Even such a violent collision was unable to destroy the city wall, and as a result Zen was left hanging on the surface of the wall like a macabre decoration.

Even if Zen's physical body was as sturdy as a divine weapon, once his body hit the city wall, without any protecting buffer, the blood in his body still boiled. Zen had to carry out his plan, so he chose to tolerate this.

"He's not dead yet? He does seem to have some special abilities…"

Layne sighed heavily. He had originally thought that Zen would immediately bump into the city wall and end his life. However, this fellow's physical body was so toughened that it should be considered a rare natural gift. But a purely strong physical body was of no use at all. It was only a target which made him end up being beaten by his opponent.

Without thinking too much, Layne once again charged at Zen!

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom…"

As Zen was repeatedly thrown to the wall, the warriors on the city wall were amazed by what their eyes were seeing.

Wasn't it too tragic for Zen to become a live target?

However, just at the moment that Layne was about to charge towards Zen again, an imperceptible smile formed on Zen's face.

'It's about time...' Zen thought.

Chapter 1527 One Hundred And Forty Thousand

Layne was again preparing to launch the same attack by spreading his wings and flying at Zen. He was hell-bent on destroying Zen.

To wantonly indulge in his brute strength and practice by using Zen as a target, this was a bit of a pleasure for Layne!

However, this time, Zen didn't appear to be evading Layne's attacks, but instead, he chose to face him head-on. His left hand twisted slightly, while his right hand was raised to one side!

"Grappling..."

As the martial artists saw this, their expressions became both awed and concerned. They exchanged curious looks and then turned back to the titanic battle which raged outside the city.

Ogre martial artists mostly focused on practicing body refining. Grappling was the most basic of martial arts. It could be classified as a basic fighting technique! How could such a technique beat the might which Layne wielded?

Was Zen counting on capturing Layne by using the grappling technique? Would Layne even fall for that?

More and more, they felt that there must be something wrong with Zen's head. Clearly, the sun had addled his brains!

Layne also laughed coldly as he flapped his wings slightly behind his back. His flying posture became even more elegant as he accumulated speed, and then launched himself to charge straight at Zen!

Although the strength that Zen had displayed couldn't even withstand a single blow, Layne's alertness hadn't decreased in the slightest.

He didn't believe that Zen had shown his true strength and skills!

But no matter what tricks this guy was playing, Layne always thought that Zen was under his control. Playing tricks under his absolute strength was meaningless.

"It's over!"

As he rushed towards Zen, the purple flame in his hand rapidly bloomed like a wildly growing flower!

But at this moment, Zen's right hand shot out like a bolt of lightning, and with a gentle squeeze of his hand, he snuffed out the purple flame in the blink of an eye.

Then, like a snake, his left hand grabbed onto Layne's arm. Having underestimated Zen's strength, Layne was dumbstruck as an unfathomable force now quietly appeared!

Crack!

A clear shattering sound could be heard by all.

Zen had just broken Layne's arm using only one hand!

A hint of disbelief flashed across Layne's face as another ball of fire appeared in his free hand. He wanted to smash it right against Zen's head again!

However, Zen once again extinguished the flames with lightning speed, and at the same time he grabbed Layne's remaining hand!

Within this grasp, Layne felt as if he was being clamped down on by a pair of pliers. There was almost no chance for him to move at all.

Witnessing this scene from the top of the city wall, the surrounding martial artists became even more confused.

Once warriors reached the Soul Sea Realm, the competition between them was either based on their life vitality cultivation or their martial skills.

Zen's sudden use of the grappling technique was already quite inconceivable. Why would Layne also want to 'play' with Zen? The two of them were locked in a stalemate. Were they going to compete in terms of strength?

What they didn't know was that Layne had also been secretly complaining in his heart. Although Layne had guessed that Zen possessed his own trump card, he hadn't considered that Zen's trump card would actually be using his own immense physical strength.

Where did this guy get such a terrifying strength?!

Layne's size was considered to be small, when compared to the other ogre warriors, but he was still more than twice as tall and sturdy as Zen. It was indeed a strange thing to be grappled by Zen like this.

But Zen did not give him time to think it over for long.

Layne had cultivated both body and life vitality. Besides cultivating the Fire Law, his body refining technique was also extremely powerful!

However, Zen didn't even give him the chance to use this!

While Layne was still puzzled and plotting a counterattack, a force ten times stronger than before was being transmitted from Zen's powerfully muscled arm!

With such a boundless force, Layne simply didn't have the strength to resist. Or, it could be argued that he simply had no time to resist.

He rapidly felt a heart-wrenching pain. His body, which was twice the size of Zen's, was being forcibly torn apart by Zen.

As a red dot of light rapidly flew into the main city, a dense cluster of Illusion Points emerged from the ravaged body of Layne, and these yellow dots of light immediately shot into Zen's body!

Ten thousand…

Fifty thousand…

One hundred thousand….

One hundred and forty thousand!

Zen had originally thought that Layne only had 200, 000 Illusion Points. If Zen killed him, he would have been able to obtain one hundred thousand Illusion Points.

He didn't expect that Layne had accumulated nearly three hundred thousand Illusion Points.

Zen originally had 70, 000 Illusion Points. However, after absorbing the 140, 000 Illusion Points, the number of Illusion Points within his body suddenly shot up to 210, 000!

However, as for the many cultivators on the city wall, they were not envious of Zen. The vast majority of them even held expressions of suspicion on their faces.

They weren't even able to evaluate what had just happened, because they couldn't even begin to understand what had just happened.

Zen hadn't been able to fight back before, so why had the two of them become locked in an inexplicable fight, and how did Layne suddenly become torn to shreds by Zen?

This kind of battle was beyond common sense.

After a long while, one of the ogre martial artists finally said, "It's such an injustice that Layne lost like this… He simply didn't display his true strength!"

"Layne is probably very upset!"

"You are right. His true strength had not been unleashed at all!"

"After he revives, he'll definitely come and find this human warrior."

An almost imperceptible smile once again appeared on Zen's face when he heard this.

This was exactly what he desired.

Layne had so many Illusion Points. Killing him only once was simply too much of a waste!

The reason why Zen had shown weakness earlier was not because he wanted to deceive Layne, but to turn the tide when he was later caught off guard. Although Layne's strength was not weak, Zen hadn't put him in his place yet.

In this Illusion Battlefield, there might be a martial artist who Zen had difficulty defeating or even had the power to defeat Zen.

After all, the universe was too big. Zen was very talented, however, the super talents in the universe, like Layla, couldn't be underestimated. In the Passing the Torch, Zen might have been able to suppress her in all directions. In terms of strength, he was definitely a little better than her, but it had still not been an easy task to defeat Layla. Moreover, there were still many other ace talents in the universe. They might even be stronger than Layla and with a richer heritage.

The battle outside the main city was just the beginning on the Illusion Battlefield.

Zen did not expect to learn from these battles or achieve further growth. His only goal was to gain as many Illusion Points as possible.

Previously, Zen had pretended to be weak and allowed Layne to thrash him over and over again. Now, he had used an extremely ordinary skill--grappling, to capture Layne. Then he had used his powerful strength to kill Layne.

Layne was definitely not convinced. With his background, he must still have had many trump cards that he could not have used in time. Feelings of unwillingness filled his heart. After Layne revived in the main city, he would immediately challenge Zen again.

This would give Zen a second chance to kill Layne.

Although he had killed Layne once and already obtained half of his Illusion Points, Layne still had 140, 000 Illusion Points. If Zen could kill Layne once again, then he would obtain another 70, 000 Illusion Points!

"Hey, don't you want to hide in the city for a while? If Layne revives, he will definitely come to find you!"

The person who spoke was a human warrior. Most people felt that Zen's victory was inexplicable. They also suspected that Zen must have won by a fluke.

The human warrior showed concern about Zen out of good intentions. Zen had just gotten such a large amount of Illusion Points, it would be a huge loss if Layne had to take them back with interest.

Hearing this kind reminder, Zen only smiled and nodded towards the human warrior. However, he didn't move his feet. He remained standing outside the city, looking in the direction of the main gate with an indifferent expression as he quietly waited.

In the main city, a dot of red light was slowly floating.

As the red dot of light continuously fluttered about, it slowly began to grow larger. The fingertip-sized dot of light gradually became the size of a fist, and then rapidly expanded to become a ball of light with a diameter of ten feet. This ball of light was filled with a strong Life Law!

Revival in the Illusion Battlefield was a bit different from the revival in the Illusion Space.

After one died in the Illusion Space, they would be kicked out of the space. When a defeated martial artist entered the Illusion Space again, there would be another projection of him.

While on the Illusion Battlefield, after a martial artist had died, he had to rely on the power of the heavens to completely 'revive' himself. Thus, when some martial artists discovered that this ball of light was filled with an intense Life Law, they simply didn't go outside of the city. Instead, they specifically searched for these masses of light that had been revived to perceive the Life Law in them.

In any case, there were endless deaths outside of the main city, causing endless resurrections. Thus, the main city was filled with floating red lights, one after another. For many martial artists that didn't have the chance to perceive high-level Original Laws, this was also an opportunity for enriching their cultivation.

Not long after, a figure slowly formed within the ball of light!

After the figure was fully formed, his body suddenly trembled. He came out of the ball of light and shot a fierce stare at the group of martial artists that had surrounded him to meditate on the Life Law. Then, he flew out of the city!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1528 Kill Him Once Again

To Layne, this was the greatest humiliation!

He had been killed by a human warrior using a simple technique. The anger in his heart continued to swell.

The reason why Zen could easily defeat Layne was that his strength was high. Layne, with his current cultivation base, was unable to stand tall against his might.

However, that did not mean that Layne would so easily lose to Zen!

Zen's body was strong and he had inborn divine strength, but these two aspects were not worth much in Layne's eyes.

Layne had more and better abilities. He had made many kills. Moreover, he had comprehended the profound mysteries of the Fire Law. Those were something that only belonged to him. To some extent, it could be said that he had comprehended that Law of Causality all by himself.

However, he was killed by the human warrior even before he could put his brilliance on display. To put it bluntly, he had been tricked by Zen.

How could Layne accept that?

He rushed out of the city in a hurry the moment he was revived.

Right now, what worried Layne the most was that Zen had hidden himself within the main city.

He had already made up his mind while waiting to be revived as a soul. No matter where Zen was hiding, Layne would hunt him down!

Unless Zen gave up on accumulating Illusion Points, Layne would follow him the entire way.

When Layne's hawk-like sharp gaze swept around as he stood on the city walls, he was slightly stunned by what he saw.

Not far away, Zen floated in the air. It seemed that after Layne was killed, Zen had not even moved an inch.

Zen too noticed Layne's stare. The corners of his mouth curled up as he smiled faintly at his opponent.

When Layne saw Zen's haughty smile, the flames of fury that had filled his chest poured into his head.

Without the slightest hesitation, Layne jumped up from the city wall. At the same time, the pair of purple flaming wings on his back soared. The wings extended over a distance of a thousand feet as they charged toward Zen.

Usually, Layne was a very vigilant warrior.

In the Ogre Flame World, the competition was fierce. Layne, as successor of the world lord, did not rely solely on his talent.

From the very beginning itself, Layne had regarded Zen as a 'sheep', so to speak. He assumed Zen to be a timid and run-of-the-mill warrior. But now, Layne had been defeated by the sheep!

It could be said that Zen had successfully infuriated Layne, causing him to lose his rationality.

When warriors went into a fit of rage, their strength would often increase or even exceed their limits.

Layne's next attack would come like a storm that had been brewing for a long time. It was about to burst forth.

"Layne is so angry!"

"This human warrior is very calm. Who is he?"

"I don't know. He seems ordinary. Could it be that this human has someone influential to rely on? Or does he have a secret weapon? How can he be so calm and relaxed facing Layne?"

Zen looked at Layne indifferently as the latter rushed forward. He still did not move. However, even the most observant warrior failed to notice that a faint white halo had appeared beneath the ground.

Zen had calculated the time and begun to extract his chaotic energy. He converted it into the 'Thunderbolt Annihilation' array and quietly buried it a foot beneath the ground.

"Let's see how you like to witness the power of the Mighty Hellfire!"

Boom!

The aura around Layne suddenly changed as he finished speaking. A faint red hexagram appeared between his eyebrows.

As the red hexagram slowly rotated, a great power gathered within it.

Before Layne could launch his attack, it was obvious to many warriors in the city that something was wrong. The strange sensation came from up in the sky.

Powerful pressure forced itself down from above.

At the same time, a mysterious internal momentum began to condense in the air.

Every warrior present was familiar with it.

All the warriors in the Illusion Battlefield were at the Soul Sea Realm. They had experienced small Heavenly Tribulations several times and gone through the more difficult ones once or twice.

"Is a Heavenly Tribulation about to begin?"

"Can we undergo the Heavenly Tribulation in the Illusory Battlefield? No way!"

"If we can pass tribulations in the Illusion Battlefield, won't it be great? There is no risk of death here."

For Zen and the other ace talents in the universe, it was not so tough to pass a tribulation. But for many ordinary warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, undergoing a tribulation was a dangerous task. They could meet their deaths at any time during the process.

As soon as they saw the impending Thunder Tribulation, their first assumption was that someone was about to go through a tribulation.

The strange phenomenon that had appeared in the sky not only attracted the attention of the warriors on the city walls, but also of the others in the main city.

The warriors were curious as to how someone could pass a tribulation here.

As for Layne, he had already started gathering his strength in his fury. He planned to launch the most vicious attacks over and over again to kill Zen. If Zen dared to leave the main city, Layne would kill him first and steal all his Illusion Points.

Layne too noticed the strange phenomenon in the sky, even though he was still burning with rage.

'Someone is undergoing a tribulation?'

He was stunned for a moment and did not think much of it. Right now, dealing with Zen was more imperative to him.

"Fire can undergo a myriad of transformations. Fire, as opposed to water, leads to enlightenment. Hellfire has the power to blaze the sky, to reverse the universe, and to cultivate…"

The Mighty Hellfire was a profound mystery that Layne had comprehended through the Fire Law. It was unique in the entire universe.

Ordinary flames could be split into two layers, namely outer flames and inner flames.

However, the flame that rose from between Layne's eyebrows was different. From the outer layer to the inner layer, the flame had six different colors. In other words, it was divided into six layers.

On close inspection, one would see how beautiful the flame was. However, this exquisite flame contained terrible power in it.

For years, Layne had not been left defeated whenever he used the Mighty Hellfire.

But before this flame could fully manifest, a loud rumble came from the sky.

Boom!

A thunderbolt could be seen in the sky.

Even lightning would not stop Layne from launching his attack. But he did not know that the Heavenly Tribulation was aimed at him. He only had eyes on Zen. Since he thought that it was not him the tribulation process was for, he completely ignored it.

Still, there was a price to be paid for ignoring the danger. Just as Layne became fully prepared to burn Zen to ashes, a force from the Thunder Tribulation poured down from the sky like a white waterfall, enveloping Layne at once.

Seeing this scene, the warriors could not help but stare in astonishment.

"The Heavenly Tribulation is aimed at Layne?!"

"Could the Heavenly Tribulation have been pulled down by the human warrior?"

"How is this possible? I have never heard of such a thing before! Don't you know that the Heavenly Tribulation only happens when a warrior is about to break through his cultivation base? It's the wrath from the heavens!"

The Heavenly Tribulation was a punishment, because the heavens could not tolerate the warriors becoming more strong and powerful. So how could the heavens follow a human's order and activate the punishment?

The warriors present had never heard of such a cultivation method before, so they did not think that explanation was reasonable.

It was a mere coincidence.

Zen had been waiting on his spot and Layne just happened to come at him while the Heavenly Tribulation was about to descend and interrupt them.

How big of a coincidence!

After the Thunder Tribulation disappeared, Layne's figure also gradually faded away. A dot of red light once again flew back into the city. At the same time, dots of yellow light dissolved into Zen's body.

Previously, when Layne had been killed by Zen, Zen had obtained 140, 000 Illusion Points. Now, after killing him once again, Zen obtained another 70, 000 Illusion Points.

This meant that Zen had earned a total of 210, 000 Illusion Points just from Layne.

"I wonder if he will come again. 30, 000 Illusion Points is not a small number," Zen murmured airily.

As for the surrounding warriors, they trembled in their hearts as they looked at Zen's easy smile. Now, they were certain that the Heavenly Tribulation was most likely brought down by him. How did this human do it?

Chapter 1529 Killing Layne For The Third Time

There were also some strong masters scattered among the warriors on the city wall, and some of them were even stronger than Layne.

Compared to the furious and excitable Layne, these masters were much calmer and more composed.

When Zen had killed Layne for the first time and had obtained his 140, 000 Illusion Points, there were also some strong warriors on the walls who couldn't resist the impulse and wanted to leave the city to immediately challenge Zen.

They were all constantly evaluating Zen's strength, and there were even a few ogre warriors among them who secretly negotiated with each other to attack Zen together, believing that a team effort might win the day.

However, they all felt in their warrior hearts that Zen was an unfathomable and formidable adversary, so they eventually gave up on this idea, choosing to wait instead.

When they saw that Layne had been killed by Zen for the second time, they all heaved a collective sigh of relief. Fortunately, they hadn't leaped into action to attack Zen just now. They also could see that Zen was in a state of extreme readiness and wanted to fight and kill them...

Since Zen had so easily dealt with Layne, his actual strength which remained hidden was likely much more than what they had seen. People always feared what they couldn't see or understand, and Zen was a mystery to them.

Zen was still floating in the air with a faint smile ghosting on his face. In the eyes of the many gathered warriors, his smile seemed even more unfathomable and mysterious.

Not long after, a figure dashed madly towards Zen from the city, howling as he went. It was Layne, who had been killed twice already by Zen!

Being killed twice by Zen was an unforgivable mistake in Layne's eyes. At this moment, Layne was in a blind rage, as indignation and outrage had uncontrollably consumed him!

This was also the main difference between a warrior from the Upper World and a warrior from the Lower World.

The resources and even the vitality between heaven and earth of the warriors from the Lower World were hardly comparable to those of warriors from the Upper World. So in order to escape from the great world and fly into the Upper World, the Lower World's warriors had to put in far more effort than warriors of the Upper World had to invest.

For example, the Soul Sea Realm warriors could be called masters in the Lower World. They were already considered the most powerful warriors in the great worlds. The amount of time they spent reaching the Soul Sea Realm was also countless times more than the amount of time the Upper World's warriors spent. This required a much more advanced level of dedication.

As for the talented ogre like Layne, he was born when the world of chaos had begun and he was able to cultivate countless times faster than warriors did in the past. His warrior spirit hadn't gone through the test of time, and he had also encountered very few dangers which would have molded and shaped his warrior spirit. Although his strength was far greater than that of those who had ascended from the Lower World, his mental state was inferior to that of the warriors who flew into the Upper World. He lacked the experience that they had earned the hard way.

Layne would, of course, not accept the fact that he had been defeated by Zen twice like that. He was like an angry beast, a bear with a sore paw! It didn't matter if he had lost his Illusion Points, and what he needed to do was to vent his anger. Like a child throwing a tantrum, he wanted to tear Zen into pieces in order to vent the anger in his heart!

"Fuck off!"

Facing the incensed roars of Layne, the gathered warriors on the city wall made way for him and watched him jump up to the city wall. Then, gaining momentum, he rushed out over the city wall again!

When he had completed this series of actions, he hadn't even locked onto his original target...

Some of the stronger warriors hiding in the crowd quietly sighed when they saw this irrational display. If Layne could be able to suppress his anger, he would still have a chance at victory when fighting Zen. Currently, his warrior spirit was in chaos. So if he rushed out in this condition, he would only be killed by Zen and end up losing his remaining Illusion Points.

Things happened as expected...

After Layne had rushed out over the city wall, he suddenly discovered that Zen had disappeared.

In his rage, he had only wanted to leave the city first and then kill Zen, but he didn't pay attention or notice where Zen was!

Just as he floated in the air in a confused daze, Zen's faint voice rang out.

At this moment, Zen was floating above Layne's head. His gaze was indifferent, and the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand flashed forward with a blue arc of light...

"I agree with you saying that you're a 'wolf'," Zen said as a smile appeared on his face. As he spoke, he raised the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. "However, at best, you're just a weak wolf!"

As he spoke, Zen's long sword viciously slashed downward!

However, when the sword blade reached the back of Layne's neck, it tilted slightly, and Zen used one side of the sword blade to pat Layne's neck in an almost friendly manner! He used the sword like a bat, beating a ball!

"Pah!"

A clear sound rang out, accompanied by a muffled groan from Layne. Then Layne shot downward rapidly, and was just about to smash into the ground.

But at this moment, Zen took a step forward and his figure suddenly disappeared, only to reappear a moment later below Layne. Zen had crossed the space in the blink of an eye, and raising his head to look at Layne who was falling down, he raised his sword once again. "You said before that I'm a weak 'sheep', but I can't agree with that!"

"Pah!"

After he finished speaking, Zen once again struck out with his sword, swinging the sword's profile towards the still falling Layne!

Accompanied by the crisp and loud sound of metal striking matter, Layne rolled in the air and was launched towards the sky at the same time...

After having been hit twice by Zen, Layne was also now scared witless. Although he had clearly heard Zen's voice, he didn't even have the chance to say anything in response!

After Zen had swatted Layne like a ball, his figure flashed once again and he took a step forward. His body again appeared above Layne and he uttered with a smile on his face, "I am not as weak as a sheep. But it is possible that I am also not a wolf... I am the lion that eats wolves!"

After Zen had finished speaking, a gleam of light flashed in his eyes. This time, Zen did not pull his punches, and a decisive aura burst forth from his long sword. Zen himself had also turned into a ruthless god of killings! The game was over, and Zen turned the cutting edge of the great sword to Layne.

A sword light containing a terrifying sword intent shot straight towards Layne!

Up until now, Layne had been like a plaything to Zen. How could Layne still have any room to resist while Zen kept on swatting him?

With this one murderous slash, Zen slaughtered Layne for the third time!

This kind of thing was quite odd to witness and the city walls' warriors could only watch in a stunned silence!

After all, the warriors in the Illusion Battlefield were nor far away from their main cities, and if they could not resist others' attacks, they could escape to hide in the main city. No one would be so silly to rush out thrice in a row to let someone kill them again and again. It was ludicrous.

As for Zen, he had succeeded in defeating Layne three times, and had reaped great rewards!

By killing Layne, Zen had obtained 140, 000 Illusion Points for the first time, 70, 000 Illusion Points for the second time, and 35, 000 points for the third time... Adding up the previous Illusion Points he had gained before, the number of his Illusion Points had already reached 310, 000!

Soon after, Zen once again checked his ranking.

After he had absorbed the Illusion Points from Layne, Zen's ranking had rapidly improved!

Before, Zen only had 70, 000 Illusion Points and was ranked 410, 000th in this supreme world, and in the entire Illusion Battlefield, he had previously only ranked 19, 000, 000th!

But at this time, Zen was already ranked around 80, 000th in this supreme world, and in the entire Illusion Battlefield his ranking now nearly reached 3, 900, 000. This was also the first time that Zen had made it into the top 5 million!

In the outside world, people only paid attention to the warriors who were ranked among the top five million...

Those who were able to join the top 5 million warriors of one hundred thousand supreme worlds could be regarded as outstanding warriors. After all, they belonged to the top 5 million warriors among trillions of warriors. It was quite an accomplishment.

Of course, Zen was much more remarkable than others, and merely describing him as excellent was obviously a bit inappropriate. The reason why he hadn't won a much higher ranking yet was simply because the speed at which he collected the Illusion Points had slowed down a bit...

At this moment, all the warriors of the Mist Palace were gathered in front of the pyramid, staring at the countless names from which the pyramid was formed.

"The one who retains first place is still Nathan Xuanyuan from the Thoughtless Minds!"

"Nathan Xuanyuan is the Godly Genius of the Thoughtless Minds! It's been said that he has relied on the great skill of Supreme Lord of Original Sin to swallow a Heavenly Fragment and has therefore successfully endured the great suffering in his heart caused by the internal momentum. He indeed has the strength to rank first!"

"Alas, our Mist Palace's warriors don't seem to have achieved great results, and none of them is outstanding! Up until now, not a single warrior has entered the top 10, 000! Layla is actually ranked around 110, 000th... I never thought that Javier's performance would be better than hers, but he's actually entered the top 80, 000!"

"Don't be so anxious. This is only the beginning. Zen has also not appeared yet, right?"

"Well, I haven't even found Zen's name so far!"

"I found Zen! He is ranked 3, 930, 000th! He has just entered into the top 5 million!" a warrior from the Mist Palace shouted in excitement.

When Yolande, who had been silent all this time, heard those words, her eyes suddenly lit up brightly.

Since the opening of the Illusion Battlefield, Zen had completely disappeared. Yolande had even suspected that Zen hadn't entered the Illusion Battlefield! Now that she had finally heard Zen's name for the first time, Yolande was greatly relieved.

She trusted Zen. As long as he entered the Illusion Battlefield, he would definitely strive to achieve a good result!

"He is only ranked 3, 930, 000th... What on earth is he trying to do?" someone grumbled in dissatisfaction. Regardless of the other fighters, Zen's performance was completely inconsistent with the great performance he had delivered in the Passing the Torch!

Chapter 1530 Deduction On Illusion Points

The sound of doubtful whispers and chatters filled the area.

It was because Zen was a cultivator from the Mist Palace.

It would be acceptable if it was any other warrior. After all, warriors who had entered the top five million rankings were already considered as outstanding individuals in the whole universe.

However, Zen had already set so many frightening records before that. Even the sword attack he had left in the Sword Practicing Hall still sat firmly at the top of the list, and shocked almost all the martial artists who entered the Sword Practicing Hall!

Thus, the people were quite disappointed to know that such a man was still in the three million, nine hundred thousandth place in the rankings.

It was even better if they didn't see his rank in the list instead.

There were Illusion Spaces in many places in the universe, and they were also in almost every sacred place. Zen was famous for tricking and killing Supreme Lords and occasionally telling stories through the Roaring Token, so it was natural for many people to look for his name.

In addition, many more had also discovered his existence when he entered the top five million rankings.

"Tsk, Zen is only so-so. The Illusion Battlefield has been opened for so long, but he is only ranked among top four million..."

"I told you. This Zen is just lucky that he got that strange fairy palace. His own strength is not worth mentioning! How can he compete with the talents from the one hundred thousand supreme worlds?"

"If he's weaker than the others, he shouldn't enter the Illusion Battlefield and embarrass himself!"

"I heard that Zen got trapped in the fairy palace because he had killed four Supreme Lords. That is equivalent to a capital offence. Maybe he is also looking for a breakthrough in his cultivation to deal with that problem!"

...

There were countless living beings in the universe, so many of them had still recognized Zen among the five million ranked names despite many creatures didn't know him well. But soon enough, Zen's ranking had spread throughout the universe.

The ones who received the most attention were usually those who ranked in the top 100. However, Zen was an exception.

Meanwhile, Zen himself floated about outside the main city.

Many warriors in the main city got intimidated of him after he had killed Layne.

Everyone there clearly knew how powerful Layne was. The majority of them couldn't even withstand a single attack from him. Yet, this human martial artist named Zen had killed Layne three times--like he was a monster.

With Zen's display of his unfathomable strength, no warrior in the city was willing to surrender the Illusion Points they had painstakingly accumulated themselves.

It wasn't that there weren't any martial artists who challenged Zen, but the ones who challenged him were ogre martial artists who didn't care about the Illusion Points. They were weak and it was meaningless to kill them.

Thus, Zen helplessly wandered around the city again.

Even then, the impact of Zen and Layne's battle was too great. Wherever Zen flew around the city walls, all the warriors inside followed him.

But it wasn't because they wanted to challenge him. Rather, watching a battle between powerhouses was greatly beneficial to them, so they didn't want to miss any opportunities.

Therefore, a black mass of ogre martial artists would immediately tail Zen by the city walls everywhere he passed.

With such overwhelming attention, who would be so stupid as to stay outside the city?

Some of the warriors who were fighting outside the city noticed the commotion on top of the city walls. When they saw Zen rush towards them alone, would they dare continue their fights? One by one, the warriors outside retreated back to the main city.

It was quite silly, even Zen couldn't help but laugh wryly at the scene.

It was just because the rules in the Illusion Battlefield were like that. It was useless to complain, but Zen wasn't used to complaining anyway.

After Zen had circled the city twice, he found that it was hopeless to gain Illusion Points. In the end, he had given up.

When he had returned to the main city this time however, he had already acquired 300, 000 Illusion Points!

He suddenly thought of the cave at that moment--the cave which only allowed those who could pay 300, 000 Illusion points to enter.

It was meaningless to stay in the main city anyway. Even if he walked a bit more and fought some warriors, he still wouldn't get many Illusion Points. He would be better off exploring the cave first.

The Illusion Battlefield's rules were illogical, but maybe they had something to do with the wilderness.

After all, the purpose of the Illusion Battlefield was to decide the strongest living being in the Soul Sea Realm. However, even the mightiest powerhouses wouldn't be able to do anything if everyone stayed in the main city.

The longer Zen thought about it, the less he hesitated. He looked around the numerous warriors on the city wall, and then flew out into the wilderness once more.

Dust rolled down the ground from the feet of the six ogre warriors who stood at a corner of the city walls. All of them were focused on the direction where Zen had left.

"This human martial artist left alone. Should we follow him?"

"If the six of us join forces, we should be able to kill him. There are quite a lot of Illusion Points in his body."

"This is our chance."

Those six ogre martial artists were known to have extraordinary backgrounds. While Layne was more powerful than them, their strengths weren't much far from his.

Then again, none of them dared to say that they were confident about defeating Zen under such circumstances; but the number of Illusion Points Zen had was extremely tempting. Thus, they didn't want to let go of Zen, and the six of them decided to join forces against him.

They got a little excited when they saw Zen leave alone. However, it was difficult for them to decide whether to chase after him or not.

As one of them watched Zen's figure slowly disappear, he shook his head and finally said, "It's better not to. He hasn't displayed half of his true strength yet!"

The strength he had shown was already terrifying. Even if he had so many Illusion Points, no one knew what methods and trump cards Zen had--so the six of them still chose to give up just to be safe.

On the other hand, Zen deliberately slowed down before he left.

He knew that some martial artists were greedy. Perhaps they would join forces to hunt him down, and that was what he always waited for.

This time however, he got a tad disappointed because no one followed him out of the city.

"It seems that I was still a bit too greedy," he murmured.

It was indeed a bit too much for him to kill Layne three times in a row.

But then he thought, the effect wouldn't be too different even if he only killed Layne once. He estimated that he still wouldn't be able to catch many fat sheep.

Zen sped up his pace and rushed towards the wilderness since no one was after him anyway.

An hour later, Zen had already traveled more than ten thousand miles and finally found the cave. His feet came to a halt, then he sized up the area. His lips curved into a slight frown; three more Celestial Mice were actually around the cave.

After a Celestial Mouse was killed, it would 'revive' again after a period of time.

'The reward for killing a Celestial Mouse isn't small either. One kill is worth a thousand Illusion Points, and I can get another 3, 000 Illusion Points every time I kill them… A strong person can repeatedly kill the Celestial Mice here, ' Zen thought.

Although it was a relatively safe method to acquire Illusion Points, many Soul Sea Realm warriors still found it tough to kill a Celestial Mouse, so that they would rather kill warriors outside the city.

While Zen thought that their method of accumulating Illusion Points was a bit stupid, yet the speed at which he was accumulating the points wasn't too fast either.

'I'll enter the cave first. There must be something important inside since the Illusion Battlefield arranged them!'

With that in mind, Zen didn't hesitate any longer and he charged towards the three Celestial Mice in a flash.

Since he had some experience before, dealing with the Celestial Mice now would be much easier.

He used the Eight Smoky Melodies and the Thunderbolt Annihilation and lured the Celestial Mice into the thunder, then used the Heavenly Tribulation to kill them.

After the 3, 000 Illusion Points entered his body, he headed straight for the cave.

Just as he approached the cave, a beam of light blocked his path and a thought spoke in his mind.

"Entering Evil Wind Cave requires 300, 000 Illusion Points."

Zen nodded his head indifferently when he heard those words. "Alright," he said as he stared at the pitch black cave.

"Whoosh!"

There was a strange pulling force from the cave, which then pulled out the yellow points of light from Zen's body. After that, all the yellow Illusion Points entered the beam of light.

Zen had lost 300, 000 Illusion Points in a blink of an eye.

Even if Zen had made this decision, he still felt his heart ache when he saw the numerous Illusion Points he'd worked so hard for quickly got taken away.

Chapter 1531 The Ancient Temple

Zen's ranking fell dramatically the moment the Illusion Points left his body.

The rankings in the pyramid were volatile given the heavy competition among trillions of warriors in gathering Illusion Points. The positions rose and fell constantly, even a tiny gap in points was enough to make a big difference.

Those in the mid and bottom tiers did not normally merit much attention.

But those at the top did. The top-tier warriors usually just changed spots amongst each other depending on the amount of points they had accumulated. However, the entire system would know if one of them ever lost and died.

This was the case with Nathan who had previously been ranked as number one. It was quite a shock for everyone when he suddenly fell from the top spot all the way to the 40, 000th place.

The only explanation they could come up for this was that he had been killed and had lost half of his accumulated Illusion Points.

There were two points to be noted about this: the first one was that someone had managed to kill the number one warrior, and the second was that despite having lost half of his Illusion Points, Nathan was still at the 40, 000th place.

It was quite a bit of speculation as to who exactly managed to kill him.

Who had the skill to slay a Godly Genius of the Thoughtless Minds such as Nathan?

They didn't know at all.

Back to Zen: his ranking still wasn't that high but he was starting to make a name for himself.

A number of warriors currently watched out for him, recognizing the potential the young man had in the rankings. So it was only natural that those who had paid attention to him were also curious why his name suddenly disappeared.

Yolande, meanwhile, was astonished at this sudden turn of events.

It was highly possible that Zen had been killed considering how much he had fallen down the ranks.

If he lost half of his accumulated points, then she could more or less guess what ranking he was now at.

But to her surprise, she did not find his name there. Yolande continued searching all the way down to the 12 millionth place but still couldn't find Zen's name.

'How could this be?' she wondered.

Even if he died once, it would be impossible for him to fall out of the top 10 million just like that. Or could it be… Did Zen die twice in just a short period of time?!

That shouldn't be possible. Considering the amount of time it would take to bring someone back to life was quite long, dying twice in succession was extremely unlikely. "He didn't. Did he?" she couldn't help but mutter to herself in disbelief.

She wasn't worried, just shocked. Back in the Passing the Torch, Zen's ranking had also started low but had been improved swiftly over the course of time. That young man had no problem bouncing back to the top right after having been kicked to the absolute bottom. The only reason she was still bothered was the fact that his ranking had dropped so dramatically low in an instant. It just shouldn't be possible.

Meanwhile, back in the Illusion Battlefield, Zen was left with only about 10, 000 Illusion Points.

These 10, 000 Illusion Points were by no means impressive.

This amount could be easily farmed by spending a couple of hours in battle.

Right now, Zen had gone down to the forty millionth mark in terms of ranking in this world. And on the Illusion Battlefield, he was outside of the two billionth place - that was how far he had fallen.

He shook his head, trying to deny the frustration that was creeping up on him. "Never mind. It's fine."

It wasn't as if he could do anything about the 300, 000 Illusion Points he had already lost. The only thing he could do now was to continue moving forward. The cave stood in front of him and he could only hope that he would be able to find some really cool stuff once he explored it.

The spinning light quickly absorbed the Illusion Points and gradually turned into a six-winged worm that floated quietly beside him.

The appearance of this strange creature quickly removed the resistance that had previously been imposed upon Zen.

As he was now set free, Zen lightly took a step and finally entered the cave.

The entrance was only about ten feet wide and the path in front of him narrowed considerably as he continued down the slope.

As he trudged on, he noticed there was a white spinning light that appeared every hundred feet of the path.

His heart immediately sank at the sight. Did he really have to spend 300, 000 Illusion Points per light? That ostentatious amount was truly too much. He'd much rather die for real than spend his entire life farming Illusion Points.

Fortunately, fate was kind and his worries had been unfounded. As he approached the spinning light, the six-winged worm that accompanied him flew and directly absorbed it, maintaining the deactivation of the resistance.

"I need this worm to get into the depths of the cave," he muttered to himself upon realizing his illuminating companion's ability.

The rays of spinning light that continually passed were absorbed by this worm.

100 feet...

1, 000 feet...

It wasn't a huge cave and Zen soon arrived at the deepest part of the cave.

There, he found an ancient, decrepit temple.

It was dark and extremely dirty but Zen couldn't help but notice the faint, mysterious aura it exuded from its walls.

"Why is there an ancient underground temple here?" he couldn't help but ask in curiosity.

It was so random finding a structure here. From what he knew, this Illusion Battlefield had once been a supreme world that had been sealed off long ago.

It was previously forbidden to go there. It was only after the Illusion Battlefield was opened that warriors could finally drop by and enter the previously sealed-off supreme world through the light spots cast by the heavens. The only people who were granted entry were also limited to Soul Sea Realm level warriors.

That raised up a question in Zen's head: were there any living beings in the Illusion Battlefield before that?

The three Celestial Mice, the spinning lights, and now this six-winged worm that had served as his guide - they were all obviously pre-arranged, but the question was by whom?

Zen didn't know. He had just ascended. He was the worst person to ask these things.

The only thing he knew was that out of the three forces of the human race, Buddhism only prevailed in the Blessed Buddha Land.

The tenth-grade sacred places in that land were referred to as blessed places or temples.

Could the ancient structure in front of him be connected to this great Blessed Buddha Land?

There was only one way to find out.

Zen, with no hesitations whatsoever, entered the temple's doors and was immediately greeted by a smiling Maitreya Buddha statue.

This statue had a round face, a round belly, glaring eyes and was astride a majestic horse.

Zen knew it was just a statue but he couldn't help but feel unsettled at the way its eyes glared at him from all directions. He almost wanted to turn away from it though he didn't know exactly why.

Nevertheless, that didn't mean that the entire place was no different. The temple gave him the creeps and Zen just had this bad feeling in his chest that he couldn't shake off now that he was now inside it.

However, this bad feeling was what he needed. This was the only trustworthy radar he had for knowing whether or not he was going to find great treasures in this secret temple - the more he was weirded out, the higher the possibility that this temple hid a great and extremely valuable secret.

Besides, he was still on the Illusion Battlefield which meant whatever death he experienced, it would not be permanent. If worse came to worst, he could just revive back in the main city though he didn't really think it was likely. He had just paid 300, 000 Illusion Points after all, so this trip had better be worth it.

Knowing all this, Zen then made his decision to pass by the Maitreya Buddha and proceed into the temple's adytum.

Unbeknownst to Zen, the statue he had carelessly passed by had now dropped its smile.

The Maitreya Buddha's eyes and mouth had turned upside down, indicating the malice present in its expression.

Truth be told, it was the stuff of nightmares.

Bang!

Zen jumped from the loud noise of the two doors slamming shut behind him. He had just entered the adytum but it seemed he was now trapped inside.

The doors were wooden and were mostly in a state of disrepair. He could easily shatter them from the looks of them but Zen decided against it.

Looks could be extremely deceiving. If an ancient temple had the capacity to trap someone like him, then he didn't think he'd really be able to shatter these decrepit doors so easily.

Realizing he had nowhere to go, Zen quickly glanced around and took in his surroundings.

Four other Buddha statues joined him in this quiet space. These statues wore monastic robes and held long sticks that were pointed towards the center of the adytum where Zen was currently at.

"Are they arhats?" Zen muttered in confusion.

Just as he sized these statues up, his ears suddenly perked up at the sound of something crackling.

He quickly whipped his head and immediately realized the cause of the noise.

The four Buddha statues had cracked but not from damage. They cracked because they were quickly beginning to mobilize.

Within a short period of time, these four, formerly non-living, statues were fully mobile. They jumped off their lotus-shaped bases and immediately charged towards Zen.

You'd think being made of stone would slow them down, but they ran like average, flesh-and-blood humans which didn't help Zen one bit.

Chapter 1532 Golden Buddha

The four arhat statues held long sticks in their hands. One of the statues pointed, one stabbed, one hacked, and one swept. The coordination among the arhats was flawless.

They were not too speedy and their power not too shocking, but when Zen looked them over, he could not find any imperfections in them. The shadows of the sticks seemed to have sealed off all of Zen's escape routes.

"What exquisite stick techniques!"

However, even if there were no flaws, it did not mean that Zen failed to break through the stick attacks of the four arhat statues.

He took a step forward perfunctorily and his figure disappeared from where he stood, appearing behind one of the arhat statues in the next instant.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Even though Zen had teleported through space, three shadows of the sticks still followed him.

Facing these stick shadows, Zen seemed to be calm. His right hand moved like lightning and pressed on the arhat statue in front of him.

Clang!

The arhat statue shattered, accompanied by the sound of debris disintegrating.

The moment the arhat statue broke, Zen leaped like a fish out of water. He took Sword Steps to avoid the three stick shadows, then he teleported through space again and appeared behind another arhat statue.

He hit this particular arhat statue like he had done to the other one.

Clang!

The stick techniques of the four arhat statues were indeed marvelous and their teamwork flawless.

But anyhow, he was facing only four stone arhat statues. With Zen's tough physique, allowing these stick shadows to hit him could not cause him much damage.

Clang!

Clang!

Within moments, all the four statues were destroyed by Zen.

Now Zen's gaze landed on the entrance of the adytum. The instant the arhat statues shattered, the adytum's door opened by itself. There was no wind that assisted it.

"There is another adytum within the adytum?"

Zen was confused. Before he entered the ancient temple, he had observed that it was not large. However, now he could see another adytum inside the adytum. The size obviously exceeded Zen's calculations.

Despite his doubt, Zen did not hesitate and once again stepped into the new adytum.

Entering the second adytum, Zen looked around and found another group of four arhat statues.

"Another four statues..."

However, these four were slightly different from the previous group.

The four statues in the first adytum had been the Holding Staff Arhats. Their eyes were solemn and alert, and they had a spirit of eliminating devils.

But the arhat statues in the second adytum looked quite jolly. They celebrated with their hands held high. Zen glanced at them and found himself influenced by their aura. He felt much more relaxed.

"Happy Arhat..."

Many kinds of arhats existed in the world. Although Zen had never been to the Blessed Buddha Land before, he knew that the arhats were of eighteen kinds.

The Happy Arhat before him was one such type.

Would there be eighteen adytums in total for him to encounter?

It was at this moment that cracks began to appear on the surface of the four Happy Arhats. The arhats leaped off the lotus flowers, their long sleeves fluttering as they charged straight toward Zen with smiles on their faces.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The four Happy Arhats used the finger movement. The light that emitted from each of their fingers was sharp, as if it could pierce through any and everything. They went straight for Zen's vital part.

Now that the possibility that there were still sixteen adytums remaining had occurred to Zen, he did not hesitate any longer. He fought the arhats using his dominating physical strength. He did not want to waste too much time here.

However, even when he took them head on, Zen changed his footwork to avoid their attacks. He did not allow the finger lights to reach his body.

"Break now!"

When the four arhat statues drew nearer, both of Zen's palms shot out in unison.

Accompanied by the whistling of the winds that emanated from the palms, sounds of rubble shattering echoed out. The four statues of the Happy Arhat were instantly shattered as well.

Breaking the four arhat statues, Zen continued to walk forward. Once he was before the back door of the second adytum, the door opened.

As he entered, the first thing to meet his sight was the third adytum. Inside the third adytum were four more arhat statues!

"Riding Deer Arhat!"

On the lotus flowers knelt four life-like stone deers. On the stone deers were four unperturbed and proud arhat statues. Anyone who looked at them could sense the noble feeling they exuded.

Before long, the four Riding Deer Arhats rode their stone deers toward Zen as well.

In the fourth adytum, Holding Bowl Arhats...

In the fifth adytum, Holding Tower Arhats...

In the sixth adytum, Sitting Arhats...

All types of arhats had different kinds of attacking skills and cultivation. For instant, the Sitting Arhats did not attack people.

They just sat quietly and did not approach Zen.

However, if Zen did not destroy these four arhat statues, he would not be able to enter the next adytum. He had to rush to the four corners of the adytum and smash each of them.

The Sitting Arhats sat quietly, but mysterious Buddha light covered their bodies. The defensive power was astonishingly impressive. It was not easy to shatter them with just one hit. It was because of Zen's immense strength that he could do it. If any other martial artist had entered the temple in his stead, he would have expended much more of his strength.

In the seventh adytum, Crossing River Arhats...

In the eighth adytum, Riding Elephant Arhats...

Just like Zen had guessed, there were indeed eighteen adytums in total.

Beginning with the Holding Staff Arhats in the first adytum, the further he went, the stronger the arhats became. The way they attacked also varied. Zen could not help but be stunned at how profound the Buddhism was. It was no wonder that the Blessed Buddha Land—a Buddhism sacred place—was able to hold up such a great force of the human race on its own!

In the seventeenth adytum were four Taming Tiger Arhats. They were also known as Venerable Maitreya.

Zen could feel the pressure as he entered the door.

Although the Taming Tiger Arhats were only four stone statues, the strength they exuded far exceeded that of the previous arhats.

With every step the four arhats took, the sound of roaring tigers could be heard. Whether it be speed or strength, they were comparable to warriors at the peak of the Soul Sea Realm.

Roar!

Facing the four Taming Tiger Arhats, Zen held a solemn expression on his face. The Thunder Wind Divine Sword appeared in his hand.

He had a feeling of crisis. These statues were made from special stones and were extremely fragile. However, their moves were far more exquisite than those of any warriors at the Soul Sea Realm outside of this temple.

At this moment, Zen knew it would be difficult for him to escape. He was caught in this encirclement.

Zen had passed through all sixteen adytums without a hitch, but the fact that everything had gone smoothly initially did not mean that he would be successful to the end. He knew of plenty of examples of failures at the last minute. Zen would not lower his vigilance just because everything had gone in his favor previously.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Tens of Nether God Shadows shot out from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

However, the palms of the four Taming Tiger Arhats were sharp. They were experienced. What was more, they were fast. Many Nether God

Shadows surrounded them, but before they could even approach the four arhat statues, they were repelled by mysterious palm shadows.

"Come on!"

A glint flashed in Zen's eyes.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword had been activated to its limit by Zen. Other than the Nether God Shadows, the wind blades were like blossoming lotuses. Each of the wind blades floated along with the wind like petals. However, these 'petals' contained a very powerful and destructive force.

There were also streaks of lightning that shot out. The release was slower than that of the wind blades, but they reached the arhats before the blades did and struck at the four Taming Tiger Arhats.

Crack! Swish! Swish!

All kinds of powers were being emitted within the adytum. Zen, who was in the middle of the powers, looked like the center of a typhoon. He still looked on calmly, no hint of panic in his stance. Not even the sleeves of his robes swayed in the chaos.

The four arhat statues deployed their hitting method to the extreme. Every single one of the Taming Tiger Arhats brandished the power in their palms. As one palm print swung out, a faint image of a fierce tiger pounced out. In an instant, three to four hundred palm prints were launched. The four Taming Tiger Arhats all waved their palms at the same time, as if a thousand fierce tigers were circling and roaring around Zen!

The shadows of the ferocious tigers slowly nullified the momentum launched by Zen's sword. The two sides had come to a deadlock.

At this moment, deep within the ancient temple, a massive golden Buddha opened its eyes.

The golden Buddha held a sword in one hand and a lotus in the other. His face was calm and imposing. He was indifferent when he felt Zen's sword aura.

"In this grand era, another young fellow who cultivates the Emotion Closing Godly Way has come. The Emotion Closing Godly Way has been sealed for over a hundred grand eras. How has it suddenly appeared a number of times in a row?"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1533 The Genuine Dragon

This great Buddha was rather seemingly lost in thought for a moment.

In reality, Zen did not, in any way, utilized the Gods-intimidating Strike at the given circumstance, though after practicing the Gods-intimidating Strike for years, Zen had become proficient in that sword skill like it was a piece of cake. And with time, his heart gradually discarded a lot of intense emotions.

But in spite of everything, he couldn't afford still to sever or detach all of his emotions outright. Since this was the case, his execution of the Gods-intimidating Strike was nowhere to be perfect.

Even though he had never put to use the Gods-intimidating Strike for all these years, there was still a lingering trace of ruthlessness hidden within his sword attacks. This ruthlessness didn't escape the great Buddha's notice. And he even further realized that what Zen learned and practiced before was the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Traces of chaotic energy were forcefully extracted out by Zen from the chaotic sea.

The strands of chaotic energy had transformed swiftly into lightning and wind blades that scattered freely in every direction. There were even Nether God Shadows that appeared among them.

Squarely confronting the four arhats for merely fifteen seconds, Zen was quick as he charged towards one of the Taming Tiger Arhats as the light in his eyes flickered.

The four arhats undoubtedly could take the lightning and wind blades from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword by carrying out violent and forceful palm counterattacks. However, having reached their limits now, they were on the verge of losing their edge. Their moves looked finely exquisite, but still, there were flaws discernible in one's naked eye.

Zen's eyes were too sharp to let their flaws go unnoticed. Taking advantage of this, he rushed closer to the arhat in no time.

He was rushing head-on as fast as lightning.

Zen had already positioned his palm fluidly flat on the arhat's chest long before the latter realized what was going on.

"Break!"

With Zen uttering the single word, a loud bang rang out as a distinct handprint appeared on the firm chest of the Taming Tiger Arhat. And within just seconds, the cracks, surrounding the handprint, quickly spread out covering the entire arhat's body.

Though Zen launched his attack a bit later than his opponents, his one powerful strike had defeated one of the arhats in a matter of split seconds. The wind blades smashed the arhat, and directly blew away the rubble.

After successfully shattering the arhat statue in front of him, Zen did not stop himself for a moment. His deft figure lightly spun around, and the long sword hanging by his side suddenly moved in up thrust motion, sweeping out a dazzling sword light in the air. He then surged towards another Taming Tiger Arhat next to him.

"Bang!"

The blazing sword light instantly engulfed the Taming Tiger Arhat wholly.

The arhat had been throwing several powerful palm shadows towards Zen, but its movement froze midway. The moment Zen turned his back to dash towards the next arhat, fine thin cracks had appeared and also spread out instantly on the arhat's body, breaking it into smooth pieces.

"Pah! Pah!"

The remaining two Taming Tiger Arhats no longer posed a threat to Zen, so finishing them off would be so easy, like hitting the nail on the head!

Soon after, the four arhat statues were all destroyed. But Zen went forth without a stop as if he got a second wind.

For him, this was already the seventeenth adytum.

Passing the tests en route wasn't that particularly dangerous, but it was too consuming in terms of time and strength.

Currently, Zen had even stronger expectations. He began wondering what kind of reward he would receive after making it through with this trial. The succeeding adytum was the eighteenth one and should be the final.

Just as Zen set his foot on the threshold of the final adytum, a dragon's roar unexpectedly rang out.

"Taming Dragon Arhats!"

The light in Zen's eyes flickered slightly.

The presence of the four arhats in the four corners of the adytum was as expected. And each of them had a Genuine Dragon around their bodies.

Zen had heard that once upon a time, there was a master who succeeded in defeating the Genuine Dragon. And that certain master was an arhat named Mahakassapa. While, he had another well-known title, Taming Dragon Arhat.

This time, Zen rejected the notion of waiting!

He had barged his way through the seventeen adytums in a row and had triumphantly annihilated many statues of the seventeen arhats. These encounters alone gave him useful insights as he positively figured out now the crux of these tests.

In essence, these arhat statues were not that strong. These statues, to begin with, were not real arhats at all. They only had a trace of the arhats' energy and the power of incense.

The power of incense was something like the so-called Faith Energy.

In the Blessed Buddha Land, there were countless worshipers. What they consecrated formed the power of incense. Although the official way to call it was different, this incense was similar to the Faith Energy, which the three queens of the Demon Night had used.

Nevertheless, there was still a difference between them.

The Demon Night was born in the universe, and only the three queens could exert or summon the Faith Energy and then passed it down to the next three queens.

But the whole inheritance process of the power of incense in the Blessed Buddha Land, was far more complicated than it seemingly was.

In this world, there were a lot of heavens and gods. And Buddha was one of these existences whose presence was similar to the True God, but Buddhas and gods were not living in the same heavens.

It only meant that the legacy in the Blessed Buddha Land was an existence that surpassed the natural law of the heavens.

If Zen had to fight against the eighteen arhats, he would likely be killed by them so easily as blinking an eye right now.

To display such strength with just a tiny sliver of the power of incense was already something Zen was very wary of about these stone statues. But the most crucial thing was that these four arhat statues worked together. Without a doubt, their strength would increase by several times up to the extent that there would be no room for flaws.

Zen thought that the strength of the four statues in the last adytum was likely much stronger than the previous ones he conquered. So as a countermeasure to be safe after he crossed the threshold of the adytum, he immediately lunged towards one of the four statues.

He strongly surmised that the succeeding difficulties would be much easier to deal with if he could only destroy a statue of the Taming Dragon Arhat.

Zen could hear an eerie constant cracking at the exterior of the Taming Dragon Arhat located at one corner. Its body was visibly trembling and seemed to be about to move in any minute.

But Zen had already gotten close to the Taming Dragon Arhat and in one fluid motion, pointed his finger towards its head. As long as he was successful in touching it with his fingertip, uncontrollable power would surge forth and naturally turn this stone statue to dust.

Even a towering mountain couldn't withstand Zen's overwhelming strength. He could shatter the eight feet high statue with a mere flicker of his finger.

Although this arhat's body didn't move, the Genuine Dragon sculpture around the arhat lithely snaked over the right shoulder, stuck out its horn, and struck out towards Zen's finger.

The Genuine Dragon was nothing more than a stone sculpture.

Zen did not retreat at all. He was determined to win with this move. For him, he needed to break one statue. Then after that, it would be a whole lot easier for him to destroy the other three. The reward within the cave was something that he had to obtain.

Never had Zen thought or imagined that he would feel an immense force being transmitted over to him the second his fingertip slid in contact with the Genuine Dragon's horn.

"Bang!"

His fingertip collided with the horn.

But still, Zen took the attack by his finger without a slight hesitation, to which the horn gave off a shattering sound.

At this instant, the Taming Dragon Arhat had 'awoken' completely. Both palms slammed down heavily on each other, and a dragon's roar rang out as if a Genuine Dragon had awoken within its body.

And as if on cue, the Genuine Dragon statue on its shoulder began to glow with a jade-green light.

This was the light of the dragon scales!

"Aooo!"

In the next instant, its two palms split apart swiftly as they struck out, aiming towards Zen's chest.

Zen engaged a sneak attack but failed. And he hadn't been able to counterattack in defense when the arhat managed to assault him in a short space of time!

"What a powerful strength!"

Zen quickly felt a sudden surge of overwhelming power gushing towards him.

His entire body was sent flying backward with a loud thud as his two feet plowed a jagged groove into the ground. Then, he heavily smashed into a wall before landing at last on the other side of the adytum.

"Boom!"

When Zen collided with such a powerful force, the shock was so nasty and violently forceful!

In the Lower World, if he hit a mountain like this, not only it would collapse, but also the row of mountains behind it would crash down successively like a domino effect.

The walls of the adytum quite looked old and dilapidated. It was as if a strong gale could destroy this ruined ancient temple in one blow. But with that kind of force, the walls of the temple sustained resistance and not even budged at all when Zen's body slammed into it!

But still and all, here was the Illusion Battlefield.

The city walls here also looked ordinary, but even the most powerful warriors couldn't destroy them. There must be plausible explanations for this. But come to think of it, how could it be possible that the things constructed by the heavens would be so easy to destroy?

Zen wasn't in the mood to think about all this. His sole focus was on the Genuine Dragon on the arhat's shoulder!

Though part of the immense strength possessed by Zen was from Genuine Dragons as well, he had never thought that this arhat would be able to do the same.

At the time the arhat had struck out with its palms, the dragon scales on the Genuine Dragon also began to light up one by one, flashing with a jade-green luster.

This Genuine Dragon was only a stone sculpture, so Zen could still take it down even though its power was seemingly terrifying after it illuminated all of the scales on its body.

However, if it were a real dragon, then Zen would have been long smashed to ashes right after all the scales in its body turned ablaze.

Chapter 1534 Multiple Stars Brilliance

Zen did not dare to underestimate these four Taming Dragon Arhats.

The power of the dragon scales had reached a terrifying level. An ordinary Soul Sea Realm warrior would have been torn into pieces if he was hit by that powerfully infused palm!

Though Zen was leaning against the wall, his heart was filled to the brim with a competitive spirit!

Both of them possessed the power of the dragon scales, but he wanted to see just who had the strongest power!

The Genuine Dragon on the Taming Dragon Arhat's shoulder was very remarkable indeed. It was a pity that Zen was in the Illusion Battlefield, for although he could use the power of his dragon scales, he could not let the cyan dragon's soul project inside. In the Illusion Battlefield he was unable to communicate with the cyan dragon, and in the same way, he could use the sword spirit, but he was also unable to communicate with Lavender. Even if he summoned the sword spirit, Lavender's soul was not within it. Zen was fighting on his own in here, and could not consult with either the cyan dragon or Lavender, upon whose counsel he had come to rely greatly.

As he thought of this, Zen did not hesitate further. The nearest Taming Dragon Arhat was already rushing towards him, and as the Arhat clapped its hands, the Genuine Dragon on its shoulder began to shine with a green light, and the power of dragon scales poured into the arhat statue!

As Zen weaved his hands, the power of the dragon scales also surged into his body. Without the slightest intention of dodging, he also stretched out both of his palms, readying himself to face the charge.

"Roar!"

In comparison, the Taming Dragon Arhat's two palms also stretched out, but were accompanied by the sound of the dragon's roar. The stone sculpture of the Genuine Dragon on the Arhat's shoulder also raised its head and roared, adding its voice to the charge. The momentum created seemed even more formidable.

In the blink of an eye, two sets of palms slammed into each other!

"Boom!"

Accompanied by a loud booming rumble, Zen's body was once again cast backwards upon impact.

As Zen flew backwards, he felt that his blood was roiling and he also felt extremely uncomfortable. The power of the Taming Dragon Arhat was indeed extraordinary!

However, when Zen was sent flying, so was the Taming Dragon Arhat.

If the Taming Dragon Arhat had just been an ordinary Buddha statue, Zen would surely have smashed the Arhat into powder with the might of his palm strike.

But the Taming Dragon Arhat was several times stronger and fiercer than the previous sculptures that Zen had encountered. After all, the body of the Taming Dragon Arhat had to withstand the power of the dragon scales from the Genuine Dragon's statue. If the Arhat's body was not strong or firm enough, it might collapse before the formidable power was released into it.

Zen's previous physical body too could not bear much power of the dragon scales. If he had forcefully channeled the power of the dragon scales into his body, his physical body would have collapsed first.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Two loud echoes reverberated within the adytum.

The sounds had been caused by Zen and the Taming Dragon Arhat that had both crashed into the adytum's walls when they were hurled backwards.

The Taming Dragon Arhat had smashed into the wall with tremendous force. Following that huge impact of the collision, there were now numerous thick cracks zigzagging over the Arhat's body, which seemed to have been unable to withstand the collision and was about to collapse!

However, the golden Buddhist light began to leak out from the cracks like heavenly blood. Then the area which had been cracked was being repaired at a high rate. In an instant, the cracks closed up, and naturally the golden Buddhist light disappeared as well...

This time, Zen was more seriously injured after the collision, and he was busy spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

"The Arhat can recover?"

Seeing the reconstruction of the Taming Dragon Arhat, Zen couldn't help but frown in disappointment. He wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, but didn't have the chance to think about it, because the three other Taming Dragon Arhats were also striking towards him. Each of them had a Genuine Dragon on its body, and all of the dragon scales on the Genuine Dragons' bodies were flashing with light...

If Zen really was beaten by the three Taming Dragon Arhats, even if he didn't die in the physical world, he would still be seriously injured!

Following the impact of that collision, Zen had actually beaten a retreat to a corner of the adytum. As the Arhats approached, Zen once again clenched his teeth and penetrated through space to instantly bypass the three Taming Dragon Arhats and materialize at another corner!

'This is a little troublesome, ' Zen thought and frowned.

It wasn't that Zen didn't have a better way to deal with them. If he was unable to defeat them with his own strength, he could of course make use of other methods!

When he thought of this, Zen raised his head slightly...

At this moment, there were three hundred celestial stars shining in the sky!

These three hundred stars were located in different Sky Regions, including the Middle Sky Region, the Western Sky Region, the Southern Sky Region, the Northern Sky Region, and the Eastern Sky Region!

Upon being summoned by Zen, they all began to emit dense and glisten starlight which immediately blazed towards the supreme world where the Illusion Battlefield was. Being able to trigger these three hundred stars was one of Zen's achievements which he had accomplished after these past years of cultivation.

Actually, Zen knew with confidence that he could deal with the four Taming Dragon Arhats if he used the Gods-intimidating Strike.

However, Zen had decided to make use of the Stellar Body at this moment just to verify his own speculations...

When the glittering starlight started to gather around Zen, he had already discovered the answer.

'So it really is like that. This Illusion Battlefield is actually not a real Illusion Space, but a supreme world that has originally existed in this universe... Otherwise, it might have been difficult for me to draw upon the power of the stars here!' Zen mused.

There were many stars in the universe that were able to add their illumination to this place. Zen could make sure of that now.

The power of the Stellar Body was enough to have become one of Zen's trump cards, so in these six years, Zen had not relented on communicating with the stars. He had even spent a lot of time engaging in cultivating the Stellar Body. If he couldn't have made use of this cultivation method in the Illusion Battlefield, it would have been a great loss to him.

Fortunately, Zen found that his worry was unfounded. At least, for the time being he could successfully condense the starlight and use its raw energy!

After Zen's body was now coated with a layer of magnificent multi-colored starlight, he once again charged straight at the Taming Dragon Arhats.

The Arhat that had previously been fractured into pieces by Zen had completely recovered. At this moment, the four Taming Dragon Arhats were all standing in a row, uniformly putting their palms together.

"Roar! Roar! Roar! Roar!"

There were four mighty roars of the dragons ringing out!

The four Genuine Dragons on the four Taming Dragon Arhats' bodies all roared at the same time!

Green rays of light burst forth, making it difficult for anyone to see much of anything.

How terrifying were the forces contained within their eight palms?

True to his nature, Zen didn't want to retreat or dodge...

Perhaps he had other methods to deal more effectively with them, but he also knew that the Illusion Battlefield had just opened, and he would be facing the entire universe's ace talents. He couldn't underestimate the other Soul Sea Realm talents! Over the past few years, even Layla of the Mist Palace had grown by leaps and bounds, and Zen might not be able to beat her now. Besides, there were also many ace talents from the Blessed Buddha Land, the Thoughtless Minds, the Demon Night, the ogre race, and the other races in the universe.

Therefore, Zen needed a test to check the fruits of his years of cultivation.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Strands of starlight began to flash into Zen's hands.

The shapes of the starlight were like cottons floating into his hands. They looked weightless, but the power contained within them could not be underestimated.

The three hundred beams of starlight mixed together, with a great multitude of varying colors: crimson, orange, yellow, green, white, purple, blue, and red. Those gorgeous colors fused together and formed a motley rainbow of starlight, but as a result they were becoming extremely unstable!

After this multicolored mass of starlight had formed, Zen immediately shot it out. If he hesitated for even three seconds, Zen would probably have been swept up in it too and been devoured by the might of this starlight!

"Multiple Stars Brilliance!"

"Buzz…"

A deafeningly sharp sound exploded from the multicolored starlight!

At this moment, the mass of starlight arrived in front of the four Taming Dragon Arhats.

"Explode!"

This condensed mass of starlight contained the intense power of three hundred stars. When it erupted and exploded, the different kinds of power were repelled and fused with each other. The starlight emitted was extremely powerful and shocking!

The entire adytum was covered in the blinding starlight, making it impossible for anyone to clearly see the situation within!

However, the massive golden Buddha within the depths of the ancient temple opened his eyes and stared intently at the adytum, with an indifferent expression on his great, rounded face.

The golden Buddha saw that the four Taming Dragon Arhats were constantly shattering, and that the stone sculptures of the four Genuine Dragons on the Arhats' shoulders were also beginning to shatter... Even though the strands of golden light inside their bodies actively tried to repair their bodies, the light had immediately been destroyed by the starlight the moment it had appeared...

"The Taming Dragon Arhats cannot be killed. Help me test this guy. I want to see just how much of the Emotion Closing Godly Way he has mastered..."

After speaking, the golden giant Buddha waved the lotus in his left hand, and with a golden flash, the Taming Dragon Arhats, which were supposed to have been destroyed, had all recovered!

Chapter 1535 Past Solemn Kalpa

The golden light of the four Taming Dragon Arhats had been annihilated by the starlight.

But with the interference of the giant golden Buddha, the light within their bodies grew even more resplendent. The stone statues that had been shattered previously merged together within seconds, returning to their original states.

The starlight that dispersed throughout the adytum dimmed gradually.

Zen's figure emerged from the shadows. When he looked at the four unharmed Taming Dragon Arhats, his face revealed a look of surprise and the expression on his face turned cold.

He was stunned at how strong the four statues of the Taming Dragon Arhats were.

This was the first time that Zen had used the Multiple Stars Brilliance, but he had no doubt about its enormous destructive power. It was the most explosive move in the Stellar Body.

Such a strong attack was still unable to defeat the four Taming Dragon Arhats. What happened confused Zen. He had not predicted this.

He had encountered all eighteen types of arhats in succession in the adytums. The strength of the arhats increased ever so slightly as he passed through the adytums one by one, but that difference was not very noteworthy.

The Taming Dragon Arhats resided in the last adytum. It was not a surprise that they were stronger.

So far, Zen's methods had failed to destroy the four arhats. This meant trouble for him.

What he did not know was that the arhats had returned to their original state only because someone had intervened in secret.

The four Taming Dragon Arhats did not stop moving as the dragon scales of the Genuine Dragons on their shoulders quivered and shone. Once again they charged toward Zen from four different directions.

If it had been any other martial artist facing the arhats, he would have perhaps lost all hope in such a situation.

However, to Zen, the trouble before him was just a trouble that he had to tackle.

Facing the four arhats coming at him, Zen's face was inscrutable. Once again, he raised the Thunder Wind Divine Sword high in the air. The long and narrow sword had been hanging at his side. A faint sword intent lingered around the sword blade, curled like a venomous snake. It then spread forward in the air.

Zen's gaze was cold as he looked at the arhats. It was as if he had become an expressionless statue at this moment.

Just as he raised the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, something flickered in the eyes of the giant Buddha who was residing in the depths of the ancient temple.

"As I expected, the boy cultivates the Emotion Closing Godly Way... Although his cultivation is not yet complete, he has reached his limits for he has comprehended this cold and cruel sword intent at his Soul Sea Realm cultivation. If he can finish the last bit of the Emotion Closing Godly Way and comprehend the ultimate sword intent, then this sword attack will be complete!"

As the words of the giant golden Buddha lingered in the air, he raised the lotus in his hand. It started to spin in front of him.

On the branch of the lotus flower was a fork, and on the top of the fork was a seedpod of lotus, growing side by side with the flower.

The golden Buddha stretched his giant hand toward the seedpod and fished out a golden lotus seed from within.

"If I were to say it, all methods are an outcome of fate. The heart from the past cannot be obtained, the heart from the present cannot be possessed, the heart from the future cannot be reaped..."

As the golden giant Buddha chanted this mantra, the lotus seed seemed to melt into a drop of pure golden liquid that revolved in front of him.

As the drop of golden liquid continued to roll, it began to take shape. A body with four limbs and a head...

Eventually, the seed transformed into a little person whose physique was very similar to Zen's.

The golden giant Buddha had used the 'Fate Sutra' to look into Zen's fate.

Such a calculation technique was a great theurgy. In comparison, the calculations of the other Supreme Lords were just child's play.

However, halfway through his prediction, his enormous eyes widened even more. He was visibly surprised and a trace of displeasure could be seen on his face.

After a long while, the giant golden Buddha finally opened his mouth. "He is a man without destiny. How could there be a man without destiny…"

His prediction was halted.

The golden lotus seed took the form of Zen. Its face should have been perfectly recognizable, having borrowed Zen's. However, at the moment, the face of the little golden figure seemed to be shrouded in a layer of mist. It was unable to take up a clear outline.

"Blast it! I want to see how long you can last!"

While the golden Buddha was carrying out his prediction, Zen made his move.

He launched the Gods-intimidating Strike. It was invincible.

The power unleashed by the four Taming Dragon Arhats was indeed impressive, but they could not stop the strike's onslaught.

As this chilling attack began, a thin line appeared around the waists of the four arhats who had been charging straight for Zen.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

Four muffled sounds resounded right after.

Each of the four arhats was hacked into two pieces by Zen. Their heads and bodies collapsed to the ground separately.

Golden light escaped from the wounds that Zen had cut open. As it flickered, a strange power was triggered from within the statues. Once again, the separated parts of their bodies bonded together.

This miraculous ability was comparable to that of an indestructible body. No matter how Zen slashed them, the four Taming Dragon Arhats were always able to recover.

Encountering this wondrous situation, Zen's eyes were cold, but his emotions were not moved in the slightest.

At the moment, Zen's heart was as chilly as ice and snow. He no longer had any thoughts, only a calm and murderous intention in his heart. He would not rest until he had killed the four Taming Dragon Arhats.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

A few more muffled sounds were heard.

Before the four arhats could get up, Zen wielded his sword once again.

The sword light held a cruel sword intent that unfurled into a fan-like shape as it once again slashed at the bodies of the Taming Dragon Arhats.

"Come on!"

Before the arhats could recover their bodies, Zen hacked with his sword once again.

"One strike..."

"Two strikes..."

"Three strikes..."

As Zen struck again and again, the fan-shaped sword light rolled out even more.

Initially, he cut the Taming Dragon Arhats into two pieces, then four pieces, then eight… Finally, they were sliced into a pile of rubble.

If someone were to walk in on this scene, they would be unable to identify this pile of rubble. Zen had chopped the Genuine Dragon statues into smithereens as well.

However, the cross-sections of these jagged rocks still shone with specks of golden light. Each stone quivered and shook. The next instant, they attracted each other like magnets, sticking together to restore the original Taming Dragon Arhats.

But Zen did not give them any respite.

He did not stop hacking at them. He showed no mercy whatsoever.

After employing the Emotion Closing Godly Way, Zen's mind always underwent a drastic change. Unless he left this state of emotion closing voluntarily, the four arhats would never recover again. Otherwise, it would be impossible for Zen to stop.

The golden light on the cross sections of the stones grew dimmer and dimmer as Zen's sword slashed down at them.

The light was abnormally forceful. It could heal the wounds of the arhats right away.

The golden light, in fact, was a power that came from the Buddhist scripture, 'Past Solemn Kalpa'!

Buddha's heart held onto the past. Therefore, after going through the tribulation of life and death, it was restored to its original state.

The golden light was what caused the statues of the Taming Dragon Arhats to return to the state they had been in before being hacked to pieces.

However, the stone statue was still just a statue, after all. The golden light was not infinite. As Zen attacked it repeatedly, the golden light seemed to lose its vigor.

"If you still wish to recover, I will turn you all into dust!"

Zen's emotionless voice rang in the air as he brandished the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand, breaking the rocks to even smaller pieces!

As the light flickered and grew weak, Zen knew that this battle was about to come to an end.

Just as this hope emerged in him, the golden light in the rubble suddenly brightened. It was now ten times more luminous than the light from before.

At the same time, the broken pieces of stones vibrated strenuously, as if about to stick together once again.

"What!"

Zen realized that something was wrong.

The golden light had clearly gone pale moments before. How did it get so brilliant all of a sudden?

The sword in his hand did not stop. Zen looked ahead into the depths of this ancient temple and sensed that something was amiss. Had someone intervened in the fight just now?

A thought rose in the mind of the golden giant Buddha. His Buddhist heart had already reached the Mahayana stage. However, as he saw Zen display such a frosty sword move so casually, he pondered on it in silence.

The young boy at the Soul Sea Realm seemed to execute the martial skill without using his life vitality. How was it possible?

Chapter 1536 Teleportation Token

The giant golden Buddha could've just let Zen go.

However, he was too curious about him to do that.

This young man had relied on his own strength and went past all the eighteen arhats. This was someone who was worth attention.

Once Soul Sea Realm warriors opened up their Soul Seas, their life vitality would liquefy, turn into seawater, and get stored in their inner worlds.

This way, a Soul Sea Realm warrior would be able to store huge, but still limited, life vitality in their bodies.

The size of a warrior's Soul Sea was limited.

The golden Buddha had previously deduced that Zen would only be able to use the Gods-intimidating Strike twice, at most.

One strike would've already consumed more than half of his life vitality.

A second one would dry up his entire Soul Sea.

Despite being more talented than other people, Zen's Soul Sea still wouldn't be limitless. His capacity was just naturally limited.

Not even a second Soul Sea would help him. In fact, it would only add one measly sword strike to his limit.

This would mean a total of three strikes. It was worth noting that, in this universe, anyone who could summon the Gods-intimidating Strike four times would already be considered as one of the most powerful figures amongst the major forces.

Of course, Zen was someone who continuously defied conventional expectations. He hadn't used two, or three, not even four strikes. Zen Luo stood there calmly and released seventeen sword strikes against his enemies.

To say that the golden Buddha was shocked was an understatement.

There was just no way! This young man had just done the impossible. Did he perhaps have a treasure that could instantly replenish the life vitality in his body? Maybe he practiced some sort of magical skill that enabled him to constantly extract life vitality from somewhere? But if he had done so, the golden Buddha would've surely noticed.

Curious about how this young man managed to do this, the golden Buddha quickly activated the golden light hidden within the four arhats.

The golden Buddha wasn't the first to doubt Zen like this. Gus, whom the young man had run into a few years ago, also had the same reservations.

The only reason why Gus was able to go beyond his doubts was because of his faith in his master and the rigorous conditions his master required in accepting a disciple.

Zen's chaotic sea, which was incomparable to the sea of life vitality, was thus quickly noticed by Gus.

The golden Buddha was perfectly aware of the existence of chaotic energy. It could be considered the energy of origin for all living beings, though, at the same time, it was also the energy of death. Chaotic energy was poison for all living things and anyone, except perhaps a great avatar, would die with a single touch.

Thus it never entered the Buddha's mind that Zen might have the chaotic sea within him.

After all, he couldn't even imagine someone actually mastering or even attempting to comprehend the Primal Chaos Technique.

Meanwhile, Zen was in a state of frustration. The Taming Dragon Arhats were quick to regenerate and he was running out of options to keep them down.

His rate of chaotic energy consumption was by no means fast and he was still able to smash his opponents to pieces, but the arhats were quick to reform and regenerate by means of the golden light.

Would this process of reform and regeneration ever end?

One last time!

He knew he couldn't give up and it wasn't in his nature to not exhaust his resources in dealing with his problems.

Despite the strong force behind his strike, the stone pieces continued to reform although the cracks noticeably remained on their bodies.

This time, just as they were on the verge of once again forming together, the Thunder Wind Divine Sword's sword intent flickered once more.

"Break now!"

"Puff puff puff puff..."

Zen released ten consecutive strikes, shattering the arhats into pieces. But, just as before, the stone pieces once again glowed golden.

"Again?"

His expression dimmed, as he realized that the golden light would really drive him crazy if he didn't do something.

As the golden light glowed brighter, Zen's mind was quickly doing its work trying to figure out a solution.

And suddenly, as if there was a ping in his brain, Zen quickly whipped his head and gazed at the exit.

There was a hidden meaning in his gaze as he zeroed in on the exit, or rather, what hid behind it.

The golden Buddha was startled upon noticing Zen's sudden change in behaviour.

"This guy is keen and observant. He hasn't seen me but he already knows I'm here. This is the last time. If I am still unable to test your limits then I will stop," the golden Buddha muttered to himself indifferently.

Unfortunately, Zen already had too much.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

he screamed and wisps of white mist quickly spread from Zen's body.

The arhats had since reformed and stood tall once again.

However, no matter how strong they were, they soon realized that they couldn't get within three inches around Zen's body. They were well-coordinated and in sync with each other but, no matter what, they just couldn't seem to catch Zen.

No matter the strength of their fists and the violent nature of their attacks, they could do nothing with the way Zen dodged and easily swam through their strikes like a slimy fish in the ocean.

The tables had turned and it was now the arhats who were feeling the frustration of not being able to hit Zen. Meanwhile, the young man was relaxed and floated in the air as if he was in water, merely being pushed around by the current of his opponents' attacks.

He would time and again look at the adytum's gate and sneer mockingly at whatever or whoever was there.

"You want to play, huh?"

Zen's actions left the golden Buddha speechless, and also a bit impressed.

Realizing that he was unworthy of testing this man's limits, the golden Buddha finally pinched the incense, extinguishing the source of the four arhats' power.

"Creak!"

As the four arhats were finally rendered immobile, the gate of the eighteenth adytum finally opened.

Zen did not waste any time and quickly headed for the exit.

He thought he would have to spend a long time playing with the arhats.

He didn't expect that the person controlling them would give in that easily. He probably didn't want to make things difficult for Zen, or perhaps he had gotten bored and simply opened the door out of resignation.

There was another adytum that greeted Zen.

However, there were no statues here, only a single altar in the middle.

And in that altar was a white jade token that seemed to faintly glow in the light.

"Is this the reward?"

he muttered to himself, briefly looking at the token and noticing the word written on it.

"Teleportation," he read. "It's a Teleportation Token?"

Teleportation was only something like world lords could comprehend.

It was only after reaching such a high level of cultivation and experiencing how to control an entire world would a warrior be able to comprehend the methods of spatial transference.

And it was for good reason. Teleportation consumed life vitality extremely fast. An ordinary world lord would have to rest and replenish his or her life vitality after around four to five teleportations.

Nevertheless, it was an essential skill for world lords and above. The only way to travel through the 100, 000 supreme worlds after all was through either the help of extraordinary legendary beasts or teleportation. It was through teleportation that the Supreme Lords were able to get to the fairy palace back then.

"With this Teleportation Token, can I teleport myself across the universe?"

Zen had spent 300, 000 Illusion Points in entering this cave so it was only natural that he had high hopes.

Fortunately, he thought the Teleportation Token he got was an equal exchange for the loss of so many Illusion Points.

This was something that could solve an annoying problem he currently faced.

The Illusion Battlefield Zen was in was divided into fifty supreme worlds.

If he did not want to use a passageway, then crossing a supreme world was going to be very time-consuming and exhausting for him.

However, this Teleportation Token changed things. With this, he would now be able to travel back and forth the supreme worlds with little effort.

This thought made him very excited.

Zen quickly grabbed the token and took another look at the ancient temple's depths.

He could feel the presence of a number of powerful individuals within the inner court but he knew it was not in his authority to pry.

After placing the token in the Sumeru Space, Zen quickly turned his heel and left.

As soon as he stepped out, he was suddenly transported back to the outer courtyard where the little six-winged worm flickered into existence once again, as if waiting for him.

Zen couldn't help but notice the smile that had replaced the worm's earlier vicious glare.

He followed it on the path towards the entrance. The spinning lights were still there but Zen now found himself walking at ease which was a huge difference to how tense he was when he had first entered.

Just as he reached the entrance, he heard a loud noise and a bit of a scuffle. From his position, he saw numerous Illusion Points at the mouth of the cave and the corpses of several warriors.

Chapter 1537 Getting The Illusion Points Effortlessly

The sounds of metal weapons clanking against each other were heard. The ground shook as about seven ogre martial artists fought against three Celestial Mice.

Zen had killed three Celestial Mice when he had entered the cave before, but three more had appeared after.

While Zen had discovered the cave a bit earlier, other martial artists came across it as well.

A martial artist had probably first discovered the cave, but couldn't defeat the Celestial Mice. Thus, he returned to the main city and asked his companions for help.

There were currently about seven surviving martial artists left, who all saw the Illusion Points on the ground condense into balls and float in the air. Then, the corpses of the dead martial artists gradually disappeared.

Zen counted the Illusion Points that turned into balls of light and estimated that there were more than ten of them. He reckoned that the Celestial Mice had killed more than ten martial artists who had been sent back to the main city to be resurrected.

It was known that martial artists who killed other martial artists could absorb their fallen opponents' Illusion Points for themselves.

However, the Celestial Mice didn't absorb Illusion Points. The martial artists released half their Illusion Points after they died, so the points in front of Zen didn't have an owner now.

He could get these points effortlessly. There was no way he was letting them go!

He moved towards the first ball of Illusion Points in a flash. He lightly touched them, and then his body easily absorbed the yellow Illusion Points.

Meanwhile, the seven ogre martial artists saw what Zen did.

"How dare you!" "You're courting death!"

"If you dare to absorb the Illusion Points of our brothers, we will chase you all the way to the ends of the earth!"

Their loud and furious shouts resonated throughout the wilderness, but they were still busy dealing with the three Celestial mice.

The three Celestial Mice were still moving at a weird speed. They used their sharp front teeth to bite the ogres' bodies from time to time. Their teeth which could gnaw through the ogres' armor could be used as divine weapons. Although the ogres had thick and rough skins, they had gotten deep wounds which even revealed some of their bones.

These ogres knew that treasures were hidden in the cave. However, they had to join forces since the Celestial Mice were just too strong.

The sky turned a tad darker, and more than ten martial artists had been killed by now.

Luckily, the Celestial Mice didn't absorb the Illusion Points. The dead martial artists were sent back to the main city by force. Then, they could just rush back to the cave and absorb their Illusion Points after they were revived.

At that point, these ogres were extremely close and trusted each other. Therefore, none of them took the Illusion Points on the ground.

However, a random martial artist unexpectedly appeared in the cave, and then absorbed the Illusion Points of their dead friends while they were engaged in a fierce battle. How could they endure that?

"Your brothers?"

Zen's lips curled slightly when he heard their angry voices, but he didn't heed their warning. He simply continued to rush towards the clumps of Illusion Points and swiftly absorbed them.

3, 000 points.

8, 000 points.

4, 000 points.

Although there wasn't an extremely large amount of Illusion Points scattered on the ground, each one of the balls was worth a few thousand.

Zen's body continuously absorbed the light spots, and the number of Illusion Points in his body increased rapidly.

He had already acquired fifty thousand Illusion Points by the time he had absorbed over ten balls of Illusion Points. Combined with his own ten thousand Illusion Points, he now had over sixty thousand.

"Ahhh!"

The loud, miserable scream signaled everyone that another ogre martial artist had been killed. He suffered quite a gory death since the Celestial Mice had pierced through his head.

Red dots of light wrapped around his soul and flew towards the main city. Then, another ball of Illusion Points was released and floated above his body.

The remaining six ogre martial artists were startled at the scene and instinctively turned to look at Zen. Was Zen going to absorb those Illusion Points as well? If he was, it was way too much!

Just as when they thought about it, Zen suddenly disappeared from where he stood. He appeared next to the corpse of the dead ogre martial artist in a second, and then absorbed all the Illusion Points his body released.

Indeed, the remaining six ogre martial artists were livid at the sight of Zen. They all looked like they wanted to devour Zen alive.

"Kill this guy first!"

"Kill him, and then deal with the Celestial Mice!"

"Damn it! He's gone too far!"

The six ogre martial artists abandoned the three Celestial Mice and focused on killing Zen first.

Coincidentally, two of the three Celestial Mice charged at Zen at the same time.

Despite the chaos, Zen's face remained stoic. It was common for all martial artists in the Illusion Battlefield to resort to every conceivable means, and no one could blame them.

After all, they fought hard for their rankings. It was a violent competition, and only the strong would remain standing at the center of the battlefield. This was what made the Illusion Battlefield significant.

On the other hand, white fog began to form around Zen as both the ogre martial artists and the Celestial Mice launched combined attacks on him.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

Once again, Zen used the Eight Smoky Melodies.

No one could even touch Zen when he used the Eight Smoky Melodies, no matter how fierce his opponents were.

"This guy's technique is so weird!" one ogre martial artist exclaimed. "Let's surround him!"

"You go over there. Go behind him!"

However, an even stranger scene unfolded before their eyes.

The Celestial Mice were originally quite fast, and Zen's own speed might be far from it.

However, the Eight Smoky Melodies transformed Zen into a wisp of cyan smoke the moment the mice pounced towards him. If the wispy smoke sensed any movement, it would push Zen aside. The distance between Zen and the Celestial Mice had always been three inches.

The ogre martial artists had noticed Zen's accelerated speed, which was now almost equal to that of the Celestial Mice.

They couldn't almost see him anymore because his speed was way too fast. How would they surround him?

Zen continued to display the Eight Smoky Melodies as he directed his chaotic energy to the ground, which formed a ring of mysterious white light.

Before, he had used the Thunderbolt Annihilation to defeat the Celestial Mice. He did the same thing as well this time since the Celestial Mice had 3, 000 Illusion Points. The only difference now was there were some ogre martial artists involved in this fight.

Not long after, a terrifying aura suddenly appeared in the sky, followed by a violent bolt of lightning. Everything within the ring of white light was baptized by the Heavenly Tribulation.

The six ogre martial artists let out loud unwilling shrieks before they turned into six red specks of light, which rushed towards the main city. The three Celestial Mice also exploded and turned into numerous Illusion Points.

The Illusion Points floated in the air for a moment before they finally flew towards Zen's body.

The six ogre martial artists got to make it until the end. They were much stronger than their clansmen who had been killed before, so they had more Illusion Points. Each of them had 10, 000 Illusion Points on average.

Combined with the three Celestial Mice's Illusion Points, Zen's Illusion Points had now been restored to 130, 000.

"I'm pretty lucky," Zen said with a small smile as he floated gently and gazed into the distance.

This supreme world contained countless main cities, and the Illusion Battlefield was divided into fifty supreme worlds. Now that he possessed the Teleportation Token, he no longer needed to return to that main city. Now was the time for him to frantically plunder the Illusion Points.

However, he still had to make sure if the Teleportation Token was effective as he expected it to be.

With that in mind, he took out the Teleportation Token that was forged from white jade. He then extracted a trace of chaotic energy from the chaotic sea and injected it into the token.

The Teleportation Token released a faint white light the moment it was activated, which was then extinguished.

A crease formed between Zen's brow at the strange scene.

"The Teleportation Token… Is it useless?"

However, the Teleportation Token in his hand suddenly began to tremble violently within the next second.

A powerful force was transmitted from within the Teleportation Token, and then Zen was quickly wrapped in the blazing white light. It was so bright that it was as if a small sun had risen from the wilderness.

After quite a long while, the incandescent ball of white light dissipated.

It was gone in a flash, and it took Zen with it from where he stood.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1538 Teleportation

After activating the Teleportation Token, Zen entered a mystical space.

Countless red dots lay at his feet as he stood still in a daze.

According to his conjecture, this Teleportation Token could be used to help him execute the Grand Teleportation technique, allowing him to traverse millions of miles away instantly and move freely within this supreme world.

Never did he expect that after activating the Teleportation Token, he would be able to escape into such a wonderful space—it completely exceeded the scope of anyone's imagination.

"The red dots below should represent all the main cities of this supreme world… This is where I belong!"

The red dots below scattered until they were evenly distributed on the surface. Among them, one dot was cyan in color—not far from this dot was another main city.

This was where Zen arrived after entering the Illusion Space—never did he imagine that he would be assigned to the outskirts of the supreme world.

Just like the map indicated, the main city wasn't too far away from him.

Except this area, the other cities were still a rather long way from there.

Recklessly, Zen decided that if he relied on his flying speed to move forward, it would probably take him quite a bit of time to reach the neighboring main city.

"Can the Teleportation Token only be used as a map?"

If this token could mark the main cities but failed to teleport Zen away, then what was the point of Zen going through so much to obtain the token? The time and effort he put into it would have been for naught.

With that thought, Zen carefully fumbled with the token.

After a moment of drifting in this space, Zen headed straight for one of the red dots.

Just as he arrived at the top of the red dot, the one below him started spinning until a white light shot out from its center. It began spinning faster and faster while releasing an intense force of the Space Law.

"This is a transmission channel! Furthermore... This channel seems to connect directly to the main city that this dot signifies.

How interesting…

If that's the case, won't all the main cities be free to visit?"

Zen's heart pounded rapidly—if this was the case, he could easily loot all the main cities of the supreme world.

The space wasn't particularly large—it was only a few dozen miles wide. When Zen walked around in the space and passed a red dot, it would spread out, creating a teleportation channel, offering him a path to enter the main city. If he entered the passage, the transmission channel would disappear.

A supreme world had tens of thousands of main cities, meaning that Zen had seemingly limitless choices.

"Wait! What are these light spots?"

As Zen examined the huge 'map' below him, he discovered that there were three dots in the center, not too far apart from each other.

They were dark green, in stark contrast to the other dots around them.

When Zen flew toward these light spots, they didn't form the transmission channel, nor did they show the slightest reaction.

"These three points are also main cities? But it doesn't look like there's any way to enter them now… They must be closed off for some reason," Zen guessed.

After examining the three dots for a while, he didn't linger too long on them. Instead, he picked out a red dot within the central area of the map.

In this supreme world, the main cities close to the borderline had long distances between each other. Those cities near the center were rather close to each other, so the competition among those main cities was much more intense. Such was the reason why Zen went for this particular red dot.

After choosing his target, he didn't hesitate to head straight for it.

The moment he stepped into it, a transmission channel spread out from the dot, tightly wrapping around him.

Buzz…

The moment he passed through the transmission channel, Zen could feel some kind of tinnitus, making him extremely uncomfortable.

This 'transmission channel' was different from the usual type, after all. Normally, a transmission channel connected only two places, compressing the distance between them by a hundred times. But a supreme world's area was far too large—even if the distance was reduced by a hundred times, it would still be too far.

This Teleportation Token, however, was able to instantly teleport Zen to his destination, no matter how far the places were. Only masters like world lords had such capacity to exert this kind of theurgy. With the help of his Teleportation Token, Zen was able to manage it. But under the pressure of the Space Law, it was expected that Zen wouldn't get used to it easily.

As the noise in his eardrums grew louder and louder, Zen suddenly dropped to the ground.

Dozens of warriors sat cross-legged in the center of the main city.

Every warrior participating in the Illusion Battlefield was fully prepared. Even their clans prepared a massive amount of supreme life vitality crystals and life vitality jades for them. In any case, this Illusion Battlefield was merely a projection—what they consumed was just as much of a projection instead of the real life vitality jades outside the space.

In a battle between warriors, life vitality jade was a must, but they didn't dare use up too many of them. They would face many fights on the battlefield and the warriors would leave the life vitality jades for the most crucial moments. Therefore, they often rested in the main cities to absorb vitality between heaven and earth.

Buzz…

With a sharp, ringing sound, a white mass of light appeared in the sky above the main city. Within this light, something dense plummeted to the ground.

It was Zen, of course.

Because it was his first use of the Teleportation Token, he had no idea where it would take him in the main city. When he reached a certain distance, he attempted to stop himself from falling, but in the end, there was an outside, invisible force that restrained him and accelerated his fall.

After the white light dissipated, he realized that he had already fallen right into the heart of the city. In an instant, Zen understood why he couldn't fly—every main city forbade warriors to exert any skills or treasures to fly. With his current strength, he had no means to get rid of the restraining force on him.

Boom!

The force of his fall was heavy, resounding through the whole area.

When he got up from the ground, he saw that the surrounding warriors had their wide eyes fixed on him as if he were some kind of monster. Meanwhile, they also began murmuring among themselves.

"This guy… He fell from the sky!"

"How is this possible? The main city forbids flying. After crossing the city walls, nobody should be able to fly. How could he fall from the sky above our city?"

"Well, how else would you explain his appearance?"

The warriors whispered to each other, wearing puzzled expressions.

But Zen cared nothing for those words at all.

He wasn't sure if the token could be taken out and used outside the Illusion Battlefield, but he wasn't keen on bringing it out in front of anyone else. For now, he merely appeared in the city—he decided he would let the people guess for themselves.

"This is a city where human warriors gather."

After examining his surroundings, Zen came to such a conclusion. This main city had the same architectural style as the human race's, after all, and everyone around him seemed to be a human.

But whatever the race, it wasn't important to Zen. He chose to enter the city to challenge those fat sheep and obtain their Illusion Points.

With that thought, Zen left the central zone and prepared to try his luck outside the city.

But just as he was about to step outside, a warrior called to him, "Did you just arrive in this city?"

Hearing the question, Zen stopped in his steps to turn around and look the warrior in the eye. "Yes. What's wrong?"

"We have rules in this city. Visitors have to register and surrender half of their Illusion Points to the city lord in order to leave safely," the warrior explained, giving Zen a careful look.

"City lord? We are in the Illusion Battlefield. How could there be a city lord? As for my Illusion Points, they're inseparable. How can I just hand them over to the city lord?" The fact rather surprised Zen.

"I'm not sure if the other cities have city lords," the warrior replied. "But we do. As for the payment of points, it's simple. If you let the city lord kill you once, you'll easily be surrendering half."

Finally, Zen understood—he didn't know whether to laugh or to cry at the ridiculous thought. The term 'city lord' still took him aback. It seemed likely that the city lord was someone like Ezra, who relied on his influence and power to squeeze out points from others, more deserving warriors.

Chapter 1539 The City Lord (Part One)

However, in this main city, the nefarious deed of squeezing or nipping others' Illusion Points was done openly and systematically.

Someone had become the self-proclaimed city lord and more than that, the lord had ordered all the martial artists in the city to submit to his or her will and laws. In fact, handing in half of their Illusion Points was the same as getting killed once by the city lord. The self-proclaimed lord was so brazenly arrogant to demand that term to be met.

When the warrior saw Zen's outraged expression, he warned, "I advise you to obey and go register right away, otherwise you may not be able to leave this city ever again!"

"What do you mean 'unable to leave the city'?" Despite Zen's cold agitation, his interest was also piqued at the same time.

If this "city lord" had really been milking all of the warriors in the city for their valuable Illusion Points, then the number of Illusion Points that this individual had amassed must be huge indeed! Zen could only smile at the juicy target that this had created.

In confronting this "city lord", it would save Zen a lot of trouble to secure a prodigious amount of Illusion Points in one fell swoop. Zen's grin spread even further and he looked like a cat that stole the cream.

The warrior chuckled. "The city lord has already taken control of this city. If you do not register and hand over your Illusion Points, you will be an easy target for hordes of other warriors who will attack and kill once you leave the city! Under this situation, how do you expect to leave and survive?"

Zen's eyes flashed faintly. He did love a challenge! The situation the warrior had described was only for ordinary martial artists.

Since the main city was so big, even if he proved to be no match for the city lord, it wasn't difficult for him to find a random place and escape from here…

Seeing Zen's disapproving expression, the warrior said, "I advise you to go register on your own initiative, otherwise you might lose more than half of your Illusion Points. I'm afraid you will lose all of your Illusion Points in the end. In the end, you will have nothing but regret!"

Somebody had proclaimed himself the city lord, but there were many warriors who had refused to acknowledge this self-promulgated person as their leader or obey him. Those brave warriors tried to leave the city again and again, but only a very small number of them were successful. Most of the warriors who left the city were immediately attacked and killed. Then they would get revived in the main city again. These warriors were trapped in an endless cycle which culminated in despair. After repeated death, the number of Illusion Points the warriors had accumulated would have rapidly decreased!

"Where should I register?" Zen smiled faintly. He had already come up with a devious plan in his mind.

"Over there!"

The warrior pointed off into the distance.

After Zen nodded his head, he strolled through the main city, taking in the sights. Not long after, he saw that at the entrance of a building in the main city, there were quite a few martial artists lining up. This was the place where warriors grudgingly registered and reluctantly handed over their Illusion Points.

Previously, Zen had handed in three hundred thousand Illusion Points to obtain the Teleportation Token. However, those Illusions Points had then been deducted by the Illusion Battlefield, not some selfish fop who took what was not earned.

To pay Illusion Points here meant that martial artists had to voluntarily stretch their necks for this so-called city lord to kill them! Death was the only way to transfer Illusion Points.

If the city lord wanted to kill Zen, he would have to do it outside the city…

Thinking of this, Zen also joined the long line.

The warriors queuing up all had more or less depressed looks on their faces. After all, no one in their rational mind would be willing to offer up half of their Illusion Points to anyone else. Certainly not without a fight.

Among the warriors standing dejectedly in the line, some of them had previously refused to pay the Illusion Points, but they later got killed repeatedly by the subordinates of the city lord. In the end, they had no other choice but to come here to pay the Illusion Points.

As for some warriors, they had initially left the city to explore, but after returning, they had fought against the "city lord" but had been defeated and killed. After reviving, they had wanted to leave the city, but to do that they had to come here to register, so that the "city lord" could kill them once more before they could leave this damned place!

The most unfortunate ones were the martial artists that had died in the wild. Some martial artists did not land in this city in the first place, but they had accidentally trespassed into the surrounding areas of this city while exploring the wilderness. As a result, they were killed by the many vicious legendary beasts which roamed in this region.

According to the rules of the Illusion Battlefield, if any warriors died in the wilds, they would be made to revive in the nearest main city. This main city was the closest to them, so after reviving, they would automatically enter this city… Entering this main city meant that they would have to be killed by the city lord again in order to leave here safely.

The reason why Zen was queuing here was not to hand over his Illusion Points. Illusion Points were so precious, how could he give them away to others so easily?

His target was the city lord of this main city!

After waiting for about five minutes in the long line, it was finally his turn.

"Name!" The warrior in charge of registrations called coldly.

"Thad Luo," Zen said faintly.

"Which force of the human race are you from? Which world? And which sacred place?" the warrior continued to ask, barely looking up at Zen as he began to scribble with a quill on a parchment.

Chapter 1540 The City Lord (Part Two)

"Why do you have to know these things?" Zen asked.

"Answer my questions!" The warrior now stared coldly at Zen.

The corner of Zen's mouth twitched into a faint smile when he saw the warrior's stern face. The "city lord" must have a strong background since he had so many warriors to serve him; otherwise, there wouldn't have been so many people following him.

After all, everyone was of equal status in the Illusion Battlefield. This reminded Zen of Ezra, whom Zen assumed must also have a strong background among the ogre race. However, Ezra had only managed to trick a small number of ogre warriors to serve him in the beginning. When many of the ogre warriors realized what was really going on, no one had followed his orders.

The reason why this "city lord" had such a rallying power could only be due to his status outside of the Illusion Battlefield!

"The Humanity Alliance, Spirit Reading World, Spiritual Force Sacred Place," Zen replied mechanically.

Hearing Zen's words, the warrior lightly sized him up, then he called another martial artist and said, "Okay, follow him to the outside of the city. After you've paid your Illusion Points, you can leave!"

Zen's face was expressionless as he followed the other warrior to the north gate of the main city.

When he arrived at the edge of the city, Zen finally understood why the first warrior had warned him that there would be no chance for him to leave this city without permission!

On the walls of the main city, at every hundred feet, stood a Soul Sea Realm warrior who was like an iron tower. These warriors were wearing black armors and wielded light golden sabers in their hands. They looked as solemn and unforgiving as graveyard statues.

"Friend, where are these warriors from? Why do they wear uniforms?" Zen asked curiously.

The warrior leading the way lightly glanced at Zen, disdainful of his surprised look. "What crap! These black armored warriors are all guards of the city lord. Isn't it normal for them to dress in uniforms? What backwater city have you crawled from?"

"Normal? The city lord could even bring guards into the Illusion Battlefield?" Zen asked in amazement.

Noticing the puzzled look on Zen's face, that warrior seemed more smug and puffed up, and he even boasted of the details which he had heard, "The city lord of our main city is from one of the top three clans in the Thoughtless Minds, the Ji Clan! This time, the Ji Clan has placed great hope on the city lord to succeed in this Illusion Battlefield! They conscripted ten thousand top Soul Sea Realm warriors and sent them into the Illusion Battlefield together with the city lord!"

All warriors who entered the Illusion Battlefield would randomly be sent to different main cities, but the chances of the warriors in the same region being sent to the same place had always been quite high. The Ji Clan had arranged for over ten thousand warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, so after being distributed to the main cities, twenty percent of them were allocated to other main cities. However, eighty percent of the warriors still followed the city lord and landed in this main city!

This meant that from the moment the city lord from the Ji Clan had entered the Illusion Battlefield, eight thousand warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had followed him and guarded him.

It was also because of these eight thousand warriors of the Soul Sea Realm that the city lord had such great power and control. He took the main city as his own and had been further growing by taking his toll from all the lesser warriors in the city!

"So that explains it." Zen nodded thoughtfully, but he was also utterly disgusted at the way in which the Illusion Battlefield system had been manipulated.

As he was speaking, Zen and the warrior escorting him had already arrived at the city gate. Not far away was a martial artist in blue who was holding a black long sword. His eyes were closed in meditation as he was gathering his energy.

Standing in front of the warrior in blue was a row of warriors at the Soul Sea Realm!

These warriors of the Soul Sea Realm didn't have any intention of resisting. They just stood there lined up like lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

They had no choice. They could still slowly continue to earn Illusion Points after paying half of their Illusion Points. If they didn't pay up, it would be impossible for them to leave this main city…

The blue-robed martial artist stayed where he was for a long time before he suddenly opened his eyes in narrow slits. He had been gathering energy for a long time, and now that he activated the black sword in his hand with that energy, he could use it like it was an extension of his body.

The radiance on the sword erupted. In the blink of an eye, the black long sword had slashed out!

"Puff, puff, puff…"

As blood splashed, seven or eight red dots of light wrapped around the souls of these martial artists and flew into the main city behind them where they would wait to be resurrected.

In addition, the yellow light dots of their Illusion Points burst forth from the ground. Because these martial artists had been slain by the blue-robed martial artist, these Illusion Points shot directly towards the blue-clothed martial artist!

'It certainly saves a lot of time in accumulating Illusion Points this way...' Zen thought. Following this line of logic, the number of Illusion Points which this guy had accumulated must definitely be quite significant. "Is he the city lord of this main city?" Zen asked immediately.

To his surprise, the warrior who was leading the way shook his head and said, "No, he's not."

Chapter 1541 Pay The Illusion Points

"He's not the city lord?" Zen asked in confusion.

"Our city lord does not need to kill warriors to accumulate Illusion Points," the warrior explained. "This particular warrior is the city lord's subordinate. He helps the city lord obtain the Illusion Points, and then hands them over to the city lord."

Naturally, the "handing them over" could only be achieved by the city lord killing the subordinate.

This meant that the city lord had no need to personally kill the numerous warriors in the city to harvest Illusion Points. Instead, the city lord had this subordinate kill them, and then killed the subordinate to obtain the Illusion Points.

As Zen realized this, he smiled ruefully. He actually felt a trace of admiration for the city lord.

The city lord was only a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. However, in such a short time, he or she had established a set of rules in the Illusion Space and was able to implement them layer by layer. Whoever this person was, he or she was obviously a talented person.

"Next batch!"

The blue-robed warrior brandished his black sword. His sharp, hawk-like gaze swept across the area as he calculated his next move.

"Move!" urged the warrior who had brought Zen here. "Once you pay half of your Illusion Points, they won't make things difficult for you again."

About seven or eight warriors flanked both sides of the city gates, all clearly very self-conscious. They walked toward the blue-robed warrior and let him kill them one by one, giving away half of their Illusion Points to him in the process.

Zen was a bit depressed as he followed the warriors.

His target was the city lord, not the blue-robed warrior in front of him.

By doing this, the city lord must have accumulated a large number of Illusion Points. If Zen were to kill the city lord, he could obtain half of those Illusion Points as well, which was the most economical way to do it.

However, he had not expected the city lord to avoid coming here personally. Instead, the city lord had sent over this particular subordinate.

The blue-robed warrior glanced knowingly at the warriors. His eyes then fell on Zen. He could faintly feel the hidden aura in Zen.

However, he did not take it seriously. No one in this city dared disobey the city lord, unless they planned to stay in the city forever.

Surprisingly, such warriors really existed. Some people could not bear to have such a method used against them, but they could not fight the system. Thus, they stayed in the city and cursed at the city lord and his or her subordinates at every opportunity.

But what was the use of it?

Fighters relied on strength, not their tongues.

"Stand well," the blue-robed warrior said coldly. He waved the black sword in his hand in a circle and once again felt an uncomfortable feeling rise in his heart. His eyes met Zen once again, and he asked, "What is your name? Which force are you from?"

"I've already been registered," Zen replied listlessly.

"Answer my questions!" The blue-robed warrior stared at Zen with a deep frown.

"I'm from the Spiritual Force Sacred Place, Spirit Reading World, Humanity Alliance," Zen answered truthfully.

"Very good," the blue-robed warrior said. "After the revival, you will come back and I will kill you once again. A total of three times will allow you to leave the city."

'Three times?

Humph! Even one time is impossible for me, ' Zen thought.

At the warrior's words, the smile on Zen's face grew wider.

But although he was smiling, his mood had indeed turned sour.

This was the Illusion Battlefield. It enabled the warriors of the universe to enter and compete with the others. However, this group of people, relying on their power and influence, had created their own rules and were trying to control the fate of the weak. It was unacceptable.

Zen's wide smile made the blue-robed warrior uneasy. "What are you laughing at?" he spat.

"I'm laughing at you," Zen said abruptly. "You want my Illusion Points? In your dreams!"

Zen's words lingered for a moment, stunning the blue-robed warrior into silence. His face darkened. "You're courting death!" he spluttered.

As soon as he said this, he flipped the black sword in his hand and slashed it at Zen without a word.

As they saw this scene in front of them, the many warriors within the city, including the one who had led Zen after the registration, widened their eyes in horror.

When the Illusion Battlefield had opened, many warriors could hardly stand the rules set by the city lord. Some of them had tried to resist them.

However, the outcome of it had been most cruel.

The city lord, which was the most talented warrior from the Ji Clan, could easily defeat a city's warriors.

More importantly, the city lord had Ji Clan's treasure, a supreme divine weapon that allowed him or her to appear and disappear anywhere without a trace.

It was also because of this supreme divine weapon that almost no warrior could escape the pursuit of the city lord.

In the end, they accepted their fate and obediently went to register themselves. They then paid half of their Illusion Points by getting themselves killed.

"Another one who cannot accept his fate has arrived!"

"Alas, he will soon know better. He will accept his fate eventually. Whether inside or outside of the Illusion Battlefield, ordinary warriors are fated to bear the torment of the Ji Clan. How could we possibly fight them?"

"I suppose this boy's Illusion Points will all be taken away."

The onlookers stared at Zen, traces of pity on their faces.

Zen and the other warriors were lined up in a row. The blue-robed warrior's single sword attack had meant to hack Zen after killing the several warriors beside him.

His black sword looked abnormal. As its black blade swung out, it rapidly spun as well. Because of its speedy rotation, the sword did not look like a sword, but rather like a black long stick.

It was the swift rotation that caused the powerful suction force. It pulled what was in its surroundings onto the sword blade before shattering it.

The warriors who had been killed by the blue-robed subordinate did not only have narrow sword marks on their bodies, but also terrible wounds.

Zen did not dodge this strange sword technique.

Instead, he stretched his hand toward the black sword and made an attempt to grab the blade.

The blue-robed warrior grinned fiendishly. The black sword spun a little faster. 'Hah! The boy dares to grab my sword with his bare hand! He will know soon enough that it will only tear him to pieces, ' he thought.

'How did such a foolish boy exude that strange aura before?'

At the moment, the blue-robed warrior was a bit confused about Zen, but he did not take what he had sensed before seriously. A warrior's intuition was usually accurate, but not always. He wondered if he was just overreacting.

However, when Zen's hand caught hold of the frantically spinning blade, the blue-robed warrior gasped in astonishment.

He had thought that Zen's hand would rip open when he touched the blade. His flesh and blood should have been splattered by the blade of the sword. The bones of his arm should have been fractured inch by inch before crumbling into dust.

However, the moment Zen held onto the sword, the blue-robed warrior heard the explicit sounds of collision.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

The scene he had imagined in his head did not happen.

The rapidly spinning blade still spun in Zen's hand. The boy was actually holding onto the rotating blade!

The sharp sounds came from the sword as it was crushed into an unidentifiable shape. It was Zen's hand that was the source of this crushing power.

Finally, the sword was fully in Zen's hand. It stopped spinning as he tightened his grip. As for the blade, it had already curled up.

"No!"

The blue-robed warrior's sharp, eagle-like eyes were wide like saucers, a hint of fear in them.

He had followed his young master for years and encountered many capable warriors. He had also heard of the various talents from the Thoughtless Minds.

However, Zen was able to catch his black sword with just one hand while remaining unscathed. He had surpassed the scope of other talents. He was, quite simply, a freak of nature!

On the city wall, the other warriors witnessed this scene in silence.

Truthfully, they were happy to see what happened. Some of them had no choice but to serve the city lord. They had paid up their Illusion Points to him or her, however unwilling they might be. Their dignity did not allow them to accept these rules, but they were powerless against the Ji Clan.

Zen's display of power had helped them vent their anger, and from the looks of it, it was going to be a good show.

"I said you could only take my Illusion Points in your dreams." Zen smiled as he held the black sword between his fingers and squeezed it forcefully.

Bang!

A crisp sound rang out as Zen broke the black sword into two pieces.

The blue-robed warrior took a deep breath. The black sword had been a secondary first-rank divine weapon and had been given to him by the city lord.

The loss of a weapon in the Illusion Battlefield did not mean that his weapon had disintegrated in the real world as well. However, the warrior still felt a faint sense of foreboding when Zen broke the secondary first-rank divine weapon so effortlessly.

Whoosh!

The blue-robed warrior already had a plan in mind. He decided to steer clear of Zen for some time and rushed to the city gates.

"Wait up! You think you can get away with this after wanting to kill me? You can leave, but you still have to give me the Illusion Points!"

Zen said with a smile. How could he let this fat sheep escape?

The warrior's Illusion Points could not be compared to the city lord's, but they were certainly not little in number.

Chapter 1542 A Girl In A Purple Dress

The blue-robed warrior's jaw dropped in shock at the scene in front of him.

His right hand made the sign of the cross when he felt the explosive power behind him. Then three swords flew out of his space ring.

Each sword that flew out was a different color. One was gold, then silver, and lastly, bronze.

The surfaces of their blades were engraved with beautiful lines, which made their appearances more eye-catching.

The city lord, who was also the young master of Ji Clan, had given him the black sword, which Zen had twisted and broken. These three metal-colored swords, on the other hand, were his usual weapons. They had been with him for years and were connected to his soul.

A gust of wind blew sharply as the three swords flew and resonated with each other. Then, their blades began to rotate rapidly.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

As the three swords spun around the blue-robed warrior, they formed a tri-colored tornado.

"Three-sword Spinning Kill!"

The tornado sounded like a strong, howling wind. It was like a huge dragon that flew in the air, wanting to kill Zen.

However, Zen rushed straight ahead without any hesitation like the sharpest spear.

Ping! Ping! Ping!

There were loud, metallic clanging sounds as the three swords hidden within the tornado clashed against his body.

However scary it might seem, Zen didn't need protective armor since his physical body was like a first-rank divine weapon. Thus, his body wouldn't be hurt even if the swords were sharp.

The only thing that bothered him was his own clothes. All the strangling and killing had torn Zen's cyan cotton clothes into strips and shreds. Then again, this wasn't the first time it happened to him. It was why he had to have new sets of clothes from time to time.

Zen passed through the tri-colored tornado by force and charged straight at the blue-robed warrior, his hands extended out like lightning.

When the blue-robed warrior saw that he wouldn't be able to escape, he somersaulted like a kite and flicked out a golden ball, which suddenly shattered.

"Do you really think you can have my Illusion Points? In your dreams! My Illusion Points are all collected for the city lord's sake! Hahaha!"

Meanwhile, Zen was simply confused at his words. He only needed to kill this man and get half of his Illusion Points. Why was he saying things like Zen couldn't get the Illusion Points?

His thoughts were disturbed when the golden ball the blue-robed warrior had crushed emitted a violent aura, which spread out in various directions.

Boom!

Zen judged that the situation wasn't right, so he quickly retreated to the back.

He went back so fast that the distance between him and the blue-robed warrior was now over a hundred feet!

The golden ball shattered in just three seconds, and then strands of hair-like blood red lightning exploded from within it.

The strands of lightning were as thin as hair, but they were dense and spread outwards like a cluster of roots. They completely enveloped the blue-robed warrior within a hundred feet radius, which turned him into a giant thunder ball.

The golden ball was overwhelmingly powerful that Zen's eyelids twitched wildly when he saw it.

"This golden ball is too terrifying!" he exclaimed.

Had Zen been involved in, the terrifying blood-colored lightning might have torn him to shreds by now.

While death in the Illusion Battlefield didn't mean he'd actually die in the outside world, he would've lost half of his Illusion Points after his death. Now, if this fight had happened outside the Illusion Battlefield, then he would probably be killed for real.

Aside from the coldness in Zen's heart, he also thought about what the blue-robed warrior said before he died. "Why can't I get his Illusion Points?" he murmured.

According to the rules of the Illusion Battlefield, the blue-robed warrior would still lose half of his Illusion Points even if he killed himself—just like the warriors who had been killed by the Celestial Mice in the wilderness. The Illusion Points would then turn into a yellow light ball, and all Zen had to do was absorb it.

After the blue-robed warrior died, a large amount of Illusion Points indeed appeared where he was.

The densely packed Illusion Points were so many that they were twice the amount Zen had obtained from when he killed Layne. This meant that there were at least 200, 000 Illusion Points within the blue-robed warrior's body.

However, something strange happened. After the yellow spots appeared, they didn't enter Zen's body. It was because he did not kill the blue-robed warrior.

Not only that, but the Illusion Points flew away and were headed towards the city.

"What's going on?"

Zen was truly shocked. This wasn't in the rules that he knew.

Could it be that the city lord could change the rules of the Illusion Battlefield?

This was impossible!

In addition, the guards on top of the city walls didn't even move when they saw that the blue-robed warrior was dead.

It was clear that even the blue-robed warrior was no match for Zen, so the guards would only be giving Zen Illusion Points if they rushed out of the city.

However, there was a mocking smile that hung on each of their faces as they stared at Zen, as if patronizing his childishness.

The many warriors at the city's entrance all had different expressions. They had surrendered to the city lord and naturally wouldn't tell Zen the reason.

Dust fell off Zen's feet as he floated ten feet above the ground, his face grim as he watched the scene. He felt somewhat helpless when he saw the massive amount of Illusion Points disappear.

Suddenly, Zen's eyes flashed sharply as he flew along the wall.

The so-called city lord had more than one subordinate. Since the city was too big, the news of him killing the blue-robed warrior might not spread. Thus, Zen now looked for his next target—the city lord's another subordinate.

After the heavy cluster of yellow light spots floated away and finally entered the city, they flew into a house in the southwest part of the city.

All the warriors in the Illusion Battlefield fought with all their might and used every method available for the Illusion Points, whether it was fighting other warriors or killing all kinds of beasts in the wilderness.

However, this house appeared to be quite peaceful.

A few snowflakes, like weightless cotton, gently rained down upon it.

But since it was scorching hot, the snowflakes were naturally man-made. There was clearly something up with the place.

In fact, Zen had felt the chill in the air when he was near the house's entrance. Even ordinary warriors knew that it wasn't a good place to stay, so they had all retreated.

There was a thick layer of snow on the ground within the courtyard of the house. With its serene atmosphere, standing in the middle of it felt like it was in the middle of winter.

A woman in a long, purple dress was sitting in one corner of the snow-covered courtyard, a silk book in the palm of her hand.

The silk book did not have any pictures drawn on it. Instead, it was filled with small words. It was actually a novel.

Warriors were in an absolute ruling position in the one hundred thousand supreme worlds of the entire universe. To put it bluntly, everyone paid great importance to cultivation. They didn't care about literature at all.

Scholars were in the lower class even among mortals. They were insignificant beings that did not exist in the mainstream culture of any race.

However, the past few years saw the Upper World bustle with novels.

It wasn't because the status of the scholars had been elevated. Poems, songs, and the like were not popular among the warriors. However, all kinds of novels were popular.

The reason behind it was still Zen.

Although many warriors were annoyed when he had told stories to the mysterious woman with his Roaring Token, some still listened and became interested.

However, Zen still had to cultivate so he had little time to tell stories. Besides, he told stories because of the mysterious woman. The other warriors would gather and listen to the stories when the mysterious woman came out of seclusion; but when she hid, Zen wouldn't tell any tales at all.

There were many warriors in the universe, but even more mortals, who were more culturally inclined than the warriors.

The warriors soon found that spending a life vitality crystal was enough to buy countless novels. They could even hire hundreds of storytellers to tell stories every day. It had become the most fashionable thing among them in the last few years.

Because of this, the status of some mortals rose greatly. For example, a storyteller emerged in a small city under the command of a sixth-grade sacred place of the Thoughtless Minds.

All the stories he told were written by himself. He was very good at his storytelling, whatever his mood or demeanor was. A warrior in the sacred place admired him, so his status rose bit by bit when he was introduced. It was even said that he caused two sacred places to fight over him.

Later on, a warrior even gave the storyteller a pill, which gave him an extra few hundred years of lifespan. This was already very shocking among mortals as even some of the small countries' kings would not receive such treatment.

But all in all, the elevated status of the scholars was all thanks to one person, and that was Zen.

If it weren't for the fact that he used the Roaring Token to tell the mysterious woman stories and caught the interest of some warriors, there wouldn't be such a trend.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1543 Norton

She was pretty comfortable in her chair, feet propped up by a small stool as she read the silk book with relish. It was the latest novel of a popular series that she religiously followed.

To say that she was a fan of popular novels was an understatement. As a Soul Sea Realm warrior, memorizing and retaining all the information in this silk book was very simple. All she would need to do was to use her full perception to engrave the words in her mind.

But where was the fun in that? That was hardly a pleasurable way of reading.

No, to make sure that she truly grasped the plot and fell in love with the characters, she needed to read these novels word for word. There was just this thrill of suspense in everyone's slowly unfolding fates page by page.

Just as she was about to get to the good part, a large mass of yellow Illusion Points flew into her room and towards her.

The woman frowned as she absorbed the Illusion Points, "What happened?"

she muttered in annoyance. It greatly displeased her to be disturbed at the most intriguing part of the story.

"Who killed my man?! You will regret it!"

She carefully folded the corner of the page, marking the part where she left off before carefully packing it into her Sumeru Space.

She then quickly left the comfort of her chair and headed outside. It was cold but her small, dainty footprints left a rather enchanting sight on the white powdery snow.

Meanwhile, Zen was quickly advancing along the city walls.

He was right. The city lord did have more than one subordinate.

All in all, she had a total of eight people who helped her collect Illusion Points at each city entrance.

These eight people had been her personal bodyguards in the outside world.

It was only natural that they remained her subordinates here. These eight guards were perfectly willing to hand over their accumulated points to her here in the Illusion Battlefield.

These warriors had a less than amicable reputation in the city. They were nicknamed 'butchers' due to their cruelty and often questionable methods of collecting Illusion Points from other warriors.

Zen's speed meant it only took him a few minutes to reach the other side of the main city.

There was a tall human warrior that stood in front of the city gate. He had an air of intimidation to him especially with the forbidding golden hammers he held in each hand.

The warrior opened his mouth and projected his clear, loud voice, "Stand still! If you all cooperate then I'll be able to finish you with just one slam of my hammer. You won't feel any pain and the next thing you'll know, you've already been resurrected back in the city."

There was a line of warriors in front of him getting ready to give half of their accumulated Illusion Points.

Zen's eyes flashed with excitement.

Drawing a wisp of chaotic energy, he quickly summoned a strong wind that carried him forward. Combined with his already fast speed, he was a mere blur in the eyes of an ordinary warrior.

Just as this supposed gatekeeper was about to lift his hammer, he suddenly felt a powerful aura headed towards him. His eyes widened in surprise and a big smile appeared on his face.

"You're really looking for trouble! Come at me, you brat!"

Norton, this tall gatekeeper declared with maddened frenzy. He was a very aggressive person and the Illusion Battlefield was the perfect place for him to let out all his pent-up rage to everyone.

It was a pity he couldn't freely go around on a rampage because he had to help his master collect Illusion Points.

Norton wasn't really interested in being a gatekeeper and slaughtering these docile warriors. It was really just master's orders.

But the appearance of a challenger invigorated him!

Back when the Illusion Battlefield was just starting, there had been a lot of people who came to challenge him to fights.

This quickly changed, however, when his expertise became known.

There remained a few warriors stronger than him but all of them quickly became docile underlings after being taught a lesson or two by his master.

Of course, there was no pleasure in killing a docile lamb who willingly offered itself up for slaughter, which was why he was ecstatic by Zen's sudden appearance.

Clang!

There was a loud, ringing noise as he struck his two hammers together aggressively.

A visible wave burst forth from the hammers and the sound waves from the strike rang through everyone's ears and made their souls tremble.

It wasn't just Norton though, even Zen felt a bit of an adrenaline rush upon seeing that his opponent was not afraid to face him.

He only hoped that Norton wouldn't escape into the main city in the middle of the battle and use the golden pill. He wouldn't want his efforts to be in vain.

'I have to kill him as fast as possible, ' Zen thought to himself.

He quickly plotted his attacks as he rushed towards his opponent. When he was a mere hundred feet away, Zen quickly hid into the void and got ready to close the distance with a single leap. His plan was to get close enough to deal the killing blow, giving his opponent no opportunity to launch a counterattack.

However, just as Zen did this, he heard a loud snort from Norton who suddenly brandished his golden hammers and smashed them towards the void!

Boom!

There was a loud booming crash as the hammers forced Zen out of the void.

He staggered back and could only look at Norton in surprise.

Strangely, even Norton was shocked.

Zen's current comprehension of the Space Law allowed him to hide in the void effectively which was perfect in avoiding his enemy's attention.

However, Norton not only saw him use this skill but also managed to kick him out of the void with his hammers.

The power of the hammers' strike caused his blood to churn inside him. He found himself needing to take a deep breath to counteract the effects of Norton's attack on his body.

However, as mentioned before, Norton was just as equally shocked as Zen.

His hammers did reach and smash into Zen's body.

But the force he released was enough to raze an entire mountain to the ground. A Soul Sea Realm warrior could never hope to survive that single strike from him. He expected Zen to have turned into meat paste by now.

So why was he still standing in front of him, dazed but still clearly unyielding?

'Who the hell is this guy? How in the world did he survive my hammers?' Norton couldn't help but ask himself.

A feeling quickly arose within him — it felt as if what he currently faced wasn't a mere human but a terrifying monster and he knew that his hammers would be no good against a monster.

Even his master wouldn't be able to withstand a head-on strike from him, but this guy…

However, unlike the blue-clothed warrior, Norton was not deterred. Instead, he became even more excited at the prospect of facing an extremely powerful opponent!

These types of fights only came by chance. Besides, he couldn't really die here on the Illusion Battlefield. Fighting against such a strong warrior was so rare to him nowadays so he might as well take advantage of this opportunity.

He was in desperate need of a good fight. He could collect the Illusion Points later after their match's conclusion.

"I really envy your strong body. Too bad I'll be smashing it with my next attack. Don't be a coward and take it like a man!" Norton roared with blind fury.

Clang! There was another loud ringing sound as Norton smashed his hammers together and released powerful waves in the air.

As he did this, he quickly charged towards Zen by moving his sturdy legs in a rather mysterious manner.

As he charged, Norton waved his arms like crazy and formed numerous hammer shadows that served to protect him.

His movements were so fast and erratic that not even Zen was able to see through him.

It was reminiscent of a mad bull that thought of nothing but death and destruction as he blasted through everything and everyone.

Such display of fierceness quickly caught the attention of the other warriors who were initially waiting in line. Norton's hammers were intimidating but not so much when it wasn't being directed at them.

"Oh man, that dude's going to get it. Norton's attacks can't be dodged!"

"Norton's hammers will probably scare the shit out of him. Those things are enough to smash him into meat paste."

"You know I heard something interesting. Once, when he got angry with the city lord, Norton smashed his hammers onto the walls and shook the entire city!"

Of course, this was a gross exaggeration.

All the main cities in the Illusion Battlefield were created by the heavens and were an incarnation of heavens' rules. It was impossible to shake their walls.

Still, it was a nice embellishment to the tales of Norton's great strength.

However, Zen remained calm and collected, just as always. This strong opponent was only one of the many other strong opponents he had faced in his lifetime. The young man stood still on his spot but his power was currently circulating through his body and surging towards his arms. He looked up and locked gazes with an approaching Norton and his protective hammer shadows, ready for a fight!

Chapter 1544 The Falling Snow (Part One)

The golden hammer shadows in front of Zen belonged to a mysterious hammer technique with thousands of years of history behind it.

As the moments passed by, more and more golden hammer shadows appeared out of nowhere, making it impossible for anyone to tell if they were real or fake. It was, without a doubt, not an easy feat to break them.

Hopeless as it might seem, Zen had no intention of breaking through them. He was more inclined to employing the brute force to fight back. And that was the most efficient method rather than taking a sneaky way out.

It was widely-known that Norton's strength was extraordinary. Everyone presumed that no warriors sharing the same level as him could match up to him just with brute force. Even for the city lord herself that Norton had served for years, she was certainly stronger than Norton, but her brute strength was not up to par with that of him. Therefore, to fight Norton in this way only meant giving in to a resounding defeat!

Zen, on the other hand, would not be put at a disadvantage, since he had the power of dragon scales and the divine weapon body. Even a powerful warrior, who had a much higher cultivation level than him, would be in a vulnerable state, let alone those warriors who were also at the same level as him.

These strapping attributes of Norton made Zen not to retreat a single step. Instead, he shifted towards Norton.

"You have some nerve! I'll kill you in an instant!"

Norton growled under his breath as he watched Zen rushing towards him instead of running away. Bracing himself, he then poured all his strength into his arms. Moments after, the Soul Sea in his body began to stir up monstrous waves as his immense power spread out, ready for a kill. He was like a god of strength, summoning all the golden hammer shadows to descend upon Zen!

In contrast, for a split second, Zen had also activated the power of up to ten thousand dragon scales!

The supreme power within his body was like a chaotic tidal wave as it surged forth. Although the hammer shadows were like a myriad of blossoming flowers that dazzled his eyes, making it hard for him to figure out whether they were real or fake, Zen did not plan to resist the hammer blows. His main target was Norton.

"Whoosh!"

Seemingly like in a fashion of throwing caution to the wind, Zen's body movement suddenly gathered momentum as he formed a Barging Fist with one hand. It only looked like a random punch, but the power contained within it far exceeded anyone's imagination!

From Norton's point of view, Zen was nothing but someone putting his life on the line in this kind of battle.

Norton laughed heartily as his right hand made a grasping motion, making the golden hammer shadows that crowded the sky quickly reduced by half. He fully knew that Zen was extraordinary based on their previous encounter, where he hit him hard with his hammers. In his anticipation to block Zen's attack, he positioned a large golden hammer on his chest. The Barging Fist that Zen swiftly set in motion looked starkly simple, but Norton was deathly afraid that he would play tricks on him. He didn't want to die together with Zen.

What if they both perished side by side? Then half of his and Zen's Illusion Points would be left in this place. Chances were that they would be taken away by some other meddlesome warriors. And in the worst-case scenario, he would receive a terrible scolding from his young master!

Norton might look reckless, but on the contrary, he was meticulous. He carefully withdrew one of the enormous golden hammers and transformed the other one immediately into an army of hammer shadows. Aiming them directly towards Zen, he entertained the notion that this hammer strike was going to smash Zen's head into pieces!

Anyone could say that Norton had made the most accurate judgment in a heartbeat.

However, no matter how accurate and flawless his judgment was, it was still rendered useless under the suppression of Zen's absolute strength!

When Zen's punch landed on Norton's defensive golden hammer, the latter immediately understood something.

The force behind Zen's punch was barely strong, and even Zen's entire aura had been engulfed and concealed by Norton, but when his Barging Fist had come in contact with the golden hammer, Norton could only feel an overwhelming force emanating from it!

And like a ripple-effect, the force of his fist hit the golden hammer, and the golden hammer subsequently hit Norton's chest.

"Crack!"

A loud cracking sound soon reverberated!

The circular golden hammer was punctured up in the middle by Zen! Zen's Barging Fist did not stop there. It slid through the crack and hit Norton's chest.

"Clang!"

Just as Zen's fist was about to land on Norton's chest, another loud sound rang out!

Zen's gaze flickered when he heard this sound, but he secretly sighed in his heart, noting that Norton had a precious treasure to defend himself!

A defensive treasure that could support the power of ten thousand dragon scales was at least a first-rank divine weapon. However, even if a precious treasure protected his chest, Norton would still be heavily injured, and that was inevitable. The precious treasure could only mitigate the injuries he would sustain. Unless it was a supreme divine weapon, it could not completely defend him against the attack.

Zen was more worried about Norton possessing a golden pill. It was clear as day that all his previous undertakings would go down the drain if

Norton happened to attempt to squish a golden pill and kill himself.

Norton was thrown backward by the compelling brute force. He knew he was seriously injured as he could feel the immense pressure still lingering in his internal organs. It also shook his inner world, causing his Soul Sea to collapse!

At this point, Norton wasn't thinking about protecting his own life, but he was in dire need of keeping his young master's Illusion Points!

Chapter 1545 The Falling Snow (Part Two)

He could be resurrected if he lost his life, but if Zen took his Illusion Points, then what he would face was probably the young master's harsh punishment!

For this reason, the moment Norton was sent flying backward, a golden pill abruptly appeared in his hand!

But before his palm could touch the golden pill, he heard a sneer!

With his quick-thinking, coupled with his agile movement, Zen had managed to get close to Norton. He had anticipated that Norton would put the golden pill in to use. But Norton's sudden attempt to smash it turned futile as a sudden streak of blue light flashed!

Shock engulfed him as Norton felt a numbing dull ache at his right hand!

His hand had been cut off in an instant by Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword as Zen flew high into the air with the golden pill in his hand.

Zen's movements were neat and swift. His body flashed as he snatched the golden pill out of Norton's severed hand. Then with a tumble, his knee was pressed against Norton's chest, while he aimed the edge of his sword at him.

"My young master won't..."

"Puff!"

Zen didn't let Norton finish his words. If they stayed somewhere else, he would have listened to what he was about to say.

This city was mysteriously strange in an odd way. And he was kind of afraid that the Illusion Points would suddenly fly away. Thus he thought he should kill Norton first. He just intended to get Norton's Illusion Points, not wanting them to take off in the air.

Until now, Zen still couldn't fathom why the Illusion Points would automatically fly out after the warrior in the blue clothes died.

And as soon as Norton died, before he was brought back to the city to revive, he was slowly wrapped up by a red light dot, while at the same time, a large number of Illusion Points exploded. As expected of him, Norton had much more Illusion Points than the warrior in the blue clothes.

A crowd of yellow dots of light burst out from Norton's body and flew towards Zen. Witnessing all this, Zen let out a sigh of relief. He thought that there was someone who could influence the rules of the Illusion Battlefield! It seemed he was wrong now.

Back on the city walls, after the warriors had keenly observed the whole scene, most of them were filled with envy and pity.

They envied Zen because he possessed such strength. Not only did he succeed in resisting Norton, but he even killed him in one blow and obtained so many Illusion Points!

The reason they felt pity for Zen was that they knew very well what kind of miserable thing would happen to him after this.

In the past, when the city lord was attempting to take control of the city, series of revolts from many warriors had happened. Some of them were more powerful than Norton and the others, while some had even killed Norton a few times.

But in the end, they were slaughtered time and time again by the city lord! No one would be able to escape her wrath!

Now, not only did those warriors have few Illusion Points, but leaving the main city was seriously tough and tricky for them!

If they happened to succeed in getting out of the city alive, they would be hunted down by the city lord and her subordinates without recourse! This city lord had a superb ability to move at an insanely high speed. Thus, no Soul Sea Realm warrior could get rid of her without that much difficulty.

From the way they looked and weighed this, Zen's life would have a grim ending!

"After Norton dies, the city lord would come over!"

"This guy doesn't leave yet. If he runs away now, he would be able to escape the city lord's attack!"

"This warrior must be a warrior who came from another city and is not aware of the city lord's strength!"

What they all didn't know was that Zen had no plan of leaving this place at all. He was targeting the infamous city lord.

Those several subordinates of this city lord had already got a lot of Illusion Points, so to speak, the number of Illusion Points accumulated by this city lord might be significantly huge! Thinking about this, how could Zen possibly be willing to leave?

Since Zen had killed two of her men, the city lord, who was so overbearing, would probably come to attack him very soon. And this was all Zen wanted.

Zen stood still outside the city. His gaze focused solely on the golden pill in his hand.

This golden pill was most likely a supreme treasure, since its power was so terrifying. Fortunately, this was good for one-time use! Still, if a warrior released the golden pill in the face of an enemy, it would have a miraculous effect!

But this golden pill needed to be crushed before it could be activated. Could it be that this golden pill could only be used to commit suicide?

While he was keen at observing the golden pellet, Zen suddenly felt that it was heating up. He could tell that there was a formidable power surging within. Sensing that it would explode, he almost reflexively tossed the golden pellet far away!

"Puff!"

After the golden pellet hovered over one hundred feet in the air, a dense mass of blood-red lightning was emitted from it!

Zen was stunned by encountering this scene. If it weren't for his quick reaction, he probably would've been caught up in the lightning as well!

Zen felt a chill coming from behind him. When he turned his head, he saw a woman. She was dressed in purple clothes, and slowly making her way towards him, with snow falling silently and trailing behind her.

Chapter 1546 Lucille Ji

The woman was wearing a purple silk robe with exquisite embroidery. The ivory white ribbon which decorated her long ebony-colored hair slowly fluttered behind her like a banderole from a masthead, making her look like a fairy from a painting.

She walked daintily in her crescent-shaped embroidered shoes and explored around the edge of the city wall. With every step she took, a step formed by ice was created on the ground and these supported her light footsteps, permitting her to float forward a distance. The icy steps shattered with a loud bang once she had stepped off from these frozen perches, so every light step she took was accompanied by the clear and melodious sound of ice shattering.

Crack! Splash!

Zen's eyes were calm as he looked at the purple-clothed woman. However, he was on guard, and his four limbs quietly spread out in preparation for anything.

Cultivation was a standard that measured a warrior's strength. But, in the Upper World, this standard was no longer the most accurate.

For example, a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm could be far stronger than a normal warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

Zen had personally killed Spirit Supreme Realm warriors before, and this situation had not only existed for him. Many powerful warriors throughout the universe, as well as the ace talents of various races could do the same. Cultivation had therefore become somewhat of a moot point now.

When Zen felt this woman's cold and sharp aura, he also felt that her strength was prodigious. She might even be the strongest warrior he had encountered since he entered the Illusion Battlefield.

"The city lord is here!"

"Is this woman the lord of this city? She is so beautiful and innocent-looking, like a fairy."

"Why would it be strange that a girl from the Ji Clan is so beautiful and looks like a fairy?"

The onlookers discussed it among themselves.

On top of the city wall, many warriors were enraptured by this woman's appearance, and their eyes began to shine with a radiant light. Only a perfect object could cause these glowing expressions to populate the faces of the warriors.

The woman in front of them was indeed perfect.

Zen's eyes followed suit and also glowed in admiration. In terms of appearance and demeanor, Lavender was probably the only one who could compare to this perfect woman.

However, her temperament was completely different from Lavender's.

Lavender radiated a feeling of supreme nobility, as if she was a goddess which had descended upon this world. Moreover, with every movement, Lavender would reveal resolution and killing intent. A fiery heart was hidden within, under her ice-cold exterior, just like a frozen volcano waiting to erupt.

The woman in front of him, on the other hand, was wrapped in an aura of serenity and peace.

Just like the falling snowflakes, her cold aura didn't make people want to resist her, but made them calm.

However, Zen could feel that there was a faint killing intent hidden just beneath the frosted facade. This killing intent was extremely arrogant, as if she had earned the confidence to kill and take the lives of all living beings. And those "living beings" naturally included him.

The purple-clothed siren was drawing closer and closer to Zen. The coldness which emanated from her was gaining intensity, and the snowflakes falling from the sky were also increasing in size.

All of the warriors, both inside and outside the city walls, shut their mouths, and only the patter of snowflakes falling on the ground could be heard.

The temperature of the Illusion Battlefield wasn't low, and could be said to be scorching hot for mortals. However, these snowflakes didn't melt; they were piling up at a visible rate and soon covered the whole ground in a thin layer like icing on a cake.

"You killed Ethan?" The purple-clothed woman's gaze landed on Zen as she moved through the drifting snowflakes. Like her temperament, this woman's gaze was especially pure and penetrating. Zen felt as if she were looking right into his heart, reading his feelings and thoughts like reading a book.

"Who is Ethan?" Zen asked with a smile and raised his head to look at the woman. "Are you referring to that blue-robed warrior?"

The purple-clothed lady nodded. "Yes."

"Sort of." Zen did not deny it. He pointed to the spot where the golden pill had exploded and said, "But he could also have been considered to have committed suicide. On the down side, I didn't get his Illusion Points."

That blue-robed warrior had in the end committed suicide, yet his Illusion Points had been absorbed by someone else. Until now, Zen hadn't been able to figure it out; this was simply inconsistent with the rules of the Illusion Battlefield.

"Those Illusion Points were naturally absorbed by me, since they were rightfully mine," the purple-clothed woman said indifferently.

"How did you do it?" Zen was most curious about this.

The woman did not show any intention of answering Zen's question. Instead, she continued to examine him with her pure eyes. "You even killed Norton."

Hearing this, Zen was also a bit speechless. Obviously, this woman wanted to ask something that could have been phrased in a single question. Yet she worked up to her goal as she asked him twice. He just grinned and said, "Yes, I did kill him! You're the city lord, right? Were these two your men?"

Zen's words carried a clear tone of provocation. Although he had responded by going on alert when he saw this opponent, he was not afraid of battle.

The purple-clothed woman did not respond to Zen's question. She did not seem to take any notice of what he said, but instead completely immersed herself in her own thoughts. Finally, she pronounced, "You have taken half of Norton's Illusion Points. I have to kill you three times to earn those total back. After I kill you three times, I can let you leave the city."

When he heard these strange words again, Zen then understood that it was impossible to communicate with this girl.

But this did not affect Zen's goal.

From the looks of it, this woman was indeed the city lord. Killing her to take away her Illusion Points was Zen's only goal.

Whoosh!

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword suddenly appeared in Zen's hand, while a glimmer of light appeared on the blue blade of the sword. Zen restrained his emotions and held his sword vertically across his chest in salute. "If you can defeat me, then do it. Even thirty times is okay."

The purple-clothed woman glanced searchingly at Zen's long sword. Although she didn't know the origins of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, she knew that this sword was not ordinary. A sliver of surprise appeared in her clear eyes.

"The sword is interesting. What's your name?" the purple-clothed woman suddenly asked.

"Thad Luo," said Zen.

The woman's face revealed a trace of disappointment when she heard Zen's name.

The number of warriors in the Illusion Battlefield might have reached one trillion by now, and there might even be millions or even tens of millions of warriors with the surname Luo. 'Alas! It's so hard to meet that guy, ' the woman thought bitterly.

Immediately, she sighed and released a steaming breath into the cold air. When she thought about the ends of the stories that Zen hadn't revealed, her cold heart burned with passion. 'If he has entered the Illusion Battlefield, he would definitely not be some nameless person. I should be able to find him!' As for this man before her, since he had gone against the rules she had set, she would naturally kill him and reap his Illusion Points.

"Don't call me 'the city lord, '" the purple-dressed woman said, as she slightly spread out her slender fingers, which were as fair as the falling snow. Soon after, a rippling light wrapped around her fingers, weaving in amongst the digits.

After the light had dissipated, five rings appeared on her fingers.

The five rings were old and had no decorative design to them. Their ancient design did not match with the temperament of the woman.

There were also thin chains which linked the five rings. She suddenly stretched out her slender fingers, causing the chains to softly clank against each other as the links began to move.

Only then did she say, "My name is Lucille Ji. Remember my name, and go to hell."

The moment she finished speaking, the snowflakes that had slowly been falling around her suddenly increased in speed by more than ten times.

It had been the type of snow that would have quietly fallen on winter nights, but now it became an epic snowstorm in the middle of winter.

Hooo...hooo...hooo...

Not only did the snowflakes get bigger, but the wind also picked up and became stronger.

In the midst of the swirling snowstorm, Lucille Ji's body suddenly flew towards Zen.

Whoosh!

When she was slowly strolling through the snow, she was an elegant lady. But once she moved onto the battlefield, she became like a bolt of lightning, not at all inferior to a man.

In the blink of an eye, the distance between her and Zen had narrowed to less than 10 feet.

Zen's long sword also suddenly rang out.

"Nether God Shadows!"

Whoosh!

Crack!

As Zen infused his chaotic energy into the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, a twisting bolt of lightning shot out towards the woman with a sharp electric crackle.

This lightning was followed by a sharp wind blade.

After the wind blade, there came numerous Nether God Shadows, each of which displayed a different fist technique in attacking Lucille Ji.

On top of the city wall, all of the warriors were fixedly staring at the scene before them. They almost held their breaths in anticipation of what they believed was an inevitable outcome.

Many of the warriors in the city had witnessed or even experienced Lucille Ji's strength at first hand, so they didn't dare to cross over the city wall by even half an inch. This was because they clearly understood that only the rules of the city could protect them.

"Why do I feel that it's not fair? Has the city lord suddenly become generous, since she only plans to kill this brat three times before letting him go?"

"The city lord's personality has always been very contrary. She is temperamental, and I've heard that it has something to do with the books she's reading. She seems to be easily influenced by the stories in the books."

"Sometimes gentle, sometimes brutal... I find this personality type very attractive."

"Attractive?" "She is an ace talent of the Ji Clan. Do you think you can hold a candle to her?"

This battle had just begun, and many warriors were also taking advantage of this opportunity to discuss it in whispers.

Chapter 1547 A Giant

Zen's first round of attacks was merely a trial run.

Still, that didn't make it something that could be taken down so easily.

Under the full force of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, regardless of whether it was the lightning or the wind blade, it was extremely sharp. Under Zen's control, the Nether God Shadows were all in different styles but all gave meticulous punches and kicks. For his opponent, it was no simple task to deal with the Nether God Shadows.

During the three waves of attacks, Lucille's clear eyes were clouded.

At this moment, she made a gesture—pressing the tips of her thumb and forefinger together, keeping the other three fingers raised. Her slender pinky was the most prominent, while the ring it wore emitted a faint, yellow light.

"Earth Protection," Lucille said softly.

The yellow light gradually condensed and formed the shape of a giant. It stood thousands of feet tall, enveloping Lucille within.

The light brought along a heavy aura.

Boom!

The lightning emitted by Zen struck the yellow light heavily, leaving only a faint, charred mark before disappearing in the blink of an eye.

As for the wind blade, it could only cut through an inch.

Although the Nether God Shadows' fist techniques were undoubtedly exquisite with flawless coordination, they were unable to break through the powerful defense. It was even harder to reach Lucille as she stayed within the giant.

"Such strong defense!" Zen said with a raised eyebrow. Although he knew that the five rings on Lucille's hand were extraordinary, their true power exceeded his imagination. And at that point, she had only activated one ring.

After blocking Zen's attacks, Lucille raised her palm toward him. With the corner of her mouth slightly curled up, she smashed her palm down.

The action triggered the giant to do the same—it smashed straight down on Zen.

Boom!

An earth-shattering sound resounded. Vibrations rippled out from the impact.

If warriors witnessed the scene from above, they would see a gigantic palm print on the empty space next to the city. Surrounding it were countless cracks, rapidly spreading out and expanding. The surrounding earth continued to shake.

When the giant palm landed, Zen flew backward, barely dodging it.

As he looked at the palm print on the ground, the gravity of the situation grew clearer in Zen's eyes. But his fighting spirit began boiling up just as much.

His most important goal after he had ascended to the Upper World was finding Yan.

But he had never forgotten to pursue his own cultivation and surpass his own limits.

Since he had stepped into the Upper World, he hadn't been able to fight anyone of the same cultivation level as him.

But in the Illusion Battlefield, he managed to complete his long-cherished wish—he would face the talents from different races in the whole universe and the ace talents of various races.

"Isn't that too exaggerated?"

"Humph! Do you think anyone can be called the ace talent? Even a great force won't necessarily have many ace talents. A warrior like her will no doubt become outstanding among the world lords after becoming one. If she becomes a Supreme Lord, she would be a top-ranker. As the world of chaos has begun, all the races have poured their resources into the ace talents of their own race. These ace talents are the hopes of the big clans and races."

"That also widens the gap between them and the other Soul Sea Realm warriors. Warriors like us will never stand out."

Hundreds of thousands of warriors had already gathered on top of the city walls. The loud sound drew most of their attention.

Although Lucille's palm had shaken the earth for hundreds of miles, the cracks on the ground extending as far, the city beside them remained unmoved. Only sound was transmitted from the palm.

Missing her target, she raised her hand, ready to strike again.

The first palm strike was from the top-down, covering the entire area.

The second palm strike was like a slap across the face as her palm made a wide, sweeping motion.

The swing wasn't dramatically fast. The giant stood countless times larger than Lucille, and swung its arm just as fast as she did.

So the strike was still undoubtedly overwhelming.

Half of the giant's hand sunk into the ground, scraping the soil and grasses high up into the air, aiming for Zen.

If this strike hit Zen, he would have flown into the city wall. Under the pressure of the wall and palm, he would've easily been crushed.

But of course, Zen didn't let that happen. With a stomp of his legs, he rolled over and avoided the palm that was as wide as the city wall.

"Humph!"

Watching Zen's actions, Lucille only snorted and struck once again, down from the sky with her other hand.

Zen was like a fly in front of this giant—after having just taken to air and caught off guard, he was smacked into the ground by the giant's other hand.

"Well, you're weaker than I thought. I've only used the Earth Element Power."

As soon as she finished her sentence, she withdrew her left hand and viciously dug downward.

The giant's left hand dug out the soil within a hundred-foot radius. Having been smacked into the mud, Zen naturally fell into the giant's hand.

Simultaneously, Lucille's right hand moved toward her left—her hands lightly clapped as if she was clapping for a certain someone. If one took notice, they'd hear her soft applause.

At the same time, the giant's hands constantly clapped, which produced deafening rumbles.

Zen was crushed mercilessly by the pair of giant hands.

For each of Lucille's claps, the surrounding warriors on top of the city walls couldn't help but wince.

"What terrifying might! I'm afraid the brat has turned into minced meat."

"Goodness, this woman is too scary!"

"Where are his Illusion Points? That brat should be dead by now. He should have returned to the city to revive himself."

Everyone was puzzled—Zen should've been dead already, but why couldn't they see his Illusion Points? Could it be that he was still alive?

Pak, pak, pak!

Boom, boom, boom, boom!

As Lucille lightly patted her fair, clean hands, the giant slapped its own.

Her clear eyes pierced through the yellow light to observe the situation outside.

Under her continuous slaps, the soil scattered, and Zen's figure was revealed.

The mud and gravel helped reduce the impact for Zen, but once they scattered away from him, the impact on him was direct.

Pak, pak, pak!

But something wasn't quite right, and surprise grew clear in Lucille's eyes.

Even as Zen was slapped by the huge palms, Lucille could see that his aura hadn't weakened in the slightest, and there were no visible injuries on his body.

'It's no wonder he killed Norton like it was nothing. His body is actually this strong!' she thought.

The fact made her eyebrows furrow.

The fingers of her left hand gently rose, binding Zen to her palm, as she raised her right hand and pressed down hard on him with her index finger.

As Zen lay on his back in the giant's hand, the giant's finger pressed down on him with a frightening force.

The power of this attack was concentrated—even more terrifying than the massive palm attacks.

But at this moment, Zen smiled and raised his fist toward the giant's finger.

Compared to the giant's finger, Zen's fist was almost invisible—the mere tip of the giant's finger was several times thicker than his whole body.

The scene was shocking.

In front of this giant, Zen was merely an ant that could be crushed with a finger.

In the eyes of the bystanders, he was completely trapped in this calamity.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1548 Magnetic Sacred Mountain

"This guy's vitality is really something else! If it was someone else, they would've already been slapped into meat paste!"

"Maybe he has some treasure that he's using to protect himself? Ah, but no matter how great that treasure is, he shouldn't be able to block that finger attack!"

"I think this is the first time Lucille used her Five-element Finger Chain. It is a supreme divine weapon ranked the 230th on the Universe Spirit Tablet. It's the Ji Clan's most precious treasure!"

"This guy still wants to resist? Seriously?"

There was a lot of commentary from the warriors who watched from the city wall and were clearly enjoying this fight happening right before their very eyes.

In this world, there were more or less three thousand supreme divine weapons.

These weapons, mighty and divine, were mostly controlled by world lords and Supreme Lords. Not many warriors had the luxury of seeing weapons of this caliber up close but they had more or less heard of them. Many of those present could clearly tell the origins of the Five-element Finger Chain.

This was the reason why they were all so hyped-up since this was probably the only time in their lives that they'd be able to see a supreme divine weapon at work.

"The Five-element Finger Chain was created from a five-colored divine stone. It contains the power of five different Original Laws!"

someone graciously supplied just as the giant finger came crashing down.

Boom!

There was a loud booming sound as Zen's fist collided with this giant finger.

Everyone expected him to be crushed by this attack owing to the sheer discrepancy in proportion of Zen to this giant finger.

However, everyone gasped in surprise upon seeing the sight before them.

There was a gap between the finger and the ground. In between was Zen who remained standing!

Once the dust settled, Zen remained where he stood but there was an evident smile on his face.

The giant forefinger, condensed from Earth Law, suddenly exploded and scattered by the wind.

Zen's punch had actually managed to break through the attack!

"This… This guy!"

The audience on top of the city wall was rendered speechless by this scene.

The same time the finger exploded a wound appeared on Lucille's finger.

"Ow! It hurts," she frowned as fresh blood spurted from the wound.

The pain was mostly a piece of cake for any warrior.

Even someone who had just recently entered the early stage of body refining would not even blink from losing a finger, let alone a small scratch.

However, Lucille had always been afraid of pain so she couldn't help but gasp when the wound appeared on her finger.

She put the finger in her mouth and sucked up all the blood in an attempt to soothe the area.

Even the pale yellow giant that enveloped her also placed its hand on its lips.

Zen quickly broke free from the giant's grip and sprinted quickly towards Lucille.

The young girl frowned, "You…"

Clearly Zen was much stronger than she had expected.

However, he wasn't strong enough for her to take seriously. Lucille was still confident that he couldn't possibly be strong enough to defeat her. As she sucked on her wound, she quickly extended her other hand to slap Zen once again.

The gigantic hand obstructed Zen's advance and his body was constantly rattled about. Each slap left a giant palm print on the ground from the momentous force carried in each attack. He looked like a small boat beaten around by a giant wave with the way he moved back and forth between the palms.

Boom! Boom!

However, despite the attacks, Zen was visibly getting closer and closer to Lucille.

Whoosh!

When he was about thirty to forty feet away, Zen stepped through space and rushed towards the giant's foot.

This giant was a large wall of defense for Lucille. If he wanted to kill her, then he would have to go through this enemy first.

However, just as he emerged from the space crack, Lucille gently raised her foot and threw a light kick.

The giant mimicked her actions and aimed the kick towards Zen.

Bam!

Zen hadn't expected this so he didn't have any time to dodge. The kick sent him flying back a good distance away.

This was a welcoming sight for Lucille who pulled her finger out of her mouth once she saw Zen flying away from her kick. Still, she couldn't be that much bothered with him and diverted her focus to her finger.

All in all, this kick sent him back for more than ten miles!

Luckily, before he could slam onto the hard ground, Zen was able to steady himself and float in the air. He could still see the yellow giant in the distance.

"Just by using the Earth Law. She really is a tough one…" Zen remarked sheepishly.

But he couldn't give up. It wasn't in his nature so he quickly steeled his resolve and went back into the fight head-on!

Whoosh!

Zen quickly rushed back to where he had been, his figure blurring into a streak of light as he shot forward once again.

The sight of a quickly approaching Zen irritated Lucille who decided she had enough. It was perhaps finally the time to take this fight seriously since this guy had already proven his strength and resilience to her.

There was never any worry of losing on Lucille's part. Sure, she felt a bit threatened but she was confident that she would end up having the last laugh.

"I'll give it another try…" he murmured.

Once he was close enough, Lucille suddenly reached out with her hand in an attempt to pull Zen down from the air.

However, just as she did this, Zen quickly waved his hand to summon a palm-sized, seven-colored mountain in front of him.

"Magnetic Sacred Mountain!"

Whoosh!

This Magnetic Sacred Mountain had been refined using the secret technique. From a palm-sized mountain, it rapidly grew into a huge landmass enough to effectively crush the yellow giant!

"This mountain…"

Lucille murmured in surprise.

However, it wasn't the time to marvel at the sight since the very same mountain was about to crush her.

Lucille quickly raised her hand in an attempt to shatter through the massive landmass.

Boom!

The yellow giant punched viciously at the oncoming Magnetic Sacred Mountain in an attempt to prevent itself from getting crushed.

However, brute force just wasn't going to cut it. This Magnetic Sacred Mountain contained a mix of the five elements which made it extremely reactive to Law Power. It was extremely sturdy and normal attacks were useless against it.

So despite their best efforts, the mountain continued to press down onto its victims.

Since it wasn't just any ordinary mountain, it was expected that its weight was also far from ordinary.

The pressure was tantamount as it fell onto the giant's shoulders.

Even Lucille, who was within the giant's body, could feel just how heavy the mountain was to the point where she couldn't even move!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Cracks began to appear on the giant's shoulder. The mountain's weight was definitely too much to bear and anyone who had to stand underneath was sure to get crushed.

There was a faint smile on Zen's face as he watched this scene. Now that he had his enemy where he wanted, he took this opportunity to finally get close to Lucille.

He hoped this would be enough to kill her. He just couldn't help but feel excited as he thought about just how many Illusion Points were stored inside her body.

However, just as he was about to get near her, Lucille's eyes flashed dangerously. With a flick of a wrist, she quickly dissipated the Earth Law that had condensed the giant from existence.

Without any more resistance, the Magnetic Sacred Mountain quickly smashed down to the ground!

Anyone who had the unfortunate fate to be underneath this mountain was doomed.

However, just as the mountain rushed down towards her, Lucille lightly tapped the ring on her right thumb and pulled out a faint golden wind from it. With a gentle wave, she quickly disappeared from the spot.

The Magnetic Sacred Mountain heavily pressed down onto the ground that immediately crumbled underneath its weight. It took a couple of hundred meters before the mountain settled and finally stopped sinking.

Huff!

To everyone's surprise, Lucille, who had previously been underneath the mountain, now stood on its peak, courtesy of the golden wind.

It was extremely windy at the top, owing mostly to the results of their battle.

Ivory ribbons flapped wildly behind her as the wind harshly whipped past.

From here, she looked down at Zen with a strange, unnatural expression.

Chapter 1549 The Five Elements Godly Way

The scene in front of Lucille was totally out of her expectation--she didn't foresee the appearance of a Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

It wasn't just her. All of the surrounding warriors gasped in shock as well when they saw it.

"Where did this brat move this mountain from?"

"Lucille was almost pressed under the mountain! This mountain even destroyed her Earth Element Power..."

"I can carry an ordinary mountain, but this mountain is especially heavy that it's out of this world!"

"This mountain has colorful lights and the aura of the five elements. It seems to be a Magnetic Sacred Mountain!"

Many warriors also did not expect that Zen would use such an unreasonable method to break Lucille's Earth Element Power.

Meanwhile, Lucille floated in the air and looked down at the Magnetic Sacred Mountain with a shocked but unwavering gaze.

"This is the Magnetic Sacred Mountain! You have refined it yourself!"

However, Zen just looked at her impassively. Although he had refined this Magnetic Sacred Mountain for a long time, he rarely brought it out to his fights. He also wondered why Lucille was so surprised when she saw him summon the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

"Yes, you're right! Why are you so surprised?" Zen said airily. Back then, Zen had found the method of refining a Magnetic Sacred Mountain in the Myriad Manifestations of Nature.

The five elements of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain were mixed, and it couldn't be refined no matter what type of Law Power was used.

Some warriors in the Upper World had tried to refine ordinary mountains through the Earth Law--but ordinary mountains weren't that hard, so it would be stupid to use them in a battle.

Besides, a Soul Sea Realm warrior could easily break the earth, and even more an ordinary mountain. Only a sturdy mountain like the Magnetic Sacred Mountain could be used to fight against enemies, but few of people in history had refined it.

However, the Blood Refinement Technique from the Myriad Manifestations of Nature had a miraculous effect on refining the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Since Zen owned the fairy palace, he was lucky to find the Blood Refinement Technique in the library. However, he wasn't aware that this technique wasn't passed down in the Upper World.

Lucille was quite familiar with the Magnetic Sacred Mountain since she had the Five-element Finger Chain, and the combination of the five elements was her cultivation method. The Magnetic Sacred Mountain could evenly combine the laws of the five elements, which made it a wonder of the universe.

The combination of the five elements was to completely merge the five Original Laws with each other. This was one of the methods to step into the Godly Way--the Five Elements Godly Way.

In this universe, there were several Supreme Lords, several hundred thousand world lords, and numerous martial artists who had surpassed the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm and the Spirit Transformation Realm. Yet, only a handful of them had stepped into the Godly Way.

All the living beings in the universe were destined to die at some point, including a Supreme Lord. A Supreme Lord's lifespan was around three hundred million years, less than a tenth of the lifespan of a grand era. Even if they tried every method imaginable to avoid the advent of the Five Aging Processes, death still awaited them in the end.

Thus, it could be said that the greatest enemy of all living beings in the universe wasn't their opponents, but themselves. It was time.

Death will always come to visit in the end. No one can be the exception.

It was said that "Five Aging Processes" was the name of a sword, which hung over everyone's head. When the time was right, it would take away the lives of many strongmen. It was a sword forged by the heavens, so no one could avoid the power of the sword. It stood at the highest point in the many Laws of Causality in the universe, which meant that it was the supreme rule nobody could ever go against.

There was a small exception to the rule. If warriors could get in the Godly Way, they could escape the Five Aging Processes, the death sword that hung above their heads, and they could obtain eternal life!

That was also why the Ji Clan allowed Lucille to cultivate the combination of the five elements. They hoped that if she continued the Five Elements Godly Way, she would eventually become an existence who surpassed the natural law of the heavens and become a True God.

Lucille had stepped into the Godly Way through cultivating the combination of the five elements. If she succeeded in breaking through the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm and the Spirit Transformation Realm, she then would be qualified to become a world lord. It would be possible for her to refine a Magnetic Sacred Mountain as well. After refining it, she could draw out the magnetic power from within and continue refining her own five elements.

In fact, there was already a Magnetic Sacred Mountain reserved for Lucille in the Ji Clan.

It was also very rare to find a Magnetic Sacred Mountain in the Upper World. The Ji Clan had paid a huge price just to obtain one. However, the price was nothing since Lucille was the ace talent they had!

The Ji Clan's Magnetic Sacred Mountain was a bit smaller than the one Zen had summoned. Before Lucille entered the Illusion Battlefield, she had been cultivating inside that mountain.

With Lucille's current strength, she could destroy a small part of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain with just one palm strike. Other warriors of the Soul Sea Realm would not be able to do that. Even Zen would not be able to destroy a rock on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

It was because Lucille could split part of the magnetic power in the Magnetic Sacred Mountain and separate the five elements. However, she was far from being qualified to refine a Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

On the other hand, Zen had never cultivated the combination of the five elements.

Despite that, he had refined this Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

How could Lucille stay calm at this?

Zen could easily control the Magnetic Sacred Mountain whether it was big or small. He had completely refined this mountain!

Even Ji Clan's patriarch, who had half a step into the Five Elements Godly Way, most likely wasn't able to refine a Magnetic Sacred Mountain to such an extent.

However, Lucille could also tell that although Zen had refined this Magnetic Sacred Mountain, he didn't seem to know how to control the magnetic power inside it. Then again, she didn't expect him to summon the mountain just to throw it at her. Therefore, she didn't know what to say about Zen's attacks.

This couldn't be blamed on Zen, either.

What Zen had found written in the Myriad Manifestations of Nature in the library wasn't a type of cultivation method. It detailed how to practice the Blood Refinement Technique, but it did not tell Zen how to make use of a Magnetic Sacred Mountain. Thus, Zen had only used the mountain to smash Lucille ever since.

Although such a method was rather clumsy, its actual power should not be underestimated. Even Lucille was almost hit by the mountain. She would've died had she been pressed under it.

"You! How did you... What method you used to refine this Magnetic Sacred Mountain?"

Lucille's heart started to hammer wildly in her chest at Zen's words.

She couldn't suppress her excitement at that moment, no matter how cold she was!

As the ace talent in the Ji Clan, she had to shoulder her whole clan's hopes. It would be of truly great benefit to her combination of the five elements if she could refine the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

"Why should I tell you?" Zen asked with a smile.

Lucille frowned at this and said, "If you can teach me the method, I'll let you go!"

"Let me go?" Zen's lips curved into a scornful grin. "Are you sure you're a match for me?" he added.

There was no trace of doubt in Zen's piercing gaze, which slightly shook Lucille. 'This guy... Does he have the confidence to defeat me?'

However, Lucille still didn't take him seriously, even though his Magnetic Sacred Mountain had broken her Earth Element Power.

She knew well that this young man in front of her was indeed not bad, but it was impossible for him to defeat her. Hence, Lucille was more curious about him. 'How is this guy so confident?' she thought.

Lucille paid her last thought no mind and simply said, "You can put forward other conditions, and my Ji Clan will try to fulfill them for you. I am not referring to the Illusion Battlefield, but the outside world!"

Thoughtless Minds was one of the three great human forces, and the Ji Clan was the third largest family of the Thoughtless Minds. The Ji Clan was still a behemoth even if compared to many other races in the Upper World, not to mention a warrior of the Soul Sea Realm.

In Lucille's eyes, the Ji Clan could easily fulfill any request this youth had.

"Conditions..." Zen smiled as he stared at Lucille. "I'm not interested in that. I think a fight between us is much more fun!"

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword appeared in front of his chest once again as he spoke, and the smile on his face turned hard and serious.

Zen didn't care about the Ji Clan.

He could even teach her the Blood Refinement Technique without rewards.

The Myriad Manifestations of Nature was an essay written by his master. It recorded strange happenings and also mentioned this Blood Refinement Technique, which wasn't anything important.

It was simply because Zen didn't like this haughty woman's attitude!

He originally intended to stay outside the main city to get Lucille's Illusion Points, but now she said that she would spare his life for the Blood Refinement Technique. There was no way he'd agree to that!

At the same time, Lucille's eyes darkened at Zen's actions. Her voice deepened as she murmured, "It seems that you need a good lesson. Very well, I will make you understand the gap between us…"

Chapter 1550 Golden Sword Rain

Lucille's eyes held determination as she raised her wrist again and gently waved her fingers in the air. The thin chain dripped and hung down like crystal droplets between her fingers.

"Metal Element Power!"

The ring on her ring finger started to glow with a faint golden light, which gradually formed into a golden sword.

The sword formed by the golden light didn't have a fixed shape. The rhombus-shaped golden ray was bound to Lucille's hand as it glinted marvelously under the light, like a snake's flicking tongue.

At that moment, Lucille had quickly made her decision!

She could tell that Zen wasn't someone who would easily admit losing. Only by defeating such a man could she make him realize the gap between him and reality.

Thus, she finally decided to kill him once. If he got mad, she could just pay him 500, 000 Illusion Points as an apology.

"Whoosh!"

A gust of golden wind blew and Lucille's figure faded away into the wind, gone from everyone's sight in a blink of an eye.

Zen scanned his surroundings, and then his whole body suddenly flew backwards after he just focused for a second!

"Shoop! Shoop! Shoop!"

As Zen flew backwards in the air, a series of gilded swords came crashing down from the sky like a golden storm.

Each swing of the gilded swords left a deep hole in the ground. The usually empty space was filled with small, densely packed holes in just a second. It looked like a complete mess!

The rain of golden swords covered an enormous area. At first, Zen couldn't escape the storm of swords no matter how fast he retreated.

After all, there were so many golden swords that even Zen couldn't completely dodge them all!

"Bash!"

One golden sword suddenly pierced Zen's collarbone!

Had it been any other warrior's body, the golden sword would've completely penetrated it and crushed it on the ground.

However, the sword only cut through Zen's flesh. One end of the sword was embedded into his shoulder blade.

The spectators on top of the city wall couldn't help but admire Zen's immense strength. However, Zen was slightly shocked inside and thought, 'How could the golden sword's penetrating power be so strong?'

Lucille summoned the golden sword with merely a ring on her Five-element Finger Chain, which could be considered a type of profound mystery of the Metal Law. As even the rain of gilded swords could break his divine weapon body, he couldn't imagine what that golden sword in Lucille's hand could do.

"Shoop!"

Meanwhile, Lucille floated far away as her cold eyes looked at Zen's flickering figure. "If you can't hold on, you can fly back to the main city. You will then have time to consider what you want from the Ji Clan," she said faintly.

The common warriors considered working with the Ji Clan as a great opportunity and an honor. However, what Zen wanted was more than that.

"How stupid is that guy? Lucille said the Ji Clan will fulfill any of his requests, but he just refused her!"

"I've never seen such a stupid person! This is the Ji Clan, a great clan that can influence the entire Thoughtless Minds. Guidance from the Ji

Clan's Supreme Lord would save him a lot of struggles in life!"

"I guess there are some people in the world who are really stupid. I don't know what this guy is thinking. Why does he bother struggling when Lucille can defeat him easily anyway?"

Many warriors could only sigh and shake their heads at Zen's miserable state.

They all thought that Zen was arrogant and didn't know how to appreciate favors.

Some of them even suspected that Zen only displayed his strength to gain more power from the Ji Clan, but they believed that Lucille would defeat him sooner or later.

"Bash!"

Another golden sword descended and pierced through Zen's thigh, and left a bloody hole on the side of his leg!

Red blood flowed from his right shoulder and his left leg, which made him look like a gory mess.

Although Zen appeared bedraggled, the small injury had little effect on him.

However, his heart still felt heavy and overwhelmed. Such an ace talent like Lucille was truly extraordinary!

Suddenly, Zen had a strange thought about Layla. Layla's strength six years ago wasn't bad, but she was still much weaker compared to Zen. However, Layla had just reached the Soul Sea Realm at that time, like Zen had done now. He wondered if Layla had entered the Illusion Battlefield after six years. Like Lucille, Layla was also fated to lead the great world of chaos. Thus, he wondered who was stronger between the two of them.

"What I want?"

Zen's eyes narrowed into slits, and then he grinned. His body suddenly disappeared from where he stood, traversed through space and headed straight for her!

But just as he entered the space, Lucille stretched her hand out and swept across, which caused the space below her to be distorted. As soon as Zen's figure reappeared, he found that he had returned to his original position.

A warrior at Lucille's level had usually mastered the Time Law and Space Law. The moment when Zen used the Space Law to penetrate space, Lucille waved her hand and twisted the space he crossed over. That was why Zen went back to where he stood first even after summoning the Space Law.

Thus, Zen's attack against Lucille was futile.

When Zen faced Norton, he had also suffered a big loss when he crossed space.

"Just accept it! Then let's talk," Lucille said indifferently. "Even though your body is as strong as a divine weapon, you can't withstand my attack!"

However, Zen acted as if he heard nothing. If he accepted his defeat in front of her, then there would be no need for him to continue his journey in the Illusion Battlefield. He could just leave directly.

"It's hard to get close to this woman," he murmured.

His brows curved down into a frown. It was indeed difficult for him to break through the rain of sharp golden swords.

When his Space Law failed to work, traces of white fog had once again appeared around Zen's body.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

The Eight Smoky Melodies didn't need the Law Power to activate it, so Lucille's Five-element Finger Chain didn't affect it.

His voice became as light as a willow catkin when the Eight Smoky Melodies was unleashed. Any energy ripple could push his body away.

The onlookers thought that Zen's movement technique was extremely nimble. Now, none of the golden swords hit Zen!

"What is this movement technique?"

Lucille saw Zen who quickly twisted his body amidst the golden swords like a loach, and dodged the dense blades with ease! The most important thing was Lucille couldn't see through his movement technique at all!

At that moment, Lucille finally understood that this man was not as simple as she had imagined. He must be a great warrior!

However, all the ace talents from the Blessed Buddha Land were monks. She also knew every ace talent from the Thoughtless Minds, and she had never heard of an ace talent named Thad in the Humanity Alliance. That meant he was not from any of the top three human forces. Then, where was he from?

Now, the battle was currently at an impasse because Zen activated the Eight Smoky Melodies.

Even though there was a deadlock, the battle was still quite entertaining. The martial artists found it amazing to watch Zen's figure shuttle through the rain of golden swords.

Some of them even looked at Zen with such delight that they wanted to find a trace of mystery in Zen's technique and comprehend it.

The Eight Smoky Melodies' only principle was to take advantage of the situation. There was no mystery or pattern. It was simply impossible for them to see through any of it by just relying on Zen's floating movement technique.

"This man!"

At that point, Lucille couldn't hold herself back anymore.

There was no way she'd believe that she couldn't deal with him.

As she thought about it, Lucille disappeared in the golden wind again.

"Here she is!" Zen murmured.

He had been floating in the golden sword storm for quite a while now, waiting for this very moment!

The golden wind flashed, and then Lucille suddenly appeared behind Zen. The golden light in her palm shot out and extended into a ten feet long golden sword, which pierced towards Zen!

However, it was like Zen had grown a pair of eyes behind him. His body started to sway in a spiral movement as he followed the golden sword and circled around it, careful to keep a distance of three inches during the whole process.

Then, he appeared in front of Lucille in a mere second. The Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand flashed with a blue light as he swung it towards Lucille's face!

Their distance now was the closest they ever got to each other, ever since their fight had started.

Lucille didn't expect that Zen would fly backwards and his extremely precise control of the distance. He had flown close to her golden sword but always kept three inches between them. His method was simply amazing!

Chapter 1551 Competing Against Zen

At the macro level, measuring a warrior's strength was to measure his momentum and might.

But at the micro level, a warrior's true strength was measured by their ability to control their power and movement speed. This ability could be regarded as the absolute control of strength.

As a sort of test, some warriors placed birds in their hands. When the birds were about to fly away, the warriors would move their hands slightly, making the birds unable to move their feet, causing them to fall back into the palms. Such was a sign that warriors had mastered the skill of absolute control.

But such a method wasn't flawless. Even the early-stage warriors, still going through body refinement, would be able to grasp what was known as the "skill of stopping birds".

Some warriors who were more skilled could even place the bird on their heads, shoulders, and chest. Even in these positions, the warrior could stop the bird from flying away.

Some could even stop not only birds, but also flies and mosquitoes.

As mosquitoes were much smaller, the warriors had to be able to sense and withdraw the force that supported them the moment they flew away. This test was more difficult than stopping a bird.

But compared to what Zen was currently doing, stopping a mosquito was a mere side trick.

When Lucille was looking down on Zen from high up in the sky, watching his strikes and skill in movement during his performance in the sword rain, she already noticed how remarkable he was.

As she tried stabbing him with her sword, she suddenly realized the mysteries within it. Zen maintained a distance of three inches from each of the descending golden swords, circling the sword that she thrust out.

This was a display of his absolute control of strength and movement speed.

Never had Lucille seen control to such an extent.

How did Zen do it?

After witnessing his strange movement skill, Lucille decided to take Zen on as an opponent qualified to face her.

Whoosh!

Not giving Lucille a chance to consider anything else, he flew backward and swung the Thunder Wind Divine Sword directly toward her.

Facing his sword strike, Lucille didn't dodge.

Given the situation, all of her attention was focused on his movement skill, but she wanted to find out what method he used to control his distance so exactly.

When the blue sword light struck down, Lucille raised her right hand and grabbed onto his sword.

Whoosh!

Lucille's right hand was adorned with the Five-element Finger Chain, connecting with her five fingers, forming a layer of protection.

As she stretched out her hand, she made use of the chain to grip the sword firmly in her hand.

While fighting warriors at the same cultivation level, Zen had always been the only one to grab hold of others' swords—perhaps, Lucile was the first one to hold his.

The moment she gripped his sword, the rings on her five fingers began glowing with a strange light, very similar to the color of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. It was the power formed from the fusion of the five Original Laws' powers.

But Lucille's cultivation base wasn't high enough—the power she fused was inferior to that of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Even so, the use of the five elements was already extremely powerful. With that, Lucille believed that it was impossible for Zen to escape after grasping his sword.

But in the next moment, her eyes suddenly lit up in surprise.

As she gripped the blade, she could feel the power on the sword increase explosively. Was that power from Zen? The sharp increase in power took her aback.

Meanwhile, the dragon scales were being lit up one after another.

Great power quickly rushed into the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

Initially, she had relied on the power of the five elements in her finger chain to gain the upper hand. She was about to say that Zen was outstanding enough to force her to employ the power of all five elements.

After all, it wasn't ideal for her to display her full power at that moment—she only intended to make use of it when she fought other ace talents in the Illusion Battlefield.

But the power that spread out from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword astonished Lucille, forcing back the words she had for Zen.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword was only four inches wide and four feet long, but the power within it had the weight of a star.

Under the suppression of this power, Lucille began sinking inch by inch. Zen gripped his sword tightly and unmovingly, looking down at her indifferently.

When facing warriors of the same rank, Lucille was always the one to look down on the others. Now that she had to look up at Zen, her originally cold expression finally turned stubborn.

Because there were too few with the ability to stand a chance against her, she didn't seem too keen on competing with anyone.

Being an ace talent of the Ji Clan, she was extraordinary, holding such a high status—not anyone could just compete with her.

As she was unwilling to risk being at a disadvantage, the sea of life vitality within her inner world began rolling crazily. A massive tsunami of life vitality rolled out in her Soul Sea with an irresistible force.

Simultaneously, a massive whirlpool appeared.

There seemed to be no limit to the speed at which the life vitality could be extracted.

So when warriors used some powerful moves that excessively consumed life vitality, it would take quite a long time to prepare.

But Lucille's inner world was a bit different—her Soul Sea was extremely special, with the ability to suck out all the life vitality in a short period of time.

This sort of Soul Sea was called the Night Tide Sea—out of the trillions of Soul Sea Realm warriors, she was the only one with such.

The seawater formed by the life vitality within Lucille's inner world turned into a massive whirlpool as it was pulled out from her body. She then poured the life vitality into her Five-element Finger Chain, triggering the five rings to shine brilliantly as she kept a tight grip on Zen's long sword.

They were competing in strength, but Lucille wouldn't let herself fall inferior to any man.

Under the influence of the five elements' power, Lucille gradually gained the upper hand. Her body rose higher and higher, reaching an altitude beyond where Zen was.

But she managed to keep that up for barely three seconds.

Her pupils widened in surprise as she felt the power from the sword—it increased unexpectedly by leaps and bounds.

What was the limit of Zen's power? How could he still increase it by so much?

Previously, Zen had only pushed forth with the power of six thousand dragon scales.

When he felt the boundless power of the five elements, he activated the power of another six thousand dragon scales, meaning he had instantly doubled his power to twelve thousand dragon scales.

Lucille had no idea he could do such a thing.

In the past few years, Zen had once again smelted the sacred and divine weapons that he hadn't been using in order to obtain a lot of heavenly essence.

Currently, Zen had already ignited the power of forty thousand dragon scales.

But he didn't have that much heavenly essence—during his experiment, he found that his divine weapon body could easily withstand the power of forty thousand dragon scales.

The only problem was the lack of heavenly essence.

After Zen ascended to the Upper World, he had no time to rest during his journey. Naturally, he didn't have the time to buy any fairy or sacred weapons, so he thought it was quite a shame.

Once, Zen had every intention of asking Livingston to forge some weapons for him to melt.

But Livingston was completely immersed in refining weapons and wholeheartedly tried to turn the sword embryo into a real one. In the past few years, he barely left the weapon refining workshop.

Facing Zen who had doubled his power, Lucille fell once again.

This time, it became clear to her how stupid it was to fight against Zen. And she had another issue—the life vitality in her body had already been completely used up. As the life vitality in her inner world was just sucked out, over 99% of her life vitality sea had already been depleted.

"It should be over, right?"

Zen smiled faintly as the sword intent suddenly appeared in the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. The sword intent moved along the blade and flew straight at Lucille in an instant.

If she was hit by it, she would have already been beheaded and would've had to return to the main city for revival.

It wasn't that Zen was merciless, but in order to get the Illusion Points, he had no other choice but to kill her.

"Hmph!"

Lucille only snorted coldly. Before Zen's sword intent could reach her, a golden wind swept over and Lucille's figure disappeared once again.

Not even Zen could match her speed.

Keeping her balance, Lucille lightly patted her wrist and pulled out dozens of life vitality jades. The moment she brought them out, she crushed them in her hands, releasing the life vitality, turning it into white fog. Quickly, she absorbed it all and replenished the life vitality within her body.

Relying on only her speed, she already made herself invincible as she faced Zen just then. But in the contest of pure strength, Zen clearly had the upper hand.

Chapter 1552 The Crescent Blade

Generally speaking, Soul Sea Realm warriors should only need three life vitality jades to replenish their Soul Seas.

However, Lucille was different. As the ace talent in her family, she was personally assisted by her patriarch in expanding her Soul Sea by three times when she established it.

This was essential since she practiced the Five Elements Godly Way which made her consume far more life vitality than the average warriors.

Zen's chaotic Soul Sea was quite suitable for the Five Elements Godly Way if one thought about it since the chaotic energy condensed within his body was far greater than an ordinary life vitality sea.

Lucille, who needed to replenish her Soul Sea, quickly shattered ten life vitality jades all at once.

A torrential rain suddenly poured down in her inner world, flooding her almost dried-up Soul Sea with much-needed life vitality.

As she got her bearings, Lucille couldn't help but stare at Zen in astonishment.

She never thought his strength would be this terrifying!

Or was it strength? That couldn't be it. Lucille was someone who had witnessed many displays of innate superhuman strength. Norton was a good example.

That guy and also his father were both born with great strength and berserker-like qualities. Norton's father had the cultivation of a world lord and was quite famous in the Thoughtless Minds.

They were the type of people who drew confidence from their bodies' strength and used whatever means to fight for what they wanted.

For them, reaching an extremely terrifying level of sheer strength was paramount. It was by relying on pure energy could they hope to one day shatter space, destroy the heavens, and become gods.

Such was the way of a berserker warrior.

Of course, nobody knew for certain if what people like Norton and his father aimed for was possible. Nobody had yet reached such a level of strength to shatter space and destroy the heavens in the current grand era.

However, the universe was filled with countless warriors with varying cultivation methods. No one way was absolute.

For some, strength was the only way to go while others might not necessarily think the same way.

Norton, however, was his father's successor and surely went on to follow his path.

He was already pretty powerful as a Soul Sea Realm warrior. Lucille herself had never seen anyone on par with him when it came to strength.

But Zen had been able to kill both Norton and Ethan.

It wasn't just strength that Zen possessed but superhuman power. Norton and Ethan were no match for him.

However, there were varying opinions among the crowd watching.

"Just now, Lucille must've been at a disadvantage!"

"She used the power of the five elements but what kind of power did that young man use? I didn't feel any life vitality fluctuation from his body."

"If I'm not wrong, I think all he did was use his body's strength. He didn't activate his life vitality or use any forceful energy."

This remark momentarily stunned the crowd into silence. All of them looked at the person who spoke with wide eyes before erupting into a frenzy.

"How is that possible? How can pure physical strength have such an effect?"

"I also think it's impossible."

The crowd was divided in whether or not Zen only used his physical strength but they could all agree that Lucille had just suffered a loss in this fight.

This was very much obvious to them.

The ten life vitality jades had done their work stabilizing Lucille whose face was slowly regaining that healthy glow. However, her mind was currently in a state of shambles.

It was pretty clear to her now that she was scared of Zen.

Zen, on the other hand, hadn't moved at all.

He merely stood his ground and had a smile on his face.

The spectators on top of the city wall were still at a loss as to how Zen forced Lucille to retreat. He didn't use any theurgy at all, so how exactly did he do it? They could only scratch their heads in frustration as they thought of a possible answer.

Lucille had been forced into submission twice now. Back when Zen summoned the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, she had summoned a burst of golden wind in order to retreat into safety.

Could it be that Zen was even stronger than Lucille?

There weren't many ace talents among the juniors. The ones who stood at the top were only those capable of leading the world of chaos, meaning they would be mainstays once the heavens' calamity came.

However, there were perhaps thousands of these highly talented warriors scattered across the universe. The heavens had sown many seeds but not every single one could grow strong and tall. Only the best among the seeds could hope to emerge on top.

Where did Zen come from?

Most of the warriors here came from the Thoughtless Minds and could easily recognize the names of those ace talents in their group. They knew of their backgrounds, their identities, and their capabilities.

Nathan Xuanyuan and Lawson Lie, for example, were the ace talents in their group.

However, this young man in front of them was unknown. There was no way they wouldn't be able to recognize him if he was from the Thoughtless Minds. Someone so powerful couldn't have stayed in the shadows for so long.

Zen stood his ground and gave Lucille enough time to sort herself out, not taking advantage of the fact that she was running out of life vitality.

She might be hard to deal with but Zen wasn't someone who fought dirty. So long as she didn't try to escape to the main city, then his victory was assured. But Zen wasn't worried about that. He didn't think it was in her personality to run back and cower within the main city's walls.

Inside Lucille's Soul Sea, the torrential rains had finished pouring and her life vitality sea had slowly filled up and calmed down from the unprecedented storm.

She had previously tried to suppress Zen using her cultivation base but she never expected that she would be at a disadvantage.

Still, she wasn't completely powerless. Lucille still had a few tricks up her sleeves.

Her attitude towards this fight had now gone a complete 180. She knew she had to take this seriously now.

Lucille straightened and gently stood on tiptoe. As she did this, a faint ray of light appeared on her crescent embroidered shoes.

These shoes initially looked like a pair of ordinary cloth shoes but the light quickly spread around her feet and turned into a sharp Crescent Blade.

With a smile, Lucille intertwined her arms and summoned a gentle, golden wind, causing her figure to disappear.

The sight of the Crescent Blade alarmed Zen greatly.

It was the moment he realized that Lucille wasn't the same as Norton, Layne, or the other warriors from before.

Those were mere small-fry he could defeat easily.

However, Lucille was someone he could very well lose to if he wasn't careful.

So the moment she disappeared with her Crescent Blade, Zen quickly summoned a white mist and let it surround his body.

"The Eight Smoky Melodies."

He was able to activate it just in time to come face to face with Lucille. The golden wind aided her speed and helped her get to Zen quickly. The young girl was upside down and obviously looked at him with intense killing intent.

Whoosh!

Her entire body spun 180 degrees and the Crescent Blade on her feet drew a blinding half-circle as it came slashing down towards Zen.

These events all happened extremely fast.

From the moment Zen activated the Eight Smoky Melodies to Lucille slashing down the Crescent Blade towards him - everything took place in just a blink of an eye.

The spectators were at the edge of their seats. One moment Lucille was shattering life vitality jades and the next she was upside down and already so close to Zen!

Meanwhile, Zen couldn't help but think just how lucky it was that he was able to activate the Eight Smoky Melodies just in time. Any strike from Lucille would cut his head off already if he wasn't careful.

He quickly flew backwards just as she struck.

But the Eight Smoky Melodies' reaction was quite slow.

Back then, Zen was able to avoid his opponents' attacks effortlessly. The fiercer and faster the attacks, the better he could dodge them.

He was always able to maintain a distance of three inches between him and his opponents.

That time, when he faced against an ogre warrior in the wilderness who shot an arrow at him, Zen was able to dodge it with mere three inches to spare.

However, Lucille's movements were incredibly fast, far surpassing the Eight Smoky Melodies' limits. The Crescent Blade had gone past the distance of three inches and was close to slashing Zen's face!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1553 Death Chain (Part One)

As Zen released the Eight Smoky Melodies, his entire body tumbled backwards!

The Crescent Blade left a bloody scar several inches long on Zen's face in almost the same instant that the barrier of the Eight Smoky Melodies threw him backwards!

The tumble motion was Zen's sharp reaction to the impending crisis, and it was this movement that had saved him from calamity.

If he hadn't thrown himself backwards, Lucille's attack would have crushed Zen's head with that Crescent Blade.

Huff! Huff!

Both of them had flipped in the air! Lucille was repelled backwards by the smoky barrier which Zen had created.

When Lucille saw that she did not manage to do anything other than scratch him with her formidable attack, she coldly snorted. With a sweep of her golden wind, her figure disappeared again. She appeared again and assumed a station another hundred feet from Zen, and stood on the top of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain!

'This guy's reaction is really fast...' she thought, secretly impressed.

In the eyes of the bystanders, Lucille had launched an attack right after she had recovered. It could be said that she seemed to be in a hurry!

However, she knew very well that, whether it was its timing or angle, this move had already reached its limits, and she still had not managed to do more than give Zen a close shave! She hadn't expected that Zen would still have been able to dodge the sudden attack which all of her other opponents had been unable to defend against in time.

As for Zen, he was quite speechless as he looked at the small embroidered shoes on Lucille's feet and the Crescent Blade concealed under them. Gingerly, he wiped away some of the blood which was trickling from the cut along his face. Zen was not overly concerned by this superficial injury as his body would heal swiftly.

'This woman has so many tricks up her sleeve!

Even something as mundane as a pair of embroidered shoes could hide such a cold killing intent!

Are all the female cultivators in the Upper World talented like this?' he wondered, still somewhat surprised. Lucille was like this, so was Layla. They used all sorts of methods, and every single one of their methods could have become a great killing tool in the hands of any normal warrior. To these female cultivators it seemed that these methods were mere tinkering and not their only means of attack. Zen wondered darkly what else was still in store for him!

While he was left feeling helpless, Lucille, who was standing on top of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, was shining with the golden light again! Zen knew by now what that meant.

"Here it comes again," he muttered warily.

Zen turned over again in the air, at the same time, he drew out his chaotic energy and circulated his cultivation method. The amount of white fog that condensed on the surface of Zen's body had also increased. He was fully surrounded by a dense fog screen which made it difficult to determine his exact location.

Even though Zen had activated the Eight Smoky Melodies to its limit, her Crescent Blade was still a bit faster. As she kicked out like a lightning strike, her weapon easily passed that three-inch distance and was once again slicing towards Zen!

Puff!

This time, Zen was still unable to completely dodge Lucille's kick, and the Crescent Blade instantly cut into the flesh of his upper arm!

'Now is the time!' Zen shouted in his heart.

He already knew that he could not keep dodging. He resolutely twisted his body to use his left arm to block. The moment his arm was cut, his right hand reached out swiftly to grab Lucille's foot.

If binding and killing this woman at the cost of only one arm was Zen's chance to win, then he would accept it gladly!

However, just his fingers touched Lucille's instep and, before he could grab her, a golden light flashed and he felt his fingers close on nothing but air!

Lucille's figure once again disappeared from in front of Zen, returning to appear on her vantage point on the top of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. Although her attack had succeeded, her face was a bit unnatural and strained now. Her foot was almost grabbed by Zen! Never in all her time in the Illusion Battlefield had this happened.

That unnatural expression only remained on her face for an instant, but Zen identified it as fear.

The golden wind roared and she once again attacked Zen without the slightest hesitation or warning!

She knew that with her incredible speed, it was impossible for Zen to catch her. As long as she could maintain this status quo, he would definitely lose to her. Therefore, she wasn't willing to give Zen the slightest bit of time to prepare a strategy to deal with her!

Whoosh!

Puff!

Every time Lucille advanced and appeared, a deep bloody gash would appear on Zen's body! The evidence of her proficiency abounded and Zen was soon crisscrossed with bloody cuts.

The problem Zen was facing right now was almost the same as the situation when he had dealt with the Celestial Mice. Though both the Celestial Mice and Lucille were gifted with exceptional speed, those Celestial Mice had been stupid, and they didn't deal as much damage to him as Lucille had already done.

It was obviously impossible to also trap Lucille with Heavenly Tribulation as Zen had done with the Celestial Mice! She was so much more powerful than that already.

While Zen was being attacked by Lucille, his mind was also working hard. He knew that if he couldn't break out of this situation, he would lose sooner or later!

Puff!

Puff!

Streams of blood sprayed out again, as Lucille kept advancing her swift attacks and then retreating again.

"Ha-ha, Lucille becomes really serious now. Look, her attacks are as smooth as flowing water, one after one. She doesn't allow her opponent a chance to catch his breath!"

"With her strength and speed, I'm afraid that she could easily kill a warrior at the middle stage of the Spirit Supreme Realm."

"Like I said, an ace talent is an ace talent. How could this guy hope to defeat her? What's more, Lucille has only displayed half of her power so far, right? I heard that Lucy has also entered the Illusion Battlefield. Lucille has actually entered the Illusion Battlefield under two identities at the same time! She must have divided herself to be able to achieve that feat. But I wonder if she will become one with Lucy in the later battles?"

Chapter 1554 Death Chain (Part Two)

...

Lucille's repetitive attacks were becoming much more skillful, and definitely more ferocious!

She had specially focused her attacks on Zen's vital parts, and every move of hers could kill him. At the speed of light, she slashed and cut at his eyes, throat and abdomen, hoping to blind, decapitate and disembowel him.

It was because Zen's ability to predict danger was so extremely accurate that he could always avoid the most serious injuries at the last critical moment, but the wounds on his body had still continued to increase! She was slicing him up bit by bit.

"Die!"

Another golden wind gathered momentum and swept over!

A murderous smile appeared on Lucille's face and there was a twinkle of expectation in her dark eyes now.

She had found an unexpected flaw in Zen's defenses, and after this attack, she would be able to end his life!

Being in a stalemate with this insignificant person for so long had forced her to use the Crescent Blade, and Lucille couldn't help but sigh in her heart that this universe was truly marvelous. It was a wonder that such a powerful yet insignificant person had shown up from nowhere, while she had not noticed him at all. She then realized that earlier she had underestimated the difficulty of the Illusion Battlefield. This display of prowess had been both entertaining and challenging and Lucille was feeling contented at this opportunity to really display her talents.

However...

This time, her attack missed Zen. The warriors on the wall gasped in puzzlement and looked at each other with confused faces. How could Lucille miss?

Zen had deliberately shown that flaw.

Lucille did not care overly much that she had missed in her attack on him. This kind of duplicitous action could only be described as boring trickery in her eyes. She only valued strength and skill, not deception.

Since Zen was, in her opinion, destined to be unable to catch her, she might as well repeat the attack a few more times. With a flash of the golden wind, she planned to avoid any possible retaliation from him again.

But at this moment, a chain appeared in Zen's hand!

It was a bright silver chain that looked shiny and new. However, when Lucille focused on the chain, a hint of doubt flashed on her face. Something was not as it appeared here, but she could not figure it out.

'What is this guy planning to do?

Does he want to use this chain to lock me? Is that even possible…'

However, as this thought appeared in her mind she began to draw into the golden wind, preparing to quickly step through the distance between her and Zen.

While she was busy gathering her strength, one end of the chain had suddenly turned into a silver ribbon of light, and it instantly spread towards Lucille. This end of the chain suddenly locked onto her foot at a speed that exceeded Lucille's imagination! She was caught!

The other end was locked onto Zen! He had her tethered to him!

Upon seeing this, Lucille immediately became anxious and she began to pull at the chain, hoping to find a way to escape this bond.

No matter how hard she tried, she could not figure out how this chain could have been so fast. How had it attached itself to her with such speed? Why couldn't she escape using the profound mysteries of the

Wind Law? It was a talent that she had always relied on, and it had never failed her, until now!

Whoosh!

Her figure was still flashing crazily as she tried to beat a retreat!

However, no matter how hard Lucille tried to escape, she was unable to throw off the chain on her foot. Despite flashing, she simply appeared next to Zen again and again.

She was like a tied up bird. No matter how she spread her wings to soar into the sky, she could only fly to the end of the chain and would then be pulled back to her original position. She was leashed!

Lucille naturally couldn't have imagined that Zen's Death Chain would even be able to lock down a Supreme Lord. Although she was an ace talent of the Ji Clan, her strength couldn't be stronger than a Supreme Lord's, could it?

This Death Chain had been obtained from the few pieces that Zen's master had bestowed upon him. He had been waiting for an opportunity to test it, and now he had been able to successfully tether an ace talent!

The formidable weapon could be considered a mini version of the Desperate Melee!

The Desperate Melee could lock dozens of people together, and only one would survive!

As for the Death Chain in Zen's hands, it could lock the user together with his opponent. After being locked by the Death Chain, the two of them only had one option for escape, and that was to kill the other one!

If the opponent's strength was greater than Zen's, then using the Death Chain was absolutely courting his own death. It would bring a dangerous foe within reach and there was no space to dodge or hide from attacks now.

However, the Death Chain belonged to Zen after all. He was the one who had to choose to lock or not, and could lock whoever he wanted!

This Lucille in front of him was surprisingly fast. Zen had dodged and retreated while pondering on how to break the situation, then he suddenly remembered that he still had this magic weapon and he wondered if it would work. He had actually never used it before!

Whoosh!

Streaks of golden wind were flashing.

Lucille's silhouette kept appearing and disappearing in the golden wind. However, no matter how much she struggled, she couldn't get more than ten feet away from Zen as the chain held her locked in place.

No matter how fast she was, she still couldn't break free from this chain.

Although Zen looked miserable with his multitude of bloody cuts, he knew that he had already won when the Death Chain had locked onto Lucille!

The Death Chain could only extend a distance of ten feet. With a slight tug from Zen, Lucille was yanked back by Zen's immense power.

Realizing that she was unable to escape from his chain, a determined look appeared on Lucille's face. She no longer struggled meaninglessly; instead, she once again drained all of the life vitality in her body. Accompanied by the brilliant luster of the Five-element Finger Chain, the life vitality turned into a five-colored palm print and rushed towards Zen with murderous intent!

Chapter 1555 Rising Rapidly

Facing Lucille's five-colored palm print, Zen's face was filled with happiness.

In that instant, Zen activated the power of 30, 000 dragon scales.

He also sent a palm strike toward Lucille. However, within this ordinary palm strike was an unimaginable power.

In fact, it was out of helplessness that Lucille had used the Five-element Palm Print against Zen.

It was just like what the bystanders had said: Lucille was not in her complete form right now.

At this very moment, in another supreme world of the Illusion Battlefield, there was another Lucille—Lucy.

One Soul in Two Bodies...

Although such cultivation methods were rare in the universe, they did exist.

It was similar to Yolande's cultivation method, with which she could split her own soul into a million pieces.

However, after she activated the Soul Split Spell, she could only gain enlightenment.

On the other hand, with Lucille's One Soul in Two Bodies, although the two bodies shared one soul, they could cultivate separately. When the two of them merged, she would become complete as the true ace talent of the Ji Clan!

Because of this, right now, Lucille could only use the Earth Element Power and the Metal Element Power. The other three Original Laws were very weak, so the powers of the five elements she released weren't complete.

Bam!

This palm print was the only choice Lucille had.

If Lucy was here, it would be hard to say whether she would have won or lost against Zen's palm strike. Since Lucy's combat style was completely different from hers, after the two of them merged, their strengths and weaknesses would complement each other, which would give her the perfect form of the five elements. That was the true cultivation of the five elements.

But now, under Zen's attack, Lucille's Five-element Palm Print started to crumble.

"It's over," Zen said with a smile. After breaking Lucille's attack, he placed his hand on Lucille's forehead. He had a gentle expression on his face, as if he was merely helping Lucille wipe the sweat on her forehead.

However, with a light wave of his hand, a huge force spread out, causing Lucille's body to directly disintegrate in front of everyone.

A red light wrapped around Lucille's soul and flew toward the main city.

At the same time, the Illusion Points burst out from her dissipated body.

Countless Illusion Points began to spread out and grow, reaching 20 to 30 feet.

The martial artists on the city walls were seeing so many Illusion Points that all of their eyes almost bulged out in surprise.

Since Lucille had been the "lord" of the city, there were eight "butchers" that had helped her gather Illusion Points day and night. Under her absolute control, the number of Illusion Points she had collected was definitely not a small one.

Although everyone had been mentally prepared to see a large number of Illusion Points, they were still surprised by the sight in front of them because it far exceeded their expectations.

This was too much...

Even Zen was shocked when he saw these countless sparkling Illusion Points.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Illusion Points quickly flew toward Zen and entered his body.

The number of Illusion Points Zen possessed soared at once. At the same time, his ranking in the pyramid was rising rapidly.

"Oh, my..."

Zen realized that he now possessed around 4.6 million Illusion Points!

After killing Norton, he had taken away hundreds of thousands of Illusion Points from him. Now, after killing Lucille, he had gained about 4 million Illusion Points. Since he had taken away half of her points, it meant that Lucille must have had more than eight million points in her body!

The number of Illusion Points this woman had accumulated was far beyond Zen's imagination.

After gaining all these Illusion Points, Zen's rank had instantly skyrocketed to 309th in this supreme world and 14, 000th in the entire Illusion Battlefield!

Among a trillion strong warriors, the top 100, 000 were already dazzling existences!

Although Zen was only at the 14, 000th place, countless people around the universe were staring at his name in awe. At this moment, the name "Zen Luo" once again became a topic of discussion.

"Zen... This is the Zen who tells stories. He actually entered the top 100, 000!"

"Look clearly. His rank is the 14, 000th! And he's ranked the 309th of the supreme world he is in! This guy is very strong. If he continues to rush upward, I'm afraid he'll be able to match those ace talents!"

"Humph, what's so special about that? His fairy palace is the most valuable treasure out of all the treasures. If I could obtain such a fairy palace, I would definitely be the strongest!"

"Ha-ha, first of all, you'd have to really possess such a fairy palace. Then, you'd have to cultivate and reach the Soul Sea Realm before you…"

There were heated discussions in every corner of the universe, and all of them were about Zen. The universe's attention on Zen had reached an unprecedented level.

Since Zen had already made it to the top part of the rankings, everyone was wondering how far he could possibly go. Was he merely a flash in the pan, or was he going to rush straight all the way to the top?

While these discussions were going on in the rest of the universe, the atmosphere in the Mist Palace was extremely lively.

Since Zen was from the Mist Palace, their expectations for him had been extremely high.

Of course, since Zen hadn't previously made any achievement, a lot of people had been worried about him.

Although Yolande's expression was calm, she was a little dissatisfied. She knew in her heart that Zen would definitely soar to the top, but she didn't like how calm he was being. She was worried that he would stay in the Illusion Battlefield for a long time without getting anything.

Now, when she heard Zen's sudden rise in ranking, her lips finally curled up into a smile. "You're only at the 14, 000th rank... I wonder when you will charge into the top 1000 rankings," she murmured to herself. Her confidence in Zen was the same as always.

The Mist Palace was in an uproar, but the atmosphere in another place was extremely solemn.

Thoughtless Minds.

The Ji Clan.

In the last few years, the patriarch of the Ji Clan had rarely shown up to meetings.

Even though the Ji Clan was considered a family, in reality, the number of warriors with the surname "Ji" exceeded a million, which was equivalent to the population of a large country.

And if the Ji Clan could be considered a country, then the patriarch was the supreme existence of that country.

Since the patriarch himself had appeared, how could any of the important members of the Ji Clan be absent?

This time, the Illusion Battlefield was extremely important to the Ji Clan.

Naturally, Lucille was the reason.

Ji Clan had a total of three ace talents.

However, the other two ace talents, Fraser Ji and Sylvia Ji, were no match for Lucille Ji.

Although the strength of these two ace talents was by no means little, they were not on the same level as Lucille. Both Fraser and Sylvia could only barely fight against one of Lucille's two bodies, which only had half of Lucille's complete power.

Thus, Lucille was the only hope of the Ji Clan. They all hoped that one day, Lucille would become the Godly Genius of the Ji Clan!

This time, the opening of the Illusion Battlefield was a great opportunity.

At this moment, Lucille's ranking was very eye-catching.

She was already in the top ten of the pyramid!

The cultivators ahead of her were all Godly Geniuses of the various great Clans. They were unique existences who exceeded the ace talents. These Godly Geniuses were strong enough to change the fate and direction of their clans!

Any clan would be willing to spend all their resources on their Godly Geniuses.

This was because there was a saying in the universe that went, "To destroy a powerful clan, one must first kill the Godly Genius of that clan!" If the Godly Genius wasn't killed, they would rely on their monstrous destiny and incredible talent to fight their way back one day.

Therefore, when it came to great clans, even when their clans were destroyed, their Godly Geniuses could not be killed. The Godly Genius was only a seedling, but could become the future of the entire clan.

There was something mystical about these words. After all, some of the great clans had a very solid foundation. If the Godly Genius of such a clan really did perish, then the clan would be able to foster a new one.

However, from this saying, it could be seen just how much importance these clans placed on their Godly Geniuses.

To be able to make it into the top ten of the entire Illusion Battlefield was already very impressive, but Lucille had an innate advantage in the Illusion Battlefield.

While everyone in the Illusion Battlefield was fighting alone, Lucille had two bodies, both of which were extremely strong. Naturally, her number of Illusion Points was twice that of the other ace talents, and even the number of some Godly Geniuses.

Even so, the Ji Clan was not satisfied with Lucille's ranking.

They wanted Lucille to be the first. There was no second choice, only first! After nurturing her for so many years, the Ji Clan would be ashamed if she didn't become the first.

However, on the pyramid in front of the Ji Clan and the patriarch, Lucille's name suddenly fell down rapidly.

From the 7th rank, she dropped directly down to the 700th!

Chapter 1556 Lucy

The competition in the Illusion Battlefield was quite intense.

Since there were many main cities in the Illusion Battlefield and the majority of the martial artists could only move in a certain area, it was impossible for them to pass through many main cities in a short period of time.

Therefore, the vast majority of warriors attacked and killed others to get Illusion Points around a main city.

Of course, everyone had different ways to get Illusion Points.

Lucille, for example, took control of a main city and collected Illusion Points like she was collecting tax. All the warriors in the city had to pay "taxes" and no one could escape.

Of course, if she had collected Illusion Points merely by taking up a city, it would have been impossible for her to reach such a high ranking.

However, Lucille practiced One Soul in Two Bodies. Her duplicate form, Lucy, was wandering around in another supreme world to gather Illusion Points there.

The number of Illusion Points Lucy obtained was also recorded under Lucille's name.

This was the main reason why Lucille had been able to take the lead and be ranked seventh in the pyramid. It was such a great feat that the entire Ji Clan felt proud of her.

After all, in the Thoughtless Minds, only two people had managed to fight their way into the top ten. One was Nathan, who had been ranked first before, while the other was Lucille. After Nathan's ranking had dropped for no reason, Lucille was the only martial artist from the Thoughtless Minds who had entered the top ten.

The Ji Clan's patriarch was also quite happy when he saw this. He repeatedly exclaimed that the Ji Clan finally had a worthy successor.

However, at this very moment, Lucille's ranking rapidly dropped! It dropped all the way from the 7th to 700th!

The master of the Ji Clan stared fixedly at the names on the pyramid with a grim expression on his face.

"Someone has killed Lucille once!" the master of the Ji Clan said coldly.

Unfortunately, people outside the Illusion Battlefield were not able to observe what was happening inside. All they could do was to wonder who had the strength to kill the ace talent of the Ji Clan.

"Hmph, the person that has defeated Lucille wouldn't be a nobody. I wonder what gave the person the courage to provoke my niece!" one of the elders of the Ji Clan said with a stern voice. Big clans were usually domineering. In the Ji Clan, Lucille was the apple of everyone's eyes. How could they tolerate someone attacking her and killing her?

"As I said before, we should have let Lucille merge with Lucy. One Soul in Two Bodies would greatly reduce her strength. Why take the trouble of using such a method!?" another elder said angrily.

Being a duplicate of Lucille, Lucy had extraordinary power as well. The key point was that only when the two fused together could Lucille unleash her full power.

Before the Illusion Battlefield opened, there had been a dispute among the Ji Clan about whether or not the two should fuse with each other.

There were advantages of them merging. With Lucille in her complete form, there were very few opponents in the Illusion Battlefield who would be able to fight against her. She even had the ability to fight against Godly Geniuses.

But if Lucile entered the Illusion Battlefield with two separate forms, the speed at which she could earn Illusion Points would double. The only drawback was that the strength of each of her forms would be half of that of her complete form.

In the end, the one who had made the decision was Lucille herself.

In truth, entering the Illusion Battlefield with a duplicate was a big advantage for her.

For instance, this time, when Lucille was killed by Zen, if she was like any other ordinary warrior, she would have lost half of her Illusion Points.

But now, Lucille had only lost half of the Illusion Points of her main body. Her duplicate body, Lucy, hadn't lost anything. So in total, she had only lost a quarter of her Illusion Points.

If Lucille was killed once when she was in her complete form, her ranking would not just fall to the 700th, it would fall directly below the 2000th!

However, how many people could kill Lucille when she was in her complete form?

The Illusion Battlefield had 50 supreme worlds, and the number of warriors that might be able to defeat Lucille was only a dozen. Moreover, these warriors might not be in the same supreme world as Lucille, which meant that the chances of her being killed were very small.

Therefore, there was no definite answer to which way was better. Both had their advantages and disadvantages.

Now, the elders of the Ji Clan started to argue again about this.

"All right..."

The patriarch of the Ji Clan, who was sitting at the highest point, waved his hand.

When his voice rang out, the entire Ji Clan became extremely quiet. Even the master of the clan and the other elders sat up straight.

"Lucille is doing great. Besides, being killed once doesn't matter much. I believe she will rise in her ranking once again," said the patriarch indifferently.

"The patriarch is right, we should have some confidence in Lucille. And maybe she wasn't even killed. Logically speaking, there should be some treasure troves in the Illusion Battlefield. She might have encountered some unavoidable danger there. Anyway, warriors that die in the Illusion Battlefield can be revived, so Lucille still has a lot of chances to rise in her ranking," the master of the Ji Clan said calmly.

Quite a number of the people present nodded their heads upon hearing this.

The rankings in the early stages of the competition didn't mean anything. The name of Nathan, who had been leading the way, had already disappeared from the pyramid without a trace. Now that he was quickly catching up, everyone had to be patient with Lucille.

In another corner of the Illusion Battlefield, a female warrior with a saber in her hand was standing at the top of the city wall with her head tilted.

The appearance of this warrior was exactly the same as Lucille's.

However, their auras were completely different.

There were always white snowflakes floating around Lucille. This woman had snowflakes around her, too. However, these snowflakes were black in color.

Although she and Lucille were two bodies of a soul, Lucy had her own mind and thoughts. Even her personality was completely different from Lucille's.

The martial artists of this main city…

had almost escaped…

After the opening of the Illusion Battlefield, Lucy had relied on a single saber to mercilessly slaughter the martial artists of this main city.

She did not care about how many Illusion Points her opponents possessed or how many benefits she would reap. Every time she saw warriors outside the city, she sent them back to the main city with her single saber!

After a period of time, many martial artists gathered in the main city, no longer daring to come out.

But staying in the city all the time wasn't a solution. After some discussion, they decided to escape at the same time.

Lucy was indeed extremely powerful, but it was impossible for her to capture all of the martial artists in one go. They just flocked out and tried their best to escape with the idea that eventually, some of them would succeed.

As they ran, Lucy killed a large number of them. However, most of them managed to escape the city. So overall, the Illusion Points she accumulated were not as many as Lucille's.

But Lucy didn't care.

Even though they were two bodies of one soul, there was a primary body and a secondary body. Lucille was the primary. As the secondary, Lucy only needed to kill to her heart's content and didn't need to worry about other matters.

Right now, most of the main city's martial artists had fled or scattered away. The remaining martial artists were the ones who couldn't escape, and their Illusion Points had already been drained by Lucy. Therefore, she was planning to go to another main city.

When the martial artists in the main city saw Lucy preparing to leave, they were secretly relieved. The sooner this plague left, the better!

But just before she left, Lucy discovered that her ranking had started to drop drastically.

"Who... Who killed me?"

Lucy closed her eyes.

She could connect to Lucille through telepathic communication. After a moment, Lucy had the answer to her question.

'A warrior called Thad Luo…

If I want to find this guy, I'll probably have to cross supreme worlds. I'm currently unable to do it.

However, with the strength this guy possesses, I'll eventually encounter him.'

As she thought of this, her blurry eyes lit up with a clear ray of light.

In another main city, a human figure slowly emerged from a green ball of light.

It was Lucille, who had been killed by Zen. She was reviving very quickly.

Not long after, the ball of light broke into pieces and Lucille appeared from within. She looked in the direction of the main city's exit with a depressed look in her clear eyes.

"Young master!"

"Young master!"

Norton and Ethan had been waiting for a long time beside the green sphere of light.

Back when Norton was defeated by Zen, he had initially been unwilling to accept it. But now, after seeing that even Lucille had been defeated by that guy, he realized that there was a huge gap between him and Zen in terms of strength.

Lucille gave a slight nod before walking toward the city gate.

On top of the city wall, all the martial artists looked at Zen with awe in their eyes.

This kid had really done it. He had killed Lucile, the ace talent of the Ji Clan!

In the eyes of these Soul Sea Realm warriors who had resigned to their fate, it was simply incomprehensible to them that a Soul Sea Realm warrior could kill Lucille.

After all, Lucille was an undefeatable legend. No one in the main city could become her match, let alone kill her.

And yet, Zen had done it.

Chapter 1557 Deal

Nobody had ever considered the possibility of Zen defeating Lucille.

Sure, the fight between the two was heart-thumping but they never thought that this young man would actually succeed in killing the powerful young miss.

Whispers began to circulate through the crowd. Just who exactly was this young man? Where did he come from? Who was his teacher?

They were all itching to find out.

"Lucille is here!" someone declared.

Many of them turned their heads to look. Lucille had indeed been revived and was slowly walking towards the top of the city wall.

"She didn't leave the city immediately after she was revived. She went up the wall instead!"

"She doesn't want to challenge that guy again?"

"Does that mean she's accepting her defeat?"

They all thought Lucille would hurry back and challenge Zen to a rematch the moment she was revived. They never saw her as someone who gave up easily. It seemed they were wrong.

Meanwhile, Zen remained perched on top of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, as if waiting for his opponent.

There was a high chance of heavy conflict between the two of them. However, he didn't expect that she would choose to climb up the city wall instead.

Zen looked down at her from his place on top of the mountain with a smile. "Don't you want a rematch?"

Lucille shook her head. "No, I don't," she replied firmly.

But it wasn't out of cowardice. The goal for the Illusion Battlefield's first phase was to accumulate as many Illusion Points as possible. She couldn't do that if she ended up losing to Zen again and again. Lucille was stubborn but she wasn't someone who fought battles that she wasn't confident she'd win.

"We'll have a chance to fight each other again sooner or later," she told him. "When that time comes… I hope you're ready."

Lucille gave Zen a knowing smile. When the time came for them to meet on the battlefield once again, she would've already fused with Lucy. By then, there was no way she would lose!

Zen shrugged. "Sure!" he said before rubbing the back of his head. "I have a question though."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Why was it that the blue-clothed warrior's Illusion Points were absorbed by you?" he asked.

He already asked her this before but Lucille chose not to answer. He brought it up again only because he was really curious about this matter and still couldn't figure out how she did it. No matter how strong she was, there was no way Lucille could bend the Illusion Battlefield's rules.

The young girl gave him a knowing smile before holding out a golden pellet in her hand. "This golden pellet is fused with my mark. Those martial artists who have been killed by the golden pellet are actually killed by me. When Ethan died, he crushed his pellet, which is equivalent to me killing him. Therefore, I was able to absorb his Illusion Points."

This quickly cleared things up for Zen.

He never would've thought the answer to such a complicated problem was actually so simple.

It is true that the more superficial the rules, the more difficult it is to understand them.

However, her method gave Zen a new perspective.

So if a warrior set up multiple traps fused with his or her own mark, then the Illusion Points of those who ended up getting killed by these said traps would technically belong to the warrior who set it all up. This method meant that a warrior could stay inside the city and just wait for the Illusion Points to come to him or her.

It was perfectly legal in terms of the Illusion Battlefield's rules. In fact, it was actually practiced by quite a few number of warriors, Layla being one of them.

Her rank was rising rapidly lately.

And it was thanks to this method.

What Layla did was to wander around the Illusion Battlefield and find the main cities. She didn't look for them to challenge strong opponents, which would be too much of a risk.

She didn't want to lose half of her points nor did she want to spend too much time struggling against a strong opponent. She wanted to fight smart, not fight hard.

So she devised a method that could help her gain points without exerting too much effort.

Whenever she arrived at a new city, Layla would scatter a large number of seeds. These weren't ordinary seeds at all. Once scattered on the ground, they would entrench themselves deep into the soil, almost as if they were living insects instead of plants.

Germination only took two hours and these seeds of hers looked like dandelion stalks when grown.

The blooms were the size of a fist and were extremely beautiful with the way they sparkled in the light.

Of course, beautiful things were often also deadly.

If a warrior approached any of these seemingly harmless dandelions, the transparent, needle-like bulbs would quickly burst and scatter to enter into the warrior's body.

These tiny needles would flow through a warrior's meridians to track his or her life vitality. They would make their way into the elixir field and enter the inner world. Once in, the needles would release a deadly poison that polluted a warrior's entire life vitality sea.

The next time the warrior exerted his or her life vitality, the warrior would die within seconds.

Layla sprinkled these seeds one city after another and continued her wandering across the Illusion Battlefield.

And the Illusion Points simply came to her wherever she went.

The points she got from each victim weren't impressive but it was the sheer quantity of people that fell for her traps that made up for it.

In less than two hours, she would usually accumulate quite a hefty amount of Illusion Points in her body and all without having to physically fight someone for it.

Zen smiled. "I understand," he said before jumping down from the Magnetic Secret Mountain. With a flick of his hand, the giant mountain spun around and shrunk back into the miniature size it was before.

Lucille felt a slight twinge in her heart upon seeing the Magnetic Sacred Mountain shrink in Zen's palm. She had initially wanted to use Zen's life as a bargaining chip to force him to hand over the method of refining a Magnetic Sacred Mountain. Of course, that was when she thought she could defeat him and offer to spare his life. Now, the plan just seemed childish to her.

Zen gave Lucille one last look before turning to fly away.

The Illusion Battlefield was a big place but it was fortunate that Zen had the Teleportation Token with him to go to places more easily.

Here, the primary method of accumulating points was to go to the various main cities and seek out the "fat sheep."

Lucille was an example of this so-called "fat-sheep" and was, in fact, the fattest sheep of this city.

Now that Zen had already snatched half of her Illusion Points, he had no reason to stay. He needed to go to the next main city and gain more points from more sheep.

Just as Zen was about to leave, Lucille pursed her lips and finally opened her mouth, "Wait! Wait!"

Zen stopped and turned to look at her with a raised eyebrow.

"I can make a deal with you!" she said through her life vitality.

She couldn't let him go that easily. The method of refining a Magnetic Sacred Mountain was too important to pass up. She needed to learn it for her cultivation of the five elements.

"What kind of deal?" Zen asked.

There was a trace of emotion that appeared on Zen's face as he followed the slight movement of her thin lips.

Five minutes later, he found himself in front of a house at the corner of the main city.

Zen sighed as he looked at the quaint house and felt a certain sense of serenity from it. He couldn't help but feel a bit jealous of Lucille who spent her days idling by in this house but still ended up accumulating so many Illusion Points to herself. While, Zen was out there fighting against anything and anyone but the amount he earned was actually less than a tenth of her Illusion Points.

Inside, Lucille stood in the middle of the courtyard, holding a row of blank jade slips in her hands.

With a delicate voice, she uttered the word, "seal" and held the jade slip up to Zen. "I will teach you how to refine the magnetic power in the Magnetic Sacred Mountain through this jade slip but that's it. How you use it will depend entirely on your own comprehension!"

Zen nodded in understanding and made a move to take the jade slip from Lucille.

However, a trace of hesitation appeared on her face.

'What if I give this to him but he refuses to teach me his method of refining a Magnetic Sacred Mountain?'

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1558 A Familiar Face

Once she gave him the jade slip then Lucille would have no more means to make Zen accountable to their deal.

The use of magnetic power as a secret cultivation technique wasn't even passed down in her own clan. This was privately taught to her by the patriarch himself!

Lucille usually sat within the Magnetic Sacred Mountain while cultivating with the five elements. She did this in order to extract the surrounding magnetic power in order to aid her cultivation.

However, the Magnetic Sacred Mountain was incredibly heavy and it was impossible for her to carry it around like Zen did if she didn't know how to refine it.

Had Zen been any other stranger, there was no way she was going to give him such a secret technique.

But Zen's knowledge of the refining method was too precious to pass up!

She couldn't just let him leave, not with the knowledge that he had something of value to her. All Lucille could do was to swallow her pride and exchange information with Zen.

Zen, on the other hand, was no fool and quickly noticed the trace of hesitation on Lucille's face.

He knew perfectly what she was thinking but he simply waited for her to make her choice.

If she didn't believe in him then he could just leave. Now that he knew the potential of the mountain's magnetic power then all he needed to do was to enter the library and search for more information regarding it. Finding this method shouldn't be too difficult.

However, that would mean waiting until after he got out of the Illusion Battlefield. Since Lucille was offering up the information to him now then that would be extremely convenient for him.

Lucille chewed on her lip but her shoulders visibly slumped in resignation. "You can't spread this technique to others. If you do, my Ji Clan will hunt you down to the darkest corners of the universe!"

Zen would've rolled his eyes but that wasn't exactly polite.

He was someone who had already killed four Supreme Lords. He was not afraid of the Ji Clan nor the fact that they might also be included in the long list of those who currently waited for him at the gates of his fairy palace.

Still, he nodded in understanding and took the jade slip that Lucille gave to him.

With it in his hands, Zen quickly infused his senses into the jade slip and began to rapidly memorize the technique.

Just as she said, this technique alone would be enough to help him extract the magnetic power from the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Fortunately, Zen came upon an epiphany the moment he was done memorizing it.

A trace of nervousness appeared in Lucille's heart once she saw the change in Zen's expression.

She wasn't usually so jumpy but this technique had been passed down to her from the patriarch. The repercussions of him finding out that she gave it to an outsider was numerous and extremely scary.

There was no exaggeration if she said she would break down if Zen attempted to run away from her right now.

Fortunately, this did not happen. Although the information regarding the Blood Refinement Technique was precious, it wasn't of much use to Zen since he had already refined the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Also, even if he taught Lucille now, she wouldn't be able to leave the Illusion Battlefield to bring her own Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

"This mountain is impervious to the five elements but there is a method to refine it. This is called the Blood Refinement Technique,"

he muttered, using chaotic energy to explain it all to Lucille.

Lucille's eyes were practically shining with excitement as Zen explained the method recorded in the "Myriad Manifestations of Nature."

She eagerly listened to his words and absorbed all the relevant information like a sponge.

"Did you get all that?" he asked after he finished speaking.

Lucille nodded, "I got it," she assured him. "I wonder who invented this Blood Refinement Technique? It's truly such a brilliant idea!" Lucille thought this person would've most probably mastered the laws of all living things. Only a wise and powerful being could've possibly come up with a method like this.

In fact, the inventor might even be more knowledgeable than the patriarch in her clan!

Zen, however, couldn't answer this question. "I've already given you the method. You must now fulfill your side of the bargain."

"Of course!"

Not long after, two warriors stood in front of Zen outside of the main city.

Both of them glared viciously at Zen and didn't even try to hide it.

They didn't know what kind of deal he and their master had made, but it was clearly to their disadvantage since they now had to give up half of their painstakingly collected Illusion Points to this guy!

These two warriors far surpassed the strength of ordinary Soul Sea Realm warriors but had since been forced to collect Illusion Points for Lucille ever since entering the Illusion Battlefield.

But now they were tasked to become willing pigs for slaughter to this guy.

It was truly too much.

However, their master's words were the law. They merely comforted themselves with the fact that Lucille might've made a very important deal with this young man for them to suffer this consequence.

Puff! Puff!

It only took Zen two punches to kill the two warriors and have them explode into two masses of Illusion Points.

Each mass was composed of around 200, 000 points which meant he gained more or less 400, 000 Illusion Points in one sitting.

Zen quickly absorbed these points and his ranking once again rose in the charts.

He was placed at the 309th place after killing Lucille. After absorbing the massive amount of four hundred thousand Illusion Points from the two warriors, he was now placed 279th in this world and 10096th in the entire Illusion Battlefield! He was only one step away from the top 10, 000.

The number of warriors inside the Illusion Battlefield was staggering and Zen wasn't even confident that he would be able to reach first place, however, he was bound to this goal the moment he went in.

His efforts might prove to be in vain in the end but he must not give up nor relax while he was still in the race. Giving up halfway wasn't his style at all.

After gathering his points, Zen didn't waste any more time and quickly left.

As she watched his retreating figure, the expression on Lucille's face hardened.

'We should still have a chance to fight in this Illusion Battlefield, ' she thought to herself.

The first stage of the Illusion Battlefield was a competition to get the most number of Illusion Points possible. The Illusion Battlefield was big, being comprised of fifty supreme worlds, but those at the top were most likely to meet again.

Lucille was very confident about this.

This Thad… He too would most likely be able to see through it to the end.

During this time, Lucille had to make sure she could combine with Lucy and finally achieve perfection. If things all went according to plan, then she should be able to utilize her most powerful state to defeat all her opponents, especially Thad. She couldn't wait!

Meanwhile, Zen was already traversing through the air as he tried to find a place where he'd be safe from prying eyes. Once he was sure that nobody was following him, he took out the Teleportation Token from his pocket and activated it.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

There was this buzzing noise and Zen once again found himself entering a strange space.

The number of Illusion Points in the Illusion Battlefield was initially fairly distributed with a hundred points per person.

However, this was a competition and, as time passed, the Illusion Points slowly began to get concentrated within certain groups of people.

The Illusion Points possessed by the 'grass' were transferred to the 'sheep' who were then, in turn, eaten by the 'wolves.'

In the end, the 'wolves' would also perish in the hands of the 'lions' and 'tigers.' Such was the way of the warrior.

If Zen wanted to rank higher, then he would need to continuously collect more Illusion Points!

Right now, he had around five million Illusion Points and it was probably enough to let him stand among the top ten thousand.

However, he shouldn't be complacent. Other warriors were constantly collecting Illusion Points and the five million he had now would be nothing after a few hours since there was someone bound to pass by him on the way to the top.

The only way Zen could remain where he stood was to persevere and continuously farm for Illusion Points, further increasing the accumulated points he had in his body.

Whoosh!

Zen's eyes gazed over the map, and he quickly swooped down to the main city of his choosing. He landed heavily on the ground and immediately saw a sprawling emerald green field in front of him.

There were towering trees that reached into the clouds with tree houses built onto each one. The city walls were made up of rows upon rows of intertwined old tree roots and there was evidence of dense life force that poured into them.

Zen's eyes flashed in curiosity as he took in the scene. "Is this the main city of the Demon Night race?"

The sight was interesting but he reminded himself of the reason why he was here in the first place: to gain more Illusion Points.

However, he never expected to meet up with a familiar face in this area.

Chapter 1559 Amber's Whereabouts

The surrounding conditions or situations of the two main cities that Zen had passed through were entirely different from each other.

Social circumstances, like the personalities and habits of the various races, were some of these related differences.

The ogres, for example, were truly aggressive by nature. And since they had already entered the Illusion Battlefield, their brutish character became dominant, causing them to fight fiercely with each other.

However, humans were in a so-called "centralized" state. In Lucille's city, the prevalence of occasional wars among the warriors happened regularly. But the vast majority of the Illusion Points obtained in these sporadic fights were being taken by Lucille's eight subordinates to be handed over to Lucille.

She was the veritable city lord. Everyone could cut each other's throat, but in the end, everyone had to "pay taxes" to her.

Under the suppression of Lucille, she maintained order within the main city of humans. If it weren't for her control, human warriors would continuously fight each other, making the whole city be in a state of chaos!

On the contrary, the main city of the Demon Night was entirely in a state of order!

The Demon Night was primitively a race that strictly followed orders. There were very few conflicts between the members, so they were always united against the outsiders when they were attacked or encountered other bad things.

There weren't many warriors in the main city of the Demon Night. Nearly half of the warriors left the city to explore the infinite wilderness outside. And to obtain some Illusion Points, they killed the beasts in the wilderness.

Of course, the Demon Night would also issue some challenges to each other. However, they would fight somewhere outside the city after being invited by their opponents. But other warriors would not participate in the battle or suddenly attack anyone.

Seeing such an order in the city, Zen was sensible in not directly attacking others to get Illusion Points.

Although there were a large number of warriors of the Demon Night around the city, they weren't that cautious of Zen. In this city where everyone complied with the rules, the newcomers were also expected to abide by them.

There were also a small number of ogre warriors and human warriors going in and out of the city gate. They also strictly followed the rules and didn't randomly plunder other warriors' Illusion Points.

"It seems like I've come to the wrong place..."

A depressed expression appeared on Zen's face. The biggest function of the Teleportation Token was to allow him to teleport to different main cities.

In this kind of situation, Zen would only need to travel to different main cities and kill warriors, so that he would be able to acquire a considerable amount of Illusion Points.

However, most of the warriors in the city of the Demon Night had gone to the wilderness to kill fierce beasts. But the number of Illusion Points they had accumulated was not much. The points were scattered among them and were not gathered together by one warrior.

Zen, having found a corner, once again took out the Teleportation Token. At this moment, the token, which looked like a white jade, was shrouded in a layer of a black aura.

'This Teleportation Token can't be used continuously. Once it is used, it would take some time to wait for the black aura to dissipate before I can use it again. I won't be able to leave even if I want to, ' Zen thought, shaking his head.

It suddenly came to his mind that there were two other cities located in the north and northwest parts of the main city. And they were not too distant from his current location. Approximately, he could probably reach one of the two cities in a short time.

Thinking about this, Zen didn't linger any longer and quickly left the city gate, heading towards the north.

He hoped to find a city of the ogre or a city of another race in the north. After all, an awful lot of Illusion Points only existed at the place where there were more deadly and intense battles.

However, when Zen was on his way out, he noticed that there were groups of warriors gathered on the side!

Studying them from afar, he concluded that most of them were warriors of the Demon Night. He further noted that there were also two or three human warriors present. They all stood there, looking into the distance as if they were waiting for something.

The strength of the warriors in front of him was of a mediocre level. Even if he killed them all, he would only accumulate 20, 000 to 30, 000 Illusion Points at the most. And if he took action there, he would be besieged and attacked by many other warriors.

After some thought, Zen decided to leave the scene as he had nothing to do with them.

However, just as Zen was about to set off, he realized three streaks of light flew over. As he observed, they were three warriors of the Demon Night.

"About eight thousand miles away from the north gate, there is a forest. Many Iron Scale Spiders are growing in that forest, and killing one would obtain eighty Illusion Points, so twenty warriors should form a group to hunt those spiders."

Soon after the Demon Night member had finished speaking, the gathered warriors all agreed and eagerly wanted to form a team to go to the forest to kill the Iron Scale Spiders.

"Is this... still the Illusion Battlefield?"

Having witnessed this harmonious scene, Zen unexpectedly realized that he seemed not to have an in-depth knowledge of the Illusion Battlefield.

If this Illusion Battlefield was designed exclusively for the battles among warriors, then more battle rings could be arranged for them to compete with each other instead.

In actuality, the Illusion Battlefield was divided into fifty supreme worlds. In addition to the main cities, there was also a featured vast space fitted for exploration.

Previously, Zen had earned quite a lot of Illusion Points outside of the ogre city by attacking the Celestial Mice.

Logically speaking, in this vast world, there should be numerous secret areas for the warriors to explore.

Indeed, there were many different ways and methods to obtain Illusion Points. And these warriors of the Demon Night adopted the division of labor and cooperation methods. They would constantly explore space in groups to conquer and accumulate a lot of Illusion Points.

What Zen didn't know was that the one who ranked ninety-seventh on the list was someone who hadn't killed a single warrior.

In any sense, it wasn't that this warrior was weak. But on the contrary, his strength wasn't any weaker either than the ace talents of the various great races. It was just that from the start, he obtained a lot of Illusion Points by exploring the wilderness out of the main city, and slaying an enormous number of vicious beasts, including several powerful legendary beasts.

The three warriors that had appeared earlier were tasked to search outside for their next possible exploration. After finding the target, they returned shortly to the main city and gathered other warriors to go with them.

The Iron Scale Spider was considered a beast but lacked great power and strength! So almost half of the warriors there were willing to go and hunt this kind of spider. Only a small number of the warriors remained silent as if they didn't give a damn about the eighty Illusion Points.

The second warrior of the Demon Night continued, "Thirteen thousand miles to the northwest, there is an abandoned tower. Inside the tower, there are many Shadow Evil Spirits. I have killed Shadow Evil Spirits on the first floor and obtained three hundred Illusion Points... It is better for at least nine warriors to go there together. This tower has a total of seven floors."

On the first floor, there were already three hundred Illusion Points within the Shadow Evil Spirits. Without a doubt, exploring this abandoned tower was a lot more difficult than hunting spiders in the forest.

"I'll go!"

"I..."

"I want to go too!"

Even so, there were still many warriors who were willing to go together. The two human warriors also expressed their willingness to go together.

Zen also seemed interested in it.

While the Teleportation Token could not be used now, he had originally planned to head towards the cities in the north. If he were to follow them to the abandoned tower, it would be a good idea.

Thinking of this, Zen also planned to join this team.

But before Zen could say anything, the third warrior of the Demon Night spoke, "Directly to the north of the city, there is a Deadwood Gate twenty-four thousand miles away. We need urgent assistance. Those who are willing to join and successfully rescue Amber and Aurora would get five hundred thousand Illusion Points."

As the warriors present heard these words, all of them had every intention of joining the rescue.

Five hundred thousand Illusion Points were already enough for many warriors. This number was enough for them to rank in the top ten million in the Illusion Battlefield!

But this Deadwood Gate was a rather dangerous place. Now that the warriors were asked to go there for the emergency rescue, they were confused as to what had happened.

One of the warriors asked, "Amber and Aurora have led the elites of the main city to explore there, right? Did they fail?"

The Demon Night's warrior shook her head and replied, "No. They did not fail, but encountered a sudden attack from another group. Most of the members of that group are ogres. Amber and Aurora are trapped inside the Deadwood Gate. They are in great danger now!"

"It is the ogres that do such an evil thing again!"

"Those despicable ogres only want to rob others..."

"I'm willing to go to the Deadwood Gate!"

It wasn't that the Demon Night members didn't have the strength to plunder other warriors' Illusion Points at all, but they didn't like to fight for anything by nature, nor did they like to expand.

Thus, this exceptional, powerful race only occupied a bit over three hundred supreme worlds in the Upper World. Their territory was not expansive, severely not in proportion with their strength!

However, Zen didn't care about this. He just paid attention to the name "Amber" that the warrior of the Demon Night mentioned.

Chapter 1560 Deadwood Gate

When Zen ascended to the Upper World, Amber had probably not yet done so.

The ascending passageway had been repaired then, with no obstacles left for ascending in the great world which then welcomed an ascension rush.

Many warriors of the Soul Sea Realm in the Lower World had chosen to ascend.

Zen shuffled through the memories of the great world and could not find any trace of Amber in the Sea God Continent. He figured that she had probably chosen to ascend.

After all, Amber's talent was good. Although she was only in the second row of the Talent Tablet, she could still develop quite well in the Upper World. Geniuses from several races and groups had gathered together in the Celestial Position. This could very well include Amber.

But the Upper World was huge, and the hundred thousand supreme worlds so vast and endless that even Zen was unable to find any trace of her.

Now that he suddenly heard her name, Zen's eyes lit up.

"Is she the same Amber I know?"

There was no dearth of warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. It was quite possible that there was another warrior with the same name.

The Deadwood Gate was in the north, which was the same direction for which Zen was heading. Moreover, one could receive five hundred thousand Illusion Points there.

Even Zen, who already had millions of Illusion Points, was tempted.

However, because the rewards were so great, it was granted that the tests would be tough. Moreover, they had to fight another squad, and there were not many martial artists who could be considered competent enough to do so.

"Bring me along! I'm willing to help Aurora and Amber!" A warrior stepped forward, a sincere tone in his words.

The Demon Night woman, who had come to recruit warriors, glanced at the warrior but shook her head. "You? If you don't have enough strength, going there will only be a waste of the Illusion Points you've so painstakingly accumulated!"

"I …" The martial artist's face reddened.

The woman did not seem to care about the warrior's embarrassment. She swept her eyes over the crowd and asked, "Anybody else thinks that you are able enough to follow me?"

"I do!"

From the top of the city wall, a male member of the Demon Night jumped down.

This warrior wore black armor and sported a confident smile on his face. As he left the city walls, he flew toward the crowd.

The woman looked at him and nodded. "You qualify!"

"Me too." From the crowd, a long-haired Demon Night woman walked up to her slowly. Her red hair was infused with vitality and on her back was a large, dark-green bow. The bow emitted a vigorous and dazzling force of the Life Law.

Not long after, three more warriors of the Demon Night chose to join in.

Zen, who had been observing from the sidelines for a long time, also slowly made his way over. He asked in a clear voice, "Can I participate as well?"

The warriors looked at him suspiciously as soon as the words left his mouth, their heads swiveling in his direction.

The woman looked Zen up and down, her face revealing a trace of caution.

Zen had not released his aura or purposefully restrained his power, but she could tell that he was special.

Although she didn't make out his true strength, surmising that a human warrior brave enough to step up would be a strong one, she relented to his request.

"Oh, come on! He's a human martial artist! The Deadwood Gate is a secret location that only the Demon Night occupies. No other race or group should be allowed to enter it!"

"I too oppose this. We don't need martial artists from other races or groups. This time we are up against those ogres!"

Several members of the Demon Night raised their objections simultaneously.

The endless wilderness was replete with secret areas, just like the cave that Zen had entered before. After passing through the adytums of the eighteen arhats, he had obtained the Teleportation Token, a very advantageous item.

The same was true for the 'Deadwood Gate'. Although it was difficult to enter, one could obtain quite a few Illusion Points there.

Furthermore, warriors were allowed to enter the secret areas as many times as they liked. As long as one had sufficient strength, one could repeatedly step inside the Deadwood Gate and gather the Illusion Points.

In fact, Zen could also obtain more than one Teleportation Token.

But one such functional item was enough for a warrior, so it was unnecessary for Zen to enter the cave more than once. Apart from that, it would cost him three hundred thousand Illusion Points to enter the cave each time.

The Deadwood Gate was tightly controlled by the Demon Night members of this main city. Why would they be willing to give another race or group an opportunity to enter it?

But this time, they were being targeted by the ogres. They had no choice but to return to the main city and ask for reinforcements.

When Zen saw the Demon Night members oppose to his participation, he gave them no answer. He had already made up his mind anyway.

Regardless of whether that warrior was the Amber he knew, Zen would head toward the Deadwood Gate to see what was going on.

If the Demon Night warriors insisted on opposing Zen's joining, he would still follow them along the way. Zen did not believe that the warriors would be able to get rid of him.

As he pondered on this, the woman in the lead spoke, "The human martial artist can come with us to the Deadwood Gate!"

When the other Demon Night martial artists heard this, they stared at the woman, vehement objection written on their faces.

"Hadn't our race come to an agreement before? We, the Demon Night, monopolize the Deadwood Gate. In fact, we are the first ones to discover it!"

"Why should we let an outsider come in?"

"If you bring this human martial artist along, Aurora is sure to blame you!"

Hearing the protests from the crowd, the woman in the lead shook her head. She had just returned from the Deadwood Gate, so she knew how serious the situation there was.

If the human warrior before them could come along, he could prove to be a great help.

"If Aurora blames me, I will bear the consequences." The woman's face was resolute as she stepped forward to Zen. "My name is Vivian Bai," she said to him. "Welcome!"

Zen smiled and nodded at Vivian. "I'm Thad Luo."

When they saw that they could not stop Zen from joining them, vivid dissatisfaction surfaced on the faces of the Demon Night martial artists.

"What are you thinking, Vivian? Nobody even knows who this human warrior is. Now you're letting him join us?!"

"The boy would be a liability to us. Why should we bring along a nuisance to the Deadwood Gate?"

Hearing this, Vivian turned to the Demon Night martial artist. "If the boy is a burden to you, then why would you fear him entering the Deadwood Gate?" she asked coldly.

Now that the warriors thought that Zen would do nothing helpful, they hardly considered him as a strong warrior. Even if Zen was allowed in now, it should be no trouble for them to kill him. So why should Zen entering the gate bother them?

Being questioned by Vivian, the martial artist was left speechless. He no longer uttered a word.

As for Zen, he stood on the sidelines with a faint smile on his face, not saying anything either.

Within five minutes, Vivian had recruited seven martial artists outside of the main city. Among them, only Zen was a human. The other six warriors were all from the Demon Night.

Under Vivian's lead, the group of eight warriors advanced toward the north.

As they covered the distance, disdain and vigilance were obvious on the expressions of the six Demon Night warriors whenever their gazes met Zen.

Although relations between humans and the Demon Night had always been good, a human was still an outsider to them, after all. This kind of alertness on their part was inevitable.

The Demon Night tolerated it well. If the same thing had happened to the ogres or the humans, they would have perhaps fought Zen on the first opportunity. They would have certainly not brought him along.

Shoop! Shoop!

The group of eight warriors flew swiftly through the air.

A journey of twenty-four thousand miles was considered long by most ordinary people. However, for warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, it was short because of the meteoric rate at which they covered it. Back when Zen had been in the Enchanted Barrier Tower, he had traveled nearly forty thousand miles.

Half an hour later, one dead tree after another appeared in the wilderness on the ground below them.

The dead trees had withered away completely. They looked like they were stuck in the ground, now only lifeless tree stumps.

"These withered trees... They still seem to contain some life force," Zen commented, staring at the dead trees.

Vivian, who had been flying beside Zen, smiled as she heard his words. "Yes, the dead trees have turned into spirits. If someone intrudes on this dead forest, they will rise up and launch attacks."

"Is that so?" Zen's eyes flickered with curiosity.

"There are a lot of dead tree spirits in here, but the rewards for killing them are simply too small. Eliminating one only secures you two Illusion Points," Vivian added.

"Hmm, interesting." Zen had thought that the many dead trees down below would help him garner a number of Illusion Points, but he did not expect the rewards to be so little. Only two Illusion Points! Even if he killed ten thousand dead tree spirits, he would only get twenty thousand points. It truly was not worth the massive effort.

Right at this moment, the group encountered two giant dead trees before them. The dead trees extended their trunks and intertwined with each other, forming a great tree gate. This was, in fact, the Deadwood Gate.

Chapter 1561 Save A Demon Night Woman

Between these two massive dead trees was an enormous whirlpool of mysterious, fluorescent silver.

"We need to go into that whirlpool. But be careful. The Deadwood Gate will attack you!" Vivian warned, taking the lead.

Just as she finished her sentence, the two gigantic trees began to shake ominously.

The entire party saw how the seemingly dead trees literally came to life as they whipped their branches violently towards them.

Vivian wasn't kidding when she said that the gate would attack them.

There was no time to waste, however, and the group decided to forge ahead with Vivian in the lead. The moment they got in range, the trees' branches suddenly whipped towards them violently.

Whoosh!

The branches glowed a mysterious deep green light, signifying the power of the Life Law! The force contained within those branches was unfathomable as the attacks caused even space to tremble.

"Be careful!"

Vivian reminded them. They were mere small flies in the face of these formidable trees and just one swat would be enough to turn them into a pile of blood and dead flesh.

Whoosh!

One of the tree branches targeted and lashed out towards Zen.

He was calm and simply lowered his body to dodge the oncoming branch.

However, just as he dodged, three more branches came for him!

Fortunately, his Cloud-chasing Skill was enough to help him dash through the gaps among the branches. There was still no need to bust out the Eight Smoky Melodies since he could still keep up with this level of attacks from the trees with ease.

However, the others weren't so capable. The Demon Night archer let out a muffled cry after being struck by one of the branches.

Pak!

The force from the attack was too strong and immediately knocked her unconscious.

However, before she could fall to the ground, three more branches extended from one of the trees and wrapped around her body.

Vivian's eyes froze when she saw the branches starting to pull their unconscious party member into the tree's trunk. "Save her!"

Two other Demon Night warriors were quick to heed her call. They too wanted to save the unfortunate warrior from the branches.

However, just as they charged forward, ten branches swatted them away and forcibly pushed them back a couple of feet.

There was just no going about it. The trees were just too strong.

It was a really glum situation that they were in. They came here because they wanted to rescue their companions trapped inside, but before they could even enter the Deadwood Gate, they were going to lose a member of the group.

Dying in the Illusion Battlefield wasn't really a great deal since no one here died for real, but losing a member meant that their strength would be reduced.

"Alas!"

The Demon Night members heard someone sigh.

They turned their heads and saw a person rush past them, rapidly sprinting towards the captured woman.

"Thad! Come back here!" Vivian yelled after him. "Do you have a death wish?"

The dead trees' multiple branches all varied in length. It was common sense that the closer one was to the trees, the more branches one would have to deal with.

That was why everyone tried to stay in the middle path straight towards the whirlpool to avoid most of the branches.

These two dead trees might look dead, but they were both very much sentient. Since their prey deliberately avoided their branches, then they would just have to lure them closer. Using the woman as bait, they knew that it was only a matter of time before one of her teammates tried to rescue her.

It wasn't the first time they had resorted to such a strategy. There had been another group of Demon Night warriors who also tried to enter the Deadwood Gate. One of them got caught by the branches and the others naturally tried to save him. Needless to say, the entire group was shortly annihilated by the branches once they got too close. All of them lost half of their Illusion Points and were sent back to the city.

It wasn't wise for the entire party to converge and try to save the woman altogether at once. That was the reason Vivian had ordered the others to save her instead of leading everyone headfirst into the rescue mission. That was going to be an extremely stupid decision.

However, she never expected Zen to also be stupid and rush headfirst towards the tree.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Fifty to sixty branches went for Zen all at once.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The others could only watch at the edge of their seats as Zen also got caught by the branches. It was inevitable since there was only just one of Zen but so many of the trees' branches. He was bound to get caught.

An enormous wooden cocoon quickly formed and wrapped around the victims' bodies as it was slowly absorbed into a dead tree's trunk.

"That idiot! Why did he foolishly rush forward like that?" a Demon Night member said.

"He's a nice guy but he may be a bit dumb."

"He's of little use anyway. It's best to get rid of him now or else he'll be a burden to us in the future. I don't think he has that many Illusion Points, so it wouldn't be too much of a waste if he died."

However, unlike them, Vivian's gaze remained on the half-absorbed cocoon. She had a feeling Zen wasn't going to die so easily just because of this.

When she first met Zen, she had already known that he was someone extraordinary. She couldn't accurately measure his true strength but she felt that he was at least at Amber's level, though probably not as strong as Aurora.

'Is that idiot really going to die?'

Vivian couldn't help but doubt just for a second. Just as her faith was tested, she heard a muffled delicate sound, similar to a chorale of voices.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

It seemed to be coming from the enormous wooden cocoon.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The more cracks that appeared, the louder the sounds came though they had no idea just what was going on and what these sounds truly were.

Boom!

There was a loud explosion and a flash of bright light as the wooden cocoon finally shattered.

Just as Vivian predicted, a couple of branches wouldn't be enough to kill Zen as he appeared with the woman in his arms.

Vivian was so awed by this scene that she almost forgot to dodge the branch that was coming for her.

'Amazing! He's amazing!'

she thought to herself.

These branches looked brittle and dead, but the power of the Life Law imbued them with incredible strength and tenacity. Blades and swords couldn't cut through them; fire and water had no effect on them. Even normal divine weapons had a hard time slashing through them.

The wooden cocoon that was previously wrapped around Zen and the woman was made of layers upon layers of extremely hardy branches. It would've been impossible to break through it. Not even Aurora could've freed herself if she were the one in there.

So how was Zen able to? And he did it in just a few seconds too. Just who was he?

It wasn't just Vivian, but the other Demon Night warriors were also rendered speechless by Zen's display of awe-inspiring strength and ability.

They were just talking about how he was a possible dead weight to the group three seconds ago, but now he pulled a stunt like this and surprised all of them.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zen's face was calm and serene as he held the woman in his arms.

However, the trees weren't yet done as multiple branches came for him once again. There was no need to dodge though; all he needed to do was punch them.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Each strike of his fist shattered the branches that tried to come for him.

With just his strength alone, Zen knew he could absolutely tear apart these two enormous dead tree spirits with his bare hands.

It was only the fact that these trees formed the frame of the Deadwood Gate that restrained him from doing so. He didn't want the gate to disappear just because the trees proved to be too troublesome.

"Forward!

Let's go!" Vivian yelled through the chaos. It was at that moment that she knew she had chosen the right person. Zen's strength was even far greater than she had imagined.

That meant Aurora and Amber's predicaments had a high possibility of being solved.

However, something lingered at the back of her mind.

Zen wasn't a member of the Demon Night. What if he led the humans and took over the Deadwood Gate? That was a possibility that Vivian had to watch out for.

The Deadwood Gate was a great place to gather Illusion Points. Both Aurora and Amber were able to enter the top three thousand in this world just by using this gate.

But Vivian knew there was no going about it now. She had already brought Zen here and had no choice but to let him do as he pleased.

Since he was willing to go out of his way and rescue their team member, then that might mean that he was truly a good person. Vivian could only pray he wouldn't turn himself against them in the end.

Chapter 1562 Sacrifice

Without any further hesitation, they entered the giant whirlpool in the middle of the two dead tree spirits.

They figured they would be safe there for the time being.

Vivian took the woman from Zen's arms, prepared her longbow and pulled out a green arrow from the quiver behind her.

Turning the arrowhead, she wielded it in her hand and shot straight toward the woman's forehead.

The scene was startling, even for Zen, but he soon realized that the green arrow was not meant to kill.

The weapon contained strong life energy. Piercing the woman's body with it was harmless—it could probably even save her.

Clearly, Vivian was there to treat the woman. The other warriors, on the other hand, were all busy sizing Zen up carefully.

Just how powerful was Zen to have managed to disentangle himself from the two enormous dead tree spirits?

The gazes of the surrounding warriors naturally became cautious. When they thought of what they said to Zen just earlier, they all felt a lingering sense of fear.

If they truly angered this man, none of the Demon Night members there would even survive.

A moment after the green arrow pierced through the woman's forehead, she woke up.

The instant she opened her eyes, she looked bewildered.

When she was knocked unconscious by the branches, she was certain that she was going to die.

The next time she woke up, she assumed she would find herself in the city.

Never did she expect to find herself at the Deadwood Gate. Examining her surroundings, she saw Vivian standing beside her. It was as if she were dreaming something unfathomable.

Noticing the woman's confusion, Vivian explained, "That human warrior saved you."

'That human warrior...' The woman's gaze landed on Zen and she sent him a look of gratitude.

While Zen merely nodded slightly at the woman's gesture, he sized up the world behind the Deadwood Gate.

In front of him stood an extremely tall, sturdy, and giant tree. The trunk must have been several hundred miles wide, its height even more so indescribable—it was so tall that the top seemed to disappear into the atmosphere.

When Vivian saw Zen's gaze, she took the initiative to explain, "This tree is an ancient Sacred Ailanthus, the holy tree of the ancient sorcerer race. There are a total of thirteen branches of the holy tree and our Demon Night warriors are trapped on the seventh branch."

'An ancient Sacred Ailanthus? The ancient sorcerer race?' The terms only confused Zen further.

In the cave he entered in the past, many statues of eighteen arhats were there—those should have been the inheritances of the Blessed Buddha Land.

The Sacred Ailanthus in front of him was the inheritance of the ancient sorcerer race.

In other words, the Illusion Battlefield should have been able to gather the inheritances of various races in the entire universe.

But the items obtained from each inheritance site seemed to vary completely. Instead of earning any Illusion Points from the cave, Zen lost

300, 000 Illusion Points.

But his Illusion Points weren't deducted after he entered the Deadwood Gate. According to Vivian's explanation, he would be able to obtain a large number of Illusion Points here.

"Let's go up as well, then." Zen was certain that they needed to pick up their pace to keep Amber alive.

With a nod, Vivian took the lead, flying into the sky.

Zen followed closely behind before the other Demon Night members.

His speed was by no means slow, but as he flew upward for half an hour, the bare trunk of the Sacred Ailanthus was still clear in his view.

According to Vivian's explanation, there were thirteen branches in total. After flying for half an hour, they had finally reached tens of millions of feet up the tree's height. Still, there wasn't a single branch in sight. It was almost impossible to imagine how tall the Sacred Ailanthus really was.

The higher Zen went, the more clouds and mist surrounded him. Even the tree trunk that was mere inches away from him was hidden in the clouds.

Vivian, who led the way, slowed down for a moment to warn those behind her, "Everyone, be careful. Ailanthus Venomous Bugs are probably lurking above us. Be sure to avoid the bugs' venom!"

With her warning, everyone grew more vigilant.

Not long after she said so, knobs began to appear on the originally bare tree trunk. Countless cracks then began to appear on the knobs.

Pak!

Making a crisp sound, a small, black bug with a pointed horn shot out from the tree.

It spread its wings and charged straight at them.

The Demon Night members didn't think much of it at first. Because of the massive tree trunk, the bug didn't seem too big.

But as it rapidly approached, they realized that the bug was about 10 feet long—such size was that of a massive monster to an ordinary warrior.

"That's an Ailanthus Venomous Bug. Hurry and get rid of this thing!" As she called out to them, Vivian flew even faster.

No one would be willing to face such a terrifying bug. Even if the Ailanthus Venomous Bug were a palm's size, it would still make people's hair stand on end. And the truth was it was ten feet long!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Everyone rapidly sped up as they flew up along the trunk.

Pak! Pak! Pak!

Explosions came one after another and the bugs following behind them grew in number.

"What do we do? We can't just get rid of the Ailanthus Venomous Bugs," one of the Demon Night warriors remarked.

But all the while, Vivian remained calm. "We can't get rid of them. The Deadwood Gate has opened three times already. Not even Aurora or Amber can get rid of them."

"Then how did they climb to the upper part of the Sacred Ailanthus?" Zen asked, still puzzled.

"A sacrifice must be made. Every time warriors climb up the tree, they have to pick a victim." Vivian's gaze then wandered for a moment before landing on a man clad in black.

This man was also flying at full speed, right behind Zen and Vivian. When he met her gaze, his eyes turned wide. "What do you mean? Vivian, you want me to…"

Vivian nodded. "It's very easy to lure these Ailanthus Venomous Bugs. Harley, get down!"

"I don't want to!" Harley, from the Demon Night, quickly shook his head. "I came here to help Aurora! Why should I—"

"Your death would be the greatest help to Aurora." Vivian's tone turned cold.

"Why don't you let this guy die!" Harley angrily pointed at Zen. "He's a human!"

Something flashed in Zen's eyes when he was pointed at, but he didn't make any move.

The Ailanthus Venomous Bugs should be highly toxic, but Zen wasn't necessarily afraid of them. With his divine weapon body, he was immune to poison, after all.

He could easily lure the bugs away from them and return in one piece.

But Harley's words were deeply displeasing. He was a human—what did the lives and deaths of the Demon Night members have to do with him? And Zen cared only about Amber. Back on the Sea God Continent, she had helped him tremendously, after all. He couldn't give less of a damn about the other Demon Night warriors, in truth.

Harley's words made Vivian's face darken. But with a cold expression, she said, "If you go down and lure the bugs away, I will report it directly to Aurora to make up for the Illusion Points you will lose. You will also be compensated for double the amount. Otherwise..."

Although there weren't many internal battles in the city of the Demon Night, the consequences were dire for anyone who went against the norm.

At her words, Harley hesitated for a moment. In the end, he gritted his teeth, turned around, and charged down.

Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

As he flew downward, an orange light flashed around him, where countless spears of majestic auras flew out.

Harley's attacks drew in the attention of the hundreds of Ailanthus Venomous Bugs following behind the group. They flocked together and charged at him.

"Go to hell!" he yelled.

Being forced to die would be frustrating for anyone—Harley took the chance to attack the bugs without restraining his anger.

But while the orange spears were sharp, they were still insufficient to break through the bugs' shells. With clear sounds of impact, black venom seeped out from their horns, shooting straight toward Harley.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1563 Sorcerer Race

The black venom was extremely corrosive! It aggressively disintegrated anything it touched.

In the blink of an eye, the orange protective light shining over Harley was completely corroded.

Immediately, the frightened crowd heard an intense and ravenous roar coming from below!

Although warriors would not really die after being killed in the Illusion Battlefield, the pain they experienced was still real. Being slowly disintegrated and eaten by this venom until death set in, was not going to be a pleasant experience. Quite the opposite, as the pain was excruciating.

When the warriors heard this beastly voice coming from the deep, their hearts trembled slightly, and they nervously looked for a way out.

"Let's leave quickly. After successfully passing this part, we should be able to reach the first branch!" Vivian said, trying to seem brave.

Seeing what Harley had suffered, the group did not stop, not even to catch their breath. They were all afraid that the Ailanthus Venomous Bugs would catch up to them once again.

Not long after, Zen's eyes flickered with a faint green light. Through the dense white mist, he could see a thick branch!

Just one branch alone was thick enough to support a city!

This sorcerer race had been an extremely powerful race in remote ages, and this Sacred Ailanthus was the sacred place where the sorcerer race had dwelt.

The grand sorcerers of the sorcerer race were also at the same level as the Supreme Lords. Among them, there had been one of the grand sorcerers who even had one of the most powerful Heavenly Destiny in the entire universe!

This Heavenly Destiny was powerful enough to instill fear in everyone, even those in modern times would still quake at the thought.

It was said that the grand sorcerer who possessed this Heavenly Destiny only needed to know the name and appearance of his enemy, and then he would be able to turn his thought into a ferocious attack and kill the enemy by merely imagining that scene! He was therefore killing with his mind.

That meant that if Zen mastered this Heavenly Destiny, he only needed to picture the scene of him killing someone after knowing what the person looked like. That person would be killed immediately! Like the snap of his fingers!

The imagination of living beings was limitless, who could resist such a terrifying Heavenly Destiny?

This was truly a killing method that could be used simply by thinking about it.

However, for some unknown reason, this sorcerer race had suddenly disappeared from the universe, and not even a trace of them, their elders, or their weapons could be found!

The sorcerer race, which originally controlled thousands of supreme worlds, was a highly intelligent and large race even in the ancient times. However, the entire sorcerer race disappeared mysteriously, and even the bones of this race could no longer be found in any of the sacred places. This matter was considered a wondrous story of this grand era, and up until now, it had been seen as a huge mystery!

"We can go straight up, so why are we stopping here on this tree branch?" Zen asked as he nimbly stepped onto the huge tree branch.

Vivian shook her head and said, "It's not that easy from the first tree branch onward. There is a powerful killing spell hidden within. If you don't follow the path on the tree and fly directly up instead, your body will explode! There is no exception!"

The first time that they had opened the Deadwood Gate, even Aurora had exploded and died. Only after several explorations did everyone slowly figure out that the Sacred Ailanthus could not just be casually climbed!

Under Vivian's lead, they cautiously walked along the tree branch for a while without encountering any further danger.

"Aurora and the others have already gone up. The trap on the tree branch should have been cleared away. When the Deadwood Gate opens next time, the insects and beasts on the tree branch will appear again", Vivian explained.

Without any obstacles to slow them down, everyone advanced at an extremely fast pace.

Not long after, they arrived at the end of the tree branch. There they found an ancient wooden plate. On this wooden plate, there were fist-sized skulls which were neatly arranged on it. These skulls were so small. And there was no doubt as to their origin. Everyone could tell that these were not adults' skulls, but babies' skulls.

Reaching this conclusion, Zen couldn't help but frown.

The sorcerer race gave him a very strange feeling, and he began to suspect that he disliked this race immensely.

"Walking up to the wooden plate is the only way to break the curse. This is an ancient ritual of the sorcerer race", said Vivian as she was the first to walk onto the wooden plate.

After Zen and the others had stepped onto the wooden plate, it began to slowly rotate. At the same time, all the small skulls began to jabber, continually opening and closing their mouths, letting out weird sounds. It was a frightful ruckus and made everyone look about nervously.

They were all brave warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. With their great strength, they should not be afraid of even the most evil things. However, the sound that reverberated throughout this empty space from the small babbling craniums, still made their hair stand on end.

Not long after, the wooden plate stopped spinning. Immediately, all the small skulls stopped their movement and there was silence again.

Beneath everyone's feet, a shallow ray of light began flashing. This light began to scribble in the air, creating a profound calligraphy.

After the words appeared, Vivian said, "Okay, we can continue to move up now!"

It was these golden words that could destroy the killing spell!

The group continued to ascend.

Not long after, they arrived at another tree branch. They once again entered it and found another wooden plate. After obtaining another line of scribbled words, they once again ascended.

After repeating this process seven more times, Zen and the others finally managed to climb up to the seventh tree branch!

Before Zen began to climb up this tree branch, he could feel a strong aura of power emanating from within the tree branch.

"We've caught up to them!" At this moment, Vivian's face also lit up with joy as she said, "Those ogre martial artists weren't strong enough to break through Aurora's Falling Leaves Array!"

What Vivian had worried about the most was that she had now brought reinforcements, only to find that Aurora and her group had been slain and driven back to the main city by these ogre warriors. It would have meant that they had arrived too late.

Zen's eyebrows arched slightly as he suddenly turned into a bright streak of light, arced through the air and landed on the top most part of the branch. He gazed forward…

At the end of the tree branch, Amber stood guard, holding a thin sword in her hand. Her eyes were filled with great vigor, and she radiated a special momentum.

Ever since Amber had ascended, she had been trapped in a state of despair.

She did not even have a chance to appreciate the grandeur of the Upper World, nor did she comprehend the berserk vitality that existed between heaven and earth. She had been sent straight to prison by the Queen of Punishment, never to see the sun again.

But this time, the opening of the Illusion Battlefield had given Amber a slight chance!

She was like a prisoner who had been released from incarceration, breathing in the air of freedom for the first time in this vast world.

Amber understood that the Illusion Battlefield was just a stage. She could do whatever she wanted here on this stage, and compete with the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. However, this stage would still end, when the time came. She would then have to return to the prison and continue bearing the solitary pain of despair.

Because of Amber's outstanding performance and powerful strength, she had been invited by Aurora to be her companion.

When the Illusion Battlefield had opened, all the warriors entering here were in the states which they had been in before stepping into the Illusion Battlefield. Hence, as Amber had always been in a prison, she didn't even have a weapon.

The equipment she carried now had been given to her as gifts by Aurora.

When Aurora had learned of Amber's plight, after she had arrived in the Illusion Battlefield, she had solemnly vowed that once the Illusion Battlefield ended, she would help Amber to win her freedom back!

Aurora was also a descendant of a Demon Night world lord. Her mother held a seat on the Board of Elders.

However, when Aurora heard that the Queen of Punishment had personally imprisoned Amber, and tied her up to be corroded, she became silent.

Recently, no one of the Demon Night would dare to stand against the Queen of Punishment. A few years ago, even the head of the Board of Elders was killed by the Queen of Punishment! Now, no one was safe.

However, since Aurora had even considered freeing Amber, she was very happy with this small gesture. Aurora was her only friend in the Upper World!

In these three times passing through the Deadwood Gate, Amber had voluntarily given up her Illusion Points, and given them all to Aurora. This was the only thing Amber could do to help her.

They didn't expect that this time, just as they had reached the seventh tree branch, they would be attacked by a roaring group of ogre martial artists!

For the past few hours, they had been struggling to hold on by using Aurora's Falling Leaves Array and Amber's well-honed sword techniques.

The truth was that even if she died, it wouldn't be a tragedy. At least the time Amber had spent in this Illusion Battlefield was a happy memory for her. She held the sword lightly and looked at Aurora, who was controlling the Falling Leaves Array. Facing the chaotic attack of the ogre warriors, Amber, however, felt a sense of peace descend on her.

Above this tree branch, there were many thumb-sized leaves scattered about in an intricate pattern.

The edges of these leaves were like the razor edge of a blade. If one did not pay attention, these leaves could easily cut through both forceful energy and flesh.

It was also these sharp leaves that had shredded and created utter mayhem, and had blocked the attacks of more than ten ogre martial artists!

All the ogre martial artists were riled up and irritable. They stamped their great feet and grunted with malcontent.

Once the ogres stepped into the Falling Leaves Array, not only would they have to face being cut to pieces by the exceptionally sharp leaves, but they would also have to face the sword radiance of the woman of the Demon Night.

"This time, I must rush through. I must rip these women of the Demon Night apart, and spill their blood with my blade," an ogre warrior standing in the middle roared desperately. It was obvious that this group of ogre warriors had finally lost their last ounce of patience.

Chapter 1564 Aurora

The ogres' eyes turned red with fury.

They had gathered as a team when they entered the Illusion Battlefield—they already managed to plunder three whole cities.

Two of them could be ranked in the top 500, 000 of the entire Illusion Battlefield, and in the top 10, 000 of this supreme world.

By chance, they ended up at the Deadwood Gate.

Encountering such hefty resistance was completely unexpected.

Even after wasting several hours on it, they were unable to push through the attacks from the Falling Leaves Array. Having lost two of their teammates, they were already beyond their limits of patience and control.

After the ogre roared, a giant shield appeared on his arm. "I'll charge in front. You guys, follow me all the way. Cheer up, now! I don't think these girls will last much longer!"

"Let's go!"

"Damn it! This is such a waste of time. What kind of treasures are on top of this damned wood?"

The others also followed suit in yelling and complaining—they couldn't hold it in any longer. Their strength had already been activated, preparing to take down their enemies once and for all.

On the front line, a tall woman from the Demon Night stood beside Amber.

She had long, blue hair as if it was dyed by the color of the sky itself.

At this moment, countless fragmented leaves surrounded Aurora's hand, much like a bracelet made of leaves.

"Amber! We probably won't be able to hold on any longer," Aurora said, looking helpless.

"Never mind! We'll have another chance," Amber assured her with a faint smile.

But to that, Aurora frowned, deep in thought. With a flick of her fingers, the edges of all the leaves in the array began glinting with golden light. Those leaves seemed to turn sharper and fiercer. "I like your optimistic attitude. If you can obtain your freedom, then even in the Demon Night of the Upper Realm, you're sure to have a brilliant future ahead!"

With that, Amber smiled—such laments from Aurora weren't new to her.

But what Aurora wished for was quite a long shot. While the restrictions on the warriors of the Demon Night weren't unreasonably harsh, the order of their queen was still an iron law.

Who Amber had offended was the Queen of Punishment herself—how could an ordinary warrior like her survive the grave consequences?

"Those dirty bastards are coming!"

"Let's go then!"

Determination grew more evident on the faces of the two Demon Night women.

Fighting against others had always been something to look forward to. In fact, Amber cared nothing for the Illusion Points—she wished only to stay in the Illusion Space for longer, and for time to move slower.

In the next moment, she saw the ogre in the lead holding a giant shield rush toward them.

Behind those ogres, a voice called out. "Looks like it's not too late!"

For a moment, the ogres were stunned. When they turned their heads, their gazes fell right upon Zen and they were shocked frozen.

'A human warrior?'

'Why would a human martial artist appear here?'

A smile hung on Zen's face as he slowly walked forward—it was as if there weren't any ogres in front of him, ready to attack.

"It's Vivian! She brought us some reinforcements. But why would she take that human martial artist?"

Not only the ogres were puzzled—so were Aurora and the rest of the Demon Night warriors behind them.

An agreement had already been made in the main city that no outsiders would be allowed to enter the Deadwood Gate. What was Vivian thinking? Obviously, this human was brought in by her.

Amber's breathing suddenly quickened the moment she saw Zen. Her thin sword shimmered with a faint radiance as it trembled in the air. Disbelief was shining in her eyes as they fixated on his figure.

Back in the prison where she spent her punishment, Amber could often hear his voice echoing throughout the universe.

This human youth ascended around the same time she did, but in only a few short years, he had already caused such a huge commotion. It made Amber marvel inwardly.

When she first met Zen, he was merely a war fighter.

Since then, she had kept a small wish in her heart.

Amber wanted to see Zen rise up.

She hoped Lavender would rise up.

That was the only way she would ever truly be saved.

But as time passed, Amber came to understand that she was someone easily forgotten.

The universe was extremely vast, after all.

Each supreme world was unimaginably massive.

If Zen did rise up one day and helped Lavender ascend to the throne again…even if they stripped Elena of her power, so what?

How could Zen notice a prison in a small corner of such a vast supreme world?

Obviously, it was impossible.

With that in mind, Amber fell into despair.

While she knew that Zen was willing to help her, she couldn't leave the prison. How could she ever let him know the wish she held in her heart?

Since the Illusion Battlefield was opened, all the Soul Sea Realm warriors rushed in.

But never did Amber think that she'd have the chance to cross paths with Zen.

The Illusion Battlefield was divided into 50 supreme worlds and the probability of her and Zen being in the same one was a mere 2%.

There were countless main cities in a supreme world, and trillions of martial artists in the entire Illusion Battlefield. Considering those numbers, the chance of meeting Zen was, in actuality, slim to zero.

But that minuscule chance seemed to make its way to her, and she found herself in a miracle.

Her excitement was so overwhelming that she could barely speak.

"Hey, you! You'd better scram! There's no place for you here," an ogre berated.

But Zen continued his steps with the smile still on his face.

If these ogres had looked carefully, they would have seen that his gaze hadn't actually landed on them—his eyes were completely focused on Amber.

Zen had no idea what was going on with her recently.

In his eyes, Amber was an old friend—she was of great help to him during his journey through the Sea God Continent.

"Kill him!" the ogre with the giant shield decisively issued the order. Even from where he stood, he could feel a trace of evil radiating from the human's body. The strange feeling left him uneasy.

The ogre holding a mace was the first to charge toward Zen.

The thick mace flickered with a dark, metallic luster, and the teeth on it were exceptionally sharp.

The ogre held it in both hands, having the forceful energy from within his body bursting out like explosives. In that instant, the impact was terrifying—it was as if he was waving an entire mountain in his hands.

"Not dodging?"

Beside the array, Aurora looked stunned—she was completely at a loss to what Zen was planning to do.

Zen's palm reached out and transformed into a blade force, slashing upwards diagonally.

The strike wasn't particularly fast—it was even rather slow. But the hidden power in it was something no one could possibly imagine.

"Bang!"

The collision between Zen's palm strike and the mace resounded.

At that very moment, the others' eyes widened as they sucked in a breath of cold air.

The thick mace broke easily under Zen's palm.

After the upper part of it shattered, it flew backward, as it dissolved into countless black fragments in the air. They scattered, causing some kind of black rainfall on the tree.

Simultaneously, the ogre's hands holding the mace suddenly split open, spurting out brown blood.

First, his fingers, then his palms and arms—by the end of it, even his shoulders were split open.

And all were from a single strike of the palm.

Standing behind Zen was Vivian, who seemed to have two stars rising in her very eyes. This person's strength was well beyond her imagination.

Although Aurora, who was of a noble background, had witnessed many extraordinary things in her life, she couldn't help but widen her eyes with great shock at witnessing the scene—she also couldn't deny the feeling of an intense threat.

While she probably had some strength left over to fight the ogres, after considering Zen's strength, she felt a sense of helplessness in her heart—she was no match for him.

Chapter 1565 An Old Friend

Aurora's usually clear eyes darkened a bit. She and Vivian had the same reason why they compared themselves to Zen.

A martial artist would naturally be cautious in the face of a powerful opponent. It was because of this that they were even wary of their companions sometimes.

Aurora and Zen did not know each other.

Zen seemed to have been brought in by Vivian. However, why would he be willing to help her if he was strong enough on his own?

The Deadwood Gate was a supreme sacred place where martial artists grabbed Illusion Points. They would receive at least a few million Illusion Points every time they entered. If Zen took control of the place, the Demon Night wouldn't be able to do anything.

Therefore, no one could blame Aurora for being worried.

All the ogre martial artists were afraid and nervous because of Zen's attack.

The ogre martial artists had good perception, even though they were irritable. They were well aware that they were at the point where they were on the verge of death.

There was only a path in the huge tree branch. Zen guarded one side, and the Falling Leaves Array was on the other side. They would lose their chance of resistance if they were surrounded.

"Kill this guy first!" the ogre martial artist with the giant shield on his shoulder said quickly.

Then, he dashed forward as soon as he finished speaking.

The other ogre martial artists followed suit since they understood their current situation.

The ogre martial artists' tall and sturdy bodies looked like small mountains when they pounced towards Zen.

On the contrary, Vivian stayed at the other side of the tree branch and did not lead the Demon Night members to follow Zen. Instead, her mouth gently moved, as if she was communicating with Aurora.

However, neither Vivian nor Aurora made a move.

Meanwhile, Amber was lost in her own world.

She simply stared indifferently at the young man in the distance.

He was just a youth back then when he had arrived at the Sea God Continent. He was rather lanky and even a bit immature.

However, Zen gave her a strong sense of confidence now. He could kill all the ogre martial artists in front of him with just a wave of his hand.

How hard would it be for a martial artist who could kill Supreme Lords to kill some ogre martial artists?

Amber decided to believe in his strength since she knew him.

Boom!

The giant shield in the hands of the ogre martial artist at the front exploded with a violent crash.

Opposite him was Zen who dashed fluidly like a ghost as he continuously moved around the ogre martial artists.

He moved so gracefully that he could still slip into the smallest gap like a wisp of smoke. He maintained an extremely close distance from the ogre martial artists, as if he was tailing them.

Then, he stretched out his hand and slapped the back of an ogre martial artist's neck.

Puff!

The ogre martial artist fell on the ground with a dull thud.

It was followed by his body exploding into a yellow ball of Illusion Points.

Before the exploded Illusion Points could enter Zen's body, he had already circled along a large blade. He even skimmed upward on its surface, as if not being afraid of getting cut at all.

As soon as he rushed forward, he ruthlessly crushed his knee onto another ogre martial artist's face.

Another ball of Illusion Points exploded!

A huge number of Illusion Points crazily went after Zen's figure. However, they still kept a distance of three inches away from him.

The energy emitted by the Illusion Points was almost insignificant, but Zen's body became as light as a feather after he activated the Eight Smoky Melodies.

Bang!

Crack!

Boom!

Each of Zen's movements was followed by a muffled sound, and with each sound, an ogre martial artist fell to the ground.

All the fallen ogre martial artists were powerful. The weakest of them were core martial artists of tenth grade sacred places; and since they participated in the Illusion Battlefield, their weapons were at least second-rank divine weapons. There were even a few first-rank divine weapons.

Yet, they couldn't catch Zen's ghost-like figure. Even if they could, Zen was like a loach that slipped away without a trace, and then floated away in a blink of an eye.

If Zen was interested in fighting back, he would directly twist the divine weapons in their hands into a pile of scrap metal.

This battle was practically a joke. Even the spectators from the Demon Night felt powerless as they watched the fight. They tried to imagine if they were the ones who fought Zen, but soon realized that they were no match for him either.

Boom!

The last ogre martial artist fell to the ground.

Only then did Zen's light figure finally stop. At the same time, the Illusion Points that had been after him just started to rapidly enter his body.

"These Illusion Points..." Zen's eyes flashed, and went wide open after he had completely absorbed all the Illusion Points. His lips curved into a little smirk. "There are actually about a million Illusion Points."

These ogre martial artists were not as powerful as their clansman Layne.

But as the Illusion Battlefield had been open for an increasing amount of time, the Illusion Points began to gather in the bodies of a few warriors. If Zen were to head towards the main city of the ogre martial artists once again, those powerful martial artists' accumulated Illusion Points would be many times greater than before.

It took Zen less than 90 seconds to kill these ogre martial artists.

Not too far away from Zen was the Falling Leaves Array that hadn't dispersed. The edges of the fallen leaves glowed with a faint golden light, and they clearly looked quite sharp.

When Zen's gaze swept past the fallen leaves and locked onto Aurora, he saw the wariness on her face.

'I see. She didn't make a move just now because she didn't trust me, ' Zen thought.

Still, he didn't care since he had already found Amber.

All the members of the Demon Night were now tense as they faced Zen, since they knew they were powerless.

The moment Zen stepped forward, all the fallen leaves tumbled simultaneously and formed a mysterious Falling Leaves Array. They rolled on the ground with soft rustling sounds as they maintained the same direction, facing Zen.

Although Aurora didn't say anything, she gave Zen an obvious warning.

Meanwhile, Zen didn't seem to care at all as he walked towards Aurora.

"Don't come over here," Aurora warned. The life vitality within her body began to spread out as she stared at Zen with her pale blue eyes. Her fingers trembled slightly, as if she would make a move if Zen took a step forward.

Zen continued to walk slowly with a smile on his face, as if he hadn't heard the warning.

Soon enough, Zen entered the Falling Leaves Array, and even stepped on a few leaves. Aurora's blue eyes had a murderous glare as she gritted her teeth. Zen was too powerful, and she wouldn't be able to deal with him once he was out of the Falling Leaves Array.

Just as Aurora was about to control the tens of thousands of leaves to attack Zen, Amber also stepped into the Falling Leaves Array.

"Amber?"

Aurora was slightly surprised, but she saw that Amber had a slight smile on her face.

Amber nodded at Aurora and said, "Don't worry. He's an old friend of mine."

"He's your old friend?" Aurora couldn't help but be stunned.

Amber continued to nod and smile, and then added, "Remember what I told you before? There is only one person in the universe who can change my fate, and that is him."

Aurora was now even more surprised.

During their adventures, Amber had told her briefly about what happened to her in her past.

For example, how she had offended the Queen of Punishment, and how she was imprisoned and bore the cruel torture.

Amber said that there was only one person in the universe who could save her. This person was the storyteller in the universe. He had a special Roaring Token. Moreover, even dozens of Supreme Lords couldn't do anything to him.

If she followed what Amber said, then this person must be Zen indeed.

Even if he had many detractors, Zen was already a legend in the universe.

Despite his many feats, his strength set off a storm of speculation among martial artists.

Some people said that since Zen had inherited the fairy palace, his own power must be terrifying. He could go toe to toe against ace talents and Godly Geniuses of many various races.

Others said that he was mediocre, and that he relied on external objects when he'd killed the Supreme Lords. He wasn't a powerhouse as he seemed to be, and was simply a nobody among the crowd.

However, he could definitely fight the ace talents judging from the strength he had just displayed.

Aurora's heart hammered in her ribcage as the legendary young man was standing right in front of her.

Then, she asked, "Are you the Zen that Amber mentioned?"

Chapter 1566 Anticipation

Zen wouldn't hide anything from Amber.

A faint smile hung on his face as he nodded in acknowledgment.

At this moment, Vivian and the other Demon Night warriors followed behind.

But Aurora's words had stunned Vivian for a moment.

"Thad is Zen…"

He was the human warrior who had managed to trick and kill Supreme Lord Gunter.

Vivian's family was a side branch of the Demon Night. Six Years ago, Maddox stood as the branch's leader and participated in hunting Zen down ruthlessly.

It was difficult to determine who was on the right side of that internal strife. But after confirming that Thad was Zen, Vivian was astonished.

Regardless of anything, since Zen was Amber's friend, he could probably be trusted.

With that thought, Aurora and Vivian felt a sense of relief.

Something flashed slightly in Aurora's eyes before a bright smile appeared on her face. "I didn't know you are Amber's friend. I'm so sorry for offending you earlier. Thank you for helping us."

With that, she waved her finger and a small, black tree appeared in her hand. The little tree went up to only four feet high, with its branches only as thick as her pinky finger. Not a single leaf was on it.

As she pulled it out, the branches began quiver before leaves grew from the branches—it was a rather magical sight.

In the blink of an eye, the bare black tree had turned into a small, fully grown tree. Only when she put it away did she look at Amber, with her situation in mind. When she saw Amber hesitate to say something, she put on a brilliant smile and said, "You two got to meet again, so you probably have things to talk about. Amber is in a predicament right now."

"A predicament?" Zen's eyes flashed as he stared at Amber.

At this moment, embarrassment and uneasiness crept into Amber's demeanor.

Back in the prison, she had thought of ways to spread the news of her imprisonment.

But the universe was all too vast—it wasn't an easy task to find a certain man from among a hundred thousand supreme worlds.

As for the Roaring Token, world lords couldn't even attain them easily, let alone a Soul Sea Realm warrior like Amber.

Now that she had finally crossed paths with Zen, it seemed like some kind of act of providence.

But now that she stood before him, her mind came up blank.

Perhaps Aurora could see through her nervousness, which made her bring up Amber's situation.

"That's right. She's imprisoned and has been sentenced to the punishment of being burned and corroded. It's a punishment second only to the Punishment of Eternal Night. Her body has suffered under corrosive rainfall. After a few days of punishment, her eyes rot, her skin festers, and her muscles and bones end up corroded. Her body gets healed through life energy, but after recovering, she's subjected to the same punishment over and over again. It's such torment..."

After she heard Aurora detail her suffering, Amber's face began to pale.

For seven whole years, she had lived such a miserable life.

To have endured such pain...

Facing challenges in the Illusion Battlefield was one of Amber's best moments.

There, she had befriended Aurora and some other Demon Night warriors, apart from being able to display her own strength and compete with the strong warriors of the universe.

But the thought that she would soon have to return to the prison and continue with her punishment—Amber couldn't help but tremble with fear.

Such torment to a warrior was inhuman.

An ordinary warrior probably wouldn't have even held on for three years before going completely insane.

Even if one had a firm will, once that was used up after a number of years, both their mind and body would collapse.

Since Amber had grown up in the chaotic Sea God Continent, her mind and body were naturally much tougher than that of a warrior who had grown up within the safety of a sacred place. With her firm mind, Amber managed to bear the incessant, intense suffering for seven whole years.

A trace of chill intent appeared in Zen's eyes as he pulled a long face. "Is it all because of Elena? It's such a waste that I couldn't kill her that time..."

That day, he failed to lock Elena in the Desperate Melee. If he had managed to trap her in it, she might've already perished.

As Zen said these words, the warriors of the Demon Night were stunned and silent.

Apart from the upper-level warriors of the Demon Night, most of the other ordinary warriors were still unmovingly devout and loyal. If they weren't, it would've been impossible for the three queens of the Demon Night to accumulate so much Faith Energy.

When they heard Zen insult their queen, their notable reaction was no surprise.

But Aurora remained calm and indifferent.

Because her mother was a member of the Board of Elders, she naturally knew of the dispute among the Demon Night upper-level warriors. In actuality, many of the world lords were already rather dissatisfied with Elena.

Zen had scolded Elena through the Roaring Token—how he cursed her just now was nothing in comparison.

And Aurora didn't blame Zen for that, so that kept the other warriors of the Demon Night from taking any reckless action. They only looked at Zen with hard expressions, holding some hostility in their eyes.

To most of the members of the Demon Night, the dispute between their queens wasn't something they could meddle in. To them, the queens stood supreme—they were incomparable to anything. Every one of the warriors would defend their queens' dignity at any time, even if it meant sacrificing themselves.

Silently, Amber nodded.

Zen knew all the ins and outs of the conflict. Naturally, he was aware of how Amber had offended Elena because of it.

But not even he expected that Elena would bear such a grudge against Amber. Even being the supreme queen of the Demon Night, she poured so much hate into punishing a Demon Night member who had ascended from the Lower World—she was merciless.

And Zen knew from Aurora that being burnt and corroded was an extremely torturous punishment.

The ice and indignation in Zen's eyes grew stronger.

Standing on top of the huge branch, Zen looked at the vast and boundless white mist. Then, he turned his head and stared at Amber before exclaiming, "Three years! If you give me another three years, I'll definitely kill Elena and save you from all this!"

Enduring another three years of punishment was no small feat.

While she didn't want to bear it any second longer, hearing Zen proclaim so confidently that he would save her in three years, she couldn't help but feel the anticipation growing within her.

The loss of hope was everyone's fear.

Amber's warrior spirit was strong and unyielding. So long as there was even a sliver of hope, she would take it as support.

Three years was a blink in the life of a warrior.

In others' eyes, to force a queen of the Demon Night to abdicate and kill her off within three years was merely wishful thinking.

With the help of the Pool of Faith, Elena, who was fully armed, had become more powerful than a Supreme Lord.

If there were any warriors in the universe who could possibly take her down, they would have to represent the most powerful forces in the universe.

If they really wanted to defeat her, they had to consider whether or not their races could be attacked by the Demon Night easily.

In the entire universe, Zen was the sole person qualified to do so.

He had once killed several Supreme Lords, after all.

Four powerful Supreme Lords had perished at his hands.

When Zen said these words, the Demon Night warriors turned even more furious.

But as their leader, Aurora said nothing. What could the other warriors say?

But these warriors from the Demon Night were still unconvinced. It was very reckless for a Soul Sea Realm warrior like Zen to kill their queen within three years.

The gap between the Soul Sea Realm and the realm of the world lord was indeed wide. The Spirit Supreme Realm and the Spirit

Transformation Realm lay between the two cultivation realms.

To increase their cultivation base and match up to the world lords, some warriors would spend hundreds of thousands of years, even millions of years, to practice their cultivation.

But Zen had made a promise that he could bring Elena down in a measly three years.

"I can endure it for three years," Amber responded with a nod, her eyes gleaming with hope.

While she wasn't certain Zen could manage to do it within three years, she was firm in deciding to keep on enduring the years of pain as, at the very least, he had given her hope.

When Zen was on the Sea God Continent before, he had already completed numerous seemingly impossible tasks—he was a miracle-maker.

Rare were people like him.

When he saw her expression, he couldn't help but feel guilty.

After all, it was because of him and Lavender that Amber was stuck in such an awful predicament.

Zen wasn't a savior—he wouldn't deliver all things from suffering or their troubles. But he wouldn't just stay out of the matter if someone he treasured was in trouble.

Chapter 1567 Explosive Ferocious Ant (Part One)

Aurora walked to the side, but she was quietly looking Zen over from head to toe.

It wasn't just her. The other warriors of the Demon Night, such as Vivian, were also reconsidering Zen. He was not quite what they had expected.

However, there was a hint more than curiosity in Aurora's eyes.

He said that he would kill Elena within three years. She thought this fellow was truly interesting! However, she was still mystified as to how he would manage to reach this step. She wanted to ask Amber about it when she had more time.

After chatting for a while, Amber had calmed down and her heart took up a more normal rhythm.

At the very least, her decision to enter the Illusion Battlefield had proven correct.

Next, Aurora once again took charge of the group and they all stepped on the plate at the end of the tree branch.

When the scribbled golden words needed to break the spell, once more appeared under everyone's feet, they began to ascend yet again. Not long after, they arrived at the eighth branch of the Sacred Ailanthus.

As Zen landed on the eighth tree branch, he immediately saw that it was filled with giant ants!

There were a lot of tall spikes on the bodies of these vicious ants. Their shells were red, and there were flames dancing in their slightly translucent bellies, making them look like big lanterns. If it weren't so dangerous, it would have been a comical scene to witness.

"The Explosive Ferocious Ant. Once each of these ants are killed, there will be a violent explosion. It would be best for everyone to spread out a bit," Aurora ordered. She had wandered through the Sacred Ailanthus three times before, so she naturally knew every single one of these vicious creatures like the back of her hand. The others all heeded her instruction and spread out cautiously.

Previously, when Zen, Vivian, and the others had rushed after them all the way here, Aurora had killed off all of the vicious beasts in advance. Now, they were going to have to kill them together, all the way up from the eighth tree branch.

"However, the defensive capabilities of these Explosive Ferocious Ants aren't strong. If you are careful when killing them, you can pass through! Just remember the explosions that follow!" As she spoke, she once again held up the black tree in her hand. Immediately, the leaves on the tree began to fall off, turning into a rain of leaves that swept towards the ants!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Each leaf was comparable to a concealed weapon. They seemed harmless enough at first, but then they began to cut into anything in their path.

The fallen leaves seemed to float freely, but under Aurora's control, they were targeted in their approach and exceptionally sharp!

It was almost impossible to avoid the falling leaves as they descended on the Explosive Ferocious Ants. They easily cut into the ants' bodies. The carapace of a nearby Explosive Ferocious Ant was soon riddled with holes from the cutting swarm!

As the two feelers on the head of the Explosive Ferocious Ant began shaking crazily, the flames in its stomach also became brighter. Its six legs crawled crazily along the ground as it charged straight at Aurora!

"Watch out for this ant!"

Just as Aurora finished speaking, she rapidly retreated. In the instant that she retreated, the light in the Explosive Ferocious Ant's belly had already flickered and reached an incandescence which exceeded the natural limits!

Boom!

Following the sound of the intense explosion, a powerful shockwave spread out in a flash of fire!

The smell of charred flesh filled the air, and a mushroom cloud expanded to a diameter of several hundred feet, which slowly rose up.

The ignition power of this Explosive Ferocious Ant was truly terrifying. If an ordinary martial artist did not know that the ant would explode, they would be blasted into smithereens and immediately reduced to ashes.

Even though Zen's body was extremely tough and fortified, he would still have suffered severe injuries if he had been dragged into this!

However, the Explosive Ferocious Ant itself was not difficult to deal with. They could easily be cut down, or killed with bow and arrow.

After killing one of the Explosive Ferocious Ants, Aurora turned back. Her eyes fixed on Zen as she smiled and said to all of them, "That's it. It won't be difficult to deal with them, as long as you attack them carefully. Keep your eyes open and watch for any that try to sneak closer."

What she had just done was merely a demonstration for them.

However, even after Aurora had shown the way to kill the ants, Amber, Vivian, and the rest of the warriors of the Demon Night all looked at Zen.

'What are they all looking at me for?'

Zen blinked his eyes rapidly in confusion as he thought about their strange behavior, but in his heart he knew what they were waiting for.

He realized that they wanted to watch him take action, and see how powerful he was.

"I'll give it a try then!"

Zen smiled as he leaped up and immediately rushed forward. However, he did not attack when he brushed past the nearest Explosive Ferocious

Ant. Instead, he gently tapped the Explosive Ferocious Ant on its back with the tip of his foot and charged forward once again, with his clothes fluttering in the wind!

Being stepped on by Zen, the first Explosive Ferocious Ant crawled at an extremely fast speed and chased after him.

But Zen ignored it and continued running forward!

Tap!

With a flip, he brushed close by another Explosive Ferocious Ant.

Thus, there were two Explosive Ferocious Ants now chasing after Zen. The other members of the group grew uncomfortable at the sight of Zen being chased after by these dangerous creatures. If one of them exploded....

"What is Zen doing?"

"He wants to gather the Explosive Ferocious Ants together!"

"He must be crazy!"

Witnessing this scene, the warriors of the Demon Night couldn't help being worried about him. It seemed like a suicide mission that Zen was embarking on.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1568 Explosive Ferocious Ant (Part Two)

Although the Explosive Ferocious Ant itself was not a powerful foe, its explosive power was extremely terrifying. No matter who was fighting against the ants, they would have to be cautious when dealing with them.

Therefore, the only way to pass through the eighth tree branch was an arduous task which would exhaust one's strength. One had to lure the Explosive Ferocious Ants aside and kill them one by one.

However, watching Zen brazenly charge into the group of ants, Vivian and the others' hearts did indeed lurch, and they almost rushed after him.

However, a faint smile was growing on Amber's face!

Strictly speaking, she hadn't had much interaction with Zen before. However, back in the Heavenly Feather Sacred Place, the various incidents which Zen had featured in, had also been spread in detail from the Tower of Sin. She knew that this was Zen's usual way of doing things. If he was to follow the rules, he would not be 'Zen'. He could never wait inertly for someone else to take action, Zen always rushed in and his bravery always carried the day.

Zen didn't stop at all as he jogged past them, and the number of Explosive Ferocious Ants following behind him grew in number until it was a lengthy train of ants that covered the ground!

"There are so many Explosive Ferocious Ants. If they were to all explode together, how powerful would the explosion be?"

"Isn't he afraid of being blown up and dying? He would lose a lot of Illusion Points if that happened!"

Aurora was staring curiously at Zen's actions. Hearing their discussions, her face changed as if an idea had suddenly occurred to her. She then said, "Back off! Everyone, back off! Stay as close to the main trunk of the Sacred Ailanthus as possible!" She seemed to know what was coming.

Now, everyone could see that Zen was planning to lure these Explosive Ferocious Ants to gather together.

The might of a single Explosive Ferocious Ant's terminal combustion had already been so astonishing to behold. How shocking would it be if hundreds of ants, tightly packed together, all exploded at the same time?

Whoosh!

As Zen rushed forward, a black mass of Explosive Ferocious Ants had already gathered behind him.

"Now is the time!"

He suddenly turned and rushed forward, grabbing an Explosive Ferocious Ant in front of him.

This Explosive Ferocious Ant was ten feet long, much longer than Zen was. Furthermore, the ant itself possessed immense strength. Even a tiny, grain-sized Explosive Ferocious Ant could lift something that was ten times heavier than itself!

However, as Zen grabbed the Explosive Ferocious Ant, the ant opened the two pincers next to its mouth and viciously launched towards Zen!

In one smooth motion, Zen grabbed one of the pincers, and with a surging force, he twisted the head and then ripped the Explosive Ferocious Ant's head off.

The moment its head was torn off, Zen's other hand grabbed the abdomen of the ant and hurled it backwards among the other ants.

This Explosive Ferocious Ant was actually a very strange creature. Ever since it was born, it had been constantly exhausting its own power to stabilize the explosive flames in its stomach, carefully preventing them from exploding. It was like being born with a ticking bomb inside it. If it was seriously injured or dying, it was then unable to stabilize the explosive flames! After the explosive flame lost its binding, it naturally caused a violent explosion!

Zen had already wrenched off the head of this Explosive Ferocious Ant, so naturally, the explosive flames on its abdomen had begun to lose their bindings. While the ant was still flying through the air, the explosive flames in its abdomen grew brighter and brighter, until they were ready to...

Crack!

The abdomen landed right in the middle of the group of Explosive Ferocious Ants chasing after Zen where it rolled on the ground!

Accompanied by a flash of incandescent light…

Boom!

The sound of a huge explosion echoed out, leaving everyone's ears ringing and hurling them to the ground in the ensuing shortwave.

The Explosive Ferocious Ants next to the abdomen did not dodge in time, and were naturally caught by the deadly explosions. Hence, the explosive flames in their abdomens exploded once again, slaying more Explosive Ferocious Ants.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Explosive Ferocious Ants exploded one by one, creating a destructive chain reaction.

When tens of the Explosive Ferocious Ants exploded at the same time, another few hundred ants were detonated.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of explosions resounded in everyone's ears. The strength of the explosions far exceeded their expectations and the ground even shook under the violence!

A huge mushroom cloud slowly rose from the ground, and they could see very little beyond the billowing clouds of dust and spent chemicals!

Accompanying the explosion was an extremely powerful shock wave that spread out in all directions like a flood.

Even the Sacred Ailanthus, which was as big as a mountain, was shaking gently!

Zen maintained a careful distance from the place where the explosion had occurred. Both of his legs remained fixed in the ground, like nails had firmly nailed him in place, while he had a firm look on his angular face, as he bore the brunt of the shock wave.

Fortunately, Aurora had asked everyone to retreat to the main trunk of the Sacred Ailanthus behind them from the start.

When the shock waves spread out, it was as if there were giant invisible hands pressing everyone down to the ground and even tightly into the tree trunk, preventing them from moving at all. It almost felt as if the air was being crushed from out of their lungs by the intense pressure.

If they had still been standing foolishly on the eighth tree branch, they would have been launched headfirst towards the main trunk of the Sacred Ailanthus by the impact of the shock wave.

In that case, even if somehow, they didn't die; they would at the least have been severely injured!

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

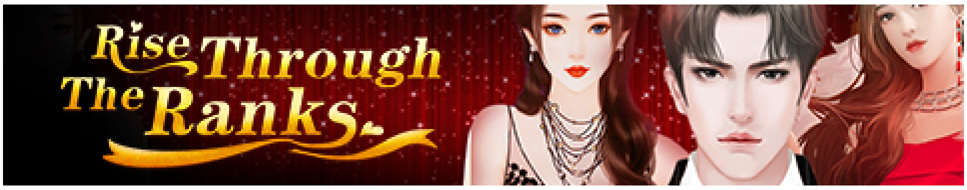

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

Zen's Quest for Immortality

From Cellar to Throne

29

Content

Chapter 1569 Letitia Had Ascended
Chapter 1570 Zen's Ranking Dropped
Chapter 1571 Eyeballs
Chapter 1572 Ancient Race And Shadow Creature
Chapter 1573 Hall Of Causality
Chapter 1574 Annoying Little Skulls
Chapter 1575 Power Of The Main City
Chapter 1576 Weapons
Chapter 1577 In The Room
Chapter 1578 The Balance Of The Five Elements
Chapter 1579 Ten Warriors
Chapter 1580 Trying To Break The Small Skulls
Chapter 1581 First Hall
Chapter 1582 She Lost The Battle
Chapter 1583 Giant Stones
Chapter 1584 Rolling Stones
Chapter 1585 Square Light Beam
Chapter 1586 A Stupid Method
Chapter 1587 Shoot An Arrow
Chapter 1588 Reward
Chapter 1589 Various Skills
Chapter 1590 Names
Chapter 1591 Hooks
Chapter 1592 The Warriors In The Darkness
Chapter 1593 Stratagem
Chapter 1594 A Little Game
Chapter 1595 Disarm
Chapter 1596 Hesitation
Chapter 1597 A Mysterious Sword (Part One)
Chapter 1598 A Mysterious Sword (Part Two)
Chapter 1599 Near-death Situation
Chapter 1600 Challenge
Chapter 1601 Taking Risks
Chapter 1602 How Many Life Vitality Crystals
Chapter 1603 Disbelief
Chapter 1604 Margaret's Ranking

Chapter 1605 Flame Kitten
Chapter 1606 Lava Giant's Food
Chapter 1607 Frosty Cage
Chapter 1608 Bait
Chapter 1609 Running Ants
Chapter 1610 Battle Between Two Giants
Chapter 1611 A Disaster To All
Chapter 1612 Leap
Chapter 1613 Flame Bees
Chapter 1614 Depressed Margaret
Chapter 1615 The Door Closed
Chapter 1616 Corridors
Chapter 1617 Godly Way And Godly Tile (Part One)
Chapter 1618 Godly Way And Godly Tile (Part Two)
Chapter 1619 The Overbearing Aura (Part One)
Chapter 1620 The Overbearing Aura (Part Two)
Chapter 1621 Reggie
Chapter 1622 Illusion Of Killing Sword Mountain
Chapter 1623 Sword Chen
Chapter 1624 The Dipamkara Buddha

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 1569 Letitia Had Ascended

Aurora's face was scrunched up in pain after having her back smashed against the tree trunk from the force of the explosion.

She shouldn't have asked him to give it a try if she knew this was the way he was going to deal with these ants!

After the dust settled, all of them decided to leave the safety of the tree trunk and check on the state of their surroundings.

Having settled themselves, they jumped onto the broad branch. Except for Aurora, Amber, and Vivian, the rest of them were pale with shock. Although they were quite far from the center of the explosion, they were still slightly injured by the impact. A couple of them felt the beginnings of abnormal circulation and meridian stasis from the blast. It was a good thing that they stocked up on pills for a swift recovery. Soon after, they were surprised at what they saw.

"This guy...

How on earth did he manage to withstand such a powerful impact?!" Zen stood firmly on the branch with no signs of injury at all despite being smacked in the middle of the explosion. Aurora pursed her lips as she looked up at the unharmed young man. She couldn't help but sulk at the fact that the world was so unfair. They were both Soul Sea Realm warriors but why was there such a huge difference in their strength?

Amber, on the other hand, only sighed. She wasn't as surprised as the others. In fact, this was exactly what she expected. 'He's grown so much in just the span of seven years. Now I'm the one who has to look up to him, ' she couldn't help but think to herself as she looked at Zen.

With the elimination of these Explosive Ferocious Ants, their way forward had now been cleared.

The eighth branch would've normally taken them several hours to pass but that time had now been reduced to five minutes because of Zen's strong attack.

The group stepped onto the plate at the end of the branch and continued their climb.

Meanwhile, in the Humanity Alliance, a petite figure had climbed out of an ascending pool in the Three Purities World.

The water had drenched her entire body but with a gust of cold air, it immediately turned into ice shards!

The woman shook her body and let the shards fall into the pool.

"Ding ding..."

"The vitality between heaven and earth here is so violent!"

She looked around and took in her surroundings with curiosity.

Wanting to see more of this strange place she had just arrived in, she slowly walked down from the side of the ascending pool...

"You, and you, and the rest of you stay there! Don't move!" an armored warrior ordered.

The woman slightly raised her brows as a brief display of defiance, however, she was quick to submit after finding out the cultivation level of this warrior. He was a powerful master at the late stage of the Soul Sea Realm!

She did not resist and obediently followed the other warriors who had also ascended from the Lower World.

These new arrivals had high hopes for the Upper World.

None of them knew that the competition here was going to be even more grueling than that of the Lower World.

These warriors had been top warriors and held absolute power back in the Lower World, but here Soul Sea Realm warriors were in the lower end of the social spectrum. They would have to get used to the status change soon enough.

The woman curled up in a corner as she tried to get used to the violent vitality between heaven and earth. At the same time, a heavy feeling of melancholy descended upon her.

'My husband's cultivation was at the Life and Death Realm back then. It's been more than six years since he left. I don't know which level he's reached now. Has he already reached the Soul Sea Realm?' she couldn't help but wonder to herself.

This woman was no other than Cloud Hall's leader: Letitia!

She had finally reached the Soul Sea Realm after so many years.

When Zen left, she had already been pregnant. Their child had been born as a boy whom she named Geoffrey Luo.

Geoffrey was her only source of consolation for the past six years. He was the spitting image of Zen which somewhat eased her loneliness but also added to her worries every single day.

It was normal for warriors to separate for several years after getting married.

Some even went to the extremes and practiced a hundred years in seclusion. A door would often separate them from their partners but the only time they would get to meet again would be after an entire century.

However, Zen and Letitia had married young and Letitia herself had no experience in dealing with lovesickness. These past few years of being separated from Zen almost killed her.

The only way she could rid herself of this torment was through immersing herself in cultivation and, after six long years, she finally reached the Soul Sea Realm!

Her son, Geoffrey, was now six years old and an extremely intelligent boy. The Cloud Hall enjoyed a high status in the Central Region, and he had a much stronger foundation than his peers due to the advantage of having Cloud Hall's resources at his disposal. He had already reached the fourth grade of the nature level.

Her ascension meant she had to leave her son but it was a necessary trade-off in order to reunite with Zen.

"This supreme world is so vast and boundless that you can't even imagine how big it is...

Even the travelling speed of Soul Sea Realm warriors would not be enough. It would still take you around a hundred years to cross it!

This is the Pure Jade Sacred Place of our Three Purities World. it is a tenth-grade sacred place. The world lord of the Three Purities World is also the Saint Lord of our Pure Jade Sacred Place..."

the armored Soul Sea Realm warrior informed them as a kind of briefing.

His words immediately shook Letitia's heart.

She knew the Upper World was vast and boundless and couldn't be compared with the great world she was from.

She knew the path towards Zen wasn't going to be easy...

However, from what the armored warrior said, the size of these one hundred thousand supreme worlds was beyond her expectation and it was even harder for her to find Zen than what she initially imagined!

A hundred years for Soul Sea warriors to travel across a Supreme World?

It was ridiculous! Not to mention that there were still one hundred thousand supreme worlds here! Finding her husband was going to be even harder than finding a needle in a haystack.

And what was the warrior saying? She had ascended to a tenth-grade sacred place?

Just how strong was this sacred place?

These thoughts went through her mind as she sat there.

"All the warriors from the Lower World, follow me!" the armored warrior ordered with a booming voice. "Since the opening of the Illusion Battlefield, the miners have all slipped in one by one. The entire mine is in a dire need of manpower. You all have to go to the mineral vein of our Pure Jade Sacred Place to do the mining."

The Illusion Battlefield had opened and all Soul Sea Realm warriors were allowed to participate.

It was generally forbidden for the ascended warriors to participate since they still needed to work in the mineral vein but it proved to be impossible to stop them. All the Soul Sea warriors needed to do was to step inside and leave the mining work behind so nobody could really do anything to stop them.

What was even more infuriating was that the Pure Jade Sacred Place had forbidden all the stewards from entering the Illusion Battlefield. They could only look on in despair as the chance of improving themselves slipped away from their fingers.

"Mining? How long will it take?" a newly-ascended warrior asked.

"It all depends on your strength! Some people are fortunate and were able to leave after three to five years. Others, not so much. There are some who've stayed here for over a hundred years!" the armored warrior at the Soul Sea Realm answered with a laugh.

His answer stunned the newly-ascended warriors.

Ascending to the Upper World had been a lifelong dream from them back in the Lower World but now they had just been told that they might have to spend over a hundred years here just mining? This was definitely not what they expected.

Letitia's heart was also filled with anxiety. She just mechanically followed the group and didn't know what she should do.

She had initially been an independent woman but had grown reliant on Zen after their marriage.

But he wasn't here right now! He hadn't been for the past few years.

Zen's talent was no doubt enough to make him a core martial artist in a tenth-grade sacred place.

But there were so many supreme worlds here in the Upper World and she had no idea which one he ended up in.

Would she really have to mine here for decades?

If she had known this earlier, then she wouldn't have ascended. She would've just stayed in the Lower World with her Geoffrey.

But it was too late for regrets now. The armored warriors quickly led them to a space tunnel and advanced.

However, halfway through their journey, an armored warrior went into the group and stopped in front of Letitia. "You, stop. You don't need to mine anymore."

"Huh?" she could only remark in surprise.

The armored warrior only shook his head. "Just follow me."

Her eyes flickered in curiosity, not really knowing what was happening. Everything was just so strange here in the Upper World.

But she took it as a good sign that she wouldn't need to mine anymore.

Letitia split from the group and followed the armored warrior into the space tunnel. They walked through it for a while before finally arriving at a large city.

Her eyes were wide in wonder as she took in the grandeur of the sights in front of her. Soon enough, she was being led into an equally exquisite hall.

Dozens of women were already gathered here, all of them at the Soul Sea Realm.

Letitia took the chance to converse with some of them and found out that they too were all newly-ascended warriors from the Lower World.

They were also brought here with no knowledge as to why and what exactly was waiting for them.

Leaving wasn't an option since there were armored warriors who stood guard outside the hall.

This was when Letitia realized that there was something fishy going on.

Why exactly had they been brought and gathered here? Nobody knew so they could only resort to focusing on their cultivation.

Letitia and these other women had waited here for half a month until, one day, three young men arrived. Their bodies emitted strong auras and all of them were powerful masters at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

Chapter 1570 Zen's Ranking Dropped

When the three men entered the hall, the man on left chuckled as he said, "These women are warriors that have just ascended to our Pure Jade Sacred Place."

"The female warriors at the Soul Sea Realm from the Lower World are all beauties, aren't they?" the man on the right remarked with a smirk.

The most handsome one stood in the middle, attracting every woman's gaze the moment he stepped into the hall. "Those that can ascend to the Upper World must be the most talented warriors in the Lower World. From a young age, they've used pills to change their facial features and body shape, perpetuating their youth. That's why they're all beauties," he explained plainly.

Having waited there for quite a while, the women at the Soul Sea Realm found themselves eager to approach the three men that just arrived and ask about their status.

The lady in the lead asked, "Sirs, I wonder what the Pure Jade Sacred Place intends to do by putting us all in here?"

One of the men chuckled and said, "Don't worry. We have no ill intentions. It's just that it's rather difficult for women to ascend to the Upper World, so we decide to save you the trouble of mining."

Although all the warriors from the Lower World in the hall were women, they had all gone through so much before ascending to the Upper World. Naturally, they weren't impressed by the man's words.

In truth, they all knew that he was making it sound much simpler than it was actually going to be.

"If that's the case, why do we need to be locked in here? Why not just let us go?" another woman asked with a smile.

Standing in the corner was Letitia, who furrowed her brows when she heard the woman's question. If they were freed, she'd be able to go and find Zen. But with the way things were looking, it seemed the men weren't just going to let them go too easily.

As expected, the man only laughed. "The Pure Jade Sacred Place is the greatest power of the Three Purities World. Since you've ascended here, could it be that you all want to give up the rare opportunity to join our sacred place?"

Worry filled the hearts of the women in the hall.

Because they knew they were no match for the three men, they could only wait and see what they were really after.

"Master Hai of our Pure Jade Sacred Place is almost a world lord. He wants to take in some disciples. You are all fortunate enough to be chosen for the status. Follow me. It's worth noting, however, that Master Hai has his own standards. Not just anyone can become his disciple. Good luck, girls."

"Master Hai's disciples?"

"I've had no master since I started cultivating. No matter what cultivation level Master Hai is at, I refuse to be his disciple."

"I knew being brought here was bad news. There are so many women at the Soul Sea Realm in the Upper World. Why must Master Hai take us as his disciples?"

These women were all clever enough to understand what was going on—it was rather upsetting.

But why would the three men at the Spirit Supreme Realm bother listening to what they had to say?

At his command, a squadron of soldiers rushed in from outside the hall. They pulled out several gray bracelets and forced them on the women's wrists—they were Life Vitality Sealing Bracelets.

Those who wore such bracelets were rendered unable to use their life vitality.

While some of the women were keen on resisting, they knew that they couldn't possibly take on the three warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm and the soldiers at the Soul Sea Realm. The women were only at the early stage of Soul Sea Realm, after all.

Letitia didn't bother resisting, but she gave the ring on her finger a few strokes—she had given her own space ring to Zen and later had a weapon refiner at the Cloud Hall to forge her another one.

In her heart, she silently prayed for Zen's protection.

But because he was still stuck in the Illusion Battlefield, he had no clue that Letitia had already ascended.

Meanwhile, Zen, Aurora, Amber, and the rest were still climbing up the Sacred Ailanthus.

The tree had a total of thirteen branches, each branch home to some kind of strange bug.

On the eighth branch, Explosive Ferocious Ants lay.

On the ninth branch, there were Human-faced Cicadas—the faces were so lifelike, and the fact that they could actually speak like humans made them all the more terrifying.

Then, on the tenth branch, Poison Ice Toads.

On the eleventh, Vigorous Elephant-nose Bugs.

Amber, Aurora, and the other Demon Night warriors had made quite the record passing the twelfth branch.

But every time they made it to the twelfth branch, many of them got killed.

This time, with Zen's help, not only did they speed up dramatically, but also not a single warrior died.

With that, Zen became a mighty warrior in the eyes of this group of Demon Night warriors.

The Poison Ice Toads were highly toxic creatures—none of the warriors had ever seen such creatures in the outside world.

Even if it was Amber or Aurora who was bitten by them, they would still fall victim to the venom.

But Zen had charged straight through these creatures like they were nothing—he didn't show even a hint of reaction to the danger.

The Vigorous Elephant-nose Bugs had a strength that shouldn't have been ignored—it was far beyond what an ordinary warrior could handle. But Zen's brute force was a level higher, able to suppress the bugs easily.

After a moment, they finally stood atop the twelfth branch of the Sacred Ailanthus.

At the end of the branch were forty round red fruits.

"Are you telling me that these fruits are full of Illusion Points?" A strange expression appeared on Zen's face as he examined the cluster of fruits.

With a nod, Aurora said, "Each one contains 100, 000 Illusion Points."

"So many!"

The news was shocking to even Zen.

Throughout the whole thing, he believed that it was a shortcut to plunder someone else's Illusion Points.

Most of the participants in the Illusion Battlefield also thought the same way, so the battles were mostly concentrated around the cities.

From the looks of it, the arrangements of the Illusion Battlefield were far richer than he initially imagined.

It was no wonder Aurora and Amber had to keep re-entering the Deadwood Gate.

With Zen's strength, he could easily climb up the Sacred Ailanthus all by himself. If he could obtain those fruits by himself, he could probably gather four million Illusion Points in one trip. According to Aurora, the Deadwood Gate had opened up three times. If he entered it all by himself three times, wouldn't that have made twelve million Illusion Points?

It was no wonder he could only rank a bit below the 10, 000th place of the Illusion Battlefield after killing Lucille and having accumulated almost five million Illusion Points.

"Everyone here can get one of these fruits." When Aurora walked over, she picked out one, signaling that it was time to sit more comfortably.

The eyes of the Demon Night warriors lit up. A single fruit meant 100, 000 Illusion Points, after all.

Since the other warriors were following behind Zen, they didn't really have to deal with the bugs themselves. The fact they could gain 100, 000 Illusion Points was already more than enough.

"As for the rest of the Illusion Points, 30% for me and 70% for you. What do you think, Zen?" With a smile, Aurora fixed her blue eyes on him.

"Sure," Zen nodded. "What about Amber? Why doesn't she need it?"

The moment he finished speaking, Amber shook her head, "I don't need it."

"Why not?" Zen prodded.

In place of Amber, Aurora went ahead and answered the question. "If Amber accumulates a certain amount of Illusion Points, she'll definitely make it to the front. With so many Demon Night warriors keeping an eye on the list, she'll definitely be noticed by the others. The current Amber doesn't need to be noticed—it's better for her to blend in and be forgotten."

Amber's body was still in the Demon Night prison, after all, and the top five million warriors in the entire Illusion Battlefield would attract unnecessary attention. With her strength, it wouldn't be difficult for her to enter the top five million.

If Elena noticed this by chance, Amber would face even more severe consequences.

Although it wasn't a probable outcome, it wasn't worth the risk.

Looking deeply into Amber's eyes, Zen nodded. "I got it."

Then, he took the fruits from Aurora and crushed them one by one.

Every time he crushed a fruit, the Illusion Points burst out of it before rapidly fleeing into his body.

After crushing 21 fruits, Zen obtained 2, 100, 000 Illusion Points—such a number was beyond anyone's expectation. It was only a little less than the points he gained from killing Lucille.

But when he checked his ranking, it turned out that he barely moved.

In this supreme world, his ranking had already moved up to the 267th.

But in the entire Illusion Battlefield, his ranking didn't only fail to improve, but also dropped to the 15, 000th. This meant that the warriors ahead of him were plundering Illusion Points much faster than him.

Chapter 1571 Eyeballs

Upon checking his ranking, Zen couldn't help but sigh.

In the Illusion Battlefield, there were just too many competitors to take on.

Putting strength aside, each of these warriors at the Soul Sea Realm had their own individual chances and fortunate encounters.

Such warriors with both strength and luck could easily monopolize places like the Deadwood Gate, plundering Illusion Points. Naturally, they could obtain the points much faster than the ordinary warriors.

If it wasn't for Amber's sake, Zen could have easily chased away this group of Demon Night warriors to monopolize the Deadwood Gate by himself. When the gate opened, he could enter it himself and take away four million Illusion Points like it was nothing. Lucille, who had occupied an entire city and forced the warriors to pay her Illusion Points, couldn't be compared to Zen in how he obtained the points.

Because of the fear that something like this would happen, Aurora had been rather wary of Zen. Being a world lord descendant, she'd had her hopes up for getting a good rank—it was probably a tad painful to volunteer the 21 fruits to him.

"Hey, look at this! There's a plate leading to the thirteenth branch. Why don't we move forward?" Zen asked the group as he stared at the area.

"We can't go there." Amber shook her head.

After a blink of her eyes, Aurora smiled, "Zen, you can challenge it if you really want to. But the thirteenth branch is the apex of the Sacred Ailanthus. It'll be difficult beyond what we're capable of. Though, I suppose the reward is quite promising."

Hearing her words, Zen nodded. "I want to give it a try!"

Although he was already in the top twenty thousand in the entire Illusion Battlefield, this rank was by no means the end of it.

"We've climbed onto the thirteenth branch once. It should be the place of inheritance of the sorcerer race. We were attacked by some strange spells when we entered. The spells took some of us out before we retreated. Zen, you must consider this carefully," Amber said with a now worry-stricken face.

With a nod, Zen smiled. "Even if it doesn't work, I can still leave."

Since he already made up his mind, Amber could no longer hope to stop him—she knew there was no point in trying to do so once he was determined to do something.

As for the other Demon Night members, they couldn't help but feel some sense of anticipation. While they had all been through the Deadwood Gate a number of times, none of them ever dared to set foot atop the Sacred Ailanthus. They wanted to see if Zen could really make it.

Under the crowd's watchful eyes, Zen stepped onto the plate. Along with some sort of cough sounds from the small skulls, another set of words appeared under his feet. Without hesitation, he flew toward the top of the tree at full speed.

At the top was a huge, gray treetop. At this point, the white clouds were already swirling around it, turning it into a leaden gray.

A strange feeling rose in Zen's gut the moment he set foot on the surface.

'This feels familiar…

Where have I felt it before?' he wondered.

For a moment, Zen stayed still and tried running through his memories, but he couldn't find the answer among them.

A brown-yellow branch spread out from the top of the giant tree, forming a flat platform. On the platform were skulls that stood dozens of feet wide.

"These skulls… They should be the skulls of the Giants, appropriated by the sorcerer race to build houses…" Zen murmured as he sized up the massive structures.

He knew little of the Giants. The warriors of this race were double the size of the ogres, but they moved slowly and didn't have much talent. The only thing they could really brag about was their innate supernatural strength—almost every Giant had it.

But in the Upper World, where many talents roamed, it was impossible for the Giants to contend against another race by merely relying on brute force.

So in the Upper World, the Giants could only be considered a small race.

After he was satisfied examining them, Zen began exploring along the treetop.

Perhaps it was because he was alone, but the surrounding atmosphere felt particularly gloomy.

Suddenly, the Sacred Ailanthus was extremely quiet. Earlier, Zen hadn't felt this way because he was accompanied by the Demon Night warriors. Now that he was standing there alone, he could hear even his own heartbeat.

Plop!

Plop!

Plop!

After taking a few steps forward, he stopped.

Then, something made him frown.

The sound of his heart seemed too loud for comfort.

But just as he stopped walking, his heartbeat seemed to slowly sink in again. After a few seconds, it couldn't be heard anymore.

What was going on?

After a moment of thought, he moved his feet again.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

Just as he took another step forward, his heartbeat turned loud again.

"Ha-ha! Interesting!"

A sneer surfaced on Zen's face. Now, he was certain that he had fallen into some sort of strange spell.

These days, spells were considered a relatively small part of cultivation methods. When the sorcerer race disappeared, their inheritance spells disappeared along with them. Only very few spells had been passed down since then, but none of them was particularly known.

The power of the spells lay in their oddity. A spell could often kill people without them noticing, making it impossible to even hope to guard against.

Zen was well aware that he wouldn't be able to see through the spell, but he decided not to think too much about it. Instead, he allowed the sound of his heartbeat to grow louder and louder as he took each step.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

As he took more steps forward, the sounds grew more intense as if someone kept punching him right in the heart.

But Zen's body refinement worked from the outside in. The strength of his body wasn't limited to only his tendons, bones, or skin; even his internal organs had absorbed all sorts of flames, making themselves as tough as a divine weapon.

If it were any other warrior with their heart gripped by this strange force, they probably would have already been severely injured and rendered unable to move. But Zen was completely at ease—it was no big deal ignoring the heartbeat resounding in his ears.

But after about five minutes, he stopped once again.

"This path doesn't seem right. I think I'm walking in circles."

On the road atop the tree, there were sixty to seventy gigantic skulls. After circling a few times, he soon found himself walking in circles.

He felt trapped in the space.

With this thought, Zen closed his eyes and then a layer of green light flashed through his pupils.

He activated his magic vision and swept his gaze in a circular motion.

Zen's eyes widened as he looked through the faint, lead-gray fog—he couldn't help but suck in a sharp breath of cold air.

In the depths of the fog, huge eyeballs were floating about.

Unable to gauge the distance, Zen couldn't tell the exact size of the eyeballs, but they were undoubtedly enormous compared to him. They floated silently in the air as their gaze remained fixed on him.

No matter what kind of creature these eyeballs came from, anyone who was targeted by them would undoubtedly feel their blood run cold—Zen was no exception.

Chapter 1572 Ancient Race And Shadow Creature

"There are a total of thirteen giant eyeballs. These eyeballs should represent some kind of vital symbol of the sorcerer race. They might even represent the supreme existence of their tribe..."

Previously, Zen had speculated that this enormous Illusion Battlefield could have been constructed according to the omnipotent will of the heavens, and that this will contained the vast expanse of memories from the heavens.

During this grand era, it contained all of these: the civilizations that were created, the civilizations that were destroyed, and the civilizations that had survived. They all appeared one after another in the Illusion Battlefield.

For example, the temple that Zen had entered was derived from the Blessed Buddha Land.

And this Sacred Ailanthus in front of him contained the origins from the sorcerer race.

In the vast universe, after billions of years had passed, there were countless new civilizations that had formed.

Some civilizations were short-lived and disappeared into the river of history, becoming mere flotsam in the grand scheme of things. Others grew stronger and thrived, such as the human race, the Demon Night, and so on.

In that temple, Zen had obtained a Teleportation Token that had allowed him to freely travel through this supreme world.

What then awaited him at the top of the Sacred Ailanthus?

If for being safe and sound, then Zen could have chosen to not enter this place. Moreover, he could use the Teleportation Token to escape from any predicament, now that he could use it again!

Actually, there was nothing that would threaten his life, since everyone and everything in the Illusion Battlefield were only projections. But all of the warriors were working hard, and Zen obviously would not choose to retreat from a fight.

Moreover, he had just checked his ranking. Although he had obtained over two million Illusion Points, in the end his ranking didn't rise but fell!

The warriors ranked ahead of Zen had either used some special methods to plunder more Illusion Points, or had discovered something that Zen had yet to find.

If Zen didn't want to fight now, his ranking would plummet!

Outside the gray fog, those huge eyeballs were just quietly floating in the air, without any conscious movement, as if they were just part of a strange background.

Zen naturally was unworried and didn't care about them. He stood there hesitating for a moment, and then suddenly jumped up!

Since he was unable to find a way through this maze, he didn't want to waste too much time on it. Thus, with a leap, he flew up into the air.

No matter how complex the maze was, it could not extend into the sky. Besides, there was no ban on flying above the Sacred Ailanthus.

"Huff, huff …"

Although there was a thick, gray fog obscuring most of the sky in front of him, with the help of his magic vision ability, Zen was able to glean a good look at the surroundings above the tree.

The top of the tree covered a vast space. It was a treetop shaped like a mountain. It sloped upwards at an angle of thirty degrees, and covered an area about the size of a city. Zen could cross it in a few seconds with his fast speed.

There was a ball of purple light swaying slightly on the tallest bough of the tree, but Zen was too far away from that light ball, so he couldn't tell what it was.

"Huff…"

After Zen flew along the treetop for a long time, he suddenly stopped mid-air and his gaze instantly froze!

As he flew, he had used the ball of purple light as a point of reference. However, after flying for a long time, the distance between him and the ball of purple light hadn't changed at all!

When Zen looked down, he saw the three skulls placed together, which marked the starting point of his flight.

"There is some sort of power spreading throughout this maze that binds me here. Is it formed by the Space Law?"

It was definitely impossible for an ordinary maze to have such an effect. The only possible reason for Zen to hover in the air was because the maze had been created by the Space Law.

As he thought of this, Zen suddenly flashed a step forward. This time, he was moving through space.

His figure became a long shadow, disappearing from one location and only to reappear in another place.

After a few more steps, the ball of purple light at the top of the tree was getting closer and closer to Zen!

"It works?!"

Zen was overjoyed at his progress!

However, just as he was shuttling through space again, he uttered a stifled groan as his body impacted with something, causing him to stagger and fall from space.

He had bumped into an invisible barrier when he was shuttling through space.

Then he found himself have returned to his original spot.

At this moment, the bitter hint of a wry smile appeared on Zen's face. He was truly helpless! This was a sensation that Zen was not familiar or comfortable with. Zen had always found a way to move ahead.

"Plop, plop …"

A heartbeat sound made Zen's eyebrows wrinkle slightly. The predicament before him was indeed a thorny dilemma to deal with.

Despite the time and efforts that Zen had expended, he once again descended on the treetop. His eyes were staring at these large skulls, while his mind continued to gnaw at the issues.

These skulls were twice as tall as Zen and shaped almost like a house.

Zen had not paid them much heed before, but as he walked back and forth, he realized that the heartbeat sounds became louder or quieter as he came closer to, or withdrew from the skulls.

It was this slight difference that had caused Zen to notice the skulls.

He walked forward and rubbed tentatively at the surface of the skull with his hand.

Zen's eyes flashed slightly, and he then exerted some of the strength in his hands!

"Crack!"

A crack appeared on the surface of the skull, jaggedly extending from the cheekbone all the way to the top of the skull.

With his eyes following the fissure, Zen once again struck out with his palm, and the huge skull finally disintegrated.

"Boom…"

The moment the skull split open, a figure was revealed within. The figure was black in color, and looked like it was one-third the size of an ordinary human! It was wrapped in a tattered cloth, and its gaunt body could be vaguely seen through the rags.

"Whoosh…"

The figure suddenly disappeared into another skull in a flash, before Zen could get a closer look at it.

"This is… a Shadow Creature!"

When Zen had been in the Lower World, he had seen this type of creature before!

With a single glance, Zen had formed a very deep impression of this rugged type of figure. At that time, there had been a group of Shadow Creatures chasing after him and several Celestial Position members.

Why would he now meet a Shadow Creature here?

Could it be that this ancient sorcerer race was in fact the Shadow Race that had once been cursed by gods?

He had barely chased the creature out, and then the heartbeat sounds in his ears also disappeared. It seemed like it was all because of that Shadow Creature.

Thinking of this, Zen no longer felt any hesitation. His figure flashed as he stepped in front of the next gigantic skull.

The skulls of the Giant were not durable in nature at all. Faced with Zen's divine weapon body, their bones were like paper and he quickly crashed into one skull.

However, in the moment that Zen crashed into it, two rugged black shadows appeared from the huge eye sockets of the skull.

"Two?

These skulls are all hiding these creatures?"

"Whoosh …"

This time, Zen did not plan on letting the creatures slip into the next skull. He wanted to catch one and launch a thorough investigation.

These dark figures weren't very big, but their speed was indeed incredibly fast. Although Zen had activated his bodily movement skill, he was only able to grab a piece of the tattered cloth fluttering behind them.

"Tss, tss …"

The strip of cloth in Zen's hand had suddenly turned into columns of black gas, which ate corrosively at his fingers. This thing also had poison on it.

If it had been someone else, even their bones would have been corroded. However, Zen's expression did not change at all, and he continued to chase after the black figures.

"Gila —"

Zen chased after one of them, while the other black figure extended its jagged fingers. The curved nails on its fingers were like the claws of a wild beast, and it was chanting an incantation.

Although he knew that this ancient sorcerer race's spells were powerful, Zen had no time to care about that right now. He had to capture this thing first!

Although the dark figure was nimble, its speed was still a lot slower than Zen's. When Zen extended his hand, that black figure could no longer dodge. It was firmly pressed onto the ground by Zen who lifted off its cloak at once!

The moment the cloak was lifted free, it turned into wisps of black fog that started to dissipate immediately. The figure in front of him did indeed look human, but its entire body was pitch black and there was no skin on its hands and feet. Instead, a shining hard shell covered all of its body.

"Gila —"

The thing that Zen was holding on to ground seemed to know that it could not escape, and was also chanting an incantation in a strange language.

Two black vortexes appeared next to Zen, and two palm-sized skulls emerged from the two black vortexes.

These skulls were exactly the same as the ones that Zen had seen earlier on the plates. The only difference was that these skulls had opened their mouths and were moving towards Zen to bite him!

Chapter 1573 Hall Of Causality

Zen punched the two palm-sized skulls twice!

However, he didn't put those small skulls in his eyes. His hands barely felt any pain when he punched the skulls since he used just a fraction of his strength!

Zen thought that it was enough to shatter them.

What he didn't know was that the skulls wouldn't shatter. He was shocked to see that they only flew away.

They were catapulted a few hundred meters away and even passed through two giant skulls. What was more shocking was they circled back with open mouths, aiming to bite Zen!

These small skulls… They were quite unusual!

"Gira...

Gira..."

In addition, Zen heard more curses that came from the surrounding giant skulls at the same time.

Black vortexes then surrounded Zen like a blanket of smoke as small skulls arose from them.

"They really can't be broken?" Zen murmured.

He crushed the figure on the ground, then grabbed a small skull with a wave of his right hand.

"Break!"

This time, Zen had used the power of ten thousand dragon scales!

A surging force flowed through Zen's right arm and into his five fingers. This turbulent force enabled him to even twist a divine weapon.

However...

This small skull was like a solid boulder as it withstood Zen's strength. Zen was still unable to crush it even he had used such a strong power.

20, 000 dragon scales!

30, 000 dragon scales!

It was such a small skull but Zen had already exhausted almost all his strength. He had even used the power of the dragon scales to make all the forceful energy in his body erupt.

Yet, the small skull still didn't crack at all!

To make things worse, the other small skulls also rushed towards Zen at the same time to bite him.

"Ke! Ke! Ke!"

Zen quickly spun and kicked away all the skulls. Then, he suddenly moved in a flash in an attempt to kill the beings hidden inside the enormous skulls first.

"Boom!"

One by one, Zen broke through the giant skulls.

Luckily, it wasn't hard to deal with the ragged creatures in black cloaks.

It was almost impossible to escape from Zen while he used his full strength.

His body was like a snake that slithered along the treetop. He destroyed and killed the giant skulls and creatures one by one.

After a while, Zen noticed that he increasingly got closer to the top of the tree.

He finally realized that if he wanted to leave this maze, he'd have to destroy it.

Although Zen had come up with a solution to the problem and it wasn't difficult for him to get close to the purple light, a new problem arose. What should he do with these small skulls?

He originally thought the small skulls which were summoned by the strange creatures would disappear after he had killed those creatures. However, he hadn't seen even a single skull vanish even if he had already killed more than half of those creatures. In fact, the smalls skulls that followed Zen from behind even increased in number, and he couldn't fend them off.

It could be said that there was no connection between killing the creatures and the small skulls.

One hour had passed.

Zen had crushed all the big skulls on the treetop within that timeframe.

Therefore, Zen had also eliminated those from the Shadow Race!

However, there were four to five hundred more palm-sized skulls that floated behind Zen. The densely crowded skulls took turns to bite Zen's body, which made his skin crawl.

"Scram!"

A resounding force surged from Zen's body!

It struck the densely packed skulls behind him and sent them flying in different directions.

Then, something strange happened: after a short while, they moved towards Zen and continued to bite him again!

The skulls' bites weren't that strong, and since Zen's body was a divine weapon, he didn't feel much of them.

But if he couldn't get rid of these skulls, wouldn't they always be behind him?

At that moment, Zen suddenly remembered something.

Back when he had been captured by a Supreme Lord in the Middle Sky Region, there was a Supreme Lord who had been followed by countless skulls. Those skulls also ceaselessly bit at that Supreme Lord.

That Supreme Lord must have killed the people of the Shadow Race as well, which was why those skulls followed him.

If even a Supreme Lord couldn't do anything to these skulls, then Zen would be even more helpless.

Then again, that Supreme Lord had killed those creatures in the universe, and Zen was still in the Illusion Battlefield. Still, it was unseemly to be carrying so many skulls around the Illusion Battlefield!

Zen hesitated for a while, then simply shook his head. Whatever. He could only take one step at a time anyway. At most, the skulls would be considered as a "shell" on his back. They were so hard, maybe they would be helpful in resisting some attacks.

Without further thinking, Zen walked towards the purple light.

After Zen broke through the maze, he was only about two thousand feet away from the violet light. There was a flight of stairs made from tree branches in front of him. These steps rose into the air and extended all the way to the top of the Sacred Ailanthus.

The moment Zen stepped onto the stairs, a giant eye in the sky blinked.

Zen smelled a strange fragrance, then the surrounding fog turned from a leaden gray to a light yellow.

"Poison fog?" he muttered.

The two most powerful methods of the sorcerer race were poisoning and incantation.

The incantation indeed gave Zen a headache. The small skulls which hung on his back and continuously ground their teeth was an example. He had no solution for that at all.

As for the poisoning, though…

He completely ignored it.

The yellow poisonous fog around him was actually the ancient sorcerer race's long-lost Datura Poison.

The method to make this poison had been lost for quite a long time. However, there were some records that stated how fatal the poison was. Normal warriors couldn't resist it, and even some of the world lords would be horrified at the mere mention of it. This poison had killed countless warriors when the ancient sorcerer race expanded.

However, no matter how domineering the poison was, it was useless against Zen.

He was just a weapon, but a weapon that looked like a human…

As Zen walked forward another 100 feet, another giant eye blinked and the yellow mist dissipated. What filled the air next was a blue poisonous fog.

This time however, Zen frowned at the sight of the blue fog.

It wasn't because he was afraid of the poison, but because the blue fog was too unpleasant.

The yellow poisonous gas was extremely fragrant. Meanwhile, the blue poisonous gas smelled extremely pungent, and assaulted his senses with its putrid scent.

Zen could only cover his nose as he continued forward.

Then the poisonous fog changed again every time Zen had passed 100 feet. All of them also smelled different, but most of them were quite foul-smelling, like the stench of rotten fish. All the smells except for the first poisonous fog made Zen feel really uncomfortable.

If those supreme masters of the ancient sorcerer race had discovered that Zen judged their Thirteen Deadly Poisons as such, they would probably be so angry that they'd vomit blood.

These Thirteen Deadly Poisons were the proud invention of the ancient sorcerer race, and each of them had a different virulence. Some poisons could cause one's entire body to fester and die, while others would hide in the body of a martial artist for several years before erupting--then once they exploded, there would be nothing left of their victims. The poisons could even devour their victim's body.

However, it would be a reckless waste for them to use these poisons to Zen.

The steps were covered in all sorts of poisonous fog. It might be a natural moat for ordinary warriors, which they couldn't pass through at all.

On the other hand, Zen passed through them with ease and finally arrived in front of the ball of purple light!

The ball of purple light floated in the air like a bluish wave. Zen observed it, and his face turned sour with disappointment.

"If there are no fruits, and no Illusion Points, then what is this?"

Then, he saw a rectangular iron ticket which floated in the middle of the purple ball of light.

He reached out into the ball and grabbed at the rectangular iron ticket. Curiosity flashed in his eyes.

Zen's gaze froze when he grabbed the iron ticket and saw three words on it--"Hall of Causality".

At that same moment, the iron ticket had conveyed a thought to him.

"You can enter the Hall of Causality after paying five million Illusion Points. A total of ten warriors is required to open the hall, and three more are needed. Would you like to pay the Illusion Points?"

Zen was stunned at the words from the voice that echoed in his head!

"I've painstakingly roamed the top of this tree for so long, it's even fine if you don't give me Illusion Points--but now I'm actually supposed to pay five million Illusion Points?" Zen said. Torn with his feelings, he had no idea whether to laugh or cry.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1574 Annoying Little Skulls

Zen had worked so hard at the very top of the Sacred Ailanthus but all he got were this iron ticket, these annoying skulls and their painful bites!

He quickly swept his gaze and didn't see anything else that was special about the treetop anymore.

He even activated his magical eyes and focused his gaze on the thirteen giant eyeballs.

Zen licked his lips. "I wonder what reward I might get if these eyeballs were shattered."

Thinking quickly, Zen jumped up and broke through the fog, flying towards those huge eyeballs in the sky.

However, just as he got close, a huge invisible force stopped him and slapped him away from the sky!

"Bang!"

The force was extremely shocking and also painful! Zen didn't have a choice but to stop and fall from his ascent.

His body recoiled and he quickly fell from the tree.

His instinctual reaction was to immediately try to stop the momentum of his fall.

However, he quickly realized that he was powerless against the formless energy that currently surrounded him so he simply resigned himself to his fate and let gravity do its thing.

At the base of the Sacred Ailanthus, Amber, Aurora, and the rest of the team waited for Zen to come down.

A few of them had started theorizing why he still hadn't come down.

"That guy... Could he have been sent back to the main city?" Aurora raised her head but couldn't really make anything out of the thick fog that covered the tree.

If Zen had been sent back to the main city, that meant he would have died up there.

"It would be a pity if that was the case. He has so many Illusion Points. It'll just be left up there on top of the tree," Vivian remarked.

Amber, however, shook her head. "I don't think he died."

"But it has been so long...!"

Just as Aurora finished her words, a shadow burst through the fog and fell to the ground.

"Boom!"

The force of the impact caused the entire ground to tremble for a few seconds.

Noticing the hole that had formed on the ground, Amber quickly went towards the crash site.

"Zen!" she shouted, seeing Zen climbing out of the hole. "Are you okay?" Zen smiled at Amber's concern.

"Don't worry. I'm fine."

Aurora floated over like a butterfly but, just as she was about to speak, quickly noticed a dark mass on top of her head. She looked up and her jaw almost fell to the ground after seeing a number of small skulls floating above her.

It wasn't just her, Amber and the rest of the Demon Night members were also taken aback by this surprise.

"Be careful!" Amber yelled to everyone, exercising vigilance against these skulls.

With sword in hand, she immediately channeled her power through the blade and released a bright ray of light towards these small skulls.

"Clap, clap..."

Dozens of skulls were deflected by Amber's attack but it didn't prove to be very effective in completely vanquishing them. The skulls merely circled back and rushed towards Zen, still trying to bite his back with their ghastly white teeth.

Amber couldn't believe her eyes. "Wh-what?" The attack she released just now was extremely powerful but how come there wasn't even a dent in any of those skulls?

"It's useless!!" Zen yelled in despair. "These little skulls can't be destroyed!"

"What the hell is going on?" Despite the chaos that was currently ensuing, Aurora had a visible smile on her face. She found Zen's current situation interesting, and couldn't help but laugh at how funny he looked with all those skulls on his back. Frankly, he looked like a turtle.

"This should be the curse of the sorcerer race," Zen said, throwing out a small skull that had been gnawing on his shoulder. "Their curse is so powerful that these things are almost indestructible."

The skull he had thrown merely circled back towards him. Zen raised a finger in the air and waved an arc that then split and formed into numerous swords. The blades attacked the skull but couldn't even deal any sort of damage to it.

Seeing that none of the attacks worked, Zen waited for the skull to reach him. The others watched in bated breath as the young man suddenly reached out and grabbed the skull in his hand. He then lightly pressed his space ring and took out his pickaxe.

"That's... That's the Black Star! It's a supreme divine weapon!"

Aurora couldn't help but marvel in amazement.

She was a successor of a world lord and had access to the best resources but not even she was allowed anywhere near a supreme divine weapon.

The universe had too many world lords to count.

But there were only around three thousand supreme divine weapons.

These weapons had existed for countless years and it took around millions of years for a new one to be born.

And here was Zen with a supreme divine weapon of his own.

To say Aurora was amazed was an understatement. To Zen, however, whether his weapon was a supreme divine weapon or not was irrelevant. If it was powerful and useful then he'd keep it.

Since this Black Star pickaxe could dig out all the Laws of Causality, Zen wondered if it could also deal some damage to these small skulls.

"Bang!"

He brandished the pickaxe and struck the surface of the skull.

However, nothing happened.

Not even a supreme divine weapon could dent this stubborn, indestructible skull!

That could only mean one thing.

The Law of Causality in these skulls was much stronger than the one inside the Black Star pickaxe!

How could this be?

Whether it was the ancient sorcerer race or the Shadow Race, could they have been really that powerful?

Those cloaked men from the Shadow Race weren't considered very strong and Zen knew it wouldn't be that difficult for him to deal with them.

But how were they able to summon such troublesome little skulls?

If the Shadow Race were this powerful, why did they flee to the back of the world?

There was no going about it. Since not even the Black Star pickaxe worked on these fiends then Zen would just have to accept these skulls and their incessant biting.

Aurora helped Zen remove a couple of skulls from his back. As she did so, she couldn't help but take one and examine it closely. A small smile broke through her face. "I think I found a way to work this one out?"

"What's that?" Zen asked.

Aurora raised the skull. "These guys... They've been biting you the entire time, right?"

"Yes!" Zen nodded. "And I have no idea how long they'll keep following me like this."

"Back in the main city, there are rules constructed by the law of the heavens. Fighting is forbidden there. Maybe we can give that power a try?" Aurora suggested.

Zen's eyes lit up at her suggestion.

He suddenly wondered why he never thought of that before.

As per the Illusion Battlefield's rules, fighting was strictly prohibited inside the main cities. This rule was inevitable since it was constructed by the heavens. He didn't think these skulls would be able to violate such absolute laws.

With no option left, maybe Zen should try entering a main city.

He had previously set off from the Demon Night's main city and travelled twenty thousand miles north before arriving at the Deadwood Gate. Near here, there were two main cities, one to the north and one to the west.

He'd honestly do anything right now just to get rid of these pesky skulls.

"Other than these little skulls, what else did you get? Could it be a hundred fruits?" Aurora asked.

She knew she'd never make it up there but she was still curious about what Zen had acquired from the top.

Zen's eyes widened. A hundred fruits would be worth ten million points!

He immediately took out his iron ticket but sighed in defeat, "No, not a single fruit. I didn't even get one measly point. All I got are this and the annoying skulls. Apparently, I need to lose five million Illusion Points!"

Aurora gasped in amazement, "Five million?!" She herself had only managed to accumulate no more than 2 million Illusion Points and her rate hadn't been slow at all.

What was so special with that iron ticket? Zen had directly been asked to pay so many Illusion Points!

To enter the Hall of Causality, one would have to pay five million Illusion Points. Just what kind of priceless reward awaited there to warrant such a high price? Not many people would know since not many people really had that amount of points to begin with.

However, Zen didn't really have the time to think about this with so many annoying skulls still on his back.

Chapter 1575 Power Of The Main City

Zen did not return to the main city of the Demon Night with Aurora and Amber.

The speed at which they traveled through the Deadwood Gate and received Illusion Points wasn't at all slow, where ordinary martial artists were concerned, but it was still far from enough for Zen. His quest for success was insatiable, and he would only accept the very best and fastest.

Another consideration was that after Zen came to the Deadwood Gate, the Illusion Points that had been distributed to Aurora would naturally decrease. She probably didn't want him to stay either.

Outside the Deadwood Gate, many of the Demon Night warriors witnessed Zen's transformation into a streak of light that headed north.

Amber watched Zen's departure with a complicated look on her face.

Aurora glanced over at Amber and knew instinctively what she was thinking.

After all, he probably represented the last sliver of a chance for her to regain her freedom, and that had meaning, no matter how small that chance was.

"I feel that Zen is already strong enough to fight the ace talents of the major powers. He might even be able to fight for a place in the top one hundred of the Illusion Battlefield," Aurora said by way of encouragement.

The top one hundred of the Illusion Battlefield, no matter where those martial artists were placed in the top one hundred, would be considered exceptional and without par!

They would be considered to be the blessed ones of the world!

Some of them had rare and special bloodlines. Some had no peers to their innate talents. Others even had heaven-defying karmic luck.

Out of a vast multitude of martial artists, only these kinds of warriors were qualified to be called the ace talents.

Amber was silent for a long time, her eyes fixed on the disappearing streak of light. When Zen had completely disappeared from sight, she said, "Zen will win in the Illusion Battlefield."

When Aurora heard her words and sensed the power of her conviction, a peculiar color appeared in her eyes.

'Win? Contest for first place?

Amber is a bit too optimistic, ' Aurora thought realistically.

Admittedly, Zen's strength was amazing, far surpassing that of an ordinary warrior of the Soul Sea Realm. With the strength that Zen had displayed now, even an ordinary Spirit Supreme Realm warrior wouldn't be able to last one round against him.

But the competition he faced now was even more terrifying!

There were the ace talents from various races.

For instance, the strength of Eunice from the Demon Night was unfathomable. It would definitely not be easy for Zen to win, added to which, there were so many races in the universe. Every one of them had a strong competitor. Zen would have to face and best them all to win the Illusion Battlefield.

Amber's faith in Zen was a bit too blind.

However, Aurora wasn't going to point that out. If Zen was truly able to do it, she would be happy for Amber. Perhaps, he could really rescue Amber out of that purgatory in three years!

It would take about twelve hours to open the Deadwood Gate again, after its fruits had been taken away.

During this period of time, Aurora decided to bring the warriors from the Demon Night back to the city to rest. Now, they were on their way back.

Finally, Zen's Teleportation Token could be used again.

However, every time he used the Teleportation Token, he would have to wait a long time before he could use it again. Now that he knew with certainty that there would be a main city to the north, he naturally would not want to waste a single teleportation opportunity.

As he took off into the sky, his body trembled violently. After shaking off the bothersome small skulls that were swarming around him, he immediately turned into a flash of light and swiftly sped forward!

Unimaginably, these small skulls chased after him nonstop with an almost primal need to slaughter Zen.

In addition, their speed was almost the same as Zen's. No matter how fast he flew, they would fly as fast and match him. When he paused for a moment, those small skulls would bare their white teeth and bite him, which was more annoying than painful. However, Zen didn't know how to defeat them, or make these skulls abandon their pursuit of him.

He was helpless against them!

After flying for roughly ten thousand kilometers, a towering main city appeared ahead of them.

Just by looking at the structure of the city walls, and the supporting buttresses and columns, Zen knew that this was a main city of the ogres.

He slowed down for a bit and carefully observed his surroundings.

At the same time, a series of coughing sounds came from behind him, as the skulls had caught up and were biting his back once more.

'Forget it. I'll just try and see if I can get rid of these skulls first.' Zen's body trembled, and the force which he exuded pushed the skulls away. He once again turned into a streak of light and charged towards the main city.

Outside of the main city, many ogre martial artists were still fighting ferociously.

The ogres were a bloodthirsty and warlike race. The current hostile environment would only increase their fighting spirit!

According to Zen's plan, now that he had obtained the Teleportation Token, he would travel back and forth between the main cities and fight outside these cities.

However, right now, he was still in a hurry to get rid of the gnawing trouble behind him!

Therefore, he didn't even spare a glance at the ogre martial artists dueling outside of the city. Instead, he dashed straight towards the main city!

Whoosh!

The speed of his passage as a light beam was extremely high! As the beam of light flew past, it produced a loud crackling roar.

The ogre martial practitioners who were fighting suddenly saw this beam of light, and a look of surprise flashed across their faces.

There was actually a swarm of skulls following the light. These ogre martial artists didn't understand the situation!

"What is that thing?"

"The one at the front seems to be a human warrior who has transformed into light…"

"What is he doing here?"

The ogre martial artists inside and outside of the main city began discussing the scene before their eyes with concern and curiosity.

Zen ignored their marveling gazes and flew on towards the main city...

However, just as he approached the main city, an ogre martial artist flew out with a giant spear resting on his shoulder and said with an evil grin on his face, "Hey, where did this human brat come from? If you want to escape to the main city, then leave behind your …"

Before he finished speaking, and under the gazes of many ogre martial artists, the beam of light created by Zen swiftly arced its flight, winding towards the ogre martial artist!

Pfft!

A stream of brown blood burst forth in a great spray!

The ogre martial artist that was about to block Zen's way had been cut in half!

The vast majority of the ogre martial artists didn't even see clearly what kind of method Zen had used to kill him!

By the time they snapped to and tried to react, Zen had already arrived at the edge of the city wall!

This scene immediately caused the ogre martial practitioners present to twist their faces in fear. Those who had been discussing this matter were immediately and completely silenced. They were afraid that Zen would look upon them as his next target.

Zen's expression was extremely calm. He would not waste any more time here than necessary. He stepped onto the city walls, turned around, and looked back. He wanted to see what would happen to the small skulls. Would they be killed by the rules of the city?

In next to no time, the gloominess in his eyes intensified.

The small skulls were still grinding their white teeth, but they did not enter the main city. Instead, they lingered outside the city walls, as if the main city had a special force that repelled them and kept them outside the main city!

Zen gritted his teeth and walked off the city wall. But, as he left, the small skulls acted like a school of sharks smelling the scent of blood, as they rushed towards Zen once again …

When the small skulls bit onto his body, Zen once again entered the main city. The invisible force protecting the city once again isolated the small skulls from him, by keeping them outside!

As for the ogre martial artists inside and outside of the main city, when they saw this bizarre scene, they stared at each other blankly.

"What is this fellow doing?"

"At first, I even thought that those skulls were his weapons. It seems that he wanted to bring those skulls into the main city."

"I don't understand..."

Only moments before, Zen had used a thunderous method to kill an ogre expert. So while they were discussing him, they cautiously lowered their voices, awed by his power.

Zen thought for a while with a frown etched on his brow. He was standing on top of the city wall, when he suddenly stretched out his hand and grabbed a small skull with lightning fast speed. He then pulled the snapping skull towards himself!

He had originally been standing on the edge of the main city. If he took one step forward, then he would be outside of the city; and if he took one step back, then he would be inside of the city.

However, when Zen pulled the skull inside over the edge of the city wall, he immediately felt an obvious resistance!

This power obviously did not emanate from these small skulls because Zen could throw them tens of thousands of feet away if he caught them.

There seemed to be a forbidden zone over the main city, resisting the entry of these small skulls!

Aurora was right!

If he could bring these small skulls into the main city, he could indeed rely on the powerful rules of the main city to kill them.

The problem now was that he couldn't get them in at all!

Zen stood on top of the city wall, gripped the small skull tightly and dragged it towards the city wall. The resistance was powerful, and the veins bulged on Zen's burly arms as he used his awesome physical strength, yet still the skull did not come any further into the city. During this process, Zen also slowly activated the power of the dragon scales!

Chapter 1576 Weapons

Zen began to exert more effort to drag the skull into the city, his feet clinging onto a piece of brick on the city wall.

The power within his body, which was enough to topple the mountains and overturn the seas, surged out violently.

If he had been standing on top of a wall made of ordinary bricks and stone, the wall would have collapsed like tofu.

But this main city of the Illusion Battlefield was indestructible, and even with this level of power unleashed, the city wall beneath his feet didn't budge at all.

On the other hand, the target that had to withstand Zen's power was the small skull outside the city. The rule that fighting was forbidden in the city was void in this situation.

However, that invisible force turned out to be like an insurmountable wall! Even after Zen had activated all the dragon scales, he was still unable to drag the small skull into the main city.

The skull kept grinding its teeth on his hand and even bit Zen's fingers.

Feeling a sharp sting on his hand, Zen had no choice but to let go of the skull.

It would be impossible to destroy these small skulls by taking advantage of the power of the city's rules.

This main city was indestructible. Even if Zen unleashed his full strength, he wouldn't be able to destroy its walls, because there was an invisible power of rules protecting the place.

And for that same reason, it was impossible for Zen to pull this little skull into the main city!

This group of small skulls was a curse that had been cast by the sorcerer race. Once these skulls had been summoned, they would continuously launch attacks at their target. This was also why the main city kept them outside.

Only if Zen had the power to destroy the main city would he be able to bring the small skulls inside. However, if Zen's power was that strong, he wouldn't need to rely on the city's power of rules to kill the small skulls in the first place. He could directly crush them!

Looking at the skulls that were constantly moving around in the air, Zen shook his head and walked a few steps along the wall of the main city. The skulls also moved along the wall of the main city, following him like a shadow.

"These damned things…"

Zen was speechless as he stared at the small skulls with horrible white teeth.

Many ogre martial artists stared at Zen as he paced back and forth, each one of them becoming more and more confused. They had no idea what he was trying to do.

After Zen had walked a few steps on the top of the city wall, he frowned as he looked at the small skulls. Suddenly, he jumped out of the city and grabbed another small skull. Immense power surged out from his arm as he grabbed it and threw it at the main city.

This small skull flew toward the main city like a meteor with extreme force.

Boom!

When the skull reached the main city, it collided against an invisible wall and bounced back at an extremely fast speed, hurtling toward the ground outside the city and directly penetrating the earth.

Boom!

No one knew how far the small skull had traveled under the ground.

Not long after, the rebound force that had kept the small skull moving disappeared. Soon, the small skull emerged from the ground far away from Zen before quickly returning to him and biting into his back.

"Huh! I get it, that human kid seems to want to get rid of those skulls behind him!"

"I wonder where he attracted all these things. They are so sturdy.

They are probably even stronger than divine weapons, right?"

Although these ogre martial artists were talking in low voices, Zen still heard them.

He had already been very depressed, and now, after hearing these words, a trace of killing intent flashed in his eyes.

'Since I can't get rid of these damned things, I'll just kill and gather the Illusion Points first!' he decided.

When Zen's aura changed, the expressions of all the ogre warriors inside and outside the city walls suddenly darkened!

In particular, the ogre martial artists outside the main city were very afraid.

One of the ogre martial artists immediately reacted to the situation. Realizing that the state of affairs wasn't looking good, he fled toward the main city at an extremely fast speed without another thought.

Zen was extremely powerful, but as long as they fled into the main city, they would be safe!

However, Zen did not give them any chance to survive…

Swish!

A small skull whizzed through the air, carrying a massive force as it smashed into the head of the ogre martial artist who had been running to the main city.

The ogre martial artist had been wearing a helmet on his head, but the small skull had shattered it like it was nothing and split open the martial artist's head like it was a fragile watermelon.

A light ball of Illusion Points spread out and shot toward Zen.

Zen didn't even bother to calculate the number of Illusion Points he had gained. He simply pulled the small skulls behind him and shot them toward the rest of the ogre martial artists around him.

Boom, bang, bong!

Various sounds of collisions rang out. Zen had no other choice. These small skulls were terrifyingly tough. Combined with his frightening strength, they could become powerful weapons.

However, he would rather that they had never appeared.

In a few seconds, Zen had killed eight ogre martial artists.

Of course, there had been a lot more ogre martial artists in the vicinity to begin with. Most of them had fled back to the main city, while another few had fled into the wilderness, not daring to return to the city.

Zen didn't bother to chase after any of them. He circled around the main city, clutching one of the small skulls tightly in his hand.

Whenever he encountered any ogre martial artists outside the city, he would throw the small skull at them, killing them one by one.

More effort was required to kill ogre marital artists with powerful strength, but the weaker ones could be killed with just one strike from the small skull.

Knowing that Zen was still out there, the ogre martial artists inside the main city began to despair.

None of them had expected that such a fiend would appear outside the main city. And yet, he was nothing but a human brat!

By the time Zen circled around the main city a second time, there was no one outside.

The ogre martial artists who had been fighting each other had either been killed by Zen and returned to the main city to be revived, or had fled into the wilderness.

'It's almost empty. It's time to move to another city, ' Zen thought, shaking his head.

It was not until an hour after Zen had left the main city that a few ogre warriors carefully walked out of the city walls, looking in the direction Zen had left with traces of fear on their faces...

In a quiet corner in the wilderness, the Teleportation Token once again appeared in Zen's hand.

After it was activated, Zen's figure disappeared from the place with a flash of bright light.

The next instant, Zen appeared in a peculiar space. His gaze swept over his surroundings. Raising his eyebrows, he thought, 'Those skulls aren't following me anymore?'

The Teleportation Token could make Zen instantly appear in the center of a certain main city. He had wanted to see what would happen if he brought these skulls into the center of any city. However… The skulls had not followed Zen when he was teleported.

After choosing a main city, Zen had descended to that city.

The main city in front of him was foreign to him. All of the houses in this main city were exquisite, with a round and pointed top. They were built in a style that Zen had never seen before.

'The Night Group is a small race in the Upper World. However, the buildings of this group are exquisite and meticulous, ' Zen thought and looked around as he walked toward the walls of the main city.

The Night Group was a group that was rich in assassins. Zen had encountered them before on the Sea God Continent.

This group was skilled in the art of assassination, but hiding and assassinating would not take them far. They couldn't become a mainstream force.

When Zen arrived at the city walls, his eyebrows twitched. Those several hundred small skulls were already waiting for him outside the city.

The Teleportation Token had brought him at least ten million miles away, but it seemed that these little skulls could actually ignore the boundaries of space and reach this place at almost the same time as he had. The sorcerer race's spells were really amazing.

"Alas…"

Zen could only use these small skulls to continue to "clean up" the city of the Night Group.

Even though the members of the Night Group of the Upper World were adept at assassinations, their skills were useless on Zen since he had magic vision.

He found it much easier to clean up this place than cleaning up the ogre city.

After a few rounds of killing, no one dared to leave the city.

'I have to move to another place now.' Zen's eyes were indifferent as he quietly left this main city.

However, this time, he did not take out his Teleportation Token. Instead, he took out the iron ticket.

Zen had wiped out most sheep of the two cities and had accumulated quite a lot of Illusion Points. However, his ranking was still falling.

His ranking in this supreme world had fallen below 300th while his ranking in the entire Illusion Battlefield had fallen below 17, 000th!

If he continued to rely on gathering Illusion Points by killing around these main cities, his rankings wouldn't rise at all.

Chapter 1577 In The Room

Zen's efficiency in gathering Illusion Points was not slow!

There was no need to tire himself with travelling. All he needed to do was take out the Teleportation Token to get to his next destination. This made everything extremely convenient and saved him a lot of time as well.

However, he still had a long way to go when it came to bridging the gap between him and other top warriors in terms of the number of Illusion Points they had gathered.

Why was this the case? Had he missed something?

Did the other top warriors know something he didn't?

Zen took out the iron ticket and a voice immediately spoke in his mind.

"You can enter the Hall of Causality after paying five million Illusion Points. A total of ten warriors is required to open the hall, and six more are needed. Would you like to pay the Illusion Points?"

What? Six more? That meant six more warriors were needed to open the hall.

Back when Zen first got the ticket, only three more people were needed.

Why did the number get higher?

"Oh, wait, I just realized. Ten warriors have already opened the Hall of Causality. The four who are currently waiting must be another group,"

he said to himself.

Five million Illusion Points was a lot, even for Zen.

But it seemed there were still a few who were willing to make such a risky bargain.

It was terribly difficult to gather Illusion Points. Warriors didn't just stand in a queue outside the main city for him to kill. He could kill dozens but still gathered only less than a million Illusion Points.

There were tons of warriors around but not many of them were as strong and loaded with points as Lucille.

It seemed he had no choice but to enter the Hall of Causality despite the terribly high price it asked of him.

Zen made his decision and infused a thought into the iron ticket.

"I'd like to pay the Illusion Points."

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

With his consent, the Illusion Points immediately shot out from his body.

Five million Illusion Points was quickly extracted from Zen and transferred onto the iron ticket. Due to the sheer amount of points to be transferred, the process naturally took quite a long time.

Zen couldn't help but let his thoughts wander as he gazed at these yellow Illusion Points.

What were they used for exactly? Were they simply for the sake of the rankings?

It couldn't be that simple. Could it? Did the Illusion Battlefield and its point system only exist to let warriors experience life and death situations in order to strengthen their minds against pain and inevitable death?

Zen would have to wait until the Illusion Battlefield closed to get his answer.

After the iron ticket absorbed the designated total number of points, it began to emit a dazzling yellow light.

Crack!

There was a sharp, crisp sound and the light began to expand until it was tall and wide enough for a person to pass through.

Zen did not hesitate.

He had to shield his eyes from the blinding light but he willingly stepped inside.

Once everything dimmed, Zen looked up and saw a small, square room in front of him.

He swept his gaze and saw four people sitting in their respective corners.

One was an ogre and the other three were human, two men and one woman.

Their auras were not weak at all and he knew they couldn't be underestimated.

Those who activated the iron ticket had to pass through some ancient ruins or secret areas after all. Those who were deemed worthy often had to prove themselves capable first.

Moreover, five million Illusion Points was also another requirement to open this door.

Luck could only take a warrior so far. Gathering that many points meant that these four were also strong competitors on the battlefield.

"We've got another one. Seems like we still need five more," one of them said, glancing at Zen indifferently.

The ogre stared him up and down with a faint glint of provocation in his eyes. He had done this to the four other warriors that entered prior to Zen but they all just ignored him.

"Is this the place? There doesn't seem to be an exit," he asked and glanced over his shoulder. The skulls had been biting his back all this time but they did not follow him into the hall.

"This is only a waiting room. It's only until we gather a total of ten people that we can open the Hall of Causality. You can just sit over here and wait," the white-robed, human woman told him.

This hadn't been the first time she entered the hall, so she was already familiar with the process.

For her, the first-timers would surely be dragging her down. She couldn't help but show her disappointment in her faces.

She didn't really have a choice though. The Hall of Causality required ten warriors for it to open, so cooperation with each other was needed to advance. Fighting was also strictly prohibited in this room so it would be impossible for her to drive the others out.

Zen nodded, not minding the slight attitude she was giving him.

However, the waiting kind of irked him. He didn't like wasting time. If he knew this was going to happen then he would've investigated the iron ticket a bit more.

Sighing because he realized there was no going about this, Zen simple chose his corner and sat down.

The tension inside the room was palpable.

The woman was at her corner, resting with her eyes closed. The two human men sat cross-legged and seemed to be regulating the life vitality within their bodies. The ogre was the only one who seemed to be glaring at everyone with open disdain. It was quite apparent that he was itching for a fight with someone.

As Zen sat down, he held out his hand and a mini-mountain started spinning out.

It was the Magnetic Sacred Mountain refined by Zen.

After defeating Lucille, he made a deal with her. He exchanged the Blood Refinement Technique for her jade slip.

That jade slip contained the secret techniques of refining magnetic power, handed down secretly through her clan.

Since he had time to spare, he would try to refine the magnetic power within the mountain.

The ogre glared at the mountain. Refining it into a weapon seemed foolish, at least to him.

The other two males also looked at the mountain and quickly sized Zen up. A light quickly flashed in their eyes but they did not say anything and simply went back to their thing.

They felt the power of five elements from the mountain and also something else extraordinary. They sure as hell were going to take this young man seriously now.

The woman in white also stared at the mountain but her eyes were wide and she was the only one who chose to break the silence.

"Hey, is that a refined Magnetic Sacred Mountain?" she asked Zen with a cold, stiff voice.

She was well aware of how difficult it was to refine the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. In fact, it was close to impossible. But this guy seemed to have done it! She just couldn't help but be slightly amazed.

Zen nodded. "Yes," he answered.

After that, Zen undid the seal on the jade slip and started to absorb the secret techniques written there.

The woman, on the other hand, was already sizing Zen up and beginning to figure out his background. She lamented at the fact that she couldn't really ask too many questions despite being so curious as to how he refined the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

The magnetic power

was a fusion of the five elements.

The power of the five laws must be balanced and had to be circulated all at the same time.

The more balanced the powers were, the easier it would be to extract them, but this was difficult since the five laws were not naturally in sync with each other.

This was the first information Zen was able to absorb from the jade slip.

He had to circulate the five different Original Laws

and maintain equilibrium among them.

As he thought of this, he then derived five streams of chaotic energy from his belly.

The energy flowed into his fingers and through his meridians.

Numerous rays of light appeared at the end of his fingers with the appearance of five different Law Powers. However, none of them was at a balanced state.

Chapter 1578 The Balance Of The Five Elements

The Law Power of the five elements was independent of the other Original Laws. In most ways, it was the most original Law Power of this world.

Most substances were made up of the five elements.

It was quite easy for any warrior to utilise the Law Power of one element

since many cultivation methods were driven by the Law Power or used it to perform a specific skill.

When displaying certain special martial skills, one was required to fuse two or three types of Law Power together or use them alternately in order to achieve the desired results. This skill asked for a massive amount of practice and comprehension.

For most ordinary warriors, simply comprehending five different types of Law Power was already astonishing enough. But it was not so difficult for Zen.

However, the secret method of the Ji family demanded an absolute balance between the Law Power of the five elements, namely the power of Metal Law, Wood Law, Water Law, Fire Law, and Earth Law. This could prove to be an enormous challenge, even for Zen.

In fact, balancing the powers of the five elements was an incomparably powerful martial skill.

The Five-element Palm Print that Lucille had used was a combination of this secret method and a palm martial skill. It was a dynamic and strong skill, but since Lucille's two bodies had not merged into one, she failed to balance the powers of the five elements perfectly.

At this moment, Zen's thumb flashed with a dazzling golden light. If anyone made the mistake of looking at it directly, they would feel a pricking behind their eyes. This was the power of the Metal Law.

On his index finger emanated a warm and flickering flame. This was the power of the Fire Law.

A heavy aura exuded from his middle finger — the power of the Earth Law.

His ring finger was enveloped in watery waves — the power of the Water Law.

As for his small finger, it brimmed with the green energy of life — the power of the Wood Law.

Although Zen could not balance these five Law Powers perfectly either, his fingers were still able to firmly clasp on to them because of the advantage of his chaotic energy.

The woman in white looked at Zen's hand and was shocked to see the powers on his fingers.

Like Lucille, the woman was also a member of the Thoughtless Minds. Her family was as huge as the Ji family. Although she was inferior to Lucille in terms of status and talent, she still recognized that the fusion of the five elements was a secret technique unique to the Ji family. Moreover, it was the most noteworthy cultivation method of the family's patriarch.

This secret method, as far as she knew, was not allowed to be taught to outsiders.

So how did this young man before her not only refine a Magnetic Sacred Mountain, but also learn the Ji family's secret technique?

She felt more and more curious about where Zen came from.

Zen concentrated on the powers of the five elements. These powers severely restricted each other, so it was difficult to keep control of them in the palm of his hand.

He had no leisure time to pay attention to others, so he did not know that the woman in white was staring at him unblinkingly.

'I didn't expect there to be such a strong repelling force when one gathers the five Law Powers in their palm!' Zen thought to himself.

On one hand, the five elements restricted each other — metal chopped wood; wood broke earth; earth absorbed water; water quenched fire; fire melted metal.

On the other, the five elements also generated each other — metal produced water; water nourished wood; wood fed fire; fire created earth; earth bore metal.

'No wonder the first step to this secret method entails balancing the powers of the five elements. If one type of Law Power is even slightly stronger than any of the others, it will affect the other Law Powers and cause a chain of mutual repulsion. Only by balancing them perfectly can they coexist in my palm, ' Zen thought to himself.

He tried to maintain the powers on his fingers as he pushed his palm toward the Magnetic Sacred Mountain in front of him and tapped it lightly.

With his touch, he wanted the Ji family's secret method to get absorbed into the mountain. Subsequently, he would draw out the magnetic power from it.

But at this moment, the watery power on his ring finger flashed and pounced at the flame on his index finger. The flame extinguished automatically. In turn, it exerted influence on the power of Wood Law on his small finger...

Puff!

Due to the imbalance, the powers of the five elements on Zen's fingers dissipated one by one.

Zen smiled bitterly and shook his head. This was more difficult than he had anticipated.

As he retracted his hand from the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, the white-clothed woman broke the silence. "The fusion of the five elements is a powerful secret of the Ji family. It seems to me... you have only just begun to cultivate it, correct?"

Zen shot her a brief glance and gave her a small nod in reply.

In the outside world, he would have tried to conceal this fact. But in the Illusion Battlefield, all warriors were at the Soul Sea Realm and very knowledgeable themselves. He could not be bothered to hide the truth from them.

"I heard that even the ace talent of the Ji family spent six years comprehending it. I'm afraid it's impossible for you to achieve any progress in such a short period of time," the woman continued. In her opinion, Lucille, the renowned genius of the Ji family, was one of the top talents in the younger generation. Few people in the entire universe were more talented than her.

She thought Zen was in a great haste to obtain quick results, so he was using the time here to cultivate. It was a terrible mistake for warriors to be impatient for success as they practiced a new cultivation method. The woman felt it to be her responsibility to advise Zen on this matter.

However, Zen only smiled and said nothing in response. Under his control, another group of five streams of chaotic energy were extracted from the chaotic sea. They flowed into his palm.

Soon, five different rays of light materialized in his hand again, their stunning colors illuminating the room.

Puff!

This time, he did not try to control the powers forcefully. As expected, the powers lost their balance faster than in the last attempt.

In the blink of an eye, the five different Law Powers interacted with each other and dispersed.

Seeing this, the woman's eyes flashed with a glint of mockery and disdain. 'Even Lucille had spent six years on this. Even if it takes you ten years to get the gist of this method, it is an achievement to be proud of!'

she thought. She believed it was impossible for Zen to master the technique so quickly.

However, she knew nothing of Zen's personality and his past successes. The more challenging something was, the keener Zen was to overcome it.

After his second failure, Zen quickly drew out five more streams of chaotic energy.

This time, he manipulated the arrangement of the powers.

He condensed the power of Water Law on his thumb, the power of Fire Law on his small finger, and the power of Metal Law on his middle finger.

In this way, the inter-restricted powers were separated from each other.

Although he was still unable to achieve a perfect balance, he could feel the repulsive force between the Law Powers weaken due to this arrangement alone.

Once again, he tapped the miniature mountain in front of him.

As soon as his palm touched the mountain, he began to draw out the magnetic power of the secret method.

Buzz!

Another palm imprint appeared on the other side of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. The shape and size of the imprint was much the same as the one left by Zen.

Puff!

But Zen failed to hold on any longer. The powers of the five elements dispersed from his hand once again.

However, at the very moment that the powers departed, Zen's eyes flashed with comprehension. He quickly encircled his hands around the Magnetic Sacred Mountain and caused it to rotate like a top.

As his hands circled around it, a gray ray of light took shape on his palm.

The light was like an imprint as it hovered on Zen's palm. It stayed for a moment before it quickly started to dissipate. In mere three seconds, the light vanished into thin air.

'So this is the magnetic power?' Zen wondered.

It was a pity that fighting was prohibited in this room. Otherwise, he would have tried to test the might of the magnetic power. Still, even though Lucille had boasted about this powerful skill, Zen did not take it seriously.

After all, he was the owner of the fairy palace, and the palace was equivalent to a treasure mountain. He did not care for the cultivation methods of other origins.

What he did not know was that he had grossly underestimated the magnetic power.

The magnetic power was a significant part of the cultivation of the Five Elements Godly Way. To some extent, this was somewhat inferior to Zen's Emotion Closing Godly Way, but it was still a Godly Way in any case!

As for the woman who had been observing Zen from the sidelines, her mouth opened in surprise when she saw Zen draw out the stream of magnetic power. Utter disbelief was written all over her face.

'Hasn't he only just started to learn the secret technique of the Ji family? How is this possible?' she wondered.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1579 Ten Warriors

Undeniably, Zen had not been entirely successful.

During his fight with Lucille, she had struck out with her palm, drawing out a magnetic power thousands of times stronger than Zen's.

Zen had just now suppressed the laws of five elements and forcefully extracted the magnetic power...

He was able to draw out a strand of the magnetic power after only three trials. Lucille would probably have been stupefied if she had witnessed the scene.

That had been too rapid by far...

In her time, she had been sent to Magnetic Sacred Mountain by the patriarch of the Ji Clan to cultivate for three years!

She had only managed to extract a sliver of the magnetic power at the end of the second year, but Zen had merely spent an hour on the entire process.

The woman in white was a core disciple of another large clan in the Thoughtless Minds and was only second to the ace talents. She had known how intimidating the ace talents were from a young age.

Among other warriors of age, Lucille was like a proud phoenix, always superior to the others. She was cared for and doted by her elders at all times. The strength that Lucille displayed far surpassed that of her friends and peers.

The woman in white was naturally unwilling to be inferior to Lucille. The difference in their talent levels troubled her. In secret, she had worked hard in her cultivation, trying to close the chasm between her and Lucille. She had made up her mind to surpass Lucille, come hell or high water. However, despite her ambitions, she still had a grasp on reality. There were warriors in this world who were far different from her. Even if she worked harder, the gap between her and Lucille might only become larger...

This was the strength of the ace talent.

As an ace talent, Lucille had spent six years only mastering this secret skill. However, it only took Zen some minutes to start to comprehend it. Was he a monster?

The woman was curious to see how much of the clan's secret skill Zen could comprehend in the short time, but Zen had put away the Magnetic Sacred Mountain for the moment...

It was not that Zen was unwilling to continue cultivating, but fighting was prohibited in this room. Drawing out even a stream of that magnetic power would come to waste.

After putting away the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, Zen did not stop cultivating. He continuously used chaotic energy to transform the five types of Law Power in his palm, seeking that sense of balance.

Only after the five types of Law Power were fully balanced could he employ the magnetic power with ease.

Suddenly, a thin line became visible on one of the walls in the room. The line appeared on a corner and then spread. After spreading for about seven feet on the wall, it turned to a right angle, forming the outline of a door.

Buzz, buzz...

The entire door began to glow. Not long after, it was pushed open.

A warrior entered in the passageway.

"The sixth warrior..."

The crowd stared at the visitor, their eyes flashing with curiosity.

He was also a human warrior.

He wore a round hat and appeared to be arrogant. When he noticed the gazes of the people nearby, he snorted maliciously. "Why are you looking at me like that? Is there something drawn on my face?"

The warriors who could collect iron tickets and receive five million Illusion Points were considered to be remarkable. They could be successors of world lords or top warriors of sacred places. The warrior such as the human who had just entered the room was usually labelled as being very ordinary.

As the woman in white and the other two human warriors registered what the intruder in the round hat said, they remained calm. Silently, they judged him in their hearts.

Zen had a small smile on his face. He still concentrated on controlling the balance of the five different powers in his palm and easily ignored the human warrior with the round hat.

But the ogre warrior seemed displeased by the human warrior's words. He did not intend to cause the newcomer any trouble, but he wished the human did not speak so rudely.

"Hey! Come closer! I want to look at you," the ogre warrior said.

"You dare to look at me?" the warrior with the round hat said, glaring at the ogre warrior.

"Of course I dare to look at you! So what?" the ogre said with some irritation.

"If you continue to stare at me like that, I will..."

Hearing this pointless conversation between the human and the ogre warrior, Zen, the woman in white and the other two warriors could not help but roll their eyes.

They knew the rule of this room—fighting was prohibited. As talents of the Soul Sea Realm, why were these two engaging in a futile quarrel? It was senseless.

The ogre warrior's voice was sonorous. As he argued with the warrior with the round hat, his voice echoed in the room. The room was not so big, so it indeed got noisy.

At the moment, Zen did not mind it. He focused all his attention on the power of the five elements on his fingers, as if he could not hear the argument around him.

The woman in white frowned, her face livid. The other two human warriors also looked annoyed.

"If you two continue quarreling, I will kill you two after we leave this room!" the short human warrior finally shouted, unable to bear it any longer.

As the short warrior said this, he extended his hand. A short sword floated in the air toward him.

The appearance of the sword was ordinary, but there was a unique inscription on its blade. A faint golden light emitted from the blade and within the light were a few incomplete Sanskrit characters.

As the new human warrior and the ogre warrior, previously engaged in a squabble, saw the short sword, they were a bit stunned. Their faces betrayed their surprise.

"Is this the supreme divine weapon—the Buddha Curse Blade?" The warrior with the round hat stared at the short warrior. "You are a cultivator of the Blessed Buddha Land, correct?"

More than three thousand supreme divine weapons existed in the entire universe and many warriors had them memorized. Although the warrior with the round hat had never seen this short sword before, he had already guessed at its origin from its aura and appearance.

Buddha Curse Blade...

People could get killed if Buddha cursed them with a few words.

The Buddha Curse Blade contained a very strong killing intent.

It was the most famous weapon in the entirety of the Blessed Buddha Land and was the ultimate treasure of the Black-faced Buddha House. The short warrior must be extraordinary, for he was able to bring the short sword to the Illusion Battlefield.

Most of the warriors in the Blessed Buddha Land were monks. Naturally, they all wore monastic robes and were without hair.

However, not all were like this. The Blessed Buddha Land was considered to be the sacred place of Buddhism, but some people who went there to cultivate were not required to obey all the rules of the land.

The woman in white glanced at the short warrior's sword, her face placid. Although a supreme divine weapon was rare, it was not enough to intimidate her...

The Buddha Curse Blade?

Hearing the others talk about the supreme divine weapon, Zen could not help but quickly glance at the short sword. Once again, he turned all his attention to the power of the five elements in his palm.

Revealing the sword seemed to have left quite an impression about the short warrior.

The warrior with the round hat realized that the short warrior before him was indeed formidable. He hastily tried to cover his face with the brim of his hat and moved to a corner of the room.

The ogre warrior's eyes were still provoking, but he did not shout anymore...

After the entry of the warrior with the round hat, another thin line appeared on another wall. Another door opened.

The seventh warrior entered the room.

She was a woman from the Demon Night. Without causing any disturbance, she glanced at everyone in the room and kept her back against the wall, maintaining an upright posture. She took out a long arrow from her bag and ceaselessly traced the bright arrowhead with her fingers.

Quite a few warriors in this supreme world had obtained iron tickets, and they were all attentive of the others who had them too.

Most of them hesitated before using the iron tickets. After all, it cost them five million Illusion Points to enter the Hall of Causality, which meant that they chose to part reluctantly with what they treasured.

However, as more and more warriors entered the Hall of Causality, some of the warriors who had been hesitating outside grew more resolute.

The number of warriors in the room increased rapidly.

Less than three minutes after the Demon Night woman entered the room, another door was pushed open.

The eighth warrior...

It was an ogre warrior.

Within seconds, another door opened.

The ninth warrior...

The tenth warrior!

Zen had waited in the room for about half a day, and now ten people were finally gathered here.

"All of us are here now." The woman in white smiled, stood up, and then said to Zen, "All right, we can set out now."

The woman did not give off an air of hostility. She was instead very polite to Zen. Zen smiled back. "But there's no door in this room. Which direction should we go in now?"

"There is no need to move at all. Just stand where you are," the woman in white replied.

Right after this, the walls around the room collapsed with a loud bang, giving way to the outside...

Chapter 1580 Trying To Break The Small Skulls

After the four walls collapsed, they immediately disappeared. The ceiling above their heads also vanished in a flash.

Before them appeared a majestic mountain.

This massive mountain was submerged in thick white clouds and surrounded by mist. It looked like something straight out of a fairyland.

The ten warriors, including Zen, stood on a platform at the foot of the mountain.

"The iron ticket only mentioned the Hall of Causality. Why is there a giant mountain before us?" Zen asked curiously.

The others had no reply to Zen's query. After all, it was the first time that most of them had entered this place, so they could not answer his question.

"Once we go up the mountain, we will understand what the Hall of Causality is," the woman in white said with a smile. "All the restrictions will be dismissed after we leave this platform," she added, "but I do not want you all to fight each other."

"And why should we follow your orders?" A sinister voice floated over them. It belonged to one of the warriors.

Some martial artists had well thought-out plans of making their moves.

Since everyone present could afford to spend five million Illusion Points to enter the Hall of Causality, they most definitely had plenty of Illusion Points left.

The white-clothed woman kept smiling. "The Illusion Points you can get at the Hall of Causality will be more than tens of millions. If you have good fortune, you may even be able to get your hands on some supreme divine weapons that are yet to appear. So if you people want to waste your time and strength engaging in fights over here, go ahead!"

Hearing this, realization dawned on the warriors.

Since the warriors could get into the Hall of Causality, they obviously possessed a good number of Illusion Points. Even after paying up five million Illusion Points, they must have several more left with them.

Illusion Points were accumulated bit by bit, from the numerous battles they all had participated in.

But now they had the opportunity to acquire over ten million Illusion Points in the Hall of Causality.

Moreover, they might be able to acquire supreme divine weapons.

Considering this, the warriors who had previously planned to fight the others now hesitated.

The woman in white no longer needed to worry about this issue. She nodded at Zen. "Let's go!"

She was the first to step down the platform and onto the stairs of the mountain.

Zen's eyes twinkled. From what the woman in white said, it seemed that he could obtain a large number of Illusion Points here.

That number could even be over ten million.

No wonder his ranking had dropped instead of rising!

Most of the warriors ranked before him had probably entered the Hall of Causality already.

Compared to the way he had plundered his Illusion Points, it was indeed hard for him to keep up with the speed of gaining points at the Hall of Causality.

He refrained from thinking too much of it. Following the woman in white, he stepped onto the stairs as well.

However, an unexpected thing happened.

The moment Zen stepped on the stairs, a bad premonition rose in his heart. He raised his head and heard a series of familiar sounds. "Crank! Crank!"

Those damned skulls had appeared again!

It had been some time since Zen got rid of the skulls. He had not expected them to follow him again the moment he left the room.

Previously, when Zen had used the Teleportation Token to travel from a main city to another, the skulls had caught up to him unbelievably quickly.

Zen had used the iron ticket to enter the Hall of Causality. He did not know how far he was from where he had been before, but the skulls still followed him.

Zen shook his head. Could it be that after leaving the Illusion Battlefield, they would be able to follow him inside the fairy palace as well?

In the Illusion Battlefield, everything was only a verisimilar projection. He did not truly mind being followed by the skulls here. However, it would be the most troubling if the skulls managed to chase him into the fairy palace.

As for the other nine martial artists, they were utterly startled by the scene.

Even the woman in white, who was leading the way, was stunned to see the approaching skulls. "What... what is this?"

Zen, on the other hand, remained placid. He had almost gotten used to it. "I got myself into this trouble at a secret place."

"Is that so? These little skulls cannot be chased away?"

As the woman in white asked this, she walked over to Zen's side and picked up a small skull from behind his back. She carefully observed it for a moment before releasing a thin streak of lightning from her slender fingers.

"Crack!"

As the lightning shot out, it wrapped itself around the skull.

Although this bolt of lightning was considerably tiny, Zen was secretly surprised at the power contained within it.

The power inside the bolt of lightning was indeed astonishing, and the light it emitted was dazzling. However, it turned out to be useless.

After the lightning dissipated, the skull remained undamaged.

As these small skulls couldn't be dealt with, the Law of Causality they contained could be as tyrannical as the law of the heavens. But if the skulls had been so easy to destroy, then the Supreme Lord who had besieged Zen that day would not have had those many small skulls hanging behind his back. Even a Supreme Lord could do nothing about it, so how could a Soul Sea Realm warrior possibly disperse them?

"Ha-ha! Let me try!"

The one who said this was the ogre who had been provoking the others previously. In that room, he had seemed to want to fight everyone. But now, he was being rather civil.

The ogre took hold of a skull.

"I'll give it a try too!"

"This skull is in fact a divine weapon. I wonder if I can destroy it."

"Give me one please!"

"There are so many skulls behind the boy. You can go get one yourself!"

The other warriors gathered around Zen and studied the skulls on his back.

Zen, who stood rooted to the spot, rolled his eyes.

'Aren't we here to get inside the Hall of Causality? Why is everyone so interested in the skulls behind me?'

Seeing the expression on Zen's face, the woman in white covered her mouth to suppress a smile. She loosened her grip on the skull and it flew to Zen at once, biting his back. She said, "If I'm not wrong, these skulls come from some kind of curse!"

"You are right." Zen shrugged lightly.

"The legend says that there is an ancient sorcerer race that secretly merged with the laws of the heavens, using curses to steal a Heavenly Destiny. It is said that their spells are extremely powerful and there is almost no way to break them," the woman said.

"Steal a Heavenly Destiny?"

Zen repeated the words, slightly surprised.

The woman smiled, "I don't really understand it either. There are only a hundred and twenty-eight Heavenly Destinies. If one used an unorthodox method to obtain one, then they would certainly be punished by the heavens!"

A Heavenly Destiny was the supreme Law of Causality in the universe.

There were a hundred and twenty-eight Heavenly Destinies all together.

When a Supreme Lord died, a Heavenly Destiny dissipated and a new Crown of Destiny was born.

However, there was no mention in the legend as to what method the ancient sorcerer race had used. The power of their spell even surpassed the Law of Causality. Such spells had already crossed the limits of the heavens, so the heavens could not stand them.

Warriors today assumed that it was the reason why the ancient sorcerer race vanished from the universe in one night alone.

However, more than a billion years had passed since the disappearance of the ancient sorcerer race. It had long ago become a story sealed away by time, and the speculations that went about were not one hundred percent true.

"Let's go. I forgot to mention that flying is prohibited in the Hall of Causality, so we can only climb the stairs step by step," the white-robed woman said and continued climbing up the winding stairs without pause.

Zen followed behind her.

At the same time, the eight warriors behind Zen continuously tried out their own methods to try and break the tiny skulls.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! I can't split it! My Dark Demon Saber has been damaged by the skull!"

The ogre held a black saber in his hand, his face full of sorrow. His saber was also a first rank divine weapon, but the small skull remained undamaged with its cut. A half-moon crack appeared on his saber.

Fortunately, the weapons used in the Illusion Battlefield were still safe and sound in the outside world. Otherwise, the ogre would have undeniably been pissed.

Now his saber was damaged, and there were many battles ahead of him. Without his first rank divine weapon, it would be tough for him to continue fighting.

Hearing the ogre's words, the other seven warriors stared at him as if he was an idiot.

They had only been curious about the little skulls so they picked up some from behind Zen. Was there really a need to work so hard with it?

Of course, no one could break through a single small skull, so they had given up. The small skulls flew back to Zen, their small white teeth tightly biting his back. The other eight warriors followed Zen and ascended the stairs.

Chapter 1581 First Hall

The white jade staircase was about twenty feet wide. From the foot of this majestic mountain, there were hundreds of thousands of steps cut into the mountain to the summit.

Although flying was prohibited, the speed maintained by this group of ten wasn't slow either.

With the white-clothed woman's warning, the ten of them had lowered their vigilance quite a bit.

After all, in this supreme world, these ten people were basically all ranked in the top thousand, while in the entire Illusion Battlefield, they were ranked in the top hundred thousand.

No one had earned more confidence that they would be able to defeat the rest of the group in one go. Not to mention that the woman in white robes had even told them that they would be awarded ten million Illusion Points in the Hall of Causality. They would clearly face no obstacles or danger here.

Along the way, the white-clothed woman took the lead with Zen following closely behind. The other martial artists maintained a measured distance and made the ascent at a steady pace. Behind them, the short martial artist from the human race brought up the rear.

After tirelessly climbing for five minutes, the group stopped in front of a large hall set half way into the mountain. The staircase extended through the hall, and connected to the stairs at the back. If they wanted to continue climbing, they would have to pass through this hall.

This hall was entirely white and had a magnificent appearance. It was unknown what material was used to construct it, but there were no signs or warnings on the outside wall.

Among the ten, this was the second time that the woman in white had entered the Hall of Causality. None of the rest of the group had done so before. The eyes of the crowd were fixed on the woman in white, who boldly led them.

The woman in white smiled and said, "This is the first Hall of Causality. It isn't too difficult to pass through. Everyone can enter now."

Zen nodded. Since he had already spent five million Illusion Points, he didn't hesitate anymore.

Therefore, everyone followed behind Zen and walked into the hall.

There was nothing inside, the hall was empty.

All of the martial artists present had already explored several mystic places within the Illusion Battlefield.

A sense of caution rose in everyone's heart in the face of this apparently empty building, including Zen.

It was just like when he had entered the top of the Sacred Ailanthus, although its surroundings were quiet, it had actually been extremely dangerous. If he had been like any other martial artist who was careless, he would have perished immediately.

But even someone as strong as Zen had no idea of how to deal with the pile of small skulls ravenously chasing behind him!

Seeing how cautious everyone was, the woman in white smiled and said, "Don't be too nervous. This is the first Hall of Causality. It won't be too difficult."

"What's in the Hall of Causality?" someone asked.

The woman in white smiled and said, "As the name implies, the rules of the heavens are used as a method of attack in the Hall of Causality. Every attack contains the Law of Causality!"

Although the woman in white looked relaxed, her words still caused everyone's expression to change slightly and the hair on the backs of their necks rose in response to unspoken threats.

Even Zen's eyes flashed.

Any method that involved the Law of Causality was a mid-ranking rule or even a top-ranking rule in the universe.

Why were supreme divine weapons so powerful? That was why! The Law of Causality contained in them was the reason.

When it came to the methods related to the Law of Causality, they were all difficult to oppose. For instance, when a Supreme Lord released the highest power of the Law of Causality, which was carried in the Heavenly Destiny, the power was strong enough to instantly kill all ten people present. They wondered how this woman in white could still laugh under such a situation.

"Then what's the danger in this first Hall of Causality?" the warrior in the round hat asked in a low voice.

The woman in white shook her head and said, "It seems as if the danger is different every time. I'm not sure either, but I know that the level of difficulty of the first Hall of Causality is not that high. As long as you are careful, you can all pass here."

When the woman in white saw the hesitation on everyone's faces, she turned and entered further into the hall as example. She looked behind her and saw that the nine people behind her, including Zen, did not follow her at all.

These warriors didn't easily trust in others at all. She felt like she was an idiot, who was being used by them to explore the way ahead before they would risk following.

When the woman in white took a few steps forward, a mysterious rune appeared on the left wall of the Hall of Causality. The center of the rune was carved with a strange figure, and from the mouth of the figure, a white light shone brightly. After this light appeared, it flew out of the wall and headed at an incredible speed towards the woman in white!

"Watch out!" Zen warned.

They had indeed been a bit unkind to let a woman lead and explore the way. But her earlier words about the Law of Causality, which was involved in all the attacks, still frightened the group. Even Zen had become more wary.

This ray of light looked ordinary, but in reality, it contained a killing intent. Zen did not fully understand the profound mysteries contained within this light.

Though, at the very least, Zen was certain that he would die if he was pierced by this white light, even though he wasn't sure of the rules of causality that were contained within it.

There was also a hint of surprise and concern in everyone's eyes!

What the hell was this Hall of Causality? Why was such a terrifying attack being used from the very start?

The woman in white was extremely calm and she simply took a step back. As she watched the white ray of light pass within a foot before her, another mysterious rune appeared on the opposite side of the wall in the hall. Within the rune was a drawing of a strange animal, and the light immediately entered the sketch's mouth and disappeared.

"As I've said, the first Hall of Causality isn't too difficult. As long as we're careful, we'll be able to pass without any obstructions," the woman in white said, her voice faintly betraying some contempt for the nine warriors who had waited behind her.

Then she took a few more steps, and another white light appeared on one side of the wall, and sped across the hall and into the other wall.

At this time, Zen and the others also took large strides forward and cautiously followed behind the woman in white.

The trials of the first Hall of Causality truly weren't that hard, and the warriors all seemed somewhat shamefaced at not being brave enough.

For these martial artists, even if there were hundreds of beams of light in the hall, as long as they were given enough space, they would be able to freely run a gauntlet of them!

However, this light still proved a potential threat to everyone.

It was like someone walking on the spot as if he was walking on flat ground. If he were to be placed a hundred meters high into the air, although there was a wide path in front of him, he would still slow down due to some misgivings. The instinct of self-preservation was very strong in everyone, and this had made the warriors hesitate.

Such was the mindset of many warriors at the moment. They had come so far, and didn't want to fail now.

Every ten feet within the great hall, they would encounter a white light.

And as the group continued forward, the speed of the white light beams that passed by became faster and faster.

In terms of speed, this was relative!

In the eyes of Zen and the other warriors, the speed of the white light wasn't much faster than that of a snail.

After all, with their own incredible speeds, they might not even have needed the time for a single breath to completely traverse the Hall of Causality at full speed.

However, the white light gave them a sense of fear, and they did not dare to walk rashly. Their eyes followed the rhythm of the light and waited until it passed by before taking another step forward.

The speed and frequency of each ray of light was not same.

The further they went into the hall, the greater the speed at which the light came out.

Sometimes the light would suddenly cross the hall, stop in the middle of the space for a moment, and then unpredictably accelerate to the other side of the hall.

Sometimes, the light would rush from one side of the hall to the other at a speed that the group could not even see clearly. It would wait for a few seconds before repeating itself.

These beams of light could be seen moving around in regular patterns. To these martial artists, this was just a small trick. As they became more familiar with the patterns of the light, their minds became more relaxed and their speed picked up, becoming faster.

"We still have another hundred feet before we pass through this hall," the woman in white said. She seemed to have become the undisputed leader of this group.

"What's the reward for passing through the first hall?" the ogre martial artist asked.

"You'll know once we get there," the woman in white said with a mysterious smile.

At this moment, Zen suddenly stopped in his tracks. He looked at the white light that passed close by him, and once again had the idea of throwing off the skulls behind him.

'Would this white light be able to destroy those small skulls?'

As he thought of this, Zen once again took out a small skull from behind him. Carefully holding the bottom of the skull with his hand, he placed it on the track of the white ray of light.

Swish!

The white beam of light suddenly shot out and instantly struck the small skull!

At the same time, Zen instantly felt an enormous power in his hand, the strength of which far exceeded Zen's imagination! It was probably many times more powerful than the power that Zen had lit up with all his dragon scales!

Zen's expression changed drastically, and he immediately let go of the skull!

He witnessed the white ray of light being deflected away by the small skull, heading towards the ceiling of the Hall of Causality.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Other than the white ray of light ricocheting in all directions, the black skull was also bouncing up and down at an extremely fast speed in this Hall of Causality!

Chapter 1582 She Lost The Battle

The walls of the Hall of Causality were riddled with the rules of heavens, just like the walls of the main city—they were virtually unbreakable.

After being hit, the small skull unleashed some kind of overwhelming momentum. It bounced so fast that it was impossible for anyone to dodge.

When the crowd witnessed the scene, they were left dumbfounded and stood blankly on the spot, not daring to make a single move.

Bam!

Suddenly, the small skull shot toward an ogre warrior, smashing right into a spike on his shoulder armor.

The ogre's armor served as a first-rank divine weapon—it constantly absorbed the warrior's life vitality and fused with the warrior's body. Its strength was nothing to scoff at, either.

But the small skull missed by only an inch and collided with the spike, turning it into powder. With that, the ogre's tall and sturdy body got knocked down to the ground.

Pah! Pah! Pah!

Then, the skull shot all the way to the endmost wall in the hall and bounced all the way back outside.

The white deflected ray of light bounced out as well.

Throughout the entire scene, no one dared to move.

Staying still was the best thing to do in such a situation.

After the two objects bringing fatal attacks disappeared from the hall, everyone released a sigh of relief.

But the ogre warrior stood from the ground and glared harshly at Zen. "Do you want to kill me? Once we leave this hall, we shall have a duel!"

When the white light hit the small skull, it produced the powerful potential energy. Even though Zen had instantly released his hand, his fingers had still been paralyzed by the vibration. Hearing the ogre's proclamation, Zen stretched out his fingers and faintly smiled, his eyes tinged with a piercing light as he stared at the ogre warrior. Then, he responded, "If you want to challenge me, I accept."

Seeing Zen's calm gaze, the ogre couldn't help but feel a sense of nervousness. The fierceness of Zen's eyes made the ogre stop himself just as he wanted to make some more rude remarks. Although the ogre appeared to be reckless, he was a cautious individual. In the room just then, he had observed the entire process of Zen's cultivation.

Although he couldn't quite understand what Zen cultivated, he could tell from the woman's reaction that Zen was extremely powerful. Earlier, he had challenged him recklessly out of anger, but he wasn't confident about fighting him. Currently, he only held five million Illusion Points, having spent all of them just to enter the Hall of Causality. It would be such a waste if he was driven out of the hall if Zen defeated him.

Many of the other warriors were also left displeased. But it wasn't the time for them to quarrel about anything. Now that the rules of the first Hall of Causality were clear to everyone, it was actually very easy to pass through it so long as they took good control of the speed and frequency. For the rest of the journey, they spent only a short while passing through it.

But just as they passed through the hall, a small, black object floated in from the front door.

It was the small skull that shot out just moments ago.

Earlier, it shot out at a great distance. After the great amount of potential energy was exhausted, it slowly flew back toward Zen.

But as it flew back, it bumped into another white light ray.

Everyone, including Zen, ran away upon seeing this scene.

They practically charged out of the Hall of Causality.

Meanwhile…

On the platform at the back of the Hall of Causality, a bunch of yellow Illusion Points suddenly appeared and flew right at the crowd.

"The reward!"

"There are only a hundred Illusion Points! That's not enough!"

"Only this much for making it through the Hall of Causality? It has to be worth so much more than this!"

Initially, everyone's anger was directed at Zen, but now that they saw how small the reward was, they began shifting their attention to the woman in white.

She told them that the reward would be plentiful, but they only got a handful of Illusion Points.

The woman in white then looked at them with wide eyes. "Why are you looking at me like that? I didn't arrange this place for you. Exploring the first Hall of Causality doesn't have that high of a difficulty level, so the reward isn't that big. You're already lucky! I only got fifty Illusion Points in the last round!"

Hearing that, everyone turned morose—they had paid five million Illusion Points just to enter the place. Earning only a hundred Illusion Points from passing through it was undoubtedly a great loss on their end.

But since they had already entered the place, they had no choice but to keep moving forward. If they were to give up, they would really have lost everything without getting a chance to earn it all back.

Stepping onto the steps once again, the woman in white smiled and said to Zen, "You're making everything more difficult!"

But Zen merely shrugged. "I didn't know such a thing would happen."

These little skulls were indeed more difficult to deal with than Zen could have imagined.

The others looked straight at Zen as the woman from the Demon Night warned, "I hope that nothing like this will ever happen again."

"Yes, it's too dangerous," added the short human warrior. "Although I know you want to deal with these skulls, it's better for you to consider everyone's safety first," he said to Zen with a small smile.

Though that warrior had been rather irritable before, even threatening to kill the noisy ogre warrior, he now seemed less indignant when it came to addressing Zen.

If the warriors blamed him with a bad attitude, it would naturally put Zen in a solemn state. After all, his actions just put everyone in further danger. After hearing the warrior's words, Zen smiled and said, "Indeed, I was too reckless. I just didn't expect that the slow white light would contain such a powerful force."

"It doesn't matter. Just be more careful from now on. No one should be at the risk of harm. If they were bitten in the back by these skulls, they wouldn't be this calm. Are you still okay?" another human warrior asked from behind Zen. He couldn't figure out how Zen still looked completely unscathed even though his back had been bitten by the skulls. So he just had to seize the chance to ask Zen about it directly.

"I'm fine. Let's keep going," Zen said with a smile. After all, he wasn't willing to just share the secret of his body with a stranger.

Knowing that Zen wouldn't answer, the warrior merely stared at Zen before walking up the steps.

After passing through the first hall, the woman in white no longer led the way.

"Hey, I still don't know your name."

Just as Zen was about to take another step, he heard the woman in white ask.

"My name?" With a flash of his eyes, Zen smiled and answered, "My name is Thad Luo."

Under normal circumstances, it wasn't appropriate for Zen to say his real name—it was all too known throughout the universe and he wanted to avoid any unnecessary trouble from others finding out his real identity.

The woman in white smiled when she heard Zen's introduction. She then turned to Zen. "You're lying."

"How do you know?" Zen asked, not bothering to hide anything after she figured it out.

"It's my talent. When people lie, their hearts beat a tinge faster," she explained to him with a smile.

"I see," Zen merely nodded. "What about you? What's your name?"

"I'm Janet Ji," she answered.

The Ji Clan was the fourth-ranked clan of the Thoughtless Minds.

The Thoughtless Minds was different from the Humanity Alliance.

Since the latter was called an alliance, it was also regarded as a colossus formed by countless sacred places.

But the Thoughtless Minds was controlled by the four great clans which made it very powerful.

Although these four great groups were called clans, they had an influence that went beyond that of the average tenth-grade sacred place. Anyone of these clans was more powerful than some entire races in the universe.

But the main reason why they were so outstanding was that there were Supreme Lords supporting and guarding these four great clans.

Janet Ji was particularly remarkable, second only to the ace talents in the four clans.

"Janet... Well, it is a good name," Zen said with a smile.

Returning the smile, Janet said, "The cultivation method you practiced just now was very familiar to me. I've seen one of my friends practice it before. I don't know if..."

For a long time, she had been very curious about the origins of Zen's cultivation method. But they hadn't been familiar with each other before then, so she knew that she couldn't get an answer out of him just any time.

"Your friend? "Who?" Zen asked.

After a moment of thought, she replied, "Lucille Ji."

Hearing this, Zen smiled again. "It so happens that the secret skill I cultivate was acquired from this woman."

"Oh! You've seen Lucille, then?" The news was rather surprising. Never did she think that Zen would have learned such a secret skill from her. Why would Lucille teach him this cultivation method? Spreading the Ji Clan's secret technique was quite a crime. Even if she was an ace talent, she wouldn't be forgiven for having done such a thing.

"I've seen her and I've fought with her."

"Fought… Were you defeated by her?" Still pondering over the secret technique, Janet suddenly uttered the question upon hearing what Zen said.

While she could see that Zen was indeed a powerful warrior, he was still nothing compared to Lucille in her eyes.

"She lost the battle."

This made Janet stop in her steps. After climbing up a few more steps, Zen turned around and asked, "What's wrong?"

Chapter 1583 Giant Stones

To be honest, Zen didn't really know what Lucille meant to Janet's heart.

It was known that the Thoughtless Minds had four great clans.

One was Lucille's clan, and the next one was Janet's clan, while the other two were the Xuanyuan Clan and the Sun Clan.

It could be said that the four clans were the most famous of their kind among the humans in the universe.

Even those Supreme Lords wouldn't be able to develop their clans to reach the four great clans' level.

The four great clans were great powers that supported the human race. They cooperated well and strengthened their connection with marriages. In addition, they held a great competition amongst themselves. It was safe to say that these four clans affected the thousands of supreme worlds of the Thoughtless Minds.

In one previous great competition among the four clans, Nathan Xuanyuan had not risen to prominence yet.

The image of Lucille standing at the peak was deeply engraved in Janet's mind till now.

For her, almost no human martial artist from the younger generation could fight against Lucille.

Nathan Xuanyuan rose to power primarily because he had merged with the Heavenly Fragment and subsequently became a Godly Genius. If Lucille could truly comprehend the Five Elements Godly Way, she would also be a Godly Genius. If so, Janet felt that Nathan couldn't even match up to Lucille.

No one among the Soul Sea Realm warriors could defeat Lucille. Or at least, that was what Janet thought.

Thus, she was stunned when she suddenly heard Zen said that Lucille had lost.

She stared blankly at Zen, disbelief written all over her pretty face.

The fusion of the five elements that Zen practiced was indeed a Ji Clan's secret technique, but this was not conclusive evidence for Janet that he could defeat Lucille. Perhaps Lucille taught this secret technique to Zen for some reason, but that did not mean that she would lose to him.

Although Zen was confused by Janet's reaction at first, he quickly understood a bit and smiled, "What? You don't believe me?"

Janet stared at Zen and cautiously asked, "When you saw Lucille, what color was the snow behind her?"

"Is it important?" Zen asked curiously. "What color?" Janet repeated.

"White." "Pure white?"

Zen felt exasperated at Janet's question, but she continued.

"Yes! One hundred percent pure white!" he answered helplessly.

Janet sighed in relief when she finally got an answer from him. "No wonder!"

"No wonder what?"

Janet's lips curved into a wide grin.

"I guess you did win against Lucille, but that was only because Lucille exerted half of her strength. Technically, she only used sixty percent of her strength at most," she said with a smile.

Understanding then fell upon Zen's face when he heard what Janet said. The Lucille he saw last time seemed to have something special.

When Janet saw Zen's strange expression, she continued, "Lucille practices the cultivation method named One Soul in Two Bodies. Your victory against Lucille last time can't count as a real one. If she fused with Lucy, then that would be her true strength. Only by defeating

Lucille at that time, you could be considered to be truly stronger than her!"

'One Soul in Two Bodies? And who is Lucy?'

Zen's brows slightly rose.

It was true that Lucille was the strongest opponent Zen had met in the Illusion Battlefield. However, Zen had never thought that she was still not at her full strength at that time.

Judging from the name One Soul in Two Bodies, it seemed that Lucille had a clone named Lucy who was about the same level as her.

"I hope I would still get a chance to fight her!" Zen said and smiled faintly.

"You will! When the time comes, you'll know how terrifying Lucille actually is." Janet nodded.

Yet, Zen didn't think too much about if Lucille's strength was really as terrifying as Janet had said.

Besides, he still needed to raise his ranking continuously in order for the competition to bear fruit. He had no time to think about other things.

Another five minutes had passed as he climbed up the stairs.

Everyone had already arrived at the mountainside, where another Hall of Causality had appeared.

However, this Hall of Causality was several times larger and wider than the previous one.

There were eight warriors in front of the Hall of Causality, who were already waiting for Janet and Zen.

They were actually waiting for Janet, to be exact.

Janet had always been the leader. Only she was familiar with the Halls of Causality, so no one wanted to enter the hall without her at the helm.

"The second Hall of Causality." Janet looked at it and said, "Every Hall of Causality is different. Whether or not you can pass it depends not only on your own strength, but also your own reaction and judgment. The difficulty of passing the second Hall of Causality will greatly increase! Be careful, guys!"

Then, Janet walked in without any hesitation.

The others followed suit after she went in.

"This hall..."

There was nothing but white light that shot out of the walls in the first Hall of Causality, which was quite simple to pass through. As long as everyone was careful, the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm or even a weaker one could easily pass through the first Hall of Causality. It was also why the first hall was worth only one hundred Illusion Points.

Meanwhile the floors and walls of the second Hall of Causality were bathed in a thin layer of gold, which made it look luxurious.

There were many enormous square stones in the center of the hall.

These square stones were thirty feet high, thirty feet wide, and thirty feet long. There were complex carved patterns made by an unknown race on their surfaces.

The warriors were at least several dozen feet away from those square stones as they looked at them. They looked left and right, but couldn't tell anything special about the stones. In the end, they all turned towards Janet.

Now, Janet still wondered how strong Zen really was and was guessing his true identity.

Janet's strongest ability should be slightly stronger than half of Lucille's power. Since Zen said that he had defeated Lucille, she pondered about how much strength he exerted to win against Lucille last time. However, there were too many factors that determined victory or defeat in a martial artists' fight. It usually depended on one's strength, but it could also be affected by one's mentality, luck, or even how much one paid attention to details!

Perhaps Janet would need to challenge Zen if she wanted to know how strong he was. It was just that the Hall of Causality wasn't suitable for a fight, but she should have a chance when she reached the Illusion Battlefield's final test.

Her mind was such a mess that she didn't notice everyone's eyes were on her again until now. "The Hall of Causality is different every time. This is also the first time I've seen it," she said snappily.

"She's right. How can we let a girl shoulder the risk of leading us?" a human warrior said with a smile. "Since no one wants to take the first step, let me do it!"

After that, he pulled out a sword from the scabbard that hung around his waist. He picked up the long sword with narrowed eyes; then, faint blue dots of light appeared and flickered after he closed eyes.

The blue dots of light slowly took the shape of a human, and then it finally completely transformed into that human martial artist's appearance.

"Sword spirit!" Zen's eyes slightly flashed when he saw the warrior's sword spirit.

"What a solid sword spirit!"

"It would be perfect to use a sword spirit to scout the way!"

"Now that we don't understand the rules of this Hall of Causality, we may die early if we're not careful. It's a pity that we don't have any puppeteers in the team."

They had gotten somewhat familiar with the Halls of Causality after they passed the first one.

At first, they were all shocked when they heard the words "Law of Causality." The others would have a hard time passing through the Hall of Causality if someone in the hall had mastered some kind of Law of

Causality--even if the one were only at the Soul Sea Realm. After all, some Laws of Causality were too powerful for anyone to risk going against them.

After they had observed for a while, they concluded that the trials in the Hall of Causality had some certain rules. One still had a small chance of passing through after having figured out the rules.

The sword spirit of that warrior was indeed incomparably solid, but it still had some minor flaws compared to Zen's.

When Zen's sword spirit materialized, it was no different from a real person. On the other hand, the human martial artist's sword spirit was still a bit imperfect that one could tell that it was illusory when looking at it closely. However, it was already good enough to be able to condense a sword spirit to this degree.

After the sword spirit took form, it walked towards the center of the hall. Everyone's gazes were fixated on it.

It was still quiet from the hall's entrance to the central section. But just as the sword spirit approached a giant stone, it suddenly shook and rolled before it aggressively crushed down the sword spirit.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1584 Rolling Stones

Had this been an ordinary rock

then the ten people on the scene wouldn't have even batted an eyelash.

Moreover, even if it was thirty feet tall, it wouldn't even be enough to cause any sort of damage to the sword spirit - of course, that was if it had been an ordinary rock.

But it wasn't. It was a huge stone in the middle of the Hall of Causality. There was surely more to it than met the eye.

The fact that they could not destroy this stone was surely going to give them a headache.

The human warrior who controlled the sword spirit gently shook the long sword which signaled the spirit to retreat.

Boom!

There was a loud explosion as the giant stone rolled to the side and smashed into the air, causing the entire Hall of Causality to tremble.

The stone continued to roll and followed the sword spirit's path of retreat.

Its speed had now exceeded the sword spirit's dodging speed. The warrior saw this and smiled.

His long sword shook once again and the blue sword spirit suddenly transformed and split into seven to eight blue swords!

The swords scattered in all directions before eventually coming together again and turning into a human-shaped figure. "The second hall isn't that difficult," the warrior said.

He was confident that he'd be able to pass through this hall easily.

However, just as the huge block of stone rolled down, one of its sides was revealed to them.

It was a ghost face and it looked extremely ferocious! It had dark eyes, sharp teeth, and an evil smile. The smile gave chills to anyone who looked at it.

The stone seemed to possess a certain level of intelligence since it was able to identify the controller of the sword spirit.

This sentient block of stone was thirty feet long and thirty feet wide. Each time it rolled, it would do so at an extremely fast rate. Given the rather limited space, it had no problems crossing the entire hall and arriving in front of the human warrior. However, the warrior remained calm.

Despite looking so formidable, this stone could only roll in a limited space. The entire floor of this hall was divided into several squares in a sort of grid pattern. Whenever it rolled, it did so according to the grid pattern that was on the ground and it could only roll either to the front, left, or right.

Rolling diagonally meant it would first have to roll to the left, and then forward.

The warrior's figure flashed as he moved towards the inclined top of the stone. The stone could only roll to the side and try to press down on him.

However, before it could do that, the warrior's figure flashed again and evaded the stone's roll. It was obvious that he was playing with it now.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The bangs continued as the warrior continued evading the stone. He took advantage of its inability to move diagonally and maintained a slanted position on the grid pattern. "If you guys do as I do and maintain a diagonal position against the stone then passing this second hall won't be a problem!"

His words were quickly taken note of by his party members. They would have to exercise constant vigilance if they wanted to keep their lives in here.

A split second of carelessness would be enough for the stones to crush them.

"If that's the case then we should get through this hall quickly," one of the warriors said, rushing into the hall. The moment he entered, two giant stones rolled over and followed him. Janet, who watched this, tutted in disapproval.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked, quickly noticing the frown on Janet's face.

"Something's wrong. The second hall's difficulty shouldn't be this low," she said. Ever since the beginning, she had emphasized the importance of teamwork if they wanted to get past the Hall of Causality. It wouldn't be good if so many people got killed this early since the difficulty of the halls would progressively intensify later on.

However, despite doing well on the initial stage, Janet knew that it would be impossible to pass through all without any sort of minor injury.

In her previous venture, only two people of her original party were able to get to the final stage. This meant that all their efforts had been in vain and that they failed in passing the Hall of Causality.

She clearly remembered the second hall being more challenging back then, three people even died.

"You mean, we didn't actually figure out the real rules of this hall?" Zen asked.

"I think so but... Maybe we should go through it first," she said, taking small steps forward.

The rest of the team began to advance. At the same time, all of the giant stones began to roll out.

The sound of rolling stones was deafening as it echoed throughout the entire hall.

Rumble! Rumble!

Everyone followed the human warrior's advice and moved along the diagonal lines on the grid pattern. This meant that the stones would have to constantly change their directions which made it difficult to keep up with the warriors.

This second hall was several times wider than the first one but it didn't take them that long to reach the end.

"We made it!"

"Ha-ha! This one's pretty easy although the reward isn't that much. I don't know if I'll be able to get back my five million points."

"Look! That's..."

Just as they thought it was all over, a fence made up of rows of white light rose before them!

The exit was blocked completely, making it impossible for them to continue forward.

"What the hell is this? Why is it not letting us pass?!" the ogre warrior screamed in frustration.

Zen also frowned. This white light barrier was a problem and the stones behind them were now quickly rolling towards them.

"Retreat!" Janet ordered. "I knew it wasn't going to be that easy." She quickly turned into a white shadow and dived downwards just as a stone pressed towards her.

'The way is blocked. Is it some sort of mechanism? Or do we have to fulfill a certain condition to pass?' Zen pondered as he dodged the stones.

"Ah! Help!" someone shouted not too far away.

Zen looked and saw a warrior who had gotten himself backed into a corner surrounded by three stones.

Zen quickly shot forward and sent out a palm strike towards the warrior.

Bang!

Zen's attack sent him flying out of danger while he quickly found a gap between the stones and escaped.

"Thad?!"

Janet screamed in panic when she saw what he did.

Why in the world would he put himself in danger like that?

She still wanted a chance to challenge him. It would be a shame if he died so early in here.

If he got crushed then he wouldn't have only wasted his five million Illusion Points. He would also lose half of his remaining points and take a plunge in the rankings.

It wasn't just Janet, the others were also equally shocked by Zen's actions. Although they were a team, that was only because they were forced to be. They were far from being a consolidated unit who understood each other completely. Some of them even had enmity with others so it was truly strange for Zen to risk his neck just to save that warrior.

His willingness to sacrifice touched them a bit.

However, they also thought it was really stupid. Nobody would be able to resist the pressure of these stones once they pressed down on you. They would immediately get crushed and die if ever that happend.

Chapter 1585 Square Light Beam

The moment a square stone pressed down, Zen's face was full of calmness as a white mist rose from his body.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

At this moment, Zen's body turned as light as a feather.

Although the rock was rolling incredibly quickly, it was extremely large.

Zen's Eight Smoky Melodies was a quite unique one—such was a movement technique that was like dancing on the tip of a blade.

The faster and stronger the opponent was, the smoother Zen's body could move.

Up until now, only the Crescent Blade under Lucille's feet had managed to break through the three-inch limit set by the Eight Smoky Melodies.

But Zen confidently dodged the stone in front of him.

Whoosh!

Under everyone's watchful eyes, the stone came crashing down on Zen.

But at this moment, his body moved strangely—he took steps horizontally, like a leave that had been 'squeezed out' after being disturbed by the palm wind.

"What is this movement technique?"

one of the others blurted out in confusion.

When Zen was out of danger, his figure floated down. But of course, he didn't have time to answer the question because two more square stones began pressing down on him.

After the crowd rushed away from the exit of the hall, they once again began fighting with the rolling stones.

"Thank you for saving my life," the warrior instantly thanked Zen.

With a slight smile, Zen only shook his head. "We are going to venture through the Hall of Causality together. When necessary, we'll need to cooperate with each other and work together. Helping you also means helping myself."

With this, the wariness among the ten of them was fortunately dispelled.

Initially, some warriors had their own selfish thoughts, after all. If anyone was to be crushed by a giant stone, letting their Illusion Points burst out, then the others could naturally take advantage of such an opportunity. Now that they truly wanted to go further, they understood that teamwork became extremely important.

"But with that white grating blocking our way, I wonder how we'll manage to pass…" someone said, already sounding depressed.

"Everyone, be careful. There must be some sort of mechanism here." As everyone retreated, they discussed how to make an escape.

At this time, the short human warrior from the Blessed Buddha Land suddenly offered, "Perhaps the mechanism is on these giant stones."

With that, he turned around to avoid the giant square stone in front of him. Surprisingly, a short sword appeared in his hand—a supreme divine weapon, the Buddha Curse Blade!

Whoosh!

His body flashed around the huge rock. While he wasn't able to fly in the hall, his speed just increased dramatically.

The Buddha Curse Blade in his hand slashed lightly across the huge rock.

Whoosh!

The moment the Buddha Curse Blade slashed down, a crisp sound rang out. A swastika mark then appeared on the stone's surface.

Boom!

The short martial artist seized the opportunity to flash out when the stone came crashing down once again. Thrusting out the Buddha Curse Blade again, he left another swastika mark on it.

After repeating this move a number of times, each side of the enormous rocks had a swastika mark on its surface.

Then, the short warrior suddenly took a step back, holding the Buddha Curse Blade. Staring at the giant rock, he chanted, "One word breaks all directions. Shatter!"

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The swastika marks on the surface of the square stone began spinning rapidly at the same time.

Boom!

An extremely strong force impacted the surface of the huge rock. In waves of the Buddhist light, countless sharp silhouettes shot straight at the huge rock's surface.

"What a powerful technique!" Even Zen's face had turned solemn. This Buddha Curse Blade was also a supreme divine weapon, after all. It was different from the Black Star—because it was considered an offensive tool, it wasn't surprising that it had such overwhelming power.

There was a Law of Causality within the supreme divine weapon—would this Buddha Curse Blade be able to shatter the huge stone?

While dodging the stones' crushing attacks, everyone made sure to pay attention to the short warrior's moves.

Rumble! Rumble!

The huge rock actually stopped rolling.

'Did he make it?'

For a moment, Zen thought as his gaze froze. When the light dissipated, he saw that the huge rock was left completely undamaged. Meanwhile, a small grimace appeared on the surface of the huge rock once again.

When everyone saw the ghost face, they were all stunned still.

Suddenly, the ghost face changed as its strange smile faded away, turning its face into one that looked close to tears.

Upon this sight, everyone's heart tightened.

"Everyone, be careful!" Janet warned them.

Although they didn't know what kind of unforeseen problem they would face, they could tell that something bad was about to unfold.

Simultaneously, a grimace appeared on the surface of all the square stones in the hall.

"Don't go in a straight line with these stones," Zen warned, his eyes flashing as he took a step to the side.

Just as Zen moved out of the way, beams of light shot out from the stones in four directions.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

These square beams of light were 30 feet high and 30 feet wide, perfectly covering a line of squares on the ground, stretching all the way to the end of the hall.

Each of these square stones released four square beams of light simultaneously. Since they intersected with each other, there wasn't much space for the martial artists to dodge.

Standing in the middle of the square was Zen. Before him and behind him, the area filled with beams of light—the only options for him were to move to the left and right.

"These beams of light... They could kill once they are touched. Even though I've warned everyone, I don't know if everyone will be able to hold up." Making sure not to move recklessly at that moment, Zen had also given a warning.

So long as he faced the square rock from the front, back, left, or right, the light beam would shine upon him.

The light beams continued to shoot out. After about thirty seconds, the light gradually dimmed until it completely disappeared.

After these beams disappeared, two balls of Illusion Points came floating into view.

"Two people have been killed," Zen muttered with a twitch of his brows.

Eight giant square stones connected to each other surrounded the two warriors. It looked like they were trapped in a danger zone with no escape.

As the crowd saw the two balls of points, their hearts sank. Two people had actually died during this round of light and they had yet to find a way to break it.

The balls held quite a number of points. According to their calculations, each ball probably had at least three million points—at this time, though, no one was in the mood to absorb them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Soon after, the huge rocks began rolling again. But instead of chasing after everyone, they connected to each other in a row.

If these stones were to form a row and shoot out the square beams of light, there would surely be no blind spots in the entire hall—everyone would be left for dead.

"There's no square stone there!" Zen called out.

Whoosh!

As he sprinted horizontally, Zen roared. "Here! Everyone, come here!"

All too quickly, the situation changed, leaving no one any time to think. Janet and the six other warriors could only rush toward Zen as he called out to them.

The moment the last warrior charged into the square where Zen was, the row of giant stones released square beams of light simultaneously.

These square stones were connected to each other, stopping the release of beams from the left and right. But these beams of light from the front and back filled the entire Hall of Causality. There were no blind spots at all.

In total, there were forty-three square stones. But there were forty-four rows of squares in the hall—the one square stone that was missing was the only chance of survival.

The Hall of Causality could definitely be passed in a certain way, meaning that it wouldn't block this single chance of survival. Otherwise, it would be a death trap.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Everyone crowded with Zen before looking at the two sides that were densely covered with enormous beams of light. Their faces were all deathly pale.

Apart from this place, every other place in the hall was already deadly.

Under the beams of light, everyone finally had a chance to catch their breath.

"He shouldn't have attacked the stone just now…" someone criticized the short warrior.

But Zen interjected, "No… I'm afraid if we want to pass through this hall, we'll probably have to do so. It was because of his attack that the attack of the Hall of Causality has evolved to this extent."

If this short martial artist hadn't used the Buddha Curse Blade to attack the square stone, then everyone would have still been chased away by the stones without a way to break it.

"Well then... How are we supposed to break these stones? Everyone might die if we don't dodge in time! We can't just keep this up, right?" someone asked in worry.

Taking a deep breath, Zen looked toward the depths of the Hall of Causality. Then, he said, "The key is probably still those ghost faces!"

Chapter 1586 A Stupid Method

Over thirty seconds later, the square pillars of light disappeared once again.

Simultaneously, all the giant stones began rolling one more time.

Now that everyone clearly understood the rules of the stones' movement, they all felt slightly more at ease.

These stones only rolled along the squares of the ground. So long as the squares where they stayed were not in line with the stones, they could avoid the pillar of light.

Boom!

With that, the stones were no longer arranged in a row but instead were scattered and rolled out in every direction.

The eight surviving warriors now followed the rolling of the stones, constantly adjusting their positions.

"We can stand here!"

"Don't stand there! A huge rock is rolling over! That place will be blocked soon."

"Come here!"

After the warriors found their new 'safe spots', they stopped moving and quietly waited for the giant stones to shoot out the square pillars of light.

Although the stones were all in a row just then, one row of squares were the 'safe spots'.

In this moment, all the square boulders were in chaos—their safety spot was split apart.

Whoosh!

As the boulders rolled, Zen didn't seem to be in a hurry to find his safe spot. Instead, he was shuttling back and forth between the boulders to examine them.

Since a stone was attacked by the short martial artist from the Blessed Buddha Land, a grimace remained on each side of all the square-shaped boulders.

"The key must be in the grimaces," Zen spoke as his eyes frantically swept across the area.

"Boom!"

The moment all the boulders stopped rolling, Zen's eyes flashed.

"Is there something different about the grimace on this boulder?"

Albeit faint, he could see that the color of a grimace on the boulder was slightly different from the others—on the other boulders, the grimaces were simply black lines, but the one on the bottom of the square boulder before him was dark red in color.

But just as Zen tried to move in closer, the stone turned over so that the red grimace was facing the ground. It was then impossible for Zen to lift it up and get a closer look.

At this moment, all the boulders kept still. Left without a better choice, Zen had to give up and find a safe spot nearby. He stood firmly where he was and continued to ponder.

Buzz…buzz…buzz…

Light pillars shot out from the four sides of all the giant rocks simultaneously. The forty-three giant, square rocks shot out a total of a hundred and seventy-two light pillars in four different directions.

Zen glanced at the terrifying might from within these pillars, and then he furrowed his brows and continued staring intently at the huge rock not far away.

The light from the pillars lasted for about thirty seconds before they gradually dissipated. Following this, all the boulders began rolling again.

Zen's eyes were still fixated on the huge square boulder which now rolled itself over to expose the side facing the ground.

"The dark red grimace… Is it gone?" Zen's brows knitted in confusion. The one clue he had gone through so much to find disappeared just like that.

This time, all the huge rocks rolled toward one side of the hall—it became clear that they all wanted to line up in a row again.

"One is missing here!" the ogre roared.

The other warriors had no time to pay attention to anything else as they rushed toward that direction.

And Zen was no exception. After the boulders connected in a row, the only safe spot was that single gap.

The previously separated crowd stood together once again.

"Did you find anything?" With that, Janet could tell that Zen was looking for a solution.

"At the bottom," Zen answered, "there seems to be a dark red grimace—it's different from the others."

"Really?" Janet's eyes lit up upon hearing this. "Find that grimace and smash it into pieces!"

Although the tests in each Hall of Causality were different, one of the halls Janet had entered before was rather similar to this one. The key to working it out was finding a dragon sculpture among thirty three stone pillars and breaking it into pieces.

"That dark red grimace seems to have been deliberately hidden by these huge rocks. They even know how to change position to hide it," Zen said, sounding helpless. "Even if we find it, we won't be able to break it in time!"

"You're right." Janet's small nose wrinkled slightly as she fell into deep thought.

"No matter what, let's find that dark red grimace first," a Demon Night woman said.

To that, everyone nodded their heads in agreement.

After gradually getting used to the rhythm of the rolling boulders, everyone grew calmer.

When the square boulders finally dispersed, they were no longer in a hurry to find a 'safe spot' to stay safe. Instead, they kept getting closer to the square boulders. Because at that moment, the square boulders were no longer trying to crush them.

Whoosh…whoosh…

One after another, figures began circling the enormous boulders.

"I saw it. It's this piece! There is indeed a dark red grimace!" the ogre shouted out in excitement. "But it was pressed down by this giant boulder."

As the ogre finished speaking, all the boulders shot out square beams of light once again. Originally, Zen wanted to rush over, but the square beams of light in front of him blocked his path. Although he couldn't see the dark red grimace this time, he managed to prove his hypothesis—at least, he could be sure about that.

The key definitely lay in the dark red grimace, but these giant boulders seemed to have their own thoughts. When they rolled, they would always hide the dark red grimace below them, and each of the forty three square boulders had six grimaces on them. That meant they had to find the red grimace among a total of two hundred and fifty-eight of them.

This was not an easy task.

Soon after, all the huge rocks once again lined up in a row, giving Zen and the others an opportunity to gather.

Everyone's eyes met with each other, hoping that someone would think of a solution.

"I got one! But it's kind of stupid," Zen offered.

"Please tell us," the Demon Night woman uttered. At that point, so long as Zen's suggestion didn't involve any risk of death, they would do anything.

"Who has the means to set up a trap?" Zen asked the crowd.

Hearing his words, the warrior wearing a round hat flicked the brim of his hat and smiled faintly. "I can do it." With a gentle wave of his hand, three purple bamboos as thick as his little finger appeared in his hand. He sprinkled them lightly, and the purple bamboos fell to the ground and stood up on their own.

"They won't work at all!" Zen shook his head.

"They're purple thunder bamboos. When they explode, the impact…" The martial artist clearly wanted to continue going on about his bamboos, but Zen merely ignored him. How could he be willing to explain to this guy in such a rush?

Under the crushing pressure of the boulders, the purple thunder bamboos would be easily crushed to pieces.

What Zen needed was a trap similar to a divine texture—he had a suitable divine texture in his mind, but right now, it was impossible for him to inscribe one.

At this moment, some of the warriors were still left confused, but Janet and the short martial artist got a good idea of what Zen was planning.

As a square boulder continued to roll along, one side would eventually face the ground, covering the dark red grimace. Then, they could set up traps all over the floor of the hall. So long as the grimace could turn over, it would get caught up in the traps when they were activated at the same time.

Although it seemed pretty stupid, it was an effective method.

"I can do that," Janet said with a smile. "I can summon the Lofty Wood Texture!" With a flick of her fingers, a tiny bit of mysterious texture appeared on the two squares, one in front of her and the other behind.

With only a single thought, she made thorns spread out from the texture. Such was one of Janet's most outstanding skills.

"I can do that too." The short martial artist offered a nod before clasping his hands together. A bolt of thunder from the palm of his hand struck the ground next to him, creating a texture of lighting onto the square.

Not knowing where the square boulders would be moved, this foolish method was time-consuming and exhausting. Because it was necessary to fill in every square in the hall with traps.

But no one could come up with a better idea.

As they dodged, the two summoned their skills to set up traps on the squares of the ground, laying them out in rows.

Chapter 1587 Shoot An Arrow

The figures of Janet and the short martial artist were blur as they both moved at the speed of lightning.

Both of their strength could be ranked in the team's top three.

Although the square pillars of light caused their speeds to slow down a bit, they had succeeded in setting up traps. There were now lines of traps on the floor from a side of the Hall of Causality.

Janet had used something called the "Lofty Wood Texture." It was a profound mystery derived from the fifth level of the Wood Law. It was also one of her clan's extremely powerful techniques.

Meanwhile, the thunder technique the short martial artist had used appeared to be extraordinary, which he hadn't explained.

The two of them shuttled across the Hall of Causality just like that. Each of them would set up a trap each time reaching a square, and they had filled up one-third of the hall's area with traps within five minutes.

Using their theurgies to set up traps had consumed lots of their strength. Thus, the two of them would rest for a while to replenish their life vitality as the pillars of light were released by the square boulders.

This idiotic method consumed a great deal of life vitality, but they had no choice but to do so if they wanted to pass through this Hall of Causality.

In any case--according to Zen's plan, the dark red grimace would definitely be crushed as long as that the traps covered the squares where all the giant rocks would go through, and that all the traps were activated at the same time.

The others tried their best to help Janet and the short warrior while they dodged the rocks. For instance, the Demon Night woman had tied a light green feather into Janet's hair, which was taken from the Blue Phoenix's head. It allowed one to move effortlessly, and it did save Janet a lot of strength.

However, an unexpected change happened.

Something happened when this "grand project" was halfway set up.

A ray of black light spread from the squares in the hall and released a strange burst of power!

The black light spread out from the ground, but didn't harm any of the martial artists in the hall. However, when it disappeared, so did the traps Janet and the short martial artist had set!

"Wh-what?!"

Zen frowned deeply when he saw the scene.

Meanwhile, Janet and the short martial artists were naturally upset.

The other warriors simply remained silent.

What had just happened meant that they weren't allowed to set traps in this Hall of Causality.

Thus, the traps they had set up now were gone in a flash.

"Buzz buzz buzz…"

All the giant square boulders once again lined up in a row, and then released square beams of light.

On the other hand, Janet was already familiar with the boulders' movement patterns. She calmly stepped forward, walked into the safe spot, and asked Zen what to do next.

At that moment, Zen was deep in thought.

This Hall of Causality definitely had a method to work it out, but he just hadn't figured it out.

When the huge rocks rolled, they actually had the opportunity to attack the dark red grimace hiding at the bottom.

There were forty three rocks, but the team only had eight people. If each of them chose a boulder to guard, they would only have a one-in-five chance of coming into contact with the dark red grimace. As long as the dark red grimace appeared and the giant rock did not turn over, they would have the chance to destroy it.

This plan was even more stupid than the previous one.

However, they had no choice!

Everyone was willing to spend five million Illusion Points to come here to have a single gamble, so no one wanted to quit right now.

After Zen had proposed his plan, the others had been very cooperative and did as he said!

Everyone picked a huge rock and waited for the rocks to disperse. Before the light pillars shot out, everyone's attention shifted to the huge rock they chose and they began to check every side of the rolling rock.

Zen had already taken out his dark golden long bow and got ready. He would shoot an arrow the moment his sharp eyes saw the dark red grimace appear in one of the rolling rocks!

"Nothing!"

"This one is no!"

"Nothing here."

"Boom, boom, boom…"

As soon as they spoke, all the square boulders stopped rolling and began to emit square beams of light.

Even if the dark red grimace appeared at this moment, Zen and the others couldn't do anything to it at all. After all, neither Zen nor the other warriors were able to flip the square boulder over. They could only wait for the next opportunity.

The square boulders spread out, and then gathered in a row and spread out again.

"Try again!"

They found it extremely difficult to destroy the dark red grimace. First of all, they only had a one-fifth chance of finding the grimace, and they had to make their move before the square-shaped boulder turned over.

However, none of them were discouraged.

"Found it!"

This time, it was the ogre who had found the grimace. The others' eyes were focused on the boulder beside him after they heard his shout.

Suddenly, they all heard the sound of a bow being drawn at the same time!

An arrow shot towards the enormous boulder at a high speed.

The arrow came from Zen, who had the fastest reaction time. Just as the ogre's voice rang out, Zen's right hand which already gripped the bowstring quickly loosened!

However, a sharp sword light simultaneously shot out from another direction!

The square boulder had already been half rolled over, and the dark red grimace would be covered below again as long as the boulder tilted forward.

The two attacks were extremely fast and were about to pierce into the rock that hadn't completely turned over yet.

"Crap!"

Zen and the short martial artist were both dumbstruck.

Just then, the streak of sword-light coincidentally collided with the black arrow!

"Pak!"

The two attacks collided with a clear and loud sound, and a refraction occurred. The black arrow flew up towards the ceiling, while the sword light nailed itself to the side of the boulder.

Regret crossed everyone's faces when they all saw what happened.

In particular, the ogre bitterly said, "It was very difficult to find this dark red grimace…"

If it had been just one person who had taken action, perhaps they would have passed the Hall of Causality.

The short martial artist just smiled faintly. "It doesn't matter. There is always a chance," he said lightly.

The giant rocks rolled again and changed directions while everyone followed their movements.

However, they couldn't find the dark red grimace for the next four times.

On the fifth time, Zen felt slightly annoyed as he stared at the huge rock in front of him.

When the boulder flipped over, his face turned sour. He still didn't find the grimace.

The woman from the Demon Night who was not far ahead of him suddenly pointed at the space behind Zen. "Over there!"

Zen turned his head on reflex as soon as he heard her, but he didn't have the time to adjust his longbow because of panic. Besides, the opportunity to attack the dark red grimace only lasted for a blink of an eye!

When Zen turned around, his right hand had already released the bowstring--but it didn't matter whether he had shot in the right direction, because he had grabbed onto a small skull on his right shoulder and thrown it at the giant boulder, as if he was acting on a conditioned reflex.

The moment the square shaped boulder turned over, Zen had succeeded in throwing the small skull into the bottom!

"Boom...!"

A muffled bang followed, then everyone saw that the square boulder could no longer turn over now.

Even though the square boulder was unimaginably heavy, it didn't manage to crush the small skull into pieces. The small skull had actually stopped the boulder from turning just like that!

"Be careful of that light beam!" Janet shouted from not far away.

At that point, Zen was still in the same direction where the light shot out from the square boulder.

If the square-shaped light beam had hit him, he would undoubtedly die!

There was a dull thud on the ground. Zen had apparently collapsed!

"Buzz buzz buzz…"

Since the small skull was under the giant boulder, the light pillar that shot out from the boulder was tilted upwards.

Zen had managed to dodge the square pillar of light, but he fell face-flat onto the ground!

While Zen was in that position, he took out another black arrow from his quiver.

The square pillars of light would continue for a few more seconds, so Zen had plenty of time now. His lips curved into a smile as he stared at the dark red grimace. Bow, aim, shoot!

"Swish!"

This black arrow whizzed out and was aimed at the grimace along the bottom, which the small skull had held up.

Even then, Zen was still a little worried. After all, he wasn't sure if the dark red grimace was the crux of passing through this Hall of Causality. It was merely their own speculation.

"Boom!"

The arrow flew right off and directly nailed itself onto the dark red grimace!

At that moment, all of the light pillars simultaneously came to a halt; and the entire Hall of Causality returned to its calmness.

Chapter 1588 Reward

The dark red ghost face was nailed in and started cracking.

The cracks spread quickly until they completely engulfed the entirety of the stone's surface.

These huge blocks of stones were originally ordinary stones.

But their surfaces were protected by extremely strong Law of Causality which prevented them from being broken.

This was the reason why no matter how powerful a battle between warriors was, the walls of the main cities would never be broken.

"I was scared to death..." the ogre murmured weakly.

Zen had shot an arrow just now that missed him by mere millimeters.

"Sorry about that," Zen apologized with a smile.

Everything was so chaotic and he couldn't really think straight when he launched his arrow.

The ogre laughed. "It's alright. At least we can finally get through this damn hall." There wasn't really any harm done and even if the arrow did hit him, it still wouldn't be deadly. Zen's bow was obtained from the Lower World and could only be considered a lower-ranked divine weapon, meaning it was no match to the ogre warrior's armor.

The ogre turned to the idle stone beside him. He patted it gently and the stone immediately exploded into smithereens.

They had previously been chased by these stones all over the place but the tables had turned and they were now able to smash them all into pieces.

"Amazing!" Janet told Zen with a sweet smile.

Zen shrugged and pulled a skull from his back. "I was just lucky. I didn't expect this little skull to be useful." He never thought that this indestructible annoyance was going to come in handy at such a crucial moment.

Back in the first hall, Zen had almost caused the death of several warriors, so a lot of them harbored a lot of anger towards him.

However, his actions here in the second hall proved to be extremely effective in getting through the challenges. He went from dead weight to an accidental hero.

This temporary team was sure to bond even more once they got through more challenges together.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

More than forty blocks of stone had been smashed and reduced to rubble.

Once all stones were gone, the warriors now fixed their eyes upon a very interesting sight: two masses of Illusion Points that gathered in the middle of the hall, left behind by the two warriors who died under the strong square light pillars.

Since they weren't killed by another warrior, the Illusion Points could be considered free game.

The warriors looked at the points, and then at each other. There were probably millions of Illusion Points just waiting to be claimed on the floor. It wasn't a small number at all.

However, they were faced with the dilemma of allocating these points amongst themselves.

"Thad should get half of the Illusion Points," Janet quickly declared in a non-negotiable voice.

The short warrior nodded in agreement. "Okay. Then we can share the rest equally."

The warrior wearing the round hat opened his mouth. "Why should he..."

Janet and the short warrior shot him nasty glares, silencing him before he could even finish his sentence.

Zen was the one who contributed the most to help them get through the second hall so it was only right that he got the most number of Illusion Points.

Glad that things turned out in his favor, Zen quickly walked towards the mass of Illusion Points and absorbed half. These points could be considered additional income, perhaps even as a sort of 'inheritance' from the dead warriors.

Meanwhile, the rest of the group quickly reached an agreement and absorbed their allocated Illusion Points one by one. Cheating wasn't a possibility since anyone who broke the deal and tried to absorb more than their share would get viciously attacked by the others.

After absorbing the Illusion Points, the group then advanced towards the end of the Hall of Causality. The white light grates, which previously blocked them, had now disappeared.

However, a huge, square stone still blocked their way.

The sight stumped all of them!

"Why is this stone here?"

"I don't know! Why?"

"Let me deal with it!"

The ogre had just recently broken around fifteen of these huge stones. Figuring that this one wasn't going to be that different, he confidently walked towards it and struck its sides with both palms concentrated with destructive energy.

"Puff!"

Everyone expected the stone to shatter just as the other stones did.

However, it simply sat there, still whole and very much undamaged.

The sight made everyone frown.

They had already broken the rules of the heavens, so this huge block of stone should've shattered the moment the ogre struck it.

Why was it completely unharmed by the blow?

Was it still perhaps shrouded in the invisible power of law? If that was the case, then how were they ever going to get through?

"What's going on? This stone... I can't destroy it..."

But before he could even finish his words, the stone's surface suddenly started to glow a faint, yellow light.

The yellow light then separated into numerous yellow dots that immediately flew towards the ogre's body...

"How can there be so many Illusion Points coming out?" And he was right to ask. The number of points wasn't small at all. With just that one strike, the ogre had been able to obtain nearly 400, 000 Illusion Points!

Everyone watched this with great interest.

"If I'm not wrong, this may be the second hall's reward. Everyone can get the reward but the amount is dependent on the amount of power the warrior displays," Janet explained.

"Ah!" The ogre's eyes widened in shock. "No! I should have another try!"

When he struck the stone, he only used around half of his power since all he really wanted was to shatter it like the rest of the stones inside the hall. If he was able to get 400, 000 points with just half of his strength, then that meant he could've gotten so much more if he went in with full power.

"BOOM!"

There was a loud bang as the ogre punched the stone with a force much powerful than before.

However, no more Illusion Points came out of the stone.

Everyone stood there with looks of pity on their faces but there was no going about it. The ogre had his turn and got only 400, 000 points out of it.

The ogre silently retreated to the side in resentment, clearly regretting his rash decision of attacking the stone so impulsively.

Now it was the others' turn to give it a try.

The Demon Night warrior stood in front of the stone. They all understood that they should use their most destructive methods to attack the stone.

They would have to bring out the big guns and attack this stone with everything they had got in order to reap its huge rewards!

The Demon Night warrior took a few seconds to think of her strategy in dealing with this stone. Once she made up her mind, she took two steps back and took out a fiery-red longbow.

"This bow... Is it also a supreme divine weapon?"

Zen hadn't really been paying much attention to this woman. She was silent and preferred to keep to herself. The only interaction she ever did with any of them was when she gave the Blue Phoenix feather to Janet.

If she was in possession of a supreme divine weapon, then that meant that she enjoyed a high status in their race, perhaps even higher than Aurora's!

The woman skillfully gripped the bow and pulled on the bowstring, aiming it at the stone.

'There's no arrow though...' Zen thought to himself.

But soon enough, the fiery-red longbow started to glow as some kind of powerful energy surged through it. Not long after, a vortex of fire appeared in front of the bow and spat out a crimson arrow!

"This is the Moon Bursting Flame Bow, ranked a bit below the 2, 100th on the Universe Spirit Tablet," Janet helpfully explained to Zen.

At that moment, the Demon Night woman quickly released her hold on the bowstring and sent the arrow flying straight to the stone!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1589 Various Skills

After she let go of the bowstring, a buzz was heard.

Everyone saw the bowstring tremble on the bow.

The vortex of flame floating in front of the longbow didn't shoot out but instead floated in front of her, slowly spinning.

The Demon Night woman then smiled shyly at the crowd. "We'd better back off a bit!"

Upon seeing the power of the flame vortex, everyone knew that the power of the explosion would exceed their imagination and that they had to retreat.

Putting away her Moon Bursting Flame Bow, the Demon Night woman retreated toward the hall with the others. The vortex of flame was then left where it was, slowly rotating in the air.

Zen, Janet and the others moved back hundreds of feet before they decided to stop.

"It's not yet enough. We have to retreat further back. I'm afraid it'll hurt you," the Demon Night woman said with a smile.

Thus, the group retreated together with her to the middle section of the Hall of Causality.

"Alright, it's enough." As soon as the woman finished speaking, her eyes flashed. In that moment, everyone heard the sound of an explosion.

Boom!

The flame vortex shot toward the huge, square rock. After a fierce collision, the flame power contained within spread out to the back. Almost half of the Hall of Causality was easily swallowed by the intense flame.

The woman seemed rather familiar with the bow. She told everyone to back off, but not too far away. They were at a good distance now.

"In addition to the power of the five layers of the Fire Law, it also contains a strange Law of Causality. It can condense the flame power to a high degree. Is this what makes the Moon Bursting Flame Bow special?" Janet whispered.

Right in the middle of the raging flames, the surface of the huge rock was once again suffused with countless Illusion Points. As they continuously danced in the air, they flew directly toward the Demon Night woman's body.

The number of these Illusion Points was several times more than that of the ogre martial artists from before.

When the raging flames completely dissipated and the Illusion Points were completely absorbed, the ogre martial artist anxiously asked, "How many… How many Illusion Points have you obtained?"

"2.8 million," she said with a faint smile.

"What?" The ogre martial artist roared. In this moment, he turned green with envy. But there was no medicine for regret in this world—he shouldn't have struck the square rock.

As the other martial artists heard the woman's words, their hearts burned with passion.

And it was as expected.

Just as Janet said, it was rather easy to earn the Illusion Points in the Hall of Causality.

They had only passed the second hall and yet the Demon Night woman already managed to acquire such a large number of points. What would happen in the next halls, then?

"So that's how it is."

'It'll be difficult to maintain my ranking just by robbing other martial artists of their Illusion Points. If I want to obtain a good ranking, I guess

I have to enter the other Halls of Causality, ' Zen thought to himself.

After the flames dissipated, the other martial artists rushed toward the square rock.

Then, a human martial artist launched an attack on it.

Since he knew the rules, he didn't bother holding himself back at all. Instead, he used all his strength to unleash his strongest martial skills toward the rock.

While he was indeed powerful, he didn't have a supreme divine weapon. The number of Illusion Points he could obtain from the rock wasn't as big as that of the Demon Night woman, but he still had at least a million.

Meanwhile, the ogre martial artist wailed again.

Everyone present took turns attacking the square rock. There, everyone could obtain over a million Illusion Points.

Every time a warrior absorbed the points, they would hear a wail.

The first few martial artists received their rewards.

At this point, Janet appeared in front of the rock, wearing a confident smile.

But she didn't bring out any magical weapons. Instead, she merely held her two small hands together and gently rotated them in the opposite direction, emitting a special aura from her palms.

Soon after, she gently patted the square rock.

Crack! A crisp sound resounded as if she just smacked the rock.

The ogre martial artist's eyes were wide open as he looked at Janet and said, "Don't you want the Illusion Points?"

The ogre martial artist didn't feel any particularly intense strength, so he couldn't understand why Janet was acting this way. But as he thought that Janet wouldn't obtain as many points as he did, he found a sense of comfort.

Without a word, Janet smiled.

Zen, the short martial artist, and the Demon Night woman all looked surprised at Janet's display. To them, it was obvious that her palm strike was nothing ordinary.

Soon after, the square rock began emitting yellow Illusion Points, one after another.

With this scene, the ogre martial artist laughed out loud. "Maybe you can only obtain a hundred Illusion Points."

But just then, he stopped laughing.

More and more points were flying out.

"3.1 million Illusion Points. Not bad." Janet smiled faintly at Zen before backing away to the side, leaving the ogre martial artist standing there in a daze.

Of the eight people, six of them had absorbed varying numbers of Illusion Points, leaving only Zen and the short martial artist.

After the two looked at each other, the short martial artist was the first to step forward. "This time, let me do it."

This warrior had the Buddha Curse Blade, so everyone expected him to obtain a massive amount of points.

But much to everyone's surprise, he didn't plan to use his supreme divine weapon.

Instead, he stood in front of the square rock with his hands clasped together. After closing his eyes, he didn't move at all.

"What's this guy doing?" The ogre martial artist whispered.

But no one else said another word.

The giant rock before them rewarded the number of Illusion Points based on the power of each attack, so the warriors naturally scrambled to display their most powerful moves.

These geniuses cooperated with each other temporarily in the Hall of Causality, but once they left, given their strength, they would meet each other sooner or later. It was beneficial for all parties to get an idea of each other's trump cards in advance, after all.

When the short martial artist closed his eyes, he looked like a meditative old monk—even his aura turned tranquil and serene.

At this moment, he seemed to have forgotten all about time and space—he moved like he was the only person in the hall.

After a few minutes of silence, everyone heard a sigh.

It was almost unbearably desolate as if it came from someone who had seen right into the emptiness of the material world.

"Alas..."

After heaving the sigh, the short martial artist gently reached out his hand and pushed it toward the square rock.

As he did, the push seemed relaxed and gentle.

When Janet struck the surface of the rock, it made a loud sound, but his strike was silent. The moment his palm touched the rock, he pulled back like a dragonfly dipping quickly into the water.

But after his light push, a massive amount of Illusion Points flooded into him.

'That's a strange power. The methods of the Blessed Buddha Land are truly extensive and profound.' Sighing inwardly, Zen shot the martial artist with a grave expression.

The three human forces in the universe were all very powerful—the Thoughtless Minds was established by many clans, while the Humanity Alliance was made of countless sacred places. But the Blessed Buddha Land was the oldest in the whole human race. Their path of cultivation was completely differently from that of the Thoughtless Minds and Humanity Alliance because they inherited the very teachings of the Buddhas.

"3.9 million Illusion Points," he announced casually.

The crowd couldn't help but suck in a breath of cold air upon hearing the number.

It wasn't the number they were shocked at—over four million Illusion Points were stored in their bodies, after all.

But the short martial artist managed to obtain nearly four million Illusion Points in one go—did that mean his palm strike was several times stronger than theirs?

The Demon Night woman had used a supreme divine weapon and yet earned only 2.8 million Illusion Points. But this person, out of nowhere, earned 3.9 million using just his bare hands.

Janet's mouth twitched. The record she created was instantly broken by the guy. Unwilling to give up, she turned to Zen. "It's your turn."

In her frustration, she found herself hoping that Thad could get more Illusion Points than the short martial artist.

Chapter 1590 Names

When the short warrior stepped aside to make way for Zen, everyone's eyes fell on the latter.

He was the only one out of the remaining eight warriors who had yet to attack the massive rock.

Giving Janet a soft smile, he walked toward the square rock.

All eyes were focused on him as the other warriors wondered what method he would use to attack.

But when Zen took his stance, everyone's expression turned disappointed.

Zen merely took on a horse stance, clenching his right fist as he stared straight ahead at the rock in front of him.

It seemed as though he was preparing for a normal punch.

'Doesn't he care about Illusion Points at all?' they wondered.

Although the short warrior's palm strike just then seemed ordinary, they could tell that it was composed of profound skills — the control he had over his strength was already at such a high level that his attack looked so leisurely from a close distance.

"Thad, are you really going to hit the rock with just your fist? Don't you want to use a weapon?" Janet asked. Janet couldn't help but suggest that he use a weapon, believing it would help him gain more points.

But Zen only shook his head. "There is no need."

Though he understood Janet's doubt, he couldn't be bothered to explain further.

After activating all the 40, 000 dragon scales, the strength of his physical body was probably comparable to the might of the Gods-intimidating Strike. But his physical strength had its own limitations — warriors rarely engaged in close combat during a fight, urging him to use the Gods-intimidating Strike and other skills more often.

After all the power of the dragon scales flowed into his right fist, he threw a rather ordinary punch.

But no one knew exactly how terrifying the power in this punch was.

When Zen's fist landed on the surface of the square rock, everyone heard a dull thud.

"Ha! Looks like he's at the bottom of us all!" The ogre warrior grinned and remarked from behind.

Like Zen, he attacked the rock with merely an ordinary punch, obtaining only around 400, 000 Illusion Points.

As an ogre, his natural physical strength was already much stronger than an ordinary human warrior's. Even though he had used less than sixty percent of his full strength, he felt rather confident that his strength still surpassed this human warrior's.

But after Zen retracted his fist, several spots of the Illusion Points started to fly out of the rock like before.

One, two…

These yellow luminous spots were like fireflies dancing in the air as they radiated from the surface of the rock.

Everyone stared at these spots, their faces gradually growing in doubt.

After a few moments, only several hundred Illusion Points were emitted from the rock — it was a much smaller number than anyone had expected.

But Zen didn't look nervous at all and merely stared indifferently at the rock in front of him.

"Even though you want to be at the bottom, you don't have to do that badly, my friend. This is too miserable!" the ogre warrior snorted and burst out laughing. Clearly, his mood had lifted. Though Zen attacked the rock in deadly earnest, he obtained only a few hundred Illusion Points. Such a number could only be described as miserable.

But before the ogre was done laughing, several yellow specks of light suddenly flashed out from all directions of the square rock.

It was as if Zen poked a hornet's nest — the specks of light swarmed out like hornets, forming a river of light that flowed continuously into Zen.

While the broad grin remained glued to the ogre warrior's face, complacency quickly disappeared from his eyes. His mouth was still wide open as his expression turned from disdain to surprise.

"What? Why? This…" So surprised, he couldn't even form a complete sentence.

The others were also staring blankly at Zen as they watched the river of Illusion Points flowing toward him. All of them were transfixed with astonishment.

Janet and the short warrior also found their eyes widening in shock at the scene.

Their gazes turned to Zen with solemnity — they were certain that Zen hadn't used any martial skills just then.

All he used was a straight jab that any warrior could execute.

To obtain so many Illusion Points from the rock with a single punch meant only one thing — Zen's physical strength had already reached an unimaginable degree.

Swish, swish, swish!

Countless Illusion Points continued flowing into Zen's body.

The other warriors all turned envious of the great flow of points.

Originally, they were already content obtaining several million Illusion Points.

But now that Zen was absorbing such a vast amount of points, the rest grew frustrated. Although they had all faced the same danger in the Hall of Causality, the difference in their rewards was just too great. Estimating the number of Illusion Points Zen earned, it was probably ten times greater than what they had obtained.

But no one could deny that the opportunity was indeed fair. All had a chance to earn their points. Since they earned so little compared to Zen, they only had themselves to blame for not attacking the rock harder.

On another thought, they realized something else.

Since Zen had acquired ten times as many Illusion Points as them, did it mean that Zen's strength was also ten times as strong as theirs?

They thought it was impossible.

All of them were core geniuses of their races. How could they actually admit that they were weaker than someone else? The large gap in points hurt their pride.

Too many factors could affect the outcome of a fight between warriors, after all. It was impossible for the gap between their and Zen's strength to be that wide.

But a problem remained — Zen had only used one punch. Obviously, that wasn't his trump card. As they pondered on this thought, they increasingly felt that Zen was too unfathomable.

After absorbing all the Illusion Points, Zen closed his eyes for a while and checked the number.

When he opened his eyes again, the ogre warrior anxiously asked, "How… how many points did you get?"

"10.4 million," Zen replied flatly.

"What? 10 million!"

The ogre exclaimed hysterically.

This number far exceeded anyone's imagination. The number of points the ogre had obtained earlier was merely a tiny fraction of this huge number.

"I've already used my full strength after employing the Buddhist theurgy. Even in the Blessed Buddha Land where geniuses are common, there are very few who could surpass me… But this guy's physical strength alone is three times stronger than mine," uttered the short warrior to himself.

Upon witnessing the scene, he estimated the gap of strength between him and Zen from the number of Illusion Points.

Janet, on the other hand, only remained silent at this moment. Wearing a smile, she looked at Zen with deep interest.

Since Zen had absorbed ten million Illusion Points at once, the total number of Illusion Points in his body rapidly increased.

After paying five million Illusion Points earlier, his ranking dropped from the upper part of the pyramid.

But with this flow of points, his rank skyrocketed once again.

In the entirety of the Illusion Battlefield, he now ranked 9200th among all the warriors.

In the present supreme world, his ranking had reached up to the top 100.

With that one move, he managed to earn back the five million points he paid and more.

Since he was the last attack, cracks suddenly appeared on the surface of the square rock until it became a mere pile of dust.

Everyone sighed as they looked ahead to their upcoming journey.

Just at the second Hall of Causality, they had obtained such a large number of Illusion Points. What could possibly happen next?

Although there was hope there, they also had rather big worries.

The difficulty of the second Hall of Causality wasn't low by any means — two people had already been killed here. What could happen in the third Hall of Causality?

After passing through the hall's exit, they once again stepped onto the stairs and continued up the mountain.

On their way, Janet suddenly broke the silence and offered, "Let's introduce ourselves to each other. We need cooperation to pass through these halls, after all. We should at least know each other's names, right?"

Through their previous cooperation, they had accepted each other as mere temporary companions. But after everything they had to go through, the trust they had in each other leveled up.

Hearing Janet's words, the short warrior from the Blessed Buddha Land replied first, "My name is Jeffrey Jin."

"Jeffrey? Are you that famous monk in the Blessed Buddha Land?"

Hearing his name, a human warrior behind him inquired, sounding surprised.

With a smile, Jeffrey offered a nod. "Yes, that's me."

"I'm Thad Luo," Zen added.

"I'm Coleman!" The ogre replied loudly.

The Demon Night woman blinked softly and said, "My name is Hailey."

…

After everyone introduced themselves, Janet smiled and said, "You are all very honest. Only Thad used a fake name!"

Chapter 1591 Hooks

Janet had a special ability--she could distinguish if one was telling lies or not.

When she declared that Thad was a fake name, everyone stared at Zen once again.

However, Zen simply smiled and didn't explain. He believed that they shouldn't be too entangled with this issue.

They continued climbing up the mountain.

Zen scanned his surroundings, and an icy blue hall appeared in front of him.

It seemed that the great hall in front of him was built from blue crystals, which made it glimmer with an icy blue luster under the light.

Moreover, they felt refreshed as they drew closer to the hall.

The soles of Jeffrey's shoes scuffed against the ground when he slowed down his pace and turned to Janet.

"How difficult is the third Hall of Causality?" he asked her. In turn, Janet looked at the hall for a while with a serious expression. "Every Hall of Causality is different, so I can't say for sure--but there are five Halls of Causality from the foot of the mountain to its summit in total.

We had two ace talents in the group last time I entered here. No one died in the first Hall of Causality. Three people perished in the second. Four more followed in the third. I perished in the fourth Hall of Causality..."
"So many people had died even though you had two ace talents in the group?!"

The ogre martial artist couldn't help but gawk at her in disbelief. There was not a single ace talent among the ten people present.

Although they had never fought each other before, Zen, Jeffrey, and Janet were undoubtedly the top three warriors among them.

However, they thought that while Zen and the others weren't weak--they were not on par with the ace talents. Those who were called ace talents must have the greatest fortune in the universe.

Not only did they carry the destiny of the chaotic world, a race or clan's hopes depended on them as well.

If even a team with two ace talents did not make through the Hall of Causality, then it meant that this Hall of Causality was much more difficult than they had imagined.

Naturally, some of the eight people wanted to retreat after they heard Janet's words.

However, Janet smiled at them and said, "Don't worry, isn't our result now better than last time?

We'll definitely pass through this Hall of Causality as long as all of us work together!" She made sure to emphasize the two words 'work together' as she spoke.

What Janet didn't mention was that the two ace talents from the last time she had entered the Hall of Causality refused to cooperate. They always fought internally, and even continued their fight on the mountain.

Furthermore, they didn't even save the other martial artists in danger when they saw them at all.

If that hadn't been the case, the ten of them most likely would've passed through the fifth Hall of Causality last time.

That was also why Janet emphasized teamwork from the very beginning, and thus their team performed better than the previous one. At the very least, only two people died in the second Hall of Causality.

"Janet is right. If we want to get more Illusion Points, we must cooperate with each other. Otherwise, no one will get far. But if we do, we might be able to get into the top 1000 this time!"

Zen let out a hearty chuckle and joined in, "Everyone, come on. Let's go in!" After that, Zen took the lead and walked into the large hall.

The hall's interiors were the same color as its exterior--from the ground, the ceiling, the columns, to even the walls on both sides of the hall were all an ice blue hue. Some of them touched the column and found it soothingly cool.

"This Hall of Causality is really pretty," Janet sighed as she raised her head and looked around.

However, Zen and the others didn't feel the same way. Women were naturally interested in beautiful things. Even the woman from the Demon Night named Hailey was the same.

A few minutes had passed. The crowd hadn't walked that far in the Hall of Causality before they abruptly stopped.

It wasn't that they didn't want to advance, but rather, they couldn't: a ravine three thousand feet wide was in front of them.

There was a strange stream of colors in the deep ravine, which was actually a flow of pure energy.

Coleman stood at the edge of the ravine, stretched his neck and looked down.

He looked ahead and said, "If we fall down, we'll probably be sent back directly to the main city! How can we cross it?!"

It was only a thousand feet wide ravine. Normally, everyone should be able to fly through even a 100, 000 feet wide ravine. The problem was, it was now forbidden to fly in the Hall of Causality.

"Maybe we could jump over there," Jeffrey said as he looked into the distance.

"You're right, it's not a big problem," Zen nodded.

It wasn't difficult to sprint across a distance of three thousand feet.

But since this deep ravine had suddenly appeared in front of them, they couldn't just test their jumping abilities. Simply rushing in recklessly might just result in their deaths.

It was like when they were in the second Hall of Causality. Everyone had quickly gone to the end of the hall but found a white grating that stood in front of them, blocking their path.

"There seems to be something over there," Janet said and pointed to the left side of the hall.

Zen looked in the direction Janet was pointing, and saw ten icy blue stone tablets erected at the corner of the hall!

He took a closer look through an icy blue stone tablet, and found a hook inside it.

"Why are there so many hooks?" the ogre martial artist asked curiously. There was a long hook sealed within each of the ten stone tablets in front of them.

At the end of each hook was a thin string of chains that were coiled together to an unknown length.

'Ten?' Zen thought as he stared at the tablets.

Then, he reached out and smacked one of them.

Theoretically speaking, rules of the heavens in the Hall of Causality stated that nothing in the hall could be broken.

However, Zen discovered that the tablet was incredibly brittle after he had smacked it. The large stone tablet then turned into a sparkling, translucent powder that scattered into the air, and the hook sealed inside it fell out.

"This hook..."

Zen nimbly picked it up and tugged at the chain at the back of the hook.

Although the chain was only as thick as a pinky finger, it didn't budge at all even under Zen's strength. It couldn't be broken either.

"There is indeed the protection of the heavens' rules. This hook cannot be broken," Zen said.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang! Clang!

Everyone followed suit when they saw Zen shatter the stone tablet and took out the hook inside it.

The answer was getting clearer and clearer: these beautifully shaped hooks were prepared for them.

The group that challenged the Hall of Causality originally had to gather ten people, but with two people dead, no one would take the hooks in the remaining two stone tablets.

Coleman had smashed a tablet and gotten a hook. However, he was not satisfied. His gaze once again fell on the remaining two stone tablets. He tried to smash the two stone tablets to pieces, but they didn't even move an inch. They were completely unbreakable.

From the looks of it, it seemed that each person could only get one hook.

After everyone had obtained a hook, all of them turned to Janet once again.

On the other hand, Janet innocently looked at Zen and muttered, "I also don't know what to do next…"

Zen's lips curved up into a small smile. He walked towards the deep ravine's edge as he looked on the other side.

The opposite end of the deep ravine was shrouded in darkness, so they couldn't see whatever was in there clearly. However, Zen's pupils shone with a green luster, and the black shadows on the other side gradually dissipated. Then, he saw some shadows that were shaking in the darkness.

"There seems to be something on the other side," said Zen.

"What is it?" Janet immediately asked. Before the rules had been made clear, everyone had been unsure of their actions in the Hall of Causality. They might be killed instantly if they weren't careful, so all of them were quite nervous.

"I can't see it clearly," Zen said as the green light in his eyes glowed brighter. When he activated his vision ability, his expression suddenly changed and he shouted, "Watch out!"

Just as when he finished his words, a hook from the darkness in the other side of the deep ravine rapidly shot towards them.

Everyone heeded Zen's warning and quickly moved to the two sides, but the hook was fast. It instantly crossed the distance of three thousand feet, and directly hung itself on the body of a human martial artist named Cain Li!

After Cain was caught, he seemed powerless and couldn't resist at all. He only had enough time to scream for help, before he was pulled to the other side.

Chapter 1592 The Warriors In The Darkness

That human warrior called Cain had been hooked and was immediately dragged off into the enveloping darkness. No sign of him could be seen, not even a shadow in the murky darkness.

"Ah!"

Cain shouted desperately, but then his shouting abruptly stopped.

Everyone saw a mass of yellow light dots suddenly burst out from the darkness on the other side of the deep ditch...

It was obvious that Cain had died. Half of his Illusion Points had burst forth from his body!

The moment those Illusion Points appeared, he disappeared, as if he was immediately consumed by the darkness!

"Where are the Illusion Points?"

"It seems that they have already been absorbed!"

"This is impossible!" Janet's face revealed an expression of surprise and horror. "In this Hall of Causality, is there a warrior of some kind that could have killed Cain and absorbed the Illusion Points?"

In the Illusion Battlefield, only warriors could absorb Illusion Points from each other. The wild animals and dreaded beasts could kill the warriors, but couldn't absorb their Illusion Points.

If Zen killed Cain, then no matter how far away they were from each other, Cain's Illusion Points would fly towards Zen.

Lucille had once given her subordinates the golden suicide pellets that could take their lives. These golden pellets had contained Lucille's consciousness within them though. As a result, when her subordinates committed suicide, it was as if Lucille had killed them in the Illusion Battlefield. So she had obtained their Illusion Points.

Some warriors who were killed by vicious beasts in the secret lands or out in the wilderness would have their Illusion Points float on the spot and become Illusion Points belonging to no one. Any warrior who found these points could absorb them, but those vicious beasts could never absorb the Illusion Points.

However, after Cain was dragged away and slain, his Illusion Points were almost instantly absorbed.

There was only one possibility; there were warriors hiding on the other side of ravine.

These warriors on the other side had hooked Cain and dragged him away, after which they killed him and absorbed his Illusion Points.

Every time the Hall of Causality opened, only ten warriors could enter at the same time. How then were there warriors on the other side of the ditch?

It didn't make any sense at all...

"Be careful." Zen also frowned. The hook in his hand was tightly held in his grip, while his eyes turned a motley green. Even though he had activated his magical eyes, he was still unable to see into the darkness. It seemed that someone had made use of the Dark Law to create the darkness, and it was as if the darkness was a curtain that protected and hid the warriors within it.

"It's the power of the Dark Law, and those opponents have made full preparation this time," Jeffrey said coldly. He held a hook in one hand and the Buddha Curse Blade in the other.

Zen kept glancing around the darkness, and he finally tracked down one of the blurry shadows.

When they had stepped into this hall, the hooks were neatly arranged to the side, and there were enough for all of the warriors. The purpose was obvious.

Since the warriors on the other side of the deep ditch could hook them over, Zen could respond in kind...

"Now is the time!"

After aiming at the target, Zen hurled the hook forward and it flew straight towards the other side!

"Swoosh..."

Although, the moving speed of the hook was extremely high, the 'creatures' on the other side seemed to be highly experienced. Thus, they continuously moved around the edge of the deep ditch making it difficult to target them.

"None of them has been hooked!"

Zen frowned as he reached out with a tug and pulled his hook back from the other side.

Just as Zen was retrieving his hook, his eyebrows raised. "Be careful! Hailey..."

However, it was already too late. He had barely spoken his warning, when another hook came hurtling out of the darkness. It quickly latched onto Hailey and pulled her towards the other side of the deep ditch.

Actually, when Cain had been hooked earlier, Zen had noticed that the hook itself wasn't able to directly injure anyone. But once it caught someone, it seemed to create an irresistible force and instantly wrapped around the warrior, pulling him towards the other side.

When he saw that Hailey had been hooked and was about to be pulled into the darkness, a determined glint flashed in Zen's eyes. The hook that he had just withdrawn once again shot towards the other side!

"Swish..."

This time, he didn't try to catch any of the shadows in the darkness, but he instead let the hook fly towards Hailey and hooked her.

As Hailey entered into the darkness, she felt a strong threat and prepared to counterattack. But at that moment, another hook wrapped around her body, pulling her back...

"That was close!"

Seeing that Hailey was fine, Janet and the others let out a combined sigh of relief.

"Damn it. Those guys on the other side of the ditch are hiding in the darkness, so how can we attack and defeat them? It's not fair at all!" the ogre warrior coldly muttered, raising the hook in his hand and glaring across to the other side of the ditch.

Hailey had been careless earlier and had been caught by the warriors on the other side. At this moment, she felt lucky that she had escaped.

After Hailey was pulled back to safety by Zen, she nodded slightly in thanks at him. Then, an angry expression appeared on her delicate face, and she glared at the shadows in the darkness.

"There are indeed strange warriors on the other side!"

After she finished speaking, she suddenly took out the Moon Bursting Flame Bow. She wildly drew out the life vitality from within her body, and a vortex of silver flames appeared in front of her. She was ready to launch her fiercest counterattack!

"Whoosh..."

As Hailey condensed the vortex of flame, another hook shot toward her from the darkness.

After being hooked once, Hailey naturally wouldn't let this happen a second time. Grabbing the Moon Bursting Flame Bow, she coldly snorted in contempt. With a twist of her body, she swayed aside slightly, while she also began to release the bowstring from between her fingers!

"Whoosh!"

The wildly rolling vortex of flame shot directly towards the other side of the deep ditch.

Witnessing this scene, Zen, Jeffrey, Janet, and the others also fixed their gazes on the opposite side.

If the flames that Hailey had fired were to explode on the other side, they might be able to see and locate their opponents, thereby obtaining a victory.

"Boom!"

The fierce silver flames from the vortex clearly illuminated the other side of the deep ditch, displaying their enemy in a bright silver light which cast ghoulish shadows behind them.

Then, Zen and the others finally saw with clarity that there were ten warriors standing on the other side. Each of them was holding a hook in their hands as they gazed at Zen and the others with unkind smiles plastered on their faces.

Although the power of the flame arrow that Hailey had shot was great, it seemed to be unable to fully display its power in the darkness, where Dark Law dominated. While being devoured by the Dark Law, the vortex of silver flames flickered and began to rapidly shrink...

The warriors stood in the middle of the opposite bank, namely the leader, pointed at Zen with a contemptuous smile on his leering face. At the same time, the warrior put his hand on his neck in a throat cutting gesture. When he had finished, the vortex of flame was completely engulfed and snuffed out by shadows. The ten warriors on the other side once again immersed themselves in the darkness. They were protected by the concealing dark.

"There are ten warriors in that group! Their strength must be great indeed!" Janet said seriously.

According to Janet's speculation, the ten warriors on the other side could also be warriors that were currently contesting in the Hall of Causality. However, to everyone's surprise, this Hall of Causality was actually letting two groups of warriors stay opposite each other!

These ten warriors on the other side might also have passed through two Halls of Causality as well, but not a single one of them had died, as they still retained their original number of ten. The strength of these warriors could definitely not then be underestimated.

What was even worse was that they had even set up the Dark Law in advance, hiding themselves within the darkness before their attack, which had made Zen and his group members less able to fend them off.

"Who can perform the Dark Law?" Janet asked. The Dark Law was a rather unpopular law, and Janet hadn't mastered it.

Although Zen had once received the baptism by laws, he had never comprehended nor favored the Dark Law.

Hearing Janet's question, Jeffrey laughed coldly and responded, "We don't need the Dark Law! Look at me!"

Jeffrey clapped his hands together gently, and the Buddhist sound began to ring out, making the air quiver and filled with mist.

A hallucinatory glow began emitting from his body, spreading in all directions...

Zen and the others who were standing in the mist were unable to sense anything strange.

However, to the warriors on the other side of the ditch, there appeared to be countless figures who were made out of thin air. Jeffrey had conjured a mass of additional illusion figures that mixed with the group of seven warriors. It was difficult to tell which figure was real or not. Now the enemy could not spot their targets so easily.

"I want to see how they hook us this time!" Jeffrey sneered.

Although the mist was unable to completely cover the seven of them, it could still cause quite a bit of interference to confound their opponents.

It seemed that the two groups of warriors had to fight a battle in this third Hall of Causality, in addition to any other challenges that might still be waiting.

In this mist, the warriors began to plan how to counterattack.

Chapter 1593 Stratagem

In the darkness on the other side, warriors were in a daze, looking confused but seemed to be alert.

There were ten warriors stood in a row, staring deeply into the mist opposite them.

In their eyes, the mist on the other side looked eerily thick as it gradually spread out, forming countless illusions—humans, snakes, insects, all the creatures in the universe. It only took several moments until the fog had starkly covered up the seven of them.

"Swish…"

Amidst the darkness, someone threw out a long hook! They all heard a hissing sound.

The long hook resembled a spear. It crossed a distance of three thousand feet and flew straight into the fog!

However, as the hook disappeared into the creepy fog, the figure the hook got in contact was only an illusion. Shortly after it dissipated, the hook returned without any gains.

Some warrior behind the thick, creepy fog also threw out the hook, mimicking the warrior on the other side.

Once a warrior was hooked from the other side, they could attack that one in groups to achieve an instant kill!

For example, after Cain was hooked onto the other side, he didn't even have the strength to fight back before exploding into a ball of Illusion Points and being sent back to the main city.

Right now, one side had exerted a Dark Law, while the other had summoned the fog to cover them up. Both parties were well hidden.

These long hooks flew back and forth above the three thousand feet wide abyss for several times, but they were ultimately unable to get a single warrior.

"Interesting! It's the Illusive Fog. One of those warriors is from the Blessed Buddha Land!"

The leader of the ten warriors was also a human. He looked weak and thin as a bamboo stick, but there was a sharp glint in his eyes. It was as if there were two knives hidden in his calm eyes!

"They should have passed the first two Halls of Causality as well, and they have already lost two teammates. Now we have killed one more of them, so the team should only have seven left. Ha-ha! They are not that strong!" Another warrior laughed coldly.

"Lone alone can deal with the left seven warriors, right? The third Hall of Causality is so easy to pass through," someone exclaimed in the darkness.

If one side wanted to pass through the third Hall of Causality, they would have to kill all the warriors on the other side.

The entryway to Zen's group was the exit to these ten warriors, and the entrance to the ten was the exit to Zen's group of seven!

And the only way to get through the third Hall of Causality was to kill all the warriors on the other's path.

"Of course! Lone is an ace talent! How could there be a match for him? If we were to send Lone over, those fellows on the other side would be killed in a blink of an eye!" another warrior butted in.

"But the ones on the other side have the Illusive Fog to shield them. It's difficult to get them here through the hooks," someone spoke hesitantly.

"Big deal! They won't be able to break through my Dark Law as well," another warrior pointed out in the darkness. It was obvious that the Dark Law was set up by him.

The rules of this Hall of Causality stated that each warrior of both parties should hold a long hook. The two parties would oppose each other across the abyss. To win the battle, they had to kill the warriors on the other side, one by one.

In a stricter sense, the difficulties of the third Hall of Causality were way more than that of before.

And only one team could pass this Hall of Causality. All the losers then would be sent back to the main city.

What created the current situation wasn't because of a single warrior, but it was for the reason that the competition in the Illusion Battlefield had become more and more intense, and the tension between warriors would get worse as well. The strong would gather more and more Illusion Points. But if lower-level warriors failed even once, it would be very tough for them to get up.

"Oh! It's all crap! What you do can't soil the fog at all. Are we afraid of the other side? Remove that stupid thing. It's so black in here that we can't see anything!" A tall figure kept ranting in the darkness. It was a 10 feet tall ogre.

"Humph! I set up this Dark Law to protect everyone!" The warrior burst out in disagreement.

"I don't need your protection. I stand right here, and I want to see who dares to provoke me!" the ogre shouted again.

"You…"

The two of them started arguing.

"Withdraw that," the one named Lone insisted indifferently. "Remove the Dark Law around Damon."

"Lone! Are you sure about that?" the warrior asked.

"Damon, if they were to see you, they would probably hook you over. If that case happens, remember to drag me over too," Lone said airily. "But you still need to be careful. The ones who can enter the Hall of Causality are all strong after all."

The ogre named Damon laughed, "Ha-ha! Don't worry! They are just a bunch of cowards. They only know how to hide in the fog and don't dare to fight a real battle. If I go over, I'll defeat them all. Why should we be afraid?"

"Don't underestimate your opponents," Lone urged. "You go first, and then turn around and pull me over through your hook!"

There was a faint trace of unquestionable power in Lone's tone.

Damon held a high status among the ogres and was an unruly and untamable warrior. Not to mention the warriors of other races, even the elders of the ogres found it hard to make him listen to them.

However, Damon was docile in front of Lone, because he saved his life in the second Hall of Causality. To be exact, Lone had broken through the intractable situation in the second Hall of Causality by himself and brought the other nine warriors across the second test safe and sound. Everyone was extremely impressed with Lone!

After hearing Lone's words, Damon nodded his head and assured him, in a respectful tone, "I remember that already, Lone. As long as I go over, I will definitely pull you over. Ha-ha!"

"Alright! Get ready," Lone countered indifferently.

Not before long, there was a sudden change strangely occurring on one side of the abyss. Total murkiness shrouded it obscurely, but now part of the darkness had caved in!

In a seemingly tense atmosphere, a burly figure holding a giant golden pestle gradually revealed himself. It was the tall ogre, Damon.

Behind the fog, Zen, Janet, Jeffrey, Hailey, and the rest all had their eyes fixed on that ogre inching his way up.

Previously, they made several attempts throwing the hooks to get the ones over to their sides but to no avail, causing the situation to become somewhat ill at ease like they were in tenterhooks!

Although Zen could discern some shadows in the darkness with his magical eyes, the shadows were still quite blurry. Besides, his enemies on the other side were also quite vigilant. He had tried to hook one of them over three times but always failed in the end.

But this time, not only his opponents had voluntarily removed part of the power of the Dark Law, but they also pushed that ogre out of the darkness. What was this supposed to mean?

In that span of a moment, the warriors on Zen's side all felt uneasy and became hesitant altogether.

"Did they do it on purpose?" Jeffrey uttered under his breath as he stared hard at the tall ogre.

"That should be it! It is more likely that they are conjuring some kind of a trick up in their sleeves." Janet nodded as she quickly assumed.

Coleman closely watched the ogre across the abyss, and his mouth was wide open as he was stunned. He finally exclaimed, "That, that, is Damon!"

"Damon?" Zen stared at Coleman as he heard the latter's sudden outburst.

Coleman nodded. He seemed to have recognized the ogre across the abyss. "This is Supreme Lord Mathias's only son, Damon! Even this guy also comes here! This … this … This Hall of Causality is too difficult to pass!"

Jeffrey glanced at Coleman and probed him further, "Is this guy that strong? I have never heard the one named Damon among the ace talents of the ogres."

As far as Jeffrey was concerned, their opponents wouldn't be too difficult to deal with as long as they weren't the ace talents from those famous races or groups.

"No! He is not an ace talent, because his fate is not strong enough to be one. But, his strength and talent are not inferior to any of ace talents!" Coleman continued.

Whether being an ace talent or Godly Genius, a warrior had to have the fate to lead the world of chaos. But it would never mean that the ones who had such a destiny were qualified to be ace talents.

What Coleman wanted to say was simple. The ogre couldn't be an ace talent merely because he was not fated to be one. But with such strength, his power should not be underestimated!

Thus, after hearing Coleman's words, Jeffrey, Janet, and the others eventually wore a solemn expression, especially now that the ogre had the confidence to stand there, and wait for them to make a move!

Zen gripped the hook hard in his hand, and keenly observed the ogre. He noted that there was a river filled with illusory energy, as he shifted his gaze from the ogre down to the deep ravine.

Regardless of this warrior's strength, there was no way for him to break free from the laws of the heavens contained within the hook. The moment the ogre was hooked over, he would be on the defensive and have no way to get rid of it.

Yet, he was beaming with confidence. He must be relying on something else.

As Zen was currently in deep thought contemplating about that, Damon across the three-thousand-foot-wide ravine roared provokingly, "Hey! The bunch of cowards over there! I am standing right here. Even now, none of you dare to make a move against me? You guys really suck!

Why don't you give up as soon as possible? Remove that mist! Come over to kneel and beg for mercy from me. I can let you die a little faster!

Come on! Throw your hook! Hook me over! I will never fight back, and never curse back!"

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1594 A Little Game

Damon, standing across the deep ravine, was constantly provoking Zen and the others.

However, from inside the fog there was nothing but silence.

After a long while, a voice finally sounded with a ghostly echo from within the mist.

"Idiot!"

When Damon heard this voice, he was momentarily stunned before a furious look appeared on his face. "You dare to scold me?"

"Idiot!"

yet another voice said in an almost bored tone.

"You're the idiot!" Damon roared, his voice echoing throughout the spacious hall.

"Liar! Didn't you say that you won't fight back or return curses? I only scolded you twice, and already you swore in return. How can I then believe your words?" Zen's voice retorted from within the mist.

"I...I..." Damon was startled, and his words stalled in his throat at hearing the rebuke. He had been trying to provoke his enemies, but now he was the one who became infuriated due to Zen's words instead. He didn't know how to respond now.

"Damon, don't concern yourself with them. They won't be able to last long." Lone's voice floated over from the darkness.

Damon suddenly nodded, took heart and said, "You are right! Let's see how long these guys can endure!"

"Ha-ha!" Janet, who was in the fog, laughed as she looked at Zen, who was standing beside her. "I didn't know that you are also just as good at verbal quarreling as at actual fighting."

Zen shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Right at that moment, his left hand shot out like a lightning bolt and grabbed Janet, retreating a step to the right. In the blink of an eye, a hook shot out across the deep ravine and flew straight towards Janet.

Thanks to Zen's swift reflexes, Janet was able to escape being caught!

"That was close!" Janet got so frightened that she stood out in a cold sweat.

If she had been caught by the hook, she would definitely have been killed by the ten opponents. Even if Zen and the others were then still able to pass through this Hall of Causality, the next part of this saga would have no mention of her.

"There's someone on the other side who has the ability to see through my fog. I don't know whether this is due to the sounds in the mist or something else," Jeffrey said with a grave expression on his face.

Just like Zen's magical eyes were able to see through some of the Dark Laws, some of the warriors on the other side seemed in turn able to see through the Illusive Fog as well!

"I... I can kill them using this," said Hailey, who had been silent all this time, as she gently lifted the Moon Bursting Flame Bow in her hand.

Zen smiled faintly at this moment. "Don't bother. I'll deal with this ogre. However, they will definitely have other tricks up their sleeves. We'd better stand further apart."

After passing through the second Hall of Causality, Zen had become their unofficial leader.

Since Zen had spoken, he must then have the confidence to do as he pledged. Therefore, no one had any objections.

Soon after, Zen's figure flashed, and he appeared in the middle of the fog. His eyes fixed on the ogre across the deep ravine. His left hand grasped the long chain affixed at the end of the hook, and his right hand suddenly hurled the hook towards that ogre.

Because Jeffrey had summoned the fog, both sides were in a stalemate. Now that their impasse was about to be broken, everyone had naturally reached a state of high tension!

"Swoosh!"

The long hook drew a bright silver arc through the air, heading straight for the ogre!

At this moment, Zen saw a cunning smile spread on the ogre's face.

However, Zen's expression was incomparably calm. No matter what ability the ogre possessed, Zen could still instantly kill him!

The speed of this hook was extremely fast. In the blink of an eye, it crossed the three-thousand-feet gap and attached to the ogre. With a light tug from Zen, the ogre was pulled over by him!

In principle, the hooks in this Hall of Causality were special treasures that belonged to the Illusion Battlefield. It was similar to the Teleportation Token in Zen's hands. The rules contained within the hooks were nearly unbreakable and warriors were powerless to act against these irresistible laws.

This hook wouldn't cause any harm to a martial artist, but at the same time, no one could break free from it either. The moment that the ogre was hooked, his burly body had almost no weight and was immediately reeled in by Zen like a fish on a line.

"Huff…"

As the ogre was pulled towards Zen, he simultaneously let out a wild and mocking laugh. At the same time, his body suddenly erupted with wild and violent forceful energy!

A body refiner's forceful energy would usually erupt within the body of a martial artist. Because the forceful energy couldn't be used to visualize things like life vitality, there was no need to channel forceful energy out of one's body to use it.

However, when this ogre named Damon roared aloud as soon as he was pulled over, the forceful energy within his body instantly transformed into diamond-shaped crystals that covered the surface of his body.

"Forceful Crystal Armor!"

This skill came from Supreme Lord Mathias' Transcendent Divine Might.

Everyone knew that the risk of being caught by their enemies was very high. The warriors who entered the Halls of Causality were all ruthless figures of the Illusion Battlefield, and had all established reputations for being resourceful and not to be trifled with. These warriors all featured at the top of the food chain in the main cities, and they were almost invincible.

Obviously, Damon had the utmost confidence in his Forceful Crystal Armor!

After condensing the forceful energy into the Forceful Crystal Armor, even the warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm and Spirit Transformation Realm wouldn't be able to break through his defense in a short period of time. Soul Sea Realm warriors didn't stand a chance of even fracturing the powerful armor. Damon would have plenty of time to throw the hook backwards, and as long as he could hook Lone over with him, this bunch of cowards, who hid in the mist, would reach the end of their path in the Halls of Causality.

As soon as he had condensed the Forceful Crystal Armor, he wanted to throw his hook towards the back. As for any attacks from his enemies, his Forceful Crystal Armor would deal with them and protect him.

However, at this moment, Zen didn't make a move; instead, he only smiled.

Damon also noticed Zen's smile, but he failed to read anything into it.

However, as Zen's smile appeared, another long hook flew out from behind Zen and sucked Damon in, pulling him off his feet yet again!

"Whap!"

The moment the second long hook wrapped around Damon, his Forceful Crystal Armor was destroyed by the rules of the heavens contained within the long hook. Not far away, Jeffrey was clutching the long hook, while he stared indifferently at Damon. It was as if he was looking at an idiot.

According to the rules of the Hall of Causality, a martial artist who was caught by the long hook was unable to break free and became powerless to fight back. The Forceful Crystal Armor possessed an extremely strong defensive power, but no matter its strength, it still couldn't overcome the rules of the Hall of Causality!

Originally, Zen had intended to immediately push this ogre into the deep ditch. It was likely that no one would be able to resist the colorful energy river inside it. Even if Zen were to fall into it, he too would undoubtedly die.

However, his original plan still had some risks.

As always, he was extremely confident in his own strength. It was likely that very few in his generation would be able to match him in terms of strength.

However, with so many geniuses in the Illusion Battlefield, and given the confidence of this ogre, Zen had to come up with a more secure method of overcoming their enemy.

The Laws of Causality in the Halls of Causality were often filled with hidden murderous intent. If someone violated the laws, they would be killed. For example, the energy river in the trench and the square boulders in the second Hall of Causality were not to be underestimated. But the mighty power of the Laws of Causality could be taken advantage of as well, if one was very clever.

This long hook contained an extremely fierce Law of Causality. The martial artists that were hooked were placed in a special state. In this state, the martial artists had no weight and couldn't fight back. They also couldn't use life vitality or forceful energy, nor could they be harmed while attached to the hook!

Only once they were released from the hooks would the two sides be able to fight, and slay their enemies!

Therefore, as soon as Damon condensed the Forceful Crystal Armor, Jeffrey, who had been hidden not too far away, immediately shot out his hook.

The diamond-shaped crystal that Damon had consumed lots of his forceful energy to condense was naturally broken by the heavens' rules contained in the hook!

As for Jeffrey, he hooked Damon over to his side and quickly retreated out of reach. He did not dare to confront Damon directly.

At this moment, Damon's face revealed a trace of panic! The Forceful Crystal Armor that he had spent a large amount of his forceful energy to condense was instantly broken by a small hook, just like that! This was the strongest Transcendent Divine Might his father had ever mastered, but it was destroyed by a mere hook.

"Forceful Crystal Armor!"

Damon reacted extremely fast. He did not attack Jeffrey, but instead he focused and condensed his Forceful Crystal Armor once again. At the same time, he threw the hook in his hand! The most important thing for him was to hook Lone over so that he might have reinforcements!

"Swish…"

But this time, Janet, who was standing even further away, cast out her hook.

Damon's Forceful Crystal Armor was just formed, while it was also broken by Janet's deftly thrown long hook. At the same time, it wrapped around Damon's burly body and he was again knocked down and pulled towards Janet.

It was like they were playing a little game of tug-of-war with him. One warrior after another dragged Damon along. There was not a single stop between them. The instant he was released by Janet's long hook, another hook wrapped around him once again. As for Damon's Forceful Crystal

Armor, it was constantly being condensed, and also swiftly crushed by the heavens' rules contained in the long hooks. Damon never received the chance to throw his own hook back at Lone!

Chapter 1595 Disarm

Damon was being pulled around like a toy, hooked to multiple leashes in the hands of several people, and was screaming in rage.

"You guys entered the Hall of Causality before us and took the initiative, but it doesn't look like you used your brain!

Advancing in the Hall of Causality doesn't need brute force. You might be a martial artist at the Soul Sea Realm, as powerful as an ace talent and with a supreme divine weapon in your hand. But the Law of Causality contained in the supreme divine weapon you hold would still not be as strong as the rules laid down by the heavens.

Reasonable use of the rules is the key. I do not know the original name of the Law of Causality contained within the long hook, so I will call it 'disarm'. Once you are hooked, you do not have the ability to resist, even if you are an ace talent! And that's because you are disarmed!"

Zen said, fixing Damon with a steady gaze.

His voice wasn't loud, but everyone in the Hall of Causality could hear him clearly.

When the nine people hiding in the darkness on the other side heard this, panic filled them.

The ten of them had entered the Hall of Causality and had set up the Dark Law long before Zen had. They had seized the initiative.

But they didn't spend much time or effort observing the long hooks in their hands.

It wasn't that they didn't think of it on purpose; just that they were too conceited for it to have occurred to them.

Of the 10 people on their side, one was an ace talent, two were descendants of Supreme Lords, and two were descendants of grand world lords. In addition to the ace talent, the four descendants were also fated to lead the world of chaos.

Why would such a strong group even look at a group like Zen's?

So Damon suggested that Zen's group hook him to the other side and he then bring Lone over. What followed was torture: simple and crude.

The only reason they dared execute such a plan was because of their full confidence in their own strength.

They couldn't see what was happening amidst all the fog but they could imagine what was happening to Damon.

"The guy who is talking is really interesting," Lone said, grabbing the hook and studying it. He had never thought about how strong the Law of Causality was; he only knew that this hook had the protection of the rules of the heavens and couldn't be broken. And once the hook caught someone, it would definitely bring him over.

"What do we do now? Damon has not died yet. Should we save him?" another warrior asked.

Lone stretched his arms and said rather helplessly, "How can I save him? If he hooks me up, I will obviously be able to kill the people on the other side."

All the other martial artists fell silent. Damon's loud cry pierced everyone's ears, as if jeering at the martial artists' childishness. Whoever it was wouldn't be happy being played around with so easily.

Especially not one of a group of proud and arrogant talents.

Since he'd been caught, Damon was obviously the unhappiest of them all.

Coleman had a complacent smile on his face. They were both ogres but he didn't have the conscience to pity his own kind.

All the Illusion Points Coleman had obtained were from his own kind. He had probably killed thousands of his own kind on this trip alone.

Right now, all he knew was that this guy before him wasn't his companion.

"My turn!" Coleman said, throwing the long hook once again and pulling Damon towards him.

The moment Damon skidded to a halt before him, another long hook shot over. Zen had struck again.

But there were no other hooks when Zen pulled Damon up behind him.

Damon was stunned. With a roar, he struck out with both palms, his impressive strength on display. He had wanted to kill all seven of them by himself. But now...

Damon didn't have the time to throw the hook to pick up Lone.

All he wanted was to smash this human youth's head into a pile of mud.

The two palms came together, slapping each other with great force. It was powerful enough to destroy a temple!

Zen, however, merely gazed at Damon and said, "It's over."

Jeffrey's short figure leaped high into the air, the Buddha Curse Blade silently sweeping past Damon's neck.

"Buddha said that life and death for all living things in this world will always be a cycle of reincarnation. You should be reincarnated," Zen said with a smile, but his eyes were flat. He then patted Damon's chest, transmitting a powerful force into Damon's body that destroyed his internal organs.

He would not really be reincarnated because they were in the Illusion Battlefield. After being killed in the Hall of Causality, Damon would naturally be kicked out and would have to return to the main city to wait for his revival.

A trickle of blood spurted down Damon's neck, widening as the blood flowed.

The color of the blood was brown.

BAM! The huge body fell to the ground before Zen.

As his body gradually disintegrated, countless Illusion Points began to dissipate from within and shot towards Zen.

"Buddha... Buddha never said that," Jeffrey said, visibly depressed. Since he cultivated in a great temple, he knew that Zen was spewing a load of crap. But at the same time, he said, "Why do all these Illusion Points belong to you?"

Whoever killed the opponent would be able to absorb half their Illusion Points.

Jeffrey had unleashed the most lethal blow. In comparison, Zen had only sent out a single palm strike.

The rule of the Illusion Battlefield determined who possessed the Illusion Points. Zen didn't know why he had absorbed all the Illusion Points in Damon's body.

Since Damon had had more than two million Illusion Points, Jeffrey was naturally depressed.

"Don't worry. There are still nine people left on the other side," Zen said with a smile.

In the third Hall of Causality, two groups of people were clashing. The difficulty had increased but the rewards were also incomparably generous.

After all, those who were able to enter the Hall of Causality were martial artists who were extremely wealthy. If they could pay five million Illusion Points, they would have had at least seven million Illusion Points in their bodies. And once someone killed any one of them, they could obtain at least one million Illusion Points.

"This guy shouldn't be the strongest person on the other side," Janet said, staring at Damon's fading figure.

"I think so," Zen said, nodding and looking at the dark space before him. He took a pause before he added, "In addition to this ogre martial artist, the one who has used the Dark Law has extraordinary strength. I have a feeling there's another powerful character hidden along with him. Or this ogre martial artist wouldn't be so daring."

"When he was hooked, he wanted to pull the other person over," Hailey said. "Going by that, this person should have the confidence to kill all of us!"

"A person with such confidence should at least be an ace talent," Janet added.

The other martial artists scowled darkly as this conclusion was reached.

There were more than one hundred warriors in the entire universe who could be called ace talents and each of the 50 supreme worlds of the Illusion Battlefield only had three ace talents on an average. Some supreme worlds probably had more ace talents, and some did not even have a single one.

When Janet had first entered the Hall of Causality, she had two ace talents accompanying her. And now, she was facing a third ace talent as her opponent.

"How should we deal with that ace talent?" Jeffrey asked, his voice low. Even though he was powerful, he didn't have the strength to fight against an ace talent.

Sensing this subtle change in the atmosphere, Zen smiled faintly and said, "Even if there is an ace talent, we can still kill him. But that ace talent has now also understood the rules of this long hook. I'm afraid they won't be hooked over by us now. What about letting them hook me over?"

"What?" Jeffrey said, surprised.

Everyone was clear about the power of this long hook - the "disarm" could destroy almost any power or martial skills. The only ones who could struggle free of the heavens' rules were probably the Supreme Lords. Even a world lord would probably be unable to resist if he were caught by the hook and would be bound before he knew it.

Zen understood this logic. So why was he making such a suggestion?

Zen laughed at Jeffrey's blank expression and said, "I am just kidding. I'm not that stupid."

Chapter 1596 Hesitation

Zen was unable to challenge the rules of the hook.

The square boulders in the second hall had originally been ordinary stones. But because they contained a rule of the heavens, Zen was unable to move the boulders the slightest bit, even if he burst out with all his might.

In this universe, only a Supreme Lord could break through a certain level of the rules of the heavens. At this point in time, Zen's strength was far from that.

As Zen finished speaking, his gaze landed on Hailey.

This quiet Demon Night woman held a longbow in one hand and a long hook in the other. She looked at the other side, her eyes brimming with caution.

Moon Bursting Flame Bow!

When Zen looked at the bow, his eyes glinted. He had already made up his mind. "Perhaps," he said, "I can be a stupid person for once."

When Jeffrey and Janet heard Zen, doubt appeared on their faces.

As for the absent-minded Coleman, he was even more confused. "You want to get hooked over?"

What happened to Damon had been a terrible lesson.

If Zen were to be hooked by his opponents, his end result would be the same as Damon's. They would use the long hooks in their hands to jostle him and then easily kill him.

"Perhaps!" Zen said, shrugging lightly. It was a chaotic energy transmission that carried over his words. Although there was a distance of three thousand feet between the two sides, a martial artist's hearing sense was good enough to hear Zen.

Time quietly passed by in this confrontation.

Most of the warriors in the Hall of Causality were starting to feel anxious.

Almost all the martial artists who entered this place could make it into the top three hundred of the supreme world.

But the competition in the Illusion Battlefield was becoming more and more intense, and the other warriors at the top of the ranks were gaining Illusion Points at a heightening speed. If they got nothing here, their ranks would plummet. Anyone who did not gain enough points would decline in the rankings.

During the confrontation, the martial artists outside of the Halls of Causality were gaining Illusion Points at an insane speed. Thus, the rankings of the warriors in here were naturally falling.

Every time they checked their rankings, they would realize that they had slipped by one or two spots.

"Lone, are we going to wait like this forever?" someone cried out.

Lone sat in the same spot. His gaze was fixed on the endlessly churning mist. He asked with a smile, "And why can't we wait?"

"But…"

"The other side should be even more anxious than us," Lone said airily. "They will lose their patience sooner or later."

Truthfully, Lone was not so confident at this moment.

It was not that he did not believe in his abilities. If the third Hall of Causality only meant for the two sides to kill each other, then the problem would be easy to solve.

He alone was enough to deal with the seven warriors on the other side. It was not a difficult matter for him.

However, just like what the warrior across the deep ravine had said, strength was not the key to victory in the Hall of Causality. Rather, it all depended on who had a grasp on the rules within.

Damon was indeed very strong, and among the ten of them, probably his strength was merely second to Lone's. This was why Lone could sit back and let Damon get hooked over. He believed that Damon would have enough time to pull him over as well.

But the outcome had been surprising.

Damon was tricked into getting killed by his opponents. He did not even get the opportunity to fight back.

His death made Lone more vigilant.

Swish…

A long hook suddenly flew out. But eventually, the attack still failed.

Both sides tried to probe each other, but in vain. They were unable to lock onto the other. It was as if they were fishing in a dark river, helplessly unaware about when and if at all their targets would take the bait.

Apart from the long hooks, the two sides tried other attacks as well, including throwing knives and bows. But in the end, they did not succeed. Neither of the sides found it difficult to dodge such attacks.

Swiftly, Zen left the fog and came to stand before everyone on the other side.

The moment Zen appeared, the nine people led by Lone stared, confusion marring their faces.

"Did he just emerge from the fog to emulate Damon? Is he wanting to be hooked over by us?"

"Does he want to be friends with death? He's not even strong like Damon!"

"So what if he was strong like Damon? If he gets hooked over, we could easily kill him, just like how they killed Damon."

"Let me do it!"

In the darkness, some warriors were so eager to try and kill Zen, wanting to throw their long hooks at him.

When Lone saw Zen, at first he remained quiet. He then said in an indifferent tone, "Wait a moment."

Lone's brow creased as he looked at Zen. They had already killed Damon, so it was obvious that Zen understood the rules of the hooks in their hands.

Once the target was ensnared by the hook, his or her skills were gone, due to which he or she was unable to fight back.

Under these circumstances, the person before them still dared to leave the Illusive Fog. He was either a fool or someone with a scheme in his head.

Thinking of this, Lone's voice floated over the darkness.

"You're the one who just spoke. Were you the one who killed Damon?" His tone was full of apathetic arrogance. An air of patronization seeped into his words.

Zen looked through to the darkness on the other side. His gaze landed in the direction the voice had come from. His magical eyes were activated, and he saw a blurry figure sitting quietly in the darkness.

"Yes, it was me. Do you have a problem with it?" Zen asked.

"Are you not afraid of death, now that you have revealed your position?" Lone asked again.

"Hah! It's not like I will meet my real death here. In the Illusion Battlefield, everything is a mere projection. Why should I be scared?" Zen asked.

Lone stared at Zen dispassionately as a hint of hesitation appeared on his face. Since the enemy was willing to show himself, he must have already made up his mind. Lone frowned as he tried to figure out what Zen was planning.

The third Hall of Causality they were in was like a game of wits. Only by relying on one's deeper understanding of the rule could one take the initiative to make their move. Lone had always been a conceited person. But now, facing Zen, he felt a little uneasy and worried.

"Are you afraid of throwing your hook?"

Although Zen smiled, he was a bit anxious in his heart.

If the one on the other side did not want to hook on to him, he had no way to exercise his next move.

"Since none of you is willing to throw your hook, let me do it!"

Whoosh!

He had only caught the glimpse of a vague shadow in the darkness, but his long hook still shot out and flew straight to the person sitting in the darkness.

The long hook was like a shuttle, reaching its target in the blink of an eye.

The speed at which Zen threw the long hook reached its peak, but Lone's reaction was not slow either. He moved two feet aside and easily dodged Zen's hook. Out of confidence, he had only moved a couple of feet.

However, Zen had never intended to get Lone by the hook. His action had only been a provocation of sorts. It was similar to what Damon had done. Damon had provoked Zen through his words, but Zen was goading Lone through his action.

Zen did not pause even for a moment when his hook missed its target. His vision was already firmly locked onto the blurry, skinny figure. The long hook in his hand once again shot out.

Whoosh …

As the long hook flew toward Lone, his figure moved a few more feet to avoid the hook.

Once...

Twice...

Thrice…

Again and again, Zen struck out with his hook, but to no avail.

He wore a faint smile on his face, seeming very patient.

Lone, who still resided in the darkness, finally had a look of anger on his face.

Swish…

As he dodged Zen's hook, the long hook in his own hand shot out and charged straight at Zen.

"Finally!"

Zen's eyes flashed. This was the moment he had been waiting for.

When Zen saw the long hook rush to drag him into it, he smiled. The long hook halted all of a sudden, not too far away from him.

Lone grabbed the chain at the end of the long hook and forcibly pulled it back.

As Zen looked in the direction of the retracting hook, a devious look surfaced in his eyes. "Why? Why are you withdrawing it?"

No one said a word in the darkness on the other side, but soon after, a sharp aura emerged from the darkness. It was Lone.

"Lone, why didn't you make a move?" a warrior asked.

"He would die if you hooked him over. Why did you hesitate?" Some of the warriors were utterly perplexed at Lone's lack of action.

Slowly, Lone stood up and looked at Zen from head to toe. A sense of foreboding had enveloped him the moment he raised the hook, so he withdrew it at the last moment.

However, the warriors around him could not hold it in any longer. One of them suddenly lashed out a long hook at Zen. Lone did not have the chance to stop him.

Chapter 1597 A Mysterious Sword (Part One)

Zen's provocation worked.

From the darkness, a long hook shot toward Zen and instantly caught him.

The moment it gripped Zen, his body was bound by a strange rule. This rule did not allow him to resist the attack. His entire body was as if imprisoned in chains and he was pulled into the darkness like a weightless feather.

"Now!" Zen shouted.

The moment Zen was pulled over, Hailey let go of the bowstring.

Before her Moon Bursting Flame Bow were three swirling balls of flame that floated in the air.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The target of the three round flames was no other than Zen!

Truthfully, Hailey too hesitated at the moment.

The Moon Bursting Flame Bow could be called a supreme divine weapon and naturally had its strong points. She was unable to fully unleash the power of the flame arrow. An ordinary martial artist would never be able to withstand its full power. Even an ace talent would be likely to back off.

But Zen had insisted on it. He had promised her that nothing would happen to him.

In the end, Hailey could only do as she was told.

"Humph!"

Lone snorted. Someone else from his side was pulling Zen over. His thin figure flashed as he marched toward Zen.

Lone had been unable to come up with a method to break the stalemate, but that did not mean that he was afraid of Zen.

"No matter what tricks you are playing, you must die now that you have come over to our side," Lone said in a cold voice. He waved one of his arms and a long sword materialized in his hand.

Lone had another famed name.

He was also known as Lone, the Otherworldly Swordsman.

The Otherworldly Swordsman was the only ace talent among all independent warriors.

An ace talent was the hope of a large clan.

Usually only a few ace talents could be found in a clan.

To raise an ace talent often required sparing no efforts on the clan's part. When Lucille had participated in the battles of the Illusion Battlefield, even the patriarch of the Ji Clan had to personally pay attention to her.

However, in the universe, there were always cases of unique existences.

Lone was one of them.

It had taken him thirty-one years to reach the Soul Sea Realm.

The universe was rife with talents, especially because of the world of chaos. The time period of thirty-one years was not particularly less.

After all, after the beginning of the world of chaos, the core talents reached the Soul Sea Realm quite rapidly.

In the past, it was rare for someone to reach the Soul Sea Realm before the age of fifty. But now, it was not a special occurrence to do so. Many core talents had reached the Soul Sea Realm at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two.

But what was truly impressive about Lone was that he had gained that achievement all by himself. He had transformed from an unknown independent warrior to the Otherworldly Swordsman who defeated an ace talent from the Blessed Buddha Land.

Because of that battle, Lone, the Otherworldly Swordsman, became well-known.

At that time, the Thoughtless Minds had no clue that an independent warrior could create such havoc.

The four great clans extended him an olive branch.

The ace talent was just an address, but Lone had defeated his opponent, which meant that he already possessed the strength to fight an ace talent. Thus, Lone was an ace talent himself.

No one wanted to let go of such a superior talent.

However, Lone stubbornly refused them.

Although he knew enough about the power of the four great clans, he was also aware that if he could obtain the guidance of a Supreme Lord, it would be unimaginably beneficial to him. Still, he chose to refuse their offer.

The reason was that his sword made him reject it.

Lone had only been able to achieve so much because of his sword.

Before that, he had been an ordinary, impoverished martial artist. With his cultivation at the nature level, he had been like a speck of dust in the Upper World.

Once, when Lone had been battling it out with someone, he was almost beaten to death and then thrown into a disorderly cemetery. He lay there for seven days and seven nights and found the sword beside a corpse after he woke up.

The dark iron sword looked ordinary and nothing like a godly weapon. It had been abandoned at a cemetery, so it was obvious that no one had bothered to keep it.

The moment Lone touched the sword, he was enveloped by a strong consciousness.

This dark iron sword that he now held in his hand had a consciousness of its own.

The supreme martial arts that he cultivated and the rare secret lands that he explored had all been bestowed upon him by the iron sword. This iron sword was not only his strongest weapon and asset, but also his master, his benefactor.

After obtaining this sword, Lone rose to prominence. As an independent warrior, he had amassed a great many treasures in the supreme worlds. He had also participated in the competition of the four great clans as an independent warrior. From an unknown junior, he had slaughtered his way into the domain of the ace talents.

From then on, Lone only rose to prominence.

Now, in the midst of the Thoughtless Minds, he was walking shoulder to shoulder with Lawson, Nathan, and Lucille.

Most people considered what Lone had done to be miraculous among independent warriors.

"In absolute strength, all schemes are futile." Suddenly, the consciousness of Lone's sword communicated with him.

"I know. Before… I shouldn't have hesitated." Lone's face was unreadable. At this moment, he suddenly wielded his sword as he charged toward Zen.

The sword had accompanied Lone for many years. He had speculated on its origins.

It did not belong to this round of the universe, rather, it came from a higher level of existence; an existence that surpassed the heavens.

The sword had informed him that the region was known as the divine land.

In the beginning when the sword had been with him, they had only used up each other's strengths. However, after being in the company of each other for so many years, their relationship had only grown deeper. He knew some of the secrets of the sword, and the sword helped him to become a Godly Genius and surpass the heavens.

Chapter 1598 A Mysterious Sword (Part Two)

When the Illusion Battlefield opened, the sword told Lone that the competition was crucial.

In the Illusion Battlefield, Lone had encountered no resistance so far. The number of people in the entire universe who were truly capable of challenging him as an opponent was not high.

After considering this, the young man before Lone seemed to be far cleverer, but he was still not powerful enough to contend Lone.

However...

the moment Zen regained his freedom in the darkness, three powerful round flames shot out from behind him.

The warrior who had hooked Zen was impulsive, but that did not mean that he had not made sure that he would succeed. The moment he hooked Zen, he had made his move. The short spear in his hand went straight for Zen's head. As soon as the spinning tip of the spear got near Zen, it was sure to impale him and crush his head.

However, the warrior did not expect three fiery arrows to appear right behind Zen just as the latter was about to be stabbed by the spear.

'Damn it!'

the warrior cursed silently. At this moment, he did not care whether or not he could kill Zen. His figure flashed. He was about to escape out of sight.

A faint smile appeared on Zen's face as both of his hands shot out like lightning and took hold of the warrior. His hands were like iron hoops and firmly clamped on the warrior's body. Zen would not allow him to break free.

"Die!"

At the same time, Lone's black iron sword pierced through the darkness and headed straight for Zen.

He did not need to think about how to attack Zen.

The dark iron sword could handle almost everything by itself. It was his greatest source of reliance, and also like a part of him.

Back then, when he had defeated the ace talent at the Blessed Buddha Land, he had not relied on his own strength. He had fully been dependent on the iron sword in his hand.

The dark iron sword belonged to him, and in a sense, he too belonged to the sword.

However, before the sword could arrive near its target, the three balls of flame exploded.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The three flames burst into nothingness, creating dazzling light that one found hard to gaze at. Even the Dark Law was unable to restrain the light emitted by the flame. It seemed to want to devour the Dark Law.

The martial artist that had activated the Dark Law stood close by, looking dejected. He was trying his level-best to maintain the Dark Law that he had set up.

"Ah!!!"

The other warriors ran away the moment the three balls of flame exploded. The ones captured burned to ashes in the flames.

After all, the Moon Bursting Flame Bow was a supreme divine weapon and had a special Law of Causality exclusive to the fire element. How could a warrior of the Soul Sea Realm tolerate it?

When Lone saw the blazing flames, the pupils of his eyes shrunk in fear. His first instinct was to retreat.

Perhaps it was only because of the sword that he had achieved so much. Strictly speaking, Lone's warrior spirit was not so strong, but that was unimportant. The sword was already a part of Lone and represented him.

"Do not be afraid. What you're seeing is the sixth level of the Fire Law, the Fierce Flame Explosion. I can help you block it!"

The dark iron sword sent a strand of its consciousness to Lone.

At the same time, a golden beam of light shot out from within the dark sword. The light was transmitted from the sword hilt. The golden light turned Lone's arm golden too. It spread over to his shoulder, chest, and neck.

In the blink of an eye, he transformed into a radiant golden figure.

The impact of the Fierce Flame Explosion was unable to harm Lone in the slightest.

'Still, that boy has displayed quite a technique. Is he unafraid of the Fierce Flame Explosion himself? Would he not get hurt?'

The dark iron sword was puzzled. It had no answer to this mystery.

It was only after Lone and the sword had charged into the Fierce Flame Explosion that the dark iron sword was able to glean what had occurred. Just like Lone, Zen's entire body was enveloped with a layer of golden light. The difference lay in the fact that the dense golden vortexes on Zen's body seemed to rapidly be absorbing the flame that had broken out in the Fierce Flame Explosion.

"This... this is..."

As the dark iron sword observed the transformation in Zen's body, the surprise it betrayed in its thoughts was not hidden from Lone.

"What is this?"

Lone asked with hesitation.

Ever since he had established the connection with the dark iron sword, he had realized that everything in the universe was like child's play to the sword. It never regarded any of the Supreme Lords as being unbeatable, as if there was nothing in the universe worthy of its shock.

But at this moment, when the black iron sword noticed the difference in Zen's body, it expressed its astonishment.

"Nothing. Let's kill him first." The sword sent another message to Lone.

"All right." By now, Lone had come very close to Zen. In fact, most techniques that the dark iron sword had taught Lone were movement techniques. The sword was an invincible existence. As long as Lone approached his opponent, he was able to leave the problem of attack to the sword without further worries.

Lone suspected that if he were to ever get physically close to a Supreme Lord, the sword would be able to kill the Supreme Lord with a single jab.

Whoosh!

The dark iron sword drew an arc in the air.

It did not emit any kind of power. Only Lone himself knew just how terrible its action was.

The young man before him was already a dead man.

However, suddenly Zen smiled at Lone. He began to retreat and started to float over to the other side.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1599 Near-death Situation

Before Zen was dragged into the darkness, he had already thought of this and anticipated a way out.

He had used the powerful assault of Hailey as his cover. Although the energy released by the Moon Bursting Flame Bow was exceedingly strong, Zen's body was left unharmed as it was immune to flames.

With their full cooperation, as long as the other party dared to hook onto him, he was confident that he could kill the enemy!

The one who killed their enemy wasn't Zen, so the Illusion Points that bolted out from the body of the warrior who had been burnt to ashes just now directly flew into Hailey's body.

However, the most surprising thing was that the ace talent in the other party was also able to resist the attack from the Moon Bursting Flame Bow. He faced the flames head-on and outrageously rushed towards Zen, ready to kill him as well!

Within a split second, this person charged in full momentum, aiming his long sword in his hand towards him. However, before it reached him, Zen had already sensed the peculiarity of that iron sword.

It looked old and quite too ordinary, merely like a conventional weapon that even didn't deserve to be ranked. But Zen had this nagging feeling stating otherwise, giving him an immense pressure at that particular moment!

If he were to be struck by this sword, he would most likely die beyond a shadow of a doubt!

At the time this thought occurred to him, a long hook caught Zen and quickly pulled him backward.

"Bring him back!" The dark iron sword's order was almost overbearing to the extent of it being unquestionable.

Whoosh!

Not even a full second of time, Lone hurled his long hook at Zen!

He just as much wouldn't allow Zen to kill someone in front of him and then openly slip away!

And like a bolt of lightning, the long hook in his hand brutally launched towards Zen.

At the instant, his long hook reached Zen, a clinking sound reverberated. Janet's long hook was already on Zen when Lone's long hook also got him.

Under the collision of these two completely identical laws, Janet's hook was directly knocked away, and similarly, Lone's long hook was also knocked off. It was like there was a repelling force surrounding them.

Having lost both of the shackles of the long hooks, Zen was unable to fly. He had nothing to rely on to gain momentum in the air. Consequently, his entire body fell directly into the deep ditch!

Briefly, he happened to glance at the multicolored river of energy slowly flowing within this deep ditch.

According to the rules of the Hall of Causality, these seemingly harmless energies were absolutely fatal. If anyone were to fall into the river, the warrior would undoubtedly die, and there was no exception to it.

And for Zen, it was indeed unexpected!

Zen remained alert at this ordeal as there was no trace of panic on his face. After all, no one died in the Illusion Battlefield for real. Everyone could still see that Zen's expression was extremely calm. And before he fell, he threw the long hook in his hand at Lone.

The attacks of these several hooks all happened simultaneously in an instant.

When Zen had begun to fall, Lone was still drawing back his long hook. Before he got his hook, Zen's long hook was one step ahead as it shot towards him!

The first one to react was the sword in Lone's hand.

However, no matter how fast the sword's reaction was, that response didn't come from Lone himself. Realizing that Zen wanted Lone to perish together with him, the dark iron sword quickly sent a message through its consciousness to Lone.

In the end, however, it was still a step too late.

Or perhaps it could be said that the sword did not tell Lone what exactly happened. It only released a strong sense of danger to alert him.

Even though Lone had detected the danger, it took him a moment before realizing that it was emanating from Zen's long hook, which had already caught him and was pulling him towards Zen.

Currently, both of them were plummeting at the river of energy below.

"This guy, is unforgivable!"

Lone's sword roared.

If the two of them plunged into the river, it would be the end of them, and they would be sent back to the main city for revival.

However...

This did not happen.

At this critical stage, Jeffrey, who stood at the back, once again threw a long hook at Zen, trying to pull him back from this deep ditch.

The moment he made his move was timely perfect. The long hook in his hand securely caught Zen, who was falling, and he quickly dragged him towards the side, which was covered by a dense fog.

Lone faced the same dilemma. A martial artist behind him also threw a long hook. And to prevent him from plummeting further, he started pulling Lone back.

Between the two, no one won in this round, since they had not even fought.

Saved by his fellow man, Lone felt somewhat disgruntled. He refused to accept that the whole scenario ended up like this. Anger engulfed him as he threw the long hook at Zen once again!

Ding!

Zen began to descend again, not long after he was pulled up! Lone's long hook hit against Jeffrey's hook, successfully disengaging it from Zen.

At this moment, Zen braced himself as he was going all out. If he were to die in the Hall of Causality, he would have to pull someone down with him at all costs! Then in a split second, the long hook in Zen's hand also shot towards Lone, and with a crisp tinkling sound, the hook attached to Lone loosened up.

Lone also started to sink downwards. But he abruptly twisted his body in the air to turn around. Then an uncontrollable ray of light, which was bursting with full energy, suddenly shot out from the dark iron sword and immediately charged towards Zen with utmost urgency! Even though the sword had extracted Lone's life vitality, and its strength couldn't be fully displayed, its ray of light contained a profound intent, so its potency was naturally strong.

Zen's figure moved slightly to the side as he drew his sword. Streaks of lightning and wind blades bursting forth from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword soon followed as if they were in sync with Zen's bodily movement, while at the same time, dozens of Nether God Shadows thrust towards Lone.

Both of them were in a dire state, but they seemed to have chosen to ignore their critical situation. As they continued to cascade at a quickening speed, they were seriously utilizing their techniques to bring down the other.

'This ray of light...' Zen's pupils dilated at the glaring ray of light. He had no way to dodge this attack. If this ray of light hit him, he would most likely die without a doubt.

However, right at this moment, another long hook once again caught Zen and stopped him from falling. He immediately twisted his body. With the help of the pulling force from the hook, he forcibly managed to dodge Lone's incomparable powerful strike.

Lone's situation was similar to Zen's. Another long hook shot out from the darkness, once again dragging him towards another direction.

With the assistance of both parties, Lone and Zen had stabilized their position. Though they had the chance to return to their places, neither of them wanted to lose yet. After all, if one must fall into the river of energy, that warrior would most likely die.

Their long hooks shot out once again!

The two of them continued to descend and then were pulled up by the people behind them. At the same time, the two of them threw their hooks at each other and then continued to fall into the river of energy.

This near-death situation lasted for a full seven rounds. They fell down seven times and were pulled up seven times. Both sides had knocked off each other's hooks for many times!

Neither of them dared to keep their guard off, but Lone was also secretly shocked. This fellow in front of him looked ordinary, but he seriously possessed such strength! He admitted that he had underestimated Zen before.

Lone knew the strength of his sword, but even so, he was unable to gain anything from Zen. Now, he was very anxious.

Exactly at this moment, another flame exploded right above Lone's head!

Boom!

An intense Fierce Flame Explosion erupted and formed a wall of flames, separating the Dark Law from the outside. However, the warriors covered by the Dark Law had a hard time finding Lone through that layer of explosive flames.

The two long hooks which were initially intended to rescue Lone failed to reach him. But instead, they flew past him and headed straight for Zen!

Without any hooks dragging him, Lone fell straight into the river of energy in the deep ditch. Zen, on the other hand, was accidentally dragged by a long hook into the Dark Law on the other side.

Just as Zen steadied himself, from the corner of his eyes, he saw Lone staring at him coldly, with eyes filled with killing intent and hatred as he sank into the colorful river of energy.

Chapter 1600 Challenge

The energy flowing like a river began eroding the Otherworldly Swordsman's body.

Even the rules of the heavens in the Hall of Causality were nothing in the swordsman's eyes.

The dark iron sword in his hand possessed enough strength to surpass the heavens, after all.

Before entering the Illusion Space, the sword itself had told him that the Illusion Battlefield had a special repulsive force against it—no soul nor living creature could enter along with him.

This time, Zen also failed to bring Lavender and the cyan dragon into the Illusion Battlefield. The Illusion Battlefield's projection could only accept Zen alone. Currently, he was still unable to even communicate with them.

But the sword of the Otherworldly Swordsman forcibly broke through the rules of the Illusion Battlefield, managing to enter the area.

The sword clearly knew that if it did not arrive, it would be difficult for the Otherworldly Swordsman to achieve any great outcome with solely his own strength.

After bringing this sword into the battlefield, the Otherworldly Swordsman had full confidence that he would take the first place among all the warriors.

In his mind, the ace talents and even the Godly Geniuses, who were considered extremely formidable, were no match for him.

The Hall of Causality was undoubtedly dangerous—those who weren't cautious enough were likely to end up dead. In only the second Hall of Causality he had just passed through, countless ropes were already trying to trap the warriors in and squeeze the lives out of them. According to the rules of the Hall of Causality, it was impossible to sever those ropes.

But the Otherworldly Swordsman managed to wield his sword, forcefully shattering the very rules of the heavens.

With him there, none of the ten warriors were left dead as they challenged through the hall. Of course, this earned him everyone's admiration. The Otherworldly Swordsman called 'Lone' seemed to be a remarkable, practically invincible warrior.

Under his leadership, they just might pass through the Hall of Causality without any major problems.

With the great outcome, the ten of them could make it to the top ten warriors of this supreme world.

But just when they made it to the third Hall of Causality, they encountered another group of warriors. Because they survived the second hall, they thought that with the Otherworldly Swordsman's power, they could easily deal with the seven warriors of the other group.

But what was about to unfold was beyond their expectations.

In the next moment, Lone fell into the river of energy.

"I can't accept this… Take me up there!"

In an instant, the river of energy eroded the layer of gold on his body. The dark colored iron sword was truly powerful and formidable, serving as the swordsman's savior. If any other warrior were to fall into this river, they would be instantly dissolved into nothing.

"It's useless now. But it doesn't matter if we don't make it this once... We can still catch up," replied the sword.

"Can't you let me float up first? I have a few words for that guy!"

Never did the swordsman think that he would be defeated in the Hall of Causality by a nameless young warrior. With his arrogant personality, how could he accept the fact just like that?

"Alas…"

The dark colored iron sword emitted a dazzling golden light as it dragged the swordsman up from the bottom of the river.

With the sword's power at its peak, it was enough to let the man move freely in the river of energy. It was possible for the sword to easily destroy the current round of the heavens, after all. But now that it could not play at its full strength, the swordsman could only remain safe in the river for a short while.

Even so, the other warriors on both sides of the ravine were left dumbstruck at the scene.

Seeing the swordsman fall into the river made some warriors' hearts sink. After the battle in the second Hall of Causality, those proud talents had great admiration for his strength. Now that he so easily fell into the river, they were stunned even more.

But the members of Zen's group immediately recognized the swordsman.

The moment the Otherworldly Swordsman appeared in the darkness, Janet already recognized him.

The Otherworldly Swordsman...

He was the man who turned famous from just a single battle.

This warrior appeared out of the blue and stole the limelight from Lucille.

It was a shame Lucille didn't get the chance to fight against him in the four great clans' competition.

Jeffrey recognized him as well—Lone had become famous after defeating an ace talent of the Blessed Buddha Land in the past. His performance in battle was undoubtedly striking.

When Janet saw him, she sighed inwardly, already feeling a sense of despair.

She trusted Zen—he was far stronger than her, Jeffrey, Hailey, and the others. But no one was certain he could easily go up against the ace talents.

But in mere seconds, Zen dragged himself and the swordsman into a life threatening situation. Before Janet could understand what was going on, the Otherworldly Swordsman had fallen into a river of energy and disappeared. She figured he would die there.

Instead of making use of his own strength to win the battle, Zen relied on luck this time, managing to drag the ace talent down into the river of energy. This act was enough to earn Janet's further admiration. At the very least, in Janet's eyes, Zen had more luck on his side than the swordsman.

However...

Just as Janet had that thought, the shadow of a sword floated out from the bottom of the river. After it appeared on the water, the swordsman's head emerged. As expected, his face was no longer recognizable, having been eroded by the river's pure energy flow. The sword allowed him to survive such a place.

"He can come up even after that? This guy's amazing!"

Coleman couldn't help but mutter, marveling at the sight before him.

Janet, Jeffrey, Hailey and the others found themselves taking a sharp breath as well, afraid that the man would just fly out of the river.

But flying was prohibited in the Hall of Causality. In such a situation, it should be impossible for him to do so.

The warriors in Lone's group were also surprised, but filled with some hope.

But the swordsman didn't leave the river just yet. It was already extremely difficult for the sword to bring him up to the surface—it had almost used up the entirety of its strength to go against the heavens' rules.

So Lone remained on the surface of the river, with eyes filled with deep hatred. Suddenly laughing wildly, he glared at Zen as he spoke, "Brat, you've won this time... But that's just your luck! It has nothing to do with your true strength!"

But Zen only gazed at the swordsman noncommittally. In truth, Zen was also rather curious about how Lone was able to survive in the river for so long. Even with his magical body, Zen would be instantly eroded to death if he were to fall into it. But Lone seemed to be under the protection of some extremely powerful force.

For one to withstand the power of the rules of the heavens, such a person must be a Supreme Lord or someone who surpassed the heavens.

Did it have something to do with that sword in his hand?

"Come on! Continue winning every battle so we can meet again. I do hope you won't resort to using your little tricks when we duel. I will surely defeat you then... Glug, glug…"

Zen could no longer hear his words clearly.

The Otherworldly Swordsman's sword couldn't support him anymore.

Rapidly, he descended into the river. Upon losing the sword's protection, his body was instantly eroded and melted away, turning into a mere strand of energy within the river.

Meanwhile, a huge mass of Illusion Points burst out.

"So many!"

Everyone's eyes lit up with surprise.

With what they had seen before, they believed that the swordsman had released tens of millions of points this time.

The yellow dots of light floated along the river—they floated neither up nor down, attracting the warriors' attention from both sides of the river.

Indeed, they all had great interest in earning more Illusion Points, but so what? Who would dare step into the river to absorb them?

When Zen saw the scene, his face fell disappointed. Such a massive amount of points were likely to be wasted there. It was a shame, he thought, that he didn't personally kill the swordsman—if he did, all the points would have flown into his body.

With a shake of his head, Zen shot out a long hook. A smile appeared on his face as he turned to the darkness. Having dealt with the most troublesome warrior, there were only seven warriors left in the other group now.

Chapter 1601 Taking Risks

Throwing out his long hook, Zen successfully caught Jeffrey and dragged him to his side.

Meanwhile, he had already charged into the darkness.

After getting Jeffrey, he immediately got Janet as well, then Hailey, Coleman, and the other two warriors.

Bam!

Just as the warriors on Zen's side were pulled to the other side one after another, a muffled sound rang out from the darkness before a light ball of Illusion Points exploded and flew toward Zen.

The martial artists that managed to enter the Hall of Causality had naturally gathered a great number of Illusion Points. In this round of the attack, Zen had instantly gotten over a million.

At this moment, how could Jeffrey, Janet, or the others be willing to fall far behind Zen?

By then, Lone had already died and returned to the main city for revival. The fact that their leader had been killed was already a cause for discouragement.

Although the remaining seven weren't completely lacking in strength, their confidence level had naturally dropped to their feet, leaving them in no mood to fight—they posed no threat to Zen.

Janet's, Hailey's, and Jeffrey's strength couldn't be underestimated either.

As lights flashed on the Buddha Curse Blade, the martial artist that employed the Dark Law was also put to death. The darkness that shrouded the area had dissipated and the number of martial artists on the opposing side decreased rapidly. Crumpling like dead leaves, they turned into Illusion Points.

After Janet absorbed the last person's Illusion Points, everyone's gaze once again fixated on Zen.

Now, it seemed like the third Hall of Causality wasn't too difficult to get through. From the start until then, Janet and the rest hadn't done much. Only Hailey had assisted Zen a great deal.

But they were all aware that the third Hall of Causality was extremely dangerous—if it weren't for the fact that Zen had brought Lone down into the river of energy, their group would probably have been annihilated right there. The only reason they could pass through the third Hall of Causality was that they had Zen with them.

"Why are you all looking at me?" Zen asked before turning to the exit of the Hall of Causality where Lone and the other members of his group had entered.

But Janet pursed her lips and smiled. "That guy seemed unwilling to accept defeat so easily."

"Who?" Zen only smiled, pretending to be unaware of who the other was referring to.

Then, Janet pointed to the river of energy in the deep ravine.

"I've already offended Lucille," said Zen. "I don't mind offending one more…"

Someone like Lone who was considered an ace talent would be able to catch up quickly even after his death. As the game continued in the Illusion Battlefield, the lower-ranked martial artists would constantly get wiped out, leaving the top-ranked martial artists to compete with each other. Sooner or later, Zen would meet him again.

"You're right…" Watching Zen's nonchalant expression, Janet could only laugh helplessly.

"But it's a pity that his Illusion Points will be wasted," Zen muttered as he continued staring at the Illusion Points floating above the river.

Everyone looked at them regretfully.

After a beat, Hailey walked up to Zen. Holding the long hook in her hand, she softly suggested, "You can get down there and I'll pull you up with my hook."

"Hm?" Zen gave her a look of both surprise and doubt.

"Trust me. I won't let you fall into the river," she said seriously.

The hook was long enough to reach someone in an instant and pull the person back. The dots of light holding the Illusion Points were floating about a foot above the river—if someone jumped down there and absorbed them in a flash before getting caught by another warrior's hook, it might just work. So long as both parties cooperated with each other in terms of timing, it wasn't impossible to obtain the Illusion Points.

But the success of this plan required someone with the ability to control the hook with utmost precision.

If the warrior threw out the hook even the slightest bit too soon or too late, he or she wouldn't catch the falling warrior. The key to this plan was the one who would throw the hook.

Trust, then, became a major factor here.

Having fought in the Hall of Causality together, this group of warriors had established some trust among each other. But that alone wasn't enough to make anyone put their lives into the hands of someone else. If the person on the bank didn't throw out the hook, the warrior who set out for the points would die in vain. Even though no one died in the Illusion Battlefield for real, it was unworthy to lose life like this.

"I can hit a butterfly from ten miles away. I never miss my target," Hailey added.

Though she had been rather quiet along the way, at this moment, she spoke confidently.

"We… We'll use our hooks to help too," Janet said with a smile, seeing Zen consider the idea.

"I think it'd be better if only Hailey throws out her hook to drag him back. If two hooks collided, the rules within them would set off each other's power and do more harm than good," Jeffrey offered. Although he was also tempted by the chance to get the Illusion Points, he didn't dare jump close to the river of energy.

At that point, everyone saw Zen as their leader, wanting him to guide them further into the Hall of Causality—no one was rooting for his death. Jeffrey was well aware that he was far less important than Zen.

With furrowed brows, Zen looked from Hailey to the Illusion Points floating along the river of energy.

Currently, he had a total of over ten million Illusion Points in his body. To Zen, the number of Illusion Points above this river of energy was by no means small.

After a moment of thought, he gave Hailey a nod. Ten million Illusion points were definitely worth the risk.

With that, he walked to the edge of the place with Hailey standing behind him, grabbing the long hook firmly in her hand.

"I'm going to jump!"

And he did.

Zen aimed straight for the Illusion Points above the river.

Falling rapidly, Zen soon covered several dozens of feet in distance, soon reaching his target.

At this moment, Hailey stared firmly at Zen's movement, keeping watch at the height he was in. After calculating the timing, she threw the long hook in her hand toward the balls of Illusion Points.

The instant Zen's figure swept past the points, these ownerless points immediately flew into his body.

But just as he absorbed the points, he was already less than a foot away from the river of energy below.

Whoosh…

Meanwhile, the long hook had already reached Zen's body. With a tug from Hailey, Zen was saved from the fall. With the hook pulling him back, Zen's head hung forward, the tip of his nose only inches away from the river.

If he fell forward even the slightest bit, he would be eroded in an instant.

While Zen could withstand the immense power of fire, there was no chance that he could handle the river's erosion.

Huff, huff…

When Hailey pulled hard, Zen's figure began to emerge faster until he returned to the bank.

As the several martial artists witnessed Zen return safe and sound, envy grew in their hearts. Although Zen risked a great deal, he managed to obtain over ten million Illusion Points in an instant—how could they not be jealous?

"Thank you," Zen gave Hailey a thoughtful nod.

"No need to thank me. This is what you deserve," she returned.

Though Lone wasn't directly killed by Zen, the latter was still a great factor leading to his death. If it weren't for Zen, all of them were likely to have been killed off by the swordsman.

After collecting Lone's Illusion Points, Zen's ranking soared once again.

As the martial artists fought around the Illusion Battlefield, they obtained iron tickets from various mystic places, allowing them to enter the Hall of Causality.

At this stage, everyone's ranking fluctuated dramatically.

Entering the Hall of Causality cost five million Illusion Points, after all. Even the top-ranked martial artists would drop in ranking if they lost tens of thousands of Illusion Points, let alone five million.

Back when Zen had paid five million points, his ranking instantly dropped back down to where no one could even pick out his name.

But as he passed the second Hall of Causality, his ranking rose just as quickly. After absorbing another ten million Illusion Points, he was ranked 23rd in this supreme world.

In the entire Illusion Battlefield, his rank jumped from the 9, 200th to the 130th.

The top hundred places were mainly occupied by the ace talents.

The peak of the pyramid was where the most outstanding beings in the universe stood.

"Zen is definitely not weak…"

"Who said he was relying on a fairy palace? His strength alone is probably comparable to that of an ace talent!"

"If this guy works a bit harder, he could probably make it into the top 100!"

It would seem that Zen had already garnered most of the Upper World's attention. Back when he was below the ranking of several millionth, they already had their eye on him because of his performance.

Not long ago, Zen had broken into the top 10, 000.

And soon after that, Zen had already reached the 130th. With such speed, he could probably break into the first hundred soon.

Chapter 1602 How Many Life Vitality Crystals

Here in the Pure Jade Sacred Place of the Three Purities World, the Clear Spirit Force House was the core place for cultivation.

It was a place where only the most talented disciples had access to.

But the talented disciples at the Soul Sea Realm were currently in the Illusion Battlefield which meant that the Clear Spirit Force House had been left mostly empty.

Not today though. Today, the main hall of the Clear Spirit Force House was bustling with energy as numerous Life and Death Realm and Spirit Supreme Realm warriors gathered together.

Their excitement was tantamount as they waited for the results of the Illusion Battlefield competitions.

The stakes were high and everyone waited in bated breath as the names changed in ranking on the pyramid located at the roof of the hall. The Clear Spirit Force House was the gathering place for the strongest warriors here in the Pure Jade Sacred Place so everyone had high expectations for their own homegrown talents.

"Josiah's ranking has improved. He's at the 220, 000th now!"

"It might be possible for him to get up to the top 100, 000..."

"He's really lived up to everyone's expectations."

There were 100, 000 supreme worlds and each of them owned three tenth-grade sacred places averagely...

Josiah Shen was the most outstanding warrior in the entire Pure Jade Sacred Place and they all rooted for him to get to the top 100, 000.

It wasn't just the disciples who came to watch, even the Saint Lord of the Pure Jade Sacred Place came to observe the talents' rankings.

The grand hall, which the pyramid floated on top of, was the only Illusion Space within the entire sacred place.

This Illusion Space required quite a large amount of life vitality to operate.

Life Vitality would only be consumed if there were warriors in the Illusion Space but ever since the appearance of the pyramid, the space now needed a constant supply of life vitality.

There were two methods to replenish life vitality here in the Upper World.

One was through the use of life vitality crystals or jades, which wasn't really economical since a huge amount was needed. The second, and more economical method was to have warriors directly supply the life vitality with their bodies.

There were countless warriors in this boundless universe.

As long as a considerable number of warriors gathered together, they would be able to continuously absorb the vitality between heaven and earth and transform it into life vitality. This life vitality could then be utilized to power the Illusion Space and keep it functioning.

It wasn't just Illusion Spaces, even some large-scale divine texture arrays operated this way.

Thousands of people were gathered behind the grand hall, constantly pouring life vitality onto the divine textures below them. These divine textures served as a sort of purifier that erased the warriors' marks and mixed all the life vitality together to power the Illusion Space.

If there was not sufficient life vitality, then the Illusion Space would gradually dissipate and the pyramid would also disappear.

"Alas. Although I don't need to dig mines, I have to absorb vitality and supply it to the Illusion Space all the time. When can I stop doing such a boring thing?" a woman in red complained loudly.

Letitia sat beside her, her hands also placed on the divine texture. "Our strength is still not enough to qualify in entering the Clear Spirit Force House. Supplying the life vitality here is better than mining..."

After ascending to the Upper World, Letitia was immediately summoned by a master of the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

This master, almost at the world lord level, had every intention of selecting a disciple but Letitia didn't really have a good feeling about it.

Of course, she was right. The master introduced this so-called "male-female dual cultivation method" and claimed that it was as remarkable as the Transcendent Divine Might. He also told them that it would bring them great benefits later on.

The only reason she was able to get out of it was that it required the female warrior to be a virgin.

Letitia was already a married woman and it was thanks to that fact that she was able to get out of such a fishy arrangement.

Still, she couldn't really avoid the suffering. Letitia was supposed to mine after her ascension but since she had already been brought here, she was sent to work in powering the Illusion Space instead.

She sat at the back of the grand hall all day, absorbing vitality from the heaven and earth before pouring it into the divine texture for purification. It didn't necessarily harm the body but it was extremely boring.

"Those who can be recruited in the Clear Spirit Force House are the core disciples of the sacred place... It is wishful thinking for us to enter it!" The woman in red pouted, "It would've been better to be taken in as that master's disciple. At least there would've been a chance for me to become famous in the Upper World! It's a pity he didn't choose me!"

The male-female dual cultivation method did not necessarily deter every warrior. On the contrary, it was often a good shortcut for female disciples to quickly improve their cultivation base.

Letitia smiled. "I wonder if my husband has the qualifications to enter this Clear Spirit Force House..."

"Your husband? Forget that fancy dream! There are a lot of Soul Sea Realm warriors here in this tenth-grade sacred place. The only ones who can get in are the most outstanding core disciples of the Pure Jade Sacred Place!" the woman in red sneered.

"Pah!"

A whip suddenly slashed between the two of them.

"More work! Less talk! Or I'll send you two back to the mine!" the fat woman scolded.

The whip did not necessarily hurt them, but the airwaves were enough to make it feel as though their faces were struck by sharp knives.

Letitia did not let her anger show on her face, but her eyes noticeably hid a cold frost within them.

But she had to reign it in. Right now, she was stuck here doing forced labor.

She neither had the strength nor talent to fight back against these bullies. All she could do was to endure.

Not talking wasn't really a strict rule when supplying life vitality. There was no need for visualization or meditation to do their job. The fat woman was really just being insufferable to not allow them to speak with each other.

The woman seemed to have sensed the coldness in Letitia's eyes. "What? Why are you staring at me like that?"

Letitia huffed but turned her fair face away. "Nothing."

"I heard something interesting. You flew up to the Upper World in search of your husband, right? Is he also someone who ascended to the Upper World?" the fat woman asked.

Letitia ignored her question and pretended that she didn't hear.

"You are so childish and stupid. The Upper World is so big, so who knows where your husband is. Moreover, he's just a nobody. He's probably still stuck in the mine of some sacred place somewhere!" the fat woman chided.

Letitia knew she only said this to rile her up but she also couldn't help but think that there was some inkling of truth in her words.

A Soul Sea Realm warrior was much more efficient in mining than the average person, but even they would have to spend a significant amount of time digging more than one million supreme life vitality crystals.

It usually took them dozens of years, sometimes even hundreds.

Letitia couldn't help but slump in sorrow.

She hated the fact that this woman might be right, that finding Zen was going to be as difficult as looking for a needle in a haystack, and that she might never see him again.

The fat woman, noticing the despair on Letitia's face, had the last laugh as she walked away.

Letitia went back to her work transferring the vitality into the divine texture but her eyes were noticeably sadder.

However, at that moment, a loud voice suddenly resounded in her ears.

"More than 16 warriors of the Thoughtless Minds are ranked in the top 100. This is something worth celebrating!"

The loud declaration startled her.

The warriors all over the universe had been so focused on the Illusion Battlefield competition that no one had taken the time to use a Roaring Token. This was the first time she heard someone use it.

"T-That voice... Just where did it come from?" she asked half in panic and half in curiosity.

"It's from a Roaring Token," a warrior beside her said. "It's something that can be used to transmit sound throughout the entire universe..." This warrior was not someone who ascended from the Lower World and was delegated to such a banal task for some other reason, so he naturally knew about Roaring Tokens.

"Roaring Token?" The words sounded familiar but she couldn't quite place where she heard them before. Nevertheless, her eyes lit up upon a sudden realization. If she could get her hands on a Roaring Token, then she might be able to contact Zen and tell him where she was!

If she called out for him then he would definitely set out to look for her!

"The Roaring Token is so magical! How many life vitality crystals would it cost to buy one?" she asked.

She wasn't a fool. Before she ascended, she already made a lot of preparations and made sure to take around 200, 000 supreme life vitality crystals with her.

However, the warrior suddenly started laughing. "How many life vitality crystals? Ha-ha..."

Letitia frowned, not really knowing what was so funny.

Chapter 1603 Disbelief

Seeing Letitia's puzzled expression, the martial artist explained in a deadpan voice, "The value of the Roaring Token cannot be measured in terms of life vitality crystals. It is impossible for ordinary martial artists to buy it. If one wants to buy it, I think it will cost millions of life vitality jades at least."

"Millions of life vitality jades?" exclaimed Letitia, quite stunned at the implication of this cost.

Although Letitia had only recently ascended to the Upper World, she had heard that the sacred place required warriors to mine hundreds of life vitality jades in exchange for their freedom.

A single life vitality jade could be exchanged for over 10, 000 supreme life vitality crystals.

So millions of life vitality jades were equivalent to hundreds of millions of supreme life vitality crystals!

Ever since the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance had united the Central Region, and her master had returned to the Cloud Hall, the Cloud Hall had become more and more prosperous with each passing day. With the support of the World Commercial Alliance, the hall had amassed a large number of life vitality crystals.

Before her ascension to the Upper World, her master, Imogen, had gifted her half of the supreme life vitality crystals that the Cloud Hall had accumulated, in case she needed them in the Upper World.

Now she had around 200, 000 supreme life vitality crystals with her, safely locked away in her space ring.

Just a moment ago, she was still considering whether she should buy two Roaring Tokens; however, when she heard the martial artist's explanation, she was utterly shocked.

So the great wealth of the 200, 000 supreme life vitality crystals that she had brought with her was nothing in the Upper World! Where she had previously thought herself wealthy, she now felt like a pauper!

The truth was that when the martial artist had explained that the Roaring Token was worth hundreds of millions of supreme life vitality crystals, he had been simplifying the matter to make her understand the priceless cost of the Roaring Token. He had reduced its value by 10 times.

It couldn't be blamed on him. After all, the Roaring Token was considered a priceless treasure in the Upper World, and most martial artists would rarely see such a token in their entire lives. Only world lords and Supreme Lords were given the right to use it. That martial artist had only given Letitia an estimated value of the Roaring Token.

"Of course, the Saint Lord of the Pure Jade Sacred Place and many world lords are sure to have one or two Roaring Tokens in their hands." The martial artist shook his head, his eyes revealing an expression of adoration. Compared to the Saint Lords of the sacred places, martial artists like him were nothing but dirt.

Letitia pursed her lips and a bleak look of depression appeared on her face. She hadn't expected to find the Roaring Token, but she felt that it sounded a little familiar. She had heard of it somewhere before, and being unable to purchase one, she felt let down.

The martial artist then sighed. "However, strange things do happen in this universe. A few years ago, a guy named Zen Luo told stories via the Roaring Token. Yet, it is said that he has only reached the Soul Sea Realm. No one knows where he has gotten a Roaring Token that can be used for an unlimited number of times. Such a Roaring Token is beyond priceless!"

Hearing this, Letitia was stunned, and she felt excited at the mention of Zen's name.

"Zen Luo?" she asked in a louder voice while staring at the martial artist in anticipation.

The other martial artists around her, including the woman in red beside her, turned to look at her curiously.

It was fortunate that the fat woman was not there. Otherwise, she would have scolded Letitia.

"Letitia, what's wrong?" the lady in red asked when she saw Letitia's expression.

That martial artist chuckled and continued, "Yeah. That guy is a regular feature in the limelight now. Everyone in the universe knows about him. It's said that he ascended from the Lower World, and that he owns a fairy palace. He has even used that fairy palace to kill several Supreme Lords."

In the eyes of many grassroots martial artists, Zen had become a legendary figure, someone to look up to, and someone to try and beat one day.

Since Zen had ascended from the Lower World, it meant that he did not have strong backing in the Upper World. For a lowly martial artist of the Soul Sea Realm to leave many forces and even Supreme Lords helpless was a miracle in itself!

Anecdotes of Zen continued to spread among the grassroots martial artists, and many of them even overstated facts and made up stories. Soon the legend became even greater than the man, even though the man was truly exceptional. Such was how legends were born.

"In the past few years, that guy has told quite a few interesting stories. For example, Killing the Snake Spirit, and…" While the martial artist was speaking, he beamed with excitement, as if he had personally seen Zen perform.

When Letitia heard the name 'Zen Luo', her first reaction was that she had heard wrong, and her second thought was that the name might be a duplicate of Zen's.

After all, there were so many martial artists in the universe. It was not surprising that some of them might have similar names.

When she heard the mention of the 'fairy palace', she had already confirmed her suspicions though. It was true that Zen was able to enter and exit the fairy palace freely after obtaining the token of mountain. It was true that the fairy palace was magical, but how could Zen use it to kill Supreme Lords?

In the past six years, Letitia had even been to the valley in the Eastern Region, but she found that the exit had already disappeared.

However, when she now heard the mention of the story "Killing the Snake Spirit", she knew without a doubt that the story was told by her husband Zen.

This story "Killing the Snake Spirit" was one of the stories that circulated in the Eastern Region. Letitia had heard of it before, as it was widely spread in the Eastern Region.

Zen had brought along a fairy palace, and he had told the story "Killing the Snake Spirit".

With all these pieces of information, Letitia was 100% certain that the Zen Luo that the martial artist had mentioned was her husband, Zen.

The Roaring Token!

It wasn't until then that she recalled that one of the three treasures Zen had gotten from his master was the Roaring Token.

However, even Zen himself did not know the purpose of the Roaring Token at that time.

As the woman in red saw that Letitia was getting more and more excited, she asked, "Letitia, are you okay?"

Letitia pursed her lips, as she came to grips with the revelations about her husband and his miraculous achievements.

Just then, a noise came from the front of the hall.

All the martial artists were staring up at the huge pyramid which tracked the standing of the martial artists in the Illusion Battlefield.

"Zen Luo has actually improved his ranking from a bit over the 9, 000th to the 130th!"

"He has such unmatched strength. He is probably going to rush straight to the top!"

"That's not the case. The further he goes, the more difficult it will become. The warriors in front of him are the ace talents from the various races. How could he surpass them so easily?"

The martial artist who had been talking to Letitia laughed, looked at the pyramid and said, "It's the Zen Luo I talked about earlier. I heard that some said that he was just lucky and had inherited a magical fairy palace, but that he was actually weak and not talented. Now that he has risen so fast, and he has already reached the 130th place, it's really surprising! I even thought that he would just be one of the top 10, 000. But now look..."

Zen's name...

Although the pyramid was not very close, Letitia could still clearly see the names written on it.

At first, she had searched along the top of the pyramid, but she didn't find Zen's name, so she had given up.

The pyramid represented the rankings of all the martial artists at the Soul Sea Realm in the entire universe, but there were also trillions of martial artists in the Illusion Battlefield; hence, it was unlikely that Zen's name could be found on it.

Now, with a sweep of her eyes, Letitia found Zen's name floating somewhere near the top of the pyramid.

"It's said that there are trillions of martial artists at the Soul Sea Realm in the Illusion Battlefield, right?" asked Letitia suddenly, her eyes still resting on Zen's name. "With his ranking, he should be able to enter the Clear Spirit Force House to cultivate, right?"

"Ha-ha..." The martial artist broke into laughter. After sizing up Letitia, he asked, "Did you ascend from the Lower World?"

Letitia nodded. Although she knew that there were over a hundred thousand supreme worlds in the Upper World, she did not have a thorough understanding of them yet. The tenth-grade Clear Spirit Sacred Place was in her limited understanding a paradise.

The martial artist then said, "No wonder. For a powerhouse like Zen, even the famous thirteen palaces cannot accommodate him, not to mention the Clear Spirit Sacred Place. It is said that after he ascended, he immediately left the tenth-grade sacred place and was accepted into the thirteen palaces. Now that he has obtained such a ranking, he can already be considered an ace talent in the Humanity Alliance."

"Oh? Really?" Letitia's face lit up with a proud smile.

In the Central Region, Letitia had held absolute confidence in her husband.

But it was different in the Upper World, where there were many ace talents. She hadn't dared to hold too high an expectation of Zen.

However, she never thought that in just six years, Zen had already achieved such a great achievement. The news that she had just heard was far beyond her wildest imagination, and also far beyond her expectations for Zen. At the same time, it gave her the confidence and inspiration to find Zen.

"Letitia, why do you ask so many details? Do you know this warrior?" the woman in red asked from beside her.

Letitia had a smile on her face as she looked up at the pyramid and said, "Have you forgotten what I told you? I flew here to find my husband."

The woman in red was still puzzled. "I know. So what?"

Letitia said excitedly, "My husband flew here six years ago. His name is Zen Luo, and if I guess correctly, he is the man at the top of the pyramid!"

Although her voice wasn't loud, the woman in red and the martial artist clearly heard what she said. The two of them stared at her with widened eyes, their expressions filled with disbelief.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1604 Margaret's Ranking

The woman in red frowned slightly and said, "It might be a coincidence…"

She and Letitia had ascended at the same time. The two of them had become quite sympathetic to each other, especially since she had discovered that Letitia was actually looking for her own husband. She had also advised Letitia to give up as there had seemed to be no hope of ever finding her husband.

Now that she suddenly heard Letitia's answer, how could she possibly believe it?

The universe was so vast, there could be many warriors with the same surname and name. The name Zen was not an uncommon name.

However, what she didn't know was that Letitia had already successfully confirmed Zen's identity.

Letitia stared at the warrior with them and said, "The story 'Killing the Snake Spirit' is a story that has spread throughout our Central Region. It relates how a man met a snake spirit at a thorny mountain and fell in love with her. However, the snake spirit could not get rid of her brutish nature and killed a lot of people. At last, the poor man had to kill the snake spirit... The story should originally have been like this, right?"

"Right!" The warrior suddenly nodded his head and looked into Letitia's eyes. He believed her words.

The story had been told by Zen through his Roaring Token. It had spread widely and was exactly the same as the story which the woman in front of him had just summarized.

This story had been told three or four years ago in the Upper World.

However, this woman had just ascended, but she already knew this story. At the very least, it showed that she and Zen came from the same Lower World.

She probably...

Actually, Letitia hadn't wanted to prove anything to them.

She was already deeply satisfied in knowing that her husband was still alive, where he was and that he was doing well.

'He is still as surprising as always!' Letitia thought as she looked up at the pyramid where countless names were floating, occasionally changing places as the warriors fought and won, or lost battles.

As for the warrior, when he heard these words, his heart began to burn with unbridled passion.

This warrior had not ascended. He didn't have any greatly significant background in the Pure Jade Sacred Place. In order to earn even basic rewards, he had been assigned to supply the Illusion Space with life vitality.

If what the woman in front of him had said was a lie, it wouldn't be a big deal. However, it seemed like there was a 50 % chance that her story was true. If it was true, then if he could somehow help the woman… For a grassroots warrior like him, this might be a once in a lifetime opportunity!

Letitia was unaware of what the warrior in front of her was thinking, and she thought for a moment, then asked, "But why did Zen use the Roaring Token to tell stories in the universe?"

"He did it for a mysterious girl," the warrior laughed. Everyone in the universe had been able to hear the conversation between Zen and the mysterious girl, so this warrior was no exception.

"A mysterious girl?" Letitia frowned slightly and one eyebrow arched slightly, as if it was a conditioned reflex.

The warrior noticed Letitia's expression and shrugged. "I don't know who that mysterious girl was, or what kind of background she had. The entire universe still doesn't know her identity, but she agreed to help Zen locate his sister. To meet the terms of their agreement, he had to tell stories to her." Almost everyone in the universe knew about this strange arrangement between Zen and the mysterious girl.

"His younger sister, Yan?" Letitia asked, puzzled.

"Right!" The warrior's eyes suddenly brightened, and he became even more certain about Letitia's identity, as he agreed, "Her name is Yan!"

"So he hasn't found her..." Letitia murmured as she lowered her head, and then her eyes turned once more on the pyramid.

She suddenly became interested in the pyramid at the top of the Illusion Space, and she examined the names from the top to where Zen's name floated.

These names were all potential competition for Zen.

While they were still observing the order of names, a wave of sighs resounded from the far side of the hall.

"Zen's ranking has increased by two again!"

With a smile on her face, Letitia continued sweeping her gaze, allowing her eyes to drift below Zen's name, and not long after, she saw another familiar name.

Margaret!

One hundred sixty-fourth!

When Letitia saw this name, she was utterly stunned yet again.

She had accumulated such a strong power?

Although Letitia knew that Margaret's Purple Power Body was very special, back in the Central Region, Margaret's cultivation had only been at the Internal Elixir Realm. Furthermore, if she didn't rely on her own bloodline, her strength would disintegrate into a complete mess!

Afterwards, Margaret had gone to the Purple Power World.

It had only been a few years.

How did she already enter the Soul Sea Realm? Furthermore, how did she come to possess such a strong power? A tremendous power almost the same as Zen's?

How was this possible?!

Letitia found it hard to accept this result.

Unfortunately, in the end, there were always warriors of advanced talent, and they could often achieve success in cultivation much more easily.

Letitia was a warrior with good talent, but when compared to the talents of the Soul Sea Realm in the Upper World, the gap became very obvious.

However, Margaret was different from any other warriors.

Her first rank Purple Power Body was something special, and was considered the highest existence within the Purple Power World. Coupled with the great effort that Elder Apeiron from the Apeiron Tower had put in to nurture her, her cultivation and strength naturally advanced at a divine speed. With her first rank Purple Power Body's ability, she could cultivate many methods which were difficult for others to cultivate in their lives. But for Margaret, the cultivation was a piece of cake.

Looking at Margaret's ranking, Letitia felt depressed. She couldn't help but let out a woeful sigh. "How could this be true?"

After obtaining the reward for traversing the third Hall of Causality, Zen's ranking once again rose, but only by two ranks.

The reward of the third Hall of Causality was only three million Illusion Points and everyone had received that too. For Zen, the reward for the third Hall of Causality was much less than the reward of the second, but if he regarded Lone's Illusion Points as a part of the reward, then he had received a substantial amount of Illusion Points.

After the group left the third Hall of Causality, the hooks laced with the heavens' rule in everyone's hands slowly began to disappear.

It looked like the long hooks were not allowed to leave the Hall of Causality. Otherwise, the rules of the heavens contained within the long hooks would offer an unfair advantage to everyone here.

Sad at having to relinquish the fabulous weapons, they continued to climb the stairs.

At this moment, they were standing on the upper section of this grand mountain. From this flight of stairs, they were able to enjoy the magnificent vistas around the mountain.

Although the Hall of Causality had been constructed by the heavens, everything was lifelike. Perhaps these grand sights weren't illusions, but were completely real? For the heavens, this wasn't a difficult feat to accomplish.

At this moment, Zen was leading the way, while Janet, Jeffrey, and Hailey followed closely behind him.

After having passed through the third Hall of Causality, they would now face the fourth hall, the penultimate Hall of Causality!

The first time Janet had faced the challenge of the Hall of Causality, she had failed in the fourth hall.

It could even be said that 99% of the warriors, who had attempted the trial, had been eliminated at the penultimate Hall of Causality. It was simply too difficult to pass and changed with each attempt. Hence, no one knew what they would encounter in the fourth Hall of Causality this time?

A short while later, everyone was standing on the landing before the fourth Hall of Causality.

The fourth Hall of Causality was completely red. Flames could be seen writhing in it. Even standing at the entrance to the hall, one could feel the intense heat radiating from it.

"So hot! It's so scorching!" Coleman called out in a strangely panicked voice.

"The reward of the fourth Hall of Causality is generous, but the difficulty cannot be underestimated. Everyone, you have to be on your guard and show great caution!" Janet warned them.

"Regardless of the difficulty, we cannot give up now," Zen said.

As Zen's ranking rose rapidly, he bravely entered the Hall of Causality in the lead, without any hesitation. Janet, Jeffrey, and the others sized him up before following closely behind.

The floor of this Hall of Causality was covered in cracks. These cracks were only as wide as a finger, but within these cracks, red hot magma was flowing. The cracks resembled the veins of a human being, but the human blood had been replaced with the magma.

Walking gingerly over the floor, they felt like they were being roasted by the magma underneath their feet.

Although Janet, Hailey, and the others would not be injured by the magma, they still couldn't bear the heat. One by one, they unleashed their protective life vitality to protect themselves.

Zen naturally didn't need such protection, for ordinary flames wouldn't be able to harm him at all.

As they ventured deeper and deeper, the scenery of the Hall of Causality kept changing, as if they had entered a gigantic volcanic cave. The walls around them had been replaced with jagged, and irregular rocks. Through the haze caused by the intense heat, they suddenly saw a lake of magma ahead of them.

Everyone stopped in their tracks as they looked at the apparently calm magma lake. The occasional bubble softly popped on the glowing surface, and a cautious look appeared on their faces.

At the edge of this magma lake, there stood a Lava Giant as big as a mountain, entirely made of lava. Its enormous body slowly rotated within the magma. The behemoth looked down on Zen and the others with an intense and dangerous intent.

Chapter 1605 Flame Kitten

Janet had always been something of a leader figure along the way, so everyone would always turn to her whenever they entered a new hall.

After all, she was the only one who was somewhat familiar with the Halls of Causality--but now, all who were present clearly understood that the man named Thad was their true leader.

Meanwhile, Zen stared at the mountain-sized giant for a long while with a frown. The rest of them just gazed at him too, and wondered what his next plan of action was.

He scratched his head and let out an exasperated sigh. "What is this thing?" he asked.

Janet who stood next to him couldn't help but look at him helplessly. She didn't expect that Zen did not even know what a Lava Giant was.

Even Jeffrey, Hailey, and the others all looked at Zen the same.

Only Coleman was oblivious to what had transpired. He stared at the Lava Giant and muttered, "This thing seems to be stronger than I am!"

"This Lava Giant is a Law Creature, created by Original Laws. It contains the Earth Law and the Fire Law. Such a massive Lava Giant would probably need the sixth layer of the Fire Law's power to be born," Janet said lightly.

It was known that Law Creatures were quite common.

For instance, a thunder spirit was born from dense thunders, while immortal flames conceived a fiery evil spirit.

However, those were all low level Law Creatures.

Generally speaking, higher level Law Creatures required a higher level energy of Original Laws to be slowly nurtured.

For example, the golden wind blades that emerged from the storm Zen previously encountered in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. They were all higher level creatures of the Wind Law.

There was silence in the air at that moment as everyone tried to look for ways to pass through the magma lake.

Coleman's burly figure passed through and walked two laps around the edge of the magma lake. He suddenly noticed that the surface of the lake started to fluctuate and emit fiery red ripples.

"What's that?" Coleman exclaimed. He stared at the red ripple, and then his face twisted into a strange expression.

"Plump…"

Small bubbles of lava appeared within the magma lake, and then spirals of fire danced in the air when they burst open. Once the flames began to dance, they stopped spinning.

Only then did everyone realize that the flames were actually in the shape of several kittens that were about a foot long.

The kittens looked like innocent and docile pets as they floated on the surface of the lake, their adorably large eyes wide open while they stared at the warriors in front of them.

They floated for a while before they dove back into the magma. More magma bubbles exploded afterwards, and more flame kittens crawled their way out of the bubbles.

"This little thing is quite cute," Coleman said as he stretched out a finger and waved it towards a little flame kitten. Nobody knew what was up with him for him to attempt such a thing.

"Meow…"

The little flame kitten purred lowly, and then it slowly floated towards Coleman.

However, it moved at an extremely slow pace. Its legs clumsily glided in the air, which made it even slower than an ordinary person's walking speed.

Just as it had reached Coleman halfway, everyone heard a cat's mournful cry.

"Meow!"

What used to be a docile looking flame kitten suddenly swelled up ten times its original size. Then it aggressively pounced towards Coleman!

While the little flame kitten looked docile and domesticated at first, now it was the total opposite. The power of the Fire Law contained within it was so strong that everyone couldn't breathe properly. It felt as if a small, glowing sun had appeared before them.

Coleman relied entirely on his basic reflexes to turn around and flee. The flame kitten was so powerful that he could hear sizzling sounds behind him as he ran.

Apparently, it was the heat from the flame kitten that had passed through his armor. The metal plates on his back hadn't melted, but the heat was enough to turn his armor red and boiled!

"This flame! Everyone disperse!"

Soon enough, everyone saw how powerful the tiny flame kitten was and quickly retreated.

"Help!" Coleman desperately cried out. However, he couldn't stave off the flame kitten behind him. If he ever got caught, he would instantly burn into ashes!

"Help him!" Although Janet and the others had chosen to retreat, that didn't mean that they would abandon Coleman.

"Swoosh swoosh swoosh!"

Jeffrey raised his hand up and shot three ice cones. His achievements in the Ice Law weren't a joke, after all. However, the three ice cones melted into water and were instantly vaporized by the scorching heat before they could even reach the kitten!

Zen frowned when he saw the scene. The moment he had activated his forceful energy, he darted swiftly to the other side like lightning. He tilted his body to the side as he raised his leg, and then directly kicked the back of Coleman's armor!

The impact of his kick was so strong that Coleman was sent flying outside the Hall of Causality!

In turn, Coleman's speed had increased more than twofold. When he finally charged out of the Hall of Causality, the little flame kitten slowly floated back and chose not to attack Zen and the others. Instead, it leaped and sank back into the magma.

"This little flame kitten… It should be the pure power of fire, born from the seventh layer of the Fire Law," Hailey said and took a step back as she stared at the dancing flame kittens. "In other words, the power of the Fire Law in this magma lake may not be on the sixth layer, but the seventh!" she said in a low voice.

Only Hailey was a master of the Fire Law out of all the martial artists present, so she had an authority to speak about it.

"The seventh layer of the Fire Law! No wonder the kitten was so powerful when it attacked me," Coleman sighed. It turned out that Janet had underestimated it when she said that the Lava Giant's two Original Laws should be around the sixth layer.

"Who cares which layer it is! That doesn't matter. What matters most now is how we are about to pass this lake," Coleman said. He stared at the large magma lake and remembered the kitten's power, which made him shudder.

There were no bridges or ropes above the magma lake, since it was a dead-end place.

Furthermore, it wasn't just ordinary magma. A Soul Sea Realm warrior was supposedly strong enough to swim directly in ordinary volcanic magma, which could never break the defense of the warriors' life vitality?

However, it could be said that the power of the Fire Law in the magma lake was something they couldn't even resist.

That was the rule of this Hall of Causality. In general, every hall had their own different rules, which couldn't be broken no matter how hard they tried to. The only exception was when Zen had used the small skull to stop the giant square rock to turn over, but that was also because the skulls on Zen's back contained power that was almost comparable to the laws of the heavens. It was why the small skull was able to resist the huge rock and not get crushed. Moreover, the power in the small skull could even go against the heavens' rules in the rock.

Zen felt the intense heat transmit over to him while he stood by the lava lake, which made him retreat a few steps. He sighed wistfully as his eyes constantly scanned the cave's surroundings, trying to search the effective way out of the lava lake.

Chapter 1606 Lava Giant's Food

Stone stalagmites protruded from the cave walls.

However, these stalagmites were too far in between to be used as stepping stones towards the exit.

This fact made Zen itch with frustration.

It wasn't that difficult to solve the third hall since there were some hints. The long hooks on the side helped them figure out a part of the puzzle to move forward.

But this fourth hall wasn't really giving them any. How in the world could they get through this lava lake in front of them?

Zen looked down at the bubbling pool of molten rock, all the way to the Lava Giant.

The Lava Giant had multiple cracks on its body where flames and molten lava spurted out.

Noticing this, Zen suddenly had an idea.

"Perhaps the path is through these Lava Giants," he murmured.

Janet heard him and smiled, "I thought so too."

A mountain-sized Lava Giant stood on one side of the lake, and a couple of thousand feet behind it was another one, and then another. They were all lined up perfectly, almost like a bridge to the other side.

"But how can we ever convince them to help us cross?" Jeffrey asked.

The idea seemed crazy at first but they didn't really have any other suggestions.

Zen nodded toward the nearest one. "I'll get that big guy's attention and bring it over." He quickly took out his dark gold longbow and notched a black arrow from his quiver.

They weren't really sure if it was going to work but nobody dared stop him. Zen was too much of an asset in getting through the Hall of Causality for them to interrupt him.

"Zoom!"

The black arrow was released and shot towards the first Lava Giant.

"Whoosh!"

There was quite a distance to travel and halfway towards its destination, the arrow let out an explosive sound and sped up for its second phase. It was faster and even more powerful than before.

"Bang!"

The arrow hit its target and a black ray immediately exploded out of the Lava Giant's chest. It was too big of a target to miss.

They all held their breaths as they stared at the Lava Giant. They had to be ready to run at the first sign of trouble. They had already recouped the five million Illusion Points they had spent entering here. Not to mention the amount they would lose if they actually died was essentially half of their accumulated points.

It took a few seconds for the Lava Giant to turn but it only seemed to just be stretching. Zen's arrow had been explosive but it didn't cause that much of a damage to the creature. It didn't even seem to have noticed it.

"It didn't work," Zen said, turning to Hailey.

Her bow was a supreme divine weapon which meant it was way stronger than Zen's. She was their only hope now.

Hailey understood the meaning beneath his gaze. In fact, she already had her Moon Bursting Flame Bow out and ready.

She pulled on the string and took aim.

Flames whirled in front of the bow as the scarlet arrow was notched into the string.

"Boff!"

Hailey's arm did not shake as she released her hold

and shot the arrow towards the Lava Giant!

"Boom!"

The arrow had been coated in powerful flames and exploded upon contact. The fire spread and burned fiercely upon the surface of the Lava Giant's molten exterior.

It seemed the Moon Bursting Flame Bow did its part.

But the Lava Giant remained unbothered. It was a high level being born from the union of the Fire and Earth Laws. These flames were not a threat to it.

The Lava Giant merely absorbed the flames through the cracks on its scraggly surface.

Hailey shook her head in disappointment. "It's useless..."

However, at that moment, a huge rock shot above her head and towards the Lava Giant.

It was Coleman! He laughed as they turned to look at him, "I also wanted to give it a try."

He had found a three feet wide rock from somewhere and decided to throw it straight at the Lava Giant.

"Your rock's nothing but a pebble against that thing," Jeffrey sneered. He had initially proposed to exterminate Coleman and never treated him seriously. The ogre was as good as useless to their team as far as he was concerned.

Coleman, however, simply pointed at the stone with a smile. "It hit!"

"Bang!"

Everyone turned to see the large stone hit the Lava Giant's shoulder and immediately explode into smithereens.

Just as Jeffrey said, the large rock was nothing more than a pebble to the mountain-like creature.

Jeffrey snorted in disdain, proven right with his claim. He was about to mock Coleman when the Lava Giant suddenly trembled and began moving.

"No way... It actually worked?"

Coleman murmured in shock. He never thought his rock would do anything. It was just a rock, a mere pebble to the molten giant. How in the world did it work?

It wasn't just him. Zen, Jeffrey, Janet and the others were also greatly surprised.

The Lava Giant remained motionless in the face of explosive and powerful attacks from Hailey and Zen. Their weapons were most probably insignificant trinkets to its eyes, not really enough to cause it any harm.

But why did a stone have such an effect?

"Coleman, just where did you get that stone?" Janet turned but only saw dead air. "Where is he?" The ogre had already run away, afraid that the Lava Giant would chase him, or even worse—kill him.

"What the hell is wrong with him?!" Jeffrey said as he saw Coleman's back running out of the Hall of Causality.

Ogres were not highly regarded among the other races but they had always been known to be brave warriors, who were often willing to put everything on the line for a victory. This was their greatest strength.

It was rare to see an ogre run away because of fear.

"Wait, look!" Hailey said. "The Lava Giant wasn't alarmed by Coleman's stone."

Everyone shifted their gazes and saw a large number of flame kittens appear in the lava. It wasn't the stone but these flame kittens that made the creature turn around!

"Meow! Meow!"

The Lava Giant was trying to grab them. These flame kittens were agile but only a few managed to escape the Lava Giant's grasp as its large hand scooped them out of the molten lake.

Once the creature had these kittens, it quickly shoved them into its mouth!

"Boom, boom, boom!"

The flame kittens let out terrible, shrill cries as they exploded into balls of wild, dancing flames within the Lava Giant's mouth.

Janet's eyes suddenly lit up in understanding. "These flame kittens! They must be the Lava Giants' food. They take these little things as food!"

"So what you're saying is: the only way to get these guys' attention is by relying on these little flame kittens?" Zen murmured faintly.

Janet nodded but there was a frown on her face, "The problem is, these little flame kittens aren't that easy to deal with as well. Do we have to capture them in order to attract that big guy?"

Chapter 1607 Frosty Cage

These flame kittens were quite not big. But since they were born in the middle of this lava lake, they were considered as terrifying Law Creatures. The power those flame kittens had must be incredibly extraordinary.

Otherwise, how could the Lava Giant take these flame kittens as its food?

Some said that the little flame kitten was primarily a by-product of the Lava Giant. But the reason for having it shaped into a cat form was still unknown.

Zen claimed that it was indeed a good idea to use these flame kittens to attract the Lava Giants' attention.

But it looked like that dealing with these flame kittens was not like a piece of cake!

Not far away from the magma lake, there was an emission of small ripples creating magma bubbles. Once a magma bubble appeared on the surface, it automatically opened up, revealing a little flame kitten as it popped out. It looked so adorable when it let out a soft purring sound!

Zen and the others could only stare openly at the flame kittens.

They all realized that it was indeed troublesome to capture the little flame kitten before using it to attract the Lava Giant.

But since this was the fourth Hall of Causality, such a challenge was too quite common.

"I can try, but I can't guarantee success," Janet broke the silence, as she indifferently stared at the little flame kitten. And with a graceful flip of her hand, a divine wood materialized in her palm.

Although she majored in the Wood Law, she was also skillfully proficient in the Ice Law.

The divine wood kept twisting and turning in a mesmerizing motion until a layer of frost gradually covered its branches, like magic!

"The Lofty Wood is all-powerful. It can turn into a fire and ice."

This time when Janet decided to step into the Illusion Battlefield, she dismissed the notion of bringing along any supreme divine weapon from her clan with her.

It wasn't that her clan didn't own any supreme divine weapon, but that Janet didn't need one.

Her body was equipped with a piece of wood that served as her weapon. And its grade was comparable to a supreme divine weapon.

That piece of wood was called the Lofty Wood.

They said that there was a tree resembling an ox. Its skin looked like tassels or a yellow snake that could be drawn out with so much ease.

The leaves of this tree were like nets. It also grew yellow flowers with four petals, flourishing in large terminal panicles. During autumn, its fruits that were similar to a three-part inflated bladder-like pod ripened.

That tree was slightly heart-shaped at the base, with seven to fifteen teeth along each side, and a dark green upper surface. That was the well-known Lofty Tree.

Legend said that the universe created a towering tree named the Lofty Tree, with a divine destiny that ascended to the heavens!

That piece of the Lofty Wood was inside her body since she was born. Initially, her clan had wanted to take it out, thinking that it was an extraordinary item. It was something to be considered rare and sacred even to the Ji Clan. If that piece of wood were refined, it would be enough to create a supreme divine weapon ranked in the top 500.

However, when the Ji Clan members tried to extract the Lofty Wood out of Janet, they realized that she seemed to have a special connection with the wood.

This Lofty Wood had a soul, which resisted leaving Janet. The day when the Ji Clan was forcefully extracting the wood, a bolt of twelve-colored dragon-shaped lightning shot across the sky and split the entire Ji Clan's mourning hall into pieces.

Under this kind of strange phenomenon, the Ji Clan gave up right away on taking the Lofty Wood out from Janet's body.

Janet grew up and so did the Lofty Wood inside her body shell. It became a weapon she could not part with as they were inseparable.

As for why the Lofty Wood was born in Janet's body, or why it would lead to such a strange phenomenon when it was about to be taken out of her body, the Ji Clan had always kept these things a secret and never brought it up to the outside world. It was also a big secret of the Ji Clan up till now, and even Janet herself did not know what was behind the big secret.

"Ice and fire can restrict each other. I can try and trap the little flame kitten with ice! But... who's going to attract the flame kitten?" Janet asked.

At this moment, Coleman who had been hiding outside the hall for a long time had returned. Everyone's eyes were focused on him.

"Me? I'm not going!" The enormous head of Coleman shook in fear like a rattle drum.

Jeffrey turned to look at Coleman with disdain and exclaimed, "Let me go!"

"I'll do it," Zen said as he stood up.

Although the Fire Law in this Hall of Causality was out of the ordinary, Zen's divine weapon body could withstand the Fire Law's power. He wasn't sure if he could endure the burning of the flames, but he still had quite a bit of an advantage over Jeffrey and the others.

As the leader of their team, Zen had stepped forward and volunteered. Jeffrey couldn't have any objections.

Afterward, everyone cautiously retreated for about 100 feet. Then with a light wave of Janet's slender fingers, the Lofty Wood fell to the ground, and then leaves sprouted shortly after as the branches intertwined and formed a small cage. The Frosty Cage released cold airflow, causing the temperature in the surrounding area to drop excessively lower.

Then after setting up the Frosty Cage, Janet and the others swiftly retreated to the side.

Zen casually walked towards the edge of the magma lake, and with a slight flick of his toes, a rock fragment flew up from the ground, and he caught it in his palm in the process. He firmly held this small rock in his hand and resolutely stared straight ahead.

At the bottom of this magma lake, there were probably innumerable flame kittens.

In parallel with the bursting of the magma bubbles, one could always view these nimble little things that emerged from the magma. It seemed like they popped out to play for a while before diving back into the magma to hide.

"Boh!"

Coincidentally, not far in front of Zen, another small bubble of lava exploded, and a flame kitten got its way out.

"Meow…"

The kitten stretched its body as the fur formed from the fire danced incessantly. This adorable looking little fellow, however, was an extremely ferocious being!

"Swoosh!"

With a light flick of Zen's finger, the stone in his hand shot towards the little flame kitten!

Just as the stone was near the little flame kitten, it melted halfway. But it seemed to have attracted the little flame kitten's attention.

Everyone held their breaths momentarily for three seconds as they stared fixedly at Zen in the distance.

Janet pursed her lips. Although the Lofty Wood was a divine weapon, her current cultivation was still limited. She did not know if the Frosty Cage formed by her Lofty Wood could imprison the little thing.

"Meow …"

The little flame kitten let out a soft chirp as its pair of cat eyes glanced at Zen indifferently. It then rolled over and swiftly submerged itself into the magma!

"Damn it!"

Zen could not believe what his eyes saw.

And Coleman wanted to show that he was even worse off! How could there be such a big difference between him and Zen? Earlier, Coleman had no intention of provoking the little flame kitten, but the little thing was relentless in pursuing him. This little flame kitten in front of Zen, however, was surprisingly tame. And it couldn't be bothered with Zen at all.

With this, one could assume that not only did these Law Creatures have intelligence, but also every single one of them had their unique personality as well.

Alas! If the first one failed, they must figure another way to find their next target.

It was a good thing, though, that there were quite a few of them. Then sooner as expected, another flame kitten floated up, following a gush of boiling lava.

This time, Zen showed no mercy and deftly circulated the chaotic energy within his body, creating three cold icicles formed in his hand. And with a quick flip of his hand, the icicles shot towards the little flame kitten!

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

The three icicles instantly alerted the little flame kitten.

With a roll, the fiery fur on its body swelled up as it let out a mournful cry at the same time.

"Meow!"

Although Zen didn't primarily cultivate the Ice Law, all of his Original Laws had been trained all at the same time. An ice awl powered by his chaotic energy, even if it didn't contain any other profound mysteries, was still absolutely extraordinary!

However, the little flame kitten didn't dodge at all and directly crashed into the three icicles with its seemingly soft body.

Before the icicles could pierce into the flame kitten's body, they had turned into wisps of water vapor and disappeared into the dry cave in the blink of an eye!

The temper of this flame kitten was quite irritable. After the icicles disappeared, its momentum didn't diminish at all. The flames on its body burned brighter and brighter as it charged towards Zen, the culprit!

"Retreat!"

Since he had already made the arrangements, Zen's expression was calm as he began his orderly retreat.

The flame kitten, on the other hand, was visibly growing in size. The small-sized flame kitten had now turned into a flame leopard!

Seeing that scene, Janet raised her eyebrows as she pulled herself to step back. She then gently waved her finger, making the Frosty Cage on the ground to shake non-stop. Soon after, it started to grow again. Just now, the Frosty Cage that she condensed using the Lofty Wood was too small. And with the sudden increase in the size of the flame kitten, she quickly adjusted the size of the Frosty Cage.

"Meow!"

The flame kitten viciously chased after Zen.

From afar, a man and a cat were both incredibly fast!

Within a fraction of a second later, a distance of a hundred feet was already covered by the two. Zen's figure swiftly flew past the Frosty Cage that had been transformed from the Lofty Wood!

"Now is the time!"

Janet wore a solemn expression as she extended her ten fingers. Under the connection of her mind with Lofty Wood, the Frosty Cage suddenly opened and went straight for the little flame kitten behind Zen.

Chapter 1608 Bait

The Frosty Cage made from the Lofty Wood opened up like the cavernous mouth of a monster and swallowed the flame kitten.

At the same time, Zen stopped and turned back to see if his plan had worked.

Everyone nervously stared at the Frosty Cage.

"Meow!"

the little flame kitten let out a mournful cry. It crashed around in the cage and tried desperately to break free from it.

At this moment, Janet wore a solemn expression on her face.

The Lofty Wood had completely fused with her, so she had to continuously control it and maintain it to form and sustain the cage. At the same time, she also had to delve into her supply of life vitality and turn the cage into ice, in order to weaken the Fire Law's power around the flame kitten's body.

According to the determining characteristics of the five elements, the power of Fire Law was supposed to overcome the power of Wood Law. However, the Lofty Wood was an extraordinary substance, and it wasn't affected by the fire at all.

However, the flame kitten was a Law Creature, which had been born from the lava, and it was exceptionally powerful. Even with Janet's current strength, it was extremely difficult for her to imprison the creature, and it threatened to break free!

Meow!

Due to the flame kitten's violent struggle, the Frosty Cage was constantly being deformed, but it didn't break apart. After all, it had been formed from the Lofty Wood, which was a branch of the legendary Lofty Tree, and it was known for its great resilience. No matter how hard the flame kitten struggled, it failed to break the cage.

However, the pressure that Janet had to endure grew greater and greater. Her face paled from exhaustion because of the arduous task, which added to her fragile beauty.

However, the little flame kitten remained full of energy, as it continued to struggle more and more violently within the confines of the cage.

With a flip of her hand, Janet swiftly took out a life vitality jade and crushed it to absorb the life vitality within it. In this short time span, most of the life vitality within her body had already been consumed! She was growing weaker, while the flame kitten remained fearsome.

She hadn't expected that the amount of life vitality which she consumed to bind this little flame kitten would be so massive. It was far greater than what was required for a battle!

Seeing her titanic struggle, Zen quickly waved his hand and drew out a strand of chaotic energy from within his body. He transformed this into a burst of cold energy and ordered it to quickly bind with the flame kitten in the cage.

Other warriors who had grasped the Ice Law also followed his example in a bid to help Janet tame the little flame kitten.

Whoosh!

Under their continuous attacks using the Ice Law, the flame kitten's movements grew lethargic and became slower and slower, and its shrill cries gradually died down. The flames on its body were rapidly being snuffed out, and its beautiful fur, which was formed by fire, also became lackluster and matted.

After a while, the flame kitten finally stopped struggling altogether, and it quietly lay down within the Frosty Cage.

"We did it!"

Janet sighed with relief as she raised her hand to wipe the sweat from her brow. It had been too great a task for her to tame the flame kitten on her own. If the other warriors hadn't lent their assistance, she would've failed to capture and tame the flame kitten, even with the cage formed from the Lofty Wood.

"So you really managed to catch this thing. You are crazy!" Coleman stared blankly at the flame kitten in the Frosty Cage, though he kept his distance. He seemed to have been scared of the flame kitten earlier, so he had stayed far away from the group when they had all endeavored to tame the creature.

Anyway, since his talent was in body refining, he couldn't have helped them even if he wanted.

Janet slowly walked up to the Frosty Cage and stopped beside it, while she watched the flame kitten hibernating inside the cage.

The little creature was weak from its injuries sustained in the struggle, and its innocent eyes were fearfully narrowed as it peered closely at her.

"Poor little guy," Janet said sympathetically and then shook her head and sighed. She instantly felt sorry for what she had done to it.

"The Illusion Battlefield is constructed by the rules of the heavens, and everything here is just a projection of the heavens. This is all just a dream, and when the Illusion Battlefield closes, they will all disappear. You don't have to feel sorry about it. After all, it's not real," Jeffrey offered in an attempt to console her.

Janet knew he was right. The principles governing the Illusion Battlefield and the Illusion Space were similar, so these creatures here were not necessarily real.

"Meow!"

the little flame kitten let out a weak and pitiful cry.

Although Janet knew that it might just be an illusion, she still couldn't help but feel a surge of pity for the now-helpless creature.

However, she knew that they had no other choice but to use this little creature as bait, if they wanted to successfully pass through the lava lake.

"The next step is to use this flame kitten to lure the Lava Giant to us," Zen said. "But how will we get it over there?"

The Lava Giant was still quite a distance away from them. It would be meaningless if they simply threw the kitten at the Lava Giant and let it eat the creature. The key was to attract the Lava Giant to them, and away from the lava lake.

Although they had managed to finally capture the flame kitten, they didn't know if Zen's plan would really work. This was an experimental way to find a way to pass through the lava lake unscathed.

"I can do it," Janet replied as she stared at the kitten with sympathy. She reached out her hand and grabbed the end of the Lofty Wood, while lifting the Frosty Cage from the ground with the other. She whispered to the little creature in a soft voice, "Please, help us with our plan, little kitten. I promise that I'll return you to the lake..."

After that, Janet stretched out her hand and waved it lightly, while a tremendous strength accumulated in her.

The Lofty Wood was like a part of her body, which could change its length freely.

Under Janet's control, the Lofty Wood started to extend in the direction of the Lava Giant with the Frosty Cage hanging on its other end.

One thousand feet.

Two thousand feet.

Three thousand feet.

Four thousand feet.

Five thousand feet.

As the Lofty Wood grew longer and longer, the Frosty Cage also drew closer and closer to the Lava Giant.

Janet held the Lofty Wood in her hand as it grew and ascended upwards. It looked like she was flying a kite! The Frosty Cage was slowly raised further and higher until it finally stopped right in front of the Lava Giant, like a carrot on a stick.

However, although the Frosty Cage continued to hang suspended in front of the Lava Giant, the giant ignored the cage as if it was blind.

Seeing this, Zen and the others all felt let down and their faces darkened.

If they couldn't succeed at luring the Lava Giant to them, then they really didn't know how they could get through the lava lake.

"Let me try again!"

Janet shook her hand and the vibration was transmitted along the wood to the Frosty Cage at the other end of the Lofty Wood. The cage started to sway violently from left to right.

At that moment, the little flame kitten suddenly let out a soft mournful cry.

Bump!

Immediately, the Lava Giant, which was as tall as a mountain, opened its molten eyes, as if it had been awakened by the kitten's piteous sound.

When it clearly saw the little flame kitten dangling in front of it, the giant suddenly opened its huge mouth and reached hungrily for the little creature!

"Come back to me!"

Whoosh!

Janet had secretly sworn to herself that she could not in good conscience let the Lava Giant devour the helpless little flame kitten. She ordered the Lofty Wood to quickly shrink and retract back to her.

The Lava Giant let out a grievous moan of anger.

Its huge body slowly turned around to follow the cage and the kitten, which were quickly moving out of its reach.

Its gigantic arm swung out and grabbed for the Frosty Cage on top of the Lofty Wood. However, Janet quickly ordered the Lofty Wood to retreat even quicker, and the Lava Giant's huge hands closed on nothing but air!

Howl! The Lava Giant let out a loud and frustrated roar.

It lifted its one leg and took a thundering step forward, as goblets of lava dripped from its fiery form.

BOOM!

A loud sound rumbled and reverberated around the cave, as the ground shook violently. Zen and the others momentarily struggled to find firm footing as the Lava Giant began its ponderous advance.

The moment the Lava Giant had lifted its leg, lava had gathered at its feet to form a whirlpool, and once it took a step forward, its leg pierced through the blackened surface of the lava lake and caused waves of red hot lava to spread out quickly.

This lava was different from normal lava. In normal volcanic craters, the lava was very thick and had a dark red color.

However, the lava in this lake contained the rich power of both the Earth Law and Fire Law. It had a bright red color and it was not thick and sludgy, like normal lava; instead, it spread out at an extremely fast speed like water.

"Retreat!"

When Zen and the others saw this new danger heading towards them, they realized that the lava posed as great a threat as the Lava Giant, and they all quickly retreated towards the back of the cave.

No one wanted to come into contact with the swiftly advancing waves of lava, and even Zen was fully alert at this moment.

If this special lava could have refined his body and helped him improve, he would have been very willing to bathe in it. However, under these urgent circumstances, he wouldn't be so reckless as to accept the baptism of fire!

Whoosh!

Janet also scrambled a retreat while she continued withdrawing the cage and the kitten at the same time.

Although the Lava Giant was enormous and seemed to be moving at a snail's pace, its speed was in reality not slow. Every step it took covered a distance of more than 5000 feet! It took a long time for the giant to complete one stride, but it was gaining on them with the sheer breadth of its strides.

At the same time, its giant arm swung forward, covering several thousand feet, and the group had to dodge a shower of molten lava that rained down amidst them, as it dripped off the giant. The Lava Giant smashed down heavily towards the little flame kitten who was fearfully screaming in the Frosty Cage!

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1609 Running Ants

The Lava Giant's fist was the size of a palace.

Even as Coleman was up ten feet high, compared to the huge fist, he was an ant.

The power in the Lava Giant's punch was completely oppressive—it was likely that even with a light strike, anyone would be shattered to pieces. Even Zen's divine weapon body was no exception.

Such kind of Law Creatures were strong enough to contend against the Spirit Transformation Realm warriors, and even world lords.

The Lava Giants being assigned to the fourth Hall of Causality was proof of the terrifying difficulty of the fourth Hall of Causality.

But because of this, everyone wanted to conquer this fourth hall even more. With such difficulty, the reward for passing it must be extraordinary.

The only hope they had to pass through this hall was that the Lava Giant wasn't particularly intelligent. If it had the smarts of a regular adult, it would be near impossible to pass through the Hall of Causality even if there were seven hundred warriors there.

Still, their actions were undoubtedly crazy and risky.

People didn't truly die in the Illusion Battlefield, after all, so everyone could make as huge a gamble as they needed to.

Boom!

As the fist came crashing down, it was as if the ground had just been struck by an earthquake of high magnitudes. The solid ground surged forth like a wave.

It wasn't just that the ground was shaking—the entire cave, the entire Hall of Causality, and even the entire majestic mountain was vibrating.

"What powerful strength… Even the full force of my dragon scales is inferior to this Lava Giant."

Zen's confidence in his own strength came from the cyan dragon, but he hadn't fully activated the power of the dragon scales. The Lava Giant in the Hall of Causality could fight against a world lord with its full power far exceeding that of the latter.

Under such force, it was only the heavens' restrictions that kept the cave from collapsing even as it fiercely shook.

In the nick of time, Janet retracted the Lofty Wood and placed a hand atop the Frosty Cage—she could feel the flame kitten trembling.

Without any hesitation, Janet quickly retreated with her feet crossed left and right, her soft waist twisting like a snake, her toes flashing with a green light. After the light flashed, grass quickly grew from the ground, leaving a bright green path in her wake.

Such was her clan's unique technique—Deer Steps.

But they didn't want to avoid the giant. Having spent so much effort luring the giant closer, they wanted to use the Lava Giant to get across this magma lake.

"Go! We only have one chance. Jump up on its arm."

When the giant's fist came crashing down, the momentum was terrifying. Regardless of whether it was Jeffrey, Hailey, or the others, they were inevitably filled with hesitation.

But Zen roared as he took the lead. His body drew an arc in the air as he smoothly climbed up the Lava Giant's arm.

Just as he stood there, he felt a strong, burning sensation beneath his feet. But the flames of the giant were hidden within its body—it wouldn't cause Zen any harm.

Hailey, Jeffrey, Janet, and the other two martial artists who followed closely behind, used their life vitality to protect themselves and jumped right onto its fist. The warriors just moved faster and rushed along the arm.

"Hey! Hey! You guys, wait for me!"

As Coleman gawked at the giant fist, he realized that there was no one around him. When he recovered from his daze, he immediately realized that if he didn't keep up, he would be easily abandoned there. The forceful energy in his body exploded at that moment as he picked up his speed.

In truth, Coleman had extraordinary strength. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to accumulate five million Illusion Points. But compared to Zen, Janet, Hailey, and Jeffrey, he was clearly the weakest one.

Under the eruption of the forceful energy, Coleman's speed increased almost explosively. In the blink of an eye, he'd arrived right behind Jeffrey.

The seven warriors were basically small ants, constantly running along the Lava Giant's body.

"Janet! Give me the Frosty Cage!" Zen's body flashed as he leaned against her and reached out to grab the cage.

Although everyone had climbed onto the Lava Giant's body, the latter didn't seem to have much interest in them. Even though Zen had used his longbow to shoot an arrow at the Lava Giant, it wouldn't have gained him any reaction. Its only target was the flame kitten—Zen wanted to take initiative and take on the responsibility of luring the Lava Giant in.

Just as Zen reached out his hand, Janet put away the Frosty Cage and said, "Let me do it. Only I can control the Lofty Wood. Don't worry. I can handle it!" She smiled gratefully at Zen.

"Alright. Be careful!" Just as Zen finished speaking, he heard the Lava Giant's voice once again. "Woo! Woo!" With a low growl, the Lava Giant raised its left hand to swat at its right shoulder.

Seeing the Lava Giant's left hand suddenly strike down, the warriors shot toward its shoulder even faster than before.

When everyone ran along the Lava Giant's arm, it was as though they were running on a very gentle mountain slope. Because it had previously thrown a punch, its right arm was almost flat. The arm slowly went up vertically, increasing the mountain slope's angle, basically turning it into a vertical cliff face. The bottom of the cliff face was then covered by the overwhelming magma.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Fortunately, the surface of the Lava Giant wasn't smooth—there were many cracks and bumps for everyone to use to make their way back up.

Though the Lava Giant's left hand was probably reaching toward Janet alone, the range of its palm could easily cover all seven of them.

"Jump!"

Holding the Frosty Cage, with a shout, Janet's agile figure suddenly shot up a hundred feet as she leapt onto the Lava Giant's shoulder.

Following behind her were Zen, Hailey, and Jeffrey.

"Come on!"

Roaring furiously, Coleman had two balls of black forceful energy burst out from under his feet, launching himself into the sky.

Because one couldn't fly in the Hall of Causality, Coleman used the explosive impact of his forceful energy to throw his body high into the air until he landed headfirst onto the Lava Giant's broad shoulder.

Plop!

Coleman's head fell right into a crack on the Lava Giant's shoulder. His head was stuck, roasted by the flames within the crack. With a cry of pain, he pulled his head out of the crack with much force. By then, half of his brown whip-like hair was already burnt to a crisp

Boom!

Right then, the Lava Giant's left hand had already made it to the top of its right arm. Under its powerful strike, countless stone fragments scattered from its arm. Under such immense pressure, some of the fragments shot out like concealed weapons, producing a sharp, whistling sound in the air.

Drip! Drip! Drip!

Most of the stone chips fell into the magma below!

"Go! Keep moving forward," Zen called out.

None of them stopped—they had to use this Lava Giant as a bridge to get them across the magma lake.

Luckily, the Lava Giant didn't manage to land a hit on Janet. With a twist of its huge head, it opened its mouth and bit at the crowd on its shoulder. It seemed like that it was going to swallow all the warriors in one go. However, it actually had only one target, the little flame kitten in Janet's hand.

"Aooo!"

The Lava Giant's mouth was a thousand feet wide—it was a gigantic cave with an unfathomable bottom when it was opened. Looking into the mouth, one could see the light of fire reflected off the throat. The Lava Giant's stomach was probably filled with lava as well.

"Everyone jump up again, don't get swallowed!"

When Zen saw the large mouth make its move, he took the lead and leapt right onto the Lava Giant's head.

Janet then inserted the end of the Lofty Wood into the ground to let it start growing rapidly.

Grabbing the other end of the Lofty Wood, Janet was pushed by it, with the Frosty Cage in her hand.

Chapter 1610 Battle Between Two Giants

"Meow..."

the little flame kitten whimpered pitifully in the Frosty Cage.

"Don't be afraid, this big guy can't even eat you!"

Standing on top of the Lava Giant's head, Janet sweetly comforted the flame kitten.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Soon after, Hailey and Jeffrey jumped onto the Lava Giant's head as well.

"Don't eat me!"

Coleman roared as he followed suit and jumped onto the head.

Right at that moment, the Lava Giant suddenly cried out. A powerful force of suction suddenly erupted from its large mouth.

Two warriors stood on its shoulders—one was Ansel from the Night Group while the other was Ran Li, a human.

Before they could even jump, they were suddenly pulled toward the Lava Giant's mouth.

"AH!"

The human warrior leapt with all his might, unable to avoid the vacuum-like force. He couldn't help but scream in terror as his body was pulled down the Lava Giant's throat.

Meanwhile, Ansel didn't jump high, but instead rolled over the shoulder of the Lava Giant, rolling towards its neck, effectively avoiding the attack.

"Another one has died!"

Though they had only just managed to enter the fourth Hall of Causality, they lost another warrior, leaving them with only six.

It was just as Janet said—the more people in the Hall of Causality, the better. Only by working together could people hope to pass the increasingly difficult trials. Still, the death of some was unavoidable.

Ansel vigilantly rolled onto the Lava Giant's neck, quickly climbing up the left side of its face, joining Zen and the others.

"Woo!"

The Lava Giant tried shaking its head but the top of its head was spacious—even if its head was tilted, it would still be very difficult to get a warrior off of it.

"What do we do now?" Coleman asked in urgency.

While the top of the Lava Giant's head was wide open, it definitely wasn't a place one could rest easily. Its two arms were ready to start swinging toward the top of its head.

As Zen gazed into the distance, he tried to come up with something quick.

There was more than one Lava Giant in the magma lake. From where he stood, he could see over ten Lava Giants standing side by side in the lake.

Originally Zen wanted to use the flame kitten to lure the Lava Giants in one by one, using them as bridges so that they could all make it to the other side.

But he soon realized that the Lava Giants would make that too difficult a plan to materialize.

If one wasn't cautious enough, one could easily be swatted to death by the Lava Giant like a mere mosquito.

"Time to leave. This Lava Giant's hand is coming closer," Hailey said softly, staring at the path the Lava Giant's arm was moving in.

Although its movements were slow, relatively, it wasn't slow enough for the warriors to outrun it, not even at Zen's speed. If they didn't make a run for it before the Lava Giant's hand hit them, it would be too late for them to dodge.

"Take this little flame kitten… Throw it out!"

A bright light flashed in Zen's eyes at this moment.

"What?" But Janet couldn't tell what he meant.

"Elongate the Lofty Wood. Stretch it out as far as you can and throw the kitten out like you're fishing!" Zen didn't bother explaining himself—he wasn't certain his idea would work, but he decided to take things one step at a time.

With a nod, Janet extended the Lofty Wood in her hand, pushing out the Frosty Cage at the top.

With everything happening so fast, Jeffrey was the first to come to a realization.

Lava Giants weren't particularly smart. Janet's extension of the Lofty Wood would have the flame kitten hang right in front of the Lava Giant, drawing in its attention.

When the Lava Giant caught sight of the kitten, its arms changed course to grab it.

"A little longer!"

"Okay!"

The plan was simple—Janet also caught on.

The carter hung the carrot in front of the donkey to keep it moving—with the carrot out of the donkey's reach, it chased after the food, pulling the cart forward.

Such was an ancient method.

Although the Lava Giant was powerful and almost physically unbeatable, the warriors had a chance by outwitting it.

Bam!

The Lava Giant's hands clapped but failed to catch the flame kitten in front of it. Janet then raised the wood in her hand high up as if raising a fishing rod. Then, the Lofty Wood stretched out to six to seven thousand feet long, hanging the kitten far ahead in front of the Lava Giant, beyond the reach of its arms.

"Woo! Woo!"

The Lava Giant, however, didn't think to pull on the thin Lofty Wood. Unable to reach the flame kitten, it took a step forward.

Boom!

When the Lava Giant took a rumbling step forward, Zen, Hailey, and Jeffrey all looked at each other with triumphant faces.

The plan actually worked.

"This Lava Giant… It's so stupid," Janet remarked with a smile. Tightly holding onto the thin Lofty Wood in her hand, she gave the pitiful flame kitten an apologetic look as she said, "I'm sorry, you have to stay hanging there for now!"

"Meow!"

Whimpering, the little flame kitten was extremely terrified. It could only watch in fear as the Lava Giant took steps toward it, unable to close the gap between them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

With every step of the Lava Giant, the magma lake rippled, making everyone feel the rapid rise in temperature.

The group then used the Lava Giant as a free carrier, slowly advancing across the lake.

"It seems I've overestimated the Lava Giant's intelligence."

In this position, Janet could control even the Lava Giant's direction. So long as she held the Lofty Wood in her hand, the Lava Giant would follow wherever she turned it. The little flame kitten seemed to be the only thing on the Lava Giant's mind at the moment.

Zen's gaze landed on the other Lava Giants. "These Lava Giants have formed a row themselves. They're even equally spaced. Perhaps using them as a bridge is really the way to get across this lake. We may have found a shortcut."

No one could just force their way through the Hall of Causality. To pass through it meant making the most out of its rules.

But they had found such an easy method—perhaps this could be considered an oversight in the hall's set-up.

Boom! Boom!

Under the attraction of the flame kitten, the Lava Giant brought them all the way to the center of the lake. With its wide strides, they would get across the lake in no time. But it wasn't certain that crossing the lake meant passing the fourth Hall of Causality.

"Woo! Woo!"

Just when everyone thought they could rest easy, the tables were turned.

Earlier, the other Lava Giants hadn't reacted at all as they passed through. But one Lava Giant seemed to finally notice the flame kitten in the air and decided to walk over.

"What's going on?" It was a shock, even for Zen. Attracting one Lava Giant worked well enough for them, but attracting the other Lava Giants would only bring them trouble.

"I don't know. Perhaps that Lava Giant spotted my little flame kitten," Janet said with a frown as she gripped harder around the Lofty Wood.

"There are quite a few of these things in the magma lake. Go find something else!" Jeffrey called out to the other Lava Giant, looking sullen.

But if the Lava Giant was intelligent enough to understand their words, they wouldn't be in such trouble. After the Lava Giants found the kitten, they would immediately try to catch and swallow it. From a certain perspective, such was also a rule in the Hall of Causality.

The other Lava Giant took a step forward and pounced at the kitten hung in the air.

This enraged the Lava Giant beneath Zen's feet. Instead of going for the kitten, it brandished its two giant fists and rammed them into the other Lava Giant.

A fight between such huge monsters was like two mountains crashing into each other.

"Everyone, get down!"

Boom!

The tremors brought Zen and the others down to the scalp of the Lava Giant's head. Grabbing a few protruding stone pillars or cracks on top of its head was their only security from being thrown off because of the vibrations.

They were right in the middle of the magma lake—if anyone fell, they'd completely burn.

Chapter 1611 A Disaster To All

The air was scorching hot as the two Lava Giants clashed with each other in close combat, competing for the flame kitten.

It was a contest of pure strength, and the two Lava Giants displayed their shockingly powerful attacks to the maximum.

"Boom!"

One Lava Giant forcefully punched the other one's chest!

The impact of the collision was immensely palpable that all of them felt dizzy. Everyone looked like small bugs that clung tightly on top of the Lava Giant's head.

Coleman tightly grasped onto a crack in a stone. Even if the power of the flames within the stone was burning hot and unbearable, he couldn't help but want to squeeze his whole body inside it. For him, it was a better fate than to be thrown into the lava lake.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey and Hailey each held on to a stone pillar for dear life, as if it was the last life-saving thing in the world.

As for Janet, she held the slender Lofty Wood in one hand. Since she didn't want the flame kitten to be involved in the brawl, she could only use one hand to hold on to something to prevent herself from falling.

However, the unexpectedly strong impact from the collision made her lose her balance. She lost her grasp and fell backward!

"Ahhh!"

Janet's eyes were full of fear, but her other hand still held tightly on the Lofty Wood.

Jeffrey, Hailey, and the rest of them were all panicked at the scene!

At that exact moment, Zen slid along the Lava Giant's head as his body quickly maneuvered to grab Janet's arm, and delivered a downward punch at the same time!

He made sure to deliver a punch with the power of 20, 000 dragon scales!

He then fixed his fist directly on top of the Lava Giant's head, to lock himself in place while his other hand grasped Janet by her arm.

Of course, his punch didn't damage the Lava Giant since it was so huge, that Zen's attack felt like a mere mosquito bite to it.

"That was so close!" Janet sighed as her chest heaved up and down in heavy breathing, still in shock. She had her one hand grabbed by Zen, but she still lifted the Frosty Cage high up with the other hand. She didn't want the little flame kitten to die because of her…

"But the situation doesn't seem to look good," Zen said as he lay flat on the top of the Lava Giant's head while he watched the fierce battle between the two enormous beings.

While he was indeed pleased earlier when he thought he had a brilliant idea to help all of them pass through the lava lake, he didn't expect the flame kitten to attract another Lava Giant…

In the two Lava Giants' fight, those who suffered the most were probably Zen and the others in the group. It was truly a disaster to all.

They were still too insignificant for this fight now, that they could only hope that the Lava Giant beneath their feet wouldn't be defeated.

If the Lava Giant did lose and fall into the lava lake, Zen and the rest of them would be completely killed!

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Bam!"

More thunderous bumping and clashing sounds echoed in the vast cave as the fight continued.

Although the fourth Hall of Causality was huge, it wasn't big enough to hold a spacious cave as such. Then again, it was built against a mountain so it was likely that they had already been inside the mountain, or it was just an extension of the space. Ever since the Hall of Causality was constructed and as long as it was strong enough, the heavens had always decided how it was to be built.

"Boom!"

All of a sudden, the other Lava Giant punched the Lava Giant beneath Zen squarely on the face!

The violent tremors caused the Lava Giant to stagger backwards, while the people on top of its head felt like they were on a boat that continuously swayed back and forth.

The attack had also caused a raging wave in the lava lake. Flames erupted from the surging lava and spread out in all directions!

"Don't fall! Don't fall! Don't fall down, please..." Coleman almost cried as he prayed.

The Lava Giant was already tilting backwards at sixty degrees.

Once it fell down, everyone would fall into the lava!

"Boom, boom, boom, boom…"

The Lava Giant staggered a few steps before it finally started to fall.

Everyone was in panic. They saw the lava rapidly approach them, or it was because the Lava Giant was falling backwards quite fast!

Ten thousand feet…

Five thousand feet...

Three thousand feet…

One thousand feet…

Five hundred feet…

Soon enough, the Lava Giant's head was about to sink as well. Everyone looked positively despaired.

If they were really going to sink, all of their journeys to the Hall of Causality would come to an end.

Even if all of them had already earned more than five million Illusion Points, they would only lose more if they were to die now. A few more seconds later, they were only one hundred feet away from the lava.

The Lava Giant's whole body was almost covered entirely with lava.

"Boom!"

At that moment, the Lava Giant used both of its hands to hold itself in the Lava Lake, stopping its fall. Although its body was already sunken in the lava lake, its head was still above the lava!

Jeffrey and the others wiped the sweat off their foreheads. They had escaped this calamity.

The Lava Giant hoisted itself up with both arms, stood up, and started to attack the Lava Giant on the other side.

However, something unfortunate had happened.

Zen and the others all wanted to curse out of frustration.

It turned out that the Lava Giant beneath their feet was using its head to smash its opponent!

They would've normally praised it for being smart enough to do such an attack, but they all clung onto its head right now. If the Lava Giant smashed its head against its opponent, there would probably be nothing left of them at the end of the fight!

"Quick! Leave the top of this fellow's head!"

Zen pulled out his fist from the Lava Giant's head, stomped on a stone pillar, and rushed upwards. He still held Janet in one hand. He couldn't abandon her since she still had to control the Lofty Wood, after all.

Everyone quickly retreated. They climbed from the head of the Lava Giant down to the backside of its head. For the time being, this place was safe.

But since the Lava Giant was using its head, there would probably be another huge tremor soon. After all of them had rushed to the backside of the Lava Giant's head, they started to look for safer spaces to settle down.

"Boom!"

Apparently, it was a wise choice for the Lava Giant to use its head to attack!

It was because the Lava Giant on the other side fell directly into the lava lake after it got hit.

"That was close!" the normally quiet Hailey couldn't help but sigh. The rest of them felt the same way as well.

Everyone had put their lives on the line when they stayed on the Lava Giant's head. If they weren't careful, they might really end up dead like crushed bugs.

Now that the Lava Giant had defeated its opponent, Zen immediately brought Janet back to the top of the Lava Giant's head. She once again threw out the impossibly long piece of Lofty Wood and started to swing it back and forth in front of the Lava Giant!

"Meow…"

On the other hand, the little flame kitten still looked innocent as ever. It had no idea what had happened.

After the Lava Giant saw the little flame kitten, it returned to the planned path as expected. It continued to chase after the tiny creature and once again, carried the group across the lava lake.

This time, Janet had learned the lesson. She tried to hide it as much as possible as she controlled the Lofty Wood. She had to do it secretly to prevent attracting the other Lava Giants on the side of the lava lake. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to escape if more Lava Giants came!

Not long after…

Everyone finally saw the other side of the lava lake.

All of them looked overjoyed. Had they just really passed the unconquerable fourth Hall of Causality?

Janet's lips curved up slightly. It could be said that the Lofty Wood in her hand had contributed a lot to their success, even if she had only used it as a fishing rod.

At that point, everyone had felt a slight tremor beneath their feet as heavy footsteps echoed behind them.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

After they heard the sounds, everyone turned their heads to look in the direction where they came from.

The Lava Giant that had previously fallen into the lake was now charging towards them at a flashing speed!

Chapter 1612 Leap

They were so close to the other side but the previously knocked-down Lava Giant had now gotten up and was following them again!

The creature might be gigantic but it wasn't slow. If it caught up to them, then the Lava Giant currently carrying them would tumble into the lava.

"Thump, thump, thump..."

The pursuing giant's thumping footsteps made everyone's hearts lurch to their throats.

Jeffrey raised the Buddha Curse Blade parallel to his eye as he tried to measure the distance between them and the shore.

A wry smile was on his face as he put the sword down.

"We're only 6, 000 feet away from the shore! It's close but not close enough for us to jump over."

A high-levelled warrior had the ability to fly in the air.

Unfortunately, flying was prohibited in the Hall of Causality. That ability would've made things a thousand times easier if it had been allowed. Nonetheless, jumping was still permitted and a Soul Sea Realm warrior's leap was no small matter.

A single jump would mean crossing over 2, 000 feet of distance. A higher vantage point on top of the Lava Giant's head also gave them a bit more advantage.

However, a total of 6, 000 feet was too much.

Furthermore, they only had one chance to make it to shore. Falling into the lava would mean instant elimination.

"Coleman, can you jump over?" Ansel asked.

Ogres mainly cultivated the body refining technique, but the explosive power of their forceful energy was much greater. Combining the two, Coleman was surely someone who could jump longer than the average warrior.

Coleman took a quick calculative glance towards the other side and bitterly shook his head. "I can't!"

His answer worried everyone greatly. They were so close to the other side. Was it all going to be for nothing? No! They refused to believe that!

"Can you all jump a distance of 3, 000 feet?" Zen suddenly asked.

Jeffrey's eyes flashed. "That should be the limit."

"I can," Hailey answered.

Janet nodded. "If I go all out, I think I can make it... Why do you ask?"

Zen turned and saw the Lava Giant inching its way closer to them. With no time to explain, he simply turned to his team members. "When I say the word, you guys jump to the left!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Zen walked to the side of the Lava Giant's head and squatted down.

As he was squatting, Zen began to draw out the power of the dragon scales, and directed it all the way to his legs!

A distance of 6, 000 feet wasn't possible to ordinary warriors, but it was nothing for someone like Zen.

"He's going to directly jump over!"

"He must be crazy! The distance is too far!"

"Don't forget his power..." Janet murmured faintly as a reminder.

Back when they had just passed the second hall, Zen had managed to obtain 10 million Illusion Points just from his strength alone.

It hurt to admit it but just his pure strength was already several times more powerful than any of their hidden trump cards.

If he utilized his power to jump then, there was no doubt that 6, 000 feet wouldn't be too difficult for him.

But what if he was the only one who made it to shore?

This question greatly upset the others.

They were a team and though it was only temporary, it still hurt to know that Zen would be the only one to get through this hall.

But then he did say something earlier. Jump to the left?

What did that mean? Just as everyone thought of this, Zen's activation was nearly finished and he was getting ready to make his leap.

The power in his legs caused two deep footprints to embed themselves on the Lava Giant's head. When he felt he was finally ready, he launched himself off and jumped!

As he flew through the air, a small mountain spun in his hand! The Magnetic Sacred Mountain!

"Swoosh!"

He threw the mountain into the lava lake below.

But this seemingly casual action had been done with precision!

Ordinary molten lava was not enough to destroy this Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

In fact, this was what was going to solve their current dilemma of crossing over to the other side. The mountain was going to serve as their foothold to finally pass through the lava lake...

"Huff, huff…"

Zen crossed over a distance of 6, 000 feet in just a blink of an eye and landed heavily on the shore.

"Thad did it!"

"But it seems that

we will die here!"

Janet shouted in resentment. They all went through so much together only for him to abandon them at the most crucial moment.

"Thump! Thump! Thump..."

The pursuing Lava Giant wasn't too far from them now. It could smash its huge body onto the one carrying them, and that would lead to an unimaginably powerful collision which they would, unfortunately, be caught in the middle of.

At that moment Zen, who was already onshore, suddenly raised his hand.

This greatly confused them.

"What does he mean..."

"Plop..."

Just then, the lava lake began to bubble violently.

The thick surface of the lava rose as if there was an enormous mass pushing from below.

Not long after, a mountain peak broke through and began to emerge from the molten surface!

It was the Magnetic Sacred Mountain! Zen was controlling it and letting it grow to its original size.

The sight amazed everyone.

Even Janet's formerly disappointed face lit up in joy.

"The Magnetic Sacred Mountain!"

"It looks like the small mountain Thad played with in the past!"

"How did it get so big?"

Everyone's mouth hung open in shock as they stared at the mountain in front of their very eyes.

However, they quickly shook themselves out of their reverie once they realized the purpose that this mountain could serve for them.

"Jump!"

Zen shouted. The mountain was now their first foothold from which they could make their second jump towards the shore.

"I'll jump!"

Coleman shouted.

He was originally afraid but now that the forceful energy erupted, his body was now similar to that of an elephant. He launched himself to the air and smashed ruthlessly against the side of the mountain!

"Bam!"

There was a muffled sound as Coleman got to his feet and stood in the middle of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. He faced his team members and touched his chest in pride.

Jeffrey was next, taking two steps back before also launching himself towards the mountain.

His entire body was like a roc, spreading its wings as it glided through the air. He travelled 3, 000 feet in an instant!

Hailey and Ansel were next. They lacked Coleman's explosive power and Jeffrey's elegant gliding but their basic body skills still proved to be effective in crossing great distances.

Seeing her team members make it to the mountain, Janet put away the Lofty Wood in her hand. The Frosty Cage on top of it melted and the branches of the wood started to shrink until they disappeared without a trace. It was now as long as half her arm and quickly drilled into her palm.

Now out of the Frosty Cage, the previously imprisoned flame kitten had regained its freedom.

"Meow!"

It looked frightened but it didn't run away. Instead, it stood in its spot, shivering.

"Jump into the lava now. This place is no longer safe," Janet told the kitten.

However, the kitten merely stood there and looked at Janet with wide, pitiful eyes.

Janet frowned and reached out for it...

The flame kitten was a Law Creature created by the flames. Anyone who touched it was sure to be burnt.

However, this kitten had been imprisoned in the Frosty Cage for so long and had cold air blown at it by Zen and the others. Its body had completely lost its luster. Janet also used the life vitality to protect her skin, so it was only partly scalding when she touched the kitten.

"Be free!"

she cried out as she threw the kitten away from the Lava Giant.

The lava was dangerous to them but it was home for this flame kitten.

"Janet! Jump!"

"Hurry up Janet!"

Janet nodded and drew out a stream of life vitality. She quickly launched herself and jumped into the air like a nimble skylark.

"Whoosh…"

She crossed through the air and made her way towards the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Chapter 1613 Flame Bees

The moment Janet jumped off the Lava Giant's head, the two Lava Giants collided violently with each other.

As a loud bang resounded behind her, Janet jumped into the air and landed steadily on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Seeing this, Zen breathed a sigh of relief.

Even though Janet had been in a critical situation, she had still chosen to take the risk of releasing the flame kitten first. So naturally, the other warriors had all been worried to death about her.

If she had been just a little slower, she would have missed the chance to escape.

"Move to the top of the mountain!"

Just as Janet steadied herself on the mountain, she heard Zen instructing them in a nervous voice.

At the same time, the two Lava Giants both lost their balance from the force of the impact and crashed into the lava lake.

Their huge bodies disrupted the lava in the lake, forming towering waves that were several hundred feet high and spread out quickly in all directions.

"Move! Move!"

"Hurry up!"

Coleman was the first to move. Jeffrey, Hailey, and Janet followed closely behind him.

However, they were still in great danger. If the lava overflowed from the lake and reached the mountain, they would have nowhere to run.

Coleman, who always performed best in times of danger, quickly climbed up the mountain with the agility of an ape while continuously releasing the forceful energy within his body and soon arrived at the top of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. From there, he leaped over a distance of three thousand feet and fell onto the other side of the lake.

Bang!

As soon as he landed on the shore, he immediately took to his heels. The waves of lava spread in all directions, not only toward the Magnetic Sacred Mountain but also toward the shore.

Zen, who had originally been standing on the shore, had no choice but to retreat in order to avoid the waves of lava.

Unfortunately, Janet and the rest had lost the chance to jump to the shore. Now that the waves of lava had flooded the shore, they would most probably plunge headfirst into the lava if they tried to jump now.

Their only option right now was to stay on the summit of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain and wait for the waves to withdraw back into the lake.

Their pulses raced as the splash approached and the waves of lava surged along the mountainside.

Their faces darkened as they helplessly watched the waves getting closer and closer.

They were already at the very top of the mountain. If the waves of lava came up to them, they would have nowhere to escape to.

150 feet...

100 feet...

50 feet...

Huddling at the mountaintop, they watched in horror as the lava surged quickly toward them.

Finally, when it was only 10 feet away from the top of the mountain, the lava stopped. Like the tide going out, the surface of the lava gradually fell lower and lower.

"We made it through somehow." Janet sighed in relief.

They all looked a lot more relaxed now that they were out of the danger zone.

Waves of lava continued to be stirred up by the battle between the two Lava Giants, but they never surpassed the first wave.

Janet and the others waited until the lava retreated from the shore before they jumped off the mountain and finally reached the other side of the lake.

Zen waved his hand at the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, and it began to slowly spin in the lava and shrink at the same time. In the blink of an eye, it turned into a fist-sized miniature mountain and returned to his hand.

"Does this mean that we've passed the fourth Hall of Causality successfully?" Janet asked with a smile.

She was the kind of person who would never admit defeat.

In her previous Hall of Causality challenge, she had teamed up with two ace talents.

But in the end, all her team members had failed to pass the fourth Hall of Causality except the two ace talents, not because of their weakness but because of the incompatibility of the ace talents.

Instead of putting their heads together and helping the rest of the team members, the two ace talents had kept fighting along the way.

Luckily, this time, the team had managed to survive the four Halls of Causality with only four members as a sacrifice. It was a satisfactory outcome.

Now that they had passed through the lava lake, they decided to continue forward without any rest. If their previous experience was any indication, they would receive considerable rewards for passing through this Hall of Causality on the way ahead.

Just as they were about to leave, a cluster of flames suddenly rose from the edge of the lava lake and turned into a flame kitten, which padded onto the shore.

"Meow!"

The little kitten let out a soft cry.

Zen stared at the little creature and noticed that its fur was lackluster. He murmured with surprise, "Wait a second. This flame kitten..." He turned to Janet and said, "It seems to be the one you released just moments ago."

After looking at it carefully, Janet recognized it too. Although every flame kitten looked pretty much the same, this one had been around them for quite a while, so she managed to recognize it from a few details.

"What is it trying to do?" She stared at the little flame kitten with a curious look on her face.

The flame kitten slowly crawled toward Janet after it came ashore. It didn't show any signs of enmity; instead, it showed a desire to stay close to her.

"You... You want to come with me?" she asked, continuing to watch the kitten.

"Meow!"

the little kitten replied innocently. Its cuteness touched the girl's heart.

"The Illusion Battlefield is an illusionary world, so I'm afraid I can't take you out of this world. But maybe I can at least take you out of the Hall of Causality, right?" With that, she reached out toward the little flame kitten.

The power of the Fire Law contained within this little flame kitten was pure and strong, but Janet didn't feel the burn at all as she held the kitten up in her arms. Instead, she felt warmth and fluff.

"This fellow... It really wants to come with you," Jeffrey commented with a surprised look on his face.

Zen smiled. "The flame kittens in the lava lake are the food of the Lava Giants. I presume that there are even stronger creatures in the depths of the lake. This poor kitten doesn't want to stay in such a fatal environment."

Janet held the little flame kitten in her arms with a soft smile on her face. "Then let me take care of it for some time!"

She decided to keep this creature as a pet.

They then proceeded deeper into the cave. But very soon, they saw countless specks of light floating toward them from ahead.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

As Zen heard the strange sound and saw the red specks of light, his eyes narrowed in comprehension. "The flame bees," he surmised.

"I knew that it wouldn't be so easy to pass the fourth Hall of Causality!" Coleman cried out. He quickly stepped back and hid behind the others.

The swarm of flame bees fluttered over in great numbers. It seemed that soon, the swarm would surround them all.

Zen flicked his finger to summon a wind blade and ordered it to slash the bees.

Crack!

To his surprise, the flame bees weren't difficult to deal with at all. His wind blade easily cut through one of them.

At the same time, a large mass of Illusion Points burst out from within the flame bee's body.

After that, these Illusion Points rushed toward Zen and flowed into his body.

"What? This is..." Zen was taken aback.

He exchanged glances with the others, and they shouted out simultaneously, "The reward!"

They now understood that the flame bees that were flying in front of them were actually the reward for passing the fourth Hall of Causality.

The flame bee that had been killed by Zen had contained ten thousand Illusion Points within it, so the large swarm of bees now meant a huge number of Illusion Points.

The faces of all the team members beamed with excitement.

Even Coleman, who had been hiding behind them, immediately rushed toward the bees when he heard the truth.

Everyone followed Zen's lead and used different methods to kill as many flame bees as possible.

These flame bees were indeed the reward for passing this Hall of Causality. Although they swarmed over everyone like a cloud, they didn't show any intention of attacking but rather simply floated around in the air and allowed themselves to be killed by the warriors. Although they were extremely simple to kill, they contained an immense number of Illusion Points — over ten thousand Illusion Points each! That meant that by killing one thousand bees, a warrior could acquire more than ten million Illusion Points!

Although it was very difficult to pass through the Hall of Causality, the reward for the winners was extremely great.

Finally, Zen killed about 800 flame bees and obtained over eight million Illusion Points, so his gain here was actually less than what he had obtained in the second Hall of Causality.

Of course, this was an unfair comparison. In the second Hall of Causality, most warriors could only get one or two million Illusion Points, while those with more powerful strength could get three or four million. Zen, who had obtained ten million Illusion Points there, was undoubtedly an exception.

Here, besides Zen, the other warriors also had good harvests. Janet killed more than 700 flame bees, while Jeffrey and the rest killed an average of 600 bees each.

After receiving the rewards, they continued on their journey. They passed through the hall and continued to climb up the mountain.

Janet had said that there were five tests in total in the Hall of Causality, but this was only her deduction. She didn't know what would actually be waiting for them at the peak of the mountain. Still, everyone was looking forward to it and moved at their full speed. After all, this was probably the last test they would take in the Hall of Causality.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1614 Depressed Margaret

With all warriors plundering Illusion Points from others, the entire Illusion Battlefield had now reached the white-hot stage!

The expert martial artists knew that the best way to plunder Illusion Points was to enter the Hall of Causality.

But entering the Hall of Causality was no cake walk.

First of all, one had to get an iron ticket, which was quite a task!

Secondly, one had to pay a whopping five million Illusion Points.

Regardless of the former or the latter conditions, an ordinary martial artist could never achieve either.

The iron tickets needed to be obtained from a secret land deep in the wilderness, and navigating these secret lands, where unknown dangers lurked, was no easy feat.

And the same went for the five million Illusion Points. After all, how many people in the main cities could accumulate so many points?

Meanwhile, in the Illusion Battlefield in a main city of a supreme world, a gate appeared in the center of the city from which a blinding silver light shone. Nine martial artists sauntered out from this gate of light.

The moment the other martial artists laid eyes on these nine martial artists, they were awestruck! They all knew that these were the true masters!

After the martial artists had passed through the Hall of Causality, they would be transported to a particular main city. This city was often located in the center of the supreme world!

This rule was made deliberately in the Illusion Battlefield to sift out the best warriors.

Martial artists who passed the trial of the Hall of Causality and came out alive ranked in the top 50 of this supreme world.

After departing the Hall of Causality, the masters would gather in the central main city. There was a high chance that there would be an even more intense collision there!

Of the ten people who entered the Hall of Causality at the same time, only one had perished. The strength of these mavens was truly astonishing.

"How boring! I didn't expect the reward for the fifth Hall of Causality to be this..." The leader, a long-haired man, shook his head and complained arrogantly.

"Ha-ha. I am actually interested in obtaining a treasure from the Illusion Battlefield. There are some extremely precious treasures here!" said another bald warrior with a chuckle. He had obtained a Revival Token in a secret land within the Illusion Battlefield! This token gave the power to revive once to the one in possession of it.

He hadn't perished during his expedition in the Hall of Causality, so he naturally had not used the Revival Token.

But the entire Illusion Battlefield was just a projection created by the heavens! If he didn't use the Revival Token, it would be wasted because it could not be taken out of the Illusion Battlefield.

Never in his wildest dreams would he have thought that the reward for the fifth Hall of Causality would be a treasure that he could take with him!

Naturally, he chose the Revival Token.

This token gave him the incredible gift of an extra life. This was the effect of "Heavenly Destiny of Revival".

The person who held the Heavenly Destiny of Revival was a Supreme Lord!

Furthermore, the Supreme Lord was unable to revive himself; he could only revive others. Apart from this, there were many other restrictions too.

Without a doubt, even if the bald warrior hadn't won in the Illusion Battlefield, he still made a killing.

However, a woman in this group had a gloomy expression on her face.

She was wearing a plain white dress that trailed behind her on the ground. A white brocade shawl was draped across her shoulders. She had a beautiful face, which was both elegant and cold.

It was Margaret, who had entered the Illusion Battlefield.

Right from the beginning Margaret had never paid attention to her rank or Illusion Points. Unlike other warriors, she was totally unaffected by these things.

Although she had promised her master that she would strive to do her best in the Illusion Battlefield, she wasn't very interested in these things.

However, she had entered the Illusion Battlefield by traveling through a supreme world after leaving the Purple Power World, and she had directly entered a main city of the ogre race.

What was more worrisome was that there were six main ogre cities circling this particular main ogre city!

This was a land truly rife with danger.

Therefore, Margaret left the main city in a blind panic and fought all the way to an unknown destination.

She could not even remember how many of those stinky fellows she had killed. Her goal was not to fight them, but to find Zen. They were merely obstructions for her.

However, leaving the main city was not a simple matter. She didn't have a clear understanding of the rules so she voluntarily gave up resisting and was even killed once. In the end, she found that she was revived and still brought to the main city. So she had to slaughter the warriors to gain freedom.

Thus, with the help of her sword formation, she single-handedly slaughtered the seven main cities of the ogre race.

All of the ogre warriors then realized that this beautiful and elegant woman was a nightmare of a person.

After that no one dared to leave the city.

However, Margaret had a natural advantage to plunder Illusion Points!

She used a hundred thousand long swords to set up a ring-shaped sword formation which encircled the main city.

This move was powerful and deadly enough to send all the martial artists of the main city into a tizzy!

No matter how strong a warrior was, it was impossible for him to slaughter the martial artists of the entire city.

After all, there were exits everywhere in the main city. If one jumped over the city wall, they would be able to escape. No matter how strong the martial artist was, if numerous warriors fled the city, he wouldn't be able to kill them all. At the most, he could kill a quarter of them.

As for Lucille's title of city lord, she had only received it because of the large number of Ji Clan's guards and subordinates. This was why she could set rules for a city.

However, Margaret was different. Her sword formation had trapped the entire main city, leaving no escape route.

Be it the strong ones or the weak ones nobody was able to leave the city. And if they did, they would be killed. They had no option but to stay put in the main city.

Finally, the ogre martial artists couldn't take it any longer. They eventually reached an agreement with Margaret and allowed her to kill all of them three times.

After this was done, the group of ogre martial artists finally sent the nasty woman away.

After doing this several times, she rose to the top 100 of the Illusion Battlefield.

But later, she voluntarily allowed one to kill her once, losing half of her Illusion Points. Then she slowly got back up.

So far, Margaret had not bothered to check her rank.

Her sole focus was to find Zen!

But after learning that the Illusion Battlefield was divided into 50 supreme worlds, Margaret was crestfallen.

This meant that the possibility of Zen and her being in the same supreme world was one in 50!

She had held on to a tiny hope upon entering the Hall of Causality, but she hadn't found Zen there either.

"Margaret, why are you unhappy?" asked the long-haired youth.

Margaret glanced at him without any emotion before trudging off to the side of the city wall. She was too upset to leave the city and too upset to fight with anybody.

As for the long-haired youth in front of her, he was said to be an ace talent of the Humanity Alliance. He had always been their leader in the Hall of Causality, and he had done everything he could to protect and please Margaret. As a result, she did not display much of her strength in the Hall of Causality, let alone make a move.

"Nothing," Margaret replied in a low voice.

"Killing people is the most desirable thing for a warrior. This main city is the gateway to the Hall of Causality, so a lot of powerful people must have gathered here. How about I accompany you out of the city to slay someone?" asked the long-haired youth with a smile.

A warrior who could pass through the Hall of Causality was either an ace talent, or an existence that was only second to an ace talent, like a direct descendant of a grand world lord or a Supreme Lord. But this long-haired youth didn't care at all. When his arrogant words reached the city, it attracted the attention of many martial artists. After all, this main city was different from other main cities. It was the place where super talents convened.

Margaret tilted her head and contemplated his offer. "Alright, but when we leave the city, I'll kill you first," she said in a flat tone, looking at the long-haired youth blankly.

He chuckled, "You must be joking! If you want to spar with me, then I can arrange that!"

Margaret did not say a word and walked straight towards the city gate, thinking that the 50 supreme worlds of the Illusion Battlefield might have to join hands sooner or later. Otherwise, the talents scattered throughout the 50 supreme worlds would not be able to compete for the top positions, so it would be better for her to raise her ranking a bit more. If she was in the front row, she might eventually be able to meet Zen.

She just didn't know his current ranking.

After five minutes, a lightning-like sword flashed outside the main city.

This was accompanied by the agonized cries of the long-haired martial artist. He had been killed by Margaret and sent back to the main city to be revived.

As the long-haired martial artist was enveloped by the light curtain, he pondered bitterly: The mild, weak and bookish woman was escorted through the Hall of Causality by him.

He couldn't fathom how she could possess such terrifying strength.

Chapter 1615 The Door Closed

There were many powerhouses hiding inside the main city.

After seeing this scene, they went deeper into hiding.

The method Margaret had used to kill the ace talent had alarmed the other ace talents in the city.

They had secretly investigated her background and found out that she came from the Purple Power World and possessed an extremely rare first-rank Purple Power Body.

That long-haired youth had been ranked 74th in the Illusion Battlefield. After being killed by Margaret, half of the massive amount of Illusion Points within his body had been taken by her. Therefore, her ranking had skyrocketed.

From a bit below the 100th, she rose all the way up to the 64th rank.

The top 100 martial artists always attracted wide attention throughout the universe.

The news of Margaret's new rank soon spread to the Purple Power World, causing a loud round of cheers and applause to erupt from the Apeiron Tower.

"Margaret has entered the top 100!"

"The top 100 martial artists are the ace talents from the various clans. Margaret has really lived up to everyone's expectations!"

"She boasts a first-rank Purple Power Body, and she can almost be called the leader of the Purple Power World. It is not surprising that she has gotten into the top 100."

99% of the martial artists who were qualified to join the Purple Power World possessed Purple Power Bodies, but the disparity between the power of the Purple Power Bodies was extremely great.

A few years ago, the martial artists in the Apeiron Tower had welcomed a junior.

As a matter of fact, Margaret's seniority was incomparably high in the tower. After all, she had directly taken Elder Apeiron as her master, so she was two or even three ranks higher than most of the disciples in the tower.

However, she was young in age, so the others treated her as a junior.

Before she had left for the Illusion Battlefield, however, quite a few people had been extremely worried about her.

Although her strength and talent were extraordinary, she was innocent and artless, and didn't know much about the world. In the Illusion Battlefield, she would likely suffer many setbacks. After all, when martial artists fought, many times it would not be a contest of strength, but of wisdom and tricks.

"Margaret is always talking about that man."

"I wonder if she will be able to see him in the Illusion Battlefield."

"I'm afraid it's going to be a bit difficult. Margaret is outstanding, but that man is from the Lower World. I'm afraid he will be eliminated soon. How could she possibly meet him?"

Just as everyone was discussing this, a tall woman appeared. She was also a disciple of Elder Apeiron, and she was Margaret's legitimate senior.

"Eliminate? Margaret is an ace talent. How could her man be eliminated?" the woman asked, disagreeing with all of them.

During her years at the Apeiron Tower, Margaret had only been on good terms with one person—her. So naturally, she knew many secrets about her.

"Margaret is from the Lower World, so is her husband. How could he possibly compete with martial artists from the Upper World?"

"To put it simply, whether that man will be able to enter the top one million in the Illusion Battlefield remains a mystery. I bet he will be eliminated sooner or later!"

"I think so too."

It wasn't that the Lower World couldn't cultivate super talents.

Although the martial artists who were discussing this rarely left the Apeiron Tower or went outside, they knew that there were many famous powerhouses that had flown up from the Lower World, like the famous Supreme Lord Illusion.

But in the great world that Margaret resided in, she was the only one to have a first-rank Purple Power Body. This was already a remarkable feat. Just how powerful could the man she missed be?

However, that girl only smiled faintly. "The man that Margaret cares about is called Zen Luo."

Margaret had only mentioned this name to her before, so no one else knew it.

"Zen Luo?"

"It sounds quite familiar."

The Purple Power World was located at the edge of the universe, and it was a small broken world. Its location was quite special. In fact, the Purple Power World could be considered to be floating outside the universe, so they were unable to hear the voices transmitted by the Roaring Token.

However, some of the disciples of the Apeiron Tower who traveled across the supreme worlds would bring back news from the outside world.

"Oh, I remember! He's the guy who told stories in the universe! It's said that he tricked and killed several Supreme Lords, and his Roaring Token can be used for an unlimited number of times."

"There's no need for you to remember. I've already seen his name. He is currently ranked 125th."

"It's surprising that Margaret's man is Zen Luo. I've heard of him in another world. It's said that several races have ganged up on him and that he is currently hiding in a fairy palace."

Zen's name was now near the top of the pyramid, but he had yet to enter the top 100. As such, the people in the Purple Power World hadn't paid much attention to him before. But after finding out that he was Margaret's man, many of them began to look down from the peak of the pyramid and instantly discovered his name.

Then, the female disciples in the tower began to animatedly discuss among themselves.

Margaret was someone they were extremely envious of. She was young and highly talented. Moreover, she was the disciple of Elder Apeiron.

From the moment she had stepped into the tower, she had been blessed. All the members of the tower took good care of her. They did everything they could to make her happy and coax her into cultivating and taking bitter pills.

And just like that, the young Margaret had grown up, rising to the top 100 of the Illusion Battlefield without much effort.

The man that she had been missing was also close to the top 100 now.

Without doubt, the other girls were tormented by jealousy.

After all, they also possessed the Purple Power Bodies and had been sent by their clans from faraway places to the Apeiron Tower for cultivation, but they'd never been able to reach Margaret's level. And this final disparity concerning Zen was too great for them to accept.

At the same time, Zen led Janet and the others to climb the peak of the Hall of Causality. They were about to enter the final Hall of Causality.

"Can this even be called a hall?"

Coleman shouted as he stared at the row of stone pillars.

Although it was likely that there had indeed been a large hall on the mountain peak, all that was left in front of them now were circular stone pillars that lined up in a row. The actual hall seemed to have collapsed a long time ago.

"This is the final test. Do not underestimate it. The difficulty of this hall may be much higher than before," Zen said vigilantly.

By now, they had come to a tacit understanding. At Zen's words, they all followed him at the same time.

Although the roof of the hall seemed to have disappeared a long time ago, there were still two tall pillars standing by the door. This was the door of the fifth Hall of Causality.

The moment Zen walked into the Hall of Causality, a strange feeling bubbled up from the depths of his heart.

After Janet and the rest walked past two pillars, their expressions also changed slightly.

Creak…

The crowd heard an ear-piercing sound that made their teeth ache. It was the sound of the door's shafts badly in need of a repair.

Clang!

That ear-piercing sound was followed by the sound of a heavy door closing.

The warriors immediately turned around in surprise. There was no door between the two pillars, so where had this sound come from?

Hailey's brows slightly furrowed in thought. Taking light steps, she charged toward the space between the two pillars and reached out with her hands.

"The door is closed," she said softly.

Curiosity appeared on all their faces. They all walked back and reached out their hands like Hailey.

Sure enough, they found an invisible door between these two pillars.

"Since the door is closed, we will continue to move forward. I assume that none of you wants to leave, right?" Zen said with a faint smile.

They had fought very hard to finally reach this place, so naturally, none of them would be willing to give up. From the second to the fourth halls, they had received an astonishing number of Illusion Points. What would the fifth hall bring them?

"Meow," the flame kitten in Janet's arms whimpered lightly. Janet laughed and said, "Look, Flame agrees. Let's keep going."

Women were creatures of emotion. In just a short period of time, Janet had already given the flame kitten a name: Flame.

On the other hand, the Ancestral Dragon had followed Zen for a long time, yet he still hadn't given it a name. In fact, he had never even thought about giving it a name.

Janet didn't have a contractual beast, so she didn't have a spirit beast bag with her. Now, she could only hold the flame kitten in her arms.

Just as she finished her words, a thin bolt of lightning suddenly descended from the sky above the mountain peak. The lightning extended all the way down and wrapped itself around a stone pillar.

Just as the lightning struck the stone pillar, countless fragments began to appear at the top of the pillar. They constantly regrouped around the pillar and soon, a small portion of the roof appeared.

Chapter 1616 Corridors

The thin bolt of lightning struck down like spring thunders, causing the Hall of Causality to begin to reconstruct.

Large amounts of fragments emerged from all the stone pillars. These fragments seemed to know exactly where to fit in and were continuously combining and reorganizing with each other.

Roofs, girders, eaves, walls, doors and floors were gradually formed.

A great hall was being built by an invisible force. Not long after, a magnificent hall appeared before everyone. They were now standing within a round-shaped hall where six corridors were built.

"Six passages?"

"In other words... Does this mean that the six of us have to go separately?"

"Doesn't the Hall of Causality require division of labor and cooperation?"

No one knew why the Hall of Causality was arranged this way so they stared at each other with confused looks.

They knew however that if they wanted to pass the Hall of Causality, they had to follow the rules. If the Hall of Causality really wanted to separate them, they would have no other choice but to comply.

Buzz...

At this moment, the doors of each corridor began to glow in a shiny blue light.

The lightning bolts began to converge and words could be read. Each door had the name of one of the warriors inscribed in it.

Janet Ji, Jeffrey Jin, Hailey, Coleman, Ansel and Zen Luo.

"Zen Luo?!"

Everyone was stunned when they saw this name inscribed in one of the doors.

They then turned to look at Zen at the same time.

From the six people only Thad had the surname Luo, but the name Thad Luo was not in any corridor. This was the only name that was missing.

"I told you! Thad Luo is definitely a fake name!" Janet's eyes flickered as she looked at Zen with a smile. "I just didn't know that Thad is the famous Zen Luo!"

Zen had already become a legend among the younger generation.

Regardless of his strength, his stories had spread throughout the supreme worlds. People had heard the stories so many times that they could re-tell all of them with all the details.

Even the most ignorant and ill-informed martial artists would have heard of Zen.

After all, there was someone in the universe who would tell stories every once in a while using the Roar Token. Everyone had to listen to him whether they wanted to or not. These stories were interesting and made many people obsessed. These people would have to wait for several months until they could get the ending of a story because the storyteller always left them in suspense. His closing line at the of each session was always "To what happened thereafter, that will be disclosed next time.".

After killing the four Supreme Lords, this was how Zen had passed his days in the past six years. The trillions of lives in the universe had also passed their time under the baptism of his "voice".

Janet, Jeffrey, Hailey and the others were no exception.

"You... are you really Zen Luo?" Jeffrey asked while staring at Zen.

Zen smiled helplessly. He could no longer hide his identity. He never thought that his name would appear at the last Hall of Causality. Zen could only nod. "Yes, I am Zen Luo."

"Hahaha" Jeffrey laughed heartily as he pounded his fist on Zen's shoulder. He complained as he laughed, "You have caused me a lot of suffering in the past few years!"

"Why are you saying that? What have I done to harm you?" Zen asked, feeling confused.

Of course Zen didn't know how much trouble he had caused to other people with his stories. Jeffrey had been cultivating in seclusion in a temple, mediating and following Buddhist rules. A peaceful and quiet environment was very important for him to keep focused and be free from any disturbance and distraction.

Even though he was not an orthodox Buddhist disciple, he was still practicing it.

Normally, the Supreme Lords would only occasionally say a few words through the Roaring Tokens. After all, Roaring Tokens were very precious and should be used carefully not to waste them. If it wasn't something extremely important, the Supreme Lords would usually only say a few words once in a while.

Even though Jeffrey's willpower allowed him to filter out the ordinary disturbance caused by outer noises ringing in his ears, however, Zen's voice never stopped. Moreover, he wasn't speaking a few words, he was telling stories over and over again.

The stories were full of fantasies and imagination and they were always fascinating to hear.

When Jeffrey was in closed-doors cultivation, he heard the stories still echoing in his ears constantly. His mind could not help but get distracted and follow Zen's stories.

To meditate on Buddhism, the most important thing was to be free from human desires and passions and not be distracted in the slightest.

With Zen telling stories vividly in his ear, Jeffrey could not find his peace. It was fortunate that he hadn't spiraled into madness during his cultivation, but his progress had been greatly hindered.

When Jeffrey finished telling Zen why he had been such a nuisance, Coleman immediately nodded his head in agreement. "Me too! I'm also a victim of your never-ending stories ..."

Hailey had a smile on her face but she did not say a word. No one knew if she had been affected by Zen during her closed-doors cultivation or not.

There were so many living creatures in the universe and some of the martial artists were cultivating in seclusion when Zen was telling a story. Some might have even been at a critical stage in their cultivation. The Roaring Token had caused a great deal of trouble for many martial artists, causing a large number of cases of warriors going berserk.

Now everyone finally realized why this so-called Thad possessed such a powerful strength.

Janet had a smile on her face the entire time. Once again, she thought of Lucille.

She always thought that Lucille was an invincible existence and that Lucille had the power to be a champion. But she was defeated by Zen once and she didn't know if Lucille would have the opportunity to fight Zen again.

If they were to fight, would Lucille be the winner? Perhaps Zen was stronger and would defeat her easily.

Before she thought that Zen had the power to face Lucille but that in the end he would still lose.

Now, Janet understood that Zen would definitely be one of the strongest opponents Lucille would face. Not only did this guy hide his name but he also hid his true strength and power.

Everyone was extremely interested in Zen. They started asking him a lot of questions about the Roaring Token, about the fairy palace, and about all the other things they heard in his stories.

Zen answered their questions as best as he could. For some topics he would not hide, he just told them the truth frankly. But for some questions that he could not answer, he simply tried to divert the topic.

"I think... Everyone should focus our attention back to this place!" As he spoke, he pointed to the six corridors ahead.

Zen hadn't anticipated that these people would be so curious. Their questions came one after another. Apart from Hailey, the others just kept on shooting questions non-stop.

He couldn't take it anymore and all he wanted to do was to move on.

He tried to shift everyone's attention and put the issue on the right track, making them focus on the Hall of Causality.

Janet stuck out her tongue. She smiled and said, "Alright, I was just gossiping. I knew that you had also entered the Illusion Battlefield but I didn't expect to meet you here."

Zen nodded. "That's true! But the most important thing right now is the Hall of Causality, not me. For these six passages, each of us should follow the path that has your own name on it and enter."

After finishing his words, Zen walked towards the door of the corridor next to him. Janet's name was on that corridor which meant that this corridor was for Janet to enter.

The moment Zen tried to walk into the long corridor, an irresistible force stopped him from entering.

Zen didn't force it. This was the Hall of Causality. Since he was not allowed to enter, then he would not forcefully break in.

Everyone knew that they would have to finish the rest of the journey by themselves. After making some preparations, they all entered their respective corridors.

Among them, Coleman was the one who looked the most depressed.

He hadn't done anything along the way. He just followed everyone else here. He relied on all the others to get here.

From now on he would have to rely on himself. He was not feeling sure about this and had no confidence in his eyes. He entered into his own corridor with a long and worried face.

Zen also took a step forward after taking a glance at the long corridor in front of him to enter.

This corridor was very wide, so wide that a carriage could enter and rush through it without problem.

Walking on the soft carpet gave Zen the illusion that the fifth Hall of Causality wasn't difficult to go through.

After walking several dozen feet, Zen suddenly stopped.

A torch was hanging up on the wall in front of him. The flame was burning brightly as it illuminated the corridor he was in.

Zen felt that something weird was burning in the flames.

"There seems to be a powerful soul within the flames!" Zen muttered as he stared at the torch.

Zen had no idea how strong this soul was. If it was able to cause pressure on Zen's soul, the strength of this soul would be unimaginable.

'Is this the test? Should I do something about it or just ignore it?' Zen thought.

Zen decided to ignore the flames and planned to go around it.

However, just as he was passing the torch, a strange pressure suddenly burst out from the torch and enveloped Zen.

Chapter 1617 Godly Way And Godly Tile (Part One)

Boom! The silence in this corridor was broken by this sound.

It came from the flame, which suddenly exploded in front of Zen in a magnificent flash of color.

However, this flame didn't burn his body. In fact, this flame had originally been part of the flames of the nihility. It was a flame that had burned a soul!

However, the power hidden within the flame was unimaginably strong!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The long corridor suddenly disappeared ahead of Zen.

What replaced it was a world of bitterly cold ice and snow!

Within the swirling and frigid wind, the power of the Ice Law was nearly incalculable!

'My soul has forcefully been pulled into this world of ice and snow?' Zen thought, looking down at his hands. There was a jade-green glow floating around his body. He was at the perfect soul state.

Ding-dong!

The crisp jingle of a metallic bell could be heard.

Then Zen saw a small bell suspended in the air!

"What is this bell?"

After the small bell's appearance, a figure gradually emerged from within the snowstorm.

It was a woman wearing nothing but a green and blue colored ribbon, wrapped around her graceful figure!

This woman flew towards Zen with her bare legs treading uncaringly through the endless cold. She quietly stared at him.

Brrr!

Before, it had not been so cold, and the toughened strength of Zen's soul was powerful enough to withstand any normal cold.

However, under this woman's indifferent gaze, Zen felt like he had fallen into an ice cellar which had been frozen for ten thousand years. At this moment, it was as if his soul was about to be sealed away. The surface of his soul had frozen over, and a thin layer of frost appeared. Zen was now even too cold to think at this point.

"What a strong use of the power of the Ice Law! But this is only the perception released by the soul. It's only an illusion!"

Zen's eyes flashed, and the green light which lit up the surface of his soul grew even more intense!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The frost layer that had attached itself to Zen's body suddenly exploded into countless cracks, and with a series of low popping sounds, the fragments fell to the ground!

When the woman floating in the air saw this, a faint smile appeared on her face, but it melted away to be replaced by a chilly look.

Instantly, she took up the bell in her hand and lightly shook it. A large drift of snowflakes descended in a flurry from the sky!

"More?"

Zen muttered as his face grew cold again. He dashed towards the woman at a high speed.

The cold wind howled past Zen's ears, which had reddened from the chill, as he rushed towards the woman. But he noticed that the woman only lightly swayed in midair like a snowflake, flying backwards and out of reach, while he was dashing ahead!

The more Zen advanced, the more she would simply retreat.

The two of them engaged in this dash of pursuit and retreat in this boundless space, but the distance between them could not close.

"This movement technique... It appears so familiar..."

Zen's brow suddenly furrowed, but a hint of light also flashed in his eyes as he smiled grimly!

'Eight Smoky Melodies?'

Only that kind of strange movement technique could allow one to become as light as a feather and maintain a distance from one's opponent.

However, Zen had only been able to successfully keep his opponent three inches away from him so far while practicing the Eight Smoky Melodies. If his opponent had presented an extremely strong method, they would then be able to break the three-inch distance and close in on Zen. For example, Lucille had broken his Eight Smoky Melodies during their confrontation!

When his thoughts traveled there, a bit of white mist emanated out from the surface of Zen's soul. He also activated his own Eight Smoky Melodies.

Huff...

After Zen had activated the Eight Smoky Melodies, he became as light as a feather as well.

Strictly speaking, the Eight Smoky Melodies was not a movement technique per say, but rather a body refining technique. However, it was fundamentally different to an ordinary body refining technique.

It could make one as light as smoke. In life, if there was a wind blowing, smoke would drift along with the wind!

Thus, the Eight Smoky Melodies relied on external forces, not its user's own strength. It made use of the opponent's own force and momentum to repel the wielder of the Eight Smoky Melodies.

At this moment, Zen's speed after activating the Eight Smoky Melodies wasn't very high, but the woman's speed had also slowed down. She was originally being 'pushed' by Zen's expending of energy in trying to catch her. With Zen now slowly fluttering, the resulting thrust had become minimal. And the woman could no longer take advantage of the effort, so the distance between the two was shrinking rapidly!

When the woman saw Zen slowly floating closer, a look of confusion flashed across her snowy white face.

"You... You know how to use the Floating Feather Technique too?"

From the moment this woman had appeared, she hadn't spoken a single word. This was the first time she had addressed Zen.

"Floating Feather Technique? No, I'm using another movement technique."

As he drew closer and closer, Zen stretched out his hand towards the small bell!

The woman's waist gently twisted, and the bell rang again. After avoiding Zen's grabbing hand, the snow between the heaven and earth suddenly increased in size, becoming incomparably huge. A single snowflake had suddenly become the size of a washbasin! The giant snowflakes condensed together and formed into a massive hailstone, which quickly plummeted down like a giant boulder. And for a time, the entire world was filled with the crisp sounds of cracking and splitting ice.

Zen and the woman both circulated their movement technique and were able to safely avoid the hail. However, because of the hail's disturbance, there was a reintroduction of energy and force between Zen and the woman. As a result, Zen was unable to get close to the woman.

Chapter 1618 Godly Way And Godly Tile (Part Two)

"It's so strange. You are clearly using the Floating Feather Technique. Who did you learn this movement technique from?" the woman asked with a puzzled look on her delicate features.

Zen smiled and said, "I'll tell you, but first, tell me who are you?"

When the woman heard this, she indifferently replied, "This here is the Corridor of Emperor…"

"You are an Emperor?" Zen's eyebrows twitched as he interrupted.

"No," the woman shook her head. "I am the mark left behind by a True God."

"A True God?"

Zen's expression changed when he heard the woman's reply, and realized the implications thereof.

Seeing the change in Zen's expression, the woman sighed faintly. "This is your test. Although I am just a mark, I will still test your soul…"

While the woman was speaking, she lightly waved her hands and a glacier appeared in the heavens and began thundering down from the sky towards Zen!

This glacier was one hundred feet wide, and the temperature near it was extremely low. As the glacier descended at a murderous speed, it had already congealed into a thick icicle falling from the air, charging towards Zen!

"Using a True God's illusion to test my soul..." Zen murmured.

A look of caution and apprehension appeared on Zen's face as he faced the glacier falling towards him from above. Suddenly, he swung his fist!

Swish!

When Zen's fist collided with this glacier, a crack appeared at the bottom of the glacier. The crack immediately ran out and spread like a spider's web through the thickly packed ice. Then this glacier turned into countless pieces of broken ice that collapsed and shot out with a loud bang to the land in a circle with a diameter of several hundred meters.

Whoosh!

With a flash of Zen's body, a second glacier was suddenly falling towards him!

Bam!

With a punch, the glacier shattered yet again, in a shower of ice shards that scattered on the land below.

The woman quietly floated in the air, lifting the small bell in her hand. Her face was calm and almost serene.

This space had been forcibly preserved as a memory of the heavens. However, even though this woman had transcended the heavens and become a True God, her memories of being born into this round of the heavens were permanent, and beyond being erased.

"So far, there have been one thousand and four hundred warriors flying through this area. But none of them were compatible with my Godly Way!"

The woman flicked her ten fingers and several blue spots of crystalline light appeared in the sky overhead.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Tens of glaciers came roaring down!

While Zen was dodging the gauntlet of ice, his mighty fists broke through the glaciers one by one.

"Your Godly Way? What is your Godly Way?" Zen asked, intrigued by the woman's words.

The woman's eyes glimmered. "I use ice as my body and have already been imprisoned in the glacier for a hundred thousand years. Finally, I have comprehended the Snow Godly Way and obtained the Mysterious Ice Godly Tile. My name is Hannah…" she said.

This Illusion Battlefield was an excellent opportunity for ordinary martial artists to cultivate in extreme conditions.

Countless martial artists that had gone through the tests of life and death here would find that their strength had increased by leaps and bounds, after they left the Illusion Battlefield.

However, to those special warriors and ace talents, this strength enhancement was as nothing. For them, what could be accomplished in the Illusion Battlefield was also something that could be performed in the Illusion Space.

But what they had obtained in the Illusion Battlefield was far more important and priceless than that the ordinary martial artists had obtained, for example the thing they could obtain in this Corridor of Emperor!

The Godly Way was of course the way one could use to become a True God!

Those who could cross the heavens and become a True God numbered very few in the universe. There were very few warriors or clans that claimed to own the Godly Way, and there were no more than ten talents in the entire universe who possessed the qualifications to practice the Godly Way.

This type of person was known as a Godly Genius.

The Godly Geniuses were beings that far surpassed the ace talents. Even if all the clans and forces gathered together, they would only be able to gather a handful of these Godly Geniuses.

Even some Supreme Lords themselves didn't have the qualifications to follow the Godly Way, so it was even more impossible for their descendants to accomplish it.

Lucille, whom Zen had met before, was the ace talent of the Ji Clan, and was also the most likely person to become a Godly Genius of the Ji Clan! What the Ji Clan possessed was the Five Elements Godly Way!

And the most important sign indicating the transformation of a Godly Genius was the full blooming of the Mahayana Lotus Flower!

Some warriors had only stepped into the Soul Sea, and their Hinayana Lotus Flowers would bloom with seven petals, or even nine petals. However, they had never managed to open up a Mahayana Lotus Flower during their entire lives spent in cultivation!

There were some martial artists that had opened up the Mahayana Lotus Flower when they were at the Spirit Supreme Realm or the Spirit Transformation Realm. And later, when they had become world lords, or when

they managed to carry a Heavenly Destiny, they might be able to open up all the lotus petals of the Mahayana Lotus Flower.

However, the warriors in this situation were called "talents being restrained by the heavens". The majority of the Supreme Lords in the universe belonged to this kind of warriors. They had no hope of stepping into the Godly Way in their lengthy lifetimes.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1619 The Overbearing Aura (Part One)

It was practically impossible to change the heavens' restrictions.

In order to eliminate the restrictions, a small group of Supreme Lords were expected to first create the secret medicine for reincarnation at a great cost. Once it was created, the Supreme Lords were to drink it so that they might be reincarnated with their memories of their past lives.

Everything would have started right back again at the beginning. It was only to their dismay, however, that once they reached the Life and Death Realm and successfully activated the Lotus Flower during the small Heavenly Tribulation, they were still unable to escape the restriction.

All the various races attached great importance to the Illusion Battlefield and the ace talents.

It was because they believed that maybe someone in this group of ace talents could ascend as a True God, which would allow them to go beyond the heavens!

It was possible that one or two of the warriors in the Soul Sea Realm would become a new True God.

It wasn't that there weren't any talented people at the Spirit Supreme Realm and Spirit Transformation Realm. It was just that, after this era began, all kinds of talents suddenly proliferated. And at present, these talents, whose age ranged from 20 to 40, had managed to reach the Soul Sea Realm, and continued to grow.

The incredibly numerous amount of new talents made everyone know this generation as the "Golden Generation".

The Snow Godly Way...

Hannah...

Zen's eyes flashed vividly.

This woman was most likely not of this grand era. Zen had never heard of her name before.

But it was at this moment that Zen seized the opportunity to talk to her. He approached her casually and asked, "Where does one go after he becomes a True God, and thus, transcends the heavens?"

Zen had already roughly understood that Yan was in a world above the universe. Although the mysterious girl swore to help him look for information about Yan, she hadn't really given him a sufficient answer.

It was assumed that the young man who took Yan away was a True God. If he was, where could he have gone after he crossed the heavens? Nonetheless, they couldn't possibly be in the chaos.

"The Endless Divine Land," the young woman suddenly replied next to him, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"The divine land!"

Zen repeated, boring those words into his mind.

Suddenly, the flowing river of ice stopped moving.

The young woman placed her finger on the small bell in front of her, and poked it once again. The bell then started to shake again.

The snowstorm stopped in an instant, and the entire world instantaneously sank into silence, as if it had just been through a harsh snowstorm in the past few weeks.

Except for the young woman named Hannah, it was only Zen in this entire world. Everything he saw was just a vast expanse of whiteness.

Just as he was trying to assess the situation, an invisible chill attacked Zen!

This chill crept right through Zen's spine and it spread throughout his entire body. Zen could feel his soul freeze in an instant, and he felt absolutely powerless.

What he felt was unbearable coldness!

Not only did energy disappear at this freezing temperature, but absolutely every material thing seemed to disappear.

However, within this space adorned by this strange temperature, the frozen ice and snow were somehow extremely warm for Zen. This was unlike anything he had ever felt.

It took another five minutes before Zen could begin to feel the temperature rise again. The woman suddenly appeared behind him and sighed softly. "You don't fit in the Snow Godly Way..." she trailed off, and then, just as suddenly...

BOOM!

A ball of flames ignited in Zen's mind!

He calmed himself down by closing his eyes and taking deep breaths. Once he began to come back to his senses, he tried to open his eyes. However, everything suddenly disappeared. There was still a lamp hanging on a wall, but most of what he saw was in darkness. He squinted his eyes before suddenly seeing the illuminated Corridor of Emperor.

In the lamp, there was a small embossed mark. It was the mark of a True God!

This experience was crucial for a warrior!

Those who practiced the cultivation method with the ice attribute might be able to comprehend this situation fully. In such a freezing state, they might be able to learn something that was beneficial to their later cultivation.

It was a pity that Letitia was not given the chance to enter here. She rigorously practiced the cultivation method with the ice attribute. Even though her chances were low to begin with, it still might have been possible for her to be compatible with the Snow Godly Way.

The True God that Zen now knew as Hannah mentioned the Godly Tile just now, but he was oblivious to what it was like.

If he could only return to the fairy palace, Zen would have been able to consult the Immortal Book about it.

Of course, if he wanted to transcend the heavens to search for the divine land, this situation should be of great importance to him.

After taking a few moments to think, Zen stepped out of the lamp's light and continued forward.

Two steps in and something caught his attention fairly quickly. He saw some murals carved into the walls of the Corridor of Emperor.

The first mural depicted the birth of a little baby girl. It seemed to snow heavily that day. There was even a solar eclipse in the mural's sky.

Zen walked further and looked at the second mural. The baby girl grew a bit taller and was now starting to cultivate martial arts. It looked like she was trying to harness her ultimate strength.

When he walked even further to look at the third mural, Zen sighed.

'I think I get it now. The life of this True God has been inscribed in the walls of this corridor.'

Chapter 1620 The Overbearing Aura (Part Two)

After the warrior transcended the heavens and became a True God, the heavens carved out the stories of her life.

As he continued through the Corridor of Emperor, Zen looked at the murals one by one.

Some of the murals included how the woman became a warrior, and how she was adored by the public. It also included a story on how she activated the Lotus Flower, and so on.

'Apparently, when she reached the Life and Death Realm, she only activated one petal of the Hinayana Lotus Flower!'

Zen thought to himself, unable to keep a shocked expression.

In the Upper World, the number of lotus petals activated was related to the ability to surpass the heavens. The more petals that the warrior would have activated, the higher chances for the warrior to transcend the heavens. To some extent, people consider it as something akin to a talent!

The one who could only activate a single lotus petal was perceived as a very basic talent. Even an ordinary tenth-grade sacred place would not view such an ordinary warrior as a core disciple.

The core disciples of an ordinary tenth-grade sacred place were capable of activating at least five to seven lotus petals.

As he continued forward, Zen began to understand how this woman became a True God.

Every time she experienced a Heavenly Tribulation, she would always activate a lotus petal. This only meant that she was able to activate nine petals of the Hinayana Lotus Flower, after she had experienced nine small Heavenly Tribulations!

When she was at the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm, she still activated a lotus petal for each Heavenly Tribulation.

In the end, all of the lotus petals belonging to the Mahayana Lotus Flower and the Hinayana Lotus Flower had already fully bloomed. This was how the woman became the Godly Genius.

It took her most of her lifetime to become the Godly Genius, and once she successfully made it, she had already reached the late stage of the Spirit Transformation Realm. She was so close to becoming a world lord.

Zen sighed tiredly as he looked at the murals.

Zen had already activated thirty-five lotus petals after his first small Heavenly Tribulation. It was a lot, since only the last petal of the Mahayana Lotus Flower hadn't bloomed yet.

After Zen had passed through the various Heavenly Tribulations, his cultivation base had increased immensely. But no matter how hard he had tried so far, he couldn't activate the last lotus petal.

It was only after activating the last lotus petal that he would be capable of becoming a Godly Genius.

Zen was at his wits end because he had absolutely no idea how long it would take him to make the last lotus petal appear.

While walking past the murals, Zen was able to catch up on the wonderful scenes of this beautiful woman's life, even including the scenes in which she occupied a position that could not be ignored in the entire universe and ascended to be a True God.

When Zen finished going through the murals, another torch suddenly appeared in front of him!

Zen's eyes fixated on the torch, and Zen could feel a strong, powerful aura radiating from it. It felt like the same aura emitted by Hannah, the True God, before. The stronger the aura grew, the more Zen focused his attention on it, and he could feel its intimidating and extremely domineering pressure.

'The flames... They're different... They could also contain the mark of another True God!'

Surmising this, Zen took another step forward.

BOOM!

The flames combusted, and once again, Zen stilled himself.

At that very moment, Zen found himself standing in the middle of an empty field. In the distance, he could see an isolated city. Behind him, he found tens of thousands of armed ogre soldiers and cavalries!

In front of the isolated city's gate, a tall, burly ogre warrior loomed over it, guarding the gate with a large saber.

The overbearing aura Zen had felt earlier seemed to emit from the tall ogre warrior!

"Attack the city! Attack!"

With this order, countless ogre warriors roared and ran to seize the city.

"I-Is this... the ogre civil war?"

Zen was astonished by the scene that unfolded in front of him.

"Hahaha!"

The ogre warrior's laughter boomed throughout the battlefield. He held his saber high as he let the soldiers come at him. A few moments later, he was able to incapacitate a large portion of the enemies!

'These soldiers are nothing compared to this magnificent ogre warrior. Their auras do not compare to his... Could it be that this ogre warrior is the True God of the second lamp?' Zen wondered aimlessly.

Just like what Hannah said, each lamp in the Corridor of Emperor recorded a True God's mark. These True Gods were all born of the same universe. It was through the Corridor of Emperor that the memories were never erased by the heavens.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

The soldiers screamed and roared. They were storming towards the True God and Zen!

The first ogre warrior immediately charged at Zen. As his burly figure flashed before his eyes, Zen flicked his wrist and stole the giant sword from the enemy's hand. He quickly swung the sword against the soldiers. In an instant, Zen was able to behead a dozen of ogres with one swoop!

Almost just as quickly, Zen could sense a strong, dangerous presence behind him. He then bent his body and lay prone on the ground, in order to avoid it.

Woosh!

A stream of formidable blade energy spurt out.

The blade energy spread around, maintaining a distance of three feet with the ground. After Zen lay down, the blade energy almost touched the tip of his nose.

At the same time, the entire battlefield was consumed with the wails and screams of the tens of thousands of ogre warriors. The field had gotten violent and bloody very fast.

Chapter 1621 Reggie

In this environment where everyone could only exist in soul form, what was seen was not the actual strength of a True God...

Instead, the True God put his internal momentum into the environment, letting the warrior comprehend his Godly Way by being within this environment; in effect the warrior was within the Godly Way!

Only one single warrior guarded the isolated city, yet he was able to fight against an army of tens of thousands of soldiers with a single saber, and he successfully fended them off!

There was a domineering aura contained in his ogre warrior's body that made his foes tremble with fear.

After the attack, not a single soldier from the ogre army was left standing.

Of course, Zen was the only one who succeeded in dodging the saber strike, though he had to hurl himself to the ground to avoid the deadly swing.

But the moment Zen got up from the ground, the ogre warrior's gaze fell on him!

Under the scrutiny of this ogre warrior, Zen felt a tremendous pressure build inside his very soul!

"Why don't you lie down!"

Even Zen's soul trembled uncontrollably when the ogre warrior roared at him in a voice like thunder.

However, there was a resolute expression in Zen's eyes as he swallowed heavily and replied coolly, "I didn't lose either of my legs, so naturally I wouldn't lie down."

"If you don't want to lie down, then you will kneel down!"

"Swoosh!"

The ogre warrior swung the long blade in his hand and pointed it at Zen. Then the large saber moved downward with a fearsome sound.

The saber did not cut into Zen's body.

However, Zen instantly felt a strong pressure building behind his shoulders and trying to force him down!

Under the oppression of this enormous power, Zen's knees felt weak and limp. A fierce and domineering aura was contained within this pressure, and it was as if a mountain was pressing down on Zen's body. How could he possibly withstand this?

At this moment, Zen was in his soul form, and the power of this pressure was not a true physical power. Therefore, he could not use the power of the dragon scales to resist it.

"Kneel down and submit to me!"

the ogre warrior shouted.

The saber kept on moving downward, and the pressure also increased tremendously. Naturally, the force that Zen used to bear up against it also increased accordingly!

In the face of such strength, Zen still stood firmly on the spot with his legs planted. The pressure mounted, and his feet were being pressed deeper into the illusionary soil as the pressure threatened to overwhelm him. His eyes were fixed intently on the ogre warrior without a hint of compromise on his face. There was no give, no surrender, and no yielding in Zen!

"I do not kneel to the heavens or to the earth. I have nothing that I should feel guilty about in my life, so how could I kneel in front of you?" Zen coldly said, gritting his teeth, while still standing upright.

The ogre warrior sneered. "If you don't kneel down, then you have to die!"

"Whoosh!"

The large saber swung out again!

An incredibly intense blade energy carried the formidable momentum of the weapon as it hacked down towards Zen!

"Humph!"

Zen retaliated with tit for tat, giving as good as he was getting.

The huge sword that he had taken from an ogre soldier was too large for him to physically swing, but in this soul level battle, it was firstly a fight based on aura, and Zen had a formidable aura!

He also launched a sword counter-attack!

"Zing!"

Zen's sword intent lashed out and collided with the thick blade energy of the True God, but it was instantly annihilated. The strengths of the two warriors were obviously not on the same level! Zen was sorely outmatched!

When he saw this, Zen's eyes narrowed and he retreated dozens of feet back.

The moment he backed away, the expression in his eyes changed. The emotions in his eyes disappeared, and were replaced with extreme coldness!

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

"Swoosh!"

The Gods-intimidating Strike was originally a sword technique that could be performed by means of a soul level comprehension.

Now that Zen was in a soul state, it meant that he could fully ignore his physical body, while wielding the sword strike. The Gods-intimidating Strike had to be executed in a completely emotionless state, and this sword move was even purer!

"Zwang!"

When the enormous blade energy collided with Zen's sword intent, a muffled sound ruptured forth.

Although this sword intent was small, it was powerful enough to destroy everything. After this collision, a crack appeared which ran along the blade energy.

When the crack had spread to Zen's side, he drilled through the crack.

"Huh?"

This time, it was the ogre warrior who was surprised.

Being a True God's mark, he did not have the strength of a True God. However, when he had launched the saber attack, the overbearing aura of the saber had been displayed to the extreme. Yet, it was easily fractured by this junior in front of him!

"Swish!"

The ogre warrior lashed down at Zen once again, and again the weapon's song could be heard in the air.

It was another potent saber energy attack!

Facing the oncoming blade energy, Zen swung the huge sword in his hand once again, chopping at the blade energy!

After Zen broke the blade energy of the ogre warrior's saber for a second time, the ogre warrior laughed out loud. He sheathed his long saber next to his body and suddenly, taking a step forward, rushed straight towards Zen!

Seeing the ogre warrior rushing towards him, Zen still appeared indifferent. His long sword circled in the air with a glittering arc and once again stabbed towards that ogre warrior!

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

Even the mark of the True God was truly invincible and would never be defeated by Zen.

However, the Corridor of the Emperor was after all only a test. All that Zen could do was to display his full strength.

Zen believed that if he was unable to pass through this Corridor of Emperor, then perhaps no any other warrior could pass through the Illusion Battlefield. Besides when he had passed the first torch, that woman called Hannah did not fight against him. This was ultimately a test of his skills and comprehension related to the Godly Way.

"Clang!"

When the saber and sword clashed together, a crisp sound issued forth.

Zen abruptly retreated several steps again, and he launched the sword strike with no sign of giving up!

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

The Gods-intimidating Strike only had one sword technique which was a simple but extremely powerful move.

When abandoning all emotions, the warrior would be able to break ten thousand other moves with this one pure sword strike.

In the past, Supreme Lord Sword had been able to contend with a True God with the strength of a Supreme Lord. The might of this sword strike was truly formidable and yielded victories that were unparalleled!

"Clang!"

"Clang!"

"Clang!"

As the sword and saber continuously collided, the surprise in the ogre warrior's eyes intensified.

Ever since the opening of the Corridor of Emperor, many arrogant young warriors had tried to defeat him and pass through the place which he guarded...

Making those young warriors kneel down had never been a simple matter for the ogre warrior. Some warriors had possessed skills and talent, though they all submitted after one or two moves.

However, no one had ever launched so many strikes while fighting against him. Moreover, he discovered that the sword intent that Zen wielded contained an aura that was not much weaker than the aura which his own saber emitted!

In the eyes of this mark of the True God, this was a miraculous feat.

After all, his saber contained an overbearing power, on which he had relied to follow the Godly Way.

How could a mere Soul Sea Realm warrior offer such resistance with just one sword move?

"What kind of sword technique have you practiced?" the ogre warrior coldly demanded.

"Don't you know it?" Zen smiled slightly, and the long sword in his hand slashed out once again. "If you want to learn this sword strike, I can teach you!"

"Clang!"

The ogre warrior's saber and Zen's sword collided releasing a shower of sparks.

"Great! You are even crazier and more confident than I was in the past!" When he heard Zen's words, the ogre warrior howled with laughter, instead of getting angry, and a look of admiration appeared in his eyes.

However, the giant sword in Zen's hand suddenly shattered upon the next collision.

The giant sword that Zen had held was just a mediocre weapon, and it had instantly broken into pieces this time...

When the ogre warrior impassively watched this scene, he took advantage of it and rushed forward. His goal was not to kill Zen, though.

In the blink of an eye, he raised his long saber, and a sword shot towards Zen.

"I don't believe that you can break this move of mine! Take up your sword!"

As he finished speaking, the ogre warrior suddenly slashed his long saber up towards the sky!

One slash! Two slashes! Three slashes...

The thick dark clouds in the sky were all shredded by his saber energy!

After these last few slashes, the ogre warrior coldly said, "The saber is the overlord, and what I have pursued throughout my life is the domineering momentum of an overlord. I have relied on my saber to reach the Domineering Godly Way! And I have also acquired the unrivalled Godly Tile! My name is Reggie!"

After he had finished speaking, the thick clouds were sliced apart and separated. A ray of sunlight pierced through the clouds.

At the same time, the invisible blade energy descended from the sky, and gathered all over Zen's body!

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Zen, on the other hand, pointed his sword at the sky, remaining calm.

The blade energy was extremely remarkable and potent as it fused with the heaven and earth. However, under this suppression, Zen remained unmoved.

Emotion Closing meant to sever all emotions and become nothing!

Zen was actually in a moment of extreme humbleness, and he was insignificant in the face of the blade energy descending from the sky; however, he gave others the feeling that he looked down on all living creatures. Even the strongest pressure was ignored by Zen!

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh..."

Countless streaks of blade energy descended, surging chaotically around Zen.

The blade energy gushed out like the turbulent current of a river, while Zen was like a boulder in the middle of the river, standing tall and unmoving. The gushing currents could not make Zen move even a bit, and they had to split upon him and separate in two directions...

After a long time, the thick clouds in the sky started to gather together again.

There was no more blade energy descending from the sky anymore...

Zen stared at the True God called Reggie. He had finally withdrawn from the state of Emotion Closing, and his eyes looked a bit brighter!

After Reggie noticed the change in Zen, he laughed loudly with a note of regret in his voice. "You're not suitable for my Godly Way! Furthermore, you already have your own Godly Way; but, the Godly Way that you seek to cultivate is destined to be a waste of effort!"

"Why?" Zen asked in confusion, after hearing Reggie's damning words.

Chapter 1622 Illusion Of Killing Sword Mountain

There was always a limit to the level of power that one could reach in the universe.

For example, when one trained in the Fire Law, the highest level one could reach was the tenth level.

However, Soul Sea Realm warriors could only cultivate up to the fifth level, Spirit Supreme Realm warriors up to the sixth level, Spirit Transformation Realm warriors up to the seventh level, world lords up to the eighth level, and Supreme Lords up to the ninth level.

This was the power of the limit. It was difficult to cross it.

There were still some Supreme Lords who had taken on the Heavenly Destiny of the Fire Law. They could cultivate the Fire Law to the top level - the tenth level.

Reaching this top stage meant that someone had reached perfection under this round of the heavens. But this wasn't the true uppermost level.

There were levels even higher than the tenth level. But the tenth level was one that most creatures in the universe couldn't even understand, leave alone aim to touch.

To reach higher levels, one had to transcend this round of the heavens and become a True God.

And not everyone could become a True God.

The Lotus Flower floating above the heads of many warriors directly hinted at the possibility of their crossing the heavens.

Each warrior trained in a different Godly Way.

There were the Five Elements Godly Way, the Snow Godly Way and so on.

"If I'm not mistaken, you've trained in the Emotion Closing Godly Way," Reggie said, studying Zen closely.

"Emotion Closing... That's a kind of Godly Way?" Zen asked, mildly surprised.

Zen had known a little about the essence of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, which was why he had been able to launch such an effective Gods-intimidating Strike. What he didn't know was that Emotion Closing was also a Godly Way. He had thought this to be just another method that he had comprehended from the Gods-intimidating Strike.

"Yes. The Emotion Closing Godly Way is an extremely powerful Godly Way. But at the same time, it is also forbidden," Reggie said. He paused for a second before continuing, "If you really succeed in cultivating this way, it will incite the gods into a fury that will burn you. It is not advisable."

Reggie looked fierce and powerful - a character who wasn't afraid of anyone in the universe. His craziness had given birth to the domineering aura he carried with him where he went and was why he had gained enlightenment and stepped into the Domineering Godly Way.

But he was visibly cautious when he mentioned the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

"Is that so?"

Zen said, his eyes flickering.

Zen's personality was completely different from Reggie's. He wasn't as arrogant as Reggie, but Zen's warrior spirit was way tougher and way more resilient than Reggie's.

Zen would think about it carefully, now that a True God had advised him, but he knew that words couldn't change his original intention.

Reggie could vaguely see what Zen was thinking. He laughed heartily and waved the large saber in his hand, saying, "That is all I want to say. You may go now."

Boom!

The lone city, the battlefield, and the ogre army that was lying prostrate on the ground, all suddenly vanished, and Zen returned again to the Corridor of Emperor.

In the flame dancing on the torch, Reggie's soul mark continued to ponder as he watched Zen's figure disappeared into the distance.

"This person has no destiny.

How could it be that a warrior without destiny has trained in the Emotion Closing Godly Way?

It's not right. Without a destiny, he isn't a true person. His fate might have been hidden by someone using great theurgy.

But what is their true purpose?".

Zen did not know that Reggie was still thinking about him after he left.

He strolled along the long corridor and continued to study the murals on both sides.

Some murals recorded Reggie's life.

He was also one of the most unusual among the ogre warriors and had lived an extremely difficult life. He had been rejected by the ogres. Afterwards, he had returned to them while they were in danger and had saved their lives by himself. All of this was recorded in the murals.

Zen's experience in the illusion was also related to one of the murals.

Reggie had really used his strength to guard a lone city, and had fought tens of thousands of ogre warriors alone. He had guarded the city for three years!

"It is no coincidence that this man became a True God. Other people might have relied on luck, but this man's luck is poor. To be able to achieve such a feat is truly admirable!" Zen sighed with emotion.

Zen didn't reject all of the ogre warriors even though he hadn't encountered many good people among them. The people of this race, however, always had their own way of doing things.

As he continued moving forward, another torch appeared in the corridor ahead.

The third True God, the God of Divine Might!

He had been born six grand eras earlier and had stepped into the Godly Way through the martial arts he himself had created. As one round of the heavens after another was destroyed and revived, history had forgotten even the True Gods.

The fourth True God, following the Killing Godly Way, was born three grand eras ago and was a supreme warrior of the Demon Night.

The fifth True God!

Zen walked further and further along the Corridor of Emperor.

He could feel the determination and characteristics of these true Gods as they stepped into the Godly Way.

"Perhaps the goals and the personalities of these true Gods are completely different. But they all have hearts that seek to push and even surpass limits!

And it's only because of this perseverance that they were able to surpass the heavens.

I... I won't give up."

It was just as Reggie had predicted - the Emotion Closing Godly Way was not Zen's best choice. But since he had walked this way, Zen was determined not to have any regrets.

The sixth True God…

The seventh True God…

The further in he went, the more intense the aura of the Corridor of Emperor became.

True Gods were divided into the strong and the weak.

It was possible to deduce their true strength from their auras.

The further the True God was placed, the more powerful he would be, and the more difficult this trial would be.

But in the end, no Godly Way was suitable for Zen.

The eighth...

The ninth...

The tenth!

Zen's gaze was fixed on the flame in front of him.

As the flame flickered and swayed swiftly, Zen felt a familiar feeling emerging from the soul within the flame.

"This flame," Zen murmured.

And without thinking, Zen took another step forward.

Boom!

The flame exploded once again.

Zen opened his eyes, looking surprised.

A mountain full of numerous swords had appeared before him.

The... The Killing Sword Mountain!

Back when Zen had comprehended the consummate sword intent, he had entered the Killing Sword Mountain once.

He never would have thought that he would be able to return to the Killing Sword Mountain again, let alone in this flame.

'No, this isn't the real Killing Sword Mountain.

It is just an environment that the intellectual soul mark has created, ' Zen thought.

Zen had observed the Corridor of Emperor very carefully.

The illusions created by the soul marks of these True Gods were scenes in the universe that had left the deepest impressions on them.

Reggie guarding the lone city and Hannah in the world of snow and ice were likely the most valuable memories for these true Gods, and also the scenes that the universe couldn't forget.

The Killing Sword Mountain!

It had appeared during this grand era.

As to the one who might have left an indelible mark on the Killing Sword Mountain...

Supreme Lord Sword!

The name occurred to Zen.

Supreme Lord Sword had left behind a poem in the Orange Sea World, with which he had merged the pinnacle of his comprehension of the Gods-intimidating Strike.

And it was said that this Supreme Lord was already missing.

If he had died, his Heavenly Destiny would dissipate and turn into a new Crown of Destiny again.

This obviously meant that the Supreme Lord Sword wasn't dead yet.

Now that Zen could see the Killing Sword Mountain here, did it mean that Supreme Lord Sword had become a True God? Had he become a True God through the Emotion Closing Godly Way?

Of course, this was merely Zen's speculation. There were probably other figures in the Killing Sword Mountain who had managed to become True

Gods, and they might not be Supreme Lord Sword.

Zen felt that this was the most likely possibility.

Standing at the foot of the mountain, Zen looked up and spotted a faint figure standing at the peak of the Killing Sword Mountain.

"Alright," Zen murmured, letting out a huff as if preparing himself. "I will climb to the top and figure it out!"

Zen would try to pass this test regardless of whether or not this person was Supreme Lord Sword.

Whoosh!

As Zen advanced, a long sword rose from the ground and shot towards him.

Only a mysterious weapon.

Zen stretched out two fingers and held the tip of the sword in place. The mysterious weapon could not move. Then, with a light shake of Zen's wrist, the mysterious weapon lost its spirituality.

He held the now ordinary long sword in his hand and walked slowly up the mountain.

When Zen had first climbed up the Killing Sword Mountain, every step he had taken had been a shock. Now, it was as if he had stepped into a danger-free zone. The long swords rose from the ground and shot towards him, one after another. Zen merely had to wave his hand, like brushing away stray twigs, to keep them off him.

But even though it was just an illusion and not the real Killing Sword Mountain, Zen was deeply moved, now that he had been forced to revisit it.

Chapter 1623 Sword Chen

Before long, Zen had reached the mountainside

but his gaze was transfixed on something just beyond.

Zen had met Lavender's long sword at this very spot

and yet it was nowhere to be seen.

Zen ventured forward another few hundred feet. Back then, Zen had thrown his sword away but no matter where he looked, he could not see any sign of it.

"It makes sense. This is an illusion made by the soul mark of a True God, not the true Killing Sword Mountain. This illusion may be the Killing Sword Mountain from 100, 000 years, or a million, possibly even tens of millions years ago. It looks like it will be impossible to ever retrieve my sword again."

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Suddenly, those swords came raining down towards him.

When Zen reached the middle of the mountain, the long swords that were attacking him were fairy weapons.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Zen masterfully swung the mysterious weapon, deflecting each of the swords as he advanced.

He continued up the mountain, eager to see who that person was.

Weapons continued to fall on him - fairy weapons, sacred weapons, divine weapons; rank above rank.

The higher up the mountain he went, the higher the rank of the swords on the mountain was.

Each sword was getting sharper and sharper, attacking him in different way.

There were many different swordsmanship styles.

'The Emotion Closing Godly Way... Strictly speaking, it is also a type of swordsmanship. I wonder, if I train in other swordsmanship, will I be able to enter the Godly Way?'

The question lingered in Zen's mind.

Just as the other True Gods he had encountered before, the Godly Ways they stepped into were also varied. But could that mean that there was not any specific cultivation method for cultivating the Godly Ways.

As long as there was some way that one could cultivate a technique to the peak beyond the restraints of the heavens, would one be able to create a new Godly Way?

Could there be many ways considered Godly?

And yet why would the Emotion Closing Godly Way be known as a forbidden way?

As the thoughts ticked away in his mind, Zen continued up to the top of the mountain.

At the summit, a middle-aged man with a long, wispy beard sat upright, a short sword floating gently beside him.

The short sword was two and a half feet long and white in color. The blade was simple and unadorned but undeniably sharp. It seemed unassuming.

"The Gods-intimidating Sword!"

Zen's eyebrows rose slightly at the sight.

He had long guessed that the person at the peak of the mountain would be Supreme Lord Sword. But now seeing the Gods-intimidating Sword which Yolande had mentioned before, Zen had been sure this person was Supreme Lord Sword.

However, since Supreme Lord Sword had appeared in the Corridor of Emperor, perhaps the more fitting name for him was True God Sword.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The Gods-intimidating Sword suddenly rang out and circled in the air, shooting towards Zen.

But Zen was prepared.

This was not his first encounter with the white sword, for he had faced against it while at the giant rock in the Orange Sea World.

As the sword flew towards him, Zen did not hesitate at all. He quickly moved the mysterious weapon in his hand, blocking it but the Gods-intimidating Sword did not budge.

But the mysterious weapon was not strong enough to block the Gods-intimidating Sword.

Zen's sword was instantly shattered, falling to the ground in pieces.

Zen remained composed, lifting his hand to conjure another long sword in its place.

This was the first rank divine weapon that he had just captured.

Warriors would rarely find a supreme divine weapon on the Killing Sword Mountain. Warriors who already had their divine weapons rarely passed through this mountain to gain insights so it was unlikely to find their weapons here.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Zen brandished his new sword against the Gods-intimidating Sword.

Since Zen had summited the mountain, Supreme Lord Sword had not opened his eyes, disinterested with the goings on.

On the contrary, Zen had no interest in the Supreme Lords he encountered before, but he was extremely interested in this Supreme Lord Sword.

The Gods-intimidating Sword continued to fly at Zen, protecting its master intuitively. Whenever Zen tried to make it higher up the mountain, he was forced back by the Gods-intimidating Sword.

Each movement from the Gods-intimidating Sword was calculated but unpredictable. The trajectory of the Gods-intimidating Sword was extremely agile. Even though Zen used the No Move, he could only block every move the Gods-intimidating Sword made as Supreme Lord Sword sat silently, his eyes closed shut.

Seeing this scene, Zen frowned. After he concentrated for a second, a sword intent that jumping continuously suddenly shot out!

The Gods-intimidating Strike!

Zen usually only used this move in times of crisis.

Even when he was fighting against Lucille, he did not use it. Yet, when against these True Gods, Zen did not hold back and used every move with all his power to fight back.

Ding!

The blades connected, the sheer power finally knocking away the Gods-intimidating Sword.

Finally, Supreme Lord Sword opened his eyes.

He could not hide the astonishment in his eyes.

Zen pulled his hands together in a deep bow to Supreme Lord Sword. He carefully stepped forward.

Before he could open his mouth to speak, Supreme Lord Sword jumped in, "What is your name?"

"My name is Zen Luo, sir," Zen replied.

"You know me?" Supreme Lord Sword asked.

"Yes, you are Supreme Lord Sword," Zen replied.

Supreme Lord Sword's eyes scanned over Zen from top to bottom. "My name is Sword Chen. I created the Emotion Closing Godly Way."

So "Supreme Lord" was just a title and Sword Chen was his real name.

Becoming True God, it was now no longer appropriate for Zen to call him a Supreme Lord.

"It seems you have followed my way of swordsmanship here." Supreme Lord Sword's eyes were now glued to Zen.

"Yes, sir," Zen nodded.

A whisper of a smile crawled onto Supreme Lord Sword's mouth. He remained seated at the summit of the mountain. He slowly reached out his hand and the Gods-intimidating Sword came flying back. Then, he pointed his sword at Zen.

A cyan light came shining out of the sword.

This cyan light was also the sword intent.

However, this sword intent was a thousand times purer than the sword intent that Zen had comprehended before!

This was the ultimate sword intent!

Zen was not intimidated.

He knew that Supreme Lord Sword did not intend to kill him so he knew that this was just a test. Without hesitation, he thrust out his sword as well.

The two of them moved as though they were mirrors. But Zen's incompetence to Supreme Lord Sword still showed.

The two swords never collided.

Supreme Lord Sword jabbed him, the sword going through halfway before he retracted, only to jab once more.

Zen did not hesitate either. When Supreme Lord Sword retracted his sword, Zen did the same. When Supreme Lord Sword stabbed out, Zen did the same again.

These two people clashed in midair, but no one won the fight.

One sword strike…

Ten sword strikes…

Hundred sword strikes...

Thousand sword strikes...

Ten thousand sword strikes...

A hundred thousand strikes...

Time meant nothing to them at this moment.

Zen did not know what fatigue was, and Supreme Lord Sword was also quite patient.

This was a test, a tempering, and a silent teaching!

After a million sword strikes, Supreme Lord Sword suddenly stopped as he looked indifferently at Zen, saying, "If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I would never believe that someone would be able to see through the poem I left behind…"

"I knew that was a coincidence," Zen replied.

"No," Supreme Lord Sword smiled slightly. "Not exactly. The fortune before you is not set in stone. It seems there is someone pushing you in a different direction."

Confusion befell Zen's face. He did not understand what he was hearing. "Someone pushing me?"

"Who he is, I do not know. And I do not know his intentions but I am sure that he is making the arrangements for you," Supreme Lord Sword continued.

Zen's brows creased. He did not understand what Supreme Lord Sword was talking about and the mystery made him feel uneasy.

Zen was no fatalist. Even if he came to a situation that seemed inevitable, he always seemed to find a way to exert his will. His fate always remained in his own hands, even if for a little bit.

But the words of Supreme Lord Sword undermined all of this. Was there really someone who was planning out his fate?

Seeing the confusion on Zen's face, Supreme Lord Sword smiled faintly. "This is not a problem you and I have to discuss. I am not particularly concerned about this." As though he was closing the chapter on what he just revealed, he switched topics. "How many lotus petals has your Lotus Flower bloomed?" Supreme Lord Sword asked.

"Nine petals of the Hinayana Lotus Flower and twenty-six petals of the Mahayana Lotus Flower," Zen offered up easily.

Supreme Lord Sword nodded his head, as though in approval of Zen's answer. "Not bad. With the 35 petals at the Soul Sea Realm, it will not be long before you become a Godly Genius. Not bad, not bad at all."

He knew that Zen had indeed succeeded in the Emotion Closing Godly Way and with only one lotus petal remaining closed, Zen's Lotus Flower would soon be in full bloom.

MoboReader
Enrich your life

Please leave your valuable review to help us provide you with more interesting novels. More top fantasy novels await you at moboreader.net

Chapter 1624 The Dipamkara Buddha

Sword Chen didn't have much interest in the martial artists that passed through the Corridor of Emperor.

He had entered the Godly Way through Emotion Closing. He also knew that he had entered a path that was forbidden, and he had long since given up the idea of passing on the technique to anyone.

Therefore, even though there were quite a few martial artists who passed by his torch, he had never taken any of them seriously.

There had been a few swordsmen that were extremely talented. With their great determination, they hadn't flinched the slightest at any of the challenges from the rain of swords that had fallen, and they had climbed all the way up to the mountain. But in the end, they had all been chased away by Sword Chen with his Gods-intimidating Sword.

However, now, Sword Chen had met a guy who had comprehended the Gods-intimidating Strike!

Moreover, his level of comprehension of this technique was quite impressive.

He had comprehended 99% of it. With one more percent of comprehension, he would reach consummation of the Gods-intimidating Strike!

Furthermore, this guy had not only comprehended the Gods-intimidating Strike but had also opened 35 petals in his Lotus Flower. He would achieve consummation with just one more lotus petal.

In the eyes of Sword Chen, Zen was like a perfect jade with a missing corner.

And that missing corner was in his hand. All he needed to was to reach out and gently put the missing corner back. Then, he would be flawless!

As he received Sword Chen's praise, Zen stood rooted to the spot without saying anything.

After sizing Zen up from head to toe, Sword Chen asked, "Have you ever had a master?"

"Yes," Zen answered honestly.

A hint of disappointment flashed through Sword Chen's eyes when he heard this answer. However, he smiled faintly. He could be considered half a master to Zen as he had taught him the Gods-intimidating Strike.

"Do you know that the Emotion Closing Godly Way is a forbidden way?" Sword Chen continued to ask.

Zen nodded. "Yes. I got to know it a while ago."

"Then, do you know why the Emotion Closing Godly Way is a forbidden way?" Sword Chen asked again.

"I don't know."

Zen was, after all, only at the Soul Sea Realm. His current knowledge about the cultivation levels was limited to the Spirit Supreme Realm and those below it. He knew that a warrior who reached the Spirit Supreme Realm could create beings within their consciousness. As for the differences among Spirit Transformation Realm, the world lord, and the Supreme Lord, he knew nothing.

Then there were the various Godly Ways, of which he only knew the names. When it came to what they really meant, he was like a naive child facing the ways of the complicated world—he didn't understand them at all.

"It's fine that you don't know." Sword Chen did not intend to explain it to Zen. He only said, "Your Gods-intimidating Strike is close to perfection, but it still lacks one thing. Do you know what that is?"

Upon hearing these words, Zen's expression became extremely serious.

Six years ago, Zen had already practiced the Gods-intimidating Strike and reached 99% of its technique. But when he had slashed with his sword using the Gods-intimidating Strike, he had had the feeling that something was missing and he'd been unable to perform it perfectly.

In the past six years, apart from cultivating the Eight Smoky Melodies, Thunderbolt Annihilation, and Enemy Repelling Arts, he had also been constantly comprehending the Gods-intimidating Strike.

However, Zen had been stuck in a predicament regarding this swordsmanship technique for six years and had not made the slightest bit of progress since then.

Lavender had once tried to help him think of ways to solve this, and the cyan dragon had also come up with a few ideas, but to no avail.

Zen, with all his talent, hadn't been able to completely comprehend the Gods-intimidating Strike even after spending six years trying to master it.

He had considered all the possible ways and tried all the methods he could think of, but he'd made no progress.

The cyan dragon had then told Zen that the last 1% of the Gods-intimidating Strike perhaps didn't lie within Zen. Since he could not comprehend the last bit on his own, he might have to look for external help.

"Sir, please help me," Zen said seriously.

Sword Chen replied, "If you want to know the answer, then you should go to the Sword Manor. There, you will find the answer."

The Sword Manor was not a grade ten sacred place.

It had initially been formed by a group of independent sword cultivators.

After countless years of development, the Sword Manor had gradually evolved into a strong force that specialized in swordsmanship.

However, the person who had made the Sword Manor a significant place in the universe was none other than Sword Chen!

The Sword Manor had long since become a sacred place for all the swordsmen in the universe.

The Killing Sword Mountain was in the Sword Manor.

"The Sword Manor..." Zen repeated these words and kept them in mind.

At this moment, Sword Chen waved his hand and the Gods-intimidating Sword flew toward Zen, coming to a sudden halt just before it could hit him.

A cyan light appeared on the tip of the sword and danced around Zen's arm.

After a moment, the cyan light formed a sword-shaped pattern on the surface of his arm and flickered for a while before disappearing into his arm.

"This... is all I can do for you." Sword Chen sighed. There was a complicated expression in his eyes. "You can go now."

Boom!

As Sword Chen waved his hand, the illusion of the Killing Sword Mountain dissipated and turned into a flame that condensed on the torch.

The look in Sword Chen's eyes...

At the last moment, Zen noticed the strange expression in Sword Chen's eyes.

Had he encountered any trouble after becoming a True God?

No matter what trouble it was, with Zen's current strength, it was impossible for him to interfere and be of any help to Sword Chen. There was no point worrying about it.

Since Sword Chen had told him that the missing piece he needed to fully comprehend the Gods-intimidating Strike was hidden within the Sword Manor, he would probably have to pay a visit to the Sword Manor after this Illusion Battlefield ended.

This time, in his journey across the Corridor of Emperor, what Zen had obtained was more than just this piece of news. After sparing with Sword Chen for about a million strikes, he had greatly honed his sword intent. He had gained a lot, but he did not know if there would be any rewards after he passed the fifth Hall of Causality.

The last Hall of Causality was different from the former ones. There wasn't much danger in the Corridor of Emperor. The only thing that might be a burden was the pressure of numerous True Gods' soul marks. However, martial artists could feel the Godly Way in the pressure, and from a certain point of view, this was the best reward.

As Zen thought about this, he walked forward. While he advanced, he carefully paid attention to the murals on both sides of the Corridor of Emperor.

These murals depicted how Sword Chen had tempered his will as he dedicated his life to cultivating swordsmanship before joining the Sword Manor. They also depicted how he had become the master of the Killing Sword Mountain and how he had fought in the Orange Sea World back then…

The soul within the lamp once again let out a soft sigh.

Among the 3000 Godly Ways, only one of them was a forbidden way, and that was the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

In the past, when Sword Chen cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way, he had obtained great benefits that had made his strength far exceed the strength of any ordinary True God. Even when he was a Supreme Lord, he had possessed the strength to harm a True God.

However, that couldn't change the fact that the journey he had embarked on was a forbidden way.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way was something forbidden to begin with...

Now, although Sword Chen had understood the consequences, he had no choice but to hide somewhere as he was being hunted down by a mighty God.

Looking at Zen's receding figure, Sword Chen was also very puzzled.

The person behind this boy had paid a huge price to cover his fate, but why had he made him cultivate the Emotion Closing Godly Way?

What was that person trying to do?

As Zen continued on his way forward, he did not meet any more torches on the wall.

'Is it that each warrior can only encounter ten torches in this Corridor of Emperor, namely the ten True Gods' soul marks? Or could it be that... in this universe, there have only been ten True Gods throughout the countless grand eras?'

Thinking about this, Zen quickly shook his head. True Gods were indeed rare, but the number of them could not be so low.

After traveling for a while, Zen saw the exit of the Corridor of Emperor. When he walked out the exit, he discovered that the six separate Corridors of Emperor converged at the end. Where he stood now was in a circular hall, and there were already other martial artists waiting here.

"Janet, Hailey!"

It turned out that the two female warriors of their group had already passed through the Corridor of Emperor and come out.

"Zen, we're so glad that you've come out!" Janet smiled sweetly at Zen.

The three of them looked at one another, only to discover that there was a slight change in all three of them.

This change was inevitable after they got some insight on the Godly Way.

Even if a martial artist hadn't found the Godly Way that suited them, as long as they had passed by the soul flames, they could feel the aura of those True Gods.

Perhaps the aura didn't mean to test one's soul, but it was still beneficial for martial artists.

"It was quite easy to pass the fifth Hall of Causality," Hailey said flatly.

"Which True Gods did you meet? I met the legendary Master Shiloh." Janet smiled with a hint of excitement in her eyes.

Zen nodded his head slightly and casually named a few of the True Gods he had met. This was not a secret that could not be revealed. However, Zen didn't mention meeting Sword Chen.

As they talked, a human figure flashed in the Corridor of Emperor. They all turned around and saw Jeffrey walking out of it.

Jeffrey put his hands together, slightly closing his eyes while mumbling something, as if he was a monk who had made great achievements. When he completely walked out of the Corridor of Emperor, he smiled at Zen and the others and said, "I've received advice from the Past Buddha…"

There was no such concept as Godly Way in the Blessed Buddha Land. What they called Buddhism was the same thing as Godly Way.

And the Past Buddha was the Dipamkara Buddha.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百煉成神
Kanzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN ALMIGHTY WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

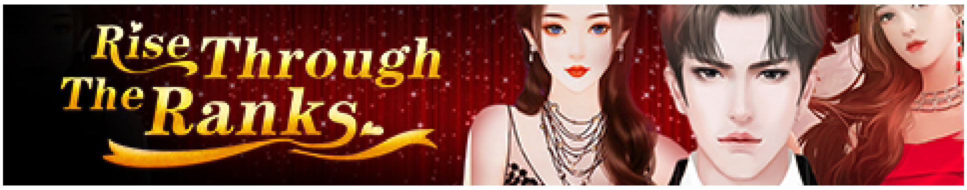

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest
30
for Immortality

Content

Chapter 1625 The Illusion Became Real
Chapter 1626 Choice
Chapter 1627 The Unexpected Meeting (Part One)
Chapter 1628 The Unexpected Meeting (Part Two)
Chapter 1629 The Saint Spear Sect
Chapter 1630 The Saint Killing Spear
Chapter 1631 Not Indestructible
Chapter 1632 The Spear And The Sword
Chapter 1633 Help
Chapter 1634 The Final Offering
Chapter 1635 Grab The Spear
Chapter 1636 Change Of Rules
Chapter 1637 Chaos In The Cities
Chapter 1638 The Mutation Of The Spear
Chapter 1639 Who Ranked First
Chapter 1640 Who Is That Woman (Part One)
Chapter 1641 Who Is That Woman (Part Two)
Chapter 1642 Letitia Joined The Sacred Place
Chapter 1643 The Golden Door Of Light (Part One)
Chapter 1644 The Golden Door Of Light (Part Two)
Chapter 1645 Shock
Chapter 1646 Seeking
Chapter 1647 Rocher's Rise
Chapter 1648 Laughter
Chapter 1649 Exchange
Chapter 1650 The Purple Stars
Chapter 1651 Carve Out A Path
Chapter 1652 Onlooker
Chapter 1653 You Owe Me A Wedding
Chapter 1654 Three Hundred Stars
Chapter 1655 Evolutionary Fifty
Chapter 1656 A Place With Many Talents
Chapter 1657 A Double-Edged Reward
Chapter 1658 Have No Fighting Will
Chapter 1659 Ulysses
Chapter 1660 Admit Defeat

Chapter 1661 Praise
Chapter 1662 Terrifyingly Strong
Chapter 1663 A Game Of Chance
Chapter 1664 Defensive Stance (Part One)
Chapter 1665 Defensive Stance (Part Two)
Chapter 1666 Spear Strike
Chapter 1667 The Rules Of Elimination
Chapter 1668 Xenia Luo
Chapter 1669 Fighting Without The Sword
Chapter 1670 Ultimate Sword Intent
Chapter 1671 Turning Into Lightning
Chapter 1672 Flashing Step
Chapter 1673 Expectation
Chapter 1674 Cindy Ji
Chapter 1675 The Emerald Dream
Chapter 1676 Struggles
Chapter 1677 Severed Limbs
Chapter 1678 The Broken Peach Blossom
Chapter 1679 The Final Eleven People
Chapter 1680 The Fate Of The Eleven (Part One)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1625 The Illusion Became Real

Jeffrey was undoubtedly lucky to have obtained the Dipamkara Buddha's guidance.

He had once failed in becoming a fully-fledged ace talent before.

But this time, he had the Dipamkara Buddha to help him comprehend the secrets of cultivating an indestructible body.

The numerous arhats Zen fought in the ancient temple all ended up recovering after being destroyed because they were able to rely on the Past Solemn Kalpa's power.

That was exactly what Jeffrey comprehended.

The things they found in the Corridor of Emperor were all extremely rare and valuable, which made them extremely happy.

True Gods' soul marks were in those torches. It was extremely rare for anybody in this universe to be able to find a True God.

But the soul marks were already good enough and made it seem as if it was the True God himself that guided them on their way.

Minutes after Jeffrey came out, someone laughed heartily in the corridor.

"Ha-ha! Have you all passed?"

Coleman asked, also walking out from the corridor with a big, happy smile on his face.

He had to hunch a bit since his big, muscular body had to fit through the ten-feet high corridor.

"I didn't think it would be so easy to pass through the fifth hall. The torches' illusions were frightening but were actually useless..." he said with a smug look on his face.

His words surprised everyone present.

The fifth Hall of Causality was not a test.

Because they would all pass no matter what they did.

In the process of exploring the corridor, all of them had to rely on their own means to try to understand the auras that emanated from the True Gods. This fifth hall was, in fact, a great training opportunity.

"How did you pass through?" Janet asked Coleman.

The ogre shrugged. "When I got sucked into the illusion, I just kept on running. When I ran, I managed to get rid of the flames. There were some times when I thought I was going to die but I always managed to leave the illusion just in time."

Zen, Jeffrey, Hailey, and Janet were rendered speechless.

The True Gods' soul marks would've also been astonished if they heard what he just said.

Jeffrey patiently explained the value of the corridor to Coleman. The ogre was stunned in silence for a bit, probably processing what he had just been told, before letting out a huge scream and running back to the corridor.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard he tried, there was no way he could re-enter. The Corridor of Emperor was only a one-way path and going back was no longer an option.

Ansel got out not long after. He did not intentionally restrain his aura but it was noticeably fainter. It seemed he also obtained some benefits from the corridor.

Once everyone gathered in the circular hall, they set off again and continued their journey.

Everyone was naturally in a good mood, except for Coleman of course.

Beyond the exit was a circular hall where they found a round plate that shimmered with a faint, golden light.

Around the plate were six, mysterious, pink dots of light that hovered in the air.

"Ding..."

There was a tinkling sound as the six dots flew towards them and floated just above their heads.

At that moment, a thought was poured inside each warrior's mind.

Everyone took the time to absorb this thought and digest it. After understanding the meaning behind it, all of them opened their eyes with a trace of ecstasy evident on their faces.

"This even has the ability to make the illusion become real! This is the real reward!" Jeffrey marveled in surprise.

Janet's face was also practically glowing in glee.

The first time she entered the Hall of Causality, she was defeated and was directly sent back to the main city. There was no doubt that she was terribly depressed by that loss since she gambled away five million Illusion Points to enter.

However, she did not give up and saved up more Illusion Points to enter it a second time.

She didn't have that many Illusion Points and she could only hope that her persistence and hard work would be enough to carry her all the way to the end. Fortunately, it seemed as if her efforts were now paying-off.

Coleman, on the other hand, was currently giggling to himself.

Zen stared up at the pink dot with an astonished look on his face.

This dot was an opportunity for them to bring out an item from the Illusion Battlefield.

Those within the Illusion Battlefield were only mere projections of their true selves. The person that existed within this space was only a copy or a duplicate of the real warrior.

There existed a duplicate for each warrior in this world...

Lucille, someone who had one soul in two bodies, essentially owned three duplicates of herself.

It wasn't just their physical bodies. Their life vitality crystals, space rings, and other treasures would also be cloned.

Jeffrey's Buddha Curse Blade would be copied with the original in the outside and a duplicate inside the Illusion Battlefield. The same could be said for Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword and Black Star.

Once they left, their projections would disappear. The only thing they would end up with was the experience they gained there.

However, the pink dots let them take out one of their belongings.

Zen, for instance, would be able to bring out the Thunder Wind Divine Sword out of the Illusion Battlefield.

Jeffrey would also be able to take out the Buddha Curse Blade.

It was essentially a chance for everyone to copy a treasure!

Zen was in no hurry to copy his weapon. A first-rank divine weapon was powerful but one Thunder Wind Divine Sword was already enough for him. He had Livingston to forge him other unrivalled magical weapons anyway, so it wasn't really a big deal for him.

However, Jeffrey's Buddha Curse Blade was different.

His status in the entire Blessed Buddha Land wasn't low, and in fact, it was only second to the ace talents. However, he still lacked the qualifications to own a supreme divine weapon.

It was true that the clans all handed out their powerful treasures to the juniors in order to help them get a good ranking.

But they would all have to return these splendid weapons after coming back from the Illusion Battlefield.

But this pink dot changed everything! With it, he could then bring out the Buddha Curse Blade and duplicate it!

Jeffrey could hand over one but keep the other copy for himself!

It was something that really made him overflow with joy! He took out the Buddha Curse Blade with no hesitation.

"Whoosh!"

There was a crisp, clean sound as the Buddha Curse Blade was unsheathed.

Jeffrey then reached up to grab the pink dot in his hand and squeezed it.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

The dot easily shattered into specks of dust that floated towards the Buddha Curse Blade. As it scattered over the weapon, a small mark began to appear on its surface.

This mark was extremely special, in that all items bearing it could be brought out of the Illusion Battlefield.

Zen, on the other hand, was still thinking about what item he wanted to copy.

He already had quite a few treasures.

And he wasn't really in any hurry to duplicate any of them. It didn't help that his greatest weapon was, in fact, himself and there was no way he could duplicate himself. The pink dot had made it clear to him that he could only take out an item and not a person.

'Item...'

he pondered to himself for a moment.

He probably spent a few seconds thinking before his eyes lit up.

'I'm so stupid. Why must I only consider the items I've brought in? There's no need to duplicate any of them, ' he thought.

There was no point duplicating the Thunder Wind Divine Sword or the Black Star. One was already enough for him.

However, Zen had a treasure that belonged to the Illusion Battlefield but would be extremely useful outside: the Teleportation Token!

If he had that then he could basically travel anywhere he wanted in the entire universe instantly!

He had been trapped in the fairy palace for six years, which was a really huge problem...

However, if he had the Teleportation Token, then not even a Supreme Lord would be able to restrain him.

The only thing he was having reservations with was the fact that the token only seemed to record the main cities of a supreme world within the Illusion Battlefield.

He wasn't really sure if it could be used outside it.

'I have no idea if this will work. This Teleportation Token is a special tool here in the Illusion Battlefield after all, '

he thought to himself but he still took the token out. He then reached up and crushed the pink dot. It was the same process as the dot shattered into numerous specks of dust and then floated towards his chosen item.

Chapter 1626 Choice

It seemed to rain a cloud of dusty mist as the fine powder danced continuously in the air, and then gathered in the Teleportation Token.

"Is it successful?" Zen asked excitedly.

His heart pounded so ecstatically that he almost wanted to jump up and down.

He thought before that everything would disappear and he wouldn't be able to get any items after the Illusion Battlefield was closed. Now, he could even take the Teleportation Token with him! This was better than he expected. How could he not be excited?

A mark the size of an ant appeared on the corner of the Teleportation Token not long after.

It looked like it was indeed possible for him to take the Teleportation Token out of battlefield.

However, he still did not know if he could travel to other places by using the Teleportation Token.

If it turned out that he couldn't use the Teleportation Token if he took it out, then it meant that Zen would've wasted a perfect opportunity just because of it.

This was like a gamble, but Zen was willing to take the risk. After all, if the Teleportation Token proved to be useful, he would be able to freely travel around the whole universe by then.

"Huh? What is this?" asked Coleman.

He leaned towards Zen, his curious eyes fixated on the small Teleportation Token in Zen's hand.

"Whoosh..." Zen quickly stuffed the Teleportation Token into his space ring and said, "Nothing."

Coleman just stared at him with wide eyes. "So mysterious…" he muttered in disappointment.

Zen shrugged indifferently and simply ignored him.

Among their group of warriors, Zen was surprisingly not the one who found it the hardest to make a choice.

The one who felt the most conflicted at that moment, was none other than Janet.

Her body concealed a piece of Lofty Wood.

She could consider the Lofty Wood her life's treasure. Moreover, it was actually a living creature which had integrated with her.

Thus, Janet should naturally not hesitate to choose the Lofty Wood.

However, her arms were cradling the flame kitten. A trace of doubt appeared on her face.

She rocked the little flame kitten a bit, and thought that she actually wanted to bring it out of the Illusion Battlefield!

The truth was that the flame kitten was also a high-level Law Creature. It was extremely rare to find even in the Divine Flame World. Plus, it wasn't easy to catch a flame kitten.

On the other hand, her Lofty Wood was a legendary divine wood that was considered to be a product beyond the heavens. She now had the chance to duplicate and take it out, but she suddenly hesitated.

"Janet, why are you hesitating?" Zen asked.

He looked at her in confusion after he had put away his Teleportation Token.

Janet pursed her lips. "I'm thinking which thing I should take out..."

"Ha-ha! Why do you still think about it? You should choose the Lofty Wood!" Jeffrey chimed in. Although Janet had used the Lofty Wood as an adjustable fishing rod in the Hall of Causality, everyone could clearly see the powerful life force contained within it.

If she chose the Lofty Wood, who knew what powerful abilities Janet could possibly employ.

In Zen's opinion, Janet really didn't need to think twice.

"But, but... I want to take this kitten away," Janet said, her eyes blinking.

"You are so crazy!" Jeffrey shouted in protest. Nearby, Hailey glanced at Janet indifferently.

However, she just smiled and said nothing.

Whatever Janet decided to take away had nothing to do with the other warriors. They were all members of the same team when they were in the Hall of Causality, but competitors when they'd gotten out.

This flame kitten might be very rare, but it was definitely not a supreme treasure. The price for taming a similar flame kitten was probably equal to getting a first-rank divine weapon.

The flame kitten was hardly comparable with the piece of Lofty Wood.

Janet was torn between the two in the beginning.

However, she looked determined now as she crushed the pink light dot in her hand.

She didn't take out the Lofty Wood. The powder flew towards the flame kitten and left behind a mark on its thick fur.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey and the others just watched dumbfoundedly with wide eyes.

The pink light dot was of course very valuable, but Janet wasted it on a kitten just like that...

The others didn't say anything about it, but just felt it was really a pity.

Yet, Janet looked resolute and she did not feel any regrets at all. Instead, she happily played with the flame kitten in her arms.

"Meow..."

Perhaps the flame kitten also knew something as it looked earnestly at Janet and purred gently.

Soon enough, everyone took their chances and chose an item to bring out.

At the same time, six exits appeared on the wall—the exits to the Hall of Causality.

"After we leave the Hall of Causality, will we return to the main city where we stayed before?" Jeffrey asked. Janet looked at him and shook her head.

She said, "No, all of the exits of the Hall of Causality are fixed to a certain main city in the supreme world. All the warriors who enter the Hall of Causality will eventually gather in the same main city."

"So, that main city..." Jeffrey frowned slightly.

Janet nodded and added, "This is the Illusion Battlefield's true purpose. All the warriors who can enter the Hall of Causality are basically the best warriors in the supreme world. Since the exits are set in one place, the top warriors would fight each other after leaving the Hall of Causality!"

Jeffrey's eyebrows cocked up at Janet's words. Everyone had a fighting intent in their eyes as well.

Even Coleman, the weakest one among them, was absolutely the most powerful warrior of the main city where he stayed...

And those who they wanted to challenge were on the same level as them!

"Then... Let's go out," Hailey suggested.

Just then, Janet tilted her head and cheerfully said, "Zen, I have a request! Don't attack any of us after leaving the hall!"

"That's a good idea! I agree!" Coleman immediately agreed.

All of them had admired Zen in their team efforts in the Hall of Causality. After they'd observed him for quite a while, they all wondered what would happen if they became Zen's opponents.

They believed that it wouldn't end well for them. They thought that they would all realize that they would never win against Zen, no matter how hard they tried.

Jeffrey, Hailey, Janet and the others were all afraid of Zen. Therefore, Janet made her request before she left the hall.

As for Zen, he smiled faintly and nodded.

Even Jeffrey, who thought highly of himself, stayed quiet. He only admired very few warriors, and Zen was the only one he regarded highly among all the warriors in the same realm.

After that, they all walked towards the six beams of light.

Six rays of light suddenly appeared in the center of a main city within the central zone of the supreme world. Those rays of light had gradually formed into six doors of light.

"They are coming out! Another team has passed through the Hall of Causality!"

"This team doesn't seem to be that good. Only six of them survived."

"They're only average, and even their strongest warrior might not be an ace talent..."

Many warriors who were watching in the center of the main city chattered among themselves.

These warriors were quite mediocre in strength. They weren't qualified to receive iron tickets or even more five million Illusion Points. They were unlucky to have been put in this main city where there were many invincible warriors.

After all, the exit to the Hall of Causality was set in this city. Those who could enter the Hall of Causality were considered the best of all the main cities, which meant that those who passed the test in the Hall of Causality were extremely remarkable. They were either ace talents or second only to the ace talents!

Thus, it was safe to say that the ordinary warriors in this main city were destined to be nobodies.

When the first group of warriors that passed through the Hall of Causality emerged, they had carried out a slaughter in the main city. Those who were strong enough had fled away, and those who stayed were the weaker ones. They refused to leave the main city and simply remained there to watch the powerful warriors come out of the Hall of Causality.

Some of the strong warriors didn't care about the weaker ones. They all quickly headed for other main cities or set out to explore more hidden places.

However, there were still quite a few experts who chose to stay behind. Since the exit to the Hall of Causality was located in that main city, they believed that it was where they would encounter other experts.

It could be said that one's ability to steal others' Illusion Points depended on their own skills and strengths.

After Zen stepped out of the door of light, he glanced around and asked, "Jeffrey, Janet, what are your plans?"

Jeffrey's eyes flashed slightly. "I still have some things to digest. I need to find a quiet place to meditate and comprehend."

The Past Solemn Kalpa was a Buddhist scripture, but it was also a type of cultivation method. This Past Solemn Kalpa was different from many other divine techniques, as it was a common Buddhist scripture in the Blessed Buddha Land.

It was known that only a few warriors could truly comprehend it.

It was similar to the Gods-intimidating Strike. Countless warriors had spent even more than ten thousand years to comprehend it, but only Zen had truly mastered it.

Chapter 1627 The Unexpected Meeting (Part One)

After being enlightened by the Dipamkara Buddha, Jeffery had only one thing in his mind right now — to find a place where he could put his newly discovered wisdom and knowledge into practice.

It had become his top priority — even more important than obtaining Illusion Points.

"I guess it's also time for me to leave. I'll see you around!" Hailey bid the others goodbye. Judging by the tone of her voice, she had no plans of staying in the main city anymore and she was ready to leave any moment with no intention to look back.

With all the words said, they all knew that it was the end of this so-called team. Short-lived as it might be, but they were all grateful for whatever friendship they had made. Indeed, all good things must come to an end.

While everyone was saying their goodbyes, Janet just stood there, silently petting the little flame kitten in her arms. When she noticed the sudden silence around her, she looked up and saw everyone looking at her. She then turned to Zen and saw the look on the latter's face as if asking her about her plans. She tilted her head, smiled, and said to him, "I'll just follow you around!"

"Why would you do that?" Zen asked. Zen was no master of concealing his feelings. It was obvious just by looking at his face that he was baffled by Janet's plan.

"Nothing fancy. I just want to watch how you will defeat other warriors, that's all!" Janet replied with a sweeter smile.

Although he was used to being alone, Zen also wouldn't mind some company. He figured that the Illusion Battlefield would soon change significantly so before that happened, he would keep on challenging other warriors. So instead of arguing with Janet about her decision, he would just let her tag along.

Besides, he intended to save all his energy for his end game. Despite having a very high ranking, it wasn't good enough for Zen.

His final goal was to complete the Illusion Battlefield. Looking back, Zen had already obtained interesting rewards in the Hall of Causality. So, he figured that the final event would be bigger and would mean more marvelous rewards. Of course, he didn't know for sure. But since he was already here, there was no harm in completing the Illusion Battlefield.

Meanwhile, several warriors could be seen from a distance. They were casually walking towards the direction of Zen's group. Each was from a different race, and the one leading them was a male member of the Demon Night race which was quite an unusual sight to see. As the group of warriors finally approached them, their leader said in a frivolous voice, "Hey, look who we have here! What a coincidence! I didn't expect to see you here, Hailey!"

The man who greeted Hailey stood out among his companions with his undeniably rare features — green curly hair, a dark red mole on his forehead, and most especially his pair of narrow demonic eyes.

Hailey was about to leave when she suddenly heard the man's voice. Her body trembled as she slowly turned around to see him and her face darkened at the same time.

From the look on Hailey's face, Janet, Jeffrey, and the others already knew — this man was no friend and had ill-intentions towards Hailey.

"Mmm-Ma... Malachi..." Hailey said. Her voice trembled and she couldn't almost speak. Of all people, Hailey didn't expect to meet Malachi — to think that the Illusion Battlefield was so massive that the chances of them bumping to each other was little! Fate must have brought them here!

Hailey's performance in the Hall of Causality was quite exemplary. Although she rarely spoke to others, she had impressed them all with her calmness and alertness. But it seemed that the Hailey they knew suddenly disappeared. It was surprising to see Hailey so anxious and restless in front of this Demon Night male. Her face looked like she had seen her worst nightmare.

While the others were stunned, Zen remained calm and composed. He quietly stood on the side, rubbing his nose as he observed everyone's action and anticipated the turn of events.

Malachi nonchalantly strode towards Hailey. He examined her with his malicious eyes, licking his upper lip like a mad dog. Then, to everyone's surprise, he reached out his hand to her chest.

Demon Night females were naturally attractive and had alluring figure. And so, with Hailey's tight and fitted leather armor, these features were highlighted even more.

Everyone could not believe what Malachi was doing to Hailey. He was casually teasing her bosom with his hands like a child playing with a toy. Hailey was disgusted with what Malachi was doing to her, but she couldn't resist. Her fear overpowered her disgust.

"I can't believe it. It's been months since I last saw you! But those breasts haven't grown. You disappointed me. You know that, don't you?" Malachi said as he shook his head. He lifted Hailey's chin and saw the killing intent glimmering in her eyes, but he didn't even bother. He continued, "Now, what's with that look, my sweet Hailey! I thought you loved it when I play with your body like this? Don't you remember the feeling of us enjoying in each other's arms? You don't need to pretend in front of your friends, do you?"

"Asshole!"

Hailey shouted. She finally had gathered the courage to resist Malachi's harassment.

Zen and the others knew the introverted and short-spoken Hailey. Although they had fought side by side with her in the Hall of Causality, they had little knowledge of where she came from. They didn't even bother asking because they respected her decision to keep that side of her to herself.

But today, they had finally discovered something about her background.

They figured that Malachi had something on her, otherwise, she wouldn't have tolerated his outrageous behavior.

But that part was still unknown to them. Would they ever find out? No one knew for sure…

Zen wasn't interested in knowing such things. He already considered Hailey as a friend because she was once there to cooperate and help him. Now, in her time of need, it was only fitting that he returned the favor.

He was about to move when suddenly, to his surprise, Jeffrey and Janet moved to Hailey's side. Even Coleman and Ansel, who were the timidest among the group, came to Hailey's rescue.

Malachi noticed the warriors that formed behind Hailey. He indifferently swept his gaze over each one. His disdainful eyes looked at them as if he could see through their souls. He looked at Hailey once again, locked his eyes with hers trying to intimidate, then his eyes moved to her chest once more. "So," he continued as he glanced sideways to Hailey. "They're your companions who passed through the Hall of Causality with you, aren't they?"

Chapter 1628 The Unexpected Meeting (Part Two)

Before Hailey could answer, she felt a hand touched her left shoulder. When she turned to look, she saw the expressionless Zen staring at Malachi. Then, Zen looked at her and motioned her to move back before he stepped forward to confront the disrespectful man. He answered Malachi's question, "Yes. Do you have a problem with that?"

"I see. So, this… what does this mean? Are you all going to help her?" Malachi's eyes widened, and he didn't try to hide the contempt on his face as if taunting Zen.

"Not all. Just me," Zen said coldly. "And it's not because of her. I just personally don't like you. You're too talkative and annoying. I figured I need to shut you up."

Zen's expression didn't change. He looked and sounded calm, but one could feel his arrogance through his words. He wasn't naturally arrogant, but he would never let anyone speak to his comrade that way. He thought of giving this person a taste of his bitter pill.

Malachi was left dumbfounded by Zen's words. He had never met anyone who would speak up to him like that. Moreover, he didn't expect that any of Hailey's companions would have the courage to do that after what they had seen. Either Zen was stupid or showy for doing so.

"Shut me up? Do you hear yourself? You're a funny guy!" Malachi said and then burst into wild laughter.

The warriors in Malachi's group also found it funny. They laughed like maniacs who escaped the asylum. Malachi's group was a mix of different races — the human race, Demon Night race, and the Night Group. Like Zen's group, they had also formed a temporary team with Malachi in the Hall of Causality.

It was a quite common practice, and the team with the best warriors would usually outdo others. The main city was the exit to the Hall of Causality where fiercest battles between warriors were expected to happen, and where the transferring of large number of Illusion Points would normally follow.

A warrior who got killed would lose his Illusion Points and they would be transferred to the warriors who killed them. In other cities, there were usually only one or two who had already obtained several million Illusion Points. Hence, the warriors would normally only obtain Illusion Points ranging from hundreds to several hundreds of thousands.

But in this main city, warriors could easily obtain tens of millions of Illusion Points just by defeating one opponent.

Because of this, the warriors with a large number of Illusion Points would tend to be vigilant as they passed through the Hall of Causality. Some warriors would stay with their companions who had fought side by side with them, while some would choose to hide within the city refusing to leave in the fear of losing their Illusion Points.

In the Hall of Causality, the warriors had the opportunity to familiarize themselves with one another by cooperating to complete a task. After this, some warriors would agree to stay together as a group in preparation for the main city.

Currently, there were already three teams that had almost dominated the entire main city. They were composed of the best warriors that had entered the city and other warriors had no chance against them.

These teams would stay near the Hall of Causality to wait for their favorite target — those who just passed through the Hall of Causality.

The warriors who could pass through the Hall of Causality were quite strong, and the number of Illusion Points they obtained far exceeded those of ordinary warriors.

Malachi's team was one of these three teams.

They had guarded the west gate of the main city and had plundered countless Illusion Points from other warriors. They were invincible that even an ace talent had been defeated by them.

As Malachi's group continued to mock Zen's words with their laughter, Coleman could not help himself and laughed with them.

Ogres naturally had loud voices especially when they laughed helplessly. His laughter was so loud that it instantly overwhelmed Malachi's and his companions'.

When Malachi heard this, he abruptly stopped laughing and furrowed his eyebrows in dismay. He stared at Coleman and asked, "What's funny, ogre?"

"Nothing. Your laugh is just contagious, that's all," Coleman said, trying hard to stop himself from laughing but to no avail.

Zen saw the look on Malachi's face and a faint smile appeared on his face. Somehow, he enjoyed seeing Malachi being caught off guard by Coleman's sudden laugh.

Malachi sneered as he turned to Hailey and ordered, "I wouldn't want your friends to see me kill you. So, meet me outside the city. I'll give you a decent death and I'll get all the Illusion Points that you have obtained." After that, he turned back to Zen and asked, "Do you think you have what it takes to fight me? If you want to see Death, dare to go outside the city so I can kill you. Don't worry, I will take my time on you."

"I don't think there's an ace talent in this group," one of his companions snorted.

"Ha-ha! That's right! They will not stand a chance. These are a bunch of weak and coward warriors!"

"Malachi! Don't set your expectations too high. I bet they won't even step outside the city. They will spend every waking day in hiding. I know cowards when I see one."

Malachi's group laughed once more as they gave their share of mockery towards Zen's group.

Janet and Jeffrey had enough of the other group's boasting and shallow mockery. Cold killing intent started to show in their eyes. Jeffrey took a step forward and was about to say when Hailey stopped him.

"Don't bother yourselves, please. I can deal with him by myself, and you should leave me alone. Malachi is an ace talent from our race. His strength is unfathomable, and he's the son of Supreme Lord Gunter," Hailey said in a low voice. She pursed her lips and forced a smile to console them. Although she wasn't open to them, she considered them as her friends and didn't want to involve them in her troubles.

Chapter 1629 The Saint Spear Sect

There were a total of six sects in the Demon Night.

These six sects were the most ancient groups of the Demon Night.

It was also these groups that controlled the ancient Demon Night bloodline. Thus, the three queens of the Demon Night always emerged from these six large sects.

Back then, with Elena's help, Gunter had become the fourth Supreme Lord of the Demon Night. Naturally, his sect had also become very powerful and influential.

Even the Demon Night, which had three queens as its leaders, had internal struggles.

These six sects were under the control of the Board of Elders, which answered to the three queens. Thus, they were able to maintain the balance within the Demon Night.

However, ever since Lavender's disappearance, the balance that had been maintained before had been broken.

The two sects that answered to the Queen of Life maintained their silence, just like the Queen of Life was indifferent to Elena's domineering behavior.

As for the two sects that fell under the domain of the Queen of Killings, one sect sided with Elena while the other sect supported Lavender. Thus, the latter sect was immediately persecuted by Elena.

This sect possessed the saint spear of the Demon Night. All the previous generations of the Queen of Killings had used the saint spear from this sect, so this sect was also known as the 'Saint Spear Sect'.

But now, the Saint Spear Sect was in a terrible situation in the Demon Night. Many of the sect members chose to hide, but some were forcibly enslaved by other sects. The men of the sect were treated as slaves while the beautiful women were treated as playthings.

Hailey was the daughter of the leader of the Saint Spear Sect.

If it weren't for the fight between the two queens, Hailey might have had a chance of becoming one of the Demon Night's ace talents.

But now, Hailey was just a plaything without freedom in Malachi's harem.

When Janet saw Zen's real name in the Corridor of Emperor, she became very curious about him.

And when Hailey saw Zen's real name in the Corridor of Emperor, she became extremely excited.

The news about Lavender's matter had already spread far and wide throughout the Demon Night.

Hailey had never expected that Zen would eventually help Lavender get back her throne. His support for Lavender had given the Saint Spear Sect a glimmer of hope. That was the only way that Hailey would be able to obtain freedom.

When the news about Lavender had first spread through the universe through the Roaring Token, the Saint Spear Sect members hadn't thought too much about it.

From their point of view, it was impossible for Lavender to defeat Elena. Just as Elena had said, Lavender didn't even have the qualifications to fight against her.

However, as things had progressed, Zen had even managed to kill Gunter!

Not only had he killed Gunter, but he had also killed three of the other Supreme Lords as well.

Malachi was Gunter's son.

In the past few days, whenever Hailey saw Malachi looking downcast, she was actually very happy in her heart!

At the same time, Hailey had kept Zen's name in her mind.

She knew that Zen was regarded as the Saint Spear Sect's hope, and he was also her greatest hope.

So of course, she was extremely happy when she encountered Zen in the Illusion Battlefield.

Despite her excitement, she managed to keep a calm facade. She didn't dare to say or do anything.

Zen was still not strong enough at the moment, and he needed to follow his own path. Hailey cautiously looked at Zen as a hope, so she would never willingly disturb him.

Even though she was very confident in Zen's strength, she didn't want him to be in trouble here because of her.

Therefore, Hailey chose not to tell Zen about such things, and just said that Malachi was Gunter's son.

However, she didn't know Zen's personality.

When Zen heard that Malachi was Gunter's son, a warm smile appeared on his face. He looked toward Malachi and asked, "So, you're Supreme Lord Gunter's son, right?"

Malachi laughed proudly. "You finally know my identity, but it's too late now for you to regret it and escape. All five of you kneel down and let me kill you three times. I can consider letting you guys off after that!"

Not far away, Coleman grinned with his arms folded. "There are six of us, not five. Don't you know how to count?"

Even Coleman, who was a bit cowardly, was willing to support and help Hailey.

Malachi snorted and looked toward Janet. "I don't have any other hobbies. I just like collecting beauties. This human beauty is also very attractive. If you can accompany me in this Illusion Battlefield, I will not kill you."

Janet tilted her head, curling her lips. She did not retreat at all, but instead stared straight at Malachi and said, "Supreme Lord Gunter is just a low-rank Supreme Lord. If you want me to give you company, the Illusion Battlefield is not a suitable place. After all, we are just ethereal projections here, and I think you'll enjoy me much more in reality."

"Where do you live? After leaving the battlefield, whenever I feel like having fun, I can look for you no matter how far away you are from me." Malachi lightly smiled as he stared at Janet's lips.

Malachi naturally would not be willing to transcend countless supreme worlds just to find a beautiful woman.

But in this Illusion Battlefield, most of the young warriors didn't want to lose their momentum. They wanted to win all the time, even in silly arguments with others.

As long as this woman wasn't the daughter of a Supreme Lord, and was only a talent of an ordinary tenth-grade sacred place, it wouldn't be difficult for Malachi to take her away.

"The Ji Clan," Janet said simply. After that, she flashed a charming smile at Malachi and continued, "Would you still dare to come? Forget your useless father; even if the Queen of Punishment herself brings you to the Ji Clan, would you dare to come and take me away?"

Janet was indeed not the direct descendant of a Supreme Lord, but her status in the Ji Clan was second only to the two Ji Clan's ace talents.

The Ji Clan was so powerful that no one in the universe would dare to go to the Ji Clan's place and recklessly take away a clan member.

Therefore, when Janet told him about her background, Malachi was shocked. He had never expected that the woman in front of him would be from the Ji Clan.

"Humph. I don't care where you came from. We are in the Illusion Battlefield now, and whoever is the strongest wins!" Malachi quickly changed the topic.

However, Janet laughed at him. "You finally get the point. Why didn't you say such words earlier?"

After she finished speaking, she walked over and patted Zen's arm, which was as sturdy as a divine weapon. She smiled gently and said, "I'll be counting on you now!"

This battle was unavoidable.

The two teams moved out of the main city.

At the same time, there were also a lot of other warriors behind them.

These warriors didn't have the strength to fight with these talents, but they still had the right to stay and watch the fight.

"Tit for tat! I never expected that that woman would be from the Ji Clan!"

"So what if she's from the Ji Clan? She doesn't seem to be an ace talent of the Ji Clan..."

"I don't think that woman intends to make a move. She seems to want that young man to take action. Who is he, anyway?"

"No matter where the two of them are from, they'll be defeated and punished in the end. Malachi is the Demon Night's ace talent, and also Supreme Lord Gunter's son. His strength is unfathomable!"

As all the warriors discussed the battle, Hailey looked very upset.

She rarely commented on such things, and she didn't know what to do at this moment. She could only hope that Zen would really be able to defeat Malachi.

Although Zen had displayed extraordinary strength in the Hall of Causality and even tricked and killed an ace talent in the third hall, he hadn't relied solely on his strength to do it. Instead, he had taken advantage of the rules of the hall to kill that ace talent. Would he really be able to defeat an ace talent with his strength alone?

Janet, Hailey, Jeffrey, Coleman, and Ansel stood atop the city wall.

Malachi was the first one to leave the city. He stepped out of the city wall, and after taking a dozen steps, he turned around to look at Zen. Seeing that Zen had not left the city yet, he said, "Are you regretting it already? If you want to be known as a cowardly warrior, that's okay. If you continue to stay in the main city, I can't do anything to you."

Although Malachi pretended to be generous, he was nervous that Zen wouldn't want to leave the city. If that was the case, then he'd have to say something to provoke Zen.

The corner of Zen's mouth curled up slightly. "I have no regrets. I'm just waiting for something. If they do not come, perhaps it would be for the best!"

"What are they?" Malachi asked curiously.

At this moment, there were many small black dots floating over from both sides of the city wall.

"Kof, kof, kof..."

These were the few hundred small skulls. They were unable to enter the city, so they circled around the walls of the main city.

Now that Zen was on the west side of the main city, they naturally gathered together and moved toward him.

Zen let out a sigh. It seemed that it would be difficult to shake off these small skulls. Even after leaving the Hall of Causality, they were still able to follow him out. He really didn't know how they managed to do it.

"What the hell are these things?" Malachi was astonished as he stared at the skulls that were constantly moving.

As Zen stepped out of the city wall, all the small skulls swarmed toward him, but he didn't flinch in the slightest. He grabbed a small skull in his hand and pointed it at Malachi, a sinister smile appearing on his face. "You don't need to know what these little skulls are. You only need to know that since I managed to kill your father, I can also torture you a few times..."

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1630 The Saint Killing Spear

When Zen finished speaking, Malachi was slightly perplexed, and his sharp eyes, which were as slender as willow leaves, were clouded with confusion.

After all, Zen's words had come out of the blue.

However, the moment he realized what Zen was saying, his entire body suddenly shook, his eyes filling with a strong killing intent.

"You are Zen Luo!"

Malachi was the only son of Supreme Lord Gunter!

Although the Demon Night members were all born strong warriors, they were quite weak when it came to reproduction. That was the main factor that restricted the development of the Demon Night race. Even though Supreme Lord Gunter had many wives, he only had a single descendant, and that was Malachi.

His father's death had been a huge blow to him.

Now that he'd learned that the young man standing in front of him was the one who had killed his father, he realized that he was facing off against his sworn enemy.

Although he had never seen Zen before, he had already imagined countless times in his mind what his enemy was like and he had sworn that he would kill Zen with his own hands in this lifetime!

However, he had never thought that he would encounter Zen in the Illusion Battlefield.

"No way! That guy is Zen?!"

"You mean the guy that killed the four Supreme Lords?"

"By the way, the stories he told through the Roaring Token are really quite interesting…"

"This is going to be exciting! Zen is a warrior of the Soul Sea Realm, so it's not surprising that he has entered the Illusion Battlefield. We're so lucky to see him here."

"I want to know just how strong this fellow is since he has the ability to kill Supreme Lords."

When Zen's identity was revealed, it immediately caused heated discussions among the warriors watching from the city walls.

A while ago, everyone had seen this as a fight between two powerful warriors. But most of them had bet on Malachi to win since they were confident that Malachi would make his opponents suffer with his superior strength.

But after finding out that Malachi's opponent was the famous Zen, their views had completely changed. They felt like the tables had turned.

Zen was a legendary warrior. Although his strength was nothing extraordinary, he enjoyed a fame that was perhaps even greater than that of some of the Supreme Lords!

Although there were only 128 Supreme Lords in the supreme worlds, many martial artists could not name all of them. However, when it came to Zen... It was impossible for them not to know him because this fellow had used the Roaring Token to bombard their ears for six whole years!

"Yes, I am Zen Luo." Zen nodded.

Killing aura immediately soared from Malachi's body. The killing aura condensed into a demon-like form in the air.

"I really didn't expect to meet you in the Illusion Battlefield!" Malachi said as he stared firmly at Zen. His eyes were filled with killing intent as if he wanted to directly pierce through Zen with them. "Unfortunately, this is the Illusion Battlefield. I can't kill you in the real sense…"

Although the killing intent in his eyes was strong, the expression on his face was extremely cautious.

Some people said that Zen had only relied on that mysterious fairy palace to achieve what he was now, and without that, he was just an ordinary warrior who had ascended from the Lower World.

But Malachi had disregarded such rumors as soon as he'd heard them.

'Since this fairy palace possesses the ability to kill Supreme Lords, its legacies aren't something to be trifled with.

Just now when Zen was in the main city, he already knew that I am Supreme Lord Gunter's son, but he didn't tell me his identity. Instead, he exposed his identity after we came out of the main city. It's obvious that he thought that if he'd exposed his identity when we were in the city, I would be afraid and refuse to come out of the main city to fight with him.

Does that mean that I should be actually scared of him? Is he that confident that he has the ability to kill me?'

As these thoughts flashed in his mind, Malachi quickly analyzed the situation.

He wasn't a brainless person, otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to become an ace talent. Even the son of a Supreme Lord had to rely on his own talent and hard work if he wanted to become an ace talent of his race.

Therefore, although many of the sons of the Supreme Lords in the universe had outstanding talent, they hadn't been able to become ace talents.

The malicious aura that had emitted from Malachi and loomed in the air like a demon gradually dissipated.

Although Malachi's malicious aura was strong, he did not rely on it to face his enemies. It was only a way for him to vent his emotions.

After he calmed down, the malicious aura from his body dissipated completely. He appeared very composed now.

Although he could not actually kill Zen in the Illusion Battlefield, he knew that this fight would be a rehearsal because the real battle between him and Zen would happen sooner or later.

"You... are very confident.

It's a good thing to have self-confidence. For a warrior who wants to cultivate martial arts, the most important quality to have is a strong warrior spirit.

However, it's foolish to be over-confident!"

Malachi's calm face revealed a cold smile. With a flick of his fingers, two pointed spearheads shot out of his space ring.

It was a spear with a strange shape.

Two snake-like forms, one black and one white, were coiled together to form the shaft of the spear. They wound all the way to the top, where they separated to form two spearheads.

It was a double-pointed spear with two spearheads.

As Zen focused his gaze on this spear with a unique double helix structure, his brows furrowed slightly.

A black and white double helix double-pointed spear…

He remembered hearing about something like this from Lavender.

"Zen, be careful. That is the Saint Killing Spear of the Demon Night," Hailey, who was on top of the city wall, warned in a low voice.

Hailey wasn't the only one who had recognized the spear. When the other warriors of the Demon Night saw it, their expressions became incomparably solemn.

The Saint Killing Spear...

It was the strongest weapon of the Demon Night.

Since ancient times, the Demon Night had passed it down from one deserving warrior to another. Throughout the years, it had stayed within the top ten ranks of the Universe Spirit Tablet without ever dropping in rank.

This Saint Killing Spear didn't belong to any specific person, not even to Lavender. But according to the rules of the Demon Night, Lavender was the only one who had the right to use this Saint Killing Spear.

But now, Malachi had brought it into the Illusion Battlefield.

The many members of the Demon Night sighed internally.

In the past, this sort of thing would never have happened.

After the Illusion Battlefield opened, many ace talents had indeed borrowed the supreme divine weapons of their races to help them in their battles. For example, Jeffrey had borrowed the Buddha Curse Blade. After all, it was only a projection of the Buddha Curse Blade, so there was no way it could be lost or damaged.

However, the Saint Killing Spear was not just a supreme divine weapon; Like the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer, it was also a symbol of the supreme identity of the queen of the Demon Night.

The Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer was a symbol of the Queen of Punishment, while the Saint Killing Spear was a symbol of the Queen of Killings.

How could such a treasure be lent to an ace talent?

"Alas, the current Demon Night… is too reckless…"

"Ever since Elena made the move to attack Lavender, the Demon Night race has barely had any respect for the rules."

"Anyway, the top leaders are the ones who set the rules, and they can change them whenever they want,"

some of the Demon Night members who were watching from the top of the city wall couldn't help but sigh.

Malachi gripped the Saint Killing Spear tightly in his hand. He stared at Zen and said coldly, "I originally wanted to use this Saint Killing Spear to fight against the Godly Geniuses. I never thought that I would use it right now..."

Right now, they were only in the first stage of the Illusion Battlefield, and the battles would only get more and more intense from here on.

As he spoke, he gently waved his long spear and aimed it at Zen. "You should feel proud to be facing off against such a precious weapon!"

Hearing his words, Zen grinned. "It really is a great honor. But this spear doesn't seem to belong to you, does it?"

"Since it is in my hands, of course it belongs to me," Malachi said proudly with his head held high. As a member of the Demon Night, of course he understood the significance of the Saint Killing Spear.

As Zen stared at the spear, he pondered in his heart, 'What a pity...

If I could get the Saint Killing Spear and use the reward from the Hall of Causality to make a duplicate for Lavender, it would be perfect.'

As he thought of this, Zen slowly took out his longsword from his space ring–the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

As he moved his longsword, the corners of his mouth slightly curled up. "Since you are so shameless to claim that the Demon Night's Saint Killing Spear is yours, then I have nothing to say…"

"If you have nothing to say, then go to hell!"

At this moment, Malachi attacked without any warning. Although he was confident that he could defeat Zen, he was an aloof and stubborn person. Even if he had the absolute advantage, he would still go all out, especially now that he wasn't sure of Zen's real strength.

He always favored launching surprise attacks.

The Saint Killing Spear suddenly spun around in Malachi's hand, and two cold glints flashed from the two tips of the spear. Then, he thrust the spear toward Zen.

A huge spear shadow appeared from the Saint Killing Spear, crazily circling in the air before shooting toward Zen.

The power hidden within the spear shadow was intimidating. It was as if it could pierce through everything.

This was the most basic cultivation method of the Saint Killing Spear—Shadowy Spin.

"Be careful!" Janet exclaimed from the top of the city wall.

Chapter 1631 Not Indestructible

When Janet saw the Saint Killing Spear, she was frightened.

The Lofty Wood in her body was warning her and she could sense something special about that spear.

One of the two materials used to make the Saint Killing Spear was black and the other white. They seemed to resonate with the Lofty Wood in her body.

She had no idea that the black and white spear shafts of the Saint Killing Spear were also made of the other two kinds of divine wood.

There was the Ray Wood in the east, the Sunrest Wood in the west, the Lofty Wood in the north, and the Hidden Wood in the south.

These were the four kinds of legendary divine wood

and they all existed above the heavens.

From the four types of wood, Ray Wood had never appeared in the universe.

Lofty Wood had only appeared when Janet was born.

However, the Hidden Wood and the Sunrest Wood had been set up here since the birth of the universe.

This was because the Sunrest Tree was the sun's resting place. The sun that illuminated everything was extremely important for the birth of the numerous living beings of the universe and the final step in constructing the universe was to light up the sun, and the existence of the Sunrest Tree was the key to achieving this.

The Hidden Tree grew extremely fast. Its roots were everywhere supporting the one hundred thousand supreme worlds and a million great worlds. And even though the Hidden Tree drew all the worlds together, it couldn't be seen; that was why it was called the "Hidden Tree."

The Hidden Wood was white, while the Sunrest Wood was black.

The Saint Killing Spear was made of a piece of Hidden Wood and a piece of Sunrest Wood intertwined with each other.

When Janet felt the power of the two kinds of divine wood, she had to warn Zen.

But he already knew that this spear's shadow was not to be withstood. He turned and dashed to the side in a swift movement.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

The spear shadow was heading straight to him fast. Without a thought, Zen instantly activated the Eight Smoky Melodies.

Zen dodged. With the impact of the Eight Smoky Melodies, the spear swept past his body and stabbed the city wall.

"Rumble, rumble, rumble" could be heard.

Something weird was happening in the city wall.

The city wall was indestructible, but a small hole had been drilled out by the wild and violent spinning of the spear shadow.

The spear had two points, and it forcefully dug out a piece from the city wall.

"What power is this?"

Even Zen couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Although the spear only drilled out a fist-sized hole in the city wall, it was enough to shock everyone present.

The city wall contained the law of the heavens.

The law of heavens should make the city wall impenetrable.

Few warriors could dig a hole in the city wall. Not a Soul Sea Realm warrior, a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior, a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior or a world lord. They wouldn't even be able to take a tiny piece of it.

A Supreme Lord, however, might be able to break the city wall, but it was only because they had the Heavenly Destiny and mastered part of the law of the heavens.

However, the Saint Killing Spear was originally a weapon that was from above the heavens. It was able to penetrate through the law of the heavens, and thus it was able to damage the wall.

"Humph! You're dodging pretty fast, but let's see how much longer you can take it!"

Malachi kept on spinning his spear over and over again.

This Shadowy Spin was a basic spear skill of the Saint Killing Spear. It didn't consume much life vitality but it was extremely powerful.

The enormous shadows of the spear shot towards Zen.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Some spear shadows were aimed at the ground outside the city wall and drilled into the ground and disappeared. Everyone was wondering what was going on and where those spear shadows were going. A rumbling sound echoed through the ground.

Other spear shadows shot towards the city wall and kept on inflicting small holes in the city wall.

Just as Zen dodged one of them, the spear shadow suddenly shot over into the main city.

On the walls of the main city there was an invisible and very thin layer of protection formed by the law of the heavens that protected the city.

The spear had actually been able to penetrate through the invisible barrier.

The top of the city wall was densely packed with warriors.

Everyone thought that the inside of the main city was absolutely safe. No matter how bad the fight between the warriors was, they couldn't cross or break the barrier to get inside.

In order to get a better view of what was going on, the martial artists had stuck close to the edge of the city wall.

"Pfft!"

Accompanied by a sound that was like air leaking out, the spear pierced through the protective barrier and stabbed one of the warriors standing on the city wall.

It happened so fast the martial artist did not even have time to react. He was focused on watching Zen and his strange movement technique of constantly dodging. He was so immersed in learning Zen's techniques that he never saw the spear coming as it ripped through his body.

The spear shadow pierced through the martial artist's chest, leaving a smooth, round hole of blood in his chest. It had penetrated through his heart.

However, he still maintained his standing posture and his expression didn't change.

Not until the warrior beside him pointed at his chest and said, "You..."

The warrior looked down and saw the big hole in his chest.

He realized what happened and fell to the ground with a loud bang. The Illusion Points appeared and the warrior's corpse gradually disappeared, his soul flying into the main city to be resurrected.

It was said that there were times when people had died and they weren't aware of it, so that even though their life force had been cut off, they could still walk no different from living people. It was not until someone else told them about their death that they would die right away.

No one was sure where that legend came from, but it had just happened.

When the warriors standing on the city wall saw that warrior being hit by the spear and dying, their faces changed drastically.

They understood that the city wasn't indestructible. The law of the heavens was domineering and tyrannical but, in the end, there were still some powerful cultivators that could break through it.

All the warriors on top of the city wall started to retreat.

They wanted to watch the event happening before their eyes but they didn't want to lose their lives over it. Although they were able to revive after death in the Illusion Battlefield, no one wanted to risk it.

"Retreat! Retreat!"

"Everyone retreat! Find a farther spot to watch!"

"I was just standing behind that warrior. I was so lucky that the spear shadow was quickly erased by the heavens' law, or I wouldn't have been able to escape death!"

The warriors all left the city wall and crowded on top of the other buildings to watch the battle. Some of the timid warriors didn't want to give up the opportunity to watch the battle, so they decided to find a corner to watch it.

There were much fewer warriors on the city wall now.

However, Janet, Hailey, Jeffrey, Coleman and Ansel did not choose to leave. Their strength might be a little weaker than Zen's and Malachi's, but they could still face the battle. When the spear shadow penetrated through the light film, it slowed down, giving them enough time to dodge it.

The warriors who were following Malachi didn't leave either. These people were some of the bolder warriors or warriors who liked to show off their strength. So they remained standing on top of the city wall.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!"

The spear shadow was incredibly fast and Zen could only maintain an extremely high speed as he dodged around Malachi.

In less than two minutes, Zen had already dodged over a hundred spear shadows, every one of them dangerous. He had to rely on his own strength and the Eight Smoky Melodies to do this and he was getting tired.

'If this continues, I won't be able to keep up. I'll be hit by a spear's shadow.'

Zen was very confident in the strength of his physical body, but he didn't think that he would be able to take a strike without getting hurt.

Suddenly another spear shadow flashed past him, and at the same time, a dark golden longbow appeared in his hands.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!"

The minute the longbow appeared in his hand, three streaks of black light shot out from him.

"Third-rank divine weapons. Childish!"

Malachi's face was filled with disdain as the long spear in his hand spun twice like a windmill.

"Clank, clank, clank!"

With three clear sounds, the three black arrows were easily sent flying away by the Saint Killing Spear.

Chapter 1632 The Spear And The Sword

The longbow had been obtained from the four divine kingdoms and could be considered to be a semi-divine weapon. Zen did not expect it to cause any problems for Malachi.

As he shot the three arrows—sword in one hand, his figure like a shuttle—he rapidly approached Malachi.

As Malachi pushed away the three arrows, he saw Zen heading straight for him, his expression as calm as ever.

Truth be told, even though Malachi was an ace talent, he felt a bit uneasy realizing that his opponent was Zen.

As of now, most races were not wary about Zen killing the Supreme Lords. However, many large clans still sent out their world lords to surround the fairy palace. For the past five to six years, they had not let up for even a moment. Their target was not Zen, but the fairy palace itself.

Zen was a strong adversary, for he had inherited the fairy palace.

However, upon seeing the first-rank divine weapon in Zen's hand, Malachi felt more at ease.

'Is the fairy palace short of weapons?

How can he fight me with a first-rank divine weapon?

It seems as though the rumors about the inheritance of the fairy palace have been exaggerated a bit, ' Malachi thought to himself.

Of course, he was not aware that the fairy palace did not have any ready-made weapons, but it did have some extremely rare materials.

He only knew that by relying on the Saint Killing Spear, he would be in an invincible position.

"Immature brat!"

Seeing Zen advance toward him, Malachi swung the long spear.

A blood-red light emanated from it. Like a dragon, it circled the air once before spreading out like a fan.

"Twin Kill Intent!"

Twin Kill Intent was the second skill of the Saint Killing Spear.

The spear possessed a pure destructive power.

A few supreme divine weapons on the Universe Spirit Tablet had distinct uses. Some weapons contained strange Laws of Causality and their killing techniques were different.

In terms of pure destructive power and sharpness of the weapon, the Saint Killing Spear was certainly ranked among the top three weapons.

Shoot!

As the blood-red light beam unfurled in the air, Zen frowned. He was forced back dozens of feet.

Spear in hand, a sneer surfaced on Malachi's face. "I did not expect the famous Zen Luo to turn out to be such a coward. You retreat and escape when you fight others. Interesting!"

Ever since the time the two of them had started fighting, Zen had been stepping back continuously. It looked as if he could not harm a hair on Malachi's head.

"It's obvious what will happen! The Saint Killing Spear is the number one killing weapon of Demon Night."

"With that weapon, even an ordinary martial artist will have the strength to fight an ace talent!"

"Look! Malachi merely relies on the power of the Saint Killing Spear."

Martial artists discussed the fight among themselves in low voices.

The others who were in favor of Malachi overheard this. "What did you say?" one of them asked, smirking. "Malachi only relies on the power of the Saint Killing Spear? Then why don't you get the spear yourself?"

Fights among martial artists were never fair.

Someone stronger in every aspect was bound to exist in this world. His talent would be greater, his luck better, and the weapon in his hand much stronger.

There was no point in discussing what was inevitable.

Zen did not complain, even to himself. As Malachi wielded the Saint Killing Spear, he perceived the spear and Malachi as a whole. All he wondered about was how to defeat Malachi, who was using the spear as his weapon.

Zen, who floated in the air, raised the long sword in his hand. His hand traced the blade of the long sword and moved to the tip.

Eventually, his two fingers came to a halt at the tip of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. He caught hold of it, pointing the hilt toward Malachi.

It was a strange thing to do.

Janet, Coleman, and Hailey were all puzzled to see it.

Zen blinked, his eyes shining.

Previously in the Corridor of Emperor, Zen had gained a new understanding of the Gods-intimidating Strike.

Sword Chen had created many sword techniques.

On the peak of the Killing Sword Mountain, Zen once fought him with a million sword moves.

As a matter of fact, that had only been an exchange of sorts, not a competition.

What played were sword moves, but what sparred were the understanding of sword techniques from both sides.

It had been like a game of chess, but with swords as the chess pieces, the two had pondered over every move before straining their nerves to test the other's true strength.

Gods-intimidating Strike was not limited to one strike. On the contrary, it could be transformed into any sword move. Its owner could change it into various forms.

At any crucial juncture, the key to Gods-intimidating Strike was to use the most appropriate sword move and launch an intimidating attack.

In order to do this, a martial artist had to play the role of the chess player. Not only did he have to be very familiar with himself and his actions, he also had to predict the opponent's every move.

Zen pointed the hilt of his sword at Malachi, foreseeing his opponent's next step.

Malachi looked indifferently at Zen. "Don't bother playing any cheap tricks!"

He thrust the Saint Killing Spear at Zen once again. With a Shadowy Spin, over ten giant spear shadows shot out, rushing at Zen straightaway.

At the moment, Zen stood rooted to the same spot, still turning the tip of Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand.

"Why is he not dodging the shadows?"

"If he doesn't step out of the way, I'm afraid he'll be killed by those spear shadows!"

"Zen! Don't just stand there! Do something!"

When the flying spear shadows were less than ten feet away from Zen, his eyes opened at once. A hint of a smile lingered on his face, but once that smile faded away, any speck of emotion disappeared from his eyes.

He entered an exceedingly wondrous state with his emotions closed off.

In this state, nothing persisted in his mind. There was neither joy, nor fear.

With a flick of his finger, the long sword swung through the air in another direction. Holding the long sword in his hand, Zen charged at the spear shadows.

The long sword swiveled as he raised the sword.

Raising sword was a basic sword technique, but now Zen had a newer understanding of this most ordinary method.

With the sword raising, he could block any attack.

Clang!

The first giant spear shadow pierced through the air. The onlookers saw the long sword in Zen's hand shake slightly. The spear shadow deviated from its target, flying in a different direction altogether.

Clang!

The second giant spear shadow underwent the same treatment.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The spear shadows shot out one by one and Zen felt as if there existed an invisible force field in front of him. The giant spear shadows approaching him were all pushed away by this invisible force. The spectators had their eyes wide open in disbelief.

To perform this action, Zen had relied on a single ordinary defensive sword move—raise sword.

The long sword was not placed on the top of the spear. Rather, it was placed along the spear shaft. This was the spear's weakness, or rather its tender spot.

In general, the Thunder Wind Divine Sword would have been unable to confront the giant spear shadows head on. However, under these circumstances, Zen's grasp was exceptionally accurate, to the point that it made one's hair stand on end.

"Shadowy Spin!"

Seeing this, Malachi felt panic rise in his heart.

The spear shadows raced in the air, but they could not stop Zen in the slightest.

Zen defended himself very well. Just how was he doing it?

He did not give Malachi much time to think. The essence of the Gods-intimidating Strike was everywhere, oppressing his opponent, not giving him a break.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Pushing away the gigantic spear shadows, Zen approached Malachi.

"Malachi, hell awaits you!"

The Saint Killing Spear still exuded a blood-red light.

"Twin Kill Intent!"

Clang!

Zen raised the Thunder Wind Divine Sword once more. This time, he placed the sword on the upper half of the shaft of the Saint Killing Spear.

The previously unrivalled Twin Killing Intent was broken off by Zen's sword before it could even be unleashed.

As an ace talent, Malachi's response time was fast.

The moment his spear was blocked by Zen, he faltered in his steps, retreating at once.

At the same time, the long spear wedged beneath his armpit shrank. As he stepped back, the spear spun round in a circle. Just as it was pulled back, it charged at Zen from a different direction.

"Cycle Stab!"

Malachi became more anxious. He did not have time to activate the techniques of the Saint Killing Spear and instead employed his usual spear technique.

However, Zen had anticipated this. He knew Malachi would make this move, so he moved his body half a foot to the left in advance.

Malachi's shot failed and slid past Zen's shoulder.

Fights between martial artists were as unpredictable as a game of chess.

One wrong move could end in death.

Zen was a person with foresight. After he tricked Malachi into showing his weakness, he followed his opponent like a shadow. He would not give his rival the slightest chance to get back in the game!

Chapter 1633 Help

If Zen's full strength erupted right now, he could forcefully and violently take Malachi down.

The Saint Killing Spear was truly formidable.

On the other hand, if Zen kept dodging the sharp tips of the spear while using the explosive power of the Gods-intimidating Strike along with the immense supply of chaotic energy, Zen could exhaust Malachi and kill him.

Besides, Zen had gained a lot after battling Sword Chen.

And Malachi was a perfect warrior for Zen to practice the sword on.

As they drew closer to each other, the two began to engage in close combat.

Malachi retreated quickly in an attempt to get rid of Zen, but Zen would never give him the chance to shake him off.

He managed to stay at a distance of three feet from him at all times.

Malachi struck and stabbed, swinging the Saint Killing Spear around.

But no matter which move he used, Zen anticipated the movement of the Saint Killing Spear each time it reached about halfway to him and used the Thunder Wind Divine Sword to block the spearhead from harming him. This way, he was able to break Malachi's moves.

Malachi felt like he was being shackled by an invisible chain.

And here he had been confident because he was an ace talent who had the Saint Killing Spear!

Even Godly Geniuses would find it difficult to defend themselves against the spear when it struck out. The ace talents were way below them!

But the problem now was that he couldn't thrust out the spear and reach his opponent!

Zen stood there, expressionless as a zombie. But it was humiliating to Malachi, because it felt like Zen was mocking him.

The warriors on the city wall were surprised as they saw them fighting.

It didn't look like a fight between two powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm.

"Zen is really strong! He didn't even use any martial skill and sealed all of Malachi's moves with just a long sword!"

"Malachi is stupid. It's such a waste for him to have the Saint Killing Spear. He has almost no chance of fighting back! If I were him, I would definitely burn my bridges and give Zen a fatal counterattack!"

"I think it's you who are stupid. In this kind of situation, Malachi won't stand a chance even if he wants to go all out because Zen would have killed him long before that!"

Janet held the flame kitten in her arms and stared at Zen's moves, her eyes flashing. "This guy seems to be practicing the sword!"

"I've underestimated Zen's strength and courage if he is using an ace talent to practice the sword," Jeffrey said with a faint smile.

Although Zen's previous performance had been stunning, everyone had only regarded him as someone who could be compared to an ace talent.

The strength of ace talents differed greatly.

For example, Lucille was the strongest among the ace talents, and her power was already close to that of a Godly Genius. As long as she gained some insights of the Godly Way and became a Godly Genius, she would be able to become a candidate for a True God.

On the other hand, there was still quite some way to go for ordinary ace talents before they could become Godly Geniuses.

But now, Janet altered her judgment. 'He's on par with Lucille at her peak condition!' she thought, impressed.

"Get out of my way!"

Malachi could feel his heart fill with resentment.

If Zen really had unparalleled strength, it would be okay even if Zen killed him.

But this fellow was slippery. He was only extremely cautious and agile and was able to block his every move. So even though Malachi had the strength, he was unable to bring it into play.

If they had fought face-to-face, Malachi would have long since pierced countless holes through Zen.

The resentment grew like wild grass in Malachi's heart.

The Saint Killing Spear in his hand danced wildly like a spinning wheel as he tried to force Zen away.

However, it seemed as if Zen and the spear were inseparable.

No matter how fast the spear spun, Zen's body would spin just as fast.

What kind of a freaky bodily movement skill was this!

Malachi cursed internally.

This guy was a ghost that could not be shaken off. .

When Malachi's Saint Killing Spear stopped, Zen was still holding his sword, standing close to him and staring at him expressionlessly.

"Go to hell!"

The Saint Killing Spear suddenly bounced back, thrusting towards Zen like a wild dragon probing the sea. His movement was fast and fierce, and together with the formidable Saint Killing Spear, no one could defend against it. He was confident as he brought the Saint Killing Spear into the Illusion Battlefield to fulfill his goal of entering the top ten of the Illusion Battlefield.

But no matter how fierce his movement was or how powerful his weapon, if they couldn't unleash their power, they would be useless.

The spear was only able to reach halfway to Zen before the Thunder Wind Divine Sword met the spear shaft.

The spear swung away, dinging faintly.

Zen was like a patient chess player, skillfully displaying his skills and controlling the whole situation, neither taking a step forward, nor a step back.

He was full out testing his insights into the swordsmanship.

But Malachi was becoming more and more irritable by the minute. He was about to lose his mind from this feeling of helplessness, just as a wave of anger began to gather in his chest. The anger was stuck there. He could neither swallow it nor spit it out.

The gap between Malachi and Zen hadn't been huge at first.

But to the crowd, the fight between Malachi and Zen was like an adult teaching a child a lesson, with the latter having almost no way to fight back.

Hailey, who had been watching the fight this entire time, was now very excited, her face full of astonishment and happiness.

Before the battle had started, she had thought that Zen might have a chance to win.

But she had never expected such an outcome.

Zen had easily wrapped the arrogant Malachi around his little finger. Just like that!

As the two of them fought, they gradually moved closer to the city wall.

A few warriors sat on top of the city wall, watching this scene gloomily.

"Malachi seems to be unable to defeat Zen."

"It's not that he can't defeat him. If the full strength of the Saint Killing Spear is fully unleashed, Zen won't be a match for Malachi. It's just that this fellow's swordsmanship is strange, and he's controlling the situation to prevent Malachi from bringing out his full strength."

"We should go help!"

The rule of the Illusion Battlefield at the current stage was that there were no rules.

It was a fight between Zen and Malachi but there was no rule forbidding anyone to lend a helping hand.

The martial artists that followed Malachi also understood that they only needed to help Malachi to find a chance to unleash his power, so that he could rely on the Saint Killing Spear to kill Zen.

So the eight warriors leapt up at the same time and left the city wall.

"Damn! Those guys want to get involved in the battle!" Janet's bright eyes flashed, her expression hardening.

"Let's go to help too!" Jeffrey said suddenly.

Hailey also jumped off the city wall at the same time. Zen was standing up for her after all.

Seeing the warriors of the two groups getting ready to join the battle, the other warriors who were watching the fight suddenly became excited.

"More people are getting involved! Ha-ha! The fight is going to be even more interesting this time!"

"I'm afraid the warriors from Zen's side will be at a disadvantage. After all, Malachi has more people."

The martial artists that followed Malachi were all friends he had made in the Hall of Causality, and they also had great strength.

Right after they left the city wall, the eight warriors clearly divided their duties: two of them went to help defend Malachi against Zen, three of them directly attacked Zen, and the rest went to intercept the warriors who were coming to help Zen.

There seemed to be nothing wrong with this kind of division of labor.

But they had missed something. They had miscalculated Zen's strength.

They thought that Zen couldn't get distracted as he had to be fully focused on blocking Malachi's moves.

However, the moment they left the city wall, a sword intent that was rapidly shrinking began to form on Zen's sword. He brandished his sword and thrust it at them.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

The rapidly shrinking sword intent drew an arc in the air.

The sword intent went along the city wall, and headed towards the warriors that were coming to attack him.

The strong sword intent swept over the top of the city wall.

The two martial artists who had just leapt off the city wall were taken by surprise.

They didn't even have the time to react before Zen's sword intent struck them down. A trail of blood erupted from their bodies and they fell off the wall.

This shocked every martial artist present there. Even Malachi, who had been tortured by Zen's relentless blocking, looked stunned. Was this the true strength of this fellow?

Silence reigned both inside and outside of the main city.

But Zen didn't stop there. His first strike had killed two warriors and he didn't hesitate as he thrust out the second strike.

Zen's actions seemed to fall into a certain pattern once he had completely entered the state of Emotion Closing. He began to mercilessly attack his opponents.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

The long sword slashed out.

Another sword intent struck through the air, and the second strike killed three more warriors.

In the span of a few seconds, Zen had killed five warriors with his Gods-intimidating Strike. All these five warriors were Malachi's followers.

When the remaining martial artists on Malachi's side saw this, they didn't hesitate before turning around and fleeing back to the main city. They were now depressed. Just where had this fellow learned this sword strike from? It was simply too powerful!

Chapter 1634 The Final Offering

The two sharp sword moves suddenly appeared and slashed through the air, which caused everyone to be stunned.

Janet and the others had concluded that Zen must have only been testing Malachi's strength. Despite Zen not using his full strength in that attack, it still caught his opponents off guard. They were all in shock after the attack, making it difficult to find their balance as they floated in the air.

During the tests in the Hall of Causality, Zen had not showcased the Gods-intimidating Strike.

He only used his strong body and monstrous strength in the Hall of Causality. Despite that, he was still considered the strongest among his group.

"I guess he can handle this on his own," Janet sobbed and said. Although she didn't like the idea of Zen fighting alone, she was sure that he would win this battle.

Meanwhile, onlookers gathered to watch the battle between Zen and Malachi. Many of them came here to secretly observe regardless of their lives.

At first, they had other intentions while watching Zen and Malachi. From what they could see, these young men already obtained a large number of Illusion Points and they would surely benefit from killing them. If they obtained half of their Illusion Points, their rankings would skyrocket and that would help them swiftly enter the forefront of this supreme world.

As they watched, they waited for the right moment to attack.

If they attacked, they could either succeed or not. If they did succeed, they could obtain many Illusion Points. If not, the worst that could happen was be killed in the Illusion Battlefield and sent back to the main city.

However, after witnessing the terrifying strength that Zen had unleashed, they knew that their crazy plan wouldn't work. They wouldn't waste any effort in something that they knew would be a failure from the start.

Malachi, who was wielding the Saint Killing Spear, turned pale and trembled. He seemed to be in a daze.

Zen stared at him and asked in a frigid voice, "Shall we continue?"

Zen didn't intend to kill Malachi right way. He only wanted to hurt his confidence because in that way, Malachi would lose his focus.

Unfortunately, since they were in the Illusion Battlefield, Zen wouldn't be able to shatter Malachi's dedication to martial arts. So, the best he could do was to ruthlessly strike at his confidence!

Swoosh!

Malachi thrust his Saint Killing Spear out once more.

Clang!

But like his first attempt, he didn't succeed. Zen had deflected it with his long sword. After this, Malachi heard Zen's arctic voice again.

"I didn't expect an ace talent of the Demon Night to be weak. I'm disappointed."

Malachi couldn't thrust out the Saint Killing Spear anymore. His back was pressed against the wall this time and he had no way to escape. He could only look at Zen with despair in his eyes. But even under the constant pressure, he still wanted to get rid of this devilish fellow!

"You must have already realized the mistake that you made. A sharp weapon is good, but you've already lost your confidence. And since you always rely on your spear, you have forgotten to bring out your real strength." As Zen spoke those words, the expression on his face lightened up. A faint smile crossed his face and his eyes started to glow.

On the other hand, those words shattered Malachi's heart into pieces. It was as if he was slapped with the bitter truth.

Zen was right. Since the battle began, Malachi had solely relied on the techniques of the Saint Killing Spear and had never used his abilities.

And ever since Zen had successfully blocked his attacks, Malachi became extremely passive. If only Malachi knew how to utilize his strength instead of relying on his spear, he might have a chance to defeat Zen.

The Saint Killing Spear was quite a powerful weapon, and it had much better techniques if its owner knew what it was capable of. Unfortunately, Malachi didn't know this.

Since it was forged, the Saint Killing Spear had been driven by the Faith Energy of the Queen of Killings. If a martial artist used his life vitality to yield the spear, it would become an extraordinary weapon. But right now, in the hands of Malachi, it could not show its true form.

"I guess you're right. I relied too much on the spear," Malachi said in a low voice. But in the blink of an eye, a cold smile crossed Malachi's face. "But you have also made a mistake."

"What mistake?" Zen asked as he stared at Malachi's face.

"Well, you may have cornered me. But you shouldn't have celebrated too early."

Malachi saw the disbelief on Zen's face. But before Zen could say a word, two thin but sharp vines started appearing from the Saint Killing Spear's shaft. One of the vines was colored black, and the other one was white. They grew exponentially and drilled into Malachi's arms.

No one knew what Malachi was doing. Only Lavender would have figured out what he was planning to do.

Malachi was offering himself to the Saint Killing Spear!

It was said that the Queen of Killings of the Demon Night, the one who first yielded the spear, led her subordinates to block the invasion of the other races.

The Queen of Killings didn't want to fail her subordinates even at the expense of her own life.

In the face of an undefeatable opponent, she activated the final move of the spear by offering herself to the spear.

By doing so, all her meridians were replaced by Sunrest Wood and Hidden Wood. She became an indestructible killing machine controlled by the spear. Her combat strength increased exponentially, and she lasted for a period.

Most of the past Queens of Killings who used this technique in a battle didn't survive. But before they died, they would kill two or three of Supreme Lords.

Back then, Lavender was attacked by Elena. In the middle of a fierce battle, Lavender didn't choose to offer herself to the Saint Killing Spear because she thought that there was still room to maneuver at that time. But she realized she was wrong - only it was already too late. If only she had used the technique, she could have dragged Elena to hell even when the Pool of Faith was sealed.

In the Illusion Battlefield, there would be no real death.

Even if Malachi died by offering himself to the spear, he would only be sent back to the main city and would still be alive. Thus, there wasn't anything that could stop him from using this technique.

As the two vines penetrated Malachi's arms, his face turned pale as if he was in great pain.

There were visible bulges under the skin of his arms that were swiftly moving through his body like reptiles crawling under his skin. It was a disgusting sight to see. These vines had quickly spread out through his organs and finally took over his entire body.

Watching Malachi's transformation, Zen suddenly felt strange. He sensed something bad was about to happen. It was the same feeling he had during a life and death crisis. He couldn't be wrong about this feeling.

So, in anticipation of what would happen next, Zen quickly thrust his sword towards Malachi.

The sword pierced straight through Malachi's chest.

Zen was certain that Malachi wouldn't survive his attack so he drew his sword back. But to his surprise, there was no trace of blood on the blade.

Apparently, Malachi's blood had already been sucked by the Saint Killing Spear. His blood was already flowing on his black and white spear.

"Go to hell!"

With one swing, the Thunder Wind Divine Sword had started to display unparalleled power.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Zen continued to attack and each slash had left a deep wound on Malachi's body.

The meridians in Malachi's body had already been replaced by the two kinds of divine wood – the Sunrest Wood and the Hidden Wood. These were the sturdiest and most indestructible types of wood just like the Lofty Wood. That was why, despite Zen's continuous heavy attacks, Malachi's body could not be destroyed.

Not for long, Malachi finally opened his eyes. They were different from the ones that Zen had seen before. Malachi's eyes were glazed with a deathly aura. And if it wasn't weird enough, he was also making a weird sound.

After he offered himself to the Saint Killing Spear, Malachi became the spear's slave. His body was now a lifeless container that the spear could control.

The changes in Malachi's appearance and aura were alarming and Zen felt his heart becoming heavy. So, without any hesitation, he retreated to the city walls. He made sure there was a great distance between him and Malachi just to be safe.

At this moment, Malachi began to move. But it wasn't Malachi anymore, but the spear who was controlling the body's movement.

Whoosh!

Malachi's movements might have been as stiff as those of a zombie, but his speed was astonishingly fast. It was so fast that even Zen was having difficulty following his move.

With a spear in his hand, Malachi had quickly caught up with Zen despite the distance. The spear in his hand moved faster than lightning as it pierced towards Zen.

It slashed through Zen's body!

It was just a simple attack, but it was fatal because of its speed that even Zen couldn't fathom.

In theory, every martial arts skill in the world had its blind spot. But if mixed with speed, even the basic martial arts skill could be unbeatable.

When one had reached a high level of speed, every single move could be fatal to his opponent.

Even if Zen maximized the Eight Smoky Melodies and tried his best to twist his body, it would still be difficult for him to dodge. The spear had finally pierced Zen's right chest and through his back, leaving four bloody holes on his shoulder. Blood gushed out of his deep wounds.

The first strike was a success! There was no doubt that the killing intent of the spear was greater.

Before he offered himself to the spear, Malachi had already conveyed the thought of killing Zen onto the spear. So, at this moment, the spear was moving on its own, intending to kill Zen, and it wouldn't stop until Zen was dead!

Malachi's right hand gently retracted as the second strike began in no time. But before the spear could hit Zen with another fatal attack, Zen had already turned around and charged into the main city.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1635 Grab The Spear

Malachi, who had offered himself to the Saint Killing Spear, could be considered a puppet that only knew killings.

As Zen retreated, Malachi chased to kill him.

But the city was protected by the rules of the heavens. Malachi, who was wielding the spear, was blocked outside the city walls, just like the small skulls.

The only difference was that the skulls had been unable to pierce through the invisible barrier, while Malachi, who was controlled by the spear, could.

Boom!

The blood-red light of the spear tore through the invisible barrier. He had actually drilled his way into the city.

The strength of the body determined the power of the spear.

For example, if Lavender had sacrificed herself, she would have been able to display all of the spear's potential. The power she could unleash was breathtaking.

Similarly, after Malachi had offered himself to the spear, his own strength had also soared.

However, although he had broken through the invisible barrier, he was being held back by the rules of the heavens in the city.

Zen retreated rapidly just moments after he entered the city. The spear spun crazily, disobeying the rules of the heavens as it chased after Zen.

And right now, Zen had no way to fight back since fighting was prohibited in the city.

However, he had no intention of fighting with Malachi. Flying and fighting were prohibited within the city, so he could only retreat.

It was fortunate for Zen that under the suppression of the rules of the heavens, Malachi's speed wasn't great. Disobeying the rules required an extremely powerful force. Even though Malachi could resist the rules to a certain extent after being controlled by the spear, it became very difficult for him to move forward. And because of this, he wasn't that faster than Zen.

The other martial artists could only watch from the sidelines since they couldn't make a move anyway.

On top of the city walls, Zen was retreating all the way back, Malachi getting closer and closer to him. The spinning spear was less than a foot away from Zen's nose.

100 feet. 200 feet. 300 feet.

When Zen had run for 1, 000 feet, the spear point was less than two inches away from his face.

But Malachi suddenly froze.

Everyone watched the scene unfold before them in complete silence. They had never seen a fight in the city before.

A whirring sound could be heard

as a gentle breeze blew.

Something akin to ash fell off Malachi's body.

Soon, his entire body began to disintegrate and collapse into ash. The Saint Killing Spear fell to the ground with a clang.

Malachi had previously relied on the spear to resist the rules to a certain degree.

However, there was a time limit for the offering. The stronger one was, the longer the time limit would be.

At his current cultivation level of the Soul Sea Realm, he could only be controlled by the spear for less than 150 seconds.

When all of his vitality had been consumed by the spear and the spear began to wear away, the rules of the heavens formed an irresistible pressure that pressed down on his body, causing it to be crushed into fine powder.

A red ray of light floated past Zen.

That was Malachi's soul. After his death, he returned to the city to be resurrected.

Zen's brow creased.

"Why hasn't he left any Illusion Points?"

Malachi was an ace talent. He had passed the Hall of Causality and had fought around this city for a long time. So the number of Illusion Points he had inside his body should have been astonishing. But no Illusion Points left his body, which puzzled Zen.

Malachi was ranked fourth in this supreme world and 88th in the Illusion Battlefield, which were higher than Zen.

But no Illusion Points emerged from his body after his death. Everyone looked around, confused.

"What's going on? Why didn't the Illusion Points leave Malachi's body after his death?"

"Isn't this cheating?"

"Maybe he has other methods that we don't know anything about."

Zen wasn't the only one who was confused. The others couldn't figure out why either. Janet, Jeffrey, and some other warriors walked down from the city walls and surrounded Zen.

Hailey heaved a sigh of relief. Even though Zen had to retreat in defeat, he had won in the end.

It had been quite risky to fight against an ace talent, but the reward was incomparably generous. The winner would obtain a massive amount of Illusion Points.

A cold laugh rang out suddenly. Zen looked around to find a martial artist walking up to him. "Since Malachi was willing to offer himself, he must have had a way out. You must feel it strange, right?"

The speaker was one of Malachi's followers. When Zen had killed five people with two sword strikes, the remaining three had retreated to the city. This man was one of them.

As he walked, he glanced at the Saint Killing Spear on the ground.

According to the rules, once a martial artist died in the Illusion Battlefield, his clothes, weapons, and space ring would reappear after he was resurrected.

The strange thing was that the Saint Killing Spear didn't disappear. It just lay there on the ground.

The martial artist obviously didn't want Zen to have the spear. Since Zen hadn't picked up the spear yet, he approached it as he spoke. And since fights were forbidden in the city, whoever took the spear first would be its owner.

While Zen was confused about why he didn't get any Illusion Points, he saw the martial artist walk over, so he blithely lifted the spear with his toes and tossed it into his space ring. Smiling faintly, he said to the martial artist, "I'm indeed confused. Can you tell me why?"

The martial artist froze at Zen's actions and cursed internally. He glared at Zen before saying coldly, "Malachi has obtained three Exemption Medallions. And with these, he won't lose any Illusion Points at his death. Surprised? You have killed him once. You still won't get anything even if you kill him twice more. You'd better give me his weapon, or he will definitely not let you off!"

The spectators came to a realization as they heard his explanation and turned green with envy.

Malachi actually had three Exemption Medallions! This was too much!

Zen was relieved as he finally knew why, but he was still curious. He himself had obtained a Teleportation Token, so it would not be strange for Malachi to receive three Exemption Medallions. Malachi's follower tried to threaten Zen, but Zen just smiled and said, "Oh? He's not going to let me off? Can he defeat me without the Saint Killing Spear?"

Regardless of what Malachi was capable of, he had already become cowardly and had lost heart before Zen. Now that Zen had taken his spear away, he didn't have the courage to confront Zen head on.

Malachi was soon revived at the main city and rushed over to Zen. The moment he saw Zen, his face darkened as he asked, "Where is my weapon?"

After he had offered himself, his consciousness had been sealed, so he didn't know what had happened until the moment of his death. Now that he saw Zen standing there unscathed, his spear missing, he flew into a rage.

"He has taken away your weapon!" the martial artist said to Malachi.

Malachi's eyes flashed with anger. "Give it back to me!" he shouted, stretching out a hand.

"The Saint Killing Spear isn't your weapon in the first place. Why should I give it back to you?" Zen said, smiling.

Now that he had the Saint Killing Spear, Zen had already made plans. Should he spend five million Illusion Points making a trip through the Hall of Causality?

If he had enough time, he really wanted to give Lavender a surprise.

Malachi stared at Zen for a moment before saying, "I didn't expect Zen Luo, whose name is renowned throughout the universe, to be such a coward. You didn't dare to fight me head on and even fled to the main city with your tail between your legs. I almost killed you even though you were protected by the laws of the heavens."

Since they were not allowed to fight in the city, Malachi could only try to provoke Zen with words.

"We can fight after we leave the city," Zen said calmly.

"Give me back the spear, and we'll fight again," Malachi said.

Zen smiled mockingly at Malachi. "I won't return the spear," he said.

"Then forget it. There's nothing you can do about me in the main city!" Malachi said coldly.

His battle with Zen might not have been that big of a deal. Although Zen had taken away his spear, he should still be able to safely move on to the next stage now that he was ranked fourth in this supreme world.

The Saint Killing Spear was just a projection. It didn't matter if he lost it, but he would have to use his own weapon in the next stage.

His gaze swept around and landed on Hailey, "You bitch! Come here!"

Chapter 1636 Change Of Rules

After exploring a secret land, Malachi had obtained three Exemption Medallions.

He would be invincible with the power of the Saint Killing Spear.

After offering himself up to the Saint Killing Spear, he could even kill Godly Geniuses, not to mention the ace talents.

But this was possible only when he was in the wilderness…

He would definitely kill Zen if he were to fight Zen in the wilderness, far from the main city!

The good thing was that Malachi wouldn't lose Illusion Points even though he had offered himself to the spear.

However, after Zen had toyed with him, Malachi was unable to restrain himself.

The truth was that his best option was to lead Zen into the wilderness and slay him there. Right from the start, he felt that he could defeat and kill Zen using just his spear. But he lost that opportunity when he fell into a passive situation. That was the prime reason why he chose to sacrifice himself to the Saint Killing Spear.

No doubt it was a foolish plan of action. He was right next to the main city. Even after he sacrificed himself, and his strength increased dramatically, it would still be a herculean task to kill Zen in the main city.

As a result, his Saint Killing Spear was snatched away by Zen.

One could imagine just how perturbed Malachi was at this moment. He naturally had to find some way to vent his frustration. He saw Hailey standing not too far away and called out to her.

Hailey trembled when she heard Malachi's command.

"Don't go over to him," Janet whispered.

Hailey felt a mix of emotions as she stood there motionless.

"Bitch! Don't forget where you are right now!" Malachi yelled nastily as he stared at her. The corner of his mouth showed a hint of a sneer.

Hailey was still in his palace. While she was in the Illusion Battlefield, perhaps he couldn't do anything to her, but once she left that place, she was just a toy to him.

Hailey pursed her lips as sadness filled her eyes.

Although she did not share her thoughts, Jeffrey and Janet could see that she didn't have a choice.

She trudged towards Malachi.

The evil smile on Malachi's face grew wider and wider. His conflict with Zen had started because of her. He had suffered a loss because of Zen, but there was nothing else Zen could do to him.

When Hailey was halfway there, Zen stood between the two of them once again, and stared calmly at Malachi.

"What do you want?" Malachi demanded. His voice carried a hint of ridicule.

"Let her go," Zen said softly.

"No problem," Malachi laughed deviously. "Give me back my spear first!"

Zen hesitated a little… He actually had plans to duplicate a Saint Killing Spear.

At this moment, Malachi could also see that although Zen appeared apathetic, he valued his companions. Even though Hailey had only ventured into the Hall of Causality once with Zen, he wouldn't sit by idly and watch her suffer.

"Hahaha… Take off your clothes and get everyone in the mood. Let's have an erotic dance from you!" Malachi ordered, staring lustily at Hailey.

When the martial artists surrounding him heard his words, their eyes immediately lit up with lurid excitement.

The women of the Demon Night were all noble and sophisticated. People hardly had a chance to see the beauty of their naked bodies.

Deeply humiliated, Hailey gritted her teeth. "Malachi, I…" she stuttered

"Remember, you are not my woman, you are only my plaything. Don't forget your status. You have no choice!" The cruel smile on his face intensified.

In Malachi's eyes, Hailey didn't have a choice in the outside world or the Illusion Battlefield!

The reason was simple. Hailey's clan was not the only one in the Saint Spear Sect that had been controlled by him. Many people of the Saint Spear Sect, including Hailey's relatives were also imprisoned. It was now up to Malachi whether she and the others lived or died. If she didn't do as he said, she would risk everybody's lives.

Hailey gritted her teeth and swept her gaze across Zen. She then asked softly, "Zen, will you and my queen return to Demon Night?"

By "my queen," of course, she was referring to Lavender, the Queen of Killings, who the Saint Spear Sect had always supported.

Zen was slightly surprised by her question. Hailey was a reserved person. Although he had a general idea of what was going on between her and Malachi, it was impossible for him to guess the ins and outs of it. After all, he was not a prophet.

"For six years, I've been waiting for the day when you and Lavender would return

and save me from that damned place!

I'm very young, only twenty-eight years old, and I still have a chance to become an ace talent of the Demon Night. I don't want to be reduced to Malachi's plaything. I'm so much more talented than him!

But I also know that a few years is not enough time. It's impossible to be that fast...

I might... I might not be able to make it to that day..."

Tears welled up in her eyes as she spoke.

She wasn't the only one who was looking forward to this. The entire Saint Spear Sect was enduring humiliation and suffering as they struggled to survive. They were all waiting desperately for the day that Lavender would return.

Hailey was very clear about the consequences of defying Malachi. When she left the Illusion Battlefield, she would be very miserable in the future.

But she also understood that even though Malachi was making things difficult for her, he was actually using her as a pawn to threaten Zen.

Now that she understood his motives, she did not want to become a handle against Zen. At this point, she only wanted an answer from him.

Looking at her expression, Zen's heart was filled with tenderness.

Helping Lavender return to the throne had been a conundrum till now. He and Lavender had gone to the Dark World and sent people back to the Demon Night, and then Viveca, Elspeth, Salvador, and Aneisha had told them that a secret was hidden in a star, but since Zen was trapped in the fairy palace, he had not been able to do anything for the past six years!

What he didn't know was that so many people in the Demon Night had very high expectations of him.

Zen stared at her and reached out to wipe away the tears on her face. "Yes, we will!" he said nodding.

It was a short answer, but it was all she needed to hear. After nodding, Hailey rubbed her eyes and walked towards her tormentor with a despairing expression on her face. "Malachi, in fact, I've always wanted to tell you that if not for your father, you would be nothing more than a piece of trash," she said proudly. She paused for a moment, and then continued, "And you're worse in bed."

When she finished speaking, there was a relieved expression on her face and she was smiling triumphantly.

She had endured enough all these years.

Taciturn as she was, she had never talked so much.

As a race, the Demon Night was a lot more open-minded about sex, so she spoke without any restraint.

Still, as a man, it was the most insulting thing for a woman to expose his weaknesses in front of everyone, and Hailey, who was only one of his playthings, had dared to do so!

"Pfft!"

Not far away, Janet blushed slightly. She couldn't help but laugh.

The warriors present there had strange expressions on their faces…

Malachi was an ace talent, and a powerful warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. He couldn't possibly be bad in bed, right?

Jeffrey put his palms together. His expression was calm, but the corners of his mouth turned up slightly.

Coleman, on the other hand, was not quite so discreet. He snickered out loud; the laughter from his thick throat was incomparably ear-piercing.

Malachi's face stiffened. He stared coldly at Hailey, wanting to rip her to pieces with his gaze. Despite his fury, he actually laughed. "Hahaha! I didn't expect that you would become so bold after entering the Illusion Battlefield. Very good, very good … Do you know what the price for your impudence will be?"

"Death," she said calmly and confidently. At this point, her wish had been fulfilled by Zen's promise. And in any case, she was tired of living like a slave to Malachi.

"No," Malachi shook his head. "How can I let you die so easily? You must be well aware of the most powerful punishment that the Demon Night has given!"

Hailey flatly replied, "Punishment of Eternal Night."

"That's right. I am going to throw you and your entire clan into the Punishment of Eternal Night! I want you to experience torture in a way that you will never forget! Hahaha..." Malachi roared with excitement. This was the only outlet for his anger.

Zen sighed softly in his heart. All this was happening only because he wasn't strong enough. The sooner he gained more strength, the sooner he would be able to take Lavender back to the Demon Night.

Just then a booming voice sounded. "The rules of the Illusion Battlefield have changed, and the restrictions on battle will be lifted from the main cities, along with the restriction on flying."

Chapter 1637 Chaos In The Cities

It was the voice of the mysterious girl.

She had declared the rules of the Illusion Battlefield several times.

Only now, the rules had suddenly changed.

During the first stage of the Illusion Battlefield, with the protection of the law of the heavens, the major cities could become a place for the martial artists to protect themselves. As long as you didn't leave the main city, you would be completely safe.

Even from those ace talents and Godly Geniuses.

However, the further the battle progressed, the more intense the competition became.

Most of the Illusion Points were gained by only a small number of people.

Malachi, for example, had amassed a massive amount of Illusion Points and was ranked fourth in this supreme world. Before, as long as he didn't leave the main city, it would have been difficult for others to catch up.

But now the rules had changed.

The main city was no longer a haven for warriors. On the contrary, it was about to become a battleground.

After all, almost all of the martial artists were gathered in one or another of the main cities. Only a small number had left the main city to explore the endless wilderness.

But now, once the restrictions were removed, all warriors would be free to fight!

Instantly, the small skulls that were lingering outside the city wall began to rush into the city and bit Zen's back. The skulls floated from his shoulders downwards, like a cape made of skulls.

Malachi had been laughing wildly when the mysterious girl's voice rang out. He stopped, stunned.

A smile surfaced to Zen's face as he looked at Malachi. "Why aren't you laughing?"

Before, Malachi had not cared about his defeat. He had three Exemption Medallions in his hand. Even if Zen managed to kill him three times, he would not lose any Illusion Points.

Moreover, he would never have rushed out of the city after his Saint Killing Spear had been taken away. After all, Zen couldn't do anything to him.

But who could have known that the restrictions on fighting in the main city would be lifted at this very moment?

A cold feeling swept across the back of his neck. He knew that as long as he maintained his position as the fourth ranked member of the supreme world, he would surely be promoted to the next stage of the Illusion Battlefield!

And yet...

Beginning to realize that he might be in danger, Malachi reflexively began to retreat backwards.

He had lost the courage to fight Zen head on. All he wanted now was to escape!

Meanwhile, the rest of the main city was in chaos.

Not just the city, in fact.

Across the Illusion Battlefield, all fifty supreme worlds had been upended.

One by one each main city's warriors began to realize that they were now free to kill without restraint. Many immediately fled in all directions. The city was no longer a safe house, it would soon become a slaughterhouse.

Elsewhere, in a different supreme world, a set of slender fingers interlocked and undulated, their movements copied by a set of huge swords. The fingers, followed by the swords formed a complex array that rained down upon the city.

No matter if they were weak, strong, good at hiding, or good at attacking...

almost all of the martial artists in this main city fell to these swords.

Margaret tilted her head and surveyed the ruined city, her expression unsatisfied.

"I got lucky. Since they weren't coming out of the main city, I was planning to leave… And look, the rules have changed!"

What Margaret was doing, exterminating an entire city, might have been extreme, but it was far from rare.

Recovering from this onslaught, several warriors turned to try and take down more of the warriors.

In the outside world, the names on the pyramid began to shift. Several names shot up to the top of the list, like a surge of power.

With their defeats, the majority of the lower ranking martial artists would have their names fluctuating across the board.

The names of the most powerful, on the other hand, were far more stable.

These were the names of those at the very top of the food chain.

Not only were they not challenged by this change of rules, but in fact, many had already reaped great benefit.

In this new order, the strong could plunder more Illusion Points …

When she had previously controlled a main city, Lucille could only gain Illusion Points twice for every warrior that she killed.

If she received too many points from the same warrior, the warriors stopped leaving the city. After all, once they left the city, Lucille would just kill them.

For the moment, however, Lucille did not plan to collect more Illusion Points the old-fashioned way. No, instead she was going to rob the entire city at an extremely high speed. No one would be able to stop her anyway.

However, this situation depended on what happened in the main city. The main city where Zen was located was the exit to the Hall of Causality, and there were countless experts within. There were also a few ace talents, including Malachi.

No one else, not even Zen, could kill 80% of the martial artists in a city as easily as Margaret had.

"Hailey, Janet, protect yourselves well." As soon as Zen had given this warning, he whirled around to chase after Malachi.

Malachi ran. Once he was hundreds of feet away from Zen, he somersaulted and sped towards the sky. But Zen's reaction was just as fast, he followed right on his heels.

Although Zen had taken Malachi's Saint Killing Spear, he did not take away his Illusion Points. But that was about to change. Zen only had one thought in his mind, and that was those Illusion Points.

At the same time, Janet, Jeffrey, Coleman, Hailey, and Ansel were rapidly gathering together.

The warriors, who had originally only planned to watch this fight, now had two choices. They could either fight each other or run for their lives like Malachi had. Many of them chose the second option, and fled towards the skies.

Those with the fastest reactions managed to get away safely, fleeing into the vast and empty wilderness to take temporary refuge.

Many of the rest were not so lucky. They were felled, and after giving half of their Illusion Points, they slowly "revived" in a corner of the main city.

Janet and company were strong after all!

If the five of them were to work together, they could take on even Zen.

Other than a few ace talents in the main city, they would not encounter many powerful enemies here. The way they saw it, they were free to claim the spoils of conquest, and no one else would have the chance to plunder them!

Here and there, sharp rays of light appeared and vanished. Waves of intensive life vitality fluctuated all over the area. This kind of scene could only be seen during a race war. There had been a rumor over the years that many races in the universe would eventually fall into chaos and launch an unprecedented war, and it looked like this war would be the true battle of the world of chaos!

At this very moment, in the Illusion Battlefield, it was being rehearsed in advance.

On the other side, Zen did not allow Malachi to escape too far. At around ten thousand feet, Malachi found himself blocked. Zed held the Saint Killing Spear deliberately in his hand. With one hand holding the spear and the other holding the sword, he looked at Malachi with a faint smile. "Should I kill you three times? Or five? You can choose."

If he was killed once, he would lose half of his Illusion Points. Twice, he would lose three quarters of his points. If he was killed three times, he would lose seven eighths of his Illusion Points …

Malachi's expression turned gloomy. If Zen killed him three times, his ranking would fall out of the 100, 000 range.

That was a loss that he could not accept. With a flip of his hand, he brought out a purple long spear. This was a first-rank divine weapon, and it was also Malachi's life weapon.

This spear was a sight to behold. After all, he was the son of a Supreme Lord. He owned things that an ordinary martial artist couldn't have. But still, this spear couldn't compare to the Saint Killing Spear.

Chapter 1638 The Mutation Of The Spear

Malachi glared at Zen, his face sullen and furious as he tried to think of a way to deal with him.

Based on his clansmen's predictions, the Illusion Battlefield's first stage would soon be ending.

The first stage served to eliminate the majority of the warriors. Only 50 people per supreme world would most likely go on to the second stage.

Since there were 50 supreme worlds, that would mean a total of 2, 500 people would advance.

Among the trillions of warriors in this boundless universe, these 2, 500 could be considered as the elite among all Soul Sea Realm warriors. They were most likely descendants of world lords, children of Supreme Lords, ace talents, or Godly Geniuses.

These predictions were based on the fragmented data collated from the last grand era.

They were not a hundred percent accurate but were still more or less correct.

Malachi had already known the existence of the cities, along with the Hall of Causality way before he entered the Illusion Battlefield.

He had spent this entire time fighting and killing warriors on the battlefield every single day. He did not meet any mighty warriors that were his match. As a result, his ranking had climbed up steadily.

He was now at the fourth rank of this supreme world, which was already more than enough for him to enter the second stage.

He might go down a couple of places, but there was no way he would fall out of the top fifty.

All he needed to do was choose a nice place in the city to spend the night in and wait for the second stage.

However, his plan was immediately derailed upon the sudden changing of the Illusion Battlefield's rules. Nobody, not even his clansmen, could predict that the prohibition of killing within cities would be lifted. Maybe this fact was never recorded or perhaps their own records were incomplete.

Nevertheless, he was truly regretting it now.

If not for Hailey, then he never would've provoked Zen.

And now his spear was in his enemy's hands. How in the world was he supposed to fight him now?

Swoosh!

A bloody light shone from Malachi's space ring. Driven to an inescapable corner, he now brought out his last resort—his life's treasure, the Crane Crying Spear. This spear was a first-rank divine weapon considered as a rare treasure. However, it was still far inferior to the Saint Killing Spear.

He knew he was no match for Zen, but his pride as an ace talent forced him to push forward.

There was still that tiny sliver of hope for victory if he gave it his all.

"Dance of the Blood Crane!" he shouted.

He raised his spear as beams of bloody light shot out and headed straight towards Zen.

Zen remained calm as he activated the Eight Smoky Melodies.

The sparring with the Supreme Lord Sword paid off since his understanding of swordsmanship had risen to a whole other level.

His in-battle strategy was also enhanced. It was now easier for him to plan his course of action even during an actual battle.

This time, Zen chose not to use his sword.

Instead, he raised the spear he acquired from his opponent and raised it against him.

He wasn't as good at using the spear as he was with the sword.

Fortunately, his current cultivation level allowed him to use anything and wield it effectively as a weapon. He could even pick up a branch or a random flower and use it in battle, so a spear wasn't going to be that difficult for him.

Add to the fact that the Saint Killing Spear was an already exceptional weapon to begin with and Zen was assured to be a mean, killing machine. However, as he held the spear, he couldn't help but notice that it seemed to pulse with some kind of hunger, as if it was desperately seeking for something only Zen could provide.

"Huh?"

He didn't think there would be something so strange with this weapon when he first took it.

The spear was alive!

It felt like a starving man who hadn't had anything to eat or drink for three days and was hoping for Zen to feed it.

'The Saint Killing Spear has been possessed by the Demon Night queens. I guess the energy to activate it is not life vitality but Faith Energy.

I don't have either, but I guess I could try with the chaotic energy, ' he thought to himself.

Zen extracted a stream of chaotic energy from his body and allowed it to circulate through his meridians before pouring it into the spear.

Crack!

The spear erupted with explosive sizzling sounds as Zen infused the chaotic energy into it.

As all this was happening, Malachi had already unleashed his spear lights. However, how could he ever hope to defeat Zen so easily when the latter had already activated the Eight Smoky Melodies? Zen successfully dodged Malachi's attacks every single time.

Malachi couldn't help but be stunned when he heard the sizzling sounds erupt from the Saint Killing Spear.

"What's happening?" he murmured in puzzlement.

Zen couldn't answer him even if he wanted to. He himself was also completely at a loss.

All he did was pour the chaotic energy into the spear, which quickly devoured all of it at once.

'Was it still not enough?' he thought to himself in astonishment.

Zen had no idea what just happened, but he now had a faint understanding of the Saint Killing Spear. It seemed that the weapon was an absolute glutton who couldn't be readily satisfied with the already concentrated chaotic energy.

Good thing Zen's chaotic sea wasn't small and he could pour even more chaotic energy into the hungry spear.

He didn't think too much of it. He simply poured the chaotic energy into the spear again until he thought that it was enough. Once the weapon felt more or less stable, he then thrust it out with his left hand towards Malachi.

Whoosh!

The chaotic energy it consumed formed a huge spear shadow beside the Saint Killing Spear.

The Shadowy Spin was a spear skill of the Saint Killing Spear. It was the type of weapon that did not need an owner to cultivate a special skill. All Zen needed to do was feed it in order to activate its skillset.

It hurt to admit it but this enormous spear shadow cast by Zen was far beyond any of the spear shadows Malachi had ever used.

Malachi couldn't help but look surprised as he stared at his opponent. Zen's Shadowy Spin was, in fact, a hundred times stronger than his. Malachi could just feel it! And this was the first time Zen had activated it too.

Was he seeing things? He definitely wasn't.

How in the world did this happen?

Malachi naturally understood the Saint Killing Spear since it had been his weapon, but he was at a loss for its current behavior. He didn't know why it made those exploding sounds earlier, nor could he understand how it was able to manifest such a powerful Shadowy Spin.

From his experience, the spear shadow born out of the spear was entirely dependent on the amount of life vitality poured into it. Even if Malachi emptied out his entire life vitality sea to activate the spear strike, it still wouldn't achieve the degree of power Zen currently managed to manifest.

"No! This is impossible!" he roared in frustration.

"Nothing is impossible," Zen said with a smile before thrusting the Saint Killing Spear towards Malachi.

The majestic illusory spear shadow spun like crazy and headed straight for its former master.

Malachi once used the power of the Shadowy Spin to create a small hole in the city wall, but the one Zen manifested would no doubt be able to destroy it entirely.

There was no way he could block it.

'Flee!'

This was the only thought in Malachi's mind.

But there was no way out! Zen wasn't going to let him go that easily.

In the end, Malachi had no choice but to get swallowed up by the spear shadow and perish.

A red light then quickly flew towards the city, containing Malachi's soul. The rules might have changed but revivals were still centralized in the city.

'I still don't get any Illusion Points. Malachi has three Exemption Medallions. I have to kill him four times if I want to get his points!'

Zen thought to himself as he followed the red dot and charged straight into the city. He would kill Malachi as soon as he revived.

Inside the city, the battle was getting even way more intense.

Everyone seemed to be fighting. The strong warriors that had just recently returned from the Hall of Causality, some ace talents, and ordinary warriors in general were all fighting against one another.

The city had once been protected by the rules of the heavens, but less than five minutes after the lifting of the fight prohibition, the entire city had been reduced to nothing but broken rubble.

Boom!

Bang!

Crash!

Law Powers shot out in all directions, and anyone who was not careful enough would no doubt get hit and die without even knowing what or who killed them.

On the other side of the city were numerous round balls of light, symbolizing the warriors who were about to be resurrected.

Beside these balls of light were a group of warriors who waited for the revival of their vanquished opponents, ready to repeat the cycle and kill them all over again.

This was the fate that weaker warriors were doomed to have: an endless cycle of being killed and resurrection. All of their Illusion Points would be squeezed out of their bodies until there was nothing left.

Chapter 1639 Who Ranked First

Zen's aura immediately attracted a lot of attention as he flew into the main city.

Those who noticed him wore obvious looks of astonishment on their faces.

His fight with Malachi was still fresh in their minds and Zen was now regarded as a sort of unbeatable monster in everyone's eyes.

Zen, on the other hand, merely glanced at them as he flew over their heads.

These warriors collectively had around a few hundred thousand Illusion Points. There was no need to waste his time with these low-level people. His target was Malachi and it was going to stay that way.

Malachi's red dot flew and landed on the west side of the main city. Zen was in close pursuit and saw the dot expand and turn into a person-sized mass of light.

The round of heavens was powerful, but it was impossible for it to instantly revive and reconstruct the countless warriors that were currently dying in this city-wide massacre. Malachi would have to wait for a bit before his body was fully reconstructed.

Those who entered the Illusion Battlefield were currently enveloped by the light of the heavens and only needed to project their bodies inside it.

However, Zen wasn't quite sure why the equipment carried by the warriors couldn't be carried over after their bodies were projected again...

He held his sword in one hand and the acquired spear on the other as he waited near that mass of light.

He didn't have to wait long. Soon enough, the light began to fluctuate and a reconstructed person began to step out of it.

Zen smiled and brandished the spear as soon as the figure appeared.

Malachi didn't even have a chance. The moment he stepped out, Zen was already waiting for him. The young man was quick to kill him without any problems. It was incredibly frustrating on Malachi's end.

"Whoosh..."

Malachi's points, however, still did not burst out.

The red dot, containing his soul, immediately flew towards the other side of the city.

"I have killed him three times, so his Exemption Medallions should have all been used up, ' Zen thought as he immediately chased after the red dot again.

It was the same cycle: Malachi revived and Zen quickly ended him with a spear strike.

The three Exemption Medallions had all been used up and his accumulated Illusion Points were immediately cut in half now that Zen was successful in killing him for the fourth time.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Zen drew back his spear and readily absorbed the massive surge of Illusion Points in his body.

The sight of so many Illusion Points attracted everyone's attention.

The amount of Illusion Points in front of them could no doubt elevate a low-ranking warrior all the way to the top 100 of this supreme world!

Of course, these points already had an owner. Since Zen killed Malachi then all these points would naturally go to him. None of the warriors dared to take his points away, since they knew that Zen was already doing them a huge favor by not targeting them.

However, Zen didn't seem to be too interested in these Illusion Points. His eyes were instead fixed at the red dot that contained Malachi's soul.

The dot flew away to a corner of the city and Zen was immediately in close pursuit.

Each time he killed Malachi, he would be entitled to half of his accumulated points. Zen had no plans to stop until he bled Malachi dry of all of his Illusion Points.

A large amount of points had come out of his body just now, so there was no doubt that he still had a couple of million points stored within him.

And Zen wasn't wrong.

Malachi had a total of 70 million Illusion Points.

His death by Zen's hands halved it into 35 million points.

Right now, he was ranked 2, 400th in the Illusion Battlefield and 47th in the supreme world.

It wasn't so bad.

At least he was still in the top 50!

However, he still couldn't rest easy.

How could he escape when Zen was still chasing after him? If he died a fifth time, then he might completely drop out of the top 50 and lose the opportunity to enter the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield!

An ace talent like him, who couldn't even make it into the top 50, would be an absolute disgrace! He couldn't allow that to happen! Not if he valued his dignity.

"Zen, you're going too far!" he shouted through the ball of light.

However, Zen simply ignored him. So what if he was going too far? He was determined to milk Malachi dry of all his points. The moment the warrior was resurrected, Zen once again pierced him with the spear and let him be engulfed by the spear shadow manifested by the Shadowy Spin...

"Puff!"

For the second time, a huge amount of Illusion Points burst forth from Malachi.

The number of points had been reduced by half: about 17 million, which meant there were still around 17 million points in Malachi's body.

"Whoosh..."

There was no way Zen was letting go of his prey. He once again followed the red dot and prepared to kill him for the sixth time.

"Zen, if you stop killing me then I can let Hailey off!" Malachi roared.

He couldn't really affect the Saint Spear Sect's position, but Malachi knew he could still control Hailey's fate. She was his only bargaining chip right at this desperate moment.

He was now out of the top 50, but if he could keep at least ten million Illusion Points then he still stood a chance in catching up to the rankings.

"Puff!"

Zen did not respond and simply pierced Malachi with the spear, like he did a few times before.

"I can really let off Hailey..." he repeated weakly.

"There's no need," Zen said flatly.

He was no fool. There was no way he was going to believe that Malachi would do good on his promise.

Some grudges ran too deep to be let off so easily. Zen was determined to bring Lavender back to the Demon Night and punish all those bad guys.

Malachi only had around eight million Illusion Points left in his body.

"Once again..." Zen's eyes flashed as he followed Malachi's red dot.

The seventh time he was killed, Malachi was left with only around four million points—not even enough to enter the Hall of Causality.

The eighth time had him with only two million Illusion Points left...

The ninth time, one million...

The tenth time—five hundred thousand...

Each time he killed him, Zen got less and less Illusion Points from Malachi.

Such was the rule.

After the twelfth time of dying, Malachi had a little over one hundred thousand Illusion Points left which was a far cry from his initial 70 million Illusion Points. His ranking also dropped from fourth all the way down to the 8, 000th. To say he felt disappointed was an understatement.

"Zen!"

Hailey shouted.

Behind her were Janet and the others.

In the midst of the chaos, the five of them formed a team and fought their way into the city. Through the power of teamwork, none of them died and they even managed to get themselves a considerable amount of Illusion Points.

Nobody was really brave enough to attack them but they could easily attack others.

The weaker ones were the first to fall and had no chance to fight back with all the other stronger warriors hunting them down.

Zen stopped and looked at Hailey. "I've already taken all of Malachi's Illusion Points."

Hailey breathed a sigh of relief. "I saw it."

"Are you mentally prepared?" he asked her.

She hesitated for a moment. "Even if I have to receive the Punishment of Eternal Night, I will still bear it. I will work hard to live on... I still look forward to that day..."

The Punishment of Eternal Night Hailey just mentioned was a completely terrible thing that only the Demon Night members would know.

Zen shook his head. "I won't let you wait for so long."

His words left a deep impression on her and Hailey's eyes simply shone as she looked Zen.

People generally feard pain and frustration. However, such things were easily endurable by warriors. No, what people truly feared the most was the idea of hopelessness.

Amber, for example, was someone who needed hope to survive. She was on the verge of collapse and her imprisonment did not make things any easier for her. It was only with hope that she drew the power to survive.

Zen was someone who could promise them what they all sincerely hoped for the most.

He was not a man who casually made promises. Each time he did, he felt an immense pressure to live up to his word and keep it.

However, even if he hadn't made a promise, things had already gone this far, and Zen didn't think he would be able to sit idly by and watch this all happen without doing anything.

It was at this moment that Zen finally found the time to check his ranking and the results slightly shocked him.

He was now in the top 100 and was ranked 77th in the Illusion Battlefield.

And he was ranked second in the supreme world! The Illusion Points he got from Malachi obviously were a huge deal in elevating his place in the rankings!

But if he was second, then who was the first?

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1640 Who Is That Woman (Part One)

Now the competition for the rankings in the Illusion Battlefield reached the most intense stage.

The name and ranking of each warrior showing on the pyramids in the outside world continued to change erratically. The outside world became quite fascinated by it, and everyone had their favorites among the participants.

"Lawson's in the first place! Unbelievable! Didn't he previously rank the 200th?"

"Nathan is now back in the top three! That was quick!"

"Who is Zola? I've never heard of this name before. The person is now in the top ten! This is crazy!"

Being in the top 100 in the Illusion Battlefield would be a great achievement. The warriors who made it to the top 100 were considered as the top talents of the universe. All the creatures in the universe paid attention to the names that would make it on the list as they were rooting for their respective races.

The entire Illusion Battlefield was divided into fifty supreme worlds, and each supreme world had many mighty warriors in it. But until now, these warriors had yet to face each other. Thus, at this point in the competition, it was still undetermined how these warriors would rank in terms of strength and power.

Meanwhile, as Letitia was supplying her life vitality, she kept looking at the names on the pyramid.

When she spotted Zen's name among the top one hundred warriors, she felt at ease.

Based on her knowledge about the Illusion Battlefield, she could comprehend her husband's current state and prospects.

Each warrior competing in the Illusion Battlefield aimed to be on the top 100 list. There was a lot at stake in being one of the best in this competition. The top 100 warriors were favored by the universe. Those who made it to the list were highly valued by their respective races because it was believed that the future Godly Geniuses would be born from these people. And from those Godly Geniuses would the True Gods be born.

Letitia recalled hearing from Zen about the world of chaos. It was the first time she had ever heard of such.

And what was exactly the world of chaos?

Letitia didn't know and when she asked Zen about it, he wasn't certain about it either.

She did her research and from what she learned, she concluded that the world of chaos was the Godly Way.

However, Letitia didn't know that her understanding of the world of chaos was quite shallow.

Most of the warriors in the entire universe lacked deeper knowledge and understanding of the world of chaos.

From what they knew, after the arrival of the world of chaos, talents would spring up like wild mushrooms. In effect, the talents would no longer be rare. If the universe became saturated with talents, the standard for such would become higher, discerning the less impressive talents as ordinary.

But how could one be considered as a talent? A talent possessed an innate gift. They had mastery of incomparable skills amongst their peers. An ordinary warrior could master a skill through rigorous practice and perseverance, while a talent could easily unleash that potential once they embraced their gift.

Thus, if the number of talents in the world of chaos was to increase, those born as ordinary talents would no longer be considered as talents.

In the current universe, the only considered true talents were the ace talents of the major powers and races.

These were the ones who had already activated the Mahayana Lotus Flower. Only when their Mahayana Lotus Flower had reached the perfection state could they become Godly Geniuses. Then, they would have the possibility of becoming True Gods.

And aside from the possibility of becoming True Gods, these talents also carried the destiny of the universe.

But as the world of chaos continued to evolve, a crisis was always bound to happen to the universe sooner or later. Even the best warriors could not escape the crisis brought by the evolving world of chaos.

All the past grand eras fell into the hands of the inevitable crises.

A grand era would last for 3.6 billion years, and every grand era had suffered its crisis. In the last era, for example, stars had fallen, and the Fire Demon had descended.

While in the grand era before that, a plague erupted like God's punishment.

And the crisis from three grand eras ago was the stars falling and hitting the universe, killing millions of creatures. No one could predict what the crisis would be for a grand era and when it would come.

Unfortunately, there were no historical records of the crisis that had happened four grand eras ago because it wasn't until the last three grand eras when the historians started to record the crises. Still, the recorded crises from the previous three grand eras were far from being complete and accurate.

After all, the crisis could wipe out a civilization, which would result in the extinction of the grand era. Thus, only a few things would have been passed on to the next grand era.

"Which force does Margaret belong to? How did she get to the 60th place?" someone exclaimed.

Letitia started to feel frustrated about the result. How could Margaret best Zen in the Illusion Battlefield rankings?

"I'm afraid I am not familiar with her. However, I heard that this woman has some strong background. If my memory serves me right, she seems to be from the Purple Power World," someone replied.

"Purple Power World. Purple Power Body. So that's how it is!" Letitia remembered that Margaret possessed the Purple Power Body and that she had once controlled several great swords with her astonishing power. But what Letitia didn't know was that the Purple Power World had a say in the Upper World that Margaret could rank in the top 100 in the entire universe.

Whoosh!

Letitia was in her deep thoughts when the shadow of a whip suddenly flew towards her.

Pak!

The shadow of the whip exploded before Letitia's face!

Although the whip did not physically hit her, the force from the blast pierced towards her like a sharp knife.

Chapter 1641 Who Is That Woman (Part Two)

But in an instant, ice crystals formed on Letitia's face. The ice crystals were arranged with certain distance from each other, forming a special protective layer of life vitality.

Crack!

The knife-like force hit the ice crystals instead. The explosion was so strong that the ice crystals cracked open revealing Letitia's fuming face.

Letitia could regenerate her body from any damage. But that kind of strong explosion would have given her quite a damage and it would take a while before she could recover. She was grateful for the protection of the ice crystals because if not for those, her face would have been cut open.

"What do you want?"

Letitia suddenly stood up; her face full of rage as she stared at the middle-aged woman not far away from her.

Although she served here by pouring her life vitality into the Illusion Space of the Pure Jade Sacred Place for free, she was not a slave.

The middle-aged woman who attacked her with a whip looked at Letitia with a cold smile. "I already said it before; no one is allowed to speak here. But here you are making the same mistake over and over again! For now, this whip served as a warning. If there's a next time, it won't be just this whip anymore."

"We were only discussing in a low voice and it did not affect us pouring our life vitality into the Illusion Space. Just so you know, there are also other people talking here aside from me! Why are you always targeting me?" Letitia asked in a cold voice.

The middle-aged woman pinched the whip in her hand, and a disdainful smile appeared on her face. "The people around you, eh? Let me remind you of who you are. You are just a warrior from the Lower World. What qualifications do you think you have to compare yourself to others? A bitch like you—"

Right at that moment, a black broken blade came spiraling over. The speed of this broken blade was extremely fast, and it was almost unavoidable.

It flashed several times in the air and before the middle-aged woman could react, it had instantly cut off her right arm.

"Aargh!"

The middle-aged woman let out a scream like a pig being butchered as blood spurted from her freshly severed arm.

The other warriors pouring their life vitality into the Illusion Space witnessed what happened, but their expressions didn't change much. Instead of rushing to the middle-aged woman's aid, they just stood to see what would happen next with rapt attention.

To a warrior, losing an arm was not a rare occurrence. However, it wasn't common for a warrior to hurt another one in this place. For someone to dare hurt the middle-aged woman, it only meant that the person must have a very high status in the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

After all, the Saint Lord of the sacred place was present at that moment to observe the pyramid above the Illusion Space, so there was no way an ordinary warrior would make a move here. It would be like signing their own death.

"Who are you? What did I do wrong?"

The middle-aged woman held onto her wound with a bewildered expression on her face. She was a smart woman who knew that whoever attacked her here was not someone she could afford to offend.

It was just that she hadn't done anything wrong, so why did that someone have to break her arm? Why?

The middle-aged woman could only ask the warrior because she was not convinced that she deserved to be punished like this.

Soon, a person walked out of the space. This person was at the Spirit Transformation Realm, and many warriors could recognize him. He was Preston, a palace leader of the Pure Jade Sacred Place. He could be considered one of the top 100 ranked figures of the sacred place.

"I cut off one of your arms just to warn you. Don't be so rude again," Preston said with a cold expression. He then turned to look at Letitia. When his eyes met hers, a gentle smile crossed his lips. His cold face immediately disappeared without a trace as if he had met the bright sun. "Are you Letitia Ning?"

Letitia was astonished. She had not yet recovered from seeing the middle-aged woman's arm being cut off, and now this? This man was far superior than the middle-aged woman and his cultivation was unfathomable, so why was he being so polite to her?

Ever since she had ascended to the Upper World, she had been looked down upon. She had received all sorts of unfair treatment that had left her feeling extremely regretful. If she had known earlier that a Soul Sea Realm warrior meant nothing in the Upper World, she would not have ascended.

"Yes, I am," she answered truthfully.

"Would you mind coming with me?" Preston asked politely. He was still wearing that gentle smile on his face.

Letitia felt strange and it could be seen on her face, but she still nodded slightly. "Of course. But I still need to infuse my life vitality into the Illusion Space."

"You don't have to. Please, if you could just follow me," Preston said with a smile.

Therefore, Letitia immediately left this place and followed Preston's lead.

Everyone saw Preston personally lead Letitia away. Naturally, when Preston and Letitia had finally left, they all began to talk about her.

"Who is that woman? Why is Master Preston so nice to her?"

"Well, come to think of it, she's a real beauty. I bet that some big shot from the Pure Jade Sacred Place has taken a fancy to her!"

"I don't think so! If mere beauty could take us anywhere, then why are there single beauties still working here?"

As for the middle-aged woman, she stared as Letitia slowly disappeared from her sight. She was left grabbing onto her amputated arm, gritting her teeth in pain and rage.

Chapter 1642 Letitia Joined The Sacred Place

Letitia followed in Preston's wake, feeling anxious.

With her bright intelligence, how could she not understand the situation in which she found herself?

She was someone who had ascended from the Lower World and lacked any foundation in the Upper World. So what good would come to her, when facing those enormous odds?

There was only one possible hope for her, and that was Zen.

However, with her understanding of the situation, she also knew that Zen could hardly look after himself.

He was indeed very famous in the universe, but his fame had not come from aligning himself with a certain power. Furthermore, he seemed to have offended a lot of great powers.

Although Preston was extremely polite to her, she was not sure if the situation would play out in her favor or not. It might be a good or a bad thing.

What Letitia feared greatly was that if she fell into the hands of the Pure Jade Sacred Place, she could be used as a bargaining chip against Zen, which was what she didn't want to face.

However, she had no way to avoid it.

After circling around the hall, she arrived at the square in front of it.

At this moment, all of the core members of the Pure Jade Sacred Place had gathered on the square.

Thirty-two palace leaders, various hall leaders, stewards, elders...

The combined aura which these warriors exuded was abnormally strong. Even the least of them was at the Spirit Transformation Realm, and there were also several warriors whose strength was unfathomable.

Letitia was at the Soul Sea Realm, and those warriors that she could not evaluate were at least a half-step away from becoming world lords.

These warriors also shifted their gazes onto Letitia. There was curiosity in their eyes as they focused on her, reading her talent and potential.

"Is this woman really Zen Luo's wife?"

"He is also from the Lower World. It's not impossible for him to have a wife and children in the Lower World. However, the possibility of her pretending to be his wife is even greater!"

"Pretending to be his wife? We'll wait for the Saint Lord to use his soul theurgy to see if she is really Zen Luo's wife. She'll pay a heavy price should she be lying."

Seeing Letitia being brought forward, the warriors on the square all began discussing her.

Now that the battles in the Illusion Battlefield had reached a new level, everyone was especially concerned about the rankings.

The strongest core talent of the Pure Jade Sacred Place, Josiah Shen, had also entered the top 70, 000 rankings, and his ranking was still rising rapidly.

According to everyone's expectations, Josiah's achievement of reaching the top 100, 000 was already considered extraordinary. But now that he had reached the top 70, 000, the upper echelons of the Pure Jade Sacred Place were naturally all surprised.

After all, they were only a tenth-grade sacred place, and in the entire universe, there were hundreds of thousands of tenth-grade sacred places like theirs.

Of course, Josiah's results were incomparable to Zen's.

With Zen's current advancing ranking, the entire Humanity Alliance would place great importance on him.

After all, in the three thousand supreme worlds of the Humanity Alliance, there were less than a hundred people who were skilled enough to reach the top ten thousand.

Under the visual scrutiny of so many mighty warriors, Letitia felt a little uneasy.

In the end, she followed Preston and they soon stood in front of an old man wearing a Taoist robe.

The old man sat still on a rattan chair, his gaze fixed on the pyramid on top of the Illusion Space. Then Preston bowed to him. "Saint Lord, I've brought her here."

The old man was the Saint Lord of the Pure Jade Sacred Place, the ruler of this sacred place.

Upon hearing Preston's words, the Saint Lord slowly looked away. It was probably because of the cultivation method which he used, but he looked exceptionally old and his movements seemed incredibly slow. However, his wrinkled eyes contained a pair of brightly shining pupils.

He glanced at Letitia and asked in an aged voice that crackled with authority, "Are you really Zen Luo's wife?"

The warrior who had been staying by Letitia's side was also a warrior of humble birth, but he had been born and bred in the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

After finding out about Letitia's background, he treated it as an opportunity and immediately reported it to his superior.

He hadn't even imagined that this matter would attract the attention of the Saint Lord of the Pure Jade Sacred Place. His superior had promised to give him a lasting reward if Letitia was really Zen's wife. The warrior could not pass up this opportunity.

"Yes, I am. I came to find my husband," Letitia answered boldly.

The Saint Lord nodded slightly, while his lively eyes scrutinized her. "Look into my eyes."

The moment Letitia looked over, she felt that her eyes were captured, and she could not look away from the old man's eyes. It was as if her whole body had sunk into their mysterious depths.

This was his soul theurgy!

Letitia immediately realized what was happening.

However, with her low cultivation level, how could she resist the soul theurgy of a Saint Lord? She was powerless to oppose him.

However, other than feeling her eyes being forcibly locked onto him, she didn't feel any further discomfort.

Not long after, the Saint Lord wearily closed his eyes. Letitia's body suddenly trembled at being released, and she heaved a sigh of relief.

A few of the mighty warriors of the Pure Jade Sacred Place also turned to look at the Saint Lord. He then slowly stated, "Zen Luo had ascended to the Spirit Reading World of our Humanity Alliance when he came to the Upper World, and he was then sent to the Mist Palace to cultivate. He is an important member of our Humanity Alliance. Since you are his wife and you've had the good fortune to ascend to the Pure Jade Sacred Place, you will naturally be placed under my protection. Previously, Zen had been sent straight to the Mist Palace. If you are willing to, I can also assign you to the Mist Palace."

Even though the Saint Lord was old, he could clearly read the complex situation unfolding.

If Zen hadn't climbed up to the top of Illusion Battlefield, the Saint Lord wouldn't have bothered to do this. At most, he would have sent people to investigate and then help to settle Letitia in.

Even though Zen had made a name before, he had only been known for the power of the fairy palace. Now he had fully proven his strength, and he held the 77th ranking in the Illusion Battlefield.

In the world of chaos, if Zen continued to grow, he would definitely become an extremely important figure in the Humanity Alliance.

If he could go further, he would only need a single event to launch his becoming the main character in this world of chaos.

This had extraordinary meaning and boundless potential.

Once that happened, it was certain that his achievements would surpass those of even Supreme Lord Illusion.

Protecting Zen's wife was a piece of cake for the Pure Jade Sacred Place. However, this act of kindness could potentially gain his gratitude. Even a fool would become wise and do such a thing.

"The Mist Palace?" Letitia asked, as curiosity sparked in her clear eyes.

The Saint Lord nodded. "The Mist Palace is one of the most cherished cultivation places of the Humanity Alliance. Only the most outstanding warriors can set foot there."

"Thank you, but I am not going." Letitia shook her head. "I think I will stay here and continue to wait for Zen."

Hearing Letitia's reply, the Saint Lord had a faint smile form on his face. "You can certainly stay here. Once the contests in the Illusion Battlefield are over, I can inform Zen of your location by using a Roaring Token. But you know how dire his situation is right now. Several major races hold grudges against him, and they are not willing to let him go. He might be trapped in that fairy palace for a long while."

"I understand," Letitia nodded. "Thank you very much, Saint Lord." She bowed her head respectfully.

The Saint Lord added in a courteous tone, "No problem. It's just a small matter. In the meantime, you can train in our Pure Jade Force House. Preston, take good care of her."

Preston's eyes lit up at the Saint Lord's decision.

Everyone would be willing to do this kind of thing. It was not a difficult thing to accept Letitia as a disciple. Forgetting her talent, everyone knew that Zen had a promising future. It would not be a bad idea for Preston to help Zen's wife. It could then earn him Zen's gratitude and perhaps even his friendship.

Besides, the Saint Lord had already used his soul theurgy to confirm that this woman was indeed Zen's wife.

A warrior could have many women on his travels, but he only had a single wife. She was likely of great importance to him as well.

"But I don't want to cultivate right now." Letitia's gaze turned upon the pyramid. "I want to stay here and watch the rankings."

"This is just a small matter. I will stay with you to watch," Preston said with a smile. He purposely found a good spot on the square for her.

Only now did Letitia become an official disciple of the Pure Jade Sacred Place, and she was even allowed to step into the very core of the sacred place, the Pure Jade Force House.

When Letitia had first heard about the Pure Jade Force House, she had also yearned for it. She had still been considering whether her husband was qualified to enter, but now, the Saint Lord had allowed her to enter the force house simply because he knew of her relationship with Zen.

At this moment, Letitia felt light-hearted and it was as if she had stepped into a dream.

What had her husband done to make the warriors in the Upper World think so highly of him?

Obviously, she didn't know about Zen's performance in Passing the Torch, nor did she know that the few Supreme Lords in the Humanity Alliance were all silently watching his every move.

"Amazing!" Looking into the distance, she saw Zen's name. He was now ranked 77th. A proud look set her face to glowing. "Unknown to me, he's already reached this point."

Letitia recalled that when she had first met Zen, he had only been at the nature level. A myriad of emotions flooded her at this moment.

Chapter 1643 The Golden Door Of Light (Part One)

The new rules of the Illusion Battlefield changed the course of the competition and caught everyone off guard. It took three days for the situation to settle down and for the participants to get used to the new rules.

Many warriors had already fled the cities the moment the rules changed.

The cities that used to be the safest places in the Illusion Battlefield became the most dangerous ones after the new rules were announced.

And with nowhere to hide in the cities, most of the warriors had retreated to the wilderness.

The greedy warriors took advantage of the new rules and wreaked havoc on the cities. They hunted and killed the inferior warriors for their Illusion Points. When the cities were finally exhausted, the warriors had set their eyes on the new target—the endless wilderness outside the cities. The endless wilderness housed all kinds of fierce beasts, and right now, it was also a place of refuge for other warriors who fled the cities to avoid the slaughter. If the greedy warriors were lucky enough, not only would they get Illusion Points from the fierce beasts, but they could also chance upon other warriors.

The wilderness hunt had begun. The warriors from the entire Illusion Battlefield scattered rapidly—some of them were the hunters, while the others were the prey.

While most of the superior warriors began their hunt, Zen had no intention of participating in it.

He didn't see the need to rush into the wilderness for a few hundred thousand Illusion Points.

At the moment, Zen had ranked second in this supreme world. It was quite an accomplishment already. But he didn't want to settle with that. His goal was to hunt the other nine top-ten warriors.

At first, Zen had no definite plan on how to obtain more Illusion Points. Up to this point, the warriors that he had slain were not targeted by him in advance. Those were either the prey he had chanced upon or the warriors who tried to kill him but got killed by him instead.

He then realized that if he wanted to promote his rank in the whole universe, he should focus on catching the bigger lions instead. However, it would still be difficult for him to find the top-ranking warriors in this chaotic and vast sea of people. But first, he had to leave the city and head towards the wilderness.

On the other hand, Janet, Jeffrey and Hailey were more focused on promoting their rankings in the current stage.

Currently, Janet was ranked 63rd in this supreme world, Jeffrey was ranked the 57th, while Hailey was the 81st.

Only the top 50 warriors of each supreme world would qualify to enter the second stage. The three weren't too far off from ranking 50th, so with the new rules on play, they could improve their ranking in no time. It looked like fate was on their side.

With Zen's team temporarily being dissolved, each member would have the time and focus to improve their ranking at their own pace.

Meanwhile, Zen had finally arrived in the wilderness. He found a corner where he settled in for a while and once again took out the Saint Killing Spear.

He noticed something odd about the spear, but he shrugged it off and poured his chaotic energy into it.

The Saint Killing Spear looked like it saw the rain fall after the long drought. As he poured his chaotic energy into it, sounds of popping beans could be heard, and the surface of the spear started cracking.

After carefully sizing it up, he discovered that the Saint Killing Spear was slightly bent.

The Saint Killing Spear was made of black and white divine woods that intertwined with each other. The divine wood was the sturdiest wood in the universe and almost indestructible in the heavens.

But Zen could not understand how this kind of wood could be easily bent.

He took another look and found a bit of green within the chapped crack in the middle of the Saint Killing Spear.

When he looked closer to examine, he could not believe what was in there.

Two bright green sprouts were growing in the crack.

"I know that the divine woods are special and immortal. But these were already forged into the Saint Killing Spear. There's no way they could grow these sprouts."

There could only be a reason for the sudden growth of these sprouts, and it must have been because of the chaotic energy.

The further he analyzed it, the more his theory seemed true.

But then again, it was just his theory. He still lacked a deeper understanding of the divine woods. And right now, he was still unclear about the changes occurring within the Saint Killing Spear, and no one was there to explain it.

He really wanted to bring the Saint Killing Spear out of the Illusion Battlefield. To do so, he had to make a copy of the spear.

Zen had thought of this earlier.

The spear in Zen's hands was just an illusion, and the real one in the outside world was in Malachi's hands. After all, it was Malachi who had taken the spear into the Illusion Battlefield.

The Saint Killing Spear was most likely located in the core area of the Demon Night race; hence, it would be quite difficult to obtain the spear.

But if he could duplicate it in the Hall of Causality and take it out of the Illusion Battlefield, would it work like the genuine one?

No matter what, Zen had already made up his mind in making a copy of the Saint Killing Spear. Suddenly, a ray of light flashed in his hand and an iron ticket appeared.

With his current rank, the battle at this stage no longer held much meaning for him. He wouldn't mind spending five million Illusion Points just to enter the Hall of Causality once more.

Besides, the number of Illusion Points awarded in the Hall of Causality was also decent.

Chapter 1644 The Golden Door Of Light (Part Two)

However, entering the Hall of Causality could be risky for any warrior. For those vying to be on the top 50 like Hailey and Janet, they would rather choose to rob other warriors of their Illusion Points instead of risking their lives in the Hall of Causality. They could also lose the chance of being part of the top 50 if they died in the Hall of Causality.

But as for Zen, even if he did die in the Hall of Causality and lost half of his Illusion Points, he wouldn't fall off the top 50 in this current stage.

On the other hand, if he did succeed, he could copy the Saint Killing Spear.

It was a risk worth taking.

'But will anyone still be willing to enter the Hall of Causality?'

Zen thought to himself. When he checked the iron ticket in his hand, he was filled with hope.

The iron ticket showed Zen that there were already nine warriors gathered in the Hall of Causality, and there was only one slot left to open the Hall of Causality.

These nine warriors were some of the low-ranking warriors who weren't willing to give up just yet.

However, with their current accumulated Illusion Points, they still would not be able to make it to the top 50. In that case, they had nothing to lose in risking their five million Illusion Points in the Hall of Causality in exchange for more.

Zen didn't want to lose the one slot to the Hall of Causality, so he immediately paid five million Illusion Points. This was a chance he didn't want to miss. And so it began.

With all the changes that had happened in the Illusion Battlefield, time seemed to pass by very quickly.

Just like that, six days had already gone by.

During these past six days, the intense battle in the Illusion Battlefield gradually came to an end.

Each warrior was accompanied by an invisible hand called "strength." This invisible hand was responsible for distributing the Illusion Points.

When mighty warriors would go ransacking, their Illusion Points would be driven by strength, and these Illusion Points would be combined into those of the stronger warriors.

The warriors with less Illusion Points would be deemed "penniless" and lose their share in the loot.

Meanwhile, Zen had just returned from the Hall of Causality through a door of light. In his hand was the Saint Killing Spear, but this time, it already had a small imprint on it.

His second visit to the Hall of Causality was also his second attempt into the Corridor of Emperor. This time, however, Zen did not encounter Supreme Lord Sword, but had faced other True Gods instead. And from this recent visit to the Hall of Causality, Zen had gained 40 million Illusion Points.

With the 40 million Illusion Points he had gained this time, he still hadn't bested the one who was ranked in the first place in this supreme world. He was still ranked second.

So who ranked the first? Zen was dying to know who was better than him. But with the hundreds of millions of warriors in this supreme world alone, there was no easy way to find out.

'I wonder how Lavender will react once she sees the Saint Killing Spear, ' Zen thought as he proudly stared at the imprint on the Saint Killing Spear. The two tender sprouts on the spear had grown longer and began to intertwine with each other.

Not long after Zen had returned from the Hall of Causality, the mysterious young lady's voice sounded once again.

"Attention, warriors! The second stage of the Illusion Battlefield has commenced. All warriors who made it to the top 50 rankings of each supreme world, please move now!"

All the warriors in the Illusion Battlefield looked up at the sky when the announcement started. They fell silent and listened carefully.

After the announcement, a loud wail of disappointment echoed from afar. It was from a warrior who fell one rank short of the top 50. He was desperate to know how far he had gone and how many more Illusion Points he still needed to progress in the top 50. But even if he found out, it was already too late.

Another warrior was celebrating. He had already lost hope when the first stage was about to end. But because of luck, he had killed a warrior and obtained millions of Illusion Points. And so, at the eleventh hour of the first stage, he made it to the top 50.

There were 2, 500 warriors in total from the fifty supreme worlds that made it to the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield competition.

Having made it to the second stage, these warriors were now considered as the best in the whole universe. Some of them were innately powerful, while others were merely lucky.

Among these qualified warriors, Margaret was probably the happiest, yet the most anxious one.

She was happy because she was finally able to leave this supreme world and find Zen somewhere else. She was even closer to him. She was worried that he wouldn't be able to enter the top 50 of a supreme world. That way, she wouldn't even have the chance to see him.

Amidst her mixed emotions, a golden door of light appeared before her. Her eyes widened in astonishment and with a gentle smile on her face, she stepped into the door.

The same golden door of light appeared in front of Zen too. 'This is it! The second stage begins! I can't wait to meet the people behind this door. They must be the strongest warriors in the 50 supreme worlds! They are probably the most outstanding talents in the entire universe, too!' Zen thought.

With this thought in mind, Zen felt extremely excited for the second stage and entered the door of light. He looked forward to the adventures that would await him in the second stage. Whatever was behind the golden door of light, surprises or dangers or both, he would face them all.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1645 Shock

Dazzling bright light glittered around Zen as he wandered around the golden space. It was like walking in a glowing, holographic palace.

After a long time of traveling in it, he finally saw the end of the space.

Zen walked towards the golden door of light and as soon as he stepped out of it, three blood-red castles appeared in front of him.

"Three blood-red castles... I got it."

Back when Zen had obtained the Teleportation Token, he had found three main cities marked red in that special place. However, those three main cities had been inaccessible during that time, and even the Teleportation Token couldn't bring him to those three cities.

It turned out that those three main cities were the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield.

Buzz!

There was a loud but grand howling sound when golden doors behind Zen opened one after another. Then, the martial artists from all throughout the fifty supreme worlds passed through the doors.

They all reacted like Zen had the moment they passed through the golden doors of light--which was to look at the three huge blood-red castles in front of them curiously.

All of them sized each other up after, their eyes filled with a strong sense of vigilance.

None of the top two thousand five hundred warriors present were easy to deal with.

They represented their own clans, their own forces, and their own races in their quest to strive for the highest glory.

A deep, rumbling sound echoed from within the blood-red castles.

At that moment, the blood-red castles suddenly began to tremble.

The gates of the blood-red castles were three gigantic beasts' heads. Each of them was extremely ferocious like it came out straight from the depths of hell. It crawled on the city gate's grounds as it emitted a dark aura from the savage land. Its two huge eyeballs quietly scanned the area in front of it, which made the people who looked at it shake with nervousness.

When the beasts opened their mouths, the castle gates were opened as well.

"The gates are open!"

"Shall we go in?"

"What the hell is this? It's just a statue, yet it's so terrifying!"

The gates of light opened one by one. The warriors gathered on the plain in front of the blood-red castles and looked at the gates in apprehension.

The two thousand five hundred warriors were divided into three groups, and each group entered three different blood-red castles. There were more than seven hundred warriors in each group in front of the castles.

Some of the warriors were quite decisive and didn't stop at all. After the city gates were opened, they started to walk forward.

Many of them were hesitant. After all, they were only a step away from the ultimate battle of the Illusion Battlefield, so they had to be extremely careful.

Suddenly, the mysterious girl's voice echoed throughout the area again.

"Warriors, please enter the blood-red castles."

Upon hearing those words, the originally hesitant martial artists all circulated their life vitality and rose from the ground, then flew towards the city gates. Their hesitations were gone and they seemed to fight each other now.

Meanwhile, Zen had already started walking towards a gate when they had first opened.

His lips curved into a faint smile when he saw the warriors who had surpassed him planned to seize the initiative in the main city.

There was an open passage in front after entering through the big mouth of the beast head. They followed the passage which led to the center of the blood-red castle. In the center was a huge hall, and in the middle of the hall was a pyramid.

There were concave caves on top of the pyramid, which measured 10 feet deep and 10 feet high. There were many sculptures displayed inside the caves.

"This... It's a sculpture of me!"

"There is also a sculpture of me!"

"Why does this pyramid have a sculpture of everyone?"

"Rankings! I am ranked 170th on the Illusion Battlefield, and my sculpture is also in the pyramid, ranked 170th. This is… This is everyone's ranking!"

Once everyone had realized the secret, they all began to observe the sculptures.

The warriors could only check their own rankings back then, and they had no idea who in the front and behind them were.

Now, everyone could clearly see their rankings in the pyramid.

Zen approached the pyramid and his gaze swept over the huge edifice.

His eyes landed on the bottom of the pyramid and found Janet's sculpture.

"Two thousand and thirty-first…"

He smiled a little when he saw her ranking. She had finally made it into the top rankings, and entered the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield.

As Zen looked around, he saw the sculptures of Jeffrey, Hailey, and the others. However, he didn't see Coleman's sculpture.

Had he failed and been eliminated?

After he scanned the bottom row, his eyes slowly moved upwards. Of course, the higher one's ranking was, the higher their position would be.

He continued to look at the array of sculptures when he stopped at a certain spot in the pyramid. His gaze froze and his eyes widened. He couldn't believe it.

"I didn't know he would be here as well..." Zen murmured.

He jumped up to the fifth floor of the pyramid, where a sculpture of a human martial artist stood before him.

This martial artist held a sword in one hand, his face filled with heroic pride and arrogance. Under his sword-like eyebrows were two eyes that seemed like stars. He was Rocher Hua, who came from the same great world as Zen!

There were over a hundred thousand supreme worlds in the universe, and numerous Soul Sea Realm warriors who lived in them. However, only two thousand five hundred warriors present represented all the supreme worlds. In other words, only one Soul Sea Realm warrior in four supreme worlds had entered the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield.

Yet, two people from the Lower World where Zen was from had made it into the top two thousand five hundred.

Another smile had made its way to Zen's face. He looked at Rocher's sculpture and noticed that there were a few traces of vicissitudes on it. His aura had become even more mature.

But he didn't know where Rocher had ascended to, and which supreme world had he entered to get in the Illusion Battlefield. If he had entered the top 2, 500 rankings, then he might even have the strength of an ace talent!

The youth who wielded the sword had actually caught up to him so quickly.

When they were in the Lower World, Zen had been much ahead of Rocher. At that time, the gap between him and Zen was almost too big to be estimated.

Still, Zen never thought that one day, after almost seven years had passed, that Rocher would be able to catch up!

It should be noted that Zen's speed of improvement these years was not to be underestimated. He still had the fairy palace to back him up, which further increased the gap between him and Rocher. However, Rocher was ranked in the 540th place in this pyramid now. It truly surprised Zen.

"I think Rocher must have met a lucky chance during these years. Otherwise, no matter how strong his talent is, it would have been impossible for him to progress so quickly! It's a pity that he isn't in this blood-red castle. I still have some good wine in my space ring. If I meet him, I'll have to drink a hundred pots with him first!" Zen muttered.

The two thousand five hundred warriors were distributed into three groups in the three blood-red castles. The warriors who were put in this specific castle were all gathered in this spacious hall. Since Zen couldn't see Rocher at first glance, he must be in another blood-red castle.

Zen had been really surprised to see Rocher's sculpture. However, he didn't know that something even more jaw dropping would come up later on.

As Zen climbed up the pyramid, he wanted to carve all the appearances of the people he met into his mind. They would all be his opponents, so he naturally wanted to remember their characteristics.

'Why are these sculptures here? What's the purpose?' he thought.

Zen was truly curious about it, but he and everyone else could only guess since the girl in charge of this Illusion Battlefield didn't give any hints.

"This is my sculpture," Zen said as he finally found his own sculpture and looked at it. He reached out his hand and touched it, then used his consciousness to immerse himself in the sculpture. However, he still couldn't find anything special about it.

After a few more moments, Zen couldn't come up with anything else. Thus, he continued his ascent upwards.

Just as he had climbed up to the next floor, which was the top of the pyramid, a sculpture of a woman caught his eye.

When he looked closer, he couldn't help but be wide-eyed in shock.

When he had seen Rocher's sculpture, he was surprised but also relieved. He knew that it wasn't impossible for Rocher to have reached this stage because of his talent and perseverance.

Seeing this woman's sculpture however, only brought Zen utter shock and disbelief.

Chapter 1646 Seeking

Zen's body still felt stiff out of shock, and he reflexively wiped his eyes. He wondered if it was real or if he was just hallucinating.

The girl wore an apricot silk robe on top of a brocade dress that was embroidered with flowers, which hugged her beautiful figure perfectly. She emitted a cold and aloof vibe, but she still looked breathtaking.

"Margaret... She is even ranked 43rd. Is there something wrong?" Zen muttered with mixed emotions.

He'd never thought that Margaret of all people, would participate in the Illusion Battlefield!

Back then, she was even only at the Internal Elixir Realm.

Although she possessed the Purple Power Body, she never took a liking to cultivation. She even thought of the process as boring and her greatest enemy.

It could even be said that ever since the two of them had met, she had never focused on her cultivation even for a day.

However, how could she have survived here?

How did she rank in the 43rd place?

Was it just because of her Purple Power Body?

Zen couldn't find any reason, and just gave up trying to guess.

After Zen had been separated from Margaret for a few years, he had naturally missed her.

But, the woman he saw at this moment was greatly different from who she used to be.

Margaret had become even more elegant and mature in the last few years. She looked extremely charming and confident now. Zen didn't even recognize her at first sight.

"Is Margaret also in either of the other two blood-red castles?"

The thought of being able to see Margaret soon sent jolts of delight down Zen's body, and his eyes sparkled with anticipation.

If they happened to meet again, it would surely be a wonderful encounter.

All of this meant that three people from the great world Zen came from had managed to rank in the top 2, 500. Was it fate, or just a coincidence?

Meanwhile in another blood-red castle, a beautiful lady glanced around alone.

Margaret scanned the statues on each floor of the pyramid. The fabric of her clothes fluttered in the wind as she walked, her eyes full of nervousness.

"There is no Zen's statue on this floor..."

"His statue also isn't on this floor..."

She kept muttering to herself as she hovered in the air, her palms becoming increasingly shaky because of anxiety.

At that moment, someone had followed Margaret.

It was a warrior dressed in an embroidered robe who also flew up to tail behind her.

The warrior looked quite young and appeared to be less than 20 years old, but his eyes looked rather cold.

While Margaret observed the statues, the warrior stared at her all the time.

The first floor, the second floor, the third floor...

Margaret looked around floor by floor, and her disappointment grew. She pouted in annoyance and thought, 'The higher I go, the less likely I would find Zen!'

Soon enough, she discovered that someone had been following her.

She was already in a bad mood. Her head suddenly whipped around and her enchanting eyes gleamed with a hint of anger. "Why are you following me?"

It turned out that the warrior had followed her all the way. Margaret's unique aura had apparently attracted him from the moment he entered the blood-red castle, and he was about to make friends with her.

But when he saw Margaret seemed to be seriously looking for something, he didn't try to talk to her. Now that she had suddenly coldly called him out, he was a bit surprised.

No one had ever dared to berate him like that, even when he was young.

Even the Saint Lords and the world lords were rather polite and respectful to him...

That was because he was a Godly Genius and had activated a total of 36 petals of the Hinayana Lotus Flower and the Mahayana Lotus Flower!

He was Nathan Xuanyuan, who had ranked first in the first part of the first stage in the Illusion Battlefield.

Many warriors had already recognized him the moment he entered the blood-red castle.

A lot of them deliberately kept a certain distance from him, but there were also some of them who wanted to become friends with the legendary Godly Genius for the benefits.

However, Nathan's attention was solely focused on Margaret.

Just as Nathan was stunned, Margaret leaped up once more and her body danced as she stood on the fourth floor of the pyramid. Then she continued her search for Zen's statue.

The astonishment on Nathan's face only lasted for an instant before it disappeared without a trace. He looked at Margaret's back and became increasingly interested in her.

He followed behind her again and said, "You seem to be looking for something, right? My name is Nathan Xuanyuan, and I can help you..."

There was a high possibility that Nathan could be one of the several warriors in the entire universe who could go beyond the heavens. After all, he was destined to be the key player in this world of chaos, and would be the strongest among his peers!

If it was up to him, he wouldn't have told Margaret his name, but she didn't know him and was also extremely aloof, which made him a bit upset.

But when he introduced himself, Margaret should have realized something...

She stopped and turned her head to stare back at Nathan, who looked indifferent. He could almost guess what she was going to say next...

"You are Nathan Xuanyuan?

The legendary Godly Genius of the Thoughtless Minds?"

Nathan had already heard of this kind of words countless times, and he was tired of them.

However, to hear it from a beautiful woman was different.

He felt pleased.

However, Margaret just blinked at him a few times.

"Nathan Xuanyuan? Who on earth are you? Please don't follow me!" she said with a frown.

She was so annoyed that she didn't bother being patient to him. After she finished her words, she rushed upwards once more.

Margaret never cared about the strongest warriors in the universe, the number of the Supreme Lords and the world lords, and their relationships with each other.

Many warriors often discussed such things among themselves, as if they personally knew those remarkable warriors so well.

On the other hand, Margaret wasn't interested in them at all. She only kept practicing martial arts for so many years because of a few words that the old man Nameless had said to her.

He told her that if she cultivated, she could surprise Zen and spend much more time accompanying him.

She only cared about Zen, and had no interest in Nathan. It also went to say that she didn't care even if he was the most famous talent in the universe. Besides, she didn't know him at all.

The other warriors in the pyramid were now focused on Nathan's movements. All of them secretly sniggered when they saw him get ignored by Margaret.

"Well, it seems that Nathan can also be in such an embarrassing situation!"

"That woman is so full of herself. It's impossible that she hasn't even heard of Nathan."

"I really admire that girl. It doesn't matter if she really doesn't know him, or if she pretends to..."

"Some foxy women out there pretend to ignore warriors first, before they'd take advantage of them. Those who could enter the second stage of the competition surely have studied about the talents in the universe."

More and more hushed whispers and low chatters could be heard.

Nathan had even heard some of their comments.

He looked a bit displeased and his eyes appeared even colder than it was possible. His left eyebrow twitched in irritation, but he followed Margaret again.

He had never failed to do anything in his life.

Even his mere existence was a miracle in itself.

Even when he had to transcend the heavens and become a True God, he absolutely would not fail!

That was the strength of a Godly Genius.

Margaret was strong-willed, and her attitude aroused some kind of primitive desire to conquer her in his heart.

Nathan wasn't particularly fond of women. However, he was also a young man and was bound to be infatuated with a woman someday like other men. Right now he was the one attracted to Margaret, even though he couldn't explain why it was the case.

After a few more minutes of hovering, Margaret had reached the upper part of the pyramid. Her eyes suddenly lit up with pleasant surprise!

"He is ranked 77th! I knew it... I've always believed that you would come here! You definitely didn't let me down!"

She had finally found Zen's statue at the floor she currently stood!

Margaret didn't think twice and quickly rushed towards Zen's statue. She reached out and touched the statue's face, her eyes filled with affection.

This face had appeared in her dreams countless times in the past six years.

She'd imagined the moment when she finally met Zen too many times.

Now that she had found his statue here, it only meant that he was in another blood-red castle!

'There seems to be no way to go to another blood-red castle, ' Margaret thought as her eyes flashed. She had really wanted to fly to Zen's side.

However, the rules of the Illusion Battlefield prevented her from doing such things.

Nathan finally caught up to Margaret, who he saw was happily holding and caressing a statue's face. He pulled a long face when he saw that it was a statue of a man with delicate features.

He also felt a strong sense of disappointment, and he couldn't help but feel very frustrated.

"Who is that?" he asked flatly. He kept an aloof façade in an attempt to restrain his foul mood.

Chapter 1647 Rocher's Rise

Margaret didn't bother replying to Nathan—not even perfunctorily.

Being so proud and arrogant by nature, Nathan felt rather embarrassed by her indifference, although he wouldn't admit it.

As he watched her stare lovingly at the statue, Nathan's curiosity was piqued—he wanted to find out who this person was.

Since seeing Zen's statue put Margaret in a generous mood, she exercised some patience with Nathan.

"He… is someone I like."

Her eyes turned gloomy as they remained fixed on the statue.

In truth, she wanted to say that Zen was her husband.

But because they hadn't had any formal wedding ceremony, they weren't officially married.

Most martial artists didn't care about such formalities.

However, Margaret thought differently. Initially, she didn't care much for the formalities either, having accepted Letitia's status in Zen's heart.

But the circumstances had changed—Letitia might not have ascended yet, but she was here with Zen and she could always stay at his side.

Margaret had to rely on her own efforts to get Zen to make her his wife.

Such thoughts ran through Margaret's mind.

If anyone else knew what was running through the mind of her, a warrior who ranked in the top 50 of the Illusion Battlefield, their jaws would drop to the ground.

In the meantime, Nathan was growing more and more curious about the statue Margaret was fixated on.

"Miss, what is this person's name?"

In spite of his intentions to befriend Margaret, he didn't even know her name yet. Instead of finding that out first, he asked for the name of the man's statue—even he found his actions strange.

With a cold look, she offered an answer, "His name is Zen Luo."

The name made Nathan's eyes light up.

It was actually Zen Luo, who ranked 77th.

Never did Nathan think the statue would be of Zen Luo, someone with quite a reputation across the universe.

Nathan didn't know much about Zen and he didn't want to. In Nathan's world, among the young generation, only the few Godly Geniuses were qualified to be his opponents.

Even some powerful ace talents were no match for him.

As for Zen…

This guy had been talking incessantly in his ear. Even if he didn't want anything to do with him, he couldn't avoid the Roaring Token's sound.

Never did he imagine that this guy would enter the top 100 as well.

At 77th place, though, his rank wasn't something particularly special.

The few people like Lawson and some other Godly Geniuses were qualified to face Nathan, so to him, all the others were nothing.

"So he is Zen Luo." Nathan's expression came up indifferent. The haughtiness in his heart instantly surfaced once again.

How could Margaret not recognize the hint of disdain in Nathan's tone? Still, she ignored him and continued examining Zen's statue.

Meanwhile…

in another blood-red castle, a handsome young man walked briskly around the pyramid. Every time he passed a statue, his brows raised slightly—he would carefully examine and take note of every statue's features, analyze their temperament, and age.

This young man was none other than Rocher.

Back then, after Zen ascended to the Upper World, as a hero who had contributed to the suppression of the revolt, Rocher was then highly valued by the Cloud Hall.

But with Rocher's vision and talent, he wasn't destined to be stuck in the Cloud Hall or Central Region.

The path of martial arts was limitless and there would always be stronger warriors. Many martial artists managed to achieve a certain degree of success before settling down and continuing to live a stable life. But Rocher was remarkably ambitious.

In this aspect, he was much like Zen—he craved for something higher.

Standing at a higher place, he didn't care for looking down on all living things, but instead, he wanted to seek and explore the origin and truth of the world.

After the Cloud Hall stabilized, Rocher chose to go out and cultivate.

In the past six years, he had passed through the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, the four divine kingdoms, finally arriving at the northernmost region of the Divine Kingdom Continent, the largest savage land!

Here, Rocher had gone through life and death situations, all to gain experience. Along his path, he encountered several unique species, the ancient wild beasts with strength comparable to that of the Soul Sea Realm warriors

After everything, he discovered a huge secret on the savage land.

Even when Zen had merged with the world's will, he hadn't been able to find this secret among the vast memories. This secret didn't belong to this great world, after all. The memories of the world's will covered only the matters within this plane.

And with that, Rocher found quite a fortune.

This blessing caused his strength to increase dramatically. He didn't even have time to return to the Central Region before the great world produced a powerful force of expulsion, forcing him to ascend to the Upper World.

Where he reached the Upper World was completely different from where Zen or Letitia did.

Rocher had ascended to a supreme world that belonged to the Thoughtless Minds. Two years after ascending to the Upper World, he had been highly valued by some sacred place, allowing him to enter the core house of the sacred place. Before getting the chance to display his strength and talent, the Illusion Battlefield was already opened.

When it was, the martial artists of the tenth-grade sacred place had advised Rocher to be prepared before entering the Illusion Battlefield.

But Rocher stepped into the battlefield without so much as a blink.

And here, Rocher's ranking skyrocketed.

His name rose from the top ten million to the top one million, to a hundred thousand…

The martial artists from the sacred place that Rocher had joined, including the Saint Lord of the sacred place, were all stunned by his performance.

While the sacred place did have some powerful talents, in the end, they only ranked around 120, 000th. But this unknown sword cultivator suddenly charged up into the top 100, 000. How could they not give him their attention?

But Rocher didn't just stop there.

He quickly entered the top ninety thousand…

Eighty thousand…

Seventy thousand…

Compared to Zen, Rocher didn't have a strong desire to get Illusion Points. His motivation to participate was different from Zen's—he wanted to see just how powerful these talents of the supreme worlds were.

At the last moment, after Rocher returned from the Hall of Causality, his Illusion Points increased rapidly, pulling his ranking up to the 2000th, bringing him right into the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield.

This made Rocher's original sacred place cheer with joy.

And so Rocher's glory was also that of the tenth-grade sacred place he belonged to.

Top 2, 500…

This was an unimaginable feat, something could only be achieved by either an ace talent or someone only second to that.

For an ordinary tenth-grade sacred place, it simply didn't have the ability to nurture an ace talent.

It made perfect sense that Rocher's outstanding achievement brought about such shock. When his name was first reported to the Saint Lord of the sacred place, the Saint Lord was left dumbfounded—he was simply unaware that his sacred place had such a talent.

Carrying a sword on his back, Rocher climbed up the pyramid, his gaze faintly sweeping over the statues.

"I found him, Zen, 77th!"

There wasn't the slightest trace of surprise in Rocher's eyes upon locating Zen's rank.

Naturally, Rocher was aware of Zen's deeds in the past two years. He had even heard stories from Zen in the universe, some of which he was quite familiar with.

From his point of view, Zen was bound to enter the second stage. What would be truly shocking was if he didn't reach it.

After Seeing Zen's statue, the light in Rocher's eyes glistened even more brightly. The sword he carried on his back trembled slightly.

He was excited.

Aware that he was falling behind, he knew he had to strive harder to catch up.

Since the beginning, Rocher had poured his best efforts into catching up with Zen.

Even though he was still far behind Zen, Rocher wasn't discouraged in the slightest.

In his entire life, he had one goal. If he lost, he would persevere.

Whether or not he could achieve the goal in the end didn't really matter to him—he valued the process.

But in the end, he still managed to achieve the goal that seemed so impossible in the beginning.

After being left far behind by Zen, he finally caught up to him. He just couldn't gauge the gap between his and Zen's strength.

'Don't worry, we'll meet each other in the end, ' Rocher thought as he reached out a hand to press down the sword hanging on his back until it stopped trembling obediently.

He and Zen were just as much friends as they were rivals.

With that, Rocher gave a nod toward Zen's statue and went on, continuing to climb up the pyramid.

But just as he took a few steps forward, he came to another halt. Suddenly, his expression froze. Just like Zen, he stopped before Margaret's statue in surprise, though his shock wasn't as hefty as Zen's.

"I didn't expect her to reach such a ranking," he said flatly as he gazed upon the statue. Thinking about her relationship with Zen, the corners of his lips curled up into a smile—he wondered what kind of expression Zen would wear if he met Margaret.

Soon, a voice rang out across the three blood-red castles.

"Everyone, please stand in front of your statues…"

This mysterious young girl called the shots in this Illusion Battlefield—when her voice resounded, no one dared disobey.

Chapter 1648 Laughter

Everyone climbed up the pyramid and stood in front of their own statues.

The moment Zen arrived in front of his, the statue's eyes shone with a bright light that streamed directly into his eyes.

The moment the light hit his eyes, Zen felt as if he formed an instant connection with the statue as if it had become his clone.

"This is so strange," he murmured to himself.

It wasn't just him. The other warriors also revealed puzzled looks as they looked into the eyes of their statues. They felt as if there was another copy of themselves somewhere in this universe and they were inherently connected to this supposed clone.

As they all tried to get used to this feeling, the mysterious girl's voice rang out.

"These statues represent your lives.

If one's statue is destroyed, then one will be eliminated at once."

The sound of the girl's voice startled Zen a bit but her words shed some clarity for the next challenge. 'It looks like we'll have to protect our own statues for the second stage.'

"From now on, these statues will serve as your clones. They will all be under your control. You may also refine them on the second floor of the blood-red castle..."

the mysterious girl continued to explain, laying out all the castle's rules to everyone present.

It took her a few minutes to list down all the pertinent information to the warriors. "I've told you all the rules. Now all you'll have to do is to avoid elimination. The countdown will be starting shortly. Once the timer runs out, prepare for a fierce attack..."

A bright, circle of light appeared at the top of the blood-red hall as soon as the girl finished speaking.

Everyone immediately understood that this circle of light was their timer. The fierce attack would be launched the moment it disappeared.

Zen shot a look at his statue and it immediately raised its hands and walked up to him. It acted accordingly to whatever Zen willed it to do.

The statue was now life-like and looked exactly like Zen. The young man had no idea what material this clone of his was made of. It seemed to be made of stone but its body was flexible and its movements were fluid enough. The only thing that differentiated it from Zen was the small purple star painted in its chest.

Whoosh! Boom!

There was a loud explosion as a statue on top of the pyramid jumped down to the floor Zen was at.

"Oops! This statue is so fragile. Will it break after jumping that height?"

an ogre warrior muttered as he jumped down to retrieve his clone statue. He was extremely tall and bulky and so was his statue.

The clone that jumped down from the top of the pyramid now sported numerous cracks on its legs and chest.

The height was no more than eighty feet but it already looked as if it was about to fall into pieces.

There was no doubt about it.

They might look extremely like living people but these statues were still very fragile.

Their hardness was the same as any other ordinary statue.

A warrior at the nature level could probably smash it with a single punch.

As the ogre jumped from the top of the pyramid, that meant he was ranked above Zen and was at least an ace talent.

Zen couldn't help but sigh. Here was a mighty and powerful warrior who was too careless and broke his own statue before the attack even started.

The ogre didn't really seem to care. Instead, he continued to control his statue and made it jump its way down the pyramid.

Zen couldn't take that risk. He willed his own statue to walk towards him, afterwards, he lifted it up to his shoulder and flew to the center of the hall.

He landed perfectly and put the statue down carefully, afraid that he might break it if he was too rough in handling it.

This statue was a little too heavy for an ordinary person to lift but that wasn't the case for a mighty Soul Sea Realm warrior. All Zen needed to do was to flick the statue with a finger and it would easily shatter into pieces.

Zen wasn't worried that the other warriors would attack him or his statue. The mysterious girl had made it clear that fighting with each other was prohibited and so was harming another person's statue. Any disobedience would result in a swift elimination.

What they needed to watch out for were the fierce waves of attacks that would come once the timer ran out. By then, securing their own statues would be everyone's first priority.

Zen walked to one side of the hall and ordered his statue to follow.

The blood-red castle was divided into three floors which were accessed by a staircase at the side of each one. Zen climbed up and soon arrived at the second floor.

Here he found a couple of bundles of multi-colored bamboo slips that emitted a faint glow as they floated in the air.

"According to that mysterious girl, these bamboo slips can be used to strengthen my statue though I would have to spend a couple of my

Illusion Points doing that..."

he murmured as he let his consciousness fade away from his body and enter a bundle of red bamboo slips.

Zen soon got a message that these bamboo slips were for power. He could offer either a hundred thousand Illusion Points or Original Law crystals in exchange for these bamboo slips in order to increase his statue's power.

This bundle of slips was pretty much useless since the statue wasn't necessarily going to fight anyone. It was too fragile and its defenses were too weak. It would end up shattering before it even got the chance to attack.

Zen then left the bundle of red bamboo slips and chose a cyan one.

"The defense bamboo slips can directly intensify the defensive power of the statue..."

The description of the cyan bamboo slips made Zen's eyes gleam with excitement. He knew he was strong and powerful so he knew he could defend his statue but it was highly possible for it to take some damage from the fights that were soon to follow. Right now, the statue was so fragile that a level one beast could smash it into pieces. Zen knew that there was a need to increase its defense as soon as possible.

Zen glanced at the circle of light on top of the castle's hall to check how much time he had left. The light had only diminished to a quarter of its size so he more or less had half an hour left.

He then made a decision and poured his consciousness into the other bamboo slips.

Many warriors had also noticed the bundle of cyan bamboo slips. They also knew that defense was their utmost priority since they had to make sure that their statues remained intact during the oncoming siege.

A few warriors decided to check out the other bamboo slips while the more decisive ones chose to immediately exchange their points for the cyan one.

A hundred thousand Illusion Points were a reasonable enough price to intensify a statue's defense.

"Exchange all my Illusion Points for the defense bamboo slips!" a Night Group warrior said.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Numerous Illusion Points began to burst out from the warrior and poured into the cyan bamboo slips. As the exchange was made, multiple rays of cyan light also covered his statue.

The rays of light coalesced and coated the statue as its defense increased significantly.

Those in the top 2500 had no shortage of Illusion Points. The person with the least points had more than forty million.

So the amount of points this Night Group warrior exchanged was enough to intensify his statue's defense hundreds of times.

The light shone for quite a long time before finally dimming to reveal a statue that glowed faintly of cyan light. From being extremely fragile, it now looked as hard as a diamond that even a Soul Sea Ream warrior would have trouble smashing it to pieces.

The Night Group warrior smiled, satisfied with his decision.

Of course, the other warriors weren't willing to be left behind. They too exchanged all their Illusion Points for the cyan bamboo slips.

Zen noticed this and turned his attention back at the bundles of bamboo slips in front of him.

The power contained within these slips was that of pure, precious Original Laws. The life bamboo slips could increase a statue's life power, the flame bamboo slips could grant it the power of flames, and so on. Each bundle of slips could be exchanged for a hundred thousand Illusion Points.

Zen's eyes landed on a bundle of golden bamboo slips. He poured his consciousness into these slips and heard the laughter of the mysterious girl.

Chapter 1649 Exchange

The sudden laughter made Zen a bit uncomfortable.

When they were in the outside world, Zen had interacted with her quite frequently. Though they had never personally met, he remembered her as a rather lively girl.

But after entering the Illusion Battlefield, she meticulously read the rules of the battlefield, growing more and more cold and detached.

"Your performance was not bad, Zen. You've already ranked 77th!" The girl's voice echoed from within Zen's mind.

After a stunned moment, he asked, "Is there any news of Yan?"

"…"

For a moment, the other was silent until a dissatisfied voice called out, "Why is this the first thing you say to me every time?"

The comment made Zen roll his eyes. 'Isn't this nonsense?'

Though he could use his Roaring Token limitlessly, he had something else more important to do than telling her stories. Wasn't it all for getting her to help him investigate Yan's whereabouts, after all?

"No news?" Zen still asked.

As indifferent as ever, the girl replied, "The divine land is much larger than you can imagine. I sent back the news a few years ago, but I haven't heard from them yet." Helpless, the mysterious girl could only explain this to Zen.

A look of disappointment surfaced on Zen's face. With a sigh, he asked, "What are you doing? Why did you suddenly appear?"

Originally, he wanted to examine the bamboo slips, just when the mysterious girl's consciousness suddenly popped up.

"Nothing. I'm personally presiding over the Illusion Battlefield. Aren't you going to ask for my help?" she asked him with a knowing smile.

"No need," Zen immediately declined.

While Zen wasn't very clear on the true meaning behind the Illusion Battlefield, he knew that this was the place where the talents of the Soul Sea Realm competed. Since he had entered the battlefield prepared to rely on his own strength—he didn't rely on the cyan dragon nor did he rely on Lavender. So why would he need anyone else's help?

Eventually, he knew he had to face those ace talents and the Godly Geniuses.

Those like Lucille after the fusion, or Lone, perhaps. But when a martial artist was born, he could only rely on himself in the end. One might be able to show off his strength with others' help, but that was still only others' help.

"Don't be like this. I can truly help you," the mysterious girl continued.

"I said there's no need," Zen said with a frown. "I only need you to find Yan's location. That alone is enough."

"…" Suddenly, the other side fell silent.

In the center of these three blood-red castles, deep in the skies above, there floated a ring-shaped cloud.

Deep within the cloud was a palace that seemed to be carved from crystal.

At the side of the palace, a young girl was sitting on the railing.

This young girl wore a light blue blouse along with a green pleated dress, flower patterns scattered all over it. Her long and plump legs hung down along the railing in the clouds. From the back, the small shoulders seemed to be cut out just as she looked unmistakably lonely.

She was, of course, the host of the Illusion Battlefield, the mysterious girl who had been listening to Zen's stories.

At this moment, her cheeks were puffed up just as her face was filled with indignation.

"I've never seen such a person. Didn't you know of my good intentions? Humph! I don't care if you live or die!"

Ever since Zen entered the Illusion Battlefield, the mysterious girl's gaze fell upon Zen for the first time—her gaze seemed to follow him from the start to finish, from one main city to the other, and all the way to the Hall of Causality.

At this stage, she still had much trust in Zen's strength. In spite of her paying close attention, she didn't help.

After reaching the second stage, she decided to take the initiative and help Zen. At any rate, he should still be considered her friend.

Though she chatted with Zen for many years, using the Roaring Token, she didn't actually know his personality that well.

It wasn't that he tended to be pedantic—he didn't pursue absolute fairness. After all, this world would never have been fair from birth. Talent, luck, background…

There were too many factors affecting one's fate. A completely fair world simply did not exist.

But Zen knew that the Illusion Battlefield was also a review of Zen himself. This opportunity only happened once every grand era. He didn't want to miss the opportunity, and he also didn't want to use cheating to obtain his property.

The young girl frowned as her beautiful eyes moved, then a mischievous smile appeared on her face.

"You don't need me to help you. Humph! I won't let anybody refuse me. No one can dare disobey me."

For almost six grand eras, she had been in charge of this universe. One grand era was 3.6 billion years—six grand eras were 21.6 billion years.

To her race, longevity was pretty much an eternal existence.

In the river of time, she often sealed herself.

A hundred million years was nothing but the flick of her finger. Time flowed faster, or rather, it leapt within her consciousness. Such was the instinct of her race.

The young girl had passed several grand ears just as such.

In this grand era, the boredom finally took over when she woke up in the heavens.

Singing was good for boredom.

She later found that her singing almost had the entire universe screwed.

Finally, when the group of Supreme Lords begged her, she stopped the melodies.

Though she wanted to use the Roaring Token to chat, the Supreme Lords held their Roaring Tokens extra tightly—they were afraid they would waste even a single one.

In truth, she had secretly made known the method to make the Roaring Token. Otherwise, though the universe was wide and there were many creatures to live in it, it would still be too quiet for her who was trapped in the heavens.

Afterward, the number of Roaring Tokens increased and the universe turned more and more lively. But no one was willing to respond to her.

She was still utterly bored.

Right until Zen appeared.

The moment he was in sight, this guy attracted her attention.

He seemed to be looking for a girl named Yan, but even after shouting all over the universe through the Roaring Token, he got no response.

In spite of this, he began arguing with two Supreme Lords.

Then, he began to count.

At the time, this mysterious girl thought that Zen was quite an interesting guy.

She was also curious about where Zen got so many Roaring Tokens. Or did this mean that he had a Roaring Token that could be used for limitless times just as she did?

Still, she had no interest in investigating how Zen's Roaring Token had come about. So long as the guy was willing to talk to her, she would be satisfied.

Afterward, she listened to Zen tell stories one after another after she promised to help him find his sister. These few years, she no longer fell into deep sleep, or rather, she refused to let herself fall into one. With this, her sleeping time was cut down to less than a year or half a year instead of the millions or even hundreds of millions of years before.

Now that she had made her decision, she slowly raised her right hand until a purple halo appeared around her thin arm. The instant it appeared, it silently spread out. Without being noticed, it silently enveloped the entire Illusion Battlefield.

Zen had no clue what this mysterious girl was planning.

When her voice faded away, he released a breath of relief. Once again, he examined the bundle of golden bamboo slips and realized that this was used to imprint the heavens' law onto the sculpture.

But this heavens' law required 500 million Illusion Points in order to exchange for it. The news left Zen feeling dizzy.

Even if it was the first-ranked warrior of the Illusion Battlefield, he couldn't possibly have obtained 500 million Illusion Points, could he?

So Zen turned around and selected the bamboo slips of power, defense, and speed.

Someone had concentrated all his Illusion Points into one kind of slips, but Zen was still doing what he could to achieve balance. What Zen didn't know, though, was that he had already been manipulated by the mysterious girl during the exchange.

The amount of Illusion Points he exchanged was different from that of the others.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1650 The Purple Stars

The Illusion Points that they had gathered on the second stage no longer determined their rankings in the Illusion Battlefield.

Now, the elimination process had begun. If one's statue was destroyed, he or she would be eliminated straightaway.

Therefore, all the warriors would invest their Illusion Points into their statues in order to strengthen them before the end of the prescribed time.

They would have to spend 100, 000 Illusion Points strengthen their statues once, and even that wouldn't be enough.

No matter how strong their statues could become, it was obviously impossible to expect the statues to fight. They all knew very well that they would have to rely on their own prowess and skills in the upcoming battle.

So the warriors used their Illusion Points to enhance the defense of the statues. This was deemed to be the safest method. After all, the top 2, 500 warriors had absolute confidence in their own strength.

The statues were made from some unknown stone. As long as they didn't break, their owners would not face elimination.

A Purple Star had been engraved on the chest of every statue.

As the statues gained strength, the number of the stars would increase. When the warriors intensified their statues for 100 times, it meant they had consumed 50 million Illusion Points, and a second Purple Star would appear on the chests of their statues.

Most warriors had got over 50 million Illusion Points, and only those who were not above the 2, 000th rank had a slightly lower number of Illusion Points. Thus, after they had used up all the Illusion Points that they had been accumulating, a second Purple Star would appear.

While they were strengthening their statues, a warrior clad in heavy armor brought his statue to the second floor.

He had a square face and was kitted in extravagant equipment. In his left hand was an enormous shield, which was as tall as a man, while in his right hand he wielded a heavy silver sword. There was a wild look in his eyes, and his face looked as if it was carved out of stone. The statue behind him also held a similar shield and a sword.

Zen was engrossed in methodically strengthening his statue when he saw a white light flash from the corner of his eye. He turned to glance at the newcomer and his eyebrows went up imperceptibly.

The newcomer was ranked seventh in the pyramid.

Studying his heavy equipment, Zen was somewhat impressed by him. However, he didn't know which force this man belonged to.

When the man arrived, all the warriors began to whisper among themselves.

"Look, it's Karl Jiang from the Celestial Position."

"It's said that he's a lunatic!"

"Be that as it may, don't underestimate him. He's a Godly Genius of the Celestial Position."

When Zen heard these words, his heart skipped a beat.

So this mysterious man was a Godly Genius?

Now, Zen had already known that the Godly Genius was a martial artist whose Mahayana Lotus Flower was in full bloom. However, the newcomer had a strange expression on his face. Zen wondered which Godly Way he might have trained.

"Karl Junior, await orders here!" he ordered.

He used the heavy sword in his hand to point at a place. Following his command, his statue went and took his position, by kneeling down on one knee, bowing to his master.

Seeing this scene, Zen was stunned.

Warriors' statues were supposed to be their clones. Karl had just ordered his clone to kowtow to him. Was he really as crazy as people said? If so, how could a madman become a Godly Genius?

Karl started browsing through the bamboo slips along with the others.

He decided to choose to improve his statue's strength, so he exchanged all his Illusion Points for strength bamboo slips.

As soon as he did that, rays of red light engulfed his statue. Every time the red light flashed, it meant that his statue had been strengthened. From the looks of it, he was preparing to only improve his statue's strength.

Everyone stared at him as though he was an idiot.

The statue was as fragile as a clay doll, and a single touch would shatter it. What was the point of improving its strength?

If he were to use his statue's punch, it would probably be smashed to smithereens. Didn't he intend to pass the second stage?

"I've long heard that Karl Jiang from the Celestial Position is a strange guy. I finally met him today and it's true—he's no different than an idiot!" a martial artist ridiculed.

Karl was staring at his statue in rapt attention. After hearing these words, he suddenly turned around and said to the martial artist, "Talking about others behind their backs is extremely immoral."

Then he aimed the blade of his heavy sword towards the speaker, the shiny sword reflecting his face. He continued, "I have kept your face in my mind. I can't punish you here, but if we meet in the outside world, I definitely won't let you go!"

He spoke seriously with an eerie expression. He wasn't joking at all. He would definitely do what he said.

Hearing this, the warrior trembled in fear.

No matter how stupid the others thought Karl was, he still was a Godly Genius of the Celestial Position. Furthermore, it was rumored that he never joked around and was always true to his word.

Karl finished speaking and no longer paid attention to the warrior. He turned back to his statue and resumed spending more Illusion Points improving his statue's strength.

Not long after, a purple light flashed, and a second Purple Star appeared on the chest of his statue. This meant that he had invested over 50 million Illusion Points. However, he did not plan to stop here. He continued strengthening his statue even more.

Before long, a purple light once again flickered on the chest of his statue to everyone's surprise.

He actually gained a third Purple Star!

"How could he get a third Purple Star?"

"This means he has more than 100 million Illusion Points! That's how a third Purple Star appeared!"

"This fool has spent so many Illusion Points improving his statue's strength. What a waste!"

No one knew how many Illusion Points were required to strengthen the statue layer by layer, so they could only do a rough estimate.

But everyone knew that the Purple Stars on the statue showed the extent to which it had strengthened.

Seeing the third Purple Star, they sighed in their hearts and shook their heads. Karl had so many Illusion Points, but he had wasted them improving only his statue's strength.

There were two ways to reasonably strengthen the statue. One was to enhance its defense only, and the other was to enhance both—its defense as well as its strength, which was what Zen was doing. He didn't see any point in enhancing just its strength.

But nobody informed Karl about this. Even if they did, he wouldn't listen.

Zen's game plan was very clear. After strengthening his statue with the speed bamboo slips, he began to strengthen it using the strength bamboo slips and the defense bamboo slips.

However, just then, something strange occurred.

Not long after he began, a purple light flashed on the chest of his own statue, and a second Purple Star appeared!

According to everyone's calculations, the second star would cost 50 million Illusion Points, but Zen had consumed less than 8 million. So how could he have obtained the second Purple Star already?

At this time, not everyone was paying attention to Karl.

Everyone knew that Karl had won the seventh place in the Illusion Battlefield, which was quite a high rank, but it was unclear how many Illusion Points he had accumulated. Going by what was unfolding before them, they could make a rough estimate.

Karl was still determinedly making his statue stronger and stronger. The other warriors held their breath as they stared at the scene in front of them.

Not long after, a fourth Purple Star appeared.

That meant Karl had at least 200 million Illusion Points in his kitty.

The top 2, 500 warriors were a proud bunch. Since they had risen to the top 2, 500, they believed that the disparity between them and the powerhouses before them wasn't too great.

However, Karl, who had over 200 million Illusion Points was only ranked number seven.

If that was the case, then how many Illusion Points did the warrior at the sixth place obtain?

How about the one at the fifth place?

And what about those in the top four?

At this thought, they all looked shattered as they realized how much of a difference there was between themselves and the ace talents and Godly Geniuses before them.

Their collective gasp attracted Zen's gaze.

"Does this guy really have 200 million Illusion Points?" Zen's pupils contracted slightly.

'Well, I know why, ' he thought to himself.

In the supreme world, he had obtained nearly 100 million Illusion Points, yet he was still unable to get to the first place. Obviously, the number one warrior possessed a lot of Illusion Points.

The warriors on top of the list were incomparably strong, and the disparity between them was like a yawning chasm.

A long time passed when Karl finally stopped strengthening his statue. The other warriors guessed that the number of his Illusion Points must be between 230 million and 240 million. It was less than 250 million, otherwise, he would have been able to get the fifth Purple Star.

Zen had also sped up his strengthening process now.

He was confused. The second Purple Star appeared very early, so he thought his even distribution had a bigger impact on the statue's strength level.

However, after he injected 20 million Illusion Points, a purple light flashed and the third Purple Star appeared.

Chapter 1651 Carve Out A Path

It wasn't strange for Zen to activate two Purple Stars.

Most people would be able to activate their second Purple Star after consuming all of their Illusion Points.

But not everyone could make the third Purple Star appear.

In fact, only the top twenty warriors of the Illusion Battlefield had enough Illusion Points to activate this third Purple Star.

Taking that into consideration, there were only around seven or eight warriors that could activate it in this blood-red castle.

"Look! That brat has activated the third Purple Star!"

a warrior remarked after noticing the statue beside Zen.

All eyes were immediately on him when they heard what the warrior said. There were quite a few gasps of surprise once they noticed that there was indeed a third Purple Star on Zen's statue.

"This guy... isn't he only around 70th in the rankings?"

"He's 77th to be more exact."

"That can't be right. His ranking is even below mine. He definitely has less Illusion Points than me but why can't I activate my third Purple Star?"

These martial artists had keen observations and had remembered clearly each other's rankings. The rankings were all based on the number of Illusion Points one had. All of them were aware and understood how the system worked.

There were a lot of warriors that were ranked higher than Zen but they weren't able to activate their third Purple Star. How was Zen able to do it then?

Unfortunately, not even Zen would be able to answer their questions.

Because even he, himself, had no idea how he did it.

Regardless, he did not really care what others thought. Zen remained unbothered as he continued injecting Illusion Points into the bamboo slips to strengthen his statue.

He had poured in a little over forty million Illusion Points before the purple light flared up once again!

Buzz…

A fourth Purple Star made its appearance on the statue's chest!

"There's a fourth one!"

"No way! How did he do it?!"

"He hasn't seemed to have injected that much Illusion Points..."

Karl also cast his gaze over at Zen's statue.

In fact, almost everyone was currently looking at Zen.

"Is he cheating?"

"Cheating?" "Cheating in the Illusion Battlefield? Are you kidding?"

"Well, if he didn't cheat, then how was he able to make a fourth Purple Star appear..."

Before they could even finish their words, another Purple Star appeared on Zen's statue.

Five Purple Stars!

In conventional conditions, condensing a fifth Purple Star would require roughly 250 million Illusion Points.

Not even the Godly Genius of the Celestial Position, who was ranked seventh, could achieve such a feat. How in the world was Zen able to do it?

Everyone stared at the young man in combined awe and intrigue. None of them really knew what to say at this point.

"There won't be a sixth..."

But before they could even finish their words, another purple light flashed and a sixth Purple Star appeared.

Zen remained expressionless as he stared at the sixth Purple Star that appeared on his statue.

He had a rough guess as to what was causing all this and it involved a certain mysterious girl.

"This girl is too willful..."

he murmured to himself but knew he had no choice in the matter. He couldn't just throw his hard-earned Illusion Points to waste after all.

The more Illusion Points he injected into his statue, the more Purple Stars appeared.

The seventh Purple Star…

The eighth Purple Star…

The ninth Purple Star….

Zen now had ten Purple Stars after consuming all of his Illusion Points!

By then, a vigorous aura emanated from his statue. This aura was even a little stronger than Zen's.

Every time a Purple Star appeared, the astonishment in everyone's eyes increased At this moment, the entire hall was silent, not really knowing what to make of this ridiculous yet also amazing occurrence.

Zen, on the other hand, looked terribly pleased with his creation. He raised his head to look at the circle of light on top of the castle and found that it had already disappeared by ninety percent. Their time was about to run out and they should all get ready for the siege. With this in mind, Zen quickly manipulated his statue to take their leave.

A warrior blocked his way, "You... How did you do it?" he asked.

Zen merely shrugged, "I don't know."

He left with his ridiculously overpowered statue in tow. The moment he disappeared, the hall was abuzz with discussion.

"Who the hell was that guy?"

"He can't be a nobody considering he is in the 77th place. His looks are new to me though."

"Ah, enough about him! Our time is almost up. We all need to prepare."

Zen and his statue arrived at the platform by the blood-red castle's entrance. From there, he could make out the distant plains that lay before them.

According to the mysterious girl, they would face an endless onslaught of beasts for this round...

The statues would be the first target and the warriors second. It was fine if the warrior died since they could be revived but if their statues were destroyed then they would automatically be eliminated.

Once all of them made the necessary augmentations to their statues, the warriors then began to choose their spots.

A few climbed on top of the castle while others utilized hard-to-find corners. Most, however, chose to scatter within the castle walls.

The circle's light inevitably disappeared, signaling the start of the siege.

The instant it dissipated, a blood-red light abruptly spread out across the land.

"Huff…"

Zen stood together with his statue and saw a black mist rise up from the endless plain all the way towards the blood-red castle's entrance.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck…"

The sound of the approaching beasts could be heard even from afar.

A cyan film of light appeared over Zen's eyes and a grim expression flashed on his face.

"Pangolins?"

he murmured as a horde of black pangolins came into view.

These animals were roughly the size of an adult wolf and each one of them had a pair of extremely sharp wings. However, despite being winged creatures, these pangolins mostly relied on their thick legs to run wildly on the ground.

"Yes..."

"These Nether Pangolins grew up in the darkest of places. They have a drum-like stomach that hides an explosive bladder. A pangolin's death would entail a violent explosion of its entrails!"

"This is the first wave!"

As these formidable Nether Pangolins approached, Zen's body fired up with an intense will to fight.

Regardless of whether or not that mysterious girl did something to strengthen his statue, he must still do his best to pass this test.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck…"

The clamor was getting closer as the Nether Pangolins made their way into the castle.

The warriors were also getting fired up, sporting serious faces as they prepared to face their first wave.

It was very clear to everyone that the first stage of the Illusion Battlefield was to filter out the best from the trillions of Soul Sea Realm warriors.

The second stage was different and perhaps the most crucial phase. They would have to prove their strength in the presence of other elite warriors in order not to be wiped out.

"They're coming!"

The sky and the earth went dark as the oncoming Nether Pangolins covered the entire landscape. They arrived quickly at the castle gates and swarmed into the castles.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck…"

The majority of the horde headed straight for the castles. A few, however, noticed Zen on the platform and quickly took this chance to charge at him.

Or, perhaps it was more accurate that they were rushing towards his statue.

"Go die!"

Zen roared without the slightest hesitation. He quickly slashed at these pesky pangolins with his Thunder Wind Divine Sword and let the wind blades do their work.

"Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!..."

The wind blades formed a protective circular ring around Zen and his statue, insulating them from the Nether Pangolins that were rushing to take their heads.

The first Nether Pangolin that was sliced by the wind blades immediately exploded, generating a powerful impact!

Bam!

As it exploded, its spikes also shot out and flew towards Zen like secret projectiles.

Zen had been a bit worried at first, not really sure if the reinforcements on his statue would really work. However, he breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the spikes hit his statue yet not leave any trace on it.

It seemed the ten Purple Stars on his statue were not just for show.

With this fact in mind, Zen controlled his statue, ordering it to rush out of the wind blades' protection and crush these Nether Pangolins.

It was relatively easy for Zen as he watched his statue clear a path from the castle's entrance all the way to the main hall without even lifting a finger.

The amount of Nether Pangolins was no joke as they quickly occupied the entire castle like a sudden tidal wave!

All the martial artists were busy protecting their statues, choosing to endure the impact of a pangolin's explosion rather than let their precious statues suffer any damage.

An unlucky warrior had accidentally driven himself to a corner and had his statue surrounded by dozens of Nether Pangolins. A chain explosion caused his statue to be blown into pieces, thus eliminating him from the battlefield.

Karl, on the other hand, was flourishing.

His statue was still fragile since he used all of his Illusion Points to reinforce its strength only.

However, it was currently protected by a translucent shield of light.

This light was Karl's "Sacred Shield of the Heart." It was a skill he comprehended wherein as long as his mind and heart lived, then his shield would never be broken.

With the Sacred Shield of the Heart protecting his statue, he could focus on brandishing the gigantic sword in his hand to slash at the Nether Pangolins that constantly came at him.

With everyone busy protecting their own statues, the sight of Zen's statue rendered them all speechless.

Zen hadn't taken any special measures to protect his statue, in fact, it was the opposite. He was using his statue to fight the Nether Pangolins and carve out a path for him to get through!

Chapter 1652 Onlooker

This statue seemed to have been highly reinforced and as a result had become impregnable.

Zen also felt surprised upon discovering this about the effigy.

Challenges in the blood-red castle might be a process of elimination, but the mysterious girl had helped him immediately strengthen the statue, making it utterly indestructible.

Given the hardness of the statue, it would prove difficult even for Zen to destroy it.

This left Zen feeling morose and bored.

During this process of elimination, he seemed to have nothing to do.

Wave after wave of beasts rushed into the blood-red castle like floodwaters, ready to overcome the warriors.

In the beginning, there were a large number of Nether Pangolins, and now countless Wind Dragons had also turned to the attack.

Zen's statue stood like an impregnable boulder, in the middle of the castle hall, and the beasts dashed themselves to pieces on its unassailable surface.

As for the other warriors, some were crushed by the vicious beasts or forced to run for their lives, and some could only try their best to hang on.

In the end, even Karl could not hold out!

After all, the vicious beasts became increasingly stronger. Although the sacred shield Karl had condensed was incomparably sturdy, it was also exhausting his will...

Zen sliced open the head of a Wind Dragon with a single slash, but his face was filled with boredom.

The first target of these Wind Dragons was the statues, and they wouldn't even dodge Zen's attack...

Zen would probably even be able to pass the first round of the competition easily without even striking a blowing. He'd already resigned himself to becoming merely an onlooker.

"This is unnecessary." Zen curled his lips down as a disappointed look appeared on his face. Although he knew that the mysterious girl had intended to help him with her kindness, it had also made him lose any chance of challenging these beasts.

Lowering his head to look at his space ring, he stretched out his hand and gently pressed down, making a selection. Accompanied by a flash of light, the Teleportation Token appeared in his hand.

Since Zen's statue was extremely hard, he could pass the first round of the elimination match without even taking any action.

With a flash of light, Zen was teleported into the strange space.

At this moment, the main cities marked in this space had almost completely disappeared, leaving only the three main red cities in the center. These were the three blood-red castles.

Without much consideration, Zen randomly chose one of the main cities and sank down to it.

Right now, the three blood-red castles were undergoing massive attacks from various beasts, and the warriors were constantly being eliminated as they were trampled, disemboweled, and ravaged by the savage beasts.

Of the 2, 500 warriors, more than 1, 000 of them were kicked out of this place and eliminated the moment that their statues were destroyed by the vicious beasts.

Although they were unwilling to leave, this was the rule of the Illusion Battlefield and they had to be eliminated if they couldn't withstand the beast attacks.

"Bam!"

Accompanied by a burst of white light, Zen appeared near the top of the hall of the blood-red castle and heavily crashed down in a shower of dust and debris.

When the warriors, who were all engaged with fighting the vicious beasts, saw him, they were startled.

What had just happened?

Why was there another guy entering the challenge, at this time?

In the hall of this blood-red castle, seven flying swords of different colors floated protectively around Margaret.

These seven flying swords were legacy treasures of the Apeiron Tower. To achieve a victory in the world of chaos, Elder Apeiron had handed these weapons over to Margaret, and she had also let her take them into the Illusion Battlefield.

However, Margaret had never used these swords before...

But in order to protect her statue, Margaret had summoned these seven flying swords without hesitation. She would use their might to defend her statue at all costs.

The seven flying swords flew back and forth between her and the statue. They formed seven colorful lines that protected Margaret's statue very well. Even so, there were still some cracks showing on the statue.

In comparison, Nathan, who was beside Margaret, seemed to deal with the ravenous beasts with both skill and ease.

Nathan had acquired nearly three hundred million Illusion Points in the Illusion Battlefield already! Now, he had used those Illusion Points to strengthen his statue, which could naturally become much stronger than any ordinary warrior's. Moreover, Nathan's strength was extraordinary; hence, he performed well in this round of competition.

Of course, no matter how skillful he was, he couldn't hold a candle to Zen. Having felt bored, Zen had left his statue in another blood-red castle, and he had run over here, where he was watching the show like an idler.

"Young lady, you haven't told me your name yet!" Nathan said indifferently from beside Margaret. Although there was a lingering trace of a cold and gloomy aura from him, his pleasant voice and his handsome appearance quickly set people at ease.

"Get out of the way!"

Margaret said coldly. The seven flying swords spun even faster as they dispatched more of the fearsome beasts.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

In the blink of an eye, she had chopped more than ten Wind Dragons into pieces.

These Wind Dragons, which were the Law Creatures that were born in the fiercest winds, weren't very strong. However, before they died and disappeared, they would turn into countless wind blades that instantly pierced through everything. If the warriors weren't careful enough, their statues would be damaged by those wind blades. So the warriors had to be extremely cautious while they were dealing with the Wind Dragons. These creatures would claim a savage revenge once they were killed.

Margaret did not care whether she was eliminated. After all, her master did not require her to be ranked first...

However, as she was very likely to encounter Zen here, how could she give up so easily?

Nathan, who stayed beside Margaret, talked to her all the time, thoroughly annoying her a lot.

"If you tell me your name, I can protect you and ensure that you won't be eliminated," Nathan offered with a huge grin. As he gently clapped his hands, waves of invisible force rushed towards the Law Creatures.

All the Wind Dragons within 100 feet seemed to suddenly have their throats grabbed by an invisible hand, and they were lifted into the air, where they struggled unceasingly...

Then, he stretched out his hand and squeezed tightly!

The hundreds of Wind Dragons, caught in his grasp, were broken into two by him!

"Swish, swish..."

Several hundred Wind Dragons were instantly killed and immediately transformed into a storm of sharp wind blades, shooting towards Margaret and Nathan.

However, Nathan still seemed unperturbed. With a light wave of his hand, all of the wind blades, which shot over, automatically dissipated, turning into the gentle breezes...

"So strong." Seeing this, Margaret's eyes narrowed slightly in admiration.

She was no longer what she used to be, as her six years of cultivation in the Apeiron Tower had given her a whole new understanding of martial arts.

Nathan's move was truly spectacular. He had actually managed to instantly dissolve the wind blades!

However, after Nathan had so swiftly killed those Wind Dragons, a large number of the creatures stormed over, rushing towards Margaret...

At this moment, Nathan did not make any moves to kill them. His figure was like the wind as he dodged, allowing the Wind Dragons to attack Margaret.

Margaret lightly bit her dark, red lips as the seven flying swords worked in an even closer collusion to handle those Wind Dragons...

In truth, with her strength, dealing with the Wind Dragon wasn't difficult at all. But when she had strengthened the statue, she had wasted a large amount of Illusion Points and didn't enhance the statue's defensive power. Hence, not enough was done to make it strong enough.

Thus her statue could not resist the wind blades at all. With just a slight misjudgment, her statue would be damaged with a deep cut on it!

Although her sword array was powerful enough to fight against any enemy, it would still be slightly difficult to block these attacking wind blades.

"Pah!"

Suddenly, a wind blade pierced through a gap in her sword array. A part of the wind blade was not blocked by her and instantly struck her statue. It cut her statue apart!

Noting this scene, Margaret got upset, and her eyes gleamed with a hint of helplessness.

Nathan still wore a slight smile on his face as he indifferently looked at Margaret. With his great reputation, he was admired by most women, and even many men, who strove to be like Nathan.

As long as Nathan wanted to be with a woman, many talented and charming women were lining up to accompany him.

As a Godly Genius, he was the main character of this era. Who could oppose him?

However, Margaret had been the first woman that he was interested in. He had never expected that she would be so cold to him...

Being a haughty and confident warrior, Nathan truly believed that there was nothing that he could not accomplish.

"Young lady... It would be a pity if you are eliminated like that, after struggling so hard to reach this point..."

However, Margaret continued to ignore him. She could only sneer coldly at him and continue resisting the attacks from the Wind Dragons.

Not far away, another group of Wind Dragons began their assault run towards her.

With a twist of her long, thin eyebrows, she summoned the seven swords. Then they all realigned into a new spiral sword array, while Margaret dashed forward!

At the same time, she took up her statue, held it tightly against her body and began to retreat!

However, just as she started to back away, she saw several more wind blades catapulting towards her from the other side.

The Wind Dragons had long ago spread across the entire castle's hall. Once a Wind Dragon was killed, it would release the storm of wind blades. Everyone in this hall was in danger, because the wind blades could appear at any time, and they killed indiscriminately.

Many warriors had already suffered this awful fate and died because of this.

As she kept on retreating, Margaret suddenly felt shocked as she noticed something. Her seven flying swords had already formed their protective barrier between her and the Wind Dragons, but they seemed to not be capable of stopping the wind blades!

Noticing her impending doom, Margaret bit her lips, and her eyes contained both a resentful and disappointed look.

"Damn it. I almost met Zen. But now it seems as if it was all just a fruitless effort!"

If her statue was damaged, she would be eliminated. The realization of her dream to see Zen again would then be delayed!

However, right at this crucial moment, a figure lazily drifted over.

Chapter 1653 You Owe Me A Wedding

Although she knew that she was about to be eliminated, Margaret didn't feel heart-broken.

To the other geniuses in the Illusion Battlefield, this was a courageous battle for influence and power.

If they succeeded, they would get the responsibility of shouldering the fate of the entire universe. At the same time, they would also obtain endless resources and a promising future as the reward for it.

Right now, they were only one step away from reaching the peak of the entire universe. Anyone who was eliminated here and now would feel like throwing themselves off into a deep abyss.

However, this didn't apply to Margaret.

For her, all these trials and rewards were trivial matters.

After all, her goal had never been to compete with the countless powerhouses in the universe.

She had only left the Purple Power World to search for Zen. As for the expectations her master had for her... She didn't really care about them.

She had stood out from the trillions of warriors who were competing here, but her real goal was something that most of them would find hard to understand.

Despite her little interest in the Illusion Battlefield, she was admittedly full of regret as she was about to be eliminated.

She knew that the one she was looking for was in a nearby castle right now, but the rules restricted her from going there to see him. What a pity!

At that moment, a figure suddenly dashed past her, snapping her out of her trance.

The figure then stopped at her side, defending her statue behind him.

Puff, puff, puff, puff...

Several muffled sounds reverberated into the air as the wind blades collided against the man.

'Who is this guy?

Why is he blocking the wind blades with his flesh body?' she wondered.

Even an ace talent would be seriously injured if they tried to block the wind blades merely with physical strength.

She tilted her head and saw a familiar handsome face, with a soft smile hanging on his lips and captivating confidence flashing in his eyes.

For a moment, Margaret wondered whether she was in a dream.

Her mind was full of questions, and she was still in danger, but all these things no longer mattered to her now.

She stopped controlling her seven flying swords and they all fell to the ground with a clanging sound.

Without the protection of the sword formation, a group of Wind Dragons once again came at her.

If she didn't block their attacks, her statue would be torn to shreds at any moment, and she would be eliminated.

But she didn't care about that at all. The man standing at her side had her undivided attention now.

Taking no heed of anything else, she just threw herself into Zen's arms.

In these past few years, she had always tried to suppress her desire to pine for him, but her longing for him had never stopped even for a second.

What was worse, the more she suppressed her feelings for him, the stronger they grew. Recently, they had almost reached a point where she could hardly control them.

It was at this moment that all those pent-up emotions were unleashed all of a sudden. She held him tightly in her arms as she locked eyes with him, her eyes filled with infatuation.

When Margaret suddenly jumped into his arms, Zen took a small step back and gently held her up with a warm smile on his face.

But he didn't ignore everything else like Margaret did.

As the Wind Dragons rushed toward them, he waved his fingers and drew out strands of chaotic energy, causing his chaotic sea to surge with power.

Many circles of light started to appear on the ground around them.

He needed to protect Margaret and deal with the Wind Dragons at the same time, and the most effective skill he could use was the Thunderbolt Annihilation.

Although the Thunderbolt Annihilation would consume a large amount of his energy, it was the most suitable strategy for such situations.

A few moments later, rays of lightning flashed in the sky and then struck the circles of light.

Powerful pillars of lightning shot down and instantly killed the Wind Dragons. The wind blades formed from the dragons' life energies were swallowed by the great power of Thunder Law. This wasn't the ordinary power of Thunder Law. Zen had actually borrowed the power of Thunder Tribulation!

Even Nathan couldn't help but raise his eyebrows at this breathtaking scene. He looked at Zen with a hint of indiscernible jealousy in his eyes.

"So this is that Zen," he muttered to himself. He had seen Zen's statue when he'd followed Margaret a while ago, and that was how he knew what Zen looked like. "With his cultivation method, he's able to borrow the power of Thunder Tribulation. Interesting!"

But then an important question suddenly occurred to him.

'Shouldn't he be in another castle?

How did he get here against the rules?' he wondered.

Nathan didn't think too much about Zen's cultivation method. While it was true that a cultivation method of borrowing the Thunder Tribulation was rare, it was only enough to make him a little curious. As a Godly Genius, he was at the peak of the universe and he had always treated all opponents of the same level like dirt.

What he was really concerned about was what kind of theurgy Zen had used to move freely among the castles. And then another question occurred to him: didn't Zen need to protect his own statue?

Of course, Zen didn't know what was going on in Nathan's mind. He was busy soothing Margaret while dealing with the Wind Dragons at the same time.

"I've been looking for you for a long time!" Margaret complained like a kid throwing a tantrum as she nestled her face against Zen's chest.

"So have I." Zen smiled.

"Really?" Her eyes immediately flashed with excitement.

But her face quickly darkened as she shook her head and said, "I don't believe you!"

"It's true! Believe me!"

Around them were many other warriors who were trying their hardest to defend themselves in order to avoid being eliminated. In contrast, this couple exchanging romantic whispers were in a league of their own.

Zen retreated as he guided Margaret and her statue to a quiet corner of the castle. The enemies would come in a single direction, so he wouldn't have to pay a lot of attention to them to protect Margaret and her statue.

Margaret, on the other hand, had complete disregard for the danger around them. Although her ranking was actually higher than Zen's and she was already powerful enough to fight the ace talents, she had never regarded herself as a real warrior. In her heart, she was still that little woman who liked to cook for him.

And since Zen was at her side, she just took it for granted that it was his duty to do the fighting. As for the power of the rumbling thunder behind her and the danger of the enemies, she didn't even bother to turn around to take a look. She pressed her small nose against his chest like a kitten and enjoyed his familiar smell.

"Why are you participating in the Illusion Battlefield?" Zen asked in a soft voice.

Margaret blinked and replied, "Because I knew I'd find you here!"

Zen was amused at her unexpected answer. "I mean, how did you improve your cultivation base so much?"

Through the memories of the world's will, Zen had known for a long time that she had left the original great world and entered the Purple Power World.

Before he had ascended to the Upper World, he'd already known that Margaret had concealed something from him.

He had tried to find out what it was but she had always kept it secret from him. That was why he had been so shocked when he saw her statue in the castle.

He knew that she wasn't the least bit interested in martial arts but she had actually survived the first stage of the Illusion Battlefield and, what was more, her ranking was higher than his. He almost felt a sense of defeat at the fact. He just couldn't understand what had happened to her.

Margaret smiled happily at Zen's question. She was pleased because she knew that it was finally time to tell him the whole truth.

She had concealed the fact that she had taken Apeiron as her master in the Purple Power World ever since Zen and Letitia's wedding.

Back then, she had been extremely disappointed and full of jealousy toward Letitia.

But at this moment, she was completely satisfied. Letitia might still be cultivating in the Lower World, but Margaret was here snuggling up to Zen. It was her victory! It was also the best reward for her hard work in the past six years.

She slowly explained everything to him in detail, telling him about every effort she had made just to see him again.

Zen was moved by everything that he heard from her.

He had never expected that Margaret would have done so much secretly, all because she wanted to stay by his side. He felt ashamed that he had never given her anything in return.

Margaret giggled as if she had read his mind. She looked into his eyes and said, "You don't have to feel guilty at all. Just promise me one thing!"

"What is it?" Zen asked curiously.

Margaret's expression turned utterly serious as she replied, "You owe me a formal wedding."

Zen stared at her, rendered speechless for a moment. But in the end, he showed no hesitation and nodded his head firmly in reply.

Margaret's obsession with this matter was so profound that it had affected every aspect of her life. She had had no dedication to martial arts from the very beginning; all of her efforts had purely been for Zen.

She smiled in relief when she finally got his promise.

She buried her face into his chest like a kitten, her eyes full of happiness.

Chapter 1654 Three Hundred Stars

At the moment, the warriors in the blood-red hall were engaged in fighting with all their might.

Only a very small number were able to battle with relative ease.

Nathan was one of them.

He had in his possession a number of Illusion Points, so the statue that he consolidated was much stronger than those of the others. If he was eliminated, the others would probably be eliminated as well.

Nathan was like a living legend.

He had experienced many hardships since he was a child. When he was born, the stars were triggered by him. To the Xuanyuan Clan, this was an auspicious sign.

However, Nathan only belonged to a distant branch of the large Xuanyuan Clan.

This phenomenon, which had originally been an omen of fortune, had instead brought him great trouble.

One of the main branches of the clan had found his own in the shortest amount of time. They replaced Nathan with another baby and planned on drowning the real Nathan...

However, since Nathan was favored by the heavens, he possessed great luck that ordinary people did not have, even if he was just a baby.

Not only was he saved from getting murdered, he also grew up in a special environment. In the end, he became the Godly Genius of the Xuanyuan Clan and avenged himself on those who had harmed him in the past.

Although Nathan was confident, he was also full of distrust because of his complex childhood.

So far, he had been with no woman around him.

According to the rules of the four large clans of the Thoughtless Minds, once the Godly Geniuses and ace talents reached a certain age, they needed to get married. However, every suitable match was rejected by Nathan. Rumors were rife that he was possibly homosexual and only interested in men.

From not far away, he heard Margaret's words and sighed with emotion. He had never met such a woman before...

Wave after wave of beasts surged over.

Two thousand and five hundred warriors had been present in the three blood-red castles at the beginning, but now the number had started to drop rapidly.

Two days and two nights later, most of the warriors were exhausted. The beasts finally stopped their attacks.

At the moment, only three hundred warriors occupied the blood-red lobbies. About ninety-percent of them had been eliminated in this round.

The rules of the Illusion Battlefield were incomparably cruel, its final goal aimed at choosing the main character who could lead the world of chaos...

In the first stage, only two thousand and five hundred warriors among the trillions of participants could win and subsequently enter the second stage.

In the second stage, only three hundred would be selected out of the two thousand and five hundred candidates.

In this sort of competition, the final survivors would undoubtedly be the ace talents and Godly Geniuses of the various races.

These three hundred warriors were destined to become the most dazzling stars in the entire universe.

Not long after, the roofs of the three blood-red castles opened up and fused together, forming three massive arched bridges. In the middle of these three castles, a thick purple light column rose up. Inside the light column were many fish. The momentum of the heavens and the earth spreading out was formidable enough to make most people scared.

Only one hundred warriors were left in each of the blood-red castles.

Now that the castle was open, they leapt onto the bridge and headed for the purple light column in the center.

"It's time for us to go over," Zen said to Margaret, who was in his arms.

She had not even glanced at the purple light column as it appeared. She was still cuddled up against Zen.

Margaret nodded slowly and followed Zen onto the bridge.

The strongest warriors of the fifty supreme worlds had all gathered there.

As they stood there, observing the fish swimming in the purple light column, they quietly observed each other as well.

Some of them, such as Nathan and Lawson, already knew each other from before.

Others had distinctive features, such as Karl. He wore a heavy armor, his face reflecting the righteousness he felt. With just a single glance, one could tell that he was the Godly Genius of the Celestial Position.

It was true that Zen was famous.

However, only a few warriors had actually seen him...

Before he could even get close to the purple light column, someone wielded his sword and came to stand before him.

"This is surprising. I had thought that with your minimal strength, you wouldn't even be able to enter the second stage. I didn't expect you to successfully enter the second stage and not be eliminated at all in the process... Interesting! Very interesting!"

The dark colored iron sword in this particular warrior's hand was unremarkable and even a bit broken.

He waved the sword in front of Zen with a proud demeanor. He was none other than the Otherworldly Swordsman whom Zen had met in the Hall of Causality before.

Standing not far away, when Nathan heard the Otherworldly Swordsman's words, his eyes flashed...

The Otherworldly Swordsman came from the Thoughtless Minds and had participated in the competition of the four clans, so Nathan naturally knew of him. But he was also curious and wondered how Zen had managed to offend the Otherworldly Swordsman.

Upon hearing the Otherworldly Swordsman's voice, everyone looked at him.

They had all heard of the Otherworldly Swordsman and his mystical sword...

He seemed to hold a grudge against the warrior, seeing as how he was so intent on provoking Zen with his arrogance. However, none of them knew what had actually happened.

Hearing the Otherworldly Swordsman's words, Zen was indifferent. "Indeed, it is interesting. On my part, I will at least give you a chance..."

"What? Give me a chance?" The Otherworldly Swordsman was slightly stunned at the words.

"I'll give you a chance to eliminate me," Zen replied with a smile.

The others were astonished at his words.

Even though the Otherworldly Swordsman was only an ace talent from the Thoughtless Minds, he could be as powerful as a Godly Genius if he made use of his magical sword!

The other warriors present wondered who the young warrior standing before the Otherworldly Swordsman was.

His arrogance was proof enough that he despised the Otherworldly Swordsman, who was indeed remarkable.

"Oh, really? I must thank you for giving me this opportunity!" The Otherworldly Swordsman's eyes were full of anger. Defeated by Zen in the Hall of Causality, he was extremely indignant. To him, his failure in the Hall of Causality had been a great insult and he wanted to get back at Zen for it.

Because of the conversation between the Otherworldly Swordsman and Zen, several warriors turned their heads to where they were...

At some distance stood a woman in purple. Her skin white like snow, she was very pretty. She was Lucille, who had lost to Zen previously.

When she saw Zen, she strolled over to him as soft snowflakes fell around them. Her eyes were fixed on Zen as she said, "We meet again."

After entering the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield, Lucille, who practiced the One Soul in Two Bodies, had taken the opportunity to merge her two beings. The present Lucille was in her true and complete form, her temperament also slightly changed.

"Who is she?"

The moment Margaret saw Lucille's beautiful face, she held onto Zen's right arm tightly. Her eyebrows knitted together as she stared at Lucille with a wary expression on her face.

Noticing the intimacy between Margaret and Zen, Lucille was a bit surprised and guessed that they were in a relationship. However, she had no idea where Margaret had come from.

Before Zen could say anything, another warrior greeted him, "Zen!"

The warrior carried a sword on his back. He looked confident and energetic, with a pair of sharp eyes. He was Rocher Hua, who had finally reached the Soul Sea Realm.

"Rocher!"

A smile rose on Zen's face.

Meeting Margaret and Rocher here had come as a true surprise to Zen.

Of course, he was delighted at the pleasant happenstance.

Only after they heard Rocher call out Zen's name

did the other warriors realize that the person in front of them was Zen.

At this moment, both the Otherworldly Swordsman and Lucille, who had fought Zen before, were surprised.

Ever since Lucille had entered the Illusion Battlefield, she had triumphed over the others. She had only been defeated by Zen so far.

However, she did not expect the warrior to be none other than Zen, who often told stories through the Roaring Token.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1655 Evolutionary Fifty

In fact, Lucille was a fan of Zen's.

She used to be addicted to narratives. Because Zen was a good storyteller out in the universe, she was attracted to his yarns. Listening to his stories in her rest time had become one of her hobbies. She would while away hours listening to his stories.

She had listened to all the stories Zen had told during these past few years. Whenever Zen's voice rang out, she would even stop cultivating to listen to him telling stories for several hours.

These stories were all told to a mysterious girl, and, like the rest of the universe, she knew she was just a random listener.

She would never have expected that the man in front of her was Zen.

Besides her, the other warriors were also surprised, and they couldn't help but curiously look Zen up and down. They wanted to see what the mighty Zen, who had killed several Supreme Lords looked like, and if there was anything special about him.

Most of these warriors were curious about Zen, but some of them secretly harbored a killing intention behind their studying looks.

The ace talents and Godly Geniuses present were all at the top of their game, and were thought highly of by their own clans.

They were either the direct descendants of the Supreme Lords, or those guided by the Supreme Lords. After their talents were discovered, they had been valued by their clans. The four Supreme Lords Zen had killed before were all related to these warriors, so they naturally regarded Zen as their enemy now, since he had killed their clan members.

Zen did not seem at all bothered by their hostility, and he talked happily with Rocher in a low voice.

All of them had been waiting here for about an hour already.

During this time, Zen was listening to Rocher relating what he had experienced in the past six years in the Lower World and the Upper World.

Margaret's experience during these few years could not be spoken of in the same terms as Rocher's experience. She had only cultivated in the Purple Power World all this time. She had never left the Purple Power World.

However, Rocher was different.

From crossing the Chaotic Ocean of Stars to traveling in the four divine kingdoms, his experiences were thrilling and exciting.

The most important experience was the time when he was on the savage land. With the aid of something great that Rocher had gained there and his own talent, he had made such a great achievement.

As for what the great thing was, Rocher did not tell Zen the details. Zen naturally would not question him too closely, for that would have been rude.

Everyone had their own secrets, and Zen understood that Rocher must have a reason why he did not want to explain.

In fact, Zen had searched for that information in the memory of the great world's will. The great world's memory recorded everything that happened every second of every day, and he could search for information by using a thought.

However, when Zen was trying to search for the information, he found that the great world's memory of this part was blurry. It seemed that someone had erased the great world's will! All the memories about the savage land were blurry, and he could not find anything useful.

This was so strange.

Zen wondered why the great world he was in suddenly had so many secrets.

The Ancestral Dragon was born on the Divine Kingdom Continent, and there were many world lords' dead bodies gathered below the Sea God Continent. Moreover, the savage land, where he had not been, had such secrets. These things could not be said to be mere coincidences.

The two of them were having a good talk. Margaret thought their conversation was boring. However, since she had not seen Zen for a long time, she was already satisfied just by being able to hear Zen's voice.

Not long after, the cold voice of the mysterious girl rang out again as she ordered, "Warriors, you may now enter the purple light pillar in front of you."

After her voice faded away, the ace talents, who had already waited for a long time, began to enter the purple light pillar.

After they each walked into the light pillar, there was a gentle buoyancy which slowly lifted them upwards.

"Let's go," Zen said to Margaret as he walked up to the light pillar.

The moment Zen stepped into this purple light pillar, he sensed a strong momentum lifting him up. This momentum was so complex that it seemed to have originated from the mixture of all the profound meanings.

"This is… It's the will of the heavens!"

Zen's face grew serious as he realized the truth about the momentum.

This momentum was not a new thing to Zen, and many of the warriors present had even experienced it before.

When warriors underwent their tribulations, the momentum emitted by the terrifying Heavenly Tribulation represented the will of the heavens.

Fishes were swimming slowly within the purple light. When the fishes drew close to Zen, they could easily pass through Zen's body.

The moment these fishes began passing through Zen's body, they left a trace of their comprehension behind inside his body.

"This is the rule of the heavens!"

"Every fish contains a rule of the heavens."

"The marks they each leave can benefit us a lot."

During a warrior's cultivation, after the initial opening of the Soul Sea, he had to start to build his inner world.

At the beginning, there were no rules in their inner worlds but only their seas of life vitality, which contained no life in the beginning.

After these fishes passed through a warrior's body, they left behind the rudiments of these rules.

These were very useful for the establishment of rules in their inner worlds. This kind of benefit could not be found anywhere else in the universe.

In the entire universe, only three hundred warriors were gifted with the baptism of the purple light.

No wonder that so many races and clans all attached importance to this Illusion Battlefield. Even the Supreme Lords of every race could not give them this kind of experience, after all these Supreme Lords were only able to instill comprehension of the rule of one Heavenly Destiny in their people. But they could sense every rule of the entire universe here.

Everyone closed their eyes as they focused on comprehending the marks which these fishes had left inside their bodies while slowly flying upwards in the purple light.

Zen was also comprehending the marks as he slowly rose upwards.

Once a sea of life vitality turned into an inner world, it was fully controlled by its owner. Nothing could be accomplished without obeying standards and rules, so only by gradually establishing these rules could one make his entire inner world function normally.

They were not able to control the rules of the heavens in these fishes, after all, each rule was a Heavenly Destiny. Only a Supreme Lord could control one Heavenly Destiny and make full use of it.

But the warriors could use these rules as reference points to build the rules of their inner worlds.

In fact, all warriors, who entered the purple light had this comprehension.

Except for one warrior who had not comprehended at all, Margaret! Right now she was still looking at the fishes with a confused expression as she held tightly to Zen's hand.

The other warriors, including Zen, were all shocked by the enormity of the will of the heavens.

However, Margaret felt very different from the others. She felt quite indifferent since she had not been enlightened by this law at all.

She had a familiar feeling in the momentum emitted by the purple light. It was exactly the same as the momentum which was released when she had cultivated a special mind method.

The only difference was that this momentum was much older and more mature than the one in the mind method.

The mind method had been passed down to her by her master.

According to what her master had said: that mind method was created according to the rules in the Purple Power World, and only warriors with first rank Purple Power Body could cultivate this method.

She did not overthink it, so she could not figure out the connection between these two types of momentum. But she was not interested in figuring it out.

As they rose up to a certain height, the mysterious girl's commanding voice was heard by everyone of the warriors.

"Of the Evolutionary Fifty, only forty-nine are useful. Of the Evolutionary Fifty, separate one into two. One is variable, and the other one is definite!"

Meanwhile…

The three hundred warriors continued to slowly rise up vertically.

But right now, everyone's rising path began to change.

Many warriors were flying to the left side of the light pillar. "The left side is definite, you can't change your fate!"

A few others flew to the right side of the light pillar. "The right side is variable, your futures are limitless."

About two hundred warriors had been moved to the left side of the light pillar. They were surprised and disillusioned when the mysterious girl announced that their fates were unchangeable.

However, there were ninety nine warriors at the right side, and their fates were changeable. Their destinies were, according to the mysterious girl, limitless.

"Eh? What's going on? Why is there one warrior missing?" the mysterious girl wondered aloud.

Since the mysterious girl had hosted the Illusion Battlefield from the beginning, her voice had always been cold, without any emotion. After all, she was the arbiter of the Illusion Battlefield. Except for the time that she laughed and joked with Zen, the others all felt she was indifferent and almost apathetic.

Noticing the strange scene, her originally solemn voice suddenly changed. These assembled ace talents all felt her tone was now strange, and they opened their eyes one by one, confused.

They were even more confused after they had opened their eyes.

Moments earlier, the mysterious girl had separated the warriors to two sides by defining their fates.

There existed only two kinds of fates. One was variable, and the other one was definite. However, there was one warrior still floating in the center of the purple light pillar.

The warrior floating alone in the center of the light pillar was none other than Zen!

Chapter 1656 A Place With Many Talents

The mysterious young girl looked at Zen through the layers of clouds and the purple light. Her eyebrows were knitted together, her expression of stunned disbelief.

"Zen is without destiny!"

There were few warriors in the universe who didn't have a destiny, and they always went through a slew of terrible experiences.

The common folk didn't know how the man without destiny had appeared, but the mysterious young girl was very clear about it.

A living being was always born with its fate predetermined and none in the universe could escape its destiny.

To become a warrior without destiny, one had to be someone who didn't come from the heavens or someone with a firm belief. They had to have experienced many cycles of life and death to erase their own destiny.

But what was Zen's purpose of becoming such a warrior?

The mysterious girl was lost in deep thought, thinking about Zen's request to find Yan.

Zen was confused at the mysterious girl's words.

Evolutionary Fifty?

Did it have anything to do with the fifty supreme worlds in the Illusion Battlefield.

Separate one into two? One is variable, and another one is definite?

Why did people have to be divided into two sections? What was the purpose?

At the moment, there were two hundred warriors with definite destiny and ninety-nine warriors with variable destiny.

Margaret and Rocher were warriors with variable destiny, while Nathan was one with a definite destiny. It was obvious that the division was not based on a warrior's strength.

"Since I'm one without destiny, does that mean I can't be considered to be a warrior with variable fate?"

Zen found this entire matter of destiny to be too mysterious. He couldn't immediately figure this out, so he simply stopped thinking about it.

Perhaps there was some invisible force in the universe that secretly set everything right for him.

But Zen would only act according what his mind and beliefs told him.

He could live compliantly if his destiny conformed to his wishes and plans.

But if his life came into conflict with his expectations, then he would, without a doubt, revolt against it.

And then, suddenly, the pyramids that the names had formed at the top of the Illusion Spaces began to dissipate.

The light from the stars in the sky had also been withdrawn from atop of the various supreme worlds.

All Soul Sea Realm warriors, apart from those three hundred warriors, returned from the Illusion Battlefield.

Letitia stared at the collapsing pyramid, her eyes flashing.

"Is the competition in the Illusion Battlefield over?" she asked.

Preston smiled and shook his head. "The most important part of the Illusion Battlefield is to strive for being a top warrior. This is only the beginning. But you'll see more than just names soon."

"I can also see Zen, right?" Letitia asked, her eyes narrowed.

Preston nodded. "According to the usual practice, yes. But I don't know if Zen has been eliminated or not. The second stage of the competition in the Illusion Battlefield is very intense, and there are a lot of ace talents fighting to stay in the competition. It is already very good that Zen has ranked in the top two thousand and five hundred. But I'm not sure if he can become one of the top three hundred warriors and remain in the Illusion Battlefield."

The two thousand and five hundred warriors would undergo multiple rounds of elimination during the second stage.

But from the moment they had entered the blood-red castles, the names of the top two thousand and five hundred warriors had already been fixed in the list.

No one knew if they were eliminated or not.

And now was the time to publish the results.

Just as Preston was talking to Letitia, the Illusion Space within the large hall began to shine, bursting out into magnificent colors.

These colors looked like the most illusory energies as they began to flow and mix with each other, creating a magnificent picture of the wonderland at the top of the hall.

The picture contained glimpses of celestial mountains, clouds and mist, buildings, and a lot of other beautiful imagery.

Many figures could be spotted standing on top of the clouds.

This image of evolution gradually appeared on every Illusion Space in the universe.

In fact, both the Illusion Space and the Roaring Token relied on the Law of Causality in terms of operation. The Roaring Token used the Law of Causality to push sound through the universe, while the Illusion Space used the Law of Causality to create a projection.

The Illusion Space was not a product of the universe, but a benefit that the mysterious girl had bestowed on the entire universe. Thanks to her permission, many sacred places could now easily create Illusion Spaces.

At this moment, warriors of the entire universe could see the picture through reverse projection in each Illusion Space.

As the figures became clearer, Letitia turned more serious by the second.

Every warrior who was paying attention to the Illusion Battlefield also realized the gravity of the situation and sobered down.

"I see him."

Letitia's eyes were now fixed on Zen.

Her excitement rose to the top, now that she had spotted him.

She had maintained her reverence for the Upper World ever since she had ascended to it.

Soul Sea Realm warriors were rare and powerful in the great world she was in, but there were a number of warriors at this cultivation level in the universe. There were so many talents that even a tenth-grade sacred place wouldn't be able to control a supreme world. And there were one hundred thousand supreme worlds in the universe.

There were greater opportunities and challenges here.

She had originally thought that it wouldn't be easy for him to enter a tenth-grade sacred place.

Yet, she hadn't expected him to become a top warrior in just a few years!

Zen, the man she was looking at right now, was her pride.

She felt joy at this, but as another thought crossed her mind, her brows knitted and she became visibly upset.

A woman was snuggling up to Zen, her face full of happiness and joy. She was Margaret.

"Is Zen one of them? Can you see him?" Preston, who didn't know who Zen was, asked Letitia.

Letitia's lip trembled but she collected herself before saying, "Yes."

"He has indeed lived up to everybody's expectations! Congratulations!" Preston said, smiling warmly. But when he saw Letitia's expression, he couldn't help but think, 'Letitia should be happy to see Zen. Why does she look so morose?' So he asked again, "Which one is Zen?"

"The thirteenth warrior from the right," Letitia replied flatly, without looking up.

Preston looked, but he was surprised as his eyes landed on Zen. Preston was also an intelligent warrior and quickly gauged that something was wrong.

The thirteenth warrior from the right was a handsome young man, but beside this young man was a beautiful woman who was leaning close to him. No wonder Letitia was pulling a long face.

Everyone was curious about a lot of things, and Preston was no exception.

Right now, he was greatly interested in Zen. He thought Zen was a charming man who attracted beautiful, remarkable women. He knew that the woman with Zen also probably had extraordinary strength and Zen might also have started a romantic relationship with her in the short time he was in the Illusion Battlefield. These mere thoughts caused Preston to marvel at Zen.

The truth was that apart from Preston, every warrior of the universe could see Margaret snuggling up to Zen.

And they really looked like a happy, young couple.

Those who knew Zen admired him. They also knew that the woman was bound to be at least an ace talent from a great force. Zen was amazing to have fallen in love with her during the short period of time they had been in the Illusion Battlefield. Their relationship had really developed fast.

Those who did not know him were also impressed with him. They were also secretly speculating on Zen's and Margaret's identities. Could it be that these two were a rare couple who had cultivated together and had simultaneously been ranked in the top three hundred?

"Look! That must be Zen!"

"Margaret indeed has an eye for having chosen such a remarkable man! That guy is pretty handsome!"

"Margaret is regarded as the ace talent in our Purple Power World, so of course, the one she takes a fancy to must be the best!"

Since the Purple Power World had a special interface, it was impossible to construct an Illusion Space there.

This meant that many warriors of the Apeiron Tower had to leave the Purple Power World and go to another supreme world to watch Zen.

Preston couldn't help but ask out of curiosity, "Do you know the woman beside Zen?"

"Margaret Xi," Letitia replied icily.

Letitia had known that Margaret was among the top warriors, but seeing this with her own eyes filled her with disappointment and sadness.

"Oh? You know this woman? Where is she from?" Preston asked one question after another, his curiosity growing by the minute.

"She's from the same great world as I am," Letitia answered resignedly.

"What?!"

Preston exclaimed, stunned.

Of the three hundred warriors chosen in the Illusion Battlefield, two of them were from the same great world!

This coincidence brought Preston to the point where he couldn't make sense of the situation.

In the three thousand supreme worlds of the Humanity Alliance, only four warriors had had the chance to enter this stage of the Illusion Battlefield. Zen was one of them.

How was it possible for two warriors from the Lower World to get this chance? This was inconceivable!

"Do you mean to say that Zen and Margaret come from the great world that you ascended from?" Preston asked, wanting confirmation.

Letitia was not in a good mood. She pointed to one of them and said perfunctorily, "Why is it that amazing? The sixteenth warrior on the right is Rocher Hua, and he also comes from the same great world as me. He is one of the disciples of my Cloud Hall."

Chapter 1657 A Double-Edged Reward

Through his rigorous hard work and cultivation, Rocher was able to ascend to the Upper World.

But before ascending to the Upper World, Rocher didn't disaffiliate from the Cloud Hall. So, in a way, he could still be considered as a Cloud Hall disciple.

In the Cloud Hall, Rocher was under Letitia's wings. In other words, he was her disciple.

Still, Preston of the Pure Jade Sacred Place could not believe every word Letitia had said.

But looking at her face, he could see no sign of deception, not even a stutter when she spoke.

Yet, he still had reservations about Letitia's story. Out of these three hundred people, it was astonishing that three came from the same great world.

Meanwhile, Letitia was in awe. Although she was not from the Upper World, she knew that these three hundred people were the most outstanding warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

Since she was from the Lower World, she had not clearly understood the significance of these three hundred ace talents for many races, the glorious future they would have, and the resources and effort required to nurture an ace talent.

Preston, on the other hand, knew this quite well.

Even a tenth-grade sacred place like the Pure Jade Sacred Place didn't have enough resources to nurture an ace talent. Thus it was still not qualified to cultivate one.

As Letitia turned to look at Preston, she noticed the skepticism on his face. She cleared her throat to get his attention and then bluntly said, "Zen is also from Cloud Hall. And just so you know, he is also my disciple."

This caught Preston off guard. He felt as if Letitia saw through him and sensed his doubt.

He froze and got lost in his thought. When he finally came back to his senses, he asked, "If you don't mind, can you tell me how Cloud Hall is ranked?"

If Preston remembered it right, Lower World didn't have any sacred place above the eighth grade.

"Well, it is considered as a sixth-grade sacred place," Letitia humbly replied.

The Cloud Hall was acknowledged as a sixth-grade sacred place given its current status in the Central Region.

"I see…" Preston said.

In the Upper World, a sixth-grade sacred place was considered as an ant – small and unspectacular. The Pure Jade Sacred Place had countless small sacred places in its jurisdiction that were at least in the eighth grade.

So with that said, a sixth-grade sacred place like the Cloud Hall was not even qualified to be a subordinate of the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

And if someone like Preston would personally visit a sixth-grade sacred place, its Saint Lord would probably kneel before him and welcome him with open arms.

But how could two warriors from a sixth-grade sacred place like Cloud Hall be in the top three hundred of the Illusion Battlefield?

That thought had left Preston puzzled. He still couldn't figure out how such a bizarre thing could happen.

Letitia just ignored Preston and continued to stare at the illusions outlined on the Illusion Space. At that moment, she suddenly remembered the time when Margaret had entered the Purple Power

World with her mysterious expression. Back then, Letitia didn't think much of Margaret, but it turned out that she was ready to surprise the universe with her performance in the Illusion Battlefield.

Meanwhile, all the forces in the universe were paying close attention to the painting above the Illusion Space and were discussing it among themselves.

"Our Xuanyuan Clan has Nathan on the stage. He will win the first place!"

"Our Lucille has made it to this stage. I just hope that after this battle, she will be able to step into the Godly Way and become a Godly Genius."

"The ogres will have berserker warriors."

These went on with the rest of the forces that had at least one of their own make it to the third stage.

There were also some martial artists from the Mist Palace who extended their necks to see their peers on the painting.

"As expected, Zen has passed through the second stage, and is now part of the top three hundred warriors," Kyron said as he shook his head and laughed. He was the former leader of the Mist Palace.

"Master..." Standing next to Kyron was his disciple, Layla.

Layla had been qualified to move forward into the second stage, but unfortunately, didn't make it past to the next.

She also missed the opportunity to meet Zen inside the Illusion Battlefield. Layla was in the same blood-colored castle as Margaret, while Zen was in a different one. She had already been eliminated when Zen made it to the blood-colored castle she used to be in.

"Well, I'm extremely proud of what you accomplished in the Illusion Battlefield. You making it to the second stage was already a great accomplishment," Kyron said with a smile. Deep down, he knew that his disciple did her best.

As a master, Kyron knew how difficult it was to complete the Illusion Battlefield. Even a few ace talents with great power were also eliminated from the second stage. So, he knew that Layla had given it her all, but the second stage was just much tougher than the previous one.

"Who is that woman beside Zen?" someone suddenly asked.

Yolande, who was standing in the middle, stared at a woman who she couldn't recognize at all – Margaret.

Even her clones in the Eastern Region and the Sea God Continent in that great world had never seen Margaret before.

"If my memory serves me right, she used the sword formation of the Purple Power World," Layla replied. The sword formation of the Purple Power World that Margaret used was quite special, and it left a mark on Layla. From then on, Layla could not forget Margaret's face.

"That girl? Is she an ace talent from the Purple Power World? Look how attached they are with each other just after a short period!" someone ridiculed and laughed.

"From how I see it, they must have been together for quite long."

Meanwhile, in the Illusion Battlefield, Zen remained where he was as he waited with the other warriors.

After entering the purple light, the warriors found themselves in this misty fairyland.

There was a new and strange feeling in their hearts after they were baptized by the countless rules of the heavens in the purple light.

The imprints that the fish left within their bodies allowed them to establish the first laws of their inner worlds.

So while waiting, they focused on comprehending these new laws.

Out of the blue, the mysterious girl's voice sounded once again to make another announcement.

"Attention warriors! In this round of the Illusion Battlefield, the top ten warriors will receive a Godly Plate. Once you get the plate, I will personally imprint it in your body."

Then, a short whirring sound followed.

Ten gray plates slowly faded in and floated in the sky.

The three hundred warriors looked up and their eyes glimmered when they saw the ten gray plates unveiling in the sky.

But not all warriors knew what these plates were, especially those who didn't know much about the Illusion Battlefield.

Some of these warriors were Zen, Margaret, and Rocher.

"Zen, do you know what she's talking about? Have you heard of the Godly Plate?" Margaret asked while still looking at the floating gray plates.

Zen just shook his head. He didn't even know if Margaret saw his gesture. It was also his first time to see the ten gray plates in the sky and this scene left him baffled.

In the Corridor of Emperor, Zen learned that those vying to be a True God would have to obtain a Godly Tile.

But as for the Godly Plate, he didn't know what it was for and had never heard of it until this moment.

"Seriously? You don't know what those are?" a warrior next to them sarcastically asked with a disdainful look on his face. "The inner world won't be able to contain the Godly Tile on its own. The Godly Plate, as its name suggests, is a place where the Godly Tile is stored. So, you first must have a Godly Plate in your inner world where you can put the Godly Tile."

"I see. But my next question is, where does the Godly Tile come from?" Margaret continued to ask.

"I can't have all the answers, can I?" the warrior said. There were only a few True Gods in the universe. Meanwhile, the warriors currently in the

Illusion Battlefield were either ace talents or Godly Geniuses. They could become True Gods, but since they were at the Soul Sea Realm, they were still hundreds of thousands of miles away from becoming True Gods. The warrior who told Margaret about the Godly Plate had only heard of the secrets about it, so he couldn't answer Margaret.

"You are the ace talents and Godly Geniuses in this grand era, so this round of the heavens is in your favor and will give you the greatest chances. If you don't make it to the top ten, you will still be strengthened. The basis of that will be on how you strengthened your statues in the second stage,"

the mysterious girl's voice continued. After the warriors heard this, their faces were filled with surprise and joy.

Back in the second stage, they put all their Illusion Points into their statues.

Their Illusion Points strengthened their statues in terms of power, soul, or some law. The warriors that had put more Illusion Points were able to strengthen their statues to the maximum.

They had initially spent tens or even hundreds of millions of Illusion Points that greatly strengthened them.

Now, their own bodies would be strengthened based on the Illusion Points that they had initially invested.

No one had expected to receive such a reward.

When Zen heard this, he was equally delighted and surprised as the rest of the warriors.

He knew that his statue was far stronger than that of others. It could be said that his statue was as strong as himself. So, could that mean that the enhancements would also be applied to himself?

"Surely, those who make it to the top three will also receive other rewards. But I must warn you that the more rewards you receive, the heavier your burden will be."

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As soon as the mysterious girl's voice was done speaking, a huge square board measuring a million feet long and wide appeared in front of them.

Before the warriors could react, something happened.

A pink shadow appeared in the middle of the board!

The warriors couldn't make out the face of the shadow, but when it spoke, they knew it was the host of the Illusion Battlefield.

Zen also stared at the figure, trying to figure out the identity of the mysterious young girl. The figure appeared to be using an unknown technique. Whenever Zen quickly glanced at the figure, he could tell that it was a graceful lady. However, when he looked carefully, the figure would become blurry and could hardly be distinguished.

Chapter 1658 Have No Fighting Will

The pink figure danced gently in the air and descended slowly like a fairy in an illusory world.

Just like Zen, the entire universe knew of this mysterious girl's existence.

However, they had no idea about her origins, goals, or even where she existed outside the Illusion Battlefield.

Like Zen, the other warriors also wanted to see how she looked, but her outline was blurry and her exact appearance wasn't clear.

When the pink figure floated to the edge of the board and came to stand before everyone, she waved her hand and a number of black and white stones appeared around her.

These stones were about ten feet in diameter and floated in the air, drifting towards the three hundred warriors.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please step onto the stones,"

the woman in pink said, her voice rather stern.

People discovered that the voice came from the sky above and not from her.

It was likely that this pink figure was not a real person but just an illusion.

But she was still the host of the Illusion Battlefield, and as the sound of her voice faded, each of the three hundred warriors stepped onto a stone.

Margaret did not want to be separated from Zen, but she had no other choice.

Those who were really paying attention, noticed something.

The three hundred warriors had earlier been split into two groups within the purple pillar of light. One group of warriors had fixed fates, while the other group had unfixed fates.

And right now, the stones beneath the warriors with fixed fates were all white, while those beneath the warriors with unfixed fates were all black.

Although Zen was in neither of these groups, he was standing on a black stone as well.

Whooshing sounds could be heard everywhere, leaving onlookers surprised and confused.

The moment everyone stepped onto the stones, they were sent flying into the air by the woman.

The warriors that stood on the black stones were on one side, while those on the white stones were on the other. The woman was floating in the middle.

This was the final battle of the three hundred warriors in the Illusion Battlefield.

But to the woman, it was within the variables and determinants that she had to deduce the destiny of this round of grand era.

The great crisis that broke out during any round of grand era was usually a grand competition that used the universe as a board and countless creatures as stones.

She had no way of knowing where the crisis would come from.

But it would be a predetermined deduction if the ace talents of the universe were to gather together and play a Go game.

She wanted to see if the crisis in this round of grand era came from the variables or the determinants.

Right now, countless eyes were watching what was happening on the board. Everyone from the 128 Supreme Lords to normal warriors was paying close attention to this.

Some warriors were even seeing this as an excellent chance to throw a gambling party and had already started placing bets on these three hundred warriors.

The woman in pink stretched out her hand and waved it, as if to make a casual grab.

An enormous hand appeared from within the endless clouds.

The crowd could see that the huge hand belonged to a girl. The fingers were thin and the skin was smooth and fair.

The index finger of the hand pressed down on a white stone and the nail of its middle finger clamped onto the bottom of the stone.

The person standing on this white stone was an ace talent of the Saya race.

He was also startled when he saw the giant forefinger pressing down on him, but the forefinger was not real and could not touch him. It pierced through his body and was pressing down on the stone.

Once the huge hand had grabbed the white stone, it pressed down on the 100, 000 feet long board.

It crunched as it fell onto the board.

The board seemed to reverberate with the crisp sound of the stone falling.

The Saya race warrior was still standing steadily on the stone.

He knew that his opponent would be a warrior among those standing on the black stones.

Soon, his hunch was confirmed. The huge hand withdrew into the mist, reached out from the other side, and grabbed a black stone.

And this time, the giant hand was holding onto Margaret's stone.

Margaret was stunned.

She hadn't thought that she would be the first to fight another warrior.

The black stone fell to the board with a thud.

"Both of you can fight.

You need to fight till we have a clear result. But do not kill your opponent." The mysterious girl's voice rang out once again.

"Hell no! I don't want to fight!"

Margaret said, her eyes wide and face gloomy.

She didn't like fighting. But the number of times she had fought with others in the Illusion Battlefield was most likely ten times more than what it had been before she had entered the battlefield.

In the previous two stages, Margaret had put her life on the line as she fought.

But it was because she had a motive, and that was to see Zen.

Now that Zen was by her side, a part of her long-cherished wish had been fulfilled. Fighting with others meant nothing to her. She turned to look at Zen, her heart filling with this gloom.

But Zen smiled encouragingly at Margaret and said, "Do your best!"

Margaret nodded reluctantly.

What she didn't know was that her master, Elder Apeiron, was somewhere in the universe, nervously watching her along with a group of her disciples.

"Margaret doesn't seem to have any fighting spirit."

"I know why. She cares for nothing but her man. She doesn't have much interest in cultivation."

"This is truly unfair. The heavens gave her such stunning talent, but didn't give her the heart to pursue cultivation."

Margaret thought for a while, and then stepped off the black stone. Although she was still conflicted, a light flick of her fingers brought seven differently colored flying swords floating out of her body. These swords gradually dispersed.

She stared at the warrior of the Saya race, who was standing close by, smiled and said, "You can start."

Zen shook his head at how this scene was playing out.

Margaret did not show any improvement. She did not have any fighting spirit, and she was no different from who she had been all those years ago.

Zen really didn't understand how she could have gotten so far in the Illusion Battlefield.

But what Zen didn't know was that Margaret had been a completely different person in the first stage of the Illusion Battlefield.

At that time, in order to find Zen, Margaret had traveled through the cities in the Illusion Battlefield. Her aura hadn't been strong in the first place, and she looked like a delicate human girl. So naturally, she had been ambushed a number of times.

Her mind had been extremely stable and filled with fighting spirit. Whoever stopped her from finding Zen would become her mortal enemy, and thus, she would be like a goddess of death, killing a terrifying number of warriors.

But right now, all she wanted was to stay by Zen's side. How could she have any fighting spirit?

Now that she was forcefully dragged into the fight, she had no choice but to make a move. It looked like she was being forced into a corner.

When the Saya warrior saw that his first opponent was a delicate woman without any fighting spirit, he smiled, satisfied.

The Saya race had been silent for too long. This ancient race was only a second-class race in the universe.

If he took first place in the Illusion Battlefield this time, obtained a Godly Plate, and became a Godly Genius in the future, he would lead his race to glory once more.

Thinking of this, the Saya warrior rolled his shoulders in preparation.

Two thin totems emerged from behind his shoulders, an ancient aura emanating from them.

The Saya race was also an ancient race, and they believed in their ancestors.

Each generation of the Saya race was accumulating power for the next.

As the son of the Saya race's 36, 330th chief, he could obtain great power from his ancestors.

'I only need to display twenty to thirty percent of my power in the first match, ' he decided as he faced Margaret.

He then pulled out a black pike from behind him.

Chapter 1659 Ulysses

In the Saya race's grand sacred place, a giant totem was erected.

An Illusion Space was present at the bottom of this massive totem. The picture appearing from the Illusion Space manifested in front of the totem.

At this moment, hundreds of thousands of Saya members sat around the totem, gazing at the giant picture in front of them.

The Saya race could only be considered a second-class race in the universe. Only one Supreme Lord had appeared in the race and there had never been a True God. The entire Saya race relied on the Supreme Lord, and struggled to support themselves in becoming one of the first-class races.

However, compared to the first-class races such as the human race, the Demon Night race and the ogres, the Saya race appeared to be very weak.

But today, the most outstanding talent of their race had ascended the peak of the Illusion Battlefield.

It was a rare opportunity for the Saya race to rise in the universe. This talent was like a precious seed that would eventually grow into a giant tree. Sooner or later, he would become the new protector of the race. He might even become the first True God of the race.

"Ulysses' first opponent is a human woman!"

"He's pretty lucky that he hasn't run into any of those Godly Geniuses."

"This woman doesn't seem to have any fighting spirit. Hah! Ulysses is bound to win the battle."

Hundreds of thousands of Saya members began to discuss it among themselves, their words like a chant. It was akin to the buzz of bees. The atmosphere around the giant totem thrived.

Under this massive totem, the chief of Saya race raised the pike in his hand and held it parallel, a gesture for the others to keep quiet.

The Saya members fell silent as the chief howled, "Our ancestors will bless the Saya race!

They will bless Ulysses!

Their souls will never die!"

Buzz...

The Saya members echoed at the same time.

The giant totem was the Ancestral Totem of the Saya race. Upon the death of the warriors of the Saya race, their flesh would be burnt away, but their souls would remain forever.

The Saya members had poured the souls of their ancestors into the Ancestral Totem. The totem was unable to protect the souls from being destroyed, but with the infusion of countless ancestral souls, it contained the will of many ancestors.

Buzz...

At the same time, on the giant board, the two totems behind Ulysses' back emitted faint lights.

Holding the black pike in his hand, Ulysses had a faint smile on his face. "Father, you're too nervous. You have summoned the ancestral power in the first battle for me, but I don't actually need it."

When the ancestral power was summoned, all totems of the Saya warriors were able to transmit the strong power.

However, the ancestral power was not only owned by Ulysses himself, but also by the other warriors of the Saya race.

It was only during the wars that the Saya warriors called on the ancestral power. But now, for the sake of Ulysses alone, the ancestral power had been summoned. It was in some ways a waste, because Ulysses alone was battling it out while the ancestral power was supposed to be directed toward all Saya warriors. It also meant that the Saya race obviously attached great importance to him.

"If that's how it has to be, then I must show my immense prowess in the first battle!" he murmured.

The black pike swung in Ulysses' hand. He smiled at the delicate human woman apologetically before darting toward her like an explosion.

The area on the board was vast.

The giant hand had landed the white stone in the middle of the board, which was also called the "sun." Therefore, Ulysses was standing in the middle.

Margaret, on the other hand, was resting on one of the "stars." A distance of tens of thousands of feet extended between her and Ulysses.

However, at Ulysses' sudden move, the distance between them was reduced to a mere few hundred feet.

A lean afterimage dragged its way, and after a certain point, it completely disappeared. When Ulysses' figure reappeared, Margaret found that he was only ten feet away from her.

The black pike in his hand was also ten feet long.

Whoosh!

The pike was suddenly shoved toward her.

However, what Margaret saw was a giant black python. The scales on the python's body shone with black luster. Circling in the air, it opened its large mouth to devour her.

The ancestors of the Saya race worshipped the four sacred beasts—Black Luster Python, Illusory Demon Porcupine, Magic Cyan Condor, and Ever-sleeping Oryx.

Although the outsiders did not know enough about the four sacred beasts, the beasts held a great position within the Saya race.

Margaret was somewhat impetuous to begin with.

Fighting others was something she had detested from the start.

When she saw the giant python open its mouth wide and reveal its dense fangs, panic involuntarily surfaced on her face. With a single thought, the seven flying swords came spiraling over.

Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

The seven flying swords instantly formed into a defensive sword array, acting as a blockage in front of Margaret.

However, this simple sword array was unable to stop Ulysses' pike.

A pike's shape was similar to a spear, but the difference was that a spear came with a hard pole, while a pike's body was thinner and softer.

Seeing this somewhat clumsy sword array, Ulysses chuckled faintly. Previously, he had thought that he would use about thirty percent of his strength to defeat this woman, but he now realized that he had overestimated her. He did not know on what basis this human girl was able to make the top three hundred. In his eyes, she was even weaker than some of the core disciples of a random tenth-grade sacred place.

This battle was too easy for him.

The black pike in his hand vibrated, and the black python it formed coiled around itself. It charged left and right, sensing the flaws in the sword array and instantly piercing through it to head straight for Margaret.

"Aargh!"

Now that her sword array was unable to stop its opponent, Margaret's expression grew even more panicky.

In a moment of desperation, a purple ray of light spread out from under her feet. She circulated her body movement skill and increased her speed by more than ten times as she quickly retreated.

Standing atop the stone, Zen stared at the scene before him, rather speechless himself.

He had never seen her actual strength before, though she had entered the final stage of the Illusion Battlefield. Now that she was in a face-off against a member of the Saya race, she could only flee. He could not understand what Margaret had relied on to earn so many Illusion Points.

It was not just Zen who had such thoughts.

As the two of them fought, the other warriors on the board and the rest watching the fight from around the Illusion Spaces were bewildered.

How did this woman get to this stage?

The women in the Purple Power World were the most puzzled.

Margaret came from the Purple Power World, and right now, she represented them.

Although she had a lot of shortcomings, her talent was undoubtedly indescribable. She had the first-rank Purple Power Body and could unleash a strong battle power even though she was only at the Soul Sea Realm.

"What happened to Margaret?"

"She seems rather afraid of her opponent."

"If this goes on, she will lose in three moves!"

The women were anxious. In the end, they cast their gazes toward the old woman behind them, Elder Apeiron.

When Elder Apeiron saw this scene, she shook her head. However, no trace of worry marred her features. Instead, she said, "She's acting impulsively. Perhaps she needs some time to get used to it."

'The woman's sword array is nothing good, but her escape speed is first-rate!'

Ulysses thought. His pike pushed and prodded, easily breaking the sword array, but Margaret had already retreated tens of thousands of feet.

Seeing this, Ulysses sneered. From one of the totems behind his back, a brown halo of light spread out.

"Aroo!"

A loud and clear condor cry sounded.

Activating the ancestral power, he now had the speed of the Magic Cyan Condor.

His two hands spread out, transforming into a condor's posture. He formed illusions in the air and drew closer to Margaret. The black pike once again closed in. At the same time, he had a serene expression on his face. "With this level of strength, I think it's best for you to humbly admit defeat."

Margaret, who had retreated tens of thousands of feet, looked up at the condor that was charging at her. A grave expression entered her clear eyes.

Earlier, she had not been mentally prepared.

Her only goal in the Illusion Battlefield had been to meet Zen. Now that she had achieved that, she no longer wanted to fight anyone.

But now, not matter how much she wanted to back down, the person before her was still going to defeat her, or even kill her.

It was useless to blindly give in. Moreover, at this moment, she remembered her master's instructions. It was not important that she got a rank; she just wanted to do her best.

She could not get eliminated in the first round itself.

As she thought of this, Margaret's pupils widened. The seven flying swords turned around at the same time and shot into the sky, forming a surging purple river.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1660 Admit Defeat

A strong killing intent surfaced on Margaret's elegant features.

Purple River Sword Array…

Her master had told her that the Purple Power World was an independent world and did not belong to the universe.

It had once been the cultivation place of a True God and was a world that he had created himself. However, the rules of the heavens could not reach the place, so the Purple Power World could only be considered a broken plane. Things such as Roaring Tokens and the Illusion Space which contained the Law of Causality could not be passed on to the Purple Power World.

The Purple Power World had inherited the general sword array, which was the Colorful Sword Array…

The Colorful Sword Array was indeed powerful, and any girl with the Purple Power Body could cultivate it.

However, other than the Colorful Sword Array, there were three more powerful sword arrays in the Purple Power World.

One of them was the Purple River Sword Array, which could only be cultivated by women with a Purple Power Body at least at the third rank. Four thousand and two hundred warriors in the Purple Power World could cultivate this sword array.

The second of the three powerful sword arrays was known as the Two Modes Sword Array, which women with a Purple Power Body at least at the second rank could cultivate. Over eighty women in the Purple Power World could perform the array.

The last one was the Gods Killing Sword Array, which was the legacy of the True God who had created the Purple Power World. Until now, the only one qualified to inherit his sword array was none other than Margaret herself. That was to say, only Margaret was able to cultivate this sword array and she was the only one who had successfully mastered this sword array in the entirety of the Purple Power World.

Ever since Margaret had entered the Illusion Battlefield, she had not used these three very powerful sword arrays.

In the previous fights, she had only used the Colorful Sword Array as a defensive maneuver against the attacks of her opponents…

Margaret was not a person who liked fighting. Ever since her childhood, she never liked swords or sabers or the like. Even though she came from a martial family, she was more interested in needlework and cooking.

Just now, she had been completely flustered and put in a passive stance.

However, while Ulysses had been forcing her back all the way, she became more aware that if defeated by him, she would probably be wiped out from the battlefield. Not only would her master be disappointed, but it was possible that she would not be able to accompany Zen here…

In truth, even if she lost in this battle, she would not be eliminated. However, Margaret was ignorant of this.

When the purple river in the sky spread out, the many ace talents on the stones looked on, their eyes lighting up.

"She's fighting back. That's what a fight should be like..." one of the ace talents said as he gazed at the purple river.

Previously, Margaret had been trying to escape. Obviously, her heart was not fully in the battle, nor did she have a strong desire to win. The three hundred warriors were all of great backgrounds. With her low strength, they felt that she did not deserve to stand with them.

However, what they did not know was that Margaret did not even wish to be alongside them.

With the sudden activation of the Purple River Sword Array, seven swords flew into the river.

A mysterious gesture from Margaret had the surging purple river coming down from the skies. As the purple river flowed downward, it transformed into a magnificent waterfall. However, what formed this waterfall was not water, but rather purple sword shadows.

Under Margaret's control, the purple sword shadows came to her. As her ten fingers flicked away, the purple sword shadows charged straight toward Ulysses.

Ulysses had planned to end the battle as soon as possible.

To him, it was meaningless to fight it out with such a weak human girl. Defeating her would not bring him honor in any way.

However, when he saw the sudden appearance of the purple river, his pupils dilated as a sense of danger rose in his heart.

He focused attentively on what he was about to face. Without hesitation, he swung the black pike in his hand. The two totems behind him suddenly flew out and hovered in the air.

"In the name of my ancestors, reinforce my body!"

Countless specks of light shot out from the two totems in the air.

These specks of light were the souls of the many ancestors of the Saya race that had accumulated over generations.

As the dots of light floated out, Ulysses' figure began to glow with a dazzling light. He still held the black pike in his hand. With the support of the ancestral power, the aura emitted from him began to change.

In this moment, Ulysses was no longer alone. He was now fused with the ancestors of the Saya race.

Both Ulysses' physical body and strength were enhanced to their limits. Right now, he was even capable of competing with the martial artists of the ogre race.

"It is just a sword array. See how I break it!"

Ulysses took a step forward. He did not dodge nor evade the attack, instead, he charged straight at the Purple River Sword Array.

Waves began to surge in the river formed by the streams of purple sword shadows. They headed straight for Ulysses.

Ulysses was like a reef within a river, but he was unafraid. The purple sword shadows, despite being sharp, instantly shattered upon colliding with him…

Seeing this, Ulysses once again stepped forward.

"The ancestral power of Ulysses can sense his ancestor, Drake!"

"Before he entered the Illusion Battlefield, he was unable to do so. I never thought that after entering the Illusion Battlefield to hone his skills, he would make such a progress!"

"The sword array of that human girl is indeed mysterious, but compared to Ulysses, she is far too inferior. Hah!"

However, a strange expression appeared on Margaret's face.

'My master told me before that it is impossible for anyone to use brute force to break the Purple River Sword Array…

The Purple River Sword Array is not a changeable one. Usually twenty-seven or eighty-one types of variations are common for a sword array. Some of them even have a thousand variations. However, there are only three variations in the Purple River Sword Array, and it's because of the lack of rich variations that there are almost no loopholes for it to be broken.

But this man... he dared to charge ahead and try to break it up just like that...'

Margaret pursed her lips. Thinking some more, she waved her finger.

She decided to transform her sword array.

The Purple River Sword Array had three variations.

The first was the 'Array Charge', which could be used to attack opponents with purple sword shadows.

This was the first movement of the sword array. The power of the Purple River Sword Array itself was strong, but the 'Array Charge' was not anything extraordinary.

However, the moment the second transformation began, everyone could tell that it was meant to kill.

"Spinning Trap!"

Buzz, buzz, buzz …

The purple river, which had been rushing ahead, now changed directions.

The purple strip formed into a vortex that spun non-stop around Ulysses.

After Margaret transformed the array, he foresaw that something terrible would happen.

With the support of ancestral power, his state of mind underwent a drastic change. Right now, he should be invincible. However, the purple river turned into a whirlpool, trapping him within it.

"I refuse to believe that I can't break this sword array!"

Ulysses roared out once again. The two totems floating in the air rotated faster and faster, and the radiance on his body grew brighter.

However, after being trapped in the purple river, he discovered that the sword array could be as firm as a rock, or as soft as jelly. He had no way of breaking free at all. Annoyed, he cursed himself for being so easily trapped by Margaret.

Upon seeing this, many of the other ace talents stared at Margaret and her sword array, their eyes full of dread.

In their eyes, although Ulysses of the Saya race was an ace talent, he was not a very powerful one…

Still, this girl, Margaret, had easily trapped him within her sword array. The power of the sword array itself was extraordinary.

"Now... You can be the one to admit defeat," Margaret said to Ulysses in a low voice as she stepped out of the sword array.

Defeating the person in front of her had not been too difficult a task, but there was no happiness on her face, as this victory was completely meaningless to her.

"I haven't lost yet!"

Ulysses could not accept this result.

Because the warriors of the Saya race worshipped and believed in their ancestors, they attached great importance to honor.

After all, in their hearts, their ancestors were always by their side.

Margaret blinked, her fingers enacting a profound sword tactic. Her face was marred with exasperation. "Then I will change the sword array again..."

The third transformation of the Purple River Sword Array began and a cold killing intent burst out from the center of the purple river.

The seven swords suddenly reappeared and transformed into a gigantic sword shadow, chopping down at Ulysses' head…

Chapter 1661 Praise

Margaret no longer hesitated at this moment.

She was already very proficient at the Purple River Sword Array.

At the third stage of the array, which was called the 'Meteor Shower Array, ' she ordered her seven flying swords to make a joint attack on her enemy.

Four years ago, her master had told her that the power of the Meteor Shower Array would allow her to fight most ace talents from large races.

"Master, what is an ace talent?" she had asked her master back then.

"They are the elite warriors with the greatest potential from the large races."

"Are they even stronger than Zen?"

To that, her master had only rolled her eyes and hadn't said anything in reply.

According to the Celestial Position's estimation of Zen's talent, Zen did have the potential to become an ace talent, but whether he could defeat the other geniuses still remained uncertain.

As for Margaret, she had already been able to fight against an ace talent four years ago by virtue of the Purple River Sword Array. Now, she was even stronger after mastering the Gods Killing Sword Array.

It was a pity that she didn't care about martial arts at all.

She had neither realized nor appreciated her great potential and strength.

But there was one thing she understood at this moment.

She either had to choose to avoid the battle or to end it quickly.

Of course, she had no way of escaping from a battle on the Heaven Earth Board, so she decided to kill her opponent as quickly as possible.

It was a pathetic result for Ulysses from the Saya race. He didn't even have the chance to unleash his full strength before he was trapped and killed by Margaret's Purple River Sword Array — not that it mattered, of course, considering the large gap between their true strengths.

Even if Ulysses were to use his most powerful skill, it would only be a small obstacle for Margaret.

The battle between Margaret and Ulysses was the opening match of the third stage and thus had attracted everyone's attention.

Unfortunately, this battle was far from exciting.

Margaret's negative attitude at the very beginning had taken many people by surprise. But all of a sudden, she turned the tables after revealing her surprising strength and defeated the ace talent from the Saya race quite easily.

Even Zen hadn't been able to understand what was going on in Margaret's mind, let alone the rest of the audience who didn't know her well.

In fact, Elder Apeiron might be the only one who could have understood the girl's strange actions and know her reasons for behaving the way she did.

Of course, to the Saya race, this result was like a slap on the face. They had never expected that this delicate human girl, who had been dodging attacks all over the place in the beginning, would defeat Ulysses so easily.

The Saya people stood silently under their huge totem. Even the light emitted by their totem had dimmed a bit. Theoretically, their ancestors' souls had already turned into a kind of will and had been observing their descendants, so they could feel the low spirits of their young members.

After a while, a new white stone appeared in the sky, and Ulysses, who had been defeated a few moments ago, reappeared on it.

According to the rules that the mysterious woman had announced previously, no warrior would be eliminated in this stage. They would all keep being revived and be randomly selected to fight against one another. This meant that Ulysses might still have a second chance to prove himself.

Margaret's figure also disappeared from the original black stone and reappeared on a new one. Controlling the stone, Margaret slowly floated back to Zen's side. Thus, one black stone and one white stone remained on the board.

"What powerful means you used! Margaret, I didn't know that you've become such a strong warrior!" Zen praised with a smile when she came back to his side. With his current knowledge, he was well aware of how powerful the Purple River Sword Array was. He had even started to wonder why there was such a great inheritance in the seemingly tiny Purple Power World.

Margaret was slightly stunned by his praise, but then a sweet smile appeared on her face.

In the past, Zen had rarely approved of her, so she was glad to see the change in his attitude toward her. She slightly raised her nose and said with a proud smile, "Wait till you see my full strength!"

"Oh?" Zen was a bit surprised. "What is your trump card?"

She grinned cheekily and said, "You will find out later!"

After the first two stones were arranged on the board, the mysterious woman announced in an indifferent tone, "The winner of the first round is Margaret Xi from the Purple Power World."

After that, a huge hand appeared from the sky once again and grabbed a white stone. The person standing on it was an ogre ace talent. Next, the hand grabbed a black stone with a human ace talent from the Humanity Alliance on it.

Zen hadn't met this human warrior before, when he was in the Mist Palace. This ace talent was the descendant of Supreme Lord Illusion and hadn't cultivated in the thirteen palaces.

This battle turned out to be far more exciting than the first one.

The two ace talents were evenly matched and both of them exhausted their strengths. As they fought, they dashed from one corner of the board to the other. Cracks appeared on the Heaven Earth Board because of their intense battle but soon disappeared, having been automatically repaired.

In the end, the winner was the ogre ace talent.

These 300 warriors came from many different races, and it was really hard to say which party would win in every battle.

The warriors from the three greatest human forces remained calm and composed. The result of a battle didn't necessarily mean that one race was inferior to the other.

However, after the ogre ace talent had defeated his human opponent, he began to laugh arrogantly and said, "The humans think of themselves as the leaders of the universe, but they are actually a group of weak cowards. They are nothing to be afraid of!"

The truth was, the rise of the human race was a fact that was widely accepted by the universe.

Not a single race, including the ogres and the Demon Night, was able to fight against the human race.

However, the three greatest forces of the human race were at odds with each other and had formed a situation of mutual restraint. If these three forces could put aside their prejudices and form an alliance, there would be no room for the other races to develop and compete with them.

So naturally, this ogre ace talent's mockery didn't make sense.

Human elites like Nathan, Lawson, and a few others didn't even blink an eye. As far as they were concerned, this ogre was acting like a clown. But the 300 warriors who were present in the Illusion Battlefield weren't the only ones who had heard his words. In the 30, 000 to 40, 000 tenth-grade sacred places of the three greatest human forces, numerous human warriors were watching this scene through the Illusion Spaces. When they heard the ogre's words, they were extremely angered, and most of them called for the human participants to defeat the ogre. Of course, their voices couldn't be heard by the warriors in the Illusion Battlefield.

Coincidentally, the same ogre warrior was chosen to fight again in the third round. Many people started to question the mysterious woman's method of selection. They became even more confused when they saw her next move. The opponent she selected for the ogre was yet again a human warrior — this time, an ace talent from the Blessed Buddha Land.

In the end, this human warrior was also defeated by the ogre.

After winning twice in a row against human warriors, the ogre warrior grew even more arrogant. He taunted the human race once more before returning to his stone on his high horse.

This time, his mockery infuriated many of the human participants in the Illusion Battlefield. They all swore in their minds that they would teach this guy a good lesson if they got the chance.

The battles continued.

As the black and white stones kept being added to the board in every round, the number of stones left on the board slowly increased.

Zen, however, still hadn't been chosen to fight.

When the 22nd round came, the ogre warrior was selected again by the huge hand.

Interestingly enough, his opponent was once again a human warrior.

This time, it was Nathan!

Nathan was the so-called number one Soul Sea Realm warrior in the universe, undoubtedly an important figure in the whole grand era and the famous Godly Genius from the Thoughtless Minds!

When he stepped onto the stage, all of the human warriors that were watching through the Illusion Space began to jump for joy. They knew how this round would turn out and they could barely contain their excitement. After all, the ogre warrior had it coming.

At the same time, the atmosphere around the ogre warriors who were watching the battle became tense.

After all, Nathan's reputation was not only known by the human race.

Since he was a Godly Genius, he would be able to grasp a Godly Way and had the possibility of becoming a True God!

There were only a few Godly Geniuses in the entire universe, and Nathan was known to be the strongest one among them. There was no need to mention how famous he was in the universe.

After the black and white stones were set on the board, Nathan stepped off his stone.

His face was completely void of emotion as he slowly walked toward the other side of the board at a steady pace.

As for the ogre warrior who had previously provoked the human race, it was obvious that he knew that Nathan was not an opponent to be trifled with, because his face was filled with caution. He understood that he wouldn't stand a chance against Nathan, but as an ace talent representing all ogres, he wanted to do his best at least.

It had never crossed his mind that there would be no time at all for him to display his full strength.

Nathan defeated him with just one hit.

Chapter 1662 Terrifyingly Strong

Nathan casually struck the ogre martial artist with the most ordinary palm print.

Once he'd made the palm print, he turned around and left without taking another look.

There were countless different kinds of palm prints in the universe such as the Blessed Buddha Land's Anti-Demon Palm Print, the Immeasurable Palm Print, the Diamond Palm Print, and so on.

So it was surprising that the palm print that Nathan had used was the most ordinary and unremarkable one. It was condensed from the life vitality within one's body and could be released by any martial artist.

However, Nathan was still Nathan.

Although he had used the most ordinary palm print, his palm print still contained the aura of a great way!

When the ogre martial artist saw the palm print hovering over his head, he naturally wanted to dodge. But before he could take a step forward, he realized that he had fallen into a trance, unable to move and unable to resist.

This was the power of the way.

The 3000 Godly Ways were 3000 great ways.

Each way had a different set.

The Godly Way that Nathan practiced was a well-kept secret.

This was because the Xuanyuan Clan that Nathan belonged to was a very unique clan. Out of the four great clans of the Thoughtless Minds, the Xuanyuan Clan was the most powerful one. In the other three clans, which included Lucille's Clan and Janet's Clan, Godly Geniuses had been rare and even didn't appear in some generations.

In other words, the other three great clans only had ace talents and no Godly Geniuses.

But in the Xuanyuan Clan, Godly Geniuses kept coming into being. What was more, each Godly Genius of the Xuanyuan Clan was born with a different Godly Way.

Obtaining a Godly Way, such as the Ji Clan's Five Elements Godly Way, was considered an amazing thing as it rarely happened in other clans.

But every time a Godly Genius was born in the Xuanyuan Clan, they would train in a different Godly Way. The various beings in the universe could never understand why and never would, as the Xuanyuan Clan had always regarded their Godly Ways as the greatest secrets of the clan and would never reveal them to the outside world.

Originally, many people had wanted to force Nathan to make a move and see what kind of Godly Way he cultivated.

But as his palm print came down, although it obviously contained the power of the great way, they could only tell it was the simplest life vitality palm print; it was truly impossible to distinguish his Godly Way.

Bam!

The big palm print covered the sky above the ogre martial artist and slammed into him.

At this moment, Nathan had already returned to his own stone. It seemed as if he did not care about the result, but the truth was, he was just that confident that the ogre ace talent would not be able to dodge his palm print.

He had instantly killed an ace talent like it was child's play.

This was the strength of a Godly Genius. This was Nathan's strength.

This scene stunned the other ogre warriors.

Many ogre martial artists were also gathered in the outside world, watching this scene through the Illusion Space.

When they saw their ace talent provoke and defeat the human warriors again and again, they felt satisfied in their hearts.

The world of chaos was often accompanied by the rise and fall of great races.

The chaotic battle was not only a battle for the position of the leader of the universe, but also for the rise and fortune of an entire race and clan.

If an ogre ace talent emerged as the champion in the Illusion Battlefield, he would most likely be able to reverse the fate decided by the heavens and lead the ogres to a flourishing future!

The ogre warriors were violent and bloodthirsty, and at the same time, they held pride and glory in the highest regard, so they would never be willing to be inferior to others.

After being suppressed by the humans all these years, the entire ogre race was filled with severe hostility. If they had the opportunity to turn the situation around, they would definitely counterattack. So now, they all had their eyes glued to the Illusion Space as their ace talent faced off against yet another human warrior, and they were eager to see him emerge victorious once again.

However, the casual palm print from Nathan left them all completely stunned.

Norvin, the ogre ace talent that Nathan was battling against, was the third-ranked ogre ace talent. Yet, in Nathan's eyes, he seemed to be only worth this ordinary slap.

The gap in their strengths was too wide for the audience watching to accept.

Even Zen, who was standing on a black stone, was surprised, and his eyes flickered slightly.

'This is the power of a Godly Genius!' he sighed in his heart.

He had to admit that even he couldn't do what Nathan had just done.

If Zen used his full strength, he might be able to kill the ogre ace talent with a single slap.

However, it would be impossible for him to be so relaxed while doing it. On the other hand, Nathan's posture had been so relaxed that it seemed that his palm print was nothing but a casual gesture.

Nevertheless, Zen was clear that it would have been impossible for Nathan to defeat the ogre ace talent that easily with strength alone. Even if there was a huge gap between them, their strengths didn't vary to that extent.

The key was still in the aura of the great way contained in the palm print.

When Zen looked over, he could feel an indescribable aura emitting from it. However, he was unable to determine what kind of Godly Way it was.

Soon, the next round of battle began.

Stones fell one by one once again.

However, many of the discussions of the warriors in the outside world were still focused on Nathan. There were even many who concluded that there was no need to continue with the battle in the Illusion Battlefield as Nathan was definitely the victor.

No one would have thought that after another three rounds, the ogre warrior called Norvin would be selected to fight again.

Among the 300 warriors in the arena, most of them hadn't fought a single battle.

For example, Zen, Lucille, and Lawson hadn't fought at all.

But this ogre ace talent called Norvin had been selected for the third time!

No one knew the mysterious girl's selection method. Perhaps she had her own motives for arranging the battles this way.

When the ogre warrior had been suppressed by Nathan's big palm print, his heart had been filled with fear, but more than that, he'd seen it as a great humiliation.

He had known that he would definitely lose to Nathan, but he had never thought that he would not be able to withstand even a single blow from him.

The ogre martial artists regarded defeat as the greatest humiliation. So now that Norvin had been called to fight again, he was eager to wash away this shame.

This time, a beautiful hand in the sky placed him down on the board, and then once again picked another human warrior.

This human warrior wielded a dark-colored sword. It was the ace talent who had died once before because of Zen—Lone, the Otherworldly Swordsman.

"This time, my opponent is finally somewhat normal!" A dark and cold expression appeared on Norvin's face. He was no match for Nathan, but he was not afraid of ordinary human ace talents.

Lone had only earned fame recently, and that too only within the Thoughtless Minds. Other races and forces were not familiar with him, not to mention that he had lost five million Illusion Points because of Zen. And with his own twelve million Illusion Points, his ranking was not high at the first stage.

As a result, he was inconspicuous.

Only those who were from the Thoughtless Minds knew...

Although Lone was an ace talent now, he definitely had the terrifying power to fight a Godly Genius himself!

A cold smile appeared on Norvin's face. He wanted to return the humiliation he had suffered to this ace talent in front of him.

As the two stones were relatively close to each other this time around, Norvin was the first to make a move when Lone was just placed down on the board.

He immediately struck with his strongest move.

"Immeasurable dark power!"

The supreme divine weapon in his hands was a giant drum, and within the drum was a heart, a powerful heart that had been beating for tens of thousands of years.

However, just as he revealed his strength, Lone expressionlessly slashed out.

This sword strike was similar to Nathan's palm print, in that it was just as simple and just as unstoppable.

When Norvin saw the incoming attack and felt the hidden might within it, he couldn't help but curse in a low voice, "Damn it!"

Chapter 1663 A Game Of Chance

The power in that sword strike was beyond anything Norvin had ever imagined and it caught him off guard!

Nathan was a Godly Genius and his Mahayana Lotus Flower was in perfect state. Thus it was expected that he could send out an extremely formidable palm print which contained the force of great way.

The Otherworldly Swordsman, on the other hand, was an ace talent whose Mahayana Lotus Flower had not yet reached the perfect state. Hence he could not have stepped into the Godly Way just yet.

Norvin underestimated the Otherworldly Swordsman and that was his biggest mistake. The moment he attacked, Norvin wasn't prepared. He didn't expect that this seemingly ordinary Otherworldly Swordsman could release such immense power!

His body started trembling and he was having trouble catching his breath. For the first time, he felt scared for his life.

The Otherworldly Swordsman was just an ace talent, but the power that he released was far greater than Nathan's.

Norvin could compare Nathan's comprehension of the Godly Way to a newly sprouting seed, while the power of Godly Way that this Otherworldly Swordsman had put into his sword strike was like a full-grown tree.

This analogy, however, was based solely on the comprehension level of the Godly Way and had nothing to do with physical power and strength.

But no matter how much Norvin thought about it, he still couldn't figure out how such an ace talent could harness this incredible power.

Unfortunately, he wouldn't get a chance to find out.

As the ordinary sword strike drew closer, Norvin was pushed to the edge and had no room to dodge. It pierced through his body and his blood slowly poured out from where the sword struck.

The Otherworldly Swordsman had cast a contemptuous glance at Norvin. And when he was certain that the latter was done for, he had withdrawn his sword and returned into his stone.

"Norvin from the ogre race has been defeated!"

Many ogre warriors from different sacred places including the Supreme Lords and world lords were the rowdiest in the crowd during the fight between Norvin and the Otherworldly Swordsman. They were not in a good mood when he had lost in his last battle, so this time, they cheered on him from the top of their lungs.

But as the news of his second defeat was announced, they became silent trying to comprehend what just happened.

No one could believe that Norvin was defeated for the second time.

Meanwhile, the humans especially those in sacred places of the Thoughtless Minds were cheering with excitement and overflowing joy.

"One move! It just took one move for the Otherworldly Swordsman to defeat Norvin! That's incredible!"

"I knew it! The Otherworldly Swordsman is a supernormal talent. Although he is an ace talent, he can be at par with the Godly Genius when he uses his mysterious iron sword!"

"Ha-ha. I'm not sure how Norvin would move on from this! This time, he is a disgrace to the ogre race!"

The warriors from the tens of thousands of sacred places in the Thoughtless Minds couldn't help but feel proud.

Aside from them, the Humanity Alliance and the Blessed Buddha Land also felt overjoyed. This was a glorious moment for the human race. Who would have thought that this ogre would be defeated by a human ace talent?

These moments had bridged the gap between humans from different worlds and statuses. For a moment, their seemingly divided worlds were united. Chaos was set aside, and harmony was restored even for a short period.

Meanwhile, back in the Pure Jade Sacred Place, Preston was impressed by the turn of events. He said, "Quite impressive! The representatives from the Thoughtless Minds are quite remarkable talents! They did well this time! I'm afraid that those talents from the Thoughtless Minds will surpass those from the Humanity Alliance this time. I'm speechless!"

The supreme worlds controlled by both the Humanity Alliance and the Thoughtless Minds were on the same level in terms of power. But the Thoughtless Minds' supreme worlds had far more resources, treasures, and talents than that of the Humanity Alliance.

Besides, the Humanity Alliance was just formed by combining the forces of various human sacred places, while the Thoughtless Minds was a major force led by the four great clans with a strength that the Humanity Alliance could not measure up to.

"These warriors are truly remarkable! They are powerful beyond measure!" Letitia remarked. Although she did not understand the Otherworldly Swordsman's sword strike, she knew that the power within it was incredibly formidable.

Preston thought he sensed the concern on Letitia's voice. He assumed that Letitia got worried for Zen after witnessing the previous fight. To calm her down a bit, Preston uttered, "It's already quite an accomplishment for Zen to make it to the top three hundred, you see.

Even if he fails to go further, he already made name for himself by lasting this long in the Illusion Battlefield. He will surely be given high status and great rewards once he returns to the Humanity Alliance..."

Letitia was stunned after hearing Preston's words. But she understood what he meant and appreciated why he did that. She just smiled and said, "I am not worried about Zen. I know what he can do, and I have faith in him."

"I see..." Preston replied. He looked at Letitia and saw the confidence radiating through her face. A strange expression appeared in his eyes.

He knew about Zen's majestic strength and skills. But there were also even stronger ace talents and Godly Geniuses from various races in the Illusion Battlefield that he had yet to fight.

Compared to those ace talents and Godly Geniuses, Zen could be considered as mediocre in power and skill.

But Preston didn't want to burst Letitia's bubble. So, politely, he asked, "Which rank do you think Zen will get? In the top fifty? Top ten perhaps?"

The top three hundred warriors could be regarded as ace talents. The warriors who could advance to the top fifty would only be the most powerful ace talents. But to make it to the top ten, they must either be Godly Geniuses or those at par with Godly Geniuses like the Otherworldly Swordsman.

Letitia tilted her head, thought for a while, and then said, "I think he can make it to the top three. At least..."

"Huh?" Preston didn't expect that response from Letitia. With an awkward smile on his face, he replied, "I know how confident you are in your husband's strength, but I'm not sure if he can be among the top three warriors...

I mean, no offense. I'm just trying to be realistic here."

Preston couldn't help but smirk. Letitia just slightly raised her eyebrows at Preston's remarks but just shrugged him off. She just couldn't stand Preston's annoying laugh.

Letitia knew Zen far better than anyone else, and she would always have faith in Zen no matter what others would say.

Back when she just had ascended to the Upper World, she had no clue of Zen's current situation and position. He was just a Life and Death Realm warrior before he rose into the Upper World, but just after spending six years in the Upper World, he had already greatly improved his strength beyond Letitia's expectation. The past six years that Zen had spent in the Upper World was just a fraction of a second to his lifespan which she thought would be over ten thousand years.

In Letitia's assessment, if Zen had spent more time cultivating himself, he could become the greatest warrior in the universe!

However, six years of training in the Upper World wasn't enough time for cultivation.

In the Illusion Battlefield, Zen was bound to meet ace talents and Godly Geniuses from various forces. Some might think that he wasn't prepared enough to face them in a battle.

But Zen had always triumphed in his past competitions and he had never disappointed others with his performance. With this, Letitia believed that he could make it into the top three!

She chose not to refute Preston's remarks. It was enough for her to know how great Zen was. Soon, she knew that Preston would regret making those remarks and would marvel at Zen's outstanding performance.

Meanwhile, there was probably no warrior who felt more dejected and morose than Norvin, the defeated ogre warrior.

Earlier, he felt ultimately lucky to get chance to fight consecutively while other warriors didn't even have a chance to fight.

But now, he was just too scared.

He had lost the desire to compete against other warriors and would just want to leave this place.

Norvin wasn't afraid to die inside. Besides, there was no dying inside the Illusion Battlefield after all.

He was the kind of ogre that had high value for glory and triumph. But when he was put in the Heaven Earth Board and attacked by other powerful warriors, it felt like an endless torment for him.

Unfortunately, the battle on the Heaven Earth Board was something out of his control.

In the Heaven Earth Board, no one could control who they fought with. Unlike in the first two stages where warriors could cherry-pick their targets, in this stage, they had no idea who they would be dealing with.

The giant beautiful hand would select the warriors who would be facing each other and decide the rules and mysteries that would await them in the battlefield.

And Norvin wasn't fond of surprises especially when it came to battles. He didn't like the uncertainty there was in this stage.

He was just defeated by the Otherworldly Swordsman in a battle when suddenly, the stone under his feet was once again gripped by the giant hand!

Norvin was dumbfounded! He wanted to oppose the decision, but he knew it would only be pointless.

Unable to resist, he could only hope that his next opponent would be somehow inferior to him. He would be at the disadvantage if he faced the Godly Genius. However, he also didn't want to fight the weakest opponents as it wouldn't be any much of a thrill.

With a long face, Norvin could not help but just watch the giant beautiful hand in front of him pick his opponent.

The giant hand landed on another black stone.

'Another human warrior?' Norvin's eyes widened as he glared at the human warrior. His body froze and his hands began to tremble. He was afraid of facing a human warrior again.

Finally, the mysterious girl's voice announced the players.

"Norvin of the ogre race versus the human warrior—Zen Luo."

'Zen Luo?'

Norvin was shocked. He felt like the stars were conspiring against him!

The universe was so vast that not all remarkable ace talents were known to all the races. Most often than not, these remarkable ace talents were only known by their own races. That was why Norvin didn't recognize the Otherworldly Swordsman at the beginning.

But Zen was different from them.

His name was known in almost the entire universe. There was no living creature that had not heard of his name—the humans, the ogres, the Demon Night members, the members of those insignificant small races, and countless ordinary mortals were all familiar with his name.

Even the fierce beasts and animals with high intelligence knew his name. They could also hear and understand his words.

After all, he had the Roaring Token. Whenever he would speak through this, his voice could spread throughout the whole universe and all intelligent living creatures in the universe would hear and understand him.

But despite his fame, only a few warriors had seen his true strength. Those warriors were either the ones he had faced before or his dear friends.

Chapter 1664 Defensive Stance (Part One)

Norvin had now lost two battles.

At this moment, he had become exceptionally cautious.

He didn't know the full depths of Zen's strength; however, he had already lost both battles in just one move, which had extinguished much of his previously cocky fighting spirit.

At this moment, Norvin was no longer hoping for success.

Of course, if he could win against Zen, that would be wonderful. But knowing that he might lose again, he could only hope that he wouldn't lose in a single move again, like he had in the previous two confrontations.

So, the instant that he stepped onto the Heaven Earth Board again, he brought out his supreme divine weapon, that huge drum.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The moment that he unleashed the mighty drum, it began to emit rhythmic sounds.

The sounds of the reverberating drum were not created by Norvin hitting the drum, but they were the sounds of the beating heart inside the drum.

As the sounds of the drum echoed forth, Norvin also let out a full-throated cry.

The protective life vitality which wrapped Norvin's body also fluctuated in accordance to a pre-determined rhythm, and it transformed into a layer of black scales that formed a shining armor, superimposed over his body.

"Magic Glowing Protection!"

This move would strengthen Norvin's defenses to the maximum.

An ogre's body was already incomparably strong. After the Magic Glowing Protection was applied, the degree of his body's brutality was now equal to that of those thick-skinned legendary beasts which were feared by most warriors. He would now be exceptionally difficult to beat.

But even this was not enough!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Immediately following this, there was an urgent staccato of drumming.

"Magic Glowing Wind!"

With this, Numerous, formless gales surrounded him, creating a living tornado. This was the fastest way to increase his speed.

While Norvin was busy releasing these two skills, Zen calmly floated down from the black stone.

This was the first time that Zen had battled in this stage of the Illusion Battlefield, and he was very curious about the Heaven Earth Board beneath his feet.

A strangely vigorous look appeared in Zen's eyes the moment he set his feet on the board.

It was unclear what the Heaven Earth Board was made of, but it emanated a feeling of being connected to the earth.

It felt as if the mysterious girl had turned the three hundred of them into living stones, and she was playing a game of Go against herself.

The Heaven Earth Board was an imitation of their universe.

Could it be that the universe evolved according to the outcomes of battles on this Heaven Earth Board?

Zen's conjecture was indeed accurate.

In truth, the Supreme Lords who were scattered all across the universe were also closely watching these warriors and the battles occurring on the Heaven Earth Board.

Of course, they paid attention to their own descendants and the ace talents from their own forces. But they were more concerned about the battles between the variables and determinants.

This Go game was predicative to events in the world of chaos.

The mysterious girl used these battles as a means to make calculations. The Supreme Lords also viewed this as a chance to make their own calculations. If they could pierce the veil of the secrets of the heavens, they could discern some variables within their clan, and they might be able to turn the tide and even seize the chance to greatly improve themselves.

Now, as an ogre ace talent, Norvin had continuously fought many times already. Moreover, from the very beginning, he had inexplicably provoked the human warriors. Perhaps, this was fate at work.

The ogre race and the human race had never walked the same path, but Norvin was not brainless. Continuously provoking the humans in the Illusion Battlefield would definitely arouse the wrath of the masses, and Norvin's strength was definitely not invincible. If he continued on this path, it would not end well for him. Did he know about this?

There was definitely something strange afoot, and there was something fishy going on here.

It was an easy matter to calculate one single person's fate, but much more difficult to calculate the combined fates of a group of people.

The complications of these calculations for all living things in the universe were unimaginable.

It might have presented a precise calculation, but even a tiny mistake could bring about a series of unexpected deviations.

Many Supreme Lords seized this opportunity to come up with calculations as they observed the battles. And so they tried to make predictions not only for themselves, but also for their own races.

Supreme Lord Mathias, an ogre Supreme Lord, was also watching the battles and making his calculations. Even if his own race's ace talent had been defeated again and again in one move, he was still focused on deducing the implications within this. Although he had not reached a conclusion yet, he had a faintly dire premonition that this did not bode well for the ogre race.

He tried to make the calculations carefully and find countermeasures to deal with the unseen crisis lurking in the world of chaos.

Zen stood where he was and judged the situation for a while before walking towards Norvin, who had taken enough time to prepare. Apparently, Zen was very confident in himself.

"Zen is going to attack his opponent," Rocher murmured. Fondly touching the long sword strapped to his back, he had a faint smile on his handsome face.

'Has the gap between us narrowed or widened? Can I win against him? Can I beat him?' he pondered and hoped that there would be a chance for him to engage Zen in combat later. He was eager to find out what a fight between Zen and him would be like after so many years.

He wasn't in a hurry, though. As long as he could win his battles in the meantime, sooner or later he would have a chance to duel with Zen.

"Zen, all the best!" Margaret shouted. After she shouted this encouragement, her long eyelashes blinked twice, and she then changed her form of address. "Honey! You can do it!"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1665 Defensive Stance (Part Two)

As she yelled that, the faces of the ace talents and Godly Geniuses present all revealed a superlatively strange look.

These warriors did not give credence to the private matters of others. They had not paid much attention to the intimate relationship which Margaret and Zen shared. They felt it strange because they had thought that the two warriors had only met here in the Illusion Battlefield and it was too soon for them to be so intimate.

"Ha-ha!"

Looking at the confused expressions on the faces of the warriors, Rocher couldn't help but laugh.

Even the girl in pink turned to look at Margaret in bewilderment. However, her face was blurry and her expression remained indistinct.

As for those in the outside world, the gathered warriors were also discussing this development among themselves.

"Is that woman Zen's wife?"

"They both made it to the top three hundred. This is too strange to be a coincidence!"

"Ah, Zen is so lucky. How can a country bumpkin that ascended from the Lower World have such a beauty by his side?"

"Humph, they most likely hooked up recently in the Illusion Battlefield. A woman, who so easily hooks up with a man, is most likely not of fair virtues!"

Countless warriors were discussing this development. There were those who sighed, those who admired, and even those who despised the couple for it.

When Preston heard Margaret's voice resonating from the Illusion Space, he immediately glanced over at Letitia.

Letitia looked away and cursed in a darkly muttered voice, "Shameless!"

Preston felt a faint smile spread on his face. He had lived for so many years. How could he not understand this situation?

Since even the Saint Lord of their sacred place was certain that Letitia was Zen's wife, then Margaret would most likely be his concubine. Also, from the looks of the situation, Zen might not even have told Letitia about Margaret.

Zen, who was originally walking tall on the Heaven Earth Board, nearly staggered when he heard Margaret's intimate cry in front of the assembled audience.

At this moment, he was only 300 feet away from Norvin, so he covered his distraction by speeding forward. The previous battles had set the tone of the contest, and Zen would not disappoint the audience by failing to beat his opponent.

Nathan had used his palm strike to annihilate Norvin.

The Otherworldly Swordsman had used his sword strike to hack Norvin to death.

Zen was a pride man and didn't want to lag behind.

With this sudden increase in speed, the dragon scales' power within his body began to rapidly effervesce.

'One used a palm strike, and one used a sword strike… Then I shall kill him with one punch!' Zen thought.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

The closer he drew to Norvin, the faster Zen moved. The dragon scales' power that continued to pour from his right fist became more majestic and intensified with killing intent.

"Do you think that Zen can also deal with Norvin in one move?"

"No, I don't think so. Someone has already started to take bets. The odds of a single move against the enemy is one to four hundred! It is so high! The possibility of that is definitely too small..."

"I don't think that's possible either. I don't know how strong Zen is, but Norvin has lost his courage after being defeated twice already. He has chosen to defend himself this time, instead of attacking. But who knows, maybe his strength is even stronger than Zen's!"

"Besides, Zen has given Norvin enough time to prepare. He still wants to kill him with one move? In his dreams!"

From their point of view, Zen had truly amassed quite a bit of strength, though he had come out of nowhere.

They thought he was only of roughly the same strength as a few ace talents from the large clans, but when compared to Nathan, Lawson, and Lucille, there still seemed to be a large gap.

At this moment, Zen was oblivious to the thoughts and comments of those watching from the sidelines. He didn't care about those things either.

If one punch wasn't enough to kill his opponent, then he would use two punches. If two punches didn't work, then three punches...

As for Norvin, he had indeed lost his will to fight. He cowered and didn't even dare to fight back.

Once he fought back, it would mean that he would have to reveal his flaws, and once he did so, it was very likely that he would continue to make the same mistake again and be defeated by Zen's single move. This was the last thing he wanted.

Therefore, at this moment, he was completely on the defensive. Although this perfect but cowardly defense was very humiliating, he used it since he was truly afraid of being crushed. Even though he might lose again, he didn't want to lose in just one move again!

As he watched Zen's punch come crashing down on him, he hurriedly beat a retreat while fiercely defending himself.

"Tear him apart! Norvin, you are the ace talent of our ogre race. How can you be so cowardly?"

"That brat did not even put his life vitality into that punch. What are you afraid of?"

"I think Norvin shouldn't have been chosen to participate in the Illusion Battlefield this time."

As this scene spread to the outside world, it made countless ogre warriors turn sour and restless, and they all angrily scolded Norvin.

In the midst of these curses, Zen had already moved closer. No matter how fast Norvin retreated, he could never be faster than Zen.

When Zen's similarly unremarkable punch broke through Norvn's defenses and landed on his arm, Norvin's expression changed. At this moment, Norvin didn't know who to curse anymore, and contemplating surrender, he could only curse the heavens for his misfortune.

Chapter 1666 Spear Strike

Truth be told, Norvin was not so weak. He was, after all, an ace talent of the ogre race.

It was just that he had been too careless in the earlier two battles. He knew he was no match for Nathan in the first battle. But he didn't expect Nathan to kill him with just one palm strike.

While in the second battle, his opponent was Lone, the not-so-famous Otherwordly Swordsman. Norvin had wanted to turn the tables around, but he was instantly killed by Lone with a single strike of his sword.

Actually, if Norvin had adopted a defensive position and fled from his opponents as fast as he could in the previous two battles, he would not have been struck down by them with just one move.

No doubt there was a gap between a Godly Genius and an ace talent, but not to such a huge extent.

As Norvin had lost two battles, he was very cautious and he had laid down two defenses in a row.

He cultivated both body and life vitality. The Magic Glowing Protection belonged to the life vitality system—he used his life vitality to activate the large drum to form the Magic Glowing Armor. He also used his forceful energy.

It could be said that it was the perfect combination of forceful energy and life vitality.

The outer layer of the Magic Glowing Armor was tough, and the inner layer was hard as well. An ordinary warrior would not be able to penetrate it.

However, Norvin was unable to showcase its full potential.

This time, all of the ace talents and Godly Geniuses had taken the best treasures of their races into the Illusion Battlefield.

The giant drum that Norvin had taken with him was one such treasure. It was called the Magic Spirit Drum. It was a supreme divine weapon and ranked 405th on the Universe Spirit Tablet.

The weapons in the hands of this group of warriors were indeed extremely powerful, but they were unable to use them in their full potential.

Generally speaking, if one wanted to use a supreme divine weapon in its fullest power, one would need to be at least a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior or a world lord.

Even if the Magic Glowing Armor only operated at 10% of the Magic Spirit Drum's strength, it was not something that could be easily shattered with brute force.

With the armor in his possession, Norvin believed that Zen would not be able to break his defense using just his bare fists.

If he was to be killed three times in a row by human warriors, it was undoubtedly a great humiliation to this ogre ace talent. He would rather commit suicide! Only by killing himself

in front of the Ogre Ancestor Statue could he atone and wash away the shame he had brought to the ogres.

When he felt the aura from within the Magic Glowing Armor, Zen became serious. He was pondering over what would happen after his punch.

The power of this punch was formidable, and it might smash open the Magic Glowing Armor. However, when faced with the armor created by a supreme divine weapon, Zen needed at least twice his current strength to kill Norvin with his bare fists.

It was a good thing that Norvin had taken the defensive stance. To put it bluntly, he was a sitting duck.

In this sort of situation, Zen had many ways to kill him.

Killing him by relying on brute force alone was not an impossible feat. However, physical strength was one of Zen's trump cards.

It would not be worth exposing his trump card just to kill Norvin.

So Zen made up his mind in that instant to kill him in another way.

Before the fist could collide with Norvin, it changed form. Zen opened his fist, and at the same time, a long spear shot out from his space ring.

Only half of the Saint Killing Spear shot out, while the other half was still within his space ring. But he had grasped it firmly.

As soon as he gripped the spear, Zen infused chaotic energy into it.

The Saint Killing Spear was not Zen's weapon. On the one hand, he was not familiar with using this spear, and on the other hand, he had no way to fully utilize its true power.

Only Lavender had the ability to completely activate the spear in the entire universe.

However, the Saint Killing Spear was still a supreme divine weapon with unimaginable power.

Zen might not be able to fully comprehend its ingenuity, nor had he ever understood the spear intent. But using this weapon at this stage would allow him to be a tiger with wings.

At the very least, he would be able to use it to kill his opponent with ease, and at the same time, keep his trump card hidden.

"Shadowy Spin!" he commanded.

If the distance between him and Norvin was too great, it would be difficult for Zen to get him despite using the Shadowy Spin.

Although Norvin was an ogre warrior, he also cultivated both body and life vitality. And that was not all; his life vitality system specialized in the Wind Law. He wasn't slow.

He had thought that Zen was going to punch him with his bare fist. But when he thought the fist was about to land on him, Zen changed tactics and drew the Saint Killing Spear from his space ring. In the blink of an eye, he had activated the Shadowy Spin and the spear shadow shot towards Norvin.

Whoosh!

The Saint Killing Spear wasn't the best supreme divine weapon in the universe, but in terms of destructive power, there was probably no other weapon that could surpass it.

No one in the entire universe would be willing to go head to head with the Saint Killing Spear.

And Norvin didn't want to do it either.

So, he could only watch helplessly as Zen changed his strategy.

He saw Zen draw half the spear from his space ring. Even so, the power that was radiating from the spear left him aghast.

'He cheated me!'

A thought popped in his mind.

But in a fight between warriors, victory was the most important. There were no rules against playing tricks. As the saying went, "All is fair in love and war!"

Besides, he had been tricked so well that he could only blame himself for being a fool and not anticipating it. He couldn't blame Zen for any foul play.

He had made himself an easy target without any intent to fight. Now he couldn't blame the others.

The Shadowy Spin was like a gigantic crocodile, devouring everything in its path.

Although Zen wasn't adept at using the spear, it originally had its own martial skills. He only needed to use the chaotic energy to activate the spear. When the Shadowy Spin got activated by the chaotic energy instead of life vitality, it became more powerful. This was truly a surprising turn of events!

The Magic Glowing Armor was abnormally tough, such that no ordinary weapons, or even ordinary Laws of Causality, would be able to penetrate it. However, this same armor was unable to block the giant spear shadow.

Swoosh!

The spear shadow pierced through Norvin.

Norvin was defeated at last.

He was killed with a single move.

Technically speaking, it could be considered two moves.

Zen's punch was considered a move. Then he changed his fist into a palm and took out his spear to kill his opponent with a spear strike.

However, at this moment, no one cared about whether Zen used one or two moves to kill Norvin. Everyone believed that Nathan used a palm strike to kill Norvin, Lone used a sword strike and Zen used a spear strike.

But why Zen had the spear in his possession was still a mystery to everyone.

How did the Demon Night's Saint Killing Spear appear in Zen's hand?

"That's the Saint Killing Spear!" remarked someone.

"How did it end up in Zen's hands?" asked another.

"The Saint Killing Spear is the Demon Night's most precious treasure, and the queen of the Demon Night is by his side. But she couldn't have passed it down to Zen, right?"

"Humph. I heard that the Queen of Killings is only a soul now. Where did she even get the Saint Killing Spear from? This spear must have obviously been preserved within the Demon Night."

Meanwhile, inside the Demon Night, Elena stared coldly at the Saint Killing Spear in Zen's hand. A ruthless expression was visible on her face as her gaze landed on Malachi, who was beside her.

"My...my queen..." Malachi stammered and knelt down on the floor.

Elena was in the same faction as Malachi, and there was also a bloodline connection between them. Back then, she had supported Malachi's father, Gunter, to become a Supreme Lord.

"The Saint Killing Spear was accidentally snatched by Zen in the Illusion Battlefield," Malachi explained quickly to quell his queen's fury.

Elena shook her head and sighed, "It's only a projection of the spear. It's not important, but let me tell you something: you let me down!"

Losing the Saint Killing Spear in the Illusion Battlefield was no big deal as the real spear was still in her possession. However, all of Malachi's Illusion Points were taken away and he failed to make it to the second stage. This was what disappointed Elena.

The two groups of Demon Night warriors supporting her were almost completely annihilated in the Illusion Battlefield, while the Godly Genius groomed by the Queen of Life had a smooth journey and might rank high.

However, that Godly Genius belonged to the faction that followed the Queen of Life. Elena always wanted to control the entire situation, and so she was not pleased when such a thing happened.

Chapter 1667 The Rules Of Elimination

When Zen pulled out the Saint Killing Spear, the faces of the other martial artists drained of color.

The spear was one of the top three supreme divine weapons on the Universe Spirit Tablet. It was the symbol of the Demon Night.

'Isn't Zen a sword cultivator?

Why did he switch to use a spear so suddenly?' they wondered.

Zen hadn't stayed in the Upper World for long. But the fact that he was in the Humanity Alliance had already been dug up by many people, as was his performance in Passing the Torch.

The Humanity Alliance had probably released the news on purpose, with the intention of proving to the other races in the universe that Zen was a part of their Alliance.

But Zen did not care what others thought of him.

The Saint Killing Spear had been returned to his space ring after one thrust.

Every other living being in the universe had heard of Zen's name, but this was the first time they were seeing him in action.

It was true that Zen had killed Norvin, an ogre ace talent. But the Saint Killing Spear was so famous that many would think he had won because of the spear and not because of his true strength.

Zen went back into the air and stepped onto a black stone. Close by, a white stone began to float towards him.

On this white stone stood a slender woman from the Demon Night. Quiet and elegant, she was a little less spirited compared to the other women, but also more dignified.

As she floated up to Zen, she stared at him and said, "Friend, please return the Saint Killing Spear to us. It belongs to us and is the Demon Night's most sacred item."

Zen smiled.

He knew that the Saint Killing Spear was extremely important to the Demon Night. But the problem was that they were in the Illusion Battlefield.

The Saint Killing Spear he was using was not the original spear itself but just a projection. But he knew that there was a high chance that he could take the spear out of the Illusion Battlefield as he had marked it in the Hall of Causality. He wanted to surprise Lavender when he returned to her side.

And now, this woman wanted him to return it! How could he do that?

So he merely smiled as he stared at her. "I'm supposed to return this spear to you just because it is a sacred item of your race?"

She nodded. "Of course."

"Are you an idiot? This Saint Killing Spear is only a projection, not the real Spear," Margaret intervened, unable to hold it in any longer. She had moved her stone and had blocked the path of the woman from the Demon Night.

The woman smiled faintly and said, "Of course I know that. But I also know that he has been to the Hall of Causality and that the Saint Killing Spear has already been imprinted with a mark. So it can be taken out of the Illusion Battlefield." She then turned to Zen. "Do you really plan to give it to Lavender?"

Zen frowned.

He realized that the woman was reacting rather strangely.

People of the Demon Night addressed their three queens as "my queen" if and when they mentioned them.

Even Lavender's enemies in the Demon Night respectfully addressed her that way.

But this woman was calling Lavender by her name!

Who was she?

Zen smiled coldly as he said, "I got this spear from the hands of a Demon Night martial practitioner. So of course I should hand it over to Lavender. You want me to give it to you? Who do you think you are?"

The woman from the Demon Night wasn't angry at Zen's words. Instead, she stared at him, and a faint smile snaked its way onto her face. "We will fight each other sooner or later, and you will return it to me then."

And then, on the white stone, she floated over to the other side.

Zen was confused. 'Just who is this woman? What does she mean?'

"She is a Godly Genius of Demon Night. Her name is Shania," a human ace talent told Zen.

Shania?

Zen had never heard of her before.

However, since he had never been to the supreme worlds controlled by the Demon Night before, it was normal for him not to know much about their talents.

The human martial artist continued, "Shania is very strange. I have never heard of her before. Her Mahayana Lotus Flower has fully bloomed. It feels like she emerged from nowhere."

"Came out of nowhere?" Zen stared at Shania's receding figure, his brows knitting together.

"The cultivation of a Godly Genius requires a huge expenditure of wealth and resources. No one has ever heard of the existence of a Godly Genius like her in the Demon Night. And now suddenly she exists? She has of course appeared out of nowhere." The human ace talent knew quite a bit about this, and he even helped Zen analyze this.

'Whoever she is, she intends to force me to return the Saint Killing Spear to her.

It's not going to happen.

The competition on the Heaven Earth Board won't be life-threatening. What does she want to use to force me to give her the spear?' Zen thought, unable to figure it out.

As he thought, his gaze fell on Shania. This was most likely related to Lavender. It was best to observe the situation quietly.

The gigantic hand was still putting stones onto the Heaven Earth Board and the battle continued to unfold.

Three hundred ace talents was a small number, but it still took a great deal of time to finish the matches one at a time.

Ever since Zen had fought on the board, he had never gotten another chance to fight. On the other hand, Margaret had battled twice, and she had won both times using the Purple River Sword Array, which had been enough while she handled an ace talent.

It was the thirty-fourth round when one of the three hundred martial artists was finally eliminated.

All the black stones on the board had now surrounded the white one, causing the martial artist on the white stone to fight with all his might. If he won, he could still stay on the Heaven Earth Board, and if he lost, he would be eliminated.

But he had still been defeated and became the first among the three hundred warriors to be eliminated.

And even though Norvin had faced continuous defeats, he escaped elimination because the stone he had stepped on wasn't being trapped.

This meant that if his stone wasn't cornered when placed on the board, he wouldn't be eliminated irrespective of the outcome of the match.

But if a warrior's stone was blocked on the board, he HAD to fight for his life, because if he lost, he would be eliminated.

Chapter 1668 Xenia Luo

The fact that the first martial artist had been eliminated didn't attract much attention from the eyes of ordinary martial artists.

It was quite normal for a martial artist to be eliminated in a fight or a battle. After all, there had to be a loser, for there to be a winner.

However, there were many martial artists who began to question the rules that governed this Heaven Earth Board. Using this method of eliminating martial artists seemed to be utterly baseless, and it was impossible to select the real best martial artist.

For example, the fact that the ogre warrior named Norvin had been defeated three times in a row without being eliminated, was considered unfair by other warriors.

However, the combatants and spectators didn't realize that this battle was just a prelude of the universe's future. This age-old play had very little to do with fairness in the end.

On the contrary, the Supreme Lords in the universe paid special attention to this tricky matter.

The first ace talent who had been eliminated…

His name was Gael.

He was the best warrior from the Spring race.

The Spring race was a small and unknown race, and they couldn't even be considered a second-rate race. However, an ace talent had been born in this insignificant race. After all, this race controlled only three supreme worlds. These three supreme worlds were extremely poor and mostly barren, so no major force was willing to occupy such a strategically unsound territory.

"Could it be... Could it be that the crisis of this round of the universe is due to arise from such a small and unknown race?"

Within the Humanity Alliance, Supreme Lord Healum muttered as he surveyed the black and white stones.

"It's such a small race, the Spring race. Our Humanity Alliance can easily destroy them with the combined strength of just a few tenth-grade sacred places. Do they even have the ability to trigger a crisis?" Yolande asked in confusion.

Supreme Lord Healum smiled and said, "This kind of small race is nothing to fear, but… They may not have the ability to initiate a crisis, but a crisis might break out from their side in any case."

How would this crisis then happen? So far, no one had an inkling how it would happen.

It could be a silent, apocalyptic plague that not even Supreme Lords could fight against; it could also be a destruction on an eradicative scale due to the fall of the stars; or, it could also be a war instigated by an ambitious schemer from some greater forces. A storm started with a small drop.

Given the speculations of many Supreme Lords, their gazes all turned upon the Spring race.

If they were to start speculation about this race, they would very likely deduce a probable result. According to this result, they would then be able to set up their defenses in advance in order to overcome the predicted crisis.

The stones on the Heaven Earth Board were still falling down one by one, forming a strange linear pattern.

The white stones which were 'definite' seemed to have a stable basis, and they already occupied a large area on the board. As for the black stones, which were 'variable', their line had become jagged and was cut into pieces by the white stones.

As the warriors became more familiar with the rules, the way they fought changed as well. After all, the warriors' motto was adapt or die.

These martial artists all had a rough estimate of their own strength.

If one encountered a stronger opponent and was unwilling to reveal their trump card, they would voluntarily admit defeat. In any case, admitting defeat in such a situation would not see them eliminated. However, if they revealed their trump card too early and faced a life or death battle, they might be targeted and eliminated.

And because of this unusual circumstance, this round of battles continued to grow in speed.

After both sides were placed on the board, they quickly guessed at each other's strength. They even probed each other before deciding if they should immediately surrender.

This method obviously might not have been the true intent of the Heaven Earth Board. However, the mysterious girl didn't stop them. She continued to focus on the 300 ace talents, and constantly placed them on the board.

And whenever a white or black stone was to be 'surrounded and eaten', which was also the opportune time to launch a critical killing move, the martial artists on both sides would naturally start to take the fight seriously.

If one lost in that situation, they would be eliminated immediately!

So, naturally, they would go all out under that situation.

As more and more stones tumbled over on the board, the speed at which the martial artists were being eliminated also increased.

Because when it came to 'surrounding and eating', someone would definitely be eliminated.

In this point in time, Zen and Margaret had respectively been cornered on the Heaven Earth Board twice.

Zen still relied on his spear. Once, his opponent voluntarily admitted defeat; and the other time, after launching a fearsome blow, his opponent had stopped resisting and admitted defeat.

As for Margaret, no one had been able to break her Purple River Sword Array. Every time she activated it, her opponent would instantly admit defeat.

Just like that, nearly three hundred stones fell on the board. These ace talents had also fought three hundred times in total.

Of course, most of the fights were perfunctory and not very impressive. However, there was a group of martial artists who had yet to enter the Heaven Earth Board.

At this moment, the white stones on the board had formed a giant dragon, and the situation had become extremely solid.

However, although the dragon was stable, it was not completely still. A struggle had occurred at the top of the dragon against the black stones. The critical point of this struggle was likely three or four steps away from coming into being.

Those martial artists who were well-versed in the game could already see that this situation was likely to become a standoff between two Godly Geniuses! After all, this struggle would directly determine the outcome of the black and white stones. If the black stones were to lose again, the originally disadvantaged situation would lose its chance to be restored. If white stones lost, then this dragon would be killed by the black stones, and their situations would become reversed.

The next few steps were therefore the most critical ones!

Tap!

Another pair of black and white stones landed on top of the dragon.

Two martial artists entered the arena. They fought, and one quickly admitted defeat.

Tap! Tap!

Two more stones fell on the board, and two more martial artists stepped up. One was Lawson from the Thoughtless Minds, the other was a diminutive race's ace talent. That ace talent quickly admitted his defeat, knowing that he was no match for Lawson.

Right at this moment, the final step in the struggle had materialized.

Zen's eyes flickered when he noticed the situation on the board. These two steps were particularly crucial in triggering the appearance of the conflict. Moreover, this was a life and death situation. The loser would be eliminated if the dragon was slain.

Then who would be the martial artists that were chosen?

Most of the warriors in the game were masters of strategy, and they could see that the mysterious girl was not skilled at this game. Everyone was holding their breath because they knew that whoever was chosen to the Heaven Earth Board faced the strong possibility of being eliminated, and at this level of the game, the opponent they would meet would not be at all weak.

Whoosh!

A lily-white hand grabbed hold of a violet-haired woman.

She was Xenia Luo from the Celestial Position race!

Zen was not familiar with this woman, and he had never had occasion to visit the Celestial Position's worlds before. Although, once the old leader had sent someone to ask him to go there, Zen had been unable to do so at that time. But this Xenia had been held down to the board twice, and her two opponents both immediately admitted defeat.

Hearing the introduction from the others, Zen realized that this warrior was a Godly Genius of the Celestial Position race!

There were about nine warriors of the Celestial Position who had slaughtered their way into the top three hundred rankings. Furthermore, the Celestial Position race had two Godly Geniuses.

One was Xenia, and the other was Karl.

The Godly Genius entered the arena.

Many of the martial artists had a dignified bearing and focused expression on their faces.

This was a battle between life and death. No one was willing to be eliminated. If they conceded, they would also be eliminated. Who would be willing to duel a Godly Genius at this time?

Therefore, the vast majority of the assembled martial artists were praying in their hearts, praying that they wouldn't be chosen to enter the arena for this duel.

After the Godly Genius of the Celestial Position was cast onto the board, the hand hovered over Zen.

Seeing the intention of the hand, Zen's eyebrows twitched. "It's me?"

However, with an index finger extended, the hand ultimately went directly over Zen's head and grabbed a warrior not too far away from him, Rocher!

"So it's Rocher who gets to fight her," Margaret said softly, a tinge of relief in her tone. No one wanted to duel against a Godly Genius and face the real possibility of being eliminated.

"Rocher..." Zen's brow creased slightly.

This was not good news.

He knew that the increase in Rocher's strength had already caused a qualitative change, but he wasn't sure if it was enough to win victory for Rocher.

Those Godly Geniuses, although they were also Soul Sea Realm warriors, had completed the full bloom of their Mahayana Lotus Flowers. If they did not die, they would have a high chance of becoming True Gods. And most importantly, they had already begun to comprehend the Godly Way, so their understanding and use of the Godly Way were far superior to normal warriors.

If Rocher were to face Xenia, the odds were heavily stacked against him.

When Rocher saw the concerned expression on Zen's face, he smiled at Zen before his black stone was held down to the board. He was still indifferent, confident, and full of the heroic spirit of a true warrior.

And at this very moment…

A flurry of conversation erupted from one of the tenth-grade sacred places of the Thoughtless Minds.

Rocher had ascended to a tenth-grade sacred place of the Thoughtless Minds, and thus he had become the hope of this sacred place.

Never in his dreams had their Saint Lord ever imagined that a martial artist, who came from this sacred place, would actually be able to stand within the top three hundred.

The entire Thoughtless Minds was subject to the rule of the four great clans, while their tenth-grade sacred places were merely subordinate to the four great clans. The warriors who had qualified to enter the top three hundred were the ace talents and Godly Geniuses of the big clans; while, the rest of the ace talents of the tenth-grade sacred places had failed completely.

However, Rocher was the only exception.

Chapter 1669 Fighting Without The Sword

The Saint Lord of the sacred place was overjoyed when Rocher made it into the top ten thousand.

As a great power of the human race, the Thoughtless Minds was actually four large divine kingdoms, and the four great clans acted as its emperors.

The sacred places under its command were considered to be subjects of the four clans. The Thoughtless Minds was completely different from the Humanity Alliance in terms of structure.

And because of this, the four great clans would be given all the resources and they would then allocate these resources.

The fact that this tenth-grade sacred place had cultivated a talent who was now in the top ten thousand was completely beyond the Saint Lord's expectations. He would be able to take advantage of this fact to obtain more resources and rewards from the four great clans.

But they had never expected Rocher to improve his ranking once he became one of the top ten thousand warriors.

He had succeeded in entering the second stage.

And then, at last, he entered the final stage, becoming one of the participants battling on the Heaven Earth Board.

This brought joy to many warriors of the tenth-grade sacred place.

It even attracted the attention of the Saint Lords of two other tenth-grade sacred places.

It was a pity that the black stone under Rocher's feet had not been moved onto the board yet. This made them increasingly anxious and they wanted now more than ever to watch him battle.

What they hadn't expected was that Rocher would get onto the board at this critical moment. If he was defeated at this time, he would be eliminated immediately.

They had also not expected that Xenia would be Rocher's opponent!

Xenia was the star of the Celestial Position, born within thunder and lightning.

All of the ace talents present were legendary figures.

And Xenia's background was especially exceptionally miraculous.

The Mysterious Thunder World, one of the many worlds in the universe, was filled with a violent power of thunder.

And no one had set foot there in all these years.

It wasn't because they were afraid of the thunder. In fact, the more strange and dangerous a place was, the more likely one would get a great opportunity. There were often countless warriors who went to such places to find opportunities and train to become stronger.

The Divine Flame World was one of such places. This world was not suitable for living, but many warriors would risk their lives to enter it and obtain secret treasures.

The risks were often proportional to returns.

The Mysterious Thunder World, on the other hand, was special because of the fact that a Mysterious Thunder Beast was sealed within it.

It was said that about eighty million years ago, six Supreme Lords had joined forces to seal this Mysterious Thunder Beast in, relying on a Supreme Lord's Heavenly Destiny—the Heavenly Destiny of Sealing.

It was precisely because of the existence of this seal that no one could now get into the Mysterious Thunder World.

But the seal had been broken twenty-two years ago.

The Heavenly Destiny of Sealing was usually arranged based on the heavens' rules. In theory, this seal was the strongest in the entire universe.

The shattering of it meant that the Mysterious Thunder Beast had broken free from the seal and had obtained a power surpassing the heavens.

Every being in the universe had been shocked at this development.

Many warriors had even cried out in alarm, believing that the crisis of the world of chaos had arrived ahead of time.

The Mysterious Thunder Beast was the crisis

and it quickly gained the attention of many races in the universe.

The Supreme Lords of the human race, the Celestial Position race, and the ogre race went to the Mysterious Thunder World to check on the situation.

However, they found something unexpected once they had checked repeatedly.

The seal of the Mysterious Thunder World had indeed been broken.

But the Mysterious Thunder Beast was still sealed within it. Only a small portion of the seal was destroyed–so small that it could be ignored.

And as they continued their investigation, they discovered something astonishing.

This seal had been broken by a three-year-old girl!

This little girl had actually broken the seal on her own, and had walked out of that damned place with all sorts of Thunder Laws.

This girl was Xenia Luo.

Many races began to fight for her once they realized that she was super-normal.

In the end, she had been taken away by the members of the Celestial Position, who named her Xenia Luo.

Her origins were magical, which sparked heated discussions in the universe. But everyone eventually stopped discussing her.

It was because once she had joined the Celestial Position, there was no more news of her.

But the year before the Illusion Battlefield had opened, the Celestial Position had declared that they already had two Godly Geniuses: Karl Jiang and Xenia Luo.

Although no one had ever seen the extent of Xenia's power, everyone still believed that she was qualified to be a Godly Genius.

They knew that there would always be warriors in this world who were born remarkable.

Xenia was one of them.

"Oh no! The first opponent that Rocher will have to face is Xenia from the Celestial Position!"

"Rumor has it that Xenia is extremely powerful, but she might not be able to defeat Rocher."

"Well, any talent belonging to the Celestial Position would be capable of being a top disciple of our sacred place. Besides, Xenia is a Godly Genius of the Celestial Position, the most powerful one among the young warriors. So how could she possibly be weak?"

Many warriors in the tenth-grade sacred place couldn't help but sigh.

Now that Rocher had made it into the top three hundred, the next thing that he could do and that would be great was if he made it into the top ten and obtained a Godly Plate.

It was a pity he had to battle Xenia. Why was he so unlucky?

Xenia jumped off the stone and glanced at the board beneath her feet. Her purple eyes then shifted to Rocher's handsome face, before she smiled.

"I'm Xenia Luo of the Celestial Position," she said.

Xenia didn't look special in this moment. Instead, she looked like a friendly mortal with an elegant aura.

Rocher also stepped off his black stone and pulled the long sword off his back.

The long sword was wrapped in a layer of sackcloth. He placed it on the ground and slowly unwrapped it.

Some warriors would take advantage of this and attack.

But Xenia would not do that.

Rocher also knew that she wouldn't.

Once Rocher had removed the cloth, the sword's hilt came into view. It seemed to be a very ordinary sword. The body of the sword was still hidden in the scabbard, and he did not pull it out.

Rocher stood up, holding on to the hilt. "I'm Rocher Hua of Cloud Hall," he said.

"Hmm?" Xenia said, tilting her head as she looked at him rather doubtfully.

What the hell was Cloud Hall?

Preston, from the Pure Jade Sacred Place, stared at Letitia. Rocher's words proved Letitia to be right.

Letitia only smiled, and seemed to take it as a matter of course.

Ever since Rocher had shown his prowess during his fight with the Heavenly Evil Sect, the Cloud Hall had begun to attach importance to him.

Letitia naturally understood his personality. As a swordsman, he was a principled warrior. He had never separated from the Cloud Hall, and had always been a member of the Cloud Hall.

Letitia had secretly observed Rocher back then. If there weren't any big surprises, he would be promoted to the position of hall leader once his cultivation base was high enough.

But Rocher's ambitions were not limited to the Cloud Hall or even the Central Region. He had even greater ambitions.

Rocher had disappeared since he had left the Central Region. It was only after Letitia had flown into the Upper World that she came to know that Rocher had actually ascended to the Upper World, and that he possessed such powerful strength.

At Rocher's reply, the warriors of the tenth-grade sacred place of the Thoughtless Minds erupted into a discontented chaos.

But their dissatisfaction wasn't of great importance. The help they had extended to Rocher hadn't been great. They had just let him use their ascending passageway.

Rocher ignored Xenia's confused gaze.

With one hand on the scabbard, he slowly drew the sword out, revealing the snow-white blade.

"I'm not going to use this sword to fight you," he said. Rocher then stopped unsheathing his sword before smiling. "If you have the strength, you can force me to unsheathe my sword to resist you."

Everyone was stunned.

Judging from his words, Rocher didn't plan on drawing his sword even while fighting Xenia.

He proved it by sliding the sword back into the scabbard.

But he was facing a Godly Genius, not an ordinary warrior! And Xenia was the Godly Genius of the Celestial Position!

"Why is this guy so confident and how does he dare say those words to Xenia?"

"What on earth is the Cloud Hall? What kind of a force is it? There seems to be no such force in the universe!"

"This fellow will be in great trouble. I'm afraid that Xenia will torture him to death!"

Every warrior in the universe who was witnessing this scene thought Rocher to be crazy.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1670 Ultimate Sword Intent

After hearing what Rocher said, many martial artists thought that he was quite arrogant.

However, Zen simply smiled and nodded. After all, he was no stranger to Rocher's personality.

Rocher was not an arrogant person. Since he said so, he must be self-confident.

While a Godly Genius was definitely a powerful being, there was no set rule that said that Godly Geniuses were truly invincible beings.

Being a Godly Genius just meant that one could follow a Godly Way and comprehend the great internal momentum within it. Although the internal momentum was highly powerful and had surpassed the heavens' limits, it didn't mean that it couldn't be broken.

Rocher was already this confident even when he was still at the nature level. Zen just didn't expect that he would still be the same until now.

From there, it could be said that some people just had certain traits since birth. Even though they were sharpened by the many hardships they had experienced, their nature wasn't bound to change.

Meanwhile, Xenia grinned upon hearing Rocher's words.

She wasn't even angry.

On the contrary, she just sized up Rocher with a strange look in her eyes.

There were many talents in the Celestial Position race. Any warrior lucky enough to join them were considered as core disciples in any tenth-grade sacred place. However, they were actually just like a lion's tail in the Celestial Position itself.

Xenia had never sparred with martial artists of her same generation.

Still, the warriors from the same generation as her in the Celestial Position were always wary of her. It could be said that their cautiousness had a hint of fear.

She hated that look.

Xenia understood her own background growing up. She already looked strong on the outside, and she had even gotten the golden title of 'Rakshasa' of the Celestial Position to boot.

Yet, she knew deep inside that everyone else around her thought of her as a monster.

Their seriousness and politeness combined with estrangement made it difficult for her to be close to others.

Therefore, her master was her only companion as she grew up, then there was an endless sea of loneliness. This girl had been surviving alone in a short span of twenty years, but deep inside she yearned for normal friendship from everyone else.

She even wished that she was an ordinary person instead.

If she was an ordinary girl, she'd grow up in a boudoir, have loving parents, maybe even marry a loyal and diligent person and live a simple, short life.

However, her fate was destined to be different since the very beginning.

No one spoke to her after she was sent to the Celestial Position race, so they put her in the thunderstorm space of the Celestial Position. There she received the endless support of the holy thunder and lightning, and grew alone with them.

If it had been any other warrior who had heard Rocher's words, they would simply scoff at him and think that it was nobody's fault for eliminating him since he didn't plan on drawing out his sword.

Yet, Xenia was different. Her fan-like lashes fluttered, and she looked extremely interested. She quickly smiled and said, "Seriously? Looks like you want me to force you to draw your sword. That sounds interesting!"

Rocher was slightly startled as well when he heard Xenia's unexpected answer. He thought that it shouldn't be considered interesting.

However, he still waved the scabbard lightly. "You can make your move now," he said flatly.

"Alright!"

With a vigorous nod of her head and a fiery glint in her eyes, Xenia charged forward.

"Crack!"

The lightning bolt crackled loudly as her long purple hair suddenly became straight, and lashed out wildly like a beast's mane.

At the same time, the lightning around Xenia surged forth like liquid.

It appeared that the lightning was golden!

The lightning bolts slowly intertwined with each other until they formed a book page that was as tall as a person.

Just then, the page of thunder revealed a highly powerful internal momentum--the internal momentum of the Thunderstorm Godly Way!

Some of the martial artists who watched nearby felt a chill down their spine from the intimidating internal momentum of the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

Meanwhile, Zen's gaze froze all of a sudden and his eyelids began to twitch violently.

"This is… The page of the Sanskrit!"

Back then when the cyan dragon had just awakened, he had communicated with Zen and affirmed that Zen's body was most likely the only one of its kind in the entire universe.

However, the cyan dragon didn't say why.

After that brief exchange, Zen gradually realized that the formation of his weapon body back then was perhaps not because of the Divine Flame Cauldron.

It was no doubt that the Divine Flame Cauldron was a special cauldron that was passed down to the Lower World, and its divine flame had been a great help to Zen. However, what truly created him was the page of the Sanskrit.

Whenever Zen received the training of the fire, the Sanskrit always turned into countless golden vortexes to help him absorb the fire's power and forge himself.

It was only through this process of absorption and forging that Zen had reached his current level.

But where did the golden page of the Sanskrit come from? Why did it have such an effect? Zen had no way of knowing and he couldn't get anything out of the cyan dragon.

Zen glanced at the golden page that was formed from the golden thunder and lightning in front of him. It looked extremely similar to the page he had absorbed back then.

"This woman also owns a page like this, but her page is formed from lightning," Zen muttered. His gaze was fixated on the page as his irises flickered constantly. If there was a chance, he would naturally think of a way to investigate it.

However, the battle between her and Rocher was a battle of elimination, where only one person should remain. If she lost, Zen would have to make a trip to the Celestial Position race.

"The internal momentum is so powerful," Nathan commented.

Even an aloof person such as he had looked serious when he had felt the power of the internal momentum.

Nathan was a master of great skill, and the Godly Way he cultivated was very special. He didn't even look this serious when he had faced several other Godly Geniuses.

"One blow. Humph! That human martial artist shouldn't be able to withstand a single move from Xenia."

"That guy is probably the same as Norvin from the ogre race. He just wants to boast of his strength, regardless of whether he will win or not.

"Unfortunately, he is destined to be defeated in the end. Bragging about this sort of thing won't benefit him in any way."

The endless negative chatter continued, as many warriors shared the same opinion about him.

Xenia slowly walked towards the page of the Sanskrit, which stood like a door in front of her. All of the Sanskrit words draped themselves around her like a curtain as she walked past. The only difference was while curtain fabric slid sideways, the Sanskrit words were stuck to her body.

"Buzz!"

On the other hand, Zen's Sanskrit words had turned into golden vortexes.

Xenia's Sanskrit released fine bolts of lightning, which spread like a spider's web around her face, neck, and body.

Soon enough, Xenia smiled warmly at Rocher. She slightly lifted her arm, extended a forefinger towards him, then pointed it towards the ground.

"Crack!"

"Ten directions' lightning annihilation..."

Her lips curved into a smile again after she spoke and said, "If you don't pull out the sword now, I'm afraid you won't have another chance."

Her words were followed by numerous purple thunderbolts that appeared continuously on the Heaven Earth Board.

The thunderbolts looked powerful enough to destroy the whole world, and they rapidly charged towards Rocher all at once!

However, there was no fear in Rocher's eyes as he faced the incoming thunderbolts head on. He simply stabbed the sword in the ground.

"Your Thunder Law is very strong, and the power of your internal momentum is already beyond the power that exists in this universe," Rocher said. He smiled faintly at Xenia and continued, "I know that the essential difference between a Godly Genius and an ace talent is their internal momentum. If someone took away your internal momentum, you would only be just as strong as an ace talent...

To others, the internal momentum is almost impossible to resist," Rocher said as he shook his head. "But to me, it's almost useless."

Rocher leaned on his long sword after he spoke. A tiny bit of sword intent from the sword scabbard floated.

Rocher had not yet activated his sword intent, but his sword intent had started to leak out on its own.

When Zen saw the sword intent, he finally understood where Rocher's confidence lay.

He also didn't expect that Rocher had actually comprehended the ultimate sword intent in the past few years.

The ultimate sword intent had become a sort of a limitation in the universe. If he were to advance a bit more, it would surpass the current round of heavens.

Therefore, to a certain extent, Rocher could also be considered as a being on par to a Godly Genius.

Chapter 1671 Turning Into Lightning

A man who had been away three days must be looked at with new eyes.

But Rocher's progress still surprised Zen immensely.

It hadn't been long since Rocher's ascension, so it was evident that he had already come upon an extremely valuable opportunity while he was on the savage land.

Zen could only wonder what kind of wonders the savage land hid to help Rocher improve so much in such a short amount of time.

Zen was not able to cultivate his sword intent to the perfection even after crossing the Hall of Causality and practicing his sword strikes with Supreme Lord Sword for a long time.

According to Supreme Lord Sword, Zen's sword intent was till defective.

This defectiveness prevented him from reaching the peak of the Emotion Closing Godly Way and achieving the ultimate sword intent.

But Rocher had displayed something extremely powerful yet equally mysterious just now. Not even Zen seemed to have understood this ultimate sword intent he had used.

Numerous purple thunderbolts, all loaded with devastating energy, rushed towards Rocher.

One thunderbolt would be enough to completely incinerate a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior instantly!

But when these thunderbolts went against Rocher's ultimate sword intent, they all exploded one by one.

These explosions were deadly as the bolts scattered into numerous, web-like currents of electricity in the air.

Crack!

The Heaven Earth Board turned purple from the continuous thunderstorm. Gaping, ominous holes appeared in the sky one by one as the Heaven Earth Board was struck with a devastating storm of pure, electric power.

However...

These thunderbolts were still unable to cause Rocher any harm.

The earth was struck again and again, but the area around the young man remained pristine and untouched.

Two-hundred and ninety-eight warriors and the entire universe were witnesses to this event.

The one-hundred and twenty-eight Supreme Lords were, of course, also watching. All of them were quiet and currently assessed the situation in front of them. They never thought that two warriors at the Soul Sea Realm could provide them with such an interesting and powerful show. None of them had ever imagined such young people already having that kind of destructive power.

But there was always time for surprises. What was unimaginable in the past could very well be the norm for the future.

"The more powerful these kids are, the more serious this round of crisis will be."

The coming world of chaos served as a catalyst. It was an event where people gathered all their resources and poured them into their fostered talents who were extremely powerful. These talents were all products of the universe's own, self-protective mechanism.

It had sensed an incoming crisis, one more devastating than before, and it needed equally powerful talents to counter this said catastrophe.

This fact had already been observed and confirmed by a number of Supreme Lords from the precious books that had been passed down from the last grand era.

However...

The more talented and powerful the warriors of this generation were, the more serious the universe's crisis would be. None of them could even imagine just how terrible the crisis of the world of chaos would be this time.

Back then, Soul Sea Realm warriors had a lot of difficulty in fighting against their Spirit Supreme Realm seniors.

However, these young warriors today proved a match against Spirit Transformation Realm warriors who had already established their own inner worlds for quite some time.

Rocher's and Xenia's strength greatly worried them.

In the entire universe, Supreme Lords reigned in terms of power.

Obtaining a Heavenly Destiny strengthened a warrior's power. However, this power and potential were also restrained to prevent him from surpassing the heavens.

If a world lord's Lotus Flower could bloom thirty-six lotus petals then there would be a chance for him to surpass the heavens but this possibility was extremely small.

But these young warriors in front of them were obviously capable of blooming the thirty-six petals despite only being in the Soul Sea Realm. These talents were all precious existences but it was unfortunate that they were born so close to the oncoming world of chaos. They served as the products of the universe's instinct of self-preservation and would no doubt be instrumental in the coming crisis.

Core talents usually lived for millions of years after becoming world lords.

But these young talents might not be granted this opportunity of a long life. Their responsibilities to the universe might cut their time short to dozens of years, or hundreds of years.

Boom!

The thunderbolts had finally ceased, leaving Rocher as an upright beacon of strength on the mountain. His smile was unchanged and his scabbard remained on the ground as if nothing happened.

The only sign of the thunderbolts' devastation was the annular ravine that formed around the young warrior. The immediate board that surrounded him was the only part that survived.

The stones, however, were undamaged. Some even floated in midair once the board underneath was bombed into smithereens.

"That guy, he's called Rocher?"

"Yes, Rocher from the Thoughtless Minds..."

"Where is he from? I remember him saying that he came from a place called Cloud Hall."

"Nonsense. Cloud Hall might be some small sacred place he used to live in before." "That's even more ridiculous. How can a small sacred place ever have such a powerful warrior?"

"I haven't heard of such a place either."

Not many of the warriors present were willing to believe that Rocher had come from such humble origins.

That was simply impossible given the power he just showed them.

All Godly Geniuses came from the great forces after all.

The ogres, Demon Night race, Humanity Alliance, and Blessed Buddha Land all had one while the Thoughtless Minds and Celestial Position had two.

These Godly Geniuses came from all the great forces and races - no exception.

Why? Simply because small forces and sacred places lacked the resources needed to foster great warriors in their ranks.

A gifted warrior with the capacity to become a Godly Genius would never realize his full potential in a small force due to a lack of resources. He would, at most, be an ace talent or even a common core talent.

All things built for greatness must have a strong foundation.

The Saint Lord of the tenth-grade sacred place to which Rocher ascended was currently ecstatic.

Even if the young man told others that he came from a place called Cloud Hall, the fact remained that he still ascended to his sacred place. Rocher's power now seemed to have surpassed a normal ace talent's and might actually even be on par with a Godly Genius'.

A potential Godly Genius from their sacred place? Such a thought would make any Saint Lord's toes curl in excitement!

Before Rocher entered the Illusion Battlefield, this Saint Lord promised something.

The one who ranked in the top one million would obtain a second-rank divine weapon.

The one in the top one-hundred thousand would obtain a secondary first-rank divine weapon.

And the one who managed to land himself in the top fifty thousand would obtain a first-rank divine weapon.

This Saint Lord's cultivation was only of a world lord and he himself had never owned a supreme divine weapon so he could only offer these things.

Truth be told, he never really expected any of his warriors to be able to enter the top fifty thousand.

He was currently at a loss on how to give Rocher what was promised. Where in the world was he going to find a treasure more precious than a first-rank divine weapon? However, he knew that as soon as the young man came back from the Illusion Battlefield, the four clans would most definitely come knocking.

The Saint Lord evidently overestimated the four clans' patience.

Why wait for Rocher to come back? All four: the Xuan Yuan Clan where Nathan came from, the Ji Clan where Lucille came from, another Ji Clan where Janet came from, and the Lie Clan where Lawson came from, had already sent their respective groups to the tenth-grade sacred place.

Each of them sent a total of three groups. The first groups were sent when Rocher entered the top two thousand and five hundred.

Rocher was a precious pearl and all of them were eager to recruit him in their ranks.

Shocked was an understatement once they witnessed this young man's abilities. They were absolutely floored at Rocher's abilities!

Recruiting him was definitely not going to be an easy task. Thus, they all realized that the earlier groups they sent wouldn't suffice. How could they ever hope to compete with the other clans in getting this prime talent if they sent in their weak underlings?

This was why they sent in the second, stronger groups, far more superior than those dispatched earlier.

The Xuan Yuan Clan leader currently watched Rocher and slapped his own head, "Damn it! He is a Godly Genius!" he muttered to himself. It was then that he decided to personally recruit this promising young warrior.

It wasn't just him. The leaders of the other clans also thought the same thing.

Seeing her attack failed to elicit any reaction from Rocher, Xenia displayed an obviously unhappy expression on her face. What was she going to do now?

Rocher, on the other hand, didn't seem to be in any hurry.

His scabbard was still on the ground as he watched Xenia think of her next move.

This battle was an elimination round wherein the loser would have to go home while the winner would have a chance to have the Godly Plate. And warriors ranking among the top three would obtain better rewards. However, these things weren't that much of a concern as of the moment. The two simply concentrated on the battle happening between them right now.

They were both competing to see who was more powerful. Both of them refused to rely on any underhanded tricks or schemes to ensure that they both fought with fairness. That was the only way either of them could be convinced of the oncoming result.

Xenia stood there thinking for a while before eventually straightening up and looking at Rocher with a determined expression, "Alright. Let me try this."

She held out her palm towards Rocher. There was a brief flash of light as bolts of lightning erupted from each finger.

The electric current was like a deadly extension to each of her fingernails.

The lightning bolts also connected to each other, spreading over her hand like a webbed electric flipper. Soon enough, her fingers began to transform into electricity itself.

Then her arm, her shoulders, until her entire body was a pulsing, crackling, lightning bolt.

Xenia's blood and flesh were nowhere to be found. Rocher's opponent was now pure electricity.

He could barely make out a face and body from the electric current.

Right now, no one could tell whether Xenia was a high-level Law Creature of the Thunder Law or a warrior.

Chapter 1672 Flashing Step

As a Thunder Law beginner, one had to release life vitality into the weapon and shoot it at the enemy.

After reaching a certain degree of control, one could use thunder and lightning to encircle and temper one's body. For a martial artist, this was an easy task.

But the power of thunder and lightning circulated within one's organs—it wasn't a major problem, but it couldn't be channeled into his brain.

A warrior's soul was fragile and one could easily be injured from being struck by thunder. All martial artists that cultivated the Thunder Law had the power of thunder isolated right under their necks.

In the universe, there were many martial artists that could control thunder and lightning. But under normal circumstances, no one would bring these elements into one's own mind. No matter how powerful one's mind was, it was no easy feat withstanding the torment of thunder and lightning.

But at this moment, Xenia had actually completely turned herself into lightning.

Such was different from the lightning escape skill—with this, one could only hide within thunder and lightning.

The lightning escape skill could greatly increase a martial artist's flight speed. But this didn't mean that one could use lightning to move forward—lightning speed was nearly immeasurable as it traveled through space, after all.

The Mysterious Thunder World was similar to the Divine Flame World in that there were quite a few Thunder Law Creatures within it.

But up until now, no warrior had captured a Thunder Law Creature and lived to tell the tale.

These creatures were all incarnations of thunder and lightning—they came and went with a kind of speed that was impossible to simply catch up to.

In the history of the universe, there lived an eminent monk from the Blessed Buddha Land who possessed a Thunder Law Creature. It was said that this creature wasn't captured—the eminent monk used a Buddhist doctrine to transform it into his mount.

"Since this Xenia has completely turned herself into lightning, wouldn't that mean she also possesses instantaneous speed?"

"If it's really as fast as lightning, it's simply impossible to react to…"

"I've underestimated this Xenia."

The instantaneous speed…

In an instant, 900 lives were lost.

Such was the limit of speed in the universe.

Whether it was light or thunder, all were bound by this limit.

After Xenia completely transformed into lightning, she floated in the air. Even as her face was outlined by lightning, she was undeniably attractive.

"Here I am."

Just as she spoke her last word, everyone saw a flash of lightning.

A streak of long and narrow purple lightning bolts turned into a dragon extending across the Heaven Earth Board. It penetrated Rocher's body and arrived at the other end of the board.

This speed already exceeded the limit of what anyone's eyes could see.

Crack!

Sound traveled countless times slower than lightning. At this moment, everyone heard a crisp sound of thunder approaching.

As it resounded, Rocher's hair bun was scattered in an instant as a wound seemed to appear along the side of his neck. The wound was scorched all around with blood flowing from it.

"It's impossible to dodge an instantaneous attack."

"I'm afraid Rocher has no time to react at all."

"Honestly speaking, I can withstand the power of lightning. But Xenia isn't using ordinary lightning attacks. In this state… she's practically invincible, right?"

Some of the ace talents and Godly Geniuses watched the battle closely.

Everyone was trying to figure out how to counter Xenia's attack.

But as the old saying went, "In this world, so long as one is fast enough, they have the potential to be unbeatable."

The attack was already instantaneous, so what could be done to stop it?

As Lucille stared indifferently at Xenia, a small ring appeared in her hand. It was made from life vitality, containing the power of the five elements.

"After Xenia transformed into lightning… It's true that she turned ridiculously fast. But I can use the power of the five elements to restrain her. But it won't be easy…" she murmured.

Lucille was the most powerful of the ace talents—unlike the others, she had trained in the Five Elements Godly Way from the very beginning. Although she didn't have the internal momentum, she had also comprehended almost all the Five Elements Godly Way. Like Zen, she was merely a step away from the Godly Way.

"I did not use my full strength just now." After turning into lightning, Xenia's voice seemed to come from a distant space. "Next time," she continued, "if you still refuse to draw your sword, you really won't stand a chance. You won't be able to catch up with me. Even pulling out your sword right now won't change anything."

The faint smile on Rocher's face disappeared, replaced by an incomparably serious expression.

"The instantaneous speed… It's truly fast. This is the Purple Lightning Body in the Thunderstorm Godly Way," Rocher stated seriously.

Hearing his words, a hint of doubt flashed across Xenia's face. "You… know this skill?"

Since the ancient times, very few people had ever stepped into the Godly Way. The three thousand great ways were all very different.

Because only Xenia knew the profound mysteries of the Thunderstorm Godly Way, she had to rely on herself to understand and practice them. Even the elders of the Celestial Position race couldn't give her any advice.

The Purple Lightning Body was something that Xenia had comprehended on her own. There wasn't anyone else aware of it.

So how could Rocher call out the name of this skill?

Without replying to her, he continued, "However, you've just become a Godly Genius. The Purple Lightning Body was unable to break through the limit of the universe. It might not be impossible to catch up."

Once the words left his mouth, the crowd was in an uproar, thinking that Rocher had gone mad.

Others might not have been able to recognize the Purple Lightning Body, but after Xenia transformed into lightning, her speed was undeniable. Her flesh and blood turned into pure lightning—she had reached an instantaneous level of speed. And there was one who actually said he could catch up.

Unless Rocher could turn into lightning as well, it seemed impossible.

At this moment, Zen's eyes were brimming with curiosity. He wondered what Rocher would do to counter Xenia's attack.

"But you do possess the power to make me pull out my sword," Rocher said as he placed his left hand on the sword sheath and pulled it to his waist. His right hand gripped the sword hilt as he slightly bent his body.

Though the weapon wasn't drawn, seeing Rocher's actions, Xenia put on a blossoming smile. "Very good… Then, it's over for you now!"

If Rocher didn't make a move to draw his sword, Xenia would have been left disappointed, even if she managed to defeat him.

Now that she saw how Rocher was willing to fight her with his full strength, she was satisfied—she wanted to make him admit defeat wholeheartedly.

A streak of lightning suddenly flashed on the Heaven Earth Board.

But she didn't rush at Rocher immediately. Instead, she kept flashing along the board. Each of her flashes left behind a purple streak in the crowd's eyes. Soon after, thunder rumbled.

Xenia charged left and right, still not directly at Rocher.

"She can finish him off in a single move. Why is she stalling?"

"Why do I feel like she's afraid to strike?"

"How is this possible? The posture he's taking is the most basic sword drawing skill. It's fast but…how fast could it really be?"

The crowd was filled with doubt.

In truth, even Xenia, who had turned into lightning and was flying back and forth at high speed, was put in despair.

A strange feeling overcame her.

With her current speed, Rocher couldn't even see her clearly.

But from the very beginning, she had a strange feeling that Rocher was watching her closely. No matter how fast she was, this guy's gaze would always catch up to her.

Feeling a hint of danger, she didn't rush up to end the battle immediately.

But as she flew above the board, she could feel his gaze boring through her somehow, even from behind him.

This gaze caused Xenia to feel somewhat uneasy and uncomfortable.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

As she continued to fly, Xenia also felt a trace of frustration.

The Purple Lightning Body also consumed a great deal of life vitality—she still needed life vitality to support her every movement. The sea of life vitality in her body was like a receding tide, rapidly decreasing.

A decision had to be made quickly.

With this thought, she suddenly made three moves on the Heaven Earth Board. Three purple streaks of lightning then formed a triangle, trapping Rocher within.

But she didn't rush to him from the front. Instead, she flew behind him, traveling through the air before pouncing onto the back of his head.

Crack!

Rocher could have easily been killed in an instant.

But at this moment, he drew the sword in his hand.

A faint radiance was emitted from under his feet. As he stepped out of that radiance, a snow-white sword light flashed out from his hand.

"Flashing...

Step!"

Chapter 1673 Expectation

At this point, Rocher took a single step to the side.

Obviously, Rocher could not turn himself into lightning, so he could not move as fast as Xenia on the Heaven Earth Board like lightning.

While this might be true, he did not need to move like that.

He merely needed to take one step.

And that particular step was remarkably known as the Flashing Step!

"I'm standing on the light and walking in the Flashing Step!"

As he giddily chanted, the speed of his step had already surpassed the speed of the lightning.

By utilizing this single step alone, he successfully dodged Xenia's attack in a matter of just a split second!

The two of them swiftly passed by each other, seemingly without a pause. If the time could freeze right now, people would not only see Xenia's stunned expression, but they would also discern that her finger was only a step away from Rocher. But since the speed of the Purple Lightning Body had reached its limit, even it was Xenia, she couldn't change her direction in time. Because her thought could not catch up with her lightning speed, she could only move straightly and was unable to turn quickly.

Consequently, Rocher could deduce Xenia's position ahead of time. He surmised she would definitely move in a straight line.

And if he was not fast enough to strike, it would be all in vain.

Because in a split second, Xenia would not limit herself to turn and dodge in another direction.

Luckily, Rocher's sword strike was also faster than lightning.

"Flashing Strike!"

In the entire universe, there were only a few people who were able to distinguish clearly Rocher's counterattack.

Most of them merely caught a flash, while some could not differentiate distinctly whether that flash was a sword light or something else.

Unbeknown to all spectators, a Supreme Lord who hid hundreds of thousands of feet underground raised his eyebrows in awe as he observed the scene.

This Supreme Lord was Supreme Lord Leroy. He was the Supreme Lord of the Demon Night, who owned a pair of sharp eyes like an eagle and ears that perched up a little too high, making them look quite animated.

Supreme Lord Leroy's power could not enter the top ten among all the Supreme Lords, but his visual perception could land him in the top three rankings.

"What a quick strike!"

Supreme Lord Leroy couldn't stop himself hollering with an amused look at his face.

This sword strike was like a flash of light.

It happened in the wink of an eye. As the light sparked, he timely executed the strike. And long before the light faded away, he had put back the sword into its sheath.

And within three seconds, everyone heard the crisp sound of a sword sliding into its iron sheath.

They all fixed their gaze at Rocher, who did pull his sword out a few seconds ago.

He made a quick strike after pulling it out, making it harder for most people to discern those movements as well as to describe the outward design of his sword.

At that moment, Xenia stood frozen and looked dumbfounded.

There was no wound visible on her body. She felt something was amiss.

Xenia's body was not in the form of flesh and blood after turning into lightning, so she should not be wounded, and there must be no bleeding as well.

But who would have thought that a two-inch-wide gap would appear on her chest?

All regular swords and even dozens of arrows could never hurt her because she could always fully recover in a short time. It was as if her body possessed magical healing power.

Unfortunately, Rocher's sword was not an ordinary one.

This sword strike contained a strange internal momentum, that seemed to have no power, but it could suppress Xenia's internal momentum within.

Crack! Crack!

Lightning continually burst out of that gap, exploding and emitting dazzling purple light.

To some spectators, it was a beautiful scene to behold, but as for Xenia, that was a deadly wound!

"This strike won't make you die," Rocher said indifferently. "But it can rapidly consume your thunder internal momentum. You have activated this Purple Lightning Body for too long, so your life vitality is already consumed a lot. You will soon be unable to maintain the Purple Lightning Body after being wounded by my sword."

Rocher shook his head regretfully and went on, "You shouldn't have forced me to pull out my sword."

Hearing Rocher's gentle words, Xenia looked at her wound. She soon realized that she was going to be eliminated, but she did not look depressed at all.

Xenia had never feared anything in this universe.

Her mind was reeling with different thoughts. She shouldn't have been born in this world as she had no desire for this kind of world. If she could, she would not even join the incoming world of chaos.

She wholeheartedly accepted the result that this time she lost the battle.

Rocher did not launch another strike.

And Xenia did not attack him either.

Instead, she let the lightning on her fingers begin to dissipate slowly, turning both her hands back to their original state, looking soft and fair.

Then her right arm, shoulders, and her entire body, all, at last, were transformed back from the Purple Lightning Body.

But the wound on her chest remained, and golden blood was oozing out of it.

They said that one must change his blood if he joined the Celestial Position.

Xenia was still at a young age when she joined the Celestial Position. So she was so young then when her blood was changed into the golden blood.

Moments passed by, Xenia's face now turned paler and paler as more and more golden blood spouted out of her wound. But she was still smiling, saying, "You are truly powerful. But I might win over you if I were more careful just now. I have another powerful skill, but I can no longer use it now. What a pity..." Though she said that it was a pity, she did not look disappointed. She did not care a lot that she would be eliminated.

"The Purple Lightning Body is not the strongest skill in the Thunderstorm Godly Way, but the confusing thunder," Rocher stated as if he was helping Xenia explain. "Only the confusing thunder can release the ultimate internal momentum, but, it is still unable to hurt me."

Xenia darted a fierce look at him when hearing what Rocher said.

'What a bad guy. He already defeated me, but he is still hurting me.'

But she soon let it go.

She remembered that there were many arrogant guys in the Celestial Position race.

Karl was the most arrogant one in the young generation.

Xenia despised his arrogance the most. They did not speak to each other when they met the first time. They even glared at each other.

Though Rocher also exuded arrogance, she found it not annoying. On the contrary, his handsome and thin face was pleasing to her eyes.

She did not usually fall for someone who looked so pleasing around the universe.

Xenia lost this battle.

The entire universe was in an uproar.

These three hundred warriors were numerous gamblers' subjects.

Everyone had his own odds.

The odds represented everyone's speculation of these warriors' power.

The lower the odds were, the stronger the warrior would be.

Among these three hundred warriors, Nathan had the lowest odds. He ranked top one in those gamblers' hearts as the potential winner.

The second one was Lawson.

Then following were Kurt from the Blessed Buddha Land, Karl, and so on.

Xenia's odds were almost the same as that of Karl. The warriors with the lowest odds were all Godly Geniuses.

Surprisingly, Rocher's odds were ranked around the two hundred sixtieth place.

He strategically did not show his power before, and his ranking was not high in the Illusion Battlefield, so consequently, people underestimated him.

Before Rocher fought Xenia, ninety-nine percent of warriors thought he would surely lose within just a second. For them, he was just an unknown warrior.

Some bankers even set up a gamble on how many moves Xenia would use to kill Rocher.

No one had expected that the battle would end like this.

This battle made so many gamblers lose a large sum of money. Rocher was such a dark horse. Those gamblers who lost everything all angrily cursed Rocher.

On the Heaven Earth Board, the white stones had tried so hard to make a "big dragon", but now it was damaged and broke by the black stones.

The 'variable ones' on the board got the upper hand, and the white stones which had an advantage over the black ones were now at a disadvantage.

Until this moment did Rocher slowly walk towards his own stone. He then smiled at Zen in the midair. There was expectation in his eyes.

As everyone was sensitive about his movements, they looked along with Rocher's eyes and saw Zen!

They suddenly remembered that Rocher had said before that his sword was not prepared for Xenia.

Seeing the provoking look on Rocher's face, they realized what he meant.

Was he looking at Zen?

They did not know that since Rocher had entered the Central Region, his target was always Zen. He never changed his target.

There was a period of time when the harder he chased Zen, the bigger the gap between them became.

But Rocher never revealed negative emotions, and he never had the thought to give up. He just cultivated quietly and tried his best to catch up with Zen.

Today, he was finally qualified to stand on the battlefield. He would naturally expect a battle between him and Zen.

Chapter 1674 Cindy Ji

Zen, who was standing beside the Heaven Earth Board, exchanged gazes with Rocher and nodded slightly. He too was looking forward to the battle with Rocher.

He could tell that the Rocher in front of him was very different from the Rocher he had known before. Rocher had changed completely, as if he had been reborn. Since Zen wasn't familiar with this side of Rocher, the outcome of their battle would be uncertain.

But at this moment, Zen was thinking about another problem.

If the evolution of the Heaven Earth Board symbolized the fate of the universe, what did Rocher defeating Xenia from the Celestial Position mean?

Looking at the surface of the board now, Zen saw that all the stones were in complete chaos and each of the warriors had occupied a place of their own.

This scene made Zen fall into deep thought.

Many people in the universe were watching this game and deducing its outcome.

In the beginning, the big dragon that had been formed by the line of white stones had seemed unbreakable, like an iron rod.

But not long after, the white stones, which had been the definite, had continuously made wrong moves, which had given the black stones, the variable, an opportunity to take advantage and fight back.

As a result, the board was a mess. Whether it was the definite or the variable, they all occupied a small foothold. However, because of this, the game was in a deadlock.

"This game represents the current state of affairs in the universe!"

"As I see it, that giant dragon is referring to the humans of the past!"

"That is quite possible! Humans are the only ones who are thriving like a big dragon. They have almost unified the entire universe!"

Many powerful masters began to analyze the situation on the board based on their own understanding.

In the early era of the universe, there had been a great war that had lasted hundreds of millions of years.

During the war, all the races in the universe had formed alliances.

In the end, the human race had emerged victorious.

Under the leadership of Supreme Lord Salman, a new chapter began for the universe—the "golden age" of the human race!

If humankind had continued to flourish, the other races in the universe wouldn't have had a chance to survive at all.

However, 30 million years after the golden age had begun, there had been internal strife within the human race.

It turned out that the human race wasn't as harmonious as it seemed to be. The oldest powers, the four great clans, had maintained their status as the ruling power of the human race, and each of them was equivalent to a divine kingdom.

But when conflict broke out, Supreme Lord Salman was killed, and the universe saw the rise of Supreme Lord of Original Sin and Supreme Lord of Oracle. The originally united human race split into three great powers: Humanity Alliance, Thoughtless Minds, and Blessed Buddha Land.

This balance of power had been maintained until now.

And because of the conflict among the three great powers, the speed of the human race's growth had slowed down. On the other hand, the Demon Night race and the ogre race were constantly on the rise.

So, with this knowledge, it made sense for everyone watching to compare the huge dragon on the Heaven Earth board to the human race.

Then, two more stones were placed on the board.

The battles on the Heaven Earth Board continued...

First came the battle between Karl and the ace talent of the Night Group, where the ace talent of the Night Group resisted a few attacks perfunctorily before admitting defeat.

Then, there was a battle between Lawson and the ace talent of the ogre race, where the ace talent of the ogre race directly admitted defeat without fighting.

Next was a battle between Lucille and the ace talent of the Humanity Alliance, where Lucille defeated her opponent in three moves and knocked the latter out.

As the battles went on, the situation on the board became more and more complicated.

The number of warriors standing on the stones gradually decreased as they were slowly eliminated.

Although those who were wiped out were unwilling to accept the result, they did not leave empty-handed. After all, they still obtained a reward for strengthening their statues. Just this reward alone was already quite astonishing.

Several hours later…

Zen was picked up by the fair-skinned hand. The hand placed the black stone under his feet onto the board.

And right now, Zen was facing a knockout match!

In normal battles, even if a warrior lost, the warrior wouldn't be eliminated; that was why many people directly admitted defeat in those battles.

However, things were different in a knockout match. Since the risk of elimination loomed over both warriors, the fight would be fierce and it wouldn't end until one of them was wiped out. So naturally, any ace talent would attach great importance to a knockout match.

"There's finally an elimination round. Who's my opponent?"

Zen, who was standing on the Heaven Earth Board, raised his head and gazed up at the sky.

The fair-skinned hand reached out from the thick clouds again and moved toward the side where the white stones lay.

When Nathan saw the hand move toward him, the corners of his mouth curved into a smile. His eyes looked expectant.

"Is it my turn?"

In Nathan's eyes, there were only two or three warriors who were qualified to be his opponents.

Lawson was one of them. Before, Lawson and Nathan had been sent to the same supreme world and they had even fought once. However, Nathan had been unwittingly cheated by Lawson and his ranking, which had been the first, had immediately dropped. Ever since then, he'd held a grudge against Lawson. And he swore he would take revenge.

Lucille was also a strong opponent for him. Even though this woman was only an ace talent, she used the One Soul in Two Bodies to cultivate the Five Elements Godly Way, so her abilities were not much weaker than that of a Godly Genius.

As for the third warrior...Nathan had always thought that it wouldn't be bad to have Zen as his opponent.

In his eyes, Zen was just a very lucky man who had ascended to the Upper World. His strength was only average. However, he had a woman like Margaret by his side. Moreover, he had a divine weapon, the Saint Killing Spear of the Demon Night, with him, and Nathan had no idea how Zen had obtained it. These things both intrigued and upset Nathan.

Anyway, this would be a good opportunity for him to eliminate Zen. When he thought of this, a faint smile appeared on his face.

The Saint Killing Spear was powerful, but the spear skills that Zen had displayed were very ordinary. And anyway, the weapon that Zen usually used was not a spear.

However, the fair-skinned hand descending from the sky passed through Nathan and landed behind him.

Behind Nathan was a seemingly shy human girl.

This woman was an old friend of Nathan, and she had a good relationship with Lucille as well. She was the ace talent of the Ji Clan where Janet came from—Cindy Ji.

In fact, the Ji Clan that Cindy Ji belonged to had evolved from the Ji Clan that Lucille belonged to. In the earlier days, the two Ji Clans had belonged to the same family.

Right now, the Thoughtless Minds was the strongest power of the human race.

In the four great clans, there were two Godly Geniuses, Nathan and Lawson. Right after them, the strongest warriors were Lucille and Cindy Ji.

Although these two women were only ace talents of their clans, the two clans they belonged to both had methods to cultivate the Godly Way, so their strength was comparable to that of Godly Geniuses.

During the battle among the four great clans of the Thoughtless Minds, the elites of the younger generation of the four great clans had been ranked in terms of their strength. Nathan was in the first place, Lawson was ranked second, and Lucille was ranked third.

Cindy Ji, who was slightly weaker than Lucille, was ranked fourth.

"It's my turn..." Cindy Ji pursed her lips.

"Don't be nervous. Zen might have some ability, but he won't be a match for you." Lawson, who was on the other side, laughed coldly.

The four great clans were in the same boat and had a good relationship with one another.

They were well aware of Cindy Ji's personality. Although she was a shy and reserved woman who had no confidence in socializing with other people, her strength could not be underestimated.

"That's right. This fellow only relies on the Saint Killing Spear. As far as I know, you've nothing to fear," Nathan added, smiling.

"But…" Before Cindy Ji could finish her sentence, the fair-skinned hand grabbed the stone under her feet and placed it on the board.

Cindy lifted the hem of her dress and bashfully stepped onto the board.

Meanwhile, at this very moment, in the Ji Clan of the Thoughtless Minds, all of the members of the Ji Clan had focused their attention on Cindy Ji.

"Cindy's opponent is actually Zen?"

"She's lucky. Although this Zen is quite powerful, he doesn't have the strength to contend with a Godly Genius."

"He probably hasn't stepped into the Godly Way, but Cindy has already stepped halfway into the Dream Godly Way. Even if she were to just display the Emerald Dream, Zen would have no way to resist!"

There was only one person in the Ji Clan who was still standing in the picture. Since the battle in front of them was a battle of elimination, they naturally had to pay close attention to it. Cindy Ji was their only hope.

However, her opponent had turned out to be Zen, which they had never expected. Anyway, although they were surprised, they were confident that Cindy Ji would have no problem dealing with him.

In the eyes of most people in the universe, Zen possessed the strength of an ace talent. Although he had instantly killed Norvin of the ogre race, he hadn't relied on his own strength to achieve that. He had merely relied on the strength of his weapon to win.

However, no matter how powerful that Saint Killing Spear was, it shouldn't have much of an effect on Cindy Ji.

As such, all the warriors in the Ji Clan were very optimistic about this fight.

That was what everyone felt, except Janet, who was watching the scene with a frown on her face.

Janet had not made it through the second stage, so she had left the Illusion Battlefield and returned to the Ji Clan. Now, she was watching the competition on the Heaven Earth Board with the rest of the members of the Ji Clan.

"Oh, my God! Cindy's opponent is actually Zen…"

Among all the members of the Ji Clan, Janet was the only person who knew Zen's true strength. Since she had once fought in the Illusion Battlefield together with Zen, she knew that his strength was unfathomable.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1675 The Emerald Dream

Although Janet was worried, her face did not reveal it.

As a member of the Ji Clan, she could not do or say anything to displease and disappoint her clan members.

"Meow..."

the flame kitten in her hand meowed softly.

She had explored for treasures in the Hall of Causality, but in the end, she only duplicated and received a flame kitten. This had resulted in her being ruthlessly scolded by her father. How could she dare to speak up now?

In short, the members of the Ji Clan were still optimistic about their chances.

Warriors in the universe estimated that Zen's strength was equal to that of an ace talent. However, Lucille and Cindy were both top ace talents. The power they possessed rivalled that of the Godly Genius, and they were also capable of showcasing their internal momentum. Thus, in their eyes, Zen was still far from able to contend with them.

The only troublesome matter pertained to the Saint Killing Spear.

The stone was lightly placed on the board.

As it landed, Cindy saw Zen not far away from her. With her lips pursed, she gently grasped her long dress in one hand as if crossing a stream. She carefully jumped down from the stone, her face slightly flushed.

Anyone who saw her could tell that she was a little nervous.

"Hello..."

Cindy nodded at Zen as a form of greeting.

Those who did not know Cindy were visibly confused.

This woman did not look like she was stepping onto the battle ring, but instead it was like she was going on a blind date. Was there really a need to be so courteous and nervous?

However, Cindy had always been like this. Lucille, Nathan, and the other warriors who knew her well enough were used to it.

She was shy and reserved, but her behavior was always rather confusing.

However, her true strength was unmatched.

"Hello." Upon seeing his opponent greet him in such a manner, Zen was a bit stunned.

However, if others were polite to him, he paid his respects too. He bowed to Cindy with cupped hands.

"Do you like peach blossoms..." Cindy was blabbering. She blushed, clearly nervous.

Standing on top of the stone, Margaret's mouth twitched when she saw the scene. "Is this woman insane? What does she mean by that? Why is she so shy?"

Rocher wore a smile on his face and did not utter a word.

This time, Zen was also a bit speechless. However, he still forced a smile and said, "Peach blossoms fall like red rain. They are very beautiful. I, of course, like them..."

"Hmm." Cindy pursed her lips and nodded. "I like them too..."

Zen smiled slightly. He stared at the attractive woman in front of him and asked, "And?"

"And..." Cindy thought for a moment before continuing, "I like peach blossoms because of a dream I had not so long ago. I could share it with you!"

"What will you share with me?"

"My dream!"

As she finished speaking, Cindy gently waved her hand.

A wisp of pink life vitality poured out of it.

The life vitality formed a faint vortex in the air, enveloping the entire board...

The board was dyed with the wonderful pink color in an instant.

This was Cindy's dreamland.

A wise man in ancient times had reached the Godly Way through one dream alone.

That was not a legend, but the truth.

The wise man was called Braydon.

He belonged to the Blessed Buddha Land, but since the humans had not been divided into different forces at that time, the Blessed Buddha Land had not then been established.

When Braydon became a Godly Genius, he had only been a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior.

He wanted to become a disciple of the Hidden Spirit Temple which had been famous at the time. However, he could not enter the temple upon arriving. The Hidden Spirit Temple was now the top-level temple of the Blessed Buddha Land and ordinary warriors were not eligible to enter it.

At that time, Braydon had not been so talented and therefore was unable to enter the temple.

However, he believed that if he set his mind on it with the utmost sincerity, the temple's members would understand his sincere aspiration and accept him. Thus, he was unwilling to leave easily.

Millions of warriors had guarded the Hidden Spirit Temple for several years, but they were still not allowed to enter it.

One day, Braydon was tired and fell asleep in front of the Hidden Spirit Temple.

That was when he had a dream. The life vitality in his body circulated one lap by another, slowly spreading and drawing the outline of his dreamland.

The members of the Hidden Spirit Temple were about to drive him away when they saw him asleep at the gate.

However, those in Braydon's vicinity were trapped in his dream, unable to get any closer to him or leave the dream altogether.

At long last, he attracted the attention of the temple's masters.

The masters could not figure out what was happening. After rescuing the trapped warriors from the dreamland, they asked them not to approach Braydon again and let him stay at the temple gate.

Braydon slept there for three hundred years.

All this time, the humans were aware that a warrior slept in front of the Hidden Spirit Temple, displaying no signs of waking up.

In Braydon's dreamland, at times everything was covered in ice and snow, other times countless stars twinkled in the skies, and sometimes raging fires enveloped the entire land.

Braydon cultivated in his dream. He also tried his best to comprehend and receive insights there.

His dream lasted for three hundred years. By the time he woke up, he had become a True God.

As he cultivated in the dream, his cultivation base also increased gradually.

What he comprehended was the Dream Godly Way, which was a powerful one among the three thousand Godly Ways.

Later, the Hidden Spirit Temple labelled Braydon as the Sleeping Arhat and made a giant statue for him, so Braydon gained his position in the temple as an arhat.

At the moment, Cindy drew Zen into the Emerald Dream.

In the Emerald Dream, peach blossoms fell like red rain. It was a sight to behold.

"The dream seems so real!"

Even though Cindy had told him that this was her dream, it was hard for Zen to ascertain that it was not reality.

The Illusion Space...

He was in the Illusion Battlefield.

In the beginning, Zen had perceived the Illusion Battlefield as being so real. He had assumed that the fifty supreme worlds in the battlefield truly existed in the universe.

However, later when he came to learn more about the battlefield, he realized that the supreme worlds were just illusory spaces created by the heavens.

He began to wonder why Cindy's dreamland looked so real.

In the dream, Cindy slowly walked up to him, a small wooden sword in her hand...

At the sight of this, Zen started to be vigilant, and as he raised his hand, the Saint Killing Spear appeared in it.

He had entered this woman's dream, which was not an ideal start for him.

In fact, almost everyone in the universe saw her dreamland. It was a pink space with countless pretty peach blossoms falling left and right.

However, only a few warriors could see though this dream.

What they saw instead was the truth, not the dream. They saw Cindy holding her knees and putting her head on them, a small smile on her face. She was inside her dream at this moment.

They also saw Zen lying on the ground, asleep in an unsightly posture.

Only less than five hundred warriors could see this scene, which included the Supreme Lords and some world lords.

Since Cindy could create the Emerald Dream, it meant that she was close to the Dream Godly Way.

In the Emerald Dream, Cindy was omnipotent and in control of everything.

"Zen has been unlucky this time. He became Cindy's opponent in his first round of elimination itself..."

"Cindy is omnipotent in her dream. Her position in the dream is like the status of the heavens in the universe. If Zen can't see through it, he will not be able to defeat her!"

"Zen is in danger..."

Supreme Lord Healum said flatly. Yolande, who stood beside him, looked worried. She wondered if Zen would be eliminated this time.

Cindy, who stood opposite Zen, wielded the wooden sword in her hand to casually hack at the falling peach blossoms, as if playing with them.

As for Zen, he looked even more wary.

"So beautiful, right?"

Cindy, who had been shy at the beginning, looked confident and outgoing in the Emerald Dream. Her pair of bright eyes were enticing, her face pretty and alluring. She glanced around leisurely, looking as beautiful as a fairy.

"Do you mean the person or the peach blossoms?" Zen asked.

Cindy giggled as she covered her mouth, and then said, "Of course I mean the peach blossoms! Aren't they beautiful?"

Zen lifted the Saint Killing Spear and stared at Cindy. "Be it the peach blossoms, or be it you... Both are beautiful."

"If only we would stay in this dream forever," Cindy said, sighing happily.

"It is beautiful here, but it is just a dream. Why should we linger in this illusion?" Zen asked seriously.

"But you have no choice," Cindy said abruptly.

"That might not be true!"

In fact, their battle began when Cindy had started to arrange the dream.

Suddenly, Zen thrust the spear forward.

However, Cindy only reached out with her index finger and touched the tip of the spear.

The Saint Killing Spear, which could destroy nearly everything, was halted by Cindy's finger.

Chapter 1676 Struggles

In terms of pure destructive power, no weapon in the whole universe could surpass the Saint Killing Spear.

However, in the Emerald Dream, it was instantly blocked by Cindy's outstretched finger.

The tip of her finger touched the glittering spear tip, and the deadly spear was unable to make even an inch headway.

"Pure strength is useless in the Emerald Dream," Cindy said with a teasing smile.

Zen's gaze suddenly focused and the power of the dragon scales within his body instantly burst out through every cell in his body. In the wink of an eye, he seemed to have activated the incalculable power of ten thousand dragon scales!

However, it was still useless.

When the tip of the spear touched Cindy's fingertip, it did not even scratch her skin.

At this moment, Zen did not hesitate even for a heartbeat. He pushed off the ground and hurriedly retreated backwards.

"Shadowy Spin!"

At the same time, a gigantic spear shadow plunged forward.

When the spear shadow shot out, it could kill ordinary ace talents with a single strike if they were not nimble enough to dodge in time.

If Zen himself were to receive the spear head-on, he probably wouldn't have withstood its onslaught either.

However, a peach blossom slowly tumbled down and coincidentally passed in front of Cindy, blocking the spear shadow.

Crack!

The peach blossom violently split open.

The spear shadow formed by the Shadowy Spin was also instantly annihilated by the soft and succulent petal, while Cindy remained unscathed.

"In this dream, you are no match for me," she said as she continued to advance forward.

This exceedingly beautiful woman could instantly control everything in the Emerald Dream. This was her moment, and Zen was left helpless, or so it seemed.

She had created this dream. She had constructed the intricate rules for this fantasy. She was therefore the ruler of this enchantment.

Just how powerful was the Saint Killing Spear? It had destroyed the rules of the Illusion Battlefield to a certain extent, but here in this dream, it could not injure even her fingertip.

'So pure strength is useless, ' Zen thought as he narrowed his eyes in speculation and took a step back.

'If I can't break free from this Emerald Dream, I will lose without a doubt.'

Being eliminated now?!

Zen had never even contemplated this possibility.

However, how could he destroy the dream? He had no clue at this moment.

"I love the Emerald Dream the most as it is conceived from peach blossoms. Isn't this dream beautiful?" Cindy continued to maneuver closer to Zen. "Actually, the very instant that you entered my dream, you already lost. Now surrender!"

Zen retreated rapidly.

However, Cindy only needed to take one step to close the distance between them.

This wasn't because she had used the Space Law. She was only strolling forward casually.

Cindy was able to move across space without using the Space Law because she was the ruler of the Emerald Dream. Since this was her creation, she was omnipotent.

"Admit defeat!" said Cindy with a sweet smile.

How was Zen willing to admit defeat?

At this moment, a plan occurred to him, and he stuffed the spear into his space ring and suddenly jumped up.

However, before he could even raise his body, she gently brushed against it with her hand.

Bam!

It was as if an invisible, sledge hammer had smashed into Zen's body, causing him to plummet from the sky.

"It's useless. There is no escape from my Emerald Dream." Cindy shook her head. "This dream has such beautiful vistas, I don't want to ruin it with bloodshed and violence. Just admit defeat!"

Her personality had undergone a complete transformation.

Outside the dream, she was a shy girl. But inside the dream, she had become a completely different person. Her aura had become extremely strong and boasted a tremendous confidence.

"Ha-ha! Our Cindy is toying with this brat, like a cat with a mouse."

"He simply doesn't have the strength to offer resistance. They are not on the same level of accomplishment."

"Cindy's Emerald Dream is too powerful. Not only Zen, but I guess that even Nathan would be defeated by her."

At this moment, relaxed smiles appeared on the faces of the warriors from the Ji Clan. They had been slightly fretful before. But now, it appeared that Zen had no way of fighting back, and the end was a foregone conclusion. They could now see that Cindy had made great progress in cultivating the Dream Godly Way.

Janet looked at everything that was happening in the Emerald Dream, her eyes flashing with an undetectable light.

'Cindy has indeed become a lot stronger.

But I don't think Zen is to be discounted yet. He is not that easy to deal with, ' she thought.

Even if Cindy had the absolute advantage, Janet knew that it was not a given that she would win.

Of course, she hoped that Cindy would win this match. After all, Janet and Cindy were both members of the Ji Clan, and although Zen had helped her before, he was still an outsider in the end.

But Janet also knew Zen was not to be trifled with, and she was not sure that he would be so easily eliminated.

Zen crawled up to his knees and then rose shakily from the ground. When he heard Cindy's words, he firmly shook his head and said, "Your dream is indeed very powerful, but there is always a way to break it."

"Anyone who enters my dream is instantly controlled by me. You don't understand yet, just how powerful the Emerald Dream is," Cindy said with confidence.

After she finished speaking, she gently shook her head, like a mother who was about to discipline her unruly child.

Suddenly, an invisible force exploded and once again impacted with Zen.

Boom!

A loud noise rang out as the force connected with Zen, sending him flying to the side.

Boom!

Zen was launched across space by that power and landed thousands of feet away. As soon as he landed in a crumpled heap on the ground, an invisible force covered in peach blossoms suddenly rose from the ground and brutally smashed him into the air.

He was like a rag doll being tossed about at will by Cindy.

"In the end, Zen is only another warrior, who ascended from the Lower World. He won't be able to deal with Cindy, and I actually bet on him. Alas! I'm going to lose all of my money."

"It's all because everyone believed that he'd be eliminated in the very first round that his odds are high. However, his failure is inevitable. You thought that he was a dark horse. But how could there be so many dark horses? This fellow has the strength of an ace talent, and he should content himself with that. Surely, that is lucky enough. Compared to a true first-rate warrior, there is still quite a large gap between them."

"It's said that Cindy is only ranked fourth in the Thoughtless Minds. Zen can't even deal with her. What if he met Lucille? And what if he met Lawson? You bet on Zen winning? I think you must have been dreaming!"

When the warriors in the universe saw Zen being ravaged like this, most of them could only shake their heads in pity and felt their disregard for Zen increase.

The strength of a major power was illustrated by those Godly Geniuses and ace talents. Zen was far from being their match.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Zen's body felt like it was being held in the hands of an invisible giant who threw him around like a child's toy. Weakened by the constant onslaught, Zen didn't even seem to have the strength to fight back.

"Zen!"

Margaret called out. Her eyebrows rose up in concern.

Streams of purple light lingered around her. She actually wanted to break away from the stone she was standing on.

Although she knew that Zen wouldn't really die even if he was killed in the battle, she still couldn't stand to watch him being played around with like this.

However, the instant that she released the streams of purple light, a powerful binding force emanated from the black stone, subduing the purple light.

"Don't worry! Zen won't be defeated that easily," Rocher, who was standing beside her, assured her.

Fighting against the rules of the heavens was not a wise choice. It would just be a waste of effort and might lead to her being eliminated.

"Humph!"

Margaret didn't even bother to listen to Rocher, for all she could think about was helping her man.

The streams of purple light continued to gush from her, and sword shadows spread out from them.

She actually planned to fight against the binding power of the black stone.

The streams of purple light that had escaped from Margaret's body were originally bound to a distance of about three inches from her, but as they continued to expand, they gradually began to spread beyond the boundaries of the black stone.

When he saw this, Rocher was slightly stunned.

Crack!

A crisp sound rang out from the trembling black stone beneath her feet. A crack had actually appeared on the black stone!

At this moment, everyone's attention was locked onto the Heaven Earth Board, and they were oblivious to what was happening off to the side, where Margaret was standing.

As they heard the cracking sound, all of the viewers instantly turned their attention to Margaret. Even the ace talents and Godly Geniuses were also startled by this new development.

'This woman actually broke the black stone? This is unbelievable!'

It had been an immutable rule that after each stone landed, no one was able to move them, except for the woman in pink.

Even though the previous battles had been rather fierce, and sometimes destroyed the board, no one had been able to move the stones.

But this woman was actually able to crack this stone!

The purple light around Margaret was getting thicker and thicker, and the range it was spreading across was also increasing. If this continued, she would truly be able to break free from the black stone and charge into the Heaven Earth Board.

"Alas!"

A soft sigh quietly whispered through the air.

Soon after, faint rings of light appeared around the black stone.

The rings of light were layered, one over the other, binding Margaret.

Yet, even these rings of light weren't able to fully resist the purple light. They were slowly being corroded by the purple light.

Shock appeared in the eyes of the crowd. Even Nathan and the other warriors would not have been able to do such a thing. The woman in pink had actually made a move herself, yet she was unable to completely restrain Margaret. Such was the power of the purple light.

What on earth was her purple light made of? What was its origin?

However, as the purple light corroded the rings of light, the layers of the rings of light simply increased and surrounded her. The speed at which

Margaret was using the purple light to subdue the rings of light was far inferior to the speed at which the rings of light were created.

In theory, it was still impossible for Margaret to escape from the black stone.

Chapter 1677 Severed Limbs

On the Heaven Earth Board, Zen was being treated like a punching bag.

He was being swung back and forth by Cindy's invisible force, but he was powerless to resist.

The truth was, he still had a lot of tricks up his sleeve.

However, in the Emerald Dream, the Thunderbolt Annihilation and the Stellar Body didn't work at all.

Just now, when Zen had seen Cindy block his spear attack with just her fingertip, he'd already realized that no matter how powerful he was, it would be impossible for him to defeat his opponent in the Emerald Dream.

As a matter of fact, the two of them weren't really fighting. Instead, they were in a dream.

From the very beginning, Zen had been drawn into Cindy's dream.

He had never heard of the Dream Godly Way, which was one of the 3, 000 Godly Ways. However, he had heard that somewhere in the universe, there was some kind of dream killing technique. With that technique, a martial artist could quietly sneak into one's dream and kill him.

The world in the dream could be anything because it was completely built by the martial artist's thoughts.

Now, Cindy was the goddess of the Emerald Dream.

No matter how strong Zen was, he could never be a match for her as long as they were here.

The key was to leave the Emerald Dream.

Trapping Zen in the Emerald Dream was undoubtedly an extremely powerful technique. However, if Zen managed to leave the dream, it would be extremely easy for him to fight back and even defeat Cindy.

'The dream killing technique... The Dream Godly Way...

This is her dream, not mine.

So how did she draw me into her dream?' Zen thought to himself.

Dreams were a series of images, events, and feelings that happened in one's mind when he or she was asleep.

Generally speaking, no one could determine what he or she would dream about.

However, it was a common notion that whatever one thought about during the day, that was what they would dream of at night. Dreams often reflected real life.

'So I was stealthily drawn into the Emerald Dream?

What did she say to me before she drew me here?' Zen wondered inwardly.

"Hello.

Do you like peach blossoms?"

Yes! Peach blossoms! He remembered it now.

Zen's heart skipped a beat.

Cindy had used peach blossoms as a guide to pull him into her dream.

Now, in the Emerald Dream, there were countless peach blossoms floating slowly around them. They were a beautiful sight to behold.

These peach blossoms were the base of the dream, making Zen unable to wake up.

Bang!

Another heavy blow from Cindy directly slammed Zen onto the edge of the Heaven Earth Board before he heavily rebounded backward.

With his new train of thought, Zen had given up resisting.

After all, he knew that he could not dodge Cindy's attacks.

If he increased his strength, Cindy would do the same. If he moved fast, she would also follow suit.

As he flew backward, his gaze quietly swept over her.

Peach blossoms...

The peach blossoms floated down and covered the ground.

Oddly enough, there was a circular space around Cindy where there was not even a single peach blossom. The peach blossoms floated down, but none of them landed within that space.

But not all the peach blossoms were the same.

Zen suddenly caught a glimpse of a small peach blossom on top of Cindy's bun.

Before he'd been brought into the Emerald Dream, there had been no peach blossom on her bun, but now, there was one.

'This must be the key, ' Zen decided.

A strange look appeared in his eyes.

'If I cut off this peach blossom, I will be able to leave the Emerald Dream, ' he thought.

However, the Dream Godly Way couldn't be so easily broken.

Under the circumstances, he decided to do something. After all, he'd never been one to admit defeat.

Bang!

He was trying to find an opportunity to spring into action after being hit by so many heavy punches.

There was only one chance for him. If he failed, then with Cindy's speed in the Emerald Dream, he wouldn't be able to catch up.

Cindy reached out her slender hand, and an irresistible force hooked onto Zen and dragged him, sending him flying toward her.

Huff…

"Alright, time to end it," Cindy said with a charming smile.

Still being controlled by the invisible force, Zen floated to the spot right in front of Cindy.

"Your physical body is indeed very special," she said. "I have to say, it is as strong as a first-rank divine weapon. If it were Lucille who had to fight you, it might have given her a headache, but unfortunately, you met me first."

When Cindy mentioned her name, Lucille blinked. She looked down at the immobilized Zen and felt a slight pang of regret in her heart.

She was a big fan of Zen's stories. However, she had lost to him once before, so she wanted to defeat him personally. Otherwise, she would regret it until the end of her days.

Unfortunately, it seemed that Zen was going to lose to Cindy.

"Oh, you fool!" Lucille said with a sigh. "Just cut off the peach blossom on the back of her head." Cindy's Dream Godly Way was extremely powerful, but she'd been defeated in the competition of the four clans by Lawson and Nathan.

The reason for this was simple:

the four clans shared information about one another, and they were very clear about everyone's skills.

Cindy's Dream Godly Way was indeed powerful, but it was like a special mystery. As long as her opponent could not solve the mystery, she would be invincible. However, if her opponent succeeded in solving the mystery, the power of the Dream Godly Way would be greatly weakened.

Lucille and the others knew this very well, so Cindy would never be able to defeat them.

However, people who didn't know how the Dream Godly Way worked would have no chance of winning against Cindy.

A faint blush appeared on her face. With a sweet smile, she squeezed lightly.

Crack!

In an instant, Zen's right arm broke off from his body, and blood gushed out from the wound.

Outside of the dream, Cindy was a young girl who always remained indoors.

However, at this moment, she was wearing an abnormally cruel expression.

As she looked at the gurgling blood, her eyes lit up even more.

"I didn't expect her to be so cruel in her dream," Nathan said with a hint of sarcasm as he rolled his eyes.

Two years ago, his clan had wanted to pair him off with Cindy.

She was stunning and talented, and generally thought to be a good match for Nathan. However, Nathan was an eccentric person and he'd known Cindy's true nature from the beginning, so he had refused.

Although she looked shy and delicate, she was actually bloodthirsty.

However, the desire for bloodshed in her dream and that in reality were two different things. She could kill people in her dream, but when the Emerald Dream was gone, they would still be completely unharmed. However, their souls would have been shattered into pieces.

Cindy gently tore Zen's other arm, and the pain he felt was indescribable.

His body had always been strong. Being torn apart by Cindy was probably the most serious injury he had ever received.

Despite the pain, he clenched his teeth as his gaze quietly shifted to the peach blossom on the back of Cindy's head.

At the moment, he was only two steps away from Cindy. As long as Cindy didn't realize that he had noticed the peach blossom, he would still have a chance.

Cindy raised her head to look at Zen and smiled charmingly once again. "Actually, you can admit defeat. I'm very kind. I can't bear to see others shed tears or bleed."

Enduring the pain, Zen forced a smile. "As a martial artist, there's no avoiding blood. But I won't cry!"

"Oh, really?" Cindy pouted like a child. "But I really want to see you cry."

After saying that, she made another slanted gesture with her finger.

Crack!

It was as if the sharpest sword had cut into Zen's leg.

It forcefully separated his right leg from his body.

"Zen!"

Even though she knew that Zen wouldn't die in the Illusion Battlefield, Margaret couldn't bear to watch such a bloody scene and angrily shouted on the stone.

The more Cindy wanted to torture him, the calmer his expression became.

Cindy took great pleasure in torturing her opponents in her dream, and this was obvious to Zen.

So, he decided to put on a show and let her know that although he was powerless to fight back, he would be unyielding to her.

Meanwhile, his real goal was the peach blossom on her bun.

"Once again!"

Cindy's finger lightly made a slanting gesture in the air again, separating Zen's other leg from his body as well.

The audience couldn't help but shake their heads.

In their eyes, although Zen was quite famous, he was not as powerful as Cindy. He was basically powerless to fight back in the face of ace talents of influential clans.

Since the beginning of the battle, he had not fought back effectively.

In fact, the vast majority of people in the universe didn't know that this was the Emerald Dream and couldn't understand how Cindy had become so powerful.

Chapter 1678 The Broken Peach Blossom

Two legs and one arm

were floating in front of Zen.

Cindy looked up at him with a faint smile on her face.

Under such circumstances, her smile seemed extremely cruel.

"Alas! How will Cindy be able to get married in the future?"

A relaxed atmosphere surrounded the Ji Clan.

The battle between Cindy and Zen was almost over. She had shown her true colors in front of the entire universe. Now, after revealing how cruel she was, she wouldn't be able to find someone to marry her.

"Ha-ha! Zen was very unlucky to have met our Cindy."

"Well, I actually think he is lucky to have met her in the Illusion Battlefield. After all, he won't really die."

"After all, he is still a warrior from the Lower World. Even if he has ascended to the Upper World, he is still unable to match any of those mighty warriors. A sparrow will never become a phoenix. How could he even think he could defeat the most fierce warrior of our Ji Clan?"

The Ji Clan's warriors discussed the battle among themselves, each expressing their real feelings about Zen.

Zen might not be as strong as Cindy, but his fame had spread across the universe. If she killed him, the Ji Clan would be known everywhere.

At this moment, Janet's hand was caressing the flame kitten's vermilion fur as she stared at Zen in a daze.

"This is bad!"

she said while shaking her head.

The warriors standing beside Janet were the young talents of the Ji Clan. They had been eliminated in the Illusion Battlefield. Most of them didn't pass through the first stage. Four of them had advanced to the second stage, three of which were eliminated right there.

Since Janet had been able to enter the second stage, she was considered a top warrior among them.

"Janet, what do you mean by that?" a girl asked.

Janet's eyes glimmered as she said, "I'm afraid Cindy's going to lose."

"What did you say? You must be joking!" the girl laughed out loud.

And suddenly, as Janet finished speaking, the picture changed.

Zen suddenly twisted his body in the air and stretched out his hand to grab his severed arm. His space ring was on the finger of the severed arm.

All of this happened in a split-second.

Zen only had one chance.

The opponent he was facing was one of the strongest among the young generation of warriors in the universe.

Regardless of whether it was Nathan, Karl or Cindy, they were all well-trained. Their clans had invested incalculable resources to train the best warriors. They possessed the fate to lead the world of chaos and would play important roles in the upcoming crisis of the universe.

If he wanted to defeat Cindy, he couldn't afford to make a single mistake.

Zen took out his sword, flipped it over, and thrust it out.

All these were done in one go with no effort.

In the Emerald Dream, Cindy's speed and strength were incomparable. She seemed like she would never get tired or run out of energy.

Zen had to find the right way to break this dream or she was invincible. Perhaps only a world lord or a Supreme Lord would be able to break this dream with pure strength.

But even though she was extremely fast, her mind didn't keep up.

As Zen attacked with all those steps in one go, Cindy didn't have the time to react.

Zen's sword attack was extremely sudden, and without a reaction from Cindy, his sword slashed out.

Swoosh!

The flying sword light was aimed directly at Cindy.

Zen had no intention of killing Cindy. She was probably an indestructible warrior in this dream, so killing her was a bad idea.

The light from Zen's sword cut the peach blossom on her head.

The sword light flashed, and from the center of the beautiful peach blossom atop her bun appeared a thin line.

Although the edge of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword was sharp, it only left an undetectable mark on the petal.

"What is Zen doing?"

"Such an excellent opportunity to end her! He only took the sword to cut the peach blossom on her head?!"

"If it were me, I would have cut off her neck without a second thought!"

The onlookers discussed Zen's sword strike among themselves. Everyone thought that Zen had gone mad and should have killed Cindy.

Nathan's eyes lit up at this scene.

And Lucille was excited too. Even though she and Cindy were like sisters, she still secretly hoped that Zen could continue to win in the competition until he met her.

Now that Zen had cut Cindy's peach blossom, she should have lost.

The members of the Ji Clan saw what had happened and fell silent.

As soon as Cindy activated the Emerald Dream, the warriors of Ji Clan knew that the peach blossom was the foundation of the Emerald Dream.

Having destroyed the peach blossom, Zen had also shattered the Emerald Dream.

He hadn't even noticed the peach blossom before, and they were relieved to see that.

If he couldn't destroy the peach blossom, he would never be able to wake up.

Naturally, Cindy would win.

But Zen unexpectedly cut the peach blossom with his sword.

Everyone in the Ji Clan was shocked, thinking that Zen had been faking it all along, pretending he didn't know about the peach blossom.

Cindy looked miserable.

All the peach blossoms floating in the Emerald Dream began to shatter on their own, leaving pink traces behind as the petals disappeared from the Heaven Earth Board.

"Huh?"

Margaret had been struggling with all her might.

However, when the Emerald Dream disappeared, Zen, who had lost both his legs and right arm, and Cindy both disappeared.

Suddenly, they appeared before everyone again.

Zen opened his eyes and jumped up from the board.

Cindy was curled up on the board hugging her legs. She raised her head to look at Zen and gently bit her lips.

It seemed that she would no longer resist.

If she hadn't activated the dream, Cindy's strength would still be extraordinary. But she wasn't a match for Zen, so her resistance would be futile.

Tick tack.

As Zen slowly walked towards her, a single teardrop fell from her left eye.

Tick tack.

Then more teardrops fell. Cindy couldn't stop it.

"I'm sorry I hurt you." Cindy started to cry.

Zen walked up to her. Now, Cindy looked like a completely different person from the cruel-hearted woman in the dream. She seemed so delicate and weak that any man would want to protect her.

But Zen remained cool. He didn't show the slightest mercy and said coldly, "Your dream was very beautiful, but once is enough. Are you trying to use your tears to activate another dream? Please stop it or I will have no choice but to end you right here right now."

Cindy's body trembled at Zen's words. Only then did despair appear on her face as she said, "Fine! You win!" Her voice was so low that only Zen could hear what she had said.

Zen smiled, turned around and walked towards his stone.

The purpose of the battles on the Heaven Earth Board was to determine a victor. Zen was not a bloodthirsty person, so he decided to let her go.

He had only taken two steps when he suddenly turned around, lifted his sword and slashed it out towards Cindy.

Puff!

A line of blood appeared on Cindy's forehead.

In her hands, there was a small wooden doll.

The wooden doll didn't seem like an ordinary item. Zen wasn't sure what use the wooden doll had, but he couldn't take a chance with Cindy or he would be in big trouble.

Plop!

Cindy fell to the board and was immediately eliminated from the battle.

Zen won the battle.

Cindy slowly disappeared from the Heaven Earth Board with a raging face. No matter how unwilling she was, she was still sent out of the Illusion Battlefield.

Zen shook his head.

"This woman is so evil!"

Margaret said angrily. Even though Zen had won this battle, she was still angry at Cindy for torturing him.

Zen smiled and said, "You can't really blame her."

"What? So now you actually care for that woman?" Margaret raised her thin eyebrows at Zen.

Rocher agreed with Zen by saying, "She cultivates the Dream Godly Way and is unable to fight with you face to face. She can only use scheming techniques to draw you into her dream. This is also a way of fighting, and it has nothing to do with being evil or good."

"You are right." Zen nodded.

All the warriors in the universe would display their strengths.

A warrior would be faster than the other. Another warrior would be stronger. Every warrior had something that made them unique.

The battles in the Illusion Battlefield continued. The next round was not a knock-out battle. The woman in pink chose Margaret and an ace talent from another race to fight.

At this moment, high up in the sky, a streak of nine-colored light began to revolve slowly.

Not long after, a skylark flew out from the light and flew towards the thick clouds. It flew towards the great hall in the middle of the clouds, and its pair of bird claws landed on the mysterious girl's pinky finger.

The mysterious girl tilted her head slightly, listening to what the skylark was saying.

Her eyes lit up. "You've already found out about Yan? She..."

The mysterious girl looked astonished.

She hadn't looked like this in hundreds of millions of years.

Chapter 1679 The Final Eleven People

The information that Zen had entrusted her to investigate hadn't been sent back from the divine land until now.

However, what she didn't know was that this matter was far beyond her imagination.

In the eyes of the mysterious girl, Zen was just a being born from the universe.

She had been staying in this round of the heavens for many years, putting her heart and soul into the kalpas of three lives:

the Past Solemn Kalpa, the Present Sage Kalpa, and the Future Constellation Kalpa.

Although she really hated those Buddhists, she had to admit that they were powerful. She could only stay here and help take care of this round of heavens.

Zen's appearance had surprised her a lot.

Moreover, she had never expected that his Roaring Token could trigger the Perception Sound, which was one of the rules of the heavens.

After all, she was the one who had created the Roaring Tapir and placed it in the universe.

Eons ago, she'd felt that the universe was too quiet, so when she created the Roaring Tapir, she gave it the Perception Sound, which was one of the rules of the heavens.

The beings of the universe were all very intelligent. After discovering the Roaring Tapir's theurgy, they had immediately used it without restraint, which was why the universe was so lively now.

However, the mysterious girl had not dared to cross the line. If there were too many Roaring Tapirs, the universe would become noisy and there would be no peace.

As there was a fixed number of Roaring Tapirs, the Roaring Token had become valuable in the universe.

But Zen's Roaring Token was different.

He could forcefully communicate with the heavens and activate the Perception Sound.

The mysterious girl had once made five Roaring Tokens with no restrictions, but later, because the world of chaos ended, she had taken them all back.

In other words, other than her, no one else in the universe could release the Perception Sound at will, except for Zen.

Zen's Roaring Token was truly extraordinary.

There were many rules of the heavens and the mysterious girl was the one who was in charge of them.

Even the authority to trigger the Perception Sound was in her hands.

Some of the times when Zen had used the Roaring Token, she had tried to stop him.

But strangely enough, she hadn't been able to stop him from activating the Perception Sound.

The truth was, she bore no ill intention toward Zen. She was merely curious as to why Zen was able to do something that should have been impossible. Could it be that Zen had a higher authority in the heavens than she did?

How could this happen?

She had asked Zen this question, but he hadn't answered truthfully.

She'd analyzed the situation and carefully pondered over it, but she hadn't been able to come up with anything.

But from what she'd heard, she finally understood why it would take years to have news of Yan.

'Well, these fellows have all lived for far too long. Have they gotten tired of living? Why did they make such a plan?

Should I tell Zen or not?'

the mysterious girl wondered.

She would always do what she had promised, but she didn't know what Zen would think and whether or not it was appropriate to tell him in the first place.

Meanwhile, everyone watching the Illusion Battlefield was shocked. After seeing Zen defeat Cindy, they viewed him in a whole new light. This ordinary warrior had turned out to be much stronger than any of them had imagined.

The 300 people in the battlefield could be more or less divided into three groups based on their strength.

Godly Geniuses such as Nathan, Lawson, and Karl formed the first group.

Lucille and Cindy were not Godly Geniuses, but they were qualified to be members of the first group too. Although their Lotus Flowers had not fully bloomed, they already had the strength to fight Godly Geniuses.

But to everyone's surprise, Zen had defeated Cindy.

Before that, he had killed Norvin with a single strike and then defeated two ace talents.

His previous opponents could only be considered as members of the third group. They all existed on the fringes of this battle to lead the world of chaos.

However, Cindy's case was different.

More importantly, Cindy had lost to Zen in the elimination round.

The meaning behind this was completely different.

Cindy's defeat had sent the Ji Clan into complete chaos.

Each of the four biggest clans had a seed, and the seed of the Ji Clan was Cindy.

The Dream Godly Way she cultivated was quite special, so her clan had helped her formulate a few tricks and strategies to wield it.

If she used these strategies, even Nathan and Lawson would find it hard to break out of her Emerald Dream.

Using the peach blossoms as bait was her most common way of luring her opponents into her dream.

She had been saving the other methods that she had come up with for the later stage of the competition, thinking that she would need them after entering the top ten.

Her entire clan had been rooting for her to reach the top three.

None of them had expected that she would be defeated by Zen.

She hadn't even gotten a Godly Plate, so this put her clan at the bottom of the four clans.

To the Ji Clan, this was an extreme humiliation.

By now, this news had most likely spread throughout the various sacred places under her clan.

"I'm sorry," Cindy uttered.

After leaving the Illusion Battlefield, she'd flown back to her clan's Illusion Space. Raising her head, she glanced at the painting and went to the leader of her clan.

The leader sighed. "Alas. Forget it. Cindy, it is indeed a great regret that you were eliminated. But don't be discouraged. Continue to work hard in the future, and you will definitely become a Godly Genius one day."

Cindy nodded slightly, and then silently left.

Not far away, Janet was hugging her flame kitten, not saying a word.

A few talents at the side looked at her and cautiously asked, "Janet, how did you know?"

Janet had predicted this outcome earlier.

At that time, everyone had been certain of Zen's defeat.

Staring at the painting, Janet shook her head and said indifferently, "It's not just Cindy that Zen could defeat. Nathan will also be in big trouble if he comes across Zen."

All the people around Janet widened their eyes in surprise.

Cindy was only slightly weaker than Lucille, but she was much weaker than Nathan.

Was Zen really so powerful that he could defeat Nathan?

Looking at their expressions, Janet smiled slightly. "It doesn't matter anymore. Our clan has already lost. Let's just wait and see!"

On the Heaven Earth Board, the competition continued.

Margaret once again activated the Purple River Sword Array, sealing her opponent within.

With that, she won the battle.

The next battle was not an elimination match, so after fighting for a short while, one of the warriors cupped his hands in resignation.

Three battles later, it was Lucille's turn to fight.

This was not an elimination match either.

However, Lucille's opponent, an ogre ace talent, insisted on fighting.

It seemed that he would rather die than admit defeat.

Moreover, he displayed some strength that greatly surprised everyone.

Given his strength, he was powerful enough to be classified under the second group.

However, he couldn't win against a powerful being like Lucille by relying on his perseverance alone.

Under Lucille's repeated attacks, he was finally killed.

"It's a sheer waste of time!"

Lucille said expressionlessly and returned to the sky.

Then, finally extremely fierce battles unfolded in the center of the Heaven Earth Board.

There were four consecutive elimination matches.

Shania of the Demon Night eliminated an ogre ace talent.

The Otherworldly Swordsman eliminated an ace talent of the Celestial Position.

Then, with a single move from Nathan, an ace talent of some small clan was eliminated.

Margaret fought again, eliminating an ace talent of the Night Group.

With every elimination match, one person was eliminated, so in this short period of time, four people were eliminated.

Along with the seesaw battles on the Heaven Earth Board, the probability of elimination had greatly increased.

The 300 martial artists were eliminated one by one and the number of ace talents in the sky was rapidly shrinking.

Not long after, more than half of the 300 candidates were eliminated.

However, although quite a few people were eliminated, there were very few truly intense battles.

After all, the Godly Geniuses hadn't even had a chance to face off against each other yet.

It was unknown if it was because of the mysterious girl's deliberate arrangements or because of fate, but more and more people were eliminated quickly.

147.

120.

77.

30.

Finally, the number dwindled down to 11.

Everyone in the top ten would be able to acquire a Godly Plate.

However, there were 11 of them right now.

They were Zen, Margaret, Nathan, Lawson, Lucille, Rocher, Karl, Parker, Shania, the Otherworldly Swordsman, and Kurt.

Among the 11 people, Zen, Margaret, and Lucille were the only ones who were not Godly Geniuses. And no one was sure whether Rocher was a Godly Genius or not.

As for the other seven people, they were all Godly Geniuses with different powers. They had comprehended the Godly Way and possessed the internal momentum. They were the strongest in their generation, and they were favored by this era.

Since only the top ten would get Godly Plates, everyone was eager to know who would be eliminated next.

All the living creatures in the universe were watching the Illusion Space with bated breath.

Of these 11 people, who would be the first to be eliminated?

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1680 The Fate Of The Eleven (Part One)

Just by looking at these eleven warriors, the Thoughtless Minds had proven to the entire universe that they were the force with the greatest potentials.

Amongst the eleven warriors were Lawson, Nathan, Lucille, and Rocher. The first three were direct descendants of the big clans of the Thoughtless Minds. Rocher, on the other hand, had ascended to the region of the Thoughtless Minds, thus making him a legitimate member of the said force.

In other words, the Thoughtless Minds had obtained four seats out of the eleven, outnumbering the other forces.

The Demon Night, the ogres, and the Blessed Buddha Land each had obtained the only seat in the top eleven.

Meanwhile, the Humanity Alliance had almost failed to make it to this round.

The only Godly Genius from the Humanity Alliance who had made it into the top 300 was easily defeated by Lawson from the Thoughtless Minds. Therefore, he was eliminated and didn't make it to the top eleven. The Humanity Alliance was nearly off this game!

Luckily, there was Zen. Before the Illusion Battlefield had begun, Zen had ascended to one sacred place of the Humanity Alliance. Thus, he was considered a legitimate member of the alliance. He was now the last hope of the Humanity Alliance in the Illusion Battlefield.

Right now, the situation on the board had become quite complicated.

The tables had turned — the long line of white stones was cut off, giving the black stones the greatest advantage. Now, the black stones had successfully separated the territories the white stones had occupied

The Supreme Lords had hearts in their mouths with the sudden turn of events. They were like cats on hot bricks.

This game of Go symbolized the evolution of this grand era — the past, present, and future. In the beginning, the white stones' triumphs demonstrated the early years of this grand era up to the prosperity of the human race. This was the past.

Then, the disruption of the long line of white stones represented the fierce clash between the different forces. This was the present.

Now, the unexpected takeover of the black stones implied the turbulent future.

The white stones represented the stability of this grand era. So, the disruption of the white stones could be a prophecy of a massive crisis that was bound to happen in the future.

And judging by the current situation on the board, the Supreme Lords predicted that most of the races, including the greatest ones, would perish because of the crisis.

If the prophecy would happen, the universe could lose trillions of its population in an instant.

That could be the most disheartening situation to think about.

But since the game on the Heaven Earth Board was still on going, the situation could either still improve or worsen. If the white stones would get wiped out, it was very likely that all lives in the entire universe would perish, and this grand era would meet its end.

It was indeed that the fate of the universe, no matter how hard it was to comprehend, was already decided by the heavens.

Even the Supreme Lords felt powerless to change the seemingly inevitable chaotic future.

But if they couldn't do it, they rested their hopes in the protagonists in the world of chaos. They were told to be the strongest in the entire universe and the only people who could have the ability to change the fate of this grand era.

But this theory was only of the ordinary Supreme Lords.

The Supreme Lords of different ranks had different opinions and theories about everything.

Unlike the ordinary Supreme Lords, the top-rank Supreme Lords had different views about the fate of the entire universe.

The head of the Celestial Position race and Supreme Lord of Original Sin were some of these top-rank Supreme Lords.

Even though they weren't born in times of chaos, people could not argue with their profound thoughts and insights on more complicated matters.

These people were the few of the unrivaled geniuses in the entire universe in this grand era.

Now, all creatures had always wondered about two things: Was it impossible to change their destinies designed by the heavens?

Could there be a way for the Supreme Lords to break their Heavenly Destinies and become a True God?

The entire universe strongly believed that the rules of the heavens were carved in stone. However, for the top-rank Supreme Lords, they were convinced that rules were bound to be broken. If one had a strong understanding of a certain rule, then he would surely know a way to go around it. But to interpret the rules designed by the heavens, they must first uncover the secrets of how the world began.

Meanwhile, the eleven warriors on the Heaven Earth Board were quietly waiting for the huge hand to appear in the sky and make the next moves.

It didn't take long for the hand to appear through the thick layer of clouds. The warriors kept their eyes locked on the hand as it slowly reached for a black stone. Everything and everyone went completely silent, even those watching from outside the Illusion Battlefield. The warriors were holding their breaths as they waited for the hand to choose one of them... and it was Margaret!

Snap!

The stone that Margaret was on was then placed on the board.

At this point, the game had reached its most crucial part where every move mattered. One wrong move and it would be game over!

But to everyone's surprise, Margaret's stone was placed at a corner that didn't make sense to the territories of both sides.

Everyone was left stunned by the last move.

No matter how hard they tried, they couldn't understand why the hand made a meaningless move with the black stone.

Margaret herself was dumbfounded by the move. She was a Go master herself; thus, she immediately recognized that the move was inappropriate.

The hand then made its move in the white stones.

And this time, it was Nathan from the Thoughtless Minds!

Anyone would normally feel unlucky and upset if they were to face Nathan in a battle.

However, at that moment, they considered Margaret as lucky.

This was because they noticed that the white stone was also placed at a rather strange spot.

The spots they were placed in were not strategic. And since no stone was pulled out from the game with these two moves, neither Margaret nor Nathan would be eliminated. They could choose not to fight, and admit defeat directly.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

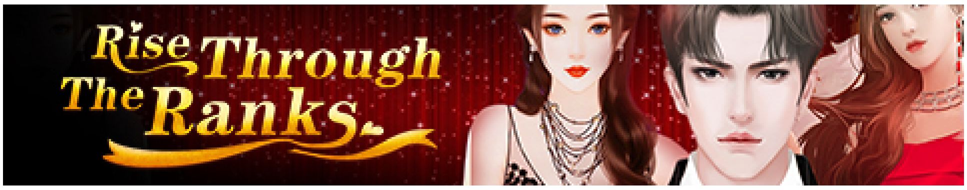

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

31

Content

Chapter 1681 The Fate Of The Eleven (Part Two)
Chapter 1682 Gods Killing Sword Array
Chapter 1683 Formidable Kurt
Chapter 1684 Supreme Chaotic Weapon
Chapter 1685 A Ray Of Grey Light
Chapter 1686 Supreme Weapons
Chapter 1687 Take Advantage Of The Situation
Chapter 1688 Shania
Chapter 1689 Thorn Forest
Chapter 1690 Latonia
Chapter 1691 Mr. Storyteller
Chapter 1692 Head To Head
Chapter 1693 One Punch
Chapter 1694 What Reward Will I Get
Chapter 1695 The Top Five Warriors
Chapter 1696 The Circle Of Life And Death
Chapter 1697 Latonia's Purpose
Chapter 1698 Life-or-Death Space
Chapter 1699 The Emotion Closing Godly Way
Chapter 1700 The Staff Of Life
Chapter 1701 Creating Creatures
Chapter 1702 Ten Zens
Chapter 1703 Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike
Chapter 1704 Zen Won
Chapter 1705 Giving Full Consideration Before Making Any Decision
Chapter 1706 A Fierce Battle
Chapter 1707 Soaring Snake
Chapter 1708 In A Stalemate
Chapter 1709 The Beginning Swordsmanship
Chapter 1710 Sharpen The Sword Skill
Chapter 1711 The Scattered Stones (Part One)
Chapter 1712 The Scattered Stones (Part Two)
Chapter 1713 It Was Delicious
Chapter 1714 Accident
Chapter 1715 A Big Gap

Chapter 1716 The Perfect Opponent
Chapter 1717 The Instant Godly Tile
Chapter 1718 Heaven Opening Sword Book
Chapter 1719 Killed Nine Seconds Later
Chapter 1720 Fight For The First Place
Chapter 1721 Bickering
Chapter 1722 The Weird Spear
Chapter 1723 Cunning
Chapter 1724 Law Spear Strike
Chapter 1725 Walking Either Straight Or Sideways
Chapter 1726 The Bane Of Nathan's Life
Chapter 1727 Another Heavenly Fragment
Chapter 1728 A Godly Plate
Chapter 1729 Surprise
Chapter 1730 The Birth Of A New World
Chapter 1731 The Bright Sun World
Chapter 1732 The Sword Manor
Chapter 1733 An Auction
Chapter 1734 The School Leader
Chapter 1735 Zen's Identity Was Revealed
Chapter 1736 Meaning

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 1681 The Fate Of The Eleven (Part Two)

But Margaret was already thinking ahead of others. When she noticed that the white stone's placement wasn't anything strategic, she gently stepped down from the stone and stood on the board.

By just making it up to this point, she had already achieved the goal that her master had set for her.

Her master didn't require her to exert herself.

Moreover, this was not a knockout round so she didn't have to fight her opponent. Besides, she was slack in martial arts cultivation, so it was better for her not to face Nathan.

As soon as she stepped onto the board, she smiled sweetly and was ready to admit defeat.

For many, Margaret made a wise decision. They understood her intention considering the two recent moves. And who would want to face Nathan head-on?

But before Margaret could announce her surrender, Nathan cut her off and spoke, "Margaret, it's a great honor to spar with you!"

"What?" Margaret blinked in confusion. She smiled at him and explained, "You see, I have no intention to fight you. I admit defeat-"

"You can't!" Nathan interrupted.

"Why?" Margaret was confused. Why couldn't she admit defeat? Was it against any rule?

Nathan said with a faint smile, "Margaret, do you know that the situation on the Heaven Earth Board predicts our future?"

"Yes, I know. You don't have to tell me," she replied dully. As a Go master, Margaret had fully understood the meaning of this game.

However, she did not care about it at all or anything about the conflicts in the universe. She thought that those had nothing to do with her. The only reason she was here was because of the man she loved and she just wished to stay by his side forever.

Nathan was somehow disappointed by her indifferent reaction. But he then walked towards the other side of the board and said, "I've mastered not only martial arts but also astrology and divination. Look at the territory here! A white stone was captured here because you defeated that warrior!"

He pointed at a circle of black stones. There once stood an ace talent whom Margaret had defeated.

But Margaret said nothing in reply and just stared at Nathan with a more confused look. She felt perplexed because he didn't answer her question directly. She was getting more and more annoyed at Nathan. However, it would be impolite to interrupt his explanation, so she had no other choice but to keep listening.

Nathan then pointed at another corner and continued, "And here! Several black stones were captured here because I defeated those warriors! Although these two territories seem unconnected, they are truly the foundations of the succeeding moves!"

At first, everyone didn't get what Nathan was trying to explain. They were all confused just like Margaret. However, after he explained it this way, they began to realize what he wanted to prove.

After that, Nathan suddenly looked up at the sky. "If I guessed it right, both sides are going to defend their territories by competing in a line. And this is a joint effort of our previous moves! And that could only mean…"

He cleared his throat but didn't finish what he wanted to say.

It seemed as if he was speaking to both Margaret and the mysterious woman, but he was addressing the entire universe.

The faces of the wise men from the audience lit up when they finally realized the gist of Nathan's explanation.

Even the Supreme Lords could not believe that Nathan was able to come up with such a conclusion from the game.

"This boy is truly one of the most outstanding people in the entire universe. There's no need to calculate the future of this world of chaos. He'll be number one!"

"What a shame! Although I'm a Supreme Lord who have lived for hundreds of millions of years, I was wrong in my interpretation of the game. Indeed, this boy has a much deeper insight than me!"

"Nathan, once again, you've made me proud! You never let me down!"

The audience became loud as the Supreme Lords shared their praises towards Nathan at the same time. Their praises had spread throughout the entire universe through the Roaring Tokens.

The only people who couldn't hear their voices were the remaining eleven warriors in the Illusion Battlefield.

Margaret was still lost with Nathan's theory. Although she clearly understood the game of Go, she knew nothing about the arts of calculation and prediction so she couldn't understand Nathan's words at all.

"To be honest, I don't understand a word you're saying. I don't have time to fight you, so I have got to go! Bye!" she said.

Despite Nathan's impassioned speech, Margaret turned around and left without the slightest hesitation. Once she returned to the black stone, she would be considered to have given up on this fight.

Nathan didn't expect that Margaret would leave immediately. But he insisted on making her stay to fight and called her back. "Wait a minute!"

Margaret turned around with her eyebrows raised and face filled with impatience. This time, she couldn't hide her anger towards Nathan, "Just tell it to me directly! Stop beating around the bush! I don't understand what you're trying to imply!"

"I mean, this game of Go not only represents the future of the universe but also indicates the fates of the eleven people here. Don't you know? We are now the protagonists of this world of chaos. And your fate is closely intertwined with mine, so you will be my woman in the future!" Nathan tried to explain it as straightforward as possible to Margaret. Despite the awkwardness of the situation, his face remained calm.

For a moment, Margaret stood there dumbfounded and stared at him blankly.

Nathan tried to remain composed. He was radiating with overflowing confidence. He knew he was a man of great charm. And now that he was part of the top eleven, there was no denying that he had become every woman's dream. Now, he couldn't imagine how Margaret would react to his confession. Would she jump for joy? Would she kiss and hug him?

But contrary to what he anticipated, Margaret asked with disdain, "Are you nuts?"

Chapter 1682 Gods Killing Sword Array

Nathan had earned a very good reputation among the human forces.

He had survived a lot of terrible and miraculous experiences since his youth, and he had also relied on his own talent to gain recognition by the Xuanyuan Clan. Thanks to his consistently excellent efforts and persistence, he had reached great achievements and finally enjoyed the fruits of his labor by becoming a Godly Genius.

However, he had lived a solitary life all this time, without any woman to win his heart.

There were many beautiful women who had been willing, even keen, to marry him, but his focus was only on the martial arts, and he did not even spare a moment to glance at any woman.

However, when he suddenly expressed his love for Margaret in front of all the warriors in the universe, his words caused an uproar of note among the crowd.

After the scene unfolded before everyone's eyes, Margaret and Zen stayed beside each other, with a stone between them. They didn't seem to have any intimate behavior.

However, those warriors who were there at the scene saw that Margaret and Zen often snuggled up to each other. It was obvious that they were a couple.

The warriors who had been eliminated, and even those who had not been eliminated yet, were all stunned upon hearing Nathan say that he wanted Margaret to be his woman. They all thought that Nathan was too daring to say those words in front of Zen.

Although Nathan's speculation had made sense, Margaret was still Zen's woman. Anyway, it was not appropriate for him to offer those remarks. Besides, apart from Margaret, there were still many outstanding women who could be a perfect match for him. There was no need to be desperate. Given Nathan's high status, it was easy for him to have thirty thousand or even three hundred thousand women to accompany him...

"Ha-ha... Nathan really has a special taste in women," Lawson said to Lucille with a wry smile. His voice sounded rather unpleasant.

He and Lucille knew Nathan very well. Nathan had never been in a relationship before, and it seemed as if it was hard for him to trust just any woman. However, today his reckless behavior confused Lawson.

Lucille frowned slightly. Nathan seemed to say those words with an earnest intent to try and persuade Margaret to be with him, by taking advantage of their destiny. However, even if his speculations were true, Margaret was already Zen's woman, and he would not have a chance to start a love relationship with her. So he should not have said those words.

After hearing Nathan's love confession, Margaret rudely stated that he was crazy and ignored him. Then she stepped onto the black stone.

"Margaret, please, wait a moment," Nathan rapidly took a step and reached her in an instant, seemingly intent on stopping her.

At this moment, Margaret suddenly wheeled about, and her long hair spiraled upwards as four sword shadows shot out all of a sudden.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish..."

The four sword shadows were illusory, so they were not real swords.

Although they were just virtual shadow swords, there was an extremely fierce intent contained within them.

Long Vine Sword, Buddha Emperor Sword, Grant Sun Sword, Heavenly Tooth Sword...

The four swords could create the most formidable array—the Gods Killing Sword Array!

The four swords didn't exist in the current round of heavens. When Margaret cultivated, she had relied on the Purple Power World's secret treasure—the Array Tablet to master this array.

When the four swords appeared, they etched many small lines in the air below her. These lines were sharp edged and stiff, not soft at all. Only the killing array would make such lines.

After a sword array was arranged, there would always be a way to break free and escape it; while, for some sword arrays, there was more than one way to get rid of them.

Therefore, when many warriors chanced upon the sword arrays, they all tried to figure out the weakest points of the arrays to find a way out.

Those warriors who created the sword arrays didn't like to leave any escape routes for the warriors to break free of them. After all, with more ways to break the sword array, more weak points could be found in the array. But if they wanted their sword arrays to be successful, they had to embed the path of reincarnation within the arrays. It could be said that they had no choice but to do that.

For example, as with Margaret's Purple River Sword Array, there was also a way to escape it. However, the Purple River Sword Array's attacks were as dense as rain and hid the escape path very well, so it was very difficult for ordinary warriors to escape its deadly attack.

But there was no any way out from the Gods Killing Sword Array, and this was the reason why it was called the killing array and had become the most formidable array in existence.

When they saw the Gods Killing Sword Array, many Supreme Lords were shocked.

"Why is there such a warrior existing in the Purple Power World?"

"She has the first rank Purple Power Body... It is very lucky for Elder Apeiron to have found such a warrior!"

"No wonder that this woman was given a chance to compete here..."

The Purple Power World was not a very powerful world in the scope of the universe.

The members of this world were all women; hence, it had a small population. Moreover, its warriors had no intention of dominating the universe, so many forces of the universe seldom paid attention to the Purple Power World.

But it didn't mean that the other worlds could ignore the Purple Power World.

After all, there was the inheritance from the True God in the Purple Power World. However, this inheritance could only be attained by those who had the Purple Power Bodies. The ordinary warriors were thus unable to claim it. Therefore the value of that inheritance was not fully known.

The Gods Killing Sword Array's powerful force was not just limited to the universe, and it was also the most effective in the whole divine land.

As the four swords shot out and formed the sword array, Nathan's eyes sparkled with surprise.

"Swoosh!"

Sensing the crisis, Nathan instantly backed away.

It was a choice not to be trapped in the deadly crisis created by the powerful array.

Nathan, the most remarkable Godly Genius, was more sensitive about the potential crisis than most.

Because of his sensitivity, he could feel the terrible strength and intent of the sword array.

In the blink of an eye, Nathan moved about one thousand feet away. At the same time, he prepared himself to battle. There was a blood-red gleam in his eyes.

After entering the Illusion Battlefield, Nathan had never fought with great seriousness against the other warriors.

He had been defeated only once, by Lawson, just because he was tricked by Lawson and as a result the heavens killed him. At that time, he didn't have the chance to display his actual strength. Or rather, he was unwilling to show his strength at all.

However, when Margaret suddenly created a part of the Gods Killing Sword Array, Nathan became fully vigilant.

The Godly Geniuses on the stones all remained silent at the sight of the sword array.

The strength that Margaret displayed before had not been that powerful.

The Purple River Sword Array was of course quite impressive, but in the eyes of the Godly Geniuses, it was nothing, and barely worth mentioning.

So they didn't take Margaret seriously or see her as a powerful opponent.

In fact, they didn't think highly of Zen either.

Although Zen had once defeated Cindy; her Dream Godly Way was not that remarkable. If her opponent couldn't find out what the pivotal item of the dream was and break it, she was invincible; but, if her opponent found it out, she would be defeated in an instant. Even though Zen had triumphed over her; truthfully, he had not relied on his strength. Besides, his strength might even be as powerful as that of the top ace talents, but he was still greatly inferior to the Godly Geniuses.

Now, with Margaret's unexpected display of the Gods Killing Sword Array, everyone was astonished by her.

The killing intent from the Gods Killing Sword Array was indeed formidable, and it could even be regarded as having its own internal momentum. Could it be that Margaret had also managed to activate her Mahayana Lotus Flower? Was she secretly also a Godly Genius?

With four virtual swords floating around her, Margaret glanced at Nathan who was not far away from her, and hissed, "Don't get close to me!"

Then she gently leaped from her own stone and chose to admit defeat.

In this round of the battle, Margaret lost, by choice.

Nathan stood still, favoring an embarrassed expression on his face.

At the beginning, he had been so confident and brave to tell others about the destiny he had deduced. But now, he had been scared by the sword array and had backed away, which placed him in an awkward situation.

He was, after all, the number one Godly Genius!

Being the most outstanding warrior among his peers, he had never been afraid of anyone or anything before.

But the killing intent releasing from the sword array moments ago was indeed too terrible to behold. Even when he thought of it now, he still believed that it was the correct choice for him to retreat at the time.

Nathan might not have been able to break the sword array, and he still thought that if he had been trapped in it, he would surely have been killed.

When thinking of Margaret, he believed that his earlier speculation was proven correct.

Margaret was the only one who could be a perfect match for him, but she just didn't believe that, yet...

Right at this moment, he raised his head slightly and saw someone on a stone not far away staring at him. That warrior was none other than Zen.

Zen just looked at him with an extremely calm and meaningful gaze.

They didn't say anything to each other, but then Nathan returned to his own stone after he gave a brief snort.

Chapter 1683 Formidable Kurt

Zen did not have any ill feelings towards Nathan.

The two of them had hardly interacted.

But now that Nathan had spoken to Margaret like that, it meant he had ignored Zen.

Margaret had not married him, but she was still his girl.

There were many ways in which Zen could be magnanimous. But how could he bear others lusting after his girl?

"How ridiculous!"

Margaret, who was slowly floating up onto the stone, pursed her lips and said.

She didn't believe Nathan's explanation of fate for a minute, but she was still a little panicked. She was afraid that her fate would take the path that Nathan had predicted.

Nathan had just predicted her fate according to the situation on the Heaven Earth Board but he hadn't talked about Zen's fate. If what he said was true, what would happen to Zen?

"It's just a madman babbling his mad talk. Don't take his words to heart," Zen said with a smile.

"I'm not taking it to heart," Margaret said, winking at him. She'd been afraid that Zen wouldn't be happy. But watching his relaxed expression relieved her to no end.

How could she have known what went on in a man's mind? In many ways, a man had to bear a lot of pressure, but this was intolerable.

Zen looked relaxed, but he had already made up his mind to kill Nathan.

The first battle had ended with Margaret admitting defeat, but since it was not an elimination battle, there were still eleven people.

Soon, the second battle began.

Just as Nathan had guessed, the two stones for the second battle had been chosen in a baffling manner. What was more, they were in different directions and neither of the fighters had been eliminated.

At this stage, many of the winners and losers were crucial. But the black and white sides did not tangle with each other. Instead, they began to arrange their territories once again.

This battle was one between Lawson and the ogre warrior Parker. Parker was the only Godly Genius of the ogres.

The clash between the Godly Geniuses was usually extremely fierce. They were just one step away from acquiring a Godly Plate, so they were careful.

Although Lawson was extremely powerful, Parker was also a Godly Genius. Both sides were on guard.

But once both sides fell to the board, each waited for the other side to admit defeat.

The truth was, if either side were to admit defeat, it might have had an effect on the entire game, but not much of an impact on themselves.

However, the warriors who had come to this stage did not want to lose their momentum.

Lawson had initially been arrogant. He knew that Nathan was stronger than him, but he was still willing to scheme and kill him. So how could he admit defeat now?

Parker, on the other hand, was an ogre Godly Genius who saw admitting defeat as even more of a humiliation.

The two sides remained in a stalemate for quite a while before they made a move.

This was the first time that two Godly Geniuses had crossed swords. Lawson pulled out the Wolf Teeth Shadow, the supreme divine weapon of the Lie Clan. This was a divine weapon ranked 11th on the Universe Spirit Tablet.

Parker wasn't weak either. There weren't many talents among the ogres and Parker was the most breathtaking one.

Thankfully, these two Godly Geniuses were well aware that the fiercer the battle became, the more advantageous it would be for the nine other warriors.

If the next round turned out to be an elimination round and one of these two was chosen again, the one who had exposed their trump cards in this fight would have low chances of victory in the elimination round.

Halfway through the fight, Lawson had succeeding in suppressing Parker.

Parker was unwilling to admit defeat, but he had to do it if he wanted to conserve his strength.

This battle was Lawson's victory.

And just as the two of them had feared, the third battle turned out to be an elimination battle and Parker was chosen again.

When Parker was pressed onto the Heaven Earth Board once again, the ogre warriors started cursing loudly.

When Parker had admitted defeat, the ogre warriors had believed that it was certain that he would enter the top ten. After all, Parker's chances of being chosen consecutively weren't high. And if someone else were to leave in the elimination battle, Parker would obtain a Godly Plate without fail.

But they hadn't expected Parker to be chosen to fight again moments after he had admitted defeat.

And he was facing an elimination battle!

His opponent was now Kurt, a young monk with fair skin and an unremarkable appearance. Kurt was the only Godly Genius of the Blessed Buddha Land, the reincarnated prodigy of the Hidden Spirit Temple.

There were very few martial artists in this world who could figure out the mysteries of reincarnation.

When most martial artists reincarnated, their memories were usually completely erased.

As the greatest temple in the universe, the prodigy had all sorts of powerful people within it.

Kurt had been reincarnated and had begun to circle the lap while he was still in the womb. He had absorbed the nature life energy and had been born with the ability to speak. He had started cultivating when he was three months old and broke through to the nature level at the age of one.

Kurt didn't speak much and didn't have much of a presence. Very few people paid attention to him.

If the strength of the Godly Geniuses were to be ranked, it was obvious that Kurt would be at the bottom of the list. Many people thought he was only a bit stronger than Zen.

Parker had been unhappy at first, but on discovering that his opponent was this little monk, his spirits rose. He thought that personally eliminating this little monk would be pretty good.

But no one would have thought this white, clean little monk to be capable enough to use a Buddhist light to kill Parker in thirty seconds. It seemed to be too easy for him.

This caused all other Godly Geniuses to grow wary. Kurt had the power to crush a Godly Genius!

In the Hidden Spirit Temple, Buddhist light shone everywhere, and incense wafted about.

The warriors in the Blessed Buddha Land were also watching the battle within the painting.

On the main peak of the Hidden Spirit Temple, tens of thousands of monks sat cross-legged in a giant square-shaped formation in a hall before the main peak. Some of the monks had their eyes closed, but a majority of them were staring at the painting on the ceiling of the hall.

"Kurt won against the ogre Godly Genius."

"It's just an ogre Godly Genius. There's no need to be arrogant. Kurt's goal is to be in the top three. Even the Xuanyuan Clan's Godly Genius can be defeated!"

"Amitabha! Everyone, don't forget that you're all monks. You can't resent others."

The Hidden Spirit Temple was the holy temple of the Blessed Buddha Land. All other temples were controlled by the Hidden Spirit Mountain. It was a very powerful force in the universe, but it remained low-key and rarely participated in the struggles of the outside world. For the past few years, the monks of the Hidden Spirit Temple had been recuperating. The Hidden Spirit Mountain gave off a mysterious aura to outsiders.

On the other hand, the ogres were now growling and cursing even more fiercely.

Their only ogre Godly Genius had been just a step away from acquiring a Godly Plate. And yet, he had been eliminated just before that.

It was no wonder they had become so depressed.

Apart from Shania, all of the other warriors on the painting were human. And the ogre warriors were finding it difficult to accept this result.

Some of the ogre world lords, in order to express their dissatisfaction, had even used extremely precious Roaring Tokens and roared at the entire universe.

But no matter how dissatisfied they were, they could only stare and do nothing.

Once the ogre warrior was eliminated, the remaining ten warriors would each receive a Godly Plate.

Everyone rejoiced, but they knew that they had to work hard to advance to the top three.

The next warrior who had been chosen to fight was Lone. And his opponent was Zen.

Lone was the first to be pushed onto the board. When he saw the giant hand grab Zen, he smiled with satisfaction.

"My luck isn't bad. I have been waiting for this moment for a very long time," Lone said as he stared at Zen.

Lone had suffered a huge loss in the Hall of Causality thanks to Zen.

He was worried that someone else would eliminate Zen before he got the chance. But who would've thought that he would run into Zen in this battle?

It was a pity that he wasn't the one who had fought with Zen in the previous round. Even if he defeated and killed Zen now, Zen would still be able to obtain a Godly Plate.

At Lone's words, Zen merely smiled and pulled out the Saint Killing Spear. He knew that he had to be careful while he fought a Godly Genius.

Chapter 1684 Supreme Chaotic Weapon

There was a scornful smirk on Lone's face as he stood still, his indifferent gaze fixed on Zen.

He thought that Zen was only able to face him now because he got lucky, and he was wielding the Saint Killing Spear of the Demon Night race.

"The one who made that spear is quite brilliant. He integrated the advantages of the two divine woods in it, so this spear's power can be released to the maximum," the dark iron sword communicated to Lone. It continued, "But the four divine trees are ginormous. That spear only has two pieces of woods in it, so it doesn't have much spirituality. The weapons which are born in the current round of heavens are congenitally deficient. The divine trees' roots are outside the Sighing Wall and absorbing infinite chaotic energy there. Without the chaotic energy's nourishment, the divine woods will rot. Ha-ha! Go and kill him. Teach him a lesson about the huge difference between a loser and a winner!"

Lone nodded with a smile. Not only was this sword his weapon, it was also his friend and teacher. It could be said that if it wasn't for his sword, he wouldn't have made such an achievement.

"This Zen seems to have an issue with Lone before, right?"

"I think Zen will lose this time. He doesn't seem proficient with the spear, even though he had used the Saint Killing Spear to fight his way here. Now, he's faced with the Godly Geniuses who have real power, so he'll have to show his true colors!"

"Lone's sword is very special. It must be a supreme divine weapon, but it is not on the Spirit Tablet."

"Haven't you heard? There are some extremely powerful weapons which have surpassed the limit of the Spirit Tablet in this round of our universe. They're not listed in the Spirit Tablet."

Some of the spectators discussed among themselves. It was known that the Universe Spirit Tablet detected weapons that appeared in the

universe.

Of course, weapons beyond the universe wouldn't be detected.

It was similar to Zen's will of the great world, because Zen couldn't find related memories of the things beyond the great world.

When Lone showed his power for the first time in the competition of the four clans, many people, even some Supreme Lords included had marked his sword.

It could be said that Lone was an overmatch of his generation.

However, there were too many masters in the universe. Some of them were able to take his sword away.

Yet, all those masters gave up after they made contact with Lone. The reason was quite interesting.

Now, most of them just wanted to watch their battle for fun.

They were particularly excited about this battle because Zen was so famous and he'd offended many great forces, so some people naturally hoped that Lone would kill him and make him eliminated.

Most people thought that both of them only relied on their weapons.

Since the Saint Killing Spear could only release its full strength when Lavender controlled it, Lone would undoubtedly have the upper hand this time.

Thus, most people thought that Lone would win over Zen.

On the other hand, they thought that it was already good enough for Zen if he ended up ranking tenth.

There were too many dark horses in this round of the Illusion Battlefield. Perhaps Margaret and Rocher would rank higher.

Then again, most warriors didn't know the relationship between Zen, Rocher, and Margaret. They thought that the three of them had just known each other during the second stage.

Preston from the Pure Jade Sacred Place was one of the few people who knew that the three of them came from the same force in the Lower World.

"Will Zen win this battle?"

The Godly Genius of the Humanity Alliance had been eliminated, so all their warriors could only pin their hopes on Zen.

Preston was actually much more discerning than Letitia, but he was also uncertain about the possibility of Zen defeating Lone now.

Letitia quietly looked at her husband's calm face and smiled. "I believe he will win in the end," she said.

"Is there any reason?" Preston asked as he stared at her. However, Letitia shook her head.

"No."

She didn't need a reason to believe him, for she would always believe him regardless.

It was because Zen had never let her down ever since the day they met.

At that moment, the battle of the Heaven Earth Board commenced.

Lone firmly gripped his sword as he charged forward towards Zen.

Most people would be more cautious when faced against the extremely sharp Saint Killing Spear, but Lone's dark iron sword hinted to him that it could crush Zen.

Whoosh!

Lone's thin body went straight for Zen.

Lone's movement technique was a rather ordinary one. It was the most common movement technique of the Thoughtless Minds.

Even then, no one would think badly of Lone because the sword he wielded was a divine weapon.

The moment Lone rushed halfway, the dark iron sword suddenly emitted a faint golden light and released a special power.

"Kill him! Show him the power of a supreme chaotic weapon!"

The battle reached its climax as the dark iron sword's will gradually merged with Lone.

When Lone was engaged in a fierce battle, he would become a puppet to the dark iron sword. Lone voluntarily did that, and after having accompanied Lone for a long time--the sword could become one with him now.

"Chaotic Life Vitality Strike!"

The golden light which was the Metal Law was clearly quite sharp as it glinted in the sword light. However, there was a strange faint grey light mixed with the sword light.

Nathan and the others also noticed the grey light, and were mildly surprised.

What was that power?

It was known that these Godly Geniuses had all learned remarkable techniques passed down from the top warriors in the universe.

They had experienced much more than even some of the world lords of the small supreme worlds.

Lone's strike wasn't a special move. Although the Metal Law was sharp, many ace talents could control it. It was simply the profound mystery of the sixth-layer Metal Law.

However, what on earth was that faint grey light?

Meanwhile, there was a deep frown on Janet's face when she saw the grey light.

After Cindy had been eliminated, the battles in the painting didn't matter to her clan any more.

Still, most people still wanted to watch the battles among these Godly Geniuses. They could learn a lot from the battles which was helpful for their cultivation.

At that moment, Janet felt that the Lofty Wood inside her body began to move wildly.

It seemed to be anxious because of hunger. It also began to twitch when the faint grey light appeared.

How could the faint grey light cause such a reaction from her Lofty Wood?

Zen was also stunned, but for a different reason.

The grey light was something he was quite familiar with. It was chaotic energy!

Ever since Zen had activated the chaotic sea, he had replaced the life vitality with the chaotic energy.

There was no application method for chaotic energy in the Primal Chaos Technique--but since chaos created everything, it was purer and more powerful than life vitality. It was a huge benefit for his cultivation.

Still, it wasn't a proper use of the chaotic energy--or was it?

It was actually a careless omission by Zen's master.

Even Zen's master didn't expect that someone would really succeed in cultivating the Primal Chaos Technique.

Were there cultivation methods on the use of the chaotic energy in the divine land?

Clearly, there were!

However, even a True God would die at a mere touch of the chaotic energy. It was what made it difficult to use.

Although the True Gods couldn't use the chaotic energy directly, there were two things they could use.

The first were the four divine woods, and the second were the supreme chaotic weapons.

Just like what the iron sword said, the four divine woods were located in four directions. They were nourished by chaos.

Their hundred million mile-long roots grew outside the Sighing Wall and continuously absorbed the chaotic energy. Only the divine woods nourished with the chaotic energy could support the huge divine land.

The chaotic energy was immensely powerful, so there were always True Gods who planned to use it.

A few gifted masters were born after millions of years of study. They had succeeded in making supreme chaotic weapons using the chaotic energy as one of the materials.

These weapons were formed in the chaos, so they could control the chaotic energy to some extent.

One of those weapons was Lone's dark iron sword, a supreme chaotic weapon from the divine land.

Although the sword was broken and its power and spirituality were much less now, it was still a supreme weapon that was refined in chaos. Thus, it was normal for it to emit faint grey light.

Chapter 1685 A Ray Of Grey Light

The Chaotic Life Vitality Strike wasn't a cultivation method from the divine land, or to be more specific, it wasn't a cultivation method used by some True God.

A system of cultivating chaotic energy wasn't something that existed in the divine land. There weren't any chaotic-energy cultivation methods suitable for True Gods—in theory.

However, the creation of the Chaotic Life Vitality Strike proved this theory somewhat wrong. As a supreme chaotic weapon, this dark, iron sword birthed the theurgy of utilizing chaotic energy.

It also had a very bad temper.

Zen had lured Lone into a trap last time in the Illusion Battlefield. This was already equivalent to messing with the sword itself.

It had to use its theurgy to deal with Zen.

"He is using chaotic energy!"

There was a split-second pause on Zen's part. He was momentarily stunned by this sudden turn of events.

His chaotic sea was becoming more viscous by the minute, and the World Tree was gradually emerging from within.

He had felt it for quite a while—that faint feeling of being on the cusp of a breakthrough. If he ascended to the Spirit Supreme Realm, then his chaotic sea would solidify.

Chaos originally existed as an aura.

Zen already knew about this when he first read his master's book and saw him roaming about in the chaos.

He had been gradually liquefying and solidifying chaos as he cultivated. He wondered how his inner world would be in the future.

There was only one problem now, though.

He really couldn't figure out why Lone had control over the chaos as well.

'Didn't Master tell me that nobody had managed to successfully cultivate the Primal Chaos Technique?

Even Master himself failed to practice the technique. How could Lone use chaotic energy?' Zen thought to himself.

'I must retreat!'

It was a split-second decision, born out of the unsureness of the situation.

The Chaotic Life Vitality Strike was amazing.

Lone didn't transform his chaotic energy into life vitality, but directly fused it with the Metal Law.

Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

Golden and grey rays of light started shooting towards Zen as he attempted to flee.

The golden light wasn't a big problem since Zen's divine weapon body could resist and deflect it. The grey light, however, was an entirely different story.

Whoosh!

Puff!

The grey light seemed to have the ability to pierce through anything. At that moment, both rays of light reached Zen.

The golden light failed to break through his defenses.

The grey light, on the other hand, easily pierced through him—quite literally. There was a bloody hole of melted flesh from where Zen had gotten hit by the grey light ray.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

he shouted.

The only thing that chaotic energy gave Zen was a powerful boost.

Before, his use of chaotic energy was limited to allowing the chaotic energy to devour things and convert itself.

Zen would often convert the chaotic energy into Law Power before using it to protect his secret. Nobody around him knew that his inner world comprised of a chaotic sea, especially since chaos was a deadly poison to all living beings in this universe.

Nobody knew and nobody could even start to comprehend the possibility of his secret.

Lone's sword strike had served as a reminder to him.

Why did he unnecessarily transform the chaotic energy into life vitality?

Why not just directly trigger the power of chaos?

Zen's comprehension of the Metal Law reached its fifth layer, namely the Metal Protection. He had the ability to utilize the Metal Power in order to protect himself.

However, he barely found any need to use it since his divine weapon body was better.

"Run away, ha-ha! Let's see if there's a place you can actually hide in. Weren't you so confident back in the Hall of Causality?"

Lone jeered, following Zen as he swung his sword around. He looked like a ridiculously overpowered hedgehog from far away, with the numerous rays of golden and grey light that surrounded his entire body.

The Heaven Earth Board was large, around one million feet in both width and length, but its area was still limited.

It didn't even take more than three seconds for these Godly Geniuses to pass the entire board.

Zen would inevitably be forced into a corner. That much was obvious. No matter how strong his body was, it would still yield to the powerful grey light rays.

"Zen is about to be defeated," Nathan murmured. In his head, he was trying to figure out a way to beat Lone's grey light rays.

Lucille pouted, "What a pity!"

"Zen is defeated by a single move. This is so boring!" Lawson commented.

He spoke the truth though. The moment this battle began, Lone had already utilized the Chaotic Life Vitality Strike to attack. Meanwhile, Zen didn't seem to have the power to fight back at all. It was boring since there was no excitement in guessing who would win and the victor was already obvious from the very start.

"Like I said, Zen is strong but he's nothing compared to a real Godly Genius."

"Even if he loses, he'll still get a Godly Plate. What if he gets lucky again one day? Who knows? Perhaps there might be some Godly Tile in that fairy palace of his. He might just become a True God one day."

"He's got a really good stroke of luck. I'm quite envious of him."

As a warrior from the Lower World who was able to make it this far, Zen was truly lucky in the eyes of so many people.

In the onlookers' eyes, none of the ace talents of those large forces was inferior to Zen. However, those talents had long since been eliminated. They were now mere audience to this battle.

From how they saw it, it was Zen's honor to lose to Lone.

Margaret stood on top of her stone while Letitia stood gracefully in the Pure Jade Sacred Place, both watching Zen with rapt attention.

He couldn't be beaten so easily. He just couldn't. They refused to believe it!

Rocher's eyes flashed. "You won't lose before we exchange blows!"

Puff!

Despite executing the Eight Smoky Melodies and dodging all those rays of light, Zen still got hit every so often.

The sharp grey light rays were vicious and left hole after hole of melted flesh in Zen's body where blood gushed forth like a spring.

"Give up! You should be glad we aren't outside or you would die for real." Lone had grown crazy with mirth as he watched Zen get hit by his attacks time and again. His thoughts had gotten frazzled ever since he and the sword fused into one.

Zen understood his circumstances and quickly calculated his next move. He withdrew from the "sun" and flew past the "star" before finally arriving at the edge of the Heaven Earth Board. As he moved, he left behind a morbid line of dark, red blood from his wounds.

At that moment, there was really nowhere else he could run to.

Lone strode towards him, sword raised up high as he prepared to deal the killing blow.

Zen was already a dead man to him. There was no way his prey would be able to escape him now.

Even the True Gods feared chaos, let alone Zen. At that moment, Lone felt incredibly powerful, as if he was a butcher killing a chicken with an extremely sharp knife.

This sword was sentient and had intelligence. It normally would not deal with Lone's opponents since the young man had to hone his own skills to be able to win against his rivals. However, this battle was a special case. The sword needed to wash away its shame of being played by Zen. It had a personal vendetta against the young warrior and it was determined to kill him in the most violent way possible.

"Go to hell!"

Lone screamed, ready to unleash the Chaotic Life Vitality Strike again.

Zen's body was already riddled with holes, and everyone was already counting on his death.

However, at that moment, he raised his spear and pointed it at Lone. A smile then appeared on his face.

The smile made Lone hesitate. Why would someone in such a compromised position smile?

This young man most probably had some tricks up his sleeve.

But what exactly were these tricks?

The sword had already witnessed everything. There was no way it could be hoodwinked by someone like Zen.

There was no way this battle was turning around. Lone himself didn't think that there was any secret cultivation method that could go up against the Chaotic Life Vitality Strike.

It was only a few moments later that Lone would understand what was going on.

A golden ray of light burst forth from the tip of Zen's spear.

Lone immediately knew what it was. It was the fifth layer of Metal Law, condensed by life vitality. He wanted to laugh. There was no way this would be enough. If Zen wanted to resist the Chaotic Life Vitality Strike, then he would at least need to comprehend up to the Metal Law's eighth layer.

However, after that flash of golden light came a burst of grey.

Lone's eyes widened in shock as he witnessed the sight!

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1686 Supreme Weapons

The Chaotic Life Vitality Strike exerted by the broken sword was not the fully complete version.

If this sword had been at its peak, it would have been able to form both negative and positive energies. With the negative and positive energies as its foundation, it would easily have formed a chaotic hole, and grey light formed from the condensed chaotic energy would have been born from the chaotic hole.

However, since the sword was damaged, its power had already plateaued at its lowest point, not to mention that its owner was a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm.

In the end, the sword took control as a sentient weapon, and it resolutely came up with an alternative plan.

And that was to use the Metal Law as a base to replace the chaotic hole.

However, the Metal Law was still a much weaker source of energy. Thus, the Chaotic Life Vitality Strike was a far cry from what it used to be.

However, it was still strong enough to easily destroy Zen, like stepping on an ant.

Even the True Gods feared chaotic energy. Despite the strike having been weakened countless times, how could a mere Soul Sea Realm warrior hope to withstand it?

However, the broken sword had borne witness to such an incredible scene.

When Zen's spear was raised and poised for the attack, it similarly used the Metal Law as the base to condense a grey light.

Chaotic Life Vitality Strike?

The Metal Law at the tip of the spear was a mere presence and was hardly worth mentioning.

But what was the grey light?

Chaos?

The broken sword had traveled down from the divine land, so it naturally knew how terrifying chaotic energy could be.

All things were returned to the chaos, which also formed both the foundation and the tomb of all living beings. Even now, warriors had yet to thoroughly study and comprehend the mysteries of the chaos.

In order to use the power of chaotic energy, the True Gods in the divine land had spent countless years researching it, but had all come up empty-handed.

However, one of the divine-level weapon refiners found a completely different approach.

He had departed from the path of using primordial energy to refine weapons, and instead began to use chaotic energy to refine weapons.

Thus, a new path of weapon refining appeared in the universe. From then on, weapon refining was divided into two great paths, and there were also two different kinds of weapons being developed. One was the supreme primordial weapons, while the other was the supreme chaotic weapons.

Only supreme chaotic weapons could directly channel chaotic energy.

'This guy is a mere human. He is only a junior at the Soul Sea Realm.

How could he possibly harness chaotic energy?'

thought the broken sword. The shock it felt was beyond description.

It had been purely coincidental that Zen had been able to master the Primal Chaos Technique back then.

Actually, the reason why Zen's master had created the Primal Chaos Technique in the first place, was that he had become enlightened by the refining method of supreme chaotic weapons.

Zen's master wasn't the only one who spent time contemplating this in the divine land.

To put it bluntly, to use chaotic energy to further your cultivation, what you needed to do was convert chaotic energy into life vitality.

When a warrior used life vitality to cultivate, their inner world would be created in their belly. However, this inner world was formed purely from life vitality. The moment the living beings within the inner world left the warrior's body, they would have to reform into life vitality and dissipate.

Chaotic energy, however, was a pure energy which was the origin of all living things, so the inner world built from chaos would be a real world.

Many True Gods had come to this same conclusion, though they had yet to see it in practice.

It was a pity that although all sorts of strange bodies existed in the universe, there was no physical form that could contain chaotic energy.

The only things that could contain chaotic energy were certain special weapons. For example, that broken sword in Lone's hand.

Hence, creating a technique like the Primal Chaos Technique was useless, because no one was able to fuel the chaotic energy needed to cultivate it.

It was the equivalent of creating a peerless arrow, but there was no bow capable of shooting such an arrow.

However, Zen's master had been knowledgeable in everything. In the end, he still managed to create the Primal Chaos Technique, which was like the peerless arrow and then he encountered Zen, the special bow capable of shooting the special arrow. As a result, Zen became the first person to control the chaotic energy.

Such a coincidence was something that Zen's master had never considered, nor could he have planned for this miraculous eventuality.

Zen himself was oblivious about all this.

At this moment, as Zen's thoughts cleared, he began to use a similar method to copy Lone's Chaotic Life Vitality Strike, and he released it through the spear in his hand.

This move had been activated by the Metal Law. Thus, it couldn't be called the Chaotic Life Vitality Strike; it could only be called the Chaotic Metal Law Strike. However, what it was called wasn't important. What was important was the power contained in the strike.

The Metal Law was not strong enough to deal with Lone.

However, the chaotic energy within Zen's body was much more solid than that of the broken sword.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

A golden light began emitting from the glowing tip of the Saint Killing Spear, constantly radiating forth.

The broken sword, however, was not afraid of the golden light.

Back in the Hall of Causality, it had helped Lone withstand the corrosion triggered by the heavenly rules, and it was able to protect him then.

However, the grey light contained within the golden light made the broken sword's mind tremble.

The grey light from Lone's sword intersected with the grey light from Zen's spear in an instant.

"Ha-ha!"

A faint smile appeared on Zen's placid face.

There was another characteristic to his chaotic energy, which had originated with Zen himself—devouring.

The moment the two grey lights met, both the onlookers and the Godly Geniuses watching noticed that Lone's grey light began to shrink, while Zen's began to expand rapidly.

While that happened, Zen's grey light streaked towards Lone.

The broken sword was filled with questions and hesitation. It had completely sealed off Lone's soul, effectively taking control over his body in all aspects.

Facing Zen, it felt a great sense of impending doom, and could not afford to be distracted at all.

However, even though it knew that it couldn't afford to be distracted, it still couldn't help but ponder over the reason why Zen, a mere mortal, possessed the chaotic energy.

Zen's cultivation method might not have caused a stir in the universe; however, that was because most warriors in the universe were unaware of the true value of chaotic energy and lacked the experience to use it.

But if they had been in the divine land, it would probably have caused the True Gods to discuss this impossibility among themselves.

The research on life vitality had already reached its peak in the divine land. There was no possibility of progressing by even an inch more.

However, the True Gods of the divine land didn't know much about chaotic energy. If Zen could really use chaotic energy, it would bring about a great revolutionary change in the divine land.

However, the broken sword didn't recognize Zen's divine weapon body.

After stepping into the divine weapon, Zen's body had become more and more complete, and he was able to hide the weapon aura from the other warriors.

Even if the Primal Chaos Technique spread throughout the entire divine land, most likely no one would be strong enough to be able to cultivate it.

On the Heaven Earth Board, the situation the two of them were in was completely reversed.

Lone had used his sword to chase after Zen, eventually cornering him on the board.

Just as Zen was about to perish, in that instant, the situation was completely reversed. Now, it was Zen who was chasing down Lone.

"Zen is also controlling the chaos! Amazing! What exactly happened to him?" mumbled the old leader of the Celestial Position race.

The broken sword had believed that no warriors in the universe would have the skill to recognize the chaotic energy, but it had underestimated the warriors in the universe.

In the universe, other than the supreme divine weapons on the Universe Spirit Tablet, there were also some treasures that had surpassed even these, and they had yet to be ranked.

The heavens could no longer use the normal rules to investigate the existence of these treasures, while the Universe Spirit Tablet relied on a special Law of Causality to collect the rankings of all these treasures and even rank them.

In the universe, besides the broken sword, there were still two supreme chaotic weapons and two supreme primordial weapons. Somehow, one of the supreme chaotic weapons had ended up in the hands of the old leader of the Celestial Position race.

From the moment that Lone had stabbed out with the Chaotic Life Vitality Strike, some Supreme Lords had begun to pay special attention to that broken sword. Before this, they had never imagined that this broken sword could actually be a supreme chaotic weapon.

What they had never anticipated was that

the last thrust by Zen's spear also contained the chaotic energy.

Ordinary warriors wouldn't be able to perceive the mystery behind the events of the fight. They just saw that Zen suddenly displayed his strength and chased after Lone. It turned out he would turn the tables and win the battle.

However, they couldn't understand at all why Zen had suddenly been able to turn the tables and reversed the situation.

The Supreme Lords were able to understand what was going on. Yet, being able to understand what was going on did not mean that they could understand the reason behind this. Just like Lone's broken sword, they had no idea where Zen had obtained the chaotic energy.

'Could it be that within his body, there's a chaotic sea?'

This thought flashed through the mind of Supreme Lord of Original Sin, who was the leader of the Thoughtless Minds.

This speculation was quite accurate, but it seemed extremely unreasonable. How could Zen possess a chaotic sea?

"Wait, wait..."

Lone kept retreating, and suddenly spoke up. From the looks of it, he seemed to be giving up on resisting.

Zen held his spear at the ready as he stared coldly at Lone. "What do you want to say?"

"Where did you get the chaotic energy you're using?" Lone could not help but ask. At this moment, his soul had already been completely sealed, so it was in fact the broken sword that was speaking through his lips.

Chapter 1687 Take Advantage Of The Situation

The Primal Chaos Technique was related to his master, and even his own secret physical body. How could Zen tell Lone, the Otherworldly Swordsman about it that easily?

He had followed suit the moment he witnessed Chaotic Life Vitality Strike.

Its effect was astonishing.

Lone's strike with his mighty sword even helped Zen gain new insights.

He smiled slightly, and then answered confidently, "I got it by chance!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the spear thrust forward like a dragon!

The Saint Killing Spear was so powerful that it could destroy anything. Even though its power was much lesser than that of supreme chaotic weapon, the destruction it could cause was astonishing.

Besides, the spear light contained a sort of gray glow which was formed with a combination of Metal Law and chaotic energy.

Even though Zen had forced Lone into a predicament, he wasn't ready to give up just yet.

The sword he was carrying had originated in the divine land.

It had accompanied its former master for tens of billions of years. However, after its former master died during the battle in the Spirit Mountain, severe efforts to destroy it were made. The sword was still powerful, but had dulled a lot as compared to its original state.

The ultimate purpose of the sword was to let Lone grow and become more and more powerful. In that way, he would one day become a True God, who could bring the sword back to the divine land and restore it to its original glory! Until then, the sword would take its revenge on those who had harmed its former master and itself.

That was the reason it had paid such a price to sneak into the Illusion Battlefield and help the Otherworldly Swordsman get a chance to participate in the challenge.

The top ten warriors were going to be awarded with a Godly Plate.

The sword was aware that the Godly Plate was a necessity for someone who wanted to become a True God. But that only wasn't enough to make them a True God. To become a True God, a warrior had to satisfy a lot of requirements.

Thus if he became more powerful, the Otherworldly Swordsman ultimately had the chances to become a True God.

However, the catch was that he was losing to Zen. But the sword was unwilling to accept the defeat.

A touch of indignation could be seen on Lone's face.

"Do you really think... you can defeat me?"

Zen's spear was already flying toward him. Lone raised his sword and gently put it down.

Lone acted like he was placing the sword back in the rack, but suddenly started to sway it in the air.

He then retreated a few steps back, and fell down on the ground. His eyes were shut, mouth half-open. He really did seem unconscious.

Everyone's attention, including Zen's, was on him. Suddenly, the sword swung up in the air and sprinted straight toward Zen.

The sword itself was battling against Zen!

In the battle ring, any warrior could only be declared the victor if his opponent accepted defeat, or was killed.

The sword had been controlling Lone, and hence his soul had fallen into a deep sleep. Zen was now fighting the sword alone, while his real opponent was lying limp on the ground.

"Wow! What method is the Otherworldly Swordsman using? Is he controlling the sword with his perception?"

"To me, it looks like the Otherworldly Swordsman has fainted. How can he still use his perception?"

"Something's wrong. It feels like the sword is in control here!"

Most people couldn't get what was going on, but they were speculating.

In the past, the Otherworldly Swordsman had attracted the attention of some very powerful masters of the Thoughtless Minds, and even the four great clans had shown interest in him.

Even the Supreme Lord of Original Sin had tried to contact him personally! Perhaps, all they wanted was to somehow acquire the sword from him...

However, the sword's response to all of them was extremely resolute. Although it wanted to return to the divine land as it belonged there, it wasn't something that could be controlled by any random being. Even a Supreme Lord would not be able to control it!

It had always chosen its master itself and would never allow anyone else to acquire it.

If the Thoughtless Minds members had taken action against Lone, the sword would've sealed itself. At a time like that, it would turn into a mere piece of scrap metal.

Lone, the Otherworldly Swordsman was a warrior of the Thoughtless Minds anyway. Since the attitude of the sword was so decisive, the four great clans had no choice but to give up quietly. They withdrew their intentions of taking away the sword. If it wasn't for the sword's will itself, Lone would not have been able to keep such a divine object on his own, considering his cultivation base and strength.

Only a few warriors knew about this, so the matter was quite secretive.

"Clang!" The sound reverberated in the arena!

Even though the sword was broken, it was still a supreme chaotic weapon that originated from the divine land.

It was easy to kill Lone, but it was impossible to destroy this sword.

When Zen's spear thrust out, the gold and grey spear light pierced through the sword and produced a long and crisp sound. The slender sword trembled for a moment before it spiraled behind Zen and headed towards the back of Zen's head!

Now that the sword did not need to protect Lone, it had become unbridled!

Zen reacted incredibly fast. The tip of his spear slid across the ground, etching in it a fine scratch, and then the spear suddenly thrust back up.

The Metal Law burst forth!

"Chaotic Metal Law Strike!"

Because the move was learned on the spot, its power was extraordinary!

Zen had no choice but to make this move. The sword was too powerful. If it touched him even once, he would surely be beheaded, even if he had a divine weapon body.

"Clang!"

The sound rang again, as the golden-gray light deflected the sword.

Zen's back faced Lone, and he was in face of the sword.

Just as the spear hit the sword, the sword spun around in the air. A faint color appeared on its surface. At the same time, it also started to tremble, sending out strong vibrations in all directions.

Although the internal momentum was not that powerful, it was still a complete one, something that far exceeded the internal momentum of the Godly Genius!

Rocher, who'd been observing the situation closely, widened his eyes at the scene. Cracks began to appear on the scabbard on his back.

"Crack, crack..."

The scabbard was made of dragon skin. The tendons attached to it were real dragon tendons!

To his shock, the tendons were falling apart. The sword in the scabbard was like a wild beast, struggling to break free!

Rocher reached for the scabbard and held the sword in its place. A strange light flickered in his eyes. Softly, he murmured, "Calm down, calm down..."

After he successfully pacified the sword, its restlessness gradually dissipated.

The eight warriors who were also present at the Heaven Earth Board were also startled by the powerful aura that the sword was sending out.

Lawson and Nathan observed its vibrations seriously, feeling a tingling sensation on their bodies.

Both of them wanted to be ranked first. Naturally, they paid proper attention to their potential opponents.

Lone had displayed his skills in the Thoughtless Minds, but that hadn't really threatened Lawson and Nathan

What they hadn't expected was that the sword would turn out to be so powerful!

Shania of the Demon Night remained silent as she didn't have much of a reaction to the scene that was unfolding in front of her.

Kurt of the Blessed Buddha Land placed his hands together, rubbing the Buddhist jade bead between his palms slowly. He only said one word softly, "Amitabha..."

As for Margaret, she was highly tensed. Her lips were curled, and her eyebrows furrowed in anticipation. If Zen got eliminated, she would admit defeat immediately and head to universe to look for him.

The sword didn't give Zen much time once the aura started to burst forth. In the blink of an eye, it dashed at Zen!

A faint smile appeared on Zen's face...

He raised the spear horizontally. With a quick movement of fingers, he shot out a thin wind blade and thrust it towards Lone instead of the sword!

"Puff!"

Lone was still unconscious, in no condition to resist the blade.

And so, Zen managed to cut his head off effortlessly.

The sword was advancing toward Zen at the same time, but halted right before it was about to pierce his chest.

"Zen Luo wins this battle! Lone, the Otherworldly Swordsman loses..."

The mysterious young girl's voice announced the result.

According to the rules of the Heaven Earth Board, the warrior was pronounced winner as soon as the opponent admitted defeat or was killed.

Zen wasn't sure about whether his trick would work or not, but he knew it was worth a shot. He realized he only needed to kill Lone who lay behind him to really achieve victory. He could win this time because he knew how to take advantage of a situation.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

The sword vibrated violently in front of his chest, as if it was unwilling to give up. It seemed like it was still determined to stab and kill him!

However, the mysterious girl was watching them closely. She had made the announcement based on the rules. She wouldn't let Zen be killed unlawfully.

"The stones on the Heaven Earth Board are not enough. The top ten warriors will now participate in the round-robin battle. No one is eliminated," the girl announced, after which the sword finally stopped vibrating.

Chapter 1688 Shania

One white stone and one black stone falling on the Heaven Earth Board signified the start of one round of battle.

An ordinary board would have a 19×19 grid of lines, containing 361 points. And there were 181 black stones and 180 white stones.

So in theory, 361 battles should be enough to occupy the entire board.

However, this Heaven Earth Board had a 36×36 grid of lines, which meant that there were a total of 1296 points.

Until now, 290 elimination battles had ended, but the number of normal battles far exceeded the number of elimination matches. In total, 803 battles had been fought so far.

But even after these 803 battles, the situation on the Heaven Earth Board was still unclear!

This had not happened in the last grand era.

In the last grand era, the mysterious girl had also played Go with herself, and it had ended soon. After only 726 battles, the white stones had already had an irreversible advantage.

The clearer the situation on the Heaven Earth Board was, the easier it would be to predict the outcome.

Currently, the situation of the black and white stones was still in chaos.

The Supreme Lords that had analyzed the situation of the board so far already had their doubts.

There were only five battles left between the remaining ten people, and one of them didn't need to fight. Then, out of the six people, there would be another three battles.

Although there had been many victories and defeats, the remaining battles were insufficient to fill up the entire Heaven Earth Board.

That was when the mysterious girl activated the round-robin system. When this rule was announced, Lone shot into the sky with his sword and landed on a stone.

He slowly came to reason and looked at Zen. He was still in a daze, as if he didn't know what had happened just now.

"We Lost," the broken sword said to Lone.

"Lost! I am eliminated..." Lone's face darkened.

"We still have a chance..."

"All right!"

The relationship between Lone and the sword was like the relationship between a person's lips and teeth.

Lone treated his sword as his teacher, and his sword treated him as a family.

Even if he was occasionally controlled by his sword, he didn't mind. He was clear that if it wasn't for this sword, he wouldn't be as powerful as he was today.

"What a pity..." Rocher gently shook his head.

He knew that Zen had other ways of resisting the sword, but he had still managed to pull off a trick.

However, Zen hadn't done anything wrong. It was a tactic to conserve his strength as much as possible before the final battle.

It was not only Zen who was doing this; every other Godly Genius present was doing the same thing.

Round-robin battles could more accurately determine the differences in strength, and at the same time, lessen the psychological pressure on everyone.

Then, the next battle was decided.

The huge hand lightly landed on top of Shania's stone while the other hand picked up Lucille.

It was a battle between these two ladies.

"It's finally Lucille's turn to fight..."

"Rumor has it that she still hasn't completely mastered the Five Elements Godly Way. Her current power should be slightly inferior to Lawson's, right?"

"I don't care who wins and loses. I'm just here to see a beauty!"

The name Lucille Ji was extremely famous in the Thoughtless Minds.

After all, she was half a Godly Genius of the Ji Clan. Of the four great clans, the Ji Clan was second only to the Xuanyuan Clan. In addition, Lucille's appearance and figure were perfect, making her the dream woman of countless martial artists.

However, most of them had only heard rumors. Lucille had spent most of her time cultivating in the Ji Clan, so most martial artists hadn't actually seen her before. Now that they'd finally seen her, they couldn't take their eyes off of her.

At this moment, Lucille slowly stepped down from the stone. Her almond-shaped face had a pair of cold eyes that seemed to be able to freeze one's soul. She was emitting a graceful and magnanimous aura.

The men who were looking at her through the Illusion Space couldn't help but have vulgar thoughts in their heads.

However, when they sensed her temperament, their hearts trembled, and all their dirty thoughts disappeared in an instant.

And anyway, it was true that Lucille was a beauty, but Shania was just as beautiful.

Shania had wavy hair hanging down past her shoulders, and her entire body was exuding a vigorous vitality. Her every move seemed to emit a strong life force. Her dark green leather armor was wrapped tightly around her body, accentuating her impressive figure.

The slim and graceful Lucille stood still, but after Shania got off the stone, she walked straight to Lucille.

Her knee-length leather boots clicked on the board as she walked. Her round face had a trace of an elegant smile on it.

"Your name is Lucille, right?" she said.

Lucille tilted her head slightly as she stared at the woman of the Demon Night race in front of her.

'Shania?' she thought.

She had never heard of such a Godly Genius in the Demon Night race, and it seemed as if this Shania had appeared out of nowhere.

Moreover, Shania's gaze made her uncomfortable.

It was a gaze that only someone who had been in a position of power for a long time would have.

She'd seen this kind of gaze only from the elders of the four clans, or even the patriarch of the Ji Clan.

"Yes, I'm Lucille," she replied coldly.

Shania smiled. "You're a good sapling. Your base of the Godly Way is very stable. If you really enter the Five Elements Godly Way, you might grow rapidly in a single day. But…"

"Thanks for the compliment, we can start now," Lucille interrupted Shania in a cold voice. She didn't like the way that Shania spoke to her, as if she was inferior to her.

"I'm not done yet. You're being rude," Shania said as she shook her head.

"Humph!" Lucille snorted.

With Lucille's proud personality, how could she listen to the words of this woman? She was the first to take a step forward.

Whoosh!

A sharp chill was emitted from Lucille's body.

The Five-element Finger Chain in her hands began to glow with the light of the laws of the five elements. As she rushed forward, her slender fingers turned into sharp claws that swept toward Shania!

"Five Elements Supreme Claw!"

This Lucille was completely different from the Lucille that Zen had met that day.

At that time, Lucille had split herself into two bodies, which had greatly reduced her power. But now, she was at her peak.

The moment she attacked, she used ultimate technique of the patriarch of the Ji Clan.

Crack!

A ear-piercing tearing sound came from the space next to Shania.

Like a piece of paper, the space was torn apart by the Five Elements Supreme Claw, and from that hole, a claw extended toward Shania.

If Shania were to be hit by this claw, she would be torn to pieces.

However, Shania only smiled at Lucille.

Her smile was like the blooming of a water fairy;

it had the ability to captivate anyone who saw it.

Then, she stretched out a single finger in front of the Five Elements Supreme Claw.

Crack!

The claw instantly disintegrated.

Lucille's expression immediately changed. She lightly tapped the board with her feet. Her dress fluttered slightly and her body moved to the side.

Instead of faltering, she once again used her claw to strike down from above.

This time, Shania looked up and raised her hand above her forehead, as if she was blocking out the sun.

Then, she extended a single finger to block Lucille's attack once again.

Not only did this scene sour Lucille's mood, but it also agitated the entire Ji Clan.

"The Five Elements Supreme Claw... Even Nathan cannot block it so easily!"

"Who on earth is this Shania?!"

"Due to the internal strife within the Demon Night race, they haven't produced any amazing talents. How did this one appear out of nowhere?"

In the past few years, although the competition between the two queens of the Demon Night race had not affected the foundation of the entire race, it had definitely affected their prosperity. What was most obvious was that the number of geniuses had drastically decreased. When the world of chaos had arrived, the geniuses of all the races had turned up, but the Demon Night race had been an exception. Their talents couldn't compete with those from other races at all.

But this time, much to everyone's confusion, a talent from the Demon Night race had suddenly appeared.

"I told you, I wasn't done yet. Are you ready to listen now?" Shania stubbornly repeated, as if she wasn't going to make a move before she finished her words.

Lucille's forehead was slightly creased. She stared at Shania and asked, "What do you want to say?"

"That's more like it." Shania smiled. A plant rapidly grew on her palm, and from it bloomed a blood-red rose. "Your aptitude and future are limitless, but now that you've met me, it's better to surrender as soon as possible. In any case, this is a round-robin battle; if you surrender, you won't be eliminated. Although warriors can't die in this Illusion Battlefield, crushing the mind and body of such a seedling would be a sin on my part."

Chapter 1689 Thorn Forest

No matter who it was, anyone who heard such arrogant words would feel extremely displeased.

Shania phrased her words like a warning, but it was actually a blatant provocation.

The atmosphere in the Ji Clan immediately became heated.

Their discussions, curses, and roars were almost enough to lift the roof of the grand hall beneath the picture.

"This slut seems to specialize in the Life Law!" "She is the Godly Genius of the Demon Night. What sort of Godly Way does she cultivate?"

"How dare this nobody talk to Lucille in such a tone? Does she really think so highly of herself?"

"Lucille is not weak. Before joining the Illusion Battlefield, she brought Lucy into the altar to cultivate the Five-element Reincarnation. Even if she fights with Nathan, the battle would be a draw. So how dare this bitch be so arrogant?"

The Ji Clan had pinned all their hopes on Lucille.

Even though her Lotus Flower had not fully bloomed yet, the achievements she would make after becoming a Godly Genius would definitely not pale in comparison with the achievements of Nathan or Lawson.

The Ji Clan might be just one of the four clans in the Thoughtless Minds, but even without the other clans, it was a force to be reckoned with.

How could they tolerate this woman stamping on their pride?

Even the patriarch of the Ji Clan, who was standing behind the crowd, had a stern expression on his face as he stared fixedly at the picture.

Lucille's temper began to flare up. There was a flash of killing intent in her intimidating eyes when she heard Shania's words.

However, the killing intent only flashed slightly and quickly faded away. Then, her eyes became as cold as ice.

As the ace talent of the Ji Clan, her mental state had to be absolutely steady.

She couldn't be daunted just because of a few words from Shania.

After thinking for a while, Lucille said blandly, "There are trillions of warriors participating in this competition to rule the world of chaos. Almost all of the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm have participated… Some of them became cannon fodder and were slaughtered at will. Some were used as stepping stones for others to reach higher. Most of them could only prove their determination in martial arts in life and death situations.

Everyone has their own goals, and I carry the hopes of the Ji Clan! Since I've already reached this stage, I don't mind climbing up one more step.

Why should I admit defeat?"

Lucille's voice was clear and cold.

After she finished her words, the sound of clapping came from afar.

It was coming from Zen.

Hearing the applause, Lucille calmly turned around with a smile on her face, a smile that she hadn't shown for a long time. Her smile was like a plum blossom blooming in the snow, cheering up anyone who saw it.

"The child from the Ji Clan is indeed courageous." The elegant smile on Shania's face faded and her face darkened. "Since that's the case, don't say that I didn't warn you..."

After she finished speaking, the bright red petals of the rose in her hand instantly disintegrated and turned into fine powder.

The very next moment, the snowflakes that were falling slowly behind Lucille thickened.

As the wind whirled, heavy snowfall swept across the entire Heaven Earth Board.

The atmosphere had suddenly become tense.

Knowing that she had to stay one step ahead, Lucille made the first move.

Although she had already stabilized her state of mind, she didn't want to underestimate her opponent.

She knew that Shania's strength had to be extraordinary. The woman was a Godly Genius born in an almost perfect race. How could she possibly be weak?

At this moment, the Five-element Finger Chain in her hand flashed with a colorful light. At the same time, a pair of swords appeared in her hands!

These swords were only half the length of an ordinary sword and had serrated blades. They were usually used by assassins.

After the pair of swords landed in her hands, Lucille immediately charged straight at Shania!

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…

As Lucille dashed forward, her figure was constantly flashing.

It was as if several Lucilles were dashing forward at the same time, but it was difficult to tell which one her real body was with a single glance.

Shania slightly raised her thick eyebrows as a smile appeared on her face. However, she remained motionless on the spot.

Schwing!

A sword stabbed Shania's body.

Immediately following that, Lucille turned around and thrust the other sword backward while simultaneously pulling back the first sword, creating another shocking wound on her opponent. Then, she turned back to Shania and pulled out the second sword as well.

She pulled off these movements in the span of a split-second. It was as if several people were attacking at the same time, dazzling people's eyes!

Schwing, schwing...

Only after seven consecutive strikes did Lucille stop her ferocious attacks. Just to be safe, she even took a few steps back. But when she took a look at Shania, her expression changed.

Although Shania's body seemed to be badly injured, there was not a single trace of blood flowing out from the wounds…

Soon, her body began to rapidly turn yellow and wither before Lucille's eyes. Finally, it turned into a withered yellow trunk.

On the other side of the Heaven Earth Board, there was a one-inch long sapling that was sprouting rapidly. It grew to the height of a woman and gradually turned into Shania's body!

Shania laughed. "You can't even tell where the real me is? Do you really think you can become a Godly Genius?" Shania had a faint mocking smile on her face as she spoke.

Lucille didn't say a word. She suddenly leaped backward into the air. While she was in the air, she lowered her head and started spinning!

Her hands naturally drooped down. As she spun around, the swords in her hands began to spin as well, forming a wheel with killing intent!

Lucille's reaction was incredibly fast. The instant she got close to Shania, the beams of radiance of the two swords intersected and flashed. The next moment, they had already swooshed around Shania's neck.

With a plop, Shania's head was chopped off her body.

But no blood was seen spurting from this wound.

Soon, this body, too, turned into a withered trunk.

The next moment, another sapling a few steps away grew rapidly, and once again, Shania was standing in front of Lucille unscathed.

Lucille was well-prepared to contend with the other warriors of the top ten.

She knew that whether it was Zen, Nathan, or Margaret, who was specialized in sword array, none of them were weak!

But the woman in front of her had never attracted her attention before. She had never expected that Shania would be so difficult to deal with.

"Since you didn't listen to my suggestion, I will make you surrender." At this moment, Shania finally decided to launch an attack.

She bent forward slightly and pointed at the ground with her fingers. Everyone saw a small seed sprouting from the ground. From inside that small seed, about five twigs with thorns surged out madly.

These thorny twigs were ugly and were like vipers that crawled. Each twig had thorns on both sides and they spread out recklessly in all directions.

Crack! Crack!

Every time the twigs grew to a certain extent, they split into two, then four, and so on, wildly spreading around the Heaven Earth Board.

In a short while, the whole board was covered by the twigs.

As for Lucille, she was trapped in the middle of all the twigs.

Crack!

As Lucille circled around, two beams of light from her swords whirled around the twigs like a tornado and cut a clean area around her.

But why were these twigs spreading so fast?

Just as soon as she cut off the thorny twigs in one area, the twigs in another area immediately grew and surrounded her again.

On the other hand, Shania drifted through the mess of twigs with ease, like the queen of the thorn forest. Everywhere she went, the twigs automatically made way for her. And soon, Shania approached Lucille.

At the moment, Zen and the others were floating on their stones and were unable to see the fight between these two women in the thorn forest.

Of course, it wasn't only them who couldn't see what was going on.

All the warriors in front of the picture were paying close attention to the battle between Lucille and Shania, but they were unable to make out what was happening as both women were covered by the endless thorns. The audience could do nothing but stare blankly at the picture.

After about five minutes, a loud sound blasted in everyone's ears.

A sea of fire broke out in the thorn forest, and the scorching flames soon spread out across the whole board covered by the thorn trees.

Chapter 1690 Latonia

After a violent explosion, a huge fire was set ablaze that was more than a hundred feet high, engulfing everything around it.

Suddenly, a slim figure rose from the flames. It was Lucille.

Among the three thousand Godly Ways, the Five Elements Godly Way was the most extensive type. It was also the most comprehensive type of cultivation technique.

The orders of creation and restriction of the five elements were known by everyone. "Metal creates water, water creates wood, wood creates fire, fire creates earth, and earth, in return, creates metal. On the other hand, wood restricts earth, earth restricts water, water restricts fire, fire restricts metal, and metal, in turn, restricts wood". The five elements were present in all things in the world and there were only a few other laws that needed to be applied.

Therefore, using the power of the five elements to construct the inner world was much easier than using the power of other Godly Ways.

The five elements within Lucille's body were usually in a balanced state. When she was in the forest of thorns, she released fierce fire and burned all the thorns around her.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As the thorns burned, small explosions could be heard everywhere.

Soon, the thorny forest had burned to ashes.

From these ashes grew a bright green vine that never faded away.

A fire would burn everything in its wake, turning it into ashes.

But there were some plants in this world that were not afraid of fire.

The bright green vine that grew from the ashes was the Flame Fairy Vine.

Not only this vine was not afraid of fire, but it would grow more and more if it came in contact with it. The Flame Fairy Vine could grow in ordinary places, but it was everywhere in the Divine Flame World.

As the vine unfurled, a light purple flower bud rapidly bloomed on the top of the vine. Inside this bud was Shania.

"This woman..."

Lucille frowned. She knew this was going to be tricky.

She had no idea this woman could have such control over the Life Law.

She couldn't kill her.

Shania was sitting like a dignified queen, lying back against the flower as if it were her throne. She stared at Lucille saying indifferently, "I told you before. You don't have the slightest chance to win this fight with me. You might as well skip this battle and focus on facing your next opponent. But since you want me to play with you, then let's go. Let's do this!"

As she finished speaking, a tiny crack appeared in the vine. Black insects started to crawl out one after another. Once outside, the insects would spread their wings and fly towards Lucille like a black cloud in a storm.

"There are too many Heart Eating Insects!"

Lucille murmured as she was shocked, looking at the insects approaching her.

The Heart Eating Insects were ranked fourth on the Magical Insect List.

They could silently drill into a warrior's heart and continuously suck their blood essence. These insects could live like this for dozens of years without the warrior noticing. If the Heart Eating Insects grew up too much, they would rip off the warrior's body, and the warrior would die from having their heart shattered.

The Heart Eating Insects had nearly indestructible pincers that could even drill into all kinds of weapons and bite them, leaving thousands of holes behind.

A group of Heart Eating Insects could devour anything that was put in front of them in a matter of seconds.

Many warriors attached great importance to them because they could eat anything. In the face of many difficult situations, the warriors would use these insects.

Since they were a rare species, the Heart Eating Insects were considered extremely valuable.

No warrior was able to bring any living things into the Illusion Battlefield. So either Shania used her life energy to produce the Heart Eating Insects, or she had caught them within the Illusion Battlefield.

There was such a large number of Heart Eating Insects that Lucille would face extreme difficulties dealing with them.

"Humph! It really is her! Only she can control the Life Law so perfectly!" Suddenly, the Ji Clan's patriarch made himself heard.

Hearing his voice, everyone in the Ji Clan was shocked.

"Patriarch, is Shania really the Queen of Life of the Demon Night race?" one of the Ji Clan members asked.

The Ji Clan members had been speculating about Shania's real identity.

The Queen of Life of the Demon Night race had been hiding quietly for the past years. Thinking that she had returned aroused the Ji Clan members' interests.

"Yes. Shania is in reality Latonia, the Queen of Life. I saw this woman before. The Demon Night's three queens all have different personalities. Lavender is a decisive person, but her personality is the simplest. Elena is tyrannical and ruthless. Latonia, however, is scheming and ambitious. I'm afraid she is plotting something."

It was hard for the Demon Night members to judge their queens correctly because they were submissive and revered their queens.

But the others could see it clearly.

Lavender, the Queen of Killings, was focused on protecting the Demon Night members and didn't care about anything else.

Elena's ambition was to control the entire race and become its sole ruler.

While Elena and Lavender fought their battles, Latonia had remained still. She had not chosen any side nor picked any fights.

But behind the silence, she was conjuring a bigger scheme.

The Ji Clan's patriarch was not able to guess what this scheme was. He knew, however, that to enter the Illusion Battlefield, one needed to be at the Soul Sea Realm. With the cultivation level of a world lord, even if Latonia was to cripple all of her cultivation, she still couldn't fall to the Soul Sea Realm.

The only way was to use the Life Law to reincarnate and reproduce herself.

She would have to pay a big price. The bigger the price, the bigger the prize. So what was she after?

The Ji Clan's patriarch looked worried.

He wasn't paying much attention to what was unfolding during the battle. After all, there was still a chance for Lucille to make a comeback.

When she saw the Heart Eating Insects coming towards her, Lucille decided to face them head on.

Swish! Swish!

She suddenly raised both of her hands and held the hilts of the swords together. Then she started spinning around the swords in her hands.

Whoosh!

At the same time, Lucille started approaching the dark cloud made of insects.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The two spiraling swords were like a rapidly spinning windmill, slaughtering those Heart Eating Insects extremely fast.

However, the outer carapaces of these Heart Eating Insects were extremely sturdy and would not easily break. The weapon refiners actually considered their carapaces precious materials.

Even though Lucille's swords were sharp, they could only deflect the Heart Eating Insects away, not actually killing them.

But that was enough.

Her goal was getting to Shania.

Lucille still didn't know she was the Queen of Life, though she had a faint guess that someone who could control the Life Law in such way definitely had an extraordinary background.

'That's not her true body, '

Lucille thought as she sprinted towards Shania.

She knew she would only have one opportunity.

Lucille was right in front of Shania, but the latter showed no fear at all. She was still as lazy as a cat, with a smile on her face, without any intention of attacking Lucille. Shania said very casually, "Stop resisting."

Whoosh!

In one swift move, Lucille threw the two swords in her hands behind her back. The two swords expanded into circles of sword lights, temporarily blocking the Heart Eating Insects behind her.

After that, she approached Shania, her fingertip glowing with a faint light. She was using the same light to sense something.

In an instant, Lucille started to fly downwards.

Sharp glints appeared on her toes—the Crescent Blade.

Lucille stepped without fear on the Crescent Blade and broke through the vine, slashing it in half. Then she finally landed on the Heaven Earth Board.

Her eyes suddenly focused as her embroidered shoes lightly stomped on the board.

Countless Crescent Blades sunk into the Heaven Earth Board.

Noises were heard coming out from the Heaven Earth Board. Lucille's strike almost exhausted her life vitality. She knew that sooner or later she would be exhausted to death fighting the Heart Eating Insects. The only way to obtain victory was to find and kill Shania's real body.

She had used her five-element senses to confirm that Shania's true body was concealed within the Heaven Earth Board.

Lucille closed her eyes and was quietly observing the situation below the board.

The Heart Eating Insects had been able to cross through the spinning swords and were charging straight at her. Lucille chose not to resist.

If she couldn't find Shania, then it would be her loss.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1691 Mr. Storyteller

The Heaven Earth Board was a million feet long and a million feet wide, but only 10, 000 feet high. If one were to look at it from a distance, they would see a flat, square board.

A number of Crescent Blades moved back and forth in Lucille's mind.

"I found her!"

she exclaimed abruptly, her eyes flying open.

The first Crescent Blade pierced Shania's body.

Before anyone could react, all the Crescent Blades rushed in one direction. These Crescent Blades were sharp and fast. Even Zen hadn't been able to avoid them when he had used the Eight Smoky Melodies.

What followed on the Heaven Earth Board was quiet massacre. Shania's body had been sliced through countless times.

But no one could see the bloody scene.

They only thought that Lucille was standing there in a daze.

"The Ji Clan's ace talent is about to admit defeat. She's giving up on resisting."

"The Demon Night's Godly Genius is so powerful! Lucille can't do anything to her."

"The world of chaos really is amazing. There hadn't been a Godly Genius like her in the last tens of thousands of years. But now, ten of them have suddenly appeared out of nowhere!"

At this moment, the black mass of Heart Eating Insects rushed towards Lucille.

Buzz!

Lucille wiggled the Five-element Finger Chain she had on her fingers. From the moment the laws of the five elements fused with each other, her skin had turned gray.

This light was the Five-element Body-protecting Light and was similar to the light on the surface of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

However, the Heart Eating Insects were ranked fourth on the Magical Insect List, and they could eat almost everything. Although the Five-element Body-protecting Light was formidable, it wouldn't be able to hold out for long.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The densely-packed swarm of Heart Eating Insects surrounded Lucille's body and began biting at the Five-element Body-protecting Light.

It was not long before the first Heart Eating Insect drilled into her body, causing her an intense, gouging pain. And then, she felt the second insect's assault. Then the third...

But Lucille endured the pain as she controlled the Crescent Blades to continue cutting through Shania's flesh within the board.

Both of them used their formidable methods to try and destroy each other.

A few seconds later, Lucille sensed that Shania was slowly rising from within the board.

It was not long before the real Shania appeared along with her Crescent Blades on the board.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Crescent Blades cut through the air towards Shania.

This situation looked hopeless for Lucille.

Shania made her way towards Lucille, smiling smugly. Not a single drop of blood had left her body, which was covered in a green liquid once the sharpness of the Crescent Blades had passed by her.

"This round shall end here. Your performance wasn't bad. You were able to clearly see the flaws in my movements that I left on purpose." Shania then followed the vine beside her and stepped into the air, rising about ten feet and looking down on Lucille.

'She left the flaws on purpose?'

Lucille thought, surprised. The pain that was caused by the Heart Eating Insects had already made her pale. What saddened her was that the gap between her and Shania was so huge.

Her opponent was like her master, and her resistance had only been induced by her words.

Why was there such a huge gap between her and Shania?

Lucille had been defeated in this battle, and miserably at that.

Although both of them were at the Soul Sea Realm, Lucille had been led by the nose.

Shania was like a player with profound skills playing a Go game. Since she had enough skills, she had deliberately left some flaws and observed her opponent's ability to seize these flaws in order to judge their strength.

This was the method a master used to test their disciple.

Lucille was behaving well, but Shania was already standing at a higher position, looking down on her.

Even Nathan hadn't treated her like this.

Not long after, a stone appeared beside Nathan, and Lucille appeared on it in a flash of light.

She looked sad.

Nathan knew her very well, but he didn't seem to care for her very much at the moment. Instead, he smiled and said, "I heard that you've already cultivated the Five-element Reincarnation. But you still haven't used it in this battle, right?"

"I was saving it to deal with you," Lucille said sharply, deeply unhappy with his attitude.

"Really?" Nathan smiled. "I don't mind. If I go to battle with Shania, I can help you teach her a lesson."

"Stop boasting," Lawson said, a rather evil smile on his face. "This woman is very powerful."

Even without Lawson's reminder, Nathan had felt that something was wrong with the woman.

The woman was a little too strong and she had even exceeded the limits of her realm. He felt that something else was wrong too, but Nathan and the others were still geniuses of the younger generation. The only ones who could tell that Shania was the Queen of Life were the Supreme Lords.

Furthermore, they had used the past experiences and characteristics of the Queen of Life to confirm that. But given Nathan's and the others' experiences, they naturally could not see through Shania's background.

"Is that so?" Nathan said indifferently, not seeming to care at all.

As the number one Godly Genius, he had absolute confidence in his own strength. That confidence had already become his warrior spirit.

He couldn't question his own strength. If he doubted it, his warrior spirit would break.

This was Nathan's Godly Way.

But he did have the confidence to defeat this woman.

The battle between Shania and Lucille ended with Shania winning.

But no one dared underestimate Lucille's strength. It was just that Shania was way stronger than Lucille and her strength was causing many to be wary of her.

Kurt's strength had already exceeded their expectations. And now, the Godly Genius of the Demon Night race was equally strong!

The ten people within the picture were busy with their own thoughts.

The warriors outside the picture were discussing this animatedly.

The battles of these ten people were far more exciting than they had imagined.

According to the payout rate from the start, Nathan had the highest chance of winning, while Lucille also had a fair chance. She was ranked third or fourth in people's eyes.

Shania had been at the bottom because she wasn't famous.

But now, after this battle, Shania's chances of winning had skyrocketed.

Some people became rich overnight, and some people went bankrupt.

The next battle was between Karl of the Celestial Position race and Kurt.

Although Karl had an eccentric personality, his strength remained unquestionable since he was a Godly Genius of the Celestial Position race.

And Kurt, who was a talent of the Hidden Spirit Temple, hid his strength well.

The two of them had exchanged countless blows, but at the end of it, Karl was still no match for Kurt. So he decided to admit defeat.

By the looks of it, Karl had a backup plan. But since this was not an elimination, he was unwilling to use that backup plan lightly.

Kurt might not have used his full strength, but just the strength he displayed was enough for everyone to guess that he was much stronger than he looked.

Once this battle was over, it was Zen's turn.

This was Zen's second battle in the competition of the top ten warriors.

Once he was put on the Heaven Earth Board, he raised his head to look at the giant hand in the sky.

None of the other warriors were easy to deal with.

His opponent was... Lawson.

Lawson was a Godly Genius and was second only to Nathan.

This person had even killed Nathan in the Illusion Battlefield!

But Lawson had only participated in one battle in the previous round of battles. Zen didn't know anything about his strength. All he knew was that he seemed to have a good relationship with Nathan and Lucille.

Lawson stood on the board, his evil eyes sweeping over the place and his lips curving in a teasing smile. "Oh hi. Now I've finally met you. I've been looking forward to seeing you, Mr. Storyteller."

Chapter 1692 Head To Head

The surname Lie was quite rare.

In fact, the Lie Clan only existed within the Thoughtless Minds.

Since the Lie Clan that Lawson belonged to was one of the oldest clans in the Thoughtless Minds, they were more conservative and their bloodlines were valued more than that of the Ji Clan Lucille belonged to, another Ji Clan Janet belonged to and the Xuanyuan Clan Nathan belonged to.

Therefore, they were more arrogant and holding more prejudices against those with a humble background.

For instance, even when Supreme Lord Illusion had slaughtered his way through the Thoughtless Minds and led the entire Humanity Alliance into the third battle against them, the patriarch of the Lie Clan still considered him to be a rube.

That sort of prejudice seemed to be permanently attached to the blood of the Lie Clan now.

As Lawson was a Godly Genius of the Lie Clan and also one of the two Godly Geniuses from the Thoughtless Minds, his prejudice would only worsen.

Meanwhile, Zen had become quite prominent in the past few years.

Some took a liking to Zen's stories, while many others hated the sound of Zen's voice when it resonated in their ears. However, there was no way to block out the voice that spread through the Roaring Token. Zen's haters could do nothing but curse him inwardly instead.

There were also some who were extremely irritated when they heard Zen's voice, that they became agitated and cursed the hell out of him.

Lawson was one of them.

Two years ago, there was a time that Lawson reached his limit and thus cursed Zen and the mysterious girl with his one and only Roaring Token.

This sort of powerless counterattack had happened quite a few times in the past six years.

In return, the mysterious girl ruthlessly cursed Lawson for two hours.

And since Lawson only had one Roaring Token which he'd already used, he wasn't able to talk back.

In a fit of rage, he immediately rushed to the Lie Clan to find his father for a few more Roaring Tokens.

Yet, his father rejected him.

His father was the leader of the Lie Clan and naturally had many Roaring Tokens, but he definitely wouldn't let Lawson waste them.

But who else in the entire universe had more Roaring Tokens than Zen and the mysterious girl? Even if he used all of the Lie Clan's Roaring Tokens, he still would end up losing the verbal battle against the other side.

Lawson had been brooding over this matter for quite a while now.

Before he entered the Illusion Battlefield, he thought that he would definitely teach Zen a lesson if they ever crossed paths.

Unfortunately, the chances were too small.

The chances of encountering Zen in fifty supreme worlds and countless main cities were very slim. Moreover, he didn't know who Zen was even if they did encounter each other. After all, he'd never seen Zen before.

Yet coincidentally, he had met Nathan. They belonged to the same supreme world.

Thus, he had proudly caused Nathan's death once by using the rules of a secret land.

It was also during that time that Nathan, who was originally ranked first, fell behind the hundreds.

Therefore, Nathan put Lawson in a main city for two days and two nights then left with thoughts about catching up to his ranking.

At the end of the day, the four clans were still linked as one. Had Lawson been better, he wouldn't have tried to harm Nathan. However, he was already sick in the head from the beginning. It could be said that he was one part lunatic and one part normal person.

Never in Lawson's wildest dreams did he expect that Zen was quite strong. The man had actually passed through both the first and second stages.

However, he would still have the chance to teach the storyteller a lesson.

Unfortunately, the beautiful hand that swung the stones around had never reached him.

Not to mention encountering Zen, even the chances of fighting in the early stage were extremely low for him.

Lawson had finally appeared on the scene and was now faced against a powerhouse. The one he was up against now was coincidentally, Zen.

However, storytellers weren't regarded highly in the world of martial arts. There was even a trace of disdain in Lawson's words.

Even then, Zen wasn't the least bit annoyed. "I'm sorry for my poor stories," he simply replied.

When Lawson saw how calm Zen was, the sneer on his face grew. "I see that you are usually so good at telling stories, why don't you tell a few more here? How about you tell a story before we fight?"

His words were obviously sarcastic. It was clear that he was truly annoyed by this matter.

"Sounds good," Lucille, who was on top of the stone, answered for Zen. She was rather willing to listen to Zen's story. Zen himself just stayed silent.

Lawson turned around and glared fiercely at Lucille when he heard her words. Just then, a voice from the clouds was heard. The mysterious girl who had been presiding over the Illusion Battlefield since the beginning now sounded different from her usually cold tone. She echoed Lucille's sentiments and said, "I also agree."

On the other hand, Nathan laughed so hard that he had to clutch his stomach.

"What exact stories did Zen tell?" Margaret asked Rocher curiously. It was because in the Purple Power World, Margaret never had the chance to hear any of Zen's stories told through the Roaring Token.

Rocher slightly smiled and said, "A lot. The legends and fables you heard in the Central Region, as well as some historical stories."

At that moment, Lawson began to feel heavy.

It was then that he decided to make his move.

The grey light Zen had displayed earlier indeed made him feel a bit afraid, but he was still highly confident that he could capture Zen.

"You've gone far enough, and it's finally the end," Lawson said as he stepped forward. A huge pit appeared the moment his toes touched the board.

His body instantly rushed towards Zen at an extremely fast speed. However, he intended to use his bare hands against his foe instead of using his weapon.

"Are you planning on going head-to-head with me?" Zen asked.

He was a little surprised, but he had on a faint smile. He took his stance as Lawson enlarged his pupils, but he had no weapons in his hands at all.

"Zen's gonna fight against Lawson with his bare hands?! He is too arrogant!" Nathan said and shook his head. However, he was looking forward to Lawson being humiliated.

"It's hard to say..." Lucille murmured. She had fought against Zen before, so she had a deep impression of Zen's tyrannical body.

The Lie Clan was the only one of the four great clans that was good at body refining.

Some of their ancestors had taken the path of body refinement, opened up Nine Divine Stars, and became True Gods.

From the ancient times until the present, only a select few had reached the Godly Way. It was likely that only one person from the Lie Clan had managed to become a True God through body refining.

It was the reason Lawson had no need for his weapon. His own hands were one of his most powerful weapons.

However, what he didn't know was that Zen had gone a step further than him. His entire body was a divine weapon.

"Since you refuse to use your spear, then go to hell! Ha-ha!" Lawson was halfway through the sprint, and burst into a maniacal laugh at what he saw as Zen's arrogance. His fists suddenly intertwined as he leapt high into the air, and then flew straight towards Zen.

Boom!

The forceful energy within Lawson's body suddenly exploded in mid-air as a blood-red halo enveloped his whole being. His speed increased yet again at the explosion!

Although he was only six feet tall, he emitted such a powerful aura that it felt like he had thrown a mountain at Zen.

"It's coming," Zen whispered as his eyes narrowed into slits. His right foot stepped back, and his strength began to flow into his right fist.

He knew that since Lawson dared to attack him with a pair of bare fists, he must be extraordinarily powerful.

He then extracted the power of the dragon scales and at the same time, a little starlight appeared on his fist.

At that moment, Zen didn't think highly or lowly of any of his opponents.

Although this Lawson was crazily arrogant, his strength was definitely worthy of Zen's vigilance. Thus, he quickly activated the Stellar Body.

"I'll kill you in one punch!" Lawson declared.

Lawson's voice was painfully sharp now. The closer he got to Zen, the faster his speed became, and the blood-red halo around his body became denser and denser.

When he had been three hundred feet away, the blood-red halo appeared dim. Now that he was only one hundred feet away, Lawson turned into a completely bloody being as he charged towards Zen.

"Do you think that this punch will directly smash that arrogant kid into meat paste?"

"Definitely..."

Outside the painting, everyone in the Lie Clan had mocking grins plastered on their faces.

Was Zen really going head to head with the warrior of their clan? Even the ogres that were famous for their body refinement would have to think twice before they did such a thing. Before this fight, Zen had relied on the Saint Killing Spear to display quite a good level of strength.

But to go head to head with their clan's Lawson? Wasn't that too childish?

Chapter 1693 One Punch

Creak!

Lawson looked like a demon incarnate as he swung his fist with maximum power.

The speed of his strike was also no joke. Sharp wind blades surrounded his fist as it got closer to its target. Luckily, the surrounding space within the picture was stable. If Lawson's punch had been done in the outside world, it would most probably tear a huge hole in the fabric of space.

The Lie Clan had a special training method.

This method involved the use of their supreme divine weapon: the Hidden Phoenix Dragon Basin.

This amazing basin spanned ten feet in both height and diameter. It was usually filled to the brim with the blood of all kinds of precious beasts.

Rare and precious beast blood wasn't normally suitable for absorption since it was either extremely toxic or too unbearable to take in.

However, this Hidden Phoenix Dragon Basin was able to convert the blood into something suitable for human consumption while still preserving the special properties of the blood essence.

Every year, the Lie Clan would send out their people to gather beast blood. In fact, many of their sacred places would already have some in store, ready to offer as tribute to the clan.

The blood was collected and then dumped into the basin. Not everyone could soak in this basin. Only those with high enough qualifications could avail of such a high honor. The Lie Clan was very particular in choosing who could bathe in the basin. They would sometimes extend the honor to lords of supreme worlds or anyone of equal or higher positions. Choosing who got to bathe in the basin was a big deal.

Not even the leader of the Lie Clan could casually enter the Hidden Phoenix Dragon Basin to soak in beast blood.

The only ones who could bathe in it without any restrictions were the clan patriarch and Lawson.

However, the clan patriarch had already become a Supreme Lord. The Hidden Phoenix Dragon Basin wasn't really of much use to him now, but it was still greatly beneficial to Lawson.

Over the past ten years, Lawson had greatly taken advantage of his unrestricted access to the basin by soaking in it for four to six hours every single day. This habit led to the extreme enhancement of his tendons, blood, bones, and flesh.

Lawson's entire body had been greatly strengthened by his daily blood baths. There was probably no other ace talent or Godly Genius who possessed a physique as excellent as his.

He wanted to kill Zen with a single punch because he knew he could do so.

However, despite the threat of an extremely strong blow from his opponent, Zen stood in place. His eyes were calm and there was no trace of distress on his face.

The Stellar Body was a Transcendent Divine Might that drew its power from the stars. As the number of stars that Zen could communicate with increased, so did his power.

"I will not back down from this punch!"

A blinding stream of pure starlight spiraled around his arm and condensed in his fist.

If this fight took place in the past, he would've let out a sigh of relief. Fighting with brute force was his forte, so any opponent who used his fists instead of his weapon would've been such a welcome change.

However, times had changed and Zen was not relaxed at all.

The universe was too big.

His opponent was a talent who had stood out among the trillions of warriors in this boundless universe.

If Zen had heaven-defying luck, Lawson wasn't far behind. The young man also had a huge power backing him. His foundation was also nothing to scoff at. The Lie Clan had seen to his growth and gave him the necessary resources to make him stronger than anyone else.

Caution did not necessarily equate to fear though. Zen had just assessed his opponent's strength and deemed it worth being wary of. He knew Lawson was strong, so he wanted to reveal the best of his abilities too.

Was he going to use the Multiple Stars Brilliance? No, not for this fight.

Zen intended to use another Stellar Body move in dealing with Lawson.

"Dark Star Devouring!"

A gentle whirlpool of starlight appeared from the condensed power in his fist.

This technique seemed far less powerful than Lawson's.

However, the Stellar Body represented the endless starry sky. It was a space that was even bigger than the seemingly boundless sea.

Boom!

At first, everyone thought Lawson held the absolute advantage as he came at Zen with his powerful punch.

However, the moment their fists collided, a strange scene appeared in front of everyone's eyes.

The whirlpool of starlight caught Lawson's fist as if he had punched through another dimension.

Everyone was rendered speechless by what they had just witnessed. At that moment, however, it was probably Lawson who was the most surprised.

It never ended well for anyone who ever dared to face him.

He was well aware of Zen's tricks and his craftiness. He had been prepared for this guy to dodge his punch or to pull some kind of gimmick at the last moment.

He never expected Zen to face him head-on!

Not only that, but Zen's counterattack was also very strange.

It didn't feel that powerful, but it was clear to Lawson that his fist had been cleanly swallowed by Zen's starlight whirlpool.

The Dark Star

was one of the countless stars in this universe.

The Dark Star Devouring was a Stellar Body move that required the activation of this specific heavenly body.

If a star was a bright ball of heavenly light, the Dark Star was the complete opposite. It was a star that constantly devoured anything that came close its vicinity.

It had a counterpart which was called the Light Star that constantly spat out and expelled objects from within.

The number of Dark Stars was equal to the number of Light Stars.

Whatever was taken in must be expelled out the other end. A few mighty warriors used these two kinds of stars as a transportation channel. It was easier said than done because a warrior's body must be able to withstand the extreme pressure if he wanted to utilize these stars to travel through the star fields.

Zen had coincidentally activated a Dark Star a few years ago, which allowed him to learn this move.

No matter how strong Lawson's punch was, it was still dissolved by the whirlpool that had appeared in front of Zen's fist.

A faint smile appeared on Zen's face. It was his turn now.

Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

He launched his counterattack in an instant!

The whirlpool that had swallowed up Lawson's fist began to spin in the opposite direction.

"Light Star Ejecting!"

The Dark Star Devouring essentially devoured the force of Lawson's fist, but the Light Star Ejecting did the exact opposite.

It brought the power of his punch right back at him. The earlier force from his fist was enough to destroy a 10, 000-mile mountain range.

That wasn't all.

As the Light Star Ejecting brought Lawson's force towards him, Zen also unleashed his own strength.

The strength of 40, 000 dragon scales!

It was a counterattack fused with two layers of power.

Lawson had originally planned to kill Zen with a single punch, but it seemed the tables had now turned.

He hadn't been wrong though.

Had Zen not done any kind of strange move or used any special technique, then Lawson would've surely won this fight.

However, Zen had used a strange and special technique, and now Lawson was going to suffer the consequences.

It was simply impossible for him to escape.

Bang! Bang!

The tremendous force caused the Heaven Earth Board to crumble underneath Zen as his fist smashed into Lawson's.

At the exact moment their fists bumped, Lawson's arm began to disintegrate into tiny pieces. It was as if his flesh and blood had been burned and scattered into the air like ashes.

His body that had been nurtured by the blood in the Hidden Phoenix Dragon Basin was turned to ashes by this terrifying power.

"I..."

He opened his mouth to say something.

He wanted to shout that he shouldn't have ended up like this.

This body refining technique wasn't his strongest move. He still had a lot of tricks and moves to show.

Killing Zen would've been easy if he used his strongest method.

But it was too late now. What a pity!

There was no medicine for regret.

As the saying went, "If I know what will happen in the next second, then no one will be my enemy."

If a warrior had the power to predict his opponent's move, then he would be unmatched in the entire universe.

Just a peek at the next second would be enough leverage for a warrior to win in a fight.

Unfortunately, Lawson did not have such amazing capabilities.

Even with the help of the Time Law, the most one could do was make time go slower. Nobody had the power to see into the future or retrace their steps back to the past.

At least in this universe.

Lawson's body peeled off and dispersed in the wind until there was nothing left.

In the end, Zen was the only man left standing.

The warriors were all stunned at the result of this fight.

"This is the person known to be only second to Nathan, the favorite of the competition?

He was literally smashed into smithereens by Zen!

Isn't the gap between the two of them too big?" someone exclaimed.

It wasn't just him. The other warriors also thought this way.

There were always so many variables when Godly Geniuses fought, but why was it that the fight was finished so quickly? Everyone expected this fight to last at least ten minutes.

To their surprise, it only took an exchange of blows for Zen to be declared the winner.

It was just truly absurd! Many warriors in the audience simply didn't know how to react.

However, there were some warriors who sighed but were not entirely surprised by the results. Lawson was known only second to Nathan, so his strength couldn't be too weak. The problem was he had chosen the wrong way to deal with Zen.

Chapter 1694 What Reward Will I Get

"Lawson shouldn't have attacked Zen with brute force. It seems that he has fulfilled Zen's wish—he was killed in a single punch. If that's not the case, it's likely that the outcome will be difficult to determine," Preston commented from beside Letitia.

Smiling, she didn't refute his words. All she needed to do was believe in Zen—that was enough.

No one from the Lie Clan had expected such an outcome.

As the saying went, "The greater the expectation, the greater the disappointment."

Who would have thought that Lawson's first battle among the top ten warriors would end up like this?

Lawson was the Lie Clan's hope.

It had invested numerous and priceless resources into Lawson for dozens of years, all to create the perfect warrior.

Every bone in his body and every inch of his flesh were in perfect condition. Apart from his arrogant and unstable personality, Lawson was undoubtedly the strongest talent nurtured by the Lie Clan.

Even Nathan hadn't received as many resources from his clan.

But Lawson was smashed into dust by a single punch from Zen.

His blow didn't seem to land on Lawson's body, but instead the faces of all the Lie Clan members.

Such a failure was an unacceptable disgrace for them.

"Lawson can't be that weak!"

"I refuse to accept this. I'm going to challenge Zen!"

"Damn it. He's so crafty. How could Zen use such a trick?"

After a long period of silence, everyone in the clan began boiling up with frustration. Countless warriors were filled with indignation and couldn't restrain their emotions. Their voices were like boiling oil as they began shouting out loud.

"All of you shut up!"

roared the Lie Clan's head.

In an instant, the whole place once again fell into a heavy silence.

The patriarchs of the four great clans were all Supreme Lords, but the heads of the four clans still held the most power in their respective groups.

"My son was reckless. He didn't take Zen seriously enough. That's why he suffered such a loss. Now stop blaming his opponent," the head said coldly. "I hope this battle will teach him a lesson. At the very least, he still has a chance."

In the sky within the picture, a stone slowly appeared. On it, a small light condensed until Lawson appeared.

Lawson's eyes grew empty—he seemed to have fallen into a daze.

Clearly, he hadn't yet come back to his senses.

Defeated in a single blow?

If someone told him this before the battle, he would have thought that this was the biggest joke he had ever heard in his life.

In truth, if it weren't for Zen using Lawson's and his own strength to counterattack, he wouldn't have managed to kill him. At most, he probably could have only injured him severely.

But the severely injured Lawson could fully recover in almost half a minute. His regenerative abilities were much better than that of any ordinary warrior.

Not to mention, his cultivation of the Godly Way was a special one.

But none of them mattered any longer.

While Lawson grew cold and depressed with the thought, his gaze landed on Nathan.

A faint smile hung on the latter's face.

"What are you grinning about?" Lawson asked in anger.

"Serves you right." Nathan revealed his teeth. While he was very much willing to let anyone teach Lawson a lesson, he couldn't deny that he was irked that it was Zen who did it. It was impossible for Nathan himself to kill Lawson in a single punch.

Although it was clear that Zen's victory had some element of luck, he still managed to defeat Lawson in a single punch.

Nathan didn't know how to rationalize it.

"Humph!" Lawson groaned, muffled. Without saying a word, he lost himself deep in thought.

Even though he was considered a madman, he wasn't an idiot. This indeed brought great shame and humiliation to him. But he was determined to not let himself be finished for good—he still had a chance. If he lost his confidence after a single blow, he would have truly failed.

To become a Godly Genius, one needed their own unique state of mind.

Although Lawson was crazy, persistent, and arrogant, he knew how to repent and mend his ways.

Lucille was someone who never gave up—she gracefully accepted defeat and used the failure to push her to work harder.

Pursuing absolute justice was Karl, unable to take anything unfairly.

As for Nathan, he had absolute confidence in himself. This was his warrior spirit, and it couldn't be broken.

While defeating these Godly Geniuses wasn't necessarily always difficult, it was nearly impossible to crush their warrior spirits. These were the top talents that the clans had invested numerous resources in—they were all brimming with skills.

The next battle was between Shania and Karl.

Since she had displayed a strength that far surpassed her peers', defeating even Lucille, almost everyone was feeling optimistic about her.

The Celestial Position race had been flourishing all these years.

In terms of the number of Supreme Lords, the race could already stand shoulder-to-shoulder with the Thoughtless Minds.

But the warriors still didn't expect the poor performance of the Celestial Position warriors in the Illusion Battlefield. One of their two Godly Geniuses had already been eliminated, leaving behind a mind-boggling Karl.

It was indeed rather unreasonable that only one warrior of the Celestial Position race had entered the top ten.

In some warriors' minds, Karl was slightly weaker than Lucille.

No one was expecting any suspense in the battle.

Of the other nine warriors, apart from Nathan, there weren't many with the ability to restrain Shania.

But the result went beyond everyone's expectations.

From the very beginning, Karl was completely suppressed by Shania. Using the Immortal-trapping Vine to wrap around his body, she prevented him from moving.

This vine acted like a giant python, coiling tightly around Karl. As it grew, thorns grew along with it, heading straight for him.

But there was no trace of panic on Karl's righteous face.

A light golden holy shield acted like an eggshell as it enveloped Karl's body, wrapping him tightly within.

Condensed from his faith, the shield's defensive power was incomparably overbearing.

This stalemate lasted quite a while before Shania realized that she couldn't finish off her opponent with the Immortal-trapping Vine. With a wave of her hand, another plant grew rapidly and bloomed into a black flower cage.

The Bone-devouring Flower Cage, it was called, filled with bone-devouring water that could melt anything.

This was a kind of plant that made people's faces change.

But even as Karl was thrown into it, his shield remained intact.

Finally, Shania had met her most challenging obstacle.

This guy from the Celestial Position race looked like a complete fool, but his defense was undeniably terrifying. The pale golden holy shield was practically unbreakable.

After the five-minute stalemate, even if Shania went through several methods, it was still nearly impossible to break through Karl's defense. Only when she summoned a large number of Heart Eating Insects did she finally break it.

With this, Shania from the Demon Night race had claimed victory.

From the looks of it, she was just like Zen—they had both defeated two Godly Geniuses.

Knowing that the rest of the Godly Geniuses would encounter Shania sooner or later, they remained standing on their stones, pondering over how to deal with her.

But within the Heaven Earth Board, there was no way to obtain the guidance of their seniors. The countermeasure to Shania's Heart Eating Insects was still unknown.

While the others might not have their seniors' guidance, Lone was a special case. The broken sword in his hand told him how to deal with the insects, and he nodded slightly upon hearing that.

The battle on the Heaven Earth Board continued.

Next, it was Nathan against Lone.

Lone had Lost to Zen once before. Before his second battle, he managed to regain his confidence, vowing to defeat his next opponent. But when he discovered that Nathan was his opponent, his face darkened.

He had once lost to Nathan, after all.

This left him no confidence to go against the man again.

The broken sword in his hand was indeed the most important thing he could rely on, but it was already extremely damaged. Before entering the Illusion Battlefield, Lone had taken it to numerous people, finding a way to repair it, but to no avail.

Facing Nathan, he barely managed to endure a few rounds before taking it upon himself to admit defeat. As for the former, he didn't bother making things any more difficult on Lone.

Then, it was Zen's turn for the next battle.

But just as he stood on the board, he realized that Margaret was his opponent.

Although he knew that he would have to fight Margaret sooner or later, he couldn't help but feel uncomfortable facing her in battle.

But a faint smile lingered on Margaret's face. Placing her hands behind her back, she walked slowly toward Zen as graceful of a ballerina, with a charming smile on her face. It didn't seem like they were in a battle at all.

Walking right up to him, she raised her head and asked in a sweet voice, "What reward will you give me if I win?"

Chapter 1695 The Top Five Warriors

The arrogant and unreasonable girl who behaved all too willfully for her own good was now standing opposite Zen on the great stage of the Illusion Battlefield.

Upon hearing Margaret's words, Zen smiled faintly. "Then tell me, what reward do you want?"

Blinking her bright eyes, she continued walking toward Zen.

Stepping on the Heaven Earth Board signified the beginning of the battle. It would be extremely dangerous for anyone else to approach the opponent at this moment.

But she didn't seem to be worried that Zen would take the chance to attack her.

When she arrived in front of Zen, she stood on tiptoe and smiled innocently. "Even if I could win this, I wouldn't take any actions against you."

With that, she gave Zen a quick kiss on the cheek before turning around and returning to her own stone. "I admit defeat in this battle," she announced.

The proclamation left the whole audience stunned.

Not only did she take the initiative to admit defeat, but she also kissed her opponent.

Many warriors were left puzzled by her behavior.

The fight among these top ten warriors was linked to the future of the entire universe.

If they weren't in the Illusion Battlefield, they would have fought to the death.

Not many warriors were aware of the relationship between Zen and Margaret.

When this painting was unfurled, Zen and Margaret had already been separated by stones, after all. Only a small number of ace talents had ever seen them snuggle up to each other.

Many warriors looked forward to this battle on the Heaven Earth Board.

The sword array Margaret previously created had even forced Nathan to retreat. Many believed that she had great strength, more formidable than Shania, and they also believed she even had the strength to match up to Nathan.

But other than the Purple River Sword Array, she hadn't displayed much of her real strength.

If Zen could force her to perform her extremely powerful sword array during a battle, it would be an intense fight worth watching.

But to everyone's surprise, she briskly walked up to Zen and gave him a kiss before admitting defeat. Why on earth did she do it?

"Haha! Margaret is truly bold.."

"Such guts! She kissed Zen in front of all the warriors in the entire universe..."

"But is it really alright for her to admit defeat just like that?"

The group of women of the Apeiron Tower continued chattering about Margaret.

These women spent most of their time in the Purple Power World and rarely went out. Seeing Margaret being so bold, everyone was riled up in excitement.

Elder Apeiron, their master, didn't care to give such remarks on Margaret's admission of defeat.

The master was already satisfied that Margaret managed to make it into the top ten. The battles between the top ten warriors had something to do with destiny, after all. Whatever result Margaret could gain depended solely on herself—such was her destiny.

Preston of the Pure Jade Sacred Place threw a secret glance at Letitia. It seemed that Zen's wife was in an angry fit, giving Preston a hint to remain silent. He sighed inwardly, confused about the younger ones' complicated relationships.

When Zen returned to his own stone on the Heaven Earth Board, the proceeding battle began.

This time, it was Kurt against Lawson.

Although Zen had previously defeated Lawson in a single punch, the latter was still a Godly Genius second only to Nathan. His full strength was not something to be underestimated.

This time, Lawson wanted to defeat his opponent to demonstrate his abilities and prove himself to others.

Kurt's display wasn't bad by any means, but still, Lawson looked down upon him.

Even all the members of the Lie Clan had hoped that Lawson could win a great victory.

At the beginning of the battle, Lawson gained an advantage over his opponent as he performed the Sky Breaking Slash. With this, he unleashed his own internal momentum at the same time.

Still, it was alright for him not to display his own internal momentum. After Lawson used his internal momentum, Kurt successfully suppressed him until the latter was defeated.

It left Lawson morose this time.

Until then, Lawson had always regarded Nathan as his only enemy, always looking down upon the other Godly Geniuses.

But now he had finally realized there was always someone better than him.

Among the Godly Ways, he cultivated the Berserk Godly Way—the unusual one. It was difficult for others to resist his crazy attack. But when he faced Kurt who had fathomless internal momentum, the effect of this wild attack was limited.

No matter what kind of skill Lawson used, Kurt could break through it in an instant.

One could say that Kurt hadn't taken the initiative to attack. Instead, Kurt waited for Lawson to make his move and used his theurgy to make a counterattack.

Their battle was over shortly.

This time, Kurt defeated Lawson, leaving the latter humiliated.

Meanwhile, the patriarch of the Lie Clan didn't say a single word, silently calculating something.

With the current level of combat power, a Godly Genius was close to nothing in the face of a major force.

Even if Lawson were to go all out, he wouldn't be able to content against a Spirit Transformation Realm master. But these ten Godly Geniuses in the Illusion Battlefield represented the fates of all the major forces in the universe.

In the universe, there was a kind of tree called the Enlightenment Tree—it could only be formed every one thousand years.

If it was cut, it produced the Enlightenment Crysta, which was fragrant and a kind of healing panacea.

To put it bluntly, after the Enlightenment Tree was cut, it produced the sense of crisis and secreted the Enlightenment Crystal as nourishment.

If the universe was likened to the Enlightenment Tree, then those talents were equal to the Enlightenment Crystals. After the heavens sensed the crisis, the world of chaos was to be opened.

Once the crisis arrived, the chosen talents would be sent to battle.

The higher one's ranking was, the greater the responsibility one had to shoulder. The force backing him would also have a greater chance of passing through the crisis.

If Lawson could make it to second place, when the crisis arrived, he could end up leading the Lie Clan to its survival. If his ranking wasn't high enough, he would probably find himself and the Lie Clan in danger.

Every time a crisis came about, countless races were killed.

The intense impact could bring about an ever-changing situation. Although the Thoughtless Minds was now extremely powerful, considered an old force in the universe, there could also be a chance that danger would follow the crisis.

Because of this, the patriarch of the Lie Clan didn't worry about Lawson, but the Lie Clan itself.

After the round-robin battles, the rankings were quickly determined.

With that, Margaret, Lawson, Lucille, Karl, and Lone were all ranked low.

Meanwhile, Zen, Nathan, Rocher, Shania, and Kurt were all ranked at the top.

Perhaps due to bad luck, Lawson ranked low, having lost two battles because he was restrained and suppressed by his opponents. This time around, he was unable to fully display his strength.

Lone was defeated because of his sword. Although it was a supreme chaotic weapon, it was still heavily damaged. If an opponent struck hard, the sword wouldn't protect the swordsman.

As for Margaret, she often admitted defeat for little reason.

Most of the universe's warriors guessed that she had the strength to match up to Nathan. But never had she planned on expending her best efforts to fight the others.

And as for Karl and Lucille, they lost the battles merely because they were weaker than the others.

Now, the top five warriors were to fight each other.

Out of these five warriors, apart from Nathan, the other four hadn't been defeated at any instance.

Even during the battles outside the main cities, the trials within the various secret realms, and the expedition in the Hall of Causality, they hadn't lost once.

With the greatest luck, strength, and perseverance, they were now known as the top warriors of the younger generation.

Countless warriors across the universe had their eyes fixed on them.

"I think Shania is stronger than the other four!"

"Nathan is the best among the Godly Geniuses. I bet all my fortune on him!"

"Don't forget that Kurt has become a Buddha."

Becoming a Buddha meant that one had officially stepped onto the Buddhist path.

Such was similar to how Nathan turned into a 'God' after becoming a Godly Genius.

As the warriors discussed the top five warriors, the biggest gamble they had made was already taking place.

If the chips placed on these five warriors were gathered, they would sum up to a great amount of life vitality jades.

Stones were constantly appearing on the Heaven Earth Board.

In each of the previous battles, only a stone was left on the board.

But in the first battle this time, six black stones and six white stones appeared on the board. Simultaneously, the thirteen pieces that had already landed on the board were taken away.

Immediately after, the huge hand no longer held the stones and the mysterious girl announced coldly, "First battle—Zen Luo versus Shania."

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1696 The Circle Of Life And Death

Zen hadn't considered that he would meet Shania in the very first battle of the remaining five warriors.

Previously, Shania had asked him to hand over the Saint Killing Spear to her.

She had even said that he would, without a doubt, be returning the Saint Killing Spear to her. Made cautious by her request, Zen had gripped the spear tightly in his hand.

What on earth was her reason for wanting the spear?

After all, the spear was Lavender's weapon, so Zen definitely wouldn't be giving it to someone else. He would bring it out of the Illusion Battlefield and return it to Lavender. However, he still wanted to know why Shania had said that, for it smacked of prophesy.

He jumped down from the stone and landed on the board, ready to engage in the battle.

Soon after, Shania also took gentle steps forward, seeming to descend upon an invisible staircase.

As she reached the board, she gave Zen a gentle smile.

"Can you now give me the Saint Killing Spear?" Shania asked again, still smiling.

"Why should I?" Zen replied indifferently.

Once, he had formed a singular impression of the Demon Night race.

Without a doubt, it was one of the most accomplished races in the universe, with perfect order reigning throughout its territories.

But because of what happened to Amber and Hailey, Zen harbored hostility towards the Demon Night race.

Right now, Amber was still being bitterly tortured, and once Hailey had returned from the Illusion Battlefield, her end would probably not be any better.

The battle between the two Demon Night queens had caused too many losses for their race.

"Should I need a reason for that? I merely want to exchange something with you," Shania confidently said, with an expectant tone of voice.

"Oh?" Zen laughed coldly. "What do you want to exchange for the Saint Killing Spear?"

The Saint Killing Spear was the most powerful spear in the universe!

It might not have reached its full potential in Zen's hands, but in Lavender's capable hands, it could emit an endless amount of power.

All the supreme divine weapons were priceless treasures, so what could Shania possibly hope to give Zen in exchange?

Many people pricked their ears at the exchange. They were curious to know what Shania would offer in exchange for the unattainable spear.

However, Shania slightly parted her lips and spoke to Zen only using her life vitality, "A perfect spirit embryo. It has been growing in the Pool of Faith of the Queen of Life for many years. If Lavender knew that I offered you the spirit embryo in exchange, I believe that she would definitely give up the spear!"

Zen's brow creased at her words.

If she had offered anything else, he would immediately have rejected it without a second thought.

But she offered a perfect spirit embryo!

The faith collected in each of the Pools of Faith of the three queens was different in nature.

Lavender's Pool of Faith was formed by the killing intent of the members of the Demon Night race. As a result, it was blood-red in color.

It was said that the dense killing intent could be felt at a distance of ten thousand miles from the Pool of Faith. Ordinary beings couldn't safely approach within a thousand miles around it, and even Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors couldn't withstand the killing intent within a hundred miles. Only Soul Sea Realm warriors had the strength to stand within ten miles around the Pool of Faith.

The Pool of Faith of the Queen of Life was in pale green color, and it was filled with endless life energy.

If wounded warriors approached that pool, no matter how serious their injuries were, they would fully recover in a short period of time. At times their healing was even instantaneous.

What Lavender desired most right now was a physical body.

A spirit embryo, which had been born from the Pool of Faith of the Queen of Life would be perfect for her.

But this offer hinged on Zen having to give up the Saint Killing Spear in exchange for the spirit embryo.

"The spirit embryo is a perfect body of the Demon Night race. Though the Saint Killing Spear is undoubtedly a powerful weapon, it is merely a worldly possession," Shania continued coaxing, while still speaking privately to Zen with her life vitality. She had noticed Zen's expression change and had become hopeful.

Zen's gaze flickered uncertainly. He continued to probe, "Only the Queen of Killings can exert the full potential of the Saint Killing Spear. What do you want it for?"

Shania was silent for a moment. Clearly, she was unwilling to disclose the real reason to Zen. She only said, "Truly, it is very important to me."

"Why?" Zen pressed for information.

"Sorry. I can't tell you that." Shania was becoming slightly angry at his interrogation of her. "I'm merely inquiring whether you want to trade."

"Don't even think about it!" A sly smile was revealed on Zen's face.

The Saint Killing Spear was powerful, but most of the Demon Night clansmen were unable to fully wield its immense power. Shania definitely had another, possibly nefarious, goal in mind.

She had promised that there was a perfect spirit embryo in the Pool of Faith of the Queen of Life, and Zen had initially believed her words, but even if he relinquished the spear to her right here, would she honor the agreement and send the spirit embryo over?

Zen was not born yesterday. He had already made up his mind to immediately reject Shania's offer. At the same time, he had tried to glean some useful information from her.

Unfortunately, she was tight lipped and unwilling to reveal her purpose.

She had used her life force, and she became a Godly Genius, who had suddenly appeared in the Demon Night race.

Zen had previously speculated about her background. Perhaps this was all part of the Queen of Life's plan, since she had always kept silent before.

But what did she really want? Would Lavender be put in danger by this plan? Right now, Zen couldn't even guess at the answers, but he decided to be careful.

Once he returned to the outside world, he could plan a course of action with Lavender. If Lavender was willing to give the Saint Killing Spear up, then it wouldn't be too late for him to do that at that point.

He did not know that Shania, who was standing before him, was in fact Latonia, the Queen of Life herself.

After Zen refused Shania's request, her beautiful eyebrows furrowed slightly, and her aura became knife edged.

She was like an angry female tiger fixed to the spot and ready to pounce as she stared at Zen. Then she said, "Are you really going to pass the chance of getting the spirit embryo?"

"Yeah. I'm pretty sure about that," Zen said with a relaxed smile, ignoring her tense stance and challenging tone.

Shania then snorted lightly, "Well then."

Since Zen didn't want to trade, she would not waste her breath any further on trying to convince him.

As the two were conversing, a few martial artists outside the painting did not know what was going on and began to speculate about what the two were discussing.

"Don't tell me that Shania has also fallen in love with Zen."

"To be honest, many girls like him."

"No wonder Cindy used her peach blossoms to lure Zen into her dream."

While they were still discussing among themselves, Shania and Zen had concluded their own parlay without any chance for a deal. Then, Shania suddenly launched an attack on Zen.

In her previous duels, she had used her life force to germinate all kinds of strange plants from all over the universe to contend with her enemies. But now, she had changed her approach. She sneered and said, "I have always felt that the power of life is the purest form of power, because it can give birth to all things and bring life to anything."

As she spoke, she extended both her hands with her fingers spread to the sky.

Her left hand was white and lush with life, and every inch of her skin radiated with a pale green light, exuding a strong sense of creation. That aura was incredibly sweet like nectar, and Zen could feel a refreshing sensation filled with vitality in just one breath.

The other hand was covered in grey skin, which was shriveled and seemed almost withered. The creases and wrinkles on it simultaneously emitted a black aura of death, while the stench of decay faintly spread among the warriors.

Her two hands displayed two completely different sides of life.

Life was always accompanied by death.

Myriads of lives were in a constant cycle of life and death.

Apart from life force, the Life Law contained many profound mysteries related to death.

Thus, those warriors, who cultivated the Life Law, were the ones who understood life and death the best.

Shania was somewhat vexed.

She didn't want to end this battle so easily, as she felt that Zen required a lesson in respect for his betters.

If they had been in the outside world, she might have chosen to drain Zen of his lifespan and seal off his lifeline, thereby preventing him from extending his lifespan. This way, he would have entered the Five Aging Processes in advance, and he would have lived the rest of his life aging prematurely. This was the worst possible fate that a warrior could face.

Unfortunately, they were in the Illusion Battlefield, so this method was completely useless.

Thus, she chose an even crueler method.

"The Circle of Life and Death!"

In truth, a few Supreme Lords had already figured out Shania's true identity, but they were still a bit unsure.

After all, the cost of reincarnation was just too high. The risks of doing so were extremely high, and the Supreme Lords couldn't figure out the reason why Latonia would want to participate in the Illusion Battlefield in the first place.

Upon seeing Shania use this method, those who were familiar with the Queen of Life knew for certain who she was.

Shania was Latonia, the Queen of Life!

"She already uses such a powerful move at the very beginning of their battle."

"With Zen's unstable mind, he will suffer bitterly in the Circle of Life and Death."

"There aren't many people who can survive through that, but if he succeeds, he will benefit a lot."

There was a clear line that existed between life and death.

One side of the line was death, and the other side was life. This was an immutable truth that all living creatures accepted.

However, once one mastered the eighth layer of the Life Law, he or she would be able to accurately manipulate that line.

It allowed for the creation of illusion between life and death, and now that was going to be used on Zen.

Chapter 1697 Latonia's Purpose

Although Shania was at the Soul Sea Realm, she was still the reincarnation of the Queen of Life.

All these years, Latonia had remained silent about the chaos of the entire Demon Night race.

Whether it was Elena or Lavender, Latonia had always pretended that she'd never seen any of their fights. Sometimes, she would even add fuel to the fire.

None of the previous Queens of Life had stirred up troubles, but Latonia was an extremely special case.

In Latonia's eyes, Lavender was just a cold but passionate little sister. She only knew how to lead the Demon Night race to battle so that they could expand their influence and power; she represented the fighting strength of the Demon Night race. Many Supreme Lords would flee when facing them.

And Elena was destined to be a schemer with great ambition but short sight. Controlling the Demon Night race seemed to be the greatest pleasure for her.

But the interests that Latonia had were completely different from theirs.

She had always had an extraordinary commitment to the Life Law as well as an extraordinary sensitivity.

Giving people life and trying to make them grow and reproduce was the greatest pleasure for her.

Of course, there was a lot more to the joy of the Life Law. The unique power of the curse that appeared when a life came to an end also piqued her interest.

Why did the power of the curse gather into a malicious aura before a life came to an end? Why couldn't a martial artist live forever? Why did the strong fall into the Five Aging Processes?

Long ago, there had been many questions in young Latonia's mind about mysteries that everyone else just took for granted.

After all, these rules had always existed without any rhyme or reason.

But this was Latonia's character. Once she was curious about something, she wouldn't be able to rest until she found some answers.

In the eyes of others, becoming the Queen of Life was already the end of Latonia's life. The queen of the Demon Night race was comparable to a Supreme Lord, and was considered the highest existence in the entire universe. In many ways, her position of power was even higher than a Supreme Lord.

But Latonia had known that it was just the beginning for her.

There were so many things in her mind that she still hadn't unraveled.

It was precisely because she was at the level of Queen of Life that her comprehension of the Life Law increased day by day, becoming more and more thorough.

Sixth layer, seventh layer, eighth layer, ninth layer...

The Law Power could not reach the tenth layer, which was the perfect level.

Only a Supreme Lord would be able to achieve perfection after bearing a Heavenly Destiny.

This was a clear demarcation.

She couldn't break through that boundary.

It was said that only those who opened 36 lotus petals and possessed a Mahayana Lotus Flower would be able to cross this boundary.

Then what exactly was the Lotus Flower that floated above one's head when one reached the Life and Death Realm? Why was it right above everyone's heads? Why would everyone's fate be dictated by such a Lotus Flower?

Instead of her doubts being lessened, Latonia found that they were increasing.

Most people wouldn't think about why a Lotus Flower was necessary in order to become a Godly Genius. They would mindlessly work towards that goal without thinking why such a goal was there in the first place.

Latonia was an exception. She had questions about everything. However, no matter how hard she tried and how much she studied, she could not cross the line that would allow her to obtain some answers.

She knew that the divine land existed, but to all the living creatures in the universe, the divine land was but an ethereal concept. There were many things that were deliberately hidden.

There was no such relationship between the Lower World and the Upper World of the universe.

The Lower World consisted of many great worlds with relatively mild and weak vitality, but the channels that linked the Upper World and the Lower World were not sealed. Thus, it wasn't too rare for martial artists from the Upper World to return to the Lower World.

However, none of the True Gods that crossed that line had returned. They had all gone silent.

"This is a deliberate restriction,"

Latonia finally concluded.

Following the Life Law, when a martial artist reached the Soul Sea Realm, their physical bodies would be near perfect. In theory, they would have reached eternal life, but they would fall into the Five Aging Processes within 30, 000 years.

In Latonia's eyes, the Five Aging Processes was a kind of curse, a curse cast by the heavens. It forbade the perpetual existence of living creatures in the universe.

Each time before a living creature died, a curse would be placed on the killer to add to their malicious aura. This was to prevent all the creatures in the universe from killing too many people.

These rules were arranged very deliberately. It was obvious that someone was deliberately restricting them like this.

What Latonia wanted to do was to remove these restrictions, to unbind the laws of the heavens.

Back then when she was exploring these things, Elena had already made a move against Lavender, trying to kill her.

This was an earth-shattering event for the Demon Night race, but Latonia hadn't questioned it. The Supreme Lord behind her had also warned her about Elena's ambitions.

The three queens should have been mutually controlling and restricting each other.

If Latonia had been willing to step in from the start, perhaps Elena's ambition would not have expanded to such a degree. It was Latonia's laissez-faire attitude that had allowed her to become so unscrupulous.

She was unbothered about worldly events, and she focused her entire attention on exploring the deepest mysteries of the universe.

But she didn't know that she wasn't the only one doing this.

The Celestial Position race and Supreme Lord of Original Sin had more or less explored these areas as well, but in vain. None of them had found any tangible answers.

Latonia had once wondered whether that mysterious young girl was the controller of the heavens.

Therefore, she had used the Roaring Token to ask the mysterious girl about this. However, the mysterious girl hadn't responded to her question at all.

So, Latonia had stopped pestering her and chosen to reincarnate before the crisis of the world of chaos came.

Being reincarnated had cost her all of her cultivation and talent, almost equivalent to a rebirth. Moreover, that wasn't the only price she'd had to pay. She had spent nearly a third of the Pool of Faith's faith to be reincarnated. This Pool of Faith had been accumulated over the endless years by the Demon Night race, so the fact that she would need to consume one-third of it had come as a shock to her race.

Moreover, she had also been strongly opposed by the Supreme Lord at first.

But everyone had their own goals. Since Latonia had insisted on being reincarnated, the Supreme Lord had decided that it would be useless to oppose her.

In the end, her wish had been granted and she'd entered the Illusion Battlefield. She had even walked through the Hall of Causality and encountered the True Gods she had yearned for.

But those True Gods, in the end, were just marks.

They had only discussed the techniques needed to achieve the Godly Way.

When it came to Latonia's questions, the marks of the True Gods had remained silent.

Latonia, who now went by the name 'Shania, ' did not feel discouraged. She knew that she would understand more after walking further into the Illusion Battlefield. Since everything had a set of rules, she would follow those rules and then break them.

As for why she needed the Saint Killing Spear, she wanted to gather all three of the Demon Night race's supreme divine weapons. However, she had her own reasons for that. It was all about an inheritance of the Demon Night race. Originally, the inheritance would be activated when the Demon Night race met a crisis, but Shania intended to ignore this rule.

This was her personality. Once she was certain of something, she had to accomplish it. Anyone who stood in her way would be crushed by her.

Currently, Zen was extremely uncooperative.

Hence, after she came up, she released an extremely cruel and profoundly mysterious skill—

the Circle of Life and Death.

A black and white wheel appeared in her hand, but Zen, who was one step ahead of her, had already begun to retreat rapidly.

The Life Law gave Zen an exceedingly strange feeling, and he almost instinctively wanted to avoid it.

Zen retreated quickly, but the dual-colored wheel moved with Shania's thought. In theory, it was impossible to avoid it.

In the blink of an eye, Zen was enveloped by the dual-colored wheel.

A faint smile appeared on Shania's face. At this moment, her eyes turned into two different colors. One of them was black, exuding a strong aura of death, while the other was light green, full of vitality.

"Enjoy it," she said. She didn't care about these Godly Geniuses at all. Although she didn't possess the strength she'd had before her reincarnation, her comprehension of Laws was still intact. How could these juniors possibly contend with a powerhouse that had once stood on par with the Supreme Lords?

Chapter 1698 Life-or-Death Space

There were too many secrets between life and death.

There weren't many martial artists in the universe that specialized in the Life Law. This Life Law could bring the dead back to life but it wasn't so deadly.

As a result, of the three queens of the Demon Night, Latonia was the weakest.

The Heart Eating Insects were considered a powerful weapon when they were used to deal with Soul Sea Realm ace talents. However, when used to fight against Supreme Lords they were useless. The Supreme Lords knew many ways to restrain the Heart Eating Insects.

Latonia had also used her life energy to nurture other plants to fight.

Latonia was the only one in the entire universe who cultivated such powerful Circle of Life and Death. It was a cultivation method she achieved when she cultivated the Life Law.

So when Shania displayed the Circle of Life and Death, the Supreme Lords knew immediately who she was.

That was an ability that only someone with a really strong life energy could possess.

Besides, the Circle of Life and Death was not a method of attack.

Right at this moment, Shania's one hand released a dense amount of life energy, while her other hand released a dense amount of death energy.

When she unleashed both powers at the same time, Shania was dragged into a state of life and death.

Zen was also dragged into this state.

This was called the Life-or-Death Space.

Anyone who would enter the Life-or-Death Space would fall into a very unique state.

A state in which they were both dead and alive.

In the Life-or-Death Space, to take a step forward meant to live and to take a step backward meant to die.

Creatures would fall into an extremely difficult situation and their souls would be tormented.

This kind of state would also affect Shania. Even as one of the queens of the Demon Night race, she would still suffer this torment. However, she was proficient in the Life Law and was constantly exploring the profound mysteries of life and death, so this wouldn't affect her as much as it would anyone else. To her opponent, however, it was extremely disadvantageous.

This was the same as when a martial artist who cultivated the Ice Law dragged their opponent into the Land of Extreme Chillness. Both of them would face great pressure, but the martial artist that cultivated the Ice Law would naturally find it much easier.

The vigorous life energy fused with the thick death energy began to rotate within the Heaven Earth Board turning into a gray fog.

Standing in the mist, Zen could feel a sense of serenity growing within him.

His body suddenly started to feel heavy and sluggish.

He was actually feeling tired.

The need for battle and courage to fight were disappearing.

Negative emotions slowly started to creep in, and a feeling of impending doom slowly spread through him.

Shania stood quietly in front of him like a dusty Equinox Flower. She looked bright and beautiful, but her real face could not be seen through the haze. A faint smile hung on her face, and a strange look appeared in her eyes.

"To be able to maintain a clear mind and soul in Life-or-Death Space, that's outstanding. No wonder Lavender is willing to follow you. She is a fool, but she is not stupid. She still has good eye."

As she spoke, Shania walked towards Zen. Zen was standing with a clear and firm mind, and a resolute warrior spirit.

Many martial artists that were caught in the Life-or-Death Space would be overwhelmed by a sudden fear of death.

This fear was something that many martial artists couldn't escape.

To the martial artists, death meant returning to zero and that everything that mattered and that they cared about would disappear.

The fear of death would be strong or weak depending on the strength of the person affected by it.

Some people saw death as a natural thing, so they would be less affected by it. For people that had nothing to live for, it was better to die.

On the other hand, if someone was obsessed with this world, then the impact of the fear of death would be greater.

Zen's attachment to this world was strong, very strong.

He was determined to find Yan, who was outside the heavens. He was determined to pursue greater power and to protect all the people he loved. These were all the things that he wanted to fight for, so he had to remain alive at all costs.

As the fear crept in, Zen fought hard to resist it.

But the longer he stayed in the Life-or-Death Space, the stronger his fear became.

The lines and stones on the Heaven Earth Board slowly began to disappear.

Under Zen's feet there was an endless abyss, and he was standing on a thin line above this abyss just about to fall.

The stronger the obsession with this world, the more afraid one would be of death.

"I can't die... I can't die! Not today!"

A strange look appeared in Zen's eyes.

Shania, on the other hand, was calmly staring at him. The Life-or-Death Space was a test of one's determination to live.

The stronger the will, the stronger the backlash.

Anyone's own state of mind would be completely shattered by his own obsession.

Zen gritted his teeth and took a step forward.

But instead of falling into the abyss before him, he sped towards Shania.

The fear in his heart was real and it was not an illusion. This life and death experience that was forcefully being applied to his heart felt real as any other feeling.

Zen had no way to resist or escape the fear. His only way out was to kill that fear before it grew any stronger and led him to commit suicide.

Whoosh!

At this moment, Zen was decisive in his attack.

But Shania was quick in her response. She placed her hands behind her back and with a grin on her face, just like a dragonfly touching the water, her toes tapped on the thin line several times and she instantly retreated a thousand feet. Her move was quick, gracious and effortless.

"It's no use to fight or to try to destroy me. Your warrior spirit is indeed strong because you have a strong obsession. But you know that the stronger the obsession, the more intense your fear will become. When that fear reaches a certain level..." Shania said as she held out one hand as if she was holding Zen's heart. "At that time... Bang! Your heart will burst and you will die! You'll be scared to death!"

In the universe there was a type of illusion, whose method of killing was very similar to Shania's.

While using this method, one would use the illusion to draw out a realistic picture, causing the opponent to be unable to remove himself from it. In the end, the opponent would be guided towards death.

But illusions were just illusions after all. They couldn't be compared to Shania's Life-or-Death Space.

The Life-or-Death Space represented Shania's understanding of life. It was not an illusion and it couldn't be broken.

If Zen wanted to survive the Life-or-Death Space, he had to overcome his own fear of death.

Kurt was quietly sitting on top of a stone. Although he had not been caught in the Life-or-Death Space, the aura that was emitted by the Heaven Earth Board had attracted him.

"Amitabha!" Kurt muttered to himself.

He had long regarded Shania as one of his greatest opponents.

The Life-or-Death Space had no effect on him.

Buddhist followers had peaceful minds and few desires. They were usually detached from life's desires and attachments. His obsession in life was to sacrifice himself for Buddha. If he was able to transcend life and death, he would achieve his purpose.

It was not difficult for him to give up his obsession.

Rocher's and Nathan's faces looked just as solemn.

They might encounter the same difficulties that Zen was facing.

The Life-or-Death Space would be a great test for them.

They needed to think of a way to deal with it beforehand.

Right now, that fear was like a demon taking over Zen's will and growing more and more.

Zen was growing more anxious by the second, which made the fear grow stronger. All that Zen could feel now was a burden in his heart.

"Die!"

The instant he dashed forward, Zen unleashed all the forceful energy in his body.

Zen was like a gust of wind trying to get closer to Shania. He was moving at an extremely fast speed.

Shania kept on smiling and moving swiftly. With a twist of her body, she was like a nimble butterfly dancing on a thin line.

Wandering on the edge of life and death was familiar to her. She had no fear.

As Zen missed his attack, he turned around and the Thunder Wind Divine Sword appeared in his hands.

But before he could prepare his next wave of attacks, he felt a sharp pain in his chest.

"Aargh!" Zen screamed painfully.

His heart began to contract violently.

Shania could hear the sound of his heart beating.

"Ah, what a beautiful sound!" she said happily.

Zen's heart was beating crazily. He had encountered this once in the sorcerer race's secret land.

But that had been because of the stimulation from an external source, and Zen had been able to endure it and think of a way to break it.

Right now, his heart was beating so violently because of his own emotions.

Zen kept on screaming in pain. His face showed how much pain he was experiencing.

Shania stood not far away and smiled while she said, "You have a strong heart. Unfortunately, you have an even stronger obsession with survival. That will be your end!"

As soon as she finished speaking, a loud crack was heard from the inside of Zen's chest.

Plop!

Zen's heart thumped violently once again.

In that instant, a sweet and fishy taste filled Zen's throat. He spat out a mouthful of blood and knelt on the thin thread.

Chapter 1699 The Emotion Closing Godly Way

Shania looked down at Zen as she stood not far away from him. She sighed with emotion.

Zen was only around thirty years old...

She found Zen to be extremely young and exceptionally outstanding.

The top ten in this world would all have great destinies.

In return, they had to attain great achievements.

The warrior chosen by Lavender was indeed remarkable.

As long as Zen was alive, he would eventually be able to help Lavender return to the throne of the Queen of Killings...

"Losing in the Life-or-Death Space isn't considered a disgrace. On the contrary, it can prove that you are extremely persistent, and the warrior with the strongest determination is often the one who succeeds the most in the world... So, please admit defeat," Shania said calmly.

Long, long ago, there was a legendary treasure in the Heavenly Lake Mountain. Only after warriors knelt for a thousand years would the legendary treasure appear before them.

Many warriors went over to investigate out of curiosity, but they scoffed at the notion. They did not believe this rumor.

However, several hundred other warriors stayed behind and knelt in front of the Heavenly Lake Mountain...

After a year, almost everyone chose to leave, except one warrior, who stayed there steadfastly.

The others mocked him because of his stupid stubbornness. Rumors were just rumors after all with no basis in facts. One thousand years was a precious amount of time for a warrior and he was silly to waste time like that.

However, the warrior remained unmoved. He had knelt for more than one thousand years and wasn't going to give up just like that.

Another one hundred years passed and the Heavenly Lake Mountain finally parted, revealing the treasure. It was bestowed upon the devoted warrior.

This story was passed down through generations all throughout the universe. It was a legend.

This legend taught everyone that even if persistence and determination were difficult and seemed unrewarding, one should work hard to pursue the goal with indomitable will. And one day, one would succeed!

But if one decided to pursue something doggedly, they had to survive and thrive.

In the past, Latonia also made the Life-or-Death Space by taking advantage of this point, once she created the Circle of Life and Death.

The Life-or-Death Space brought one closest to death. Faced with death, one's survival instincts would be on high alert!

If one wanted to break through this Life-or-Death Space, they would need to contemplate life and death.

But how could Zen do this in such a short period of time? How could he make it in front of her? This was an impossible task to do.

The rest of Shania's opponents were all newly-born talents from the last several decades. They had seen through life and death completely. How would they be able to make it?

With one formidable move, Shania could defeat anyone.

"Plop!"

Another muffled sound was heard.

Zen was staring death in the face, so his fear became more and more intense. Besides, the influence on his mind was also increasingly getting stronger...

Therefore, his heartbeat became more and more powerful, as if a cannon had exploded in his chest!

Fortunately, Zen's physical body was different than ordinary people's.

If he weren't so strong, a single beat of his heart might have blown his chest out!

Zen staggered as he leaned on the thread, panting heavily.

The injuries to his physical body were no big deal...

However, the pressure in his heart was like a hammer that felt like it weighed a hundred mountains, squatting on his heart. It seemed like the hammer would rise and smash down heavily on him any minute.

"Give up now. Hand over the Saint Killing Spear to me. I promise that I will help Lavender reconstruct herself in the spirit embryo. I can also admit defeat in this battle..." Actually Shania wanted to say that she could support Lavender and help her return to the throne, but after realizing that her cultivation base was only at the Soul Sea Realm, she did not say those words. Also it was not a wise idea for her to make an enemy of Elena.

As she spoke, she approached Zen and stretched out her hands towards him as though she was going to support him.

In truth her greedy eyes were fixated on Zen's space ring.

If she killed Zen, he would resurrect above the stone. She had to obtain the Saint Killing Spear before the outcome of the battle was revealed.

But Zen suddenly stood up, and the Thunder Wind Divine Sword swung out in front of him!

"Whoosh!"

The blade of the sword swished and drew the outline of the half moon.

At the same time, part of the half-moon outline grazed against Shania's finger.

Her blood splattered out.

She looked at the wound on her hand and a green light flashed. Thanks to the Life Law, the wound healed quickly.

"You..." Shania was staring at Zen with a confused look on her face.

Logically speaking, Zen would also need to have dogged determination if he were to struggle with all his might. In this case, he should've suffered an even greater counterattack.

However, he didn't seem to be affected by the Life-or-Death Space.

'Has he already gained an insight into life and death so quickly?' she wondered to herself.

It was impossible...

Shania frowned slightly when she looked into Zen's eyes.

There was no trace of emotion in his eyes. He looked like a lifeless puppet.

Shania was extremely sensitive to life energy.

Only puppets looked lifeless and lacked emotion like that.

Besides, Zen's life energy was not dissipating at all...

"Isn't it very strange?" Zen coldly said. The edge of his Thunder Wind Divine Sword began to emit an icy light. "This Life-or-Death Space is indeed strange. It can even be used as a cultivation place."

Some Soul Sea Realm warriors clearly knew that they wouldn't achieve good results, but they still chose to enter the Illusion Battlefield in order to train themselves. Facing the real test of life and death would be very helpful to them in future.

"However, I do not need this kind of test for the time being," Zen continued coldly.

Shania was baffled. "But, how did you do it?"

Zen laughed arrogantly. "Those Godly Geniuses who have stepped in the Godly Way have their own internal momentum. Why can't I own my own Godly Way and internal momentum?"

"What Godly Way?" Shania asked.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

As soon as she finished speaking, Zen's sword began to hum.

There was a sword intent on the sword, which looked ready to burst forth any minute...

"My Godly Way is... the Emotion Closing Godly Way!"

Saying this, Zen suddenly took a step forward, swung out the long sword in his right hand and pointed the tip at Shania!

Since he moved too fast, the slender blade of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword got bent by air, and it looked like a small arched bridge. However, after this attack was initiated, Zen shook the sword and made it straight again.

And at the same time, the powerful Gods-intimidating Strike was unleashed!

Upon seeing this, Shania was astounded, her expression changing dramatically!

She spun on the tip of her feet and glided back rapidly.

She had only moved less than three steps away when she realized that the sword light was moving extremely fast. She could not escape it even though she retreated so rapidly!

It was also because of her quick reflexes that she had jumped up after gliding three steps. She flipped in the air and managed to avoid the Gods-intimidating Strike.

However, Zen didn't give her the slightest chance. She flipped in the air and once again stepped on the thin thread. She pulled a long face.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way...

Be it obsession or fear, they were manifestations of human emotion.

This was the most terrifying part of the Life-or-Death Space.

However, Zen had comprehended the Emotion Closing Godly Way and completely cut off his emotions, so he had no trouble navigating this space!

At this moment, there were no distracting thoughts in Zen's mind. All of his emotions and desires had vanished, and there was no fear of death!

Many warriors in the Humanity Alliance knew that Zen had cultivated the Gods-intimidating Strike successfully.

However, the news only spread around the thirteen palaces...

And at that time, they didn't know that what Zen had practiced was the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

The Gods-intimidating Strike was the Emotion Closing Godly Way?

The warriors who had been affected by the sword cloud at that time were all stunned when they saw this scene.

Some warriors had comprehended a small part of the Gods-intimidating Strike. They also knew that this sword strike was very powerful, but they never paid too much attention to it.

For example, Layla had comprehended the strike a lot, but she attached more importance to what her master had taught her...

She had never thought that Zen was someone who would be able to comprehend the Emotion Closing Godly Way through the Gods-intimidating Strike.

After all, only a few warriors knew that Sword Chen had become a True God. Most of the other warriors were under the impression that he had died.

"Zen has actually practiced the Emotion Closing Godly Way... Isn't it the forbidden Godly Way?" Rocher asked in surprise. He had guessed that Zen had already stepped into the Godly Way but he never thought that Zen would choose the forbidden Godly Way.

"This sword attack is quite powerful." Nathan declared with a confident smile.

Although he was full of praise for Zen's sword strike, he was secretly comparing himself to Zen.

It was true that Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike was powerful, but it probably consumed a lot of life vitality. Just now when he lay on the ground, it took him a long time to launch the attack. He might have already drained more than half of his sea of life vitality.

No matter what, with this guy's cultivation, he would only be able to strike two or three times!

"It is not that formidable," Nathan said indifferently. He always had absolute confidence in himself.

But right after, he was astonished, and even his state of mind was slightly muddled.

Chapter 1700 The Staff Of Life

Nathan had always exuded confidence.

Such was his faith in himself.

There was no cultivation methods or martial skills that were too difficult for him to grasp.

There was no opponent that he failed to defeat.

There were no hardships that he could not overcome.

No one from his generation could compete with him because he was the strongest of them all!

Nobody possessed his level of talent. He had become a Godly Genius at such a young age, and only a handful of people could take him on.

Nobody else had a nobler background than him. His clan was the greatest clan in the entire universe!

It was impossible for anyone to get to him as he was the best of the rest.

He had inferred that even though Zen's sword skill was powerful, he could only use it twice or thrice at most. So he would still lose to Shania in the end.

However, the development that followed exceeded Nathan's imagination.

Once Zen launched his first strike, he had no intention of slowing down or stopping.

His attacks were getting faster and more intense.

Each strike contained an incomparably sharp sword intent.

His sword intent was so powerful that it felt like it could pierce through the heaven and earth as it charged towards Shania.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

He sent out dozens of slashes back to back.

"This guy...! He is a real monster!" Nathan commented as he stared at Zen with mixed feelings. He was a little confused.

'But he didn't consume any life vitality jade to replenish his life vitality. How strange!

Does he have a great treasure that can store large amounts of life vitality?' he wondered.

Such treasures were extremely rare in the universe. For example, the Vitality Storing Vessel, which ranked 120th on the Universe Spirit Tablet, could store a large amount of vitality between heaven and earth and double the amount of life vitality used by a warrior during a fight.

But even if Zen's life vitality was doubled, it still wouldn't be enough to launch so many consecutive attacks.

Nathan just could not figure it out.

He wasn't the only one who was flummoxed.

All the warriors who had witnessed this fight were just as puzzled as him.

A single slash by Zen's sword would consume a huge amount of life vitality, let alone dozens of it.

Most people had the same question in their minds: where did Zen's life vitality come from?

Shania was thinking the same thing as Nathan. She had suppressed Zen ruthlessly at the beginning of the fight so that he was forced to launch his strongest counterattack.

She believed that if she could survive this wave of attacks, she would drain him and then her time to defeat him would come.

But things didn't go as expected by her.

The Gods-intimidating Strike swooshed crazily towards her. There seemed to be no end in sight, as he kept sending wave after wave of attacks her way.

What was more, every new slash of his sword was stronger than the last one.

The most troublesome thing was that since Shania and Zen were both standing on the line of the Life-or-Death Space, she couldn't dodge to either side. She could only keep retreating backwards.

Obviously, it was doubly difficult for her to dodge Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike while moving in a straight line.

Now she had no choice but to stop using the Circle of Life and Death.

This skill had already lost its effect on Zen. Maintaining it would backfire, and restrict her own movements.

Whoosh!

A ray of sword light flashed past her snow-white thigh and hit the board, leaving a small crack on it. Although the crack seemed small, it had actually penetrated right through the board.

Poof!

At the same time, a stream of blood gushed from her leg. Drops of blood dripped down her snow-white thigh, which looked extremely scary.

Normally, she could heal this small injury by herself in an instant.

But now, she couldn't even spare a micro-second. Before the previous sword radiance disappeared, Zen's fresh attacks arrived, ceaselessly and mercilessly.

"Heart Eating Insect!" Shania yelled as she continued retreating backwards.

She extended her arms and countless Heart Eating Insects swiftly materialized around her.

The Heart Eating Insects gathered and formed a giant arrow as they charged towards Zen.

These insects couldn't be trifled with. A few ace talents had learned this the hard way earlier.

Even Zen did not dare to drop his guard before them.

He empowered the sword blade with a layer of sword intent and then stabbed the sword rapidly.

The Heart Eating Insects were not afraid of fire or water. They couldn't be killed using ordinary methods.

But Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword intensified to a great extent with the sword intent. The tip of the sword jabbed the Heart Eating Insect accurately.

Pop!

With a sharp explosion, the insects' formation broke into fragments.

"It worked!" he exclaimed with surprise.

Originally, he had been wary of these insects because of the sheer number of them as well as their unstoppable power.

Now that he realized that he could easily destroy them, he calmed down. He waved his wrist slightly, and the tip of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword quickly swept across the air.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!

The Heart Eating Insects exploded one by one in front of his sword like tiny bubbles.

But many more insects followed behind. This time when they got close enough, Zen employed the Eight Smoky Melodies.

Although the Heart Eating Insects were tiny in size, they still caused vibrations when they flew in the air.

The Heart Eating Insects stopped at a distance of three inches from him and struggled to approach any closer.

Although the Eight Smoky Melodies was indeed a powerful skill, it could be beaten by Shania and any other Godly Genius without difficulty. But currently it was the best way to keep the Heart Eating Insects away from him.

Needless to say, the two cultivation methods practiced by Zen happened to be very effective against Shania's theurgy.

Shania kept dodging his assault with growing indignation. Suddenly, she waved her hand, and a wooden staff appeared in her hand.

It was thin at the end, while its top resembled a bird's nest. It was adorned with green leaves, and one could sense a strong life energy within it.

It was a treasure exclusive to the Queen of Life of the Demon Night race — the Staff of Life, which ranked thirty-second in all of the supreme divine weapons.

"Taste my wrath, you brat!" she spat.

She was absolutely furious about being forced to use this treasure by Zen.

She had expected to defeat him quite easily, but found herself in an awkward predicament.

Her helplessness finally forced her to use the Staff of Life.

The moment Shania raised the Staff of Life in her hand, her face glowed with extraordinary grace.

It was as if, in that moment, she had turned into another Latonia.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Streams of green life energy emanated from within the Staff of Life.

The power vibrated violently in the air and separated into numerous specks, which slowly formed shapes on the board. Eventually, they turned into beasts of all shapes and sizes.

The roars of these beasts reverberated across the arena.

They were all twelfth-grade beasts, which were equivalent to Spirit Supreme Realm human warriors.

The Squall Mastiffs.

The Ancient Vultures.

The Fiend Horses...

As these vicious beasts materialized one by one, they all charged at Zen wanting to pounce on him.

But how could they withstand Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike? Even the Sunflower Turtle with its toughest defense couldn't survive a single slash of the sword.

But Shania was not using these beasts to defeat Zen.

She only needed them to delay Zen for a while and prevent him from chasing after her while she worked on something else.

She placed the Staff of Life horizontally in front of her and locked her gaze on him as she began to prepare for her strongest attack.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1701 Creating Creatures

Zen didn't stop, not even after he'd killed all the beasts.

He did not have any misgivings after cutting off his emotions and desires. All he cared about now was the sword in his hand...

He still hadn't fully attained the Godly Way, though.

Shania placed the Staff of Life in front of her that spread out an invisible force all around.

At that moment, even though he had already broken free from the entanglement of fear, Zen had no choice but to retreat.

He was not afraid to die, but that didn't mean he was willing to throw his life away so easily.

Shania smiled at him. She wasn't in any real hurry to kill him. Right now, her focus was at the outside of the Heaven Earth Board.

From the looks of it, she wasn't looking at her opponent, but at the audience outside the painting.

She opened her mouth and her soft voice rang out.

This painting could be considered as a special kind of Roaring Token given that it was broadcasted all over the Illusion Spaces in the universe. Shania's voice could only resound around the Illusion Spaces, so only those who were watching the fight could hear her. And, they could also see her.

"Take a good long look, you old fellows. You keep talking about heavens' limitation but watch how I break it..."

Her words were directed to those Supreme Lords.

A lot of these mighty Supreme Lords had long since figured out her identity. Shania herself knew that it would be impossible for her to hide from such powerful people, so she didn't even try.

The Supreme Lords were a bit confused at her words. She could only be talking about them when she said "old fellows." What exactly was she trying to do?

"Heavens' limitation..."

In Mist Palace, Supreme Lord Healum revealed a look of surprise.

Even Yolande herself gasped. "She wants to tell everyone that she can break heavens' limitation?"

Supreme Lord Healum nodded.

"I guess it's possible. Is it?" He wasn't sure. Even he felt extremely conflicted at what was currently happening.

The heavens' limitation was the biggest restriction imposed in the entire universe.

All living creatures were subject to this limitation. Everyone had a certain threshold for their power.

It was only the Godly Geniuses who had the ability to overcome the current round of heavens. Only after the Mahayana Lotus Flower was fully activated would one be able to cross the current round and become a True God.

There were so few Godly Geniuses in the universe.

Even a Supreme Lord couldn't know exactly how many creatures had been born in the universe for the past hundred million years. Yet among those creatures, not even one Godly Genius could be found.

The birth of a Godly Genius was something that happened only once in a few hundred million years.

There was an influx of ace talents because of the oncoming chaos this world was about to face, but the Godly Geniuses were still small in number.

None of the existing Supreme Lords were Godly Geniuses.

After a Supreme Lord took on the Heavenly Destiny, his Lotus Flower would stabilize and refuse to bloom ever again.

Tens of millions of years ago, Supreme Lord Healum managed to bloom 33 petals. This number would still remain the same even now.

He had long since lost the chance to cross the heavens.

It wasn't just him. All the other Supreme Lords had also given up this chance.

The world lords had a small sliver of hope, but this was a really tiny sliver.

There was one person who could cross the heavens despite being a Supreme Lord, and that was Supreme Lord Sword.

However, this fact wasn't something that was known to everyone.

Whether or not he used the Emotion Closing Godly Way to break through the boundary was a different secret altogether.

Shania's remark caught the attention of all Supreme Lords watching.

Latonia was someone who was willing to give everything up for reincarnation. It was desperate people like her that often discovered strange, mysterious ways to mess with the rules of the heavens.

Did she truly have a way to break heavens' limitation?

"Whatever you do, we'll just have to wait and see," an old man of the Celestial Position mumbled.

Nobody wanted to be bound, but only a few had the ability to break free.

Latonia pointed the Staff of Life on the ground.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…

The instant the staff touched the ground, a burst of green appeared on the greyish white Heaven Earth Board. The color quickly spread out until it covered the entire board.

From this burst of green was life: flowers, plants, and trees all rapidly grew, painting the entire board with vitality.

The grass spread across Zen's knees and a strange expression appeared on his wooden face.

Zen sensed danger, but what Shania just did went over his head. He couldn't figure out what she was up to.

"This is much more pleasing to the eyes," Shania said. Her words were not only for Zen but also for the Supreme Lords who watched them. "After I reached the ninth layer of the Life Law, I couldn't advance no matter how hard I tried."

The ninth layer of the Life Law had only one profound mystery: reincarnation.

Shania could reincarnate, not only herself, but others as well.

Reincarnation was different from resurrection. While the latter was mostly raising someone up from the dead, reincarnation entailed using up all of one's cultivation until only memory remained.

She wasn't a Supreme Lord, so she could only cultivate the Life Law until this degree.

The only way to advance was to bear the Heavenly Destiny associated with the Life Law.

Shania smiled. "I've tried, but there is just an insurmountable limitation in every direction. I believe you all know what I'm talking about."

All powerful warriors trained themselves in order to get to a higher level of power.

To the Supreme Lords, things such as wealth, women, and power were extremely banal. None of them could even be bothered to pursue any of these vices.

The universe was not so big anymore when you were a Supreme Lord.

Their lives were not as loaded with adventure. Numerous secrets existed in many secret lands, just waiting to be decoded, but most of these mysteries were negligible to Supreme Lords.

The reason they existed was to explore a world they did not know about …

"I know you have all failed. However, I will soon succeed..."

Shania continued, obviously eager to share with them her discoveries.

Here in this painting, she readily displayed her true strength to the entire universe.

The next second, a green spiral began to appear around her. A gentle breeze also blew, causing the grass and trees to sway gently.

There was absolutely no killing intent within the aura she currently exhibited.

Instead, a surge of majestic life energy burst from Shania's body and soared into the sky!

Whoosh!

The force caused her long, curly hair to dance in the wind, like a Goddess of Life incarnate!

Even Zen himself was amazed at the sight.

Shania looked down and smiled sweetly at Zen. "Let me borrow you for a moment," she said.

She then pointed at him.

There was nothing out of the ordinary at first.

However, as soon as she pointed at him, numerous green balls appeared on top of the staff.

The balls were about the size of a fist and rolled down onto the ground.

These balls were actually powerful spheres that contained the strongest Life Law in the universe—the ninth level of the Life Law.

"What is Shania trying to do?"

"She seems to have used reincarnation on Zen?"

"Latonia is the only one who can reach the ninth level of Life Law. However, there is still a limit to reincarnation. Shouldn't she use Zen's body as a medium to reincarnate?"

None of the Supreme Lords trained up to the ninth level of the Life Law, but they still more or less knew what was happening.

If she wanted to reincarnate Zen, then she would have to kill him first.

What exactly was Shania doing?

The surface of the first ball began to expand and take form.

The green sphere of power grew until it reached the height of a person. It stretched and bulged constantly as the organs and features slowly came to light: spine, lungs, heart, muscles, hair, and skin...

Once fully formed, a person who looked exactly like Zen stood beside Shania.

Even with his impeccable eye, Zen couldn't find any sort of difference between the real him and this clone Shania just created.

The only difference was that this clone wasn't wearing any clothes...

"Ah, shame..." Margaret was really uncomfortable. She couldn't bear seeing her husband naked like this.

Zen's eyes widened in astonishment.

How could there be such an identical version of him?

He had already encountered this situation in a magic array, but that was only an illusion. The clone that was in front of him was real flesh and blood. Shania actually recreated a new him.

She was … creating creatures!

Chapter 1702 Ten Zens

Seeing Shania create a Zen in such a short period of time, the Supreme Lords found themselves holding their breath.

Many world lords were stunned in disbelief. The scene in the painting before them had their eyes go wide.

Before this moment, they had thought it possible for Shania to easily create a special plant or beast.

Having cultivated the Life Law for many years, it wasn't difficult for Shania to do so.

Once one reached the sixth level of the Life Law, one should be able to create creatures.

Though it would take quite a while, one could create any creature that he needed.

After reaching the seventh level, the creation process sped up. At Latonia's level, one could create a creature to fight against the enemy in mere seconds.

But before creating a creature, one had to have a thorough understanding of these creatures and they weren't exactly complete.

But Shania managed to duplicate Zen so quickly.

One Heavenly Destiny called the Heavenly Destiny of Creation in the heavens was the limit of the Life Law—it was the tenth-level profound mystery.

Warriors with this Heavenly Destiny could create such life.

And Latonia, Queen of Life, was standing in as Shania.

In strength, she might've matched a Supreme Lord, but she did not bear a Heavenly Destiny. It should have been impossible for her to know the profound mysteries of creating creatures.

And yet, she created Zen.

The other Supreme Lords just couldn't believe what happened.

She wasn't a Supreme Lord… How did she do it?

What followed was even more unimaginable. The green balls fell from the Staff of Life and turned into a real 'Zen, ' one after another until they all stood in a row.

These identical copies of Zen wore indifferent expressions.

"Even the Supreme Lord who bears the Heavenly Destiny of Creation isn't able to activate his skill at will."

"Creation of creatures has a limit. This is an all too powerful ability. One should only be able to create one creature at a time."

"You mean to say that Latonia didn't only break the restriction of the ninth level of the law…she also broke the very universe's restriction, right?"

"This… this is power that crosses the heavens!"

Many Supreme Lords revealed a look of shock upon witnessing the scene.

For thousands of lower-level warriors, they could clearly feel the restriction of the heavens.

It didn't need to be said that it was already extremely difficult for a warrior to even reach the Spirit Transformation Realm.

Not to mention, becoming a world lord or Supreme Lord.

Even if they dedicated their lives to this goal, there was no guarantee that the effort would bear fruit.

This restriction meant nothing to ordinary warriors—they knew they couldn't reach it in their own lifetimes.

But it was different for these Supreme Lords. They were restricted by the heavens, unable to reach the next realm. They could only watch themselves grow old and fall into the Five Aging Processes. In the end, they would become a story in the universe to be submerged by the tides of history.

What Shania had displayed was what they dreamed of for the longest time.

It wasn't even an especially strong skill—even if she managed to create hundreds or thousands of clones, the Supreme Lords could kill them in seconds.

But the profoundness of the skill was highly valuable, so much that none of the Supreme Lords could just ignore it.

'How did this girl… How did Shania do it?'

'I will personally visit the Demon Night race!'

'After the Illusion Battlefield is over, I'll give them a visit and figure it out myself!'

All the Supreme lords held such ideas in their minds. Some even wanted to set out immediately. But the battles in the Illusion Battlefield hadn't yet ended—they were afraid of missing any important details in their absence.

In the palace surrounded by clouds, confusion struck the mysterious girl's face as she stared at the 'Zens' that Shania created.

"It is the ability to create creatures…the tenth level of the Life Law," she muttered to herself.

With a wave of her hand, a golden light appeared around it.

"The Crown of Destiny used for creating creatures has already been taken back to the heavens. This woman is truly powerful," she said with a frown. After looking Shania up and down, the mysterious girl then stared at the Staff of Life in the latter's hand.

"This supreme divine weapon only has the Law of Causality of the life flood. It cannot help her create creatures.

How strange… this sort of thing hadn't happened for several grand eras."

While the girl was still in a state of confusion, she fixed her gaze on a trace of green. After seeing the Life Law, she was still lost in thought. Somehow, she felt it ridiculous that an unsolvable puzzle existed in the universe.

Just then, Shania unexpectedly raised her head while the mysterious girl examined her. With some contempt, Shania smiled at the thick clouds.

No one could tell if she did it deliberately or unwittingly.

"What? How dare she laugh at me?" The mysterious girl was angry, having felt that she was fooled.

On the board, Shania turned to Zen and said, "I do envy the Godly Geniuses like you. You were born with talent and have the power to cross the heavens. We're just poor old people…"

But Latonia was not old by any means. Latonia, Elena, and Lavender were the new queens, extremely young for their positions compared to the Supreme Lords. Shania had the body of a mere twenty-year-old girl after reincarnation. In this manner, she was so much younger than Zen.

"Your strange sword holds great power," she smiled. "But are you sure you can defeat your own strength? Do you think you can defeat… ten of yourself?"

With that, the ten clones started moving.

Each hair and muscle they had were exactly like Zen's.

Technically, Shania's technique was not that of creating creatures. Instead, she cloned Zen using the ability.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

In a blink, the ten clones disappeared instantly from before Shania and were flying toward Zen from different directions.

Fortunately, Zen had entered the state of emotion closing. Otherwise, he would have felt too uncomfortable seeing ten of his clones completely naked.

But Zen hadn't completely become a Godly Genius, therefore, he couldn't completely close off his emotions. The uncomfortable feeling was inevitable.

But he didn't let that feeling affect his attacks.

It was clear to him that this woman was displaying something for the Supreme Lords.

He couldn't tell exactly what she wanted to achieve.

But winning was the lone thing on Zen's mind.

Buzz!

Wielding the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, he made sharp sword intent shot out abruptly.

The attack was aimed at the 'Zen' rushing toward him.

But the sword light emitted by the Gods-intimidating Strike didn't manage to touch the clone as a white fog spread out of his body.

"Eight Smoky Melodies?" Zen exclaimed in surprise.

The body of that particular 'Zen' twisted in the air incredibly as he attempted to dodge the strike.

But the Gods-intimidating Strike was also undeniably fast. Though the Eight Smoky Melodies was indeed powerful, the former could easily break the three-inch limitation and cut the 'Zen'.

Puff!

Blood started flowing. But still, the strike only cut the clone's skin.

The 'Zen' made a strange turn in the air and rushed toward his opponent.

Not daring to directly block the strong charge, Zen backed up quickly.

But just as he did, three 'Zens' came charging at him from different directions.

"Nether God Shadow!"

Ten shadows akin to Zen shot out from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, flying toward the other copies of 'Zen.'

This Nether God Shadow proved to be very useful—the moves they launched were of the same fist fighting technique which Zen had cultivated.

But the Nether God Shadow was merely a sword technique—it couldn't withstand the "Zens".

Puff! Puff! Puff!

In three seconds, the Nether God Shadows released by Zen himself was killed by his duplicates.

Finally, the first 'Zen' stood before him and immediately went for a punch.

"This Zen is famous for his strength. What will he do now in the face of his own?"

"Haha! Ten Zens. They can probably punch him to death."

"This ability to create creatures…it's truly magical. It seems that she can wholly clone a creature."

At this point, most of them didn't care about how Shania had broken the rules.

All they were interested in was seeing who would win the battle.

Ten 'Zens' against the lone Zen—the crowd was certain of the real Zen's defeat.

Chapter 1703 Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike

Zen had no way of dodging the incoming punch.

But he remained calm.

Although these 'Zens' looked extremely real and retained all of his characteristics, in the end, they were still just physical bodies.

Zen's physical body was strong, his strength bordering on tyrannical, but it still relied on the power of the dragon scales.

Would that woman be able to duplicate the Genuine Dragons and Divine Flame Cauldron?

It wasn't highly possible despite looking like it was.

It was true that the Life Law was powerful, but people couldn't duplicate everything in the world. They could only create things related to life.

Zen suddenly launched a counterattack against the punch.

The clone had obviously obeyed Shania's command. And in that instant, all the forceful energy within his body erupted in a great rush. He hadn't borrowed strength from the dragon scales, but the explosive power was still astonishing.

But it showed quite clearly that the clone and the real Zen were not on the same level.

Zen gasped.

He had underestimated 'himself'.

The 'Zen' that Shania had created might not be as strong as Zen after all.

But that didn't mean they weren't the living 'Zen'.

When the punch was thrown, the clone use the Eight Smoky Melodies again and circled around his wrist. He dodged the punch within a distance of three inches.

Soon, a faint halo of light enveloped Zen.

"Thunderbolt Annihilation!" the clone shouted.

Zen froze.

Mysterious law began to appear in the sky. The brewing of the Heavenly Tribulation!

Zen, who was familiar with the power of the Thunderbolt Annihilation, took a step forward and before anyone could react, passed through space and escaped.

But the moment he charged out of the circle of light, another circle of light appeared beneath his feet.

Ten clones of himself were standing opposite him.

The Thunderbolt Annihilation the clone Zens had simultaneously unleashed had surrounded Zen on all sides.

The thunderbolts of the Heavenly Tribulation had crashed down before Zen could get out of the range of the Thunderbolt Annihilation.

The descent of the Thunderbolt Annihilation had been

shocking enough.

But when ten Thunderbolt Annihilations came crashing down at the same time, it felt like the Heaven Earth Board was filled with lightning and thunderbolts.

The thunderbolts had covered Zen's body, making it impossible to determine where he was.

Shania's face contorted when she saw the power of the Thunderbolt Annihilation.

It was true that she had created these clones, but they were living people after all. She could not control them like puppets, and could only give them certain instructions.

She hadn't expected them to unleash such power.

It was a long time before

the thunderbolts slowly dissipated.

Zen was still standing at the center of the Heaven Earth Board.

Zen looked terrible. His body was charred and even if it was powerful, it wouldn't be any good once struck by so many thunderbolts.

The clones looked like they were planning on joining forces to use the Thunderbolt Annihilation again.

"You're going to launch it again?" Zen murmured disbelievingly. Zen's gaze focused as he took a step forward, traveling through space for a distance and appearing before one of them in almost no time at all.

Zen had cast out Eight Smoky Melodies at the same time.

If the both of them activated the Eight Smoky Melodies at the same time, they would cancel each other out. This was because Zen himself had no weight, and his opponent couldn't rely on the Eight Smoky Melodies to dodge his attack.

Bam!

The first clone was caught off-guard by Zen's punch and went flying.

His body swayed with the power of his own punch. He dodged another clone's attack and punched at him again.

In terms of pure strength, Zen had almost completely defeated the ten clones in front of him.

These clones were like sandbags as they were thrown in all directions by Zen's punches.

The outcome of the battle had become clear in just a few moments.

"I hate this kind of battle," Zen said as he brandished his sword and shook his other fist. "But I have to say, these puppets of yours are too weak."

This surprised Shania.

"Your power is not yours."

Although Shania had created ten Zens, they were still not her puppets and she could not control them. And the clones could not use the power of the dragon scales.

Zen looked indifferent, as if he was not going to answer this question. Instead, he said, "Since your performance has come to an end, let me help you out."

Saying this, he jumped into the air. Threads of sword intent began to condense on his sword.

The sword intent was faint, an earthy yellow luster reflecting off of it as it stretched back and forth on the blade of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

Zen had outdone himself this time, having drained more than 10% of the chaotic energy in his body.

Half of it had been converted into sword intent and was being compressed on the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, as if on a loop.

The other half of the chaotic energy had turned into Metal Law. It then combined the metal elements into one and fused it into the sword intent.

This could be seen as an improved version of Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike.

It was also a move that Zen had learned to use while he had fought Lone.

His sword attack was complete once the two energies had condensed.

Zen had, by doing this, created a new technique that brought the Metal Law and the chaotic energy together.

At this point, the Metal Law had become diamonds embedded in the sword intent, and at the center of the diamonds was a form of chaotic energy.

A new world seemed to open up in Zen's field of vision now that he was inspired by Lone.

Zen's accumulated power hadn't yet been unleashed

but the entire world seemed to be frightened.

The vitality between heaven and earth in this picture was abundant, but Zen's sword force had thrown it into disorder.

"This sword attack is called the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike!" Zen said.

But Shania made her move just as Zen was gathering his power.

The ten clones retreated and moved to stand in front of Shania, who waved her hand, causing ten long swords to fly to the clones.

"Your greatest accomplishment is still of the sword. Then they will be exactly the same as you," Shania said.

The clones didn't even look back as they easily caught the swords thrown to them by reaching behind their backs with their right hands.

All these swords were ordinary divine weapons. Most were at the third rank while the rest were at the second rank. Only two of them were first-rank divine weapons.

However, the quality of the sword did not matter. The key was the person who used the sword.

The clones that were wielding the sword also entered a state of emotion closing.

They were also using the Gods-intimidating Strike.

But there were ten of them.

If these ten clones were to launch the Gods-intimidating Strike simultaneously, it would be fatal to the person at the receiving end because of how unimaginably great the power contained within it was.

Zen didn't hesitate.

He slashed out with his sword.

The gold and the gray lights spread along with the sword intent. The three of them fused together into a strange golden light. Like the setting sun, the light spread out from his sword and covered the entirety of the Heaven Earth Board with a faint golden afterglow.

It also covered the Godly Geniuses and the clouds in the sky with a layer of golden powder.

Even Shania looked around cautiously.

But Zen's opponent was ten of himself. What was more, he would be attacked by his strongest sword strike.

The Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike that Zen had created was not inferior to anyone or anything in the slightest. The radiance emitted by his sword seemed to be capable of shaking the entire world.

Chapter 1704 Zen Won

Shania was indeed the most powerful opponent Zen had faced yet.

Her comprehension of the laws far surpassed that of ordinary warriors of the same level.

It was true that her cultivation level was her biggest limitation, but her ability in creation alone made her an opponent that could not be ignored.

Perhaps there was something wrong with the strength of Zen's clones that she had created. Besides, she couldn't control them as freely as she wanted, and could only give the clones simple commands, like "kill."

But that was enough!

The simultaneous usage of the Gods-intimidating Strike by ten of Zen's clones presented a huge challenge for even Zen himself!

Whoosh!

Accompanied by the sharp ringing of metal, those ten sharply keen sword intents transformed into ten rays of sword radiance that dominated the air as they charged straight at Zen.

'The power of their strike… is only sixty percent of mine!'

It was only in that instant that Zen had made his judgment. Meanwhile, he was a little confused.

There was no physical difference between him and his clones when it came to the technique or the comprehension of the Gods-intimidating Strike. So why was there such a huge difference in terms of the power of their strike?

This thought lingered in his mind, but he could not figure it out.

At that moment, the golden light that Zen had slashed out intersected with the ten rays of sword radiance.

In theory, each of Zen's clones displayed sixty percent of the power of Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike. In other words, the power of the strikes of ten clones should then be six times stronger than that of Zen's strike.

However, Zen's sword strike was deceiving in appearance, for he had not simply transformed the chaotic energy into sword intent.

Previously, Zen had not developed the special characteristic of chaotic energy and had simply used it in the same way as warriors used their life vitality. Chaotic energy was much more condensed than life vitality. No matter how much he used it, the chaotic sea in his belly never decreased in size or depth.

But it had to be said that using his chaotic energy like this had seemed an enormous waste.

However, after he encountered Lone, Zen had developed a completely new understanding on the ways of using chaotic energy.

His Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike could no longer be described in the same breath as the previous version.

Although Zen was only at the Soul Sea Realm, the strength he now displayed was something akin to that of the supreme chaotic weapons in the divine land. It was the strength that all True Gods could only dream of!

Swish!

The air above the Heaven Earth Board became electric with potential and began to vibrate violently.

That golden radiance which Zen had launched was like a tide, beautiful, quiet, and potent.

The Gods-intimidating Strikes that the ten clones had initiated were like ten ravenous sharks moving against the tide, intent on crossing the "water" line to kill Zen.

Even Lawson and Lone were astounded by the magnitude of this confrontation.

Zen's sword strike aside, the Gods-intimidating Strikes that his clones had displayed were already terrifying in the extreme. Even if Lawson or Lone wanted to deal with one strike, it would be extremely difficult, let alone face the combined might of ten strikes together.

On the other hand, Zen's own sword attack was beyond terrifying and mind-numbing in its power.

"Zen doesn't count as a Godly Genius. He hasn't fully stepped into the Godly Way yet!" Lawson murmured. A complicated look appeared on his face. Once a warrior entered the Godly Way, they would have a strong form of internal momentum to power them, allowing them to suppress others without even attacking. Just as Nathan had done; using the internal momentum was enough to suppress the might of others.

"But his skill has already surpassed that of a Godly Genius, right?" Lucille asked. She felt somewhat depressed. In the past, her impression of Zen had been that of a storyteller. However, now she realized that even if she stepped into the Five Elements Godly Way right now, she still wouldn't be a match for him.

"This guy really knows how to use chaotic energy.

Lone, if you have the chance, would you mind paying a visit to him, personally?

I'd be willing to exchange my greatest secret with him.

I must know how he can use chaotic energy like that, at all costs!" the broken sword demanded.

That broken sword was still very confused by the fact that Zen had used chaotic energy in the Gods-intimidating Strike.

Since the broken sword was from the divine land, it was well aware of the terrors of chaotic energy.

It hadn't been many years since the first supreme chaotic weapon had been crudely fashioned, but now the supreme chaotic weapons were on par with the supreme primordial weapons. In fact, the supreme chaotic weapons even seemed to fractionally surpass the supreme primordial weapons in their sophistication.

If the broken sword could use Zen's chaotic energy to repair itself, its goal could be advanced by countless years.

Lone nodded silently.

He had once thought that he was the luckiest person in the universe.

In fact, he had even, due to his over-inflated ego, looked down upon the ace talents and Godly Geniuses of the four great clans.

Now it seemed that the universe was highly competitive. Every opponent he met had as many lucky chances as him.

"I... I still need to work hard!"

With a shock, Lone came to a realization and suddenly understood that he should have guarded against arrogance and rashness.

In the end, however, he was still in the top ten. There were still many opportunities for him in the future.

Those shark-like Gods-intimidating Strikes continued to roll and break through the tide of the golden light as the latter spread out.

Occasionally, a gap would appear, but it would be filled in an instant by the golden light. These ten 'sharks' were unable to break through this water line of golden light!

After about half a minute, the ten sword strikes were finally annihilated by Zen's sword strike.

However, the power of Zen's Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike had been reduced to ten percent, and it hadn't dealt much damage to Shania or the ten clones beside her.

However, Zen smiled faintly and raised his Thunder Wind Divine Sword once again.

His second sword strike was already in the process of accumulating power.

The Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike consumed quite a bit of the chaotic energy. However, one strike only accounted for ten percent of Zen's chaotic energy.

Zen raised his sword, radiating brilliant light as if a new god had appeared.

As Shania gave an order to the clones, they raised their swords in unison, preparing to attack again. At this moment, she could do nothing except to ask the clones to fight against Zen once again with the Gods-intimidating Strike.

But, mysteriously, the ten clones didn't have any sword intents appearing before them.

"What is going on?" Shania frowned slightly in confusion.

This scene, on the other hand, solved the puzzle in Zen's heart instantly.

Shania could replicate Zen's body. With her power of creation, her Life Law had already loosened its shackles. However, though this method was marvelous, she was still not the Creator.

She could make Zen's clones, but they were not exactly the same as him. They were reconstructed creatures that couldn't obtain the dragon scales' power or the chaotic energy.

These clones were using life vitality instead of chaotic energy.

The consumption of life vitality required for the Gods-intimidating Strike was extremely high, and now their life vitality was depleted.

Usually, Zen would use chaotic energy to drive the Gods-intimidating Strike, and each sword strike would have a hundred percent power.

However, the clones' life vitality was far from enough to activate the Gods-intimidating Strikes. Therefore, the Gods-intimidating Strikes that Zen's clones had created were only a mere sixty percent of its original power.

And those Gods-intimidating Strikes, despite being only sixty percent of its original power, had already drained all of the clones' life vitality.

Given that they had used up all of their life vitality, how were they to use the Gods-intimidating Strike again?

"It's over."

Zen's sword strike raced ahead once again.

The golden sword intent, like a flood tide, moved along the Heaven Earth Board and rushed directly towards Shania. It flooded the clones, immediately submerging them and rending them to pieces.

At that moment, Shania gave up all resistance.

With her comprehension of the Life Law, she could still deal with this unstoppable sword strike. But what would be the point?

Besides, she had already achieved her goal.

She believed that those Supreme Lords had already reached a decision.

The golden afterglow of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword dissipated, restoring the sword's blue body again. Calmly, Zen placed it into his space ring.

He had won this battle!

"Ha-ha! The fact that Zen is using my sword can be considered a kind of honor." Within the Mist Palace, Kyron's face revealed a trace of deep satisfaction.

The gap between Layla and Zen had just become too huge. Even Kyron had personally trained her for six years, yet the gap between them had grown bigger and bigger. The fact that Layla had been eliminated early in the Illusion Battlefield had not pleased Kyron at all.

However, when he witnessed Zen display such power with the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand, Kyron also began to console himself.

Earlier, everyone had thought Shania to be invincible.

After Zen had so convincingly defeated her, the other warriors began their own analysis and debate.

"In the end, what Shania has cultivated is the Life Law. The Life Law itself isn't all that strong."

"Nonsense! You don't think she's powerful? So how could she have defeated those ace talents and Godly Geniuses then?"

"I didn't mean it that way."

In theory, the Life Law didn't offer an advantage in battle.

However, the power of Shania's creation talent couldn't be underestimated.

If Zen had not so fully comprehended the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike, he would definitely have fallen to the combined efforts of the ten clones.

According to the rules of this round-robin tournament, Zen's opponents now only numbered two people.

Nathan, Rocher, and Kurt were still waiting on the side.

The strength of these three warriors was well-hidden. Of the three, two of them would fight first, and the winner would challenge Zen.

Zen was naturally unaware as to which one he was going to face.

Chapter 1705 Giving Full Consideration Before Making Any Decision

Zen had showcased his true strength in his battle with Shania and wowed the crowds.

He had changed the public opinion about him and suddenly, people's perception of who would be first began to swerve.

In the beginning, everyone thought that it would be Nathan.

He was the number one Godly Genius and an expert at everything. The only trouble he had was probably from Shania.

But now that Zen had defeated Shania, revealing his power, everyone realized that the person who had been annoying them with his Roaring Token back then was already qualified to compete for the first warrior in the universe.

Nathan was waiting anxiously.

Rocher was also in the same state.

Only Kurt was unperturbed. He put his hands together and maintained a calm expression.

"Rocher from the Thoughtless Minds versus Kurt from the Blessed Buddha Land!" came the announcement.

When the cold voice rang out, Kurt opened his eyes. A brilliant light shone out from them as his aura abruptly changed.

Just a moment ago, he was as steady as a rock, but in the next moment, he released the aura of a fierce tiger.

The aura that emitted from his body was solemn, valiant and ferocious.

Whoosh!

Kurt took a giant leap, and like a sinking iron ball, he smashed onto the Heaven Earth Board. His stone crashed onto the board as well.

Kurt was not famous among the many Godly Geniuses. He was a silent figure.

Initially, many almighty warriors predicted that of the four warriors from the Thoughtless Minds, at least three would be able to make it into the top five. If this situation were to develop further, then the Thoughtless Minds would become the dominant race in the world of chaos.

However, the final result was completely unexpected!

The Thoughtless Minds occupied only one of the top five spots, while the remaining three were in the last five spots.

Kurt of the Blessed Buddha Land, however, had been able to exploit his full potential and reach this level.

As for Rocher, he totally stumped everyone!

While it was true that he originated from the Thoughtless Minds, he himself said that he came from the Cloud Hall, a sect unknown to the onlookers.

The strength that this person displayed was also shocking.

He had seamlessly eliminated Xenia, the Godly Genius of the Celestial Position race.

Her premature elimination automatically meant that she could not enter the top ten. This was a big shock for everyone.

People wondered if Rocher would still surprise everyone by defeating Kurt.

Kurt entered the board and Rocher also took one step forward. His body floated down and lightly landed on the Heaven Earth Board.

His heroic face was already starting to show the fighting spirit.

After he defeated the man before him, he would face Zen.

"Rocher, your desire to win is very strong," Kurt said.

Rocher flashed a smile. "If you aren't keen on victory, why not just admit defeat now?"

Kurt slightly nodded, "You are right. I want to win too. But we have different goals."

"Are you saying that your goal is nobler than mine?" Rocher challenged.

"No." Kurt shook his head.

Rocher grasped the hilt of the sword on his back and waved it casually.

The sheath transformed into a series of shadows in the air, and got embedded two inches deep into the board.

He could draw the sword out of the sheath if he were to lift the hilt.

Rocher needed to go all out for this battle.

Although Kurt's expression was calm, there was a cautious look in his eyes. He took out a Buddhist staff from his cassock.

The staff was golden red and emitted a dazzling light. Nine rings were connected to the top of the staff. As they rubbed against each other, clear and melodious sounds emitted from the staff nonstop.

This was the Nine-ring Staff!

It was the most precious treasure of the Hidden Spirit Temple.

This supreme divine weapon ranked seventh on the Universe Spirit Tablet.

This supreme divine weapon had not been seen for many years, and it was unsurprising that Kurt, the number one figure of the Blessed Buddha Land, owned the staff.

"Amitabha. Rocher, you can make the first move," Kurt said to Rocher with his staff in his hand.

He had said the same words when he had fought Lawson.

Kurt never made the first move.

His strategy was to destroy every move that his opponent made, using an even fiercer method.

This was contrary to popular fighting methods, where most warriors would choose to strike first to gain the upper hand.

However, Kurt's technique meant to be released later and arrive later. It laid emphasis on planning before making a move.

A hint of surprise flashed in Zen's eyes when he heard Kurt's offer.

During Rocher's battle with Xenia, he had showcased his awe-inspiring speed.

It was a good idea to plan before making a move. Kurt would wait for the opponent to make a move, and then cleverly break it apart. While he was doing so, he would also counterattack.

However, Rocher had always won due to his speed, so how would Kurt cope with that?

Rocher didn't say no. He was a gentleman, but that didn't mean he was not competitive.

He held the hilt of the sword and took a step forward. However, the sheath was still buried within the board.

One more step, and his sword would get unsheathed.

The body of the sword had already been pulled out two feet. The majority of it was still embedded in the sheath, but the two-foot blade, which was revealed, shone with a dazzling light, making it difficult to see clearly.

Countless pairs of eyes were staring at the sword, to see just how much power the sword could unleash.

Kurt's expression was calm as he looked at Rocher indifferently, the Nine-ring Staff in his hand slightly tilted.

He was aware that Rocher's speed was extremely terrifying.

But just relying on speed didn't make Rocher a formidable opponent.

Rocher took another step.

Clang!

The sound of the sword being unsheathed reverberated through the board.

A ray of light appeared in Rocher's hand.

It happened too fast!

The onlookers couldn't see Rocher's sword clearly, so they thought that he was holding onto a dazzling light.

He stepped on the light and slashed with it.

Rocher arrived in front of Kurt in the blink of an eye.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Rocher's shadow was encircling Kurt.

Soon after, he appeared right in front of Kurt. However, before he launched a sword attack, his body suddenly disappeared. Then he struck his sword out from behind Kurt.

Chop, slash, stab, tap...

Every single sword light was deadly.

Every step he took was also inextricably linked to the next assault.

In contrast, Kurt was much slower.

In fact, compared to Rocher, Kurt was moving at a snail's speed.

Although Kurt was slow, he was accurately blocking every single strike of his opponent.

Every time he waved his staff, he fended off Rocher's attack. From the start to finish, it was perfect!

Those who didn't know the situation might think that the duo had practiced it beforehand. The timing, speed, and strength were all accurate.

"That's the power of Future Constellation Kalpa."

"The little monk has mastered the Time Law to such an extent. It's truly amazing!"

"Kurt also has the capability to compete for first place!"

Based on Kurt's speed, if he were to brandish his staff once, Rocher might have been able to strike out with a hundred swords.

But by relying on the Future Constellation Kalpa, he was able to determine Rocher's sword moves and attacks to a certain extent, and block them accordingly.

Because of this, not only were Rocher's attacks not fatal, they were also getting obstructed in advance by Kurt's staff.

Kurt only needed to place the staff somewhere and it would force Rocher to change his movement, causing him incomparable distress.

The first round of exchanges lasted for a few seconds. Then, Rocher turned into a ray of light and whizzed off swiftly.

Clang!

He sheathed his sword!

Rocher took a deep breath.

The two of them had exchanged thousands of blows in the span of a few seconds.

It was true that the two of them did not wield much power and influence, but the danger they posed was not insignificant.

"Your speed is of no use to me. You'd better figure out another plan," Kurt said indifferently and stood his ground.

Rocher shook his head and revealed a smile. "You are wrong. See?"

Kurt's gaze turned solemn. At the same time, an explosive sound came from his Nine-ring Staff.

One of the nine rings was broken!

"Your sword is so strong! It should be more precious than the weapons on the Spirit Tablet. Huh?" A strange expression appeared on Kurt's face.

How could a seventh-ranked supreme divine weapon be so easily damaged?

The Nine-ring Staff had already lost one of its rings in the exchanges just now.

Even the Saint Killing Spear couldn't achieve this feat.

"A sword that surpasses the weapons on the Spirit Tablet! Does this mean his sword is beyond the supreme divine weapon?"

"Then what rank is Rocher's sword?"

"What? There are weapons that are not recorded on the Spirit Tablet?"

This controversy about Rocher's sword once again attracted the attention of countless warriors.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1706 A Fierce Battle

While they had a heated discussion among themselves, they saw a bright silver light being dragged along in Rocher's hand.

The light was suspended and sometimes it lengthened, sometimes it sharpened, sometimes it was fanning out, and sometimes it was rippling like a wave.

In fact, not many people could clearly see his sword, but only the light occasionally reflected from its glittering surface.

There were still many extremely powerful weapons in the universe that had yet to leave their names on the Spirit Tablet.

For example, the Heaven and Earth Mirror of the Celestial Position race, and the Evil Door of Supreme Lord of Original Sin.

The light in Rocher's eyes flickered with intensity. His attack had become like a tempest, yet it did not inflict any damage on Kurt despite its high speed.

Kurt's methods were too strange, filling Rocher with a foreboding of danger.

It seemed that Kurt was an opponent who could see what would happen in the future.

Therefore, although Rocher's speed was already unimaginably fast, Kurt was still able to wield his Nine-ring Staff almost leisurely to block Rocher's attack.

Somehow, he had known when Rocher would seek to deliver the fatal blow.

Even Kurt's occasional counterattack offered a huge threat to Rocher.

"If I am not wrong, you can see the future," Rocher observed easily.

Kurt brought his palms together and slightly shook the Nine-ring Staff. "The only one who can see the future is not me, but Maitreya."

By mentioning Maitreya, he was referring to the Buddha of the Future.

Rocher wasn't interested in the enlightenment of Buddhist words. He once again placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. "Well then, if I were to cut your staff to pieces, how would you defend against my sword then?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he unsheathed his sword from the scabbard, and he transformed into a ray of light as he rushed forward.

Zen nodded his head from where he was watching on the stone. Rocher's analysis was correct.

In the first round of this fierce duel, Rocher might not have been able to injure Kurt, but one of the rings on his staff had been broken during combat.

The nine rings of the staff were deeply connected to each other, signifying the nine worlds of Buddhism.

Powerhouses like Kurt were able to instantly open the nine overlapping worlds, and they could trap their opponents within them, rendering their opponents lost and unable to escape.

Therefore, Rocher, having managed to break a ring of the staff, had actually gained the advantage.

Even when Rocher was walking in the light, Kurt's face remained impassive. He continued using his staff to block Rocher's sword.

In the blink of an eye, Rocher unleashed a flurry of sword strikes. The speed of his blade was so fast that it was suffocating to watch.

Tinkling...

Clang!

Following a series of crisp breaking sounds, another golden ring snapped apart.

Rocher didn't hesitate for even a moment as he continued to circle around Kurt and unleash many more fearsome sword strikes.

Not long after, a third golden ring shattered, its broken curves slipping to the board.

Then a fourth one.

Then a fifth one.

When the last golden ring finally shattered, the Nine-ring Staff, which had originally been glowing with a glorious light, suddenly dimmed and went dark.

For this staff to be hailed as a supreme divine weapon, it had relied on the nine golden rings inlaid upon it. After the rings were all shattered, its power dropped, and its level instantly fell.

Now, it could be considered as nothing more than a first-rank divine weapon.

In the Hidden Spirit Temple, many monks sat cross-legged on the ground, chanting in low voices.

A few of the esteemed monks were staring up at the painting.

"The Nine-ring Staff has shattered."

"It's normal. The sword attacks were sharp, and they were unleashed at a terrible speed. Kurt simply couldn't block them all."

"Everyone knows that the staff is famous for its nine rings, but no one knows that the Asura is hidden inside. The nine rings are merely shackles."

"Kurt has borrowed and studied the power of his opponent."

Clang!

Returning his sword back to its scabbard, Rocher stood to the side as he asked in an indifferent tone, "How are you going to block my sword strikes now?"

Kurt looked at the staff in his hand, but there was no sign of anxiety on his face. "Buddhism advocates great freedom, but the nine worlds were built as shackles. The world we live in is like an illusion, and yet it can hold the Asura."

As he spoke, the top of the staff started to glow with a bloody aura, and instantly, scarlet blood flowed from the top, trickling down over Kurt's hands that were clasped around the staff.

At the same time, Kurt's temperament underwent a drastic change. He had originally had an amiable look on his face, but at this moment, his expression had turned ferocious. His calm eyes were consumed by a ruthless aura.

Asura!

As a sacred object of the Hidden Spirit Temple, the Nine-ring Staff was rarely seen. Its first form had been more than enough to deal with the enemies of this world.

However, there was a terrible secret hidden within the sacred staff.

Inside it an evil spirit was sealed, which was also known as Asura.

Should the nine rings be destroyed, the staff's body would become possessed by the Asura.

While Kurt looked at his bloody hands, his ears became extremely sharp and lengthened. He no longer resembled a human, but a monster instead.

However, his voice had remained calm.

"Transforming into the Asura is not allowed within Buddhist practice, but the path of Buddhism that I practice strives for the freedom of good and evil. It can be said that it's a free way of Buddhism. Hence, I can transform into the Asura."

After explaining, he grabbed the staff and thrust downwards.

Pop!

Many cracks began to spread out along with the staff, as the ring-less staff began to vibrate.

The one-million-foot long Heaven Earth Board was considered not large by martial artists. With Kurt's light tap, the surging force spread out, turning the entire board into rubble that shot up into the air before instantly collapsing to dust.

Rocher drew his sword and floated up into the air to confront Kurt.

"Rocher, you have to be careful!"

Whir...

After Kurt transformed into the Asura, his speed had become strange and his movements unfathomable.

Kurt circled around in the air once before he sent out numerous staff shadows, which covered the sky and the earth in darkness as they headed towards Rocher.

"Great Wise Staff Technique!"

After Kurt drew near, Rocher once again stepped on the light he carried, and in a flash he had traveled a great distance away.

The Great Wise Staff Technique was extremely fearsome. Combined with the Asura form, the cutting force of the staff was unstoppable.

Rocher had no choice but to retreat in the face of the deadly assault.

However, Kurt didn't want to leave Rocher even the slightest chance. As he executed the Great Wise Staff Technique, the staff shadows covered the sky and blocked out the sun as they headed towards Rocher.

"Humph!"

The light beneath Rocher's feet flickered as he travelled like a meteor, speeding through the layers of staff shadows. Although the shadows were densely arrayed, they didn't even touch Rocher's sleeves at all.

Although Kurt brandished tens of thousands of staff shadows, a kind of different foresight appeared in his eyes.

The scene from the future was extremely hazy, but every single image had crystal clear value to him.

It was a scene that would happen nine seconds later.

After nine seconds, Rocher would suddenly circle behind him.

Three seconds. Six seconds. Nine seconds!

Nine seconds later, Kurt had already taken a step forward and placed his staff protectively behind his back.

Clang!

The staff accurately blocked Rocher's anticipated sword attack.

Rocher's attack failed, and he immediately withdrew with a slight frown wrinkling his brow.

Kurt could see the future, so he could anticipate every single move in advance. This was indeed troublesome.

This battle was proving even more difficult than Rocher had imagined. None of the warriors who could make it into the top five were weak. Not only were they nearly perfect in every aspect, but they also possessed extraordinary theurgy.

A cold light flickered in Rocher's eyes as he stared up at the numerous staff shadows descending upon him.

He needed a different method, now!

Clearly, he had not expected that before he could change his moves, Kurt had already been one step ahead of him. Kurt intended to suppress Rocher, and gave him no chance to fight back.

Chapter 1707 Soaring Snake

Kurt had always remained calm. His actions were unhurried but were carried out with care and confidence.

He was never that harsh when facing a weaker opponent.

However, the same couldn't be said when he met stronger foes that were close to his level. Everyone witnessed how confident and calculated his moves were when he faced Lawson.

Despite his precision in fighting, however, the audience still found his performance lackluster.

An image flashed before Kurt's eyes before he finally took action.

He was someone who cultivated the Future Constellation Kalpa. This cultivation method gifted him with the Blessed Buddha Land's skill that enabled him to see into the future: the Constellation Eyes.

As he poured life vitality into his eyes, he would be able to see into a specific moment in the future that was reflected in his pupils.

There were only two warriors who mastered this theurgy. One was Kurt himself, and the other was the Buddhist abbot of the Hidden Spirit Temple.

Kurt had the ability to see nine seconds into the future.

Half a minute more would be too blurry, while a full minute would simply yield him nothing.

The scene he saw half a minute later painted a horrible picture!

Rocher activated his extremely sharp theurgy and killed him!

The blur prevented Kurt from making out the exact theurgy Rocher used so he wouldn't be able to shield himself against it.

He could only take the initiative and launch the attack.

"Scorching Sun Theurgy!"

Kurt yelled. He stretched out his palms from which he launched a giant Buddhist wheel.

The Buddhist wheel shone brightly, like a blinding, dazzling sun.

There was actually no such thing as a Godly Genius in the cultivation of Buddhism.

Buddhist cultivation was divided into four levels of meditation.

It was only after the final, fourth level would one be finally able to practice the theurgy.

Only when a warrior was able to use a theurgy could he really live and breathe Buddhism. In a sense, he was a Godly Genius of the Godly Way.

Since Kurt had already gone beyond the fourth level and mastered the theurgy, he could then be considered as a Godly Genius of the Blessed Buddha Land.

The theurgy came in the form of thousands of golden palm prints that crashed down over Rocher.

Buddhism was grand.

It was not an exaggeration to say that this theurgy had the power to possibly ruin the world.

Even Zen, Nathan, and the other Godly Geniuses were shocked at this display of sheer power.

"This little monk... How could he be so powerful?"

"Scorching Sun Theurgy! He cultivated the most powerful theurgy of the Hidden Spirit Temple!"

"Warriors from the Blessed Buddha Land have always been uninterested in fighting but they have a profound heritage."

"That Rocher will be defeated by the grand Buddhist heritage."

The scene in front of them truly widened their horizons.

It was a mere battle between two Soul Sea Realm warriors but this sudden climax was extremely overwhelming.

A few Spirit Supreme Realm and Spirit Transformation Realm warriors even shivered. Not many of them were confident that they'd be able to withstand such a strong attack.

The speed at which the golden palms crashed down wasn't fast but they were as dense as the entire heavens crashing down on one's body.

"This theurgy is really strong," Rocher muttered worriedly. As the golden sky crashed down, he raised his long sword above his head.

A silver light emanated from the sword but it grew dimmer by the second.

This was the first time that the others looked at the sword properly.

It was normal, around 1.1 meters long.

The blade was two fingers wide with a wooden hilt and a ridge in the middle.

There was nothing special about this sword. It looked extremely ordinary.

However, beyond its simplistic design were two words carved onto the blade: 'Soaring Snake.'

The Soaring Snake.

This sword belonged to the Lord of Weapons.

It was Chiyou's* sword. (Chiyou is Chinese Weaponry God. According to legend he invented many deadly weapons.)

All the most powerful weapons, whether it might be a knife, spear, sword or halberd, were made by the Lord of Weapons.

The most powerful knife ever made was named the Tiger Soul.

Then there was also the sword named Soaring Snake.

There was a spear called the Fierce Killing.

Then a halberd by the name of the Devil Killing.

A set of armor named as the Luminous Light.

A crossbow called the Sky Piercing.

And lastly, a dagger-axe known as the Destructive War.

The Soaring Snake was considered as the strongest weapon among the supreme primordial weapons. It was also formerly a missing heritage of the Lord of Weapons, Chiyou.

"The Soaring Snake evolved into a dragon and the polestar twinkled. A noble man should act like a dragon and walk the way to justice!" Rocher chanted.

The Heavenly Sword he comprehended back then contained the Justice Godly Way.

Cultivating the Heavenly Sword Illustration was the only way to find Chiyou's treasure.

The Heavenly Sword Illustration that was discovered and spread all over the world was the key to such a powerful weapon. However, Rocher was the only one who succeeded in cultivating it after so many years.

He was called by the treasure into the savage land where he found it.

Rocher's Lotus Flower was the same as Zen's at that time, blooming continually to the last petal.

He already knew his destiny.

The universe was just an interlude.

And this Illusion Battlefield was his ladder.

Buzz!

A streak of light flashed underneath Rocher and shot up high in the sky like a pillar.

This light pierced through the clouds, the star group, and even the Illusion Battlefield!

The pillar was seen by so many warriors in the universe as it rose up straight out of nowhere.

"Alas... Darn it." The mysterious girl stared at the light pillar that suddenly showed up beside her. "He actually found Chiyou's sword. What change will happen in this round of grand era? It's really hard to figure out."

The thought depressed her, suddenly finding her job difficult to handle.

"What... an odd scene!"

"I've seen thirty-three apocalyptic astronomical phenomena and endless auspicious clouds, but this is the first time I ever saw a light pillar like this," a Supreme Lord remarked.

"What did he do?!"

"What a beautiful light pillar!"

Karl stood on top of the stone and was also shocked at the appearance of Rocher's golden pillar.

"A noble man... A noble man should act like a dragon!" he murmured.

Karl had been cultivating the Justice Godly Way!

His Lotus Flower had completely bloomed, however, his comprehension of 'justice' had gotten more and more radical. He also got lost for a time.

Seeing the Justice Godly Way Rocher activated was like seeing a light break through the darkness. He did not realize how off-path he had been until he saw the light.

Whoosh!

Rocher stepped forward and bathed himself in the light.

He held the Soaring Snake in front of his chest and faced those golden palm prints.

As he held his sword up, the sword suddenly emitted a dazzling sword light. This was the ultimate justice of the swordsmanship!

Splash!

The light emanated from the blade in waves.

Reflected in these waves were the golden palm prints.

As the two made contact, the waves shattered, like bright, dazzling glass.

It wasn't just the waves though. The palm prints also shattered at the same time!

The waves were weaved from Rocher's sword light.

Nobody had seen it coming.

Nobody realized that this Soaring Snake was actually everywhere.

Kurt's confidence broke and his brows furrowed at the events that had just transpired.

His shoulders slumped the moment he decided to yield to his opponent.

Because he already saw what would happen nine seconds later.

What would happen half a minute later was blurry because it was still uncertain, so Kurt would fight tooth and nail to change the fate.

However, what would happen nine seconds later was so clear, indicating its certainty. He could not do anything to change that.

The scene flashed before his eyes: it was him, covered by the waves similar to the ones produced by Rocher.

That was the moment Kurt knew that he was to die by Rocher's sword.

There was no need to resist.

Three seconds passed.

And then six.

Pretty soon, the nine seconds were up.

Everything was just like what his Constellation Eyes showed him.

The invisible sword intent skimmed through his body.

Rocher overpowered Kurt and eventually broke his Scorching Sun Theurgy.

The waves of light shattered and disappeared, along with Kurt's body.

The results were evidently clear: Rocher won!

The Heaven Earth Board quietly reconstructed itself, mending each line and point with white and black stones.

Rocher sheathed his Soaring Snake back into its scabbard.

There was a slight clink as his blade was put away while the entire universe was plunged into silence.

The performances of these Godly Geniuses were truly amazing.

There were ten of them and each had the potential to become the universe's top warriors in the world of chaos.

Kurt, Lawson, Karl, all of them.

This was a generation of amazingly powerful talents.

But what Rocher displayed just now was way beyond everyone's expectations.

"The new great world! This is truly the beginning of the new great world of chaos! Ha-ha!" someone shouted in glee and broke the silence.

The warriors, who had initially been stunned by the battle's outcome, finally came to their senses.

"Is he... really from... your Cloud Hall?" Preston asked, not really believing what he witnessed just now.

He was a Spirit Transformation Realm master, two realms higher than Rocher. But he knew that he would even lose to this young man if he fought with him.

How in the world could he do that though?

He was two realms below!

"Right!"

Letitia nodded with a smile. The pride was evident on her face.

Chapter 1708 In A Stalemate

The power that Rocher displayed had impressed many Supreme Lords in the universe.

All of them wanted to draw him over to their respective sides, but Rocher was a member of the Thoughtless Minds—the fact had the four great clans thrilled.

Out of nowhere, Rocher suddenly made his way into the top five, something nobody was expecting.

The moment Rocher's Soaring Snake moved, the Supreme Lords were left to ponder.

Another sword beyond this universe had made an appearance.

This meant that such a young warrior was likely to change the very fabric of the universe in the future.

Nathan's eyes were brimming with worry as he watched the battle unfold.

Since the opening of the Illusion Battlefield, this was the first time he had made such an expression.

"Rocher is indeed very strong." Lawson couldn't help but laugh grimly. "You need to teach him a lesson!"

With his calm demeanor, Nathan replied, "He has to defeat Zen before facing me."

"Humph! I doubt Zen would defeat Rocher anyway." The mere mention of Zen's name put Lawson in a bitter mood.

With the strength Zen displayed against Shania, Lawson saw his strength in a whole new light.

Of course, it wasn't just Lawson. The other tens of thousands of warriors outside the picture had the same mind on the matter.

But Zen smashed Lawson into ashes in a single punch. Lawson couldn't help but feel sour every time he thought of this.

After the battle ended, Kurt's figure appeared on the stone once again, with crossed knees and a calm look in his eyes.

Rocher's terrifying display of strength indeed made his state of mind waver.

At this moment, he was silently chanting a Buddhist scripture, holding back the power of the inner demon. He still needed to face his next opponent. Only by maintaining a calm state of mind would he be able to go any further.

Not long after, the mysterious woman's voice resounded once again.

According to the rules of the round-robin battle set by this woman, there were three battles left.

First, it was Zen against Rocher, and then Nathan against Kurt. The victors of these two battles would then have to face each other.

"Zen versus Rocher!"

After the cold voice resounded, a warm smile surfaced on Rocher's face.

Now, he knew what his mission was.

The arrow of his destiny pierced through the universe, right into the divine land.

In the universe, he had only one goal—to fight against Zen.

Whoosh!

With a flash of light on the stone, Rocher vanished from where he stood and appeared on the Heaven Earth Board.

Soon after, Zen also stepped onto the board.

And as Zen came into view, Rocher was filled with emotion.

Zen had grown so fast in the past that Rocher could only look up to him.

Now, he finally stood opposite Zen.

And this time, Rocher had a seventy percent chance of winning this battle.

All things considered, this was already an extremely high chance of winning.

But Rocher didn't dare be the slightest bit careless. Zen's potential was terrifying in itself—Rocher was well aware that if he were to give his opponent a sliver of a chance, Zen would most likely turn the tides in his favor.

For a moment, both of them were silent. Then, Zen smiled. "Draw your sword."

To this, Rocher silently nodded his head. Then, the Soaring Snake was slowly unsheathed from its sheath. A brilliant silver light shone as a silver moon appeared in his hand.

Meanwhile, Zen had also pulled out his Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

The weapons between the two were not equal by any means.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword was a first-rank divine weapon. Even while it was considered one of the best first-rank divine weapons and was even listed on the Spirit Tablet, Rocher's sword was a treasure that went beyond the Spirit Tablet.

There was an undeniable large gap between the two.

But a sword did not make a swordsman.

Believing this, Zen completely overlooked the fact.

And so, the two swordsmen drew their weapons.

Countless warriors in the universe had their eyes on them, holding their breath in anticipation.

It was clear that an intense battle was about to unfold. No one wanted to miss a single moment.

"Rocher should win this!"

"Zen's sword strike defeated Shania, so it's indeed extraordinary. But Rocher can dodge it with his speed."

"Yeah, I think so too!"

Rocher himself had judged that he had a seventy percent chance of claiming victory against Zen.

And almost ninety-nine percent of the onlookers believed that Rocher would win.

During his fight against Kurt, Rocher had managed to give a shocking display of strength.

At this point, people had already neglected Nathan, who was supposedly the top Godly Genius—they were already inwardly assigning that title to Rocher.

Nathan had the Xuanyuan Clan, the strongest clan in the entire universe. It was even more powerful than the Hidden Spirit Temple.

But one's family background wasn't the key point in determining their strength. Nathan might not be able to handle Rocher.

Slightly wielding his Soaring Snake, Rocher made a ripple of light appear beneath his feet. This ripple of light circled him for a moment before following the board to where Zen stood.

The moment it spread out, Rocher took a step forward.

It seemed as though he was traveling through light.

He moved with incredible speed.

In the blink of an eye, Rocher was charging towards Zen.

And this time, Zen didn't retreat.

With a slight shake of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, Zen sent forth a series of Nether God Shadows, which charged straight at Rocher.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Nether God Shadows were basically Zen's avatars as they used all sorts of fist moves against Rocher.

"Break!"

In the past, these Nether God Shadows could create some trouble for the enemies.

But in this situation, Rocher merely waved his hand and a faint ripple appeared in the space before him.

The Nether God Shadows advancing towards him were instantly shattered and dissipated.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Following the Nether God Shadows, countless rays of lightning like dragons appeared, ready to devour Rocher.

In the face of these lightning bolts, Rocher didn't even bother to dodge them. Instead, with the momentum of a soaring dragon, he charged straight ahead.

The Soaring Snake had already shot toward Zen.

Cling!

The two swords clashed.

"You should probably use more power," Rocher stated calmly.

Under this strike, a crack appeared on Zen's Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

In front of the Soaring Snake, a first-rank divine weapon was merely a toy.

"I will!"

Zen's gaze turned extremely sharp.

Piercing sword intent was shot out in the blink of an eye.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

Zen struck out with the sword without hesitation.

At this moment, the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, wrapped in sword intent, had the strength to compete head-on with the Soaring Snake.

But Rocher had only swung the sword abruptly, immediately blocking Zen's strike.

Ever since Zen comprehended the Gods-intimidating Strike, no one had been able to block him.

It was too sharp, too cold-blooded.

But Rocher did it like it was nothing.

Clang!

Following a crisp sound, Rocher took three steps back, a faint smile surfacing on his face.

"The Emotion Closing is a very powerful move, but this sword strike is far from enough," he said with a shake of his head.

By relying on the Gods-intimidating Strike alone, Zen perhaps wouldn't have even been able to deal with Kurt, let alone Rocher.

"Then I'll just have to do it again!"

Turning slightly, the Thunder Wind Divine Sword slashed down once more.

But Rocher merely raised his hand and deflected the strike with ease.

There were two swords against each other.

Without attacking, Rocher had strong defense with his speed.

No matter how exquisite or sharp Zen's sword strike was, Rocher's sword swiftly blocked it in the blink of an eye.

Clank, clank, clank, clank!

Both of their feet were nailed firmly to the board.

The two swords intersected with clear, melodious sounds.

At this moment, neither of them used much strength.

It was purely a game of technology.

But as it was, Zen was always the attacker as Rocher was always on defense.

In the beginning, every strike of Zen's sword had been completely countered by Rocher. Even after numerous strikes, Zen wasn't posing any threat.

This outcome wasn't a surprise for many of the martial artists.

While Zen's sword skill was indeed formidable, even he had a limit. No matter how profound his moves were, Rocher managed to block them instantly.

But after Zen had made a hundred attacks, the tables were somehow turned.

Suddenly, Zen's long sword trembled and started drifting erratically.

He was well aware that he couldn't deal with Rocher with his regular attacks.

Rocher was too fast, after all. He could see through Zen's sword strikes and block them with ease.

So Zen had no choice but to change his strategy. It was time for him to abandon his usual sword strikes.

Chapter 1709 The Beginning Swordsmanship

Zen's "No Move" was like a small snake that hovered in the air, poised to strike.

After dodging Rocher's Soaring Snake, it lunged straight for his opponent's face.

Facing this move, Rocher remained as indifferent as before. The Soaring Snake in his hand circled once, as three silver sword lights, like torrents of mercury, shot out from the wake he cut through the air.

Ding, ding, ding!

With three crisp ringing sounds, the three sword lights struck the body of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

It was like crushing a snake's head, one grinding step at a time.

With every sword strike by the silver sword lights, the sword intent of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword would weaken a bit.

After three strikes, the sword intent that had originally been condensed on the blade's surface was forcibly dispersed by Rocher.

"Your sword moves do not offer you any advantage," Rocher said with an indifferent shrug.

Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike was indeed powerful, but Rocher's swordsmanship had proven to be even stronger!

What he cultivated was the Beginning Swordsmanship created by the Lord of Weapons himself.

In the universe, there were countless forms of swordsmanship.

However, in the end, all these had evolved from the Beginning Swordsmanship, which was the source of all forms of swordsmanship.

Whether it was speed or sword moves, Zen had been completely undone by Rocher.

However, even though Rocher was clearly a superior swordsman, he did not let his guard down.

He was convinced that it was impossible for Zen to be so weak.

However, after suppressing Zen, Rocher gradually became emboldened, and his attacks increased in intensity, drawing power from his rising bravado.

Splash!

Accompanying the sound was a brilliant silver sword light.

The Soaring Snake was once again released. The mercury-like sword light began to flicker again as Rocher stepped on the light once more.

Clang!

As the swords clashed together, the sounds of steel grinding together rang out.

Chop, slash, stab, tap...

The Beginning Swordsmanship was very similar to the basic swordsmanship that Zen had mastered early on.

Indeed, it could be said that it was the complete version of the basic swordsmanship.

Combined with Rocher's innate speed, it appeared to be flawless.

With Rocher now taking the initiative to attack, it was difficult for Zen to avoid his opponent's sword moves. He could only passively defend and was forced to dodge and retreat.

However, Rocher's speed was so fast that he seemed to be dancing with a glittering bolt of lightning. When he had stepped on the light, Zen had already been surrounded by danger. Even after the Eight Smoky

Melodies was activated, it was still proving difficult for him to dodge Rocher's attack.

Strangely, Rocher didn't display any intention of ending this battle. Instead, he was extremely patient, and continued to wait.

"Ha-ha! I said so! Zen is no match for Rocher."

"He simply doesn't have the strength or the skill to fight back."

"He lacks the advantage in sword moves, speed, and power. How could he be able to fight against Rocher?"

"Fortunately, I bet on Rocher. I'm going to win a large fortune."

"What kind of swordsmanship is Rocher using? It appears to be exactly the same as the basic swordsmanship!"

"Isn't Zen capable of the same?"

On the board, Zen only moved about within a space of ten feet.

However, Rocher was different. He was like a butterfly, rapidly flurrying back and forth. Occasionally, he would stab Zen with his sword. After pausing for a moment, he would then disappear.

In the past, whenever Zen had faced off against an opponent, his speed had always lent him the advantage.

But now, even though Zen had already activated his forceful energy and had used the Eight Smoky Melodies, he still wasn't able to follow his opponent's footsteps. He lagged behind, seeming almost lethargic when compared to Rocher.

Against Rocher, Zen was indeed at a very obvious disadvantage.

However, as Rocher's sword strikes came slashing down from overhead, Zen also entered into a state of enlightenment.

"Rocher's swordsmanship..."

The moves of the Beginning Swordsmanship were extremely simple and matched well with Zen's basic swordsmanship. However, there was something in this Beginning Swordsmanship that Zen couldn't fully understand.

The momentum contained in the movements was a force that exceeded the bounds of basic swordsmanship.

If Zen's basic swordsmanship was rated as "one," then the Beginning Swordsmanship was a solid "zero." It had come first and was a foundation that Zen lacked.

It contained an extremely marvelous and fantastical momentum.

It wasn't that Zen's perception had been lacking!

After all, the momentum of the Beginning Swordsmanship had been accumulated by the Lord of Weapons.

This swordsmanship was called the Beginning Swordsmanship, and it was the foundation of all forms of swordsmanship. In terms of moves, it was original and simply unbreakable.

Ding!

When Rocher's sword came slashing down again, Zen used the same sword move.

The actions of the two were practically the same, but Zen's sword attack was missing something vital.

Regardless of whether it was the form, speed, or momentum, Zen's sword move remained inferior to Rocher's.

'What exactly is missing?' Zen wondered.

He held his sword horizontally, poised in front of his chest, as he stared at Rocher flying overhead.

Rocher circled around in the distance before he returned to his original position. This time, the Soaring Snake circled around his side and savagely hacked straight at Zen.

"Again!"

Zen also slashed out vertically with this sword.

Clang!

The blades of the two swords slipped away from each other as their paths crossed. However, in the moment that they met during the savage blow, a long and narrow gash appeared on Zen's body, forming a zigzag line down his side.

As for Rocher, he quickly moved out of range.

"You are unable to break my sword moves. The difference between us is too big." Rocher held an overwhelming advantage, but he still addressed Zen with full respect. In his eyes, however, there was a faint trace of disappointment.

He had always seen Zen as a true opponent! His strongest opponent!

A few years ago, even if he were to run after Zen at full speed, he would not have been able to catch up to him.

But in just six or seven years, as he stood in front of Zen again, he found that he had already surpassed this goal.

Rocher did not like this feeling, and he felt cheated—Zen could clearly be stronger!

"Again!"

As he thought of this, a hint of frustration appeared in his eyes. With a thrust of his sword, he charged straight at Zen.

Right at this moment, Zen once again mirrored the same sword move as Rocher's.

However, there was now something else in Zen's strike.

Ding!

After the two swords intersected, a look of surprise appeared on Rocher's face as he looked at Zen. He stood rooted to the board as the beam of light beneath his feet slowly expanded.

He had felt the momentum within Zen's sword strike—it was the momentum within the Beginning Swordsmanship.

Even though it was still very insignificant, it was already in its infancy.

"Things are getting interesting..."

At this moment, Rocher's eyes seemed to radiate with vigor and he smiled briefly.

Beginning Swordsmanship...

In order to acquire this sword technique, he had spent nearly three years in extensive practice.

It had been three years in the outside world.

In truth, while in the treasure trove of the Lord of Weapons, Rocher had been trapped there for three hundred years. The Time Law there had been altered, and the flow of time there was now at a ratio of 100 to 1.

As the three hundred years had passed, he had repeatedly practiced the Beginning Swordsmanship, which was so similar to the basic swordsmanship, yet so significantly different.

He had gained ten percent of the momentum after he had practiced for almost twenty years.

After another eighty years, he had gained twenty percent.

After a hundred and fifty years, thirty percent.

Another two hundred and twenty years, forty percent.

After a full three hundred years, he had finally obtained fifty percent of the momentum of the Beginning Swordsmanship.

Rocher had invested a total of three hundred years of his long life to master fifty percent of the Beginning Swordsmanship.

But Zen had already gained ten percent of its momentum, and it had happened in less than five minutes!

'Through watching and testing my swordsmanship, has Zen managed to comprehend the essence of the Beginning Swordsmanship? What a monster he is!' Rocher thought, with both awe and delight.

Chapter 1710 Sharpen The Sword Skill

Rocher looked incredulously at the scene playing out in front of him.

He found it hard to accept his own speculations about it.

He believed that Zen was very talented and would be slightly stronger than him, but he didn't expect the gap between him and Zen to be so great!

He had tried his best to comprehend and cultivate the Beginning Swordsmanship for twenty years before he finally began to grasp a little bit of it.

However, Zen, too, had grasped it a little bit after only exchanging a few sword strikes with him.

Rocher naturally didn't know that as Zen kept on comprehending, he had taken the simplest sword skill as his foundation and gradually progressed from there.

And the sword skill contained in the Gods-intimidating Strike had the same origins as that of the Beginning Swordsmanship...

As Zen and Rocher fought each other, their strikes formed a complementary momentum, and Zen gradually comprehended the momentum contained within the Beginning Swordsmanship.

"Since you intend to gain comprehension, I will share this opportunity with you!"

In terms of moves, Rocher already had the upper hand with his superior swordsmanship.

This formidable swordsmanship was created not long after the world formed and developed among the primordial chaos. It was the foundation of all the sword skills between heaven and earth.

Following this, numerous kinds of sword skills developed based on the primary one and spread everywhere...

Although Zen's sword skill was extremely simple, it had lost its momentum!

Rocher regarded Zen as his greatest opponent and rightly so.

However, during the skirmish, he didn't care about the fact that Zen comprehended the Beginning Swordsmanship...

His attacks were as sharp and aggressive as ever.

However, his speed had slowed down by 60 percent and his strength had decreased by a whopping 30 percent!

At this point, the purpose of the battle was not competing on sword moves, but rather gaining comprehension together by sparring with each other!

When Zen realized Rocher's motivation, a peculiar look appeared in his eyes.

This was not to say that Rocher would definitely win if he had the advantage in moves.

But Rocher was a stickler for rules. He held an advantage in sword moves, but refused to use this advantage to break through. He was a true gentleman in that sense!

This was Rocher's principle and way of cultivation, and he stood up for his principles!

He had a good sense of right and wrong and was in favor of playing fairly.

"What in God's name are these two doing..."

"Their attacks have suddenly slowed down. It seems like neither of them has any intention of winning. Are they here just to practice the sword skills together?"

"Their swordsmanship is so exquisite!"

The onlookers were quite confused...

Anyone would put up their best fight on the Heaven Earth Board...

The more battles they won, the more power they would gain. All the warriors fought for high rankings in the world of chaos. The higher the rankings they obtained, the greater their chances would improve in the future!

Everyone was scratching their heads wondering why Rocher and Zen were just practicing the sword skills together during a competition.

"Just what are they doing?" Xenia asked in a daze.

Her state of mind wasn't affected when she was kicked out of the competition by Rocher. On the contrary, she admired him...

"If my guess is right, the swordsmanship that Rocher has cultivated is also incomplete. This sword technique is also very weird. After the sword strike becomes the simplest one, it has the momentum of a divine weapon!" a Supreme Lord from the Celestial Position explained flatly.

"What's terrifying is that Zen has actually grasped this kind of momentum not long after fighting with Rocher. He has comprehended it himself... Haha, this sort of talent can't even be described as terrifying. After all, this guy has obtained the golden Celestial Position title! However, this guy doesn't seem to be very obedient. The head of our race asked Zen to meet him, but he hasn't gone to meet him in the past few years," another Supreme Lord from the Celestial Position remarked coldly.

After staring at Zen for a while, the Supreme Lord, who made the earlier comments, nodded and replied, "I think Rocher has also encountered a bottleneck in his swordsmanship. He exchanges sword moves with Zen just to impart his own swordsmanship to Zen. After that, he will try to make a breakthrough by taking advantage of Zen's cultivation."

This Supreme Lord was indeed so prodigious that he was capable of seeing through Rocher's thoughts even when he was unable to figure out the origins of the Beginning Swordsmanship.

Other than trying to pursue the balance, Rocher indeed had this exact same thought in his mind.

Up till now, he had only practiced the Beginning Swordsmanship with limited success and acquired 50 percent of the momentum within the sword strike. It would be difficult for him to achieve a breakthrough again!

The only thing that supported this sword technique was a piece of bright jade.

If it was stimulated with life vitality, there would be a tall and sturdy virtual figure, which would pick up a sword and practice the sword skill...

For the past three hundred years, it would appear once in the morning and once in the evening. Each time, it only stayed for thirty seconds.

Rocher was comprehending the sword skill purely through observation!

He followed suit after watching the figure demonstrate the swordplay.

Given the extremely short period of time, he was unable to find someone with whom to exchange sword moves during the cultivation.

Rocher's sword skill still needed to be honed, just like a good saber, which needed to be sharpened on a whetstone.

But he had been unable to find such a 'whetstone' on which to sharpen his skills. It was impossible for him to find it in the Lower World or in the universe!

If Zen was able to grasp a bit of the momentum of the Beginning Swordsmanship, then Rocher would use him to sharpen his swordsmanship.

Of course, fencing had always been about polishing each other's skills!

In this exchange, the benefits to Zen were also obvious...

What astonished Rocher the most was that Zen was able to comprehend 20 to 30 percent of the Beginning Swordsmanship in such a short span of time.

Rocher didn't have this idea from the start. However, after they had fought for a short while, Zen had begun to master the swordsmanship. This fueled Rocher's confidence that he could take advantage of Zen to sharpen his own skills!

He did not care about how Zen would make it; he only knew that his idea was feasible!

"Ding, Clang, ping..."

The two of them seemed to be the beginners and had just learned the basics of swordsmanship.

They skillfully swung the swords using different sword plays, such as stab sword, circle parry, withdraw sword and raise sword...

Those warriors, who could detect the momentum within, watched them with great fascination. This sort of momentum seemed to be similar to the ordinary ones. But if one were to carefully think about it, it would truly be thrilling!

However, there were many warriors in this universe who were completely confused judging by the puzzled expressions on their faces.

"Are these two crazy?"

"Even children know this basic sword technique. Isn't this a colossal waste of time?"

"15 minutes have already passed, but they are still..."

Thankfully, there seemed to be no time limit on the Heaven Earth Board.

The Godly Geniuses were surprisingly patient as well, and no one urged Rocher and Zen on...

As he continued to spar with Rocher, Zen's understanding of the sword techniques became clearer and clearer.

It was as if his proficiency over the sword had elevated to a higher level!

"Clang!"

He lifted his sword and stabbed Rocher with it.

The momentum of the Beginning Swordsmanship had increased by leaps and bounds...

'He has already comprehended 30 percent. That was fast!'

Rocher was slightly startled. He was already familiar with this skill. His sword was raised a bit and deflected Zen's sword.

'How long would it take Zen to master 50 percent of the sword skill like me?' His eyes gleamed with anticipation...

The number of sword moves the two warriors had exchanged had already reached three thousand.

Both Zen and Rocher were high on energy at this moment, and neither seemed tired or ready to give up.

With every thrust of his sword, Zen was grasping more and more comprehension.

This opportunity for a miraculous enlightenment such as this was not something most people would encounter in their entire lives...

30 percent...

40 percent...

50 percent...

When Zen had comprehended 50 percent of the Beginning Swordsmanship aided by Rocher's demonstration, it was considered small success!

In the past, Rocher had cultivated the sword skill for three hundred years, though it was only three years to the outside world. Compared to Rocher's cultivation speed, Zen's was innumerably faster!

Talent was just one of the factors, but the main reason why Zen could master the sword skill so fast was that the Beginning Swordsmanship was compatible with Zen's sword technique!

Rather it was almost exactly the same.

He just simplified every complicated move.

"Woo..."

Ever since Zen had mastered 50 percent of the Beginning Swordsmanship, his sword began to resonate with this sharp sound!

An invisible aura spread out in all directions, filling the entire Heaven Earth Board...

The warriors outside of the painting could hear the sound, but they couldn't see nor feel its aura.

However, the other eight warriors on the stones of the Heaven Earth Board seemed to have fallen into an illusion created among the chaos. The oppressive aura was not strong, but it gave Nathan and the others a wondrous experience. Not only was the aura grand and imposing, but it also broadened their perceptions.

"What has this guy comprehended? His aura is so overbearing!" Lawson spat indignantly. He was influenced by Zen even when he was standing on a stone. He was irked by this.

"Surely, he must have made a breakthrough on the sword skill!" Nathan said with a frown.

Before that aura spread, Rocher had already retreated several hundred feet back. He cupped his hands and yelled at Zen, "Congratulations!"

"Thank you." Zen nodded, quietly feeling the wonderful momentum humming.

"You're welcome. I did it all for myself..." Rocher smiled faintly as he raised his sword.

He knew very well that if there was no shield in this world that could block the sword, then the sword might be useless.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1711 The Scattered Stones (Part One)

The sparring match between Zen and Rocher did not stop there.

In this universe, there were myriad different ways of martial arts cultivation.

And it all began first with what was called the self-enlightenment.

The living creatures of this universe created and developed all of the cultivation methods.

The methods of cultivation of the same range all had a common origin. And later on, this was further divided into different branches.

The original cultivation method was derived from warriors' self-enlightenment.

After the self-enlightenment method, the second way of cultivation was to receive an education.

Some warriors generously imparted all of their martial arts comprehension to their disciples. And like a chain effect, these disciples then unselfishly spread out such precious knowledge to more people from generation to generation. For this reason, the emergence and establishment of sects and sacred places flourished.

With cultivation based on the achievements of ancestors, this was a top-down approach. It was more often than not a way of refinement for all living creatures, as it was more widespread.

Then practice and training came third after the first two methods.

Now, this marked the onset of warriors' epiphany. Through engaging themselves in actual combat, warriors could further assess what they had learned. It was also the best way of resolving doubts or gaining new enlightenment.

Those who had epiphanies or revelations during a fight would always benefit a lot. This kind of comprehension through practice and training was also a sort of self-enlightenment.

Rocher could obtain no more comprehension by merely studying the Beginning Swordsmanship. He could only improve through practice and training.

However, after he had ascended to the Upper World, he found out that most kinds of swordsmanship in the universe were crude and inferior compared to the Beginning Swordsmanship.

Perhaps there were some excellent sword techniques in several particular places of the universe, but it was such a pity that he could not visit them freely.

For example, the Sword Chamber, the Killing Sword Mountain, and the Sword Washing Pool...

After reaching the Soul Sea Realm, Rocher still didn't display too much of his great sword skill in the tenth-grade sacred place he lived. He was afraid that the mighty warriors in that place would covet the extraordinary cultivation method he had discovered, and he would probably be in great trouble.

But in the Illusion Battlefield, his reputation had quickly spread throughout the entire universe. He could spar with Zen with no more worries now.

At the very outset, Zen's sword skill was primarily inferior to his.

He graciously offered to help him hone his skill.

And currently, Zen's swordsmanship had improved so quickly that he already caught up with Rocher.

They incessantly continued to exchange slashes, hacking, chopping, and stabbing at each other.

Those warriors, who happened to have a strong knowledge of swords, watched the fight with great interest. They desired to comprehend something from the mysterious momentum of the two swords because they all knew they would benefit a lot by reading the way those two swords moved.

On the contrary, those who didn't understand swords felt it was such a boring fight. They couldn't tell what was going on at all.

Thus, a strange situational event occurred in the universe.

The warriors with lower-based cultivation and with poor perceptions all felt sleepy and bored as they watched the sparring in the picture above their Illusion Spaces. From time to time, a round of angry curses for the two fighters could be heard, blaming the two for their boring fight.

As for those with higher-based cultivation, they intently stared at the two figures with bright eyes, too afraid that they would miss even the slightest of the whole fight. They even mentally repeated and imitated the moves as they watched closely and excitedly outside the Illusion Battlefield.

One hour passed.

Then two hours...

Then four hours...

Then a brilliant light suddenly flickered in Rocher's eyes like a bright star.

Soon, an invisible momentum began to spiral around him.

The tremendous flow of energy known as momentum didn't break the Heaven Earth Board under his feet or didn't even bring about a light breeze.

But surprisingly, over a hundred stones on the Heaven Earth Board were pushed away by the momentum and scattered away from their original positions.

"The stones are moved by his power!"

"What does that mean?"

"Those stones were stationary even when the entire Heaven Earth Board broke. How come his momentum can shift them?"

Although it would be exaggerating to say that a fight between Soul Sea Realm warriors had the power to annihilate the world, but at the very least, it could destroy mountains and rivers.

This Heaven Earth Board, which was one million feet long and one million feet wide, had already been destroyed several times by these warriors during their fights.

Like for example, the hit of Kurt's Nine-ring Staff, and Lucille's stamp with her tiptoes.

At any rate, none of the warriors had been able to affect these stones. They had remained where the mysterious woman had arranged them. They had never moved from their spots, nor had they been harmed by any attacks.

But now, Rocher's momentum managed to move them.

Because of this disturbance, the calculations about the future, which were confirmed earlier, would also change dramatically.

Many people fixated their gaze on the Heaven Earth Board and observed the new situation unfolded. Immediately, their faces all darkened.

The white stones, which had been tight in defense, now had a big loophole in their territory.

On the other hand, a group of black stones invaded the white stones' territory.

"This is a very dangerous circumstance!"

Nathan's eyes narrowed in astonishment.

"What will happen?" Lawson tilted his head and asked.

Nathan had a solemn expression on his face as he continued to calculate. His calculation was even quite faster than some Supreme Lords.

"The white side will lose. I wonder if that woman will reset the scattered stones." Nathan finished his words, and then he looked up at the sky.

Chapter 1712 The Scattered Stones (Part Two)

This game of Go had all been played by the mysterious woman alone.

She could definitely move all the stones on the Heaven Earth Board if she wanted.

Since Rocher's power scattered some of the stones, and it was a move not made by her, she had all the reason now to reset them.

But after a while, Nathan still didn't see the woman reach out her hand. He dropped his gaze and shook his head.

The mysterious woman hadn't shown much skill and had made the moves quite casually. Nathan speculated that she had played the game intuitively. This natural way of calculating the future was the most accurate. Thus, it was unlikely that she would reset the stones scattered by Rocher and return them to their original positions.

"What a pity," Nathan let out a sigh. Perhaps he was the most reluctant one to see this new drastic change.

According to his calculation of the previous situation on the board, he would become the only dominator of the future, and nobody would be able to fight him.

If things went that way, no matter how masterfully talented Zen and Rocher were, they would all become insignificant characters in the end.

For that sole reason, Nathan felt not worried even if he had witnessed their outstanding talents. Though he might lose to either of them here, he knew that the odds would finally be in his favor.

However, Rocher's move had significantly changed everything. And even his fate had been profoundly affected.

This enigma prompted Nathan to hope that the mysterious woman would reset the stones.

Unfortunately, she didn't show that intention at all, or perhaps she refused even to entertain such a notion.

"I didn't expect that he would even move the stones! That sword, built by Chiyou, is really overbearing. How did it suddenly appear in the universe after being hidden for so many years?" The mysterious woman stared at the board and muttered, "This is a disaster that will destroy the entire world. By all means, if I reset the stones forcefully, I'm afraid that this game of Go will lose its meaning, and the calculation of the future will be inaccurate."

With this new situation, all the Supreme Lords also became despondent and looked pessimistic.

The sudden change on the Heaven Earth Board posed threats not limited to the Godly Geniuses but also all races.

It was a gloomy and hopeless situation that no one could deal with and change.

"There shouldn't be such a great crisis even if it's a world of chaos. Why would things become so desperate?"

"Rocher is the bane of all living beings!"

"This is the fate of our universe! Trillions of lives will all be doomed!"

The handwringing cries of the Supreme Lords reverberated around the universe. Everyone was overwrought.

However, the despairing event on the Heaven Earth Board only lasted for half a minute.

Much to everyone's surprise, a momentum also emanated from Zen's body.

It was almost exactly as powerful as that of Rocher some moments ago!

As it spread out immensely, it once again scattered the stones on the board. Not a single stone left in the one-thousand-foot radius around Zen.

The situation on the board had once again drastically shifted in such a short time!

"The situation on the board changed again!"

"There is a way out for the white side! Ha! When God closes a door, he always opens a window!"

"You are right! It's a good move!"

Many white stones had displaced from their spots, which had changed the whole situation.

Although the current situation on the board was still complicated, the black side was also in great danger now.

All the spectators could imagine that the succeeding two or three moves would eventually decide the final result of the game.

Anyway, everyone felt it was so much better now. There was still hope, after all.

Nathan's expression also visibly relaxed when he noticed this new situation.

This circumstance indicated that he would still play a significant role in the future. Although it was worse than the original situation, it was much better than the one caused by Rocher.

'Does this mean that Zen has helped me?' he wondered.

At this moment, his calculation involved not only the situation on the Heaven Earth Board but also included Zen and Rocher as well. They had directly moved the stones on the board, so they should also be regarded as one of the deciding factors, as it also showed that they could interfere with their fates.

Even though Nathan unwillingly came up with such a conclusion, he had calculated that it would be more or less the case.

So far, Zen and Rocher both improved and boosted their comprehension of the Beginning Swordsmanship to more than fifty percent.

Rocher tightly gripped the sword named Soaring Snake in his hand as his face revealed a look of relief. He had failed to make any improvement for quite a long time. To think of a way to break through his bottleneck, he had been on pins and needles day and night.

Thanks to Zen, he finally inched a step forward.

"Now is the time. Let's go on, Zen!" Rocher said, beaming with a small smile.

They had both managed to achieve a new upswing development, and their sword skill was currently at the same level. Now was the perfect time for them to decide the result of this fight.

Zen nodded slightly in response. Under the influence of the momentum he had just comprehended, Zen felt as if his mind had left his body, and was tossed up in the air. It was a surreal feeling as if he was in a brand new world.

"Alright, let's continue," Zen looked calm on the surface, but a storm was rising inside his chaotic sea.

A large flow of chaotic energy surged like a tornado as it was drawn out of his chaotic sea and circulated violently inside his body.

Chapter 1713 It Was Delicious

Only the tiniest droplet of sweat rolled down Rocher's temple as he didn't fully exert himself in this fight with Zen.

Besides, he had deliberately imparted the Beginning Swordsmanship to Zen by this sparring session with him.

Perhaps Zen wouldn't be at a disadvantage if he were to spar with Rocher using the sword strikes...

However, that was Rocher's own way of cultivation, not his.

If he wanted to win the fight, he needed to use his own strengths.

He drew out the chaotic energy, which welled up together like clumps of ink and coiled around Zen's meridians. Then, it flowed towards Zen's right arm.

Zen had now controlled the previously overwrought and fidgety sword intent and fixed it firmly on the sword blade.

The sword blade emitted a golden light, which was quickly covered by the grey light. The two light beams mixed together looked like a ray of fireflies in the night sky.

The weapons weren't that important during the fight.

The Soaring Snake was indeed powerful, but the Thunder Wind Divine Sword could also be considered a supreme chaotic weapon after it was mixed with the chaotic energy.

The true competition was between their respective actual strengths.

"They've finally begun to fight!"

"I've already cultivated for one lap, but their fight's only starting now? These two are really so slow in battling..."

"Rocher, come on! Please try your best to win this time. I bet everything on you!"

When Rocher previously saw Zen prepare for the battle, there was a gentle smile on his face. The Soaring Snake quickly rose up to the side of Rocher's face.

"Even though you have comprehended the Emotion Closing Godly Way, it is still not enough. It is far from enough..." Rocher shook his head.

It was known that there were many different types of destinies in this era.

Almost everyone knew that Yan was the one who Zen kept looking for.

She was the North Star that hung in the Northern Sky Region.

The North Star could give direction and guide people to prevent them from getting lost. It pointed towards the right direction with the brightest illumination.

Yan was a star that flickered only for Zen, and guided him all the way to the divine land.

At that moment, Rocher suddenly had a dawning realization.

He believed that his fight with Zen would be very intense.

The battle between them might not be limited to this time. They might fight again soon even in the divine land.

Still, that was just Rocher's prediction, and he clearly wasn't sure of something that hadn't happened yet!

But if nothing unexpected happened in this battle, then Rocher would definitely win.

"Whoosh!"

Rocher brandished the Soaring Snake and a wave of light suddenly spread out!

His feet glided on the light beam which enabled him to move extremely fast.

It was true that Zen's Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike was truly formidable.

However, Rocher wasn't afraid of it even in the slightest.

While the sword attack was indeed powerful, it wouldn't be effective if it failed to hit him.

Rocher's lightning speed gave Zen enough reasons to be worried.

Rocher's effortless movements were too fast!

The Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike was condensed in the sword, but Rocher's body was like a ray of light which constantly traveled back and forth on the Heaven Earth Board. Zen had a hard time figuring out his accurate position!

Despite that, Zen didn't hesitate at all.

He left the board as well, while the Thunder Wind Divine Sword appeared by his side as it approached Rocher.

"Whoosh!"

The two battling figures crossed each other and were only three feet away from each other!

"Now is the time!

Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike!

Stab!"

Crazy as it might seem, Zen had learned the move on the spot!

The sword in Zen's hand emitted a sharp, long ray of light which quickly pierced Rocher. The light also contained a majestic momentum, which made its gold and grey luster quite eye-catching!

The sharp light beam elongated even further and looked like it was about to pierce through everything that was in its way!

However, something strange happened. Rocher's figure stopped and leaned aside at a certain angle the moment he passed by.

That pause did not even influence his physical body's movement!

It did however, allow the sword ray to pass by Rocher's side.

Just a hair's breadth away...

But it was not dangerous.

He could dodge the ray at a farther distance if he wanted to, but Rocher didn't do so on purpose.

He just felt that straying away more was unnecessary.

"Again!"

Meanwhile, Zen did not stop and the chaotic energy within his body rose ceaselessly.

On the other hand, the chaotic sea in his body continued to shrink at a high rate.

It was also at that moment that the World Tree appeared in Zen's inner world. More time passed and it continued to grow and flourish with vigor.

There was a fierce glint in Zen's eyes as he did his first slashing motion—which already consumed 10 percent of his chaotic energy.

He slashed again for the second time, and drew out even more chaotic energy. By the time he had drawn out 40 percent, the entire chaotic sea had been reduced by half!

Zen's plan was to seal off Rocher's escape route by the second time he swung his sword. As a result, he slashed out four times in a row.

Three sword strikes had cut off Rocher's path and stopped him from escaping, while one sword strike was aimed straight at him.

That one strike contained the boundless momentum, which turned the clouds into a shade of gold.

Four sword strikes were quickly released.

The sword intent and life vitality formed from the chaotic energy flooded the entire Heaven Earth Board like a surging tide.

"Splash!"

"Rocher won't be able to escape!"

"Zen's sword strike is too powerful. If Rocher can't escape, he'll be killed!"

"Sadly, Rocher was too careless. He should've used his stronger methods to kill Zen at the beginning. Look at where he is now!"

The crowd of spectators erupted into a noisy chatter at the battle's current situation.

However, they didn't notice that the Soaring Snake in Rocher's hand began to throb slightly.

Soon enough, waves began to spread around Rocher and envelope him.

He faced Zen's four sword strikes head on without any trace of fear on his face.

What he had comprehended had already surpassed the Godly Way. Thus, he clearly knew that the Gods-intimidating Strike which Zen had mastered wasn't actually the real Gods-intimidating Strike.

The waves spread out in all directions while surrounding Rocher. A small crack appeared on the Heaven Earth Board after the waves had covered it, which grew bigger until the board shattered.

The waves continued to fan out and spread in the air before they finally landed on Rocher's sword.

The four sword strikes Zen had unleashed fused with half of his chaotic energy and were his most powerful trump cards.

Even then, Rocher still looked indifferent as before. When Zen launched his sword attack, Rocher already had a plan on how to deal with him.

But just as Rocher was preparing to defend against Zen's sword strikes, the Soaring Snake suddenly vibrated!

"You..."

Rocher suddenly looked troubled.

Perhaps the Soaring Snake had been starved for too long. It was already quite irritable and almost broke the sword sheath before. It even wanted to swallow the Otherworldly Swordsman's sword back then.

Rocher had managed to calm it down, but not without great difficulty.

However, the sword was about to burst now. This time, its target was Zen's sword.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword could be considered a good sword in the universe, but it was still inferior to a supreme divine weapon.

But since Zen had drawn out a massive amount of chaotic energy and fused it with the sword, the sword released an aura that was quite similar to that of a supreme chaotic weapon!

Rocher's sword then felt that this supreme chaotic weapon was even more delicious than the Otherworldly Swordsman's sword.

Chapter 1714 Accident

The Soaring Snake continued to tremble as the waves weaved themselves into snake scales that emitted light.

More and more snake scales appeared, and they soon formed one giant snake with a single horn--the Soaring Snake.

The Soaring Snake had a brilliantly red body with two wings, and a single horn on its forehead.

Legend said that once it shed its horn, it would become a dragon.

It was also said that there were no dragons in the world, and the first dragon that ever appeared had evolved from a Soaring Snake.

"Hiss!"

Rocher struggled, but he couldn't control the Soaring Snake because it had shown up on its own.

The Soaring Snake was currently twenty feet long. It spread out its wings and charged towards Zen.

It wasn't interested in eating Zen, but rather the powerful weapon he held in his hand.

The Soaring Snake liked supreme primordial weapons the most, but found supreme chaotic weapons appetizing as well.

Had the snake been a live Soaring Snake, to devour a supreme chaotic weapon would've been fatal. After all, chaotic energy was deadly for a Soaring Snake.

However, this Soaring Snake had already fused with the Soaring Snake Sword. It was now a weapon spirit, so it didn't have to worry about its health.

Despite the Soaring Snake's length, it moved extremely fast.

Its thin tail swayed slightly in the air as it faced the four streaks of sword light Zen had launched.

When the Soaring Snake attacked, Zen's golden sword light streaks were instantly broken.

The Soaring Snake's shadow passed by in front of Zen and before he could react, he felt that something had touched his hand.

He looked at his palm, and the Thunder Wind Divine Sword had disappeared.

His eyes quickly averted to the Soaring Snake, which had his Thunder Wind Divine Sword in its clutches. The Soaring Snake suddenly raised its head and threw the sword into the air.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword circled in the air and fell downward. In the next moment, the Soaring Snake opened its mouth and ate the sword.

"Hiss!"

The Soaring Snake hissed above the edge of the Heaven Earth Board before it flew back to Rocher in a flash.

It moved gracefully and unbelievably swift despite its weight. Now, that was the real 'approaching without casting a shadow and leaving without a trace'.

The snake was truly dangerous. Even the Supreme Lords in the universe couldn't help but look at it with trepidation.

Naturally, many people began to desire the Soaring Snake Sword after Rocher's display.

There was no doubt that the four clans wanted to recruit Rocher in order to consolidate their clans' power and fortune in the future.

However, the others had different ideas.

Some people had found that there was a great chance that Rocher's fortune might be related to this sword.

Such a weapon was definitely a powerful one which surpassed all the weapons in the Spirit Tablet. In fact, it was much more precious than the supreme divine weapons in the universe.

While the Soaring Snake looked small and ordinary that many warriors at the lower realms couldn't feel its momentum, the Supreme Lords could feel it emit a deterrent force, which they perceived as a mortal threat to them.

The mysterious girl who sat on the staircase in the palace amidst the thick clouds stretched out two fingers and crossed them.

She then observed the Soaring Snake through the gap between her fingers.

"How would this snake appear? This can be considered as breaking the rules, right?"

The first rule of the Illusion Battlefield was to fight with one's own power.

However, different warriors used different methods. Some warriors were good at manipulating beasts, some mainly cultivated spirits. But those things were not allowed to be taken into the battlefield. Though it was unfair to some warriors, the rule had already been set up. It meant to be not able to take everyone into consideration.

Nevertheless, there were always warriors knowing how to circumvent the rules.

For example, Lone had succeeded in making his sword slip into the Illusion Battlefield.

It was a bit similar to how she couldn't stop Rocher from taking his Soaring Snake Sword into the battlefield, even if she knew about it.

It wouldn't have been a big deal if the Soaring Snake stayed in the sword quietly. However, it suddenly showed up and devoured Zen's sword.

Therefore, the girl wondered if she should intervene or not.

Meanwhile, Zen dumb-foundedly stared at his empty hands with astonishment.

'How could he suddenly bring out a snake? How did it eat my sword in just one second?' Zen thought with a bitter smile.

There was a slight squelching sound as the Soaring Snake tried to swallow the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

However, it failed to do so--then it abruptly twisted its body as its wings began to shake.

While the Soaring Snake writhed about, it quickly opened its mouth and spat the sword out.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword was broken into pieces. The Soaring Snake violently choked out the pieces which punctured the Heaven Earth Board like nails. The snake's face twisted into disgust as it stared hotly at Zen. Then, it turned into waves and dissipated as it finally returned to Rocher's sword.

"What... the hell?" Zen was dumbfounded and did not know what to say.

On the other hand, Rocher just stood there awkwardly with an apologetic look on his face. He knew that the Soaring Snake did so because it despised Zen's sword.

This Thunder Wind Divine Sword was not a supreme chaotic weapon.

It was just a first rank divine weapon.

However, Zen had used the chaotic energy to launch the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike.

Therefore, the Soaring Snake had mistaken his sword for a supreme chaotic weapon.

The chaotic energy Zen had poured into the sword had been consumed after he launched four strikes, so the snake found that something was wrong with the sword as it chewed it.

The Soaring Snake liked to devour powerful weapons, but it didn't find first rank divine weapons in the universe to be powerful enough.

It was why the Soaring Snake had acted like that.

All the warriors who watched the scene were utterly shocked as well.

"I am so sorry," Rocher apologized sincerely.

Zen shrugged his shoulders and did not say a word. The damaged Thunder Wind Divine Sword wasn't a big deal since they were currently in the Illusion Battlefield, which meant that the sword wasn't actually broken.

It was just that Zen didn't have another proper weapon. It looked like he had to make do with the Saint Killing Spear.

However, he was still hesitant.

"I have a second rank divine weapon. Would you like to use it?" Rocher asked.

Rocher seemed to have felt Zen's embarrassment, so he offered his opponent a cyan-gray sword.

He had gotten the second rank divine weapon as a reward in the tenth-grade sacred place.

Many warriors in the sacred place had been envious of him during that time when he had claimed his reward, because his cultivation was only on the same level as that of a newly-ascended warrior.

It wasn't until now did they realize that Rocher didn't consider his second rank divine weapon as something rare.

"Alright," Zen said as he nodded his head. He then reached out his hand and was ready to take the sword.

At that moment, Lone stood still on the stone. His eyes flashed as he communicated with his own broken sword.

This was a great chance for him and his damaged weapon.

He and his sword knew that Zen possessed the chaotic energy, but they didn't know where he had gotten it.

Lone originally wanted to find Zen and ask him to nourish his broken sword after the end of the Illusion Battlefield. The chaotic energy was highly necessary for the sword to be fixed.

Thus, he wanted to seize this chance for his sword. "Wait!" he shouted.

"Eh?" Zen looked up in confusion.

"This is an important battle. It is unfair for you to use a second rank divine weapon," Lone said with a smile as he raised his sword and threw it towards Zen.

Whoosh!

The board usually had a constraining force around it which prevented warriors from leaving.

However, the force had suddenly disappeared.

The broken sword flew towards Zen and landed beside him with a metallic clang.

Although the sword had been damaged, it still emitted a strong sense of tenacity.

Zen knew that this sword was extraordinary and thought that it might be good for him if he used it.

The moment the sword was thrust into the board, Rocher's Soaring Snake Sword began to vibrate once again.

The Soaring Snake seemed to smell the fragrance of a powerful weapon and wanted to get out from Rocher's sword.

Unfortunately for the Soaring Snake, Rocher wouldn't allow it to happen again.

He firmly pressed his thumb on the edge of the Soaring Snake Sword's blade.

The sword's extremely sharp blade glinted under the light.

Of course, it cut the skin of Rocher's thumb.

Rocher then used his thumb as a pen and wrote blood runes on the Soaring Snake Sword's blade. His weapon stopped vibrating.

"No wonder I had to learn the blood seal skill when I got this sword.

This Soaring Snake is really active and annoying," Rocher murmured.

He looked up at Zen once more, a smile on his face.

Had someone else been faced against Zen, the one might've continued to attack Zen and win the battle after the Soaring Snake broke Zen's sword.

However, Rocher wouldn't do such a thing even if he fought an ordinary warrior, not to mention that Zen was the one who stood in front of him right now.

Chapter 1715 A Big Gap

In this world, some people were purely opponents, while others were both friends and opponents.

Zen was one of the latter, and Rocher was clear on this point.

Zen looked at the broken sword beside him.

The color of the sword was dim, and its body was somewhat broken. It now looked like an ordinary metal sword.

The Otherworldly Swordsman had used it many times.

In this fight, it would also be a useful weapon for Zen.

Taking a step forward, he firmly grasped the sword in his hand.

The moment he touched the broken sword, he felt a strange thought connect with him through the blade.

The thought strikingly did not convey any particular message as it merely made Zen feel rather friendly.

And this denoted that the sword had an undeniably strong sword spirit.

Zen had only temporarily activated the sword, and the sword spirit hadn't proactively communicated with him. They had come to a tacit understanding and were cooperating only for now.

When he raised the sword, he realized that he seemed to be holding a feather. It was so light against his grip as if he was holding nothing.

Explicitly, Zen was not used to such a light sword. No one would be willing to take a feather-like weapon to fight the enemy.

Zen felt an unexpected emotion that suddenly took him by surprise. There was an exceedingly comfortable and heavy feeling transmitted from his hand as he waved his sword once, in a circular motion.

"How clever!" It turned out that the sword would adjust its weight according to Zen's movements.

Whir! After waving his sword for a while, Zen held it horizontally and nodded towards Rocher.

He had learned a lot from this battle with Rocher and gained new insights into his swordsmanship. However, this did not mean that he would lose to Rocher.

Rocher faintly smiled as the Soaring Snake Sword rose once again.

And the white light that became visible under his feet was like mercury, spreading out in all directions.

The light quickly spread all the way down, covering the cross point in the middle of Heaven Earth Board, the many stones on it, the entire board, and finally, Zen's feet.

It was clear as water that the imposing aura emitted from Rocher's body was undoubtedly incomparable!

The Justice Godly Way was about a type of supreme faith.

Although Karl had already stepped into the Godly Way, he had gone off course. Thus, his sense of justice was quite bigoted. Most people thought that he had been insane.

The sword stood right in front of Rocher's face, and his eyes flashed with searing light.

Everyone could perceive that Rocher was going to end this battle.

He had held the advantage right from the very beginning.

Consequently, all the people in the universe, including many world lords and Supreme Lords, thought and somehow expected that he would win.

Zen merely took a deep breath.

Then the chaotic energy in his body surged out and began to gather in his right arm, fluidly spreading to the broken sword.

"Pure chaotic energy!"

The sword spirit within the sword was extremely excited.

Previously, it was only wondering how Zen could unleash that kind of chaotic energy.

But now, the sword spirit fully understood that this fellow genuinely possessed chaotic energy.

While the incomparably pure chaotic energy was overflowing and soaking into the sword, the sword spirit was absorbing it with great restraint.

Zen had also felt the change in the sword when a portion of its chaotic energy seemed to be stolen. But then he realized that it was only a tiny fraction after he had just poured his chaotic energy into the sword. The amount was less than one ten thousandth of his chaotic sea, so he didn't care at all.

On the other hand, the sword spirit was different. In the beginning, it extremely restrained itself in absorbing the chaotic energy needed to nourish its body. It was not a duplicate in the Illusion Space, but a true creature in the Illusion Battlefield, so the nourishment was of great benefit to it.

It felt that even if Zen possessed chaotic energy, he didn't have that much, so it restrained itself.

But then, the sword spirit was stunned.

Unexpectedly, the amount of chaotic energy that emerged from Zen's body had exceeded the sword spirit's imagination.

'How did this fellow do it?' wondered the sword spirit.

Zen suddenly lifted his sword, his feet arched and his gaze cold.

He also knew that it was high time for the victor to be decided.

Although Zen exuded confidence in himself, he realized that there was indeed an enormous gap between him and his opponent.

Rocher had only cultivated for a few years before he followed Zen all the way and even surpassed him. Even Zen had to admire him for that.

Bearing this clear understanding in his mind, Zen would not readily admit defeat.

Boom!

"Let's do it again. The Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike!"

Sensing the direction in which Zen's sword was dancing, the sword spirit that was immersed in the chaotic energy tried its best to coordinate with Zen.

It was a supreme chaotic weapon in the first place.

And Zen skillfully learned to use the Metal Law to bear the chaotic energy from it.

With their full cooperation, the sword spirit could take advantage of the situation and unleash an even more powerful strength.

The streaks of golden light turned into golden lotuses that radiated strands after strands of gray light. This strike was far more dazzling than the previous one.

Lone kept silent the whole time. He felt disturbed as he watched Zen unleash that broken sword's power. However, he had lent it to Zen on his own accord because it was for the sake of his beloved sword.

"Come on," Rocher urged, smiling faintly. "It's the most suitable place to end our fight here."

Rocher had firmly made up his mind to win this battle.

As he lifted the Soaring Snake Sword, layers upon layers of rhombic internal momentum began to interweave. Like sparkling and translucent gems, they exuded a pure and flawless luster.

They were densely packed together, occupying all the space around Rocher. And all that was left was a path.

Following that path, Rocher raised his sword, took a step, and sprinted.

It was as though a dragon from the depths of the abyss had abruptly emerged from a path within the canyon. The silver light on the surface of his sword radiated another layer of internal momentum.

The astonishing, powerful aura left the audience shocked beyond comparison.

Whoosh!

Rocher rushed straight towards Zen and the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike that the latter had thrust out with utmost urgency as if he was getting impatient to win this battle over.

Dodging was even out of his option, but instead, he charged headlong against Zen's attack.

That extremely sharp golden-gray sword light pierced towards Rocher and passed through the perfectly straight Soaring Snake Sword.

Buzz!

An ear-piercing howl echoed out.

That sword light was cut in half by the bright silver light in Rocher's hand!

Everyone mused that Rocher coped with the enemy head-on.

"What a strong method! Rocher is terrifyingly powerful!"

"The power of Zen's sword attack was frightening enough, but Rocher actually withstood the sword light and charged straight forward without the slightest ounce of fear."

"Rocher will definitely get the first place in the Illusion Battlefield."

At this rare moment, everyone in the universe had got the same answer.

Even the mysterious girl had a look of disappointment on her face. "Zen, quite frankly, I was hoping that you could take the first place. But

Rocher got Chiyou's sword inheritance. His luck is better than yours. You probably won't be able to make it."

Letitia quietly beheld the scene, and Margaret was also silent.

They had never seen Zen lose when he fought with the powerhouses at his realm.

In this universe, Zen was not even at a disadvantage.

And by chance, he would incidentally lose to Rocher in the end. The two women could not help but sigh in their hearts at the wonders of fate.

Still, everyone was in awe observing Rocher's speed, which was incredibly fast as he made his way towards Zen. The sword light of Zen's Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike split into two halves, subsequently slicing two ravines on the Heaven Earth Board.

Clang!

The two swords collided.

This time, Zen had never been at a disadvantage when it came to his sword moves as his body was adept with the rhythm of the sword fight. However, in terms of his aura, he was far inferior.

Bang! Bang!

Zen quickly retreated a few steps sideways. With a twist of his sword, he began to charge up his second sword attack.

Rocher's mind adamantly refused to give him another chance.

Under the light, soft wavelike ripples spread out.

Zen instinctively retreated his feet to the other side, but in that instant, countless bloody scars appeared on one of his arms.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Zen's arm looked like it had been filed. His wounds appeared densely arranged. His blood outlined these wounds, and they strangely mimicked the wavelike ripples released by Rocher.

If it weren't for the fact that Zen's body was a divine weapon, his arm would have already been shattered to pieces.

Rocher did not pause in the slightest as another ripple spread out.

The speed was so swift that Zen was left with no time to dodge at all.

Puff!

This time, it hit Zen's face.

Sadly, Zen looked extremely miserable now as numerous slashes were visible, from his face down to his neck.

A drop of blood slowly dripped into Zen's eyes. If anyone could see closely, he or she would note there was a deep unwillingness in them.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1716 The Perfect Opponent

Despite this, Zen was not even the least bit discouraged.

The chaotic energy appeared once again...

His Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike slashed out again!

It was accompanied by the keen roar of the sword!

"Sssii!"

Rocher was at a distance of only ten feet from Zen.

Thus Zen could instantly close on him!

As Rocher's hand raised, the sword beam, like a silver python, once again darted forward to cleave apart Zen's Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike!

The sword light split in two, harmlessly falling either side of Rocher, and he still stood in front of Zen.

"Again!"

"Again!"

The chaotic energy in Zen's body was being rapidly consumed...

It wasn't that Zen was weak either.

Once activated with chaotic energy, even an ordinary cultivation method would become much more powerful than others!

Besides, Zen had acquired enlightenment from Lone's sword. The sword skill he had mastered could utilize the chaotic energy.

This sword technique was rather simple, with only a few sword strike moves. However, the power contained within each move had already far surpassed the power of other sword skills at the same level anywhere in the universe...

However, Rocher was simply proving too strong...

Zen was unaware of the matter that Chiyou had become a Holy Being, the seven inheritances from the Lord of Weapons, or the mission that Rocher carried upon his shoulders!

He only knew that he needed to think of a way to defeat Rocher.

"How tragic! Being constantly suppressed by Rocher, there's no chance for Zen to win any advantage at all."

"I can tell that he really wants to win..."

"Rocher's strength is much more powerful than Nathan's!"

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

This time, Zen didn't use his sword...

The Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike's invincibly sharp aura was the most powerful weapon at his disposal.

However, this aura wasn't fully consummated, and his sword intent hadn't manifested at its top level either.

Using the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand, Rocher split the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike as if he were flaying the skin off it.

However, if one were to observe carefully, they would have seen that Rocher slashing Zen's strike had been very coincidental...

He was slashing towards the right side of the sword light.

Zen's sword move had been executed by taking advantage of the Metal Law that supported the use of chaotic energy. Although the Metal Law and the energy had fused together, they were still slightly incongruent, revealing a flaw in them.

If Rocher's sword strike should cut into that flaw, he would be able to easily slice it apart!

But if Zen could activate 36 lotus petals and step into the Emotion Closing Godly Way, then he would be able to fully eliminate this flaw.

Unfortunately, Zen had not yet reached the Emotion Closing Godly Way nor become a Godly Genius.

As Zen's eyes flashed, a small amount of starlight appeared in his hand.

Those stars were colorful, and they sparkled like flawless gems...

"The Stellar Body!

Multiple Stars Brilliance!"

The Multiple Stars Brilliance was the most powerful strike of the Stellar Body.

The spreading starlight was like a rapidly growing mushroom, enveloping the entire Heaven Earth Board.

Under the bright brilliance, the whole board quickly collapsed and disappeared.

When the starlight finally dimmed, Rocher once again appeared not far away. He was standing on top of a stone, holding onto his sword as a smile appeared on his imposing face.

That smile was very friendly, as he decided that he would now go all out during the battle.

"Alas..."

Even Zen's sword silently sighed.

"Zen has been completely outmatched, and I have done my best." The sword had been nourished with Zen's chaotic energy, so it had tried its best to support Zen during the battle.

However, Rocher was ridiculously strong, and the sword was helpless and could do nothing about that.

Rocher flashed to a point far away, giving Zen a chance to think about that. Zen was afforded a brief measure of time to figure out the last way to deal with Rocher.

This time, Zen had made full preparations before entering the Illusion Battlefield.

Zen had already made his best use of the Thunderbolt Annihilation and Eight Smoky Melodies, which were among three cultivation methods Gus had recommended. But at the moment, they would be utterly useless if Zen made use of them in an attempt to resist Rocher.

He had never before used the Enemy Repelling Arts because it was used to sever the causality laws and therefore break every method which opposed him. In the future, should he completely master it, he would definitely become a formidable powerhouse in the universe and be able to cut off the Heavenly Destiny that the Supreme Lord carried...

However, he hadn't had a chance to make use of it before, and he couldn't use it to cut down the heavens' rules in the Hall of Causality.

At this stage, he was faced with nothing but Godly Geniuses. The knowledge they had acquired was extremely remarkable, and they had also mastered the power of the Godly Way. Now the Enemy Repelling Arts had become a thing of little value, for the time being.

Even the Dark Star Devouring of the Stellar Body was incapable of swallowing Rocher as he moved at an incomparable speed.

Facing Rocher, Zen could therefore only rely on his sword!

It seemed to be the only way to reach a break through!

The gleam in Zen's eyes suddenly disappeared...

In that instant, he looked extremely cold and utterly unmoved.

"Again!"

He still tried to employ the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike one more time...

Zen's sword spirit also felt quite helpless at this moment.

It could only try its best to help Zen fuse the Metal Law and the chaotic energy more perfectly.

But there was still a flaw!

Until Zen managed to step into the Godly Way, there would be no way to make this fatal flaw disappear.

"Swish!

Buzz..."

With a flash of golden light, Rocher brandished his sword like a skilled butcher, who easily shaved a cow's bones off the meat.

The two streaks of light were easily diced apart by his sword.

Rocher seemed to do it effortlessly, but for Zen, it was not easy to make any move.

Although his chaotic energy was incomparably dense, it was still limited.

Zen had consistently employed the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike with all his might, and had already used up 60 or 70 percent of the chaotic energy in his chaotic sea!

The chaotic sea in his body had shrunk away substantially. At the same time, the dense roots of the World Tree were becoming exposed...

'How can I eliminate this flaw?' Zen lifted his sword and floated in the air. It might be just as Rocher had said that Zen could match up to him only after Zen completely stepped into the Emotion Closing Godly Way!

At this moment, Rocher jumped up from the stone and dashed towards Zen with his feet on the light.

In only an instant, that brilliant sword of silver light slashed down on Zen's head...

Zen held his sword horizontally, and instantly a beam of golden light emanated from the sword, completely enveloping Zen in its protection!

"Clang!"

The two swords collided, and a sound rang out, crisp and clear as a bell.

Even though he had blocked Rocher's attack, a layer of waves had spread out from Rocher's blade to cover Zen's body.

"Pah, pah, pah!"

The protective golden light released by Zen's sword was extremely tough, but when it came into contact with those waves, it was forcibly dispersed!

"Puff, puff..."

Streaks of blood-red waves rippled in a bloody tide on Zen's muscular chest.

Although none of his bones were broken, Zen looked even more ragged and torn up. His entire body was now covered in blood!

However, Zen did not stop or yield at all!

He had fortitude, and he could withstand this kind of injury.

Rocher was already close to him, and at the very least, he wouldn't be at a great disadvantage when it came to sword moves!

"Ding, ding, ding, ding..."

However, from now on, a large number of bloody gashes appeared on Zen's body every time he fended off Rocher's attacks. It was a shocking sight to behold, and not a single part of Zen's body was left unscathed.

"It can be over now..."

There was not a single trace of mercy in Rocher's eyes. However, if Zen chose to admit defeat, he would, of course, stop attacking him.

However, if Rocher held back his strength from his attacks, it would be the greatest insult to Zen.

At this moment, Rocher had completely gained the upper hand. As long as he continued dominating with his full strength, Zen would definitely be defeated, should the situation continue.

"Bang!"

"Activate all the dragon scales!"

A majestic force was suddenly released from Zen's hand.

After resisting Zen's returning sword strike, Rocher scampered backward for ten thousand feet. The force behind that strike was simply too great, so he had no choice but to retreat to avoid getting obliterated by it.

Unfortunately, the power of dragon scales did not prove that effective in facing Rocher.

Rocher could travel through the distance of ten thousand feet in an instant, and he thought it was already pointless for Zen to resist.

However, Zen, who had been in the state of Emotion Closing, was like a lifeless puppet. He used his simplest thoughts to search for the method of defeating Rocher!

Even though he might not defeat Rocher, he definitely wouldn't give up.

However, just as Rocher was about to move forward for the killing stroke, Zen, who was floating in midair motionlessly, suddenly emitted a strangely reinforced will...

At this moment, a tiny glowing crystal had appeared like a shining star above the center of Zen's internal world!

Chapter 1717 The Instant Godly Tile

The piece of crystal was a cross with sharp edges.

Its entire body was suffused with an illusory blue light, as if it were a ten thousand-year-old block of mysterious ice.

If Zen looked into his inner world, he would see the crystal float in the air within it, partly hidden and partly visible.

It twinkled like a star, disappearing and reappearing again in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, the aura that Zen exuded acted the same way.

In that instant, he was like a True God who had descended into this world.

However, in the next moment itself, the aura disappeared without a single trace.

The scene was very strange.

So much so that Rocher did not dare step forward in haste. It would be a rash move on his part.

The strength of that aura made Zen seem as if he were the eye of a storm. If Rocher were to step within a thousand feet of that aura, he would probably be crushed by it.

Even from thousands of feet away, Rocher's heart throbbed incessantly, as if he were in the Land of Extreme Chillness. At the same time, he felt as if he were at the bottom of the deep sea. The ginormous pressure made him unable to breathe.

A wave of his Soaring Snake Sword had it thrust into the board as he stood behind the blade.

Buzz...

A sharp light spread out, accompanied by many ripples.

Rocher felt a bit better using the Soaring Snake Sword to resist Zen's aura. When he looked at Zen, a strange expression entered his eyes, along with a trace of helplessness.

"I know you're not weak, but you shouldn't be so strong either," he murmured.

To Rocher, Zen's aura seemed ridiculously strong.

In addition to Rocher, the few Godly Geniuses who hovered on top of the stones also looked distinctly uncomfortable.

Even though the spaces above the stones were protected by laws, Zen's aura still brought forth a strong sense of oppression to them.

This oppression was not intentional.

It was like a lion had appeared amidst a horde of beasts. Even if the lion remained silent, it proved to be a great deterrent to the surrounding wild beasts.

"What is this?" Zen himself was clueless.

Just now, he had been pushed to the limits by Rocher.

Even his chaotic energy was depleted.

His Emotion Closing Godly Way was not perfect. Losing to Rocher had been unavoidable.

However, just as he had been about to lose, a special understanding had manifested itself in Zen's mind, as if someone had placed a line of thought from outside.

It existed even now, appearing in an instant and disappearing in another.

It was as if someone was inside his inner world, breathing in and out at great speed.

Glancing into his body, Zen could see a bright blue light at the center of his inner world. He saw the flickering crystal there.

A portion of chaotic energy flowed to the bottom of the crystal, forming a circular wheel in the shape of the Eight Diagrams as it supported the crystal.

"What is this thing?

Why would the chaotic energy be attracted to this crystal and turn into this shape?"

Zen attempted to control the small portion of the chaotic energy, but realized that he could not do so.

"What happened to you?"

asked the broken sword in Zen's hand.

The sword too had its pride. It was not willing to be driven by anyone other than Lone.

Even if Lone had only lent it to Zen because he wished for it to borrow Zen's strength to repair itself, the sword had never bothered exchanging a single word with Zen.

But at this moment, it could not take it anymore.

From the very beginning, the sword had a strange feeling.

It felt as if Zen had become a True God.

The sensation was absurd and unbelievable, but it was also real.

It was like the bright red sun in the sky suddenly turned blue one day. If the sun turned that color, no one would be able to believe it. However, it would be there to see in front of everyone.

The feeling that Zen gave the others was as if they had all accidentally stepped into an unbelievable illusion.

How could he be so powerful?

The mysterious girl at the top of the clouds stared at Zen in a daze.

She had been in charge of the heavens for six grand eras.

She knew that a world of chaos presented itself in every grand era.

When the world of chaos arrived, the super talents appeared one after another like bamboo shoots after a spring rain. However, in the previous few rounds of the Illusion Battlefield, the final showdown had not witnessed many accidents.

"It's the power of a Godly Tile.

He has achieved the Instant Godly Tile! It's unbelievable!

This phenomenon is rare, even in the divine land.

He doesn't have a Godly Plate. How can he store the Instant Godly Tile?" she murmured to herself.

A Godly Tile was not an isolated existence.

If no Godly Plate existed to store the Godly Tile, the latter could cause an explosion in the inner world.

This was not the first time that she had been doubtful. However, she was completely unable to understand what was going on. A series of questions rose in her mind.

It was indeed possible for someone to activate the Instant Godly Tile before stepping into the Godly Way.

This kind of Godly Tile was not a real one. It was one that descended only once. Being extremely unstable, it appeared in an instant and then disappeared in another.

Theoretically speaking, Zen was a True God at this moment.

The people within the painting of the Illusion Battlefield could sense Zen's aura and transformation, but the numerous warriors outside the painting could not see it.

"What happened?"

"Why did Rocher retreat? He ran so far away from Zen!"

"Why does Zen suddenly seem so strong? I bet all my money on Rocher!"

The warriors could not comprehend why Rocher, who had previously been as vicious as a tiger, suddenly fled.

Even some of the Supreme Lords could not understand what had happened in the painting.

Zen, however, rather liked this feeling.

He could sense the unprecedented power that the blue crystal emanated.

Countless cultivation methods existed in this universe, but they were all the same to him. When used, they gave him a strong sense of familiarity.

However, the power in this crystal was different. It was rather strange and ominous.

He could not tell what rules were contained within it, and he did not know what kind of characteristics this power possessed.

Zen only knew that this power was strong. Very strong!

"How do I use this power?"

Suddenly, an idea occurred to him.

He extracted a stream of chaotic energy

and drilled this strand into the circular wheel in the middle of his inner world. Passing through the circular wheel, it once again entered the cross-shaped crystal.

Whoosh!

After passing through the crystal, the originally grayish-brown chaotic energy was coated in blue light.

Just as this strand of chaotic energy left Zen's inner world and began to spread toward his chest, an invisible layer of frost left his body, covering the entire Heaven Earth Board with it.

Stones, the board, the Soaring Snake Sword, and Rocher were all instantly covered in a thin layer of ice.

Crack!

Rocher shook his shoulders as his body trembled.

The thin layer of ice on his body instantly split open and slid down to the board, smashing to the board and transforming into a number of exquisite flowers.

The ice posed no threat to Rocher, but the aura that escaped Zen's body could clearly freeze the world. Zen's change was very intimidating.

"It's the power of the Godly Way.

You've been cultivating the Emotion Closing Godly Way, but you activated the internal momentum of the Ice Mirror Godly Way simultaneously. What happened to you, Zen?"

Rocher whispered. He could not figure this out for he did not know enough about the divine land. All his knowledge came from the records of the treasure trove of the Lord of Weapons.

So how could he tell that Zen had activated the Instant Godly Tile?

The Instant Godly Tile only lasted for a moment.

It was true that some True Gods in the divine land could experience such unexpected events. They would originally possess a Godly Tile, but in a short period of time, another Godly Tile would appear. The newly manifested Godly Tile could even take over the Godly Plate.

But there existed a prerequisite for the Instant Godly Tile to appear, and that was for the person to possess a Godly Plate.

If the Instant Godly Tile were to appear in a warrior's inner world without a Godly Plate, its only outcome would be for the inner world to explode straightaway. This meant that the elixir field would shatter. A warrior would then become an ordinary, useless individual.

But when the Instant Godly Tile appeared in Zen's case, a portion of the chaotic energy within him transformed into a Godly Plate to store the tile.

Until now, not a single person in the divine land knew why the Instant Godly Tile had appeared in that instant.

For True Gods, the Instant Godly Tile was not of much use. After all, each one of them already possessed a Godly Tile, and the Godly Ways that they pursued were completely different.

But for Zen, it had been rather useful.

He brandished the sword in his hand again. The internal momentum of the Ice Mirror Godly Way transferred over an icy blue light to the broken sword. The cold energy that lingered around Zen's body changed to an ice lotus flower that gradually unfolded its petals.

A wisp of sword intent had already condensed itself into a form.

Chapter 1718 Heaven Opening Sword Book

Since Zen had never stepped into the Godly Way, his Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike had never been completed and it still had a flaw.

He also knew that the sword in his hand was doing its utmost to make up for this flaw.

But since this flaw was from his Emotion Closing Godly Way, something he had yet to completely comprehend, it was impossible for the sword to completely fix the flaw.

What was more, Rocher's sword was way too sharp, beyond anyone's imagination.

His keen observation of Zen's flaw had helped him break Zen's Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike pretty easily.

However, things were different at the moment.

He could sense that the cold power had an incomparably powerful internal momentum.

And it wasn't from the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

But the internal momentum had almost made up for the flaw once it had been infused into the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike.

Perhaps it could no longer be described as making up.

The internal momentum was far purer and much more powerful than Zen's Emotion Closing Godly Way.

So much that it had completely changed the attributes of Zen's sword.

Zen slashed his sword at Rocher, causing an immense coldness to emanate from the sword.

The sword light was divided into three layers. While the outermost layer was the icy blue sword light, the innermost layer contained the Metal

Law and chaotic energy, and thus was the metal and gray sword light.

As he faced this strike, the fighting spirit in Rocher's eyes exploded like two balls of flames and

had begun to burn.

It was close to impossible for him to resist this blow.

But just because he could not resist it didn't mean that he would give up.

He stretched out his hand and grabbed the Soaring Snake Sword as his other hand swept towards the edge of the sword.

Boiling hot blood burst into the air in a fountain, clotting almost instantly.

The Heaven Earth Board was freezing, with the temperature as low as it could get.

Rocher's eyebrows furrowed as a flame appeared in his hand. He grabbed the blood clot and melted it, using the blood as the paints.

Thirteen blood runes appeared before him in the air

with a hiss.

All these blood runes were Rocher's blood essence.

Activating these blood runes with his blood essence was also a method he had learnt from Chiyou's treasure.

Soon after they were formed, the blood runes began to rise rapidly into the air, forming streams of blood mist that began to swirl around the Soaring Snake Sword.

The moment he gripped his sword, a blood-red light, filled with Rocher's will, shot up into the sky.

Rocher's face, which was originally pale, turned blood-red as his aura changed abruptly.

At this, Rocher's mind filled with memories of what he had witnessed.

The first year of the breaking of the chaos.

Ever since the chaos had been broken, it had only been a divine era.

Chiyou said it was too crowded here.

The Creating Axe had shattered years ago and

to open up more space was simply too difficult.

Then, Chiyou climbed to the top of the grand tower, fused the Soaring Snake into his sword, combined the sword with the theurgy of wind and thunder, released the Heaven Opening Sword Book, and struck in the south.

The strike spread thirty million miles.

And with this, Chiyou had opened thirty million miles of the chaos.

But he thought it was still not enough, which was why he had been launching strikes for several months.

He had launched a hundred thousand slashes so far.

Chiyou alone had opened nearly half the southern divine land. He had asked someone to plant the Hidden Wood to help stabilize the space.

The sword in his hand was probably the Heaven Opening Sword.

Even someone like Chiyou had been exhausted and fallen into a deep sleep after launching a hundred thousand slashes.

This sword had the power to open the heaven, and so did the Soaring Snake.

…

The Heavenly Sword Illustration, however, was merely an essence of the Heaven Opening Sword Book.

It was like a key, being passed around with the wind. And then, Rocher had picked it up.

And from the moment he had picked up the key, his fate no longer remained ordinary.

He consolidated it all, step by step, starting from the Eastern Region. He trained for a few years before finally obtaining Chiyou's treasure.

It wasn't just a treasure, but was also an inheritance that he had to obtain.

This fate was nailed into his future once he had comprehended the Heavenly Sword Illustration.

Whatever it was, the Heaven Opening Sword Book was simply too complicated.

The opening of the heaven was not limited to just the current round of heavens.

Although the universe was vast, it was not infinite.

In the face of the endless chaos, it could even be said to be insignificant.

For Chiyou, the Beginning Swordsmanship was the most basic swordsmanship.

Rocher had cultivated and broken through the preliminary level. He could perhaps even break through to the perfection stage.

He had made fast progress.

But until now, Rocher had only comprehended half a move from the Heaven Opening Sword Book.

"This move is called the Flawless South Strike."

On that day, Chiyou fell into a deep sleep and slept for the entirety of a divine era.

The time of the gods was different from what Rocher had known before.

He had only known that the time that a divine era spanned was unimaginable to him.

Once he woke up, Chiyou saw the blue sky and a rainbow. The waterfalls were like white clothes floating into the sky. And he had had an epiphany for the one hundred thousand slashes, so he named this sword move 'Flawless South Strike', by which he meant to say that the new space he had opened in the south was flawless.

Although it was only half a move, Rocher had no choice but to use it when faced with Zen's strike.

He did not care that he would lose a lot of his blood essence. After all, the loss of blood essence in the Illusion Battlefield wasn't a big problem.

If he missed this battle with Zen, it would be hard to find another opportunity.

The Soaring Snake Sword floated into the air as the color of the blood light suddenly changed, emitting a thousand different colors.

A rainbow appeared suddenly out of nowhere. Under it was a beautiful world made of jade. It was marvelous, like a wonderland that everyone yearned for.

Margaret knelt on the stone. She had originally wanted to praise the wonderful scene unfolding before her, but the aura that Zen's body was releasing made it difficult for her to say that.

It was obvious that the warriors outside the painting wouldn't be suppressed by Zen's aura.

"It's so beautiful!"

a number of women said admiringly.

The moment their gazes landed on the rainbow, they just couldn't take their eyes off of it. It was as if they were glued to the rainbow. The painting of the wonderland seemed to have a strange, devilish quality.

No matter which realms they were at, no matter how weak or strong their souls were, nobody could take their eyes off the scene.

They seemed to feel that they would regret it for the rest of their lives if they missed watching the scene for even three seconds.

Rocher stood tall on the scene, his brows like swords, eyes like stars, lips like a red rose, and teeth like snow. Many people in the universe were strongly attracted to him right now, especially the thousands of females watching.

He waved the sword.

The Flawless South Strike.

The essence of the Heaven Opening Sword.

It was just half a move, but its perfection was beyond imagination.

The streak of rainbow was suddenly swept out of Rocher's Soaring Snake Sword.

An outline of a peerless wonderland formed wherever the rainbow passed by.

But it was incomplete.

If complete, a wonderland shining light would appear, and the scenes within would dance endlessly.

Rocher had only managed to cultivate half of this skill, so all he could show was a still, peaceful scene.

To him, it was inflexible. But to others, it was absolutely stunning.

But this scene did not last long.

Because the Flawless South Strike soon collided with the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike

with an almighty clang.

When the two sword strikes collided, the scene before them began to tremble violently.

The two streaks of sword light did not have the time to enter a stalemate. It took only an instant for the stronger strike to become obvious.

Rocher was unable to break Zen's strike.

He could not break the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike, which had been sealed with the complete Godly Way.

Zen's sword attack had been executed with the help of the power of the Instant Godly Tile.

Zen was still far from being able to compete with a True God, but he was definitely not someone Rocher could contend with.

The icy-blue sword light slashed through Rocher's Flawless South Strike like a pair of scissors.

Every scene was shattered and cries of alarm rang throughout the universe at this.

This beauty had been short-lived, just like fireworks had only bloomed for an instant.

Many martial artists closed their eyes. They didn't want to acknowledge that the scene was broken.

The Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike had struck through the wonderland.

Rocher was still brandishing his sword, reeling from being unable to withstand the attack. But he still wanted to use the edge of his sword to tear at Zen's sword light.

But when he swung his sword downwards, it did not even break through the icy blue layer on the sword light.

And before he knew it, the sword light had pierced through his chest.

There was no sign of regret on Rocher's face.

He had already done his best and in the end, had lost to Zen. But even though he had lost to Zen, fighting Zen would still be a joyful thing to

him.

One couldn't lose one's target and Zen had been one of Rocher's most important targets.

He believed that such an opportunity would present itself to him again.

Zen had won this battle!

This had depressed a lot of people in the universe.

They hadn't believed in Zen's strength and had seemed to believe more in Rocher.

All big and small bankers in the universe would make a fortune in this round.

On the other hand, the gamblers who had bet on Rocher were on the verge of tears.

Chapter 1719 Killed Nine Seconds Later

Some gamblers in the universe had bet on Zen. They were thrilled to win the riches out of the blue.

However, be it the losers, the winners, or the dealers, none of them knew that this was going to be their very last carnival.

It was the last peaceful period for the martial artists of the one hundred thousand supreme worlds. Soon, the entire universe would fall into panic and crisis.

"Aye! This battle is indeed exciting!"

"Can a world lord break Zen's sword strike?"

"Hah! You must be joking! In the end, Zen is only a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm. It is impossible for him to defeat a world lord who is three realms higher."

"Indeed! However, to be honest, the idea that this sword strike could kill a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior is truly unthinkable! Zen is only at the Soul Sea Realm!"

After Zen won the battle with Rocher, the two of them sat on their stones with their eyes closed in meditation.

They did it to recover their life vitality or chaotic energy and also calm their minds.

In this sort of battle, where one's capability was used to the limits, this was the most convenient way to receive some epiphany.

Before this, although Rocher's sword attack had not been able to block Zen's, which was almost like a True God's, it had still been a welcome boost to his mental state.

After he absorbed some life vitality jades, he sank into deep thought.

Zen's recovery was relatively troublesome.

Chaotic energy was far more solid than life vitality. Although Zen had absorbed a great deal of life vitality jades and transformed the life vitality into chaotic energy, it was like a drop of water in a bucket.

In fact, because of the characteristics of chaotic energy, it could completely devour all living things and transform them into chaotic energy.

But now that Zen was bound to the stone, it was unsuitable for him to do so.

He had used up nearly half of his life vitality jades and only restored about one fifth of his chaotic sea. If nothing went wrong, there would occur a final battle for him.

That would depend on the outcome of Nathan and Kurt's battle.

If Nathan defeated Kurt, he would have to face Zen and compete for first place in the Illusion Battlefield.

On the other hand, if Nathan lost to Kurt, he would have to fight Rocher for the second place. Regardless of Nathan's victory or defeat in his battle against Rocher, Zen would immediately be promoted to first position.

"However it ends, I still need to replenish my chaotic energy," Zen murmured. His face revealed some distress. "What exactly is that cross crystal?"

After defeating Rocher, the crystal had disappeared from Zen's inner world in a flash.

The chaotic energy that had formed the round plate also scattered away.

It was as if the crystal had never even been there. It brought Zen victory and at the same time filled his head with innumerable doubts.

Zen had felt the aura coming from his body change dramatically. The power contained within the crystal was beyond the limitations of the rules of the universe. Zen, however, was unable to control the crystal. It appeared in an instant, and disappeared just as quickly.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up.

He felt the boundless vitality between heaven and earth gush down from above his head.

The vitality between heaven and earth was extremely dense. It flowed down from the top of Zen's head and spread through his veins. Finally, like a river gathering in the ocean, it flowed into his inner world to eventually be devoured by the chaotic energy.

"Gods! So much vitality between heaven and earth!" he exclaimed silently.

Zen raised his head and looked up. The thick clouds in the sky were quietly moving. He did not see anything suspicious.

"It must be her," he said, a mysterious smile playing on his lips.

Right at this moment, Kurt and Nathan stepped onto the Heaven Earth Board.

Their stones landed in very strange positions.

The black stone on the sun position had been captured. At this moment, the Go game was about to come to an end.

As for Nathan's white stone, it had returned to the sun position.

A wide smile blossomed on Nathan's face when he saw where his stone was positioned.

To him, this was a great opportunity.

The situation on the board was simply too complicated. Even Nathan, who was proficient in the game of Go, was unable to see through this move.

Previously, many people proficient in Go game thought that the player who played the game was very weak.

But this was a great turning point. It directly revived the entire situation of the white stones and also changed Nathan's fate.

"I will still win." Nathan, who was standing on the Heaven Earth Board, had a proud expression on his face. His belief was stronger than it had ever been.

Only by having faith in himself could he go further. Nathan was absolutely confident of it.

However, this confidence was shattered at once when he saw the fight between Zen and Rocher.

The talents of the Thoughtless Minds represented the entire universe's talents, and Nathan was almost invincible among the lot.

Among the top three hundred warriors, he had once regarded Lawson as his greatest opponent. He was simply unafraid of any opponent whom he had once defeated.

First place was almost within his reach.

But just now, when he saw Zen and Rocher exchange blows, his state of mind experienced great turmoil.

Where did these two warriors come from? Why were they so strong?

Nathan feared losing his confidence the most.

To him, confidence was equal to strength.

What was most despicable was that when the two of them fought, they messed with the stones on the board, yet the mysterious woman did not recover the stones. The entire board was in disarray. He was not sure if this game of Go could still be used to deduce the future of the universe.

If he could not rely on others, he could only rely on himself.

After defeating Kurt, he should have a face-off with Zen. After that, Kurt would only be able to compete for fourth place with Shania. Nathan was hoping that the mysterious woman would carefully finish the last few steps of the game.

However, Kurt's strength could not be underestimated either.

None among the top five—Shania, Kurt, Nathan, Rocher and Zen—could be underestimated.

Thinking of this, Nathan could not help but sigh. 'Why are all of them such mighty warriors? Nevertheless, I'll be the winner.'

Kurt's face was as calm as ever.

Nathan had not revealed his trump card, but the title of the No.1 Godly Genius was certainly not so easy to obtain.

When Nathan stepped onto the Heaven Earth Board, Kurt raised the staff in his hand.

The nine rings on the staff had already been cut up by Rocher. As the staff was raised, a blood-like smell spread.

"Asura!"

Puff!

Kurt, who had been looking rather friendly, now had a ferocious gleam in his eyes. It was as if he was an inhuman beast. His entire body had grown by half, and his face held a violent expression.

Nathan was aware that Kurt was much more powerful than his previous opponents. It would be impossible for him to defeat Kurt easily.

Nathan finally became serious. It was the first time he was weighing his options in the Illusion Battlefield.

He took out a fiery red spear from his Sumeru Space.

"Nathan has a weapon?"

"Did he use any weapon before?"

"Who said that he couldn't use his weapon?"

Nathan and Rocher were different. Rocher always carried a sword on his back and seldom used it, so people naturally questioned it. At the same time, they regarded it as him putting on an act.

However, Nathan did not reveal his weapon. His palm strike was already so sharp that people had thought that he would go up against all his opponents with his bare hands.

Some martial artists practiced special cultivation methods, such as the specialized palm and fist techniques. It was not strange for them not to use a weapon.

Thus, Nathan taking out the spear was rather puzzling.

The moment he took out his spear, Kurt, calm as ever, stepped on a stone and pushed it with a tremendous force. He had attacked first.

"The little monk is no longer calm!"

"He is doomed. In a battle like this, whoever gets anxious first will lose."

"That might not be the case. Who knows, maybe Nathan is weaker."

Amidst the discussion of the crowd, Kurt rushed toward Nathan, who was holding his spear high.

During this rapid sprint, Kurt's figure suddenly stopped. He stopped so suddenly that even the martial artists watching the painting failed to keep up.

Kurt, who had come to a halt, suddenly retreated by over a hundred feet before changing his angle to sprint ahead. Then, he came to a stop once again.

On the other hand, Nathan only held a spear in his hand as he faced Kurt. If Kurt changed his angle, Nathan only moved slightly and adjusted the direction of his spear. Hints of confidence and indifference hung on his face.

Kurt was able to foresee with the Constellation Eyes.

He adjusted his position more than ten times. No matter which way he rushed, he foresaw a scene that would happen nine seconds later with the help of Constellation Eyes.

He saw the scene of him getting killed by Nathan.

Chapter 1720 Fight For The First Place

Kurt's Buddhist heart was extremely stable.

Back in the Hidden Spirit Temple, there was an ancient bell. Each time this bell was rung, the six realms of existence would appear as an illusion and create endless cycles of reincarnation.

The temperance of one's heart meant entering the six paths of reincarnation.

The Hidden Spirit Temple's core disciples were the only ones qualified to enter the ancient bell's interior and ring it once a month.

This process helped them cultivate and temper their Buddhist heart.

The illusion of six realms was unforgiving. It was something that truly tested a disciple's Buddhist heart in ways one could not even begin to describe. But if disciples went into it more than once in a month, it might shatter their hearts in the process.

However, Kurt was different. Instead of once a month, he rang the bell every day for four hundred consecutive days!

When he left, his heart was understandably stronger and much more stable than others.

Kurt was the only one who had done and could sustain such an ordeal.

It could be said that he had the most stable heart out of all the disciples in the Hidden Spirit Temple. Nothing could shake him, except perhaps the scene right in front of him.

No amount of ringing the ancient bell could ever prepare his heart for something like this. What Kurt comprehended was great wisdom and tremendous courage that bordered on pure fearlessness.

However, Nathan's strike seemed to have the ability to destroy the Buddhist heart!

His vision of the future had been extremely grim and it was soon about to come true!

Nathan would indeed be able to kill him with a single spear strike!

This event would happen in the next nine seconds and each second he spent thinking about it made his chest feel stuffy. It felt as if a heavy hammer was slamming itself down his Buddhist heart. The knowledge of his imminent destruction made Kurt turn a pale shade of white.

Nathan, on the other hand, remained calm as he held onto his spear.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Kurt continued to revolve around Nathan.

Meanwhile, Nathan simply stood in his spot, spear still aimed at Kurt.

This went on for ten more rounds.

"Puff!"

The battle had been at an initial standstill. However, this quickly changed the moment Kurt spat out a mouthful of blood and stopped moving.

This scene astonished the warriors outside.

"The two of them haven't even fought yet so how in the world did Kurt get injured?"

"I have no idea. I'm just getting more and more confused..."

"Could it be that Nathan knows some kind of evil martial art?"

The last assumption was highly unlikely to be true. Ordinary evil martial arts wouldn't have worked in these circumstances.

Also, Nathan was not someone who would practice such a thing since it wasn't in his character to make use of such despicable tricks.

Kurt stood still to stabilize himself. He then put his hands together and closed his eyes.

The future still hadn't changed and no matter where Nathan attacked, the result would still be the same.

This wasn't good. His Buddhist heart was in danger because of Nathan's spear!

He would not die for real in the Illusion Battlefield. All Kurt would need to do was to restore his physical body. However, if his state of mind was affected, then it would bring unnecessary trouble to his Buddhist heart.

"I admit defeat," Kurt announced. He saluted with one hand and retreated.

"What?!" "What was that? He just admitted defeat straightaway!"

"That monk is useless... The fight hasn't even started yet! What a good-for-nothing fighter!"

"He got scared the moment the battle was about to begin. Ha-ha! It seems the Hidden Spirit Temple doesn't really have any peerless talents to boast of!"

Nobody in the top ten admitted defeat. At least, not normally.

Everyone was understood to have unfathomable strength and nobody would be willing to give up so easily. This was the reason why fights amongst those at the top were often incredibly intense.

Margaret, of course, was an exception. Ever since she entered, she had always performed casually and did not try her best at all.

This was the reason why Kurt's admission of defeat was incredibly surprising and also a tad bit scandalous. Nonetheless, Nathan quickly put away his spear and stuffed it into his own Sumeru Space.

He did not say a word as he flew towards the sky. Kurt could only watch his figure as he too flew back towards the stone.

His actions today would no doubt haunt him in the form of harsh criticism. Despite that, he still believed that he made the right decision.

"Rocher, what's your opinion on this?" The way Nathan held the spear just now left a really deep impression on Zen.

Just holding the spear in a certain way was enough to make his opponent admit defeat.

Rocher had a cautious look in his face. "This guy's strength seems to be extremely special!" Since Nathan won against Kurt by default, he now needed to fight Zen for first place. If Zen were to win, then he would need to fight against Rocher for second place.

"How special is it?" Zen asked.

Rocher shrugged. "I don't know. I just feel that his actions are really strange..."

Zen's eyes immediately lit up when he heard this.

He too noticed this.

Nathan's stance looked seemingly normal. However, the spear's position and altitude were strange. The spear's tip just seemed to be angled in such a way that confused Zen.

He just had a feeling about it, the kind that was hard to describe. It was as if Nathan was standing there but also not there!

Zen didn't really have the time to figure it out since he was now about to face him in the next round!

"Zen versus Nathan. These two will fight for the first place in this round," the mysterious girl announced in her characteristically cold voice.

This battle would be the most crucial event in the Illusion Battlefield...

The victor of this round would emerge as the top warrior of the universe and also as the main character of this era!

According to the Supreme Lords' speculations, the victor would get the heavens' support. His luck would also be greatly affected.

Everyone's focus was now on the two who faced against each other for the title of this universe's top warrior.

Elena pulled a long face.

She almost won the battle between her and Lavender, but now...

Zen initially only had the fate to lead the world of chaos, but this was already enough for Elena to deem him as a threat.

However, she kept in mind that there were tens of thousands of warriors that carried the same fate. Her caution against Zen would have to ultimately be decided by the results of this competition.

She never expected it would turn out like this...

Zen was now about to compete with the Godly Genius of the Xuanyuan Clan for first place!

This person was truly invincible and unstoppable!

"How could Lavender be so lucky?" Elena was extremely beautiful, but she was born with a ruthless and vicious aura.

If Zen truly got first place then it would be impossible for her to force him to stay in the fairy palace.

But would she just let him return with Lavender to attack her?

Of course not!

Right now, Lavender was still in the fairy palace with no idea of what was currently happening.

She was most probably bored out of her wits...

There was no Illusion Space within this fairy palace, so she had no way of knowing Zen's ranking.

Freya had also entered the Illusion Battlefield but got eliminated fairly quickly, so she also did not know anything about the current situation.

The past few days had been quite lively as the entire universe was filled with roars from the Roaring Tokens.

Some Supreme Lords would also mention Zen occasionally.

A few praised him while others cursed him.

Judging by those remarks, it was highly likely that Zen managed to enter the final stage.

Freya had no idea of his ranking, but it would be great if he made it to the top ten. She was still a bit worried though. There were so many powerful talents from the larger clans and Zen might not necessarily be a match for them. She felt that he didn't really have that much experience and cultivation to pose as a threat against those geniuses.

Lavender sat on one side of the octagonal pavilion and dipped a toe in the water. This caused a small ripple to appear on the surface that she found herself staring at as she got lost in her thoughts.

She was not normally like this. Even she herself knew that this wasn't really her normal personality. She had only gotten like this because of Zen and staying by his side for so many years.

She was no longer the Queen of Killings. Instead, she was now a woman who seldom cared about anything and was extremely reliant on Zen for everything.

Back in the Illusion Battlefield, Nathan once again stood on the Heaven Earth Board.

He was extremely wary of Zen, having observed the battle between him and Rocher.

Zen's extremely cold internal momentum had the capacity to suppress his warrior spirit. At that moment, Nathan's indestructible confidence wavered.

Even a True God wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

That split second of influence caused Nathan to suddenly doubt his life's struggle and effort.

Fortunately, the aura around Zen disappeared after a few seconds.

Nathan had no idea how Zen did that. It was as if this ability of him had been forced out by Rocher earlier. However, Zen didn't seem to have the ability to control it.

Nathan observed the situation very carefully and noticed the split-second doubt that appeared in Zen's face.

It was alright.

Even if Zen's sword was powerful, he still had a chance to defeat him.

"Clap, clap!"

Two stones were placed on the Heaven Earth Board as the two of them landed on its surface.

The sight of where the stones landed filled Nathan with joy. He almost couldn't believe his luck!

Zen couldn't help but frown when he noticed the joy on his opponent's face. He had heard Nathan talk nonsense because of the stone placement previously and it made Zen very unhappy.

"It seems like I have no shortage of lucky chances in my life," Nathan said as he laughed out loud.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1721 Bickering

There was a dull thud when Zen landed on the board, which meant that the black stone landed on the board as well.

Nathan had also landed on the board, so the white stone had landed too.

Their movements caused a series of new, fascinating moves on the board. After the white stone had landed, it connected with the other white stones and the situation was quickly reversed.

The "dragon" that black stones had destroyed a while ago now appeared again.

In addition, Nathan's stone was the icing on the cake.

"What a move! It seems that you are destined to lose this battle," Nathan said with a smile. "And look over there."

He stretched out a finger and pointed towards a few stones. "Margaret played all those stones. They were originally blocked off from each other, but now they're interconnected and have formed the trend of love, whose target is me."

Zen knew that this man wouldn't be saying anything good. He couldn't see any sign of the trend of love at all!

"And then?" Zen asked indifferently. He almost rolled his eyes, but Nathan swelled with pride.

Nathan then answered, "My fate is to be guided by the heavens. I don't know if you understand the logic behind it, but these fate deductions will happen and I will definitely make history. As the saying goes, the trend of the heavens is irresistible; those who submit will prosper, and those who resist shall perish. You won't be able to resist it."

Whoosh!

His hand went behind him and drew out the spear. The spear's tip suddenly trembled and stirred non-stop. "If you know your situation and what to do, then you clearly shouldn't make things difficult for Margaret."

Zen's face couldn't help but twitch. 'This guy is so shameless!' he thought. Suddenly, his train of thought was interrupted by a shouting voice.

"Hey! I don't know you, so stay away from Zen and me!" Opposite them was Margaret, whose face was red with anger.

Nathan had been acting really weird since she first met him, but she could let that slide. However, he was now advising Zen to leave her.

She could tolerate some of his issues, but the fact that Nathan had actually asked Zen to leave her made her burst her bubble. "You think that the heavens are on your side, and no one will stop you. But I'm Zen's wife. Stop drooling over me! You think I'll fall in love with you? Ha-ha! What nonsense are you talking about? The universe is so big, but I'm afraid it won't be able to make up for your empty brain."

As a woman, Margaret knew how to bicker with others. She wasn't this sharp-tongued before, but she had stayed with a group of women for a long time back when she had practiced in the Apeiron Tower. Her time there had made her much wittier.

The martial artists from countless supreme worlds who were watching them instantly burst into laughter.

Nathan could be considered a Mr. Right for many women, but being ridiculed by Margaret truly burned his face off in embarrassment. He was indeed on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Once again, he fell into a state of doubt. He doubted his own charms and lost his self-confidence.

Nathan's warrior spirit was supported by his absolute confidence. He believed that if he wanted something, he would be able to have it and he would definitely succeed. There was nothing in the universe that he could not do with all his efforts.

But now, just Margaret's words dealt a heavy blow to his mentality. It was even worse than the blow when he had witnessed the fight between Zen and Rocher.

"I...I was telling the truth. This is our fate," Nathan managed to say. For the first time, he lost his confidence in front of a woman.

"Are you an idiot? Did you know what you said made me unhappy? Besides, this is only your deduction, and it won't happen in the end," Margaret sneered.

Nathan remained silent. It wasn't that he didn't have any words to refute her, but rather, he didn't know what to say when he saw the excitement on her face.

When Margaret felt that he wouldn't say anything else, she snorted coldly and turned to face Zen with a sweet smile. "Honey, I'll be rooting for you."

Her words dripped sweetly off her lips like honey, and the crowd could tell that she loved Zen very much.

Meanwhile, Letitia couldn't help but feel her skin crawl when she heard Margaret call Zen "honey." The feeling of loss further intensified as she sulked quietly in the Pure Jade Sacred Palace.

She wasn't jealous of Margaret's achievements, but the fact that she could stand beside Zen. Letitia gently bit her bottom lip as her face gradually twisted into a miserable frown.

On the other hand, Zen smiled faintly at Margaret and nodded at her. Then, he raised the broken sword in his hand.

After this battle, the sword would be returned to Lone.

However, a violent gale unexpectedly swept across Zen's face just as he had raised his sword. The gale was strong and vigorous, and Zen felt as if he was smashed with a large rock on the head.

It was Nathan attacking him!

He probably rushed like that because Margaret's words provoked him.

In terms of speed, Nathan was slightly slower than Rocher. But this time, he jumped up and dove over. He didn't aim the spear in his hand straight ahead, but smashed it down instead.

He hit down hard without hesitation as the spear's tip glinted sharply under the light.

"Just how much do you hate me?" Zen was almost speechless.

A white mist appeared around his body and with a slight shake, he circulated the Eight Smoky Melodies and easily dodged Nathan's sudden attack.

Boom!

The spearhead was only two fingers wide and three inches long.

Yet, the impact of the strike was far from weak.

The ground where Zen stood just now had caved in and formed a huge crater, which continued to spread to the surrounding area.

However, Zen had long since floated to the other side of the Heaven Earth Board.

Whoosh!

Nathan raised his spear high as he moved quickly like a shuttle. He swiftly flew forward as he dragged numerous afterimages behind him; then he closed in on Zen and thrust out his spear once more.

Zen paid him no mind and circled around the spear once. This time, however, he didn't dodge. Instead, he closed in on Nathan, and simultaneously swung his sword at Nathan's head.

In turn, Nathan quickly lowered himself to avoid Zen's attack. He then turned the spear around so that its long end would strike towards Zen.

If it was an ordinary martial artist who were in Zen's place, they would probably be cut into half.

"Humph!" Zen snorted coldly.

An immense force within his hand erupted, and he didn't choose to dodge.

Nathan fought like a madman as he drowned Zen in a barrage of head-on attacks. However, Zen wasn't afraid of anyone in close combat.

Boom!

There was a muffled sound as Zen's fist, which was filled with the power of dragon scales, landed straight on the spear's end.

It was true that Nathan's spear technique was strong. From the looks of it, he seemed like a spear expert. Since his spear bounced back, he used the window of opportunity to turn it around and aim it at Zen's face.

His spear was extremely long and narrow. If Zen had gotten hit, it would feel like a cut from a blade. Furthermore, Nathan's spear was a supreme divine weapon after all. It would really hurt Zen badly if the spear were to hit him.

Of course, Nathan was unhappy and naturally wanted to vent his anger out on Zen.

He didn't care if this method could deal with Zen or not. What was important was he would get to release his anger. Right now.

Yet before the spear could pierce Zen, the broken sword in Zen's hand suddenly swung by itself and pushed away the spear. The strong impact also pushed Nathan back a little.

Zen immediately took advantage of Nathan's minor setback, and threw a punch straight at his face.

Nathan didn't expect the punch at all. He was caught off-guard and hit the corner of the board. He floated in the air for a long while before he slowly slid back down on the board.

Zen had undoubtedly used a great deal of strength which had sent Nathan flying, but the man wasn't injured. Zen was amazed. 'He seems like he has steel tendons and bones of iron. I wonder what kind of physique he has, ' he thought.

Chapter 1722 The Weird Spear

None of the top ten warriors in the Illusion Battlefield showed any weakness.

Their strength, cultivation methods, skills, and speed all reached the peak of the Soul Sea Realm.

If they showed even a hint of a weak point, their opponent would seize the chance to bring them down.

It was just like Cindy's dream—while she was almost invincible in her dream, her own strength wasn't that remarkable.

When the dream was broken, she would be left like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

Nathan's physical body was not as tough as Zen's, but it was extremely tenacious. After taking Zen's punch head-on, he didn't get hurt at all.

For a moment, Nathan was stunned as he fell onto the board. But just then, as if an idea suddenly came to him, a satisfied smile surfaced on his face.

"I really shouldn't be speaking nonsense with you here," Nathan said as he shook his head. "Things like fate shouldn't be announced, to begin with. Time can prove it well enough. Maybe the fate displayed on the board can only be verified after many years. But things like your defeat…I can verify that immediately."

With that, Nathan's aura gradually changed.

He held his spear casually as he took slow steps toward Zen from the edge of the board.

Every time he took a step forward, his aura seemed to increase. It was as if there was something invisible attached to his body.

Although he walked slowly, his actual speed was by no means slow. If one took a closer look, they would see that after taking every step, he'd somehow glide along the board as if he were walking on ice.

In Zen's eyes, Nathan was a giant approaching.

While he wasn't as tall as a giant, his powerful aura made him seem like he towered over everyone.

In Zen's previous battle, he possessed the cross crystal, and his aura was akin to that of a True God. But his suppressive force was applied only to the Godly Geniuses on the Heaven Earth Board.

But Nathan was different.

When his aura suddenly increased, it could even affect the people outside the picture.

Outside the bounds of the picture stroll, countless martial artists stared at Nathan, dumbfounded. Under the suppression of his aura, their hearts began racing.

But even though the aura was strong, its influence was still limited.

Before such a majestic aura, Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists only felt some pressure.

When the many world lords faced this aura, their faces revealed only a trace of confusion. They were puzzled by how Nathan, a Soul Sea Realm warrior, managed to even slightly shake their state of mind.

From the moment he entered the Heaven Earth Board, Nathan hadn't yet displayed his full strength.

The opponents he faced had either been sent flying by his punch or crushed by his palm strike. Even against Kurt, Nathan didn't get the chance to unleash his full strength because of Kurt's wise decision to admit defeat.

But Nathan knew that the guy in front of him had no intention of admitting defeat.

He was then left with a single choice—he had to use even stronger power to make his opponent understand what his name, Nathan Xuanyuan, stood for.

Facing the approaching Nathan, Zen grew more and more cautious. The chaotic sea also began surging as chaotic energy began gathering around Zen's sword light like a tidal wave.

In the exchange between the two, Zen clearly had the upper hand. But in a battle of this level, such an advantage was meaningless. The tables could turn at any moment.

The most troublesome thing at the moment was that he failed to see through Nathan's ability.

To defeat Rocher, Zen had already used all his trump cards. But Nathan's display of ability was only the tip of the iceberg—most of it was still hidden underwater.

Pak!

When Nathan closed the distance to a certain point, he stepped onto a stone. Suddenly, his body shot right at Zen.

The spear was like a flood dragon that had just left its lair. Under Nathan's rapid thrusting, the spear shaft bent and pierced at Zen in a unique path.

"This is the spear!"

Kurt exclaimed as he stared at Nathan, taking a deep breath.

With the help of his Constellation Eyes, he saw the spear strike that shook his very Buddhist spirit to the core.

Even now, he couldn't wrap his head around it.

How could Nathan attack with such a strike?

Kurt admitted that there was a difference in strength between him and Nathan, but he didn't think the gap was that great. What kind of Godly Way did Nathan train in?

But at this moment, Kurt had no idea that Zen was feeling exactly the same way.

This was the first of Nathan's strikes that he had taken seriously.

In this situation, Zen felt as if he was on the verge of death.

If the spear were to pierce him, he believed that not only his life would dissipate, even his soul would be destroyed. His warrior spirit would collapse along with it.

What a powerful spear strike!

Zen's heart began trembling uncontrollably.

The first thing he did was retreat.

After making the forceful energy explode, he simultaneously circulated the Eight Smoky Melodies, rapidly moving backward. The move wasn't exactly elegant—it was actually rather awkward, but he wasn't left with any other choice.

The spear didn't contain any internal momentum, nor did it contain much skill. So why was it so powerful? As Zen retreated, the gears in his head got to work.

Just then, Nathan's spear missed its target.

But a purple spear light somehow erupted from the tip of the spear just as it missed, extending and following closely behind Zen.

Whoosh!

Swoosh!

The spear light followed Zen.

'This spear light… It gives me the same feeling!' Zen thought.

It was an extension of the spear—its power wasn't considered something strong.

In the past, Zen would have been able to block it with ease in a single sword strike. He could have stood at the same spot and let the spear light come at him without a problem.

But now, he had a feeling.

If the spear light hit him, he would end up dead as well.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

As he retreated, a cyan sword intent shot out like a beam of light, striking that very spear light.

Normally, the Gods-intimidating Strike activated by chaotic energy was much more powerful than Nathan's spear light. Based on Zen's experience, this sword light could corrode the spear light and shoot right at Nathan.

But the next scene had Zen stunned.

Crack!

As the sword light collided with the spear light, a small crack appeared on the sword light's surface.

The crack came as quite a surprise.

Although the sword light had color, it was technically a cyan light reflected after the sword intent was condensed.

But the sword light didn't have a form—it was merely a ray of light.

Just like a mass of air—an extraordinarily powerful mass of air.

Who had ever heard of the air breaking?

But the scene before him was real.

As the cracks spread out, the sword light released by the Gods-intimidating Strike instantly cracked and disintegrated.

Lawson's lips curled into a cold smile. He couldn't help but begin laughing like the roar of a wild beast. "Haha! Zen must be in the middle of a nervous breakdown right now."

A fiery light flashed in Rocher's eyes as his expression turned solemn. "What a tyrannical spear art! It actually shattered the sword light!"

"Zen's sword light was actually shattered?!"

"But it's a beam of light. How can that be shattered?"

"There will always be mysteries in this universe that we cannot understand. We must learn to respect them."

While 99% of people in the entire universe had already seen this strange phenomenon, no one was sure of what it meant.

"Damn it!"

After the spear light shattered Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike, it continued to rush towards him.

And at this moment, Zen didn't hesitate at all.

If he hesitated for even a moment, he would have been easily struck by the spear light and split into two.

"Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike!"

It was an enhanced version of the Gods-intimidating Strike.

While it was Zen's strongest strike, it was only used to counter this unremarkable purple spear light.

Puff!

The boundless chaotic energy then fused with the Metal Law and surged up once again.

Zen's sword strike should be enough to offset a thousand purple spear lights.

This sword strike that mixed with chaotic energy shot out before colliding with the spear light. In an instant, another explosion resounded in Zen's ears.

Pak!

Another unimaginable crack appeared on the sword light.

Then, it dissipated.

Once again, the wisp of purple spear light shot out from Zen's sword light and continued pressing toward him as if it were a ghost from hell, continuing to bite down on Zen without the slightest hint of dispersing.

Whoosh!

As it shot over, Zen tilted his head to the side at a crucial moment. The purple spear light grazed right past his ear, piercing his earlobe.

But just then, Zen heard another crack.

This time, the explosive sound came from his very own body.

Chapter 1723 Cunning

A crack had appeared on Zen's forehead, which quickly ran down to his neck and body.

It looked much like what you'd find on a porcelain vase that fell onto the ground. It was a narrow crack, but a trickle of blood slowly flowed out from it. It was frightening to behold, as if Zen had been cut in half down the middle.

However, his clothes remained completely undamaged. It was such an absurd thing.

Despite the horrible appearance, the injury wasn't so serious though.

The problem was how Nathan's spear had managed to cause such damage in the first place. It was unbelievable!

His spear had sent out a purple flash of light, which had defused both Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike and the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike. Although the light hadn't looked powerful at all, it had caused Zen's impressively strong body to split when it flashed past his ear.

This was beyond everyone's wildest imagination.

Zen's eyes flickered with doubt as he stared fixedly at Nathan.

The might of his spear was simply too frightening.

If he had been directly hit by Nathan's spear, would his body have been shattered into pieces?

He couldn't imagine how Nathan's spear skill was actually that great.

"I was right! His attack is just as powerful as I predicted earlier!"

Kurt remarked and a brief look of admiration flashed on his face as he stared unblinkingly at Nathan.

He could now understand why he had foreseen a despairing scene of himself before when he fought against Nathan.

Kurt wouldn't have been able to dodge Nathan's spear thrusts, nor could he withstand them. If he hadn't admitted defeat earlier, he too would have been shattered into pieces.

"Why is Nathan's spear so powerful?"

"Indeed, it's incredible. It seems to contain some special power."

"I can hardly believe my own two eyes. His attack had only flashed past Zen's face, but it almost split his body apart. What the hell is this spear skill of his capable of?"

Many warriors commented and murmured with astonishment, as they watched the fight. Nathan was well-known as the number one Godly Genius, but that was the only thing that most people knew about him. Few warriors had seen this legendary warrior up close by themselves, so his skills remained a secret to the world.

Everyone knew that he was a powerful warrior, but no one could tell why he was the best out of all of the warriors.

However, this single attack from Nathan had revealed one thing to most of the watching crowd — his power was something far beyond their knowledge. They could not even begin to understand what his power was at all.

Only a few of the Supreme Lords could understand it. Everyone else, including the world lords and the Saint Lords couldn't comprehend the magnitude of his power.

"Did he use the Space Law?"

"It didn't look like that. It's true that the Space Law would have had a similar effect of defusing Zen's sword intent. However, it would have caused a black crack, because the power would shatter the space and reveal the shadow on the back of space."

"They are in the Illusion Battlefield! The back of space doesn't exist there."

Many knowledgeable warriors began heatedly debating the fight and tried to analyze the theory of Nathan's power.

In the territory of the Xuanyuan Clan, every clan member was robed, and they all quietly stood in the middle of a massive square as they watched the fight happening on the picture scroll.

The Xuanyuan Clan was a dominant force and occupied a leading position among the top four clans of the Thoughtless Minds.

However, compared to the three other great clans, the Xuanyuan Clan had the fewest number of warriors. The other three clans all had over a thousand branches and millions of members scattered through the universe.

As for the Xuanyuan Clan, they numbered less than a hundred thousand.

However, that had never been a bad thing. The smaller number made it an even greater honor to become a clan member, and of all the clans, the Xuanyuan Clan was the most cohesive of the four great clans.

"Nathan has finally revealed his true strength," someone suddenly said, disturbing the silence.

"This is after all the final battle. It's time for him to do so," someone else replied.

"Honestly speaking, Zen and Rocher both have the strength to oppose Nathan. They both obtained great inheritances from strong masters, but they will still be no match for Nathan in the end. His fate was preordained, and it had been decided at the moment of his birth, and it can never be changed. I don't know why you have been worried about him!" another warrior said. The third voice was a rough sounding voice, and it indicated that its owner was an obstinate and unruly guy. In the confines of the strict Xuanyuan Clan, this kind of warrior was extremely rare.

They were full of confidence in Nathan because they all knew his strength so well.

Back on the board in the Illusion Battlefield, Nathan's lips slowly curled into a faint smile.

He was fully satisfied with the result of his attack.

He did not plan on defeating Zen quickly and neatly.

Under normal circumstances, Nathan had never been a ruthless or cruel person. Despite his solitary personality, he was at least morally upright. And people like Zen could never affect his mood in the slightest.

But at this moment, maybe because of Margaret's sake, he couldn't help feeling annoyed with Zen.

He derived a deep satisfaction in knowing that Zen had been wounded by his first attack.

Whoosh!

He brandished his spear and its tip again flashed with a purple light. He looked at Zen and asked with a smile, "How do you feel?"

Zen didn't reply, but merely stared straight at Nathan.

The strangely intense feeling that Zen had felt about Nathan was getting stronger and stronger.

The way Nathan brandished his spear, the position he stood, and the direction he faced... Everything looked almost strangely normal.

However, everything had its limits. Once something was beyond someone's acceptable level, they would begin to feel strange about it

Suppose that there was a woman with a perfect face, and when someone looked at her closely for a while, he or she would begin to feel inexplicably strange, as if there was something out of place.

This was how Zen felt about Nathan at that moment.

He simply couldn't be bothered to answer Nathan's taunt.

He knew clearly that he had to figure out the reason why he had this strange feeling if he wanted to defeat his opponent.

However, it was inappropriate to just stand still and think, so this time Zen took the initiative to attack.

Swish!

Zen's figure flashed, but he did not rush directly toward Nathan.

After having both witnessed and felt Nathan's great spear skill, Zen knew that rushing at him blindly was likely courting death.

Just as Kurt had done during his fight with Nathan, Zen also started to move around him at a great and nimble speed.

A spear could only stab in a single direction at a time.

Although the purple light released by Nathan's spear had changed its direction once, it did not seem to have the ability to follow its target. Remaining mobile was the best way to counter Nathan's spear skill.

Zen therefore reached the same conclusion as Kurt.

After all, being mobile would increase his chances of dodging Nathan's spear.

Seeing this, Nathan wore a wry smile. He thought nonchalantly, 'Kurt inevitably admitted defeat to me after moving around me for ten or so circles just now. Zen, are you also going to admit defeat?'

He grabbed the spear lightly in his hand and kept spinning around on the spot to face Zen.

Swish! Swish!

Zen kept moving on the board and circling around Nathan.

"Do you feel tired now?" Nathan asked with a slightly condescending smile, his eyes flashing with a hint of ridicule.

"Don't waste your breath by struggling in vain. It is already an unparalleled honor for you to have won the chance to be defeated by me.

If you can find any flaws in me, then my name's not Nathan."

Nathan snorted with laughter. Clearly, he was not worried at all.

"Zen's movements are nothing but a waste of time!"

"He will be defeated by Nathan sooner or later."

"I think he's probably exhausted by his tricks. But Zen wouldn't be willing to admit defeat so easily in this battle for first place, right?"

Many of the audience were baffled by Zen's actions, but no one believed that he stood a chance against Nathan.

After half a minute or so, Zen suddenly stopped in his tracks and stared hard at Nathan with a dumbfounded expression on his face.

"Have you finally thought it through?" Nathan continued to ridicule him.

Zen shook his head and slightly lifted his lips into a devious smile.

"So, surrender or die?" Nathan asked, impatient now.

Zen shook his head again and suddenly gave a broad grin. He pointed up into the sky and then down at the ground, with a crafty glint in his eyes.

Nathan raised his head curiously and saw many profound law fragments spinning in the air, exuding the full might of the heavens. That was the sign of a Thunder Tribulation, which had just been formed after Zen's establishing of a connection between heaven and earth!

"Thunder Tribulations! And so many! Oh, damn!"

Nathan cursed loudly and tried to scramble from his position, but it was already too late.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

A dozen circles appeared under his feet and as they layered together they limited his movements.

Boom!

The divine lightning surged down like countless silver snakes and enveloped Nathan in a bright light.

The power of the Thunderbolt Annihilation was magnificent. However, it was very difficult to secretly prepare it. This cultivation method was actually more suitable for creating traps.

Admittedly, Nathan had lowered his guard because he thought that Zen was just moving around him like Kurt had done.

However, what Nathan didn't know, was that Kurt could predict his attacks through his Constellation Eyes, and thus he knew he had no chance of defeating him. As a result, he chose instead to give up the fight and he then immediately admitted defeat.

Unlike Kurt, Zen had no Constellation Eyes to predict the future. It still remained unknown who would finally win this fight. As he circled around Nathan, Zen had secretly drawn his chaotic energy from inside his body and prepared a trap on the board.

Eleven bolts of Thunderbolt Annihilation were equivalent to eleven heavenly tribulations. They were a heavy blow even to Nathan.

Chapter 1724 Law Spear Strike

The heavenly thunder of this Thunderbolt Annihilation was doled out as punishment after the heavens had been triggered.

The power of the thunder that a normal Thunder Law could produce could not hold a candle to the might of it.

The snake-like bolts of lightning writhed and intertwined with each other, and in the end, they turned into silver dragons that pounced down!

Lawson and Lucille happened to be hovering in the sky above the thunder. Although they enjoyed the protection of the heavens law and wouldn't be harmed, they still swiftly maneuvered the stones under their feet to a hasty departure at the sight of the terrible scene.

"BOOM! BOOM!"

Countless bolts of lightning instantly fell down, turning where Nathan stayed into a prison of thunder and electrifying static!

These beams of lightning created a dazzling spectacle, and when the other warriors fixed their eyes on them, they could only discern a brilliantly white space and could not clearly observe the scene...

"This..."

The vast majority of spectators hadn't expected this turn of events.

Zen had looked completely helpless only moments before, but now the fact that he'd successfully attracted such a large amount of formidable Thunder Tribulations had far exceeded their expectations.

"The power of the Thunder Tribulations is extremely strong. Underneath the punishment of these tribulations, Nathan would surely be seriously injured even though he might not die."

"Mm. These Thunder Tribulations probably won't be able to kill Nathan, given his strength. But he'll most likely verge on the cusp of death..."

All the warriors discussed among themselves...

The eleven Thunderbolt Annihilations arranged by Zen were not intended to be used only once, and he only needed to activate three Thunderbolt Annihilations at a time. The eleven Thunderbolt Annihilations would all together last for more than two minutes. No matter whether they were able to defeat Nathan or not, it would be enough to keep Nathan occupied as he fought back for a while...

This alone might not prove enough.

After he moved to one side, Zen's gaze suddenly turned cold, and the sword in his hand once again condensed a sword intent!

"Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike!"

With a flash of golden light, a sharp sword beam shot straight towards the ring with a murderous intent!

Although the flashes of lightning were powerful and it was almost impossible for anyone to look at it directly, Zen could still clearly see Nathan's figure.

Right now, not only did Nathan have to face the Thunder Tribulations from the sky, but he also had to deal with the incoming Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike. He was in great danger at this moment...

In the ring, Nathan was fighting for his life, and he had already reached a furious state.

As long as Zen wasn't able to break through his spear skill in this battle, then he would already have been in an invincible position...

However, he had fallen into the trap of the Thunder Tribulations due to his own carelessness!

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

These Thunder Tribulations were dense, leaving Nathan no room to dodge.

However, at this moment, Nathan had begun using a most unique movement technique!

He seemed to be stepping on some sort of law, constantly moving within this ring of light. If someone were to have accurately measured Nathan's footsteps, they would have realized that his step's distance was three feet!

Every single step he took was three feet long, and he placed each step's distance with extreme accuracy.

Not only that, but his body's swaying scope always remained above one foot, and he stopped each time he took a step. When his body moved a distance of one foot, he would suddenly stop, and then turn one foot towards the next direction!

No matter how he continued to dodge, he calculated every step he took.

Most cultivators at this level had mastered the absolute control of their strength, and with one slash, they could cut off the legs of a mosquito without killing it.

But Nathan's movement was so precise that it left the others both confused and shocked.

With only his precise step, he was able to avoid most of the Thunder Tribulations. However, a small portion of the Thunder Tribulations still broke through and struck his head. Immediately, his entire body was charred black and he was covered in soot, making him a sorry picture of misery!

In his fury, he suddenly sensed the incoming great threat!

"This guy even dares to launch a sneak attack on me..."

If other cultivators were to have fallen into this situation, they would most likely have died already.

They wouldn't have managed to escape the streaks of heavenly thunder. Now Nathan also had to face Zen's strongest sword strike, on top of everything... How difficult would it be to deal with it?

However, Nathan, who had been indignant earlier, now became exceptionally calm...

In his eyes, all the colors of the world had disappeared.

The entire world became a blur, filled with countless lines...

In his eyes, he saw the thirty-six thick lines crisscrossing on the Heaven Earth Board, but there were countless finer lines tangled up in a mess between the thick lines on the board. However, the stones arranged on the board had remained flawless, without a single line appearing on them...

The more lines that marred an item, the more flaws the item would have.

The Heaven Earth Board was really easy to break, which was why Nathan could see there were many flaws exposed on it.

However, the stones on the board could not be broken, and though there might be some flaws within them, Nathan could not see any in them. This was because of his current cultivation base not being high enough.

Other than that, the streaks of heavenly thunder were also filled with cracks!

Everything had its own rules as to how it worked, and the restriction of these rules was the various laws of the universe...

The truth was that some laws had been unearthed by martial artists. They had carefully studied them until they had comprehended their profound mysteries. As for those Original Laws, they were the most important laws, and the number of warriors who cultivated them was the largest.

At the same time, there were also some warriors who started cultivating some special laws instead of cultivating the ordinary ones.

Those special laws included the Circulation of Stars, the Dream Revival, and the Rebirth in Darkness.

Zen's Stellar Body used the stars' law to activate the power of stars...

These laws had all been created by the heavens.

The heavens had been constructed by the Gods.

The law of creation was the Truth Godly Way, and the other laws were all created based on the truth.

It was also the most important one among the 3, 000 Godly Ways, and had spawned countless other ways that had existed for billions of years. It was also the foundation of the existence of the Gods...

Nathan's Comprehension of Truth allowed him to pierce through the operations of the myriad of laws in the world with his sight, so all he perceived were lines and points. That was the most essential scene in this world!

Although the spear in his hand was a supreme divine weapon, it was not the most prominent treasure.

However, he didn't need an extremely powerful weapon.

In his eyes, anything could reveal a huge flaw!

And the power of the Law Spear Strike that he cultivated was actually far greater than what everyone had seen. This was because the Law Spear Strike could follow through those invisible flaws to directly attack and defeat its opponent!

That was the reason why Nathan brought down so much pressure on Kurt.

Before his confrontation with Kurt, the Law Spear Strike had already been targeted at Kurt's greatest flaw.

Three inches to the right of Kurt's chest was a small, circular dot. Thin lines spread out from that small dot, and most of these thin lines traced to Kurt's heart, while a small portion of these lines spread into his mind and even connected to his soul!

If he had decided to use the Law Spear Strike to break through it, he would be able to completely disintegrate Kurt, destroying his soul, state of mind, and physical body...

That was why he had applied so much pressure on Kurt.

That dot was Hurt's lifeline!

Several years ago, Kurt had cultivated the Golden Bell Defense, and he discovered that three inches to the right side of his chest was his barrier. But Kurt had never imagined that such a large flaw would appear on this barrier...

Actually, when Nathan first saw Zen, he had felt a bit confused.

He could see the flaws of all things by means of his Comprehension of Truth.

The stronger one was, the fewer number of flaws they would have...

A warrior at the Soul Sea Realm would usually have more than a hundred flaws.

While there should be dozens of flaws appearing on the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors.

Usually, Nathan could only see around ten flaws in a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior.

He could only occasionally perceive one flaw in a world lord; although sometimes there were even none.

The Supreme Lord had already surpassed the scope of Nathan's Comprehension of Truth, so it was impossible for him to assess their likes.

However, there were only four lines on Zen's body, and Nathan could not figure out where his vital point lay!

Zen was just a Soul Sea Realm warrior, so how could he only have a few flaws within his physical body? The number of his flaws was even smaller than that of a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior's flaws.

Nathan was bowled over in confusion by this.

However, it really didn't matter. Zen still had a few flaws, instead of having no flaws.

As long as there were flaws, Nathan's Law Spear Strike would be able to display its terrifying destructive power.

The spear light that he had shot out had once struck Zen's earlobe. A thin line had then appeared on his earlobe and extended all the way to the top of his head before spreading downwards.

The purple spear light was not even that powerful, but it had still almost broken Zen into two from the middle!

From this, it could be believed that it wasn't too difficult for Nathan to kill Zen.

At this moment, Nathan was striding forward with his long spear pointing up into the sky. He no longer chose to evade the thunder strikes, and instead aimed up at the sky with a fierce thrust!

"Break them for me!"

Swish, swish, swish!

All of a sudden, multiple Law Spear Strikes were launched, one after another.

The rays of purple spear light were like thin lines, precisely piercing through the violent thunderbolts descending at him.

Even though these lightning bolts were of the heavenly thunder, they still had their flaws.

When those flaws were struck by the purple spear light, the lightning bolts became like snakes that had been struck, breaking apart, collapsing, and dissipating!

Unexpectedly, none of the thunderbolts that filled the sky landed on Nathan any further!

Chapter 1725 Walking Either Straight Or Sideways

Nathan instantly cleared all the thunderbolts above his head.

This feat left the other martial artists dumbstruck.

It was common knowledge that these kinds of thunderbolts could be obstructed either by a physical attack, or they could be channeled into the earth.

However, Nathan had used his spear to smash them. This powerful visual was hard to describe and had surpassed the expectations of the many martial artists gathered round the Illusion Spaces.

However, what they did not know was that Nathan's Law Spear Strike was also capable of dousing even a ball of fire upon contact.

He had just blocked Zen's Thunderbolt Annihilations when a gold and grey sword ray zoomed towards him.

"Humph!"

There was a trace of disdain on his face.

Other martial artists might find it difficult to resist Zen's sword but it didn't pose much of a threat to Nathan.

This was because there was a flaw in Zen's attack.

Rocher had a deep understanding of sword skills, so he was able to catch the flaw in the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike and destroy Zen's sword radiance.

And Nathan could see the flaw even more clearly with his Comprehension of Truth.

There was an obvious defect in the golden and grey sword ray. After Nathan took a step forward, he suddenly hurled the long spear in his hand, and a purple light hit the small flaw.

Pop!

The two-colored sword ray instantly disintegrated, transforming into sword intent cyclones, which burst out in all directions like a shower of magnificent fireworks.

After the sword ray dispersed, Nathan's expression turned cold and a wicked smile appeared on the corners of his mouth. He faced Zen once again. "You think you can defeat me just with this little trick?"

Zen smiled and shook his head.

Wasn't it a bit too stupid to think that he would be able to defeat Nathan by relying on the Thunderbolt Annihilation and the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike?

Zen was only using these methods to observe and gauge his opponent.

Ever since Nathan had stepped into the board, a puzzling thought had been lingering in Zen's mind and he was not able to solve it.

But he had noticed something.

Nathan's actions looked very casual and unplanned, but it seemed like he was following some sort of rule.

Upon closer inspection, Zen discovered that his rule was about maintaining a certain distance.

Nathan always moved a distance of three feet. No matter where he moved, the final position at which he stopped was the integral multiple of three feet from his original spot.

If he took a step forward, he would be at a distance of three feet. It would never be two feet and nine inches, or three feet and one inch.

Although Zen was unable to achieve what Nathan had, he could see his game plan very well.

Nathan was following this law strictly.

However, although Zen had cracked this code, it did not mean that he could resist Nathan's spear.

Nathan was in such a sorry state because of the Thunderbolt Annihilation. At this moment, he didn't want to waste time on Zen anymore.

With a tap of both his feet, the spear in his hand raced towards Zen in a straight line.

"His trajectory is unfaltering!"

Zen's gaze flickered slightly and his body suddenly began to float. Facing Nathan, he swiftly floated away in a semicircular arc.

When martial artists took to the air, their movements were erratic. Even when they flew in a straight line, they would sway to a certain degree.

However, Nathan's flying trajectory was a straight line without any deviation, but upon closer inspection, it did give off a strange vibe.

Now that Zen thought about it again, the bizarre look on his face became more and more obvious.

When he fought with Kurt, Nathan did not make a move. Instead, he used his spear to face Kurt and spun non-stop at the place where he stood.

Nathan had faced him in the same manner not too long ago. Standing in the same spot, he kept spinning around and around, not initiating the attack.

The only two times that Nathan took the initiative were when he charged forward in a straight line with his spear. Could it be that he could only travel in a straight line?

This was quite baffling. A crab could only walk sideways and this fellow could only walk straight. However, Zen felt that he was getting closer to the truth.

When Zen was zigzagging in the air, Nathan did not use his spear. Could it be because he was unable to lock onto Zen? Or was it because he needed something to launch his attack?

To destroy everything with a single spear strike was truly terrifying. In theory, this was also a method of the Law of Causality. One could rely on the heavens' law in order to achieve this.

Such a powerful technique should come with a powerful restriction.

But since Nathan was a Godly Genius, the Godly Way he cultivated should not be a law of the heavens.

Zen pondered as he zigzagged backwards. Nathan's spear strike was so terrifying that he could not take it head-on. He wondered if Nathan would use his own spear when he moved.

Soon, Zen discovered that his conjecture was valid.

Nathan was able to move either straight or sideways. He really was like a crab.

When Nathan scuttled sideways rapidly, his spear hurtled towards Zen, followed by a purple spear light as thick as a finger.

Right now, Nathan was ready to kill. He wanted to get rid of Zen as quickly as possible without holding back.

If his spear light were to hit Zen, it would be enough to obliterate him.

Whoosh!

Zen had already come to a conclusion in his heart as his body spiraled forward once again.

If he guessed correctly, it should be very difficult for the spear light to change its direction. Even if it did, it could only shift at a very small angle.

At that exact moment, Nathan had also seen through Zen's intentions. It was like he got a glimpse into Zen's mind. A sneer appeared on his face. "Childish!" he jeered.

As Zen flew away in an arc, the purple spear light strangely turned in the air at a 90-degree angle and sped straight towards him.

"What's going on?"

Then Zen realized that he had made a mistake.

The spear light could not turn, but it could change its directions at a 90-degree angle.

Zen felt this scene look somewhat familiar in his heart. He was having a sense of deja vu— a feeling that he had seen the same scene somewhere before.

The purple spear light turned 90 degrees and continued to chase him.

As he retreated, his eyes flashed as he remembered suddenly!

Back on the Divine Kingdom Continent, when he was undergoing his tribulation, an eye had appeared. The black light released from the eye had moved just like this; it moved in a straight line, without any arc.

It felt like that black light had the power to destroy the world.

What was the mysterious connection between the two?

Regardless of what the connection was, Zen was well aware that the light was extremely deadly.

He did not believe Nathan's nonsense, and more than that he was unwilling to be defeated by him.

But the spear light was a bit faster than him. No matter how much he retreated, the distance between the two continued to shrink. Now it was gaining on him.

At first, there was still a distance of 100 feet, but after a few seconds, the light quickly closed the gap between them and got dangerously close.

50 feet.

40 feet.

30 feet.

"Go to hell!" Nathan cursed and shook his head slightly. In his mind, Zen was already doomed to lose.

He didn't need to emanate a very strong aura. The Law Spear Strike was enough to completely decimate Zen, and there was no way he would be able to escape.

As he retreated swiftly, Zen took a deep breath and his heart sank.

Did he really have no way to turn the situation around in his battle with the aggressive Nathan?

He was determined to not to lose to Nathan.

Now, he seemed somewhat panicked. However, a glint flashed across his eyes as he thought of something. With a pat, the mini Magnetic Sacred Mountain appeared in his hand. The mountain began to expand the moment it appeared, turning into a thousand-feet-tall edifice that blocked Zen.

"I wonder if it will work!"

Nathan sneered and the spear light started drilling into the top of the mountain.

He hadn't seen the Magnetic Sacred Mountain in Zen's hand before, and now that he was pretty sure he would win, he did not pay too much attention to the mountain. It was ridiculous to use a mountain to try to stop his Law Spear Strike.

He was confident that the mountain would collapse in the next moment.

Bang!

The purple spear light instantly got absorbed into the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

But the thing that Nathan had expected did not happen. The purple spear light had only left a small white mark on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, and even that mark vanished soon.

He was stunned momentarily before activating his Comprehension of Truth. When he looked at the mountain again, he was more befuddled. How come such a large mountain did not have any flaws?

"I see! This is the Magnetic Sacred Mountain!" Nathan only recognized the mountain now.

He had once seen such a mountain in the hand of a member of the Ji Clan.

The five elements in the mountain were complex, as the five different Original Laws were uniformly mixed together. As the five elements were interwoven, they would be able to make up for each other's flaws.

Nathan's current level of Comprehension of Truth did not enable him to see through the flaw.

While he was pondering, Zen had already quietly moved to the top of the mountain peak, overlooking him. There seemed to be an extremely sharp cyan light in Zen's hand.

It was the magnetic power that Zen had extracted from the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1726 The Bane Of Nathan's Life

Nathan was not the one who was most surprised at the moment.

It was Lucille and the entire Ji Clan who were staring in shock.

Lucille had transmitted the Ji Clan's secret technique of extracting magnetic power to Zen in exchange for Zen's Blood Refinement Technique to refine the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

Lucille thought this was a great deal.

She had given the jade slip that recorded the secret technique to Zen fairly recently. But Zen had already mastered it!

His speed was astonishing.

The members of the Ji Clan were shocked to see Zen had refined the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. It seemed like their surprises weren't yet over.

The Ji Clan also had a Magnetic Sacred Mountain. They had never heard of anyone throughout the universe who could refine the mountain.

The patriarch of the Ji Clan stared at Zen's Magnetic Sacred Mountain and then looked at the cyan light in his hand before he said flatly, "Lucille taught Zen the secret technique that I created."

"What?" The expression on the clan leader's face shifted.

It would be a felony if the secret technique of the Ji Clan spread out. Why was Lucille so stupid? He wanted to plead for Lucille right away. Lucille might be the most outstanding ace talent of the Ji Clan. But if she had really taught Zen the secret technique, even the patriarch would not forgive her.

The patriarch shook his head and continued, "Lucille is intelligent. If she was willing to give Zen the secret technique, she must have a reason for doing so."

As he spoke, he continued to stare at the Magnetic Sacred Mountain beneath Zen's feet, as if absorbed in thought.

Thoughts swirled inside the Ji Clan leader's head. At the patriarch's words, he naturally understood what was going on.

It was impossible for Lucille to spread the secret technique at will.

Moreover, Magnetic Sacred Mountains were extremely rare. There were only ten of them or so in the entire universe. It was close to impossible for an ordinary person to practice this technique without a Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

And here, Zen had refined a Magnetic Sacred Mountain, and Lucille had taught him the secret technique.

The most obvious possibility was that Lucille and Zen had finished an exchange.

The laws in the Magnetic Sacred Mountain were a mess, and it was impervious to everything. What kind of technique was needed to refine it? If Lucille had really gotten the technique in exchange, it would have profited the Ji Clan.

"Zen is indeed a genius. He was able to extract the magnetic power in such a short period of time. Nathan will probably be in trouble. He can see through the laws of all things. But I'm afraid he won't be able to see through the magnetic power," the leader of the Ji Clan said calmly.

Just as he predicted, Nathan saw the ball of magnetic power in Zen's hand and frowned.

After he had comprehended the Truth Godly Way, Supreme Lord of Original Sin had told him that the Truth Godly Way was a rule-making technique that also possessed the power to break rules. However, the Five Elements Godly Way that the girl from the Ji Clan cultivated could easily restrain him.

The Five Elements Godly Way was inseparable. If he were to meet an opponent who also cultivated the Five Elements Godly Way, he probably wouldn't be able to see through the flaws in it.

Right now, to Nathan, the Magnetic Sacred Mountain was a whole entity, with a single bright white speck of light. It was the same with the magnetic power in Zen's hand. There was not the slightest flaw.

"How could this fellow possess the Ji Clan's technique?" As he gritted his teeth, his gaze shifted and landed on Lucille.

When Lucille saw Nathan's gaze shift over, she waved a hand helplessly.

She had not expected Zen to enter the final battle and face off against Nathan. If she had known this, she would have waited until the Illusion Battlefield was over before she brought up the exchange with Zen.

And then, Zen moved.

Nathan's spear light could destroy almost everything. Even though Zen had used the power of the Thunderbolt Annihilation to gain some advantage, Nathan had still broken it pretty easily.

Since the Magnetic Sacred Mountain could restrain Nathan, it was time for Zen to launch a counterattack.

Zen flipped backwards on the mountain top and floated in the air. The Magnetic Sacred Mountain then slid down along the Heaven Earth Board for a distance before the huge mountain shot out and pressed down directly on Nathan.

A whirring sound could be heard.

It wouldn't have been a big deal if it had been an ordinary mountain. Nathan could destroy ten ordinary mountains with a single spear strike.

But the Magnetic Sacred Mountain didn't have any flaws. All he could do as it drew nearer was run.

He ran quickly, and in a burst of shadows, his body disappeared from where he stood.

Boom!

A loud sound echoed and the entire Heaven Earth Board was crushed to pieces.

Nathan succeeded in avoiding the crush and appeared on the other side of the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

"There you are. Let's end the battle now!"

The ball of cyan light in Zen's hand had condensed a long time ago. The moment Nathan appeared, he waved his hand and the ball of light turned into a thin line that shot straight towards Nathan.

The sword light full of sharp magnetic power was unbelievably fast as it made its way to Nathan.

Just as Nathan steadied himself, he sensed an impending crisis and suddenly rolled aside.

The magnetic power pierced through his face, blood spurting out in all directions.

It left a gaping, bloody mark on his face.

There was no change in Zen's expression.

If Nathan had wanted to reverse the situation, just one spear would have worked. Zen would not have been able to block his terrifying spear, so he had to suppress him, giving him no chance to fight back.

The Magnetic Sacred Mountain behind Zen rose up and he stood on top of it, once again pushing down fiercely towards Nathan.

All the while, Zen kept drawing out the magnetic power.

But Nathan had suffered once and had no intention of making a second mistake.

So this time, he rushed towards the Magnetic Sacred Mountain like a lithe bat. Before the mountain could come crashing onto the board, he charged from the other side of the mountain to circle above it.

Once he had confirmed Zen's location on the mountain, he sent his long spear shooting straight at Zen.

Nathan hadn't thought that he would be at such a disadvantage against Zen. And right now, he was ready to risk everything.

The tip of his spear was shining with a purple light.

"Law Spear Strike! Die!"

Illusory purple spears shot out in three directions like three long snakes.

They crawled down towards the ground, turned ninety degrees, and shot explosively towards Zen from three different directions.

Any spear could hit Zen and destroy him.

If Nathan had one chance, he would be able to grab a complete victory. This was the technique of the Truth Godly Way.

Nathan and his three spear shadows quickly grew larger in Zen's eyes. His body didn't pause even for a moment.

He knew how powerful these spear shadows were.

He climbed upwards along the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, the three purple spears following close behind.

The two of them followed each other as they continued to circle the mountain. It was beginning to become too much for the others to take it all in.

"In the end, who has the advantage?"

"I can't say for sure. Zen seems to be afraid of Nathan's spear skills, but his mountain seems invincible."

"I can't see their figures clearly anymore."

While Nathan was chasing after Zen, the first purple spear shadow took the shortest way to block Zen.

As the spear came to block Zen, the cyan magnetic power in Zen's hand suddenly changed, transforming into a crystal shield the size of a palm, protecting Zen. With this shield before him, Zen charged ahead, regardless of the spear.

Nathan smirked as he watched Zen court death and not dodge the spear.

The thought had just sprouted in his mind when he saw Zen shatter the purple spear shadow. He was shocked. How was this possible?

This caused Nathan to hesitate, his usually rock-like confidence wavering. Zen had used his own body to withstand his Law Spear Strike! He began to realize that he was playing a losing game.

And when Zen turned around, he saw a small cyan crystal shield in Zen's hand. He couldn't help but curse, 'This guy is really the bane of my life!'

Chapter 1727 Another Heavenly Fragment

If Zen had only relied on the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, Nathan probably wouldn't have been at a disadvantage. But Zen cultivated the Ji Clan's secret technique.

Nathan got a stifling feeling in his heart.

First of all, he didn't specialize in strength. And in terms of speed, he wasn't that much faster than Zen. His strong point was the power in his spear arts—now, this strength was completely restricted by his opponent.

After Zen broke through the first purple spear shadow, his figure turned and headed straight for the second purple spear shadow, then the third…

After successfully shattering the three spear shadows, he lingered for a moment before dashing at Nathan again. In his hand, he grasped the sword that glowed with golden light, while his other hand held onto the crystal shield formed by the cyan light.

Since the magnetic power easily broke through Nathan's spear strike, Zen no longer needed to escape. It was Nathan who had to find a way out of it.

"Die!"

As Zen charged at him, Nathan ruthlessly thrust his spear. Purple spear light bloomed like flowers as the strong Law Power flowed unceasingly. Such was the power of truth, the foundation of all laws. But at this point, Nathan didn't have the ability to construct the laws himself.

Still, destroying the laws was much easier than constructing them—Nathan had a chance.

But this spear strike that was supposed to be able to break through all laws now seemed hollow and powerless in front of Nathan's opponent.

Zen blocked it easily. "It's my turn now."

Behind the crystal shield, Zen wore a faint smile on his face. The broken sword was like a bolt of lightning as it shot toward Nathan.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

From the top to the bottom of the mountain, Zen unleashed four sword strikes in a row.

Though Nathan managed to figure out the flaws of the two sword strikes, the third sword pierced Nathan's chest, leaving a foot-long wound. It was deep enough to expose his bone.

And the fourth slash pierced right through his chest.

Scarlet blood splattered the Heaven Earth Board in a line. Covered in wounds, Nathan finally staggered away from Zen as he stood in a corner of the board.

Clad in a brocade robe, Nathan looked somewhat pitiful. His left shoulder was broken with the bone exposed and the wound in his chest wouldn't stop bleeding. He no longer looked like a handsome man.

"You can admit defeat," Zen stated indifferently.

The double-colored sword beam condensed above the broken sword once again, hovering over the sword.

Nathan's expression turned sad at Zen's words. His eyes were filled with resistance as his body trembled.

No one had expected Nathan's loss.

"It's finally over."

"Zen won the first place in the end!"

"Nathan's been suppressed to such an extent that he doesn't even have the strength to fight back! I think he's even inferior to Rocher. The odds are against him having to go against Rocher for second place!"

The crowd started to clamor. It seemed that the outcome of the battle had been decided.

Now, the Xuanyuan Clan remained silent.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin was wrapped in a thick robe, an impenetrable black mist appearing before his eyes, hiding his expression.

"Nathan's defeat is a good thing," he explained in a low voice. There seemed to be some kind of special magic in his tone, something filled with unparalleled majesty. Anyone who heard it would have to submit to it.

"According to the fate displayed by the Heaven Earth Board, first place belongs to him. None of the variables should affect him. But a man without destiny has appeared, and that is none other than Zen. He seems to be the biggest variable now," someone beside Supreme Lord of Original Sin sighed.

"Fate isn't something that can be decided in the first place. No one can predict the future." As Supreme Lord of Original Sin spoke, he saw Nathan drop the spear in his hand. When he stretched out his hands, a small fragment appeared before his chest.

Above the fragment was a ball of Nathan's blood essence.

'Heavenly Fragment!'

When it came into his view, Zen looked at it strangely.

'So Nathan also possesses a Heavenly Fragment, ' he thought.

Previously, Zen had obtained one at the bottom of the Tower of Sin, but he didn't know how to use it correctly. According to what Lavender said, each Heavenly Fragment was different according to the rules recorded within.

If he wanted to stimulate the power of the fragment, he probably needed a Supreme Lord's help.

Zen had yet to figure out what the true purpose of his Heavenly Fragment was.

At this moment, he had no intention of stopping Nathan—he wanted to see how the latter would use it.

Though Zen didn't stop him, someone else stopping him couldn't be avoided.

"Nathan! Stop!"

Supreme Lord of Original Sin suddenly roared when he witnessed the scene.

And this roar seemed ten times louder than the one triggered by the Roaring Token.

All the hidden beasts in the universe began stirring. Many of them were awakened by the thundering sound.

Countless martial artists instinctively covered their ears.

The sound broke through even the boundaries of the Illusion Battlefield, reaching into the picture scroll, reverberating unceasingly through the world inside the scroll.

"Nathan... Stop... Stop... Stop..."

The sound seemed to come from very far away. Once it was transmitted into the painting, it grew faint.

The voice made Nathan's hands tremble slightly, and he could barely hold onto the fragment as it tumbled onto the board. The ball of blood essence wrapped around the fragment fell as well, splattering a flower of blood onto the board.

At this point, Nathan was reeling from the shock of hearing the sound, conflicted.

He wasn't willing to lose to Zen like this.

The world of chaos would indeed bring a great disaster, but it would also bring an unimaginable fortune.

And only he could be the center of this good fortune, no one else.

His confidence was built on this sort of mindset. He believed that he was the number one warrior in the entire universe.

But when he faced Zen, a warrior he couldn't defeat, his confidence wavered wildly.

To protect his very state of mind, he had to use the Heavenly Fragment. It was his sole chance of winning.

But Supreme Lord of Original Sin's roar came as a shock, snapping him back into reality.

Pulling out the Heavenly Fragment there was already considered taboo. Was he still willing to use it?

Determination grew in his eyes. So long as he used the fragment, Zen didn't stand a chance.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin, the patriarch of the Xuanyuan Clan, had poured so much effort into merging the fragment with Nathan because the Heavenly Fragment involved the Xuanyuan Clan's future plans.

If the Heavenly Fragment was used there, the clan's future plans would be exposed to the universe. It was simply too great of a risk for the clan.

"Nathan! Don't! Don't use it!"

The next moment, the patriarch's voice resounded once again, somehow both dignified and pleading.

Nathan looked pained and conflicted. The tangled emotions in his heart were almost clearly visible.

Chapter 1728 A Godly Plate

The patriarch of the Xuanyuan Clan placed this Heavenly Fragment in Nathan's body for his own, personal purpose.

If Nathan used it now, then he would ruin everything!

The young man slowly came to. His anger gradually dissipated as he slowly calmed himself down.

Losing this battle wasn't the end of his life. As the saying went, "Lack of forbearance in small matters upsets great plans."

His future remained bright.

Nathan held the Heavenly Fragment in his hand. By the time he stretched it out, the fragment had already disappeared.

"I admit defeat,"

he said through clenched teeth.

This was the very first time these words had ever been uttered by Nathan's lips.

He was someone who never admitted defeat. In fact, you could say that he was born as a winner.

Nathan was born with the destiny of being this grand era's main character. If everything went according to the fate, then he would've been the one who won first place in the Illusion Battlefield.

However, Zen had become the biggest variable in changing his fate.

Zen smiled, obviously pleased with his victory. In a flash, he flew in the air and threw the broken sword towards Lone. A white light flashed and his body disappeared from the stone.

Nine people remained in the picture scroll.

These nine would still have to fight to decide their rankings.

Rocher and Nathan still had to fight for second place. Shania and Kurt were also set to battle, along with Lucille and Lawson.

However, their battles had nothing to do with Zen, who was now the ultimate victor of the Illusion Battlefield.

"Hey!" Margaret shouted in fury the moment Zen vanished. Why did he disappear so quickly?

Zen had no time to face her anger. Right now, he traversed through a patch of white clouds so thick, it almost blocked his sight completely.

Ever since entering the Illusion Battlefield, he had always wondered what kind of place it exactly was.

It covered fifty supreme worlds created by the heavens. Could it be a battlefield within the heavens? Or was it just an illusion?

A huge shadow streaked across the clouds, then the second, and then the third...

"What's that?" Zen murmured.

The shadow streaks appeared here and there before finally appearing in Zen's line of sight.

The shadows turned out to be many massive mountains identical in size, shape, and appearance.

On top of each mountain were many round, stone pillars very similar to the Hall of Causality Zen had seen before.

"You can take one of the Godly Plates first," the mysterious girl said in Zen's ear.

This girl's voice was usually very cold, as if she was a mere disembodied statue.

However, she was extremely pleasant and casual when she talked to Zen.

"A Godly Plate?"

he asked. Upon approaching a mountain, he discovered a milky white disc floating along the enormous stone pillars.

Was this what he had fought for?

Zen's eyes flickered. If one could hold a Godly Tile on a Godly Plate, then why couldn't those Supreme Lords obtain one?

He arrived just in front of the disc. He looked at it carefully and couldn't help but exclaim in surprise, "Eh?"

The Godly Plate didn't really look so godly. In fact, it looked like an ordinary plate made of some unknown material. However, Zen could feel that it held an extremely stable power.

What was the most peculiar though was that the thing formed by Zen's chaotic energy in his chaotic sea during his fight with Rocher was almost exactly the same as this Godly Plate.

It was very strange.

Could it be that his chaotic energy temporarily became a Godly Plate?

Or perhaps

that cross-shaped crystal in his inner world was actually a Godly Tile?

Just as he thought about this, the mysterious girl's voice spoke in his ear.

"What are you standing there for? You can take it!"

Her words of affirmation were enough for Zen. He reached out and gently touched the disc. As he did, it began to rotate slowly, getting smaller and smaller. Once it reached the size of a thumb, it stopped and zoomed into Zen's belly.

Using his inner vision, Zen watched as the Godly Plate floated within his inner world.

Now a World Tree and a Godly Plate were inside his inner world.

"Congratulations Zen! You won first place! Do you have any more questions to ask me? I'll make an exception and let you ask three questions," the mysterious girl said.

Zen already knew what he wanted to ask. "Is there any news about Yan?"

The girl was silent for a while.

He had already asked this question a hundred times, perhaps more, over the years.

"Can you ask another question?" she replied, obviously tired of hearing this same old question from him.

Zen shrugged. It was the thing that concerned him the most and yet she refused to answer.

"What is your name? Who exactly are you?"

The mysterious girl was once again silent. It was obvious that she was hesitating whether or not she should answer.

"My name is Irene Jiang. What's your next question?"

"Irene, do you have any news about Yan?" he asked again.

'What the hell?!' Irene Jiang cursed in her head.

'Why must he always ask that question? He's a great storyteller but he is actually so boring.' She was extremely conflicted at that moment and could do nothing but remain silent.

However, her silence ignited a sliver of hope in Zen's heart.

"You must know where she is. According to the agreement, I am entitled to know," Zen insisted.

Irene Jiang sighed, "I don't think it's a good idea to tell you the truth."

She didn't think that finding Yan was going to be a difficult task at first.

However, that was before she found out just what exactly that young woman managed to get herself into. To make it short, Yan was in the hands of a bunch of madmen. Getting Zen involved with them was certainly not going to be a good thing.

Still, Zen remained stubborn. "I must know."

"I can tell you that she is indeed in the divine land, but that's it. No more," Irene Jiang said firmly.

Zen smiled at her words. "Thank you."

He had never met this woman before. The only communication he had with her was through the Roaring Token whenever he told her stories.

The information she provided him was far from enough.

How was Yan doing? Which part of the divine land was she in?

These were the things he needed to know. However, just knowing she was in the divine land was enough for now.

That place was still unreachable for Zen. He would need to step over the heavens if he wanted to go there.

Despite getting the first place in the Illusion Battlefield, he knew that this oncoming task was still going to be a bit challenging for him.

Luckily, he was set to receive another reward. Zen, along with the second and third place winners, would receive an extremely useful gift—the modification of their fates.

In other words, Zen's luck was about to be changed.

Enhancing his luck was going to be extremely useful to Zen especially during times when he would need to rely on probabilities.

He had always been quite lucky especially when he had devoured those Luck-devouring Snakes. However, the peak of his luck only lasted for a short period of time. He hadn't seized the opportunity at that time. Practicing the Stellar Body when his luck reached its limit would be an easier task.

His current luck wasn't as good as when he consumed those Luck-devouring Snakes.

Changing one's luck was no easy task. It must be an ability that only the heavens possessed, right?

This Irene Jiang seemed to be the one in charge of the heavens. Unfortunately, Zen didn't really know who she was or what role she played exactly. She wasn't someone who could casually interfere with how the heavens did things.

With his questions done, Zen waited on top of the mountain for the arrival of the next warrior.

It was quite a while before another person emerged from the white mist.

The man was tall and had a heroic expression on his face. It was none other than Rocher!

The first to win would be the first to enter the clouds and take a Godly Plate. Since Rocher was the second, then that could only mean that he managed to defeat Nathan.

Sure enough, Nathan came walking after Rocher. His expression was extremely foul since he only got third place.

Shania ranked fourth while Kurt ranked fifth.

As for Margaret, she managed to get tenth place.

If the ranking had been based purely on strength, she would've ranked higher.

However, after entering the top ten, she decided to just concede all the way, hence her low ranking.

She gazed up at the mountains and wanted to fly towards Zen. However, she couldn't get close. All Margaret could do was give up and cry in bitter regret. 'I should've told him to meet in the Purple Power World, ' she thought to herself.

Chapter 1729 Surprise

The Illusion Battlefield competition was finally over...

The pictures that had appeared in the universe began to close and disappear gradually.

When Zen opened his eyes again, he was in a trance. He felt as if he didn't belong to this world.

The competition in the Illusion Battlefield had lasted less than three months, but during this period of time, many battles had occurred. Each battle was like a round of tempering, and it gave warriors new insights into strategies and skills.

At this very moment, the entire universe was changing.

The first of the many changes was the Universe Spirit Tablet.

When some talents passed through the Hall of Causality, they chose to duplicate the supreme divine weapon in their hands. As a result, the rankings on the Spirit Tablet changed drastically.

Originally, there were only three thousand supreme divine weapons, but now suddenly over a thousand more weapons were appearing. Clearly, all of these supreme divine weapons had been duplicated through the Hall of Causality...

When the ray of light disappeared from Zen's body, three-colored dots of light suddenly appeared around him. These dots of light were like countless elves as they flew into Zen's body.

After Zen had absorbed these specks of light, his original aura intensified to a great degree. This was the reward from the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield.

"He's back!"

A slim figure ambled out from the inner courtyard. The person who was wearing a smile on her face was no other than Freya!

After the end of the first stage, she had left the Illusion Battlefield and waited for a long time.

Zen acknowledged her presence with a warm smile.

He then turned his head in another direction and asked, "Why do you like to always hide?"

At the sound of his voice, Lavender's slender frame floated into view from the other side. She was Zen's sword spirit, so naturally he could sense where she was.

Lavender seemed to be different now from what she was a few months ago.

Right now she looked morose and dejected, which was an alien expression on her face. She had been an extremely powerful woman, but now she was depressed. Even so, this miserable expression also made her seem enchanting. Some people might even be attracted to her at the first sight.

"What's your ranking?" Lavender asked bluntly.

Freya was also concerned about this, so she looked towards Zen with curiosity.

Since Zen had just returned, he must have entered the second stage. Freya could not see the picture of the Illusion Battlefield but she only knew that there were two stages there. Besides she had no idea that there was a bigger competition on the Heaven Earth Board.

"Guess!" Zen asked mirthfully.

Freya blinked her eyes. "You must have scored a rank in the top ten thousand!"

Freya had entered the Illusion Battlefield and also witnessed all the powerful warriors in the universe. Just like those outstanding warriors, she, too, was at the Soul Sea Realm, but there was a huge gap between them. Any one of those powerful warriors in the main city could fight against the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors and yet this kind of warrior could not be considered truly powerful in the Illusion Battlefield.

The one who scored a place among the top ten thousand warriors was extremely remarkable in Freya's eyes.

Zen wore a big smile on his face as he said, "You're right..."

"Well? What on earth is your ranking?" Lavender asked again.

Zen was confused with the change in Lavender's attitude. It had only been a few months since he saw her, but her temperament seemed to have changed a lot.

He replied, "I have won the first place."

"The first place! Zen, you... You..." Freya was extremely astonished.

Freya considered Zen to be a powerful warrior, but the fact that he would even be able to obtain the first place among all the Soul Sea Realm martial artists was far beyond her imagination!

A faint smile appeared on Lavender's face. She was very satisfied with Zen's answer and gradually relief crept into her heart. She wanted to congratulate him, but no words came out.

However, to her surprise, Zen's figure suddenly flashed and appeared in front of her. Both their faces were extremely close.

Zen looked serious as he stared intently at Lavender. "You don't seem to be in a good mood."

He had felt that there was something wrong with Lavender from the moment he laid eyes on her...

Lavender was a sword spirit, so she could not be ill, but she looked so weak and dispirited, which bothered Zen.

Being conscious of the proximity of Zen's face to her, Lavender couldn't help but step back and shake her head. "It's nothing..."

However, Zen revealed a mysterious smile. "Oh right. I have a gift for you!"

"A gift?" Lavender was slightly surprised, but she thought to herself that the Illusion Battlefield was just a world of illusion, so what could Zen bring out of it?

Naturally, she did not know that many warriors in the universe were paying close attention to the changes on the Spirit Tablet and the rankings of the supreme divine weapons. After the competition of the Illusion Battlefield, the number of supreme divine weapons had increased to over four thousand, but many first-rank divine weapons had been removed from the Spirit Tablet.

Zen gently tapped his space ring and two beams of light spilled out.

Seeing the two beams of cold light, Lavender frowned. When the two tips of the spear were thrust out, her jaw dropped!

"Saint spear! You..."

Zen said he wanted to give her a gift, but Lavender would never have expected that he would actually give her the Saint Killing Spear!

After the initial shock subsided, she wracked her brains trying to figure out from where Zen got the Saint Killing Spear!

This Saint Killing Spear had been snatched away from her by Elena earlier...

Could he have made a trip to the Demon Night, and grabbed the Saint Killing Spear right under Elena's nose?

It was impossible!

When Lavender took the Saint Killing Spear from Zen's hand, the spear suddenly began to ring.

When Zen had acquired the Saint Killing Spear, he couldn't trigger it and make it ring. After all, Lavender was its rightful owner...

Whoosh!

Lavender shook it slightly and an enormous spear shadow formed.

Shadowy Spin...

This shadow was ten times more powerful than it was when Zen unleashed it!

Holding onto the saint spear, Lavender spirits were lifted. She turned her head and asked in surprise, "How did you do it?"

Zen understood Lavender's confusion, so he gave a brief summary of the story.

This spear was naturally obtained from Malachi. He also spoke about Hailey as well as the situation of the Saint Spear Sect.

Hearing this, Lavender's face became gloomy. She didn't expect the Saint Spear Sect episode to be so terrible.

"So in other words, you're telling me that this spear is actually a duplicate!" Lavender exclaimed.

Zen nodded.

"Shoo!"

A spear shadow was released by Lavender...

Wisps of killing intent were emitting from Lavender's body. "I will surely make Elena pay the price for all evil things she has done!"

Zen nodded. "Give me some time. I believe it won't take long..."

Looking at Lavender's murderous but perfect face, Zen knew that the old Lavender was back.

Unfortunately, this state did not last for very long.

Not long after, Lavender had gone back to her sulking and floated silently behind Zen, maintaining a certain distance from him.

Zen was perplexed once more, but he couldn't ask her what happened directly.

After returning, he began to communicate with the cyan dragon in his mind, talking about all sorts of things he had seen and experienced in the Illusion Battlefield, as well as seeking answers to many doubts.

"What's wrong with Lavender?"

After talking with the cyan dragon for a short while, Zen brought up Lavender. He couldn't figure out what had happened during his long absence from the fairy palace.

Although the cyan dragon was concealed within Zen's body, he could not communicate with Zen after he entered the Illusion Battlefield. During this period of time, he could only rest within Zen's mind. However, the cyan dragon could naturally observe everything outside of Zen's body.

Hearing Zen's question, the cyan dragon chuckled but didn't answer. This further aggravated Zen's puzzlement.

During this trip to the Illusion Battlefield, countless warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had accumulated their cultivation base after going through so many life and death experiences and used it to break through their bottlenecks!

Countless Soul Sea Realm warriors had chosen to cultivate in seclusion at this moment. Zen was no exception!

In just a few days, a lot of big Heavenly Tribulations had appeared in countless supreme worlds.

About thirty percent of the warriors of the Soul Sea Realm had reached the Spirit Supreme Realm. This kind of occurrence could not have happened in the past...

Zen spent a total of thirteen days being engrossed in closed-door cultivation.

Several world lords from the Demon Night and the ogre race maintained their distance, guarding the fairy palace.

Thirteen days later, a giant tribulation cloud formed above them quietly!

A world lord stared at the tribulation cloud, his eyes revealing a look of shock. "This is the Grand Meteorite Tribulation..." he gasped.

"It seems that Zen has broken through!"

"It might be..."

"It's time for us to leave as well..."

Since Zen had already achieved first place in the Illusion Battlefield, he was destined to be the number one character in the world of chaos. His fate was linked to the rise and fall of the universe.

Every race would hold out an olive branch to him. Thus it was meaningless for these world lords to guard fairy palace.

Chapter 1730 The Birth Of A New World

There was a knowing look in Zen's eyes. The big Heavenly Tribulation this time was also a test for his skills.

First came the Grand Meteorite Tribulation, then the Raging Fire Tribulation, then the Inner Demon Tribulation...

After a series of tribulations, the Thunder Tribulation finally dawned on him.

Zen was no stranger to the Thunder Tribulation, as the Thunderbolt Annihilation he practiced could trigger it directly.

However, there was something special about this Thunder Tribulation. It had a green bolt of lightning.

The Thunder Tribulation struck his abdomen and fell into his internal world. Therefore, Zen couldn't avoid or touch it.

The moment the Thunder Tribulation made contact with his elixir field, a searing pain wracked his whole body.

Then, the World Tree absorbed most of the Thunder Tribulation.

Therefore, the World Tree began to grow under the Thunder Tribulation's baptism as the waters of the chaotic sea rolled violently at the same time, and formed a stormy sea in Zen's body.

At that moment, his soul also underwent a strange change.

It felt like he had fallen into the deepest pits of chaos.

Everything around him was grey and hazy. His body rolled listlessly as he fell even further into the chaos.

After an unknown period of time, the rolling finally slowed down. Zen suddenly felt like he was pushed on a patch of land. He opened his eyes, and was greeted by the shocking sight of the huge World Tree.

What was more, there appeared to be an island beneath it.

Zen's eyes lit up in a flash.

At the same time, the entire chaotic sea began to solidify.

What used to be a seemingly endless ocean of chaotic energy in his internal world was now changed by the sudden appearance of this island.

The island wasn't that big. Zen looked like he knew something, but couldn't quite place it.

He had seen this type of place before; that was for sure.

Back when he had entered Brianna's inner world, he had seen an island too.

However, the island in her body was much larger than Zen's. Hers had many forests and dwarf shrubs growing on it. There was even a relatively primitive tribe.

"I have already reached the Spirit Supreme Realm!" Zen exclaimed.

Although he was still in a dazed state, the scene before him made him realize that he had already broken through the Soul Sea Realm and reached the Spirit Supreme Realm, which was why he had encountered that green Thunder Tribulation.

That same Thunder Tribulation which was filled with life energy gave life to the entire chaotic sea.

Zen stood there in silence as he witnessed the passing of time, the rudiments of the world, and the evolution of life.

Splash!

His eyes averted to the brown ocean, where its brown waters rolled in thick, foamy waves towards the island.

He noticed that the island continued to expand when a part of the chaotic energy solidified, which happened with every wave that came.

If one looked more closely at the sea, there were actually some plankton that were mixed in the waters.

Some of the plankton were washed onto the brown-colored island and were drilled into the "mud," which was also formed from chaotic energy. Soon enough, the ground began to turn green and was eventually covered with slippery moss.

Only when the inner world had evolved to this point, did its speed slow down.

Everything present, whether the plankton or the moss, was the most primitive form of life.

It would take a lot of time to reproduce all sorts of creatures, even humans.

Brianna had spent over 100, 000 years and only managed to develop a tribe. How long would Zen's inner world take to create humans?

On the other hand, there was endless chaos

outside the divine land.

Such a place was a forbidden zone, even to the True Gods.

Only a handful of truly powerful warriors were able to traverse through the deadly chaos.

There had been some mighty warrior in the past who had traveled the chaos for a trillion miles, but the depths of the chaos remained the same as before.

In other words, no one knew where the chaos ended.

At that moment, a small ball appeared in some area in the chaos.

It was no ordinary ball as it rapidly expanded like a bubble.

But it suddenly stopped when it had reached a certain point, and seemed to wait for the next expansion.

Any warrior who were to see it would be utterly shocked. There was actually a World Tree inside the bubble, and the bubble even formed a world of its own.

Ever since the Creating Axe had split the heaven and earth, all of the worlds were built around the divine land.

This meant that no one had ever been able to create a world in the chaos.

The world that had been formed in the chaos was extremely small compared to the divine land, that it was almost insignificant.

However, it was slowly expanding. No one knew how large it could grow.

Then again, the chaos was so vast that its size was even unimaginable. It wouldn't be unusual if even the mighty warriors wouldn't be able to notice the tiny little world.

Zen opened his eyes after he had observed the island in his belly for quite some time, a hint of joy on his face.

His cultivation level had definitely improved a lot after he had entered the Spirit Supreme Realm.

He then turned his gaze towards the Lotus Flower above his head. The Lotus Flower rotated slowly as its thirty-five petals glinted under the light.

A thought seemed to have crossed his mind when he looked at the Lotus Flower.

"It looks like I'll have to make a trip to the Sword Manor," he murmured.

His Lotus Flower had yet to reach perfection, and it should have something to do with the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Supreme Lord Sword had once told Zen that he still had a flaw that he had yet to comprehend, and this flaw was something he couldn't comprehend if he relied only on himself. That was why he needed to go to the Sword Manor.

It was also why Supreme Lord Sword had put a sword rune in Zen's arm.

Now, Zen had three places to go to.

The first was the Northern Twilight Star, because the secret left behind by Viveca, Elspeth, Salvador and Aneisha was to be found there.

The second was where the Celestial Position race lived. The world lords had blocked the fairy palace before the Illusion Battlefield had opened, so he hadn't been able to make it to the Celestial Position's location.

Lastly, the third destination that appeared was the Sword Manor.

He began to talk to Lavender about his plans as thoughts about the Sword Manor swam in his head.

However, Lavender's mood didn't seem to improve. She still looked ill and unhappy, which was far from the valiant and murderous Queen of Killings. She now resembled a weak girl, which made men have an instinctive urge to protect her when they saw her.

Zen was also concerned about this situation and asked her about it two or three times, but Lavender always changed the subject. She was even cold towards him. Zen was really clueless.

"These three places are very far away from each other. It would take at least ten years to travel back and forth between two places, even with the speed of the fairy palace," Lavender said. She thought for a moment before another vague sentence spilled from her lips. "From now on, you need to make decisions by yourself!"

Whoosh!

Lavender suddenly dissipated in front of him, transforming into the sword spirit that entered his body.

"Huh?" That made Zen even more confused.

Not far away stood Freya, who watched the whole scene with a smile on her face.

Lavender was cold and seldom talked to Freya. But Freya had stayed in this fairy palace for many years. A bystander is always clear-minded. She knew exactly what Lavender was thinking.

Still, Lavender had always been by Zen's side. That made it hard for Freya to personally tell him about Lavender's situation.

After a while, Zen came to a decision. And this time, he didn't forget that he had brought something else with him from the Illusion Battlefield.

With a flip of his hand, a small token appeared on his palm.

"What is this?" Freya asked curiously. Zen's lips curved into a small smile in response.

"This is a Teleportation Token."

The Teleportation Token had allowed Zen to move back and forth within a supreme world in the Illusion Battlefield. That was why he had made a copy of the Teleportation Token and took it out of the battlefield.

He wasn't sure if it would work in the universe, though. But there was no harm in trying, right?

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1731 The Bright Sun World

The only way to move long distances in the universe was through spatial transference.

One was required to have a deep understanding of the Space Law and reach the level of a world lord before carrying it out. The level of one's cultivation seemed to determine the distance they could reach.

Because of this, the Supreme Lords who had wanted to capture Zen gathered together in a mere day or two.

The world lords, however, had to wait a long time before they could catch up to them.

Freya raised her hands to her cheeks. She did not understand what was happening, but she did not give voice to her doubts, satisfied to watch Zen's every move silently.

Zen was unsure about using the Teleportation Token in the universe.

Under the infusion of his chaotic energy, the token emitted a faint white light.

Buzz...

With a light chirp, the space around Zen began to vibrate.

"Yes!"

Zen's eyes lit up.

However, the space only continued to tremble, as if a monster was trying to tear it apart. At the same time, muffled sounds were heard, similar to firecrackers exploding underwater.

Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop!

Freya took a few steps to the side. She was getting more and more confused. 'Does he want to summon a beast?' she wondered, cocking her head.

Eventually, the muted sounds died down.

"Did I fail? It can't be..." Zen sighed, his brow creased slightly. If the Teleportation Token was rendered useless, it would not have caused such a commotion.

However, he also did not sense any fluctuations from the Space Law.

At this moment, a figure flew over to him. It was Saul.

A strange expression appeared on Saul's face, his eyes seeming to pierce through Zen. "Zen, did you plan on carrying out the spatial transference here?"

"How did you know?" Zen asked.

Saul laughed and said, "Here, spatial transference is impossible!"

This time it was Zen's turn to stare. "Why?"

Saul pointed toward the sky. The enchanted barrier enveloped the entire fairy palace.

In reality, the fairy palace was not known to exist in the universe. It was located in a world where all things seemed giant in size. Zen had only utilized the token of mountain to create a node and an illusion.

Only then did Saul tell Zen that even a True God would be unable to carry out spatial transference in the fairy palace, whereas Zen was only a warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm. He could just walk around.

"Are you serious?" Zen was stunned.

He had first felt the strangeness of the forest when encountering the white tiger, but he did not expect this place to be so different.

"Where is this place?" Zen asked again.

Saul only smiled mysteriously, saying that Zen would find out eventually, when the time came.

Zen did not press him again. Saul had only told him a limited number of things. He would not tell Zen anything that he thought the latter should not know about. Sometimes, Zen doubted that the man was a mere puppet.

Now that Zen could not carry out spatial transference in the fairy palace, he could only leave and enter the universe again to test his luck.

But judging from the commotion he had just experienced, Zen estimated that the Teleportation Token would be effective.

In fact, he was almost certain about it, so he decided to observe the situation in the outside world through the fairy palace.

The world lords seemed to have been recalled back by their own great races, but Zen still had to be on his guard. Indeed, he had secured the so-called number one position in the Illusion Battlefield and was a favored warrior by fate, but that did not mean he would not die.

If Elena arranged for a world lord to kill Zen in secret, it would only take an instant for him to bite the dust.

Even though Zen had stepped into the Spirit Supreme Realm and his cultivation level had greatly improved, he still could not think of any successful way he could face a world lord and emerge the victor. If he waited until he reached the Spirit Transformation Realm and gained strength to fight a world lord, he would at least have the power to protect himself. Maybe then, he could even defeat one of the world lords.

Zen had Saul control the fairy palace to fly away for a few days. He transmuted the fairy palace into a grain of sand and pierced through a star.

After the fairy palace climbed out of the star, Zen immediately walked out of the palace. Freya had originally wanted to follow him out, but he stopped her in her tracks. He wanted her to stay back in the palace.

The instant Zen left the fairy palace, he activated the Teleportation Token in his hand.

As it activated, acute spatial fluctuations wrapped around him like a tornado.

Buzz...

At the moment, the Teleportation Token was connected to the entire universe.

Zen fell into a strange space.

Next, what appeared before him was a majestic scene. The stars in the sky seemed to have condensed together, densely packed like grains of dazzling sand. Below each grain was a disc.

Zen's gaze wandered over them slowly, his face lighting up.

He could see that each of the discs represented a supreme world. This was the epitome of the entire universe!

The fact that the Teleportation Token could achieve this was almost beyond Zen's imagination.

Thin lines were marked beneath each disc. The one hundred thousand discs represented a hundred thousand supreme worlds. The lines extended from the bottom of the discs all the way down.

"The other ends of the lines lead to the great worlds in the Lower World..." Zen's eyes twinkled. The lines were complicated, perhaps representing a series of ascending passageways.

The entire universe had shrunk by a number of times and then materialized in front of him. Just one look alone was enough to shock him.

Previously, when Zen had ascended and used his consciousness to travel in the universe, he had gazed down upon a million great worlds. However, at that time, he had not been able to look at their overall appearance. The great worlds in the distance had been hidden from his view, covered in darkness.

Even now, Zen could not view the great worlds very clearly. However, he could see that the great worlds were split into three parts by the black fog. There were probably more than a million great worlds in the boundless universe.

Many of lines that linked these great worlds did not seem to extend to the Upper World, instead reaching to other places. Soon, Zen understood that these particular places were separate in their own right, such as the Genuine Dragon World and the Genuine Phoenix World.

He finally understood what was up as he stared at the rhombus-shaped great worlds. From the looks of it, the great worlds as a whole seemed like the back of some sort of vicious beast. The rhombus-shaped great worlds were the scales of the beast.

Was he correct? Was it truly a vicious beast? Did such a creature actually exist in the universe?

Zen did not understand the mysteries pertaining to the great worlds. With the Teleportation Token, he seemed to be able to choose his destination easily. After confirming his position, he floated toward one of the discs.

"He used the Teleportation Token so early!"

A faint smile appeared on the face of the mysterious girl, who was known as Irene Jiang. She stood amidst layers of clouds. Naturally, Zen was not aware that the impressive Teleportation Token had been created by her. A Supreme Lord could only use spatial transference time and again to cross supreme worlds. It was not easy to manipulate the direction of a long-distance teleportation. If a Supreme Lord did not pay enough attention, he might go to a wrong destination all together.

In order to reach their destination, one had to teleport dozens of times, or even a hundred times. Devices such as the Teleportation Token, that made it rather easy to teleport, had never before appeared in the universe.

Following a violent flash of light, Zen materialized at his destination out of thin air.

The moment he came into view, he started dropping from the skies. Hastily, he circulated his chaotic energy to float in the air.

At the moment, he found himself at the height of a hundred thousand feet. Before him were vast plains.

"It is the Bright Sun World, an independent supreme world," he murmured to himself, his gaze sweeping the area.

Not all supreme worlds in the universe belonged to the great powers.

The Bright Sun World was a supreme world that belonged to independent warriors. It could be said that it was a place a number of independent warriors yearned to be at because of the renowned Sword Manor that was located here.

Independent warriors were not restricted. All races were allowed to co-exist in this particular supreme world.

Strictly speaking, the Sword Manor was also one of the great powers. However, it did not impose too great of a restriction on the independent warriors that chose to join it. For those who desired freedom, it was, in fact, an excellent choice of destination.

Zen had some priorities and many other questions to settle, but most important to him right now was to become a Godly Genius. For this purpose, the trip to Sword Manor was imperative to him.

Flying high in the sky for some time, he took note of the various black dots on the plains. These could be villages and cities, but they appeared to be as small as ants.

Zen immediately leaned to one side and shuttled downward.

Chapter 1732 The Sword Manor

Although Zen had entered the Bright Sun World with his Teleportation Token, it would still take him a long time to pass through a supreme world.

If he wanted to go to the Sword Manor, he had to go through the supreme world channel.

Besides, he didn't know where exactly the Sword Manor was located, except that it was in the Bright Sun World. However, he soon realized that it wasn't that easy to enter the Sword Manor.

He was halfway down when he suddenly smacked his forehead, then took out the token of mountain.

Apparently, he had forgotten to release Freya.

As for Saul the puppet, he could stay in the fairy place and it wouldn't matter--he had even remained in the fairy palace for thousands of years.

Meanwhile, Livingston was too engrossed in weapon refining that no one could force him out now.

However, Freya had stayed in the fairy palace for several years. When she asked to come out during the time Zen had just used the Teleportation Token, he rejected her. After all, there had been many uncertain dangers at that time; thus, Freya always listened to Zen and never forced him.

Zen wasn't afraid in any way, as even the Supreme Lords wouldn't be able to calculate that he had arrived in this supreme world in just a short period of time.

After he had activated the token of mountain, he began to communicate with the fairy palace.

Freya eagerly waited at the door like she'd always have. If she felt that Zen was under pressure, she wouldn't go out--even if she was dying to.

Still, she couldn't be blamed for getting bored after being trapped in the fairy palace for several years.

The moment Zen transmitted his voice, Freya suddenly appeared beside him. Since she didn't expect Zen to be floating in the air when she appeared, she began to fall with a disheartening cry.

Zen quickly pulled her hand and she was finally able to stabilize her body.

Her eyes drifted to the vast plains in the universe, and she stretched her back with a satisfied smile. She had felt very much oppressed these years, but she never complained.

She trailed Zen behind. Huge maple leaves, which exerted a faint force of the flying ban, began to appear when they were about a thousand feet from the city.

"Let's go in through the city gate," Zen said after he and Freya had both circled around the city for a while.

After some investigation, they found out that this city was located in the north of the Bright Sun World, and the Sword Manor was located in the southeast of the Bright Sun World.

Therefore, Zen paid a few supreme life vitality crystals and brought Freya into the space channel, and then to the supreme world channel.

The arduous journey took them nearly half a month to travel through the supreme world channel.

Yet Freya was excited throughout the entire trip, like a prisoner who had been seemingly locked forever and had just obtained her freedom.

On the other hand, Lavender had always been in a state of immersion as she hibernated within Zen's body.

After half a month, they finally left the supreme world channel and arrived at the Sword Manor.

While it was a proper manor, it didn't mean that it was weakly fortified. After all, the manor was considered the peak by independent warriors.

Supreme Lords like Sword Chen were from the Sword Manor.

Freya was like a giddy little girl as she watched the light that was emitted by the Space Law dissipate, and she couldn't help but exclaim in admiration, "What a huge sword!"

The Bright Sun World was a supreme world abundant in plains. After they exited the space channel, a large, flat city welcomed them. In the distance, a huge long sword stood firmly on the ground.

The supreme world channel was extremely busy as a constant wave of people entered and exited. Someone couldn't help but roll his eyes when he heard Freya's words. "Look, we have a bumpkin…" he muttered.

Another man quickly interrupted him, warned him not to make irresponsible remarks, and then glanced apologetically at Zen.

Zen had already reached the Spirit Supreme Realm. Whenever his power increased by a level, so would his position in the eyes of those around him. A warrior in such a level could get a decent job in a tenth grade sacred place, so no ordinary warrior would want to provoke Zen.

"Yeah, it really is huge," Zen mentally estimated the sword's size as he looked at it. The man-made sword was probably over a hundred thousand feet high. It might be the symbolic building of the Sword Manor.

He only had one goal, and that was to go to the Sword Manor to hone his sword intent. He hoped to perfect the Emotion Closing Godly Way, so that his Lotus Flower could be perfect.

It was known that the Sword Manor was a sacred place for all swordsmen. Even swordsmen from already powerful forces still went there to hone their sword intent. Lavender was one of them years ago.

After spending several pieces of life vitality crystals, Zen made some inquiries from a local warrior. The warrior told him that the city where they were in was called Sword City, which boasted a strong swordsmanship atmosphere. There were also many sword schools throughout the city. It was said that even ordinary people received sword training for self-protection.

"Sir, I'm afraid it won't be that convenient for you to visit the Sword Manor," the warrior said as he shook his head.

"Why?" Zen asked. Was there something wrong with him?

The warrior glanced at him and continued, "You're a powerful warrior of the Spirit Supreme Realm, and can be considered important among the independent warriors. However, a rule from the ancient times is being strictly followed. That is, to enter the Sword Manor, you must first enter the sword school and obtain the nine-star sword token."

"Nine-star sword token? What's that?" Zen asked. He was stunned.

The warrior smiled and said, "You're a swordsman who has excellent achievements in the sword arts. Theoretically speaking, it wouldn't be hard to obtain the token. It's just that there are only three days left this month."

Zen mentally sighed. He thought that he could enter the Sword Manor as he wished. He didn't know that there was such a rule. Based from the warrior's words, it seemed that the rule had never been broken before in the history of the Sword Manor.

Sword Chen had previously left a sword-shaped mark on Zen's body, so it shouldn't be a problem for him to enter the Sword Manor.

But since the warrior said that no one had ever broken the rule before, he decided to follow it as well.

After Zen thanked the warrior for his time, he quickly learned that there were many sword schools around the Sword Manor. All of their students were swordsmen and martial artists, who would obtain their own sword tokens after a series of battles.

He paused for a moment and thought. He entered the Sword Manor the moment he set foot in the supreme world channel. However, the Sword Manor in that sense was apparently a broad term, which could be a place name or a powerful force. The key to entering the real Sword Manor was the nine-star sword token.

Thus, Zen asked the warrior to lead the way to a sword school without a second thought.

After he entered a sword school he chose, he spent several life vitality crystals on a sword token of his own.

Many swordsmen from outside worlds like Zen were in the sword school as well. They hit a bottleneck in their cultivation, so they wanted to enter the Sword Manor in hopes of breaking through their shackles. However, they didn't know that the former owner of this Sword Manor was Zen's mentor of sorts, Sword Chen.

After a while, the sword school sent someone to fight Zen, but the man was only at the Life and Death Realm. How could he compare to Zen?

When he saw that Zen was at the Spirit Supreme Realm, he too knew his fate.

The winner was decided after just a single sword attack. Their fight was only a formality anyway, and Zen left with a two-star sword token.

Next, Zen entered another relatively large sword school with the two-star sword token he had just gotten. After another sword attack, he got out with a three-star sword token.

As Zen progressed, the schools he went to grew more imposing and larger in size. Naturally, his opponents also became increasingly formidable as well.

However, he only needed one sword attack when he faced warriors of the Life and Death Realm and the Soul Sea Realm.

A second move was unnecessary.

In just half a day, Zen's token had gone from a three-star one to a six-star one already!

Still, Zen's speed was nothing to be proud of because his cultivation level was high already. Besides, it was only the threshold to enter the Sword Manor. It would be a great insult to his dignity if he had encountered any difficulties there.

Freya just followed Zen all throughout, bought a map of the Sword Manor and asked for some information in between. She quickly adapted to the new environment, so she was already able to serve as Zen's guide by the time he had gotten the seven-star token.

"Only six big sword schools can give out eight-star and nine-star sword tokens. And the closest one is in that direction," Freya said. She thought for a moment before she reminded him, "These six big sword schools are equivalent to the ninth grade forces in the traditional sense. However, it should be very simple for you."

Zen nodded. He was quite thankful for her presence, as the detailed information she had acquired was of great help to him.

Chapter 1733 An Auction

This was the Breeze Sword School, one of the six sword schools under the Sword Manor. Warriors could obtain eight-star and nine-star tokens through here.

And according to Zen's estimate, the ideal scenario would be for him to acquire the nine-star token in a single day.

After all, it didn't take him long to travel through various sword schools in the process of obtaining one-star to seven-star tokens. But after midday, when Zen and Freya finally arrived at the entrance of the Breeze Sword School, it had already closed its doors.

"Seems like I have to stay for one more day," Zen said as he smiled helplessly.

Many martial artists spent years obtaining the one-star to nine-star sword tokens. Such was the path a swordsman had to take in order to grow.

At these different sword schools, warriors improved themselves. When one's understanding of swordsmanship reached a certain level, they would naturally earn the right to enter the Sword Manor.

For this reason, the Sword Manor attracted many of the independent warriors.

The Sword Manor imposed no restrictions to them. So long as one focused on the path of swordsmanship and reached that standard of understanding, the manor selflessly opened its doors to them.

Tens of thousands of people would kneel before some of the tenth-grade sacred places, as they weren't allowed to enter. Such a scene wouldn't happen to the Sword Manor's entrance.

But Zen wasn't one of those swordsmen. He managed to obtain the seven-star sword token in a mere day.

"We need to find a place to stay tonight. We'll return tomorrow," Zen said.

"Can we take a walk around the city?" Freya said timidly, her voice soft.

Upon hearing her small request, Zen smiled. "Why not?"

With that, Freya's face turned somewhat joyful. She was a naturally shy person, not used to expressing her feelings openly. But she was beyond happy at this moment.

Soon after, Freya heard of a market in the city and suggested they visit.

Ever since Zen had ascended, he never understood the human culture of the Upper World. This was probably the first time he even had the chance to wander around the market.

Although he asked Lavender if she wanted to join them, he earned no response.

At the market, the place was bustling with noise and excitement. Almost all the people there were independent warriors.

The warriors of the large forces and sacred places had the support of pills and cultivation methods. With these benefits, they could concentrate on cultivation with the price of helping the large forces or sacred places complete missions. But the independent warriors were different.

The independent warriors had no such benefits. They had to work hard on everything themselves. Some explored the secret places and collected items that they could use for trade on the market.

As he walked through the market, Zen didn't seem all too interested. But Freya's head was turning left and right, buying many small, interesting items. They usually cost several supreme life vitality crystals.

After circling the market a few times, Zen realized that the size of the market went beyond his expectations.

Many of the warriors were at the Life and Death Realm, and some were at the Soul Sea Realm. Along the way, he met several Spirit Supreme Realm warriors. After walking around, Zen guessed that Freya took him to that market because it was one of the more high-end in the city—there were even some warriors trading divine weapons.

Suddenly, a hubbub of noise came from ahead.

"The auction is about to begin! Let's go!"

"It should be the last three nine-star sword tokens for this month. If we miss this chance, we won't get another."

"But the price is ridiculously high. Where can we even collect so many life vitality jades?"

As the warriors rushed toward the commotion, Zen and Freya glanced at each other, both with doubt filling their eyes.

They could buy nine-star sword tokens with life vitality jades?

From the previous sword schools, Zen also knew that a sword token was an acknowledgement of a swordsman. He couldn't believe that someone could buy a nine-star sword token in the auction. As Zen silently moved through the crowd, Freya followed close behind him.

Zen's silhouette seemed to flicker as he silently moved through the crowd.

A tall platform stood in the middle of the market. On it, there were three Spirit Supreme Realm warriors. Seeing that almost everyone was here, the leading Spirit Supreme Realm warrior shouted coldly, "The four hundred and ninety-seven nine-star sword tokens of the five hundred were already sold out. If you missed out on this opportunity, you'd have to wait until the next month.

The starting bid is a hundred life vitality jades."

As the echoes of his voice faded, the warriors below all began bidding.

"One hundred and ten!"

"One hundred and fifteen!"

"One hundred and twenty!"

Basically, the bidders were all warriors at the Soul Sea Realm. There were a few warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm who also called out a price.

Zen's frown deepened at the sight.

Previously, he had held a trace of admiration toward the Sword Manor. It was a righteous deed to open up the manor to all swordsmen in the universe.

As the saying went, "A person who selects a sword as their weapon has an air of righteousness." But this event had him doubting.

"My friend, what do you mean by auctioning a sword token? Isn't the sword token something that we obtain through a swordsmanship competition?" Zen asked the warrior beside him.

When the martial artist next to him heard his words, he released a cold laugh and said, "You're talking about an old time and age. A nine-star token enables a warrior to enter the Sword Manor. How could there even be such a good thing in the world?"

"But isn't this the rule of the Sword Manor? If they do this, wouldn't it mean that they are plotting against the Sword Manor for their own benefit?" Zen asked once again. Initially, he thought that he'd be able to enter the Sword Manor in the following day. But judging from the current situation, it wasn't that easy to obtain a nine-star sword token.

Although he wasn't raising his voice, the Spirit Supreme Realm warrior on stage could hear him. This warrior stared angrily at Zen before raising the nine-star sword token in his hand. He walked to the edge of the platform and looked down at Zen. "My friend, you must be joking. The nine-star sword tokens were given to us by the Sword Manor. What's it to you if we auction them?"

To that, Zen raised his head and coolly asked, "Then, if I were to compete in the Breeze Sword School tomorrow, wouldn't I be left unable to obtain a nine-star token?"

This earned a sneer from the other party. "Of course not. If you want to obtain one from the sword school, then you have to wait another month.

There are ten nine-star sword tokens warriors can obtain through competition. That will depend on whether or not you even have the ability to. Haha!"

With the rise of Supreme Lord Sword, the name of the Sword Manor spread far and wide, drawing in more and more martial artists to train there. Not only were there many independent warriors, but there was also quite a number of swordsmen from great powers as well.

But only five hundred warriors could enter the Sword Manor every month. These five hundred nine-star tokens were all in the hands of the six major sword schools. Initially, they could follow the rules, but with the disappearance of Supreme Lord Sword, the warriors of the Sword Manor grew greedier. So while the rules laid out by Supreme Lord Sword were still there, no one followed them anymore.

"You're breaking the rules of the Sword Manor!" Zen exclaimed icily. He respected Supreme Lord Sword, after all. Zen had comprehended the Gods-intimidating Strike first and had been personally trained by Supreme Lord Sword in the Hall of Causality—he could be counted as Zen's half-a-master. Supreme Lord Sword definitely wasn't aware that the warriors of the Sword Manor could easily sell the sword tokens for money after he had disappeared.

The warrior standing on the high platform originally wore a smile on his face, but after hearing what Zen said, his expression turned cold. "Kid, this is the Sword Manor. You'd better watch your mouth. If you don't have money, then scram. Be an eyesore somewhere else!"

The rude words were a sign that he didn't take Zen's cultivation at the Spirit Supreme Realm seriously at all.

Another warrior on the high platform let out an eerie laugh. "The price of a nine-star sword token is hardly expensive. It usually costs only two or three hundred life vitality jades. If you're so desperate for it and you don't have money, just give me that Soul Sea Realm servant girl. I'll give you enough life vitality jades for a nine-star token."

The martial artist's greedy eyes fell right on Freya.

There weren't many female warriors who had reached the Soul Sea Realm and there were even fewer women among the independent warriors. The warrior had clearly taken a fancy to Freya's looks. When he saw how she followed behind Zen, a devious idea came to mind.

Zen's gaze turned cold instantly and faint killing intent flashed across his eyes when he heard the warrior's venomous words.

The martial artists that were initially participating in the auction had immediately stayed away from Zen as much as they could. These independent warriors were smart enough to know that Zen was in deep trouble.

All the while, they wondered who this young man was.

For someone who was just at the Spirit Supreme Realm, he behaved so arrogantly. Anyone could guess that he would end up in a miserable state.

Most of the independent warriors thought the same as they looked at Zen.

These guys were all swordsmen. Some of them had even gone bankrupt crossing over supreme worlds just to get here. It was all to enter the Sword Manor and climb up a level in the swordsman's path.

But much to their dismay, they realized that they had to spend money to earn the qualifications needed to enter the Sword Manor. It was quite a disappointment.

Chapter 1734 The School Leader

Everyone on the platform looked down on Zen.

The auction of the nine-star sword tokens was already a matter approved by the Sword Manor. Even life vitality jades obtained from the auction would be handed over to the manor according to a certain percentage.

These were the set rules of the Sword Manor.

Any trouble Zen seemed to be stirring would be met with his quick extermination.

Many of the warriors guessed that he was probably an independent warrior without a backer. This made it easier for them since nobody would question the death of an insignificant independent warrior.

Freya was currently feeling extremely guilty. She had once again brought trouble to Zen, but she didn't really have a choice. Even if she didn't bring him to the market tonight, he wouldn't be able to get a nine-star sword token from the Breeze Sword School tomorrow either.

A shiver went down her spine when she noticed the strange gazes of the warriors. However, she didn't say anything. She merely stood to the side and waited for Zen to make his move.

"Will you give your servant girl to me?" the warrior on the platform asked. He knew Zen would not be willing to do as he asked, and he was really just making fun of him. He knew that the young man wouldn't dare make a move in here.

If Zen was someone capable and powerful, then why would he need a nine-star sword token to enter the Sword Manor? That place was very welcoming with geniuses who came from major powers. There would've been no need for tokens!

Anyone who had to compete for the nine-star sword token was most likely an independent warrior.

"Ha-ha!"

Zen sneered as he gave that warrior a piercing glare.

He didn't really want to cause any trouble either. All he really wanted to do was follow the path set by Supreme Lord Sword in order to advance his swordsmanship.

Unfortunately, that wasn't possible.

It seemed he would have to represent Supreme Lord Sword to teach these guys a lesson.

However, just as he was about to make his move, a thick, malicious aura burst forth from his body.

Fighting was strictly prohibited in the market, and not many people were willing to break the rules. This was why nobody really panicked when a slender figure shot out of Zen's body and zoomed towards the platform.

The warriors were initially relaxed. However, their moods took a turn when the arrival of this figure plunged their hearts down to their stomachs. The air around them felt stifling as if they had drawn the ire of someone they should never have messed with.

The slender figure that zoomed towards them was none other than Lavender.

Her reaction was somewhat strange.

Ever since Zen had returned from the Illusion Battlefield, he had noticed her being more quiet than usual. She was very happy to see the Saint Killing Spear, but she didn't really say anything after that.

Lavender never really talked much in the past, but this time felt different. It was as if she simply didn't have the energy to talk at all.

So seeing her so pumped up right now was surprising, but it also meant that things were about to get complicated real soon.

These people had been rude to him, so Zen naturally wouldn't let them off. He had planned to teach them a lesson, but never planned on killing

them.

Lavender's appearance changed things. He just knew she wasn't going to let these warriors leave this place alive.

The three warriors all thought Zen wouldn't dare make a move. None of them expected the sudden appearance of this strange, scary figure.

All three of them had a bad premonition with regards to this terrifying figure. All of a sudden, three swords appeared beside each of them.

Most of Lavender's soul had already been restored. Zen's sword spirit had also helped in substantially increasing her strength. The only thing she lacked now was a body. These Spirit Supreme Realm warriors did not stand a chance at all.

One of them pulled out a sword and held it against Lavender. Her hand briefly brushed past the blade and, for some reason, it jumped into her hand.

The moment it went to her hand, the sword swung down and cut its former wielder's throat.

The warrior wanted to dodge but Lavender's eyes and the massive soul pressure had rendered him immobile.

As the sword slashed his throat, another figure flew past them.

Puff! There was a loud sound as the figure launched his attack.

It was Zen! With a powerful punch, he sent the Spirit Supreme Realm warrior flying.

However, Lavender wasn't yet finished. She grabbed the sword and turned it towards her. Without any hesitation, she stabbed it through her own armpit and towards another Spirit Supreme Realm warrior behind her.

Bam!

Zen went in for another punch. The person was also sent flying and most probably only had half his life left.

"What are you doing?"

Lavender yelled at him angrily. She then shifted her gaze to the last Spirit Supreme Realm warrior standing.

Before she could do anything, Zen had already gone ahead and punched him.

"These people were rude, but we can just teach them a lesson. No need to kill them," he told her.

Lavender stared at him blankly. Instead of replying, she simply threw down the sword before turning into specks of red light and flying straight into his body.

A trace of helplessness appeared on Zen's face. He was extremely confused with Lavender's thoughts and actions.

"Zen, the nine-star sword tokens." Freya reminded him. She held up two tokens in her hands, having obtained them during the chaos.

Zen did not even try to justify this method of obtaining the tokens. Since these people did not allow him to obtain one cleanly through the swordsmanship competition, then he could only resort to such underhanded means.

The warriors beneath the platform were hunched over in hush discussion.

There was no denying that Zen's actions shocked them completely.

None of them clearly saw what happened after Lavender appeared. They heard a couple of loud sounds and then the figure suddenly burst into tiny specks of red light that were absorbed into Zen's body. It was only after this that they realized that it was probably Zen's sword spirit.

"That sword spirit's soul force is so powerful."

"Her malicious aura was so intense, right?"

"I don't know where this guy came from, but I think he's going to suffer the consequences of causing such a ruckus here."

These people should've known who Zen was. In fact, everyone in the universe should know his name. It was rare to see a human martial artist using a Demon Night woman for a sword spirit, after all.

However, the universe was simply boundless and it was impossible for these people to think that Zen, the champion of the Illusion Battlefield, would actually appear in front of them. What was more unbelievable was the fact that he was ready to fight others for the sake of nine-star sword tokens.

The Sword Manor had an Illusion Space, but only core members were qualified to view the Illusion Battlefield through it. The warriors in the market were all disciples of various sword schools and none had gotten the opportunity to see Zen's face on the painting scroll.

Zen took the two tokens from Freya. Just as he was about to put them away, three people on flying swords came over from the sky.

Flying was prohibited in the cities within the Sword Manor's vicinity. Warriors would normally not exceed a height of one hundred feet since the air restriction barrier would be triggered.

However, these three were evidently not affected by the restriction. The one on the lead looked really angry. "Who dares to cause trouble here?"

"He is a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior," Zen murmured to himself.

Had it been before, Zen would've already hightailed it out of there. However, he now more or less had the strength to fight against a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior.

The thing was, there were three Spirit Transformation Realm warriors.

This market was originally under the jurisdiction of the Breeze Sword School four or five miles away. This distance was nothing to a warrior.

Nobody would dare cause trouble here under normal circumstances.

One of the people who rushed over was the leader of the Breeze Sword School while the other two were higher-ups of the Sword Manor.

Keane, the leader, was a short-tempered man and quickly turned black in anger when he saw three of his men unconscious. He quickly unsheathed his sword and slashed out a sharp cyan sword light towards Zen's direction.

There was no hesitation on his part. He aimed at Zen for the kill.

The people in the market all cried out and fled in different directions. Getting caught in the middle of this fight would only lead to their early death.

Keane's temper was notorious. Watching this fight would be interesting but putting their lives on the line wasn't really worth it.

Those further away couldn't help but sigh.

"That man is still so young. It's a pity he's going to lose his life like this."

"Meh! Does he really think he could stroll around here causing trouble left and right without paying a price? He is arrogant and he deserves to die!"

To the independent warriors present, causing a ruckus in the Sword Manor was equivalent to suicide.

Chapter 1735 Zen's Identity Was Revealed

The cyan beam of light was so powerful. It felt as if it could split open space!

This wasn't anything out of the ordinary though, considering that the Breeze Sword School leader was at the Spirit Transformation Realm. His inner world was already mature and his powers were understandably daunting.

"Humph!"

Zen huffed and raised his hand. The Thunder Wind Divine Sword released a slash of its own, countering the opposing cyan beam.

Sizzle...

The moment the two sword radiance beams collided, the surrounding space split into huge fragments. These fragments were visibly torn with their edges looking as if they had been bitten off by a large, celestial dog.

For this attack, Zen only used around eighty percent of his strength but it was enough to annihilate that cyan beam. He hadn't even employed the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike yet.

The immediate vicinity was currently deserted since those who had been standing nearby immediately ran away to avoid getting in the middle of the crossfire. However, they maintained a close-enough distance to still watch what was happening.

The Breeze Sword School leader was famous for his hot temper but they didn't need to be afraid since he wasn't mad at them. All of them wanted to see what would happen to this young man that had the unfortunate fate of angering the master.

Zen's counter of the master's attack shocked many in the audience.

This young man was only at the early stage of the Spirit Supreme Realm but he was already able to counter the Breeze Sword School leader's powerful attack.

"How is this possible..."

"He's only at the Spirit Supreme Realm but he blocked the master's sword so easily.."

"Is he an ace talent from some great power?"

Zen had encountered quite a few ace talents back in the Illusion Battlefield.

However, the chances of encountering an ace talent here outside the Illusion Battlefield were actually very low. There were 100, 000 supreme worlds and no more than 1000 ace talents in the universe which meant the probability of encountering one was actually less than meeting a Saint Lord of a sacred place!

"He can't be! Why would an ace talent need a nine-star sword token to enter the Sword Manor? If he really was an ace talent then the Sword Manor leader himself would've personally come out to greet him. Moreover, he'd be backed by Supreme Lords!"

"Then who is this fellow..."

The Breeze Sword School leader was equally surprised at what just transpired.

A person at the Spirit Supreme Realm who could withstand and counter his strike must not be looked down upon. Zen must at least be an ace talent if he was able to do that.

The leader began to feel a bit strange especially since he noticed Zen's composure which meant he hadn't used his full strength!

However, this was still his territory and the effective counter of his strike just served to both humiliate and annoy him. He pushed aside all his earlier thoughts and prepared to give Zen another strike, this time using his full strength!

Just as he was about to raise his hand though, a powerful arm grabbed him!

"Keane, no." It was the senior steward of the Sword Manor! He was Caiden Han who was responsible for communications with other sword schools outside of the Sword Manor.

During the Illusion Battlefield matches, he paid close attention to all the events. The faces of all three hundred people in the picture were deeply imprinted in his mind, more so the top ten warriors.

He felt Zen was somewhat familiar at first glance when he had followed Keane here.

It had been dark and it was difficult to really make out his face under the dim lamplight but he immediately recognized the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. When the Breeze Sword School leader launched the first attack, Caiden Han had a feeling it wouldn't end well.

The moment he saw Zen block the master's attack so easily, admiration bloomed in Caiden Han's heart. He was indeed worthy of his title of Illusion Battlefield champion, the main character of this era.

Seeing that the Breeze Sword School leader was about to raise his hand, Caiden Han naturally stopped him.

"Why did you stop me?!" the leader burst out in anger. He had already been embarrassed so much but he at least should get an explanation. He didn't really care what reason Caiden Han had in stopping him but he at least wanted to find a way out and save his face.

"Didn't you find his sword technique very special?" Caiden Han said with a faint smile.

The leader frowned. He thought about it for a second before his face suddenly darkened.

Sword technique...

This fellow cultivated Supreme Lord Sword's sword technique!

Supreme Lord Sword was the Sword Manor's former leader. Using his own strength, he led the previously insignificant Sword Manor to greatness: ascending two levels and becoming the greatest force amongst the independent martial artists.

The Sword Manor respected freedom and did not restrain independent martial artists nor expand their territory which meant they did not develop into a sacred place. However, its influence was long-standing and had since surpassed what normal, second-grade races normally had.

There were countless sword techniques in the Sword Manor....

However, there was one that was considered of the supreme level: Supreme Lord Sword's swordsmanship.

Unfortunately, Supreme Lord Sword did not pass his swordsmanship down to anyone. The only thing he left behind was a poem in the Orange Sea World...

The Sword Manor once sent a large number of warriors into the Orange Sea World in an attempt to figure out their old master's secret. Sadly, the warriors ultimately failed and returned to the Sword Manor with nothing. A few years ago, back when the Humanity Alliance still hadn't expelled the outsiders from their land, there were still some independent warriors who meditated there.

In the end, nobody inherited Supreme Lord Sword's ultimate sword technique.

However, the Sword Manor recently found a person who managed to almost perfectly hone Supreme Lord Sword's ultimate sword technique and used it in his battles in the Illusion Battlefield. That person was none other than Zen!

But wasn't Zen supposed to be trapped in the Middle Sky Region?

The Illusion Battlefield just ended. Why in the world was he here? Did he perhaps come here to the Sword Manor? How in the world did he manage to get here so fast? Even a Supreme Lord couldn't have done that!

The Breeze Sword School leader was a shrewd man. Since the person in front of him was Zen, then this mishap would be easily handled.

He would've been disgraced had it been an ordinary warrior of the Spirit Supreme Realm. His pride would never be able to take the knowledge of having lost to someone who was of a lower level than him.

However, losing to Zen was a different matter altogether. He was a legendary figure who was hailed as someone who would be the number one warrior of the universe in the future.

Realizing this, the master let out a laugh. "Ha-ha! I was wondering who this person was. It turns out to be the Godly Genius, Zen Luo! You should have told us in advance that you were coming, young man! It is our fault that we failed to greet you in due manner. Forgive me. I lost my temper just now! I'm so sorry!" It was rare for someone of his status to apologize so quickly and humbly. The master would be lying if he said he wasn't feeling any embarrassment right now.

Fortunately, the name 'Zen Luo' was enough to ease his embarrassment. So long as he revealed the young man's identity, then the master's face would be saved.

Caiden Han also took a step forward. He cupped his hands in front of Zen. "I am Caiden Han from the Sword Manor. A Godly Genius has come to visit us and we were so rude to you. We're so sorry. Please accept my apology."

Zen hadn't really become a Godly Genius but that wasn't important. Since he defeated Godly Geniuses then he was someone who had the potential to become a True God in the future!

"Zen Luo?"

"The champion of the Illusion Battlefield!"

"No way! But why would he come to our Sword Manor..."

The crowd murmured in amazement upon realizing just who this young man was.

A person like Zen should've gone to the Celestial Position, the Thoughtless Minds, or the Humanity Alliance...

The Sword Manor was nothing compared to these great powers. If Supreme Lord Sword was still around then it might still be considered as a place for Zen to come to but since he was gone, there wasn't really any reason why he'd bother to be here.

Two of the three warriors that Zen attacked previously had now awoken but almost passed out again after hearing Caiden Han's words.

'Damn! If you told us who you were earlier then we would've given you this nine-star sword token for free, ' they thought to themselves.

However, they noticed something strange about this arrangement. 'Since you're Zen, what did you need this nine-star sword token for? You could go straight to the Sword Manor and nobody will stop you!'

The two continued to fume in their minds but did not dare show it in their faces. They hoped to the high heavens that Zen would let them go otherwise the Breeze Sword School leader would blame them and that would be their end.

One of the warriors was still unconscious and he was the one who dared to ask Zen to give Freya to him. If he knew the young man's true identity, there was no doubt that he would faint again instantly.

Zen's cold expression softened, however, his mocking tone told them of his still apparent annoyance with what just happened. "I have long heard of the Sword Manor as a sacred place for independent warriors. I did not know it would be a place that was so hard to enter. The warriors don't rely on their insight or passion in swordsmanship, instead, they rely on the life vitality crystals in their pockets. I wonder what Supreme Lord Sword would think if he knew about this. When he comes back and sees what the Sword Manor has become, I'm afraid he will be very disappointed."

His words echoed in the minds of the independent warriors present.

They had trekked all this way because of their obsession with swordsmanship and their hopes to further hone their sword techniques in order to obtain a more powerful sword intent. However, once they arrived, they quickly discovered that they must spend their life vitality jades in order to gain entry to the Sword Manor. They felt extremely disappointed.

Caiden Han's eyes lit up from Zen's words. Instead of focusing on the fact that he just shaded the Sword Manor, he was more concerned with the implication of what the young man said: Supreme Lord Sword still hadn't died.

As he thought about this, his expression grew even more sincere. "The mechanism of obtaining the nine-star sword token is indeed improper! I will report this to the senior leaders in order to make the necessary adjustments. Since you have come all this way, it may be best to come to the Sword Manor and have a chat!"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage] to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1736 Meaning

Zen had only wanted to teach the practitioners of the Breeze Sword School a lesson that they would not forget. He hadn't planned on taking their lives.

Caiden's sincerity somehow managed to calm his anger, so he decided to let their rudeness pass.

'But what can I do with these two nine-star tokens?' he wondered to himself.

He knew that Caiden would lead him directly to the Sword Manor, so the sword tokens were no longer required for him to be allowed entrance.

After careful consideration, he placed the two sword tokens on the platform and addressed the warriors who had been curious at the commotion, "I'll leave the sword tokens to you. You may compete for them through fair sparring matches to see who deserve to take them."

Elated, the warriors cheered excitedly upon hearing his words.

There weren't many of them present at that time, so they all had a good chance of obtaining a nine-star sword token. For these independent warriors, several hundred life vitality jades were a great fortune. They could instead save the money up to obtain more resources for cultivation!

Zen was astonished at the warriors' fervent reaction at his words. Freya, on the contrary, just smiled softly and followed behind Zen quietly as he approached Caiden.

Caiden handed each of them a token that had a divine texture. It exempted the bearer from the no-flight ban surrounding the Sword Manor.

Ordinary people were restricted from flying at high altitudes in the area. The only people who dared to fly highly around the Sword Manor all had great backgrounds.

Predictably, the headquarters of the Sword Manor was the enormous sword that Zen and Freya had observed earlier.

This gargantuan sword was actually a huge building. Even for martial artists, this building was indeed a colossal feat of architecture. It must have taken thousands of years to fully complete this building.

After some time, Zen was finally shown to the top floor of the huge building.

The colossal sword seemed to be stabbed into the ground, so the so-called top floor was at the very end of the hilt. From the perspective of an observer from afar, it looked like an emerald jade pearl was inlaid into the hilt of the sword.

When he got closer, Zen realized that this jade pearl was much bigger than what it seemed to him. It was almost the size of a hill. Its smooth surface was polished to a shine, and its inside was hollowed out skillfully into a large room. It was, no doubt, a masterpiece.

Noticing Zen's look of total amazement, Caiden explained, "Actually, in the very beginning, the Sword Manor was located in the city. This sword-like building was erected after Supreme Lord Sword had already made himself known throughout the universe."

Zen nodded in acknowledgment. In this universe, the Supreme Lords had the highest level of power. With the size of the Sword Manor, producing a Supreme Lord like Supreme Lord Sword was indeed the peak of their power.

After entering the hall within the huge pearl, Caiden motioned for Zen to take a seat and ordered a maidservant to pour him a cup of tea.

Freya had the impulse to stand behind Zen — she really considered herself as Zen's handmaid and acted that way. However, Zen asked her to sit next to him.

She was very meticulous and always organized things well for Zen, but he never treated her as his servant.

After a few minutes, a white-robed, middle-aged man slowly walked towards them from the other side of the hall.

The man walked with a steady pace, emanating an aura that was befitting of his strength as a world lord.

The first man was followed by two similarly white-robed old men bearing swords on their backs, both also at world lord's level. Judging from their strengths, Zen estimated that the over-all force of the Sword Manor was actually stronger than an ordinary tenth-grade sacred place.

Based on the grading standards for sects in the universe, a sacred place could achieve the highest grade of ten. But, disregarding that fact, Zen thought that the Sword Manor could well be regarded as a twelfth-grade sacred place.

Zen inferred that the middle-aged man was Finch Bi, the head of Sword Manor, as Caiden had already familiarized Zen with his name earlier.

"It's a great pleasure to meet you, sir," Zen greeted the older man with cupped hands as he stood from his seat.

"Same here! Zen, you're a young hero! The sword slash you performed in the Illusion Battlefield really impressed us all! Please call me by my first name, Finch." The older man was bold and direct.

Zen smiled and replied, "I'm honored."

Finch was enthusiastic to meet Zen, but not just because he had won first place in the Illusion Battlefield.

He was more interested about the matter that Caiden had reported to him — that Supreme Lord Sword might still be alive.

After it had been known throughout the entire Humanity Alliance that Zen was practicing the Gods-Intimidating Strike, the news had also traveled quickly to the Sword Manor. They had always been attentive to all news that might be related to the poem that Supreme Lord Sword had left on the giant rock.

What message did Supreme Lord Sword encrypt in that poem? Was it an important secret? How did Zen know that he was still alive?

These were the questions that had been in the foremost of Finch's mind.

For a force like the Sword Manor, losing a Supreme Lord was undoubtedly a big loss.

Therefore, during the past years, the Sword Manor proclaimed that Supreme Lord Sword was missing instead of dead. At the very least, a missing Supreme Lord seemed much more intimidating instead of a dead one.

However, Supreme Lord Sword's Crown of Destiny had disappeared from the universe, and it seemed that a new Crown of Destiny had taken its place. Knowing that, only those who were not aware of the matter believed the Sword Manor's statements.

After the initial salutations, Finch went straight to the matter he was most concerned about. He didn't even bother to interrogate Zen about his intentions for coming to Sword Manor, but instead asked, "As the current leader of the Sword Manor, I have one important thing to clarify with you. Caiden mentioned in his report that Supreme Lord Sword is still alive. Is that true?"

Zen was taken aback; he hadn't expected that his careless comments earlier would strongly pique Finch's interest.

He recalled seeing the soul mark of Supreme Lord Sword among the ranks of the True Gods in the Hall of Causality, and once again confirmed that there was a high probability that Supreme Lord Sword had become a True God.

He nodded his head in acquiescence.

Finch's expression briefly revealed his excitement. Although it sounded improbable, he would much rather believe that it was true.

Truth be told, they were almost certain that Supreme Lord Sword had passed away, ever since his Crown of Destiny had disappeared. But Finch always held on to a glimmer of hope in his mind.

"But that's impossible! After his Crown of Destiny disappeared, a new Supreme Lord from another race carried the Heavenly Destiny. There are only 128 Supreme Lords in the present universe. Is he really still alive?" one of the old men behind Finch stepped forward and asked in an urgent tone.

Zen grimaced a bit. The old man quickly presented the evidences to nullify his words but it was obvious that he was anticipating about Supreme Lord Sword's status. His self-contradicting words echoed the internal turmoil of the thoughts in his mind.

Of course, Zen understood how they felt as Supreme Lord Sword was an integral part of the Sword Manor.

"It's true that Supreme Lord Sword is still alive," Zen repeated. "As for his Crown of Destiny, it must have disappeared because he is no longer a Supreme Lord."

"What happened to him?" Finch asked incredulously.

"He has become a True God," Zen smiled as he proclaimed the words.

"What?!"

"This is even more impossible!"

"A Supreme Lord can never become a True God!"

To become a True God in the universe, one must fulfill the condition of being a Godly Genius first.

After the Supreme Lords carried the Heavenly Destiny, it was impossible for them to cultivate to become a True God, as the Heavenly Destiny already bound them to this universe. They could only cultivate to reach the limit in this universe set by the Heavenly Destiny, but they could never exceed that limit.

The world lords found this to be more unbelievable than the fact that Supreme Lord Sword was still alive.

Seeing their puzzled expressions, Zen shrugged his shoulders and recounted to them all that he had observed in the Hall of Causality.

"If you still can't believe me, I can prove the truth of my words with this," Zen raised his arm to show them something.

Soon, a sword-shaped mark materialized on his arm.

When Finch and the two old men laid their eyes on the sword-shaped mark on Zen's arm, their facial expressions changed at the same time.

Zen was dumbfounded. Their astonishment was so exaggerated, it was almost comical. After all, they were three dignified world lords.

Zen still hadn't realized the importance of the sword-shaped mark at that time.

He thought it was only a token of the Supreme Lord's message so that his safety was ensured when he entered the Killing Sword Mountain to hone his swordsmanship.

However, to the Sword Manor, this sword-shaped mark meant a great deal more than that!

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百煉成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

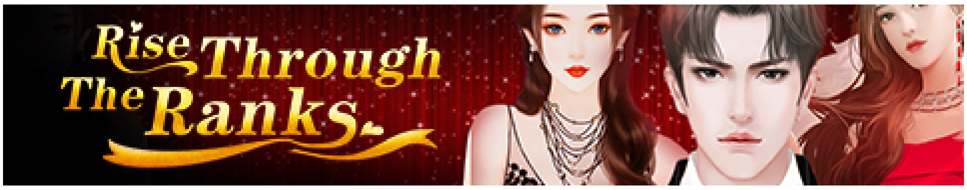

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

32

Content

Chapter 1737 Whispering Sword
Chapter 1738 The Gate
Chapter 1739 Dig Through
Chapter 1740 A Spatial Maze Array
Chapter 1741 A Black Shadow
Chapter 1742 The Faces And The Murals
Chapter 1743 The Dark Room
Chapter 1744 Spiders
Chapter 1745 The Corpse
Chapter 1746 Corrosive Liquid
Chapter 1747 Malicious Aura
Chapter 1748 Ultimate Truth
Chapter 1749 Sixteen Grand Eras
Chapter 1750 The First Spy
Chapter 1751 Heal
Chapter 1752 Repairing Hands
Chapter 1753 Exchange Blood
Chapter 1754 The Sky Origin Blood
Chapter 1755 The Information In The Blood
Chapter 1756 The Eruption Of The Malicious Aura
Chapter 1757 Summoning For A Gathering
Chapter 1758 The Meeting
Chapter 1759 The Dying Holy Being
Chapter 1760 A Surprise Attack
Chapter 1761 Leader Of Nine Dragons
Chapter 1762 The Nine Dragons Woke Up
Chapter 1763 The Disciple's Plan
Chapter 1764 Cyan Lotus World
Chapter 1765 The Cursing Power
Chapter 1766 The Sorcerer Race's Purpose
Chapter 1767 Where Are You
Chapter 1768 Finally Found Letitia
Chapter 1769 Return To The Lower World
Chapter 1770 The Cloudy City
Chapter 1771 Zen's Son
Chapter 1772 Geoffrey

Chapter 1773 The Father-son Talk
Chapter 1774 Injury
Chapter 1775 An Abnormal Phenomenon
Chapter 1776 The Divine Kingdom Continent
Chapter 1777 Kurt's Gaze
Chapter 1778 Daredevils
Chapter 1779 Counterattack
Chapter 1780 The Terrifying Skulls
Chapter 1781 Desperate Resistance
Chapter 1782 Desperate Situation
Chapter 1783 The Powerful Sword Strike
Chapter 1784 Despair
Chapter 1785 Chains Of Curses
Chapter 1786 The Supreme Sorcerer
Chapter 1787 The Godly Geniuses
Chapter 1788 An Unnoticed Talent
Chapter 1789 Secret
Chapter 1790 Ghost Faces
Chapter 1791 A Big Trouble
Chapter 1792 A Formidable Grand Sorcerer

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1737 Whispering Sword

As world lords, Finch and the two elders behind him knew the rules and restraints better than Zen.

A Supreme Lord had become a True God?

Such thing had never ever happened before.

This was why it was hard for them to believe that it was possible.

World lords could become True Gods. Though the chance was very small, there was a few possibilities.

However, after a Supreme Lord bore the Heavenly Destiny, this possibility would be eliminated because they would never cross the current round of heavens.

However, this time everyone in the universe had already seen how Shania crossed the restraints of the heavens easily.

The rules and restraints might be rigid, but people were flexible.

Sword Chen was a talent from the Sword Manor, and he might be able to break these rules.

Zen himself could not figure it out.

He knew that Sword Chen had become a True God only because he had seen Sword Chen have a position in the Corridor of Emperor.

Maybe the key was in the Emotion Closing Godly Way cultivated by Sword Chen.

"I wonder where you got the news from. Have you met Supreme Lord Sword before?" Finch asked.

Zen nodded and said, "That's right. The reason I came to the Sword Manor is because I have talked to him once. And I want to continue to cultivate my sword intent here."

Seeing the world lords still had some doubts, he raised his arm to prove the truth of his words.

A bright-blue light emitted from a sword-shaped mark on the upper part of his arm.

This sword-shaped mark was inscribed into Zen's arm by Supreme Lord Sword.

Finch did not speak. The two elders behind him suddenly cried, "Whispering Sword!"

"How on earth did you get that?"

Though these two elders had lived for many years, as world lords, they didn't have the demeanor that the world lords usually had.

When Zen stood up, Freya followed him. She found the world lords' shocked faces funny.

The world lords were the ones who controlled one supreme world each. How could they be so uncool?

It had not been too long since Freya ascended to the Upper World. Moreover, she spent most of her time in the fairy palace, so naturally she didn't know that these three people who had taken charge of the Sword Manor were not ordinary people, especially Finch, the head of the Sword Manor. Not only was he considered to be very strong among the world lords, but he could also be compared to the grand world lords of the great forces.

If he wasn't here, it would be hard for the Sword Manor to manage such a situation without Supreme Lord Sword. Freya was also wondering what the Whispering Sword was.

Zen was also puzzled. He looked at the three world lords, hoping that they would give him an answer.

He originally thought that the sword-shaped mark was just a token of Supreme Lord Sword. Seeing the reaction of the three people around him, he realized that this definitely was not an ordinary mark. If that was the case, why did Sword Chen give him the mark?

The two elders fell silent as they regarded Zen with an odd look.

Even Finch, the most poised one, frowned slightly as he looked Zen up and down. Zen felt nervous under his sharp gaze.

"Whispering Sword? What's that?" Zen asked.

However, Finch did not reply, instead he just stared at him. After a long while, he sighed deeply and said, "Zen, if you don't mind, please stay in my Sword Manor tonight. I can only answer this question tomorrow."

Zen was puzzled, but since Finch was the owner of the Sword Manor, and he was a guest, he had no option but to be patient and wait.

After arranging the rooms for Zen and Freya, Finch and the two elders went to the Sword Heart Pavilion in the Sword Manor. Finch took out a jade sword and tossed it upwards. The jade sword pierced through the ceiling of the Sword Heart Pavilion and flew high in the air. It turned into hundreds of green sword shadows and exploded all around.

In the late hours of the night, the explosion looked like dazzling fireworks.

After the sword shadows exploded, people in the Sword Manor flew toward the Sword Heart Pavilion on their swords.

The people who ignored the no-fly ban of the Sword Manor enjoyed a high status in the Sword Manor.

"Sir!"

"Master Bi!"

"Why have you summoned us at this late hour?"

The warriors who were summoned there were all sword cultivators and their cultivation ranged from the late stage of the Spirit Transformation Realm to the level that was a half-step away from a world lord. They were the elders in the Sword House of the Sword Manor. They were also the backbone of the Sword Manor.

Since Finch had suddenly sent for them in the middle of the night, the elders who had arrived there in haste thought that something important might have happened. They inquired reason anxiously, however, Finch just shook his head and didn't say a word.

Once all twenty-seven elders in the Sword House arrived, Finch spoke, "I call upon you all at this hour because I have to discuss an important thing with you."

A look of worry appeared on the elders' faces. Hearing Finch's serious voice, they couldn't help but wonder whether the crisis of the universe broke out earlier than they expected and if the spot was their very own Sword Manor? If so, that would be terrible news.

"The Whispering Sword has appeared," Finch said in a low voice.

The elders were stunned.

"That's impossible!"

"The Supreme Lord had died so many years ago. If he had left the Whispering Sword behind, it would have appeared long ago. How can it appear suddenly now?"

"You're right. If someone had got their hands on the Whispering Sword, they would have showed up earlier! We won't allow anyone to control the Sword Manor just because the Whispering Sword is in their possession! Master Bi is our one and only leader!"

Everyone was speaking excitedly and soon there was a din in the Sword Heart Pavilion.

Finch waved his hand to them to signal for silence, and the commotion immediately died down in the Sword Heart Pavilion. He then announced the other news, "Supreme Lord Sword... is not dead."

"We are aware that he is not dead and he is just missing, but we also know that this is just our official statement," someone said in confusion.

They were all puzzled as to why Finch was announcing something that they already knew.

Finch explained, "He is not dead nor is he missing. He has become a True God and has moved to the divine land."

"What?"

"How is that possible?"

"Master Bi, are you feeling unwell?

You must be very tired."

The elders' reaction was much more exaggerated than that of Finch and the two elders. This news erased everything they knew about Supreme Lord Sword.

Finch continued, "Actually, I haven't personally seen our old master. I found out about this from Zen."

"Zen? The top warrior of the Illusion Battlefield?"

"The one who won the chance to lead the world of chaos several days ago? What has he come to the Sword Manor for?"

"I heard that he is trapped in the Middle Sky Region, isn't he?"

It became noisy once again in the Sword Heart Pavilion. The elders were usually calm and composed, but this time, because of the shocking news, they became very agitated.

Finch commanded them to calm down again, "Everyone, be quiet." He continued, "I don't know whether what Zen said is true or not. After all, there is no evidence. But I am certain about one thing. I and the two elders did see Supreme Lord Sword's Whispering Sword on Zen's arm."

His words had the desired effect and everyone fell silent again. Nobody knew what to say anymore.

The Whispering Sword was the most notable heritage of the Sword Manor.

According to the rule established by Supreme Lord Sword back then, if he died, the next master of the Sword Manor must acquire the Whispering Sword to open the gate of the Killing Sword Mountain. Only in this way could one officially inherit the Sword Manor and become the new master.

Finch didn't have the Whispering Sword. He was just the acting leader.

The Whispering Sword hadn't appeared for so many years. Nobody worried about it and had gradually forgot about it. No one questioned Finch as their leader.

After all Finch had made so many significant contributions to the development of the Sword Manor all these years.

Now someone had suddenly showed up with the Whispering Sword. Everyone felt a rush of emotions at this scene.

This was not the root of the problem.

The biggest factor to consider was that the one who possessed the Whispering Sword was Zen.

If an unknown warrior had taken the Whispering Sword to the Sword Manor and expressed a desire to inherit the Sword Manor, the elders of the Sword House would have immediately chucked the warrior out, or even killed him.

But this was no ordinary warrior; it was Zen. So this was a different and slightly complex situation.

The crisis of the world of chaos was approaching and no one could escape the imminent disaster.

Warriors who had participated in the final battles at the Illusion Battlefield would take up the responsibility to help everyone go safely through this crisis of the universe.

The crisis might come in ten years, or in a hundred years and for the warriors in the universe, there wasn't too much time to prepare for it.

If the top warrior of the Illusion Battlefield became their new master, it would benefit them a lot. It was this conflict that had everyone tongue-tied.

Chapter 1738 The Gate

These people were not interested in Zen's strength, but the potential that he had in this world of chaos.

After the battle in the Illusion Battlefield, all the major powers would train the ace talents and Godly Geniuses as their families' successors.

In truth, many of the major powers had already made preparations for the world of chaos before its advent.

The Sword Manor had selected three core talents for training. Among them, they had selected an ace talent. Unfortunately, the warrior had been eliminated at the second stage itself.

Any power would definitely be willing to accept an unaffiliated Godly Genius like Zen.

Now, he had suddenly made an appearance at the Sword Manor on his own with the old manor master's seal of Whispering Sword. Strictly speaking, this was a good thing for the Sword Manor!

But at this point, the master of the Sword Manor was Finch!

Currently, he was in charge of the Sword Manor; and while he was a righteous and benevolent person, people were selfish.

He had managed the Sword Manor for so many years, and had always been extremely cautious and very diligent, but now a Spirit Supreme Realm kid had run over and was about to take over the Sword Manor with the old manor master's imprint. It was a difficult decision for anyone to take in a short period of time.

The group of elders from the Sword House waited silently in anticipation for Finch's judgment.

An uncomfortable silence and a palpable tension hung in the air at the Sword Heart Pavilion.

Finch understood the concerns of these subordinates …

Suddenly, his expression changed and a completely relaxed look appeared on his face. After mulling over it for a moment, he said, "I took over the position of the manor master only to fill in the vacancy and act as an agent for the old manor master to keep the manor functioning normally. According to the old manor master's command, the person with the seal of Whispering Sword was to become the manor master. Now that that person has appeared, I should follow the old manor master's orders and hand over the reins to him. However..."

He paused for a moment before continuing solemnly, "Zen doesn't seem to know the significance of the Whispering Sword seal. He only came here to hone his sword skills. Will he agree to our request? Or rather, the old manor master's request?"

Obtaining Supreme Lord Sword's Whispering Sword seal meant getting responsibility of the enormous Sword Manor. This was an extremely prestigious matter. Any independent warrior would have been thrilled.

But Zen was no ordinary warrior. He was the champion of the Illusion Battlefield as well as an independent warrior. Many sects would most likely do everything in their power to recruit him.

The people from the Sword Manor didn't know much about Zen's experience. They assumed that he already belonged to some sect.

"Humph, the lad has received Supreme Lord Sword's seal, so he has to agree even if he doesn't want to!" said an elder sternly.

"You're right! Since he has brought the Whispering Sword seal with him, he will be the one to open that door. Does he really think he got Supreme Lord Word's seal just like that? He has a responsibility."

"Speaking of which, just because he possesses the Whispering Sword seal doesn't mean that he will automatically pass the inheritance trial unscathed."

The Whispering Sword was just a key. Whether Zen would be able to pass the trial after opening that door was another matter entirely.

Everyone in the Sword Manor knew that Supreme Lord Sword had been able to rise to prominence because of the Killing Sword Mountain. The origin of this mountain was a big secret even for Finch, and they had all entered the mountain to cultivate. Until now, they did not know why the Killing Sword Mountain held such an appeal to the swordsmen of the world who came from afar carrying their swords and entered the mountain to cultivate.

When Finch finished, there was a hubbub among the martial artists of the Sword Heart Pavilion again. They wished that they could seize Zen right away and ask him for an explanation.

Many people in the Sword Manor would probably have a sleepless night. The sudden appearance of an uninvited guest who would decide the future of the Sword Manor was a big deal and worth fretting over.

Yet Zen was almost clueless about this entire ordeal.

The next day, when Zen appeared, it wasn't just Finch and the other two who he had to face, but all of the elders of the Sword House who had convened to interrogate him.

All eyes were on Zen. They were all sizing him up. Zen was the strongest of the younger generation in the universe, and his skills from the painting were still fresh in their minds.

When Zen struck out with the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike, relying on the Instant Godly Tile, he had made an almost perfect sword strike leaving everyone in the Sword Manor awestruck.

They couldn't believe that a mere Soul Sea Realm warrior could do that.

Apart from the power of the sword attack, Zen's blow was made up of the power of the internal momentum in that instant. It was a perfect strike! It was like a work of art for the practitioners who were obsessed with cultivating the sword! The beaming spectators didn't have the words to describe that incredible scene…

Standing in the presence of these powerful warriors who were only a half-step away from world lords, Zen certainly felt the pressure. As for Freya, her scalp was tingling. She had seen many powerful entities with

Zen. When the Supreme Lords had besieged the fairy palace, she could only hide to keep herself safe. So all the pressure was on Zen, and she did not feel too nervous.

These people in front of her were considered important figures in the eyes of many forces. Their imposing manner alone was enough to intimidate her.

"Zen, after you!"

Finch offered. He was actually keen on talking to Zen.

However, he would wait until Zen had entered the Killing Sword Mountain with the Whispering Sword and had passed the trial. Only after Zen had acquired the inheritance of the old manor master fair and square would they be able to take the next step.

If Zen came out of the Killing Sword Mountain empty-handed, then none of the conflicts would exist and there would be no need for the discussion.

The group of people exited the huge sword structure and flew towards the north.

As they continued northwards, the buildings below became more and more scattered. A lush and verdant primeval forest was visible to Zen. As they advanced, a mountain range appeared, and in the middle of the mountain range was a gigantic fissure!

It looked like it had been created by the strike of a sword.

This crack stretched on for who knew how many miles, with no end in sight.

Finch led the way, floating down into the crevice. Zen and Freya followed close behind, with the elders from the Sword House flying majestically behind them.

Only a thin line of sky was visible from within the depth of the canyon. On both sides of the cliff, there were quite a few caves, which might be the lairs of some ferocious beasts.

After sensing the aura of Zen's group, the fierce beasts lay dormant in their nests, not daring to come out rashly.

During this period of time, a few reckless and less intelligent beasts showed up. One of them was a kind of brown worm. The elders of the Sword House, who were behind Zen, unsheathed their long swords. Their sword rays sliced the beasts into pieces...

The Killing Sword Mountain was the sacred place of the Sword Manor and ordinary people did not have the right to enter it. Only those warriors who had gained a deep understanding of the way of sword had the chance to leave behind their "sword" in the form of a soul …

But how could a soul enter this mountain? Was Killing Sword Mountain a soul as well?

Zen had already thought about these questions, but he had no answer. During their journey, he had inquired of Finch about these questions, who had pondered for a moment, shaking his head. "I also entered the Killing Sword Mountain in the form of a soul, but I have never entered it in the form of a physical body before …"

Everyone present had entered the Killing Sword Mountain before, but they had not truly entered it. This was because there was only one way to open the door, and that was by using the Whispering Sword.

As they continued onward, the gorge became narrower and narrower. In the end, it was only wide enough for one person to pass through at a time. Everyone else followed suit and flew in a line.

After advancing a bit more, the canyon suddenly widened again. By now the thread of skylight had completely disappeared. Someone had taken out a Glint Pearl in order to provide some light. They had stepped into a huge cave!

"Grrr..."

Just then, a low growl was heard, followed by the sound of chains shaking in the darkness not too far away from the group.

Following the ray of light, two colossal creatures appeared in front of everyone! The two monsters lay prostrate on the ground. Their huge heads were covered with red spikes. They looked sinister and terrifying. At this moment, two monsters had already raised their heads. Their crimson eyes revealed hostility, as they glared at everyone like they were going to attack if anyone from the group took one more step forward.

Freya's face instantly turned pale, and she couldn't help but cower behind Zen.

"Don't be afraid," Zen said in a soft voice, assuming that since Finch had brought him here, these two vicious beasts shouldn't pose too much of a threat to them.

"These are the Baleful Celestial Hounds, the watchdogs of the Killing Sword Mountain," explained Finch. He then took out a red flute from his pocket and began playing it lightly.

The Baleful Celestial Hounds retreated when they heard the lively sound of the flute, and not far away, a huge door appeared. From the door came a strong malicious aura, as if a hellhound was sleeping at the door.

Chapter 1739 Dig Through

Confusion was written all over Zen's face as he continued to walk. Why were they currently in this poorly lit place?

They should be headed for the Killing Sword Mountain, not in this cave. Alas, there they were.

He thought for a while. Maybe the Killing Sword Mountain was inside a cave?

They stopped in front of a huge door that was bluish-grey in color, its surface carved with various exquisite patterns. A thin layer of dust had accumulated on the patterns' grooves and creases, as if it had been deserted for a very long time.

Although Finch had never entered this giant door before, he was still very familiar with the surroundings outside.

With a casual wave of his hand, a strong gust of wind blew past, and swept away all the dust!

With the dirt out of the way, the patterns on the giant door were now fully visible. Zen saw what appeared to be a large spider carving, which seemed to have thousands of legs. Apparently, the patterns he saw before were the spider's textured legs.

He was honestly surprised to see the patterns.

Back when they had stepped foot inside the cave, a strange aura permeated the surroundings. Even the huge door emitted such a menacing aura as well.

However, warriors who practiced sword skills were usually honest and moral, since immoral doings would affect their own sword hearts.

Now, Supreme Lord Sword was probably the strongest swordsman in the universe, but why did he set up such a door?

Zen couldn't help but feel something strange, but he gradually began to speculate.

The supposedly mysterious Killing Sword Mountain was said to have many huge secrets. But if the present clues were any proof, Zen gained nothing from those secrets.

Thus, Zen thought that the secret might have something to do with the fact that Supreme Lord Sword became a True God as well as the thing that Shania had mastered.

"Zen, you can go in now." Finch pointed to the center of the gate, where the head of the spider sculpture was. "According to the manor leader's instructions, those who carry the Whispering Sword need to put their arm into the mouth of this spider sculpture to open the door."

Zen glanced at the vivid and almost realistic spider's head. A pair of compound eyes, which shone with a strange glow under the light of the Glint Pearl, seemed to be carved from the many precious stones. He felt that he was face to face with a real, thousand-legged spider and not a relief sculpture...

After Zen nodded, he floated over to the spider's head and extended his arm inside it, while he simultaneously activated the sword-shaped mark on his arm.

"Crack!"

At that moment, it was like something had been triggered as the spider's mouth closed, and bit down on Zen's arm!

Yet Zen didn't dodge because he thought that it was impossible for the bronze sculpture to pierce his skin. However, the sharp pain he felt in his arm suggested otherwise.

It felt like a really sharp, pointed object punctured through his flesh, but he couldn't see it clearly because the mouth part was now closed.

Regardless of what it was, it must be very special since it had easily pierced through his divine weapon body.

Not forgetting his arm, Zen reacted instinctively as he brandished his other fist in an attempt to smash the sculpture into pieces.

"Oh, no! Stop it!" Finch shrieked. He quickly stepped forward and stopped Zen's next move. "This is the manor leader's way of identifying the Whispering Sword. If this relief sculpture gets broken, I'm afraid that the door will never open!" he said.

Zen's lips curved down into a frown, but he suddenly felt that the sharp object had retracted itself from his arm.

Just as he was trying to figure out what that was, the huge bronze door slowly creaked open with a loud sound. A strong, malicious aura from the Killing Sword Mountain immediately gushed out after, as if there was a vicious creature that lurked inside it.

Everyone who was standing outside the door was affected by the malicious aura, especially Freya. She looked burdened as all the color was drained from her face.

"Bow-wow..."

The two Baleful Celestial Hounds that were previously quiet began to bark relentlessly, with occasional roars.

"This is the malicious aura from the Killing Sword Mountain..."

There was no doubt that the intense aura utterly shocked Zen. He had been to the Killing Sword Mountain twice before, but he knew that it was filled with such a bad aura. Also, he stored his own aura within it and prevented himself from being affected by the malicious aura.

"The door has opened. Only you can enter it," Finch said with a faint smile. A green rod then appeared in his hand, as a faint curtain of light diffused outwards and wrapped around Freya and the members of the Sword Manor. The light prevented them from being affected by the malicious aura.

Without a second thought, Zen moved forward and entered the giant door. The door closed behind him with a loud creak the moment he went inside. Such a sound was quite ear-piercing in the empty environment.

This was Zen's third time in the Killing Sword Mountain. This time, he was there with his physical body, which enabled him to feel all the strange things in the place.

'I shouldn't have left Freya outside, ' Zen thought to himself. Ever since he had arrived at the Sword Manor, everything seemed to have gone smoothly.

He thought back about his journey in the sword schools and the market, and his encounter with Caiden. He found that everything had been quite easy.

While there was nothing wrong with the behaviors of the members in the Sword Manor, Zen still felt a bit uneasy. However, he couldn't quite point out why.

Since the door was closed already, it would be better to finish Supreme Lord Sword's test as soon as possible. He hoped that his Emotion Closing Godly Way would become perfect. The final step to complete it was right in the Killing Sword Mountain, and he had no room to retreat.

"No wonder everything was so dark the last two times I entered the Killing Sword Mountain. The cave is indeed very dark."

Not long after, the Killing Sword Mountain appeared in front of Zen.

It wasn't actually quite tall. According to Zen's prediction, it should only be around two to three thousand feet tall, which he honestly found quite small.

Yet the closer he got to the Killing Sword Mountain, the more he felt that something was wrong. It was still the same mountain, but it was missing some key objects.

"The swords... have disappeared..."

Back when Zen had competed with Rocher in swordsmanship, he had only managed to enter the Killing Sword Mountain for the first time, after he had comprehended the consummate sword intent.

The second time he entered was through the means of an illusion, created by Supreme Lord Sword.

In both of those times, the Killing Sword Mountain had been covered with countless swords which were inserted from the foot of the mountain up to its apex. However, Zen had seen none of those swords now.

Although he was confused, he kept moving and reached the mountain in no time due to his impressive speed. After he circled around the foot of the mountain, he followed the ridge and soon reached the mountaintop.

Zen didn't find anything out of the ordinary from start to finish. It seemed that apart from this mountain, there was nothing else in the cave.

Was this still the Killing Sword Mountain?

Since Supreme Lord Sword had asked him to come here and temper his own swordsmanship in order to correct his final flaw in the Emotion Closing Godly Way, there had to be something that he did not know about.

As Zen floated on top of the mountain, he thought for a while, before he looked at the Killing Sword Mountain with raised eyebrows.

"The malicious aura!"

When Zen hadn't found anything on the mountain, there was an intense, murderous aura within the cave. The malicious aura turned out to be from inside the Killing Sword Mountain!

Did that mean he had to go inside the Killing Sword Mountain?

As Zen thought more of it, he didn't hesitate anymore.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

Three rays of sword light intersected with each other, and formed a triangle on the mountain peak. He didn't use much power, and the sword light only reached about 10 feet below the mountain peak.

Once that was done, Zen stabbed his sword to the side and with a slight budge, he pried out a piece of broken mountain rock from the mountain peak.

The moment Zen pried it off, he felt a majestic, malicious aura burst forth from the gap he had made. He could almost see the red mist, which came along with a strange fragrance.

The fragrance smelled very sweet even if it smelled like blood, but not too repulsive.

Then, he discovered that the bottom half of the soft, clay-like soil was actually bright red in color. It looked like it was a mixture of blood and dirt.

"Just what is this Killing Sword Mountain?" Zen asked, truly perplexed. His face twisted into a more serious expression. He launched three sword strikes, and then the three rays of sword light travelled downwards even further. Soon enough, the hole he had dug up started to cave in, and it seemed like he had successfully bored through the Killing Sword Mountain.

Chapter 1740 A Spatial Maze Array

The Killing Sword Mountain was hollow.

Right at the opening, Zen stood as he looked down.

A deep, red light shone from inside the structure, hindering his view.

In Zen's pupils, a jade-green light was shining. After his eyes had been cleansed by the sap from the divine tree, he could clearly see what was hidden over long distances away. But even after looking at it once more, he couldn't see it quite clearly.

Although Zen had sensed a strange aura from within the cave since he entered, he didn't turn back.

Without much thinking, he stepped into the opening and descended from the top of the Killing Sword Mountain.

At this point, the man was bearing much pressure.

The malicious aura coming from within the mountain was so thick that it seemed nearly solid. At a glance, it looked like some kind of red mist in strange shapes as if there were all sorts of demons and ghosts circling around Zen. Strange cries came from them as well.

When Zen tried to listen more carefully, the sounds faded away as if they were mere illusions.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, he felt a black shadow pass over his head.

"What is it?"

Instantly, he turned alert. Although he was undoubtedly a bold, courageous man, he had just reached the Spirit Supreme Realm—he wasn't invincible.

When he lifted his head to see what the black shadow was, he sent his senses outward to scan the area.

But the rich malicious aura from the cave was affecting his perception. Perhaps he truly was hallucinating, immersed in the malicious aura.

The atmosphere felt too dense. If he stayed there for too long, he feared there would be unpredictable consequences.

With this thought, he decided to speed up. And soon, he landed on the ground. The Killing Sword Mountain was located in the belly of a mountain range and Zen was right in its core. One could imagine the pressure he felt.

Just as he reached the ground, he heard a panting sound.

Puff! Puff!

When Zen turned around, there was no one there. The area was still thick with a blood-red malicious aura.

With the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his grasp, he chose a direction and continued on forward. But after taking only two steps, he heard the panting once again.

Puff!

The moment he heard it, Zen turned right around and suddenly thrust his sword forward.

Disturbed by the sword light, the malicious aura around him started churning like a demon.

Whoosh!

When the sword light shot out, it submerged into the endless malicious aura, hitting nothing.

Skeptical, Zen narrowed his eyes and continued walking forward with his sword in hand. Having already reached such a depth, he had no more reason to retreat. He could only become more vigilant and keep walking forward.

But the doubt in his heart grew stronger.

Could it be that this was part of the examination for the Emotion Closing Godly Way?

When Zen pondered on it, it didn't seem right. If it was simply to hone his swordsmanship, there was no need for him to enter such a strange place. Supreme Lord Sword must have asked him to come here for some bigger reason.

As he continued forward, Zen spotted a tombstone standing stark naked on the side of the path. It seemed very out of place.

Approaching it, Zen examined the tombstone. There were no letters carved into it. Just who was resting underneath it?

Sure that it had nothing to do with his journey, Zen turned and walked onward. But soon after, he saw another tombstone just like it, bare, without words.

Proceeding forward, he saw a third one.

At that point, Zen realized that something was wrong. Before passing by the tombstone, he tapped his finger lightly. Then, a thin wind blade hit the top of the tombstone, leaving a small mark.

When the fourth tombstone appeared, Zen checked the surface.

"It's the same one," he murmured, spotting the mark he had made before. And then he was certain that he had been circling the tombstone all this time.

Martial artists that cultivated in the Space Law were extremely sensitive to space. Normal people would get lost in the fog because of how difficult it was to determine their position.

But Zen would not. He was well aware that he was walking in a straight line. There was absolutely no deviation.

But even so, he kept returning to his starting point. Some kind of force was keeping him trapped in a loop.

'What a clever method!' Zen praised the trap inwardly as he stood in front of the tombstone.

Once one cultivated the Space Law to a higher level, they were able to connect two spaces. And Zen could do so as he traveled through space.

But once space shifted, it emitted fluctuations of the Space Law right where the first space was connected to the second. This was something Zen didn't sense here.

Considering this, Zen realized that the one who created this spatial maze array was definitely strong when it came to the Space Law.

Because four tombstones came into Zen's sight, he knew that he had wandered the same area four times already.

After a moment, Zen kicked off the ground with his feet and sped away, keeping closely above the ground.

Whoosh!

His speed was remarkable as he glided across the surface.

The fifth tombstone...

The sixth tombstone...

Seeing a tombstone meant that Zen had passed through a spatial node and was teleported back to where he started. Judging from his speed, he estimated that the spatial maze array was about eight thousand feet long.

But knowing the scope of the area didn't make it any easier for Zen to leave—not unless he cultivated the Space Law to an even higher level.

"The malicious aura is becoming increasingly thick. Haven't you noticed?"

All of a sudden, Lavender's slender figure gradually condensed right before Zen's eyes.

Her eyes flickered as she examined her surroundings. "This looks like a trap."

"A trap?" Zen asked, still stunned.

Though he wasn't exactly surprised, he didn't see any reason why Supreme Lord Sword would deceive him from afar to such an extent.

Staring at Zen, Lavender smiled coldly. She could tell what he was thinking. Pointing up, she said, "If you don't believe me, just look for yourself."

Following her finger, Zen looked up and was shocked to see a large, blood-red face staring at him with a pair of empty eyes. These eyes didn't have the slightest hint of life, and that expression wasn't something any human should be able to make.

While he had seen vengeful spirits in the past, Zen had never felt something as chilling.

So Zen raised his hand and slashed the face with the Thunder Wind Divine Sword. No matter what the hell it was, he had to kill it first, he thought.

Swoosh!

Perhaps it was because Zen had lost his patience that he used the Gods-intimidating Strike right away.

If this sword light pierced through it, it could probably split the Killing Sword Mountain apart. It might even be able to penetrate the mountain from outside.

But Zen had underestimated the spatial maze array, or rather, he had underestimated the Killing Sword Mountain itself.

If it was so easy to destroy, who could the sacred place stop, relying on the bronze door? If that were the case, any warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm could easily force their way in. But the secrets of the Killing Sword Mountain were far beyond Zen's imagination.

The sword light faded away as though it had sunken into an endless space, disappearing without a trace.

The large, blood-red face was split into two by his sword, but it quickly merged back into one and slowly approached the ground.

Just then, Zen discovered that apart from the top of his head, there were faces that made people's hair stand on end appearing in every direction, approaching Zen.

"Give me the spear," Lavender said.

With a flick of Zen's finger, the Saint Killing Spear shot out from his space ring, falling into Lavender's hand.

Whoosh!

"Shadowy Spin!'

Lavender's spear strike was sharper than Zen's sword strike, but it didn't seem to be of much use. From the attack, only a large hole was bore through the blood-red face. It didn't suffer any significant damage.

"Use thunder," Lavender instructed firmly.

Then, a sliver arc as thick as a wrist shot out of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

Pah!

Thunder and lightning were evil's natural enemies. The lightning shot out suddenly and struck one of the huge faces. The massive face then began to sway. It looked pained under the constant swaying in the air as it emitted a terrifying roar.

Chapter 1741 A Black Shadow

The deafening roar reverberated through the air around the Killing Sword Mountain like an evil spirit.

It seemed like the huge faces were no different from evil spirits.

If Zen was facing this alone, he would have definitely been terrified.

But as Lavender was with him, Zen felt more confident. After all, two people were always better than one, even though her presence was just spiritual.

As he realized that lightning somehow had an effect on these giant faces, Zen decided he needed to deal lightning damage to them.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword contained three kinds of sword techniques. Aside from the Nether God Shadow, it could also produce wind blades and lightning.

Zen poured his chaotic energy into the sword. Countless shadow whips were formed from it, and they lashed crazily at the gigantic faces in the air.

Pak! Pak! Pak! Pak!

The enormous face nearest to Zen suffered the most damage from the strikes of lightning, and was finally dissipated into a cloud of malicious aura.

This scene bolstered Zen's confidence even further.

The only thing that worried him at the start was that he didn't know if these faces could be affected by anything. Since he had already seen that they could be destroyed by lightning, then defeating them wouldn't be hard.

The faces were floating towards him at a very slow pace. Even though they were numerous, Zen had a lot of time on his hands.

After just a couple of minutes, all the huge faces surrounding Zen had been eliminated.

"That was great!" Zen breathed out a sigh of relief. A look of tranquility passed on his face. "Now, I can focus on finding a way out of here."

As soon as he finished the sentence, he noticed that Lavender was looking at him in a strange way. Then he realized that her gaze was not directed at him, but at something directly behind him.

"Ahem! Ahem!"

Zen immediately turned around and saw a huge head with a gaping mouth, which had attempted to take a bite out of him.

The head's facial features were similar to those of the giant faces that had attacked him before; but when they were compared, the giant faces seemed like they were made as masks for the head, as if the head was the original.

Whoosh!

Before the bite landed on his skin, Zen shifted and evaded instinctively using the Eight Smoky Melodies. Simultaneous with his retreat, a long whip of lightning slithered out of the Thunder Wind Divine Sword and continued to thrash the head.

The way that those strange eyes stared at him gave him a weird feeling.

Zen had expected from the start that lightning would still be effective in dealing with this as it always did. However, the tenacity of this head eluded his understanding. Or maybe, this thing was not susceptible to lightning at all.

Not only was it resistant to lightning damage, its movement speed was also quicker than the huge faces from earlier.

"Let's go!"

When Lavender thrust her spear at the head, the spear shadow pierced a huge hole through it.

The spear had the ability to destroy everything, but it failed to destroy the head. After a large hole was pierced on it, its face contorted into an even more horrible grimace, which only added to its terrible appearance.

As Zen proceeded forward rapidly, he caught sight of another gigantic head coming towards him from the left side. He could also see some faint red shadows originating from the red mist of the malicious aura nearby. It was probably more of these gigantic heads.

It seemed that these things were originally concealed within the malevolent aura of the killing Sword Mountain. It was Zen who made them reveal themselves.

Zen couldn't think of any reason why these things had been hidden in the Killing Sword Mountain.

Could it be that the malicious aura was too strong and finally coalesced into these forms of malicious aura?

Originally, countless swords were embedded into the Killing Sword Mountain, and many warriors left their malicious aura into the mountain. As the malicious aura accumulated, it was possible for this kind of phenomenon to occur.

Given this premise, it was highly probable, but how could it explain what was going on with the tombstone? What was going on with the spatial maze array?

Zen could not think straight. This time, he was afraid that he had gotten into real trouble.

After circling around the area a few times, Zen once again found himself at the starting point. Another tombstone appeared in front of him. The spatial maze array wasn't dangerous, but more and more gigantic heads were being materialized. They started to crowd against one another, almost formed into a wall, and pushed towards Zen.

Things were really unusual in this place. Although Zen's physical body was strong, it wasn't of any help in terms of destroying these heads.

What he needed to do the most was still break the spatial maze array.

However, when he saw the walls formed by the giant heads that were approaching him, Zen knew that he didn't stand a chance.

Right at that moment, a dark shadow suddenly rushed past from the side.

Looking closely, Zen observed that the black shadow moved with an unusual agility, as if it was a black cat or something similar. However, he knew that a normal cat or dog would not be able to survive in that place, nor have such incredible speed. It might be some kind of small ferocious beast.

"Follow it!" Lavender reminded him.

Zen was already on the move even before she told him to.

He knew he would be in big trouble if he did not leave this place soon. He wasn't able to find any clues to help him break through the spatial maze array. Zen did not know the importance of the black shadow's appearance at that moment, but it would be a wise choice to follow it for now.

Whoosh!

The black shadow moved forward continuously hidden within the malicious aura. Even though Zen was focusing all his efforts at following it, he had a really hard time discerning it from the darkness surrounding it.

The shadow had four slender legs. Its running speed was almost equal to Zen's as he flew close to the ground.

The most remarkable thing was that the black shadow ran not in a straight line, but in a zigzag pattern.

It was fortunate that Zen had decided to use the Eight Smoky Melodies, which was an incredibly tricky movement technique to begin with, so he was barely able to keep up with this black shadow.

Zen lost track of time while rushing forward following the black shadow. He astonishingly realized that the scenery around him seemed to be different. He finally confirmed that he had escaped the spatial maze array when the tombstone was nowhere to be seen.

"We are out of the spatial maze array!" Zen laughed.

"Don't celebrate too soon," Lavender said without expression.

Zen's movement speed slowed down after he left the spatial maze array. At the same time, he also noticed that the black shadow's speed was decreased significantly.

"It's strange, huh?" Lavender asked.

Zen nodded his agreement, his expression becoming serious again. This black shadow strangely seemed to be intentionally guiding him forward.

'I wonder where this thing is taking me?' he thought to himself.

The intricacy of the situation in the Killing Sword Mountain baffled Zen's mind. The black shadow might be leading him intentionally to a more desperate situation, so he was wary of being in dire trouble.

'Is this black shadow really leading me forward to help me? Where does it want to lead me to?'

Just as these thoughts crossed his mind, Zen pulled to a stop. Likewise, the black shadow also stopped in its tracks, about a hundred feet away from him. It seemed to turn its head back to look at him.

With the thick malicious aura separating them, Zen wasn't able to clearly see what the black shadow's form was. But he definitely saw a pair of shiny green eyes staring back at him on the head of the black shadow, scaring him a little bit. He felt a sudden impulse to kill the black shadow immediately, but he wasn't able to because of its speed.

Zen stood in confrontation with the black shadow for a while. He really needed to have at least an inkling of what the black shadow's intention was.

Thus, Zen began to gather strength in his legs. If he wanted to catch this thing, he planned to take it by surprise.

Angling himself slightly forward, he suddenly unleashed his potential as he sprinted towards the black shadow. But at the same time he dashed towards it, the black shadow pulled away from him with an incredible speed. This reaction speed was extraordinarily fast.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1742 The Faces And The Murals

Zen was like an arrow that left the bow swiftly as he dashed forward at an astonishing speed!

The speed of the shadow wasn't slow, either as its malicious aura disappeared in no time. It appeared to turn around and concurrently speed forward.

But it seemed that their distance never got close.

It was as if this black shadow had trained in Eight Smoky Melodies too. It was able to maintain the distance between the two of them at around a hundred feet.

Zen refused to believe this. The principle of the Eight Smoky Melodies made it nearly impossible for the distance to be that far. The space between them could have been three inches, five inches, or even more, but it could never be ten feet.

One in front and the other flying behind, the surrounding terrain also underwent a change.

Round holes that were about three feet wide continuously appeared in the ground as malicious aura continued to surge out from them, making them look like geysers. Only, what came from these holes was not spring water but malicious aura.

This malicious aura became increasingly thick until one could only see what was in front of them!

Sadly, Zen was unable to lock onto the black shadow in this environment and lost its track quickly.

"I lost it," Zen said, stopping.

As she floated behind Zen, Lavender keenly surveyed the surroundings and said with a face full of shock, "I never thought that the Killing Sword Mountain would have such a peculiar sight. How was it created?"

Though seeing the scene made Lavender a bit puzzled, her profound knowledge was more in-depth than that of Zen.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

The balls of malicious aura looked as if they were being spat out by the behemoths.

For quite a time, Zen had been submerged in the Killing Sword Mountain. And now, he was affected by the malicious aura as a restless feeling arose within his heart.

"Still not right. This malicious aura is coming from deep underground?" Unable to find the shadow, Zen landed next to a hole, and taking advantage of the interval, looked down inside.

Much to his surprise, Zen vividly saw a face.

To be more accurate, it was not a human face, but one that looked like that of a fiend from the abyss with a pair of fangs covering its upper lip!

The eyes in that face were tightly shut, as if they were lifeless.

Not long after, it suddenly opened its mouth!

Zen quickly retracted his head, and a thick pillar of malicious aura spurted out from the hole.

"What did you see?" A perplexed expression plastered on Lavender's face.

Zen silently pointed at the hole with a strange expression. Soon after the pillar of air stopped, Lavender also looked inside the hole.

With a single glance, her face also underwent a drastic change. Lavender possessed a sword spirit body, so naturally, she wouldn't turn deathly pale like a real person. However, Zen could discern fear in her eyes.

This kind of expression rarely appeared on Lavender's face since she was incredibly decisive when it came to her fighting skills especially her killing way. And that decisiveness was one of her attributes that could resist any form of fear arising from within her heart. Zen knew there was something unusual.

"How is this possible?" Lavender muttered, looking more confused than ever before sweeping her gaze around. "Are these holes full of this thing?"

Zen glanced into another hole and confirmed, "It seems so. What are these things?"

Lavender contemplated for a while before pursing her lips. Shaking her head, she muttered, "I've only seen it once, and there should only be one of them. Why are there so many of them hidden at the bottom of the Killing Sword Mountain? Could it be that it has something to do with the calamity of the world of chaos?"

"What is it?" Zen's curiosity was piqued.

"Not now," Lavender went on, shaking her head as she stared at Zen.

Lavender was so straightforward ever since they were together. She had been brutally honest with Zen and never concealed anything from him.

'What are all these things? Why can't she tell me?' Zen thought, staring at Lavender in a baffled state He felt that since his return from the Illusion Battlefield, her temperament seemed to have changed, becoming more real, but at the same time, she was even colder towards him.

"Let's keep going." Lavender clearly understood what Zen had in mind, but she didn't want to explain.

Zen inwardly sighed as he had no choice but to continue cautiously exploring this area. He slowly inched his way to avoid the pillars of malicious aura that was spewing out of the holes.

Not long after he started moving forward, Zen eventually discovered some specifics hidden in the depths of the Killing Sword Mountain.

There was a cyan hall with two strange statues standing at the entrance.

The heads of both statues that resembled goats were carved with incomparable malevolence. It was unknown what race's culture it was, but it was definitely not human.

Silently sauntering towards the statues, Zen couldn't believe his eyes as he inspected them. He marveled at the smoothness of their surfaces against the tips of his fingers as he gently and leisurely stroked them. Though he knew nothing about their material compositions and how long they had stood there, he concluded that the sculptures were extraordinarily exquisite since they had no signs of any decay.

Looking up, Zen found the hall was in total darkness like the big, open mouth of a monster lying on its stomach, quietly waiting for him.

Zen didn't hesitate to take his initial step as he tightened his grip on the Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

For Zen, all these fears came from the fluctuations of one's state of mind. Since he had already found this place, there was no reason for him to turn back. Whatever inside, he was resolute in finding out.

After Zen and Lavender entered, a figure slowly appeared outside the hall. Underneath this figure's feet, there was a black shadow crawling on the ground, whose pair of green eyes was very eye-catching against the darkness.

That figure had only appeared briefly. And upon seeing Zen move toward the main hall, they had soundlessly concealed themselves in a corner.

As Zen walked within the hall, the malicious aura in the air seemed to have become less intense, and it also went with the restless feeling it had stirred up earlier on.

Even so, Zen detected that the hall was dark and with a slight trace of malicious aura. Though he activated his magical vision, it didn't get much better. He had no choice but to take out a Glint Pearl to light up the place.

"There is Dark Law here to prevent light from passing through," Lavender reminded him from behind.

Zen slightly nodded. While holding the Glint Pearl in his hand, he got nearer to one side of the hall. A large mural stopped him in his tracks when the light hit the wall before him.

The mural was magnificently carved into the wall, seemingly made of the same material components as the statues outside. Zen didn't know how long it had been in existence, but the details were so vivid and lifelike.

"This is …"

Zen leaned in close. He focused his gaze on the contents of the mural.

There were numerous strange-looking creatures carved in the mural, and they came in different sizes; some were big, and some were small. A lot of them were unknown to him, but to his surprise, Zen had recognized the largest one!

He had seen this big beast before when he entered the blood-red castle during the second stage of the Illusion Battlefield. It was the gigantic beast statue standing at the entrance of the castle.

In the mural, the gigantic beast was like a large ship. It opened its mouth and made a sucking motion, wanting to swallow the other countless creatures in the mural.

Zen looked ahead and continued strolling forward when a second mural appeared.

The creatures in the second mural seemed to be resisting with all their might. It was as if they wanted to kill this enormous beast. In the third mural, however, Zen noted that only the beast was present, while the other creatures had all disappeared.

The murals were not difficult to read.

It only implied that there were a lot of creatures resisting the gigantic beast. In the end, however, they failed and were recorded in the murals.

These creatures must be real, judging from the lifelike carvings of the giant beast. However, after careful examination, Zen did not find a single human among them.

There was not a single human-shaped creature.

In the present universe, many intelligent beings had great ties with humans. They were ogres, Demon Night, Giants, and so on.

They all possessed four limbs, a head, and a torso.

However, the creatures in the murals were extremely bizarre in appearance, even more bizarre than some of the beasts.

This hall, in particular, wasn't constructed by humans. Why was it hiding here?

Zen was deeply puzzled. He found himself having a hard time explaining and grasping even a single strange thing that he had seen right after he entered the Killing Sword Mountain.

Lavender, on the other hand, clearly knew something, but she chose not to answer his question.

Contemplating deeply this, Zen halted his steps in the darkness and opted to communicate with the cyan dragon in his mind.

"Cyan dragon, do you know what place this is?" he asked.

Cyan dragon had been quiet along the way. He did not utter a word when he encountered so many things. It was clear that he knew something.

Chapter 1743 The Dark Room

The cyan dragon did not reply.

Zen took his silence to heart and felt very depressed.

What was behind all these things?

He knew that the answers weren't going to just present themselves on a silver platter for him, so he thought it best to explore by himself.

He decided to continue on with the Glint Pearl. Except for the murals, there didn't seem to be anything else special about the hall.

Zen soon arrived at a room at the back of the hall. There was a cracking noise as soon as he entered.

It seemed he had stepped upon something.

He looked down at his feet and saw a cloud of dust rise.

Zen lowered the Glint Pearl and saw exactly what he stepped on. It was a skeleton, a human skeleton.

This skeleton must have been here for so long that it turned to dust the moment someone stepped on it.

He continued looking around, his gaze flickering under the light.

There was more than one skeleton here.

Numerous bones were scattered all over the place. Some were still complete, meaning that the corpses remained intact.

Or it could also mean that all these people died here.

A person's body decomposed at a rate determined by the cultivation level.

Those who entered the Killing Sword Mountain definitely had high cultivation levels since normal warriors would never be able to withstand the overwhelming killing aura along the way.

After death, the skeletons of those who had been at the Soul Sea Realm and above would turn into bone jade and last for a very long time.

However, bone jade did not last forever. Given enough time, the spiritual energy within the bone jade would drain completely, and the bone jade would start its degradation process. This took tens, even hundreds of thousands of years though.

For these bones to immediately crumble under Zen's weight meant that these corpses had been lying here for a very long time.

Whoosh...

Not wanting to crush any more bones, Zen opted to float two inches above the ground.

This room wasn't very big. In fact, it was only around 50 to 60 feet wide. He circled around and found no windows, only a pile of skeletons.

There was nothing meaningful in here.

His lack of discovery puzzled Zen.

He had finally entered the Killing Sword Mountain but there seemed to be nothing here. That couldn't be right. Besides, he wasn't willing to leave this place empty-handed.

Zen expected a trial, a challenge to test his skills. After the said challenge, he would then master the most important part of the Emotion Closing Godly Way and become a fully-fledged Godly Genius. It was all supposed to be simple and straightforward.

This was the opposite of his expectations.

He had gained nothing.

"Check the center of the skeletons," Lavender said. She floated beside him and pointed the Saint Killing Spear down to where the bones were.

Zen looked and found what seemed to be a disk hiding underneath all the piled-up skeletons. The disk was the same color as the ground, making it extremely easy to miss.

He smiled at Lavender. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Zen's heart skipped a beat as he heard her cold answer. This feeling of estrangement made him very unhappy.

He really wanted to know what happened to her.

Who did she talk to when he had been away in the Illusion Battlefield?

It would've been difficult and close to impossible for her to have communicated with anyone in the fairy palace. She also couldn't have left since the authority to enter and exit the place was in Zen's hands.

Freya was also simple, almost like a child, so Lavender would not have chatted with her.

Livingston was deeply immersed in weapon refining so it also couldn't have been him.

Could it be the cyan dragon?

When Zen entered the Illusion Battlefield and was locked inside that beam of light, Lavender would've been able to talk to the cyan dragon.

The cyan dragon had kept silent just now. Did he say something to Lavender? Zen fully trusted the two of them, but it seemed they were currently hiding something from him.

He decided to just set aside his doubts for now. The first thing on his agenda was to find out what was underneath this room.

Clearing away the bones, Zen stepped onto the disk. There was an echoing thump and sure enough, it was empty below the disk.

A surge of power gathered at the joints of his forefinger and the surface of the disk suddenly shattered. It had been unable to withstand his weight, so he ended up falling down. Fortunately, he was able to stabilize his body.

He was now inside a dark room. The Glint Pearl would be extremely useful in illuminating the darkness of this hole Zen had fallen in.

However, the moment he threw it out, the Glint Pearl immediately disappeared from sight.

That shouldn't have happened. The Glint Pearl was an object that could emit light for a very long time. The moment Zen threw it, it should've illuminated the place it fell to. He heard a bang so it must've fallen onto the floor.

Where was it then? Zen could no longer see where it exactly went.

This could only mean one thing: there was an intense Dark Law in the room that completely blocked out all light.

Zen tried using his magic vision but not even that could let him see what was below. It was entirely pitch black.

Lavender simply floated beside him and did not give any suggestions.

Gritting his teeth, he figured that there was only one way to find out what was inside the room. He had to go there himself.

With a flip, Zen found himself inside the dark room. He truly couldn't see anything, not even his hand that he held up his face. The light above him had since disappeared. He was in absolute, total darkness.

Zen was extremely alert. The Thunder Wind Divine Sword had already been infused with chaotic energy. Any movement within the vicinity would be met with his quick counterattack.

He stood extremely still for a while; however, there was nothing. Other than his own breathing, there was only silence.

"Lavender? Where are you?"

he called out.

"I'm here," her voice said beside him. Lavender had followed him and, judging from the sound of her voice, she was only right beside him.

"Can you see anything?" he asked.

"No. There must be something here that releases the Dark Law," Lavender replied.

Zen nodded but quickly realized that she probably couldn't see him. "I see," he answered, slowly walking forward in the darkness.

An unseen enemy was truly the most troublesome opponent to deal with. Zen had already felt something wrong ever since he entered the Killing Sword Mountain. It was as if someone was following him but he did not know who or what it was.

He took exactly thirteen steps in the dark. The silence had him memorize each one.

At the first sign of trouble, he would immediately leave this extremely dark room and return to the disk as soon as possible.

He was confident in his own strength but it was hard to be rash in an extremely strange place. He had no idea what horrors awaited him in the darkness.

It was after taking thirty steps that Zen finally heard a sizzling sound.

Was that right? Did he imagine it? Zen extended his ears and he could indeed hear a sound similar to claws scratching the ground.

"Something is coming," he said. Zen squinted his eyes before closing them completely. He couldn't see anything and opening his eyes might create an illusion.

With his eyes closed, he released his perception and felt the movements around him.

At least, that was what was supposed to happen. The moment Zen released his perception, an invisible wall seemed to constrain him and blocked it.

"My perception is blocked!"

Zen cursed. The sizzling sound now grew louder and ever closer.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

He thrust out his sword several times in a moment of desperation.

The sword radiance should've been blinding but because of the Dark Law, all light was just immediately absorbed by the darkness.

What made it worse was that each slash of his sword was the sound of something getting hit!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sounds seemed to be a couple of extremely sharp forces that flew in from all directions, but all of them were bounced back.

What were the walls of this dark room made of?

It would be pointless to ask that since Zen couldn't see anything. All he knew was that if any of those sword strikes hit him instead, it would spell big trouble for him.

He quietly activated the Eight Smoky Melodies as a precaution and stood still.

Randomly dodging wasn't going to be an option. That would be even more dangerous since he couldn't see.

All Zen could do was strain his senses to try and dodge the sword beams based on the surrounding energy fluctuations.

However, this technique wasn't going to be practical in the long run. If the sword radiance was directed at his face, then he wouldn't be able to dodge it with the current level of his Eight Smoky Melodies. A direct hit would break through the three-inch boundary very easily.

He could only resign himself to his fate. Fortunately, his fate was extremely lucky.

Chapter 1744 Spiders

The situation in the dark room turned chaotic all of a sudden.

Some unknown creatures were approaching them. The creatures were unable to avoid Zen's sword radiance. When they got penetrated by it, they let out ear-piercing hisses.

Lavender too launched an attack and at the same time, the sound of light footsteps came from not too far away!

Then Zen heard Lavender's delicate voice—it sounded as if she was fighting with someone in the dark.

"Bang, bang!"

In all this chaos, Zen slipped and started falling down rapidly!

Zen was struggling to stabilize his body when he felt a powerful force catch him and pull him to one side. Soon after, several threads draped his body.

He struggled against the extremely soft and flexible threads.

"Clang!"

The thunder and lightning began to accumulate on the Thunder Wind Divine Sword, but it was instantly repelled by something. With a clang, the sword fell to the ground!

Only after the Dark Law lifted partially did Zen discover that he was lying on a huge spider web.

The threads forming the web looked like they had been spun delicately from gold. He was bound by many threads, which firmly locked him in place.

Not too far away, there was a hexagonal seal. Lavender was ensconced within the seal. She was still holding onto her spear!

Suddenly something dawned on him at that moment. Had he fallen into a trap?

He twisted his body with a sudden jerk, wanting to break free from the golden spider web. However, it did not have much effect on this kind of a flexible spider web, which molded and moved in sync with his body movements. Of course, it could also be that Zen was not strong enough. He was mightier compared to other warriors at the same cultivation level, but when facing really powerful masters, his strength was still inadequate.

As he continued to squirm and wriggle, the number of golden spider threads multiplied, binding Zen tighter to the web.

Lavender's expression was uncharacteristically calm as she sat holding the Saint Killing Spear in her hand. Her composed manner gave Zen the heebie-jeebies.

"Pa, pa, pa…"

At this moment, footsteps could be heard once again.

Zen looked towards the direction in which the sound came and saw a black figure. There was a small black shadow on the person's shoulder. The person's jade-green eyes emitted an uncomfortable light.

When the figure approached, Zen furrowed his brows and said coldly, "Master Bi."

Finch Bi seemed to have become a completely different person. He simply chuckled in response when he heard Zen's voice.

"Where's Freya?" Zen asked with a frown.

"She's dead," Finch answered flatly.

"Huff, huff…"

An enraged flame rose in Zen's heart as an enormous aura burst forth from within his body.

He had been on guard with the Sword Manor right from the beginning. Before he entered the Killing Sword Mountain, Zen had been hesitant about bringing Freya with him. However, Finch had repeatedly emphasized the rule that he had to enter the Killing Sword Mountain alone. That was why he had left Freya behind.

"Don't worry, he is lying to you," Lavender said calmly. "He won't kill Freya in front of his subordinates, not to mention she isn't important to him, and he won't bother dealing with her specially."

Hearing Lavender's words, Zen calmed down a bit.

Finch had a smile on his face. "You are indeed still too young. I've already said this before: letting a group of children lead the way is simply ridiculous."

Whether it was Nathan or Zen, these Godly Geniuses were indeed outstanding. However, in the eyes of these world lords, who had lived for countless years, they were undoubtedly children—too young and inexperienced.

However, Lavender replied indifferently, "It is not your fate to lead the way. Even if you're a Supreme Lord, you still don't have such a fate."

"I don't believe in fate," Finch said as he strolled up towards them. From beneath his feet, golden threads began to appear. These threads wove into layers of steps, and he briskly walked up.

"Even if it isn't my destiny right now, I will have it in a while," Finch added arrogantly.

"Roaaaaaar!"

The black shadow on his shoulder raised its head and let out a loud cry.

It was only then that Zen saw clearly that it was a pure black leopard. However, it was no ordinary creature. It looked like an extremely formidable beast. The black shadow that Zen had been chasing before must have been this same leopard, which wasn't any bigger than a cat…

"What are you trying to do?" Zen asked angrily.

"Can't you see? I've been waiting for this for a long time…" Finch smiled in a sinister way. With a casual wave of his hand, the Dark Law, which wasn't far away, began to fade away. A ring appeared from within the darkness. He reached out and pulled the ring out from the air.

The instant he grabbed the ring, a loud rumbling sound came from the darkness in the distance, as if countless boulders were rolling. The Dark Law disappeared completely without a trace, and what appeared before Zen was a vast expanse of space.

In the distance, there were some slender objects that resembled dried fish. They were all suspended in the air by golden threads.

The strange things had red skin, and their hands and feet were incongruous with their bodies. Golden threads were bound around their necks and their heads were stuffed into caves.

These things might be the monsters that Zen had encountered earlier. He had seen their faces in small caves.

"You want to usurp Supreme Lord Sword's inheritance on my behalf?" Zen wasn't an idiot; he finally understood why Flinch was present here.

Finch waited until the stone pillars stopped before pulling another stone column. Then, there was a rumbling sound, as though there were countless mechanisms hidden in this space.

As he was busy setting something, Finch replied, "It's obvious. There are some things that should not be done by you."

Zen's eyebrows rose slightly...

What exactly was the inheritance of Supreme Lord Sword?

What Zen thought earlier was that it was only a trial, but now it seemed that the situation wasn't as simple as he'd thought.

Even Lavender had acted very strange. There seemed to be a very significant meaning attached to this journey.

But whether or not it was important, it had nothing to do with his goal, which was to complete his Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Locked in the hexagonal seal, Lavender sneered. She shook her head and said, "It's not that Zen is naive, it's you who is naive. There are some things that exist even if you don't believe in them. You're just a small character, and you can't change anything…"

"Whoosh!"

The moment Lavender spoke, an extremely sharp sword radiance shot out from Finch's hand. He had actually used his finger as a sword, but still, the power was also extremely terrifying!

In the end, he had the cultivation level of a grand world lord's.

If this sword radiance landed on Zen, there was no way he could survive it.

However, the sword radiance did not attack Zen. Instead, it went straight for Lavender who was still inside the hexagonal seal!

As the sword radiance cut through the air, it sliced off Lavender's arm from its root. Her severed arm turned into bits of red light before condensing into an arm again…

Lavender was a sword spirit form so she was not hurt too much, but her face didn't look good.

If Finch wanted to, he could completely obliterate Lavender's soul. After the recovery of her soul, her strength had increased a great deal, but she was still unable to contend against a world lord. Not to mention that Finch's strength was comparable to that of a grand world lord.

Finch smiled wickedly, "Whether I have it or not is something that I will know only after trying. Moreover, I have been studying this damned place for countless years in anticipation of this very day! There is no omission in my arrangement, so I know that I won't fail."

Lavender did not utter a word. She only glared at Finch icily.

Zen also realized what was going on. Finch was well aware that the inheritance of Supreme Lord Sword was located right below the Killing Sword Mountain. At the same time, it was not his first time in the Killing

Sword Mountain. It was obvious that he had disobeyed Sword Chen's orders long ago.

Now he planned to obtain the inheritance of Sword Chen.

But from the looks of it, the inheritance was not merely a trial, otherwise Finch would not have placed so much importance on it…

So then what was it?

Lavender seemed to know something, but she was not telling him.

Zen was glum. All he could do was stay and watch as Finch busied himself in setting the place.

Soon sizzling sounds filled the air.

After Finch activated some mechanism, he heard something crawling once again. But this time, the sound was denser. It was as if there were countless small creatures crawling in all directions.

Soon, Zen saw an astonishing scene.

A large army of small spiders appeared from the cracks in the surrounding space. These spiders were dark red in color. A sea of spiders were surging towards Zen.

Chapter 1745 The Corpse

Zen was annoyed when he saw the mass of densely packed small spiders that spread like a bloody ocean towards him.

He had faced a myriad of difficulties in the past, but he had never been so passive. Being caught off his guard while he fell into this particular world lord's trap irritated Zen to no end.

The only thing that comforted him was Lavender.

Although Lavender did not tell Zen what was in her mind, he could tell from her attitude that Finch's trick did not impress her.

Finch also seemed to be wary of these small spiders. As he saw them spread out, he tapped his finger gently and dark red flames encircled him, enveloping his entire body.

The wave of spiders ebbed like the tide as they climbed up the folds of Zen's clothing.

Zen looked at the fist-sized crimson spiders with distrust. There was a low probability that the spiders were harmful to him, and Zen himself was not afraid of being poisoned. Why did they gather beside him?

While he was still lost in his thoughts, the small spiders climbed onto his body and sunk their sharp mouthparts into his skin.

Zen did not expect that the spiders' mouthparts were actually strong and powerful. His divine weapon body was not able to fight the attack, and the mouthparts embedded themselves deeply into his skin.

The small spiders' bloated bodies deflated instantly, and then detached themselves from Zen before tumbling down to the ground. Surprisingly, they were actually dead.

All of the spiders did the same thing. They attached themselves onto Zen's body, and seemed to inject a substance into him from their own abdomen, before they detached themselves and fell down dead.

Zen observed his body for any changes, but he did not feel anything unusual. It baffled him. If these small spiders had injected him with poisonous venom, they wouldn't have died immediately. Why did that happen?

The process had lasted for about six hours.

The number of small spiders crawling up Zen like a tide earlier had decreased. The spider corpses, on the other hand, had already piled up like mountains below him.

As Finch saw that it was almost time, he sneered and flew upward. He grabbed Zen and dragged him off the golden spider web.

At that moment, Zen couldn't do anything but let Finch do what he wanted. He was also wrapped into a cocoon by so many golden spider silks; but even if he was free, he knew he still couldn't match up to Finch.

Finch crossed to the other side carrying Zen in his arms. After walking a short distance, he smiled faintly and gestured with his hand, making the hexagonal seal float down with Lavender and trail behind them.

"You just need to endure it for little while, and your suffering will end soon," Finch sneered.

He pulled Zen over to a corner of the space and a bronze door appeared in front of him out of thin air. This door was a lot smaller than the one outside the Killing Sword Mountain, but it was almost an exact replica!

"I can easily deal with the door to the Killing Sword Mountain, but I can't open this door. I have already stayed here for too long. It's a good thing that you finally arrived. Ha-ha..."

As soon as Finch finished speaking, he dragged Zen and forcefully threw him towards the bronze door.

Zen found himself airborne; he was hurtled like a stone and thrown against the bronze door. His head slammed hard onto it and produced a loud bang.

The bronze door was unbelievably tough and strong. Zen's head was considered to be a divine weapon, and yet the door wasn't even scratched after the collision.

Finch wasn't contented yet. He took hold of Zen again and threw him back forcefully against the bronze door for the second time.

"Boom!"

After the second attempt, the bronze door remained tightly shut, without a hint of any reaction from it.

Finch frowned. "Did that thing fall asleep?"

As the thought crossed his mind, he grabbed Zen again and threw him hard towards the door for the third time.

"Boom!"

This time, the force that the blow generated was strong enough. Just the force from being thrown once by a world lord could even make Zen feel dizzy!

The bronze door showed a response toward the stimulus. The sculpture of the thousand-leg spider began to move and descended quickly down the bronze door!

"Is this spider alive?" Zen was dumbfounded.

The bronze door outside the Killing Sword Mountain had a giant statue of a thousand-leg spider. Likewise, the bronze door in front of him also had a spider statue but Zen did not notice it immediately.

As he looked closely, Zen realized that the thousand-leg spider wasn't a statue after all, but a giant spider that was very much alive. Maybe this spider had been crawling on the door for many years already...

If this spider had been able to prevent the entry of a world lord like Finch, Zen could easily imagine the strength that this spider held.

In the past, Zen's thoughts were quite simple. He used to believe that after having broken through the Soul Sea Real, the Spirit Supreme

Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm, one could become a world lord. And a Supreme Lord was superior to a world lord.

Now, it seemed that there were still many things in this universe that he needed to understand. Even the cyan dragon and Lavender did not tell him everything they knew.

Zen doubted himself for a moment.

Could there be another reason why he motivated himself so strongly to search for his sister?

Zen smiled bitterly at himself, unsure whether he had a chance to unravel all these mysteries in the future.

"Buzz..."

The spider crawled slowly down from the bronze door and stretched out its thin legs one by one. The tips of those legs were as sharp as the edge of a blade. With a single flick of the spider's legs, the golden threads binding Zen were immediately broken.

The moment he was released from his restraints, Zen had the impulse to leap into the air and escape!

However, when he tried to do so, a frustrated expression was etched into his face. He realized he was actually unable to move.

The giant spider used dozens of its legs to lift Zen up and carry him through the bronze door.

Finch smiled faintly as he followed closely behind, the black leopard that he had summoned also following a few steps behind him. Lavender had no other choice but to accompany them through the bronze door too.

The spider used innumerable legs to crawl on the ground while Zen was suspended in mid-air, under the spider's bloated belly. He noted the surroundings which they were passing through.

In the cave beyond the bronze door, Zen finally saw the swords...

The cavern was filled with a multitude of long swords, all of different types. There were fairy weapons, sacred weapons, and even divine weapons...

"Are these swords the ones that were stabbed into the mountain? Or could all of them be just an illusion?" Zen looked around his surroundings curiously. Not long after, he was extremely shocked by what he saw.

He saw Supreme Lord Sword, also known as Sword Chen!

"How could this be possible..."

He could not believe what he saw with his own eyes.

Zen could not feel any aura of vitality coming from the person in front of him. His body was totally emaciated, and he might have passed away in this place after being trapped into the Five Aging Processes. Even though a Supreme Lord had already passed away, they still radiated an aura that was difficult to approach.

Zen had already seen for himself that Sword Chen had become a True God, so when he saw his mortal husk, he was confused for a moment.

Finch also seemed to be very confused by what they were witnessing.

Zen's Whispering Sword must have been entrusted to him by the old manor head.

Therefore, when Zen told them that the old manor leader had transformed into a True God, Finch readily believed him. Now that he was suddenly faced with the old manor leader's corpse sitting in this place, he panicked immediately.

Finch tried everything he could think of in order to open the bronze door, but he never managed to break through it.

Never had it occurred to him that Supreme Lord Sword would have met his demise behind this door!

Only the warrior who possessed the Whispering Sword could have gained the thousand-leg spider's consent and had been able to open the bronze door...

Only Supreme Lord Sword could have entrusted the Whispering Sword to the warrior. However, it seemed that Supreme Lord Sword had died behind this very door.

This formed a baffling paradox. If so, who had bestowed the Whispering Sword to Zen?

Finch and Zen were both extremely perplexed, but at the same time, they could not help but also be extremely vigilant!

Lavender sat a bit straighter within the hexagonal seal. She watched the scene unfold from a short distance away, and a faint smile slowly appeared on her face.

The way she saw it, Finch's behavior was very ridiculous.

Winning the first place of the competition in the Illusion Battlefield wasn't just for bragging rights. It also determined the future of the entire universe.

Killing Zen wasn't really an easy task.

He would possibly die in an imminent catastrophe, but it was impossible to kill him there.

Lavender wasn't too surprised that they were facing this kind of accident.

Chapter 1746 Corrosive Liquid

Finch didn't think of the corpse of a Supreme Lord as trouble.

He was confused but also determined, given that he had planned this for so long.

Finch was one of the earliest to have followed Supreme Lord Sword.

No one knew where Supreme Lord Sword was from and how he had become a Supreme Lord.

As an ordinary force, Sword Manor couldn't foster a Supreme Lord.

But the reason behind a Supreme Lord showing up in the Sword Manor was really simple.

The Crowns of Destiny had been monopolized by the great forces in the universe

like the ogres, the Thoughtless Minds, the Blessed Buddha Land and the Demon Night race.

The difference in the strengths of a Supreme Lord and a world lord was huge. Even if weak forces were to obtain a Crown of Destiny, they would have no time to manage to carry the Heavenly Destiny.

The Crown of Destiny would, at most times, be expropriated by the great forces, with the weak forces having no power to resist.

This meant that a force was no longer weak once a Supreme Lord appeared within it.

The Sword Manor had become one of the great forces because Sword Chen had become a Supreme Lord.

When an ogre Supreme Lord had died and the Crown of Destiny had disappeared, the entire universe was a possible place for the crown to reappear. The ogres had to try their best to find the new Crown of Destiny and bring it back.

Almost all forces had joined in the battle for the Crown of Destiny but Sword Chen had ended up inheriting it. Nobody yet knew what method Sword Chen had used to stop the great forces from fighting. Even the ogres had not attacked him, even though the ogre race had lost a Crown of Destiny for this one to appear.

Finch could not figure out how Sword Chen could persuade the ogre and the other forces.

Finch wasn't the only one that was confused. Some Supreme Lords who weren't participating in the fight were questioning this through the Roaring Tokens.

But warriors from the great forces that had participated remained silent.

Finch couldn't figure out the reason, but he was getting there with his own deductions.

The reason was probably amazing and its value was definitely higher than that of a Crown of Destiny. But what in the universe would be more valuable than the Crown of Destiny?

The Crowns of Destiny were the ultimate possessions in the universe. On the other hand, to become a Supreme Lord was to become one of the strongest one hundred and twenty-eight warriors of the universe.

Finch, who had been just a steward of the Sword Manor at the time, had planted a seed of curiosity, which had now grown into a massive tree. He had to find the answers.

It seemed like Supreme Lord Sword had had a premonition of his death before he had left. So he had arranged his heritage ahead of time and put it under the Killing Sword Mountain.

Finch had already become the vice-leader at the time and was Sword Chen's most important subordinate. As a consequence, he became the acting leader after Sword Chen had left and waited for the one with the Whispering Sword.

It was only later that Supreme Lord Sword went missing and his disappearance became an eternal mystery.

And ever since then, Finch had tried to open what Supreme Lord Sword had left behind.

He passed the first gate easily, for Supreme Lord Sword had not encrypted it. It only took Finch a month to enter the Killing Sword Mountain.

He had thought it would be easy all the way, but he was now stuck before the second gate.

The thousand-legged spider had thwarted his attempts to break the gate it was guarding. It was the kind of spider that was from hell, and Finch had never been there.

He had tried and failed to enter from around the gate because Supreme Lord Sword had used a brilliant technique to subtly fold the space around the gate.

All he could have done was wait. And the day was finally here.

He was confused and nervous when he saw Supreme Lord Sword's corpse here, but he was mostly excited because this meant that the mystery would finally be revealed.

The thousand-legged spider threw Zen before Supreme Lord Sword before it scuttled away to hide.

Zen stood up, an odd expression crossing his face. He had no idea what he should do and he was puzzled as he looked at Sword Chen's corpse.

Zen took a step back, and suddenly, Sword Chen's corpse moved.

Zen froze. He knew he had to be careful because even if a Supreme Lord was dead, one needed to be cautious around them. Zen could be killed instantly if Sword Chen had any tricks up his sleeve.

Finch trembled too as he looked around warily.

Sword Chen's corpse slowly raised its arm and pointed a gray finger at something behind Zen.

The rocks behind Zen trembled and made way for a cyan pool, a dim light emanating off of it. Zen took a closer look and saw the hilt of a broken sword in the pool.

The broken blade was shorter than two centimeters. It looked odd, like it wasn't broken by someone but melted instead.

A faint light shone around the blade. It looked like the blade was still melting, but slowly.

"What's this?" Zen asked, confused because he couldn't figure out why a broken sword had appeared here. Did it mean something?

Something shifted in Finch's eyes and he aimed his sword at Zen as he ordered, "Fetch the broken sword!" Finch was vigilant. He knew it wouldn't be that easy to get the broken sword since this place was so strange.

Zen frowned. The water in the pool was clear, and seemed innocent enough.

But the moment Zen touched the water, it hissed and sizzled, leaving half his finger blackened and in great pain.

"My finger... is corroded!" Zen said, shocked.

Finch's expression reflected Zen's as he said, "Corrosive Liquid!"

"Zen, don't put your hand into the pool. This liquid can corrode anything and everything," Lavender said, frowning at the scene before her. No poison could affect Zen but this Corrosive Liquid wasn't poisonous. It, however, was a strong corrosive force.

As Finch aimed the sword at him, Zen pulled out a fairy weapon and thrust it into the pool, wanting to fish the broken sword out of the liquid.

But the moment Zen put the weapon in, the blade began to disintegrate. It melted and disappeared the moment it was submerged in the Corrosive Liquid. The corrosive force of the liquid was far stronger than Zen had anticipated.

"I am not a patient person. Just grab it!" Finch said coldly as he thrust the sword at Zen's shoulder, drawing blood.

Zen couldn't help it now that he was facing Finch. But he was still hesitant as he looked at the Corrosive Liquid.

Finch grunted angrily as he thrust his sword at Lavender without any warning.

Her body of sword spirit was smashed into tiny red dots of light that slowly condensed into the shape of a girl again. It was the body of a sword spirit, but Zen could feel that Lavender was badly wounded. Finch's strike seemed to be powerful enough to hurt even a spirit.

Zen gritted his teeth.

He knew he didn't have a choice now. So he reached out into the pool.

The moment Zen put his hands into the pool, the flesh and blood of his hands dissipated slowly, making it easy for everyone to see the process clearly. The Corrosive Liquid was really powerful.

He could feel his hands burn, as if by a fire that couldn't be doused. Great pain spread along his hands.

When Zen finally grabbed the broken sword, all that was left of his hands were bones.

Whoosh!

Zen grabbed the broken sword out of the pool.

Whoosh!

Finch flew towards Zen before he could react. Dozens of rays of the sword light hit the broken sword and shook off the Corrosive Liquid on it. Finch seized the broken sword and brandished it.

Was it the heritage of Supreme Lord Sword? Finch was ecstatic.

"It doesn't belong to you. Give it to Zen," a strange voice echoed.

The voice sounded old and came from the direction of the corpse. Finch had been nervous since they had found the corpse of Supreme Lord Sword. Hearing the voice was the last straw and Finch, startled and frightened, lashed out with the sword.

The sword light rushed toward the corpse and began to fold like a piece of paper. Once it had folded several times over, the sword light disappeared.

Finch was aware that only a few people in the universe could withstand his strike. No one apart from the Supreme Lords and grand world lords could do that.

Finch was still in shock but he decided to escape with the broken sword.

He believed that this sword hid all of the secrets and that he would finally figure them out as long as he had the broken sword.

He activated the Sword Step and rushed toward the gate. His Sword Step was much stronger than Zen's.

But he froze in the air while he was just a few feet away.

An invisible force was controlling him, rendering him motionless.

Lavender looked at Finch, not surprised at the scene because she knew that someone would do it. But she hadn't expected the one to take action would be someone so powerful. It wasn't an ordinary Supreme Lord who had done so.

Finch struggled, panicking, but he couldn't resist the force.

"Who? Who's that?!" he screamed.

Sword Chen had passed away a long time ago. He might have set some traps, but it was impossible for those traps to control Finch like this.

A figure slowly emerged behind Sword Chen.

The figure was in fancy robes, embroidered with special golden patterns. Finch thought the patterns were familiar and wondered where he had seen them before.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1747 Malicious Aura

Who was this old man…?

Even though Zen's strength had increased after returning from the Illusion Battlefield, he could only clearly feel that things around him seemed strange.

It was as if he was being kept completely in the dark.

But Lavender's face explained everything. She seemed to have expected this, even though she didn't say anything.

The old man circled the corpse of Sword Chen, floating slowly in the air.

Zen didn't sense a very strong aura from him, but this old man's aura was extraordinary, as if it had a very special affinity.

As he slowly glided towards Finch, the old man gently reached out and the broken sword fell into his hand. "Catch it…"

he said and tossed the broken sword towards Zen.

"How can I catch it?" Zen asked holding up his hands in pain. They were just bones now, resembling the hands of a skeleton, but Zen had the astonishing ability to endure pain. If it was anyone else in his place, they would have surely passed out by now.

He had even survived the torture of the chaotic energy, so such pain was manageable for him.

Rumble…

When Zen finished speaking, the broken sword hovered in the air.

The old man looked at Zen's hands and sighed, "You should have thought of a way to come to our Celestial Position right from the beginning. You ran around on your own and caused a lot of hassles. You are too much of a troublemaker."

The old man let out a gasp. There wasn't a single Soul Sea Realm warrior in the entire universe who appealed to dozens of Supreme Lords at the same time.

It was not a big deal that Zen had landed on the territory of the Humanity Alliance in his ascension, but it was a bigger problem when he ran around over the place. He had proved to be an uncontrollable factor, making it difficult for the Celestial Position to lay out their plans.

Zen should have made a trip to the Celestial Position before the Illusion Battlefield was thrown open, but he did not.

This threw a spanner in the works for the Celestial Position. Xenia, a warrior from the Celestial Position was eliminated by Rocher, and Zen had something to do with it.

"I'm still young," Zen replied with a smile. He had already guessed the identity of the old man. Back when he was trapped in the fairy palace, he got a message that the head of the Celestial Position, one of the most powerful warriors in the universe, had asked him to pay a visit to the Celestial Position.

The old man stared at Zen for a moment and then nodded. "You're right. And you young guys are the last younger generation…"

"What does that mean?" Zen was dumbfounded.

The old man smiled. "You will know in the future. Let me see your hands."

Zen obediently raised his hands and showed them to the old man.

The old man gazed at the pair of skeletal hands. "Your bones can actually withstand the corrosion of the Corrosive Liquid; it's surprising! But now that your flesh has corroded, I'm afraid there will be a problem. Even if the flesh on your hands regrows, your hands won't be able to recover completely, but I will think of a way, now… let me do something to them first."

The old man flicked his finger and green waves poured out of his hand.

The green waves were made up of a viscous green liquid. It seemed to have a life of its own. The liquid flowed on Zen's bony hands and coated his fingers, forming two hands. It looked as if Zen was wearing a pair of gloves.

At the same time, blood-red threads appeared and connected Zen's bones.

Zen had originally lost some sensation in his hands. He could only feel pain from the torn flesh. They had become numb and itchy, but now he had regained sensation in his hands …

Zen pinched his newly-formed hands. The green liquid was translucent, and his bones were still visible through it. He could temporarily gain use of his hands, but the green color made them too conspicuous and they looked very strange.

After giving the simple treatment to Zen's hands, the old man stretched out his hands and then the broken sword flew back into Zen's hands.

This time, Zen was able to grab the broken sword. He asked, "What is this for?"

The old man replied nonchalantly, "This sword is a key item left behind by Sword Chen. Keep it safe. Now, it's time for me to take you out."

Zen nodded. He had a lot of questions, but it didn't seem like the right time to ask. At the very least, he would have to take care of Finch first.

"How should I deal with this guy?"

His eyes met Finch's, and a sharp light flashed in his eyes. If it wasn't for the appearance of this old man, Zen could imagine what would happen to him. Both he and Lavender would probably die here.

The old man coolly glanced at Finch and said, "He is just a clown. Let him stay here." After he finished speaking, he casually broke the hexagonal seal in which Lavender was locked. With a light wave of his finger, a space crack appeared in front of him out of thin air.

Lavender's face had drained of color. Although she was still in the sword spirit form and Zen couldn't clearly make out her condition looking at her appearance, he could sense her fatigue.

If a sword spirit were to be destroyed over and over again, it would also collapse. More importantly, this sword spirit had Lavender's soul in it.

At this moment, Lavender didn't want to say anything. She only paused to greet the old man before disintegrating into specks of red light and entering Zen's body.

Just as the old man was about to enter the space crack, Zen pointed at the corpse of Sword Chen and asked, "What about him? How should I deal with him?"

The old man glanced at him and said, "It's just Sword Chen's vessel. He would have expected this day. Since he didn't give any orders, just let it sit there…"

Zen didn't give any further thought to what the old man said, but Finch's complexion suddenly paled. Based on what this old man said, it seemed that Sword Chen already knew what he would do.

Finch watched in horror as Zen and the old man left, still unable to move.

He only regained his freedom after the thousand-foot spider closed the bronze door.

Earlier, he had been unable to break the bronze door to enter. Now it was all the more impossible for him to break open the door to escape. When he looked at the corpse of the former head of the Sword Manor, the fear in his eyes became more and more intense. Suddenly, he felt a chill down his spine, and in his trance, it seemed to him that the corpse moved a little, as if it was trying to slowly get up…

After taking a few steps in the space crack, Zen saw the old man open another crack and they arrived at the entrance of the Killing Sword Mountain.

When they reached the entrance, they saw that the elders of the Sword House and Freya were waiting outside.

Zen was relieved when he saw her. Although he had deduced that Finch was lying, he still thought that she might be in danger.

"Zen, did you succeed?" Freya asked. She rushed over to him as soon as she saw him.

Zen smiled rather helplessly and shook his head.

Then he turned to the old man and asked, "Sword Chen told me that the Killing Sword Mountain would temper my sword intent and help me enter the Emotion Closing Godly Way, but why have I not gained anything from the Killing Sword Mountain?"

Zen's primary goal after coming to the Sword Manor was tempering his sword intent. But now, he had obtained a broken sword that he didn't know the use for. This was far from what Zen had expected.

"Emotion Closing Godly Way? Ha-ha! Sword Chen is indeed a genius. He has already taught you the method," the old man said with a chuckle.

"What method?" Zen was confused again.

The old man pointed at Zen, "Malicious auras. Don't you feel that your body has changed after being infused with them?"

Zen thought for a moment. "Yes, but can these malicious auras help me enter the Emotion Closing Godly Way?"

Moments ago, those countless small red spiders had turned into malicious auras and entered Zen's body. What he did not know was that this was the last part of Supreme Lord Sword's swordsmanship. Using the malicious auras to change one's state of mind could make one more impulsive and determined, thus the person would charge forward bravely.

The old man nodded. "When you can suppress and make use of these malicious auras with ease, you will be able to officially step into the

Emotion Closing Godly Way. Keep practicing to control them; this is not difficult for you."

"Suppress these malicious auras?"

Zen frowned. Indeed he didn't have a way to control these malicious auras. How would he suppress them completely?

"Don't make a fuss. Many cultivation methods that exist in this universe have malicious aura as the core. When you reach that step, you will naturally understand." The old man spoke in a matter-of-fact way.

'Sounds like I have to figure this out by myself, ' Zen thought to himself.

Chapter 1748 Ultimate Truth

The old man was going to leave with Zen, but the elders of the Sword House followed them.

They were puzzled as to how Zen entered the cave alone but came out with an old man.

What was more, they could sense that the old man was powerful. But who was he? Why and how did he show up in the forbidden area of the Sword Manor?

"Zen, did you see Master Bi?" someone inquired.

"Master Bi?" Zen shook his head and lied, "No, I didn't see him."

"That's strange. We haven't seen him since he left."

"Could he have entered the Killing Sword Mountain?"

"The Killing Sword Mountain is a forbidden area. How could Master Bi violate the rule?"

Hearing their discussion, a faint sneer played on Zen's face as he thought, 'Hah! Your Master Bi was sentenced to life imprisonment.'

It appeared that the warriors of the Sword Manor didn't know that Finch had entered the Killing Sword Mountain.

While they were still discussing this, one of the two world lords of the Sword Manor stared at the old man and asked, "May I ask who you are and why you showed up in the forbidden area of our Sword Manor?"

These two world lords were also in charge of the Sword Manor, second-in-command after Finch.

According to Sword Chen's order, no one was allowed to enter the Killing Sword Mountain except the one with the Whispering Sword. If the old man came out of the Killing Sword Mountain, it meant that he had disobeyed the rule.

But these two world lords were knowledgeable.

After all, they could tell this old man might be one of the Supreme Lords. No matter which Supreme Lord he was, they didn't have the power to fight him, so even though they had asked politely, if he was unwilling to tell them, they could do nothing.

If the old man was not powerful, they would have taken action.

Facing the world lords' question, the old man did not seem to mind. He smiled and said, "Something has been triggered in the universe, so I have to come here to take Zen away."

"Take Zen away?" asked a bewildered world lord.

"No, you can't do that!"

Both the world lords immediately shouted in panic. The faces of the elders present also grew serious.

They had discussed all of last night and arrived at a decision.

Finch had announced that whether or not Zen obtained Supreme Lord Sword's heritage, he would be the new leader of the Sword Manor. And they would make him stay in the Sword Manor whether or not he accepted it, even if they had to force him.

Everyone agreed with this decision.

They naturally didn't know that Finch had planned on not letting Zen leave the forbidden area alive. If Zen died there, Finch would have told everyone that he encountered some trouble and died in a trap. He would then shed crocodile tears and proceed to take Supreme Lord Sword's heritage away and retain his position.

Two world lords stepped forward.

The elders of the Sword House also blocked Zen and the old man.

Even if the old man was really a Supreme Lord, they would stop them in order to keep Zen from getting away.

One of the world lords bowed slightly and said, "Zen has the Whispering Sword, so he is the new leader of our Sword Manor. You can't just take him away. That's not fair!"

The old man looked at him indifferently and said, "You want Zen to take charge of the Sword Manor?"

The world lord nodded, looking calm. He knew he was no match for the old man. The warriors of the Sword Manor would die fighting but never step back.

The old man smiled wryly as he shook his head. He stared at the world lord and said, "May I ask you a question? The future of the entire universe and your small Sword Manor, which one is more important?"

Both of the world lords' faces grew even more serious, and the elders too were dumbfounded. After a while, someone in the crowd spoke, "The future of the universe depends on Supreme Lords like you. But our Sword Manor has lost its Supreme Lord..."

"That is exactly what I am saying." The old man continued icily, "The Sword Manor is no longer important. What is important is the thing left by Sword Chen. I don't have much time. Zen has to go with me right now."

He was about to leave with Zen, and Freya followed them closely. Seeing that the world lords still wanted to stop them, the old man shot them a stern glance, and they found that they could not move, nor could anybody else. It felt like they were being controlled by an extremely powerful force. Two Baleful Celestial Hounds nearby also curled up in terror.

"Let's go," said the old man as he dragged Zen and stepped forward. A footprint made by a bright white light appeared on the ground followed by many others. The footprints became denser and denser. Zen had been walking in a cave, but after he walked for a while, the scene around him became more and more blurry as if the walls of the cave were coated in a white light film. At last, the cave disappeared, and he entered a bright white channel.

Exiting this channel, Zen found that he had entered an unknown space.

"Spatial transference," he murmured.

The spatial transference was a skill used for traveling long distances in a short period of time.

The higher the level of the cultivation was, the farther the distance one could cover. So the distance a Supreme Lord could travel was much more than a world lord could.

But this skill was not comparable to Zen's Teleportation Token. Using the Teleportation Token, Zen could arrive anywhere in the universe swiftly. The old man took Zen and left the space to the next place. After he did that a dozen times, they finally arrived at their destination half a day later.

Compared to other forces, the area occupied by the Celestial Position race was smaller. They only possessed three supreme worlds, which was less than even a second-rate force.

However, no one dared to belittle the Celestial Position race. Everyone knew that it would play extremely an important role when facing this round of crisis.

Zen had asked the old man many questions, but he did not answer any of them. He only told Zen that according to the deduction, Nathan should be the one to receive the Whispering Sword, and he was also the one who should win the final battle of the Illusion Battlefield.

However, an unexpected situation occurred when Zen took away what originally belonged to Nathan.

Zen was annoyed about what the old man said and he wondered why it had to be Nathan who got these things. That guy had been acting strangely and had spoken nonsense on the board, so why would the old man also do so?

"Last time I asked you to go to the Celestial Position race because I hoped you would not get involved in it and come 11th in the Illusion Battlefield," said the old man.

"Why on earth would I do that?" Zen got more annoyed. Everyone had the right to attain a higher position in martial arts. He had no reason to give up competing with others.

The old man answered apathetically, "There is no reason. If you did so, it would be good for the entire universe. At last we had to replace you with Xenia. That's why she lost to Rocher and was eliminated before she entered the top ten."

"What do you mean? Are you saying that Xenia deliberately lost to Rocher? She intentionally didn't enter the top 10?"

Zen had a great impression on Xenia because she had the same page of Sanskrit as him.

After entering the top 10, Zen found it strange that the situation was not normal. The Celestial Position race had so many talents, then how could it be that only Karl entered the top 10. What was more, Karl had been eliminated before he could enter the top 5. The performances of the talents from the Celestial Position race did not correspond with their fame.

The old man's face remained emotionless seeing Zen's baffled reaction, as though this was how it was meant to be. He said flatly, "You young fellows are truly gifted, but you are still too naive. Many things have higher meanings and they are not just as what you can see on the surface. The ultimate truth of the world..."

"What's the ultimate truth?"

Zen was overwhelmed with all this information. After the Illusion Battlefield ended, he felt that everything had changed. It seemed that everyone was hiding something from him, and he was the only one who knew nothing about it.

"It'll depress you. One day you will know it." The old man continued, "Now that you have joined the Celestial Position race, I will heal your hands first. Then I will change your blood and restore Lavender's soul. If she needs, we can give her a female body."

"To be honest, I'd like to know the truth of the world first," Zen said, looking upset.

However, the old man blatantly ignored his request.

To join the Celestial Position race, the first thing one must do was to change one's blood.

Since Zen's hands were severely damaged, they decided to postpone the change of blood and repair his hands first.

Helping Zen regrow the flesh and blood was not difficult, but it was not easy to get a perfect recovery.

Zen was put in the center area of the Celestial Position race. The icy blue palace was beside a peaceful lake with tall cedars dotting the lake shore. It was a quiet area.

"The scenery is beautiful," Freya said with a smile as she stared into the distance.

Zen was not interested in the wonderful scenery at all. He was thinking about what he was going to face later. The Celestial Position race seemed to have some plan, and according to what the old man said, Nathan was involved in it. But Zen's appearance had upset their plan.

Zen speculated that the Celestial Position race must have joined hands with the Thoughtless Minds, or maybe even other forces. It was not a tough guess to make. This crisis would engulf the entire universe, with no exception. So all conflicts were meaningless, and what they needed to do was to come together and survive the crisis.

While he was still contemplating all this, the scene that unfolded in front of him in the next moment confirmed his speculation.

He spotted Rocher and Xenia walking side by side toward him from the lake shore.

Chapter 1749 Sixteen Grand Eras

As soon as Zen's eyes landed on Rocher, he smiled and floated in the air, before finally landing by the lake.

Meanwhile, Freya followed suit and landed beside Zen.

Zen was about to give Rocher a brotherly pat on the shoulder when Freya suddenly warned, "Watch out!"

Zen was startled, but he also noticed that although the green item had temporarily replaced his flesh and blood, it was still very fragile. It might hurt if he accidentally crushed it.

Thus, he raised his hands in surrender.

Xenia stared at Zen's hands and giggled when she saw his face. Her dimples dipped further into her cheeks, which was rather adorable. "Have you gotten used to the Illusion Battlefield and forgot to protect yourself? Look at you! You look really pitiful!"

Since there were no actual deaths in the Illusion Battlefield, many martial artists unscrupulously used up their lives. They would eventually be resurrected anyway.

They were still used to that after they returned to the real world. In those times, they wouldn't panic during a crisis, but sometimes they would also get seriously injured. They might even get killed. And if they got killed in the real world, they would be dead. Only during then would they realize that they were no longer in the Illusion Battlefield.

"I heard that you were injured, but I didn't expect your hands to be like this," Rocher sighed.

"That's not important," Zen said, his lips curled. "I have a lot of questions to ask you."

There was a trace of craftiness on Rocher's face. "Zen, you can ask whatever you want, and I will answer all of them."

However, Rocher rarely ever looked like that. He was a righteous man, but from his expression, Zen figured that he probably wouldn't get what he wanted to know.

Still, it was better to know something than nothing.

Just then, Zen turned to Xenia and asked his first question.

"First question, where did you get that page of the Sanskrit words?" Zen asked. At his first question, Xenia was stunned.

She didn't think that he would direct his first question at her. She blinked a few times, and then smiled. "Didn't you want to ask Rocher questions? It's not like I agreed to answer your questions."

In the end, Xenia wasn't one of those old foxes. Her eyes flickered with guilt, and Zen already knew what her answer implied.

He stared at her before he shifted his gaze to Rocher. "It seems that you already know that I also have a page of Sanskrit words."

Those Sanskrit words were quite special.

All the Sanskrit words appeared on his body whenever he encountered the raging fire.

Over ten years ago, Zen had once been exposed during the competition in the Cloud Sect.

Moreover, with Rocher's eyesight, he would never forget those Sanskrit words, just like how Zen had never forgotten Rocher's sword moves.

When Rocher and Xenia fought in the Illusion Battlefield, Xenia's page of Sanskrit words had also been exposed. It was very easy for Zen to link it with his own. From there, he guessed that Rocher and Xenia knew something that he didn't.

Combined with the unmistakable glint Zen saw in Xenia's eyes, he understood more clearly that there should be a connection between their pages of the Sanskrit words, or rather, a hidden direction for fate.

It caused Zen to hate fate even more. Although fate treated him better and he responded to that by not giving up on his own efforts, it seemed that such kind of fate was strongly deceptive in nature. It gave Zen a goal and made him strive for it, but it didn't tell him why.

That kind of imaginary goal was too much for Zen to bear, just like how saving Yan was one of those fictitious goals.

He thought that fate treated him like a puppet, and he didn't want to live a life of deceit.

But after he thought it through, he decided to bargain with fate. He didn't want to be fate's puppet. He wanted to know where the end of this journey would be, and the purpose of his efforts.

"Tell me! What do these pages have to do with each other?" Zen asked seriously with a stern look.

Although this wasn't the first time he had met Xenia, this was the first time they had actually spoken. His attitude towards the beauty was indeed out of control, but he was too anxious to care about his manners.

Xenia took two steps back and leaned behind Rocher. She looked somewhat aggravated as she answered, "He won't allow me to speak."

"Who?" Zen asked. "Of course it's the old man."

The surname of the leader of the Celestial Position race was Feng.

Yet out of the entire race, Xenia was the only one gutsy enough to call him the old man.

Xenia was also furious at Zen's attitude. If he wasn't Rocher's good friend and he hadn't been injured, she would've taught him a lesson. Thus, she didn't mince her words when she ruthlessly said, "Besides, you can't blame the old man. We told you to come but you didn't come. Then you fought your way up to the top ten. I didn't even get a Godly Plate because of you. I had to take your place and failed to enter top ten. I'm the one who has been wronged!"

The only reason why Xenia entered the Illusion Battlefield was to fight in the top ten rankings, or even the top three.

If it hadn't been for Zen, then the battle between Xenia and Rocher would have been a round-robin's battle for the top ten. She wouldn't have been eliminated, and of course, she might not have lost to Rocher.

At that moment, Rocher sighed and said, "Zen, don't blame Xenia. If you're really that confused, I can tell you something."

"Tell me." Zen calmed down a little.

"Zen, you do know about the great tribulation of the universe, right?" Rocher asked. "Yes," Zen nodded.

It was known that the universe did not have a coherent history.

When a grand era began, creatures were born, raised, grew up, and died. The universe was like a tree in a way—it grew up from a seed, bore fruits, aged, and eventually withered.

The whole process lasted for 3.6 billion years.

It was naturally an unimaginable amount of time.

Yet despite how long it took, it always came to an end.

If a martial artist became a True God, they would be able to escape the limitations of the Five Aging Processes. The 3.6 billion years wouldn't be too long for them because True Gods did not die. Thus, immortality would be above everything else: it could be 36 billion years of longevity, 360 billion years of lifespan, or even an unimaginably long period of time.

"This rule is an embodiment of the heavens. Even a Supreme Lord cannot break it," Rocher said. "But why would we have to be destroyed once in 3.6 billion years? And for no reason at all?"

On the other hand, Freya blinked a few times.

She didn't have the right to speak there. Therefore, she naturally maintained her silence, but couldn't help thinking about the question

Rocher raised.

Why?

No living being liked to die.

Even the lowly crickets and ants cling to life, let alone human beings. These people would be the most powerful existences in the universe in the future.

Clearly, Rocher referred to "we," which Zen knew were the creatures in the entire universe. His lips curved up into a smile and he asked, "Do you have the determination to be the savior of the universe?"

In response, Rocher shook his head and stared at him. "No."

The look in Rocher's eyes became deeper. It was a look that could only be seen after he had gone through a baptism of time. It was no surprise since Rocher had trained alone for 300 years, his situation completely different from Zen's.

"This crisis in the universe is different from what it was in the past. This crisis is related to both you and me, and the root cause is within the divine land. If the universe can't overcome this crisis, then there won't be a next grand era," Rocher stated.

"There's no next grand era?" Zen mulled over his words. He thought of what Master Feng had said. There wouldn't be another young generation; they were the last.

Rocher nodded and sat down at the mirror-like lake. Xenia sat beside him. Then Zen and Freya also followed suit.

Apparently, Rocher did know a lot of things that Zen didn't. However, Zen was also puzzled. Just where did he learn those from?

His confusion didn't go unnoticed by Rocher, who smiled at him. "I didn't know in the beginning, either. I even knew less than you, but ever since I entered the savage land and saw the sixteen scratches on the mountain wall, I have learned a lot."

"Sixteen scratches?" Zen asked, even more confused.

"The names of the grand eras are all written under the scratches, respectively. Beneath the sixteenth scratch is the word 'Cosmos, ' the name of the current grand era."

"This universe has undergone sixteen grand eras?" Zen asked. His eyes went wide at this piece of information.

The Heavenly Fragment in Zen's hand was a fragment of the previous grand era.

Who drew those scratches? How did that person know this?

If so, then that person had made a record of all the grand eras since the creation of the universe.

If that person had experienced each of all the grand eras and drew a mark every time, did that mean that he had lived for 57.6 billion years?

Needless to say, Zen was speechless. All of his experiences in his life combined were most likely just a hair's width compared to what that person had experienced in a blink of an eye.

Chapter 1750 The First Spy

That unimaginable amount of time was enough to bring about massive changes to the universe.

Time should have eroded the marks engraved on the wall of the mountain. It was impossible that they had been left unharmed for so long.

Zen's face dripped suspicion, and he quickly withdrew his conclusion.

Rocher also shook his head. "No, the words on the wall of this mountain were not written very long ago. There are vines around the mountain wall, and although these words look very ancient, the vines have not hidden them. I suspect these words were carved there less than half a year ago!"

Half a year...

Someone had carved the words on the wall of the mountain half a year ago as a clue.

Undoubtedly, the clue had been left behind for a certain someone. No civilization resided on the savage land, and only Rocher had been brought there by the Heavenly Sword Illustration.

In other words, someone had carved the words on the wall of the mountain half a year in advance in anticipation that Rocher would discover them.

When Rocher sensed Zen's wariness, a helpless smile rose on his face. "They've always been by our side. Watching us."

'There are people watching me?'

Zen felt a chill run down his spine.

"From the moment you stepped out the door of the Luo Clan...no, from the moment you were born, they have been by your side," Rocher emphasized, his words a haunting lullaby.

Coming from his mouth, the conspiracy sounded sinister.

It was hard for Zen to believe that someone had always kept an eye on his every move. It was rather unbelievable.

Seeing Zen's look of disbelief, Rocher continued, "Didn't you find it strange? You've had many coincidences in your life. You narrowly escaped death every single time. Some people would tell you it's because of your good fortune."

"Luck truly exists," Zen insisted, feeling even more confused now. Rocher was trying to overturn everything Zen had once believed in.

Rocher smiled knowingly. A light wave of his sword had dozens of strikes pushing forward. Each sword strike then sank into the mirror-like lake.

The lake had been tranquil, its surface like a mirror. Now disturbed by the dozens of sword slashes, many ripples appeared on it, instantly spreading in opposite directions.

"I performed fifty sword strikes." Rocher was very fast in his moves. He seemed to be quivering in place, but he thrust out fifty strikes. Zen was able to count the number readily.

"Which sword strike left the deepest mark under the lake, do you think? You have one-in-fifty odds of being right," Rocher said.

The sword strikes had penetrated the surface of the lake and dived into the mud. How could Zen know which sword strike left the deepest mark under the lake? The question was rather impossible to answer.

"With your luck, a two-percent probability is perhaps too easy," Rocher continued, laughing. "In fact, the chances of emerging alive out of all that you have experienced in the past were perhaps even less. Take a guess."

Zen was silent for a moment. "The sixteenth strike."

"Wrong." Rocher shook his head. "The depth of each sword strike is exactly the same. There is no difference. You see, Zen? Your luck no longer works."

Rocher had merely used a little example to question Zen's good fortune.

"They are all liars. Think about it. Who told you about your luck?" Rocher asked again.

'Who told me about my luck?' Zen asked himself.

'First, it was Yolande. Then, Immortal Mist. Lavender. The mysterious girl in charge of the Illusion Battlefield…'

"What do they all have in common?" Rocher asked with a mysterious smile.

Zen frowned. There seemed to linger another truth in his heart, but that truth had always been covered by a layer of gauze, making it difficult for him to see through clearly.

These people had suddenly appeared by his side!

Zen perused that line of thought carefully. They had all come out of the blue. From entering the Cloud Sect to the Cloud Hall, he did not imagine it reasonable that he had met those people.

Letitia, however, was the leader of Cloud Hall. It was given that he would have met her after joining Cloud Hall.

But the others were different.

'And Lavender! Her sudden appearance was rather strange.'

Zen's eyes flashed. At this moment, Lavender was still sleeping inside his body.

Rocher seemed to have read Zen's thoughts. "Lavender is different. She does know part of the truth, but she is more like a hitchhiker."

"Is that so?"

As per Rocher's logic, everything Zen experienced was a trap.

At this moment, Zen felt as if he was in an illusion, that everything in the world was false and could not be trusted.

As he began to recall his past, all events that had happened to him seemed like lures meant to entrap him.

Zen was in deep rumination. How did he find the fairy palace?

Back then, when he had obtained the Weapon Refining Principle, he had also bizarrely received information about the Cloudy Mountain and the Dragon Valley. At that time, before he returned to G County, someone by his side had mentioned the two locations.

Someone had wanted Zen to take control of the fairy palace.

The person had placed a strand of information in the Weapon Refining Principle, so that Zen discovered the fairy palace "by accident" and entered it.

He could tell that the traces of this arrangement had been quite intricate and heavy. However, it had been impossible for Zen to be on his guard at that time.

That person had paid such an enormous price just to grant him the fairy palace? What was the purpose in this?

And what about Yan?

To lure him to look for Yan, there must be an even bigger conspiracy hidden behind this. 'Am I truly just a pawn?' Zen wondered.

A hint of pity appeared on Rocher's face when he saw Zen's agitated expression. He had long known that Zen would have an extreme reaction to this piece of information. Zen would have to adapt to this process by himself.

Rocher did not say anything else for some time, permitting Zen some time to swallow the bitter truth.

"Want to drink?" Rocher asked.

"It's no use. I won't get drunk." Zen shook his head.

Beside him, Xenia flipped her hand and a few jade bottles materialized out of thin air. They were only palm-sized. She smiled and said, "I guarantee that they'll be of use."

Zen glanced at Xenia indifferently, and then took a jade bottle from her. Opening it swiftly with one hand, he could smell the rich aroma of wine. The smell of it was very sweet, as if it was just regular sweet wine.

It did not matter. Even the strongest wine would taste like water to Zen.

However, as Zen took a gulp, he discovered that the wine glided to his mind in a strange way. It was as if his soul had caught fire.

"It's the Soul-burning Wine," Xenia said faintly. "Only Celestial Position members have access to it. It's good wine and can make your soul descend into a state of drunkenness. Still, don't have too much of it."

"He's too emotional right now," Rocher said as he shook his head. He took a bottle of the Soul-burning Wine himself and gulped it down.

Rocher had taken on no less responsibility than Zen over the years. Gradually, he too discovered his fate was even worse than Zen's.

In fact, the Soul-burning Wine was not a type of wine, but rather a poison aimed toward the soul. However, it could give a warrior a drunk experience. If one took the poison directly, their soul would immediately corrode. The Celestial Position members had used a special technique to tame it down and moderate the poison's effect.

Some martial artists were addicted to alcohol, but after their cultivation reached a certain level, they did not find any sort of wine effective. The Soul-burning Wine, however, was different and could make warriors drunk. But it was something that could only be encountered by chance and not sought.

Zen felt as if the world was spinning around him. He could not help but sink into an uncontrollable, but freeing state. Nobody knew how many years he had gone without getting drunk. Soon, he fell into deep sleep by the lake.

"Zen is drunk. I'll take him so he gets some sleep," Freya said. She stood up, wanting to help him get to his feet.

Rocher had also chugged a bottle of the Soul-burning Wine, but his eyes were still clear. His gaze shifted. What he had taken was only ordinary water.

He stared straight at Freya, his gaze piercing her. "Which great world are you from?"

Xenia also stood at Freya's side. Tiny lightning bolts constantly danced on her fingertips, as if she was trying to prevent Freya from escaping.

Freya's face was blank and innocent. "I don't know either... That great world doesn't have its own name."

Because there were a number of great worlds, some of them were often left unnamed. They only had their own numbers, so it was not astonishing that Freya's world did not have a name.

Rocher crushed the jade bottle in his hand with minimal effort. He did not trust her at all. "Tell me your purpose. I don't want any strange people by Zen's side. And if you don't wish to tell me, you'll just have to die."

Chapter 1751 Heal

On the surface it seemed as if Rocher had visited Zen to talk about the old days.

However, his true purpose was to question Freya.

Freya seemed to have appeared by Zen's side by accident. She had left the Ascending Well with Zen, left behind a message rune to him, and then was found by Zen, all by coincidence.

Rocher was unable to predict where those people might be, but he was able to find an abrupt clue to it.

He truly did not have any evidence to prove that Freya belonged with them, but he could prove that Freya was not reliable.

"You have no other choice, believe me," Rocher said in a frigid voice.

Freya retreated a few steps, feeling betrayed and wronged. "I don't have any intentions toward Zen. I just want to stay by his side. Why are you doing this to me?"

Rocher stared fixedly at Freya as he searched for a reason that would betray her in her eyes. However, her performance was flawless, as though she had appeared by Zen's side thanks to sheer luck.

"I am grateful to Zen for saving me. As long as I can stay by his side, I am willing to serve him like a servant," Freya continued.

The lightning in Xenia's hands grew intense as she waited for Rocher to make the next move.

Indeed, there was no way of questioning what Freya was saying. Rocher's eyes were serene. He raised the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand and slowly swung it at Freya.

The sharp point of the sword reached the center of Freya's eyebrows and the extreme sword intent gave off a light silver glow. His sword intent was relatively mediocre and extreme, unlike Zen's lively one. If Zen's sword point was pointed at a person, that person would die under the threat of his sword intent alone.

"I won't give you another chance. Tell me. What is your goal?" Rocher asked, his face unreadable.

No matter how powerful warriors were, they would compromise in the face of death, unless they truly did not care for their lives. Rocher wanted to drive Freya to the brink of death so that she would admit to her wrongdoings.

In truth, he did not dare to kill Freya before he received irrefutable evidence.

Previously, he had done a thorough evaluation of Zen's character. Zen's talent was greater than his own, but he was like a simple child. He had full trust in the people around him.

Freya had been by Zen's side for a long time. If he killed her, its impact on Zen would be immeasurable. He needed unquestionable evidence to incriminate her, so his words just now about killing her were mere threats.

However, Freya's performance was far better than what Rocher had imagined.

Even in the face of death, she did not reveal any signs of panic. Her tone was very decisive. "If you kill me, I will die uncleared of a false charge. Why do you want to kill me? I'm sure Zen won't want you to do it."

Xenia frowned and shook her head. "Actually, we can just search your soul. The Celestial Position has a technique to search one's soul without damaging it. It will take a long time, but we will finally find out the truth."

"Okay," Freya replied calmly. "I can cooperate with you in everything, but you must let me prove my innocence! I don't want Zen to suspect me."

As soon as she finished speaking, Rocher laughed.

He slowly withdrew the Soaring Snake Sword and stared at Freya as he said, "I am sure now..."

"Sure of what?" Freya was confused.

"You're one of them," Rocher said confidently.

"What do you mean?" Freya's face darkened.

"I don't see any imperfections in you," Rocher replied. "But that is your biggest flaw. You are far too confident and calm. As a warrior of the Soul Sea Realm who ascended to the Upper World, without any foundation and support like you claimed, how are you so level-headed while facing these accusations? You are indeed different."

"Bullshit! You can say whatever you want, but it's not true," Freya said coldly.

Rocher shook his head again. "I won't kill you, and I won't tell Zen who you really are. No matter what reason you have to stay by Zen's side, as soon as I find an opening to your truth, I will not hesitate to kill you!"

Freya snorted. She had no way of convincing Rocher otherwise. She bent down to carefully help Zen up, carrying him back to the building.

Meanwhile, Rocher and Xenia stood by the mirror-like lake for some time. "I still feel it would be better for us to kill the girl," said Xenia.

"We can't, or Zen will be against us." Rocher shook his head. "She's just so sure that I won't dare to kill her! But she's right. I won't."

"If she stays with Zen, it will bring more trouble," Xenia said, sighing.

Rocher gave her a faint smile. "Trouble is inevitable. We'll talk about it when the time comes."

Zen had a strange and long dream, long enough to recapitulate his entire life. He dreamed of how he grew up and accidentally fell into a large black hole connected to the back of the world. He saw the leader of the sorcerer race.

A sudden flash of lightning lit up the leader's face, and in that moment, Zen saw Letitia's familiar face! Did this mean that he could not trust Letitia either?

An intangible sense of sorrow enveloped Zen, pity streaming through his veins. He really did not like this feeling. He hated feeling sorry for himself.

Truth be told, it was a tragedy to have lived his entire life in a trap.

His once indomitable momentum collapsed overnight.

That indomitable momentum had been built on the confidence he had in himself. Good fortune had been the foundation of his warrior spirit.

He was an ace talent and a Godly Genius. Even the heavens favored and protected him. Along the way, all sorts of evil spirits had to give way so he could walk and pursue his path.

However, all of it had been artificial. He was not fated to be there. Someone had carefully guided him and created these different scenarios for him, step by step, for some unidentifiable, ultimate goal.

Boom!

An explosion sounded in his mind. The Soul-burning Wine he had gulped down had been highly toxic. Even though his soul was powerful, there were strong aftereffects of getting drunk on poison.

Waking up, Zen found himself lying on a stone bed.

Seeing Zen stir awake, Freya, still in her cotton shoes, quickly poured out a cup of warm, fragrant tea from a teapot. The tea would calm his soul and neutralize the effect of the wine. After Zen drank it, it would remove the poison of the Soul-burning Wine from his body.

"Zen, you have woken up." Freya smiled at Zen. Her smile was gentle as ever—heartwarming and lovely. Her own unique charm was infused into it. It was like having a cup of fresh green tea.

Zen was still confused. He seemed to have forgotten something, something he had really wanted to inquire about before he fell into the deep sleep.

At the sight of Freya, he thought harder. It seemed that before he fell asleep, he had heard Freya

arguing with Rocher.

The thought of it was incredulous.

"What did you say to Rocher?" Zen asked her.

The expression on Freya's face remained calm. "You can ask him. I don't want to talk about it," she said, feeling wronged again.

"What's wrong?" Freya's expression made Zen's heart sink. Had Rocher tried to bully her? He pushed that thought out of his head. He knew very well that Rocher was a very upright person. He would not be so dull as to bully Freya in Xenia's presence.

"It's nothing. Zen, can I not talk about it?" Freya asked pitifully.

Zen was confused to see her in this state, but he did not pursue the matter further. He told himself to ask Rocher about it at a later stage.

However, Master Feng had brought him here and told him to wait. He did not know where Rocher had gone, so he could only wait until he appeared next.

The scenery here was pleasing to the eye. Although Zen was not in a good mood, he experienced rare moments of comfort. Sometimes, his mind went completely blank as he enjoyed the flowers with Freya by the lake outside.

Three days later, more people began to arrive one after another.

They were all black-robed Celestial Position warriors and made off after leaving behind a few things.

These were all rare and priceless medicinal herbs. It was impossible to put a value to them.

Even Zen, who had seen many rare treasures in his lifetime, could not help but suck in a sharp breath when he saw the herbs. The Celestial Position was indeed so rich in treasures that it was hard to imagine it.

After this, three black-robed persons arrived, seeming like leaders. They were all world lords.

They introduced themselves as important figures in the Celestial Position, each of the three proficient in healing warriors. Their means and methods were among the best in the universe.

One of them checked Zen's arm and frowned. "As a general rule, Corrosive Liquid corrodes all things. It is a miracle that your bones have not yet corroded, but I have to say that it will be harder to heal your hands."

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1752 Repairing Hands

It wasn't very difficult to treat the injuries on Zen's hands.

He also had some pills to help regenerate his muscles, but the reborn flesh and blood would be quite different from his original flesh and blood.

In the beginning, Zen thought that they would give him some sort of magic pills.

However, the only reason they had come here was for one thing, and that was to get exceptionally accurate measurement.

This measurement included the fracture of Zen's muscles as well as the thickness and width of his bones.

After busying themselves for four to six hours, the three warriors left.

Freya and Zen were also confused, and wondered whether this group was really there to help him.

One day later, the leader of the group returned and took Zen outside. He measured the distance and then walked a dozen steps out of the door. "Come over here."

Zen walked over and stood in the spot indicated by him. He did not know what was going on.

Although he had passed the Celestial Position race's examination, he did not know much about the race and the methods they used.

The warrior grabbed Zen's arm and adjusted his position. Then, he nodded mysteriously, took two steps back and made a gesture towards the sky...

The cloudless blue sky suddenly filled with dark clouds. Within the layers of dark clouds, two stripes of green lightning streaked across the sky, like two green dragons that flashed faintly across the clouds!

"Crack..."

Zen gazed up at them and barely had time to react before the two green bolts of lightning descended and landed on his hands!

The powerful force of lightning caused Zen's hair to stand on end. Even his thoughts came to a halt, rendering him incapable of thinking.

Zen was aware that some kinds of thunder and lightning actually contained a powerful life energy. These streaks of thunder and lightning could give birth to life in the Soul Sea. However, he did not expect the Celestial Position to use this method to cure his hands...

The meridians in his hands stretched out endlessly, crawling all the way from his arms to the back of his hands. They were like small worms that coiled around the back of his hands and followed the crevices of the bone on his fingers, extending all the way to his fingertips.

They continued onward spreading to his muscles, tendons, skin, and so on.

Zen felt a tingling sensation in his hands and was unable to exert any strength. Apart from this, he also felt an invisible force twisting his hands, and preventing him from falling to the ground.

After the streaks of green lightning were exhausted, the power suddenly disappeared. Under the sudden whipping of the lightning energy, he, too, fell to the ground, temporarily incapacitated.

The warrior walked out and grabbed Zen's hands. He flipped them over, studied them briefly, and then nodded expressionlessly. "They should be fine, but they are still not perfect. Someone will help you nurse them. Try not to exert too much for the next two days."

After advising him thus, the warrior flew away without looking back, leaving Zen and Freya standing there dumbstruck. The two just looked at each other in consternation.

These Celestial Position warriors were really weird.

Zen stretched his hands. There was a prominent line at the meeting points of his arms and hands. The top half was black, while the skin that had just grown was snowy white. His hands looked like a woman's well-manicured hands.

It looked like he'd take a while to get used to it, which made Zen feel a bit helpless.

Not long after, another member from the Celestial Position race was sent there. This time it was no other than Master Feng, the head of the Celestial Position race.

Zen was pleased to see Master Feng, as he had a lot of questions to ask him. For example, why did Rocher and the others come to the Celestial Position? Had the top 10 warriors of the Illusion Battlefield arrived? What was their reason for sending him to the Celestial Position?

Master Feng, on the other hand, was crafty and didn't directly answer Zen's question. "This time, I've come to help you recover that girl's damaged soul." With that, he pointed at Zen's chest.

Zen felt his body shudder, and the red light ensconced within his body poured out.

These specks of light were the sword spirit's most primitive form. As they continued to condense, the red light dissipated and eventually turned into Lavender's body.

As she fell into a deep slumber, she hugged her knees, her eyes tightly shut. She was curled up in a fetal position like an infant.

Master Feng took out a small incense burner, burnt the incense and put the furnace in a corner of the room. Zen didn't know what incense was burning, but it seemed to have an extremely strong effect as it nourished the soul. From the incense burner, a small amount of light-purple smoke began to slowly waft around. Zen absorbed the smoke by accident, and felt instantly refreshed. Even though Master Feng didn't tell him, Zen knew that this was extraordinary and invaluable.

A majority of the purple smoke flowed into Lavender's body.

"Don't take her back into your body during this period. Just let her stay in this room," Master Feng instructed.

Zen nodded. He couldn't stay a long distance away from Lavender, but he could still move around. "I want to ask..."

He had just begun to speak when Master Feng held up a finger to silence him. He smiled lightly and said, "All the problems will be solved. I will come back in ten days to have your blood changed. That's when I will talk to you about your dragons..."

Seeing that Master Feng was about to leave, Zen realized he had no way of detaining the Supreme Lord. In a moment of desperation, he said darkly, "If you don't explain this clearly, I refuse to join the Celestial Position race!"

The doubts in his heart had arisen after encountering this old fellow. Although nothing major had happened in this period of time, what he had seen and experienced was so weird and different from his point of view and imagination.

Zen felt like he was going crazy in this strange and mysterious environment!

Master Feng smiled slightly and his silhouette became more and more blurry. When his shadow almost completely disappeared in front of Zen, he spoke, "We are proving our sincerity. The final decision is in your hands."

Zen curled his lips as he looked at Lavender. He had a calm expression on his face, but he was pondering over the words in his mind.

Indeed, Zen did not completely trust the Celestial Position race. They were currently trying to prove their sincerity to Zen and win his trust.

'What is the purpose of this?

Are they doing this just to ensure that I will be loyal to them in the future?

That doesn't sound right...' Zen thought.

He would only follow his own wishes and plans. As long as no one went against his principles, he would not do anything to let down the Celestial Position race. Such was Zen's personality.

If he were to come across some extremely difficult choices in the future, then the "sincerity" displayed by the Celestial Position would influence his decision.

Zen kept analyzing everything in his mind.

After thinking about it for a while, Zen finally calmed himself down. No matter what, the right to choose was in his hands. Perhaps his fate would be secretly influenced by some force, but in the end, he would still solve the mystery.

His gaze rested on Lavender again.

Even though she was curled up into a ball, her beautiful figure was not hidden. Her thick eyelashes fanned out like a pair of paintbrushes and trembled.

Lavender was straightforward. In the past, her behavior had not been strange. She had stayed with him and helped him progress in cultivation, and in return he would help her ascend to the throne once again.

Now it seemed that the matter wasn't as simple as it appeared.

Lavender's previous words were a bit obscure, as if she was hiding something, particularly Elena's motive for killing her.

According to her, Elena was preparing to directly make a move on her, but what was her motive? If she really was to going to gain control of the entire Demon Night, then Elena also needed to kill Latonia. However, Latonia was safe and sound all the time.

Latonia was certain that Elena wanted to monopolize the Demon Night, but she still dared to reincarnate and turned into Shania. She didn't seem to be afraid of Elena's methods.

This was a very contradictory situation. It didn't make any logical sense.

After Lavender woke up, Zen would have a good, long talk with her. He thought that she wouldn't hide such matters from him...

"Zen, have some spirit tea," Freya uttered, serving Zen a cup.

Zen took the teacup from Freya. However, instead of taking a sip, he just kept staring at Lavender. He didn't notice that Freya, who stayed behind him, looked hesitant. She wanted to say something, but on second thought, she changed her mind. Her black eyes, like two stars in the night sky, were gleaming in a strange way.

Chapter 1753 Exchange Blood

The purple smoke from the incense burner seeped into Lavender's body bit by bit. As it did, her aura grew stronger.

The scene drew Zen in and he wanted to see what was burning within the incense burner. Looking down, he saw a purple crystal as it was being burned by a thin wisp of flame.

"It's the Candle Dragon Crystal, made from dragon oil. The condensed crystal is very precious and effective in repairing the soul." The cyan dragon's voice resounded in his head. "The value of this small piece of Candle Dragon Crystal is nearly that of a supreme divine weapon."

"You finally spoke," Zen remarked.

Once, the cyan dragon served as Zen's beacon of sorts, guiding him along his pursuit of the martial arts. But lately, the dragon had been silent.

The creature knew that Zen was rather upset about it, but he merely smiled and said, "An ant wants to climb a mountain. If it does not look up and keeps going upward blindly, it will one day cross it. But if you let the little ant know the height of the mountain right away, I think that it will lose the courage to cross it."

Zen knew that the cyan dragon was talking about him.

Indeed, knowing what he'd be facing ahead of him could do him more harm than good.

But still, that didn't stop Zen's curiosity.

"Things progressed much quicker than I expected," the cyan dragon sighed. "But that's also good. Soon, you'll start exchanging your blood. When you become a member of the Celestial Position, many things will be revealed."

"Why must I change my blood? To join the Celestial Position?" The thought made Zen frown. "Can I refuse?"

Although the Celestial Position had done Zen some good, he didn't particularly like this kind of mysterious feeling—he always felt like he was in the dark, as if everyone was hiding some sort of conspiracy.

"You have to exchange your blood, but this has nothing to do with you joining the Celestial Position," said the dragon.

"Can't you explain it to me? Clearly?" All he wanted was the truth—Zen didn't want to be stuck in the dark any longer.

"The blood of the Celestial Position race is very special. It will increase your strength and more importantly, it can hide you from others."

And the people he was referring to were probably those whose identity couldn't yet be revealed. His response made Zen's eyes roll—he simply couldn't be bothered to find out who these people were. In any case, the dragon wasn't going to tell him anything, even if he asked.

Getting a sense of Zen's emotions, the cyan dragon immediately said, "They've made a move against you before. They probably thought they have already destroyed you… In truth, you really shouldn't have gone to the Illusion Battlefield to fight for the champion. It was too conspicuous…it put the Celestial Position in an awkward situation too."

"They've made a move against me before?" Zen asked in bewilderment.

"Yes, when you were on the Divine Kingdom Continent."

Zen's eyes flashed as he recalled the terrifying attack. That regular black thread had unimaginable power—it had destroyed all the mountains in the great world.

"That was negligence… there are thousands upon thousands of seedlings like you in the great worlds… But most of them don't have the chance to grow. Even if they had, they'd be killed during the Heavenly Tribulations once they were discovered. But you managed to withstand it, so you now have the initiative," the dragon added.

Thousands upon thousands?

Zen felt that he had received another piece to the puzzle.

There were other people like him? What exactly did the big boss behind this want to do by paying such a heavy price?

It couldn't be to kill a True God, could it?

Even if it was to kill a True God, there was no need to pay such a huge price.

Gradually, Zen could faintly see the tip of the iceberg of the whole ordeal—he realized that the mountain in front of him was truly unimaginably tall.

"Your blood must be changed. This is a crucial part," the cyan dragon warned.

No longer refuting him, Zen nodded.

To reach the end of his path, he needed to place his trust in some people, or at the very least, the cyan dragon and Lavender. There might have been things that Lavender failed to explain, but even if he was deceived, he knew that he would still stand firmly beside her.

Three days later, the Candle Dragon Crystal in the incense burner was almost completely burnt; its purple smoke also dispersed.

But Lavender remained in a deep sleep, her face still peaceful and undisturbed.

Zen didn't know if it was an effect of the Candle Dragon Crystal or if she had deliberately refused to wake up, but there was nothing he could do about it except keep her within his body.

When she was taken into Zen's body, her eyes opened slightly. Then, she pursed her lips and closed her eyes once again.

Meanwhile, some warriors from the Celestial Position arrived once again. As the old man said, today was the day Zen was to exchange his blood.

So Zen followed the warriors from the Celestial Position and traveled for millions of miles through the supreme world tunnel. After a day and a half, they finally arrived at their destination.

Before Zen was a giant waterfall, rushing down from a mountain tens of thousands of feet above as if an ocean was dammed.

With such a great force of water falling from above, there should have been a violent, explosive sound. But somehow, the waterfall was so quiet—Zen couldn't figure out how the Celestial Position had done it.

"Let's enter," a warrior led the way into the waterfall. The moment he stepped inside, the water parted like curtains as if it knew they were there to enter.

Zen and Freya exchanged glances before following the warrior into the waterfall.

For one thing, Zen didn't expect to hear a heated argument the moment he stepped inside.

A towering hall was hidden behind the waterfall—it was magnificent in every angle. Carvings of various dragons, snakes, giant statues of tigers and leopards, and all kinds of legendary ferocious beasts decorated both sides of the gate. Zen had even spotted the statue of the Mad Scorpion he had once met.

But Zen's attention was drawn in by the ongoing quarrel.

"I would never agree to let Zen have such precious blood!"

"Hmph… does he even have the ability to take it? The Sky Origin Blood is the blood guarded by the Celestial Position race, guarded for years!"

"Master Feng, if you're not afraid that he'll explode and perish, then exchange the blood for him! Once he dies, we still can take the Sky Origin Blood back!"

"I'm already starting to suspect the meaning of the Celestial Position race's existence. Master Feng, what are you trying to do?"

It was more like a siege than a quarrel.

In the center of this great hall, seven people were gathered, fiercely accusing Master Feng.

Among them, four of them were grand world lords and the other three were Supreme Lords. One of them, Zen had seen him before. When he was surrounded by Supreme Lords, it was one of them that had sent the message.

In truth, Zen was rather curious. Why didn't Master Feng use the Roaring Token directly? There might have been some hidden reasons. Perhaps the Celestial Position warriors weren't allowed to use Roaring Tokens?

Seeing Master Feng at a loss for words, Zen couldn't help but gloat inwardly. 'You appeared unfathomable before me, yet as one of the most powerful warriors in the universe, you're in trouble now!'

"Zen has arrived!"

When the announcement was made, the seven men all turned to look at him.

These seven warriors were grand world lords or Supreme Lords. One could only imagine just how shocking their auras were when all of them gathered together.

A single Supreme Lord's soul pressure alone was enough to weaken or even destroy Zen's soul, let alone seven of them.

But these seven didn't use such means to suppress Zen—they were only expressing their emotions with it.

But even so, the overwhelming auras still came crushing down on Zen. His face instantly turned pale while Freya's legs grew weak before she fainted.

Seeing her pass out, Zen's eyebrows furrowed.

"You old guys must watch your manners! How could you do this? They're only kids!"

With a casual wave of his hand, a warm breeze blew over the area.

Suddenly, Zen felt the pressure on him lighten, letting him bend down and help Freya up.

Although he knew that these people were the top-notch characters in the Celestial Position, their actions left Zen with a negative impression.

The others glared at him coldly.

Right after he got there, Zen heard these people were opposed to the idea of him having some special blood.

But they couldn't change Master Feng's mind and naturally, they had to keep a straight face in front of Zen.

The Celestial Position warriors' gold blood was divided into three types—Sky Origin Blood, Earth Origin Blood, and Human Origin Blood.

Most of the Celestial Position warriors exchanged their blood for Human Origin Blood, and a small number of them could exchange theirs for Earth Origin Blood.

But when it came to the Sky Origin Blood, the Celestial Position had only inherited enough for two warriors. Many years ago, they had used one and now, the leader wanted to give the last one to Zen. How could the Supreme Lords and grand world lords be happy to hear the news? Naturally, they were determined to stop the head of the race from handing anything to Zen.

Chapter 1754 The Sky Origin Blood

Zen originally had doubts regarding the blood exchange.

But when he looked at the people around him, the expressions on their faces strengthened his resolve to go through with the blood exchange.

"Master Feng, we agreed that we would perform the blood exchange today. Can we start as soon as possible?" Zen asked with a humble smile.

Master Feng felt a headache earlier when he was interrogated by these people. His head further throbbed when he thought that he would probably still have to persuade Zen into exchanging his blood. He was surprised that Zen proved to be willing to perform the ceremony. It exceeded his expectations.

"Brat, are you really sure you've thought this through? The Sky Origin Blood is an extraordinary thing. If your body can't handle it, you may bleed to death. It's very powerful," one of the Supreme Lords said in a cold voice.

A warrior nearby immediately chimed in, "Ordinary martial artists don't have the capacity to handle it at all; it might be better if you think about it again!"

Zen strode into the center of the great hall and swept his gaze over these strong warriors.

Under the scrutiny of these powerful warriors, any ordinary young warrior might be flustered and might even be unable to stand steadily on their own feet. But Zen was unaffected; he had already encountered Supreme Lords and even faced them in battle.

Zen smiled at them. "My Lords, do you think I'm an ordinary warrior?"

As the words left Zen's lips, the expressions on the seven warriors' faces all froze. They realized that no warrior that championed the Illusion Battlefield could be ordinary.

Master Feng snorted in disdain. He told the warriors, "At such a critical moment, why do you only care about the Sky Origin Blood?! You only see the step in front of you. You never think on a larger scale. You are too narrow-minded..." He then turned and addressed Zen, "If you are already sure of your decision, follow me."

With that, Master Feng walked away and entered the inner hall. Zen nodded his head in affirmation and followed Master Feng into the inner hall. He had asked Freya to accompany him. The Supreme Lords and grand world lords exchanged a few glances between them before following their leader into the inner hall.

The inner hall had a strangely unique structure. The center of the floor was deeply caved in, with a circular structure that spiraled upward like a staircase.

"Stand in the middle of the room," Master Feng instructed Zen.

Zen acknowledged with a tilt of his head, before he descended into the spiral on the ground and stood in its center.

The small number of Supreme Lords knew that they could not do anything to dissuade him, so they just stood on the side to spectate. On the other hand, Freya leaned onto a corner, staring downwards at Zen.

"The Sky Origin Blood has tremendous power. It is up to your body if it can contain the blood's power," Master Feng warned, but there was no trace of worry in his tone. He understood Zen's capability extensively, even more than Zen himself.

After his statement, Master Feng clapped his hands; two martial artists immediately brought out a glass jar. This glass jar's height was almost equal to that of an average person, and it contained nothing but the golden blood up to its brim.

If this was just a normal blood exchange, it wouldn't have required Master Feng's presence. But in this case, the Sky Origin Blood was too precious, and Zen's identity was also extraordinary, that Master Feng decided to help Zen finish the process personally.

"Sit down, cross your legs, close your eyes and focus," Master Feng instructed.

Zen followed Master Feng's instructions and sat with legs crossed, as he entered a state of meditation. His mind eventually attained peace. To a martial arts practitioner, entering this state was as natural as eating and drinking.

As soon as he had reached a peaceful state, he unexpectedly felt a sharp, stabbing pain in his chest: a small hole the size of a little finger appeared in it!

His heart was pierced!

The hole was made with utmost precision; its placement and angle were perfect. Just as sudden as he had felt it, a stream of blood immediately flowed out from the hole.

Right then, Zen panicked a little bit. Although he knew that usually a warrior's blood was strong, he would probably die if all his blood was drained.

The crimson blood stream continued to flow along the spiral in front of him. A strange gravitational force seemed to be drawing his blood out!

Simultaneously, Master Feng opened the glass jar and the Sky Origin Blood surged out!

While contained inside the glass jar, the Sky Origin Blood looked normal. But the moment that Master Feng lifted the lid off, it was as if a ferocious beast had been released. The Sky Origin Blood flowed towards the ground, thrashed about, and rushed from side to side, seemingly wanting to escape...

This lump of blood had been contained there for a long time. It had already formed a blood spirit that had its own consciousness. It knew that it was going to be absorbed by someone, and it strongly resisted.

Master Feng snorted derisively and reached out his hand to grab the air in front of him. The blood spirit was instantly annihilated, and the golden Sky Origin Blood was tamed to flow along a groove in the spiral.

There were two grooves lying side-by-side into the spiral. Zen's blood flowed out along one groove, and the Sky Origin Blood flowed towards him along the other groove. Thus, the spiral formed two lines counter-flowing each other, one golden and one crimson.

When the golden stream of the Sky Origin Blood spiraled down the groove and reached Zen, Master Feng pointed his finger and another small hole appeared on Zen's chest. The golden Sky Origin Blood slithered like a small snake, seemingly enthusiastic, and leaped up to enter into the small hole!

Two types of blood, one flowed inward, the other outward. This was how the blood was exchanged.

Although Zen's eyes were tightly shut, he still felt what was happening within him. He sighed inwardly and wondered who invented this blood exchange method, as it was quite ingenious.

Soon, Zen did not have a chance to let his mind wander further.

He suddenly felt the domineering power of the Sky Origin Blood!

As the Sky Origin Blood entered Zen's body, he felt it flow into his arteries, starting from his aorta to his branch arteries. It spread through his blood vessels and covered every part of his body. It also started to circulate within his body immediately!

As this was not Zen's own blood, his entire body felt as if it was swelling up. His flesh felt like it was about to explode, and as if some kind of monster wanted to break out from his body.

It was only an illusion.

What was actually swelling right now were the meridians in Zen's body. They were located in almost every part of his body so he felt like his body was going to explode.

It seemed to the onlookers that the veins on Zen's forehead, neck, and arms were bulging like there were countless little snakes wriggling under his skin. The sight terrified them.

The Supreme Lords continued to stare at Zen coldly. They also knew how important Zen was. It was necessary for him to exchange blood to make it easier for him to hide, but the Earth Origin Blood would have been enough for this purpose. They thought that using the Sky Origin Blood was unnecessary!

They just tried to intimidate Zen earlier when they said that he would explode and die if he absorbed the Sky Origin Blood.

These people had witnessed how unusual Zen's physique was during his performance in the Illusion Battlefield. They knew his body wouldn't easily explode and kill him.

It puzzled them that Zen was able to absorb the Sky Origin Blood quite smoothly.

The last person who had absorbed the Sky origin Blood was Master Feng himself. During that time, he was already a world lord and he was exchanging the Earth Origin Blood for the Sky Origin Blood. But even then, the leader had suffered such tremendous pain.

During the blood exchange ceremony, he wasn't able to stand the pressure and he had almost destroyed the entire hall.

However, seeing Zen's reaction, they wondered why he had absorbed the Sky Origin Blood so easily.

The Supreme Lords looked at each other, surprised expressions in their eyes.

"Don't you find it strange?"

"Yes. It is as if this kid's original bloodline is the Sky Origin Blood. It's amazing that he didn't have any problem absorbing it…"

"Ha-ha, that's impossible."

Zen wasn't able to hear their discussion, as for that moment, he truly felt like he was about to explode.

Every inch of his body exerted a tremendous amount of pressure, pressing outwards! His physical body was like a jar that was containing that enormous pressure within it.

The enormous pressure tortured Zen extremely. If only he could chop himself open into two to relieve the pressure!

But Zen's physical body was uniquely one-of-a-kind.

At that moment, his body's special ability came into play. As the immense pressure built up within his body, it turned into a warm current once again. It was the primordial energy...

When refiners forged weapons, a portion of primordial energy would be produced by each strike of the hammer. The primordial energy constantly flowed around the weapon, so that the weapon was continually strengthened. Be it a fairy weapon, a sacred weapon, or a divine weapon, their abilities might be different but the same principles were still applicable. Even the supreme primordial weapons followed the same rules. The only exception was the supreme chaotic weapons.

Chapter 1755 The Information In The Blood

"He's surprisingly able to bear the pain," a Supreme Lord said. His cold yet slightly impressed voice echoed against the walls.

Their eyes gravitated towards Zen's thick meridians, and they were sure that the Sky Origin Blood still raged fiercely within his body. Zen on the other hand had no choice but to endure it.

If it wasn't for his inhumane physical strength, he would've exploded by now.

"He'll need at least a few days if he wants to keep the Sky Origin Blood for his own use. Let's see how he endures it," chimed another voice.

Right after the words died down, Zen's eyes shot open. His face had been ghostly pale a few moments ago, but it had now returned to its normal state. He even gave everyone present a faint smile.

The warm current in his body, also known as the primordial energy wrapped around his meridians and continued to resist the Sky Origin Blood's erratic energy.

Although the immense force didn't disappear, Zen had managed to suppress it.

It meant that even if Zen looked terrifying at that moment, he was actually no different from a normal person since the energy in his body had reached a balance.

"Amazing!" everyone around him exclaimed.

The Supreme Lords gawked at Zen as if he was a monster, completely at a loss for words.

During this period of time, the Celestial Position had changed several people's blood. Four of the top ten warriors in the Illusion Battlefield had changed their blood into the Earth Origin Blood, which was different from Zen's. To them, it felt like a walk into the jaws of death.

In reality, Zen was able to move. He didn't really need to bear the pain at all, but he had to remain in his position and absorb the Sky Origin Blood first just to be safe.

After what seemed like ages, the Sky Origin Blood finally subsided. It was as if a berserk beast had exhausted all its energy within Zen's body. The snake-like meridians around his limbs calmed down and shrunk as well.

At last, Zen had changed his blood into the Sky Origin Blood.

At that moment, he felt his entire body was filled to the brim with a unique power.

The power was completely different from the dragon scales'. He had borrowed the power of the dragon scales in many fights, but the power in the Sky Origin Blood belonged to him. Thus, he could control the latter more freely.

Yet, Zen still hadn't realized how precious the Sky Origin Blood was to the Celestial Position even until now.

If it hadn't been for the extremely dangerous disaster in the universe, the Celestial Position couldn't have taken out the Sky Origin Blood. Even their leader didn't have the rights to use it by force.

That was why Zen's ears were greeted by heated arguments between the Supreme Lords the moment he entered the place.

Meanwhile, Master Feng ordered for Zen to be taken somewhere to rest.

Once Zen had left, the seniors of the Celestial Position looked rather calm and normal, but there seemed to be a wicked glint in their eyes.

"What do you think?"

The voice belonged to Supreme Lord Silas. He was the second strongest powerhouse of the Celestial Position, second only to Master Feng. He could be considered a mid-rank Supreme Lord.

Master Feng shook his head and said, "I can't tell for the time being. Although we've succeeded in changing his blood, the Sky Origin Blood is not to be trifled with. I'll have to observe for a few days before I can tell."

"I really hope that these young fellows can grow quickly," Supreme Lord Silas said with a sigh.

The other masters nodded in agreement. They had already felt the footsteps in the darkness get closer and closer.

In fact, a lot of things had recently happened in the universe.

A few of the weaker races disappeared overnight. A fissure appeared somewhere faraway in the universe. Eight world lords of the Humanity Alliance had died without reason.

While those events weren't a big deal in the universe, they hid some clues.

The Celestial Position had joined forces with the Thoughtless Minds and other great powers to quickly lay out their plans, in hopes to gain more time. Yet based on the information from the previous grand era, they wouldn't have high chances of victory if they only relied on their strength.

On the other hand, Zen was brought to a large mountain. He and Freya saw rows and rows of exquisite buildings as they slid down the rocky slope.

Just as he had landed, he met Rocher once again.

"Why is he here as well?" Zen asked as his eyes tried to focus when he saw Nathan who stood on top of a large rock, dressed in white as his eyes stared off into the distance.

Nathan felt Zen's stare. Then he looked back and glared at him in return.

Clearly, Nathan still held a grudge towards Zen.

However, Zen remained indifferent. He didn't have a good impression of Nathan and besides, the guy wasn't a nice person anyway.

Then, he saw his many other acquaintances including Kurt, Lawson, and Lucille.

They also saw Zen, and came up to greet him.

Zen originally thought that after the Illusion Battlefield had ended, they would all go on their separate ways for new cultivation. However, they were all gathered here. Could it be that they had all changed their blood?

It was possible. According to what the cyan dragon said before, those who had their blood changed could conceal themselves to prevent others from finding them. The Celestial Position, Thoughtless Minds, and other powers had joined forces to complete the arrangements, so that the top ten warriors of the Illusion Battlefield would inevitably have to change their blood.

It was then that Zen realized that he didn't know much about things, so he could only deduce from clues he had obtained.

But since these people were gathered in the same place, the Celestial Position must've had their own plans. It could possibly be related to the universe's impending crisis.

"Why don't I see Margaret?" Zen asked Rocher. In turn, his friend simply shrugged.

"She's still on the way. Aside from Shania, the other nine must all be here," he said.

Zen just nodded. He would eventually find out along the way, regardless of the Celestial Position's motives. However, he noticed that Rocher's gaze was transfixed on Freya, but with a hint of hostility.

He then remembered what happened after he got drunk. He was curious, so he brought it up.

Freya who stood beside him balled her hands into fists. She tried to keep calm, but her nervousness betrayed her. She knew that Zen would mention it sooner or later, but she didn't expect for it to be so fast.

However, Rocher simply smiled and said, "Zen, you were drunk. You must've misheard."

"Oh really?" Zen said as his eyebrows creased.

But he wasn't sure either, so he could only hope to keep it out of his mind.

In reality, Zen didn't actually know what Rocher was up to even until now. His friend who used to never lie to others, now hid so many things from him. Rocher had more secrets than half of what he said last time, which made Zen feel that he was becoming increasingly mysterious.

The Sky Origin Blood had undergone some subtle changes in Zen's body recently. Aside from the strong power, there was also something else lurking within the blood.

Some races, such as the Genuine Dragon and the Genuine Phoenix hid important information within their blood. Then, the information within their blood would be passed onto the next generation when they had grown up.

Chapter 1756 The Eruption Of The Malicious Aura

The information in this blood was extremely vague and too difficult to understand.

Zen was completely immersed in his thoughts when he began to hear a voice suddenly start to whisper in his ear.

The voice was so soft that he had to try his best to make out the words as he also deciphered the information.

Lone also came here a few days later. He was extremely pale and was already complaining as he arrived. "Why do I have to get my blood changed? I almost died!"

He had not been born in a large clan. The only thing he trusted was his sword and he had no intention in going to the Celestial Position. Therefore, it was normal for him to be rude.

All the other martial artists couldn't help but agree with him. The process of blood exchange was indeed painful and required an incredible amount of suffering.

With the arrival of Lone, that only left Shania and Margaret.

Zen was quite looking forward to Margaret's arrival. However, he was also quite worried. He had received news of Letitia's ascension through searching the memories of the great world but he had no idea which supreme world she ascended to. Once he dealt with all his affairs, he would immediately set out to look for her.

With Zen's current prestige, he knew it would be easy for him to find out where she ascended to. So long as the supreme world she managed to stay in belonged to one of the great forces of the human race, then Zen was sure to find her.

The only thing he could do now was to wait for Margaret's arrival and see what Master Feng's next move would be.

However, all this waiting was making him bored.

Nathan was the same. He spent his days finding a large enough rock to sleep on with his burly figure exposed.

Lawson, on the other hand, was going a bit crazy. He would often seek Nathan out to tell him jokes. However, Nathan would already chase him away before he even got to the punchline.

Rocher usually cultivated every day but he would find the time to chat with Zen every now and then. He was probably the one who knew the truth amongst all of them but he kept his mouth shut whenever he felt he was about to talk about something important. These were secrets, and Zen had no way of persuading him to reveal any of them.

The most relaxed out of all of them was surely Lucille.

She mostly spent her days reading in a comfortable corner, immersing herself in her fantasy books. If she got tired of reading, she'd look for Zen and ask him to tell her some other stories.

Fortunately, Zen was never short of interesting tales courtesy of the great world's memories. It was easy for him to find a good story to tell her.

As he narrated great tales of adventure to Lucille, his audience began to grow. At first, it was Rocher, and then Lone until even Kurt began to sit down and listen to him. "If this goes on, you'll have to pay money for the stories I tell you." He would often joke.

Nathan and Lawson were the only ones who showed disdain for Zen's stories.

They had been disgusted by him before and even more now.

One day, just as Zen was about to get to the highlight of the story, he saw an incomparably frightened expression appear on everyone's faces.

This greatly confused him. He wasn't really telling them a horror story, so why were they frightened? Besides, his audience consisted of fearless warriors. They wouldn't be scared of a lame horror story.

"Zen, your skin..." Lucille said, pointing at Zen.

He looked down on his hands and found that his skin had turned crimson! At the same time, he felt this kind of familiar restless feeling burst out from his being.

The malicious aura had erupted!

After entering the bottom of the Killing Sword Mountain, countless blood-colored spiders sent the malicious aura into Zen's body.

According to Master Feng, the malicious aura he absorbed contained the secrets of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Unfortunately, he still couldn't figure out any of these secrets.

Unbeknownst to him, this malicious aura also contained a special type of poison that had an impact on a warrior's soul. The key to cultivating the Emotion Closing Godly Way was within this poison.

As the malicious aura erupted, so did the poison as it surged upwards and into Zen's mind!

"Buzz!"

Zen's eyes had turned a violent shade of red!

"Swish, swish, swish, swish..."

Everyone quickly moved away from him.

The strong malicious aura Zen released could easily be regarded as killing intent. A cultivator who emanated such energy was often seen as a dangerous character.

Those Godly Geniuses reacted very fast.

Everyone kept their distance and stared at Zen vigilantly in order to watch out for any of his attacks.

He was the strongest out of all of them but there was no way he could defeat them if they came at him all at once. Nathan and Lawson stared at a distance and hoped that something bad would happen to him.

"What's happening to him?" Lucille asked as she frowned.

"Should we inform the Celestial Position members?" Lone asked.

"Zen is enveloped by malicious aura. It seems like the sin of killing is too heavy..." Kurt then put his hands together and started chanting the Rebirth Spell in an attempt to purify Zen's aura.

It was a mistake. The second he started chanting, Zen suddenly rushed towards Kurt to attack.

Any other warrior would've been sent running if they were chased by a red-eyed and red-skinned demon but Kurt remained an impassive wall of calm. As he stretched out his hand, a Buddhist hand immediately appeared next to Zen and firmly held him in place.

However, this move only bought Kurt a few seconds. Zen fiercely struggled against the Buddhist hand and it was torn apart instantly!

Kurt's calm cracked. "Zen seems to have gone mad. Please help him..."

Lucille quickly stepped in. With a flick of her slender fingers, the laws of the five elements surrounded Zen and trapped him inside a net. Karl then clapped his hands and summoned a big, golden bell that crashed down towards their enraged ally.

The others also made their moves. None of them wanted to hurt Zen, only to hold him in place.

Faced with the power of all these Godly Geniuses, Zen was rendered, unable to break free. He was already unleashing his power but it proved to be in vain against everybody's powers.

After a long time, the manic feeling in his heart gradually dispersed and his eyes regained their clarity. It was as if he woke up from an extremely strange dream. Zen's face was understandably filled with bewilderment as he saw everyone looking at him as if he was a great enemy.

"You seem to be influenced by your own malicious aura," Lucille said. "You don't seem to be a bloodthirsty person so where did you get so much of it?"

"When Xenia arrives, let her report on this matter," Karl said coldly. He had a strong sense of justice and did not really have a good impression of Zen. He once even wanted to kill him.

"No need," Rocher said. "This is Zen's cultivating way."

"Cultivating way?" Lone repeated in confusion. "Zen practices the cultivation method of malicious aura?"

This kind of cultivation method was merely comprised of dangerous evil skills. It could be completed within a short period of time but it was impossible for it to be completed successfully since the collapse of a warrior was inevitable. Nobody who used this method was destined for attaining a higher cultivation level. In fact, a practitioner of this method could never hope to achieve even a quarter of what Zen had already attained in this life. There was no way someone like Zen used this kind of cultivation method.

"It is just the cultivating way," Rocher repeated.

Zen remembered feeling restless but that was it. The situation confused him greatly. Could he perhaps take advantage of this feeling to cultivate the Emotion Closing Godly Way and activate the last lotus petal? It seemed impossible but both Rocher and Master Feng said so. There didn't seem to be any other choice for him since he also didn't seem to have the capability to expel the malicious aura.

Only a day after that, Zen's malicious aura burst out again and it was even more vicious this time. The warriors could only suppress him once more.

It was quite a strange scene. One minute they'd be intently listening to Zen's stories, but the next minute they'd be on guard against his sudden attacks.

After six or seven days, the Celestial Position members finally arrived with Margaret.

She looked extremely pale owing to having her blood changed. If she knew it was going to be that painful, then she would never have agreed to it. She only did it for the sake of reuniting with Zen.

She had just arrived when she saw a small crowd surrounding Zen and attacking him. She immediately screamed and charged down in anger when she witnessed this scene.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1757 Summoning For A Gathering

In the past few days, whenever the malicious aura containing the poison exerted itself, Zen's actions became more violent than before.

But gradually, he too came to understand the thoughts of Sword Chen.

To cultivate the Emotion Closing Godly Way meant completely discarding one's emotions. However, there had been times when even the Buddha got angry. It was simply unrealistic for a martial artist, who was nonetheless a living being, to completely discard all feelings.

The only other way for Zen was to be like a hard stone. Then, he would truly be ruthless and heartless.

There was almost no such thing as the absolute Emotion Closing Godly Way. Zen's talent was supreme, and he had gradually approached the Emotion Closing Godly Way merely by relying on instinct, but there was still some way for him to go.

Sword Chen had helped Zen with a special technique to fill in the gap.

The special malicious aura had been created by Sword Chen himself. By using the malicious aura to fill one's body, one could turn themselves into a ruthless killer.

In this state, Zen completely withdrew all his emotions, his perception of external things dropping infinitely.

At this moment, he did not even know if he was human, ghost, or a different entity altogether.

This was why he had launched an attack on anyone he saw when the malicious aura exploded. Whether it was Rocher, Lucille, or even Lawson, whom he despised, he targeted all of them and attacked them undiscriminatingly.

When he was no longer influenced by the fluctuation of his emotions, he would close off his emotions. To put it bluntly, Zen would become heartless like a stone. He would only know how to kill, uncaring of his reasons for killing, or the consequences of killing his opponents.

Master Feng should have expected this long back. He had thrown him into this scenario and let him do whatever he wanted. The other warriors were not so easy to mess with anyway, so nothing bad could happen to them.

However, at this stage, Zen was not familiar with the malicious aura enough to sever his emotions correctly. He could abandon his emotions when he was in a frenzied state, but he was unable to control himself.

As he went berserk time and time again, Zen's consciousness gradually grew independent.

At the beginning, he had been like a primal beast. After losing his consciousness, he charged toward Rocher and the others purely on instinct.

Now when Zen's eyes had become bloodshot red, he could control his own actions to a certain extent.

As soon as Zen gained control on his emotions, he would step into the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Zen was able to draw and wield his sword multiple times in quick succession, but he was still unable to employ the Gods-intimidating Strike. Rocher and the rest had gotten used to Zen's madness in the past few days. They seemed to be treating it as a form of practice. Whenever they sensed that Zen growing abnormal, they would step away and use different means to control him.

However, today something unexpected happened.

Margaret was someone who only believed in what she saw and never thought of it too deeply. She seemed to be unable to think straight, especially when Zen was involved.

A glimpse of the situation made Margaret believe that the other warriors were going up against Zen, who was all alone.

How could she stand to see it?

Her body trembled in anger. She endured the side effects of exchanging blood and manipulated four swords as they shot out, her pale pink sleeves fluttering in the air.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Margaret's strength had not been on full display in the Illusion Battlefield, and under this seemingly dire situation, she attacked without much thought of how much strength she employed. The four swords instantly reached Zen, spinning in a circle around him. They formed a defensive sword array, instantly creating distance between the others and Zen.

The sword array was so powerful that even Rocher and the rest of them grew wary of it. They could only retreat.

Margaret came to stand firmly in front of Zen and shouted, her voice full of wrath, "Don't you dare ambush Zen! You're courting death!" Her tone was insolent. She had never taken these ace talents or Godly Geniuses too seriously.

Lucille pursed her lips, revealing traces of mischievousness and ridicule on her cold, gorgeous face.

Kurt and Karl did not utter a word.

Rocher knew of Margaret's personality. A look of helplessness flashed in his eyes as he reminded her, "Be careful now! Watch your back…"

"What?"

Margaret spluttered, somewhat stunned. Slowly, she felt the malicious aura surging from behind her.

She turned her head and saw a blue sword heading straight for her face!

Margaret would never have thought that Zen's sword would come at her. In fact, she had already summoned four swords, so with a raise of her hand, she should be successful in blocking the attack that was coming her way.

After all, in this state, Zen was not in complete control of himself. His attack was not that powerful.

However, Margaret's way of thinking was different. Or, it could be said that she was prone to be emotional, especially while facing Zen.

She did not try to dodge or block the strike, instead, she internally grieved over why Zen was attacking her.

'Will he tell me why he's doing this before I die?' she wondered to herself, the disbelief obvious on her face.

The sword was not slow to come. In an instant, it was only an inch away from Margaret. As it charged straight at Margaret, about to pierce through her, Zen suddenly roared as his left hand clenched into a fist. He punched the hand holding the sword.

The Thunder Wind Divine Sword flew out of his hand under the great strength and the tip of the sword diverted from Margaret's face. But as the sword flew out, the sword edge spiraled back, cutting off a small section of the hair at the back of Margaret's ears. Her hair fluttered in the air. The sword had been so close to hacking her body to pieces!

Clang!

The long sword fell to the ground…

Zen gritted his teeth as he panted heavily. He cursed in anger. "Are you a fool?!"

Margaret looked at Zen blankly, her eyes full of confusion. She felt betrayed. She had almost been killed by Zen just now, and now he was calling her a fool…

In the Illusion Battlefield, she had not had many opportunities to be with Zen. Perhaps, she thought, she was truly unimportant to this man.

"You… What are you up to?" Margaret's eyes turned red. She and her master had traveled thousands of miles to come here. She had endured the pain of exchanging blood. Now that she had finally met Zen again, she did not expect him to treat her like this.

Every time the poisonous malicious aura erupted, it lasted for some time. Zen had gradually controlled his body in these past few days, but it was difficult to suppress his urges swiftly.

After all, Zen was trying to adapt to the malicious aura while controlling his own body, so that he could comprehend the Emotion Closing Godly Way. But now, to keep Margaret safe, he had to suppress the malicious aura. This was going in the opposite way he wanted.

Zen waved his hand and ignored the turmoil in his body. He gritted his teeth. "Can someone please take her away…"

Whoosh!

In a flash, Lucille gestured at Margaret to leave. She was amazed. Lucille had never encountered any woman as stupid as Margaret, who had failed to sense that Zen was troubled by the malicious aura in his body. Lucille did not even bother explaining it to Margaret.

As emotional as Margaret was, she finally realized what was truly going on. Her ears reddened and her face turned pale, making her look rather adorable.

After a long while, the malicious aura within Zen's body calmed down. He finally returned to normal. Wearing an angry expression on his face, he strode towards Margaret. "Didn't you know that it was dangerous for you to act like that?"

Just now, he had almost killed Margaret with his sword. Zen himself was shocked.

A look of grievance appeared on Margaret's face, like she was a child being scolded for having done something wrong. She knew her fault, and she did not dare refute him. "I didn't see what you were doing…"

Seeing Margaret's pale face, Zen knew that she had gone through a blood exchange. His eyes softened. She had good intentions. There were too many people in this world who wished only to do good, but often could not help but do harm instead. Some of them even lost what they had in the process.

Zen was about to reprimand her, but he bit back the words on his lips and reached out to touch her hair. "Next time, don't act like this."

"Okay…" Margaret pursed her lips and nodded. A bright smile made its way to her face. She stood on her tiptoes and wrapped her arms around Zen's waist, inhaling his scent.

Zen knew that Margaret's promise was only perfunctory. She never learned her lessons by heart. He heaved a sigh helplessly…

As Nathan and Lawson saw this scene before them, they both sneered at the same time.

Currently, except for Shania, all the top ten warriors of the Illusion Battlefield had arrived.

But there was no news yet from the Celestial Position.

Margaret wished that no one would come to disturb her. She felt strange about Zen's way of cultivating Emotion Closing Godly Way. She joined the others on the second day when Zen went out of control. However, she was more of a troublemaker and soon was asked to stay by the sidelines to watch.

Zen's control over his state was getting better and easier. It was only a matter of time until he became a Godly Genius.

Finally, the Celestial Position sent someone over. Master Feng summoned the nine warriors for a gathering.

In the past few days, the Celestial Position had been making plans, and now it was finally time to see what they were up to.

Chapter 1758 The Meeting

Everyone had been stuck here for quite some time now.

At Master Feng's summons, Zen realized that he could finally leave this damned place.

The Celestial Position warrior led the way. Then they met Xenia and continued their journey with her.

The journey this time felt strange to Zen and his companions. It was as if someone was following them. Xenia brought everyone into the spatial passageway, then left it, and then repeated this over and over again dozens of times.

They then entered a large city and once they arrived at a certain residence, began to dive deeper into the cellar. Only after going through a thousand turns of the underground passage did they finally reach their destination.

The massive underground cave had a number of artificially carved marks on its walls. Many Celestial Position warriors were shuttling back and forth, looking very busy, as if they were on the brink of completing something.

Bronze pillars over ten feet wide stood at the end of the cave. They weren't supporting the cave, neither did they seem to be able to bear the weight.

Nathan and Lawson were already impatient.

"Xenia, what do you plan to do by bringing us so far underground?" Nathan asked.

Xenia turned to glance indifferently at him. "We're almost there. You'll know soon enough."

Once they had passed the bronze pillars, Nathan's eyes lit up and he rushed forward.

Just beyond the pillars were a series of oval-shaped steps, and on these steps stood over twenty people.

These people were the strongest existences in the entire universe, all Supreme Lords who could change the entire universe.

Nathan had become excited because he had seen the patriarch of his clan. "Patriarch!" he exclaimed.

Supreme Lords were divided into different levels based on their strengths.

Nathan's father, the Supreme Lord of Original Sin, the Xuanyuan Clan chief and the leader of the Thoughtless Minds was at the highest point.

The patriarchs of Lucille's and Lawson's clans stood alongside him.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin only nodded towards Nathan and said rather flatly, "You've arrived."

Nathan was a little intimidated on seeing so many Supreme Lords standing together and did not approach them. He simply stood together with Rocher and the others.

Lawson and Lucille also greeted the patriarchs of their clans. This seemed to be an important meeting, what with so many Supreme Lords gathered here. And this meant that as juniors, they were required to behave themselves. The air was solemn, making the ten juniors a little nervous.

Zen and Margaret were the only juniors who were relaxed and stoic.

Zen had seen this kind of scene before. When he had been besieged, he had turned pale with panic. But he was calm now. He knew that this group of Supreme Lords would not attack him. What made him feel helpless was what Margaret was doing at his side.

"Here."

A small golden plate containing a strangely shaped purple fruit appeared in Margaret's hands. It was fragrant spirit fruit, a special product of the

Purple Power World. This time, she had brought quite a lot of food with her from the Purple Power World.

Along the way, over 50 different kinds of food had appeared in Margaret's hands, and she had constantly fed Zen. She was still trying to feed him, which was inappropriate considering the occasion.

She didn't realize that what she was doing was wrong, even when Zen waved his hand. "Doesn't it taste good?" She then took out a small pouch and a kind of fruit with thorns from it. "This is a golden-haired chestnut and it tastes even better than the fragrant spirit fruit. I'll peel it for you."

Zen was speechless. He could only wave his hand to stop her. Yet she still didn't have the slightest clue. All he could do was try again to stop her.

Thanks to Zen's reminder, Margaret looked around and realized there were many powerful people staring at her. She colored and looked apologetic before she hid behind Zen.

Master Feng's figure appeared not long after.

The Celestial Position race was a maverick race. They weren't part of any conflicts with other races and maintained a good relationship with other big races and powers. Master Feng had gathered together the races.

Master Feng stood facing the Supreme Lords, his back to the juniors. He then said, "I believe you have all understood my prophecy. But even I am unwilling to see my prophecy come true!"

"This great calamity revealed itself several grand eras ago. We cannot blame you for it," Supreme Lord of Original Sin said.

"The sorcerer race caused this. Besides running around and causing trouble, what else can those scum that live in the dark side of the world do? If we join hands, annihilating them will be an easy task," Supreme Lord Mathias of the ogre race said loudly.

He wasn't welcome with the Celestial Position.

The Celestial Position race was on good terms with most races, but they did not like the ogres, and even had conflicts with them. But right now, the universe was facing a big test, so the Celestial Position had kept their conflict aside and invited the ogres.

There were small crises in the universe.

These had already been spread by countless martial artists, making it sound extremely bizarre. But many Supreme Lords knew that this had all been done by the sorcerer race.

This race was an ancient one. They carried powerful curses and roamed the dark side of the world.

Since they couldn't appear in the real world, they were able to escape the tribulation of the past 3.6 billion years. This was why experts in each round of the heavens did not take them seriously.

As Supreme Lord Mathias had said, the trouble with the sorcerer race was that they had been constantly shuttling back and forth in the dark of the space. Moreover, their power distribution was very sparse, and their life forms were completely different from the humans. Even if they were wiped out in one place, they would soon emerge and grow powerful in another place.

But if the entire universe worked together, it would be easy enough to wipe all of them out.

It had previously been impossible to get all races in the universe to work together. But now that they were facing the same danger, they could consider doing so.

"Don't underestimate the ancient sorcerer race," said a gentle-looking woman.

The Supreme Lords present had lived for at least tens of millions of years. Most of them were either middle-aged men or crappy old men. Only this woman seemed to be very young. She looked tender, as if she were made of water. She wore a black robe that hid her figure well.

"The sorcerer race was cursed and no longer a powerful force. We've always ignored them, but there is one point that we cannot even compare," the woman continued.

"Supreme Lord of Oracle, what does that mean?" the patriarch of the Ji Clan asked.

'So this is the Supreme Lord of Oracle, ' Zen thought, his eyes glinting.

The Supreme Lord of Oracle was the leader of the Humanity Alliance. Who would've thought that it would be a woman?

Supreme Lord of Oracle's eyes flashed. "They aren't humans or ghosts, but they are, without a doubt, the race that understands the universe the best. No one in the universe can compare to them, not even the Celestial Position race!"

Master Feng nodded. "Supreme Lord of Oracle is right. Although this sorcerer race is cursed, they have survived so many eras that they definitely know more about the universe than us. If they want to cause trouble, it will be a headache for us too!"

"Even if that's true, it will be, at most, a mere headache. But all of you act as if the universe itself were about to perish!" Supreme Lord Mathias said coldly.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin, on the other hand, said, "Our opponent is not only the sorcerer race."

"Then who else is?" Supreme Lord Mathias was angry. His race seemed the slowest, as if they didn't know anything.

"Gods. True Gods," Master Feng answered.

Supreme Lord Mathias fell silent at Master Feng's words.

If the True Gods really wanted to destroy this universe, everyone would be in big trouble.

But soon, Supreme Lord Mathias realized what was happening. "Impossible! Why would the True Gods come to this universe?"

Chapter 1759 The Dying Holy Being

The great worlds, then the entire universe, until finally, the divine land. This was the order.

Very few True Gods would descend to the areas below the divine land since this was normally not allowed.

Legends had been told of True Gods who returned. However, these remained as legends. Nobody had yet seen a True God in the universe.

The traces of the True Gods Zen witnessed in the Hall of Causality were left behind before they advanced. Zen didn't know why they had never returned. He did not have a thorough understanding of the world, and what he knew he had obtained it from what the Supreme Lords debated about.

"Because those True Gods didn't come back from the divine land," Master Feng continued. "They came from another world, another universe."

Supreme Lord Mathias' eyes widened.

"What?!"

It was possible that some of the other Supreme Lords already knew about this, but the rest had similar reactions as Supreme Lord Mathias.

They did not have a clear understanding of this world's nature. Thus, they did not have the capability to predict who their future enemies would be.

Master Feng tapped his hand and a small dot appeared in the middle of the cave.

The dot then began to expand until it turned into a ball that was around ten feet wide.

"I do not know what the divine land truly looks like," Master Feng said. "Some of the information was passed down from my blood, but it is incomplete. I can only tell you what I know. Suppose this round ball in front of us is the shape of the divine land..."

"The divine land is spherical?" someone asked.

Master Feng, however, shook his head. "It is most likely irregular in shape."

Everyone now listened attentively. None of the Supreme Lords present could ever hope to become True Gods but they still greatly desired the divine land.

"There are many True Gods in the divine land, but there are even stronger existences…" Master Feng continued. "Just like us, they have a perfect inner world that can function as a real world. Moreover, they also possess a Godly Tile!"

As he spoke, his eyes inevitably landed on Zen and the other warriors.

Other than Xenia, who missed her chance to get her Godly Plate, all the other nine had their own Godly Tiles. It was only through the use of a Godly Plate could a warrior transform into a True God.

"The Godly Tile is the biggest difference between us and the True Gods. With that, they have the ability to establish a complete system of faith in their inner world. A True God is not a god for us who live in the universe but for the billions of people in their bodies! A True God's strength comes from the Faith Energy of the countless living beings in their inner world!"

Zen's eyes lit up when he heard this.

He was already familiar with Faith Energy, as were the Supreme Lords with him. Some races had even developed their own Faith Energy and used it proficiently. The Demon Night's Pools of Faith, for example, gave the three queens enough power to kill a Supreme Lord.

However, it was not easy gathering faith in this universe. The Demon Night was the only one who managed to gather such a huge amount from their people's piety. The Faith Energy gathered by the Thoughtless Minds over the years was barely enough to forge a divine weapon.

An inner world was different, though. A warrior was the absolute ruler of their inner world, the absolute god!

True Gods had the ability to condense the Godly Tile within their inner worlds. They could spread it out and create more creatures, advance lives, and gather even more faith.

"There are stronger existences beyond the numerous True Gods. In theory, the inner worlds of these people are not within their bodies," Master Feng went on. He had deciphered all this information from his Sky Origin Blood and thus, understood his mission.

There were only two sets of Sky Origin Blood. One belonged to him, while the other belonged to Zen.

Different information existed in the Celestial Position's golden bloodline. The higher the grade of blood, the more important the hidden information.

"The inner world isn't in the body? Where is it then?" a Supreme Lord asked.

Master Feng pointed his finger at the giant ball whereon two small light spots appeared. These light spots quickly expanded and turned into little people. In just a few seconds, eighty little people stood on the big ball.

"These people represent the supreme existences within the divine land. They are far more powerful than the True Gods, though I'm not really sure how many of them there are," Master Feng explained.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz…"

At that moment, several small red balls appeared around the sphere. These balls surrounded the big one in the middle.

"The big sphere represents the divine land while the small ones represent the universes," Master Feng continued to explain.

The eyes of one of the Supreme Lords flickered as he finally understood what was going on. The amount of people on the giant sphere was the same as that of the small balls. "Do you mean that our universe is the inner world of some more advanced existence?"

"What do you mean?"

"I got it too! This is a real world but it is also the inner world of some powerful being!"

"We are actually members of the inner world of a powerful figure?"

The Supreme Lords were all in shock at this sudden epiphany. The worlds within their bodies were perfect. There were thunderstorms, sunlight, snow, grass, and even strong warriors who were a half-step away from a world lord. There were countless martial artists who worked hard within them, but in the end, they were forever constrained by the power of their inner world.

It was only then that the Supreme Lords realized that their universe was probably the inner world of some powerhouse!

"The powerhouses who have universes in their inner worlds are existences far stronger than True Gods. Their influence spreads out through the entire divine land and they possess immortality because their life forms are firmly connected to the universes. They are the Holy Beings!" Master Feng declared.

"Holy Beings!"

"Are we the creatures within the inner world of a Holy Being?"

"Oh my goodness!"

These Supreme Lords were all too familiar with inner worlds, but they still found it hard to believe Master Feng's words. It turned out that they were all mere wisps of life vitality in someone else's inner world.

Meanwhile, a few Supreme Lords remained unflinching, though there was a trace of unwillingness in their faces.

They were indeed the top existences in this universe, but they were inevitably trapped within a circle. According to principle, even if there was a channel that led out of the universe and this giant inner world they were living in, they would only dissipate into life vitality bit by bit and cease to exist. This fact was extremely hard to accept but also a bitter truth that must be swallowed.

It was exactly the same as the powerhouses they also had in their own inner worlds. No matter what cultivation level, a powerhouse was doomed to remain within them since any escape meant the dissipation into life vitality. Those who went against the rules were destined to die.

Here, only Godly Geniuses had the qualifications to cross the heavens and become True Gods. The moment they comprehended the Godly Way, they would possess these abilities.

Therefore, being a Godly Genius wasn't really a power but a type of qualification.

And those who had such qualifications now stood in front of these Supreme Lords.

"This is very contradictory," one of the Supreme Lords said. "Since we belong to a Holy Being's inner world, how can he or she allow the people of other heavens to come?"

Master Feng nodded his head in understanding. "You're absolutely right. This normally wasn't supposed to happen. I also didn't understand, but Rocher, fortunately, found the answer."

Everyone's gaze then drifted towards Rocher.

There was a hint of overwhelming pressure on Rocher as all the Supreme Lords looked at him. He nodded his head and began to speak. "What if that Holy Being is dying?"

Chapter 1760 A Surprise Attack

After hearing what Rocher had to say, the Supreme Lords fell silent.

They regarded the divine land as a world of fantasy. They knew that only by becoming True Gods would they be able to enter the divine land.

However, what they did not know was that the universe they were in was actually the inner world of some Holy Being. And this Holy Being was already in a dying state.

Even the True Gods could escape the Five Aging Processes and live forever. Then how could anyone be able to kill a Holy Being? There had to be a better explanation!

Even though they were Supreme Lords, they took their time to digest this news.

"Because of the current state of the Holy Being, there developed some flaws in the universe." Rocher paused for a moment before continuing, "I believe that everyone here has seen the techniques of Shania. She has broken through the highest level of the universe's rules and grasped the Law Power of the tenth layer, even though she is not a Supreme Lord."

Many Supreme Lords silently acknowledged this fact.

When Shania had fought with Zen, she had definitely displayed the Law Power of the tenth layer.

The Supreme Lords were finding it difficult to understand how Shania was able to achieve this. How was it that she was able to grasp the Law Power of the tenth layer without even being a Supreme Lord?

"The reason for this is that Shania found a flaw in this universe, which was also found by the people in another universe. They are trying to think of a way to pass through the Sighing Wall and enter our universe," Rocher said.

Now everyone was able to grasp the situation.

But the Supreme Lords still had many questions. Who were the intruders? Were they also humans? Or perhaps they were from some other race. If there was a True God among the intruders, how would they be able to withstand it?

"Since they have the help of a True God, how can we fight back?" Supreme Lord Mathias sneered.

"Humph, didn't the ogres always regard death as an honor? What happened now? Are you afraid of them?" another Supreme Lord mocked.

"Easy for you to say that. How can we fight against a True God? Do you have any idea or technique?" Supreme Lord Mathias glared at the Supreme Lord and asked.

While this war of words was taking place, others remained silent. They were at the brink of a war, and now there was an internal conflict.

Although the universe was vast with countless geniuses and Supreme Lords, True Gods were still above every law of the universe. It was highly impossible for the Supreme Lords to fight against a True God.

"Do not give up hope. We still have a chance!" Rocher looked around, trying to put on a brave face. He was puzzled with their reactions. All these Supreme Lords were the top warriors in the universe. Then how could they panic and not stay calm as him?

Supreme Lord of Original Sin, Supreme Lord of Oracle, and Master Feng all looked at Rocher with admiration, appreciating his brave front. Supreme Lord of Original Sin nodded his assent. "Yes, Rocher is right. We have a chance. We can find a way to fight against them."

As he spoke, he pointed at Zen's group.

"They? Are we going to rely on these little fellows to fight against a True God? How is that even possible? With due respect, are you going crazy? No doubt these Godly Geniuses have potential, but anyone can see that the True God and Supreme Lords can crush them with one hand!" another Supreme Lord commented.

However, Master Feng shook his head. "We still have time. They can still be trained, and even though the Holy Being is already on the verge of death, his inner world will still reject those foreign True Gods. The intruders won't be too strong to resist."

"Yes, time is of essence," Supreme Lord of Oracle also chipped in.

These nine people, together with Xenia, were the most talented Godly Geniuses in the entire universe. They were lucky individuals born into the universe when the heavens felt a sense of crisis. These geniuses were exceptionally powerful and their growth speed was much faster than that of any ordinary warriors.

Some warriors would require millions of years to reach the level of a world lord, but not these ten. Others marveled at the speed in which these geniuses grasped everything in such a short span of time.

Moreover, these ten people had completely surpassed the definition of the "divine-level talent," so this term that had once measured geniuses was of no use anymore. Their cultivation speed was 10, 000 times faster than an ordinary martial artist's; maybe even 100, 000 times faster.

Actually, this was not only reflected on Zen and the other nine Godly Geniuses, but on every other warrior in the universe. Relatively speaking, a divine-level talent in the past was no longer a genius because there were too many of them.

The speed at which the universe was developing had increased a lot. As the Holy Being was dying, he had experienced a sense of crisis. So he accelerated the evolution of his inner world and released more of his resources.

Seeing that the dozen Supreme Lords below still showed doubt and confusion, Master Feng continued, "Not only do we have time, we will also have the help of a True God."

"We will have the help of a True God?"

"Is it a True God from our universe?"

"Who is it?"

Master Feng smiled faintly at the rain of questions. "You are underestimating our Celestial Position race. Our race was created by a disciple of the Holy Being, and our mission is to protect the universe at all cost. We have some methods that are not suitable for you to learn right now. All I ask of you is to hold on to your patience and courage. Let's fight against our enemies together!"

The Celestial Position race was indeed a special race in the universe. Other races in the universe could not understand the reason for their creation. They did not even have any interest in expanding their race. On the contrary, they would often resort to weird activities among themselves.

Master Feng's explanation sounded reasonable and practical.

Just as he finished speaking, there was a sound of a loud crack, and a black fissure suddenly appeared above the cave.

Crack!

The space was suddenly tearing apart!

The space of the cave started to fluctuate. Everyone was dancing in the air and their bodies twisted.

Suddenly, a sharp claw covered with countless cracks emerged from the huge fissure and reached out to the people in the cave.

The process of the space being torn apart and the claw stretching out happened in the blink of an eye.

"Move back!"

"Get out of the way!"

Zen moved at a lightning speed and pulled Margaret away, just as the sharp claw swooshed past her feet. If he was a second slower, she would have been crushed under the sharp claw.

"Flashing Step!"

A light shone beneath Rocher's feet as he stepped onto it and disappeared from his original position.

Pah!

Xenia was quicker as she directly transformed herself into a bolt of lightning and struck the top of the cave. The top of the cave was scorched black and she hung like a bat, looking at the sharp claw with fear in her eyes.

Nathan, Lawson, and Lucille managed to flee using their different techniques.

Only Karl could not dodge in time.

Karl was not someone who excelled in speed. He was an expert in absolute defense and destruction.

However, his cultivation level was still low, and soon he came under the clutches of the sharp claw.

Crack!

The golden light on his body shattered. That sharp claw probably belonged to an extremely powerful beast, and its strength was such that even a world lord wouldn't be able to match. With its flick, not only did the claw shatter Karl's protective golden light, it even crushed his body.

Zen and the others could not believe the sight unfolding before them. They were rocked with fear to see their mate die such a horrible death.

Suddenly, they were caught in a dangerous atmosphere. It was such a heavy blow that they were finding hard to breathe.

Didn't Master Feng say that there was still time? They wondered with fear. How did the enemy suddenly reach the base of the Celestial Position race in an instant?

Boom!

Soon after the claw squeezed Karl to death, it wasted no time and reached for Zen.

Zen's eyes darkened as all the energy in his body surged out, struggling to escape through space. However, the speed of the claw was incomparably fast. In the blink of an eye, the claw arrived in front of Zen and was about to grab him.

There were more than twenty Supreme Lords present.

This entire turn of events left the Supreme Lords so speechless that they wasted precious time, just rooted to their place.

"You evil-looking creature! Leave Zen alone!"

Saying this, Supreme Lord of Oracle took a step forward, raising her hand.

She unleashed her long sword from its sheath, and a sharp light shot out.

Swoosh!

The power of this sword light was very intense. A thin line appeared on the wrist of the claw, cutting off the entire claw in a neat line. It was a spectacular sight to watch.

"The sorcerer race! The nerve to enter our world! You thought you could penetrate and get away so easily!" A hint of anger appeared on the face of Supreme Lord of Original Sin. He turned and fled to the back of the space.

Master Feng let out a cold laugh. Fury was written all over his face. Although the importance of Karl wasn't as great as that of Xenia, he was still one of the Godly Geniuses in the end. He never expected that Karl would die such a horrible death. Master Feng turned his hands into two claws, grabbed at the crack, and pulled back the wrist that was struggling to retreat.

The wrist whose claw had been cut off by Supreme Lord of Oracle was trying to pull out from the crevice.

An invisible force roughly pulled back the broken wrist from the crack.

Boom!

A huge, horrible-looking black creature smashed into the wide cave through the crack.

Chapter 1761 Leader Of Nine Dragons

The Supreme Lords grew serious.

They hadn't expected the center area of the Celestial Position race to be attacked by the sorcerer race.

Master Feng looked stern. This was an unforgivable omission.

The beast was black, with cracks all over its body and was more than a hundred feet long.

It was fierce and though Master Feng had pulled it out of the space crack, it was still frantically struggling on the ground. It was obviously targeting the remaining nine Godly Geniuses.

But even though it was powerful, it couldn't break free from Master Feng.

After it had struggled a while, the huge body unexpectedly started to tremble, and before anybody could react, countless tiny black dots shot out of the cracks on its body.

These black dots were actually poisonous insects.

"Watch out!"

"It's the Venomous Stinkbug!"

"Let me take care of them."

The Supreme Lords had watched from the top of the stairs but hadn't acted before since Supreme Lord of Oracle, Master Feng, and Supreme Lord of Original Sin had taken care of everything.

The flying Venomous Stinkbugs couldn't harm the Supreme Lords, but could easily poison the juniors.

These creatures that lived on the other side of the world were most proficient in spells, curses, and poison.

The sorcerer race's attacks were very closely linked to each other this time.

There were many of these Venomous Stinkbugs and several Supreme Lords working together. How could one possibly escape?

With a light flick of Supreme Lord Amritpal's finger, small balls of fire exploded inside the bodies of the Venomous Stinkbugs, turning them into ashes that scattered onto the ground.

The poisonous insects had barely been cleaned up before the space beside them cracked up once again. The Supreme Lord of Original Sin had leaped out, a black object in his hands.

They could barely make out what it was, but from this distance, it appeared to be a human figure.

This 'person' had a dark body and limbs as thin as hemp. His hands were surprisingly large and held a skeleton staff. His eyes were so black, the whites were barely visible. His face was like that of a devil.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin tossed this 'person' casually on the ground, unworried of him running away. It was a fact that no one could escape from Supreme Lord of Original Sin.

"There's only one member of the sorcerer race?" Supreme Lord of Oracle asked.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin nodded and said, "This fellow attacked this place while riding an Angel of Death." His gaze landed on Karl's dead body that looked like a crushed sack. He frowned. He had been hoping for the universe to count on these Godly Geniuses, but one of them had just died! This was not a good sign, even though Karl was not a member of the four great clans. "Can he be revived?" he asked.

These Supreme Lords could save one's life using their methods no matter how serious the injuries were and no matter the extent to which one was poisoned.

But Karl's entire body had been crushed. He was as dead as could be, and they could only use the method of revival to bring him back to life.

"I'll have Lester come over now!" Master Feng said gloomily. It was rare to see him like this and it seemed like he was really, truly angry.

Supreme Lord Lester was a very important Supreme Lord of the Celestial Position race. He was also the only Supreme Lord in the universe who had carried the Heavenly Destiny of Revival. He had the means to revive people from the dead.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin nodded as his gaze landed on the black figure.

The figure curled up into a ball, and when he saw that everyone was looking at him, a strange smile appeared on his face. His sharp white teeth were in stark contrast with his dark skin. An unpleasant sound emanated from his throat, as if countless metals were gathered together and grating against each other. "Hahahahaha! Stop struggling! We of the sorcerer race will eventually get rid of the curse of God. You are the vermin of this universe, and we will eventually get rid of all of you!"

"Scum from the back of the world!" Supreme Lord Mathias raised his hand, wanting to shatter this martial artist with a single punch.

However, Master Feng stopped him.

Master Feng was serious as he stared at the warrior coldly and said, "Your sorcerer race cannot control this round of the universe even if the entire universe is destroyed!"

"Is that so?" He began laughing uncontrollably, to the point where he began to sound crazy. "Let's not talk about whether it's our turn to control it. At least we can get God's forgiveness and dispel the curse on our bodies! Ha-ha! You all are still hoping that this bunch of brats will save you? Ridiculous!" he said as he pointed at Zen and the others.

The sorcerer race used to be a human race too.

It was said that a long time ago, the sorcerer race had offended God and had been cursed by Him, which was why they had begun to look so evil and horrible.

There was no way to verify if the legend was true or not. The real reason was probably only recorded within the sorcerer race.

"Well, I haven't used soul searching in a long time," Master Feng said, without a trace of emotion.

This sorcerer had ridden an Angel of Death and made a surprise attack. He was already prepared to sacrifice himself by killing someone inside the Celestial Position race in the presence of so many Supreme Lords. It was impossible for him to retreat and he was actually ready to die.

But when he realized that Master Feng would search his soul, his face betrayed his fear.

Death was fine, but no one wanted a messed up soul.

Swoosh!

Almost instinctively, he wanted to escape.

But just a glance from Master Feng rendered him motionless, freezing him in place.

This person was a grand sorcerer of the sorcerer race, and a grand sorcerer was akin to a world lord in the universe. There was no way for him to escape.

Master Feng walked up to the grand sorcerer, a cold expression etched on his face. The sorcerer glanced at him, circles of milky white light appearing suddenly in his black eyes. His eyes became vacant, just as they would when one's soul was searched.

The moment Master Feng searched his soul, a strange smile appeared on the grand sorcerer's blank face.

Boom!

An invisible power struck the grand sorcerer's chest as Master Feng grew angrier by the minute.

The Supreme Lords couldn't understand why Master Feng had killed the sorcerer while searching his soul.

Master Feng stretched out his hand and pressed it to his forehead. With a light tap of his finger, a black snake emerged from his forehead. The snake hovered around in Master Feng's hand as it hissed.

The Supreme Lords were stunned as they saw the small black snake.

"Crying Soul Snake?!" This was one of the most vicious methods that the sorcerer race employed. The Crying Soul Snake was normally attached to the soul of a grand sorcerer and was not of much use. But if someone searched their soul or used the soul attack, it would trigger the Crying Soul Snake's attack.

The Crying Soul Snake's poison specifically targeted the soul. The poison was not strong but it could not be expelled once it was immersed in the soul. It would accumulate year after year, until one day, it erupted.

This grand sorcerer knew that it would be hard for him to escape death and that Master Feng would search his soul. He had acted scared and Master Feng had almost fallen in his trap.

But Master Feng's soul form was very special. Any other Supreme Lord would probably have been miserable.

Supreme Lord Mathias turned purple with rage as he saw this.

He had previously just been afraid of the so-called True Gods and hadn't even considered the sorcerer race strong. But he was realizing that the sorcerer race would not be easy to deal with.

Master Feng sighed and ordered the scene to be cleaned up. Once the Angel of Death had been taken away, his eyes fell on Zen as he said, "Zen should be the target of this grand sorcerer."

This grand sorcerer should have been hiding behind space for a long time. When he had urged the Angel of Death to attack, his first target had been Zen.

He hadn't expected Zen to react so quickly. Zen had taken Margaret with him and dodged the attack. Unfortunately, Karl was the one who had been killed.

"You have something they fear." Master Feng continued to stare at Zen and said, "No matter what it is, we need to talk about the dragon right now!"

"You mean the Ancestral Dragon?" Zen, however, remembered that he had left the Ancestral Dragon in the fairy palace.

Master Feng shook his head, saying, "No, there are other uses for the Ancestral Dragon. It will be best if you can nurture it yourself."

With that, Master Feng turned towards the depths of the cave. His lips moved as if he was sending a message to someone using his life vitality. Soon enough, someone had carried purple crystal coffins towards them.

Zen looked within them and discovered that there were a number of things moving about within the crystal coffins.

"These are the soul essences of various legendary beasts." Master Feng continued, "It's time to awaken the Five-clawed Golden Dragon in your body."

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon was the leader of the nine dragons, and also the big brother that Josh had mentioned.

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1762 The Nine Dragons Woke Up

Zen's heart skipped a beat.

He did not reveal anything about the nine dragons or the Divine Flame Cauldron to anyone else.

Master Feng had once mentioned some dragon before, but Zen had thought that it was more likely to be the Ancestral Dragon. Now, Zen finally realized that these people seemed to understand him more than he did.

He was a little depressed, but it wasn't a bad thing for him.

Moreover, if these Supreme Lords truly wanted to harm him, they wouldn't have taken so many detours.

Zen smiled faintly and asserted, "I want to ask for their permission first."

Master Feng nodded, appearing to be notably patient.

However, before Zen could utter his question to the cyan dragon, the latter's voice had already rung out.

"It's time. Our eldest brother has been in a deep sleep for too many years. I thought that we'd have to return to the Genuine Dragon World before he'd have the chance to wake up," the cyan dragon remarked unhurriedly.

"How did the Celestial Position race know about your existence?" Zen probed curiously.

The cyan dragon kept silent for a moment and then explained, "They are the pawns set up by the Holy Being's disciples, and we Genuine Dragons are the contractual beasts of the Holy Being. They know of our existence, and this is not strange."

The Genuine Dragons were all contractual beasts of the Holy Being?

Then wouldn't the entire Genuine Dragon World be a gigantic spirit beast bag?

Zen was silent as his thoughts ran wild about his calculated guess.

Though this conjecture was somewhat uncertain, the most unreliable matter had already happened. With such a massive universe being the inner world of the Holy Being, it was understandable for the Genuine Dragon World, an independent supreme world, to be a spirit beast bag of the Holy Being.

Just what kind of creature was this Holy Being? Zen helplessly sighed in his heart, feeling more bewildered than ever.

The more he knew, the stranger the universe became. Nothing was like what he saw on the surface. Realizing that this distracted him as he delved deeper, he stayed calm.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Zen made his way to the crystal coffins.

Solemnity was written all over Master Feng's face. The soul essences in these crystal coffins were still active; they were from vicious beasts and legendary beasts. Over the years, the Celestial Position race hunted them. And releasing them now would only mean that the risk of getting Zen's soul completely devoured was of high probability.

The value of these soul essences was even hard to estimate. Even the leaders of the great powers, such as Supreme Lord of Oracle and Supreme Lord of Original Sin, revealed an expression of interest when they learned such a large number of soul essences. The Celestial Position race had hunted down such a large number of soul essences in the universe all these years. They had this strong belief that humans' three significant forces were nothing compared to the race.

"Relax a little. I will wipe out the souls within these soul essences."

As soon as Master Feng uttered his last few words, he gently stretched out two of his oddly long fingers and pried open a corner of one of the crystal coffins.

The moment this crystal coffin popped open, all sorts of ghostly wails and wolfish howls reverberated, the sounds coming out from within it. A swelling aura then surged out from the coffin and rushed towards Zen.

Once the soul inside a soul essence was removed, the soul essence would gradually dry up and turn into a soul crystal. Although the soul crystals were beneficial to warriors' souls, the effect was significantly reduced. The Celestial Position members had been feeding these soul essences after obtaining them.

The second the soul essences surged out, Master Feng's eyes flashed, and a jade ruler suddenly appeared between his eyebrows.

The Pure Jade Ruler was Master Feng's own lifeblood treasure.

After this jade ruler became visible, it suddenly swung towards the soul essences.

Every wave of the jade ruler was accompanied by a sharp howl. Even if there was only a single soul, it did not wish to be completely wiped out. However, facing Master Feng, these souls had no chance of resisting.

Under the control of Master Feng, the erased soul essences turned into rays of soft orange light and flew towards Zen's head, instantly entering his mind.

Pouring soul essences into a warrior's mind was originally a method to train the soul.

Nonetheless, this kind of cultivation method was way too extravagant for many cultivators.

At any rate, a single Supreme Lord would find it difficult to collect so many soul essences. It had taken countless years for the Celestial Position race to accumulate soul essences, and just raising the soul essences alone equated to overly huge consumption.

After the soul essences entered his body, they turned into a stream of fresh spring water and gently flowed into the depths of Zen's soul.

Splash!

This stream of spring water continued to expand, finally flowing to the side of the Divine Flame Cauldron.

The cyan dragon's huge dragon head suddenly let out a strange roar. The spring water formed from the soul essences instantly split into nine strands and poured into the nine Genuine Dragons.

These nine Genuine Dragons required plenty of soul essences.

However, the Celestial Position race was well-prepared. Soon after the first crystal coffin's soul essences were devoured, Master Feng did not waste time in opening the second coffin, then the third one, then the fourth...

As the soul essences continued to be poured in, the nine Genuine Dragons that were hovering around the Divine Flame Cauldron also revealed their distinct colors.

Cyan, red, blue, white, purple, black, and yellow.

And for a time, the Genuine Dragons occupying the surface of the Divine Flame Cauldron magnificently emitted several splendid, dazzling lights.

The most eye-catching of them all was the golden Genuine Dragon in the center.

When the soul essences from the ten crystal coffins had all been poured into Zen's mind, a faint dragon roar suddenly resounded in his mind.

This dragon roar immensely contained a boundless emotion that spread out from Zen's mind and graciously filled the entire cave.

Hearing the sound of this rare dragon roar, the Supreme Lords were all stirred up.

Rocher and the rest of the spectators were looking at Zen with astonished expressions. There was a faint trace of fear in their eyes.

This dragon roar originated from the Five-clawed Golden Dragon situated atop the Divine Flame Cauldron. It was the most powerful bloodline within the clan and also possessed a unique inheritance.

Roar!

Roar!

Roar...

The remaining other eight Genuine Dragons also roared simultaneously as if on cue.

For the longest time, the nine Genuine Dragons had been trapped on the Divine Flame Cauldron. Now under the leadership of their eldest brother, they wantonly began emitting their own intense emotions.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

At this instant, the souls of these Genuine Dragons had been peeled off from the Divine Flame Cauldron one by one. Then they abruptly transformed into illusionary figures that fled out of Zen's mind.

A Genuine Dragon's body was incomparably big. At this time, however, they reduced their body size many times, eventually disclosing themselves in miniature sizes.

Subsequently, the nine Genuine Dragons swirled around Zen, baring their fangs and brandishing their claws as they meticulously scanned the surroundings. Their eyes contained various emotions, such as confusion, lament, dignity, and caution.

Although there were only nine Genuine Dragon souls, many Supreme Lords were already on their guard. This sort of alertness came from their instincts.

The strongest of them, the Five-clawed Golden Dragon, naturally coiled himself around Zen's neck. His pair of golden dragon claws clasped Zen's shoulders, while his head leaned forward as he stared at Master Feng. "Your body has Harold's scent."

Master Feng nodded. "The blood in our bodies hailed from Harold's bloodline."

Roar! "Very good. Harold's plan has finally worked," the Five-clawed Golden Dragon exclaimed.

However, Master Feng shook his head. "Not enough. Our opponents are much stronger than we imagined. This battle is only the prelude. We can only take one step if we win. However, if we make a small mistake, then we will seriously lose."

"We don't have a choice," the Five-clawed Golden Dragon said flatly.

"That's right, we have no choice..." Master Feng looked indifferent. No matter how tough and arduous it was for them, they could only bite the bullet and continue onward. As the saying went, "Man proposes, God disposes."

"Hold on..."

At this moment, the silent Supreme Lord Mathias suddenly spoke up. "It sounds as if we were innocently dragged into this crisis? This crisis was brought about by your Celestial Position race. Why do we, ogres, have to participate in it?"

As Supreme Lord Mathias spoke, the other Supreme Lords of the other races also wore the same expressions of deep agreement.

Summoning the leaders of the big races was the right decision made by Celestial Position to face the biggest crisis in the universe.

But from the looks of it, this crisis was caused by Celestial Position race.

What did the trouble that the Celestial Position race had caused have to do with them?

Roar! The Five-clawed Golden Dragon roared. His golden eyes stared at Supreme Lord Mathias and he insisted, "You also have no choice! Those who cannot jump out of the heavens cannot choose. If the universe is destroyed, then all of you will turn into life vitality in the end. Think about what will happen to those living beings in your inner world. Ha-ha!"

If a Supreme Lord perished, the inner world within his or her body would also collapse, and everything within the inner world would once again become the vitality of heaven and earth.

The Supreme Lords were the creatures of the inner world of the Holy Being. If the universe collapsed, they would be unable to cross the heavens and escape its shackles. Then, they would be reduced to the vitality of heaven and earth and later on disappear.

Chapter 1763 The Disciple's Plan

The destruction of the heavens meant the destruction of all living things.

The inner world of a martial artist usually collapsed soon after he or she died, and all living things within would disappear, turning into dust and ashes.

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon's words rendered the Supreme Lords speechless.

Supreme Lord Mathias pulled a long face. "So that means that we have to get involved in it?"

Master Feng shook his head. "We do not force anyone to join it. But you have been involved in this since the moment you were born."

The Holy Being was dying, which meant that sooner or later, the universe would collapse.

Then, the trillions of creatures in this universe would disintegrate with the collapse of the heavens.

But what they released once they disintegrated was not life vitality. This was because the whole universe would collapse with the collapse of the heavens. Everything after that would return to chaotic energy.

But compared to the Holy Beings of the divine land, the martial artists of the universe were first-level living creatures. So when the inner world of an ordinary martial artist in the universe collapsed, creatures in there would turn into life vitality.

There was pin-drop silence in the moment.

Rocher, Nathan, and the other juniors were not so flustered. They were not that old, and they did not have so many missions, scruples or worries.

But all the Supreme Lords present were either responsible for the fate of their own races or clans.

If the universe were to shatter, they would lose way more.

After a long period of silence, Supreme Lord of Original Sin said, "Our Xuanyuan Clan will try our best to help the Celestial Position race."

"The Ji Clan will also spare no effort!" The patriarch of the Ji Clan also spoke up.

"The Lie Clan will go all out!"

"Our Clan too..."

Master Feng nodded towards the four Supreme Lords of the Thoughtless Minds.

On the surface, it seemed that the connection between the Celestial Position race and the Thoughtless Minds wasn't too deep. But in reality, these two forces had had the closest relationship in the past.

The Holy Being had more than one disciple.

The Celestial Position race was created by Harold Yu, the chief disciple of the Holy Being. The four major clans of the Thoughtless Minds represented the other four disciples of the Holy Being.

The inheritances of the four great clans came from these disciples.

It was no accident that the Thoughtless Minds had been superior to many other great forces and had risen to such levels. Besides, three Godly Geniuses of the four great clans had even managed to break into the top ten warriors in the universe. This was no accident, and they had been encouraged by the Holy Being's disciples.

The other Supreme Lords were silent for a moment. Then, the Supreme Lord of Oracle said pleasantly, "I represent the Humanity Alliance. We will go all out in this crisis!"

It was a war with no choice.

It was because the result was too simple. It didn't matter if the opponent was strong or not. With resistance, there was still a chance for survival. Not resisting meant death!

Once the four Supreme Lords of the Thoughtless Minds had made their stance clear, the atmosphere relaxed gradually.

"Since we have no other choice, I will take a stand on behalf of the ancestors of the Saya race. We will fight with all our might."

"Our Giant race..."

There were one hundred and twenty eight Supreme Lords in the universe, but not all of them were present there.

But all the Supreme Lords present represented 90% of the forces of the universe. Their opinions were the symbol of all-out war.

Once all the Supreme Lords had expressed their stances, the Five-clawed Golden Dragon asked in a hoarse voice, "How much time is left?"

Master Feng shook his head. "I'm not sure. At this stage, I can't predict when they will be able to break through the Sighing Wall, but there might not be much time left."

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon lowered his head and said, "I want to rebuild the dragon body."

"Reconstructing the dragon body?" Master Feng said awkwardly.

It was easy to find a body for Lavender, but a Genuine Dragon was a thousand meters long and could hover in the air like a small city. To rebuild a Genuine Dragon's body was something that could only be done in the Genuine Dragon World.

But the whole plan had begun a long time ago. The mystery of the nine dragons had originally involved this issue.

"The body which is built using the heavenly essence isn't as good as the original body. But it's still enough," the Five-clawed Golden Dragon continued.

"Build the heavenly body?" Master Feng repeated, confused.

"Yes, I need a large amount of heavenly essence," the Five-clawed Golden Dragon said, nodding.

The heavenly essence was extremely important for weapons in the universe. But if refined alone, it could only be used to improve the rank of a weapon. It wasn't that strong.

Master Feng was puzzled as he said, "It's not that we can't bring more heavenly essence, but the heavenly body seems to be inferior to that of a puppet. We have a master who is the best and most proficient at making puppets in the Celestial Position race. If we have enough time, we can ask that master to make the puppet bodies for the nine Genuine Dragons."

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon laughed. "Harold didn't leave all the information to you. The purpose of the heavenly essence is only to coordinate with the primordial energy to forge sharp weapons."

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon's words confused many of the Supreme Lords.

Separating the heavenly essence from a weapon was troublesome, but it wasn't something that couldn't be done.

But to them, the heavenly essence was only the necessary material in the refining process. They started to realize that the heavenly essence seemed to be so much more than just this.

"After the heavenly body is condensed, we nine brothers will gather together to help Zen become more powerful. He must go even further." The Five-clawed Golden Dragon had not spoken a single word to Zen since his appearance. At his words, Zen was confused.

But the Five-clawed Golden Dragon didn't explain the meaning of the heavenly essence and its other functions to anyone.

Having said this, the Five-clawed Golden Dragon withdrew into Zen's mind. The other eight Genuine Dragons also disappeared.

Zen looked dejected. He sounded a question in his mind. "Hey, what do you mean by going further?"

The cyan dragon was the kind one, with whom Zen was on good terms. He was the first to wake up, followed by the red dragon. The red dragon had been silent for a long time, but it was not hard to communicate with him. The Five-clawed Golden Dragon was quite imposing, as if he had completely ignored Zen from beginning to end.

"What's the meaning of these words?" Zen asked again.

The nine Genuine Dragons were firmly coiled on the Divine Flame Cauldron, but none of them responded to Zen.

"Cyan dragon!" Zen shouted in his mind furiously.

After a long time, the Five-clawed Golden Dragon finally opened his eyes. "You're really in a hurry. It might not be good for you if you know some things so early."

"You always keep me guessing! Why do all of you always hide something from me?" Zen was furious.

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon smiled faintly. "You should believe that this is for your own good."

"Tell me!" Zen was firm this time. "If not, I would've been the first to choose not to cooperate."

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon glanced at Zen and on seeing that Zen was serious about this, let out a sigh that echoed in Zen's mind. "You are the lucky child born in the Time Sea, and also the attempt of two Holy Beings. This is the unprecedented attempt to overturn the divine land. Success or failure does not depend on your will. It doesn't matter if you cooperate or not at this stage."

"It's not important?" Zen pondered over the Five-clawed Golden Dragon's words, wearing a smile that screamed irony and anger.

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon's words were very clear. He was definitely a very important part of their plan.

But Zen wasn't in a particularly important position at the moment, which meant that his decision wouldn't change the general situation.

Zen had fallen into confusion once he had returned from the Illusion Battlefield. Everything he saw had undergone earth-shattering changes, including Lavender and Rocher.

After having thought and endured everything for so long, Zen finally let loose his fury.

"If I'm not important, does it mean that I can do whatever I want?" Zen asked, his nostrils flaring.

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon did not respond.

"So I can choose to give up everything? Even my own life?"

Zen's eyes lit up. He was not someone who would give up on himself recklessly. But now, he had lost the right to know things about himself. What was more, his own values had been overturned.

He was unwilling to cooperate with their plans in this situation.

Perhaps Zen's words took an effect, so the Five-clawed Golden Dragon's voice floated over from the depths of his mind. "Have you stopped looking for your sister?"

Zen's expression clouded at the question.

He wondered whether his own sister had been kidnapped by these guys.

Chapter 1764 Cyan Lotus World

"You're threatening me!"

Zen looked incensed.

However, the Divine Flame Cauldron was dead silent. No matter what Zen asked, there was no reply...

Zen tried to call out to the cyan dragon, but he didn't answer.

"Zen, Zen, what has happened to you?"

Hearing Margaret call his name, he opened his eyes, his face lined with worry.

Of course, she did not know that Zen was arguing with the Genuine Dragons in his mind. All she could see was that Zen was sitting with his eyes closed and his face was twisted in anger.

"Nothing. I'm fine." Zen took a deep breath and exhaled deeply.

Right now, the nine Genuine Dragons in his mind were constantly bickering with each other.

"Aren't you being a little too cruel to Zen, brother?" the cyan dragon complained.

As the first Genuine Dragon to wake up, the cyan dragon had been with Zen for the longest period of time. However, his eldest brother forbade him to respond to Zen, so he had no choice but to grudgingly follow his orders.

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon was the only one of his kind in the Genuine Dragon World and his bloodline was the rarest. He had absolute authority and wisdom, so the cyan dragon would not dare to disobey him because of Zen.

"This still isn't cruel enough!" remarked the Five-clawed Golden Dragon. He paused for a moment before continuing, "The things that he will face in the future are far more cruel than what he's up against right now..."

"But we are still complementary to each other. We still need to rely on him to return to the Genuine Dragon World," said the sixth oldest dragon.

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon smiled faintly and said, "Zen's matter is much more important than us returning to the Genuine Dragon World. What matters is that he should be able to go further, even if we nine brothers cannot return and perish here!"

The rest of the eight Genuine Dragons fell silent when they heard this.

Their eldest brother was right. They had to think about the big picture. Zen was much more important than them.

The Celestial Position had done a lot of things in the face of danger this time.

Not only did they have to rely on the power of the nine dragons, they also had awakened the kylin boodline of the Xuanyuan Clan and at the same time, they had reached an agreement with Lone's sword.

These ten Godly Geniuses carried important responsibilities on their shoulders. When they stood out of the universe, they were already carrying the destiny of the universe with them.

Many Supreme Lords had formed an alliance and begun to carry out the first stage of the Celestial Position's plan, which was to exterminate the sorcerer race.

However, these Supreme Lords hadn't returned yet when the crisis broke out in the universe.

The Cyan Lotus World

was the most beautiful supreme world in the Humanity Alliance.

There were only two tenth grade sacred places in this supreme world and the Saint Lord of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place was the world lord of the Cyan Lotus World.

People were panicking in the universe now. Eight world lords of the Humanity Alliance had died one after another. Supreme Lord Healum led his team to investigate this matter and they were constantly patrolling the supreme worlds...

However, the world lords that had passed away all had one thing in common: they belonged to sacred places that were in the supreme worlds situated at the borders of the Humanity Alliance.

The Cyan Lotus Sacred Place was located on the eastern side of the center of the Humanity Alliance. Relatively speaking, it could be considered the hinterland of the Humanity Alliance. Even if a crisis broke out, it would be hard to get to this area in a short period of time.

However, the entire Humanity Alliance was under martial law and they had assigned more warriors to guard the exits and entrances of all the supreme world channels.

On this day, in the core area of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place, the Saint Lord held a graver in his hand and was casually carving something on a mud wall.

Seal carving was Saint Lord's way of calming his mind. It allowed his mind to get some peace. It was said that cultivating one's mind was equally important as cultivating one's body. Although he was already a world lord and the chances of him advancing further were very slim, he still hoped to reach an even higher level.

As the graver in his hand continued to dance in the air, lotus leaves, lotus flowers, lotus seeds, ponds, and fish gradually appeared, forming a lifelike painting on the mud wall.

"Dad!"

A teenage boy with an attractive personality jumped down from a pavilion on the side.

The boy was the youngest son of the Saint Lord of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place. Although he was only thirteen years old, his cultivation had already reached the Internal Elixir Realm. He was extremely talented.

Extraordinary as the child was, the Saint Lord couldn't help but sigh in his heart, 'My son was born ten years too late...'

With such talent, the boy must have been blessed by the world of chaos. However, he was born ten years late, so he did not have the chance to compete in the world of chaos.

"Have you finished your morning exercises, Dominic?"

The Saint Lord of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place asked flatly, as he continued to work on the painting.

"Yes, dad! I've cultivated the Cyan Lotus Step today and have got some insights on it. I think I have grasped the difference between the motion and stillness of this cultivation method," replied the young lad.

A glimmer flashed in the Saint Lord's eyes before it dimmed.

He was eight hundred years old when he grasped the difference between motion and stillness of the "Cyan Lotus Step". The talent of Dominic was probably no worse than that of the ace talents in the universe. It was truly a pity that he was not born at the right time…

"You are awesome, Dominic! Your talent is rare even in the Humanity Alliance, and more so in the Cyan Lotus World…"

As he was praising his son, a strange expression appeared on his face. He could feel the vibrations of the Cyan Lotus World.

As the world lord of the Cyan Lotus World, he had the ability to control a world. This gave him special powers through which he could sense the fluctuations of space within the whole supreme world.

The vibrations seemed to indicate that powerful warriors had torn apart a certain space of the Cyan Lotus World.

Ordinary space cracks would not normally catch his attention. However, if a large number of space cracks appeared in a very short period of time, it would be able to cause such severe vibrations.

'Has some beast appeared? No, that can't be right...' the Saint Lord mused.

"Dad, what's wrong?" The boy had never seen this bizarre expression on his father's face before.

Swoosh!

Pfft!

The Saint Lord of the Cyan Lotus World casually tossed the graver away and it got nailed to the mud wall. "Dominic, I have some urgent matter to attend to. I'll be right back…"

Then he transformed himself into a streak of light and shot up towards the sky.

"Dad! Dad..."

Dominic was bewildered. So without any hesitation, he, too, flew off to follow his father.

He was no match for his father at flying in the sky, and soon he lost track of his father. However, he continued flying in the direction where his father had disappeared.

After flying for a long time, he saw that there seemed to be some black objects in the distant sky. They were like streaks of lightning, which had descended from the sky.

When he approached it, he discovered that his father along with powerful warriors from the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place were all gathered. And the black streaks of lightning were actually space cracks that extended all the way from the sky to the ground!

'Such huge space cracks!' Dominic was astonished. It seemed as if the heavens and earth were going to be ripped apart by these space cracks!

His expression quickly changed from bewilderment to fear.

He stared open-mouthed as many monsters appeared from within the space cracks. Their shapes were as horrible as jagged mountains, and they looked even more terrifying than the most vicious beasts.

Even the Saint Lord's expression was extremely grim.

As the world lord of the Cyan Lotus World, he often traveled through spaces and sometimes when he built space tunnels he would reach the backside of space. This cursed Shadow Race wasn't unfamiliar to him. He had encountered them before a few times.

However, the Shadow Race, also known as the sorcerer race, was extremely enigmatic and powerful. Killing them would unleash horrid curses.

Under normal circumstances, they wouldn't casually provoke the sorcerer race. Moreover, the sorcerer race always lived in the shadows, and if they left the backside of space, they would suffer a huge attack from the curse of the gods. And now, the sorcerer race had emerged from the other side of the world. Seeing this, the Saint Lord of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place realized that they were in big trouble...

Chapter 1765 The Cursing Power

"Sorcerers, this is the territory of the Humanity Alliance! Get out of here quickly!" The Saint Lord of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place's voice boomed loudly. However, huge skulls suddenly appeared in the crevices.

Upon closer look, some creatures with oddly-shaped bodies were scattered across the skulls' eye sockets and mouths.

Aside from the skulls, there were three one-eyed Angels of Death that carried three grand sorcerers on their backs.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck…" One of the grand sorcerers glanced at the Saint Lord, waved a bone cane in his hand and said in a painfully chilling voice, "Don't let even a single one of them go…"

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh…"

The rugged black shadows swarmed the sky like an army of locusts as they rushed towards the Saint Lord of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place.

"How dare you!"

In turn, the Saint Lord extended his hand, and unsheathed the treasured sword that he held. Meanwhile, the experts of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place also made their move.

At that point, the sword energy surged in the sky over them and the light of laws shone like the sun.

"There's a little boy here! Ha-ha…"

Apparently, a rugged black figure had discovered Dominic, whose cultivation base was at the Internal Elixir Realm.

However, Dominic was quite quick-witted. He stepped on a cyan lotus and turned into a streak of cyan light the moment he was discovered, in a strange attempt to escape. He knew that if he stayed there, he would only be a burden to his father.

Yet, Dominic was too young. He was only thirteen years old and his cultivation base was only at the Internal Elixir Realm. Although he had his ingenious ways, a black bone spear had pierced his body before he could even take a few steps out.

The Saint Lord of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place had originally not noticed his son, but because of the connection between him and Dominic through a treasure—a Life Lock, the Life Lock reacted when the spear stabbed Dominic. He quickly turned around and looked at his son.

"Dominic!"

"Ha-ha… There's no need to be sad. The entire Cyan Lotus World will be taken over, and you will die as well!"

After that, the three grand sorcerers began to attack the Saint Lord together!

The Saint Lord was naturally devastated at their words, but it was also at that point that he decisively took out a token—a Roaring Token!

He had realized that he was powerless against the sudden appearance of the enemy.

There was only one way at the moment—to pass on the news that the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place had been attacked.

The Saint Lord had thought that those grand sorcerers would try to stop him. To his surprise, the three grand sorcerers just smiled at him. They didn't stop him from activating the Roaring Token at all.

Thus, he activated it. Several sounds then flooded his ears.

"Here's the Immense Cloud World... We need assistance... The enemy is the sorcerer race! Ah..."

"Supreme Lord Healum, the Chaos Heaven World is invaded!"

"Go to hell!"

The Immense Cloud World was a supreme world in the Thoughtless Minds, and not in the Humanity Alliance.

The Chaos Heaven World was not far from the Cyan Lotus World.

It seemed that the sorcerer race had planned this war for quite a long time now, so they came prepared for the day's battle.

Despair was written all over the Saint Lord's face. His long sword quivered in his hand, but his misery was soon changed into determination. As he looked at his people who were in battle against the sorcerers, he threw away the Roaring Token and rushed to the enemy without hesitation!

At that moment, cries for help sounded all over the universe because at the same time the sorcerer race had invaded all the major forces' supreme worlds.

It was known that a grand sorcerer was as strong as a world lord.

Back then, the sorcerer race wasn't a big group. Thus, the major forces were truly shocked when the grand sorcerers who should be few in number in their opinion suddenly appeared.

All the forces reacted quickly when they figured out what was going on. However, because so many worlds had been invaded, it was difficult for even the grand world lords and the Supreme Lords to reverse the situation.

At the same time, the Pure Jade World that was next to the Cyan Lotus World also encountered the invasion of the sorcerer race.

The Pure Jade World was far more powerful compared to the Cyan Lotus World. There were four world lords in the Pure Jade Sacred Place, and three tenth-grade sacred places as well. However, they were faced with an equally strong group of sorcerers!

"Everyone of the Cyan Lotus Sacred Place, evacuate!"

The top brass of the sacred place now had no time to organize a retreat. Black streaks of lightning shot through the sky, and the great cracks looked as if they were going to devour the sacred place.

The Saint Lord of the Pure Jade Sacred Place was quite powerful. As one of the best of all the world lords, he was only second to the grand world lords.

Yet, he struggled to cope with the siege of several grand sorcerers.

"Come with me!" Preston shouted.

Letitia then ran after Preston, her ears filled with cries for help from the Roaring Tokens. She was clearly terrified.

"How did this happen..." she asked, her face grim. "A crisis has come," Preston stated in a cool voice.

"In theory, it won't be so fast!"

Since the Illusion Battlefield had just closed, there should be at least a buffer period of decades or even hundreds of years; but now the crisis came after only half a month. Why did it come so soon? Preston couldn't figure it out. Besides, was the sorcerer race responsible for this universal crisis?

What he did not know was that the sorcerer race was only the catalyst, and the real, much worse crisis was yet to come.

"Will Zen be safe?" Letitia asked. The first person she thought of amidst the chaos was Zen.

"He is the man who can solve this crisis! So don't worry. He's not going to die that easily," Preston said as a black bolt of lightning fell across the sky. "Boom!" a huge pit suddenly appeared in front of them with a loud bang, which contained the bulk of a skull. Then, some craggy-looking figures crawled out of it.

"Go to hell!"

Preston reached out his hand and made a beat, from which a strange vibration had spread out.

His move was a high layer skill of the Space Law. Two forces which constantly shook each other in the same space could cause terrible damage!

"Crack! Crack..."

Cracks quickly appeared on the black figures' bodies, and then they turned into black powder on the ground.

However, the black powders suddenly moved again and turned into fist-sized skulls. Then they hurled themselves at Preston!

Preston launched another attack. However great the shock was, it could not damage those small skulls at all!

The skulls swarmed over Preston to bite his back. Their white teeth gnawed at Preston's body-protecting life vitality. It was the sorcerer race's curse!

"Go!"

Preston had no time to care about anything else. The Saint Lord had ordered him to protect Letitia, so he had to take her to safety.

The two ran and ran through the sacred place until they reached an underground palace. Core disciples of the Pure Jade Sacred Palace entered with them as well.

They were fortunate enough to have escaped to the underground palace, which was a sanctuary built by the Pure Jade Sacred Place—for now.

Chapter 1766 The Sorcerer Race's Purpose

Thousands of core disciples swarmed into the palace.

As they arrived, more and more magnificent divine textures appeared over the palace, forming a cross-shaped shield. This was the biggest divine texture array of the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

"Boom, boom..."

Several bolts of black lightning appeared from the sky and dozens of skulls rained down, as countless black shadows dashed towards the underground palace.

At that moment, two slender and long energy tentacles stretched out from the divine texture array.

These two energy tentacles held extremely terrible power. Hundreds of members of the sorcerer race were quickly eliminated with just one sweep! As they died, multiple skulls appeared and began to bite at the divine texture array.

These small skulls were the sorcerer race's curse and were very special. Zen already encountered them back in the Illusion Battlefield. These skulls were very persistent and did not let go of him until they were forced to disappear once he entered the second stage of the competition.

The two slender tentacles also swept these skulls away but they only came back a few minutes later to continue biting away at the divine texture array.

Back in the underground palace, all the core disciples looked pale.

Most of them had taken part in the Illusion Battlefield. They were now in the real world and if they died during this siege, they died for real.

Preston leaned on the side of a huge column as several small skulls continued biting away at his protective life vitality.

"Are you all right?" Letitia asked.

Preston shook his head. "Crack!" He had taken out a life vitality jade and broke it, quickly absorbing the life vitality within.

The small skulls continually consumed Preston's protective life vitality and it was only a matter of time before they got through to his flesh and blood.

Preston's life vitality jades weren't enough to offset the amount he consumed, or rather, the amount these small skulls consumed.

A gush of blood streamed down his back as the small skulls chewed on his flesh.

Letitia frowned when she saw this. She quickly summoned a gust of cold air from her hand and froze the small skulls in place. This kind of action worked but only for less than three seconds.

"Crack..."

The solid ice cracked as the small skulls bit and swallowed it down. Freed from the freezing cold, the skulls immediately commenced with biting Preston's back all over again.

Fortunately, in the three seconds it took for the skulls to break through the ice, 30 percent of Preston's protective life vitality had already recovered.

"Ah! Ah..."

At that moment, a warrior had let out a loud scream as he tumbled onto the ground and fell into a pool of blood.

Letitia looked at the fallen warrior. He had been at the Spirit Supreme Realm but had now been reduced to a mound of flesh and blood that the skulls gnawed on continuously. It looked nothing short of terrifying.

Even Preston, who was a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior, couldn't resist these small skulls, let alone the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors. Not everyone had Zen's impossibly hard body after all.

The warrior's entire back had been split open and the smell of blood was horrible.

"Get away!"

A few other warriors shouted at the skulls. They swung their hands and drove them away. The skulls were thrown off for a bit but they immediately flew back towards the fallen warrior to continue biting his back.

A lot of warriors had killed quite a number of sorcerer race members earlier and no one expected the curse that followed as a consequence. If this continued, they would all end up getting killed by these skulls.

"What to do..."

Letitia muttered in frustration. If only Zen was here...

Back in the Lower World, Letitia rarely ever relied on him.

However, ever since her ascension to the Upper World, she quickly bore witness to the cruelty of this world's system. In the face of the strongest warriors, she couldn't help but think back on how great it would be if she had someone to rely on, someone like Zen.

This strange world was even crueler than what she had imagined.

Cries of misery continued to resound all around her.

Several martial artists had already succumbed to these small skulls. Many lay motionless on the ground but the skulls continued gnawing on their flesh, not stopping until they completely devoured their targets.

The universe was also in a state of panic. Everyone's ears rang with cries of help from many world lords and orders from Supreme Lords to gather their subordinates.

Some Supreme Lords began to move towards a few supreme worlds but none of them mentioned the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

"Is this the end of the world?" someone roared in despair.

"No... I believe that the powerful warriors of the alliance will take action!"

"Everyone, just hold on!"

"It's so painful. Who can help me destroy these damn skulls?"

Around 20 percent of the underground palace's warriors had been cursed and were now being mercilessly devoured by these small skulls.

Nobody could destroy them or even stop them. The other warriors could only watch in horror as their comrades slowly succumbed from being eaten by floating skulls.

"Once these skulls are done with them, would they also come for us?"

someone asked.

His question plunged the entire underground palace into silence.

Those warriors who had been struck by the sorcerer race's curse were goners but many of those who survived still trusted the protection the underground palace provided.

However, if these small skulls turned on them, then this sanctuary would quickly turn into a slaughterhouse!

Letitia also paled. She did not come here to end up getting devoured by these small skulls!

"Master Preston, do you have a Roaring Token?" Letitia asked.

Preston was stunned at her question but immediately understood what she was trying to do. She was no doubt going to call Zen out for help.

This was indeed a good course of action. With Zen's current identity, he would definitely have powerful warriors surrounding him. If he came here, then the Pure Jade Sacred Place would be prioritized in getting rescued.

Unfortunately, Preston shook his head. "The Roaring Token is so rare so I don't possess such a treasure. Only the Saint Lord has one..."

A trace of sadness appeared on Letitia's face when she heard this.

As they spoke, two other warriors had fallen and were completely devoured by these small skulls. The only thing they left behind was a puddle of blood and nothing else. As s small skull's jawbone hit the floor, it emitted a loud screech and immediately flew towards another warrior!

"Ah!" the warrior screamed.

It seemed their assumptions had been correct.

This place was no longer safe. They had to leave or they'd end up being food for these hungry, flesh-eating skulls!

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage] to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1767 Where Are You

"We must get out of here!"

"Let's go!"

"Let's dig a tunnel to the ground!"

These warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm all scrambled to run. While they might not be able to fight against the grand sorcerers, they could still escape. Nonetheless, such a path might even be more dangerous.

"Let me lead the way!" Preston said.

His primary mission was to protect Letitia, but as an elder of the sacred place, he believed it was his obligation to take the lead at the moment.

He summoned some life vitality and turned it into a spiral which spun quickly, and then dashed toward a corner of the underground palace. His Space Law power shattered the palace walls with a loud crash, and a hole about the size of a man appeared in front of them.

"Follow me," ordered Preston as he led the group and dashed into the hole.

Meanwhile, Letitia glanced at Preston's bleeding shoulders with gritted teeth, and then followed suit.

She had been rained with bad luck ever since she had ascended into the Upper World. Thus, she had no choice but to follow Preston at the moment and see what would be out there for her.

Preston himself tried hard to endure the biting of the skulls on his back as he dug his way forward, with Letitia and the other core disciples of the Pure Jade Sacred Place close behind him.

After a long time of digging forward, Preston dug upward and finally reached the ground. His eyes first scanned the surroundings, and then he dashed toward a specific direction.

"Let's head for the supreme world channel!" he exclaimed.

"But where should we go through the supreme world channel?" someone asked. When Preston heard the question, he abruptly stopped in his tracks.

To be honest, he hadn't thought about that. It seemed that there was no safe escape. The sorcerer race might have invaded the nearby Cyan Lotus Sacred Place as well. Where else could they run to?

Meanwhile, black lightning bolts continued to flash in the sky. 'Is the sorcerer race going to occupy the entire Pure Jade Sacred Place?' he wondered. However, that was almost impossible. The ancient sorcerer race wasn't strong enough to occupy the place forever. They weren't powerful enough to fight the Supreme Lords, and the Humanity Alliance had more than ten thousand world lords. If they joined forces, the sorcerer race wouldn't stand a chance.

Once the Supreme Lords came, the sorcerer race would have no choice but to escape. They wouldn't have a chance against the combined forces of all the other races in the universe.

The only reason why the humans were in an unfortunate situation was because the sorcerer race's sudden attack caught them off guard.

Still, now wasn't the time to think about such things. They still had to keep going before the reinforcements would arrive.

"There's still one place that we can escape to," Letitia suddenly said as she followed closely behind Preston.

But Preston only glanced at her briefly. He didn't expect her to give him any good suggestions anyway. He thought that Letitia only happened to be Zen's wife, but she had just ascended to the Upper World so she knew little about the things in this place. How could she even give him any good options?

Then again, Letitia didn't mind his indifference and continued, "The Lower World. We can go to the Lower World."

"That's right! Now that the universe is in chaos, the Lower World is probably the only safe place to go!"

"We can go there through the ascending passageway!"

"It sounds like a good suggestion!"

Except for Letitia, the other warriors were all from the Upper World who subconsciously looked down on the Lower World. Thus, they never really thought about escaping there even when they were already in such a big crisis.

On the other hand, Letitia had come from the Lower World, which was why she thought of such a plan.

"But... If we return to the Lower World, I'm afraid that the great world will reject us," added Letitia.

"Don't worry. This isn't a problem for us," Preston nodded and said, "This is a feasible plan. Follow me!"

It wasn't that difficult for warriors of the Upper World to avoid the repelling power of a great world. After all, there were some items they could use to descend to the Lower World.

After they'd made their decision, Preston quickly led the group to the supreme world channel and rushed towards the Ascending Wells in the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

In the territory of the Celestial Position race.

Supreme Lord of Oracle was the first one who left. Most of the Roaring Tokens that called for help were from the world lords of the Humanity Alliance, which meant that they were the ones who encountered the most enemies. As the leader of the Humanity Alliance, she had to hurry back in the soonest possible time.

The other Supreme Lords also followed suit, and left one by one.

Soon enough, only the nine Godly Geniuses and Master Feng remained in the cave. Karl's body had already been taken away, and no one knew if he could be revived.

"I never thought that the sorcerer race would be so rampant. They started the days of chaos," Nathan said with a frown. He had heard the cries for help from the regions of the Thoughtless Minds, and some of the supreme worlds under attack were governed by his clan.

Lawson snorted coldly and said, "Our patriarchs will soon deal with them. The sorcerer race is no match for the Supreme Lords. Even their grand sorcerers are only at the world lord's level."

"What's the matter, Zen?" Margaret asked out of the blue. She was concerned when she saw the expression on his face.

Zen's eyes were filled with worry and he couldn't mask his true feelings.

It turned out that he was worried about Letitia.

With the help of the memories of the great world, he knew that Letitia wasn't in the Lower World anymore. Thus, it could only mean that she had also ascended to the Upper World.

But where was she now?

Zen knew that Letitia's cultivation base made it hard for her to obtain a Roaring Token. He was worried for her safety, especially now that the war broke out.

"Alright, now is the time to decide your arrangements," Master Feng said.

The Godly Geniuses had to grow quickly. They had outstanding talents and powerful strengths, but they could still risk getting killed by the sorcerer race and the "intruders." Fortunately, after their blood had been exchanged, they could at least avoid the attacks of the "intruders" now.

"Where will we go?" Lone asked curiously. He originally thought that they would remain in the Celestial Position race's territory.

But before Master Feng could announce his arrangements, Zen had already brought out his Roaring Token, and his voice reverberated throughout the entire universe.

"Letitia! Where are you?"

He felt his heart sink with regret. He should have looked for her earlier.

Ever since he had ascended to the Upper World, the entire universe had been quite peaceful. No one could've imagined that the world would be suddenly plunged into chaos when the Illusion Battlefield had closed.

Now, Zen knew that it was almost impossible to receive a response from Letitia, but he didn't know how else to contact her.

Meanwhile, Letitia had actually heard Zen's call.

At that moment, Preston led Letitia through the supreme world channel. He and the other warriors from the Pure Jade Sacred Place also heard Zen's voice.

"It's Zen!" Letitia exclaimed in shock.

Even amidst the danger, she was naturally excited to hear her husband's voice.

"But we can't respond to him. Let's continue on our way," Preston said. He couldn't help but sigh deeply. They had no way to communicate with Zen.

If they had known earlier that such a thing would happen, the Saint Lord would have given Letitia a Roaring Token. While Roaring Tokens were rare and precious, they could help them bring reinforcements faster.

The Humanity Alliance had only sent Supreme Lord of Oracle to the Celestial Position race, while the other Supreme Lords such as Supreme Lord Healum and Supreme Lord Illusion had remained in the Alliance.

However, the sorcerer race had an advantage when they simultaneously attacked many places. Thus, the reinforcements for the Pure Jade Sacred Place might be delayed.

The situation left them no other choice but to follow their plan and try to descend to the Lower World.

Chapter 1768 Finally Found Letitia

Zen frowned. He had already waited for a really long time but there was still no response from Letitia.

"Zen, has Master Ning ascended as well?" Rocher asked. He had ascended before her so he naturally did not know what happened in the Central Region after his departure.

"Yes, I'm sure she has ascended…"

"Heaven rewards the good. Master Ning is a good person. Moreover, the sorcerer race does not have the strength to challenge the Humanity Alliance. She'll be fine…" Rocher said in an attempt to console him, though he had no idea why Zen was so sure that Letitia had also ascended.

"Yes! Letitia will be okay!" Margaret followed, also trying to ease his worries. At this moment, she didn't dare to say anything that would annoy him.

The others were quick to understand that this Letitia was an extremely important person to him.

Zen thought for a moment before turning to Master Feng. "I need to go and find someone."

Master Feng was just about to make some arrangements for them but it seemed Zen was in no way willing to participate.

The old man also noticed the worry in his eyes. "You are going to look for the girl named Letitia?"

Zen nodded. "Yes. I'm sorry but she's my wife."

Margaret couldn't help but feel a pang of hurt when she heard Zen refer to Letitia as his "wife." Although she referred to Zen as her husband, she was not officially married to him…

"Does she have any unique features?" Master Feng inquired.

The Supreme Lords in this universe possessed extremely powerful calculation abilities.

However, they were not necessarily omnipotent.

There were only 128 Crowns of Destiny. When a Crown of Destiny appeared in the universe, there was a high probability for Supreme Lords to perceive its location because of its uniqueness. That was the reason why so many of them swarmed towards Zen when he activated a Crown of Destiny back then.

A Supreme Lord could locate the whereabouts of any warrior using their calculations but this would be extremely hard without any knowledge of the characteristics and important identifiers of the person being sought.

There were too many living creatures in this universe after all.

Master Feng's willingness to help ignited the hope in Zen's heart.

"She is an ascended warrior from the Lower World and she may have arrived not long ago…" Before entering the Illusion Battlefield, Zen took the liberty of going through the memories of the great world's will. Letitia was still in the great world at the time but she promptly disappeared upon his departure from the Illusion Battlefield. That meant she must have ascended.

Those were the only clues Zen could offer and Master Feng frowned at the scarcity of information. This was going to be a bit difficult since she did not have any obvious or unique features to help narrow down his search. In other words, this was going to be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"Let me read your soul then…" Xenia, who was beside Rocher, offered.

"Read my soul?" Zen repeated, a bit stunned at her proposal.

The soul searching technique normally caused irreversible damage to one's soul but it was an option Zen had already considered to pinpoint

Letitia's location in the event that they were unable to think of any other solution.

However, he wasn't aware that there was another method known as the soul reading technique.

A few select people possessed the ability to read souls in this universe. The Saint Lord of the Pure Jade Sacred Place, for example, had the ability to verify the truth of Letitia's statements without causing her any harm.

Xenia also possessed such ability and hers was even more advanced.

Hearing her explanation of her technique, Zen did not show any bit of hesitation in accepting her proposal.

Sure, he had a few secrets he wouldn't want others to know but Zen did not really have the luxury to care about such things. Finding Letitia was a paramount concern at that moment.

Xenia walked in front of Zen and stared up at him with her delicate eyes. She curled her little and ring fingers on both her hands and then reached out. Her thumbs, index and middle fingers were pressed against Zen's temples. "Try your best to think about... Letitia's features."

Zen closed his eyes and did as she said.

Xenia closed her eyes as well. Slowly, strings of lightning segments began to appear on her hands and spiral all the way towards Zen's head.

The lightning power entangled and rose from Zen's head.

Her soul reading technique was way superior compared to other people's. She could use lightning to draw out the memories she had to read.

However, this wasn't anything special. It was only an extension of nature. A warrior, so long as they mastered the spiritual projection method, could use life vitality to perfectly duplicate whatever they visualized. This wasn't very difficult for Xenia who was already a high-level warrior.

Soon enough, Letitia's exquisite figure gradually appeared and floated above Zen's head.

"Master Feng, please calculate as soon as possible," Xenia said, still with her eyes closed.

Master Feng stared at Letitia's appearance and nodded in affirmation. He held out a wrinkled finger where many colorful beads began to burst forth.

The beads were the size of a fingertip and were extremely colorful, like stars floating in the universe.

The calculation methods of each person varied. There was the Purple Star Astrology, the Eight Diagrams, and the Ten Heavenly Stems and Twelve Earthly Branches. However, Master Feng's method of calculation was rather unique. It was called the "Fantasy Star Calculation Technique".

He was looking for Letitia: a newly ascended female warrior from the Lower World.

These were the only clues Master Feng could work with but Xenia's visualization of Letitia's physical features was of great help to him. His calculations were sped up since he now knew what she looked like.

After a few moments, a strange expression appeared on Master Feng's face.

"How is it?" Zen asked, seeing the anxious expression on the old man's face.

"This woman has indeed encountered some trouble. It seems that the sorcerer race have invaded the supreme world she is in," he replied.

"Which supreme world? Is she injured?" Zen asked. After finding out her current situation, he really wanted to rush to her side as soon as possible.

"The Pure Jade Sacred Place of the Humanity Alliance. But…" Master Feng paused. Zen planned to use the Teleportation Token to instantly travel to where she was but he waited until Master Feng finished what he had to say.

"It seems she is planning to go back to the Lower World soon to take refuge there."

Zen's eyes flashed. "Go back to the great world?"

Rocher's eyes brightened. "This is indeed a good idea!"

Now knowing where Letitia was, Zen finally felt slightly at ease.

It was fortunate for him that both Xenia and Master Feng were willing to help him.

Zen was already quite dissatisfied with the Celestial Position though he knew that the race had no intention of harming him. They just tried their best to hide vital information away from him.

"Something's not right. There seems to be something following them into the ascending passageway," Master Feng continued. "Why is the sorcerer race chasing after these people..."

His words caused Zen's heart to beat nervously. "Can you calculate which great world they're heading to?"

He had already seen the entirety of the universe through the use of his Teleportation Token. He knew for a fact that the ascending passageways of each supreme world were connected to many great worlds below and he needed to know their position before he could set off.

Master Feng nodded and immediately resumed his calculations. After a few moments, he was able to come up with the conclusion that Letitia was going to be returning to the great world she originally came from.

However, it would take over ten days to travel in the ascending passageway before they could reach the Lower World.

Chapter 1769 Return To The Lower World

Zen couldn't wait to set off. He had the memories of the great world, so he would immediately know the exact moment Letitia returned. The only thing he wanted to do at that moment was to rush to the great world and wait for Letitia to descend.

Warriors in the Upper World could only pass through the ascending passageways to go to the great worlds.

Since Letitia's life was still in danger, Zen did not accept any of Master Feng's transportation options. He wanted to teleport directly to the great world by activating the Teleportation Token.

"Zen, I'll go with you." Rocher followed behind him.

Naturally, Margaret wanted to go with Zen. Finally, after much deliberation, Xenia, Lone and Lucille also decided to descend to the Lower World with them.

Nathan and Lawson both seemed indifferent, but in the end, they also agreed to go together with the others.

"All of you..."

Master Feng was about to announce an extremely important matter for the future of the ten Godly Geniuses. He had sacrificed a great deal in order to give them the opportunity.

However, even before he could utter a single word, Zen used the Roaring Token to speak, interrupting him. Furthermore, the group of warriors all wanted to leave together with Zen.

As the leader of the Celestial Position as well as being one of the most powerful Supreme Lords in the universe, Master Feng couldn't help but feel dejected. He suddenly realized how fast the world had changed.

These warriors were still too young. They knew the fate they faced, but they didn't seem to realize the gravity of it.

Sometimes, Master Feng wondered if he was too lenient in their training.

Their elders had already entrusted their care and their training to the Celestial Position, so he needed to speak a piece of his mind and criticize them. He needed them to understand the current situation.

But before he could say anything, an ethereal voice spoke into his mind.

"Let them go. This is also part of their training."

When Master Feng heard this voice, he surprisingly recognized it. "Have you woken up a bit early?"

"We can delay the plan to send them to the training land. The enemies wouldn't be able to break through the Signing Wall that quickly. At the moment, the sorcerer race members would only be able to activate the troublesome things that have been buried underground for the past hundreds of millions of years. You could deal with them on your own. But we still have to be wary of the Demon Night race and the ogre race. I can't ensure that they would take our side," the voice said flatly.

Master Feng nodded. The man who talked with him was the most important supporter of the Celestial Position. Since this elder had already spoken, Master Feng had no choice but to listen to him.

Letting Zen and the others descend to the Lower World was risky. However, the Celestial Position race could secretly arrange for members to watch over the group. In this way, their original plan could be put off for some time in the future.

Zen originally planned to utilize the Teleportation Token to return instantly to the great world. At most, Freya would be the only one he brought with him.

However, just as the two of them were about to leave, Rocher and Margaret followed close at his heels, with the other Godly Geniuses not far off...

"We can pass through the ascending passageway to go to the Lower World, but we need to have the Moon Shrouding Stone," Xenia reminded. It seemed to her that Zen did not know how to return to the Lower World.

"Moon Shrouding Stone? What is that?" Zen asked.

Lucille smiled faintly as she heard this. "The Moon Shrouding Stone is an important object that will protect you from being rejected by the great world and help you enter the Lower World."

"Oh, I see."

Zen acknowledged. In the past, it piqued his curiosity as to how the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors of the Upper World were able to enter the great world.

Several hours later, a bright bolt of brilliantly white lightning streaked across the sky above the sea of the great world. The powerful space spread outwards violently, forming a great space windstorm.

There were a few powerful water monsters circling on the surface of the sea, but after sensing the aura of the space windstorm, the water monsters scattered and hid into the depths of the sea...

Zen was the first to emerge from the space windstorm, followed by Freya, Rocher, Xenia, Lucille, and the rest of the Godly Geniuses.

Nathan and Lawson lagged behind the others like the usual.

Initially, the two never intended to follow them. But as they saw that the other Godly Geniuses went along with Zen, they also decided to leave with them.

The Godly Geniuses looked at the scenery around them with awe, their faces filled with shock. They were amazed by Zen's Teleportation Token.

According to Xenia's plan, they would have had to travel the ascending passageway for at least half a month before they could reach the Lower World. It baffled them that Zen had such a magical item. The Teleportation Token seemed to have the ability to travel to any place in the universe, and it was even more convenient than the Supreme Lords'

Grand Teleportation. This unique item was too amazing for this entire universe, so they had a hard time accepting its capabilities.

Zen didn't really want to show them this Teleportation Token, but the current circumstances warranted its use. He wanted to rescue Letitia at the soonest possible time.

The moment Zen emerged from the space windstorm, a strong force repelled him. The Moon Shrouding Stone in his hand suddenly glowed with a faint radiance and entered Zen's body, helping him counteract the repelling force.

"I'm finally back." A sharp glint appeared in Zen's eyes as he said the words. He had been away from this place for a few years, and this was the first time Zen had returned to his homeland. He was giddy with excitement and mixed emotions.

It had never crossed his mind that the reason he returned for the first time in ages was to save Letitia...

Zen looked around, and saw nothing but the endless sea. The place where their party had descended was in the depths of the sea.

The moment Zen had entered the great world, he already felt the connection with this world. It was the embodiment of the will of the plane, which gave Zen a strange sense of security. In this plane, Zen could transfer all the damage he had incurred into the great world. Unless this great world was destroyed, he would be immortal and indestructible.

Letitia hadn't emerged from the ascending passageway, and descending into the great world through the ascending passageway was a relatively slow process.

In the past, Zen had taken half a month to ascend to the Upper World. But now he returned to the great world in advance to wait for Letitia to come back... The universe was going to suffer a cataclysm soon. Zen had already laid out a plan of his own. Before the crisis happened, he would take all his loved ones to live in the fairy palace. That was the only place where he could guarantee their safety.

After he got his bearings, Zen figured out his own location. He was located at the west part of the great world. If he continued to head west, he would reach the wall of the great world. To the east lay the Central Region.

Zen wasn't sure where Letitia would land, so he could only settle down first. He used his will to monitor the entire plane and waited for Letitia to show up...

"This way," Zen flew towards the east as he led the group.

The Godly Geniuses followed closely behind him...

"The life vitality in this place seems to be too placid," Lucille said as she observed her surroundings during her flight.

Chapter 1770 The Cloudy City

"It's not that the life vitality is mild here. We barely detect it as there is so little," Lawson observed indifferently.

Although the life vitality in the Upper World was definitely more violent, it was also more concentrated than in the Lower World. This was the Godly Geniuses' first time to descend to the Lower World, and it made them feel a bit out of their element.

Fortunately, they all brought enough life vitality jades with them. It wouldn't affect them much even if the life vitality here was insufficient.

On the other hand, Nathan's expression was a little gloomy. He and Lawson only came to the Lower World because Lucille went along with Zen. He didn't think that their presence here was necessary.

They had flown over the sea for an entire day and night, and had encountered a few vicious beasts along the way.

But when these vicious beasts felt the powerful auras of these people, they sank back into the sea and stayed hidden.

Lawson and Nathan had nothing interesting to do during their travel. They had casually caught and killed some of the ferocious beasts they encountered, and caused a huge commotion.

As the sun rose on the second day, a white line appeared on the horizon in front of Zen. The white line steadily increased in size as they flew closer. It was a snowy mountain standing on the surface of the sea.

Seeing the snow-capped mountain, Zen couldn't help but smile. He recognized the mountain, and knew that it was located in the west of the Central Region. They had already reached their destination.

After crossing the boundary of the snowy mountain, they didn't even pause for rest. They continued to travel east until they reached the first city, the Mysterious City.

This city was built by the Mysterious Luna Hall. Although the power of the Mysterious Luna Hall was not as great as it had been before, there was still a spatial passageway in the city.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zen's group quickly descended from the sky and landed in front of the spatial passageway.

The guards at the entrance to the spatial passageway did not know what to do upon seeing the warriors.

They didn't know where these people came from. To their intense surprise, each of these warriors radiated a strong aura, and their cultivation levels were immeasurable.

Fortunately for them, these people did not seem to have any intention of enmity. They even made an effort to conceal their auras. Otherwise, these guards would have fainted on the spot from sheer terror.

"You... You... What are you trying to do?" the leader of the guards stammered, his courage slightly greater than his companions.

"We intend to use the spatial passageway that leads to Cloudy City." Zen's eyes swept over them. With a flick of his hand, two supreme life vitality crystals materialized in front of the guard and Zen stepped into the passageway.

Xenia, on the other hand, smiled kindly towards the guards. Only then did all of the warriors follow Zen into the spatial passageway.

The guards simultaneously breathed a sigh of relief after all these people had disappeared.

At that moment, the Cloudy City was enveloped in silence.

Ever since Zen had left for the Upper World, the situation in the Central Region had been under control by the Cloud Hall and the World Commercial Alliance. Other powers had shown some signs of rising up, such as the Ethereal Spirit Sect, but they were left far behind.

In just a short span of time, two warriors from the Cloud Hall had already ascended to the Upper World. One was Zen; the other one was Letitia, leader of the Cloud Hall. This was a very rare occurrence through the history of the Central Region. The legends about the two of them had long been known and told among countless people.

Right then, the spatial passageway between the Cloudy City and the Mysterious City suddenly fluctuated. Zen took a step forward, and his gaze fell upon the pure white clouds in the sky. He was relieved that the Cloud Hall was still floating above the Cloudy City.

Over the years, he had actually searched often through the memories of the great world.

He was keenly aware of each and every matter that happened in the Central Region. When he saw the Cloud Hall at that moment, he had a strange feeling in his heart.

After all, it was after he ascended to the Upper World that Letitia gave birth to their son, and he realized that he was already a father.

The transmission array at the Cloudy City was expanded two years ago.

Right now, the Cloudy City could be considered as the center of the Central Region. The spatial passageway extended to four major directions, connecting thirteen large cities. It could be considered as one of the most important transportation routes in the entire Central Region.

"You may not want to go to the Cloudy City, but if you want to go to some of the more remote cities, you'd have to use the transmission array of the Cloudy City," they would say.

The sudden appearance of Zen's group immediately made them the center of unwanted attraction.

The guards of the Cloud Hall immediately surrounded them. According to the city's rules, they needed to interrogate the newcomers about their intentions.

Because of the Cloud Hall, these guards were used to encounters with quite a few powerful figures. However, Zen's group undeniably exuded a powerful presence the moment they stepped out of the transmission array.

This type of aura was generated when many mighty warriors were mingling together in one place.

Take Rocher, for example. He gave off a refreshing feeling that was very comfortable, but one that couldn't be ignored.

Zen, on the other hand, gave off a feeling of sharpness, as if he was a sword that was always kept inside its sheath. Although it was sheathed, one could not deny that it was very sharp.

Lucille was like a cold plum, cold but not difficult to approach.

The leader of the guards braced himself and rallied his subordinates over. The leader thought to himself, 'The Central Region has only been at peace for the last seven to eight years. Today, a group of people that shouldn't be provoked appeared. We need to be ready for anything that might happen.'

For regular people like them, they knew that if they upset these warriors, they would probably be annihilated instantly.

The leader of the guards had been guarding the transmission array for more than a decade already.

He had met Zen on several occasions in the past, and every time he saw Zen, his level of cultivation would be much higher that the last time.

As he came nearer, he immediately recognized Zen. This time, Zen's level of cultivation was so strong that he could no longer gauge it.

Having learned from the mistakes of the past few years, the leader did his best to hold back his emotions. "Is it Master Luo who has returned?" he asked in a trembling voice.

He was uncertain of how to address Zen. It was a conditioned reflex of his to add the word "Master" to his surname, and he knew he could never go wrong.

"Master Luo?"

"What Master Luo?"

"Who is this person?"

The other guards were puzzled, not realizing who their leader was referring to.

Zen had been gone for around seven years. In the eyes of the people in the Central Region, he was already a legendary figure. It was hard for them to believe that he had returned.

Right then, several other figures emerged from another spatial passageway.

They were members of the Zhuo Clan in Cloudy City, and the one leading the group was none other than Frank.

After many years of hard work, he had finally overcome the bottleneck and stepped into the Virtual Tribulation Realm.

Virtual Tribulation Realm warriors had the capability to hold the position of elders in the past Cloud Hall.

However, the current Cloud Hall was already considered as a sacred place, so naturally, the requirements for each position would increase at the same time. After the number of Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists increased in number, Frank did not qualify for the elder position anymore.

This time, he had just returned from completing a mission at the Ethereal Spirit Sect. The moment he stepped out of the spatial passageway, he felt a terrifying aura.

After he saw the appearance of the person in the lead, Frank's expression drastically changed. It was his father's killer—Zen.

Chapter 1771 Zen's Son

After all these years of training, Frank was able to control his mind and stabilize it. It was as calm as the sea. He also knew that the rebellion led by his father had almost ruined the entire Zhuo Clan.

He didn't know whether he still hated Zen or not; all he knew was that he was like a tiny worm in front of Zen. Therefore, he wasn't angry at all when he saw Zen again. Instead, he was quite shocked.

"Zen?" Frank stood there in a daze.

When the Zhuo Clan warriors behind him heard this, they were also equally stunned.

Only then did others recognize Zen.

"It's really him!"

"He's actually back."

"Zen is back!"

Zen was not from Cloudy City, but this did not prevent him from becoming the hero of the city. Warriors of the city not only worshiped him, but also showed him off to outsiders.

At first, everyone was a little nervous. This group of mighty warriors could easily destroy the Cloudy City. So how could they dare to speak carelessly?

However, they weren't as nervous after hearing Zen's name. After all, he used to be a member of Cloud Hall.

Zen looked at Frank with indifference. Since the entire Zhuo Clan had received their due punishment for their rebellion, he wouldn't care about this matter anymore. He nodded to Frank casually and said, "Let's go to the Cloud Hall."

"I'll lead the way," said Frank immediately. He had also seen Margaret in the crowd. After he saw Rocher, his heart was filled with shock once again.

He was not acquainted with Margaret. After all, when she entered the Cloud Hall, she stayed by Zen's side throughout and rarely went out. But he was quite familiar with Rocher and was aware that he had received a great deal of attention from the Cloud Hall. But how did his cultivation reach such a level?

He couldn't even figure out what level Rocher's cultivation was at because Rocher was now much stronger than him.

He was confused, but he did not shoot his mouth off. In the end, he came to a conclusion that this was not an ordinary group of people.

"Ha-ha! Is this where you used to live, Zen?" After controlling for a long time, Lawson finally couldn't hold it in anymore.

He and Nathan had come to this great world to accompany Lucille and join in on the fun.

The ace talents and Godly Geniuses of the four great clans had been isolated from the outside world. They rarely went out, and even after leaving the clans, the place of the lowest level they had seen was a tenth-grade sacred place. Almost all the people they had encountered were at least at the Soul Sea Realm.

At this moment, they felt that they had arrived at a very special habitat. There were many warriors at the nature level and they were all incredibly weak.

"A world of ants!" Nathan could not help but snigger.

The Zhuo Clan martial artists were leading the way. Hearing their conversation, Frank and the others were extremely nervous. Just who were these people? Why did these two fellows sound so intimidating? Could it be that Zen was being held hostage? All these people must be from the Upper World.

However, nobody dared to refute or debate with them. They were indeed not much stronger than ants in these people's eyes.

"If you two are going to continue with this nonsense, then scram back to the Upper World!"

Margaret turned her head and scrunched her eyebrows as she reprimanded them.

She was from this great world too and hated how these two people were looking down on the world where she was born and raised.

She knew that Zen did not like these two fellows, but they were still guests. Letitia was being hunted down, and they would be waiting here to help her, and maybe the duo would be able to help them. After all, their strength could not be underestimated. But their personalities were somewhat annoying.

Margaret's words had the desired effect. Lawson's only response was a rude snort, while Nathan remained silent.

This scene immediately changed Frank's opinion. He had a whole new level of respect for Margaret. However, they knew too little about the Upper World, and their guesses were completely inaccurate.

News of Zen's return had spread like wildfire in the Central Region.

The original group of warriors was now being followed by a massive crowd.

Of course, only those warriors who were at the Illuminating Soul Realm and above were able to fly. Warriors under the Illuminating Soul Realm could only look up at the sky and sigh wistfully. They didn't have the chance to see the number one warrior of the Central Region.

Just as Zen entered the Cloud Hall, he saw a flame rising from not too far away, followed by the wails of some people. Strangely, a child's laughter could also be heard at the same time.

A puzzled expression appeared on Zen's face as he asked, "Who dares to cause trouble in the Cloud Hall?"

The current Cloud Hall was considered to be the number one sect in the Central Region. Who could have penetrated the great sect-protecting array set up by Zen and dared to cause trouble there?

A bitter smile appeared on Frank's face. After enduring for a while, he said, "Go take a look for yourself and you will know."

On his way back to the Cloud Hall, Zen planned to meet Imogen first and settle this group of Godly Geniuses. Then, he would closely monitor the entire great world. No matter where Letitia went, he would take action immediately.

With his curiosity taking over, he kicked the floor and floated toward where the wails came.

What he saw was a boy clad in golden brocade clothes. In his hand was a divine texture of raging flame, which was constantly emitting flames as it burned the house in front of him.

The house was sealed shut with divine textures, making it impossible for the people inside to escape. The temperature of the house was like an oven—one could only imagine how hot it must be inside. That was why so many screams could be heard.

The people in the house were crying and begging to be let out.

However, the boy showed no mercy at all. With a flick of his finger, the flames within the divine texture swirled towards the house like dragons made of fire. He was extremely skilled at manipulating the fire.

With a frown, Zen floated over and hissed in a low voice, "Stop!"

When the boy heard Zen's voice, he turned around. A trace of wickedness flashed across his clear eyes. The divine texture in his hand rolled towards Zen.

Swoosh!

A long flaming dragon charged towards Zen, engulfing him within itself. The boy laughed fiendishly. "I'll turn you into a roast chicken!"

However, when the flames dissipated, the boy was stunned. The scene he had envisioned did not happen. The person in front of him was completely unharmed.

The power of this divine texture was unbelievable. Once it was activated with life vitality crystals, even a Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artist would be unable to withstand it. This was the first time the boy had experienced such a pushback.

"What's your name?" Zen asked as he glared at the boy.

The boy blinked and smirked. His slender fingers had already locked onto another divine texture. "What's it to you!?" he spat.

"Is your... surname Luo?" Zen asked again.

The boy smiled triumphantly. "Yes!"

As his voice faded, he took advantage of the opportunity to flip another divine texture token. A bolt of lightning shot out from it.

On the other hand, Zen raised his head and waved his hand. The powerful bolt of lightning split apart, and his expression turned sour.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1772 Geoffrey

Zen was pretty sure the boy was his son. He could very clearly see that the boy's features matched his own more than those of Letitia.

The boy was very proficient in dealing with divine features. Nevertheless, Zen still felt that the divine features should have been created by someone else rather than by the boy himself.

"You're still young, yet so unruly!" exclaimed Zen angrily.

Snap!

Zen flicked the air with his fingers and shattered the two divine texture tokens that the boy was holding in this hands.

The boy looked in disbelief at the shattered divine texture tokens in his hands. He pursed his lips to control his emotions, but could not hold it any longer and burst into tears.

He was born and brought up in Cloud Hall by Letitia, who dearly loved and cared for the boy. Imogen also accompanied him every day, which was how he developed such a strong personality.

His not-so-decent reputation was known throughout Cloud Hall. People wondered if there was anyone who would dare to discipline him. Because of this, people were wary of approaching him.

"How dare anybody bully my Geoffrey!"

hollered Imogen as she appeared on the other side holding a walking stick.

Earlier when Zen announced his arrival at the Cloud Hall, Imogen had already been informed. Hearing Geoffrey crying miserably, she rushed to him, furious that anyone could put her boy in such a state.

Imogen's heart was torn.

Zen's return to Cloud Hall was a joyous occasion to celebrate, but Geoffrey's pitiful state was above everything else now.

Imogen's lifespan could be considered extremely long among the warriors in the Central Region. After so many years, all her relatives had finally reached their graves, and the only one she was closest to was Letitia.

Later on, when Letitia became pregnant and gave birth to Geoffrey, Imogen took care of him like her own grandchild.

Imogen took great care of Letitia when she became pregnant, feeding her with rare and precious herbs and fruits. Soon after Geoffrey was born, Imogen poured the natural energy into his body. She had bathed him with water from the Dragon Saliva Spring till he turned a year old. It was considered to be lucky if a martial artist could drink water from the Dragon Saliva Spring. But Imogen used the water only to bathe Geoffrey.

Imogen did not consider Geoffrey's unruly behavior towards others as a grave problem. After all, he was raised by her own upbringing! Hence when she saw her Geoffrey shedding such precious tears, she was very angry with Zen.

Seeing Imogen, Zen respectfully folded his hands and greeted her, "Master Yu."

Imogen cast an angry glance at Zen, and then her eyes fell on Margaret. She snorted and turned to look at the Godly Geniuses behind Zen. "Tia went to the Upper World leaving young Geoffrey behind in the Cloud Hall in search of you. Where is she now?" Glancing at Margaret once more, she added, "Why did you come back without Tia by your side?"

Imogen was only at the third stage of the Life and Death Realm. At this age, it was very difficult for her to advance any further, so she was unable to ascend to the Upper World. She did not even know what was going on in the Upper World, nor did she know it was extremely hard for a warrior to find someone in the Upper World.

However, she wouldn't reason with Zen and would only interrogate him.

"I came back for Tia. She is being hunted by the sorcerer race and is flying down the ascending passageway," Zen answered honestly.

Bang!

"What?!" Imogen threw the walking stick onto the floor and, a stone board immediately broke into two halves. She exclaimed, "The reason behind Tia's ascension was to find you. And you had the nerve to come back without her?! Tia was definitely blind to marry such an ungrateful bastard like you!"

Hearing Imogen rage, Lawson and Nathan chuckled under their breath. They realized Imogen was being unreasonable, but they couldn't help releasing their amusement. Zen was not a Supreme Lord or a True God to know that Letitia had ascended. More so it was impossible for him to know which supreme world she had ascended to.

'Does she think that the Upper World is about the same size as this great world?' they thought.

As for Lucille and Kurt, they just pretended that they heard nothing. After all, this was Zen's family matter.

"Why do you slander him this way? There are a hundred thousand supreme worlds, and a single supreme world is many times larger than this great world. Looking for a person in the Upper World is like looking for a needle in a haystack. How can you blame it on Zen?" Margaret could not help but come forward and defend Zen.

Rocher also stepped forward, folded his hands and addressed to Imogen," Master Yu, the current circumstances cannot be really blamed on Zen. Anyway we are well aware about Letitia's whereabouts. The only reasonable way is to wait for her in this world."

But Imogen refused to see through reason. All she cared to see was that Letitia had left to find her husband, but he returned with another woman. How could this act be forgiven?!

Imogen had instantly disliked Margaret from the beginning. After flicking her a glance, Imogen said to Zen, "Seems like you have forgotten Tia, now that you are with this bitch!"

"Who are you calling a bitch?" Suddenly a bright light flashed in Margaret's eyes and four swords pierced out.

Margaret's strength was much more powerful than it used to be. Although she was at the late stage of the Soul Sea Realm, her killing intent was formidable. The warriors in the Cloud Hall felt that an ancient beast was unleashed. The people trembled under this aura.

"Waah!"

Geoffrey was frightened at this sudden change of events before his eyes.

First he was reprimanded by Zen and now Margaret was unleashing her wild side. With a fearful cry, he rushed towards Imogen, who took him in her arms.

Imogen was equally shocked to see the other side of Margaret. She never liked Margaret and now hated her even more. But she couldn't just fight Margaret head on as the latter was able to destroy the whole Cloud Hall effortlessly. Instantly, Imogen was overcome by the feeling of sorrow.

She held Geoffrey tightly and murmured, "Geoffrey, you always asked me where your father was. I told you he was the superhero of the Central Region and he would come to you. Now, it seems that he doesn't care for you and your poor mother after all. It is best now you forget him."

Saying this, she carried Geoffrey and walked away.

Geoffrey was already afraid of Margaret's aura. Now after hearing Imogen, he understood that the man he hated was his father.

He managed to stick his small head out from Imogen's shoulder and stole a glance at Zen.

Nathan and Lawson laughed out loud. Although the ten of them were destined to deal with the crisis of the universe and watch each other's back, secretly they were happy to see Zen getting humiliated in front of everybody.

After an awkward silence, Rocher said, "Zen, don't worry. Master Yu is just worried about Letitia. It will take her around ten days to fly down the ascending passageway. When the time comes, we'll go find her together."

"There is no need to go looking for her," Zen said. "I will immediately know it if she returns to this great world."

Zen had every faith on the will of the great world and could detect everything that happened in this world. What really troubled him was his son's poor personality.

In the meantime, arrangements were done for everyone to stay in Cloud Hall for the time being.

Soon the news spread about Zen's return to the Cloud Hall.

Many warriors within the Central Region thronged to meet him. But Zen had no mood to see any of them. He realized that his stay in the Lower World was not going to be so easy.

Chapter 1773 The Father-son Talk

For the past few days, Zen had been sitting cross-legged in the Ice Palace with his eyes closed in rapt attention as he monitored the movements of the entire great world minutely.

Even after Zen had ascended to the Upper World, he still had a mysterious connection to this great world. It was just that he was unable to transfer power to the great world.

On his return, he once again linked to the will of the great world, only to discover that there was a change in this will.

The entire great world was rhombus-shaped. If one were to look down at it from a high vantage point, they would see that it looked like a scale of a vicious beast. However, this time, he noticed something strange in it. It seemed that there was an opening on the edge of the great world.

As for the will of the great world, even Zen himself wasn't sure what it was exactly.

The will of a martial artist was determined by their mental state when they reached a certain goal. Under normal circumstances, that state would be manifested through words and actions.

But for the great world, words did not exist. Otherwise, when Zen connected to the will of the great world, it would be able to communicate with him.

And as for actions, the only action of the great world was that when Zen was on the Divine Kingdom Continent, the great world formed an incarnation, hoping to use it to make up for the ascending passageway.

The result, however, was the complete opposite. The will of the great world had been swallowed up by Zen, and the Upper World's martial artists had been the ones to repair the ascending passageway.

From then on, the will of the great world did not have any actions; it could only help Zen transfer power that hit him.

But this time when he returned to the Lower World, Zen detected a hint of movement.

He didn't know if the barrier of the great world broke by itself, or if there had been a sudden and unexpected issue.

The will of the great world had actually entered into the neighboring great world. However, the will that entered the neighboring great world was not widespread. Zen could only sense a small area of the vast sea, and there were some common beasts in the sea.

He had never been to any other great world, but he imagined that it would be about the same as this great world.

If he had the time, he would want to see the edge of the great world. The barrier was broken, and it seemed as if it was a gateway into another great world. Something like this had never happened before.

However, at this stage, he naturally wasn't in the mood to go exploring.

After the other Godly Geniuses had settled down, they decided to walk around. They had never been to the Lower World before, and although this place could not compare to the Upper World, they were curious about the local customs and traditions of this place.

After staying by Zen's side for a day, Margaret decided to go back to the Ethereal Spirit Sect. Her relatives were still in that sect, after all, and now that it had been rebuilt, they were on the verge of gaining prominence. If Margaret returned, it would help the sect much more. After all, she was already at the Soul Sea Realm, and, in terms of strength, no one in the great world could be a match for her.

On this day, Zen continued to monitor the entire great world.

Meanwhile, a small head popped out near the entrance of the palace. A pair of eyes, resembling the eyes of a young Zen, shone with curiosity.

Geoffrey's image of his father only existed in his imagination.

Although Zen had ascended to the Upper World, his stories were already deeply engraved in every corner of the Cloud Hall. As a result, Geoffrey had heard many legends about his father.

Once when he was younger, he really wanted to see his father. So he swore that he would ascend to the Upper World and go find his father.

But now that his father had come back, Geoffrey was greatly disappointed.

He had been mercilessly reprimanded when he met his father for the first time. In his young mind, the heroic image of his father had suddenly collapsed, and his father had turned into a terrifying monster. He was not pleased with his father.

It had to be known that there was nobody in the Cloud Hall who dared to discipline Geoffrey.

Earlier, when Letitia was around, she had been able to control the kid. However, after she ascended, Imogen coddled the little boy. Thus, he had a free rein.

In Geoffrey's tiny mind, the only opinion he had of Zen was that he hated him.

Still, Zen was his father, and he couldn't suppress his curiosity about him.

After being sullen for two days, he finally sneaked up to the highest floor of the Cloud Hall and secretly sized up Zen from a corner.

Although Zen did not open his eyes, his formless sensing power detected Geoffrey. Geoffrey's figure, appearance and size were all visible in Zen's mind.

Zen had to admit that although this child was naughty, he was precocious. His cultivation foundation was quite solid!

When he was younger, he could not have caught up with Geoffrey.

In the end, the Luo Clan was no match for the Cloud Hall in terms of resources. On the other hand, while foundation was important, the arduous efforts of a warrior also played a decisive role.

For example, the backgrounds of Nathan, Lucille, and the others were already incomparable in the entire universe. However, this did not mean that they could easily obtain first place. They also needed to cultivate very hard.

Zen himself was a fine mix of both and therefore the best example.

That was why he felt that he needed to discipline his son and make him an honorable and hard-working person.

However, his first interaction with his son had been harsh. He must have been scared out of his wits.

In the end, it was still the result of Imogen's pampering. Zen realized he couldn't blame Geoffrey.

As he contemplated this, Zen raised his knees slightly, and his figure disappeared from where he sat.

"Huh?"

Geoffrey's eyes were filled with curiosity. He immediately understood that Zen had sensed him, so he quickly turned around to leave. However, when he looked back, he found that his father was already standing behind him with a kind smile on his face.

Although Zen had a smile on his face, the boy still appeared timid.

"Geoffrey," Zen called out to him softly.

"Hmm?" Geoffrey subconsciously replied. His eyes darted around with uncertainty as he said, "Dad?"

Zen reached out and held Geoffrey in his arms.

His mind was flooded with memories of Geoffrey's childhood. If he wanted to, he could find out what had happened in this great world with the help of the world's will.

However, this memory belonged to the great world and not to Zen. This strange feeling between him and his son could not be ignored.

When he heard Geoffrey call him "Dad," a peculiar feeling filled his heart. He grabbed the little boy and said, "I'll take you out!"

He lovingly placed Geoffrey on his neck, and with a sudden flash, he flew into the sky.

Although all the warriors in the Cloud Hall took great care of Geoffrey, none of them were his father. At this moment, Geoffrey sensed a completely different feeling, one that he had never had before.

"Ha-ha!" He laughed gleefully.

Zen soared across the air and they quickly closed in on the enchanted barrier above the Cloud Hall.

"We're about to collide!"

Geoffrey shrieked. He was very familiar with this enchanted barrier. This one looked like a layer of water, but it would be bad to collide with the barrier.

"Close your eyes," Zen instructed.

Chapter 1774 Injury

The blazing white light appeared, and the power of the Space Law enveloped them both. Geoffrey shut his eyes tight and when he opened them again, he could only see a trace of a blazing white light around him. The power of the Space Law had already started to dissipate.

Zen and Geoffrey had already penetrated the enchanted barrier by now.

"My master has told me that the Light of Water is so powerful that even someone who is proficient in the Space Law can't penetrate it!" Geoffrey recited.

"Master? Which master?" Zen asked, curious.

"My master's surname is Zong," Geoffrey replied.

Zen immediately knew the 'master' Geoffrey was referring to. It was Felix, the chief rune expert of the Cloud Hall.

Zen hadn't expected Felix to be the one to have imparted the divine texture skill to Geoffrey.

"Wow! So high! So high!"

Zen flew higher and higher, leaving the clouds far below. They looked like white sea water, rolling slowly beneath him. Geoffrey cried out excitedly, completely forgetting about how terrifying Zen was.

"Father, if we keep flying like this, can we reach the Upper World?" Geoffrey asked suddenly.

Zen thought for a moment, and then replied with a slow smile taking its place on his face, "Sure."

If one could withstand the ravages of the strong gales, they actually could go all the way up into the universe.

"Grandma said that mother has gone to the Upper World. If we keep flying like this, will we be able to find my mother?" Geoffrey asked again.

This child's thoughts!

Zen smiled faintly. If they didn't go through the ascending passageway and ascended through the space of the universe, it would take a lot of time for an ordinary Soul Sea Realm warrior to reach the nearest supreme world.

But whatever it was, the little guy was still too young and Zen would obviously not explain all of this to him. He only smiled and said, "Your mother will come back."

"When will mother be back?" Geoffrey asked, his eyes lighting up.

Zen stared into the distance, to the end of the sea of clouds, and then answered firmly, "It shouldn't be too long. You will definitely meet her in half a month."

Zen hoped that Letitia would not encounter something bad or stray into dangerous areas while she traveled through the ascending passageway.

At this thought, he remembered the terrible back side of the universe with a jolt. If the universe were to be dissected, space would be divided into the front side and the back side.

The back side was not an independent world, but it complemented the familiar space of the world as a shadow followed the person.

But a vast majority of creatures did not like living on the back side where sunlight could not reach. There was no life vitality there, nor were there living beings. It was empty.

The sorcerer race was the only race that lived at the back side of the world.

This race was too mysterious. There had been a Supreme Lord who had investigated them before, but had come up empty-handed. What was more, he had gotten into a lot of trouble, the least of which were the countless small skulls that covered his body.

These skulls hadn't caused any damage to the Supreme Lord but no one had been able to destroy or even remove them. The Supreme Lord had, in the end, used a complicated method to dispel the curses and banish them.

Over time, no one was willing to get into such trouble.

What did the sorcerer race rely on to survive? What were they planning? The secrets of this race became more and more mysterious as time passed.

The Celestial Position had recently revealed the news and only a few of the upper-level masters in the universe knew that this was a conspiracy that had lasted for hundreds of billions of years.

Even a Supreme Lord wouldn't do anything to meddle in the conspiracy because they would be unable to make any changes.

This was a game that only True Gods and Holy Beings could participate in.

It was a pity that the grand era of the universe was nearing an end.

The game was about to start, which was why the situation had become so intense. The universe itself had become more sensitive and powerful, causing talents to appear from everywhere.

It was most peculiar in the great world where Zen resided. A warrior with the first-rank Purple Power Body had appeared there. Besides, it also was home to extremely powerful talents like Rocher and Zen.

Zen thought it was a coincidence.

But the sorcerer race and Master Feng didn't think so. In reality, once Zen had left, Master Feng had already completed the first round of arrangement.

Geoffrey ultimately had Zen's blood running through his veins, which was why they'd only needed a few days to get familiar with each other even though it was the first time they had met.

The little guy was mischievous, but was also extremely intelligent.

He seemed to have countless questions running through his mind. The moment he came to be with Zen, he raised all of the questions one by one.

"Dad, why should a warrior cultivate?" Geoffrey asked.

The question sounded simple. Idiotic, even. But it tugged at Zen's heart, rendering him speechless and wondering how to answer this question.

He thought for a moment before smiling and saying, "We cultivate in order to protect the people around us. If there are bad guys bullying you, then I can help you punish them."

"But why do warriors have to ascend to the Upper World? Isn't this world good?" To Geoffrey, the Central Region was already huge.

It was boundless for mortals and flying into the Upper World was not a good choice. The Upper World was not a fairyland, but a world where competitions were even crueler.

"In order to become stronger," Zen replied.

Geoffrey was relentless. "Why do we have to become stronger?"

The question was a hard one to answer and soon fell into a cycle of logic.

One had to trace back to the first batch of creatures that had been born from the chaos to find the most basic answer. Why would the divine land appear from the chaos? When did the various Holy Beings in the divine land develop a sense of competition?

What kind of an achievement would it be once one had reached the peak of martial arts?

Zen would eventually find the answer, but he couldn't answer Geoffrey's question right now.

So he answered Geoffrey honestly, "I don't know either."

Geoffrey was curious. He thought Zen to be an omnipotent warrior. He hadn't thought that there was something his father didn't know.

"I'll tell you when I find out," Geoffrey said seriously, blinking.

At Geoffrey's words, Zen suddenly laughed. "Finding the answer to this question is not an easy task," he said, chuckling.

"I'm not afraid of difficulties," Geoffrey said, still very serious.

Geoffrey had such ambitions at such a young age, which pleased Zen. Geoffrey probably hadn't even understood what he was really looking for. But with this determination, many difficult things would become very easy for him.

Days passed in the blink of an eye.

On the twelfth day, Zen still hadn't detected any fluctuations in the great world.

But he hadn't expected Lawson and Nathan to cause trouble.

The two of them had gone to the Central Region, and had been injured when they returned.

Lawson had sustained serious injuries, his body covered in thin cuts. It looked like he had been wounded by a sharp weapon.

Nathan was also injured and looked to be in a very sorry state.

Chapter 1775 An Abnormal Phenomenon

"You. Where have you been?" Zen was dumbstruck.

The two of them were at the Spirit Supreme Realm, and they were both Godly Geniuses. Even Spirit Transformation Realm warriors were no match for them. No one in the Central Region could have been able to do anything to them.

Lawson let out a cold snort, resignedly sitting down, legs crossed to recuperate. If it was any other martial artist who had suffered such an injury, that would be the end of things. But these Godly Geniuses often carried around holy pills with them.

Nathan told Zen the story. "What kind of damned place is this great world? The further north we went, the stronger the storm was. We could've died inside."

"I guess they don't call it the Chaotic Ocean of Stars for nothing." The root cause of their injuries started to come to Zen.

Since ancient times, there had been an extremely strong storm in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars but Zen had never known the cause of it. All he knew was that the storm was dangerous so he had never dared to approach the core of the storm. Even now, he was afraid that he would not be able to weather it.

The two of them had been so faithful in their own powers and strength and upon seeing such a wondrous scene in the Lower World, they could not help but venture in to explore.

They couldn't have imagined that the further in they went, the more terrifying the wind blades would become. Some wind blades even contained the eighth or ninth layer of the Wind Law. It was equivalent to a full force attack from a world lord. How could these two withstand it?

Lawson had even used a defensive treasure passed down to him by the Lie Clan so he could escape. He lamented that he had used such a great treasure, only to leave with such wounds all over his body.

Over the past few days, many people in the Central Region had asked to visit Zen.

There had been people from the World Commercial Alliance, the Ethereal Spirit Sect and even many from the Cloud Hall, but Zen refused them all.

He hadn't wanted to meet with anyone till he knew Letitia was back safely.

On the fourteenth day, there was still no signs of Letitia ever coming back to the great world.

The fifteenth day seemed like any other.

In the blink of an eye, half a month had passed since Zen returned to the Cloud Hall to wait for Letitia to return.

He was getting more and more agitated.

He regretted that the anxiety had taken over him when he was in the Celestial Position. He should have asked Master Feng to follow them through the ascending passageway, rather than wait at the other end.

Worried as he was, he began to get suspicious of what was to come. He knew the people in the Upper World had kept a lot of important information from him. Even Lavender had seemed indifferent to him. At this point, Zen had come to rely on himself for any solution as he knew there was no one else who could help.

If Letitia had indeed been intercepted by the sorcerers, he would have been waiting all this time in vain.

On the sixteenth day after Zen's return, on the Divine Kingdom Continent, the York Divine Kingdom was holding a grand celebration.

A new ruler was coming to the throne as his predecessor had already ascended to the Upper World.

All the martial artists and common citizens of the York Divine Kingdom had come together for the ceremony.

The ascending passageway of the great world was constantly changing its place. When there was a martial artist who was about to ascend, the ascending passageway would move to where the marital artist was.

Half a year ago, when Letitia was going to ascend from the Central Region, it had moved to the place above the Central Region, near the Cloudy City.

And three days ago, the former ruler of the York Divine Kingdom ascended to the Upper World, and the ascending passageway had moved to the Divine Kingdom Continent.

The new emperor of the York Divine Kingdom was only at the sixth level of the Life and Death Realm.

With the ascending passageway being repaired, the Soul Sea Realm martial artists in the divine kingdoms all ascended to the Upper World and with that, the four divine kingdoms' strength had been weakened. All the current rulers were only at the Life and Death Realm and once they reached the Soul Sea Realm, they would be forcibly driven into the ascending passageway by the great world.

As the ruler of the York Divine Kingdom prepared to ascend the throne, a violent phenomenon suddenly appeared in the sky. A large crack extended along the clouds, as if a hidden monster had opened its mouth!

Many small black dots suddenly appeared in the crack!

They fell to the ground at an extremely fast speed.

"It's an abnormal phenomenon!"

"Your Majesty, this abnormal phenomenon is a good sign for you to ascend to the throne."

"This is a good omen!"

"All of you, shut up!" The ruler of the York Divine Kingdom, Brennan Liu gazed at those black spots, and then his complexion suddenly changed. He recognized the black spots were actually many martial artists!

Brennan Liu could not clearly see the cultivation levels of these people from this distance, but why were they falling from the sky? These did not seem like friendly people; so how could it be a good omen?

Soon, some of the weaker warriors also made it out that the black dots were people that were descending at a rapid speed!

Brennan Liu spotted the warrior in the lead.

He seemed to be sporting a serious injury. His body was dripping with blood and his aura was starting to falter.

Even so, his aura still showed the strength of someone who could easily overpower Brennan. It was unfathomable. This being only needed to lift a finger and he could kill Brennan.

As for the warriors that followed him, sure, they seemed a little weaker but they were undoubtedly warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, and there were at least a thousand of them.

Even with their eyes closed, this army would be able to annihilate all four divine kingdoms!

After all, they were from the Upper World.

Suddenly, Brennan Liu had a thought.

But what were they doing here? What had brought them to the Lower World?

'This does not look right. Some of them are injured, many severely so. Maybe they're escaping something.' Brennan Liu was quick in his thinking and it wasn't long before he saw through to the crux of the matter.

The man at the helm of the army was unfathomably powerful and he had brought a sea of warriors of the Soul Sea Realm with him.

So the only question remained: who was chasing them?

If he and his people got involved, not only the York Divine Kingdom but the entire Divine Kingdom Continent and even the entire great world would be in for a ride of misfortune.

"Who thought this could be a good omen?"

As Brennan Liu reprimanded angrily, the civil and military officials who had gathered for the enthronement ceremony completely silenced.

Brennan Liu tossed aside the golden crown on his head and flew towards the sky. He knew that if he did not succeed in handling this situation, he wouldn't be able to keep his life, no less, his throne. Besides, he had never taken the throne seriously. He had already reached the sixth level of the Life and Death Realm and he would soon break through to the Soul Sea Realm. Then, he would ascend to the Upper World like his father and grandfather had done before him. This was just how it was, the rulers of the four divine kingdoms succeeding each other as each generation was ready. After the ascending passageway was repaired, the rulers of the four divine kingdoms had changed very frequently.

True, the ruler of a divine kingdom probably had not changed for a few thousand years in the past. But now they could ascend to the Upper World and many emperors had chosen to abandon their kingdoms and soar into the Upper World less than two years after they took their thrones.

Chapter 1776 The Divine Kingdom Continent

In the air, Preston covered his mouth with a hand and coughed twice while he was descending from the sky.

A pensive look took over his face as several thoughts raced in his mind. The past weeks had been the most challenging period he had to endure so far.

The small skulls had been extremely terrifying. When the amount of his life vitality was still sufficient and adequate, Preston could still prevent them from biting him. But eventually, the small skulls managed to devour all his protective life vitality, and chewed his skin, flesh, bones, and internal organs. A small skull even drilled into his internal organs and he had to forcibly dig it out to avoid further damage. He sustained several deep injuries, but Preston, with his strong will, persevered and endured the pain and torment.

Casting his gaze down, he caught the trace of what seemed to be a town. "Look, there's a town below, but I don't know which force it belongs to," Preston uttered, pointing a finger at the cluster of houses beneath them.

Letitia looked down, her eyes raking over the entire continent.

Recognizing the shape of the continent, Letitia knew that the place was not part of the Central Region. Nodding, she responded, "This is the Divine Kingdom Continent. It belongs to the human race."

Letitia had never been to the Divine Kingdom Continent before, but she remembered that Zen once mentioned that the continent's shape was very unique. In the middle of it was a continental sea, surrounded by the mainland. From above, it looked like the shape of a bracelet. This unique form made it easy for Letitia to ascertain it was indeed the Divine Kingdom Continent.

"The divine kingdom?" Preston asked in surprise, a flash of disdain crossing his face.

A divine kingdom could only exist in the Lower World, and because of that, there were no divine kingdoms existing in the Upper World. The forces, such as the Humanity Alliance and the Thoughtless Minds, would develop into countless tenth-grade sacred places in the end, forming an extremely large and formidable force.

Actually, Janet's clan, Lucille's clan, Nathan's Clan, and Lawson's Clan were like four divine kingdoms; however, with the alliance of these four great clans, there was no more need to select an emperor to take charge of the Thoughtless Minds, which had successfully developed into an extremely powerful force.

Those who possessed true strength didn't need to add the title of war king or war emperor to their names.

They were already considered as the most powerful beings in the universe, and their names were spread out and known by everyone.

Besides, the strongest warriors of the universe already had the title of Supreme Lord.

"Well, I have sealed those creatures with the Heaven Earth Sealing Skill, so it will take them some time before they can break the seal I placed upon them. Let's rest and recover our strengths first before we make any plans."

A considerable number of core disciples from the Pure Jade Sacred Place followed Preston toward the ascending passageway. Although they were yet to be considered as talented and powerful warriors in the universe, they had more than enough potential to grow even stronger and become the main force of the Pure Jade Sacred Place in the future. Preston protected so many core disciples this time, which could be regarded as one of his great achievements in life.

Had this occurred in the past, Preston would've felt overjoyed, but he couldn't find it in his heart to feel happy now. He was afraid that the Pure Jade Sacred Place might cease to exist soon, so he found his contribution, albeit great, meaningless.

Just as he finished speaking, a figure from the continent below shot up to the skies at a rapid speed to greet him.

The stranger was wearing a yellow robe, with an elegant and sophisticated dragon embroidered around the sleeves. Seeing the intricate details of his clothes, both Preston and Letitia figured out that this person was none other than the divine kingdom's ruler.

"Greetings, I am Brennan Liu. I don't know why you have come to the York Divine Kingdom, but we will do our best to help you out no matter what it is!"

Despite being the ruler of the York Divine Kingdom, Brennan chose to greet them with respect. He could detect the strength of the newcomers and knew that if he made the wrong move, they could easily wipe out his entire kingdom. But fortunately, these warriors were not interested in destroying the divine kingdom.

As this was the case, Brennan thought he might as well just treat them with courtesy. If they needed his help, he'd have no choice but to help. But on the off chances that he couldn't, he decided to just be honest with them and politely send them off.

Preston kept his silence. Since Letitia hailed from this world, it was better and more fitting if she would manage this.

"So this is the York Divine Kingdom... Salutations, I'm Letitia Ning, the leader of Cloud Hall in the Central Region," Letitia replied, bowing her head slightly.

"The Central Region..." Brennan trailed off, his mind trying to process what she said. "You are Letitia from the Sky Northern Region?" he asked, his eyes widening as surprise flickered on his face.

Ever since Zen had made his trip to the Divine Kingdom Continent, the four divine kingdoms had started to place more importance to the Central Region. When the Star Storm stopped, people from both continents went and visited each other.

Due to the storm, it was not very convenient for the citizens to travel back and forth between continents, but the relationship between the people grew much closer than before.

Wealthy merchants in the divine kingdoms even found business opportunities and took huge risks to cross the Chaotic Ocean of Stars in order to trade their goods. They set up a schedule for the construction of a space channel between the two continents to allow easier trading and more convenient travel between merchants.

The current power of the Cloud Hall was already comparable to any of the four divine kingdoms.

Because of its esteemed reputation, it was natural for Brennan to know about the Cloud Hall's leader, Letitia.

He didn't expect that the leader of the Cloud Hall would also ascend. Not only that, she even brought thousand warriors of the Soul Sea Realm and an indistinguishable expert back with her. He tried to figure out her purpose and came up with one guess: they were probably being chased and decided to take refuge in his kingdom.

"To tell you the truth, there are powerful enemies chasing after us in the ascending passageway. If you will allow us, we wish to stay here for some time. We want to take some rest first before we formulate our new plan," Letitia said politely.

Ah, so his guess was correct. Brennan pursed his lips and tried to think of his next course of actions. What should he do now? He knew it was dangerous and wanted them to leave quickly, but he was left with no choice.

It seemed Letitia was a bit selfish...

The sorcerer race members were indeed mysterious and frightening. If they were lured into the Central Region, they would no doubt bring trouble and incite chaos in the Cloud Hall. Thus Letitia decided to sacrifice the Divine Kingdom Continent instead. Brennan realized her selfish motives and felt anger rising in his chest, but he was helpless and he knew that he could do nothing against these powerful warriors.

"Masters, this way, please," Brennan said, keeping his tone polite despite the maelstrom of emotions filling his chest.

He even addressed them as powerful "masters", because that was how they usually called the strongest Soul Sea Realm warriors in their continent.

The thousand warriors, including Letitia and Preston, followed him into the heart of the York Divine Kingdom.

Meanwhile, Zen, who was staying at the top of the Cloud Hall, suddenly opened his eyes.

When Zen felt a strange phenomenon coming in from the great world, he immediately grasped the memories about Letitia.

Letitia's memories on the will of the great world were cut off less than a year ago. As she had ascended at the time, she did not leave any memory mark on the will. But now that she was back, Zen finally managed to capture the memories about her.

There was only a small amount of memories about her as it had only recorded the part where Letitia entered the great world and conversed with Brennan, the ruler of the York Divine Kingdom.

Fortunately, it was more than enough for Zen to determine her location.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1777 Kurt's Gaze

Zen had been worried and afraid that the ascending passageway might lead to the distant seas or to the Sea God Continent.

Even though Zen had arrived at the Spirit Supreme Realm, crossing the vast ocean would take him many days. If the pursuers caught up before him, then he might not be able to rescue Letitia in time.

However, her being at the Divine Kingdom Continent made the situation much better.

"Let's go! And remember we have to be one united force to fight against them!"

Zen briefed Rocher and the others.

Margaret cut short her trip to the Ethereal Spirit Sect and came back early. Although she held some grudges against Letitia, she was more concerned about Zen and knew her help would be required at this hour.

At present, Xenia had already gone back to the Upper World under Master Feng's command, but Rocher, Margaret, Kurt and Lone were on standby, ready to make the move at Zen's command.

And so they responded immediately when Zen called out to them.

On the other hand, Lawson and Nathan were filled with apprehension. After several days of recuperation, some of their bodily injuries had completely healed, some even disappeared. The effects of the divine medicine of Thoughtless Minds were incredibly powerful.

Initially, they hesitated to follow the others. But after seeing Lucille and the other Godly Genius decide to follow, they changed their minds.

But how could they be willing to work for Zen, as they were not on good terms with him?

Zen knew about their feelings but did not give it much thought. He ordered his men to create a gap in the Light of Water to fly out.

"Father! Please wait! I will also accompany you!"

Geoffrey shouted as he came running out. Since he was unable to fly, he jumped around, waving his hand frantically.

"Geoffrey, listen to me! You should stay back and take care of the people at Cloud Hall! Master Yu, please take him inside!" Zen said gravely.

Zen knew that the fairy palace was the safest place for Geoffrey. But looking at his spirit, Zen realized he wouldn't be able to keep Geoffrey at the palace for too long. And right now, he only trusted Imogen to take care of Geoffrey.

Even though Imogen held her grudge against Zen, she tried her best to pacify Geoffrey at the moment.

Zen swiftly turned into a streak of light and flew out, followed by Rocher, Margaret and Lone.

Lucille was floating in front of Nathan and Lawson. She swept her gaze across them and asked, "Have you guys forgotten your patriarchs' instructions?"

Nathan understood what Lucille was referring to, and retorted, "Humph, you should have supported me!"

Lucille firmly shook her head. "I will only support the one who takes the first place. You lost it to him in the end. Deal with it!"

"That was because I did not use my full strength," Nathan said bitterly. It was a sensitive topic for Nathan and he still showed his resentment about it. It was clear how unrecognized he had been at that time.

"You still lost to him and that is what matters. Maybe even Zen had not used his full strength!" Lucille said with a smirk.

Nathan pursed his lips and let out a long sigh as he got up.

Lawson shook his head, feeling equally miserable. Soon the three of the Thoughtless Minds followed Zen.

At the other corner of the Cloud Hall, Lewis and Patrick were seen squatting by the side, staring at the light beams that flashed past the sky above them.

"Zen did not even acknowledge our presence!" Lewis's expression turned sour.

"Didn't Rocher mention it before? Since the time Zen had arrived at Cloud Hall, he was not in the mood to meet and greet guests. So obviously even you come under that list. He didn't have the time to meet everyone. I have a feeling there is an eminent danger lurking around the corner," Patrick said with a look of concern.

"If there is danger we will definitely help him, but only when he asks us!" Lewis continued to be in a bad mood.

Patrick gave a faint smile and said, "Look at those warriors! They have reached a higher level than the Soul Sea Realm. They are the warriors of the Spirit Supreme Realm, ever ready to protect us! You want to help them or trouble them?"

Lewis pursed his lips and kept quiet. He wanted to refute Patrick's words, but he was right. Moreover, there was a huge difference between their strengths. How could he possibly help them? 'Maybe I can show them how to run for one's life!' he thought with a bitter laugh.

Lewis's eyes were still fixed on the sky when he noticed one ray of light among the others suddenly stop. It was that of a young monk. He seemed to have sensed something and turned to directly look at them.

It was nearly impossible to locate Lewis and Patrick as they were standing in a very remote corner. And yet the young monk saw them.

Lewis found that to be a strange coincidence. He patted Patrick's shoulder and told him, "Look over there. Why is your companion looking at us?"

"What do you mean by 'your companion'?" Patrick said with a look of distress.

"What, you forgot? You are the reincarnation of a monk, just like him." Lewis chuckled.

If he had told this to Rocher, Lewis would have been in great trouble. But Patrick had a very gentle personality and did not know to rebuke back.

"I don't know about that, but I have a feeling that monk is quite special," Patrick stated, though he was also puzzled.

The Buddhist sects in the Central Region were not flourishing well and few of them were only in the third-grade. Moreover, Cloud Hall's cultivation methods were not really suitable for Patrick to practice. What he did not know was that there was a famous Blessed Buddhist Land in the universe.

The young monk who had stopped in midair was Kurt.

Kurt was about to follow Zen, when his heart began to beat strangely and a sense of intimacy rose within him. Curious, he turned his head and his gaze pulled towards Patrick.

Kurt had a pensive look on his face. While Zen and others departed, he thought the man he looked at would not leave Cloud Hall soon. He would first settle the matter for Zen.

In the clear sky above the Central Region, eight figures soon turned into thin lines and quickly escaped into the distance.

Under Zen's direction, they headed north.

The speed of these eight people was unfathomable. They swiftly crossed the Central Region and entered the Chaotic Ocean of Stars in no time.

Pausing for a brief moment, Zen looked at the storm that was raging in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

If they were to pass through this storm, there was a high level of risk for Zen and the others. At any cost, they had to avoid the core of the Chaotic

Ocean of Stars if they had to be safe.

"Do we have to directly cross over it? There must be some other way!" Lawson asked fearfully as he thought about their earlier experience.

Earlier, to avoid the storm in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, the team of the Celestial Position had chosen a path on the back of the space.

However, on their way through the back, they had a nasty encounter with the Shadow Race, also known as the sorcerer race.

Zen closed his eyes to have a clear vision of the Divine Kingdom Continent.

He could see that Letitia had settled down in the Divine Kingdom Continent and was currently resting. She did not seem like she would leave immediately.

He contemplated that there was still plenty of time.

"This way!"

Zen transformed himself into a beam of light and quickly advanced towards the northwest direction.

Although the Chaotic Ocean of Stars looked terrifying, it was still possible to cross as long as one did not go near the core. They had to make a detour to avoid getting sucked into the powerful storm right at the center.

Even though the detour would cost extra time, it was a much safer option.

Back at the Divine Kingdom Continent, over a thousand core disciples of the Pure Jade Sacred Place were living in the imperial palace.

Most of the people focused on healing their wounds.

The ancient sorcerer race were not very strong with their fighting skills.

The worrisome part was that after killing these creatures, their curse would still remain. Those damned little skulls would be like a nightmare that would wrap around a warrior until one died. There simply seemed to be no solution to get out of it.

Chapter 1778 Daredevils

"Bam!"

Preston's punch hit them with a powerful force and sent the small skulls flying at a fast hurling speed!

The terrifying strength of a powerful and esteemed warrior at the Spirit Transformation Realm was more than enough to send the small skulls millions of feet away.

Once they were gone, Preston's shoulders sagged in relief. With a swift movement of his hand, Preston took out two life vitality jades and crushed them before absorbing them quickly. He then took out three emerald green pills and swallowed them all in one gulp. Their effects were immediate, and he could feel the warm rush of his energy quickly returning to him.

"Where are we going after this?" Preston asked, raising his brows inquisitively.

As a powerful master at the Spirit Transformation Realm, Preston should have made the decision by himself;

however, as he faced the sorcerer race, whose existence was a mystery in itself, he began to feel lost and confused and decided to ask Letitia about her plans.

When Letitia suggested they should return to the Lower World, Preston immediately thought that it was a wise decision. The supreme worlds were in chaos and only the Lower World remained unaffected by the disarray. They could find solace there.

What they didn't expect, however, was the fact that the sorcerer race would still pursue them relentlessly.

Preston was puzzled. Their purpose didn't make any sense to him. There was no one in the group important enough to attract them, so why would the sorcerer race want to hunt them down?

Moreover, the time and place that this horde of sorcerer warriors chose to appear were very strange and suspicious. The sorcerer warriors were already there at the Ascending Well when they arrived, as though they had been guarding there and waiting for them all this time.

Letitia shook her head in confusion. "I didn't expect that these sorcerer warriors would suddenly appear at the Ascending Well. It's impossible that their intention was to try and stop us there."

"Yes, I also think so," Preston agreed with Letitia's conjecture. "Looking at this from another perspective, if this group of warriors from the sorcerer race have been guarding the Ascending Well, then there must be something important underneath the Ascending Well."

Beneath the Ascending Well was the ascending passageway, which connected the great world below.

In other words, the sorcerer race must be guarding something from this great world. That would explain their strange actions.

"I remember now. I think there are sorcerer race members in the great world," Letitia added, deep in thought.

"Really?" Preston's eyes widened in surprise.

Letitia nodded firmly. "My husband mentioned that he had encountered the members of the sorcerer warriors twice!"

"The real strength of the sorcerer race is almost exponential and immeasurable. What's the point of hiding in the great world?" Preston asked, his face becoming grim as a frown took over his face.

Preston originally brought Letitia with him to keep them away from danger, but now, it seemed like they had run into an even greater danger.

But they were desperate and choosing to flee to the Lower World was the only right choice at that moment. They had no other choice then.

The problem now was what they should do about the sorcerer warriors that were chasing after them like wild ferocious animals.

After getting enough rest, Preston recovered seventy percent of his strength. But it was not sufficient enough to drive all the small skulls away. If this kept up, they would surely die a slow gruesome death.

If only a Supreme Lord would come around and help them. That would be their only chance to survive.

Going back to the ascending passageway and returning to the supreme world was out of the equation, too. It wouldn't work as they were likely to die first before they could even reach the passageway.

Regardless whether the sorcerer warriors that invaded the Pure Jade Sacred Place had been cleared or not, if they tried to return to the ascending passageway, their pursuers would definitely catch up and eliminate them before they could make a move.

They were really caught in a dilemma right now!

Letitia sighed, feeling weary and hopeless. "Let's just move on and see what our fates have in store for us..."

She bit her lip, fighting back the urge to cry. She really wanted to return to the Cloud Hall to see Imogen and her son, Geoffrey, whom she missed every day, but she was left with no plausible options.

At this moment, she couldn't see any way out of this dilemma.

In fact, when she traveled down the ascending passageway with the sorcerer warriors giving chase from behind, she worried about the ramifications of her actions. The great world wasn't big. Would it bring trouble to the Central Region if she led these warriors into the great world?

She could choose to retreat, or even die in the ascending passageway, but it was impossible for Preston and the thousand core disciples of the Pure Jade Sacred Place to make such a debilitating sacrifice.

Letitia's mind was in extreme disarray. She had no idea how she should deal with this situation. She tried to come up with solutions, only to draw blank. Instead, she became even more confused.

She sat on the ground, her slender arms wrapping around her knees protectively as desperation filled her chest. She buried her head in her chest, letting out the tears that welled in her eyes. Once again, she was helpless, with no one by her side to help her out. She'd never felt as alone as she had now.

Zen was probably still in the Upper World...

Meanwhile, caravans lined the passageways as all sorts of different materials from the York Divine Kingdom were shipped into the palace.

Many of these items were precious materials that the York Divine Kingdom had accumulated for countless of years. Some of them had been sent here from the other three divine kingdoms as they had also learned about the arrival of the warriors from the Upper World. The four divine kingdoms were in the same continent, so they knew they couldn't just sit by and do nothing.

When these supplies were sent to the palace to be given away to the warriors from the Upper World, Brennan's heart sank.

There was a ten-thousand-year-old fleece-flower root, a hundred-thousand-year-old Blood Moon Crystal, and even a bundle of various precious herbs... All of them were priceless!

However, very quickly, Brennan's face cleared as the things that he sent in were not of any interest to them.

Only a few of them randomly chose some materials. Most of them only picked up some items, took a look and then threw them to the side.

Knowing this, Brennan felt a little disappointed... After all, these people were important figures from the Upper World. He thought that if he could establish good relationship with them now, then there was a high chance that he could benefit from them in the future once he ascended to the Upper World.

However, what Brennan did not know was that there were a lot of supreme worlds connected to the ascending passageway of the great world. Even if he did manage to ascend to the Upper World in the future, the chances of him landing in the Pure Jade Sacred Place were slim and very small.

Sitting on a high platform, Preston turned his attention to the core disciples who were quietly resting below. Seeing their looks of defeat frustrated him and awakened his desire to find a way out of their current predicament. Out of the blue, a look of determination flashed across his face as he clenched his fists.

Conviction flared deep in his chest. He was still one of the top warriors within the entire Pure Jade Sacred Place. There was no way he would sit back and wait for their impending death.

Preston abruptly rose to his feet and, with a deep breath, shouted, "Everyone!"

All the core disciples were startled and directed their eyes toward Preston, who looked at them with fire burning in his eyes.

Chapter 1779 Counterattack

The core disciples of the Pure Jade Sacred Place boasted of extraordinary talents and backgrounds. There were some disciples whose backgrounds were even stronger than Preston's, but now that they had fallen into such a predicament, they had no option but to view Preston as their leader.

"The sorcerer race isn't as strong as we think," Preston said loudly.

Everyone nodded in agreement. They were fully aware of what Preston had said. In terms of strength, the sorcerer race was not very powerful. Warriors at the Soul Sea Realm could easily kill them.

But no one knew the methods that the sorcerer race adopted. When ordinary creatures were killed, they would release malicious auras as their curses.

However, the curses of the sorcerer race were small skulls that could not be gotten rid of. Those skulls were like incurable diseases. Whoever was infected with the skulls would die without exception.

"We will require a group of expendable soldiers to kill the sorcerer race! Only then can the others survive!" After a pause, Preston continued, "Those who are willing to take up this mission please step forward."

There was pin drop silence in the luxuriantly green square in the palace.

There had been discussions on this proposal from Preston before.

The core disciples were relatively young. The scene of many people in the underground palace being bitten into pieces and devoured by the small skulls still stayed fresh in their minds.

They could not get the picture out of their minds and trembled at the thought of it.

In their hearts, they knew that killing the sorcerer race was tantamount to committing suicide.

Therefore, no one was ready to attack the sorcerer race on the way down the ascending passageway.

Preston had temporarily managed to seal those creatures, giving a chance for others to escape.

But now, if no one was willing to fight the sorcerer race, everyone would die.

Perhaps Preston's attitude had an effect on some people or perhaps they truly had no other way out.

After a moment of silence, someone finally walked up to the stage and stood beside Preston.

It was a martial artist wearing a black robe.

Preston walked up to him and gave him a hug.

He was an outstanding martial artist of the Pure Jade Sacred Place, trained with great care. Yet, now he had to become an expendable soldier.

The second martial artist walked up to the stage.

So did the third one.

Gradually, more and more martial artists gathered on the stage.

Soon, more than three hundred people had gathered around Preston.

The remaining seven hundred people in the square couldn't make up their minds. Everyone's understanding of life was different, so it was not easy to make such a decision.

Preston didn't force them. Deep in his heart, he wanted to keep as many martial artists as possible.

"It's enough. These three hundred expendable soldiers are more than enough." "Now all of you listen to me very carefully. I will set up the Sky Demon Eliminating Array. All you need to do is guard the three hundred important positions."

It was obvious that Preston was under great pressure in this counterattack, because he would have to bear the brunt of most of the sorcerer race's curses.

He guided the team on how to guard the important positions. They came from the Pure Jade Sacred Place and the array that Preston was telling them to set up was the same as that of the inheritance of the Pure Jade Sacred Place, so they mastered in no time.

Seeing what unfolded in front of her, Letitia held these warriors in high esteem. Although they were core disciples, they were not prominent in the universe. But in desperate situations, the power they showed couldn't be ignored. It could be considered the force of human nature.

If they could eliminate the sorcerer race here, they would have better chances of surviving.

Even in the four divine kingdoms, everyone was panic-stricken.

The elders of the divine kingdoms all understood what was happening. The powerhouses that came out of nowhere seemed to have caused a lot of trouble.

But they didn't have the slightest chance of resisting. They couldn't just kick those troublemakers out, right? Who would dare to persuade them to leave?

Before they knew, 12 hours had passed.

Suddenly, a huge crack appeared in the sky.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Numerous tiny black dots were visible from the crack.

They rapidly started falling from the sky and began to grow bigger.

The divine kingdom citizens looked up at the sky with great curiosity. They quickly discovered that these descending objects were actually massive skulls.

Boom!

A giant skull released a black bolt of lightning as it smashed into the ground hard, creating a deep crater.

Then black shadows began to crawl out from the skull one after another.

Around the skull were many divine kingdom martial artists. As they saw this, they didn't even dare to breathe. The terrifying looks of the black shadows left them overwhelmed by terror.

Oddly enough, the members of the sorcerer race didn't even look at those martial artists and directly headed towards the royal palace of York Divine Kingdom.

They aimed at the people from the Pure Jade Sacred Place only, and they had no interest in the people of the Divine Kingdom Continent.

"Here they are." At this moment, Preston was standing at the very top of the palace of York Divine Kingdom. He brought his hands together and a scorching white stream of space power drew out horizontal and vertical lines, spreading out from his body.

Soon, the lines enveloped the three hundred expendable soldiers.

Chapter 1780 The Terrifying Skulls

Letitia and the remaining seven hundred core disciples retreated into the depths of the palace.

Preston had already confided to Letitia that it was his mission to protect her life. If he couldn't fight off the sorcerer race's attack on his own, he had hoped that Letitia could get herself to safety.

Letitia was moved by these words. She and Preston were not particularly close.

As for Preston, he only risked his life to protect her because it was ordered by the Saint Lord of the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

He was very dedicated to his mission. When the sorcerer race arrived, the entire Pure Jade Sacred Place was probably completely destroyed. Preston might have realized this much sooner than she did.

Within the vicinity of the imperial palace of the York Divine Kingdom, giant skulls continued to smash down.

The sorcerer race wasn't interested much in the warriors of the great world, so there wasn't a mass massacre. Only a few unlucky ones were smashed to death by the giant skulls.

The jagged black figures left the skulls and headed towards the palace.

Brennan had preemptively ordered the royal family's members to escape from the imperial palace. Currently, he floated high above the city and observed the entire place...

"What kind of monsters are they?"

The terrifying creatures advanced towards the palace in all sorts of strange postures, forming a dark wave that quickly surged from all directions.

The horrific sight made Brennan worry.

The only consolation that he got was that these monsters headed straight towards the palace. It seemed obvious that they only targeted Letitia and the people who stayed with her. They didn't harm the citizens of the York Divine Kingdom.

A trace of hope bloomed in Brennan's heart. He wished that these monsters would directly leave after they fulfilled their mission of killing those powerful martial artists!

"They are coming!"

Preston, who was positioned in the middle, suddenly roared!

The seven white conical crystals, placed neatly in front of him, suddenly exploded!

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

The Sky Demon Eliminating Array suddenly fired a blazing white light.

The beams of white light flowed out and traced the perimeter of the palace walls. They adorned the entire palace and made it look as if it was a dreamland!

All of the three hundred warriors of the Soul Sea Realm stood at their respective posts and released their life vitality simultaneously. Their movement speed increased exponentially!

As he faced the first wave of the sorcerer warriors, Preston extended his hand and clapped!

"Crack!"

A thunderous fluctuation was released from the center of the Sky Demon Eliminating Array, which was directly in front of Preston.

As the fluctuation spread out, the space it passed through was folded!

The Sky Demon Eliminating Array was arranged by utilizing the principles of the Space Law. As the one operating the array, Preston could be considered as powerful as a world lord at the moment!

A space which was ten-foot long could be folded into a one-foot long space!

After being folded and compressed, everything within the space would be deformed and destroyed...

It looked like a door that was continuously being squeezed, shooting forwards continuously. The 'door' passed through the palace walls, and the entire wall was instantly compressed; its size rapidly reduced. The wall that was originally half a meter in width became as thick as a 'pancake'!

It was a very bizarre sight. Though the wall looked like a thin piece of cake, it actually retained its sturdiness as it was squeezed firmly. It was still a wall, just made thinner...

The wall was a lifeless object. It only deformed when it was squeezed. However, it was a different matter for living beings.

The neatly trimmed grass and nearby plants were liquefied into a green ooze that flowed all over the ground. The trees transformed into planks with unusual shapes, which collapsed on the ground.

As for the members of the sorcerer race, they were all crushed into pieces, and turned to fragments of black paper, scattered on the ground. It was as if there was a huge monster that had been squashed by someone.

With things turning out the way they did, it seemed that the sorcerer creatures would definitely be destroyed.

However, the three hundred warriors and Preston did not seem excited at all. Killing the sorcerer creatures was an easy task, but it was their curses that gave everyone a cause to be worried.

"Kof, kof, kof..."

Indeed, as they looked on, small skulls emerged from their squashed bodies, jawbones clattering as they swooped straight towards Preston.

All of the martial artists present weren't cowards, as they were not afraid of the ordinary skulls. But now in their eyes, these small skulls were like evil spirits which would kill everyone.

"Fuck off!"

Preston unleashed his full power, and he brimmed with an imposing aura!

He used the power of the Sky Demon Eliminating Array to strike back at the skulls. After all, his strength was comparable to a world lord's as he used the Sky Demon Eliminating Array!

He wanted to see for himself if he could use the array to annihilate these annoying small skulls.

The wave of compressing force once again headed towards the small skulls.

Chapter 1781 Desperate Resistance

Boom, boom, boom...

With the space being folded and compressed, the sound of the explosions was very clear.

Everyone could see that many fine cracks had appeared around the small skulls. These were the cracks of space.

This space did not crush the small skulls. Instead, cracks appeared on its own …

"No..."

Perhaps having foreseen this scene before, Preston didn't change his expression at all. With a flip of his hand, he sent a dozen of small skulls flying. His gaze once again focused straight ahead, and more sorcerer race members came forth!

"Come on!"

With a wave of his hand, Preston sent another two space fluctuations toward the skulls!

The Sky Demon Eliminating Array was a kind of collective. The warriors of the Soul Sea Realm only needed to distribute their life vitality according to the directions given by Preston.

The biggest flaw of the Sky Demon Eliminating Array, was in fact, Preston himself. As long as he didn't fall, the entire array would be locked down by space and the three hundred warriors of the Soul Sea Realm would be safe!

Crash, boom, bang...

A shattering sound was let out once again!

Creatures from the sorcerer race who had dared to attack were all compressed into a thin piece of black paper and piled up on the ground in all sorts of strange shapes!

However, all the dead life forms turned into small skulls that raced towards them!

The small skulls got dispersed by Preston's slap, but no matter how far away they were thrown, they would still turn back unhesitatingly and attack them.

The more creatures died, the more skulls there would be!

There was one wave of skulls, followed by a second wave... Forty-five small skulls had already gathered around them…

As Preston's number of kills increased, the number of small skulls also increased subsequently by leaps and bounds!

Not long after, over a hundred small skulls were randomly flying in the air!

Preston was still able to manage such a large number of skulls.

But an hour later, thousands of small skulls had infiltrated the air!

These skulls were like garbage in an ocean. As they collided together, crunching sounds echoed through the air. Just a glance at them was enough to send shivers down one's spine!

Most of the small skulls were racing towards Preston to bite him. Some were dashing to bite the ablaze white lines that were condensed by the Space Law, outside of the Sky Demon Eliminating Array…

Although the three hundred warriors of the Soul Sea knew that they were doomed to die, their faces turned pale, when they saw a myriad of small skulls.

Some people were standing on the periphery of the array, and the small skulls were only inches away from them. Preston had said that these skulls would be unable to break the array as long as he didn't collapse but warriors still couldn't help but panic!

Fortunately, they didn't need to do much in this array. As long as they could spend life vitality in accordance to the established rhythm, it would be enough. If it were some other array where they needed to coordinate with each other, it would have probably collapsed long ago.

But as the small skulls continued biting, the life vitality of the array kept getting consumed. Everyone felt that Preston was frantically using up their life vitality! At this rate, it wouldn't be long before their life vitality sea would dry up!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Warriors constantly crushed the life vitality jades in their hands, and began to replenish the life vitality before it all ran out.

The more small skulls there were, the more they would bite and the faster their life vitality would be consumed. It was actually possible that the Sky Demon Eliminating Array would eventually be destroyed by the small skulls!

An hour later, over ten thousand small skulls had accumulated in front of them. These skulls danced in the air, covering the skies. They were sent flying by Preston and scattered everywhere. However, they were like maggots, regrouping and diving down once more to continue devouring the Sky Demon Eliminating Array…

"I... I can't resist anymore!"

A core disciple had an extremely weak complexion. He sat down on the ground, but the Soul Sea within his body was still dried up.

"My life vitality jade is used up!" Another warrior fell down.

With every warrior that fell, the burden on the remaining warriors increased. The speed at which life vitality was extracted would also become faster, and the complexion of Preston grew more and more unsightly.

When the Sky Demon Eliminating Array collapsed, people would be nibbled away into a pile of meat by these small skulls in a short period of time.

"Is this resistance futile in the end?"

As Preston saw the waves of skulls, his heart sank. It wouldn't even take five minutes before all of their life vitality was sucked dry by these wretched things!

Just then, a group of core disciples, which had been hiding in the depths of the palace, appeared behind the Sky Demon Eliminating Array.

"Preston, we have come to help you," Letitia's voice sounded suddenly. The helplessness and sadness on her incomparably beautiful face had faded away, and it was replaced by a resolute expression.

The core disciples following Letitia all wore the same expression on their faces.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1782 Desperate Situation

The air was filled with tense chaos. At that moment, the entire Sky Demon Eliminating Array was under tremendous pressure.

More and more martial artists continued to lose their life vitality, but Preston knew that there was no way back.

They had little time left--as soon as the Sky Demon Eliminating Array collapsed, all the small skulls would attack and tear them into pieces!

Just then, Preston saw Letitia and the warriors following behind her.

"You can just leave!" he coldly said to Letitia.

All resistance was futile at that point.

Although Letitia had brought seven hundred warriors with her to help, their life vitality would eventually be depleted. It still wouldn't flip the tide to their favor and in the end, the Sky Demon Eliminating Array would still collapse and they would all die.

However, where would Letitia go? Preston didn't know as well.

Perhaps the purpose of the sorcerer warriors was to capture all the warriors who came here from the Upper World in one fell swoop. If so, then Letitia still wouldn't be able to escape in this great world.

"Where could I go?" Letitia asked. She, like Preston, also didn't know.

There was nowhere she could escape. Even if she left right now, doing so would only buy her a little more time. Moreover, she also had other concerns. She was afraid she'd cause a disaster to the Central Region, and fail to resist the temptation of returning to the Cloud Hall.

Preston was silent. Soon enough, he smiled bitterly and said, "Fine!"

He then waved his hand and ablaze white lines appeared behind him, which formed multiple squares. The squares wrapped around Letitia and spread outwards. After a while, all the seven hundred warriors were individually wrapped in the array.

"I need your life vitality!" Preston shouted.

In compliance, the life vitality sea in the bodies of Letitia and all the martial artists stirred up.

The surging life vitality sea waves swept out and followed the Sky Demon Eliminating Array's space patterns, then gathered on Preston's body.

Thus, the previously almost dried up Sky Demon Eliminating Array had now regained its lost vigor!

Some of the space patterns had tiny holes from when the small skulls had bitten them. When the life vitality flowed through them, the gaps began to mend themselves and forcefully pushed out the small skulls.

"Go die already!" Preston yelled coldly.

Once again, he forcefully struck out with his palm!

He figured that since he'd die anyway, he should kill to his heart's content.

Meanwhile, Brennan dumbfoundedly watched the scene unfold in front of him up in the sky.

He wasn't the only one who saw it. The rulers of the Wind Divine Kingdom, the Harlem Divine Kingdom, and the Star Field Divine Kingdom had also arrived and witnessed it. They watched the war closely in the royal palace, worry evident on their faces. After all, the war was right in the Divine Kingdom Continent.

"Just how strong is that person in the array?"

"Our Divine Kingdom Continent does not have tablets of high level Space Law to cultivate, but there are records of the high level Space Law! The space folding is something of the eighth layer or the ninth layer of the Space Law."

"Is this person a world lord from the legends?"

It was known that the four divine kingdoms had some connections with the Upper World. In addition, the secret sect in the Thoughtless Minds which absorbed people's Faith Energy also had their branch in the Divine Kingdom Continent. Thus, they had also heard about the matters of the Upper World.

"I'm afraid that..."

"If a world lord is being hunted, then what exactly did happen in the Upper World?"

Several rulers were shocked at their realization.

However, their guess about Preston's cultivation was wrong.

Since Preston himself didn't have the ability to control space folding, he relied on the Sky Demon Eliminating Array to perform such a technique. On the other hand, he was able to keep the small skulls away because his strength was comparable to that of a world lord. He wouldn't have unleashed such great power without the Sky Demon Eliminating Array. At the same time, the Sky Demon Eliminating Array's magic needed a huge amount of life vitality from many Soul Sea Realm martial artists. Those two elements combined formed what many had seen as Preston's power, and such power was unsustainable.

More sorcerer warriors continued to die, while the small skulls multiplied.

The small, pesky skulls flew everywhere. What was worse was that as long as they were near the Sky Demon Eliminating Array, they crazily bit on everything!

"I am losing my life vitality so fast..." Letitia's lips curved down into a frown.

The life vitality sea in her body decreased rapidly as well.

She wasn't considered strong as she had less life vitality in her Soul Sea than the core disciples of the Pure Jade Sacred Place.

She didn't look too good, and the other warriors weren't much better. After all, the number of small skulls had doubled and the Sky Demon Eliminating Array had to bear double the pressure!

After just an hour, many of the warriors had consumed more than half of their life vitality in their life vitality sea.

Some martial artists tried to meditate on the spot and absorb the vitality between heaven and earth for their own use, but the vitality in the Lower World was far inferior to that of the Upper World. Moreover, even to absorb the vitality between heaven and earth in the Upper World would be far from enough. Unless they had an infinite supply of life vitality jades, they might not be able to sustain balance.

Another hour had passed!

About forty thousand skulls had now swarmed the place.

The massive influx of small skulls were like sharp blades that floated above everyone's heads. Once they exhausted their life vitality, the small skulls would suddenly chop down like guillotines. The people would surely die!

Meanwhile, Letitia quietly crushed a supreme life vitality crystal. If even the life vitality jades weren't enough to replenish her life vitality, what more could the life vitality crystals do? It was like a single drop of water in the life vitality sea that had dried up completely.

She wasn't the only one. The Soul Seas of all the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were also drained.

Amidst the desperate situation, all eyes turned to Preston.

Chapter 1783 The Powerful Sword Strike

Preston smiled bitterly.

As a Spirit Transformation Realm martial artist, he had produced a massive number of living creatures in his inner world. The proof of it was a small divine kingdom with several third-grade sacred places where countless creatures still lived.

Just now, a massive calamity had erupted in his inner world.

He had cruelly disintegrated all living beings and returned them to the life vitality.

Houses, buildings, roads, lakes, wolves, snakes, tigers, leopards, and any other vicious beasts in his inner world—none of them were spared.

Some of the Virtual Tribulation Realm and Life and Death Realm warriors had also been restored to the life vitality by him.

These creatures were deeply unwilling at the moment. They did not know what was happening outside of this world, nor did they know that the master of this inner world was undergoing a life and death crisis. Therefore, he had no choice but to sacrifice them one by one.

When some warriors built their inner worlds, they sometimes developed bonds with the creatures within.

For instance, once when Preston had been roaming his inner world, he had accepted a disciple. With his support, the disciple had established a powerful force in the inner world.

But now, everything in this inner world would be destroyed soon and restored to the purest life vitality.

The creatures were forced to comply to it as Preston was their God.

Preston was also reluctant to take this step, but he felt he had no other choice left. His life vitality was used up and he knew that there was no longer any reason for him to persevere.

Crack!

As the loud sound rang out, an enormous crack appeared in the Sky Demon Eliminating Array.

When the small skulls saw this, they rushed in through the crack.

"Get away!"

Preston had almost completely exhausted his last bit of life vitality. He struck out with his palm, sending the small skulls flying. However, even more small skulls poured in.

Despair appeared on the faces of the others.

Still, the expression on Letitia's face was abnormally calm.

She was deep in rumination, missing many she had known, such as Geoffrey, Imogen, Cloud Hall...

However, her greatest concern was still her husband.

Perhaps she should not have run around like this. Instead, she should have stayed in the great world and waited for Zen to return.

With his ability, one day he would return to Cloud Hall. Zen had only left for about seven years, and to a martial artist, it was only a short period of time.

Regret did not do her any good. Slowly, she tied her hair into a bun and watched the Sky Demon Eliminating Array collapse. More and more small skulls fell toward the crowd.

Everyone seemed far too calm.

Their life vitality had almost run out earlier and now they were able to hold on just by means of their last strands. Now, even if they wanted to run, they could no longer do so.

Who would have thought that after half a month of escaping, their fates would come to an end here. Helplessness struck them.

Just one month ago, the Pure Jade Sacred Place had been prosperous. Now in the blink of an eye, all kinds of calamities had occurred in the universe. The creatures sighed in their hearts at the transience of the world.

The crack on the array grew larger and larger as more and more small skulls began to pour in, all charging toward Preston.

With Preston's death, the array would crumble. There was no way for anyone to survive.

However, right at this moment, a sharp cry suddenly resounded in everyone's ears.

Whoosh!

A sword beam, emanating a dangerous aura, shot straight down from the skies.

The sword strike contained a terrible power.

The sword light converged and then suddenly exploded. The small skulls were blasted away under its strength and scattered in all directions.

Preston should have been able to do the same, especially by means of the Sky Demon Eliminating Array. His strength was comparable to a world lord's and he could have knocked the small skulls far away.

However, he was still unable to destroy them completely, so the number of skulls continued to increase.

"Is it that someone came here to help us?"

Preston, who had given up by now, raised his head to look up at the skies. The power of the sword strike was akin to that of a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior. It was by no means the kind of power that a warrior from this world could manifest.

The warriors raised their heads and saw eight beams of light rapidly approach from the skies.

Whoosh!

The small skulls had managed to gather together. Now, the second sword strike pierced through the air and shot at them once again.

The sword ray drew a straight line in the air, diffusing great radiance. Once again, it sent the small skulls away.

Letitia raised her head and looked up at the sky. As she saw the man at the helm, her eyes twinkled with astonishment, tears starting to roll down her cheeks.

She had been imagining and wishing that Zen would come to her like a heavenly soldier, appearing in front of her out of the blue to save her from her current predicament.

But the universe was so vast, how could Zen have known that she was in danger?

Letitia had later dismissed her daydream and secretly laughed at herself, deeming it as only wishful thinking.

Zen was not an omnipresent True God anyway. He could not control everything.

However, in the end, he appeared when she was right on the verge of despair.

Letitia did not know if Zen could handle the small skulls, but she believed that since Zen had shown up, he would be able to come up with a solution. She trusted him fully and had great confidence in him. To her, being able to meet Zen at this moment was worth all the turmoil she had to face, even if she had to die the next moment. She had missed him dearly for several years. Now, she was finally meeting him again. It fulfilled her ardent wish, which might in fact be her last.

In an instant, eight beams of light arrived above the imperial palace of the York Divine Kingdom and descended swiftly.

The rulers of the four divine kingdoms were aware of this giant commotion. However, they could not understand just how these people had appeared. Could it be that they did not go through the ascending passageway?

Preston looked bewildered and suspicious as he stared at the eight young warriors in front of him.

The core disciples present there had similar looks of confusion and astonishment on their faces as they gazed at them.

Chapter 1784 Despair

These core disciples had all undergone the challenges of the Illusion Battlefield. After their elimination, they were still able to witness the battles that went on through the painting scroll.

The last three hundred people were born in the same era and were in the same realm as them; however, there was a big gap when it came to their strength.

These were Godly Geniuses whose names echoed throughout the entire universe. They were the elite of this worst era and everyone looked up to them for salvation. They were the ones that the Supreme Lords all cherished and cared for as much as they could.

So it was understood that their presence here shook everyone's heart to the core.

Boom!

There was a loud explosion as Zen crashed onto the ground. He still had the Thunder Wind Divine Sword in his hand and sent out sword energy all over the place.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Zen forcefully activated the Chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike's sword radiance and looked like a golden hedgehog in the process.

The radiance pushed back a portion of the small skulls millions of feet away. It would take them a long time if they were to fly back.

However, Zen was only able to push a few of them and the majority still rushed towards Preston.

"Multiple Stars Brilliance!"

Starlight flickered around Zen's body as he released an explosive force.

The powerful shock waves caused many of the Pure Jade Sacred Place's disciples to lose their balance. Some were even lifted off the ground by 20 to 30 feet and fell heavily onto the ground again. However, this kind of impact was nothing for the warriors of the Soul Sea Realm. The more powerful Zen was, the better their chances of survival.

Tens of thousands of small skulls shot out again in all directions due to the powerful impact exerted upon them.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Because of the impact, some of the skulls launched into the air, all the way towards the sky. They had essentially turned into lethal weapons as the kingdom rulers watching from above immediately dodged the oncoming projectiles lest they get hurt.

A few collided with the buildings and left them riddled with holes.

Unsurprisingly, many grand monuments and exquisite royal sculptures were also shattered in the process.

The trouble, however, was that despite being pushed back so violently, the skulls still turned around to come back towards them.

Zen had carried several hundred skulls on his back when he was in the Illusion Battlefield. He too tried every means to get rid of them but failed.

"Rocher!" he called out to Rocher for help.

On the way there, he and Rocher had discussed what to do with these small skulls.

Lucille, Nathan, and the others knew that the most troublesome part about these creatures was their curses. Even some Supreme Lords were at a loss how to fight back.

Rocher, however, looked quite relaxed and told Zen that he might be able to deal with the curses.

Everyone's gaze landed on him.

He pulled out his Soaring Snake Sword and stabbed it into the ground.

Huff...

A dazzling light encircled the blade.

Soon enough, the entire place was engulfed by this light.

Zen could only push back a portion of the skulls. There were some that still managed to break through the Sky Demon Eliminating Array and bite Preston along with a couple of core disciples. They were unable to resist since their life vitality had long since been exhausted.

However, the dazzling light Rocher emitted did something strange to those skulls.

The skulls that gnawed on the disciples suddenly stopped and turned to look at this light. It was as if they were moths drawn to a flame as they slowly began to float towards it.

Even the ones Zen had pushed back were sucked in by this light and circled around the Soaring Snake Sword.

A bird's eye view revealed a whirlpool of skulls that rotated around the blade.

Nathan, Lawson, and Lucille were also quite amazed by the sight.

"Rocher, how did you do it?" Lucille asked.

She had already come up with a back-up plan if Rocher failed to deal with these skulls and that was to use the shield of five elements. The skulls would eventually crush the shield, but it would take them at least eight to ten years to do so.

She hadn't expected Rocher to pull out a move like this.

He smiled at her faintly. "The Soaring Snake Sword can dispel curses in the universe. Even the malicious aura in your body can be removed with a single slash."

"Can you kill them? If we don't kill them, there will be hidden dangers," she said. A Supreme Lord once had skulls hanging on his body for three whole years before they disappeared.

Rocher smiled confidently. "You'll see in a bit."

The Godly Geniuses trusted him. Rocher's confidence was enough to let them know that he knew what he was doing.

Preston stood up and slowly walked towards Rocher. He was about to express his gratitude when a graceful figure suddenly flew in the air and shot over.

Letitia had used up most of her life vitality, so even flying was difficult. In the end, she ended up falling right into Zen's arms.

Zen was already waiting to catch her. As he held his wife, he could hear her painful sobs.

Letitia had never been afraid of death. As a warrior, she possessed the type of courage that defied the heavens and readily faced death head-on.

When she was in charge of Cloud Hall, she completely ignored everything else and buried herself headfirst into her role.

She didn't have much to worry about back then, but it was different now. There were far too many things she treasured in this life and she couldn't leave this world behind so easily anymore.

Chapter 1785 Chains Of Curses

The core disciples were rendered speechless as they watched the skulls spin in the air.

Not even Preston could resist the curses of the sorcerer race, but the Godly Geniuses dealt with them rather easily.

And on another note, they accepted the astonishing fact without resistance.

They understood that the Godly Geniuses' strengths couldn't be measured merely by their cultivation levels. Since these geniuses shouldered more responsibilities and missions in this grand era, it was necessary for them to have a broad knowledge of everything in the world.

Meanwhile, Margaret was watching as Zen and Letitia held each other tightly — she was utterly disgruntled.

Although she was willing to go and help Zen out, the scene in front of her was admittedly upsetting.

After a long embrace, Zen finally loosened his arms and let Letitia stand on her own.

It was their first reunion after seven full years. With too many words to exchange, they wondered where they should begin.

Finally, Letitia broke the silence. "You… You've seen Geoffrey, right?"

Zen offered a gentle nod.

"Is he alright?" she asked, the nervousness evident in her voice. Having ascended to the Upper World for so long, she was always worrying about her young son.

"Of course he is. Let's return to the Cloud Hall," Zen suggested with a smile — he had decided to bring Letitia and the other important ones into the fairy palace. While the entire universe was in chaos, the fairy place remained absolutely safe.

"But the skulls..." Letitia pointed at the sky.

Numerous skulls still spun slowly in the sky above them like a huge, black cloud.

"Just leave those to Rocher," Zen said with a laugh.

To that, Rocher turned to him and nodded.

With a flip of his finger, a strange sound came from the sword in his hand.

It sounded like the hiss of a snake.

In an instant, numerous strands of black lines appeared in everyone's eyes as they watched the swirl in the sky.

These mysterious black lines linked the skulls in the sky and the warriors on the ground. Most of them were connected to Preston alone.

Although Rocher didn't explain it to them, they all figured out what this meant — Preston was the curses' main target.

The core disciples, meanwhile, found only a number of lines connected them to the skulls.

Even Letitia was connected to the skulls with two black lines.

"These are the chains of curses. A curse is a rather special type of attack. Under specific circumstances, these chains are indestructible unless the curse is removed," Rocher explained promptly.

These strong curses were caused by some sort of sorcery from the divine land. Very few people had the ability to break them, and even those who could found it difficult to do so.

Because of this, even if some Supreme Lords were cursed, they couldn't bother to remove the curses. Instead, they merely allowed the skulls to stick to them until the curses dissipated on their own.

But it wasn't the same for all the other warriors — the world lords felt pressure from the skulls while most of the warriors under the Spirit Transformation Realm were doomed to death.

Therefore, all warriors, regardless of their cultivation bases, would try to avoid the Shadow Race, also known as the sorcerer race, altogether.

"You can just cut these chains off by yourselves. It's much easier than you would think," Rocher added. With a snap of his fingers, a strand of a black line broke instantly like a fragile strand of hair.

As the black line was cut, the skull on its other end started cracking until it soon vanished into thin air.

With that, Rocher didn't explain any further. It was no easy feat to make the curse chains visible — this meant that the masters of sorceries from the divine land actually managed to grasp the Cursing Godly Way.

This practice declined after the Soaring Snake Sword appeared in the world — it had the power to remove all kinds of curses.

Although everyone could see the curse chains, they hadn't dared touch them, unsure if they should. After seeing how Rocher broke one line rather easily, they all began cutting off the chains that connected them to the skulls — they were all disgusted enough of the skulls that stuck to them all the while.

As the chains were cut one after another, the skulls turned into ashes and disappeared.

Among them, Preston was the most striking with tens of thousands of lines connected to him — he looked like some kind of monster with impossibly long hair.

Summoning up his power of Space Law, he created a crystal cube that enveloped him and cut off all the chains of curses around him.

In an instant, tens of thousands of skulls broke apart and vanished.

Finally breathing a sigh of relief, Preston walked up to Zen and Rocher and cupped his hands as he said, "Thank you for saving my life!"

"Never mind, I should be the one thanking you. If you didn't offer your help, my wife wouldn't have survived this," Zen returned as he bowed to Preston with respect — he had heartfelt gratitude towards the man who saved his wife, after all.

Although he had rushed and led his team to the Divine Kingdom Continent as soon as he knew that Letitia was here, she would've died before he arrived without Preston's help.

"Has the Shadow Race been wiped out?" Lucille was looking around to check if they were completely gone.

It seemed they managed to escape danger for now.

Whoosh!

Just then, they saw several warriors flying right at them from afar.

Brennan, the present emperor of the York Divine Kingdom, led the group. Behind him were the emperors of the other three divine kingdoms.

When Brennan arrived first, he landed on the ground and greeted Zen politely — he had seen Zen before when he was still a prince of his divine kingdom.

Chapter 1786 The Supreme Sorcerer

...

At the moment, what worried Brennan was that these people would feel reluctant to leave this place. He was after all the lord of the divine kingdom and couldn't let them really take over his continent. But after another careful thought, he realized that they didn't seem interested in his continent at all. No matter what, he had to talk to them.

Zen folded his hands at the man, while the rest others didn't take these rulers of divine kingdoms seriously. They were definitely figures in the Divine Kingdom Continent, but were not qualified to be the core disciples of some sacred place in Upper World.

After the crisis was resolved, they discussed the way forward.

The core disciples naturally hoped to return to the sacred place, but none of them were clear about the situation in Pure Jade Sacred Place right now.

This problem was not difficult to solve. Zen and others could use Teleportation Token to return to the Upper World, understand the situation and come over to inform them.

But while their discussions were going on, there was a strange tower built in the shadow of the world.

In the dark the tower gave off a strange green light, and the tower was located at the center of Chaotic Ocean of Stars!

Beneath the tower, thousands of giant skulls were floating, seeming to discuss something.

These giant skulls seemed to belong to two groups.

Although both of them belonged to the Shadow Race, one of the groups hid in this great world all the time, while the other entered the great world by chasing to kill Preston and his people in ascending passageway.

And the heads of these two groups were two grand sorcerers!

"Daly, how did you manage to let so many mice escape to the most important place?" said a grand sorcerer.

The grand sorcerer named Daly who seemed to be in a bad mood, shook his head, "Humph! I began to cut them off when they were going into the great world, and I have done my best!"

"They have only a warrior from Spirit Transformation Realm. You have enough power to wipe them all out, but you let them escape to such an important place. And you say you tried your best?" the grand sorcerer said coldly.

But Daly shook his head again. "It seemed as if some Supreme Lords were watching over me. If I were to hit them by myself, I would have drawn the attention of those lords. That is why I had to let the others wipe them out..."

"What we worried about the most happened in the end. If the plan was successful, it would have sped up the process! Don't you know how important this is to the sorcerer race? And now this turn of events!" the grand sorcerer said angrily.

Daly sighed, "Tell me how we can resolve this".

"Where are these new guys from?" asked the grand sorcerer.

Daly shook his head and replied, "How can I know about something that even you don't know? But it is worth sitting back and noticing that a bunch of juniors at the Spirit Supreme Realm could cut off the curse chains with such strength. It goes to show that they are definitely not some ordinary beings."

The grand sorcerer reflected and said, "If they will go away, leave them alone! Things will go as per planned. If those guys make any more trouble and barge into the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, kill them without wasting any time! Right now the top priority is to control the current situation. And until the situation is resolved, you will not return to the Upper World! "

Daly nodded.

Daly was one of the grand sorcerers from ancient sorcerer race who led the attack at the Pure Jade Sacred Place. He did not expect that these people would choose the most special ascending passageway.

It would have been better to have chosen some other way of ascending, and Daly would not have come down with others to chase them, landing him in such trouble.

They were actually walking on thin ice at the moment. If their secrets were exposed, the situation could get worse.

While the two grand sorcerers were discussing, a green figure gradually appeared out of thin air.

The figure emitted a jade-green light, coloring the dark space in an even eerie way.

When the two grand sorcerers saw the green figure, they simultaneously raised the bone cane in their hands. From their expressions, one could clearly distinguish the look of reverence on their faces.

"Greetings, supreme sorcerer!"

"Supreme sorcerer, why have you made your appearance here?"

The ancient sorcerer race also had their own hierarchy.

Ordinary sorcerer race members were called sorcerer slaves. These sorcerer slaves had a very low status among the sorcerer race and their existences were insignificant.

The stronger ones were war sorcerers and this type of sorcerers showcased stronger fighting ability. Most of the ones killed by Preston were war sorcerers. The capability of grand sorcerers was already at the level of a world lord, who were able to rule an entire clan among the ancient sorcerer race.

The supreme sorcerers were similar to the Supreme Lords in the entire universe. These supreme sorcerers didn't have any Heavenly Destiny, but the spells they used were able to fight against the Supreme Lords!

There were even more powerful existences above the supreme sorcerers, such as the ancestral sorcerers and the sorcerer sages, who only existed in the divine land.

The green figure's form rippled with a shimmer and an authoritative voice boomed out, "Daly, Dean!"

"Yes, my supreme sorcerer!"

"Yes!"

The two grand sorcerers quivered slightly. Judging from supreme sorcerer's voice, they could sense that he was in a terrible mood.

"The Godly Geniuses have all descended into the great world. The old fox of the Celestial Position has already set his eyes on us. Why haven't you made your move yet?" The supreme sorcerer enquired.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1787 The Godly Geniuses

The grand sorcerers paled.

They had hesitated for a long time before choosing to be patient and let the people on the Divine Kingdom Continent off.

Their conspiracy was more important compared to killing the people off.

So they decided, after a discussion, that they wouldn't fight as long as the people didn't trespass the center of the storm.

They just pretended that this had never happened.

The warriors that suddenly appeared had extraordinary strength. But they hadn't thought, even in their wildest dreams, that these warriors were, in reality, the Godly Geniuses!

The ancient sorcerer race had lived on the other side of the world for all of eternity, which was why they hadn't seen the Illusion Battlefield before and hadn't recognized them.

"If they're Godly Geniuses, then…"

"Not just the Celestial Position race, I'm afraid even the Thoughtless Minds, and the Humanity Alliance will pay attention to their every move!"

The universe was so chaotic that it was almost unimaginable how the Supreme Lords could tolerate the Godly Geniuses going anywhere far from them.

But now that they had dared allow them to come here, they must have had a motive, some cards up their sleeves that they had hidden.

This would be big trouble.

"I knew the people from the Pure Jade Sacred Place would cause trouble if they barged into the Lower World. But they did barge into this great world and it's my fault!" Daly's body was shaking more and more violently. If he had known about it earlier, he would have killed them in the ascending passageway. He shouldn't have worried too much and now, it had led them to one of the most troublesome situations ever.

The ancient sorcerer race's methods were scary, and even Daly knew that he had made an unforgivable mistake. He could only imagine the kind of punishment he would have to face.

The supreme sorcerer snorted. Daly's heart quaked as the supreme sorcerer said, "Right now, it is a problem, but also a chance to get rid of the Godly Geniuses."

"But the Netherworld Crystal Towers aren't ready yet. If the Supreme Lords are alerted, wouldn't our efforts be of no use?" Dean objected.

Supreme sorcerer was silent for a moment. He then said, "We can't wait. We don't have enough time. We can only spread out the Netherworld Crystal Towers in advance."

"This-" Dean hesitated.

"We have arranged thirteen Netherworld Crystal Towers so far and that took us a countless number of years! It's a difficult decision for me to make as well!" Supreme sorcerer said coldly.

The two grand sorcerers relaxed a little but it looked like the supreme sorcerer really didn't have the time to argue with them.

"When will we spread them?" Dean asked.

"I will give you the instructions before we need to act," supreme sorcerer said coldly.

The two grand sorcerers nodded. They had already understood that the sorcerer race's higher-ups had already moved the plan ahead of schedule.

Preston and the others continued to stay in the Divine Kingdom Continent, recovering their consumed life vitality while Zen brought Letitia back to the Central Region.

Zen hadn't even imagined that his trip down to the Lower World could go this smoothly. It had, in fact, made him suspicious because it shouldn't have been this easy.

They traversed the Chaotic Ocean of Stars again. Nathan and Lawson suggested that they should go to the center of the storm and take a look.

But Rocher and the others stopped them.

That storm was too dangerous. Anyone who entered it rashly could probably lose their life.

They headed south and soon crossed the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and returned to the Central Region.

Once this matter was resolved, the Godly Geniuses were required to return to the Celestial Position and wait for Master Feng's arrangements.

But Zen and Letitia hadn't met in a long time, which made it difficult for him to just turn around and leave.

Imogen was excited at Letitia's safe return and all her grudges against Zen disappeared.

Zen hadn't gone back on his word, after all, and had brought Letitia back safe and sound.

Geoffrey had not seen his mother for a while and clung to Letitia like a nimble little monkey. He refused to let her go, afraid that if he did, she would run away.

Margaret's mood soured at this, but was also relieved at the thought that Zen couldn't stay in the Central Region forever.

A few days later, there was a great feast at the Cloud Hall.

All top figures of the great sects in the Central Region were attending the feast, reminiscing the old days with Zen.

Despite Patrick's and Lewis's cultivation levels being relatively low, they were both placed in the front.

The atmosphere at the banquet was quite warm. Everyone in the Central Region was curious about the people around Zen.

"Zen, may we have the honor of knowing who the almighty beings around you are?" Dillon said, smiling a loopy smile, now that he was a little drunk.

Zen nodded. He hadn't introduced all of them yet and no one from the Central Region had heard of them. So he introduced them by name, one by one.

They were already familiar with Rocher and Margaret.

As he introduced each of others, Lone, Lucille and Kurt stood up and greeted everyone, acknowledging Zen's introduction. The strength and status of those people around them might not be worth mentioning, but they were still Zen's friends.

But Nathan and Lawson behaved as if they hadn't heard Zen. Nathan even looked away from him, making it even more awkward.

Zen didn't care. He hadn't expected Nathan and Lawson to come with him. He was disappointed that they were acting so smugly, but because the universe was in such a crisis, he knew that he couldn't treat these two men as his enemies.

Chapter 1788 An Unnoticed Talent

"These two friends don't seem to be in a good mood." Dillon, a clever and considerate man, said in an attempt to help Zen make the situation less uncomfortable.

However, Nathan replied coldly, "I'm drinking with a bunch of ants from the Lower World. How do you expect me to be in a good mood?"

Many of those who heard the response found it insulting.

Various strong masters from all over the Central Region had come to visit the Cloud Hall. Said during this glorious and joyous occasion, Nathan's words offended some people.

Letitia made a face at Zen, who frowned and snapped, "If my hospitality has failed to please the two of you, then you can leave!"

They had all relied on Zen's Teleportation Token to get here. They could go back to the Upper World through the ascending passageway, but through there, there was no guarantee that they would return safely.

Lawson curled his lips. He ignored Zen, and when he spoke, it was to support Nathan. "What was wrong with what Nathan said? Martial artists from the Lower World don't even compare to ants, and that's a fact."

From the perspective of these top warriors, this was an accepted truth. If it weren't for Zen, they wouldn't have had any connection with the Lower World.

"Really? Why is it, then, that as the number one Godly Genius in the universe, you still lost to Zen?" Margaret snapped. She could no longer sit there and watch this senseless argument go on. Among the people who the two had referred to as ants were members of her family. Today, Xander had even brought the core members of the Ethereal Spirit Sect to the banquet.

Margaret saw herself as someone who often caused trouble without reason. Today, she discovered that these two fellows from the

Thoughtless Minds were even more unreasonable than she was.

"Hmph. He's simply an exception, a special ant," Nathan snorted. Deep inside, he also did not understand how someone like Zen had found his way into this great world.

Nurturing an ace talent or a Godly Genius required plenty of resources. From the looks of it, the Central Region was not the kind of place to catch the eye or produce outstanding talents. Zen coming from such a place defied logic.

"What about me? Am I an exception, too?" Margaret raised an eyebrow.

"I wonder how many exceptions there are in the Central Region," Rocher said.

Among the top ten warriors of the supreme worlds, the Central Region nurtured three. Despite the power of the Thoughtless Minds, they were only able to secure the same number of places—three out of ten.

For a moment, Nathan was at a loss for words.

To their surprise, Kurt, who had been silently enjoying a selection of vegetarian dishes the whole time, smiled and chimed in, "Amitabha, the Central Region is truly too mystical. It takes three places in the heavens. A talent of our Blessed Buddha Land even stays here, still unnoticed."

Everyone looked curiously at Kurt. Nobody knew what he meant.

Lewis and Patrick drank in silence.

The low tables, each accommodating three to five people, were lined up in a single row. Lewis, Patrick, and Rocher shared the same table, and all three sat above the salt.

Lewis and Patrick's friendship with Zen and Rocher had granted them seats of honor in the banquet.

Their strength and status alone didn't make them qualified to sit where they were.

Upon hearing the conversations between Zen and the others, Patrick and Lewis were shocked to the core.

How big was the universe?

The two had never seen it before, but from what Rocher had said, there were trillions of Soul Sea Realm warriors out there!

Trillions!

When they heard this, they were so astonished that they almost fell to the ground.

In comparison, there were much fewer Soul Sea Realm warriors in this great world. The real power of the universe seemed to be beyond their imagination.

They had just found out, from what Zen had said, that these people were the top Godly Geniuses in the entire universe!

At the time, they didn't know what the title of Godly Genius meant. Nevertheless, to be able to stand out among trillions of Soul Sea Realm cultivators and be among the top 10 indicated that their talents were beyond astonishing.

All of a sudden, a strange feeling overcame Patrick. He felt like someone was watching him. When he looked around, he found out that Kurt was staring at him. Now that he thought about it, he was sure that Kurt had been staring at him the whole time. The realization sent chills down his spine.

When Zen had led this group away to rescue Letitia, this monk had stared at him the same way. Why was he doing it again?

Kurt gazed at Patrick, who was deep in thought about why this was happening. One by one, the group seemed to notice. Everyone followed Kurt's gaze until, in the end, all their gazes landed on Patrick.

"Hey, hey, your companion is gazing at you again," Lewis teased as he elbowed Patrick in the arm.

"Damn you! He's your companion, not mine!" Patrick hated it when people stared, especially when they did it in this manner, but Lewis' remark made him feel even worse. He couldn't help but curse him.

Lewis, on the other hand, was amused, but when he, too, could tell that Patrick was already feeling a little nervous, he decided to keep quiet.

"Kurt, what do you mean by that?" A hint of curiosity flashed on Zen's face.

After ascending to the Upper World, Zen had never entered the Blessed Buddha Land. The Buddhism they practiced there was unusual, and some parts of it were quite mysterious. He had a feeling that there was something behind Kurt's words.

Kurt smiled and nodded at Patrick. "May I know your name, Mister?"

"Patrick Pei." Patrick stood up and put his palms together as a form of salute.

Some might have found this strange, as Kurt looked like a little acolyte. He was even younger than Patrick was. However, he was still a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior. Thus, Patrick politely paid him due respect.

After Patrick had greeted him with a salute, Kurt did the same and put his palms together. He said, "Amitabha, you are the reincarnation of the Acalanatha, but right now, you have a very slim chance of ascending to the Upper World. If you come to our Blessed Buddha Land, we will train you and mold you into a Godly Genius..." Without waiting for a response, Kurt turned to Zen and Letitia. "I wonder... If I want to take someone away from the Cloud Hall, will you permit me to do so?" he asked.

Chapter 1789 Secret

The other Godly Geniuses despised the Cloud Hall.

A sixth-grade sect, or even a tenth-grade sacred place was nothing in their eyes. The forces they were under had jurisdiction over thousands of tenth-grade sacred places.

So it was a surprise that Kurt was exceedingly polite and asked the Cloud Hall for a warrior.

Zen's eyebrows were raised. "Godly Genius..."

Letitia's eyes also flashed.

She wasn't a stranger to how things worked around the Upper World. Ever since she ascended, Preston had already filled her in on the different levels of strength in the universe along with the different types of geniuses among warriors.

Godly Geniuses were definitely the cream of the crop. They were the ones considered as the most talented and remarkable warriors in the entire universe due to their power and rarity.

Letitia was rendered speechless for a moment. Her Cloud Hall was simply too powerful now that it had three Godly Geniuses. It might even be much stronger than she had ever expected. So how would it be graded? Was it an eleventh-grade sacred place? Or a twenty-first grade sacred place?

None of the people from the Central Region really knew what 'Godly Genius' meant. All they knew was that Patrick had been chosen by this monk of the Spirit Supreme Realm, so that must meant that he was very talented. At that moment, they viewed Patrick as at least a divine-level talent.

However, Nathan and the others were visibly surprised.

"Cultivating him into a Godly Genius? Kurt, can you really make such a major decision on behalf of the Hidden Spirit Temple? Are you joking?" Nathan laughed.

All of the Godly Geniuses were aware of their high status. They were symbolic of the future of their respective forces. Yet here was Kurt, randomly hand-picking a warrior from the Lower World with the goal of turning him into a Godly Genius.

Kurt, however, merely smiled. "Have you ever seen a monk lie or say something reckless?"

"The Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment has done so before," Lawson said. The Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment pertained to the strongest Supreme Lord in the Blessed Buddha Land.

"That has nothing to do with me," Kurt replied, not really finding the need to argue with these two warriors anymore. He turned his gaze back at Letitia. "I would like to ask Cloud Hall's permission to take him away."

Patrick was bound to be taken to the Blessed Buddha Land anyway no matter what Letitia said. Kurt had to naturally report this talent he had found to the Hidden Spirit Temple which would then, in turn, do everything in its power to take Patrick away. Kurt, however, saw the need to ask for Letitia's opinion first for formality's sake.

Meanwhile, Patrick himself was still unsure as to what was currently happening.

He had wanted to enter a temple in the past but there just weren't many powerful ones in the Central Region and most of the cultivation techniques weren't even suitable for him. All he could do was to rely on his own comprehension.

His cultivation had reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm which made him the core strength of Cloud Hall though this was still a far cry from Rocher's and Zen's level.

Letitia smiled graciously. "Although Patrick is a disciple of Cloud Hall, I will not stop him if he has a better place to go to. Please ask him first if he agrees."

Before Patrick could even say anything, Lewis already beat him to it. "What is a Godly Genius? I'll ask this question on his behalf."

"There are three thousand Godly Ways in the universe. A so-called Godly Genius is someone who has the capacity to become a True God in the future, go beyond the universe and surpass the Supreme Lords. I cannot guarantee that Patrick will reach this level, but the reincarnation of Acalanatha..."

Kurt trailed off and refused to finish his words.

"What is a Supreme Lord?" Lewis asked once again.

A Lower World warrior had no clear concept of immortality, so this was an opportunity for Lewis to gain knowledge and satisfy his own curiosity.

"A Supreme Lord is someone who carries the Heavenly Destiny, an invincible being in the universe," Kurt answered truthfully.

"What is second to a Supreme Lord?" Lewis continued.

His incessant questioning annoyed even the patient Kurt. Rocher and Patrick had already rolled their eyes with his questions.

"If you want to know the division of power among the warriors within this universe, I can tell you in private," Kurt replied curtly.

Lewis laughed. "I've finished my questions! Ha-ha!"

Zen couldn't help but look at Patrick with a smile. This opportunity was extremely hard to obtain for any warrior and he believed that Patrick was in no way going to let this pass.

Just as he expected, Patrick cupped his hands in greeting. "I am willing to go with Kurt." He knew that his choice would lead to a tremendous change in his future though he couldn't imagine just how big it was going to be just yet.

Nathan and Lawson were once again driven speechless.

Their thoughts were in complete disarray. Just what kind of damned place was this great world? Why was it so mystical?

The world of chaos arrived and there were only about ten Godly Geniuses. Nearly half of them came from this great world.

It didn't make sense, statistically speaking.

Most of the warriors present felt incredible envy grip their hearts at this wonderful opportunity that presented itself in front of Patrick. Their cultivation levels were not high but they were wise enough to know that these experts had extremely special backgrounds. Patrick was only a Virtual Tribulation Realm warrior, but he now had the chance to enter the universe.

With this out of the way, they all continued with the banquet. As everyone enjoyed themselves, a hairline space crack suddenly appeared on the other side of Cloudy City where rays of green light burst forth.

A green shadow drilled out from the space crack and from it emerged the supreme sorcerer of the sorcerer race!

He raised the jade bone cane in his hand and waved it in the air wherein a green incantation circle appeared.

The Godly Geniuses were currently gathered here. If he could kill all of them at this place, all at once, then that would be a good thing for the sorcerer race!

He had to be wary though. These Godly Geniuses were most likely being protected by the members of the Celestial Position in secret.

So this time, he had to go all out and use a devastating method that he was sure would eliminate all of them.

Chapter 1790 Ghost Faces

The instant the green incantations appeared, dozens of sinister looking ghost faces appeared. They projected a greenish hue and looked terrifying as they drifted towards the Cloud Hall.

The enchanted barrier that was named Light of Water was enough to block the Space Law to a certain extent. But the ghost faces could easily cross over it.

The ancient sorcerer race was not so good at open battle. Even though this supreme sorcerer's cultivation was weak as compared to a Supreme Lord, he could still use powerful spells.

The supreme sorcerer floated in midair, looking around with his two peculiar eyes revealing only the whites.

For the time being, he was focusing on controlling the ghost faces as they silently drifted back and forth in the Could Hall.

At the same time the supreme sorcerer was also aware about his surroundings. He was keeping an alert eye on the activities happening below him.

He was surprised to see that the Celestial Position race allowed these kids to come here without any defenses around them. With this careless action, he easily had an advantage over them!

Whoosh!

"Little kids, I found you!" The supreme sorcerer mocked at the Godly Geniuses by pointing at their direction. Immediately the ghost faces turned towards that direction at the same time.

The ghost faces were constantly shuttling and they illuminated like giant fireflies in the dark night

What a sight!

These ghastly faces did not have a fixed shape. The moment they entered, they rushed towards Zen and the others.

Zen was the first to react. As soon as he saw the ghost faces, he went on instant alert. Quickly he grabbed Letitia by her waist and pulled her away.

He could not figure out the strength of these ghost faces. Sensing their evil aura emanating from them, he instantly went on guard.

One of the ghost faces accidentally brushed against a warrior of the Virtual Tribulation Realm. That fraction of contact was enough to freeze the warrior's body. He opened his mouth to scream but no sound came out. And just like that his body went limp with the look of fear etched across his face.

Seeing this horror, the entire hall went in an uproar. There was panic everywhere with people running around without any sense of direction.

"What just happened?"

"Quick, retreat!"

"Such a cruel way to exercise power! We are doomed!"

Soon all the warriors started dropping dead like flies.

Within seconds, many warriors were slain mercilessly. There was such panic among the people right now.

Zen and the others looked with dismay at the scene unfolding before their eyes. They definitely wouldn't be able to withstand such strange and fast attacks from the enemies, let alone fight against them.

'We are no match for this force!' 'They can take our lives without showing up.'

'Retreat back to the fairy palace!'

Zen immediately thought.

With Letitia by his side, they both could be safe. But what about Geoffrey? He was still in the Cloud Hall with Imogen.

In his moment of hesitation, one of the ghost faces had already pounced on Zen!

The situation was similar for Kurt, Lucille, Nathan and others. The Godly Geniuses were already surrounded by their enemies.

"You go in first!" At this moment, Zen already had the token of mountain in his hand. However his priority was to ensure that Letitia and Margaret got safely into the palace. As for Freya, Zen could not reach out to her as she was positioned far away.

However, if this was the case, then Rocher and others might be in danger, too.

Zen was clueless as to how to deal with this crisis. He knew that his return back to the Lower World would not be that easy, but he did not anticipate such methods from the sorcerer race. He had no idea on how to fight it back.

Suddenly, everyone froze in their actions.

The wine cups and saucers that had been placed on the square tables froze in mid-air. The droplets from the cups also remained suspended in a similar way. The flickering light from the candles ceased its movement. All of a sudden, time had stopped for everyone.

One could see a middle-aged warrior wearing long gray robe, sitting in the center of the hall.

Zen had earlier been acquainted with this warrior. He was present when he had his blood exchanged and was a Supreme Lord of Celestial Position.

As he flicked his hand, a series of lightening thunderbolts shot out from his fingertips.

Bang, bang!

The power that shot out from his fingertips did not seem very powerful, especially to a Supreme Lord who possessed the power to destroy the world.

But for the moment it was more than enough, for one by one the ghost faces started dropping dead!

After all the ghost faces were slain, the time that had stood still seemed to flow back in action.

Up until now, nobody really knew about the Supreme Lord's control over the Time Law. The scene played before their eyes in a slow motion, including their thoughts.

Because of this, the crowd couldn't see the Supreme Lord's attack. All they could see was a blurred vision of all the whole action.

The Supreme Lord turned his head and smiled at Zen and the others, "Come out you little brats! It is time to go back."

"We are eternally grateful, Supreme Lord Mirage, for saving our lives," Rocher said folding his hands with respect.

Zen also followed suit and folded his hands in gratitude. He still could not shake off the feeling that they were so close to death! There were so many people in Cloud Hall who were relying on him and he nearly failed them! He realized that the Celestial Position was still not very confident about their group and had arranged for a Supreme Lord to protect them.

"I wonder who dared to attack us?" Nathan's expression had turned sour. He knew that he had been implicated by Zen and he was very furious with that. He should have listened to his instincts and not followed him then.

Supreme Lord Mirage just waved his hand and said indifferently, "That's just a certain supreme sorcerer who will be in trouble now."

Chapter 1791 A Big Trouble

The supreme sorcerer, who was standing outside the Cloud Hall, sensed the danger. The Soul Devouring Shadow he had released was killed and just as his face clouded with anger, a soft voice rang out.

"I've discovered you too." A white figure appeared by the supreme sorcerer's side.

The supreme sorcerer felt the cold blade of a sword against his neck.

"Go to hell!" the wielder of the sword said angrily, without hesitation.

The short sword suddenly blossomed into a strong ray of light and made its way towards the supreme sorcerer.

The supreme sorcerer's sparkling body spread out suddenly, transforming into a glow of green light that scattered crazily everywhere.

But before anyone could react, the green light went up to gather above the clouds.

When the green light had condensed back into the body of the supreme sorcerer, there was a wound on his neck that looked like it could not be healed. In the darkness of the night, green blood gushed out from the wound. It was evident that the sword had struck him hard.

Just as his body began to congeal, the white figure appeared behind the supreme sorcerer like a shadow.

He slashed out again with the short sword in his hand.

The supreme sorcerer's expression shifted. He transformed into a number of green lights and scattered in all directions, flying into the back of space this time.

The white figure sneered and followed them into the space.

It was a battle between two supreme beings. The explosive power that erupted could destroy the heavens and earth. Even a massive supreme world couldn't withstand it, much less this great world.

The white figure followed the supreme sorcerer every time he condensed.

Swoosh!

"Die!"

The white figure waved the exquisite short sword in his hand, causing a sword light to flash off of it. The sword light spiraled, turned into an Eight-diagram Wheel, and headed towards the supreme sorcerer.

Now that they were on the other side of the world and the white figure had nothing to worry about, he released his full power.

The power of the sword light was overwhelming.

The sword light penetrated the supreme sorcerer's body, and emerged from his back. It gradually disappeared but not before it had reached tens of millions of miles.

From afar, the sword light looked as bright as the Milky Way, cutting through the night.

He had been executing this strike in the void.

If this sword strike were to be used in the Central Region, it could cut apart the great world and reach the end of the world. It could even break through the barrier of the great world and pass through the connected great world.

Green blood gushed out. The supreme sorcerer was obviously injured, but he did not show his fear. He only looked at the white figure and said, "I was wondering who it was. Supreme Lord Sky- Ahhh!"

"How could your ancient sorcerer race kill the Godly Geniuses under the protection of my Celestial Position?" Supreme Lord Sky said. The exquisite sword in his hand glinted dangerously.

The Celestial Position race never thought much of the ancient sorcerer race even though the ancient sorcerers were a little troublesome for them.

Celestial Position could crush them easily.

For Celestial Position, the real danger came from their enemies behind the Sighing Wall.

"Is that so?" The supreme sorcerer laughed coldly. "Since Supreme Lord Sky has arrived, the one who extinguished my Soul Devouring Shadow in the hall should be Supreme Lord Mirage. I wonder if Supreme Lord Mirage can beat Torch Dragon. Ha-ha!"

This supreme sorcerer knew that the Celestial Position had prepared a backup plan. Under these circumstances, he still dared kill the Godly Geniuses, which meant that he naturally had a backup plan too.

At this, Supreme Lord Sky narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "You've already awakened the Torch Dragon. You are so ambitious!"

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1792 A Formidable Grand Sorcerer

At the same time, in the hall, Supreme Lord Mirage said to Zen, "That supreme sorcerer is going to be in deep trouble…"

As he finished speaking, a space crack exploded. An inky black tail glided out from it, instantly coiled around Supreme Lord Mirage and pulled him into the back of the space…

The chaotic situation had finally stabilized thanks to the arrival of Supreme Lord Mirage.

Normally, with the two Supreme Lords present, the sorcerer race would not dare to make another move. So no one expected the situation to change so soon.

Zen and the others were also stunned by this sudden phenomenon.

In reality, the Celestial Position had foreseen this when they allowed Zen and the others to leave. That was exactly why they had sent the two Supreme Lords to protect them from the sorcerer race.

The sorcerer race itself was not particularly powerful in the universe but they were suddenly invading many supreme worlds in order to wake up fierce beasts from remote ages.

It was not like the sorcerer race wanted to conquer the supreme worlds, but the beasts from remote ages were all hidden in the depths of certain supreme worlds. This was the main reason why they wanted to seize these supreme worlds.

Supreme Lord Mirage and Supreme Lord Sky were quietly guarding Zen and the rest, and before the supreme sorcerer could make his move, they had already launched their counterattack. However, the two Supreme Lords did not expect the sorcerer race to also come prepared for a war.

The Torch Dragon, also known as Candle Dragon, was originally a variant of the Genuine Dragon. It was a sacred beast in the Upper World, possessing strength comparable to a Genuine Dragon!

The two Supreme Lords fought valiantly with a supreme sorcerer and a Torch Dragon on the back of this great world!

Back in the hall, the faces of the people from the Central Region turned pale as everybody was shell-shocked.

Naturally, the eight Godly Geniuses were also aghast.

In the battle between the Supreme Lords and the supreme sorcerer, if the people got swept away in the aftermath of the collision, they would be crushed like butterflies in a storm. In every war, collateral damage was inevitable.

Fortunately, the sorcerer race preferred to hide in the shadows of the world. So they had drawn the two Supreme Lords into the back of the space. If they were to fight in the sky above the Cloud Hall, the entire Central Region would probably be annihilated in an instant!

"Zen, take us back now!" Nathan yelled immediately.

"Yes, take us back to the Celestial Position or the Lie Clan!" added Lawson.

From their point of view, this was a very dangerous place and a hostile environment, so naturally, they wanted to flee at the first chance they got. They thought that they were not responsible for the great world turning upside down.

Lucille and the rest also showed a desire to escape. To put it bluntly, these eight people were countless times more important than the warriors in this great world…

The truth was that there still was another way of leaving this great world, and that was to nullify the effects of the Moon Shrouding Stone so that the great world would expel them from it. In other words, they would be able to "ascend" into the Upper World. However, there was uncertainty about which channel of the supreme world to enter. Who knew which supreme world they would be transported to? Suppose the supreme world they landed in was suffering the invasion of the sorcerer race, it would be a dead end for them!

Only Zen's miraculous Teleportation Token could allow them to return safely. It seemed to be the most foolproof method.

Zen's gaze flickered constantly…

Nathan's suggestion was not wrong. Fleeing the situation was the correct thing to do right now. They could come up with an alternate strategy with regards to the sorcerers later.

As Godly Geniuses, the most important beings of the universe, they bore the responsibility of saving the universe, as well as fulfilling the ardent expectations of the Supreme Lords.

However, Zen was not going to stand by and watch his homeland being completely obliterated by these nasty creatures.

"Whoosh!"

Noticing Zen's hesitation, Nathan took out a spear and held it against Zen's forehead, and goaded him, "Now!"

Zen kept his cool and his expression did not change at all. He looked around at the warriors of the Central Region's various sects, and found that all of them had a bitter expression on their faces. They knew that this disaster was brought about by Zen and they would loathe him for it if he chose to just leave.

However, in this place, these people were as insignificant as ants. At the moment, their pleas to Zen to stay did not hold any weight. This group of masters at the Spirit Supreme Realm were so desperate to avoid the disaster that even Zen couldn't stop them.

Zen realized there was no use wasting time in any more debates with them. He flicked his finger and the Teleportation Token popped out from his space ring.

"Whoever wants to leave can do so on their own! I am going to stay here anyway," he declared.

He had devised a brilliant plan in his mind. The others could enter the Teleportation Token while he placed Letitia, Geoffrey and the rest in the fairy palace.

But before Zen could activate the Teleportation Token, a cold voice rang out:

"Haha…! None of you can leave!"

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

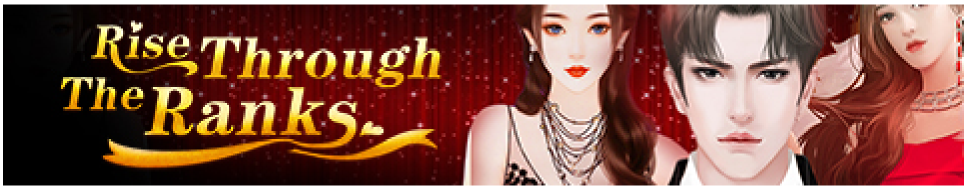

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

33

Content

Chapter 1793 Smoky Heart-locking Curse
Chapter 1794 Destruction
Chapter 1795 Chasing After The Grand Sorcerer
Chapter 1796 Fighting The Torch Dragon (Part One)
Chapter 1797 Fighting The Torch Dragon (Part Two)
Chapter 1798 Transfer
Chapter 1799 Space Imprisonment
Chapter 1800 Waiting
Chapter 1801 Overpower This Great World's Will
Chapter 1802 The Invader
Chapter 1803 Shut The Strange Consciousness Out
Chapter 1804 Divine Refinement Forbidden Land
Chapter 1805 The Titles Of The Godly Geniuses
Chapter 1806 Real Inner World
Chapter 1807 The Invaders (Part One)
Chapter 1808 The Invaders (Part Two)
Chapter 1809 The Godly Genius Named Maha
Chapter 1810 Failure Of Negotiation
Chapter 1811 Deterrence
Chapter 1812 Threat (Part One)
Chapter 1813 Threat (Part Two)
Chapter 1814 Stone Forest
Chapter 1815 Move Forward
Chapter 1816 The Teleporting Area
Chapter 1817 Confidence
Chapter 1818 Keep The Princess Hostage
Chapter 1819 The Wishing Spell
Chapter 1820 God-burning Flame
Chapter 1821 Determined (Part One)
Chapter 1822 Determined (Part Two)
Chapter 1823 Swallowed (Part One)
Chapter 1824 Swallowed (Part Two)
Chapter 1825 Chaotic Force Field
Chapter 1826 The Strength Source
Chapter 1827 The Collapsing Mountain Warriors
Chapter 1828 Lying On The Ground

Chapter 1829 Means
Chapter 1830 The Temptation (Part One)
Chapter 1831 The Temptation (Part Two)
Chapter 1832 Cultivation With Concentration
Chapter 1833 Absorbing The Preternatural Flame
Chapter 1834 Barbecue Zen
Chapter 1835 The Heart Of The Sinful Dragon
Chapter 1836 Growth
Chapter 1837 Refusing Kennan's Food (Part One)
Chapter 1838 Refusing Kennan's Food (Part Two)
Chapter 1839 Fortuitous Encounters And Dangers
Chapter 1840 Strength Increase
Chapter 1841 Strange Wind
Chapter 1842 A Pool
Chapter 1843 Bee Nest
Chapter 1844 The Queen Bee
Chapter 1845 The Bee Stings
Chapter 1846 Melting Rock Wall
Chapter 1847 A Seven-colored River
Chapter 1848 The Lake

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 1793 Smoky Heart-locking Curse

Everyone in the crowd gasped as they saw the sky crack. Time seemed to stop as a black figure emerged from within the fissure and as the figure slowly stepped into the light, they saw his body covered with jagged barbs.

"It's a grand sorcerer!"

"His cultivation level is that of a war lord's!"

"Zen, hurry and activate that damn thing of yours! Take us out of here!" Lawson roared.

"I already said none of you can leave and yet you still try!" The grand sorcerer's voice boomed as he brandished his bone cane. Black mist rose from the tip of the cane, which then shot straight to Zen's group, striking eight people in the chest. "Ahhh, you can try to escape..." The grand sorcerer began. "But I must tell you, it will be futile. Your hearts will explode before you can leave this place."

This was the Smoky Heart-locking Curse from the ancient sorcerer race. Unless the person who cast the curse was killed, the black fog would never be lifted. At this point, it was as powerful as the Desperate Melee.

The only catch was that its power depended on the person who cast the spell. Unfortunately for them, this grand sorcerer clearly believed he had the power to crush all eight Godly Geniuses.

"Let's get rid of him first!" someone shouted. "Leave the Cloud Hall!" another screamed. With a flash of light, Rocher summoned the Soaring Snake Sword as he dashed toward the grand sorcerer.

The warriors who had come to visit the Cloud Hall were in chaos. None of them thought they'd be involved in a battle with this level and magnitude. All they could do was run and try to escape in panic

at the moment Rocher spoke.

However, the grand sorcerer was not interested in the ordinary warriors. All of his attention was directed towards the eight Godly Geniuses.

"Evacuate everyone in the Cloud Hall, then leave this place with Geoffrey,"

Zen instructed before charging after Rocher.

At the same time, Lucille, Kurt, and Lone also unleashed their own techniques on the sorcerer.

Unable to stand in the background, Nathan and Lawson gritted their teeth and rushed forward.

Although almost all of these eight Godly Geniuses were in the Spirit Supreme Realm, it wasn't impossible for them to defeat Spirit Transformation Realm warriors.

Which meant that while this grand sorcerer had the power of a war lord, and the chances were slim, if the eight geniuses united, they could actually defeat the sorcerer!

A blinding beam of light shot to where the grand sorcerer was standing and Rocher suddenly appeared at the end. Like lightning, he thrust his Soaring Snake Sword forward!

"Hey!" the grand sorcerer scowled. "You deserve your reputation!" He lightly tapped his cane on his palm and with a sudden swing, a black demonic claw formed and grabbed at the Soaring Snake Sword.

Clang!

The force of the sword colliding with the claw sent Rocher back. None of them knew what the claw was but it must have been very strong if even the Soaring Snake Sword was unable to cut through it.

"Go to hell!" The grand sorcerer sneered and spun his bone cane in a circle, the shadow of an insect emerging from its tip and crawling towards Rocher. This was the Deadly Cane Strike of the sorcerer race. One hit meant instant death. This was how merciless the sorcerer race was in taking lives.

"In your dreams!" Rocher shouted, narrowly evading the attack.

Zen rushed toward the grand sorcerer as the power of his dragon scales was activated. Zen was like an ancient beast from savage land. Right now, under Zen's hit, even a world lord would not be able to handle this power, not to mention a grand sorcerer whose race wasn't good at hand to hand combat.

Having no choice but to give up killing Rocher at the moment, the sorcerer waved his cane causing more black claws to emerge from the black fog surrounding him. Two of the claws turned into fists and shot toward Zen.

Puff, puff!

With two muffled sounds, Zen turned the two black claws into smoke. The power contained in them however, was much more than what Zen expected and the force caused him to be blown back a good five feet from where he was.

Lucille, Lone, and Nathan followed Zen's lead and launched their first round of attacks.

While they were itching to leave this place already, they were still chained by the Smoky Heart-locking Curse and needed to kill the grand sorcerer first.

BOOM!

The Cloud Hall, which was floating high up in the sky, suddenly began to shake violently!

Although they had focused all their power on the grand sorcerer, his power was still too great. In the end, the Cloud Hall was not able to resist such terrifying power and threatened to fall apart.

Nathan's spear missed and flipped over the roof and flew over to the enchanted barrier of the Light of Water.

In the past, Eddie was naturally helpless against the enchanted barrier of the Light of Water but when Nathan marched his spear forward, the enchanted barrier began to ripple and crack. And before the power of the spear light could spread throughout the barrier, the whole Light of Water shattered.

Chapter 1794 Destruction

Shaky and anxious murmurs filled the night air as the Cloudy City was in deep danger.

Heavy footsteps clanked continuously on the pavement. Under Letitia's order, all the warriors were quickly evacuated.

High up in the sky, numerous martial artists from the Cloud Hall poured out of the exits. The Cloud Hall looked like a broken bag of rice when viewed from the Cloudy City as countless martial artists scattered like rice grains in various directions.

Just then, the shaking in the Cloud Hall intensified.

The mortals in the Central Region viewed the Cloud Hall as something of a colossus, an aerial edifice that would never sink.

However, Letitia and the others in the Cloud Hall knew very well that the grand sorcerer or the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors could completely destroy the Cloud Hall with only one move...

"Where's dad? Why don't I see him..." Geoffrey said. He leaned on Imogen's back in thought while the latter hoisted him up further on her back.

Even at his young age, he knew what the panic on the faces of the many warriors in the Cloud Hall meant. He understood that the supposedly fortified place was now in deep trouble.

"Don't worry. Your father will be fine!" Imogen reassured him. However, she too was quite worried deep inside.

The Cloud Hall was important to her and she had put a lot of energy and effort towards its development, only for Zen to bring it so much problems.

Although Imogen felt upset, she was also worried about Zen. After all, he was the only one who had contributed the most to the Cloud Hall and helped it become the top sect in the Central Region.

But after Zen had ascended to the Upper World, he would've surely gotten himself into trouble. Now, the trouble he had faced was far more than what the Cloud Hall could handle. At this moment, the Cloud Hall was like a mere mosquito that the almighty warriors of the Upper World could easily crush.

Aside from the Cloud Hall, all the city gates of the Cloudy City were open and all the transmission arrays had been lit up overnight.

Everyone in the third-grade clans, all the forces of the World Commercial Alliance, and even the common mortals hurriedly moved out of the city.

This time, the battle was as fierce as Zen had never felt before. His opponents were like jungle beasts against them, who were like mere ants. It was no secret that many innocent lives might be lost during the fight.

"Boom!"

A blinding bolt of light loudly shot towards the sky, and the Cloud Hall suddenly shook and tilted to the side!

Fortunately, the Cloud Hall was on a huge floating rock. It would still stay afloat even if it were to be toppled or rolled around.

Meanwhile, Letitia got distracted from evacuating the warriors when she saw the scene. Her worried gaze drifted to the peak of Cloud Hall, and she sighed.

If the Cloud Hall was destroyed, it could be rebuilt.

As long as the foundation was still there, she wouldn't care even if she had to abandon this piece of floating stone. She just hoped that nothing bad happened to Zen.

Yet, she only got more worried as she thought about it. She paused for a moment and thought about returning to the Cloud Hall.

"Tia, what are you doing?" Imogen's loud voice cut through Letitia's ears.

Letitia's gaze flickered as she said, "I want to go and take a look..."

"It's useless for you to watch or meddle in a high-level battle! What would Zen think if you lost your life just like that?" Imogen said coldly. She knew that Letitia was stubborn, so she had no choice but to be a little tougher on her.

Letitia was silent. She clearly knew that she wasn't of much help, but she couldn't help but feel envious of Margaret. Margaret's talent enabled her to help Zen, while Letitia couldn't.

"Zen is too lucky. A man with such great fortune wouldn't die so easily," Imogen said in a softer voice. Her words made Letitia feel a bit more at ease, even if Zen was no longer the same as before.

Back then, Zen could still survive a fight even when he was faced against someone stronger than him...

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh..."

Just then, a streak of black light from the top of the Cloud Hall shot into the sky, and then beams of light followed.

"Swash!"

At that moment, a sharp sword light pierced through the air like a meteor as it gradually expanded. It quickly flew towards the side of Cloudy City and landed on a patch of wilderness at the city's outskirts.

Soon enough, the whole ground began to quake.

"Rumble..."

It turned out that Lone was behind that sword strike!

Back then in the painting, each move made by a Godly Genius against their opponent could almost destroy the whole board.

However, it was completely different now. If they launched an attack, they could cause mountain landslides, tsunamis, and mass destruction.

The sword strike landed somewhere in the wilderness and caused the ground to roll up. Mounds of soil sputtered up and formed a mountain of about a thousand feet tall. However, the sword light's momentum wasn't decreasing anytime soon as it continued downwards on the side of Cloudy City, leaving a crack over a hundred miles long in its wake.

In turn, the underground river was split in half. The strong currents washed over the two sides of the rocky crevice and formed numerous large caves, while the animals underground fled away at the sudden impact.

It was also Lone's this sword strike that would create a huge canyon in the future.

The Cloud Hall faced upwards again after it rolled. Meanwhile, the martial artists of Cloud Hall and Cloudy City were deeply relieved to see the powerful warriors get further and further away from them. They silently hoped that the warriors would never come back again.

Up high in the sky, Zen led the charge and was engaged in a fight with the grand sorcerer.

It was because he was the only one who could withstand the ghost claws' attacks!

Of the eight Godly Geniuses, seven of them were at the Spirit Supreme Realm, while Margaret was at the Soul Sea Realm. Even though the eight of them had joined forces to fight the grand sorcerer who was as strong as a world lord, it was barely enough to keep their opponent at bay. At the same time, the long fight rendered the sorcerer unable to kill any of the Godly Geniuses.

Naturally, the grand sorcerer was secretly shocked. According to his previous judgment, he should've been able to defeat these Spirit Supreme Realm warriors with his power, as the Torch Dragon and the supreme sorcerer handled the two Supreme Lords. Thus, he had confidently unleashed the Smoky Heart-locking Curse.

But he never thought that these warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm would be so remarkable!

They were Godly Geniuses after all, and the Godly Ways that they cultivated gave them too much support...

Fire filled Nathan's eyes as he launched consecutive attacks.

"Go to hell!" he screamed furiously.

Before, he thought that he shouldn't follow Zen and would not get involved in this mess. Yet, he struck his spear towards the grand sorcerer's body like it was a poisonous snake.

Luckily, he had cultivated the Law Spear Strike, which helped him see through everything!

But because of the limitations of his cultivation base, he only found a few flaws on the grand sorcerer. Then again he was Nathan, so a single strike was enough. As long as he successfully aimed at the sorcerer's flaw, even the grand sorcerer at the world lord realm would undoubtedly die.

Shock was written all over the grand sorcerer's face as he faced Nathan's pointed spear.

These Godly Geniuses certainly had strange but powerful cultivation methods. If he hadn't returned to the Spirit Transformation Realm due to suppression of his own cultivation realm, he probably wouldn't compare to any of them.

It could be said that Nathan's attack was the most lethal among the eight Godly Geniuses.

He seemed to be able to see through the grand sorcerer's vital points. His spear strike was nothing to a world lord, but the grand sorcerer felt like he was on the verge of death in the face of the spear's actual attack.

"This is too dangerous. I have to kill this brat first!"

With that thought in mind, he waved the bone cane in his hand and a bit of black fog was diffused. His body immediately disappeared into the black fog, and simultaneously dodged Nathan's spear strike.

"He has made use of this move again!"

"Everyone, be careful!"

Even amidst a crisis, Zen and the others reminded one another.

If only they were faced with an ordinary world lord, they would've had a chance to claim victory in this battle.

The key point was that this sorcerer race used really odd methods. Their cultivation methods weren't derived from a variety of laws. That combined with their strange cultivation methods made them difficult to defeat.

"Swoosh!"

Suddenly, the black fog froze and appeared behind Nathan.

The grand sorcerer stretched out the bone cane in his hand, and punctured Nathan's back!

"You should be the one to die, brat! Deadly Cane Strike!"

An insect shadow gushed out of the bone cane's tip. This kind of strange insect was known as the "Nether Spring Cicada", which was said to have been caught from the nether world and could only be used by the sorcerer race's grand sorcerer. Each grand sorcerer's cane was specially designed by the sorcerer race, and was equipped with seven Nether Spring Cicadas!

If the cane struck a warrior, the Nether Spring Cicada could enter the body. Once it had done so, not even a True God would be able to save them. Thus, the cane strike was called the "Deadly Cane Strike", and it resulted in one's immediate death.

Since the grand sorcerer's attack happened so suddenly just as when Nathan was about to attack, he was caught off guard. The flaw was seemingly endless and he didn't have enough time to dodge.

"Fuck!

Damn it. Zen brought me so much trouble..." Nathan mentally cursed Zen.

Chapter 1795 Chasing After The Grand Sorcerer

Nathan was harboring a deep resentment towards Zen.

Even though he was facing a life and death moment, he couldn't push back his feelings of anger for the other man. In fact, it seemed like he couldn't care less about his own life and death.

"How dare you! Do you know who he is?" Lawson reprimanded.

The magical light of five elements flashed as Lucille's killing intent surged within her beautiful eyes.

These three warriors came from the same great force, after all—they had special status. No one had ever thought they would perish here. Seeing the grand sorcerer thrusting out his cane, Lawson couldn't help but blurt out the question.

Lawson's threat might have worked if they were facing other forces. Being the descendant of Supreme Lord of Original Sin, if Nathan was killed, the person who killed him would undoubtedly meet their own death.

But to the grand sorcerer, such a threat only sounded ridiculous.

The sorcerer race was fighting against the entire universe—something they had plotted for hundreds of millions of years. How could he possibly fear Supreme Lord of Original Sin?

And this time, the purpose of his attack was to exterminate these eight Godly Geniuses!

The moment the shadow of the insect on the tip of the cane rushed towards Nathan, a figure suddenly appeared behind him.

It was Zen.

"Huh?" The scene left Margaret stunned, but she was unable to stop it—all happened so fast and it was too late for her to stop it.

Kurt, Rocher, and all the others were then wearing different expressions.

None of them were expecting Zen to block the attack on Nathan.

Even Nathan was looking at him strangely.

"Boom!"

The white jade cane struck Zen's fist.

The Nether Spring Cicada attached to the tip of the cane flashed a black light that got into Zen's fist.

It was an extremely powerful creature. If it were to get into someone's body, it could extinguish the person's life energy in an instant. Even a world lord would fall to death under the cicada's power.

Seeing that he had succeeded, the grand sorcerer sneered. Then, he turned into black smoke and dodged Lawson's and Lucille's attacks before reappearing a dozen feet away. Although he had been fighting with the kids for quite a long time, these Godly Geniuses would eventually die in his hands, one after another. With this in mind, the process of killing them was something he could enjoy.

Before long, Zen's life energy would be devoured completely—he'd end up a living corpse before perishing into nothing.

"Zen!" Margaret rushed over to Zen's side, her heart aching in concern.

The battle between the two sides froze for a minute. But then everyone's eyes focused on Zen as they waited for death to come.

Only Zen remained expressionless as he stared at the grand sorcerer. Then, he smiled.

After a moment, the sneer on the grand sorcerer's face turned into a look of disbelief.

As for Lucille, Margaret, and the rest, their expressions of sorrow turned to joy.

"This... This is impossible!" the grand sorcerer roared.

Being a grand sorcerer of the sorcerer race, he was well aware of how terrifying the Nether Spring Cicada was. The Nether Spring Cicada was one of the famous magical insects of the race—it was extremely powerful. The move wouldn't be called the Deadly Cane Strike if anyone could be left unaffected after the insect made its way into their body.

These Godly Geniuses had indeed stepped into the Godly Way, but this didn't make them invincible. The sorcerer race originated from the divine land and the grand sorcerer was left at a loss—he couldn't fathom the idea that Zen was still alive.

Still, Zen wasn't completely unaffected.

The small insect that had entered Zen's body left him in shock—he could feel his own life energy madly gushing out of his body. If he continued to lose his life energy at such a speed, his life energy would run out in a minute.

But in just an instant, Zen began transferring the power he had received.

Zen himself had no good impression of Nathan. The two, Nathan and Lawson seemed to be fond of spouting nonsense which made Zen feel even more hateful.

But the ten warriors in the heavens had already been decided. Even Nathan couldn't accept this fact. Still, he had to admit Zen's identity just as Zen had to accept his.

He couldn't possibly let the guy die here.

As he fought in this great world, Zen had a huge advantage.

Since he fused with the will of the great world, he had become an indestructible presence. Only if the great world was completely destroyed would Zen fall to death.

At this moment, within several forests of the great world, the trees withered at a rate the eye could follow.

The Nether Spring Cicada's attack was similar to that of Eddie's Life and Death Wind back then, but the insect's attack was undoubtedly much stronger.

Wherever the Life and Death Wind went, the people within range would lose their lives. But its power to eliminate life energy was rather limited—this was why Letitia had managed to escape death before. This time, Zen had sacrificed tens of thousands of acres of forest in the Central Region before finally stopping the transfer of power.

"Come on!" Suddenly, Zen raised his sword.

The frozen battle came back to life, but the auras of the eight Godly Geniuses were now completely different.

Then, Zen took the lead as lightning bolts shot out from the Thunder Wind Divine Sword and madly rushed towards the grand sorcerer. Rocher seemed like a ray of light—every time he flashed, the sword radiance would shoot out at the same time. Lone, Lucille, and the rest didn't give the grand sorcerer a chance to catch his breath. Their momentum was growing more and more intimidating.

On the other side, the grand sorcerer was steadily losing ground as he faced the warriors' sharp attacks.

Nathan held tightly onto his spear as he glanced at Zen attacking from the very front of the group. In his heart, Nathan came to a realization.

Even though he had lost to Zen, he couldn't accept it.

In his mind, Zen's existence was an omission from the heavens—he attributed his defeat to his bad luck. Or perhaps, he had lost to Zen because of the patriarch's interference. This defeat was like a thorn in his heart that he couldn't get rid of—his suffering was constant.

Only now did Nathan realize that there was something special about Zen that he himself just did not possess.

Nathan didn't know how Zen managed to survive the grand sorcerer's attack, but if he were in Zen's shoes, he definitely wouldn't have gotten in the way and taken on the attack for someone else.

He was a Godly Genius, meaning his existence was important. If someone had to die, it wouldn't be him—such was what he and the elders of the Xuanyuan Clan always believed.

It was a selfish thought, but it was justified. Still, a justified thought wasn't necessarily always the best.

"I owe you this time," Nathan muttered to himself before lifting his spear and following behind Zen to join the attack.

That night, the skies above the Central Region rumbled continuously. From time to time, lighting would erupt before flames filled the sky, burning brightly and illuminating half the sky.

As they continued fighting, the situation began to turn one-sided.

After Zen transferred all the power that was meant to weaken him, he showed no fear toward the grand sorcerer's tricks at all. Instead, he continued following the grand sorcerer like a shadow as he made his attacks.

The other Godly Geniuses' attacks weren't to be ignored either. Although the grand sorcerer had the cultivation of a world lord, he wasn't indestructible. And Nathan's Law Spear Strike was a deadly threat.

Under the full attack of the eight Godly Geniuses, the grand sorcerer's body was soon covered with wounds gushing green blood.

It was an unprecedented result—a dignified world lord was pushed into such a miserable state by a group of kids at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

These eight young warriors were originally the grand sorcerer's targets, but their positions had reversed—the Godly Geniuses were now chasing after the grand sorcerer!

Even more troublesome was the Smoky Heart-locking Curse.

While the sorcerer race's spells were extremely powerful, they also had negative effects.

For example, after the death of the sorcerer slaves and the war sorcerers, they would produce strong curses. And the small skulls from the curses were almost impossible to damage. An ordinary martial artist had no solution to get rid of them. But the fact that these skulls came at the cost of numerous lives couldn't be ignored.

The law of conservation never failed. To reach the highest level of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, one had to completely abandon their emotions and sacrifice their six desires. This was why the Emotion Closing Godly Way was so powerful. The same logic applied to a sorcerer's spells.

After the Smoky Heart-locking Curse was cast, the grand sorcerer's own heart was then locked with the hearts of the eight Godly Geniuses. He couldn't remove the curse himself.

In such a miserable state, the grand sorcerer finally made a decision. He tore open a space crack and snuck into the back side of the great world.

But Zen and the others were intent on killing—how could they just let the guy go?

They chased after him through the space crack. When they entered the back side of the great world, they were left shocked at the scene before them.

It was as if someone had cast a strong spell on the grand sorcerer. He stood there, unmoving.

On the other side of the great world, Zen finally saw the complete body of the tail.

The length of this Torch Dragon exceeded Zen's imagination. Its slender body looked like that of a snake, and on it rested the head of a dragon. Atop the dragon head, a raging fire was burning.

The Torch Dragon was also called the Candle Dragon. Legend had it that the flame atop the Candle Dragon's head was as chaotic as a candle flame.

At this moment, the Torch Dragon fiercely battled Supreme Lord Mirage.

When Zen and the others stepped into the space crack, they had unwittingly barged into the center of another battle!

Chapter 1796 Fighting The Torch Dragon (Part One)

The Torch Dragon, like a great river stretching for thousands of miles, twisted its body in circles in the vastness. Hot smoke spilled from its enormous nostrils, clearly angered. The atmosphere was tense, on edge. Everyone knew this was a fierce battle.

The creature's body could be compared to that of a genuine dragon, for in many ways, they were very similar. The two kinds of dragons could be distinguished by their heads though, which were completely different. That of the Torch Dragon was like a bird's beak: long and pointy with a curved shape. Sharp, too. Two gill-like flaps of very thin skin grew on both sides of its neck, giving it the menacing look you'd expect from a cobra.

Staring at a flame ablaze on its head, the Torch Dragon continued its process of capturing Supreme Lord Mirage by circling him dizzyingly. Moving at a quick pace, the Supreme Lord and the Torch Dragon headed toward depths of the back side of the world. No one could really see what was happening when the two were moving so fast.

The back side of its unimaginably huge body continuously appeared before the bystanders' eyes as they watched at a far distance. The patterns on its scales were extremely exquisite and special, tinkling when they crossed paths with the flame from above, but no one was in the mood to appreciate such beauty.

If one was to consider the Torch Dragon to be a powerhouse just like a Supreme Lord, then this could be regarded as a confrontation between two Supreme Lords. Not a single word was spoken aloud, and yet the entire crowd clearly understood that if the dragon were to change directions and wrap them tightly with its body, they would all die a painful death of suffocation.

Closer to the action between Supreme Lord Mirage and the dragon, both Zen and Rocher had the urgent desire to leave the back side of the world. The battle here wasn't something they could allow themselves to get involved in. They were strong, that was undeniable, but not strong enough to face something so great!

The Supreme Lords' strength was more apparent to Nathan, Lucille and the others as ever. With their current cultivation, if they were involved in the battle, they would be turned into ashes in a matter of seconds.

Too late. A few glances at each other were enough for their hearts to begin pounding in terror: a wisp of black smoke had appeared on each of their chests. In a moment of absolute despair, they realized that the Smoky Heart-locking Curse had tied the grand sorcerer and all eight of them together.

"Kill the grand sorcerer first, and then leave this place!"

Nathan demanded through gritted teeth. Every single muscle in his body was now tense, his eyes red and bulging. He was making a forceful effort, to say the least, and every swollen vein in his arms could be counted off one by one.

The long spear in his hand began spinning, slowly at first and then picking up speed, like a wheel. Nathan stared straight at the grand sorcerer in front of him, spatters of blood appearing in the white of his eyes. Without a blink, he held his gaze and one after the other, the blood vessels in his eyes began to burst. Blood was suddenly flowing from his eyes, creating skinny red rivers down the length of his cheeks and dripping off his jawline. He looked like hell and the devil, truly terrifying.

Unexpectedly, the Otherworldly Swordsman's broken sword suddenly rose into the air at the same time. Its consciousness seemed to have been pushed to its limit. A series of circular sword patterns spread out, trapping the grand sorcerer within them.

"Purple River Sword Array!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The battle had begun without warning. The remainder of the crowd backed up even further. Desperate times required desperate measures and Margaret hadn't hesitated in setting up her own sword array.

Lucille, Rocher and Kurt equally played their ace cards, one after another. Swords clanged, sparks flew and spell chants could be heard from all three of them. Bursts of light and smoke came from their weapons and attacked the grand sorcerer with everything they had.

They all shared one and only thought: to kill the grand sorcerer in the shortest amount of time and then flee! As their minds focused and conjoined on this thought, they thrashed their weapons with confidence.

As everyone began attacking with the precision of skills and the will to live, the grand sorcerer began to take action, now fighting for himself. The thorns covering the greater part of his body stood up fiercely, and his originally twisted body began to take an even stranger shape. From behind him, a scorpion's shadow appeared.

"Holy Poison Body!"

The Holy Poison Body was one of the unique skills only possessed by the elders of the sorcerer race. If they decided to transform their blood into the most deadly poisons, they had to give up their lives. The Holy Poison Body was of strong toxicity. After it was activated, they would die from the poison. There was no cure.

There were many cultivation techniques in the sorcerer race that had powerful side effects. This technique held the ultimate consequence though: death. Sure, they could defeat their enemies by using the Holy Poison Body, but they'd be paying through the nose for doing so. Thus, such a technique was only used on the rarest occasions. This battle was of utmost importance.

It would only take two hours following the activation of the Holy Poison Body that the grand sorcerer would resemble the reincarnation of a Poison God. His body, power and perception would all be strengthened quickly and greatly. Two hours later, however, he himself would die from the poison.

Deep in his heart, the grand sorcerer didn't want to use the Holy Poison Body, but killing the eight Godly Geniuses was now the only thing on his mind, the message pumping from his heart, to his brain, and travelling throughout his entire body, all the way down to his fingertips. For the sake of his race, he would rather give up his own life.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

The poisonous, dark green smoke began rising into the air. The grand sorcerer didn't budge in the least. No one even noticed a flinch. Instead, he rushed toward his opponents, letting the young warriors launch their deadly attacks on him in consecutive lances.

He kept his focus. He knew the only thing he truly had to avoid at all costs was Nathan's spear.

Nathan's spear skills were too terrific and too terrifying. Every thrust was a fatal threat. Even though the grand sorcerer's strength had been greatly improved by the Holy Poison Body, he still couldn't forcefully take Nathan's spear strikes. He dodged his opponent's all attacks while keeping as far as possible from Nathan's deadly spear.

Suddenly, the mist began to spin and pick up speed, somewhat like a tornado except the fact that the grand sorcerer was standing right in the middle of it. In less than a few seconds, he was completely wrapped from head to toe by the deadly, whirling mist. The eight Godly Geniuses began to retreat in turn, their faces brimming with worry, sweat streaking down their dirty faces.

The Torch Dragon's huge body with single scale the size of a human head would occasionally pass by them. As long as they were caught inside its body, there would be no reason for them to live anyway. They had been dragged to the brink of death and if they wasted just a few more seconds, they would probably go straight over the edge.

Chapter 1797 Fighting The Torch Dragon (Part Two)

Despite the attempt with all their might and will, the grand sorcerer wasn't harmed at all. It was as though he was invincible, even though everyone knew the contrary to be true. Their attacks weren't strong enough, weren't hitting far enough.

While everyone else was retreating, someone suddenly charged forward, leaving a puff of dirt and dust behind him as his feet quickly collided with the ground.

"Zen, are you crazy?" Lucille shouted.

Before anyone could react, Zen had already rushed over to the grand sorcerer and had even broken quite a number of his barbs. He too was now submerged in the poisonous mist. The crowd watched, both stunned and amazed, as Zen was fearlessly engulfed by the green poison.

When he was only a few feet away from the grand sorcerer, Zen dropped to the ground, somersaulted and grabbed the grand sorcerer's arm. Using the arm for propulsion, Zen flipped himself into the air and landed behind the grand sorcerer. He flung both his arms beneath the grand sorcerer's armpits and bound his chest tightly.

"Launch a joint attack on him! Quick!" Zen roared.

Zen's mind went blank. Completely empty. He couldn't utter another sentence or think another clear thought. All he knew was that they had to kill the grand sorcerer, or none of them would survive.

Nathan clenched his jaw and twisted his body, both hands grasping his spear.

The grand sorcerer who had activated the Holy Poison Body was growing in power and he was now stronger than ever before. Given his current state, he would probably be capable of fighting against the grand world lords. What was more, there were even fewer flaws in his body.

And with Nathan's cultivation, it was already extremely difficult for him to spot a grand world lord's flaw.

Zen, on the other hand, had managed to control the grand sorcerer despite the poisonous mist surrounding them both. How could he possibly have any reason to hesitate?

The bloody light in his eyes flickered fiercely. He had already heavily overused his eyes' power. Now, as he reactivated them once again, his pupils burst. He suddenly became completely blind, and two streams of golden blood gushed out from his sockets.

But just before his vision was taken from him forever, he finally saw the flaw in the Holy Poison Body. And that would be the last image he would physically see in a short time.

"Go to hell!"

His long spear flew into the air and began to vibrate, creating a spiral formation. With no time to react or counter attack, the Law Spear Strike began moving toward the grand sorcerer at high speed.

Puff!

The spear attack landed no less than two inches below the grand sorcerer's chest.

This was his Achilles heel. His weak spot, his most vulnerable part.

Nathan rolled backwards, mostly out of conditioned reflex, and was grabbed by Lawson. Although he couldn't see anything, he very well knew that he should stand far away from the grand sorcerer.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The grand sorcerer's face was filled with disbelief.

Having activated the Holy Poison Body, he had the ability and the strength to fight back, even against a grand world lord. There wasn't enough time and the grand sorcerer wasn't quick enough, despite his increased abilities. Before he could muster an attack, he was surrounded and killed by warriors of the Spirit Supreme Realm.

He turned his head with great difficulty to look at Zen behind him. If any living creatures touched the poisonous mist, they would die instantly. Even the powerhouses like world lords wouldn't dare to get too close. How could it be that Zen had remained safe and sound?

These eight Godly Geniuses were truly terrifying. Each one was more so than the next. What other uncommon, secret talents were they hiding?

That was the last thought that came to the grand sorcerer's mind. With that, his body began to disintegrate, slowly crumbling away and transforming into wisps of black smoke. A few moments later, the grand sorcerer had completely dissipated into thin air.

Once the black smoke had lifted somewhat and vision had begun to return, Zen's figure slowly emerged from the darkness. The green, whirly poisonous mist still surrounded his body. From the looks of it though, and to everyone's disbelief, he was absolutely fine.

A single thought flashed across the minds of Lawson and the others. Was the grand sorcerer's poisonous mist not as terrifying as they had all imagined? All this time, were they led to believe a lie?

As soon as this thought appeared, they just quickly rejected it. The poisoning of the sorcerer race wasn't something they could underestimate or ever question. There was only one other possibility: Zen could be completely immune to the poison. No one had proven to be immune to such a great technique in the past!

The poisonous mist was still attached to Zen's body, trailing in wisps behind him, and thus no one dared approach him. Right now, the most important thing was to leave this damned place.

"Let's go!"

Without any hesitation, Rocher immediately created a space crack in the space with his sword, preparing their departure from the back side of the world. The crowd took a step back as the hairline crack began to pull apart, opening up into a full blown tear. Blackness filled the crack and despite the void, it was almost welcoming to see.

As soon as one of the warriors stepped forward toward the space crack, the Torch Dragon's immense tail swung in their direction. People spread out in all directions in order to avoid getting smacked by the thick, scaly tail.

The Torch Dragon was a vicious beast that was as powerful as a Supreme Lord in strength, but its body was several times larger. The energy contained within its tail alone might just be great enough to destroy an entire continent in a single motion. Fear filled the space once again.

Unguarded from the attack, there was no way for anyone to properly avoid the dragon's tail whatsoever.

The Torch Dragon was fighting with Supreme Lord Mirage. With a far leap, he faced the dragon head on, weapon raised far above his head.

Although Supreme Lord Mirage's methods were powerful, the Torch Dragon was equally remarkable. The most troublesome part was that Supreme Lord Mirage excelled in the Time Law, and the Heavenly Destiny he inherited was a Law of Causality of the Time Law. With that, he could bring time to a relatively still state.

Nothing could completely stop time, not even the most powerful laws of the heavens. However, under the control of Supreme Lord Mirage, it could become infinitely slow, which would usually give him a great advantage of course.

Nevertheless, this method had a huge drawback. It was only effective on the life forms in the heavens.

Because the Torch Dragon was not a being under the heavens to begin with, Supreme Lord Mirage's most powerful technique had lost all its effect on it. His master technique was rendered completely useless by this outrageous beast.

He could only rely on his own abilities in order to continue fighting with the Torch Dragon. He knew that once Supreme Lord Sky killed the supreme sorcerer, they two might be able to kill the Torch Dragon together. It was only a question of time.

But as he saw the eight Godly Geniuses appear at the back side of the world and the Torch Dragon's tail sweep towards them, the Supreme Lord's expression abruptly changed.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1798 Transfer

Supreme Lord Mirage and Supreme Lord Sky both travelled to the Lower World in order to protect the eight Godly Geniuses.

However, they did not expect to encounter the Torch Dragon and the supreme sorcerer.

Something felt amiss and the two Supreme Lords suspected that there was something extraordinary that was hidden within the great world for these two to suddenly appear. This was no doubt conspired by the sorcerer race!

They immediately sent a request for reinforcements to the head of the Celestial Position race.

Fortunately, their request was promptly received and the Celestial Position race mobilized right away. However, even if they reached their top speed, they still wouldn't be able to arrive on time. It didn't help that the entire universe was plunged in a state of chaos with the Supreme Lords of the Thoughtless Minds and Humanity Alliance too busy protecting their own territories.

Supreme Lord Mirage was still engaged in battle with the Torch Dragon. He could've killed the beast more quickly but the safety of the Godly Geniuses was his utmost priority.

He did not expect that the Godly Geniuses would go to the back side of the world.

The Torch Dragon waved its tail towards the Godly Geniuses. Supreme Lord Mirage's heart jumped to his throat. The beast's tail was powerful enough to crush the Godly Geniuses. If that happened, not even Lester would be able to revive them.

Unfortunately, he was suppressed by the Torch Dragon's strange fire, which made it difficult for him to rush in and rescue them.

The sight of the Torch Dragon's enormous tail made everyone's faces turn pale.

An opponent of this level was much more powerful than the grand sorcerer!

Eight Godly Geniuses working together could probably defeat a world lord, but it might not be enough for them to resist a Supreme Lord.

Everyone's heart sank at their helplessness.

However, just in the nick of time...

Zen stood at the front.

He had advanced through the void and threw a punch just as the Torch Dragon's tail reached him.

The punch had not been fortified with the power of the dragon scales.

Zen figured it might have been pointless anyway. The Torch Dragon's body was enormous and the boost from the dragon scales might not even be enough for his punch to have any effect at all.

All he really intended was to block the attack.

Zen could only rely on this great world at that very moment.

He had actually been hesitant at first. Blocking the Torch Dragon's attack had the possibility of also causing irreversible damage to the great world.

He knew this based on experience. Back when he blocked the black light, he sacrificed more than five million mountains. All tall landforms were levelled and there was nothing but plains in the great world now.

Tens of thousands of acres of forest were sacrificed.

Every energy transfer brought catastrophic damage to the great world since Zen transferred all the damage he endured.

This time was different. Zen chose to bear the brunt of the Torch Dragon's attack. Any more damage rerouted to the great world could destroy it entirely.

However, Zen had no other choice.

The ten Godly Geniuses were the universe's last hope according to Master Feng.

If Zen did not fight back then all the Godly Geniuses would perish along with the hope for this universe's survival.

The Godly Geniuses all stood in silence.

Previously, they had assumed that the difference in power among the top ten warriors wouldn't be too great.

All of them were great warriors and were the main characters of this world of chaos. Zen might hold a more important role but each of them remained indispensable.

However, his actions just now proved that Zen's strength went way beyond anything they had ever expected.

There had been no need to display these abilities in the Illusion Battlefield then and seeing it now shed new light on Zen's power.

A sliver of hope shone through their doubts and helplessness as they watched Zen fearlessly charge towards the Torch Dragon.

Perhaps he had the ability to block the attack!

However, they immediately dashed their high hopes.

It was too much to put all their faith in just one man.

Zen might have been born with strong strength but that was not enough to make him more powerful than a Supreme Lord or a fierce Torch Dragon.

Even ten Supreme Lords would find it difficult to suppress a Torch Dragon, what more Zen?

Swoosh!

The Torch Dragon's tail approached the eight Godly Geniuses like an extremely powerful whip.

It felt like the sky itself was pressing down upon them.

When trouble came, the strongest man was the one who dealt with it. Aside from Zen, nobody else tried to resist the attack.

The moment Zen's fist and the Torch Dragon's tail collided, there was almost no sound at all.

It was as if a whip hit an insignificant ant because of the huge size difference between the two.

However, just as they thought they were about to witness Zen's end, a miracle happened!

The moment the tail hit Zen, it abruptly stopped!

He had used his own body to block the Torch Dragon's tail and stopped its attack!

Crack...

He was as big as a scale on the dragon's tail but, during their collision, he was able to shatter these scales.

Zen's back was pressed against the great world, like a nail attached to a wall. The moment the Torch Dragon's tail swept over, it's power was taken away by Zen and the impact from their collision even injured the beast.

Supreme Lord Mirage was in a state of panic.

The sorcerer race had something sinister up their sleeves while the Celestial Position was also plotting something. Supreme Lord Mirage found it absurd that even after all efforts of cultivating the eight Godly Geniuses, the Celestial Position still failed.

He felt an overwhelming sense of despair.

The scene in front of him gave him tremendous visual impact which was saying a lot since he was a Supreme Lord who had already lived for 130 million years.

Right now, Zen looked like a mantis that blocked an entire car with its frail forelimbs.

The sight stunned everyone into silence.

Rocher, Kurt, Nathan, Lawson, all of them were extremely dumbfounded.

Even though Rocher felt that he understood Zen best out of all of them, he couldn't deny that the young man still had a few secrets that they had yet to uncover and understand. Meanwhile, Zen himself was also a bit dumbfounded by everything. He could not figure out just how he stopped the Torch Dragon. It seemed that even he did not fully understand his own strength.

Back when Zen blocked the grand sorcerer's staff, Rocher had already speculated that his friend might have possessed a secret treasure that enabled him to resist such attacks. It was also possible that it was because Zen's life energy was extremely strong that even the Nether Spring Cicada could not completely absorb it.

The second time Zen attacked and bound that grand sorcerer, he also showed them his immunity to all poisons. It was impressive but they could still think of a multitude of reasons for this.

However, what they were seeing right now was simply incomprehensible. It was something that they might never have an explanation for.

Lawson rubbed his eyes but even after rubbing for a long time, the scene remained the same.

"What happened?" Blood flowed from Nathan's face. He was unable to perceive the massive outline of the Torch Dragon with just his perception alone. All he could feel was the faint sense of power that swept over them.

"Zen... has blocked the tail of that monster," Lucille whispered.

"Are you.... kidding?" Nathan murmured back in disbelief. However, it was unlikely for Lucille to lie in this situation.

If they hadn't seen this personally, perhaps nobody would ever believe that this event actually happened.

"Aooo..."

The Torch Dragon suddenly let out a long and piercing cry.

It wasn't a big deal if one scale fell or shattered on its body. What was a big deal was the fact that an ant managed to shatter it in the first place.

It twisted its enormous body and prepared to strike down with its tail once again.

Supreme Lord Mirage was ready this time. He wouldn't make the same mistake twice.

He would voluntarily give his life away if that meant ensuring the safety of these Godly Geniuses. The death of a Supreme Lord meant a new Crown of Destiny and a new Supreme Lord.

But nobody could ever replace a Godly Genius. There was nothing for creating a True God after all.

Supreme Lord Mirage battled with the Torch Dragon head-on. As he did so, the great world underwent a violent change.

Zen had almost completely shifted away the Torch Dragon's power and allowed the great world to absorb it.

A battle between Supreme Lords usually entailed the destruction of a supreme world, let alone a great world.

This time, however, Zen did his best to transfer the power evenly. Most of it was routed to the northern savage land. During this process, Zen discovered something unexpected located in that place through the great world's will.

Chapter 1799 Space Imprisonment

There were very few signs of life on the savage land. For countless years, nothing had changed.

Lush vegetation covered the vast land. And countless vicious beasts and unknown creatures were hidden in the nooks and crannies of this wild land.

Even the smallest ants present here were capable of inflicting danger. The areas through which the army ants marched were completely barren, and even the most ferocious beasts would steer clear of them. These fist-sized ants were capable of reducing an elephant into a skeleton in a blink of an eye.

In the past, there had been powerhouses from the Divine Kingdom Continent entering the savage land, and almost all of them had perished. Finally, the Divine Kingdom Continent had given up on exploring this desolate land.

All these years, only Rocher had stepped foot deep into the savage land. He had done this in the pursuit of taking away Chiyou's treasure.

At this moment, the entire savage land began to tremble.

A huge fissure extended from one end of the savage land to the other, forming a deep, bottomless gorge. Countless vicious beasts let out wails of grief.

Rumble!

The tremendous force which was like an invisible pair of scissors began to cut across the savage land. This savage land that was twice as large as the Divine Kingdom Continent was constantly collapsing.

The monstrous seawater formed a ten-thousand-foot-high water wall, pouring into the huge fissure. It crazily washed over the exposed surface of the ground, and myriad of creatures started to create a helter-skelter, running all over the land.

As the seawater poured towards the deep fissure in the land, a massive siphonic effect was formed. In the end, it flowed towards the opposite direction of the fissure, rushing towards the Divine Kingdom Continent.

Fortunately, the cities of the four divine kingdoms were all gathered around the Feather Holy Sea. There was no one around the continental margin, so the tsunami didn't cause too much of a disaster to the Divine Kingdom Continent. However, the fluctuations of the sea and that commotion that accompanied it aroused the vigilance of the four divine kingdoms.

The blow from the Torch Dragon had been dodged by Zen and had caused the savage land to crumble.

"Let's go!"

Zen said, unable to explain anything to the others here.

If that Torch Dragon's tail swept over him again, he had no idea how he would defend himself against it. 'Would I have to sacrifice the Central Region and the Divine Kingdom Continent?' This was a thought that ate him alive.

In a heartbeat, Zen tore open a space crack and drilled out.

The other Godly Geniuses also opened the space cracks and returned to the front of this world.

Under the dim moonlight, the faces of those Godly Geniuses could be seen; full of dread. After all, just a moment ago, they had all thought that they were going to die.

These Godly Geniuses looked at Zen again, but this time their expressions had softened.

After all, he had valiantly blocked the attack from the Torch Dragon. Even if they racked their brains, it would be hard for them to figure out how Zen had done it.

There were countless secret treasures in the universe, all of which had their own uses. But even if it was one of the top ten treasures on the

Universe Spirit Tablet, it would still be impossible to display such an effect.

"What should we do now?" Lucille asked.

"If that Torch Dragon chases us, we'll be in big trouble," Lone said as he turned to look at Zen.

No matter what, this place was already extremely dangerous for the eight of them. It wasn't advisable for them to stay there any longer. The wisest choice was to leave right at this moment.

"You all... Alright, you can leave first. But I will not leave," Zen replied firmly. Once he was done, he activated the Teleportation Token.

Kurt and the others nodded. They realized it wasn't required for them to take any risk, seeing what was happening right before their eyes. Leaving at this moment was definitely the most sensible choice.

However, the moment Zen activated the Teleportation Token, the tiny power of space failed to gather. The incandescent light turned into strange fragments that scattered in all directions like pieces of broken glass.

"What's going on?" Rocher frowned slightly.

"Perhaps it isn't possible to gather all the power of space together," Zen remarked, looking utterly confused. He had never come across a similar problem before.

Once Zen finished speaking, his figure flashed as he attempted to use a spatial traveling. However, just as his figure disappeared, he seemed to crash into an invisible wall, causing him to stumble in the air.

"Space imprisonment!" Lucille exclaimed as she witnessed the scene in front of her.

Lawson's expression changed too. Looking up, he said, "Someone is imprisoning this space..."

"Who could it be?" Nathan wondered with his eyes closed. By now, he had already wiped the golden blood from his face. Since he was already blind, he was even more anxious to leave this place. So after hearing about the space imprisonment, his anxieties naturally notched up.

"Imprisoning the great world can only be managed by a Supreme Lord. Perhaps someone has imprisoned this area, let's try somewhere else." Zen genuinely wanted to figure out a way to send them out.

The group continued downwards. After traveling for a long distance, Zen activated his Teleportation Token again. However, the result was the same as before. It was as if all the Space Law here had lost its effect.

"It seems we will all end up dying here," Nathan exclaimed while his face revealed a bitter smile.

In contrast, Rocher was a bit more open-minded. He smiled and asked Zen, "How did you block that attack from the Torch Dragon just a while ago?"

Zen's eyes flickered as he chuckled. "I am sorry, but I can't answer that question now," he added, continuing to smile.

Actually, there was no need for Zen to hide this. Fusing with the will of the great world was Zen's secret, and he had no reason for keeping it a secret. However, Rocher was someone who knew a lot yet kept things from Zen. He grinned because he was happy to finally retaliate.

Listening to Zen's evasive reply, Rocher sniffed and looked at the thick clouds in the sky. He did not push Zen anymore for an explanation, instead he only said, "It looks like something big is bound to happen in the great world, but I have a feeling that something is amiss. It seems that the sorcerer race has a trap set up here..."

"A trap? Against us?" Lone asked.

Rocher shook his head and replied, "No, it might be a trap meant for the Supreme Lords."

It was not hard to guess that, for the eight Godly Geniuses had met with danger, and the two Supreme Lords that were protecting them had fallen into a life-and-death battle. Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Original Sin and the others would definitely not be able to sit still and they would definitely arrive as soon as possible.

At the speed with which the Supreme Lords performed, even if the Lower World was far from the Upper World, they would still be able to arrive in a short period of time.

And once help arrived, they firmly believed that the Torch Dragon and the supreme sorcerer would end up dead.

There weren't that many supreme sorcerers in the sorcerer race. It was very likely that there were no more than ten of them.

At the current stage, it wouldn't be smart for the sorcerer race to fight foolishly with Supreme Lord of Original Sin and the others.

The Torch Dragon did not leave and had chosen to fight with Supreme Lord Mirage. This in itself was an indication that the sorcerer race was not afraid of any back-up from the universe.

"The sorcerer race is no match for us, and they don't fear the back-up," Lucille said with her elegant brows furrowed. She continued, "Then, the only possibility is that this place is a trap."

"Lucille has already figured it out," Rocher added and smiled faintly.

"What's the use of figuring it out?" Lawson's cold voice retorted. "We can't leave this damned place. I do have two Roaring Tokens, but even if we use them, we won't be able to transmit our voices out here…" he said, reeking with disappointment.

Zen drifted down a distance before he turned around and said, "You're right. We can't leave here. Let's head back to the Cloud Hall now."

On the way, Zen's eyebrows twisted tightly.

In order to save Letitia, he had returned to the Lower World. This matter could not have been planned by the sorcerer race.

However, the sorcerer race cared a great deal about Letitia and Preston returning to the Lower World which was why they chased after them.

Zen was still confused about the turn of events.

But just as Rocher speculated, he too believed this great world was indeed a trap. However, the sorcerer race did not plan to activate this trap right now. It wasn't meant for them hence it had to be a coincidence they had entered it.

Something told Zed this trap had something to do with the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and the Star Storm.

However, even Zen was unable to completely connect the dots. He couldn't find an appropriate answer to what the trap was.

With his current strength, there was no way for him to interfere in a fight between powerhouses at the level of the Supreme Lords. Under the circumstance, the only thing Zed could do was return to the Cloud Hall.

On the way back to the Cloud Hall, Zen took out his token of mountain and tried to contact the fairy palace.

This fairy palace was Zen's last shelter. If he couldn't enter the fairy palace, then he was destined to be doomed.

Soon, Zen's expression turned even severer.

The fact that Zen could return to the fairy palace quickly by token of the mountain didn't mean that he had the fairy palace with him. From beginning to end, the fairy palace had always been located in that huge forest, and this token had only created a special pathway.

In the end, he realized even the token of mountain used the Space Law which meant Zen couldn't return to the fairy palace either. 'I am actually doomed, ' he thought with a frustrated sigh.

Chapter 1800 Waiting

Zen had a plan. As the universe was in turmoil, he would gather all of the important people around him into the fairy palace when he returned to the Lower World.

While they remained under the protection of the fairy palace, they would be absolutely safe.

However, because of the space imprisonment, this plan could not work.

The seven people filed silently behind Zen. Despite their silence, he could sense their nervousness.

Although they were powerful, they were still too young and inexperienced for what laid ahead of them.

The growing tension among the group caused their hearts to pound until they were clanging like fifteen buckets in a single well as they trudged along.

The depressing atmosphere weighed heavily on Zen's mind.

Rocher had told him that the idea of destiny was only a beautiful lie, but he wouldn't let that stop him. Since they had made it this far, he had to ensure that they made it through to the end.

By this time the outline of the Cloud Hall was faintly discernible in the clouds. When Zen approached, he found that the hall was now empty and almost all the warriors had left.

Considering the ferocity of Supreme Lords' fights, this sort of retreat was meaningless.

If the Torch Dragon and Supreme Lord Mirage had wanted to fight in the Central Region, in only a few moves, the entire Central Region would have collapsed.

In the face of such absolute strength, weak warriors were unable to resist. They were like fish on a chopping block.

Given Zen's current cultivation level, the warriors of the Central Region were unable to catch up with him. However, it did not change anything.

It did not take long for Zen to find Letitia in the Ice Palace at the top of the Cloud Hall.

She sat cross-legged in the middle of the palace, focusing on her cultivation.

The life vitality in the Lower World was far too thin. The cultivation speed of warriors at the Soul Sea Realm was far below those in the Upper World.

Zen descended along the Ice Palace's patio with the other seven Godly Geniuses following closely behind him.

Startled by the commotion, Letitia opened her eyes and glanced around her.

Her face was etched with the signs of a sleepless night. She had been busy all night but her exhaustion was mental rather than physical.

She found herself continually tense. There were so many things that scared her.

She was worried that Zen would not return, that the powerful warriors would destroy the Central Region, and that something bad would happen to her son Geoffrey.

When her eyes saw Zen, a smile spread across her tired features.

"Where's Geoffrey?" Zen asked softly.

"My master has taken him to the east. He should be safe there," Letitia replied.

Hearing this, the seven Godly Geniuses thought within themselves. Safe? There wasn't anywhere in this great world that was safe. No matter where they hid, unless they were careful, they could still be affected by the Supreme Lords.

Silently Zen agreed with them. He had personally used his power transfer to destroy a piece of the savage land. He knew that hiding was useless.

However, he wasn't planning to let the disciples of the Cloud Hall return.

It was just what people thought. Even if they knew that there was no escape, they would still stubbornly look for a safe place to hide away.

Zen did not make a specific suggestion for the next step.

His followers waited quietly in the Ice Palace, meditating.

Margaret didn't meditate. She fell asleep while leaning against Zen. Letitia threw her eye on Margaret, wondering how she could fall asleep at a time like this.

Lone and Lucille refused to give up. After an intense discussion, they each proposed a solution to their predicament.

Lucille was considering eliminating the effects of the Moon Shrouding Stone and using the repelling force of the great world to force them out.

Quickly, she took action.

Once she released the Moon Shrouding Stone, the repelling force of the great world bore down on her body.

The irresistible force would bring her all the way into the ascending passageway. This gave the other Godly Geniuses a ray of hope. Perhaps they could use the ascending passageway to break free from their space imprisonment.

However, things did not go as they had hoped. Lucille lightly flew off into the sky but soon stopped in midair. The ascending passageway failed to appear.

With a sigh, they realized that they should not have been surprised. The ascending passageway was a manifestation of the Space Law, and now that the space had been locked, it was naturally impossible for the passageway to appear.

Lone's solution was even more direct.

Since they were trapped in this great world, unable to use the Space Law, then they should be able to directly pierce through the gale stratum.

Although the gale at the top of the world was immensely powerful, they still had a way to resist it.

They considered that there was a high chance that this plan could succeed. After Lone had suggested it, Lawson immediately agreed. Then, the two of them, along with Kurt, set off from the top floor of the Cloud Hall and headed upwards.

Four hours later, the three of them returned to the Cloud Hall in low spirits.

Just by looking at their expressions, Zen knew that they had failed.

"We encountered an impenetrable space after passing the gale stratum. We tried everything we could think of, but we still couldn't pass through it," Lawson said gloomily.

Zen uttered a few words of consolation. They had no choice now but to wait.

Unknown by them, the night had passed and the sky was quickly lightening.

Rocher quietly stood up and unsheathed his Soaring Snake Sword. With a light wave of his sharp sword tip, a small crack appeared in the air.

The other side of the space was normally dark. Even when a crack was opened, it should have been hard to see anything.

However, now the situation was different. The Torch Dragon was fighting with Supreme Lord Mirage and Rocher wanted to take a closer look.

When Lucille saw his movement, she asked nervously, "What's the situation like?"

Rocher shook his head. "I can't see anything."

There were no obstructions at the back of the space, so the Torch Dragon and Supreme Lord Mirage had gone far away.

Everyone was relieved by his reply.

At the very least, they were already a long way from the Central Region, even if the distance was only a single step for the Supreme Lords.

At that moment, Zen sensed a powerful aura descending. The other Godly Geniuses had the same feeling, including Letitia. Moreover, all of the life forms in the Central Region had also felt it, so they subconsciously looked towards the sky.

As that majestic aura seemed to fill the sky, the hearts of hundreds of millions of lives below throbbed in expectation.

The clouds at the top of the Cloud Hall continued to surge and rapidly dissipated to their surroundings like a huge, reverse vortex.

In the blink of an eye, seven figures descended to the ground. The Godly Geniuses raised their heads to take in the seven figures as they approached.

"Patriarch!"

Nathan was blind but that did not stop him sensing the aura of Supreme Lord of Original Sin.

Since yesterday, he had been in a state of panic, but now as he felt the aura of the patriarch of his clan, he found himself able to relax.

As far as he was concerned, Supreme Lord of Original Sin was the strongest warrior in the universe. Since he was here, his safety was no longer in doubt.

Nathan was not the only one reassured. Lucille, Kurt, and the others also let out a long sigh. It no longer mattered whether or not this great world was a trap. It would be much safer now as their elders had joined them.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin was not alone. He had arrived with Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Oracle, Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and others.

To judge by outward appearance, all the troubles caused to the universe by the sorcerer race had been solved. However, the Supreme Lords all appeared grim, including Master Feng who was always amiable. Obviously, the situation was more troublesome than they had thought.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin swept his gaze over the Godly Geniuses. After confirming that they were all present, he said lightly, "Take them away."

At once, Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment raised his sleeve, a bag immediately appeared and sucked in Nathan and the others one by one.

When it was Zen's turn, he jumped to one side and said sullenly, "I won't leave."

Chapter 1801 Overpower This Great World's Will

The Supreme Lords were summoned here by Supreme Lord Mirage and Supreme Lord Sky.

Upon arrival, the first thing they did was to protect the eight Godly Geniuses. Now that things had calmed down a bit, they were very eager to leave. Zen, however, was determined to stay.

Since the young man insisted, then they would not force him. They willingly left him there with Margaret before flying into the void.

The space imprisonment must have been lifted since these Supreme Lords managed to come here.

Zen was now left behind due to his decision to stay.

He had a lot of things to address. No matter how the situation in the great world developed, it was his utmost priority to relocate Letitia and the others to a safer place.

With this in mind, he took both Letitia and Margaret with him and left Cloud Hall. They eventually met up with Imogen and Geoffrey three hundred miles north of Cloudy City, and then also managed to run into Lewis, Patrick, and a few others.

Then Zen activated the token of mountain in front of everyone.

He hadn't told them anything about the fairy palace since it was something whose secrets he could not easily reveal to others. Given their current situation, however, Zen figured that this place could serve as a temporary refuge for all of them. He didn't worry too much about them being there since the fairy palace itself imposed restrictions everywhere and without his tokens they couldn't freely move around in the fairy palace.

Zen, however, did not enter the fairy palace.

Ever since his return to this great world, he felt something off. It was as if it had undergone some changes with its will which was really strange.

One end of the great world was broken. That meant that two great worlds were connected to each other without any hindrances between them!

He also discovered that the barrier at the other end of this great world was gone as well!

Zen tried to search through the memories of the great world's will for an explanation but he found nothing. Right now, however, he was sure of two things: the barriers were definitely destroyed by someone, and the person who destroyed them was most definitely not from around here. This was highly possible to be the work of the sorcerer race, as for their intentions of doing so, Zen had no idea.

This was his primary reason for staying.

The turmoil in Cloud Hall plunged the entire Central Region into a panic.

News of disaster always spread like wildfire. All of Cloud Hall's warriors had been dismissed and numerous people in Cloudy City spread out through various transmission channels.

Central Region was their home. If they left, where would they go? Not everyone could pass through the storm in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

Once Zen arranged for everyone's safety, he quickly went to the back of the great world.

On this side of the world was a void, completely shrouded in darkness. This was where Master Feng and the other Supreme Lords entered but they had already flown far away.

After confirming the direction that they had gone in, Zen decidedly flew into this void.

Supreme Lords moved thousands of miles in an instant during their battles so Zen figured that it might be impossible for him to catch up to them.

Ten thousand miles away from Zen, the enormous Torch Dragon was coiled high up in the air. On its huge head was a wisp of dim, strange fire. It's eyes gazed with sinister intent at its opponents.

Its body was currently covered in wounds.

Given the state of the Torch Dragon, it could most probably only contend against a mid-rank Supreme Lord. Unfortunately, it was currently faced with a number of powerful opponents: Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, and Supreme Lord of Oracle; they were all top-rank Supreme Lords in the universe.

There was no way that this sacred beast of the sorcerer race would be able to fight back.

Supreme Lord Mirage had already flown away after sustaining major injuries during his fight with the Torch Dragon. Supreme Lord Sky, on the other hand, had already killed the supreme sorcerer and joined the attack against the sacred beast.

All of the Supreme Lords were expressionless.

They had all gathered here to do one thing - to eliminate the sorcerer race.

This Torch Dragon was going to be extremely valuable to them once killed. Whether it be the eyes or the flame above its head, every single part of its body was going to be harvested as extremely precious material. The Supreme Lords were already thinking about how to divide the spoils amongst themselves.

However, at that moment, countless war sorcerers prostrated themselves in front of a tower hidden deep within the core of the storm in the Chaotic Ocean of Stars.

The grand sorcerer that led the group held a bone cane from which rose a Nether Flame. There was a hum as everyone chanted a complicated spell.

As they chanted, the war sorcerers began to disintegrate one by one.

Their bodies and souls transformed into dark-green flames as they vanished. These flames gathered together and strengthened the flame at the tip of the grand sorcerer's bone cane.

The wisp had now transformed into a furious, burning flame!

Swish!

The Nether Flame rose high into the air, like a violent pillar of fire. The grand sorcerer carefully raised it up and put it near the tower.

"Sizzle..."

Dark-green flames quickly sparked and spread all throughout the tower.

"Uyaka!"

It was the grand sorcerer who screamed the final chant before transforming into a Nether Flame himself to join the others.

At that moment, the tower began to slowly rotate, gaining speed with each revolution. As it spun around, many tiny cracks began to appear on its surface.

Crack, crack, crack…

The tiny cracks continued to spread and expand as if there was something within the tower that wanted to escape!

At the same time, the storm at the core of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars also grew stronger and the space itself began to crack under the devastating slashes of the wind blades.

Space cracks continued to appear all over the area wherein the wind blades seeped through.

"Boom..."

The tower exploded inevitably.

An invisible will then began to spread rapidly.

And this storm helped this will to spread faster.

Several hundred great worlds away, a similar tower also exploded. This place was called the "Wind God Forbidden Land" due to the stormland in this great world. Legend said that a wind god resided in the center of this storm. Even a Soul Sea Realm warrior had no chances of surviving this place's endless gust.

As it exploded, an invisible will was also released.

These weren't the only two towers to have done so. Other towers, all constructed by the sorcerer race, were exploding in succession all over the great worlds. These structures were erected with precise calculation and meticulous planning by the entire race.

As these towers exploded, their wills began to spread through numerous great worlds. The barriers between different great worlds had been removed, which enabled the wills to spread even more effectively.

Master Feng and the other Supreme Lords were still locked in a face-to-face battle with the huge Torch Dragon.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin was the first to initiate an attack. He was not afraid despite the beast's powerful, physical body.

"Hiss!"

The massive Torch Dragon twisted in midair with a sharp cry. To everyone's great surprise, it chose to retreat!

How could they let this precious beast leave so easily? All the Supreme Lords turned into beams of light that surrounded the Torch Dragon.

However, the will from the tower at the core of the storm had already spread out by this time. The Supreme Lords all felt it in the air and they stopped in their tracks as if someone had cast a spell on them.

Zen also felt it. A look of confusion fell on his face. "What is that..." This will was extremely domineering as if it wanted to directly overpower this great world's will!

Chapter 1802 The Invader

After Zen had fused with the great world's will, he had become the son of the great world.

He actually became the master of the great world.

This was the reason why he could transfer the power he had received into the great world. He could even look through the memories of any time and place if he wished.

However, as the strange will spread out, it gradually integrated itself into the will of the great world.

Zen wasn't able to do anything to prevent this from happening. Because his will was fused with the great world's, the three wills were now fused together.

It also surprised Zen that this strange will had spread out at an extremely rapid pace.

In just half a minute, the will had already extended beyond the great world. It engulfed the wills of some other great worlds and continued to expand rapidly.

"Huh?" Zen was astonished.

In the past, the great world was damaged and had an opening. Zen sensed that he could explore great worlds beyond it, such as the ocean of the nearest neighboring great world.

At that moment, however, he knew and he felt that the range of his perception was rapidly increasing at an incredible rate.

He perceived everything happening within the four surrounding great worlds.

For instance, the southern great world only had one giant continent. This continent had a land area that was almost 20 times larger than the Divine

Kingdom Continent. The sea realm there was not too large; it was only about a third of the great world.

The northern great world was the complete opposite. The entire great world was surrounded by water, with islands interspersed throughout the ocean. On these islands existed diverse kinds of creatures, but the majority were humans.

After two minutes, Zen realized he could perceive sixteen great worlds.

After around five minutes, he already sensed more than 400 great worlds.

It was at that point that the speed at which the will was frantically spreading out gradually slowed down.

'The will's limit of expansion is less than five hundred great worlds?' Zen continuously reached inside his consciousness as he came up with a rough estimate.

He wasn't sure if he could transfer the power he received into these great worlds. If he was able to do so, it would be an enormous enhancement for his capabilities. He hoped that his will would expand further.

At that moment, he discovered that the great worlds he perceived had doubled in number. He was able to sense over a thousand great worlds.

'What's going on?' Zen was slightly surprised.

He thought for a moment and quickly understood what happened. This strange will had spread outwards from the center of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and had gradually extended across more than five hundred great worlds. In fact, there appeared to be more of this kind of extremely special will that existed in other great worlds. They continued to expand and fuse with each other.

'Could it be that a million great worlds could all be interconnected? If this was really the work of the sorcerer race, then they must have been plotting truly terrible things!' Zen was completely shocked.

By the time he reached that conclusion, the number of great worlds that he sensed had already doubled.

Three thousand great worlds...

These wills spread out from their original positions and began to fuse with each other across the great worlds. The number of great worlds that Zen perceived continued to increase, and the speed at which it increased also got faster and faster.

Fifteen thousand great worlds...

Forty thousand...

One hundred thousand...

Three hundred thousand...

Eight hundred thousand...

As time passed, the speed at which the wills spread accelerated. But it ended at some point.

Zen's mind had already sensed over a million great worlds; a million and thirty-three great worlds to be exact.

It was a very strange feeling for him.

All of the one million and thirty-three great worlds were connected into one entity!

Zen realized he could sense everything within this whole entity.

There were countless life forms living in each of these great worlds. They lived, cultivated, competed with each other, and multiplied in their own worlds. There were many secrets, secret places, and treasures, just waiting for the martial artists to discover them, excavate them, and explore them.

But as for Zen, all he needed was a thought and these secrets would be exposed to him.

There was a great world, a hundred thousand great worlds away from the one Zen was located in, where a war between ogres and Demon Night warriors erupted on a continent. Almost all the ogres were slaughtered by the Demon Night warriors; only a few hundred of the surviving ogres launched a counterattack. In a nearby great world, a grand ceremony was being held. It seemed that it was the wedding of a certain divine kingdom emperor.

Whether it was a sect war, a mortal, or even an insect, Zen was able to grasp anything he wanted to know.

At that moment, Zen had a vision, as if he was the god of all great worlds.

What overwhelmed Zen even more was that when this will reached the edge of the great worlds, it seemed to have a tendency to ascend upwards. It went through countless ascending passageways, spreading out into the universe. At the end of these passageways were a hundred thousand supreme worlds, as well as an infinite number of stars.

Zen was dumbfounded. Could this will spread to the Upper World? He wanted to determine if he could transfer the power he received into these great worlds.

In order to see for himself, Zen flipped his hand and struck himself in the chest.

In a great world that was tens of millions of miles away from Zen, a stone in the jungle of a certain continent suddenly burst in an explosion.

"Wow!" Zen's eyes lit up, the corners of his mouth lifting into a smile.

In theory, Zen had fused with the wills of all of the great worlds. As long as he was standing in one of the great worlds, he would be undefeatable, unless his opponent had the power to destroy all the great worlds.

However, if Zen was to fight a Supreme Lord, he would be at a disadvantage. After all, if the Torch Dragon was to use its tail to strike through a land area, it would be possible to destroy a land mass. If Zen transferred the attacks of a Supreme Lord to the great worlds, he knew that all the great worlds would most probably be destroyed.

He continued to sense changes in the wills of the great worlds.

At the same moment, when Master Feng and the others felt this change, their faces became gloomy.

"Is this the true plan of the sorcerer race?" Supreme Lord of Original Sin's face was dark.

"They actually want to control the heavens! This is impossible!" Supreme Lord of Oracle frowned.

As they watched, the Torch Dragon in front of them underwent a drastic transformation. Its huge body constantly twisted and shrunk. It had chosen to take a human form at this moment.

Its previously colossal body finally transformed into the appearance of a petite woman. However, this woman did not have hair anywhere on her body. Instead, a slow-burning flame was on top of her head.

After taking form, the Torch Dragon was still covered in wounds. But she stared at the various Supreme Lords and smiled coldly. "Sorry, guys. You've already lost."

As soon as she finished speaking, a map-like rune slowly appeared on her forehead. The rune flickered like a firefly, which caused the Torch Dragon to enter a certain state.

Zen, who was still enjoying his exploration of the great worlds, suddenly felt a strong will invade the will of the great world.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1803 Shut The Strange Consciousness Out

Zen's soul had merged with the wills of all the great worlds.

The wills of the great worlds did not possess their own intellect. They would only respond to the damage done to their respective great worlds by reacting instinctively.

Zen's soul could already control all of the great worlds to some extent.

The strange consciousness was exceedingly strong, and not something that Zen could contend with his current soul.

However, he had the upper hand. He did not need to rely on his own soul to resist the consciousness.

He could summon the wills of all the great worlds to resist it.

No matter how powerful one's soul was, it was impossible for it to resist the will of a great world. Moreover, now there were wills of one million and thirty-three great worlds. No creature in the universe would be able to deal with the shocking number of wills.

Even a Supreme Lord who was skilled in cultivating the soul would fail to obstruct these wills.

'This strange consciousness seems to be using some sort of secret technique and wants to fuse with the wills of the great worlds.' A curious expression appeared on Zen's face as he pondered over the situation.

His soul had been unintentionally merged into the wills of the great worlds, but it seemed as if his enemy had done it on purpose.

Zen smiled faintly. The wills of the great worlds followed his thought, and a trace of killing intent flickered.

Swoosh!

A formless killing intent began to spread out.

All the living beings in the one million and thirty-three great worlds looked up at the same time.

The trace of killing intent was felt by all of them, including countless nature creatures, Illuminating Soul Realm warriors and Internal Elixir Realm warriors, lords of sacred places, emperors of divine kingdoms, vicious beasts hidden underground, mighty warriors perched atop mountains...

"This is the killing intent of the heavens!"

"The heavens are furious. Just who is it that has caused the heavens to be enraged?"

"Please don't be angry!"

"This is a great opportunity! I might learn something from the heavens."

Countless creatures were trying to uncover the meaning behind this killing intent. They didn't know that a germ of an idea in Zen's mind had sparked this vicious killing intent.

Just how powerful was this killing intent?

In just a split-second, the powerful invading consciousness was extinguished by the wills of the great worlds.

The powerful consciousness was like a candle flame in a torrential downpour, completely fragile and weak. As a result, it was put out instantly!

The Supreme Lords also sensed the murderous intent at the same time.

Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, Supreme Lord of Oracle and the others were also baffled. What was the source of this killing intent?

They refused to believe that the great worlds would be so angry.

The great worlds indeed had their wills, but the wills couldn't transform into various emotions and act upon them. The heavens were like a puppet that could only operate according to certain laws.

What they did not expect was that the moment the killing intent was revealed, the map-like rune on the Torch Dragon's forehead would shatter suddenly. At the same time, she let out a sharp scream and could not help but cover her head with her hands.

One's consciousness was an extension of their soul. As her consciousness had been killed by Zen, she was in incomparable pain.

However, compared to the fear in her heart, this pain was insignificant.

As she tried to merge her will with the wills of the great worlds, she was shocked to discover that there was another foreign will.

The other will seemed to be existing there from before. How was this possible? Her mind was reeling now.

The sorcerer race had spent countless years and sacrificed a lot to plan this.

Their goal was to subtly gain control of the entire heavens.

Innumerable strategies were put in action, countless days and nights were spent without rest, and finally, this devious plan was hatched. Starting from the Lower World of the universe, the Torch Dragon's will would gradually spread to the entire universe, and finally reach the stars! That was the ultimate goal.

The sorcerer race overcame the manifold difficulties in executing this plan in rapid succession.

One such hurdle was that they needed one million Insight Crystals to achieve their goal.

These Insight Crystals were like the most precious treasures. They were used to cultivate one's soul.

They were widely used in the divine land.

These crystals were formed in the dark depths of the earth. They took many years to form completely in order to be usable.

The process took about four to five billion years. It was no mean feat.

The most frustrating part was that when the last round of grand era was destroyed, the Insight Crystals that they had painstakingly nurtured, had been demolished too.

Billions of years of perseverance had been destroyed just like that! However, the sorcerer race had not given up. They had persevered and started from scratch, and patiently nurtured the crystals once more.

In this way, the sorcerer race was the same as the Celestial Position race. The grand schemes of both races were recorded in their blood and were inherited by their kin. Every member from each generation would contribute to the progress of their respective plans in order to complete an unimaginable feat. It was all about team work here.

All the windstorms would escalate at the same time, which would create a false will to fuse with the wills of the great worlds. When that time came, the Torch Dragon and the other sacred beasts as well as the supreme sorcerers of the sorcerer race would be able to connect with the great worlds and become their actual masters.

Only then would they be endowed with the strength required to fight against the Supreme Lords, and only then would they have the qualifications to compete with the Celestial Position race!

For the sake of this mission, they even pretended to attack the entire universe, launching devastating attacks on some of the sacred places of the 100, 000 supreme worlds. At the same time, they also spread the rumor that they were awakening the vicious beasts of the universe, while their real plans made significant headway.

However, when they were feigning the attacks on the supreme worlds, they made a crucial mistake and were forced into the Lower World by Letitia and her group. The sorcerer race happened to be plotting something in that great world.

Coincidentally, thanks to Zen, Master Feng's attention was drawn to Letitia's whereabouts too.

The sorcerer race was worried that their plan would be foiled, so they had no choice but to set their plan in motion ahead of time. They succeeded in their plan despite these Supreme Lords.

However, before the false will spread and managed to fuse with the wills of the great worlds, Zen had already merged with the will of one of the great worlds. Nobody in the sorcerer race saw this coming. And now that the false will had been diffused, Zen had become the sole controller of all of the great worlds.

The Torch Dragon had failed miserably. This was an intolerable setback for the sorcerer race.

After Zen crushed the Torch Dragon's consciousness, he quickly discovered that there were some more powerful strange streams of consciousness, which were still attempting to merge with the wills of the great worlds.

These streams of consciousness belonged to either the sacred beasts from the sorcerer race hiding in the great worlds, or supreme sorcerers.

Zen simply would not tolerate the intrusion of these streams of consciousness!

When this thought crossed his mind, the wills of the great worlds gave birth to a series of murderous intents, which completely annihilated all these streams of consciousness.

And so, in addition to the Torch Dragon, the supreme sorcerers also experienced extreme pain. They also discovered that there was an abominable soul hidden within the wills of the great worlds.

"Who the hell is that guy!"

roared all the supreme sorcerers of the sorcerer race at the same time.

Dissatisfaction, anger, disappointment and helplessness—these were the emotions reverberating from the back of the great worlds.

The strange expressions on Master Feng's as well as the rest of the Supreme Lords' faces slowly turned into relieved smiles.

They had already known about the sorcerer race's plans. Just a moment ago, they were extremely worried. After all, once all the great worlds were under the sorcerer race's control, they would be on the defensive. But now, they were witnessing the defeat of the Torch Dragon with triumphant smiles.

The Supreme Lords were also rather confused. Judging by the Torch Dragon's pitiful cry, it seemed that her soul had been damaged badly, so apart from them, who in the universe could possibly harm her?

In their confusion, these Supreme Lords began to attack the Torch Dragon.

The Torch Dragon had already taken the human form, and her power was much weaker now. If she fused with the wills of the great worlds, these Supreme Lords would have no chance of defeating her. But now, all her hopes had turned to ashes, and in the end, she was beheaded by Supreme Lord of Oracle.

The flame on her head continued to blaze. The Candle Dragon's fire was considered to be a rare one, so they obviously wouldn't extinguish it. Even after the Torch Dragon had been dead for many years, the flame would still continue to burn brightly.

"The sorcerer race has actually devised a method to seize the heavens. That's really amazing!" Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment sighed. The Blessed Buddha Land led by him was powerful, but they were unable to come up with a plan like this. "But what happened? Why did the Torch Dragon fail?"

Master Feng shook his head. He was also puzzled by the killing intent that arose in the great worlds. After pondering for a long while, he came to a conclusion. "It's possible that a traitor has appeared within the sorcerer race. One of them has fused with the wills of the great worlds and rejected the other wills."

This was the only hypothesis Master Feng could make based on the clues at hand.

How could he have known that someone else had fused with the wills of the great worlds and was now controlling them? And that person was not a member of the sorcerer race. It was none other than Zen!

Chapter 1804 Divine Refinement Forbidden Land

Zen stayed in the void for a long time.

Several streams of different powerful consciousness successively launched attacks against the will of the great worlds, but Zen blocked and annihilated all of them in one go.

There were a staggering total of forty-five attacks that were aimed at the will of the great worlds.

Some of the streams of consciousness evidently came from the same person. Afraid to be killed by Zen, they focused all their effort and attacked at rapid successions to gain a solid foothold within the will of the great worlds.

However, their efforts were in vain.

There were one million and thirty three great worlds' wills that fused together, which worked to Zen's advantage and had been taken for his own uses. Who knew just how powerful this new fused will was?

Even if those streams of consciousness were as strong and mighty as Supreme Lords, just a mere thought from Zen was enough to crush all of them like pesky ants under his boots. They stood no chance against his prowess.

The destruction of the consciousness had caused great damages to the souls that had sent out the consciousness. After Zen killed the streams of consciousness over and over, the souls that were initially unwilling to give up finally saw how futile their attempts had been and stopped. It didn't take long before the great world fell into silence.

"Those guys must have come from the sorcerer race," Zen analyzed with deep calmness.

With undivided attention, he tried to search through the memories of the great world's will to pin down the location of the creatures that launched the attacks, but the memories that came out were completely blank and gave him no substantial information. These people were definitely not aboriginals of the great worlds, and they could not be Master Feng or the other Supreme Lords with him either. The only one whom he suspected that was most likely to have done it was the sorcerer race.

After the attacks ceased, Zen continued to move forward in the void. He traveled all the way without rest until he reached the location of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars. The area behind it, he noted, was completely bare and empty.

Zen originally thought this was the lair of the sorcerer race, but now, he found that there were no living creatures existing here. Could it be that they had already been cleared by Master Feng and the others?

Of course, he did not know that in order to spread the fake will, all the sorcerer race members had already sacrificed themselves. Even the tower that originally existed there had been burnt to ashes.

Oblivious to that information, Zen opened a crack and entered the space on the front side of this world.

He didn't expect that what awaited outside the crack was a calm and peaceful scenery.

"This... Is this still the Chaotic Ocean of Stars?" Zen asked, stunned and completely at a loss for words.

The storm that had been ravaging in the skies above the Chaotic Ocean of Stars for countless years had vanished into thin air, as if it had never been there.

A gentle wave slowly lapped at Zen's feet. The sea, which was once angry and relentless, seemed to have calmed down.

Zen had already guessed that the great worlds' wills had relied on storms to spread. Now that all of the wills of the great worlds had fused and merged into one, the storms' mission was finally over.

Although Master Feng and the others were nowhere to be found and Zen couldn't find them through the will of the great worlds, he assumed that the Supreme Lords had the situation under control, considering how peaceful the great world was so far.

Thinking of this, Zen's shoulders sagged in relief and he let out a long breath. The reason why he didn't want to leave with the other Godly Geniuses was because he was afraid that the entire Central Region would be destroyed. If the Supreme Lords were able to suppress the sorcerer race, then Zen could finally rest his mind.

Zen circled around the sea and saw a few ferocious beasts coming out from the depths of the ocean floor now that the storm had stopped. Like him, they seemed to be confused why the Chaotic Ocean of Stars suddenly turned calm.

Some of the beasts discovered Zen, but after they took a glimpse of him and noticed his cultivation level, they returned to the sea without further incident. Zen's aura was a clear message that he was not someone they could trifle with.

Not long after, Zen returned to the Central Region.

Due to what had happened before, all of the people in the Central Region were in a state of panic, and when Zen killed the consciousness of the powerful warriors of the sorcerer race, he had released strong waves of killing intent, which made the people in the Central Region panic even more. Everyone was paralyzed with fear, as if the apocalypse was about to knock on their doors.

The people of the great world didn't know what the heavens were really like. They created their own legends and understanding of them based on their own cultures; however, the invisible killing intent he spread had caused a large portion of them to sink into fear and assume the worst.

The Cloud Hall was remarkably empty, too. The huge Cloudy City, which was once buzzing with life, felt like an abandoned ghost city now. Even the martial artists, in fear of what was to come had run for their own lives, and the ordinary people had more reasons to do so as they brought their families out to flee. The sense of crisis had spread from top to bottom, quickly reaching everyone and inciting mass panic, which drove the people to pack up and leave.

Only after returning to the Cloud Hall did Zen activate the token of mountain and release all those who had been hiding in the fairy palace.

Seeing that the Cloud Hall was not damaged, Letitia and the rest also let out a sigh of relief. In the end, it was just a false alarm.

If the Supreme Lords had really fought here, even a hundred Central Regions would not be enough for them to destroy.

However, Zen himself didn't know that it was because he had fused with the great worlds' will that he managed to stop the Torch Dragon from fusing with the great worlds' will; otherwise, it would be hard to say how everything could have ended.

After all, if the Torch Dragon had fused with the will of the great worlds, it would inevitably fight the Supreme Lords regardless of whether it could defeat them or not. Since the Torch Dragon knew how to fuse with the will of the great worlds, it definitely knew how to transfer the strength. In fact, it might even have a much richer knowledge of how to use the will of the great worlds than Zen!

If the Torch Dragon took the Supreme Lords' attacks and transferred the power to this great world, then it wouldn't have taken long before this great world faced its doom.

Soon, Letitia summoned back all the disciples that had been dismissed and reorganized the Cloud Hall with careful, thorough plans.

Not long after, Supreme Lord Mirage reappeared in the Cloud Hall and informed Zen that Master Feng and the other Supreme Lords had returned to the supreme worlds. In the same breath, he also informed him of the situation in the universe.

Currently, the entire universe went up in arms and made several actions to wipe out the sorcerer race. Under the leadership of Supreme Lord of Original Sin, they went from one supreme world to another, to hunt down the supreme sorcerers, which caused the sorcerer race to nearly disintegrate.

The trouble brought about by the sorcerer race had caused terrible chaos in the universe, but with the help of many Supreme Lords, it was diminished and suppressed.

"Actually, what's more important is the battle with the Torch Dragon. These fellows wanted to steal the heavens, but something seems to have happened. As we speak, Master Feng is still tracking down the person who fused with the worlds' will," Supreme Lord Mirage informed Zen.

Upon hearing it, Zen schooled his expression to keep his face straight, but his chest burst with a strange, unfathomable feeling.

Wasn't he the one who had fused with the worlds' will?

Supreme Lord Mirage couldn't read what Zen had on his mind. He was sent here on the orders of Master Feng to tell Zen to come back to the Celestial Position in time and enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

The sorcerer race was not the biggest threat from the start. The most powerful threat came from the other side of the Sighing Wall, and the Sighing Wall could be broken down any moment. So the Godly Geniuses must improve their cultivation as soon as possible to prepare for the worst.

A few days later, all the disciples had come back to the Cloud Hall upon Letitia's summons. Once they were all gathered, she announced her intent and passed the position of leadership to Morphens.

Subsequently, Zen took Geoffrey and his wives to the fairy palace, and then he activated the Teleportation Token again. He was more than ready to return to the supreme world where the Celestial Position was.

Although the Teleportation Token was extremely convenient and could allow Zen to travel freely, there was a problem at hand. It was difficult for him to pinpoint the exact location, whether it was in the supreme world he wanted to go or in the great world.

Fortunately, it wasn't that difficult to move in the great world through flying because the great world wasn't very large to begin with. And with Zen's current speed, it wouldn't take him too much time to cross it. But it was a different case with the supreme world. No matter where he landed in the supreme world, it would still be very far from his destination.

This time, he encountered the same problem. Zen had been sent to the edge of the supreme world, which frustrated him to no end.

If he couldn't find the ascending passageway right away, even if he traveled at the maximum speed, it would still take him at least half a year to reach his destination.

Helpless and left with no other choice, Zen could only resort to the Roaring Token to call for help.

When Zen finally returned to the Celestial Position, the ten Godly Geniuses were finally reunited. Zen noticed that Nathan's originally blind eyes had now recovered.

One other thing that changed was Nathan's behavior toward him. His strong hostility toward Zen was gone, probably because he had saved Nathan before. Zen smiled, pleased at the turn of events.

Chapter 1805 The Titles Of The Godly Geniuses

The existence of these ten Godly Geniuses was imperative to the entire universe.

With their talents, they would eventually grow to become world lords and then break through the limitation of the heavens. However, not much time was left to do so.

Some Supreme Lords had determined that it would take some more time for their enemies to break through the Sighing Wall.

This could take a hundred years or even a thousand years, but it could also be achieved within ten years.

The ancient sorcerer race had already taken action, which meant that the other side was prepared…

In sending the Godly Geniuses to the Celestial Position, the purpose was that they finally landed in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

It was said that the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land did not belong to this universe, but it was not located in the divine land either. Rather, it originated from some special part of the divine land.

Even True Gods were only capable of constructing their own inner worlds.

Only a Holy Being could construct a true land outside of the divine land.

It was said that the Holy Being who had built the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had a mysterious existence within the divine land. It was not known why he had built it.

He did not construct a giant world like the universe to stabilize himself. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land he had built was a cultivation ground.

Not only did the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land accept creatures from the inner worlds of the great Holy Beings, which were also the creatures in the universes, newborn creatures from the divine land were also welcome there.

True Gods had their own descendants, known as newborn creatures.

In a sense, the divine land was the true main world. Living beings like Zen, who were born into the inner world of a Holy Being, belonged to the first level of life...

When the vast majority of newborn creatures were born, they spent their time cultivating in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. It was the land where they could be trained into a True God, after all.

And although most of the newborn creatures were descendants of the True Gods, it was not easy for them to become True Gods themselves. In reality, a vast majority of the newborn creatures were cruelly eliminated. This brutal law applied to the universe, as well as to the divine land.

"Entering the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land is a special occasion for us—the warriors of the universe. I hope you all can seize this chance well..." Master Feng reminded Zen and the others as he finished explaining the details of the land.

"If we are to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, won't we have to pass through the Sighing Wall and leave the universe?" Lucille asked.

To the warriors, the Sighing Wall seemed as if it was the last layer of protection in the universe. If it were so easy to penetrate, would it not be too easy for invaders from the other universes to enter and create havoc?

Master Feng understood Lucille instantly. "The Sighing Wall is not how you perceive it to be. It's no real wall, rather it's just a way of filtering those who try to enter it. The stronger a person, the harder it is for him or her to pass through the wall."

Lucille seemed confused, so Master Feng continued, "Furthermore, you will be transferred to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land straightaway! All you need to do is cultivate in the Divine Refinement

Forbidden Land. That place is not the Illusion Battlefield. After your death, you won't be able to reincarnate, let alone revive..."

There was no true meaning of reincarnation in this world. Reincarnation of life in the universe began from gradual death, the turning into bones, turning into mud, then turning into a part of the universe, and finally becoming a part of the inner world of the Holy Being.

However, even if the Celestial Position had the right to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they would need some time in advance for preparations. After all, it was no easy task to step in there.

Zen and the others were told to wait in the core sacred place of the Celestial Position. While waiting, they could also cultivate in the Celestial Position's secret lands.

In this core sacred place, the ones who had gathered together were naturally the core disciples of the Celestial Position after the change of blood. These core disciples were considered the most outstanding existences among the many races. After all, the mere fact that they had obtained recognition of the Celestial Position meant that they were extraordinary.

However, they were not comparable to the ten Godly Geniuses.

Still, Lucille and the others seemed to be in high spirits. They were all too happy to break the records of the secret lands.

With their formidable talent and strength, they consecutively broke all sorts of records in the core sacred place, leaving their previous records far behind in a short span of less than ten days. This caused the other core disciples to fall into despair.

Zen did not participate in the cultivation in the core sacred place, but it was not because he had something against the secret lands built by Celestial Position. After all, many of the methods used by the Celestial Position had originated from the divine land. Even if the resources in this universe were incomparable to those in the divine land, they had some unique aspects.

However, currently Zen was more concerned with the will of the great worlds…

Now that Zen knew of the ambitions of the ancient sorcerer race, he knew that they wanted to control the entire heavens.

The will of the great worlds was still slowly unfurling, moving through countless flying passageways towards the universe. It seemed that the will would eventually seep in and diffuse into the universe. Was this the so-called control of the heavens?

In this way, the effects of the will of the great worlds must not only be related to transfer of strength. A more powerful method probably existed in order to utilize it.

Perhaps the ancient sorcerer race possessed that technique, but Zen had no means of inheriting it. He had to realize it by himself alone.

At the same time, Zen had another query in his mind.

The mysterious girl, Irene, was rumored to be the controller of the heavens. After all, she was well aware of the one hundred and twenty-eight Heavenly Destinies.

However, now that the will of the great worlds was spreading, why was Irene turning a blind eye to it? Just what role did she play in the battle between these two universes?

As of now, Zen could not figure this out, so he avoided his plan of using the Roaring Token to communicate.

Regardless of the situation, Zen did not want the fact that he had fused with the will of the great worlds to be exposed…

Zen calmed down and began cultivating during this period of time.

One day, Zen saw Nathan and the others come over together, talking amongst themselves heartily.

They were still too young. In fact, with their level of talent, cultivating in the secret lands of Celestial Position would not make too big of a difference to them.

What they enjoyed were the records they created.

When a record was broken, the core sacred place warriors mourned in grief, fearing that the new and stupendous records would not be surpassed in this grand era.

"Zen, do you want to give it a try?" The corners of Lawson's mouth quirked up as he stared at Zen.

Zen was seated atop a tall pavilion, facing a lush and verdant mountain region. When he heard Lawson, he turned his head and asked with curiosity, "Try what?"

"Ahh… today we went to the Tower of Illusory! It is known to possess the most accurate test of talent in the universe," Lawson said, laughing.

"Oh, there's no need for me to try it out," Zen replied calmly.

The Tower of Illusory and the Tower of Crystal were similar in terms of structure and function.

Since Zen had entered the Tower of Crystal before, he naturally knew that Lawson was referring to the Talent Tablet in the Tower of Illusory.

Rocher and the others were also following along. Zen and the rest heard Xenia whisper to Rocher. "Your Rakshasa title could be considered the third highest title, and it's even in gold. It's shocking. Only several hundred talents possess the golden titles in the Celestial Position; only five golden Celestial Position titles, seven golden Asura titles and nine golden Rakshasa titles. Nathan is too powerful because he has come to obtain the golden title of the Asura!"

"I'm also powerful, for I'm the golden Rakshasa!" Margaret said with a smile, excitement evident on her face.

Out of the ten Godly Geniuses, only Nathan had obtained the title of the golden Asura. Other than him, Margaret and the others were all golden Rakshasa. Xenia and Karl had obtained their titles in the Tower of Illusory several years ago.

For the past few days, Margaret had been tagging along as they tried to cultivate in various secret lands. She didn't stick around Zen this time.

Margaret's attention had latched on to Zen again. She was also a bit curious about Zen's talent. Her figure floated lightly and she grabbed Zen's arm, smiling sweetly as she said, "My darling, please go and take the test on the Talent Tablet, won't you?"

Upon hearing her words, Nathan, Rocher, Kurt, and the rest all turned to look at Zen.

Not many knew that Zen had the title of the golden Celestial Position. The three towers were not linked. However, the head of the Celestial Position race should have known about it. After all, Dorothea and the rest must have reported it back then.

"You can have a try. It won't take much time," Rocher said, smiling.

Zen had wanted to refuse, but since the others had already been there, it did not seem like a good idea for him to deny the challenge. Under such circumstances, Zen had no choice but to agree.

He was all too familiar with the testing process of the Talent Tablet. To simply enter it would not take him much time.

Chapter 1806 Real Inner World

Standing tall and proud, the structure of the Tower of Illusory was almost identical to the Tower of Sin which Zen had entered.

Many core disciples of the Celestial Position race were fighting in combat in the Tower of Illusory. The rules, however, weren't as cruel as the rules in the Tower of Sin.

It was believed that a treasure like the Tower of Sin could drive almost all of the races to insanity if it would be placed in a great world, because the competition was too intense, and weak races would surely crumble under the brunt of its cruel rules.

When Zen and the others entered, all heads turned to them in curiosity and intrigue.

The new disciples of the Celestial Position race shared the same thoughts and knew that this group of monsters was here to humiliate them.

Another difference between the two towers was that the list on the Tower of Illusory's Talent Tablet was comparably longer than the list on the Tower of Sin's Talent Tablet. It was because this tower had always been in the Upper World and had never been lost.

The list of names at the top of the Talent Tablet didn't change very often. It would usually take over hundreds of years for someone to obtain a title.

However, in the short span of a few days, different titles appeared at the top of the list one after another.

A string of golden titles lined up on the list in a blinding light, illuminating the tower.

The core disciples weren't surprised. In fact, they expected it. They thought if the top ten martial artists of the younger generation of the universe couldn't obtain a title, then who else could?

This time, it was Zen who led a group of people into the Tower of Illusory.

Almost all of these core disciples had participated in the Illusion Battlefield, and many of them had even managed to enter the second stage. Of course, they knew who the person walking in front of them was. After all, Zen was number one in the Illusion Battlefield.

"Zen also changed his blood. I wonder what sort of title he'll get."

"I've heard that Zen was accepted by the Celestial Position race long ago."

"But he did not enter the Tower of Illusory before..."

Only a few higher ranks in the Celestial Position race knew what kind of title Zen had.

Not long after, the number of martial artists that followed him increased tenfold as he ascended the floors of the Tower of Illusory. When he reached the tenth floor, the sea of martial artists walking behind him nearly took up all of the space of the entire floor.

Under everyone's watchful gaze, Zen opened the door and entered the Talent Tablet.

Initially, Zen was unwilling to enter the Talent Tablet, but since he had come, he decided to take it seriously.

When he entered the Talent Tablet, everyone held their breath and wondered what kind of title he'd receive.

"Zen, you are the best," Margaret told Zen, eager to encourage him. She was full of confidence that Zen could do this.

Nathan kept his mouth shut. He had the golden Asura title, and in his opinion, even though Zen had defeated him, his talent couldn't be stronger than his.

Rocher and Xenia just watched quietly. Unlike the others, the both of them knew more.

For example, they knew that Zen's blood was currently the most special out of all the blood present in the tower. There were only two copies of the golden blood in the entire universe. One of them had been used by Master Feng while the last one had been injected into Zen's body. But they could not foresee what title Zen would obtain.

"It could be a golden Celestial Position title," Xenia whispered, not knowing that this title had been with Zen for a long time.

After approximately fifteen minutes had passed, Zen left the Talent Tablet and turned over his shoulder to look.

According to Zen's conjectures, the title on the Talent Tablet should not have changed at all. It should still be a golden Celestial Position.

At a fast speed, golden-colored spots began to appear on the Talent Tablet. As the spots changed, they formed into large golden words.

The words on the Talent Tablet were in fact an evaluation from the weapon spirit trapped within the tower.

During the early stages of the tower's construction, a very special race was sealed within it. They were called the Heavenly Soul race.

The Heavenly Soul race was a very common race in the divine land, and many powerful weapons had weapon spirits within them. If they were allowed to have their own consciousness, then they could probably make weapons more spiritual.

Notably, the soul of Lone's broken sword belonged to the Heavenly Soul race.

The weapon spirit's evaluation was also according to an instruction handed in by the owner of the tower. It was the sole responsibility of the weapon spirit to give different evaluations according to the performances.

But this time, the weapon spirit gave him a rather strange title.

The words were written in gold, but the line of the words that was displayed on the Talent Tablet caused the onlookers, including several

Godly Geniuses, to stare in shock, befuddled. The words said, 'You are the only one.'

"What kind of a title is this?"

"How the fuck can this be a title?"

"Is there something wrong with this lousy tower? Or is there something wrong with the weapon spirit inside?"

Honestly speaking, had a golden Celestial Position title appeared on the Talent Tablet, everyone wouldn't be this dumbfounded.

For the number one warrior in the younger generation to obtain the title of golden Celestial Position was not something unacceptable or unspeakable. On the contrary, it was actually very common and normal.

However, many people were not able to decipher the meaning of these words, including Zen himself.

Xenia's eyes widened as she stared at the large words flashing in gold. In her mind, she guessed that the weapon spirit probably couldn't give him a higher title, so it gave him an evaluation instead.

What did it mean by Zen was the only one? Did it mean he was an irreplaceable existence? This evaluation was quite high.

She flickered her gaze to Zen who could only stare at her in confusion. She softened and said, "It might be due to the blood."

"Blood..." Zen murmured, placing a hand on the skin above his heart.

Upon hearing Xenia's reminder, Zen was hit by a strike of epiphany, and he seemed to have finally understood what was going on.

The blood he exchanged was indeed very special. Was that why this weapon spirit gave him such an evaluation? Xenia's analysis might be correct after all.

However, this weapon spirit was too straightforward.

Soon enough, the news of Zen obtaining such a strange title spread like wildfire in and out of the tower.

Many core disciples had already left the Tower of Illusory, and after hearing this news, they all rushed back to see it with their own eyes.

As for Zen, he felt like an outsider.

His mind was focused on his cultivation and accompanying his women.

Although Letitia was arranged to stay in the fairy palace, Zen would bring her and Geoffrey out from time to time to bond and have fun.

Before he knew it, more days passed. Zen had no idea how difficult the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was. There weren't any news from Master Feng in the past two months.

Many Supreme Lords in the universe maintained their steady communication with each other. They were still going after the remnants of the sorcerer race, because although their plans were destroyed by Zen, a few of their supreme sorcerers still remained, and only the Supreme Lords were strong enough to fight them.

On the other hand, Zen hadn't felt this peaceful in a while. Whenever he got tired from his cultivation, he'd go out and accompany Letitia and Geoffrey or joke with Margaret, who was always by his side. He felt so comfortable and serene that he considered living this kind of life for a hundred or even a thousand years.

It was such a shame that he had to face the crisis soon enough.

That was why some people called their generation a tragedy.

In this era, all sorts of super geniuses had appeared. The strength of the younger generation had also advanced by leaps and bounds, and their progresses were countless times faster than before!

In the far past, however, if a warrior did not pursue advancement, then he could enjoy life once he reached the Soul Sea Realm. Afterward, he could live for tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of years.

In this case, it wouldn't be a pity for them to fall into the Five Aging Processes in the end.

But now, that huge danger was like a knife placed around his neck. All the living creatures in the universe were worried for their safety. There was simply no time to think about the luxuries of life.

Despite this, the core disciples of the Celestial Position race were still very active.

In fact, this time, when the sorcerer race suddenly orchestrated an attack, there were already countless rumors spreading throughout the supreme worlds. Many martial artists began to spread the theory of the apocalypse.

Those martial artists who were struggling suddenly realized that they no longer had the motivation to advance. Disciples of many sacred places also stopped being active, refusing to advance even in their dreams. All of them had lost their hopes and passion.

The apocalypse was about to arrive soon anyway, so what was the point? These martial artists didn't even have the qualifications to struggle in the apocalypse. Why not enjoy the last bits of this short period of time?

In the same span of time, Zen's inner world had undergone another change as he cultivated.

The time flow rate of the inner world was much different from the time flow rate of the outside.

Actually, in this current stage, Zen's inner world still lacked a complete concept of time. In theory, the time flow rate of his inner world should be countless times faster compared to the time flow rate of the universe.

As he trained and developed himself further, Zen occasionally used his inner sight to look around. He discovered that some of the more complex life forms had already been born within his inner world.

As he looked inside, he noticed that the chaotic sea was teeming with creatures. There were even many giant fishes that slowly swam under the lapping waves.

According to the rules of cultivation, after the owner of the inner world died, the creatures within would immediately dissipate into a mass of life vitality. Even a True God was no exception.

The only one who could surpass this rule was most likely a Holy Being.

But even a Holy Being wouldn't be able to bring out any living being from their inner world. It was simply impossible. Leaving the inner world of a Holy Being was crossing the heavens and leaving the universe. Only these Godly Geniuses could do such an impossible feat. If a Supreme Lord were to forcefully leave this universe, they would die and turn into the life vitality in an instant.

At this very moment, while he was swimming in his own thoughts, a little fish suddenly materialized in Zen's hand.

Chapter 1807 The Invaders (Part One)

Observing the small fish in his hand, Zed was momentarily stunned.

Creatures formed from life vitality would be restored to life vitality once they moved to the external world. As per this law, since this little fish had been removed from the external world by Zen, it was bound to be converted into chaotic energy.

However, the scales of this little fish continued to remain bright silver. Also, the strong stench of the fish persevered.

The little fish struggled in Zen's hand for a while. But soon, Zen tossed it gently into the air. It drew an arc in the air and landed in the pond beneath the pavilion, splashing water. Once again it began to swim freely.

According to Zen's current understanding, the universe was one level higher than the ordinary inner world.

Whether people used the visualization technique to visualize treasures or used life vitality to nurture creatures within the inner world, in the end, they would all return to their original state. This was because cultivation was originally meant to seize heaven and earth, and now was the time to return heaven and earth back to heaven and earth where they ultimately belonged.

As for chaotic energy, there was no point in returning it.

That was not a product of the heavens and didn't need to be returned.

Thinking of this, Zen began to sigh in his heart. He had never anticipated that crossing the heavens would be such a complex matter!

For the creatures of the universe, they had to become Godly Geniuses in order to cross the heavens and enter the divine land.

This was because this was the inner world of a Holy Being. After leaving the inner world, they would return to life vitality. The life vitality of a

Holy Being was seized from the divine land, so naturally it had to be returned to the divine land.

Even a Supreme Lord who had forcefully left the universe would be turned into life vitality, dissipating within the divine land.

However, Zen's fish would not be affected by this restriction! Moreover, all the living creatures within Zen's inner world could cross the heavens, regardless of strength or cultivation! This was because these creatures came from the chaos!

"Hold on..."

Suddenly, an important question popped into Zen's head.

'If everything in the universe would dissipate into life vitality then what about Yan? What will happen to her?' he wondered.

After being deep in thoughts, the answer finally occurred to him. Without a doubt, Yan was a creature of the universe. When she had left, she was still young, and her cultivation was not high. It was impossible for her to become a Godly Genius! 'Let alone a True God! There is not even a chance for her to become a True God, ' he realized.

If it was in the past, Zen might even suspect that Yan had turned into life vitality and disappeared into the divine land.

However, Irene had already given him the information and confirmed Yan's location, dispelling his doubts.

With the help of this information, Zen seemed pretty positive that the young man who took Yan away could resolve this problem.

With a burst of wild thoughts, Zen gradually entered a meditative state and closed his eyes, continuing his cultivation.

After a short while, the news finally arrived. It turned out there were still three months left until they could be sent to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. But looking at the brighter side, everything would be ready in these three months. The ten Godly Geniuses would begin their journey after three months.

However, these three months would in no sense be peaceful.

In the first two months, four Supreme Lords had perished in the universe!

Amongst them, one was from the Blessed Buddha Land, two from the Humanity Alliance, and one from the Thoughtless Minds.

Those that perished were all Supreme Lords of the human race.

However, the supreme sorcerers of the sorcerer race were also exterminated one by one. Besides, they were all exterminated by the Supreme Lord of Original Sin, the leader of Xuanyuan Clan!

In the fight between Supreme Lords, it was originally extremely difficult to defeat the opponent. As for Supreme Lord of Original Sin, he had rooted out ten supreme sorcerers within a short period of time. His strength became evident to everyone who witnessed his fight.

Some of these pieces of news came from Rocher, while others were from the words of Supreme Lords spread out through Roaring Tokens.

Zen also knew that the reason these Supreme Lords were showing off their victory was to boost the morale of the warriors in the universe.

During those days, the Demon Night race remained to keep silence. Shania had found a way to break the rules of the universe, but none of the Supreme Lords uttered a word about it. On the contrary, the Supreme Lords of the ogre were especially hardworking, and it was said that whenever the ancient sorcerer race attacked, the ogre race would always be the first to rush in.

The more Zen came to see the turn of events, the more worried he became. He realized that he didn't know much about the crisis, and he couldn't control anything. 'What can I do to get things under control?' he thought anxiously

It wasn't the first time Zen was dealing with troubles. In fact, he had faced a lot of obstacles in the past. However, back then he was very clear about where the trouble came from. On top of that, he had good knowledge about how to deal with it. Now, Zen was clutched by a sense of powerlessness, not because he was afraid of these dangers, but because he could not completely grasp all the information. Nine dragons remained to stay shut, so did Lavender. Zen was unable to discriminate the right from the wrong now.

The only thing Zen knew with certainty was that the universe was going to face the invaders. As the leader of the top ten Godly Geniuses, Zen was obliged to do something to solve this problem.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1808 The Invaders (Part Two)

The events of the first two months were more than enough to make him realize he had to do something promptly. Originally, he had anticipated the final month to be peaceful, but now, in the midst of all these events, it was destined to be fully chaotic. The universe had no chance of being peaceful.

A very startling thing happened in the third month. The unbreakable Sighing Wall was broken!

When three hundred ace talents competed on the Heaven Earth Board, the first ace talent to be eliminated was a warrior from the Spring race.

For a weak race like the Spring race to produce an ace talent was already an inconceivable thing. After all, there were very few members of the Spring race, and they only occupied three poor supreme worlds. Therefore, a Supreme Lord predicted that this great danger would erupt within the Spring race.

In the end, it proved that the Supreme Lord's deduction was correct.

When the Sighing Wall was broken through, the invaders like locusts quickly occupied the territory of the Spring race. In no time, the entire clan was completely annihilated.

This news exploded in everyone's ears like thunder, shocking the entire universe.

Everyone knew that the apocalypse would come soon, but not even in their wildest dreams would they think it would happen this soon. The violent manner in which it happened shook everyone to the core.

However, a strange thing happened which further startled everyone. The invaders occupied only the territories of three supreme worlds and didn't continue to advance.

Zen and the others were also paying close attention to this matter. Since the invaders behind the Sighing Wall had arrived in a blink of an eye, they wondered if there was still a need for them to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Half a month later, most of the Supreme Lords had gathered in the Celestial Position once again.

After occupying three supreme worlds, the invaders hadn't yet made any effort to advance into the universe. Instead, they chose a group of representatives to come forth in a grandiose manner. Another unexpected thing happened. It turned out they were actually going to carry out a negotiation with them!

Such a piece of news, undoubtedly, began to spread like a wildfire. When this startling news reached Zen and the others, they also felt a bit suspicious.

Since these invaders had the power to break through the Sighing Wall and enter the universe, they couldn't understand why they had asked for a negotiation.

What was even more unexpected was that Master Feng actually accepted the negotiation, and the location of the negotiation was decided to be at the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place of the Celestial Position.

The participants of this negotiation weren't limited to the Supreme Lords, but Zen and the others were also invited.

All the powers in the universe expectantly waited for this negotiation. After all, this was related to the fate of the entire universe.

If the invaders could be convinced to give up their plans to invade the universe, then that would be the best achievement. However, such a result was unlikely.

There was a treasured mountain named Breaking Cloud Mountain in the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place. All year round, it was covered in profound ice. As a result, the entire body was sparkling and translucent. The beautiful scenery was a sight to behold. Its beauty was so unearthly that at certain times it seemed like an illusion.

At the moment, Zen, Rocher and the rest had arrived at the summit of Breaking Cloud Mountain. In front of them, over fifty Supreme Lords were gathered.

Not long after, a few dazzling lights appeared in the sky. At the same time, an extremely powerful aura exploded forth, as though a certain devil lord had descended into this world, causing people to feel incomparable reverence for him.

In front of a Supreme Lord, releasing that aura was just a small trick. Supreme Lord of Original Sin waved his hand simply and that aura disappeared like a wisp of smoke.

"Hahaha... With so many Supreme Lords welcoming me, I, Maha, am truly honored!"

Following that, a burst of extremely arrogant laughter resounded in the sky. Amongst them, there was a figure that rushed down first. This person was a violet-haired youth. However, this youth was not a Supreme Lord. He was only a world lord!

If an ordinary world lord acted so arrogantly in front of Supreme Lords, he would inevitably suffer a loss.

Amongst the many Supreme Lords on Breaking Cloud Mountain, there were a few ill-tempered Supreme Lords. They frowned and had an urge to teach him a lesson, but they were stopped by Master Feng.

Behind Maha were nine other powerhouses. They were the Supreme Lords of another universe.

"They are from…. the Sacred race?" Zen's eyebrows twitched as he whispered.

Lucille asked curiously, "What Sacred race?"

"A powerful race," replied Zen.

When Zen had stepped into the True Path in his fairy palace, the opponents whom he had encountered during the assessment were all warriors from the Sacred race.

According to Saul, the Sacred race was the most perfect race, while the Demon Night race, the human race, the ogre race paled in comparison. This was because all the humanoid races seemed to be descended from the Sacred race. Hence the Sacred race had the advantage over many different races!

As Maha spoke, he shot downwards at an extremely high speed. The instant his feet hit the ground, a massive crack suddenly burst out from the center of this crystal clear Breaking Cloud Mountain.

Master Feng's face darkened. With a slight push from his feet, the crack once again closed. It seemed like the crack didn't appear all this time.

The negotiation was yet to begin but the two sides seemed to be at loggerheads already. Each one of those present had their own ideas and was wondering what the result would be.

Chapter 1809 The Godly Genius Named Maha

Master Feng's expression was cold as he stared at Maha the warrior.

If the huge mountain had been split open, even if it later closed, it should have left a crack behind. However, with just a light step by Master Feng, the crack running down Breaking Cloud Mountain began to heal itself just like a human's wound would do.

Even though his opponent was only a world lord, he represented the invader side. This person must be an individual of great significance, so Master Feng did not choose to immediately attack.

The collapse of the Sighing Wall was completely beyond everyone's expectations. Furthermore, the Spring race was destroyed too quickly for the Celestial Position to take any action to prevent it.

It was only to be expected that after the Sacred race had occupied the three supreme worlds, they would rapidly advance, taking over one supreme world after another!

Given their current strength, the Sacred race could easily achieve their goal without difficulty.

However, it was at this moment, that instead of advancing they had suddenly begun negotiations. Even the Supreme Lords were puzzled. They wondered what the Sacred race was trying to achieve?

"Haha, the rumors said that, although he is a Supreme Lord, the Heavenly Destiny this old man carries is very special. He has the strength to fight a True God, it seems like the rumors are true," Maha slowly rubbed his nose and said thoughtfully.

Although the ten Godly Geniuses sometimes secretly called the head of the Celestial Position race "old man", in the entire universe only Xenia dared to call him that publicly.

This Maha was merely world lord, yet he spoke so casually. He respected the head of the Celestial Position in his words, however, in fact, everyone could tell just how arrogant he was.

"A mere world lord dares to act so presumptuously? The dignified Sacred race isn't that big of a deal," the Supreme Lord of Oracle could also bear it no longer. Her beautiful face clouded with gloom.

After being scolded by Supreme Lord of Oracle, Maha remained calm. He turned his head to take in the appearance of Supreme Lord of Oracle, and then clicked his tongue twice, "It's said that among the four greatest Supreme Lords in the universe, Supreme Lord of Oracle is known for her unrivalled beauty. Seeing is believing."

Even as he spoke, Maha didn't bother to conceal the lewd and evil intent lurking in his eyes.

"How dare you!"

Supreme Lord Healum was unable to watch any longer. With a flip of his hand, he sent a slap flying!

When a Supreme Lord took action, the world would be destroyed.

This slap contained sufficient power to kill a world lord.

In his anger, Supreme Lord Healum did not hold himself at all!

Boom!

The slap from Supreme Lord Healum had transformed into a gigantic golden palm image.

However, Maha didn't show the slightest sign of panic. As he stood there on the spot, a faint treasure light emerged from his body!

The palm shadow suddenly struck Maha's light and it instantly shattered, disappearing without a trace!

When the other Supreme Lords saw this, they all frowned.

Supreme Lord Healum was one of the top three Supreme Lords in the Humanity Alliance, second only to Supreme Lord Illusion and Supreme Lord of Oracle.

The slap might seem a simple thing, but it contained the ultimate Wind Law!

If it was so easily blocked, then this Maha was definitely in possession of a great treasure…

A great treasure that could block an all-out attack of a Supreme Lord didn't exist anywhere in the universe. Truly, no power in the universe could compare to what the Sacred race had.

"Humph, a trivial mid-rank Supreme Lord dares to attack me. You really overestimate yourself." Maha mocked as he stared defiantly at Supreme Lord Healum.

A Supreme Lord's temperament wasn't easily shaken, but at this moment, Supreme Lord Healum was extremely angry, his complexion already becoming ugly. A mere world lord dared to speak so rudely and to humiliate Supreme Lord of Oracle!

The most insulting part was that even though Maha was a world lord, he wasn't even a hundred years old! And the Supreme Lords that stood in front of Maha were easily over ten million years old!

"This Maha is courting death," Nathan said coldly.

"Isn't this guy too arrogant?" Lawson's expression had now also turned unfriendly.

The two Supreme Lords that clashed with Maha were not Supreme Lords of Thoughtless Minds, but, after all, they were humans and they were in the same universe!

These Godly Geniuses were of an age where their blood ran hot. Naturally, they could not remain calm and unperturbed like the Supreme Lords.

Even Zen's complexion had darkened. Just what sort of strength did Maha have to act so arrogantly in front of these Supreme Lords?

"You're courting death!"

This time, Supreme Lord Healum was planning on taking serious action!

However, just as Supreme Lord Healum was about to make his move, the nine Supreme Lords from Sacred race that had been floating in the distance all descended!

Of these nine Supreme Lords from Sacred race, there were actually five mid-rank Supreme Lords! Four of them were top-rank Supreme Lords!

At the moment Supreme Lord Healum was about to make his move, a top-rank Supreme Lord from Sacred race blocked his path!

The battle was about to begin!

The Supreme Lords in the universe had the numerical advantage. Once they attacked, with over fifty Supreme Lords working together, they should be able to completely devour every single one of these Supreme Lords from Sacred race.

But, who could guarantee that the Sacred race would not have reinforcements?

If a True God from the Sacred race appeared, how would they be able to resist?

With a flash of her body, Supreme Lord of Oracle lightly brushed past Supreme Lord Healum with her hands, dissolving his attack. With a cold expression, she looked at Maha and said, "I want to hear what exactly you want to negotiate. The nature and results of the negotiation will decide whether you'll die or live."

As one of the most powerful Supreme Lords in the universe, when had Supreme Lord of Oracle ever had to fear for her life?

She was the only female of the leaders of the three great human forces, and with just her power alone, she had carried almost the entire burden of the Humanity Alliance.

However, there had to be strange things in this abnormal situation. Maha wasn't an idiot. Even if he was, the nine Supreme Lords from Sacred race beside him weren't. Those who behaved arrogantly usually had a reason to act that way.

Supreme Lord of Oracle's attitude was resolute. If Maha were really an idiot, speaking nonsense in front of her, Supreme Lord of Oracle would naturally take his life.

"Ha-ha," Maha faintly smiled. However, this fellow continued to speak to Supreme Lord Healum, "You still seem unconvinced? A Supreme Lord of Humanity Alliance, I've never heard of you even though I've searched many souls. You can't be that famous in the universe, right? To deal with you, all I need to do is to carry a Heavenly Destiny! If I become a True God in the future, I will kill you with just one finger!" After the Sacred race had invaded the Spring race, they began to search the souls of the warriors. They gathered a lot of information from the universe. They also gained a good understanding of the power distribution within the universe.

After he finished speaking, he extended his little finger and pointed it at Supreme Lord Healum.

"Reckless!"

This time, even Supreme Lord of Oracle couldn't tolerate this. A massive aura suddenly swept out. She didn't choose to directly attack, she only wanted Maha to suffer!

Her extremely sharp aura was an attack that was powered by her soul.

The secret soul technique had become a patch of thorny roses that rapidly shot towards Maha's head!

However, the Supreme Lord from Sacred race standing in front of Maha suddenly waved both of his hands. A pale purple light wrapped around his hands, and he began to tear apart all of the roses one by one!

Physical attacks normally could not be directed at the soul, but this Supreme Lord from Sacred race was able to do just that.

In the blink of an eye, all of the roses had been crushed!

Maha faintly smiled and was about to speak when an intense pain enveloped his mind. His entire body instantly fell to the ground and he began to wail.

Supreme Lord of Oracle stared at Maha coldly. She had held back just now. Otherwise, she would have completely destroyed Maha's soul!

"Damn it, this is great!"

"This fellow should be taught a lesson!"

"He has probably been tortured quite miserably!"

Seeing Maha's miserable condition, Lawson and the others felt their hearts start to swell with joy.

After Maha had rolled on the ground for a good while, the pain gradually dissipated. As he slowly got to his feet, a trace of blood appeared at the corner of his mouth!

Maha wiped away the blood, but still retained a smile on his face. "Ha-ha, a beauty gifted me flowers that left behind a lingering fragrance…"

It was probably Maha's plan to continue insulting them. But, that Supreme Lord from Sacred race that stood in front of Maha finally couldn't help but remind him. "Godly Genius, don't play with them. Let's get down to business!"

"Godly Genius?"

"Is this guy also a Godly Genius?"

"His cultivation is much higher than ours. This is unfair."

Upon hearing this form of address, Lucille and the rest were also stunned.

Now that the ten Godly Geniuses from the universe had been selected, the one with the highest cultivation was Nathan, who was only at the middle stage of the Spirit Supreme Realm.

As for the others, they were still at the early stage of the Spirit Supreme Realm. As Margaret had entered the Illusion Battlefield, she had not gone through any serious battles or experiences, and her cultivation was still only at the late stage of the Soul Sea Realm!

But this Maha, who was also a Godly Genius, was actually a world lord? The guy who could break through to the True God realm at any time?

Now, Zen and the others finally understood why Maha was so confident.

Chapter 1810 Failure Of Negotiation

Maha must be of a remarkably high status as the Supreme Lords were so respectful towards him.

He had already been as strong as a world lord, which was probably why it was not too difficult for him to get a Heavenly Destiny in another universe.

He was not a Supreme Lord, but a Godly Genius.

Maha had the true qualifications to become a True God.

Maha wiped the blood off his mouth, shook his head, and said, "I've come here on behalf of the Sacred race and I have only one goal this time."

"Just tell us," Supreme Lord of Oracle said coldly. She was clutching the small, exquisite sword in her hand so tight, and the knuckles of her hand were almost white.

If both sides fell out, she would kill him immediately. But Maha was a Godly Genius with the potential to become a True God. Since the Sacred race had dared send him to negotiate, they must definitely have a way to protect him.

Maha smiled faintly as he said, "The truth is that we do not like to fight and kill. We shouldn't use force to resolve this matter if we can help it. This is too barbaric."

"Oh? You mean that the Sacred race will withdraw from our universe?" Supreme Lord of Oracle asked.

The other Supreme Lords listened attentively, not knowing just what Maha was up to.

Every race in the universe would be quite relieved if the members of the Sacred race were to leave the universe.

Maha shook his head. "There are over a hundred thousand supreme worlds in this universe, with vast lands and sparse population. Our Sacred race has a countless number of descendants. We can establish our own sect here and coexist harmoniously with you. What do you think?"

Everyone was shocked at Maha's words.

Zen sneered.

What Maha said was surprising and his intention was unfathomable. The Sacred race was much stronger than many races in the universe. If this race passed through the Sighing Wall and established their own sect here, they could easily take control of this universe with their firm backing and support.

"Personally, I think this plan is really good," Maha said with a broad smile.

Supreme Lord of Oracle looked solemn as she turned to look at the head of the Celestial Position race who was standing beside her.

Master Feng mirrored Supreme Lord of Oracle's expression. These Supreme Lords were communicating with each other through the life vitality.

They had understood what the Sacred race was planning on doing the moment Maha had proposed this plan.

The Sacred race never lost an opportunity to invade the universe, but right now, they didn't want an all-out war.

If the Supreme Lords agreed to Maha's request, they could give Zen and the other Godly Geniuses more time.

As long as two or three of the ten Godly Geniuses became True Gods, they would have a chance to change the fate of the entire universe.

The Sacred race was formidable, but they came from another universe, not the divine land.

The Supreme Lords discussed this matter for a long time, during which many of them began to argue among themselves.

Maha was showing great patience. He had both hands behind his back as his gaze swept past the Supreme Lords and landed on Zen and the others, observing them carefully.

When the Sacred race had invaded the universe, they had slaughtered a number of members of the Spring race. They had obtained a lot of information after searching their souls continuously. The ten Godly Geniuses were publicly known throughout the universe, and Maha had a good understanding of who these young people were.

Maha knew that the hope of the universe rested on these little fellows.

But Maha didn't feel like taking the risk of killing them.

Although he didn't care too much about his own safety, he would be in a spot if he acted right now and the Supreme Lords attacked him.

His life was more precious than the lives of these Godly Geniuses.

"We can agree to their plan. This plan is beneficial to us!"

"As long as we prevent them from taking any action at this moment, Nathan will eventually become a True God."

"What we only lack is time!"

Some of the Supreme Lords agreed with Maha's demands, including Supreme Lord of Original Sin. He had put too much effort into cultivating Nathan, so he had a great deal of confidence in him.

But the other Supreme Lords were against it.

"This kind of compromise is just futile!"

"We should counterattack and block them off from the edge of the supreme worlds. And we should not give them any chance to enter the universe!"

"Pinning our hopes on someone else's kindness is very foolish."

The Supreme Lords held differing opinions on this issue and continuously argued with each other.

However, the head of the Celestial Position race was silent the whole time. The Supreme Lords, having found it impossible to persuade each other, turned to look at the head of the Celestial Position race.

Supreme Lord of Oracle, Supreme Lord of Original Sin and Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment were on a level with the head of the Celestial Position race. As top-rank Supreme Lords, they carried the Heavenly Destiny which was far more powerful than that of an ordinary Supreme Lord. But the head of the Celestial Position race was more influential in terms of prestige. After all, he was the successor of the Holy Being's disciple.

Seeing that everyone was looking at him, he said through the life vitality, "I think... Have you missed something?"

The Supreme Lords looked at each other, but most of them did not figure out what they had missed.

Supreme Lord of Oracle said, "They are not willing to make a move."

Master Feng nodded. "Yes. And why are they unwilling to make a move?"

If the Sacred race truly had absolute strength, Maha wouldn't have brought those Supreme Lords from another universe here to negotiate with them.

The Sacred race could directly gather True Gods to occupy the supreme worlds one by one.

Negotiation meant a lack of confidence and strength.

"Do you mean to say that the Sacred race does not dare to fight?" Supreme Lord of Original Sin asked.

"I'm willing to take a gamble," the head of the Celestial Position race nodded.

There was nothing in this world that they could be absolutely sure of. Since the opponent was willing to negotiate, it meant that they did not wish to start an all-out war. Plain and simple.

Many Supreme Lords continued to think about it, their faces betraying none of their thoughts.

If they truly agreed to Maha's request, the Sacred race might not comply with their agreement. An all-out war would erupt once the Sacred race was ready for battle.

After all, the strong would never need to reason with the weak. And by then, it would be too late for regrets.

But how would they deal with it if an agreement couldn't be reached during the negotiation? What would they do if the Sacred race launched an attack?

But the head of the Celestial Position race was willing to take a big gamble.

He believed that the Sacred race wouldn't dare make a move, that Zen and the others would be able to return from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, making great progress in cultivation in a short period of time, and that they could become world lords and True Gods, even!

Once the Supreme Lords had carefully analyzed this matter, they understood that the head of the Celestial Position race was right.

It would be a shame if they temporarily appeased the Sacred race but ended up dead. They might as well take a gamble right now and stop these people at the edge of the supreme worlds from moving an inch further.

The Supreme Lords quickly came to an agreement.

The head of the Celestial Position race glanced at Maha once again. Maha knew that this group of Supreme Lords had reached an agreement, but he still smiled and asked, "So? What about my suggestion?" To him, the humans and the ogres were inferior races.

These races didn't have a noble purpose of survival. In fact, they would compromise anything and everything in order to survive.

But Master Feng responded, "There are many races in the universe, and no supreme world is superfluous. I represent all the forces in the universe as I reject your plan."

Maha's cynical smile disappeared at Master Feng's words. He was cursing him from within, but his voice was calm as he threatened Master Feng. "You have only one chance."

Everything would have been okay if Maha hadn't made such threatening remarks.

But at his words, Master Feng and the other Supreme Lords laughed.

When one became a Supreme Lord, their mental states became stable as steel. Their decision couldn't change that easily.

Maha's threat had exposed the fact that the Sacred race had not enough confidence and strength.

Even Zen and the others saw that the Sacred race was bluffing.

"We don't need the Sacred race giving us opportunities. You can start a war if you have the guts!" Lawson laughed coldly.

Of these ten Godly Geniuses, Lawson was the most eccentric. In fact, his character was somewhat similar to Maha's. He couldn't help but mock Maha's long rambling.

The failure of this negotiation infuriated Maha. His anger only multiplied at Lawson's words. His purple eyes shone with lightning.

"You are just a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior. How dare you interrupt us like that? I must teach you a lesson on behalf of your elders!" As his voice fell, the lightning in Maha's eyes formed an arc in the air. Before anyone could react, it shot towards Lawson.

Chapter 1811 Deterrence

This bolt of lightning was strange. It did not connect with the vitality between heaven and earth, nor did it use life vitality.

It looked like it was being transferred from Maha's mind. The shape of the lightning was quite different from the ones in the universe.

Maha had said he would teach Lawson a lesson, but the power of this bolt of lightning was beyond just that. It was extraordinary!

All the Supreme Lords in the universe restrained themselves this time.

Maha belonged to the Sacred race. His status was such that even a Supreme Lord in his race might just listen to his commands.

But Maha had gone too far with his actions against a Godly Geniuse.

"You're courting death! How dare you!"

The patriarch of the Lie Clan was the first to step out. A vigorous aura shot into the sky as the atmosphere of the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place surged.

But Maha's lightning arc had already struck. It was too late to stop it.

Boom!

The arcing bolt of lightning pierced Lawson's body with a keening sounding, not unlike a pig being butchered.

The lightning bolt didn't look overly powerful and seemed to be one that was meant to merely teach a lesson. But Lawson frantically rolled around on the ground like a twisting water snake.

It was rare to see Lawson in such pain, which could only mean that the bolt of lightning was extremely torturous.

The patriarch of the Lie Clan was torn between attending to Lawson's injuries and attacking Maha.

A cold light flashed in the patriarch's hand, indicating the appearance of a dragon-headed saber. He raised the saber and brought it slashing down without any hesitation.

The nine Supreme Lords beside Maha moved into different positions. Each of them flashed a pale green ring, the lights of which quickly connected to each other.

They had set up an array formation!

Since Supreme Lords had different types of Heavenly Destinies, it was very rare for them to cultivate an array together.

This was happening only in the universe where Zen was.

In the universe where the Sacred race came from, almost every supreme world was occupied by the Sacred race. Small races like the humans, the Demon Night, and the ogres were all concentrated in two or three supreme worlds, like pets of the Sacred race.

This made the Sacred Race a highly unified one.

In this universe, however, many Supreme Lords couldn't choose which Crown of Destiny to bear.

Since the Crown of Destiny usually appeared randomly after the fall of a Supreme Lord, whoever seized it would bear it. It didn't matter which rank the Heavenly Destiny was at. No one had a choice. As long as one could have the Heavenly Destiny, one became a Supreme Lord. There was no need for them to care too much about what kind of Heavenly Destiny they got.

A top-rank Heavenly Destiny had only been selected once when the Celestial Position relied on Lester's Heavenly Destiny of Revival to continuously kill and revive a Supreme Lord, and other races had agreed not to fight over it.

But once a Supreme Lord of the Sacred race perished, the entire race would have to wait for the next Crown of Destiny.

Once the Crown of Destiny appeared in the universe, every race would rush to take it over.

But the Sacred race would analyze the Crown of Destiny and find out what Heavenly Destiny it contained before they took it. If this Heavenly Destiny was not good, they would just wait quietly and let it disappear. Before long, this Crown of Destiny would once again appear in another location, the Heavenly Destiny within this Crown of Destiny having undergone a new change.

The Sacred race used this method to replace Heavenly Destiny that wasn't very useful or powerful enough. Only after they managed to sift through a strong Heavenly Destiny would they appoint a world lord of the Sacred race to receive it.

This meant that the advantage of the Sacred race didn't just lie in their True Gods. Even a Supreme Lord of this race was much more qualified than a Supreme Lord in the universe.

Because these Supreme Lords were familiar with each other, they were able to use their abilities to lay down a powerful array.

The other Supreme Lords wouldn't watch on as the patriarch of Lie Clan got to work.

The auras of the dozens of Supreme Lords looked like they had solidified. Even the air seemed to have frozen.

Maha let a thin smile snake across his face. He wasn't panicking even though he was facing the earth-shattering blade attack of the Lie Clan patriarch.

But at the center of the formation that the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race had formed, space began to fluctuate with extreme intensity. As the saber came cutting down, a large hand suddenly appeared in the fluctuating space.

It reached out and flailed for a hot minute before grabbing, shattering the Lie Clan patriarch's saber light.

Crack!

It was not only the saber light that had broken.

Countless cracks began to appear on the blade in the patriarch's hand. The blade continued to twist, and eventually turned into an iron rod.

This hand clearly hadn't come into contact with the dragon-headed saber, but had produced a strange effect. What level of power that hand must have!

The patriarch of Lie Clan threw Maha an ugly look. The Supreme Lord of Original Sin and Supreme Lord of Oracle looked gloomy.

This dragon-headed saber was called the 'Buried Sea'. It ranked twelfth on the Universe Spirit Tablet, and was made of material from the Dark Star itself. It was also not something that an ordinary Supreme Lord could use. Only the patriarch of the Lie Clan could.

Such a blade had been crushed into a steel rod and turned into a piece of scrap metal without even making contact with the huge hand!

How strong must the hand be!

"Humph!"

Once the hand withdrew, an evil snort sounded off it.

It spread out, causing the hearts of the Supreme Lords to tremble. The Godly Geniuses were pale as paper as they subconsciously retreated.

Only Zen stood there, motionless.

The True God hadn't come, but this race had managed to pressurize so many Supreme Lords with just a single hand!

True Gods were also divided into different grades.

Top-rank Supreme Lords like Supreme Lord of Original Sin and Master Feng, had the ability to fight True Gods of the lowest level. After all, they were only a half-step away from being a True God.

But the owner of this hand seemed to be far more than just an ordinary True God.

Master Feng and the others were still holding back. The truth was, if several Supreme Lords joined hands, they didn't need to be afraid of this giant hand. But it wasn't time for them to fight. Instead, they had to put up with them.

Furthermore, Lawson had already pulled himself off the ground. His screams had been fierce, but he hadn't suffered any serious injuries.

"So this is a True God!" Zen stared at the huge hand, his eyes narrowed.

As he was sizing the hand up, Zen felt an unfriendly gaze lock onto him. It was from Maha.

Their gazes met and their hearts skipped a collective beat.

Maha usually looked down on these Godly Geniuses. But the moment he had looked at Zen, he had understood almost instantly that this was the boy that had won the Illusion Battlefield. Although Zen's cultivation was only at the Spirit Supreme Realm, his potential was surprisingly strong.

Zen's eyes were calm. As he looked at Maha, there wasn't a trace of anger in them. It was as if this was a matter of course.

The two of them looked at each other for less than three seconds. But Zen's face contorted into a contemptuous smile.

"What are you laughing at?" Maha was annoyed at this show of contempt. In any case, he had already broken off all decorum. Maha predicted that these Supreme Lords didn't dare fight here. So he addressed Zen.

This Maha had come prepared today. Even if they couldn't negotiate, they would still rely on the deterrence of a True God to display their might.

"I'm laughing at you, a mere world lord. You can't wait to use the power of the True God behind you, and yet you feel proud of yourself?" Zen asked calmly.

Maha's face fell. He had long since had the opportunity to bear the Heavenly Destiny. At the time, there had even been a supreme Heavenly

Destiny that would help him become a top-rank Supreme Lord. But he had chosen to give it up. He would become bound by the heavens after bearing the Heavenly Destiny, unable to cross the heavens to become a True God.

To him, the sacrifice was too great. He had the ambition to become a True God, and this ambition was now not too far away from him.

Chapter 1812 Threat (Part One)

As a member of the Sacred race, Maha knew the divine land better than anyone else in the universe. If he could say so himself, he knew the ins and outs of the land like the back of his hand.

Similar to the the Upper World and Lower World, the universe was a lower plane compared to the divine land.

The rules of cultivation in the universe were set by the Holy Being and no one else.

Because of this, it was natural for the people of the divine land to think of themselves highly and regard the creatures of the universe as weaker and inferior to them.

Even the Godly Geniuses had to painstakingly go through tens of millions of years of hard work just to have the qualifications to be on equal footing with the geniuses of the divine land. It took them endless blood and sweat, and a staggering massive amount of resources, just to get that far.

But this was simply the natural order of things and the glaring difference that they were born with.

Maha was the son of a True God. With his status and high birth, he was able to stand tall and be proud among the Sacred race.

However, he could never be satisfied with his current situation as long as he was still alive. He yearned for more.

He wanted to set out and go to the divine land to become a True God. In the past, he had already gone to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land where he reaped quite a lot of benefits.

But it was not enough as he was still unable to become a True God, like he had wished. Actually, condensing a Godly Tile was a really hard feat to achieve.

Zen's words were hitting the wrong cord in Maha, and it made him frown. A dangerous shadow passed over his face and sharpened his demonic eyes as a fuse of anger lit in his chest, taking over his system.

Indeed, the True God of the Sacred race, his father, was not able to come to this round of the universe in person due to a number of reasons.

This was the very reason why the Sacred race chose to negotiate instead.

But this sorry bunch of old bastards were not easily swayed and they refused his request, much to his frustration.

'If that is the case, why not just use the power of a True God to kill this person?'

Maha stunned himself when this dangerous thought surfaced to the forefront of his mind. It seemed that he had not been aware that he was terrified of Zen.

"Even though I'm just a world lord, killing you is still a piece of cake to me," Maha murmured with venom in his voice.

He was quite a decisive man. Once he made a decision, he would always carry it out. He was a man of his own words and he always relied on his intuition and judgment. Since Zen gave him a sense of danger, there was absolutely no way he'd let him grow freely.

Those nine Supreme Lords also seemed to understand this Godly Genius' temperament very well. They knew that although Maha's personality was arrogant, cruel, and ruthless, he'd never broken his promises before and would always see them through.

It was just like what Maha had said. Once he became a True God, he would definitely kill that Supreme Lord Healum. Nothing would stop him in accomplishing that in the future.

As Maha spoke, Master Feng gently waved his hand in the air. An invisible force spread out from his gesture, forming a daunting and towering high wall.

Perhaps Maha wasn't even worth mentioning, but they had to be wary of that giant hand. It was the hand of a True God, after all, and they knew just how dangerous it was. The moment they lost their guard and they got hit, there was a high chance that they could not endure his blow.

At that very moment, all of the Supreme Lords grew quiet, simmering in their own thoughts of fear. None of them wanted to provoke a powerful True God.

But if they stayed idle and refused to make a move, then it would appear as if they had allowed Maha to parade around and step over them with that arrogant attitude of his.

"I admit, I'm not your match right now," Zen said, his smile not wavering. He continued, "However, the moment I become a world lord, I swear I will only use one finger to end you."

As he said this, he also extended a finger toward Maha.

Maha was a tyrant among the Sacred race. His father was a True God that transcended the universe, and his talent was unprecedented in the universe where the Sacred race lived. This kind of words had always been thrown at others by him. What qualifications did the others have to treat him like he was a mere pest in their eyes?

He'd never thought that this Zen, the man who had made him feel uneasy and a tad bit afraid, would prove to be an even more arrogant prick than he was at this moment.

Unknowingly, the confrontation between the two universes gradually focused on the heated tension between Zen and Maha.

The Supreme Lords that had gathered within the Celestial Position race had yet to make a move. The same was true of the Supreme Lords and the True God's hand standing behind Maha. Everyone was standing still with bated breaths.

In the end, both of them stared the other off and hesitated to move. They didn't want to make a mistake and fall out with each other.

However, with Maha's arrogant and brash personality, he was not one to care about this sort of balance. He had never been at a disadvantageous position before. When he heard Zen's words, Maha let out an icy smile. Then he controlled the giant hand behind him and launched a direct attack toward Zen.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1813 Threat (Part Two)

Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Oracle, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, and Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment started moving almost simultaneously.

The giant hand slammed down on Zen at a very rapid speed. Even the formless power unleashed by Master Feng was instantly torn apart, unable to block it in the slightest.

"Do you really think we are afraid of a True God?"

Supreme Lord of Oracle's expression was as cold as an arctic ice. The short sword in her hand immediately transformed into a sharp stream of light in the air, lighting up the entire place.

The stream of light split into many jagged long hooks, and, with quick succession, hooked into the giant hand.

Earlier in the fight, Supreme Lord of Oracle had already witnessed the might of this giant hand, so she did not dare to underestimate its strength. She merely wanted to block its attacks.

As for Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, he jumped into the air and morphed into a Buddha. With one quick step, he was already in front of Zen, determined to stop this giant hand.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin's expression turned solemn and focused as he disappeared from where he stood, nowhere to be found.

As for the other Supreme Lords, they stood in shock and were caught mentally unprepared. They could not fathom what was happening. Could it be that they were about to start a war with the Sacred race right now?

If the owner of this giant hand came out, how would the Supreme Lords manage to resist its powers?

Soon, all of the Supreme Lords' worries banished into thin air when a new figure joined them.

A peal of laughter rang in the air as a lean shadow slowly materialized in the space beside Zen. When the old man finally appeared, he extended his withering hand and tapped the palm of the giant hand with his finger.

There was no contact between the two, but the giant hand seemed to have eyes. As if it could sense the power of the finger, it suddenly maneuvered differently and changed its style in mid-air. The fingers on the palm straightened and turned into a palm knife.

The old man kept a straight face while his dexterous fingers changed their movements. He touched his thumb with his pinky finger and pointed toward the wrist of the giant hand.

The hand gestures between the two constantly changed, as if two drunkards were playing a drinkers' wager game. Notably, there wasn't a single substantive exchange of blows between them, which surprised the onlookers.

Every time the hand changed its pattern, the old man's hand would also change along with it to counter its moves.

In the end...

The giant hand finally stopped moving and its attacks came to a halt.

A sharp icy voice suddenly boomed from the center of the nine Supreme Lords, "I didn't expect that a disciple of a Holy Being like you would be hiding in the universe, fighting for your life. So you really aren't dead yet."

"I will never die," the old man replied with a cool smile.

"It's never too late," the voice bit back.

The old man laughed and said, "You should worry about yourself and your son's life first ... We'll take his life."

He did not even spare Maha any glance when he said this, like he was not anyone important to discuss. For the old man, his life wasn't worth wasting time for.

As the old man's voice fell silent, Supreme Lord of Original Sin transported beside Maha, a black spear held tight in his hand which he positioned against Maha's forehead.

Maha was the Sacred race's Godly Genius and had the highest chance of becoming a True God. Not only that, he was also the True God's son. If they could kill him, then it would be extremely beneficial for everyone in the entire universe.

There was a long period of tensed silence before the voice spoke again, saying, "If you dare to kill my son, I will leave the Sacred race behind and kill you. Then I will destroy this universe. Kill him and I swear I will do as I say."

A sly challenging smile made its way onto the old man's face. "You really can't get here, huh? You were attacked, right? I wonder which universe had such courage. How dare them invade the universe where the Sacred race lives? Or perhaps... there is another battle between two Holy Beings in the divine land?"

Master Feng had speculated that if the Sacred race had absolute strength, then they wouldn't have sent Maha out to negotiate in the first place. Instead, they would have directly pushed their entire race into the universe. And now the old man solidified his speculations even more.

In the universe where the Sacred race resided, there was a True God who was tied down and couldn't leave. He had the responsibility to guard the universe first and foremost, so he was not able to come here in person.

When they heard his words, the other Supreme Lords nodded their heads, suddenly hit with enlightenment.

This old man had no real intent to kill Maha. At this moment, fighting them to death was neither wise nor prudent. The threat he had made to kill Maha was just a mere test.

"You have no right to know," the voice said in a cutting tone. The giant hand slowly withdrew, volunteering no further information. It had left Maha and the nine Supreme Lords alone.

Just now, the owner of this giant hand warned that should anyone dare to kill Maha, he would definitely retaliate by flattening the entire universe first. He said this not only because he was confident in his own strength, but also because he didn't consider the old man as his equal.

Maha tilted his head and sneered at Supreme Lord of Original Sin, cold arrogance taking over his face. "Heard that? So why aren't you moving your garbage spear away from me?"

Chapter 1814 Stone Forest

The sudden appearance of this elder from the Celestial Position made many Supreme Lords feel delighted and extremely happy.

They never imagined nor expected that there would be a True God in the Celestial Position. Relief washed over them, for it was a great help for them.

However, the Sacred race's True God left unhurriedly, leaving his son here, which meant that the other side did not take this True God of the Celestial Position seriously.

As for Supreme Lord of Original Sin, a smile appeared on his face as he heard Maha's words. "Your father just won't let you die. Get out!"

After his words, Supreme Lord of Original Sin flicked his long spear. As quick as it was, Maha only felt his vision blur as if a star had smashed into his chest. The explosive impact sent him flying back!

Watching this scene, the nine Supreme Lords didn't say a single word. Then they all soared into the sky, following their Godly Genius.

"Are we going to let them go just like that?" Supreme Lord of Original Sin indifferently asked as he casually rolled up his spear and held it in his hands.

The elder merely looked towards the direction they had left and insisted, "Let them go. All our chances will be lost once we slay a Godly Genius. It is not worth it."

After the Sacred race were all out of sight, Master Feng introduced this person to the Supreme Lords present.

Everyone was surprised as it turned out that this elder was the third disciple of the Holy Being. And his name was Wynn.

Because of the dispute among the Holy Beings, their disciples were either dead or injured. Wynn had escaped into the inner world of the

Holy Being, which meant that he had not only managed to escape death, but he had also fallen into a long and deep slumber.

Many years ago, Wynn only woke up once to activate the bloodline of the Celestial Position.

Since the Celestial Position was set up by the disciples, it began to operate according to their designated path right after its activation at a designated time.

Among them, the head was one part of their arrangement, both the Genuine Dragon and Thoughtless Minds were one part of it, while Zen was the most important.

It was just that in the beginning, the disciples of the Holy Being had intended to treat Zen as a secret chess piece, hoping that he would grow in the dark, while Nathan was a distinct chess piece, having all the support of other Godly Geniuses.

However, there were still a lot of flaws in the way they operated. No matter how skilled the disciples were, they could not be counted as perfect.

Thus Zen won the first place, and in the end, Xenia had become the hidden chess piece.

But the rate at which the plan was being pushed, already made it impossible for Wynn and the head of the Celestial Position to consider it further. They had no choice but to send Zen and the others into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land first.

Otherwise, no matter how many layouts there were carefully mapped out, it would all be in vain.

The uproar caused by the Sacred race had caused many Supreme Lords to feel an even greater sense of crisis, especially the Thoughtless Minds led by the four great Supreme Lords. Nathan's clan, Lawson's clan, Lucille's clan, and Janet's clan, they were all descendants of the disciples. If the Sacred race occupied the entire universe, they might let other forces live, but first, they would have to eradicate the four great clans.

Several days had already passed when the Godly Geniuses left the universe and teleported to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

According to Master Feng, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was a notably complicated place.

First of all, the world was vast and boundless. It might not belong to the universe, but it was also the inner world of a Holy Being.

Warriors from the divine land, as well as warriors from the inner worlds of Holy Beings, dwelt in this so-called inner world. Many good and evil people mixed up together, with all sorts of races also residing in it.

Besides all these, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was also an excellent place to gain experience.

The ten Godly Geniuses simultaneously teleported as if they were in sync. The transmission channel, where they successfully passed through, was no ordinary thing!

Normally, the Space Law was used in a transmission channel to shorten the distance, not to eliminate the distance.

However, Zen's transmission at this time only lasted for an instant. He realized he came to a strange world and knew that this place was no longer the universe.

"Cave?"

Zen instinctively lifted his head to look at the sky and noted that he was in a huge cave!

It could be said to be 'huge', because Zen could no longer describe the size of the cave. Its dome stretched as far as his naked eye could see. And its height was probably equivalent to the height between the supreme worlds and the stars!

This enormous cave was so tremendous that it could no longer be called a cave but a world.

There seemed to be countless specks of light at the top of the cave, alternating between dimness and radiance. Moreover, from time to time, it was illuminated with glittering wave of lights.

Not only these specks of light brought light to this enormous cave, but they also served as the suns in this cave!

Due to the distance being too far, Zen was unable to see what those dots of light were. However, he assumed that they were probably some life forms, stuck at the top of the cave. And as they were able to emit that kind of radiance at such a long distance, these creatures' size might not be small. The tiny dots of light might be as big as a star.

Though those dots of light looked mesmerizing when viewed from afar, they were not the destination of Zen's exploration.

This time when he entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, he mentally motivated himself to raise his cultivation as fast as possible!

As a Godly Genius, Maha was only a step away from becoming a True God. If he could become a True God, then he would have the qualifications to save the universe.

And as for who was right or wrong, that didn't matter anymore!

The location of Zen's teleportation was extremely desolate. It seemed as if he was standing on a flat desert, with not a single soul roaming around. But strikingly, there were countless divine textures carved into the bottom of the desert.

What surprised Zen was that the level of these divine textures was so high that he had never heard of it before!

From Zen's perspective, the divine texture techniques the cyan dragon had imparted to him were already exceptionally formidable. However, when he randomly eyed the whole area, he figured out that the divine textures recorded by the cyan dragon were not even one percent of those divine textures!

"The divine textures in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land are abnormally developed," Zen concluded.

However, he did not dwell on these matters. Instead, he quickly left the desert.

Before they set off in this journey to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Master Feng had carefully explained in detail the precautions in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

One reminder was that there were numerous teleportation areas in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. They could appear at any location, but wherever it was, the first thing they must do was to hide.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was a cruel world. At the same time, dead people could not be reborn, so if one wanted to train there, the first step was to live and keep alive.

It was an advantage on Zen's part that this desert was completely barren as it took him an hour to pass through the desert with ease. Not long after, he discerned a grey forest coming into his view. And as he got nearer, he realized that it was composed of stones!

Zen rapidly approached one of the trees and leaped lightly, and unknowingly, broke a branch as soon as he landed on the solid ground.

No matter how carefully he examined them, from the bark to the tree trunk, and then to the leaves, he found they were all stones!

It was not rather rare for trees to be turned into stones. For example, fossils were often formed when various creatures wallowed in the river of time. This area of the forest might have encountered some unforeseen situations, turning it into stones.

However, when Zen felt the life force flowing through the tree trunk, he was sure that the stone forest was still growing. They were born stones.

"In the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, anything that goes against common sense can happen. Don't be too surprised. The inner world of every Holy Being is different…"

One of Master Feng's warnings echoed in Zen's mind.

After Zen cautiously had observed the forest for a while, he laid the broken branch back on the ground and stealthily snuck into the stony forest.

What Zen did not know was that a gigantic creature had set its sights on him the moment he had entered the forest.

Chapter 1815 Move Forward

Complete silence enveloped the whole stone forest.

Zen could only hear his own quiet breathing as he entered the forest, his senses on high alert.

The place did not belong to the universe, so Zen couldn't use the power transfer skill. In addition, the aboriginals of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and the martial artists from the divine land were also there.

In this forest, all the plants including trees and weeds were all stones.

When Zen stepped on the forest ground, the weeds under his feet broke occasionally.

Nevertheless, he kept moving. After four hours, Zen estimated that he had traveled about five hundred miles. If he had traveled by air, he would've covered the same distance in just seconds. However, it would be dangerous to expose himself in the air when he was unfamiliar with the place.

The sky got darker, and Zen saw that the starlight which hung from the cave's dome-like ceiling began to dim. Clearly, night and day also existed in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

However, the night had come too quickly. Within the time of a few seconds, the bright day had completely been replaced by darkness. There was no transitional process at all.

This darkness was unable to affect Zen's perception. A green light flashed in his eyes, and the blurry world of darkness gradually became clear again…

"Keep moving."

At that moment, Zen wanted nothing more than to meet a martial arts practitioner to gain more knowledge and information about the world he was in.

Just at the moment the darkness fell, Zen felt the earth suddenly tremble.

"Boom, boom, boom..."

Huge feet stomped heavily on the ground and formed many craters.

Not far from Zen was a 'mountain, ' which moved rather slowly. It turned out to be a huge monster's body that was about over ten thousand feet tall, but its head was surprisingly small.

After the gigantic being had walked for a while, it stopped and stretched out its tiny head towards the stone forest. It opened its mouth and began to chew on the branches and leaves.

'But those are stones--it even eats stones!' Zen thought. He was only about fifty feet away from the creature, and he was shocked to see it eat stones.

What he didn't know was that the stones contained life energy. Zen saw the stones as nothing different from the hard and brittle common stones, but they were natural food for the creatures in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Perhaps such a creature's intelligence did not evolve in its evolutionary process. It had an enormous body, but not a predatory behavior. In fact, it had a rather mild nature.

Then again, in the world of nature, mild creatures were destined to become food for others.

A high pitched scream that came from the darkness suddenly disturbed the quietness. The entire forest became lively, followed by strange voices. Zen didn't understand anything at all, but he was certain that the creatures in the darkness were intelligent!

While the mountain-like beast was simple-minded, it wasn't stupid. Its huge body turned around once it heard the noise.

Its huge build enabled it to cross a wide span in one step. It wasn't slow either when it ran at full speed--but as it slowly adjusted its direction, the shadows in the stone forest got closer and closer. At the same time, they frantically jumped towards the mountain-like beast's body!

Meanwhile, Zen had completely hidden his aura in the darkness. However, he could also clearly see what the shadows were. They looked like monkeys that were less than half a meter tall.

These monkeys were slightly different from the monkeys Zen had seen before. At the very least, their mouths didn't stick out and they didn't have a chin like an ape's.

Many of them simply leapt and passed Zen. They had a clear division of labor between them--the strong ones attempted to chase away the huge beast, while the fast ones climbed onto its huge body and moved towards its neck.

It wasn't long before Zen heard the huge beast howl, before it finally fell to the side with an earth-shattering thud.

To the shorter creatures, such a gigantic beast seemed like a huge mountain of meat. The said creatures then dug open the beast's thick skin and began to divide the fat beneath it in an orderly fashion.

On the other hand, Zen watched hidden for a while before preparing to leave.

The creatures were all aboriginals from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and spoke a different language from Zen, so it would be hard to communicate with them. In any case, Zen aimed to find humanoid creatures like the Demon Night, ogres, or even Giants.

Overall, this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was not as dangerous as he had imagined.

Soon enough, he disappeared into the stone forest in a flash. He planned to advance and continue to explore.

Just as Zen had gone deeper into the stone forest, he heard a faint sound. Although the sound was gentle, the thing moved extremely fast.

The sound had caught Zen's attention at once.

His body moved once more, then he agilely traversed through the forest. He chose a tree trunk, then suddenly stopped on top of it.

"Swoosh. Swoosh..."

He heard two extremely soft sounds once again!

Zen's eyebrows twitched and his long sword slightly trembled. A beam of sword light slashed out and formed an arc, which spread out quickly.

At that moment, the stones within a thirty-mile radius around Zen shattered!

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh…"

The things that had followed Zen no longer had any place to hide. Thus, they spread their wings and flew into the sky!

'Huge bats?' Zen was stunned.

The creatures had jet-black bodies and a pair of obsidian fleshy wings. They were like spies who moved secretly in the night.

When their wings were fully spread, they could stretch as long as about seventy or eighty feet.

Apart from the monkey-like creatures that Zen had seen before, it seemed that the creatures that lurked within the stone forest were especially large in build.

Could this be the world outside the fairy palace?

There were creatures of enormous builds that lived in the huge forest outside the fairy palace. However, the trees in the world outside the fairy palace were unimaginably tall, so Zen quickly dismissed such a possibility.

If Zen's speculations were correct, the world outside the fairy palace was located somewhere in the divine land, and this place wasn't the divine land.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh…"

The bats flew across the sky, but Zen only saw black shadows suddenly flash and then disappear from his sight. Then, they moved around him quite swiftly.

Although they flew extremely fast, they couldn't escape the range of Zen's watch. He gripped the long sword even tighter. If the giant bats dared to attack him, he would kill them immediately.

However, the giant bats seemed to be quite intelligent. They looked like they dreaded Zen's long sword and didn't dare come closer.

Zen didn't bother to deal with them anymore after a long standoff. Instead, he sped up in the darkness and continued to move forward.

As he moved forward, the giant bats continued to trail closely behind him. They didn't get too close to him nor retreated. Instead, the bats kept a safe distance from him.

'I wonder why they keep following me, ' Zen thought. Suddenly, he felt very strange.

After Zen had advanced about four hundred miles, he finally reached the end of the stone forest. The bats stopped as well. They still wanted to follow Zen, but they seemed afraid of something ahead and kept hovering above Zen's head.

'What kind of powerful existence is there ahead of us?' Zen wondered.

The concept of fierce beasts came from the universe. Therefore, Zen knew that the creatures in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land couldn't just be classified under fierce beasts.

These creatures were also extremely territorial and refused to move forward. The land ahead of them must belong to other creatures.

Zen didn't hesitate too much before he continued to advance alone. Overall, the creatures he had encountered in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land weren't that powerful; or at least, there was nothing that could threaten Zen's life at the moment.

But as soon as Zen thought of it, he quickly dismissed the idea.

After he had passed through the stone forest, the next forest ahead seemed to be a normal one. It still looked lush and verdant despite its strange trees and flowers. It looked a lot better than the stone forest.

The moment Zen stepped into the forest, he heard the clatter of a horse's hooves.

Along the forest path galloped a small, handsome white horse with a sharp horn on its head.

'A unicorn?' Zen froze.

He no longer looked as calm as before, because the horse carried a woman on its back, and her cultivation level was at the peak of the Spirit Transformation Realm.

Aside from the woman, warriors with high cultivation levels and even some world lords followed behind her.

Chapter 1816 The Teleporting Area

The unicorn's glorious white mane was so soft and so light that the slightest move by the unicorn made it roll like ocean waves on the beach. If one were to carefully examine the creature up close, one would see perfect divine textures embedded in its hooves.

Every time the unicorn took a step forward, these divine textures created an extremely tiny force field. Inside this force field, the unicorn would propel itself forward. It would cut through the air in front of it, all the while protected by the barrier.

"Princess Royal, we've already made it to the edge of the gray forest. Here, the darkness lasts for 132 hours. I'm afraid that if we walk any farther, we'll be in grave danger," one of the black-robed men warned.

In the eyes of an ordinary person, the complete darkness had already descended. They would not be able to see anything at all.

However, for Zen and the warriors in front of him, this degree of darkness was nothing.

Unless the Dark Law shrouded the area, Zen and the warriors would have no problem seeing here.

Because there were world lords in the group, Zen went to great lengths to remain hidden. He very carefully curled up to one side. From there, he clearly heard the on-going conversation. It was one from which he learned a lot.

Princess Royal.

Did these people come from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land or the divine land? This woman was clearly of very high status.

'Will it last 132 hours?' Zen thought for a moment. If this were the case, then the items on top of the cave would need 132 hours before they could light up again. What dangers would await them here during these 132 hours?

"Don't be so anxious. Those yellow birds had been dispersed once before. This time, there won't be that many left," the woman coldly replied as she spurred the unicorn toward the gray forest.

"Even so, the teleporting area on the Glitter Gold Gobi has been abandoned for thousands of years. The legend that has reached you was a joke. We cannot expect the same fate."

'We cannot expect the same fate.'

When Zen heard this, he was momentarily stunned.

Ever since he embarked on the path to becoming a renowned martial artist, he had witnessed various debates about fate.

Zen had once wondered that if everything that had happened and would happen to him had been decided by the heavens.

However, not long ago, Rocher had told him that all of these theories about fate were simply lies.

Zen couldn't help but think back to what Rocher had said. What he heard from this conversation supported Rocher's idea.

"Kennan! How dare you eavesdrop on me!" the woman said, with a hint of contempt.

"We must do this to protect you, Your Highness. If you are dissatisfied, we can dutifully let His Highness know," The black-robed warrior replied, his voice devoid of emotion. "We have already captured the man from the Celestial Soul race, the one who sold flowers. The story he told was a ploy to lure Your Highness into the gray forest. From what I know, the area is home to a few extremely powerful monsters that are interested in Your Highness. By that, I mean... They're interested in Your Highness' flesh and blood."

"You!"

The woman, visibly infuriated by the guard's words, grew speechless.

Nevertheless, she continued to urge her unicorn forward.

"Your Highness, you're only 200 feet away from the gray forest!" Kennan's voice suddenly grew louder. Zen detected a sense of urgency in it.

Princess Royal didn't respond. She merely rode her unicorn closer and closer to the gray forest.

"Your Highness, you're now only 100 feet from the gray forest!" Kennan warned again.

Right then and there, a flash of pure craftiness appeared on Princess Royal's face. Without another word, she pulled back her unicorn's rein. Immediately, it shot forward, toward the gray forest, just like an arrow that had just left its bow.

"Stop! It's too dangerous!"

Kennan's expression changed drastically. Without missing a beat, he stretched out his hands. In the process, they transformed into two gigantic hands that instantly appeared behind Princess Royal. Almost immediately, she and her unicorn found themselves in between Kennan's hands. Kennan was clearly intent on stopping them.

However, this unicorn was extremely fast. Even though Kennan thought he had blocked Princess Royal's movement, she and her unicorn had in fact moved half of their bodies into the gray forest.

As Zen quietly lurked within the forest, he took note of the expression on Kennan's face.

Kennan had the cultivation of a world lord. He succeeded in stopping Princess Royal right now. Why did he look so troubled now? Zen could clearly see Kennan's ashen face in the darkness.

Instantly, Zen understood.

Just now, he had traversed through the entire stone forest. It appeared to be completely desolate. It took him a while before he spotted life, a group of monkeys hunting for food. The worst that he experienced was getting attacked for a while by those bats.

Overall, there were not too many traps in the forest. In ordinary circumstances, it would not be deemed dangerous.

But the moment the woman walked into the gray forest, something changed.

Zen could feel the ground beneath his feet trembling nonstop, as if there was an endless earthquake.

Rumble. Rumble.

The gray forest trembled as if it had awoken. Trees' branches swayed and swatted in the darkness, looking eerily like the devil's fangs and claws.

This was supposed to be nothing. Ordinary martial artists would not panic in the face of these phenomena.

No matter how powerful the earthquake was, it would not be strong enough to kill martial artists who could fly.

But there was a boundless and terrifying aura coming from underground!

The moment that this powerful aura was released, Zen seemed to lose control of himself momentarily. His teeth chattered. Thankfully, he had the presence of mind to try to regain control of his movements.

Zen's instinctual human fear had caused his physical body to lose control when he detected that aura.

Fortunately, he only lost control for a moment. If it had been just a little longer, he would have been compelled to flee for his life. Right now was not the right time for Zen to expose himself.

What exactly was hiding underground?

Even when he faced an enraged Supreme Lord, Zen hadn't felt this kind of fear.

Just then, Princess Royal, who was sitting on her unicorn, turned pale.

"Run! Hurry up! Otherwise, we'll all die here!" Kennan, speechless, had the same look of terror on his face.

Kennan, a warrior with abilities of a world lord, had lost his composure. One could only imagine what horrors lay hidden under the earth in the gray forest.

'How come nothing happened when I walked through the forest?' Zen couldn't help but wonder. 'Could it be that Kennan was right? That these underground objects are only interested in Princess Royal's blood?'

With an urgent tug, Kennan pulled Princess Royal and her unicorn out of the grey forest.

"Let's go!"

"But this time, the darkness will last for so long.

I'm afraid there's going to be big trouble!" someone shouted.

Zen was remaining hidden, but one hard look into the forest made him reveal himself. When he saw what was lurking there, he immediately made a run for it.

Zen gave it his all. He dashed toward the group at an extremely fast speed.

From the floor of the gray forest, a huge, black shadow stretched up toward the sky! No one could tell how long that giant shadow was, but its width easily spanned thousands of feet. From the looks of it, it was probably the same size as the Genuine Dragon and the Genuine Phoenix.

The top of its massive body was covered with huge barbs and hooks, all of which grew in reverse toward the huge black hole at the top.

At the edges of the black hole, there were many distinct black and white spheres.

Although Zen didn't understand what this monster was, he could instantly tell that those numerous spheres were the monster's eyeballs. All living creatures were extremely sensitive to that part of the body, and Zen was no exception.

Seeing such a thing, Zen had no time to be afraid to expose himself.

Princess Royal, who was on the back of a unicorn, rode fast. She was the first to reach the very front. The others, lined up in a row, followed behind her. None of them chose to fly.

These people knew this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land very well. Otherwise, Zen would not have chosen to follow them. Using his agile move technique, he tailed this group of martial artists.

Because of his speed, Zen naturally had no way of hiding his presence. So even though the Princess Royal was still in a panic over seeing the huge shadow in the forest, she discovered Zen.

"Kennan! I found him! I told you! I said he'll definitely show up!" Princess Royal cried out.

As the group sprinted away from the forest, they saw Zen jump up and join their fleeing team. They were all baffled, especially Kennan. His shocked gaze was fixed on Zen. "This is impossible. The teleporting area in the Glitter Gold Gobi has been destroyed. How could someone appear here?"

However, due to the problem they were currently facing, Kennan had no time to deal with this. The gigantic shadow had begun following them, extending its body through the forest floors. It was chasing after them at an extremely fast speed.

Chapter 1817 Confidence

From a distance, it eerily looked like an earthworm crawling around.

Despite its considerable size, the monster was quite agile in its speed.

Zen had overheard the conversation of the two.

From their conversation he realized that the Princess Royal at the instigation of somebody else had taken the unicorn to search for him.

Although Kennan was certain that this was an impossible task, the Princess Royal managed to get into the gray forest.

However, even the Princess Royal hadn't expected that the consequences would be so serious.

She attracted the terrible monster merely by just stepping into the gray forest. What was it about her that intrigued the monster? Was the attraction of her flesh and blood really so strong?

Despite this, she did not appear scared. On the contrary, she felt the rush of adrenaline pumping through her blood!

Suddenly, she turned herself around on the back of the unicorn which continued to charge forward rapidly, and fixed her pair of round bright eyes on Zen.

'He is at the Spirit Supreme Realm. He must have just arrived in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and left the gray forest not long ago.' The Princess Royal concluded quietly.

"Forgive me Your Highness, but this is not the time to discuss this," Kennan said with an urgency in his voice. Although he sensed Zen's presence in the forest, Kennan did not consider him a threat.

Right now he was focusing on ways to block the monster, charging at them from behind. And he had to think fast, or else they all would be crushed soon!

"No!" the princess said as she continued to stare at Zen, her small mouth curving upwards. "Capture him for me right now! And I want him alive!"

Zen was stunned when he heard this.

Among this group, Kennan and another person were world lords, while the rest of them were at the Spirit Transformation Realm.

Zen could easily manage the martial artists at the Spirit Transformation Realm, as long as he avoided these two world lords.

These two world lords would not only have to capture Zen, but also deal with the huge shadow that was chasing them from behind. Zen doubted that the world lords would really carry out the princess's command and if they did, they would land up in a big mess.

As expected, Kennan said impatiently, "Your Highness, right now we need to get away from here! We don't have the time to capture him. Our top priority is to run!"

"You should be ashamed to call yourself a world lord, if you can't even catch a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior!" the Princess Royal said defiantly.

Kennan silently cursed that the princess had chosen this time for an unnecessary argument.

If he was given enough time and space, he would be able to easily capture Zen who was at the Spirit Supreme Realm, no matter how fast he ran. However, there were other priorities right now. And at the top was to protect the princess. No doubt that it was the Formless Sky Python that was chasing them now.

It was said that its huge mouth had the capacity to swallow an entire world. In its stomach there contained a long and narrow melting cave, and anyone who entered that cave would be melted and dismembered slowly and tortuously.

"Princess, now is not the right time to capture him. Furthermore, this young man might be here for the first time, so he won't be aware about the imminent danger following us. He must also escape with us," Kennan explained to the princess. Then turning towards the forest, he shouted, "Hey you! You won't run away, will you? You have just reached the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and with our help, you will be able to achieve twice the results with half the effort!" Kennan tried to reason with him.

He was only too aware of the princess's fiery temper. She had fought bravely all along and finally reached here! She definitely would not let the guy go!

Zen appeared to be strong with his agile figure and speed. Even as a world lord, Kennan might not be able to control him in a short time. Hence, he first had to pacify Zen and then control him.

"I know that you won't run away." The princess then pondered over the situation for a while and thought since Zen was cornered, she just needed to follow him all the way. There was no need to capture him after all.

Zen stood still for a moment and then at a lightning speed, jumped over to the other side. His body flipped twice in the air forming an arc, before disappearing into the trees.

These people did not dare to fly high, so Zen naturally would not fly.

By now, Zen had known that the Formless Sky Python was chasing after the princess. Obviously, he wouldn't follow them and get himself killed! Moreover, this woman's intentions seemed crazy with her wanting to capture him. If he was to listen to her, then he would definitely land himself in trouble.

The princess had just finished speaking when Zen vanished into the trees. She was really furious. How dared he disobey her! "Giddy up!"

Gathering the reins on her unicorn, she made a sharp turn and headed into the forest.

Kennan and the other warriors were shocked to see the turn of events unfolding before them so quickly. They just could not believe that the princess would just chase after that man! Their princess's life was more important than that fellow's.

Her ever changing personality and mood swings always kept them distressed all the time.

"Your Highness!" "Please stop! Don't chase after him!"

"The Formless Sky Python is catching up fast behind you!"

At present, it was Zen who was currently fuming the most.

Earlier, before his strange encounter, he was able to move quickly and peacefully.

He never imagined that he would run into such a mysterious woman.

Seeing the princess change her direction, the Formless Sky Python also followed suit. So indirectly the creature was pursuing Zen too!

If one were to look down from the sky, they would see an enormous chasm forming in the boundless forest. Everywhere the Formless Sky Python passed, it created a complete mess!

However, this sort of thing was very common in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land!

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was deliberately created by the Holy Beings. When one cultivated there, they could surely make great progress, and there were also martial artists who could condense the Godly Tiles.

At the same time, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was equally dangerous. It was too dangerous to roam around especially at night.

The aboriginals of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were protected by a dome known as the divine light. As long as the light shone, evil spirits could not enter this world.

However, once the divine light faded, they would be vulnerable and defenseless.

At such situation, no ordinary warriors would dare to step out, apart from the world lords.

Since the Princess Royal was always protected by her circle of warriors, she insisted on heading to the gray forest. She wanted to see if anyone descended there.

And that was when Zen first appeared at the Glitter Gold Gobi.

Since this was an abandoned teleporting area, Zen was all alone.

That was when the princess decided to bring Zen back.

The unicorn's speed was exceptionally fast. Every time it took a step, a faint light would flash under its hooves. It was closely behind Zen's heels.

"Hey! Wait for me! Why are you running away?" the princess called out loudly from behind.

The warriors chasing behind the princess were in a state of confusion. On one side there was this beast chasing down their throat, but all the princess cared about was to capture that fellow! They certainly felt she was losing her head.

Zen did not bother to even think while he surged forward. He could not even make out the path while running. He just kept ramming into bushes and trees, slashing them apart. Nothing would stop him from escaping from that crazy woman!

Hearing the princess shout so loudly, Zen really wanted to murder her!

However, the thought of the two world lords following behind this woman, made Zen run even harder! It would be better for him to think of other ways to get rid of them!

"Kennan! Stop that fellow or else be prepared to face your consequences!" When she realized that the distance between Zen and her was increasing, she decided to use her trump card. She knew Kennan wouldn't back out, but would obey her order!

When Zen heard those words, he immediately pulled out his Thunder Wind Divine Sword.

Already the Formless Sky Python was very close behind the princess. Despite this, if the world lord dared to capture him, Zen would kill the princess first!

"Huff, huff!"

While continuing to run, Zen decided to spread out his killing intent.

Although this killing intent was subtle, Kennan clearly felt it. The killing intent, which was purposefully spread out, carried a clear hint of warning.

Kennan didn't plan on carrying out the princess's order. After all, it wasn't the first time he disobeyed her. However, the killing intent that Zen suddenly released, surprised Kennan!

The killing intent clearly sent a message to Kennan that if he were to make a move, Zen would definitely kill the princess.

Zen clearly knew that there were two world lords among those warriors and that the princess herself was a top-level Spirit Transformation Realm martial artist. However, he still dared to release such a killing intent with a hint of warning.

He was so confident about his own strength. Kennan instantly came to a conclusion.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1818 Keep The Princess Hostage

Kennan's attitude was firm.

His only goal was the protection of the princess.

However, Zen had made it known that he would kill the princess just to rattle him. If this was just any normal situation, Kennan would have already killed him.

It was obvious he wasn't from here. From the looks of it, he might have come from someplace inferior to the divine land. Nonetheless, Kennan considered him as nothing important. He wanted to end this.

But Kennan was smart, too. He didn't dare to act recklessly while the Formless Sky Python was on his tail.

Zen, too, remained calm.

The higher the profit one desired, the higher the risk one had to face. This was the basic principle.

Although the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was a completely independent world, it had potential to bring great benefits to martial artists. For some, they could condense their Godly Tiles here and become True Gods. However, the risk involved would be unimaginable.

Zen knew he could die if he wasn't careful.

He would be either swallowed up by the beast, or get killed by the two world lords. These two were powerful, and they never held back. That day in the great world, it had been hard for even a handful of Godly Geniuses to fight against the grand sorcerer. Now that Zen had to face the two world lords, he didn't stand a chance.

"Kennan, how dare you disobey me!" The princess was furious as ever. In her eyes, as long as Kennan made the right move, the guy before her could never escape.

Rolling his eyes, Kennan held a divine texture in his hand. The Formless Sky Python behind them was getting closer and closer. He was planning to use the Sky Defensive Divine Texture to block it.

But before he could do anything, the princess had already lost all patience. "I'll get him myself."

She possessed a cultivation at the peak of the Spirit Transformation Realm, and she could be considered almost a world lord. Facing Zen who was at the Spirit Supreme Realm, she knew what she had to do to take him down.

Whoosh!

With an oiled paper umbrella suddenly in her hands, she leapt into the air.

This was her secret weapon.

Historically, umbrella weapons were relatively rare, and the one in the princess's hand had in particular possessed ultimate powers.

The princess leaped up agilely and landed gracefully and firmly on the back of the unicorn, then she shook the umbrella with all her might.

Bam!

The umbrella spread open.

"Sky Soul Cover!"

The moment the umbrella opened, an umbrella-shaped ray of light emerged above Zen's head, coming down at him.

A sharp beam flashed in Zen's eyes as his desire to kill was raging.

The woman was coming after him but he knew he couldn't make a scene. If she came here looking for death, then she couldn't blame him for killing her.

Before the Sky Soul Cover reached him, Zen balled up in the air and a sharp sword radiance slashed straight at the Sky Soul Cover.

"Gods-intimidating Strike! Wind Kill!"

After Zen had completely comprehended the Gods-intimidating Strike, his comprehension of swordsmanship had reached a whole new level.

The chaotic Gods-intimidating Strike he summoned was based on the Metal Law, that had combined the burst of the chaotic energy.

However, he knew that the laws of this world weren't limited to Metal Law. Zen had tried to fuse a variety of laws into the strike, trying to activate a much stronger power of chaotic energy. However, he failed.

The chaotic energy clashed with the other laws. He was unable to fuse two or more types of laws with the chaotic energy. The result of his attempt was that the chaotic energy had directly devoured the mixed two types of Law Power. Zen had no idea why it would go like this.

But despite the failure, Zen discovered that when the Gods-intimidating Strike was fused with other types of laws, the effects were different according to laws that had been infused.

For example, when fused with the Wind Law, it could spread the sword radiance endlessly. Moreover, both the speed of the strike and the angle at which the strike hit its target became unpredictable.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh…

The Sky Soul Cover was instantly destroyed by Zen's sword.

"Huh?"

The princess was left stunned. How could that have been too easy?

She looked at her umbrella in dismay. It was from her father, and its attack was obliterated too quickly.

Her weapon, the Solitary Star Umbrella, was a supreme primordial weapon.

With the princess's cultivation level, she never missed her targets when she released the Sky Soul Cover, all except for world lords.

She was still surprised by what just happened.

Seeing the princess take the move, Kennan didn't stop her. Perhaps the young man in front of her had some ability, but he was still a lot weaker than her in terms of cultivation. Not to mention, the princess had a supreme primordial weapon!

As he moved to form the Sky Defensive Divine Texture to block the Formless Sky Python, he knew that stopping the Formless Sky Python was their only chance to escape.

Now that it had been chasing them, it would definitely wreak havoc on the land. If they didn't shake it off, some cities would definitely suffer.

But before he could finish the Sky Defensive Divine Texture, the man in front of them severed the princess' Sky Soul Cover with a single sword strike.

"His speed is amazing… Damn!"

He had only finished half of the Sky Defensive Divine Texture but without any hesitation, he stopped the work he was doing.

It was noticeable that a Sky Defensive Divine Texture would consume much of his energy. It was a waste of his energy and it wasn't easy for him to give up. But he knew which was more important, so he stopped and switched his attention. Since he had seen this young man's terrifying sword strike, he knew that if he did not act now, the Princess Royal would most likely die.

Pah!

Kennan suddenly clapped his hands together, and a divine texture appeared and spread.

An identical divine texture appeared in front of the princess, forming a black vortex.

Pfft!

At the same time, Zen's second sword strike arrived and crashed into the black vortex.

Hence, Kennan had successfully broken Zen's second strike using his divine texture.

The princess was startled after realizing what had happened. Anger and frustration pierced through her eyes. She couldn't believe that this guy actually wanted to kill her.

Kennan's expression darkened. If it was not for his quick thinking, the princess would have been dead by now.

"Woodrow, take that kid down. I will continue to form the array!"

Previously, Kennan hadn't intended to kill Zen. He'd only treated him as someone insignificant.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was very cruel, and some races would kill any living thing they saw. But Kennan's group came from the divine land, so they had a superior mindset. They did not have any interest in killing weaker beings.

But because this man put the princess at risk, it was a capital offense that couldn't be looked over.

The middle-aged man named Woodrow, also chose to take action after hearing Kennan's orders. With his cultivation of a world lord, it wouldn't be difficult for him to take down Zen.

At this moment, Zen's body somersaulted in the air and changed directions once again.

He was charging towards the princess.

Zen was very clear about the current situation. Whether it was that enormous Formless Sky Python behind him, or the group of powerful masters, Zen was no match for them.

He knew he just had to take advantage of others to save himself. Although the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was extremely dangerous, he was completely baffled why he would get into such trouble.

The princess didn't expect Zen to turn and come at her. She was still standing on the back of the unicorn and galloped forward at an incredible speed.

As both of them sped, she could only see a figure flash before her eyes. Her next thought was to open the Solitary Star Umbrella, which could protect her. Unfortunately, she didn't think fast enough.

Bam!

With a wave of his hand, Zen grabbed the Princess Royal.

Because of the great force binding her, even with her cultivation at the peak of the Spirit Transformation Realm, she could not break free from his grasp.

The princess was at a complete loss of what to do.

"Crap!"

Kennan's and Woodrow's expressions suddenly shifted.

This young man was actually grasping the Princess Royal as he rushed towards the Formless Sky Python.

So the moment Zen made his move, he had thought out every possible outcome.

First of all, he could not kill the princess on the unicorn. Regardless how difficult it was to kill a warrior at the peak of the Spirit Transformation Realm, even if he could kill her, the two world lords would never let him go if the princess died at his hands.

There was no way he could escape the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, so killing the princess would be a death sentence.

Little did everyone know, his two strikes were done only to test their reactions.

The results were just as Zen had assumed. When he struck out his second sword strike to threaten the princess, they already decided to take him out. One of the world lords was prepared to make a move against him.

At that point, the smart move was to keep the princess hostage.

Chapter 1819 The Wishing Spell

Zen knew he couldn't kill this woman, but it was impossible for her to understand what was going on in his mind.

The riskiest part of his plan was this woman's strength.

But Zen had understood the situation and gotten an estimate of this woman's actual strength from his last two strikes.

Just as he had speculated, this woman was just like Margaret. Despite their great talent and powerful strength, they had little experience in actual combat. This type of warrior never could fully exert their strength in line with their cultivation bases. However, Zen didn't know that his guess was only half right.

His thinking was still limited by his experience from the original universe. He didn't realize that everything in the divine land was far beyond his imagination.

This woman was not as simple as he thought she was.

As Zen brought the woman to fly in reverse, Kennan and Woodrow, the two world lords, were scared out of their wits. The Spirit Transformation Realm warriors were also dumbfounded.

"What should we do?" Woodrow activated his life vitality and was about to chase after Zen before he realized he had to ask Kennan. He didn't know what he could do to help the princess.

Zen was not only holding the princess hostage but was also taking her towards the Formless Sky Python. This was a desperate situation.

"We have no other choice now. We can only fight it head on!" Kennan said as he crossed his hands and pressed his index fingers to his temples.

"What?" Woodrow said, shocked at Kennan's actions.

Kennan was decisive in his actions. He had never hesitated throughout the entire journey. No matter how much trouble the princess had caused, he always made the right decisions.

Just like the way he had given up the idea of blocking the monster to stop Zen's attack when he noticed Zen's killing intent.

And now, he had decided to save the princess at all costs. Although the princess didn't treasure her own life, her safety was always their top priority.

"Dear Gods, please listen to my dearest wish! May the Immortal Gods show your grace and create a barrier to seal this evil beast!"

A strong aura enveloped Kennan's body the moment he made this wish.

Zen was finding it difficult to steady himself in the air under the impact of this aura. At the same time, he was shocked to find out that this world lord's aura had suddenly become as strong as that of a Supreme Lord.

What the hell had happened when Kennan had recited those words? Why was he able to improve so much in the blink of an eye?

Once Kennan had made his wish, countless blue crystals started to materialize and accumulate in the air in front of him, quickly forming a huge enchanted barrier.

The giant Formless Sky Python was less than one thousand feet away from them. It could cover the distance in the blink of an eye. The enchanted barrier spread around and successfully sealed the Formless Sky Python within it.

Zen was surprised when the Formless Sky Python stopped moving.

This beast could fight a Supreme Lord, but a world lord was able to seal it. How was this possible?

It was at this moment that the way Zen saw cultivation bases changed greatly.

His old knowledge of cultivation bases was from the original universe. He didn't know how it was in other universes, nor did he know about the divine land.

In the universe where he was born, every Supreme Lord carried a specific Heavenly Destiny. But there was no Supreme Lords in the divine land. Above the world lords were the True Gods.

Though the world lords of the divine land couldn't carry Heavenly Destinies, they could cultivate a special skill called the Wishing Spell. They weren't the only ones who had grasped this skill.

The Wishing Spell was powerful, but it also required a large price to be paid for it.

It represented the strong obsession of a warrior.

For example, if a man wanted to take revenge and kill the emperor of his country, he could use the Wishing Spell and swear to God that he would kill the emperor one day.

He would gain additional power once the spell was cast successfully. His cultivation base and thinking ability would be greatly enhanced.

Unfortunately, if the emperor suddenly died for other reasons before the warrior could carry out his plan of revenge, his Wishing Spell would remain unfulfilled.

It would become an inner demon that would appear at his most vulnerable moment to land him a fatal blow. In the divine land, many people had been able to learn the Wishing Spell. After all, it was regarded as one of the many traditional skills in the divine land.

But very few people were willing to use this skill because it had the potential for ruining their future.

The moment Kennan had used this skill, he was filled with regret.

This place was near the gray forest and was a relatively safe zone. As long as they did not go across the Glitter Gold Gobi and into the desert, they wouldn't be in any great danger.

Still, the powerful creatures in the forest were not to be trifled with.

The princess was now in a life-and-death situation because of her own willfulness, and Kennan had no other choice but to use the Wishing Spell.

Since he had made the wish, he would have to kill the Formless Sky Python first if he wanted to improve his cultivation.

Zen was curious about this world lord's method, but he didn't stop to find out more and sprinted forward to escape.

"Stop him, Woodrow!" Kennan exclaimed angrily.

He had used the Wishing Spell to prevent the Formless Sky Python from hurting the princess. But since he needed to keep at the spell, he was not in a position to chase after Zen.

When the Formless Sky Python, which was sealed inside the enchanted barrier, sensed that the princess was leaving, its huge body trembled, wanting to catch her.

A cracking sound ripped through from the enchanted barrier.

The barrier looked like it would break even though it was created using the great power of the Wishing Spell.

At the sound, Woodrow knew that Kennan wouldn't be able to hold on for long. So he led the group of Spirit Transformation Realm warriors to chase after Zen.

"Let me go!"

the princess spoke suddenly.

Zen had carried her all the way back. They were now only 300 feet away from the Formless Sky Python. At such a close distance, they could clearly see a frightening pile of eyeballs growing on the giant monster's head.

The princess was so terrified that even if Zen hadn't held her tightly, she wouldn't have dared move an inch.

But now, Kennan was controlling the Formless Sky Python, which was why she wasn't so afraid anymore and started berating Zen loudly.

But Zen only responded with a snort.

There was no turning back for him, now that he held the princess hostage and escaped.

Luckily, since the Formless Sky Python had distracted a world lord, he knew that he had made the right choice. The question was: How long would the world lord be able to control the beast? It had astonished Zen that Kennan was able to seal the beast all by himself. Even some low-rank Supreme Lords did not have this ability.

But Zen dared not lower his guard because there was another world lord chasing after him.

Zen's mind continued to analyze the situation as he continued on his path to escape, the princess in his arms.

"You brat! Let the princess go, and I will spare your life. Or you will regret for what you have done!" Woodrow's voice boomed threateningly as he chased after them.

"Let the princess go!"

"Do you know who we are?"

"We won't kill you if you don't hurt the princess,"

the Spirit Transformation Realm guards began to shout, threatening Zen and trying to placate him at the same time.

What they didn't know was that their threats were only making Zen even more determined to keep running. Zen knew that the animosity between him and this group of warriors had already reached peak level. He had no choice but to take the princess hostage. Luckily, her body was slim enough that it didn't burden him.

"You want to be stubborn? Don't blame me for not warning you!" Woodrow shouted and with a flip of his hand, a number of silver spikes appeared behind him. "Soul-chasing Spike!"

The spikes flashed a cyan light as they spiraled and whizzed through the air and shot towards Zen's back.

Zen threw the princess behind him and used her body as a shield against the spikes.

Woodrow's face darkened. He didn't dare hurt the princess with the Soul-chasing Spikes. So with an angry wave of his hand, he caused all the spikes to explode.

Chapter 1820 God-burning Flame

In the past, Zen would have never taken advantage of a woman to use her as a shield.

However, this place was not the universe that he came from! The rules of the game were very different here.

Right from the beginning when Zen started training to become a warrior, he had never lacked strong supporters.

He also knew that these mighty warriors backed him only due to the so-called 'destiny'. These powerful masters would regularly motivate him to progress further and move forward all the time.

But here in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Zen had to rely solely on himself.

Moreover, the Princess Royal who he had captured was provoking him. If it had not been for this pestering woman, he would not have encountered a bizarre event right after he arrived in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land!

"You won't be able to escape..."

A world lord called Woodrow hung behind Zen, the cyan light constantly flashing in his hand, which indicated that he intended to use another theurgy.

"If you get any closer to me, I promise you that I will cut off her head," warned Zen finally. Since these people were so concerned about this woman, they would certainly care about her life.

However, his words failed to have the desired effect!

Using a hostage to threaten the powerful warriors was not a very good negotiating tactic. Many formidable warriors felt that a hostage could only be exchanged for a small amount of conditions, but it was impossible to threaten them with no limits. And even if Woodrow agreed to Zen's request, the Princess Royal could still be killed in the end! It was a gamble he was unwilling to play.

Therefore, Woodrow acted as if he hadn't heard anything. The cyan light in his hands became brighter and brighter. He was preparing for an extremely vicious soul attack—the Soul Shock!

Once this move was executed, all living beings within a radius of several dozen miles would temporarily turn into zombies, as their souls became stagnant...

Zen's eyebrows furrowed when he saw that his threat was useless.

The opponent could read his mind. He was only trying to escape, and did not have the heart to harm the woman he was holding captive!

If it continued this way, Zen would be in dire straits!

Suddenly a strange call came from behind him!

The cry seemed to have come from underground!

Rumble!

The shocked Woodrow saw that the Formless Sky Python was twisting and turning. At the same time, a huge crack appeared on the ground behind the Formless Sky Python, after which the ground tore open, as if something huge was breaking out from beneath!

Bam!

The ground exploded, and another Formless Sky Python drilled its way out from it!

"Two Formless Sky Pythons?"

"NO! It is the same one... Bloody hell! That is the tail of the Formless Sky Python!"

"This monstrosity has two heads!"

The enormous python was thousands of miles long, and no one saw its tail!

After the Formless Sky Python's head was sealed by the world lord's Wishing Spell, another head emerged from the ground and crashed into the blue space!

"Boom..."

With just one hit, countless cracks appeared in the space!

"Puff!"

In the distance, Kennan suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood, and his face turned pale. Alarmed, he cried out, "Woodrow! Employ the Wishing Spell right now to suppress this beast!"

Seeing this horrifying turn of events, Woodrow had to leave Zen behind.

The Princess Royal was still in Zen's firm grasp. He had only wanted to use this chance to run for his life, and he thought that this might be the time to escape. But if the Formless Sky Python managed to break free from the Wishing Spell, then everyone would be obliterated!

"Follow him!"

Woodrow ordered the other martial artists, as his figure floated up. His hands intertwined and he pointed his index fingers at his own forehead!

"I have invoked the Wishing Spell, which will descend upon us with the divine soul. I hope that the souls of all living things will reincarnate, and that the world will never cease. I hope the world will be peaceful all the time and all the evil souls in this world will be vanquished!"

"Crash!"

An enormous soul pressure descended suddenly!

This soul was probably a hundred times stronger than Woodrow's own soul!

This mighty soul conquered the soul of the Formless Sky Python!

The other head of the Formless Sky Python, which was desperately snapping at the seal set up by Kennan, was writhing frantically. The cracks on the blue space were also increasing, but just as Woodrow's Wishing Spell was about to terminate it, the Formless Sky Python suddenly slowed down its movements! It seemed to be disoriented and weak.

"What on earth is this Wishing Spell? It's so powerful..."

Zen was intrigued and shocked at the same time. It was obvious that Woodrow was a world lord, but his method of casting the Wishing Spell was even more powerful than that of any Supreme Lords who Zen had encountered!

He was still in shock but he continued to rush forward madly.

The group of Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists behind him also chased after Zen closely without showing any signs of stopping!

They didn't have as much responsibility as the other two world lords so they didn't dare to attack Zen. They only pursued him, constantly warning him to let go of the Princess Royal.

Zen was surely going to ignore these people. He would never let go of his hostage until he was sure that he was safe.

Suddenly he felt something move in his hand. He was startled with the sight before him and he quickly flung the woman in his arm away!

"Whap!"

Zen used all his strength, throwing the Princess Royal hundreds of feet into the air. She floated upside down, as her body was enveloped in blue flames.

From within the flames, a bright and beautiful smile appeared on her face.

She opened her mouth and spoke in a gentle voice, "Do you still dare to hold me hostage?"

When the group of warriors, who were chasing Zen, saw this, they were delighted!

"Where did the flames come from?"

"Have you forgotten the princess's title?"

"Princess of God-burning Flame!"

"The God-burning Flame is her theurgy! That's how she burst into flames."

As the martial artists saw this, they knew that the Princess Royal would be fine. At least, there was nothing that Zen could do about her!

The princess was born with this strand of God-burning Flame within her.

After her birth, the God-burning Flame had turned her biological mother into ashes! When she grew up and found out about this unfortunate event, she felt very guilty. As a result of this, she had a great hatred for her innate theurgy!

Thus, although the Princess Royal possessed the title, very few people dared to mention it. Furthermore, she herself rarely used this theurgy!

Zen's cultivation base was an entire realm lower than the princess's, but she was still unable to break free from his grip. She had used this theurgy as a last resort.

But she hesitated before using her special powers.

Her goal was not to kill Zen. If somebody was tainted with the God-burning Flame, they would definitely die. Therefore, when she used her theurgy, she slowed down a bit to allow him to loosen his grip!

Zen's reaction was just as she hoped. In almost an instant, he had tossed her away!

"BOOM!"

After spinning once in the air, the Princess Royal lightly tapped her toes on the ground. The temperature of the burning flame was very high, and as it crept down her toes, the soil beneath her feet instantly melted, creating a ripple like water!

Zen had no idea what was going on, so he had tried his best to protect himself before chucking the princess away.

But when he observed the flame, a strange smile appeared on his face.

The Princess Royal was perplexed when she saw his expression. Shouldn't this fellow be helpless and surrender at this point?

However, after three seconds, his figure suddenly flashed and pounced on her!

"Aah! No!"

she screamed!

At this moment, she wasn't worried about herself, but Zen! He would be burnt crisp!

Surely, Zen must have known that he should not touch the flame, but he still charged at her. In her opinion, this was no different than suicide!

And so, a weird scene played out.

The Princess Royal was like a dragonfly as she whizzed about in the air and kept stomping down on the ground. The soil beneath her feet melted in an instant, forming a large scorched mud puddle. The trees around her carbonized as well and turned into charred dead wood.

However, she had retreated to save Zen's life!

Like a poisonous hedgehog, she desperately backed away, afraid that she would hurt him.

The small army behind them didn't dare to make any wrong moves in a hurry. The Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists were well aware of the power of the flame on the princess's body. If they got too close to her, they would surely lose their lives...

"Don't come here. I'll set you ablaze!" she warned in a panic.

Her theurgy was extremely special. When she was young, she had never been able to gain complete control over it, and even those in the divine land were unable to explain the origins of the flame. As a result, as she grew up, she would often accidentally ignite the flame and burn down large portions of her house...

There was a look of pure horror in her eyes now.

Chapter 1821 Determined (Part One)

As she grew up with her special theurgy, there were many people who had died under her flame.

The people in her clan viewed her theurgy as an extremely powerful talent. However, to her, it was the fiend that she looked down upon as a curse. It saddened her when she found ordinary people trembling when they stood before her. Nobody dared to approach her, fearing that they would be burned to death if they weren't careful.

A shudder went through the servants every time they had to serve her.

The funny part was these servants had received special training. Yet somehow their fear of perishing became full-fledged when they faced her. Nobody could teach them to restrain their fear when facing the Princess Royal. After all, the fear of death was the most intense fear. Every unexpected movement from the Princess Royal prompted them to overreact. Some people might think of this as power, but that wasn't how the Princess Royal looked at it. Every time she sensed them jittering in front of her, she realized they treated her as a monster. She loathed nothing more than their stiff bodies. 'How I wish they would act with ease. I am facing a bunch of robots!' she would think with frustration.

At the age of thirteen, she had burnt a playmate to death.

Her own actions caused her endless grief. She felt akin to a hedgehog that could not hide its poisonous spikes. Her mere presence meant danger to others.

This incident had cast a shadow on her heart, and it still weighed in her mind now.

But the more powerful her blue flame was, the happier her brother would be. Even her own father looked at her power as a bliss.

They had done quite a bit of research about this flame, but they had never uttered a word about it before her. They were well aware of her aversion towards her own power.

However, after coming to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, she was feeling better!

Almost all the warriors in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had been accustomed to bloodshed. When she was with them, she wasn't looked at as an outcast. Their lives were full of killing and blood. There might be great danger to be around them, but such danger was nothing in their eyes.

Of course, this also had something to do with the levels of the opponents she encountered after her cultivation and strength became stronger. After reaching the Spirit Transformation Realm, all of the martial artists she faced reacted very quickly, and if she wasn't able to control herself well enough when the blue flame erupted, others were able to avoid it easily.

But the shadow in her heart had never completely dissipated. Every now and then she still thought about it. In theory, she didn't want to use the blue flame unless it was a life-and-death situation.

Moreover, the Princess Royal had no intention of killing Zen.

Out of panic, the Princess Royal retreated continuously like a dragonfly that skimmed on the water's surface. But she still wasn't able to avoid Zen.

"Don't!"

She screamed the moment Zen threw himself at her.

Seeing the look of panic on her face, Zen found it a bit strange. However, her anxiety didn't stop him from moving towards her. With his strong hands, he grabbed the princess and pulled her into his arm. Without wasting any time, he rushed forward!

The warriors behind were all stunned by his move.

They had seen people risking their life to fight, but they had never seen someone seek death like Zen had done. 'Is he a fool?' they all wondered. None of the warriors could figure out what was going on in this fellow's mind.

Their confusion was only temporary because they quickly discovered that this youth's theurgy seemed to be beyond their imagination.

The flame from the Princess Royal' body quickly spread across Zen's body, and in an instant, the two of them turned into a huge fireball, burning fiercely in the air!

Countless golden vortexes appeared on the surface of Zen's body, rapidly absorbing the princess' flame.

Years ago, her childhood friend was burned to death in this same manner. This dreadful memory once again flashed across her eyes. Her mind replayed the scene where she watched in despair as her playmate was being burned. She held onto her friend tightly, only to find nothing but ashes in her hands.

At this moment, the princess dreaded that the same thing would repeat all over again.

However, when she raised her head to look at Zen, she saw that his sturdy body was absorbing her flame continuously. This man, it turned out, was not afraid of her flame!

"That prophecy... is true?" The Princess Royal' head throbbed incessantly.

Every time when night fell, she still chose to leave the Timeless Town. Her goal was to find the warrior that was teleported into this world and had landed on the Glitter Gold Gobi!

A few days ago, a member from the Celestial Soul race came to the Timeless Town, but he was selling Falling Crystal Flowers in the town.

The origin of the Celestial Soul was a mystery. They were ubiquitous in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but they were not the aboriginals of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Moreover, they did not seem to come from the various universes, and there was no such race in the divine land.

Some people took them for the Soul Race, but they were fundamentally different from each other!

Now it turned out that the information provided to her by the Celestial Soul person was right. A creature had indeed appeared on the Glitter Gold Gobi, and this creature was capable of taking her to the Soul Suppressing Cliff!

However, except for the princess, no one else believed this.

At this moment, she felt elated for having had faith in this information. She had chosen to take a risk and now it had come to fruition. 'I have finally found him! He is right in front of me!' she thought delightfully.

In spite of her happiness, there was a part that was still unsure if this person could truly take her to the Soul Suppressing Cliff. However, upon discovering that this young man could actually resist her blue flame, she was eighty percent sure that this man was the person she was looking for!

Chapter 1822 Determined (Part Two)

Although no one could figure out the origin of her flame, it was still an abnormal flame that petrified even her own father.

'How did this man manage to do it?' she wondered in awe.

However, Zen didn't have the slightest idea about the thoughts that were running through this woman's mind. He firmly grasped her and madly rushed forward.

Suddenly, a loud thud came from behind them, similar to that of thunder!

In such a short period of running, Zen had already brought this woman over a hundred miles with him. However, the violent sound coming from behind was deafening. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't ignore it. It was like something was exploding right near their ears.

The Formless Sky Python began to move again!

The two world lords had failed to stop it.

In the end, the Formless Sky Python wasn't something that the world lords could defeat easily. Even though they had used the Wishing Spell to seal the Formless Sky Python off, the Formless Sky Python still managed to break free. However, it could still be considered a feat for these world lords to have controlled the Formless Sky Python for so long!

However, Zen's expression changed when he realized what was happening. His eyes caught the sight of the huge shadow in the distance when it suddenly began to prostrate on the ground. The second it touched the ground, the whole place began to tremble under its power. The Formless Sky Python seemed to be coming at them.

The target of this Formless Sky Python was neither Zen nor the two world lords. It was after the woman that Zen was holding.

At first, the princess hadn't realized this. But as soon as the revelation began to sink in, her face paled.

"Sorry," Zen said as he tried to release this woman. Now he didn't want her anywhere near him.

Once he understood this woman was the source of all the trouble, he had no intention of saving her. After all, this had nothing to do with Zen.

Normally, when someone was in danger, Zen wouldn't sit and watch. He was by no means a cold-blooded person. However, he had his own reasons for not trying to save this lady. Firstly, she was trying to capture him, so strictly speaking, she was not a friend but an enemy. Secondly, Zen had just entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land hence he didn't have the ability to fight the Formless Sky Python. With all the responsibilities he was carrying on his shoulder, he had no intention of taking another burden. 'I can't just die here, ' he thought with finality.

"You!" After the princess was released, she glared at the golden figure of Zen, full of rage.

She had completely forgotten about her previous rude actions towards Zen. Now she could think of nothing but his cowardliness. 'What a ruthless man! He is keeping me here to die!' she thought spitefully.

Zen, however, didn't give a damn about what she thought. With determination, he dashed forward, holding onto his dear life. The princess clenched her teeth and decided to follow him.

"Just a second ago, I was afraid I would burn you to death. But it turns out you deserve to be burned to death!" the Princess Royal angrily spat as she almost caught up with him.

"I'm not afraid of your flame, so there is no way you can burn me to death. Why did you say I deserve to die! Don't follow me!" Zen impatiently warned.

"No, I won't stop following you!"

The princess braced herself and dashed forward. Kennan and Woodrow were unable to stop the Formless Sky Python and she didn't know what her next move should be. This young man was a complete stranger. However, the information given by the legend of the Celestial Soul member and the fact that Zen had devoured her flame made her want to place her hopes on Zen.

She liked to believe that extraordinary people had extraordinary methods. This was something her father had taught her. Even though the person in front of her was only at the Spirit Supreme Realm, there was something about him that told her that he was capable of defeating anyone.

She was so lost in her thoughts that her eyes weren't actually looking at Zen. Swiftly, he turned around, pulled his sword and struck out with it.

Whoosh!

The sword was extremely sharp. All the trees ten miles around were cut down in a swift motion. The sword radiance arced through the air, heading straight for the princess!

If the princess wanted to dodge, she could have done it by lowering her head or lifting her body. In truth, Zen had intentionally controlled the speed of his strike so that she had enough time to dodge.

However, she didn't seem to have any intention of dodging. She still maintained her height in the sky as she followed behind Zen.

Just as the sword radiance reached the princess' ear and was about to chop her head off, screams rang out from several thousand feet behind her.

The warriors that followed the princess were greatly shocked. When these Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists saw that the Formless Sky Python had broken free from the control of the two world lords, all they could think of was to run for their lives. However, they might not end well if they left the princess behind. And it would be even worse by being eaten by the Formless Sky Python. In such a dire situation, they had no choice but to follow Zen and the princess.

On the other hand, Zen's sword radiance finally stopped right beside the princess' ear.

A part of the hair above her left ear was chopped off. And a small cut was left by the sword radiance on her tiny ear where blood droplets began to ooze out.

But the princess' face looked as determined as ever, and she showed no signs of giving up.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1823 Swallowed (Part One)

Zen's spirit was a tumult of conflicting emotion, but his face merely betrayed confusion. He hesitated.

After everything, he did not have the heart to kill this woman...

The ground shook beneath him. His breath caught as he saw the massive body of the Formless Sky Python rushing towards him. As he turned to run, bursts of wind began to form underneath his feet, propelling him forward.

Behind him trailed the Princess Royal. She had a sly smile on her face as she flew through the air.

Her strength was that powerful, but she had cultivated her own cultivation method diligently. She easily matched his speed, and even began to overtake him. He raced forward, and she followed steadily in his wake.

The martial artists of the Spirit Transformation Realm had formed a procession behind her and kept pace.

The beast seemed less than a hundred miles away from them. Suddenly, in one swift motion, it wound up like a coil and sprang into the air with an agility that belied its size. Zen thought that it must have crossed at least ten miles with that leap alone. Such was the beast's immensity and power. Though the party continued to flee, they all looked back when they heard a low and terrible rumbling. As the earth groaned, they saw the great animal rear one of its heads up and then smashed it down from the height of tens of thousands of feet. Their breath caught in their throats. Then, without warning, the winds parted and the monstrous head raced down towards them, its numerous eyes gleaming.

The air trembled with a sound like thunder, as the first head of the Formless Sky Python, vast as a mountain, fell from the sky.

Zen's face froze in shock and the Princess Royal began to panic. The warriors of the Spirit Transformation Realm turned white with fear.

"Run! It's coming down!"

"Burn the blood essence!"

"No, it's too late! We can't escape this!"

Faster than they could believe, the giant head came rushing down.

Its massive shadow created a canopy of darkness over the land. If they wanted to survive, they all knew they had to run out from under that shadow as fast as they could.

Zen suddenly heard the Princess Royal draw a deep breath. He turned and saw her heave in and out as the oil-paper umbrella in her hands began to spin, emitting a faint glow. By now, it was pulling her forward as she sprinted. She flew with blistering speed, overtaking Zen in a heartbeat.

His fear returned, however, when he once again saw the beast's head.

"Only four thousand feet above us now," he breathed. He looked back at the horizon and surmised that there must be at least another twenty miles until they were all out of the shadow, and safe from being crushed by the Formless Sky Python's head.

"Twenty miles is nothing at this speed," he said to himself. The wind howled and the sky seemed to crack like a whip. As Zen glanced up towards the noise, he suddenly realized that he was wrong. The great beast's head was rushing down even faster than before! It was now closing in on him! Even at his speed, he wouldn't be fast enough to escape.

He despaired, and wondered if he was fated to meet his end here in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. He had never thought that he would be swallowed up by an enormous beast right after he landed in this world.

He felt helpless, but he also wouldn't accept it. He couldn't believe that this would be the end.

Before his journey into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, he had prepared thoroughly.

He had even thought to use the fairy palace as his refuge!

He would have used the token of the mountain to drill into the fairy palace if he encountered great trouble or danger, and inside he would be safe.

The head of the Celestial Position race, however, had told him that he could not flee the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land in this way!

In other universes or in the divine land, Zen could have easily entered the fairy palace through the space node created by the token of mountain whenever he wished.

Be that as it might, it was apparently one of the cardinal rules of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land that no one was to use any unnatural methods, like portals or space treasures, to leave there.

Zen, confused by this law, asked for an explanation. The head of the Celestial Position race had thus told him that while building a space node and hiding inside of it was an extremely rare feat in the universe, it was commonly practiced in the divine land.

Great heroes and talents from various universes and divine land could enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land in this way. Divine as it was, there were still rules that had to be followed here.

If everyone from the divine land were to bring a space treasure to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and use it whenever they encountered any danger, the significance of the existence of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land would disappear...

The crack of thunder brought him out of his reverie.

Zen's strength was at its limit, and he was running faster than he ever had before, but the Formless Sky Python's head was falling ever closer.

He kept his eyes focused on the edge of the shadow, calculating the distance left...

"Only six or seven more miles," he said.

'I probably would've escaped by now if I haven't turned to slash at the Princess Royal earlier, ' he thought to himself.

The Formless Sky Python's mouth stretched open, and the sight within chilled Zen to his core. It reminded him of a hollow tube of bamboo, with sickly spikes spiraling from its lips all the way to the depths of its stomach. It was a staircase to hell. Nothing less.

At such a close distance, Zen could smell the deathly aura that emanated from the beast's belly. It smelled of rage, blood, and death. He wanted to vomit even as he ran.

Chapter 1824 Swallowed (Part Two)

The numerous eyes around the beast's head had all trained to look at the Princess Royal.

Zen was close enough that he could see the woman's reflection in all of those eyes, like a kaleidoscope of numerous mirrors on a wall.

Suddenly, a fair and slim arm grabbed him. It was the Princess Royal, holding her umbrella in one hand and Zen in the other. She summoned her full strength and they raced even faster; far faster than Zen would have been able to go on his own.

They were both out of breath by this point, but they had no choice. They had to keep going.

The rotating umbrella seemed to exude a strange force that removed all resistance in their way. Air parted in front of them, and the ground turned to a blur beneath their feet. The wind built into a roar in Zen's ears.

There was a sound like the splitting of the earth and the crash of ten thousand thunderbolts.

The Formless Sky Python drove through the earth like a spear through flesh. The tumult of sound had come from behind them. They managed to escape!

As the massive body of the Formless Sky Python drilled into the ground, the earth gave way and a tsunami of rock was sent rippling outward, its crests like mountains and troughs like valleys.

The wave hit Zen and the princess, pushing them forward in the hurricane of dust. After ten miles, the cloud had lost its strength and the waves had returned to the ground. The two caught up in the wind, and continued to fly forward.

Shock. Terror. They saw carnage as they spun around.

The procession of Spirit Transformation Realm warriors following the princess had long disappeared without a trace, swallowed in the bowels of the Formless Sky Python.

The ground continued to heave and howl. It was as if a storm had come, showering lightning everywhere.

The colossal body of the Formless Sky Python had by now disappeared into the ground. Though the world thrashed around them, there was no longer any trace of the beast...

"Don't stop! Keep moving forward!" cried Zen.

They had managed to escape death, but he knew the chase wasn't over.

The ground beneath wouldn't protect them. It would fold like paper in the face of the Formless Sky Python's power.

In fact, at that very moment, the Formless Sky Python slid through the dark underground like a crocodile through water, poised to strike at any time at the hapless figures on the surface.

The speed at which it now moved was something they hadn't even considered...

Just as Zen's voice faded away, the ground below them suddenly caved into a massive pit thousands of feet in width. Just as quickly, the dirt and the trees disappeared, and above them yawned the jaws of the Formless Sky Python. The beast had erupted out of the earth and now rushed into the sky, attempting to swallow the Princess Royal and Zen whole.

The both of them had jumped away in the nick of time, however, and were caught on top of the Formless Sky Python's mouth as they rocketed into the sky. Zen's mind raced, but there was nothing he could think of. The Teleportation Token and the token of the mountain weren't available, and there didn't seem to be any other means of escape.

In the face of such a powerful and vast monster, any ordinary martial artist was unable to resist. Only the Supreme Lords would be able to save them, and even then only temporarily suppress the beast.

Their hearts sank once more.

"I'm sorry for getting you into this predicament," said the princess.

Zen turned to look at her. She had spoken calmly while holding her oil-paper umbrella.

Her features were soft and sincere, and her beautiful, sad eyes were fixed on Zen's.

Zen felt like cursing. What was the use of apologizing!? Now of all times, and here of all places!? 'She simply shouldn't have tried to capture me from the start, ' he thought to himself.

All he wanted to do now was to summon his strength to fight the Formless Sky Python, but he was drained and weak. He felt that he wouldn't be able to beat the monster even if he tried. Instead, he merely grabbed the princess's arm and they flew upwards, trying to escape.

The Formless Sky Python's head rose rapidly, trying to swallow the two of them into its mouth. They desperately tried to fly faster, but the jaws of the beast had formed walls around them, leaving them nowhere else to go but upward. They strained with their speed as they felt clouds whip by them in a flash, but the Formless Sky Python's jaws grew taller and taller around them. The jaws began to close...

Suddenly, the Formless Sky Python froze, turning rigid mid-flight.

Zen and the Princess Royal were stunned. They looked up to discover that, only a few hundred miles away, Kennan and Woodrow had appeared and had once again cast their Wishing Spells! They had sealed the other head of the Formless Sky Python!

The Formless Sky Python had two heads at both ends, and when its tail was sealed, it meant that one of its heads became sealed as well. As its tail head was taken care of, the head under Zen and the princess's feet could no longer rise any further!

"It's done," whispered Zen in disbelief.

He had never felt so overjoyed to be alive before. He dragged the princess with him, leaping over the huge mouth of the Formless Sky Python, escaping from the mouth that led to the abyss.

Before he could say anything else, however, violent tremors thundered out into the heavens. The tail of the Formless Sky Python was thrashing madly, struggling to escape its bounds.

Chapter 1825 Chaotic Force Field

It didn't matter how loud the noise behind them became; they weren't stopping anytime soon.

The Formless Sky Python wasn't very intelligent. But Zen had no idea why it had locked its target on the princess.

They rushed at a speed that led them thousands of miles away in under five minutes.

If any strange beasts lurked ahead of them, they didn't have time to think about it. All they could think of was to try their best to distance themselves from the Formless Sky Python.

This time, a rumbling sound rang out from behind. The enormous creature continued to follow them.

It looked like the Formless Sky Python wouldn't stop until it devoured the woman beside Zen.

They didn't know how Kennan and Woodrow were doing. All they could do was try their best and get away as soon as possible.

This thick forest land stretched for a thousand miles. They'd gotten some distance ahead when a massive lake appeared before them. They had gradually moved onto the highlands, from plains to hills.

Despite them running at full speed, the distance between them and the Formless Sky Python was quickly closing.

"Ah! Look out!"

the princess suddenly cried out. The oil-paper umbrella she was holding came to an abrupt halt in midair.

"What's wrong?" Zen frowned.

He didn't know how to deal with this woman, especially since he could neither kill her nor shake her off because she was so stubborn in following him.

All they could do right now was escape together. But it was still somewhat baffling to Zen as to why they had gone in the same boat.

"In front of us is the territory of the Collapsing Mountain race. It is one of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land's aboriginal races," the princess replied.

"Aboriginals? Are they dangerous?" This woman was referring to the Collapsing Mountain race as aboriginals and Zen knew from this that the princess was from the divine land.

The princess pursed her lips and replied, "It's hard to say. The aboriginals of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land have a strong enmity towards outsiders, but it's not all impossible for us..."

Before she could finish talking, Zen had rushed out, muttering under his breath about how this woman lacked judgment.

They would die if they remained where they were. But if they continued onward, they might still have a chance of survival. The choice was easy.

Zen had, however, forgot the fact that the princess had taken a huge risk to go search for a warrior that had landed on the teleporting areas like Zen after night had fallen. If the Collapsing Mountain race could make someone like the princess hesitate, it wasn't going to be simple.

The princess hesitated for a moment before catching up with Zen. She knew she had no other choice.

If the current situation were anything to go by, even if the princess were able to enter the safe area, the Formless Sky Python would still be able to follow her. No one knew how many people were going to die then.

And no one knew when they would come out once they entered the territory of the Collapsing Mountain race. .

A rumble sounded from behind them as a huge shadow emerged from one lake and dove into another.

"Ugh!"

The princess huffed and followed Zen.

Zen discovered the strangeness of this place as he passed through the hilly area.

He had been flying at a constant height of seventy to eighty feet and it was only now that he found that a few stones were scattered in the air, floating lazily.

Zen picked up a small stone and examined it carefully, only to discover that it was just an ordinary stone. There wasn't anything special about it. Zen tossed it away and it fell down, carving a parabolic path as it went.

This stone very obviously was not a floating stone, which he had met several times in the universe.

The princess watched as Zen explored the place and said, "It is the Collapsing Mountain race's force field. It's almost in a disorderly state but it is very special."

Zen nodded at her explanation.

Zen knew everything about the inner world and the structure of the universe.

The more mature the inner world was, the stricter the rules would be.

The universe that Zen came from was an inner world of a Holy Being. It was as Rocher had said, that the Holy Being had one foot in the grave. But the structure of the world from the bottom up - the Lower World to the Upper World and then to the stars - was complete. The rules were almost the same, but at different levels.

But the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was not a complete universe. It had probably been intentionally made this way by the Holy Being who built it, which was why its rules were quite strange.

The further he went, the more stones he saw floating in the air. The stones grew in size as they traveled. Fist-sized stones, then, millstone-sized stones. They floated slowly in the air, as if they were weightless.

Zen also sensed the chaotic force field, but its power was insignificant at the moment, which was why it wasn't having much of an impact on Zen and the princess.

The colossal body of the Formless Sky Python jumped from one lake to another. Every time it dove into a lake, its ten-thousand-foot wide body would occupy the entire lake, draining it of water and forming a small tide that flowed towards other lakes.

But it was still wandering the lakes and did not follow Zen and the princess into the territory of the Collapsing Mountain race.

This gigantic beast was also hesitating. . .

After the Formless Sky Python had rolled about seven or eight times, the lakes began to crack and connect together to form an enormous lake.

Seemingly unable to endure the temptations of its target, this Formless Sky Python had finally made up its mind.

It chose to move forward to go beneath a great mountain.

As the mountain shook violently, the Formless Sky Python created a massive cave that was tens of thousands of feet high.

"It's coming. We need to speed up." Zen could tell from the trembling of the earth that the Formless Sky Python was getting closer and closer to them.

They slowed down as they entered this area. Conducting necessary exploration was a useful way of survival for martial artists when they entered a strange place. But the crisis behind them told Zen that they did not have time to bother with what was happening here. Other threats were nothing compared to the threat of the enormous being behind them.

But it wasn't long before Zen realized that he was ridiculously wrong in thinking thus.

In the beginning, they had been able to choose to avoid the floating stones as they traveled. But as the rumbling sounds drew closer, Zen cleared a path, smashing aside all the stones along the way.

He had previously absorbed the flame from the princess' body into his own, but his body had not reached a new level.

This flame was effective on Zen, but the amount he had absorbed was just not enough.

It was obvious that this woman was quite useful to him.

If he could get out of this crisis, he would ask her to have him absorb more flame to temper his body.

As he advanced at a high speed, Zen broke apart one huge stone after another.

The stones he encountered at first were yellowish brown sand stones. But as he went ahead, he saw stones that were colored blood-red.

These were iron ores, slightly harder than the previous ones. But they were no different to Zen, who shattered them to pieces with a single hit.

As they advanced, the red stones gradually disappeared and cyan stones began to appear. These stones were columnar in shape and were twice as hard as the iron ores.

The stones they saw along the way changed colors from cyan to brown, then to blue, and then became crystal clear.

They finally encountered black stones that Zen couldn't break. He had to take a detour, having failed to shatter the huge rocks. This way, he finally had to slow down.

"I'll lead," the princess said, raising the oil-paper umbrella in her hands. The umbrella's ribs folded backwards, making it look like a spear.

Zen's interest was piqued as he saw the changes in the umbrella. He had always known, somehow, that this woman's umbrella was incredibly magical.

The princess pointed the umbrella ribs towards the front and made it spin.

A thin blue spiral slowly came into existence. It was thin as an arm and had a sharp tip, like a long, constantly twisting snake. The black stones shattered the moment the tip of the spiral touched them. Its power was beyond amazing.

The princess was truly leading the way!

Once they broke through the black boulders, silver floating boulders appeared once again before them.

The princess rushed forward to break the silver boulders apart. But they had only flown about seventy or eighty feet when they felt a strong attraction force pulling them over.

This force was too great for them to resist it.

The two of them felt dizzy for a moment. And then, they began to fall heavily towards the silver rocks.

When they came back to their senses, they discovered that they were lying on top of a silver boulder. But they couldn't move their limbs. It was as if they were stuck to this silver boulder.

Chapter 1826 The Strength Source

There was hardly a hair's breadth between Zen and the Princess Royal as they lay on the huge silver stone, which made it quite hard to turn over.

The huge silver stone on the other hand emitted an irresistible force of attraction under the chaotic force field.

"You can't move too, right?"

Princess Royal asked. The two of them had been pressed too close against each other when they had fallen on the stone.

After that, they kept glancing at each other like a first-time couple.

"It's a little hard..." Zen tried to shake his head, but it was extremely difficult to move his neck. The attraction force was far too powerful.

"The members of the Collapsing Mountain race are extraordinarily strong. It is said that if ordinary warriors enter their territory, they would instantly freeze, and only slaughter awaits them," the Princess Royal said with a smile.

Zen stared at her, utterly speechless.

"You've known about this since a long time ago, right?"

"This place is where the strength source is. Of course I've heard of it before." "Then why did you still lead me here?" Zen asked shrilly.

Truth be told, he was rather annoyed. "But we have no other way to go," Princess Royal stated calmly.

Extreme sadness washed over Zen once again. This woman was not wrong. They wouldn't be able to get rid of the Formless Sky Python no matter where they fled.

It seemed that this place was the only area left where they could try their luck.

"I bet the Formless Sky Python doesn't dare enter the Collapsing Mountain race's territory," the Princess Royal inferred. She had her own judgment of things, but she wasn't stupid.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was originally a trial ground. It was where warriors could grow and be promoted the fastest, and not even the divine land could compare to it. Yet since it was an extremely dangerous place, it came with much bigger risks.

This Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was only the size of at least three supreme worlds. It had many trial grounds, and the Collapsing Mountain race guarded its strength source. The place was for body refiners to cultivate.

"What a pity... You must have guessed wrong," Zen said, a wry smile on his face.

They heard the familiar sound of explosions again. Although Zen and the Princess Royal were within the huge silver stone, they could still see the ground and the mountains tremble.

"Rumble..."

It was as if an immense earthquake had occurred, and even the ground began to ripple like water. Clearly, a huge monster moved underneath...

Zen inhaled deeply. At that moment, he wanted nothing more than to stand up and break free from the stone's constraints!

However, it was impossible to do it with his own strength alone. Thus, he had no choice but to use the power of the dragon scales.

The nine Genuine Dragons and Zen had quite the conflict after the Genuine Dragons came to their senses. They had never communicated with Zen until now, but Zen was still able to use the cyan dragon's power.

After he had poured all the power into his body, his entire being suddenly shook.

"What are you doing?" The Princess Royal was astonished when she saw Zen's reaction.

"Stand up!" Zen said through gritted teeth. 'Is he crazy?' the Princess Royal thought.

Her melodious laugh filled the tight space.

Although it was hard to communicate with the Collapsing Mountain race, they didn't kill innocents. However, many martial artists chose not to enter unless they were fully prepared. If they got up from the stone, it only meant that they were really ready to enter this place.

Therefore, many of the martial artists who had entered the place were stuck frozen to the ground like cold meat patties! It was impossible to cultivate or reach the strength source under such conditions.

"It's impossible... Unless you have the cultivation base of a world lord..." the Princess Royal said. The Princess Royal continued to talk, but she suddenly stopped when she saw that Zen had indeed gotten up.

Meanwhile, the powerful suction force pressed Zen down firmly against the rock like a huge hand, which rendered him motionless!

However, Zen had been infused with the power of the dragon scales. He eventually made use of the power and slowly lifted up his hands, feet, and then his waist. Finally, he bent his knees and tried to get up.

"How did you do it? You must've used some external force," the Princess Royal guessed. She was greatly perceptive and was quickly able to figure out that Zen didn't use his power alone.

Zen nodded and did not deny it.

His own strength would grow in time and besides, he couldn't rely on the power of the dragon scales forever.

Since the Collapsing Mountain race's territory was a good place for body refining, how could Zen pass it up?

Zen exhaled once more, straightened his back, and slowly stood up!

It was just a simple standing motion, but Zen felt like he had carried a dozen mountains on his back. It was incomparably hard for him!

"Crack, crack, crack..."

His spine emitted an ear-splitting crack every time he stretched out. Even his divine weapon body found it hard to endure the pain.

Zen was also confused. The Collapsing Mountain race had lived in the place for generations, so how could a baby born there bear such power?

Even a martial artist who had become a world lord would find it immensely troublesome to withstand such an attraction force. Ordinary warriors who would enter this place would be instantly crushed into ground meat!

As the Princess Royal stared on, Zen stood up!

"You're so amazing!" she exclaimed with a giggle. After she had heard the flower vendor's prophecy, she was the first to believe that Zen was destined to be extraordinary.

However, the Princess Royal came from the divine land and she believed that he was extraordinary because he was able to bring her into the Soul Suppressing Cliff. That was why she recklessly wanted to take him back at the beginning.

Only now did the Princess Royal realize that she had underestimated this young man of the Spirit Supreme Realm.

"Unfortunately, it's useless." Zen, who had stood up, looked ahead with a wry smile.

Apparently, Zen had fallen horizontally towards the huge silver stone. He stood parallel to the ground once he had gotten up, and saw the scene below!

The ground underneath the huge stones, which was several thousand feet long, began to cave in and form a small basin!

Zen had already seen it before. It was a sign of the Formless Sky Python's attack.

"Boom!"

The basin only existed for three seconds before it disappeared before Zen's eyes. The Formless Sky Python suddenly rose upwards, wanting to swallow up the princess and Zen!

The silver stones that floated in the air were naturally enormous, but they were actually nothing compared to the massive size of the Formless Sky Python.

On the other hand, the strong attraction force from the huge silver stone did not affect the Formless Sky Python in any way.

Zen had just arrived in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but he had already fallen into danger thrice. It made him quite depressed as he thought that it was all pure bad luck.

He believed that without the help of the two world lords' Wishing Spells, he wouldn't be able to escape this time. He lowered his head, and his gaze landed on the woman beside him. Just as when the Princess Royal was about to speak, Zen said, "You don't have to apologize to me. I'm just unlucky this time!"

However, the Princess Royal did not look sad. Instead, she smiled and said, "I'm not going to say sorry. Look over there..."

The Princess Royal was not a warrior who refined her body. Thus, she could not turn her head under the effects of the attraction force, and could only look straight ahead.

Zen followed her gaze and saw a few figures from a near distance who rapidly approached the scene.

"Martial artists?" Zen froze instantly.

"The members of the Collapsing Mountain race!" The Princess Royal's face lit up as if she had personally seen the reinforcements.

The warriors with bared arms had bronzed, toned muscles and looked very strong. Were they the members of the Collapsing Mountain race that the Princess Royal had spoken of?

Based from their appearance alone, they seemed nothing special and were almost similar to ordinary humans. However, what surprised Zen was that these warriors actually jumped crazily on the silver stones at a shockingly high speed!

They weren't affected by the attractive force at all. Perhaps there was some secret technique that allowed them to escape the attraction force.

The Formless Sky Python's huge mouth below only rose half the distance, and the members of the Collapsing Mountain race had arrived quickly.

What happened next immediately corrected Zen's guess. The group of Collapsing Mountain members didn't escape from the attraction force at all.

In reality, they were already used to the giant silver stone's attraction force due to their immense strength.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Three strongest men of the Collapsing Mountain race rushed in front and punched the Formless Sky Python at the same time.

The Formless Sky Python, whose body was like a rapidly growing bamboo, rose slowly—only to be destroyed by the three fists when it was halfway up.

"This..." Naturally, Zen was also a bit stunned. They had such a strong, formidable power to the point where Zen couldn't comprehend it. He thought that maybe after all the cyan dragon's dragon scales had been lit up, it could reach the same effect.

Chapter 1827 The Collapsing Mountain Warriors

Zen's eyes practically popped out of their sockets as the colossal body of the Formless Sky Python smashed to the other side, creating a deep hole in the ground.

He hadn't expected this at all.

Were the aboriginals of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land really this powerful?

The Formless Sky Python was easily on the same level as a Genuine Dragon.

Nevertheless, the power the three people released had directly knocked down the Formless Sky Python.

"Boo...hoo..."

The Formless Sky Python wailed. It wriggled twice in an attempt to right its position. The woman was prey and it wasn't about to let its meal go just like that.

Just as it was to get up, the three Collapsing Mountain members went for the python and threw themselves into its vital point.

They were relatively large and sturdy, standing at nearly ten feet and as bulky as ogres, but next to the Formless Sky Python, the three were comparable to grains of sand.

Howl!

Boom!

At the impact of the three's attack, the Formless Sky Python once again crashed into the ground.

With another howl, it twisted its body in frustration. It didn't dare disobey the Collapsing Mountain warriors any longer and with a loud rumbling sound, it drilled head-first into the ground.

Just before it completely disappeared, however, the head on the tip of its tail narrowed it eyes and roared at the princess.

Seeing the group of three closing in on it again, it quickly followed the rest of its body and disappeared.

Zen watched the Formless Sky Python leave and asked the princess, "That thing seems to hold a very deep grudge against you. Why does it want to eat you so bad? What did you do to offend it?"

From the very beginning, the thing had chased after the woman beside him. Was the princess's flesh really more delicious than the others'? Was she really that appetizing to the Formless Sky Python?

"I did not do anything!" the princess scowled.

"If you didn't offend it, then why was it hell-bent on eating you?" Zen wondered out loud.

The princess pursed her lips. It was obvious she didn't want to tell Zen the truth, so he didn't pursue the topic any further. The warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race then approached.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

About thirteen warriors stood in front of Zen.

One by one, they went airborne and landed on silver boulders. Some of them stood on top of the boulders while others hung upside down, all of them attracted to the boulders like iron to a magnet.

One of the three warriors who fought off the Formless Sky Python landed on the same boulder Zen and the princess were on.

The warrior sized up Zen, and a hint of surprise appeared in his eyes when he noticed his level of cultivation.

With his cultivation at the Spirit Supreme Realm, to be able to stand on his own was already amazing.

"Hand over your trial tallies!" The warrior commanded.

Zen frowned in confusion. "What trial tallies?" Unsure of the warrior's cultivation level, Zen felt a great deal of pressure. And as for the trial tallies, he honestly had no idea what they were.

"Anyone who barges into this place will die without a trial tally," the warrior said, clenching his fists.

The strength that this warrior displayed was very much still vivid on Zen's mind. If he had so much as punched Zen once, Zen was sure his physical body would be smashed into smithereens.

Alarmed, Zen glanced at the princess.

She definitely knew more about the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land than him. However, when they barged into this place, she only said that the Collapsing Mountain warriors were very troublesome. She didn't mention anything about trial tallies. Zen swallowed. Was he going to be killed because he didn't have a trial tally?

"I have a trial tally," the princess smiled. "In fact, I have several trial tallies."

Zen felt his heart rate go back to normal. With her position, of course she'd have whatever this trial tally was.

For the first time that day, Zen finally felt a stroke of luck. At least this woman wasn't all trouble.

"But unfortunately, I don't have them with me." The princess batted her eyes and smiled apologetically.

Zen's face fell.

The relief he felt vanished as quickly as it came.

"If you don't have the trial tallies, then DIE!" the warrior bellowed. "Kill them!" At the command, the other warriors began to charge at the two.

"Wait, wait!" the princess cried out, halting the warriors. "I am Pascal's younger sister!"

When the warrior heard this, he circled the two before landing heavily on the silver boulder. He stared at the princess in astonishment and suspicion, and tilted his head to size her up.

He scanned her face, carefully looking for a resemblance to Pascal. "Evidence."

"Evidence..." The princess thought for a moment. "My hairpin! The Godly Eagle Horn that my brother obtained in the Collapsing Mountain race is in my hairpin!" she blurted out.

The warrior bent over and took out the girl's hairpin.

The pin was multi-colored and when the light hit it in a certain way, the Space Law became faintly discernible. It was clearly a Sumeru Space, but it possessed an aura that seemed to be even more perfect than the Law Power that Zen had seen.

The warrior stretched out his hand and gently flicked it. The hairpin trembled and in his hand, a black eagle horn appeared with a flash of light. He examined it for a moment and said, "It is indeed the one Pascal had hunted. However, you must hand over your trial tallies still."

The princess smiled coyly. "For my brother's sake, please let us go this time. Or at least, let me ask my people to send the trial tallies here."

In the past, her brother made an outstanding contribution to the Collapsing Mountain race and received the title "King Warrior," hailing him as a leader of the Collapsing Mountain race.

Hesitation decorated the warrior's face as he turned to talk to the other warriors in their native tongue.

After a short while, the Collapsing Mountain warrior turned back to Zen and the princess. "We will give you twenty days. You must produce your trial tallies by then or we will bring hell upon you."

And with that, he left.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors had quite the temper which made talking to them hard. But now that they were willing to do the princess a favor, it was clear just how important her brother was to them.

Soon after, one of the Collapsing Mountain members jumped over and grabbed Zen and the princess. He threw them on his back like two sacks of potatoes and left with the rest.

As soon as Zen left the silver boulder, he quickly regained his freedom and wasn't affected by the attraction force anymore.

It had been like that from the very beginning. There was an invisible force field that surrounded the area. Anyone who entered would be sucked in but after one managed to leave, they wouldn't be affected anymore.

This was why the attraction force disappeared as the Collapsing Mountain warriors sped through the air.

However, as the warriors continued to go deeper, more and more silver boulders appeared. Zen watched as the boulders transformed into the earth's foundation.

And with this transformation, the attraction force became greater the deeper they went.

The two of them could only stare at each other and hold on tighter as the Collapsing Mountain warrior picked up speed.

"Oh, I just remembered," the princess smiled after a while. "I haven't gotten your name yet."

Deep inside, she felt increasingly uncomfortable as the pull of gravity became heavier. Her position on the Collapsing Mountain warrior's back didn't help too.

"Zen Luo," Zen answered truthfully.

This was the first time Zen visited the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. There was no need to lie about his name.

"I'm Laquisha Han," she offered with a little smile.

Zen, however, was not in the mood to talk. He was too concerned about what they were going to face next.

On the other hand, Laquisha Han couldn't seem to stop talking. She kept asking him questions such as why he was able to absorb her flames and not get burnt and what universe he came from.

At her last question, Zen shook his head. "I don't know which universe it is."

It was true. Living beings in a certain universe supposedly couldn't leave the universe they were in to go to another universe. That was how it had always been. But this was not applied to mighty warriors.

"How can that be?" Laquisha Han frowned. As someone of her status, she was able to see problems within the divine land and it was only natural that she would know much more than Zen. This time, however, she was the one who was unable to understand what was going on.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1828 Lying On The Ground

The members of the Collapsing Mountain race carried Zen and Laquisha as they moved forward, and they eventually reached a large encampment. As these two individuals chatted along the way, Zen and Laquisha gained a basic understanding of each other.

The buildings of the encampment looked very primitive and seemed that they were made of the same kind of silver stones. The buildings' surfaces were embellished with different patterns, and although they looked rough, they seemed to be heavy and sturdy.

After the Collapsing Mountain members entered the encampment, they threw Zen and Laquisha down into a corner and left.

The height of the Collapsing Mountain member's shoulders was less than ten feet, but when he slammed Zen and Laquisha down on the ground, the two of them let out muffled groans.

Due to the effect of the strong gravitational force, the power behind the impact shouldn't be underestimated.

Zen still felt alright. It was as if his internal organs were in turmoil, but he quickly returned to normal.

Laquisha, on the other hand, did not do too well. Her cultivation level was higher than Zen's, but she was still a woman and didn't pay particular attention to body refinement. The Collapsing Mountain member did not show her the slightest bit of mercy. After being thrown violently on the ground, she suffered an internal injury and a bit of blood dripped out of the corner of her mouth.

"Are you alright?" Zen asked.

"Hmm..." Laquisha was devastated. This kind of injury was nothing to her, but this kind of treatment was a bit of a blow to her.

After being thrown onto the ground, the two of them were immobilized and could not get up from the ground. The strong gravitational force was almost everywhere. It felt like there were dozens of mountains on top of them. How difficult was it for them to get up?

Zen could only activate the power of the dragon scales. The force of gravity here was much stronger than that on the huge silver boulder. Even though he already borrowed the power of the dragon scales, he still wasn't able to stand up. Finally, he rolled and sat up.

He couldn't see anything while he had been lying on the ground.

After he managed to sit up, he leaned on the wall beside him. Only then did he notice that there were a lot of other martial artists in that place, aside from him and Laquisha.

"Huh?"

The martial artists had strange appearances—some had green skin, some looked like dwarves, and some were also very handsome. However, all of the martial artists here were humanoid in form.

Why were most intelligent beings shaped similar to humans?

Zen had thought about this long ago. Whether it was the Sacred race, human race, Demon Night race, or even ogres, the various races all developed their own culture and influence. Their common characteristic was that they were all bipedal. Their body shapes and appearances were different from each other, but the internal structures of their bodies were similar. The Demon Night members only had long and sharp ears, while the ogres looked fiercer.

Strange creatures, like the warriors of the sorcerer race, also had appearances that were not too different from human forms.

Even the final forms of many legendary beasts seemed to be based according to human standards. Even in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race were also like this. This couldn't have been a coincidence.

These martial artists were similar to Laquisha: they were all at the top-level of the Spirit Transformation Realm. However, the martial artists were all lying motionless on the ground.

When they saw that Zen was able to sit up, their facial expressions were very strange. They had noticed sometime earlier that Zen was only at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

Most of the warriors who were sent to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land cultivated in the cities nearby the teleporting area. A place like this was not somewhere that a warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm could go to.

Zen was different. The teleporting area where he was sent to had already been abandoned for countless years, and he was the only one sent there. Then he met Laquisha. The two of them hid within the territory of the Collapsing Mountain race while they were being chased by the Formless Sky Python.

It was not that surprising that a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior came to the territory of the Collapsing Mountain race. The problem was that this guy could sit up!

"My friend, you are not bad. You were able to sit up right after you arrived. You have innate divine strength!" a warrior, who did not look human, said to Zen.

Zen leaned against the wall and smiled when he heard this. "I was just lucky."

"Lucky? Are you kidding me? I've been lying here for three years, but I've never heard of anyone who was lucky enough to sit up!" the warrior told Zen incredulously.

'He has been lying here for three years!'

Upon hearing these words, Zen was also somewhat speechless.

With such a strong gravitational force pulling them to the ground, even lying down here was a form of cultivation.

If one gained the ability to stand up in the future, then they would be able to accept the Collapsing Mountain race's trial. If one obtained the strength source, then that would be a great leap for them.

"You have only been lying here for three years. I have already been here for nine years! If I still can't stand up in the next year, I'm afraid that I would be driven out!" another warrior complained with a sullen face.

"Isn't it good to leave?" Zen asked curiously.

Lying here for ten years was unbearable. Without the help of the Collapsing Mountain warriors, it would have been almost impossible for them to climb out. Zen didn't know what this martial artist was sad about.

"Nonsense! My trial tally will be wasted then. For the sake of this trial tally, I nearly lost my life!" the warrior said dejectedly.

Zen didn't realize that.

Before they had come here, Laquisha told him that she had a lot of trial tallies. Zen naturally felt inclined to believe that it was easy to obtain a trial tally.

He didn't know how many martial artists had sacrificed their lives in this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land just to obtain a trial tally.

Some martial artists painstakingly obtained a trial tally and had to travel thousands of miles to enter the six great cultivation places. The Collapsing Mountain race was the cultivation place of body refiners, and many martial artists didn't hesitate to bring their trial tallies here.

However, they all ended up being thrown onto the ground by the Collapsing Mountain warriors, left to lie motionless on the ground.

This immobility often lasted for a few years.

Some martial artists with innate divine strength were able to stand up on their own after a few months and gradually adapted to the gravitational force. They could then join the Collapsing Mountain race and underwent trials, until they completed them. Their strength and physical body would increase at an alarming rate.

However, the majority of martial artists had to lie down here for seven to eight years before they could gradually stand up.

For the Spirit Transformation Realm warriors, this length of time wasn't a problem. But if they didn't stand up within ten years, they would be expelled from the Collapsing Mountain race. It was hard for them to accept this.

That was the reason why Laquisha wasn't enthusiastic about going to the Collapsing Mountain race's place. She preferred to enter the Soul Suppressing Cliff, and there was no need for her to refine her body. If she was to be brought to the Collapsing Mountain race's territory, she needed to rely on herself to stand up and walk within ten years if she wanted to exit. Otherwise, it was just a waste of her time.

Her time was actually more valuable than that of ordinary martial artists.

Several hours later, the spots of light at the top of the cave gradually regained their brightness one by one, emitting a faint light. Under the beams of numerous spotlights, night in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land ended and the day finally came.

The warriors around Zen were still lying motionless on the ground like corpses.

Zen couldn't help but feel sorry for them as he thought about how hard it would be to remain in this position for ten years without being able to move a single muscle.

Suddenly, a roar came from the Collapsing Mountain race.

Roar!

One of the Collapsing Mountain members stood at the peak and began roaring towards the sky with all his might.

At the same time, all of the other Collapsing Mountain members answered that person's roar, and they began to shout and sing.

Zen didn't understand the song at all. They sang in the language of the Collapsing Mountain race and didn't really follow the rules of music. But beneath their rough and orderly voices, he sensed an extraordinary strength and a unique rhythm.

"What did they sing?" Zen asked.

Laquisha curled her lips. "Listen carefully. It's good for you. If you can stand up, you can carry me on your back and leave this place."

She had no plan to refine her body and definitely didn't want to lie here for ten years. After only a few hours of lying on the ground, she was already quite crestfallen. If she really lay here without moving, ten years of her life would definitely have been wasted.

Laquisha thought it over for a few hours and realized that Zen was her only hope.

This guy had just entered this territory and was already able to use his own strength to sit up. She naturally hoped that he could quickly adapt to the gravity here.

"The song is good for me? How?" Zen had a look of confusion on his face for a short while, but soon felt something strange happen within his body.

These sounds contained an unusual vibration, and the continuous roaring had resonated with Zen's body.

With this resonance, the blood flow throughout Zen's body suddenly surged, and his heart rate also began to increase. As he looked at the other martial artists, all of them were flushed red.

This Collapsing Mountain race was extremely unique. They were able to refine their bodies just by singing a song?

Chapter 1829 Means

The Collapsing Mountain race seemed to be very primitive. Their social structure was still dependent on the authority of ancient clans.

However, there were still many mysteries hidden within just awaiting discovery!

It could even be said that they were cultivating with every move!

For instance, the women of the Collapsing Mountain race would be pregnant for 30 years. During these 30 years, their babies would be baptized by the tribe's singing every day. They would passively undergo body refining before they were born!

During the process of body tempering, the fetus would gradually adapt to the gravitational force, and after it was born, it would have immense strength.

Thus, when a baby from the Collapsing Mountain race was born, it would already be able to crawl across the ground …

As for the Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists present, they couldn't lift a finger. They weren't even comparable to an infant from the Collapsing Mountain race.

This was why the Collapsing Mountain race took the trial tallies and dumped these martial artists here like trash. The Collapsing Mountain race worshiped powerhouses, but these fellows couldn't even compare to the little babies of their race, so they didn't give a damn about them. They deserved to take the Collapsing Mountain race's trials, but only if they were able to stand up one day.

The song of the Collapsing Mountain race lasted for a full two hours!

Every day after dawn, they would howl like this for two hours. The Collapsing Mountain members actually had the strength to do so.

This Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was filled with all sorts of strange things. Singing was originally a method of body tempering for this race, so it was considered normal.

This strange ballad gave rise to a subtle vibration. It felt like countless small hammers, constantly hammering around Zen's body. He could feel the omnidirectional hammering beginning on the outside and working its way to the inside, slowly immersing itself in his body.

Zen finally understood that this flesh refining method was similar to the principle of the Grand Weapon Refining Method that he practiced himself!

However, the Grand Weapon Refining Method was intended to transform a person into a weapon and then make them undergo training. The purpose of the Collapsing Mountain race's method was to directly beat up their body …

If Zen hadn't undergone the training to turn his body into a weapon, he definitely wouldn't have been able to withstand that kind of beating. His injuries would have become increasingly severe, and ordinary people naturally would not have access to his training.

However, the power of vibration within this song was relatively mild. Under the resonance of this song and the powerful gravitational force here, the benefits for a body refiner were obvious.

Listening to the song for a single day would cause the listeners' vital energy and blood to flow more rapidly and their flesh to tighten. If they continued to listen to it for a year, five years, or ten years, the effects would be extraordinary.

After ten years, if a warrior still wasn't qualified to climb up and join the Collapsing Mountain race, after leaving this place, their physical body and strength would greatly increase. That was why the Collapsing Mountain race was considered to be a sacred place for cultivation!

Once the song had finished, all of the Collapsing Mountain members started their daily hunting activities in an orderly fashion.

The strength of the clansmen of Collapsing Mountain race was comparable to a world lord or a Supreme Lord. However, there was a sharp distinction between the ways they replenished their bodies. When they reached a certain level of training, world lords and Supreme Lords could feed on the vitality between heaven and earth, while the Collapsing Mountain warriors still had to rely on natural food and had to eat lots of food to replenish their strong bodies.

If the martial artists that had entered the Collapsing Mountain race could one day stand up and gradually adapt to the gravity, they would also need to go hunting with them.

However, currently, Zen and the other martial artists could only watch …

When the people from Collapsing Mountain race left, the entire tribe immediately became quiet. Soon, however, many children appeared within the tribe!

The Collapsing Mountain members were tall and sturdy, and while their children were still child-like in appearance, they were as well-built as their parents. Some of the children were seven or eight feet tall, and would be considered large among the human race.

After these children appeared, they began to play around in the tribe. Some of their pranks caused the tribe's women to shout at them. This was a normal day for the Collapsing Mountain race.

After a while, a few children came rushing over.

"Uncle Toad!

Uncle Toad! My wooden ox is broken!

How can I fix it?"

This "Uncle Toad" who was the subject of the children's attention was a martial artist who had come to take the trial.

Just like Zen, he had managed to adapt to the gravitational force. However, he was still unable to completely stand up, and could only lie on the ground on all fours, motionless like a toad, which was where the children got the idea for his nickname …

Seeing those children dashing around so effortlessly in the tribe, Zen sighed deeply in his spirit. They were truly inferior to even the children of the Collapsing Mountain race. No wonder those three clansmen were able to beat up the Formless Sky Python. It was their strength that made this race so unique.

While the children gathered around "Uncle Toad," the other martial artists could only look on with envy.

Zen was confused at first, but then he realized that this "Uncle Toad" had used one of his skills to create an opportunity for himself!

Behind each of these children was a small wooden ox. This wooden ox was exquisitely crafted, lifelike and ingenious. It had obviously been created with a unique puppet technique.

This puppet technique was not indigenous to the Collapsing Mountain race. It was something that Uncle Toad had taught these children when he told them how to create their own puppets. The only thing that Zen could not understand was that the wooden ox was a puppet and could actually escape from the powerful gravitational force of the Collapsing Mountain race. Perhaps it was because of the materials from which it was made.

"Uncle Toad, my wooden ox's foot is broken. It looks like a cripple when it's walking. It is extremely ugly!"

"Humph, who told you to start ox-fighting. If it's broken, it's your own fault."

"You joined in the ox-fighting too."

Just as the kids were arguing, Uncle Toad chuckled and said, "I can teach you how to repair the wooden ox' leg, but you know what the rules are …"

Before Uncle Toad could finish speaking, one of the children took out a large black object and placed it in front of Uncle Toad. "Uncle Toad, I've prepared a piece of meat! I saved it yesterday!"

That piece of black meat looked ordinary, but under the illumination of the light, it emitted a unique phosphorescent light. Zen didn't know what creature it was cut from, but from his point of view, it was absolutely extraordinary!

"Hahaha, then I will gladly accept it. Please help to tuck the meat in …" Before Uncle Toad could finish his words, the child had already cut open the piece of meat with a knife and personally fed it to him!

Not only did this martial artist teach them puppet techniques, but he also taught them how to use puppets to fight, which the children referred to as ox-fighting.

The materials used to make the wooden ox were not ordinary, but in a fight, the wooden ox would eventually break. Although Uncle Toad taught them how to make the wooden ox, he didn't tell them how to fix it. When it was broken, they must go to him to have it repaired.

Uncle Toad would only fix the broken ox when they brought him pieces of meat in exchange!

Only the warriors who participated in the hunting alongside the Collapsing Mountain race were allowed to eat meat. The warriors lying here weren't qualified. The benefits of the meat pieces were obvious; naturally, some people would try to use their brains to get them.

In truth, this Uncle Toad had only been with the tribe for a short period of time. It was only because he had eaten these pieces of meat that he was able to get up. So, clearly, this meat possessed a magical power.

Maybe this scheme had been in his mind even before he had entered the Collapsing Mountain race!

'He is clever, ' Zen couldn't help but sigh.

The children took out pieces of their own meat and fed them to Uncle Toad. After that, they left satisfied after Uncle Toad told them how to repair the wooden oxen.

Before the children left, there were also other practitioners lying on the ground trying to "steal business for themselves."

"I know how to fix that wooden ox too …"

"I can tell you a story. Do you want to hear it?"

"I can teach you guys how to make wooden birds. It's fun."

However, almost all of the children's interest was focused on the wooden ox. The other martial artists' attempted 'seduction' rarely proved effective, and the children soon disappeared without a trace. The group of warriors could not get up, and could only look helplessly at the backs of the group of swiftly vanishing children.

Zen wasn't one of them.

Since he had unintentionally entered the Collapsing Mountain race, it could be said that it was fate. According to what he had heard, this trial tally was extremely rare. Since he had come in here with her for free, naturally, he would seize this opportunity to fully refine his body!

The day passed quickly, and by nightfall, the Collapsing Mountain race members had all returned to their tribe.

Each of them was carrying a colossus on their shoulders. That was their reward for a day of hard work.

There were single-horned bulls the size of a small mountain, red blood eagles with a wingspan of over a thousand feet, and heterogenetic porcupines covered with golden spikes.

The abundance of prey left Zen dumbstruck.

Chapter 1830 The Temptation (Part One)

When these vicious beasts roamed this world, they were rightfully considered the overlords of the region. They ruled everything and were at the very top of the food chain. A few of them, even if only a handful, could actually take on human form. Their power was truly undeniable.

The warriors in this place though, despite the overruling strength of the vicious beasts, were even more powerful than they were. Here, they were reduced into food for the Collapsing Mountain members.

A bloody horror show had begun in the center of the space—an area no more than ten thousand feet wide. Together, the members of the Collapsing Mountain race formed an irregular shaped circle around the mass of dead bodies. A beastly demolition, one might say.

Only certain members of the Collapsing Mountain race were deemed with the responsibility for dismantling the beasts and they effected their work with great skill and precision. The beasts were picked apart one by one, the race members working like a team. It wasn't long before entire flaps of skin were being peeled back, a ripping sound resonating against the walls of the confined area. Blood soaked the ground, creating dark red almost black puddles at their feet. The beasts were dismembered, their flesh cut clean, their bones removed and their tendons torn.

For an onlooker, the scene was extremely traumatic and sickening. Disgusting, even. However, these beasts were comparable to a world lord and every part of their bodies was extremely valuable, to say the least! With careful and quick work of their weapons, the Collapsing Mountain members dismembered the beasts in no time.

Once all the beasts were taken apart, the working members took a step back. A strong stench of blood suddenly hit them. There was so much blood and the smell was so strong.

With a quick glance around the space, it was clear that the martial artists and the children were used to the scene and the stench. The martial artist staying next to Zen appeared to be feeling particularly uncomfortable.

His breathing seemed labored and he clenched his chest with his hand, his facial expression distorted.

The other martial artists were in a similar state: they gasped for air while lying on the ground with their eyes closed. Of course, from their angle, they couldn't see all of what was really going on. Zen, on the other hand, had his back pressed up against the wall and from where he was sitting, he could observe the entire scene.

Earlier, before the blood show, Zen had discovered a multitude of grooves at the center of the square. At the time, he had thought that there was perhaps some form of giant magical array located there, but he understood better now. The Collapsing Mountain race didn't need to use any kind of magical array. Those grooves, also known as the blood grooves as he learned, were only used to divert the blood pouring from the vicious beasts they tore apart.

The grooves were necessary due to the incredible amount of blood that could come from a single berserk beast. Once the fierce beasts were sliced open, the blood gushed like a river, and without the blood grooves to divert the flow, the tribe would probably flood in a sea of red. The beasts' blood essence was extremely vigorous. Zen didn't know where the blood travelled to or where they accumulated it all. What he did know though, was that such a large amount of blood from such powerful berserk beasts would be unbelievably precious...

Once the beast-slaughter was done and taken care of, it was time to celebrate! Enormous bonfires began to grow ablaze one after another, their orange-yellow flames filling the darkness with a warm glow.

With celebrations like these, the members of the Collapsing Mountain race only used a special kind of wood. When they burned it, it gave off a unique fragrance. Their nostrils flared as they inhaled deeply, the smoke and fragrance burning the back of their throats. It felt like victory.

Zen might not have eaten in a few years, but the smell overwhelmed him with a sudden, shocking hunger. The wood's fragrance worked on his appetite, causing his stomach to grumble. Zen thought that the smell would make anyone hungry, even a human.

"Growl..."

Did Zen's stomach grumble so loudly that he heard it himself? A look of confusion washed over his face. He turned around and paid closer attention to those surrounding him. Suddenly, he could hear a series of grunts, grumbles and groans coming from all directions around him.

Laquisha was lying not too far off from Zen. He watched her as she grabbed her gut, as if to stop it from rumbling. Even her stomach was growling out of hunger right now!

Of course, every martial artist present had trained for far longer than Zen had. Worse off than him in his opinion, they hadn't eaten anything in over 10, 000 years. The fragrant cyan-wood filled their lungs and forced them all into the hands of temptation.

"Ah, here they go again..."

"Every time night falls, it's the hardest time to endure! I'm getting sick and tired of it."

"It just really makes me want to dig my teeth into a piece of meat so bad!"

"Awooo..."

A warrior could even be heard crying and wailing into the night. The hunger pains had become overwhelming. The martial artists felt as though they were on the brink of starvation.

The overwhelming and delicious smell of burning wood was like a poison—one that made them all feel terribly hungry.

It was true that when martial artists had gone through the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm, their willpower became much stronger than any ordinary person. Martial artists having crossed such realms could even endure the cruelest of tortures without shedding a single tear. Not all of them reached such extents, but those who did were bound to be the successors of certain extremely powerful forces or amazing talents. If the latter wasn't the case, the martial artist in question would have led a life of torment and pain.

Currently though, and now more than ever, these martial artists had actually become incomparably weak. Temptation was breaking them.

"This can't be possible..." Zen was completely shocked by the warriors' reactions, his eyes darting from one martial artist to another.

Laquisha was lying on the ground, but upon hearing Zen's words, she said, "That is the Calamity Dispelling Wood, and the fragrance it emits is the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance which can activate the most primitive and original appetite of all living beings. This kind of wood is a special product of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land."

To the north of the Collapsing Mountain race, there was an immense, lush forest known as the Calamity Dispelling Forest. Most of the trees in the forest were tens of thousands of feet high. The forest covered several acres and the trees were so thick with foliage that one couldn't see the sky above them when walking through it.

Here, the Calamity Dispelling Trees emitted the faint fragrance all the time. No need to burn their wood.

In the Calamity Dispelling Forest, all living beings' desires were magnified countless times over. These creatures' instincts were also stimulated to their absolute limit.

From small reptiles and ants to big birds, from low-level creatures to top of the food chain beasts, their sensations were amplified and their strongest desires were aroused. They crazily devoured one another and killed each other. At the same time, they copulated frantically and continued the cycle with their offspring.

It was a hell on earth for those who lived here and coupled here and for the young that were raised here. On the other hand though, this frantic breeding ground was a living paradise for the growth of any vicious beast.

Chapter 1831 The Temptation (Part Two)

A martial artist entering the Calamity Dispelling Forest would just as much end up giving into their most basic desires. Anyone breathing the oxygen provided by these trees would fold beneath the pressure of temptation in no time. All desires were pushed to their extremes, even the most insignificant. After the desires to eat, to love and to possess had been magnified countless times, people would act like the beasts.

"They light these bonfires and eat heartily here every day. These people, who have stayed here for a long time, also know that it is time for the members of the Collapsing Mountain race to eat, so they stimulate their appetite," Laquisha explained calmly.

Zen nodded. "There's no wonder their eyes lit up the way they did when they saw that piece of meat earlier. How long have they endured this? Years and years at the very least..."

Anyone who was tied up, cuffed and forced to look at delicious food that they could not consume every day would go insane. Sure, the warriors were strong willed but this torture was on another level. The Calamity Dispelling Fragrance in the air disturbed their levels and notions of desire, making self-control impossible.

As Zen spoke, his gaze fell on Laquisha.

Although he'd spoken to her in the past, he hadn't paid much attention to this woman before. Now, he could do nothing but take notice. His eyes looked her up and down, drinking in the beauty he had never noticed before.

Laquisha was also a rare fairy-like figure with the typical neat and tidy hair. She also had a delicate, beautiful face. She wore a simple dress with a dark pattern on it, and was wrapped in a long elegant robe. Although she was lying on the ground, her exquisite and curvaceous figure suddenly appeared utterly attractive.

"Stop looking at me!"

Laquisha squealed, as she glared at Zen with a warning in her big, pretty eyes.

Caught off guard and snapped out of his thoughts, Zen held his breath and turned his head slowly in order to face the other direction. Although he couldn't see her straight on, his peripheral vision still caught glimpses of her.

The Calamity Dispelling Fragrance had the power to arouse a person's appetite of course, but it had this same effect on most any desire. Under regular circumstances, only male martial artists would refine their bodies. Because none of these male martial artists had sexual desires for each other before, their desires were thus not enhanced by the wood. Now though, the situation was different. Laquisha was a woman, she was here, and she was ravishing.

And that was when Laquisha finally understood Zen's reaction, too. She blushed with embarrassment and decided it was best to chant the Heart Purifying Spell in order to calm herself down. Was she starting to feel the increased sexual arousal as well?

When all the bonfires were flaming high, sending sparks flying in all directions like mini fireworks, it was time for the warriors to face the most painful moment of all! Worse than any form of torment or torture, what they had to face now was the climax of absolute misery.

Giant chunks of meat had been hauled up into the air and were now rolling and tumbling over the raging flames. The bonfire feast had begun! As the raw meat began to grizzle beneath the flames and the chunks of fat exploded due to the incredible heat, a smell that made everyone run at the mouth quickly wafted over.

The smells, odors and fragrances of the cooking meat was indescribable. To the martial artists, it felt like the devil sitting on their shoulder, whispering in their ear to give in, stirring their most primitive of nerves.

"UGH..."

"I just can't take this anymore!"

"I'm completely starved!"

Most of the warriors, lying on the ground, were groaning, grunting and screaming. It was clear that they were enduring an unimaginable pain. Genuine torture without the use of any physical weapons.

The Collapsing Mountain race had become accustomed to hearing the martial artists' cries of hunger. Of course, causing them this pain was intentional, but over time their moaning and groaning had become simply annoying. One of the race members walked briskly over to a warrior. "Shut up!" he said coldly, resisting the urge to kick him in the ribs at the same time. "Do you have the ability? Because if you do, then you can get up, walk right over and enjoy some delicious food and never-ending wine. Isn't that what you want, huh? If you don't have the ability, then you can't have anything to eat or get a drop to drink. And you don't have the ability, isn't that right? So continue lying there obediently!"

'If only they get up, they'd be able to eat the meat...' he thought to himself.

And over time, this was probably the biggest temptation of all!

For any warrior to walk this land, the increased desire to consume food was one of the cruelest trials that they had to go through. And any warrior knew that their lives were filled with harsh treatments and difficult physical and mental tests.

This gravitational force and desire were incomparably strong. The warriors' desires were stimulated all while the incredible power of the gravitation pressed down on them. It was simple though: Resist the terrifying force of gravitation and be rewarded with giant breakthroughs for body refiners. That was how they truly satisfied their desires.

Zen, being a newcomer here, was still highly capable of resisting the temptation of food. Laquisha's alluring figure, though, was another issue. Her silhouette kept flashing before his eyes, and he had to resist the urge to reach for her sexy curves.

'It's all so troublesome, ' Zen thought to himself, all while trying as best he could to stifle the desire in his heart and distract his mind.

He raised his gaze to the action going on a little further ahead and watched a little while as the members of the Collapsing Mountain race gobbled their food like savages, tearing at the meat with their teeth. They drank greedily in between mouthfuls, going from tipsy to straight out drunk.

There was no wonder the Collapsing Mountain members were so strong. The strength of their children even surpassed that of an ordinary martial artist. Every member gulfed down hoards of meat and food, from the youngest to the very oldest.

Zen was sure he had watched one of the younger members fill himself with food twice his weight. Eating was also an extreme talent around here. Of course, the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance was effective on Zen and the warriors, but it also had effect on the members of the Collapsing Mountain race. Their desires and needs were multiplied, too.

It was obvious that an adult member of the Collapsing Mountain race could swallow enough meat to fill an entire house! Without the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance, anyone would burst before consuming that much food.

"I... I just want to eat..."

Zen was beginning to lose himself in his thoughts when suddenly, he noticed a martial artist squirming and struggling on the ground. What was going on? The warrior suddenly stood up.

As he did so, two terribly crisp sounds rang through the air, one after the other. Those weren't expecting it covered their ears in surprise.

Crack, crack!

Zen watched as the warrior's legs began to twist at absurd angles. No bones could fold this way. The warrior's legs were broken in several places, shards of bone pressing against his skin, threatening to pierce it at any given moment.

When the martial artist erupted with his full strength, he might have held a chance at temporarily escaping the powerful attraction force. Although his mind might have had the will, his body was not capable of withstanding such vicious strength. The martial artist collapsed to the ground, breaking beneath the interaction between his own powers and that of the attraction force.

And at that, Zen finally sighed with emotion. Here, in this world, there was no such thing as a free lunch. Sure, it might be wise to raise one's strength in this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but one would also have to experience the most brutal oppression and torture.

Chapter 1832 Cultivation With Concentration

As expected, no one could escape the effects of the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance and food. The bodies of many martial artists trembled as they struggled with much resistance.

They were all trying to get up desperately.

Keeping their goals in mind, they followed their instincts and outdid their selves.

Though time didn't seem noticeable due to unchanging seasons, they knew that a lot of days had already been wasted. They had been lying here for years. Every day, they were baptized by the songs of the Collapsing Mountain race, allowing them to gain a bit of their strength each time. However, the same worked as a daily torture, forcing them to train instinctively, urging them to try getting up and enjoy that delicious food.

It might appear as barbaric, but this unique training method seemed to work as an effective stimulus.

"I want it too..."

Struggling to get up, another martial artist tried propping himself up from the ground. Being a top-level Spirit Transformation Realm martial artist, he was known to follow the path of body refinement, making him a lot stronger than Zen. This person was relying solely on his own strength to rise.

Although he was able to crawl up, he could barely move another muscle afterwards. His feet seemed to stick to the ground, making it extremely difficult for him to even move a single step. The man continued to shuffle, staggering like he was drunk, but he did manage to walk.

It was rare to see anyone getting up and standing amidst this pool of warriors lying on the ground. Their expressions revealed extreme resentment as their eyes failed to hide their envy.

Under such circumstances, it was very difficult for anyone to maintain their true nature.

Holding his stomach, Zen swallowed as he felt the rumbling sound from within. The truth was, he was unable to bear the hunger.

The wine jars were impossible to miss, standing as tall as a person. As soon as they were opened, a strong aroma wafted out from them.

Ordinary wines never enticed the warriors at all. However, the strong wines of the Collapsing Mountain race were not some typical wines. They were made from the bones of all kinds of ferocious beasts, making a wild and primal scent combination, which was quite tempting.

With the aromas of roast meat and wines, as well as the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance, everyone's mouth ended up all watery.

"I... I will give it a try as well!"

Zen declared, releasing the power of the dragon scales again.

He felt rather regretful now. The second time he joined the Celestial Position race, the clansmen had collected quite a number of weapons, enough for him to light up a lot of dragon scales. But in the end, he decided to accumulate enough heavenly essence, helping the nine dragons refine their Heavenly Bodies.

If it wasn't for that, Zen would've had more power of the dragon scales to borrow and use.

He tried to concentrate, focusing his mind on his goal. Taking a deep breath and using all his strength, Zen crawled up with great difficulty. Pressing both his hands on the ground, he lifted his body up.

Although he could temporarily resist the gravitational force, the rate at which he consumed his strength was extremely fast. He could feel cold sweat building on every inch of his body.

The energy contained in the dragon scales was not limitless, but it was much more potent and vigorous than Zen's. He felt that his own strength depleted in just a few seconds, but the dragon scales hadn't dimmed yet.

Their energy was his now, and it was enough for him to trust he could make it.

Plop!

Just as he stood up, Zen suddenly fell to the ground.

Hearing the sound from behind him, the warrior who was struggling to walk forward turned his head to find Zen lying on the ground. Unable to hide his amusement, he let out a few hollow laughs before continuing his walk towards the huge bonfire in the square, never wanting to look back.

The meaning behind the laughter was very clear.

Zen was a newcomer, and unlike the rest of the warriors there, he had only been there for a day. To add to that, he was merely in the Spirit Supreme Realm, yet he wanted to climb up to eat the meat.

Zen's face heavily smashed onto the ground. If it wasn't for the fact that his head was as tough as a divine weapon, the fall would have caused him a great injury. Even so, he felt dizzy as stars danced before his eyes.

"I need to rely on my own strength!"

Just as frustration dawned on him, a hint of enlightenment struck him at lightning speed, making his heart skip a beat.

Some of the powers were not supposed to be his, like the power of the cyan dragon. He had to borrow the power of the nine dragons now. But they would leave him one day.

The trial before him was undoubtedly a torture, possibly even driving anyone insane, but he believed it was the best trial. Thinking that one day he would easily leave the Collapsing Mountain race's territory, it only meant that his strength and physical body had reached their full potential.

Unfortunately, he was not able to eat any meat tonight. Staring at the dark skies above him, Zen felt the cold breeze brush past him.

The nights in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land varied in length. The first night lasted approximately one hundred and thirty-two hours, while tonight was only fourteen hours.

The members of the Collapsing Mountain race seemed to never know fatigue. They tucked into meat and wine under the bonfire for ten hours, greatly torturing Zen and Laquisha.

When their meal was finally over, all the martial artists, including Zen, were covered in sweat, as if they were about to collapse from exhaustion.

Many of the martial artists had powerful souls and no longer needed to sleep. But, they had to constantly withstand the powerful gravitational force here. Moreover, they were tormented by the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance before, so they all fell into a deep sleep now.

Zen was no exception.

Four hours after, the sky started to light up again.

And so, along with the songs the Collapsing Mountain members sang, a new day began.

On the second day, when Zen saw Uncle Toad luring the children to share their meat pieces, he suddenly knew why the other martial artists were envious of Uncle Toad the day before. Zen couldn't deny that he was also tempted to trick the children into giving him some.

However, he gave up on second thought.

He found this method too tiring and inefficient. It would be better if he could stand up. That way, he would have unlimited access to meat and wine.

Lost in his thoughts, Zen lay motionless, his eyes closed. He wasn't in a hurry, but Laquisha was.

"Zen, you better think of a way to stand up quickly," Laquisha commented, interrupting his thoughts. "I don't want to waste any more time here."

"Isn't this a good place?" Zen laughed. "If you can stand up and master the terrifying power of the Collapsing Mountain members, I think that will greatly enhance your strength."

Laquisha snorted coldly, "I don't need to refine my body. If I needed to improve the strength of my physical body, then I should not have wasted my time here."

Based on a warrior's condition, there were many ways to cultivate their strength. Laquisha believed that being tortured was probably the worst choice.

"But I need to refine my body," answered Zen.

Even if he could really stand up, Zen would not choose to leave so quickly. He believed there was a lot more he could gain in this place.

"You…" Laquisha instantly became anxious but decided to zip her mouth shut. The last thing she wanted to do was waste time here.

"You can get someone to take you out. Given your status, I'm pretty sure you should be able to do it, right?" Zen suggested. It wasn't that he didn't want to help Laquisha. Time was precious to both of them.

As Zen said, Laquisha could get out if she wished to. Besides the oldest inhabitants of the Collapsing Mountain race, there were also many outsiders. Some, who went out to hunt with the Collapsing Mountain members, were even from the divine land.

Laquisha had a special status. All she needed was to ask for help, and she would be able to leave at any time.

"But only you can take me to the Soul Suppressing Cliff!" Laquisha said, pursing her lips.

If it was her will, she would not be staying here. However, the Celestial Soul's prophecy advised that she had to follow Zen. It would be meaningless for her to leave the Collapsing Mountain alone. With Zen being the most important figure, she would need to go out with him at all costs.

Zen shook his head. "You pick the wrong person. I have no idea where the Soul Suppressing Cliff is. How am I supposed to bring you there?"

Hearing what he said, Laquisha glared resentfully at Zen, but decided to keep quiet.

Thinking about it, Laquisha wasn't so worried at all. Zen did not know why she needed to go to the Soul Suppressing Cliff. If Kennan and the others were still alive, they would find her sooner or later. Until that time, she would think of other ways to persuade Zen. If worse came to worst, she would take Zen away by force.

The next day went by in a flash, and the same routine repeated at night, which was another ordeal for the martial artists.

Despite the torture, the gravitational force there was of great benefit to Zen.

As the gravity continued to exert force onto his body, it continuously formed the primordial energy. And on the second day, under the baptism of the Collapsing Mountain race's songs, the primordial energy flowed evenly through his body.

The only problem was that, even with this flow of energy, his divine weapon body had not been further strengthened to the next level.

Last time he swallowed Laquisha's flames. Maybe the flames he swallowed weren't enough, or the primordial energy within his body wasn't enough, or maybe it was the combination of both.

"Can you condense your flames again?" He requested Laquisha.

They had been there for a week now, and Zen felt that he had accumulated enough primordial energy to handle her flames.

If his physical body improved once again, it would benefit him more.

On the other hand, Laquisha already noticed the special features of Zen's body. He was not afraid of the preternatural flames in her body, and the countless tiny runes on his body could constantly absorb her flames. Somehow, he must have cultivated a technique that required him to swallow these preternatural flames.

He needed her help now.

Narrowing her eyes, she answered with a smile, "My pleasure!"

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1833 Absorbing The Preternatural Flame

"There is a condition. You have to take me to the Soul Suppressing Cliff!"

Laquisha never thought that she would ever need to exchange conditions with people.

It didn't help that the one she was negotiating with was a secondary creature - what they usually called creatures like Zen in the divine land.

The world that the Holy Being built was gigantic and had the capacity to produce True Gods, however, those who lived in the inner world had to rely on the rules set by the Holy Being to survive.

Anyone who dared to leave the inner world inside the Holy Being's body would turn into life vitality and dissipate.

Lower-ranked living beings were addressed as secondary creatures. It wasn't a term of degradation but a fact-based description.

There were still weaker living beings that existed in the divine land who were no match for secondary creatures, but these living beings would not turn into life vitality and dissipate.

"What kind of place is the Soul Suppressing Cliff? It sounds pretty important." Zen asked.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was understandably something Zen didn't know much of so Laquisha could only explain it to him patiently.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was a place where warriors could practice their skills and hone their strength.

Those who came from the divine land, as well as the elite warriors of the universes, were all qualified to practice here.

All sorts of practice places abounded in the land as well as many teleporting areas.

After being sent to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Margaret, Rocher, and the others remained in the teleporting areas since there were more than enough training places for them to cultivate in.

As their strength gradually increased, they were given even more freedom to go to other cultivation spots where they could improve themselves. If they got strong enough, they would then be able to enter the six great trial places!

The Collapsing Mountain race was a sacred place for body refinement.

Aside from that place, there was also the Kaleidoscope race's Wind Exterminating Valley, the Harmony race's Mind Refining Tower, and the Skyland race's Pristine Life Vitality and so on.

To enter these places, one would need the highest grade of trial tally. Thousands upon thousands of warriors in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land worked hard to earn their trial tallies.

"Since you have the trial tally, why don't you go to the Soul Suppressing Cliff yourself?" Zen asked.

"The Soul Suppressing Cliff... It's not a sacred place for trial. It is the core of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land which makes it far superior to the other six great sacred places," Laquisha answered.

The six great sacred places for training were the sites warriors mostly yearned for. It was usually their ultimate goal to be able to set foot on these sites.

If a warrior cultivated in the Collapsing Mountain race, then he could easily open the Eight Path Platforms and even the Divine Stars... It was the best place for body refiners to cultivate!

Zen also thought that these sacred places were indeed good places to train in. Since he decided to become a member of the Collapsing Mountain race, then he had to make sure his strength was on par with the other members.

To someone like Laquisha, who was from the divine land, however, the Collapsing Mountain race was nothing special.

What people yearned for the most in the divine land was the depths of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land where the Soul Suppressing Cliff, the Equinox Sand, Sunflower Water Land lay.

In the eyes of the warriors of the divine land, that was the core of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land!

Laquisha's explanation clarified a few things to Zen and he even began to have a rough idea of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land's layout.

The ten Godly Geniuses were sent to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land by the Celestial Position. Their final destinations were no doubt the same as most warriors'. They all needed to do their best in order to enter the six sacred places.

Cultivating successfully within the Collapsing Mountain race would no doubt raise one's strength to the level of world lord. If one managed to be on par with the Collapsing Mountain race leaders, then they could most probably be also on par with a Supreme Lord!

So what was this about the Soul Suppressing Cliff? Just what kind of benefits did it provide?

"What's inside the Soul Suppressing Cliff?" Zen asked. If whatever was in there benefited him in any way, then he wouldn't mind going.

"It's a place to reinvent creatures!" Laquisha answered with gusto.

Zen frowned at her answer. "What do you mean by that?"

"If we go there, then you'll understand," she said cheekily.

Zen was a bit stumped with her answer but nonetheless nodded. "Deal!"

Tempering his body with Laquisha's flame was an urgent matter for Zen but they couldn't do it here in the Collapsing Mountain race where there were so many eyes and ears.

The problem was that Zen couldn't even move himself so there was no way he'd be able to take Laquisha away with him.

He thought about it for a while before finally coming up with the decision to make do with the current place.

Laquisha couldn't pinpoint the origins of Zen's body refining technique so she figured that ordinary people would be even less likely to know. As aboriginals of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the members of the Collapsing Mountain race seemed even less interested in the cultivation methods of the outside world...

With his mind made up, Zen quickly mobilized his entire strength!

Under the strong gravitational force, the amount of primordial energy in his body had reached astonishing levels.

This primordial energy could also be considered as a type of power.

A weapon refiner would often have their strength seep into the weapon they were forging as they hammered it into shape. The majority of their power would dissipate after a while but trace amounts would definitely remain on the weapon.

At that moment, Zen wanted to use Laquisha's preternatural flame to start a new round of body refining.

With the constant flow of power from the dragon scales, Zen slowly stood up against the immense gravitational force and crawled towards Laquisha.

Once he arrived at Laquisha's side, Zen found himself in a bit of a dilemma.

Laquisha quickly noticed the conflicted expression on his face and immediately guessed what it was about. "Lie beside me and hold my hand."

"Okay."

Zen had only crawled a distance of less than five feet but he had already exhausted most of his strength. When he turned, he completely drained the last bit of strength within him!

He landed heavily beside Laquisha with a plop.

At that point, Zen couldn't even move his fingers. He simply lay there and rested until he recovered a bit of his strength. He then slowly moved his arm and grabbed onto Laquisha's cold and tender hand.

Zen's hold was firm and Laquisha's heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

The Calamity Dispelling Fragrance had disrupted the nerves of many, stimulating the sense of hunger in them. Another kind of primitive desire was also triggered but was mostly overtaken by hunger. Zen grabbing her hand surfaced that other kind of primitive desire and made her feel flustered.

She wanted to withdraw her hand but she didn't really have the strength to resist the gravitational force.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

Zen nodded in confirmation.

"I'll begin!" she declared.

The spark of the nameless preternatural flame on her body would always signal the beginning of a nightmare. She never expected that there would be someone who would come along and see this preternatural flame as a source of energy.

"Sizzle!"

The blue flame surged forth and spread towards Zen.

It quickly engulfed his body in a pinch.

"What's going on?"

"What has happened to that kid?"

Some of the warriors were attracted by the commotion and had different expressions on their faces.

Golden runes started to appear all over Zen's body and greedily absorbed the flame.

Laquisha's and Zen's entwined hands served as the bridge that transmitted the flame between them. The blue flame followed the bridge and burned endlessly, then it was continuously absorbed by the golden runes that were spinning.

This nameless flame couldn't even be fully controlled by Laquisha after she came of age, so there was no way she would be able to stop it.

Her beautiful eyes shone with a faint blue light as the blue flame continued to burn.

"Zen... Are you okay?" Zen remained motionless during the entire ordeal so she couldn't help but feel a little worried.

"I'm fine," Zen answered.

"Can you absorb more?"

"Yes!"

"Sizzle…"

An intense pillar of flame shot out dozens of feet into the sky!

This pillar immediately attracted many children of the Collapsing Mountain race. The members of the Collapsing Mountain race were extremely powerful, brave, and fearless. They were born fighters, but that did not mean that they were reckless. Otherwise, the Collapsing Mountain race would not have become one of the six sacred places for cultivation with such an extreme environment.

The sight made them extremely curious but none of them were stupid enough to rush in and approach this strange sight.

One of the children turned around and ran away, screaming loudly for the leaders of the race.

Chapter 1834 Barbecue Zen

The members of the Collapsing Mountain began working at daybreak and retired at sunset.

By now, most of the adult males had gone out hunting while the rest and some of the elders stayed within the village.

The Collapsing Mountain child called over an elder.

This elder was tall and bony, a white beard hanging down from his mouth that fell to ten feet long—he looked like a bamboo pole.

Despite his looks, he could walk fast and vigorously amidst the powerful gravitational force. It was virtually impossible to see any signs of aging from him.

Although Zen was absorbing the preternatural flames, he was still clear-headed. When he saw the elder walk over, he silently put up his guard.

There didn't seem to be any logic in the Collapsing Mountain race. It didn't seem like a good idea to offend them.

When the elder saw the flames, he was left stunned. A trace of fear flashed in his eyes, as though the flames awakened genuine fear in him. When he saw Zen frantically absorbing the flames, a strange expression surfaced in his old eyes.

"Oh, my God!"

With that, the elder rushed away.

In no time, a large group of Collapsing Mountain elders appeared.

Previously, Zen hadn't noticed there were so many of them, but now, over fifty had already gathered before him.

All of them were as tall as bamboo poles and were chattering away about something.

Some naughty kids kept their eyes on Zen and figured that the flames on his body weren't as dangerous as they first thought. So they took their sticks and moved in to play with the flames, but they were quickly stopped by the elders.

They were talking

in their own language.

So Zen didn't understand what they wanted to do.

As the chatter went on, their voices grew louder and louder. When the Collapsing Mountain members roared, it was as though the mountains were truly collapsing and the earth was cracking.

The Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists that were lying on the ground heard a buzzing sound in their ears. If the elders were to roar at the mountain like this, they would probably cause a landslide.

Within the flames, Laquisha and Zen looked at each other puzzlingly as they lay on the ground with their hands holding each other. Neither of them could understand the language of the Collapsing Mountain race, so they had no clue why the people were bickering.

"…"

Just then, the old man taking the lead suddenly brandished a walking stick in his hand.

By the dignified expression he wore, one would assume he had a high position in the Collapsing Mountain race. As he waved his walking stick, all the sounds disappeared in an instant. And then everyone fell silent.

Then, he walked over with the aid of his walking stick and asked Zen sternly, "What's your name?"

At this moment, Zen's body refining was nearing its end and his desire for the flames had already been satisfied. But Laquisha was still releasing the preternatural flames because she couldn't fully control them yet. But it didn't matter.

When Zen heard the old man's words, his heart skipped a beat. From the looks of it, the old man didn't mean him well. Did he do something to offend the elder? "I am Zen Luo," he replied with the truth.

"Zen Luo? What a good name!" Much to Zen's surprise, the man's expression and tone of voice shifted—he suddenly became amiable.

Even Laquisha was baffled. Shouldn't the old man have been more interested in her preternatural flames? Why was he only paying attention to Zen?

After asking Zen for his name, the old man took his leave, leading the group of elders away.

Zen had no clue what they were planning to do. Even after some discussion with Laquisha, they still hadn't come up with an answer.

Two hours later, Laquisha's preternatural flames finally stopped. The flames on Zen's body began to extinguish soon after.

When the flames were extinguished, so were Zen's clothes.

Laquisha screamed in surprise and shut her eyes tight. Her own clothes were sewn with the priceless water threads from the divine land—they weren't made of any material object, but of a special kind of tangible light that could be used to sew clothes. It was rather popular in the divine land.

Such a material was expensive, of course, because the water threads were made by changing part of the laws of light. Anyone who knew of this technique was by no means ordinary.

Clothes made from water threads were free from dust and filth—they would be as shiny as new even after several years.

Laquisha's preternatural flames used to burn all her clothes to the point of leaving her naked. It was so humiliating for her that her brother spent much time and effort getting her this set of clothes made of water threads.

But Zen didn't have such clothes.

Every time he was burned by the preternatural flames, his clothes were turned to ashes. The situation left him feeling indecent and extremely embarrassed.

Before, after the flames were gone, he would merely change into a new set of clothes.

But at the moment, it was difficult for him to move. With a slight movement of his finger, he triggered the space ring and pulled out a blanket to cover himself.

As Zen and Laquisha lay there, the awkward atmosphere rendered them speechless. Carefully, Zen retracted his hand—he didn't feel it appropriate to hold onto the girl's hand in this situation.

For some reason, there was a slight sense of loss in Laquisha's heart.

After the body refining by preternatural flames, Zen's body conveyed a very unique feeling.

It was as though the strength of his body had increased by several times with each body refining. It was as if his body was reborn.

This time, a strange feeling overcame him, as though all the muscles and bones in his body were under his control. A person's muscles were driven by nerves that gathered in the spine, moving along until they gathered in the brain, and then controlled by the soul.

But there were always some tissues in the body without nerves. No matter how refined a body was, it was impossible to control every single muscle. For instance, a heart couldn't be made to move left and right, nor could the stomach be freely stretched.

But Zen seemed to be able to do such things.

The new abilities made him feel even stranger than he already was like he was becoming a monster.

But because he couldn't move, he couldn't verify his conjecture. He couldn't check how far his body had reached after absorbing the flames, either, so he had to wait for the right opportunity to do so.

Fortunately, after his body refining, he felt a great increase in his physical strength, along with his power. With the help of the dragon scales, the time to get up was just around the corner.

When night fell, everything just got more difficult.

As the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance permeated the air, the grilled meat of the Collapsing Mountain members also began emanating a fragrant aroma.

Just when Zen was prepared to strain his nerves and face this cruel test, two of the clansmen walked up to him.

After muttering to themselves, they pulled Zen up from the ground.

"What are you guys doing?" Zen asked in concern.

The two didn't answer but continued to lift him up and walk him to the huge square.

As he was pulled along, Zen swayed left and right. When his eyes swept across the area, he realized that many of the clansmen were looking at him with a peculiar expression.

Zen couldn't help but swallow—as he got closer and closer to the huge bonfires, he could feel his heart resist it. Would the Collapsing Mountain members dismember and eat his flesh?

They ate a variety of creatures, after all—all sorts of fierce beasts as strong as world lords and all kinds of rare and poisonous bugs. It wouldn't be strange for them to eat him.

Just as the thought plagued his mind, the two young men carried him to the front of a bonfire.

The flames ignited from the Calamity Dispelling Wood were fierce—ordinary flames couldn't cook vicious beasts as strong as world lords. There was still about a hundred feet between Zen and the bonfire, but he could already feel the scorching heat.

The two young men stopped right in front of the bonfire and threw Zen into it.

'Are they really going to barbecue me?!' And that was Zen's last thought as he fell into the flames.

Chapter 1835 The Heart Of The Sinful Dragon

The Calamity Dispelling Wood burned with extraordinary flames, but none of it harmed Zen in any way.

However, the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance caused him to feel rather stifled when his entire body fell into the fire.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The dry tree trunks continued to collapse as they burned, burying Zen underneath the glowing charcoals.

Many of the Collapsing Mountain warriors gathered around the bonfire and observed Zen carefully.

It was obvious that they were already aware of Zen's resistance to fire and were currently using him for this experiment.

Three minutes later, someone bent down and removed the charcoals that had previously buried Zen. Seeing that the young man was unharmed, they pulled him out and threw him carelessly to the side.

"Hdfkioue!"

"Dahfdh!"

There was a discussion amongst all of them in their own language.

After a few collective nods and final-sounding words, the Collapsing Mountain race seemed to have come to a conclusion and dispersed.

Zen noticed a few warriors from other races mixed in with the Collapsing Mountain race. He even saw an ogre.

At the same time, the warriors on the square seemed to be divided into different grades.

The bonfires were set up based on the distribution of the blood grooves. Warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race gathered around the bonfire in the center while those from the other races gathered around the ones in the periphery.

A few warriors of other races could enter the inner circle, but they were generally stronger and were all world lords.

Meanwhile, Zen had been thrown into the bonfire right in the middle of the square.

"Sit-up!"

ordered a well-built Collapsing Mountain warrior.

Sitting up on his own was a tad bit difficult for Zen due to the overwhelming gravitational pull.

His body had been refined successfully, and his strength and endurance had been greatly enhanced, but it still took him a great deal of effort to do as he was told. After borrowing the power of the dragon scales, Zen managed to pull himself up. He did not dare move the slightest once he was upright since any sort of movement would bring him back down again.

The Collapsing Mountain warrior who ordered him to sit up had thick fur on his chest and wore a golden shoulder guard. On that shoulder guard was an exquisitely carved wolf head. The wolf head had three, sharp thorns on its head. Zen couldn't figure out what kind of wolf it was.

The warrior sat down and faced Zen.

Clap! Clap!

Upon clapping his hands, two other warriors brought him a huge plate wherein two huge hearts were laid. Each of the hearts was taller than Zen so there was no doubt that both came from some huge beasts.

They had already been roasted which was evident by their oily and steaming surface. It smelled like cooked meat laced with the pungent scent of blood. Strangely, the hearts still beat ever so slightly. There was a cut in one where faint, green blood oozed out of.

What kind of beast's heart was this? Despite being dismembered and roasted, the hearts were still beating.

Clang!

The Collapsing Mountain warrior took the plate and slammed it down in front of Zen.

Because he was already on the verge of collapsing, the air current from the plate was enough to push Zen backwards.

Plop!

His head landed heavily on the ground as he fell.

"Hahaha!"

He heard a burst of laughter come from a distance, most probably from the children.

However, their mirth was quickly silenced by the Collapsing Mountain warrior who hushed them. He then turned back to Zen. "Foreigner, you are the first one to stand despite being only at the Spirit Supreme Realm!"

His words made all laughter and conversation cease.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors had a special constitution that enabled them to bear the abnormal gravitational force and move around the place freely.

Almost all of the foreigners who got the top-level trial tallies were already at the Spirit Transformation Realm. It was unlikely for Spirit Supreme Realm warriors to accomplish this feat since there were still those at the Spirit Transformation Realm that hadn't even stood up yet.

Zen, however, was an exception. The young man once again gritted his teeth and struggled to get up from the ground.

The Collapsing Mountain warrior on the other side grabbed one of the hearts and threw it towards Zen.

"This is the Sinful Dragon's heart. Eat it!" he told Zen.

Bam!

The burning-hot heart smashed towards Zen forcefully.

It almost smashed him back to the ground again.

However, he had already learned his lesson. Before the heart even had the chance to land, he already tilted his body to fall forward. As the heart plopped itself down, the force pushed his body backwards. Because of the opposing forces, Zen was able to sit upright.

A trace of admiration flashed on the Collapsing Mountain warrior's face when he saw through Zen's strategy.

Zen held the heart and buried his head on it. He did not care whether it tasted good or not; he simply opened his mouth wide and began to eat it.

The Calamity Dispelling Fragrance had tormented him for so long and this was a chance for him to finally satiate his hunger.

He wolfed down the heart in an attempt to fill himself up in the shortest time possible.

The Sinful Dragon's heart was quite strange, perhaps even revolting. As Zen ate, he felt the meat continue to pulsate. Each swallow intensified a burning sensation in his stomach that spread throughout his entire body. He could feel himself gradually gain power as he ate.

'The Sinful Dragon's heart actually has such an effect!'

he thought and kept on chewing.

After relentlessly eating through the heart, Zen finally managed to create an opening. The Collapsing Mountain warriors were evidently skilled with the blade since the fresh blood remained inside of the heart cavity though it had already been cut off from the beast. Green-colored blood spurted out of the heart and Zen drank it all forcefully.

This display of such voracious appetite was greatly admired by the Collapsing Mountain warriors. Their logic was simple: a warrior's potential depended on whether or not he had a good appetite.

This wasn't necessarily the case for warriors of the outside world. In fact, once a warrior reached a certain boundary in cultivation, they wouldn't even need to eat at all.

Before long, Zen had devoured the Sinful Dragon's heart completely.

"You have a good appetite!"

the Collapsing Mountain warrior smiled, grabbing his wineskin and throwing it towards Zen.

Zen grabbed the wineskin and bit the cork open before gulping down the wine. The drink felt like small knives that sliced through Zen's stomach.

However, Zen's body was extremely sturdy along with his internal organs so it wasn't that much of a big deal.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors quietly stared at Zen as he emptied out the wineskin.

The person across him was actually their new leader, Chapman Lei.

These warriors were all addicted to alcohol and they drank wine like water. Foreign warriors who stayed in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land long enough would often exchange good wine for trial tallies with the Collapsing Mountain warriors.

Over the years, the Collapsing Mountain warriors themselves mastered all sorts of strange methods for winemaking. They used water from the Nether Cold Fountain to make Frosty Wine, which was like white frost that froze the immediate vicinity. They also used the Flame Serpent Fruit to make Flame Wine that, once ignited, could burn for ten years.

However, the most precious was the Soul-enchanting Wine in Chapman Lei's wineskin. According to rumors, the winemaking method for it had been given to him by a person from the divine land as a gift. The brewing process combined the blood of various, powerful beasts.

The intensity of this wine was beyond imagination.

This was not wine at all, but the most violent poison.

If a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior took one sip of this wine, they would have to go all out in refining it. Otherwise, they would end up burning from the inside out.

That was just one sip!

Even Chapman Lei himself only dared to drink one gulp a day.

The wine was extremely strong and it was also made from the blood of various beasts. It was held as an extremely precious item for the Collapsing Mountain race that even the members rarely got the chance to drink it.

So Zen drinking it with such tenacity made Chapman Lei feel a great deal of heartbreak and also a tinge of amazement.

Chapter 1836 Growth

The Collapsing Mountain warriors were famous for being bold and generous. Chapman's heart ached, but he couldn't utter a word.

All he could do was watch as Zen emptied his wineskin. After holding it in for a long while, he finally said with a smile, "Good… good alcohol capacity…"

Meanwhile, the other Collapsing Mountain warriors had expressions that made it clear how they wanted to swallow Zen whole.

Now, Zen's pupils were completely red. He could feel countless spikes crazily circulating within his body, stimulating every nerve.

Under such stimulation, his body underwent a miraculous transformation.

In truth, after one entered the Collapsing Mountain race, the pressure from the gravitational force was already a form of cultivation.

So when a martial artist first refined their body, they would choose to cultivate under the waterfall. When the water washed over them, they'd feel pressure on their body and resist it, strengthening themselves.

In other words, after one entered the Collapsing Mountain race, the cultivation had already begun.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors ate precious birds and strange beasts. Although they weren't converted into pills, they weren't to be underestimated.

The Sinful Dragon's heart was originally very rare. Even ordinary Collapsing Mountain warriors weren't fortunate enough to get a taste. Now that Zen had eaten it, he gained a great benefit.

After the meat and wine were finished, Zen's gaze turned calm.

"What do you want me to do?"

Zen was no fool. How couldn't he see that ordinary people would never get such treatment?

The Collapsing Mountain warrior must have needed him for something.

Otherwise, why would he be treated to meat and wine?

According to Zen's judgment, the problem lay in his physical body—it might have even been related to his somehow fire-resistant figure. Otherwise, they wouldn't have thrown him into the bonfire.

It was true that Chapman felt sorry for his strong wine, but since Zen had already drunk it, there wasn't anything to do. In fact, seeing how the kid wanted to get straight to the point, he rather admired him.

"I want you to get something for me," Chapman said rather bluntly.

"Let me guess," Zen smiled faintly. "That something is hidden within some kind of strange fire—a fire so powerful that none of you can reach within it, right?"

"Yes, that is so." Chapman didn't bother denying.

"But I am not strong enough."

And Zen was telling the truth. The person before him was able to face a Supreme Lord. Although Zen didn't fear any fire, he didn't think what the warrior was entrusting to him was as simple as grabbing something from within the flames. Zen was only at the Spirit Supreme Realm, after all.

Zen's response made Chapman chuckle. "Our Collapsing Mountain race is where the strength source is located. With your talent, there shouldn't be a problem."

The Collapsing Mountain warriors didn't resist outsiders, but it wasn't exactly easy for an ordinary foreign martial artist to earn their care. Most of the warriors there relied solely on their own strength to fight for a piece of cake amongst the Collapsing Mountain warriors.

If they were to spend their all nurturing Zen, they would raise his level quickly. It was in their favor that Zen's potential was already strong, to begin with.

Although Zen looked calm, he was bubbling with excitement.

Such an opportunity could only be found by accident, not sought. When he saw the chance, he couldn't let go.

"In that case, I will do all I can to help the Collapsing Mountain race," Zen said with a laugh.

"Deal!"

With Chapman's personality, he wouldn't have forced Zen to do anything. The Collapsing Mountain warriors never cared about coercing others, nor would they casually receive favors from someone else.

If Zen was willing to help them, they would do anything in their power to return the favor.

As soon as his voice fell, Chapman grabbed at the air and pulled out a huge piece of meat from the bonfire. With a diameter of ten feet, the chunk was thrown right at Zen. It pressed him into the ground, causing a burst of laughter.

That night, Zen began devouring the various kinds of meat in a kind of frenzy.

Each piece of flesh contained a certain kind of power. These strange beasts were at least comparable to world lords, some even Supreme Lords. But the Collapsing Mountain warriors had defeated them all.

Devouring the meat of these strange beasts was actually wasteful, in a way. There were quite a few top tier ingredients in the food, kinds that would drive pill refiners crazy. If the meat was made into pills, the effect would multiply.

And the warriors knew about this. But there were abundant beasts in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and the warriors could hunt them every day. They cared not for such waste. Their ancestors had used this method of training for generations, after all. It was a part of their tradition and a part of what created such a valiant race.

That night, Zen had no idea how much food he consumed. After dinner, he was carried back by two Collapsing Mountain warriors.

Laquisha and the rest of the warriors on the ground stared at Zen with envy.

His strength was clearly lacking—he couldn't even stand up—but he could enjoy such treatment. One could only imagine the loss the rest felt in their hearts, having lain on the ground for several years.

After all, Zen had barely been in the Collapsing Mountain race for ten days.

What they weren't aware of was that it hadn't even been a month since Zen had entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

As she looked at Zen in dissatisfaction, Laquisha pouted her thin lips.

She didn't really care about the food of the Collapsing Mountain race, and the strength source wasn't quite enough to move her heart, but the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance was effective enough on her. She felt hungry, and while Zen had stuffed himself with food, she ate nothing.

Meanwhile, Zen was leaning against the wall. At this moment, his body was still burning with pain. When he met Laquisha's displeased gaze, he gave her a faint smile and flicked his finger lightly, rolling a piece of meat towards her side.

"I haven't forgotten about you," Zen said with a laugh.

As he ate and drank, he discreetly hid some food in his space ring.

Such action was against the rules of the Collapsing Mountain race, but they probably wouldn't pursue the matter.

When the warriors around them saw the food, their eyes blazed with fire. If only they could move, they would've crawled up and taken the small piece for themselves. But if they could move freely, they would probably forget about the food momentarily.

"How am I supposed to eat?" Laquisha stared at Zen pitifully. It was too difficult for her to even move her head and she wasn't willing to end up like him. Burying her head in her food was too unsightly for her.

In the end, the heavy responsibility still fell on Zen.

It was too difficult for him to stand up and walk, but he could push himself a little, at the very least.

Zen looked helpless as Laquisha stared at him. He could only crawl over slowly and tear the meat into pieces, feeding them to her bit by bit.

After consuming the meat, Zen could feel every part of his body be activated.

Along with the Collapsing Mountain warriors' songs, the primitive power was like a tide, constantly surging within his body.

Instead of forcing himself to stand up, he gradually adapted to the gravitational force.

The next evening, Zen was once again respectfully invited to the square to continue wolfing down his food.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors didn't have any particularly special cultivation methods. Every day, they would eat large chunks of meat, drink loads of wine, and then use the songs' baptism to unknowingly increase their strength.

Some people could encounter a situation in which their strength increased, but their bodies couldn't bear the power.

But the toughness of Zen's body was no longer what it used to be.

After half a month had passed, Zen could feel his strength rise continuously. Now, he could move slowly along the ground.

Still, this wasn't exactly something to be proud of. The children of the Collapsing Mountain race could run all over the place. Even though he was a Godly Genius, he could only take feeble steps like a dying old man. If he didn't take the utmost care when he walked, he would lose his balance and fall to the ground.

But at this growth rate, it wouldn't be long before Zen could move freely.

Just that day, there were a few more people arriving at the Collapsing Mountain race. All of them were world lords. Zen had even met their leader before. He was none other than Kennan He, Laquisha's follower.

They were chased by the Formless Sky Python that day. Thanks to Kenna He, who held the python's one head to stop it, they managed to run away. But they had no clue whether or not the two world lords were still alive.

When these world lords entered the Collapsing Mountain race, they didn't seem like normal fighters who couldn't get up from the ground. After all, their cultivation and strength were by no means ordinary and they were strong enough to resist the gravitational force. Still, they couldn't walk freely as they wanted.

"Princess Royal!"

Seeing that Laquisha was safe and sound, Kennan He finally felt at ease.

During this time, he had searched almost every inch of the surrounding area, afraid that Laquisha would be swallowed up by the Formless Sky Python. He was excited the moment he saw her. Never did he expect her to actually enter the Collapsing Mountain race's territory to seek refuge.

While Kennan He looked agitated, Laquisha wore an indifferent expression. She had been hoping that he would find the place quickly and take her away as soon as possible. But now, she had no desire to go.

Chapter 1837 Refusing Kennan's Food (Part One)

Since Kennan had found Laquisha, he would simply take her away.

However, Laquisha refused to leave with him. Kennan soon found out that the crux of the problem came from Zen. It was obvious that the Princess Royal still believed that flower vendor and thought that Zen could take her to the Soul Suppressing Cliff.

"Friend, I'm afraid that I'll have to ask you to go with us this time," Kennan said as he stared indifferently at Zen.

Last time, Kennan had gotten too close to death because of the Formless Sky Python. His Wishing Spell hadn't been unlocked yet, until now.

While it was true that the Wishing Spell could greatly increase his strength in a short period of time, he would have to realize the wish he had made if he used the technique. It also meant that if he couldn't kill the Formless Sky Python, then he'd be unable to use the Wishing Spell again. Moreover, he would have a flaw if he didn't realize his wish, which could be detrimental to him in the future.

Zen had only wanted to protect himself on that day, so he had kidnapped the Princess Royal and fled all the way to the Collapsing Mountain race. Kennan and the warriors with him naturally didn't know what to think of Zen--but now that they had found the Princess Royal, they would bring him back, too.

An authoritative air enveloped Kennan as he spoke to Zen.

"Why should I go back with you?" Zen asked with a faint smile. He had just got a firm foothold in the Collapsing Mountain race. There was no way he'd leave so easily.

Besides, Kennan wasn't Laquisha who actually had something to ask of him. Thus, he coldly shot back, "I'm afraid it isn't up for you to decide. Danyaal, Douglas, take him away!"

In his opinion, a secondary creature at the Spirit Supreme Realm was not qualified to bargain with him.

Once Kennan was done speaking, the two martial arts practitioners behind him prepared to take Zen away.

But before the two of them could even move, a group of warriors from the Collapsing Mountain race suddenly appeared behind them. Their bulky bodies looked like small mountains as they surrounded the others, and they certainly did not look friendly.

Now that Zen was considered as the Collapsing Mountain race's distinguished guest and they had something to ask of him, how could they allow him to leave?

The Collapsing Mountain warriors looked quite intimidating that even though Kennan and the other warriors with him were world lords, they still felt a lot of pressure.

"Respected heroes of the Collapsing Mountain race, I am Pascal's subordinate, and on behalf of the master of our clan, I'd like to extend my thanks to you for taking good care of our Miss at your place," Kennan said calmly while he cupped his hands.

An old man from the Collapsing Mountain race smiled faintly at him. "It seemed that the Miss of your Han Clan has not yet submitted her trial tally, yet we still let her in. We have already shown our respect to Pascal by that!"

In return, Kennan gently flipped his arm and two purple jade symbols appeared in his hands. The jade symbols were shaped like small knives and flashed with a mysterious color.

The most important things in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were the trial tallies. All of the trial tallies were divided into five colors: black, purple, red, green, and white. They functioned both as the keys to the small and large sacred places for trial, and as the currency of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Therefore, they could be circulated and traded.

The black trial tallies were ranked first and were the most difficult to obtain in the entire Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The purple trial tallies were second and were the tickets used to enter the six sacred places for trial, so they were considered very valuable. Since Laquisha enjoyed a special status, she had purple trial tallies. Meanwhile, ordinary martial artists and even those who came from the divine land would have to exert more effort to obtain a purple trial tally.

Just as Kennan had brought out the trial tallies, the old man from the Collapsing Mountain race raised his hand and stopped him. "No need. Pascal had made contributions to our race in the past, so there is no need for these purple trial tallies. However, you cannot take this human kid away," he said.

"Why?" Kennan asked. His lips curved into a slight frown.

"Because this person is very important to our race," the old man said flatly.

At that moment, Kennan looked at Zen in shock.

If his memory served him right, this man just came to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land quite recently…

It was known that it wasn't easy for the newcomers in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to enter a sacred place for trial such as the Collapsing Mountain race. Not to mention, Zen was only at the Spirit Supreme Realm. It was all thanks to the Princess Royal that he was able to enter this place.

Was this man really that important to the Collapsing Mountain race?

Kennan found it truly hard to believe what the old man had said.

Although the members of the Collapsing Mountain race had always been unreasonable, they had one great merit—they never lied.

If they said that Zen was important to them, then it must be true.

Therefore, Kennan found himself in a difficult situation. The Princess Royal must be brought back, or else Kennan wouldn't be able to bear the wrath of the Holy Emperor.

Then again, it would be hard for them to convince the Princess Royal to go with them if they chose not to take Zen away. She was too stubborn.

Since she refused to go obediently with them, Kennan had no choice but to use force. Kennan turned his head and met Laquisha's eyes. The Holy Emperor had instructed them that if the Princess Royal became too rebellious, they could forcefully bring her back for her safety. After all, her safety was the first priority.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1838 Refusing Kennan's Food (Part Two)

Laquisha was extremely intelligent. She quickly guessed what Kennan was thinking and coldly said, "Kennan, I'll make sure you will result to nothing if you take me away by force! And I mean it!"

"This... Your Highness, please do not make things difficult for me," Kennan said as he cupped his hands.

"It's you who are making things difficult for me! Remember, in the end, I am still the master and you are still a servant!" Laquisha shot back. She was truly afraid that Kennan would suddenly do something to seal her six senses and take her away by force. In that way, she wouldn't be able to resist at all.

Hesitation dawned on Kennan and the other world lords behind him at Laquisha's words. As servants, they had relied on the Han Clan's power to become what they were today. However, they would encounter this kind of dilemma too many times.

When Laquisha saw Kennan's conflicted expression, she smiled slightly and said, "Don't be so conflicted, Kennan. Believe me this time. I'm sure my hunch is right now!"

In turn, Kennan hesitated for a moment before he took out a few more purple trial tallies. "Since Your Highness wants to mess around like this, we have no other choice…" he said with a deep sigh.

There would be dire consequences if they went back without the Princess Royal. However, since she was determined to stay and follow Zen, they had to stay and accompany her, too. Thus, they had to waste of a few purple trial tallies.

Meanwhile, Zen didn't involve himself in the dispute since it didn't have to do much with him.

Laquisha had used the strange powerful flame to help Zen to refine his body, and Zen had agreed to help her in return. He would take her to the

Soul Suppressing Cliff if there was a chance, even though he didn't know where that place was.

However, Zen had never forgotten that he had entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land for cultivation. His main goal was to become stronger…

The sky turned an inky black and flames glittered in the darkness. Night fell, and the bonfires were set ablaze again.

Once again, Zen headed to the square and heartily filled his stomach up! The cultivation in the Collapsing Mountain race seemed so simple and casual. The more they ate, the faster their strength would grow.

And so, Zen ate food that was thrice his weight almost every day!

Such an appetite was surprising for an ordinary martial artist. After all, the stomach had a limited capacity. In the Collapsing Mountain race however, it was necessary for warriors to use their own strength to digest as much of the food in their stomachs as possible in a short amount of time.

Now, Zen's appetite was shocking compared to that of the martial artists from various races, but it still couldn't compare to that of the Collapsing Mountain warriors.

A child from the Collapsing Mountain race could devour meat five times what Zen could eat, while a full-grown Collapsing Mountain warrior could devour a meal that was almost the same size as a small mountain.

Their terrifying ability to digest food had resulted to their equally terrifying bodies and unimaginable strength. It was also the race's foundation to gain a foothold in this world.

On the other hand, Kennan and his group looked at each other in dismay when they saw that Zen was qualified to eat his meals in front of the biggest bonfire in the square. If they remembered correctly, only Pascal had the right to eat here back then, and that was where the leader of the Collapsing Mountain race ate.

From this situation, it could be said that the Collapsing Mountain race did tell the truth. This Zen seemed to be really important to them.

However, Kennan and his group were all focused on Laquisha. They clearly knew that the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance was extremely torturous, so they first needed to satisfy the Princess Royal's stomach.

However, they thought that although the food contained the meat of strange beasts, it still wasn't qualified to be served to the Princess Royal. Then again, they couldn't find better dishes for her at the moment, so they had to settle for what was available.

"No!"

"Take it away!"

"Get out of here!"

Never would they expect that Laquisha would flat out refuse the exquisite pieces of meat Kennan and the other warriors with him brought to her.

"But Your Highness, this Calamity Dispelling Fragrance can increase your appetite a hundred times more than normal. Do you really not want to eat the food?" Kennan thought it was quite strange. He didn't believe that Laquisha could resist the hunger under the influence of the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance. Even he himself couldn't resist it, so let alone the Princess Royal.

"I will not eat it! You just have to take care of yourselves and leave me alone!" Laquisha ordered coldly. Not too far away, the martial artists who lay on the ground began to cry as they heard her words.

They had dreamed of having a bite of some food for far too long. How could the woman waste such delicious food!

Kennan was confused, but the Princess Royal insisted on not eating. They had no choice but to retreat. They were even more confused at the moment. Could it be that the Princess Royal was really able to withstand the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance?

Not long after, Kennan saw Zen slowly moved over from the bonfire and took out chunks of meat, tore them into pieces, and fed them to the Princess Royal. Only then did Kennan realize why the Princess Royal had refused to take the food brought to her by him and other warriors.

When Kennan's eyes landed on the Princess Royal's smiling face, he felt even more conflicted.

Chapter 1839 Fortuitous Encounters And Dangers

Taking a great deal of responsibility, Kennan had brought the Princess Royal into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Due to the special nature of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, even those from the divine land would cultivate there.

All of the famous sects in the divine land had branches built within it. Even some large cities were built by people from the divine land.

The Han Clan was no exception.

A city, which was located three hundred million miles away from the Collapsing Mountain race, occupied a teleporting area. It could be considered as one of the biggest cities in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

However, the Holy Emperor was still worried. That was why he had sent Kennan and the others to ensure the safety of the Princess Royal.

The previous encounter with the Formless Sky Python scared the hell out of Kennan.

In order to save Laquisha, they had risked everything.

Thinking about the price to pay for using the Wishing Spell, he felt quite terrified.

Making a promise meant carrying it out in this life. Failure to do so would not only result in a big loophole in their warrior spirit, but a destruction on their cultivation at a critical moment.

Given this high stake, they usually wouldn't use the Wishing Spell unless they felt irreconcilable hatred for their enemies.

But due to unavoidable circumstances, Kennan had to make a promise to the Formless Sky Python. Now he had to keep that promise, or suffer the consequences if he failed. He really didn't have much choice. He was well aware of the risks in the task they were given. If the Princess Royal really died, they would also have their heads chopped off when they returned. Getting reminded of the fear he felt with the Formless Sky Python, Kennan shook his head again. Some day in the future, he would have a chance to fulfill his promise. Until that day, he should try not to worry about it too much.

Fortunately, the Princess Royal was unharmed.

But now, as they continued, Kennan had again seen some signs of trouble, and even some signs of danger.

The Princess Royal seemed to have a favorable impression of the secondary creature!

"Danyaal, what do you think?" Kennan asked, waiting for a piece of advice.

"What do you mean?" Danyaal replied back in a puzzled tone, unable to interpret what Kennan was referring to.

"You… Forget it."

Kennan exclaimed with a sigh. He knew that his companions were planning on doing nothing about it.

They knew very well that the Princess Royal was extremely important to the Holy Emperor, but the problem was the Princess Royal had been engaged.

Thinking about it, Kennan decided to persuade the Princess Royal, but before he could, Danyaal stopped him. "Kennan, don't worry. What you think won't happen."

"But…" Kennan hesitated.

"There are some matters that the Princess Royal is unable to decide. That man is just a secondary creature, so I'm sure there is nothing to worry about. There will be people who will deal with him when we get back.

You and I, as servants, can just pretend that we know nothing," Danyaal said flatly.

In the divine land, people like Kennan and Danyaal were as unremarkable as small shrimps. There were things that they couldn't manage. They spent all day sitting back and protecting the Princess Royal.

Meanwhile, Zen's most basic training continued.

As foreseen, Zen's strength increased every day. At the beginning, it was difficult for him to walk in the Collapsing Mountain race, but as time passed by, he felt that the gravitational force was getting weaker, which meant that he was getting stronger.

Zen was a living proof that as long as ordinary martial artists picked themselves up in the Collapsing Mountain race, they would make rapid progress.

Moreover, Zen had received the best treatment. In order to help him grow quickly, the Collapsing Mountain race had given him much better treatment than all other martial artists.

Every day at dawn, he would be baptized by all the war songs. At sunset, he would feast on all kinds of powerful fierce beasts. For Zen, this was the most primitive and most effective method of training.

In a span of three months, Zen had improved a lot that he was finally able to resist the gravitational force and walk freely. If he gritted his teeth and tried harder, he could walk as if on wings. However, it was a pity that the gravitational force in the race was too strong. Although Zen knew that his strength had increased a lot, there was no way to confirm how strong he really was.

Other than Zen, the rest of the Godly Geniuses in the universe were also cultivating diligently in different places of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

In a city 30 million miles away from the Collapsing Mountain race, Nathan had defeated his last opponent. Now he had one more red trial tally in his hand.

In just a few months, he had already obtained thirty-six red trial tallies.

The city was surrounded by three trial grounds, but unless warriors had red trial tallies to use as payment, they would lose the chance to enter. However, to Nathan, trial grounds at such a level were useless.

"I still lack 64 red trial tallies. My progress should be the fastest, right? I wonder how Zen is doing now."

Nathan aimed to accumulate a hundred red trial tallies. That way he could exchange them for a purple trial tally. When that time came, he would be able to enter the Wind Exterminating Valley to cultivate. Known as one of the six sacred places for trial, he wanted to get into the Wind Exterminating Valley, which was the final destination of his trip to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

After putting away the red trial tallies he collected, Nathan once again stepped onto the battle ring, looking around to find his opponents beneath.

"Who else wants to challenge me?" he shouted proudly.

Meanwhile, in an emerald forest 200 million miles away, The scenery was beautiful and enchanting. The trees and the weeds all looked like carved emeralds as the beams of the light reflected on them. The sound of birds chirping filled the air.

However, Rocher was not in the mood to appreciate such scenery.

He traveled in the forest as fast as the speed of light, not letting anyone catch him with their bare eyes.

Whoosh!

Following a flash of a sword gleam, a cyan and grey colored spirit musk deer fell to the ground, badly hurt.

Fluttering, Rocher had drawn the musk deer into his space ring.

The musk deer was a very agile beast. Both its skin and body were valuable, worth at least fifteen green trial tallies, but its eyes were the most precious. It was said that their eyes would turn into a beautiful deep green color when it fled in panic-a strange reaction coming from fear.

The greener the eyes of the musk deer were, the more valuable they became.

Therefore, after Rocher discovered a spirit musk deer, he would not kill it initially. Instead, he would allow it to flee, letting it run for its life in a long time before chasing and killing it with a single slash.

He knew that this was a cruel method, but he had come to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land for the sake of upgrading himself. In order to obtain a purple trial tally and gain the qualifications to enter the Mind Refining Tower, he had no choice but to do so.

"I need a bit more trial tallies, but I collect them faster than I expected." Sitting under an emerald tree, he decided to stop for a while and rest.

Roar!

The loud roaring sound broke the silence all of a sudden, causing Rocher to tremble in fear as he quickly hid himself. The spirit musk deer was not the only inhabitant in this forest. There were many other powerful beasts that Rocher could not fight against.

On the other hand, in another city, Margaret was strolling on the street, feeling extremely bored.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was not a good place to travel alone. The key thing was that Zen was not with her, and she had no confidence to find him.

According to the news, the suburbs of the city would become extremely dangerous at night. As the sun had already set, darkness started to fall.

"Where could Zen be?" Margaret murmured.

"Hey, little girl!"

The low voice of a man coming from the side startled her.

Turning her head, Margaret saw a masked warrior dressed in black. She found him dressed a little strange, but from his appearance, he appeared like a human. Margaret blinked. She had seen a lot of strange-looking creatures recently.

"What's up?" she asked.

"I come here because I feel a unique aura from your body," the masked martial artist answered, letting out a dry laugh.

Margaret glared at him, her face revealing a hint of vigilance. Other than the Illusion Battlefield, she had never cultivated alone, so she was clueless on dealing with such a situation. However, she was not stupid. She decided not to provoke anyone with unknown origins. Turning to look at another direction, she decided to just let it be.

Just as she was about to leave, the masked martial artist had flashed to her front, blocking her path.

"What do you want?" Margaret reproached coldly. She bet this man would not dare to make a move in this city. Partly, that made her feel hopeful.

"You're quite vigilant. Do you know what this is?" Four sword images slowly appeared on the masked warrior's back. Then, the four swords suddenly moved and formed an unique array.

Seeing the way the four swords were arranged, Margaret was taken aback. Although this was merely the first movement of the sword array, her familiarity was aroused.

"It's God Slaughtering Array. Who are you?"

All the Godly Geniuses, including Xenia, Kurt and Lucille, were cultivating in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, striving to make a breakthrough the soonest time possible.

All of them had their own fortuitous encounters and dangers.

In the blink of an eye, half a year had passed.

Now, Zen had completely adapted to the gravitational force of the Collapsing Mountain race, as if it didn't exist at all.

"When my brother entered the Collapsing Mountain race, he took a year and a half to be able to move freely."

Impressed, Laquisha thought it was incredible. Kennan and the rest were equally surprised. They found it hard to believe that a secondary creature like Zen could completely adapt to the gravitational force in just half a year without relying on any external force.

Chapter 1840 Strength Increase

For Zen to have improved so quickly, the Collapsing Mountain race must have devoted all their effort to his training.

However, it was the innate strength of Zen's body that made the most difference.

He had never tested the strength of his human body during this period of time. However, based on his repeated ascension, it was safe to assume that his physical body had now reached the level of a supreme divine weapon.

Usually, when a martial artist joined the Collapsing Mountain race to train their body, their training consisted of two parts.

One part was body refining. The other part was strength refining.

After all, entering the Collapsing Mountain race was every warrior's way of gaining strength. Whenever warriors stayed with the race, they experienced a notable strength increase.

However, as was true for most things, there was a limit. When a martial artist's strength reached a certain degree, it became stagnant.

Due to their bodies' inability to withstand immense power, this was bound to happen.

In the past, when Zen used the cyan dragon's strength, he had encountered the same issue and was unable to make full use of his power.

Now that Zen was no longer facing the same problem, his improvement was naturally swift.

After half a year of living and training with the Collapsing Mountain race, Zen gained a rough understanding of them. More importantly, he also gained insight into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land's various life forms.

In an ordinary universe, a martial artist's greatest dream was to transcend it. By succeeding, they would escape the cycles of the heavens and enter the divine land. However, if they could take on a Heavenly Destiny and become a Supreme Lord, they would also feel like their life had meaning. The warriors in all universes would agree that these two were the ultimate dreams.

It was these two dream that urged them to continue their journey toward the peak of martial arts, no matter how difficult it proved to be.

The structure of the universe was very stable. From the Lower World to the Upper World, from the nature creature to the Supreme Lord, no martial artist was exempt from following the same progression.

However, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was different.

There were some notable differences between the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and a typical universe built by a Holy Being.

First of all, the heavens had no equivalent in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. All sorts of powers were in disarray here. Many would consider it simple and primitive.

For instance, for a body refiner, it would be exacting to cultivate a substantial strength in the universe. However, there were at least 13 people stronger than a Supreme Lord in the Collapsing Mountain race. As for Chapman, his strength was unfathomable.

In addition, each person from the Collapsing Mountain race, including each newborn, was comparable to a world lord. These babies were lucky, as they weren't as affected by gravity as the average world lords from outside were. World lords who entered this place were unable to move freely at first because of the place's powerful gravitational pull.

The strength source had this effect on its visitors. It compressed all the treasures in the universe into this enormous cave. Then it imparted these to whoever was inside it, but for a price. Receiving these treasures was not painless.

What then was the purpose of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land?

What were the goals of the Collapsing Mountain race, the Skyland race, the Kaleidoscope race, and the other races? Did they exist merely to help martial artists from other universes, perhaps even from the divine land?

The only way to answer these questions was to ask the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land himself. For sure, he would know the purpose of establishing such a place.

But who was this master?

So far, there had been no answer.

The Collapsing Mountain race, the Skyland race, the Kaleidoscope race, and the Harmony race were all seeking to know.

From the information that Chapman had leaked, the place that they wanted Zen to enter was called the Fire Refining Lair. The thing that he needed to retrieve was somehow related to the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Today, as usual, Zen sat opposite Chapman. They were enjoying generous servings of meat and gulping down wine.

Bam!

A big silver plate landed with a clang on the ground in front of Zen.

"Eat this," Chapman said plainly.

On the silver plate were what looked to be golden pupae. They had roasted them, and so Zen couldn't determine from which insect they were. Remarkably, they had strange divine textures on them, but the textures didn't seem to be engraved. Rather, they seemed to have taken shape when the pupae pupated.

Did bugs also know how to seal divine textures on their pupae? Zen could only sigh in amazement at the wonders of nature in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

He had eaten way too many strange things during his stay.

Nevertheless, under the influence of the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance, Zen could hardly be picky.

He knew he was going to eat whatever was placed in front of him, even though this one was different. Certainly, there had been dishes that were terrifying to eat.

Zen thought back to the nightmare beast's brain and the head of the sulfur ghost, and he swallowed hard. Compared to them, the pupae in front of him looked much better.

He grabbed a handful and shoved them into his mouth.

Crack!

A sweet taste, as if he was chewing peanuts, filled Zen's mouth. The food tasted surprisingly good.

"This tastes pretty good," Zen said as he took a swig of the strong wine.

Then Zen noticed a sudden change in his surroundings. The entire square grew quiet. All the warriors—the Collapsing Mountain race's clansmen and those from the other races—stared wordlessly at him.

Zen froze. "Why are you all staring at me?"

"These are the pupae of the barbarian bees, a type which lives next to the strength source. They're beyond precious," Chapman said with a faint smile.

Zen was quite surprised, as he quickly understood what Chapman was saying. The race leader's words sounded casual, but the expressions on the Collapsing Mountain clansmen's faces suggested otherwise.

"These barbarian bee pupae are probably not an ordinary treasure, huh?" Zen asked.

He realized that he had initially underestimated his importance to the Collapsing Mountain race. Whatever they had asked him to get for them must be very important to them.

"More or less." Chapman's expression suddenly turned solemn. "The strength source will be accessible in three days. I hope you can give it your all."

'The strength source...'

The moment Zen entered the Collapsing Mountain race, he knew that the strength source was the race's foundation.

Adjusting to the strong gravitational pull of the place was only the beginning, as it only allowed him to stand alongside the ordinary clansman. The most important step was to enter the strength source.

After having eaten all of the pupae, Zen could feel a stable breath of air going up his throat from his stomach. This breath moved not only within his physical body. It also rushed into his elixir field and his inner world.

In the world that they were in, there were divine objects that directly affected a warrior's inner world. The barbarian bee pupae were one of them.

In the past six months, Zen's inner world had been developing rapidly.

After the first island had appeared, a layer of green grass grew and gradually covered its surface. The first set of creatures to be born included voles, lizards, and snakes.

These creatures had even formed a rudimentary chain of life, feeding on each other, multiplying.

Eventually, the World Tree grew tall and stretched out its luxurious branches. On this gigantic World Tree, other types of living creatures began thriving. All kinds of insects were being born. Everything seemed to be in order. Zen had been wondering when the first human being would be born in his inner world.

Over the next three days, he felt as if there was a furnace burning inside his body. His body was experiencing the effect of eating the barbarian bee pupae.

Three days later, the warriors came face to face with what they had been preparing for.

Zen, the Collapsing Mountain clansmen, and many other martial artists from the other races stood in front of the mountain up north.

This mountain was a shiny white color, making it look like it was cast in silver.

Chapman led the group to the foot of the mountain and stopped. "This is Sacred Spring Mountain, where our strength source lies. How much strength you can obtain will depend on your fortune and on what you've learned so far!"

The strength source flowed all year round, but even the Collapsing Mountain race had only one chance in a year to come and see it. When a martial artist from another race entered the Collapsing Mountain race to train, it would be safe to assume that their goal was to come along during this journey.

The martial artists present were rubbing their hands together, and their eyes shone with greed. Everyone there was well aware just how precious the strength source was. Concentrated here was the strength source of the entire Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

This type of thing existed in other universes as well, but they did so quite rarely. A single drop of the strength source could cause a huge controversy, and the conditions for its birth in an area were extremely harsh.

In a more ideal inner world, the different sources of strength would be more evenly distributed throughout the universe, making them almost impossible to collect with usual resources.

Here in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, however, these kinds of strength sources were concentrated. Another way to look at it was that the owner of this land had probably never planned to build a complete universe. This explained the existence of a concentrated strength source. Although the owner was a Holy Being, the strength source was placed at random instead of evenly being distributed. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had been created this way.

In other words, the power contained within this strength source was equal to that of a whole universe. One could only imagine how valuable it was.

Chapter 1841 Strange Wind

Generally speaking, the six sacred places for trial contained different original powers.

For instance, the Kaleidoscope race controlled the Original Laws, the Harmony race controlled the soul source, and the Skyland race controlled the vitality source.

A crack extended all the way down from the bottom of the Sacred Spring Mountain. It turned out that it was the entrance that led to the strength source.

The sounds of footsteps receded as Chapman and some of the elders of the Collapsing Mountain race stopped in front of the entrance.

The amount of strength source one could obtain depended on many things such as luck, strength, knowledge, and anything else, really. But with all those factors, one still had to rely on oneself.

According to the usual practice, the first to enter were the Collapsing Mountain warriors, followed by the warriors from the other races.

However, this time was an exception.

This time, Zen was the first to enter, followed by the Collapsing Mountain warriors, and finally the martial artists from other races.

There was no trace of hesitation on Zen at all. He had unintentionally trespassed the Collapsing Mountain race's territory and got to be assisted by the race, but this was an incomparably precious opportunity.

He knew that if it wasn't for this, he would have been still working hard in the teleporting area. He would also have to pay a hefty price if he wanted to enter any of the six great trial places, and time was the one thing he couldn't afford.

At that moment, the Sacred race had already crossed the Sighing Wall.

The entire universe was in a precarious state, even though it was unclear why their True Gods had not appeared. In any case, Zen had to seize every chance to improve himself.

The fabric of Zen's clothes fluttered. He already felt the wind that blew from the inside of the huge cave before he even got close to it.

However, this gale's speed wasn't considered fast, or at least it was far from the point where it could produce wind blades. Such a gale was only a gentle breeze to martial artists, and posed no threats at all.

Yet just as Zen came into contact with the gust of the cold wind, his whole body quickly retreated backwards!

The seemingly insignificant gust of cold wind had pushed him hundreds of feet away from the cave's entrance.

"There is a great power hidden within this wind…"

When Chapman saw what happened, he couldn't help but say, "Zen, the wind and strength source are in a convective flow, which is combined with the weak wind formed by the strength source. You can't fight against it with your strength, but the wind is intermittent."

"Thank you for reminding me," Zen said and nodded.

Zen was polite enough to thank him because even if Chapman hadn't said anything, he would still be able to figure out the crux of the matter.

Now, Zen was much more careful the second time he entered. He quietly approached the cave from the other side as his whole body clung to the mountain wall, and tried his best to avoid being blown by the weak wind.

Then, he stretched out an arm when he neared the edge of the cave.

It was at that moment when Zen didn't feel the wind, nor did he rush in. Instead, he waited patiently at the side. Since he knew that the weak wind was intermittent, he'd have to estimate the wind's interval.

"Whirl, whoosh..."

The hairs on Zen's arm swayed slightly at the faint breeze. Then, he immediately felt a strong force which pushed his arm away.

Even though Zen had only used one hand to sense the wind, the force sent his body flying in a circle before he slammed heavily against a mountain wall on the side.

Fortunately, Zen's physical body was not what it used to be. Otherwise, he would have been seriously injured.

Still, Zen was shocked as he crawled up from the ground. Was the power contained within the strength source actually that terrifying to such a degree?!

Soon enough, Zen no longer dared to use his hand to feel the weak wind. Instead, he lightly pulled down a strip of cloth from his waist and threw it at the cave's entrance.

"Pfft!"

Since the piece of cloth was almost weightless, Zen assumed that it could flow with the wind. Alas, the power contained in the strength source had quickly torn it into shreds.

Therefore, Zen tore open a few more strips of cloth and stretched them towards the entrance of the cave to probe.

After Zen had used about ten strips of cloth, he stretched another piece of cloth towards the cave entrance once again. This time, there was no more reaction from the inside.

"Now is the time!"

Zen wasted no time as he quickly transformed into a beam of light and entered the cave.

"Whoosh…"

He did not know the cave's terrain, but he didn't have the time to observe the surroundings--he just relied on his instincts to rush forward.

There were times when Zen slammed into the cave's silver walls, and bounced off to the other side with a dull thud before he continued onward.

In a mere blink of an eye, Zen had traveled about three hundred feet already. It was then when Zen discovered that the way ahead stretched quite far ahead, but there was a large, dark pit nearby.

His subconscious led him into the pit!

There was a whistling sound behind Zen the moment he entered. It sounded like a weak wind that blew through several stones in the cave.

"Whew, that was close. If I didn't hide in this pit, I might've been blown away by this strange wind again!"

After Zen stopped in the huge pit for a while and confirmed that the weak wind had stopped, Zen continued on his way in a flash.

During his travel time, Zen discovered that there were large pits that someone must've dug up on both sides of the long tunnel. These pits were around ten feet deep, and even the Collapsing Mountain warriors wouldn't have any problem getting inside them.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors must've dug the pits, so that newcomers would have a temporary place to hide.

Zen continued to travel and whenever the wind came, he simply dipped down and hid in the pits, then came out when the wind stopped. He then proceeded forward in a roundabout manner.

This Sacred Spring Mountain didn't look that big, but Zen was surprised to find that the cave was so deep. Perhaps he had already passed the Sacred Spring Mountain and now travelled underground.

"Hooo... hooo... hooo..."

An hour later, the wind's howls grew louder. It was the point when Zen didn't even need to probe around to know if the wind had stopped or started.

'Am I close to the eye of the wind?' Zen thought.

If he passed through the eye of the wind, then he wouldn't be blown away anymore.

However, Zen noticed that he still had a way to go until he reached the eye of the wind.

In addition, the intervals between the winds got shorter the closer he got to the eye. However, it would still be hard for him to cross the distance by taking advantage of the winds' intervals with his speed.

No matter how difficult it was, Zen would never give up. Yet after some consideration, he wasn't that confident that he could actually do it.

"Hooo... · hooo... · hooo..."

Three intervals had passed while he waited.

Suddenly, Zen's eyes flashed. His body was as light as a feather as he pushed off the ground and flew forward like a flying shuttle.

Zen had never set a limit for himself. Even if he couldn't do it, he would still at least give it a shot!

His body was a blur as he dashed towards the eye of the wind at an extremely fast speed!

He had covered only two-thirds of the distance, when he heard a wind's sharp whistle out of the blue.

"Hoo..."

The closer he got to the eye of the wind, the more concentrated the wind was. The strength source contained in the weak wind wasn't really strong in the first place.

Yet when the weak wind blew, Zen felt as if a hammer had been smashed into his chest. The strong force immediately pushed him backwards.

"I failed…"

His face dimmed, and there was a trace of doubt in his eyes.

He knew that his speed wasn't slow. If he couldn't break through the eye of the wind, then what more for the others?

He suddenly raised his head at the exact moment the weak wind hit and blew him away.

He had done his best, but he still couldn't break into the eye of the wind. The problem was not on him, so he must have overlooked something!

"Up there!"

When he raised his head, he saw that there was another cave above him.

Apparently, the wind was split into two. One wind blew horizontally in the cave where Zen travelled, and the other wind blew towards the cave that was above him!

In other words, Zen's destination wasn't actually the eye of the wind--but the cave above!

Once Zen had realized the situation, he stomped his feet on the ground. He took advantage of the wind's force that was smashing on his body, then forcefully knocked himself into the cave above him.

"Bang! Bong!"

The force of the wind blew so hard that Zen was like a kite that bumped around the cave. He finally rushed upwards, but the wind's power didn't decrease at all.

He didn't know how many times he got hit, but he landed on the ground of the cave he aimed for when the wind stopped.

Although his body was a divine weapon, such a violent collision still made him dizzy.

Just as Zen stopped and before he could get up from the ground, he was greeted by a stream of rainbow-colored water that gushed out right in front of him. The spring water's beauty was simply indescribable. Moreover, just a glimpse of it made Zen feel that he was full of strength.

Chapter 1842 A Pool

As the strength source gushed out, it landed upon a hollow path in the cave where it flowed and seeped into a crack on the wall.

"So this is the strength source. The strength of the Holy Being?"

Strength was originally formless. For example, the strength Zen exerted in lifting a rock would be unseen and intangible—it took no visible shape or form.

However, the strength source was in liquid form and it was the source of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

After a Holy Being constructed a new world, their soul, perception, strength, and life vitality would fuse into its every corner in the form of a source.

The Holy Being who built this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had thrown his own strength source into this place.

This strength source came in the form of this seven-colored spring water that attracted Zen greatly. It wasn't just him. Any living creature that came upon such a wonder would never be able to keep calm.

However, Zen had a strong resolve and managed to keep a level head.

According to Chapman, it was already considered fortunate for the Collapsing Mountain warriors to swallow a mouthful of strength source upon entering this place. It wasn't unusual for people to often come back empty-handed after their search.

Zen looked at the flowing stream in front of him. He was sure that there was more than a single mouthful there. In fact, there was so much to fill an entire barrel with.

What would happen if he devoured so much strength source? Zen wasn't really sure but Chapman told him that it wasn't really a possibility. He, himself, only managed to drink a little more than ten mouthfuls of spring water back then. Fortunately, it was enough for him to become the Collapsing Mountain race's leader.

After a split second of hesitation, Zen quickly shook it off and carefully made his way to the rocks.

He was about a thousand feet away from the strength source and he could hear the howling of the wind as he pushed on forwards.

As he approached, Zen thought it better to crawl. The wind was strong and he didn't want to be drawn into it now that the strength source was so close. If the wind swept him away, he wouldn't know where he'd land.

The seven-colored spring got closer and closer as he crawled.

A faint fragrance emanated from the spring.

"This spring water has a scent?"

Its fragrance was extremely tempting. Every inch towards it fired up an intense lust in Zen's heart and made him want nothing more than to drink mouthful after mouthful of this seven-colored spring water.

The strength source did not really have any flavor but awakened an instinctive thirst among living beings. Of course, Zen wasn't aware of that.

Zen could never hope to stop this desire that arose from him. It was his primal instinct itself that told him that he must drink this strength source.

800 feet...

500 feet...

300 feet...

He grew more excited the closer he got to the water.

However, it was at this time that he realized something amiss in front of him. Just as he thought that he was about to reach the strength source, a bottomless ravine appeared. It was massive and incredibly dark.

"I must jump," Zen murmured.

It was terribly deep but it was only about thirty feet wide.

That distance was nothing to Zen in normal conditions. However, he had to consider the strong gravitational force here. The wind also did not help his situation and could cost him greatly if he wasn't careful.

Zen pondered for a moment and lay at the edge of the ravine. He reached out a hand to see if there was any wind. To his assurance, there didn't seem to be any down there.

He was already quite used to the terrifying gravitational force after staying in the Collapsing Mountain race for quite a while. He was already able to move his body quite freely but his jumping skills were still severely restricted. It would be impossible for him to fly though, so his only option was to give it his all and leap across the ravine.

After planning his trajectory, Zen slowly retreated a few steps and breathed deeply.

"Charge!"

The strength source wasn't something that could easily be obtained. Zen understood that he would have to take some risks if he wanted to obtain that delectable spring water.

Whoosh!

He sped up and launched himself off the edge of the ravine, soaring high into the air.

It was only 30 feet. He'd make it so long as there weren't any accidents.

However, in the midst of floating, Zen's face immediately darkened. An irresistible force seemed to be pulling him downwards!

Suddenly, the leap he had planned so carefully ended and he was plunged deep into the ravine.

His world was plunged in darkness as he plummeted below. He tried to fly or resist the pull in whatever way he could, but it was futile. The gravitational force was too strong.

As he fell though, the force gradually decreased and seemed to now be coming from all directions.

As these forces came into equilibrium, Zen came to a point where his body floated in the air.

The gravitational forces all pulled at one another, resulting in his suspended state.

At that moment, Zen neither ascended nor descended. He merely swayed in the air, supported by the forces of gravity.

His current situation reminded him of the boulders back in the Collapsing Mountain race. Due to the disorder of power, the boulders had been suspended in the air for thousands of years now, never coming down due to the equilibrium of gravitational forces.

"The gravitational forces won't let me stay here forever, right?"

Zen tried to struggle but soon gave up. The gravitational forces bound him too tightly for him to move. He felt as if he was a small bug trapped in a spider web.

Tick tack!

The sound of flowing water soon reached Zen's ears and he once again smelled a familiar fragrance.

Was there also the strength source here?

He blinked slightly and looked down. A faint green light spread out from within his pupils and he immediately saw cracks on the side of the mountain. From these cracks flowed the seven-colored spring water!

Water flowed downwards but this strength source was flowing upwards!

Many of the things in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land went against common sense, so while this scene in front of him was unnatural, Zen wasn't the least bit surprised.

The most important thing now was that this strength source was here, except it was too far for him to reach. There was no way he could drink from it like this.

Zen tried whatever method to break through the gravitational forces' restraints but to no avail.

He was completely stuck there, floating in a void with his goal just past his reach.

Zen gritted his teeth and, just as he was about to try another method, he saw the water's flow suddenly change. It now flowed downwards!

'Is it because the gravitational forces changed?'

As he thought of this, he suddenly felt the equilibrium of gravitational forces supporting him disappear.

He didn't have time to react as his body was once again subject to the gravitational force from above as he was pushed up with incredible speed.

Whoosh!

As he flew, Zen once again returned to the place he had landed on earlier. From there, he saw the strength source gathered into a small stream not too far away.

Unfortunately, he still wasn't in possession of his limbs. Zen was continuously pulled upwards, way past where he landed.

Bam!

In the end, Zen slammed his back onto the ceiling and tumbled down, falling into a strange cave.

A rock protruded in front of him and right below it was a drop of strength source.

This drop wasn't hanging underneath the stone; rather, it seemed to be affected by the gravitational force and "fell" towards the top. It was only blocked by the stone which was why it sat underneath it.

A look of joy appeared on Zen's face when he raised his head to look at the ceiling.

A pool of strength source gathered at the top of the cave!

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1843 Bee Nest

At the top of the cave, just about a hundred feet away from Zen's head, was the calm pool of the seven-colored spring water.

Zen took in his surroundings and decided to make a detour. The fastest way up was to climb up. Unfortunately, the impossibly smooth walls of the cave made this an impossibility.

Bam!

There was only a muffled sound as Zen's fist made contact with the cave wall. He wanted to smash a foothold, but his current strength was not enough to break through the silver rock.

"Alas!"

Zen could only sigh. The pool of strength source was only above him, but it seemed to ignore gravity itself. It didn't flow downwards but went wherever it wanted.

The young man frowned in frustration. Was there really no way to get up there? He stood in deep thought for a while before a glimmer of hope flashed in his eyes.

He had fallen into the mountain stream just now. The strength source in the mountain stream crevice was also reversed and seemed to change direction as it flowed downwards. The direction of the flow was extremely strange.

Could it be that the strength source in this Sacred Spring Mountain was bound to reverse its flow after a set period of time?

His faze fell on the protruded rock next to him. There was still a drop of strength source left at the bottom of the rock meaning that the strength source here had indeed been reversed.

The strength source should've already been at his feet, but after the reversal, it all rushed to the top of the cave and gathered in a small pool.

'If there is another reversal, then the strength source in the small pond is set to fall down again!' he thought.

Based on his observations, his conclusion should be correct.

Zen carefully examined the ground beneath his feet. The silver rock was riddled with potholes as if it had been eroded by the water for a long time. Most importantly, there was a drop of source strength left behind which was his most solid proof.

It was only one drop, but it quickly captured Zen's attention.

He stretched his hand and touched the drop with his finger.

The droplet immediately began to change into magnificent colors, as if the entire rainbow had been compressed into it. It looked more like a beautiful gemstone than a drop of liquid.

Zen took this droplet in his hand and turned his palm downward. If he turned his hand around, then the strength source would escape upwards.

He wasn't about to let this drop go. Zen immediately flipped his palm and swallowed this drop of strength source in one gulp.

A wave of fiery power spread out from his throat as his physical body immediately absorbed the strength source.

There were no impurities in the drop of strength source, and Zen didn't have to exert any extra effort to absorb it. This was because the strength source was originally a part of this world.

As he absorbed it, the strength source naturally began to fuse with Zen.

A chill quickly spread through his body. Despite consuming only a single drop, Zen felt his every muscle activate all at once.

"This feeling is similar to eating the meat of those beasts! But it's more effective," he exclaimed.

Almost all of the beasts that the Collapsing Mountain warriors killed grew up around the area. They were all attracted by the strength source.

The beasts were never able to swallow even a single drop of strength source, but it still very much affected them. The ones who truly benefited from the strength source were the Collapsing Mountain warriors. It was the primary reason why they were innately strong.

Zen could feel his strength rapidly increasing.

He had been unable to measure the growth of his strength in the Collapsing Mountain race's place, but he would love to see how much it increased after he left.

'A single drop already has such a massive effect.' Zen then stared up at the pool above his head. 'If I devour it all, what would happen?'

Zen's gaze was fervent as he thought this all through.

He couldn't climb up and he couldn't get the strength source down which were his two biggest problems.

Zen released his perception and began to look for tools that might help him within his space ring. His belongings were in disarray owing to the random items he had accumulated over the years.

Finally, Zen took out a refined iron rope from his space ring. He had taken this iron rope from an Internal Elixir Realm warrior when he was still in the Lower World.

This iron rope had the capacity to swing over a hundred feet long. The only drawback was that it was only a low-grade fairy weapon. Zen didn't have any other choice though since there was nothing else useful in his space ring.

Zen found a small vessel and tied it to the end of the rope. With this, his preparations were now complete.

All he needed to do now was throw this up to the pool and use the vessel to scoop out the strength source.

However, just as he was about to throw it, Zen heard a cracking sound as the steel rope broke in two.

It seemed that it was unable to withstand the gravitation force of this place. The low-grade fairy weapon was as brittle as porcelain here.

"Alas!"

Zen had no other choice but to look through his space ring and try to find another suitable tool. Unfortunately, there was simply nothing.

All he could do now was wait for gravity to reverse and for the pool to fall.

Waiting around doing nothing was extremely frustrating for him. However, he understood that the rules of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were simply unreasonable sometimes.

He just really needed patience and luck.

Zen sat there for two hours but the pool showed no signs of falling.

Two hours had been too much and Zen could no longer bear to sit still.

He was running out of time. Chapman let him in early so that he could seize the opportunity and obtain more strength source.

Any more delay might mean the loss of other opportunities.

This Sacred Spring Mountain had many branch paths, each leading to a different kind of opportunity. The amount of strength source varied but any sort of head start would still help him gain the upper hand.

Zen took a long, deep look at the pond above his head. All he could do now was remember the direction of this place. It was only a hunch but he felt as if the reversal of gravity in this cave was not natural and was actually caused by someone controlling it.

After some thought, Zen left and decided to continue exploring the depths of the cave.

The strength source of the Sacred Spring Mountain was widely distributed and could be seen everywhere. He was just unlucky since he had been unable to obtain some despite being so close.

As he walked, the cave sloped downwards.

Zen no longer felt the wind or any chaotic gravitational force. There also didn't seem to be any trace of strength source.

After the downward slope, the terrain then became flat and he continued walking for a few thousand feet more.

The light grew dimmer and Zen was forced to activate his magic vision. In front of him was a huge round ball!

As he got closer, he saw that there were fist-sized objects that were going in and out of the ball. These objects were not too big but there was a powerful hum caused by the vibrations of their wings.

"A nest. This is the nest of barbarian bees," he mumbled to himself.

Chapman had told him that not only was there strength source in the Sacred Spring Mountain, there was also a considerable amount of beasts.

These creatures were nurtured by the strength source so it was only understandable that their power was terrifying.

Barbarian bees were one of the more common strange beasts in the cave. They were only the size of his fist but they could not be taken lightly.

Zen had eaten barbarian bees' pupae before but he had no plans of provoking them right now.

Chapter 1844 The Queen Bee

The path extended all the way to the end, but a bee nest seemed to be blocking it.

If Zen wanted to proceed, he'd have to pass by it—undoubtedly, it was a great risk.

If the barbarian bees sensed danger, they'd pose great trouble.

While Zen wasn't completely certain about the barbarian bees' power, he at least knew that they weren't to be trifled with.

But since he had made it that far, he couldn't just turn back.

After making up his mind, Zen took a deep breath and began restraining his aura, slowly moving forward along the corner. His movements and footsteps turned extremely light.

As far as Zen was concerned, the bees weren't particularly aggressive creatures, so long as they weren't disturbed.

The difference between barbarian bees and honeybees was significant but their habits seemed to be the same. At the very least, the barbarian bees had built their own hive as their own territory. So long as Zen didn't attack it, he could avoid getting himself into any trouble.

As he slowly approached the beehive, he could observe everything more clearly.

The fist-sized barbarian bees flew in and out of the countless hexagonal openings on top of the hive. Upon taking a closer look, he noticed that under their stomachs, a ball of fur was growing, stained with a drop of seven-colored spring water.

The bees directly collected the seven-colored spring water and consumed it like nectar.

It was no wonder that the barbarian bees could fly. Even Zen wasn't currently able to fly. After all, he couldn't break free from the powerful attraction force. The barbarian bees fed on the strength source all year long. While flapping their wings, they could escape the place's attraction force.

The closer he got to the hive, the more cautious he became.

When he was about 80 feet away from the hive, a bad feeling overcame him, like someone was spying on him.

Zen grew alert.

Though Zen received the best treatment in the Collapsing Mountain race, that didn't mean that he was immune to danger. In the place without rules, he wouldn't let down his guard.

Stopping in his steps, he looked around. There was nothing around him other than a cave in front leading to the top, but it was empty.

After some observation, Zen finally made a discovery. There were two cracks in the middle of the giant beehive, a pair of eyes hidden within them.

These eyes were made of countless compound eyes, with countless small grids. Zen could see his own reflection in each of the grids.

He was being carefully watched by this very pair of eyes.

The feeling made Zen's hair stand on end. What the hell was this hive?

The two eyes were at least ten times larger than those of an ordinary barbarian bee. It definitely wasn't the usual bee. Could it be the queen of the hive?

In every swarm of bees, there was usually a queen bee desperately reproducing. This one demanded 99% of the food as all the worker bees served it. But there was only one kind of food in the Sacred Spring Mountain, the strength source.

With the thought of the queen bee having been devouring most of the strength source, Zen's heart started beating rapidly. While he was already prepared to encounter some weird things in this place, the eyes fixed on him still made him shudder.

'I must restrain my breath...'

At this moment, Zen wanted to close his eyes and try to stop his emotions from fluctuating. Ideally, he would just turn into a piece of wood and pass through.

Just as Zen was about to take another step, he heard a rumbling sound.

"Boom, boom, boom..."

The sight was shocking—Zen saw a tall and sturdy figure fall from the top of the cave.

He was a Collapsing Mountain member.

He was extremely large and the walls of the cave were smooth. As he slid down from the top, he had tremendous momentum and impact.

At this moment, Zen no longer had the time to rein in his breath. Instead, he quickly retreated.

"Boom!"

Just as he was pushed back, the burly figure tumbled down and crashed into the mountain wall to Zen's right, making a deafening sound.

Fortunately, the Collapsing Mountain man's skin was tough and fleshy, allowing him to avoid any major injury. Just as the man got up and cursed, he saw Zen.

"Zen?"

The Collapsing Mountain warrior looked at him indifferently and immediately called out Zen's name. But he seemed rather unfriendly.

After the members of the Collapsing Mountain race reached adulthood, they'd undergo a coming-of-age ceremony—this entailed entering the Sacred Spring Mountain to receive the actual test before absorbing the strength source to complete a metamorphosis.

The warriors from the other races could only follow behind the Collapsing Mountain warriors and cultivate. So no matter how outstanding the other warriors were, it was no easy feat for them to surpass the Collapsing Mountain race.

Still, there were exceptions every now and then. Pascal, Laquisha's older brother, had also created miracles without being a Collapsing Mountain warrior.

But this time, the situation was different.

The Collapsing Mountain race had attached great importance to Zen, allowing him to be the first to enter the Sacred Spring Mountain. But Chapman had also instructed the other martial artists of the race to do their best to help Zen if they encountered him.

While they only had disdain for Zen, they didn't dare to disobey Chapman's orders.

Why did he get such great treatment from the Collapsing Mountain race? Was it just because he had no fear of fire?

The young warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race were left dissatisfied. It was no surprise the Collapsing Mountain warrior didn't seem particularly friendly upon bumping into Zen. It wasn't exactly possible for him to help Zen, anyway.

If he had the chance, he wanted to fight Zen.

But just then, Zen pointed at something behind the warrior. When the young man turned around, he was dumbfounded. He stood still, not daring to move or breathe.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

When the man fell from the cave, he caused enough commotion to alert the barbarian bees—they had appeared in large numbers and circled in the air.

"The beehive of the barbarian bees..."

It was the first time that the warrior had entered the Sacred Spring Mountain, but compared to Zen, he better understood how terrifying the barbarian bees could be.

Once they began circling in the air, it meant one thing—it was a warning.

If the two were to come any closer, the bees would attack them.

Zen and the man were both frozen for a few minutes like statues.

The barbarian bees didn't chase them but continued circling the hive before returning inside orderly. Finally, the area had returned to its tranquility.

"Humph... You must really be stupid to have taken this path. You're basically courting death!" The young warrior glared coldly at Zen.

But Zen had no care for the man's attitude. Faintly, he replied, "There's a dead end at the back."

"A dead end?" Even the warrior was surprised.

As he fell from the top, he wasn't feeling nervous. The paths of the Sacred Spring Mountain were complicated because of the scour of the strength source.

So there wasn't supposed to be any sort of dead end. They were all connected to each other and eventually converged into a single path.

But the hive was blocking it.

The Collapsing Mountain warrior wouldn't climb up the cave he fell from and Zen just told him about the dead end on the road behind them. There was only one way left for him to go.

But the beehive was a problem.

"What should we do?" The Collapsing Mountain warrior asked out of the blue.

Zen curled his lips in thought. Though the warrior had initially seemed hostile, now, he just looked helpless and upset with the outcome. In Zen's eyes, the warrior's character wasn't exactly pleasant.

After staying there for half a year, Zen knew that the Collapsing Mountain members didn't lie. So long as they had any reason to hate someone, they wouldn't bother hiding their hatred.

If they needed help, they would turn to others for help without hesitation. But Zen was used to this way of doing things. He didn't bother with the warrior and only said, "We can only pass through carefully. As long as we don't disturb the bees, we'll be fine."

Even after the huge commotion, the bees gave them a warning without attacking, so they didn't seem excessively aggressive.

"There could be one problem though—the queen bee is in the hive," Zen said.

"What?! There's a queen bee here?" The warrior almost roared, but then covered his mouth as his eyes filled with fear.

His reaction made Zen curious. "Isn't it normal to have a queen bee in the hive?"

The bees normally relied on the queen to breed and produce descendants. It seemed unlikely that the barbarian bees were an exception to the rule.

"No! It's not like that. It's definitely abnormal to have a queen bee!" The warrior looked terrified as he said it.

Seeing the expression on his face, Zen realized that he'd taken the matter too lightly.

Chapter 1845 The Bee Stings

"Why is it not normal that there's a queen bee?" Zen asked, bewildered by what he just heard.

The Collapsing Mountain warrior curled his lips before answering, "Our prophet said that there's only one queen bee and it is located in the farthest depths of the Sacred Spring Mountain."

"If there is only one queen bee, then why is there one here?"

The Collapsing Mountain warrior looked at the hive and noticed the two large eyes looking out towards them. His lips visibly trembled at the sight. "If there is a queen bee here, then the queen bee at the bottom of the mountain must have died! Something grave might have happened! We should leave right now!"

Zen was not familiar with the Sacred Spring Mountain and there were many secrets that the Collapsing Mountain race hid from the public. Zen never heard of this supposed prophet before, and the only person he knew that led the race was Chapman.

He wasn't really willing to leave. If he left now, then he would most probably have to spend another year in the Collapsing Mountain race.

"How do we leave?" he asked.

The Collapsing Mountain warrior scratched his head. He had totally forgotten that the only path they could take was the one in front of them.

If only they had more strength to resist the gravitational force of this place and fly, then they'd be able to return by the route they came in. Unfortunately, it wasn't going to be that easy given their current strength level.

The two of them stood in discussion, trying to think of a strategy in getting out. In the end though, they realized that there really was no other way. The two of them simply gritted teeth and continued forward.

Given their current situation, the Collapsing Mountain warrior no longer held any hostility towards Zen. He even told the young foreigner his name: Teigan and he had just turned 30 this year.

The thing was, the way the Collapsing Mountain race calculated age was not accurate. Daytime was not something that was fixed in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Sometimes, the day lasted as long as dozens of hours, sometimes only three or four hours. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land's calendar was way different from in the universe Zen came from.

Teigan walked in front. Despite his huge bulk, he had an extraordinary talent of controlling his strength. He was able to shrink every muscle in his body to help him move as light as a cat.

Zen had once again hid his aura. He stared at the scattered barbarian bees before following Teigan quietly.

"Buzz buzz buzz..."

A number of barbarian bees flew around the beehive. The large eyes inside the hive still stared at them following their every move. The queen bee was the greatest threat out of all the bees and they had to be careful. If they irritated it, then the entire hoard of barbarian bees would attack them with no hesitation.

The two reached the beehive soon enough. The eyes still stared at them and continued exerting invisible pressure.

Just as they were about to walk past, Teigan suddenly stopped. Zen frowned. Was he perhaps too nervous?

"Move!"

he told Teigan, giving him a push.

However, there was a sudden crisp sound and the cracks on the beehive's surface grew bigger. As the hive chipped away, the queen's eyes were completely exposed along with a part of its head and body. Its fine hair was like iron nails that were inserted upside down on its body.

"Huff…"

Teigan suddenly took in a deep breath.

"Buzz buzz…"

The sound startled a few of the barbarian bees who immediately dashed straight towards Zen and Teigan.

They did not run; they did not even dare move a single inch. Sometimes it was better to simply accept one's fate than counterattack. Any sort of defense from their part would only agitate even more barbarian bees until the entire hive swarmed towards them.

"Buzz buzz buzz…"

One of the barbarian bees hovered in front of Zen with its huge sting at the ready. At the tip of its sting were two, pitch-black barbs that made it look like an anchor. It was no doubt going to be painful if they ever got stung by these insects.

All the muscles in Zen's body had tensed up. If the bees ever attacked, then all he could do was a swift counterattack before fleeing as fast as he could.

Fortunately, the bees merely circled around them before slowly returning to the hive.

"Oh God! Nothing happened," Zen murmured.

Teigan's nervous face also relaxed.

However, just as they were heaving their sighs of relief, they heard rumbling sounds coming from behind them!

Someone else had fallen down!

The two of them looked at each other. There was no need to talk; they knew exactly what they had to do next.

"Run!"

Just as they started to dash away, a loud "bang" rang out from behind them. They didn't know who had fallen down but such loud commotion would no doubt alert the barbarian bees. Since they were the nearest, they would also be the ones to suffer the most if they didn't move now.

They had to run away or risk suffering intense pain from the bees' stings.

Their movements caused a good amount of noise but it was nothing compared to the rumbling sounds of the warrior who was falling behind them.

"Buzz buzz buzz buzz…"

At that moment, a swarm of barbarian bees came out of the hive!

"What the hell is this!"

someone cursed from behind Zen. It seemed that the warrior that had fallen down wasn't from the Collapsing Mountain race but Zen didn't really have the time to care who it was.

The barbarian bees were divided into two. One group rushed towards the fallen warrior, while the other group chased Zen and Teigan.

The two of them no longer cared if the road in front of them was dangerous or not. All they cared about was getting away from the swarm of bees that were out for their blood.

"Buzz buzz!"

Unfortunately, their running was nothing compared to the barbarian bees' flying speed. The group that chased them quickly rushed towards Zen.

"Whoosh!"

Just as they came, Zen heard an extremely small swishing sound.

He lowered his head instinctively and rolled on the ground. Just as he looked up, he saw a bee sting miss him by mere millimetres and hit the ground in front of him.

A strange scene then appeared.

The sting looked intimidating but its power shouldn't be that strong. The poison also didn't scare him. However, the moment the bee sting shot out, it actually nailed itself to the ground!

The entire Sacred Spring Mountain was made up of the impenetrable silver rocks that Zen had failed to even dent. For the bee sting to easily nail itself into the ground spoke volumes of just how painful it was going to be if the bees ever caught up to them.

"Crash..."

The originally solid ground suddenly began to boil like water. The sting was acidic and melted the silver rock completely!

"What a strong corrosive power! This isn't some ordinary poison..."

Zen suddenly realized just how serious of a matter it was going to be if he was to be stung.

Moreover, there were countless barbarian bees behind them so there was no way they were just going to be stung once.

Realizing the gravity of their situation, the two of them began to run even faster. As they ran, they heard an ear-piercing scream behind them!

Zen turned his head to look. The warrior's body was already blurry. No doubt that he must've already gotten stung. It only took a few seconds for his entire body to disintegrate from the corrosive poison and turn into a pool of blood.

That wasn't all, Zen also saw dozens of stings headed towards him.

His eyes widened in fear. Zen quickly stepped on the cave wall and rolled, barely avoiding the oncoming bees. The stings meant for him quickly lodged themselves into a wall, corroding it instantly. The extremely tough silver rock was as tender as tofu with these bees.

If he was a second slower then Zen would've met the same fate as that warrior earlier.

"Die!"

Zen roared in anger. Just as he steadied his footing, he took out his long sword and slashed towards the bees.

He didn't know if his sword technique was going to work but he just couldn't sit still and wait for death...

"Shoo..."

The effect of the strike completely exceeded his expectations!

Zen's strike effectively cut the barbarian bees in two. It seemed the barbarian bees weren't as strong as he thought.

He had been in constant alert of the creatures in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land ever since he was chased by the Formless Sky Python. This led him to greatly overestimate the power of these barbarian bees.

Their stinging power was terrifying but, at the end of the day, they were still bees. This type of creature was characterized by their large quantity, fast speed, great agility, and extreme poison. However, their defensive power was still ordinary.

Zen felt overjoyed as he used his sword radiance to instantly kill dozens of the barbarian bees!

"Come over and help!" he shouted over to Teigan.

However, he didn't expect the warrior to simply keep pushing forward. "I haven't practiced any martial art! How the hell am I going to help you?!"

The only thing the Collapsing Mountain race could rely on was their terrifying strength but the use of their power remained extremely primitive. Teigan couldn't really do anything to help Zen in any way.

He could only rely on himself!

The sword radiance Zen summoned served as a net that caught the oncoming barbarian bees and sliced them in half.

"Buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz!"

A large number of bees fell with each strike. The halved bodies of the barbarian bees were all that was left in their wake and many of the ones that still chased after them had grown quite wary of Zen's sword.

"Whoosh!"

A sharp whistle rang out as a ray of black radiance shot straight towards Zen.

Just as it was about to hit him, Zen suddenly placed his sword horizontally in front of his chest.

The black radiance nailed itself onto Zen's sword! In a blink of an eye, the first-rank divine weapon that had accompanied him for so many years turned into a useless pile of molten metal that he had no choice but to throw away.

His face immediately darkened, not because he felt sad about the sword, but because he saw that the beehive had completely ruptured. An enormous black thing floated by the cave wall where a pair of huge, compound eyes glistened. It was the queen bee!

The black radiance, aimed at Zen just now, had been shot out by the queen bee.

Chapter 1846 Melting Rock Wall

The barbarian bee queen didn't have any wings, and looked more like a large worm than a bee. Its tail was stuck up like a scorpion's, with a cluster of black thorns on its tip!

The barbarian bee queen looked bloated and heavy, but its movements were quick. When Zen blocked its black light, its twelve posterior legs moved rapidly and charged towards Zen at a tremendously fast speed.

When Zen saw the queen charging forwards, he turned back and ran!

Zen looked back at Teigan of Collapsing Mountain race and saw that he was already thousand feet ahead. Zen's lips couldn't help but twitch in a small smile. It seemed that the Collapsing Mountain race wasn't as fearless as they seemed.

However, Teigan couldn't be blamed. His courage was based on his ability of being able to take a gamble.

Escaping from the barbarian bee queen was something that anyone with an ounce of sense would have done.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

At that moment, Zen was also intensely focused. Every step his feet made was executed with extreme precision. His movement speed was even faster than Teigan!

Teigan was raised in the Collapsing Mountain race since he was born. He was also one of the most outstanding younger generation members. Zen might even lose to him in a contest of pure strength.

However, the Collapsing Mountain race was accustomed to only using their strength to its maximum. They did not know much about moves, techniques, etc. In this type of ecological environment, they did not need to master all. Different races lived in various environments, so the path of different races varied.

As Teigan ran ahead, he occasionally turned his head back to check Zen. When he saw the barbarian bee queen behind Zen, it grimaced as if it ate something bad. Teigan sprinted forward with all his might.

In general, the test at Sacred Spring Mountain wasn't too risky, but there was still a certain death rate. Every year, during the coming-of-age ceremony, the Collapsing Mountain race would lose three or four people. Some of the other races' warriors would also die in Sacred Spring Mountain.

However, being killed by the barbarian bee queen was even more unlucky. After all, this thing shouldn't have been here in the first place.

As Teigan ran, his thoughts went wild, and his distracted mind failed to focus on his next step. He missed!

He was stunned for a moment before he rolled downwards again. He was incredibly curious as to why there was such a huge pit here!

When Zen saw Teigan's figure disappear suddenly in front of him, he immediately understood that Teigan had fallen down.

A spark of hope lit up on Zen's face.

If he continued on this straight path, he would be caught by the barbarian bee queen sooner or later and be killed for sure! A passageway that led downwards would be the best thing to happen right now.

Whoosh!

Along with the sound of the wind that whipped past him, Zen's heart jolted. He suddenly jumped up, launching himself into the air!

The faintly discernible beam of black light flashed right past Zen's lower body. It hit the rock wall on the side and immediately corroded a large hole in it.

Zen borrowed the momentum from his descent to step into the place where Teigan disappeared. According to Zen's calculations, this must be a pit that led downwards.

But as he fell, his expression suddenly changed into one of surprise. He saw Teigan climb up out of the pit. As Zen fell, he directly stepped on him and landed on his shoulder.

"You!"

Just as Teigan was about to speak, he was kicked into the pit by Zen...

Zen used Teigan's shoulder as he leaped up and somersaulted into the air. His expression immediately turned sour. The place where Teigan fell was just a huge pit and not a passageway downward!

Teigan was stomped back into the pit by Zen, but he quickly crawled back out again. At that moment, he had no desire to blame on Zen. Fleeing for his life was his priority.

The two of them continued to run forward. The barbarian bee queen's speed was obviously way faster, and it got closer and closer to them!

Eventually, the two of them arrived at the end of the road. Their hearts sank at what they saw. The end of this road did not connect with the other caves. It was a dead end...

The barbarian bee queen was still on their heels. They had already retreated to the end of this road. The silver stone wall behind them was extremely sturdy and seemed indestructible.

As they looked at the rapidly approaching barbarian bee queen, the two of them became more and more anxious. With their combined strength, they wondered if they had the ability to fight the barbarian bee queen head on. They didn't seem to have a choice!

"This barbarian bee queen might be the same as the barbarian bees, and its defensive power is not…"

As Zen was speaking, he suddenly heard the sound, "patter, patter". He looked up and saw that this ten-foot tall Collapsing Mountain race warrior was actually bawling. "What do we do now, hoo woo..."

Zen had originally been extremely nervous, but when he saw that the big guy was actually crying, he couldn't help but roll his eyes. He had planned to cooperate with this fellow just now, but who would have thought that he would break down.

Zen had no one to rely on but himself. His gaze swept over and he summoned a long bow into his hand.

He drew the string and released the arrow!

Clap clap!

The sharp arrow accelerated and flew straight towards the barbarian bee queen.

However, due to the powerful force of gravity, the arrow's speed was greatly decreased. Before the arrow even reached the barbarian bee queen, its power had already been used up. The barbarian bee queen disgustedly brushed the arrow away with its thin forelegs.

The barbarian bee queen was angered, most probably due to Zen's resistance. Perhaps it was aware that the two prey in front still had thoughts of fighting back, so it raised its tail and shot three bee stings at them!

"Dodge!"

As Zen ducked down, he saw that the strong man beside him was still bawling his eyes out. With a sweep of Zen's leg, the strong man too was thrown to the ground!

Pop, pop, pop!

Three sharp stings stuck on the rock wall behind them, and caused it to melt continuously.

Zen lay flat on the ground. He took advantage of his momentum and nocked another arrow. He shook the bowstring and let the arrow loose again!

It was as ineffective as the one before. Zen knew that if he didn't counterattack, the barbarian bee queen would've pounced on him immediately.

Indeed.

Under Zen's continuous attacks, the barbarian bee queen halted its advance. After it waved away his arrow, the barbarian bee queen raised its tail once again!

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Another three stings shot forward!

Although Teigan was extremely depressed at the moment, he didn't want to die. He and Zen crawled up at the same time and avoided those sharp stings!

"You want to deplete the stings on the tail of the barbarian bee queen?" Teigan seemed to sense a glimmer of hope.

The stings on the barbarian bee queen's tail were as plentiful as grass, around fifty to sixty of them. It had already shot a portion of them along the way, and now they seemed to be scarcer.

If they could really deplete the stings on the tail of the barbarian bee queen, they might have a chance of survival.

However, right after Teigan finished speaking, the barbarian bee queen waved its tail. Long barbarian bee stings grew out from its tail again, and it looked like there were more stings than before.

"Well, forget it. I didn't say anything…" The flicker of hope that had just ignited in Teigan's eyes was immediately quenched once again.

Zen also furrowed his brows. He thought of the same thing, but at that moment he suddenly felt a chill behind his back. When he turned around, a strange look appeared on his face!

"Look behind us, quick!" he reminded Teigan.

Teigan looked backward and immediately revealed an ecstatic expression.

The stone wall behind them was the end of the path. As the barbarian bee queen had shot three stings at the wall, a fist-sized hole had been punched into it!

This hole was so deep that one couldn't see the bottom. A cool breeze blew through it.

"So this rock wall is actually very thin!"

Teigan's face was filled with surprise as he smashed his fist against another part of the wall, hoping that he could use his brute force to break it.

However, this silver rock was too hard for their fists. Even if it was just a thin layer of rock, it wasn't something they could break. Maybe Chapman could break through it.

Zen shook his head and could do nothing but sigh at the fellow's stupidity. He quietly nocked an arrow onto the longbow again.

"Prepare to dodge," Zen said as he released the bowstring.

He hadn't expected the arrow to kill the barbarian bee queen. He was now luring it to continue shooting its stings so the rock wall would be opened behind them. That would give them a chance to escape!

Although Teigan's brain was not working at the moment, the barbarian bee queen was even worse. It was its instinct to immediately retaliate after it received an attack

The barbarian bee queen was unwittingly extremely cooperative. As Zen's arrow shot out, it also shot out three beams of black light.

Chapter 1847 A Seven-colored River

There was still a certain distance between the barbarian bee queen and Zen.

But if the barbarian bee queen took a step forward, it would be extremely difficult for Zen and his companion to avoid it.

Pop, pop, pop!

With this bubbling sound, three barbarian bee stings once again shot towards the rock wall behind the two of them.

At first, it sounded like the silvery rock was being boiled, like hot water. However, it slowly changed and began to flow smoothly. One could only imagine the strong and corrosive power that was enclosed within these barbarian bee stings.

The hole was already the size of a fist. As it continued to corrode, the hole became bigger and bigger!

Within a matter of seconds, a hole that was huge enough to fit a human head appeared. And that was exactly what they wanted.

"You can go now," Zen murmured.

Usually, if the hole was big enough to fit one's head, then the body could get in just fine. However, the stout guy who stood next to Zen seemed to have a problem. Just by glancing at it, he was skeptical if he could enter. And Zen, looking at him, realized the doubt that was going on in his mind.

Teigan's face turned red when he became aware of this fact. Moreover, he began to tremble as well, wondering what would happen to him. There was a part of him that worried Zen would leave him alone to face the barbarian bee queen.

But that didn't happen. In the end, Zen decided he wouldn't enter alone. Instead, he continued to lure the barbarian bee queen to shoot out the stings.

The barbarian bee queen shook its tail to send out the barbarian bee stings and crawled towards the two of them. Tactfully, the two of them moved around the small hole, hoping to lure the barbarian bee queen to shoot stings onto the part around the small hole.

Under the dire situation, this was their only hope. They secretly prayed that the luck would be on their side. After all, they couldn't control the barbarian bee queen's aim. Sometimes, when the barbarian bee stings were too accurate, they would directly drill into the small hole.

However, as the stings kept shooting over, more and more rocks behind them started to melt. In the end, a large hole was created, just like they wanted.

However, before they could relish their success, the barbarian bee queen began to increase its speed. The barbarian bee stings on its tail were now shooting extremely fast. This made it hard for the two of them to dodge them. With his huge body, Teigan, especially, had a tough time defending himself. The barbarian bee stings came very close to getting him.

Realizing it wasn't safe to stay out any longer, the two of them quickly entered the big hole.

Since the stings drifting into the cave didn't make any sound, the two of them knew with certainty that the back of the cave was empty. The moment they entered the cave, the two of them began to descend rapidly. Once they were in, Zen could even see the two stings flying above their heads.

"That barbarian bee queen wouldn't chase us, right?"

Zen turned his head to take a look, only to see that the barbarian bee queen had stuck out a pair of huge eyes from the hole and retracted them in the end!

Under such high-intensity gravity, if they were to fall too far, even Zen was likely to break into a million pieces. 'No, we can't land on that incomparably hard silver-colored rock, ' Zen thought.

After collecting his thoughts, he twisted his body and observed the distance below him.

However, just as he glanced down, Zen caught sight of a bunch of black dots flying below him. Although he did not know what they were, his instinct told him he had to avoid them.

Unfortunately, Zen was unable to fly in the air and had no way to dodge them. In the end, he and Teigan both stumbled into the black dots and passed through them. Then, they realized those black dots were fingertip-sized bugs.

This was a pitch-black area, and they couldn't see the bottom.

Fortunately, they did not hurt themselves after falling. The two of them landed on a slope and continued to descend. The strength of the descent was increasing but the slope became slower. As a consequence, the speed at which the two of them were falling decelerated.

After rolling to the bottom, they stood up and composed themselves.

All of a sudden, Teigan seemed disturbed. He jumped up from the ground and started inspecting his body.

"What?" A strange expression appeared on Zen's face.

"These are Mosquito Larvae! We are so unlucky! We just ran into Mosquito Larvae!" Teigan shouted.

"Mosquito Larvae? What will happen?" Zen asked, not knowing what was there to be afraid of.

He noticed that the fear on Teigan's face had intensified. Even while meeting the barbarian bee queen, he didn't seem this anxious. "This thing will lay an egg on a warrior's skin, and then it will hatch inside one's body!" Teigan elaborated.

Hearing this, Zen's eyebrows creased. He raised his arm and noticed small black spots on his own body. To him, they looked harmless. It was beyond him how these tiny eggs, similar to sesame seeds, could harm them. They were the eggs of the Mosquito Larvae. These eggs were drilled deep into his skin.

No matter what, it wasn't a pleasant feeling to be wrapped in Mosquito Larvae.

'These little bugs can't be strong. They seem very weak. How can they enter my body?' Zen wondered, ludicrously. Zen, however, couldn't help but become suspicious of his partner's words. He suddenly circulated his chaotic energy and was about to force these small black dots out.

Unexpectedly, his trick didn't make things better. Instead, it became worse. With this power, the little black dots began to drill deeper.

Zen was shocked and quickly dispersed his chaotic energy.

"What should we do?" Zen asked, out of options.

Even though Teigan did not possess a bright mind, he was still a man from Collapsing Mountain race. Since he had quickly recognized these Mosquito Larvae, Zen assumed everyone in the Collapsing Mountain race knew how to deal with them.

"The only way to get rid of them is use poison," Teigan explained.

These types of larvae were not rare in the Sacred Spring Mountain, and they even existed in areas beyond the Collapsing Mountain race. After being bitten by these worms, eggs would get attached to the victim's body. This was indeed very troublesome.

In the beginning, the Collapsing Mountain race had no method to deal with it. Patiently, they would wait for the small larvae to hatch and then pick them out with a knife. However, this method was in no way a safe route. Even if one managed to live through it, they would lose at least half their lives by doing it.

Realizing there had to be a different way to get out of this misery, the Collapsing Mountain race ventured to find out another method. That was when they discovered that these larvae were afraid of a specific poison. If one consumed that poison, the Mosquito Larva eggs would be completely destroyed beneath the skin!

Unfortunately, this was a risky method. The poison that would be required was quite toxic and extremely strong. From the belt on his waist, Teigan dug out a small purple bottle. "This is rattan poison. It can drive away these larva eggs."

After he finished speaking, he opened the small bottle and took a sip. He then glanced at Zen. This fellow had saved his life.

Now that he no longer held much hostility towards Zen, he continued, "This rattan poison is very strong. Ordinary warriors' bodies wouldn't be able to withstand it at all. I don't dare to drink too much, so I can only restrain these little bugs. How much you can manage to drink depends on your strength."

If he was an adult of the Collapsing Mountain race, he would have been able to drink the poison in one gulp and force the larva eggs out of his body. But Teigan was too young and just at the start of his adult life. Although Collapsing Mountain race was much stronger than ordinary warriors, Teigan dared not to take all of the rattan poison.

After drinking a little bit, he could only suppress the eggs. He would think of something else when he returned to the Collapsing Mountain race.

From his point of view, as a human, Zen wouldn't be able to bear the burden of this poison. He believed a sip was enough to take his life.

Seeing Teigan's worried expression, Zen smiled and directly took the bottle from him. This bottle had looked extremely small in the hand of the Collapsing Mountain race man, but in Zen's hand, it was like a wine pot.

He accepted the pot of poison and gulped it down. Perhaps Zen's strength was not outstanding at the moment nor was it exceptional in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. However, there was something about Zen that Teigan didn't know; he wasn't afraid of poisons.

"You will…You will die…" Seeing Zen drink so much in one gulp, Teigan's mouth was wide open. "Actually, these larvae won't kill you. You could just pick them out with a knife…"

Zen wiped the corner of his mouth and passed the small bottle to Teigan, smiling faintly. "This is very little poison. I will be fine!"

As he stopped speaking, the poison started to spread continuously through Zen's meridians. The larva eggs that had infiltrated Zen's skin seemed to feel an indescribable fear towards him as they continued to leave his skin.

In a matter of seconds, most of the larva eggs fell to the ground like rice grains after they crawled out. That rattan poison was the nemesis of these larva eggs. Taking just a bit of poison, they would die.

All this while, Teigan had been staring at Zen in utter shock. He found it hard to believe in Zen's words. However, seeing he had faced no difficulty after consuming the poison, Teigan realized it was indeed true. It seemed that nothing bad would happen to him.

Therefore, he understood that besides not being afraid of flames, Zen was also immune to all poisons. 'Isn't that amazing?' he thought with awe.

Soon, they cleaned up and got rid of the larva eggs. After this, they both began to survey the environment.

After he lifted his head, Zen's eyes suddenly lit up. He could already see a bit of seven-colored spring water hidden within the strange rocks on the mountain wall. There was actually quite a lot of strength source there!

With its constant reversal and flowing characteristics, the strength source hadn't fallen into the upper regions of the ceiling must have been because it was wrapped by these rugged and strange stones.

Suddenly, a thought occurred in his mind.

Zen subconsciously looked up and his entire body froze!

Teigan had sensed that something was off with Zen. Similarly, he followed Zen's gaze and lifted his head to look above. His burly figure immediately trembled.

Above their heads, there was actually a seven-colored river that was undoubtedly formed from strength source. They watched it flow, as if it was a dream watercolor painting.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1848 The Lake

"I... I have never heard of a river within the Sacred Spring Mountain!"

Teigan muttered.

According to what the outside world knew, the land of the Collapsing Mountain race was considered the sacred place for cultivation because it was the source of strength.

The reason people had described the rare strength source as spring water was because there weren't much of them. It was commonly believed that here was a spring where the rare strength source was gushed out.

This was why this mountain was called the Sacred Spring Mountain.

Within the Sacred Spring Mountain, one could see a number of caves spreading out from the bottom part, like capillaries. You had to explore carefully to reach the bottom.

Over the years, the Collapsing Mountain race had almost finished studying the inner structure of the Sacred Spring Mountain. Although the road here was complicated, there was still a map. But the map would not be given to anyone apart from the elders of the Collapsing Mountain race, even if they were members of the race who had participated in the coming-of-age ceremony.

Chapman had wanted to hand over a portion of the map to Zen. The map had several locations marked where Zen could find more strength source.

But the elders of the race rejected this plan. If this map were to be leaked, it would be dangerous for the Collapsing Mountain race. The power that Zen could obtain would still depend on his own ability.

The Collapsing Mountain race obviously knew a lot about the Sacred Spring Mountain. But they didn't know everything about it. They only knew that there was a spring under the ground and that all the mountain's strength source must have come from it.

The strength source had interesting characteristics. It looked like flowing water, which would flow down to the bottom of the mountain. But there were many times when the strength source would flip back, completely ignoring gravity, and climb to the top. The strength source, that should have been deep underground, would even appear at the top of the Sacred Spring Mountain and occasionally, even spill over the top of the mountain.

In truth, the chaotic power around the Collapsing Mountain race was closely related to the strength source.

Before today, no one had known that there was a river inside the Sacred Spring Mountain. If this news were to spread, the Sacred Spring Mountain might start to be called the 'Sacred River Mountain'.

Even Zen was excited at this. The barbarian bee queen had chased him, and with the bee queen's help, he had carved a new path for himself.

The two of them stared blankly at the seven-colored river in front of them. It took them a few minutes to finally calm down.

There was, however, a big problem. Zen had discovered quite a few strength sources along the way, but had managed to obtain only one drop in the end. He could see, but couldn't touch anything else.

There was such a lot of strength source in this seven-colored river! But the strength source was still suspended at a high altitude. From the looks of it, they were at least two or three thousand feet away. If they couldn't fly, they definitely wouldn't be able to climb up.

Teigan was a little more clear-headed than Zen at the moment. He could not obtain the strength source above his head, but there was too much strength source around them.

He walked quietly to the side and began to absorb the strength source in the crevices.

Teigan had just swallowed a few drops when he spotted Zen gazing at him. He laughed awkwardly and said, "There are still quite a lot here. Let's split them, shall we?"

The strength source in the crevices was in great amount. If one devoured enough of it, it would benefit them a lot. Many warriors who entered the mountain would only be able to obtain a few dozen drops of the strength source. Those with bad luck could only obtain a few drops, or even return empty-handed.

Zen knew that there was a lot of strength source in the crevices, but since he was here and had seen the river, another faint thought ran through his mind.

What he needed to devour wasn't just these few hundred drops of strength source. His goal on this trip to the Sacred Spring Mountain was to obtain this river of strength source.

But his strength would still increase a little if he swallowed only a drop of the strength source. Zen wouldn't mind devouring all of strength source here!

And so, just like Teigan, Zen began to go around collecting the strength source from the cracks in the stone.

The strength source was hanging upside down in the cracks of the rock. Zen reached out, took out each drop and put it into his mouth, as if he was swallowing dew.

The pure strength source seemed to merge instantly with Zen's body, multiplying his strength at an enviable speed.

Zen and Teigan walked along two sides of the cave as they went through the cracks in the rock to collect the strength source.

Combined, these cracks were about two to three miles long, and they both devoured the strength source scattered within them, not leaving a single drop behind.

As they moved forward, the stone walls on either side became smoother. There was no way to hide the strength source within them.

Teigan's body stretched, the bones within intertwining and crackling like firecrackers - a sign of the power surging through his body.

The mortal body could only bear so much strength source. Absorbing too much strength source was not necessarily a good thing. And Teigan's physical body was about to reach its limit now that it had consumed so many drops of strength source.

Zen's body stretched a little, too, but he wasn't having such an extreme reaction. His strength might have been similar to Teigan's, a little weaker even. But the toughness of his body wasn't something that Teigan could compare with.

"Are we still going forward?" Teigan asked.

He was lucky to have followed Zen and the profits this time had far exceeded his expectations.

"We still have a way back?" Zen asked.

Teigan was stunned for a moment as he brought his large hand to his forehead. All the happiness he had felt from the growth of his strength had completely vanished.

If they wanted to go back, they would have to climb back through the hole they fell into. But they didn't have the ability to climb back up and also, the barbarian bee queen was still guarding the hole. It wouldn't turn out well for them if they went back.

"What should we do?" Teigan asked.

Zen said a little hesitantly, "We can only go forward."

Zen guessed that they were in a bit of a pickle.

They had opened a cave and discovered a brand new road that had never been explored before.

There were many caves in the Sacred Spring Mountain, all connected to each other. But after all these years, this river with the strength source hadn't been found by anyone, which meant only one thing: this cave was not connected to any other caves.

The only connection to another cave was the hole that the barbarian bee queen had created.

Zen couldn't think of anything else to do. So he did the only thing he could think of and kept walking forward.

The river that flowed above them followed this flat road and became wider and wider. The river's edges were irregular at the start and had probably been formed naturally. But something seemed off as they walked.

The edges of the river above them came to form a straight line, like a man-made canal. Nature had gone all out on this, but it was impossible for such a river to have been formed by nature. It was rather obvious that it was created by intelligent beings.

Along with the river above them that seemed to be laid out regularly, the path under Zen's feet also became more regular, almost identical in shape to the river above them. The silver walls on both sides of the mountain became smoother and smoother.

"The intelligent beings that dug this river knew that the strength source would be reversed. So they dug out two canals at the same time, one at the top of the cave and one at the bottom. I wonder what the purpose of this is,"

Zen said as he walked.

Not long after, the space before them opened up. A huge circular pit appeared beneath their feet, and the seven-colored river above their heads fell into a waterfall.

Ordinary waterfalls flowed straight down from top. But the waterfall above them flew straight up. It was the complete opposite.

This was exactly what Zen had expected. He had seen complete reversal several times. But the waterfall flowed straight up and gathered in a circular lake at the top of the cave!

An identical circular lake appeared naturally in front of Zen and Teigan. But the lake below them was empty. After all, only after the strength source had reversed itself would the lake's strength source fall into the lake below.

Zen and Teigan stood beside the lake and looked around. Before long, they noticed something grey and blurry, jumping about in the middle of the lake. They could not see what exactly it was. But everything that appeared in this damn place was too bizarre, and neither Zen nor Teigan had any intention of entering the lake. They were curious about it, but their lives were more important.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百煉成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

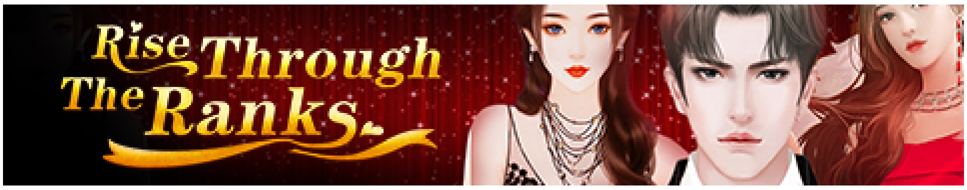

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

34

Content

Chapter 1849 Reversal
Chapter 1850 A Miniature Divine Land (Part One)
Chapter 1851 A Miniature Divine Land (Part Two)
Chapter 1852 Nine Divine Stars
Chapter 1853 Changing Gravity
Chapter 1854 Gigantic Badger (Part One)
Chapter 1855 Gigantic Badger (Part Two)
Chapter 1856 The Golden Rock
Chapter 1857 Four Titles
Chapter 1858 Wild King
Chapter 1859 Expectation
Chapter 1860 A Visible Indentation On The Stone
Chapter 1861 The Prophet
Chapter 1862 The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land's Secrets
Chapter 1863 The Third Category (Part One)
Chapter 1864 The Third Category (Part Two)
Chapter 1865 War Within The Inner World.
Chapter 1866 Being Omnipotent
Chapter 1867 Unrestrained Warriors
Chapter 1868 The Martial Sacred Beast
Chapter 1869 One Third Of The Power
Chapter 1870 A True Spirit
Chapter 1871 The Skyland Race
Chapter 1872 Asking In Reply
Chapter 1873 Imagine All Kinds Of Delicacies
Chapter 1874 Innocence (Part One)
Chapter 1875 Innocence (Part Two)
Chapter 1876 The Rule
Chapter 1877 Threat And Enticement (Part One)
Chapter 1878 Threat And Enticement (Part Two)
Chapter 1879 Killing Intent
Chapter 1880 Throwing Them All Into The Water
Chapter 1881 Discrimination
Chapter 1882 Roy
Chapter 1883 Admit
Chapter 1884 The Sky Pearl (Part One)

Chapter 1885 The Sky Pearl (Part Two)
Chapter 1886 The Shield Of Power (Part One)
Chapter 1887 The Shield Of Power (Part Two)
Chapter 1888 Shocking Qin City (Part One)
Chapter 1889 Shocking Qin City (Part Two)
Chapter 1890 The Trustee
Chapter 1891 Evolutionary Universe
Chapter 1892 Zen's Reflection
Chapter 1893 Cold Flame Poison (Part One)
Chapter 1894 Cold Flame Poison (Part Two)
Chapter 1895 Advancing
Chapter 1896 Advance Towards The End
Chapter 1897 A Mirror
Chapter 1898 The Ice Field
Chapter 1899 Interior World
Chapter 1900 Disturb Minds
Chapter 1901 The Disused Nine Stars
Chapter 1902 Resistance
Chapter 1903 The Consequence
Chapter 1904 Being Exhausted (Part One)

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1849 Reversal

Soon, the surrounding scenery transformed rapidly.

Earlier, the journey route comprised of natural primitive caves. But later on, the landscape changed, revealing a lake and a flat mountain wall. The structures seemed to be man-made.

There was also a grey dusky, unidentifiable object circling endlessly in the empty lake below.

Zen and Teigan, staying close to the boundary, swiftly moved ahead. Since there was no other way, they decided to see what existed at the end of the path.

The man-made lake was only about three miles long. At the end of the lake, there was a long and narrow passage.

When they reached the end of the lake, they discovered that the bottom of the passage was an endless pit!

Zen and Teigan looked at each other, clueless about the next step. Then Teigan took out a wooden stick from his coat and waved it in the air. And the end of the stick suddenly burst into flames.

Teigan threw the flaming stick down into the pit.

The two of them saw the flames increasingly become smaller for a long time before disappearing deep inside the pit.

Teigan despairingly said, "What do we do now? We cannot even make out its end!"

When they fell from above and reached the artificial lake, they were already deep in the depths of the Sacred Spring Mountain. They had absolutely no clue as to where they would reach, if they went inside this pit. They were not even sure if they would make out alive with the strong attraction force.

"It seems like this place is also a dead end. There is no other way out now," Teigan said anxiously. He was afraid of being trapped to death and now that was definitely happening.

"There's a way," Zen said suddenly.

"What! Where is it?" Teigan hurriedly asked.

Zen raised his hand and pointed upwards.

The passageway in front of them had formed into a vault, above which there was another passageway, embedded on the ceiling.

"This way!" Teigan soon discovered that the passage beneath their feet was connected to the passage above their head. The problem was that they were unable to pass through it.

If only they could fly, they wouldn't have to go through all these problems.

Zen's eyes narrowed as he turned around and looked at the lake behind him.

After Zen entered the Sacred Spring Mountain, he discovered that the strength source reversed and flowed in the opposite direction.

The reverse system seemed to be carried across the strength source. If that was the case, then there had to be some sort of mechanism within the Sacred Spring Mountain that controlled the reverse system.

For the time being, seeing the passageway hang from the ceiling lifted Zen's spirit.

The secret path in front of them was definitely designed to allow people to pass through. The gravitational force there was so great that even a great martial artist could not fly in the air, but rely on the reversal gravitational force to pass through.

So this mechanism had to be somewhere around here!

There was nothing else in the artificial lake apart from the dusky object. Was this the key to the reversal of gravitational force?

Teigan leaned against the wall. He was impatient because he obtained a lot of strength source during this trip. In this case, being ranked first in this coming-of-age ceremony would be very easy.

The key was to survive, otherwise this whole expedition would prove useless.

He faintly smiled when he saw Zen deep in thought to find a way out. Zen had a very determined mind-set, who never seemed to be discouraged by any kind of challenges.

"It's useless. The terrain here is not that tough, and we didn't see any forks along the way. We will have to jump down. If there's no other way, then let's jump down and try our luck!" Even though Teigan uttered these words, he knew clearly that if he jumped into that bottomless abyss, there might not be any way out. They would be trapped in forever.

Zen didn't respond to Teigan's words and instead walked towards the artificial lake.

"What are you doing?" Teigan exclaimed. At the center of this artificial lake revolved that hazy thing. He couldn't understand what it was, since nobody at the Collapsing Mountain race had mentioned it. Probably even the prophet didn't know what it was.

Moreover, the strength source of this Sacred Spring Mountain had fed quite a few terrifying creatures. An advice for the Collapsing Mountain members when they entered the mountain would be not to provoke any of these strange beasts!

"You will surely die if you go down!" Even though he said this, Teigan followed Zen's suit. He did not want to be left behind. At least Zen would be around to face the challenges ahead!

Zen ignored Teigan's words and moved ahead.

Zen believed in finding the best opportunity to find a path. Even if the path was risky, he would face it. That was Zen's way of doing things

"Puff!"

Zen closed his eyes for a moment and jumped into the artificial lake.

Since the lake was not very deep, he could walk towards the grey object. As he got closer, he could make out the object clearly.

Zen soon realized that the circling object was in fact just a lot of thin smoke. As it kept drifting continuously, it gave an illusion of a circular object.

Suddenly, in the middle of the smoke, Zen could make out an Eight-diagram Ball!

By now, Teigan had also jumped into the lake and was wading towards Zen. He just could not stand helplessly by the shore. Teigan was relieved to see that the object did not attack Zen as he got closer. He feverishly hoped that the object was their key to escape.

Teigan just couldn't think of any other way through which they could leave this place.

Zen cautiously stepped towards the Eight-diagram Ball. He was very careful of the movements he made.

He had to be careful and was on the lookout for any kind of traps placed around the ball. If he got trapped, then there would be limited chances to fight back.

100 feet...

50 feet...

30 feet...

10 feet...

And finally, Zen walked into the gray mist.

Before he entered, Zen held his breath. He did not trust the nature of the smoke. What if it was laden with some sort of poison?

'OK. This feels safe! I can move forward!" Zen felt more optimistic. Perhaps his guess was right, and the object should be related to the reversal of attraction force!

Zen grasped the Eight-diagram Ball and snatched it away from its place.

The ball felt very cool in his hands and was smooth and heavy.

Zen held the Eight-diagram Ball in one hand and examined it carefully. There were two colored holes on it, black and white. Cracks were formed along the lines of the eight-diagram pattern in the center of the sphere.

After turning the ball many times in his hand and carefully scrutinizing it, he still remained clueless about the ball's mystery.

He tried to use his blood to make the ball recognize him as its master, and then used his own mental power to immerse himself in the Eight-diagram Ball, but the ball remained still.

After trying these methods, he grabbed the top and twisted it to the right.

"Click!"

With that sound, the black and white holes flipped down and the ball opened.

Just at this moment, there was a rumble, and Zen saw the strength source of the lake above his head directly toppling down towards him!

At that moment, Teigan also reached the dusky mist and was about to warn Zen not to touch the object. If Zen wasn't careful enough and triggered some mechanism, they would die there.

But before he could say anything, Zen had already opened it.

Splash!

If a bowl of water was poured, it would cause ripple and commotion. Imagine what the entire strength source of the lake could create!

After the attraction force was reversed, the strength source descended from the artificial lake above their heads to the artificial lake below, immediately dousing Zen and Teigan.

Teigan was speechless at this sight. So this was it! This was the whole strength source of the lake! Was it really that easy to get it?

The strength source kept pouring continuously in the artificial lake below. After a long time, Zen and Teigan finally floated up from the bottom of the lake.

"I... I will absorb all the strength source now! Ha-ha!" Teigan was ecstatic after seeing this! By absorbing a small amount of the strength source, he might become the future leader of the Collapsing Mountain race. Imagine his powers if he could absorb the entire strength source!

Earlier, Teigan had doubts about becoming powerful, but now he could brush those thoughts aside.

But at the same time, he knew that he could absorb only a limited portion of the strength source.

Although Teigan was physically stronger than the warriors of other races, there was still a limit. If he absorbed the entire strength source, his physical body would soon reach its saturation point.

In the meantime, Zen was quietly floating on the lake, advancing ahead. His thirst for strength was many times greater than that of Teigan. His capacity to absorb the maximum amount of strength was also higher. Soon, he was completely focused on devouring the entire strength source!

Chapter 1850 A Miniature Divine Land (Part One)

When compared to a warrior of the same level as he, Zen's physical body was obviously much stronger than most. In terms of his body's capacity though, he sometimes found himself facing certain limitations. Now was one of those times.

The numerous strength source surrounding Zen was constantly and continuously absorbed by his body. The strength filled him in the deepest places of his inner self, including his bones, muscles, organs, and spine.

This form of strength absorption created an ultimate increase of power within Zen. It was as though his body and mind were always alert and crystal clear. He felt inexhaustible, invincible and most of all, Zen felt abundant.

At the moment though, the strength source to be absorbed was far greater in amount than Zen had ever faced before. His body worked hard, the numerous strength filling him more and more. It didn't take too long before the feeling of wonderful abundance began to transform into the harsh sensation of being full.

And he recognized the feeling of fullness. He knew what it meant, too. It meant his capacity of absorption had nearly reached its limit - and yet, so much strength source remained.

This sensation had overcome him once before, when he had borrowed the dragon scales' power. With so much strength to be contained within one single person, Zen's body couldn't bear the load. He had stopped just in time back then.

Zen equally knew that if he forcibly absorbed the strength source, his body wouldn't hold and would easily disintegrate. Of course, this was something he had to avoid at all costs. But what to do now?

Staring out at the strength source before him, Zen realized he had absorbed less than a ten thousandth of it all. He was drenched with a stressed sweat and felt overwhelmingly discouraged. His feeling was comparable to a person leaving a treasure mountain empty handed; the problem was, there were simply too many treasures to choose from.

"The strength source here can help you break through the Eight Path Platforms. This is a one of a kind opportunity, so make the most of it..."

A faint voice spoke from the depths of Zen's mind.

Was this the cyan dragon reaching out to him? It had to be!

After the nine Genuine Dragons had been awakened, they had since maintained their silence in his mind. So much so that even when he tried reaching out or speaking to them, they wouldn't respond. This was different though. Zen knew with certitude that the cyan dragon had spoken.

'They really don't want me to waste this opportunity, ' Zen thought to himself.

Zen hadn't been refining his body for very long, nor had he gotten very far. At the time, he had only managed to forge one Path Platform. And he had had the help of the Cloud-chasing Lion's bone, at that.

Now the cyan dragon had spoken his word which had wiped Zen free of any doubts or insecurities. This time, he didn't hesitate.

Sure, it was true that these nine Genuine Dragons had other intentions, of which he had been warned. Zen still chose to believe them, though. He knew this was important.

Now that the power had pierced directly through the center of his eyebrows and had hit his mind, a torrent of strength source washed over him. The power was so strong and unexpected that it instantly destroyed the Path Platform forged with the Cloud-chasing Lion's bone.

"Whoa! What the hell! What's going on?" Momentarily stunned, Zen let out a deep breath and regained his composure. He had definitely not been expecting something so intense!

While he floated, a bold and crystal clear smile was transmitted from the depths of his mind. Now, it was the red dragon's voice he heard. "Our big brother has taken a stand," the voice boomed. "Thus, I shall act as an obedient little brother!" It now became obvious to Zen that what was happening here was definitely an extraordinary opportunity. This wouldn't happen twice, that he was also sure of it. If he missed out on it, then he might never get his chance again.

Zen's eyes caught something moving just above his level of sight. He lifted his eyes only slightly and saw the complex pattern of steam emanating from his forehead. Now that the red dragon had spoken his word, Zen was now empowered with a spiritual force.

"Now, young man, you must follow the steam and guide the strength source. Strength, that is extremely pure and without fault. In its natural form, it is countless times better than the Cloud-chasing Lion's bone! Trust me, a Path Platform forged from this strength source is nothing the Cloud-chasing Lion could ever compare to. Do as I say."

Without a moment's hesitation, Zen closed his eyes and immediately obeyed what the red dragon had told him to do.

Putting all his concentration toward the strength flow, vortexes soon began to appear. They formed in Zen's hands, his legs, head, chest, back and even his cinnabar field! What was happening now?

Frantically, and thankfully for Zen, the vortexes that he had just formed began to absorb the strength source, as if doing it for him! Zen felt a sudden and enormous sense of relief.

On his own, before the dragons had reached out to him, Zen had easily absorbed over ten thousand drops of the strength source. Now though, the eight vortexes he created were each capable of absorbing just as much if not more than his own body could. He watched them, completely amazed at how powerful he had become.

Despite the astonishing work the vortexes created, there was too much strength source surrounded Zen, and too much energy remained. A lake as large as this one simply had too many absorbable drops of strength source.

Zen took the time to assess the situation. Currently, he felt perfectly fine. Having absorbed a hundred thousand drops of strength source himself now had virtually no consequence. And yet before, he had felt so full!

Zen brought his focus and strength back to absorbing the strength source. Path Platforms, sparkling and enticing with a dazzling shine, appeared at the opening of the eight vortexes.

The Eight Path Platforms of body refiner often twisted off and formed different shapes, but most of them were milky white Path Platforms. This was because most body refiners would form their own Path Platforms based on the rare white bones. However, Zen's Path Platforms were seven-colored.

This strength source was so enormous, so great, it was indescribable. Assuredly, no such strength source could exist within the universe. If something of the kind did exist, then it was no doubt much, much smaller in size. And of course, there wouldn't be half as many drops of strength source to be absorbed!

It would be completely impossible for an ordinary warrior to find such a large amount of strength source. Even if Laquisha's brother got really lucky or had great karma going for him, there was no way he would ever find such an amazing amount of strength source. In other words, her brother couldn't even compare himself with Zen's gaining.

Straightly put, Zen had to spend every drop of strength source he could muster in order to build his Eight Path Platforms and form his most solid foundation.

Chapter 1851 A Miniature Divine Land (Part Two)

Zen was very aware that this kind of treatment was special. Unique, in a way. And it was also notably quite rare in the divine land.

In any case, it was only the Holy Beings' disciples that were actually capable of extracting strength source like this. Holy Beings used this absorbed strength source to build the universes.

Undoubtedly, this strength source was more than just precious in the eyes of the Holy Beings. They needed this strength in order to continue building, and taking the decision to have it absorbed was difficult for them due to the constant extraction of their power.

As for the master of Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, why he was so willing to have all his personal strength source extracted. That was and would remain a mystery. The master shared his strength source with the living creatures around him.

By the time all the Path Platforms were completed, each of them flashing dazzling ray of light, a solid five minutes had passed. For Zen though, it was like having traveled entire lifetimes of numerous body refiners. Not only that, but his Path Platforms were the purest ones around and they were already in their most perfect stage - without any cracks or flaws!

Finally!

His Eight Path Platforms were completed.

Slowly, the vortexes that had earlier been created within all parts of Zen's body began to gradually dissipate into thin air. The absorption of the strength source equally slowed before coming to a complete stop.

"The Eight Path Platforms have been formed. Now, you can prepare for the Nine Divine Stars!" Making him jump slightly in surprise, the red dragon's voice sounded once again in his mind.

Zen kept his eyes firmly closed.

Following the patterns the red dragon had sent him, Zen continued to absorb the strength source. There wasn't much left, thanks to the vortexes, and now with the red dragon's encouragement, Zen felt capable of finishing the job.

Quickly after the strength source was absorbed, it began circulating within Zen's cinnabar field.

For a body refiner, having the Nine Divine Stars was a one-way path to perfection. And Zen, as a body refiner, knew he had to attain this goal more than anything else he had ever achieved in the past.

Working within his own inner world, he had to build, to create those nine stars of utmost importance and greatness.

It must be said that a normal warrior would never create stars in their inner world. It was simple: A warrior wasn't a Holy Being. Their inner world was therefore incomplete.

Body refiners, on the other hand, had nine stars in their cinnabar field. With the nine stars forming a circle, their power could and would grow endlessly. The challenge here was building them.

"Isn't it too early for Zen to build the Nine Divine Stars?" asked a green-colored Genuine Dragon.

Since the ancient times, since the beginning of their history, cultivation had always been a specialty. One could say that such was even favored.

Whether it was the Lower World, the Upper World, or even the divine land, cultivators who could cultivate both body and life vitality simultaneously were beings of an extreme rarity. And such beings had to be cared for. Members with this level of power had to live in order to achieve greatness.

These cultivators who could cultivate both body and life vitality at the same time definitely couldn't go further on this path.

But this limit was only for ordinary warriors!

In fact, if a True God of the divine land had the desire to pursue the path of Holy Being, they wouldn't just cultivate these two, but cultivate three.

They were soul, life vitality and body.

And it was only when one reached the genuine pinnacle of soul cultivation, life vitality cultivation and body refining, would they have the qualifications to build a true inner world. Only then would they have the qualifications to construct such a universe, a world of its own, placed at the edge of the divine land.

Right now, Zen was only a warrior of the Spirit Supreme Realm. It was a known fact that the inner world of a warrior of the Spirit Supreme Realm was incapable of holding nine stars!

The green Genuine Dragon was right. It was too early for Zen. The moment the strength source would enter his inner world, it would explode Zen's weak inner world. Needless to say, such a result would be extremely tragic.

The green dragon continued mulling over his thoughts. Of course, his greatest worry right now was that Zen's current inner world would explode, especially in its actual state.

"No… Zen's inner world is indeed weak, but it's no longer an ordinary inner world. He now has a real inner world!" The Five-clawed Golden Dragon opened his mouth to speak.

They could see Zen's every move and they all had been watching him with intent and interest. All the dragons had kept their eyes on him, never daring to look away, not even for a second, not even to blink. They had watched him remove a small but lively fish from his own inner world.

Facial expressions began to change while they watched this scene, going from outright astonished to overwhelmed with emotion. What the Genuine Dragons had been observing all along was becoming clear to them all.

The images playing before their eyes allowed them to finally understand what they were dealing with. Zen's inner world did have the same characteristics as that of a Holy Being. His inner world was constructed from chaotic energy, which was beyond the comprehension of the Genuine Dragons.

In a way, Zen was a small "Holy Being". In fact, he could even be stronger than one.

The inner world created by the Holy Being was formed from life vitality, and was limited by the heavens. If any living creature within it wanted to transcend this boundary, they would have to comprehend the Godly Way in order to obtain the qualifications for crossing the heavens and entering the divine land.

As for Zen's inner world, it was on a whole new level. It was instead formed from chaotic energy and without restriction from the heavens, all living creatures could leave his inner world directly!

Looking at it from this angle, Zen's inner world was most definitely not just any ordinary world. It was far from an ordinary universe, even. This was a divine land... A miniature divine land!

Yes, the nine Genuine Dragons had chosen Zen for their own purpose. They wished to return to their own land, to guide Zen in his search for the truth, and they wished that he would ultimately help them seek revenge.

Which gave reason as to why the Grand Weapon Refining Method had been used on Zen, resulting in his unique body and capacity.

As soon as Zen entered the fairy palace and started practicing the Primal Chaos Technique, the situation had already begun to take a turn for the better. Zen's cultivation had begun progressing beyond any dragon's wildest expectations.

Chapter 1852 Nine Divine Stars

Zen had mastered the Primal Chaos Technique with his weapon-like body, and at the time, the inner world had undergone a fundamental change.

If the Grand Weapon Refining Method allowed Zen to embark on a completely different path of body refinement, then the Primal Chaos Technique would allow him to embark on a completely different path of life vitality cultivation.

The Genuine Dragons weren't sure if the inner world built on the foundation of chaos could really evolve into another divine land. They weren't even sure just how far Zen could go on this path.

But they knew that if he continued on this path, Zen would reach heights that they couldn't even imagine.

The strength source went down from Zen's chest all the way to his cinnabar field and then into his inner world.

Zen's inner world had grown larger and larger, and the species that were born within it had become more and more abundant.

An ape made its way through the bushes, feeding on sweet berries.

This ape had already evolved into a bit of intelligence, and knew how to avoid some of the land's ferocious beasts and poisonous bugs. It was interested in getting to the end of the land, where the massive tree was.

There seemed to be something special about that tree, something that exuded a great attractive force.

But despite its strength, it still was unable to climb such a tall World Tree.

The ape had harvested an impressive amount today. Once it had plucked quite a few berries, it decided to return to its cave. There were still some little apes there, crying out in joy.

An explosion shook the ground, causing the ape to tremble in fear.

It finally raised its head and looked up at the sky for the first time.

The deep sky attracted the ape's attention. This was the first time that any living being within Zen's inner world had consciously looked up at the sky.

Just what kind of place was in the depths of the sky?

What was that place outside the sky?

The ape already knew how to think. But the concept of 'sky' did not exist in its mind.

It was just instinctively curious and thinking.

The explosion had barely died down when a colorful line appeared in the sky.

This line looked like a rainbow snake on the ground and frightened the ape.

The snake circled in the air, as if it wanted to split the sky open.

It wasn't long before the snake began to curl up into a ball, looking like some kind of unknown round fruit.

The strength source was a fatal attraction for all living beings, even for those within Zen's inner world.

The fruit looked so tasty, the ape couldn't help but stretch out its hands towards the round ball in the sky. But it was too far away.

A second round ball appeared not long after the first one had. And then the third, followed by a fourth and a fifth.

The ape stretched out both its hands and folded one finger. Nine fingers meant there were nine balls in the sky.

It had already known how to count.

Suddenly, the strange howls of fierce beasts rang through.

The ape stopped looking at the sky. On this continent, although the ape was intelligent, it was no match for the ferocious beasts. It had to become smarter if it wanted to fight the ferocious beasts.

It carried its harvest of berries as it followed a hidden path back to its cave.

All living creatures on this piece of land were looking up at the sky.

But creatures other than the ape found the most instinctual restlessness and the attraction from the strength source in the sky. They neither had the basic intelligence, nor did they know how to think.

Vast amount of strength source gathered in the sky.

The stars would now be constructed according to the red dragon's method.

The inner world of a warrior contained all the elements of life, but no stars.

Even the inner world of a True God didn't have any stars.

Even if the True Gods who cultivated both body and life vitality in the divine land built Nine Divine Stars and had mature inner worlds, they still couldn't gather the Nine Divine Stars into their inner worlds.

If any True God were to achieve this, he or she wouldn't be very far from becoming a Holy Being.

As the nine stars continued to condense, they started to emit a bright rainbow-colored light, illuminating Zen's inner world as he continuously absorbed the strength source.

Teigan had only absorbed a few thousand drops of strength source, yet he was already close to saturation. And right now, he could only watch as Zen absorbed it.

Teigan looked on in fascination, not having imagined the scene before in his wildest dreams.

Zen had been lying in this lake of strength source for a long time. Teigan felt that the amount of strength source Zen could absorb shouldn't be so much more than what he could absorb. Absorbing tens of thousands of drops were sufficient for Zen and wouldn't take more than thirty seconds.

About an hour later, Zen was still lying with his eyes closed.

"Aren't you being too greedy? There's no need to force it if you can't absorb it."

He was actually upset since he was able to absorb just a tiny bit of the strength source despite seeing so much. Teigan understood Zen's thoughts very well.

But their cultivation was limited and there was a limit to the amount of strength source they could bear.

Even if Chapman were to personally come down here, it would be impossible for him to completely absorb a lake of strength source. It would be great if he could absorb even a thousandth of the strength source.

But things were not over yet.

All of a sudden, he saw eight small vortexes appearing on Zen's body. He saw the strength source continuously enter Zen's body through the vortexes.

"Eight Path Platforms! Ahh!"

The refining technique that the Collapsing Mountain race employed was primitive. They did not know how to create Path Platforms. Constructing Eight Path Platforms and forging Nine Divine Stars were perfect ways of body refinement. The Collapsing Mountain race did not adopt these ways, which was why they had never created Path Platforms or built Nine Divine Stars.

The Collapsing Mountain race was a unique one. Although their body refinement method was primitive, it wasn't exactly bad. It was just that Teigan felt a little faint as he watched this scene. After all, the strength source that Zen absorbed was probably much greater than what he absorbed, twice as great, even.

Zen finally stopped absorbing the strength source a while later, but he still lay in the lake with his eyes closed.

"Still unwilling to come up?" Teigan asked, his eyes wide.

He really didn't believe that Zen could absorb any more.

But just as this thought crossed his mind, the lake formed from the strength source began to suddenly ripple.

A huge whirlpool formed, with Zen at the center of it.

One could only imagine the ferocity of Zen's absorption of the strength source, given this turbulence.

At this rate of absorption, 'drop' could no longer be used to measure it.

"How is this possible?"

Even if the entire Collapsing Mountain race jumped into the lake and began to frantically absorb the strength source, they still wouldn't be able to achieve such a result. How much strength source could this guy hold? Would he completely absorb all of it? It couldn't be!

This terrifying thought suddenly occurred to Teigan.

The Collapsing Mountain race relied on their strength source.

If Zen were to completely absorb the strength source, things would not look good.

Zen was at the center of this whirlpool as it churned. He continuously infused the strength source into his inner world and condensed it into the nine stars.

The light of the nine stars became brighter and brighter, illuminating Zen's inner world, to the point where it became hard to distinguish between these seven colors. They began to turn into a blinding light, the color of the sun. Zen's body had produced seven suns.

When the process of creating the Nine Divine Stars had reached a certain degree, Zen's inner world began to tremble, and the chaotic sea began to surge.

The seven suns emitted a massive gravitational force that triggered the tide in the chaotic sea.

Zen had stopped absorbing because even if his inner world was special, there was still a limit to the strength source he could bear. If he were to continue absorbing it, the gravitational force from the strength source could cause a mess within his inner world, and could even tear it apart.

Chapter 1853 Changing Gravity

"You finally stopped..."

Teigan from the Collapsing Mountain race stared at Zen in awe. He couldn't understand how Zen was able to absorb so many drops of strength source.

A quarter of the strength source in the huge lake had been absorbed by Zen.

After he stopped his absorption, Zen finally opened his eyes. A shadow of a smile played on his lips as he swam towards the shore from the middle of the lake.

"You... How did you absorb so much strength source?" Teigan asked, awestruck.

Zen winked as he said, "I drank it."

"Nonsense..." Teigan whispered. He thought about how Zen could have drank it.

When Zen reversed the strength source in the lake, the strength source in the countless caves within the Sacred Spring Mountain also reversed, as well as the strength source that was originally unreachable.

The strength source's features were already known to the Collapsing Mountain race, as they had protected the strength source for countless years and thus had already performed extensive research on it.

The Collapsing Mountain race considered the strength source as animate, which meant that after a period of time, it would be reversed. The strength source that was originally pooled on the floor would flow up to the ceiling as soon as people entered the Sacred Spring Mountain. The strength source would continue to meander along the ceiling.

Due to the nature of the strength source, most martial artists who entered the Sacred Spring Mountain were only able to obtain a very small amount of strength source.

This reversal often occurred after a martial artist had entered the mountain. There were only a handful of martial artists that managed to capture a portion of the strength source before the backflow.

However, due to a lucky accident, Zen had explored an undiscovered path and found the key item to control the flow of the strength source. It was the Eight-diagram Ball which he held in his hand.

At that moment, in every corner of the Sacred Spring Mountain, the vast majority of martial artists were ecstatic.

In a long and narrow cave, the strength source formed a stream that lazily flowed above. Three martial artists traveled together, but all they were able to do was staring at the strength source flowing above their heads, unreachable.

They focused their attention more on the stone walls around the cave, as they hoped to find a few drops of strength source embedded within.

Right then, the gravity of the strength source suddenly reversed. The strength source at the ceiling of the cave began to fall down like a rain shower, and caused the three martial artists to rejoice.

Scenes like this were common all across the entire Sacred Spring Mountain. Other than Zen and Teigan, no one had a clue why this happened. This year was destined to be a fruitful one for the Collapsing Mountain race.

Zen took the Eight-diagram Ball with him when they left the lake. He looked at the remaining half of the lake filled with the strength source, feeling a little hesitant to leave.

As of the moment, his inner world and body had already reached their limits, so he was unable to store any more strength source. However, he thought of the considerable amount of strength source that he would need in the future.

Zen immediately stopped himself thinking about it.

It was already a great opportunity when he obtained such a lucky chance to increase his own strength.

If the strength source was truly the power of a Holy Being, it would be too greedy on Zen's part to take it all away.

There are times when one should know when to stop. Excessive greed often has devastating repercussions. This Divine Refinement Forbidden Land emanated such a strange aura everywhere.The Holy Being that built this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was very generous in allowing all living beings to partake of his strength source, and that was not logical.

"But... How do we leave?"

Teigan asked, as he returned to the original question. He looked around at their surroundings.

Zen ignored Teigan's words, and observed the Eight-diagram Ball in his hand.

A while ago, he had twisted the white part down and caused the strength source to pour down. He now grabbed the black part and twisted it towards another direction.

Crack!

As soon as the Eight-diagram Ball was activated, Zen immediately felt the gravity inside the Sacred Spring Mountain reverse once again.

To their surprise, what was reversed was not the strength source, but all the living beings in the Sacred Spring Mountain.

"Damn it!"

Teigan cursed. He felt the earth and sky spin, and his entire body fell directly towards the ceiling. Before he fell, he had suddenly twisted his body so he fell horizontally onto the ceiling. At least, he did not let his head hit the ceiling directly.

Zen seemed to have been prepared for what happened. He twisted his body in the air, and stood on the ceiling.

The two of them looked like bats that stood upside-down on the ceiling. But to themselves, they were standing on the ceiling because their own gravitational direction had been changed.

Both of them were still doing well.

Simultaneously, all the warriors in the entire Sacred Spring Mountain had been reversed. There were also many powerful creatures living inside the caves that had turned around and hung on the ceiling of each cave.

"What happened?!"

"The gravitational force here suddenly flipped!"

"Damn, I almost fell to my death!"

It was Zen's favor to these warriors that they obtained a great number of the strength source. However, they also suffered a great loss because of Zen now.

"Now you know how to leave, right?" Zen told Teigan with a smile.

Since the Eight-diagram Ball changed the gravity and the narrow passageway was constructed in such a strange manner, Zen had already made some assumptions. The only way he could be able to go through that passageway was if he changed his own gravity.

"Get ready." Zen twisted the Eight-diagram Ball in his hand once again as he finished speaking, which caused him and Teigan to fall from the ceiling.

This time, Zen still landed safely on the ground; Teigan, on the contrary, once again tragically smashed down to the floor, as he had not expected Zen's sudden action. He was thankful for his strong body; otherwise, falling down from such a high altitude under such a powerful gravitational force would hurt him significantly.

"Can you not move so suddenly?!" Teigan said angrily from behind Zen.

"I've warned you," answered Zen as he walked forward with the Eight-diagram Ball.

Under Zen's lead, the two of them rapidly arrived at the long and narrow passageway.

The world beyond the end of the passageway was in absolute darkness, with the exception of the path that hung above their heads.

"Ready?"

As soon as Zen's words were spoken, Teigan's entire body tensed up as if he was about to face a powerful enemy.

Seeing Teigan's expression, Zen smiled a bit. "No need to be so nervous. I know this place is dangerous. I'll be careful..."

Teigan had already experienced it before. This place was too deep to see the bottom, so he wasn't sure where he would fall to.

When both of them were as close to the edge of the passageway as possible, Zen twisted the Eight-diagram Ball in his hand again.

Crack!

Gravity reversed.

Zen and Teigan took a step forward simultaneously. They didn't fall down to nowhere, but landed on the narrow passageway above.

This time, both of them landed safely. They walked forward upside down on the passageway.

They walked along this path for two miles. The end of this passageway once again formed a fault. However, another passageway appeared below the two of them.

"Come on!"

Zen switched the gravitational force again, and the two of them fell down from the passageway above into the one below.

This was a very strange path. They needed to rely on this Eight-diagram Ball to constantly change the direction of gravity; sometimes downwards, sometimes upwards.

When they got used to the changing gravity, they eventually relaxed.

The tragic predicament of the other warriors inside the Sacred Spring Mountain was another matter.

They had just started getting used to the reversed gravity when it suddenly changed. They struck against the ceiling of the cave, and when the gravity shifted once again, they smashed down ferociously. They were completely confused by the constantly changing gravity. Had the Sacred Spring Mountain gone crazy?

All sorts of curses were heard throughout. However, none of them were able to change the direction of the gravitational force. They could only try their best to endure it.

There were some martial artists that figured out a way to avoid being tossed about so willy-nilly. After falling down twice and realizing that the situation would repeat itself, they held tightly on stone pillars or stuck themselves in cracks.

Eventually, after Zen and Teigan had walked on the passageways above and below, they finally reached the end. A stone door appeared in front of the two warriors.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1854 Gigantic Badger (Part One)

According to Teigan, although the paths of the Sacred Spring Mountain were quite complicated, they would still lead to the main road at the bottom of the mountain. One could follow the main road from the bottom of the mountain to the top and find their way back to the Collapsing Mountain race.

If this was true, then the path that Zen had taken should lead them to the main road. From his calculations, they should be at the bottom of the Sacred Spring Mountain by now.

However, it seemed that they were led to a dead end. Instead of the main road, the two discovered a cave in a sealed-off area - a place that no one had entered before.

Looking around, Zen realized that the door in front of him was the only way out. Would he be able to leave this place?

The situation was starting to get frustrating. But Zen had already made up his mind. If this place turned out to be a dead-end, he would turn back to where he came from and start again!

The most challenging and difficult part of the Sacred Spring Mountain was the solid silver rock. Its surface was extremely smooth, not even a curb or a lump that one could hold onto, thus making it hard to climb.

In this situation, all the strength source that Zen had absorbed could be put to good use. Now that his power had increased drastically, it had changed the course of the situation.

Standing at the front of the stone door, Teigan was the first to try his luck. He placed his hands against the stone door, took a deep breath, and pushed it.

Ha-ha!

Teigan put all his energy into his arms and hands; and as a great force flowed into his body, his veins and muscles suddenly bulged.

The strength source had increased Teigan's strength exponentially, and he felt reborn. He pushed against the door with all his might, but the stone door did not even budge.

Teigan knew that he had exhausted his strength to the limit, so when he saw that nothing had happened, he gave up and jokingly said, "I guess I'm not worthy!" He looked around to find Zen. The latter had already absorbed so much strength source and was readying himself for his turn. There was no way he would surrender as Teigan did. A member of the Collapsing Mountain race would always be proud of his strength and would never depend on a man from another race.

On Teigan's mark, Zen slowly approached the stone door with an indifferent expression in his eyes.

Zen had achieved many breakthroughs: he refined his body with preternatural flames, absorbed the strength source, constructed Eight Path Platforms and forged Nine Divine Stars in Collapsing Mountain race.

The power that he harnessed was quite different from the power he would usually borrow from a Genuine Dragon.

It felt even more real. This hidden power from his body was so extreme that whenever he made a move, it would naturally explode from every part of his body.

Another thing was, Zen could not yet use the full potential of the borrowed power.

But the power that he had harnessed right now felt like water smoothly flowing out of his body.

Zen now stood at the front of the door. He then slowly extended his hands and placed them on the stone door.

"Open for me!" Zen commanded.

In an instant, an enormous force was released from his hands.

The power suddenly spread out and blew like a strong wind!

Swishy, swishy, swishy!

Teigan felt strong pressure from the power that Zen had released. He tried to keep his ground but lost his balance and was pushed back. If he hadn't used his left foot to fight the pressure, he would have rolled to the ground several steps away from the door. The place was suddenly covered in dust, and Teigan had to shield his eyes.

With the strength that Zen had exerted, Teigan was positive that the door would move. When the dust finally settled, Teigan immediately looked at the door. But to his surprise and dismay, the door had not moved even the slightest.

The strength source that Zen's physical body harnessed was several times greater than Teigan's, but in the end, it still wasn't enough.

"Eight Path Platforms!" Zen commanded

And the Eight Path Platforms on his body began to radiate brightly.

The strength frantically spread out from the Eight Path Platforms, causing Zen's strength to increase by another fold!

Zen already showcased an unimaginable power from mere body strength, and now that he used the Eight Path Platforms, that immense body strength had become more powerful.

Rumble!

A muffled rumble could be heard from the stone door in front of him as it revealed a small crack. Zen had finally pushed the door open.

And there was hope. The rumbling sound of the door continued as Zen exerted the same force onto it. Then it went silent. Zen drew his arms back, looked at the door, and smirked. Alas, the door was finally open. It wasn't fully opened, but the crack was enough for the two of them to pass through.

"I knew you could do it! Awesome!" A ray of hope shone from Teigan's eyes.

It was a custom in the Collapsing Mountain race to revere Hercules. The ideology of this race was quite simple: they honored the strongest. Aside from the prophet, the Collapsing Mountain race also worshiped the most powerful and strongest being. Even outsiders would get a chance to lead this race if they proved themselves worthy.

The world on the other side of the door was dark. But Zen didn't hesitate and went into that dark side through the door. Teigan followed suit.

But the moment Zen stepped into the other side of the door, something unexpected suddenly happened – a bright light emitted from within the Eight-diagram Ball in his hand. Zen could sense bizarre aura coming from the ball. In an instant, the ball escaped from Zen's hand and rapidly flew outside the door towards the direction where the two came from. After flying a great distance, the ball fell into the lake of strength source and a loud splashing sound could be heard.

Chapter 1855 Gigantic Badger (Part Two)

As the Eight-diagram Ball continued to submerge, it began to rotate underwater. The force of its rotation created a whirlpool and the strength source in the lake shot up, then eventually landed into the lake on the ceiling.

Zen was dumfounded as it happened so fast that he didn't have time to react.

He realized that someone was preventing him from taking the Eight-diagram Ball beyond the door. Fortunately, he hadn't stored the strength source in his space ring, otherwise, he couldn't imagine what could have happened.

There must be an almighty elder watching over this place and whoever would step in this place.

Beyond Zen's knowledge, the Eight-diagram Ball didn't just return to its original location, but the mountain was also completely repaired. Even the hole that the barbarian bee queen inflicted on it had vanished like it didn't happen at all.

As soon as the ball exited, the stone door slowly began to close. Once again, Teigan and Zen were covered in complete darkness. Their eyes adjusted to the dark, but they still couldn't see anything.

There was only one path on this other side of the door and each side was covered with silver rocks. They figured that it was the only path they could take. Without saying a word, Teigan and Zen had thought of the same thing – all the bizarre things in this place were orchestrated by a person and that person could be by their side right now.

The two decided to move forward along the path in silence. But before they could even take a step, a blinding light suddenly flashed in front of them. They felt as if they had passed through a dark and narrow tunnel before finally entering an extremely wide cave.

As their eyes adjusted to the light, they looked around and was surprised to see piles of silver rocks behind them.

Zen and Teigan realized that they were already outside of the dark world. Someone had used some special method to send them out.

Between the two of them, Zen was more stunned. He had mastered the Space Law and could easily detect it, but when the light flashed earlier, he didn't sense any fluctuations of the Law Power at all.

It could only mean that the theurgy of the person who sent them out was beyond Zen's comprehension.

'Maybe it's the one who built the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, ' Zen pondered to himself.

There couldn't be anyone more interesting to Zen than the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. He badly wanted to understand the master's purpose of generously giving away strength source.

The strength source of this master existed in six great cultivation places, but it followed nature's law of balance. If the life forms in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were to devour the energy, they would have to return it eventually. Even the powerful warriors in the universe who couldn't cross the heavens would have to return whatever was given to them to the universe. Dust would turn back into dust. Everything gained in this universe would eventually be returned to the universe.

However, when a foreign warrior entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and obtained the strength source, it was a real loss for the master. The master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was quite generous.

While Zen was lost in his thoughts, Teigan could not believe that they made it out of the dark space on the other side of the door. His face was filled with excitement. He beamed at Zen and said, "This is the road at the bottom of the Sacred Spring Mountain, and it extends from the deepest part of the underground to the exit!"

But just as he finished, the smile on his face faded. Teigan suddenly pointed his finger towards the road ahead, then said, "But I'm afraid the exit is too deep and narrow…"

The road led directly to the exit of the Sacred Spring Mountain, but the strength source here was extremely sparse. Most of the strength source was gathered towards the higher areas of the mountain up to its peak.

It was a phenomenon that was hard to explain. But to simply put it, the Sacred Spring Mountain had an inverted gravity that affected the strength source's flow. This was the reason why the strength source normally gathered towards the higher areas of the mountain.

The densely packed caves in the middle of the road would lead to the peak of the mountain. However, Zen and Teigan were now on the other side of the road which was at the bottom of the Sacred Spring Mountain.

This place housed plenty of powerful beasts and their growth had something to do with the strength source.

"Hey! Those are gigantic badgers," Teigan commented.

Common badgers were as small as regular kittens, but these monstrous badgers were the size of a raging bull. They were huge but agile. These monstrous badgers had a killing aura as they slowly approached the two. Teigan was not yet prepared to face this kind of creature. In the Collapsing Mountain race, only grown-up men could kill monstrous badgers.

Zen nodded. Unlike Teigan, Zen was equipped with skills to defeat these monstrous badgers. He was just worried that there was not enough space to use all his strength. With a push at his feet, he rushed towards them.

Zen and Teigan were easy prey for these monstrous badgers. They split up, intending to surround their prey so they wouldn't escape.

But they didn't expect that Zen had no intention of escaping. Instead, he was the first to launch an attack at them.

Roar!

One of the badgers roared as a warning to the rest. Three of the badgers quickly responded and, they attacked towards Zen.

These badgers had an unbelievable intelligence unlike any other creatures in the mountain. They could quickly react against an attack and knew how to work as a team to defeat their enemies.

Their extraordinary strength and agility were their advantage over any creature. With these, they could easily triumph over any ordinary warriors.

But their luck had seemingly run out as this time, it was no ordinary warrior. They had finally met Zen!

Chapter 1856 The Golden Rock

Now, Zen's steps were as light as they had never been before.

When he first entered the territory of the Collapsing Mountain race with Laquisha, he was incomparably shocked, seeing the Collapsing Mountain people moving freely on the giant silver boulders.

With his half a year of experience in this place and after absorbing the strength source, the gravitational force had become nothing to him.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Having lived on the Sacred Spring Mountain for many years, the monstrous badgers had absorbed quite a bit of strength source.

Three monstrous badgers as large as barbarian cows pounced on Zen. The power within them was by no means small—even Teigan couldn't help but take a few steps back upon witnessing the scene.

He had placed all his hopes on Zen. While he wasn't certain about Zen's strength since the latter had only been in the Collapsing Mountain race for a short time, he had still absorbed so much strength source.

After shifting his posture, Zen took a step forward.

Before entering the Sacred Spring Mountain, his every move was incomparably clumsy. It was difficult for him to cross over a distance of twenty to thirty feet —it was like he had fallen into some invisible quagmire.

Now, the gravitational force had no effect on Zen.

His punches were unbelievably fast.

Pop, pop, pop!

Each the size of a raging bull, the three badgers froze midair before bursting apart. Their skin, flesh, and bones were busted until finally, they dissolved into blood and fell to the ground before Zen.

These badgers were considered to be at the top of the food chain at the bottom of the mountain. Once, they had surrounded and captured the Collapsing Mountain people, including even some warriors from other clans. But never had they thought a human's strength could be so terrifying.

As they wailed in agony, the rest of the monstrous badgers dispersed. How could they stay and face Zen after that?

"Impressive…"

Teigan took a deep breath.

Thinking of how Zen was treated in the Collapsing Mountain race, Teigan wasn't initially convinced of Zen's strength. And it wasn't just him, even the other warriors and clansmen weren't accepting it.

As far as they were concerned, Zen was merely relying on his natural talent, being unafraid of fire, to swindle resources from the Collapsing Mountain race. Whether or not he could really help the Collapsing Mountain race was a big question mark.

But now, Teigan saw it with his own eyes—he was truly convinced that Zen wasn't the same as the other foreign warriors.

Rubbing his fists and curling the corner of his mouth, Zen called him over. "Let's go!"

With a nod, Teigan followed him.

The huge cave sloped upward. Along the way, Zen encountered a few strange beasts.

But according to Teigan, these strange beasts weren't particularly powerful. They could actually be considered lucky.

Gradually, the ground rose as they reached the middle of the mountain. Many holes suddenly appeared in the surrounding area, all of which were connected to the densely packed caves at the Sacred Spring Mountain. Regardless of which path was chosen, one would eventually come out of the hole and leave.

Many warriors tossed and turned in the Sacred Spring Mountain. Finally, they had managed to absorb a considerable amount of strength source. Then, they all left and gathered with Zen's group.

After about five minutes of walking, the road ahead of them grew brighter until a huge mountain pass finally came into view.

At the entrance, Chapman stood with his arms crossed. Behind him were numerous Collapsing Mountain people—all of them had been waiting a long time.

Warriors who could leave the mountain safely were able to pass the Collapsing Mountain race's coming-of-age ceremony which signified one's maturity.

"How was your journey?"

Every year, there'd be some warriors who had a great harvest. But the luckiest warriors were those of the Collapsing Mountain race. Unless they encountered an especially lucky chance, warriors of other races would have poor harvests.

This time, Chapman was feeling concerned about an outsider.

The place he was bringing Zen to was all too dangerous. So he could only hope that Zen would grow as much as he could.

"Not bad," Zen faintly nodded.

Originally, Teigan wanted to inform others of the secrets they found in the cave. But on the way, Zen had quietly warned him of some sort of magical power from within the cave. It was probably controlled by some kind of creature that wanted the secrets to remain hidden.

There was an itch in Teigan's heart, but he knew that Zen had a point. The Eight-diagram Ball was eventually returned to the original spot—if he just casually revealed such a secret, would it bring great trouble to the Collapsing Mountain race? So Teigan decided to hold it in.

Before Zen could give Chapman a reply, a Collapsing Mountain warrior suddenly laughed out loud. "Haha! Uncle Chapman! I soaked in a pool of strength source!"

"Oh?" Chapman's eyes flashed.

"The pool of strength source suddenly began raining down on me. Even I was stunned! But in the end, I could only absorb a small part of it…" The rest of the race merely sighed.

"A pool of the strength source is being poured? That's because the gravitational force of the strength source has been flipped over! This..." Something seemed to dawn on him, and Chapman looked excited. Such a situation rarely happened in the Sacred Spring Mountain.

"What's so amazing about that? A small stream just poured over me in my journey. There was so much strength source I couldn't digest…" A warrior of another race sneered.

In truth, as they walked forward, they weren't able to interact with each other.

In the beginning, everyone thought they had chanced upon a fortuitous encounter. But after all their interactions, they realized that everyone seemed to have similar experiences. Only few warriors hadn't discovered the strength source and they could only beat breasts and wail about missing out on the god-sent opportunity.

After hearing everyone's chatter, Chapman finally understood what was happening at the Sacred Spring Mountain.

It was as if after they stepped into the mountain, the gravitational force was greatly disturbed, causing many warriors to get tossed about. Also, because of this, the strength source that was too far out of reach had suddenly been poured down.

In the past, only a few warriors could obtain such a lucky chance. But this time, it was so common that most of the warriors had discovered the strength source.

Many of those who had gone through the coming-of-age ceremony before and those who hadn't yet gotten the chance to participate had envy growing in their eyes.

The strength source was all too important for body refiners. It often determined the limits of their future growth. The warriors who had entered the Sacred Spring Mountain this year were truly lucky, but none of them were aware that it was all Zen's doing.

"Zen, everyone's harvest is looking good. How about you?" Chapman sounded concerned about the man.

But Zen merely nodded. "My luck wasn't so bad. I managed to absorb some of the strength source."

"Like how much?" Chapman pursued the matter.

"I've absorbed to the limit of my body's capacity, but there's still quite a bit that I haven't taken, so it's a waste," Zen replied regretfully.

The answer he gave prevented Chapman from questioning him further.

Indeed, Zen had absorbed until his limit, but he had managed to break through the inner world, directly turning the strength source into nine stars and placing them inside. There was still much that had failed to be absorbed, but Chapman had no clue that Zen was regretful about the entire lake full of strength source. Even if a True God submerged in it, they probably wouldn't be able to absorb it completely.

"Very good! Everyone, you've received the favor of the Sacred Spring Mountain. Follow me!" With an understanding nod, Chapman called everyone over.

After passing the Sacred Spring Mountain, many warriors had to undergo the Collapsing Mountain race test. After that, if the warriors from other races wanted to continue their cultivation here, they could choose to join the Collapsing Mountain race to go hunting. Of course, they could also choose to leave the race on their own.

According to the results of the test, the Collapsing Mountain race would put the warriors into different teams. As they were out to face powerful strange beasts, during the division of labor, everyone's strength was fully taken into account.

Under Chapman's lead, all the warriors began moving, returning to the Collapsing Mountain race.

On the giant square stood a massive golden rock about ten feet high. Under the light, it emitted a dazzling golden splendor as if it was pure gold.

It was even more solid and heavier than the silver rocks on the grounds within Collapsing Mountain race.

"They're back, Princess Royal," Kennan said as he watched the troops from a distance.

In this Sacred Spring Mountain test, Laquisha wasn't qualified to participate. Though she could stand up, it took everything for her to merely stagger forward—one could imagine how upset she was.

"Has Zen returned?" Laquisha asked. She was well aware of the death rate in the Sacred Spring Mountain. Usually, some unlucky individuals failed to return. Of course, she didn't want Zen to be such an unlucky warrior.

"Zen's there," Kennan replied. "The kid has safely passed the Sacred Spring Mountain's test…I wonder how far he'll manage to push the stone in the next test."

Chapter 1857 Four Titles

Compared to the rich and splendid civilizations of other universes, the Collapsing Mountain race's culture could be considered simple and primitive.

This reflected even in the way they tested out their members' strength.

The test required only one thing: a golden, square stone. This stone was placed in the middle of a square where warriors were then asked to push it using their full strength. The distance they managed to cover would determine their level.

The test for body refiners should be more complicated than that, and the standards to measure the body refiners' levels should not be only limited to pure strength.

Aside from pure strength, certain factors such as endurance, tenacity, flexibility, and other aspects of the physical body had to be put into consideration.

Such things did not matter to the Collapsing Mountain race. Their simple test was enough for them to gauge their warriors' strength. Of course, this type of test was quite biased and did not objectively represent the true, overall strength of a warrior.

It all came down to culture. The Collapsing Mountain race had always been proud of their brute strength and held it in the highest regard. It was understandable that it was the only thing they ever cared about.

According to the standard set by their test, the strength to be displayed could be divided into four levels.

Anyone who could push the golden stone two inches would be graded as an outstanding warrior.

Anyone who could push the stone for at least one foot would be graded as a mighty warrior.

Anyone who got to five feet would be graded as super powerful warriors.

And anyone who pushed it more than ten feet would be heralded as the wild king.

With their strength, the Collapsing Mountain warriors could most probably move tens of thousands of mountains in one push!

The golden square stone, however, was a different matter altogether.

The Collapsing Mountain race's younger generation saw it as a great honor to follow their elders out to hunt. This was because the requirement for joining the hunt was to push the stone at least two inches and receive the title of outstanding warrior.

Not everyone managed to pass the test which meant that the number of younger warriors that joined the hunt was less than a third of their total population.

The reason why this test was so difficult was that the gravitational force of the Collapsing Mountain race was extremely strong. The golden, square stone was equivalent to a hundred thousand mountains compressed together in weight. It would be extremely difficult to move it even a single inch, let alone to move it two inches.

It was because of the difficulty of the test that there were only four levels to appraise the warriors' strength.

Reaching the level of an outstanding warrior was already a great honor.

The atmosphere this year was slightly different.

Everyone, whether they were from the Collapsing Mountain race or from other races, carried themselves with an air of great confidence.

There was only a small number of warriors that felt dejected and they were the ones who failed to find any strength source during the trek inside the Sacred Spring Mountain. The others, on the other hand, eagerly rubbed their hands together in excitement. The goal was not just to get the title of outstanding warrior but to push it to the limit and attain the mighty or even the super powerful warrior title.

Laquisha, with the support of Kennan and a few others, sat on a soft stool placed on the side of the square. This gave her the best view of the oncoming tests.

Chapman, on the other hand, took two steps forward and jumped on top of the golden square stone. He then held out a long list of names. "Jonty!"

First on the list were the Collapsing Mountain warriors.

Jonty slowly went forward. His expression didn't look too good since he was one of those unfortunate warriors who failed to find any strength source back in the mountain.

He had been relentlessly tortured by the gravitational force inside the Sacred Spring Mountain and had failed to obtain any strength source for himself.

Not only that, but he also chanced upon an area filled with protruding stalagmites. If not for his vigilance, then he would've already died!

It was understandable for Jonty to be reluctant to take the test. He hadn't improved his strength at all so he already knew what the results were going to be.

However, he couldn't go against the leader's order. He had no choice but walk gloomily towards the golden stone the moment Chapman called out his name.

Chapman had facilitated this test many times and could immediately tell that Jonty gained closed to nothing based on his expression. Although the Collapsing Mountain race was primitive in their customs, they still had a set of rules to follow and one of them was that nobody was allowed to give up on the test. Not even the foreign warriors were an exception; they had to take the test before leaving the Collapsing Mountain race.

With a sigh, Jonty took his stance.

He might not have obtained any strength source but there was still that sliver of hope that remained in Jonty's heart. If he managed to push the stone at least two inches then he'd obtain the title of outstanding warrior. There had already been excellent warriors who managed such a feat despite never setting foot in the Sacred Spring Mountain.

Jonty took on a horse stand and tightened his muscles, coordinating his body to reach its peak condition.

The larger ones' build, the harder it was to coordinate all the power in their body. The Collapsing Mountain race, however, possessed extraordinary talent in this aspect.

"Ha!"

Jonty roared before throwing out a punch.

He wasn't expecting much but he still gave it his all. Their race held strength in the highest regard and would fight to the best of their abilities.

"Bam!"

There was a dull thud as the force of Jonty's punch hit the stone.

Despite his best efforts, the stone stood in its place and hadn't moved a single inch. Chapman, who had been sitting on top of the giant golden stone this entire time, announced the result. "Jonty, out!"

Jonty's face darkened. He already knew this was going to happen, but he still had a bit of hope. He lowered his head and walked to the side where his family members were already waiting with consolations. He still had time and would surely grow stronger in the years to come.

"Kieron!"

Chapman called out again.

Kieron had gotten lucky. He was able to come upon the place Zen had previously passed by.

That pool of strength source poured down just as he arrived and he managed to absorb a lot of it.

His strength was in a saturated state. As soon as Chapman called his name, he leapt out excitedly. "I'm here!"

Chapman nodded, signalling Kieron to display his strength.

Kieron made his way to the stone in stride. He cupped his hands at Chapman and revealed a face brimming with confidence. "I want to challenge the 'super powerful warrior' title!"

His words set everyone abuzz with discussion.

"How conceited! There hasn't been any warrior who's won the 'super powerful warrior' title for thirteen years now, right?"

"It's different this time. Back then, it was already enough to obtain a couple of drops of strength source, but this time, there are many warriors who managed to get their fill."

"It's possible, but the younger generation's physical bodies have their limits. The tile of 'super powerful warrior' isn't going to be that easy to get."

Kieron pinched his fingers. A sound, similar to that of firecrackers resonated all over the place and his entire demeanor underwent a drastic change.

An airflow spread out from his body as he directed his power. Kieron's stance at that moment was incredibly mesmerizing, both heavy and light, contradicting yet still beautiful.

"Go... back!"

"Whoosh!"

He threw out his punch and a sudden thunderous boom swept through the entire square!

"Bam!"

This shocking display of strength generated powerful airwaves that drove everyone a few steps back.

"Your Highness!" Kennan shouted, quickly standing in front of the Princess Royal.

Kennan and the rest of the warriors with him were all world lords but they remained wary of such power. The Collapsing Mountain race was a weird and peculiar race after all.

If not for their mission, Kennan and his group would be happy to take the chance to enter the Sacred Spring Mountain to practice.

"Whap..."

Kieron's punch moved the stone and it began to slowly slide backwards.

Despite such explosive strength, the stone merely glided on the ground. One could imagine the extreme mass of this golden square stone…

Two inches...

Five inches...

One foot…

Two feet...

Three feet …

Three and a half feet!

And then it stopped.

Two inches would grant him the title of outstanding warrior, one foot the mighty warrior, and five feet the super powerful warrior.

"Three and a half feet. Ha-ha! This Kieron is still amazing!"

"What a pity… Just two more feet he would've gotten the title of super powerful warrior."

"What a joke! By the time the stone glided for two feet, he was already out of power. Do you really think you can expect the stone to slip by itself as if it is oiled underneath?"

The results filled many warriors with regret.

The difference between a mighty warrior and a super powerful warrior was simply too great.

"Three and a half feet! You are a mighty warrior! You can join the hunt!" Chapman declared while someone recorded Kieron's result on the side.

The result could be considered stellar but Kieron had a look of bitterness on his face as he walked away. The titles of mighty warrior and super powerful warrior were only one level apart but the gap between was just too large. He still lacked the strength to obtain a higher level of glory.

Chapman turned and gently kicked the stone, returning it to its original position.

There was nothing in the air for him to gain momentum. He had to rely on his own movement to push the golden stone three and half feet back to its original place. Such a feat was truly amazing!

A few of the warriors from other races watching were awed but the Collapsing Mountain warriors simply shrugged it off. This kind of strength was already a given since he was their leader.

Chapman once again sat on the stone and shouted another name. "The third warrior, Saqib!"

This third warrior managed to push the stone for four inches and gained the title of outstanding warrior.

Back in the day, an outstanding warrior would warrant cheers and lots of merriment, however, the crowd was unusually quiet in the face of Saqib's accomplishment. They were all already aware that the results for this year would not be bad and those who received the title of outstanding warrior were not as exemplary as the ones who would come out on top.

Chapter 1858 Wild King

Just as everyone had predicted, the members of the Collapsing Mountain race performed excellently this year.

In the past, only one out of three people reached the level of "outstanding warrior". This year, aside from a handful of people, almost all of them were able to achieve the title.

Some of them even reached the "mighty warrior" level.

Also, there was one of them who had obtained the title of "super powerful warrior".

Compared to the other Collapsing Mountain race members, this particular warrior was a lot taller and more muscular. The amount of strength source he had absorbed was far more than that of the average race members, which was why he was able to reach such title.

When he punched the golden rock, it shook and slipped at a distance of five feet and three inches. This was impressive to most.

Many years had passed since the last super powerful warrior appeared for the Collapsing Mountain race. When Chapman announced his title, all members immediately burst in applause and excitement.

A warrior with his title was likely to become leader of the Collapsing Mountain race in the future. Although this test could be considered crude, it remained significant to every participating member.

After all the Collapsing Mountain warriors completed their tests, it was time for the other races to begin.

Chapman was unshaken. He always knew that the outsiders would outdo the Collapsing Mountain race.

The Collapsing Mountain race always had a great advantage over strength. The members' bodies were far more superior to that of others.

However, the body refining systems of non-Collapsing Mountain warriors were more advanced. Their bodies might not be as physically strong, but they had the ability to unlock their Path Platforms. Those who could unlock their Eight Path Platforms absorbed larger amounts of strength source.

In the past, the amount of strength source was always limited. But because Collapsing Mountain race walked into that mountain before others, they garnered much more strength source than others.

This year, the situation at Sacred Spring Mountain changed. The Collapsing Mountain warriors weren't the only ones who had obtained sufficient strength source. Warriors from the other races apparently harvested more than enough as well.

Foreign warriors used their cultivation methods to take advantage of the same strength, making it easier for them to surpass Collapsing Mountain race.

"Theodore!"

Chapman called out the name of the first foreign warrior.

Someone moved away from the crowd; it was a skinny old man. He was less than five feet tall, and resembled a dwarf as he stood in front of a group of Collapsing Mountain warriors.

Hunched over and stick thin, the old man slowly walked up to the rock and lightly nodded at Chapman.

As he approached, he stretched out a bony hand, gently stroked the golden square rock and then tapped his thumb on it.

It was as if what lay in front of him was not just a heavy rock, but an exquisite antique.

"This precious thing — a Magic Golden Stone. How rare!" He smirked, "I'm sure it would cost a lot at the divine land. Sir, would you mind selling it to me?" Theodore teased.

"Cut the crap," Chapman responded. "Just finish your test and get the hell out of here!"

Many precious rocks surrounded the Collapsing Mountain race. The giant silver rocks, for example, were known as Silver Astral Stones. This kind of stones could be considered a rare, precious item.

In the past, after some warriors from the other races entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they made all the effort to steal the Silver Astral Stone from them. Although these rocks were extremely difficult to destroy, people used acid to dissolve the rocks and then carried them to the outside world. In these times, the Collapsing Mountain race suffered a great loss.

These occurrences angered every Collapsing Mountain member. They killed thieves as a warning to the others, and warriors from other races condemned the actions as well. In the end, fewer and fewer people dared to covet the precious rocks.

Aside from the Silver Astral Stones, the Collapsing Mountain race also had a small amount of Magic Golden Stones. The rock resting under Chapman's feet was the largest one of all.

The Magic Golden Stone was much heavier than the Silver Astral Stone, so it was more rare, and even more precious.

However, it was impossible for any ordinary warrior to take such a great treasure. Even top-quality space rings would be crushed at an attempt.

Still, some warriors fantasized about buying it. Chapman refused quite a number of people, and everyone knew that he wouldn't agree with this old man, either.

Theodore didn't mind Chapman's unfriendly tone at all. He only chuckled before taking a small step back.

With a slight tremble of his body, his shirt turned to dust.

A portion of his torso turned into a dark, blackish color. As the form intersected into a sleek figure, it formed a dragon-shaped pattern. This dragon had a strange shape; its body circled around the old man's back and spiraled up his chest, while the dragon head appeared on his face.

"Sinful Dragon Cultivation," Chapman raised an eyebrow.

Although the Collapsing Mountain race never practiced foreign cultivation methods, it did not mean that they were completely ignorant.

Laquisha sat upright in her chair and noticed the little old man's cultivation method. She sneered and said, "I know where he is from."

Kennan nodded in agreement. "I think you're right. He must be from that place. They've sent quite a few people down recently."

"It's no use, though," Laquisha said, shaking her head.

Kennan agreed and said, "As long as it's somewhere the Holy Emperor can see, it's doomed to destruction. This is useless as it is."

After the dragon was completely formed, two red dots suddenly appeared on the old man's cheeks, right where the eyes of the dragon would be.

In the same moment, an extremely ferocious aura burst out from the old man's body.

Theodore used a knuckle of his hand to heavily strike at the golden rock in front of him.

Everyone heard a snapping sound.

It resembled a crisp sound of the old man's finger breaking.

He made a motion, pushing the rock with just his knuckle.

"This guy also had a good harvest at the Sacred Spring Mountain. He just formed the shape of a Sinful Dragon, check out that strength!" someone gasped.

"Be quiet! It's said that people from that place are all unreasonable. It's better not to provoke them!" another said.

"But can he really push the rock with only one finger?"

Just as everyone was debating in whispers, a violent vibration came from the golden rock.

Within seconds, it began to slide backwards continuously.

Rumbling, it moved on the ground quickly

but did not stop. It moved from three feet, to five, and kept on going.

Boom!

With a loud bang, it stopped at the scale of eight feet and three inches.

"A super powerful warrior!"

"The first foreign warrior is a super powerful warrior!"

"Why do so many foreign warriors possess insane strength?"

The faces of the Collapsing Mountain warriors darkened; they weren't happy with what just happened.

Every race would wish for their own warriors to be stronger than others. In fact, all the races in the six sacred places of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had been born with an instinctual resistance towards foreign warriors. They were displeased to see others taking advantage of the resources in their homeland.

This was like a sect that gave away its most precious resources and inheritances to others after years of development.

Such a thankless feat was no different from that of an idiot.

However, this was the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. All of the rules here were set by the races' ancestors, and even Chapman didn't have the power to change them. He could only strive for the greatest advantages of his race.

The old man stretched out his hand to rub his knuckle. With a proud expression on his face, he slightly nodded to the surrounding warriors and then stepped back into the crowd.

Despite his resentment, Chapman still remained calm and composed on the surface.

He announced the name of the next foreign warrior with the same cool, collected voice.

One by one, the warriors from the other races completed their tests.

Things were just as Chapman had expected. Warriors from other races displayed their strengths to the fullest potential — almost all exceeding the Collapsing Mountain race.

Most of them could push the golden rock one foot away and obtained the title of "mighty warrior". Another few warriors pushed the rock over five feet away and obtained the title of "super powerful warrior".

As it was known, the super powerful warrior was a very rare title. Even Chapman himself had only been a super powerful warrior in the past.

Surprisingly, this title wasn't too difficult to obtain among the foreign warriors. There were more than ten of them who were able to win the title, and one of them had even pushed the golden rock nine feet and three inches away.

Another seven inches and that warrior would have obtained the title of a wild king!

All warriors who were titled as a wild king enjoyed special privileges in the Collapsing Mountain race. The last person who had achieved this was Pascal, Laquisha's elder brother.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1859 Expectation

Pascal also had a great opportunity to obtain a lot of strength source.

More importantly, the cultivation he developed was quite special as it allowed him to unleash all his strength in just one punch.

The moment his fist hit its target, Pascal's body lost its strength and he fell on the ground. The golden square stone was a good 140 feet from its initial place and it had taken all of Pascal's strength to move it.

Back then, such distance was enough to place the warrior within the top ten.

After obtaining the title of wild king, Pascal chose to remain in the Collapsing Mountain race to train.

Once, the hunting team ran into trouble and after their leader died, Pascal had single-handedly led the team to safety. Later he became the leader of the Collapsing Mountain race.

It wasn't easy becoming the leader, especially since he was an outsider.

Many of the Collapsing Mountain members weren't willing to be ruled by a foreigner. And even though Pascal had made big contributions to the Collapsing Mountain race, a lot of them still disliked him.

Outsiders, after all, were inferior in the eyes of the Collapsing Mountain warriors even if many of the martial artists came from the divine land.

It was only natural that they didn't wish for a wild king to appear as it would most likely just result in another outsider becoming their leader.

It was a good thing there were a lot of warriors who got the title of "super powerful warrior", but ultimately, not a single wild king had appeared.

Chapman turned a page in the list of names with his big hand and with wide eyes, he shouted, "Zen Luo!"

Once his name was called, everyone's eyes immediately fell on Zen.

He had been waiting in the crowd for a long time.

Earlier on, when Laquisha first brought Zen to the Collapsing Mountain race, he had also attracted a lot of attention.

And while Zen was a secondary creature not worth paying attention to, Laquisha had quite the reputation.

Many martial artists from the other races had heard of Laquisha of the Han Clan and all of them wondered why she had come to the Collapsing Mountain race.

Later on, it became clear that the princess came with Zen, but none of them still knew the true purpose of her visit.

That said, a small portion of people did know about the abnormal flame Laquisha emitted.

This abnormal flame could burn almost anything which was why the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan paid so much attention to his daughter.

The problem was that the flame did not scare Zen.

Compared to those from the Collapsing Mountain race, more martial artists from other races in the divine land got much more shocked to see Zen unaffected by the strange flame that covered his body.

Later on, they laughed on the inside as they watched Zen be thrown into the bonfire to roast, because even though the fire from the Calamity Dispelling Wood was not to be underestimated, it was still insignificant in the eyes of the people in the divine land. If Zen was not afraid of Laquisha's flames, would a bonfire like this scare him?

Zen became the envy of many warriors soon after he earned the respect of the Collapsing Mountain race. Some of them believed that he had a magical ability and some even used secret methods to spread the news to other races.

Zen did not belong to the divine land. He knew practically nothing about the land's structure, affairs, or issues.

As for Laquisha, she definitely knew about matters concerning the divine land. She knew of the internal conflict happening within the Collapsing Mountain warriors as well as the cliques that had been formed by the warriors from other races.

However, given her position and background, she didn't quite see these things as worthy of her attention.

Chapman was looking forward to Zen's performance. He was hoping Zen could obtain the title of "super powerful warrior" so that he could bring him along to finish an important task.

However, Chapman found himself a bit worried.

Zen was only in the Spirit Supreme Realm after all. He knew that the cultivation base did not represent a martial artist's strength, but the higher the cultivation base was, the bigger strength source he would be able to bear.

Almost all the martial artists that entered the Collapsing Mountain race were in the Spirit Transformation Realm. Many top-level Spirit Transformation Realm warriors and warriors who were almost world lords also entered that race.

In the end, Zen's current cultivation base was still a restriction for him.

"Are you ready?" Chapman smiled amiably at Zen.

The man nodded. "Yes, I'm ready!"

He always saw Chapman in a positive light. Although he was a bit rough, he was sincere and genuine.

The man had asked something from Zen which was why he gave Zen special treatment.

"Are you confident you'll obtain the title of 'super powerful warrior'?" Chapman asked.

Zen blinked and shook his head. "I'm not sure."

Teigan, who was standing nearby, almost choked in surprise.

He felt somewhat disappointed.

He had also contributed to discovering the black and white Eight-diagram Ball that could control the gravity in the Sacred Spring Mountain.

If it weren't for him and Zen, would the people present here be even able to obtain so much strength source? In their dreams, maybe.

Nevertheless, when he jumped into the lake, the amount of strength he could absorb was limited. He was no different from a martial artist that could obtain a pool of the strength source.

In the end, he only got the title of "mighty warrior".

To be candid, this result was much more than Teigan had anticipated. Before entering the Sacred Spring Mountain, his ultimate goal was to get title of "outstanding warrior". But now, the premise and situation had changed, and even if he obtained the title of "mighty warrior", he still felt disappointed.

But the sight of Zen absorbing a great amount of strength source from the lake was still very much fresh in his mind.

Even now, he still couldn't figure out where Zen had transferred and stored the strength source. It was impossible for him to keep so much strength source alone.

'Is Zen really not confident he can obtain the title?' Teigan eyed Zen with disdain. The man didn't even blink when he lied. And what was the point of lying anyway? Zen had already shown strength that exceeded his when he pushed the stone door.

However, Chapman remained calm when he heard Zen's answer. After being with Zen for half a year, he roughly understood his personality. "Please," he said with a wave of his hand.

Since Chapman had asked questions, the other martial artists began to discuss Zen's strength as well.

"How far can this guy push the square stone?"

"There must be something special about him if he has an innate theurgy that great. If he absorbed enough strength source, I think he'll be able to push the stone for five feet. There shouldn't be much of a problem in getting the title of 'super powerful warrior'!"

"Humph. The kid's just not afraid of flames; that doesn't mean a lot.

Maybe he won't even get the title of 'outstanding warrior'." "Aren't you underestimating him too much?"

"What if he can't move it at all? Let's not forget he's merely in the Spirit Supreme Realm and is only a secondary creature."

All sorts of opinions were being expressed, and it didn't take long for the Collapsing Mountain warriors to join in on the discussion.

Compared to the other martial artists, the Collapsing Mountain warriors had less knowledge of Zen and naturally, didn't think too highly of him.

"This guy's body is so small, and my arm's thicker than him! Bet he won't be able to move the square stone for more than an inch!"

"I know!"

"Still, this guy is useful to us. I hope he performs well."

Teigan's lips trembled upon hearing these words.

It looked like Zen might even obtain the title of "wild king".

However, given the difference between his and his friends' perspectives, it would be best not to say anything at all.

"Kennan," Laquisha called. "What do you think?"

"It's hard to say." Kennan shook his head.

Laquisha blinked. "What do you mean?"

Laquisha paid so much attention to Zen, so Kennan and the others also did the same.

But even as they watched Zen progress at an incredible speed, they still could not figure out why this was happening and why Zen had been able to withstand Laquisha's flames.

Those flames were unstoppable, and only true experts would be able to extinguish them. And even then, it didn't mean that the experts did not fear the special flame.

However, being fireproof did not determine Zen's actual strength, which was why Kennan decided to tell Laquisha a safe answer.

The princess however, wasn't really expecting an answer, but she was still full of anticipation. She didn't expect Zen to surpass her brother, but she hoped he would at least get the title of "super powerful warrior".

But there was no point in discussing it now. Zen was ready to go.

He was like an iron tower, standing in front of the golden square stone.

With his fists clenched tightly, Zen stretched out his arms. His eyes gleamed and he looked absolutely intimidating as his whole being radiated with strength and confidence.

Chapter 1860 A Visible Indentation On The Stone

Previously whenever Zen threw a punch, he summoned his strength in two stages.

The first stage involved activating his own strength, the second pertained to activating the power of the dragon scales.

Right now, the situation was a bit more complicated. Zen's physical body could carry more strength source than ordinary martial artists, or even than the Collapsing Mountain warriors.

Moreover, he had Eight Path Platforms.

Why was it that some of the martial artists from the other races had better performances than the Collapsing Mountain warriors in the test? It was because they had either opened the Eight Path Platforms with their body refining techniques, or had used some special ways to expand their acupuncture points. In short, they had unique ways of containing more strength source.

Therefore, Zen not only possessed the strength that came from his physical body, but also gained strength from the Path Platforms

With these strengths combined, Zen's overall strength was far more than that of ordinary martial artists. But the best source of his power came from the Nine Divine Stars.

The nine stars which were as brilliant as the sun hung in the sky silently, radiating dazzling light that illuminated Zen's inner world.

Compared to the strength source absorbed by the Nine Divine Stars, the strength source of his physical body and the Path Platforms was minute. They were not at all in the same league. The strength source contained within the nine giant stars was probably hundreds of times greater than that absorbed by his physical body and the Path Platforms combined.

After a while, Zen activated the power within his body.

In the past, Zen had often borrowed the power of the dragon scales. He was all too familiar with the way of extracting power from the Path Platforms and his inner world. The only difference was that this time, the power he extracted did not come from anything external, rather it originated from his own body.

Huff…

As Zen's muscles tensed up, the power in his body and his Eight Path Platforms was thoroughly activated.

He was akin to a giant rock that had been thrown into water. Because the weight of the rock was too great, it created pressure on the water around it, forming a strong flow that spread out.

Right now, Zen was that rock, and the air around him was equivalent to the water. Because of the sudden increase in his strength, the air around him was pushed away, forming spirals of wind that rushed forward.

Swoosh!

On the square, the people stared. Their hair began to flutter.

"This power…"

Chapman stood up and looked down at Zen below.

He had been sitting on the golden square stone and was the closest to Zen, so he was also the most sensitive to the formidable power that Zen exuded.

Moreover, as the leader of the Collapsing Mountain race, he had an extraordinary level of perception of power. He could feel the surging power within Zen's body intensely.

'That power is strong. It is as if tens of thousands of formidable beasts live in this boy's body, ' he thought.

When he looked down at Zen, Chapman was in shock. He felt as if he ought not stand on top of the Magic Golden Stone at this moment, for the spot was rather dangerous for him.

However, just as quickly, Chapman rejected this idea that came out of instinct. It was too absurd.

Ever since Zen had entered the Collapsing Mountain race, he had been favored by Chapman and granted special treatment.

Perhaps he had developed well in his strength. However, the martial artists from the other races who had entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were either elites of the other universes or came from the divine land.

Zen was excellent, but he was not at the top among the lot. Of course, that was only true when one did not consider his talent of being immune to flames.

After entering Sacred Spring Mountain, Zen had indeed improved by a large margin. However, even after having too much strength source, he was unable to absorb it all. To be able to absorb twenty-thousand to thirty-thousand drops was a feat quite astonishing.

It was impossible for Chapman to know that the strength source that Zen absorbed could no longer be measured by drops, for he had already absorbed almost half of the lake…

"Your Highness, I can now make a judgment of his strength," Kennan said, unable to move his eyes away from Zen.

A strange light flashed in Laquisha's eyes. "No need of your judgment! Hah, so now you believe me?"

"Are you talking about the Soul Suppressing Cliff?" Kennan's expression froze.

Laquisha nodded with a face full of gratification. Ruminating on the past time when she had been miserably lying on the ground paralyzed, she figured it had been all worth it.

"It's still impossible," Kennan replied, shaking his head. "The Soul Suppressing Cliff has some ways of entering, but it's incomprehensible that someone could break in with mere brute force. The warriors in the

Divine Refinement Forbidden Land are unable to do that. Even your brother couldn't do it back then."

"Yes, my brother couldn't do it. But what if Zen surpasses my brother?" Laquisha asked again.

...

Kennan did not know what to say to that. He could feel the momentum of the strength that Zen activated grow stronger by the second. The power was so outrageous that it stunned him.

The audience, who had been talking nonstop, fell silent at this display.

Even before Zen threw out this punch, they had conviction in their hearts. The boy's strength probably far surpassed that of all the previous martial artists.

The small old man known as Theodore was particularly enchanted by this display of power. His eyes, the size of little soybeans, glittered brightly as if he had discovered a novel treasure.

Whoosh!

Zen's punch was slow.

He was able to utilize the power within his physical body and the power within the Path Platforms with ease. However, this was the first time he had used his inner world to summon the power contained within the nine stars.

In the past, Zen had only extracted life vitality from his inner world, and later, he had taken out his chaotic energy. However, this time, the strength was too much. He had to be careful. This test did not have a limit on time in any case.

Slender colorful ribbons escaped each of the nine stars and started to gather above Zen.

'One-twentieth…'

In the span of a few seconds, Zen had extracted a twentieth of the strength from the stars.

Although it was only a twentieth of the share, the power was beyond Zen's imagination. He did not dare continue extracting further.

What slightly surprised Zen was the way the power of the nine stars operated. The power was unique. It did not flow through Zen's veins, muscles, or bones. It seemed to come directly from the distant space and could be directly controlled by Zen, whichever way he wanted and however he wished.

'If I can turn this power into a fist, won't I be able to make it appear anywhere on my body?' Zen wondered.

What Zen did not know was that this was one of the methods of Holy Beings.

In the divine land, it was known as the Cross-world Theurgy.

For martial artists below the level of the Holy Being—including many True Gods—their inner worlds existed within their own bodies.

But the inner world of a Holy Being was, in truth, placed around the divine land. It was like a large boat with many small boats loitering around it, each small boat representative of an inner world.

But no matter how far a Holy Being was from a universe, it only took a single thought for him to use its power.

This seemed like a type of Space Law, but it was an existence that far surpassed it. This was because distance still existed in space. It seemed like that there was a distance between a Holy Being and the universe he or she built, but in reality, there was no actual distance whatsoever. This was why some True Gods referred to it as 'Cross-world Theurgy'.

Zen's inner world was different from that of the Holy Beings. It had been formed somewhere in the chaos, still quite a distance away from the divine land.

If he extracted the power from his inner world now, the power within his inner world would follow Zen's wishes and appear wherever he wanted.

It was something that Zen had figured out himself, which was why he was somewhat astonished.

One-twentieth of the power of the Nine Divine Stars was gathered in the spot half an inch before Zen's fist, turning into an invisible 'glove' that wrapped itself around his right arm.

At this moment, the onlookers felt as if all of that power had originated from the fist. They wondered if Zen had practiced a special fist technique and gathered all of his power into the region in front of his fist.

Even the martial artists of various races from the divine land similarly could not readily ascertain what was happening. The thought that Zen was able to display the Cross-world Theurgy of Holy Beings did not enter their heads.

In an instant, Zen's punch landed right in front of the Magic Golden Stone.

When this unimaginably enormous power came into contact with the Magic Golden Stone, it created an intense vibration.

Before this, the Magic Golden Stone had received numerous punches from other warriors, but no matter if they were warriors that had obtained the title of outstanding warrior, mighty warrior, or super powerful warrior, regardless of which body refining techniques they used, the explosive power they unleashed did not leave a single mark behind. The surface of the stone was still as smooth as ever.

However, before Zen's fist could land on the Magic Golden Stone, being only half an inch away from it, the invisible 'glove' compressed it, forming a visible indentation on the stone.

And as Zen's fist continued to move forward, the indentation continued to deepen.

At this moment, the priceless, previously indestructible Magic Golden Stone looked as if it was made out of mud.

Chapter 1861 The Prophet

With constant pressure building on the surface of the Magic Golden Stone, kinetic energy began to spread across the entire stone.

Thud!

Zen's glove, which was formed by the power of Nine Divine Stars, finally burst open.

He also pulled his right hand back on reflex.

He was not able to control such an incredible amount of power. For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. When he brought his fist down on the Magic Golden Stone, there would be quite a strong reaction.

However, this reaction force was not aimed at Zen's body. After all, there was still half an inch between his glove and his fist.

If this reaction force landed directly on Zen's fist, his right arm would have shattered from the impact.

As he quickly retracted his fist, his body swayed slightly. He let out a breath of air. This kind of power was terrifying, and it wasn't easy for him to control it. He had to be very careful, as he was playing with fire.

Chapman was shocked to see the extent of Zen's power on the rock. Suddenly, his legs felt like jelly. He was trembling from the shock.

He was quick as lightning. He suddenly leaped off the Magic Golden Stone and flipped up in the air using strength. Then he landed firmly on the ground.

The moment his feet touched the ground, he saw the Magic Golden Stone shoot forward at high speed.

Whoosh!

When such a large mass moved at such alarming speeds, there were bound to be changes in the atmosphere. The Magic Golden Stone was extremely heavy, and as it hurtled through the air, fist-sized cyclones were formed, which went spiraling off in different directions.

Even the surface of the square, which had been paved with Silver Astral Stones, produced deep dents because of the Magic Golden Stone's movement.

Based on this, one could fathom the amount of power that Zen was employing.

One foot...

Ten feet...

Twenty feet...

Thirty feet...

Forty feet...

Fifty feet!

Boom!

A loud bang was heard.

A building of the Collapsing Mountain race was fifty feet away from where the Magic Golden Stone was originally standing. This building was also built from Silver Astral Stones. Since its construction, it had been used to store all sorts of beast bones and blood. Almost all the blood grooves in the square were gathered there.

A strong inertia boosted the Magic Golden Stone forward, directly smashing into the building.

Boom!

The entire building, which was made of Silver Astral Stones, crumbled to a heap with a loud crash, completely engulfing the Magic Golden Stone.

Zen was in a state of shock when he saw the damage caused by his punch. He remained rooted to the spot.

He thought to himself, 'This is bad. I used way too much power.'

This was the first time that Zen had used the power of the Nine Divine Stars. He was unable to manipulate the power properly, or rather, he didn't know how much power was contained within the Nine Divine Stars.

He had only used one twentieth of the power, and it wasn't much in his eyes. But he did not think that it would bestow such explosive strength on him.

The most important thing was that the power of Zen's punch was tilted downwards. Therefore, there was a lot of friction between the Magic Golden Stone and the Silver Astral Stones on the ground. If he had punched upwards, the Magic Golden Stone would probably fly away into the unknown.

This scene astounded Zen himself, so naturally the bystanders were as dumbfounded.

The stone was blocked by the building, so it could only slide a maximum of fifty feet forward. If the building had not been there to obstruct the stone's path, how far would it slide?

A thousand feet? Two thousand feet?

Honestly, it didn't matter how far the stone could go.

Using the Magic Golden Stone to test the power of the warriors had been a tradition of the Collapsing Mountain race for many years.

The best record so far was thirty-one feet.

Of course, this record was only of those warriors who had entered the Sacred Spring Mountain for the first time.

Almost all of the senior hunters of the Collapsing Mountain race were able to propel the Magic Golden Stone forward three to four hundred feet. As for a mighty warrior like Chapman, if he used his full strength, he could achieve the same result as Zen's.

This was quite something considering the fact that Zen had only been here for half a year. How did he match up to Chapman and the others?

When Zen had first arrived, he was a foreign martial artist who could only lie motionless on the ground.

Seeing the collapsed building, everyone gathered at the square sank into pin-drop silence.

Laquisha, however, flashed a big smile. "I told you, I believe the flower seller."

Kennan gulped. "This power isn't enough for him to set foot in the Soul Suppressing Cliff."

"Of course I know, but do you really think this is Zen's best performance? He didn't retreat!" Laquisha stared at Kennan and smiled.

This was a common sense problem. Many of the martial artists present had overlooked this, but people like Chapman and Laquisha had caught it.

The destruction caused by the Magic Golden Stone was very distracting, but they were paying close attention to Zen's movements. Zen did not retreat!

For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. When you punch a person, the reactionary force acts upon you.

If a body refiner were to violently hammer his fists down on the ground, the reactionary force would thrust him upwards and send him soaring into the sky.

Common sense dictated that when Zen's punch landed on the Magic Golden Stone, he would be sent flying backwards by the reactionary force as the mass of his own body was many times smaller than that of the stone.

However, Zen was able to stabilize his body, and the only effect of the reactionary force on him was a slight sway of his body on the same spot.

Chapman and Laquisha felt that Zen still had some strength left in him, which was why he was able to withstand the force.

But after chewing on this theory for a while, they realized that it didn't make sense.

Even if Zen's remaining strength was enough to resist the reactionary force from the Magic Golden Stone, his physical body probably wouldn't be able to withstand it.

And if Zen's body was terrifyingly tough, then he should have made two deep footprints in the ground paved by the Silver Astral Stones or broken some of the Silver Astral Stones.

The problem was that neither of these things happened.

The reactionary force seemed to have simply disappeared in his case, and he remained unmoved like a rock! The others were unable to solve this mystery, but they had to face the reality in front of them at the same time.

"Um... I don't know why Zen hasn't retreated either." Kennan's mind was reeling as he couldn't figure out what was going on.

"Then don't make statements that Zen isn't powerful enough to set foot in the Soul Suppressing Cliff." Laquisha's lips curled up as a proud expression appeared on her face.

Kennan was helpless. He turned around and looked at the few people behind him. The world lords, too, had helpless looks on their faces. Just like Kennan, they were both shocked and confused.

"How the hell did you do it?" Chapman asked Zen directly, not bothering to hide his curiosity.

Zen's performance had far exceeded Chapman's expectations. In fact, Chapman was feeling threatened. He had originally hoped that Zen would grow as fast as he could by obtaining as much strength source as possible in the Sacred Spring Mountain.

However, Zen's performance blew his mind, shattering all his preconceived notions about Zen. Even though Chapman was a reliable and straightforward man, he still found it hard to accept it.

"You mean how I shoved the rock out?" Zen asked. He too was vexed, and could only come up with some lame excuse to explain his strength.

He did not expect this to be Chapman's concern. Chapman shook his head and said, "No. I want to know how you were able to hold your position and not retreat."

"I... I didn't retreat?" Zen was taken aback for a moment, but then he immediately cursed in his mind.

He had withdrawn his fist just in time to avoid the counter-force from the glove. Therefore, the reactionary force was greatly reduced due to the fact that he did not come into direct contact with the rock.

In this case, his performance was way too calm and casual.

If he had known that this would happen, Zen would have retreated several thousand feet before stopping. That way, the others wouldn't suspect him.

"I've practiced some theurgy that allows me to transfer the power out of my body. That is why I didn't retreat," Zen answered.

It was not lie. Indeed, he had used the power of the Nine Divine Stars and turned it into an invisible glove.

Chapman was not one to fall for it at all. He only said, "Each age brings forth new geniuses. You are indeed a genius!" The serious expression on his face suddenly changed. He became amicable as he smiled and added, "Congratulations! You've broken this record and obtained the title of wild king. You can join the Divinity Hunt Squad now."

If one wanted to be a wild king, one had to push the stone ten feet away. Zen had already pushed it to a distance of fifty feet. Unfortunately, the

Collapsing Mountain race only had four titles and there was no higher rank.

At this point, two children from the Collapsing Mountain race quickly walked over. After bowing at Chapman, one of the children said, "Come with me, Zen. The prophet wants to meet you."

"The prophet? Where is he?"

Zen only found out that there was a prophet in the Collapsing Mountain race after he entered the Sacred Spring Mountain. He had been here for half a year and had never once seen him before.

Chapter 1862 The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land's Secrets

After Zen left, the entire square started to discuss the matter.

The most enthusiastic warriors were probably the ones of the Collapsing Mountain race.

On the contrary, the foreign warriors did not say a word.

The foreign warriors came from all sorts of races, from different universes or the divine land. They had been paying attention to Zen, as the special way he was treated by the Collapsing Mountain race made them jealous.

This special treatment certainly did not make any different for the martial artists from the divine land.

The fine warriors of the divine land had only one goal: to obtain the strength source. They were not interested in the fact that the warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race were able to refine their bodies by singing songs and devouring the flesh and drinking the blood of beasts of all sorts. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was really marvelous, but after all, it was created by a Holy Being, and that was why it couldn't be compared with the divine land.

The divine land was the unexcelled world of real values in their eyes. This was the reason why every creature that was born in the divine land felt the right to call all the other creatures being born in other universes "secondary creatures."

But this time something changed in the warriors of the divine land and it could be noticed on their faces.

They could not understand how Zen had obtained so much strength suddenly.

They wondered if his strength had increased due to the special treatment from the Collapsing Mountain race.

They also suspected of the wine given by Chapman to Zen. The other option they were thinking about was the internal organs of the beasts devoured by him. However eagerly they tried to find it out, the answer was "impossible."

"Tsk! Tsk! The only possible answer is the strength source Zen has absorbed," murmured Theodore, the little old man.

Standing next to Theodore was a completely black-skinned warrior, who also obtained the title of "super powerful warrior." As he overheard the words murmured by Theodore, he coldly remarked, "How much strength source could he manage to gain when he is a mere Spirit Supreme Realm warrior?"

Theodore frowned deep in his thoughts and raised a question, "What if he activated the Nine Divine Stars?"

"Humph, is it possible for him to activate them at all?" "Even if he activated the Nine Divine Stars, the amount of the strength source he could imbibe would still be limited and would not be more than the double of the original amount. Even with the help of Eight Path Platforms, he has his limits due to his own body. Even he cannot overstep his limits," reflected the dark-skinned warrior.

"I am really confused about this." Theodore shook his head in confusion and his eyes were full of malice. He was ready to take the chance anytime to capture Zen and interrogate him one-to-one.

However, he knew that he must wait, because this was still the territory of the Collapsing Mountain race and the race had need of Zen, so they would never let foreign warriors hurt him.

After Zen finished his mission with the Collapsing Mountain race, Theodore was sure to find a chance to capture Zen and find out his secret.

Theodore had originally intended to leave the Collapsing Mountain race after the test. Despite the fact that the cultivation in the race could be crucial, he had a better option.

Zen had undoubtedly created a new record.

They could not even see where Zen's performance would have ended, because the Magic Golden Stone was blocked by the building. They were really wondering how far Zen could have pushed the stone out without being blocked.

Who knew! Maybe even eight hundred feet!

Or even a thousand feet!

Or even two thousand feet?

No doubt that it was a record that had never been seen before and probably would never be seen again on this land.

"Alright! Next!" Chapman waved his hand and started his announcement outshouting the roaring of the crowd. The shock on his face gradually disappeared.

Zen's performance had made him feel relieved and let go of his previous worries. He felt Zen had been sent from the fate to help the Collapsing Mountain race. Now that Zen had visited the prophet, further steps would depend on the prophet's instructions.

Zen was led by a kid of the Collapsing Mountain race, passing by the row of rough buildings.

The buildings of the Collapsing Mountain race were built with the Silver Astral Stones randomly, and due to this, they had no characteristics that would attract the eyes. As it was forbidden for foreign warriors to enter the living area of the race, Zen could only cast a quick glance at the buildings, but it was quite obvious to him that the cultural heritage of the race was inferior, nothing entertaining here. No wonder the children of the race were so easily attracted to the gadgets used by the warriors of the other races.

He followed the road among the residential quarters until he reached the end of the road where there was a tall building.

Entering this building, Zen saw tombstones next to each other, made of Silver Astral Stones.

'Is this building the burial chamber of the Collapsing Mountain race?' Zen marveled staring at the silent stones.

After passing by numerous silver tombstones, he found hundreds of golden tombstones in the chamber, made of Magic Golden Stones, exactly the same material he had pushed forward.

The old man had revealed it to him that these Magic Golden Stones were rare treasures, but all of them were used as tombstones. These were probably the tombs of previous leaders of the Collapsing Mountain race.

There were only around two to three hundred of these precious golden tombstones.

After passing by the golden tombstones, Zen finally arrived at the end of the building, where he found a circular tent.

The tent flap was opened, and a spotless white cloth was spread out on the ground, on which an abnormally tall and skinny old man was sitting.

This old man clearly belonged to the Collapsing Mountain race too. However, he must be quite old, near his passing away from this world.

It seemed that the Five Aging Processes didn't exist in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Perhaps this old man was already a dying one, but he was totally not filthy and his face and eyes were still brightened by spirit.

"Young man, please come closer."

As Zen was approaching him, the old man urged him to come closer in a hoarse voice.

Zen nodded obediently and stepped into the tent.

The old man extended his skinny arm that looked like a bamboo pole, and pointed towards the side of the white cloth showing Zen where to sit down.

Zen sat down carefully, cross-legged and facing to the old man.

After he sat down, the old man remained silent and it made him confused, because he knew that this oldster was undoubtedly the prophet of the Collapsing Mountain race. 'He was the one who wanted me to come here and now he doesn't say a word. Why is he doing this?' wondered Zen.

Zen was sitting there patiently, still cross-legged and waiting for the prophet's action. After some time, he felt that his entire body got slowly relaxed.

After that punch he had just thrown out, Zen had gained a new level of insight into power.

Especially the power coming from his inner world.

Now that he was able to turn that tremendous force into a glove, would he be able to transform the same power into a sword in the future? Even into a thin awl?

It was such a pity that he couldn't try out his suspicions in front of this prophet, and could only restrain his desire.

After a long time, the prophet finally started speaking. "We are attached to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and this land is attached to the divine land. It is well-known that the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land is moving eight trillion miles a day."

"Huh?" Zen got slightly startled as he heard the prophet's words.

The old prophet said slowly, "The entire divine land is spinning with high speed and falling into the depths of the chaos. But we cannot feel it, even though we are inside it."

After the prophet's explanation, Zen was still confused a bit.

He was able to comprehend some of the prophet's words. He grasped that it did not matter if someone was in a universe or the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. These places were the inner worlds of Holy Beings. The inner worlds of these Holy Beings revolved around the divine land that was also rotating at an extremely high speed.

However, the warriors in the inner worlds did not feel the movements at all.

For example, a star rotated, but the creatures on the star would not be able to feel this constant rotation of the star.

But what did the prophet mean by "falling into the depths of the chaos?"

The old man continued, "All of the Holy Beings state that the chaos is endless. It doesn't matter how deep the inner worlds fall, they cannot fall to the bottom. However, being one of the three new Holy Beings, our master knows there is a boundary to the chaos. The divine land cannot descend endlessly, and when it reaches that boundary, it causes a final crash and then the True Gods are annihilated."

Zen was astonished and he asked eventually, "And what is my connection with all this?"

A smile appeared on the prophet's face and he said, "There aren't many people in the divine land who agree with this view, but my master is one of them, so he gave up on building an entire universe and instead created the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land with all his might."

At this point, Zen finally realized that the "master" this prophet mentioned must be the Holy Being who had built the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

The strength source that Zen had been able to imbibe was also the strength source of that Holy Being.

"Other than you and me, no one from the Collapsing Mountain race knows about this matter," the prophet murmured. "Our master hopes that his power will be shared among all the living beings and one day a mighty warrior could be born. He is hoping that this mighty warrior will be able to support the divine land and stop it from falling to the depths of chaos."

"Why are you telling it to me?" asked Zen, blinking his eyes.

The prophet just smiled and gave a short answer. "Because you have taken too much strength source."

Chapter 1863 The Third Category (Part One)

Upon hearing the prophet's words, Zen felt rather skeptical.

In his mind and in his current state, the divine land was something very distant and abstract to Zen.

As for what the divine land was going to face shortly, that was even less likely to have anything to do with Zen at all.

Zen therefore felt very flat and uninterested while the prophet spoke. The words had little meaning to him. If something like that did happen, the True Gods were still there. And then again, let's not forget the Holy Beings, who were even more powerful than any True Gods anyway.

Despite the little attention Zen spent on his conversation, the prophet's last sentence still made his heart skip a beat. Did he just hear what he thought he heard?

Did this prophet fellow even know how much strength source he had recently absorbed?

After all, the strength source came from the Holy Being's power. It was already amazing that a simple warrior, an ordinary martial artist had absorbed tens of thousands of strength source drops. It was more than just a considerable amount!

This year, it was safe to say that the amount of strength source absorbed by any random martial artist was probably equivalent to what had been absorbed in an entire year in the past.

When it came to Zen alone, he himself had absorbed as much as an entire third of the strength source. He had depleted the lake of strength source to near nothingness.

And what if the Holy Being were to discover how much strength source Zen had truly absorbed? Was it too much and would he be asked to give it back?

Feeling a little flustered now, Zen refocused his thoughts and convinced himself that such a thing would never happen.

Within the Sacred Spring Mountain sat a large lake brimming with strength source. Along with it one could find an Eight-diagram Ball that could reverse gravity, forcing the warriors who had entered this place to turn around and leave, back to where they came from. As mentioned by the prophet earlier, this should be the arrangement of his master. And seeing as he had already arranged it as such, it meant that the master didn't care whether or not warriors entered and absorbed strength source.

The underlying problem here was that Zen had absorbed too much, for one martial artist alone.

If this lake's strength source was a Holy Being's full strength, then Zen, having absorbed an entire third to himself, had taken much more than his fair share.

It was then that the prophet noticed a trace of unease on Zen's face. "The amount of strength source you've absorbed is strictly your own business. You obtained the strength through your own capacity and ability. My master doesn't mind."

Zen stared for a brief moment, trying to read his expression. Then he asked, "Are you sure he really won't mind?"

The prophet smiled. "My master has divided the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land warriors into two categories. It doesn't matter whether they're from the Divine Land or from the universes."

"And what are these two categories?" Zen asked.

"Simple. Those who are promising, and those who aren't," replied the prophet.

Zen kept silent.

This kind of classification was too general, and Zen didn't know what to say. He thought for a moment and then asked, "What category do I belong to? The promising?"

The prophet shook his head briskly. "No," he said in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"Ah! So I'm not of the promising kind," Zen said with a bitter smile. He was being snarky, despite not knowing what the so-called promising actually meant.

Unexpectedly, the prophet let out a short but stern sigh. "You don't belong to either of these two categories. My master set up six great sacred places and he equally arranged six prophets. The six of us, including myself, help him select martial artists from other races that have entered Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. By doing so, we are better capable of distinguishing which category a martial artist belongs to. However...," he trailed off. "You belong to the third category."

"And what's the third category?" Zen asked.

"A unique category created for those who can transform hope into reality," the old prophet said as he smiled, the lines and wrinkles on his face deepening as he did so. "In total, we have found seven warriors in the six great sacred places who belong to the third category. Unfortunately, at least until now, I hadn't found a warrior that is qualified to be in the third category in the Collapsing Mountain race. The day to change this has finally come."

At that, Zen began to truly understand why there were restrictions in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was created by a Holy Being. That same Holy Being had created several cultivation places of various sizes - the six great sacred places - and even further created six different races to guard these sacred places. Following such, he then created six extraordinary prophets to quietly observe the numerous outsiders that had entered the sacred places for trial.

In secret observation, the prophets estimated and measured every warrior's strength, capacity and development.

Martial artists who could obtain purple trial tallies in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were already considered outstanding. While improving themselves personally, they equally displayed their strength and talent. This method of selecting warriors based on the standards they demonstrated proved to be effective.

In the past, it had crossed Zen's mind how the trial tallies didn't seem to be useful to the Collapsing Mountain race, though the foreign warriors needed to hand over them as a pass to enter the sacred place.

Why did they ask for those trial tallies then? It didn't make sense to him.

It was not as if the trial tallies could be served for much: they weren't a source of edible food and could only be used as a currency and exchange system for resources with the other races. That said, the Collapsing Mountain race was completely self-sufficient and lacked no resources whatsoever.

The truth was that the trial tallies were qualifications. They blocked, or prevented, the incapable warriors from entering the six great sacred places just because they wanted to. The trial tallies thus saved them the trouble that might occur in the selection of talents they desired.

"You are the only warrior in our Collapsing Mountain race that meets the requirements of the third category. Therefore, I can give you this," the prophet said, as a black trial tally appeared in his hand. "I believe you're aware of this trial tally's value," he said with a smug smile on his face.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1864 The Third Category (Part Two)

The prophet wasn't exactly sure how Zen had entered the Collapsing Mountain race.

Under regular circumstances, once a martial artist had appeared in a teleporting area, he would begin completing various missions, striving and working hard to earn various trial tallies.

These trial tallies were divided into five kinds and were ultimately characterized with different colors: black, purple, red, green, and white, In the eyes of any outsider, and to any warrior who had any knowledge on the subject, the purple trial tallies were considered top-level.

In the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the black trial tally was nothing more than a grand legend. They had only heard of it a few times, but no one had ever seen one before!

With time, everyone simply believed that there was no black trial tally in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and it was a myth that they had carried for years on end. As a result, the purple trial tally became the top-ranked.

What they didn't know though, was that the black trial tally actually did exist! Only that, obtaining such was extremely rare and very few ever held one in hand.

In fact, it was only the martial artists of the third category earlier spoken about by the prophet that even had the right to obtain a black trial tally.

In other words, only seven martial artists had actually obtained a black trial tally before Zen.

It was all thanks to Laquisha that Zen had entered the sacred place for body refinement. He held the black tally in his hand, flipping it over in his palm. He didn't have a complete grasp of the colors classification when it came to the trial tallies.

The prophet had stayed here for so many years and had imagined countless times how he would hand this black trial tally over. In the imagined scenarios, he expected Zen to be extremely shocked and excited upon seeing the black trial tally appear before him.

The prophet felt somewhat disappointed. In contrast to what he had expected, Zen's face was expressionless. He casually took the black trial tally from the prophet's hand.

"This is the black trial tally!," the prophet emphasized. His tone was flat, but he still wanted to remind Zen of this trial tally's true value.

"Is this better than a purple trial tally?" Zen asked. He had seen Kennan take out purple trial tallies before and hand them over to the Collapsing Mountain race. To Laquisha, a purple trial tally was pretty common. If this black trial tally really was better than a purple one, then it would certainly be of a higher rank as well.

"Of... of course..." The Collapsing Mountain race prophet stuttered. He didn't know how to reply. Clearly, Zen had no understanding of the trial tallies classification if he was asking such a question. How did this brat even get his hands on a purple trial tally and enter the Collapsing Mountain race in the first place, thought the bewildered prophet.

At least, this guy would eventually discover the astonishing benefits of the black trial tally! His thoughts pressed on resentfully. The prophet made an attempt and got over his disappointment.

"As for what Chapman and others are seeking, if you can help them, such will be considered a form of training for you. However, we creatures of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land will ultimately never be able to leave this place. My master hasn't given us a way to surpass the heavens." The prophet shook his head with a bitter smile.

The other Holy Beings had set up the heavens in such a way that allowed the martial artists in the universe to cross over and enter the divine land.

However, the master of this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had never even constructed heavens. There was no Supreme Lords here, and the creatures living on the land would never be capable of leaving.

What Chapman and the others pursued was something the other five sacred places equally aimed for. It was just that the prophets of these six sacred places were all well aware that what they were seeking was nothing more than an illusion!

From this point of view, the many races in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land couldn't come close to comparing to even the secondary creatures.

Hearing this, Zen finally understood Chapman's thoughts, as well as that of all the others living in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Martial artists fought for mastery. If there was no opponent, then there was no reason to fight. If such was the case, then martial artists couldn't get very far in the pursuit of martial arts.

No matter how strong Chapman and the others were thanks to the abundance of the strength source they absorbed, they were restricted to only one small corner. They couldn't compete with the martial artists of the divine land. And they would quickly lose the necessary motivation to achieve higher!

Zen had actually guessed at the idea that whatever Chapman had asked him to take from the flame, didn't even exist. It was merely an impossible mission set by the Holy Being. It had a mysterious attraction to the races that guarded the six great sacred places, giving them something to strive for, a reason to push forward - but like a banana hanging off a rod in front of a donkey, they would never be able to actually reach it.

Of course, this had nothing to do with Zen personally.

Zen had promised Chapman that he would help him retrieve the item in the flame.

And with the black trial tally in hand, Zen left the prophet's tent.

The test was already over, and Chapman had already set a date with Zen to set off. He never dared ask Zen what the prophet had said…

Even if he had asked, Zen wouldn't have told him a thing. In any case, the prophet had warned him not to speak of their conversation to the Collapsing Mountain race, especially to Chapman.

That night, a strange feeling struck Zen, one that stemmed all the way from his inner world. His eyes popped wide open, slightly startled by what he had seen in the inner world.

He had never expected that in such a short period of time, the inner world within his body would evolve so quickly that a war would erupt!

Chapter 1865 War Within The Inner World.

Earlier, there was no need for Zen to pay enough attention to his inner world. He never interfered in the operations of his inner world.

Depending on the level of one's cultivation, there was difference in the time flow rate in each one's inner world.

When a warrior had just stepped into the Soul Sea Realm and formed their Soul Sea, the time within was more or less inactive.

That was the reason why the Soul Sea Realm warrior could not nurture life. The process took very long.

But after reaching the Spirit Supreme Realm, the time flow rate in one's inner world started to increase at a considerable rate. Life vitality started to turn into a continent, and the lowest level of creatures were soon born and developed.

The higher the cultivation level, the faster the time flow rate in one's inner world would be.

Hence a world lord's inner world was much more prosperous than the inner world of a warrior of Spirit Transformation Realm.

But Zen was not aware that the speed of his inner world was even faster and everything in his inner world kept evolving at every moment.

Soon he discovered that there was something wrong within his inner world and he was shocked at what he saw.

Above the central continent of the chaotic sea, a relatively primitive civilization had begun to develop, and there was already a large-scale war!

Zen's consciousness had already slipped into his inner world, and with a thought, took on the shape of an avatar.

In this world, Zen was the most high god, the absolute controller!

Although this inner world was still at the most basic stage, it was quite vast for Zen once he entered into it.

With a thought, his avatar flashed and appeared on this continent.

He did not have to use the Grand Teleportation or the Space Law. He could appear anywhere he wanted with just a thought.

"Charge!"

"Kill the imbeciles of Totem Clan!"

"All for the glory of Howe Clan!"

...

In his own inner world, Zen could not only be anywhere at any time, but also knew everything.

Zen was in true sense an omniscient figure.

It seemed that all the large and small races born in this continent merged and eventually formed two large clans.

The clan formed in the east was the Howe Clan and the one formed in the west was the Totem Clan.

In the beginning, both the clans showed considerable strength. Apart from minor conflicts, there never had been a large-scale war between them.

However, recently, Totem Clan started making great progress. Warriors of their clan had obtained a very powerful weapon; a long spear made from a dark green plant.

What was extraordinary about this spear was that, when in use, countless vines would extend from the spear and pierce into the arms of the warriors. Because of this, Totem Clan remained invincible.

After they gained this impassable strength, they waged a war with the Howe Clan.

Even though the Howe Clan's strength had weakened considerably, they gathered their remaining 50, 000 warriors and launched their final counterattack. They wanted to protect their clan at all costs.

"Those are very strange weapons they have in possession." Standing at the edge of the battlefield, Zen had also noticed the peculiar spears in the hands of the Totem Clan warriors.

With a flick of thoughts he presumed the source of these weapons

He turned his head and gazed past the endless distance. Soon his vision landed on the World Tree.

The World Tree that Zen had planted in this world had grown to a prodigious tree, and on this tree, a race had also formed. This race had a similar appearance to humans, but their skins were dark green in color.

The spears were made and given by those green skinned people to the Totem Clan.

Zen suddenly smiled when he understood the root of all these waging wars. There always were struggles where people were involved. But he did not expect his inner world to be so corrupted.

The main aim of the green-skinned habitats of the World Tree was to destroy all the lives on the continent and rule over it.

Normally, Zen would not interfere in the things happening in his inner world. But now, things had gone out of control. This would lead to stagnant expansion and development of the inner world.

Zen slowly approached the battlefield.

On the battlefield, the warriors of the Howe Clan were riding huge elephants and charging towards Totem Clan.

Earlier, the Howe Clan remained unbeatable through these mammoth sized war elephants.

But now, after gaining the long spears, Totem Clan became stronger. The spear was so sharp and powerful, that it could pierce through even the strongest elephant!

The Totem Clan regarded this war as a reason to massacre the entire clan. And the Howe Clan, regarded it just like a moth was attracted to a flame. They were willing to give up their lives to defend their clans.

Puff!

Roar!

A spear pierced the chest of one of the war elephants. It let out a painful cry as its huge body collapsed to the side.

And the one who was riding this elephant was a woman.

The Howe Clan was a matriarchal clan, and this woman was the queen of the Howe Clan.

All her soldiers had been slaughtered, and in the final battle, she herself entered the war.

With the war elephant, the queen also fell to the ground. Her skin tore through the sharp stones and rocks leading to excruciating pain. The queen who possessed remarkable strength and beauty at one time was currently in a pitiful state.

Her hopes were completely dashed.

She had fought bravely, but was no match to those spears. Her people would be captured as slaves and her territories would be taken over by the Totem Clan.

Swoosh!

A green spear was already at the queen's neck.

The man holding the long spear was the great general of the Totem Clan. The general smiled and said, "Surrender now! There is nothing left to fight for! As the queen of the Howe Clan, you can be our slave. Our king will spare your life for your service!"

"In your dreams, general!"

The queen struggled to her feet and immediately drew out a long sword from the ground behind her.

But before she could swing it, the green spear knocked away her sword with a light flick.

"There is no point in struggling now," the general said flatly.

"My people... they are still struggling. As their queen, I will not give up!"

The queen twisted her nimble body and went around the spear to pounce on the general. However, the general grabbed her hair and pulled her off the ground.

"This is all that is left of you! Only your life is remaining to give up!" The general was still sneering at the queen, when he suddenly saw a person approaching towards them.

It was a young man in strange clothes.

The man ignored the war raging around him and walked towards them.

"Who are you?" The general asked coldly, while pointing the spear towards the man.

He ignored the general's question and continued to walk.

"Come any closer and you will surely die!" The general shouted at him.

The queen was also aware of the extraordinary character of the man. But she could not do much under the general's firm grip.

As Zen got closer and closer, the general lost his patience. He threw the long spear, aiming at Zen's head.

Zen did not even flinch. Instead, he allowed the spear to pierce him!

"Humph!"

A smug look appeared on the general's face. This green spear contained unimaginable power. It would definitely pierce through the enemy's head, killing him on the spot!

But soon, the general's face froze as he saw an unbelievable sight.

The moment the tip of the spear touched the man's forehead, it splintered and broke into pieces.

As soon as the spear broke, the broken pieces remained suspended in air and fused back together to its original form. But the end of the spear was still in the possession of the man.

While Zen was fiddling with the spear, countless vines shot out and tried to pierce through his arms. But in vain, as they could not penetrate through his skin.

"Interesting that such a fascinating weapon could be produced from the World Tree."

With a flick of his hand, the spear turned into a brown colored gas and vanished completely, without leaving any trace.

"Who the hell are you? What have you come here for?"

The general had never seen such a miraculous sight before. He panicked as he threw the queen to one side and fled!

The queen landed on the ground and turned around, staring at Zen.

Zen's gaze swept over the queen. When he finally saw her appearance, he was completely stunned.

No wonder he heard that there were people who fell in love with the creatures in their inner world.

Everything in this inner world was in a chaotic state. Among the countless living beings, such a beautiful woman had been born.

"You... Who are you?"

The queen asked the general's question again. After all, Zen's actions and behavior were far beyond their imagination. Only the gods possessed such an ability.

Chapter 1866 Being Omnipotent

Zen smiled. "I just want to end this meaningless war."

With these words, the queen's face revealed a sudden expression of surprise. "Can you do it?"

Zen nodded, his gaze circling the area. Quite a few of the other warriors who were engaged in the fierce battle had also taken notice of Zen.

He raised his arm above his head slightly, which sent a shudder of confusion rippling through the crowd.

Without hesitation, the general standing behind Zen suddenly pulled out a dagger and rushed toward him.

He started the war on behalf of Totem Clan's king and was about to obtain his ultimate and final victory. How could he let this mysterious fellow in front of him prevent him from righteousness?

The queen spoke her warning:

"Be careful!"

Despite such, Zen didn't budge, or he didn't even move an inch. Instead, he stood motionless as the general twisted his body in order to stab his dagger into Zen's heart.

In his inner world, Zen was the absolute controller. Here, not only was he in an 'omniscient' state, but he was also in an 'omnipotent' state. How could he simply let that dagger pierce his heart?

As soon as the sharp tip of the dagger poked at Zen's skin, fine cracks began to appear on its surface, forming upward inch by inch. The dagger shattered into hundreds of small pieces, scattering themselves all over the ground.

"What an idiot!" Zen spat these few words.

He then shook his body slightly while glaring at the general and suddenly, the general was sent flying up into the air. He continued to rise higher and higher as Zen held his gaze.

A hundred feet, at first.

Then, a thousand feet.

Ten thousand feet and the general was completely out of sight.

In this era, there wasn't yet a person at Illuminating Soul Realm, and even the strongest one was only a nature creature.

And as flying was their wildest dream, this general was the first person to actually achieve it.

Zen didn't kill him, though. He only threw the general thousands and thousands of feet in the air. As the creator of this world, his world, Zen wouldn't just casually kill the creatures he himself had created. 'How meaningless!' he thought to himself.

That was when Zen raised his arm once again.

At that, all the weapons in everyone's hands began to vibrate. The warriors tried to hold on strong, but couldn't resist and the weapons went flying away.

Tinkling! Tinkling! Tinkling!

Machetes, long swords, sharp spears, shiny daggers, bows and arrows…

All sorts of weapons were now gathered above Zen's head, forming a misshapen ball of iron and metal.

All Zen had to do now was point. And he did so with utmost gentleness.

The weapons once above his head now began to disappear one at a time, reversing back into brown streams of chaotic energy and dissipating into the world.

Once the chaotic energy had solidified into soil, various kinds of iron, copper, and gold ores formed in the soil.

And after the humans had mastered the art of metallurgy, they refined the metal within it and then forged various weapons. However, whether those were steel machetes or iron swords, they were all made up of chaotic energy and could be reverted back to chaotic energy by Zen at any time.

Even the green spears that came from the World Tree were formed after the World Tree absorbed the chaotic energy, and therefore their essence was chaotic energy, too.

From the Totem Clan all the way to the Howe Clan warriors, everyone was absolutely stunned by the scene they had all just observed.

Everyone had stopped fighting now, not only out of amazement, but also because they had lost their weapons.

"You… You're a god!"

The queen was the first to react, dropping to her knees before Zen. Her exquisite body crawled on the ground toward him and her face was devout, void of any hesitation.

"He's a god!"

"He's God of Creation!"

"He is the legendary creator of the nine stars!"

"No, more than that! He supports this world. He is the Venerable Creator!"

Many people cried out in awe as they too, fell to their knees in disbelief and amazement.

Upon hearing the cries of his people, Zen wasn't sure whether he felt like laughing or crying.

He was indeed the God of Creation of this world, but what the hell was the creator of nine stars? What about the Venerable Creator?

Zen got the answers he was looking for almost at the same time he asked himself the question. He was used to the feeling of omniscience. After all, he was not only omniscient about his inner world, but equally omniscient about the one million great worlds in the universe.

During the evolution of these civilizations, there were many legends that had been written in detail about the existence of "gods". For example, the creator of the nine stars was a god that the Totem Clan worshipped, while the Venerable Creator was the legendary God of Creation worshipped by Howe Clan. They believed that there was a god under this world, who could hold the entire world on his shoulders, and they thus called him the Venerable Creator.

"Listen up! After such a war, there are too few of you left. I... I don't want you to kill each other anymore!" Zen looked down at the queen and added softly.

"But Your Mightiness! It was Totem Clan that initiated this war against us!" said the queen, emotionally.

Zen nodded and said, "I know."

With that, he waved his hand.

The whoosh of his hand suddenly made all the wounds on the queen's body disappear into thin air. Her delicate, flawless skin returned as if it had never been damaged in the first place.

The queen was stunned and her expression became even more excited. She once again threw herself to the ground in worship. "Thank you, Your Mightiness!"

Zen smiled and with a second light swipe of his hand, a lump of soil appeared on the ground, instantly transforming itself into an exquisite scepter. The scepter was inserted into the ground in front of the queen. "With the power that I bestow upon you, rule over your people well…"

The queen stared blankly at the exquisite scepter. She wanted to say something, but Zen's figure had already disappeared from her sight.

"This... This is a scepter given to me by the Venerable Creator," the queen's entire body began to tremble. She was, after all, the queen of Howe Clan, and understood the significance of this scepter.

Even if the scepter had no power in and of itself, it represented the favor of god and it was also a symbol of status.

Of course, at the time of its creation, Zen had never expected that in the future, the scepter would become the most precious treasure in this world. The scepter that symbolized highest authority would eventually be pursued by countless ambitious people.

The war between Totem Clan and Howe Clan was also known as the war of gods.

It was not until long after Zen had disappeared that the queen picked up the scepter and slowly stood up. Her expression still looked lost, deep in her thoughts.

The instant Zen had disappeared, he reappeared in a tribe thousands of miles away.

Here was Totem Clan - and everyone was singing and dancing. According to the news that came from the frontlines, the Totem Clan had already achieved complete victory. Countless slaves would enter their account, along with an endless amount of wealth and land.

And it went without saying that the Totem Clan's king was in a very good mood. He believed that the general would bring that woman back. He had been yearning day and night for that enchanting lady.

But the queen of Howe Clan couldn't be brought back. Instead, the one who appeared before him was Zen.

"You, who the hell are you… Someone, an assassin!" The king shouted in fear. He had no clue how this ghost-like fellow had entered his tent unnoticed.

Zen simply waved his hand and the general, still hanging mid-air, appeared next to Zen. With a discreet flick of his finger, Zen threw the general to the ground.

"General, general…" The king was now even more surprised. "Quick, kill this person for me!"

He hadn't thought that the fierce and heroic general would kneel towards Zen as soon as he landed, nor did he expect him to prostrate himself on the ground.

"My god, please forgive us, Totem Clan, for starting this war!" said the general, with utmost respect.

The creatures of this era were still in an uncultured state. No matter how brave the great general was, once he confirmed Zen's ability, there was no way he was going against him!

"You, you are a god…" When the king heard the general's words, his fat face filled with a dazed expression.

"Stop the war with Howe Clan," Zen said, paying no attention to the king's utterings. With those words, Zen's figure dissipated into a faint shadow and then disappeared completely.

After mediating that war, Zen once again entered the World Tree.

Right now, Zen's inner world was too small and wasn't yet prosperous enough. For this reason, he couldn't and wouldn't allow the creatures on the World Tree to start a war within the humans.

Zen also encountered a little resistance here, with the World Tree. This green skinned race was called the Heavenly Spirit race.

They themselves were extremely weak, but with the help of the World Tree's power, they possessed theurgy that was unmatched by humans. That was why they had the urge to conquer that continent.

Zen immediately appeared at the top of the World Tree and found the king of the Heavenly Spirit race, issuing a warning of his own.

He separated the World Tree and the continent. These two worlds couldn't start a war with each other for at least ten thousand years!

Once this inner world had had the time to truly flourish, Zen wouldn't interfere too much, even if there would be more wars in future. After all, the development of his inner world and the derivation of civilization all had their own rules. Interfering too much might not be a good thing.

Zen's warning was very effective. Perhaps the Heavenly Spirit race had their own belief, but they also believed in the existence of gods. Zen's theurgy was clearly the same as the gods in all the legends and there was no way they could resist.

The only thing that disappointed the Heavenly Spirit race was that Zen's appearance looked like the human being, nothing like their Heavenly Spirit race…

Chapter 1867 Unrestrained Warriors

A deep sigh escaped from Zen's lips. After his avatar had dealt with the matters of his inner world, it dissipated along with the wind.

Generally speaking, a warrior wouldn't usually interfere too much with their inner world's development, and allowed it to evolve on its own.

However, the war in Zen's inner world involved the World Tree that he had planted. It would inevitably have serious consequences, and the humans wouldn't have been able to survive if it wasn't for Zen's interference.

Meanwhile, Chapman kept his lips sealed and didn't ask what Zen and the prophet discussed.

The prophets were transcendent beings within the sacred places. In other words, they were the watchers left behind by the Holy Being in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Their only purpose in the sacred places was to help the Holy Being. However, there had also been many conflicts in these races.

For instance, the Collapsing Mountain race wanted to know why they existed and why their master built this land. They even wanted to be like the warriors from the outside, who were able to transcend the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and live in the divine land.

The prophet clearly knew that this was impossible, but he did not inform his people, and even misled them on many occasions.

After all, the world they moved in was created by the Holy Being, and Zen wouldn't casually talk about it.

Chapman and other Collapsing Mountain people did not go out to hunt for a few days after the test. Instead, they stayed within the race to prepare themselves.

After about four days, the Collapsing Mountain race was finally ready. All the adults were divided into several groups and got ready to take off.

The Collapsing Mountain race were divided into four groups: snake, tiger, dragon, and divinity.

The weakest among them was the Snake Hunt Squad. Warriors who just received the title of "outstanding warrior" were put into this group. It could be said that this team was the safest and was considered a team where the older ones trained the newbies.

On the other hand, the Tiger Hunt Squad and Dragon Hunt Squad were the Collapsing Mountain race's core forces. They were those who hunted the mountainous piles of prey in the square.

As for the Divinity Hunt Squad, they were rarely in the picture, because this team only contained a little more than ten people of the entire Collapsing Mountain race. The three people who held off the Formless Sky Python that day belonged in this squad.

Now, Zen had obtained the title of wild king and subsequently joined the Divinity Hunt Squad.

Some of the warriors from the other races chose to leave the Collapsing Mountain race after they passed the test, but the Collapsing Mountain race didn't ask them to stay. If the warriors stayed, then they had to hunt along with them.

Once the preparations were done, these particular teams took off in a grandiose fashion.

Laquisha, Kennan, and the others didn't join the group, but still followed along after the Collapsing Mountain race set out.

Kennan's stubbornness decreased after he saw Zen's potential. He didn't bring Laquisha back by force, but he couldn't help the doubts that sometimes clouded his mind.

No matter how powerful Zen was, the Soul Suppressing Cliff was built by a Holy Being. In theory, only a Holy Being could open it!

Then again, he also knew that if Zen could really enter the Soul Suppressing Cliff, it would be greatly beneficial to the Princess Royal. It would only delay her a little and it wouldn't be too risky. Thus, currently he was willing to follow Zen along with Laquisha.

The Tiger and Dragon Hunt Squads led the way in the north, while the Snake and Divinity Hunt Squads followed closely behind.

After a short while, the color of the ground changed. The Silver Astral Stones were gone and were replaced by brown soil and a dense jungle.

The moment Zen walked out of the Silver Astral Stones and stepped onto the ground, he felt his whole body relax!

Back when the newcomers had entered the Collapsing Mountain race's territory, they had to bear the area's extremely strong gravitational force.

To resist such a force was immensely burdensome for all of them, that they even found it difficult to just stand up.

They eventually got used to the gravitational force for quite some time that when they finally left the Collapsing Mountain race, it felt like they got to relax for the first time!

It was as if the weight of a thousand mountains they carried on their back suddenly disappeared.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Of course, all their bones had gotten compressed and their heights had been affected due to such gravitational pressure. The gaps between their bones became too tight and they lost about five inches in height.

But after two steps into the soil, they were able to move their muscles and bones freely. Their bones were finally stretched, and everyone had quickly 'grown' by a few inches.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Whether it was intentional or not, some of the foreign warriors deliberately exerted additional force so that their bones emitted a popping sound.

All the multiple and simultaneous popping sounded like a firecracker that had burst in the middle of everyone.

"Fuck, it's so noisy. Be quiet, all of you! It's like this every year when you bring a new person out!" a rough looking man from the Divinity Hunt Squad of Collapsing Mountain race grumbled.

The Collapsing Mountain people were already used to such a feeling and activity. Thus, none of them would be so bored as to stretch out their bodies in that way and make a scene. Only warriors from the other races did such a thing out of boredom.

Most of the popping noises died down after that Divinity Hunt Squad member complained. However, many of the foreign warriors looked rather satisfied.

It was because they had been stuck in the Collapsing Mountain race for several years, and grown and refined their bodies under great pressure. They had all experienced the pain, but there was a reward for this kind of suffering--their power had increased by tens or hundreds more.

Meanwhile, Zen did not stay for long. It hadn't been a year for him, so he was clearly in a good mood. If the group had not accompanied him and if he hadn't been put in the best hunt squad, he would've seized the chance to see how much his strength had increased.

After a few more steps, they had reached the forest when someone from the Tiger Hunt Squad suddenly shouted, "There's a strange beast ahead! It's the golden astral ape!"

The Collapsing Mountain race were born hunters. They had dedicated their whole lives to hunting, which made them extremely sensitive to scents and traces.

As soon as he finished speaking, the people of the Collapsing Mountain race did not move--but most of the warriors from other races had already set off.

Their heavy stampede caused a massive force to explode under their feet, which created many craters on the ground. Some of the warriors were caught off-guard and fell into the craters.

The Collapsing Mountain race's hunting rules required the Tiger Hunt Squad to look out for their prey first, then all of them had to thoroughly investigate the area before they could surround their target. That way, they could capture their prey to the greatest extent.

However, the warriors from the other races had restrained their power for a long time. Everyone had only punched once during the assessment. Now that there was no gravity, they felt like birds who had been finally set free from their cages. Thus, how could they restrain themselves?

"Aye, this bunch of reckless fools! If they meet a truly powerful beast, they will die if they don't follow the rules!" someone from the Collapsing Mountain race sneered.

After their power exploded and the ruckus died down, the forest in front of them dramatically changed.

A single fist smashed open a ravine, and an immense strength came out of it. The forest trees vanished without a trace and were replaced by more wide ravines, flying dirt, tree trunks, a loud, raging roar from a group of apes.

The golden astral apes lived on the edge of the Collapsing Mountain race's territory, so they weren't considered as powerful beasts. They wouldn't stand a chance against the aggressive foreign warriors. While they were extremely agile, it still wasn't enough for them to escape the clutches of death.

"Puff puff puff…"

The golden astral apes that were hit immediately exploded into clouds of bloody mists. These suppressed foreign warriors weren't there to hunt, but they were there to kill.

Zen's lips curved into a frown at the scene. It was true that it was easy for people to lose themselves after being suppressed for a long time. Such was the case with these warriors who were like wild beasts that only knew how to unleash their strengths.

In next to no time, all the golden astral apes that hid within the forest were killed.

The murderous warriors returned to their respective teams, but they all looked like they still wanted to continue.

Chapman did not stop them from doing so. As they progressed, the beasts they encountered were increasingly stronger. Sooner or later, they would learn a lesson…

The Collapsing Mountain people continued to lead the group forward.

They traversed through the forest and the further they traveled, the trees in front of them grew even taller.

At the beginning, the trees in the forest were only about thirty feet tall. Now, they covered the sky and everyone could barely see the clouds above.

These trees were hundreds of feet thick and thousands of feet high. Suddenly, the warriors from other races felt their palms itch uncontrollably. They sometimes punched the tree trunks they passed by to relieve the itch, which caused the trunks to crack.

"This is the forest of giant trees. If we continue onward, we will reach the Calamity Dispelling Forest. Don't blame us for not reminding you if you alert those giant beasts and they come out to attack you, we are not expected to help you!" Chapman coldly said. Every time a giant tree fell, it caused a huge commotion. As hunters, the Collapsing Mountain people were finally unable to endure any longer.

Just as Chapman was done speaking, they heard a rustling sound in front of him. The Collapsing Mountain people looked at each other with horrified expressions.

However, the foreign warriors did not feel alarmed at all. Their power made them feel immensely strong, and gave them the impression that they were truly invincible.

Chapter 1868 The Martial Sacred Beast

Along the way, they came across few unaccompanied beasts, and all the warriors of the other races clustered together to attack them.

None of the strange beasts that interacted with them were able to stay whole. They were either torn to pieces or turned into blood mist.

Although the warriors were strong and powerful, they did not meet many beasts to let out their energy on. They hated it that the beasts were not enough to for them to kill.

Suddenly, they heard a rustling sound. One of the old foreign warriors, Theodore, instantly noticed the expressions of the Collapsing Mountain people change—especially the few people from the Divinity Hunt Squad.

Theodore and the others did not rush forward. They quietly retreated backwards.

However, some of the warriors felt that there was a strong beast ahead of them. These warriors rushed forward without any hesitation.

To be honest, the warriors that had rushed forward were also extremely careful. Those that were too reckless wouldn't be able to obtain a purple trial tally and in return, would enter the Collapsing Mountain race to improve.

They were thrilled. One, because their strength had advanced. Two, because the forest was closely connected to the Calamity Dispelling Forest. They could smell the faint scent coming from it, which strengthened the force of their bodies.

"All of you retreat! That's a Martial Sacred Beast! If you touch it, your death is certain!"

Although Chapman did not care about the lives of the warriors, he wouldn't send them straight to their deaths…

All the Collapsing Mountain people quickly gathered together. Upon hearing Chapman's words, some of the warriors from the other races who were with quick reflexes stopped. They began to retreat.

But Chapman's warning was a little too late. Not to mention these warriors had already rushed out at a great distance!

Whoosh whoosh whoosh…

Suddenly, gray tentacles appeared from behind the huge trees around them.

As Zen stood in the middle of the crowd and noticed the tentacles, his eyes flashed. "This Martial Sacred Beast is a puppet?"

The steel tentacles were forged individually. They looked like parts of a puppet made of metal!

Whoosh!

When the tentacles—or steel ropes—lashed out, they left deep grooves in the ground. After the near warriors were hit, they were caught by steel ropes and dragged into the depths of the bushes along with a miserable scream…

Two of the trapped warriors had obtained the title of, "super powerful warrior", and their strength was not weak. However, after a short struggle, they were also dragged away!

Everyone who remained was pale-faced. Who would dare to stay? At this moment, many seized the opportunity to flee…

But, there were too many steel ropes. Under the continuous backlash, seven or eight foreign warriors were caught.

"Dragon Hunt Squad, open the Demon Sealing Array!"

The atmosphere was heavy, even Chapman was extremely serious.

This Martial Sacred Beast was a powerful beast that resided in the forest of giant trees. Specifically, half of this beast belonged to the living, and the other half was a puppet.

There were a few things that could not be defeated in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. One of them was the Martial Sacred Beast, because it was the pet of the owner of the place. Who could ever know how many creatures it had devoured over the years!

The Martial Sacred beast had no natural enemy in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Until now, the Collapsing Mountain race had never seen the true face of this creature. Earlier, this race did not dare to enter the forest of giant trees because they would surely die if they met a Martial Sacred Beast.

Many people had lost their lives in the forest of giant trees. The race's prophet had taught them the use of the Demon Sealing Array. If they ever encountered a Martial Sacred Beast, they only needed to activate the Demon Sealing Array, and they wouldn't be attacked.

What Chapman didn't know was that the Demon Sealing Array was not very powerful. It only contained information that was off-limits to the Martial Sacred Beast.

After the prophet communicated with the master, the master granted the Demon Sealing Array to him.

The Martial Sacred Beast was the spirit pet of the master. The master naturally didn't wish for the Collapsing Mountain race to be eaten by the pet…

In short, as long as the Demon Sealing Array was activated, the Martial Sacred Beast would stop attacking the people and treat them as its own.

For many years, the Collapsing Mountain race had been relying on the Demon Sealing Array for them to pass through the forest of giant trees.

Because of the Demon Sealing Array, it was easy to pass through the forest. With this ferocious beast here, it was impossible for other beasts to survive in this forest!

Over time, the Collapsing Mountain race had forgotten this "Martial Sacred Beast". But they did not expect the beast to come out today.

Chapman was confused. It was still daytime, why would a Martial Sacred beast attack them?

Fortunately, the men of the Dragon Hunt Squad instantly activated the divine textures. They began to link together, forming a deep blue grid that circled and enveloped the warriors from the Collapsing Mountain race and other races.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh…

Many steel ropes crawled over from everywhere, like small snakes made of metal, and didn't stop extending and crawling on the ground.

The moment the ropes touched the grid, they retracted as if they had been electrocuted.

"Chapman, what's going on?" one of the clansmen asked.

As Chapman looked at the steel ropes surrounding them, he couldn't understand why the Martial Sacred Beast suddenly attacked the Collapsing Mountain race.

The ropes continued to climb and crawl until they came into contact with the Demon Sealing Array. After these ropes touched it, they retreated backwards in an instant…

Right now, all the warriors from the other races were hiding in the grid, barely even breathing.

It was only then, they remembered that this was the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. It was crowded with all kinds of powerful strange beasts.

"The situation isn't right," one of the members of the Divinity Hunt Squad said with a frown.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked.

Zen was called the wild king—he had joined the Divinity Hunt Squad. He was equal to those in same squad, and could even go past them.

"In the past, after the Demon Sealing Array was activated, the Martial Sacred Beast would stop its attack and leave… But today…" the man said as he pointed around.

From the thick logs of wood, steel ropes kept extending towards them. But once they touched the array, they would retreat. However, not long after, the ropes returned—as if they didn't want to give up at all.

Chapman saw this, and his expression turned ugly. "There should be something that the Martial Sacred Beast wants from us!"

'Something that a Martial Sacred Beast wants?'

Zen's gaze flickered, but it ultimately landed on Laquisha.

Laquisha was flustered as she met his gaze. She pressed her lips together.

'Is it her?'

Zen guessed. He noticed that the ropes nearest Laquisha were the most concentrated. However, these ropes seemed to be afraid of the array and weren't willing to break it.

When he first entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, The Formless Sky Python had been chasing after this woman.

Laquisha was an extremely beautiful woman, but how could these strange beasts be lustful of women? Why did all the beasts willingly cause trouble… for her?

As Zen thought about it, the ropes finally could not hold themselves back and started aggressively lashing out at the Demon Sealing Array.

Whoosh!

The array was unable to withstand the strong attacks of the Martial Sacred Beast. The only defense was its contained information that caused the beast to be fearful.

But now, the array had lost its effectiveness. The Martial Sacred Beast began to wildly whip around!

As the Collapsing Mountain race saw what was wrong, they turned around and ran. A gap suddenly appeared in the original array!

Whoosh!

One of the steel ropes took advantage of their absence.

And just as Zen had guessed, the beast's goal was Laquisha.

"Princess Royal, let's go!"

The expressions of Kenna and his companions fell.

They had originally thought that following the Collapsing Mountain race wouldn't be dangerous, but they had forgotten about Laquisha. Her physique was a fatal attraction to all beasts…

Laquisha didn't listen. She leapt up and ran towards Zen.

She knew that Kennan's grand Wishing Spell had been put to use on the Formless Sky Python, and he couldn't use it again. It would be impossible for him to fight against this Martial Sacred Beast.

And at this moment, she could only settle her hopes on Zen.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1869 One Third Of The Power

As the Demon Sealing Array was broken, everyone began to panic.

This was especially true for the Collapsing Mountain race.

The forest wasn't too far away from where the race lived. Since childhood, every member of the race knew about the existence of a gigantic monster in these woods, one they couldn't afford to offend. Adults had used this monster to scare children when they made mistakes.

Everyone in the Collapsing Mountain race was well aware of just how powerful a Martial Sacred Beast was.

Panicking, Chapman immediately shouted, "Everyone, calm down! Dragon Hunt Squad, remain in formation!"

The Dragon Hunt Squad was only second in strength to the Divinity Hunt Squad. They were the backbone of the Collapsing Mountain race. On Chapman's orders, most of them were able to keep the Demon Sealing Array intact, but the gap on the left remained.

Someone from the Divinity Hunt Squad wanted to make a move, but Chapman stopped him.

When the steel rope entered the Demon Sealing Array in pursuit of Laquisha, Chapman had already realized that the Martial Sacred Beast was after this girl.

This monster was too powerful, even for the Collapsing Mountain race. Moreover, only the steel rope was entering the Demon Sealing Array. If the Divinity Hunt Squad took action, it might infuriate the Martial Sacred Beast even further. If that happened, the entire Collapsing Mountain race would be in danger of being destroyed. Rash decisions would cost lives.

Technically, it wasn't the Collapsing Mountain race's duty to protect warriors outside their race. Moreover, Laquisha didn't even possess the qualifications to enter the hunt squads! She wasn't their responsibility.

Everybody watched the ingenious way through which Laquisha moved. Her graceful body continuously twisted and turned, making her look like a spinning flower and dazzling everyone. In the blink of an eye, she had elegantly landed in front of Zen.

"Save me," she softly said with an innocent blink.

As soon as she had voiced out her request, she promptly hid behind Zen.

This whole time, her face had looked calm. But when he felt her shiver behind him, Zen realized that she had been afraid after all. Now that she had found some protection, she was free to acknowledge how terrified she actually was.

Zen smiled wryly. Was Laquisha this certain that he would be able to save her?

"You! Get out of the way!" Chapman barked.

Zen was the most valuable person in this mission. If Laquisha had to die, then let her. The Collapsing Mountain race wouldn't allow her to take Zen down with her. Even though Chapman knew that Laquisha and Zen had known each other long before they entered the Collapsing Mountain race, he would never allow such a thing to happen.

At this moment, Chapman lunged, as if he was ready to pick up Laquisha and toss her out of the Demon Sealing Array.

Kennan and his companions wouldn't allow Chapman to proceed. Kennan stood in front of him and said, "The Princess Royal is the daughter of the Holy Emperor. If she dies, it will enrage the emperor. When that happens, even the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land will have to pay the price!"

"Scram!"

Chapman's fiery temper began to show. They weren't in the divine land. He shouldn't have to deal with these fellows from there.

Because Kennan and the others had blocked Chapman, the steel rope had reached Zen. With a sudden twist, it swept behind him and toward

Laquisha.

"Zen, don't act recklessly!" Chapman warned him.

Zen smiled faintly. He reached out for the steel rope and swiftly wrapped it around his own arm.

The moment he touched the rope, he suddenly understood why the foreign warriors had almost no chance of winning against the Martial Sacred Beast.

The power contained in that single steel rope was beyond his wildest imagination!

"Give me strength!"

As Zen began collecting the strength that he needed, the Eight Path Platforms began to flicker. At the same time, the power within the Nine Divine Stars also began to drain away.

Zen was exerting as much strength as he could. The steel rope which had been twisting nonstop now abruptly charged upward, launching Zen up with it. Thinking quickly, Zen let go of the steel rope. He was hurled into the sky, past the thick branches of numerous trees, and landed thousands of feet away.

Laquisha, who had been hiding behind Zen, was stunned. She stared frozen at the steel rope, still so close to her, as the fear on her face intensified. She had never thought that she would die in this place.

Whoosh!

With another sudden twist, the steel rope went back for Laquisha and wrapped itself around her waist.

When they saw that Laquisha was about to be dragged away, a few members of Divinity Hunt Squad of the Collapsing Mountain race breathed a sigh of relief. This woman had stirred up trouble for the race. Now that the Martial Sacred Beast was taking her away, peace was sure to return to the land.

However, Kennan and the others with him felt differently. Their eyes looked like they were about to pop out from their sockets.

"Wishing Spell,"

Kennan announced all of a sudden. His group had always been genuinely loyal. Those who could accompany the Princess Royal to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were all devoted members of the Han Clan.

The Wishing Spell only granted a warrior one wish. After the warrior had made a wish, he had to fulfill it. Kennan hadn't fulfilled his last Wishing Spell yet, and so it was impossible for him to make another. However, there was one other way around this rule. He could pay for the wish using his life, or even his opportunity of reincarnation.

To Kennan, this was the greatest sacrifice.

Before Kennan could even cast the grand Wishing Spell, a human figure suddenly descended with a crash from the trees above.

Clearly, a single human had come down, but everyone felt a powerful yet invisible wave of energy blast in every direction. It felt as though countless mountains had come together in the sky and then later plummeted to the ground.

When the dust had settled, everyone saw who the figure was. It was Zen!

Unknown to everyone, Zen had already summoned the power of the Nine Divine Stars when the steel rope tossed him upward. Now, he concentrated all that power under his feet, where it formed an incredibly sharp blade.

Zen had learned this move from Lucille's Crescent Blade.

The only difference was that this time, raw and condensed power replaced the Crescent Blade.

Pah!

The moment Zen stepped on the steel rope, it snapped in two.

In truth, the force had torn the steel rope apart before Zen's foot even touched it.

The steel rope that had wrapped around Laquisha became loose all of a sudden. In a second, it slipped off of her body. The part that had been cut off began twisting and thrashing, quickly withdrawing from the Demon Sealing Array.

Warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race, along with the outsiders present, had long moved away from the action in fear of getting hurt. Zen walked to the clearing in the middle, with Laquisha following right behind him. No one dared to go near them.

"This time... I'm afraid things are about to get worse," said one of the men in Divinity Hunt Squad of the Collapsing Mountain race.

The moment it fell quiet again, steel ropes appeared from every direction, all like tentacles targeting Zen. Each tentacle pierced through the Demon Sealing Array and rushed toward Zen and Laquisha.

Zen had angered the Martial Sacred Beast!

Clatter, clatter, clatter. Whenever the steel ropes wiggled, they made a noise.

Everyone, including Chapman of the Divinity Hunt Squad, stood where they were, not daring to move.

None of them could win against a Martial Sacred Beast. Luckily for everyone else, this beast seemed intent on going after Zen. The steel ropes passed over everyone's heads and rushed toward Zen in the middle.

No one had gone against the Martial Sacred Beast for ages, and now, Zen had even injured it, cut off one of its limbs.

Zen took a deep breath as he watched the steel ropes roll in from everywhere. They were getting closer and closer! He pulled Laquisha toward him. "Come closer!"

Laquisha nodded and moved closer, pressing her hands on Zen's back.

Right then and there, the Nine Divine Stars inside Zen's inner world began to shine with unprecedented brightness. When the people within Zen's inner world witnessed this phenomenon, they all knelt and touched the ground with their foreheads. They saw this as a direct command from the Venerable Creator. A baby born on this day would have the Venerable Creator's full protection for the rest of its life.

Only a third of the power.

Zen didn't know what would happen to him if he used that amount of power in one go.

Once his strength reached a certain point, it would be difficult for him to estimate how much he should use, but he figured that the more he used, the better.

At the moment, and with the short time that he had, using a third of the Nine Divine Stars' strength was his limit.

Shortly, the invisible force spread out and formed a small sphere about ten feet in diameter around Zen and Laquisha. No one saw it, but everyone felt it. Once the sphere had stabilized, everything within it, aside from Zen and Laquisha, was obliterated. Dead leaves, branches, dirt, and scavengers on the ground did not turn into dust but merely disappeared.

Rumble, rumble.

Unleashing this amount of power made the ground shake. It rumbled for a brief moment, temporarily deafening everyone. No one was aware that they had heard a loud sound. They only felt as though the entire world had fallen absolutely silent.

Confused, everyone looked at Zen and Laquisha, and the invisible sphere made known only by the crater it had made on the ground.

As for the steel ropes, the moment they touched the invisible sphere of power that Zen had made, not a single one broke. Instead, they all simply disappeared.

Chapter 1870 A True Spirit

No matter how fierce the steel ropes were, they immediately shattered and dissipated upon touching the ball.

This sight filled Zen with ease.

He was currently unable to directly control this kind of power. If he tried to inject it into himself, his body might not be able to bear such violent power and disintegrate. Therefore, he could only project it by means of the Cross-world Theurgy.

Using it like this might seem inefficient but it should not be underestimated.

Laquisha, who had attached herself to Zen's body, looked up at him with surprise.

Her premonition was proven right but it was still quite shocking. She had initially thought that Zen would be able to catch up to her brother. She was wrong. Zen would actually go far beyond whatever her brother was capable of.

'He will bring me to the Soul Suppressing Cliff, ' Laquisha thought to herself.

She smiled and rested her head on his shoulder. If Zen did not manage to bring her to that place, then she didn't think anybody else in this entire world would be able to do so.

The steel ropes were rendered useless by the ball since each lash caused them to immediately disintegrate and disappear. This was a loss to the Martial Sacred Beast since each steel rope it lost was equal to losing one of its arms.

Realizing the futility of its attacks, the beast retreated its ropes.

The crowd wiped off their sweat and looked up at Zen with fear in their eyes.

Back in the Collapsing Mountain race, Zen gathered the power of the nine stars in the place three inches from his fist and wielded it as a way for him to display his strength. Everyone thought it was Zen's own power, not noticing the finer details.

However, this time, Zen had directly spread his power outside of his body.

This couldn't be pure power, at least none of them thought so.

When ordinary warriors displayed their power, they would usually need their bodies to activate it. This made it impossible to force their power out of their bodies and make it into an independent existence.

Zen, however, had transformed his power into this egg-shaped shield that he wrapped around himself for protection. It looked more like some kind of theurgy.

But what sort of theurgy had such power? Zen was merely at the Spirit Supreme Realm. How in the world was he able to resist the Martial Sacred Beast's attacks?

World lords such as Kennan would be the ones with the strongest theurgy amongst everyone present. However, even Kennan's Wishing Spell wouldn't be enough to block all the beast's ropes. Zen did not just block them. His shield was actually strong enough to destroy them!

None of them could've ever thought that Zen was using the Cross-world Theurgy to directly project his power from his inner world to the outside world.

It was only after Zen allowed the ball to disappear that the group felt a sharp pain in their ears.

Their hearing was temporarily impaired due to the high-frequency vibrations generated by the tremendous power from before.

It took a while for the power to disappear and when it did, they began to feel an unbearable pain in their ears! Some of the weaker warriors even had blood flowing out from their ears.

Just as they recovered their hearing, the ground began to shake again.

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

There were rumbling footsteps that echoed from somewhere not too far away, as if a huge creature was approaching at high speed.

Rustling could be heard all around them.

One by one, the trees began to fall in the distance!

Each tremor made everyone's heart pound in fear.

The tremors grew even more intense as the rumbling footsteps got closer and closer. Each step sent the warriors around two to three inches up in the air, so some of them deliberately fixed their feet on the ground to keep their balance.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

From the collapsing giant trees burst forth a huge creature!

Everyone couldn't help but stare at the colossus.

"Is this a Martial Sacred Beast?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

The Martial Sacred Beast looked like a giant serpent but with four legs and a huge crown. On its crown were countless steel ropes that continuously wiggled. They seemed to serve as the beast's tentacles.

What was even stranger was that half of its body seemed to be made of cyan and gray metal, while the other half was light-green colored skin full of grids and rhombus-shaped scales.

It couldn't be considered as huge as they first thought it was when they heard it approach. The beast was just a little bit taller than the giant trees around, about 600 to 800 feet high, much smaller than the Formless Sky Python from before.

However, it carried an air of intense oppression that everyone, including Zen, could feel.

They felt they were facing such a powerful existence that shouldn't exist in this world!

The Collapsing Mountain race, famous for their boldness, held their breaths in the face of this beast. They had long known that a Martial Sacred Beast lived here but nobody had ever seen it in person. All they saw were its tentacles.

Zen's strength might have reached a terrifying level but there was no way he could take down this Martial Sacred Beast!

Once again, Zen felt insignificant as he faced this fearsome opponent.

Thump!

The Martial Sacred Beast took a step forward and its blood-red eyes were fixated upon Zen and Laquisha.

Zen felt his chest constrict as the beast stared down at him.

He knew his strength and power had greatly improved but not enough for him to feel confident when facing this beast of legend.

The best choice would be to relinquish Laquisha to the Martial Sacred Beast. However, that wouldn't be possible since they already made a deal. She helped him and he agreed to take her to the Soul Suppressing Cliff in exchange.

As a result, the Martial Sacred Beast and Zen continued staring at each other.

Chapman clenched his teeth. He wanted to persuade Zen as well but ended up not saying anything in the end.

Clang!

A steel rope burst forth from the beast's crown and was aimed towards Zen.

Its target remained the same: Laquisha.

The moment it reached Zen, the young man waved his hand and sent out an arc of pure strength.

Clang!

The force was enough to sever the steel rope!

Everyone's heart trembled at the sound of the breaking rope.

Would they survive the fury of the Martial Sacred Beast?

The warriors from the divine land had been wondering what exactly the Martial Sacred Beast was after hearing about it from the Collapsing Mountain race. Right now, they wished they never found out at all.

Its appearance was easily recognizable for many of them and they couldn't help but curse under their breaths.

It was a Black Weasel, a true spirit hatched from Sunrest Wood.

There were only around seven or eight Black Weasels that currently existed and one had already been subdued by the head of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. This Black Weasel in front of them had never shown its face and they never would've imagined that it would get half of a puppet body and become like this.

However, what was scarier than the weasel itself was the fact that Zen was actually planning to fight it.

A Spirit Supreme Realm warrior like him competed with a true spirit?

Zen was courting his own ruin.

Old man Theodore was secretly regretting his decisions. He had originally planned to leave the Collapsing Mountain race and had gone on this expedition with his team to secretly observe Zen. He didn't expect to come face-to-face with a true spirit!

"Zen Luo, give that girl to the Martial Sacred Beast," a warrior said.

Zen, however, turned a deaf ear to his advice. His eyes were filled with persistence as he continued to look straight at the Black Weasel.

The two were at a standstill. Despite the fact that Zen had cut off its tentacle, the Black Weasel did not attack Zen and the young man was the same. In fact, the beast seemed to be afraid of something, or perhaps, it did not wish to fight with him.

The Black Weasel extended another tentacle in an attempt to reach Laquisha.

Zen felt his back tighten as the tentacle reached towards them while Laquisha tightened her grip around his throat in fear.

Kennan and his companions were far more knowledgeable and experienced than the ordinary martial artists in the divine land as followers of the Holy Emperor. They knew the Black Weasel's origins very well. If the Princess Royal were to be swallowed by the beast, then the Holy Emperor wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

Zen threw another punch and another half-moon strike once again cut the tentacle off.

Having been stopped twice now, the Black Weasel suddenly raised its head.

"Aooo!"

His sharp roar was followed by the swaying of the trees. Those present couldn't keep their balance anymore. A large number of the martial artists from the Snake and Tiger Hunt Squads fell to the ground, and some even fainted.

Zen also felt the painful, swelling sensation but did not move an inch.

The Black Weasel continued to roar as it approached Zen. Only when the young man was within arm's reach did it finally stop.

Zen clenched his fists tightly as his heart beat nervously fast. The beast was so close now that he could smell the stench from its breath.

If the Black Weasel chose to swallow him all in one gulp, would he even be able to resist?

Chapter 1871 The Skyland Race

As they peered straight into each other's eyes, Zen could feel enormous pressure weighing down on him.

But there was something else he noticed.

As he looked into the Black Weasel's eyes, apart from the oppressive sensation, Zen didn't pick up any killing intent.

If the Black Weasel was truly a spiritual pet nurtured by the Holy Being, then it had endless ways to kill him in a blink—it could probably take down everyone present in a single move.

But Zen had no idea what it was up to so he couldn't ignore his nervousness. By now, Chapman had already decided to give up on Zen.

The young man was too impulsive, but if he died in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the strength source he had obtained would return to this world.

After a long moment of staring at each other, the Black Weasel suddenly raised its head and roared into the sky. For a moment, it threw a glare at Zen with its red eyes before walking away, disappearing into the forest.

No one dared move even when the weasel's body had completely disappeared from view. Only when they heard the sound of heavy footsteps fading away did they feel relieved. "Huff…"

Though Chapman released a breath, his expression didn't look at ease. But as the leader, he couldn't just point a finger at Zen for risking their lives—he had to consider the situation as a whole.

But one of the members of the Collapsing Mountain race suddenly jumped up.

Nimble as an ape, he reached out his hand and aimed at Laquisha's head—he wanted to kill her on the spot.

The Collapsing Mountain race believed that Laquisha was Pascal's sister and they were aware of the Han Clan's status in the divine land.

The large Han Clan was on par with the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but so what? If they couldn't leave the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, then everything else would have been for nothing.

So Zen was the Collapsing Mountain race's last hope. With this woman by his side, they'd all be in danger. "Aran! Don't be rash!" Chapman's expression turned alert.

Obviously, this warrior called Aran wasn't good-tempered as Chapman was.

Just now, they were almost killed by the Martial Sacred Beast because of this woman.

Now, all he wanted was to take Laquisha down. But he hadn't considered Zen's thoughts.

Luckily, before he got Laquisha within his reach, Kennan and his companions stood their ground in front of Laquisha and blocked Aran off. "Get out of my way!" Aran roared coldly.

"You're courting death!" Kennan hadn't expected the warrior to suddenly take action—they would not show mercy to him.

Among the warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race, Aran was on equal footing with Chapman in terms of strength. Although he couldn't carry a Heavenly Destiny in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, in terms of pure strength, Aran's was almost the same as that of a Supreme Lord who specialized in body refining.

Under the impact of his strong body, how could the world lords hope to block him?

With a mere touch from Aran, two of the world lords had their internal organs displaced instantly and they fell to the ground.

But Kennan and the other world lords all came from the divine land.

In the eyes of the divine land warriors, physical strength was merely a measure of a martial artist's power. But in a fight, it usually came down to a warrior's holistic strength. No matter how powerful one's pure physical strength was, it didn't equal invincibility. One could find many other ways to either avoid attacks of physical strength or weaken their opponents' strength.

With a flick of his finger, Kennan made an S-shaped emerald jade appear on his left hand. When he pressed the jade with his finger and drew in air, a fishing net appeared before him out of thin air—it was as light as a feather. It began wandering in the air like willow catkins until it enveloped Aran completely.

The moment Aran was enveloped, all the strength in his body was sapped. Suddenly, his attack came to a halt and his entire body turned soft to the point where he could barely remain standing.

"This fishing net…" Zen's gaze froze.

If Zen hadn't used the power of the nine stars, his strength would have been far inferior to this warrior of the Divinity Hunt Squad. The fishing net was extremely magical. How did it manage to drain the Collapsing Mountain warrior's strength to such an extent?

"That's the Strength Reincarnating Net," Laquisha explained, noticing Zen's puzzled expression. "It's a supreme primordial weapon—it can completely absorb one's strength and reincarnate it into each thread of the net."

In other words, after the net had absorbed Aran's strength, it exerted the strength back onto Aran. The greater the victim's strength, the greater counterforce it had—Aran was trapped.

Upon witnessing the scene, Chapman heaved a sigh of relief. Being too hot-tempered, Aran was inches away from making a grave mistake.

Zen was willing to risk his life to protect Laquisha—he wouldn't back down in the face of Aran's attack.

Later, under Chapman's meditation, Kennan removed the net entrapping Aran when the latter gave up the thought of killing Laquisha under

Chapman's persuasion.

"Alright, we can go on our way," Laquisha announced with a smile. Resting on Zen's back, she wasn't feeling nervous at all. In fact, she felt a strong sense of security.

With a nod, Zen replied, "Then when are you going to get down from my back…"

Laquisha merely stuck out her tongue and slid down Zen's figure.

After going through the Martial Sacred Beast crisis, the martial artists from other races turned much more obedient—having finally made some achievements in cultivation within the Collapsing Mountain race, no one was willing to lose their lives so easily. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was originally quite a strange place. If they weren't careful enough and lost their lives because of it, they only had their bad luck to blame.

The group had somehow stabilized and with the Collapsing Mountain race's rich experience, they went through the rest of the journey more smoothly.

On the way, they encountered a few strange beasts. The Tiger Hunt Squad and the Dragon Hunt Squad personally dealt with them and killed them.

But after they crossed the forest of giant tress, they entered the Calamity Dispelling Forest—the number of strange beasts seemed to increase. So long as they didn't encounter something like the Martial Sacred Beast, it wasn't so much of a problem for them. Even beasts like the Formless Sky Python, the Divine Hunt Squad could deal with them—there was nothing to be afraid of.

After about fourteen hours, the groups passed through the Calamity Dispelling Forest. In front of them, appeared a wondrous scene—a river that stretched across the very sky.

The broad river was completely suspended in air, meandering all the way across the sky like a snake without a head or tail.

"It's going to be dark soon. Everyone should pick up the pace. After we pass through this Sky Enlightenment River, we'll reach the Skyland race's territory," a Collapsing Mountain warrior remarked.

Day and night in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were completely different. Powerful existences like the Formless Sky Python usually came out at night, but the Martial Sacred Beast was an exception.

"The Skyland race? Why are we headed there?" one of the other warriors questioned.

"This is a joint operation by the three sacred places. Why do you still have so many questions?" the Collapsing Mountain warrior responded coldly, staring indifferently at the warrior who asked the question. Seeing that it was a warrior from another race that had joined the Snake Hunt Squad, the Collapsing Mountain warrior just didn't bother to explain much to him.

If it was the kind of hunting in the past, they would have already made it back to the Collapsing Mountain race by now. But this time, it was different—they had crossed the Calamity Dispelling Forest and were going to gather in the Skyland race.

Apart from the Skyland race, there was also the Harmony race who would join this mission.

Many years ago, the aboriginals of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had already planned to take action numerous times, but now, the three races had joined their forces.

The Collapsing Mountain race had long since spread the news about Zen to the Harmony race and the Skyland race. They referred to Zen as the 'flame-proof warrior, ' attributing how he was unafraid of fire. He was the key to achieving their goals.

While the Collapsing Mountain race still refused to reveal what they wanted Zen to take for them, Chapman had guaranteed time and time again that the three races would do their best to protect Zen from harm.

The moment everyone made it across the river in the sky, they felt a strong wave of life vitality pass through them—they had reached the

Skyland race's territory.

Here, warriors could cultivate Pristine Life Vitality and the Skyland race was a sacred place for warriors cultivating life vitality.

But the martial artists of the Collapsing Mountain race mainly focused on body refining. Some of them cultivated both body and life vitality, but still, they didn't have much interest in the Pristine Life Vitality of the Skyland race.

Zen's situation was a bit special—although he also had built his inner world, the life vitality within his body had been replaced by chaotic energy, rendering the place's life vitality useless to him.

But the attributes of chaotic energy and life vitality were rather similar. If the Skyland race had some special methods to use life vitality, Zen could still absorb and learn some of the methods.

Soon after they entered the territory of the Skyland race, several troops arrived to welcome them.

Their warriors had a build similar to that of human warriors. But their eyes were sunken, their hair golden, and on their backs, every one of them had a pair of pure white wings. Like the Collapsing Mountain race, they dressed simply and crudely, with only a few pieces of cloth covering their private parts, exposing their strong figures.

Chapter 1872 Asking In Reply

The Skyland warriors were much more taciturn compared to the Collapsing Mountain warriors.

They finally entered the Skyland race's territory with the Skyland warriors' guidance.

There was no terrifying attraction force in the Skyland race's land but its buildings were rather strange.

Numerous towers littered the area and underneath was pitch-black marsh.

Quite a few people crouched on top of each tower with their white wings unfurled, forming a sea of feathers up high.

A few Skyland warriors would also graze the ground as they flew past.

While the Collapsing Mountain race focused on the relentless pursuit of strength, the Skyland race yearned for the skies and freedom.

Unfortunately, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was a giant cave, so they could never really reach the skies. This was why the Skyland race loved hearing stories of the worlds beyond their land and welcomed warriors of other races.

All the stories and experiences of outsiders served to make the Skyland warriors excited for the sights outside of their knowledge but also envious since it was highly unlikely for them to ever experience the same thing.

The Skyland warriors were very much interested in exploring the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and hoped to one day attain the opportunity to leave this cave.

It was no surprise that the Collapsing Mountain race was very warmly welcomed by the Skyland race.

The towers all around them were arranged in an orderly fashion but in differing heights. The height of each tower signified the status of the Skyland warriors that perched on each one.

The higher one's status was, the higher the tower was.

The highest was around ten thousand feet higher than the lowest.

It was in the tallest tower that the Skyland race hosted its visitors.

At nightfall, the Skyland warriors returned to their lair, led by a man who wore a golden crown. He was none other than the leader, Kaydan.

Kaydan immediately fixed his eyes on Zen the moment they were introduced.

Zen was a key figure and Kaydan felt it necessary for him to personally observe this person who had been much talked about by the Collapsing Mountain race.

He waved his hand lightly and a bright, yellow flame appeared in his hand.

Despite being a key figure, Zen was still a lowly Spirit Supreme Realm warrior in his eyes, so he was preparing to throw the flame on the young man directly.

This obviously displeased Zen. Nobody liked getting burned.

Kaydan's flame was transformed by the life vitality activated by the Law Power and looked very ingenious. Still, Zen remained unyielding. He was not afraid of it but he wasn't also going to let it burn him without saying a word.

After his stay with the Collapsing Mountain race, Zen's strength had undergone a complete, dramatic change.

He had initially been too weak and was constantly bullied by the other members of the race. Now, however, he was finally strong enough to fight back.

Chapman quickly realized the situation and was the first to step in. "Kaydan, please wait!"

The Skyland race leader's eyes flashed. "Why? What's wrong?"

Chapman was in a bit of a bind. Kaydan's status did not warrant him to grant any respect to a random Spirit Supreme Realm warrior, so it was understandable why he did what he did. However, this was Zen they were talking about. Chapman should've explained Zen's strength to him beforehand. "Zen belongs to our Divinity Hunt Squad."

His words were cryptic but all he was really trying to say was that Zen's strength was so formidable that he had the qualifications to enter the Divinity Hunt Squad. In short, he was up to par with their race's top warriors.

Kayden, however, still did not understand. He figured that the only reason Zen could join the Divinity Hunt Squad was that he was fireproof. There was no way a young man like this had the strength to actually match Chapman and the others.

"That's not important right?" Kaydan asked.

Chapman could see the way the flame on Kaydan's hand throbbed. He quickly stood in front of him. "Zen obtained the title of 'wild king' during our test."

His words shocked Kaydan greatly. "You must be joking, Chapman! Wait, this guy isn't really fireproof, is he? You're just playing with us, right? The Harmony race will arrive in a few days. You'll have to take responsibility for playing such tricks on us!"

He did not believe Chapman's words at all and the Collapsing Mountain race leader's inability to explain things in a straightforward manner only added to his suspicions. What he couldn't figure out was why Chapman had to lie to him about this.

Chapman smiled. It was partly his fault that Kaydan misunderstood. "I'm telling the truth!"

Despite the seriousness of Chapman's words, a trace of doubt remained in Kaydan's eyes. "It doesn't matter if it's the truth or not. I'll personally try it myself. Don't try to stop me."

"I'm not trying to stop you. I just wish you'd ask Zen's permission first," Chapman replied.

He knew Zen wasn't aggressive nor bad-tempered but he was still someone who should be given due respect. This wasn't a dialogue between the strong and the weak and they could not easily ignore Zen's thoughts on the matter. Besides, Chapman had the lingering suspicion that the young might be way stronger than him.

Kaydan finally understood Chapman's intentions. He then wondered if Zen really was that important.

The situation greatly irked Kaydan. "Brat, I've been told that no flame could ever harm you. I want to test this with my flames. Can I do that?"

Though his words were rude, Kaydan was already showing great respect by speaking to Zen like this. He was the leader of the Skyland race after all.

But Chapman knew something terrible was about to happen when he heard Kaydan's words.

Before he could say anything, Zen had already given his answer. "I refuse," the young man said with a smile.

The other senior Skyland members gasped at Zen's insolence. They didn't think he'd outright refuse their leader's request!

Kaydan raised an eyebrow and laughed coldly. "You're only a warrior from another race. Do you honestly think that you have the qualifications to refuse?"

Zen remained calm and collected. "The qualification can be obtained by means of strength. It's not something that you can determine so rashly."

Even the Collapsing Mountain members were surprised at this show of hostility from the young man.

However, they had all been witnesses to Zen's strength firsthand.

They had no idea where he got it from, but the way he fought against the Martial Sacred Beast simply left a deep impression in their hearts.

Chapman suddenly felt that it was his role to diffuse the situation, but Kaydan already beat him to it. "Then let's see if you have the strength to fight for it!" the Skyland leader declared in a cold voice.

In the end, Kaydan couldn't help but take action!

He pointed his finger at Zen and the yellow flame transformed into a thin, fiery snake that shot straight towards the young man.

Each universe had slightly different rules but these rules were made by Holy Beings. Each world built by them was always under the influence of the divine land, so the difference between worlds and creatures wasn't too great. Kaydan believed that Zen was just an ordinary warrior like most of them and would also be burnt by the fire.

The Skyland members all waited for the result. They all thought that Zen was too arrogant and reckless for his own good. If he survived their leader's flame, then that meant he was truly fireproof. If not, then he deserved to burn to death.

Laquisha sat silently beside Zen. The flame which headed towards him looked stronger than the one from the Calamity Dispelling Wood. However, it was nothing compared to her special flame. There was no way it was going to harm him.

However, she also figured that Zen wasn't going to let the flame touch him at all anyway.

Zen stood on the spot, unmoving. However, in a split second, he activated the nine stars and let them flash.

He had already used one-third of the nine stars' strength that day and he discovered that that power wasn't something that could be obtained without limits. The more he used it, the dimmer the light became.

However, there was no need to use so much power anyway. Just thirty percent was enough to deal with the troublesome fiery snake.

This strength of the nine stars turned into a solid shield in front of him that devoured the fiery snake fully.

Kaydan pulled a long face. With a heavy swipe of his finger, he let out multiple fiery snakes all at the same time. Their color also changed from bright yellow to deep red. He wasn't pulling his punches this time around.

However, the result remained the same. Zen seemed to have an invisible wall in front of him that absorbed Kaydan's snake projectiles every time.

"Do I have the strength and qualifications?" Zen asked indifferently.

Chapter 1873 Imagine All Kinds Of Delicacies

Zen's question met a ringing silence from all the warriors of the Skyland race.

The Collapsing Mountain race guarded the strength source, while the Skyland race possessed the Pristine Life Vitality.

Everything in this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was formed by life vitality. The Skyland race was where the vitality between heaven and earth had originated from.

With such a unique advantage, the Skyland race's talent in using the life vitality was far greater than that of the other races.

Their techniques of using life vitality to activate various laws were, obviously, ingenious.

As the leader of the Skyland race, Kaydan was undoubtedly very powerful. He had already activated the Fire Law and pushed it to its limit, but with no effect on Zen.

What was even more surprising was that Zen wasn't moving at all! It looked like he was withstanding Kaydan's flame effortlessly, cutting an impressive figure as he stood there.

It was obvious that Zen had never taken the Skyland race seriously.

It was at this moment that Kaydan started to believe Chapman's words. This guy really had obtained the title of wild king, and his real strength was perhaps even more than that.

But he had spoken so arrogantly to him before. And as the leader of the Skyland race, he was now caught in an embarrassing situation.

It was impossible for him to arrange an assassin to kill Zen. Chapman would be the first one to oppose it.

Seeing that the flame could do no harm to Zen, Kaydan had no choice but to make it dissipate. He then snorted and said, "I hope you really are as strong as Chapman has claimed! Or the Emerald Flame would have burned you to ashes!"

"You don't have to worry about that," Zen said with a soft chuckle. "Remember, I am only cooperating with the Collapsing Mountain race."

Kaydan's face darkened at his words, but Chapman continued to ease the situation. At the same time, he agreed with Zen, "That's right. Our Collapsing Mountain race and Zen are cooperating with each other. Kaydan, you shouldn't be so rude."

"Chapman, you!"

The Collapsing Mountain race had cooperated with an martial artist from another race? Kaydan doubted if Zen was powerful enough to work with them.

Even when Pascal had become the leader of the Collapsing Mountain race, many warriors in the race had opposed it. The six races in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were essentially very xenophobic. For example, there were often warriors in the Collapsing Mountain race who demanded to seal off the Sacred Spring Mountain and forbid the martial artists of other races from entering it.

This had often happened in the Skyland race, Kaleidoscope race, and other races in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

But the rules of the six great sacred places for cultivation were set up by the prophets, and the prophets followed the orders of the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. It was impossible for them to attempt to change the rules.

So even though the six great races were xenophobic, they still had to unwillingly accept martial artists from other races to cultivate, and provide assistance to help them improve themselves.

This reluctance deepened the aboriginals' xenophobia. Deep down in their bones, they believed that the martial artists from other races were here to take advantage of them.

Now that Chapman had confirmed that the Collapsing Mountain race was cooperating with Zen, to Kaydan, it felt like an act of degrading themselves. He had thought he had misheard it at first. But as he thought back to Chapman's behavior and opinions throughout it all, Kayden realized that it wasn't that strange at all.

As he watched realization dawn on Kaydan's face, Chapman sighed. He strode forward and whispered something in Kaydan's ear.

Kaydan's expression changed again as he listened to what Chapman had to say and then stared intently at Zen. His face gradually softened, and his attitude underwent a complete shift as his tone became extremely courteous. "That explains it. It looks like our Skyland race has benefited from the cooperation between our respected friend Zen and the Collapsing Mountain race. I realize that I spoke rudely and might have offended you. Please don't take it to heart."

The senior leaders of the Skyland race watched, their jaws almost hitting the ground.

What had Chapman said that had caused their leader's attitude to undergo such a drastic change in the span of a few seconds?

The warriors of the Skyland race had no idea what had happened. But Zen knew what was happening. And so did some of the more astute warriors.

Chapman had probably told Kaydan about their encounter with the Martial Sacred Beast.

As the spiritual pet of the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the Martial Sacred Beast had an extraordinary status. Not only had Zen confronted the Martial Sacred Beast head on, the Black Weasel had even chosen to take the initiative to leave.

Just this fact alone was enough to prove that Zen was extraordinary.

Although the Black Weasel couldn't speak any human language, it wasn't unintelligent. The fact that it had let Zen go was already very abnormal. It was probably worth their time to consider the reason behind it.

Who could have driven the Black Weasel to make such a decision? Only the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land!

Perhaps the Collapsing Mountain race did not know the purpose of the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Even the prophets had kept it a secret. However, Chapman and some others had their own guesses.

Realizing this, Kaydan had no choice but to brace himself and change his attitude, even though it was a little awkward.

When Kaydan backed down, Zen didn't plan to continue making things difficult for him. He only nodded and said, "It's just a small misunderstanding. Please just forget it."

Kaydan might have put his pride aside, but the other warriors of the Skyland race weren't about to. They didn't know what had happened and they simply hated Zen for it.

Once this was over, it was time for the meal.

When the Collapsing Mountain race came to visit, the Skyland race usually treated them with abundant food.

Kaydan waved his hand, and dozens of Skyland race members flew over. In their hands were piles of exquisite plates and wine cups, which they placed one by one before the guests.

But the plates were empty.

Zen was curious as he looked at the plate before him. Just what food was the Skyland race going to serve them?

Since this was a sacred land for cultivating life vitality, the martial artists here cultivated life vitality and didn't need to eat food. They could just devour the vitality between heaven and earth to sustain themselves.

What happened next confirmed Zen's deduction.

The Skyland race was indeed different from the Collapsing Mountain race. The Collapsing Mountain race needed to hunt a large number of rare and unique beasts for food, the flesh and blood of which would help the warriors greatly in refining their bodies.

But the food of the Skyland race was life vitality!

Once the plates were put in place, a dozen women of the Skyland race appeared.

These women were slim and beautiful, in great contrast to the tall and sturdy women of the Collapsing Mountain race.

Martial artists from other races drooled as they saw these women, feeling that they were beautiful enough that they could feast their eyes upon them.

The ladies had their hands clasped together before the plates and closed their eyes in meditation.

'The spiritual projection technique!' Zen gasped, surprised.

As the women imagined through techniques of meditation, the rich life vitality in this place began to condense. Emerald green lights began to flicker from the plates and a fragrance began to waft through the place. In the blink of an eye, all sorts of fruits and meat appeared on the plates, the cups filling with fragrant wine.

Zen was speechless.

The spiritual projection technique was a method to control life vitality at the entry level.

But when martial artists cultivated, they could devour life vitality and directly absorb the vitality between heaven and earth.

The Skyland race had maintained their tradition of eating meals, but they did not eat minced meat or grains. They used the spiritual projection technique to serve the purpose.

These beautiful women were the cooks of the Skyland race.

The spiritual projection technique they had cultivated since they were young was to imagine all kinds of delicacies.

The best food in the world was still in one's imagination. After all, people's imagination was a wonderful thing.

Under the constant training, the food they came up with through spiritual projection became exceptionally rare delicacies.

Of course, the food was only a mass of life vitality. It was similar to absorbing the vitality between heaven and earth when it was gulped down. The only difference was that it could satisfy one's appetite.

"Ha-ha! I miss the delicacies of the Skyland race every day. Although this food couldn't fill my stomach, its taste is first class! We'll eat this first, and then we'll divide the prey!" Chapman smiled, impatient to get his hands on the plate.

The Collapsing Mountain race didn't absorb life vitality. To them, eating all this food was the same as not eating it at all. But the delicacies of the Skyland race had always been tempting to them. They had had a good harvest in the journey through the Calamity Dispelling Forest. That prey could wait. What they wanted to do right now was satisfy their taste buds.

Once the woman of the Skyland race had finished her meditation, she turned to Zen and bowed. "Please enjoy your meal," she said and walked towards the next martial artist.

It wasn't long before every plate was filled with all sorts of delicacies.

Zen was curious since Chapman had praised the food so much. He took a few grapes and popped them into his mouth. Sweetness exploded on his tongue. The rich sweetness wasn't cloying but was completely different from what he had experienced before.

He swallowed the food and once it entered his stomach, Zen could feel it turn into life vitality that began to enter his inner world. But the moment it entered, it was instantly annihilated by the chaotic energy. His inner world had long since been unable to contain life vitality.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1874 Innocence (Part One)

There was a lavish spread for them, including all types of luscious fruits, juicy meat and different varieties of fragrant wines. As he savored them, Zen realized that this Skyland race really knew how to enjoy themselves.

These varied spread of delicacies could be credited to the women from the Skyland race who were extremely good at visualizing food. Their creativity with visualization had even surpassed Zen's imagination. He was amazed at their ability to combine taste and life vitality so perfectly.

All the warriors from the Collapsing Mountain race as well as from other races were also enjoying themselves; savoring each delicacy with delight.

If they finished the food on the plate, those girls would come back and close their eyes to meditate. They would transform life vitality into food, and it would be different delicacies every single time.

After their special meal, the Skyland race made arrangements for everyone to stay.

They decided that they would stay in the territory of the Skyland race for a few more days, until the Harmony race arrived. After that they would proceed with action.

Zen stayed in one of the pagodas and during the whole night of meditation, observed the development of his inner world.

Over the past two days, Zen had frequently used the power of the Nine Divine Stars. But of late those stars seemed to have dimmed a little.

However, as the chaotic sea surged, some traces of the chaotic energy were absorbed by the nine stars.

Chaos could transform into all things. Everything within the divine land evolved from chaos, including life vitality.

Holy Beings cultivated life vitality and turned it into the universe, hence everything in the universe evolved from life vitality. Therefore, it was expected for the nine stars to absorb chaotic energy.

So wasn't it likely that the creatures evolved from chaotic energy would be at a higher level than him?

Zen was born in the universe, so considering this, he was formed from life vitality. He could be considered a 'secondary creature', while the creatures in his inner world were actually of a higher level.

Zen couldn't help but smile at that thought.

After eighteen hours, the night in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land ended and the daytime came.

On a tall tower several tens of feet away from Zen, a graceful figure flashed across. As her toes touched the ground and a faint smile blossomed, Zen realized the woman was Laquisha.

"Come, I want to take you to a place." Laquisha smiled and leaning across, she pulled Zen up.

"Where are we going?" Zen inquired.

"You will see. It is an interesting place!"

As she said this, Laquisha whirled around and jumped far away from the towers.

Curiosity got the better of Zen and he immediately followed after Laquisha.

It was baffling to see the large numbers of pagodas in the Skyland race territory. Their size became smaller as they moved ahead. The ones in front of them was so small that they looked like stones protruding from the black water surface.

These pagodas in the distance seemed like a path, extending along the black water.

Even though they could fly in this place, he followed Laquisha who was leading the way. He couldn't figure out where this woman was taking him to.

But when they were walking along a row of short stone piers, a member of the Skyland race blocked their way. "Behind us is the Tidal Surge!" This is the trial ground of our Skyland race. One can enter only with a trial tally."

Although each sacred place for cultivation had its own cultivation method, they all had to pay the trial tally to access. And the Skyland race was no exception.

How could Zen get a trial tally?

However, this did not seem to be a problem for Laquisha.

Their Han clan had a large city exclusive to them in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The purple trial tally could be precious, and it was not that easy for the other Han Clan members to obtain. But for a person like Laquisha or Pascal, it was very easy.

The corners of Laquisha's mouth curved up slightly. With a casual flick of her hand, two purple trial tallies shot towards the guard of Skyland race.

After a close examination of the two trial tallies, the guard allowed them to pass.

As he continued to walk forward, Zen noticed that the black water beneath his feet started to surge, rolling forward in waves.

At the same time, wide platforms appeared before them. It was as though giant mushrooms had sprung up on top of the black water.

There were over a thousand warriors on these platforms.

The majority of them were warriors from other races and the remaining few were from the Skyland race.

This was something Zen could deduce.

When a warrior cultivated, they would rarely choose to improve themselves through the body refinement. The vast majority of them cultivated life vitality!

Most of the warriors that entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land would first look to enter the Skyland race's cultivation sacred place. Once they obtained the purple trial tally, they would enter this place at the first possible moment.

If Zen had been teleported to a normal place and obtained the purple trial tally, he probably wouldn't have chosen the Skyland race. After all, there was no need for him to cultivate life vitality.

As Zen and Laquisha entered, the warriors from the other races on the platforms glanced at them. When they looked at Zen, they were expressionless, but when they saw Laquisha, some of them frowned and revealed a trace of fear.

They were relieved when Laquisha did not go up the platforms.

"What are we doing here?" Zen looked confused.

"Just come with me," Laquisha said with a laugh. "But there's one thing I need your help with."

"What is it?" Zen asked.

"Help me beat up someone!" Laquisha said.

"No," Zen firmly refused. The woman had indeed helped him before, but Zen had only agreed to help her enter the Soul Suppressing Cliff. That was called for. And Zen had also saved her in the forest of giant trees.

Chapter 1875 Innocence (Part Two)

He was definitely not one of Laquisha's henchmen to bid at her orders.

Laquisha curled her lips, revealing a bitter expression. But immediately her expression changed as if she had thought of a plan.

As he continued forward, Zen discovered that these mushroom-like platforms varied in size. The further he went, the bigger the mushrooms became.

At the same time, the fighters on the platforms looked stronger.

Finally, Laquisha brought Zen up with her and stepped onto a platform with a diameter of over a thousand feet. There were only over a hundred cultivators on this spacious platform, so they could move around freely on it.

The moment Zen jumped onto the platform, the warriors from other races glared at him with furious expressions!

Zen was slightly stunned after seeing their expressions.

However, at this moment, the black water below began to surge violently. A whirlpool appeared under every platform, and Zen's platform had the largest whirlpool.

Swishy swash!

The warriors who had been glaring at Zen and Laquisha, shifted their focus to the water as the intense sounds of waves crashing against each other echoed through the air.

The platform began to fill with round divine textures. At the feet of Zen and Laquisha, a divine texture had also appeared.

"Quickly, infuse your life vitality into the divine texture," Laquisha suggested.

"What for?" Zen asked cautiously.

"Just try it!" Laquisha urged at him.

By now Zen had already guessed something serious was going on. He was no fool. From the moment he had entered this place, the warriors on the platform had been on high alert.

It was evident that there was limited source in the platform. According to Zen's estimation, this kind of resource should be comparable to the strength source. After all, the Skyland race was a sacred place for cultivation that was on the same level as that of the Collapsing Mountain race. They would also have to pay the purple trial tally.

As for the resource on each platform, it was definitely limited. That was why the warriors were wary and didn't want the newcomers to join in.

Right now, the platform beneath Zen's feet was the biggest, but there were only over a hundred warriors on it. This was even more abnormal. The only probable reason was that no ordinary warriors from other races would dare to step foot on this platform.

Now Zen understood as to why Laquisha required his help to beat someone.

But Zen did not mind it much. By now even he was curious about this place and wanted to see what exactly this Tidal Surge was.

Zen was naturally unable to infuse his life vitality into the divine texture, but he could easily replace it with chaotic energy.

With this thought in mind, Zen extracted a trace of chaotic energy and poured it into the divine texture beneath his feet through the meridians in his legs.

Laquisha was also extremely focused at her task. As her ten slender fingers intertwined with each other, she formed a colorful life vitality stream and poured it into the divine texture below her feet.

The instant the chaotic energy was infused within, the divine texture slowly rotated, as though something was about to escape from it.

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

At this moment, the flowing black water beneath them had intensified even further, along with the luster of divine textures.

After a strand of chaotic energy entered, it was quickly devoured by the divine texture. Zen could only replenish one at a time.

For ordinary divine texture, a single strand of chaotic energy was more than enough to be poured into it. But, Zen continued to pour in several strands of chaotic energy, all of them being sucked dry by the divine texture beneath his feet, as if it was a bottomless pit!

A look of curiosity appeared on his face, but he didn't know what the purpose of this divine texture was. However, the amount of chaotic energy in his inner world was so vast that it didn't matter much. He continuously kept infusing the chaotic energy into the divine texture. Although a great deal of chaotic energy had been injected into it, it was still a drop in the chaotic sea.

The black water surged upwards and the waves continued to crash for another five minutes. Soon it calmed down.

As soon as the black water calmed down, black crystals began to shoot out from the divine texture beneath everyone's feet!

The black crystals were about the size of a finger, and they fell to the ground with a clattering sound.

Many warriors looked relieved the moment the black crystals shot out. They immediately grabbed them in their hands before they fell into the water.

Around three to four black crystals would appear next to each martial artist. Most people would choose to swallow them at the first possible moment.

The bigger the platform, the more black crystals it could extract!

Zen and Laquisha's platform was the largest. It was seven or eight times larger than the surrounding platforms. Because the number of warriors on this platform was less, each of the divine textures should have churned out around thirty to forty crystals

But on this platform, the hundred warriors including Laquisha, had yet to refine a single black crystal.

They were all glaring at Zen, as if they wanted nothing more than to kill him. But apart from anger, the warriors were also filled with wonder and disbelief.

The black crystals were being produced from the divine texture at Zen's feet. In the blink of an eye, the black crystals surrounding Zen piled up like a small mountain. There were probably four to five thousand of them!

Sensing the strong hatred from those people, Zen revealed an innocent smile on his face. He shrugged his shoulders apologetically, indicating that he didn't know how it happened. He didn't know what these black crystals were, either.

Chapter 1876 The Rule

What Zen didn't know was that by setting foot on the largest platform, he was violating an unwritten rule, something very taboo.

Although the six great sacred places were all equals, the one in the Skyland race was undoubtedly the most popular!

It wasn't just because of the great number of warriors that cultivated their life vitality here, but most importantly, the Pristine Life Vitality cultivated by the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land that was extremely famous in this divine land.

Absorbing Pristine Life Vitality here was the equivalent of being a Holy Being's personal disciple. Truly of utmost importance.

In the vast divine land, not many Holy Beings had taken outsiders as their personal disciples.

And for this reason, the Skyland race had slowly become an important place in the eyes of the most powerful. Such individuals had been thinking of ways to occupy a seat in the Skyland race.

The status of those people on Zen's platform were also considered high within the divine land!

They had occupied the largest platform, and who would dare fight against them?

Everyone knew that this platform had tons of Pristine Life Vitality, but they could do nothing but be envious. For most of them, joining this platform was impossible, they simply didn't have the qualifications.

Leading by Laquisha, Zen had stepped onto this popular and important platform.

Had Zen set foot here at any other time of day, he would have been attacked at once. In groups, the warriors would have come at him ruthlessly. Any warrior whose desire to join this platform was great enough would have to pay an even greater price.

However, Zen and Laquisha's arrival on this platform just happened to coincide with the start of the Tidal Surge.

It meant that at the time, everyone was busy refining their Pristine Life Vitality, which was a kind of precious black crystal.

Of course, this didn't mean that Zen was totally off the hook. They could only wait to deal with him until they had completely extracted all the Pristine Life Vitality. Every bit of Pristine Life Vitality was considered incomparably important, and no one here was willing to waste it. Not even to punish Zen.

In their opinion, it wasn't an urgent or pressing matter because Zen and Laquisha could only refine ten or twenty crystals of Pristine Life Vitality. That wasn't much and they didn't really care because they'd just make them obediently hand them over later.

But they were very, very wrong. And the result was far beyond any of their expectations…

The Skyland race actually had their own personal reasons for setting up such divine textures on these platforms. It came down to the fact that this place was still considered sacred for cultivation. Only with competition and confrontation, everyone would speed up their refining speed.

The person who poured the most life vitality normally refined the most Pristine Life Vitality. One went hand in hand with the other.

At the approaching tide, all the black water would gather towards the pillar beneath the platform. The pillar was made of a special type of material, capable of filtering out the Pristine Life Vitality from the black water.

Once the filtering process was completed, the Pristine Life Vitality would be refined through divine textures and distributed among the many present warriors.

The stronger a warrior was, the more Pristine Life Vitality they would be able to refine. Even when on the very same platform, one warrior could refine fifty crystals of Pristine Life Vitality, while another one might only refine ten. The amount of Pristine Life Vitality depended on their own capability.

However, Zen's chaotic energy was several times stronger than any life vitality!

If vitality between heaven and earth was the basis for the entire divine land, then chaotic energy was the basis for the entire revolution of chaos!

After Zen had injected so much of the chaos, the result became unpalatable for the others.

He had monopolized almost all of the Pristine Life Vitality by himself. The black crystals that should have been scattered beneath the feet of the many warriors were all piled beside Zen instead.

"Laquisha!" shouted an enraged voice.

In the middle of the platform was a lady wearing a purple robe. Her long skirt fluttered from her waist, revealing a pair of slender white legs. She was glaring at Zen and Laquisha. Her beautiful face was filled with anger.

Beside the girl was a young master wearing jade-colored brocade clothes. His eyes were also emitting a cold glare.

"Oh! My little sister! Why do you want to say to me?" asked Laquisha. With a wave of her hand, a crisp, jingling sound rang out and dozens of black crystals gathered above her palm at once. She gently blew on them, and the black crystals instantly dissolved, changing into streams of black light that flowed into her body as she breathed.

"Sister?" Zen was slightly surprised at her reply.

Whoosh!

The purple-robed woman's body flashed and appeared before the two of them in a split second. She looked directly at Laquisha and asked, "Who is your sister?"

Just as Laquisha was about to speak, the young master in brocade also appeared, frowning as he sized up the pile of black crystals beside Zen. He smiled faintly at Laquisha and said, "Our big sister actually found a strong helper, but seems to me like he's just a secondary creature? Correct me if I'm wrong."

"Humph! Who's your sister?" asked Laquisha.

But before anything could come out, the young man turned his head to look at Zen, his tone changing at once. "You are nothing but a mere secondary creature and don't even have the right to set foot within this place. Should I kick you out myself, or are you going to scram out of my sight before I have to?"

At these words, Zen frowned and his brow creased.

No matter what Laquisha had in mind, Zen had no plans of getting involved.

Sure, the pile of black crystals before him really was quite precious, but for Zen himself, it was actually rather useless. Truthfully, he had no use for life vitality anyway.

Still though, the young man in brocade was too unpleasant to listen to, his words so harsh. Although Zen was skilled at maintaining a calm heart under any provocation, this didn't mean he was going to let this man continue.

Just as Zen was about to answer the man, another figure flew up behind him and stopped right beside him, patting his shoulder. "Zen!"

"Lone?" Zen's gaze froze.

It was true. The person was none other than Lone. Two months ago, Lone had finally obtained a purple trial tally and had entered the Skyland race's sacred place for cultivation.

"Haha, I didn't think you'd actually come. I thought you would be the first to obtain a purple trial tally!" Lone laughed and then added, "Kurt and Lucille are here too!"

Just as he was speaking, two other silhouettes appeared on the platform. Lucille and Kurt, of course.

They greeted Zen one after the other as they came over. Zen noticed that despite being happy to see him, the three of them were faintly wary of the platform's warriors. It was apparent that these Godly Geniuses weren't willing to become enemies with them.

Once this thought had crossed Zen's mind, a smile appeared on Lone's face. "Master Qin, this is my friend's first time entering this place. He doesn't know the rules here and is innocent. Please calm your anger."

The three others, on the other hand, had already been cultivating here for quite some time now and therefore, they were already familiar with the rules.

Lucille, Kurt, and the others were considered the pride of the heavens, but there was no Supreme Lord to protect them here. Moreover, these people all were powerful in the divine land. Being only secondary creatures, they didn't even come close in comparison.

Worst of all though, they all had powerful backgrounds.

The Qin Clan's young master was a perfect example. His clan had forever occupied a specific teleporting area. Both Lone and Kurt were teleported there. They knew very well that the young master's background was anything but ordinary.

At first, because the three of them were too busy refining the Pristine Life Vitality, they didn't notice Zen.

When they were almost done though, they suddenly realized that the atmosphere wasn't right. Looking outward, they noticed a large pile of black crystals sitting next to a single warrior, while the others had very few. Who was this guy? Why was he so amazing?

Upon taking a closer look, the warrior's figure began to look familiar. Was that really Zen? Uh oh! He had gotten himself into big trouble!

That was why Lone had hurried over. He first apologized to Young Master Qin.

Although the young master hadn't paid much attention to Zen up until now, and in fact, he had even told him to scram earlier, he was now changing his mind. The enormous pile of black crystals had really grabbed his attention. He sneered coldly at Lone and said, "You know the rules around here?"

"Not exactly. Please explain, Master Qin," said Lone. Lone caught Zen's eyes gloomy and mouth agape as if he wanted to speak. He quickly tugged at Zen, still smiling at the young master.

Watching the scene, Kurt and Lucille muttered to themselves, hearts heavy. 'Troublesome... this young man isn't going to be any good.'

These platforms belonged to the Skyland race. And although they were occupied by the divine land warriors, they didn't have any written 'rules'. Those that were completely unaware and jumped onto these platforms would usually be driven away by these divine land warriors. If any trouble-maker dared to defy them, they would be beaten up and thrown into the black waters below.

And now, since a rule had suddenly appeared, they knew that this fellow couldn't have any kind actions to share.

"Whoever steps onto this platform will first lose both their legs. That is the rule." Young Master Qin's face suddenly revealed a trace of malice. "If the four of you want to leave, then break your own legs!"

And naturally of course, the four people he was referring to were Zen, Lucille, Kurt and Lone.

He absolutely dared not to break Laquisha's feet!

Laquisha was listening in and when she heard this, she was immediately overjoyed. She was afraid that Zen would stop the incident and be dragged away, which wasn't a show she wanted to see.

Chapter 1877 Threat And Enticement (Part One)

When Quentin Qin suddenly announced a new rule, the other warriors on the platform shared knowing smiles.

Anyone who was qualified to enter this platform for Pristine Life Vitality refinement most probably had an extraordinary background.

The warriors were angry that Zen had nabbed away the Pristine Life Vitality produced by this round of Tidal Surge. But if this man was wise enough and left the Pristine Life Vitality behind, then he wouldn't cause too much trouble. They hadn't actually lost anything.

They were still in the territory of the Skyland race after all. It was true that many forces from the divine land tried their best to make friends with the Skyland race. Even though they had gained in convenience from the Skyland race, it was impossible for them to be too arrogant and despotic here.

Quentin Qin suddenly invented such a rule. Smart as they, these warriors immediately understood what his real purpose was.

It was not his goal to chop off the feet of these fellows.

They were just a few secondary creatures. Who the hell knew where these creatures originated? What was the point in chopping off their feet? He thought it troublesome to do so even once.

As for what these secondary creatures had in their hands, they didn't even care about at all.

The only thing that caught their eyes was the method that Zen had displayed just now!

When one stood on the platform, a divine texture would appear at one's feet upon appearance of the Tidal Surge.

No one knew who set up these platforms in the first place. However, this was the only known way to extract Pristine Life Vitality from these divine textures.

The size of the platform and one's strength would determine how many black crystals would be refined.

The warriors on this platform were mostly from the divine land. Occasionally, some young men from the Skyland race came to join them, but the difference between them wasn't that great in refining the black crystals. Someone might refine thirty to forty black crystals once, while some ten to twenty black crystals.

However, the fellow that Laquisha brought was a little out of the ordinary!

With his refinement, he had produced three to four thousand crystals. In other words, he had taken away all of the Pristine Life Vitality on the platform.

The warriors of divine land were also astonished.

They had always looked down on secondary creatures. How could they be willing to show that they were impressed by this puny being? However, they could not deny to themselves that they were shocked at this. But at the same time, they began to think over the problem.

Since Quentin Qin made up a rule to break the feet of these people, his goal was most probably Zen!

They did not guess wrong.

Quentin Qin was really interested in Zen's ability. If he could control that ability himself, he could monopolize a platform and increase the speed at which he absorbed Pristine Life Vitality by a hundred times. Why not?

He wouldn't need to stay on the largest platform; even if he could occupy a smaller platform, it would be enough. In any case, no one else had the ability to compete with him.

Kurt's, Lucille's, and Lone's expressions darkened, when they heard this.

After they entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they understood their status of being a secondary creature. If they wanted to cultivate and raise their strength, they had no choice but to endure everything. They had to put in a lot of effort to enter the Skyland race.

Among them, Lucille had spent three months and Kurt had spent two months. Lone took the longest time and had spent a total of four months before he obtained a precious purple trial tally.

Even after entering, they were still bullied.

They didn't even want to consider the biggest platform. In the beginning, even the small platform at the edge of this place had warriors that drove them away.

However, these few people had extraordinary talent. Someone who had cultivated to the state of being a Godly Genius was not someone that could be easily ignored, even in the divine land. The weakness of the three of them was their low cultivation. Most of the people here were Spirit Transformation Realm warriors, but the three of them were stuck at the middle or late stage of the Spirit Supreme Realm.

As they worked hard, their strength increased gradually. They began to change platforms frequently as they gained more and more Pristine Life Vitality.

However, the three of them still didn't dare to step onto the platform in the middle.

When Zen appeared, the three of them all stepped forward one after the other in an attempt to lead him away. They hadn't thought that Quentin Qin could say such words. He was simply too much of a bully!

Lone barely managed to summon a smile as he said, "Master Qin must be joking. We won't take away all of this Pristine Life Vitality, so why is it such a serious matter?"

However, Quentin Qin's expression was nothing but serious. A bit of malice made the corner of his mouth lift. "I, Quentin Qin, have never joked about such an important matter. How can you, a secondary creature, have the ability to ascend this platform?"

As he finished his words, he waved his hand gently. A bit of life vitality condensed slowly and formed a sword that was as thin as a cicada's wing. "Are you going to chop off your feet by yourself, or should my blade make you confess?"

The sword light was discreet and contained a hidden sharpness. However, Quentin Qin did not have the slightest intent to kill. In his eyes, these secondary creatures were insignificant beings that would surrender if intimidated!

However, he still had to assume a fighting posture as if he meant it. Otherwise, how could he use this as a threat to interrogate Zen?

If these people really didn't know what was good for them, then Quentin Qin had another plan in mind. If he ended up killing these people, the Skyland race shouldn't cause any trouble for him. After all, the Skyland race still needed the Qin Clan...

Chapter 1878 Threat And Enticement (Part Two)

The Skyland race differed fundamentally from the Collapsing Mountain race in terms of cultivation methods, because Skyland race cultivated through the Pristine Life Vitality and Collapsing Mountain race cultivated by the strength force.

Since the Collapsing Mountain race only refined their bodies, just infusing the strength source was fine. Besides, they had sufficient food supplies and they didn't need the help from other races. Therefore, this race treated all other races equally and rarely favored one, except Zen.

The Skyland race, on the other hand, had a great demand for cultivation methods and even weapons from the divine land. Other races from the divine land naturally catered to the Skyland race's likes, and there was no exception for Qin Clan. Thus, the Skyland race took special care of warriors like Quentin Qin.

Quentin Qin thought that he could overwhelm Zen with his strength, and with the help of the Skyland race, where could these people run? If they dared escape from Skyland race, that would be even better. The Qin Clan had been placed in position of power in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, so they could do whatever they wanted!

As she saw that Quentin Qin was about to make his move, Lucille's pupils suddenly constricted. The killing intent that was hidden in the depths of her heart ignited.

Kurt stood with one palm erect, and the strength of his other hand that was holding the monk staff increased slightly!

Compared to the other two, Lone understood the warriors from the divine land a bit more. After all, the broken sword in his hand originated from the divine land. He knew that it would be a futile attempt if they were to make a move against Quentin Qin at this moment. But if Quentin Qin would make any move against them, they would resist.

"Master Qin, don't be so ruthless," said Lone. He was already quite hopeless about their situation.

Quentin Qin took two steps forward. When he sensed that it was the right time, he sneered and stared at Zen as he said, "Of course, you can keep the Pristine Life Vitality, but I have one condition. Just now, your friend had some methods up his sleeve. With this method, he can refine quite much Pristine Life Vitality. I will let all of you leave safe and sound, if you tell me the methods. As for that pile of Pristine Life Vitality, I will let you keep it as a gift!"

This was threat and enticement.

While he threatened to make a move, he also had the ability to bestow Pristine Life Vitality to his opponent. His timing and tricks were quite accurate.

When he finished speaking, all of the other warriors from the divine land on the platform revealed expressions of 'I knew this was going to happen', and quietly waited for this situation to unfold.

Lucille and the other two looked at Zen simultaneously. Quentin Qin had finally revealed his true intention after going around the bushes!

Laquisha sat down on the ground. When she waved her fingers gently, crystals of Pristine Life Vitality continuously flew into her hands. Then she caught them and daintily put them into her mouth, as if she were eating some snacks. She ate them one by one, looking at the scene with a smile on her face.

She had already known about Quentin's temperament, but she did not expect that things would turn out better than she expected. If Zen would show his true abilities, this fellow would surely suffer greatly. At this moment, her mood was naturally very comfortable!

Zen just stood on the spot and didn't utter a single word. He glared coldly at Quentin Qin.

He had seen through Laquisha's intentions long ago. She wanted to use him to teach Quentin a lesson, but Zen did not want to play along with her plans. He intended to settle this matter right from the start...

It was a pity that Zen had underestimated Quentin's tyranny. Seeing Zen's methods of Pristine Life Vitality refinement, Quentin was determined to get them. His aggressiveness had even involved Lucille and the other two. Now, Zen had no intention of backing down.

At that moment, Zen still paid no mind to Quentin Qin. Instead, he addressed Laquisha and asked, "Is this what you want?"

Laquisha only smiled in reply, and took another black crystal into her mouth.

In one quick motion, Zen stretched out his forefinger and flicked it with his thumb. "I don't like people using me. I hope this is the last time."

After calmly saying this, an extremely powerful, concentrated stream of energy condensed on the tip of his finger!

Zen gathered all the strength in his body, including that of Eight Path Platforms, and focused it entirely in his forefinger. This finger was only three inches away from Laquisha's forehead, and she instantly felt an enormous pressure!

If Zen had flicked out his finger, her entire head would have been pulverized and there was no doubt that she would have died in an instant!

Feeling this pressure, Laquisha's face was drained of color. She saw that Zen's expression was deathly serious, and it didn't seem like he was joking.

Pah!

Zen flicked his finger, and it landed on Laquisha's forehead.

At that moment, Laquisha had been scared half to death.

However, Zen's ability to control his strength had already reached its peak. Other than the nine stars power that he could not fully control yet, it could be said that he had proficient control of his strength.

The moment he flicked his finger, all of the power dissipated. It only left a faint red mark on her forehead!

Zen turned around and took a deep breath. He smiled to Quentin Qin and said, "On this platform, I have to break both my legs before I can leave. This rule is indeed interesting, but what if I don't want to leave?"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1879 Killing Intent

Quentin referred to Zen's "Primal Chaos Technique", when he spoke about the method Zen had used. But the truth was, Quentin couldn't cultivate this technique and there was no way Zen would hand it over just like that.

So, instead of wasting his time dealing with Quentin, Zen just chose not to respond to his words.

Now, he had no intention of leaving the platform at all.

Quentin had made a temporary rule so that Zen could speak up.

However, he didn't expect the cocky attitude from Zen and he was taken aback by the latter's insolent response to his request.

Even the lady and the warriors in Quentin's entourage were dumbfounded at Zen's lack of respect towards Quentin. They couldn't comprehend what he meant and to top it all, they were stunned at his guts to stay on the platform.

"What do you mean?" Quentin asked again, giving Zen a chance to take back what he said.

But Zen had enough of this man's self-entitlement. His aura had noticeably increased, and his facial expression changed drastically as well. He chuckled, "I'm surprised that you can't understand. All I am saying is… I will be staying on this platform and you need to get your asses out of here right now. If you insist on staying, I have no choice but to cut your feet off!"

Even an idiot could easily understand the situation.

There was a moment of silence on the platform...

Meanwhile, those words that Zen had spoken gave his three companions quite a scare. Lone's and Kurt's eyes widened in shock;

while Lucille was hyperventilating. Her cheeks began to blush and her whole body was shaking.

Out of these three warriors, Lucille was the most aggressive and ready to act when needed. However, she knew they had no chance of winning against these people from the divine land. There was nothing she could do earlier but suppress her anger.

But after she heard Zen's words, she felt alive again. The valiant look on Zen's face melted her heart. Zen had not changed even after coming out of the universe.

His spirit and confidence were also contagious. She could feel it radiating from his aura. Could it be that Zen had obtained another trump card?

Back in the Illusion Battlefield, Lucille and the others had seen all of Zen's trump cards.

However, this was not the universe, but the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The only warriors who could take the test were the elites of the various universes and powerhouses from the divine land. Was Zen confident to confront Quentin?

But wait…

Zen just said that he wanted to occupy this platform.

Aside from Quentin, there were other experts on this platform from other universes and the divine land.

If Zen wanted this platform all to himself, it could only mean that he was confident in dealing with everyone on this platform!

But Lucille wasn't certain if her deductions were right.

It would all depend on how formidable Zen's trump card was. But deep down, she was hoping that her deductions were correct...

Quentin was stunned and could not react for a while. But when he came back to his senses, his handsome face gradually twisted.

His eyes widened and he smirked. "Ha-ha-ha!'

And suddenly, he burst into laughter like a maniac in front of Zen.

His laugh echoed throughout the platform and the dozens of warriors from the divine land followed suit.

The laughter on the platform was deafening.

When the warriors from the other platforms heard the commotion, they looked over and saw Quentin and the other warriors laughing hysterically. They saw Zen being power tripped by the other warriors and they couldn't help but pity him. However, they also knew that this was going to be a good show – a nobody versus the elite warriors. Of course, there was no doubt that the latter would win.

The warriors from other platforms didn't know who Zen was and where he came from. To them, Zen was only a secondary creature who was not even qualified to challenge this group of elites from the divine land.

"Where did that guy come from? Who does he think he is?"

"Heh, he seems to be friends with Lone!"

"He doesn't know his place in this world."

"Maybe it's time that the elites bring him back to his rightful place. This idiot is out of his mind!"

Some warriors on the other platforms felt disgusted by Zen's confidence in challenging the elites, while others pitied him and could imagine what would happen next – him being defeated and shamed for the rest of his life.

Click!

Meanwhile, Laquisha was lying on her side against the air as if she was leaning on something. She was twirling a black crystal and casually stuffed it into her mouth.

Although she still felt lightheaded from being flipped by Zen, she still looked at him with fascination.

She saw Zen as a rather reserved person who didn't even understand the gravity of the situation. But no matter his apparent naivety, she had never thought that Zen would have such a domineering side. It was quite appealing to her. This was an arena of rivalry between Zen and Quentin!

Laquisha had wanted to teach Quentin a lesson, as this bastard had deceived her younger sister with sweet words a long time ago. However, she never thought that things went better than she expected. Laquisha was overjoyed with the situation now.

Smiles and laughter echoed throughout the platform - nature had a way of keeping the balance in this world. "Just smile! The happier you laugh, the more miserable you'll be, ' thought Laquisha with satisfaction. She did not bother to look at Quentin Qin, but when she heard his laughter, she felt at ease.

The sound of laughter on the platform gradually subsided.

The manic smile on Quentin's face completely disappeared. In an instant, his eyes were filled with hatred and his body radiated with a murderous aura. He said, "It's been a long time since I met such a daring secondary creature! It's a pity that I have to kill you!" He laughed again, then abruptly stopped. Silence filled the platform and not even the wind made a sound. Then Quentin shouted, "Isaiah!"

Soon after, a member of the Skyland race flew to the platform.

This Skyland race man named Isaiah was the gatekeeper of Tidal Surge, and his duty was to maintain peace and order in this place.

In this place, a warrior's goal was to refine more Pristine Life Vitality from Tidal Surge and to do that, one had to have the platform all to himself. This was the main cause of many disputes in this platform. So, the Skyland race had no choice but to send a man to guard this area.

Aside from the man sent by the Skyland race, a strict rule was also implemented in this area - immediate expulsion for any warrior who would dare to create chaos in this area.

As a result, no warrior dared to disrupt peace and order of this place.

However, the warriors from the divine land were treated differently. From the moment they entered this land, they were being looked after and cared for. A divine land warrior like Quentin Qin would never be expelled, even if he acted against the rules. As long as he did not end one's life, the Skyland race would turn a blind eye to whatever he would do.

No warrior would dare to question or harm any warrior from the divine land in fear of being expelled even if it was self-defense. It was like these divine land warriors were untouchable in this area.

Therefore, despite the disgust and anger of many warriors from other races towards Quentin's group, nobody dared to speak up or resist. It was a lose-lose situation: If they resisted and won, they would be expelled; but if they resisted and lost, they would still be expelled and be shamed for the rest of their lives.

"Mr. Qin, what's the matter?" Isaiah, the Skyland race warrior, asked while his wings kept flapping as he floated in the air.

"Today, blood will run in this platform! Someone would wish he wasn't born!" Quentin said loudly as if sentencing Zen to die.

"Mr. Qin… I hope you can reconsider. This doesn't look good." Isaiah's face was clouded with hesitation.

The Skyland race was one of the six races guarding the sacred places for cultivation. Normally Skyland race treated all warriors considerably fair, except they would tolerate some doings of warriors from divine land. Nothing outrageous happened here until now.

This group of warriors from the divine land often competed with each other but mostly to fool around or teach others a lesson. They had never killed anyone here before.

"I don't care! Go and report this to your leader. I'm sure my clan can afford the price!" Quentin said coldly without even looking at Isaiah.

"Yes, Mr. Qin!" Isaiah wasn't an important figure within the Skyland race. And since Quentin had asked for permission, it was good enough. It was useless to report this to his leader. Anyway, he couldn't care less if these foreign warriors died.

Including Collapsing Mountain race, the six races had hidden grudges for these warriors from other races. To them, the foreign warriors were parasites in their cultivation sacred places. The warriors from the six races considered these places as rightfully theirs, and the foreign warriors were slowly taking something away from them.

Looking at Zen, Quentin looked devilish and ferocious. "I will let you live if you hand over that method to refine Pristine Life Vitality and destroy your cinnabar field and Path Platforms by your own!"

Quentin already knew that Zen was a cultivator who cultivated both body and life vitality. The most essential thing for a body refiner of his current stage was the Path Platforms, while the most essential thing for a cultivator who cultivated life vitality was the cinnabar field. It would be a disaster for a cultivator who cultivated both body and life vitality, if both were destroyed.

"Just hand it over and you'll live to see another day. Otherwise, you'll die!"

"Once Master Qin acts, there's no way he'll stop!"

"Your method isn't that great. Just hand it over! It's better in the hands of Master Qin!"

The warriors behind Quentin clamored.

But none of them truly understood how bizarre Zen's method of refining the Pristine Life Vitality was. Since Zen was considered as a secondary creature, his methods were also seen the same way. They thought Zen only had advantages on Pristine Life Vitality refining, although his methods might be clever.

They didn't know that Zen had never used any method to refine the Pristine Life Vitality. He had refined so much Pristine Life Vitality just by using the chaotic energy.

At this moment, everyone hoped that Quentin could obtain this method from Zen. If Quentin would like to share that method with them, each of them could occupy a platform. Eventually, they could monopolize and obtain all the resources from all platforms above the Tidal Surge.

Click!

Laquisha took another black crystal and stuffed it in her mouth as she watched the scene unveiled. She glanced at the group of idiots and shook her head in disappointment.

Chapter 1880 Throwing Them All Into The Water

"What kind of expression is that?"

A crowd of foreign warriors from the divine land hadn't yet noticed Laquisha, but her younger sister had.

For reasons still unknown, her sister's expression felt quite strange to her.

Laquisha stared at her little sister and laughed dryly, "You'll understand soon enough, my little sister."

"Understand what?" asked the purple-robed woman, curiously.

Laquisha didn't take the time to explain.

Instead she thought to herself, 'If only Zen could just kill Quentin Qin - there will be no better solution. It will save us the future trouble and also cut off my innocent little sister's naive thoughts!'

Ever since they entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, these two sisters had been going at it like cats and dogs!

The Qin Clan was of the same level power with the Han Clan, and it had been such a long time since they'd heard of Quentin's notoriety, Laquisha included.

Both the Qin and the Han Clans had been married for generations. However, Laquisha had no desire of entrusting her sister to Quentin. With so many geniuses in the Qin Clan, any one of them could be considered much more reliable than this fellow.

Quentin had observed Zen long enough, and noticing that he hadn't moved in a while, he decided that he had had enough. He could no longer hold himself back!

As the life vitality within his entire body surged at once, the thin, long sword in his hand suddenly rose up. His killing intent had been stirred, and right now, he lacked any trace of pity. There was no stopping him!

His sword was extremely fast, and as he thrust it out, it flowed forward smoothly.

At the same time as his sword flung forward, the surrounding vitality between heaven and earth crazily surged together. Even the black water below the crowd was constantly rippling with energy.

Whoosh!

The sword flipped into an upright position and in the blink of an eye, it was already before Zen.

Unfortunately, Quentin had underestimated Zen.

If Quentin had been even slightly aware of Zen's strength and power, he would have never acted in such a way.

Instead, he would use the supreme primordial weapon in his hand. He'd probably unleash the great Wishing Spell while he was at it, too. He was going to use his strongest powers to fight against Zen.

Of course, if he had known about Zen's performance in the Collapsing Mountain race, he would have simply turned around and run in the opposite direction. How would he have chosen to fight against Zen, then?

The key point was that Zen's cultivation at the Spirit Supreme Realm was too bewitching. In Quentin's current opinion, such an opponent was only a matter of a single sword attack. Even if he had only used a bit of his strength, he felt that killing Zen should be more than enough.

This sort of contempt came with a hefty price tag!

When this new sword appeared only a few feet before him, Zen only gently waved his hand. Two of his fingers formed what looked like a pair of scissors and his eyes revealed a trace of ridicule.

In a matter of seconds, Zen's fingers had already clamped onto the blade.

Without a single stop or a moment of hesitation, Zen flipped his hand and the long, thin sword broke apart in an instant. Quentin didn't even have the time to react before Zen's other hand had reached forward and clasped down on Quentin's neck!

Then, with a forceful push, Zen pressed Quentin's head down onto the platform.

Just like that, Zen sprinted forward still holding Quentin's handsome face down. As Zen ran, Quentin's face rubbed directly against the platform.

When these platforms were built, the people of Skyland race naturally considered their resistance. Though Zen wasn't using the power of nine stars, a shocking trail of blood was still left on the platform.

The bloody wound acted like a paint brush as it dragged a heavy, thick line across the platform. The dark red color was extremely rich!

The group of warriors on the platform had originally been watching the battle with a faint smile on their faces, but now, their expressions were frozen. Everyone stood motionless, like statues. They had never thought Quentin would appear so weak when confronting this secondary creature at Spirit Supreme Realm.

Zen kept Quentin's head pressed against the floor in this way until he reached the edge of the platform. A few of the warriors in the middle took a step back when they saw the building momentum. One of the warriors couldn't avoid the pair in time and was knocked right into the black water by Zen like a deflated sandbag!

And just as that warrior slipped into the raging black water, Zen kicked his foot outward, and Quentin, too, was flung into the black water.

This black water was all formed from life vitality. In truth, it was a life vitality sea!

The life vitality sea of Holy Being had almost solidified, turning into everything in the world. The true sea had already disappeared. Only the Skyland race possessed this sea of life vitality, which was currently forming its own Tidal Surge.

Although falling into the sea was not dangerous, everyone could clearly see that before Quentin tipped over into the sea of life vitality, his face was a bloody mess!

"You!"

The first to react was Laquisha's sister.

Ever since she entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and encountered Quentin by accident, he had tried to curry favor with her using all sorts of flowery words. She, for the first time, had been deeply immersed in his sweetness.

Initially, Laquisha had insisted on bringing her little sister along. However, she had refused to listen to Laquisha and instead, decided to stay and cultivate within the Skyland race.

Who knew that when she was halfway through her cultivation, her older sister would rush over one day and bring a man with her!

This man seemed to be a secondary creature… And for a secondary creature to be so arrogant, it was only right for Quentin to teach him a lesson!

After all, this woman had never experienced anything in her youth. She was immediately fascinated by Quentin, and she viewed him as her own Mr. Right.

Who would have thought that in the blink of an eye, Quentin would be kicked into the black water in such a humiliating manner without any chance of retaliation? This girl was instantly enraged!

Her dress fluttered as faint green halos of light spread out around her. She was getting ready to attack Zen.

But before she could even execute her next movement, she suddenly felt her inner world sealing up. Turning her head, she saw that Laquisha was holding a rune in her hand.

"You…"

Anxious, Laquisha's sister's eyebrows shot up.

"Look!" Laquisha shrugged her shoulders and pointed at the other side of the platform.

When Zen kicked Quentin over into the black water, the other warriors also took the opportunity to make their moves.

Almost all of these warriors came from the divine land and they had power and influence. With the influence of their families, it was easy for them to form groups.

How would the others ever tolerate Zen's action, as Quentin was considered one of the top warriors in this group?

But once Zen had experienced this dramatic increase in power, coupled with the massive increase in body strength, even Skyland race seemed like nothing to Zen now - let alone these Spirit Transformation Realm warriors!

If they battled against one another, the result would be tragic.

Zen kept his body in motion. No matter what weapon his opponent used, he would break his opponent's attack with a finger and throw a punch out whenever a warrior got too close!

Like a bolt of lightning, Zen moved with utmost speed.

And once again, another weapon broke to pieces, and the warrior was kicked directly into the black water. Under the immense impact, his injuries were far from small.

Just a simple move on Zen's behalf was enough to beat them.

Plop! Plop! Plop…

Following the sounds of bodies falling into the water, more than half of the warriors on the platform had disappeared in the blink of an eye. Zen had indeed kicked down twenty to thirty warriors on his own!

"I, I didn't do anything…"

Finally, Zen approached a fat warrior. At the man's gloomy words, Zen stopped his fist directly in front of his face.

The fatty smiled innocently. When he was about to take his own action, Zen's punch suddenly exerted inexplicable force and the fatty fell into the black water, his golden axe still attached to his back disappearing into the black water along with him…

That was when Zen suddenly spun himself around and swept his gaze across the remaining warriors. "I'm not that cruel. And I don't really want to cut off your feet. You want to get out of here by yourself?" Zen asked faintly. "Or should I send you off?"

Everyone, and everything, fell absolutely silent once again.

"You've proved yourself. You deserve your name. I should have thought of that long ago…" Lone let out a long, hearty sigh.

Lone had admitted long ago that Zen was a demon. In fact, the broken sword in his hand was actual proof of such. And yet, he could never have expected that still, even now, he was underestimating this fellow…

Lucille and Kurt were ready to make their moves.

However, before they could do anything at all, Zen had quickly taken care of everything going on in front of him.

It was hard for the two to describe exactly how they were feeling right now!

The speed at which Lucille and Kurt entered the sacred place was extremely fast. Through absorbing the Pristine Life Vitality, they also felt that their improvement occurred at great speeds. Now that they saw the method Zen displayed, their originally somewhat swollen self-confidence was severely damaged.

If Lucille's and Kurt's improvements were quick, then Zen's improvements moved at incredible rates. The two were incomparable.

However, their hearts were still filled with worry.

Zen currently beat this group of foreign warriors and threw them all into the water, but the Skyland race would not sit idly by. He had no power or influence in this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, how could the Skyland race members allow Zen to behave so atrociously here?

If the people of the Skyland race were to blame him, what would come of Zen? No matter how powerful he truly was, it was impossible for him to fight against the Skyland race alone, right?

Together, the three of them grew more worried. And yet, they couldn't help but feel a sense of warmth. Zen's actions had finally helped them all out!

Chapter 1881 Discrimination

Zen almost rolled his eyes--he wasn't interested in seizing the platform at all. While the Pristine Life Vitality was quite mysterious as it was similar to the strength source, it was completely meaningless to him.

Moreover, he didn't have any reason to help Laquisha, who had even stirred up trouble on purpose.

However, Quentin had been too overbearing and had compromised Lucille and the others. Thus, Zen had no choice but to take action.

Silence hung like a thick blanket on the platform, as the warriors looked on in disagreement.

The tension was palpable. After all, this group of people had been quite dominant even in the divine land.

It was simply because they thought that the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land wasn't anything special. They didn't expect that an arrogant secondary creature like Zen would be there as well.

They could temporarily stop the absorption of the Pristine Life Vitality, but they'd be humiliated if they left just like that. It was truly embarrassing to be driven away by a secondary creature, and they would become laughing stocks if this matter spread to the divine land in the future.

Then again, they had no other choice.

Now, Zen could easily defeat warriors like Quentin. Warriors of his caliber were no match for Zen at all.

It wasn't long before a warrior from another race took the initiative to leave the platform with a dejected look on his face.

After that, the rest of the warriors followed suit.

After a blink of an eye, all the warriors on the platform were gone. The only ones left were Zen, Lucille, Kurt, Lone, and the two girls from the Han Clan.

"You have to leave as well," Zen muttered to Laquisha and her sister.

Laquisha was stunned. "Why are you driving me away?" she said in a shaky voice.

Meanwhile, Laquisha's sister cast her a helpless look. She didn't expect that the person her sister found to help her would drive her away as well.

"All of this started because of you--but since I've taken this platform, I get to decide who stays behind," Zen coldly responded.

"I'm not leaving," Laquisha said and pursed her lips. She didn't care about the black crystals. She only asked him to teach Quentin a lesson and now that he was about to drive her away, she felt quite embarrassed.

Lone tried to persuade Zen and said, "Zen, it doesn't matter if these two stay. The platform has enough Pristine Life Vitality."

Everyone left behind had witnessed the whole process. Although they didn't know what Laquisha and Quentin's relationship was, they had a rough guess based on the talk they had heard. The most important thing was that Lone had learned about the Han Clan's position in the divine land through his broken sword.

It was one thing for Zen to have already offended Quentin, but Laquisha seemed to have fallen in love with Zen. No matter what their relationship was, Zen couldn't offend another big clan for no reason at all.

"Zen is highly talented. He is a rare talent even in the divine land. However, his EQ is really low, so we'd better persuade him," the broken sword whispered to Lone.

There was no way that Zen would allow the two sisters of the Han Clan to stay with them. Just as he was about to say something to Lone, they suddenly heard a voice from the sky.

"Private duels are prohibited here. Violators are expelled! Who was causing trouble here?"

The booming voice echoed throughout the area as a group of people appeared in the clouds, led by Isaiah from the Skyland race.

After Zen had driven away all the warriors from the divine land, the Skyland race finally appeared.

Isaiah flew in the air before he led six of his clansmen onto Zen's platform. He raised a fine brow as he glared at Zen. "Who was causing trouble here? Don't you know the rules of my race?" he said in a sharp, aggressive tone.

Yet, Zen just looked mockingly at Isaiah.

Earlier, Isaiah knew that Quentin was about to kill Zen, but he didn't stop him. Nevertheless, he had shown up personally on the platform when he saw Zen kick Quentin and his group into the black water. In reality, he wanted to restrain Zen on the excuse of the so-called rules.

It was known that Isaiah was thick-skinned enough to show his favoritism towards warriors from the divine land.

"You knew that Quentin was going to attack me, right? Don't you remember what Quentin said to you?" Zen sneered. However, Isaiah's face remained impassive.

Since the Skyland race had received a great deal of favor from the Qin Clan, he naturally had to side with the warriors from the divine land. He thought that Zen was a secondary creature. Where did he come from anyway?

At that moment, they heard a voice in the distance. "Sir, it was that guy who kicked us into black water!" a martial artist from the divine land shouted.

Those martial artists that Zen had kicked out into the black water swam and climbed onto another platform, but for some reason, Quentin couldn't be seen among them.

The accusation was what Isaiah had waited for. He wouldn't listen to Zen's explanation. He then slipped into an act and said, "It really is you! Nothing can be accomplished without norms or standards. Since you've broken the rules of my race, you should leave on your own, or I'll kick you out!"

His words caused Lucille and the others to worry and panic internally.

It wasn't an issue if they provoked those martial artists from the divine land because all of them were foreign martial artists.

However, the people who were making everything tense were from the Skyland race, and they did so in their territory.

No matter how strong Zen was, he couldn't possibly disobey the orders of the Skyland race, could he?

Even if Zen had defeated these people from the Skyland race, how did he plan to fight the race's actual powerful warriors?

Lone sighed in silence. He had already expected this would be the biggest problem.

"Hah! I knew that this guy wouldn't act so violently in the presence of the Skyland race!"

"They shouldn't go against this group of martial artists from the divine land. We all know what's going to happen. Even if they win, they'll still be driven away!"

"What's even worse is that since Zen has provoked these people, the Qin Clan will hunt him down if he leaves the Skyland race. The Qin Clan is powerful in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land."

Hushed whispers and chatters about Zen's situation were heard from the crowd.

The truth was, many of them were initially happy when Zen had made his first move. After all, they had been oppressed by the group of martial artists from the divine land.

However, they suddenly felt bitter when they saw that Zen had helped Lone and the others seize a platform.

Then again, such was human nature. When they couldn't get something, they hoped that others wouldn't be able to either.

"Rules?" Zen chuckled. "So it's not a violation of rules when these martial artists from the divine land attacked, but I broke the rules when I tried to defend?"

On the other hand, Isaiah just squinted at Zen and laughed coldly. "Whatever you say!"

He was certain that Zen wouldn't dare to pick a fight with him, so he didn't want to argue any further.

If Zen fought against the warriors from the other races, he would be expelled from the Skyland race. If he dared to fight against the Skyland race, it would result in his possible death. Therefore, Isaiah was confident that Zen wouldn't be that stupid to fight him.

After all, this was the territory of the Skyland race.

"Haha! I wonder which idiot set such lousy rules," Zen slowly walked towards Isaiah as he spoke, and then continued, "I'm not an idiot, so I won't abide by the rules!"

With every step Zen took, the killing intent in his fiery eyes grew stronger. Isaiah was a bit flustered at this unexpected outcome. Would Zen really dare to fight him?

Isaiah wasn't exceptionally strong in the Skyland race and was merely on par with the Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists. He had been hiding and when he witnessed Zen's divine might just now, he knew that he was no match for Zen. Thus, he quickly decided to rely on the Skyland race.

But he never thought that Zen wasn't afraid of the Skyland race at all!

Everyone in the Skyland race already knew about the Collapsing Mountain race's visit, but due to the strict hierarchy within the race, they didn't know that Zen also came along with the Collapsing Mountain race, nor did they know that Zen was the flame-proof warrior.

Isaiah was even more unaware that Zen had humiliated Kaydan, the head of the Skyland race, yesterday.

It was because Isaiah wasn't a significant figure in the Skyland race. Why would Zen be afraid of him then?

Zen got closer to Isaiah, and his aura became more powerful. Panic started to show on Isaiah's face while two of the Skyland race's clansmen began to retreat.

"You... This is the Skyland race. Whoever doesn't follow the rules will..." Isaiah stuttered. The truth was, he wasn't confident enough and he was full of regret. If he had known that this would happen, he would've asked the elders to come.

"I will be expelled, right? You have repeated that several times," Zen said with a smile. "Then let's see if you have the ability to do so!"

As soon as Zen had finished speaking, he immediately sped up and made the first move.

These warriors of the Skyland race previously came to the platform in all their arrogant glory, but now they fled away in panic like a flock of disturbed birds.

However, Isaiah couldn't escape since he was the group's leader. His eyes widened in horror as Zen forcefully gripped his collar and smashed him onto the platform.

Chapter 1882 Roy

Black life vitality gushed out of the Skyland warriors as they rushed into the sky, condensing into black javelins and shooting towards Zen.

The life vitality that the Skyland warriors were using seemed to remain at a 'visualization' level. But they were putting this skill to its maximum use.

These javelins were sharp but they weren't enough to injure Zen.

The black javelins rained down upon Zen.

At the sudden attacks, Zen clenched his fists that began to emit a blinding light, at which the javelins exploded into smithereens with the thundering sounds.

Seeing that Isaiah was about to resist his powers, Zen flew towards him, grabbed his wings, and pulled Isaiah to stand before him like a shield for protection.

The group of Skyland warriors didn't dare throw their javelins now that Isaiah was directly in the line of fire. They glared at Zen before they started cursing him to no end.

"No one dares make a move in our race!"

"Put Isaiah down. This is a capital offense in our race!"

"It's not too late for you to just kneel and beg for mercy. We do not like to kill. Of course, you might still survive if we gouge out your eyes and put you in the dungeon for a hundred years. Either way, you have to suffer the torment. So don't make any mistakes!"

Zen rolled his eyes at this.

The Skyland race was not cultured and developed so well, and Zen wondered where they had learned these words. These reckless and rude remarks had rendered Zen speechless and annoyed.

These threats might have been effective on anyone else, but to Zen, they were mere jokes.

"They're right. Let go of me and you will still have a chance to live. But if you don't, no one can save you. The Skyland race controls this place, so you should behave yourself," Isaiah said coldly. The Skyland warriors were arrogant, so he had felt utterly humiliated when Zen had grabbed his wings, which was a huge taboo in the Skyland race. Isaiah really wanted to beat Zen to death. But he didn't dare behave recklessly since Zen was controlling him at the moment.

"Really? I just want to see who has the right and the guts to take my life," Zen said with a smile.

Noticing that their threats had no effect, the Skyland warriors in the sky exchanged glances before finally deciding to call for reinforcements.

Lucille and the others were upset and worried.

How would Zen be able to deal with the mighty masters of the Skyland race when they arrived on the scene?

But when they saw that Zen was still looking calmly, hope bubbled up in their hearts. Was it possible that he had other cards up his sleeve?

It was not long before a new group of Skyland warriors arrived. When they found Isaiah trapped in Zen's hands, they merely stood guard in the air. Calm and composed.

Gradually, more and more Skyland warriors gathered in the sky, but not one of them recognized Zen.

They thought of Zen as some kind of a reckless warrior.

A loud sound rent the air, causing everyone's ears to go numb.

A figure emerged, leaving a trail of light in the sky as it charged straight towards Zen.

"Let go of my son!"

the man roared with rage and flapped his wings. A blood-red spear appeared in his hands, one that he had created through his visualization. He thrust it towards Zen, the action dripping with fury.

Zen could have used Isaiah as a shield, but he didn't. Instead, he began to activate his power, a calm expression on his face.

Zen had already figured out the opponent's strength, and he knew that he was one of the top warriors of the Skyland race. It was also possible that he was qualified to join the Divinity Hunt Squad if he was in the Collapsing Mountain race.

Zen's physical body and the power of the Path Platforms were not enough to withstand the attack. As Zen pointed at his opponent, an invisible force appeared on his fingertip. A power drawn out of the nine stars.

His fingertips touched the tip of the spear.

The opponent paled as he felt an irresistible force emanating from the tip of the spear.

It became difficult for him to grasp the spear with both hands.

As the long spear left his hand, it disintegrated into streams of life vitality in the air.

The warriors of the Skyland race were stunned.

The Skyland warriors had gone back to call for reinforcements when Zen had captured Isaiah.

Even though Zen had caused such a ruckus, they hadn't gone to inform the senior leaders of the Skyland race. They felt that it was not necessary for their senior leaders to deal with a nobody like Zen.

One of them went to inform Isaiah's father, Roy, who was one of the elders of the Skyland race.

Roy was so powerful that his strength was considered to be one of the top ten of the Skyland race. They had waited a long time before they had finally managed to get Isaiah's father to come. And now, they all felt that this farce was about to end. Zen would finally receive the severest punishment of the Skyland race.

Everyone was just expecting to watch a good show.

But they hadn't expected Zen to stand his ground and fight. What was more, he had directly attacked Roy's spear!

He eventually broke the spear that Roy had created through his imagination.

They suddenly realized that they had heavily underestimated Zen. They wondered who had sent Zen to cause trouble for the Skyland race.

And why had Zen barged into the territory of the Skyland race so brazenly? He was absolutely crazy and reckless! No matter how strong he was, he would be no match for the top warriors of the Skyland race. Besides, there was no point in causing trouble there.

As an elder of the Skyland race, Roy should have been present when the Collapsing Mountain warriors had come to visit yesterday.

But recently, the Qin Clan had sent him a copy of the 'Mysterious Transformation Technique'. The comprehension of life vitality in this cultivation method had refreshed him and he chose to cultivate in seclusion for a month. That was why he had never seen Zen before.

"Brat, tell me your name! I'll let you die a little faster!" Roy was furious at the sight of his son immobile in Zen's arms, his wings trapped.

Zen sighed. The Collapsing Mountain warriors were much kinder than the Skyland warriors. While the Skyland warriors were beautiful to look at, they were arrogant and domineering. Both the races had been formed in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but why were the members of the two races so different?

Zen did not answer and Roy lost his patience. He waved both his hands, and streams of black life vitality surged out of his body, twisting into mysterious patterns. Each strand of life vitality turned into a peculiar mystical crystal that revolved around him.

The crystals were flawless, and they even contained great momentum. They continued to come together, combining to form a huge array.

As a martial artist below them saw this, he muttered, "The Shadow Godly Way!"

The Skyland warriors couldn't become Godly Geniuses, but they could cultivate the techniques of the three thousand Godly Ways. The cultivation methods that the Skyland warriors practiced were passed down from the divine land. Most of them had been given by the Han Clan and the Qin Clan, which was why disciples of the two clans always got special treatment and care in the Skyland race.

Once the warrior had finished talking, he slapped his head and shouted, "Run!"

All the martial artists from other races felt that something bad was about to happen. Roy's full strength was on par with that of a Supreme Lord. Moreover, the power of the life vitality covered a vast area. If they stayed here, they would inevitably be injured.

So all the warriors rose into the air, wanting to avoid injury.

But at this precise moment, a large group of Skyland warriors rushed over.

One of them said, "Roy, stop!"

The voice came from far away, but it was transmitted through the life vitality and resounded in everyone's ears.

Roy was furious and no one could persuade him to stop. But there was one person who could make Roy listen to him: Kaydan, the head of the Skyland race.

"Sir!"

Roy glared indignantly at Zen. He could let him live a while longer, but he would definitely kill him sometime.

Lone, Kurt, and Lucille were even more worried as they saw that all the senior leaders of the Skyland race were gathered here. They were afraid that Zen might not be able to escape his doom this time.

They might also be punished and that wasn't a thought they were fond of.

With Kaydan in the lead, this group of warriors, including Chapman and other Collapsing Mountain warriors, landed on the platform.

Almost everyone, except Laquisha, now thought that Zen was about to receive a severe punishment.

Even Roy had the exact same thought.

However, Kaydan's next words confused Roy to no end.

"Zen, why didn't you inform me before going to cultivate in the Tidal Surge? Why did you cause such a commotion?" Kaydan asked calmly.

Roy was puzzled and surprised. He could not figure out who Zen was and why their head was so respectful to him.

He wasn't the only one who was shocked. Even Isaiah, who Zen had captured, was stunned as he exchanged glances with his father.

Chapter 1883 Admit

At Kaydan's question, Zen snorted and threw Isaiah several dozens of feet away. "What absurd rules you have in the Skyland race! You should ask him what has happened!" Zen growled.

He had used the hidden strength he possessed when he threw the boy on the ground. Isaiah tried to soar into the sky but as he made a move to stand, his legs buckled under him and he fell on his back once more.

"How dare you!" Isaiah's father, Roy, growled when he saw his son be thrown like a dead dog. He started to march towards Zen when he heard Kaydan's cold commanding voice.

"Roy," the leader said.

Roy was no fool. He knew Kaydan very well and he knew the man would only act like this in front of a person with remarkable background.

Just who was this Zen guy, really? Surely, being a flame-proof warrior wasn't enough to earn the respect of Kaydan, was it?

As far as he knew, warriors of the six great races in the entire Divine Refinement Forbidden Land did not act polite towards martial artists from other races. This was, after all, the territory of the six great races. Even someone like Quentin would have to pay a price in order to gain the Skyland race's favor.

He was curious as to where Zen came from.

"Isaiah," Kaydan turned to the boy after he had gotten up. "Tell us what happened. How did you offend our esteemed guest?"

When they heard Kaydan refer to Zen as an "esteemed guest", Roy, Isaiah, and everyone else's hearts began to sink. Even the warriors from the divine land were stunned.

This group of warriors from the divine land had been trying to gain the Skyland race's favor for years now and not a single one of them had come close to being an esteemed guest.

How could Zen, a mere secondary creature, be called an esteemed guest?! They were all astonished.

Lucille, Kurt, and Lone who were standing behind Zen looked at each other in shock.

Before, they had been worried the Skyland race would take revenge on Zen. But now, that worry had vanished into thin air. This was Kaydan, the leader of the Skyland race, speaking!

What in the world did Zen do to make the Skyland race's leader treat him so nicely?

Lucille couldn't help but sigh. She had worked hard to enter the Skyland race within a certain time period in order to absorb as much Pristine Life Vitality as she could. She had always felt fortunate that she was fast and lucky enough but seeing Zen now, the achievements she worked so hard to attain felt nothing but a joke.

Back in the Illusion Battlefield, Lucille had been defeated by Zen. And perhaps she had been unwilling to accept the result at the time because they were all Godly Geniuses and there was always a chance to improve their strength. In the future, who could say for sure who would beat who? But now, after seeing what just happened, Lucille was absolutely positive that Zen was indeed stronger than her.

The same thoughts ran through Kurt's and Lone's heads.

How could Isaiah tell the truth? After he was thrown out by Zen, blood and adrenaline surged through his veins and the tide in his inner world surged. Right now, he felt extremely uncomfortable and being put in the spot by their leader was not helping at all. "Sir," he immediately said. "I was just acting according to the rules of the race forbidding martial artists from fighting. Zen and the others were fighting for the territory of the Tidal Surge. I was only doing my duty to stop him and expel him from the Skyland race. I didn't expect him to start attacking me..."

Hearing his son's argument, Roy turned to their leader and pointed to Zen with an accusing finger. "My son is only following the race's rules so he wasn't at fault. Sir, I hope you will uphold justice and punish this fellow as is written in the law!"

Kaydan frowned. He didn't believe Isaiah's words for even a second but he had to hear all sides of the story. "Our respected friend Zen," he said. "Is what Isaiah said true?"

All the martial artists present had witnessed what happened between the two and knew Isaiah was lying. They also felt that Kaydan would be more willing to believe Zen over Isaiah; perhaps it was because he didn't want to offend Zen. Ultimately, they knew that if Zen were to explain himself then neither Roy nor Isaiah would be able to do anything to him.

Zen turned to Isaiah and laughed, a slight air of arrogance radiating from him. "He's right! It's exactly as Isaiah says. I wonder how you are going to deal with this."

Once again, everyone was stunned as Zen openly admitted to Isaiah's lies so easily.

"Is he serious?"

"Why did he play along with Isaiah's lie instead of telling the truth?"

"What is he thinking...?"

In their opinion, Zen had done nothing wrong. It was no secret that Isaiah was biased towards the martial artists of the divine land. In fact, everyone, even Kaydan, was aware of this. And some of the rules were even set by Kaydan!

Kaydan was always well-informed; how could he not know that Isaiah was lying?

In this Tidal Surge, there weren't a lot of excitement that could happen so it wasn't difficult to figure out the whole thing.

Kaydan asked Zen for his side because he wanted him to defend himself and give his reasons for his action. Then, everyone would have a way out of the situation. He would punish Isaiah for appearance's sake and the matter would be settled.

He didn't think Zen would not defend himself and instead second Isaiah's statement.

"Aleyna, did you see that?" Laquisha suddenly said to the woman beside her. "This man is a thousand times better than that Quentin. I just want you to see that there are a lot of good men in the world. That Quentin is a clown!"

The woman in purple was Aleyna Han, Laquisha's younger sister.

She had momentarily forgotten her conflict with her sister as she looked at the scene with confusion. "Why did he play along with what Isaiah has said?"

Laquisha only smiled. "Because he doesn't care."

"Doesn't care about what?" Aleyna Han asked again, not getting what her sister meant.

"He doesn't care whether he's justified or not so it doesn't matter if he tells what really happened or not. No matter what happens, he knows Kaydan will let him go," Laquisha explained. "This so-called justice is only a line that the powerful ones draw for the weak ones. The weak ones are confined by the line while the strong ones... ignore it!"

Compared to her sister, Alayna Han was simple-minded. She was, after all, still a young girl fantasizing about love and romance. However, while she didn't understand everything that Laquisha had said, she got something from it, and now she looked at the young man with fresh eyes.

Simply put, Zen was making it clear to Isaiah that he was bullying him and he was disobeying the rules. Isaiah couldn't do anything to Zen after all.

When he heard Zen's answer, Kaydan wished for lightning to strike Zen as soon as he stepped out of the place.

This fellow was determined to make things difficult for him!

"How dare you!" Roy bellowed. "Since you admit it, it's clear you hold no value for your life. Perhaps you'd want me to end it for you?" Roy didn't think too much about what was coming out of his mouth. Zen admitting to it was him courting death, and Roy was only willing to send him on his way, Roy's outburst however, only caused more trouble for Kaydan as he was looking for an excuse to let Zen go. It would be best if he could both keep the rules of the Skyland race and not cause discomfort for Zen. He was well aware that Zen was not a person to be trifled with.

And yet, Roy kept adding fuel to the flame. "Roy," Kaydan said, his expression dark. "Take your son and leave Tidal Surge!"

"W-why...?" Roy asked in disbelief. No matter what, he was still an elder of the Skyland race!

"Roy, the leader asked you to leave so it's best to do what he says. If you have anything to say, you can say it later," someone spoke up.

Seeing several elders wink at him, it dawned on Roy that the matter wasn't simple. Gritting his teeth, he turned around and glared at Zen. And if looks could kill, Zen would be dead already. With a last sneer, he grabbed his son and flew away.

But even Roy and Isaiah had left, Kaydan was still in a dilemma. He even wanted to grit his teeth and turn away to leave all the awkwardness behind. Fortunately, there just wasn't a lack of calculating eyes in this world.

"Sir!" a warrior from another race suddenly jumped up and called. "I witnessed the entirety of what just happened here and it was definitely because Quentin provoked first that Zen fought back in anger! Isaiah was partial towards Quentin which led to the conflict with Zen..."

As he listened to the man explain, Kaydan couldn't help but nod and relax his expression. "So that's how it is. Isaiah was at fault and our respected friend Zen has been wronged! I'll be sure to deal with Isaiah later!"

Zen decided to let the matter drop. From the beginning, Kaydan had been on his side and was trying hard to accommodate his every need. Besides, Kaydan had nothing to do with this. If Zen continued to cause trouble for the man, it would be too much already.

As the commotion ended, Kaydan was ready to leave. However, Kaydan thought of something and turned to the man from the crowd and asked for his name.

"Haroon Han, sir!" the warrior cupped his fists and replied happily.

The warriors of other races cultivating in the Tidal Surge however, looked disappointed. They had all witnessed the scuffle but only Haroon Han had spoken up to help Kaydan. This person would definitely be given special treatment in the future when he cultivated in the Skyland race.

Kaydan was about to lead the people in the area to leave when suddenly, the black water started to surge!

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1884 The Sky Pearl (Part One)

Zen had defeated many warriors as he kicked them into the black water earlier. After they fell into the water, most of them moved to other platforms.

However, there was someone who never appeared again. It was Quentin, the first warrior to fall into the water.

Quentin was known for his vicious personality. A warrior like him who came from a powerful clan would prioritize his reputation above anything else.

He suffered tremendously with his battle against Zen. Humiliation enveloped him after Zen pressed his face to the ground. A great grudge formed in Quentin as he vowed to murder Zen for revenge.

The black water surged violently. Some of the warriors were surprised and shouted, "The tide is coming again. Everyone, get ready to refine it!" Their shouts echoed as everyone braced themselves for another chance to loot.

There were only seven Tidal Surges a day, and each one was an incomparably precious chance for the warriors to collect valuable resources. Since they had finally entered this place, they naturally wouldn't miss a single opportunity to obtain the rare resources here. They would risk their lives in order to harvest everything they could.

However, some of the warriors felt puzzled as they gazed upon the water's surface. When the tide came, the water's surface should have risen evenly. But then, only the water at one side of the central platform surged.

"It doesn't seem to be a Tidal Surge. Watch out! There's something in the black water!"

The black water swirled as its center began to sink. A massive whirlpool suddenly appeared as if a monster opened its mouth to suck the water and everything around it. The whirlpool was so deep that its center was over 10 feet below its edge.

Splash!

The air in the middle of the whirlpool grew faster and more vicious. Suddenly, a tornado was formed in the center of the whirlpool. The violent wind rose straight into the sky. Above it stood the warrior Quentin.

His face was bloody and mangled because of the injuries he suffered when he had been pressed against the ground by Zen. The wounds were so deep that some parts of his face revealed eerie white bones. A murderous expression painted his face which, coupled with his damaged appearance, made him look almost like a demon from hell.

"What happened?" Kaydan, who was about to leave, became curious about the commotion. He turned around and recognized the person above the tornado. "The young man from the Qin Clan?" he asked with a vigilant gaze upon Quentin.

"He looks pretty angry. I'm afraid he's going to fight to the death. Do you want me to stop him?" a warrior beside Kaydan asked with a fearless tone.

However, Kaydan waved his hand and shook his head as he dismissed the warrior's query. "Let's just take a look."

At the moment, Kaydan still only knew very little about Zen's true strength. However, since the boy could block his fire serpent without any sign of struggle, Kaydan concluded that Zen indeed had the qualifications to join the Divinity Hunt Squad of the Collapsing Mountain race, which granted him the equal status as an elder of the Skyland race.

Quentin was only at the Spirit Transformation Realm. If Zen indeed had such strength, Quentin wouldn't be a match for him.

On the other hand, Kaydan believed that it was a good opportunity to inspect Zen's strength when Quentin attacked him out of anger. Of course, Quentin was in danger of getting beaten up even worse if Zen was truly stronger than him.

The Qin Clan would definitely question the Skyland race if Kaydan allowed such an event, but Kaydan didn't care at all.

All of the six great sacred places for cultivation had their own pride. They were at the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and they were always the ones who were begged to by others.

"Dear Gods! Please listen to my dearest wish! I swear on the cost of my own life, as well as the demon in my heart, that I shall trample all obstacles in front of me and end this worthless man's life. Let your powers flow through my supreme primordial weapon which will heed my every command!"

Quentin, who was high in the sky, shouted and began to chant the Wishing Spell with a determined voice. The chant echoed and was heard by the warriors below.

The Wishing Spell was one of the three thousand Godly Ways, and it was also the most widespread one.

The use of the Wishing Spell wouldn't conflict with the other Godly Ways a warrior used. On the contrary, it was always the last straw for every warrior. In the face of a life-or-death crisis, the Wishing Spell could increase a warrior's strength by several times!

Even though Kennan was only a world lord, he had managed to seal the Formless Sky Python for a short while with the help of the Wishing Spell.

Of course, there were pros and cons to everything. The more advantages one obtained, the greater the restrictions were. This was the principle of equivalent exchange. If one could not defeat the enemies after chanting the Wishing Spell, then he or she would have to carry out the unfulfilled wish in his or her remaining lifetime.

If the wish remained unfulfilled, it would be impossible for them to improve their cultivation.

Even though Kennan and Woodrow had managed to save Laquisha that day, they did not have the strength to kill the Formless Sky Python. Their failure would have detrimental effects on their cultivation, but for the sake of the princess, they were willing to pay such a price.

As for Quentin, he gave no attention to the negative consequences as he was already swallowed by his rage.

After the Wishing Spell was cast, a supreme primordial weapon that dangled on his chest was activated successfully.

It was a greyish pearl, which looked almost like a drop of water. Power radiated through its translucent and round appearance.

Aroo!

The moment the pearl was activated, a loud and clear voice echoed through the sky.

All the members of the Skyland race on the top towers heard that voice. Anxiety appeared on their faces, including Kaydan and the elders of the Skyland race.

Chapter 1885 The Sky Pearl (Part Two)

Their fears originated from their innate instincts. No matter how powerful they were, terror still enveloped their bodies. Cold sweat trickled down their spine as they watched carefully at the sky.

The blood of several legendary birds flowed within the blood of the members of the Skyland race. Quentin's pearl, however, contained the blood essence of the Heaven Duck, which was a true spirit in the divine land and could be called the lord of all birds. They were no match for the most powerful legendary bird.

Countless formidable birds roamed the endless deep space of the divine land. There were legendary beasts like the Roc and the Phoenix, but without a doubt, the lord of all the birds was the Heaven Duck. It was at the top of the pyramid among all birds.

As the cry of the Heaven Duck reverberated from the sky, the members of the Skyland race felt an intense suppression. All of them had unpleasant expressions on their faces. A mix of shock and fear reflected in their eyes. However, none of the warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race, as well as those of other races, had such a feeling.

The pearl on Quentin's chest was called the Sky Pearl. As a supreme primordial weapon, it could be only used once. Needless to say, it was a rare and precious treasure.

Quentin felt powerless during his last fight against Zen. Zen's physical strength alone was not something that he could withstand.

However, thanks to his prestigious clan, Quentin still had many tricks up his sleeve.

When he had been given the Sky Pearl, he was reminded repeatedly by his family members that only in desperate times could he use the Sky Pearl. Even to the Qin Clan, the Sky Pearl was a rare and precious treasure, at least not something they could use casually.

At that moment, Zen thought about taking Quentin's life. If only Quentin could swallow his pride and back down quietly, Zen would have let him live.

It was a pity that Quentin had an impulsive temperament. Under the humiliation, his judgment became clouded with revenge as he only wanted to kill Zen as soon as possible.

He didn't notice that even Kaydan and Chapman had to retreat when they confronted Zen.

With the long cry of the legendary bird, the Sky Pearl suddenly burst apart, and a drop of chalcedony flowed out from it.

It was as if a drop of green ink was dropped into water, and the chalcedony turned into flows of green liquid that diffused outward and shot into the center of Quentin's brows.

Instantly, a green light covered his entire body. The aura around him strengthened a hundredfold. Power radiated from him as he became several times more powerful.

It was not the aura of Quentin himself, but the aura of a true spirit.

"God! It looks like Quentin is going to go all out." Laquisha's face was painted with shock and caution. "Zen, you have to be careful!"

Laquisha realized that she had somehow overdone it this time. She understood Quentin's spiteful personality, but she never expected that he would use the Sky Pearl. That precious treasure was allowed to be used only in life-or-death circumstances, and even Laquisha knew of this.

She thought that even if Zen had taught this fellow a good lesson, he hadn't shown any killing intent and would not force Quentin into such a desperate situation.

However, she still underestimated Quentin's pride. As he was humiliated like that, he could do anything out of revenge without any thought to the consequences.

"Zen, remember that you are just a secondary creature! It's useless no matter how strong you are! You are never qualified to fight me! Now let me show you how power is truly defined!" Quentin laughed maniacally as he spread open his arms and pounced towards Zen, like a roc spreading its wings! Hatred painted his face as his murderous gaze laid upon Zen.

Instead of fear, surprise was seen at Zen's face when he noticed Quentin's sudden burst of power. He now understood that the resources and treasures in the divine land truly defied his logic and imagination.

With Zen's current strength, Quentin actually didn't have the qualifications to fight him. The only outcome of their fight should have been the same as before, where Zen would press him on the ground and humiliate him.

However, after Quentin used the Sky Pearl, his strength had increased tremendously. He was probably much stronger than Kennan who used the Wishing Spell as well.

And to think that he was only at the Spirit Transformation Realm! His newfound power made him even more prideful.

Zen had never heard of such a sudden power-up from his universe. The warriors and the treasures in the divine land were truly unfamiliar to Zen. He never thought that the warriors in this plain was capable of such a feat!

Of course, this was also because of Quentin's special position. Ordinary warriors in the divine land would not possess such powerful treasures like the Sky Pearl.

The other warriors who were beaten by Zen earlier once again revealed smiles on their faces.

They knew that Zen had utterly infuriated Quentin. The consequences of being that target of this madman's rage would be disastrous. They were relieved when they saw that the Skyland race did not take any action to protect Zen. Although Zen had displayed outstanding strength before, they believed that he would not stand a chance against Quentin who had used his secret weapon.

But once again, Zen did something out of their expectations — he did not choose to retreat. His face reflected no fear as he continued to stand dignified and brave.

Then, he activated all the power of his Nine Divine Stars as he jumped from the ground and charged toward Quentin.

When Kaydan saw Zen's actions, he chuckled and said, "This guy... I bet that he just doesn't want to destroy the platform."

Chapter 1886 The Shield Of Power (Part One)

Zen wasn't actually afraid of the platform smashing beneath his feet.

What Zen did know though, was that his current strength was completely reliant on the strength of the Nine Divine Stars. In other words, it wasn't suitable for long-distance battles.

If Quentin had relied on his nimble movements to attack him from a long distance, Zen would most likely be taken advantage of and it would be difficult for him to fight back.

Instead though, Quentin had chosen to use the Sky Pearl, which appeared to be some kind of treasure for strengthening himself. That was a good thing, to say the least. Quentin recklessly pounced toward Zen, and Zen thought that the item was exactly what he hoped it would be.

Zen was unaware though that Quentin was simultaneously having these same thoughts.

Quentin knew that this Sky Pearl could easily give himself a massive boost in a short period of time, whether it be in strength or speed. With this extra boost, he at the Spirit Transformation Realm, would have the strength to fight against a top-level world lord. There were no masters like a Supreme Lord in the divine land, and any world lords could find ways to condense their own Godly Tile. Speaking of such, there were actually plenty of ways to obtain a Godly Tile.

It was for that reason, and rightfully so, that Quentin was equally afraid that Zen would slip away, or seek the protection of the Skyland race!

That Sky Pearl only lasted for about two minutes, which was relatively short. Once Zen succeeded in dodging the aura emitting from the pearl, his strength would begin plummeting and his chances for making a comeback would be completely over.

Upon noticing that Zen had no intentions in avoiding him or his attack, Quentin was overjoyed.

"Seeing as you're in such a hurry to die, don't blame me for this!"

Quentin said. Other than this trace of happiness, Quentin felt unresigned deep inside his heart.

What kind of secondary creature was he dealing with? In the past, these secondary creatures were existences whose lives could be taken by him at any moment. They were not worth mentioning. In fact, there were quite a few secondary creatures in the Qin Clan's teleporting area. In Quentin's opinion, these lower creatures could fight each other to death just to win a few trial tallies. However, they weren't qualified to battle him in any way.

And now, this specific secondary creature standing before him was forcing Quentin to not only use his full strength, but use the great Wishing Spell as well. And he even took out the Sky Pearl in order to attempt beating him.

Not much remained within Quentin now. Aside from his unwillingness and helplessness, Quentin was bursting with fierce intent to kill. The only way he would ever feel satisfied, the only way he would ever feel pleasure again was if he succeeded in killing Zen.

The moment the two of them got close to each other, Quentin clenched his teeth and the green light emanating from his open hands immediately condensed into a pair of claw shadows, almost like a hologram. Those sharp claws were streaked with lines. These lines were actually divine textures, having evolved from true spirit and were the finest of all. These textures could be passed along to the next generation via blood lineage.

"Die!"

Quentin shouted angrily, staring at Zen. Throughout his entire life, very rare were situations like these, where he had to fight with his life on the line. After all, there were plenty of crises that he had never had a chance to intervene in.

To his opposite though, Zen was grinning, portraying an indifferent smile.

The power extracted from the Nine Divine Stars was now accumulating in front of Zen. The powerful force continuously twisted the air and caused a visual distortion for anyone looking directly at Zen. To them, it looked like it was Zen's body that was strangely misshapen in that way, twisting like a contortionist, or as if he was standing in front of a distortion mirror. No one could completely comprehend exactly what they were looking at!

It definitely was nothing to be laughed at though. Everyone at present took this strange, distorted scene very seriously.

Before this, Zen, as a warrior in the Spirit Supreme Realm, surpassed everyone on the platform to the extent that no one could compete with him. Now, it was far beyond anyone's comprehension how he had thrown so many warriors from the divine land into the black water. Zen's powers once again began to rise suddenly and sharply. No one could predict what limit he'd reach this time.

This time, Zen turned the invisible force into a shield and held it in front of him. He then rammed it into Quentin, who was pushed back with such force he flew into the air.

Through his transparent power shield, one could see Zen's lips parted, revealing a bright, malicious smile.

Quentin only had the time to catch a glimpse of his expression before the sharp green claws wrapped around his hands collided directly into the shield.

Quentin's pair of green-light claws were condensed by the blood essence of the Heaven Duck. Such a creature's claws could literally slice through near anything. Even the Collapsing Mountain race's most sturdy Magic Golden Stone could be cut in half by a set of claws like these.

In the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Quentin thought, there probably wasn't any material his terrifyingly sharp claws couldn't slice through.

Unfortunately for Quentin, he couldn't have been more wrong. When Zen used the shield formed by Nine Divine Stars, it wasn't a material object at all. It was only an invisible power.

Generally speaking, the power could only be exerted to the extreme by means of media transmission.

And, the most common medium still remained to be a fighter's own body and fists. A few of the body refiners equally used large hammers and battle-axes. These weapons could also be considered a form of medium.

The power of Holy Being mastered by Zen was much too strong for him. With Zen's current strength, no matter what medium he used, there was no way he would ever be capable of withstanding such great force. Choosing to use his body to bear it was not a good idea, his physical self would disintegrate. Even a supreme primordial weapon would break inch by inch.

Chapter 1887 The Shield Of Power (Part Two)

Therefore, all he could do now was to unleash his power by the means of the Cross-world Theurgy. Using a technique such as this one was a complete waste, but Zen was acting desperate, out of helplessness. Otherwise, it would be the same situation as he experienced before in which he lit up too many dragon scales and couldn't be capable of using them.

Even Zen just released the power without the help of any medium, it was actually more than enough to fight against Quentin!

Gar...!

At the same time that the green light claws reached the invisible shield, the intertwining power of the two incomparable attacks collided and emitted a sharp slicing noise.

Formless power could be compared to flowing water. If any piece of it was sliced or cut open, the power wouldn't be wasted but instead replenished.

Due to such, the cutting force coming from the sharp claws was unable to destroy the invisible shield. On the contrary, as Zen continued to drive the shield forward, the sharp claws began to disappear, now being swallowed up whole.

Although it felt much, much longer, this entire process took no more than two seconds.

Quentin's expression quickly darkened. He watched as the tips of his sharp claws began to bend in all directions and cracks began to appear on their surface!

"This... Is... Impossible!"

Quentin shouted. By using the Sky Pearl, his confidence soared upward and he suddenly felt like he was invincible.

Throughout several different occasions, if a warrior's strength was greatly enhanced in a short period of time, this kind of illusion would appear in their minds. For example, the warriors in the Collapsing Mountain race who passed their trials would experience a sudden increase in their overall confidence, when they just left the cultivation sacred place.

When this occurred, many warriors had a tendency of overestimating their newly found strength. And, overestimating their strength often caused them to lose all sense of caution, resulting in the selection of the wrong opponent.

The latter was the case with Quentin.

If he had been more observant and had used an unyielding mindset, he would have chosen to retreat a little, ensure for some time and then crawl up to Zen, giving him a fatal blow at the right time. And that would have been his only chance against Zen, his only means in successfully killing Zen.

Instead though, arrogance and prejudice had taken over him, making him lose his focus. His timing was off, and Quentin attacked Zen at the wrong moment.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The powerful force contained within the shield was fully released and the force contained within ultimately shattered Quentin's sharp claws into green powder, even finer than dust.

And while his claws were bursting into puffs of dust, the green light that had once enveloped his body exploded like a bubble, disappearing into thin air and leaving no trace of itself behind!

Through the use of the most overbearing method, Zen had successfully and forcefully broken the Sky Pearl.

"You can't…"

Quentin muttered. That now destroyed Sky Pearl was Quentin's spirit - the Qin Clan disciples' last resort. In the past, countless Qin Clan disciples had used this very same tactic to reverse the many life-and-death battles, and had been the creators of many miracles.

Zen had broken the Sky Pearl with ease, however, Quentin's mental support was now another issue. Quentin had been toyed with by Zen before and right now, in this very moment, he felt as though all his fighter spirit had completely disappeared. Fear had replaced it and filled him instead.

Throughout this entire process, this entire battle, never had he imagined that he could die. Now though, he suddenly realized that he was about to face the god of death! No one could ever understand the fear he felt in his heart!

"You can't kill me!" Quentin subconsciously uttered these words to himself. "I…"

Quentin opened his mouth again, with the intentions of making Zen understand the stakes of which he now faced, but there was no time. Zen had already crashed into him at full force.

And yet, there was truly no need for Quentin to speak. Zen could have guessed what he was going to say before he even opened his mouth to say it. He had come head on with such conversations countless times throughout his journey in the past. This time, he didn't even bother giving Quentin the chance.

The very moment Zen's shield collided with Quentin, its formless energy had begun annihilating his body. Under ordinary circumstances, the warrior's body would be instantly obliterated by the powerful energy. Whether it was his hair, skin, bones, or organs, they would all be utterly destroyed!

What happened in the next instant though was far from what Zen had expected at all.

All of the sudden, the brown wooden ring wrapped around Quentin's finger broke off. Simultaneously, a burst of smoke rose from the surface of Quentin's skin - a smoke that slowly enveloped his entire body. From the midst of the smoke, an intense Space Law Power was transmitted over and Quentin's entire figure disappeared in the blink of an eye, magically replaced by that of a wooden puppet!

This puppet-like creation was vivid and lifelike. It look exactly like Quentin in figure and form, but Zen knew better. It definitely wasn't him.

Zen equally crushed the puppet into pieces by using his shield and the pieces too, fell to the ground. Zen looked around and sneered, nose high in the air. He was done here. He returned to the platform.

At the time of battle, there were many different treasures that Quentin could have used to protect his body. Just before his death, he had used such a substitute treasure! Not only could a puppet be used to replace his physical body, but it could also be used to teleport through space!

Chapter 1888 Shocking Qin City (Part One)

There was a teleporting area at the southern hills of the central Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. About fifteen percent of the warriors were transported there whenever they entered the area.

When the teleporting area was occupied by the Qin Clan, the name of the area was immediately changed to Qin City. Afterward, the Qin Clan sent their world lords into the city and gradually conquered the location.

A bright white light suddenly appeared and shone across the center of the sky of Qin City. The light was actually a result of the scattered Space Law.

As the space theurgy passed down through the divine land, it created a very stable and nearly perfect space channel. As the incandescent white Space Law inter-weaved ceaselessly, a large snowflake was formed. The snowflake rotated mid-air a few times until suddenly, somebody fell straight out of the snowflake.

A world lord within the fortress saw the person and rushed quickly into the sky. When the world lord finally reached the person who was still in the middle of the fall, the world lord delivered a surprise and gasped. "Young master, who had the guts to do this to you? Were you suddenly attacked by powerful beasts in the wilderness?" the world lord asked.

There was no doubt that the person who fell was Quentin.

However, the front of his body had his flesh ripped apart and mangled. A huge gash was seen on his chest that one could see the eerie bones within it.

The corrosion from Zen's shield also morbidly damaged Quentin's left hand.

A ring made from cyan wood was seen on the little finger of his left hand. It was an escape ring. The escape ring could replace his body with a wooden puppet the moment he encountered danger. Simultaneously, it would also teleport him elsewhere. If he was in the Divine Refinement

Forbidden Land, the escape ring would be able to teleport Quentin back to Qin City.

The world lord carried Quentin all the way into the fort. The arrival of Quentin in such a miserable state alarmed everyone in their path.

"What happened? How is the young master?"

"How can he be severely injured? Who did this to him?"

"I'm sure the injuries are not caused by a blunt weapon. It must have been caused by some kind of erosion." The people delivered their concerns with voices full of panic.

The world lords knew that swift actions were needed to save Quentin. Immediately, another world lord set up a grand formation and activated the divine texture. Afterward, streaks of jade-green light were infused into Quentin's body.

The warriors continuously fought in the divine land. As long as a warrior still had a breath of air in them, then no matter how serious their injuries were, they could still be revived.

The horrible wounds on Quentin's body started to heal. Countless muscles grew and intertwined with each other. Afterward, his skin began to cover up the newly formed muscles and not even a scar was found.

Quentin then slowly opened his eyes. Exhaustion reflected on his face. The world lords immediately noticed how weak he still was even after his regeneration process.

"Young master, what kind of beast did this to you?" a world lord asked curiously.

These world lords stayed in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land all year round. Therefore, warriors wouldn't attack for no reason in the six great sacred places. Moreover, the young master was in the territory of the Skyland race. Qin Clan went there frequently and they had a close relationship with Skyland race.

Most people believed that the young master had been injured by a strange and powerful beast during his training.

When he heard the world lord's query, Quentin's face darkened. "My injuries weren't caused by a beast." Quentin's voice was still weak, yet disappointment flowed in his tone as he clenched his teeth.

"Not a beast?" The world lord who asked was surprised by Quentin's answer. He wondered what or who could have been responsible for Quentin's serious injuries. 'Could it be that he had a fight with the Skyland race?' The world lord was taken aback by his thought.

"Damn it! I was injured by a secondary creature!!!" Quentin answered with a voice full of rage. That was a shameful situation for Quentin. The fact that he still lost to Zen even after he used his Sky Pearl showed that there was no hope of him to ever overpower Zen. Quentin could try a million times again but he would still experience defeat against Zen in a match of power. However, he still refused to agree that Zen possessed stronger strength and technique.

"A secondary creature?"

"How is that possible?" the world lord asked with eyes widened with disbelief.

"Young master, are you sure of what you're saying?" a voice echoed from the people. They were still surprised that someone was able to do such a thing to their young master.

Even more so, they found it hard to believe that the one responsible for Quentin's injuries was a mere secondary creature.

The people were aware of the strength of secondary creatures. There were many secondary creatures in Qin City. Additionally, as the Qin Clan occupied the teleporting area, they were also responsible for the distribution of the trial tallies. They knew that these secondary creatures fought until their heads bled for some low-level trial tallies.

The fact that their young master had actually been injured by a secondary creature was totally unbelievable.

"I... I even used the great Wishing Spell." Quentin stuttered. Humiliation started to sink to his soul.

The world lords were even more shocked. If Quentin was injured like this even after he used the great Wishing Spell, then the secondary creature's origin was definitely something to worry about.

"What about Hayes? And Mac? Did they not protect you, young master?" a world lord asked in anger as if he wanted to blame those he just named.

Two guards were appointed to Quentin when he entered the Skyland race. Their responsibilities were to protect their young master at all cost but they failed to carry out their duties as their young master had been severely injured.

However, the two guards did not enter the Tidal Surge. They figured that with Quentin's strength, there was no need to accompany him in that place.

"I even used the Sky Pearl," Quentin added with a regretful voice. He tried to be as honest as could be, perhaps in an attempt to cover up the embarrassment of his defeat to a secondary creature.

"What?"

"Is this true, young master?"

The world lords present were startled. Most of them couldn't comprehend the reality of the situation.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of

FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1889 Shocking Qin City (Part Two)

Quentin's cultivation might not be as high as theirs, but after he displayed his great Wishing Spell, his strength should be several times higher than theirs. No world lord would be a match with Quentin if he was powered up with the help of his Wishing Spell.

But he even used the Sky Pearl! With such a secret and powerful treasure supporting him, the young master's strength should be far above any world lord present!

The problem for the world lords was that Quentin had used the Sky Pearl and was still defeated. He had also activated the escape ring to save his life. The strength of the secondary creature that defeated Quentin was truly at a level that they could not comprehend.

They could not believe that such an incident really happened.

As he noticed their expressions, Quentin's rage grew even worse. "Don't you believe me?" he asked with an angry voice.

"We have no right to question you, young master. However, please understand that this situation is very hard for us to believe." A world lord lowered his head and responded with an apologetic tone.

"No matter who the strange creature is, we have to go to the Skyland race to capture this person. We must make sure that the young master fulfills his vow." another world lord said like a politician who offered a solution to a problem.

Quentin lost to Zen even though he activated his great Wishing Spell for the demise of Zen. If Quentin did not kill him, then in the future, Quentin's cultivation would not be able to progress. Therefore, regardless of who the other party was, Quentin should kill the secondary creature that he vowed to murder.

"There's no need to hurry. This person's origin is quite problematic. Even the Skyland race is protecting him. I'm afraid that we will not be able to capture him so easily," Quentin said with a frown. His rash use of the great Wishing Spell had created a hidden danger for him. A gamble was made, but there was still hope if he could just murder Zen.

Normally, once a warrior used the great Wishing Spell, they would only end up in a situation where they would not stop until they died. They only had to kill the other party to avoid the backlash from the great Wishing Spell.

"The Skyland race protects a secondary creature!"

It was only then that the Qin Clan's warriors realized the gravity of the problem. The Qin Clan could do anything they wanted in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but they still had to behave themselves in front of the six great cultivation sacred places. After all, they were the owner of this area, so they could only curry favors with them.

After Quentin's quick escape from the Tidal Surge, the members of the Skyland race and Collapsing Mountain race left.

Zen landed back on the platform. At that moment, the black water below the platform started to move again and a second tide current finally appeared.

Splash!

The water flowed harshly through the tide. Then, the whirlpools began to converge towards the platforms.

The warriors who watched the fight were surprised by the sudden rise of the tide. In response, they immediately turned their attention to their feet. No matter how strong Zen was, it didn't matter to them. Everyone still diligently wanted to refine their Pristine Life Vitality.

The group of warriors from the divine land that had been driven off the platform by Zen earlier now occupied their respective positions on the other platforms. Some warriors from other races did not dare to confront the warriors from the divine land since they were not as powerful as Zen. They understood that they should shut their mouths and pray that the warriors from the divine land would leave them alone.

At the central platform, Zen no longer chased Laquisha and Aleyna away. He wasn't even fazed with his fight with Quentin. As for Lucille and the other two, they stayed on the platform to refine the Pristine Life Vitality with Zen.

Lucille, Kurt, and Lone were extremely excited. Their smiles reflected their glee and enthusiasm.

The largest platform was somewhere Lucille, Kurt and Lone had never dared to set foot in before. Finally, they were able to refine the Pristine Life Vitality here.

Moreover, not only did they stand up on this platform, but all of the other warriors from the divine land had been driven away by Zen. The largest platform belonged to them now. They never imagined that they would be so lucky.

The black crystals were continuously refined through the divine texture under their feet. Each warrior had managed to refine quite a few black crystals. Zen only infuse a small amount of chaotic energy into the divine texture this time, since these black crystals were of no use to him. He just wanted to do Lucille and the others a favor.

As such, Lucille and the other two already obtained more than a thousand black crystals in such a short span of time. Their expression was a mix of delight and surprise.

Previously, they had only refined a few black crystals, and there were less than a hundred crystals per day. However, with the help of Zen, each refinement they made was almost equivalent to the sum of the black crystals refined in the last three months.

The three of them were extremely excited. The precious Pristine Life Vitality was constantly being swallowed up by them and continued to add fuel to the fire for their inner worlds! The concentration of life vitality in their bodies increased so fast that the results were visible to the eyes.

While a warrior was moving through the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm, their inner worlds were continuously experiencing changes.

As one's inner world developed and expanded, one's cultivation would also steadily improve. At this rate, he or she would be able to break through to the Spirit Transformation Realm in just a few days!

After they absorbed the Pristine Life Vitality, the three of them gathered around Zen, curious to hear more about his experiences along the way. Their faces were decorated with delightful smiles and eager eyes.

Zen briefly recounted the details of what happened in the Collapsing Mountain race. Even though Zen had missed out on many details and hid some information from the three of them, they were still dazzled by what they heard. They continued to listen to Zen's discussion with curious minds, eager for knowledge and improvement.

Chapter 1890 The Trustee

Zen and the others were on the platform, casually chatting about the knowledge of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. And at the same time, they were refining the Pristine Life Vitality.

After Lucille and the others were teleported to this land, things were not easy for them. And they would go all out for a purple trial tally. Lone, on the other hand, nearly died in the whole process.

When the surrounding warriors on the platforms observed their crystals of Pristine Life Vitality quickly piled up like a small mountain, their faces were full of envy. But, they could only go as far as envy Zen's god-like strength. Who would dare to provoke him?

Moreover, from the attitude of the Skyland race, this fellow seemed to be respected even by Kaydan. Everyone couldn't guess the reason, but that wasn't important. What mattered most was that no one dared to fight with him.

Soon, Zen prepared to leave and did not stay there for long.

Zen had also keenly observed the crystals of Pristine Life Vitality. They seemed to be relatively special but quite similar to the life vitality crystals. But, the structure was completely different.

Unfortunately, after Zen absorbed these black crystals into his body, they simply could not fuse with the chaotic energy and were quickly devoured by the chaos. With this, there was no need for him to stay here for a long time.

So when Zen left the Tidal Surge, he went to see Kaydan. He told him to keep the platform for his friends.

Since this was a simple request for Kaydan, he eagerly agreed.

Some of the warriors from the divine land created a dramatic scene as soon as Zen had left. They deemed themselves as powerhouses and were ready to take over the central platform again.

But a group of people from the Skyland race soon arrived, announcing that the central platform was reserved for Zen. The central platform was at Lucille and the other two's disposal.

This was a request personally made by Zen in consideration of the ten people from the universe who came to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The Skyland race was the most important sacred place for cultivation. And the others would fight to enter this place as well, so they would be able to share it with the three of them.

And that kind of request was very predictable.

Three days later, Karl and Xenia entered the Skyland race exactly when Zen was still cultivating on top of a pagoda.

As secondary creatures, they successfully entered the Tidal Surge after they had paid the trial tally. However, they did not encounter Zen.

Compared to the others, their luck was a little lacking. It had taken them a lot of time to obtain the purple trial tally.

In fact, it wasn't easy to obtain a purple trial tally in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Some warriors could spend several years, or even several decades, and this only proved that these ten people were top ten warriors in the entire universe, the cream of the crop!

The two of them gained entry at the Tidal Surge, and just like Zen, they had no idea how to cultivate in this place.

The warriors on the platform also ignored them as they wanted to inquire about the situation.

When they wanted to climb onto a platform, they would be chased away by the warriors on the platform. The place was packed with people who had already entered the platform and were resisting the newcomers.

Karl was so calm about the entire situation, while Xenia had nearly fought with someone. But she was still stopped by Karl knowing they had just arrived here. Before they managed to understand the rules, it was indeed unsuitable for them to have a dispute with someone.

With traces of hostility showing on their faces, the warriors standing on the other platforms watched them closely. They even sneered at the two of them for being ignorant.

At any rate, any warrior who had newly entered the Tidal Surge would have to take this initial step. However, at the time Zen entered this place, Laquisha led him directly to the central platform, creating a ruckus.

Just as the two of them were hesitating, they suddenly heard someone shout, "Xenia!"

They quickly turned their heads, scanning the platform not far away, only to see three people standing on it. It was Lucille, Kurt and Lone.

What struck them was that only three of them were on the platform. Comparing the other platforms with fully packed people against the empty platform, Karl and Xenia suddenly felt very strange.

However, they were overjoyed to be able to encounter such old friends here. Thus, the two of them flew toward the platform without qualms!

"Lucille, why is such a big platform monopolized by you?" Xenia asked in bewilderment.

Perhaps she still hadn't figured out the rules of this place, but with Xenia's keen senses, she knew that there were some extraordinary resources on these platforms. Therefore, those warriors from other races weren't willing to share them with her.

However, there were only three people on this vast platform. That alone was odd and at the same time, extraordinary.

Lucille clearly understood why Xenia was acting so strange. She merely gave a faint smile and said, "It is all thanks to Zen."

"Zen?" Xenia's eyes widened in surprise. She immediately scanned the area before she asked, "Where is he?"

Lone shook his head as he recounted the entire process of how the three of them obtained the platform. Finally, he said, "I'm afraid that fellow has no interest in the Pristine Life Vitality here. I wonder if he has left the Skyland race yet..."

Xenia was astonished to hear this. A lot of talents filled this cultivation sacred place. There were not only geniuses from the universes gathered here, but there were even some who came from the divine land. Yet, that fellow was still able to stand out amongst them and obtain such benefits for them. Zen paved the road for them.

After the tide surged, Xenia and Karl now finally and truly understood what it meant to have obtained such a big platform.

Zen, on the other hand, did not leave the Skyland race.

For the past few days, he stayed within the Skyland race, patiently waiting for the arrival of the Harmony race.

During his idle time, Zen continued to keenly observe the inner world.

In the beginning, the nine stars looked incredibly dim after Zen drew their power from them.

The strength source could not be overdrawn indefinitely. For ordinary body refiners, after they opened up the Nine Divine Stars and used up all of the power, they would still need a long time to nurture and sustain nine stars to their peak state. And most often than not, it might take a few months to achieve their peak state.

Therefore, after they cultivated to the extreme, body refiners would have a huge weakness — their combat power could not be sustained.

Because no one could directly convert life vitality into pure strength.

Chaotic energy was like a cure-all since the chaos was the root of everything, as everything was derived from it. The nine stars actually hung above the chaotic sea, but were nourished by the said chaotic energy. Through these nine stars, the recovery speed of the power was something that other warriors, and even the Holy Being, were beyond compare. The Holy Being constructed the universe, but the universe did not contain chaotic energy. Hence, the Holy Being would not absorb the chaotic energy, for his use.

When he had trained the Primal Chaos Technique to this point, Zen now encountered a serious problem.

He did not know how to expand his inner world.

The creatures within the inner world were still rapidly growing. One after another, dynasties passed. Creatures of all kinds and different types of divine weapons were born, and the scene was full of vigor and vitality.

The size of the chaotic sea was slowly shrinking, but the continent situated in the middle was constantly expanding.

Seriously, the problem was that the entire chaotic sea did not increase in size! If he wanted to cultivate his life vitality, Zen could have stayed in the Skyland race to absorb the black crystals, and try to expand his inner world.

The size of the inner world was also a measure of one's cultivation level. If Zen were unable to expand his inner world even further, then he would lose any means of raising his cultivation level.

Since Zen was unfortunately unable to find the answer within the Primal Chaos Technique, he had to explore. A path that others had never taken was destined to have too many risks and uncertainties, but it would also yield astonishing harvests and unexpected results.

In addition to exploring the inner world, Zen also needed to deal with the two sisters from Han Clan.

Although this woman had taken advantage of him once, Laquisha still knew when to advance and when to retreat. However, her little sister was quite different. Her sister was an ignorant little girl who kept pestering him with lots of questions. She even asked Zen which universe did he come from.

"I also don't know which universe I come from." Zen didn't know much about the powers in the divine land, nor was he aware what the universe was named. Perhaps, Rocher and Master Feng knew a bit, and yet they were hiding something from him.

"Who is the trustee?" Aleyna suddenly asked.

"What is a trustee?" Zen naturally didn't know what she meant.

Aleyna showed off arrogantly. "So you don't even know what a trustee is… The universe is indeed a backward place!"

"Aleyna!" Laquisha felt her sister's words were a bit rude.

However, Zen waved his hand dismissively and said, "It doesn't matter. I wonder if the person you're referring to is the one who controls the heavens."

At this time, Zen's interest was piqued. He understood that there was some vital information he needed to grasp himself. The two girls weren't scheming people, so he naturally needed to seize this opportunity to learn a thing or two.

And because of this probing, Zen had a new understanding of the entire divine land.

Chapter 1891 Evolutionary Universe

Even though her sister rebuked her, Aleyna was not the slightest bit afraid of her. She continued, "The entire universe is under the control of the Holy Being. What right do the others have to be called a controller?"

After hearing Aleyna's explanation, Zen finally understood.

Since the universe was the inner world of a Holy Being, then it stood to reason that the Holy Being was the master of the universe. This logic was quite very obvious and easy to follow.

But he was not certain as to what kind of role Irene played. Just like what Aleyna said, was Irene really a so-called "trustee"?

"Trustee, what is that?" Zen asked again, his brows furrowing in confusion.

At his question, Aleyna blinked a few times. Her eyes were a little round and watery, and they notably lacked the charming yet lonely quality of Laquisha's beautiful orbs.

It was natural for a young girl at her age to have fervent adoration for the strong. Others might be curious and have questions and doubts about Zen's origins, but his past and his strength didn't matter to her, as long as he would not do anything to provoke her.

On the other hand, Laquisha was a bit more mature than Aleyna. She was more inclined to use Zen for her own advantage and use him to complete her agendas, such as entering the Soul Suppressing Cliff or even attacking Quentin.

But Aleyna's indifference toward Zen might change once she became interested in him. The moment that happened, she would definitely dig up everything she could about him.

"Then, tell me, who is the controller of heavens you were speaking of?" Aleyna asked, waiting for his answer.

Zen hesitated, unable to answer right away. In truth, he knew nothing about that person, except her name. Drawing a deep breath, he answered, "It is Irene Jiang."

"Ha! It is her! The trustee that the Jiang Clan had sent!" Aleyna said, her lips curving into a wide smile.

A flash of satisfaction passed over Laquisha's eyes at the revelation. She was evidently pleased to know more about Zen.

Zen watched their reactions and realized that they probably knew a secret he didn't know of. "What?"

"That is the Evolutionary Universe," Aleyna informed.

"Evolutionary Universe..." Zen said slowly, testing the way it rolled off with his tongue. Was this the name of the universe he was in?

Aleyna looked at Zen with doubts clouding her face, and said, "But the Holy Being who built the Evolutionary Universe seemed to be caught in a bad situation. We think he's already dead."

"Aleyna, what are you talking about?" Laquisha said quickly, interrupting her sister. She clarified, "The Holy Being and the universe are interdependent. If the universe is still there, the Holy Being can't be dead."

"Yes, the Holy Being is about to die. Didn't they say that they were ready to take action? If the Evolutionary Universe is destroyed and broken up, then won't that mean that the Holy Being will die as well?" Aleyna continued.

Hearing the sincerity in Aleyna's words, Zen became certain that they weren't lying.

It was indeed true that the universe was in danger and facing the invasion of the Sacred race. Furthermore, Rocher had once informed him that the master of the universe was on the verge of death. . .

Strictly speaking, Zen as well as his companions was born because the universe was trying to save itself in the face of the crisis. Their fate was to lead the great world of chaos. According to Rocher, their destiny had been sealed and preordained the moment they were born.

As Zen had been cultivating all this time, it was unavoidable to run into some accidents. For instance, entering the fairy palace had been an accident. He also had another accident when he obtained the "Primal Chaos Technique".

However, despite these accidents, his path was still the same as before.

Including the guidance of the nine Genuine Dragons and the fact that Yan was taken away, these facts had made up his resolve and helped him move forward.

The ultimate and final goal was to get Zen to go to the divine land and save everything.

Of course, it was impossible for the entire universe to place its hopes on just one person, so a batch of geniuses were born to share Zen's burden. As countless geniuses fought in the Illusion Battlefield, ten chosen people would then carry an irresistible destiny on their shoulders as they moved forward.

Zen could deduce as much based on the limited information available to him. However, he still had more questions lingering in his mind. "Is this a struggle between Holy Beings?"

Laquisha, who was standing beside him, nodded her head. "Of course, but the outcome of this battle has already been decided. Now, it can't be considered as a struggle anymore, but the end of it instead. The master of the Evolutionary Universe has lost irrevocably."

Zen seemed to be in deep thought. "Since this is a battle between Holy Beings, why doesn't the winner just shatter the universe? With the strength and might of a Holy Being, it should be possible, right?" Zen asked, becoming even more curious.

Aleyna answered with a smile, "That's not possible. The divine land isn't like what you think at all. The Hall of Holy Beings will never agree to it."

"Hall of Holy Beings..." Zen trailed off, his forehead creasing in confusion. "What is that? I've never heard of that."

Aleyna immediately realized the extent of Zen's lack of knowledge when it came to the divine land. Drawing a deep breath, she decided to be patient and explain everything he needed to know.

She was being so accommodating and patient because she wanted to show off in front of him. "You don't even know this... Here, let me explain in detail. The divine land, I'm afraid, is very different from what you imagined."

Zen had seen many civilizations along the way.

The Demon Night had an absolute and strict divine system. The three queens ruled over everything and they were revered as the gods of the Demon Night. Because of this, they were able to use the Pools of Faith.

The ordinary sacred places were run and organized by the long-established sect system, and they were formed according to strength. Whether it was a sixth-grade sacred place or a tenth grade one, the difference in their strength was significant. However, the rules and culture of these sacred places were not really different from a low-grade sect. This was the primitive and old system.

Other than the sacred places, there was also the divine kingdom.

In divine kingdom, the imperial family was the sole ruler and all the large and small forces depended on it.

With this type of civilization, only the monarch and their clan stood at the height of power. Only the outstanding disciples in their clan could inherit the best legacies and heritage.

And in the vast divine land, countless years had gone by...

These countless years were reminiscent of the day that the world was created and the chaos was cleaved apart by the Creating Axe.

Here, time had become a foreign concept... a concept that ordinary people found difficult to comprehend.

After all, time was one of the rules and regulations they established, and for a very long period of time, the 'time' of the entire divine land had not been created yet. That was the reason why time was still at that moment. It was also the explanation why the divine land had been living in a state of deathly stillness for a long stretch of time.

By the time the concept of 'time' was created, the divine land had already gone through countless years. The scale of time was unimaginably long and had become an illusory noun.

In the ancient times, countless creatures and races constantly died and gave birth to the country of mortals and by extension, their sects.

As the strength of the sect warriors increased exponentially, these sects soon managed to surpass the mortal nations, gradually becoming sacred places and later on becoming divine kingdoms. It was quite similar with the universe, where different races and creatures found it difficult to interact with each other.

In the countless years that passed, the divine land had been embroiled in fatal and chaotic wars. The casualties were innumerable and beyond counting. Some races had been eliminated in the blink of an eye while some races that had tens of billions of clansmen were deemed not qualified enough to leave a mark in the history of the divine land. They were like mere waves in the ocean, disappearing into the whirlpool of history in just a flash, as if they hadn't existed. They were mere specks of dusts in the vast land.

The races that were able to make it out alive in the chaos, however, were all very proud to have survived the bloodbath. They were no doubt the most powerful and resilient races.

Endless wars only brought ravaging destruction and total annihilation. With the development of civilization, people eventually came together to put an end to the long period of war and death.

As a result, many Holy Beings joined hands and formed the Hall of Holy Beings. They were given the highest authority in the entire divine land as they were entrusted to keep the peace all throughout the lands.

The appearance of the Hall of Holy Beings eventually stabilized the entire divine land, heralding a new era of peace among the people, and it had persisted until now.

But despite its existence, the battles between races, warriors, even the Holy Beings had not completely stopped...

To avoid repeating the same mistakes, their skirmishes were confined to the rules.

Anyone who would break the rules would surely face the wrath and punishment of the hall.

The whole process was filled with plots and traps.

""The master of the Evolutionary Universe and his disciples must have fallen into a trap and received their punishment in the end, but the things involved are very complicated and cannot be explained in just a short time. Moreover, there are many rumors circulating around that may not be true," Laquisha cut in. Aleyna glared at her sister, pissed that her sister interrupted her at the most crucial moment.

"What is the name of the master of the Evolutionary Universe?" Zen asked, completely immersed in the information they were providing him with.

Curiosity was eating him up. He knew that the Holy Being had built this universe and had also seen Wynn, one of the Holy Being's disciples, who was hiding in the Celestial Position.

Unfortunately, he knew nothing about this Holy Being.

"The master of the Evolutionary Universe is called Mike Luo. He has the same last name as you," Laquisha replied with indifference.

"What?!" Zen exclaimed in surprise.

Laquisha's answer made his blood boil. Excited, he took deep erratic breaths, his heart hammering so loud in his rib cage that it felt like the girls from the Han Clan could hear his heartbeat clearly.

Chapter 1892 Zen's Reflection

No other names that Laquisha said would have shocked Zen more.

The master of Evolutionary Universe where Zen lived was called Mike Luo who was also a Holy Being living in the divine land.

For a moment, Zen's mind went blank. He just could not think.

'Maybe it is just a coincidence, ' he mused. Although the name Mike Luo was not common, it wasn't a rare name either.

However it was not very rational to see it as a coincidence.

Earlier also Rocher and the others had kept many information from him. Did they also conceal these secrets from him too?

There was also the issue of his own fate. At that time, Zen displayed great talent, compared with the warriors in great world. But if one were to look at the entire universe, then Zen, with his low cultivation level at that time, was nothing compared to the warriors of the universe.

So, why did that young man appear abruptly and abduct Yan? Was it because she was his the fate pointer?

All these thoughts were running across Zen's mind.

Maybe all this was just a fabricated excuse.

To be more specific, his fate was to make him advance towards the divine land.

As he went through all these thoughts, Zen could understand the situation more clearly.

If one were to assume that the young man was a True God who could descend upon the universe at his will, then he had to be a disciple of the Holy Being.

But no ordinary True God could return to the universe. In Zen's eye, the only True God was Wynn of Celestial Position, one of the Holy Being's disciples.

When his own strength was merely in the Virtual Tribulation Realm, he was under the care of this disciple whose strength was equal to a True God's.

Coincidentally, his father who died was called Mike Luo and the name of the Holy Being also was Mike Luo.

With this deduction, nothing that happened so far was a coincidence after all!

If his father really was the creator of the universe, then Mike would be an omnipotent existence in the inner world. He turned into a nature creature and gave birth to a Luo Clan in a certain corner of the universe. Then Mike had cultivated Zen until he grew up. In the end, Mike promptly arranged for some tragedy to ensure his death.

His hatred would be a motivation for Zen to grow up faster

With these never ending thoughts, Zen's breath became heavier.

There were also other evidences supporting these facts that Zen knew about. After Zen had used his soul to attack the 'little monster' of the York Divine Kingdom, he had directly taken over the will of the great world by devouring his soul!

The outcome came so naturally, as if the will of this great world had always belonged to him.

There were only few people who studied the will of the world, so Zen couldn't find any reference. That was why he didn't consider it to be weird. On the contrary, he had thought that it made sense. Now after careful deliberation, he realized that perhaps his ability to inherit the will of the great world was related to Mike.

Zen thought about his encounter with Luck-devouring Snakes when he was going through 'Passing the Torch'. An enormous figure had suddenly appeared, ripping the Luck-devouring Snakes into shreds and devouring them.

These things could not be mere coincidences. The appearance of the enormous figure was quite baffling. Back then Zen didn't even have the ability to fight the snakes.

It was as if there was an invisible guardian god behind him that appeared during crucial moments, protecting and allowing him to successfully pass through.

However, he was not protected all the time. At least, it did not happen when Zen had been through several life and death situations. Perhaps the formless guardian god wanted to strengthen his will that time.

Of course, all these thoughts were just Zen's assumptions!

However, the possibility of these hypotheses being true was quite high. All that was remaining for Zen to do was to personally confirm it.

When he realized that his father did not die after all, Zen was going through a mix of emotions. After all, according to both Rocher and Laquisha, the creator of Evolutionary Universe was on the verge of death.

Even if it was proved that the Holy Being was the same person as Zen's father, he would have to shoulder the heavy burden.

In all probability, this heavy burden would have fallen on Zen's shoulder from the moment he was born. Something that Mike was likely to arrange.

Under the turmoil of various thoughts in his mind, he collapsed into silence for a long time.

"Zen, Zen." Laquisha called out a few times, but Zen remained silent. He just stared into the distance.

Aleyna stretched out and waved her hand in front of Zen a few times. Seeing no reaction she asked, "Sister, has he lost his mind?"

Laquisha shook her head. In her eyes, Zen's state of mind was extremely strong, and he didn't show panic even in life and death situations. The problem must be the name of the master of Evolutionary Universe. Since the two of them had the same surname and Zen's talent was so remarkable, could it be that they were father and son?

This idea did not seem reasonable though.

If Zen was really the son of a Holy Being, how could he be just a secondary creature?

Which Holy Emperor would place their children in the universe to cultivate? The secondary creature had lots of inbred defects. The laws they comprehended were only of the Holy Being. The world they came into contact with was only a world created out of life vitality. They first had to comprehend the Godly Way and become a True God before gaining the qualifications to walk in the divine land.

These gaps were difficult to bridge after one was born and had lived for a long time.

From a different perspective, any creature in the inner world of any warrior could be considered as child of this warrior.

Zen suddenly brushed Aleyna's hand aside. He then flew and landed on a tall tower in the distance.

Aleyna was hurt by Zen's gesture and sulking. She looked at her sister.

Laquisha did not feel bad for Aleyna. Her younger sister possessed a sensitive personality. She was still trying to understand the ways of the world.

"Humph, even if Mike is his father, what is the need to be so agitated?" Aleyna said unhappily.

"In the end, you are not him. And that is what matters. If our father was killed by the people from the Hall of Holy Beings, and all the disciples of our Han Clan were to be hunted down, how would you feel?" Laquisha asked.

Aleyna merely shrugged her shoulders, not knowing what to say.

The Hall of Holy Beings was an efficient organization. Each Holy Being had their own rights. Under normal circumstances, it was unlikely for Holy Beings to attack each other. Back then, they had secretly joined hands to kill Mike, the Holy Being of Evolutionary Universe. For a moment, everyone had their own opinions and reasons to kill Mike.

However, the real reason had never surfaced.

Perhaps the father of the two sisters knew about this, but it was impossible to discuss such a grave matter with the two little girls in Han Clan who were yet to become True Gods.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was extremely large. Even though one could see the ceiling of the cave from here, this cave was still as wide as several supreme worlds combined.

Gazing into the distance, Zen was struggling to remain calm. With this emotional turmoil going on, it seemed like a difficult task to accomplish.

Previously, he had come across many mysteries, but the recent information was like a sharp knife, cutting through all the doubts in his heart!

He might be after all a creature that had been deliberately created!

Zen still remembered his father's words. That Mike might be the real Mike's incarnation, but it couldn't be counted as his father in the strict sense.

Zen also had an incarnation when he stepped into his inner world. That was not his original body, but it still executed at his will. He had poured all of his feelings into the body.

He was still his father!

Even if he was created deliberately, he would have to repay this debt of gratitude.

If he had to save Mike, would he also have to face the vast power of the Hall of Holy Beings?

Compared to a Holy Being, he looked so insignificant, that he could be easily ignored.

Evolutionary Universe was about to be wiped out by Sacred race. Since Mike had already sent him to this stage, Zen had to continue with the rest of the journey and accomplish the task at hand. This road was destined to be arduous, but Zen was not afraid. His eyes shone with excitement.

He stayed in the Skyland race for two more days, then proceeded ahead. Along the way, he visited the Tidal Surge for a while and met Xenia and Karl.

Out of the ten Godly Geniuses, Zen knew that six of them had appeared within the Skyland race. He didn't know which cultivation sacred place the remaining four were currently in, especially Margaret. Zen was still a bit concerned. This woman was impulsive and willful, and he hoped she would complete the training in Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Two days later, the Harmony race, the one who controlled the Mind Refining Tower, finally arrived at Skyland race.

Compared to the Skyland race, this Harmony race had a very ugly appearance. Their bodies were covered with snake-like scales, and their nose bridge was abnormally high. Their eyes were shaped like triangles, hanging upside down on their faces. If their behavior had not been exceptionally good, Zen would have treated them like beasts.

Although this race had a very ugly appearance, Zen realized that they were a kind and optimistic race, who were much easier to deal with than the Skyland race.

Chapter 1893 Cold Flame Poison (Part One)

The Harmony race controlled the Mind Refining Tower which was a sacred place for cultivating one's state of mind.

Perhaps it was because the mental states of the warriors in the Harmony race were stable and any traits of cruelty could not be found in them, that they were able to maintain a calm and indifferent attitude at all times. In other words, it was easy to get along with them.

Now that the three great races had gathered together, it was time to set out.

The Collapsing Mountain race and the Harmony race had arranged for the strongest elites from their races to arrive at the place. The Skyland race was also prepared. Besides the elites of the three races, a few warriors from other races were also willing to practice with them.

As the second day dawned, clouds dispersed in the skies, and they began to head in the northern direction of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

The Han Clan too had sent out warriors from their clan. Along with Kennan and some others, more than twenty world lords from the Han Clan had arrived. Laquisha and Aleyna too were present as they set out with the three great races.

For the three great races, this was undoubtedly an important exploration. No one knew of the means through which the Han Clan had convinced the three races to let the warriors of their own clan join them..

The attitude of the three great races toward the other warriors varied greatly. The Collapsing Mountain warriors were the most domineering. They acknowledged the status of the strong warriors alone, which was why it was possible for Pascal, a warrior from another race, to qualify to be their leader. However, even though Pascal had once been the leader of the Collapsing Mountain race, it did not mean that they would give any special treatment to the Han Clan. After all, It was only Pascal among them who was strong enough.

The Harmony race got along well with other races. They did not care much for the backgrounds of the warriors. Whether it was the secondary creatures or the martial artists from the divine land, they held them all in equal respect.

As for the Skyland race, they cared for the exchange of benefits. It was their race that had made the decision to allow the Han Clan to explore along with the three great races.

As they headed toward the north from the base of the Skyland race, many towers were seen along the way. They walked for about ten miles when the densely packed towers disappeared altogether. They had left the territory of the Skyland race.

A clear boundary appeared before them.

On one side of the boundary were calm black waters, but the waters ended abruptly at the boundary, as if someone had drawn a decisive line on the ground to demarcate the area. On the other side of the boundary was a vast expanse of ice field.

The snow and ice land stretched all the way to the end of the world.

"Stop!"

All along, it was the Skyland race that had led the way. They walked in front. At this moment, the leader of the Skyland race, Kaydan, suddenly raised his hand and everyone immediately stopped in their tracks.

Zen felt it to be strange as well. He had seen many strange things in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Although the scene in front of him was a sight to behold, it was relatively ordinary. However, Kaydan's expression was one of caution.

They were, after all, the aboriginals of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. There was reason behind their caution. They had probably learned lessons here that they paid for in blood.

Following Kaydan's orders, some warriors of the Skyland race pulled out blood-red fruits and began distributing them.

"The cold flame field is a Land of Extreme Chillness. Once you enter it, you will suffer cold flame poison. These Gold Sun Fruits will help you to resist it. However, this place is also where you can practice. The deeper one goes, the stronger the cold flame poison becomes. If martial artists from other races want to comprehend the profound mysteries of the Ice Law, this is the best place for you to do so!"

The surface of the blood-red fruit was covered with dense lines that emitted a scarlet glow, as if magma flowed within it. A member of the Skyland race flew over to Zen's side and threw him a fruit. As he caught the seemingly juicy fruit, he immediately felt its scorching heat in his hand.

He felt the burning sensation seep through him. As the other martial artists caught their respective fruits, they tossed it from one hand to the other in panic, finally wrapping them in life vitality before stuffing them into their space rings.

When the crowd first heard of the cold flame poison, they did not think much of it.

After all, the majority of the martial artists present were at the peak of the Spirit Transformation Realm. They were not concerned about the danger of the Land of Extreme Chillness.

"Aleyna, you should wear this first," Laquisha said, fishing out a gown embroidered with fiery clouds and handing it over to Aleyna. The Han Clan had operated in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land for many years, so they were very knowledgeable on the layout of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. They knew how horrible the cold flame field was.

It could be said that the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had recorded all of his comprehension of the Ice Law on this cold flame field.

Holy Beings were proficient in all laws and it was impossible for them to overlook anything when creating a universe. However, the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land specialized in Ice Law and had his own comprehension of it, so the cold flame field could not be underestimated.

Laquisha put the gown on Aleyna and then walked over to Zen, reminding him in a low voice, "Since they want to cross the cold flame field, their destination would be the interior world of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. I don't know what they want you to get for them, but I must remind you to be careful and not push yourself too hard. Your safety must always come first."

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1894 Cold Flame Poison (Part Two)

Zen nodded in understanding. The Collapsing Mountain race had shown him respect and he too had agreed to their request. Naturally, he would do as he had promised.

However, the precondition for him helping them out was that his safety was guaranteed. If Zen were to be in a desperate situation, it would be impossible for him to risk his life in order to help them. Since both sides were taking advantage of each other, they profited from equivalent exchange.

Zen was not merely being realistic. The pressure he was shouldering currently was unprecedentedly heavy. The fate of the Evolutionary Universe alone was enough to give him a headache, not to mention the fact that he needed to enter the divine land in future.

In other words, Zen's life was more precious than the others in front of him. He could not die here. Otherwise, it would just be irresponsible of him.

"The interior world? What is that?" Zen asked as he heard the unfamiliar term.

Laquisha continued to speak through her life vitality. "The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land is divided into exterior and interior worlds. Everything you see, including this enormous cave, is only the exterior world. The interior world is the core of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land…"

The Han Clan had sent out many of their warriors into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land previously. Staying at this place for so many years, they had a much better understanding of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land than other common warriors. As the princess of the Han Clan, Laquisha had the natural advantage of being more aware of their current circumstances.

Except for warriors who wanted to comprehend the Ice Law, there were very few who would go to the cold flame field.

However, the cold flame field was a land of death for ordinary warriors from other races. Without the Skyland race's Gold Sun Fruits, they would have been severely injured by the cold flame poison in no time.

As for the warriors from the divine land, they could straightaway comprehend the complete Ice Law on the divine land, so for them it was not required to comprehend the laws created by a Holy Being.

Holy Beings had a perfect understanding of the various kinds of laws, however different Holy Beings had different comprehension of the same law, so their arrangement of the laws was also slightly different. Martial artists from the divine land could comprehend Law Power in the divine land itself and had no need of going to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to comprehend it.

Therefore, there was only one reason why they crossed the cold flame field, and that was to enter the interior world…

Truth be told, the joint action of the three great races had fulfilled Laquisha's wish, because the Soul Suppressing Cliff that she had always wanted to go to was in the interior world.

It was not easy for even Han Clan to enter the interior world.

In the past, her brother Pascal had organized for the Han Clan, the Qin Clan, and other divine land forces in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to come together to break into the interior world.

They had paid a hefty price for it—with more than twenty world lords dead. Pascal too had been heavily injured.

No one had ever made it to the Soul Suppressing Cliff, even with such a large-scale mobilization of forces. As for places like Sunflower Water Land and Equinox Sand, it was less likely for them to think of a way to set foot there. Pascal had no choice then but to retreat in disappointment. He had been dejected for a long time because of this failure.

Back then when Pascal was sent to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the Han Clan had hoped that he could open the Soul Suppressing Cliff. Unfortunately, even though Pascal had made many achievements in his cultivation, he could not come up with a way to enter the Soul Suppressing Cliff before he left the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

This time, it was Laquisha's turn to give it a try, and she really hoped that she would succeed in the mission that even her big brother couldn't complete.

In the eyes of the others, Laquisha's talent was far inferior to Pascal's. The only thing that made Laquisha stand out was her preternatural flame, which she herself could not completely control.

So when Laquisha expressed her wish to enter the Soul Suppressing Cliff, it was taken to be no more than a jest.

Even Kennan and several others who had perfunctorily expressed their support for her did not believe she had the ability to do so.

After some preparations, the Skyland race warriors were the first to cross the visible snow boundary. Soon after, everyone else followed.

The moment they entered the cold flame field, blue flames took shape on everyone's hair, clothes, even their eyebrows and eyelashes.

Although these cold flames were condensed by ice or snow, they were not solid. They swayed like ice-blue flames.

The flames were cold and did not make them feel the slightest of warmth. Instead, the chill was piercing cold and carried with it a burning sensation.

Zen did not devour the Gold Sun Fruit. Crossing the boundary, he felt as if his entire body had frozen up. When he saw the cold flames all over his body, he was slightly surprised. They were indeed powerful.

As he shook his body, the cold flames were doused out.

But not long after, they came back again. The poison contained in the cold flames could penetrate anything and anyone. As it penetrated into Zen's body, it flew through his meridians and spread into his inner world.

Chapter 1895 Advancing

After entering Zen's inner world, the cold flame poison started to fall gently like snowflakes.

As these snowflakes fell onto the brown chaotic sea, they released chilly air, and it looked like the chaotic sea was going to freeze over...

But nothing of the sort happened. Instead, the chilly air was instantly devoured by the chaotic energy.

Ever since Zen had endowed chaotic energy with the ability to devour other things, it could transform almost anything. He clearly knew that the chaotic energy was a formidable force.

Currently, Zen was primarily focused on refining his body. He could make use of the chaotic energy to display the Gods-intimidating Strike, but he usually unleashed the power of this strike by comprehending the Godly Way. He did not exert the chaotic energy to its extreme. That was to say that Zen was lacking a cultivation method, which could help him fully utilize the power of the chaotic energy!

The cold flame poison was still falling down in soft waves in his inner world. The majority of the poison had disappeared into the chaotic sea, while a small portion had already fallen onto the main continent of his inner world. A few unlucky creatures might have come in contact with the poison and got instantly frozen into ice cubes. But the overall impact on his inner world was negligible.

Zen could deal with the cold flame poison effortlessly, but it wasn't so easy for the other warriors.

Although the Skyland race had distributed the Gold Sun Fruits, most of the martial artists present chose not to devour the fruit...

According to the leader of the Skyland race, they were capable of comprehending the profound mystery of the Ice Law in the cold flame field.

The truth was that the martial artists from the divine land were even more clear than Kaydan that the so-called profound mystery of the Ice Law was the famed skill of the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The Ice Soul Flame was renowned in the divine land 30, 000 years ago!

This flame was a unique profound mystery created by the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. And he was the first to unravel this mystery!

When the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land became a Holy Being, he constructed a Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. He then made an announcement that everyone could cultivate in that land. Warriors could also absorb his strength source. This was a very exciting development for everyone in the divine land.

In addition to this, his knowledge of the Ice Soul Flame was sealed within the cold flame field of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, thereby effectively shielding it from the outside world.

In so many years, several warriors had entered this cold flame field, but none of them were able to comprehend the mystery of the Ice Soul Flame...

For many martial artists from other races as well as those from the divine land, this was indeed a golden opportunity to finally comprehend the profound mystery.

The Gold Sun Fruit could resist the cold flame poison, but they would only use it when they could not hold on any longer.

Most warriors, including Zen, were facing the same predicament. The cold flame poison lingered around their bodies and followed the meridians in their bodies to invade their inner worlds. Soon it began to snow within their inner worlds.

However, their inner worlds could not be compared with Zen's. The cold flame poison might be overbearing, but in the end it was only formed from life vitality, and the chaotic energy overpowered it.

The temperature in the inner worlds of these martial artists began to plummet slowly.

The inner worlds of the Spirit Transformation Realm warriors, especially those at the top level of the Spirit Transformation Realm, were already perfect. Some martial artists' inner worlds already had fourth-grade and fifth-grade sects, which were guarded by the Internal Elixir Realm martial artists and even Virtual Tribulation Realm martial artists.

As the temperature plummeted, the creatures were in great danger. The snow formed by the cold flame poison resulted in an extremely low temperature, causing the warriors' inner worlds to be trapped in a frozen land. Layers of solid ice formed on the life vitality sea of some martial artists, bringing about devastating damage to the living beings within the inner worlds.

The secondary creatures, which survived in the warriors' inner worlds, were unable to control their own destinies. It was possible that when they came into this world as infants, they would freeze to death in the harsh winter, or when they just became nature creatures, they might get infected by cold flames and freeze to death in an instant!

This was not only happening among the secondary creatures but also in the universes created by the Holy Beings. If the Holy Beings were to fight, even the solid universes would be affected and suffer an earth-shattering extinction.

In the Evolutionary Universe, the duration of a grand era was 3.6 billion years, and the end of each grand era was accompanied by a calamity that brought about extinction of the species. This kind of extinction was not caused by the battle between Mike and the others, but by something else.

The Supreme Lords in the universe had come up with a rule, which was contrary to the reality of the situation, and they had even tried to enforce this rule to avoid the extinction of the universe...

This was the plight of the secondary creatures. They could not completely grasp their fates and even their vision was limited. Even the Supreme Lords would not be able to control their own future, as they were also secondary creatures.

The living beings in the inner world who were destroyed by the cold flame poison, probably thought that this calamity was brought about by the wrath of the Gods. Thus they all knelt down to pray, hoping to appease the angry Gods. They did not know that this catastrophe had occurred only because the inner world's owner wanted to undergo training.

"Huff, huff, huff..."

The glacial wind of the cold flame field blew fiercely.

When this happened, everyone's bodies immediately shone with light. This was because the cold flames enveloping their bodies were blue and bright. They looked as if they were covered in sparkling jewelry, which gave them a beautiful appearance. At the same time, the amount of cold flame poison in their bodies greatly increased...

This process was quite painful. The cold moved from the outside to the warrior's inner world, and after ravaging the inner world, it moved back outside. It was bone-chilling cold.

Due to this process, the cold flame poison in the inner world had left the mark of rule there.

In these past few years, no one had comprehended the profound mystery of the Ice Soul Flame completely, but this cold flame poison had indeed brought many benefits to the warriors, the least of which was a rapid improvement in the speed at which the Ice Law in everyone's inner world was perfected. After one cultivated to the higher level, they needed to use the laws they had comprehended to construct new laws within their inner worlds.

Of course, this did not mean that people could endlessly keep absorbing the cold flame poison, as it could ultimately be fatal.

Some of the weaker martial artists looked pale. When an icy wind blew, they couldn't help but curl up.

"If you can't withstand the pressure, don't be stubborn about holding on! You will be able to resist it after eating the Gold Sun Fruit!" someone from the Skyland race reminded everyone.

The warriors couldn't stand it any longer and finally gorged the Gold Sun Fruit! After entering the warriors' bodies, the Gold Sun Fruit quickly made its way into every inner world and turned into a golden sun, releasing a thermal current that warmed everything. Those who were battling life and death were naturally saved at the last moment. The inner world survived the crisis and became a vibrant place again.

This warm current spread from the inside to the outside, melting away the cold from their meridians. Thanks to this life-infusing warm current, a healthy rosy color returned on the warriors' faces.

But there were still many martial artists who were trying their level best to resist the discomfort and hold on!

Among them, Aleyna was the most relaxed, as she could deal with the cold flame poison effortlessly.

She was wearing a fire gown, so the cold flame poison could not enter her body. She was curious about the reaction of the crowd, and couldn't help but laugh when she saw the cold flames that flickered on the faces, hair and beards of Zen and the others.

Everyone continued to fly at a low altitude and they were not slow either. After travelling for four hours, they had crossed a distance of over a hundred thousand miles.

The difference in the level of strength of the warriors could be ascertained during the journey of one hundred thousand miles.

When they traveled ten thousand miles, only a few of the weaker martial artists had consumed the Gold Sun Fruit. When they reached thirty thousand miles, twenty percent of the group had swallowed the Gold Sun Fruit. When they reached seventy thousand miles, more than ninety percent of the martial artists had consumed the Gold Sun Fruit!

Of all the martial artists present, only the Collapsing Mountain race's Divinity Hunt Squad members, the seven elders of the Skyland race, and a few elites of the Harmony race were able to reach one hundred thousand miles.

Of course, Zen and Aleyna were among this group of achievers who made it as well.

As for Laquisha, if she were to use her abnormal flame, she would be able to resist the cold flame poison. However, those who specialized in using fire were even more afraid of the cold. So she had gobbled up the Gold Sun Fruit when she reached thirty thousand miles.

"Chapman is right. Not only is Zen capable of resisting the abnormal flame, he also seems to be able to withstand the extreme cold," Tilton, the leader of the Harmony race, remarked as he gazed at Zen with a mix of admiration and surprise.

He had come here with the members of the Harmony race, so he had naturally learned from Kaydan and Chapman that Zen was a flame-proof warrior with special theurgy. He also had never thought that the flame-proof warrior that the Collapsing Mountain warriors had mentioned a few months ago would increase his strength to this extent in such a short period of time...

Initially, he had his doubts when he heard Kaydan and Chapman talk about Zen's impressive ability before, but now he was convinced that Zen was indeed extremely powerful. At this moment, he saw that Zen could also move freely in this world of ice and snow without needing to devour the Gold Sun Fruit. He indeed had remarkable abilities.

"Ha-ha. You and I are able to withstand the cold flame poison when we reach a hundred thousand miles. Do you think that brat can withstand the cold flame poison after he travels one hundred and fifty thousand miles?" Kaydan asked suddenly.

One hundred and fifty thousand miles...

That was easily the deepest region of the cold flame field. Even the three leaders needed to devour the Gold Sun Fruit at that point.

Chapter 1896 Advance Towards The End

They had traveled about 100, 000 miles when the cold flames below their feet began to blaze and the azure light reflected off them continuously, making it hard to look straight at them.

It was as if everyone was standing on a sea of fire, but the azure flames weren't making them feel warm.

Suddenly, a member of the Divinity Hunt Squad of the Collapsing Mountain race fell towards the cold flames below.

Kaydan was quick to react. He spread his wings, turned into a streak of light, and took off into the air, circling below the Collapsing Mountain member and saving him from falling.

"No one can save you if you fall into the cold flames. So if you can't hold on any longer, don't be a hero," reminded Kaydan.

The upper echelons of the three races were also prepared to compete with each other. None of the members of the Collapsing Mountain race's Divinity Hunt Squad had eaten any Gold Sun Fruit. As pure body refiners, it was impossible for them to understand the meaning of the Ice Law.

Extreme cold was a means of body refining, but there was no need to take such a huge risk.

"Avery! Eat it!" ordered Chapman.

The warrior called Avery nodded and swallowed the Gold Sun Fruit in one gulp.

In addition to him, another member of the Skyland race had also given up forcing himself. He too swallowed the Gold Sun Fruit, and Kaydan continued to lead the way while the rest followed behind.

As the cold flame poison that had wafted into Zen's inner world increased and condensed, the snow in that world grew heavier and heavier.

The creatures in the inner world were currently experiencing an unprecedented winter.

Although the chaotic sea was not frozen, its temperature had dropped considerably.

If the temperature continued to drop, the creatures in his inner world would most likely face death on a massive scale.

Losing some of those creatures wouldn't have much of an impact on Zen. After all, he wasn't reliant on the Faith Energy of those people right now. But he still didn't want the people he had created to die.

As Zen pondered this, his thoughts rippled and moved.

Countless schools of fish suddenly appeared from within the chaotic sea. They leapt out of the water, spread their wings, and flew into the sky.

The fishermen in the inner world witnessed this scene and there were people who recorded it. They would pass it down for years to come. Legend would have it that the fish had turned into big birds to save people from the heavy snow.

They didn't know that this was just an idea of Zen's.

Once the fish took off into the air, they charged towards the pieces of cold flame poison, turned into chaotic energy the minute they got into contact, and devoured the pieces of the poison.

Zen tried his best to keep the cold flame poison in midair. At the same time, the nine stars in the sky began to move unceasingly.

"Nine shining stars!"

Zen did not draw out the energy within the stars. Instead, he allowed the nine stars to move about with their own strength.

Drilling wood was a method to make fire, in which matter could produce heat while moving at high speeds. Only then could flames emerge from the wooden board. Heat is generated during the movement.

The hotter a star was, the more intense its internal activities would be.

Even Zen was horrified at the powerful energy created by the nine stars. If these forces were to be mobilized, the heat emitted would be beyond imagination.

As a result, the temperature that had dropped slowly began to rise under the illumination of the nine stars.

Even after he had settled his inner world down, Zen was still unhurried and followed the rest of the group.

By the time they had traveled one hundred and twenty thousand miles, there were only two people in the Divinity Hunt Squad who hadn't eaten the Gold Sun Fruit.

Skyland race had done better. As cultivators, their comprehension and adaptability towards the laws were usually much better than the Collapsing Mountain race's. But the Collapsing Mountain members relied on their physical bodies to resist this. So there wasn't any single, simple standard to measure which race was stronger.

By now, the Harmony race had only one warrior left: their leader, Tilton.

People from the Harmony race were peaceful. Some of them could have made it this far, but they did not like to fight and knew that there was no need for them to show off. So many of them had retreated and swallowed the Gold Sun Fruit.

Even the three leaders, Chapman, Tilton, and Kaydan, looked more and more exhausted as they resisted the erosion of the raging cold flame.

They had become more and more focused in their quest to resist the cold flame poison. At the beginning, they had paid attention to Zen's body. But then they could only focus on moving forward, using all the energy in their bodies to protect themselves.

All other warriors were paying attention to Zen.

"When Holy Jay had stepped into the Holy Realm, he was conferred the title of one of the three newly promoted Holy Beings; but he never accepted a disciple.

Convention dictates that once a Holy Being gains a new understanding of the profound meaning of the laws in the divine land, they would turn their own comprehension of the laws into monolith inscriptions and spread it throughout the world. After all, at their level, they have mastered all the laws. And the space in which new profound mysteries of the laws are being explored in the divine land is growing smaller and smaller.

But Holy Jay had broken the rules and refused to pass down the inscriptions. Instead, he sealed the profound meaning of the Ice Soul Flame, attracting countless talents to enter this place to comprehend it. None of them had succeeded.

It is said that a Holy Being once questioned Holy Jay about it. But Holy Jay had just nodded with a smile and hadn't said anything."

A martial artist wearing a purple hat was leisurely talking on a flying shuttle.

What he said wasn't unfamiliar to the martial artists in the divine land. They had heard about it several times already. But some of the secondary creatures that came from the universe were listening with rapt attention.

The difference between a secondary creature and a divine land martial artist wasn't just a matter of resources and birth, but also of information. This meant that, including Zen, all the secondary creatures were very careful and would do their best to gather information about the divine land.

The purple-hatted warrior was happy to show off when he saw the other warriors focusing their attention. "Actually, according to my speculations, if you want to comprehend the Ice Soul Flame, you need to rely on your own strength, instead of using the Gold Sun Fruit to cross the cold flame field. It's a pity that no one has succeeded so far! Even Pascal only lasted 130, 000 miles. But he had also been defeated in the end. He was so close!"

At these words, Laquisha and Aleyna looked at each other. Kennan responded from the sideline, "Someone had raised this idea a long time ago. Now you're claiming that it is your own. So shameless! My young master was indeed defeated and had been close, but how far did you travel?"

The purple-hatted warrior was embarrassed at Kennan's words.

After all, it was an achievement for Pascal to have reached 130, 000 miles. The important thing was that he hadn't even been a world lord yet at the time. He had only been at the Spirit Transformation Realm.

And once he had become a world lord, he had no longer been willing to come.

The profound meaning of the Ice Soul Flame was strong, but Pascal, who had cultivated both body and life vitality, was a young prince after all. He hadn't taken it too seriously.

Although Zen had paid part of his attention to resisting the cold flame poison, his eyes and ears had also been focused on the martial artist in the purple hat.

'To walk to the end of the cold flame field?'

He had already walked over 120, 000 miles, and had only 20, 000 miles to go.

What would happen to him if he reached the end by himself? Would he be able to comprehend the Ice Soul Flame?

Zen had no idea how powerful this martial art was. But he did know that since it was a skill inherited from a Holy Being, it wasn't a weak one.

Zen's interest was piqued at this thought. He had been considering whether it was necessary to continue on like this. If it was just a pure test without any rewards, then there was no need to force it. He was not a masochist.

Now it seemed that it was necessary to give it a try.

It was not long before everyone finally broke through the 130, 000 miles.

The second they had reached that mark, something unexpected happened.

Tilton of the Harmony race gave up and swallowed a Gold Sun Fruit. Chapman was the only one of the Collapsing Mountain race that persisted. There were only two people left from the Skyland race: Kaydan and an elder named Fraine.

And at this moment, Fraine fell downward without a word.

Zen had been focused on resisting the cold flame poison. He didn't have the time to be distracted. And by the time he discovered the problem, the elder had already fallen.

"Fraine!"

"Elder Fraine!"

Some warriors screamed and rushed towards the elder, but they couldn't get there in time.

The crowd watched as Elder Fraine was struck by the cold flames below and turned into a lump of ice, falling hard towards the ground.

Fraine tried to save himself.

As he fell, his entire body was still emitting raging flames. He wanted to resist the ice flames, but the bright yellow flames were only formed from life vitality. So how could they fight the power of the ice flames?

The raging flames then disappeared from everyone's sight and then, cracking sounds could be heard, like glass hitting the ground. It was the sound of Fraine's body shattering.

A deep fear took root within everyone, reflecting in their eyes. Many of them subconsciously raised themselves up. Although they all knew how terrifying this cold flame was, witnessing the death of that elder with their own eyes truly brought the horror home.

Chapter 1897 A Mirror

Deaths were quite common in the cold flame field. However, the death of an elder of the Skyland race was an extremely rare occurrence.

After all, the Skyland race mainly cultivated life vitality and they were also on their way to find out whether the divine land martial artist's speculations were true or not.

The Skyland race attempted to travel across the cold flame field every once in a while, in hopes of witnessing a miracle that would let them understand its hidden mysteries.

However, the Skyland race were unaware that the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, commonly referred to as Holy Jay by the martial artists of the divine land, had already established a boundary that was impossible to cross when he created the six great races.

No matter it was Chapman, Kaydan, or Tilton from the Harmony race, while they were truly outstanding and their strengths improved really quickly, they couldn't advance any further after they had reached a certain limit.

It wasn't because they lacked talent or perseverance, but rather, the boundary had already been set ever since the six great races had been created.

Therefore, the Skyland elites and elders had never gotten to cross the cold flame field with just their own strengths, no matter how hard they had tried. It seemed that they were destined to be always close, but never reaching success.

After the elder of the Skyland race had died, Kaydan and Chapman also gave up. Both of them swallowed a Gold Sun Fruit and they immediately felt better.

Everyone focused on Zen once again. Basically, among the hundreds of people present, he was the only one who had not eaten a Gold Sun Fruit!

At this moment, even Zen had become extremely careful…

The cold flame poison filled all the fibers in Zen's being and at the same time, the power of the nine stars that flowed in his body became stronger and faster.

However, simply relying on the radiance that the nine stars emitted didn't completely melt those snowflakes. Although his inner world's temperature had been stabilized at a certain point, it still continued to drop slowly!

The cold flame poison's power increased every time Zen flew a thousand miles away. By the time he had covered a hundred and thirty thousand miles, its power had increased by several degrees already. In such case, the threat it posed to Zen became deadlier.

Then again, the nine stars' power did not last forever. It would take a long time to completely replenish the strength source within them. Furthermore, crossing the cold flame field was only the first step.

Meanwhile, the other warriors did not increase their speed as they traversed the ice field because of the fatal threat from the cold flame poison.

Even though the Gold Sun Fruit possessed the power of the Sun Flame, there was still the possibility of it being extinguished if it was faced with copious amounts of cold flame poison. Thus, everyone still maintained a relatively constant speed that was neither too fast, nor too slow.

On the other hand, Zen was different. Since he tried to challenge the cold flame field and had so far withstood the cold flame poison's corrosion, he didn't need to maintain the same speed like everyone else.

With that thought in mind, he suddenly moved in a flash, broke through the air, and advanced several thousand feet forward. The moment he came out of the space, he maxed out his speed limit and suddenly transformed into a straight line in front of everyone's eyes, before he rapidly advanced once again!!

"Whoosh!"

"Ah! Is that kid crazy?"

"He has just broken Pascal's record and he's already desperately moving forward!"

"If he really can endure the cold flame poison, then doing so will help him to relieve the pressure. After all, the shorter the time consumed, the less of his life vitality would be used…"

Kaydan, Chapman, and Tilton also looked at each other in shock.

"This flame-proof warrior is truly extraordinary," Tilton couldn't help but exclaim in admiration.

"Maybe he really will be able to safely pass through," Chapman said as he stared at the straight line that had faded away into distance.

However, Kaydan looked worried. "What if this kid can't hold on any longer, and dies here?" he said.

The only reason they had gathered so many warriors this time for this mission was because Zen was there with them. If Zen died, then there was no need for them to continue anymore.

"Let's follow up and take a look," said Chapman. Zen's life was still the most important no matter what. It did not matter if he could or couldn't comprehend the cold flame field's profound mysteries.

Once the three of them had finally decided, they chased after Zen at full speed. But as they continued their pursuit, they realized that they were getting further away from Zen. After they tried to chase him for about ten thousand miles, their faces lit up with a wry smile. Zen was actually nowhere to be found.

Fortunately, the cold flame field was a vast plain. Except for the cold flame that existed everywhere, there were no other dangers…

Meanwhile, Zen felt as if he was sliced by an axe as the cold wind beat down on his body. At that moment, Zen's entire figure had disappeared as countless blue cold flames wrapped around him. He looked like a giant ball of fire that flew in the sky!

While the cold blue flames further enveloped his body, he concentrated on rushing forward as he also paid more attention to his inner world.

An unprecedented storm whirled around at his inner world's central continent. The storm contained six layers of Wind Law, which was the level of Wind Law that Zen had comprehended. When combined with the chaotic energy, it released an immensely incredible amount of power!

The storm now covered the whole central continent and the World Tree. Zen had started the storm because he wanted to protect the entire central continent within it. Since the snow that was transformed from the cold flame poison in his inner world became heavier, it might soon cover the entire central continent--which would end up in the deaths of the living beings in the inner world.

A strong wind howled and blew the snowflakes to the chaotic sea that surrounded the central continent. The chaotic sea's surging waves faintly showed signs of being frozen as well. Floating ice appeared above the brown seawater, and these blocks of ice seemed to drift towards each other.

If it was a martial artist that cultivated life vitality, then everything in his inner world would've been frozen in an instant. A Holy Being couldn't seal such a kind of chaos and not to mention, Zen had made the chaotic energy possess the ability of devouring power.

After the nine stars had swiftly devoured the snowflakes, they began to emit a bright beam of light that illuminated the entire chaotic sea.

The many living beings in the inner world had already felt the impending apocalypse. Millions of martial artists scrambled on their feet to pray…

"May the Venerable Creator use his holy power to expel this deadly snow!"

"May our race live on forever!"

"May the grand theurgy of the Creator help our race go through this crisis!"

Zen had felt every single word that reverberated within his inner world. It was his instinct as this world's creator, but he had no time to pay them any attention at the moment.

"Charge!"

Whoosh!

One hundred and forty thousand miles!

It wasn't long before Zen had crossed the boundary of 140, 000 miles.

The blue flames on the ice filed had already been extinguished, but they weren't gone in the real sense. A substance changed its form when it had reached its limit, just like how water turned into ice after its temperature reached a certain degree.

Naturally, those cold flames had changed their forms as well. They turned into regular icicles that were stuck on the ground like sharp needles.

It was no doubt that the whole place was a world of extremely low temperatures.

There were no signs of life at all. Even the flow of energy and the transformation of laws had stopped.

There were no gales, not even a sound of the wind.

The surroundings were completely silent, and only Zen quietly advanced in the air.

At that moment, the flame poison did not only freeze Zen's inner world, but also the flow of his blood, the beating of his heart, and his mind!

"Charge!"

The immensely freezing environment almost stopped Zen's thinking--and he only had just one thought in mind: to fly forward at top speed!

Just then, the vast and cold flame field suddenly underwent a peculiar change.

The densely packed icicles were originally an icy-blue color, but some of them suddenly turned orange and formed orange runes. The juxtaposition of the two colors formed a sharp contrast.

However, as Zen flew above the runes, the orange hue of the icicles started to fade away and turn back to icy blue.

Zen traveled further and the runes on the ground began to fade as well. It was as if the orange icicles had formed a welcome carpet for Zen. Once he had passed through, the path began to dissipate on its own.

Even if Zen's mind was already frozen to its limit, he still noticed the strange phenomenon below him. He saw an orange strip of runes that extended into the distance in front of him.

"150000 miles!"

Soon enough, Zen finally arrived at the end of the cold flame field. The runes that had suddenly appeared along the way had completely disappeared as well.

In front of him was now a mirror that was over ten million feet tall, and extended all the way to the top of the cave in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. It divided the huge cave into two parts, and the scenes that were reflected in the mirror made him feel that this world was boundless.

Chapter 1898 The Ice Field

This mirror was like a huge lake made of mercury, and it lay horizontally in front of Zen, blocking his path.

He approached the huge mirror slowly and cautiously, not knowing what to expect.

He saw an identical image of himself in the mirror, slowly approaching him too.

Zen extended his hand with some uncertainty and gently pressed the mirror. A ripple immediately appeared where his fingertip touched it and spread out in all directions.

"This is really a mercury lake!"

He remained standing where he was, not wanting to act rashly.

If his guess was correct, this would be the entrance to the interior world that Kaydan had mentioned.

He had no knowledge about the so-called exterior or interior world, so he decided to wait for the aboriginals to arrive before doing anything further.

When Zen approached the mirror, the cold flame poison disappeared completely and the temperature within his inner world began to rise rapidly. Under his control, the storm within his body calmed down, and the nine stars in his body gradually stopped circulating.

If Zen continued to drive the nine stars to circulate, they would release a strong amount of heat, which might burn all the living beings in his inner world.

Just when Zen was trying to restore his inner world to normalcy, he suddenly discovered that there seemed to be something on the chaotic sea!

"Runes?"

He froze.

When he rushed along the way, he had seen a path formed by runes before him. As he continued onward, the path disappeared behind him…

Looking back, the runes had already completely disappeared.

At that time, Zen's mind was frozen by the cold temperature and he was in no mood to examine them carefully.

Who would have thought that these runes, which stretched thousands of miles, were already imprinted on the chaotic sea!

"Are these runes the profound mysteries of Holy Jay?"

Zen focused his gaze on the densely-packed runes. This layer of runes stretched out thousands of miles and the strip circled on the chaotic sea, undulating on the surface of the water!

The characters of the runes were somewhat similar to the Sanskrit words that Zen had seen before!

There were many types of Sanskrit. Some Buddhist classics were also recorded in Sanskrit. But Zen had only seen three types of Sanskrit that were similar to the runes on the chaotic sea.

The first type was the Sanskrit that appeared on Zen's body, which was also the language in which the Grand Weapon Refining Method was recorded. He was familiar with this type of Sanskrit, having seen it many times before. Each time his body was tempered by the preternatural flame, the golden Sanskrit characters would appear on his body.

As for the second type of Sanskrit, he had seen it when Xenia had employed her full strength…

However, both these types of Sanskrit were very similar, almost identical, but the arrangement and content of each word were different.

The main thing was that Zen had never come into contact with this kind of culture, so he naturally couldn't read it.

The runes that were before Zen now had a similar shape to the first two types of Sanskrit. However, their style was completely different from that of the other types, as if they were lacking a special quality.

'Yes, these three types of Sanskrit must originate from the same culture. Earlier, I didn't have the time to examine them closely, but now, it seems that these runes might be a type of Sanskrit. And the difference is that these three types of Sanskrit were written by different people…' Zen ruminated.

Each person had their own style of writing. The same sentence, when written by different people, would look different because of the handwriting. Some people had a lively style of penmanship and each of the stroke looked like a dragon or a phoenix was dancing on the paper, while some others had very exquisite writing styles like that of famous calligraphers.

It was very probable that these runes were written by the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Jay! Judging by this, Zen assumed that Holy Jay had also obtained some Sanskrit words, which recorded the Ice Soul Flame.

The information that was available to Zen was too little for him to deduce any further.

If that was really the case, then the Ice Soul Flame was probably not just a type of profound mystery of the Ice Law…

While he was lost in thought, the band of light formed by the Sanskrit words suddenly began to move on the chaotic sea. It was like a living creature, floating towards the central continent in Zen's inner world!

"Huh?"

As he saw these Sanskrit words begin to move, Zen instantly became vigilant, waiting to jump into action at the slightest provocation.

However, his inner world was not as fragile as that of the other martial artists. Chaotic energy itself was an extremely powerful existence. Strictly speaking, it was the highest level of original substance. If these

Sanskrit words made any strange movements, Zen would instantly use the chaotic energy to devour them.

Zen's worst fears came true, and he wasn't even able to control it. As the thousands of miles long Sanskrit words flowed, they circled a part of the sea at the other end of the central continent, and then the temperature began to drop!

The moment the band of Sanskrit words released the cold air, Zen immediately activated the special property of the chaotic energy in order to devour them!

However, he quickly discovered that it was useless!

These Sanskrit words couldn't be devoured. In fact, even the chaotic sea that was being circled by the Sanskrit words, was out of Zen's control. It was as if at this moment, he had lost the control of a portion of chaotic energy within his body.

He had actually lost control of his own inner world. This was something that had never happened to him before! It was a scary situation to be in.

In the blink of an eye, the chaotic energy in the sea, controlled by the Sanskrit words, was frozen and, at the same time, it started to turn into an extremely solid layer of ice. At first, the layer of ice was brown, after all, it was formed by the chaotic sea, but not long after, it turned into a bluish-white color, exactly the same as the cold flame field!

"Boom, boom, boom!"

This ice field was not small by any standards; it was almost one-third of the size of the central continent!

A huge ice field suddenly appeared at the side. As it expanded, the entire central continent began to shake. The living beings on the central continent naturally panicked in the face of such an intense earthquake!

Fortunately, the tremors disappeared quickly. When the ice field was completely formed, the earthquake ceased.

At the same time, an icicle appeared abruptly in the center of the ice field and began to grow uncontrollably. As it continued growing, countless branches started forming on top of the icicle…

In the blink of an eye, the icicle turned into an enormous ice tree standing upright on the ice field!

"A new continent is formed…" Zen mumbled.

This ice field formed a pressure in his inner world, pushing the chaotic sea outwards. Zen felt a faint swelling sensation in his cinnabar field; this was caused by the expansion of his inner world. It was a sign that his cultivation level had increased!

The ice tree continued to flourish inside. It was originally only about 1000 feet tall, but several minutes later, it had already grown to tens of thousands of feet tall. It was now almost the same height as the World Tree on the other side of the central continent!

A magnificent cold flame flower bloomed atop the phenomenal ice tree.

If one were to look down at this scene from the sky at this moment, one would see that on the west side of the central continent was a cyan World Tree that reached into the clouds, and on the other side was a crystal clear ice tree. They stood opposite each other, yet formed a harmonious scene...

The meaning of this development was unclear to Zen.

Back then, the Creating Axe slashed and created space for the divine land to come into existence, and later the Lord of Weapons opened the heavens...

Sunrest Tree, Lofty Tree, Ray Tree, Hidden Tree—these were the four divine trees.

Perhaps these four great trees were not extraordinary themselves.

It was just that these four divine trees had all been planted during the first divine era. Their roots directly penetrated through the divine land and extended into the chaos, thus giving them the ability to absorb the chaos for their own uses. Having absorbed the chaos for countless years, they finally had the qualifications to become divine trees!

The four divine trees had stabilized the divine land, however they shared a symbiotic relationship with the land as they also relied on it to stabilize their own positions in order to become the unshakable four pillars of the divine land.

Zen had used a World Tree seed to create his first giant tree. Now, another ice tree had appeared on the ice field. These two trees would also absorb the chaotic energy to grow, and they would also grow into divine trees in the future!

As for the cold flame flower that had blossomed on top of the ice tree…

Zen retracted his consciousness from his inner world, and then slightly spread out the five fingers in one of his hands.

"Sizzle—"

A cold flame was set ablaze in Zen's hand.

'It is just as I thought!'

A hint of a smile appeared on Zen's face as he expertly poured chaotic energy into the cold flame!

Sizzle!

In the blink of an eye, the size of this cold flame expanded by more than ten times and instantly enveloped Zen. The frosty air emitted from this cold flame was so strong that even the mercury that formed the mirror beside him froze!

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1899 Interior World

The power of the Ice Soul Flame was intense and terrifying. It originated from the Ice Law in the divine land and thus was considered a complete Law Power.

The laws in the universes, however, heavily relied on the comprehension of the Holy Beings, which were often partial and incomplete.

Zen balled his hand into a fist and lightly squeezed, causing the ice flame to dissipate in seconds. A small smile crept onto his face. It would seem that the Holy Being's profound mysteries were reliable even during crucial moments.

But a lingering question stayed in his mind. Just how strong was the ice flame? There was no way to test it, so he had no choice but to wait in front of the mirror.

Minutes passed as he waited. Zen was in deep thought before he took out the Gold Sun Fruit and swallowed it in one gulp.

He was not certain about what the Ice Soul Flame meant or if it was just one of the many deep mysteries of the Ice Law. But after careful considerations, Zen opted to keep the information to himself.

If he did not swallow the Gold Sun Fruit, those people would definitely ask about it. He was not in the mood to make up another lie to satisfy their curiosity, so he might as well just swallow the fruit and get it over with.

Not long after, Kaydan, Chapman, and Tilton finally passed through the cold flame field. After seeing Zen standing in front of the mirror and sizing him up a bit, Kaydan frowned and asked, "Zen, did you swallow the Gold Sun Fruit?"

Zen turned to him and nodded his head slightly.

At his confirmation, disappointment flickered on their faces.

There was no doubt that Zen was the last person to pass through the cold flame field without the help of the Gold Sun Fruit. Before, when Zen was running madly like a lunatic, the three of them failed to find any traces of him and thought he had died in the cold flame field.

They did not expect Zen to reach the end. Much to their disappointment, he had used the Gold Sun Fruit in the end.

"When did you eat it?" Kaydan asked with a growing frown.

Zen let out a faint smile, saying, "When there were still five thousand miles to go. I couldn't bear it any longer. I think this was a failure."

Kaydan drew a deep sigh. He was immensely disappointed but he was not sure if it was because he didn't get to see the secret unraveled or if it was because Zen didn't persevere on his own to the end.

Unlike Kaydan, Tilton was much calmer and accepting. He said, "That's understandable. It's not easy to endure for 145, 000 miles after all. At the very least, no one's ever traveled this far before. We've already managed a great feat."

Aside from the martial artists at the Spirit Supreme Realm and Spirit Transformation Realm, there were also many world lords in the divine land who attempted to travel through the cold flame field; however, because of their limited cultivation, some people jumped to the conclusion that no one could pass through the cold flame field with just their own strength unless they were a True God.

Usually and in normal circumstances, True Gods were not allowed to enter the universes.

There were no Supreme Lords or True Gods in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. No one could ever travel across the ice flame field with just their own strength alone. It was simply impossible.

Chapman laughed, his voice filling the air. "If we enter the interior world now, Zen will be able to raise his cultivation to the Spirit Transformation Realm, and then he can go back and travel across the cold flame field again. There's still hope that he will make it!"

"Yes," Kaydan agreed with a nod, a flash of glint passing through his eyes.

It had to be said that when the six great races had been created, they were bestowed with formidable talents by the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. They had a nearly perfect body and a unique cultivation land. However, their master did not give them everything as he had deprived them of the right to explore!

In a complete universe, countless creatures and races competed fiercely against each other to survive and obtain more and deeper knowledge.

The six great races had no troubles surviving. As the natives of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, their status was naturally higher than the others. Even the martial artists from the divine land were inferior and couldn't hold a candle to their might. But despite their strength, the races never stopped pining for more knowledge.

Had they been created only to serve the martial artists from the other races? After all, each race was being monitored by a prophet. But if this was the case, then what was the purpose of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land?

To the wild beasts, these questions were useless and meaningless. However, to the intelligent life forms, the mystery and lack of answers were enough to drive them insane.

Whether or not Zen obtained the inheritance of this profound mystery of the Ice Law wasn't important. To them, resolving the doubts in their hearts was more important. It would naturally explain why Kaydan and the rest were much more enthusiastic than Zen himself. . .

After they had waited for a while, the rest of the team finally caught up.

Even though they had eaten the Gold Sun Fruit, which had turned into a sun in their elixir field and continuously released heat, crossing the last 10, 000 miles would prove to be extremely challenging and difficult for them.

In fact, during the last journey, three people succumbed to the ice and froze for eternity due to their weak strength. Two of them were from the other races while the last one was from the Skyland race.

The stronger warriors looked slightly better, but the weaker warriors were turning pale and cyan from the extreme cold. The Ice Law in that quiet world could freeze the sun itself. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to call that a narrow escape.

Despite this, venturing into the interior world now was everyone's decision. Whether it was the warriors of the other races or the people from the three major races, they all took careful steps and made their own mental preparations for this arduous journey.

To the martial artists of the other races, the interior world was a trove of great lucky chances. If they followed these natives, there was a chance they could obtain unimaginable benefits. For the three major races, however, it was different. This was a desperate attempt.

After everyone had arrived, Kaydan looked at the crowd and said in a booming voice, "This Mirror Lake is the entrance and exit of the interior world. Interior and exterior worlds are two completely different worlds, and inside the interior world, the danger level will increase by several folds. We three major races will do our best. But everybody, please be careful and follow our instructions. It is your own fault if you disobey us and end up losing your life in return."

The people listened to him and nodded in silence, absorbing his words.

After that, Kaydan unfurled his wings behind his back, raised his head, and walked toward the lake in careful, deliberate steps.

In a split second, the layer of "mercury" covered his entire body until he was completely engulfed. Chapman, Tilton, and the rest soon followed and entered the Mirror Lake one after another.

Finally, it was his turn. Without any hesitations, Zen turned around and dove straight into the lake.

At first, the layer of silver material in the lake looked similar to mercury, but after he entered and inspected it closely, Zen realized it wasn't mercury but a type of Space Law instead.

He didn't know what level this Holy Jay had reached during his training of the Space Law, but the power of the Space Law didn't dissipate and instead solidified into this silver liquid substance.

The layer of this material was only 10 feet wide. After taking a few steps, Zen emerged from the "mercury." As soon as he got out, he swept his gaze around and found himself in an even more bizarre world.

The interior world of the Mirror Lake was yet another huge cave. To his surprise, however, the scenery of the cave was distorting and never the same. The faint yellow light pouring down from the ceiling drowned everything in the world with a layer of dusk.

The mountains in the distance were quickly flashing and distorting, as if they were mere illusions, and it gave Zen an extremely surreal feeling as if he were trapped in a dream.

After everyone had entered, Kaydan hushed everyone into silence and then pointed a finger toward a row of black hills not far away.

Because the environment kept on flashing in and out of existence, everyone's visions began to distort as well. They thought something was wrong with their eyes, so instead of focusing on the black hills, they rubbed their eyes and ran their gazes somewhere else.

However, Kaydan and his group had come to the interior world many times before. They were used to this. When he pointed a finger at the row of black hills, all of the other martial artists paled at what they saw.

To their shock, those black hills were actually Formless Sky Pythons that were currently in deep slumber.

The world lords, the martial artists from the other races who were currently at Spirit Supreme Realm, or Spirit Transformation Realm, and even the people from the three major races couldn't help but gulp in nervousness. The pressure was so intense that no one dared to bat an eye or make a sound, fearful that they might alert the pythons of their presence.

"Laquisha. . ." Aleyna said in a quiet voice, her face turning as pale as a ghost.

Although her voice was soft, the others threw sharp looks at her in frustration. Even Kaydan turned around and glared at her, his eyes blazing with fire and annoyance.

Laquisha quickly covered her sister's mouth with her palm, silencing her.

There were rumors that there were only three Formless Sky Pythons in the entire Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but it seemed there were more than a hundred of them in this interior world.

In the past, when Laquisha was aggressively chased by a Formless Sky Python, the Collapsing Mountain race had to dispatch three people from their Divinity Hunt Squad to chase it away. If they made a mistake and woke these giant Formless Sky Pythons up now, then it would definitely mean a sure disaster for all the warriors present.

Chapter 1900 Disturb Minds

It was truly a good thing that the Formless Sky Pythons lay motionless in deep slumber, like they were dead meat.

Silence hung thick in the air as Kaydan's mouth moved and a strand of light blue life vitality spread out. "Everyone, try your best to not make any sound and follow me," he said.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was known to be a chaotic place since it did not have a strict structure. It was the definition of anarchy.

Even then, the interior world was even more chaotic.

This particular batch of Formless Sky Pythons had never left the interior world. When these warriors entered it last time, however, they stayed in the depths of one of the interior world's mountain ranges instead of sleeping here.

Kaydan and the others were shocked the first time they saw those Formless Sky Pythons. Fortunately, the huge Pythons were fast asleep—so as long as everyone was careful, the Formless Sky Pythons would remain in slumber.

Although such was the case, the fact that there were also so many other monsters pressured all of them.

Thus, everyone tried their hardest to move slowly and quietly.

Luckily, the warriors at present had long since mastered the control of their own bodies. The area was dipped in absolute silence, and not even the slightest sounds of footsteps were heard.

But of course, they couldn't move fast enough while they maintained such a stealthy posture. It took them a while before they reached ten miles.

At that moment, no one still dared to speed up. After all, ten miles was equivalent to just a single step for the Formless Sky Pythons, and any noise they would've made could cost them their lives.

At the same time, all of them felt slightly relieved. The further away they were from the beasts, the safer they would be.

"Boom..."

Suddenly, all of them felt the ground shake.

The tremors in the ground were accompanied by a rumbling sound. All the colors in their faces were drained as they turned their heads to look back...

Among the hundreds of slumbering Pythons were two already awake Formless Sky Pythons, which slowly rose up from their sleep. Their cylindrical heads were currently looking at the warriors.

Meanwhile, Zen also turned around to look and suddenly frowned. Then, his gaze immediately landed on Laquisha...

The two of them seemed to have realized something the moment they looked at each other. At the same time, Kennan, Chapman and the rest also understood.

It looked like Laquisha seemed to attract the strange beasts!

However, no one knew why it was the case.

The reason Zen had been chased by a Formless Sky Python when he had first arrived at the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was because Laquisha had attracted it.

Later on, she had even attracted the Martial Sacred Beast, which chased after her as well.

Chapman had known about it, but failed to realize it sooner. After all, the fact that Laquisha could attract the Martial Sacred Beast did not mean that she could attract all the beasts.

Yet, it was safe to say that right now, Laquisha most likely caused the sudden awakening of the Formless Sky Pythons.

Then again, now wasn't the time to think about why!

"Rumble!"

The two Formless Sky Pythons straightened up, which made them look like a small mountain range. They blocked the light source above the cave and formed a huge wall that surrounded all the warriors.

"Go! Just ignore it!"

Kaydan didn't understand why these two beasts still woke up despite the fact that they moved so carefully and managed to stay perfectly silent.

The last time they passed by these Formless Sky Pythons, someone had accidentally knocked over a huge rock, which fell on one of the huge beasts. However, they did not wake up at all.

Today, this group of warriors had performed even better. Only the woman of the Han Clan had casually said a few words but other than that, they did not make even the slightest sound after. How did they awaken the Formless Sky Pythons then?

But it was clear that Kaydan couldn't investigate what really happened at the moment. He waved his hand and led the Skyland warriors to fly forward.

On the other hand, the warriors from the Collapsing Mountain race, the Harmony race, the divine land and the other races ran behind the Skyland warriors like mad.

Just then, one of the Formless Sky Pythons had already opened its huge mouth and pounced towards them.

"Boom!"

The ground continued to shake with the heavy impact and at that moment, the Collapsing Mountain warriors got caught in the midst of the chase!

The huge snake-like beast fell over, and then the mountains and the earth shook violently with a heavy thud.

While the Formless Sky Python was a terrifying creature, it oddly wasn't able to do anything to the Collapsing Mountain warriors.

There were a few muffled sounds, before the massive Formless Sky Python suddenly fell to the side in front of everyone. Then, several members of the Collapsing Mountain race's Divinity Hunt Squad finally took action.

It could be said that while the Formless Sky Python was terrifying in terms of pure strength, the Collapsing Mountain warriors were even more powerful!

If there had been only one or two Formless Sky Pythons in the place, the warriors of the Collapsing Mountain race would've attacked the beasts instead of escaping, and the ones that would be fleeing for their lives would be the Formless Sky Pythons.

The only thing was, they were faced with over a hundred Formless Sky Pythons this time!

All the chaos and violence caused more and more Formless Sky Pythons to wake up. The beasts discovered their targets and wasted no time in rushing towards the warriors.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh..."

Everyone moved in their fastest speed that their bodies left lines behind in the nippy air.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors might be able to restrain one or two Formless Sky Pythons, but they could not defeat dozens of them. If the warriors were slow, they might even end up in the beasts' bellies.

"Boom!"

The second Formless Sky Python suddenly twisted its body and launched itself forward once again with a loud crash.

After about ten seconds, everyone had already travelled several dozen miles. However, the Formless Sky Python only moved slightly but it had crossed a distance of over a hundred miles. How could the warriors possibly escape from it?

Hot air filled the area as the second Formless Sky Python opened its annular mouth, which looked like a huge crater.

The third Formless Sky Python simply swept over from the side. The Formless Sky Pythons clearly wanted to fight for the most delicious food, which was their only goal—Laquisha!

More and more screams filled the air as the crowd continued to flee in panic.

Zen was already standing on the spot. If he couldn't escape, he could only calmly choose to counterattack.

However, it wasn't his turn to take action right now.

"We fight with one heart!" Tilton, the leader of the Harmony race, suddenly shouted.

The six elite warriors of the Harmony race standing beside Tilton shouted at the same time, "We fight with one heart!" They stretched out their hands and pressed them against their heads with their eyes closed. Suddenly, rays of golden light flashed above their heads for a moment.

The rays of golden light immediately spiraled outwards, connected with each other, and then encircled Tilton.

"Disturb minds!"

When that was done, Tilton pressed his hand on his head as well.

It was at that moment when his body began to emit a unique energy.

The formless energy was invisible and colorless, but everyone present felt it. After that, all of them became increasingly anxious to the point that they wanted to tear everything around them to shreds.

Even Zen was no exception. He felt as if his mind was in a state of panic and at the same, he had unleashed a brutal aura.

Such a feeling was somewhat similar to when the malicious aura entered their bodies, but the two sensations were actually fundamentally different.

While the malicious aura was only used to activate the warriors' ruthlessness and violence, this energy directly affected their minds and changed their original intentions.

Now, this current energy that affected the soul and mind wasn't actually aimed at the warriors, but at the two Formless Sky Pythons. Yet, just a small trace of it was enough to make everyone panic.

The moment the formless energy was poured into one of the Formless Sky Pythons, the huge beast suddenly let out a strange howl. Then, it quickly changed its direction at the last moment and headed towards the other Formless Sky Python instead! The other Formless Sky Python didn't want to be defeated, as it also raised its head and started to fight back. The ground shook even more than what was possible as the two beasts engaged in a fierce battle.

"The warriors of the Harmony race don't seem strong, but they can directly control the Formless Sky Pythons' minds. They are indeed extremely powerful!" Zen exclaimed. Even he himself was surprised at the shocking turn of events.

Such an advantageous attack enabled the warriors of the Harmony race to finally control the two Formless Sky Pythons that charged at the front.

But their small victory did not last. Hundreds of Formless Sky Pythons behind them already rolled over. The onslaught of the multiple colossal monsters shook the ground even more violently, and the warriors felt like they were on the tidal waves which were constantly churning and rolling. The whole scene looked terrifying and impressive at the same time!

All of them could only focus on one thing, and that was to rush forward. Kaydan of the Skyland race was the most familiar with the interior world, so everyone could only put their hopes on him and pray that he could lead them out of their current hellhole.

Chapter 1901 The Disused Nine Stars

The team was guided into a straight line as the warriors raced to escape.

Though the Skyland warriors were being led by Kaydan and they were at the front of the column, it didn't mean that they were any safer than the others.

There was an array of strict rules and regulations in the interior world, a single false step could spell unimaginable trouble.

The Collapsing Mountain race was in the middle of the group, while the Harmony race brought up the rear.

Tilton, the leader of the Harmony race, stood in the back, controlling two Formless Sky Pythons as the beasts were being attacked by their own kind.

The collision of the mountainous pythons against each other created a crashing sound that rippled through the sky and sent shock waves that made people a little unsteady on their feet. Their attack was so violent and powerful that any weaker creature caught in their path would have instantly been torn to pieces.

Tilton's strategy was quite effective. The Formless Sky Pythons fighting among themselves in the back drastically slowed down their advancement towards the people.

Naturally, this did not last forever as the ground at the back of the line suddenly caved in.

"Rumble..."

The earth cracked open with a thunderous rumble as an enormous Formless Sky Python clawed its way out from deep within the ground. It was not only able to creep close to the ground, but also able to move fluidly beneath it.

Unable to dodge it fast enough, the Harmony warriors disappeared into the mouth of the animal. One would have assumed that the inner world of such a huge beast would rightly reflect the grandeur of the creature, but this one would be quite cruel. There was no chance of surviving once inside.

The Formless Sky Python, after devouring a few Harmony warriors, was still unsatisfied. In a flash, its body folded over itself in midair and dove towards the group.

All Tilton could do was change his target yet again. He placed both his hands on his head and focused his energy on the Formless Sky Python charging towards them.

But even when paired with the other six elite warriors of the Harmony race, he could only control two Formless Sky Pythons at a time. Once he managed to gain control over the one in front of him, one of the other two in the fight regained its faculties and began to pursue the group.

The enormous beasts had the strength and size of moving mountains. Their overwhelming power made everyone tremble with crippling fear, and everyone's heart sank collectively.

The interior world was a mirror world. Everything was a reflection of another world, but the air was unsettling.

The plain they were standing on was the size of the cold flame field they had crossed, except that it was not covered in ice.

With their speed, in such an open area, they would never be able to ditch the Formless Sky Pythons; they would only end up being crushed and devoured.

"Run! Hurry up! They are catching up!"

"How can we outrun them? They are too fast!"

"Alas, I thought that I would be at least expanding my horizons, even if I didn't gain any fortune. I certainly did not expect to end up dying here today."

Many of the warriors from the other races began to wail in grief. They had made great progress in the three sacred places. None of them had imagined that they would die here today. They were unready and unwilling to face this reality.

Kaydan, who was leading the way, had a sullen face.

The interior world was dangerous at every turn, but it wasn't the first time that they had ventured into this place. The many clansmen who had died in the past had shared their knowledge and experiences with them, helping them to avoid some deadly traps.

Kaydan had been here many times before, yet he had never been in a situation as dangerous as this.

"It's our turn to bring up the rear!"

Chapman's muffled voice thundered. The eyes of the warriors from the Dragon Hunt Squad revealed a sinister and imposing aura.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors were the most famous hunters in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. They always hunted strange beasts, and now the stage had flipped and they were being hunted by them.

"There's no use, Chapman," said Kaydan. "You can't fight off that many Formless Sky Pythons." His eyes were fixed straight ahead, as if he were searching for something in the distance.

"This is hopeless. It seems that we will never be able to escape this anyway," Chapman replied. "Then we should go back and fight. It's the only chance that we have for survival."

Kaydan fell silent.

He understood what Chapman was saying, but these creatures were incredibly fast; there was no possible way to outrun them. This was a losing situation, and Chapman's optimism for survival was even more unreliable. To fight more than a hundred Formless Sky Pythons was simply inviting death.

Suddenly his eyes lit up, as he saw a black sphere slowly floating on one side of the field.

It resembled a pure black star, completely absorbing all the light around it. Visually, it was absolutely mesmerizing. It did not reflect any light, giving the impression that there was nothing within the sphere.

"This is it. Follow me!"

Kaydan exclaimed excitedly.

The others did not understand, but since Kaydan knew this place better than anyone else, they followed without question and all turned around simultaneously.

Zen and the Han Clan had been shuffling in the middle of the group the entire time.

Apart from keeping up closely with the group, they had nothing better to do.

They also noticed the mysterious black ball.

Everyone began to question the situation all at once.

"What's that?"

"Are we going to charge in like this?"

"Everyone, stop asking. Kaydan has led us here. We should trust that he has a way to get rid of the Formless Sky Pythons," said Laquisha.

She looked depressed, and knew that all their present troubles were all her fault. Since she had left her family, she discovered that regardless of where she went to, these unintelligent creatures always chased after her, as if her scent lured them in. This was bizarre.

And she couldn't figure it out herself.

Within five minutes, they had reached the black ball. Kaydan abruptly stopped right in front of it. "Inside is another special world. It is connected to the other eight balls in the interior world," he said in a firm and clear voice. "It will take some time to get it opened. I will do my best to get it done."

Then with a clap of his hands, waves of cyan life vitality formed and gently spread across the air, condensing and forming a huge cyan jade seal that covered the ball.

"Nine stars?" Zen asked, his gaze frozen. "Is this one of the Nine Divine Stars?"

The Nine Divine Stars were essential in the construction of the universe.

The Evolutionary Universe in which he resided held countless stars, the majority of which were just a backdrop. The Nine Divine Stars were embedded in the constellations that illuminated the sky.

They had existed for an eternity, and were the brightest in the Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western and Middle Sky Regions. During his travels in the Upper World, Zen did a superficial study of the stars, and did not delve too deeply into the nine stars.

When a grand era ended, many stars began to fall out of the sky, and new ones slowly rose. These nine stars had never fallen before. They were the source of the Holy Being's strength.

The situation in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was quite special.

Holy Jay had stuffed his strength source into the Collapsing Mountain race's Sacred Spring Mountain, leaving the nine stars completely unused.

At the very least, this was what Zen assumed, However, what he couldn't figure out was why Holy Jay would destroy his own nine stars and move the strength source to the bottom of the Sacred Spring Mountain.

"There's no time!"

"The beasts are coming!"

"Ah!"

Amidst a cacophony of screams, three Formless Sky Pythons stretched and hurled themselves down from the sky. They instantly burrowed and disappeared into the ground, leaving behind three massive pits. Along with them, about thirty to forty warriors also disappeared under the caved-in ground.

It happened so suddenly that most did not even have the opportunity to scream or react before being swallowed completely.

It would take some time to activate the black ball. When Kaydan's jade seal was imprinted on the ball, jade-green pattern continuously spread out along the black ball, but at the moment, even more Formless Sky Pythons were rushing over. It was too late …

Chapter 1902 Resistance

Over a hundred Formless Sky Pythons were moving towards them, like huge mountain ranges closing in—it was a horrible scene.

The massive creatures surged forward. It was as if a chaotic world was pouring down at the warriors.

"What are you waiting for? Quickly now, run!"

"There's no time left!"

"We're waiting for death by staying here!"

Some of the martial artists from the other races couldn't endure the ordeal. How could they possibly be willing to wait and die? After bypassing the black sphere, they fled in all directions.

Though they were well aware there were all kinds of dangers in this interior world, it was better to flee than wait for their impending doom.

But most of the martial artists of the other races hadn't left, including Zen and the Han Clan warriors. The three great races hadn't left either, placing their hopes on Kaydan.

"Let's go fight them!"

Chapman roared.

Several Collapsing Mountain warriors of the Divinity Hunt Squad shot out towards the Formless Sky Pythons as they moved in closer.

The Collapsing Mountain warriors that had managed to enter the Divinity Hunt Squad were the race's strongest elites. Their power was beyond imagination.

Dong, dong!

Under their combined efforts, they managed to strike the first python down to the ground.

"Follow me!"

As Chapman gave his order, he rushed to the bottom of the Formless Sky Python that they struck down, placing both his shoulders under the scales of its midsection. It was an unbelievable sight—he actually wanted to lift the python on his own two shoulders.

Chapman's body was much larger than that of ordinary humanoid creatures. But compared to the Formless Sky Python, he was like an ant in front of an elephant. His move was rather astonishing.

Apart from Chapman, the members of the Divinity Hunt Squad joined in.

With brutal force, the enormous Formless Sky Python was lifted.

It kept wriggling, struggling its way off the warriors' shoulders. In spite of its size, it couldn't get out of the tiny warriors' control.

"Throw it far out!" Chapman ordered.

All the Divinity Hunt Squad warriors' veins popped out, and their muscles tensed, looking tougher than steel.

In the past few years, they rarely met such dangerous situations in the Collapsing Mountain race, and rarely had they used their full strength to fight. But at this moment, they didn't have the luxury of holding back their strength in the slightest.

As they exerted simultaneous effort, they forcibly threw the python out.

The colossal creature then seemed like a log, rolling back towards its fellow pythons.

Both sides carried an overwhelming amount of momentum. By throwing a Formless Sky Python at an army of pythons, the several warriors indeed delayed them a bit. But in the face of the pythons' charge, the lone one they managed to throw out was completely smashed.

Boom, boom…

Splash...

After the python was broken into pieces, the blood from its body gushed like floodwater, splashing like a waterfall. The blood was probably enough to flood an entire continent.

Being chased by so many of the pythons, the warriors present were scared out their wits, and their morale had lowered considerably.

But the Collapsing Mountain race's counterattack produced strong momentum, giving everyone some hope.

The Harmony race and Skyland race had also organized their strongest counterattacks. Led by Kennan, even the world lords of the Han Clan attempted to contribute to the resistance.

The combined efforts of hundreds of warriors formed a strong defensive line, potentially stopping the pythons.

But their powers were too limited.

The pythons weren't afraid of death. With the one goal to kill their enemies, the pythons rushed over. The line of defense lasted a mere moment until the Formless Sky Pythons launched another attack.

"Are you done yet? Kaydan!" Chapman was roaring.

The nagging made Kaydan frown as he firmly pressed the jade seal onto the black sphere. More and more lines appeared on its surface, gradually spreading on to the sphere's entire surface.

"Almost!" Kaydan shouted back.

In his hand was the Heavenly Jade Seal.

It wasn't a genuine jade seal, but a sort of replica that Kaydan had made with his life vitality.

A thousand years ago, the first time he entered the interior world, he had wandered off from the other warriors of the Skyland race and accidentally stumbled into a cave. On a stone platform within, he discovered a picture—a Contemplation Picture. In the picture was the Heavenly Jade Seal.

Back then, Kaydan still felt excited, as though he had obtained some priceless treasure. So he kept the Contemplation Picture for himself. After a long period of contemplation, he managed to visualize the Heavenly Jade Seal with life vitality.

Over the next few hundred years, Kaydan continued pondering on how the jade seal could be used.

The interior world served as the foundation of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Kayden believed that the Heavenly Jade Seal contained great secrets.

But after pondering for hundreds of years, he still failed to figure out anything. Only when he entered the interior world for the second time did he unravel this secret.

The Heavenly Jade Seal allowed him to enter any one of the nine black spheres.

But the solution to this mystery only led to more confusion.

Once again, he searched for the cave atop a cliff somewhere in the interior world where he had found the Contemplation Picture before. After entering it again, he made his way to that very cliff, but there was no cave above it—it had completely disappeared.

To find the cave, Kaydan almost shattered the cliff. But the cave was nowhere to be found as if it had never even existed in the first place.

With Kaydan's impeccable memory, it was impossible for the cave to have been an illusion. It definitely existed before, but it must have been tampered with.

When he thought about it more carefully, more doubts grew within him.

He first found the cave because of a beautiful white fox. Such a strange beast didn't exist in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, so Kaydan couldn't recognize the creature. Only after he used his own memories to condense the white fox's image with his life vitality did the divine land martial artists help him dispel his doubts and told him about the white fox.

It was because he was chasing after the white fox that he accidentally fell off the cliff and landed on an ancient pine tree in the middle section of the cliff. Coincidentally, he chanced upon the cave and obtained the Contemplation Picture.

In other words, someone had it all planned, leading him all the way there.

The purpose behind it, Kaydan still had no idea. All he knew was that after activating the black spheres, he could travel freely among the nine spheres. Only then did he discover that the nine black spheres were connected to each other.

But there was nothing inside them.

After exploring all the spheres, Kaydan was left disappointed. He had such high expectations for them, hoping he would find some sort of inheritance within the spheres. But in the end, it was all false hope.

Even the Heavenly Jade Seal in his hand turned useless. Apart from being able to open up the black spheres, it seemed to have no other uses.

Never did Kaydan expect to make use of the Heavenly Jade Seal under such circumstances. Now, this black sphere was their last hope.

But time was running out—even though he was calm, more beads of sweat rolled down his temples. It wasn't something that could be rushed.

All the warriors continued retreating—even Chapman looked fatigued. No matter how powerful the Collapsing Mountain race's strength was, it wasn't limitless. The Divinity Hunt Squad warriors' hands and legs were already shaking with exhaustion.

The warriors from the Collapsing Mountain race had no choice but to retreat.

"How long will this take?" Chapman roared again, "If you don't open it soon, we're all finished!"

It was Kaydan's most critical moment—he focused all his energy into pouring life vitality into the black sphere, trying to speed it up.

Soon, the Harmony race ended up retreating. The pressure weighing down on them was a huge psychological burden, slowly draining their energy.

Having lost the support of the two great races, the Han Clan had no choice but to retreat.

And with that, the defensive line they had built so carefully had fallen apart.

Rumble…

Over a hundred Formless Sky Pythons raised their thick heads, ready to launch their strongest wave of attacks.

At this moment, everyone was filled with despair. Even if they wanted to escape, they couldn't avoid the pythons' attack. Seeing the terrifying mouths come down on them, the warriors were struck with fear.

It was said that within the body of a Formless Sky Python lay a great space and no one could come out from it alive once they were devoured by the beasts.

No one alive knew what the internal space of the Formless Sky Python was like.

And no one was really willing to go in and explore. But now, it seemed like they had no choice.

Seeing the Formless Sky Pythons lined up side by side, crushing down simultaneously, the warriors turned pale. It was like they could foresee their fate in the very next moment.

Laquisha's face fell. Subconsciously, she glanced at Zen, catching him as he spread out his arms.

A strange scene followed.

When all the pythons had made it halfway towards them, they suddenly stopped—some kind of invisible force had blocked their path somehow.

At least forty Formless Sky Pythons were piled up in front of the group. Such a large number of pythons pressing down had to be of tremendous weight—their individual bodies were already unimaginably heavy, in addition to the powerful inertia and impact they brought along as they descended from the sky.

Just how much strength was enough to block them?

Chapter 1903 The Consequence

There was a twinkle in Zen's eyes as he stood.

It turned out that he had extracted 99% of the strength source from the nine stars in his inner world!

In addition, Zen had turned the invisible strength into a huge net that swept towards the sky.

In fact, Zen could even leave everything behind and flee for his life if he chose to, thanks to his strength.

However, he wasn't a selfish man. He couldn't help but go all out every time.

Then again, doing so allowed him to check how strong his power was when the nine stars were at their peak. For instance, the power he had currently released was equivalent to a third of a Holy Being's physical strength.

Such power was so strong that it was difficult to measure it because it had already surpassed the existent standard.

This level of strength was no doubt beyond words. Yet, it did not mean that Zen truly had one-third of a Holy Being's strength.

Physical strength was only one of the abilities of a warrior. A Holy Being or even a True God could increase such power by a tenfold or a hundredfold if they had used it. Such beings could use it to exterminate the over a hundred Formless Sky Pythons that were about to come.

But Zen could only use the power in a basic way. It was like when a child was given the sharpest knife in the world.

The knife might be the best tool, but it wouldn't be used to its maximum in the hands of a child, whose knowledge and power were limited.

"Roarrrr—" The net formed by Zen's strength spread out and wrapped the Formless Sky Pythons inside it.

Everyone was utterly shocked at the scene in front of them!

It was because the Formless Sky Pythons looked like they were inside an invisible bag and held by a giant hand. The hand threw the invisible bag backwards with a loud boom, and the 40 Formless Sky Pythons in the front clashed with the over 50 Formless Sky Pythons at the back.

The collision of the massive creatures caused an extremely powerful impact. The Formless Sky Pythons' bodies weren't able to endure the violent clash, so a few of them had gotten smashed into pieces.

The Formless Sky Pythons were clearly aggravated. Pained wails were heard from the grotesque, circular mouths.

The whole scene looked like a bunch of tangled yarns as the beasts struggled madly to get out. But the more they struggled, the more they got entangled, and the harder it was for them to break free.

Despite the fact that Kaydan knew that he shouldn't be distracted at the moment, he couldn't help but turn around when he heard the noise. As soon as he found what he was looking for, his breathing quickened and when he looked at Zen, reverence filled his eyes.

Before, he viewed Zen as a secondary creature who wasn't even worth mentioning. He thought that Zen couldn't possible lead their exploration, and that he was merely a key to be used at a crucial moment. The first day that Zen had entered the Skyland race, his performance had made Kaydan change his opinion of him.

His strength was truly undeniable, and so Kaydan had treated him as their equal. It was already an extremely rare occurrence in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

After all, the entire Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was the territory of this group of aboriginals. The six races had never taken warriors of the other races seriously.

Although it was just like when Pascal had once been the leader of the Collapsing Mountain race, he hadn't actually convinced all the warriors in the Collapsing Mountain race.

Now, however, Kaydan understood that he had really underestimated this Zen. When he first tested Zen's strength on the first day they met in the Skyland race, Zen might've held back his true strength.

Kaydan wasn't the only one who began to see Zen in a new light.

Chapman had a glimpse of Zen's strength before. The man had displayed a terrifying force of strength back when he had fought against the Martial Sacred Beast. Chapman reckoned that by that time, Zen's strength was at its limit, or was really close to it.

It was quite hard for him to comprehend that this young man at the Spirit Supreme Realm actually had such terrifying power. He couldn't help but be in awe at the thought of it.

At that moment, Chapman and the other Collapsing Mountain warriors simply looked at Zen in a daze.

Back then when Zen took the test of strength by pushing the Magic Golden Stone, the test had failed to measure his strength because the distance in the square wasn't enough. Now they knew that even if the square had an ample distance, it would still be unable to test Zen's limits.

The brat's strength alone was enough to block dozens of Formless Sky Pythons. Even better was that Zen had casually thrown them out like rags. Just how powerful was he?

Had he exerted such force on that Magic Golden Stone, he would've thrown it at an infinitely far away distance. Such tests were actually meaningless to Zen. Even the title of wild king was just a joke to him.

The Harmony race mainly cultivated their minds, and their mental states were further enhanced with the tempering of the Mind Refining Tower.

Ordinary matters of life and death couldn't even cause any fluctuations in their state of mind, so the warriors of the Harmony race were the calmest. They didn't even panic when over a hundred Formless Sky Pythons rushed towards them like a torrent.

The impact of one's state of mind on a martial artist didn't seem to be a lot, but it played an important role at critical moments. It was because even a small trace of panic meant a complete failure. Only with a calm mind could one find the solution to get out of a crisis.

However, at that moment, the power that Zen had displayed had still set off a storm in the hearts of the warriors of the Harmony race.

"A warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm shouldn't have this much power--and, he is a secondary creature!"

Tilton also knew from Kaydan and Chapman that Zen was an extraordinary warrior. The issue however was that, the Zen they saw now was more than extraordinary. He was a freak that no words could even describe.

Just then, that unimaginably overwhelming power only lasted for a few seconds before it quietly dissipated.

A moment ago, Zen looked healthy and full of spirit.

In the next moment, both of his legs went weak and he collapsed on the ground. He had been drained of strength.

He was so out of energy that he couldn't even lift his head, open his eyelids, or maintain his heartbeat. After his heart stopped pumping, his body's blood flow quickly slowed down, then his face was almost devoid of color.

"Zen!" Laquisha was the closest to Zen, so she immediately rushed to him and lifted him up.

"Did he overuse his strength?" Chapman ran over and asked. Soon enough, the rest of them also came over.

The excessive consumption of strength usually happened only to body refiners. This was because no matter how much power a person had used, it would not be completely depleted.

Warriors who cultivated life vitality normally used life vitality to fight, and the body's strength was only secondary. They were even less likely to exhaust their strength to such an extent, unless the battle lasted for several days or even months.

On the other hand, the situation for body refiners was a bit more complicated because they had better control of their strength. They had learned to squeeze out all of their power after years of cultivation.

The most important thing was that if a body refiner had consumed all the power in the Eight Path Platforms, the Eight Path Platforms in their body would continue to absorb the power of the martial artist's physical body. It was an automatic process, and part of the body refiner's instincts.

However, Zen's situation was a bit more special.

What he consumed was the power of the Nine Divine Stars. Only a moment ago did he decide that he'd draw out 99% of the power of the Nine Divine Stars. He did not use the power of the Eight Path Platforms, nor did he use his main body's power.

What Zen didn't know was that there would be a price to pay for draining all of his strength.

It was taboo to drain all the powers of such sources, whether it was the Nine Divine Stars or the Eight Path Platforms. Without the nourishment of the strength source, the Nine Divine Stars and the Eight Path Platforms wouldn't be able to sustain themselves, and might even collapse after.

The Nine Divine Stars' power was almost completely depleted, and since they didn't have enough time to replenish their power through chaotic energy, they could only draw power from the Eight Path Platforms. However, the Eight Path Platforms' power was almost nothing compared to the power within the Nine Divine Stars. The two weren't actually in the same league.

Therefore, the power in Zen's Eight Path Platforms dried up immediately and in turn, the Eight Path Platforms began to absorb the power from Zen's physical body.

Zen's physical body was the last resort of the supply of power. The problem was, his body only didn't have so much power in it.

After Zen's physical body had been drained of its power, he suddenly found everything turn into a blur before he fell to the ground.

"Isn't the consequence… too grave?" Even Zen didn't expect such a result.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1904 Being Exhausted (Part One)

At last, Zen had done everything he possibly could. But all that he could do now was to place his every hope in Kaydan.

Zen's most recent interception had caused the Formless Sky Pythons to sink into absolute chaos. Once the Formless Sky Pythons had been thrown into the mess, their only desire was to crawl out from beneath their fellow pythons. The harder they tried though, the greater the disarray became. A few of the Formless Sky Pythons' bodies were scattered across the ground, intertwined and entangled together.

Despite the turmoil and disorder, many of the Formless Sky Pythons continued to charge out in an attempt to attack the warriors.

Kaydan looked out across the black sphere and noticed that, thanks to his Heavenly Jade Seal, a green, luminous pattern had begun to spread throughout.

As the green light continued to disperse itself and flow along the pattern, Kaydan suddenly announced, "It has been done!"

Many warriors stared vigilantly at the Formless Sky Pythons. Upon noticing that Zen was lying on the ground, they instantly knew that their only choice was to risk their lives in the next coming round.

And that was when Kaydan's voice rang out. The warriors were immersed and hearing it, they felt that it was the most beautiful heavenly music in the world!

"Let's go!"

"Hurry up and enter!"

Warriors could be heard shouting at one another. Nearly all of them rushed hastily in hopes to be the first to reach and enter the black sphere.

Under Kennan's careful protection, Laquisha and the others carried Zen's body and equally escaped into the black ball.

At the same time as the warriors moved forward, the Formless Sky Pythons also decided to dash toward the black sphere. Luckily though, these pythons had no chance in entering for as soon as all the warriors had entered, the green pattern on the surface of the black ball instantly vanished, leaving no trace behind!

The Formless Sky Pythons weren't very intelligent. Instinctively, several of them began to launch their different attacks on the black sphere.

Of course, it didn't matter how much the Formless Sky Pythons crashed into the sphere, or wrapped it up with their massive bodies in an attempt to crush it. The black ball did not budge an inch; it remained suspended mid-air, completely motionless. At its own speed and rhythm, the black sphere began to rotate on its own orbit, totally unaffected by the external force driven by the Formless Sky Pythons.

Zen lay quietly on Laquisha's back. He had lost all sense of perception of the outside world, including his sense of touch and sense of smell. Zen was quite uncomfortable, which was expected from this kind of full-body exhaustion. The key point of such an experience was that after the life vitality of a warrior who cultivated the life vitality had been exhausted, one could gradually recover his or her strength by using life vitality crystals. But to recover one's strength would take a period of time and a body refiner's thirst for strength was much greater than a warrior who cultivated the life vitality.

Just at the right moment though, cyan dragon scales slowly lit up in the depths of Zen's mind. It was the cyan dragon, quietly transmitting his strength to Zen.

At the same time, a bold voice also sounded out, also in his mind. "Ha, ha, I forgot to remind you. Unless it's a life or death type of situation, body refiners should try their best not to squeeze out all of their strength!"

Zen recognized this immediately as the red dragon's voice.

And this was the truth. In fact, it was even considered a warrior's rule. In the face of all sorts of difficulties, there were still some occasions when life vitality and strength were insufficient. If one retained at least a small amount of strength, then this was doing the same as reserving an opportunity.

But it was already too late. Zen's desperate gamble had brought about serious consequences.

Thankfully though, as the power of the dragon scales began to fill Zen, his body quickly began to regain a certain composure and the feeling of exhaustion gradually disappeared. This was an improvement, to say the least.

Unfortunately, this didn't last long! As soon as all the energy had been channeled into Zen's body, it was almost immediately sucked out of him by Eight Path Platforms! And soon after, Zen felt that the power contained within Eight Path Platforms had been sucked out by the Nine Divine Stars.

Sensing this, Zen felt an overwhelming need to weep, but failed to shed a single tear.

'Just how much power would be needed to fill the Nine Divine Stars?' Zen questioned himself solemnly.

The cyan dragon might have been silent now, but he continued to instill power into Zen's body. Despite doing so though, the transmitted power felt more like a heavy stone sinking to the bottom of the ocean. It wasn't improving Zen's situation whatsoever.

Fortunately for Zen, his Nine Divine Stars were recovering at an astonishing speed.

After all, these Nine Divine Stars existed within Zen's chaotic sea. In addition to absorbing the energy from Zen's Eight Path Platforms, they were also capable of continuously absorbing the surrounding chaotic energy. Naturally, they would replenish their own energy much faster than they would absorb Zen's.

On one side he had the power of dragon scales and on the other, Zen had a replenishment of chaotic energy. With these two sources of power, the Nine Divine Stars, which were originally extremely faint, began to emit a glowing rainbow colored light.

It was then that the Nine Divine Stars stopped acting so crazily. They suddenly stopped absorbing the energy from Zen's Eight Path Platforms, and the Eight Path Platforms stopped absorbing the energy from Zen's fleshly body.

Simultaneously, Zen began to take closer notice of the cyan dragon in his mind. The scales on his body were much dimmer than usual and without their shimmering light. In all honesty, they looked much like the ones that still needed to be lit up.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

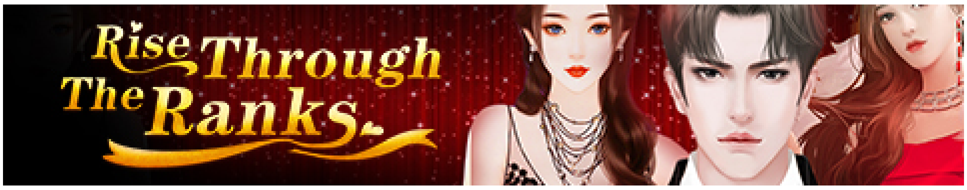

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

35

Content

Chapter 1905 Being Exhausted (Part Two)
Chapter 1906 Encounter With Holy Jay
Chapter 1907 Holy Bromley
Chapter 1908 A Heart
Chapter 1909 Magma Area
Chapter 1910 Wind Exterminating Valley
Chapter 1911 Rocher's Choice
Chapter 1912 The Cave
Chapter 1913 The Blacksmith
Chapter 1914 Holy Drew (Part One)
Chapter 1915 Holy Drew (Part Two)
Chapter 1916 Refine
Chapter 1917 Withstand
Chapter 1918 A Transparent Godly Tile
Chapter 1919 Source Of Godly Tile
Chapter 1920 World Devouring Beast
Chapter 1921 The War Had Finally Begun
Chapter 1922 The Falling Archaeopteryx
Chapter 1923 A Debate
Chapter 1924 Hope
Chapter 1925 Sacrifice For Zen
Chapter 1926 Eighty Thousand Years
Chapter 1927 Soul-sealing Needle
Chapter 1928 The Situation
Chapter 1929 Explanation
Chapter 1930 Going Too Far
Chapter 1931 He Was Asleep For A Long Time
Chapter 1932 Lavender's Amazing Willpower
Chapter 1933 Time Is Pressing
Chapter 1934 Soul Suppressing Cliff
Chapter 1935 A New Path
Chapter 1936 The Boundary Cloud (Part One)
Chapter 1937 The Boundary Cloud (Part Two)
Chapter 1938 Zen's Breakthrough
Chapter 1939 The Godly Way Guide
Chapter 1940 The Boundary Wall (Part One)

Chapter 1941 The Boundary Wall (Part Two)
Chapter 1942 Zen's Boundary Clouds
Chapter 1943 Blood Rain
Chapter 1944 Attack
Chapter 1945 What Is Your Name
Chapter 1946 Including Mortals
Chapter 1947 The Blood Curse Technique
Chapter 1948 The Tragedy Of The Weak
Chapter 1949 A Very Very Great Hero
Chapter 1950 Blood Pool
Chapter 1951 Noticed Zen
Chapter 1952 Breaking The Blood Curse Array
Chapter 1953 Breaking Enchanted Barrier
Chapter 1954 Killing World Lords
Chapter 1955 The Flawless Divine Body
Chapter 1956 Meeting Maha Again
Chapter 1957 The Great Dominance Technique
Chapter 1958 A Heavy Blow (Part One)
Chapter 1959 A Heavy Blow (Part Two)
Chapter 1960 A War Declaration

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 1905 Being Exhausted (Part Two)

Among all nine dragons, Zen had the best relationship with the cyan dragon. After all, Zen had spent most of his years with the cyan dragon's company. Once the other eight dragons had awoken, the cyan dragon chose to stay silent. But now, he infused Zen with his energy, in a tactical manner.

In the past, it was highly possible that Zen might have held a grudge against the nine dragons, due to their deceptive ways. His anger was amplified, of course, because they had also threatened him with Yan. After learning about the Evolutionary Universe's origins as well as Mike's identity, it was as if all that resentment had dissipated.

It was true that, ultimately, they had no intentions of harming him, right?

Although he had only recovered a very small portion of his strength and still remained very weak, Zen was now at least free to move on his own.

While he was concentrating on absorbing the power of the dragon scales, everyone had had the chance to enter the black sphere. When Zen finally opened his eyes, everything was still pitch black.

"Put me down..."

Now that his strength was gradually being restored, Zen suddenly smelled a faint, pleasant fragrance. He took a deeper breath and feeling the soft hair fluttered around his face from time to time, Zen realized that he was lying on Laquisha's back.

"Oh, how did you recover your strength so quickly?" Although she wasn't a body refiner, Laquisha knew that Zen was in a weakened state just moments before.

"I am fine," Zen said. He was standing up now, trying to readjust his eyes. His circular pupils grew larger in the darkness but still, he couldn't see a damn thing!

This kind of situation wasn't unknown to Zen. He had already experienced this several times in the past. He knew that this place must be filled with some kind of intense Dark Law.

If a Holy Being had set it up himself, then it was safe to say that no one here could see through the darkness. And just as Zen had thought, everyone moved slowly within the black space, pressed closely up against one another.

No one dared run in the darkness; they knew nothing about what the space in the black sphere contained. At the moment, everyone here felt blind. At best, most of them had released their senses in order to explore the surrounding terrain - but even that was uneventful. They were all walking on the same, flat plane with nothing but oblivion for miles. There was nothing else to explore.

After walking in the pitch blackness for a certain time, someone broke the silence. "Kaydan, are you sure this black sphere is actually connected to the other black spheres?"

Kaydan could feel everyone's eyes on him. They were waiting for him to answer.

After a moment of silence, Kaydan replied, "Yes, I am. The last time I entered one of these black spheres, I walked all the way through it and emerged from another one."

"Then why are these black spheres even here?" someone else asked.

"I'm not sure... To be fair, I'm not really familiar with these black spheres either," Kaydan concluded. He was being honest and really didn't know what purpose the nine black spheres served, aside from floating within the interior world.

That was when Kennan's voice sounded out once again. "If my guess is right, these nine black spheres would be the Nine Divine Stars of the Holy Being!"

In the darkness, Zen closed his eyes for a second. He thought the same way as Kennan did. He also believed that these nine black spheres were the Holy Being's Nine Divine Stars.

"Nine Divine Stars? It is said that after a warrior enters the Holy Realm, the Nine Divine Stars would indeed move into his or her inner world. But the Nine Divine Stars are a gathering place for the strength source. There's no strength source within this black ball," a warrior of the divine land said doubtfully.

"Now that, I can't pronounce myself on. Holy Jay is a maverick. It was already very strange for him to place his strength source within the Collapsing Mountain race. However, the thoughts of a Holy Being are not something that an existence like us could understand," Kennan said frankly.

A Holy Being was a peak existence of the divine land. There might be a reason for such an arrangement, but ordinary warriors would never come close to even guessing it.

Zen didn't understand this factor at all, either. Placing his strength source in Sacred Spring Mountain was equivalent to abolishing his Nine Divine Stars. Doing this would literally be unreasonable.

"Hey!"

While deep in thought, Zen suddenly saw a faint flash of golden light not far away.

That golden light only appeared for a very brief period of time. However, in such a dark place, when a golden light appeared, you noticed it! It was as dazzling as fireflies in the dark. Zen knew he saw it clearly.

"What's wrong?" Laquisha asked.

Zen's curiosity began to grow. "You didn't see it?" he asked.

"See what?" Although he couldn't see her face, Zen could tell that Laquisha looked puzzled.

"It's nothing... Never mind."

Zen knew what he had seen and he was sure it wasn't an illusion. It was a flash of golden light.

In the darkness, the light had been extremely dazzling. Zen realized that he was the only one to take notice and the others didn't have any reaction at all. This could only mean one thing: Zen could see the golden light, but the others couldn't.

With this thought running through his mind, Zen carefully left the group. He wanted to get a closer look at what that golden light really was.

Shortly after sighting the first one, another burst of dazzling golden light flew into Zen's view. This time, the golden light had been much clearer than the first; it was actually a golden Sanskrit word!

Chapter 1906 Encounter With Holy Jay

Zen was quite familiar with the Sanskrit language.

So he immediately recognized the word, as soon as it was revealed.

The entire structure of the Sanskrit was smooth, but complicated. Each stroke looked like they were made up of small tadpoles.

A single word in the Sanskrit usually contained around 30-40 strokes.

Each language carried the culture of a race. In general, the simpler the text, the more excellent it was. After all, learning a language cost time. Moreover, it was easier to learn and understand a simple language.

In his entire journey, Zen came across many races and was familiar with their languages. But he had never seen a race with such complex language.

If his guess was right, this race that practiced the Sanskrit language was definitely a very intelligent race. Perhaps this race existed within the divine land.

The golden Sanskrit word flashed for a moment, and then completely disappeared. Zen suddenly realized that his group was getting further and further away from him.

He frowned as he felt a bit peculiar about the situation.

The group was moving unusually fast in the dark.

Realizing that there was something strange going on, Zen increased his pace and chased after them.

While chasing them, Zen could hear Kennan, Laquisha, Chapman and Kaydan whispering to each other. But their voices were sounding softer, implying that they were getting farther away.

"Kaydan!" "Chapman!" "Laquisha!" Zen shouted after them.

However, they reacted as if they did not hear him at all. They were still whispering to each other and continued to move away.

"What is happening?"

Zen realized that there was little he could do about the situation. Moreover, he had yet to recover his strength. Till now, his body had only recovered ten percent of the strength after absorbing the dragon scales' power.

"Once they realize that I am not around, they will probably stop and search for me. But, from the looks of it, these people don't find anything amiss." Zen frowned.

What Zen was not aware was that there was one more person in the group.

That person's aura, appearance, and even the voice were exactly the same as Zen's. Generally, these warriors could use their senses to check their surroundings, but even Laquisha didn't notice anything out of the ordinary. They thought that Zen had suddenly become very silent, due to the exhaustion of his strength.

After chasing them for a while, Zen stopped. He knew that it was all in vain.

Zen stood rooted in the same spot, completely swallowed by the darkness, as if everything around him had turned into nothingness. Suddenly, a golden light flashed, and a Sanskrit word appeared in front of him.

It was another different word in Sanskrit. It shone for some time before disappearing into darkness.

Zen let out a breath as he began to think.

There had to be a reason why he was the only one left behind.

'Is it because I can see those golden Sanskrit words?'

In the darkness, Zen tried to adjust to the surroundings. From the moment he had entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the master of this land had been selecting some warriors.

Since he dealt with the Nine Divine Stars in such a way, there had to be a reason for it.

When Zen saw those golden words, no one else had any reaction. That meant only Zen could see them!

Maybe that was the reason for choosing him over others.

As to why Zen wasn't able to catch up with his group, it should be someone's deliberate efforts!

While thinking through, Zen grew calm.

With his strength depleted, Zen was afraid of encountering a strange beast that he would not be able to fight at all. The beasts in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were quite powerful. He was afraid that he would not be able to resist them in this state.

At this moment, he was still rooted at his original position because he knew it was impossible for him to walk out of this space no matter how hard he ran.

With a flash of golden light, another complicated word appeared before his eyes, and disappeared in a flash.

Different Sanskrit words kept appearing before him. Zen was not sure what the connection was between these words, but he memorized every word.

After some time, Zen suddenly heard a faint sound of someone breathing.

"Huff…"

This breathing sound was quite faint, but in this silent environment, Zen was still able to hear it clearly.

There was someone around!

Zen extended his senses to a radius of several thousand feet.

Sure enough, he could notice someone slowly walking towards him through the darkness.

Zen clenched his fists tightly, and the chaotic sea within him began to surge.

Without the ability to use the Nine Divine Stars, Zen could only use his chaotic energy. However, his cultivation restricted Zen's strength. With his cultivation at the Spirit Supreme Realm, it was easy for him to fight against a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior. However, if he encountered a world lord, it would prove difficult to fight against him or her.

"Wait! Don't panic! I am not a threat," a soft voice sounded from not too far away.

Hearing this, Zen's fists loosened up a bit. He did not feel the person's killing intent, so he went ahead and asked, "Who are you?"

"Me? Ha-ha!" The person standing in the darkness smiled. "You just took away about a third of my strength source. Shouldn't you thank me first?!"

Hearing this Zen was completely astonished.

The strength source he had taken away belonged to the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. All throughout, the warriors from the divine land called him 'Holy Jay'.

"You… are Holy Jay?"

Excluding Mike, the strongest person Zen had ever come across was the young man who had abducted Yan that year.

Now that Zen suddenly came across a Holy Being, he felt a great sensation in his heart. Although he didn't feel any aura from that Holy Being, he was still a top-level existence at the divine land. He should be on the same level as Mike and Zen's master.

"That is what the others call me. Since my name is very long, ordinary people can't remember. Hence the name Holy Jay," the Holy Being replied.

"Very long? How long is it?" Zen asked curiously.

The man let out a long string of words in the darkness.

These words were spoken in a language Zen had never heard before. The series of words took nearly one minute, and the sounds rose and fell as if in a melody.

"Did you note it down? That's my name," the man smiled faintly.

...

Zen was totally speechless.

This name had to be at least a few hundred syllables long!

From the beginning to end, Zen had only heard one word, and that was the last word of the name, 'Jay'.

Presumably, this was the origin of the name "Holy Jay".

After a moment of silence, Zen uttered, "I might as well also call you Holy Jay."

Holy Jay smiled faintly and said, "The name is just a symbol, you don't need to bother so much."

"Hmmm," Zen responded and nodded, his heart filled with doubts. Since Holy Jay came to find him alone, he must have a purpose. The reason why he locked him in this dark place was not to make fun of him, right?

Holy Jay might have heard Zen's thoughts, because he said, "Since the moment you entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, I have been paying close attention to you, Zen from the Evolutionary Universe. That is why I changed your teleporting area."

Zen's heart skipped a beat. As he wandered around the Collapsing Mountain race and the Skyland race, Zen knew that his teleporting area was off the mark. Nine out of ten Godly Geniuses had been teleported to normal places. Only he had been teleported to an abandoned place.

"I also arranged for the young daughter of Holy Samuel to meet you, so that she would believe that you are her chosen one," said Holy Jay with a faint smile. "My arrangement seemed terrific. Both of these two sisters seem interested in you."

...

Zen was rather speechless at this new revelation. Holy Jay's first few words were initially very formal, but he instantly changed the topic and tone. No matter how he looked at it, the words of this Holy Being sounded difficult to digest.

"Don't be under the assumption that I am not serious. To Holy Samuel, Laquisha is very important. It's not just the fire that she has. It will be beneficial if there is a Holy Being as your father-in-law," continued Holy Jay.

"Holy Jay, I am married already. I will never play up to anyone. It is against my belief and principles." Zen couldn't control his annoyed tone, although he was facing a Holy Being.

"Hey! I don't need to listen to your thoughts. Do not forget, there is nothing that I can't do in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land," said Holy Jay with a smile. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was built by Holy Jay himself, and in this place, he was an omniscient existence. No one could stop him if he wanted to do something.

"But you can't change my mind, can you?" Zen said in a firm deep voice.

Holy Jay smiled and asked, "What if this concerns your father's life and death?"

Chapter 1907 Holy Bromley

Zen's expression changed as soon as Holy Jay finished speaking.

"What do you know?" Zen asked coldly.

Talking to a Holy Being in this tone was very rude, but Holy Jay had expected this reaction from Zen and was unbothered by it.

"As you now know, Mike is your father," Holy Jay said.

Zen had come up with this conclusion after his conversation with the Han sisters in the Skyland race tower.

It seemed Holy Jay had been paying attention to him ever since he entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, or else he wouldn't have known about the forming suspicion on Zen's mind about Mike being his father.

Zen had only speculated before as he had no way of confirming Mike's identity. After all, it could very well just be a coincidence. Anyone could have the same name as his father...

But now that he heard it from Holy Jay himself, the situation looked completely different.

He didn't think Holy Jay was bored enough that he would kid him.

Moreover, if what Holy Jay said was anything to go by, Holy Jay seemed to have a close relationship with Zen's father and was helping him!

And as he thought further, his rather lucky encounters in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were all starting to make sense. Holy Jay had set up the land to release all of his energy, which Zen thought, had been a very generous gesture.

However, no Holy Being would willingly give a third of their strength source. Doing so was just being an idiot.

And what was odder was that Zen never encountered any obstacles even when he had absorbed so much strength source.

Holy Jay stepped closer to Zen, the darkness doing nothing to stop him from eyeing the boy. His gaze was so intense it was as if he could see through Zen's soul. And it did. Holy Jay could see everything, from the nine Genuine Dragons, the huge furnace, down into Zen's elixir field.

However, he reached a block as he came just outside of Zen's inner world, preventing him from peering in.

In an ordinary martial artist, the elixir field was connected to the inner world. As the saying went, one flower was a world. An elixir field could contain a world. The inner world truly did exist within the elixir field.

But with Zen, it was completely different. His inner world existed in the chaos, a place outside of the divine land.

Zen was the only one that could communicate with his inner world, and the only way to do so was by the Cross-world Theurgy.

Holy Jay also possessed the Cross-world Theurgy, but he could only use it with the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

It would have no effect on worlds he didn't build, which was why he couldn't see through Zen's inner world.

In the entire divine land, it was only the Holy Beings' inner worlds that Holy Jay couldn't see through as it was impossible for Holy Beings to pry into each other's universes.

"What a wondrous inner world! A world created in chaos. It can be called the new divine land," Holy Jay said in wonder.

Zen had already made an initial judgment of his own inner world, so he wasn't surprised by Holy Jay's words. It seemed that Holy Jay really knew about him, and the knowledge he had exceeded what Zen had imagined.

"What is your relationship with my father?" Zen asked. He was anxious to know more about Mike.

Holy Jay waved his hand. "There are some things that take too long to explain. How do I say this...?"

At this exact moment, several flashes of golden light appeared, causing Holy Jay to look back. "Oh yes, do you know why I destroyed the nine stars and built such a strong Dark Law?"

Zen shook his head.

"I was observing something," said Holy Jay.

"Sanskrit words," Zen replied.

Holy Jay nodded. "Right and wrong. To be precise, I was, and still am, observing some creatures. These creatures are beyond imagination, and these complex characters—the Sanskrit words—belong to them. Only in absolute darkness will I be able to find clues left behind by these creatures; and in order to create this perfect Dark Law, I have spent a lot of time and effort."

Zen was still confused.

The Dark Law within this black sphere was extremely dense. Nothing was visible in it, which made Zen wonder just what kind of creature was inside.

Moreover, Holy Jay was the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. If these creatures existed in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, how could he not know about them?

Seeing Zen's confusion, Holy Jay continued explaining. "These creatures are not common creatures. Think of it like this: if creatures born in inner worlds are called secondary creatures, then warriors in the divine land would be the ordinary creatures. The creatures I am looking for are extraordinary creatures."

"Extraordinary creatures?" Zen repeated, still confused.

Holy Jay nodded. "The way they exist is unimaginable to us."

"Were they the ones who built the divine land?" Zen blurted out.

It was simple. The Holy Beings of the divine land had created the universes, which meant the living beings in these universes would be considered secondary creatures. Strictly speaking, Zen himself was a secondary creature. Therefore, the creatures in a secondary creature's inner world would be called tertiary creatures.

Now that he thought about it, since extraordinary creatures were of a level above all martial artists in the divine land, they had to be a life form from outside of the divine land.

"There is some sense in your deduction," Holy Jay replied. "But whether these creatures built the divine land is still unknown. However, because their level of existence is higher than ours, the things they display aren't something we can simply understand. Just like the Sanskrit you saw."

As he finished his sentence, golden light shone in the darkness and another Sanskrit word appeared.

Holy Jay motioned to the word. "For example, this character contains a lot of information, but you can only see the appearance of a Sanskrit word; you cannot decipher the information inside."

Zen frowned. Although he really wanted to know more about his father, he was also attracted by what Holy Jay said.

Indeed...

The structure of the characters looked complex, but it was not difficult to create and imitate them. However, when Zen looked at the characters, he got a strange feeling, like there was something about them he couldn't see.

"Of course, the race that created these Sanskrit characters is able to decipher them," Holy Jay continued excitedly, "since the way the world appears in their eyes is completely different from ours! I have an analogy for this. When we see a flower, we only see a flower. When we see a grain of sand, we only see a grain of sand, but! These extraordinary creatures can see every detail in that flower—the meridians in the center, every pollen, every nook and cranny..."

"And this is amazing?" Zen asked. Holy Jay's theory still confused him. Plus, it wasn't really difficult for some warriors to see through the structure of some things, was it?

"Very much so." Holy Jay answered enthusiastically. "They are higher beings whose existences are far beyond our understanding. Back then, your father, Holy Bromley who taught you the Primal Chaos Technique, and I found traces of these creatures and started a new quest..."

Holy Jay had completely lost his strong warrior demeanor as he talked about these things.

"Holy Bromley?" Zen suddenly froze.

His master's name was Bromley. He was called Holy Bromley in the universe and his father was Holy Mike...

Holy Jay was a new Holy Being, which meant Holy Mike and Holy Bromley were both his seniors. The three of them had a very good relationship with each other.

When they had discovered the traces of extraordinary creatures, they continued to explore, and Zen's Grand Weapon Refining Method, Xenia's page of Sanskrit words, and Holy Jay's Ice Soul Flame had all been developed during the exploration.

Chapter 1908 A Heart

Hearing Holy Jay's explanation, Zen finally connected all the clues he had gathered.

Having obtained the Grand Weapon Refining Method and the Primal Chaos Technique, he thought he was lucky. But all of these had actually been arranged by them in advance.

The creator of the Primal Chaos Technique, a man called Bromley Gu, was also the master of the fairy palace. It wasn't by chance that he created the Primal Chaos Technique. He and his friends guessed that there was a higher level of life and civilization, but that kind of life was hard to understand. They couldn't even recognize its shape.

After Mike was attacked by the people of the Hall of Holy Beings, he was left in a half-dead state.

There was a saying among Holy Beings—as long as the universe existed, the Holy Being who created the universe was immortal. And to a certain extent, the saying was true.

But a universe wasn't an isolated area. No matter how well one constructed the universe, the life vitality within inevitably leaked out. Without a Holy Being to replenish the life vitality, the universe would eventually weaken and perish.

But Holy Bromley, the most intelligent among the three of them, had helped Mike come up with a way to make the Evolutionary Universe truly last forever.

Such was the Grand Era Tribulation.

In the other universes, there was no such thing as a grand era that lasted 3.6 billion years. Such universes wouldn't perish after that period.

After a Holy Being built a universe, it remained stable—so long as they maintained it regularly by providing life vitality, they could maintain the universe's entire operation.

But it was impossible for Mike to do this in his half-dead state, so he decided to listen to Bromley and set up the Grand Era Tribulation. Every 3.6 billion years, the universe went extinct.

With the exception of the nine stars, all stars fell and all living creatures withered. Mountains collapsed and rivers flowed backward. From the great to the supreme worlds, not a single thing was spared.

When that time came, the entire universe would begin to shrink.

Its space would be reduced to about two-thirds of its original size.

During this period of contraction, the universe began to go extinct. And after that, the entire universe expanded once again.

The universe was attached to the edge of the divine land. After shrinking, it would expand. Under the effects of the shrinking and expanding, it produced a powerful suction effect that absorbed life vitality from the divine land and put it into the universe.

The Evolutionary Universe was like a heart—constantly contracting and expanding. It would beat once every 3.6 billion years of age to absorb life vitality.

Every time it absorbed life vitality, it had enough to cover 3.6 billion years of consumption.

The contracting and expanding happened a total of sixteen times.

And this meant that sixteen grand eras had passed.

In this new grand era, Mike's plan was finally implemented. Even Bromley contributed his fairy palace to Zen.

In their eyes, defeating the Hall of Holy Beings was impossible. Even if Zen was nurtured enough to become a Holy Being, it wouldn't have been enough to change the final outcome.

The only thing they could do was raise Zen into an extraordinary creature. A creature that stood a level higher than all living creatures in essence.

The creator of the inner world was a secondary creature.

And a Holy Being that created a universe was an ordinary creature.

Those who constructed the divine land was an extraordinary creature.

If Zen could successfully cultivate the Primal Chaos Technique, it'd be equal to building another divine land. Then, he'd truly have the qualifications of becoming an extraordinary creature.

Such was Bromley and Mike's attempt. No one could tell if the final result turned in their favor because in the endless years of the divine land, no such thing had ever happened before.

From the moment Zen was born, their plan had progressed steadily. No one could say whether or not he would be able to meet their expectations.

The Hall of Holy Beings didn't think Mike could survive for so many years. Although the Time Law of the divine land was different from that of the universe and the universe's time flow rate was much faster than the divine land's, Mike had clearly lived too long.

The Hall of Holy Beings then realized that if they kept waiting, Mike wouldn't die on his own. So they send another Holy Being to launch a universal war, someone who sent the warriors of the Sacred race from another universe to invade the Evolutionary Universe.

"Who is that Holy Being?" Zen asked coldly when he heard it.

"His name is Murphy Mu, a member of the Hall of Holy Beings. People call him Holy Murphy—he built what is now called the Murphy Universe," Holy Jay answered.

"Murphy Mu! Holy Murphy!"

Zen made sure to engrave the name deeply in his mind.

The man didn't only invade the Evolutionary Universe, but he also wanted Mike to perish. No matter how Zen looked at it, Holy Murphy stood as his biggest opponent.

"One more question," Zen piped after some thought.

"What is it?"

"I've encountered the warriors of the Sacred race in the True Path of the fairy palace. Didn't they say they disappeared long ago? Why would they appear in the universe created by Holy Murphy?"

For as long as he could remember, Zen had always been puzzled by the appearance of the Sacred race. According to Saul, the Sacred race was supposedly a powerful race in the divine land—they shouldn't have been secondary creatures in the universe created by a Holy Being.

"Haha! Those warriors created by Murphy are mere imitations of the real warriors of the Sacred race. The real warriors of the Sacred race are the aboriginals of the divine land. After countless years of evolution, they've perished," Holy Jay explained.

To that, Zen nodded and once again fell silent in the darkness.

Having received so much information at once, he needed to take some time to digest it.

Once again, Holy Jay gave Zen's shoulder a pat. "You are Mike's only hope. Do your best. During the rest of the journey in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, I will give you many opportunities to improve your strength as much as possible."

When he heard this, Zen's heart filled with gratitude. "Thank you very much."

"It's no problem! Your father and I are good friends. I even participated in the plan of your creation. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land is also an extremely important link. I've been waiting for you for so long. You need not thank me." Holy Jay laughed. "Remember to charm the daughters of the Han Clan so they fall in love with you. Or at least, you should pick one of them.

If you can draw their father, Holy Samuel, over to your side, our plan will proceed much more smoothly."

Hearing this, Zen was rendered speechless.

"I'm not joking. You should think of your father. You'd better make Laquisha fall in love with you. She has the strong blood power of an ancient Holy Being—the Voiced Blood. If you want to avenge your father, making her your woman will make things easier for you," Holy Jay explained in earnest. "You must promise me."

Never did Zen expect Holy Jay to be truly serious.

No matter how difficult a task he had to deal with, Zen wasn't one to ever put his hopes in anyone else. Though his life was short, he never hesitated in the face of any battle. All he wanted was to cultivate and grow stronger.

But this time, Zen fell into a dilemma.

'Am I really going to butter up a woman for my own sake?' he thought.

Patting his shoulder again, Holy Jay said, "You may leave now. I will arrange everything for the rest of your journey. Now, I have to go see someone else."

"Who?" Zen asked curiously.

"You should know him. You both came from the same place. Rocher Hua."

"Rocher?" Zen was stunned.

Giving Zen a smile, Holy Jay continued, "He's taking another path, one that might be even crueler than yours—a path he may die on."

"Why?" Zen's gaze darkened.

"Don't ask too many questions. What I've told you might not sound so complicated, but it isn't that simple, either. There are some things crueler than you can imagine."

"But..."

Holy Jay's voice grew softer and softer as the distance between him and Zen grew further and further until he finally disappeared.

"Holy Jay?"

"Holy Jay!"

"Holy Jay!"

In the darkness, Zen kept calling out his name.

But Holy Jay gave no response; he had completely disappeared.

Just then, there was another whisper. When Zen listened in close, he realized that it was Kaydan and the rest talking amongst themselves.

"This is strange. It's taking so much longer than before. We haven't even found the exit," Kaydan muttered.

"It should be around here, right?"

"I don't think we'll be trapped here…"

In the absolute darkness, everyone's mood fell. Perhaps there really was no way out of the black sphere.

But right at this moment, they sensed another presence in front of them. Kaydan was the first to shout, "Who are you? Who's there?"

Chapter 1909 Magma Area

The group of people could only continue pushing forward in the darkness, fumbling their way around with their senses instead of their eyes.

Although the interior of this black ball was completely empty and void, it still served a true purpose. Holy Jay had created it with the intentions of observing certain specific creatures.

Because they could only utilize their sensory perception, they naturally wouldn't be able to sense anything other than their own group of people.

As soon as a person's figure appeared before the group though, everyone suddenly became vigilant and aware at the same time. Out of shock and surprise, hundreds of senses continued to scan Zen's body in all its length.

"It's me," Zen stated loud enough for the group to hear.

"Zen?" Kaydan's voice questioned, his tone full of astonishment. "Wasn't he always a part of the group? How did he suddenly get up to the front?"

"Huh?" A confused expression appeared on Laquisha's face. Hadn't Zen stayed by her side the entire time? How could this have happened? Why were this fellow's actions so strange? She half-expectantly reached a hand out by her side, only to realize she had no target. She didn't touch anyone, and no one grabbed her hand in return. Obviously, Zen had disappeared without her knowing.

"Why did you walk to the front?" Kaydan asked.

"I just needed a break, I'm confused and don't know what's going on," Zen made up a clumsy excuse. He wasn't afraid of being exposed here, though. Anything could happen in the dark and even if he couldn't truly explain himself, the rest of them wouldn't be capable of doing so either.

"Oh," replied Kaydan. Although Kaydan was somewhat puzzled, he didn't linger over this small detail. Right now, his mission was to lead everyone out of this black sphere.

Many warriors continued to feel concern and began to whisper their worry within their hearts.

It didn't make any sense. If Zen really did take a break from walking, wouldn't he be at the back of the group? To the contrary though, he had appeared at the front. This could only mean one thing: They were walking in circles.

Quite a number of warriors had already speculated that they had been going around in circles prior to this exact moment. Now though, they had finally found some sort of corroboration.

Plop!

In an instant, a few of the warriors immediately sat down. "It's no use," someone stated. "We're just going in circles. I doubt if we'll ever be able to leave this place!"

"You're right!" someone else agreed. "How can the inner space of this sphere be so big? From what I see, there's no exit at all…"

...

Most of the complaining individuals were in fact the warriors from other races, or again, warriors from the divine land. On the other hand, the warriors from the three great races kept their silence.

When Zen returned to the group, he didn't appear panicked at all.

While he had been talking with Holy Jay, it was only natural for these warriors to have no way out of the black sphere. For the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, this was a small trick that could be completed simply with just his mind.

"Continue walking," Kaydan said, without trace of emotion. He didn't show any signs of giving up.

The instant he finished his sentence, Kaydan slipped of everyone's sensory map. No one could detect him anymore!

A few of the warriors reacted quickly to this, their heart beats suddenly picking up speed. Since Kaydan was their leader, it was only natural that their perception had been locked on him. Once Kaydan had disappeared, most of the warriors got up and began rushing in the same direction.

It didn't take long before those same warriors had completely disappeared as well!

Zen smiled to himself. Holy Jay must have opened the exit door for them. He casually walked in the same direction as the rest of the warriors.

When Zen equally arrived at the black sphere's exit, he suddenly felt as though the omnipresent darkness had disappeared. A blinding light now entered his eyes. It was clear to him that they had already left the vast black ball.

Just as he stepped out of the darkness, Zen was immersed in a rapid, falling motion. He quickly realized he was falling down.

With his sudden chaotic energy circulation, Zen was barely capable of maintaining or controlling his body.

It was as Kaydan had said. The nine black balls were connected to each other in the interior world. Although they had just stepped out of the first black sphere, they had now appeared in a foreign environment.

Only once Zen's pupils had readjusted to the difference in light did he actually get a clear look at his new surroundings. Zen didn't even have a chance to take in the environment before he felt a powerful, worrisome force rushing toward him from below.

Rumble!

A pillar of magma shot straight up into the sky, only inches away from scathing Zen's body.

Although Zen himself wasn't afraid of the high temperature magma, he knew his strength had yet to recover fully. If the force contained within the column of magma shot upwards and struck him, Zen would most definitely be in big trouble.

Beneath their feet were numerous volcanoes. These volcanoes were quite lively, and the magma within them was constantly at a rolling boil. Every ten seconds or so, these volcanoes would erupt, and the magma spewed from them would turn into a pillar of magma that shot up to the sky at a perfect angle!

Boom, boom, boom, boom…

The sound of volcanic eruptions never ceased, here.

All of the warriors skillfully and carefully avoided the columns of magma that were shooting up into the sky. Most of the people's reactions were very timely; after all, there was still a gap between the pillars of magma, and the time of eruption wasn't the same.

Of course though, not everyone could be saved. A few of the warriors were much more unfortunate. Immediately upon exiting the black sphere, three warriors from other races as well as a Harmony warrior were enveloped by a thick, burning pillar of ferociously hot magma.

And with that, those four individuals had completely and forever disappeared. Even their corpses were never to be found.

"Wow! We are blessed with good luck!" Kaydan laughed loudly.

And Kaydan wasn't alone to express his joy. Even Chapman and Tilton seemed to be in a better mood.

"This is the land of ancestral magma! After passing through this area, we will reach our destination!" Chapman roared. He then led the group to flee.

"We're here?" Zen asked, slightly surprised.

He had originally expected this exploration to be lengthy and take time. There was no way he had thought they'd reach their destination so quickly.

But as soon as this thought crossed his mind, the answer equally flashed within his mind. Zen understood that this had nothing to do with good or bad luck but because of Holy Jay. As for what Holy Jay was going to do next, Zen could only wait quietly in anticipation.

There were many craters in this area, and the volcanoes below were arranged in a row. Whether it was a volcano's size or their appearance, they all looked just about the exact same.

It was as if once the first volcano had erupted, the others had no choice but to follow suit.

Clearly, only someone as powerful as Holy Jay could create such a marvelous scene. Of course, this must have been done deliberately!

The pillars of magma shot upward, one after the other, and exploded high in the sky. Then, they turned into volcanic ash, blotting out the sky with darkness before scattering down, forming a wondrous sight that covered the earth.

No one was in the mood to enjoy such scenery, though. Instead, they fled through the magma pillars like butterflies fleeing through a storm. Kaydan, Chapman and Tilton intentionally slowed down instead though, approaching Zen.

The three of them were well aware that Zen's strength had been weakened and his overall power greatly reduced. It was only natural for them to slow down in order to pay special attention to him and most of all, protect him.

Thankfully, although the magma pillars' power was astonishing, Zen was having a streak of luck. As he traveled forward, a few magma pillars would occasionally explode by Zen's side, and aside from being rather scary, they caused him no harm.

That said though, many others weren't half as lucky.

In fact, nearly all of the warriors present were more or less affected by these magma pillars. Once they shot up into the sky, they scattered down like flowers sent from the heavens, turning into countless drops of magma that were almost too difficult to dodge. Although this magma rain wasn't fatal, having it fall onto one's body was far from pleasant.

Even the two ladies from Han Clan who were protected by the twenty world lords on their journey still couldn't avoid the magma rain. This was especially true for Aleyna, whose purple robe now had several burn holes in it.

Four hours later, the group had finally crossed through the magma area. Together, the group let out an enormous sigh of relief. Once they looked at one another though, they quickly noticed how miserable they all looked.

That was when the warriors' eyes began to fall on Zen. Their miserable expressions began to change into confused ones.

Zen was still wearing the same ordinary cyan robe. It seemed as though not a single part of his body had been damaged. He hadn't even been affected by the pillars of magma at all!

Although Kaydan, Tilton, and Chapman had been wandering around Zen, the three leaders had also been more or less affected. Because Zen appeared perfectly safe and sound, everyone suddenly felt that this occurrence was rather strange. Even luck wasn't good enough to explain this one.

A wry trace of a smile revealed itself on Zen's face. This could only naturally be Holy Jay's arrangement. Sure, he had agreed to help him, but there was no need to be obvious about it, right?

Fortunately, the warriors present didn't suspect anything. They only thought that Zen's luck was too good to be true. After taking a small break, the warriors continued on their way.

After passing through the magma area, a black cliff appeared in front of them. The side of the cliff was square and smooth like a mirror. Right in the middle of the square cliff was a round hole.

"We are here! Come with me!"

Kaydan shouted, taking the lead and heading straight for the circular hole.

Seeing how positive Kaydan was, Zen's curiosity was suddenly piqued. Just what exactly did they want him to take for them? Or rather, what would make them believe that it was possible for them to leave the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land? Had he remembered this earlier, he would have asked Holy Jay...

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1910 Wind Exterminating Valley

In the exterior world of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the Kaleidoscope race owned the Wind Exterminating Valley.

Reaching high up into the sky, the tablets were standing in the Wind Exterminating Valley. Beneath the light, these said tablets had a beautiful, dazzling hue.

On the tablets was a recording of Holy Jay's understanding on all kinds of laws. Here, he exhibited his comprehension concerning the laws in order to help the warriors who came here to better understand them.

Among the six great cultivation sacred places, the Wind Exterminating Valley wasn't a popular one for cultivation.

In other words, any warrior from the divine land showed no interest in particular for this place.

Because these said warriors were actually qualified to practice the most orthodox of laws all throughout the divine land.

Any law in a universe was actually the Holy Being's comprehension over such in the divine land. They were created directly through the Holy Being's understanding. If anyone from the divine land wanted to practice the laws, there was no need for them to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. They could just stay within the divine land instead.

On the contrary though, warriors from the universes as well as the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were very interested in the Wind Exterminating Valley.

Rocher had been sitting in front of a tablet for three days now.

The tablet in front of him recorded the Thunder Law. The tablet had ten levels. If one took the time to observe the tablet, it was possible to observe very conspicuous level of law.

The lowest one recorded the first layer of Thunder Law, where the Law Power was intense, however easy to understand.

The higher the layer was, the more intense the Thunder Law was. Starting from the fourth level, a blue lightning appeared and intertwined continuously around the tablet. Every time a lightning bolt would strike, its streak of light would speedily climb upward, like a snake. The lightning grew stronger and stronger and the rapid and frequent color changes began to spread out.

The azure blue color of the lightening changed into white, then black, over to purple and into cyan...

These numerous, different colors were a representation of the Thunder Law.

As the lightening reached the top of the tablet, it transformed into thunder, sounding out a violent rumble before disappearing completely.

Rocher only had a limited amount of time.

He searched for the Law Power he required in the Wind Exterminating Valley and made a record of such, all while reconstructing this same law within his own inner world. By doing so, he could master the Thunder Law completely.

What was more, he had to go to visit Skyland race. Pristine Life Vitality was critical for him, too. Due to the limited time, he had to comprehend the law in tablet as soon as possible.

Crack!

A bolt of lightning spread out across the whole tablet, from the bottom all the way to the top.

However, once the bolt had spread out and turned into a rumble of thunder, the lightning failed to disappear. Instead, a faint flash circled in a downward spiral, shooting toward Rocher. The flash was so fast that it only impressed the people who stood directly next to it, with its dissipating glare. That was when it hit Rocher's body.

"This boy..." someone began. "Really has an amazing comprehension ability!"

"In just a few days, he has already mastered the laws in three tablets!"

"Indeed, every member of our Kaleidoscope race is born with a sensitivity to the Law Power and has received thirteen baptisms by laws. However, in comparison to him, our speed of understanding the law is far inferior to his."

Rocher didn't pay any attention to these astonished comments and instead, held an expression of happiness on his lips.

In all honesty, he was actually rather puzzled at the situation before him. Although he was very confident in his own talent, Rocher still couldn't believe that he was capable of comprehending the laws in such a short period of time. During his first few days upon entering the Kaleidoscope race, he had felt that the laws were so simple.

In a single glance, he could easily solve the abstruse laws, like a simple math equation for a child.

With this subtle feeling of comprehension accompanying him and increasing his confidence, Rocher's rate of mastering the Law Power was upgraded by no less than a hundred times.

He thought carefully to himself, 'I didn't have much luck in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. How could there be such a miraculous change here?

Perhaps my perception has increased?' Rocher was immersed in his own mind.

That sliver of lightening had pierced into his cinnabar field and absorbed the life vitality within his inner world immediately. On such a bare continent, a tiny tablet of the sort was completely condensed.

And Rocher wasn't new to this kind of tablet, in fact, he had probably received over thirty of them. Among them, each tablet stood for a layer of a law. If he could completely comprehend the law within the Thunder

Law tablet in front of him, Rocher would create a total of ten tablets in his inner world.

Forging the Law Tablet was actually a very common way for one to practice and cultivate.

Once he had successfully forged this tiny tablet within his inner world, Rocher didn't move at all. Instead, he sat there, very still and quietly, in an attempt to comprehend the Thunder Law. He had just acquired a profound meaning of the seventh layer of Thunder Law. His next goal was to break through to the eighth layer!

Suddenly, a few warriors from the Kaleidoscope race rushed toward Rocher, confidently led by Carney, the leader of Kaleidoscope race.

Carney, as well as several others from Kaleidoscope race, walked over to Rocher. Rocher continued to comprehend the tablet before him and paid no attention to people heading his way. It seemed as though he hadn't seen them at all.

The other warriors were curious as to why this race leader had come over and if it was the boy's astonishing talent that had attracted Carney's attention.

Nathan, standing a hundred meters from Rocher at the time, pursed his lips together upon seeing this.

After selecting the Wind Exterminating Valley as their cultivation sacred place, both Rocher and Nathan wanted to comprehend the laws before they started cultivating in the Skyland race. Rocher really gave him a blow after they had entered the Wind Exterminating Valley.

What Nathan cultivated was Truth Godly Way, which was the root of enacting laws. Nathan was more sensitive to laws than any other geniuses.

Nathan was half a month earlier to enter the Wind Exterminating Valley than Rocher was. In those fifteen short days, his comprehension over the laws was so astonishing that the people from the Wind Exterminating Valley began to look at him differently. Other races were quick to join the amazement.

Originally, Nathan felt good about the idea and thought he was making the right decision to enter the Wind Exterminating Valley.

It was simple. The laws were one of the fundamental elements. The more profound one's law comprehension was, the stronger the effects of life vitality would be.

However, only 2 weeks later, Rocher arrived…

Rocher was the first acquaintance that Nathan had met in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The two of them didn't have any conflicts with one another in the past, however, due to Nathan's personality, the two of them only exchanged small talk.

Rocher's following performance left Nathan completely dumbstruck.

Within a single day, he had completely comprehended a Fire Law tablet. On the second day, he had switched over to an Ice Law tablet, which he understood at the same speed as the first. On the third day, he comprehended…

There was no way he was going to be able to do it that fast! Nathan felt nothing but astonishment at Rocher's speed. Comprehending this profound and mysterious tablet in front of Rocher was as simple as eating and drinking to him.

Now, as he watched the Kaleidoscope race leader reach Rocher personally, Nathan could do nothing but sigh silently.

"Your name is Rocher Hua?" Carney asked.

Rocher didn't reply. He did raise his head though, his gaze fixated on the massive tablet.

"Our leader is asking you a question." A Kaleidoscope race member couldn't help but berate.

"Don't interrupt him," Carney said, as he demonstrated extreme patience, stopping his clansman from egging forward. Then, Carney stood to the side and waited, all while hinting at his clansmen not to make a ruckus.

Although Rocher's eyes were wide open, it seemed more as though he had entered a meditative state. His two eyes stared blankly at the tablet without any motion.

Crack!

Another bolt of lightning rose from the bottom, shooting up into the sky and spreading into a glowing net.

Buzz…

A thin streak of lightning once again appeared from within the thunderstorm. It was released from the top of the tablet and drilled into Rocher's cinnabar field. Once again, it transformed into a small tablet within his inner world.

Only then did Rocher slowly turn his head. With a smile on his face, he looked at Carney and said, "Sorry, just now, I …"

"You were completely immersed in studying the law and I should be happy about that. How can you say you're sorry?" Carney smiled slightly and said, "However, the prophet from our race has personally invited you, which might delay your learning for a short while."

"Prophet?" Rocher frowned, but soon after, he relaxed. He didn't have many concerns and said, "OK."

What he knew was already more than what Zen did. There were many things that didn't require explanation, and he could guess at a rough idea.

"Come with me, Rocher," said Carney, as he headed towards the depths of Wind Exterminating Valley. Together, they followed a long, winding tunnel deep into the valley.

Not long after, a tent appeared at the end of the tunnel. Naturally, the old man sitting in the tent was the Kaleidoscope race's prophet.

Chapter 1911 Rocher's Choice

Once Carney had led Rocher into the tent, the prophet of the Kaleidoscope race waved his hand. "You may leave now."

With attitude, Carney smiled and said, "I'm curious to know what you want to talk about. Mind if I stay and listen?"

The prophet frowned and waved his hand a second time. A formless energy immediately sent Carney and the others with him out of the tent. The energy was irresistible.

That matter taken care of, the tent's curtain was drawn down and all auras were isolated.

Indignation was the only expression plastered on the faces of Carney and the core members of the Kaleidoscope race.

"Humph! This old man has no good intentions toward our Kaleidoscope race," said one of the warriors who had been pushed out of the tent.

A helpless look appeared on Carney's face. "There's nothing I can do. It's exactly what the warriors from the divine land told us. We, the native warriors of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, are unable to pursue the Godly Way or leave the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The Skyland race, the Collapsing Mountain race and the Harmony race still haven't given up, though. They don't know that their efforts would go in vain!"

The six races often received warriors from the divine land. They weren't fools. They always had their means of obtaining information from such warriors.

In fact, the leaders of the six races were well aware of their conditions. The prophets of the six races not only had a mysterious background, and they had never considered their respective races.

However, the prophets of the other five races and their respective races had not yet fallen out. Carney of the Kaleidoscope race, on the other hand, had already fought with the prophet of their race on several occasions.

Carney and the race members' conversation was heard by Rocher and the prophet, who were still inside the tent.

Rocher's curiosity kept increasing with reason. Although he didn't know what kind of conflict was going on between Carney and the prophet, but he sure as hell wanted to find out.

Upon noticing Rocher's expression, the prophet decided he'd be the first to speak. "Alas! These little fellows are getting harder and harder to manage. They always want the truth, but they don't know that only those who are kept from such raw bitterness can lead a happy life."

Rocher shook his head, disagreeing with the prophet's words. "Ultimately, one must have at least a few goals in their life."

The people of the six races didn't have any natural enemies in this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and there were no conflicts or wars among them. They didn't have the pressure of needing to fight for their survival. But still, they had their own goals.

"But for the sake of building the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, I didn't create an exit for them to possible leave this place," a faint voice suddenly chipped in.

Unexpectedly, a third person appeared inside the tent.

The individual was dressed in black embroidered clothes, and his figure was neither fat nor thin. One thing for certain, his aura was extremely strange.

With Rocher's keen senses, he could usually sense the flow of any presence in the surroundings. If this person had entered the tent through spatial transference, then typically speaking, he'd be capable of sensing the remnant Space Law.

And then again, if this individual was skilled in the Space Law, then he was probably equally skilled at eliminating its remnants.

However, even if he was capable of eliminating the remnant Space Law, the sudden appearance of another person in the tent should have been like throwing a stone into a cup of water—the water in the cup would definitely be pushed out by the stone and flow in all directions.

If the aura already in the tent was suddenly being pressured by someone else, its aura would definitely have surged in all directions.

And yet, the instance this person appeared, there was not a single movement or change in the tent's aura. It was if this third person had been standing there all along.

The method used had to be quite brilliant. Even at his very best, Rocher had no idea what technique had been used for this to occur.

"Well, then. Who are you?" asked Rocher, staring at the man.

The person quickly smiled and said, "I am the owner of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land."

"Holy Jay!" Rocher's gaze flickered with excitement.

No wonder...

As the creator of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Jay could naturally move about as he wished without even needing to use the Space Law. This was because Holy Jay himself had created the said space. This land functioned and revolved around his will; he could thus replace a portion of pure air inside the tent with his body directly.

Rocher came to such a quick conclusion because his mind was extremely sharp and he was very intelligent.

Holy Jay nodded, and then waved his hand briskly at the prophet. The prophet's eyes immediately lost their luster and he slowly walked outside, like a puppet.

The prophets of the six races were very different from ordinary beings.

It was possible to consider that the people from the six great races had grown up on their own, possessing their own consciousness and souls. However, these six prophets were created by Holy Jay himself, and their souls and consciousness were also given to them by Holy Jay. In other words, these six prophets could just as easily be seen as his six incarnations.

This explained why the prophets of the races were unimaginably strong. In addition, they held a very important position within their respective races.

Holy Jay stared at Rocher and said in an indifferent tone, "Pull out your sword."

Not a hint of hesitation had the time to appear on Rocher's face before the Soaring Snake Sword on his back was in his hand.

"Bromley gave you the treasure trove of the Lord of Weapons. You could possibly be taken into consideration as our backup plan. I want to see how far you've come. Attack me!" Holy Jay ordered.

Rocher's eyes suddenly flashed. Streams of bright light began pouring out from within the Soaring Snake Sword. The surging sword intent spread out and continuously pulsed within the small tent.

Although the tent seemed to be made of canvas, the surging sword intent was surprisingly not able to tear it into shreds.

After quite a few seconds, Rocher's sword abruptly came to a halt as a surge of internal momentum gushed forth from it, piercing toward his opponent.

Puff!

Holy Jay didn't even budge. The tip of the Soaring Snake Sword instantly entered his body.

The tip of the sword easily sliced through Holy Jay's skin, and the sword intent began spreading all over his body. Rocher wasn't worried about Holy Jay's safety at all. Ultimately, he was only facing Holy Jay's avatar. What a joke it would be if the avatar of a Holy Being could be injured by a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior!

The sword only managed to pierce a distance of less than an inch. The sharp weapon couldn't advance any further.

Holy Jay shook his head. "Not enough. Your comprehension of the Beginning Swordsmanship isn't enough."

Rocher wasn't surprised to receive such an evaluation. "Please, enlighten me, Holy Jay."

Holy Jay stared at his heroic gaze and said, "I'm going to teach you the conviction that death is inevitable. Can you accept this? Because if you can't, I can and will give up on you. With your cultivation, talent, and strength, you will be capable of living a very good life in the divine land."

Although Rocher was extremely outstanding, the three Holy Beings still had other potential candidates.

"Yes, I can!" Rocher answered firmly.

Ever since he inherited the treasure trove of the Lord of Weapons, Rocher had finally understood his mission.

"Why?" Holy Jay asked again. From his point of view, Rocher's attitude was very important. If this person was really afraid of death, then one of the key factors of their plan would be lost!

At this question, Rocher couldn't help but smile. "Do you know what I was thinking when I found out about the limitless lifespan of a True God?"

"What?" Holy Jay asked curiously.

"A limitless lifespan is probably the biggest punishment for a True God," Rocher said, as he looked directly at Holy Jay.

Everyone's pursuit of life was different. Certain mortals pursued the taste of meat three times a day. Some martial artists pursued the recognition of their sects, and other mighty warriors pursued the path of increasing strength.

Before Rocher understood the meaning of his own existence, a limitless lifespan was indeed what he wanted.

Everything shifted after he entered the treasure trove of the Lord of Weapons. His entire mindset underwent a drastic change.

He had obtained a little information that was rather difficult to imagine. Through this information though, he had seen the entire divine land.

The divine land was a highly civilized world, filled with many rules that had to be respected. Immortality was an illusory pursuit of the creatures of all universes, but it was not difficult to achieve in the divine land—at least not for Rocher.

He had wanted to reach the peak of the world of martial arts, but after seeing things from a different eye, he could only sigh to himself. The peak of the world of martial arts was no longer attractive to him. Now that the veil of mystery had been lifted in front of him, the scenery it was hiding simply didn't attract him.

On the other hand though, he had developed a strong interest for the plans left behind by Holy Bromley.

It was as if the plan had been tailor-made for him!

He knew that when the plan was enacted, it would be the moment of his death. However, he had agreed to it in a near instant, without a trace of hesitation.

Not only for Zen, but equally for himself.

"I like your answer," said Holy Jay. "Having the ability to live for so long is indeed quite boring! Throughout your trip in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, I will do everything I can to increase your strength."

The current situation in the Divine Land was rather complicated, and Holy Jay didn't want to talk about such things here.

"What about Zen?" Rocher asked.

"Zen?" Holy Jay gave him a faint smile. "The blacksmith and crafting furnace have been prepared. He has just entered, and his body will be thoroughly refined soon."

Chapman, Kaydan and Tilton were all in a good mood. This trip to the interior world was rather unlucky at the beginning, as they'd encountered so many Formless Sky Pythons that started chasing them. However, they never expected that their misfortune would suddenly take a turn for the better. They quickly arrived at their destination.

Unfortunately though, they didn't know that this place was merely a crafting furnace meticulously prepared for Zen by Holy Jay. Here, he planned to carry out one of the most complete body refining exercises ever.

Chapter 1912 The Cave

It was the second time around that Kaydan, Chapman, and some of others had entered this cave.

But sadly, up to this moment, these six great races hadn't made much progress in their quest and exploration of the interior world.

For example, in a place like the Soul Suppressing Cliff, they all knew that one would need a black trial tally for them to gain entry. But obtaining a black trial tally would never be easy.

The accumulated purple trial tallies of the six races were as huge as a big mountain. Chapman and Kaydan had once conveyed with their prophets, as to whether or not they would be permitted to use purple trial tallies in exchange for the black trial tally. However, they failed to receive an affirmative response, as the answer they got was a big no.

These places were not even prepared for the natives. Those prophets were the incarnations of Holy Jay. How could Holy Jay allow them to enter these places?

Though they felt helpless, the six races could only continue to explore the interior world, until they finally spotted this strange cave.

In the depths of the natural chamber of this cave, they eventually found some clue. What was striking was the dark green flame filling up the entire cave. It held a strength that was so powerful, a mysterious force akin to something they could not easily defeat.

By this time, Kaydan and Chapman both were seriously mulling over. They thought of figuring out ways on how to deal with this green flame. But in the end, they were all disappointed and left with no choice but to give up.

They noted that anything thrown in would be melted by the green flame, leaving no trace at all. Even a small piece of the Magic Golden Stone would be quickly melted into a golden liquid the moment it came into contact with the green flame.

With the existence of this kind of flame, it only denoted that no one was welcome to enter.

Kaydan was silently not willing to accept this loss. Before he left, he had used the Eye of Void, which was taught to the Skyland race by martial artists from the divine land, and that was to use life vitality to visualize the Eye of Void. Through this Eye of Void, they would be able to see the scene inside the cave.

The shape of the Eye of Void was very special. Other than it was formed from life vitality, it also needed to be fused with the Space Law.

This eye was traveling at the front and back of the space, shuttling back and forth, so it could avoid the green flame in the cave to a certain extent.

Even the Eye of Void was only able to last half a minute in this green flame. Beyond that, it could no longer resist the scorching heat of the green flame. And for another three seconds longer, it would turn into pieces.

The natives would simply tend to give up if they didn't see anything helpful in the cave.

They would not try to deal with the dangerous green flame for nothing. Even though they were natives of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, it did not mean that they were invincible in this place. There were some things that they could not afford to provoke, such as the Martial Sacred Beast and the green flame in the cave.

It was just that the last scene that was transmitted to them by the Eye of Void was something they would never forget, thus making them more determined to enter this cave.

They happened to view a door in the depths of the cave.

There was a single door in the depths of the cave. Even though the surroundings were filled with the green flame, the door remained to be intact.

If they had seen something else other than the door, perhaps it wouldn't pique their interest. For example, if they saw a savage beast that wasn't afraid of the green flame, some weapon or even the best cultivation method, this wouldn't be very attractive to the six great races.

But luck was on their side when they happened to catch a glimpse of the door.

Numerous martial artists coming from different universes had made their presence known after the opening of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. A majority of martial artists from the divine land also came. Those martial artists indeed made it possible for six great races to learn about the outside world consistently.

They were mostly like some innocent children who had just opened their eyes, realizing overnight that the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was a small and cramped world. It turned out that the outside world was unexpectedly so vast.

The basic instinct of life was urging them to find a way out.

But after searching the entire Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they found out that only those warriors from outside could enter and leave this place as they pleased, while it was almost impossible for the natives to leave and gain entry to the divine land.

According to some foreign martial artists, to leave the universe, one had to become a True God. Otherwise, they would be turned into life vitality.

Even so, no one in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land chose to give up. And that single door provided them endless illusions and lots of possibilities.

What was behind that door? Was it a path to the divine land?

But the green flame was fiercely blocking their way. It wasn't until Zen appeared in the Collapsing Mountain race that Chapman's heart was set ablaze with hope. And that he eagerly contacted the Skyland race and the Harmony race to plan this operation.

A few moments passed, and everyone felt waves of scorching heat blowing towards them after successfully entering through the cave on the cliff.

The interior of the cave was extremely smooth, and there was only a narrow path in the middle that would only fit two people. And on both sides of the road, surging lava could be seen.

Surprisingly, the lava here was not the usual scarlet red, but deep green in hue. As the lava surged, it would occasionally transform into various strange shapes that emitted a scorching aura, and at the same time, an intense Life Law.

The fire was often the nemesis of living beings, and any casual contact with it would bring about a devastating disaster. But in this green lava, it gave people a sense of vitality. The combination of the two opposite feelings made people feel very strange. Besides the strangeness, there was also a sense of vigilance in people's minds.

"We have yet to explore this place thoroughly. Everyone, please be careful," Kaydan warned.

But everyone was already on their guard even without Kaydan's warning.

However, some of the foreign martial artists regretted their decision to explore the interior world.

The interior world and the exterior world had almost the same size. Some seniors said that the former was filled with so many treasures, and that Holy Jay had placed many of his treasures into the interior world

In the past, many foreign warriors had benefited a lot from it. Some of them even took away one of the core treasures of Holy Jay.

It was almost impossible for such a thing to happen in the universes created by other Holy Beings. Therefore, when the news spread out, it attracted the warriors of the divine land to come and explore. After all, Holy Jay was way too generous!

But up until now, they had not found any opportunities. Instead, soon after they penetrated the interior world, they had encountered a lot of danger.

How many would be willing to take such a risk if the risks and rewards were not rated proportionally?

However, since they had already reached this step, they had no other option to take.

Among these people, Zen was the most relaxed. After he had come into contact with Holy Jay, this exploration was akin to revealing the answer to the riddle that puzzled him for quite some time now. He was not even surprised to find Holy Jay's attention on him.

Of course, Zen still hadn't understood why Holy Jay was being so nice to him as he had brought him here to help him refine his body.

Plop! Plop!

As they followed the narrow route, green bubbles started to appear in the lava from both sides of the path.

Then the green lava suddenly turned into horses, swiftly galloping towards the group of people.

"Be careful." Kaydan's alert eyes squinted, and an azure-colored scroll appeared in his hands.

The corners of Laquisha's lips curled up slightly when she saw the scroll. "It's the Ice Butterfly Picture!"

"It is indeed our family's Ice Butterfly Picture. I wonder how it will end up in the hands of the Skyland race." Kennan nodded.

The Ice Butterfly Picture could be considered an all-powerful ice-attribute treasure in the Han Clan. The Ice Butterfly Picture might have been passed down from the Han Clan to the other people in the divine land, and then the Skyland race got it. Or it could also be the Han Clan who gave it to the Skyland race.

The three races paid much attention to the trip and made preparations for it in advance. They had many other methods hidden away to deal with the unexpected. However, after passing through the black ball, they were directly teleported to their destination by Holy Jay, which saved them a lot of trouble, and naturally, they did not use any of those methods. Therefore, when they saw this cave, Kaydan and the rest were overjoyed.

The moment Kaydan took out the Ice Butterfly Picture, the heat was already cooled down to some extent. In this cave filled with green lava, it was as if everyone was falling into a land of frost. An illusory chill spread out, and ice and snow flew about, instantly enveloping everyone within.

And when the horses made of green lava rushed over and did not even get close to the group of people, a group of ice butterflies that were as clean as snow danced and flew towards them.

As soon as the ice butterflies came into contact with the horses, they were instantly melted into ashes. However, every single ice butterfly was able to emit a large amount of chilliness. And as the countless ice butterflies flew over, they continuously melted helplessly. The horses formed from the green lava also quickly disintegrated, turning into a pile of dark green stones that fell back into the lava.

At this moment, deep within the cave, an old man dressed in black armor held a golden hammer in his hand. His one remaining eye was wide open as he silently watched Zen, who was among them. He clicked his tongue twice and extended his snake-like tongue to lick the tip of his nose. "Jay didn't lie to me. There is such a unique raw material in this world. How interesting!"

Chapter 1913 The Blacksmith

After he finished speaking, the one-eyed man brandished the golden hammer and swung it mightily.

With a sound of "doh", the golden hammer fell into the ground.

Even though the ground was hit by a heavy hammer, the bottom of the cave was unscratched. Only a faint halo spread out from the point of impact.

Ten feet...

A thousand feet...

Ten thousand feet...

A hundred thousand feet...

Ten million feet...

From the deepest underground to the highest place in the air...

In the interior world, the exterior world, and the whole Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, everything was shaking.

"Jay! Come out!" the one-eyed man shouted.

Not seeing any response, the man started to hit the ground with his hammer again.

With another slam, the whole Divine Refinement Forbidden Land trembled more intensely.

As he was talking with Rocher, Holy Jay revealed a small smile on his face...

"The blacksmith doesn't have the patience for waiting," Holy Jay said, as he halted the conversation.

Rocher smiled inwardly as he felt the quaking of the ground. He wondered what kind of power the blacksmith possessed that made the whole Divine Refinement Forbidden Land tremble.

Divine Refinement Forbidden Land might not be as big as a universe, but an ordinary man didn't have the capability for such a movement.

Rocher nodded and said, "I will wait here for you, Holy Jay."

"No. Please join me." Holy Jay stretched out his hand and grasped Rocher's.

Without any preamble, Rocher felt the world spin around and the view changed.

They were transported into a cave.

"Knock and you will know!" Holy Jay said in an unhappy tone.

The one-eyed man in the cave just chuckled. Holding the golden hammer, he rubbed his nose and smiled as he said, "My hammer is too thirsty. That boy has come!"

"Do I need your reminder?" Holy Jay couldn't help but roll his eyes. He could clearly feel any movement in his inner world. He could even perceive a group of ants moving towards home, or a dead leaf falling down.

"Well, may I take an action now? May I kill all the trouble-makers around him?" the one-eyed man asked.

In his eye, all the people around Zen were worthless and could be rooted out by him easily. Zen was the only exception and was the most precious thing for him.

"The two daughters from Han Clan are among them. Do you want to kill them too?" Holy Jay smiled coldly.

The one-eyed man snorted disdainfully and said, "If they are just from a branch of the Han Clan, I wouldn't worry about it."

To some extent, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land took care of the warriors from the divine land. Holy Jay never allowed the offspring of important clans to be hurt, in case they ran into any trouble.

"Well, you can try. I'll just pretend not to see anything." Holy Jay shrugged.

The one-eyed man sensed the subliminal message in Holy Jay's words. There seemed to be some important members of the Han Clan among them. He hefted the golden hammer onto his shoulder and walked out of the cave. "I see. No one will die."

In a single step, the one-eyed man already traversed the distance to the entrance of the cave. After careful observation, Rocher didn't feel any Space Law. This one-eyed man wasn't Holy Jay, but Rocher couldn't understand how he was able to do that.

"Is he the blacksmith who you were talking about?" Rocher asked.

Holy Jay nodded and said, "It cost me a lot to get this guy here!"

It wasn't easy for even a Holy Being to ask this one-eyed man for help; he was very choosy. With his capability, few things could pique his interest in divine land. If one wanted to ask for his help, the determining factor was his interest ahead of others'. Furthermore, he was eccentric, which made it even harder to ask him to be here.

It was lucky that Holy Jay caught his interest successfully...

Both the divine land and the universes were abundant with bizarre weapons, magic treasures, and even evil weapons. There were quite a lot of unimaginably unusual refining methods. It wasn't unthinkable if a weapon became animate and revenged its master. Some weapons even transformed into human beings and married their masters.

But refining a human body into a weapon was never heard of in the whole world. Holy Jay was sure that this was the reason why the one-eyed man was interested to help.

With his gold hammer on his shoulder, the blacksmith went upwards along the cave. Naturally, his target was Zen.

By now, the Ice Butterfly Picture in Kaydan's hand was almost used up.

"Hurry up, let's rush over!"

It condensed fewer and fewer ice butterflies, which made everyone feel that the surrounding environment was getting hotter and hotter.

The lava flowing on either side of the road transformed into countless creatures pouncing on them.

"Freezing spell!"

"Snow sealing..."

"Mysterious ice all over the sky!"

Noticing that Kaydan was under pressure, world lords from Han Clan began to help.

After the cave shook, some warriors on the narrow road almost fell into the lava.

Fortunately, the warriors' reflexes were extremely fast. They instantly flew into the sky and escaped tragedy.

"An earthquake?" Everyone's faces had a look of surprise.

The earthquake came without any warning.

In the cave, no one had an idea that this earthquake affected the whole Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

After three continuous tremors, the cave became stable.

Soon afterwards, they saw a man at the bottom of the cave.

Shouldering a golden hammer, the one-eyed man shuffled towards them. His gait was weird and his face was blank. Although the road dipped downward, the one-eyed man didn't follow the road and walked straight across the hot lava directly.

The green flame of the lava didn't hurt him at all.

"You... Who are you?"

Kaydan and Chapman went to the front of the group.

They had already covered half of the journey. They could take over the door only if they sent Zen into that cave. The one-eyed man in front of them seemed to be an unwelcome guest.

The one-eyed man hid his aura, so that no one could estimate his capability.

Facing this undecipherable man, everyone felt nervous.

This one-eyed man wasn't interested in answering Kaydan. He kept walking towards the group. Actually, his eyes only fixed on Zen...

If he had gotten Holy Jay's consent, he would have killed all of those people in front of him.

As he saw it, these creatures were no different than life vitality. They didn't hold any value for him. He just didn't harm them because of his promise to Holy Jay.

"Stop!" Chapman's face darkened. He blocked the one-eyed man's way. His massive body was like a door in front of that man, and his muscles were hardened.

The Collapsing Mountain race were proud of their strength. Chapman was the top one among them, but he wasn't very confident as he confronted this one-eyed man.

So Chapman just blocked his way, instead of doing anything rash.

This activity was far too important for Chapman and the others. He couldn't allow anyone to interfere with their plan.

Ignoring Chapman's warning, the one-eyed man still continued his way to Zen.

Neither of them changed their course, so a bump was inevitable.

The one-eyed man didn't slow down even slightly. He bumped Chapman as if he was just a curtain. His pace wasn't hindered by Chapman at all; he just continued walking.

Chapman paled. With a sound of stuffy buzz, his huge body crashed on the ground and nearly fell into the lava. Lying on the ground, he was unable to get back up! It sparked some conflicted emotions in his heart.

Before the collision, Chapman accumulated ninety percent of his power secretly. However, Chapman himself felt like a piece of thin paper and didn't even offer the slightest resistance to the one-eyed man!

This just showed that these two were not in the same level. Chapman was just like a small ant standing in front of an elephant; he was unqualified to hinder the one-eyed man's way.

Kaydan's and Tilton's faces fell. Kaydan had intended to take action, but he didn't. Seeing that Chapman fell down, Kaydan realized that this one-eyed man's power was beyond his imagination.

Even with all of their combined power, they wouldn't come close to the strength of this man's finger.

Kaydan suppressed his impulse to take an action and said in a low voice, "Respected master, could you let us know what you want to do?"

The one-eyed man didn't reply to Kaydan's question. He just approached Zen and said, "I have been waiting you for a long time. Please follow me." He stretched out his hand and grasped Zen's as he completed his words.

Chapter 1914 Holy Drew (Part One)

As the man slowly reached out his hand to grab Zen, it seemed all paths of retreat for Zen were sealed off. The man's expression was apathetic yet it gave Zen an immense amount of pressure. There was no room for Zen to evade the man's approach.

The nine stars in Zen's inner world continuously transformed chaotic energy. However, the amount of chaotic energy in his inner world was limited as well. If he absorbed too much chaotic energy at once, his inner world might dry up and crumble.

Zen had already guessed that the person in front of him was sent here by Holy Jay. However, he didn't know anything about this arrangement.

When the person finally grabbed him, Zen suddenly twisted his body violently to break free.

The person seized Zen's shoulder and was able to suppress Zen by sheer force. Frustration painted Zen's face as he remained a captive of the man. With the man's unparalleled strength, Zen was lifted above the man's shoulder.

Whether it was brute strength or the mastery of techniques that used sheer force, Zen was far inferior to the person who captured him.

With a fierce aura, the person strode forward and carried Zen on one shoulder and the golden hammer on the other shoulder. He walked with a dignified and powerful atmosphere as if he couldn't be bothered by anything or anyone in his path. The others who saw how Zen was captured followed Zen and his captor. However, their existence was completely ignored by the one-eyed man.

"Let me go!" Zen shouted with a harsh tone.

Although he was already seized by the man, it didn't mean that Zen couldn't resist. Zen immediately thought about how he could escape his captor.

"I advise you to be obedient. It's useless to resist. Do you really think you can escape from me?" the one-eyed man asked coldly. His tone was calm, yet carried a somewhat heavy pressure.

Concentration flowed through Zen as the chaotic energy surged out of his body. After that, a circle of light quietly appeared under the feet of the one-eyed man. Zen wanted to use Thunderbolt Annihilation, but the Heavenly Tribulation brewed above their heads for quite some time already, yet no thunderbolts appeared to strike the man...

The one-eyed man let out an imperious laugh as he raised his head and gave a supercilious glance at Zen. "There is no Heavenly Tribulation within the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The Thunderbolt Annihilation naturally cannot be summoned. I already told you that all the struggle would be useless."

Disappointment and shock painted Zen's face when he heard the one-eyed man's remark. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land wasn't a complete universe. Some cultivation methods were indeed useless here. He remembered that the Stellar Body couldn't be used in this place, either.

However, just as the one-eyed man finished his words, a stream of chaotic energy instantly turned into a bunch of extremely beautiful ice flowers.

This was the Ice Soul Flame that Zen comprehended not long ago!

Beautiful ice flowers danced in the air and floated toward the one-eyed man. The one-eyed man readied himself to defend, but the ice flowers immediately released powerful cold air.

The one-eyed man ran at an extremely fast speed. However, the moment the Ice Soul Flame appeared, his speed decreased drastically as if he had sunk into quicksand…

"Ice Soul Flame?" said the one-eyed man with a curious expression on his face. The one-eyed man was surprised that Zen was able to master the theurgy of Holy Jay.

The power of the Ice Soul Flame that was activated with chaotic energy was not something to be underestimated. The one-eyed man had been careless and the cold flame poison from the Ice Soul Flame invaded his body. At this moment, it was extremely difficult for him to move.

However, Zen's cultivation was still comparatively too low. If Zen used this technique on a martial artist of the same level as him, or even a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior or a world lord, the effect would naturally be extraordinary. Regretfully, at Zen's current level of cultivation, an attack like this couldn't do any harm to the one-eyed man.

A circle of light flashed through the one-eyed man's body as waves of water vapor were forced to exit his physique. After a while, the previously sluggish body of the one-eyed man returned to normal.

At that moment, even if Zen used the Ice Soul Flame once more, the cold flame poison in the flame wouldn't be able to enter the one-eyed man's body.

However, the one-eyed man didn't want Zen to cause any more trouble or delay. It didn't take him much concentration to condense a faint circle of light as he immediately struck it towards Zen's abdomen. After the one-eyed man removed his hand, a spider condensed by light was seen left on Zen's abdomen.

The spider was very lifelike. Its eight legs extended out of its body as it lay on Zen's stomach. Then, the spider's legs easily pierced through Zen's lower abdomen and wrapped around Zen's cinnabar field. Zen instantly felt as if his connection with his inner world was severed!

"Relax, it's only a sealing technique. Your inner world should be similar to the universe built by a Holy Being, and it has the Cross-world Theurgy. I temporarily modified this technique. However, I advise you not to make any move. If it actually cuts your connection with your inner world, I will feel very guilty," the one-eyed man said blandly.

Without the ability to use his inner world, Zen had no choice but to obey the one-eyed man.

Aside from his superior strength and technique, the one-eyed man also understood Zen very well. He was even aware that Zen's inner world was different from that of an ordinary warrior. The one-eyed man's unimaginable power and intellect made Zen hard to resist or escape.

However, Zen felt relieved even though he was captured. Although the one-eyed man didn't look like a good person, he did not murder anyone when he captured Zen. Additionally, he knew Zen very well and even Zen's inner world construction. Zen guessed that the one-eyed man might be someone under the employ of Holy Jay. However, he still couldn't figure out what his purpose of abducting him was.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1915 Holy Drew (Part Two)

"Follow him! Don't let him escape from our field of vision."

Kaydan and the rest were still in pursuit. Frustration colored their expression as they knew that they were no match for Zen's captor. All they could do was follow Zen and his captor from afar. No one decided to get close and charge at the one-eyed man because they concluded that it would just mean instant death.

The two ladies of the Han Clan led the warriors of the Han Clan as they also followed at the back of the group. With a confused tone, Laquisha narrowed her eyes and said, "Aleyna, why do I feel like this person looks somewhat familiar?"

Aleyna looked at Lauisha but she shook her head and replied, "I don't know this person…"

"Kennan, what do you think? Do you recognize him?" Laquisha asked again as she shifted her gaze towards Kennan.

Kennan and other world lords shook their heads simultaneously. These world lords didn't have a high status in the Han Clan. In fact, if Laquisha cultivated in the divine land, her guards would definitely be True Gods, and the world lords were not qualified to fulfill such a job. However, since there was no way for a True God to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the Han Clan could only send world lords to act as her guards. With their low status in the house, these world lords even rarely had the chance to see the Holy Emperor, and it was less likely for them to see any of the top figures.

"Your Highness, I'm sorry but I don't know him." Kennan shook his head.

Laquisha frowned and thought for a moment before she spoke calmly, "Six years ago, after the great council meeting of the Hall of Holy Beings, they picked the sprouts of the Ray Trees. Father once invited all the Holy Beings to a banquet. I seem to have seen this person at the banquet…"

"What!" The expressions of Kennan and other world lords changed drastically. They listened intently for more information about the abductor.

To be able to be personally entertained by the Holy Emperor, the abductor must be a Holy Being. At the very least, he would be a top-rank True God that was only second to a Holy Being!

It suddenly made sense why that person was very powerful…

"If my memory serves me correctly, this person should be Holy Drew," Laquisha continued. Her voice was still calm but filled with caution.

"Ah! Are you serious?!"

Many of the world lords were shocked as they heard Laquisha's revelation.

"That's impossible! Holy Drew is an extremely eccentric person. How could a person like him personally appear here in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land?"

"Back then, even the Holy Emperor hasn't managed to ask his help…"

"But the rumors have it that Holy Drew refined one of his eyes into a supreme chaotic weapon, also known as the Devil's Eye. The Holy Drew indeed has only one eye. He is the same as the abductor!"

Even if the world lords might not have the qualifications to see these top-level warriors, it didn't mean that they hadn't heard of them. In fact, the legends of every Holy Being were widespread in the divine land. Their tales were known by warriors of different cultivation levels.

Among these legendary tales, many referred to or included Holy Drew.

The legend of Holy Drew said that he started only as an ordinary weapon refiner. Although he had a bit of fame in the divine land, his cultivation only made him a low-rank True God and could even be considered an insignificant one.

At that time, weapon refiners only acknowledged orthodox methods. However, Holy Drew's temperament and personality were eccentric. Due to his unorthodox lifestyle and techniques, he was expelled from the weapon refining sect he belonged to.

Holy Drew failed to achieve anything extraordinary in the path of a blacksmith in refining supreme primordial weapons.

Fortunately, weapon refiners were a popular profession no matter where they went. Some famous weapon refiners were much richer than martial artists of the same cultivation level. They could live a well-off life if they relied on their own skills.

However, Holy Drew still held a grudge over his expulsion from his sect. His frustrations had built up because he hadn't made any big breakthroughs in the refinement of supreme primordial weapons. Then, he set his sights on the applications of chaotic energy!

He knew there was chaotic energy at the edge of the divine land. However, the chaotic energy was similar to a highly toxic poison for martial artists. Their cinnabar fields would be corrupted and wouldn't hold the energy. Then, Holy Drew came up with an idea: What would happen if chaotic energy was sealed into weapons?

In fact, many weapon refiners already came up with the concept of a supreme chaotic weapon. However, none had tried yet to put the idea into action.

After Holy Drew came up with his hypothesis, he embarked on a journey to test it out without any delay.

As a low-rank True God, it was difficult to obtain chaotic energy. Only Holy Beings would be powerful enough to roam in the chaos. However, this did not mean that there was no chaotic energy available in the divine land.

There was the Ray Wood in the east, the Sunrest Wood in the west, the Lofty Wood in the north, and the Hidden Wood in the south. The roots of these four divine trees were all buried at the edge of the divine land. The roots of these divine trees stretched for hundreds of millions of miles, reached the periphery of the divine land, deep into the chaos, and continuously absorbed the chaotic energy in the chaos.

Holy Drew had visited all the four divine trees before, and in the end, he had paid a considerable price. Despite the near depletion of all of his wealth, he finally obtained chaotic energy from the Hidden Wood in the south.

The gathered chaotic energy was then being refined into the weapons according to Holy Drew's hypothesis.

However, his first attempt ended up as a miserable failure.

Chapter 1916 Refine

News of Holy Drew's failure spread throughout the divine land back then. Many weapon refiners mocked him and thought that he had truly been too naive.

The primordial energy-based weapon refining method had been passed down for generations and was the orthodox method for all weapon refiners in the entire divine land.

However, this person here was proposing for a new path in refining weapons through the use of chaotic energy. He was clearly delusional and probably had no idea what he was doing.

Holy Drew's first failure cost him his entire wealth.

Holy Drew had been depressed for a long time after his first failure. There was an established social structure for the divine land. All weapon refiners were required to register in the Weapon Refining Association to get their exclusive tokens and be allowed to sell and auction their wares.

However, Holy Drew had already been expelled from the weapon refining sect he was in which meant he couldn't sell the weapons he had secretly refined. The only choice he had was to trade them in black-market auctions at a low price.

Since his situation was like this then Holy Drew would have to spend an extremely long time accumulating his wealth in order to get enough chaotic energy.

Still, he did not give up.

Given his endless lifespan then time wasn't that much of an issue. As he accumulated his wealth, his long life ensured him of multiple chances of getting things right.

However, he did not expect such a chance to come so quickly in the form of Holy Bromley of the divine land.

That time, Bromley and Mike had already started exploring the chaos.

The story of this young weapon refiner unintentionally made its way to them and caught their interest.

In the end, the two of them sought Holy Drew out and offered to provide him with chaotic energy.

Their words extremely moved Holy Drew.

He was determined to forge a supreme chaotic weapon even if it took him a hundred years to do so. He had no idea just how long he would have to save up in order to achieve his goals and there was no guarantee that he would succeed.

Of course, he could still try again and again.

However, that would take him an extremely long time.

Success wasn't that easy.

He failed a total of 76 times before he successfully refined his first supreme chaotic weapon.

Bromley studied chaos deeply and he was sure that the chaotic energy could be utilized in forging a weapon. Primordial energy could be considered similar to life vitality but chaotic energy was somewhat a bit different. It exceeded this level of life vitality and was the source of all things, nonetheless, it could still very much be used to refine a supreme chaotic weapon.

On his seventy-seventh attempt, Holy Drew finally refined his first supreme chaotic weapon!

The appearance of this supreme chaotic weapon shocked the entire divine land. At first, the Weapon Refining Association refused to acknowledge its existence. It was only with the help of Holy Bromley that the divine land finally saw it as a legitimate weapon.

By relying on this method, Holy Drew created a school comparable to the school of supreme primordial weapon.

His development soon became unstoppable. Refining supreme chaotic weapons opened up an entirely new path to Holy Drew and he soon established his own sect. His sect then gradually stood up to the Weapon Refining Association as an equal.

There was nothing that the Weapon Refining Association could do. It was an association that consisted of established weapon refiners but they were all pushed back by the oncoming trend of these supreme chaotic weapons. Whether it was top-rank True Gods, or Holy Beings, all of them were after these supreme chaotic weapons. The value of supreme primordial weapons dropped as a result which never really happened before.

However, despite reaching this level, Holy Drew still wasn't fit to be called a Holy Being who specialized in weapon refining.

His continued success went unprecedented. Quite some time later though, he did something that once again shook the entire divine land.

Holy Drew plucked out one of his eyeballs and refined it to become the Devil's Eye!

This eyeball was a supreme chaotic weapon but its main purpose wasn't to defend against enemies. The Devil's Eye was actually a massive world built by Holy Drew, which was similar to a universe.

Once forged, it was then placed at the edge of the divine land, like the other universes.

Hole Drew never stepped into the Holy Realm nor did he ever reach the cultivation level of a Holy Being. He remained a mid-rank True God until he forged the Devil's Eye.

Such a shocking feat earned him the qualification to become a Holy Being. This method of becoming a member of the Hall of Holy Beings was definitely unique and it was the first time it ever happened in the divine land.

It was only at that time that Holy Drew's name appeared in the divine land.

He was probably the first and last person to be able to become a Holy Being as a weapon refiner.

Holy Jay undoubtedly paid a huge price just to get Holy Drew to come here. The latter came most probably because he placed a high value on old friendships.

Holy Drew might not be able to help Mike fight against the Hall of Holy Beings but he could help Zen to the best of his abilities. He was very curious about the young man's body. He refined a lot of supreme chaotic weapons in his time but he had never seen a warrior who could take chaotic energy for his own use.

"If the person is really Holy Drew, then what is he planning by taking Zen away?" Kennan asked.

Laquisha blinked. "Is he going to refine Zen?" She knew Zen's body was special which led her to this conclusion but this was only a rough guess on her part.

Kennan nodded. "It's possible. I'm afraid Zen's in trouble."

Holy Drew's legend was widespread but everyone knew of the man's eccentric personality. It wouldn't surprise them if he did decide to refine Zen himself.

However, in fact he would help the young man refine his body and not in the way they thought. They sounded similar but were actually quite completely different cases.

Zen's body had always been very passively refined ever since he cultivated the Grand Weapon Refining Method. He was able to use the primordial energy for refinement with the help of the red dragon. However, the red dragon wasn't a weapon refiner himself and the cyan dragon was also not proficient in body refining.

This time, Holy Drew himself personally took action since he wanted to carry out a complete weapon refining process for Zen's body.

He already had a rough idea of how he would do this but it was still his first time refining a living person. Zen's physique was unique and the cultivation methods he practiced were also very special. There was no knowing what the final result for this attempt would be.

Unwilling to see Zen was taken away like that, Laquisha jumped out of the crowd and ran at full speed. "Uncle Holy Drew! I am a member of the Han Clan, Laquisha Han!" she shouted loudly.

All of the warriors present were immediately dumbfounded upon finding out the man's status.

Nobody thought that the one-eyed man in front of them was actually Holy Drew who created the supreme chaotic weapons.

The one-eyed man looked back and took a glance at Laquisha. Just one glimpse already assured him that this was truly Holy Samuel's eldest daughter who possessed the Voiced Blood.

However, her shout did not deter him. Instead of responding, he moved down quickly.

Laquisha pouted. Since Zen was being taken away, she had no choice but to continue giving chase.

The cave wasn't very deep. Holy Drew quickly arrived at the bottom where there was a curved entrance of another cave lit with green flames.

Carrying Zen, Holy Drew rushed into the cave with no hesitation.

This cave was the very same one Chapman and Kaydan discovered back then.

Both of them had mixed feelings when they saw this. They were counting on Zen to enter the cave and bring out the door.

Right now, Zen did indeed enter the cave but he didn't do it by himself. He was now held captive by Holy Drew which complicated the entire situation.

"Boom!"

There was a loud, booming noise as Chapman smashed his fist on the wall. He had travelled a long way to bring Zen to the destination but something as ridiculous as this happened. Now all they could do was stand there helplessly.

The cave was illuminated and filled with green flames. The one-eyed man brought Zen in and tossed him to the ground.

Zen quickly rolled over and stood up. He couldn't help but glare at the one-eyed man.

The green flames burned him and his body was already glowing golden as he began to frantically absorb the green flames.

"What are you trying to do?" Zen asked coldly.

However, the one-eyed man did not answer. He simply moved his body and swung the golden hammer towards Zen's chest!

It happened so fast that Zen was unable to react on time. Before he even knew what was happening, the golden hammer already hit him on the chest.

There was a muffled sound as an extremely great power spread out from the golden hammer and entered Zen's body.

Fortunately, despite being hit with such strong force, it was distributed quite evenly and penetrated into every part of Zen's body.

Even so, Zen still felt as if he'd been struck by lightning and all his internal organs had been displaced.

Chapter 1917 Withstand

If the power of the hammer hadn't been evenly spread throughout Zen's body, it would've probably split him into two.

But this power wasn't meant to take Zen's life.

At this moment, Holy Drew's sole eye narrowed in intense concentration. There was a trace of crazy absorption in his orb.

From his perspective, Zen was no longer a living person — he was a weapon waiting to be forged.

After turning into a Holy Being, Holy Drew's refining skill had already reached its peak.

The skills of weapon refiners naturally varied greatly from each other, depending on the degree of control over their strength.

No ores nor any other substance could withstand the refinement of preternatural flames regardless of their solidity. For instance, the Magic Golden Stone was a good kind of material for divine weapons because of its tenacity. But after being heated by some special types of flames, the ores' properties could change, turning delicate and fragile. Possibly, a whole piece of the Magic Golden Stone could be rendered useless if the refinement was even slightly more powerful.

Therefore, weapon refiners' skills were extremely important here.

The grading standards for a weapon refiner's skill in the divine land were mainly based on half-consummation and full-consummation. Half consummation was when the refiner's power could spread evenly throughout the material — it was relatively easy to grasp. Most practiced weapon refiners in the divine land had already reached this level of skill.

But those who could do full-consummation were rare in the divine land.

The skills of full-consummation required not only a precise control over their strength but also the ability to keep a certain level of strength.

The three strikes Holy Drew had launched with his hammer had almost shaken the entire Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

If someone else had used the same level of strength, they'd have probably smashed a huge hole, thousands of miles deep. But Holy Drew had the skill.

Because the power of his strike was evenly distributed throughout the entire ground of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Drew's strikes were precise.

The skill he used was excellent enough to be evaluated as full-consummation. Although the strike was truly powerful, Zen's body could easily withstand it when it was evenly spread.

But to Zen, it was like a pot of boiling lava was being poured into his body.

The burning feeling didn't come from the burning of the green flame but from the primordial energy inside his body.

Arms, legs, belly, heart, brain…

Form every pore, every vein, and every crack in his bones, a massive amount of primordial energy surged ceaselessly.

His body was like a dam that had its gates opened. The great amount of primordial energy began rushing within his body at an unprecedented speed.

Small amounts of primordial energy could often alleviate Zen's pain, making beatings tolerable to the point of him even being comfortable with them.

But when there was too much primordial energy, it was anything but pleasant.

With such a great amount of primordial energy gathering in Zen's body, he felt an intense burning sensation, an aching and numbing pain.

But Holy Drew still seemed unsatisfied with the amount of primordial energy. With this strike of his hammer, Zen was sent flying into the air.

But before Zen fell to the ground, Holy Drew's second strike came and hit Zen right on the head.

Clang!

The large golden hammer smashed down on Zen's head and it rang with a sharp sound.

With Holy Drew's skills of full-consummation, smashing his hammer on Zen's head was no different from smashing Zen's finger. He had distributed his power evenly all over Zen's body — it didn't matter where his hammer landed. All that mattered was that he had no intention of letting Zen go.

When the second strike smashed down, Zen shot up into the sky like a cannon. He continued flying until he crashed into the ceiling of the cave before falling down once again.

"Again!" the weapon refiner exclaimed.

Then came the third strike.

The power of each strike was very even as it activated the primordial energy within Zen's body.

By the time of the fourth strike, the primordial energy had already filled every corner of Zen's body. If anyone watched Zen closely, they'd see how his body began swelling up like a balloon. His originally thin face was now swollen as though he had received a terrible beating — his cheeks bulged out like those of a fat pig.

"It's painful…" he groaned.

The primordial energy was also a kind of power as strong as it could be. Now that a massive amount of primordial energy had been squeezed into Zen's body without a way to get out, it caused him great pain.

The sensation grew more and more unbearable.

"The fifth strike!"

As Holy Drew refined Zen's body, he paid close attention to the boy.

Although he would have liked to regard Zen as a weapon, he still had to consider his particularity. Zen was still a living man, after all, which was far different from a lifeless piece of refined iron.

Iron was dense without any empty space inside. Zen, however, had all his organs, bones, and cavities within his body.

If the weapon refiner refined his body the same way he dealt with normal metal, Zen's body would explode.

It was because Holy Jay had promised him a reward that Holy Drew came. This boy was his old friend's son, after all. Even if he seemed indifferent in front of Zen, he made sure to refine his body with great caution.

After five strikes, Holy Drew suddenly dropped his hammer.

He stretched out his hand and turned it over gently. Then, his hand flashed with the power of Space Law. After the light disappeared, a golden wine jug appeared in his hand. He then tilted the lip of the jug toward Zen, pouring a mysterious liquid down onto Zen's body.

There was a hissing noise as it flowed out, the same sound of water pouring onto a piece of heated iron.

Whatever was in the wine jug was something extraordinary. Even though the place was ablaze with abnormal flames, the liquid wasn't affected in the slightest. Once it touched Zen's body, clouds of white mist rose in the air.

As he lay quietly on the ground, Zen felt extremely weak. He felt as though his body was a ticking bomb that could explode at any moment. There was simply too much primordial energy flowing within his body — it was totally out of his control. Some of it even rushed right into his brain, clouding his mind.

But just then, he suddenly felt a cool sensation.

Like a parched man who happened upon an oasis in a desert, Zen couldn't help but gulp down as much water as he could — his body began to desperately absorb the mysterious liquid.

Meanwhile, the primordial energy within his body began gathering at the parts of his body that had been poured over with the liquid. As the energy dissolved in the fluid, it fused with his muscles and bones completely.

"What is this?"

After regaining consciousness, Zen opened his eyes and took a look around, only to find the one-eyed man pointing a jug right at him. At this moment, he had a strong urge to snatch the jug from the man and drink it all in a single gulp.

But he knew that in his current state, any such actions would be futile. Now, all he could do was to lie obediently on the ground, hoping for the torture to pass quickly.

But unfortunately for him, the situation wasn't in his favor this time.

A so-called divine weapon must always be forged a thousand times. But Zen had only been hit by the golden hammer five times — it was just getting started.

After Zen had absorbed the liquid completely, Holy Drew brandished the golden hammer in his hand and struck the ground next to Zen with it. Once again, Zen bounced up from the ground because of the impact.

Thump!

He couldn't help but let out a muffled grunt.

Before he could even react, the primordial energy began flooding within his body like a torrent, flowing wildly through his limbs and bones.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Holy Drew's strikes were consecutive.

And Zen, who had managed to slim down for a short while, grew swollen and fat once again.

The pain he was experiencing was far beyond most people's imagination. But no matter how much he suffered, it still couldn't compare to the pain

Zen felt when he had been practicing the Primal Chaos Technique — that was both physical and mental strain. At least his current pains only affected his body.

Splash!

Once again, Holy Drew pulled out the wine jug and poured the mysterious liquid onto Zen's body, triggering the rise of heavy white mist.

As the refining process continued, Holy Drew gradually increased his number of strikes for every set.

At first, it was five consecutive strikes a set. After three of those, he added another, and then another after three more sets.

Time passed slowly for Zen as the refinement continued.

The crowd outside the cave had been waiting for a long while. On the other side, Rocher and Holy Jay stood together in silence as they watched Zen undergo his painful training.

"I think Zen is suffering too much… how long must the torture last?" Rocher asked.

Rather flatly, Holy Jay replied, "Anyone who wants to achieve great things must withstand the pains that ordinary people cannot."

All the Holy Beings in the divine land had experienced such pain and suffering — Holy Jay believed that Zen had to go through the same.

Chapter 1918 A Transparent Godly Tile

Holy Drew was becoming more and more excited. His single eye shone brightly as he tried to understand what had happened to Zen.

He ripped open his clothes, revealing his lean and taut body. He then grabbed the wine jug and swallowed a big gulp, before spraying it on Zen's body.

In fact, even after arduously working for such a long time, he had only completed the first step of refining, which was tempering.

Since Zen's physical body was a human-shaped weapon, there was no need to rework on his appearance.

Of course, if Zen wanted to change his physical body into another shape, it would be as easy as lifting a finger for Holy Drew.

The liquid in the wine jug was the most famous Sunrest Wood Spring in the divine land.

The four divine trees in the divine land all had their own unique characteristics. The Ray Tree, which was located in the east, was full of vitality, towering at a height of 300 million feet. There were thirteen races residing on the tree, and the most famous one was the Butterfly race. When one entered the Ray Tree, they could smell the fragrance of various types of flowers. It was refreshing and at the same time intoxicating.

The Lofty Tree, which was in the north, looked like a bare wooden pole. It was taller than the Ray Tree, with only one pillar soaring into the sky.

The Hidden Tree, which was in the south, was comparatively shorter. It looked similar to a banyan tree, constantly expanding its roots. The branches of the tree extended in all directions like vines, and the area they covered was very extensive.

The Sunrest Tree, which was in the west, was born at the edge of an endless sea. This tree was as high as the Ray Tree, and the only difference was that the huge trunk of the tree floated on the sea, looking like an island.

The Sunrest Wood Spring was located in the middle of the trunk. A pot of spring would be collected in every hundred years.

The Sunrest Wood Spring was considered like an elixir within the divine land. It could be used for medicinal purposes, and it was mostly loved and craved for by the numerous weapon refiners of the divine land.

The Sunrest Wood Spring contained rich life energy. At times, the inner world of some martial artists would be too weak. During such times, even if one constantly struck it with the Thunder of Life, it would be difficult for it to give birth to new life. But if one placed the Sunrest Wood Spring within the inner world, it could easily do the job.

For the people in the divine land, a hundred years passed in just a blink of an eye. For True Gods who had eternal lifespan, time was not an issue.

However, there was always an insatiable demand for the Sunrest Wood Spring. Hence it was not an easy task to obtain it.

In order to ensure success at the current task, Holy Drew had not been stingy with his collection of the elixir and offered up an entire pot of Sunrest Wood Spring.

The golden hammer of Holy Drew smashed into Zen's body more than a thousand times. All this while, Zen's body blazed with golden brilliance. The golden Sanskrit words were like a black hole, continuously devouring the surrounding green flames.

However, Zen was in a completely numbed state. He could only lie on the ground and watch as the one-eyed man used different methods to refine him.

The Sunrest Wood Spring in the wine jug was completely used up. Holy Drew casually threw away the wine jug and grabbed Zen's arm, pulling him up from the ground. His one eye was continuously observing Zen as he pinched his arm.

"It's not enough," Holy Drew said, shaking his head.

The tempering was a rather important step, and it was because of the repeated tempering and the cleansing of the primordial energy that Zen's body continued to grow stronger and stronger.

However, this was only the first step. It was like laying the foundation for Zen.

Judging from Holy Drew's expression, it was obvious that he was not too satisfied with this result.

Standing on the spot, Holy Drew considered for a moment and then said with a faint smile, "You are an interesting challenge and I am definitely going to use everything in my power to refine you."

As per his promise to Holy Jay, he only had to refine Zen's body thoroughly. However, during the process, Holy Drew's curiosity was aroused. Zen was just like a sword embryo filled with endless possibilities. Holy Drew wanted to refine a weapon that was worthy of his pride.

In these past few years, he had indeed refined quite a few supreme chaotic weapons, and there was no lack of some unrivalled ones. Moreover, in the entire divine land, only he and his two personal disciples were capable of refining the supreme chaotic weapons.

However, over the years, Holy Drew had lost his pursuit.

Just like a martial artist's dream was to explore the world of martial arts, a weapon refiner also wished to explore further possibilities of refinement.

The peak was not the end. This world was filled with infinite possibilities, just waiting to be explored.

However, it was definitely a tough job to achieve a breakthrough in the world of weapon refining.

Even the best supreme chaotic weapons built by Holy Drew had yet to fully display the power of chaotic energy. After all, Holy Drew's understanding of chaos was quite limited.

But now the situation was different.

From what Holy Jay had said, this little fellow lying in front of him had created his inner world using chaotic energy. From a certain point of view, Zen had already controlled a small part of the chaos, even though this part was only one in a billion of the chaos.

But in the end, he had it under control.

Once Zen became more familiar with the chaos, he would be able to unleash the chaotic energy to an unimaginable degree.

Therefore, in the eyes of Holy Drew, Zen was an unfathomable sword embryo. What he would build was an unimaginable weapon, a weapon with endless possibilities.

An entire pot of Sunrest Wood Spring was poured onto Zen's body, but still the strength of his body did not meet the requirements set by Holy Drew.

Zen was unable to use his strength, and his inner world had been sealed as well. He could only watch helplessly as Holy Drew tormented him.

Zen also understood that the person in front was tempering him, but he was going through a lot of pain during the process of hammering and tempering.

Holy Drew continued to ignore Zen and showed hesitation on his face. His eye flashed as he stood in deep thought for a long time. Finally, he laughed. "You're lucky!"

With that, he flicked his hand and a stone appeared.

The stone was crystal clear and exuded a faint orange glow. It was quite eye-catching.

"Wow!"

Holy Jay, who was observing from outside the cave, had a strange expression on his face when he saw this stone. Soon, his lips curled up into a smile. "Isn't this guy famous for being stingy? How come he is so generous this time?"

"Holy Jay, what is that stone?" Rocher asked in confusion. Looking at Holy Jay's expression, he realized the stone must be quite extraordinary.

"That is a Godly Tile," said Holy Jay.

"A Godly Tile?" Rocher's eyes narrowed as he tried to figure the meaning.

When one obtained a Godly Tile, they could become a True God. Holy Beings did not allow True Gods to enter the universes that they had created, but that did not mean that the Godly Tiles were rare.

Godly Tiles could be formed by the warriors themselves, or warriors could take away others' Godly Tiles. The divine land was a world full of True Gods. Just a single Godly Tile was unable to make Holy Jay feel weird.

Holy Jay could feel Rocher's doubt, so he explained, "Godly Tiles have one characteristic, and that is they are unbreakable. Although the lifespan of a True God is endless, many True Gods have perished since ancient times. However, almost all of the Godly Tiles have been preserved. Even a Holy Being cannot casually destroy a single Godly Tile."

"Even Holy Beings are unable to destroy Godly Tiles?" Rocher was astonished at this revelation.

Holy Jay nodded. "After a long period of time, some of the Godly Tiles had already lost their divinity and turned into useless Godly Tiles. These useless Godly Tiles keep piling up like a mountain. However, what is astonishing is that even after an unimaginably long period of time, not a single Godly Tile has been damaged, whether those Godly Tiles came from a low-rank True God, a top-rank True God, or even a Holy Being."

Rocher nodded. He was not aware about the ability of these Godly Tiles. If Godly Tiles were refined into weapons, wouldn't that mean the weapons were unbreakable too?

Holy Jay nodded in agreement saying, "There are people who use Godly Tiles as weapons. However, they only use Godly Tiles as the toughest stones to smash people. They are completely unable to process or forge!"

"Then what is Holy Drew up to?" Rocher asked.

Since the Godly Tile couldn't be damaged, what was going on with this transparent Godly Tile that Holy Drew had taken out?

"This Godly Tile is very special. Back then, when this object appeared, the Holy Beings were also fighting over it. In the end, it ended up in his hands. Who would've thought that he would be willing to take it out today!" Holy Jay could not help but sigh at this confusing situation.

Chapter 1919 Source Of Godly Tile

According to Holy Jay, this Godly Tile had an extremely special history.

It wasn't a complete one, strictly speaking, but was actually a fragment of an enormous Godly Tile.

One day, a creature used the Creating Axe to split open the chaos. From then on, the divine land was formed and numerous creatures appeared and began to multiply in the divine land. Some became True Gods, while some entered the Holy Realm and formed the universes.

After countless divine eras, the divine land managed to develop on such a massive scale.

The moment the Creating Axe split the divine land, three thousand great ways were formed for countless creatures to comprehend.

As culture evolved, these three thousand great ways became the three thousand Godly Ways.

One part of them were widespread across the world such as the Truth Godly Way which served to continuously improve laws in the divine land. This was essential since one of the fundamental elements of being a True God was proficiency in all of the laws.

Some Godly Ways, the Emotion Closing Godly Way, for example, were considered forbidden.

Meanwhile, there were also some Godly Ways that each warrior could cultivate in divine land such as the Wishing Spell that could be used to save one's life.

There was also a multitude of lost ways that failed to be passed down to the next generation and became dust in the course of history.

If three thousand Godly Ways were practiced up to a perfect level, they could condense and form into various Godly Tiles. These Godly Tiles came in different shapes and had different abilities.

Once condensed, a Godly Tile could never be shattered or broken. Even the Godly Tile of a low-rank True God could never be destroyed, not even under a Holy Being's most powerful attack.

What these Godly Tiles truly were was still a disputed matter.

There was no sure answer but most of the debates centered on a key man.

The key man was the one who brandished his Creating Axe and developed the divine land.

The truth could be hidden as time flew but traces would definitely still remain.

The moment the divine land was opened, the Creating Axe was destroyed.

Back then, the divine land was in a primitive state and there was no life anywhere. Who then wrote the legend of the Creating Axe?

Who was the man that brandished the Creating Axe?

In the center of the divine land was the boundless Time Sea. At the end of the Time Sea was a flat and massive plain.

If one flew high enough, they'd be able to see the plain dotted with multiple cities and strongholds. These cities were the most prosperous places in the divine land and served as the location of the Hall of Holy Beings.

The Hall of Holy Beings was like a bright pearl that emitted soft, bright rays.

However, the most attractive ones were the great craters instead of the cities.

These craters were all connected to each other and had a silhouette of a man.

It was possible to distinguish the head, the belly, and the legs...

This spot was the birthplace of the divine land and also where the Creating Axe disappeared along with its wielder. All that remained were these craters where the man used to lie.

That was the generally accepted theory.

Most people believed that the man had left the divine land, while others thought he had merged with the land itself. It was around the middle ages when the man left the divine land and vanished.

At the later stage of the middle ages, two Holy Beings initiated a war that made this vast expanse of the plain heave. It was there that they found a prodigious Godly Tile in one of the craters.

This Godly Tile was different than the others. It could adapt its own characteristics according to the holder's imagination.

If its holder imagined it to be extremely strong then it would become impregnable. If it was imagined to be supple then it would become as soft as cotton.

People then began to call it as the source of Godly Tile wherein the Godly Tiles that were used to create three thousand great ways could most probably be derived from.

This Godly Tile could merge with all other tiles and reinforce a True God or a Holy Being to a great extent.

It was an extremely precious treasure and blood surely spilled just to obtain it in the whole divine land.

It was originally only a war between two Holy Beings but quickly escalated with every Holy Being getting involved.

In the end, the prodigious Godly Tile was separated into countless small pieces and distributed among the Holy Beings.

Some used their pieces for further study, others simply swallowed their pieces since that was the best way to improve themselves.

Holy Drew was born after the war for that precious Godly Tile, so it was impossible for him to get one. Besides, even if he had been born earlier, there was still only a minuscule chance for him to have gotten a piece.

People thought that the Godly Tile contained some information or secrets about three thousand Godly Ways, and some even alleged the lost Godly Ways were contained in this Godly Tile.

Unfortunately, none of those who kept the Godly Tile pieces for study ever found out anything. All they could do was to swallow them and leave them at that.

The secrets of the source of Godly Tile remained veiled and the tile pieces became fewer and fewer.

Ten thousand years ago, Holy Drew exchanged a top-level supreme chaotic weapon for a piece of the source of Godly Tile that once belonged to a Holy Being from the Hall of Holy Beings.

However, he also wasn't able to unlock any secrets.

The Godly Tile could also be refined into a weapon but given the rarity of such a treasure, Holy Drew did not dare squander it arbitrarily.

He seemed to be in a generous mood though since he took out this precious source of Godly Tile here. He initially did not want to waste it in refining a weapon.

Instead, he decided to save it for the right occasion.

And today was that right occasion. Holy Drew knew that cultivating Zen was prerequisite at this stage.

Holy Drew was a distinguished man in the divine land but his relationship with the Weapon Refining Association wasn't really good.

There was a provisional compromise between the two but it didn't really address the root of the conflict.

The Weapon Refining Association had long since demanded the method of supreme chaotic weapon refining from Holy Drew but the latter chose to ignore this request and imparted the method only to his two disciples.

Why should he give them the method when they all laughed at him during his struggle? The process of refining supreme chaotic weapons was born out of his blood, sweat, and tears. He worked hard for his current success and there was no way he was going to hand it all over to them just like that.

A few Holy Beings had vaguely mentioned this matter to him over the past hundred years. They all hoped that he would unveil the refining method in order to benefit the entirety of the whole divine land.

It was quite a complicated position Holy Drew was in. Despite cultivating his eye into a small universe and being heralded as a member of the Hall of Holy Beings, Holy Drew still couldn't compete with the warriors who reached the Holy Realm. He didn't enter the Holy Realm, after all. There were still some considerable differences between his abilities and the powers of a Holy Being.

The Hall of Holy Beings was always a united front. Its members had begged him for the publication of his method since all of them felt extremely envious of the supreme chaotic weapons he refined.

There might come a time when the Weapon Refining Association and the Hall of Holy Beings would band together to force him to reveal his secrets. Although these institutions preached about rules, virtue, and morality, Holy Drew knew they were also people who did anything for their own benefit.

It was only Holy Mike who had the gall to resist the Hall of Holy Beings outright.

Holy Drew, who was outwardly respectable, did not have any kind of solid foundation or strong relationship with other Holy Beings in divine land.

Mike and Bromley also helped him out before...

Mike was probably dying now. It was only after Holy Jay found him and informed him of Mike's plan that Holy Drew's mind changed.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1920 World Devouring Beast

With his single eye closed shut, Holy Drew held the source of Godly Tile and entered a state of meditation.

There were too many assumptions and conjectures regarding the source of Godly Tile.

Up until then, no one had been able to discover the true secrets within. The only thing people knew it could do was transform itself into all sorts of shapes and sizes.

Back then, a Holy Being had obtained a huge source of Godly Tile about the height of a person. That Holy Being turned the source of Godly Tile into a hard spear—it had the solidity of a Godly Tile as its only advantage.

And there were more treasures in the divine land apart from this. So even though the source of Godly Tile was a precious treasure in the eyes of the Holy Beings, it was still useless. No one had managed to grasp the correct usage of the item.

Under Holy Drew's meditation, the surface of the Godly Tile began rippling.

The crystal twisted continuously in Holy Drew's hand as if he was holding a constantly shifting drop of water.

The man also had his own thoughts about the source of Godly Tile—he wanted to use it for the creation of a defensive magic treasure that could take form at will.

"If this thing merges with your body, it will be able to transform into clothes or armor as you wish," Holy Drew said as he threw the Godly Tile towards Zen.

The source of Godly Tile was like water as it splashed against Zen's body.

The 'water' then flowed along his figure, being evenly distributed onto the surface of his skin, seeping into his flesh. Then, it turned into a transparent film that wrapped around Zen.

"This time, it should be enough," Holy Drew said as he smiled and turned to look at the corner of the cave. "We can now officially begin."

From a distance, Holy Jay nodded in agreement. It was the most critical and painful step—they were going to put Zen through a thorough refinement.

The door in the cave opened with a bang as Holy Drew dragged Zen through it and disappeared.

In the Evolutionary Universe

After the conversation with the Celestial Position race ended, the entire Sacred race retreated, returning to the three supreme worlds on the edge of the Evolutionary Universe. These worlds were where the now perished Spring race once lived.

Still, people were terrified.

Perhaps many creatures of the lower levels had no knowledge of the Sacred race's purpose. But these people had come from another universe. In the end, they were still a great threat.

In the past year or so, the Sacred race hadn't tried to expand, choosing to stay in three supreme worlds.

But powerful energy fluctuations had come frequently from these worlds. Sometimes, it even caused violent spatial tremors. The warriors of the Wind Avoiding World could often feel such intense vibrations as they were closest to the three supreme worlds.

Now, many of the soldiers were stationed within the Wind Avoiding World.

The Celestial Position race, the Thoughtless Minds, the Humanity Alliance, and the Blessed Buddha Land each sent out a portion of their elites to guard the trans-border channel.

Boom!

A powerful ripple of space quickly spread through the spatial channels.

The universe's supreme world channels were connected to each other as they were usually constructed by grand world lords.

After the Sacred race occupied the three supreme worlds, someone suggested they blow up the supreme world channels.

The only way out of these worlds was the trans-border channel of the Wind Avoiding World, after all.

But many of the Supreme Lords rejected the idea.

The trans-border channel could only cause trouble for the warriors below a world lord's level. There was nearly no point in blowing up the channel as it risked enraging the Sacred race.

Now, what was missing from the universe was time.

Although the Celestial Position race had announced that they sent the ten Godly Geniuses out, many races and forces in the universe were still uncertain about the whole situation.

A hundred years of cultivation was considered very short to a martial artist. When one reached the Spirit Transformation Realm, they could easily cultivate for over 10, 000 years. Every instance of cultivation could last over a thousand years, after all.

Only when the Sacred Race had already attacked them did they send out the ten Godly Geniuses. What was the point?

Were they counting on them to cultivate for two to three years before fighting back?

It wasn't only a matter of the races lacking confidence—even Master Feng himself seemed to be worried.

Zen, Rocher, Nathan…

All these people had outstanding talents—they were super geniuses that came into being after the master of the universe had executed his plan. Though they were blessed with exceptional talent and a unique foundation, their cultivation was still too weak overall.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land might have been an excellent place to cultivate, but it wasn't very realistic to hope that the Godly Geniuses could grow much stronger in a short span of time.

If given a hundred years, the situation could have been much more optimistic.

Who would've thought that just as the ten Godly Geniuses were selected, the war would already erupt in the universe before they could even get on the right track? Just as the sorcerer race's crisis was settled, the Sacred race had broken through the Sighing Wall and attacked them.

The universe's lifespan was calculated in terms of hundreds of millions of years, but so much trouble had risen within a mere couple of years. So much danger had broken out in such a short time—clearly, they had extremely bad luck this time around.

But Master Feng wasn't certain about Mike's plans. At this very moment, Zen, Nathan, Rocher, Margaret, Xenia, and the others were undergoing astonishing transformations.

Boom!

Another explosive sound rang out.

In the supreme world channel of the Wind Avoiding World, many exquisite cyan ships floated around in space.

Along with the explosion, a blazing white Space Law spiraled forward along the channel. In the blink of an eye, it struck the mast of a cyan ship—these ships were spatial treasures created by the Humanity Alliance that were used to guard the supreme world channel.

Crack!

And then, the mast on the cyan ship broke.

Many human warriors then ran out to the ship's deck when they heard it.

"It's getting more and more outrageous. What on earth are those guys doing?" A human martial artist sounded indignant.

Almost all the stationed warriors were at the Spirit Supreme or Spirit Transformation Realm and among them, there were three world lords.

In truth, these martial artists knew that no one was expecting them to be able to resist the Sacred race. Letting them stay there was only a deterrent to keep the Sacred race from spreading outward.

It was an extremely dangerous situation. If the Sacred race was determined to invade the universe, their entire group would be swallowed up by the Sacred race like tiny shrimps.

"No matter what they do, we'll just ignore it. The only thing we need to do now is make sure that we don't anger them," a warrior said, sounding helpless. "It's clear now that the Sacred race is very strong. If we're careless enough to provoke them, they could use it as a reason to put the entire universe in danger!"

"You think being careless would provoke the Sacred race? You really know nothing about them. If the Sacred race wanted to start a war, they'd do it. Besides... Do they even need a reason to start a war?" another warrior said coldly.

"That's right, the Sacred race needs no reason. They'll start a war as they please." And then another warrior agreed.

On the deck, the people continued discussing the matter as they looked on to the depths of the trans-border channel. But the length of the channel was difficult to estimate. No one knew where the lightning from that space had come from.

Then, they suddenly realized that the space around them began its violent fluctuations once again.

"Look! What's that?!" a warrior shouted as he pointed to the front.

Under the crowd's eyes, the trans-border channel in the distance was constantly collapsing at extreme speed. It rapidly spread towards the cyan ships stationed here.

These trans-border channels were fairly stable spaces, usually maintained in turns by a few world lords of a supreme world.

After maintenance, they could last for another several hundred or thousand years. Because of this, it was almost impossible for them to self-destruct.

"Alert! Now!" Someone was shouting.

Boom… Boom…

The drums resounded rapidly on the cyan ships. As soon as everyone climbed up the deck, a giant mouth filled with fangs appeared before them. It seemed to cover the entirety of the supreme world channel as it began gnawing and devouring everything along it.

"It's a World Devouring Beast!" A world lord standing on a ship stared ahead as he shouted.

These beasts that lived in the void of space fed on space and supreme worlds. If the Sacred race used a World Devouring Beast, it was probably with the intention of starting an all-out war.

Chapter 1921 The War Had Finally Begun

"What should we do, Sir?"

All the warriors on the ships scrambled in panic as they turned to the world lord for help.

This world lord was known as Piper Feng. Since the Wind Avoiding World was the closest to the Humanity Alliance, the alliance had sent more warriors to the area than the other forces. Piper Feng was the leader of this team.

Piper Feng's face turned dim as he looked at the supreme world channel that continued to collapse in front of him.

He had already known that this day would come sooner or later, ever since the first day they had been stationed in the place. It was just that he didn't expect that it would be so soon.

"Inform everyone not to resist!" Piper Feng ordered. Now, there were no Supreme Lords in their squad.

In fact, there were only three world lords, and that already included Piper Feng.

Fighting back would seem futile on their side as they were like mere ants that stood in the way of the Sacred race. There was no point in resisting.

"Why?!"

"We'll fight them to the death!"

"We're martial artists! Even if we die, we should die a worthy death!"

However, the warriors on the ships were no doubt truly brave.

Many of them weren't afraid of death itself, but rather, of meaningless death.

Instead of just sitting and waiting for their end, they thought it was better to die fighting!

"Crack, crack, crack..."

There were rupturing sounds as the space fell apart, and formed numerous vortexes. The turbulent flows within the vortexes whirled like hurricanes and spread out. The scene was like a myriad of fireworks on a summer night, but none of the martial artists present had the mood to enjoy it.

At that moment, the warriors climbed up to the bows of the ships, their weapons drawn out as they stared straight ahead. All of them were on high alert and in constant vigilance.

Just when the space collapsed in front of the ships and was about to suck the vessels into it, the World Devouring Beast finally stopped.

Only when it had closed its huge mouth with protruding fangs was everyone finally able to see the World Devouring Beast's true appearance. Its bewitching red eyes stared at everyone, instilling fear in the minds of all the martial artists present.

It wasn't long before a few figures appeared on the top of the World Devouring Beast's head.

"Warriors from Sacred race!"

The Sacred race was extremely similar to human race. It was because humans and the other humanoid creatures were originally created based on the Sacred race.

However, the warriors in front of them could be considered as pseudo-Sacred warriors.

Of course, there were still many things that separated the real Sacred warriors from their pseudo counterparts--such as their pupil color, the differences in features, and the body structure.

The Sacred warriors present were all world lords. They emitted an aura of superiority as they stood tall on top of the World Devouring Beast's head.

"You insects, it's time for you to submit. Kneel obediently on the ground and beg for mercy, and we can let your bodies remain whole!" one of the Sacred world lords said.

On the other hand, Piper Feng looked calm. There was no trace of fear as he raised his head to look at his opponents. He quietly activated a Roaring Token, then said, "This Wind Avoiding World belongs to our Humanity Alliance. You Sacred race destroyed the supreme world channel. Do you want to start a war with our race?"

The Sacred race occupied three supreme worlds of the Spring race. Yet for the past year, the human race and the Sacred race did not have anything to do with each other. At the very least, neither side had ever offended each other openly.

When a war broke out between the two, it was only fair for them to give a good reason for starting the war.

"There should be a justified reason for war," as the saying went.

In an even large-scale war, both sides would clearly try their best to make up the reasons they started the war in the first place.

It was just like a fight between two men--one of them would declare that he was the reasonable one and it was the other one who started the fight first, thus he was simply forced to fight back.

In reality however, the results of a war did not depend on whether either party stated their reasons or not. Besides, battles between races often didn't have any reasons. However, having the justified reason wouldn't just boost the morale of a race's martial artists, it could also suppress their opponents' determination!

Piper Feng had spoken through the Roaring Token so that the entire universe could hear their situation, and it also served as a warning to all the other races.

When Piper Feng's words had spread throughout the universe, the martial artists' and the common people's opinions did not matter as fear crept into all of their minds and hearts.

"The war is about to start so soon!"

"I knew that the Sacred race bore ill intentions!"

"Will these Sacred warriors destroy the entire universe? Where can we escape to!?"

The Sacred race was like a guillotine that had been suspended over everyone's heads in the Evolutionary Universe. Now, the blade was finally about to fall.

While all of them were clearly unwilling to accept it, there was nothing they could do.

Suddenly, everyone was shocked as the world lord of the Sacred race laughed and also used a Roaring Token. His Roaring Token was undeniably not from the Sacred race's universe. They had stolen it from a great world. Because of their strength, it was far too easy for them to steal some Roaring Tokens. Moreover, it didn't help that there were also rebels in the Evolutionary Universe.

"Our Sacred race protects all living beings in this world and we condemn killing the most, so why would we casually start a war? Isn't it too impolite for our friend from the Humanity Alliance to have said that?" the world lord of the Sacred race said in a friendly tone. However, his words clearly had an underlying meaning to it--and it wasn't good.

Piper Feng's heart skipped a beat. If the world lord of the Sacred race had made a move first, the situation would be easy to deal with. To him, the worst that would happen would be death.

But the world lord of the Sacred race suddenly spoke so politely. There must be some conspiracy he didn't know.

Thus, he activated another Roaring Token once more and said, "Well if you're being so polite… Then why did you destroy the supreme world channel of our Wind Avoiding World?"

The world lord of the Sacred race simply laughed, and the harrowing sound sent chills down Piper Feng's spine.

Piper Feng's mind raced to think quickly. Just what were these Sacred warriors trying to do?

Just then, the world lord of the Sacred race activated a Roaring Token again. At the same time, Piper Feng saw a martial artist suddenly jump out from the cyan ship. Then, the warrior shouted, "Kill all these Sacred bastards! Tear their bodies into pieces!"

"Damn!" Piper Feng froze. He was about to stop the warrior on the ship, but it was too late. The martial artist floated away. He was extremely quick and agile. He avoided Piper Feng's attack and directly rushed towards the world lord of the Sacred race. However, the world lord of the Sacred race just smiled coldly and said, "Your human race is far too unfriendly. Well, we have no choice now..."

When his voice died down, the Sacred race finally fought back!

Or rather, they finally chose to take action.

It turned out that the human martial artist who had just shouted was actually a Sacred race spy. They had played a small trick!

Such tactic gave them the justified reason on their side. The Sacred race could say that it wasn't a war that they had wanted, but it was the human race who wanted to kill them first. Thus, they had no choice but to take action.

The countless living creatures in the Evolutionary Universe were naturally extremely angry at this moment.

"Who is that person? Why would he attack the Sacred race in this situation?"

"Even though he knew that he had no chance against his opponents, he still chose to come forward. What a scourge!"

"We're done. The Sacred race is really going to make a move!"

More and more living creatures continued to curse that one warrior and even his ancestors. Everything now looked like that it was just that warrior who had started it.

However, there were some intelligent people who clearly saw through the ruse.

"Alas, the Sacred race has planned to make a move today!"

"That person was most likely a traitor. It's too easy to find an excuse…"

"I wonder how ready the Celestial Position and other forces are."

In reality, many wars in history had employed such a strategy. The direct cause of some wars was only a small event. Some wars were actually inevitable. The small event was merely an excuse that was arranged deliberately.

The truth was, the martial artist that jumped out of the cyan ship was not a spy arranged by the Sacred race. Just half a month ago, there was a life vitality crystal with a puppet bug in it in the batch of life vitality crystals that had been delivered to the Wind Avoiding World--and the act was done by the Sacred race.

Soon enough, that martial artist devoured the life vitality crystal as he cultivated. At the same time, the puppet bug quietly entered his body.

After that, the Sacred race had been using the puppet bug to control that human martial artist, which then triggered the war.

"Swoosh..."

The World Devouring Beast that had stopped started to move again, and it charged towards the ships!

A sigh escaped from Piper Feng's lips. He already knew that the situation was hopeless, and he could only do his best to resist.

"I will fight to my last breath to resist the evil spirit!"

Life vitality violently surged through his body, then he fearlessly charged towards the World Devouring Beast.

"Fight to resist the evil spirit!"

"Fight to resist the evil spirit!"

Meanwhile, the other martial artists fought fiercely as well. While they knew that they were just cannon fodder of the war, they did not hesitate to charge forward.

The various races of the Evolutionary Universe all used different Calendars, among which the Celestial Position's calendar was the most accurate because the Grand Era Calendar, which they had used was to record the time from the beginning of a grand era.

According to their calendar, it had been three billion three hundred and seventy million nine hundred and ninety years since the birth of the current grand era.

Now, the war of the Sacred race's invasion of the Evolutionary Universe had finally begun.

Chapter 1922 The Falling Archaeopteryx

Peculiar, mysterious birds hovered tirelessly in the air above.

When these birds unfolded their wings, the wingspan was at least millions of miles. Every time one of the birds fluttered its wings hard enough, a destructive wind storm was generated. Occasionally, the strange birds wailed like ghosts or howled like wolves.

These strange birds were called Archaeopteryx.

The fledgling birds flew in the sky without ever stopping, not even to rest. Landing on the ground after hovering the skies for millions of years only meant one thing: Death. Thus, they only landed once in their lifetime.

The Archaeopteryx was so enormous that plenty of different creatures were in fact born on its very back. So much so in fact, that a great world formed itself here. The great world would vanish as the bird landed.

Below these unimaginably colossal birds, an even vaster mountain existed.

Despite how grandiose this bird was, in comparison to the mountain, the Archaeopteryx actually appeared extremely insignificant in size.

At the mountain's peak, a young woman sat on a rock, pensively looking up at the sky. It looked like she was observing something above. She stood up suddenly.

"It's landing!"

she said, as she watched a bird falling down to the ground below it.

"Uncle Lean once told me that the Archaeopteryx never landed. If ever they were to fall to the ground, it would mean they were about to die." The bird's figure grew bigger and bigger as it got closer and closer. The woman kept her eyes fixed on the weird bird who appeared to slip in the air.

A single Archaeopteryx could fly for millions of years in the air. Falling down did not only signify the bird's death, but the death of an entire hovering world.

From the moment she'd reached the mountain top, she had had a clear view of these birds, tirelessly hovering in the air above. Lean Qi had told her that these birds were of an enormous size, something completely beyond her imagination. Seeing them from afar though, they were rather hard to distinguish from a large eagle.

However, as the bird before her continued to approach the ground, she realized how right Lean had truly been. This bird was absolutely monstrous. It was literally as big as an entire world. The woman couldn't completely see the bird's true size.

As the bird continued its descent, its grey figure became bigger and bigger. It slowly blocked the woman's sight completely, like an eclipse, or as if a mountain had fallen right before her eyes. What she watched now was simply a giant grey mass. Instead of a bird, an entire world had crept down upon the woman.

From where she was standing, the woman could already spot several creatures upon the Archaeopteryx's back.

Due to its expansive body, the process of reaching the ground was extremely long. That said though, this woman displayed no panic. If she was frightened, she was hiding it well.

On her face though, she wore an expression of concentration as she glared out at the creatures living on the Archaeopteryx.

"On that bird's back lives an entire world. Someone is standing there, worried about their next meal. A warrior has perhaps recently overthrown a dynasty and made himself king. A young lady has maybe fallen in love for the first time and is looking forward to the coming days... Unfortunately though, what they all don't know is that the things they have struggled for their entire lives will crumble to dust in the coming hours, everything they stand for will be gone, even their beliefs," the young woman mumbled to herself.

"Try not to make too much of it. These are the levels of their lives," said a young man who had suddenly appeared at the woman's side. "These creatures, these lives are born on the Archaeopteryx's back. And to them, the Archaeopteryx is a higher level of life form. For anyone on a lower level, they will automatically place every hope on a high level of life form, leaving no room for resistance or choices. That's because their levels have decided their sights and destinies."

Still though, the woman simply shook her head and said, "This is just unfair..."

Like all warriors of the universes and all creatures in the inner worlds of Soul Sea Realm, Spirit Supreme Realm, and Spirit Transformation Realm warriors, they had no idea which level they belonged to. At the moment of their births, their destinies were already planned and in most cases, were doomed.

And as their masters fell, they too, would fall. Only naturally, this was a story of life's grief.

The young man smiled faintly and stated simply, "But you forgot about the different time scales. An ant's life is short. The average ant's life is half a month long. And yet, half a month is whole for an ant."

"Still though. This is unfair." The young lady turned to face the young man now, insisting upon her opinion.

"You know, all warriors in universes have the capacity of surpassing their limits through their efforts. They can always improve their life levels and become ordinary creatures after comprehending the Godly Way," explained the young man.

"The bridge... It's too narrow," said the woman, distantly.

'Truly how many creatures in a single universe could cross that limit in heavens and enter the divine land?

Only a few among the trillions of creatures could, ' she thought to herself.

Ultimately, the young man felt lost for words and didn't say anything further. Instead, he revealed an understanding smile, somewhat admitting to the woman's point of view. "The world is unfair. As much as there are extraordinary creatures, there are also the weak, the insignificant and the miserable. How many people can leave the divine land in order to explore the chaos?"

The young lady pressed her lips tightly together, forming a thin line, and nodded.

"Let's go. Plenty of noises will begin to arise as the bird hits the ground," said the young man, grasping the woman's arm in an intent to leave.

He didn't expect the young woman to shake her head. In negation, she said, "Uncle Lean, let's shift the bird's landing spot and have it fall at the mountain's base."

The height of the mountain was indescribable. If one were to fall from its peak to the bottom, it would literally take an entire life-time.

So if they managed to change the bird's landing spot, then the creatures living on its back would survive for another tens of years at least.

Lean simply shook his head, agreeing with her request.

With a single wave of his hand, an invisible power pierced the sky. This power was so fierce and mighty that he shifted the enormous bird with ease, despite it being the size of an entire great world.

In fact, doing so didn't require much energy from him at all. It was rather a piece of cake, one could say.

Above their heads, they watched as the gigantic bird shifted directions thanks to the invisible power. It continued falling, but elsewhere now. Together, the woman and the man had ensured that the Archaeopteryx wouldn't fall on the mountain's peak.

A relieved smile appeared on the woman's face as she looked out at the Archaeopteryx. In the least, she had helped the creatures of that world by giving them another tens of years to live. Although they were still doomed to die here, she felt a little better.

Noticing the smile on her face, Lean revealed a hesitant expression.

Their group had welcomed this angel-like woman with open arms and they truly loved her.

And although he was aware of her melancholy and worry, she was usually good at hiding her emotions from them.

After careful consideration, Lean said, "The Murphy Universe is starting to attack the Evolutionary Universe."

Hearing these words made the woman shiver slightly, she stared at Lean and asked, "Where's my brother?"

"He has entered Divine Refinement Forbidden Land," Lean replied.

The lady opened her mouth as if to say something, but chose to shut it again and keep her silence.

What she had wanted to ask was why Lean hadn't brought Zen to the mountain, to the divine land. In a split second though, her father's situation came to her mind.

If Murphy Universe completely corroded Evolutionary Universe, her father would die.

Only her brother could save her father, and that meant her brother couldn't leave the universe.

From start to finish, Yan felt like a spectator on the sidelines, completely incapable of helping her brother. She knew her brother was constantly struggling and striving though. After bringing her to the mountain, Lean had explained the entire story.

What Lean didn't know though, was that she actually preferred knowing nothing about this at all.

Whirr!

The enormous Archaeopteryx had just skimmed over the mountain summit. A mighty current of air was generated as it fell down. The air flew toward them!

Under the blow of this air current, a strong wind storm was generated, together with countless wind blades.

"It's a bit cold," Yan said rather indifferently, as a gust of wind came straight at her.

The wind blades looked like pale gold. The Wind Law in the wind blades was the seventh layer. And this was the divine land, not the universe. In other words, the law here was perfect and there was enough of it to attack a warrior who was at the Soul Sea Realm, Spirit Supreme Realm, and Spirit Transformation Realm.

She stretched out her hand and fiddled with the wind. Purple lights twinkled and the wind blades stopped at her fingertips. From there, she transformed them into a slight breeze. The Wind Law contained within it continued to collapse slowly, becoming life vitality and dissipating from there.

Lean pulled out an emerald cloak and draped it over her shoulders.

Yan walked briskly toward the other side of the summit. Although her demeanor came off frigid and the melancholy in her eyes had dissipated, a vigorous and resolute look appeared on her face.

She had made great progress in terms of her capabilities in such a strange environment over the years. So had her disposition.

Chapter 1923 A Debate

Preternatural flames raged from the cave entrance as if an evil dragon lurked in its depths and constantly fired its burning breath.

The Collapsing Mountain race, the Skyland race, and the Harmony race gathered at the entrance and waited.

It was extremely hot, so much so that if a basin of water was placed here, it would completely evaporate in mere seconds.

Fortunately, this extreme temperature wasn't much of a threat to the warriors present though it still made them feel quite restless.

All of them still thought of the door.

"I finally managed to bring Zen to this place but how could I have known that it would end up like this?" Chapman lamented.

Kaydan's face was also filled with gloom as he stared at the cave entrance. This entire debacle was unacceptable and the strangeness of it all made him feel as if he had been hoodwinked by someone. It was understandable that he was feeling extremely furious by this sudden turn of events.

Tilton of the Harmony race, on the other hand remained calm. In fact, all the warriors of the Harmony race spent this time sitting cross-legged on the scorching rocks and silently cultivating their minds. There was no use waiting around and wasting idle time for them.

As for Laquisha, she couldn't really think of any solutions right now. She hadn't the slightest idea of what happened to Zen.

'You can't really be refined by Holy Drew. I'm counting on you to take me to the Soul Suppressing Cliff like you promised, ' she thought to herself.

"Laquisha, it's so hot in here..." Aleyna complained.

She had the lowest cultivation level amongst all warriors present so her ability to resist the extremely high temperature wasn't as strong.

Laquisha shot Kennan a look and he hurriedly took out a blue, thin, jade hairpin. It looked deceptively ordinary but was actually a treasure even in the divine land.

She took the hairpin and put it on Aleyna who then felt a chill that eased the heat somewhat.

Some of the warriors present easily recognized this hairpin. They couldn't help but feel jealous of the Han Clan at that moment since it was a large family with plentiful wealth and a collection of all kinds of treasures.

"No!"

Kaydan roared as he stood. Life vitality surged in his body and disturbed the airflow around them. The heat wave swirled around him and made him look extremely formidable. "We cannot keep waiting here. Let me have a look in the cave!"

None of the three races had the ability to enter this cave but Kaydan had mastered a secret technique that would allow him to catch a glimpse of whatever was happening inside. This technique was called Eye of Void.

Kaydan stretched out his hands and a dense stream of life vitality burst forth and formed into a small vortex. This vortex looked like a black hole that constantly sucked out life vitality from its surroundings. Soon enough, a blazing white Space Law appeared in the vortex.

This technique of creating an eye to see what was happening in other places was nothing difficult for other warriors. Even the Eastern Region's Cloud Sect could make Picture Slabs by fusing life vitality with arrays.

However, the preternatural flames were so fierce that an ordinary method such as that would never work. Fortunately, this Eye of Void could barely break in.

A bizarre eye appeared in Kaydan's hand after a while. This eye floated unsteadily in the air and was very faint. This was because it was constantly travelling back and forth in space.

"Crack!"

A blazing bolt of Space Law pierced into one of Kaydan's eyes. This connected the Eye of Void to his left eye where it transmitted everything it saw.

"Go!"

With Kaydan's command, the Eye of Void entered into a layer of rock at the side.

This Eye of Void could only last for a few seconds in the preternatural flames. Of course, he would not let it enter through the entrance of the cave. Instead, he made it enter through the rock. A moment later, all Kaydan could see were endless flames.

This was exactly the same thing he saw last time.

After a few seconds, cracks began to appear on the Eye of Void's surface under the burning of the flames.

"Door!"

This time, Kaydan saw the door in the depths of the cave!

His right eye suddenly burst open, as if he had seen something unbelievable.

Chapman and the others waited with bated breath. "Kaydan, what did you see?" Chapman asked.

"The door... it is open..." Kaydan declared.

"What's inside the door?" Tilton, who was usually calm and collected, suddenly jumped up and asked.

All six great races knew of the door's existence and all of them hoped that they'd be able to leave the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land through it. News of it being opened was a huge cause of concern.

"F... flames…" Kaydan murmured.

Everyone frowned. Wasn't this nonsense?

The preternatural flames constantly spewed out from the cave. It was only natural that there were preternatural flames inside the cave. What was there to be surprised about?

"That's not ordinary flames!"

From the corner of Kaydan's left eye, he saw specks of black flames, which flocked out like demons…

The preternatural flames around them were fierce but these black flames were a different matter altogether. Facing these black flames, it was like a subject that submitted to the king, all the ordinary flames seemed to suddenly gain intelligence as they avoided the black flames along with the door from which they gushed forth.

"Can you see what's inside the door?" Chapman asked.

Kaydan shook his head in response. Even if he tried his best to make out whatever was inside the black flames, it seemed as if they devoured all light around the door so that it was impossible to see anything clearly.

However, his body stiffened and a strange expression appeared on his face.

"What is it this time? What did you see?" another person asked.

"... Two people," Kaydan replied.

"Is it Zen and the one-eyed man?"

Kaydan shook his head.

What he saw instead was Rocher and Holy Jay!

Holy Jay slowly walked over the preternatural flames and reached out for the Eye of Void. Soon enough, Kaydan's left eye could no longer see anything...

"Pah!"

The lightning bolt, which connected Kaydan's eye to the Eye of Void, suddenly shattered and severed the connection.

"If it's not them, who did you see?" Chapman asked. "Why did it last so much shorter than last time?"

They were able to see inside the cave for about half a minute last time. Since Kaydan was more prepared then it should've lasted a bit longer this time around.

"I don't know who they were. Two strangers. One of them crushed my Eye of Void," Kayden murmured in anger.

Their journey had been quite smooth after entering the interior world, however, none of them ever expected they'd experience so many strange things after. Just where did these strange fellows come from? Why weren't they afraid of the preternatural flames?

Within the cave, Holy Jay held a small eyeball in his hand.

"They think that this door will allow them to leave the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. What they don't know is that this door is merely a furnace prepared for Zen. They could all lead carefree lives here. Why do they want to leave?"

Rocher also looked at the eye. "These people... Did you create them?"

Holy Jay nodded. "Most of them. They've been quite troublesome, causing chaos right ever since I created them."

Rocher smiled. "You are wrong to set such limitations."

"How so?" Holy Jay asked.

"Although I have never been to the divine land, I do know of a creature's heart. Wherever a creature resides, they would always evolve and pursue higher levels of cultivation. Even you aren't an exception to that, right?" Rocher said.

A strange look appeared in Holy Jay's eyes, not really knowing how to refute his words.

"This is the meaning of life," Rocher told him as he stared at the eyeball.

"This doesn't have much meaning," Holy Jay said, shooting an indifferent glance at Rocher. He himself was wise and didn't need to be taught this simple lesson.

Rocher did not really mind. "When a beggar is on the verge of starving to death, a single bun might be even more meaningful compared to a True God earning the title of Holy Being." Rocher didn't care about Holy Jay's stare at all as a confident and calm smile appeared on his face.

His words caused Holy Jay to stiffen and become somewhat speechless.

Once he entered the Holy Realm and built the land, he knew everything about this vast world. However, he found himself unable to refute Rocher's words.

He had not thought of such things for quite some time now.

Chapter 1924 Hope

As a newly conferred Holy Being, Holy Jay was considered a maverick in the divine land.

As a Holy Being in the divine land, he still showed some level of prejudice against the secondary creatures.

A vast majority of martial artists did not bother much about the living beings in their inner worlds.

This was because the meaning of the existence of the countless beings in an inner world was merely to keep the inner world running smoothly, and make the life vitality to flow even more widely in the cinnabar field.

Some True Gods would rely on the Faith Energy from their followers within their inner worlds. Others did not require the Faith Energy, especially those who had already reached the Holy Realm. They wouldn't care whether people believed in them or not. Nor would they voluntarily announce their existence to the people within their inner worlds.

There were too many secondary creatures to bother about.

Every universe had countless great worlds, and every great world had countless creatures.

In addition, the inner world of a True God was quite extensive.

The divine land was so big, that there were all sorts of true spirits and creatures. Apart from them, there were also numerous mountains and the four great divine trees.

The numbers of secondary creatures inside the bodies of martial artists were countless.

These lives were inconsequential, especially to martial artists who were True Gods. The existences of these lives were meaningless to them.

Who would care when the weeds in a forest grew or died?

But among these 'weeds', there would occasionally be someone that would shine with an extraordinary brilliance. And they would be given ample attention by the martial artists. As for the other weeds, they were still just weeds…

The existence of the divine land was permanent and stable. It was precisely because of this that the deities within it were tainted with divinity and lost their humanity.

"That's true," said Holy Jay with a faint smile. "I have definitely forgotten how to revere the living beings, but you have forgotten how to revere me as well."

For all said and done, he was still a Holy Being with a high status. Even a True God was not allowed to speak to him in such a manner. Although he did not mind Rocher's attitude, he did not appreciate the fact that Rocher had crossed the line.

As the saying went, 'To be in the king's company is tantamount to living with a tiger.' Even a mortal king could decide the fate of his subjects. The status of a Holy Being was comparatively higher. What he could rule over was a part of the divine land!

If the people of the divine land were to find out that a secondary creature at the Spirit Supreme Realm taught a Holy Being a lesson like that, they would be completely appalled.

However, Rocher's expression remained unchanged as he said, "There is no need for me to revere you."

"Why?" Holy Jay lost his temper and glared fiercely at Rocher. The intensity of his gaze suddenly made Rocher difficult to breathe. In truth, if he removed the protection shield over Rocher, in a split second he would be reduced to ashes in the preternatural flames.

"Because I am a daredevil, and will anyways die sooner or later. If a person knows of their end, and still remains obsequious, timid and hesitant, then they are really cowards," Rocher said calmly.

"Well said," Holy Jay said admiring at his courage.

"So then what do you plan to do?" Rocher asked.

Holy Jay smiled. "Follow me..."

Soon, Holy Jay brought Rocher at the entrance of the cave.

It was next to impossible to change the decision of a Holy Being. If a word from an emperor weighed nine tripods, then a word from a Holy Being weighed nine worlds!

But Rocher had changed some of the stubborn thoughts of Holy Jay through his words. While at the same time, he had also changed the fate of some people.

Chapman and the others were waiting at the entrance of the cave. The Eye of Void had consumed much of Kaydan's life vitality. At this moment, Kaydan planned to use this secret technique again. He was so close to the door and he wouldn't give up so easily.

At this moment…

They saw two people walk out of the cave surrounded by preternatural flames.

Since the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was built, Holy Jay had never shown his presence to his people. There was no starry sky in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and it was actually an extremely large cave. The entire place was narrower than the universe, because of which the inhabitants of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land seemed to be lacking in imagination. In their history and legends, there were no stories about gods.

Even so, when Chapman and the others noticed Holy Jay, they instinctively felt a sense of reverence.

"Eh? What happened to you? What's there?"

Laquisha asked curiously. The entrance of the cave was clearly empty, but the warriors from the Collapsing Mountain race, the Skyland race and the Harmony race were all staring in a daze, obviously sensing something different.

However, just as she spoke up, a thought flashed through Holy Jay's mind.

Laquisha, Kennan, and all the martial artists present from the divine land, as well as all the martial artists from universes, had all fallen into a state of confinement. They were trapped in darkness, unable to see, hear, touch or sense the passage of time. The only thing they could do was look into their own inner worlds.

Certain situations were sensitive, and Holy Jay didn't want others to know that he had an active connection with Zen. Although this could easily be figured if one used their brain, he didn't want these divine land warriors spread the news in the divine land.

Kaydan, Chapman and Tilton stepped forward with a look of reverence on their faces.

They could not understand why they felt that they were in the presence of a venerated person. But it was their instincts that drove them to do so. Their instincts even told them that they should kneel down before this person and surrender their body and heart.

The three of them felt awed about such instinctive reaction, but Kaydan tried his best to suppress this strange feeling as he asked, "You are…"

"I am the holder of this cave," Holy Jay replied casually.

The expressions on the faces of all the elders from the three great races changed drastically. They were in a turmoil of mixed emotions. Chapman and Kaydan also understood about their instinctive reaction upon seeing this person.

This person was the builder of this world, the creator of their lives, and also the father of all beings!

The living beings of this world were not much interested in other Holy Beings, but for the creator of this world, they would absolutely submit to him. Everything in this world was bestowed by this person, from life to cultivation, from knowledge to rules.

The six great races got to know from the divine land warriors about the existence of such a Holy Being in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but it was not until today that they finally got to see him.

After they were all appalled for a moment, they began to feel incomparably excited!

"You, you really are our creator!" Kaydan was the first to speak.

Holy Jay slightly nodded.

"Greetings, my lord!" Kaydan couldn't help but bow down.

At the same time, all the people from the three great races knelt down. This kind of instinctive piety came straight from their hearts and instincts.

Holy Jay casually waved his hand and an invisible force exerted on each person's knees. The strength was so precise that everyone appeared to be lifted off the ground at the same time.

"Enough!" Holy Jay said calmly. "I know that you have tried many times to find a way to cross the heavens. I want to tell you that there is no such way in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, so you cannot leave the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. If you still dare to do so, you can imagine the consequences!"

Even if Holy Jay had not taken the initiative to speak about this, Kaydan and the others would have definitely raised this question. Now that Holy Jay had cleared this point, the faces of Kaydan and the rest froze in anticipation.

They had already collected this information from the martial artists of other races and divine land. Hence it was no longer a secret. But they still didn't give up and followed the last glimmer of hope.

But if they were to hear it from the mouth of their master, it would be equivalent to sentencing them to death.

Their pursuit in life was meaningless.

Forcefully leaving the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land would mean that they would turn into life vitality and disappear. It was because they were secondary creatures and the fate that awaited them was cruelly simple.

"Is there no other way?" Kaydan asked hopefully.

Holy Jay patted Rocher's shoulder and said, "You should thank this young man for persuading me. Therefore, I will give you all a chance to comprehend the Godly Way."

Until now, everyone had fallen into despair. After all, Holy Jay had personally confirmed that there was no way from them to leave the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Who would have thought that what Holy Jay said next would pull them out from the abyss of despair into the heaven of hope!

All the aboriginals looked at Rocher gratefully. Rocher seemed to have become a savior in their eyes. They could form no words to express their gratitude.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1925 Sacrifice For Zen

"All the three thousand great ways could help you condense Godly Tiles. In the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, there aren't rules of heavens that have been established. Therefore, it's hard for you to become a True God. With your power though, it is much easier for you to condense a Godly Tile, in comparison to the others..."

The strength of Chapman, Kaydan and the other elites of their races far exceeded that of a world lord and resembled much more that of a Supreme Lord. However, their power was still at world lord level, because they didn't carry the Heavenly Destiny and didn't condense a Godly Tile.

That said though, they were world lords who could still exert their power to the extreme.

They were more powerful than top-level world lords and could even compete with the Supreme Lords.

If they cultivated the Godly Way which was suitable for them, breaking through would be completed with ease.

"Each individual only has a single chance. Thus, success depends on one's own comprehension ability," Holy Jay explained faintly.

Natives from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land stared at Holy Jay, their eyes sparkling, as if they were afraid to miss or misunderstand any detailed or critical information. This might be their one and only chance.

"The Collapsing Mountain race's focused on practicing physical strength. The amount of warriors in the divine land who concentrate on cultivating Might Godly Way is actually quite small. But we shall never underestimate the True Gods who practice Might Godly Way. If their mastery of power is great, they can break absolutely anything with a single fist."

Holy Jay took a sudden step forward. The invisible force surged out from beneath his feet!

His body contour wasn't as big as that of the Collapsing Mountain race, but everyone knew that body size wasn't the standard of measuring a person's power.

At that very moment, and in the eyes of all the witnesses, Holy Jay had become the embodiment of power, and he could crush anything!

In fact, he didn't even exert all of his power: probably less than ten percent of Chapman's strength. However, no one could deny that the destruction caused was hundreds of times more than what Chapman could ever manage.

Holy Jay slowly walked toward Chapman, as the invisible power hovered beside him before turning into a teeny-weeny crystal.

The colored crystal looked very much like strength source.

"Lo-Lord... This is just strength source." Chapman had no idea how to address Holy Jay.

Holy Jay's face revealed a cold smile. "The Might Godly Way is the most arbitrary one. You never formed Path Platforms nor condensed nine stars, but you absorbed quite a lot of my strength source. Thus, you are able to directly practice the Might Godly Way!"

Upon finishing his speech, he pointed his finger at the tiny crystal of strength source which began to glow brilliantly. Holy Jay then poured this strength source into the brains of all members of the Collapsing Mountain race present.

In each of their minds, a colorful strength mansion suddenly appeared.

The majority of body refiners in the divine land mainly cultivated the Might Godly Way, forged Eight Path Platforms and constructed Nine Divine Stars. But it didn't mean body refiners were obliged to follow this journey. The way imparted by Holy Jay was to forge the strength mansion. If it coordinated with the strength source of the Collapsing Mountain race, then one would have a rather strong opportunity at becoming a True God.

The whole of Collapsing Mountain race knelt down to express their appreciation, a pious look combined on all their faces.

Kaydan and Tilton just stared at Holy Jay in pure awe.

When it came to Harmony race, they were usually quite good at keeping an indifferent tone and attitude. Yet when something so good happened to them, even they couldn't keep to their indifference.

This time, Holy Jay had really acted upon greatness. He gave everyone direction.

Other universes were capped by heavens, but The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was an open world.

The Evolutionary Universe's shackle was the Mahayana Lotus Flower and Hinayana Lotus Flower. No one but those who opened the Mahayana Lotus Flower was qualified to comprehend Godly Way and become a Godly Genius. In a certain way, to a warrior, this was a kind of ball and chain.

Originally, Zen hadn't opened the Mahayana Lotus Flower fully, so he couldn't break the rein of heavens. Naturally, he couldn't become a true Godly Genius.

But the natives in Divine Refinement Forbidden Land weren't bound by heavens, therefore they were all considered Godly Geniuses and thus qualified for cultivating Godly Way. On the other hand though, they didn't have the ability to comprehend Godly Way without such a shackle.

With the instructions given by Holy Jay, it was possible that they could get a glimpse of the Godly Way theurgy. And judging from this point of view, the shackle in heavens was also a stimulating factor for any warrior. Once one broke the rein of heavens, it became natural for them to comprehend Godly Way.

Every single native in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was grateful for the master's gift.

"Thank you, my lord. If we turn into True Gods, we will give our all for you until our hearts cease to beat!" Kaydan said gratefully.

Holy Jay remained unruffled. Every stone and every existence was created by him in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Their appreciation wasn't of much importance to him. "I did this for the young man beside you. He will go to your sacred places and cultivate there. If you want to express your gratitude, thank him."

At his words, Chapman, Kaydan and Tilton were suddenly filled with deep esteem.

Chapman announced loudly, "Collapsing Mountain race is open to you as of right now!"

"Sir, you focus on life vitality cultivation. Skyland race is definitely your best choice. As the head of Skyland race, I also welcome you to come at any time..."

...

Their words came directly from their hearts, without the slightest trace of pretension.

Rocher just nodded slightly, pensively. He knew he should lay a solid foundation and would cultivate himself step by step. Until now, he hadn't yet completely understood the laws in Wind Exterminating Valley. Skyland race was his next step.

The warriors from these three races were satisfied with what they had obtained today. In fact, what they gained this time was far beyond their imagination.

"You are free to leave now," Holy Jay ordered them.

Without a second of hesitation, Chapman, Kaydan and the others left immediately, their clansmen following close behind. Only the warriors from the universes and those of the divine land stayed put.

Holy Jay had sealed their six senses. They couldn't move at all, and thus just stood there motionlessly.

"What about these guys?" Rocher asked.

"Leave them alone," Holy Jay said indifferently, looking out at the warriors from divine land. That was when he turned around and headed toward the cave, hands clasped behind his back.

Behind the door was a completely void world.

Zen had gotten separated from the Divine Flame Cauldron.

The nine Genuine Dragons' spirits were hovering around the Divine Flame Cauldron. Zen appeared to be unconscious, as if he had fallen into a coma. His hands were hanging lifelessly by his sides. He floated within the void space and kept completely motionless.

Black tempestuous flames were rising within the giant Divine Flame Cauldron, so fierce it appeared as though they would devour everything.

Even Holy Drew couldn't expose his flesh body in black fire like this. A yellow ray was protecting him.

"The nine Genuine Dragons' spirits... All of you are Mike's contractual beasts," Holy Drew said faintly, watching the nine Genuine Dragons' spirits. "Mike is known as the Holy Emperor of beasts in the divine land. Among the Holy Beings, he has the most contractual beasts. The Genuine Dragons are predominant among them and there are forty-nine Genuine Dragons in total. Do you want to restore your own body or devote your spirit to Zen?"

Mike loved feeding contractual beasts, especially dragons. Genuine Dragon World was constructed at one side of Evolutionary Universe while he was creating the whole place. This Genuine Dragon World was Mike's beast farm.

In Holy Drew's opinion, the spirits of nine Genuine Dragons were good refinement materials for Zen. He knew that overall, it would be great help for Zen.

"We... Object," Five-clawed Golden Dragon uttered.

The dragon's remarks attracted Holy Drew's curiosity. "Mike is your master. Why wouldn't you want to devote your spirits to his son?"

"Something happened in Genuine Dragon World. They got our clansmen to abandon us. It's just not the right time for us to devote our spirits..." Five-clawed Golden Dragon replied.

To divide the universe constructed by a Holy Being wasn't easy work.

When the universe itself sensed crisis, it would devise to counterattack. Even if the Sacred race gained advantages in everything, breaking through to Evolutionary Universe wasn't that easy, because the Evolutionary Universe had its own consciousness and would establish an adverse environment.

It was like when a troop invaded a country, everything, including the land, trees, grass and rivers, would fight back in silence.

The Sacred race had conspired for a long time and was well prepared for this invasion.

Besides the ancient sorcerer race, the Demon Night and the ogre race were also acting suspiciously. Therefore, the Celestial Position didn't trust these two races. Genuine Dragon World had taken movement earlier. They had incited forty Genuine Dragons to rebel, while other nine Genuine Dragons had lost their own fleshly bodies.

These nine Genuine Dragons were willing to help Zen, but they still had to avenge themselves in the Genuine Dragon World.

Prior to such, it was only natural that they didn't want to sacrifice themselves.

Chapter 1926 Eighty Thousand Years

Holy Drew didn't dwell on this matter.

He could only be considered half an insider and he would only secretly help Mike with his plan. Never would he get completely involved.

After all, he was only a weapon refiner. The only thing he could do was display his specialties to the maximum, which meant refining Zen's body to a stronger level.

"Dark and Light Fire Array!" Holy Drew roared.

With those words, he began to activate his divine textures one after another, equally making use of the black flame.

The Divine Flame Cauldron was also an ancient treasure within the divine land. The black flame inside such, along with the Sun Spring essence flame and mixed element flame, was ranked first on the Mysterious Flame List in the divine land.

Holy Drew wasn't proficient in dealing with the black flame, though.

To him, obtaining just one of the three kinds of flames would be more than enough. Moreover, all the weapon refiners preferred the mixed element flame, because it was the best choice for weapon refining. The mixed element flame was relatively mild, but the black flame was too fierce; even the slightest mistake would cause the weapon embryo to be burnt to ashes.

It was both Holy Jay's and Mike's choices to refine Zen's body with the black flame. Thus, it was important for Holy Drew to be careful when handling the black flame.

A white disc slowly appeared beneath Holy Drew's feet and white life vitality began to circulate around him. Simultaneously, the black flame in the void also began flowing like water toward the disc.

As a result, a black and white eight-diagram disc was formed.

The Dark and Light Godly Way was the Godly Way that Holy Drew cultivated himself.

The Godly Way had once wielded great glory in the Sacred race of the divine land. Due to the Sacred race's decline though, from ancient history to today, those who had cultivated it to its pinnacle were few and far between. Not many warriors with this Godly Way could successfully become Holy Beings.

Holy Drew didn't become a Holy Being because of the Dark and Light Godly Way. On the other hand though, his attainment in this Godly Way was absolutely extraordinary.

His overall purpose in cultivating the Dark and Light Godly Way was still to refine weapons.

Before this, no one had ever used the Dark and Light Godly Way in weapon refining. Following the rise of Holy Drew like a dazzling star, many people turned their gazes toward him. The Dark and Light Godly Way became popular among weapon refiners as well.

They only had one goal, which was to learn from Holy Drew and use the Dark and Light Godly Way to refine supreme chaotic weapons.

There were quite a few weapon refiners exploring this Godly Way in the divine land, but unfortunately, not a single one of them managed to create a supreme chaotic weapon. Furthermore, they all failed to comprehend the main points within. What they didn't know was that the key of refining supreme chaotic weapons wasn't in the Dark and Light Godly Way at all.

Once Holy Drew had successfully set up the Dark and Light Fire Array, he casually waved his hand and Zen's body gently landed in the middle of the array. Immediately, the eight-diagram disc started to revolve rapidly.

Generally speaking, he wasn't a man who followed the rules.

Although he viewed Zen as a rather ideal weapon embryo, he would not deliberately refine him into a supreme primordial weapon, or into a supreme chaotic weapon.

Doing so would cause Zen's strength to increase in a short period of time, sure, but at the same time, it would also fix him at this said level—he would be unable to make any progress in the future.

This time though, Holy Drew decided he was going to give it a try.

"You can leave this place first. I'm pretty sure you don't want to stay in this boring place for too long," Holy Drew said to the nine Genuine Dragons.

The nine Genuine Dragons didn't speak, but turned on a dime and headed toward the door.

"Jay, change the time flow rate. He needs a long refining process," Holy Drew said to Holy Jay. He left Zen alone on the eight-diagram disc and walked out the door as well.

Holy Jay nodded. Controlling time flow rate was not difficult for Holy Beings. With a casual wave of his hand, the door closed tightly once again. He began to change the time flow rate inside the door.

The time flow rate behind the closed door began dropping rapidly, becoming abnormally slow.

1:10...

1:100...

1:1, 000...

1:10, 000...

1:1 million...

1:10 million...

Outside the door, Holy Jay continued compressing the time flow rate inside.

Rocher frowned slightly as he felt the Time Law escaping from the door. It was as if he had suddenly recalled something unpleasant.

In the past, he had stayed in the secret place of Lord of Weapons for three hundred years, but that time flow rate had also been changed. In fact, outside of that secret place, only three years had passed. This kind of absolute loneliness had messed with and changed his state of mind.

"What is the time flow rate inside the door right now?" Rocher asked.

"About 1:30 million." Without hesitation, Holy Jay continued to change the time flow rate.

Even though the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was his territory, he couldn't change the time flow rate without restriction. In fact, the rate of 1:30 million was actually Holy Jay's limit.

If he continued to slow the time, then the escaping Time Law would show signs of chaos. The Time Law was originally quite mysterious. If the time flow rates in the two adjacent places were different, then they would form a kind of "time difference." And this time difference contained an unstoppable pressure.

The more he slowed the time flow rate, the more the pressure of the time difference would increase.

This door was a supreme primordial weapon and incomparably sturdy, capable of withstanding pressure of an extreme strength, and showed no sign of weakness. But if the door were to begin cracking, then chances were that the entire door would simply collapse.

The intense time difference pressure was no joke. After the compressed time intersected with normal time, it would produce a terrifying pressure. Originally, this was a powerful method used by warriors who cultivated the Time Law.

Ordinary True Gods were already terrifyingly powerful when they slowed the time flow rate to 1:100, 000.

But now, Holy Jay had slowed time to 1:30 million. This was considered pure craziness.

If the pressure were to erupt, it would be enough to destroy the entire interior world.

"1:30 million..." Rocher murmured to himself, a bit taken aback. "A single day out here and yet, 30 million days will pass by inside the door. That is to say 80, 000 years. Can Zen bear it?"

Rocher and Zen were both too young. Neither of them had ever experienced the scale of even "a hundred years" before, let alone a time scale of eighty thousand years.

"It doesn't matter. Zen is sound asleep. To him, this is all just a dream. He doesn't actually have to live through all these years," said Holy Jay reassuringly.

Tens of thousands of years meant nothing to True Gods or Holy Beings.

Certain True Gods had lived for countless ages up until now and had passed through too many eras to even keep track of, so their understanding of time was naturally different.

If Zen, who had only lived for a few decades, were to endure tens of thousands of years in solitude, it would definitely be one of the greatest forms of torture. That was why, directly from the get go, Holy Drew had tried making Zen fall into a deep sleep.

The eight-diagram disc continued to swirl around in circles.

The black flame travelled back and forth, sinking deeper and deeper into Zen's body.

The golden glow of the Sanskrit words on his body grew brighter and brighter.

A beautiful figure quietly emerged from within Zen's body, watching him in silence.

Lavender was left inside the door.

Ever since Zen had returned from the Illusion Battlefield, Lavender's attitude had been rather strange toward him.

She seemed to be worried about something, and she often appeared to be at odds with Zen. She had even stopped talking to him.

Right now though, she raised her head and surveyed her surroundings. Looking at the dream-like space, she flashed a lonely smile. "This is a good place for me," she said.

Of course, she understood that inside the door, the time flow rate was different.

If Holy Drew needed a full day in order to refine Zen's body, then Zen would have to lie here for 80, 000 years.

She had hoped countless times that time would stop, as long as she stayed by Zen's side.

No matter how much she wished it, time continued to push her forward step by step, forcing her into an abyss she had no desire to face.

But now, time had finally come to a full stop, or rather, it was infinitely close to stopping.

If one day passed in the outside world, she could accompany Zen for eighty thousand years. If it was two days, it would be one hundred and sixty thousand years. And that was a long time for Lavender.

Looking at the sleeping Zen, Lavender stretched out a thin finger and gently caressed his face. Although the golden Sanskrit words continued to spin, causing his face to look slightly sinister, his closed eyes still showed a sense of serenity, making her feel strangely calm and comfortable.

Unknowingly, this man had become so powerful!

Although time in this space moved at an extremely slow speed, slower than anyone could ever imagine, Lavender wasn't bored. To the contrary, she treasured the slow passing of every day even more.

A day's time passed by quickly for Rocher, Holy Jay, Holy Drew, and the nine Genuine Dragons. Lavender though, who had managed to stay inside the door, had accompanied Zen for eighty thousand years.

Chapter 1927 Soul-sealing Needle

The black flame, flicking its way along the eight-diagram disc, had penetrated Zen's body like small snakes. Then, the black wisps gushed out of Zen little by little.

It was known that, first and foremost, chaos turned into Dark and Light energies. Then, Dark and Light energies turned into everything.

The Dark and Light Fire Array was deduced by the great technique of Dark and Light energies - and it was incredibly powerful. Refining weapon with this technique could yield twice the results, with half the effort.

Quite a few True Gods in the divine land exerted the great technique of Dark and Light energies by means of clockwise rotation.

Life vitality was actually quite similar to chaos. If chaos was an ordinary energy, then life vitality, in fact, could be seen as secondary energy.

Under the clockwise rotation, the great technique of Dark and Light energies replaced chaos with life vitality and turned life vitality into Eight Diagrams. Eight Diagrams crushed down and would ultimately destroy the heaven and earth, which was extremely overbearing.

However, Holy Drew's Dark and Light Fire Array was anticlockwise.

In order to refine a supreme chaotic weapon, such was one of the key factors.

Under an anticlockwise turn, chaos, but not life vitality, was turned into Dark and Light energies.

If Holy Drew refined a supreme chaotic weapon, then it was only natural that he himself would have to prepare the chaos. This time was different though, as he was refining Zen whose cinnabar field was filled with chaos.

As the Dark and Light Fire Array rotated, Zen's inner world developed at a constant rate!

To Zen, the concept of time became extremely delicate.

After sinking into a deep slumber, his body began to grow old.

Warriors at the Soul Sea Realm had an average lifespan of tens of thousands of years. On the other hand, warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm could actually live anywhere from hundreds of thousands of years to millions of years! Eighty thousand years wasn't too much for Zen to handle. It wouldn't make him grow too old, nor would it cause him to enter the Five Aging Processes.

Because she had been accompanying Zen for such a long time, Lavender had also fallen into a highly focused state.

A long thin needle was afloat in the depths of her soul. The needle was mysteriously patterned with an abstruse refining technique that had never been seen in the universes.

Every Demon Night queen would hold a rather mysterious ceremony when she ascended the throne.

This ceremony concerned top confidential information in Demon Night. None, except perhaps a few clansmen, in Demon Night knew about it.

This ceremony had been inherited from ancient Demon Night. Even Lavender didn't fully understand the function or the purpose of such a ceremony.

Lavender wasn't the only one, though. Elena and Shania were equally just as unaware.

Once the Illusion Battlefield was over, this long needle within her soul began to take action. The needle had two parts: one rotated left and the other toward the right, giving off crucial information.

This information suddenly began invading her thoughts, something that Lavender couldn't control nor resist.

At first, the information provided by the needle was incomplete. The constant drive of information had side effects and suddenly, a strong feeling of disgust came over Lavender.

Astonishingly, she began to dislike Zen!

Lavender quickly felt confused about her feelings. How could she dislike Zen?

This instinctive disgust, this feeling of considering Zen as a natural enemy affected her in every moment. There was no way for her to ignore it.

On the one hand, she had these feelings, but on the other, Lavender knew she was fascinated by Zen. With these two conflictive feelings, Lavender had grown irritated. In order to restrain her temper, she had allowed herself to fall into a deep sleep for a certain time.

As the information released by the needle grew, more and more of it came to her, and it slowly became clearer, too.

Over time, she no longer just had these feelings of hatred for Zen. Oh no, even worse, she found herself hating all human beings.

This needle was just like the blood exchanging in the Celestial Position that Zen had experienced.

Blood exchanging was putting critical information into blood. The holder of the golden blood would be given a certain ability or power. But this ceremony, the one held by Demon Night, was to embed specific information into one's soul.

Demon Night's method was even more overbearing. This was because not only did Lavender acquire a certain ability, but even more than that, her mind had changed, too.

The only way she could describe it was as though she and Zen were natural enemies, born to hate each other, like a snake and a mouse. Lavender was rather impotent to resist such a heritage from her soul.

And once she had noticed this, Lavender had grown even more silent in front of Zen.

She was neither willing to leave Zen's body, nor become his natural enemy. Therefore, instead, she curled up and went to sleep. Although Lavender went to sleep, she felt very worried. She had no idea how things would proceed now, with the needle's effects.

Thanks to her wisdom, she had vaguely understood that the Demon Night held a different position from the human being, and the existence of this needle had explained everything else she needed to know.

The planted agents in the Evolutionary Universe included not only the sorcerer race, but also the Demon Night. Maybe even the ogre race was a planted agent in the Evolutionary Universe! The Celestial Position seemed to be on guard now, though. They were inclined to isolate the Demon Night and the ogre race when they summoned Supreme Lords to resist.

The needle in Lavender's soul was her nightmare. She was too worried to talk with Zen about it. There was nothing she could do but keep as much of her mind and body as possible in a deep slumber.

Lavender woke up when Zen entered the door to be tempered.

After she woke up, the needle rotated again. Now, the information emerging from the needle gave her a comprehensive knowledge about the history.

To destroy the Evolutionary Universe, many Holy Beings created the Demon Night in secret and placed them in the universe in a very specific way. They had actually planned this nearly three billion years ago.

They were discreet when they carried out this plan. Unlike the Celestial Position, who could openly obtain the inheritance through blood exchanging, Demon Night could only obtain theirs by means of the Soul-sealing Needle.

Blood exchanging could only pass on critical information, and couldn't change a person's mind.

In other words, Zen could understand the hidden information in the blood once it awakened at an appropriate time. However, the blood couldn't force Zen to do anything and all choices and decisions remained in Zen's hands. If Zen felt reluctant to do something, nothing would push him to do it anyway. And the same went for the other Celestial Position members.

The Soul-sealing Needle could directly manipulate one.

Comparatively speaking, the Soul-sealing Needle was harder to carry out and limited to a certain amount of people, unlike the method used by the Celestial Position, which could exchange the blood of plenty clansmen.

Such was one of the reasons why the Demon Night had such a unique social structure.

The Demon Night members believed that their three queens were at the core of everything, from the civilians to the Supreme Lords. With three queens here, all the clansmen of Demon Night were completely submissive to each of them.

Therefore, they only needed to plant a Soul-sealing Needle in their three queens' souls, by which they would eventually control the Demon Night in its entirety. These three queens were unclear about their own destinies, but they would once the Soul-sealing Needle was activated.

With this kind of scheming and conspiracy, they had created an entire race in order to overturn a universe. Was killing a Holy Being really that impossible?

"I... I want to root this needle out of me!"

This idea of pulling this needle out of herself had been long on Lavender's mind.

Unfortunately though, the Soul-sealing Needle was so deep in Lavender's soul that it had already merged with her as one. It now seemed impossible to pull it out. If the Soul-sealing Needle controlled Lavender's thought completely, there was no way for her to resist.

If she couldn't pull it out, she then had to grind and obliterate it!

A resolute expression quickly appeared on her pretty face.

She had plenty of time to destroy the needle, now. Eighty thousand years was sufficient to grind the Soul-sealing Needle. What she needed now was a little perseverance.

There had only been a strand of Lavender's soul remaining when it was broken by Elena. She was sure she could recover this time, just as she had recovered the last time, too.

Her soul lurked within Zen's sword spirit and separating the two was easy.

Lavender worked hard, but the difficulty of obliterating the Soul-sealing Needle was beyond her imagination.

The last time Lavender's soul was broken, her memories were still intact. The Soul-sealing Needle deep within her connected closely with her soul.

As she tried to grind and obliterate the Soul-sealing Needle, she suffered great pain and her memories slowly faded away.

Her memory declined quickly and dramatically. At the end of it all, Lavender couldn't even remember why she had tortured herself like this. She'd had one and only one obsession: to erase the Soul-sealing Needle from her soul.

Because her soul was so damaged, Lavender's statue changed and its light faded again in the Demon Night race.

But the Demon Night didn't notice the statue's change. The race's many powerhouses were in a state of panic, because they had received a new instruction that they couldn't resist on the day when Sacred race invaded.

Chapter 1928 The Situation

Metal clashed against metal, screams drowned more screams. The violent fighting intensified even more as the Evolutionary Universe sunk deeper into chaos.

Fate seemed to favor the army of the Sacred race, who continued to advance with unstoppable momentum. They made more noise with Roaring Tokens every passing day in the universe, which flooded everyone's ears.

Then again, the war was related to the entire universe, every race, and every living being. It didn't matter whether one was a mortal, a martial artist, a human, or anything else; none of them could stay out of it!

Before the actual war had broken out, the Demon Night race had been actively preparing for battle.

All of the warriors from their sacred places had started to gather towards their race's core supreme worlds.

Janice, the lord of the Frigid Autumn World, and her subordinates had been shuttling back and forth through passageways of various supreme worlds. Their supposed destination was the Punishment World, a supreme world where Elena's Heavenly Punishment Palace was located.

She was the leader of the sacred place's elite warriors. Generally speaking, the warriors with the lowest cultivation level were at the Soul Sea Realm, and the warriors with the highest cultivation level were at the Spirit Transformation Realm.

The enemies they faced this time were too strong, so warriors below the Soul Sea Realm served very little purpose.

Janice had only been to the Punishment World once, after she became the lord of the Frigid Autumn World. Since the universe was naturally too vast, it hadn't been easy for her to travel an arduous journey of a hundred supreme worlds—even as a world lord herself.

They had occasionally encountered warriors from other sacred places of the Demon Night race, and most of them seemed worried.

Provoking words filled everyone's ears from time to time. They didn't know where Maha, the warrior from the Sacred race, had gotten so many Roaring Tokens from, but he clearly annoyed native warriors constantly every day.

"Ha-ha! Today I killed seven world lords. All of them were from the Humanity Alliance. Their names were... Tsk, tsk! Those guys were so weak. I hope I can meet stronger warriors tomorrow, and I'll kill them one by one." Once again, Maha's voice filled everyone's ears.

"Maha is so mighty!"

"Yes, he is!"

The warriors from the Sacred race began to butter Maha up.

Janice's face scrunched up in hopeless despair after the many times she had heard those irritating words. "He's too arrogant!" she complained.

It was true that everyone Maha had killed belonged to the Humanity Alliance. Furthermore, they were human martial artists. Now, Janice and her companions were from a different force, and a different race as well. Thus, should she be so angry?

In reality, however, she wasn't the only one infuriated—the elite warriors from the Demon Night race that she led shared the same sentiments. In fact, all the living creatures in the universe hated Maha with a passion.

The Humanity Alliance wasn't the Sacred race's only target.

The Sacred race had unashamedly declared from the very beginning that they would treat the entire universe as their own. It had undoubtedly made them the whole universe's public enemies.

Therefore, when the Humanity Alliance was attacked, the Demon Night warriors naturally got enraged as well.

Maha's name had spread far and wide ever since the Sacred race had invaded the universe.

Even though Maha was only a world lord, his strength was far beyond that of a normal world lord. He had a habit of remembering the name of every world lord he had killed, and broadcasting it to the entire universe through the Roaring Tokens.

Of course, the numerous creatures of the universe all gritted their teeth in hatred as they heard his taunts.

Yet, there was nothing they could do.

It was even said that Maha relied on his own strength alone to kill the world lords. No other world lord could defeat him in a one-on-one battle, in the entire universe at least.

The air was filled with a dull silence, until someone spoke. "Master Janice, why won't any Supreme Lord attack Maha?" one of the warriors beside Janice asked.

The said warrior was quite young, and her name was Lynne. She was considered a divine-level talent among the Demon Night warriors. Her cultivation had been greatly enhanced after she had participated in the Illusion Battlefield, and now she was at the Spirit Supreme Realm. Janice liked her a lot.

Janice simply stared straight ahead. "Perhaps they have their plans. Since Maha dares to be this arrogant, there's no way that he has no Supreme Lords protecting him. The situation isn't as simple as you think," she finally answered.

Such a strategy was indeed effective in building up Maha's momentum, which he used to dampen the morale of everyone in the whole universe.

At the very least, all the lower and middle class martial artists began to complain.

Many Supreme Lords had responded ever since the Sacred race had taken over the Wind Avoiding World. They had used the Roaring Tokens to call for all the races in the whole universe to resist the enemies together, but up until now, not a single Supreme Lord had actually taken action.

As a result, they could only watch helplessly as the Sacred race occupied one supreme world after another, and wrecked slaughter after slaughter.

In just a few days, Maha had already killed over a hundred world lords.

But regardless of whether it was the Celestial Position race or the Thoughtless Minds, no one still made a move. Even the Supreme Lords of the Humanity Alliance remained silent.

It was truly unbelievable!

Back then, a border dispute between the Humanity Alliance and the ogres caused the death of a mere ogre world lord. It escalated into a fierce battle between the Supreme Lords of both races. Supreme Lord Illusion, a newly minted Supreme Lord that time, had even almost killed an ogre Supreme Lord.

At that time, the powers of the universe didn't think much of the Humanity Alliance because its foundation wasn't as solid as that of the Blessed Buddha Land or the Thoughtless Minds. The Humanity Alliance was just a group of warriors who joined forces together.

It was because of that same dispute that the Humanity Alliance's status then entered into a new level of power, and made the universe view them in a new light.

However, the Supreme Lords of the Humanity Alliance were still silent now. Such an anomaly confused countless martial artists. After all, staying quiet would only weaken the universe's morale even more.

Finally, one of the world lords of the Humanity Alliance had used a Roaring Token to denounce Supreme Lord Illusion and Supreme Lord of Oracle amidst their own grief and indignation. He even insulted them, which made them look like a joke.

Still, the two Supreme Lords maintained their silence!

"If they still don't act, then Maha will be more and more arrogant," Lynne huffed.

Janice smiled at her and said, "It's hard to guess the thoughts of those powerful figures. I believe they will eventually defeat the Sacred race."

Soon enough, Janice finally led the elites of her sacred place into the Punishment World.

Elite Demon Night warriors from hundreds of supreme worlds and more than two thousand tenth-grade sacred places were gathered in the Punishment World. There were over six thousand world lords among them, and countless Spirit Transformation Realm, Spirit Supreme Realm, and Soul Sea Realm warriors.

So many mighty warriors of the Demon Night race had gathered in the same place, who all awaited the queens' orders. Almost all of them believed that they would launch a counterattack against the Sacred race.

Within the Heavenly Punishment Palace

The dome was deceptively peaceful as a blue tassel from the hem of Elena's skirt dropped on the ground. Her long skirt dragged along for over a hundred feet, and above her lovely body sat a delicate face. She looked extremely beautiful and noble under her makeup, but all those cosmetics couldn't conceal her ferocious aura.

Elena stood in the middle of the hall with her eyes closed. The long needle in the depths of her soul was still slowly rotating.

It couldn't be denied that Lavender felt a deep pain and disgust towards this Soul-sealing Needle. She would rather sacrifice herself than succumb under its control.

Meanwhile, Elena happily accepted the information given by the Soul-sealing Needle. She even felt some sort of coincidence.

While she was an extremely ambitious woman, she didn't have the strength to back those ambitions. Even if she became one of the queens of the Demon Night race, it would be impossible for her to lead the race to rule over the entire universe. The Demon Night race was somewhat weak compared to the three great powers of the human race, especially on the level of the Supreme Lords.

Therefore, the moment the Spirit-sealing Needle activated, she suddenly discovered an incredible secret, which made her scream in excitement. She felt so euphoric that she had even summoned several toyboys and made love to them for a few days.

Her original plan was only to stir up trouble. Now she had an excellent opportunity as the Demon Night race was going to join forces with the Sacred race.

A green light suddenly lit up on the smooth and hard floor in front of her; then an emerald green vine sprouted and quickly grew out of it. In just a few seconds, a giant flower bud appeared.

Plop!

The petals of the flower bud suddenly fanned out in bloom, and then Shania, who was dressed in green, stepped out.

Compared to the other Godly Geniuses, Shania's cultivation had grown the fastest. She had reached the peak of the Spirit Transformation Realm in such a short period of time. It looked like she was about to become a world lord.

Elena looked at Shania as the corners of her mouth lifted up into a smile. "Latonia, you're late."

Shania's cold stare sent daggers towards Elena.

Shania wasn't that fond of Elena. She had always been immersed in her own research, and had seldom got herself involved in the things of the Demon Night race.

It had only been a while since she had recently discovered the mysteriousness of the tenth layer of the Life Law, but the Sacred race suddenly appeared out of nowhere and caused a huge disturbance. It completely disrupted her progress! What was even worse was that the Soul-sealing Needle in her mind released a bunch of information that had nothing to do with her.

It was only then that she understood the Demon Night race's mission. It was not something she was happy about, yet she had no choice but to follow the Soul-sealing Needle's intention.

She was even more depressed when she came to know the reason why she was able to control the tenth layer of the Life Law according to the information in the Soul-sealing Needle.

There were some loopholes in the Evolutionary Universe because the one who had laid down its rules was almost about to die. She had only happened to find those loopholes, which was why she had accidentally comprehended the tenth layer of the Life Law.

"They have sent ten Godly Geniuses to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land this time, but not me. In fact, the Celestial Position race has long suspected our Demon Night race, and they don't even trust the ogre race," Shania said. "So don't think that you can catch them off-guard."

"Of course I know that," Elena proudly laughed. "The first step is to convince our people!"

Chapter 1929 Explanation

The members of the Demon Night race were without fail obedient to their queens.

This race maintained this structure since its creation.

The sacred places of the human race were evolved from sects, while the divine kingdoms were evolved from mortal nations. However, the loyalty of human martial artists couldn't be compared to that of the Demon Night warriors.

When the sacred places and divine kingdoms experienced chaos, the core martial artists would choose to continue to serve their sacred places or divine kingdoms. At times though, a large group of them would try to escape.

When the territory of the Humanity Alliance was slowly occupied by the Sacred race, many martial artists chose to leave the sacred places that they belonged to and run for their lives. Some criminals even burned, killed and looted random areas. Hence, the mortals were the ones left to suffer.

This would never happen to the Demon Night race.

The beliefs of their race were embedded in their very bones and ingrained in their brains.

Once, when Lavender and Elena were fighting back then, only the upper-level martial artists were in chaos. The lower-level martial artists didn't experience any disturbance because they only followed their own queens.

Followings the orders of the queens, the members of the Demon Night race would go through fire and water without any complaints. This was why the Demon Night race remained so united.

After finishing her sentence, Elena looked at Shania with an indifferent gaze. With an arrogant smile plastered on her face, she lifted her hemlines as she walked towards the transparent crystal doors of the Heavenly Punishment Palace.

The warriors in front of the palace came from various sacred places. They were all elite warriors of the Demon Night race, ranging from world lords to Spirit Transformation Realm warriors, Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, Soul Sea Realm warriors... These were the strongest members of the Demon Night race.

Seeing the graceful figure move behind the doors, the warriors of the Demon Night race immediately quieted down. They were ready for whatever the queen would ask of them.

Although the vast majority of the Demon Night warriors were women, that didn't mean they weren't valiant. When faced with invasions, many world lords voluntarily joined the fight.

Pah!

The large, multi-colored doors slowly opened. Elena slowly but surely, stepped onto the terrace and took a look down at all the Demon Night members. Her facial expression was soft, but stern and poised.

Shania followed closely behind, standing beside Elena with a calm gaze.

"My dear people, it is an honor to meet you," Elena said. "We have gathered here today, with all the elite warriors, because something very drastic and important has happened."

The expressions of the Demon Night members remained intent and focused. Though there were many warriors present, the place was completely silent. Elena's voice was easily heard by each and every one of them.

Most thought Elena would declare war against the Sacred race. Whenever their universe suffered such a crisis, it was nearly impossible for everyone to stay out of this matter.

"As you all know, the Sacred race has come to our universe," Elena said word by word.

Hearing this, many of the Demon Night warriors furrowed their eyebrows. 'The Sacred race has come to our universe?

They invaded our universe! Why is our queen saying something like that?'

In situations like this, every word the queen uttered was of utmost importance. If the Queen of Punishment were to say anything too casually, it would be deemed inappropriate. Everyone knew she couldn't just make a mistake with wording.

"This is an excellent opportunity for us. We will join hands with the Sacred race to help them take over this universe—the Evolutionary Universe." Elena's voice suddenly rose in volume, her face filled with excitement.

As for the warriors of the Demon Night race, they were all stunned at her announcement.

At least seventy percent of the Demon Night members felt that they had misheard her. 'The queen wanted to help the Sacred race?'

In the past few days, the warriors of Sacred race used the Roaring Tokens to provoke the various races in the universe. Although the martial artists that Maha had slaughtered were all from the Humanity Alliance, everyone in the universe shared a common hatred for Maha. The Demon Night warriors all hated the Sacred race very much.

Why did the Queen of Punishment suddenly announce that she was going to help that damned Sacred race?

The silence broke as the Demon Night members whispered in hushed tones. It was absurd and too much for them to grasp.

Gradually, the voices got louder and louder, turning into a buzzing frenzy. It sounded like a gentle storm across the ocean.

"What does she mean?"

"Our queen wants us to help those damned Sacred race?"

"Why? Why!"

Although they obeyed the queen's orders without question, the warriors still had thoughts that ate them up.

They were born and raised in the universe; this was their homeland. There was no doubt that they loved this universe. Although the warriors of the Demon Night race were cold and aloof, they were upright and had a sense of justice nonetheless.

Elena's announcement took them by surprise.

"Master Janice, why is this happening?" Lynne asked in disbelief.

Her face was angry and doubtful, with a hint of confusion. "How is that possible?" she exclaimed.

People asked questions too. "My queen, the Sacred race is our enemy, so why should we help them?" said one of them.

"My queen! If we were to help the Sacred race, we would be acting against the will of the heavens!" another expressed.

"My queen, you're joking, right?"

World lords and members of the Board of Elders couldn't help but jump out to protest.

The universe was watched over by the same heavens, and the creatures and races within were born under the same heavens. If they were to help a race outside the universe, then that was indeed going against everything they believed in.

To them, Elena's decision didn't make sense at all. They couldn't understand why their queen wanted to take such unimaginable actions.

Facing the chattering crowd, Shania laughed coldly on the side. "It seems like your first step will be very difficult to attain."

Elena's expression didn't change. Her flawless, stern face held up despite the commotion.

"My queen! Even if you had a grudge with Lavender back then, we never blamed you for that. We also forgave you for sealing the Pool of

Faith of Lavender. But do you realize what you're doing now?"

"You are bringing the entire Demon Night race to the death sentence!"

"This will put us in an irreparable situation," the few elders roared at Elena.

Even if they loved and trusted in Elena, her order remained against their will. Every inch of their bodies failed to accept what she wanted.

Elena, however, remained calm. If this was in the past, she would have already started killing people. But in front of the elite forces of the Demon Night race, she knew she couldn't be too brutal. She had to maintain her elegance and poise, no matter what.

"My queen! Do you think so too?" one of the elders asked Shania.

Shania looked quite innocent, but in the end, she still nodded her head. If she had a choice, she wouldn't have agreed with Elena's decision. She had always been immersed in her own research, and this brought her endless joy. The Sacred race's sudden appearance disturbed all her plans.

She was restricted by the Soul-sealing Needle and could only do as the needle instructed.

Seeing that Shania agreed so easily, the elders couldn't believe their ears, their faces revealing shock and confusion.

The character of the Queen of Punishment had always been crazy and difficult to comprehend. However, the Queen of Life was relatively gentle, so why did even she approve of this matter this time around? No one could figure out what was happening.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The discussion grew louder and louder.

Pah!

Elena reached out her hand, and the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer appeared before her. A blue-colored flash of lightning shot out from the hammer, violently exploding high in the sky.

There was a clap of thunder in the air.

A deafening sound erupted, masking all the discussion and arguments happening below.

"I know that everyone is angry," Elena said slowly. "As creatures born in the Evolutionary Universe, we, the Demon Night warriors, have the duty to protect our homeland. However, I want to set it clear to everyone that the Demon Night race does not belong to this universe!"

"What?

How is this possible?"

"We were born in this universe. Why don't we belong to this universe?"

All of the Demon Night members gasped as they stared wide-eyed at Elena. Their minds were completely muddled.

Elena did not have a better way to appease them. She could only divulge some information to calm them down. "The purpose that our Demon Night race was created was to destroy the Evolutionary Universe, and now the opportunity has come."

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1930 Going Too Far

Elena's explanation was not convincing.

None of the Demon Night people present had a Soul-sealing Needle in their soul, so they had no idea of the origins of their race.

As the leader of the Demon Night race, Elena was the unwavering beacon of faith. It was enough for her to just give an explanation. No one would care if the explanation was truthful or outrageous, because it was unthinkable for them to question the queen's words.

"It doesn't matter if you are confused, dubious, or even furious; it won't change the decision made by Latonia and me. All world lords, regroup your troops and remain in Punishment World until further instruction. I will herald the golden age of the Demon Night!"

After issuing the command, Elena turned around and left. The crystal doors were shut behind her. She still needed to convene with the Supreme Lords of Demon Night.

Those Supreme Lords weren't as easy to convince as the ordinary Demon Night civilians. Elena could let them probe the Soul-sealing Needle, so it wasn't a tough job for her. The next step for the Demon Night army was to wait for the perfect moment to launch a deadly attack on the human beings.

In such a short span of time, Humanity Alliance had lost two hundred supreme worlds.

The Sacred race's formidable army didn't encounter any strong resistance. At this pace, the Sacred race could devour the whole Humanity Alliance within two years.

In core supreme world of Celestial Position, the fight had started.

A swift and fierce aura radiated from the expansive hall.

This aura swept over everything in the hall like countless thin blades.

Swoosh!

Thousands of tiny slashes appeared in the magnificent hall due to the attack of this blade-like aura.

A myriad of scratches suddenly appeared on the wall, the floor, the ceiling, and even on the statues that were made from rare materials.

If someone was in the hall now, one would be badly mutilated just by contacting the aura.

"We... When will we take action?" a sweet and melodic voice asked.

It was Supreme Lord of Oracle of the Humanity Alliance. Her eyes glowed like an ignited black gem. The fierce aura earlier was casually set off by her as she couldn't suppress her anger anymore.

Aside from Supreme Lord of Oracle, there were more than twenty human Supreme Lords present in the hall. They all kept their silence.

The Sacred race's first foothold was in Spring race, just beyond the Sighing Wall. At that time, Humanity Alliance already perceived that they would be the first target to be attacked when the Sacred race initiated the war.

Humanity Alliance wasn't lacking in power. Supreme Lord of Oracle was one of the four great top-rank Supreme Lords in the universe. Besides her, Supreme Lord Illusion, Supreme Lord Healum and the others carried good Heavenly Destiny, too.

If they fought with full force when they were attacked, two hundred supreme worlds shouldn't have been lost in a short period of time.

Humanity Alliance had a bad reputation now. Sentient creatures in the whole universe were ridiculing their cowardice.

Some world lords who were attacked by the Sacred race even used Roaring Tokens to harass the Supreme Lord of Oracle. They blamed her for being a coward when the war started. They felt ashamed of her for being the head of Humanity Alliance

Despite being a woman, Supreme Lord of Oracle had a hot temper.

After the Sacred race declared war, Master Feng told Humanity Alliance not to fight back and continuously withdraw their main troops.

"Celestial Position owes us an explanation," said Supreme Lord of Oracle, staring at Master Feng.

Master Feng sighed and said, "We have no choice but to endure now."

"Is this your explanation?" Supreme Lord of Oracle smiled coldly.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin suddenly blurted out, "All hope is not lost. We can buy some time by sacrificing those supreme worlds."

"Buy time for what? Wait until the ten Godly Geniuses grow up and get us out of this situation?" Supreme Lord of Oracle asked.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin was speechless.

To cultivate these ten Godly Geniuses, all resources in the whole universe were used. Each of them had perfect talent in their own field. Even the present Supreme Lords couldn't compete with them at their young age.

No matter how powerful a Godly Genius was, it still took some time to grow up.

If these Godly Geniuses had a hundred years to cultivate, the current predicament would be totally different.

They had just cultivated for more than a year, when the Sacred race started to act.

Would these Godly Geniuses become True Gods in a few years?

It seemed like a daydream. No matter how highly the Supreme Lord of Oracle regarded Zen, almost everyone else thought it was impossible.

So many of the Supreme Lords had the wishful thinking to buy time by sacrificing some space. As of now, there was nothing they could do except watch as the universe was devoured by the Sacred race.

"Our master must have had his own reasons as to why everything ended up like this. As descendants of our master, we need to trust him. If we survive the crisis, we will repay Humanity Alliance with our deeds!" Master Feng continued.

Before Supreme Lord of Oracle was able to speak, a handsome young man sneered beside her and said, "I'm afraid we can't wait until that time. Humanity Alliance couldn't sacrifice all of us to buy time for Celestial Position! Excuse me for a while!"

He transformed into two different illusions, went separate directions, and disappeared.

He was Supreme Lord Illusion of Humanity Alliance.

Celestial Position and Humanity Alliance stood in different positions. Celestial Position looked at the crisis from an overall point of view and examined the problem from the global stand.

Even though the Sacred race was really in hot pursuit, they just acquired two hundred supreme worlds. It would have taken too much of their time to occupy thousands of supreme worlds in Humanity Alliance territory.

From the Humanity Alliance's perspective, they couldn't stand seeing their worlds being occupied by others while they did nothing.

Gathered by Celestial Position, all the races joined together to resist against the Sacred race. But Celestial Position didn't fight back and just watched, when the Sacred race attacked them. The Humanity Alliance couldn't accept that the Celestial Position even required them to stop fighting back. This was going too far for Humanity Alliance.

The Supreme Lords of the Humanity Alliance understood that the invasion of the Sacred race stemmed from the conflicts in the divine land. That was the war between higher classes of beings. The Celestial Position represented one of the forces involved in the war. Humanity Alliance couldn't accept the method the Celestial Position adopted.

"Ha-ha, I only killed four world lords today, including... Supreme Lord of Oracle, we have already met once. I am impressed by your beauty. If you'd like to have fun with me, I will halt my troops and won't attack you for three months. What do you think?"

Maha's voice was conveyed by a Roaring Token. All of the Supreme Lords heard this. Master Feng frowned and thought, 'Maha's provocation is getting worse.'

"I can't stand it any more. That's going too far!" Supreme Lord of Oracle had a weird smile on her face, which was obviously out of rage. She gave the present Supreme Lords a stern look and turned around to step into the void.

Following her, Supreme Lord Healum from Humanity Alliance also left.

As he saw the three important Supreme Lords from Humanity Alliance who left, Supreme Lord of Original Sin couldn't help but sigh, "Maybe we made a wrong decision."

Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, who had been silent earlier, shook his head, too. "The time is too short. Maybe we shouldn't have put our all hopes in these young Godly Geniuses."

The head of the Celestial Position wore a complicated expression, too.

If no one prevented Supreme Lord of Oracle from leading Humanity Alliance against the Sacred race, the consequences could be easily imagined. If the elites from Humanity Alliance completely fell, it would be a great loss to the human race.

Master Feng sighed again.

He hadn't felt this kind of emotion for a long time.

Everything went smoothly since he became the head of Celestial Position.

The Celestial Position rose sharply. Ten Godly Geniuses had been selected successfully and Zen grew rapidly. Everything all went according to plan and seemed to be on schedule.

The head of Celestial Position even took all the successes for granted, because the Celestial Position was created by the disciple of the universe's master. Things shouldn't be going wrong.

However, a fatal mistake occurred. Sacred race had broken through the Sighing Wall, which was beyond everyone's expectation. Consequently, the selected Godly Geniuses didn't have enough time to cultivate.

"Maybe it's time to counterattack. I will go to visit Wynn," Master Feng said as he then disappeared into the hall.

Chapter 1931 He Was Asleep For A Long Time

The Celestial Position was in a dilemma.

The Sacred race was on a roll. There was no stopping them from conquering many supreme worlds. But Wynn and Master Feng had planned to sacrifice some worlds to buy time.

Although the Sacred race had a huge appetite, the Evolutionary Universe was vast that they wouldn't be able to swallow it all at once.

So, to afford themselves some time, there was no other option but to sacrifice the Humanity Alliance.

When the Sacred race began invading the Evolutionary Universe, the three great forces of human race united. Even Supreme Lord of Oracle and Supreme Lord of Original Sin had put aside their grudges in the hope of defeating their biggest adversary. But the Sacred race continued to devour their territories. It seemed that their joint force could not do anything to stop the conqueror.

Once the Sacred race destroyed the Humanity Alliance, the Evolutionary Universe would be in trouble. In this situation, differences and feuds must be set aside. Their chance of survival would rely on their willingness to work together.

But despite being the only viable option, it was a difficult decision to make.

"Sir," Master Feng said when he entered the secret place while cupping his hands as a sign of respect to the old man, Wynn.

Wynn was floating in the air with his legs crossed when Master Feng came in. The old man was surrounded by a continuous stream of bright starlight like an endless meteor shower.

He sensed Master Feng's presence but did not respond to the latter's call. His eyes were kept closed as if he was in the middle of meditation on the starlight.

Master Feng realized that Wynn didn't want to be disturbed, so he quietly stepped back to not interrupt the old man's thought.

Not long after, more starlight appeared and surrounded Wynn. They began to form complicated patterns like the constellations in the sky.

The number of patterns rapidly increased and started to ascend into the sky. When they reached the top of the secret place, they converged and formed a white band of light. It circled in the sky then began to slowly descend towards Wynn's head.

The band of light began to spread out and all the stars in the universe emitted light simultaneously.

It was nighttime in the universe when all the stars shone brightly, lighting up the universe like it was daytime.

Master Feng could notice the changes in the universe even when he was standing in the secret place. It appeared that Wynn was using a secret technique.

Wynn was the only True God in the Celestial Position and he was also the person that had activated the bloodline of the Celestial Position. Being the disciple of a Holy Being, Wynn had extensive sacred wisdom about the universe and its events.

As the band of light came closer to Wynn's head, it expanded more slowly. It looked like it had almost reached its stretch limit.

Wynn had not moved since Master Feng found him meditating here. But as the band of light came closer to him, his brows slightly furrowed. When he extended both his hands, a ray of light emitted from his cinnabar field and a light blue crystal shot out from it. It began to circle in front of Wynn.

It was an octagon-shaped crystal. At first glance, Master Feng thought it was an eight-diagram talisman, and he felt an eternal aura vibrating from the octagon-shaped crystal.

'That is Wynn's Godly Tile! It has left his body!' Master Feng thought as his eyes were wide open in astonishment. He had heard about the Godly

Tile, but he never imagined he would see one with his own eyes.

Meanwhile, even after the Godly Plate appeared, the starlight emitting from Wynn's body did not diminish. Instead, it even grew brighter. The speed at which the band of light above his head spread out became more rapid.

"Condense!"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…

The specks of starlight simultaneously darted towards Wynn's head and converged with the band of light. It appeared that the old man intended to pull the band of light into his mind.

When the band of light was only about two inches away from his head, a cracking sound resonated from it.

Crack...

The band of light was suddenly disassembled back into complicated patterns on top of Wynn's head. And soon after, the patterns made of starlight completely vanished into thin air.

Wynn's face immediately darkened.

"What the-, why…" From the look on Wynn's eyes, one could deduce that this True God felt disappointed.

It could only mean that what he was doing was very essential. But what exactly happened that made this True God feel dejected?

"Sir, you..." Master Feng was quick to ask when he saw Wynn's eyes opened.

Wynn glanced at Master Feng and sighed, "I was using the Grand Star Technique just to fully utilize the power of all the stars."

The Grand Star Technique was a special technique which belonged to the Star Godly Way of the three thousand Godly Ways.

"Utilize the power of the stars? What are you planning to do with it?" Master Feng was a bit confused at what Wynn was trying to say.

Wynn continued, "I want to take over the entire Evolutionary Universe. If I can control the entire universe, then I can use the one hundred thousand supreme worlds as substitutes and my strength can be enhanced. If I succeed, then even the True God of the Sacred race won't be able to defeat me."

"Take control of the universe and usurp the heavens?" Master Feng looked shocked.

Wynn nodded his head and a strange expression appeared on his face. "My master's body is already halfway into decay. Without any consciousness, he shouldn't be able to control the entire universe right now. If that's the case, then I'll take over the entire universe. But just now, I felt a strange power preventing me from doing it. I don't understand why…"

This was not Wynn's first attempt at taking over the Evolutionary Universe.

Master Feng's eyes widened in disbelief. He cleared his throat then said, "Previously there was a time when the sorcerer race had secretly laid out an array at the backside of a great world to usurp the heavens but failed! Perhaps there is indeed a power that is blocking anyone from doing so!"

Master Feng was pertaining to the time when they fought with the sorcerer race and the Torch Dragon. The sorcerer race had activated that array to fuse with the will of the great worlds.

The sorcerer race seemed to be doing fine until the last step when they were repelled by a mysterious force.

At that time, they suspected that there was a traitor among the sorcerer race, but as the remaining warriors of the sorcerer race were cleared, still nothing happened to the heavens. So the previous guess proved to be wrong. Until today, no one still knew what exactly happened.

Now, even with Wynn's Grand Star Technique, he still had failed to assimilate into the heavens.

He was also repelled by a kind of power. It felt as if the heavens had already been in someone's control and anyone else had been blocked out.

What Master Feng didn't know was it was Zen who had fused with the heavens.

Zen had already fused with the will of the great worlds and the will continued to move along the ascending passageways towards the supreme worlds. And even though Zen already left the Evolutionary Universe for the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, it would still be impossible for anyone, even for Wynn, to get in or take control of the heavens.

After his failed attempt, Wynn had a look of regret on his face.

He was so close to successfully fusing with the heavens and taking control of the entire Evolutionary Universe. If that happened, he could have secured a place in the Evolutionary Universe and even if the Sacred race sent out several True Gods to fight at the same time, they would still be unable to do anything to him.

"So, what are you doing here?" Wynn stared at Master Feng and asked.

Master Feng began to report to Wynn the responses from the several Supreme Lords of the Humanity Alliance.

After hearing the report, Wynn couldn't help but shake his head in dismay. "This is ridiculous! They don't have enough men to fight. They only have a few Supreme Lords. Even if they summon all the world lords, they don't stand a chance. They are digging their own graves!"

"But to ask them to sit back and watch as the Sacred race invade their territories, that is quite cruel," Master Feng shook his head and said.

Master Feng could understand the reactions of the Supreme Lord of Oracle and the other Supreme Lords. He could not stand watching the Sacred race slowly destroying the Human Alliance's territories.

Wynn could not argue with that anymore as he knew what Master Feng was trying to convey. He sighed and said, "Fine. If they want to fight, we might as well join them. This time, I will use the power of the stars to help them win."

"We'll not wait for the Godly Geniuses to return?" Master Feng asked.

According to Wynn, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was an extraordinary sacred place for cultivation. The idea of sending the Godly Geniuses to this cultivation place was from the old man as well. And since it was an instruction from a True God, Master Feng didn't bother to ask and just sent them into the cultivation place. But he had no idea when they would come back.

"We can't wait here doing nothing. We must help the Humanity Alliance. We can slow down the Sacred race's invasion until the Godly Geniuses are back," Wynn said with a worried face.

Wynn was Mike's disciple. He had taught him everything he knew about martial arts.

Mike's wisdom was embodied by his disciples and they believed that their master's plans could turn even the most difficult situation into a success.

That was why, no matter how bad the situation was, Wynn had never lost his confidence.

But this time was different. Wynn had not that much confidence that they could win in this situation.

As a True God, he knew about the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. It was indeed an extraordinary sacred place for cultivation built by Holy Jay from the divine land.

However, no matter how magical this Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was, it was impossible to improve the strength of these Godly Geniuses to a level enough to save the Evolutionary Universe in just a short period of time. There was just no way…

The Evolutionary Universe and the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land observed the same time flow rate.

Wynn, who was in the Evolutionary Universe, decided to finally lend a hand to the Humanity Alliance. Meanwhile in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Zen was resting when his eyelids slightly trembled and suddenly opened. Then, a golden afterglow entered his pupils and rapidly rotated until it gradually dissipated.

Zen looked confused. He sat up and looked around, but his head ached a little from the sudden awakening. What time was it now?

It felt as if he was asleep for a long time.

Chapter 1932 Lavender's Amazing Willpower

Zen's soul was in a state of near unconsciousness as he slept.

To him, it was only a matter of closing his eyes and opening them back up. Even so, he felt like he had slept for far too long.

Having just awoken, Zen was still dazed. Once he adapted to the surrounding light, he took notice of Lavender.

"Hmmm?"

She was curled up like a baby, her eyes closed as she lay motionless beside him.

At this moment, Zen could feel how extremely weak her soul was as if it had suffered some great injury.

Although her soul had already been completely restored, she lacked a complete body—she had stayed as his sword spirit.

"Lavender?" Zen called out.

When he received no response, he had his sword spirit stand up to stretch her body.

Since it was originally Zen's sword spirit, naturally, he could control it. But because Lavender's soul was living within it, he hadn't interfered with it until then.

It was quite a surprise when Lavender opened her eyes just as he was about to make her stand up.

Her pair of crimson eyes had lost the sharp killing intent that once clouded them. Instead, they had fallen into a perplexed state.

"What's the matter?" Zen asked.

But Lavender didn't give the slightest reaction and only looked at Zen, dumbfounded.

During the time inside the door, Lavender had relied solely on her willpower to extinguish the Soul-sealing Needle.

One could only imagine the pain of the Soul-sealing Needle piercing into her soul.

While she erased this needle, she had also severely injured her own soul.

The trauma of Lavender's soul wasn't as severe as before—last time, because of Elena's conspiracy, Lavender had almost lost most of her soul, leaving it fragmented. But, her memories hadn't been damaged in the slightest that time.

But this Soul-sealing Needle was deeply embedded within her soul. By releasing the information within the needle, one could directly control the recipient's memories.

To erase the Soul-sealing Needle meant that she had to erase her memories along with it.

And Lavender realized this as she was grinding out the needle—just as she removed a part of it, she also lost a portion of her own childhood memories.

Suddenly, she couldn't remember where she was born or where she grew up.

Once she figured it out, Lavender stopped for a moment. After much consideration, she continued wiping the needle out without any more hesitation.

Then, she forgot her name, her race, her cultivation technique, her status as one of the three queens of the Demon Night race, and even why she even had to endure such intense pain in the first place.

The deeper the memories, the more difficult they were to erase.

For a while longer, she remembered that the young man beside her was called Zen.

But in the end, even he was lost to her. She had to rely on her remarkable persistence to continue erasing the Soul-sealing Needle.

And so most of her memories had dissipated.

Her soul had become no different from a blank sheet of paper; she was like a newborn baby, unconscious, and unknowing about how to look at the world.

At this point, she was incapable of understanding her surroundings.

Although she could see Zen, she had no idea what was in front of her.

Zen's eyebrows furrowed—he realized that something was amiss.

Although Lavender's attitude was already rather strange before, it wasn't like this.

With a wave of his hand, Lavender turned into specks of red light that circled the air for a moment before returning to his body.

What happened while he was asleep? Could it be that she ended up like this because of Holy Drew helping him refine his body?

With that thought, Zen suddenly floated into the air and opened the door in the void.

Zen and Lavender had spent 80, 000 years there, while only a day had passed for the warriors in the outside world.

When they saw Zen coming, Holy Jay, Holy Drew, Rocher, and the souls of the nine Genuine Dragons all rushed over.

"Congratulations, Zen," Rocher greeted with a smile.

Seeing Rocher was quite a surprise, but Zen was still too worried about Lavender to wonder about it. After giving Rocher a nod, he turned to Holy Jay and asked, "What happened while I was asleep? What did you do to Lavender?"

During this trip, Zen's only goal was to cultivate in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to increase his own strength. He would have paid any price to grow stronger, but he couldn't afford anyone hurting his friends.

Zen had even suspected Holy Drew of refining a part of Lavender's soul.

He was wrong about Holy Drew. Although Holy Drew once had such impulses, he didn't really think highly of Lavender's soul. The nine Genuine Dragons were much suitable materials, and he wanted to refine them, but they refused his request.

In the face of Zen's questioning, Holy Drew stared at him with a cold sneer.

From the moment Zen stepped out of the door, Holy Drew had been sizing up his own work. Without a doubt, it could make him proud. He decided to ignore his question.

"Lavender? You mean your sword spirit?" Holy Jay asked.

Zen nodded in response.

After the door was closed, they discovered Lavender's presence.

In the space behind the door was the crafting furnace that Holy Jay had prepared for Zen. After the time was highly compressed inside, it was impossible for them to open the door again.

Even if a Holy Being were to increase the time flow rate by 30 million times, they'd still have to pay a hefty price—it wasn't an easy task.

When Lavender appeared, Holy Jay and Holy Drew were left baffled. They had noticed Zen's sword spirit before, but they didn't think that it had its own consciousness—a soul was residing within.

The time inside the door had been increased by 30 million times. From the outside, the world inside progressed rapidly. It was so fast that even a Holy Being wouldn't have been able to see it clearly.

But Holy Jay and Holy Drew understood well enough. In Lavender's mind lay a Soul-sealing Needle.

"From the looks of it, this Soul-sealing Needle is the work of Mitchell Hao of the Weapon Refining Association." Holy Drew could identify the origins of the needle in a single glance.

Mitchell Hao was a rather famous weapon refiner in the divine land. He was one of the top ten weapon refiners within the Weapon Refining Association.

"He's from the Mu Clan. So this Soul-sealing Needle must have been planted by Murphy Mu. Since it has already been activated, do I need to intervene?" Holy Jay seemed rather worried.

All of them were well aware of the usage of the Soul-sealing Needle. If the order of the Soul-sealing Needle was to kill Zen, there'd be no way Lavender would be able to violate the order. With Zen being in a critical period of his body refinement, it was the worst time for him to get killed by Lavender.

But just as Holy Jay finished saying it, he once again looked at the scene before him and decided that he did not need to intervene.

Because of the different time flow rates outside and within the door, he had said only a single sentence, but time passed by quickly inside the door—the moment he finished speaking, he could already see Lavender attempting to erase the Soul-sealing Needle. Since Lavender had expended so much willpower to erase the Soul-sealing Needle, she was unlikely to bring Zen any harm.

"With this woman's soul power, wanting to erase a Soul-sealing Needle isn't easy," Holy Drew said with a shake of his head.

In their eyes, Lavender's power was rather weak. Although the treasures that entered people's souls weren't particularly sturdy, their materials were usually rather special—this needle was still considered a treasure from the divine land.

But the willpower Lavender displayed afterward still moved the two Holy Beings.

For a full eighteen hours outside the door, Lavender worked hard, forcefully extinguishing the needle.

Although eighteen hours outside the door went by fast, around 50, 000 years had already passed within the door. This woman's willpower truly went beyond their imagination—she had been doing the same thing for years and years.

"That's all we know." Holy Jay recounted what they had seen to Zen. "According to my speculations, she truly belongs to Murphy Mu. But since she destroyed the needle, we can say that she has escaped Murphy's clutches."

Hearing his words, Zen was stunned. He couldn't help but clench his fists in frustration. He had no idea that he was asleep for so long. Never did he think that Lavender would keep such a secret from him. It was no wonder then that she had acted so strangely in the past.

"Murphy Mu! The Sacred race!"

Zen exclaimed through gritted teeth. Murphy built the Murphy Universe, where the Sacred race, the invaders of the Evolutionary Universe, had originated.

Chapter 1933 Time Is Pressing

"It's just a sword spirit. At its level, it is barely of any of use to you now," Holy Drew said with indifference.

Zen couldn't help but shoot him a cold glare.

Given the two Holy Beings' strength, they could've definitely prevented this from happening, but they chose to do nothing.

It was understandable for Zen to feel frustrated. However, he was soon able to calm down.

Holy Drew and Holy Jay were both outsiders after all.

Holy Jay simply asked Holy Drew to refine Zen's body as per Mike's request.

A Holy Being was a legendary figure, a supreme existence even in the divine land.

There was no doubt that these two Holy Beings helped Zen a lot.

He couldn't really blame them for not helping Lavender.

'I can only rely on myself, ' Zen thought angrily, but he did not let it show on his face.

He had initially planned on asking Holy Jay for help in recovering Lavender's memories. But given what just happened, Zen figured that it was no use asking him anything.

"Hurry! Show me your strength!" Holy Drew urged. He did not want to talk about the insignificant sword spirit. All he cared about was his handiwork of Zen's body.

A weapon refiner always had to make sure their weapon was up to standards in order to qualify as a masterpiece.

Despite Zen's concern for Lavender, Holy Drew's words pulled him out of his worries and made him check out his own body.

Ever since he woke up, he could already feel a great change within him, as if this body was totally different from what it used to be.

It was as if there was a transparent film around him and this film also had some sort of mysterious connection with his soul.

As he thought about it, a transparent film appeared and indeed covered his entire body.

"What is this?"

Curiosity was written all over Zen's face.

However, Holy Drew did not give him an answer. The weapon refiner wanted Zen to discover the mysteries of his own body by himself.

The transparent film looked similar to water that constantly surged on top of Zen's body like second skin. He quickly realized that his mind had the ability to control this film.

"What's this?" he repeated his question.

Holy Drew simply gave him a wicked grin.

"This is a protective treasure. I used a piece of the source of Godly Tile for this," he told Zen. "I named it the Redemption Armor. Do you like it?"

"The Redemption Armor?"

Zen's eyes couldn't help but light up in surprise. Deciding to put the treasure to the test, he thought of turning it into a robe to cover his naked body. To his amusement, it did turn into one! "Wow! This is amazing!" he exclaimed. The treasure Holy Drew gave him was now connected to his very soul and behaved in accordance with his will.

"It can change itself into any shape and color," Holy Drew reminded him. "Just try it! You'll love it!"

"It can change its color too?"

he asked, but Holy Drew didn't need to answer. As soon as the words left his mouth, the robe had turned black.

It looked the same as any other ordinary robe and the lower helm even fluttered in the breeze.

"Interesting!" Zen smiled in amusement.

Holy Drew turned to Rocher. "Hey, try attacking your friend with all your might," he told the young man.

His words stunned Rocher, who had to look at Holy Jay for confirmation.

Holy Jay merely nodded, basically telling Rocher to just do as Holy Drew said.

Since there were two Holy Beings present, Rocher didn't think he'd be able to seriously injure Zen. It was with this small comfort that he drew out his sword and trained his gaze at his friend.

"Zen, prepare yourself!" he growled.

The sword in Rocher's hand bloomed with a strong light that made the fire around them roll away in fear.

Seeing the sword in the young man's hand was a bit of a shock for Holy Drew. He hadn't really paid attention to Rocher this entire time and just realized that he actually wielded the Soaring Snake Sword!

This sword was once the weapon of the Lord of Weapons. All weapon refining methods were created by him.

Sabers, swords, axes, hammers, halberds... All of these weapons were created by Chiyou, the Lord of Weapons. His method remained fool-proof and superior despite already being so ancient.

There was little innovation in the weapon refining history and, after countless divine eras, they could still only make supreme primordial weapons.

It was only Holy Drew who managed to forge out a new path by creating supreme chaotic weapons. This was the reason why he was so highly-respected in the divine land. His ability and talent to have created a weapon totally different from the ones the Lord of Weapons made was incredibly impressive.

The Soaring Snake Sword was one of the Lord of Weapons' famous swords. 'It turns out that a part of Chiyou's treasures had been in Mike's hands all along. This young man most probably got this sword from him, ' Holy Drew thought to himself.

Rocher raised his sword. The edge reflected light and formed a curtain that served as a bridge between him and Zen. Without any warning, he suddenly rushed towards his friend head-on!

Swoosh!

As Rocher thrust his sword, the pointed end served as an oversized pair of scissors that cut the space in front of it into two parts.

The tip was pressed against Zen's robe.

Zen's robe that had originally been soft turned into an extremely hard piece of armor with just one thought from him!

Buzz!

A crisp sound emanated from the clash between the sword and the robe.

Instead of cutting through, Rocher's blade slipped to one side of Zen's robe. It was unable to cut through the Redemption Armor but it was at least able to scratch its surface.

However, the scratch was only there for a split second as the armor immediately repaired itself in the blink of an eye.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Rocher sheathed his sword and cupped his hands towards Zen. "Congratulations Zen! The armor is indeed amazing!"

Zen nodded and cupped his hands towards Holy Drew. "Thank you so much, Holy Drew, for giving me such valuable armor!"

He was grateful for their help but Zen knew they didn't do it simply out of the goodness of their hearts. He was sure there was a condition that had to be fulfilled in exchange for this treasure.

It was no problem for Zen. Whatever that favor was, he swore to repay it in the future.

"Refining your body was an attempt on my part. I loved the process. However, your body's strength still hasn't reached the level of a first-class supreme chaotic weapon," Holy Drew told him.

His words confused Zen.

"You'll figure out soon enough," Holy Drew said. He had even changed the young man's body to some extent, but he didn't see the need to tell Zen about it. There was no doubt that the young man would figure it out for himself eventually.

Although Zen's body was only as powerful as a supreme chaotic weapon, he still felt significantly stronger than before. He tried activating one percent of strength source from the nine stars and his body was as sturdy as ever.

After refining Zen's body, Holy Drew did not intend to stay any longer. As soon as he deemed Zen's body fit and up to his standards, he quickly turned to smoke and left the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

With Holy Drew gone, Holy Jay then turned to face Zen, Rocher, and the nine Genuine Dragons. "I've received news of the Sacred race commencing with their attack on the universe."

"They started so soon?"

Rocher's heart couldn't help but skip a beat at this information. Even the nine Genuine Dragons seemed surprised at this news.

Holy Jay simply nodded in confirmation.

The person who stood in front of Zen and the others was only his incarnation. The real Holy Jay was still in the divine land. He had recently gotten news of Murphy asking the Sacred race to attack the Evolutionary Universe.

"You haven't got much time," Holy Jay told them.

If the Sacred race managed to take up the whole universe and destroy it, then Mike would perish. He would no longer be a Holy Being.

Given enough time, the ten Godly Geniuses could stay in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to cultivate for dozens, even hundreds of years.

A hundred years wasn't long for a warrior.

However, time was a luxury they couldn't afford. Zen already knew that they would have to move fast against the Sacred race the moment he left the Evolutionary Universe. He just didn't expect that it would only take their foes a year before making their move.

Chapter 1934 Soul Suppressing Cliff

Despite being omniscient in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Jay could not do anything to help the Evolutionary Universe.

While he was a good friend of Mike, he was incapable of fighting those from the Hall of Holy Beings. Besides, he couldn't help Mike directly because he couldn't disobey the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings.

Thus, he could only partake in the nurturing of the ten Godly Geniuses.

Zen was one of the most important ones among them, so Holy Jay generously shared his strength source with him.

However, such a thing was unimaginable for other Holy Beings. They wouldn't go so far as to share their own strength source with others.

When one had reached the Holy Realm, strength wasn't the only factor that determined the champion. Still, there were still many specific situations where strength played an important role.

Under such circumstances, it was pertinent that Holy Jay wisely made use of their limited time.

He was responsible for the training of all those ten Godly Geniuses, not just Zen.

All the other Godly Geniuses including Margaret, Lucille, and Karl had their own missions. However, the resources allotted for them were naturally not as many as Zen's and Rocher's.

Holy Jay had never been to the Evolutionary Universe before, so he didn't really understand what exactly was going on there. Right now, all he knew was that Murphy had made his move, and made the creatures within his inner world begin to take over the Evolutionary Universe.

Being the ever perceptive person that Zen was, he asked Holy Jay why he didn't try to deduce the fate of the Evolutionary Universe.

Holy Jay said that he was unable to calculate it himself.

Actually, the methods of divining destiny only existed in the universes. Thus, even a Holy Being wouldn't be able to predict the fate of others in the divine land.

A thoughtful look filled Zen's eyes. He remembered that more than a year ago, Rocher had told him that the so-called destiny was fake. His exact words had implied something similar.

The so-called destiny was merely a path that had been laid out in the heavens for quite a long time. In fact, the divination techniques that were used in the universe were produced by those who thought they had seen through the heavens.

It was because the master of a universe had the ability to arrange everything. They could make any living being in the universe and even any piece of matter move according to their will.

For example, every step that Zen took was arranged by Mike.

However, the divine land was different. Things like a controller or even the heavens did not exist there. It was a world that was freely constructed, and everything within the said world was in a random state.

Legends said that a great divination technique existed in some lost Godly Ways. Not only could it tamper with one's fate, it could also predict the fates of all the living beings in the divine land. Yet up until now, no one had ever comprehended this kind of Godly Way.

Although Holy Jay couldn't deduce the fate of the universe, he estimated they had three years to get prepared, after he heard the information given by Zen and Rocher and measured the power of the fake Sacred race created in Murphy Universe.

He even measured the power of the Demon Night. After all, Holy Jay knew about the intentions of the Demon Night from Lavender, Zen's sword spirit.

"Three years is indeed short, but I will occasionally compress the time, to make it enough for you to cultivate," Holy Jay said with a grim smile on his worried face. It was hard to imagine that the supreme existence of the divine land would ever look like that. "Next, you will have to bring the two girls from Han Clan to Soul Suppressing Cliff. You must seize the opportunity to develop the relationship with them," he added.

Zen could only mentally roll his eyes--he believed that this Holy Jay had led a dissolute life in the divine land.

Of course, Zen wouldn't try to woo Laquisha, as it wasn't in accordance with his nature. In other words, he couldn't do such a thing due to his character, but he still did as Holy Jay said. After all, he had obtained a black trial tally so he could cultivate at the Soul Suppressing Cliff.

Foreign warriors and divine land warriors alike viewed the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land as a place where both opportunities and dangers coexisted.

However, the ten Godly Geniuses of the Celestial Position suddenly found that the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land seemed to be kinder after a year of training. Their every move went unusually smooth, and they felt a strangeness which caused everyone to be on guard.

Only three out of the ten Godly Geniuses knew about Holy Jay's existence. They were Zen, Rocher, and Xenia. The rest of them remained oblivious to it.

Apparently Holy Jay had arranged for everything. In fact, moderate training was more beneficial to these people, because there was a huge and immense difference between the strengths of warriors who were forcefully trained and those who had a lot of experience. However, everything was because of one reason—there wasn't much time left.

Laquisha and her companions were trapped by Holy Jay in the cave and had some thoughts about it. However, Zen did not give a positive answer. After all, Holy Jay did not want the news of him interfering to be spread to the divine land, so he naturally left the matter at that.

After Zen had arrived at the Soul Suppressing Cliff, he realized that Holy Jay had sealed his supreme comprehension of some Godly Ways in the place. So far, only a few people had been there.

It was a pity that Zen didn't find any records about the Emotion Closing Godly Way. After some thoughtful consideration, he finally chose the most mature Wishing Spell.

However, Laquisha disapproved of Zen's decision. In her opinion, the great Wishing Spell wasn't a rare Godly Way in the divine land. Almost everyone knew how to do it.

In reality, she was so obsessed with the Soul Suppressing Cliff because she knew that the internal momentum of "Soul Suppressing Technique" that Holy Jay had cultivated was hidden within the cliff.

As its name implied, the Soul Suppressing Technique was a theurgy to suppress one's soul. One would be able to suppress the souls of many experts after comprehending it. But of course, it would be extremely overbearing, and there were only a handful of True Gods in the divine land who had mastered the Soul Suppressing Technique to top level. Furthermore, only Holy Jay had mastered it to the Holy Realm.

Therefore, observing the internal momentum of Holy Jay's Soul Suppressing Technique naturally benefitted a lot. But Zen only practiced the great Wishing Spell when he had delved into the cliff, she couldn't help but feel a little pity.

Still, Zen didn't feel himself foolish. He had always thought that what suited him was the most important thing. Yet, there was a price to pay for the usage of the great Wishing Spell. If one was unable to make their wish come true, it would result to a handicap or even an injury.

Zen had understood that he would be faced with more serious problems in the future. First, he would have to face the crisis of the Evolutionary Universe. Even after the said crisis had been resolved, he would still have to go to the divine land. Then, he would have to face more powerful existences, and even deal with Holy Beings there.

With his current strength, Zen wouldn't be able to fight against a True God, let alone a Holy Being. So if he wanted to win by even a small margin, he had to take the risk.

While Laquisha berated Zen of wasting the opportunity, Aleyna was quite impressed by all his actions. It was simply because she was younger, and the way she thought about things was quite different from her sister.

Those who had entered the Soul Suppressing Cliff included Zen, Laquisha, and also Aleyna, who was apparently also qualified to enter. Holy Jay put his heart and efforts into creating opportunity for Zen to get along with two sisters from Han Clan. Although Zen was aware of it, he still failed to live up to Holy Jay's intentions. Zen couldn't simply disobey his heart to play up to the Han Clan.

Meanwhile, Kennan and the other guards waited outside the Soul Suppressing Cliff. He and the rest first thought that they knew a lot about the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. While their own princess did say that Zen would be able to bring her to the Soul Suppressing Cliff, they didn't believe so. It was beyond their imagination that Zen did bring both sisters there so easily. Unfortunately for them, they could only wait outside in envy as Holy Jay wasn't so generous to allow them into the Soul Suppressing Cliff too.

Half a year later when they had left the Soul Suppressing Cliff, the Han sisters did their best to invite Zen to the divine land.

However, Zen quickly refused the two sisters' invitation almost without hesitation. After all, he was a secondary creature created by Mike. He couldn't enter the divine land at all with his current status. Besides, he would restore into a mass of life vitality if he forced his way in.

What he didn't expect was for Aleyna to say that she could think of a solution, and for Laquisha to show the same intention.

A secondary creature was restored to life vitality upon entry in the divine land. It was the law and breaking the law had dire consequences, but there were still some who had broken it after countless divine eras had passed.

Aleyna expressed that for such an outstanding person like Zen, her royal father should be willing to help.

Zen still firmly refused their invitation. He indeed would go to the divine land, but now was definitely not the time. After all, he couldn't waste any more time because the Evolutionary Universe was still in danger.

Time simply flew by amidst the meticulous but boring cultivation sessions.

Each Godly Genius had made great progress during that time. Finally, almost everyone had gathered in the Dragon Flyer race's "Valley of Time" in the last year and chose to go into seclusion. The place contained Holy Jay's perception of time, and the time there was compressed to a certain degree. Therefore, it was the most suitable place among the six great cultivation sacred places to go into seclusion.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1935 A New Path

The Valley of Time was usually the last stop for foreign martial artists in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Time here had been compressed evenly. There were almost no fluctuations at all. More importantly, the vitality between heaven and earth was in a calm state.

That was the reason why most people would try to break through their bottleneck here.

In fact, those who entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were either top talents from the universes or elite martial artists from the divine land. All of them were gifted in martial arts, and they could easily break through their current cultivation level, a feat that was insurmountable for most ordinary warriors.

After those Godly Geniuses left other cultivation sacred places, they entered the Valley of Time one by one and began a year-long cultivation in seclusion.

The valley was beautiful and quiet. The Dragon Flyer race had created a special incense using their secret skill. This incense had the ability to calm the soul and as it continued to burn, its fragrance would spread throughout the valley.

In this valley, caves of varying shapes and sizes existed. The highest, most powerful caves had a time compression of around 80 times; the middle ones had a time compression of 50 times; and the lowest ones had a time compression of 20 times.

Since this place maintained a stable time flow rate all year round, naturally, it would be impossible to recreate the scenario Zen experienced: time compression that had reached a terrifying rate of thirty million times. After all, maintaining such a high rate was strenuous, even for Holy Jay.

After the Godly Geniuses left other cultivation places, the Dragon Flyer race's prophet invited them to the Valley of Time. The Godly Geniuses then began their year of secluded cultivation. Of course, they did that in the valley's best caves.

This move caused many groups of martial artists from the divine land to get angry and become indignant. They didn't understand why the Dragon Flyer race had given such preferential treatment to a group of outsiders. "Secondary creatures," some described them.

It was a very quiet year.

Since time in those caves was compressed by eighty times, a month's time outside of it would mean that seven years had already passed inside.

Before that, the Godly Geniuses had already accumulated a lot of experience through many trials in the sacred places. Coupled with several skills they had inherited from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they were able to cultivate their own unique characteristics to their highest level.

But the ones who had the fastest breakthroughs were Rocher and Nathan!

They were able to go from the Spirit Supreme Realm to the Spirit Transformation Realm within the first month. Nathan even took less time than it took Rocher to complete the process.

After breaking through, Nathan left the cave to ask about the other Godly Geniuses' situation. When he heard that he was the first one to step into the Spirit Transformation Realm, he felt pleased with himself. In his heart, he proudly thought that he was the strongest amongst the Godly Geniuses.

After the two broke through, they only left their caves for a day of rest before continuing their cultivation. As a day passed outside, they spent two and a half months in the cave. Their goal was to become a world lord, so they had to utilize every second they had inside the cave.

Xenia was the next to break through to the Spirit Transformation Realm. She was able to do it in the third month, and she became the third Godly

Genius who was able to reach this realm.

When the fourth month came, in addition to Zen, all the other Godly Geniuses were able to reach the Spirit Transformation Realm.

The process of going from the Soul Sea Realm to the Spirit Supreme Realm and then the Spirit Transformation Realm meant that one was expanding his or her inner world.

After a warrior entered the Soul Sea Realm, his or her inner world would constantly expand, continuously forming many laws.

The key reason why Zen had his breakthrough after other Godly Geniuses already had theirs was because of others' Pristine Life Vitality.

The other Godly Geniuses had absorbed a massive amount of Pristine Life Vitality from the Skyland race. This sort of special life vitality could cause a martial artist's inner world to become even more stable, and could also greatly benefit them as they tried to break through to the next realm.

Since Zen's body was filled with chaotic energy, which was an energy that was denser than the life vitality, breaking through to the Spirit Transformation Realm was much more difficult for him.

But Zen had fully utilized his chaotic energy's special properties. During the fifth month—that was almost thirty-five years for him—he continuously devoured the vitality between heaven and earth that was available in the place he was in and skillfully transformed it into chaotic energy.

Although the efficiency of this transformation was low, it was still progressing step by step. On the last day of the fifth month, Zen finally broke through to the Spirit Transformation Realm.

Zen's inner world had undergone a tremendous change.

It had nearly doubled in size, and the World Tree in it had already grown to a height of ten thousand feet. The Heavenly Spirit race on the World Tree had already become an extremely large race.

As for the Howe Clan and the Totem Clan, they had already become two divine kingdoms. Some of their members had even reached the Virtual Tribulation Realm and the Life and Death Realm.

Also, a peculiar kind of ice silkworm had grown from the ice tree. This kind of ice silkworm looked like a transparent block of ice. It was virtually indestructible if it was on the tree, but once it left, it would immediately melt. As for what it could evolve to, Zen had no idea.

According to the three-year agreement, he still had seven months—about fifty years for him left. Whether or not he would become a world lord, he wasn't too confident.

The other Godly Geniuses all had predecessors who had paved a good path. They only needed to rely on their talent to run on the road. As for Zen who practiced the Primal Chaos Technique, he had been on his own. His path was filled with hardships and problems that could not be solved by mere talent.

To become a world lord, the martial artist had to turn their body into a world. That meant that his or her inner world must expand to become a great world.

This path had already been walked by countless creatures. Every world lord was the ruler of a great world, but whether the Primal Chaos Technique would help Zen to expand his inner world and to turn it into a great world was a question that still didn't have an answer.

But when Zen reached the Spirit Transformation Realm, his inner world changed drastically.

As the World Tree that he planted grew, its top began to shoot upwards. Its roots, however, were deeply rooted at the bottom of the sea of chaotic energy!

Those roots continued to extend downwards, and they finally broke through Zen's inner world!

This kind of thing was prohibited to ordinary martial artists.

The World Tree in the inner world was like a magic cudgel that could stable a sea. It could store life vitality. If an ordinary martial artist were to plant a World Tree, then his or her life vitality would increase by half as much as that of an average martial artist.

However, no one would let the World Tree's trunk extend outside of their inner world because, which meant that their cinnabar fields would be penetrated, which would bring great damage to a martial artist!

Unfortunately, the roots of the World Tree were extremely tough. It was like a tiny seed that could forcefully grow against a rock.

Therefore, if a martial artist owned a World Tree, they would always make sure that they would prune its roots.

However, Zen allowed the World Tree to grow as it pleased. In the end, the roots stubbornly pierced through his inner world.

Zen's inner world was not his true inner world. His inner world was actually in chaos. It only established an unfathomable link with Zen through the Cross-world Theurgy.

After the roots of the World Tree reached the bottom of Zen's inner world, it continued growing and even extended into the chaos!

When Zen discovered this, instead of being alarmed, he became very interested.

The Primal Chaos Technique was not a complete cultivation method and had never been reviewed by anyone. When Zen's master, who was called Bromley by Holy Jay, wrote it, he admitted that it was his idea but said that he could not guarantee how far this cultivation method could help the martial artist that would use it.

The biggest flaw of the Primal Chaos Technique was that it was hard to replenish the chaotic energy.

Both the universes and the divine land were filled with vitality between heaven and earth. A martial artist could freely absorb it or replenish it with life vitality crystals. It was the way martial artists practiced and survived.

And where could Zen go to find the chaotic energy?

Previously, Zen had come up with an alternative plan—use the characteristics of the Heavenly Ogre Fist he had practiced in the past to endow the chaotic energy with the ability to devour things. However, it was not efficient nor enough to transform the life vitality he was devouring to chaotic energy.

This was also the reason why Zen's speed at breaking through to the Spirit Transformation Realm was slower than the other Godly Geniuses.

But when the World Tree penetrated his inner world and extended its roots into endless chaos, Zen knew that it opened up a brand new path!

"It is said that the four divine trees in the divine land could absorb chaotic energy. If that is the case, then this World Tree will also become the divine tree of my inner world!" Zen murmured in excitement.

Before, he thought that he had a small chance of becoming a world lord. But now, he was filled with confidence. Being able to absorb a huge amount of chaotic energy was the foundation of his confidence.

Chapter 1936 The Boundary Cloud (Part One)

It was quiet.

After entering the Valley of Time, the foreign martial artists had chosen to go into seclusion as soon as they could. They wanted to consolidate the things they had obtained in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

As for the Dragon Flyer race of the Valley of Time, they were a race that, simply put, loved peace and quiet.

The Dragon Flyer warriors had half-dragon and half-human bodies. Most of the time, they were much like statues. They stood in the same posture for several days without saying a single word. Only when movements in the Valley of Time were observed would they pay attention to them.

Plop!

Today though, the vitality between heaven and earth in the sky above the Valley of Time began to tremble violently. The energy mixed together and burst out with an explosive sound.

The originally colorless and formless vitality between heaven and earth quickly formed into a pale yellow ring, continuously expanding outward to its surroundings. On the surface of the glowing ring, several rhombus-shaped patterns appeared.

"This is the Boundary Cloud. Someone has entered the realm of a world lord," a member of the Dragon Flyer race said calmly, raising his eyes in order to look at the Boundary Cloud.

Inside the inner world of a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, or the Spirit Transformation Realm, the boundaries were extremely vague and blurred. In other words, no clear limitations were put in place. Once the warrior became a world lord though, a boundary-forming power would appear within their inner world. Only at that point in time would clear boundaries appear in their inner world, allowing the latter to become a great world.

In the process of forming such boundaries, the Boundary Cloud would be produced when a martial artist resonated with the vitality between heaven and earth.

In the Valley of Time, there were many occurrences where the Boundary Cloud could, and would, be born. Many martial artists entering the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land would only leave after reaching the realm of a world lord, and the vast majority of them would only choose the Valley of Time in order to attempt breaking through to this realm.

"This warrior's Boundary Cloud can spread out for twenty miles and it seems that the warrior is a secondary creature," said an elder from the Dragon Flyer race as he stared at the Boundary Cloud.

Often, the warriors of the Dragon Flyer race were capable of seeing the Boundary Cloud. Through the extent of the Boundary Cloud, they could equally comprehend a martial artist's foundation and potential.

Generally speaking, when a martial artist stepped into the realm of a world lord, the condensed Boundary Cloud would spread out for three to five miles. In the Valley of Time, this sort of Boundary Cloud was common. Furthermore, it was known that most martial artists could only do it to this degree.

When an outstanding martial artist became a world lord though, things were slightly different. They would resonate with the vitality between heaven and earth, producing a Boundary Cloud that could easily spread out to a length of 7 or 8 miles.

An even smaller number of mighty martial artists could spread their Boundary Cloud out to a range of approximately 15 miles!

And again, a few geniuses from the divine land could actually spread their Boundary Cloud to 20 miles or further upon breakthrough.

These martial artists were known to be extremely rare.

Even in the Valley of Time, a single warrior like this could appear only once in many, many years.

Overall, martial artists that could spread the Boundary Cloud all the way to longer than fifteen miles would have a 50% chance of condensing a Godly Tile in the future. There were many ways to obtain a Godly Tile, through inheritance or by snatching one from someone else for example. But when it was created by the warrior himself, it was obviously the most suitable and precious.

If the Boundary Cloud spread out 20 miles, then this said martial artist would have an 80% chance of condensing a Godly Tile. 50% was considered a good probability, but this was seen as really quite high.

Right now though, the main factor in play was that the Boundary Cloud in fact came from a secondary creature. That was truly shocking!

"I've said it before and I'll say it again. These secondary creatures are very special. There should be a Holy Being behind them," said another elder of the race.

The "secondary creatures" that the elder spoke of were Zen and his group of Godly Geniuses, of course.

These warriors had a couple traits in common. They were all secondary creatures for one, and they were all personally arranged by the Dragon Flyer race's prophet. The prophet let them cultivate in seclusion inside the best of caves. This kind of treatment was something that the Dragon Flyer race had never seen before. For this reason, they knew their origins must be extraordinary.

Of course, they didn't know that these Godly Geniuses had originally been arranged by the master of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

The Boundary Cloud in the sky didn't dissipate before a long time, continuing to circle in the air above instead. At the top of Valley of Time, a handsome youth had just stepped out of a deep cave. This person was none other than Nathan himself.

He looked at the slowly expanding Boundary Cloud in the sky and a satisfied smile appeared on his face. "Father was right. When one breaks through to become a world lord, the Boundary Cloud created from the boundary-forming power can truly reach a distance of twenty miles. No one can do better in the entire universe!"

Any martial artist that successfully entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was considered extremely outstanding. Even here in the Valley of Time, a twenty-mile-long Boundary Cloud only very rarely appeared. In this grand era of the Evolutionary Universe, the greatest Boundary Cloud had only been a total of 14 miles long. Needless to say, Nathan had far exceeded this past result.

"Looks like I'm the first to make a breakthrough and become a world lord! I wonder how long it took Zen to enter the Spirit Transformation Realm," he murmured. He had only left the cave once, when he'd stepped into the Spirit Transformation Realm. Therefore, he naturally wasn't clear on how everyone was undergoing closed-door seclusion.

Chapter 1937 The Boundary Cloud (Part Two)

This kind of information was definitely not hard to come upon, though. After he learned that Zen had taken five months to step into the Spirit Transformation Realm, a look of malicious pleasure appeared on his face. Zen's speed had actually been much slower than his!

Looking at things from this point of view, whether or not Zen would have enough time to make a breakthrough and become a world lord was now uncertain.

Nathan, on his behalf, chose not to head back into seclusion again after becoming a world lord. Instead, he waited for the other Godly Geniuses in the Valley of Time. Half a month later, the sky above the Valley of Time began to tremble again.

The Boundary Cloud formed by the resonance of the boundary-forming power and the vitality between heaven and earth spread outward in a consistent fashion.

"The speed at which this Boundary Cloud is spreading is extremely fast!"

Nathan said as his eyebrows shot up. He had just achieved an incredible result himself, and he had no desire to be surpassed in just half a month's time.

As the Boundary Cloud continued to expand, the cloud also continued to lengthen.

Three miles...

Five miles...

Ten miles...

Fifteen miles!

Nathan stared at the growing, expanding Boundary Cloud and he wrinkled his forehead. Stressed sweat began to dabble at his hairline.

The continuously expanding Boundary Cloud maintained a fairly quick pace. In other words, Nathan knew the Boundary Cloud's length would continue to increase.

Eighteen miles...

Nineteen miles...

Twenty miles!

"Stop!" Nathan said in a low voice while staring at the Boundary Cloud.

Unfortunately but expectedly, the Boundary Cloud didn't follow Nathan's request. In fact, at the same time as Nathan had spoken, this Boundary Cloud had already surpassed his own record, spreading out now for a total of twenty-two miles.

As the Dragon Flyer warriors saw this, they looked at each other questioningly. Nathan had succeeded a twenty-mile-long Boundary Cloud. They never, not even for a second, had thought that someone would expand a twenty-two-mile Boundary Cloud in just half a month!

"Twenty-two miles... It's been so long since I've seen a Boundary Cloud of such a distance. I can't even remember exactly how many years it has been," said the Dragon Flyer race's leader.

The Dragon Flyer race had been guessing at the identities of Zen and his group of Godly Geniuses from the start, and now they felt that things were becoming increasingly strange. Was it possible that all of them could activate a twenty-mile or bigger Boundary Cloud? They had reason to wonder.

Nathan stared fixedly at the cave at the top of the valley. He was uncertain who created the Boundary Cloud, but one thing he knew for sure was that he definitely didn't want Zen to be its creator. His level of concern continued to increase, reaching its limits now.

He continued staring at the same spot and after a while, he saw Rocher leave the cave with his sword on his back. Only then did Nathan slowly heave a sigh of relief.

Despite his overwhelming sense of relief, Nathan was still surprised that Rocher was capable of surpassing him after stepping into the realm of a world lord.

That said though, the truth remained that he would much rather be surpassed by Rocher than by Zen. After all, ever since he had participated in the Illusion Battlefield, Zen had been the one to deal him the greatest blow. Even though he had reconciled with Zen, and had even been saved by him, a certain grudge would forever stay in his heart.

Currently, nine months had passed which meant only three remained.

Once Rocher had become a world lord, no one else had done so for the following month to come. However, in the eleventh month, Kurt and Lucille broke through to the same level at the same time.

Beneath the influence of the two boundary-forming powers, two Boundary Clouds appeared in the sky.

Amongst them, Kurt's Boundary Cloud had spread out for sixteen miles while Lucille's had spread out for eighteen. These results were considered outstanding, even across the entire divine land. However, they were still far from Nathan's twenty-mile range and Rocher's twenty-two-mile length.

The four gathered together and waited for the rest of the warriors to break through.

And that was exactly what happened. Two days later, Xenia broke through and created a seventeen-mile-long Boundary Cloud. Then Karl, Lone, and finally, Lawson made it one after the other.

The Boundary Clouds that they created were all longer than fifteen miles but shorter than twenty. In fact, no warrior could surpass twenty miles.

The Dragon Flyer race was very curious and kept a close watch on their group. In the past, a world lord that was capable of producing 15 miles of

Boundary Cloud was considered extraordinary. They never thought that this group of people would have all exceeded this result.

"I originally thought that there would be another world lord with a Boundary Cloud greater than twenty miles, but I didn't expect the others to be so worse off," the leader said indifferently.

"Their cultivation levels are about the same though, and the martial artist that made a breakthrough first has a much higher perception. The ones that came out of their caves later aren't as good as the two from before," an elder responded.

The leader nodded his head. This sort of analysis was reasonable and it could be said that one who was faster than others in breaking through was much more talented. It was only natural that the spread of their Boundary Cloud would be wider as well.

"From the looks of it, the Boundary Cloud of the last warrior in this group shouldn't be longer than twenty miles either," the leader said, as he stared at the cave.

The last person he spoke of was Zen, of course, who was still secluded inside the cave. As the leader of the Dragon Flyer race spoke, Zen was actually still training in the cave, with his eyes closed.

Chapter 1938 Zen's Breakthrough

A cave of Valley of Time was completely sealed. Zen was inside the cave, completely unaware of the situation outside.

All these years, he often took the shape of an avatar to explore his inner world and develop it.

Most of the time, a martial artist did not interfere with their own inner world. The creatures within the inner world formed an ecological chain and thrived.

A powerful creature could be born only under certain circumstances. If Zen interfered and provided them with too many resources, then the creatures in the inner world would be incomparably weak. Even their rate of reproduction would start declining.

Ever since the World Tree had extended its roots into the chaos, it had been able to draw out endless amount of chaotic energy, which was a huge benefit for Zen.

The chaotic sea continued to expand, and the central continent continued to evolve. The time within his inner world quickly moved forward.

The situation on the continent became complicated.

The Howe Clan and the Totem Clan had already turned into an imprint in history.

The queen of the Howe Clan that Zen had once rescued, left behind a glorious divine kingdom. Later, it divided itself into three divine kingdoms on the continent.

As for the Howe Clan, when it was split up, it formed many sacred places of varying proportions. In one of the sacred places, the first warrior at the Soul Sea Realm was created.

Splash!

The edge of Zen's inner world was still in a state of chaos.

Some intelligent sea creatures were curious about the edge of this world. They swam forward, following the chaotic sea.

At this moment, a strange phenomenon happened. No matter how long one swam in this sea, they could never reach the end. It was as if the chaotic sea was endless.

Moreover, the moment one turned around, they would instantly return to the starting point, as if the world was an endless cycle of reincarnation.

Zen was not the only cultivator to be in such situation. The other cultivators also faced similar situations within their inner worlds.

However, this time the situation was different. The group of sea creatures swimming at the edge of the chaotic sea felt a vigorous force descending upon them.

The chaotic sea began to stir up violent storms, forming into massive walls.

Initially, the sea creatures panicked, but soon they calmed down. Although the storm was fierce, it came to a halt at the edge of the chaotic sea.

Several months later, the storm vanished. And at the edge of the chaotic sea, a grayish-brown curtain of light began to form. This curtain of light began to absorb the chaotic energy frantically.

"Form the boundaries!"

At this moment, Zen was at a crucial juncture. Sitting upright in the cave, he placed both his hands on top of his belly, while his eyes brimmed with vitality.

The Primal Chaos Technique was only to guide him, and so far he had progressed step by step, relying on his own exploration and comprehension.

Breaking through to become a world lord was the most crucial step.

The light barrier at the edge of the chaotic sea was still extremely weak. With the impact of the tide, cracks appeared on some parts of the barrier.

Fortunately, after this curtain of light absorbed the chaotic energy, it also began to continuously release the boundary-forming power, repairing the damage and the cracks that had appeared.

From this moment on, there were only fifteen days left before the agreed time with Holy Jay.

The other Godly Geniuses had already left their caves and were waiting for Zen to come out of his seclusion in the Valley of Time. Although the faint fragrance of the Valley of Time was able to calm the minds of martial artists, they were still anxious and restless.

Even Nathan had a look of worry on his face. All of them had gone through the experience in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and possessed the cultivation of a world lord. They had also received the inheritance of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Both their strength and state of mind had changed drastically.

Zen was the only genius who hadn't made a breakthrough.

Nathan might not want to admit the truth, but Zen was after all the leader of these Godly Geniuses. This trip to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had taken three years. Zen was the only one that hadn't become a world lord. A fact that even Nathan couldn't believe.

"There is half a month left in the outside world, but there's still more than three years left for Zen. There's no need to be so anxious!" Lucille said with a smile. Of the Godly Geniuses, she was one of the three to enter the Harmony race to cultivate.

The Mind Refining Tower of the Harmony race was able to temper a martial artist's mind. Currently, Lucille's temperament was even more elegant and tranquil, making her appear more attractive.

"But Zen has yet to break through. He must have encountered some trouble. Perhaps he has come across some obstacles that he is unable to overcome," Nathan retorted.

Rocher, on the other hand, had a calm expression on his face.

Out of the Godly Geniuses present, he was probably the only one who understood Zen the most.

After they entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Jay had spent maximum efforts on Zen and him. But Rocher also understood that he was far less important than Zen.

In his eyes, there was no need to doubt Zen's breakthrough to the realm of a world lord. He wasn't even the least bit worried.

Besides worrying about Zen, these Godly Geniuses were also worrying about the war in the universe.

All these Godly Geniuses had extraordinary origins. Their loved ones and their benefactors were all mighty warriors of the universe. When the Sacred race invaded the universe, these warriors were unavoidably involved in the war. Yet these Godly Geniuses were confined in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and were unable to understand the situation of the entire universe. They were naturally worried.

Fifteen days left...

Fourteen days left...

Thirteen days left...

While in seclusion, they felt that time was moving at a very slow pace. But once outside, they felt like half a month had passed in the blink of an eye.

Five days left...

Three days left...

On the third day of the countdown, a strange phenomenon appeared above the Valley of Time.

The vitality between heaven and earth began to fluctuate violently.

"He broke through!" A hint of excitement could be seen in Lucille's beautiful eyes.

"Amitabha. That is definitely the boundary-forming power. Finally Zen has succeeded!" Kurt nodded his head with a pleased expression on his face.

Right now, the Godly Geniuses were not the only ones paying attention to Zen.

The Dragon Flyer race was also very concerned. Although they didn't think highly of the final person who broke through, they were curious as to how large a Boundary Cloud that person could form.

Other than the Dragon Flyer race, there was also a pair of eyes staring at this scene from the highest point of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. It was Holy Jay.

'This little guy cultivates chaotic energy. Logically speaking, the world he creates should be the elementary form of a divine land. So this is equivalent to forming a divine land! I wonder just how much vitality between heaven and earth will he be able to draw in?' Holy Jay thought about it.

He did not use an avatar to come here, but used his inner vision to spy on Zen.

Plop!

Suddenly the crowd heard a rumbling sound coming from above the Valley of Time.

There was a sound of explosion that resonated within the surrounding vitality between heaven and earth. A ring-shaped Boundary Cloud appeared in the sky and began to spread outwards.

However, the speed at which the Boundary Cloud spread, was not that fast as compared to Rocher's, Nathan's, Lawson's, Lone's and the others'.

But the Godly Geniuses and the Dragon Flyer warriors were shocked to see this Boundary Cloud.

The Boundary Cloud that formed from the vitality between heaven and earth, had a hue of light yellow color. From Nathan to Lone, all their Boundary Clouds shone in light yellow color. However, Zen's Boundary Cloud was different—it was grayish brown!

"What's with Zen's Boundary Cloud? That is a very peculiar color," Karl asked in bewilderment.

"Why is this Boundary Cloud colored differently?" Lawson also asked in confusion.

Nathan also looked perplexed as the ring spread slowly. "It is said that when a martial artist with Purple Power Body breaks through to become a world lord, the color of the Boundary Cloud will be a light purple color. But I haven't heard about a grayish-brown Boundary Cloud!"

The Dragon Flyer warriors were even more shocked looking at the sight in front of them.

There were many world lords in the Valley of Time. The Dragon Flyer warriors' research on the Boundary Cloud was much more profound than any other race.

"Why does this person have this sort of strange Boundary Cloud?"

"What kind of cultivation technique is this? Even the sound is so loud!"

"However, judging by the situation, the Boundary Cloud will not cover much distance. At most, it won't exceed five miles. You're right. His talent is a bit weaker than the other warriors'!"

Chapter 1939 The Godly Way Guide

When martial artists became world lords, boundaries were placed in their inner worlds. It was comparable to a country selecting a piece of land for itself.

And when they reached the world lord realm, the boundary-forming power resonated with the vitality between heaven and earth to create the Boundary Cloud which contained a trace of the mysteries of world evolution and recorded a bit of the martial artists' comprehension of the Godly Way.

Martial artists also recognized the Boundary Cloud as a standard to measure a world lord's potential and strength.

The ball of Boundary Cloud that Zen had drawn was shocking not just because of the color. It gave off a mysterious aura as it kept rolling and rolling. The patterns within it also seemed to contain some kind of mystery.

All the martial artists had their eyes glued to the Boundary Cloud, none of them able to understand just what was happening.

When Nathan became a world lord, the Boundary Cloud he released had a bit of rhombic patterns—the symbol of the Truth Godly Way.

The Godly Geniuses who cultivated the Truth Godly Way could have some understanding of it if they observed this Boundary Cloud.

And when Lucille was promoted to world lord, the Five Elements Annual Rings—patterns belonging to the Five Elements Godly Way—appeared within her Boundary Cloud.

However, the patterns in Zen's Boundary Cloud were not regular. They were constantly changing, as if all three thousand Godly Ways were being shuffled.

High above in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Jay was also watching Zen's Boundary Cloud with disbelief.

The reason the living beings within the Valley of Time were attracted by the Boundary Cloud was because there was a mystery hidden within it that they couldn't decipher. And although they couldn't understand much, they still found it astounding...

But Holy Jay was still a Holy Being. It was just that the universe he created was rather special.

Before he became a Holy Being, he had seen something similar to this.

"It's scarily similar to the Godly Way Guide..."

This so-called Godly Way Guide wasn't actually a book but a ball of rolling brown mist that was very similar to the Boundary Cloud Zen had activated.

Zen's Boundary Cloud however, was still incomparable to the true Godly Way Guide as the Godly Way Guide's complexity was far beyond what ordinary people could imagine.

After all, all three thousand Godly Ways in the divine land came from this Godly Way Guide.

One glance at the Godly Way Guide was enough to incinerate the souls of ordinary creatures!

And because the information contained in the Godly Way Guide was too vast, they wouldn't be able to resist the origin-related information that would flood their minds

and when one's soul wasn't strong enough, that person could end up injured or worse, killed.

Even True Gods were extremely cautious when facing the Godly Way Guide. If they weren't careful enough, their souls might be severely damaged. Even Holy Beings could only look at it when the chance presented itself which was once in a blue moon. Being able to look at the Godly Way Guide truly was a rare opportunity in the divine land, and Holy Jay, since he became a Holy Being, had only seen it once!

And it was by the Godly Way Guide that he cultivated the Soul Suppressing Technique.

In Holy Jay's eyes, Zen's Boundary Cloud was already in its initial stage but the profound mystery within it was still very vague. As Zen's cultivation base continued to increase, it would probably come closer and closer to perfection!

'It seems like Bromley's assumption was right. If we let this guy continue to grow and cultivate, maybe he can really create a new divine land. I just hope Mike can hold on till that day...'

This year, the Godly Geniuses were cultivating in seclusion and were unaware of the universe's situation. But as for Holy Jay, he remained well-informed of the happenings in the divine land.

The Evolutionary Universe Mike created was currently in a bad shape...

The Godly Geniuses were still in the closed-door cultivation and Holy Jay couldn't tell Zen or Rocher the bad news. It would only add pressure to their shoulders and wouldn't bring them any good.

The brown Boundary Cloud spread much slower than the other warriors', but it was extremely condensed and did not dissipate easily. It began to spread in all directions in a low but stable speed.

It took only about three minutes for Nathan's Boundary Cloud to spread twenty miles before if dissipated.

But now, an hour had passed and Zen's Boundary Cloud had only expanded five miles. Its speed had also slowed down considerably. It seemed like the boundary-forming power was already beginning to weaken.

"Only five miles?" Lone asked with a smack of his lips.

He admired Zen a lot. It somehow disappointed him that his Boundary Cloud had spread over fifteen miles but Zen's only spread five miles. The gap was just too big.

"Humph! So what if it's only five miles? Can't you see what's inside Zen's Boundary Cloud? I bet you can't make sense of it either!" Lucille retorted furiously.

"You're one to talk. You're just pretending to understand it..."

Lone responded indignantly. Lucille huffed at Lone's words.

The spreading range of the Boundary Cloud depended on the boundary-forming power. The larger the great world of the warrior's body was, the greater the boundary-forming power was. So when others saw this scene, they immediately thought that Zen's great world was relatively small.

Of course, this was because his Boundary Cloud was compared to those of the other Godly Geniuses.

In fact, the ordinary world lord's Boundary Cloud only spanned three to five miles in average. It was just that this group of Godly Geniuses were all extraordinary and made Zen seem mediocre.

When Zen's Boundary Cloud spread to six miles, it was completely unable to move.

Everyone looked on with surprise.

Normally, after the Boundary Cloud stabilized, it would dissipate shortly after. However, after ceasing to spread, Zen's Boundary Cloud continued to float in the sky.

Meanwhile, Zen was still sitting upright inside the cave in a meditative state.

At the edge of the chaotic sea, the curtain of light was gradually stabilizing, enclosing the whole sea as well as the central continent within it.

During this time, the ordinary martial artist's great world would have already been formed.

The curtain of light continued to absorb the chaotic energy all the while, producing a tiny amount of boundary-forming power. It was this power that prevented the Boundary Cloud from dissipating, keeping it afloat above the Valley of Time.

The light curtain needed a lot of chaotic energy, so the chaotic energy surged toward it from all directions. As the curtain continued to absorb energy, the coastline of the central continent also began to descend, even attracting the attention of the humans on it. Within Zen's inner world, some of the human martial artists who were near the sea wondered why the water level of the chaotic sea dropped so fast.

The Boundary Cloud floated in the air for six hours, while Zen had spent a hundred and twenty days in the cave.

Zen's face twitched slightly. The light curtain within his inner world suddenly began to emit rays of light, which was followed by an extremely strong boundary-forming power gushing out.

"Has it completely formed?"

After the rays of light disappeared, Zen began to observe the light curtain. His eyes gleamed with wonder and his mouth fell agape.

Meanwhile, the boundary-forming power erupted outwards like a violent beast that was just released from its cage. It began to violently resonate with the vitality between heaven and earth at the peak of the Valley of Time!

"Sizzle..."

The resonance caused a sharp cry to burst out.

It was as if someone had suddenly thrown a large rock into the water, causing a huge ripple.

Suddenly, Zen's Boundary Cloud, which was stagnant earlier, began to rapidly spread in all directions, its speed already beyond the Dragon Flyer race's understanding.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1940 The Boundary Wall (Part One)

"This guy is something else... He has finally begun to show his real strength!"

Lone exclaimed as he stared at the Boundary Cloud that flew across the sky.

He felt that Zen had finally gotten serious. No one could comprehend Zen's actual skills.

Nathan clenched his teeth as he looked at the Boundary Cloud that expanded rapidly in the sky. Worry and terror painted his face.

Previously, he pitied and looked down at Zen as he was the only one among the group who hadn't become a world lord.

As the Godly Geniuses of the Evolutionary Universe, they should at least reach the level of world lords after the practice in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Their titles were synonymous with their privileges. Only world lords had the right to condense their Godly Tiles and go further to become True Gods!

Otherwise, they would always remain as Godly Geniuses. The only way to improve was to surpass the level of a world lord.

They were all still young. Blessed with extraordinary talent and incredible perception, these Godly Geniuses were more powerful than others of the same level. When they were at the Spirit Transformation Realm, they were able to contend against someone like a world lord. However, it still wasn't enough!

The ones who could decide the fate of the Evolutionary Universe weren't the hundreds of thousands of world lords, or the hundred-plus Supreme Lords, but the True Gods!

If these Godly Geniuses wanted to participate in a battle to save the Evolutionary Universe, they had to quickly become world lords and then master the Godly Ways that they cultivated.

Right then, as Nathan saw the way the Boundary Cloud spread, he immediately felt that it was foolish of him to pity Zen before. The momentum of the spread of the Boundary Cloud was extremely fast. However, previously, Zen's Boundary Cloud had only spread six miles or so. Additionally, even though the speed of the spread of Zen's Boundary Cloud was extremely fast, there was still a long way to go. It was still small compared to the distance of twenty miles that Nathan's Boundary Cloud had traveled.

The expressions of the Godly Geniuses that watched the scene in the sky were all different. Still, most of them were pleased to see Zen's performance. Some of them were even a bit proud. After all, Zen was their comrade!

The Dragon Flyer race was stunned by what they had just seen above their heads. Wide eyes and open mouth decorated their faces as they gawked at the Boundary Cloud.

The boundary-forming power was produced within the world inside the body of a world lord. Its impact on the outside world was somewhat limited. Martial artists also couldn't control the speed or the intensity of the Boundary Cloud as it spread. It was because of this particular characteristic that Boundary Clouds were used to judge a world lord's strength.

"Could it be that this boy's boundary-forming power has leaked out by itself…?" An elder of the Dragon Flyer race wondered with his eyes wide open as he looked at the sky.

"The process of an inner world changing into a great world is a natural one. The boundary-forming power is basically uncontrollable. How could it possibly come out?" another elder retorted. However, disbelief was also seen in his face.

"If it wasn't the case, how could a Boundary Cloud have expanded like this? Is this possible?"

"How could he manage to do that? Maybe that kid's boundary-forming power is originally mighty and powerful?"

"That's impossible! To be able to make the Boundary Cloud spread so fast, just how strong would his boundary-forming power be? Is that still a world lord?"

"..."

The two elders argued endlessly over the matter. Their curious and disbelief led them to be more interested in Zen's Boundary Cloud.

"The two of you stop arguing!" The head of the Dragon Flyer race shouted. "Let's see what happens in the end!" A dignified and respectable aura radiated from him as he reprimanded the two elders.

The Dragon Flyer race had speculated about the background of these nine Godly Geniuses. It was expected that all nine of them would give a performance that would surpass any other martial artist from the other races. However, the Dragon Flyer race never thought the performance of the nine would be so unbelievable. Aside from the distance it traveled, a Boundary Cloud was also judged by the intensity and speed of its spread.

The brown-colored Boundary Cloud was indeed very fast. However, it was hard to say whether it could spread over 20 miles. So it was useless for them to debate.

However, as if the elders had expected it...

Within seconds, Zen's Boundary Cloud had ceased to spread.

Although the speed at which the brown Boundary Cloud spreading was extremely fast, it quickly lost momentum and stopped at a distance of fourteen miles.

"It stopped just like that? What happened?" Lone curled his lips. It was such a letdown to see the fast spread of Zen's Boundary Cloud to have immediately stopped.

"The Boundary Cloud has not disappeared yet. Don't jump to conclusions," Lucille calmly said with a trace of expectation on her face.

"Zen's breakthrough should be different from ours," Rocher calmly analyzed. He knew part of Zen's secrets, but he wasn't sure of it entirely as he wasn't Zen.

Even Bromley, who created the Primal Chaos Technique, wouldn't be able to analyze the scene before everyone's eyes if he were there, let alone Rocher.

The two elders of the Dragon Flyer race began to argue again...

"I already said it before. His boundary-forming power must have leaked out on its own. It might have caused the vitality between heaven and earth to become so unstable," the elder who had spoken up before firmly believed in his own judgment. His face even reflected a smug smile.

The other elder only coldly glanced at the sky. "His Boundary Cloud hasn't disappeared yet!" His eyes reflected his expectations.

In the end, the Boundary Cloud covered a range of fourteen miles. To the ordinary world lords, this could be considered an extremely outstanding achievement.

Chapter 1941 The Boundary Wall (Part Two)

However, compared to the other Godly Geniuses, it was still the worst. The speed at which Zen's Boundary Cloud spreading was astonishing, but the distance it finally reached was not phenomenal. It could even be described as mediocre for a Godly Genius.

At that moment, Zen still kept a close watch of his inner world. He stared with eyes full of concentration at the light curtain at the edge of his inner world…

The light curtain formed a common boundary wall. If the world were a universe that was created by a Holy Being, then the wall would be what people referred to as a Sighing Wall. It meant that even a True God could do nothing to it but sigh.

Suddenly, the light curtain began to undergo an extravagant change!

Golden dots of light continued to condense on the light curtain and formed golden vortexes! Power and intensity radiated in their glow.

Zen was no stranger to these golden vortexes. He had seen them before.

When he used the Grand Weapon Refining Method to refine his body, these golden vortexes had always appeared when his body touched preternatural flames.

As Zen looked closely at the golden vortexes, he noticed that they were inscribed by obscure golden Sanskrit words, which rotated at an extremely fast speed!

The Grand Weapon Refining Method was obtained by Zen from the Divine Flame Cauldron. It was a cultivation method passed on to him by Mike. The changes and reactions with the golden vortexes were not strange to him.

But why had Sanskrit words suddenly appeared on the light curtain when he tried to break through to become a world lord?

According to Holy Jay's speculations, the Sanskrit words should've belonged to extraordinary creatures that had never appeared and whose state of lives had been incomprehensible. Why had these golden words appeared on the boundary wall?

Whoosh…

A golden dot of light finally stopped its rotation and turned into a huge golden Sanskrit word that was embedded on the top of the light curtain.

It was just a golden Sanskrit word, but it hid a massive amount of information. However, with Zen's knowledge, he couldn't decipher it. He couldn't read Sanskrit even though it was in his inner world. He couldn't decipher the Sanskrit words recorded in the Grand Weapon Refining Method, either.

In truth, within the divine land, there were a large number of people that studied the meaning and content of that type of Sanskrit. They spent an enormous amount of time in the investigation of that particular type of Sanskrit.

The moment the golden dot of light was embedded on the boundary wall, a robust boundary-forming power surged out! Suddenly the wall became even more stable!

Because his boundary-forming power had activated the vitality between heaven and earth above the Valley of Time, it caused his Boundary Cloud to rapidly expand once more. And this time, within several seconds, the Boundary Cloud had spread to a distance of 19 miles away.

Thus, the Dragon Flyer race, the several Godly Geniuses, and the other martial artists who witnessed the scene looked at each other in confusion. Their eyes and mouth were wide open at the spectacular occurrence before them.

The audience couldn't believe that the Boundary Cloud had another wave of expansion!

"How the hell is this guy condensing his own boundary wall? Could it be that there are several layers of walls? How could this happen? Where did he get such strength?" Lawson couldn't help but sigh while his shoulders dropped.

When a warrior condensed his boundary wall, it represented that the warrior had successfully become a world lord. Almost every one condensed the wall in one attempt. It was almost impossible to condense the wall more than once.

However, there were cases that some warriors had spread their Boundary Clouds twice or even three times within a short period. But that was only because their first or second attempt to condense the wall had failed, and they still wanted to break through the bottleneck in a short period of time. Additionally, every time their attempt failed, the Boundary Cloud formed in the previous attempt would dissipate.

Nonetheless, Zen's situation was completely different. His Boundary Cloud had never dissipated. Instead, it was pushed even further by the boundary-forming power within his inner world time and time again. Moreover, it spread out at high speed…

Even the warriors from the Dragon Flyer race who had tried to break through to become world lords many times had never heard of such thing, and less so for those Godly Geniuses! Most of the audience had never seen such an incredible feat!

"This kind of situation usually happens when the boundary wall is repeatedly consolidated, and the boundary-forming power is activated again and again. I'm really curious, just what sort of changes has happened in this boy's inner world? I'm sure he still has a lot of surprises to show." Even Holy Jay's heart was entranced with curiosity. His eyes observed him like a new experiment.

Not long after the first golden Sanskrit word was embedded in the boundary wall, the second golden dot of light also stopped its rotation. It turned into a huge golden Sanskrit word before it embedded itself in the wall. Afterward, the third Sanskrit word followed, and then the fourth Sanskrit word…

Huge golden Sanskrit words surrounded the chaotic sea as they sank themselves in the boundary wall one by one. The boundary-forming power spread out in waves. Each wave radiated more energy than the one before.

Fifteen miles…

Twenty miles…

Twenty-five miles…

Eventually, Zen's Boundary Cloud broke Nathan's and Rocher's records.

What was even more peculiar was that the Boundary Cloud that spread was actually stacked with multiple layers. Viewed from the ground, it looked like countless rings that were formed in the sky by Boundary Clouds. The rings were linked with one another, from smaller ones to bigger ones.

As the martial artists witnessed the extraordinary spectacle, confusion enveloped them. How could there be so many rings of Boundary Cloud that appeared all of a sudden?

Chapter 1942 Zen's Boundary Clouds

The boundary wall surrounded the entire chaotic sea, forming a wall that enclosed Zen's inner world.

At every certain distance, the boundary wall was inlaid with a golden Sanskrit word.

If one were to swim to the edge of the chaotic sea, they'd see a golden light band at the end of the world.

When all the Sanskrit words were in place, Zen's inner world turned truly stable as he stepped into the realm of a world lord.

Meanwhile, in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, many warriors marveled at the spectacle.

The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was actually an enormous cave created by Holy Jay—it was isolated. There were no clouds, rain or snow.

But for the first time, the aborigines in the cave finally saw clouds for themselves.

The birth of every golden Sanskrit word could inspire a circle of Boundary Cloud to spread. These circles looked like wreaths built in the sky—indeed, a spectacular scene.

The creatures outside the Valley of Time didn't realize that these were the Boundary Clouds.

When these came into view, they wondered if they were truly Boundary Clouds. It was known that a warrior could only have one Boundary Cloud. It shouldn't have been able to cover such a large area. But the largest Boundary Cloud covered the entire inner circle of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

The warriors of the Valley of Time were rendered speechless.

And the two Dragon Flyer warriors who had been bickering all the while now stared at each other in silence. They didn't know how to evaluate the Boundary Clouds in the sky and wondered whether or not a Boundary Cloud could determine the strength of a world lord.

If it could, what was happening? Why were there so many Boundary Clouds in the sky?

Soon after, the door to the cave where Zen stood finally opened up. A man shot out of it and hovered over the Valley of Time. When he looked down in the direction of Rocher and the others, he suddenly fell before them.

"Zen, congratulations!" Lucille greeted with a wide grin.

"Zen, you're the last to become a world lord," Lone remarked, laughing.

Three days before the deadline, the last Godly Genius became a world lord as well. Basically, their expected goal in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was achieved. So the other Godly Geniuses felt free to congratulate Zen one after another.

For a long while, Nathan remained shocked before finally coming to his senses and congratulating Zen. Numerous times, he had been stimulated by Zen, but he hadn't quite adapted to the feeling. When he became a world lord, he began worrying about whether or not Zen's Boundary Cloud could exceed twenty miles. If Zen went beyond him with his Boundary Cloud reaching thirty or fifty miles, Nathan could still accept it.

But what happened completely exceeded his imagination. It was simply too much for him to comprehend—he couldn't understand why Zen kept surprising him so.

With a smile, Rocher walked over to Zen. "Judging from the Boundary Clouds that you created, you're something like a Holy Being."

"Rocher, what do you mean?" Zen asked in shock.

"When a Holy Being enters the Holy Realm and begins building the Sighing Wall of the universe, a lot of boundary-forming power is triggered and the Boundary Cloud becomes just as magnificent as yours. I've never seen it myself, but I would suppose it's about the same," Rocher explained.

As a warrior's cultivation level increased, more and more worlds grew in their inner world, of which the range grew broader and broader. Eventually, they'd form a standard universe.

The Evolutionary Universe, for instance, was a standard universe. It had the Upper World and the Lower World. The Upper World included many supreme worlds while the Lower World included many great worlds. There were also a few special worlds, such as the Purple Power World and Genuine Dragon World.

On the other hand, there were a few non-standard universes, just like the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land they were in.

Rocher's voice carried over to every Godly Genius's ears. "Haha! Zen's boundary-forming power is indeed far beyond ordinary warriors'. But it is still far from that of a Holy Being. Still, he's an outstanding warrior, indeed. I'm glad to have witnessed it."

Zen, Rocher, and Xenia seemed rather familiar with this voice. All three of them had seen him—it was Holy Jay. But Nathan, Lawson, Lucille, and the others hadn't met Holy Jay before, nor did they even know of his existence, in spite of the fact that he had helped them cultivate several times. He had done so through his six incarnations, the prophets of the six races. He hadn't shown his own form before.

"Who is it?" Nathan asked coldly.

Lucille and the rest looked around, looking uneasy.

They had just become world lords and had a new keen sense of the world. Although the speaker seemed close to them, they didn't realize it at all—they were all on alert.

But Holy Jay only let out a laugh upon hearing Nathan's question.

Neither Zen nor Rocher said a word. Now that Holy Jay was there, he probably had his own plans.

Before long, someone from the Dragon Flyer race came over to the Godly Geniuses and told them that their prophet wanted an audience.

Nathan and those who didn't know Holy Jay were on alert and refused to go. But Zen, Rocher, and Xenia insisted that there wouldn't be any problem, telling the others to go see the prophet together.

Inside his tent, the prophet poured each of the Godly Geniuses a cup of green tea.

When Lucille and the others learned that the old man before them was the master of the land they stood in, they realized that all the good fortune they had was thanks to him.

In the face of such a Holy Being, even the proud Nathan didn't dare show any arrogance. His pride came from his own talent and family background. But he had no knowledge of Zen's origins. Though Zen had undeniably amazing talent, Nathan thought that his background had to be far inferior to his—his father was one of the most respected Supreme Lords in the universe, after all.

But in front of this old man, his father, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, was a nobody. The old man was a Holy Being. Nathan couldn't even estimate how strong of one he was. It was said that even a True God might not be able to see a Holy Being in their entire life.

After exchanging greetings, Holy Jay started, "Three years have passed. You should return to the Evolutionary Universe now."

In these three years, they had been missing their clans, their families, and the situation in the Evolutionary Universe each day.

They didn't have a good channel of understanding the situation—naturally, they had many worries. When they heard Holy Jay's announcement, Lucille took it upon herself to ask, "Holy Jay, how is the Evolutionary Universe now?"

"The situation is rather bad—the human race has lost three Supreme Lords," Holy Jay answered honestly.

He had never been to the Evolutionary Universe before, and he couldn't intervene in the conflicts between the Evolutionary Universe and the Murphy Universe. All he could do was help Zen and the others in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

If Holy Jay could enter and leave the Evolutionary Universe as he pleased, then Mike wouldn't have been bothered to train these Godly Geniuses.

Mike would have only needed to train Zen and make him his successor.

Holy Jay had learned about the state of the Evolutionary Universe from the divine land. The war between the Evolutionary Universe and the Murphy Universe was quite the topic in the divine land, and many Holy Beings in the Hall of Holy Beings discussed it among themselves. It wasn't difficult to get a hold of the news.

Since the Sacred race had declared war against the Evolutionary Universe, two years had already passed.

The Sacred race was expanding far faster than anyone had expected—the most critical point was that the Demon Night race sent troops to assist the Sacred race.

Because of the Demon Night race's participation, many forces of the human race were attacked both from behind and in front.

"I don't have any specific information. After all, it's a matter between Murphy and Mike; other Holy Beings have no reason to interfere. I can't touch Murphy now." Holy Jay himself was a member of the Hall of Holy Beings. Although Mike used to be a member as well, he was on the verge of dying and Holy Jay couldn't get involved.

"What should we do now?" Lawson asked urgently. There were only about twenty human Supreme Lords; he was afraid that the patriarch of his clan would be killed.

After giving Lawson a look, Holy Jay turned to Zen. "There is no better way to win this war. Besides the competition between the Supreme Lords, this is also the game between the True Gods of the two universes. If two or three of you can become True Gods, the Evolutionary Universe should also be able to stabilize and end this war. I came here to send you back."

Chapter 1943 Blood Rain

The chances these Godly Geniuses had in condensing their Godly Tiles in such a short period of time were slim in Holy Jay's opinion.

The heaviest burden of saving the Evolutionary Universe still had to be carried by Zen, Rocher, and Xenia.

The most important part of Mike's plan was Zen. He had already laid out everything for him. He picked a great world and made the necessary arrangements including creating the entire Luo Clan where Zen could grow and experience paternal love.

This went the same for Rocher and Xenia. Mike had a certain degree of control over things and used it to give the two some advantage. Rocher, for example, had the heritage of the Lord of Weapons while Xenia had the heritage of the extraordinary creature.

With the three of them occupying the top three positions, Nathan came at a close fourth since the Xuanyuan Clan remained the strongest faction amongst Mike's disciples.

"Holy Jay, have you seen Margaret?" Zen suddenly asked.

He'd been thinking of her ever since he entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. She wasn't weak but her temper often led her to trouble which made Zen a little worried.

A trace of helplessness appeared on Holy Jay's face. "Margaret is still somewhere in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land."

"What happened to her?" Zen asked in concern when he saw the look on Holy Jay's face.

Holy Jay was a genuine Holy Being. It required quite a serious matter for him to show such an expression.

It seemed Margaret might have caused quite a stir wherever she was.

Each of the ten Godly Geniuses had a role to play. Zen was the main character and an indispensable existence in this universe. Rocher was the assassin who could deliver the most fatal blow. Xenia had other uses.

Nathan, meanwhile, was Zen's alternate.

Despite the meticulous planning Mike had done, there was bound to be a couple of accidents along the way. If, in the worst-case scenario, Zen died then Nathan would replace him.

Of course, the ten Godly Geniuses did not know about this. Not even Wynn, Mike's disciple knew. It was only Holy Jay and Bromley who were privy on this matter.

If this news was ever made public then the Supreme Lord of Original Sin would no doubt do everything in his power to kill Zen and have Nathan take his place.

Margaret had the most special role in all of this. As per Mike's request, Holy Jay had to help her become a world lord while establishing the Purple Power World in her body. Unfortunately, he hadn't succeeded yet.

However, it wasn't entirely his fault. Margaret simply refused to cooperate.

Holy Jay couldn't help but feel quite embarrassed. He was a Holy Being yet he couldn't even deal with a little girl. The number of times he was tempted to just snatch her soul and tamper with her memories was high.

Margaret was indeed very stubborn. Back in the Purple Power World, her potential was activated under Apeiron's care and guidance. How could Holy Jay have the mood and patience to coax her?

"I will send her back to the Evolutionary Universe soon, don't worry," Holy Jay assured Zen.

With this promise, Zen found himself feeling more at ease.

The other Godly Geniuses also wanted to go home. They were really worried about the situation in the Evolutionary Universe.

Before sending them all off, Holy Jay saw it fit to impart a few words. "Holy Mike poured in a lot of effort for the ten of you. All of you are theoretically qualified to become True Gods but that will take quite some time. In the divine land, not even the children of Holy Beings get this same treatment. If you can help the Evolutionary Universe survive this round of crisis then in the future... We will meet again in the divine land!"

Everyone nodded after Holy Jay's speech.

The Celestial Position race had been preparing their entrance to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land for such a long time. Meanwhile, all Holy Jay had to do was lift a finger.

In the Evolutionary Universe...

A bright yellow crack appeared in the sky!

A figure then burst forth from the crack and fell down!

Boom!

Zen found himself smashing at the side of a tall mountain!

His body acted like a huge axe that directly split the mountain apart, leaving behind a thousand-feet-wide crack on its surface.

Zen slipped into the crack and fell into an underground lake that had been formed by the torrential rain that currently poured from the heavens.

Crash!

Zen's figure quickly shot out of the water and returned to the aboveground. When he lifted his head, his eyes quickly widened in astonishment.

The clouds were blood-red as if formed from countless drops of fresh blood. Even the distant mountains and plains looked as if they had been soaked by gallons upon gallons of dark-red blood.

He seemed to have been teleported to a strange area. It seemed that his return this time around wouldn't be smooth as he had hoped.

However, he was thrown back by Holy Jay himself. What reason did he have to send Zen into such a strange place?

Perhaps there was an accident that caused this deviation.

Zen held out a finger and caught a drop of blood-red rain. He held it up his nose and immediately recognized the familiar, metallic scent of blood.

"It's real human blood," he murmured with a frown.

It seemed that the situation was even worse than what he had imagined. He didn't even know which supreme world he had fallen into.

A warship suddenly shot out from the sky, distracting Zen from his thoughts. This warship was completely black and covered with sharp thorns. It boomed loudly every now and then and was coming straight towards him.

Zen simply floated in mid-air. He did not know which side this warship belonged to so he opted to just wait.

His guess was right.

The warship seemed to have noticed the violent commotion caused by Zen's arrival and had come to check things out.

This warship belonged to the Sacred race.

"This human blood really stinks. How long will we continue to withstand this?" one of the warriors complained.

"We've already crushed these ants to death. Why is it necessary to have their blood splatter all over the ground?"

"Stop complaining! The lord has his reasons."

"What happened just now? How in the world did this huge mountain split into two?!"

Despite what happened though, the Sacred race members weren't too alert. Ever since entering the Evolutionary Universe, they had gone through the human forces that tried to resist them effortlessly like a hot knife to butter. They were unstoppable.

Their race managed to sweep this entire universe with ease without any losses.

"Human!"

"Tsk! Is this human an idiot? He doesn't even know how to run. When did humans become so obedient?"

Several of the Sacred race members roared in laughter.

One of them sized Zen up. He was a bit more cautious than the others. "Everyone be careful, that guy... seems to be a world lord."

These warriors of Sacred race were all at the Spirit Transformation Realm which meant fighting with a world lord was still going to be difficult for them.

"How is this possible?! How could a world lord dare to enter this place?" one of the warriors asked in confusion.

The supreme world they were in had long since been occupied by the Sacred race. Any human world lord that entered this area subjected themselves to a death sentence.

Nonetheless, the Sacred race warriors were not afraid. Zen was a mere human and the Sacred race felt nothing but disgust for him.

"He came here to surrender, perhaps?"

The past three years hadn't been kind. Whether it was a Supreme Lord or an ordinary warrior, all of them had been pushed back by the Sacred race. Hundreds of world lords had already chosen to surrender, with some even betraying their own races to join the victors.

A human world lord who suddenly appeared in front of them might mean that he was here to surrender, hence the black warship changed course and headed straight for Zen.

Chapter 1944 Attack

Thick smoke billowed in the air as the black warship stopped in front of Zen. A Sacred warrior stood at the ship's bow.

The warrior was only at the Spirit Transformation Realm, but he appeared intimidating as he looked arrogantly at Zen.

The ship's hull shook a little bit before it came to a complete halt. "Hey, did you come to our Sacred race's territory to surrender?" the Sacred warrior stared at Zen and asked.

The only reason the Sacred warrior even bothered to ask was because Zen had a cultivation level of a world lord. Had he been a martial artist at the Soul Sea Realm, Spirit Supreme Realm, Spirit Transformation or even Life and Death Realm, the Sacred warrior would've killed him immediately. A creature from the Evolutionary Universe was no different from a pig or a dog in the eyes of the Sacred warriors.

'They are really the Sacred warriors….' Zen thought. His eyes narrowed into slits as he scanned the Sacred warrior from head to toe. There also seemed to be some information to be gleaned from the Sacred warrior's words.

He said "Sacred race's territory," which meant that this supreme world had already been occupied by the Sacred race.

Surrender...

It meant that there were world lords in the human race who became traitors.

The human race had always had its fair share of traitors ever since the ancient times. Thus, it didn't come as a surprise when some martial artists surrendered to the Sacred race in order to survive.

"Do you come for the sake of surrender!" the Sacred warrior asked again. At the same time, the other Sacred martial artists became more vigilant.

If this guy did not come to surrender, they might have to be ready to fight.

Even then, the Sacred warriors already were quite confident in their strengths. Moreover, the seven Sacred warriors present were all top-level Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists. They already had an established set of tactics, which they had long perfected. It wouldn't be a problem for them to defeat a world lord with joint efforts.

Lastly, this place wasn't far from their supreme headquarters. If they couldn't defeat the man in front of them, it wouldn't be hard for them to escape from Zen's clutches.

A faint smile lit up Zen's face as he floated into the air. Then, he slowly moved towards the black warship in the sky and said, "If I intend to surrender, would the Sacred race accept me?"

The Sacred warrior's eyes lit up immediately upon hearing Zen's words.

It was known that the Supreme Lords and the True Gods at the top were those who decided the result of the war.

However, it did not mean that the lower level martial artists were automatically useless.

The Sacred race would need a large number of world lords to gradually stabilize the supreme worlds they had occupied if they wanted to control the entire Evolutionary Universe.

The Evolutionary Universe was far too vast. It was about the same size as the entire Sacred race, and that was with its power not included. Thus, it would be quite difficult for the Sacred race to take over the whole Evolutionary Universe on their own.

It all boiled down to not having enough manpower.

The Sacred race had occupied twelve supreme worlds this month, but they had failed to send enough forces to guard those territories. What would most likely happen was in the next month, the human race would avoid the Sacred race's main forces and seize back about ten of the occupied supreme worlds.

The war was like two different hands that constantly pulled at a saw. When one side won, the other immediately fought back and turned the table. Such repetitiveness annoyed the Sacred race.

On the other hand, the Sacred race had dispatched more warriors from the Murphy Universe, then offered amnesty and enlistment to the human martial artists. It was a part of their plan to use the influence of the human world lords who had joined them to consolidate the supreme worlds they had occupied.

In addition, a reward awaited the Sacred squad that would successfully recruit a human world lord.

"The man who can recognize the facts of a situation is a paragon of men. Our Sacred race will eventually become the master of this universe. If you can abandon your race and become a member of our Sacred race, then of course we will welcome you," the Sacred martial artist said in a friendly tone and smiled.

It was said that not only would the humans who would join the Sacred race be treated well, they could even become small leaders of the Sacred race!

Powerful warriors were wanted everywhere, especially in a time of war between the two universes. While both sides had more than hundreds of thousands of world lords, the number of warriors below their level was in trillions.

But what was important was for the Sacred race to successfully implant the Heart-devouring Bug inside the human warriors who had joined the Sacred race. That way, the Sacred race wouldn't have to worry about the humans betraying them. If they did, they would only die a miserable death.

The several Sacred martial artists were surely certain that this world lord in front them had betrayed his race. If they could bring him back, they would receive a generous reward.

To their surprise, Zen continued to ask, "What if I didn't come here to surrender?"

The Sacred martial artist's faux friendly demeanor immediately wore off. His smiling eyes flashed coldly as he said, "Are you kidding? If you enter this place but have no wish to join our Sacred race, you are courting death."

"Yes, you're right. I indeed came here to court death."

As soon as Zen finished speaking, his figure moved in a flash and he stood in front of the Sacred warriors. A slight crack was heard as Zen's fist collided with their bodies.

While Zen's powerful punch wasn't the one to be underestimated, the Sacred martial artists were extremely quick to react as well. The seven Sacred martial artists' agile bodies immediately dispersed as Zen's punch came at them.

"Boom!"

There was an earth shattering rumble before the black warship broke into pieces and turned into scraps and fragments that fell from the sky.

Just then, the seven Sacred warriors had already formed a circle and trapped Zen inside!

"Attack!"

No one could deny that the Sacred martial artists were of truly higher caliber than those martial artists from the Evolutionary Universe.

There were a few reasons as to why was such a case.

The Murphy Universe was a normal universe which did not have concepts like the grand era. It was because the universe's creator, Murphy, wasn't like Mike who kept holding on to his last breath of life.

Mike had to destroy the heavens and build it over and over again to prevent the life vitality in the universe from being completely drained. That way, he could maintain the flow of life vitality in the universe and maintain the activities of the Evolutionary Universe at the same time.

However, the problem was that the destruction of a universe usually came along with the end of a grand era--which resulted in the loss of some ancient legacies in the universe that couldn't be passed on to the next generations. It was why the universe had to restart every 3.6 billion years.

On the other hand, the Murphy Universe did not have such problems. Its development was consistent and its next generations were able to inherit many legacies, plenty of which were from the time of the universe's creation. So the comprehension of rules and the entire universe's development were far superior to that of the Evolutionary Universe.

In conclusion, martial artists in the Murphy Universe were usually more powerful than their counterparts in the Evolutionary Universe.

It was also the reason the seven Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists didn't run away when they were faced with a world lord. On the contrary, they even dared to surround and attack Zen. They believed that as long as they cooperated well, they could kill this world lord.

Generally speaking, an ordinary world lord wouldn't stand a chance against these seven Sacred warriors.

However, they had encountered Zen, who was grown from a seed which was nurtured with Holy Mike's great dedication.

Not only did this seed carry the fate of saving the Evolutionary Universe, he was also tasked to stir a pool of dead water in the divine land and carry out an outrageous plan of Mike!

Heavy boots set off into the air as three of the Sacred martial artists attacked Zen at the same time.

"Primordial Inner Demon!" they shouted in unison.

At that moment, the eyes of the three Sacred martial artists darkened, and they let out a blood-curdling noise. Their bodies emitted a demonic aura that directly struck Zen's soul and began to disturb his mind.

The Sacred race was the most powerful force in the Murphy Universe, which was known for its orderliness. This trait was demonstrated in their methods of training their warriors to coordinate with each other and form strong teams instead of fighting as an individual.

While there were many powers and races in the Evolutionary Universe, most martial artists fought on their own. Even if some forces managed to develop some joint attack techniques, such things became useless when they reached the Spirit Transformation Realm, or the level of a world lord.

It was safe to say that the martial artists of the Evolutionary Universe were like a heap of loose sand, lacking spirit of cooperation.

The heavy gazes of the three Sacred warriors began to make Zen feel upset, and the negative emotions in his heart began to stir.

However, this disturbance of mind only lasted for a blink of an eye before a faint smile appeared again on Zen's face.

Zen had entered the Mind Refining Tower after he left the Soul Suppressing Cliff. He had suffered all sorts of torment from inner demons in all the seventy-seven floors of the tower. The mind-disturbing technique the three Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists in front of him had exerted on him was only equivalent to the inner demon on the thirtieth floor of the Mind Refining Tower, which failed to shake his state of mind.

"It's a shame that you... only have this little bit of ability."

He then took a step forward, and left no room for his opponents to escape. He gently brushed a slender but powerful index finger against the forehead of one Sacred martial artist.

The Sacred martial artist's eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at Zen. His entire body became slack before he fell down the sky. His resentful eyes never left Zen until he finally crashed on the ground.

The Sacred martial artist's skull was completely shattered with just a light brush of Zen's finger. The power of Zen's attack had stirred his mind into a completely mess. His soul was broken into pieces and quickly vanished into thin air.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1945 What Is Your Name

Zen's hand was still raised in the air and he maintained his stance.

The remaining six warriors of the Sacred race stared at him in astonishment.

In the Evolutionary Universe, the Sacred race had no trouble dealing with their enemies. The humans did not dare to fight them head-on. Of all the fights between the two races, humans hadn't won even once. Moreover, this team had a precedent of killing a human world lord.

Three of the seven team members were masters of soul attack, such as the previously released "Primordial Inner Demon." The next three locked the opponent with the "Saint Devil Shackle." The last one, the leader of the team, killed the opponent with the "Saint Energy Strike," which he had been powering up for a long time.

A team of the Sacred race usually consisted of seven warriors. The combined combat strength of the seven warriors was far higher than that of warriors of the same realms.

This type of strategy was aimed at the stronger warriors. If they faced the warriors of the same realms or several enemies of lower realms, the seven warriors would use another set of tactics.

It was not easy to resist the "Primordial Inner Demon" released by the three warriors. It was not purely a soul attack, but it was combined with some emotions. This not only tortured the soul of the opponent, but also befuddled their mind.

Even if a world lord had a strong soul and a stable mind, their mind would be wiped out in a short period of time with almost no resistance.

If Zen hadn't trained in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the Primordial Inner Demon would have affected him.

During the time that Zen had been practicing the Gods-intimidating Strike and comprehending the Emotion Closing Godly Way, the malicious aura had been too much for him to bear. He had become violent and bloodthirsty.

But after he had trained in the Mind Refining Tower of the Harmony race, Zen's warrior spirit had been greatly strengthened. Now, the Primordial Inner Demon had no effect on his state of mind.

As Zen came to his senses, he fought back and instantly killed a warrior of the Sacred race.

The other warriors of the Sacred race were still stunned, apparently not realizing that one of their companions was already dead.

Zen still had a smile on his face. This smile usually made people feel warm, like they were in the presence of a modest and polite gentleman. But in these warriors' eyes, Zen's image was as terrible as a devil's. That smile looked malicious to them.

The warriors hadn't felt fear like this in a long time. They hadn't faced a race yet that was powerful enough to surpass them.

As they saw Zen approach one of them, the six warriors on the scene were shocked. It was obvious that this guy was someone they shouldn't cross.

"Leave!"

"Disperse! This guy is not to be underestimated!"

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Just before they reacted, Zen's slow movements completely changed. His body flashed in the blink of an eye. Before one of the warriors could even turn around, he was lightly brushed by Zen's hand.

Zen's finger brushed the top of the warrior's skull. A finger dent appeared in his skull before it totally caved in.

The warrior opened his eyes wide in disbelief. He fell down uncontrollably, smashed his body hard on the ground, and was soon covered by a shower of blood.

After killing the warrior, Zen didn't stop yet.

Most of the time, Zen wasn't a brutal or cold-hearted man. He would be lenient wherever it was possible, but this didn't mean he was weak in character.

The Sacred race had slaughtered the human warriors in the universe without mercy. As a result, Zen would definitely not spare any of them.

The speed at which the warriors of the Sacred race escaped was not slow, and they were well-coordinated. The five remaining warriors all escaped into different directions. This way, Zen could only chase and kill one of them. The other four could flee as far as they could in a short period of time.

After Zen became a world lord, his speed became much faster than before.

He locked his eyes on a yellow-garbed warrior as he chased after him.

The warrior in yellow felt a strong gust of wind coming from behind. His face was full of bitterness as he thought, 'There are still four other warriors. Why is this guy chasing after me?'

He had no time to think of a solution.

As a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior, he was unable to deal with Zen, a world lord.

According to the strategy formulated by the Sacred race, when a group of warriors encountered a strong enemy, they must be completely dispersed to run away as far as they could. At least the enemy couldn't completely eradicate all of them and most of them could escape.

The warrior suddenly changed his mind. He decided not to lead Zen away, but turned around and tried to fight back.

He knew he would still be killed if he tried to run away, so he'd rather fight against Zen even if it cost him his life.

This was the natural instinct of many creatures. Even if the rabbit was chased by a stronger beast, it would turn around to bite its enemy.

"Life Vitality Explosion!"

Boom!

The life vitality inside the warrior's body surged out and exploded around him.

This was a kind of skill that consumed one's life vitality.

As the warrior's life vitality was consumed rapidly, it also expanded at a very fast speed. It turned into countless spikes that emerged all over his body. The warrior seemed like a hedgehog, with all the spikes that protruded from his body.

If Zen didn't react in time, he would certainly be skewered by the spikes mercilessly.

Zen's natural response was extremely fast. He had enough time to avoid these spikes, but he didn't really need to avoid them at all.

He didn't stop in his tracks; he smashed the spikes directly with his own body and turned them into ashes.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As the spikes broke off, Zen was only a short distance away from the warrior. Zen's right hand shot out like a flash. He gently flicked the back of the warrior's head, as if brushing the dust off his body.

After that, Zen paid no more attention to the warrior. He turned around and chased after another one.

The warrior that Zen's finger had touched suddenly trembled. After a few seconds, his lifeless body fell down to the ground heavily. Apparently, he was dead.

"The third one is finished,"

Zen murmured and then chased after the fourth one.

The warrior currently chased by Zen saw the scene that played not far away. His heart was in his throat. As he saw Zen chasing after him, he was scared out of his wits. When their eyes met, he felt as if his life was sucked out of his body. He circulated his life vitality and tried to escape as fast as he could.

It took Zen just about seven to eight seconds to finish the third warrior. Then he launched on the air beneath his feet and flew a distance of about ten miles. In the blink of an eye, he was in front of the fourth warrior.

Aside from having trained in the Harmony race, Zen had also trained in the Wind Exterminating Valley. There, he had learned Holy Jay's comprehension and experience on various laws.

After someone became a world lord, they could utilize the Grand Teleportation.

When a Supreme Lord used the Grand Teleportation, they could travel several supreme worlds. Zen was still currently unable to do so, but he could still use it to travel ten thousand miles in an instant. The Spirit Transformation Realm warrior had just fled a few hundred miles in a short span of time.

"You...you... Who are you? You are a mere human world lord. Why are you so powerful?" the warrior asked after he realized that there was no point in running anymore.

"You don't need to know," Zen said with a smile. His ghost-like figure once again flew past the warrior. The moment his finger flicked out, there was a blazing white light under his feet. Zen had disappeared in front of the warrior. He began to chase after the fifth warrior.

Then the sixth...the seventh...

There was only one warrior of the Sacred race left, and Zen didn't kill him immediately.

This warrior was the one who had stood on the black warship and looked down on Zen. As the leader of his team, he had the greatest strength. After the other six members trapped a strong opponent, the killing blow was dealt by this man!

Because it took Zen some time to kill the other six warriors, their leader had already escaped two hundred miles in such a short time.

While he ran for his life, he had almost pushed his strength to the limit.

In comparison with the other warriors of the team, he was the most intelligent. He had already realized that Zen would be too much for him to deal with. He never looked back and didn't think about anything else but to escape with his life!

He didn't know or care whether his companions were dead or not.

At least, he was safe now.

'I'm finally safe.'

Just as the thought crossed his mind, a voice whispered in his ears. It scared him to his wits' end.

"Hi, what's your name?"

Chapter 1946 Including Mortals

As Zen finished speaking, his figure appeared out of the void. He floated above the Sacred warrior's head, looking down.

He resembled a sovereign with the strong and overbearing aura.

The Sacred warriors were typically proud of their noble bloodlines. In their eyes, all other races were equal, but beneath them.

Humans and other intelligent creatures were no different from pigs, dogs, ants, or any other living things.

Only the Sacred race was regarded different, with characteristics to surpass and even dominate other races.

In the Murphy Universe, any living being or race could only present themselves before the Sacred warriors, living off of their charity and support.

The Sacred martial artist had never felt such a kind of strong aura before.

Zen's inescapable aura made the martial artist feel comparably small. He had a strong feeling that he was about to be forced into submission.

But now, he was just facing a human being. Because of the glory in his bloodline, this Sacred martial artist instinctively resisted. How could he submit to a human being so easily?

"What's your name? Tell me, and I will not harm you." Zen's cold voice floated out again, as a golden light flickered faintly in his eyes. The warrior's chest pounded heavily, as he felt pressured and afraid.

There were six great cultivation places in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

They included the Dragon Flyer race's Valley of Time for breaking through cultivation levels, the Harmony race's Mind Refining Tower for state of mind cultivation, the Collapsing Mountain race's strength source for body cultivation, the Kaleidoscope race's Wind Exterminating Valley for laws cultivation, the Skyland race for the cultivation of Pristine Life Vitality, and the Soul Seal race's Divine Soul Ancestral Land where warriors could cultivate souls.

Among the three major kinds of cultivation, the soul cultivation was second to body and life vitality cultivations, and was the third pillar supporting any martial artist. Naturally, it was an important link for any warrior.

Seven out of ten Godly Geniuses entered the Divine Soul Ancestral Land, but due to the limited time, Lawson, Karl and Lone had missed the opportunity to enter and were brought into the Valley of Time directly.

Except for the Skyland race, Zen made extraordinary achievements in the five cultivation places.

Presently, Zen's soul was flashing with a dazzling golden light. On the surface of his translucent soul, there were visibly cambered golden imprints. Such an imprint was regarded as the Emperor Soul Imprint of the Divine Soul Ancestral Land. Those who possessed the Emperor Soul Imprint could give off the formidable soul pressure through their aura, causing people to lose feeling. This allowed Zen to make people submit to him without fail.

In the Evolutionary Universe, not many martial artists managed to cultivate and possess the Gold Fighting Souls. There were only Supreme Lords and a small number of grand world lords who were able to do so.

Zen's Gold Fighting Soul was releasing a powerful pressure, and guaranteed a stronger effect when matched with the Emperor Soul Imprint.

Thoroughly, as he asked his question, the warrior trembled in his shoes. He subconsciously replied, "My, my name is Aiden Long!"

"Stop," Zen ordered again.

Zen could suppress the warrior with strength, but used mere words to bring him into submission. He also had every intention of testing out what he had learned in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Escaping was the instant thought of the warrior. However, as Zen uttered his words, the warrior struggled in fear and finally stopped.

Aiden Long's eyes were fearful as he looked at Zen, no longer trying to resist.

"Which supreme world are we in?" Zen asked calmly.

Aiden Long's lips flickered with hesitation. However, he felt that his soul was being completely suppressed by Zen, as if he was in control of it. The words slowly fell from his lips. "This is the Seven Ultimate World..."

"Seven Ultimate World?" Zen was slightly surprised.

The Seven Ultimate World was a borderline world of the Humanity Alliance, and this world bordered the Thoughtless Minds.

When Zen had left the Evolutionary Universe, the Sacred race only occupied three of the supreme worlds of the Spring race. If the Sacred race attacked and occupied the Seven Ultimate World, wouldn't that mean that the entire Humanity Alliance was occupied?

The situation was worse than he expected.

In Zen's perspective, no matter how strong the Sacred race was, it was impossible for them to completely occupy several thousand supreme worlds of the Humanity Alliance within three years. After all, every supreme world was vast and boundless. Supreme Lords in the universe couldn't just stand by, without trying to defend their lands.

And what about Supreme Lord of Oracle, Supreme Lord Healum, and Yolande?

Zen was lost in deep thought. He looked at Aiden Long and asked, "What is the situation in the Evolutionary Universe right now?"

After he finished speaking, his eyes flashed with a golden glow. The emperor aura from the Emperor Soul Imprint shot towards Aiden Long, making him unable to resist. His eyes sank, and his teeth chattered. He could not withstand the pressure, not even to speak.

Seeing this, Zen withdrew a portion of his soul pressure and continued, "How is the situation?"

"Our Sacred warriors... destroyed the Humanity Alliance and killed three Supreme Lords of the human race. The elites of the Humanity Alliance have already retreated to the Thoughtless Minds," Aiden Long choked out.

Zen nodded. He knew the warrior was smart enough not to lie. "What about the Demon Night?"

"The Demon Night race already allied themselves with our Sacred race. They originally planned to declare war on the Thoughtless Minds, but they were held back by the ogre race," Aiden Long replied.

"They were stopped by the ogres?"

Zen asked, surprise apparent in his eyes.

Humans always liked beautiful things. Zen had a good feeling about the Demon Night race, but he never thought that this race was Murphy's spy for the Evolutionary Universe. The Demon Night and the sorcerer race had the same goal, and they intended to subvert the entire Evolutionary Universe.

The conflict between Zen and the ogre didn't stop in the Lower World. Although the members of this race were brave, and they went against Zen several times, he did not expect that the ogre would stop the Demon Night from taking action, becoming the aiding force for humans. This surprised Zen.

At this point, Zen grasped the current state of the Evolutionary Universe and thought hard.

He then looked back at Aiden Long and asked, "Why is there a blood rain here?"

"Blood rain... Blood rain..." The warrior hesitated once again, unwilling to explain.

"If you don't want to tell me, I have many ways get it out of you. For example, soul searching," Zen threatened.

If Zen wanted information, he could search the warrior's soul and retrieve what he needed. However, there was no need to go through so much trouble.

All the color rushed from Aiden's face as he remained pale and silent. He knew Zen wasn't one to play games.

"That blood rain is of human blood. In order to prevent the members of the Humanity Alliance from taking back this place, we collect the human blood and cast the Blood Curse Technique to pollute this place," he admitted. The reason he was unwilling to answer was not out of confidentiality, but because the Sacred race's methods were always too cruel. He was afraid that Zen would kill him out of anger.

"This is a hell lot of blood. How many people have been killed?" Zen asked, poking his finger into a red puddle and looking toward the sky.

"The human beings of one supreme world," Aiden Long replied, carefully observing Zen.

"Including mortals, right?" Zen asked again.

Aiden Long nodded in response.

Right then, Zen's pupils slowly rotated and revealed the sharp beams, as if two inch-long daggers were embedded in the center of his pupils. Incredible anger rushed through him and took over his being.

There were countless races fighting in the universe, and the lives of warriors were usually at risk in times like this.

But the warriors knew a line had to be drawn. Innocent mortals did not deserve such treatment.

In the eyes of mortals, the world of martial artists was only an illusion. Martial artists were immortal in their eyes.

Battles among martial artists were always only between immortals and gods, without any interference or participation from mortals.

Even when the battle between the Thoughtless Minds and the Humanity Alliance was extremely intense, the mortals of the supreme worlds still led peaceful lives in their kingdoms. Only the wars among Supreme Lords accounted for the destruction of their worlds. Normally, it would never have to affect mortal kingdoms.

The line had been crossed. The most brutal creatures would never have acted out this way, but the Sacred race made themselves an exception.

As everyone knew, the Sacred race regarded mortal beings no different from animals. Killing hundreds of billions of mortals was nothing to them.

They believed that all living beings were equal, but beneath them. Only their race was superior.

Chapter 1947 The Blood Curse Technique

"Where is the place where the humans are slaughtered?" Zen asked as he stared at him.

Aiden was uncomfortable at Zen's gaze. 'Is this guy planning to charge in alone?' he thought.

The Sacred race had a lot of troops stationed in the Seven Ultimate World even though it wasn't an important world. There weren't any Supreme Lords present, but there were several world lords and two grand world lords.

The human world lord standing before him was strong enough, but wanting to rely on himself to contend against the Sacred race in the Seven Ultimate World? This was too naive.

But Aiden would still be happy to see this fellow throw his life away.

"All human beings are being escorted to the Ultimate Immortal City. But there are nine world lords and two grand world lords guarding the city. I'd advise you..."

Zen interrupted him. "Nice try."

Aiden's heart trembled. He couldn't wait for Zen to go to the Ultimate Immortal City to seek death, which was why he was urging Zen.

"I never intended to spare your life," Zen continued, a faint smile on his face. "But I'll spare your life now, and let you watch as I head towards the Ultimate Immortal City."

Zen reached out and patted Aiden on the forehead, sending a strange power shooting through Aiden's mind like a wriggly snake.

This power shook Aiden's mind and he felt his vision turn black before he fainted.

Zen looked around before locking onto a direction. In a flash, he stepped into the air and disappeared into the rain of blood, his body shifting over a hundred miles away.

Once reaching the first level of the Grand Teleportation of the Space Law, one was able to cover a hundred miles with each step.

Zen would not get lost in the Evolutionary Universe.

He had the Teleportation Token and the Roaring Token. To him, the entire Evolutionary Universe was an open, unobstructed place. But right now, Zen was not in a hurry to return to the Celestial Position race. He felt that he needed to do something.

Travelling through the supreme world wasn't difficult after becoming a world lord.

It would take several decades for a warrior of the Soul Sea Realm to cross a supreme world on foot without the help of a spatial channel. But it would only take a few days for Zen to cross the supreme world.

Blood-red clouds churned in the sky as if there were millions of vengeful spirits howling within. Zen continued to travel through the blood rain.

When droplets of blood landed on Zen's body, his lips pursed into a thin line to the point where one couldn't see them anymore. Just how many human beings had been slaughtered to cause this blood rain?

Five minutes later, Zen's gaze landed on a valley below.

A countless number of humans passed through this long, narrow valley. There was also a small number of martial artists of the Sacred race.

The cultivation of these Sacred martial artists wasn't too high. They were only at the Internal Elixir Realm and the Virtual Tribulation Realm. But these few Sacred martial artists were able to escort hundreds of thousands of human mortals.

Zen's gaze narrowed as he changed direction and shot towards the valley.

The humans in the valley formed a long line and walked slowly along the road. The blood rain formed a blackish red colored mud once it dried up. The stench it gave off was disgusting. The mud was wet and slippery, so one would have to be careful or risk falling.

Most of these human beings were ordinary people. Although they were all born in the Upper World, they had never practiced martial arts.

Not everyone had the potential to become a martial artist. To ordinary people, a martial artist at the nature level was already a top tier martial artist.

"Hurry up! Stop dawdling!" A warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm was floating above their heads. He held a black whip in his hand as he shouted to the crowd.

These mortals were the citizens of the Creek Kingdom in the Seven Ultimate World.

To a martial artist, travelling 10, 000 miles in a day wasn't much of a task. But a mortal being able to travel 20 miles in a single day was strong enough.

They had traveled 40 miles, forced by these martial artists. Every one of them was exhausted and at the end of their physical strength.

What was more, most of the old and the sick had already been eliminated along the way. A majority of those who survived were young and strong, with only a few being elders and children.

"Grandma, why are they so fierce?" A lively-looking little girl in pigtails asked as she stared at the martial artists in the sky. She was in her prime, but had fallen unto such dangerous times.

The old woman beside the little girl had a pained expression on her face. At her age, walking 40 miles was a miracle, but the martial artists were still dissatisfied. To them, they were being far too slow.

But no one dared stop. A vivid image of the people who had died so miserably before was burned into their imagination.

"Sweetheart, don't ask," the old granny said weakly.

As she finished her sentence, she lost her balance and fell heavily to the ground. But she didn't have the strength to get up again.

"Grandma! Grandma!"

the little girl screamed, but no matter how loudly and how many times she called, the old woman didn't open her eyes.

The path within the valley was quite narrow. The old woman, having fallen down, was now blocking the line of people behind her.

A warrior at the Internal Elixir Realm in the sky noticed the commotion. He flew over, the long whip in his hand held aloft. "What's going on here?"

They paled as they saw the martial artist approach.

One of the humans said, "Sir, we've already traveled forty miles today. We're too tired to walk. Can we rest for a bit?"

"Take a break?" the martial artist sneered. "Cut the crap! Taking you to Ultimate Immortal City in three days is my mission! If you delay my time, all of you will die!"

As the martial artist spoke, the whip in his hand lashed downwards like a snake.

A martial artist of the Internal Elixir Realm might not be worth mentioning in the Evolutionary Universe, but against these powerless mortals, they were existences that ruled over life and death.

The whip lashed towards the old woman.

The little girl in pigtails was still crying helplessly beside the old woman's body, and didn't notice the danger hovering above her head.

Once the Sacred race had occupied the Seven Ultimate World, they began an unprecedented massacre that didn't spread to the ordinary humans from the very beginning.

The first ones they eliminated were the people in the three sacred places within the Seven Ultimate World.

Among them was the Saint Lord of the Seven Ultimate Sacred Place, who led the elites to resist with all their might. But he had died in the end.

The Sacred race had spent less than three days occupying these three sacred places, at a speed that was truly astonishing.

Even after occupying the Seven Ultimate World, the Sacred race had never planned to act against the commoners from the start.

There were often tens of thousands of mortal kingdoms of various sizes in a supreme world. The strongest powerhouses of these mortal kingdoms only had cultivations of the Illuminating Soul Realm, and it was very rare for them to reach the Virtual Tribulation Realm. So the Sacred race merely ignored the mortals.

The mortal kingdoms, on the other hand, had always been silent about what the Sacred race had done.

The mortals knew, through the voices from the Roaring Tokens, that a "Sacred race" had been invading the universe these past few years. But they didn't pay much attention to what the Sacred race actually was. After all, these battles didn't have anything to do with the mortals.

They believed that even though the Sacred race occupied the Seven Ultimate World, they would not act against the mortal kingdoms because they were not a threat.

But this time was different.

The elites of the Humanity Alliance often resorted to roundabout tactics. Usually, after the Sacred race took over a supreme world, the Humanity Alliance would then quietly seize it back.

There were too many supreme worlds, so it was impossible for the Sacred race to send out people to guard each of the supreme worlds.

The Sacred race was annoyed by the tactics of the Humanity Alliance. They discovered that no matter how hard they tried, they just couldn't take another step forward. In these three years, after eating up more than

3000 supreme worlds, they didn't have the energy to attack the Thoughtless Minds.

This was not an ideal result for the Sacred race.

But the leaders of the Sacred race managed to come up with a solution. They could use the Blood Curse Technique to seal the supreme worlds they occupied.

The Blood Curse Technique was a very sinister and dangerous curse. It could harm the humans once it was successfully set up. Their entire bodies would rot, and their life vitality would flow in reverse. They would finally die from the pain and torture.

Chapter 1948 The Tragedy Of The Weak

The Blood Curse Technique was also a way of employing the malicious aura.

The reason for this was that the malicious aura was actually a sort of curse. In the Evolutionary Universe, there was no systematic approach for using the malicious aura.

Supreme Lord Sword, who had taught Zen the Gods-intimidating Strike, had devised a way of taking advantage of the malicious aura to suppress one's emotions thereby helping to ace the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

In comparison, the Sacred race's method of deploying the malicious aura was much more advanced.

This was because they could transfer the curses in the malicious aura however they pleased.

Every creature could spread curses before dying. The cursing power of an individual was insignificant, but combined with the power of millions of living beings, it was incredible and not something to be trifled with.

The Blood Curse Technique only affected other members belonging to the same race.

For example, if the Blood Curse Technique was enchanted using human blood, it could only be targeted at living humans, and creatures of any other races would not be affected.

So once the Sacred race carried out their plan successfully, the enchanted Blood Curse Technique used by them would only harm the human race and have no effect on their own race, the ogres, the Demon Night or even the wild beasts.

Only human Supreme Lords did not fear the Blood Curse Technique. But if the world lords were under the influence of the curses for too long, they would also be harmed.

Every time the Sacred race occupied a supreme world, they would enchant the Blood Curse Technique, so that they would not have to fend off a counterattack by the human race. Only the Supreme Lords were able to break the Blood Curse Technique.

But in the current scenario, all Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe were hiding in the territory of the Celestial Position race. Anyone who dared to come alone would undoubtedly fail and die. Since the human race had lost three of their Supreme Lords, any new casualties would only tip the scales in the Sacred race's favor.

This was the Sacred race's tactic to consolidate their attacks in a step-by-step method.

Swish!

The whip of the Sacred warrior slashed down sharply like a vicious serpent.

If the old woman and the little girl were to get hit by the whip, they would certainly get smashed into a bloody pulp.

The other mortals around them watched on with indifferent and weary expressions. Nobody had the guts to step up and help them.

The Sacred race was like a group of demons from hell for these powerless mortals. Anyone who dared to fight them would be squashed brutally like a puny ant.

Four hours earlier, over one hundred humans had protested that they needed to have a rest. But the only response they had received from the Sacred race was a lash of the whip.

The wretched whip swept across the crowd like a sharp sword. As a result, over one hundred humans had been hacked in half and died miserably in a pool of blood.

They had now realized that begging the Sacred race for mercy was meaningless. The only possible consequence, if any, was drawing their deaths closer.

But at that moment, a figure clad in a yellow robe dashed toward the little girl suddenly and grabbed her arm before rolling swiftly to the side.

Just as the girl was removed from danger, the whip lashed ruthlessly at the old woman.

Instantly, her emaciated body was shredded to bits and then turned into a cloud of blood.

"Your majesty!"

The girl exclaimed in shock when she recognized the man who had saved her.

After nodding at the little girl, the middle-aged man in the yellow robe looked up into the sky and said loudly, "Sir, please calm down! I will lead my people to move on. Please don't take it to heart."

The three hundred thousand mortals were citizens of the Creek Kingdom. The yellow-robed man was the ruler of the kingdom, who was also the only Illuminating Soul Realm warrior of the small kingdom.

The Creek Kingdom had developed significantly in these years. Two second-grade sects had been established in the kingdom, one of which was governed by the king himself.

However, as the ruler of the small kingdom, he had no powers to fight against the warriors of the Sacred race.

He was well aware of the fact that the Sacred race would send his people to the Ultimate Immortal City as blood sacrifices, but he didn't have the strength to tackle them. The only thing he could do was to follow their orders obediently and move toward the Ultimate Immortal City.

Over one hundred thousand people out of his five hundred thousand subjects had died during the journey. Some of them had been killed by the Sacred race, but most of them had dropped dead due to exhaustion.

"Don't take it to heart? Did you take our orders to your heart? What if due to your slacking our plan got delayed?" The Internal Elixir Realm warrior of the Sacred race reprimanded the king coldly.

The king of the Creek Kingdom was filled with resentment, and yet he knew they couldn't even protest. They were like weak lambs ready for slaughter in the eyes of the Sacred race.

"Please, I will supervise my people and urge them to move faster," he begged, gritting his teeth.

"Hmm. Right! Do your work well, you oaf!" the Sacred warrior snorted.

For him, the king was as insignificant as the other humans, but they still needed him to control the large army of humans so that they could keep moving smoothly. Without the king's command, their speed might have been much slower, and many more people might have died!

Truth be told, the Sacred race didn't want to kill too many mortals if possible. After all, their intention of taking these humans to the Ultimate Immortal City was to use their blood. If most of the people died on the way, their efforts would be in vain.

The king let out a deep sigh. He turned to an official aide and ordered, "Send word to everyone that I have commanded them to move faster."

The official was over seventy years old. Although he was also a martial artist, his physical condition had declined because of his old age. It was a Herculean task for a teenager to trek over forty miles in a day, let alone an old man like him.

"But, Your Majesty... They can't take it much longer!" There was grief and indignation in the official's voice.

Countless people had already succumbed to exhaustion on the way. Would all of them have such atrocious deaths?

"We have no other choice. We have to endure it," ordered the king in a solemn voice.

"Endure it? But when will it end? We will all be sent to the Ultimate Immortal City and these savage warriors will drain our blood for their usage!" A general of the Creek Kingdom couldn't help but yell angrily.

He was a warrior at the consummation of nature level and had a violent temper. His patience had reached its limit and he could not hold back his anger any longer!

"You're absolutely right! Even if we follow their orders without resisting, we will still get killed in the end!"

"We are going to die anyway. Why don't we just go all out and fight these rascals?"

"I would rather die right here, right now than become their blood sacrifice!"

They were human beings, after all, not lambs for slaughtering. Lambs couldn't sense what was out there for them, so they would dumbly obey orders until the last moment came.

Since these humans knew that there was no hope for survival, they no longer had any intentions of being mute spectators to their own deaths. If death was imminent, they would rather commit suicide than help the Sacred race with their plan.

Discontent quickly spread among the crowd. After a long period of suppressing, the low-level warriors and mortals finally revolted.

The little girl buried her head in the king's chest and did not dare to look around. Her grandmother had died miserably just a few moments ago. Her innocent mind had been tainted by the malice of the cruel world.

"What the hell are you doing? Do you all want to die right here?"

Hearing the commotion below, the Sacred warrior floating in the sky brandished the whip in his hands and lashed down mercilessly.

With a resounding crack, a barbaric aura emanated from the whip.

Thwack!

Several people were hit by the torturous whip and were instantly ripped to pieces. Bleeding fragments of their bodies scattered around, and the air was filled with screams from the crowd.

The nature level warriors' eyes turned red with fury. They couldn't hold themselves back any longer.

"I'll fight him to the death!"

"Let's kill him!"

"Yes! Let's die a worthy death!"

Nature creatures didn't have the ability to fly. They clambered up the towering walls on both sides of the valley and leaped into the sky to attack the Sacred warriors.

There was a hint of sarcasm on the Sacred warrior's face as he snorted, "Do you think you are strong enough to take me on? You don't even have the ability to challenge me!"

It was a ridiculous notion that a piddling lamb wanted to take on great warriors. This was the only thought in the Sacred warrior's mind.

He waved his whip and it immediately turned to a vicious serpent, which slithered towards the nature level warriors with the intention of swallowing them all.

The king of the Creek Kingdom closed his eyes. He didn't have the heart to see his people getting killed in front of him. His face was contorted in distress.

Three months before, he had enjoyed the company of his many wives in the imperial palace. The whole kingdom had been living peacefully. But now, he had to witness his kingdom slip into the abyss of despair.

He didn't have the strength to change their fates. This was the tragedy that befell on the weak.

If he was powerful enough to kill the Internal Elixir Realm warrior, he might still have hope for saving his people.

'Dear God! Is weakness an unforgivable sin?' he thought wistfully.

However, he didn't hear any painful screams from his people. Instead, he heard the Sacred warrior yelling in shock, "Who the hell are you!"

Surprised by this turn of events, the king opened his eyes and saw a human warrior appearing out of the blue and floating in the air. He pinched the whip between his fingers quite coolly and stopped it from wrecking any more havoc on the humans.

Chapter 1949 A Very Very Great Hero

The Sacred warrior of the Internal Elixir Realm, continued to stare at Zen.

The aura that emanated from Zen's body made the warrior realize that he was not to be taken lightly.

The gap between their cultivation levels was enormous. Although he could not detect Zen's true strength, he was sure that Zen's cultivation level would be at least at the Spirit Supreme Realm. It was possible that he might be a world lord!

'We have occupied the entire Seven Ultimate World! Despite this, he came here alone! Is he courting death?' the Sacred warrior wondered.

"Who, the hell are you? What do you want? Oh, I see! You are here to surrender yourself to us!" Maybe the Sacred warrior's cultivation level wasn't very high, but he definitely had a vivid imagination. He quickly came up with the most probable reason suggesting Zen's presence.

If Zen really came to surrender, then he might still have a chance at survival. The warrior wanted to think the situation was in his hand.

"There is no reason for you to know about my intentions," Zen replied coldly as he loosened his grip on the whip.

The Sacred warrior was surprised with Zen's reaction. He had thought he understood Zen's intentions. 'Maybe he is too embarrassed to admit it', thought the warrior.

However, his optimism was crushed with Zen's next response.

"You are too weak to even spar with me," Zen said, closing his eyes.

All of a sudden, he released the pressure from his soul, spreading it across all directions.

The Internal Elixir Realm warriors, noticed the commotion down below. They examined Zen's movements from a safe distance.

They started to panic once they understood what Zen said. They realized that situation was not in their favor and immediately turned around to escape.

But just as they escaped, they felt a sudden sag as if their heads had been struck with a heavy hammer. Their heads and souls instantly burst like bubbles.

The souls of Internal Elixir Realm warriors had never been trained before. They were as fragile as newborn babies and had no way to resist Zen's attack from his soul.

In a blink of an eye, the Sacred warriors escorting the human captives, suddenly turned into headless corpses and plummeted downwards.

Silence filled the entire valley.

All of the mortals raised their heads to look at Zen with disbelief. They couldn't imagine his power.

For them, Zen was like a savior sent by the heavens to save the people of the Creek Kingdom.

Zen glanced at these mortals briefly and was about to leave when he heard a voice from below, "Sir, please wait a moment!"

A figure flew into the sky towards him. This person was none other than the king of the Creek Kingdom. He was at the Illuminating Soul Realm, and hence possessed the ability to fly.

There were only a few people with such cultivation levels in his entire kingdom.

"Sir, I am the ruler of the Creek kingdom. Since you saved us from these warriors, can you help us a little more and take my people out of the Seven Ultimate World?" The King pleaded with Zen. He knew that his cultivation level was much lower than Zen's. Zen already did a huge favor by saving their lives and he did not have the liberty to ask for more favors.

But he was also aware that without Zen's help, they would not be able to survive in the Seven Ultimate World. The Sacred race would discover his people very easily.

What was more, once the Blood Curse Technique was used, no humans in this supreme world would have a chance to live. Even if they hid in caves that were 10, 000 feet underground, they would still be affected by the Blood Curse Technique.

Their only way was to get out of this supreme world.

The little girl stuck her head out from the king's arms and stared innocently at Zen with her deep black eyes. Her curiosity towards Zen overcame her fears as she carefully measured him with her eyes.

Zen of course figured out what was going on in the king's mind. But he only shook his head and refused, "There are too many of you. I can't take all of you away. It is too much even for me to handle."

The king looked dejected. He knew he went beyond his limit to ask for a favor. Zen's help was already a blessing for them, and they should be content with it.

Suddenly, Zen's eyes cleared as he looked at the wall on the side of the valley. Gazing at the valley, he fell silent for a moment.

He approached the steep mountainside and lightly tapped with his finger. Instantly, a ten-feet-high hole appeared on the wall of the mountain.

Zen's finger was like a sharp blade as it cut through the cave and continued to expand downwards. After about half a minute, he had dug out a cave that was hundreds of thousands feet wide and millions of feet deep.

When Zen got out of the cave, he asked the king, "Do you have enough food with you?"

The king immediately understood Zen's intentions and a troubled expression appeared on his face. "We have enough food, but it is pointless to hide in this cave."

The Sacred race had forced their entire kingdom to migrate. Before leaving, the king had already ordered everyone to bring all the food they had with them. With the current ration, they could easily live for half a month.

But what was the use of hiding in this cave? Once the Blood Curse Technique was activated, the result would be the same no matter where they hid.

Zen realized the king's worries. "I will not let the Blood Curse Technique affect you all. You only need to hide in this cave for a few days," he said.

Hearing this, the king was slightly astonished.

His cultivation level might be very low compared to Zen's, but that didn't necessarily mean he was a shortsighted man. After all, he was still a warrior of the Upper World.

The king realized that Zen wanted to stop them from using the Blood Curse Technique.

"You will have to trust me," Zen said in a calm voice.

When the king saw Zen's determination, he felt a sense of trust. 'Perhaps this young man could really do it, ' he thought to himself.

"Thank you for your great kindness. If you help us overcome this crisis, we..."

The king originally wanted to promise Zen great rewards. But all of a sudden, he was doubtful if it would be enough to express his gratitude.

He was an Illuminating Soul Realm warrior. Only warriors understood the gap in strength between the strong and the weak.

The mortals, on the other hand, couldn't tell the difference between an Internal Elixir Realm warrior and a world lord. In their eyes, all warriors were the same.

The king had vaguely guessed Zen's true strength. Since he dared to come to the Seven Ultimate World alone, he had to be a world lord or maybe even a Supreme Lord. They had no way to repay such a powerful being.

"We... We don't have the capabilities to repay your kindness. We can only bow down to you and thank you for what you have done for us."

As he finished speaking, the king knelt down in front of Zen and bowed to him with respect.

Seeing their king bowing down before Zen, the mortals below also followed suit. Hundreds of thousands of humans in a long line prostrated themselves on the ground and bowed to Zen.

Zen merely shook his head and said, "Just take your time and get into the cave. I will then shield the entrance."

The king nodded and quickly gave the orders to his subjects.

After everyone had entered the cave, Zen used the divine textures to set up a magic array around the cave entrance. After he activated the magic array, the entrance disappeared out of sight.

This magic array couldn't deceive the world lords. Even a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior could easily find the flaws in this magic array and discover the hundreds of thousands of humans inside there.

However, the task of escorting these mortals was given to the Internal Elixir Realm warriors. With Zen's current strength, even a Virtual Tribulation Realm or Life and Death Realm warrior wouldn't be able to see through his magic array, let alone an Internal Elixir Realm warrior.

Thus, he believed that this cave was enough to keep these people safe.

After he was done with his arrangements, Zen left and continued on his way to the Ultimate Immortal City.

The king stood at the entrance of the cave as he held the little girl in his arms and stared after Zen's disappearing figure.

"Who is this man, Your Majesty?" The little girl asked in her sweet voice.

The king smiled and said, "He... He is our great hero."

"A great hero? Is he a very, very great one?" The girl asked, tilting her head.

"Yes, a very, very great one!" The king repeated and laughed.

The girl nodded her head and stared in the direction that Zen had disappeared for a long while without blinking. Zen's image was already engraved in her little mind.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1950 Blood Pool

This valley was only a hundred miles away from the Ultimate Immortal City. It would only take Zen a single step to teleport there.

But out of caution, he decided to not directly teleport to his destination.

After he returned from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Zen's strength had improved dramatically. However, this did not mean that he was skilled enough to deal with the reckless behavior of the Sacred race.

In fact, the closer he got to the Sacred race, the more cautious he became. He even slowed down and flew at a lower altitude.

Along the way, Zen discovered several groups of mortals. Their numbers ranging from over a hundred thousand to five hundred thousand per group, all escorted by Sacred martial artists. Clearly, they were being sent to the Ultimate Immortal City.

Zen didn't bother to intervene. They were already too close to the Ultimate Immortal City and any conflict would be easily detected by the warriors inside the city.

Moreover, the root of the problem was in the Ultimate Immortal City. As long as he could break in the Ultimate Immortal City and stop them from using the Blood Curse Technique, Zen believed the Sacred race would stop the reckless slaughter. After all, these mortals were weak. Just as humans didn't care to kill ants, surely the Sacred race wouldn't be so bored as to kill these insignificant mortals.

Soon, a golden city gleamed in Zen's field of vision: the Ultimate Immortal City, the largest city in the Seven Ultimate World.

Looking down, he saw a huge round plate the color of blood, looming over the city. Countless runes were rolling in it and four red pillars extended upwards from the city and connected to the bottom of the plate.

The plate was continuously absorbing dark red blood through the pillars and sprinkled it into the sky, forming blood-red clouds that spread throughout the whole Seven Ultimate World.

The closer Zen got to the city, the stronger the stench of blood became. It was as if what was ahead of him was a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood. The once hustling and bustling city had become purgatory.

Zen quietly floated to the side as he observed the place. After he formed a plan in his head, the killing intent in his eyes died and his cinnabar field sealed up. He changed his appearance to that of a weak mortal and quietly landed in the center of the road leading to the Ultimate Immortal City.

Shortly after, a group of mortals walking along the road approached, several Sacred warriors escorting them. The closer they got to the Ultimate Immortal City, the more impatient the Internal Elixir Realm warriors became.

"Hurry up!

It's taken nine days to travel three hundred miles! It's too slow!"

a Sacred martial artist roared. He raised the whip in his hand and viciously lashed it into the air, making a cracking sound that was too much for some mortals.

The people were already exhausted from their journey. No matter how hard they tried, they still couldn't keep up with the speed the Sacred race had set. Nevertheless, they squeezed the last bit of their strength and dragged their feet.

A moment later, the Sacred martial artist leading the group found Zen lying on the ground.

"How did we miss this one?"

He muttered gruffly and lashed his whip at Zen.

Zen's eyes flashed with anger. He wasn't afraid of the whip; he knew the warrior wouldn't be able to hurt him even he lay there motionlessly, but if his whip really landed on him, his cover would surely be blown.

"Pah!"

The whip didn't hit Zen in the end. It landed beside him and left a large hole in the ground.

"You," the warrior regarded him coldly. "Get back to the group!"

The Sacred race's goal was to acquire human blood. If the humans all followed their orders and got to the Ultimate Immortal City without a hitch, then there was no need to kill recklessly. And now that they were close, Zen was practically like lost sheep and wasn't worth killing.

Plus, Zen looked very weak. His entire body was covered in mud and he had concealed his cultivation level and soul. He even acted flustered as he shied into the crowd.

Zen frowned at the expressionless faces of the mortals around him. They didn't spare Zen a single glance as he joined their line and instead had continued to walk like zombies. They only thought about moving forward. Where they were heading and what fate awaited them did not matter anymore. They were too tired.

They were only about twenty miles away from the Ultimate Immortal City but it still took the exhausted mortals half a day to reach its gate.

On top of the grand city wall stood a garrison of Sacred warriors. Most of them were at the Soul Sea Realm while a few were at the Spirit Supreme Realm.

"Did you hear? Someone seemed to have killed the Freesia Squad!"

"The seven warriors in this squad were all Spirit Transformation Realm elites and someone managed to kill them all without anyone noticing. This person's strength must be that of a world lord!"

"World lord? Don't you know the Freesia Squad has killed world lords before?"

"If not a world lord, then is this person a Supreme Lord? Would a Supreme Lord really dare to come to the Seven Ultimate World?"

"I know! That's what's most baffling... There aren't many Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe so they obviously won't do anything rash.

If a Supreme Lord were to die here, it'll be a great loss for humankind. It's unlikely that they'll take such a risk for a borderline supreme world."

"So strange..."

Even when the warriors were far away, Zen could hear them well.

As soon as he passed through the city gate with the others, he felt the perception from the martial artists sweep through their heads.

Although the Blood Curse Technique could help the Sacred race take over a supreme world instantly, it was quite troublesome to use. Moreover, the array laid out using this technique was extremely fragile. If they weren't careful enough and the array was destroyed, all their efforts would be for naught.

They had learned this the hard way when they had used the technique in another supreme world. So in order to prevent such incident from happening again, they began taking more care in screening the mortals.

Creatures sent to the blood pool would have to be screened three times. The first screening would be at the city gate and the second would be inside the city. The third screening would be by the blood pool.

Thankfully, the martial artists didn't find anything abnormal during the first screening.

Zen had successfully entered the Ultimate Immortal City and continued to follow the mortals to advance on the city's wide road.

After the Sacred race occupied the city, the martial artists living in it had been slaughtered. The previously bustling streets were now empty, and with the thick smell of blood, the city was now quite literally, a ghost town. Even the martial artists of the Sacred race felt uncomfortable staying there.

In order to use the Blood Curse Technique, the Sacred race had built four huge pools inside the city. Each pool was the size of a small lake, large enough to hold hundreds of thousands of people. On the main road leading to the blood pool in the south of the city, six Spirit Transformation Realm warriors were stationed.

These warriors had cold expressions and powerful auras. Compared to the Sacred martial artists at the city gate, they were much more vigilant.

Streams of strong perception continued to sweep over everyone's heads and one particular stream stopped on top of Zen.

Zen upped his acting and walked forward with wobbly legs, trying to look like he was about to fall down any moment.

The Spirit Transformation Realm martial artist glanced at Zen. However, seeing him covered in mud, the martial artist looked away boredly.

Martial artists at higher levels of cultivation had an advantage in concealing themselves from marital artists at lower cultivation levels. The Sacred warrior, while unable to find any flaw, could subconsciously feel that Zen was slightly different. However, since he couldn't tell exactly what was wrong, he decided to let it go.

Zen felt himself getting closer and closer as he passed through each screening process.

When they finally reached the blood pool, a commotion suddenly broke out.

Although the mortals were bone-tired from the long journey, their heads immediately cleared when they saw the hellish scene in front of them.

Broken limbs and other body parts floated in the pool and the metallic stench of blood was making the horrific scene a hundred times worse.

At the side of the blood pool, mortals were being lined up and were forced to jump into the blood pool.

The moment a mortal jumped into the pool, an invisible force appeared in the air, twisting the person into pretzels. Blood splashed out from their twisted bodies; it was a scene too horrible to behold.

Chapter 1951 Noticed Zen

Beside the blood pool was a passageway several dozen miles wide. The entire passageway was densely packed with several million mortals.

Because the line was too long, the people at the back couldn't see what was happening and could only follow behind others. When the mortals in the front saw the pool of blood, there was already no way back.

The mortals were screaming, struggling, but there was some sort of force heaving them forward. Even if they fell to the ground, their bodies would automatically make their way towards the blood pool.

Disguised in the crowd, Zen carefully observed what had happened.

Above the blood pool, there was a massive array of divine textures. The number of divine textures could add up to over a hundred thousand at his approximation.

"This is so intriguing, so complex," Zen said in astonishment.

The Sacred race's Blood Curse Technique could be specially tailored to a certain race, and it was also extremely powerful. It notably had its own unique yet identifiable characteristics.

However, the more complex the array, the more intricate the details were. Once it was destroyed, it would be almost impossible to repair. The Sacred race had spent a great deal of effort in putting this up.

Using the Blood Curse Technique to occupy a supreme world meant that the Sacred race appealed to their last, most desperate option.

Presently, the Demon Night race and the ogre race were in conflict, while the Sacred race and the three major powers of the human race were in on and off battles. If the Sacred race didn't consolidate these supreme worlds they had occupied, it would be a challenge for them to progress.

Therefore, the Sacred race's strategy was to consolidate the supreme worlds one by one, and then continue to advance towards the

Thoughtless Minds.

Zen followed the group. As he stood 300 feet away from the blood pool, he felt a force tugging on his body. It was urging him towards the blood pool, just like everyone else.

The surrounding mortals had already realized the danger they were in. Although they knew it was impossible for them to escape the force, they still struggled as much as they could, attempting to pull themselves as far away from the pool as possible.

However, no matter how much they fought it, the force was relentless. Mortals were too weak, too helpless to break free from the force. All they could do was accept their fate as they inevitably slid into the blood pool, watching as their companions were twisted into pretzels with blood showering all over the place.

In order to avoid suspicion among the Sacred martial artists, Zen was constantly wriggling his body to resist the invisible force. As he struggled, Zen slowly glided down the path towards the blood pool.

Shortly after, Zen found himself at the edge of the blood pool. His gaze was fixated on the Blood Curse Array.

Apparently, this Blood Curse Array did not only serve as an array. In addition to being able to extract blood, it could also guide malicious aura and transform the curse. After mortals died in indignation, they would leave behind a strong curse at the last moment of their lives. The array would then blend the power of curse with their blood, and spread it out.

Because the array obtained human blood, the curse only affected the human race and had no effect on other races.

After scanning his surroundings once again, Zen discovered that there were several powerful defensive divine textures on the array. He reckoned that there were attempts to destroy the array, so the Sacred race had no other choice but to put up defensive divine textures.

The Sacred race made sure that there was a world lord to guard each of the four blood pools of the Ultimate Immortal City. Beside the blood pool in the south of the city, there was a woman from the Sacred race standing there, immaculate and graceful. The women of Sacred race usually had plump figures, and even when they rolled their eyes, they were exceedingly fascinating. Across their faces, there were three birthmarks on their cheeks shaped like wolf teeth. All Sacred women had this the moment they were born.

They believed that the longer the wolf teeth were across their faces, the purer their bloodline was. This also meant higher social statuses which many enjoyed.

Some women of the Sacred race with shorter wolf teeth birthmarks would use a rouge to shape the wolf teeth birthmark, extending it all the way to the two sides of their noses.

This Sacred woman had been standing guard here all day. She seemed to be absent-minded and stared blankly across the area. Maybe having stayed here for too long, she was sick of the thick stench of blood.

She glanced indifferently at the mortals who awaited their doom. As she saw their bodies being twisted into all sorts of ways, she felt an indescribable flinch in her heart.

There were tens of millions of mortals being slaughtered in every blood pool. Countless of them from the small countries of the Seven Ultimate World were sent here to be ripped to pieces. Here, most of the malicious auras that emitted by them would be absorbed by the Blood Curse Array, but the martial artists guarding the place would more or less be affected by part of the malicious auras.

Perhaps the woman guarding was affected by these auras, too.

"Sacred Mind Clearing Formula!"

The eyes of the woman from the Sacred race suddenly flashed out a sharp, white light as she used the Sacred Mind Clearing Formula to clear her mind.

As she employed the formula, she felt all the frustration in her heart dissipate. She held a jet-black Dragon Teeth Token in her hand as she said, "Maha, when will you come back? I'm so tired of just being here."

The Dragon Teeth Token was the tool that the Sacred race used to communicate in long distance.

When Holy Beings made the rules of the universes they had created, the rules varied among others. In the Evolutionary Universe, the Roaring Tokens could spread the sound to every corner of a universe, but it was to shout to everyone through the Roaring Token. It meant that every living being in the universe could hear the voice at the same time.

The Sacred race's communication tokens could also transmit the voice message to anywhere, but it could only be transmitted directly to another communication token. This Dragon Teeth Token was made by the horns of rare twin Dragon Teeth Beasts, which were unique in the Murphy Universe. No matter how far apart they were, they were able to communicate with each other through telepathy with their horns.

Sacred warriors killed the twin Dragon Teeth Beasts and used their dragon horns to make the Dragon Teeth Tokens. The horns worked the same, and could be used to communicate from one horn to another.

However, such communication tokens were extremely rare in the Murphy Universe.

A few moments after, a voice came out from the communication token. "Ha-ha, I'm killing people in the Matchless World. Do you miss me, Connie?"

"Yes, I definitely do," Connie replied in a gentle voice.

"Which part of me did you miss?" Maha asked, smirking.

"You're such a tease!" Her face flushed. As she spoke, her gaze inadvertently swept across and saw Zen standing at the other side of the blood pool.

"Huh?" Connie was momentarily stunned.

"What's up, Connie?" Maha asked, concerned with Connie's response.

Connie didn't take her eyes off Zen. The longer she looked, the more familiar he seemed. "I think I have seen someone I knew."

On the Breaking Cloud Mountain, during the confrontation between the Sacred race and the Celestial Position, the Sacred race recorded the faces of all ten Godly Geniuses, including Zen's appearance. Just now, when she casually swept her gaze over the crowd, Zen caught Connie's attention.

She remained confused, and very, very intrigued.

"Who is it?" asked Maha.

"It seems to be one of the ten Godly Geniuses you mentioned last time." Connie's expression then grew excited. The wolf teeth marks on her face turned bright red, and a faint black light constantly flashed within her pupils.

Zen hadn't changed his appearance at all. Although his face was covered in mud, she could see what he looked like with a single glance.

There were so many mortals in this supreme world, and there were always a few familiar faces. Zen blended in, using a simple concealing technique. Connie's "Colorless Eye" could see through almost all concealment techniques.

This was why she easily noticed Zen.

"How could this be? The Godly Geniuses have returned?" Maha exclaimed.

Ever since the confrontation at the Breaking Cloud Mountain, the ten Godly Geniuses disappeared from the Evolutionary Universe. No matter how hard the Sacred race searched, they couldn't trace any of them.

Murphy, their master and the creator of the Murphy Universe, had given them a mission to eliminate all Godly Geniuses. But they disappeared, and did a good job at keeping hidden.

The Sacred race had secretly investigated for months, but there were no news regarding the Godly Geniuses. In the end, they came to the conclusion that the Celestial Position had already sent all Godly Geniuses into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

The Sacred race thought of other methods to find them. They tried to send some of the world lords of the Murphy Universe into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to hunt down these Godly Geniuses.

But when they had put in all their efforts to build the transmission array to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the Sacred race found out that they had actually been rejected.

This meant that they had no way to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and no way to find the Godly Geniuses.

Chapter 1952 Breaking The Blood Curse Array

It was common practice to send the best talents in the universes into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land for cultivation. Maha of the Sacred race had been to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land before since it was an open place.

But at the end of it all, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was Holy Jay's place. He would, by no means, let the warriors of the Murphy Universe enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to hunt the Godly Geniuses of the Evolutionary Universe.

Holy Jay and Murphy were both members of the Hall of Holy Beings who looked to be in harmony to the public. But they had quite a few conflicts in private.

The Sacred race couldn't hunt the Godly Geniuses in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. So Murphy resorted to different means. He asked the True Gods of the Sacred race to place the Grand Space Spell around the Evolutionary Universe.

When the Godly Geniuses returned to the Evolutionary Universe from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the Grand Space Spell would be activated and the Godly Geniuses would be transferred to random places.

That was why Zen was transferred to the Seven Ultimate World instead of the transmission array of the Celestial Position race.

"Are you sure the Godly Geniuses are back?" Maha asked, his tone dripping seriousness.

The Godly Geniuses would randomly be sent to the supreme worlds in the Evolutionary Universe by the Grand Space Spell. This was a good chance for the Sacred race to eliminate them.

"I'm not sure. But I will try to kill him,"

Connie said. The wolf teeth birthmarks on her face became redder and redder in an indication of her increasing excitement. She quietly brewed the life vitality in her body as she stared at Zen from the other side of the blood pool.

"Don't act rashly! I'll come over to you as soon as possible," Maha said anxiously.

Maha, the young master of the Sacred race, was very arrogant, but he was also a smart man.

The Godly Geniuses were Holy Mike's last hope. He had spent a lot of resources on them. As a result, every one of the Godly Geniuses was a mighty warrior.

They had been cultivated in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land for three years. Now that they had returned, their strength must have been multiplied greatly.

Maha, who had cultivated in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land before, knew all about this. He was afraid that Connie would be no match for the Godly Genius that she encountered.

Connie, however, didn't take Maha's words seriously.

Zen was sliding towards the blood pool, the strength in his body constantly brewing.

His goal was not only this blood pool. If everything went well, he would completely destroy all four blood pools in the Ultimate Immortal City as soon as possible.

Zen didn't realize that a woman of the Sacred race was after him.

A thousand feet...

Five hundred feet...

A hundred feet...

Zen was getting closer and closer to the blood pool. The smell of blood seemed to solidify in the air, but he seemed to not care about it.

As Zen moved slowly towards the edge of the blood pool, the invisible force lifted him up.

He stepped on the edge of the blood pool with one foot, and his body suddenly shook and threw away the invisible force.

The invisible force was released by a certain divine texture in the Blood Curse Array. When Zen had broken off from the invisible force, his power had countered it—a power that had exceeded the limit that the divine texture could bear. The divine texture immediately exploded.

At the same time, ordinary people on the road felt relaxed, and the invisible force that had driven them to death had vanished.

Zen had been brewing for such a long time. Once he started to make his moves, he would not hesitate any more. He was like a lurking predator who suddenly found the chance and rushed towards the Blood Curse Array above the blood pool.

"Tsk! Tsk! You are a swift guy," Connie said. She had been observing Zen all this while.

She kicked at the air like a dancing butterfly, black beads appearing around her. She moved out, blocking Zen's way.

"What are you planning to do, handsome?" Connie asked Zen, a seductive smile on her lips.

Zen was shocked that the woman had found him. But his surprise only lasted for a few seconds before he said coldly, "Fuck off!" Hardly had his voice faded than he threw a punch at her.

"Come on! Don't be so rude!" Connie complained, pouting, as she used her palm to block his strike. She was not afraid of him.

There were Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe, and there were Godly Geniuses in the Murphy Universe too.

Connie was one of the Godly Geniuses of the Murphy Universe. She was already a world lord, and her next goal was to condense a Godly Tile and become a True God. The warriors of the Sacred race regarded themselves head and shoulders above others, which was why Connie didn't think highly of Zen.

But the moment her palm connected with Zen's, her expression shifted drastically.

She hadn't expected Zen's palm strike to contain such terrible power that she couldn't resist it.

The power that the strike contained could kill a normal world lord.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The huge force poured into Connie's arm, the black beads around her body beginning to burst one by one.

Before she could react, four beads had exploded.

The huge force from Zen's strike had suppressed Connie and sent her smashing into the blood pool below, causing a huge blood splash.

Connie, who was now in the blood pool, was scared out of her wits.

The seven black beads around her were treasures given to her by a Supreme Lord of the Sacred race. They were called the Life Sacrificing Beads. Each bead could bear a fatal injury for her.

Every time a black bead exploded, she died once.

These Life Sacrificing Beads had been with her for many years, and they had never exploded before. After all, she was respected in the Sacred race, and there had been little chance for her to face a life and death crisis.

Never in Connie's wildest dreams had she thought that a man would smash four of her Life Sacrificing Beads with just one strike. Just one of Zen's palm strikes was able to kill her four times.

One could only imagine how terrified Connie was at the moment. It was not until then that she remembered that Maha had warned her about this before.

Connie was frightened. She crushed a light purple divine texture in her hand and a sharp siren sounded in the Ultimate Immortal City.

All the warriors of the Sacred race in the city were on high alert when they heard the siren, the highest level of alert.

Zen's eyes didn't stop at the woman. His only goal was the Blood Curse Array. He suddenly swung in the air and continued to rush towards the array.

As Zen progressed, he heard a buzzing sound, and a light yellow transparent light curtain appeared before him, blocking his way.

"An enchanted barrier?"

Zen had been looking at the Blood Curse Array for a long time. It was obvious that there would be an enchanted barrier in the Blood Curse Array. Following his own momentum, Zen threw a punch at the barrier.

Boom!

To Zen's surprise, the enchanted barrier shook twice, but didn't break.

Connie slowly floated up from the blood pool. She sneered as she saw Zen's move.

Even if Zen had infinite power, it was impossible to break the enchanted barrier with brute force. The enchanted barrier was created to deal with warriors with brute force.

Four identical enchanted barriers were arranged above the four blood pools in the Ultimate Immortal City. The four enchanted barriers were interconnected with each other and they would collectively bear the attacks that any one of them received. If one wanted to destroy one of them, they would destroy all four of them simultaneously.

A world lord just couldn't do so.

Connie was optimistic in nature and didn't fear Zen killing her. She took out the communication token and said with a smile, "Maha, when can you come here? This guy has already started attacking the Blood Curse

Array, but he plans to break the enchanted barrier with brute force. It's just—"

Connie broke off, her eyes widening in shock.

Zen had raised his hand and begun to twist space with his fist as the center.

It was a piece of cake for a world lord to distort space with the Space Law.

But she did not feel any Space Law in Zen, which meant that he hadn't used the Space Law to distort space.

He had just used his pure strength. This force was so powerful that it created the gravitational force that distorted space.

The blood in the blood pool, under the gravitational force, also moved and twisted.

To everyone watching, the center of the blood pool sank down, as if there was an invisible ball pressing into the blood pool. Zen's fist was at the center of this ball!

"This guy's strength is unbelievable!" Connie's eyes widened even further and a bad premonition overcame her.

Chapter 1953 Breaking Enchanted Barrier

Just as Connie's siren reverberated throughout the air, numerous beams of light from all over the Ultimate Immortal City shot up into the sky.

The black light's and white light's auras were the most powerful among the light beams. The thick waves of smoke billowed like the wind as they surged and soared into the sky with a grand aura.

Suddenly, a loud voice shouted, "Who dares to break into the Ultimate Immortal City?!" A burly figure dressed in black armors appeared within the blurry black light. He had a fiendish look to his face, like a tiger ready to pounce at any given rate.

"Perhaps it's a little mouse that's lost," answered back a voice within the white light, where a skinny young man in flirtatious clothes stood. He had three wolf teeth birthmarks on his face, and he was even more beautiful than a woman.

It was known that only women in all of the Sacred race were born with wolf teeth birthmarks, so this young man had imprinted them onto himself.

The black figure and the white figure were the Sacred race's two grand world lords who guarded the Ultimate Immortal City. In addition, they were quite well-known in the Murphy Universe. The black one was called Raleign, and the white was Leacock.

"Ha, I'd like to see how skilled this little mouse is," Raleign sneered then shot towards the south side of the city. A long, black smoke like a brush stroke left an inky black trail in the sky in his wake.

Leacock faintly smiled and went on to disappear as well. Although the Ultimate Immortal City was a vast piece of territory, it only seemed like a courtyard to the world lords--such that they could travel the entire city in just a few steps.

Meanwhile, the other world lords exchanged looks and shot towards the south side of the city as well.

Even though Connie's warning screamed the deadliest news and hinted that a strong enemy was here, these world lords didn't look so bothered.

It was because looking at the battle from all perspectives, it could be said that a human Supreme Lord would have to risk dying if they wanted to break the Blood Curse Array. Such a hazardous action was definitely not worth risking for a place that wasn't as important, like the Seven Ultimate World.

On the other hand, there was nothing to be afraid of a world lord who sneaked into the Ultimate Immortal City since the city had two grand world lords. One human world lord alone wanted to destroy the Blood Curse Array? That was childish.

In a blink of an eye, the world lords appeared above the blood pool at the south of the city.

Before all of those had happened, Zen had already accumulated a portion of his power in front of his fist. The power extracted from the nine stars was already condensed to the limit, and had lesser impact on the surrounding environment.

Of course, they didn't see the shocking scene that Connie had witnessed.

At that moment, Zen threw a single punch towards the enchanted barrier and ignored the sudden appearance of the world lords.

"As I expected, a human world lord. Interesting. You're quite the courageous one," Raleign said with a faint smile as he sized Zen up.

"Indeed. Using brute force to break the Four Images Time Barrier? This guy is really imaginative," Leacock agreed with a mocking smile.

The enchanted barrier that covered the four blood pools was known as the Four Images Time Barrier. The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race were required to personally set the enchanted barrier's mysteries, so that it could protect the four blood pools from damage. Because the four enchanted barriers were connected as one, and shared the attacks imposed on them together, it was nearly impossible to break the Four Images Time Barrier with brute force.

Therefore, all of the Sacred race's world lords present were fully confident in this enchanted barrier's power.

It was also why the two grand world lords didn't want to stop Zen. They simply wanted to see how this ignorant human world lord who didn't know his limits would be able to break the Four Images Time Barrier.

Since the two grand world lords themselves hadn't acted yet, the other Sacred world lords naturally wouldn't act either.

"Hurry up and stop him!" Connie warned.

She honestly hoped that with her warning, Leacock and Raleign would stop Zen.

She had just witnessed how devastating Zen's power was. To what level did his power achieve that it had distorted the surrounding space by force?

Raleign and the others looked at Connie in the blood pool with curiosity. Although Connie had just become a world lord and her cultivation wasn't that stable yet, she still had an exalted status. She was also one of the Godly Geniuses of the Murphy Universe and was not less powerful than an ordinary world lord, if not better. Why was she so anxious then?

However, Leacock had seen that something was wrong and guessed that the brat in front of them must be really special. But it was too late to stop him now!

Zen's punch had already come into contact with the edge of the Four Images Time Barrier.

The power extracted from the nine stars was immensely strong. Once it gushed out, it was like an unstoppable torrent of energy had washed over the Four Images Time Barrier.

Crack!

The warriors of the Murphy Universe all thought that the Four Images Time Barrier couldn't be broken with brute force. Such a notion had long been the belief of the people of the Sacred race because they had never seen anyone, not even a Supreme Lord, break it with brute force.

It could be said that a Supreme Lord who carried the Heavenly Destiny was the incarnation of the rules. If even a Supreme Lord couldn't break the enchanted barrier, then such was the rule.

However, the Four Images Time Barrier was not completely immune to power, and it wasn't completely impossible to break it with brute force. If one used a power that could surpass the limits of the Four Images Time Barrier, then it would be broken.

The sharp, ear-splitting sound lasted for three seconds.

When Leacock, Raleign, and the others heard it, they immediately felt that something was wrong.

When they had been previously full of confidence, now they started to worry. Could this human boy really shatter the Four Images Time Barrier with a single punch? They all felt anxious on the inside, but their subconscious still held on to the thought that such a thing was unlikely.

Yet, not everything went according to one's wishes.

The sharp sound became increasingly shrill and unbearable. Then, slight explosions followed. The small explosions accumulated repeatedly until they ultimately erupted into one intense explosion.

"Boom!"

In the speed of light, everyone saw Zen's arm pierce through the Four Images Time Barrier!

Something just as bad happened at the same time…

The enchanted barriers above the other three blood pools in the Ultimate Immortal City were also instantly destroyed.

The four enchanted barriers were connected and withstood damage together. While it indeed greatly increased the barrier's strength, it also posed an incredible disadvantage: once one of the barriers was destroyed, the others would be destroyed as well. It was the price to pay since the barrier was a single entity.

Raleign was in a daze as he stared at Zen who was in the middle of the blood pool. Meanwhile, Leacock and the others stood dumbfounded as well.

Connie was the only one who wore a frown. Based on Zen's earlier display of strength, this scene would obviously happen.

"He wants to destroy the array!"

"Stop him! Now!"

The other world lords were in a state of panic. It wasn't easy to set up the Blood Curse Array. If it was broken, the leaders of the Sacred race would clearly punish them.

Aside from Connie, the other world lords had to take responsibility for the destruction. Not even one of them could escape.

However, they were still quite a distance away from the blood pool. How could they easily stop Zen?

The two grand world lords reacted quickly and moved in a flash, but after Zen had broken the Four Images Time Barrier, he had already rushed upwards and had turned into a cone which drilled into the insides of the Blood Curse Array.

At the same time, an invisible ring of light spread out under Zen's feet.

Zen who was now in the array and had left behind the ring of light, broke into a strange smile and took a step forward. The light of the Space Law scattered under his feet as he used the Grand Teleportation and disappeared from where he stood.

The world lords who charged forward were stunned again.

What did the human world lord want? Even after Zen had expended so much effort and finally broke the Four Images Time Barrier, he had actually managed to escape without destroying the Blood Curse Array.

The crowd was confused.

The reason they guarded this place in the first place was to protect the array, so that the Blood Curse Technique could be cast smoothly. They couldn't afford to lose those divine textures in the Ultimate Immortal City. They would all be killed if the divine textures were destroyed.

While the world lords were indeed puzzled, they also felt slightly relieved. It was as if they were faced with a madman.

But after a few seconds, they finally understood. This fellow was no lunatic at all.

Rhombic fragments began to form in the sky, which constantly gathered together. The sky was then filled with numerous bolts of thunder. The Heavenly Tribulation was about to arrive.

Chapter 1954 Killing World Lords

There weren't cultivation methods like the Thunderbolt Annihilation in the Murphy Universe. Murphy, the creator of the Murphy Universe, was extremely strict in controlling the Heavenly Tribulations in the universe, which was why the warriors of the Sacred race all looked at each other in confusion when they saw the Heavenly Tribulation.

They had no idea it was triggered by Zen's cultivation method. They even wondered whether Zen had made a breakthrough.

"Holy crap!" a warrior cursed. "We must stop the Heavenly Tribulation!"

"Without the protection of the enchanted barrier, the Blood Curse Array is too weak!" another shouted.

The Thunderbolt Annihilation was a special cultivation method which when used, allowed the user to communicate with the heavens to induce the Heavenly Tribulation.

And once the Heavenly Tribulation was started, the whole process could not be stopped or reversed. Zen himself was unable to stop it, so what chance did the other world lords have?

And more than that, their time was running out.

CRACK!

Lightning flashed across the whole Blood Curse Array followed by consecutive crashes of thunder.

The one hundred thousand divine textures in the Blood Curse Array were very precise and fragile. They were closely related to each other and the tiniest damage could lead to the collapse of the whole array.

Without the protection of the enchanted barrier, how could the divine textures withstand the raging storm?

In an instant, half of the divine textures caught fire and the Blood Curse Array above the blood pool was destroyed.

The Blood Curse Array had originally been extracting blood from the blood pool, transforming it into a blood column and sending it to the bloody disc in the sky. However, as soon as the column that stretched to sky lost its support, it collapsed to the side and fell into the city, bathing the place with blood.

Looking at the destroyed Blood Curse Array sent shivers down the spines of the present world lords of the Sacred race. It was unbelievable! The Blood Curse Array was destroyed just like that!

"Damn it!" Raleign's face drastically changed.

Since the Four Images Time Barrier was destroyed, the other three blood pools were also exposed to the air. Add to that, Zen had also disappeared. They initially thought that he escaped, but from the looks of it, he must have gone to destroy the other blood pools.

Leacock's expression was a mirror of Raleign's. Without a word, he used the Grand Teleportation and rushed toward the blood pool in the northern part of the city.

As Zen also used the Grand Teleportation, the world lords didn't know where he went and the two grand world lords could only take their chances. The two of them chose a blood pool each to investigate while the rest of the world lords scrammed to the blood pool in the west.

Connie emerged from the blood pool and with a slight shake of her body, she rid herself of the blood that covered her. She looked at the destroyed Blood Curse Array and snorted. Raleign and Leacock did not listen to her so they deserved to suffer. If all the Blood Curse Arrays were destroyed, the end of these two grand world lords would be quite miserable.

But this had nothing to do with her.

Connie had just become a world lord and she had come to the Seven Ultimate World to gain experience. Even if the senior leaders of the Sacred race were to punish them, this had nothing to do with her.

"That human lad..." Connie murmured as she sat beside the blood pool. Did that human really have such power? Was he more powerful than Maha?

The thought reminded Connie that Maha would come so she raised her message token and called out to him. "Maha! Are you on the way?"

Maha was not far away. There were only three supreme worlds between the Matchless World and the Seven Ultimate World. However, if Maha wanted to go to the Seven Ultimate World, he couldn't do it in a short time.

"Just give me some more time, Connie," Maha replied anxiously. "I'm almost there."

"If you don't get here soon, that human brat will get away!" Connie teased.

"Get away? Not gonna happen!" Maha laughed. He did not come alone.

Murphy's orders were clear. The Sacred race attached great importance to the ten Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe. Besides Maha, there were also two Supreme Lords. They all raced to the Seven Ultimate World at a breakneck speed. It would be a miracle if Zen managed to slip from their hands.

The only reason Maha was anxious was because he wanted to be the one to finish Zen.

When the two grand world lords flew to the blood pools in the north and east and saw that the surrounding areas were empty, they knew they made a wrong choice. With a grit of their teeth, they immediately transformed into two rays of light and sped toward the blood pool in the west of the city.

After one became a world lord, their comprehension of the Space Law reached the ninth layer and they would be able to use the Grand Teleportation. However, one could not use the Grand Teleportation without any limitation. Raleign, for instance, had to rest for 150 seconds after using it.

The two grand world lords, however, were too anxious to rest so they chose to fly to the west of the city.

The other six world lords had chosen to move to the blood pool in the west. One of them, the fastest, got there before anyone else.

When he popped from the space, his eyes just circled the area when suddenly, he felt a strange killing intent behind him.

His expression morphed into one of horror.

Before he could turn around, a sharp pain stabbed his back.

'My Crimson Snow Cloak!'

As his eyesight dulled, a thought flashed in his mind.

He had once made a great contribution and as a reward, he was given the Crimson Snow Cloak by a Supreme Lord. Defensive treasures were extremely rare and the cloak, a supreme divine weapon, had saved his life countless times.

It was a pity that his opponent was Zen. This kind of treasure was powerful but it couldn't protect him completely.

With one punch, Zen tore through the Crimson Snow Cloak and the world lord's internal organs were smashed into pieces.

The world lord, like a fallen leaf, swayed and fell into the blood pool.

The Blood Curse Array was so close but Zen was not in a hurry to destroy it.

In fact, he decided to stay and wait.

When a world lord moved across space, strong spatial fluctuations were produced and these fluctuations would be the ones to tell Zen the direction of the world lord. That way, he could easily catch his opponent.

When two world lords using the Grand Teleportation to chase one another, the person escaping would be at an advantage since he'd be able to feel the spatial fluctuations which he could use to identify where his opponent would appear.

Just now, Zen killed the world lord of the Sacred race by ambushing him. Tens of feet from him, the Space Law began to fluctuate, signaling the arrival of the second world lord.

Zen moved toward the ripples and waited to attack.

Swoosh!

The world lord nearly collided with Zen as he drilled out of the space crack. Now, the two faced each other, only inches apart.

He didn't think Zen would dare to ambush him, but quite obviously, he thought wrong. Another thing he didn't expect was the smile on Zen's face as he pulled back his fist, ready to punch.

Boom!

Just like that, the world lord fell to the ground in a lifeless heap.

With the rays of light of Space Law flashing one after another, Zen moved quickly in the air. He'd kill all the world lords that dared to appear.

Below, warriors of the Sacred race as well as mortals with low cultivation levels were looking intently at the sky. Some of them were nature creatures, and some were Illuminating Soul Realm warriors.

In their eyes, the warriors of the Sacred race were invincible.

But why couldn't they fight off the young human?

As Zen killed world lord after world lord, he saw a ray of black light and a ray of white light flashing in the sky, signaling the arrival of the two grand world lords.

Zen grinned as he slowly escaped into the Blood Curse Array. With a circle of light spreading out under his feet, Zen activated the Thunderbolt Annihilation and teleported to the next blood pool.

"Quick! Use the lightning-introducing stone!" Veins stood out on Leacock's face as he roared at Releign.

This seemed to turn on a switch in Raleign's head as he suddenly remembered that he had a stone that could absorb thunder. In his panic, he had forgotten all about it.

"I'll go after the human brat! You activate the stone!" With that, Leacock teleported to another blood pool in the city.

Raleign was on the verge of exploding. Right now, he wanted nothing more than to kill Zen. He wasn't interested in activating the stupid stone. "Why are you alone?" he snapped at the lone world lord beside him. "Where are the others?"

The world lord pointed to the blood pool where several bodies were falling in.

Raleign's eyes widened. He didn't expect that in such little time, Zen had managed to kill several world lords of the Sacred race.

His eyes were red because of anger. He was burning with a frenzy of rage. He threw the lightning-introducing stone at the world lord and spat, "You activate the stone. I'll go help Leacock."

He teleported away, leaving the world lord alone with the lightning-introducing stone. The world lord glanced at the stone in his hand and looked at the brewing Heavenly Tribulation in the sky. "I don't know how to use the lightning-introducing stone," he murmured.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1955 The Flawless Divine Body

Both Raleign and Leacock flew into an unprecedented rage.

The two of them were well-known in the Murphy Universe given their status as grand world lords. They were only second to Supreme Lords.

The difference between a Supreme Lord and a grand word lord was a single Heavenly Destiny.

Both of them had been promoted to generals by the Sacred race and in turn, led their armies into the Evolutionary Universe. They left nothing but destruction in their path and feared no one in the entire Evolutionary Universe, save for human Supreme Lords of course.

Just a year ago, the grand world lord of the Sunset World used a Roaring Token to challenge Raleign to a battle to the death. The two exchanged thousands of blows and the fight ended in Raleign's favor.

That grand world lord who unfortunately perished was the one who gave Zen the reward when the latter participated in Passing the Torch.

The difference between a world lord's strength and a grand world lord's power was great.

Zen had just reached the cultivation level of a world lord. However, he was able to rely on his cultivation to break apart a Blood Curse Array and kill four warriors of the Sacred race. He didn't even try to escape and even managed to destroy another Blood Curse Array. How could Raleign and Leacock bear this?

They did not care about the Blood Curse Array at that point; all they wanted was to capture Zen and make him pay the price for playing around with them like this.

The world lord who held the lightning-introducing stone had no way of knowing what the two grand world lords were thinking about. All he did was watch the lightning bolts descend upon and shatter the Blood Curse Array before him.

The two grand world lords had already used the Grand Teleportation to chase after Zen.

Unfortunately, when they arrived the blood pool north of the city, they didn't see Zen.

The two of them exchanged glares and quickly pinned the blame on each other for the failure of their chase.

Zen, on the other hand, had moved to the blood pool east of the city.

Raleign quickly noticed and gritted his teeth in anger. He immediately rushed towards the east side.

"Don't!" Leacock stopped him. "His goal is to destroy the Blood Curse Arrays above these four blood pools. He'll come to us sooner or later. We just need to wait and catch him off guard to kill him easily."

Leacock was the more level-headed of the two. Zen had effectively launched sneak attacks and caught the four world lords off-guard. Leacock then decided to have Zen taste his own medicine and use his own strategy against him.

"That brat is a mere world lord. Do we really need to be sneaky to kill him?" Raleign complained.

"I don't think he's an ordinary world lord, do you?" Leacock shot back.

Raleign stiffened at Leacock's question.

Zen had just broken the Four Images Time Barrier, a famous Sacred race's enchanted barrier that could only be destroyed by a special method. Not even Leacock and Raleign were able to break it when they tried using brute force.

It wasn't just them. No one else in the Murphy Universe could break such a thing using brute force, yet Zen did it so effortlessly.

This seemingly ordinary world lord had shattered a supposedly unbreakable barrier with just brute force.

"Since he dared to attack the Ultimate Immortal City, he surely has someone powerful backing him up. We have to be careful in dealing with him." Leacock then raised his head and watched as lightning struck and shattered the third Blood Curse Array in the distance.

"He should be coming," he murmured.

Raleign couldn't help but agree with Leacock's words. He had initially regarded Zen as a mere rat that wanted to cause trouble.

He had been toyed by this rat so he naturally felt vexed.

However, Leacock's reasoning enlightened him. He had to calm down and understand just how terrifying their opponent was.

The two reached an understanding. They quickly spread out their perception, covering the blood pool and waited for Zen to make his move.

A few seconds later, the two of them felt a wave of energy fluctuation from the left front. Suddenly, a bright light flickered.

"He's here!" Leacock couldn't help but sneer at the thought of finally eliminating Zen. With a light sweep of his finger, black thorns appeared from thin air and circled around him. These thorns then formed a huge cage that completely covered the places where they felt the fluctuation of Space Law.

Raleign's hands had now transformed into fiery, giant claws, ready to slash his opponent.

However, the fluctuation lasted only for a moment and then disappeared.

"He didn't come?"

"This kid is too smart!"

Once again, the two of them had gotten played by Zen!

At that moment, a voice spoke from behind them. "Are you waiting for me?"

Zen smiled faintly as he looked at the two grand world lords who were clearly shocked at his sudden presence.

The two grand world lords turned around at the same time, their faces revealing surprise. Raleign gave him a hideous smile. "I thought you had escaped."

Zen smirked. "Why would I run away?"

"You are indeed brave!" Leacock said. "However, mere courage is not enough. To not know when to retreat is courting death!"

"If I were to face a mighty warrior, to not know when to retreat would indeed be courting death. However, am I not faced against two nameless people whose strength is not even worth mentioning?"

The two of them froze at Zen's words.

There was something that didn't sit right with the human world lord before them. He was definitely stronger than what they had anticipated.

Only an arrogant idiot would dare say those words to his opponents, or a fellow who truly possessed extraordinary strength.

From the looks of it, this young man was the latter.

So did he really think he had the capacity to defeat two grand world lords?

"Kill him," Leacock said.

Raleign had been itching to do just that. He rushed towards Zen like a black roc and used his fiery red claws to swipe at him.

"Ghost Claw Strike!"

Red scales, containing boundless power, appeared on his hands. The hands contained boundless power!

Leacock, behind him, was drawing nonstop in the air. Small green circles of light spread out from his fingertips one after the other, enveloping both Zen and Raleign.

"Finger Burst!"

This was a theurgy that could only be used with the Truth Godly Way.

Leacock's Godly Way was the Truth Godly Way, the same as Nathan's.

However, he wasn't a Godly Genius.

Each universe had a different symbol for a Godly Genius.

In the Evolutionary Universe, a warrior became a Godly Genius if he activated the 36-petal Lotus Flower.

In the Murphy Universe, a warrior should be able to grow leaves on the spinulose wood fern—a black, withered tree. If one had an understanding of the Godly Way, a leaf would grow from the tree.

It was only after 3, 000 leaves growing on the tree would one be considered a Godly Genius.

Leacock's spinulose wood fern only had 2, 300 leaves and it had not grown another one for the past thousand years. It was hopeless for him to ever become a Godly Genius.

Before the invasion, he had been summoned by the Supreme Lords. That event really motivated him in proving himself.

He was someone who wanted to accomplish great things. Right now, he hoped the Sacred race would bestow a Heavenly Destiny upon him so he could become a Supreme Lord.

Some Supreme Lords of the Sacred race might possibly perish in the war which meant the potential appearance of new Crowns of Destiny. Leacock knew he was qualified to inherit one Heavenly Destiny if that ever happened.

As the green circles spread out, countless thin lines and dots appeared in the space.

He was immediately able to find three flaws on Raleign's body—two lines and a dot to be exact. When he shifted his gaze to Zen though, his face immediately froze.

The thin lines represented one's flaws while the dots represented one's dead points.

Leacock's understanding of the Truth Godly Way might not be as good as Nathan's but he knew how to use it better.

So it was with great shock and horror when he realized that he couldn't find any flaws on Zen.

"Does he have the Flawless Divine Body?" he murmured in disbelief.

Chapter 1956 Meeting Maha Again

It was a well-known fact that a True God was immortal because of their Flawless Divine Body.

One who carried a Godly Tile could have it purify their body and hone it to perfection. As a result, their life energy would never leak, even in the slightest.

Such a body was called the Flawless Divine Body. It was something that only a True God could possess.

That was why never in Leacock's wildest dreams did he expect to see a world lord with the Flawless Divine Body. It was simply unbelievable and even more shocking than the fact that Zen had broken the Four Images Time Barrier.

Of course, he didn't know that Zen's body was now a perfect weapon.

But in reality, Zen didn't actually have the Flawless Divine Body. It was just Leacock was unable to find any flaws in Zen's body with his current comprehension of the Truth Godly Way. After all, Zen was Holy Drew's masterpiece.

While Leacock was stunned in disbelief, Raleign didn't think too much about it. He continued to hold Zen as his hands released all of his strength.

"I'm gonna tear you apart!" he roared.

He wanted to tear Zen's body apart so much that an immense ghost-like power erupted from his red hands.

Yet despite Raleign's recklessness, he was also wary of Zen's incomparable power. It was why once he had captured Zen, he acted quick and didn't give Zen time to respond.

He knew that Zen was undoubtedly powerful, but that didn't mean that Zen had an unbreakable body.

But then, Raleign realized he was wrong.

When Raleign used his Ghost Claw Strike, he could break even a divine weapon with his bare hands. Half a year ago, he had been faced with three human world lords from the Humanity Alliance and one of them had a first-rank divine weapon—the Crane-singing Cauldron.

So with the help of his strength that was beyond imagination, he had used brute force to tear the Crane-singing Cauldron apart.

When he tried to do the same to Zen, he found he was unable to do so—Zen's body was so solid!

"Your strength is remarkable. But it's far from enough to tear me apart," Zen commented as his face dripped with sarcasm.

Meanwhile, the power of the Eight Path Platforms kept circulating and the Nine Divine Stars in his inner world began to turn slowly.

Then, he slightly raised his arms and effortlessly broke free from Raleign's ghost claws. Apparently, he didn't give much thought about dealing with Raleign.

"Kill him, Leacock!" Raleign shouted.

He also released his own strength which had been maxed out to the extreme, so much that his veins popped out. He knew that he wasn't as powerful as Zen, so he could only pin his hopes on Leacock now. He knew that Leacock practiced the Truth Godly Way, and his Finger Burst's power was incredible.

As long as Leacock focused on Zen's flaws and used his Finger Burst, Zen would be dead no matter how talented he was.

Both Raleign and Leacock were two grand world lords, but they had to work together to deal with a mere human world lord. It made them feel rather ashamed.

But now was not the time for Raleign to think about such things, as all he wanted now was to kill Zen.

Leacock's fingertip glowed a cyan light dot as his finger swung constantly. Once he saw a flaw in Zen, he would attack without hesitation. After quite a long while, he still hadn't made a move.

This human brat didn't have a flaw at all! 'What can I do?' Leacock sulked internally.

"What are you waiting for?" Raleign roared impatiently. He wondered why it took so long, and he couldn't stand Zen any longer.

As for Leacock, he was left with no other choice but to make his move.

Swoosh!

The cyan light dot from his fingertip flew toward Zen at a lightning speed and left behind a thin line in the air.

Cling!

The light dot hit Zen's body with a slight noise, and then it bounced away.

The light dot was like a flimsy wooden arrow that had hit an iron wall; it didn't even leave a mark behind.

Leacock's Finger Burst was supposed to be used against an opponent's flaw. He didn't find any flaw in Zen, so its power wasn't enough to cause any substantial damage. To be fair, he had only used the Finger Burst at Raleign's behest.

"Are you done?" Zen asked in a mocking tone.

He spoke to Raleign with completely open arms and when he was done speaking, the corner of his lips raised into a slight smirk.

Panic began to flood Raleign's mind. Just then, Zen swiftly turned his hands over and gripped Raleign's ghost claws tightly. "Now it's my turn!" he declared.

If one wanted to have a glimpse of how powerful Zen truly was, they only needed to see how his voice never faltered even when he unleashed a massive amount of strength.

Raleign felt that his arms were trapped and crushed by an irresistible force. If he could not break free, he would be torn to pieces!

He was more than panicking now. At that moment, his brain was already near to short-circuiting.

He suddenly reminded himself that he became a grand world lord through countless violent battles. It could be said that he had more experience in fighting than Zen. It was under that critical moment that he had found the solution to his problem by instinct.

His whole body suddenly flipped, and he rotated in the direction in which Zen turned his hands. Therefore, Zen's strength was greatly neutralized.

At the same time, he maxed out his body strength to the extreme. He summoned all the determination he had and soon enough, he broke free from Zen's hands.

Crack! Crack!

The crisp sounds of broken bones accompanied Raleign's escape.

Raleign had extremely solid bones, but even he had to twist the bones in his arms to break free from Zen's grip.

The moment Raleign broke free, he retreated as fast as he could. He had to run!

Zen sneered and swiftly ran after him. He wanted to clasp Raleign's arms again, but Raleign didn't dare engage him in a fight at the moment. Zen tried to catch him, but Raleign fled at his fastest speed.

After Raleign had run about thirty feet, the white light beneath his feet flashed and his body became a blur. He jumped into the void and disappeared.

"He is so fast in running away," Zen complained with a look of surprise. Raleign had completed a series of actions in an instant, and had successfully escaped from him.

Such was a world lord's fighting instinct.

A world lord often used the Grand Teleportation in battles against another world lord if one strike had failed to work. So unless a world lord used a sneak attack, it was difficult to kill another world lord.

Raleign had been a grand world lord for more than a hundred thousand years. The fact that he could escape from Zen's hands was because of his rich combat experience.

Zen's gaze then drifted next to Leacock, whose face suddenly changed. Leacock quickly retreated and distanced himself from Zen, his eyes filled with constant vigilance.

"The grand world lords of the Sacred race are not that strong," Zen murmured. After he briefly glanced at the grand world lord once more, he looked away and decided not to chase after him. Instead, he flew toward the blood pool and decided to destroy the Blood Curse Array.

Zen didn't know that his quick glance had hurt Leacock's self-esteem.

Leacock was a grand world lord and he had comprehended the Truth Godly Way. Moreover, it was due to the uniqueness of the Truth Godly Way that he was able to kill a Supreme Lord if he had enough time and space. He had never been looked down upon by a world lord like that.

In the Sacred race, even Supreme Lords would show some respect to Leacock.

He couldn't understand why he had become a nobody in the eyes of a mere human world lord.

Although he was fuming mad, he could do nothing about it.

The Truth Godly Way gave its user the power to find their opponent's flaws, and the user could defeat their opponent by attacking those flaws.

But Zen didn't have a flaw. Thus, what could Leacock do with Zen?

On the other hand, Zen slowly entered the Blood Curse Array in the middle of the blood pool, kicked and punched it around, and quickly destroyed the divine textures within it.

So far, he had completely destroyed all of the four Blood Curse Arrays.

After the bloody disc in the sky had lost the four arrays' support, it slowly began to incline on one side. A crack formed in the center of the huge disc; then runes began to dissipate one after another.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The whole disc disintegrated rapidly when it fell. It broke down into a shower of blood and painted the whole Ultimate Immortal City red.

The disc contained the blood of countless people, which did not get absorbed into the clouds. Now, all the red liquid had been spilled. The blood washed down like a flood, and flowed into the streets of the Ultimate Immortal City like mad.

The mortals in the Ultimate Immortal City all stayed in the streets around the four blood pools. The grounds where they stood were relatively high, so they did not get submerged in the "flood."

The bloody clouds in the sky still drifted about slowly, but they would gradually dissipate in a short time.

When Zen saw the scene, he was not happy.

The Sacred race had killed countless mortals in the Seven Ultimate World.

One ordinary mortal might not affect the situation in the Evolutionary Universe. However, there could be few geniuses in such a huge pool of them. These geniuses were the foundation of the universe.

With so many people dead, it was impossible to restore the prosperity of the city.

Just then, a huge crack suddenly appeared in the sky of Ultimate Immortal City. Then, the head of a strange beast appeared from the fissure.

It turned out to be the head of a World Devouring Beast. On top of its head stood a young man with purple hair. He was none other than Maha, the number one Godly Genius of the Sacred race.

Chapter 1957 The Great Dominance Technique

A slight breeze blew gently through Maha's hair as he looked down from above, and took in the view of the whole Ultimate Immortal City.

His vision quickly narrowed as he focused on the blood pool at the east of the city. He continued to scan the area, and then his gaze finally landed on Zen.

At that same moment, Zen looked up and met Maha's gaze with an equally firm stare.

It was known that Maha had a transcendent status in the Murphy Universe. He was extremely arrogant as the top Godly Genius of the Murphy Universe. He even looked down on the Supreme Lords in the Murphy Universe.

He watched Zen with mocking eyes, as if the human martial artist was a mere ant.

Aside from his arrogance, he was also ruthless and tyrannical, determined to remove every obstacle in his way.

It could be said that he was born to be a formidable man.

He emitted a threatening aura, much like a hungry beast which had lurked too long in the dark--more than ready to swallow Zen in one gulp.

And so, this aura was released on Zen!

However, the aura tended to radiate in nature. It meant that unless it was a soul attack, it was impossible to aim it accurately at a certain person.

There were about eight hundred thousand mortals who were gathered at the edge of the long and wide passageway beside the blood pool.

The irresistible gravitational force was gone since Zen had already broken the Blood Curse Array. However, it was still difficult to quickly evacuate hundreds of thousands of people, even if they all wanted to escape like mad. With so many people huddled together, deaths were inevitable in the event of a heavy stampede.

Despite this, they all threw their doubts to the wind and fled for lives. It didn't matter anymore if they crushed the corpses of their companions--escape was their first priority. In turn, the martial artists of the Sacred race didn't stop them.

Meanwhile, a small amount of the aura Maha had emitted affected the crowd that was moving backwards from the commotion.

Soon enough, their weak souls felt like they had been thrown in the middle of winter when they felt his overpowering aura. Their bodies trembled as their teeth chattered uncontrollably, before they finally fainted to the ground.

Compared to Maha's oppressive aura, Zen was much more low-key.

His stability was like an unmovable mountain. He was like a steady rock, even under Maha's strong provocation. His deep pupils were as tranquil as two ancient wells without the slightest ripple.

Yet in those two ancient wells resided a faint, invincible spirit.

What was more, there was also an even stronger and more domineering aura. The invincible spirit was naturally formed from Zen's soul and temperament, while the domineering aura was because of the Emperor Soul Imprint within his soul.

But while Zen knew that he and Maha would eventually fight, now was not the time.

Whoosh!

Just then, there was a sharp sound from the Ultimate Immortal City.

A thin streak of light shot out and spiraled swiftly towards the World Devouring Beast. "Maha!" Connie screamed and threw herself into Maha's arms.

There were many other lower level Sacred martial artists around the blood pool. However, they didn't get a chance to be involved when the world lords fought, but hid themselves instead.

And since most of them were men, they threw Maha envious looks when they saw Connie jump into his arms.

Although Connie was considered slightly plump for human standards, she was the most beautiful lady in the eyes of the Sacred race. She was of noble birth and boasted of many talents and profound cultivation. In other words, she was a goddess in the hearts of many Sacred martial artists.

It was widely acknowledged that outstanding people deserved even more outstanding people. Connie was Maha's girl.

Thus, the others could only look at them in envy.

Then again, the Sacred martial artists also thought that only a young man of outstanding talent, like Maha, could match Connie.

Maha threw his right hand around Connie and with a light leap, he rapidly dropped down towards the blood pond. After he reached a certain height, he abruptly stopped.

He was at an altitude of ten feet higher than Zen's. That way, he could look down on Zen and bask in the feeling of superiority among all of them.

"You're Zen Luo, the number one Godly Genius out of the top ten in the Evolutionary Universe." He was able to accurately tell Zen's name, thanks to his good memory. "Three years ago when I saw you Godly Geniuses, you were only at the Spirit Supreme Realm. Now, you are already world lords. Did Holy Jay from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land want to cripple you by forcibly improving your cultivation levels?"

Zen still looked up at Maha and said, "You will know the answer if we have a fight."

Maha shook his head and replied, "If we can control the number one Godly Genius of the Evolutionary Universe, then it will be beneficial to our situation. A living Godly Genius is much more useful than a dead one. You…" At that moment, he stretched out a finger and gently pointed it downwards at Zen. "Kneel down and submit sincerely to me. If you're willing to be my follower, I will spare your life. I can even take you into the divine land before this Evolutionary Universe is destroyed and bestow upon you an unimaginable amount of good fortune!"

When Zen heard Maha's words, he simply laughed.

Then, he suddenly stopped and his sharp gaze seemed to slice through the thin air.

"Why should I submit to you?" Zen asked. He had learned from his training in the Mind Refining Tower that he had to remain calm whenever he was provoked. No one could shake his faith.

"Hahaha…" Maha laughed. "What do you think the Seven Ultimate World is? Not even human Supreme Lords dare to come in person! Since you've come, you won't be able to leave. So, it's good for you if you submit to me! It's the only choice you have left!"

Zen just laughed louder when he heard this, and then said, "So you think I won't be able to leave?"

"Of course!"

As soon as Maha's voice died down, two more space cracks suddenly appeared in the sky.

A small amount of dust fell down as two figures inside the space cracks squeezed their way outside.

"Supreme Lords of the Sacred race?" On the other hand, Zen's eyes couldn't help but narrow at the sight.

The skies above the Ultimate Immortal City emitted an oppressive force when the two Supreme Lords of the Sacred race appeared, and all the pressure was directed towards Zen.

There were a total of 156 Supreme Lords in the Murphy Universe, 28 more than the Evolutionary Universe.

One of the newcomers in front of Zen was Supreme Lord Noel, and the other was Supreme Lord Barrie. Both of them were considered as mid-rank Supreme Lords of the Murphy Universe, but their strength was not to be underestimated.

After Supreme Lord Noel appeared, he gently waved his hand and a cone-shaped light shone on Zen. He cupped his hands towards Maha and said, "Godly Genius, I've already planted a mark on his body. He won't be able to escape even if he has wings."

The world lords who had mastered the Grand Teleportation technique could teleport up to hundreds of miles away. However, that distance wasn't enough for them to cross a supreme world in an instant. Furthermore, it was extremely difficult for a world lord to kill a fellow world lord--but for a Supreme Lord, it was a piece of cake.

"Do you think you can find a way to leave?" Maha jeered. He laughed even louder and at that moment, his voice suddenly changed. His much deeper bass had a trace of demonic nature in it as he declared, "The only thing you can do now is submit to me!"

"Submit to me!"

"Submit to me!"

"Submit to me!"

His voice continued to echo ceaselessly, as if trying to drill into Zen's soul.

Plop!

Plop!

Plop!

One by one, all of the martial artists of the Sacred race below immediately fell to their knees.

There were some mortals that still remained conscious, but they too knelt on the ground. They didn't fear Maha's pressure, but they couldn't resist the controlling force of Maha's voice.

"Great Dominance Technique!"

Numerous phantoms surrounded Maha when he shouted the command.

The phantoms exuded an irrepressible aura as well. They ruthlessly pressed down on the living beings and instilled fear among them.

Maha held absolute authority in the Murphy Universe. Even Supreme Lords had to listen to his orders, protect him, and were willing to stay with him.

The Great Dominance Technique belonged in the top thirty skills in the 3, 000 Godly Ways. When cultivated to its maximum, it could enable one to do anything as they pleased, control other living beings' thoughts, and make them submit to their will without even doing anything.

While Maha had yet to become a True God, he came as close to condensing a Godly Tile. Thus, the Great Dominance Technique had a powerful effect when he used it.

Even Raleign and Leacock felt their hearts tremble incessantly with fear. Although they didn't kneel to the ground, they still nodded their heads. They couldn't help both the fear and admiration for their superior.

On the other hand, Zen still had a faint smile on his face. He was like a stone, completely unresponsive to Maha's Great Dominance Technique.

Chapter 1958 A Heavy Blow (Part One)

In the divine land, the Great Dominance Technique was a Godly Way that focused on the cultivation of one's soul.

It strengthened one's soul and improved the intimidation from their aura.

However, there was a prerequisite for the cultivation of the Great Dominance Technique—one's soul should reach the realm of Gold Fighting Soul. At the same time, one should also master the Emperor Soul Imprint.

Holy Jay didn't guide Zen in the mastery of Godly Way.

Zen needed to comprehend the Godly Way and condense the Godly Tile by himself. Only by doing so could the Godly Way be the most suitable for him.

Both Holy Jay and Holy Drew thought that Zen's Emotion Closing Godly Way was not the best choice. However, what was most crucial was that Zen should make the decision himself, and they should not interfere!

Additionally, Zen had obtained the Emperor Soul Imprint. He already had the precondition to cultivate the Great Dominance Technique. All that was left was for him to take a step forward.

Maha had also obtained his Emperor Soul Imprint in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Maha seemed to have a good comprehension of the Great Dominance Technique. The aura he released was mighty and hard to resist. Even the grand world lords found it hard to confront Maha. The aura from him was powerful enough that it could also affect the state of minds of Supreme Lords.

Although every Supreme Lord had the Gold Fighting Soul, they didn't possess the Emperor Soul Imprint. As a result, they found it hard to resist Maha's dominant aura.

Zen, on the other hand, had the Emperor Soul Imprint. Thus, the Great Dominance Technique barely affected him. Even after he heard Maha roar, he was rather calm. He also delivered a sly smile on his face.

The intimidation from Maha's aura continued to grow even worse. Golden light shone in his eyes as his soul power spread to the extreme.

However, doubt could be seen in his golden eyes. How could Zen be unmoved by his Great Dominance Technique? A disturbed expression formed on Maha's face.

Connie lay in Maha's arms and looked at Zen below. A curious look painted her delicate face.

She had seen Maha perform the Great Dominance Technique before. When the Sacred race first attacked the Evolutionary Universe, Maha had fought against six world lords of the Humanity Alliance alone. After he applied the Great Dominance Technique, those world lords' minds were all affected, and they had no will to resist. They had been easily killed by Maha. If Maha wanted them to surrender, he could do it quickly. However, it would be meaningless since normal world lords were of no use to Maha.

Back then, Maha had dealt with the six world lords with ease. However, with the current situation, Connie could feel Maha was very serious. He must have viewed Zen as a worthy enemy.

Yet, why was Zen not affected at all? Was his soul made of stone? How could he be unmoved by Maha's dominant aura?

Connie pouted her lips. Worry could be seen from her eyes. With the ineffectiveness of Maha's Great Dominance Technique, she thought Zen made Maha lose face.

Maha roared several times and demanded Zen to surrender. However, Zen ignored the threats. When his patience grew thin, Maha frowned and took out a Roaring Token.

The Roaring Token in the Evolutionary Universe could amplify one's voice and expand it to the whole universe. That voice could directly enter people's minds. Because the voice directly went into people's mind with the Law of Causality, no one could resist it. Moreover, it had an added effect on Maha's Great Dominance Technique. The combination would help him dominate the concentration of his opponents.

Ever since Maha obtained his first Roaring Token, he became aware of its value. However, he hadn't used it to amplify his Great Dominance Technique before.

Buzz!

When he activated the Roaring Token, Maha's powerful voice spread out again and reached every corner of the universe.

"Zen, surrender now!"

All the creatures in the Evolutionary Universe were able to hear Maha's declaration. Immediately, they became hopeful when they heard Zen's name.

"Zen? Is he back?"

"Where is he? Is it true?"

"Have the Godly Geniuses truly returned?"

It turned out that many creatures in the Evolutionary Universe awaited the return of the Godly Geniuses. Their cries were full of hope as they heard the name of Zen.

Most creatures already grew quite pessimistic and believed that the human race couldn't block the invasion of the Sacred race. They feared the whole universe would eventually be destroyed by the Sacred race. However, a small glimmer of expectation still lingered in their hearts.

They still had the Celestial Position race, the three major forces of the human race and many Supreme Lords. Hope could still be felt through their army. The Godly Geniuses were still seen as the trump card of the universe. Zen and the others were the ones who would lead the world of chaos.

In these three years, the Sacred race had expanded in the universe at an incredible speed. Their invasion was unstoppable.

The Humanity Alliance had lost one supreme world after another. They had retreated to the territory of the Thoughtless Minds. Other than the elite warriors of the Humanity Alliance, their forces had been already depleted by the Sacred race.

No one dared to be optimistic in such a dire situation. Despair had started to affect everyone.

They could only expect miracles.

Maha's voice, which contained the Law of Causality, irresistibly penetrated Zen's mind.

If Zen fought against Maha's Great Dominance Technique by shielding his voice, this move of Maha would have some effect. However, Zen only relied on his own soul strength to resist the suppression of Maha.

Since Maha used the Roaring Token, Zen decided to use his own Roaring Token as well.

With a flick of his fingers, two tokens jumped into Zen's hands. He gathered his focus towards the tokens.

One was the Roaring Token. The other was the token of mountain which could allow him to get into the fairy palace.

His pupils also twinkled, even brighter than Maha's under the golden glow. Confidence and pride could be seen in Zen's smile.

Maha's aura was that of a tyrant. Violence and harsh temperament flowed through it.

However, Zen's aura was completely different. His soul was upright, together with the admirable authority of an emperor. It made him comparable to the hope of a dynasty. If Maha was a tyrant, then Zen was a wise emperor.

Chapter 1959 A Heavy Blow (Part Two)

Zen's aura rose to the sky. He didn't cultivate the Great Dominance Technique, but the power of his soul that erupted then was no less than Maha's. The two auras clashed, even though the two were still far apart.

"Maha, you are from the fake Sacred race. You don't have a noble bloodline. How dare you make me surrender to you? Ha-ha! That's ridiculous. Maha, who do you think you are?"

As he spoke, Zen also activated his Roaring Token. As a result, the whole universe heard his insults towards Maha.

After she was exposed to Zen's aura, Connie in Maha's arms suddenly felt tightness in her chest and shortness of breath. Her mind grew disoriented while her face turned pale. The expression on her face showed how badly she was affected by Zen's aura.

'I can't believe this! His soul is no weaker than Maha's. How's that possible? What is he?!' she thought.

At this moment, even Maha and the two Supreme Lords of the Sacred race behind him found it hard to believe. Their eyes gawked with surprise and wariness against Zen.

"Gold Fighting Soul! Emperor Soul Imprint! You..." Maha was at a loss for words. The expression on his face had grown even bitter.

"Hahaha!"

Zen laughed out loud. Under the influence of the Emperor Soul Imprint, his heart was also filled with great heroism, which was completely different from his usual introverted temperament. In a big and brave voice, he said, "There are 130 people who have obtained the complete Emperor Soul Imprint in the Divine Soul Ancestral Land of the Soul Seal race! You, Maha, the number one Godly Genius in the Sacred race, is only ranked 80th among the 130 people. You didn't even achieve the average rank! But I, Zen, is ranked the first. Do you know your Sacred race is a fake one? You are nothing but a fraud. Even if you were from the real Sacred race, you wouldn't be able to make me surrender. The aura you possess is incomparable to mine! You are not qualified!"

"You are not qualified..."

"You are not qualified..."

Zen's voice reverberated through the whole universe. Everyone heard how he mocked Maha in such a brave voice.

At that moment, all warriors of the Sacred race had a sullen face. Their confusion was accompanied with grim expressions.

From the moment they invaded this universe, they had proclaimed that they were the descendants of the Sacred race. They established that they were the purest, the oldest and the most perfect race in the divine land.

All the other creatures were supposed to be beneath them.

However, Zen proclaimed that their Sacred race was fake. And this was true. The real Sacred race was already extinct. Moreover, the Sacred race they were from was only created by Murphy. This was the most intolerable part for the warriors of the fake Sacred race. In their eyes, Zen belittled and ridiculed the glory of their Sacred race.

Additionally, the warriors became even more shocked with Maha's ranking in the Divine Soul Ancestral Land. Bewilderment enveloped the warriors as they tried to comprehend Zen's words.

Maha was the number one Godly Genius in the Sacred race. However, Zen said that Maha was only ranked 80th in the Divine Soul Ancestral Land.

Zen even proclaimed himself as ranked number one!

Disbelief and confusion devoured the warriors' minds. They couldn't accept such an absurd truth.

The aura of Zen was unable to impact Maha at all. After all, he also had the Emperor Soul Imprint. Moreover, Maha cultivated the Great Dominance Technique. His control over the aura was more skilled and powerful than that of Zen. If Maha maintained a calm mind, Zen's aura would also be ineffective against him.

However, Zen's words struck a nerve and angered Maha.

How could Zen be ranked number one in the Divine Soul Ancestral Land? What a ridiculous thought!

Maha refused to believe Zen's crazy proclamations.

The Divine Soul Ancestral Land gathered the top talents from all of the universes. The peerless geniuses from the divine land were also invited there. Maha could accept to be listed in the top 80 since it was quite a good result. However, how could Zen get the first place? Such a result was outrageous and impossible!

"You bastard… You are lying! How could that be possible? You don't even have any proof!" Maha retorted as he clenched his fists. Rage flowed through his murderous expression.

But at that moment, Maha forgot something. They were bickering with each other, and proof would be useless against each other.

The two warriors were in a fight of provocations and temperament. The one with a smarter mouth would win while the one who got distracted would suffer a shameful defeat. However, Maha still wanted Zen to provide proof. It was a laughable claim.

Zen still held the token of mountain in his hand. If Maha were to make a move, he would activate the token and hide in the fairy palace. After all, he was alone, while Maha had two Supreme Lords behind him. Maha himself was also a mighty warrior and more than a match for Zen. A strategic retreat for Zen at that situation would not be shameful for him.

Before he left, Zen wanted to shake the morale of Maha and the Sacred race.

"You want proof? Okay? You are ranked the 80th. The guy who is ranked 79th is named Faust Lu. The guy who is ranked 81st is called Lacy Zuo. Do you still remember them? Your power is only around the level of those two. I'm ranked first and most powerful. Rocher is ranked

3rd while Nathan is 15th. When the three of us entered the list, your ranking immediately dropped to 83rd. What a pity! A weakling like you might fall out of the list soon," Zen said with a laugh. Mockery was explicit in his tone.

Actually, there were only a few creatures who could obtain the Emperor Soul Imprint in the Divine Soul Ancestral Land. After all these years, only a hundred or so creatures had successfully done so. It was hard to make Maha fall out of the list. His cultivation was still powerful enough to call him a worthy warrior.

However, Zen's goal was to shake the morale of Maha and the Sacred race. He exaggerated his claims to make them depressed.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1960 A War Declaration

Ever since the Sacred race invaded the universe, they had been much like a hot knife slicing through butter.

Not only did the race continue displaying their own invincible strength, it also promoted the Sacred race's noble bloodline.

Every time Maha killed a world lord, he used a Roaring Token to give the announcement of his victim to the entire universe. Constantly, he would spread the news that the Sacred race had inherited the most perfect race within the divine land—all races were inferior to them.

They were indeed strong enough to do so. With this sort of propaganda, many martial artists were under the illusion that the high and mighty Sacred race was invincible. Compared to their perfect race, the human race was lowly.

In this situation, many human martial artists were struck with fear before the Sacred race. This feeling spread in the hearts of the human warriors, crushing their morale.

Zen's current methods were rather simple. The Sacred race of the Murphy Universe wasn't from the real Sacred race, but even if these people were truly inherited from the perfect race of the divine land, he would still make up stories to belittle them.

Because first of all, he had to lower the enemy's morale—only then would he be able to save the humans' morale.

Now that the Roaring Token had been activated, his voice spread throughout the entire universe. Countless creatures began listening attentively.

Originally, there weren't many rules in a battle between two races.

Zen, who was the strongest Godly Genius of the human race, was quarreling with his counterpart in the Sacred race, Maha. There was no need for any sort of rules. So he slandered the Sacred race, turning white into black and then white…The lies went on. And Zen showed no hesitation in using such tricks.

His opponent, Maha, was undoubtedly arrogant and ruthless, his style vicious and his actions decisive. But as a Godly Genius, he was used to fighting and killing his enemies. How could he argue like this? Maha had little experience in quibbling. When faced with such a situation, he was momentarily at a loss and had no clue how to respond properly.

"You…you…you… Nonsense!" Such was Maha's only retort.

Unfortunately, his counterattack was weak as he stammered, lacking his usual confidence in battle.

Hearing Maha's voice, many of the warriors of the Sacred race in the Evolutionary Universe couldn't help but shake their heads. Maha had extraordinary talent and formidable strength, but his quarreling skills were all too lacking.

His retort was merely a flick. Not only did it lack any strength, it made clear his flaws.

And how could Zen let go of such flaws?

"I know you're feeling guilty. The trouble with the Murphy Universe has yet to be solved. Your false Sacred race is in danger of being eliminated as well. The Celestial Ghost race has gathered five True Gods and a thousand Supreme Lords—they will definitely destroy everything. You can only fight hard and hope to seize our Evolutionary Universe like a dog that has been disowned." Zen's grip on the Roaring Token grew tighter as his words grew louder and more fluent. The golden light in his eyes turned more intense as his righteous aura grew more and more majestic.

But what he said was nonsense.

He had fabricated the point about the Celestial Ghost race. And as for a thousand Supreme Lords, it was impossible for a single universe to have so many.

But how could an ordinary warrior know anything about this?

Zen's voice projected confidence. Even the warriors of the Sacred race couldn't help but wonder whether he was telling the truth.

"You barbarians fail to walk the right path. Instead, you take the opportunity to invade the Evolutionary Universe. You've destroyed everything in your path. You've caused great suffering and calamity, unforgivably so! I, Zen Luo, have received great fortune from the heavens. As a Godly Genius, I shall lead the human race and drive you out of the universe. Warriors, no matter how strong or weak, grab your weapons and follow me into this fight…"

Zen's speech was decisive.

This was certainly his declaration of war.

Previously, the Sacred race attacked the universe without so much as a declaration. The Celestial Position race had adopted a policy of appeasement and for a time, they avoided a fight against the Sacred race, even sacrificing thousands of supreme worlds of the Humanity Alliance.

In the midst of her wrath, Supreme Lord of Oracle had chosen to confront the Sacred race head-on. But after suffering a crushing defeat, she returned. The whole thing had severely damaged the human race's morale.

But they couldn't blame the Celestial Position race and the old leader. After all, the Celestial Position race existed only to wait for the growth of the Godly Geniuses. Such was also Mike's plan. But it was flawed and the Sacred race attacked the universe sooner than anticipated.

Now that Zen had finally returned, it was time for him to declare war on behalf of the human race.

As the words of declaration escaped his mouth, heroic spirit filled the skies and stirred up the pride in the hearts of the countless beings in the universe. The fear they held for the Sacred race vanished like smoke in thin air.

"Good! Zen is indeed the top Godly Genius."

"As a member of the universe, we will fight till the last drop of blood!"

"We may be mortals, but we're not afraid of fate. The Sacred race is a barbaric one.

They may be strong, but they won't bring me to my knees."

In the entire universe, warriors of all races and classes, and all sorts of intelligent life forms hidden in underground caves or high up in the starry sky were all boiling with excitement.

"Hahaha!"

Suddenly, someone burst out in laughter.

This voice belonged to Mathias, an ogre Supreme Lord.

"Zen, you're a good one. In the past, we ogres wanted to do away with you! I never expected us to join hands against our enemies! The barbarians are nothing to talk about. I'll wipe out all these rebellions of the Demon Night race and meet you again!"

Just as Supreme Lord Mathias finished speaking, another voice was heard—it was the voice of Master Feng, the old leader of the Celestial Position race. "Our Celestial Position race is under the secret orders of the universe's master. We will support Zen in fighting the barbarians. Now that Zen has returned, it is time to declare war!"

"We, the Xuanyuan Clan, are following the disciple of the master of this universe..."

"We, the Blessed Buddha Land..."

"We, the Humanity Alliance..."

Zen's declaration of war was like a spark thrown into a fire, igniting the entire universe. Several great human powers roared simultaneously as they began declaring war on the Sacred race with the Roaring Tokens.

Meanwhile, in a remote supreme world of the Humanity Alliance, the corpses of the warriors of the Sacred race had already piled up like a mountain. When these people were still alive, they had all been martial artists at the Soul Sea Realm, Spirit Supreme Realm, or Spirit Transformation Realm.

Among them, there were 326 warriors at the Soul Sea Realm, 67 warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm, and 14 warriors at the Spirit Transformation Realm.

A human girl stood at the peak of this corpse-riddled mountain.

Her long, nine-colored skirt seemed to dance in the wind. Under her long black hair, her right cheek was badly mutilated and one of her eyeballs had exploded. It was a tragic sight. But from the left side of her face, still in good condition, one could still see her beauty.

In front of the young girl stood two world lords of the Sacred race.

These men were also heavily injured. They floated in the air, gasping for breath as they kept vigilant in the face of the human girl before them.

Zen and Maha's argument spreading by the Roaring Tokens suspended the battle between the two sides.

The young girl's gaze never landed on the world lords—at this moment, her eyes were on the sky.

Her only remaining eye flickered.

The moment she heard Zen's voice, the trace of sadness in her eye disappeared and was replaced with joy and gratification.

"Did you hear that?" The large eye on the girl's face suddenly curved into a crescent moon as she smiled at the world lords.

They were stunned. Being fooled by Zen in such a manner was a huge blow to their ego.

"What nonsense!"

"Kill this woman!"

The two world lords were growing more irritated and frustrated.

The woman's methods were all too terrifying—she had completely annihilated an army of the Sacred race right before their eyes.

More hateful was that she had come and gone without a trace. She even managed to escape unscathed as she was chased down by a Supreme Lord of the Sacred race.

"You should have listened." The woman's voice was clear, but it was laced with ice-cold killing intent, void of any emotion.

Watching the world lords rush over, she stepped on her wooden clogs and leaped backward, maintaining a posture of free landing.

Her severely injured right cheek began recovering rapidly—the wounds in her face shifted and her eyeball was restored to its natural position. In an instant, her beauty was restored.

Nine varying streaks of light burst from behind her, forming ribbons that resembled phoenix feathers as they flew towards the two world lords.

"Listen carefully—Zen is humankind's greatest pride!"

And these were the last words the world lords heard from the girl before they fell to their deaths.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

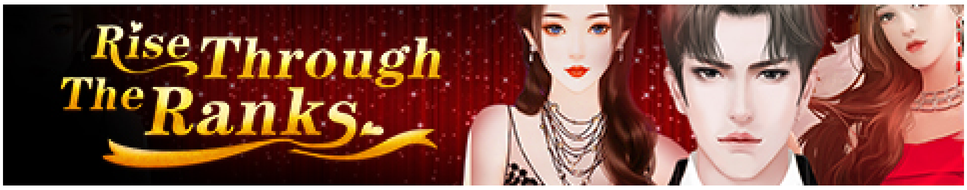

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

36

Content

Chapter 1961 The Scattered Godly Geniuses
Chapter 1962 Return To The Fairy Palace
Chapter 1963 Geoffrey's Talent
Chapter 1964 A Heavy Sword
Chapter 1965 The Great Weighty Sword
Chapter 1966 Test Zen's Strength
Chapter 1967 Resist With Ease
Chapter 1968 Unfathomable
Chapter 1969 Evolution Lotus Flower
Chapter 1970 A Proposal
Chapter 1971 Leaving Fairy Palace
Chapter 1972 Travel Around
Chapter 1973 In A Dilemma (Part One)
Chapter 1974 In A Dilemma (Part Two)
Chapter 1975 Malice Of The Universe
Chapter 1976 A Child's Voice (Part One)
Chapter 1977 A Child's Voice (Part Two)
Chapter 1978 An Unavoidable Fight
Chapter 1979 Take A Risk
Chapter 1980 Burning The Mountain
Chapter 1981 The Expansion Of The Great Worlds' Wills
Chapter 1982 Taking Action
Chapter 1983 Looking For Someone
Chapter 1984 The Rain Of Pain
Chapter 1985 Tearing The Cloud
Chapter 1986 The Collapse Of Belief
Chapter 1987 Scorching Sun Arrow
Chapter 1988 Shattering The Scorching Sun Arrows
Chapter 1989 The Blood-devouring Bone Arrows
Chapter 1990 Our Queen Is Our Glory
Chapter 1991 A Queen's Order
Chapter 1992 A Cold-blooded Woman (Part One)
Chapter 1993 A Cold-blooded Woman (Part Two)
Chapter 1994 Unable To Refute
Chapter 1995 Flee (Part One)
Chapter 1996 Flee (Part Two)

Chapter 1997 The Inauguration Altar
Chapter 1998 Faith Trial
Chapter 1999 Plot To Kill Zen
Chapter 2000 Surprise Attack
Chapter 2001 Fierce Battles
Chapter 2002 Rival A Supreme Lord
Chapter 2003 Shadows Kill
Chapter 2004 A Sneak Attack
Chapter 2005 Face An Impasse
Chapter 2006 Zen Had Lost All His Strength
Chapter 2007 Profound Holy Thunder
Chapter 2008 Aging
Chapter 2009 Can You Really Kill Me
Chapter 2010 Willow Of Destruction
Chapter 2011 Helpless
Chapter 2012 The Unfamiliar Lavender
Chapter 2013 Be Swallowed
Chapter 2014 Time Of Purge
Chapter 2015 A Shadow
Chapter 2016 Another Giant Phantom

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 1961 The Scattered Godly Geniuses

Within the Fiery Rock World, huge chunks of rocks glowed red from the intense heat.

Two figures rapidly moved through the embers. The moment their tiptoes touched the rocks, they shot forward with exceptional agility. In a blink of an eye, they traveled over ten miles.

Behind these two figures was a grand world lord of the Sacred race that chased after them!

Those two people were Lucille and Nathan!

Holy Jay had indeed sent the Godly Geniuses back to the Evolutionary Universe, however, the Grand Space Spell made it so that the nine of them were scattered all over the universe.

Lucille and Nathan fell into the Fiery Rock World together.

Unfortunately, this world belonged to the Humanity Alliance and was located in the depths of many supreme worlds controlled by the Sacred race.

Their arrival quickly alarmed the Sacred race which in turn led to them getting chased all over the place by a grand world lord.

This hot pursuit, both literally and figuratively, lasted three days and three nights.

"You won't be able to escape," the grand world lord said, his voice echoing in the sky.

Both Lucille and Nathan had used Grand Teleportation multiple times but were still unable to shake off the grand world lord that chased after them.

The two of them had just recently become world lords and their level wasn't stable yet. It would be extremely difficult for them to defeat their pursuer even if they joined forces.

The grand world lord suddenly flew higher. There was a cold smile on his face as he looked down at the two young warriors.

These two were nothing more than tiny mice scurrying about in his territory.

"Sky Crush!"

He waved his hand and formed a mysterious seal.

Black rays of light appeared in the sky and continuously spread to form a shape. It seem as if a corner of the horizon had been cut off to be shaped into a dark, formidable hand, which came crushing down.

Nathan's eyes flashed as he looked up at what was happening. "Grand Teleportation!"

Lucille nodded before a bright flash appeared underneath their feet and made them disappear.

Their pursuer sneered. He too employed Grand Teleportation and quickly followed after them.

This grand world lord's cultivation was much more stable than that of the young warriors so he could travel a distance ten times longer than they could. Before teleporting, he also managed to spread his perception within a thousand-mile range and pinpointed their location.

Whoosh… Whoosh…

They were on top of a blazing mountain about a hundred miles away!

As soon as they landed, the grand world lord also appeared just a couple of feet away. Obviously, they failed to distance themselves from their pursuer, and worse, the Sacred grand world lord was now closer to them.

Sizzle…

This flaming mountain range was a field of fire all-year-round. The rocks were cracked and spewed out streaks of scorching flames.

Nathan held his spear while Lucille's hands glowed from the five elements. It seemed that escape was no longer an option.

"You can't escape so you want to fight it out?" The Sacred grand world lord laughed. Finally, their game of cat-and-mouse had come to an end and he could finally kill these two, pathetic rats. He had already killed 12 human world lords after he entered the Evolutionary Universe so these two shouldn't be too much of a problem.

"I'm quite curious though. How could there be such stupid warriors like you? Did you get lost and stumble upon this place?" the grand world lord asked.

He had already repeated this question thrice along the way but neither of the two answered him.

The Fiery Rock World was the Humanity Alliance's hinterland so there was no need to station too many powerful warriors there. There also wasn't any Blood Curse Technique that was used to guard this place. If the human race wanted to take over this Fiery Rock World, they would have to attack the supreme worlds that lay at its borders. It was impossible for them to succeed as the boundaries were heavily guarded by the Sacred race.

Just as the grand world lord was about to make his move…

Maha's and Zen's voices echoed throughout the universe.

The grand world lord wore a puzzled expression as he listened.

Even Nathan and Lucille had smug smiles on their faces as they listened to Zen's voice.

"This guy… Does he have to make a scene when he just came back?" Lucille laughed, shaking her head.

"Hmph, he has stolen the limelight all over again," Nathan grumbled.

Zen and Maha's conversation puzzled the grand world lord greatly. He then turned his gaze towards Lucille and Nathan and suddenly realized something.

These two weren't running very fast, nor was there any sign of haste in their escape.

There was even a time when the two of them simply ran back and forth around the edge of the Fiery Rock World. It seemed they didn't have any intention of getting rid of him.

It was a bit strange but the grand world lord simply brushed it off back then. These two had only recently become world lords so he didn't really think they'd be that much of a threat to him. Since he was a bit bored, he indulged and chased them around a bit for some exercise.

However, upon more careful consideration, it seemed they weren't really trying to escape. Instead, it seemed they had wanted to lure him away...

For three days and three nights, these two had managed to shake off his subordinates. He was the only one that remained to chase after them.

Did they honestly think that they could defeat him if they joined forces?

That was ridiculous! They were mere world lords. He was sure to crush them under his foot!

However, after Maha revealed Zen's status as a Godly Genius, a thought suddenly crossed the grand world lord's mind.

Why did these two warriors get lost? Because they didn't come here from the Thoughtless Minds. The two of them came from a place far beyond this universe!

They came from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land!

These two were Godly Geniuses!

The puzzled expression on the grand world lord's face instantly cleared. Nathan noticed this and couldn't help but sneer. "It's time."

"It has already begun," Lucille said with a charming smile.

"Rumble!"

A massive hand suddenly appeared beneath the grand world lord.

This giant hand was made of rocks, courtesy of Lucille who could freely control any of the Original Laws.

Before he could even react, the grand world lord found himself firmly caught by the giant hand.

To say he was panicking was an understatement.

He didn't know who these two Godly Geniuses were nor just how strong they could be, however, he knew Maha and he was the number one Godly Genius in the Murphy Universe. It seemed that the grand world lord might have bitten off more than he could chew. These Godly Geniuses' strength far surpassed that of ordinary warriors' at the same level which meant that dying in their hands was now a huge possibility.

However, this huge hand made of rocks could only bind him and caused no substantial damage.

At that moment, he really wanted to use the Grand Teleportation to escape this sudden predicament!

However, this Grand Teleportation wasn't something that could be used instantly. It required a certain process.

As a grand world lord, he would need a few seconds to activate it.

"What a fool!" Lucille exclaimed.

Just as he was about to activate the Grand Teleportation, the giant hand tightened around him and smashed him ruthlessly onto the ground.

"Boom!"

The impact put him in a daze. The Space Law he had just released formed a blazing white channel on the spot he was smashed into but it was already too late since he was already gone from that spot.

The Grand Teleportation failed!

If he was a bit more relaxed and level-headed, the grand world lord could've broken free from the giant hand first and then used the Grand

Teleportation. However, in his panic, he put the cart before the horse which led to his failure in teleporting.

Now it would take him a minute before he could activate it once more.

Nathan wasn't going to grant him that luxury.

The young man grasped his spear and shot it towards the grand world lord while his eyes emitted a formidable cyan light.

To Nathan the entire world had now turned into countless thin lines and dots.

"Weak spot," Nathan murmured as he charged. He had already found the grand world lord's weak spot. He rolled his spear in his hand and aimed to kill with one shot.

The grand world lord couldn't help but quake in the face of Nathan's Law Spear Strike. This was a life or death crisis!

"Dream on! Beast spirits, devour!"

"Roar... Roar... Roar..."

Above his head, a scroll quickly unfurled. From it burst forth powerful vicious beasts that pounced towards Nathan.

These beast spirits were incredibly ferocious, however, all Nathan could see were lines and dots.

"They could not withstand even a single blow. So lame!"

In Nathan's eyes, he could see all those beast spirits had weak points all over their bodies.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The Truth Godly Way was extremely powerful, to begin with. Even a Supreme Lord would have no chance of surviving Nathan's spear, much less these beast spirits.

Nathan thrust his spear into the air, shattering all the beast spirits.

In the blink of an eye, it reached the grand world lord's neck.

"Even if you kill me, you won't be able to leave this place! This is the core supreme world of our Sacred race!" he spat bitterly.

Nathan smiled. "You don't have to worry about that!"

The spear was gentle and left only a small bloody hole in the grand world lord's neck. A long, slender crack formed from that hole until his entire body was split apart like porcelain.

Nathan lightly shook his spear to get rid of the blood. "We need to find a place to hide."

"I wonder when they will come and save us," Lucille murmured with worry. The grand world lord was right, it would be incredibly difficult for them to leave this place.

"Don't worry. Zen has already revealed himself. My father will definitely figure out where we are through calculation and bring us back," Nathan said with confidence.

The Sacred race was unable to calculate anything within the Evolutionary Universe because they were unable to communicate with the heavens.

There was no way the heavens of the Evolutionary Universe would help these invaders.

Now that Zen had caused such a commotion, everyone now knew that the Godly Geniuses had returned. Both the human race and Sacred race would try their best to find them, however, this was going to be a challenging task for the Sacred race. The Evolutionary Universe was too big and locating one Godly Genius would be like trying to find a needle in a haystack.

However, it would be really easy for the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe to find them through calculation.

The only trouble was, would any Supreme Lord dare enter the Fiery Rock World to come to their rescue?

Chapter 1962 Return To The Fairy Palace

Originally, Maha had planned on using the Great Dominance Technique in order to force Zen into submitting to him.

What he hadn't taken into consideration was the possibility that he would be reproved and taught a lesson by Zen. Furthermore, Zen's words had even aroused the populations' common hatred in the Evolutionary Universe!

Maha's face grew long as he listened the roars coming from the universe.

Maha led the Sacred martial artists to slaughter humans through the entire process, completely suppressing the human morale. Following such, the Demon Night's rebellion had been a fatal blow to the human race. Although the ogre race had interfered at that point in time, the three human forces still suffered from low morale.

Now though, thanks to Zen's horrendous words, Maha's previous efforts seemed to have been in vain.

"Don't let him utter another word," Maha coldly ordered. This time, he didn't want the responsibility of having to stop Zen on his own.

Although he had failed to subdue Zen with the Great Dominance Technique, there was no reason to say he couldn't eventually control him. In fact, there were several different methods for enslaving a martial artist.

For all Maha cared, it didn't matter how eloquent Zen was, and there was no way he would escape his grasp. The two Sacred Supreme Lords behind Maha had long since had this same intention, and secretly criticized Maha in their minds. Both of them believed that Maha shouldn't engage in so much conversation with Zen.

In a certain way, they were right, too. Now, Maha couldn't seem to get the upper hand on this argument. Even worse, Zen had managed to retort with ease and just like that, Maha found himself at a disadvantage. In the eyes of the two Sacred Supreme Lords, it was better for Maha to catch

Zen directly and enslave him at once. By then, Zen would no longer be anywhere capable of resisting.

And because Zen was trapped in the Seven Ultimate World, he could be compared to a piece of meat on the chopping block. It would be easy for them to catch and kill him.

As Maha gave the order, Supreme Lord Noel of the Sacred race reached out his hand in a first attempt to grab Zen.

His arm was like a long fish as it instantly pierced through space, appearing beside Zen and clawing at his head!

Zen was actually extremely vigilant, though. Before Maha had even given the order, he had already activated the Grand Teleportation technique.

With the release of a blazing white stream from the power of space, Zen was capable of escaping hundreds of miles away in the blink of an eye, avoiding Supreme Lord Noel's grasp.

"Do you really think you can escape?" Supreme Lord Noel uttered calmly.

It was too late. He had already left an imprint on Zen's body. No matter where Zen moved from now on, Supreme Lord Noel would be able to detect him in an instant.

Through his eyes, Zen looked like a little sheep running on the plains. No matter how fast he tried to move, he couldn't escape the falcons' pursuit. Supreme Lord Noel thought he could let Zen run away as fast as possible, let him waste his energy first, and then catch him after he fell into despair.

Maha, Connie, and Supreme Lord Barrie also thought the same. Thus, while the three of them watched Zen escape, they equally looked calm, their faces expressionless.

Just as Supreme Lord Noel was about to use his spatial transference to chase after Zen, he was suddenly stunned. His eyes quickly revealed a deep feeling of disbelief.

Maha, who held Connie in his arms, was calming his mind and thinking about how to deal with Zen. He thought that after he had completely enslaved Zen, he would be able to use Zen's Godly Genius identity to suppress the human race. Besides that, Zen seemed to be a deep source of surprises and secrets.

'The Roaring Token in that guy's hand seems to be a strange item that can be used repeatedly. So interesting...'

Although Maha was deep in his thoughts, he couldn't help but notice Supreme Lord Noel's expression. Out of curiosity, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"He has disappeared..." Supreme Lord Noel's expression looked everything but natural. His features were distorting themselves.

"What?" Maha questioned in a shocked tone, his complexion suddenly changing to a pale, washed out hue.

Supreme Lord Barrie, who had remained silent up until now, was just as surprised. He immediately released his perception, and everything within one thousand miles appeared in his mind!

A Supreme Lord's perception was extremely strong. It was impossible for any living creature within one thousand miles to escape such detection.

"He really has disappeared," Supreme Lord Barrie uttered with disbelief. He had quickly come to the realization that Supreme Lord Noel was right. Zen had truly disappeared.

"That is the place where he was last seen!" Supreme Lord Noel suddenly pronounced before he frowned anew, and his figure disappeared from its original place immediately.

Supreme Lord Barrie also seemed to have sensed that something was amiss and instantly activated the Grand Teleportation technique too. Perhaps all hope wasn't lost.

On a small hill a hundred miles away from the southern side of Ultimate Immortal City, there was a small mini fairy palace that was in the process of appearing.

In mid-air, the fairy palace slowly rotated. It looked extremely exquisite, as though it was a toy constructed by a nimble craftsman.

As the two Supreme Lords, Maha, and the other Sacred martial artists moved in that direction, they couldn't help but take notice of this small fairy palace.

"Is it a space treasure?" Maha's lips curved upward, his face revealing a trace of ridicule.

"Zen's breath literally just disappeared from this place, seconds ago. He must have entered this fairy palace," Supreme Lord Noel said, as he stared at the fairy palace which continued rotating slowly, almost obnoxiously.

Maha nodded his head in a single gesture. After seeing this fairy palace, he breathed a sigh of despair.

If Zen had really run away right before their very eyes, then they had brought shame upon themselves!

Moreover, Maha knew that Murphy's primary goal was to capture these Godly Geniuses!

If Zen really did run away, then even Maha was likely to face a very severe punishment.

"Come out, Zen. It's meaningless to hide inside. I didn't expect you to be the cowardly type," Maha said, indifferently. A mere space treasure wasn't even worth Maha's attention.

The mini fairy palace didn't reply. Instead, it only continued slowly rotating in the same spot.

Maha pointed his finger at the palace and instructed, "Break this space treasure."

"This little fairy palace is really quite exquisite. After forcing Zen out of it, do you think I can have it, perhaps?" Connie stared at the fairy palace, eyes wide with interest.

Maha gently stroked Connie's cheek and chuckled. "Of course you can have it."

That was when Supreme Lord Noel's gaze fell upon the fairy palace. He suddenly extended both his hands forward, grabbing onto the tiny fairy palace. He released a terrifying, unexpected bout of power!

"Nether Divine Kill!"

Streams of Space Law's white power formed a small space tornado in his hand, enveloping the mini fairy palace whole.

Supreme Lord Noel immediately imagined how this space killing skill could instantly mince the fairy palace into tiny pieces!

The spiraling tornado continued its attack. However, it didn't seem to have any effect on the fairy palace. In fact, the palace didn't even budge at all.

"Huh? What's going on here?" Another expression of surprise was now exposed on Supreme Lord Noel's face.

Maha glanced at Supreme Lord Noel indifferently and suddenly, Supreme Lord Noel began to feel embarrassed. He was a Supreme Lord, but even he was unable of breaking through a tiny space treasure. In other words, he felt like a complete disgrace.

"Grand Divine Cutting!"

Supreme Lord Noel shouted fiercely this time. He tried his best at attacking the fairy palace. He focused on cultivating the Space Law because its power was truly formidable!

Several transparent space sabers immediately appeared around the fairy palace. At once, these sabers started stabbing and lancing at the fairy palace in an attempt to destroy it.

Clang! Bang! Bam!

As the space sabers slashed down with great force, a series of loud sounds could be heard.

After about thirty seconds...

Supreme Lord Noel, Supreme Lord Barrie, Maha, Connie, and the world lords of the Sacred race were all staring at each other, their eyes wide.

Everyone's face displayed an astonished, shocked and confused expression.

From the very beginning, they hadn't thought much of the fairy palace. No matter how strong the space treasure was, its defensive power was still limited. If a Supreme Lord were to take action to attack it, it would be destroyed.

Clearly though, they had underestimated this fairy palace.

Ten years ago, this very same expression had had appeared on the faces of many Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe...

"Is it fun?" Zen's voice roared throughout the universe and transmitted, reaching and booming into Maha's and the others' ears. "If you want to capture me, you'll first have to see if you have the qualifications to break through this space treasure!"

Upon hearing Zen's words, many of the Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe couldn't help but break out in laughter!

It was clear to them that Zen had entered that fairy palace again.

From the start, they hadn't worried about Zen's safety whatsoever.

Together, they had personally witnessed the toughness of this fairy palace. In the past, many Supreme Lords had given everything they could against it, but they simply couldn't destroy it. In the end, a few of them had been killed by the Desperate Melee...

"You brat, you..."

Maha felt like he was going crazy.

Where did Zen find such a magical space treasure?

"Supreme Lord Barrie, go forth and destroy this space treasure!" Maha ordered.

"At once!"

Supreme Lord Barrie specialized in studying all kinds of poisons, and the Heavenly Destiny he carried was the Life Law!

In terms of killing technique, Supreme Lord Barrie was extremely proficient in it. However, the destructive power he created was inferior to Supreme Lord Noel's. Now though, since Maha had already asked him to make a move, he would still give it a try.

He quickly stretched out his hands, causing his arms to turn black with traces of phosphorescence.

This phosphorescence was a poison that boosted his strength, capable of turning his hands into a pair of all-conquering toxic weapon in a short amount of time!

The venomous hands grabbed the fairy palace, and suddenly began emitting a wild, savage power as they kneaded and pulsed at the fairy palace.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

A crushing sound could be heard. His greatest desire at that moment was to forcibly break open the fairy palace with his two hands!

However, the fairy palace didn't give. Not even an inch. It continued spinning, at its own casual speed, in front of them.

"This..." A look of bleak awkwardness appeared on Supreme Lord Barrie's face. He was also beginning to understand and sympathize with Supreme Lord Noel's predicament.

Chapter 1963 Geoffrey's Talent

Maha's eyes narrowed as he stared at the fairy palace in front of him. He stood motionless for a long time and then, in a very cold tone he said, "I'll let my father take action."

The Sacred race was a centralized society, and this was the only force in the Murphy Universe.

The status of Supreme Lords wasn't equal. Rather, they were arranged like a pyramid. Maha's father was the strongest Supreme Lord in the Sacred race.

In his mind, he was certain that there was something he could do about a mere space treasure.

Just as he finished speaking though, a ripple of Space Law descended upon the fairy palace, causing it to fall downward.

In the blink of an eye, the fairy palace had completely disappeared.

Once again, Maha and his group found them stunned out of amazement. They looked at each other in dismay.

One after the other, they began attempting all sorts of different techniques in order to search for the fairy palace.

Despite their greatest efforts, there was simply no sign of the fairy palace. It was clear that it didn't matter how hard they tried.

Maha had to come to terms with what was happening. His enraged roar rang out from the hillside, booming the Ultimate Immortal City.

In the fairy palace, Zen held a Teleportation Token in his hand, and presented a faint smile on his face.

The token of mountain and the Teleportation Token, combined together, allowed him to bring the fairy palace anywhere in the universe.

That was when Zen brought the fairy palace into the space created by the Teleportation Token. In this space, he had the will to choose any supreme world to descend upon.

Behind him, on the square in the fairy palace, stood a group of people. Their eager gazes were all turned in his direction.

The last time Zen had returned to the great world, he had installed all his relatives from the Cloud Hall in the fairy palace.

The universe was filled with a multitude of dangers. The fairy palace was most likely the safest place in the universe.

More so, the fairy palace was completely under Zen's control. It could be said that even if the universe collapsed, the fairy palace would still remain intact. As long as he didn't connect the fairy palace's projection to this place, no one else would even be able to find it.

Amongst the crowd, Letitia's beautiful eyes were fixed on Zen.

Over the past decade, she seldom had the chance to meet Zen. Every time they crossed paths, they'd have to part again soon. However, she never complained because she knew her husband carried the a great destiny. Since she couldn't help her husband, she could only quietly wait in the fairy palace, but there was no one who could listen to the pain in her heart.

"Zen..."

Letitia tiptoed lightly and rushed to Zen's side in a flash. Her ice-cold hand touched Zen's face, and her eyes were filled with love and boundless tenderness.

Watching the scene, Imogen and the others felt gratified. At least Zen had returned safely.

After returning to the fairy palace, Zen wasn't in a rush to join the Celestial Position race. Instead, he decided to stay there temporarily.

After embracing Letitia for a while, Zen asked softly, "Where's Geoffrey?"

He hadn't seen his son in the square.

Four years ago, when Zen met Geoffrey, he was only seven years old. Now, four years had passed, and Geoffrey had already turned eleven.

At that time, Geoffrey had still been a young, careless kid. Zen wondered how he was doing now.

As Letitia heard Zen's question, her face displayed a look of rebuke. Zen wasn't a qualified father, but she still couldn't bring herself to criticize her husband.

"He's at the library," Letitia replied with a smile.

"The library?" Zen asked, astonished. Prior to leaving, he had given Letitia the token for the library, so they could visit and leave freely.

They had to hide in the fairy palace for a few years and it was impossible to forever keep them in the square. It was only natural that they'd get bored.

Letitia's face and eyes twinkled with pride. "You'll see after you go to the library."

At Letitia's reaction, Zen felt even more confused and curious. He turned on his heel and headed straight for the library.

The moment he entered the library, he saw Geoffrey seated before a massive book. From the looks of it, he was currently contemplating the book's contents.

Just as Zen was about to speak, Immortal Book beside him hurriedly made a gesture of silence. Letitia also quickly extended two slender fingers and pressed them against Zen's mouth.

"Don't disturb him," Letitia hastily said.

Zen's face was filled with astonishment. What had his son been doing over the past few years?

Zen had spent little time with his son since he was born, and the first time they met four years ago, they had only been together for a few short months. This, of course, had no effect on how much he truly loved his son.

Because both Immortal Book and Letitia had stopped him from disturbing Geoffrey, Zen withheld his desire to say anything and waited instead.

After a long while, Geoffrey exhaled slightly. He lifted his head and his eyes shot in Zen's direction. His eyes flickered and a heroic look surfaced on his face.

He smiled and greeted Zen, "Father, you're back!"

Hearing Geoffrey call him father, Zen was moved with emotion. He had this weird feeling that his son had grown up overnight, and was overjoyed.

Immortal Book also chuckled. "Geoffrey, did you learn anything today?"

Geoffrey nodded. "From memory, I can now write down the contents of this book."

Immortal Book appeared very satisfied with Geoffrey's statement. With a wave of his hand, a few pieces of paper floated toward Geoffrey. "Do it now. Otherwise, you'll forget about it later."

Geoffrey smiled politely. "You clearly know that I am gifted with an extraordinary memory. I won't forget anything I see. I know you just want to test me."

Immortal Book didn't blush, although he was caught red-handed in his lie. He laughed away the awkward atmosphere. "The palest ink is still better than the best of memory. This sort of thing has to be written down. After all, it involves so many subjects."

As Zen listened to the conversation between the two, the doubt in his mind increased, causing the features on his face to deepen. What was Geoffrey doing?

He walked up and asked, "What does Geoffrey have to write?"

Immortal Book glanced at Zen and exclaimed at once, "Your son is extraordinary!"

"Extraordinary?"

In Zen's memories, Geoffrey did seem to have some talents for divine textures. Ever since his birth though, Zen had never imparted him any of the divine texture techniques.

Why did Immortal Book say Geoffrey was extraordinary? Zen was completely unable to understand what was going on.

Seeing Zen's expression, Immortal Book asked faintly, "Zen, do you know the origin of the Grand Weapon Refining Method?"

Zen hadn't been sure before, but after his trip to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, he had discovered such for himself.

"The Grand Weapon Refining Method should come from those who are referred to as extraordinary creatures," Zen replied.

Immortal Book chuckled once again. "The concept of extraordinary creature was suggested by my master. The person who told you that is probably Holy Jay, right? Correct me if I'm wrong."

Zen just nodded.

"Every golden Sanskrit word of the Grand Weapon Refining Method records a large amount of information. In addition to the Grand Weapon Refining Method, there are also several other cultivation techniques. However, my master failed to decipher all of them," Immortal Book said.

"Yes, I know," Zen nodded in agreement.

Although the Grand Weapon Refining Method was still working on Zen's body, Bromley, Holy Jay and Zen himself didn't know the meaning of the golden Sanskrit.

They only knew several words.

"For the past four years, Geoffrey has been staying in the library. With time, he has managed to decode nine golden Sanskrit words!" Immortal

Book's face revealed pride. Pure pride. Geoffrey's interest in the Sanskrit words in the library was clearly directed and delegated by him.

At first, a few years back, Geoffrey was very mischievous and treated the library as a place to play hide-and-seek. However, Immortal Book had shown him quite a number of interesting toys, and he quickly became deeply engrossed.

Every day, after a short period of cultivation, he spent the rest of his time in the library, constantly reading Holy Bromley's books and also trying to study the golden Sanskrit words, as if they had a unique magical attraction on him.

Despite the benefits of the library for Geoffrey, Letitia had her doubts and remained worried. Imogen had even stopped Geoffrey from going there for a while.

Immortal Book, on the other hand, was convinced of Geoffrey's extraordinary talent in this area, and he persuaded Letitia and Imogen by telling them the golden Sanskrit words' importance. If Geoffrey was successful in this area, his achievements would be far greater than Zen's.

In Letitia's eyes, her husband was an existence that could never be surpassed, but Immortal Book had said that Geoffrey just might.

If she could really nurture Geoffrey into a talent like her husband, then of course, she'd be willing to do so.

And over the years, aside from trying to understand Bromley's speculations, Geoffrey also attempted to decipher the golden Sanskrit words - at which, he was truly successful.

This was something that Immortal Book had never thought completely possible.

"You mean... Geoffrey can decipher the golden Sanskrit words?" Zen's eyes widened as he looked at Geoffrey, standing not very far off, with an expression of disbelief.

Geoffrey couldn't help but smile shyly upon seeing his father's shocked expression.

Letitia and Immortal Book were also pleased to see Zen's surprise.

Zen was exceptionally outstanding in all aspects, but Geoffrey's ability to decipher the golden Sanskrit words far surpassed Zen's. Therefore, Letitia felt proud. Proud and accomplished.

"Quick, show me the Sanskrit words you've deciphered!" Zen said excitedly. He began to feel a little anxious, as he was well aware of what this meant.

Geoffrey's expression was very calm. After taking out a writing brush and paper, he began to write down the contents that he had deciphered. It hadn't taken him very long at all to get through over a thousand words.

Chapter 1964 A Heavy Sword

Although Geoffrey was only eleven years old, he had wonderful handwriting—much like the style of a famous calligrapher.

Zen just stood silently beside Geoffrey and watched him write. The longer he watched, the more amazed he felt.

It was only one word of golden Sanskrit, but he had written over a thousand words to explain it.

Just like Holy Jay had said, these top extraordinary creatures were advanced beings. Their ways of existence and communication were difficult to understand!

At this stage, the entire divine land was still trying to comprehend these extraordinary creatures. Furthermore, they had only obtained a portion of this race's language. There was no other way to explain it: Understanding them was hardship.

When Geoffrey had written out the last word, he looked up and smiled at Zen.

Immortal Book eagerly reached out his hand to snatch the piece of manuscript, but Geoffrey slightly moved his hand and passed it to Zen.

Immortal Book could do nothing but glare at Geoffrey. He couldn't do anything about Geoffrey, let alone to Zen, who was his owner.

Zen grabbed his son's manuscript and began to read it word by word, the curiosity no longer just an expression, but an action.

"The golden Sanskrit word seems to be used to describe a certain place's scenery. It seems to be a lake, doesn't it?" Zen asked.

Geoffrey nodded and answered, "Probably. Besides, this lake would be outside of the divine land."

"You know about the divine land?" Zen could barely believe what he was hearing, especially from his son's mouth.

Geoffrey rolled his eyes, giving him the look of a real old soul, as if it was only normal for him to know about the divine land.

Immortal Book next to him chuckled anew and said, "This little guy has been very diligent these past years. He has read through many ancient books in the library. He may know even more than you, Zen."

Zen couldn't help but feel quite ashamed.

Even though he had opened the library, he hadn't spent much time reading. Generally speaking, he acted like a utilitarian. He only took the cultivation methods that he needed from the library.

Needless to say, Zen wasn't to blame because he had always been troubled by many crises, leaving him little time to spend on reading. Even right now, Zen still had a heavy burden on him.

Geoffrey was intelligent, and he should have also inherited Zen's talent. Although he had no intention for training in martial arts, he would naturally be capable of achieving good results if he put his talent forth on something else.

Zen quickly skimmed through the thousand words and grasped a general idea of what it said.

The owner of this fairy palace, Zen's master, Bromley, was still traveling in the endless chaos.

In the Chaotic Storm Chronicle, there was a record of Bromley's passage through the chaos. In his exploration, Bromley hadn't discovered any other civilizations. In the endless chaos, other than the boundless chaotic energy, there was nothing but an unbreakable lightning bolt. It was an empty and lonely world.

According to Geoffrey's manuscript, the golden Sanskrit word seemed to record the existence of a huge lake amidst the chaos. It was a dark blue lake, which was fairly large. But as to the specific area of the body of water, Geoffrey couldn't describe it. After all, the extraordinary creature's distance scale was completely different from that of the divine land.

The lake was located somewhere in the depths of the chaos. As for whether or not the lake was a gathering place for extraordinary creatures, it was impossible to tell from the golden Sanskrit word.

"It's a pity that the information recorded in the golden Sanskrit word isn't of much value," Zen said regretfully after reading it.

At Zen's most recent utterances, Saul and Immortal Book both immediately laughed.

"This was already quite a shocking discovery," said Immortal Book, shaking his head at Zen. Then he added, "In the divine land, the value of this piece of manuscript is hard to imagine… You'll know when you go there."

Saul also nodded in agreement and said, "Master, you have indeed underestimated the value of this golden Sanskrit word."

The divine land was an unknown world to Zen.

After countless eras of development, the entire divine land had already reached its peak. When civilization reached this step, the only way was to expand outwards. But that endless chaos actually covered the divine land, and the place looked like a lonely island.

In this case, the golden Sanskrit represented the information that was outside of the island. Even if the record was boring, it still had an extraordinary value in the divine land, not to mention the fact that it was about a lake!

In the future, when Zen went to the divine land and learned the value of this translation, he would have a different understanding of it, and would even marvel at how precious it was.

Zen could only understand a small part of what Immortal Book and Saul had said. He revealed a gratified expression and said, "Geoffrey has indeed grown up!" With that, he handed the stack of papers over to

Immortal Book. After reading it himself, Immortal Book carefully stored it away with the others.

That was when the small group of people suddenly heard a series of banging sounds coming from the entrance of the library.

"Zen! Zen! You're back!"

An iron puppet charged into the library.

Upon seeing the individual, Letitia slightly stepped in front of her son in order to protect him. Her face revealed a trace of vigilance.

They had stayed in the fairy palace for a few years now, so they had long since known that there was a strange iron-made monster in the weapon refining workshop.

This puppet was different from Immortal Book and Saul, though.

Immortal Book was amiable and approachable, while Saul was extremely respectful. Most importantly, the two of them actually looked no different from regular humans.

As for the iron-made monster in the weapon refining workshop, not only did he have a strange personality, his appearance was also unnatural, like an iron man stuck in a glass jar.

"Livingston!" Zen bared his teeth when he saw the iron-made man.

Livingston walked clatteringly to Zen and circled around him a few times, continuously sizing up Zen's physical body. He finally stammered his question, "Are, are you still Zen?"

Livingston asked this because he sensed a trace of an unusual aura coming off Zen.

BOOM! BOOM!

Then Livingston reached out his hand—his iron pincer, rather—and struck Zen's body. "You! What happened to your body?!" he asked, in a rather agitated voice.

When others simply looked at Zen, they only felt that his cultivation base had increased, and perhaps that his aura had become more pure and calm overall.

Livingston on the other hand, could clearly see that there had been an extraordinary change in Zen's body!

Deep inside himself, he felt that Zen's physical body had undergone a qualitative change. It was as if Zen had encountered an extremely skilled weapon refiner who had transformed his physical body!

If he were to compare the Zen of the past with the Zen of the present, then the former would resemble a pile of scrap metal next to the latter.

This was an instinctive feeling for Livingston. What made him even more bewildered was the method for tempering Zen. Such was a powerful one, far beyond his own imagination. "This is so strange! Zen, where in the world did you receive such tempering?!"

It had only been a few years since Zen had left the fairy palace. Livingston could clearly see the traces of time engraved on Zen's body.

Hearing this, Zen smiled slightly but omitted to reply right away.

Strictly speaking, Zen was over eighty thousand years old now, but his bones couldn't accurately reflect his true age.

Because Zen held his silence, Livingston too stopped asking. He chuckled and said, "Since you've returned, I'll show you the results. Follow me, quickly!"

Once Livingston had finished speaking, he grabbed Zen and began dragging him at running speed toward the weapon refining workshop.

At the sight of his father being dragged away by Livingston, Geoffrey couldn't help but immediately follow them.

Geoffrey was at the age where curiosity usually got the best of him. He was curious about everything. He was interested in every part of the fairy palace, and the weapon refining workshop was no exception. This iron monster though, was too bizarre; his mother never allowed him to go near the weapon refining workshop anyway.

Now that he had his father leading the way, Geoffrey naturally felt like he had nothing to fear.

When he arrived at the weapon refining workshop, Livingston suddenly struck the enormous weapon refining furnace.

Clank!

With a crisp sound, the furnace's mouth clanged open. Within the furnace, there was a long, thin and sharp treasure sword, shining with a dazzling shimmer.

"Is this the sword embryo?" Zen asked.

Livingston's face revealed a proud look and he replied, laughingly, "This heavy sword, made from Star Essence Iron, is basically formed. It's just that there's a little problem with the sword hilt."

The little problem Livingston spoke of was actually an extremely fatal one. This sword was too heavy.

Chapter 1965 The Great Weighty Sword

Ever since Zen sent Livingston to the weapon refining workshop, the latter had been immersed in perfecting the sword embryo. He'd spent day and night working on it, making sure it was in excellent condition and ready for battle.

Though the sword embryo was unfinished, its weight was unbelievably heavy. This made it unfeasible for anyone to use it.

To put it into perspective, the four-inch sword weighed as much as an entire great world.

Even a Supreme Lord would struggle to lift a sword that was forged from the Star Essence Iron. It was simply impossible to use it freely.

However, Saul gave him a solution. He suggested Livingston should use the mystical Infinity Stone to forge a sword hilt and inlay the blade of the long sword into the sword hilt.

The Infinity Stone was very special because it had the power to change the weight of other things. When Livingston first entered the workshop, Saul gave him a pair of pincers made from the Infinity Stone, so it made it possible to lift the sword embryo.

"In the refining workshop, other than this pair of pincers, there is only a small piece of Infinity Stone. I don't have enough material to forge a complete sword hilt," Livingston said, with a hint of sadness.

Though professionals were usually perfectionists in their fields, what was admirable about Livingston was that he could admit to his flaws. The lack of Infinity Stone discouraged him, and he knew it wasn't enough to finish the sword hilt.

In the end, the only thing he could do was to give up.

"After I mixed the Infinity Stone with other materials, I successfully forged this sword hilt," Livingston said in a regretful tone. "It's a pity. It can only reduce the weight of the sword by half."

"Reduce its weight by half?" Zen smiled as he spoke, already with a plan in mind. His strength had greatly increased, but for some reason, he couldn't obtain a suitable weapon. He took a look at the sword and knew he'd need it.

Livingston nodded, and then used the pincers to take out the sword from the furnace, presenting it to Zen.

Just as Livingston described, there was an exquisite cyan sword hilt at the end of the blade. Livingston had spent several years to forge that sword hilt, but he wasn't very proud of it.

Who in the world could carry the weight of this sword in battle? It became useless.

"Alas, the amount of Infinity Stone is too small! I'm afraid you won't be able to even use it," Livingston sighed. "I wanted to melt the pincers and use them for the sword, but Saul didn't like that idea. I could only compromise with him. Not to worry. I think I have a solution."

As he spoke, Livingston's expression grew excited. He laid the sword by the furnace, and took out a beautiful sword sheath which was tucked away in the workshop.

"This sword sheath is a Sumeru Space, made from the Sky Beam Mine. I spent a lot of time making this sheath," Livingston smugly said.

"Tell me. What's so special about the Sumeru Space?" Zen asked. He had no idea what Livingston was up to.

Livingston gripped the sword with the pincers before stuffing it into the sheath. The sword blade was completely embedded inside, revealing only the exquisite hilt. It was evident that the sheath was made especially for the sword.

"Now you can wield this sword without trouble," Livingston said, handing the sheath to Zen.

Seeing that Zen's brows still pinched together, Livingston explained, "It's impossible for an ordinary Sumeru Space to contain such a heavy object.

However, if made by the Sky Beam Mine, it can bear the weight of the sword."

Zen held onto the sword in his hand and asked curiously, "So what?"

"That way, you'll be able to run around with the sword with the sheath controlling its weight," Livingston said with a smile.

"And?"

"When you meet your opponent, all you'll have to do is take the sword out and do what you need to do. Relying on the weight of the Star Essence Iron, it can crush many warriors at once. The sword does have the weight of a great world, after all. Haha!" Livingston said, smirking.

"Huh?"

"What?"

"Are you kidding me?"

Zen and the group of people behind him were in awe with what he just said.

Geoffrey, who was just eleven years old, was stunned to hear this. However, he understood what Livingston meant.

The sword was extremely heavy as everyone knew. Not even a Supreme Lord could lift it up with ease.

The creation of this sheath made it transportable. Livingston was resourceful with it, using the Sumeru Space to make it in the first place.

Because this sword blade was located in the Sumeru Space, its weight wouldn't be transmitted to the sheath.

The only problem was Livingston's suggestion for Zen to take the sword out of its sheath and smash it toward his opponents. It was unfeasible and frankly, not very noble.

What was Livingston even thinking?

"Mom, what he said makes sense I guess. But how can Dad even take his sword back after he smashes it against his opponents? Wouldn't it just sink straight into the depths of the ground?" Geoffrey asked Letitia in a low voice.

"Ignore him, boy. I knew he was going nuts." Letitia was also speechless. If she recalled correctly, the first time she followed her husband into the fairy palace, Livingston wasn't there. She didn't know where Zen had found Livingston in the first place. She couldn't believe that Livingston had created such a useless sword after staying in the workshop for all these years.

Zen fiddled with the sheath in his hands and said, "Does this sword have a name?"

"I've already thought of the name long ago. It's called the Great Weighty Sword," Livingston responded.

Zen didn't expect much. He just nodded and grabbed the hilt of the sword with one hand. "Hello, Great Weighty Sword. Not bad. Not bad at all." After he finished speaking, he began to revolve his strength, getting ready to bring out the sword.

"You can't just pull the sword out like that!" Livingston panicked and tried to stop him. "This sword is too heavy! The weight..."

Before he could finish, Zen had already activated his Eight Path Platforms, and the power of Nine Divine Stars in his body began to accumulate.

With Zen's current strength, it was enough to bear a considerable portion of the power of the Nine Divine Stars. He didn't need to use the Cross-world Theurgy to transfer his strength. He merely pulled the heavy sword out of its sheath.

"Huh?"

When he saw the sword slowly being pulled out of the sheath, Livingston's voice began to stutter.

Even though he used the Infinity Stone and reduced the weight by half, this sword in Zen's hand was still as heavy as half of a great world.

"The weight of that is comparable to half of a great world... Half a great world!" How can you..." The words finally came out of Livingston's mouth.

Everyone was in shock the moment they heard Livingston.

Everyone knew that the weight of the sword was not to be joked about. Otherwise, no one would have been so interested in the first place. The fact that it was impossible to use made it so intriguing. They didn't think Zen would have been able to pull it out.

"Is this sword really as heavy as half of a great world?" Letitia's beautiful eyes grew wider as she was surprised.

"Mother, Livingston said that the hilt of the sword could reduce the weight by half, but the sword itself is as heavy as an entire great world," Geoffrey said in a serious tone. "Surely it can crush people to their deaths!"

However, no one worried about that at the moment. People were still mesmerized by Zen's ability to lift the sword, easily and swiftly.

Zen wielded the Great Weighty Sword and lifted it as if it were light. Would this mean he could easily lift a great world, too?

Gripping the sword, Zen suddenly took a step forward and thrust the sword out into the air. This sword did not have any additional effect, but the Star Essence Iron itself had an extreme weight, enough to slightly distort the surrounding space.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

The sword moved gracefully in the air with Zen's swift movements. Although he wielded the sword without difficulty, the onlookers' eyes were filled with fear. What Zen held in his hand was the weight of a great world.

Zen possessed strength no one could wrap their heads around.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1966 Test Zen's Strength

After Zen practiced this set of swordsmanship, he sheathed the Great Weighty Sword in his hand.

Although Livingston's mind was indeed a bit muddled, one couldn't challenge his talent in the field of weapon refining. When the Infinity Stone was not enough to make a sword hilt, it was he who came up with an ingenious way for storing Zen's sword.

Zen didn't want to take Livingston's advice to smash the sword on his opponent, but he liked the Great Weighty Sword very much.

This sword didn't seem to be flexible at all.

But it was very compatible with Zen's swordsmanship.

In any case, the Emotion Closing Godly Way stressed on killing with a single blow; it did not call for any sophisticated swordsmanship. So it was not a flexible sword technique to begin with!

Thanks to the Great Weighty Sword, he could multiply the power of his strike.

"This Great Weighty Sword is not bad. It's great for me to use!" Zen smiled faintly.

The scene that Zen swiped the heavy sword with ease left Livingston dumbstruck. Now that he heard Zen's praise, he was very excited. "I haven't had a rest in years; I have been making some other treasures too!"

Livingston was like a child who wanted to show off all the nice things he had to his parent. He took out all the things he had meticulously crafted over the years in one go.

If he said he didn't have a moment to rest, then it must be true!

Although Livingston's body was ugly, it had one advantage. As long as there were enough life vitality crystals, it could operate nonstop. He did not need any time to rest. He was constantly researching and trying to understand the characteristics of the materials in the weapon refining workshop, and he kept inventing and innovating treasures based on these materials. If he didn't understand some material, he would go to the library to learn everything about it.

The only problem was that Livingston was completely self-centered and a workaholic. In the past few years, he didn't even pay attention to the new group of people. He was totally immersed in his own world.

"This is the Alms Bowl of Acalanatha. A first-rank divine weapon.

This is the Will of Harmony. Even though it is just an ornament, it can nourish a pill with its energy.

This is the Cloud Flute..." He showed off all his inventions with great pride and aplomb.

Almost all of the magical trinkets refined by Livingston were defensive treasures.

Zen's current body was tough enough, and he even had the Redemption Armor made by Holy Drew. Holy Drew had used the source of Godly Tile to make the Redemption Armor. The items made by Livingston, although impressive, were not of much use to Zen now.

Zen couldn't deny their value even if he did not have a need for them.

Livingston's skill combined with these rare materials from the divine land in the refining workshop, created treasures that could easily fuel a war in the universe.

"Take all of them!" Livingston chuckled.

He didn't need these treasures for himself. His interest lay in the refining process and not the end products. Moreover, the materials he used to make these treasures did not belong to him. His only request was for Zen to not to kick him out of the refining workshop.

Zen didn't hold back and grabbed the trinkets. So what if he didn't need these things? Letitia and the others might need them.

Therefore, he gave all the treasures to Letitia so that she could gauge their characteristics and assign them to suitable people accordingly.

After handing over these items, Livingston entered the material storehouse in the workshop and began to study a rare material that he had never seen before. He no longer paid attention to Zen.

Zen stayed in the fairy palace for two days.

Since Margaret was not in the fairy palace, the girls got along surprisingly well with each other.

Letitia might be willful sometimes, but as the leader of Cloud Hall, she still had a gentle demeanor. Aura, on the other hand, was quite calm and composed at all times. She and Letitia had always been amicable and cordial with each other.

As for Freya, her attitude was even more restrained. Strictly speaking, she was the strongest within the fairy palace, yet she behaved like a servant girl, taking care of all the miscellaneous trivial matters in the palace.

Zen hadn't bothered to ask about the private matters of these people who were staying in the fairy palace for a few years, but Letitia casually mentioned them while they were chatting.

The fairy palace had been slowly floating within the space created by the Teleportation Token in the last two days.

On the third day, the fairy palace was flying towards the core supreme world of the Celestial Position race at a high speed. In the end, it landed within the borders of the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place.

The fairy palace rotated slowly and landed softly on the side of Breaking Cloud Mountain.

The ones who had lived in the fairy palace for a few years wanted to see the outside world. Whether it was Imogen or Geoffrey, they all appeared to be impatient to get out and leave the confines of the fairy palace.

However, when the fairy palace descended firmly on the ground, Zen prohibited them from leaving, choosing to only take Letitia and Freya out.

There was a big difference in the vitality between heaven and earth in the Lower World and the Upper World. So the warriors who had just ascended to the Upper World needed to stay in the Ascending Wells in order to adjust to the vitality between heaven and earth in the Upper World. Letitia and Freya had stayed in the Ascending Wells before, while the others had never been in the Upper World before. They would be unable to bear this new vitality between heaven and earth.

However, it wouldn't be difficult for the Celestial Position warriors to solve this problem.

As soon as Zen left the fairy palace, dozens of beams of light shot out from the top of the Breaking Cloud Mountain. Naturally these warriors were from the Celestial Position race.

The man in the lead cupped his hands towards Zen and yelled, "Zen, Master Feng has been waiting for a long time."

Most of the people who came to welcome Zen were world lords, and they were considered the elite warriors of the Celestial Position race. Although their cultivation was similar to Zen's, when they saw Zen, they were full of respect and admiration.

Their respect was genuine and came from the bottom of their hearts, and not due to fear of Zen's strength.

When Zen had left the Evolutionary Universe, his cultivation was at the Spirit Supreme Realm and he had returned as a world lord.

Their respect for Zen was also a result of his declaration of war.

Zen's war declaration had struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many warriors. Many Supreme Lords also joined hands with Zen and used this opportunity to declare war on the Sacred race. But, the truth was that the most excited people were the countless martial artists and not the Supreme Lords.

These low-level martial artists were dissatisfied with the pacification tactics of the Supreme Lords. They had reached the point where they couldn't tolerate it any longer. They would rather die in battle than allow the Sacred race to behave so arrogantly!

Zen's return had completely changed this situation and given them a way to vent their frustrations.

Zen was in the fairy palace for the past few days and was unaware of this grave situation in the outside world.

All the warriors of various races in the universe were impassioned. The small races that had chosen to remain neutral and silent had also expressed their support for the human race. There was a light at the end of this horrific tunnel; they would fight against the invading Sacred race together.

As for Zen, he once again became an emotional anchor for all the warriors within the Evolutionary Universe.

Therefore, it was hard to contain the excitement in their hearts when they saw Zen. People were overjoyed and filled with hope once again!

"Please lead the way." Zen was rather calm.

The Celestial Position warriors led the way, while Zen, Letitia and Freya followed behind.

After crossing the Breaking Cloud Mountain, Zen was brought into a hall at the back of the mountain. Master Feng and the Supreme Lords of the Celestial Position race were gathered in this hall.

After Zen entered the hall, he saluted them. "Master Feng, you must have been waiting for a long time."

Master Feng sized up Zen as a look of gratification appeared on his elderly face. "You're the first Godly Genius to return," he said with a smile.

Three years ago, what they let fly was a promise and a hope for future, and now was the time to make good on their hopes. This matter concerned the Celestial Position race, the Evolutionary Universe, and the fate of Holy Mike.

"What about the others?" Zen asked. It was only then that he realized that except him, no one else had been able to make it.

"I have already calculated where they are. They are all safe," replied Master Feng.

Every single Godly Genius was an immeasurably valuable asset to the Evolutionary Universe, and the Celestial Position race placed all of its hopes on the Godly Geniuses. Naturally, they wouldn't allow any Godly Genius to be killed.

The moment Master Feng learned that the Godly Geniuses had returned, he began to calculate where and when the Godly Geniuses would descend into the universe.

Rocher had fallen into the territory of the ogres, and Kurt was the luckiest one, directly returning to the Blessed Buddha Land.

On the other hand, Lawson, Lone, Xenia, and Karl had fallen into the supreme worlds of small races. Their situation was relatively safe, and Master Feng only needed to send some people to bring them back.

The only trouble was with Lucille and Nathan. The two of them had fallen into the Fiery Rock World occupied by the Sacred race.

Master Feng explained the situation of the other Godly Geniuses to Zen, and then he smiled, "Zen, you've been training in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land for three years, and you're already a world lord now. I wonder how strong you are."

As he was speaking, he suddenly extended a finger and pointed it at Zen without elaborating any further.

Chapter 1967 Resist With Ease

When he saw Master Feng's finger, Zen realized that it was a test. So he turned over his palm and blocked lightly, instantly pushing out a vigorous force.

With a faint smile, Master Feng changed his hand's move—he put his index finger and thumb together and with a flick, an intangible force shot out towards Zen's palm.

But Zen didn't evade at all and continued blocking with his palm. But the power within his palm grew stronger and stronger to the point where he made no sign of retreat.

The two sparred with each other with one hand each. In about ten seconds, they had already exchanged at least a hundred moves.

When the several Supreme Lords of the Celestial Position race saw Zen's performance, they all smiled with satisfaction.

It was nothing short of a miracle that a Godly Genius at the Spirit Supreme Realm could advance to such a level after cultivating in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land for only three years.

"Unfortunately, time is still too short. If we give them another hundred years, the Sacred race would flee without a fight," Supreme Lord Mirage of the Celestial Position said with a sigh.

It wasn't that Supreme Mirage was pessimistic. Although Zen's return brought vigor and confidence back into the hearts of all in the universe, to the real insiders, the situation wasn't exactly for the good of all.

The Godly Geniuses had returned, but they were only considered world lords.

Perhaps the Godly Geniuses were far stronger than those of the same level, but at most, they could only contend against a grand world lord and weren't strong enough to face a Supreme Lord.

The Supreme Lords and True Gods of the two universes were those who truly decided the fight's victory or defeat.

As the Godly Geniuses had just broken through and become world lords, it would still take them much effort to condense Godly Tiles and become True Gods.

In the end, the Godly Geniuses' return didn't change the situation.

And Zen's 'war declaration' was likely to enrage the Sacred race. By the looks of things, an all-out war was nearing reality.

By merely launching strikes with his hand, Master Feng had tested Zen's strength and skills. Since he only used about ten percent of his strength against Zen, the latter's cultivation base was enough for him to successfully resist Master Feng's attacks. He could be considered truly excellent.

But the several Supreme Lords present had no clue that Zen made use of a mere fraction of his strength.

At this moment, he used only the power within his physical body to deal with Master Feng, and yet, he already had the upper hand.

Bam!

Zen threw a punch that landed on the edge of Master Feng's palm, forcing the latter to back a foot away.

"That's not bad." Though Master Feng wanted to test Zen's true strength, he wasn't one to admit defeat. When he didn't see any sign of exhaustion on Zen, he took a few steps back and said, "Be careful. I'll use thirty percent of my strength this time!"

Upon hearing Master Feng's words, the Supreme Lords' eyes flashed in shock.

Although Master Feng wasn't very skilled at body refining, he was one of the strongest Supreme Lords in the universe, attributing to how his physical body's strength was outstandingly more powerful among the Supreme Lords.

According to him, he previously hadn't been able to figure out Zen's true strength. And now he wanted to test Zen's strength against thirty percent of his own?

Could he truly... bear it?

Worry filled the hearts of the Supreme Lords—even though Zen's body was strong, he was still a junior in their eyes. In the end, he was just a world lord which in the entirety of the universe, wasn't all that powerful.

Thirty percent of Master Feng's strength was released and his originally small, shriveled body suddenly swelled up.

While his face remained old and withered, Master Feng's skinny frame grew muscular. To the warriors of Master Feng's level, changing their appearance was a mere matter of thought. But most martial artists felt it unnecessary.

"The strength has increased three-fold." Zen's expression remained calm.

He himself had tripled his strength and it was just barely enough to suppress Master Feng. But this time, Zen had extracted a portion of the power from the Eight Path Platforms.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

With their strength increased three times over, their attacks also grew twice as fast.

Their right hands continued moving in the air as they sparred with each other—they changed and withdrew some moves, skillfully made use of the knack, employed their hidden strength, and dissipated power.

The more they fought, the greater Master Feng's shock grew.

Even though he had already used thirty percent of his strength, Zen resisted his strikes with ease.

Supreme Lord Mirage was also stunned silent, only staring at Zen blankly. Seeing how easily he dealt with Master Feng, he guessed that Zen's actual strength could reach at least half of the former's.

And the other Supreme Lords were just surprised.

Master Feng's competitive spirit grew stronger and more riled up. He smiled boldly. "Not bad, Zen. Have another try at it! This time, I'll use fifty percent of my strength! I'll also add some forceful strength to it! Be careful, now!"

If earlier was just a simple test, now that Master Feng had made his move, the sparring grew closer to a real battle—he had treated Zen as a real opponent.

It sounded inconceivable—one of the top Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe had taken a world lord as an opponent.

Letitia and Freya stood behind Zen wearing varying expressions.

"That old man... He seems really powerful," Letitia remarked under her breath.

"He's a Supreme Lord. The warriors in the hall are all Supreme Lords of the Celestial Position race," Freya explained carefully. "It would seem that Zen is even stronger than I imagined."

Because she stayed by Zen's side in the Upper World, she generally knew much more than Letitia. Although she could see how the Supreme Lord was carefully examining Zen, the latter's expression remained calm and composed all the while. Could it be that Zen's power far surpassed that of all the other Supreme Lords present?

Though the thought grew loud in her mind, she didn't dare say the words aloud.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!"

Now that Master Feng made his move, streams of azure-gray forceful strength began flowing in all directions as his moves grew fiercer.

The streams of forceful strength were like sword energy as they scurried around the entire hall. Some of them shot towards two women standing not far behind Zen, but with a wave of his hand, Supreme Lord Mirage obliterated the forceful strength.

After Zen retreated a few steps, his eyes grew serious.

At this moment, the Eight Path Platforms in his body began slowly vibrating. They began to emanate rays of seven-colored light, which just so happened to be the color of the strength source.

"Pah, pah, pah..."

Now, Zen's right hand was like a bolt of lightning as it suddenly grasped Master Feng's forceful strength. Every time he made a move, he could accurately chatter the forceful strength, producing a crackling sound, loud and clear.

The sound was so loud that it echoed constantly throughout the Breaking Cloud Mountain.

Even Freya and Letitia couldn't bear the sound, and all they could do was to cover their ears with their hands.

"He broke the forceful strength with just a single hand..." Not far away, Supreme Lord Sky was muttering to himself.

"This guy... resists the force with ease!" Supreme Lord Mirage's eyes were wide with disbelief—he couldn't find any words to aptly describe the scene.

Now, Master Feng had used fifty percent of his strength, adding even forceful strength. If Zen could withstand it, he would exceed any Supreme Lord's expectations. He was, indeed, quite outstanding.

But it was clear that Zen hadn't yet used his full strength—the fact had all the Supreme Lords and Master Feng embarrassed, to say the least.

It was impossible for Master Feng to use his full strength against a junior, after all. If he did so, the sparring could no longer be considered a test, but instead, an all-out competition.

Chapter 1968 Unfathomable

Master Feng's wrinkled face snarled as he attacked with an uppercut move, which Zen barely dodged.

"Ha-ha Zen, come again!" he exclaimed with a toothy smile. He dashed forward again as his hand moved faster and faster, while the streams of mighty strength became increasingly denser.

The powerful strength he displayed had a unique origin. It was known as the Divine Mighty Strength, and it was one of the Transcendent Divine Might of the Celestial Position. It exhibited a fearsome capacity even though he was just casually using it.

Master Feng's beady eyes were serious. The streams of mighty strength were incomparably sharp under the claw of his hand. At that moment, a violent, wind-like ear-splitting sound erupted in the air.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

The long, tendril-like streams of mighty strength slithered like numerous black snakes towards Zen!

"80% of his strength?" Meanwhile, Supreme Lord Sky froze at the sight of the snake-like formation of the mighty strength.

"It's one hundred percent! Master Feng has already gone all out. If Zen really can take it, then that would be too outrageous…" On the other hand, Supreme Lord Mirage shook his head in disbelief. He thought that Master Feng had gone too far!

Everyone clearly knew how strong Master Feng was: he was an existence who was on the same level as Supreme Lord of Original Sin, Supreme Lord of Oracle, and Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment. Hell, he might be even more powerful than them!

However, what set the Supreme Lords apart were the Heavenly Destinies they carried.

Master Feng currently skipped using his own Heavenly Destiny. Then again, he still possessed an immense strength even with only his own martial art skills. Even if it was an ordinary Supreme Lord who had fought him, they would've had to go all out.

And Zen, who stood opposite of Master Feng, had just become a world lord not too long ago. Would he really be able to take it?

The air tensed as the mighty strength pounced ferociously towards Zen like heavy but stealthy black snakes.

In turn, Zen's gaze flickered as the nine stars in his cinnabar field began to rotate slowly.

In reality, Master Feng's strength was nothing to Zen. In terms of pure strength, he should be on par with Chapman in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land--even if he was a Supreme Lord.

However, Zen still activated the power of the nine stars just to be safe.

When the cluster of small snakes formed from the mighty strength neared Zen, he still stretched out his right hand, his right index finger protruded forward and his thumb raised slightly.

Just when the small snake at the helm charged towards Zen, he shook his hand slightly and precisely caught the small snake's head in his hand. Then, he gave it a light pinch.

Crack!

The small, formerly swift snake was now broken into pieces!

Right after the snake was gone, Zen's hand transformed into a series of shadows which constantly moved in front of him. Although there were numerous densely-packed snakes, only Zen's touch was needed for them to die in an instant.

"Crack! Crack! Crack…"

Cracking sounds continuously filled the air like an endless line of dominoes.

The Supreme Lords who saw Zen's technique thought this was ingenious. It was perfect in all aspects, whether it was speed, strength, or even the angle.

However, Letitia and Freya barely saw the movements. To them, it was all too fast.

The only thing they got to see was a black gale that appeared to float in front of Zen, while his hand reached into the mass of wind and kept swinging. He continued the motion as if he wanted to disperse the strong torrent of wind with his own limbs.

As Zen's palm moved faster and faster, the color of the wind gradually became fainter. It slowly turned from an inky black to a darker grey, then it completely disappeared in front of the two women's eyes.

What they didn't see was that during that entire process, Zen's right hand had crushed thousands of small black snakes!

When Zen had extinguished the last of the small black snakes formed from the mighty strength, he took two steps back and cupped his hands towards Master Feng. His lips curved up into a small smile.

On the other hand, Master Feng looked extremely amazed. He released a deep sigh after a while and said, "The information I comprehended from my bloodline has told me that the master of the Evolutionary Universe wants me to train the ten Godly Geniuses, and send them to Divine Refinement Forbidden Land…

It is known that only these ten Godly Geniuses are qualified to save this round of the universe." Master Feng breathed deeply and continued, "Although I won't go against the will of the master of the universe, I thought that the master's idea was a bit naive. It would take a while before the young Godly Geniuses to grow up. How can we fight the Sacred race?"

The purpose of the Celestial Position was to protect the entire universe from the invaders of the Sacred race.

It was one of the ways that Mike could protect himself. The real key to his plans lay in Zen and the other nine Godly Geniuses.

Master Feng naturally understood this, but he also knew that it was simply unrealistic for him to pin all his hopes on the Godly Geniuses.

Therefore, when the Sacred race began to attack the entire universe in the last few years, the Celestial Position had two different ideas.

More than half of the martial artists wanted to actively prepare for battle; they didn't want to rely on those Godly Geniuses.

Before the Godly Geniuses entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they were only at the Spirit Supreme Realm. How could the people hope for them to return to the universe and save all living things in three short years?

Despite the case, there was still a group of people who believed in Master Feng's scheme. After all, it was the plan of the master of the Evolutionary Universe--the Holy Being who had built the universe himself.

Of course, his strategies weren't something that ordinary people could understand.

Yet while Master Feng had clearly showed his support for the master of the Evolutionary Universe, he too was worried. Fortunately, Wynn stood by his side and helped him to carry out Mike's plan.

Not many people sided with him, but all of those who supported him were top-level warriors in the Celestial Position. Therefore, the Celestial Position managed to stay put no matter how fast the Sacred race occupied the universe.

Now, Master Feng finally understood that Mike's scheme was flawless.

The others were simply narrow-minded. They never thought about how terrifyingly powerful a Holy Being was, or how immense his inheritance would be.

Master Feng was well aware of these facts now.

In fact, he already saw that Zen had undergone a tremendous change after he cultivated in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Still, Zen hadn't fully displayed his true strength in the test just now!

The said test for the Godly Geniuses had been arranged before they had returned.

This was because the Celestial Position needed to understand the level of powers, souls, and life vitality of the Godly Geniuses after their return.

Zen had showed his unfathomable strength in the first test. He passed Master Feng's assessment, or it could be said that Zen had beaten him.

"The gaze of the master of the Evolutionary Universe has already fallen to a place that we can't see." Master Feng smiled. "Actually, my test was already over. Now it's Supreme Lord Mirage's turn to carry out the test, but I still want to give it a try!"

Zen was slightly stunned. He did not know what Master Feng wanted to do.

Several Supreme Lords were surprised as well, but they didn't say anything.

Just then, a golden light flashed from the spot between Master Feng's brows as a mysterious Law Power emerged from the top of his head.

There were a hundred and twenty-eight Heavenly Destinies in the universe in total, and all of them usually contained exceedingly strange rules.

These rules varied from weak to strong.

For instance, Supreme Lord Lester from the Celestial Position wasn't considered very strong. His combat strength was only equal to that of an ordinary low-rank Supreme Lord. Some of the best grand world lords could even hold him to a draw!

In terms of combat strength, he was on par with a weak Supreme Lord.

However, Supreme Lord Lester was ranked highly among the Supreme Lords. He was ranked just behind four other Supreme Lords: Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, Supreme Lord of Oracle, and Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment.

Such was the case because he carried an extremely powerful Heavenly Destiny!

Supreme Lord Lester could revive any martial artist who was seriously injured, even those who were already dead.

This one Heavenly Destiny of Revival controlled the lives of all living beings. It was also because of Supreme Lord Lester that the Celestial Position had been able to obtain several satisfying Crowns of Destiny.

For example, Master Feng became a top-rank Supreme Lord because Supreme Lord Lester had killed and revived him 13 times. After he had selected a Heavenly Destiny from all of the Heavenly Destinies, he had finally obtained the strongest one among all of them in the entire universe--the supreme Law of Causality!

"Supreme Lord Sky, take the two girls away," Master Feng said. Then, the auras around him began to surge and the entire space was plunged into chaos. It was as if an extremely powerful technique was being brewed--thus, he had Supreme Lord Sky take the two girls behind Zen away, in fear that the auras might affect them.

"Master Feng, are you planning to…" Supreme Lord Mirage's jaw dropped in shock.

The fact that they couldn't test the limits of Zen's power made them rather upset.

However, it was still a good thing because the stronger Zen was, the more he would be able to help in their future plans.

It was just that what Zen had performed could not merely be described strong, but unfathomable. He possessed a power that even Supreme Lords could not describe; it was indeed a bit outrageous.

Nevertheless, Master Feng didn't seem too convinced and was determined to find out the limits of Zen's strength.

Chapter 1969 Evolution Lotus Flower

Master Feng did not reply. The golden glow between his eyebrows shone brighter and brighter, like a shining star.

Master Feng was about to use his Heavenly Destiny. When the Supreme Lords saw this, they thought it was ridiculous. However, they knew it was useless to try to persuade him otherwise. They had no choice but to stand by and do as he pleased...

"Whoosh!"

Supreme Lord Sky appeared behind Zen in a flash. He smiled at Letitia and Freya, and commanded, "Please leave us for the time being..."

As he uttered those words, a triangular enchanted barrier appeared in his hands, imprisoning Letitia and Freya within it in an instant.

Letitia looked at the aura emitting from Master Feng's body and asked worriedly, "Will my husband be fine?"

"Don't worry. Master Feng definitely knows how to deal with him," Supreme Lord Sky said with a smile.

In fact, even Supreme Lord Sky wasn't so sure. It was originally just a simple test, but he didn't expect it to turn out quite like this. Master Feng had to resort to using his trump card!

After Supreme Lord Sky replied, he stretched out his hand and gently tapped on the enchanted barrier. The barrier spun and began to slowly rise towards the sky.

The two women were trapped inside the enchanted barrier and watched as they floated further and further away from Zen. In the end, they glided to the top of the Breaking Cloud Mountain. At this distance, they could only see a small grey dot...

"Does he really need to send us this far?" Letitia asked with a frown.

The reason the Supreme Lord sent them so far away was because he was afraid that they would be affected by the shock waves.

What was Master Feng planning to do after he required them to be so far away in order to be safe? Was he going to kill Zen?

It would be impossible to do that. Besides, so many Supreme Lords were present. If he wanted to kill Zen, there was no need to worry about Letitia's and Freya's safety. There would be no problem if he killed them all together...

Besides Letitia and Freya, the other Supreme Lords also moved away from Zen and Master Feng for the time being, leaving the two of them alone in the hall.

"If you are unable to fight me, I will naturally stop!" After issuing this warning, Master Feng's body suddenly shook as an even more violent aura was abruptly unleashed from within!

And then, a Lotus Flower suddenly appeared in the sky.

All thirty-six petals of the Lotus Flower were open as they slowly rotated while descending.

"This Lotus Flower has thirty-six petals. It's..." Zen's face had a look of amazement.

Normally, a Lotus Flower appeared when a martial artist was undergoing the Heavenly Tribulation.

At this moment, no one had broken through and reached the new cultivation base. There was no warrior passing through the Heavenly Tribulation either.

So how come a Lotus Flower appeared suddenly?

"The Godly Way my master cultivates is the Evolution Godly Way, and he has already comprehended the supreme secret of the Evolution Godly Way. That is the Evolution Lotus Flower!" Master Feng explained, "The Heavenly Destiny I am carrying is the foundation to construct the universe!"

When the Holy Beings formed the stable universe, the process was very complex, and the means involved were also very special.

For example, they would build countless great worlds, and after the evolution of these great worlds, they would gradually build the Upper World. Then, they would look at the fence between the Upper World and the Lower World, and construct the ascending passageways between the Upper World and the Lower World...

There were many long ascending passageways from the Lower World to the Upper World. All of the ascending passageways were constructed by Holy Beings, and not even a Supreme Lord would be able to construct one.

After all the important stuff in the universe had been built, a round of heavens was required to cover the entire universe.

That was the greatest comprehension of the world!

The various Heavenly Destinies were all comprehensions of Mike. The most important Heavenly Destiny was used to seal the entire universe!

This Heavenly Destiny was, of course, a supreme one in the universe. It was also the Evolution Lotus Flower, the profound secret created by Mike after he had mastered the Evolution Godly Way!

After sealing the entire universe with the Evolution Lotus Flower, if anyone else wanted to go beyond the heavens, they would have to comprehend the Mahayana Lotus Flower. That was the only way to gain the qualifications to do so!

Back then, Master Feng had been killed thirteen times by Supreme Lord Lester and resurrected thirteen times, so he had been bestowed with and carried thirteen Heavenly Destinies...

Three of them were remarkable! They would help Master Feng become a mid-rank Supreme Lord at the very least!

The thirteenth Heavenly Destiny was the weakest. It was the Heavenly Destiny of Teleportation, which could allow one to instantly appear anywhere in the universe. It was not bad as an auxiliary Heavenly Destiny, but it did not meet the requirements of Master Feng.

Gritting his teeth, Master Feng made up his mind to die for the fourteenth time. After that, he received a new Heavenly Destiny—the Evolution Lotus Flower!

It was considered to be a rule above all the Heavenly Destinies in the heavens, and also a Law of Causality.

The Lotus Flower, which was under the control of Master Feng, was slowly approaching Zen!

"Whoosh!"

The Lotus Flower contained a tremendous power.

When Supreme Lord Sky and Supreme Lord Mirage saw the Lotus Flower, they were extremely worried.

This Evolution Lotus Flower was the unique technique of Holy Mike!

Master Feng was qualified to unleash it because he had inherited this unique technique...

How could Zen possibly resist it?

Besides, according to Master Feng, Zen had to use his pure strength to fight back, which was proving to be a bit too difficult for him.

They also knew that Master Feng was stubborn, and they never expected him to be so headstrong while facing Zen this time.

Master Feng had only made one move by using the Heavenly Destiny since he carried it.

At that time, there was an uprising by the Celestial Position race which had a dispute with the ogre race.

Normally, the Supreme Lords would not interfere in a dispute happening in the Evolutionary Universe. However, two Supreme Lords from the ogre race had killed over ten Spirit Supreme Realm warriors of the Celestial Position race in this skirmish.

At that time, as the Celestial Position race appeared out of blue, the ogres and other forces didn't take the threat seriously.

Master Feng had just become a Supreme Lord at that time, and he didn't have much of a reputation in the universe, so no one feared or respected him as a top-rank Supreme Lord...

In all these years, there had only been a few top-rank Supreme Lords in the universe. The Heavenly Destiny was something that could only be attained by luck and not sought. No one ever thought that the Celestial Position race would use the Heavenly Destiny of Revival to pick this Heavenly Destiny out for Master Feng.

A few days later, Master Feng made his move on behalf of the Celestial Position.

When the Lotus Flower descended, it came as a shock to all the ogres!

He was able to defeat the two ogre Supreme Lords with a single move and cause them grave injuries using the Evolution Lotus Flower!

Other than that, he had also slayed nineteen world lords and three grand world lords of the ogre race...

The ogres paid a heavy price. Fortunately, Master Feng was merciful so the two Supreme Lords of the ogre race didn't die. As for Supreme Lord Mathias and the others from the ogre race, they didn't dare to say anything or take any action during that period of time...

After this war, the major forces in the universe started to think highly of the Celestial Position race.

This rapidly rising race was a little mysterious, but the strength that they possessed made the other forces deeply fearful of them.

Master Feng naturally did not want to fight with Zen right now. He was being so persistent only because he wanted to see the limits of Zen's strength!

After the Godly Geniuses returned, the Celestial Position race would certainly make new arrangements regarding their positions. Each Godly Genius bore great responsibility and would even take part in the "God Slaughtering Plan". Thus assessment of strength was very important for all of them.

"Hooo, hooo, hooo..."

That Lotus Flower slowly descended towards Zen.

"Zen, the strength that you have displayed is extraordinary. I wonder if you are strong enough to lift this Lotus Flower!" Master Feng smiled.

The Evolution Lotus Flower was a kind of Holy Mike's comprehension of the Godly Way. Just like Holy Jay's Ice Soul Flame, it was the special skill of a Holy Being.

Master Feng's Lotus Flower's power was far inferior to the power displayed by Mike; in fact it was hardly comparable to the latter.

However, in this universe, such formidable strength was the most sought-after thing for a martial artist. If he kept improving, he would break the rules and cross the heavens.

In other words, only a True God would be able to combat Master Feng's Evolution Lotus Flower.

The Lotus Flower continued to hurtle downwards and smashed heavily on Zen's head.

A wary expression appeared on Zen's face. He crossed his arms and shielded himself from the Lotus Flower above him, blocking the bottom part of the flower!

"Strength..."

Zen immediately felt the enormous weight of the Lotus Flower.

The load of the Great Weighty Sword was nothing compared to this mass. If the Great Weighty Sword was as heavy as a great world, then this Lotus Flower was as heavy as a hundred great worlds!

There was an irresistible force under this back-breaking pressure...

"Crack..."

The stone beneath Zen's feet instantly shattered, and his feet sank deep into the ground.

Chapter 1970 A Proposal

The people in the universe didn't know much about the Heavenly Destiny that Master Feng carried as he had never released all of the Lotus Flower's power in one go before.

Judging from the scene in front of them though, it was quite obvious that it contained an incredible power.

Under the pressure of the Lotus Flower, Zen's body was sinking rapidly.

However, Zen didn't seem to notice as he remained standing calmly. All the strength he had was activated and, like a raging sea, it coursed through every meridian in his body.

All nine stars in his inner world began to spin faster and faster, its strength source turning into threads and flowing into Zen's meridians.

With the help of Holy Drew, Zen had refined his body, causing his strength to increase tremendously. However, even with his current strength, the nine stars' strength source was still too much for him.

At this stage, thirty percent was all he could take. Any more than that and his body would collapse.

In order to resist the pressure that was steadily descending on him, Zen extracted more of the strength source, making the stars spin even faster.

Ten percent…

Twenty percent…

Because the strength had rushed quickly into his body, Zen's bones pressed into each other and began to make squeaky sounds. And as the pressure gradually increased, the sounds also turned more violent and were now comparable to that of two mountains sliding against each other. His body, although battered, was strong as steel and iron, its toughness surpassing that of a supreme divine weapon.

After what seemed like a lifetime, the Lotus Flower finally halted its descent.

"He really managed to hold it..." Supreme Lord Mirage whispered in disbelief and astonishment.

"What kind of power does this kid possess? This is the technique of a Holy Being! No one below the level of a True God should be able to take it!" Supreme Lord Sky was also amazed.

Master Feng's eyes gleamed. He pointed two fingers and gently pushed them down.

Squeak! Squeak!

The Lotus Flower that Zen struggled to hold above his head began to press down once again.

"It's so heavy!"

Zen exclaimed with gritted teeth.

Master Feng's Heavenly Destiny was truly something else. A lotus flower was actually able to release a weight infinitely heavier than the Collapsing Mountain race's Magic Golden Stone!

Feeling the massive weight press down on him, Zen could only draw out more strength source from his inner world.

"Thirty percent!"

Thirty percent of strength source of the nine stars was his limit right now.

When this power gushed out, the meridians in Zen's body coiled around like earthworms. These pathways were as tough as dragon tendons and as thick as a swollen thumb. The sight was frightening!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

His bones creaked and joints popped, and the sounds were similar to the chirps of insects.

Zen's body seemed to have turned into a musical instrument with all the noise it was making.

"Rise!"

With a defiant growl, Zen pushed against the Lotus Flower and lifted it high above his head!

"Whaaa...?"

Supreme Lord Mirage's mouth fell

as did Supreme Lord Sky's.

They had lived hundreds of millions of years and they'd never seen anything that shocked them as much as this.

It had been countless years since such an expression had appeared on their faces…

However, the Supreme Lords around all had this sort of expression.

And as for Master Feng, he could only watch in amazement as Zen held the Lotus Flower.

He noticed Zen's body was at its limit. And while it looked like his body would crumble any second, Master Feng knew that this wasn't the limit of his strength. The guy still had some left.

But it wasn't much.

"Okay, that's it." Master Feng conceded and with a wave of his hand, the Lotus Flower flew out from Zen's hands. It spun and disappeared into thin air. Master Feng sighed. "Today, I was too stubborn...but Zen, your performance was outstanding!"

"You flatter me, Master Feng," Zen smiled. "I've already reached my limit. I have to thank you for holding back. I would have failed if you hadn't."

Master Feng raised a brow and chuckled. "You cunning boy, you're not telling the truth. I'm curious of your limit but I know when to stop..."

To be honest, even Zen was not able to identify his limit. He did not know how powerful a third of Holy Being's strength was when fully released.

Moreover, strength aspect was only one aspect of a martial artist's ability. If one were to combine their strength with a certain cultivation method, then the effects would greatly differ.

This sort of limit could only be measured in battle.

Since Master Feng had finished his test, it was now Supreme Lord Mirage's turn.

And he was fully prepared.

What he was to test was the power of Zen's soul, and there was no special trick for it.

He slowly floated over to Zen and met his eyes. Like a lurking beast watching its prey, the Gold Fighting Soul in his body released a strong pressure all of a sudden.

A martial artist's soul was a very important aspect.

Strength, life vitality, soul...

When two martial artists fought, all three aspects were utilized.

For instance, a warrior might first activate their life vitality to attack their opponent at the beginning of a fight, and when they had the chance, they could use their physical strength to engage in close combat. And if they were still unable to finish off their opponent, they could use their soul attack to break the deadlock.

However, Supreme Lord Mirage's test only lasted a few seconds. As the majestic soul pressure he released came at Zen, Zen's eyes glistened with golden light and he easily resisted Supreme Lord mirage's soul pressure.

Swoosh!

The soul pressure vanished without a trace.

When this happened, Supreme Lord Mirage didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Zen, you already have a Gold Fighting Soul?"

Zen nodded. There was no need to deny it, anyway.

"Then... There's no need to test." Supreme Lord Mirage shrugged. He wasn't as stubborn as Master Feng.

As for life vitality...

The Celestial Position already knew about Zen's background. The cultivation method he practiced was special and far beyond that of the ordinary warriors. There was no need to test it.

Today's test had finally come to an end.

The test for Godly Geniuses was actually short. It was just Zen's performance had been so outstanding that he had caused a commotion.

Supreme Lord Sky waved his hands and Letitia and Freya who were at the mountaintop returned to Zen's side.

At this moment, Supreme Lord Lester who had remained silent the whole time, spoke up. "Since Zen already has such strength, I have a proposal."

Supreme Lord Lester had a rather eccentric personality. He was a man of few words so when he spoke, everyone listened attentively.

"What proposal?" Master Feng asked.

"Help Zen carry a Heavenly Destiny!" Supreme Lord Lester glanced at Zen and said.

"Heavenly Destiny?" Master Feng was slightly surprised.

Supreme Lord Lester nodded as a smile appeared on his face. "Zen doesn't have a Heavenly Destiny, but his own strength is enough to match a Supreme Lord's. If he were to have a Heavenly Destiny, imagine how strong he'd be."

This caught several of the Supreme Lords' attention.

Since the last time the Humanity Alliance confronted the Sacred race and lost three Supreme Lords, the human race had been at a disadvantage.

World lords weren't of much help to humans in resisting the Sacred race. The number of Supreme Lords the human race had was far less than that of the Sacred race. There were 128 Supreme Lords altogether in the Evolutionary Universe, and human race had around 50 but the only promising ones they had were Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, Supreme Lord of Oracle, and Supreme Lord of Original Sin, which were all top-rank human Supreme Lords.

But, the number of Heavenly Destinies in the Murphy Universe was far greater than the number in the Evolutionary Universe. Furthermore, all of the Supreme Lords in the Murphy Universe belonged to the Sacred race which meant that they still had an overwhelming advantage over the human race.

The only human beings that could possibly match up to the Sacred race were the four Supreme Lords.

If Zen carried a Heavenly Destiny and became a Supreme Lord, he would be a great help to the human race.

"No way!"

Master Feng immediately rejected.

Supreme Lord Lester's face turned serious. "Why?"

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1971 Leaving Fairy Palace

At that moment, Supreme Lord Lester was not able to think of anything else. All of his awareness was focused on the crisis before him and how they could avert it.

Master Feng was sure that Zen played an extremely special and important role in Mike's plan. Zen would never have been restricted to just one part of the universe.

Once a martial artist carried a Heavenly Destiny and became a Supreme Lord, their ability to leave the universe was lost. They were no longer allowed to travel where they pleased.

Zen would have lost the capability to go to the divine land.

But they had no choice. If they wanted to be able to solve the crisis posed by the Sacred race, it was better for Zen to carry a Heavenly Destiny and become a Supreme Lord.

It was not certain whether Zen could really save the universe. Even if Zen drove back the Sacred race to the Murphy Universe, it would have only solved their current crisis. It didn't mean that Zen would be an all-powerful being that could save them from any predicament.

The people in the Hall of Holy Beings of the divine land would never let Mike go.

Now that Murphy had initiated an attack on the Evolutionary Universe, other Holy Beings might see their chance to break through the Sighing Wall and invade the Evolutionary Universe. It would have been an infinite war; Zen wouldn't have been able to fight off so many Holy Beings' attacks even if he had three heads and six arms.

Upon hearing Master Feng's words, Supreme Lord Lester fell silent.

Burdening Zen with a Heavenly Destiny wouldn't indeed be the best solution.

Once he was given a Heavenly Destiny, it would leave a mark behind. This mark was deeply engraved in one's soul, and it would never be removed. It also disqualified one from becoming a True God.

"We'll discuss this matter in the future," Master Feng smiled as he addressed the Supreme Lords.

Just as he finished talking, a voice suddenly quipped nearby, "I have a suggestion!"

"Master Wynn!"

"Master Wynn!".

When they heard that voice, all the Supreme Lords adopted a respectful stance.

Not far away, a figure approached. The old man was dressed in a long, immaculate white robe; his entire body was radiant and spotless, as if dust would be automatically repelled if it as much as brushed his garments. This was the only True God of the Celestial Position race, Wynn.

When Zen saw Wynn, he also nodded his head in acknowledgment and bowed in greeting, "Master Wynn."

As Zen entered the Celestial Position race for the first time in the past, he did not know their true intentions. A malicious suspicion even arose in his heart and he had a strong dislike for the Celestial Position race.

However, when he saw Wynn, another realization made itself known in his mind.

This True God Wynn was Mike's disciple, his father's disciple!

If only these other Supreme Lords weren't here in the same room with them, Zen would have really wanted to ask him what kind of person his father was. Zen would have wanted to hear more stories about his father.

Zen's memories of his father had gradually faded over time, but it was his father's harsh criticisms and lessons that still lingered in his heart.

As one of the Holy Beings, he had another personality inside his own body. He was a compassionate father who mentored Zen.

Now, Zen also had conflicting feelings towards his "father". On one hand, Mike was a superior Holy Being; on the other hand, he was a kind father. Which one of them was real? It was hard for Zen to distinguish clearly between them now.

Wynn looked at Zen understandingly and asked him, "Do you still remember that Crown of Destiny?"

"Crown of Destiny…"

Zen immediately nodded his head. How could he forget about the Crown of Destiny?

Back then, this Crown of Destiny was the reason why Zen was surrounded by many Supreme Lords in the universe.

But he didn't have the qualifications to carry the Crown of Destiny yet then; the minimum requirement was to become at least a world lord. At that time, Zen's cultivation level was too low.

"You mean that Crown of Destiny!" Master Feng's eyes immediately lit up in delight.

The Crown of Destiny in Zen's possession was passed on down from the last grand era, which meant that it was the 129th Heavenly Destiny in the universe.

The Crown of Destiny was still kept safely in Zen's fairy palace.

Wynn nodded, and then said, "When the last grand era was eliminated, there was a Supreme Lord who wanted to escape the annihilation. Just as he was about to die, I saved his life, and also kept his Crown of Destiny in return."

Contrary to popular belief, Supreme Lords' lifespans were limited. Some Supreme Lords could live for up to 300 million years, but they still weren't able to resist the passage of time. There would eventually be a day when they succumbed to the erosion caused by aging.

Wynn's purpose in saving that Supreme Lord was to keep the Crown of Destiny. And this Crown of Destiny was meant for Zen.

"You... You saved that Supreme Lord?!" Zen was dumbfounded.

Wynn nodded.

When Zen had first entered the Reincarnation Plate, he'd also been rather curious about some things.

A grand era's cycle was 3.6 billion years. After that, the heavens would collapse and all forms of life would go extinct.

From Supreme Lords to ordinary mortals, not a single living being was able to escape being annihilated. That was the way of the universe.

What was so special about this Supreme Lord that he was able to survive safely by hiding in the Reincarnation Plate?

Livingston also survived together with that Supreme Lord. However, because Livingston only had a puppet body now, he could no longer be fully considered a living being. He was able to continue his life from the last round of the heavens until now. But that Supreme Lord still succumbed into the Five Aging Processes and died.

"The round of heavens that the Heavenly Destiny once belonged to has been destroyed already; that was different from the current round of heavens now. You can carry that Crown of Destiny and it won't leave a mark on you. Don't worry, it won't affect your ability to cross the heavens in the future," Wynn said with a faint smile.

When they heard this, everyone present including Zen, couldn't help but sigh in amazement. Mike's plan was quite well thought out. He had probably foreseen it all since tens of billions of years ago.

The only thing he was wrong about was when Murphy would have attacked the Evolutionary Universe.

The Sacred race's invasion had been advanced by nearly three hundred years.

A few hundred years seemed like a big error, but for a span of tens of billions of years, his speculation was already quite accurate.

Zen's interest in the Crown of Destiny was also renewed. He nodded towards Wynn with a smile and said, "Then I'll go get that Crown of Destiny now!"

After some thought, Zen turned to Master Feng and said, "My friends are still in the fairy palace and they won't be able to adapt to the Vitality Pressure in the Upper World. I wonder if there are any ways to get them used to it."

Master Feng nodded and replied, "This won't be too much of a problem. Sky, go help Zen."

A short time later, Zen led Supreme Lord Sky to the fairy palace.

After they had been waiting at the entrance of the fairy palace for a while, the martial artists of the Celestial Position race came flying over. The leading martial artist held a small purple gold bottle in his hand.

The group of martial artists were puzzled. The contents of this bottle were only for the martial artists from the Lower World to adapt to the vitality between heaven and earth. Why would they have to deliver it to Supreme Lord Sky in person?

Supreme Lord Sky took the bottle and passed it to Zen. He said, "This bottle is filled with Dust Cleaning Pills. The warriors themselves should adapt to the difference in the pressure of vitality between heaven and earth. We cannot change their bodies. However, the Dust Cleaning Pill can neutralize one's surrounding vitality between heaven and earth, and after eating this Dust Cleaning Pill, they will be able to walk in the Upper World for a period of time."

"How long will this Dust Cleaning Pill last?" Zen asked.

Supreme Lord Sky smiled and said, "The Dust Cleaning Pills are high-grade pills. One Dust Cleaning Pill should last for about thirty years."

Zen had thought that it would be enough if this pill could last for a few dozen hours. He was speechless when he heard that it could last for thirty years.

The Celestial Position race was really powerful. He extended his hand to take the bottle of the Dust Cleaning Pills and stepped into the fairy palace.

Geoffrey, Imogen and many people from the Cloud Hall had been waiting for a long time.

They had been cooped up in the fairy palace for many years. The environment of the fairy palace was good enough, but to them, it was like a prison.

Zen brought out the Dust Cleaning Pills and distributed them into everyone's hands. After everyone had eaten it, Zen headed out to acquire the Crown of Destiny.

The moment that Zen's hand touched the Crown of Destiny, the entire heavens suddenly trembled!

The Supreme Lords of the Celestial Position race were not surprised. They knew that Zen had touched the Crown of Destiny, but the other Supreme Lords in the universe all looked up at the sky in surprise, wondering why the heavens were shaking again.

Zen had no choice but to endure this kind of shock. There was a connection between the Crown of Destiny and the heavens. It immediately started to shake once he wasn't paying attention.

After he took out the Crown of Destiny, Zen left the fairy palace with Geoffrey and the others.

Geoffrey was bored in the fairy palace; he could only use his talent to decipher the golden Sanskrit. However, he was still an eleven-year-old child and was filled with curiosity towards this world.

After Zen released them, he was naturally elated. He almost jumped up in excitement as he looked up at the Breaking Cloud Mountain, which was like a giant crystal.

Chapter 1972 Travel Around

When he noticed Geoffrey looking so excited, Zen felt rather guilty.

It was true. He couldn't be considered a dutiful father, and had never even seriously spent any time with his son. However, in his heart, he had made the decision to take time to travel around with him more.

After Zen had handed the Crown of Destiny over to Wynn, Wynn had told him that something had to be done to the Crown of Destiny and it would take some time.

Thus, Master Feng had arranged accommodation for Zen and the others from the Cloud Hall.

After dealing with these trivial matters and having everyone settle down, Zen wasn't in a hurry to discuss the next step. Instead, he took Geoffrey and Letitia out for a trip.

"If a great world is a unit...

Then a supreme world is a thousand such units!

This supreme world is truly vast and endless!"

Sitting on Zen's shoulder, Geoffrey let out a cry of surprise in his childish voice.

The distant mountains that stretched endlessly were like motionless elephants in a deep sleep, emitting a majestic aura in the heavens and on earth. A single glance at them could make people feel full of power.

"A supreme world is a thousand great worlds? Who told you that?" Zen asked, puzzled.

"It's from the book!" Geoffrey replied with a smile.

"The book from the library, you mean?" Zen asked.

"Yes!"

Geoffrey replied, happily. He then went on to say, "The one million great worlds are the feet. The one hundred thousand supreme worlds are the hands. The stars in the skies above are the internal organs. And as the stars revolve, it's like a living being who begins to breathe, forming a style of its own…"

"What's the name of this book, Geoffrey?" Although Geoffrey's voice was still young and hadn't begun to change yet, the content of his words was extraordinary. To Zen, it felt as though he was being enlightened.

"Summary of Constructing the Universe," answered Geoffrey in an honest, straightforward tone.

The title wasn't hard to understand. Clearly, this book spoke of what the author had experienced when constructing the universe.

Constructing an universe was an extremely complex process, and more had to be done to stabilize it on the boundaries of the divine land.

Zen immediately thought that this book had probably been written by his master Bromley, while he was building his own universe.

That library was truly a treasure trove. It was a pity that Zen hadn't taken the time to read through all the ancient books within, and it was thus somewhat of a waste for him to have the library at all.

Little Geoffrey, on the other hand, who actually enjoyed reading, benefited greatly from the library.

"As a father, you're too ignorant in front of your son," Letitia said, all while giving a gentle smile. Geoffrey's serious tone when repeating the book's passage made her feel proud. This little guy, who had once given her many headaches, was now beginning to show his true talent and power.

Zen chuckled. Losing to his son wasn't a big deal. He, too, was proud of Geoffrey.

Half a day later, after passing through the mountain range, the bustling Strongdell City came creeping into view.

Zen originally wanted to take Geoffrey to another place to see the magnificent scenery. Geoffrey grabbed Zen's hand though, pointed at the city beyond and said, "Dad! I want to go to the city!"

"Sure," Zen said, immediately agreeing to his son's small request.

Hence, the couple brought Geoffrey to visit the Strongdell City.

There were tens of millions of mortals in the city.

The Sacred race threatened to fight and kill every day, but the vast majority of people still led their day to day lives. They weren't interested in the sounds from the Roaring Tokens continuously ringing in their ears. They were only concerned with their daily lives.

What was more, a large number of them didn't even know about the Celestial Position's existence. They only knew that this place, where they all lived, was called the Strongdell City, and outside of the Strongdell City was the most remote place of the sky. If one wanted to go there, they would have to go through a transmission channel, and 99% of the mortals had never gone through one in their entire lives.

In other words, to them, the city was their entire world.

And because their world was small, it was easier for them to be content with what they had.

Once Zen and Letitia had successfully concealed their cultivation levels, they slowly walked down the street, hand in hand with Geoffrey.

Peddlers' cries could be heard as the fragrance of food burst through the air, pouring into their nostrils. The people selling osmanthus cakes, dumplings, wontons and more were all lined up in a row.

Upon seeing the numerous snacks, Geoffrey couldn't help but become extremely excited.

The meals he had eaten ever since he was young were personally made by Letitia, and with the help of Imogen, they had gathered various treasures relying on the influence of Cloud Hall in order to make Geoffrey's food. These treasures were definitely capable of helping

Geoffrey create a physique that was far superior to that of his peers, but in terms of taste, it wasn't delicious, to say the least.

The sight and smell of these snacks made Geoffrey drool. He suddenly felt as though this food was probably the best tasting in the world.

"Dad, I want to eat this, this, and this..." Geoffrey's fingers danced over the snacks, his cheeks flushed. To him, these were delicacies and he couldn't control himself anymore.

Zen simply nodded his head, "Okay, son, I'll buy them all."

"It's not good for your health to eat too many of these grains," Letitia said, rather unwilling to let Geoffrey indulge himself in this way.

When warriors cultivated, they would keep their flesh pure. Therefore, after reaching the nature level, they would have to follow a very strict diet. The grains contained too many impurities and they would precipitate into warriors' bodies after being eaten. Naturally, it would have no effect on Letitia and Zen if they ate these impurities, but Geoffrey's cultivation was still low, and he had never gone on a fast yet. It was simple; too many grains were simply not good for him.

Seeing Geoffrey pout, Zen waved his hand and smiled. "Such a little amount of impurity won't be a problem, in my opinion. You've worried far too much, Tia. Geoffrey, you can eat as much as you want today…"

"No way," Letitia said. She might have pampered Geoffrey a lot in the Cloud Hall, but when it came to the food he ate, she was very strict.

Zen stood in front of Letitia to prevent her from moving forward, all while at the same time giving a little pat on Geoffrey's butt. Geoffrey made a face at Letitia, and then rushed over to the stands like a gust of wind.

Seeing Zen spoil Geoffrey so much, Letitia could do nothing but feel helpless, glaring at her husband with grievance.

When it was time to pay the bill, the hawkers quickly extended their hands toward Zen. "Sir, eight silver coins, please!"

"Sir, this apricot cake costs a total of four silver coins..."

"..."

Zen was slightly startled as he watched these hawkers reach out their hands, asking him to pay money. Immediately, an embarrassed expression appeared on his face.

Where could he find the money?

Not only did he not have a single silver coin on him, he didn't have a sliver of gold, either.

Gold and silver were the most widespread currencies among mortals. The currencies used by martial artists were life vitality crystals and life vitality jades.

The hawkers, now looking at Zen with palms turned upward also found Zen's expression to be quite strange.

Just from Zen's appearance, who had an impressive physique and remarkable temperament and Letitia's beauty, ordinary mortals could tell at a glance that these were not ordinary people. A mortal would never believe that they could have problems paying such a small sum of money.

The hawkers didn't dare say anything, though. They simply waited, hands extended, for Zen to pay the bills. Zen remained dumbfounded; he truly didn't know what he could use to pay for the food. He couldn't just pull out a life vitality jade. A single life vitality jade, in fact, could probably buy over a hundred streets of this city.

Geoffrey, who was standing to the side, didn't care about such things and was already engrossed in eating.

"Tia..." Zen could only glance at Letitia for help.

Letitia turned her head away with a smile on her face, but didn't respond a single word.

"Tia," Zen urged, gently tugging on the corner of her clothes. He was a powerful world lord now, and he wouldn't do such a thing as running away for a few silver coins. This was too shameful. He felt terrible.

As Letitia saw her husband in such a predicament, her heart softened. She rolled her eyes before reaching for her space ring.

In fact, Letitia didn't usually carry any gold or silver with her either, but she was the kind of woman who always carried plenty of little trinkets along with her. A few of them were made of gold, such as the hairpin she took out from her space ring. She transformed the pin into a number of small golden beads and handed them over to Zen.

When Zen saw these gold beads, he let out a sigh of relief. He finally had a way out of this embarrassing situation. However, he didn't expect that when he handed the gold beads to the peddlers, they were all completely overwhelmed.

"Sir, this is just way too much..."

"These are pure gold beads, and they are enough to buy my entire shop. Besides, I simply don't have enough change to give you…"

"Eight silver coins is enough, sir. Do you have that amount?"

Zen immediately felt a headache approach as he heard these words. With a flick of his hand and perfect control of his strength, the gold beads fell into the hawkers' pockets. Zen immediately grabbed Geoffrey by the arm and said, "There's no need for change." He left briskly, leaving no trace behind him.

Geoffrey tightly grabbed onto the snacks in his hand, completely ignoring the surrounding noises. It was true that this child's greatest ability was to focus.

Letitia leisurely followed behind the two of them. Seeing her husband's actions, squirming beneath the embarrassment, she couldn't help but feel amused. As for the peddlers, they all stood, minds blown, completely dumbfounded.

Each of them had four to five gold beads in their pockets, which was equivalent to several years of revenue in their business. It wasn't until the immortal-like couple had left far, far away that they finally got back to their senses and realized that they had just made a fortune. They were extremely excited. Although they had guessed at the idea that the couple were not mortals, they were now sure of their guesses. This city was after all a city in the Upper World, and it wasn't at all impossible to encounter rich warriors here!

Chapter 1973 In A Dilemma (Part One)

It didn't take long for Zen to gain quite a distance between him and the peddlers. After Letitia caught up to him, she covered her mouth and giggled at his side.

The passers-by on both sides of the street all cast strange gazes in their direction, not knowing what exactly the couple was doing.

Only Geoffrey was extremely calm, still utterly focused on eating the snacks in his hands.

From this experience though, Zen had definitely learned his lesson. The next time he'd take his son out to have a little fun, he'd at least come prepared with a few silver coins beforehand.

Over the next few days, the three of them toured through several cities. Along the way, they'd even met a few warriors with low cultivation levels who cast greedy eyes on the beautiful Letitia, seemingly having evil thoughts about her. Geoffrey stood in front of his mother just in time, and the warriors were all scared away by Zen's aura.

Throughout the trip though, Zen had truly enjoyed a rare moment of joy.

It was a pity that the universe's current situation was still very dangerous. Otherwise, he'd have been more than willing to take a decade or two of time to accompany Geoffrey.

During the past few days, roars from the Roaring Tokens could often be heard booming throughout the universe.

Since the Sacred race had invaded the Evolutionary Universe, they used the Roaring Tokens to announce their feats every time they occupied a supreme world or killed a world lord. In this way, they suppressed the morale of the people living in this universe.

The said voices often rang in the people's ears, which was truly annoying, to say the least.

However, the content spoken through the Roaring Token today was actually aimed directly at Zen!

Upon hearing these words, Zen could do nothing but frown immediately.

At that time, the clouds condensed with the rolling blood mist above the Ultimate Immortal City had completely disappeared, and the sky had once again returned to its deep blue color.

The originally strong smell of blood had already faded quite a bit, and now, the stench seemed to give off a sweet and refreshing scent instead.

After the Blood Curse Array had been destroyed by Zen, tens of millions of mortals were driven out of the Ultimate Immortal City. To the Sacred race, killing these mortals wouldn't bring them any honor. Without the Blood Curse Array playing its role, their reckless slaughter of mortals would only cause them to be tainted with malicious auras.

They knew it would be better to leave these mortals run their own course.

The said mortals understood that they had just narrowly escaped death and were beginning to migrate to their individual hometowns. As long as they weren't tortured by the Sacred martial artists, they were quite resilient and were determined to overcome many difficulties in order to return home.

When they passed a hillside that was a hundred miles away from the Ultimate Immortal City, they discovered a huge crater that they had never seen before!

It was so huge that if one stood at the edge of the crater, it was almost impossible to see the bottom.

Once Zen had snuck into the fairy palace, he used the Teleportation Token to remove the fairy palace's node and disappeared right before Maha's eyes, causing him to feel enraged.

Maha simply couldn't wrap his mind around the idea that Zen had such a miraculous ability. He didn't believe that Zen could stealthily disappear directly in front of two Sacred Supreme Lords!

This wasn't an ability that a world lord should possess! Even a Supreme Lord wouldn't have had the capacities to do that!

That was why, after Zen's disappearance, Maha firmly believed that Zen had used some form of concealment technique in order to hide himself underground.

"We'll find him, even we have to dig three feet under!" at the time, Maha shouted his order with confidence.

The Sacred race had, however, dug much more than just three feet into the ground. It was even possible to say that they had dug more than three thousand feet. The final result was obvious – Zen had miraculously disappeared, just like that!

After Zen had returned to the Evolutionary Universe, he had broken apart the Sacred race's Blood Curse Array. At the same time, he had humiliated Maha throughout the entire universe, which had destroyed the Sacred race's confidence,. After all that, he had escaped safely.

To Maha though, this was an unacceptable defeat!

Following such occurrence, Maha urgently gathered all of the Sacred Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe and convened an emergency meeting.

For their invasion of Evolutionary Universe, the Sacred race didn't send out all of their forces. They only sent forty four Supreme Lords, Maha and a multitude of Godly Geniuses from the Sacred race, as well as tens of thousands of world lords.

From the overall situation, it was safe to assume that the Sacred race wasn't worried whatsoever.

When it came to overall strength, they knew they had the upper hand. With their absolute advantage, occupying the entire Evolutionary Universe would be a breeze to achieve.

In just three years, they had already taken up more than three thousand supreme worlds. Their current speed was already quite fast.

According to the Sacred race's plan, even if they'd spent three hundred years occupying these three thousand supreme worlds, this still wouldn't be considered slow.

Maha was the top Godly Genius, the leader of the Sacred race's expedition force. His strength might not be comparable to that of certain Supreme Lords, but he had the authority to command Supreme Lords. That was why Supreme Lord Noel and Supreme Lord Barrie were like his subordinates before Maha.

However, not all Supreme Lords were bossed around by him. "Maha!" someone shouted his name powerfully. "You actually let that human Godly Genius escape right in front of you! That's a grave dereliction of duty! And you know it!" The one speaking was Supreme Lord Denzel. He had the most seniority of all the Supreme Lords throughout the entire Sacred race, and he was a top-rank Supreme Lord.

When he heard that Maha had let the human Godly Genius escape, he simply questioned him right in the face, without showing any mercy.

Chapter 1974 In A Dilemma (Part Two)

Maha indifferently looked at Supreme Lord Denzel. He didn't refute his words, though.

"The master of the Murphy Universe has urged his disciples to repeatedly emphasize that no one else in the Evolutionary Universe is important, except for the Godly Geniuses, and everyone should spare no effort to go all out and kill them! This is your negligence to let that Godly Genius go, and you should trust that I will send a message back to the Murphy Universe!" Supreme Lord Denzel said.

The master he spoke of was the creator of the Murphy Universe, Holy Murphy.

In fact, from a racial-interest perspective, the Sacred race didn't have a strong motive for invading the Evolutionary Universe at all.

The Murphy Universe was already so large, it was enough to hold the entire Sacred race. More so, there were still many supreme worlds within the Murphy Universe that the Sacred race had never occupied or even explored before.

Taking over the Evolutionary Universe wouldn't do the Sacred race any good.

The Sacred race was ultimately created by Murphy though, and Murphy was the father of their race. He wanted the Sacred race to break the Sighing Wall and take over the Evolutionary Universe. There was simply no reason for the Sacred race to refuse!

Before the Sighing Wall was opened, Murphy had sent a message through his disciples, saying that his primary goal was to occupy the entire Evolutionary Universe while his another goal was to kill all the Godly Geniuses.

If he could occupy the Evolutionary Universe, he knew he could kill Mike.

By killing the Godly Geniuses, he'd be capable of severing any remaining hope that Mike might be able to make his own comeback.

This was a common game between Holy Beings. As for the Sacred race, they didn't really comprehend what was going on. They didn't need to, either.

Maha just shrugged his shoulders and rose from his seat in a single motion. He sauntered to the front of Supreme Lord Denzel, and the sneer on his face became even more intense. "That day, you weren't too far away from the Seven Ultimate World! Seeing as you've called me negligent for letting Zen get away, then tell me, why didn't you personally make a move to catch him?!"

As Maha spoke, he let his tone blame everything on Supreme Lord Denzel.

How could Supreme Lord Denzel not recognize the meaning behind his words? Just as he was about to refute Maha, both Supreme Lord Noel and Supreme Lord Barrie spoke up at the same time instead, "That kid's treasure is definitely extraordinary. Even if we tried our very best, we still wouldn't be able to break that fairy palace! The fairy palace must be a treasure from the divine land!"

"Supreme Lord Denzel, it's easy for you to say that. But even if you had been there that day, I'm afraid you still wouldn't have been able to do anything!"

With both Supreme Lords supporting him, Maha once again shrugged his shoulders. "Of course he knew that he couldn't do anything. That's why he didn't step out that day." Maha laughed obnoxiously. "But now, you actually want to report this to the master of the Murphy Universe. Supreme Lord Denzel, your Heavenly Destiny is very strong, but your trickery seems to be even more powerful."

Maha, Supreme Lord Noel and Supreme Lord Barrie had obviously colluded with each other beforehand. As the three of them echoed with one another, together they muddied the waters and shirked a portion of the responsibilities onto Supreme Lord Denzel's shoulders.

Supreme Lord Denzel, on the other hand, had his own thoughts on the situation, of course.

He was one of the top 10 Supreme Lords of the Sacred race. After the Sighing Wall had been broken through, he felt as though he should have been named leader of this expedition team and come forth to attack. Never had he ever imagined that the leader position would be given to a child less than 100 years old!

It was only natural for him to perceive this as unfair.

Sacred race was not as united as it seemed. There were different branches inside the Sacred race. Supreme Lord Denzel had long since disliked Maha. It was just that the entire Sacred race was controlled by Maha's family - and Maha's father was also the number one Supreme Lord within the Murphy Universe.

Though extremely angry, Supreme Lord Denzel could only swallow his fury.

He'd finally found an opportunity and decided to report the matter directly to the master of the Murphy Universe. The master attached great importance to these ten Godly Geniuses of the Evolutionary Universe, it therefore wasn't a small sin for Maha to have let that Godly Genius Zen go.

But, just as he was about to go ahead and make things difficult for Maha, he was bitten by the boy. Supreme Lord Denzel was taken aback and felt quite depressed!

Maha indifferently stared at Supreme Lord Denzel, as if he didn't take him seriously at all. He turned around and his figure flashed as he sat down, looking around at all the Supreme Lords present. He rested his chin on his hand and said, "Everyone, we've gathered here today in order to find a solution, not to argue. In such a situation, what sort of brilliant plan might you have for dealing with this?"

It was true that the Sacred race had occupied over three thousand supreme worlds of the Humanity Alliance, but in reality, they had also been dragged into a quagmire.

If the Sacred race wanted to continue expanding toward the supreme worlds of the Thoughtless Minds, they would have to stabilize the supreme worlds that had already been seized, which was why they used the Blood Curse Array. This Blood Curse Array though, was very troublesome to employ and was also very expensive. It greatly slowed the speed of the Sacred race's expansion.

Currently, the three great human forces, the Celestial Position, the ogre race, as well as the small races had all declared war on the Sacred race. If the Sacred race didn't take any more steps forward, it would greatly affect their morale!

Thus, the Sacred race found themselves in a dilemma, to say the least.

Chapter 1975 Malice Of The Universe

A number of Supreme Lords stood on either side of Maha, and all of them remained silent.

To be honest, none of the Supreme Lords present was happy with Maha.

A Supreme Lord was a superior existence in every which way. They were the people who stood at the peak of this world, the ones who carried the Heavenly Destiny, and the ones who represented the heavens.

Even though Maha was a Godly Genius and the son of the top Supreme Lord, he was still just a world lord. And the Supreme Lords would not willingly submit to anyone without any absolute strength to suppress them.

But because of Maha's status, the Supreme Lords maintained a respectful attitude, even though it was a facade.

Now that Maha had encountered a problem and wanted the Supreme Lords to come up with some ideas, they might not necessarily be very cooperative.

Maha had originally gathered the Supreme Lords today for a brainstorming session. As he looked at the reluctant Supreme Lords, the smile on his face hardened.

"It looks like none of you has anything to worry about at all!" Maha sneered. "Didn't you discover anything strange after arriving here?"

Most of the Supreme Lords remained silent.

Only Supreme Lord Noel spoke up. "Of course we have. This world is filled with malice towards us."

Maha nodded. "Yes, malice!"

The universe was originally an organic whole, like a complete human being.

If a person got sick, all bodily functions would be mobilized to fight against the disease. If the human body could beat the disease, then it would naturally heal. If not, the disease would worsen.

The Evolutionary Universe was like a person, and the Sacred race had broken through the Sighing Wall, which was like breaking through its skin.

As an alien race, the Sacred race had begun to erode the body like a countless number of diseases attacking it.

The Evolutionary Universe didn't even need the command of the Holy Being to initiate an attack. It was simply a conditioned reflex.

The grass, the trees, the rivers, the lakes, the sea, the space, the stars, and countless other living beings and races of the universe maintained a strong enmity towards the Sacred race.

Even when they simply walked on the grass, they would occasionally stumble over knotted grass.

Since the invasion, the Sacred race had already encountered 70, 000 earthquakes in various supreme worlds.

As they proceeded through the supreme worlds of the Humanity Alliance, they encountered over six hundred massive beast attacks, over a thousand insect aggressions, and over ten thousand tsunamis.

These were mere statistics, but the true number of disasters might well exceed that.

These inexplicable disasters were all aimed at the martial artists of the Sacred race. This was the counterattack of the universe.

These were minor disasters for the Sacred race and didn't cause much damage to these martial artists.

But there was another type of disaster.

Thunder. In a clear sky.

Three months ago, a bolt of lightning had suddenly struck from within the Three Purities World.

Ordinary thunder wouldn't have bothered anyone as much. But the blood-red thunder contained the ninth layer of Thunder Law, with a power that was extremely terrifying. Even a Supreme Lord would be forced to retreat if they encountered such a massive lightning bolt.

This single bolt of lightning had killed over 10, 000 Sacred martial artists, including four grand world lords and seventeen world lords.

Or, for example, space windstorms.

The spatial tunnels built by the humans were highly stable.

There might be no space windstorms for thousands of years. Even if there was one, it wouldn't be on that big of a scale.

But when it was time for the Sacred race to pass through the spatial tunnels, massive space windstorms had already erupted 76 times, taking away a number of Sacred armies. Twenty world lords had died in the space windstorms, including a grand world lord.

There were also falling stars, and the Gold-cutting Gales.

All of this malicious intent from the Evolutionary Universe was nearly impossible to guard against. This caused great headaches to the Sacred race.

"The stronger the power in this universe, the stronger the revenge! Why would I want to snatch so many Roaring Tokens away and roar in this Evolutionary Universe?" Maha's eyes shone brilliantly, two flames of fire rising within his pupils. "That's because if we destroy the morale of this universe, its power will weaken!"

The malice that came from the Evolutionary Universe had truly lessened a while ago.

It was just as Maha had said; this was all thanks to him! "We understand what you have to say. And we're doing the same thing! If it weren't for us, would those old fellows from the human race have let you get rid of them so casually?" Denzel snorted. "The morale that you personally destroyed has been motivated by Zen!"

Maha's expression didn't change. "This universe was built by a Holy Being. Of course, it couldn't be easily destroyed! That's why I have gathered you all here today, hoping that you would come up with some ideas!"

Our top Godly Genius is extraordinarily wise. I believe you already have a plan. Why bother asking us old fellows?" Supreme Lord Irvin said, his tone strange.

The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race were divided into three groups. Among the three groups, the Supreme Lords led by Denzel hated Maha the most. Supreme Lord Irvin was one of them.

One of the groups remained neutral. This group of Supreme Lords didn't like Maha either. But what happened on the grander scale was more important to them, which was why they weren't as hostile towards Maha.

The third group, including Supreme Lord Noel and Supreme Lord Barrie, followed Maha, hanging on to his every word.

At Supreme Lord Irvin's words, Maha's eyes flashed. He sighed and said, "Supreme Lord Irvin, it seems that you still don't know what cards the humans have!"

"What do they have?" Supreme Lord Irvin said disdainfully.

The group that Supreme Lord Denzel and Supreme Lord Irvin belonged to had always valued strength and were proud of theirs. They had always been disdainful towards the human Supreme Lords.

The only one they were afraid of was perhaps Wynn, the True God behind the Celestial Position race.

"The Heavenly Destiny that the old leader of the Celestial Position race has taken on is the Evolution Lotus Flower that Mike has comprehended. This Lotus Flower can use the power of the universe." Maha stared at Supreme Lord Irvin, his smile getting colder by the second. "I don't know just how powerful this universe is, but if you guys ever meet this old man, you must be very, very careful!"

The Supreme Lords' faces darkened at this.

As Supreme Lords, they understood that there were different levels of destinies. Some Heavenly Destinies were excessively strong, while others were pitifully weak. They were divided into the upper, middle, and lower ranks of Supreme Lords.

The Lotus Flower in the Evolutionary Universe and the spinulose wood fern in the Murphy Universe were both called "Heavens-suppressing Object" by the Sacred race and were used to suppress the heavens. It was the strongest Heavenly Destiny of the heavens.

Maha's father owned this Heavenly Destiny in the Murphy Universe where the Sacred race came from.

"Where did you get that information from, Godly Genius?" a Supreme Lord of the Sacred race asked.

"That is not important. What is important is your attitudes. If we were to fight those Supreme Lords, you guys would be the ones to rush to their deaths. Not me," Maha sneered.

"But when it does happen, how can you bear to stay out of it?" Supreme Lord Denzel countered coldly.

"Oh?" The smile on Maha's face widened. "It would be a pity if my body were to perish, of course. But my father has prepared another body for me, made of a holy fruit of the spinulose wood fern. So I don't care if I die or not in the Evolutionary Universe. On the other hand, if you guys were to die... Heh heh!"

Maha had already made preparations. He had a way out even if he died.

His father was controlling the spinulose wood fern. He had also taken a holy fruit from the tree and turned it into another body for Maha, which was even better than the previous one.

As Maha spoke, a silence descended on the Supreme Lords once again.

But this silence was different.

Previously, they hadn't wanted to cooperate with Maha, but now, they were pondering the situation they were about to face.

After five minutes of silence, Maha leaned back against his chair. In his hand was a small golden scimitar. Maha's fingers gently caressed the edge of the exquisite-looking scimitar.

He narrowed his eyes and swept his gaze across the crowd of Supreme Lords, an arrogant smile appearing on his face.

He hadn't had any regard for these Supreme Lords from the very beginning.

After a long while, Supreme Lord Palmere, who had been neutral so far, finally spoke up. "If we want to destroy their momentum, we must first give the humans a painful beating."

"I actually hope to start an all-out war with the human race, but I'm afraid those old foxes aren't so stupid," Maha said, shaking his head.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1976 A Child's Voice (Part One)

In regards to the overall situation, the Sacred race were the ones who had the advantage.

However, the human race still had a praiseworthy strategy. Even against the odds, they were able to devise such an intelligent scheme.

After they sacrificed the territory of the Humanity Alliance, the Sacred race was stuck in a quagmire. The warriors of the Sacred race were unable to move any further into the universe. They continued to linger at the supreme worlds, which were on the border between the Humanity Alliance and the Thoughtless Minds.

Whenever the Sacred race wanted to continue their expansion, the Thoughtless Minds and the Blessed Buddha Land disrupted their advance. The two groups dispatched hundreds of world lords to attack the supreme worlds occupied by the Sacred race.

The most important thing in their strategy was that there seemed to be a Supreme Lord among the human race, who carried the Heavenly Destiny of a space theurgy! The Heavenly Destiny could send any martial artist into any supreme world. Additionally, the martial artist would usually appear and disappear mysteriously to make sure the enemies wouldn't be able to detect them...

As such, the Sacred race would often be bewildered with mysterious events. For example, as soon as the Sacred race occupied two supreme worlds, several world lords were sent to guard them. However, those world lords were always slaughtered suddenly just after the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race left!

In truth, the Supreme Lord who held the Heavenly Destiny was Supreme Lord Healum of the Humanity Alliance.

The Heavenly Destiny that he carried belonged to the Space Law. Additionally, the Heavenly Destiny he held contained the theurgy known as the Space Lock. The martial artist connected to the Space Lock could be thrown to any corner in the universe by Supreme Lord Healum. He could even instantly pull that martial artist back to his side!

After the Humanity Alliance was defeated by the Sacred race and retreated to the Thoughtless Minds, Supreme Lord Healum continued to employ the 'Space Lock'. He cooperated with some of the stronger warriors of the Humanity Alliance, such as Yolande and the others, to launch surprise attacks. Their guerilla tactics were more than an effective disruption for the warriors of the Sacred race.

When the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race received the news and rushed back, Yolande and the rest had already disappeared without any trace...

It was that simple tactic that disrupted the attack plan of the Sacred race. The existence of the Heavenly Destiny in the Humanity Alliance continued to be an obstacle for the Sacred race.

If the Sacred race wanted to advance towards the depths of the universe and attack more supreme worlds, then the Sacred martial artists left behind would all be defeated.

"They are indeed not that stupid. The human Supreme Lords are just acting in coordination with Zen," Supreme Lord Palmere uttered. His expression was calm yet calculative.

"But their strategy is still successful," Supreme Lord Denzel interjected. "Right now, the momentum of the entire Evolutionary Universe has increased by quite a bit."

Supreme Lord Palmere suddenly smiled. "I feel like all of you are overthinking! They don't want to fight us head-on, which means that we will always have the initiative! We only need to destroy their momentum!"

After they saw Supreme Lord Palmere's confident expression, all of the other Supreme Lords of the Sacred race and Maha revealed a trace of interest on their faces. It seemed as if Supreme Lord Palmere was about to reveal an intelligent counter-strategy.

"There is such a thing called Roaring Token within the universe. We can use it to issue a challenge to the human race for a fight in a supreme world. Supreme Lords do not even need to take action. With Maha as the leader, we can constantly fight with the human world lords, Zen and the other Godly Geniuses..." Supreme Lord Palmere said calmly. A devious smile was seen on his lips.

However, halfway thru his speech, he discovered the strange gazes from Maha and the others. Thus, he asked them with a curious tone, "What's wrong?"

Maha gently turned the golden scimitar in his hand. His eyes were full of caution. "Do you think they would fall for such a simple trick?"

The other Supreme Lords also revealed looks of disbelief. Supreme Lord Irvin said in a strange tone, "Those Godly Geniuses have returned to the universe. They would surely hide at this moment. Why would they dare to reveal themselves now?"

After Supreme Lord Palmere heard the remarks, he calmly responded, "First, the location of the battle would be in a supreme world situated at the border of the Thoughtless Minds to show fairness. Second, if they didn't accept the challenge under the invitation of Maha, the enemy would only be labelled as cowards. This would suppress their morale and thus weaken the momentum of the universe!"

Supreme Lord Palmere's idea might have sounded simple to the others, but he had reasons to believe that it would work against the human race.

The human race were the ones who had declared war. Additionally, Zen had issued the war declaration throughout the entire universe. If they would not dare to accept the challenge, it would only show that the human race didn't dare fight with the Sacred race at all. It would brand them as cowards.

If such a thing happened, it would be detrimental to the morale of the human race.

Moreover, they possessed the Roaring Token of the Evolutionary Universe. With that treasure, all the creatures in the universe would hear the declaration of challenge from the Sacred race. If the human race would reject the challenge, everyone would know their cowardice. As such, the morale of the human race would be instantly destroyed!

"After we declare our challenge, they will have to take it. But no matter what method the human race choose, the final result will be a crushing defeat for them. Maha, what do you think?" Supreme Lord Palmere said with a shrewd smile.

Chapter 1977 A Child's Voice (Part Two)

"Pah, pah, pah!"

Maha slapped the golden scimitar's side with his strong palm. Then, with a smile on his face, he said, "Supreme Lord Palmere's suggestion is truly great!"

Even though Supreme Lord Palmere heard Maha's praise, he didn't seem happy at all. He remained neutral and didn't care about Maha's complimentary words.

Decisiveness was one of Maha's characteristics. He casually patted his waist, and then a Roaring Token appeared and floated in front of him. After it was activated, Maha's voice loudly echoed throughout the entire universe...

At the same time, Zen travelled in the Breaking Cloud World along with Geoffrey and Letitia.

The three of them were focused on their plans when they became alerted by an unexpected sound.

Maha's voice suddenly vibrated through the air, accompanied by his wild laughter. Zen and the others could clearly hear his maniacal voice.

"Zen, you talked nonsense a few days ago. Aren't you going to represent the human race to attack our Sacred race? Don't think that I have forgotten your idle threat! Now, on behalf of the Sacred race, I'll give you a fair chance. I will be waiting for you in the Sunflower Water World. I'll look forward to crushing you!"

After he was reprimanded by Zen, Maha did not make any move for several days. But with Supreme Lord Palmere's strategy, Maha's voice once again reverberated throughout the entire universe!

"What?

Maha dares to challenge Zen?"

"Maha has the cultivation base of a world lord. Additionally, he also had once killed several grand world lords. That guy's strength is far greater than that of an ordinary world lord! When Zen was in the Illusion Battlefield four years ago, he was only at the Spirit Supreme Realm... This challenge is unfair!"

"I'm afraid Zen won't accept the challenge. He is at a total disadvantage!"

"The Sunflower Water World is supreme world of the Thoughtless Minds. Maha is quite bold to choose that place. I wonder if Zen dares to accept the challenge..."

The discussions echoed throughout the universe. Everyone immediately noticed how disadvantageous the fight would be for Zen...

As the discussions continued, the momentum of the entire universe would fluctuate. This momentum could neither be seen nor touched, but it really existed.

With careful consideration, Maha's simple yet diabolical provocation was clearly a scheme. Any intelligent creature would immediately realize that the Sacred race just wanted to set up a trap. No wise warrior would take up the challenge!

However, there would always be someone who wished for a true hero to emerge from the Evolutionary Universe. That hero was believed to unite the universe and defeat the Sacred race!

After Zen issued his war declaration through the Roaring Token some time ago, many creatures placed their hopes on him. A lot of them hoped that he would accept the challenge.

If Zen tried to decline, he would inevitably leave the impression that he was someone who would talk but would not do what he said.

Maha tossed the Roaring Token on the ground and continued to fiddle with the golden scimitar. A devious smile painted his face. He had already made his move. All that was left to do was to await Zen's response...

However, Maha was startled when a child's voice echoed throughout the universe. He waited for Zen's response, and yet, a child suddenly spoke to him!

"Maha, how old are you?"

All the living creatures were stunned when they heard the child's voice. Bewilderment enveloped them as they couldn't figure out who or what the sound was from...

As for Maha and the other Supreme Lords of the Sacred race, they were also stunned. They were confused about how a child's voice suddenly vibrated to their ears.

Although it was strange, Maha was alert and did not reply with the Roaring Token. He decided to observe the situation first.

"Maha, how old are you? You can't even tell me your own age? How can you be so boastful to issue such a challenge?! You're the number one Godly Genius of the Sacred race. However, it seems that you're too cowardly to even respond to my question..." The child's voice continued to mock and provoke Maha.

The soft and young voice echoed in the universe and suddenly made countless martial artists and mortals laugh...

"Where does the child come from? The kid has balls to provoke Maha like that!"

"Ha-ha.

Let's see how Maha will answer..."

Maha was also extremely confused. Why was the situation completely different from what he had imagined? How come a child suddenly mocked him?

"Tell me! How old are you?

It's not a shameful thing to reveal your age. Why are you so hesitant? Answer me, Maha!"

The child's voice continued to demand a reply from Maha.

When Supreme Lord Denzel, Supreme Lord Irvin and the others saw Maha's hesitant expression, all of them secretly laughed in their hearts. They thought of how hilarious it was that Maha couldn't even respond to a mere child.

As for Supreme Lord Palmere, who came up with the suggestion, he had a strange expression on his face. Confusion enveloped his face as he wandered again in his thoughts. He had considered all sorts of scenarios, but he just hadn't expected that sort of thing...

In the end, Maha slapped the golden scimitar onto the ground and activated a Roaring Token. His face reflected his agitation. "I am 92 years old!"

There was a moment of silence...

Then, that child's voice said with a tone full of mockery, "You're so old! You are already a 92-year-old man! I am 11 years old, and my father is 33 years old. My father's age plus my age is only 44 years old. Even if you combined our ages, it would still be younger than you. It's simply unfair that you challenged my father to a battle. After all, if my father were to cultivate for fifty more years, he would easily beat you to the ground!"

Chapter 1978 An Unavoidable Fight

Hearing the words of the child, the people listening in the universe suddenly realized what had happened.

The boy was Zen's son.

"You bastard!" Maha wore an angry look on his face.

To mortals, a person who was ninety-two years old already had one foot in the grave.

However, for martial artists, he was still too young.

Normally, martial artists would live for thousands, or even tens of thousands of years. Mortals adjudged them to be immortals.

Besides, those at the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm usually lived for millions of years.

World lords could live for tens of millions of years, and Supreme Lords could live for hundreds of millions of years.

With such long lifespans, they were witnesses to the passage of time and the births and deaths of races. To the mortals, these were eternal existences.

Ninety-two years old.

For world lords who had lifespans of tens of millions of years, one at the age of ninety-two was like a chick pecking through an eggshell. It had just opened its eyes and stuck out its furry head from the broken eggshell to perceive the world around it.

In this time, Maha had already trained to the world lord level and had become a genuine Godly Genius.

Undoubtedly, his talent could not be underestimated.

Unfortunately, there were people still more powerful than him.

In truth, the ten Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe were much younger than Maha, for the conditions for the birth of Godly Geniuses were different between the two universes.

Right now, Mike was at a critical moment, so he no longer had any qualms. Godly Geniuses, including Zen, Rocher and Nathan, were the trump cards for his last counterattack.

If they failed, they would witness the death of a Holy Being.

Murphy had not gotten so far. Still, he held the upper hand. There was no need for him to invest his resources into Godly Geniuses. After all, when a Godly Genius like Maha grew up and went to the divine land, he would only become one of his disciples.

Perhaps Maha was not as highly talented as the ten Godly Geniuses in the universe, but he was still the son of the number one Supreme Lord of the Sacred race. In addition, he was several dozen years older than the ten Godly Geniuses. With the cultivation of the Sacred race, his current strength was truly unmatched. He was only inferior to a Supreme Lord.

Geoffrey's answer was childish, but his logic was easy to follow.

Since Maha had offered to fight Zen and emphasized the word 'fair', then he must do so in an absolutely fair manner.

But Maha was older than Zen by over fifty years, and based on age alone, the fight would be unfair.

When martial artists fought, their ages were not decisive factors in the contest. After all, as they grew up, their circumstances, opportunities, experiences, mentality, and background all exerted important influences. The results were dependent on many components.

It was true that the faster they grew, the more outstanding they were.

If Zen refused Maha's invitation, he would appear too weak, greatly disappointing the martial artists and the intelligent creatures of the universe.

But now, Geoffrey had seen what the problem was. He refused Maha's invitation on behalf of his father. And he was in the right—it was not that his father did not want to fight Maha, but Maha was much older than his father, so the fight was not fair from the outset.

Supreme Lord Mirage, one among the Celestial Position martial artists, was listening to all this attentively before a smile surfaced on his stunned face. "Zen's son is very clever!"

"Yeah. The boy is indeed intelligent. It's a pity that Maha is not willing to give up." Master Feng laughed as he shook his head.

Because Master Feng was controlling the Evolution Lotus Flower, he was well aware of the momentum that existed in the universe. The momentum could not be seen or touched by others, but he could clearly perceive it as it had been quantified in his Evolution Lotus Flower.

Ever since Zen had returned with his war declaration, the momentum in the Evolutionary Universe had rapidly risen. Therefore, the Evolution Lotus Flower within the Heavenly Destiny that Master Feng carried had become much stronger.

Just now, Maha had challenged Zen to battle via the Roaring Token. When this news spread throughout the universe, the momentum within the universe began to fluctuate rapidly.

The momentum could be understood as the morale and confidence of the living beings in the universe.

When the martial artists, mortals, and intelligent creatures fretted and worried, took on a gloomy view, lost their confidence or suffered a nervous breakdown, the momentum declined. When they regained their confidence and united in their hearts with high morale, the momentum increased.

Master Feng cared most for Maha's challenge, for the matter directly affected the power of the Heavenly Destiny that he bore.

"Zen! I didn't expect you to behave like a coward. You can't even reply directly to my invitation to battle! Instead, you let your eleven-year-old son talk to me. What a joke!" Maha's voice resounded through the universe.

"Maha, are you deaf? Don't you understand the words of the eleven-year-old boy? With your current strength and status, is it fair to challenge Zen?" a metallic voice replied back.

Hearing that voice, Zen, who was in the Breaking Cloud World was somewhat stunned. He looked Letitia in the eye before saying, "It's Yolande."

"Agreed! Zen, a Godly Genius, has just stepped into the world lord level, but you have been a world lord for so many years! How can that be fair?"

"You're quite shrewd, but also, you're shameless!"

"..."

Several voices in the universe protested loudly.

They were all the famous world lords in the universe.

In spite of not having many Roaring Tokens on hand, they did not hold back in ridiculing Maha.

Listening to this admonishment, Maha laughed wildly. "Haha, fine. Since you all think it's unfair to challenge Zen, I will go to the Sunflower Water World and await you all. No matter if you are Supreme Lords or world lords, I challenge you to battle! Would you accept it? I pray you are not gutless cowards!"

As Master Feng heard this, his face turned stormy.

Zen's gaze dimmed, but he quickly regained his calm.

Maha's main goal was to suppress the momentum of the universe. No one could stop him. Even if Zen refused, he could challenge martial artists of the other races instead.

The words caused the entire universe to sink into silence.

They were all witnesses to the strength of this Godly Genius of the Sacred race.

During the days when the Sacred race first invaded the universe, Maha used to announce each day which world lords of the Humanity Alliance he had killed.

He had killed aplenty.

There were many world lords in the universe, but who would dare to face Maha head on?

"I wonder who in the universe will dare to accept my challenge!"

"Tell me, who dares to fight me?"

"Sure enough, you are a bunch of lowly cowards!"

Maha continued to use the Roaring Tokens. With these words of ridicule, the momentum in the universe began to diminish.

The mortals and martial artists stared at each other in deathly silence.

"Sad. This Godly Genius of the Sacred race is too arrogant. Not a single human among us dares to accept his challenge!"

"Godly Geniuses are still young, so they won't be willing to get themselves killed. Other than them, are there other talents in the universe?"

"It's because of the difference in strength. Otherwise, even the Sacred race would not dare to attack us!"

Dejection was quick to spread through the universe.

However, Maha's provocation only lasted for a short period of time.

Among the trillions of creatures of the Evolutionary Universe, some brave men had faced death unflinchingly.

Perhaps they knew that their strength was inferior to Maha's, but they did not cower in the face of his challenge.

"I, Alexander Zhao of the Spirit Turtle race, accept your challenge! Let's meet in the Sunflower Water World half a month later!"

a hoarse voice said. The first person to come forward was from the Spirit Turtle, a small race. It was little known in the universe and had never had any Supreme Lords. Alexander was the only grand world lord of the race.

"I, Blair of the ogre race, accept your challenge!"

The second was Blair, an ogre grand world lord. The ogres were born with wild natures and could not tolerate Maha's provocation. Although they were still at loggerheads with the Demon Night race and were badly in need of powerful talents, Blair resolutely chose to accept the challenge.

"Yolande from the Humanity Alliance will take your life," Yolande's cold voice sounded out.

And so, as more and more martial artists responded, the momentum in the universe ascended once again.

Chapter 1979 Take A Risk

Maha was previously lying on his chair. However, he immediately jumped upon hearing that so many warriors accepted the challenge.

Two beautiful female servants walked out from behind his chair and draped a large, silver cloak over him. Maha gave the Supreme Lords a cold smile. "I'll be going to the Sunflower Water World soon. Everyone, please prepare well."

This was an extremely advantageous outcome for the Sacred race.

Since the world lords of the Evolutionary Universe dared to accept the challenge then Maha would do his best to eliminate all of them.

He also did not fear any of the Supreme Lords. The Sacred race was not afraid of all-out war!

There was also an underlying scheme Maha was brewing by going to the Sunflower Water World.

Killing all the powerful warriors also meant destroying the morale of the entire universe, thus, suppressing its momentum.

The Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe making their move was exactly what the Sacred race wanted to see.

Many of the world lords quickly mobilized towards the Sunflower Water World.

Meanwhile, Xenia and Karl, both Godly Geniuses, also made their return.

Nathan and Lucille were rescued by the Humanity Alliance after falling into the Fiery Rock World and returned to the Thoughtless Minds.

Supreme Lord Healum was able to calculate their position. He displayed the Space Lock to connect to Yolande whom he then projected into the Fiery Rock World. She created quite a ruckus that enabled Supreme Lord

Healum to take the two Godly Geniuses away before the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race arrived.

The ability to deduce directions by means of the heavens was an extremely useful advantage to the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe. This was a consequence the Sacred race had to come to terms with by battling in the enemy territory.

Several days later, the Supreme Lords of the three great human forces gathered on top of Breaking Cloud Mountain.

The Supreme Lords were all wise and naturally understood Maha's motives. They gathered here first to try to figure out how to deal with this situation.

Understandably, the atmosphere around them was extremely heavy.

"It's not the right time... Maha has given us quite a difficult problem." Master Feng, the head of the Celestial Position race, sat on the seat of honor but there was an evident trace of fatigue on his face.

Supreme Lord of Oracle stood in front of Master Feng. She wore a cyan long dress today that perfectly emphasized her perfect figure. She too wore a look of helplessness on her face. "If the decisive battle starts earlier, what would be our chances of winning?"

The eyes of Supreme Lord of Original Sin and Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment flickered as they looked at Master Feng.

There was a bit of hesitation before he answered. "Twenty percent... Our chance at victory is too small."

However, these Supreme Lords had many tricks up their sleeves.

The Gods Killing Sword Array the Celestial Position had designed and created, for one, simply waited for Margaret to control once she returned.

The Thoughtless Minds also had the Star Destroying Array.

The Blessed Buddha Land also had the Grand Buddha Pagoda.

Supreme Lord of Oracle also cultivated the Self-destruction Technique.

What was more, Master Feng had the Evolution Lotus Flower that could grant him extreme strength for a short period of time. Such strength could qualify him to injure or even kill a True God!

The Evolutionary Universe's foundation was also quite strong.

Mike had already predicted all this and invested everything he had in this grand era.

However, despite all these trump cards, their chances of winning remained slim.

"Whoosh!"

A ray of light shot out from the sky.

That ray of light was a warrior who stopped just a hundred miles away from the Breaking Cloud Mountain because it was at this point that an invisible light curtain blocked his way.

Supreme Lord Mirage's eyes froze for a moment before he waved his hand and opened a small hole on the curtain, allowing the warrior to enter.

The warrior was none other than Zen who had been summoned to this gathering by the Supreme Lords.

Zen quickly landed on the summit and bowed to the Supreme Lords, greeting them with great respect.

Supreme Lord of Oracle smiled. "Zen, it's been three years. I heard your strength has greatly increased."

They had already been informed of Zen's performance by Master Feng. This piece of news was probably the only consolation they had been given after things had become dire.

It was natural for them to hope for Zen's growth. They all counted on him to slaughter all Sacred warriors that had infiltrated their universe.

However, despite Zen's growth being worthy of admiration, it was still not enough.

"You flatter me," he said.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin simply glanced at him. "There's no need for modesty Zen. I want to hear your opinion regarding Maha's challenge."

Zen's eyebrows rose at his straightforwardness but he simply gave an equally straightforward answer. "Ignore him!"

"What do you mean?" Supreme Lord of Original Sin asked with a frown.

A smile appeared on Zen's face. "Since Maha is willing to waste his time in the Sunflower Water World, then let him. We can do something else!"

"What is it?" Supreme Lord of Original Sin asked again, clearly intrigued by Zen's answer.

They had all been focused onto the Sacred race that they didn't have the time to think of other matters.

"Let's suppress the Demon Night first!" Zen declared in a cold voice.

His words earned him a lot of curious looks from the Supreme Lords. The Demon Night couldn't be underestimated but given their position of being held back by the ogre race, they didn't think that the race really could contribute much impact to the current situation.

However, since it was Zen who mentioned it, then there was probably some logic to it.

"Since Maha wanted to fight in the Sunflower Water World, then there must be Supreme Lords lurking around. Their goal is to force all of us to accept their challenge. We can take advantage of this opportunity to deal with the Demon Night and free the ogres from the battle."

A faint smile crossed Supreme Lord of Original Sin's features. "That is not a good idea. We don't need to fear the Demon Night. You don't seem to know what Master Feng's Heavenly Destiny is."

"He's told me," Zen flatly replied.

"Then since you've heard about it, you should know that if this momentum is taken away, we will lose something we greatly rely on," Supreme Lord of Original Sin shot back.

Determination flashed in Zen's eyes. "Even if this momentum is seized, I will help Master Feng take it back!"

"How?" Supreme Lord of Oracle asked.

"If Maha kills our warriors in Sunflower Water World, what would the result be?" Zen asked.

"The morale and the momentum would be greatly reduced," Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment answered.

"All Supreme Lords are almighty. During the battle, the side that burns with righteous indignation is bound to win! Even if Maha suppresses the morale of the universe, it will still be useless because as long as there is hope, then our morale will rise again!"

Zen paused before continuing. "Let me bring our warriors hope. I will kill Maha!"

"This strategy..." Supreme Lord of Original Sin hesitated for a moment. Zen's idea was a bit risky after all.

"This is practically a desperate choice." Supreme Lord of Oracle sighed lightly.

They would first let the Sacred race suppress all living creatures in this universe. In this oppressive environment, the warriors would turn into rebels armed with indignation and desperate courage. It was resistance against the set order of violence and oppression that fueled a warrior's determination!

When that happened, all of the trillion creatures would fight for their lives. Once the momentum rebounded, then it would yield a terrifying result.

However, if they did commence with this plan, they might have to sacrifice a few world lords who would go against Maha in the Sunflower

Water World.

"Can anyone propose a better choice?" Zen asked.

The Supreme Lords all stayed silent.

It seemed there was no other choice.

Procrastination was only equal to suicide in their case.

"According to Zen's idea, if we take the risk, we can increase the chances of winning by ten percent," Master Feng declared.

The worry was still evident in the Supreme Lords' faces, but this plan was their only choice. They could only hope that this was also the right one.

One could either rely on their strength when faced against a powerful opponent or choose to be cunning and take advantage of the situation to win.

"If all of you accept my suggestion, then we will have to move fast. Before the Sacred race can make their move, we must defeat the Demon Night!" Zen declared with conviction.

Chapter 1980 Burning The Mountain

The Supreme Lords had already conducted twelve negotiations prior to Zen's arrival.

They had all come into conflicts with each other at some point in the past but all past grudges took a backseat in this time of crisis.

At this time, even the Humanity Alliance's territories had become a casualty to the war. They had all come to a point where nothing was too big of a sacrifice for the sake of the universe's survival.

Unfortunately, all twelve negotiations proved unsuccessful in formulating a feasible plan for their victory.

Zen's plan was far from perfect.

However, they all supported him because he was a rallying point and had a special status.

To pacify Supreme Lord of Oracle and the other members of the Humanity Alliance, Master Feng had no choice but to reveal Zen's real identity along with Mike's intention for the three greatest forces of the human race.

Zen's return convinced them even more in the truth of Master Feng's words.

He had only left for three years yet his cultivation had improved so much.

If Zen could carry the Heavenly Destiny successfully then his strength might surpass all of the Supreme Lords'.

They now fully believed in the Godly Geniuses' power to turn the tables for them.

Most importantly, even if they did not believe in Zen and the Celestial Position race, the Sacred race remained as an unbeatable opponent against the three greatest forces of the human race.

There was no other choice other than to put their hopes upon Zen and believe in him.

Zen, of course, noticed the Supreme Lords' attitudes which was why he came up with a plan to gain their support.

In a quiet corner of the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place

Several dozen world lords were busy coming and going.

After arriving, each one would take the time to open their space rings.

From there, they brought out weapons and treasures and plopped them all down onto the ground.

Most of the weapons were spiritual, fairy, and sacred weapons.

Such practice had lasted for several years.

In fact, it had been implemented ever since Zen's first visit to the Celestial Position race territory.

Most of the weapons were still intact and undamaged and an ordinary warrior would no doubt find just one already extremely valuable and precious.

These weapons had been collected from all corners of the universe.

After years upon years of accumulation, this pile of weapons and treasures had reached several hundred thousand feet high.

In the bright sunlight, the mountain of treasure glittered and shone in a multitude of colors.

"What do you think they're planning to do with all these weapons?"

"Who knows? At least they're not for eating, right?"

"It has been several years since the first weapon was dropped here. Even though they're just a load of abandoned crap, they should be valuable enough in such a great number!"

These were just some of the remarks that the warriors of the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place made when passing by this pile of weapons.

Not everyone was qualified enough to know the plans of the higher-ups. However, the Celestial Position race had already spent a lot of time and effort in obtaining such a large collection of weapons so they must be planning for something significant.

At that moment, multiple beams of light appeared across the sky.

Each beam of light was a warrior that emanated an extremely powerful aura. Some people on the ground couldn't help but stop in their tracks and stare.

These warriors were the human Supreme Lords gathering in the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place.

These Supreme Lords were bold and generous. Since they decided to follow through with Zen's suggestions then there was no time to waste.

Under current circumstances, they needed to carry out their plan as soon as possible while staying at the ready for any sort of unforeseeable changes.

Their top priority was to help the nine Genuine Dragons in restoring their strength and assist Zen in his destiny.

The Supreme Lords stopped and floated near the mountain of weapons.

Zen, on the other hand, landed at the very summit, the weapons clanging loudly beneath his feet.

"Zen, you can start now," Master Feng said above him.

Zen nodded. His eyes flashed with determination as a brilliant beam of light suddenly glittered between his brows.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

There was a multitude of sharp whistling sounds as the souls of the nine Genuine Dragons flew out from between his brows one by one.

The nine Genuine Dragons hovered over the mountain of weapons.

Their leader, the Five-clawed Golden Dragon nodded at Master Feng. "Thank you for helping us build our Heavenly Bodies."

"You and I serve the same master. We are now both in the same boat. There is no need to thank me for such trivial things," Master Feng replied graciously.

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon nodded and turned his huge head towards Zen. Everything was all set, however, it all depended upon Zen.

Another beam of light flashed between Zen's brows and a black flame appeared in the air.

With a happy chirp, this black flame circled the air once like a bird before swiftly plunging into the mountain of weapons.

Zen stood steadily on the mountaintop surrounded by the nine Genuine Dragons. Meanwhile, the Supreme Lords merely floated in the sky and observed.

Silence filled the air as everyone watched the black flame disappear in the mountain.

A few warriors also watched at the sides, curious as to what was about to happen.

"Are they really going to eat all of the weapons?" one of them asked jokingly.

"Cut the crap! These Supreme Lords all have great perception. Stop talking nonsense or you'll get punished," one of his friends admonished.

Zen tilted his head toward their direction. He was several hundred thousand feet away yet he could perfectly hear their conversation.

It was not by perception but simply his good hearing.

After being remodeled by Holy Drew, his body improved a lot. Some of his abilities even went beyond his own expectations.

"One of them is looking over here!"

"Who is this young man? Is he also a Supreme Lord?"

The two warriors murmured in astonishment by Zen's gaze.

To their pleasant surprise, Zen only gave them a gentle smile.

These two were only at the Life and Death Realm. They could barely see the smile on Zen's face but his air of friendliness calmed them down.

Two hours later.

The mountain of weapons lay motionless for a bit.

Zen resembled a statue as he also stood still on top.

He was sensing the motions of the black flame.

It was currently burning through all the weapons inside.

The flame was incredibly hot and burned through the stack of treasures effortlessly.

It was slow at first, merely melting a portion of the weapons at the bottom of the mountain. However, as time went by, it spread and burned through everything more quickly.

The weapons melted and turned into ashes at an increasing rate. After incineration, only the heavenly essence remained.

This went on for four more hours.

With a shattering sound, the entire mountain suddenly started to collapse into the center.

The black flame had burned through the bottom of the mountain and the weapons that had been haphazardly piled together all lost their balance, beginning to collapse one by one.

Swish!

With the mountain's collapse, the black flame finally made its appearance.

It was now a huge fire as compared to the initial small spark it once was. The flame didn't show any sign of stopping anytime soon as it continued blazing higher and higher.

As it grew, it also got even fiercer and faster at consuming the treasures.

The clanging sound of falling weapons reverberated in the entire place. Everyone watched in awe as the black flames danced upon the once glorious mountain of treasure like vicious, ebony serpents.

Even the Supreme Lords couldn't help but gasp as they watched these divine flames burn.

One careless brush against these flames would burn their bodies to ashes.

However, Zen remained motionless on top of the mountain. His body remained whole and unyielding despite the ferocity of the flames.

The fire went from the bottom to the very top and turned all weapons into heavenly essence that flowed into the ditches built underneath the treasure mountain.

In wasn't until another half-hour that the mountain finally disappeared.

With no more fuel, the fire then began to fizzle out, slowly reducing in size before spiraling happily in the air and returning into the center of Zen's brows.

With the consumption of the weapons came the appearance of the nine huge ditches underneath.

These ditches were dug way before the first weapon had been dropped in this place. The most skillful craftsmen of the Celestial Position race worked very hard for several months to create them.

All that hard work translated to all nine ditches filled to the brim with heavenly essence. With an unhindered view of the ditches, Zen saw how each one was intricately shaped like a dragon. The nine formed a sort of painting of the Genuine Dragons.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1981 The Expansion Of The Great Worlds' Wills

Heavenly essence filled the nine ditches, shining a beautiful silver in the sunlight.

The heavenly body was originally a means of creating a puppet.

A puppet made from heavenly essence was nearly immortal — even if its body was ripped apart, it could repair itself in an instant.

But refining the heavenly essence was no easy feat.

Obtaining a small amount of heavenly essence with poor purity already required much energy.

Although some puppeteers managed to make a puppet with the heavenly body, it was normally of a very small size. For this to work, a soul was needed to be sealed within the puppet — because of this need, it was usually regarded as an evil kind of martial arts.

It was by using the black flame that Zen had managed to refine the heavenly essence from abundant weapons in such a short time without any waste or impurity.

Suddenly, Master Feng clapped his hands.

In an instant, many snake-shaped textures flashed at the edges of the ditches. These divine textures had been drawn after the ditches were dug out.

Strands of red lines appeared from each divine texture and crept into the ditches like a hoard of worms.

Buzz…

Making a series of dull sounds, the strands of lines twisted around the coagulated heavenly essence. From Zen's view in the air, it looked as though nine red Genuine Dragons were crouching low on the ground.

"All rise!"

Waving his hands and clenching his fists toward the ditches, Master Feng shouted. Immediately, the red lines tied the heavenly bodies tightly together and lifted them up from the ditches, making them float in the air.

Each dragon looked as vivid as a living creature.

Their tails resembled clouds of fire, layers of scales covered their bodies, and their robust heads raised graphically toward the sky.

It was clear that the Celestial Position race had put a lot of effort into the nine heavenly bodies, having carved out each of the dragons' details.

For instance, the largest one had five claws, so naturally, it belonged to the Five-clawed Golden Dragon. Besides that one, all the other dragon bodies had four claws. Such was one of the many differences between the nine Genuine Dragons, all of which the Celestial Position race had detailed in carving the heavenly bodies, down to every characteristic.

Some of them had two tendrils while others had eight, some dragons had only two horns while others had four.

Extending his hands into the air, Master Feng yelled at all of the dragons' souls, "Now is the time!"

It had been an age that the dragons spent dreaming of regaining their physical bodies.

The new bodies built by heavenly essence weren't weaker than their original bodies. In some aspects, they were even more powerful. But one fatal weakness remained — they couldn't be used for cultivation, so the dragons couldn't improve their cultivation levels in these bodies.

If they had to live with such bodies in their remaining lives, the only aspect they could improve on in the future was their souls.

Nonetheless, they had no choice but to remain in the powerful heavenly bodies — they were undoubtedly their best options.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The souls of the nine Genuine Dragons spiraled in the air and entered their new bodies one after another.

The heavenly bodies were all carved out perfectly, so much that they looked almost identical to the nine living dragons. Only their eyes differed.

Before the bodies were occupied by the souls, the eyes on them were vacant without the might of the Genuine Dragons.

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon was the first to occupy his new body. After a fierce tremble, the heavenly body began rolling in the air.

Soon, a peculiar light flashed in the dragon's eyes. From this light, the powerful aura of the Five-clawed Golden Dragon was sensed.

Such was the aura of a real dragon!

Whoosh!

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon twisted his new body and began ascending into the sky.

But instead of flying up, he crawled toward it.

As his robust claws landed in the air, they gathered up power from the Space Law and created an invisible wall for him to climb up. As he crawled up into the sky, his claws would flash with a silver light when they landed steadily into air.

It wasn't long before he surpassed the Supreme Lords that were floating in the air.

Then, he raised his enormous head and roared deafeningly at the sky.

The deafening roar reverberated through the entire Breaking Cloud World. Even those inside the supreme world channel at the edge of the supreme world could hear his roar loud and clear.

After the Five-clawed Golden Dragon merged successfully with his heavenly body, the heavenly bodies of the other Genuine Dragons followed suit and came to life.

The cyan dragon, the red dragon, the green dragon…

After being occupied by the Genuine Dragons' souls, the colors of the bodies changed accordingly.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Following the Five-clawed Golden Dragon, they ascended into the sky, raising their heads.

Their loud and penetrating roars resounded throughout the sky.

Each of the Genuine Dragons had the strength to face a Supreme Lord.

While they were stronger than ordinary Supreme Lords in terms of physical strength and theurgy, they couldn't carry the Heavenly Destinies. In this universe, only the highest levels of the Laws of Causality were considered powerful martial arts.

Needless to say, the Genuine Dragon race had some special theurgies to them, equal to the Heavenly Destinies.

Since the Genuine Dragons had obtained their heavenly bodies successfully, they were to be of great help to the human race.

After the Five-clawed Golden Dragon stopped his howls, he twisted his huge body and turned to face Zen.

Compared to the great head of the Five-clawed Golden Dragon, Zen was a mere fly. The dragon's eyes were a dozen feet in size, much larger than Zen's entire body.

With a soft smile, Zen looked into the dragon's eyes sincerely.

The souls of the nine Genuine Dragons had been hiding deep within his brain for a long time, ever since the very beginning of his long journey. There had been some disagreements between him and the Five-clawed Golden Dragon, but now Zen felt reluctant to part with their souls. Although they mostly remained silent, they had always given Zen the help and guidance he needed at his most critical moments.

"We, Genuine Dragons, were originally Holy Mike's contractual legendary beasts. Since he is now on the brink of death, we must do what we can to help him. You are Holy Mike's son and now, we regard you as our new master."

After a legendary beast formed a soul contract with a warrior, they became the latter's contractual beast. A portion of both parties' souls became closely intertwined with each other.

Such a contract existed between Mike and the Genuine Dragons. He had their absolute obedience, allowing no betrayal or resistance.

Even though they were willing to accept Zen as their master, they couldn't become his official contractual beasts.

With a nod, he gave the Five-clawed Golden Dragon a smile and said, "I believe we can overcome this crisis! Believe in my luck and that of my father as well."

Although the havoc raised by the Sacred race could have been the end of the Supreme Lords in the universe, it was a new starting point for Zen.

He was well aware that all these things had originated from the divine land — in order to change the fate of the universe, he would have to someday enter the divine land.

After gaining their new bodies, the dragons had to hide themselves in the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place — one other disadvantage of the heavenly bodies was their inability to transform themselves into humans. It was all they could do to hide their huge bodies in the mountains.

After helping the dragons obtain their new bodies, Zen began planning the war against the Demon Night race. Still, there was something he had to figure out.

In his mansion at the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place, Zen found a rock to sit quietly on.

Shutting his eyes, he scanned certain memories in his mind.

In the past, these memories recorded only the information of a great world.

Four years ago, these memories had expanded a million times for the sake of the sorcerer race. This was because Zen had fused with the wills of a million great worlds.

Three years ago, these wills had extended through the ascending passageways and spread across the supreme worlds. Steadily and quickly, they had covered many parts of the universe, but Zen still had yet to scan through their memories after returning from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Now, he was taken aback by what he found out through these memories.

The wills of the one million great worlds had covered over six thousand supreme worlds in the Upper World.

This included all the supreme worlds belonging to the ogres and the Demon Night race.

Theoretically, Zen could obtain all information about the Demon Night race in the past years, including pieces from Lavender's birth up until her coronation as the queen.

The entire Demon Night race no longer held any secrets from Zen — he needed to pick out important details that were favorable for his next plans.

Chapter 1982 Taking Action

A portion of the news regarding the Demon Night race and the ogres had already reached Zen through the Celestial Position race.

Although the three great human forces weren't participating, they still paid considerable attention to the war between the races.

Never had the two races been in harmony since the remote ages. Their supreme worlds intersected and for many years, there had never been a lack of warfare, including the full-fledged battles.

Three great battles were recorded in history, namely 'Battle of the Setting Sun, ' 'Battle of Slaughtering the Ogres, ' and the 'Bloody Battle of the Illusory Spirit World.' In these great battles, the ogre and Demon Night races had sent out hundreds of millions of people to battle, where several Supreme Lords had fallen to death.

The 'Battle of Slaughtering the Ogres' involved the joint attack of the Demon Night race and the Humanity Alliance on the ogres—the latter sustained great losses.

According to history, the ogres normally played less than brilliant roles.

The reckless, brutal, aggressive race wasn't welcomed in the universe—whether large or small the force, all were wary of the ogres.

But this time, facing the Sacred race's invasion, the ogres had a sudden burst of courage and uprightness, wanting to resist the Sacred race even to death—it was a rather rare occasion for them to play a positive role

As it turned out, the Demon Night race suddenly declared war on the humans before joining the Sacred race.

'According to Holy Drew's conjecture, the Demon Night race was created by Murphy to be his hidden palms in the Evolutionary Universe. Does this mean that the ogre race was created by my father as a precaution?"

As he continued searching for information, Zen thought long and hard about the situation.

Looking at the big picture, the possibility was quite high. Creating a race was an easy feat for Holy Beings. Zen just couldn't wrap his head around why Mike would create the cruel and infuriating race of the ogres.

In the current state of things, the Demon Night race had completely given up on their territory—their two queens had led the elite and rushed towards the center of the universe.

But if the Demon Night race wanted to enter the Thoughtless Minds' territory, they first had to pass through the ogres' territory. Otherwise, they could join the Sacred race and enter the Thoughtless Minds through the Dark World.

Unfortunately for them, the ogres easily discovered this route as well. They then set up layers of defenses in the two worlds adjacent to the Dark World.

After a few routes were blocked, the Demon Night race's advance was forcibly dragged down.

But during this process, the ogres had paid a considerable price.

Now, the entire race was also out while all the elites were placed in the Bloody Evil World, blocking Shania's team. At the time, the Queen of Punishment was leading another team, planning to join forces with Shania. Such was the sign of an oncoming fierce battle.

After Zen got a hold of the situation, he continued obtaining information from the worlds' will.

Although he held deep feelings for the Demon Night race, this time, he was afraid that once he launched his attacks, they would sever their friendship. Back then, he had also made promises to both Amber and Hailey which in this situation, Zen didn't know how to fulfill.

With his eyes shut, Zen continued circulating the tremendous amount of information within the worlds' will.

To understand the root cause, he used all his strength to collect memories about Elena. The pictures flickered in Zen's mind.

He saw the birth of an ordinary baby girl of the Demon Night race—she was Elena. Her bloodline had the entire race shocked—she was of extremely pure blood of the ancient Demon Night race, qualifying her for the throne.

Scenes of Elena's life concentrated into dynamic pictures, each of which was drilled into Zen's very soul. In the end, a scene from two years ago appeared.

At that very moment, Elena's Soul-sealing Needle had awoken.

Zen was in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, accepting the refinement of Holy Drew, while Lavender used her great willpower to erase the needle along with all her other memories.

Soon, Zen saw the scene of Elena gathering the members of the Demon Night race. He saw their incredulous expressions and the strong resistance they held against Elena. Even the Supreme Lords of the Demon Night didn't seem to approve of her decisions.

"Oh, I see," Zen murmured as the realization came over him.

Just as what Holy Drew had said, the making of the Soul-sealing Needles was an extremely complicated process. Even Murphy, who was a Holy Being, couldn't seal the needles into too many people.

For generations, that Soul-sealing Needle had only been passed down the souls of the queens of the Demon Night race. In the end, it was activated in Elena and Latonia's generation.

So this declaration of war against the human race and joining the Sacred race were entirely under the two queens' orders. The other people of the Demon Night weren't affected by the Soul-sealing Needle.

It was known that the Demon Night race's members regarded themselves as a part of their own universe. While they originally hated the Sacred race, they had no choice but to obey the queens' orders.

"If that's the case, we only need to kill Elena and Shania." Zen's eyes turned cold as he took out the Teleportation Token.

Although the Supreme Lords might have had some misgivings towards the Demon Night race, they were willing to pool their strength against the Sacred race.

When Zen returned, he hadn't displayed his full strength. Now was the time to do so, and the Demon Night race was to be Zen's first target.

In one world of the Demon Night race was a place called Prison Island.

One by one, cyan soldering iron pillars rose up from the ground like huge chimneys.

In the air above the Prison Island, a brilliant light suddenly shone.

It wasn't lighting—it was the Space Law Storm.

The instant the storm was released, a figure shot out from within.

In Prison Island were kept the most important prisoners of the Demon Night race—most of them were people who had been imprisoned under the orders of the Queen of Punishment herself. None were nameless.

It was to be expected that the guards of the prison were especially strong.

In the past, Prison Island had 12 world lords of the Demon Night race guarding it in turns.

But with Elena and Shania having convened nearly all the powerful warriors of the Demon Night race, there were only two world lords left to guard the prisoners.

On the tallest observation platform of the island, Fannie, a world lord of the Demon Night race, carried a longbow as tall as her on her back as she looked at the blazing white storm in the sky.

Her eyes turned a pale yellow and she began seeing three red dots circling the sky. The three dots eventually converged into one and locked onto the figure rapidly descending from the sky.

"Intruder! A human warrior! Go to hell!"

Even the warriors of the Demon Night race would be killed if they approached the Prison Island so casually, let alone a human intruder.

Fannie didn't hesitate as she gently waved her slender arms. In an instant, the longbow was already drawn and an azure spiral began condensing on the bowstring.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Under the convergence of the spiral, a fluctuation of energy appeared that could cause one's heart to palpitate.

Whoosh!

The spiral left a ten-thousand-foot-long trail in the air as it shot towards the figure in a fierce and precise speed.

Though her opponent was a world lord, he couldn't dodge her arrow.

Fannie was rather confident in her archery skills—the longbow in her hand was a first-rank divine weapon, gifted to her by the island's master before leaving.

The spiral grew closer and closer until it finally hit the target accurately before exploding. The turbulence created a violent storm, completely annihilating the target.

"Is he dead?" Fannie murmured to herself as she stared at the sky.

When the storm dissipated, she saw a figure descend—or perhaps, the figure was falling.

'He should be dead already. The human world lord can't even withstand a single blow. How weak, ' Fannie thought. Hefting her longbow, she jumped into the air like an agile rabbit. Then, she flew nimbly through the air, heading straight for her target.

Just as her target fell to the ground, Fannie arrived at his side. But at the sight of the target, her expression turned incredulous.

The human world lord was lying in a large hole he had caused, slowly climbing to his feet. Then, he raised his head to give Fannie a smile.

The man was completely unharmed.

A chill ran down her spine as Fannie saw the scene. Immediately, she raised her hand and shot out an arrow.

Condensing an arrow, drawing the bow, aiming at the target, shooting the arrow…such movements had already become instinctual to Fannie. With all this happening in a single breath, there was simply no time for the opponent to even react.

Crash!

The huge pit before them had burst out another storm and expanded to over twice its original size. When the storm dissipated, the figure of the human who had just fallen into the pit appeared once again. All the while, he wore a faint smile on his face, completely unharmed.

Chapter 1983 Looking For Someone

The scene in front of the Demon Night world lord was certainly something that she did not expect.

This strange human youth survived, but he didn't use any theurgy at all!

He did not use the protective life vitality nor other skills to protect him.

She had successfully hit him with her arrow within a distance of less than 100 feet. Yet there he was, perfectly undamaged.

The man who was supposed to have died in the huge pit was alive. Was he a human or a monster?

He slowly rose from the huge pit and walked forward. Fannie didn't feel any killing intent from him.

What she didn't know was Zen didn't actually want to engage in a senseless massacre. Even if Murphy had created the Demon Night race, they all grew up together in the same universe and became one with it. They were a part of the universe literally and figuratively.

Now, the key to the Demon Night race lay in the Soul-sealing Needles buried deep in the three queens' souls.

Zen wouldn't think twice about killing his opponent if they happened to be a Sacred world lord. However, he wouldn't take action if they were a member of the Demon Night race.

"Don't attack again, I mean no harm," Zen said as he walked towards the woman. Fannie kept a tight grip on her longbow. Her body was as tense as a tightly drawn bowstring as her feet shuffled on the ground.

Her movements were a unique footwork of the archers. She constantly moved backwards as Zen moved forward, careful to maintain a distance of about 100 feet from him.

However, she did not fire a third arrow. If the first two arrows couldn't damage this young man, could the third arrow kill him?

At that point, she was quite at a loss.

She had already identified Zen as an enemy, which meant she had to attack him with all her strength.

Yet, she didn't feel any hostility from him, which she also found strange. "Those who trespass on Prison Island will die! What's your purpose?!" Fannie demanded and remained vigilant.

"I'm looking for someone," Zen replied as he walked.

"All the prisoners on Prison Island are here by the queens' orders. There's no one you're looking for. Stop!" Fannie shouted.

Even if she threatened him with warnings and her weapon, Zen didn't seem bothered.

He simply continued to walk at an even pace.

Just then, Fannie suddenly heard a life vitality message. "Let's attack together and kill him!" said the voice.

Apparently, the one who had spoken was the other world lord of the Demon Night race on the Prison Island, Sammy.

Sammy was slightly stronger compared to Fannie.

Perhaps they might have a chance against Zen if they worked together.

Fannie was also a decisive person. She immediately acted once she had made a final decision.

Dust was swept off the ground as her speed was suddenly increased by several times. She moved backwards as the two ends of her longbow expanded, where six black blades appeared. The longbow looked like it had unfurled its wings as a ray of light illuminated its surface.

Hiss!

Her fingertip glowed a golden light, then it turned into a short golden arrow.

The golden arrow made a slight clicking noise before golden wind blades appeared and encircled it.

"Perfection Storm Arrow!"

Thanks to her comprehension of the profound mysteries of the ninth layer of the Wind Law, she was able to perfectly fuse them into her archery.

Woo! Woo! Woo!

The golden wind blades spun around the golden arrow like a turbine and emitted a sound that resembled the howling of wolves.

Whoosh!

The bowstring was pulled taut, and then the arrow flew forwards in a straight line towards Zen.

"Are you still not dodging?"

Fannie had created the Perfection Storm Arrow herself. She was extremely proud of it as it was also her strongest attack.

However, she began to have second thoughts after she fired that arrow.

While she hoped that she could hit and kill Zen, she was also worried about this monster's terrifying defensive abilities. If her arrow hit him straight on the head but he would still be unharmed, she would definitely be frustrated.

But just as Fannie fired her arrow, a black figure appeared.

The black figure wore a black, skin-tight nightgown. It left a blurry shadow-like image before it disappeared completely, like a ghost.

Meanwhile, the golden arrow quickly hit Zen straight on the chest.

The golden wind blades that circled the arrow wrapped around Zen's body like a shadow. Then, they began to cut and slice into his body like mad!

At the same time, that black figure appeared again behind Zen without a sound. The figure held a silver dagger and stabbed Zen's back.

At that moment, Zen's whole body was entirely covered with golden wind blades. World lords considered those golden wind blades to be extremely powerful. However, they wouldn't damage the black figure since the black figure had sneaked into the back of the world.

Ding!

The short silver dagger dug into Zen's back. A crisp sound was heard, but even his clothes remained undamaged.

The wind blades dissipated and the black shadow retreated. The figure stood side by side with Fannie.

While the black figure was dressed in all black, the exposed skin was alabaster. She was the other world lord who guarded the Prison Island, Sammy.

She raised her head to meet Zen's eyes in a serious stare.

She had a deep understanding of assassination and had coordinated with Fannie to try to kill the human youth in a single strike. She had an accurate grasp of about everything related to stealth murder, whether it was timing or speed.

She didn't expect that even this person's clothes hadn't been pierced through.

"You two, you can stop now. I'm really just here to look for someone," Zen said as the smile on his face began to fade a little.

The two world lords of the Demon Night race now held no anger towards this invulnerable world lord. Fannie clearly understood their disparity in strength, so she asked, "Who are you looking for?"

"Her name is Amber, and she is imprisoned on this island," said Zen.

"Amber?" Sammy arched one fine brow.

Those who were imprisoned in the Prison Island were not ordinary, but there were a few exceptions. The two world lords clearly knew about Amber because among those who had been sentenced to the punishment of corrosion, Amber had the lowest cultivation level, being only at the Soul Sea Realm.

Except her, most were at the Spirit Transformation Realm. There were even a few world lords.

Back when Amber was first brought to the prison, many of them felt odd after they knew that she was a newly-ascended warrior. They all wondered how this newly-ascended warrior offended their queen.

"Why are you looking for her?" Fannie asked. Zen smiled, "To save her, of course."

"Prisoners on the Prison Island are only qualified to be taken away at the queens' personal orders," Sammy interjected in a cold voice.

"You aren't strong enough to stop me," Zen replied. At those words, the two world lords quickly turned silent.

This human youth in front of them was strangely calm.

They had already used their most powerful moves on him without holding back.

Yet, he never once showed any intention of retaliating at all.

He wasn't exaggerating; they truly were no match to him.

"Even if we aren't, we won't give up," Sammy said in a tone even firmer than Fannie's.

Although all the elites of the Demon Night race were out in the war, as the guardians of the Prison Island, they would not cower in the face of an intruder.

On the other hand, Fannie just looked at Zen. After she had fully sized him up, she suddenly felt that this human youth's voice was quite familiar.

He had a world lord's cultivation level, and possessed such terrifying strength at only a young age. There weren't many warriors like him in the entire universe.

"Who are you?" Fannie asked. Zen smiled. He had no intention of hiding anything at all.

"I am Zen Luo."

'Hmmm, it makes sense now, ' Fannie thought.

Her guess was verified; he really was the famed young warrior, Zen.

Sammy stared at Zen in a daze. She knew that his voice had often echoed throughout the universe. Moreover, his grudge towards Elena was also well-known.

However, the most important thing was that Zen had another queen of the Demon Night race with him.

"Don't resist. It's meaningless. I don't want to implicate the innocent," Zen said. His calm gaze swept over the two women before he turned around and chose a direction to walk in.

It wasn't difficult to find Amber through the will of worlds, so he was very clear about her location.

The two world lords behind him briefly looked at each other, and finally decided to give up. They no longer attacked Zen but at the same time, the human youth piqued their curiosity.

This should be Zen's first time on the Prison Island, so why was he able to pinpoint where Amber was?

After Zen had travelled through miles of the soldering iron pillars, he finally stopped in front of one huge soldering iron pillar.

Tied onto the iron pillar's surface was Amber, whose entire body was covered with corrosion marks. Her long hair reached the ground and her eyes were tightly shut. Upon closer inspection, Zen saw that her soul had also weakened.

When he saw her appearance, guilt bubbled up in his chest.

Zen had given Amber hope and had promised that he would take her out of the hellish prison in three years, but his past situation and strength did not allow him to do so. And so, Amber had suffered for much longer.

Chapter 1984 The Rain Of Pain

"Drip, drip, drip..."

The repetitive pit-a-pat of the black raindrops on the ground filled the area.

The Prison Island was located in a black sea, whose seawater was extremely corrosive. No living beings could survive in it.

The seawater rose and evaporated until the water coagulated in the air and gathered above the Prison Island. Those water drops turned into the very raindrops that splattered on the ground.

The Demon Night called such type of corrosive rain as the Rain of Pain. The seventh-generation Queen of Punishment had invented a new kind of artistic punishment upon her discovery of the place and the rain, which was second only to the Punishment of Eternal Night.

"Buzz, Buzz."

Two light chirping sounds were heard in the air before Fannie and Sammy, who both stood behind Zen, condensed a protective life vitality. The raindrops that fell on their protective life vitality hissed with sizzling sounds. It turned out that the Rain of Pain was corroding their protective life vitality.

Even though they were world lords, they didn't dare make contact with the Rain of Pain. If such a level of corrosive rain could melt gold and pierce iron, it was also able to fully touch a martial artist's pain. Needless to say, the pain was immensely incomparable.

Meanwhile, Zen was showered with the raindrops but didn't react at all.

The water drops slid along his skin and did not corrode his body. The raindrops even seemed to be like ordinary water on him.

When the two world lords of the Demon Night race saw the scene, confusion dawned on their faces.

Just what was Zen's physical body made of?

The two world lords guarded the island. They even needed to protect their first-rank divine weapons from the Rain of Pain as well.

Yet, Zen didn't seem to be affected as he completely ignored the Rain of Pain!

"Swish!"

A raindrop fell on Amber's body.

Amber, who was originally suspended above the ground, suddenly trembled and groaned in pain.

At the same time, numerous pained howls reverberated off the confines of the Prison Island.

Prolonged exposure to agony could numb a person's sense of pain. Such was a martial artist's form of self-protection.

On one hand, the huge pillars on the Prison Island actually contained the strong Life Law. Those pillars were made by the seventh generation Queen of Life and were actually trees of divine weapon level. Those trees were also prone to damage from the Rain of Pain, but they could use the Life Law to restore their own bodies and also the warriors who were tied to the pillars.

The only difference was that the trees which were used to make the pillars were resistant to pain, while the martial artists who were tied to them suffered from it.

"Ahh..."

Black water droplets splashed against Amber's body. A few black holes scarred her usually snow-white back, and a faint white mist rose out of them.

At that moment, the pillar released an immense amount of life energy and the holes on Amber's body were quickly healed. The newly patched up flesh in different colors became smoother.

Yet at the same time her flesh had been repaired, more raindrops fell and the newly repaired flesh was corroded again, and then repaired once more.

The cycle was endless, and it was also the most painful.

The entire Prison Island was like a purgatory. Countless members of the Demon Night race all howled in various screams of pained cries and curses. Some of them, like Amber, managed to remain silent.

Zen walked forward and with a light flick of his hand, he put an invisible force above Amber's head. The moment the raindrops splattered down, Zen's invisible force repelled them.

The Life Law inside the pillar then restored Amber's broken skin within ten seconds. Yet, her eyes had yet to open.

It didn't take long when Amber finally felt something strange.

As long as the pillar emitted life energy, the Rain of Pain wouldn't stop. The past few years were no exception.

Amber stretched out a hand and brushed a strand of hair away from her face. Her eyes abruptly fluttered open, and in front of her was a handsome young man.

Amber was slightly stunned as she stared openly at Zen.

Ever since they had parted ways in the Illusion Battlefield, Zen's promise had been engraved in Amber's heart. It served as her greatest motivation to keep living.

Every time someone's voice rang out through the universe by means of the Roaring Token, Amber had always listened carefully no matter how painful it was.

Yet as time passed by and the situation progressed, Amber realized that things had only gotten more and more disadvantageous.

While she might have not known much, she knew that there was a race called the Sacred race that had waged a war against the humans through the Roaring Token. She also found out that the Demon Night race and the Sacred race had formed an alliance, which made everything more complicated.

Three years had quickly passed by, but Zen did not arrive at the scheduled time.

Then again, Amber had never received any news about Zen's death. She knew how Zen was and as long as he was alive, he would never give up.

Just recently, Zen's voice rang out once more. His message was a declaration of war against the Sacred race. In that case, he might not be able to save Amber and even after a few years, he still probably wouldn't be qualified to fight against the Demon Night race.

But Amber never expected to see Zen in only less than a month. She even suspected that she was dreaming.

However, dreams did not exist in the Prison Island. Besides, no one could even sleep a wink in such painful conditions. Even if they were able to, it would only be full of nightmares.

"Zen, you..."

There was confusion in Amber's eyes, because behind Zen were the two world lords of the Demon Night race as well.

Zen smiled faintly at Amber with apologetic eyes. "I'm sorry. I'm late."

After he finished speaking, he gently tapped his finger.

The vine which bound Amber tightly was instantly broken into pieces. Amber quickly fell down, her body lying limp on the ground.

The many years of being eroded by the Rain of Pain had left her completely naked. Her cheeks bloomed red when she faced Zen and she struggled to keep her long legs together. At the same time, she stared at the two world lords behind Zen and croaked, "But they..."

Zen's sudden entry into the Prison Island should've warranted an arrest by the prison guards. However, there were two world lords with him right now who didn't seem to stop him at all.

Zen brought out a thick blanket from his space ring and draped it around Amber's body. "It's alright. They can't defeat me," he said with a smile.

Nevertheless, Amber lowered her head to stare at the ground. Even if they couldn't beat Zen, they shouldn't just watch her like that.

Moreover, Zen's answer just made her even more perplexed.

Of course, Amber did not know anything. It wasn't that those two world lords didn't want to stop Zen; but rather, Zen was far too powerful for them. Zen could kill them very easily.

A battle against the two world lords would simply be a child's play for him. It didn't matter if they used all the means they had; Zen could still deal with them effortlessly. Therefore, why would they even bother?

Now, they could only stand behind Zen and watch.

Elena implemented extremely strict rules. All of the prisoners in the Prison Island were not allowed to escape. If Zen took Amber away, the two world lords would most likely receive severe punishments.

All the elites of the Demon Night race were currently out for the battle. In any case, Elena didn't have the time and energy to manage the Prison Island for the time being.

After Zen had saved Amber, he turned around to face the two world lords of the Demon Night and asked, "Do you know why I didn't kill you?"

In turn, the two world lords cautiously glanced at each other.

They had seen the extent of Zen's power. They clearly knew that it was indeed impossible for them to even compare to him!

"Because I consider the Demon Night members as my friends," Zen surprisingly said with a smile.

If the two Demon Night world lords had been surprised by Zen's expression just moments ago, they were now completely flabbergasted.

"Although the Demon Night betrayed the entire universe, the ones who betrayed the universe aren't you, but your queens." Zen's voice gradually turned cold as he spoke, "The Demon Night doesn't only have two queens, and there is a third one..."

Just then, traces of blood-red light glowed in Zen's eyes together with a malicious aura. He suddenly seemed to inherit Lavender's aura as he continued, "I will represent the Queen of Killings and eliminate the two other queens!"

Amber, who was still wrapped in the blanket, looked at Zen's broad back. Her face immediately lit up when she heard Zen's words, followed by a gratified smile.

As for the two world lords, they took a deep breath.

In the past, any member of the Demon Night would undoubtedly punish any reckless person who dared to make such rude remarks to protect their queens' honor. They were even willing to sacrifice their own lives. Besides, those two world lords behind Zen belonged to the Saint Chain Sect, which supported the Queen of Punishment.

However, what Elena had done made the Demon Night a notorious race for betraying the entire universe.

Chapter 1985 Tearing The Cloud

When a force of the human race reached its peak, it would form either a divine kingdom or a sacred place.

The other races in the universe were about the same and approximately on the same level, but the Demon Night was rather special. Strictly speaking, the Demon Night was similar to the secret sect in the Thoughtless Minds.

However, the secret sects in the Thoughtless Minds were only present for absorbing Faith Energy, and never developed to the point of being capable of ruling over a force. The larger and smaller secret sects were still there, serving the four great clans.

As for the Demon Night though, they were under complete control of the three queens.

Of course, the cause of this kind of social structure was in Murphy. His goal was to use his Soul-sealing Needle to have the three queens lead the Demon Night to rebellion.

Yes, the Demon Night was absolutely loyal to their queens. However, they, as intelligent creatures, disagreed from the depths of their bones with their queens' actions.

Lavender, however, still hadn't returned to her throne. The Demon Night members couldn't disobey the orders given by the other two queens, and therefore had to brace themselves and follow them instead.

Even though Fannie and Sammy belonged to the Saint Chain Sect, their hearts became agitated when they heard Zen speak.

If they had a different queen, the Demon Night would probably thrive.

At that very moment, both of them were sharing this same thought.

Whether it was rational or emotional, they were willing to side with both the human race and Zen.

And yet, they equally couldn't betray their queens!

The Demon Night's traitors were also known as "the queens' abandoned children", and would be regarded as the greatest disgrace to their clan. It was safe to say that a good majority of the Demon Night members would rather bear the most painful punishment than betray their queens! From the moment they were born, the pride of being a follower to their queens had already been engraved in their hearts.

Thus, when this idea came to Fannie and Sammy, they felt frightened by their own thoughts. Coming from them, this kind of thinking was simply outrageous!

Once the idea had been born though, it became impossible to restrain. The idea grew uncontrollable and went berserk.

"We... We won't, we can't betray our queens," Fannie stated and shook her head stubbornly.

"Not now, but who knows what will happen in the future," said Zen in a flat tone, looking up at the sky.

In the air above the sea, his eyes had settled on a massive black cloud. This cloud had gathered on the Prison Island, forming a storm of its own. A Rain of Pain was falling…

All of a sudden, Zen rose up from the ground in a brisk motion, his hands violently spiraling.

The nine stars in his body slowly rotated and an invisible force began circling between his two hands.

The power of the attack suddenly struck out, distorting the surrounding space!

Whoosh!

Zen clenched his fist and quickly punched it toward the sky.

BOOM!

A muffled sound came from above.

The black cloud once hovering atop the Prison Island was instantly torn apart by this tremendous force. Like shredded cloth, the cloud dispersed almost immediately in strips that scattered in all directions.

Seconds later, the storm had completely dissipated, and the falling black rain had stopped.

Zen lowered his head and swept his gaze over the two world lords. His figure suddenly flashed as he charged toward another pillar!

Fannie and Sammy obviously knew what Zen was attempting to do. Sammy frowned as she tried to rush over. Before she got anywhere though, Fannie reached out and grabbed her. She shook her head and said, "You can't stop him…"

"B-but...," Sammy stammered. "We can't let him do that!" Sammy was now shouting angrily.

Fannie stood her ground though, shaking her head. "The current situation isn't something we have control over anymore. Maybe… maybe what he said was right."

There was no right or wrong when it came to racial conflict. From the Demon Night's perspective, Zen was definitely their enemy. But just now though, Zen had greatly influenced them with Lavender's aura.

Zen sped toward another pillar. On this one, a Demon Night world lord was bound tightly.

From the pillar, the world lord raised his head to look up at the dissipating black cloud, his eyes revealing a look of astonishment. It seemed to him as though the cloud had been dispersed by a person, but how could something like that happen here on the Prison Island?

While he was still trying to process his astonishment, an extremely fast figure dove over from the side and stopped right in front of him.

"What? Could it be? A human being?!" The world lord's facial features were now distorted with confusion.

Zen waved his hand gently and the vine binding the world lord broke apart. He didn't pause a moment longer before moving on to the next pillar in line.

The people he was rescuing were all prisoners of the Demon Night. Moreover, those who were locked up on the Prison Island were said to be great sinners to the Demon Night. They were thus imprisoned here for a variety of strange reasons.

Many of them had high cultivation base; most of them were at the Spirit Transformation Realm, and another portion of them were even world lords!

After being rescued though, the Demon Night members were still extremely weak. Thanks to their cultivation base however, they recovered their strength quite quickly. It wasn't before long that a few of the world lords regained enough of their mobility to head toward Zen.

And that was when Amber also decided to stand up. She looked around at her clansmen, who were slowly closing in on her. She didn't say anything because she had no idea what Zen was planning to do.

The gathered members of the Demon Night now glared at Sammy and Fannie, hatred written all over their faces.

No matter the reason why these Demon Night members were imprisoned here, Elena would always remain the root cause. Therefore, these martial artists held a great enmity towards the Saint Chain Sect; and they only instinctively held a hostile attitude towards Sammy and Fannie as well.

The Demon Night members' strength hadn't completely recovered: The life vitality in their bodies hadn't yet condensed and the ability to take action was still nonexistent.

Once everyone from the Demon Night on the Prison Island had gathered, Zen looked around and asked, "Are you willing to follow me?"

"Who are you? And why did you save us?" a world lord of the Demon Night asked bewildered, staring at Zen.

"We, the Demon Night, will not follow a human," stated another world lord, speaking for everyone.

Despite being in such a terrible situation, the Demon Night members still remained noble. Even in dire straits, together, they would face it very gracefully. They might have had nowhere to go, but there was no way in hell that they'd casually follow a human.

BUZZZZ...

The red light in Zen's eyes flickered slightly. In this type of position, he knew his only option was to use Lavender's soul once again.

"What if I can represent the Queen of Killings?" Zen asked, with confidence in his voice.

"You're..."

"Humph! How could a mere human world lord represent our queen?"

"Wait a second! Why do you suddenly have our queen's aura? How is that possible?"

On the Prison Island, there were quite a few warriors from the Saint Spear Sect, and they had supported Lavender the entire time. What was more, they had originally been sent to the Prison Island by Elena because they kept resisting.

They were familiar with Lavender's aura, which was an impossible one to fake!

"Because he is Zen Luo, and our queen is attached to him!" Amber suddenly said, in a matter of fact tone.

Upon hearing Amber's words, all of the Demon Night's martial artists present immediately figured out what exactly was going on. Their eyes each filled with awe as they looked at Zen in amazement.

Although they were imprisoned here, the verbal battle between Zen and Elena had spread throughout the entire universe several years ago, and they too had heard it clearly. Zen was Amber's hope, and similarly, he was also their sliver of hope. If Zen were to return with Lavender and even helped her return to her throne, then they would someday be free from oppression.

"If our queen's soul still exists, why can't she show herself?" asked one of the world lords.

It was true that in the past, Lavender could show herself in the form of the sword spirit.

This time though, she was nothing more than a soul fragment attached to Zen's body. She had even lost her memories. But then, how was it possible for Zen to make her show up?

"There's something wrong with her soul..." Zen couldn't explain it thoroughly. If Lavender hadn't erased the Soul-sealing Needle, she'd have ended up being just like Elena, who chose to be the entire universe's enemy at all costs. However, erasing the Soul-sealing Needle caused her to lose all her memories.

Zen continued, "If you're willing to follow me, I will take you to meet someone, an important man!"

"Who is he?"

"Is he a member of our Demon Night?"

The people of the Demon Night pressed on with their questions, anxiously.

Zen nodded his head and replied, "A Supreme Lord of your Demon Night, Leroy."

The three queens were the true leaders of the Demon Night, but Supreme Lord in the Demon Night wasn't anything to be scoffed at either. As a member of the Demon Night, Supreme Lord Leroy had both a high status and great charisma.

In order to avoid Elena's encirclement, Supreme Lord Leroy went into hiding. He thus remained in hiding for many, many years, never revealing himself until now.

The crux of the issue was that Supreme Lord Leroy also belonged to the Saint Spear Sect. Most of the people present were members of the Saint Spear Sect, so they were naturally eager to see Leroy in person.

"Where is he?" someone asked again.

"I want to see him!" another warrior cried.

Everyone expressed their utmost desire to see Supreme Lord Leroy.

Finding this Supreme Lord was already a part of Zen's plan. He nodded to the crowd and said, "Everyone, follow me and I will lead you directly to Supreme Lord Leroy!"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1986 The Collapse Of Belief

No secrets could be kept from Zen in the areas covered by the will of the worlds.

It was therefore quite simple for Zen to find Supreme Lord Leroy's location of hiding.

This time, Zen's objective was very clear: to kill the two other queens of the Demon Night at the lowest of costs. After making the Demon Night abandon their attack, he would focus all his attention on fighting against the Sacred race.

Zen though, was an outsider after all, and there still hadn't been any reaction from Lavender's soul. All he could do now was place his hopes in the Demon Night's Supreme Lord Leroy.

The Demon Night members that were present had faces that were still brimming with confusion.

Supreme Lord Leroy had disappeared for many years. Ten years ago, it was unknown whether or not he was still alive at that time. Years had already passed since Supreme Lord Leroy had spoken through the Roaring Token, which proved that he hadn't died at the time. Zen had now suddenly told them that he could bring them to see Supreme Lord Leroy. For the Demon Night members, the latter was still very hard to believe.

On another note, it was undeniable that this human youth before them had Lavender's soul attached to him. This Zen guy probably knew more than what they had ever known. Hence, they couldn't help but feel a strong sense of anticipation.

Zen didn't say another word. He lightly flicked the Teleportation Token in his hand and a streak of blazing light appeared in front of him.

"Everyone, please follow me," said Zen, as he stepped into the vortex of light and disappeared right before their eyes.

The beam of blazing light continued to spin in front of everyone, like a gate leading to another strange world. Despite the magical sight, a trace of hesitation still pulsed through the group. Should they really follow a warrior from another race? After all, to a certain extent, following Zen was tantamount to betraying the Demon Night. To the loyal Demon Night members, this was even more painful than being tortured by the Punishment of Eternal Night.

Amber suddenly acted instinctively, without any hesitation at all. She walked toward the beam of light, her bare feet leading the way. Beneath the blazing white light, her snow-white face looked extremely beautiful. It was as if she was suddenly bathing in a pool of holy light. She spoke loudly, "I'm a Demon Night warrior that ascended from the Lower World!"

When the Demon Night members heard her speak, a confused expression appeared on their faces.

There were over three thousand Demon Night members that had been saved by Zen, and among them were over a thousand world lords as well as two grand world lords. These Demon Night warriors were practically all from noble families and great clans of the Demon Night race, and because they had offended Elena, they were imprisoned on the Prison Island.

In comparison, Amber came off as a misfit to them. She was only a Soul Sea Realm warrior and it seemed as though she had literally just stepped into the Soul Sea Realm not too long ago.

Now that they heard Amber confirm that she had ascended from the Lower World, a revelation came over the group concerning her ordinary cultivation level. Simultaneously, they were equally confused. Why exactly was there a Demon Night member of the Lower World imprisoned here on the Prison Island?

The Demon Night warriors had specifications for being locked up here! Not everyone was qualified to be taken to Prison Island.

"I watched Zen as he grew stronger. And even then, our Queen of Killings was already attached to him." Amber continued, "It was at that time that I offended the Queen of Punishment, so that's why I was imprisoned here.

Regarding the dispute between queens, I have no right to make any comment. What I can say is that I believe in Zen, not Lavender. He can carry the Demon Night out of this predicament!" Once her statement completed, Amber turned her head and entered the bright beam of light.

Amber's words were actually quite outrageous, if not to say ridiculous. She said she didn't believe in Lavender, but chose to believe in a human instead!

The faces of the Demon Night members became stunned at once.

There was a known proverb that spread in the language of the Demon Night race. If it was translated into straightforward words, it basically meant that although taking the life of a Demon Night member was simple, it would be very difficult to make them betray their own race.

Right now though, Amber was basically announcing that she had betrayed the Demon Night race and was going to follow a human warrior.

"I want to meet Supreme Lord Leroy!" One of the Demon Night world lords finally spoke, making up her mind. She walked towards the blazing light, her slender figure promptly disappearing into it.

"I want to see him, too..." A second member of the Demon Night race also walked over and went into the beam of light.

"I…"

Actually, for the most of them, they thought the same as Amber did. They might have chosen to believe Zen, but their experiences were different from Amber's, and they were therefore unwilling to speak out in front of everyone. Supreme Lord Leroy had become their best excuse for following Zen.

As a result, more and more members of the Demon Night race walked into the beam of light Zen had created.

It certainly didn't take long before all of the Demon Night's warriors had left, all except for Sammy and Fannie.

"Don't you want to stop them?" Sammy asked Fannie, who was beside her.

Fannie bit her lip hard. The taste of blood immediately spread to her mouth. "I'm not sure why, but I feel like they did the right thing."

The two of them belonged to the Saint Chain Sect and were followers of the Queen of Punishment. True, their stance was completely different, but right now, Fannie's heart began to waver.

"That's not an illusion," Sammy said with a smile. "I also have a feeling that they did the right thing."

At these words, Fannie turned her head and stared at Sammy, something strange happening in her eyes. Exchanging glares now, both could see the peculiar look that had come over them - as if a layer of paper had been pierced. It was as if a man and a woman in secret love with each other had finally seen through to each other's thoughts…

"Do you really want to go, too?"

"Yes, everyone else has gone already… No one is left here..."

"I'll come with you! Wait for me..."

In the space created by the Teleportation Token, over three thousand members of the Demon Night were now floating around. The Demon Night members looked around curiously, but they couldn't figure out what kind of space they found themselves in. It was as if all the supreme worlds in this entire universe were condensed into this space.

Zen continued to watch the beam of light. He chose not to close it, as if he was waiting for something.

"Everyone has already entered," Amber softly mentioned to Zen, as she floated beside him.

Zen smiled faintly. At that point, the white spinning light in front of him suddenly flashed, and a black figure floated out from the spinning light.

Not far behind the first, another red figure also appeared. It was Fannie and Sammy!

Many of the Demon Night world lords immediately raised their eyebrows, glaring at the two with hostility.

"Are you still trying to court death?" A grand world lord stared coldly at Fannie and Sammy. After the recovery period, the life vitality within this grand world lord's body had mostly been restored. Although she wasn't in her peak condition, protecting herself from the two world lords was far from being a problem. Moreover, there were thousands of Demon Night members behind her.

Sammy's brows furrowed and a trace of sternness appeared on her face. Upon noticing, Fannie pulled Sammy behind her and smiled amiably at the crowd. "I think… We should join you!"

To the Demon Night members, this was an era that had witnessed the collapse of their belief.

Elena's and Latonia's unpopular decision had already dragged the Demon Night into the abyss. The entire Demon Night race was filled with internal contradictions, but not a single one of them had stepped up to take the lead for a change.

If Lavender didn't erase the Soul-sealing Needle, then she too would be controlled by it. Before long, she would join the actions of Elena and Latonia.

Now, Zen was acting on Lavender's behalf in order to become the bellwether of the Demon Night.

When Murphy had originally created this race, he would have never expected something of the sort. He couldn't grasp the idea that a queen would be capable of escaping his control. Moreover, he hadn't thought that this queen would sacrifice tens of thousands of years, her great willpower and all of her memories in order to erase the Soul-sealing Needle!

Everyone followed behind Zen, as they all traveled through the space.

This space had almost marked the entire Upper World of the universe. It was like a huge map and it was impossible not to feel like a tiny speck of nothingness.

They were all very curious though. This emotion far outweighed the rest. They weren't aware of what this space was.

Soon, Zen selected a supreme world and opened a beam of blazing spinning light, right at the top of it. He was the first to enter!

One by one, the Demon Night members followed Zen into the blazing light. Upon seeing the world in front of them, their eyes were filled with disbelief. They finally understood that the space they had passed through had connected all the supreme worlds in the universe! Zen could travel through the universe at will!

"This... Is this the Purple Snow World?"

"Is it really possible that we just passed through over nine hundred supreme worlds?!"

"How did he even do it!?"

In this universe, only a few people knew of the magic of Teleportation Token. Nathan, Lucille, and a few of the others were all very surprised when they had traveled through the Teleportation Token, for example. They were Godly Geniuses after all, and they were used to seeing all kinds of magical weapons.

But the group of Demon Night members that had followed Zen here were different. Their eyes were filled with disbelief instead, especially the grand world lords.

Instantly crossing thousands of supreme worlds was only something that a Supreme Lord could achieve. Not just that, but even a Supreme Lord wouldn't be able to lead thousands of people in crossing such a long distance!

Chapter 1987 Scorching Sun Arrow

The Purple Snow World was located on the westernmost side of the Demon Night's territory. Here, there weren't any important mineral resources, and the vitality between heaven and earth wasn't very rich either. Overall, it couldn't be considered a strategic location.

Thus, within this supreme world, there wasn't even a tenth grade sacred place. There were only a few small sacred places of the Demon Night that had gathered in the Purple Snow World.

The only special characteristic of this world was its beautiful scenery. All year round, a light, fluffy, purple kind of snowflake floated here, covering the mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas. The entire place was coated with an illusory hue.

The Demon Night members remained stunned for a long while before they came back to their senses. One of the leading grand world lords asked Zen, "Is our Demon Night's Supreme Lord Leroy in the Purple Snow World?"

Back then, when the battle between the two queens ended, Supreme Lord Leroy had also been heavily injured, but he had escaped.

The Demon Night had also tried to find Supreme Lord Leroy, but this universe was simply too vast. If a Supreme Lord wanted to hide, there were plenty of ways to do so.

No one would have expected that Supreme Lord Leroy hadn't gotten out of the Demon Night's territory. Instead, he had been hiding in a large border supreme world.

As long as it was a supreme world occupied by the will of worlds, no secrets could get by Zen. He had discovered Supreme Lord Leroy's location after searching idly through the memories of worlds' will.

Zen simply nodded and said, "Everyone, follow me."

He couldn't guarantee that every Demon Night member that followed him was absolutely honest, but even if he revealed Supreme Lord Leroy's location now, it didn't matter much.

The universe's situation had already progressed to its final step. Whether it was the battle between the human race and the Demon Night, the human race and the Sacred race, the different races and the Sacred race, all of them were waiting for a showdown.

The Godly Genius of the Sacred race, Maha, had issued a challenge to fight within the Sunflower Water World in order to push everything toward a showdown as soon as possible.

Zen equally felt that it couldn't wait any longer. Before the showdown though, he had to get the Demon Night back on his side!

In the midst of the purple snow, Zen's body resembled a leaf, swiftly floating downward.

Meanwhile, Amber and the other members of the Demon Night followed closely behind.

Below the crowd was a huge mountain range. These snowy mountains were covered in purple, making them look like a sleeping dragon that stretched endlessly.

Once Zen had slowly sunk into the depths of the mountains, he immediately dipped into a valley created by two steep triangles.

Roar! Roar! Roar! Roar!

On both sides of the valley, a few gigantic, purple fierce bears could be heard roaring at the crowd in the sky. Their roars reverberated throughout the valley, giving off an extremely terrifying sound.

Zen led the way with an expressionless face, not giving in whatsoever to the bears' fierce provocation.

A Demon Night grand world lord glanced at the roaring bears and frowned in an instant. Two circles of red light, one big and one small, appeared in the grand world lord's pupils. The big circle of light started to shrink, and the small circle of light kept enlarging.

Suddenly, the two circles of light began to converge.

And as they did, a formless aura spread out from the grand world lord's body.

The instant the purple fierce bears came into contact with this aura, the originally noisy bears seemed to have met their greatest nemesis.

Ahhhooo...

The purple bears, no longer fierce, all turned around at the same time and retreated back into their individual caves, not daring to make another sound.

"Humph!" the Demon Night grand world lord coldly snorted and then chased downward after them. A Demon Night warrior, long locked up on Prison Island, definitely had an extraordinary strength and talent.

When he arrived at the bottom of the valley, Zen circled around however, he didn't find any entrance hiding here.

Supreme Lord Leroy had been hiding at this exact location for many years. As a Supreme Lord, once he was underground, he would have only naturally changed the layout of this place, sealing off all paths that led to his hideout.

If Zen couldn't find a path, he'd only have to create one for himself.

Zen found a flat spot in the rock and with a wave of his hand, all the surrounding snow was immediately blown away.

He then bent down and pressed his hand to the ground. With a light tap of his finger, a rumbling noise began to sound. Not long after, the ground beneath Zen's feet split open and a bottomless hole appeared.

Zen nodded at Amber, who was behind him, and slipped down into the big hole. Amber followed closely behind, and the rest of the Demon Night members didn't hesitate a moment longer. Since they had already followed Zen here, nothing would stop them now, even if it was dangerous.

That was when Zen, with a single tap of his finger, opened up a vertical well that ran as deep as ten miles!

When Zen reached the bottom of the deep well, he repeated the same movement, pointing downward. The well continued to stretch.

After repeating this over a hundred times, the deep well that extended from the valley to the underground had reached a depth of over a thousand miles. Looking up, one could no longer see the entrance of the well at all.

"How long is it before we can reach our destination?" One of the world lords was beginning to lose her patience.

"Very soon," replied Zen, keeping his calm.

When Zen tapped his finger at the bottom to deepen the well once more, the bottom of the well finally pierced through, revealing a huge cave underneath.

Zen entered first of course, and upon doing so, he noticed his surroundings were densely packed with small karst caves.

The karst caves, thousands of miles below the surface, were formed tens of millions of years ago. There used to be a rich underground river here.

"Which path should we take?" The warriors were curious and asking questions, now.

The densely-packed karst caves formed a natural, giant maze. A sudden general worry that Zen would not be capable of finding the correct path took over.

It might have been difficult for the others, but it was far from being a big deal for Zen.

The memories he had in his mind not only allowed him to accurately distinguish between each cave, but also provided the information about the process of how they were formed and evolved in the past.

Zen wasn't omnipotent in this universe. Only Mike possessed such an ability. However, if the will of worlds were to spread throughout the universe, then he would be in an omniscient state. He would be able to see through all the secrets in this world. That ability was also very powerful.

"Just follow close," Zen replied, before choosing a cave and flying into it.

There were very few creatures that existed in such a deep underground. However, as they traveled through the zigzagging cave, they encountered more than a dozen fierce beasts. Most of these creatures were not a threat to the warriors, but there was a kind of eyeless frog that had almost killed one of the world lords. This kind of colorful frog emitted a terrifying poison.

After travelling horizontally underground for hundreds of miles, they finally arrived at the end of the karst cave.

When they reached its end, they realized that the cave was flat from top to bottom. Apparently, it was handmade. What was more, it seemed that someone was living here!

Zen grounded his feet on the floor below him and slowly walked forward, a look of vigilance wrinkling his features.

He knew that Supreme Lord Leroy was here, but Supreme Lord Leroy was unaware of Zen's arrival. If he rashly rushed in, it might attract Supreme Lord Leroy's counterattack. Even if Supreme Lord Leroy was injured, a Supreme Lord's tricks remained very terrifying!

Just as Zen was about to turn a corner, a golden beam of light suddenly shot toward him!

Hiss—

The golden stream of light was only as thick as his little finger and it slid past Zen's nose, just missing him by a hair. With such an outrageous speed, the stream of light seemed to have completely disregarded the laws of space!

Zen hadn't realized what it was just yet.

"It's the Scorching Sun Arrow!"

Demon Night martial artists' excited voice sounded from behind him.

"Supreme Lord Leroy is really and truly here!"

Supreme Lord Leroy's full name was Leroy Meng. The Demon Night race was the most proficient in archery of all in the universe. Before Leroy carried the Heavenly Destiny, he was also the most powerful archer in the Demon Night race!

Scorching Sun Arrow was one of Leroy's unique techniques!

"Supreme Lord Leroy! My name is Abby!"

a grand world lord of Demon Night impatiently shouted. Her voice echoed in the depths of the cave, loud and clear.

Most of the Demon Night members present were from the Saint Spear Sect, and Leroy was originally the world lord of this same sect. Later on, with the help of Lavender, Leroy carried a Heavenly Destiny and became a Supreme Lord. Among these Demon Night members, it was only expected that there were people who were very familiar with Leroy.

This grand world lord, the one who went by the name of Abby, was related to Supreme Lord Leroy by blood.

As her voice echoed through the cave, she waited, but there was no response that came back from the depths.

Abby's anxiety seemed to be climbing somewhat and an overwhelming feeling to rush into the cave washed over her. As she passed by Zen though, he extended his hand and grabbed her by the waist, pulling her back abruptly.

Szzz!

Another golden ray of light flashed past the two of them this time. The arrow had come so close to Abby's bangs that it left a burning gash on her forehead.

Although it was only a minor wound, it was still extremely dangerous. Had it gone just an inch deeper, her entire upper skull would have been lifted right off by this arrow!

Chapter 1988 Shattering The Scorching Sun Arrows

As Zen pulled Abby back, there was a fresh bloody wound on her forehead and her face was deathly pale.

If it wasn't for Zen pulling her, her head would've already been separated from her body.

The Demon Night members present looked at each other in absolute dismay. The person hiding inside had to be Supreme Lord Leroy. Supreme Lord Leroy, on the other hand, was very vigilant, and therefore, they couldn't even get close to him.

"What should we do?" Abby wiped the wound on her forehead before tying a ribbon to it, in order to stop the bleeding.

Minutes before, she had made the effort to identify herself, but Supreme Lord Leroy had still attacked her. Would he allow anyone to get close?

"Let me deal with him," Zen said flatly.

"But it's too dangerous."

Abby thought that her cultivation level was higher than Zen's, and so was her strength. If even she was almost killed by the Scorching Sun Arrow, then there was no way Zen would survive. He would certainly place himself in great danger if he chose to fight.

Zen smiled noncommittally and headed toward the corner.

The Demon Night members in the rear all opened their eyes wide as they watched Zen, greatly worried about him. They had chosen to follow Zen and had ultimately found Supreme Lord Leroy, but Zen didn't deserve to be killed by him. Not right now, at least.

Only Amber's gaze remained as calm as usual. She was confident in Zen, because she knew what kind of person he was. He would never act rashly. If he had decided to make a move, then he must know what he was doing.

Zen slowly approached the corner. The moment he neared it, his footsteps suddenly quickened and his speed increased explosively.

His physical strength now reached a point where it was much more powerful than before. Moreover, he was also wearing the Redemption Armor made from the source of the Godly Tile. It wouldn't be too difficult for him to block the Scorching Sun Arrow.

Whoosh!

Accompanied by a giant gust of wind, a golden light flashed across Zen's eyes.

The speed of the arrow was simply too fast. Even Zen couldn't react in time. Through instinct, he protected his head, which was the only thing he managed to do.

After all, his entire body was wrapped in the Redemption Armor, and only his head was exposed. He didn't want his head to be hit by the Scorching Sun Arrow!

Clap!

While Zen held both arms up in order to protect his head, a heavy blow suddenly came for his body. It was as if a sludge hammer had struck him, and his entire body heavily crashed into the side of the cave.

The arrow was aimed straight at his chest!

Luckily though, just as Holy Drew had said, the Redemption Armor couldn't be destroyed as it was forged with the source of the Godly Tile.

The terrifying power contained within the arrow only sent Zen flying a few hundred feet away.

With a roll, Zen stood back up, and set his feet firmly on the ground.

"Why?"

A puzzled voice came from somewhere in the darkness.

Zen, now standing, wanted to open his mouth to speak, but he saw two golden lights flash in the distance once again.

"Supreme..."

Clap! Clap!

Another two crisp sounds could be heard echoing through the cave.

Two Scorching Sun Arrows flashed with golden lights and hit Zen's Redemption Armor. The golden arrowheads then shattered to pieces. The huge force pushed Zen back another hundred feet away. As he ferociously hit the wall of the cave, everything began to shake and crumble.

These arrows had been shot before he even had the chance to utter a sound. And now, he couldn't help but feel the burning sensation overwhelming his heart.

Just as he broke free from the cave wall, a sword miraculously appeared in his hand.

"Great Weighty Sword!"

"Break!"

He brandished his Great Weighty Sword. This heavy sword, comparable to a great world, felt abnormally light in Zen's hands.

After the Great Weighty Sword drew an arc in the air, the sword's glow accurately and perfectly intersected with the two golden lights.

Crack! Crack!

With two crisp sounds, Zen actually succeeded in shattering the two Scorching Sun Arrows.

"What the hell?!"

Another surprised voice came from the darkness.

The Demon Night members hiding on the other side had expressions of disbelief etched on their faces, their eyes wide with awe.

Abby, the grand world lord, also had her eyes open wide with surprise.

Zen waved the Great Weighty Sword in his hand. When he noticed the Demon Night members' expressions, his lips curled up with disapproval. He had just shattered two Scorching Sun Arrows. Why were they so surprised about that?

The truth was, Zen didn't know that Supreme Lord Leroy had gained popularity through his fearsome arrows.

The Supreme Lords in the universe all had different weapons, but Supreme Lord Leroy was the only one who used arrows as his main weapons.

The arrows couldn't unleash martial artists' full strength, so even if certain world lords or Supreme Lords were proficient in archery, they only used arrows as their support.

The Heavenly Destiny that Supreme Lord Leroy bore was called the Fixed Vision Theurgy. This kind of theurgy contained a type of extremely powerful Law of Causality. With the Law of Causality, the arrows he shot wouldn't follow the Space Law. As long as the targets were within his range of vision, the arrows were guaranteed to hit them.

If Supreme Lord Leroy was capable of seeing all the way to the other side of the universe, then the arrows he shot would be able to cross the infinite distance and hit his target exactly where he planned to. Clearly, this explained why the Fixed Vision Theurgy was terrifying.

Throughout the entire Evolutionary Universe, no one could stop his arrows, not even the human top-rank Supreme Lords!

Zen and Abby had dodged the first and second arrows because they had hidden themselves in the corner and had escaped from Supreme Lord Leroy's sight. But now, Zen was in his plain view.

With a single wave of his sword, Zen was capable of shattering two of Supreme Lord Leroy's Scorching Sun Arrows. This was simply unimaginable.

In a certain way, it was possible to say that Zen had broken the Law of Causality contained in the Fixed Vision Theurgy. Or rather, he had broken the Law of Causality of this universe.

He held his Great Weighty Sword horizontally in front of his chest and shouted into the darkness, "Supreme Lord Leroy, I'm Zen Luo. I... Shit!"

Seeing two golden lights flashing in front of him, Zen turned around and pulled the Great Weighty Sword he held in his hand. The long sword danced in the air and once again, accurately shattered the two Scorching Sun Arrows sent by Leroy.

Now, Zen was starting to get impatient. Supreme Lord Leroy was hiding in the darkness for no reason, and just kept shooting arrows at him.

Whoosh!

With the Great Weighty Sword in his hand, Zen's figure began rapidly charging forward into the darkness.

Whenever a golden light flashed out from his pitch-black surroundings, Zen's Great Weighty Sword was capable of instantly capturing its trajectory and hack it into multiple pieces.

Finally, Zen sprinted forward one last time, his Great Weighty Sword slicing through the air and pressing down on Supreme Lord Leroy's neck.

"Supreme Lord Leroy, I didn't mean to offend you. I am..."

"You're Zen Luo. I know you," an old voice sounded from the darkness. Suddenly, the light gradually brightened, revealing a lonely and rather thin old man.

The old man sat on a stone bed and held a longbow in his hand. He looked like someone who was playing a zither, but his eyes were abnormally calm.

Although he appeared very old, his eyes were very clear, and he had a set of determined eagle eyes.

"Since you know who I am, why did you..." Zen trailed off.

Supreme Lord Leroy smiled and placed his longbow to the side. Zen also placed his Great Weighty Sword back into its scabbard. After all, the heavy weight of the weapon in his hand was a burden to him.

"I'm very curious. How did you shatter my arrows?" Supreme Lord Leroy asked, as he looked at Zen questioningly.

Ever since he bore the Heavenly Destiny, no one had been able to avoid his arrows, at least not as far as his eyes could reach. Because of the Law of Causality, when he looked directly at his opponents, it became impossible for them to dodge his attack. Of course, this reality was one of the reasons why the Law of Causality was so frightening. Nothing could happen without a cause.

Although the Scorching Sun Arrow wasn't Supreme Lord Leroy's strongest archery skill, the Law of Causality couldn't be violated. Therefore, he was surprised to see Zen smash his arrows to pieces.

Hearing the conversation between Zen and Supreme Lord Leroy, the Demon Night members hiding in the far corner began creeping out of the shadows.

Supreme Lord Leroy's gaze was focused on Zen. "Can you tell me how you managed that, please?"

Zen cupped his hands. "I'm afraid I can't because there are a few secrets involved."

In fact, Zen hadn't broken the Law of Causality contained within the Fixed Vision Theurgy. He used another method to shatter Supreme Lord Leroy's Scorching Sun Arrows, and that was nothing other than the worlds' will and memories.

Zen knew everything. Before Supreme Lord Leroy had even raised his hand, Zen had already known when he would shoot his arrow and what the target would be.

With this kind of magical foresight, he could swing his sword ahead of time and shatter Supreme Lord Leroy's Scorching Sun Arrows as they came for him.

Chapter 1989 The Blood-devouring Bone Arrows

Supreme Lord Leroy gave Zen a meaningful look.

Earlier in the year when the young man appeared in the universe with Lavender, the Supreme Lord closely kept tabs on them.

He had been hiding in the depths of this place for many years and had never seen the geniuses born in the world of chaos.

This was his first time meeting Zen and the young man made quite a shocking first impression. Zen used his sword to cut off Supreme Lord Leroy's Scorching Sun Arrows, breaking through his Fixed Vision Theurgy which was a technique he had obtained from his Heavenly Destiny.

The Law of Causality contained within that theurgy came from the heavens. How did Zen manage to break it?

He did it with such effortless finesse that it was terrifying.

Supreme Lord Leroy burned with curiosity. Unfortunately for him, Zen refused to give him any answers as to how he managed to do it. Behind Zen were multiple Demon Night members. "I didn't expect the Demon Night race to reach this stage. It seems like our race is going to perish," Supreme Lord Leroy remarked indifferently.

Ever since the battle between Elena and Lavender, the entire Demon Night race fell into crippling, internal strife. It didn't help that the two remaining queens of the race went ahead and allied themselves with the Sacred race which was definitely far from what Supreme Lord Leroy wanted.

Abby, one of the Demon Night race's grand world lords, stepped forward and bowed in front of the Supreme Lord. "Supreme Lord Leroy, now that the Demon Night race is under that woman's control, we are now in great trouble. I hope to the heavens that you can help the Saint Spear Sect."

Sammy and Fannie had unnatural expressions on their faces when they heard what Abby said.

Not all of the people present were from the Saint Spear Sect. Only about half belonged there.

Sammy and Fannie weren't part of the Saint Spear Sect, but still chose to follow Zen here. On the one hand, they did not approve of Elena's actions. On the other hand, all the prisoners they were supposed to be guarding on the Prison Island had escaped which they no doubt would answer for in the future.

They were still from the Saint Chain Sect. Ever since their youth, they had always believed in the Queen of Punishment. Hearing Abby talk badly about her made them quite uncomfortable. Regardless of their discomfort though, they believed that she was right.

"I know," Supreme Lord Leroy affirmed. He might have been hidden deep underground all these years, but pieces of news that were announced through the Roaring Tokens supplied him with just enough information to know what was currently happening in the universe. "Where's Lavender? Why didn't she come out to see me?"

The person he cared about the most was Lavender. He had hidden for so many years, but the moment Zen had brought Lavender back, he had been the first to respond.

So why didn't he see her given Zen was already here?

This question was actually what was also in the minds of all Demon Night members.

They could clearly feel Lavender's aura on the Prison Island, but why did she never appear?

A trace of sadness appeared on Zen's face.

"How is she?" Supreme Lord Leroy asked, already feeling nervous about Zen's expression.

The young man's eyes flashed and a red light shot out from his pupils. He summoned his sword spirit out of his body along with Lavender's soul.

Both his sword spirit and Lavender fused into one. At that moment, however, Lavender merely floated with her eyes shut. It was as if she were a mere, inanimate puppet.

Plop!

Plop!

Plop!

All the Demon Night members of the Saint Spear Sect bent down on one knee at the sight of Lavender. Sammy and Fannie also showed their respect despite a moment of hesitation. Despite everything, Lavender was still one of their queens.

"How could this be?" Even Supreme Lord Leroy couldn't believe the sight in front of him. Lavender's soul had not completely disappeared, so why did she look like this? He could still clearly feel her soul.

Lavender's soul hadn't been completely destroyed; however, she was not completely whole. The Soul-sealing Needle that had embedded itself into her soul had to be erased. To do that, Lavender's memories had to be sacrificed. Right now, her mind was a blank slate, devoid of both memories and emotions.

"Her memories have been erased along with the Soul-sealing Needle,"

Zen explained. He then told Supreme Lord Leroy the deduction of the Soul-sealing Needle and Murphy's scheme.

Supreme Lord Leroy couldn't help but sigh. "So that's how it is. I always thought that no matter how crazy Elena is, she couldn't possibly bring the Demon Night race down to this. Now I know why. It turns out we were actually hiding such a secret!"

Elena was very ambitious, but all of her plans were centered around the Demon Night race.

However, right now, her declaration of war against the entire universe was sure to plunge the entire Demon Night race into destruction. This was a bit strange.

Zen's words gave the Demon Night members present much-needed clarity. Indeed, no one would have ever thought that the members of the Demon Night race weren't born in this universe.

"But given Lavender's situation, what should we do?" Supreme Lord Leroy asked.

Zen shook his head in defeat. "I don't know either."

A person's soul was complex and mysterious. Nobody in this universe had ever sought out to learn the mysteries of the soul, let alone the memories within it.

How could Lavender's memories ever be recovered? Zen had absolutely no clue.

"I will do my best to help her," Zen promised. He then waved his hand and Lavender's soul returned back into his body. Zen turned towards the Demon Night members. "At present, I need your help. The Demon Night race needs a new leader!"

Supreme Lord Leroy was once Lavender's guardian, so he had quite a stellar reputation in their race.

According to the information Zen managed to gather, the Demon Night sects weren't faring quite well. The Saint Spear Sect had already fallen apart while the other five remained dissatisfied with Elena and Latonia. The elites still followed the two queens, but were already regretting their decision.

The Supreme Lords of the Demon Night race had no choice though. The two queens wielded absolute power over the entire race and going against them was quite difficult.

However, if Supreme Lord Leroy came out on behalf of Lavender, then they could turn the situation around. His emergence might very well give all the Demon Night members a second chance.

"Haha..." Supreme Lord Leroy suddenly let out a loud laugh, though there was a tinge of misery in his mirth.

"Will you be willing to do it?" Zen asked.

"Of course I'm willing to do it. This is what I've been waiting for!" he answered with gusto. "Come with me!"

It seemed that the old Supreme Lord was now bursting with energy.

He suddenly stood up and lifted the stone bed beneath him!

Clang!

The heavy stone bed smashed into the ground revealing a set of stairs that descended down. There seemed to be a hidden cave underneath!

The moment the cave was opened, the heavy stench of blood permeated the air.

Supreme Lord Leroy was the first to walk down, followed closely by Zen.

Despite their curiosity, the Demon Night members dared not follow.

As the two descended, Zen discovered a small cave. In the middle was a crevice where three bloody arrows stuck out of.

The moment he saw those arrows, Zen suddenly felt his soul stir. It was as if those arrows were coming for him and just one strike would be enough to kill him.

Supreme Lord Leroy noticed his gaze and beamed proudly, "These three arrows were made from my own ribs. They're called the Blood-devouring Bone Arrows!"

His words puzzled Zen greatly. "It feels as if these arrows are living things."

Zen didn't know how, but he felt the breath of life from these three arrows.

Supreme Lord Leroy smiled even wider. "These three Blood-devouring Bone Arrows are connected to my life force. Every time I shoot one, my life will decline by a third. Once all three arrows are shot, my life is over."

Zen's expression quickly changed when he heard this.

Three arrows forged with the life of a Supreme Lord?

Just how powerful could they be?

"I've been forging these three arrows ever since I went into hiding. Finally, this day has come."

Chapter 1990 Our Queen Is Our Glory

Seeing the determination in Supreme Lord Leroy's eyes, Zen finally understood—this Supreme Lord was in hiding, but not because he was afraid of Elena or the Supreme Lords behind her.

His Heavenly Destiny was bestowed upon him by Lavender, and the only reason he resided in the depths of the earth was to wait until he could help her take revenge.

"I, Supreme Lord Leroy, was born of the Demon Night race. Never have I thought of betraying my own." Supreme Lord Leroy stared at Zen as he spoke with determination. "But if anyone tries to lead my people astray, I will be the first to object!"

He then tapped the bow in his hand and the three Blood-devouring Bone Arrows started trembling. After a series of trembles, they rose from the ground and flew towards Supreme Lord Leroy.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

The arrows pierced and entered his body, but they didn't seem to leave any wound.

Then, Supreme Lord Leroy stepped onto the stairs as a fierce aura emanated from his body.

The Supreme Lord had been silent for countless years, but in less than two hours since Zen's arrival, he had undergone a fundamental change. Leroy was like an aged arrow, silent and unmoving, but this was not a sign of his loss of power. So long as there was a sliver of a chance, he would forsake his own life for his ideals.

Once more, Supreme Lord Leroy appeared before the Demon Night warriors. The corners of his eyes were wrinkled and his pupils seemed to be burning. Although he appeared old, one could tell that he was handsome in his youth.

"Zen saved you from the Prison Island," he said. "As a Supreme Lord of the Demon Night race, I am not responsible for the punishment. But now that the Queen of Punishment has led our own race down the wrong path, it's unfair. No matter what crimes you have committed in the past, from now on, I will let bygones be bygones! I forgive you all for your crimes!"

The people of the Demon Night race respected orders. Even after they escaped from the Prison Island, they were still guilty since Elena had condemned them.

So Leroy had to follow through with the procedure. As a Supreme Lord, he had the qualifications to pardon them.

"Now that the two queens left our race in a mess, I need to put our people on the right track. Before you follow me, you should know that I cannot guarantee your safety or your survival," Supreme Lord Leroy warned them sternly.

To that, Abby immediately responded, "I will die for our queen!"

"I will go for our queen!" The cheers continued.

"I will go!"

"I will go!"

"I will go!"

The people on the Prison Island had suffered for a long time, only dreaming of freedom. For the chance to follow a Supreme Lord to accomplish such a goal, they wouldn't hesitate to sacrifice their lives.

With a nod, Supreme Lord Leroy muttered to himself, "Our queen is our glory!

Our glory is our life!" Gradually, his voice grew louder, echoing within the spacious cave.

"With eternal slaughter, we will guard the borders of our race. We will be merciless in protecting the prosperity of our race…"

As he spoke, the Demon Night members of the Saint Spear Sect began muttering as well.

This was the declaration of the Saint Spear Sect.

"Our queen is our glory! Our glory is our life!" The declaration of the Saint Chain Sect began similarly. But it was followed by, "We will uphold the order of our race with just punishment…"

Now that Supreme Lord Leroy had come out, they were using the name of the Queen of Killings to gather as many Demon Night members as they could.

Half a day later, under Supreme Lord Leroy's lead, many people of the Demon Night race walked through the Purple Snow World, all with a powerful aura.

After advancing about twenty thousand miles, they followed this boundless, snowy mountain north and finally arrived right in front of a Demon Night sacred place.

The entire Purple Snow World was covered in purple snow. Only the sacred place of the Demon Night race was suffused with a green glow. The purple snowflakes that drifted there would quickly melt into nothing.

It was a remote supreme world with infertile land. Its strongest sacred place was only in the eighth grade—the Purple Cloud Sacred Place.

The warriors that Elena and Latonia had recruited were all the elites, and they were basically Spirit Transformation Realm warriors and world lords. No one in the Purple Cloud Sacred Place was ever recruited. Their Saint Lord had just entered the Spirit Transformation Realm, after all. They weren't even qualified for recruitment.

When winter came, beast attacks rose in the north of the Purple Snow World—Purple Cloud Sacred Place stood tall there, blocking the attacks. Every winter, warriors of the Purple Cloud Sacred Place would be fully armed, all of the enchanted barriers would be activated, and all the warriors would be on standby.

At the edge of the sacred place, dozens of Demon Night warriors stood guard atop exquisite wooden buildings, spears in hands.

"Look! What is that?" one of the Demon Night warriors called out as she pointed her long spear to the horizon.

A large group of black dots appeared atop the snowy mountain. Because of the great distance, it was difficult to really distinguish them. The warriors assumed it was a large flock of birds.

But birds that could cross the snowy mountain were also extremely powerful and fearsome beasts.

"Watch out!"

Woo...

Some of the Demon Night warriors blew their horns.

The trees of the sacred place began shaking as the agile sound rang through the trees. From time to time, the sound of bowstrings tightening could be heard.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

From the depths of the Purple Cloud Sacred Place, a few rays of light shot over.

Leading the group was a woman wearing a red battle robe, holding a long blood-red spear in her hand. She was none other than Loraine, the Saint Lord of the Purple Cloud Sacred Place.

Jumping onto the tallest tree she could find, she gazed into the distance. Scarlet light flickered within her eyes—she was using some sort of theurgy.

Something seemed to puzzle her as she looked around.

"Saint Lord, are they the Bloody Corpse Eagles?" an elder below asked.

The Bloody Corpse Eagle was known to be an extremely violent giant bird, and was infamous in the Purple Snow World. Often they would come and go in groups of at least a hundred to plunder the Purple Cloud Sacred Place. If there were thousands of Bloody Corpse Eagles, they would undoubtedly cause some damage.

But Loraine shook her head as she looked strangely at what lay ahead. "No, no… It's a group of Demon Night members!"

"What?" Hearing the Saint Lord's words, all the elders of the sacred place wore strange expressions.

At such a time, it was supposed to be impossible for the Demon Night members to visit. The elders suspected that the Saint Lord was merely mistaken.

But Loraine sounded firm and when she looked at the approaching group again, she could even discern their cultivation levels. "They are all strong warriors. There seems to be world lords among them!"

"World lords?" The elders below could only stare, wide-eyed.

There was quite a number of world lords in the universe, adding up to a few hundred thousand. But their Purple Snow World had none.

A prerequisite to gaining a world lord was having a tenth-grade sacred place. If some peerless geniuses were to appear in an eighth-grade sacred place, they would be selected before coming of age and leave the sacred place.

Because of this, not many people within the Purple Cloud Sacred Place had ever seen a world lord in their lives.

"There seems to be more than one world lord," Loraine grew more alert and vigilant at the thought.

Although they were all from the Demon Night race, who knew what kind of people they were? It was entirely possible for them to turn out to be enemies.

"How many?" the elder asked again.

"Eight, no, nine... Hold on!" The red light in Loraine's eyes flickered crazily as her voice grew louder, her expression growing more and more shocked. "So many world lords? I think there are even two grand world lords among them!"

Beneath Loraine, the elders were left dumbfounded.

The Demon Night warriors stared blankly at the black dots in the sky that seemed to be growing larger and larger. At the rate they were going, it didn't take long before they would enter the Purple Cloud Sacred Place.

"What should we do?" asked an elder anxiously.

Withdrawing her gaze, Loraine closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them again, the red light in them had already dissipated. Her expression seemed to calm down when she jumped down from the treetops.

"What else can we do? No matter who they are, if they want to enter our Purple Cloud Sacred Place, we will welcome them respectfully!" Loraine said calmly.

Faced with a team led by two grand world lords, the Purple Cloud Sacred Place had no other choice but to wait.

"You're right." The elders all gathered behind Loraine and arranged themselves orderly. Regardless of which power they were from or what their goal was, the Purple Cloud Sacred Palace did not have the qualifications to join their mission. There was no need for them to be too nervous.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1991 A Queen's Order

This team consisted of over three thousand warriors and had close to a thousand world lords.

Most were at the Spirit Transformation Realm. Amber was actually the one with the lowest cultivation amongst everyone present. There were also two grand world lords.

Of course, the one with the highest cultivation was Supreme Lord Leroy who served as their leader.

The Purple Cloud Sacred Place couldn't hide their shock when they saw them approach.

Even in the entire Demon Night race, a group of over a thousand world lords was definitely not a small power.

Every world lord had the qualifications to become a Saint Lord of a tenth-grade sacred place. The Purple Cloud Sacred Place was nothing in the eyes of these people, so their unease was understandable.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Not long after, the three thousand warriors slowly descended upon the Purple Cloud Sacred Place.

Seeing such a strong force arrive in front of their doorstep, Loraine, the sacred place's Saint Lord bowed. "I am Loraine, the Saint Lord of the Purple Cloud Sacred Place. We humbly welcome you!"

The elders behind her also came forward to pay their respects.

"These people's auras are so strong!"

"They're all world lords after all."

"What is that old man's cultivation level? The one in the lead? He seems to be their leader. Could he also be a grand world lord?"

The Demon Night warriors gossiped amongst themselves in lowered voices, but did that really help given how sensitive the eyes and ears of these warriors were? These people could hear an insect's chirp from tens of miles away. Loraine blushed in embarrassment when she heard her warriors' conversation. She quickly turned her head and shushed them. "Silence!"

Everyone quickly shut up under the Saint Lord's order. Now, the only sound that could be heard was the fluttering descent of snowflakes upon the ground.

Loraine looked back at Supreme Lord Leroy with a look of utter bewilderment.

All the Demon Night members were very familiar with their three queens. Whether it be by appearance or aura, all were very familiar with those three supreme rulers whom they had worshipped since their childhood.

However, it was different for Supreme Lords. Most Demon Night members only heard about their names, but had no idea what their faces looked like.

Moreover, the disparity between a Supreme Lord and a grand world lord wasn't in terms of cultivation but of Heavenly Destiny.

Furthermore, Supreme Lord Leroy had hidden himself for so many years. It was only normal for Loraine to not recognize him.

Meanwhile, most of the Demon Night members' gazes lingered on Zen. Why was there a human here? Weren't the Demon Night warriors against humans now? Could he be a prisoner? It didn't seem like it.

Supreme Lord Leroy did not waste any more time. He calmly swept his gaze amongst the crowd and voiced out his order. "I want to use the queens' statues."

Loraine and the elders were taken aback at his request. The place where the statues were located was at the center of each Demon Night sacred place. All statues connected with each other and were only used for the most urgent of matters. What did these people want with their queens' statues?

Unable to refuse these powerful warriors, Loraine could only ask about their background. "May I ask who you are? Which of the six sects do you belong to?"

Only the six great sects would've been able to gather such a mighty force. However, all six already accompanied the two queens into battle in the ogres' supreme worlds. Who were these people then? Why did they appear here?

"Saint Spear Sect," Supreme Lord Leroy replied calmly.

"Saint Spear Sect?" Loraine repeated in astonishment. Her strength wasn't that impressive but she was still a Saint Lord who was entitled to some information. As far as she knew, the Saint Spear Sect had already fallen.

"I am Leroy," Supreme Lord Leroy added.

Saint Spear Sect, Leroy...

"Huh?" Loraine's entire body froze.

It wasn't just her. Most of the elders also looked as if they had seen a ghost. Supreme Lord Leroy had disappeared for such a long time that the Demon Night race actually forgot that he existed in the first place. Some warrior poked another in the waist and mumbled in a small voice, "Supreme Lord Leroy."

"Supreme Lord Leroy!"

Loraine announced in realization, bending down on one knee to salute him.

The elders naturally followed suit.

Regardless of rank, a Supreme Lord stood in front of them and it was only proper that they gave him the due respect to him. Only the three queens and the Supreme Lords had this privilege in the Demon Night race.

Supreme Lord Leroy nodded appreciatively. "Get up and bring us to the queens' statues!"

Loraine stood up and cupped her hands in respect. "Please follow me!"

She quickly turned and led the way. Zen, Amber, and Abby followed closely behind her with the three thousand Demon Night warriors in tow.

The Saint Lord couldn't help but sweat nervously as she led them to the statues.

Supreme Lord Leroy was gone for so many years. The Demon Night race knew it was mostly because of the conflict between the two queens. Elena had declared him to be a traitor. Now that he was here, Loraine did not have the slightest idea as to what to do.

If the Purple Cloud Sacred Place got embroiled into the conflict in the upper echelons, then they would most probably suffer.

However, Loraine quickly shook this thought away from her mind. No matter the outcome, it wasn't anything she or her eighth-grade sacred place could control.

Soon enough, the entourage arrived at the Purple Cloud Sacred Place's holy tree.

Zen couldn't help but notice how similar this holy tree was to the one he saw on the Sea God Continent. The only difference was that this one looked more majestic.

In the middle of the hall were three gigantic statues. Each statue was translucent and golden in color as if made from the most exquisite amber. The Demon Night had various sacred places and each one had its own unique statues made of the best materials that sacred place could gather.

With her job done, Loraine quickly stood to the side and watched whatever Supreme Lord Leroy and his group sought to do.

Zen noticed nothing abnormal with Lavender's statue. When she erased the Soul-sealing Needle, the damage her soul took wasn't that great.

However, what was most troublesome was that all her memories had been erased.

Soul damage would've been an easier problem to fix. The Celestial Position race was always at the ready to help him.

However, that couldn't be said for memories. As of right now, Zen still had no idea how to fix this for Lavender.

Supreme Lord Leroy took a good look at Lavender's statue before turning to Zen. "Prepare yourself. What we are going to do will no doubt cause a huge commotion within the Demon Night race."

Zen nodded. "I'm ready."

Whatever they needed to do, be it a small action against the Demon Night race or a decisive battle against the Sacred race, all would be a step closer towards the end.

What he needed to do was face them head-on without any sort of hesitation.

'Cause a huge commotion? What is Supreme Lord Leroy going to do?' Loraine wondered nervously.

Supreme Lord Leroy reached out and placed his hand on the forehead of Lavender's statue.

Buzz...

The statue began to emit a faint, demonic red light as if it had suddenly come to life.

At the same time, all the statues of the Queen of Killings in all of the Demon Night race's sacred places, whether it be in the Upper or Lower world, began to tremble.

These statues were made of various materials: rock, gold, crystal, wood, bronze... Yet at that moment, all of them released a demonic red light.

In addition to the statues in the sacred places, there were also two squads, led by Latonia and Elena, that carried statues with them since it was a must to pray in front of them every day. These two also emitted the red light.

"It's all on you now," Supreme Lord Leroy said.

Zen nodded and took two steps towards the statue.

He once again brought out Lavender's soul and quickly fused it with the statue. This caused Lavender's statue to emit even more light!

Zen took two steps back. Now, it was Supreme Lord Leroy's turn.

At that moment, the Supreme Lord was Lavender's representative and could issue orders in her stead.

Lavender's soul activated the statue but she was unable to announce any sort of order. Zen, being human, did not necessarily qualify to be her representative. Only Supreme Lord Leroy held enough qualifications and authority to issue an order.

Chapter 1992 A Cold-blooded Woman (Part One)

In the Bloody Evil World

The Bloody Plain of the Bloody Evil World was known as a land cursed by gods. If one were to dig up some of the soil, they would find that red blood flowed within. The entire plain was barren all year round. Not a single crop could be seen.

However, the Demon Night race had arrived at the place. Ever since then, thick purple trees had sprung up from the Bloody Plain.

The leaves of the purple trees were as sharp as knives. The trees looked similar to natural fortresses as they were wrapped entirely by the razor-sharp leaves.

The trees were called Purple Feather Trees, and only the Demon Night race had such trees. It would only take a few days to grow a palm-sized seed to a tree that towered to four hundred to five hundred feet tall.

The sharpness of the leaves on the treetops could be compared to a sacred weapon. They could easily hurt anyone that would be stupid enough to touch one.

The trees were impervious to water and fire. Regardless of whether one buried the seed in solid rocks or in bitter seawater, it always developed, spread its roots and thrived.

Therefore, the Purple Feather Trees were the mobile palaces the Demon Night race used whenever they were in a war. The trees that could be grown in such a short time would instantly be used to construct their headquarters.

The Demon Night race had settled down on the Bloody Plain during their fight with the ogres. In less than half a month, the Bloody Plain was already filled with Purple Feather Trees. These impenetrable fortresses were established in such a short time because of the trees.

Whoosh!

Dozens of bright silver dots of light suddenly appeared in the sky above the Bloody Evil World. Their radiance almost blinded anyone that saw them.

These dots of light were like the individual suns, that illuminated the dark Bloody Evil World as if it were morning. They streaked across the horizon, passed through mountains and rivers, and headed straight for the Bloody Plain. The direction the dots traveled to was towards the Purple Feather Trees on the Bloody Plain.

The first light dot exploded on the plain and created a powerful annihilation force that wrapped around ten Purple Feather Trees.

Boom!

After a loud bang, the ten Purple Feather Trees disappeared without a trace.

There were thousands of Demon Night warriors on every Purple Feather Tree. When the dot of light smashed, the Demon Night race lost a massive amount of ten thousand people. Most of the warriors engulfed in the blast were world lords.

On the tallest Purple Feather Tree in the Bloody Plain, a blue-clothed woman suddenly appeared. She brandished her hammer in her hand. The hammer started to emit energy.

Almost instantaneously, the Thunder Law madly rushed out. After the Law Powers gathered together, they turned into a bolt of sharp lightning that shot towards the dots of light in the sky.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Every time a lightning tentacle came into contact with the circular light dots, it would instantly detonate the light dots!

All the dots of light were detonated in the air, and the light was ten times stronger than before. Under the strong light, the intense heat was released and spread out. The explosion scorched anything in its vicinity. The Purple Feather Trees closest to the light dots were instantly ignited by the heat and began to burn one after another. Many Demon Night warriors escaped from the Purple Feather Trees. Their miserable screams could be heard by everyone.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Three streaks of light shot towards the largest Purple Feather Tree. Shockingly, they were the three grand world lords of the Demon Night race. After the three grand world lords leaped onto the tree's crown, they knelt down in front of the blue-clothed woman. Respect and admiration appeared in the grand world lords' eyes as they gazed upon the woman.

"My queen! It was the ogres' scheme to make us retreat to the Bloody Plain. Those imbeciles had such a devious plan! In just a few short days, more than half of our Demon Night warriors have died. Should we evacuate first?"

"My queen, our enemies may seem reckless, but they are actually quite cunning. They want to exterminate us with such underhanded methods!"

"My queen…"

The three grand world lords of the Demon Night race were the three major generals of their expedition. Power and wisdom were necessary for their position.

The Demon Night race had suffered heavy casualties after they had entered the Bloody Evil World. The three grand world lords felt pain in their hearts as they grieved for their companions.

On the surface, the warriors of the Demon Night race were supposed to be superior to the ogres, whether it was in terms of intelligence or strength. But after the real fight, the Demon Night race found that the ogres far exceeded their imagination.

The ogres that looked foolish and ugly seemed to come to their senses suddenly. Their actions began to be very smart. This was something that the Demon Night race had never expected.

The ogres had set up a powerful barrier in the Bloody Evil World. The warriors of the Demon Night race were forced to build their headquarters in the Bloody Plain. Nonetheless, the Demon Night race became living targets for the ogres.

The bombardments from the ogres were ineffective against Supreme Lords. However, the other warriors of the Demon Night race had suffered terrible losses against the ogres' attacks.

Elena stood at the end of the branch. Her long skirt fell down from the tree trunk several dozen feet away. A finger-thick branch supported her whole body as if she was weightless.

When she heard the persuasion of the three generals, her face remained expressionless. "I understand. You can leave now!" she said in an indifferent tone.

"My queen!"

"My queen!"

Despair flashed across the faces of the three generals. Their voices reflected their negative sentiment.

As members of the Demon Night race, they were absolutely loyal to their queen.

Even if Elena had suddenly led them to become the enemies of the whole universe and sided with the Sacred race, they didn't hesitate and did as they were told.

Chapter 1993 A Cold-blooded Woman (Part Two)

However, Elena didn't have the slightest bit of mercy or care for her own people. She had slaughtered her way through the ogres' supreme world, but at the cost of countless lives of Demon Night warriors. The lives of her own people were sacrificed to pave the way for her desires.

Elena's actions made the Demon Night warriors feel a chill in their spines. They were confused as to what the purpose of her actions was.

"Get out of my sight already!" When she saw that the three generals were still on their knees, Elena's face flashed with a trace of viciousness. Her eyes were filled with disgust as she looked at the three warriors still in front of her.

However, the three generals remained unmoved. Their faces were filled with despair as they stared at Elena. Sorrowful eyes revealed their hopelessness.

"How dare you disobey me! What the hell do you want?" A cold smile suddenly appeared on Elena's face. An invisible pressure spread out, which caused the surrounding space to faintly crackle with lightning bolts.

The harsh methods of the Queen of Punishment were well-known, but the three generals were already committed. They planned to stake their lives for the good of their people.

After they witnessed their companions get killed one by one and suffered from such an unexpected disaster, the generals were heartbroken. That was worse than their own deaths. To persuade their queen, they would rather accept Elena's punishment.

"My queen! Please consider our pleas! I hope that we can temporarily retreat! It is for the good of our people," a general continued to beg.

Pah!

One after another, electric snakes appeared on the general's body. The snakes wrung around almost uncontrollably. Being devoured by the lighting, the general suddenly rolled away in pain. After just a few seconds, the general hung motionlessly at the side of the tree trunk as she trembled from head to toe. A burnt smell emanated from her body.

Elena's expression was cold as her gaze shifted to the other two. The two grand world lords were still as brave as before. Even after they saw the miserable state their companion was in, they didn't waver in the slightest. Their commitment to change her mind was enough to lay down their lives.

"Alas!" After she saw such committed expressions from the other generals, Elena let out a deep sigh. "In two days, Latonia's team should be able to reach the Bloody Evil World. We'll be able to break through this pass. I believe that the way before us will be unobstructed!"

"The way before us? What do you mean, my queen? Should we go ahead and fight the Celestial Position race? And how about the Thoughtless Minds? Are they going to be our enemies too?" one of the two generals asked politely.

In actuality, the strongest team of the Demon Night race should be the team of the Queen of Killings, namely the Saint Spear Sect. The group was led by Lavender, and they were the strongest sword of the Demon Night race. However, after Lavender disappeared, the members of the Saint Spear Sect were killed or prisoned.

With the current strength of the Demon Night race, it would be tough for them to face anyone of the strong forces of the humankind. Additionally, the three forces of the humankind and the Celestial Position race had long been tightly allied with each other. The Demon Night race would only rush their death if they dared to mess with them.

"The Sacred race won't just stand by and watch. In the end, the final victory belongs to us," Elena replied in a confident voice.

"Does such a victory mean anything to us? Would it be really worth the sacrifices we've made?" The general gritted her teeth after she spoke. Regret was reflected in her tone.

Elena was slightly stunned. She paused for a while before she looked at the general again.

'She is right.

To the Demon Night race, such a victory would be meaningless.

However, for the Sacred race, for the person who planted the Soul-sealing Needle and created the Demon Night race, this matter would be of great significance!

This is my mission!' Elena thought. She grew even more devout to accomplish her goals.

As a result, she did not have the slightest bit of mercy for the deaths of her clansmen. She dismissed such casualties as necessary sacrifices.

"You don't need any meaning," Elena replied coldly. Her eyes remained cold.

"My queen, you only need us to send ourselves to our deaths? You want us to fall on our swords for a victory without any importance?" the general asked in a worried voice.

"Yes," Elena replied coldly. An expressionless face showed how little she cared for her people.

"You're crazy!" the general suddenly scolded in rage.

There had never been anyone from the Demon Night race who dared to speak to their queens like that. Even if some of their sinful fellow members of the Demon Night race had betrayed them, they would still not be dissatisfied with their queens. The queens of the Demon Night race were supposed to be absolute.

However, at that moment, the general reprimanded the Queen of Punishment right in front of her face. That was something that had never happened before in the Demon Night race.

"How dare you! Imbecile!"

Pah!

Lightning flashed in Elena's eyes. The general was struck by lightning and immediately tumbled down the tree. Smoke appeared from the general's body as a burnt smell filled the air.

Only one general was left in front of Elena.

"Are you going to reprimand me too? Who do you think you are?" Elena stared at her and asked in a scary tone.

The general was about to speak when something happened.

At that moment, a vicious, murderous intent was suddenly emitted from the Purple Feather Trees.

Like the palaces of the Demon Night race, there were queens' statues in every Purple Feather Tree. At this moment, the statue of the Queen of Killings emitted an intense red light. It was followed by an old and familiar voice.

"I am Supreme Lord Leroy, a representative of the Queen of Killings. I am here to issue a queen's order!"

Chapter 1994 Unable To Refute

If one wanted their voice heard by the entire Demon Night race, a Roaring Token might be used. This was especially useful for announcements like the queen's decree.

However, the queen's decree was usually issued during a special ceremony. The Demon Night had to do that via the queen's statue as a sign of respect for the queen.

At that moment, all the members of the Demon Night in the Upper World, the Lower World, and sacred places were all taken by surprise. They did not expect what they heard next...

"It's Leroy! Has Leroy really returned?"

"Why is he the one issuing the queen's decree on behalf of the Queen of Killings?"

"What is he trying to do?"

Everyone couldn't help but discuss this development among themselves...

The Board of Elders paid especially close attention to this matter. They had to know the current situation, so they could avert any crisis if needed. When they heard the words "queen's order", they quickly realized that another big change was about to happen among the Demon Night!

"On behalf of the Queen of Killings, I declare that the Queen of Life, Latonia, and the Queen of Punishment, Elena, are traitors! They have been brainwashed by the alien race to betray the entire Evolutionary Universe and lead the Demon Night towards annihilation!"

Supreme Lord Leroy's voice reverberated throughout all the sacred places of the Demon Night. There was no one that could not have heard his pronouncement.

Understandably, all the Demon Night members were shocked. This had never happened before.

As they heard Supreme Lord Leroy's declaration, they couldn't believe their ears. They never thought that the queen's decree would be so harsh.

"The Demon Night should know where we stand in the current situation of the universe. The best thing we could do now is to follow the Queen of Killings and retreat from the war. We need to regroup our forces, regain our strength, and try our best to make our race stronger..." Supreme Lord Leroy delivered the message to the multitudes of Demon Night race that were listening.

The three queens were equals in the hierarchy of power, so the Queen of Killings was not qualified to pronounce the crimes of the other two queens. This kind of queen's decree was null and void.

However, Supreme Lord Leroy was sure that the Demon Night members had reached the limit of their patience for Latonia's and Elena's impulsive antics.

The members of the Demon Night were very loyal and faithful to the queens, but even their loyalty and tolerance were not limitless.

Before this, Lavender had never taken any action against the other two even though she disapproved of their actions. By forcefully starting a war, Latonia and Elena had already betrayed the trust of the members of their race... The Demon Night members naturally supported and followed their queens unquestioningly. They had no other choice but to obey their queens when Elena and Latonia took action together.

Now that the Queen of Killings had stood up against the other two, it gave them another cause to support. They no longer had to force themselves to go along with the decisions of Latonia and Elena.

If they didn't want to betray their race, the members of the Demon Night race had an easy choice: all they had to do was to follow the Queen of Killings...

Loraine, the Saint Lord of the Purple Cloud Sacred Place, was also stunned when she heard Supreme Lord Leroy's announcement. She never thought that things would escalate to this level among the queens.

Loraine knew that since Supreme Lord Leroy led the group here, it would definitely cause a huge commotion and he might meddle in the dispute among the queens. However, she never expected that it was Supreme Lord Leroy who would directly declare the other two queens to be traitors!

The severity of the situation had far exceeded Loraine's imagination!

After Supreme Lord Leroy finished his words, Zen smiled. "I believe that that woman will make her move soon. She has never been able to control her emotions and reactions."

Supreme Lord Leroy looked calm. "I'm just afraid that she won't retaliate. Our race members are very smart, and are the most loyal warriors. They are not idiots; they understand what choice they should make."

What Supreme Lord Leroy was currently trying to do was to alienate Latonia and Elena from the Demon Night race and then think of a way to kill them.

He had just taken the initial step...

"Clang!"

Lavender's statue was shattered into pieces. The severed head of the statue rolled in front of Elena, and with a single step, Elena smashed it! She was so angry that she wasn't able to control the rage in her heart.

She grimaced angrily. Her beautiful face was completely distorted!

Just as Zen had expected, Elena immediately launched a counterattack...

All statues of the Queen of Punishment in the Demon Night race's sacred places emitted rays of blue light; lightning also continued to flash across the sky simultaneously. Elena uttered, "Humph, Leroy. You are just a little mouse hiding in your lair. Now you finally dare to come out from your dark corner. What right do you have to represent Lavender and issue the queen's order? Even Lavender doesn't have the qualifications to declare me to be a traitor!"

Hearing Elena rant against Leroy angrily, all the members of the Demon Night in the sacred places turned silent... Somehow, they knew that Elena had a valid point.

Elena gathered all the elites and geniuses from every supreme world. In this senseless war, there was bad news every day especially for the ordinary citizens. The victims who died in the war were the Demon Night members' sisters, brothers, and children...

This despair spread and accumulated over time. They couldn't do anything about it.

When Murphy had created the Demon Night race, he had made careful consideration and had given unwavering faith to this race! At the right time, after the Soul-sealing Needles were activated and if the three queens were unified in one goal, the members of the Demon Night race would have no room for doubt. They would have no choice but to put their faith on their queens.

Unfortunately, Murphy hadn't counted on this happening: one of the queens had forcefully erased the Soul-sealing Needle and caused a fatal error.

Supreme Lord Leroy's voice once again rang through all of the sacred places of the Demon Night race via the queen's statue. He had completely predicted that Elena would strike back. It could even be said that Elena's words were what he was waiting for.

"You are correct. I am indeed unqualified, and not even Lavender can pronounce you as traitors. But the ones who have the power to decide are tens of thousands of members of the Demon Night race! I believe that all of you will make the right choice!"

When Supreme Lord Leroy finished speaking, Elena looked even more furious. Shania, who led a group of warriors towards Bloody Evil World, also pulled a long face.

Supreme Lord Leroy's remarks were so trenchant and caused them undue distress. How dare this Supreme Lord accuse two queens of being traitors to their race?

Due to their frustration, they weren't even able to refute him!

At that moment, all members of the Demon Night race realized that they had been given a new way out. Supreme Lord Leroy's words meant that the freedom to make their own choice had been returned to each and every one of them.

The ordinary Demon Night warriors and even the loyal followers of Elena and Latonia began to hesitate. They realized all the things that Elena and Latonia did brought their race to ruin.

"We are willing to follow the Queen of Killings..."

"Those two despicable queens are bringing us to a dead end!"

"They have never

really cared about us!"

Elena's body stiffened where she stood. The lightning in her eyes danced unceasingly, and a murderous intent could be seen in them. She wasn't even able to refute Supreme Lord Leroy's words...

The grand world lord still knelt on the tree trunk. After she heard what Supreme Lord Leroy said, a smile appeared on her face. She saw Elena's stiff back, but the grand world lord felt extremely gratified. In her eyes, Supreme Lord Leroy and Lavender had become the saviors of the Demon Night!

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

A purple ray of light appeared behind Elena. As it flickered, it condensed into the shape of a human. This person was Supreme Lord Leia of the Demon Night race.

The Supreme Lords of the Demon Night had a relatively special status. Although they were appointed by the queens, they were not absolutely loyal to them.

Thus, the queens of the Demon Night cultivated those who were loyal to them and let them carry the Heavenly Destiny. For example, Supreme Lord Leroy became a Supreme Lord because of Lavender's support, and Supreme Lord Gunter was trained by Elena. However, Supreme Lord Gunter had been trapped in Zen's Desperate Melee and had eventually perished.

"Elena, just give up," Supreme Lord Leia said flatly.

Elena suddenly turned around and stared at Supreme Lord Leia. Her heart was filled with rage. "You also want to betray the Demon Night race?"

Supreme Lord Leia gazed at her and replied, "I will not betray the Demon Night race."

"Then why do you advise me to give up?" Elena asked angrily.

"Because I won't be supporting you anymore," Supreme Lord Leia replied.

In fact, when the Demon Night attacked the ogres, the Supreme Lords of the Demon Night had also strongly opposed. Unfortunately, the two queens had already made up their minds. Even the Supreme Lords had no choice, but this didn't mean that they agreed to it.

"You want to help that bitch?" Elena asked again.

Supreme Lord Leia answered, "Just as Leroy has said, I have the right to decide for myself."

She did not betray the Demon Night; she just chose to support the other queen...

Elena glared at Supreme Lord Leia, the thunderbolts in her eyes crazily sparking. The Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand suddenly shook, and a thick bolt of lightning shot towards Supreme Lord Leia like a giant python!

"Boom!"

Supreme Lord Leia nodded slightly and a silver mirror appeared in front of her.

When the thick bolt of lightning struck the mirror, it rebounded to the sky and disappeared without a trace...

This mirror was the Heavenly Destiny that Supreme Lord Leia carried, known as "Absolute Reflection". Under the protection of the Law of Causality, Supreme Lord Leia could let almost anything be reflected back!

"I won't attack you for now." Supreme Lord Leia looked at Elena, her calm eyes already faintly emitting an intent to kill. "However, I will destroy you next time we face each other."

After Supreme Lord Leia finished speaking, her figure slowly disappeared from where she stood, leaving behind a stunned Elena.

On the Bloody Plain, the soldiers of the Demon Night started to lose focus. They all poured out of the Purple Feather Trees, and the army that was never afraid of death began to disintegrate.

They weren't running for their lives; they had just chosen their new leader.

Chapter 1995 Flee (Part One)

Neither Supreme Lord Leroy nor Zen had expected the queen's order to have such an effect over every member of the Demon Night race.

Over the years, Lavender had long disappeared, and Latonia had been reincarnated into Shania, who was obsessed with the study of laws.

After Elena had controlled the Demon Night race, she went against her clansmen's will and discriminated against those who held different views. The Board of Elders couldn't endure her behavior any longer, but as the Queen of Punishment, she had her own methods of ruling with a heavy hand by suppressing her people's anger and dissatisfaction.

Despite that though, those strong negative emotions never disappeared. Rather, they were accumulated bit by bit, somewhat like a silent volcano, preparing itself for eruption. The pressure building within the race became greater and greater.

After the Sacred race started to invade the Evolutionary Universe, Elena had brazenly announced that they would join hands with the Sacred race. At that point, the entire Demon Night race had already reached the limit of their endurance.

They considered themselves part of the universe. If this had happened in the past, they would have probably chosen to fight against other races in order to strive for the territory and resources. After all, it was for the sake of their own race. As the Sacred race invaded, all the races rose together in an attempt to expel them, but Elena wanted her race to take their side.

The Demon Night members had reached the end of their forbearance. Most of them thought their queen had gone mad.

Even so, they still chose to follow their queens' orders. No one took the lead in raising any objections. The Supreme Lords chose to remain silent too, and the Board of Elders didn't utter a single sound. No one was capable of speaking up to their queens.

Despite their lack of action, they grew more and more disappointed, slowly reaching a tipping point.

That was why the three generals of the Demon Night race had appealed to Elena, in hopes that she could temporarily withdraw the troops and even stop the war.

Supreme Lord Leroy spoke at that very moment, and his order was like a spark thrown into a burning pan of oil. The rage that had been suppressed for so long by the Demon Night members was finally erupting.

"Let's go! We now have a new option!"

"We don't need to work for such a brutal queen anymore!"

"I will follow the Queen of Killings!"

World lords and martial artists of the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm shouted at once, all beginning to flee.

A few of the others tried to stop them.

Of course, Elena had ruled the Demon Night race for many years and therefore, she had many trusted followers on her side.

Almost all the commanders in the expeditionary army were her subordinates and also her loyal followers.

Crack!

The whip snapped through the air so fast that only its shadow could be seen exploding like a firecracker.

A Demon Night commander had brandished her long whip and reprimanded the escaping soldiers, "Those who escape from this battle will be killed!"

Punishment for the Demon Night race was extremely severe. If the soldiers led by the commanders ran away, they too would have to bear a great share of the responsibility.

The situation was getting out of hand though: too many martial artists wanted to flee. Despite the whip strike from the commander, over a hundred of them had already left. It was known to all that the law couldn't be enforced when everyone was considered an offender. How could the commander stop this?

Seeing that her warning had no effect on her soldiers, the commander raised the whip in her hand once again and lashed it toward a martial artist at the Spirit Transformation Realm.

Crack!

A second unbearable snapping sound was heard. The commander was as strong as a world lord, so her whip had extraordinary power. Without being able to defend herself, a small portion of the Spirit Transformation Realm martial artist's body exploded after being hit by the whip, before she fell onto the Bloody Plain.

The commander was facing a juncture.

And she had no other choice but to execute one as a warning to the others.

Despite seeing this cruel scene, the Demon Night warriors who wanted to leave didn't get intimidated. It was a pity that the commander's method required absolute strength. If the commander was a Supreme Lord, then she was probably capable of intimidating the soldiers who wanted to flee by killing that martial artist.

Nevertheless, she was only a world lord herself. Quite a few of the soldiers that fled were also world lords, and a few of them were even grand world lords.

The moment the madly fleeing soldiers saw their comrade-in-arms lying dead on the plain, an intense emotion immediately displayed itself on their faces. Dozens of aggrieved gazes were focused on the commander, too.

"She is loyal to Elena," someone said.

"She's the culprit! Let's kill her to avenge our comrade-in-arms!" another soldier agreed.

"Rip her apart!"

The soldiers might not have the courage to face Elena, but they didn't fear their commander. At least, far less.

The long whip wielder's facial expression had also changed drastically within a split second. The soldiers who wanted to run away just moments before had turned into raging devils in the blink of an eye. She could sense their anger pulsating toward her.

After nervously retreating a few steps backward, the commander turned around with the full intention of escaping the furious mob.

Unfortunately for her, it was too late. The angry soldiers instantly rushed forward, tearing her to shreds in seconds.

The other commanders could do nothing but stand to the side and watch the scene. Their faces had all turned dreadfully pale with fright. They didn't dare to stop the fleeing soldiers anymore.

And as a result, more and more soldiers fled, of course.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 1996 Flee (Part Two)

This crazy chaos continued for a long time.

At the end of the Bloody Plain were stationed the ogre martial artists.

Facing the invasion of the Demon Night race, the ogres were under great pressure. Although they had tried their best to kill the Demon Night soldiers, the two queens and the Supreme Lords were much stronger than they were.

If the Demon Night race captured the Bloody Evil World, the ogres would have no way of retreating. They would probably have to abandon their territory and seek refuge with the Celestial Position race.

For this reason, the ogres had placed a large number of troops in the Bloody Evil World, in their best attempt at stopping the Demon Night race from marching forward in the Bloody Plain.

The army led by Elena was already quite powerful, though. With the reinforcements from another army of her race, the Bloody Evil World probably wouldn't be able to hold them off for very long.

Now, the ogre leaders were gathered together, discussing their battle strategy.

"We need to inflict heavy casualties on the Demon Night army before the reinforcements from the Queen of Life arrive. Only then will we have the chance to thoroughly defend ourselves against them," a golden-haired ogre grand world lord mentioned.

Supreme Lord Mathias didn't say a word. To the ogres, this was very risky. And as Supreme Lords, they couldn't afford to die here because they were the decisive force of their race.

If they didn't take any risks though, their chances of survival would be extremely small. If this whole situation continued to drag on, they would most likely lose the battle.

Supreme Lord Mathias had no other choice but to ultimately make a difficult decision. Just as he gave his first order to attack, however, one of his spies delivered a piece of news he hadn't heard before.

"Report! The Demon Night race has collapsed without battle. Their soldiers are now frantically running away!"

Hearing this news, all the ogre leaders present couldn't help but become shocked and confused.

How was this even possible?

During the battle with the Demon Night race, the ogres had become well aware that their enemies were not to be underestimated.

Most of the Demon Night members weren't very talkative, but they were all cold-blooded assassins who weren't afraid of death or pain. They were willing to sacrifice themselves for their race.

The ogres, on the other hand, were known for their bravery. After the outbreak of the all-out war with the Demon Night race, compared to the warriors of the Demon Night race, the ogres were as weak as kittens.

In reality though, it wasn't that the ogres were too weak, but that the Demon Night race was too reckless.

How could such a race suddenly collapse and flee? No one understood.

Supreme Lord Mathias' face was filled with disbelief. His massive figure suddenly shot toward the sky, tearing apart the wide tent in an instant. His large eyes gazed into the distance, and his expression changed from disbelief to cheer.

From his position, he could clearly see the warriors of the Demon Night race fleeing toward the other side of the Bloody Plain. The news they had just received was true.

The other grand world lords also flew upward, gazing into the distance. From there, if they wanted to see the absolute end of the plain, they would need to use some theurgy.

Their faces quickly changed into expressions of joy and happiness too.

"Is the Demon Night race bewitched?"

"I just can't believe that they would actually run away."

"Did something happen on the Bloody Plain, perhaps?"

The grand world lords began taking their guesses one after the other.

"This is a one of a kind opportunity. Let's chase after them and kill them all!" one of the grand world lords was shouting with excitement, his eyes gleaming.

Supreme Lord Mathias simply shook his head. "We can't. It's highly possible that this is one of their tricks."

"Supreme Lord Mathias is right! The Demon Night race has many tricks up their sleeves. If they lure us in deep, we may get ourselves into deeper trouble," another grand world lord echoed, nodding in agreement.

On the one hand, now that the Demon Night race seemed to be fleeing, it certainly was an opportunity for the ogres to chase after them and kill them. On the other hand though, taking such action was too risky, and they therefore decided to hold off and wait.

They continued watching and before long, most of the Demon Night soldiers had fled.

In the end, only a few hundred warriors were left.

These people were the core members of the Saint Chain Sect. They were absolutely loyal to Elena. They worshiped her, but now, even they didn't dare approach her palace.

Elena, on her behalf, was still standing alone on top of the Purple Feather Tree. Her azure eyes stared into the distance, her face filled with desolation. Her long skirt fluttered in the gentle breeze, causing her to feel an unprecedented chill.

After a while, she jumped down from the tree and landed on the ground like a bolt of lightning. She glanced at her trusted follower and the killing intent on her face became even stronger. "Tell Shania that we're going back home."

"My queen, if we go back now..." one of her subordinates was trying to speak up.

Crack!

A Thunder Law, thicker than anyone had ever seen, lashed downward like a dragon's tooth, hitting the speaker. She instantly turned to charcoal, still standing motionlessly like a burnt log.

As the other subordinates watched the scene unfold before them, their eyes began to twitch and bulge fiercely, but no one dared to move an inch, for fear that their queen would get even angrier.

Elena's expression didn't change in the slightest, though. All she wanted to do now was vent her anger on Leroy like he deserved!

Chapter 1997 The Inauguration Altar

Supreme Lord Leroy stood in the hall of the Purple Cloud Sacred Place, his posture rigid and upright. His stormy gaze scanned the warriors before him, demanding their attention.

"Our first step would be to isolate the two queens of the Demon Night race," he murmured with conviction.

"And what should we do following that?" Zen asked in response.

"Think about it. What do the queens of Demon Night rely on?" Supreme Lord Leroy shot him the question.

Zen thought for a moment. "The Pools of Faith."

Lavender, Elena, and Latonia, each had the cultivation base of a world lord. Without the Faith Energy, their strength could contest a grand world lord's. However, by dint of the Faith Energy, they possessed the great power to take the life of the Supreme Lord.

Back then, Elena could defeat Lavender because the latter's Pool of Faith had been sealed off, rendering it unusable. For that reason alone, there had existed a huge chasm between Lavender's strength and Elena's. In the end, Elena had made quick work of the other competent queen.

Supreme Lord Leroy nodded, a satisfied smile hanging on his lips. "Yes, if you wish to kill Elena and Latonia, you have to demolish their Pools of Faith. That would be the subsequent step."

These decisive words fell on the ears of the listeners and they were struck dumb. Everyone stared wide-eyed at the Supreme Lord, shocked beyond measure.

The three thousand Demon Night martial artists in the hall, who had followed along with the group, held similar expressions of disbelief on their faces.

Demolish the Pools of Faith... It sounded like an outrageous game changer.

The Pools of Faith were the very foundation of the Demon Night race.

The queens of the race got replaced as generations came by and went; but as the years rolled on, the three Pools of Faith remained intact—still unchanged and imposing as ever.

As long as the pools existed within the race, it was akin to having three additional Supreme Lords. It was what made Demon Night sui generis. In the entire wide world, no other race had access to such unique resources at hand.

"Supreme Lord Leroy, we cannot do so!"

"We can let two queens perish, but we absolutely refuse to see the Pools of Faith destroyed.

They are the very basis of Demon Night! We cannot exist without them!"

Following the lead of the grand world lord, Abby, the members of the Demon Night race raised their voices in unison in an attempt to persuade Supreme Lord Leroy to turn his verdict.

Loraine, Saint Lord of the Purple Cloud Sacred Place, was left aghast as well. A frown marred her features as she contemplated the future of the race. She judged Supreme Lord Leroy's decision to be absolutely preposterous.

All that she had witnessed today had been rather too strange for her liking. A number of formidable Demon Night warriors had mysteriously shown up, with even a Supreme Lord among them! Now, this Supreme Lord was aiming to destroy the Pools of Faith within the race. She was not sure if she was hallucinating or if the world itself had turned upside down.

However, Supreme Lord Leroy was resolute, notwithstanding the loud murmurs of protest. His remote gaze swept over everyone as he added, "From now on, we don't require three queens to control our race. One is enough for us!"

The Faith Energy of the entire Demon Night was restricted, so the three queens had shared it among them. If only one Pool of Faith was retained and all Faith Energy went in the hands of one queen alone, it would greatly alter her strength for the better...

The crowd fell into an abrupt silence as they absorbed the implication of this.

In fact, Supreme Lord Leroy's words made sense. The Demon Night had three queens, and although their roles were largely separate, they often fought incessantly. Crowning one queen alone would be a step in the right direction.

"Where are the Pools of Faith?" Zen asked Supreme Lord Leroy, his pupils shining.

The Demon Night members, needless to say, knew of the existence of the Pools of Faith. Those who had the ancient bloodline running through their veins were qualified to make use of the power of the pools. However, most others were unaware of their exact location.

"They are located at the Inauguration Altar in the center of the Rosy Cloud World, which is the core supreme world of the Demon Night race. Of course, it is bound to be guarded most heavily." Supreme Lord Leroy looked at Zen grimly before continuing, "We cannot lose time. Elena isn't foolish, and she has resources aplenty at her disposal and will figure out our tactic soon enough!"

Then, he turned to the others. "I will first move to the Rosy Cloud World with Zen by means of the Grand Teleportation technique. It is a long distance. You lot can return to the Jade Flute World, where the Saint Spear Sect resides."

The warriors stared back at him in perplexity as they absorbed his words, suddenly remembering that the Supreme Lord had been absent for some time.

Supreme Lord Leroy noticed this and explained bemusedly, "It would take us a long time to get to the Rosy Cloud World. I can't bring all of you there..."

He wondered if the warriors truly thought they could tag along. It was known that a Supreme Lord could use the Grand Teleportation technique to cross several supreme worlds, but he could only carry two or three people at most with him.

"Ahem..." Zen put his fist near his mouth and made a show of coughing, attracting the attention of Supreme Lord Leroy. "We don't need to go through all that trouble."

"What do you mean?" Supreme Lord Leroy asked doubtfully, narrowing his eyes.

Suddenly, faint light flashed in Zen's hand as the Space Law condensed within the Teleportation Token, turning into a streak of incandescent brilliance that spiraled before Zen.

Supreme Lord Leroy was flummoxed at this display. He could feel the unfathomable power of space contained within the spinning light, but he was clueless as to what Zen appeared to want to do. Truthfully, even a Supreme Lord could hardly dare imagine that an unusual entity such as the Teleportation Token existed in the universe.

In fact, the Teleportation Token was comparable to a Heavenly Destiny.

"Come with me." Zen gestured to the Supreme Lord and coolly stepped inside the spinning light, instantly disappearing from everyone's view.

The other warriors of the Demon Night had already witnessed the miracle of the Teleportation Token previously. They were not so baffled anymore, but Supreme Lord Leroy became more and more curious. With careful steps, he entered a strange space, his body sinking into the inky blank expanse all of a sudden...

The shock on his face only intensified as he saw the enormous image of the universe beneath his feet.

"What is this place?"

Supreme Lord Leroy possessed wide knowledge and experience, so upon seeing the view of the supreme worlds, he naturally inquired, "Is it that we can teleport to anywhere through this space?"

Zen nodded with a knowing smile.

Supreme Lord Leroy's eyes widened like saucers as he absorbed this piece of information.

It was the second time that Zen had shocked him in such a short period of time.

Because Supreme Lord Leroy had remained underground, he did not receive many opportunities to gather information. He could merely rely on the words uttered through the Roaring Tokens in order to determine the situation of the outer world. In truth, he did not know much about Zen at all.

He had deduced that Zen was capable of looking for him only because of Lavender's soul.

Issuing a queen's decree required the help of her soul, and it was indispensable for the purpose of stepping into the Inauguration Altar.

As for other matters, Supreme Lord Leroy did not have much hope. He only knew that if they were able to successfully destroy the two Pools of Faith, he would personally kill Elena and Latonia.

Remembering what he had said previously, Supreme Lord Leroy fidgeted a bit, feeling a little awkward and self-conscious. He let out a short burst of laughter. "You have quite a few resources yourself! Always surprising me..."

This way, Supreme Lord Leroy thought that they would naturally be able to save quite a bit of time...

Zen nodded noncommittally, somewhat amused. Amber, Abby, and many other members of the Demon Night too entered the space and headed toward the Rosy Cloud World.

Not long after, a Space Law appeared in the sky above the northern region of the Rosy Cloud World, creating a crack in the space. The crack acted like a window for a place otherworldly. Zen was the first to get through it. After all of them stepped in, the crack disappeared.

The Rosy Cloud World and the Purple Snow World were on completely different levels.

The Rosy Cloud World was the core supreme world of the Demon Night. The coronation ceremony for the queen of the race was held here from time immemorial. Furthermore, this was where the Demon Night race had originated.

The Rosy Cloud World alone consisted of nine tenth-grade sacred places, as well as a large number of those below the tenth grade. The number of Demon Night members that resided here was several times greater than that in the other supreme worlds.

It was also rife with lush greenery. Flora flourished in abundance within the sacred places, enfolding the supreme world in its splendor.

After the queen's decree was issued, it had caused a great commotion in the sacred places.

The core area of the Rosy Cloud World was naturally no exception to it.

At present, these sacred places were in chaos and struggling to maintain any semblance of balance.

A large majority of the Demon Night members chose to support Supreme Lord Leroy and Lavender, but there were some in the Rosy Cloud World who were still faithfully on Elena's side. Although Elena had been reckless and foolhardy, the Demon Night followed rigid rules and believed that it was imperative that each of the three queens perform their roles and duties strictly, no matter the cost.

Now, Supreme Lord Leroy had declared Elena and Latonia to be traitors, which they felt was wholly unreasonable.

The Rosy Cloud World had been in conflict over the matter. The Inauguration Altar saw more and more members of the Demon Night falling to their knees in ardent prayer, beseeching the Gods to help their race overcome this disaster.

Supreme Lord Leroy led Zen and the others as they flew past the sacred places. In normal circumstances, guards from sacred places could be found patrolling the area. However, no one paid attention to the company today. Perhaps the guards noticed but ignored them.

In the last few days, the faith in the race had collapsed to a staggering degree.

As soon as Supreme Lord Leroy flew down to the Inauguration Altar, a few members of the race recognized him.

Chapter 1998 Faith Trial

Within the Demon Night, this Inauguration Altar was known as the holy place of pilgrimage.

Although many of the Demon Night warriors' strength wasn't considered powerful, because they worshiped their queens so highly, many of them would come here from various supreme worlds in order to cultivate. These Demon Night members would worship their queens every day though, and some even gave up on their cultivation.

These members were called pilgrims.

For even the strongest of powerful pilgrims, it usually took them years to travel a long distance to reach here from other supreme worlds. With time though, most of them could manage to make it. However, for the weak pilgrims, they'd probably spend their entire life on the road. Even before their lifespan ran out, it would still be difficult for them to reach the Rosy Cloud World, let alone personally see the Inauguration Altar!

The Inauguration Altar was incomparably huge. And around the Inauguration Altar was an even greater platform - millions of feet in diameter. On this platform were many warriors of the Demon Night. Much like the followers of the secret sect in the Thoughtless Minds, the warriors were prostrating on the ground and in their hearts, they knew that the queens were the supreme existences as well as the True Gods that had protected them.

Although most of the sacred places of the Rosy Cloud World were in complete chaos, the great platform surrounding the Inauguration Altar remained solemn and quiet. No one dared to make a ruckus here.

"It's Leroy! Supreme Lord Leroy has come to the Inauguration Altar!"

Someone from the crowd was shouting.

Supreme Lord Leroy had led the group of Demon Night warriors to this location. With thousands of warriors following him, he had of course attracted the attention of quite a few people.

Although Leroy hadn't made an appearance for many years now, most of the people present still recognized him.

The loud shouting immediately broke the silence. Countless members of the Demon Night widened their eyes and looked toward the sky.

Supreme Lord Leroy had been the one to issue the queen's order, and his name had spread far and wide among the Demon Night in a short period of time.

A few warriors completely viewed him as the only savior of the Demon Night race, the only one capable of saving them from this dire situation. However, at the same time, there were also certain members who viewed him as a traitor, as someone who had broken the rules that the Demon Night race had set and followed for countless years!

In the dense crowd, a minimum of ten people watched Leroy closely, like a group of hawks. The group nodded at each other, their faces turned vicious!

One of them infused his life vitality into his voice, and suddenly shouted towards the sky, "Traitor! The Queen of Killings of our Demon Night has long perished. Since you have falsely passed on the queen's order, you will be punished with death!"

These pilgrims were totally blinded by their beliefs. They had even given up on cultivation. Now, they only wanted to contribute their faith. Without the ability to distinguish between right and wrong, these blind martial artists could easily be manipulated!

The debate in the past few days had been limited to the various sacred places and hadn't yet affected the Inauguration Alta. Perhaps these pilgrims had heard rumors about the queen's order, but the vast majority of them hadn't been able to clearly discern the truth behind it. To them, there was little importance to who was going to be crowned queen of the Demon Night.

"Why aren't you kneeling down before the Inauguration Altar, begging for forgiveness from all the queens of our Demon Night throughout the ages?!" Another person from the crowd was now shouting, too.

"Supreme Lord Leroy wants to usurp the throne! He wants to destroy the Pools of Faith and break the unity of our Demon Night!"

"Every one of the Demon Night race will sacrifice their lives in order to keep this demon out of here!"

Plenty of martial artists in the crowd were now calling out, one after the other.

The martial artists that lurked in the crowd used their life vitality to shout in an attempt to get all the Demon Night members to hear them. By doing this, they were trying to misguide them with their incendiary remarks.

Zen's brow creased slightly when he heard these loud, confident voices. The voices coming from below were obviously extremely strange. In his opinion, it was likely that someone was purposefully spreading such words…

And although the method was extremely vile, it was actually extremely effective at the same time!

These words quickly influenced the emotions of the pilgrims below. They glared at Supreme Lord Leroy, who was floating in the sky above.

There were close to a million Demon Night pilgrims on the square. Most of them were weak in cultivation, and even more so, a few of the Demon Night members were only nature creatures, which were no different than mortals in the Demon Night race.

However, these people had no fear of a mighty Supreme Lord. Under the queens' protection, there was not a single trace of hesitation in these pilgrims.

"Shut up!"

With a cold snort, Leroy raised the short bow in his hand. His movement was so fast that no one had seen how, or even when, the arrow had been shot. What they could see though, was a minimum of ten golden sparks suddenly appear in front of Leroy and shoot out in different directions.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

Although the martial artists were hiding in the crowd, Leroy's judgment was extremely accurate. The golden Scorching Sun Arrows shot through the crowd, accurately nailing down the martial artists that had spread the words in an attempt to mislead the others!

Although Leroy had casually shot these Scorching Sun Arrows, warriors beyond the level of grand world lords wouldn't have any power to defend against the attack.

Blood splattered out from amongst the crowd, and a few of the pilgrims let out terrified screams. Unfortunately, Leroy's actions had caused them to become even more furious. Certain martial artists were even jumping out to insult him!

"Leroy, how dare you slaughter your own kind before the Inauguration Altar?! How disrespectful!"

"Our race's Queen of Killings actually chose someone like you to become a Supreme Lord, clearly she was too blind!"

"..."

Zen looked down at the increasingly noisy crowd and asked, "What are they trying to do? It doesn't seem to make much sense to me."

Leroy narrowed his eyes and pondered. Suddenly, he seemed to recall something important. His expression changed slightly as he grabbed Zen and flew swiftly towards the Inauguration Altar. "We might be in trouble. Let's go!"

Seeing Supreme Lord Leroy so anxious, Zen too felt even more perplexed. "What do you mean?"

"Elena seems to have been well prepared. She actually arranged for such a group of fellows who don't care for their lives. It looks like they want to activate the Faith Trial and block us from the Inauguration Altar. I had forgotten about this!" By the time Leroy had finished speaking, he and

Zen had reached the front of the enormous Inauguration Altar. Here, they stopped.

This was when Zen finally found the chance to ask, "And what exactly is the Faith Trial?"

Leroy revealed a regretful expression. He stared straight through Zen and said, "That is the Faith Trial."

The Inauguration Altar was the foundation of all queens. Once the Inauguration Altar was destroyed, the queens' strength would equally be greatly reduced! Thus, and for good reason, the Inauguration Altar was most likely the most heavily guarded area. And the outermost layer of defense was this Faith Trial!

And the right to start this Faith Trial was not held within just one single person, no, but rather in the millions of pilgrims on the platform!

When these pilgrims decided that someone was not qualified to approach the Inauguration Altar, the Faith Trial would be activated!

Elena though, had already arranged for daredevils to spread a few rumors among these pilgrims. After the appearance of the Supreme Lord Leroy, the said daredevils risked their lives to slander him. In this way, Elena had easily succeeded in making the crowd hate Leroy!

Furthermore, she had also calculated that Leroy would take action to kill these daredevils, and she had thus purposely arranged for several batches of daredevils to complete the mission. When the first batch of daredevils were killed by Leroy, the second batch of daredevils would continue to slander him.

With the constant slander, a few of the pilgrims who didn't know the truth started to view Leroy as an enemy. They all glared at him, suddenly seeing him as a nemesis of the Demon Night! Not all pilgrims were so brainless, however, the world would always be made up of people who didn't know the entire truth.

Because most of the pilgrims saw Leroy as an enemy, the first layer of protection on the Inauguration Altar, the Faith Trial, was put into effect.

The massive Inauguration Altar was a tower in a triple diamond shape. Where these three diamonds connected were the stairs to walk up to the Inauguration Altar. As the Faith Trial was activated, three bands of pure colorful light began to emit from the tower!

The three bands of light were distinctively red, blue, and green. These were the colors of the three Demon Night queens' Faith Energy.

The three bands of light floated in the air and began to condense. In no time, the beams began to transform into human figures, one after the next.

Seeing the human figures that were slowly condensing in the sky, Leroy retreated a few steps. "These Faith Energies have condensed into the Faith Bodies of the Demon Night queens throughout the ages. You have to be careful!"

"How strong are they?" Zen asked, as he stared at the bright beams of light that continuously swerved and swiveled, changing shapes completely.

"They are on par with the grand world lords," Leroy replied flatly.

"They may be at the level of grand world lords, but you're a Supreme Lord," Zen snickered. "What's there to worry about?"

Leroy stared at Zen. "I'm reminding you to be careful! That's all."

Just as he finished speaking, a red figure had now been formed entirely. This red figure was the Demon Night race's thirteenth Queen of Killings. Although the Faith Body was still blurry, it was possible for one to see her beautiful features despite the blood-red mist!

Swoosh!

The Queen of Killings raised her spear and rushed immediately toward Leroy.

Before Leroy could even think of counterattacking, Zen was already a step ahead. At the same time as his figure flashed like a gust of wind, he waved his hand toward the thirteenth Queen of Killings, and a terrifying power instantly exploded from his fingertips. Even the ball of Faith Energy that formed the figure couldn't take this much power: it instantly dispersed. As soon as Zen had killed the Faith Body, he turned his head and smiled at Supreme Lord Leroy. As it turned out, it had been completely unnecessary for Leroy to have reminded Zen to be careful, to say the least.

Just for a split-second, Leroy was stunned, but he eventually mumbled, "This kid isn't so bad after all..."

Chapter 1999 Plot To Kill Zen

Zen's strength always surpassed Leroy's expectations and imagination. It was always a wonder to watch Zen display his skills.

Once the Faith Trial was activated, the Faith Bodies formed by the Faith Energy were extremely difficult to deal with.

The reason was that they had a portion of the Demon Night queens' memories. To be specific, a portion of the strength of the martial arts they had cultivated before. Hence, it was not an exaggeration to say that their strength could be compared to that of grand world lords. After all, the overall strength of grand world lords was unimaginable.

The Faith Body was only another way to utilize the Faith Energy. In a certain aspect, these Faith Bodies were indeed comparable to grand world lords.

"Swoosh!"

After Zen slayed down the thirteenth Queen of Killings, another Queen of Killings rushed forward in a lightning speed. The spear was burning with fire, harboring a vicious killing intent. The tip of the spear was pointed between Zen's eyebrows.

Zen quickly jumped up and snatched the spear in a blink of an eye. He twisted his body couple of times which confused the queen. He took advantage of the queen's brief moment of hesitation and grabbed her neck. A sickening sound was heard as he ruthlessly twisted her neck.

"Thud!"

The Queen of Killings instantly went limp and her form turned into streams of Faith Energy that flowed towards the Inauguration Altar.

As Zen kept destroying the Faith Bodies of Demon Night's queens like crushing dry weeds, Supreme Lord Leroy also acted fast alongside him.

Although Leroy gave an impression of a skinny old man, he was exceptionally agile at this moment. He swiftly moved back and forth, with one hand holding onto the bow and the other plucking the string at such a rapid speed, that it looked like he was playing a musical instrument.

A Scorching Sun Arrow would shoot out at each pull of the string. The moment the arrow pierced through a Faith Body, it would explode and the body would collapse instantly.

The two of them hovered in the sky and one by one the Faith Bodies were slayed down. Leroy focused on killing Queens of Punishment and Queens of Life, while Zen concentrated on the Queens of Killings.

Whoosh!

A new Faith Body of a Queen of Killings came into existence. The crimson body turned and pointed a spear towards Zen. The spear's tip produced an invisible force that pierced through the air.

But Zen did not dodge this time, allowing this force to collide with his body. An explosive sound could be heard, but his body was completely unharmed. Zen rushed towards the Queen of Killings to crush the Faith Body.

However, as he got closer, he could not believe his eyes!

Through the maze of red light, Zen realized that the queen facing him was none other than Lavender!

This Inauguration Altar had memories, and when every queen came to the throne, they would be accurately recorded by the Inauguration Altar. After the Faith Trial was activated, every queen of the Demon Night could reveal themselves to protect the Inauguration Altar and Lavender exactly did the same.

At this moment, Zen was at a loss, looking at the Faith Body of Lavender.

While he was slightly stunned for a moment, Lavender had already raised her spear and pointed it towards Zen. The aura that emitted from that blurry form was no different from that of the real Lavender!

Zen continued to be in a daze, when a ray of golden light suddenly shot out from beside his ear. Leroy's arrow had accurately pierced through Lavender's Faith Body, dissipating the form in front of Zen.

"Don't be fooled by these Faith Bodies," Leroy reminded him.

Zen's brow creased slightly as he quickly thought and asked, "Does this Inauguration Altar contain all of the queens' memories?"

Leroy shrugged. "Who knows? Except for the queens, no one has ever entered the Inauguration Altar."

Zen's eyes lit up when he saw some possibilities from Supreme Lord Leroy's uncertainty.

At this stage, Zen couldn't find a way to restore Lavender's memories. Right now, Lavender was just like a puppet, and he didn't know what to do with her. If only he could restore Lavender's memories in the Inauguration Altar!

From the way these Faith Bodies fought, Zen was sure the Inauguration Altar would have a portion of memories of the queens. For instance, from the way Lavender's Faith Body thrust out the spear, Zen could make out the spear skills Lavender had cultivated. But whether the Inauguration Altar had the complete memories of Lavender could only depend on luck!

The Faith Trial was still a great threat to world lords and grand world lords. However, it wouldn't be a threat to Supreme Lords or Zen. But unless they got rid of all these Faith Bodies, they wouldn't be able to enter the Inauguration Altar.

The Demon Night queens of every generation appeared one by one and was simultaneously killed. From the ancient time till now, no one knew how many queens were there in the Demon Night to carry on the thrones. If calculated carefully, a common grand world lord usually had a lifespan of tens of millions of years. In these billions of years, as time slowly flowed by, the total number of queens in Demon Night would probably be over a thousand!

The battle at the Inauguration Altar had quickly alarmed the nine tenth grade sacred places in the Rosy Cloud World.

At this time, the Demon Night members staying at the sacred places were all rushing towards the Inauguration Altar. There were actually a great number of grand world lords within those sacred places, who were all members of the Board of Elders.

This time Elena and Latonia had gone out for the war, but the Board of Elders didn't follow them. Neither did Elena and Latonia force them to go with them. In Elena's eyes, the combat ability of the group of old fellows in the Board of Elders was not strong. Moreover, the Board of Elders was already at odds with her.

High above in the sky of the Rosy Cloud World, two Supreme Lords were floating, calmly watching the scene below.

There were a total of five Supreme Lords in the entire Demon Night race now. Besides Supreme Lord Leroy and Supreme Lord Leia, there were also Supreme Lord Humaira who was on Latonia's side. The two Supreme Lords who were floating high in the sky over the Rosy Cloud World were Supreme Lord Korbin and Supreme Lord Shadow. The situation in the Demon Night race was rather special. Even Supreme Lords were not in a position to interfere in the wars among the queens. They had always remained neutral.

"It seems like Leroy is very determined. He really plans on destroying the two Pools of Faith." Supreme Lord Korbin gazed down indifferently as a wisp of fire flickered in his eyes.

"I actually admire that guy," Supreme Lord Shadow laughed. "I think we should do something to help them. By now, Elena and Latonia should be on their way back. Should we stop them?"

"I will not interfere in their battle. You forget that we do not take anybody's side?" Supreme Lord Korbin said grimly.

Supreme Lord Shadow asked in bewilderment, "You're really going to watch the Demon Night race head for destruction?"

Supreme Lord Korbin smiled. "Who said our Demon Night race will head for destruction? What if the human race fails?" Korbin asked with a gleam in his eye.

Before this battle, Elena had already told the several Supreme Lords about the information in the Soul-sealing Needle. Supreme Lord Korbin and Supreme Lord Humaira also understood why Elena and Latonia had suddenly changed their minds and joined hands with the Sacred race to attack the entire Evolutionary Universe.

From their point of view, Elena's choice wasn't completely wrong. If the Sacred race really destroyed this Evolutionary Universe, then their Demon Night race might be able to grab a place in this universe and even enter the Murphy Universe!

As he heard this, Supreme Lord Shadow pointed a finger at Zen below. With a malicious glint in his eyes, he said, "In that case, then let's join forces and kill that kid down there!"

"Kill Zen?" Supreme Lord Korbin raised his eyebrow.

By now, the entire universe knew the value of Godly Geniuses and Zen was ranked first among them. If he continued to develop like this, he might be the key to turn the situation around.

Although it was only a casual conversation between the two Demon Night Supreme Lords, their attitudes seemed critical.

On the other hand, Leroy realized that it would not be so easy to break down the Pools of Faith after he got Zen here. There were not just the two queens in the Demon Night, but also Supreme Lords. He had taken the advantage of issuing Lavender's order to reach the purpose of splitting the Demon Night race.

His plan seemed to be working, as Supreme Lord Leia could no longer endure it and chose to leave Elena.

But, Leroy's plan was also an extremely risky move. Rushing into the Inauguration Altar, Leroy had been confident that the other Supreme Lords would not interfere.

However, the Supreme Lords who had chosen to take a neutral stance had their own judgment. Although they didn't support any queen, they would still take the interest of the Demon Night into consideration.

When Supreme Lord Shadow brought up the idea of killing Zen, Supreme Lord Korbin began to carefully weigh the pros and cons.

"Will the Sacred race win if we kill this kid?" Supreme Lord Korbin asked.

Supreme Lord Shadow shook his head slightly. "Maybe or maybe not, but judging from the reactions of the Celestial Position and the Sacred race, this kid is very important to them."

Supreme Lord Korbin looked down. "So then.. Kill him?"

Saying this, he looked Zen in a way as if he had already sentenced him to death.

Chapter 2000 Surprise Attack

The Supreme Lords had held high positions for too long a time for them to relinquish control of a situation. They always liked to take control.

As the most powerful figures in the universe, they didn't like being manipulated by their own destinies.

Before Zen had declared war, only the ogre race and the human race had taken any action against their enemies. The Supreme Lords who were living in seclusion and the Supreme Lords of other small races merely stood by and watched, unwilling to meddle in the battle.

But after Zen's appeal, some of the smaller races showed signs of taking action.

On the other hand, Supreme Lord Shadow and Supreme Lord Korbin of the Demon Night did not support the collective decision of the Demon Night, nor were they willing to join in the rebellion against the Demon Night.

They were in two minds, trying to measure the impact the current situation would have on themselves.

When they found out that getting rid of Zen would benefit them, their decisions were easy to make.

"You deal with Zen. I'll kill Leroy," Supreme Lord Korbin said flatly.

Supreme Lord Shadow raised an eyebrow at Supreme Lord Korbin. "You seem quite confident. Leroy is severely injured but his power must not be underestimated."

These two Supreme Lords didn't think Zen was as strong and remarkable as the world thought him to be. They also thought that Supreme Lord Leroy was very old and had been seriously injured before, so he could not be as powerful as he used to be.

"Don't talk nonsense. Let's get to work!"

Saying thus, Supreme Lord Korbin turned into a cyan flame and began to burn.

Supreme Lord Shadow turned into a black shadow and disappeared.

At the Inauguration Altar, the three bands of light continued to roll and condense before Zen and Supreme Lord Leroy.

Their attack made it harder and harder to condense the Faith Energy.

The speed at which the Faith Energy was condensed also slowed down considerably.

Three cracks sounded out and the bands of light formed from the Faith Energy finally broke apart and all of the Faith Energy returned to the Inauguration Altar. They had successfully passed through the Faith Trial.

The millions of pilgrims beneath the Inauguration Altar wore looks of despair.

The pilgrims would not allow anyone to enter the Inauguration Altar. It would be a disgrace to their queens. But they weren't strong enough and other than using the Faith Trial, there was no other way for them to stop Zen and Supreme Lord Leroy.

But Supreme Lord Leroy didn't slaughter any of the pilgrims. In a battle at this level, he had no intention of involving any ordinary martial artists.

"We passed just like that? It's very easy then," Zen said with a smile.

Supreme Lord Leroy shook his head. "We just got lucky today. Come with me. Let's go to the Inauguration Altar."

The moment he finished speaking and looked up, his expression shifted.

His eyes flashed with a golden light as he suddenly shot out into the air.

As his body spun rapidly, he shot a black Sun-extinguishing Arrow at the spot he had just left.

Among the arrow techniques that Supreme Lord Leroy had cultivated, the Scorching Sun Arrow was a skill that he was most famous for. But it was not the most powerful of arrow techniques. The Sun-extinguishing Arrow was a powerful technique that he had comprehended after becoming a Supreme Lord.

The arrow pierced through the sky, extinguishing the sun and moon with just a wave of his hand.

The Sun-extinguishing Arrow could only be used when he faced a martial artist of the same level.

The black arrow shot out like a ray of black light. But when the arrow reached the location, it remained floating in the air. It swayed back and forth, unable to move forward.

With a pop, a strange cyan flame suddenly appeared in the sky.

As the cyan flame continued to burn, it gradually enveloped the Sun-extinguishing Arrow that Supreme Lord Leroy had sent out. As the fire continued to grow stronger, a human shape formed within it. It was holding the black arrow shaft in its hand.

Not long after, the flame dissipated and a slim young man appeared.

A faint smile played on his face as he looked at the black arrow shaft in his hand. He pinched at it gently and it turned to dust, scattering in the wind.

"Korbin!"

Supreme Lord Leroy looked stern and worried at the same time. The thing he was most worried had happened.

These Supreme Lords, especially Supreme Lord Shadow and Supreme Lord Korbin, were not as easy to fool as ordinary martial artists. If they wanted to interfere, things would become troublesome and complicated.

"Long time no see, Leroy." Supreme Lord Korbin smiled.

"Why are you stopping me? You want to help them? But they..." Supreme Lord Leroy said, trailing away as he stared at Supreme Lord Korbin.

Supreme Lord Korbin shook his head, smiled, and said, "Stop making such remarks. I know what you want to say."

"But..." Supreme Lord Leroy was unwilling to treat Supreme Lord Korbin as an opponent. But at this moment, he just wanted to try his best to convince him.

Supreme Lord Korbin wasn't going to give Supreme Lord Leroy any chance to escape. "But we've already made our choice!"

"We?" Supreme Lord Leroy asked, his eyebrows going up as he noticed Supreme Lord Shadow's appearance. He turned to warn Zen, "Zen! Be careful!"

Supreme Lord Leroy had barely finished talking when a shadow suddenly appeared behind Zen, a black broken blade silently approaching Zen's neck.

Zen was looking at Supreme Lord Shadow, but he swung his elbow backwards.

This attack seemed very ordinary, but the power that Zen had poured into his elbow was terrifying. Supreme Lord Leroy had dealt with a Supreme Lord, so it was fitting enough that the one who had attacked Zen must also be a Supreme Lord. Zen looked calm, but he had used the power of nine stars.

He had used thirty percent of the stars' strength.

The power from the elbow strike swarmed backwards like a flood.

BAM!

The strike had looked ordinary but a loud sound rang out from it.

Immediately after, a figure appeared behind Zen, staggering in the air as the crowd watched. He finally managed to balance himself, but his face was already deathly pale. He held on for a while before he spat out a mouthful of blood.

"What should I be careful of?" Zen asked, without looking back, a smile on his face. He couldn't even be bothered to deal with a Supreme Lord.

Supreme Lord Leroy stared blankly at Zen.

He had underestimated Zen's strength all this time, but now, he was beginning to increasingly think highly of Zen.

When he had first seen Zen, he had treated Zen as a warrior who had only just become a world lord. But on meeting him, Zen had destroyed his Fixed Vision Theurgy, which had improved his impression of Zen.

But with Zen's subsequent performance, his opinion about Zen had quickly changed. Zen was a Godly Genius after all, and even though he had just reached the world lord realm, he was not an ordinary world lord. He was one of the top world lords, able to defeat any martial artist who was weaker than grand world lords.

When Zen was fighting by his side against the Faith Trial, he had once again, performed beyond Supreme Lord Leroy's expectations. Supreme Lord Leroy had believed that Zen could even be considered to be as outstanding as a powerful grand world lord. He was truly worthy of being called the number one Godly Genius.

And now, Supreme Lord Leroy was discovering he was like a weak warrior without that vast of a knowledge before Zen. It was impossible for him to understand Zen's true strength.

Supreme Lord Leroy was a Supreme Lord after all, and he knew that one's knowledge was proportional to their strength. But a world lord caused a Supreme Lord to spit out blood with a casual strike? He had never heard of this sort of thing!

Even Supreme Lord Korbin was dumbfounded.

Supreme Lord Korbin believed that he was slightly stronger than Supreme Lord Shadow, which was why he had let Supreme Lord Shadow deal with Zen while he fought Supreme Lord Leroy.

Since Supreme Lord Shadow was very powerful, it would be easy for him to defeat Zen.

But the scene before him confused Supreme Lord Korbin. A hint of doubt arose within him. Was Supreme Lord Shadow just pretending to do that? Even if he was just putting on a show, he needed Zen's cooperation. But Zen looked so pleased and arrogant that it was obvious he was suppressing Supreme Lord Shadow.

The number of the Demon Night members gathering around the Inauguration Altar increased. Aside from the weaker pilgrims, the world lords of the Board of Elders in the sacred places had also gathered. These elders were all anxious as they saw the two Supreme Lords take action against Supreme Lord Leroy.

The members of the Board of Elders were mostly on Supreme Lord Leroy's side. They had been suppressed by Elena for so many years and had hated her from the bottom of their hearts. But the members of the Demon Night did not want the warriors of their race to kill each other, which was why the elders had come there to mediate in the dispute.

But before they had the chance to speak, they saw something that shocked them to no end.

"That young man is definitely Zen! He has even made Supreme Lord Shadow spit out blood with just one punch! How did he do that?" An elder asked, his eyes wide with surprise and confusion.

"You're asking me? I have no idea either!" The other elder was stunned as well.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2001 Fierce Battles

Amber and the world lords from Prison Island were also watching this scene unfold from the other side of the Inauguration Altar.

Only Prison Island's guards, Fannie and Sammy had fought with Zen before.

Fannie and Sammy finally understood now why they weren't able to shake Zen in the slightest, forget defeating him, even when they used their full strength. They had definitely underestimated his strength…

As for Amber, she was abnormally calm in this situation.

This youth who had killed his way around the Sea God Continent was already on par with a Supreme Lord in the blink of an eye.

Supreme Lord Shadow was extremely excited right now.

He had suffered a great loss just now due to his carelessness.

Ambushing and assassinating people from the back was his forte. He had never in his wildest dreams expected Zen to predict his move and counterattack first!

As a result, Supreme Lord Shadow was pretty much defenseless against Zen's counterattack.

It would have been fine if it was an ordinary counterattack, but Supreme Lord Shadow was overwhelmed with the power that Zen had unleashed at this moment. The seemingly casual strike contained enough power to cause his internal organs to be damaged as it surged through him. He spat out a mouthful of blood.

It was a humiliating defeat for someone of this stature!

Supreme Lord Shadow was baffled with this turn of events. What method had Zen used? How did he know beforehand that he would attack him from behind?

Supreme Lord Shadow's Heavenly Destiny was Shadow Dance. If he hid himself, in theory, no one would be able to find him in the universe. In some sense, this Heavenly Destiny wasn't so impressive, but it could prove to be very lethal. He could sneakily approach anyone. Even a Supreme Lord would worry about being assassinated!

He naturally did not know that everything within the range of the will of worlds was transparent to Zen.

In fact, when Zen and Leroy were facing Faith Trial, he was already aware of the existence of Supreme Lord Korbin and Supreme Lord Shadow. Zen would have not taken any action if those Supreme Lords had chosen to leave him be. However, now that they had started the battle, he would not be lenient! Every strike he made was resolute and forceful.

Supreme Lord Shadow reached out to feel the trace of blood on the corner of his mouth. His eyes were like poisonous scorpions as they bore into Zen. "How did you know?"

Zen turned around and asked, "Why should I tell you?"

"If you don't, you're dead for sure!" Supreme Lord Shadow threatened.

Zen's smile grew wider. "Are you trying to tell me that you will spare my life if I tell you?"

"Hah! In your dreams!"

Supreme Lord Shadow lost his patience at this point.

Fighting with a world-lord-level kid would be a waste of time. Now that he had been humiliated, he just wanted to kill Zen as soon as possible!

Swoosh!

Supreme Lord Shadow suddenly split into two black shadows, vanishing on the spot!

He was about to execute a second assassination…

Leroy's reaction was also extremely quick. He was greatly surprised by Zen's performance, but at the same time he was also relieved. At least this sudden turn of events wasn't as troublesome as he had imagined. He still had a chance!

If he could quickly finish off Supreme Lord Korbin, he might even be able to help Zen kill Supreme Lord Shadow.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

With a raise of his hand, three rays of black light shot out from him in a flash!

"Fixed Vision Theurgy!"

Supreme Lord Leroy's eyes shone with a golden light as he stared at Supreme Lord Korbin, who was near him. These three Sun-extinguishing Arrows would definitely kill his foe, for there was no way to dodge or obstruct them!

Just like Supreme Lord Leroy, Supreme Lord Korbin also belonged to the Demon Night. He knew all about Leroy's Fixed Vision Theurgy. He also knew he couldn't evade it, and he never thought of dodging it!

Puff!

Cyan flames burned brightly in his body …

Then, three Sun-extinguishing Arrows pierced through Supreme Lord Korbin's body.

As the cyan flames slowly extinguished, Supreme Lord Korbin also disappeared. Then, a searing heat suddenly rained down from the skies. All of the martial artists around the Inauguration Altar felt as if they were in a furnace as the scorching heat wave washed over them instantly!

"Let's go!"

The members of the Board of Elders did not dare to remain there any longer!

In a war between Supreme Lords, a single move was enough to destroy the world. At this moment, both sides were restraining themselves slightly, but if they really used their true abilities to the hilt, it was possible that the Rosy Cloud World would be torn apart!

Amber's group also began to retreat. Obviously, no one wanted to get caught in the crossfire.

However, the pilgrims under the Inauguration Altar did not budge...

Most of the pilgrims were weak, and they wouldn't be able to escape fast enough. Furthermore, these pilgrims didn't want to leave this place, so they could only whine in low voices in the unique language of the Demon Night and pray for the queens' protection.

However, that scorching heat became increasingly intense. Many of the Demon Night warriors' hair and brows began to curl up, and some people covered their faces and rolled onto the ground!

Whoosh!

A fire wheel appeared in the sky. Supreme Lord Korbin stood on this wheel and descended towards Supreme Lord Leroy.

"Beacon Wheel!"

The Beacon Wheel rolled forward, hurtling down straight towards Leroy. The heat emitted from the Beacon Wheel could melt the earth!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As the heat was cast down and spread, the pilgrims under the Inauguration Altar were set on fire one by one, and turned into blazing flames …

It had to be said that these pilgrims were deeply devoted. Some of the distant ones had yet to be affected and seeing the brutal condition of the pilgrims in front of them, they did not scream or run away, but instead remained calm even in the face of death!

"Humph!"

There was no change in Leroy's expression as he faced the Beacon Wheel.

Supreme Lord Korbin's attack was massive, but the threat it posed to a Supreme Lord was not much. The power of space behind him suddenly exploded outwards, and Leroy disappeared on the spot!

Soon after, he appeared high up in the sky. The bow in his hand had been unfurled. He was holding onto the bowstring with all five fingers. With a sudden tug, a complex divine texture appeared between the bowstring and the bow!

Buzz buzz …

As the divine texture vibrated, five different-colored arrows appeared attached to the bowstring!

Gold, cyan, black, green and purple!

Respectively, they were Scorching Sun Arrow, Sun-extinguishing Arrow, Profound Dividing Arrow, Spirit Stealing Arrow and Boundless Arrow!

In the battle with the Supreme Lord, Leroy fought without any hesitation, and now he had used several of his moves at a time.

However, he hadn't used the Blood-devouring Bone Arrows yet, the cost of which was too high. Unless it was a last resort, he didn't plan to use them.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The five different-colored arrows rained down from top to bottom and instantly landed in front of Supreme Lord Korbin.

Supreme Lord Korbin's brows were knitted together slightly as he stood on the Beacon Wheel.

Leroy's Fixed Vision Theurgy was very difficult to beat. It was an unreasonable Law of Causality that allowed one to determine a target. Since Leroy could see the target, the arrow he shot would definitely hit the mark.

Korbin would have to use other methods to neutralize the attack. He probably even had to take it head-on, but he couldn't dodge it—even if he wanted to!

The five long arrows were honing in on him, and were about to hit him.

"Substitute Fire Emissary!"

When the five long arrows pierced through Supreme Lord Korbin, he once again became a flaming human!

Boom!

The fiery figure was hit by the five arrows with different attributes and was instantly shredded to pieces.

However, not long after, the body of Supreme Lord Korbin reformed. The "Substitute Fire Emissary" was Supreme Lord Korbin's self-enlightened flame theurgy. It had helped him to ward off disasters countless times!

Supreme Lord Korbin's plan was that once Supreme Lord Shadow took down Zen, he could work together with him, and then dealing with Leroy would be a breeze. Thus, Korbin thought that Leroy should be the one to be most anxious right now, and not him!

Clearly, the five arrows didn't work, so Leroy turned to Zen, who was standing on the other side.

He was worried. 'Supreme Lord Shadow appears and disappears like a ghost. Will Zen be able to avoid getting assassinated?'

The only thing that gave Leroy some comfort was that Zen's reflexes were astonishing. This kid had even broken through Leroy's Fixed Vision Theurgy.

Leroy was puzzled by this, because breaking the Law of Causality was a violation of common sense.

Zen had refused to tell him how he did it, but he had been trying to figure it out. In the end, he had only come up with one possibility: that Zen might have a kind of theurgy, which allowed him to see through people's soul. That was how he knew where he was going to shoot his arrow, and had snapped it into two so easily.

If his guess was correct, then it would be very difficult for Supreme Lord Shadow to defeat Zen …

Supreme Lord Leroy had stopped fighting and Supreme Lord Korbin regarded Zen.

Zen was still floating in the air, but he was turning in a certain direction. A mocking smile was plastered on his face as he stared into the void, giving no clue as to what he was going to do.

After activating the Shadow Dance, it was theoretically impossible to detect Supreme Lord Shadow's location. With this Law of Causality, he could get close to anyone without being detected!

But that kid Zen was staring right at him!

Looking at Zen's smiling face, Supreme Lord Shadow felt that he had been very foolish in his tactics. He had never felt so aggrieved before. It was as if he had swallowed a rat!

Chapter 2002 Rival A Supreme Lord

Against the will of worlds, all concealment was useless.

This world was made up of complex materials: rocks, air, water, mountains, and an assortment of living creatures.

As for the will of worlds, it recorded everything that passed and stayed in the universe. Zen could instantly tell how many mountains and stones were in a supreme world, and where people were at all times.

However, the worlds' will also had its limitations.

When the will had just covered the entire great world, he wasn't able to detect any movement from the martial artists in the Upper World.

But now that it already covered all the supreme worlds of the Demon Night race, human warriors were the only remaining ones Zen could not detect.

Nonetheless, the will was still expanding. In the future, when it already spread throughout the whole universe, Zen would be god of omniscience. Nothing in the entire universe would be kept secret from him. He would have all the memories of the worlds' will, and the Sacred race would be the only ones he'd be unable to detect. They had, after all, come from the Murphy Universe, and the worlds' will was unable to enter their universe.

Supreme Lord Shadow was born into the Demon Night race, so he wasn't exempt from the worlds' will.

In fact, not only did Zen see Supreme Lord Shadow's current movements, Zen was also able to peek into the memories of his past. Most of these memories were so old, Supreme Lord Shadow probably didn't remember them anymore.

This was the first time Zen faced a Supreme Lord head on. And although he had a relaxed expression on his face, he was completely alert and aware of his surroundings.

Supreme Lord Shadow was constantly moving in the shadows.

The boy in front of him was much more troublesome than he had expected. Feeling unsatisfied with Supreme Lord Korbin's decision, Supreme Lord Shadow grudgingly thought how it would be more satisfying facing Leroy instead.

But even though it was tricky, it wasn't like he couldn't do anything about Zen.

In his eyes, Zen was just a shriveled up hedgehog. He hadn't found a flaw yet but the moment he did, it would mean the end for this kid.

Supreme Lord Shadow moved faster and faster in the shadows.

Zen also spun in the air, the smile on his face gradually vanishing.

Even though the worlds' will could capture anything, it was still trouble if Supreme Lord Shadow's speed surpassed Zen's reaction speed.

Whoosh!

Supreme Lord Shadow seemed to realize this too, as he came out of his hiding place. His speed immediately doubled, causing blurred afterimages to follow him as he spun in the air.

Leroy frowned. Just like how Supreme Lord Shadow and Supreme Lord Korbin understood him, Leroy also understood Supreme Lord Shadow's methods. He was like an assassin. He gathered energy before the battle but once he took his move, he could kill his opponent with a single strike.

In terms of speed, this fellow had the advantage.

Leroy's eyes gleamed as he readied to shoot at Supreme Lord Shadow. He couldn't just stand by and watch Zen get killed. After all, he wouldn't be able to enter the Inauguration Altar without Lavender's soul.

However, Supreme Lord Korbin was already in front of him before he could release the arrow. A cyan flame flickered in his hand like a lotus.

"Your opponent is me."

Supreme Lord Korbin smiled and allowed the flames to sweep at Leroy. Hence, the two Supreme Lords began to fight again.

Supreme Lord Shadow's speed made it difficult for Zen to catch him. With a flash of killing intent in his eyes, Supreme Lord Shadow suddenly changed course and dove for Zen.

There were no afterimages this time. Such speed did not leave any traces as it was impossible for one to follow the movement.

When Supreme Lord Shadow disappeared, Zen let out an alarmed shout.

His right hand was still gripping his space ring. The moment Supreme Lord Shadow disappeared, Zen immediately pulled out the Great Weighty Sword.

Having no time to think, Zen instinctively slashed the weapon to the side.

Zen wasn't even sure if it could be called a slash. When Zen used the worlds' will to locate Supreme Lord Shadow, he found the distance between them had been too close. Unable to adjust the edge of the Great Weighty Sword, he just used it like a club and hit where he thought the Supreme Lord was going to be.

Bam!

With a dull boom, the Great Weighty Sword hit Supreme Lord Shadow.

The weight of the sword was terrifying.

When it crashed into Supreme Lord Shadow's chest, all of his ribs shattered.

It was like a massive being sat on his body. Like a broken kite, he was forced backward and was sent flying faster than before.

He reached a distance of three thousand miles before he collided into the nearest sacred place to the Inauguration Altar. He probably also destroyed tens of thousands of trees along the way.

A massive crater had formed in the center of the sacred place and the Supreme Lord lay in the center of it, dumbstruck.

Feeling a warmth in his throat, he flipped to his stomach and doubled over. "Puff!"

Blood sprayed out from his mouth.

This time though, he spat ten times more blood than before.

All of his ribs were broken and his organs had been crushed to a pulp. If he were any other martial artist, they would have already been on the verge of death.

With his teeth clenched, he took out a golden pill from his sleeve and popped it into his mouth.

He couldn't believe that in just a short period of time, he had already been beaten twice by a world lord to the point of coughing out blood. How humiliating..

Whoosh!

Supreme Lord Shadow leaped out from the crater, his expression unpaintable. His eyes flashed as he discovered the martial artists hiding in the trees.

With a flick of his hand, a sharp gust of wind rushed through the warriors' bodies. In a matter of seconds, they began to tremble and stiffen, and cracks began to form on their bodies. Blood flowed from the cracks before they collapsed into pieces.

"Humph!"

With a grunt, Supreme Lord Shadow flew towards the Inauguration Altar.

He felt sad and wronged. Zen was being unreasonable. What right did he have to make a Supreme Lord vomit blood twice?

He was beginning to doubt both his strength and Supreme Lord Korbin's judgement. 'Should we really be involved in this?'

If he allowed Zen to grow, the guy would probably go against the heavens in only a few years. And by then, it wouldn't be impossible for him to help the human race get rid of the Sacred race.

However, people at their level rarely regretted anything. Once they made up their minds, it was impossible to stop them. Besides, he and Supreme Lord Korbin had already formed enmity with Zen. They couldn't turn back now.

"Good..."

Supreme Lord Shadow activated the Grand Teleportation and once again appeared before Zen. "It seems like I shouldn't have treated you as a junior," he said. "I shouldn't have regarded you as a world lord as well. In fact, you have the strength to rival a Supreme Lord!"

His evaluation was extremely high.

Some outstanding world lords and grand world lords had the strength to fight each other, but the disparity between a grand world lord and a Supreme Lord was simply too great. After all, the Heavenly Destiny carried by a Supreme Lord was something that a grand world lord would never be able to contend with.

Chapter 2003 Shadows Kill

Supreme Lord Shadow had been defeated by a world lord twice now—this was something that had never happened before ever since ancient times!

It was understandable when he was defeated the first time as he didn't have an idea of Zen's strength at all. After all, there were always some world lords in the universes that possessed abilities that even a Supreme Lord couldn't match. Moreover, Zen was a Godly Genius and that was a big deal.

The second time he got defeated was because Supreme Lord Shadow had underestimated Zen's strength again.

Even though he had made the wrong judgment twice, Supreme Lord Shadow couldn't forgive himself. Now that he faced Zen, he viewed him as an opponent of the same level as himself…

Right after Supreme Lord Shadow finished his evaluation, Zen had suddenly disappeared to his surprise!

Whoosh!

Soon after, he heard a whistling sound. Zen had actually used Grand Teleportation and appeared above him. Using the Great Weighty Sword in his hand he began slaying!

"Gods-intimidating Strike! Wind Kill!"

Zen had been preparing for this attack for a long time.

This Supreme Lord Shadow was an established Supreme Lord within the Demon Night. After being unsuccessful twice in a row, he had to do something in order to save some face.

It was indeed an honor for a normal world lord to get such a comment, but Zen had no interest in hearing it.

On the eastern side of the Evolutionary Universe, the Godly Genius Maha had made his move within the Sunflower Water World. The Supreme Lords from both the Sacred race and human race had already begun their arrangements. A decisive battle could erupt at any time, and Zen wouldn't stay here for too long!

He only wanted results; he wasn't interested in getting anyone's appreciation or praise.

Therefore, when he attacked suddenly, he used the most effective method!

Now, Zen's cultivation had reached a whole new level. Combined with the burst of chaotic energy, the Gods-intimidating Strike released a power that was at a whole new level!

A sword shadow spread out. It was like wind blades that contained the tenth layer of Wind Law were crushing down from all directions. These beams of sword radiance cut through the air, blocking all paths of Supreme Lord Shadow to retreat!

Zen couldn't have timed the attack any better!

The Supreme Lord Shadow was stunned!

In a battle of this level, success or failure was usually decided in the blink of an eye.

Supreme Lord Shadow was extremely quick to react and he was adept at escaping.

Faced with Zen's powerful sword attack, he abruptly lowered his body and transformed into two black shadows. The two black shadows instantly multiplied into four, and then into eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four…

Puff puff puff …

Although Zen's strike had destroyed some of the shadows, the number of the shadows below was increasing at a terrifying speed!

A thousand black shadows…

Two thousand black shadows…

Four thousand black shadows…

Every time these black shadows multiplied, their numbers would double…

Ten thousand…

Twenty thousand…

Forty Thousand….

Not long after, the area around the Inauguration Altar was surrounded by countless black shadows, all of them created by Supreme Lord Shadow.

Leroy and Supreme Lord Korbin, who were fighting high up in the sky at that moment, paused as they were intrigued by Zen. Supreme Lord Korbin noted with interest. "That kid is not bad! He actually forced Supreme Lord Shadow to reveal his trump card!"

In Supreme Lord Korbin's view, even if Supreme Lord Shadow was unlucky and got defeated by Zen twice, he shouldn't have taken it too seriously...

From the looks of it, Zen had dealt a huge blow to Supreme Lord Shadow.

"What is this…"

When he saw the army of black shadows, Zen's expression darkened. His sword attack had failed to end the battle. Instead, it had provoked a powerful counterattack from Supreme Lord Shadow. He could only choose to avoid the attack temporarily.

A bright light flashed under Zen's feet, and just as he was about to use the Grand Teleportation to make his escape, all the hands of the black shadows suddenly moved. Their left arms held their right hands, while their right hands pointed towards the sky!

These black shadows were Supreme Lord Shadow's clones. Their movements were synchronized, as if they were practicing martial arts!

"Whoosh…"

Suddenly a black circle appeared under Zen's feet, and before he could teleport, it bound him tightly to the spot.

"Damn..."

Zen's heart skipped a beat. The power in his feet erupted. He was about to break free from the black circle.

When he let the power loose, no Supreme Lord would be able to contend against him. It was true that in the battle between Supreme Lords, or powerful masters at higher levels, strength could work wonders. But in many cases, it might not have any effect.

The many methods employed in this sort of a high-stakes war usually involved the Law of Causality so it was impossible to win it just by relying on pure strength!

The black circle looked like a thin film and was only two fingers wide, but it was extremely flexible as it bound Zen. The strength that Zen had released was enough to topple mountains and overturn the seas, but at this moment, he was unable to break free from the wretched black circle!

"Shadows Kill!"

With this command, the hands of the countless black shadows turned and connected with each other like an enormous black cloud which covered the sky and blocked out the sun!

The world in front of Zen's eyes immediately turned dark.

He was completely enveloped by the darkness, and not a trace of light could be seen. He couldn't even see his own hand in front of his face!

The black shadows raced menacingly towards Zen…

Zen was able to tell the direction and distance of the black shadows through the will of the worlds, but he was unable to break free from the black circle beneath his feet!

"Whoosh!"

The first black shadow charged towards Zen, and then a sharp sound was heard!

Zen could feel something ice-cold on his skin. Obviously, a sharp weapon had slashed him!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Soon after, there was a wave of sounds and sensations produced by the sharp weapons.

The cultivation method practiced by Supreme Lord Shadow was unique. This Shadows Kill had equipped the shadows with his most powerful killing technique, and at the same time, he had locked Zen by taking advantage of the Law of Causality of his Heavenly Destiny, making it impossible for Zen to break free purely by relying on strength. Zen was like a sitting duck, so Supreme Lord Shadow had enough time to shatter Zen into pieces with ease!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The awful cutting sounds went on for several minutes.

During this period of time, over a hundred thousand black shadows had attacked Zen, which meant that he had been slashed over a hundred thousand times!

Each time a black shadow finished its attack, it had completed its mission and so it vanished into the air…

The black cloud, which had wiped out the sunlight and devoured the sky, became smaller and smaller as the black shadows faded away...

When all the black shadows had dissipated, Zen's figure slowly appeared…

Leroy looked pale while Supreme Lord Korbin and Supreme Lord Shadow, who was hidden in a black shadow, were extremely excited. To kill such an important Godly Genius with their own hands was such a thrill for them. Some Supreme Lords had very long lifespans, so it was hard to find anything to excite them.

But when they saw Zen's condition clearly, the expressions of the three Supreme Lords changed once again!

Leroy's wrinkled face revealed a smile once more. As for Supreme Lord Korbin and Supreme Lord Shadow, they were both shocked! Each time they thought they were coming close to a victory, they were proved wrong!

"How, how is this possible…" one of them stuttered in disbelief.

The one hundred thousand black shadows had already dissipated, leaving behind only a hazy black shadow. It began to slowly transform into the true form of Supreme Lord Shadow. He stood one hundred feet away from Zen, gaping at him. The shock was painted all over his face.

This kid was still alive!

He never expected him to be able to survive his deadly Shadows Kill.

"You, you're not hurt…"

Supreme Lord Shadow's mind had become fuddled now. He found it hard to believe the phenomenon in front of him. Zen was completely unharmed from head to toe. He couldn't see any wounds on Zen's body…

The smile on Leroy's face grew wider. Even his shoulders began to shake as he chortled. "Hahahaha! This brat is a monster! He really is a monster!"

Supreme Lord Leroy was naturally happy to see that Zen was safe and sound, but Supreme Lord Korbin and Supreme Lord Shadow were feeling rather helpless.

Humans had a natural fear towards things that were beyond common sense, and even the Supreme Lords were no exception. Indeed, the Shadows Kill was not the strongest among all the methods utilized by Supreme Lords. After all, the power of these one hundred thousand black shadows could not concentrate only on one point.

Even if a Supreme Lord were to take it forcefully, they would likely to be on the point of dying. It was truly illogical for Zen to not only be able to survive this attack but also do it without suffering any injuries!

Even Supreme Lord Shadow wanted to retreat at this point!

However, he was still unwilling to accept defeat. If he lost to a kid like Zen, this would probably become an inner demon, which he would never be able to get rid of for the rest of his life. He would not accept this failure.

Keeping this in mind, he gritted his teeth and went all out! Folding his hands together, he spat out a mouthful of blood essence. As the ball of blood essence danced on his hands, it condensed into a thumb-sized sword of blood essence.

Chapter 2004 A Sneak Attack

It was known that while Supreme Lord Shadow was only a low-rank Supreme Lord, he wasn't as ordinary as one thought.

Someone had once said that each Heavenly Destiny served a purpose, and there was no difference between top-rank and low-rank Heavenly Destinies. As long as one used their Heavenly Destiny wisely and to its maximum capability, then even a low-rank Supreme Lord could have a chance against a top-rank Supreme Lord.

Of course, the Heavenly Destiny wouldn't have much effect if not used appropriately.

Supreme Lord Shadow's Heavenly Destiny was called the Shadow Dance. His Heavenly Destiny enabled him to be invisible. However, Zen was able to see him because he had fused himself with the worlds' will. Therefore, Supreme Lord Shadow was left with no other option but to burn his blood essence to fight Zen.

What he didn't know was that it was exactly the move that Zen hoped he would do the most!

While Zen's current strength might not be the strongest in this entire universe, it was difficult to find someone who could match him in close combat.

If Supreme Lord Shadow fled, then Zen wouldn't be able to catch up to him. However, Supreme Lord Shadow had already decided to kill Zen, and now was Zen's chance.

A shadow suddenly flashed in front of Supreme Lord Shadow when he had just formed a small sword with his blood essence. He thought that Zen was like a man who wanted more food than he could finish. 'Does he really want to take me down? How ridiculous!' he thought. It was something he found intolerable. He laughed loudly and shouted, "Come at me!"

The little sword in his hand shook violently and looked like it was about to fly at any moment. At the same time, a white light glowed under his feet as he was about to teleport away.

A gust of wind blew as Zen, who was rapidly approaching, flicked his finger and a colorful ribbon of light shot out of it. A chain dangled at the end of the light beam.

"Death Chain!"

Zen had seldom used it since he had gotten it.

According to Saul's explanation, the Death Chain was like the light band of the fairy palace. Once two warriors were locked by the chain, it would be impossible for even a Supreme Lord to escape unless they killed the other party.

Despite its powerful capabilities, Zen never had the chance to use it ever since he had ascended to the Upper World.

Now, Zen wasn't slow either. It was rare that an opponent of the same level could escape from him. However, the situation was different when Zen's opponent was a Supreme Lord. Because as long as a Supreme Lord chose to run away, Zen's current speed wouldn't allow him to catch up to them.

Thus, the Death Chain could really be of great use right now.

Swoosh!

The beam of light shot out from Zen's hand like a bullet, headed straight towards Supreme Lord Shadow.

The speed of the light beam was far too fast for anyone or anything to comprehend. Back when Zen was hidden away in the fairy palace, the Supreme Lords were still quite far from him, but that didn't stop the light band of the fairy palace from reaching them. That was why they had gotten involved in the Desperate Melee.

Supreme Lord Shadow naturally didn't have time to react at that point. One end of the band had tightly bound itself to him while the other end was attached to Zen.

The Death Chain had now bound the two of them together, and only one was destined to escape alive.

There was clearly no way for Supreme Lord Shadow to use the Grand Teleportation to leave. Half of his body had already sunken into the white light. He thought that he could still escape, but Zen suddenly pulled him back.

Swoosh!

Just then, the little sword Supreme Lord Shadow had released earlier also flew towards Zen's face.

Zen had already anticipated the little sword. He fiercely swung his Great Weighty Sword and it drew a brown arc in the air, before it ruthlessly struck the little sword.

Zen didn't know anything about the little sword. While it was only a mass of blood essence, it possessed a deadly amount of strength. The Great Weighty Sword was undoubtedly powerful, but it had failed to shatter the little sword. Instead, the powerful energy from the collision sent the little sword flying up into the sky, hundreds of thousands of miles above the ground.

"What is that?" Supreme Lord Shadow exclaimed. At that moment, panic began to build up in his chest.

He found himself unable to break free from the light beam.

On the other hand, Zen's body was as tough as a monster. Supreme Lord Shadow couldn't help the chill that ran down his spine when he felt the endless power that emanated from Zen. If only Supreme Lord Shadow wasn't locked down, he wouldn't have to fear it. After all, Zen's strength would be useless if the human youth couldn't touch him.

Now wasn't the time for that because everything was different. Goosebumps prickled Supreme Lord Shadow's skin as realization dawned upon him. The situation seemed to be much worse than he had imagined.

"Ha-ha!" Zen chuckled.

He tilted his body slightly forward as he leapt ahead with the Great Weighty Sword in his hand. He raised his arms and swung the weapon down to chop off Supreme Lord Shadow's head!

Whoosh!

The surrounding space was distorted and everything immediately felt a special kind of strange after Zen wielded the Great Weighty Sword.

It was equivalent to a great world that had been condensed into a sword, and then descended away at a high speed. Who knew just how terrifying was the power inside it?

That was precisely why Supreme Lord Shadow didn't dare retaliate to the sword strike. Instead, he left a black shadow that stayed put, while he himself flew towards the other side. The light band of the Death Chain did not wrap around the black shadow, but it was still locked onto Supreme Lord Shadow himself. So he still couldn't pull away from Zen and was even more unable to use his black shadow to confuse him.

If anything, he had at least avoided Zen's vertical slash.

Yet how could Zen, who had Supreme Lord Shadow on a complete lockdown, allow his opponent to dodge so easily?

When the sword missed its target, Zen had already guessed the path Supreme Lord Shadow would take. He turned his left hand into a fist and punched. It was useless for Supreme Lord Shadow to hide himself in the shadows because Zen could still easily capture him. What was more, he had a belt of light that dragged behind him!

Bam!

A sudden, muffled noise sounded in the air.

Supreme Lord Shadow felt as if his body was doing a somersault. His organs and even the sea of life vitality in his inner world began to surge up. It couldn't help that the countless lives in his inner world had been plunged into a catastrophe.

Zen's punch sent Supreme Lord Shadow flying in the air again, but both were still connected by the ribbon of light. This band of light would never break, even if it was stretched in mid-air.

Meanwhile, Zen quickly pulled the light band down and yanked the nearby Supreme Lord Shadow.

"You!"

Although Supreme Lord Shadow had been dizzy from Zen's punch and had been forcefully dragged back, he still mustered his strength to counterattack. If he took a few more punches, this would be the place where he would perish.

As Zen continued to pull Supreme Lord Shadow towards him, that little sword which had flown hundreds of thousands of miles up in the sky had now changed direction, and was now headed towards Zen once more.

Swoosh!

The little sword let out an ear-piercing sound as it dashed through the air. Zen frowned; his Great Weighty Sword that was originally meant to cut Supreme Lord Shadow could only change its direction to block the little sword.

A sigh escaped his lips. He had no choice but to deal with the little sword again. In turn, Supreme Lord Shadow, who was dragged back, took another of Zen's punches.

A person who had become a Supreme Lord would be linked with the heavens. Their body and soul would be greatly strengthened, which made them much more powerful than a world lord. However, Supreme Lord Shadow still couldn't withstand Zen's punch, and his chest appeared to be clearly dented. His body spun like a top in the air as Zen effortlessly threw him around.

Then again, to be punched by Zen's fist was still better than being beheaded by his sword.

Therefore, when Zen pulled the light belt again and pulled back Supreme Lord Shadow, he repeated the same process.

The scene was like a mirror when the little sword faced Zen's Great Weighty Sword, while Zen's fist faced Supreme Lord Shadow's body.

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

After all the punches, Supreme Lord Shadow's elegant appearance had become more and more deformed.

It wasn't that Supreme Lord Shadow hadn't thought of counterattacking. Although he was skilled in assassination and close combat, how could he be a match for Zen? Zen's backhanded attack had crushed his counterattack, leaving the bones in one of his arms into dust.

Supreme Lord Shadow had resisted for a few more rounds, until he finally became nothing more than Zen's punching bag, when the latter beat him up repeatedly with his terrifying and fatal strength.

Zen had punched him about sixteen times, and the Death Chain still kept them bound. Although Supreme Lord Shadow was on his last breath, his life force was incredibly tenacious. Zen couldn't help but sigh inwardly. Killing a Supreme Lord wasn't an easy thing

On the other hand, Supreme Lord Shadow's little sword continued to clash against Zen's Great Weighty Sword. In the end, it broke apart and the blood essence splattered everywhere.

Now that the little sword had been eliminated, Zen's eyes flashed as he flipped the Great Weighty Sword. He dragged Supreme Lord Shadow back to his side, and decided to finish him off with a single slash.

At that point, Zen suddenly heard a loud crackling sound, similar to the roar of a thunder.

'A sneak attack!' he thought.

Before he could even use the words' will to check what it was, he felt an oppressive and tyrannical power beat him from behind. His hand immediately pulled the deformed Supreme Lord Shadow and they smashed down onto the Inauguration Altar.

Chapter 2005 Face An Impasse

Boom!

Since it was the most important building of the Demon Night race, the Inauguration Altar naturally had many defenses.

It was very difficult to infiltrate it from the outside.

However, due to the pressure of that massive force, Zen and Supreme Lord Shadow found themselves falling directly onto the thick, stone floor of the altar.

The altar was built from solid, cyan stone cut three-hundred feet high and three-hundred feet wide. Its surface was intricately carved and gave it a tougher constitution.

It was impossible to pierce through the thick, cyan stone so Zen and Supreme Lord Shadow merely created two large holes and embedded themselves within.

While inside the hole, Zen turned and saw two women standing at the far end of the Inauguration Altar. One was in blue, the other in green.

These two were slender and had well-proportioned bodies. They looked extremely beautiful, but their temperaments were totally different. The one in blue had high cheekbones that gave her a fierce, domineering look.

The green one had a gentler face compared to her.

"Elena... Latonia..."

Zen murmured in distaste. He didn't think these two would get here so fast.

They had fought against him before. Elena almost got involved in the Desperate Melee activated by Zen back then. Fortunately for her, Supreme Lord Gunter was the one who bit the dust during that event.

As for Latonia... She had initially participated in the Illusion Battlefield as "Shania" and displayed the power of the tenth layer of Life Law, shocking the entire universe's Supreme Lords.

Zen hadn't treated her as an enemy back then, but the Celestial Position race thought differently. They were on guard against her from the start and quickly eliminated her from the ten Godly Geniuses. It was these two women, under the orders of the Soul-sealing Needles, that led the Demon Night race on this path.

If Zen managed to kill Supreme Lord Shadow, then he could join forces with Supreme Lord Leroy and completely reverse the situation. He'd be able to enter the Inauguration Altar to destroy the Pools of Faith.

Who would've guessed that these two women would appear at the worst possible moment? This was going to be extremely troublesome.

Supreme Lord Shadow and Supreme Lord Korbin were already hard enough to deal with; what was even worse was that these two queens of the Demon Night race also joined the battle.

If Zen was in a bad mood, Supreme Lord Leroy was practically fuming.

Luck didn't seem to be on their side. The intervention of the two Demon Night Supreme Lords slowed down his movements and it had been too late when he saw Latonia and Elena.

However, they weren't about to give up just yet.

'Kill Supreme Lord Shadow first!' Zen thought to himself.

Supreme Lord Shadow was in terrible condition given how many punches Zen threw at him. He no longer had the strength to resist when Zen pulled him out of the hole.

However, Latonia raised her head. Her eyes were jade-green as if they were blossomed with lush flower petals and brimmed with rich life energy. A green beam of light then shot towards Supreme Lord Shadow and filled his body with life.

Latonia's comprehension of the Life Law was unrivalled in the entire universe. Nobody could compare to her since she was the only one who comprehended the tenth-layer Life Law, the perfect Life Law, without carrying a Heavenly Destiny.

The Evolutionary Universe's Life Law was created by Holy Mike which meant that Latonia had completely inherited his understanding of Life Law.

Supreme Lord Shadow was on the brink of death when Zen pulled him to his side. However, his wounds began to heal at a rapid pace because of Latonia's life energy.

His internal organs were healing, his bones repairing, and all his broken veins recirculating as he was once again given life by the queen.

However, Zen's Great Weighty Sword was already coming towards him. No amount of healing could ever save him from it.

Puff!

The blade entered his stomach, piercing through his spine, before finally coming out of his back.

"Twisting!"

There was no hesitation on Zen's part. He was dead set on shattering Supreme Lord Shadow's fleshy body.

If he didn't kill Supreme Lord Shadow, then the Death Chain would not be severed. Zen knew his situation wasn't that ideal. If he failed, he wouldn't be able to hide in his fairy palace. The Death Chain was a powerful weapon that could be used to bind the enemy. however, it was figuratively a double-edged sword. Once released, it would also lock the wielder.

"Ha-ha!"

Latonia giggled and waved a slender finger. "The Link of Life!"

Beams of green enveloped her entire body, the very same ones that rapidly healed Supreme Lord Shadow's injuries earlier.

Zen's Great Weighty Sword had already done its job of killing Supreme Lord Shadow.

However, at that moment, a strange scene occurred.

The powerful force of Zen's blade quickly tore Supreme Lord Shadow's body apart. His head, abdomen, and shoulders were all severed from each other.

However, the Supreme Lord's aura did not weaken in the slightest and instead grew stronger.

Despite the power of his blade, it seemed Zen was unsuccessful in killing him!

The broken flesh of the Supreme Lord looked extremely frightening but the green light from Latonia merged all his limbs back together and made him whole again.

"Hahaha! The Link of Life is indeed powerful, my queen! As long as you are alive, then I also won't die. You are indeed powerful, you brat, but you're unable to kill me!" Supreme Lord Shadow sneered amidst the rubble.

Latonia's Link of Life was one of the mysteries of the ten-layer Life Law. She could choose any person in the world to link to her. That person, despite whatever injury he or she might suffer through, would heal and live while Latonia herself was alive.

Of course, this skill was not completely omnipotent. Latonia's life energy was not limitless. If Zen killed Supreme Lord Shadow multiple times, then he would continuously absorb the queen's life energy.

However, this problem was effectively solved by the Pool of Faith from which Latonia constantly replenished her life energy.

There seemed to be only one solution: destroy the Pools of Faith.

This was extremely troublesome.

Zen knew he might encounter some trouble in the Demon Night race. He was prepared to deal with any unforeseen circumstance that could delay his plans. However, he never thought that he might actually die from this.

He couldn't break the Death Chain, he was unable to kill Supreme Lord Shadow, and now he had to face both Elena and Latonia.

It seemed that he was once again facing a life and death crisis.

"I'm truly surprised that you two helped us deal with Zen and Leroy. When the Sacred race occupies this universe in the future, I will help you obtain some benefits!" Elena promised to both Supreme Lord Shadow and Supreme Lord Korbin. She felt very much in control of the current situation and couldn't help but feel somewhat proud of herself.

When they heard Supreme Lord Leroy issue the queen's order on behalf of Lavender, both Latonia and Elena immediately panicked.

Supreme Lord Leroy had been in hiding for so many years. With his return, the two queens had no doubt that he had a way to deal with them. If he destroyed their Pools of Faith, then their strengths would greatly weaken and fall into the level of an ordinary world lord.

So, they hurriedly rushed back as fast as possible.

They didn't expect two neutral Supreme Lords to actually come out and fight with both Zen and Supreme Lord Leroy as soon as they returned to the Rosy Cloud World.

This made the two queens very happy. However, they didn't expect that Supreme Lord Shadow would be as helpless as a sandbag in front of Zen.

Thus, they had to intervene.

"No need to thank me. I did it for myself," Supreme Lord Korbin replied.

Supreme Lord Leroy's eyes narrowed at the sight of Elena. His one hand was clutched tight around his bow and his fist was clenched around his three Blood-devouring Bone Arrows he had especially prepared or her.

At that moment, countless thoughts ran through Zen's mind. This situation seemed like a dead end with no solution in sight.

"I've let you live peacefully for many years, Leroy. I thought you'd be happy hiding in a corner to enjoy your old age. Why did you appear now?" Elena asked, walking towards him. Although her words were directed at Leroy, her brilliant eyes were fixated on Zen.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2006 Zen Had Lost All His Strength

Back when Zen was just an Internal Elixir Realm cultivator she remembered him speaking so arrogantly to her.

Even at that time, Elena had known that this youth enjoyed more than ordinary luck, but she had not dreamed that Zen would be able to reach such heights!

If the two Supreme Lords had not been able to block him, this brat would have broken into the Pools of Faith. That would have been an unimaginable disaster for Elena.

"And you… Zen…"

Elena slowly approached the Inauguration Altar, her eyes fixed on Zen. Her smile grew wider, and her intent to kill him also became increasingly apparent. "I deeply regret letting you live for so long, but now this will bring it to an end!"

As Zen was lying inside the hole, his eyes sparkled. Supreme Lord Shadow was lying beside him. Supreme Lord Shadow had the help from the Queen of Life, so it was almost impossible for Zen to kill him. Now Elena was here, and the Queen of Life was also watching him covetously…

At that moment, the spirit beast bag on Zen's back trembled slightly. He recalled that when he had returned from the fairy palace he had brought that Ancestral Dragon with him.

Right then, his eyes narrowed slightly as a bold idea began to take shape in his mind!

The situation was desperate, and he was unable to think of any other option.

As he considered this, Zen suddenly grabbed the band of light of the Death Chain and with all his might, pulled it fiercely towards him once again.

With the assistance from the Queen of Life, Supreme Lord Shadow's physical body had fully recovered.

However, he was still feeling dazed following the beating Zen had given him so he waited for Elena to make the first move before helping her to kill Zen.

What he didn't expect was for Zen to pull him over again…

Unable to resist the terrifying power that came from the other side of the chain, he could only silently curse as he was forced to fly towards Zen!

"Boom!"

As Supreme Lord Shadow flew out, he crashed hard into the side of the Inauguration Altar!

At this point, Zen was using Supreme Lord Shadow as a meteor hammer. As he continued to wave his hand, everywhere that Supreme Lord Shadow's body swept through immediately turned into a total mess. Countless cracks began to appear in the cyan stone on the Inauguration Altar. The broken pieces of the stone started to drop like rain and to cover Zen who was below.

Hidden under the stone pieces, Zen's spirit beast bag moved slightly and suddenly something jumped out. At the same time, a strand of soul shot out from the spot between Zen's eyebrows and entered the crack behind the cyan stones!

As Elena saw the dust which billowed at the side of the Inauguration Altar, her lips twisted into a cruel smirk. "There is no way you can survive. Give up the useless struggle!"

As she finished speaking, she raised the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand…

Boom!

A thick bolt of lightning shot out from the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer and struck the hole!

In an instant all the broken stones disappeared, revealing Zen standing alone…

When the bolt of lightning struck, it had targeted both Zen and Supreme Lord Shadow. They had both been able to withstand the bolt of lightning. Zen looked much the same but the body of Supreme Lord Shadow had been scorched black.

Supreme Lord Shadow had endured quite a bit of suffering yet Latonia had not removed the Link of Life. The wounds which the lightning had caused had quickly healed. There was no danger of him dying. He was a Supreme Lord, yet he was being grabbed in Zen's hand and was circling in the air like a meteor hammer. Wasn't this situation too miserable for him?

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!…

Zen made Supreme Lord Shadow continuously spin around above his head, and he slowly floated up into the air. He had already sent the crucial thing to the Inauguration Altar, so he had no choice but to brace himself. As for how long he could last, Zen had no idea.

At this moment, Zen glanced at Leroy who was high above in the sky and nodded. "Action!"

Abruptly, He pulled back the band of light in his hand. Supreme Lord Shadow swung in the air, smashing down towards Elena!

At the same time…

The figure of Leroy slid to the side as he reached out his hands to tap his chest. A Blood-devouring Bone Arrow was knocked to the bowstring. A golden light flashed in his eyes as he used Fixed Vision Theurgy to lock his target onto Elena who was below!

Neither of them displayed any hesitation at all!

When Supreme Lord Korbin saw that Leroy took a move, the flame in his hand began to flutter. A gigantic flame pattern began to spread across the sky, forming a beautiful picture scroll, which blocked Leroy in the sky.

"Crackle…"

"A Thousand fire birds burn the sky!"

Fire birds appeared from the flame picture scroll. They briefly hovered in the sky and then rushed down towards Leroy!

At this moment, there was a lazy smile on Latonia's face. She wasn't interested in the conflict between Elena and Zen, but she couldn't disobey the order of the Soul-sealing Needle. Now that Elena had returned to the Demon Night, she had no choice but to follow her.

If it weren't for the Soul-sealing Needle, she wouldn't have helped Elena. In fact, she was more interested in Zen… It was a pity that her position was completely different from Zen's. At this point in time, she could only make a move against him!

She spread out her hands, and a green light appeared in her palms. As the green light continuously condensed, it quickly turned into a thin willow leaf. After Latonia caught the willow leaf, she threw it towards Zen!

The willow leave floated with the wind and drew a crooked path in the air as it swept towards Zen.

At this moment, Elena saw Zen dragging Supreme Lord Shadow so that he would smash towards her. As she took a step forward, her entire body was concealed in a bolt of lightning…

Crack!

The lightning first shot towards the sky, avoiding Supreme Lord Shadow thrown at her by Zen. After that, in the blink of an eye, a strange turn of events had closed in on Zen!

Elena and Zen maintained a very close distance. When she floated in the air, she was much taller than Zen, and she squared her shoulders, looking down at Zen.

She waved the chain in her hand. Intense Thunder Law appeared on the surface of the round hammer at the end of her weapon, and she viciously smashed it down towards him!

"Go down!"

However, at that moment, the flying Supreme Lord Shadow had been pulled back by Zen, and was now standing right above him!

Pah!

With an ear-splitting explosion, Supreme Lord Shadow was struck by Elena's hammer!

In this moment, Supreme Lord Shadow was desperate…

Although Queen of Life could protect his life, he had still become a weapon in Zen's hands. How could a dignified Supreme Lord like him be expected to endure this?

"Humph!"

This strike was ineffective. Elena's expression remained unchanged. After the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer had spun in a circle, it once again smashed towards Zen!

Zen had nowhere to retreat. He could only take the blow from Elena. The Great Weighty Sword in his hand swung in the air as it drew a sharp sword arc, slashing towards the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer!

Clang!

Zen's Great Weighty Sword was a highly condensed weapon, and Elena's Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer was one of the most powerful weapons in the universe, so it wasn't light either!

As these two weapons came together, the collision was equivalent to millions of mountains colliding. The reverberations of the powerful impact spread out and even disrupted the force field of the entire Rosy Cloud World. This massive Rosy Cloud World began to sway like a large ship in a storm!

Everyone could feel the tremor spreading across the ground. This was not an ordinary earthquake, but the entire supreme world began to tilt and shake, as if it was going to capsize at any moment.

"What a strong power!"

A strange expression flashed across Elena's face.

The reason why she possessed such powerful strength was because of the Pool of Faith.

Usually, when she extracted energy from the Pool of Faith, it would, at most, only cause a ripple to run across the surface of the pool. Sometimes, there wasn't even a ripple. However, now the water in the Pool of Faith was churning non-stop…

Zen's strength was strong enough to actually shake the Pool of Faith that had accumulated Faith Energy from numerous Demon Night members for countless years.

After Zen retreated a few steps, he too felt that the situation was quite tricky. The lightning that had been transmitted from the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer just now hadn't hurt Zen, but it had still numbed his entire body!

His strength was the only advantage he had when facing Elena. Therefore, after blocking her attack with his sword, he didn't pause. Forcing himself to suppress the numbness in his body, he slashed at Elena once again!

However, before he could strike out with his sword, a green willow leaf silently floated towards Zen.

The willow leaf had brushed against Zen's Great Weighty Sword, but it was as if that light leaf did not exist in this world as it directly pierced through the heavy sword and got onto Zen's wrist. There was no way at all to dodge it!

The moment the willow leaf stuck to him, Zen felt his right hand go numb. He had lost all his strength all of a sudden!

The Great Weighty Sword he held in his hand was extremely heavy. Even though the hilt was made of the Infinity Stone, it's weight was equivalent to that of half a great world. How could Zen continue to hold it?

Whoosh…

The Great Weighty Sword slipped out of Zen's hand and smashed downwards!

Seeing this scene unfolding below her, Elena sneered. She stretched out her hand and sent the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer downwards once again!

Bam!

The hammer struck Zen in the chest, causing him to plummet downwards along with the Great Weighty Sword. The unlucky Supreme Lord Shadow was also dragged down along with Zen as he was still connected to the Death Chain.

Chapter 2007 Profound Holy Thunder

As Zen was smashed down, an enormous one-thousand-foot crater was formed in the ground. Supreme Lord Shadow, too, was pretty badly battered by the impact.

The Great Weighty Sword had been stabbed into the ground.

The huge square surrounding the Inauguration Altar was paved with a unique kind of solid green stone. In front of the Great Weighty Sword though, the green stone was softer than tofu. So much so that the Great Weighty Sword made no sound as it penetrated directly through the stone, sinking into the soil below.

The soil of the Rosy Cloud World was even less capable of withstanding the weight and power of the Great Weighty Sword, which kept sinking downward into the soil.

It wasn't long before the Great Weighty Sword pierced through the soft soil and drilled into the rock stratum.

If it were an ordinary weapon, it would have most likely gotten stuck in the rock stratum, but the Great Weighty Sword was just too heavy. These rocks couldn't support the sword and thus, it continued on its downward momentum.

Zen was lying in the pit, an expression of gloom sitting on his face.

In a battle against a Supreme Lord, strength truly couldn't play a decisive role. It was too easy to be restrained by all sorts of different methods.

As Zen lay motionless, the willow leaf stuck to his right hand began acting more and more strange. As it appeared, currently, it could actually completely absorb the power in his arm. No matter how Zen circulated the power within his body, it disappeared without a trace like an ox slipping into the mud sea.

For the time being, his greatest advantage was his power. Once his power had been sealed off though, how would he go about dealing with such a situation?

"Hey, kid, you've suffered a lot now …" Not far away, Supreme Lord Shadow slowly stood up. He stared at Zen and let out a cold chuckle. Only after seeing Zen get frustrated did he begin to feel a sense of satisfaction in his heart.

"The outcome is still uncertain!" Zen calmly replied.

And that was when Latonia sweetly smiled in midair. She opened her arms and waved once more. Under the concentration of pure green life energy, a few more willow leaves appeared. These willow leaves slipped out of her way and floated toward Zen!

'Again?' he thought to himself.

Zen's heart skipped a beat. He still had a chance to resist, even with one of his hands sealed off. If the willow leaves were to cover his entire body, then he would really be finished!

He suddenly flipped over from the ground and the Space Law began to flicker beneath his feet. However, just as Zen was about to use Grand Teleportation to leave this place, Supreme Lord Shadow, who was at his side, noticed what Zen was doing and he suddenly leaped in the opposite direction.

They were linked together by the Death Chain. As they pulled on each other, the ribbon of light surrounding the Death Chain suddenly stretched out straight!

Supreme Lord Shadow's strength was far inferior to Zen's. However, due to this unexpected pull, Zen was unable to use Grand Teleportation. Although a large half of his body had already disappeared into the blazing white light, he was now forcibly pulled back out!

Thump! Thump!

Thus, they both fell back down once again into the huge pit with loud thumps.

In the past, this Death Chain had caused Supreme Lord Shadow his fair share of great suffering. Now though, it had become Zen's restriction!

As for Supreme Lord Shadow, he was still panting heavily as he lay on the ground. Yet, the corners of his mouth were curled up in a complacent manner.

Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

It was too late for Zen. As soon as he fell back down into the pit, the four willow leaves respectively stuck themselves onto his left hand, his legs, and stomach.

Within a split-second of the leaves touching his body, the power in those areas disappeared immediately, leaving nothing at all behind.

Latonia's beautiful eyes continued quietly staring at Zen, as she floated above him in the air, her legs crossed like a genie.

She'd lost to Zen in the past and had wholeheartedly accepted the result. She even had a good impression of him, but they belonged to different factions. This was what she had to do—it was all she could do.

"I'll leave the rest to you," Latonia said faintly to Elena, before backing away from the scene.

As the Queen of Life, her cultivation method was originally only limited to assisting her. When it came to a battle where weapons came into play, the Queen of Life wasn't particularly skilled.

Elena smiled without emotion and then dashed down, like a lightning bolt. She raised the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand and looked down at Zen, pity filling her eyes. "You've struggled for far too long. But you know, bugs are bugs. The time has come to put an end to all this!"

After she finished speaking, rays of dazzling light emitted from the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer and revolved around Elena. The streaks of bright light exploded in rapid succession, one immediately after the next.

Crack! Crack!

The skinny bolts of lightning warped inward and transformed into several small balls of lightning. These balls hovered above the huge pit, releasing threads of lightning that connected with each other like electrical currents.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Once all of the thunder balls were connected together, they began revolving slowly as one, forming a terrifying vortex of thunder. The vortex was like a water tank of thunder, exploding outward in consistent booms.

And then the vortex began to spin as well. In doing so, it became an intense force of attraction, dragging in rocks, rubble and then the pilgrims' corpses. Everything was sent spinning high into the sky.

Anything, alive or not, that touched the thunder vortex would be destroyed in an instant.

This whirlpool appeared to be brewing an unimaginable attack. No one knew what was going to happen next.

Upon noticing everything that was going on, Supreme Lord Shadow's face grew extremely pale, almost milky white. "Elena, I'm still down here!" he cried out.

And yet, she knew that he and Zen were linked by the Death Chain. Whatever happened down here, he too would one hundred percent be affected by the attack. Would Elena really kill him, too?

"She won't kill you," Latonia said coldly, a creepy grin on her face.

Despite hearing her words, Supreme Lord Shadow still wore a mournful expression. Today, he had definitely run out of luck. Karma wasn't on his side. He was destined to meet a calamity like this one. Why did he have to suffer so much just to kill Zen?

Deep in the sky, Leroy also watched the scene. His old face was so gloomy, his features hanging so low, it almost looked as though his expression would drop off at any second, just like water.

No matter what, if Zen died, Lavender's soul would perish too. Ultimately, Leroy was afraid that he would never have the chance to reverse the situation that was playing out before him.

Although Zen's physical body was ridiculously strong, what Elena used now was known as the Profound Holy Thunder. Attacked by such a vortex of thunder, even a Supreme Lord would perish beneath the power.

'Ah, what the hell. I'll go all out!' Leroy thought to himself.

And he knew, now more than ever, that he couldn't hesitate any longer, not even for a second. After heading down toward the ground, he directed himself straight at the fire birds!

Leroy's entire body was scorched black as the flames raged and licked at him. Although the protective life vitality of a Supreme Lord was extremely strong, it still wasn't capable of resisting Supreme Lord Korbin's theurgy.

'Is this old man crazy?' Supreme Lord Korbin thought to himself, surprised to see Leroy being so valiant.

Once he had successfully passed through a fire bird, Leroy finally found an opportunity to shoot. He let out an incredibly loud roar!

"Elena!"

The Blood-devouring Bone Arrow, already nocked on the bowstring, slowly began to glow before burning like embers.

On the bone arrow's head, a blood-red flame lit up!

Hearing Leroy, Elena, who was still watching Zen, slightly raised her head. The moment she saw the Blood-devouring Bone Arrow, her eyes didn't shut but twitched and bulged instead.

'The arrow...' she thought.

This Blood-devouring Bone Arrow exuded a power that made her heart palpitate!

'That old fellow!'

A sense of deadly threat arose in Elena's heart. She was panicking.

"Release Zen!" Leroy roared. "And I won't kill you!"

Leroy pulled his bow back and open, keeping an eye on Zen as he spoke fiercely and loudly.

He was staring at Elena, straight on. He had his eyes locked on her. In theory, she had no way of dodging and thus had no choice but to accept the arrow's attack head on.

Such Blood-devouring Bone Arrows were made from Leroy's ribs.

The refining process was similar to the burning blood essence method. It was just that when an ordinary martial artist burnt their blood essence, they could greatly increase their strength in a short period of time. Leroy had instead used his own blood essence to create these bone arrows over a long period of time. For this reason, their power was guaranteed to be even more terrifying!

Once the bone arrow hit its target, the blood flame on the arrowhead would enter the target's body and burn their blood like fuel!

But the Blood-devouring Bone Arrow was a part of Leroy's life. In other words, every time he shot an arrow, a third of his life was burned to ashes. If he shot three arrows… Without doubt, he would then perish!

On the one hand, the price was too high.

On the other hand, if Zen were to die right now, it would be impossible for him to escape. And in that sense, the price was worthwhile.

"Ha…"

Elena's face revealed a sneer. Despite her expression, her face was so beautiful that anyone could fall absent-minded upon staring at her.

"Just having strong determination isn't enough. Are you sure this arrow can kill me?"

Surprisingly, her tone of voice displayed not the slightest intention of backing down.

"Let's find out!"

Leroy shouted back. The golden light in his eyes grew brighter and brighter. As soon as Elena made any unusual movement, he wouldn't hesitate to shoot her with his arrow.

But Elena didn't seem to care about the Blood-devouring Bone Arrow at all...

Instead, the expression on her face became more and more relaxed, and she gave a cold, scary smile. "I do want to give it a try!"

And as she finished speaking, Elena didn't even spare a glance at Leroy before she continued swinging the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand. The thunder vortex spun faster and faster, and the Profound Holy Thunder began brewing unceasingly, too.

When he noticed what was going on, Leroy let out a deep sigh. A resolute expression appeared on his face. He released the bowstring in his hand! Ultimately, he was left without any other choice.

The moment the arrow shot out, his originally gray hair turned silvery-white; his eye sockets sunk inward by at least an inch; the skin on his face became unusually sallow and wrinkled, and he slowly began to resemble more of a skeleton as he aged anew.

Chapter 2008 Aging

Swoosh!

The Blood-devouring Bone Arrow suddenly turned into a trail of blood and shot towards Elena below! The red streak made by the arrow flew with great precision.

There was no way to dodge the arrow that Supreme Lord Leroy shot. The arrow could have followed Elena to the ends of the earth...

Elena was well aware of the arrow's characteristics. However, she didn't dodge at all and continued to concentrate on the Profound Holy Thunder that she brewed.

The Profound Holy Thunder that floated above Zen's head became more condensed than before. The aura it emitted also became even more immense as if a god of thunder was about to appear. Power, similar to a catastrophic thunderstorm, radiated from it.

Pfft!

The Blood-devouring Bone Arrow dragged a bloody light with it as it drilled through Elena's protective life vitality. With a powerful force, the arrow punctured her back.

Swish…

A blood-red flame followed the arrow towards Elena's wound and penetrated her body!

It would burn away all the blood in Elena's body. Ultimately, it would even devour her soul.

Elena maintained her upright posture as she stood bravely. Her entire body was stiff and unmoved. From her appearance, there didn't seem to be any change. However, the blood-colored flame was furiously burning inside her body...

Whoosh!

On her chest suddenly surged a ray of red light. The heart was the place where the blood was the most concentrated in the body of a martial artist. When the blood flame reached that particular part of the body, the fire grew even more intense. It directly burned through her chest. The blood flame started to bloom like a rose. It swayed around her chest and radiated a bright red light.

Additionally, red flames that burned furiously had also escaped out of Elena's arms, thighs, and even her back.

However, she still held onto the hammer in her hand and maintained the same strong posture as before. She urged the descent of the Profound Holy Thunder as if her body wasn't being burned. Concentration and determination were reflected in her eyes.

Leroy's eyes focused on Elena. A perplexed expression had appeared on his face.

The intense heat from the blood flame was supposed to evaporate all the blood in Elena's body. However, she didn't show any signs of pain or struggle. Leroy felt confused as he witnessed a scene that was beyond common sense!

Whoosh!

The crimson flame continued to burn even brighter...

Not long after, all of Elena's clothes, skin, and hair were burnt entirely away. All that was left was a charred black skeleton that stood firmly on the spot. However, the skeleton still tightly grasped the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand!

The thunder vortex above Zen's head had yet to dissipate. Power still radiated from it.

"This..."

Leroy's eyes widened while his face was filled with disbelief. "How could this be?! What the hell happened?"

After it heard Leroy's words, the charred skeleton even raised its skull and opened its jaws towards him. "Heh heh heh…" It gave out a spooky atmosphere. A strange sound echoed when the skeleton's jaws collided as if to mock Leroy...

It made Leroy's hair stand on end. He had no idea what was wrong. Cold sweat trickled down his spine.

It wasn't just him. Even Zen, Supreme Lord Shadow, and Supreme Lord Korbin were shocked by the skeleton's actions. All of them had disturbed expressions on their faces…

Soon, a feeling of realization appeared on Zen's face. He had encountered this kind of thing before, so naturally, he was able to recognize the scenario.

"It's only a replica." Right at this moment, Elena's voice slowly drifted over. Coldness and arrogance were apparent in her tone. She reappeared in a blue dress and stood beside the skeleton, and took the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer from it.

"It's Shania's ability," Zen said faintly from within the vast pit. His eyes squinted with curiosity.

The ability Elena used was the perfect Life Law. Only those who had taken on the Heavenly Destiny would be able to obtain it. However, Shania had actually comprehended it herself.

When they were in the Illusion Battlefield, Shania had used this move to duplicate many Zens. Those Zens were no different from his original body, but the duplicates were unable to control the chaotic energy. The clones were only strong enough to be diversions.

Nonetheless, there was still a massive gap between a duplicate and the real Zen when Shania used the technique.

However, there was not even the slightest difference between the real Elena and her duplicate! It almost appeared and moved like it was the real Elena...

After she heard Zen's words, Elena glanced at him faintly. "You're smart. What a pity…"

She spoke in an arrogant tone. Then, she once again raised her head and met Leroy's eyes.

At that moment, Leroy pulled out another Blood-devouring Bone Arrow from his body and nocked it onto the bowstring. He then locked at Elena, who was within his range.

"You still won't admit defeat? Want to try again? Your efforts would remain futile." Elena faintly smiled. A conceited expression painted her face. "This arrow is indeed extraordinary, but you still have to pay a considerable price, right?"

Once the Blood-devouring Bone Arrow hit the target, the power of the blood flame would be enough to kill even a Supreme Lord. It could murder any enemy that it hit.

However, everything in the universe was in a balanced state. With such a powerful arrow, its usage would always be extremely costly for any warrior. One couldn't gain anything without an equivalent price.

Rumble…

The bowstring was once again drawn in a straight line. Leroy's eyes were focused on Elena. The second Blood-devouring Bone Arrow was about to be released!

However, Leroy hesitated. He took some time to contemplate the use of another arrow…

If the first Elena was a duplicate, then what about the one in front of him? She might have used the same trick twice.

When he shot out the second arrow, it would once again burn away a third of his life energy. He would be left with only one last Blood-devouring Bone Arrow. If he shot out the third arrow, his life energy would be completely burnt away, and he would perish. As such was the price for the deadly Blood-devouring Bone Arrow…

"Die!"

Leroy clenched his teeth and released the Blood-devouring Bone Arrow! Conviction appeared on his face as he let out a murderous howl.

The arrow, however, was not aimed at Elena. It was targeted towards Latonia on the other side.

Swoosh!

The moment the second Blood-devouring Bone Arrow was shot out, Leroy seemed to have aged a lot. His aura became extremely weak, and all the hair on his body had fallen to the ground. His eyes grew dim and lifeless. Stench and wax decorated his skin while filth streamed out of his pores.

At that moment, this Supreme Lord was amid the Five Aging Processes.

A Supreme Lord's lifespan was incomparably long. They possessed incredible vitality. Although Leroy was old, he still had at least tens of millions of years left. However, at that moment, he had already fallen into the Five Aging Processes.

The Five Aging Processes were the limit for all living beings in the universe. All the living creatures tried their best to improve their cultivation so that they could have eternal life. Everyone was afraid of the Five Aging Processes.

It wasn't that he hadn't expected this result, but he had no other choice! He decided to sacrifice his own life to achieve victory.

When Latonia saw the Blood-devouring Bone Arrow aimed towards her, she had a surprised look on her face. However, she remained unmoved and stood still. Not a single hint of panic was seen in her expression.

As the Demon Night's Queen of Life, she was probably the most difficult one to kill. Her vitality outranked anyone in the Demon Night.

If she used the Pool of Faith, she could provide a steady stream of powerful life energy. As long as the connection between her and the Pool of Faith was not severed, she would be an immortal existence. That was her power as the Queen of Life.

Therefore, when Leroy had decided to fight, he had brought Zen to the Rosy Cloud World in an attempt to destroy the Pools of Faith in the Inauguration Altar…

Pfft!

Just like Elena, Latonia didn't dodge the arrow either. She even had an arrogant look before the arrow hit her.

When the arrow hit her chest, the blood flame immediately started to burn furiously. However, she quickly pulled out the bone arrow and pointed at her wound with her finger. Suddenly, a blood-red vine grew out from the wound!

The blood-colored vine was nourished with her own blood. It meant that her own blood also flowed within the vine. The blood flame used Latonia's blood as fuel, which made it attracted to anything that had Latonia's blood.

When her blood flowed out along the bloody vine, the blood flame was immediately drawn to it and began to burn furiously along the vine. Latonia intelligently guided the blood flame outside her body with the use of the blood-red vine.

Whoosh!

When the blood flame reached the top half of the vine, Latonia gently tapped on it. The vine instantly broke and fell to the ground. A crispy sound could be heard as it disintegrated.

After the blood-red vine was burnt entirely away, the bloody flame was extinguished in an instant. Latonia remained unharmed despite Leroy's sacrifice…

There was a faint smile on her haughty expression. She nodded towards Leroy and let out a sly smile. The extremely lethal Blood-devouring Bone Arrow was ineffective against her.

A deep sense of powerlessness ran through Leroy's heart. Even after he sacrificed his own life, he wasn't able to do any damage to both of the queens.

The two arrows that he released made his body look old. The worst part was that his mind had also begun to degenerate...

If Supreme Lord Korbin wanted to kill him right then, Leroy wouldn't be able to resist at all. Fragile bones and weak muscles had rendered him helpless.

His years of resistance had seemed like a joke. The failures of his sacrifices had left him without any nobility.

However, Supreme Lord Korbin did not attack. Elena's attention was also no longer focused on Leroy. In their eyes, after Leroy shot out these two arrows, he was like a toothless tiger that had lost its ability to harm them. He was just an old man, soon to be dead.

Elena felt that the condensation of the Profound Holy Thunder was almost done, so she smiled towards Zen, "Now it's time to send you on your way." Hatred was apparent in her tone.

Godly Geniuses all possessed heaven-defying fortune. It had been given explicitly to them by the universe itself. Therefore, Elena didn't relax her guard in the slightest. Vigilance was reflected in her eyes.

Since she had already seized the opportunity, she had to get rid of Zen. If he was out of her way, there wouldn't be any unnecessary troubles for her…

Chapter 2009 Can You Really Kill Me

Zen was shackled by the Death Chain and his power was sealed. Now he had no way to flee.

Looking at the lightning that was condensing above his head, he slowly calmed down. His eyes revealed a faint smile.

Noticing Zen's expression, Elena asked, "Why are you smiling?"

Zen blinked, his smile becoming wider. "You're sending me to my death, why can't I smile before I die?"

Elena sneered at this. She then extended her hand and made a few mysterious moves in the sky. A deep blue rune shattered in her hand and turned into a stream of light that shot into the vortex. She then looked down at Zen in the crater and spoke, "I hope that you can still continue smiling in the netherworld."

"Sizzle..."

The lightning vortex that had been condensing for a long time formed huge lightning snakes.

There were exaggerated patterns on the surface of these lightning snakes. The lightning snakes had a life of their own as they constantly intertwined with each other and wriggled!

As the lightning snakes wriggled, they eyed Zen hungrily. They were viewing him as a tasty morsel but the lightning snakes were trapped in the vortex, unable to get out…

But when Elena released the blue stream of light, the lightning vortex began to slowly disintegrate. The lightning snakes finally attained their freedom!

"Hissss..."

Having gained their freedom, they swooped down simultaneously. Countless bolts of lightning struck at the air, causing an ear-piercing sound!

Elena watched this scene coldly, and calmly observed Zen. This fellow should feel honored to die by the Profound Holy Thunder.

However Zen looked at Elena and flashed a dazzling smile. At the same time, his lips moved slightly…

His voice was very low, and even without the noises from the lighting arcs, she still might not have been able to hear him clearly. However, Elena knew lip-reading, and the moment he opened his mouth, she could easily read what he was saying.

"Do you really think you can kill me?"

When Elena understood what he was saying, her eyebrows creased and a puzzled expression appeared on her face…

'Was this fellow a fool?'

Elena was well aware of the power of this Profound Holy Thunder. There was simply no one in the entire universe who could resist it head-on.

Even the four top-rank Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe would not dare to forcefully take this Profound Holy Thunder, let alone Zen. Anyone who dared to use their physical body to block the Profound Holy Thunder would have their flesh completely ripped to shreds.

Strong as the power of this Profound Holy Thunder was, there was a fatal problem with it; it was too time-consuming to be employed in a jiffy.

In a fight between Supreme Lords, deadly moves were executed in the blink of an eye!

A few seconds was a very extremely short time frame for an ordinary person, but for Supreme Lords, it was more than enough to escape thousands of miles away.

It took about five long minutes for the Profound Holy Thunder to be prepared.

It was impractical to use such a skill in actual combat as it would hardly be of any use.

Zen could not use his strength and he was bound in place by the Death Chain. He was like a condemned prisoner awaiting execution, completely at the mercy of Elena.

This gave her plenty of time to prepare and use the Profound Holy Thunder.

She didn't expect Zen to react this way at the last moment, which vexed her.

However, when the thick lightning snakes rushed towards Zen, who was in the huge crater, she was finally relieved. This guy would be dead for sure.

She just assumed that Zen was reacting that way to throw her off. So she chose not to dwell on it for too long and dismissed it from her mind.

After she killed this brat, Leroy wouldn't be able to stir up any trouble. The crisis within the Demon Night would be completely resolved, and she would lead the Demon Night to a new path! Her grand plans were laid out and she could almost taste the victory.

"Crack!"

The moment the lightning snakes fell on Zen's body, a dazzling light burst forth, illuminating the area around the Inauguration Altar so bright…

So intense was the light that if any living being within a thousand miles were to open their eyes and look up they would be instantly blinded.

The population within ten thousand miles could feel that the world had suddenly lost its unique color. Everything had turned snow-white, and nobody could discern anything clearly.

Creatures living within a hundred thousand miles, or even a million miles around saw half the sky erupt a violent mass of light and an enormous explosion happened on the horizon…

Hundreds of millions of miles away from the Rosy Cloud World, some living beings on the stars in the deep sky, too, revealed a surprised expression as they looked down. They saw the supreme world underneath them suddenly emitting a dazzling light that even overshadowed the stars in the deep sky!

By the time the lightning snakes swooped down, Supreme Lord Shadow, who wasn't too far away from Zen, had turned completely pale. Although Latonia had used the Link of Life to protect him, receiving baptism by these lightning snakes was probably the most unforgettable experience he had in his long life.

Zen sat cross-legged with his eyes tightly shut as he bathed in the glow of lightning.

His physical body was indeed tough, but the power of Elena's Profound Holy Thunder was extraordinary. He wouldn't succeed in blocking it using just his physical body.

Luckily for Zen, he was currently in the Rosy Cloud World, an area that was covered by the will of the worlds.

"Power Transfer..."

As the will of the worlds continued to spread, it would occupy a new supreme world every once in a while.

At this stage, the will of the worlds had spread across many territories of the ogre race, Demon Night and many other small races. However, human territories were rarely covered, but dozens of supreme worlds of the Humanity Alliance came under the will of the worlds!

These supreme worlds had all been occupied by the Sacred race.

Zen's goal was to save the Evolutionary Universe. If he randomly used the power transfer skill, it would harm the Evolutionary Universe itself.

When Zen was in the Lower World, he had destroyed all the mountains in a great world during a battle.

So he was naturally hesitant to use it unless he had no other choices.

Zen had chosen a supreme world of the Humanity Alliance, which was occupied by Sacred race.

Boom!

The moment he used his power transfer skill, the lightning snakes subsided and went limp.

His entire body was enveloped by the seemingly substantial lightning bolts, which were trying to penetrate his body and ravage his flesh.

But no matter how hard they tried, Zen just sat there motionlessly. He absorbed all the lightening that came at him as though his entire body was a bottomless pit.

The lightning bolts had already been transferred by Zen to another supreme world…

Zen, who was being baptized by the lightning, gained some new insights.

He could transfer the power that was being exerted on him to other places because he was fused with the will of the worlds. This meant that the willow leaves, which were stuck to him, probably had the same ability. So Zen assumed that they, too, could transfer the power they received to other places as well.

While Zen was motionless and completely unharmed, the situation in another supreme world was completely different…

In the Celestial Wolf World, three thousand supreme worlds away from the Rosy Cloud World, an unprecedented disaster was unfolding.

When the Sacred martial artists invaded this universe, they had to face all sorts of natural disasters every now and then. They had to be extremely cautious at all times in order to combat the malicious phenomenon of the Evolutionary Universe.

After occupying a supreme world, they would try their best to reduce the number in their group and then use the materials in that supreme world to create various arrays and enchanted barriers.

This way, it wouldn't be too much of a problem to deal with ordinary events like heavenly thunder or ground fire.

But today, streaks of lightning, which were as thick as buckets, were suddenly attacking in the Celestial Wolf World.

"What is that lightning!?"

a Sacred warrior cried out as he looked at the sky. The light that erupted in the sky alarmed the warriors who were guarding this area.

Three grand world lords simultaneously looked up into the sky. When they saw the lightning snakes, their mouth fell open in shock.

"This is not heavenly thunder! This is an attack by some Supreme Lord!"

"Quickly, go and inform the Supreme Lords of our Sacred race!"

"That's impossible! The Supreme Lords of our Sacred race have already gone to the Sunflower Water World. It's impossible that the humans would dare to send their forces to attack this place right now!"

There was utter chaos among the martial artists of the Celestial Wolf World!

At the same time, the lightning snakes were swarming overhead.

The lightning bolts wreaked havoc on the land. The rolling thunder plowed through the entire sacred place. This ten grade sacred place occupied by the Sacred race was a vast land, but it only took seconds for these lightning snakes to destroy it. In the end, all that was left behind were signs of destruction and charred ruins and the corpses of countless Sacred martial artists.

Chapter 2010 Willow Of Destruction

Zen had just transferred the Profound Holy Thunder, and it nearly destroyed one-third of the Celestial Wolf World's area, and the entire Sacred race within it.

The Profound Holy Thunder shone like mercury as it trickled down Zen's body while he gradually transferred it to the Celestial Wolf World.

Above his head, the thunder vortex disappeared as if it was never there. However, the lightning snakes came together into a giant ball of lightning and wrapped themselves around Zen. The ball lost energy eventually, with the light dimming as it shrank.

Everything took place in at least a minute and a half.

Once the light rays disappeared, a massive crater developed beneath Elena's feet. It was wide and deep, impossible to fill up. Perhaps it was bottomless.

"It's over..."

Elena slowly walked over and stood at the edge of the crater, looking down. Her eyes turned a dark brown in dismay.

"This fellow..."

Zen, on the other hand, sat still, cross-legged with his eyes closed. Not a single speck of dust on his body, including the long robe that fell behind him.

Before this, Elena had already felt a trace of worry.

It was of common knowledge that the Godly Geniuses had a mission—everyone knew this. They had been born in the universe with the responsibility of saving it someday. Because of their power, they could not be easily killed.

The first thing Elena did after Latonia sealed Zen with the Willow of Destruction, was to summon the Profound Holy Thunder.

This specific thunder was one of Elena's top theurgies.

Despite this, Zen remained unharmed. She suddenly realized that this made things a lot more complicated.

Seeing Elena, Latonia shook her head in confusion. Just then, her body flashed, and she ended up above the giant hole. Her eyes scoped the situation, and she furrowed her eyebrows in surprise. "He's not dead? Even his clothes weren't damaged? What kind of robe is this?"

Korbin and Leroy were both shocked to hear this.

Most especially Leroy, whose dull eyes gave off hopeful expressions.

He had thought he was doomed. The two Blood-devouring Bone Arrows did not achieve anything, burning two-thirds of his life for nothing. Meanwhile, Zen was bound and baptized by the Profound Holy Thunder.

The odd thing was that Zen still hadn't died. 'Is he immune to everything? Does this make him indestructible?' he mused.

Elena and the Supreme Lords moved towards the giant hole and looked down at Zen. They had to keep their eyes glued to believe what was happening.

After a while, Zen's eyes twitched and eventually opened. As his gaze met Elena's, he smiled faintly before leaping up from the large hole. Beside him was Supreme Lord Shadow, being dragged along.

From the looks of it, Supreme Lord Shadow's state was a lot worse. The Profound Holy Thunder almost melted every bone in his body. He was holding on to life with Latonia's Link of Life, and was left with one last breath.

Since Zen decided to go to the supreme world where the Demon Night reigned, he had his own reservations.

The responsibility on him was too heavy, and without full confidence in him, he wouldn't have taken the risk in the first place.

With the will of worlds, Zen could already be considered immortal with his power transfer technique.

However, the power of a Supreme Lord's attack was not one to overlook. One strike from Elena's Profound Holy Thunder could destroy around one-third of the Celestial Wolf World's area. If she continued to attack this way, it would be enough to destroy all the life forms of a supreme world. Of course, this was not what Zen was looking for.

However, his and Leroy's efforts were in vain. Facing Elena and Latonia, he was left with no choice but to let go of some supreme worlds. In doing this, he killed warriors of the Sacred race as defense.

"I don't believe it!"

Elena shook her head abruptly. As she saw that Zen was unharmed, hatred and arrogance surged through her veins.

Immediately, she dashed towards him with all her might.

As she ran, she swung the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer in her hand like a boomerang. The weapon drew a marvelous shadow in the air before it smashed down on Zen's head.

Just then, Zen held up his right index finger.

Just a finger against the hammer being thrown at him? One would have thought he was a fool.

Boom!

But just like that, the hammer halted before it could make contact with him. The power had been transferred through his finger.

Calmly, Zen sat firmly on the ground, content with what he did. He feared nothing at this point.

Whoosh!

A determined glare plastered across Elena's face. She pulled the hammer back and swung it at Zen once again.

Boom!

With the lift of his finger, the hammer stopped in mid-air again. It dropped to the ground.

The rage in Elena's eyes became more and more intense as she swung the hammer over and over again, each swing faster than the last.

In the same way, Zen had to only raise his finger to send the hammer away. Nobody could resist her hammer without being harmed. So Elena figured he must have managed to absorb the power of the hammer and fuse it with his own.

Elena wasn't the only one in shock. Not far away, Latonia, Korbin and Leroy also watched Zen with disbelief.

The power emitted by the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer could not be completely neutralized. As they all knew, even if Zen could withstand the hammer, the power and the Thunder Law would cause the soil under his feet to collapse, creating yet another large crater.

However, there wasn't even a crack in the ground where Zen sat. How was this possible?

They all had the same conclusion that the hammer's attacks had been completely absorbed by Zen, leaving no trace of damage.

In the long history of the Supreme Lords, they had never seen such an incredible ability. It was the first of its kind. No one had ever seen such a terrifying Heavenly Destiny.

Moreover, Zen did not even bear any Heavenly Destiny. He was merely a world lord. And also he was a Godly Genius. He hadn't even condensed his Godly Tile. This drew more and more confusion.

In their minds, Zen had gone from being a monster to an amazement.

Elena continuously swung her hammer, while Zen only pointed out one finger just as much. At times, he didn't even need to point one finger as he allowed the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer to land on his head, shoulders, and back.

Elena felt as if her every strike was losing its power as the force depleted each and every time. Zen hadn't received any harm at all, and was completely unfazed by her attack.

In another supreme world occupied by the Sacred race, the martial artists were suffering from an unexpected disaster. As invisible energies began to emerge, the world lords were struck by invisible attacks along with the power of thunder. During this time, martial artists were dying and wounded to no extent.

The power of the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer was so great that it was terrifying. At one point, Elena had consumed too much of her energy and she dropped to the floor. Her chest rose and fell continuously as she gasped for air. The skin under her eyes puffed up as her pupils became visibly glassy.

She was helpless. After catching Zen, all she had to do was destroy him. But she couldn't, and it made her feel foolish. How was this even possible?

"Let me give it a try..."

Seeing Elena's desperation, Latonia floated down and hovered in front of Zen. Staring at him with gentle, moving eyes, she smiled and said, "If I'm not wrong, you seem to have the same theurgy as my leaves of Willow of Destruction."

The willow leaves that sealed his power were from a plant created by Latonia.

This material could absorb any energy and have it transmitted to the trunk of the willow tree. In a certain corner of the world, Latonia managed to plant millions of Willows of Destruction.

Therefore, when Zen used his power, it would be completely absorbed by the willow trees.

Hearing this, Zen smiled. "Maybe."

Zen had a feeling this was the case. Yes, the willow Leaves absorbed energy and transferred it to the tree trunks. Nonetheless, all the willow trees had a limit to their stock. Once the trunks reached their limit, the trees would die.

As for Zen's power transfer, wherever it was covered by the will of worlds, he could divert power. This made his power transfer a hundred times greater than Latonia's.

Latonia didn't continue questioning him. There and then, a green light flashed in her eyes as she stretched out her hand and tapped Zen's shoulder lightly. A green ripple began to spread across Zen's body.

In the blink of an eye, seedlings sprouted around Zen. After they broke through the soil, golden vines extended from the seeds and wrapped around him within seconds. Soon after, Zen was completely bound in golden vines.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2011 Helpless

The vines completely wrapped around Zen.

These were Bone-dissolving Vines. Once a person was trapped, the vines would suck their life energy until their prey was dry like a prune.

Just now, Zen had been able to withstand the Profound Holy Thunder. Latonia wasn't adept at combat, but she knew better than to rely on her own strength to break through Zen's theurgy.

If the Bone-dissolving Vines were truly effective and would completely absorb all of Zen's life energy, then she'd be more than satisfied.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice saccharine sweet.

She really wasn't someone who enjoyed killing and she couldn't be less interested in Elena's schemes. It was just a pity she had to kill Zen.

Zen's expression remained the same. However, in the next moment, he felt a strange movement from the vines. Tiny vortices erupted on their skin and began to absorb his energy.

Soon, green dots started to appear along the vines.

The Bone-dissolving Vines were taking his energy.

"It's working," Latonia said with faint amusement.

"Good," Elena nodded in praise. She hadn't thought that even after she'd exhausted her strength, she'd still have to rely on Latonia to solve the problem.

Latonia, however, only glanced at her with indifference.

Although the Soul-sealing Needle forced her to stand on the same side as Elena, she didn't like the girl, and she wasn't afraid to show it.

The vines continued to absorb life energy, and were getting fatter every passing moment. Latonia lightly tapped on a vine and it slithered onto her hand like a snake.

The green energy flowed from Zen's body to hers, and she liked it very much.

The moment life energy was extracted, it would begin to form a ball of energy. It would condense and grow bigger until it had absorbed all the nutrients and energy from its source.

Not long after, more and more energy gathered in her hand, and soon enough, another ball of green light appeared.

"Huh?"

Latonia frowned in confusion.

This ball of green light held all of one's life energy.

But if Latonia had indeed extracted Zen's life energy, why was he still alive?

Unless... This was not Zen's life energy!

'Could it be that this brat has other life forms attached to him?'

Scowling at the thought, Latonia activated the vines again.

After about half a minute, another ball of energy appeared in her hand.

She shook her head in frustration

and continued to draw more energy from her prisoner.

Five minutes passed...

and forty green blobs of light were now dancing in her hands.

Rich life energy leaked out, and even Elena could feel that something wasn't right. "What's going on?" she asked.

Latonia frowned. She didn't know either.

The process should have been done by now, but there were already forty energy blobs in her hands and Zen was still as alive as when they started. Could it be that there were more than forty independent life forms residing in his body? Or that he had more than forty lives?

And each of these blobs was incredibly powerful. They clearly had come from at least world-lord-level beings, which meant that right now, she was holding forty world lords' lives in her hands!

Of the three queens, Latonia was the most intelligent, but she didn't feel smart at the moment. She was utterly confused.

If Zen's theurgy worked the same as her leaves of Willow of Destruction, it should be able to absorb all kinds of energy. The thing was, she wasn't releasing any form of energy at the moment. Instead, she was drawing out life energy from him…

What she didn't realize, however, was that Zen could make the Bone-dissolving Vines absorb life energy from other supreme worlds by using the power transfer.

And within the supreme worlds covered by the will of worlds, martial artists from the Sacred race began drying up like mummies.

Those who witnessed this shook in fear at the unnatural occurrence. Their companions were being sucked dry out of nowhere! For all they knew, this kind of thing only happened to world lords!

Another moment passed.

There were now more than eighty green blobs in her hands. Latonia couldn't believe what was happening. How the heck was Zen still smiling? He looked nothing like a man about to lose his life.

It was only then that it dawned on her. What she was doing did not have any effect on him.

Not wanting to waste the energy she gathered, she poured all of it into Supreme Lord Shadow's dying form.

"Let me give it a try..."

Supreme Lord Korbin flew down from the sky, leaving Leroy alone in the air. Their battle was meaningless and what was happening below looked much more interesting.

He had thought Zen would be easy to deal with, so he had given him to Supreme Lord Shadow.

He hadn't thought that such a strange thing would happen to this boy. After recovering from his wounds, Supreme Lord Shadow also joined in.

Alone in the air, Leroy felt like an outsider. He didn't know what to make of the scene in front of him. 'No wonder the Celestial Position race valued Zen so highly; he possesses such powerful theurgy! In time, he will be able to save the universe.'

The two Demon Night queens and the two Supreme Lords used all sorts of methods but in the end, they were unable to kill Zen.

Elena shook her head. This was futile. "I will activate the Punishment of Eternal Night and seal him in eternal darkness..."

Punishment of Eternal Night was an extremely strong sealing method, and it was also the most brutal punishment of the Demon Night.

Up until now, only a few dozen members of the Demon Night had received this punishment. Activating it required a considerable amount of Faith Energy, even for the Queen of Punishment, which was why Elena rarely used it.

Not killing Zen could not possibly end well. Even if he was sealed in eternal night, it wouldn't end their problem once and for all. It was just that at the moment, Elena saw no other option.

"You should have just died. Now I can only let you enjoy the worst punishment of the Demon Night!"

Zen remained calm. While they were beating him up, he used the will of worlds to check out the situation within the Inauguration Altar. The corners of his mouth curved to a smile. "You didn't sense anything?"

Elena ignored him. Right now, she only wanted him locked up in eternal night.

Punishment was Elena's specialty. Killing people was Lavender's...

But as Elena began to condense Faith Energy, a frown formed on her face. She couldn't collect any.

Latonia's expression mirrored Elena's. She could sense something wrong. The two women glanced at each other and saw the panic reflected in their eyes. They turned their attention to the Inauguration Altar.

Rumble, rumble...

The earth began to shake violently.

Soon, massive cracks began to form in the Inauguration Altar's surface.

"What's happening?" Leroy asked, his gaze fixed on the altar.

The Inauguration Altar was probably one of the sturdiest buildings in the Evolutionary Universe. A Supreme Lord wouldn't be able to force their way in it. And before, when Zen had fallen from the sky, he had only created a hole in the surface.

The tremors that came from the Inauguration Altar at this moment were actually capable of shattering the entire Inauguration Altar. What exactly had happened here?

BOOM!

And right at that moment, the Inauguration Altar exploded.

And from the rubble, a massive figure shot straight to the sky. A silhouette of a woman could be seen standing on top of a dragon's head!

Chapter 2012 The Unfamiliar Lavender

The massive form turned out to be the body of an adult Genuine Dragon!

Its dark cyan scales were closely packed, forming a strong layer of armor on its body. It emitted a dreamy luster underneath the sun's rays.

Two, sharp, yellow horns protruded from its head and its bewitching red eyes exuded such a powerful aura that hit like a tidal wave upon those who watched it with awe.

If a Genuine Phoenix's rank and potential depended on the number of feathers on its tail, to a Genuine Dragon, these things were measured by the number of claws it had.

Ordinary Genuine Dragons normally had three while stronger ones had four. The strongest Genuine Dragon had five!

Only two, five-clawed Genuine Dragons existed in the entire Genuine Dragon World: the eldest of the nine dragon brothers and also the strongest existence in the Genuine Dragon World - the Five-clawed Golden Dragon. The other was the similarly Five-clawed Black Dragon.

The Evil Dragon that the Celestial Position race had once captured also had five claws.

However, the dark cyan dragon had six!

The dragon shot straight to the sky and let out a mighty roar!

"Roar!"

This was no simple roar. By just hearing that loud, powerful noise, all weak creatures and lower level vicious beasts of the Rosy Cloud World began to submit and tremble in their caves.

The dark cyan dragon's roar triggered something in these creatures - a sense of instinctive fear for survival in the face of such a powerful being. This kind of instinct was something in their bones that was formed through the countless years' of evolution, passed down from generation to generation!

Even the Supreme Lords and the two queens felt their heartbeat quicken.

"Whoosh..."

The enormous Genuine Dragon circled the air once before heading straight towards the Inauguration Altar and lowering its massive head.

From the dragon's head fell down a girl. She somersaulted in the air and landed light as a feather on the big crater.

Elena, Latonia, and Supreme Lord Korbin stood near while Supreme Lord Shadow was currently bound to Zen by the Death Chain. That woman ignored all of them and walked towards Zen.

"Lavender," he called out in such a gentle voice as she approached.

The woman in front of him looked so familiar yet exuded an unreal aura of strange unfamiliarity. She was as pure as a newborn baby, her entire body emitting a perfect aura.

Yet, all in all, she was Lavender.

She had always appeared before Zen in soul form so it was only understandable why he felt so strange facing her now. Even when she was in the form of the sword spirit, it was still as insubstantial as a shadow.

So this should be what Lavender was like in his mind.

He couldn't help but feel somewhat unfamiliar with this brand-new body of hers.

Lavender, on the other hand, did not have any regard for these strange feelings he had. She quickly rushed towards Zen and pulled him into an embrace.

Zen did not struggle, nor did he say anything and instead simply buried his head deep in her chest. Her aura might be unfamiliar and strange, so far from the Lavender he was used to, but deep inside he knew that it was still her. At that moment, Zen felt as if all the burden had been lifted from his shoulders.

As Lavender held Zen, she was also glaring daggers at Elena who stood not far away from them. The killing intent was evident in the queen's raging eyes. "This day has finally come... Bitch."

Her entire body was tensed as she stared at Elena in motionless rage.

Meanwhile, Elena simply stared back at Lavender with her teeth clenched. It was the only way she could conceal the turmoil in her heart.

How could this be?!

It wouldn't have been that big of a problem if Zen was so good that she wasn't able to kill him.

Sealing him with the Punishment of Eternal Night was already enough and she could've just handed him over to the Sacred race.

Leroy had lost all will to fight. A Supreme Lord that had entered the Five Aging Processes posed no threat to her at all. It would've been so easy for her to have ended him.

Everything was under her control. Even Supreme Lord Korbin and Supreme Lord Shadow helped her despite having been initially neutral. The odds were all in Elena's favor.

How could there be such a huge, sudden turn of events?

Why did such a large, six-clawed Genuine Dragon appear? Weren't the strongest dragons only five-clawed?

Why and how in the world did Lavender appear in front of her? Didn't she disappear a long time ago?

Why did the Faith Energy in her Pool of Faith disappear in an instant?

All these thoughts circulated in Elena's panicked mind.

Just a moment ago, she felt as if she was in control but in the blink of an eye, it was as if she had lost everything.

The extreme disappointment was enough to drive Elena mad! She was just about to go crazy but at the last moment, she decided to channel her rage into a powerful lightning strike at Lavender.

Lavender sneered as she watched Elena, who had turned herself into a bolt of lightning that rushed towards her.

"Spear," she said, taking out the Saint Killing Spear from Zen's space ring.

"Whoosh!"

The moment she held the spear, her entire aura changed. Rich, malicious auras spiraled into the Saint Killing Spear while long, thin bone spikes condensed on her back.

The bones all formed into two, irregular bone wings condensed by Faith Energy.

This was Lavender's fighting state!

In the Demon Night race, the Queen of Life and the Queen of Punishment didn't need to go into battle. All wars were led by the Queen of Killings who was born for battle. Thus, Lavender was the only one who had this kind of special, fighting state.

Lavender had activated this fighting state before. By relying on the Faith Energy in the Dark World, Lavender had once condensed this pair of bone wings for herself. However, at that time, Elena had quickly sealed Lavender's Pool of Faith.

"You... You are the bitch!"

Elena looked crazy and angry. Her once beautiful place now looked distorted and creepy. She rose and frantically poured life vitality into the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer.

Her strike was no doubt intimidating but the only reason she was so strong was because of the Faith Energy in the Pool of Faith.

Now that she had lost her supply, she had no choice but to rely on her life vitality. Her level right now was only that of a world lord, at most a top-level grand world lord.

Lavender almost laughed at how pathetic her opponent looked. She turned the Saint Killing Spear and a massive spear shadow appeared.

"Shadowy Spin!"

The spear shadow was blood-red and was several times stronger than the Shadowy Spin she had used before. However, instead of shooting it straight to Elena, she angled it in such a way that it hit the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer.

Crackle…

Countless lightning bolts spread throughout the hammer and tried to counter the Saint Killing Spear.

Lavender merely shook the spear gently and made all the lightning bolts disappear.

Elena's strike didn't work so she decided to change her angle. The Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer once again smashed down towards Lavender.

The Queen of Killings was calm in the face of such aggression. She pulled back the spear and pointed it at the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer once again.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

There was a series of explosions as the two clashed. Elena struck out a dozen times and Lavender countered even more.

The difference though was that Elena had gone all out while Lavender was very much relaxed in blocking the attacks directed at her.

Whoosh!

It seemed Lavender had gotten bored of Elena's pestering. She suddenly raised her spear and made the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer fly out of Elena's hand. It spun in the air and created a small hole at the bottom of the huge crater.

Now that she was without a weapon, the crazed look on Elena's face quickly melted.

She had lost the Pool of Faith and then the Saint Thunder Meteor Hammer. There was nothing else she could do to fight against Lavender.

Swish!

At this time, Leroy suddenly shot down from the sky!

He was initially quietly floating in the air but had fallen into despair. However, the quick progression of events completely flabbergasted him.

It was as if he was in a dream. Was the image in front of him truly real?

"My queen!" he exclaimed as he rushed towards Lavender's side.

Lavender's vicious face softened when she saw him. "Leroy, you... You have grown so much."

A warrior at Leroy's level aging meant only one thing: he had finally entered the Five Aging Processes. Such process was irreversible and Leroy would inevitably slide into death's abyss. There was no way that could change his fate.

Chapter 2013 Be Swallowed

The Heavenly Destiny of Supreme Lord Leroy had been personally gifted by Lavender. Naturally, his feelings for her differed from the other Supreme Lords of the Demon Night race.

In the universe, Supreme Lords were the utmost existences—never did they submit to anyone.

But the Supreme Lords of the Demon Night race still maintained respect towards their queens. Most of the time, they were on equal footing.

But Supreme Lord Leroy submitted to Lavender willingly, treating her as his master.

For the sake of her return, he was willing to pay any price. No regret would come to him even if he had to sacrifice his own life.

To him, hearing Lavender's simple greeting was already worth everything.

The conflict before him hadn't been resolved, so it wasn't the time to reminisce about the past.

Elena stood in front of Lavender, looking stubborn and unmoving. Such was her personality—paranoid and violence-driven.

Although she knew that she had suffered a crushing defeat, she couldn't accept it in the least.

No change could be hinted from Latonia's expression—she couldn't be read at all in that moment.

Standing not too far away, Supreme Lord Korbin felt bitterness fill his heart.

He and Supreme Lord Shadow had originally been neutral Supreme Lords. Never did they participate in the internal struggles of the Demon Night race unless they were to face an invasion.

This time, they had acted completely based on consideration of the situation. They believed that Zen could be brought down easily, and that Leroy and the other Demon Night members weren't a match for them at all.

After all, who would've thought that Zen's strength could still exceed anyone's imagination? Even after the two queens returned, they couldn't defeat him.

Yet, such a change came about in the Inauguration Altar, something unexpected to all.

Supreme Lord Korbin watched Lavender warily, preparing to use the Grand Teleportation to leave. If she were to control the Demon Night race, he wouldn't be able to stay any longer. But as a Supreme Lord, it wasn't really difficult to find a hiding spot in the universe.

The one who was most let down was probably Supreme Lord Shadow.

Although he was completely healed, thanks to Latonia, he still had one side of the chain on his body—he had no way to escape.

Lavender's eyes swept slowly over them until they finally stopped on Latonia. "Latonia, do you wish to be my enemy too? Why?"

After Lavender had brewed for such a long time, her question left everyone in shock. It seemed that Lavender knew nothing.

Latonia looked at her strangely. She wasn't as depressed and unwilling as Elena, so she gave a free, easy smile. "Since we're taking different sides, it's natural that I become your enemy." Although Latonia was neither good at nor enjoyed fighting, under the Soul-sealing Needle's control, she wasn't left with another choice.

"Sides? What sides?" The statement confused Lavender even further.

In the end, she could only look at Zen pleadingly. "I only remember the time before you went to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. I can't remember what happened afterwards."

To erase the Soul-sealing Needle, Lavender's memories were completely lost.

But the Inauguration Altar was connected to the three queens—it contained all the memories of the past queens, including Lavender's. But these memories were limited to the ones from within the Evolutionary Universe.

Such memories of Lavender following Zen into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were not recorded by the altar. When Zen returned, Lavender's soul was like a wooden stake, making it impossible to remember a single detail.

Before, when Zen had stuffed the Ancestral Dragon inside the altar, he managed to attach Lavender's soul to the dragon's body.

It was a very risky move, and Zen himself didn't know how effective it would be.

But all the prerequisites to entering the Inauguration Altar were there.

The Ancestral Dragon could travel through space—ordinary enchanted barriers and arrays couldn't stop the creature, and such was its innate ability.

Lavender's soul was the prerequisite to entering the Inauguration Altar. For many years, Supreme Lord Leroy had waited, refusing to move without Lavender by his side. It was impossible for him to enter the Inauguration Altar and destroy the Pools of Faith with his own power.

Since the conditions had been met, Zen could only give the Ancestral Dragon a few instructions and resign the rest to fate.

But never did he expect such results. Not only did the Ancestral Dragon carry Lavender to the Inauguration Altar and help her regain her memories, it also devoured the Faith Energy in Latonia's and Elena's Pools of Faith.

This energy had been accumulated over countless years by the Demon Night members. Just how terrifying was the amount of Faith Energy contained within? One could only imagine. As the dragon devoured it, its body underwent an astonishing transformation until it reached its current form.

It found a perfect spirit embryo within Latonia's Pool of Faith.

Previously, Latonia had wanted to exchange the spirit embryo for the Saint Killing Spear, but Zen rejected it. Now that Lavender had recovered her memories, she naturally took in the spirit embryo as her own.

It was bred from the Pool of Faith, which Latonia had done with tremendous concentration. Such was a truly perfect body, from the smallest of meridians to the tip of every hair. No flaws or impurities stained it, and the spirit embryo was in an acceptable condition for the soul.

With almost no hitches, Lavender managed to take it over. Then, it began growing rapidly until it transformed into Lavender's current appearance.

So the perfect temperament that Zen had felt from her didn't originate from her own soul but from the spirit embryo.

But Lavender didn't know about the entire universe's situation, nor did she know the position of the Demon Night race's Supreme Lords. After taking over the spirit embryo and witnessing the Ancestral Dragon devour all the Faith Energy from Latonia's Pool of Faith, she felt somewhat guilty. She didn't hold a grudge against Latonia, after all.

After Lavender and the Ancestral Dragon left the Inauguration Altar, she noticed Zen, followed by Elena. Naturally, in her eyes, Elena was an opponent—the two of them were always enemies.

With the will of the worlds, Zen could see everything happening in the Inauguration Altar, which was why he had stayed and waited for the moment Lavender left. But he wasn't aware of how many memories there were regarding her at the altar. Seeing how confused she was, he used sound transmission to tell her about everything that had happened in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, including how she had lost her memories and all the changes that went down in the Demon Night race.

Only after hearing Zen's words did Lavender understand the Demon Night race's current situation.

This also led to her understanding of Latonia's words—because of the existence of the Soul-sealing Needle, Latonia's position must have been different from her own. After erasing the Soul-sealing Needle, Lavender had no clue what it was.

The issue of the needle was more complex than what she could deal with right away. But her gaze flew past Elena and suddenly fell on Supreme Lord Korbin.

As the Queen of Killings, Lavender was by no means a soft-hearted woman. Even if her own race's Supreme Lords had committed an unforgivable sin, she would be decisive and make her move without hesitation.

Supreme Lord Korbin, who had been preparing to run away, suddenly activated the Grand Teleportation, ready to flee.

Swoosh!

A blazing white power of the Space Law began blooming underneath his feet as he dissipated.

"You want to escape?"

This put a frown on Zen's and Supreme Lord Leroy's faces. Supreme Lords could teleport swiftly and travel far off in a blink of an eye. If a Supreme Lord had the intention of escaping, it made killing him all too difficult. Although Zen's Death Chain could lock down the Supreme Lord, the other end of it was still locked onto Supreme Lord Shadow.

But just as Supreme Lord Korbin was about to use Grand Teleportation to escape, the Ancestral Dragon began to move. Suddenly, it raised its neck and its head shot out, opening its mouth wide, fiercely biting down on the void.

Although the Ancestral Dragon's body was now enormous, its movements were unimaginably fast—they simply didn't match the creature's massive size.

As it opened his mouth, everyone could see something inside it and hear Supreme Lord Korbin's rage. A mass of cyan flames exploded within the dragon's mouth—it was Supreme Lord Korbin's counterattack!

But the Ancestral Dragon closed its mouth, sucking back in the cyan flames. After it chewed for a moment, the angry roars from within its mouth turned lighter and lighter.

Supreme Lord Korbin had actually been chewed up and swallowed by the dragon.

When Supreme Lord Shadow and the rest of them saw the scene, they sucked in a cold breath of air—none of them could understand why the dragon would bite down on Supreme Lord Korbin when he had already used Grand Teleportation.

Chapter 2014 Time Of Purge

The Grand Teleportation technique allowed warriors to instantly appear from one place to another in great distances.

It was known that only warriors at the world lord level and above were fully able to grasp this technique. The use of this technique in battles between world lords or Supreme Lords often made it difficult for the warriors to kill their opponents, as it provided an escape.

The warriors who were proficient in the Grand Teleportation technique were well aware that the so-called "Teleportation" wasn't as easy as it sounded.

First, a normal space channel was needed. Then, it would use the Space Law to construct a path and fold the two ends of space together.

The stronger the Space Law was, the higher the ratio of folding.

The space channels of the great worlds could reduce a distance of a thousand miles to just ten miles, while the Upper World's space channels could reduce a ten-thousand-mile distance to just ten miles as well. Even more astonishing were the trans-border channels, for they could reduce a distance of a million miles to just ten miles.

The Grand Teleportation technique the Supreme Lords used was no different as it needed to create the same space channel as well. However, only a few people could use this space channel and it could not exist for long. It could only exist for several seconds or so, but it could reduce the distance of millions of miles to only a foot!

To put it simply, a Supreme Lord who had executed the Grand Teleportation technique only needed to move one foot to cross millions of miles in reality.

This teleportation didn't mean that they actually disappeared, but rather, they traversed millions of miles away at an extremely fast speed.

It was naturally impossible to even catch up to such an extreme speed. Therefore, if a Supreme Lord used it to escape in battle, the opponent would have to use the same technique to keep up as well.

On the other hand, the Ancestral Dragon's situation was a bit special. Its understanding of the Space Law had surpassed everyone's expectations.

It was true that Supreme Lord Korbin had successfully used the Grand Teleportation technique to escape. He should be able to get away from the Rosy Cloud World in a blink of an eye.

Never did he expect that, just when he had escaped into the space channel and started to move inside it, the Ancestral Dragon had suddenly dragged him out and bit him!

Shock was written all over Zen's and everyone else's faces. Supreme Lord Korbin looked equal parts surprised and enraged. He quickly set his thoughts aside and launched a counterattack.

Yet, it was no use because the Ancestral Dragon had absorbed all of the Faith Energy in the two Pools of Faith. This present Ancestral Dragon was already a full grown adult and was terrifyingly strong. Supreme Lord Korbin fought fiercely and struggled, but the Ancestral Dragon had eventually swallowed him up.

After Supreme Lord Korbin's demise, the heavens shook and roared.

All the Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe had sensed the tremor at the same time. At that moment, they understood that a Supreme Lord had just passed away.

However, they didn't exactly know who among their kind had died. Five Supreme Lords had died in the Evolutionary Universe in the last couple of years. Three of them belonged to the Humanity Alliance, and the other two were from two small races.

Moreover, the number of Supreme Lords who had died in the last two decades had already surpassed ten. Such an event would've been quite unlikely back then.

From that situation alone, it was safe to say that the entire Evolutionary Universe was undergoing a violent change.

The Ancestral Dragon belched before it swayed its massive body like a pendulum. Then, it opened its mouth and coughed twice.

Its guttural sound was as loud as a clap of thunder and as it continued to cough, cyan blue flames burst from its throat. It was clear that Supreme Lord Korbin had died a tragic death as he had struggled some more even after being swallowed.

Supreme Lord Korbin was known for his extremely powerful type of flames. The Ancestral Dragon continued to cough some more until the flames in its mouth decreased rapidly. However, it didn't seem to be gone completely.

It didn't take long before the Ancestral Dragon roared in anger. It raised its head in a snap and opened wide its enormous mouth!

The ground shook and trembled as the vibrations from the dragon's roar rippled in waves.

Suddenly, a red-hot demonic breath shot out from its mouth!

The cyan smoke was a blend of the red hot embers and some traces of the cyan flames. However, the cyan flames didn't last long and were soon gone in a blink of an eye.

After the Ancestral Dragon had purged all of the cyan flames from its body, it sighed in satisfaction and crouched down to the Inauguration Altar. Meanwhile, its burning breath continued to spread in the sky, leaving demonic red clouds that didn't dissipate for a long time.

A nervous gulp rolled down Supreme Lord Shadow's throat as he watched the scene, followed by a chill that ran down his spine. Even he, a Supreme Lord, was in awe of the colossal dragon.

Just then, Lavender's gaze drifted to Supreme Lord Shadow.

It could be said that Supreme Lord Korbin was much stronger than Supreme Lord Shadow. While the latter had good assassination skills, his strength had been greatly reduced because of the Death Chain that bound him with Zen.

"It's your turn now," Lavender said in a cold voice.

It was now her time to purge. She had just learned about the current situation from Zen and knew that the Demon Night race was in dire need of powerful warriors. Even though a Supreme Lord's value varied from race to race, Lavender did not intend to spare Supreme Lord Shadow's life anyway.

Besides, the Death Chain wouldn't break if Supreme Lord Shadow didn't die. Zen couldn't just be linked to him forever.

"Please spare my life, my queen!" Supreme Lord Shadow pleaded.

He was so desperate that he had completely collapsed in despair. At that moment, he was no longer the dignified Supreme Lord that he once was.

However, Lavender remained impassive. Her state of mind was as cold and hard as ice.

She had reflected on her past life countless times back when she was still hidden in Zen's body. Now, she decided that she would no longer show mercy except for Zen for the rest of her life.

As Lavender held her Saint Killing Spear and slowly approached, Supreme Lord Shadow still didn't give up begging her, "Please have mercy on me, my queen. I swear that I will do everything I can to protect the Demon Night race, and I won't regret even if I die for the sake of our race..."

"Oh really?" Her lips stretched into a thin smile. She looked immensely charming, but Supreme Lord Shadow could feel nothing but fear.

"Please give me a chance to turn over a new leaf. There is no basis for my words, so I will swear with my will of martial arts..." Before he even began to speak, Lavender's Saint Killing Spear had already started to spin, and a spear shadow was headed straight towards him.

Left with no other choice, he quickly hid himself in the shadows with gritted teeth.

"Shadow Dance!"

A cloud of black shadows appeared and swarmed Supreme Lord Shadow until his whole body was completely concealed, and his aura had dissipated.

Once he was gone, the black cloud actually moved towards Lavender. Supreme Lord Shadow wailed desperately and made a split-second decision to attack.

The Shadow Dance was one of Supreme Lord Shadow's most powerful concealment abilities. Theoretically speaking, no one in the entire universe would be able to track him if he used such an attack.

Unfortunately, things were made more complicated because he was bound by the Death Chain that exposed his every move.

"Hmph," Lavender simply snorted.

She suddenly accelerated her pace and surprisingly did not dodge the cloud of black shadows when she charged straight ahead.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Just then, the others who were present heard several piercing sounds. Fresh blood splattered everywhere and painted everything it touched red.

When the black shadows were gone, Lavender slowly returned with the Saint Killing Spear in her hand. Supreme Lord Shadow froze on the spot with his eyes wide open as three fist-sized holes appeared on his heart, stomach, stomach, and the center of his chest.

Right after, the heavens shook violently once more.

Another Supreme Lord had died.

The Death Chain that bound Supreme Lord Shadow and Zen together dissipated when the Supreme Lord was no more.

It was only then when Zen had finally regained his freedom.

A relieved sigh escaped his lips and he returned the Death Chain to his space ring. Although the Death Chain was a valuable treasure, it had its disadvantages. He could've just escaped right now if it wasn't for the light band that bound him to his opponent. Therefore, he realized that he had to think twice the next time he thought about using it.

On the other hand, Lavender turned to face Elena and Latonia this time.

"You are controlled by the Soul-sealing Needles. The crimes that you have committed against the Demon Night race can't be blamed on you," Lavender said.

However, Elena couldn't help but snort coldly at her words. "So what? Even if I wasn't controlled by the Soul-sealing Needle, I wouldn't spare your life as well," she said.

"I know. It's why I'm not letting you go," Lavender shot back as her eyes glowed red.

The grudges she and Elena held against each other didn't really involve the Soul-sealing Needle. It was just that Lavender was self-righteous to a point that she chose to tell right from wrong.

Chapter 2015 A Shadow

"Since you know everything, please go ahead. I've brought this upon myself," said Elena smiling calmly.

She no longer had any strategies left for a counterattack. In her dispute with Lavender, the final result was a crushing defeat. However, her smile wasn't entirely innocent; there seemed to be hidden shrewdness behind her calm demeanor.

Elena's expression was as tranquil as a lake, but her soul was trembling faintly. The Soul-sealing Needle in the depths of her soul was emitting a faint light.

Lavender slowly walked toward Elena grasping her Saint Killing Spear tight in her hand, her steps slow and heavy. The hatred between her and Elena was complicated. In the beginning, she had been killed by Elena and become a remnant soul. Then, Elena had sent out her people, Viveca, Elspeth, Salvador and Aneisha to hunt her. The four of them had killed themselves in front of Lavender. It was all too much!

Now that the opportunity for revenge was right in front of her, she didn't feel much joy even though she could easily kill her.

Buzz...

The two tips of the Saint Killing Spear began to rotate. The two dots on the tips of the spear formed a circle of light due to the high-speed rotation.

Ten feet...

Five feet...

Three feet...

Supreme Lord Leroy and Zen stood behind Lavender, quietly watching the scene.

This was a grudge match between Lavender and Elena, and they would not interfere. Lavender's tactics on dealing with the Queen of Life depended entirely on her mood.

This spear strike was only a foot away from Elena. If Lavender lightly swung it with her arm, it would be able to crush Elena's exquisitely beautiful face and reduce it to a pile of mud.

But in this instant, the Soul-sealing Needle within Elena's soul suddenly broke into two.

Pah!

A light but sharp sound came from deep within Elena's soul.

The instant the Soul-sealing Needle broke, Elena's entire aura underwent a dramatic change.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

An aura, which originated since ancient times but had been passed down eternally, was emitting from Elena's body!

Under the spell of this incredible aura, everything in the universe was so tiny.

Soon, an enormous transparent figure appeared behind Elena.

The translucent figure did not have a completely-formed body. It was just a spectral aura that constantly whirled in the air, forming the shape of a person.

Elena's face revealed a proud smile and her voice also became louder. "Lavender, how naive you are! Do you really think you have what it takes to kill me? Hahaha!"

Elena suddenly spread out both her hands and tilted her head backwards. She had a crazed smile on her face as she loudly proclaimed, "Master, you're here..."

That translucent figure continued to grow. Almost instantly it went from a height of a hundred feet to more than a thousand feet, then ten thousand feet, before finally transforming into a figure of a hundred thousand feet.

Roar!

Sensing threat from the transparent figure, the Ancestral Dragon stretched out its enormous head and roared at the figure.

As the Ancestral Dragon roared, the figure suddenly waved its huge arm.

The translucent arm continued to move and came fiercely towards the Ancestral Dragon.

The Ancestral Dragon was not to be outdone. Its mouth split open, revealing sharp teeth and it heavily bit the arm.

However, the translucent figure was faster than the Ancestral Dragon. It flipped its invisible arm, and directly slapped the Ancestral Dragon's head.

Bam!

A muffled sound was heard as the Ancestral Dragon suffered a heavy blow from this slap.

Its massive body tumbled through the air from the Inauguration Altar and slammed heavily onto the ground.

The Ancestral Dragon's massive body created a thousand-mile long ravine on the ground. The moment it fell to the ground, its tail smashed down heavily, causing the ground to crack instantly. Using the power of the strike, the Ancestral Dragon shot up towards the transparent figure once again.

As it flew towards the transparent human figure, the Ancestral Dragon's mouth began to accumulate a demonic red light. It looked like it was about to spit out a mouthful of dragon breath.

The transparent human figure once again reached out and started shoving the head of the Ancestral Dragon down towards the ground.

Boom!

Under this pressure, another massive ravine was formed, spanning thousands of miles. This ravine spread into the distance, covering almost the entire Rosy Cloud World and becoming a permanent scar on this supreme world.

Roar! Roar! Roar!

Now the Ancestral Dragon released a vicious aura and twisted its body wildly in front of the transparent figure. However, no matter how much it struggled, it was unable to come out of the giant hand. In the end, its tail kept dancing and finally curled around the arm.

The translucent figure reached out with its other hand and grabbed the tail of the Ancestral Dragon, ripping it off its own arm. It seized the tail of the creature and sent the gigantic Ancestral Dragon flying tens of millions of miles, smashing it against the edge of the Rosy Cloud World with great force.

Boom!

The battle between the two giant creatures caused an abnormally intense vibration in the world.

The Ancestral Dragon slammed into the edge of the Rosy Cloud World with its powerful kinetic energy, causing the entire world to shake violently. The ground began to crack as volcanoes erupted, setting off a series of earthquakes.

Elena stood at the feet of the transparent giant and raised her head to observe at this scene. A faint smile appeared on her face. Then she shifted her gaze towards Lavender, a proud and arrogant expression taking over her face. "Lavender, do you really think that everything has come to an end?"

At this point, Lavender, Zen and Supreme Lord Leroy stared at the invisible figure, their expressions sullen. Judging by the powerful aura emitted by the transparent figure, they might not be able to contend against it.

"This is... the aura of a Holy Being!"

Zen frowned and narrowed his eyes as he sized up the figure.

Holy Jay and Holy Drew were the most powerful among all the mighty warriors that Zen had met. These Holy Beings' auras were ancient and vast. They were the only ones who could be described as eternal. Even True Gods didn't have these kinds of auras.

But it was impossible for a Holy Being to enter the universe, wasn't it?

The transparent figure's head lowered suddenly as it looked at Zen and Lavender. Its massive body rotated slightly and its giant hand was raised.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The figure flailed its giant hand about violently, causing disturbances in the surrounding air currents and setting off a hurricane.

"Let's go!"

Even the Ancestral Dragon was thrown off by the transparent figure. Zen knew that they had no way of fighting it and could only avoid it at this moment.

He was trying to help Lavender escape, but he himself chose not to leave. Instead, he charged towards the giant translucent hand that was coming down on him.

Bam!

"Transfer the power!"

Zen had a head-on collision with the transparent palm. Compared to the enormous palm, he was as minuscule as an ant.

However, it was this very ant that strongly blocked the palm mid-air!

Zen transferred the boundless power in the deadly palm into another supreme world.

At this moment, there was a tremendous power surge in a supreme world occupied by the Sacred race. In a bizarre turn of events, a palm imprint appeared on the supreme world, and the entire surface of the world began to crack and crumble. Countless cracks appeared thereafter, and then began to disintegrate.

Boom!

For all the living beings in that supreme world, this strike was the beginning of the apocalypse. After the collapse of the supreme world, it constantly spiraled downwards, and the ascending passageways connecting from the Lower World also began to break one by one. Countless living creatures were desperately flying towards the sky in a bid to escape nature's wrath.

The power of this palm strike could completely destroy a supreme world.

Zen's heart was thumping like crazy as well.

Supreme Lords were unable to demolish a supreme world completely. For example, Elena's Profound Holy Thunder had obliterated a third of the surface area of the Celestial Wolf World. The Profound Holy Thunder had only caused destruction on the surface area of the Celestial Wolf World.

However, no Supreme Lords could wipe out a supreme world. Even when several Supreme Lords fought against each other in the Orange Sea World, they weren't able to make the entire Orange Sea World disappear. At least half of the Orange Sea World still remained.

But now, the translucent palm had shattered a supreme world.

The palm attack was blocked by a small, ant-sized warrior. The transparent shadow seemed to be caught off guard. However, it only hesitated for a moment and then used its other hand to hit Zen.

Bam!

Another vicious muffled sound.

Left with no other choice, Zen once again transferred the power he received to another world.

Another supreme world became Zen's scapegoat. After he transferred the power to that supreme world, it would also be desecrated without exception.

'This won't do, ' Zen thought anxiously.

If he allowed this translucent figure to keep attacking him, and he, in turn, kept sacrificing all the supreme worlds of the Upper World, it would still not be enough! He had to think of another way.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2016 Another Giant Phantom

Each time when a supreme world collapsed, only a few creatures would be able to survive.

Hundreds and thousands of mortals in the cities and surrounding towns had no chance of escaping such a disaster. It was an unforeseen occurrence for them to be prepared.

Zen's face darkened. He hadn't expected that such a powerful phantom would suddenly appear at the last moment.

Whoosh!

Without any remorse, the phantom once again lifted its hand in an attempt to blow another hit towards Zen. With a gust of wind, a strong pressure resonated.

With a sudden realization, Zen's face showed signs of struggle and hesitation. He couldn't think of a better way to deal with this attack. If he didn't block it, then the entire Rosy Cloud World would definitely be destroyed by the phantom's other powerful attack.

With no time to lose, he was having cold feet caught between choices on how to deal with the attack, but at that moment, he suddenly felt a cold killing intent advancing from behind him!

"Get out of the way, Zen!"

A resolute strong voice shouted from behind him.

Zen turned around and saw Lavender advancing on a fast speed. The bone wings behind Lavender's back had fully extended. Each of the bone wings emitted a scarlet light.

Lavender had already completely recovered her strength after unsealing her Pool of Faith. Using Latonia's spirit embryo, she became even stronger than she had been in the past! She was originally the strongest person of the Demon Night race. After the three queens took each of their own positions, the powers of their Faith Energy were different as well.

Latonia's Faith Energy represented new life and fraternity. Her green Faith Energy transformed was the power of Life Law. Elena's Faith Energy represented rules and order. It would then be transformed into the power of Thunder Law. Those who violated the rules and order of the race would be punished by thunder.

As for Lavender's Faith Energy, it represented destruction and annihilation. Her Faith Energy was actually a fusion of the Demon Night race members' malicious aura. It gave her an excellent and advanced skill in killing.

With Lavender's fighting strength and acquired power, she had far surpassed Elena.

The blood-red Faith Energy she absorbed contained an intense aura of killing. The scarlet lights on her bone wings constantly fluctuated as they converged onto the Saint Killing Spear in Lavender's hands, forming spear shadows that surrounded her weapon.

As Lavender brandished the Saint Killing Spear, the spear shadows that seemed to be solid began to sway along with the spear.

"Converge!"

Swish!

As she ordered, the spear shadows began to converge on the Saint Killing Spear.

On the surface of the Saint Killing Spear, the demonic red color had reached its saturation point. Traces of malicious aura were like flames slowly spreading out to its surroundings.

At the time when Zen blocked the first attack of the phantom's transparent giant hand, Lavender on the side had already begun preparing this skill.

With a wave of her slender bone wings, they changed their circular formation and swiftly retracted below her back. She then raised the saint spear above her head. Her slender body seemed to have become one with the spear.

Swoosh!

Her body shot into the sky like a rocket.

Despite knowing that the power of the phantom's giant hand was incomparably strong, Lavender's figure was like a thin needle which instantly pierced through the transparent hand!

After she passed through the transparent giant hand, the formless energy inside the hand began to surge out from the hole.

"She's so powerful!" Seeing this scene, Zen couldn't help but exclaim in admiration.

Lavender's strike was probably no different from the full-power attack of a mid-rank Supreme Lord. It seemed to have caused some damage to the giant phantom!

Swoosh!

Lavender swiftly made a turn in the air and a second time flew back towards the giant phantom. Her speed was astoundingly fast, and in the blink of an eye, she had once again pierced through the phantom's chest and drilled out from its back.

The giant phantom's speed on the other hand was not slow either. Its two hands stretched out, wanting to get a hold of Lavender. In the end, its speed appeared to be slower than Lavender's, failing to catch her in several consecutive attempts.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Relying on her extremely fast speed, Lavender was like a red shuttle which flew back and forth in the air, inflicting multiple wounds on the giant phantom's body.

With nothing it could do against Lavender, the giant phantom just twisted its enormous body and cried out in pain.

"Awoooo..."

Left with a last attempt, the giant phantom raised its hands and suddenly let out a deafening roar. The roar released a majestic strong aura!

As the formidable aura spread out, whether it was Zen, or Leroy and Lavender, all of them immediately felt an extreme sense of oppression, as if someone had struck them on the head with a metal hammer.

Lavender, who was originally flying at a high speed, suddenly felt dizzy. She was unable to maintain her balance making her struggle and sway on the air.

The giant phantom reached out its hand grabbing her body at an extremely fast speed. Its other hand was raised up in attempt to slam down onto Lavender's head!

The strength of the giant phantom was beyond imagination. With a sudden slam of its hand, even a supreme world would be shattered to pieces. If it were to slam onto Lavender's body, she would definitely be crushed into a pile of meat paste!

"No!"

Fear flashed across Zen's face. It was nearly impossible to save Lavender from the hands of the giant phantom.

Lavender had just managed to get her physical body, and seized back her Pool of Faith. He hadn't even talked much with her, but now he would have to watch her die in front of him... His state of mind was in total chaos, and his intense emotions made his soul tremble unceasingly.

Leroy also had a look of despair on his face. Their attack on the Inauguration Altar had been a series of twists and turns. To the point of being despaired earlier, they had been given a ray of hope witnessing Lavender's revival and had seen her take control of the situation. But now, the situation suddenly turned against them once more.

As for Elena, under the feet of the giant phantom, showed a big smile and anticipation on her face.

The Soul-sealing Needle was in fact not a symbol of slavery. In truth, the three queens had been in a semi-controlled state. The Soul-sealing Needle could change their minds to a certain degree, but it hadn't controlled them completely.

As the Soul-sealing Needle released more and more memories into their souls, Elena gradually understood Murphy's plan.

Relying with only the power of the Demon Night race, they weren't much of a threat to the Evolutionary Universe. They had been distracted by the ogres and weren't able to offer much help to the Sacred race. However, once the Soul-sealing Needle in the queens' souls broke, it would be able to summon a phantom of Murphy.

The phantom was in fact a method for Murphy to come here.

Although the power of the giant phantom was greatly reduced after it descended on the Evolutionary Universe, it still possessed the strength of a True God. This was also one of the Demon Night race's trump cards!

However, this trump card could only be used three times. It was first used when the Soul-sealing Needle in Lavender's soul had been destroyed in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The second one was used by Elena in order to kill Lavender.

"Hurry up! Kill her!" Elena no longer cared about the situation in the Evolutionary Universe. All she wanted right now was to see Lavender die in front of her.

At this moment, Zen felt as if time slowed down...

He could see Lavender using all her power and strength to wiggle out from the giant's palm. Beneath her elegant eyebrows, her beautiful eyes were shining with determination and boldness. She might have already realized that she would not be able to escape, but after entering her fighting mode, she was affected by the malicious aura and couldn't feel any fears.

In the midst of struggle, her eyes met Zen's. She realized something but only looked at him with a hint of regret.

Her regretful gaze contained too many unspoken implications, creeping through Zen's heart.

That moment seemed to have turned into eternity, and everything became increasingly slower in Zen's eyes.

Zoom!

Unexpectedly at the same time, everything came to a halt as Zen felt a gust of cold wind blew past his back. A figure of a person, in a flash, appeared behind him. The figure quickly grew in size and soon turned into another giant phantom. Without wasting any second, it waved its giant fist and blew a strike towards Murphy's phantom.

Boom!

A muffled sound could be heard as Murphy's phantom was thrown to the ground. It was not able to hurt Lavender with just a mere gap of seconds. Being attacked by another oppression, it lost balance throwing Lavender up into the sky.

Bang!

Murphy's phantom fell heavily to the ground and crushed the Inauguration Altar behind it creating numerous cracks and canyons on the ground. These cracks were enough to disrupt the stability of the entire Rosy Cloud World. The entire supreme world continued to shake. It seemed like it might collapse at any moment!

The giant phantom behind Zen only threw one punch but the effect was beyond expectation. It was not just on par with Murphy's phantom but could be even more powerful!

"This, this..."

Zen was dumbstruck as he stared at the giant phantom behind him.

This phantom had appeared once in the past, and it was this figure who had helped him destroy all of the Luck-devouring Snakes the time he encountered the Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation. He had never imagined that this figure would suddenly appear once more and even gave a powerful blow to Murphy's phantom.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN ALMIGHTY WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

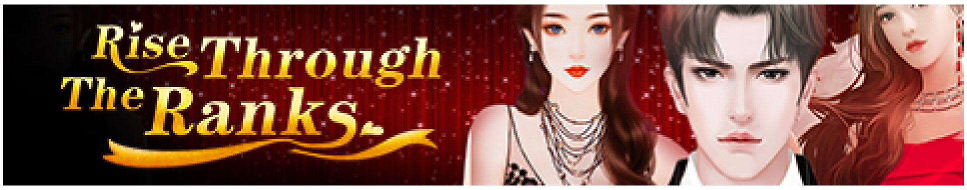

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

37

Content

Chapter 2017 The Holy Beings' Words
Chapter 2018 Path Of Heavens
Chapter 2019 Questions
Chapter 2020 Causality Breaking Light (Part One)
Chapter 2021 Causality Breaking Light (Part Two)
Chapter 2022 Zen's Determination
Chapter 2023 Small Divine Land
Chapter 2024 Mike's Disappearance
Chapter 2025 Tree Palace
Chapter 2026 Eliminate The Five Aging Processes
Chapter 2027 Achieving Immortality
Chapter 2028 Challenges In The Sunflower Water World
Chapter 2029 The Man In Black
Chapter 2030 Stop
Chapter 2031 Is He Not Afraid Of Death
Chapter 2032 The Upper Hand
Chapter 2033 Debate Over The Godly Ways
Chapter 2034 Grand World Technique
Chapter 2035 At The End Of His Forbearance
Chapter 2036 Rules (Part One)
Chapter 2037 Rules (Part Two)
Chapter 2038 The Rule Set By Maha
Chapter 2039 Ice Sculptures
Chapter 2040 Worry
Chapter 2041 Test The Waters
Chapter 2042 The Rampant Sword Intent
Chapter 2043 An Earthworm
Chapter 2044 Fight With Bare Hands
Chapter 2045 A Farce
Chapter 2046 The Spinulose Wood Fern
Chapter 2047 Expansion
Chapter 2048 The Branch Was Broken
Chapter 2049 Kill Supreme Lords In A Row
Chapter 2050 Counterattack
Chapter 2051 Stall For Time (Part One)
Chapter 2052 Stall For Time (Part Two)

Chapter 2053 Trapped (Part One)
Chapter 2054 Trapped (Part Two)
Chapter 2055 Showing Off Abilities
Chapter 2056 A Massacre
Chapter 2057 Pranav
Chapter 2058 A Stomp To Break A Supreme World
Chapter 2059 The Hall Of Holy Beings' Rules
Chapter 2060 Broken Arm
Chapter 2061 Wishing Spell (Part One)
Chapter 2062 Wishing Spell (Part Two)
Chapter 2063 Marko And Mateo (Part One)
Chapter 2064 Marko And Mateo (Part Two)
Chapter 2065 Zen's Sudden Disappearance (Part One)
Chapter 2066 Zen's Sudden Disappearance (Part Two)
Chapter 2067 Internal Dissension
Chapter 2068 Enter The True Path Again
Chapter 2069 Gray Light
Chapter 2070 Cultivators From Remote Ages
Chapter 2071 Time
Chapter 2072 The Valley Token

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 2017 The Holy Beings' Words

Neither of these two giants had a tangible body. In other words, they weren't perceptible by touch.

The transparent giant summoned by Elena was nothing more than a ball of rolling energy waves. In the same sense, the figure standing behind Zen was equally a sphere of floating energy.

For now, the two giants seemed to have stopped attacking each other for the time being. Instead, they stood rather motionlessly, facing each other in midair.

The energy in the transparent giant's head suddenly began to fluctuate violently, forming a huge gap in space. The gap warped and turned into a huge terrifying mouth, from which a fierce wind blew abruptly.

At first, the sound of the whistling wind was very sharp, but as the enormous mouth continued to change shapes, the intonation began to decrease.

It took quite some time to adjust the sound volume but afterward, the constantly changing wind sound changed into a melody, and in the end, it actually transformed into a person's voice!

"Mike! We meet again..."

As Zen watched the huge distorted mouth, a look of surprise appeared on his face.

He knew that the transparent giant had no way of making any sound on its own and therefore, it had to influence the speed and angle of the airflow in order to produce any noise at all.

Even though the wind sound was rather strange, other people could still hear the clear words, too.

'Mike?' Zen wondered silently to himself.

He was of course astonished to have heard these words.

The figure's silhouette behind him was none other than Mike, of course!

Zen couldn't help but glance at the figure behind him. He was just too curious.

The figure was just a simple outline, which made it rather hard to see its appearance whatsoever. However, the aura exuding from this silhouette was extraordinary and powerful. Zen felt mesmerized.

The silhouette was silent for a moment before speaking, "Murphy, you personally took action, thus violating the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings!"

Zen wasn't sure exactly where Mike's voice was coming from, but each and every word he spoke could be heard clearly. Obviously, he didn't need to speak by means of the airflow sound as the transparent giant did.

As this familiar voice reached Zen's ears, a rush of alarm washed over him and his heart started pounding violently!

When this had all begun, he wasn't sure exactly whom the figure's outline belonged to.

Now though, and more so after hearing Mike's all familiar voice, he no longer had any doubt.

A trace of warmth flowed through his heart as he thought back to the figure's silhouette that had helped him cross through the Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation. As it turned out, his father had always been standing right behind him, but he had just never realized it before.

"Ha! Ha!"

As a gust of wind surged out from the transparent giant's mouth, it let out a strange, chilling laugh at the same time.

"So what? The current Hall of Holy Beings is not what it used to be anymore. Anyway, I have only sent a single strand of my soul into the Evolutionary Universe. I believe that the Hall of Holy Beings won't even blame me for this, and there is no need to go against me for the sake of a late Holy Being."

The transparent giant gradually became familiar with the airflow speed, now capable of uttering words more clearly and fluently.

"I'm not dead yet," Mike spoke again.

"You aren't any different than a dead Holy Being! Who the hell cares if you rely on this round of universe to keep your holy heart? Sooner or later, it will still be destroyed by my own two hands! Ha! Ha!" Upon speaking these words, the transparent giant figure finished with a wild, cold laugh once again.

"No, I still have hope," said Mike. The silhouette of the figure's head lowered, and it appeared as though two invisible eyes were staring directly at Zen.

"Hooo... Hooo... Hooo..."

The transparent figure seated not too far away pointed a slender finger at Zen. "Are you talking about this little guy? That's your hope? Please tell me you're kidding!"

Mike's silhouette stayed silent for a moment and then answered affirmatively and with confidence, "Yes, my son, Zen, is my hope!"

Zen had already learned all about Mike's attitude from Holy Jay. The ten Godly Geniuses were both Mike's last struggle and hope, and Mike had placed great expectations on Zen!

"What a mistake you have made, placing all your hope on a simple secondary creature. Mike, you're still just as childish as ever..." the translucent figure said.

At these words, Zen raised his eyebrows and glared at the transparent figure. "Murphy!" he then roared as loud as he possible could. "I know I will step into the divine land one day. You can trust that I'll happily cut your head off in front of the Hall of Holy Beings!"

Today, Zen was no longer completely ignorant of the divine land. He had learned so much over time.

In fact, Zen was currently using the chaotic energy in order to increase his personal voice volume. As a result, his voice was extremely loud and was filled with a sharp aura!

This was Zen's utmost determination, and was something he had to face throughout his entire life. No matter how weak he was now, he had no way to escape. There was no longer any room for retreat.

The figure's silhouette behind Zen remained silent.

The transparent figure, which was formed by Murphy's energy soul, also kept silent for a short while before chuckling aloud. "Brat, you don't seem to know what the divine land is, nor what kind of place the Hall of Holy Beings can be. Clearly, you don't have any idea who you're even talking to!"

"You're just a mere Holy Being," Zen said calmly and nonchalantly.

"A mere Holy Being..." he repeated.

And at that, the transparent figure actually waved a pair of transparent hands and clapped.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With every clap of its hands, a dull and intense sound spread out and stung his ears. The entire space trembled, the earth shook, and more and more cracks appeared in the Rosy Cloud World. It was as though the clapping was going to cause some kind of landslide.

At the same time, many members of the Demon Night in the Rosy Cloud World were desperately pouring into the space tunnel. They could see that the Rosy Cloud World was on the verge of collapsing. In fact, most were sure it would collapse at any given moment.

"You may have guts. However, you're nothing but a young warrior without powerful strength! Sure, you're protected by your beloved father in the Evolutionary Universe. You're the son of the universe, and this place is your garden. Your every move, every word, every action, and every enemy are all under your father's control. There is no such thing as luck in the divine land, and there is also no such things as fortuitous encounters and coincidences waiting for you at every turn in the divine land. The divine land is a real and cruel world. Only then, will you ever understand that what you've just said should make you feel ashamed! Did you know all of that? Huh?"

Murphy, after all, was a Holy Being, too. Since a Holy Being owned an entire world, it was only natural that he had a lot of confidence. Facing Zen's rude remarks, Murphy didn't get angry, but instead, he analyzed the matter from Zen's point of view.

This analysis, though, allowed Zen to become more certain of something in particular.

As for the luck Murphy talked about...

Zen had always believed that his luck was great. He also knew that for a martial artist to advance, they would need considerable effort, luck, and talent.

However, thanks to Rocher's reminder, Zen found out that these fortuitous encounters were not due to luck at all. In fact, the various mysteries beneath the heavens were all deliberately arranged by someone. Besides, someone had arranged the path of martial arts for him ahead of time, too.

These difficulties and impossible situations were all deliberate, and the purpose was to temper and test Zen's state of mind.

All sorts of training methods were used in an attempt to urge Zen on to hard work, in order to push him toward reaching the next level as quickly as possible.

There was only one person in the entire universe that possessed such a supernatural ability and could use all the resources in the universe to perform such a play. This person, of course, was no other tan Mike, the owner of the Evolutionary Universe!

When Zen had first discovered the truth, he was rather disappointed, and felt a little sad.

Throughout his entire life, he was led to believe that everything he had obtained was through hard work, only to find out that the whole was arranged by his father!

Once Zen was informed about what had happened to his father and his enemies in the divine land through Holy Jay, he managed to keep his calm. He didn't have the time or the right to argue with such things. Moreover, all the arrangements in the Evolutionary Universe contained his father's painstaking efforts!

"Zen, trust me. Murphy is only trying to strike a blow to your warrior spirit. In this world..." Mike suddenly said to Zen. He was worried that there was something wrong with Zen's state of mind, even though Murphy was really telling the truth!

"I know," Zen replied calmly, with an even more determined expression in his eyes now. They shone like stars in the midnight sky. "Murphy, even if that's true, I still want to behead you in front of the Hall of Holy Beings. No matter what you say today, to me, you're still nothing but a mere Holy Being!"

Mike's silhouette nodded once Zen finished speaking. Mike was satisfied with Zen's reaction. Murphy had said those words just to get under Zen's skin, to deter his state of mind, but what he said was the truth. Mike could control everything in the Evolutionary Universe. When Zen had encountered any desperate situation in the past, Mike had helped him every single time.

If Zen left this place, he would also leave Mike's protection. And by then, he'd be facing situations that were thousands of times more dangerous than what he was facing right now. Sooner or later, he would have to face such situation on his own.

"Little brat!" Murphy only wanted Zen to fully comprehend the genuine situation. He didn't expect Zen to be more stubborn than Mike, despite having said so much in an attempt to persuade him. Murphy on the other hand, even with his stable state of mind, also became furious.

Chapter 2018 Path Of Heavens

Murphy's anger only lasted a moment. As a Holy Being who was at the top of the hierarchy among all living beings, he didn't need to be concerned with such an insignificant fellow. So he changed the topic and sneered, "Mike, it's too early to talk about the divine land. Your Evolutionary Universe will perish soon!"

At the moment, the Evolutionary Universe wasn't looking very optimistic.

Even if there was no Demon Night, the Sacred race still held the upper hand. This was what Mike and Zen needed to face right now.

"There's no need for you to worry about that. If my Evolutionary Universe were to be destroyed, it would be because of fate!" Mike replied drily.

"Very good. I hope that you can endure it and live long enough till the day I see your son in the divine land!"

The energy fluctuations of the transparent giant were becoming weaker by the minute. His voice conveyed by the wind was also becoming stranger and more distorted. The giant formed from Murphy's energy soul gradually dissipated into the world.

The moment the energy soul disappeared, the Soul-sealing Needle also made a quiet exit from the depths of Latonia's soul.

At this, Elena's legs went soft like noodles, and she collapsed to the ground. Using the Soul-sealing Needle to ask Murphy's energy soul to descend was Elena's last, desperate move. It was originally only used during the final battle between the Demon Night and the humans. But Elena had summoned it in advance to preserve her life and kill Lavender.

To her surprise, the moment Murphy appeared on the scene, another Holy Being also appeared, and he turned out to be Zen's father.

Elena could tell at first glance that Zen was extraordinary, but she had never thought that he was actually a direct descendant of a Holy Being. All she could do was accept this defeat and as she did so, her vigor drained from her face. Her previously bright eyes were now dim and dull.

Zen watched the energy wave dissipate. He suddenly remembered that Mike was still behind him. Shocked and afraid that Mike would disappear too, he turned around and called, "Father!"

Mike's silhouette did not disappear, but he did not respond either.

Zen was nervous as he asked, "Father, are you still here?"

"Yes, Son, I'm here," Mike replied.

Zen heaved a sigh of relief.

As a youth, Zen had never been sensible. He thought that his father had died in the past few years, but he had accumulated too many doubts in his heart.

Although he had more or less understood a few things, he still had questions.

Mike's energy soul started to shrink with the violent energy fluctuations.

The outline of the shadow became more and more solid. When it became the size of Zen's figure, Zen could make out Mike's appearance from the silhouette.

He almost cried out loud when he saw his father's heroic appearance.

Now that he had experienced the trials and tribulations of life and death, Zen had a state of mind that had become firm as steel. He knew that all negative emotions were useless and had completely abandoned these emotions in order to become stronger.

Yet, standing in front of his father, he couldn't help but feel that he was still that frail child.

Mike looked guilty as he saw the expression on Zen's face.

The energy soul that he had kept in the universe could give Zen more guidance. But be it in the divine land or in the universe, one had to rely on themselves to reach a higher level of martial arts if they wanted to go further or even surpass Mike.

So he had no choice but to create the illusion of death, creating one crisis after another to trap Zen within. He watched Zen struggle with all his might, like an injured beast, licking his wounds time and time again as he became stronger.

He was happy that Zen had not disappointed him and had even performed better than he had expected. He also knew that doing so was too cruel to Zen.

"Come with me." Mike turned around and waved his hand. An illusory gate appeared in front of him.

The door looked like the entrance to a heavenly palace, but it also looked like a mirage, slowly floating before Zen.

Mike was the first to step into the gate.

Zen jumped up from the ground and looked back at Lavender. "Wait for me," he said, his lips barely moving.

Saying thus, he went through the gate.

Once the father and son disappeared through the door, it closed and disappeared.

Lavender's gaze fell on Elena's body, and she laughed coldly. "Looks like we have to settle the score again!"

Elena had her Soul-sealing Needle broken in order to have Murphy descend. And when Murphy's energy soul had disappeared, Latonia's Soul-sealing Needle had also disappeared. At the moment, both Latonia and Elena only had the strength of an ordinary grand world lord. It was up to Lavender now.

What was more, there was an Ancestral Dragon in the Rosy Cloud World.

Lavender did not let Elena live because of the irreconcilable conflict between them. She knew that if she spared Elena's life, Elena would become a great danger to her in the future, which was why she decided to kill her.

Lavender did not make things difficult for Latonia.

After all, the rebellion that Latonia had led was because of the Soul-sealing Needle. She wasn't malicious by nature. And Lavender had relied on Latonia's spirit embryo in her Pool of Faith at the Inauguration Altar.

Not long after, the Saint Lords of the seven sacred places of the Rosy Cloud World, and the members of the Board of Elders of the Demon Night were all gathered in front of the Inauguration Altar.

The Inauguration Altar that symbolized the supreme power of the Demon Night, was now in ruins, with the three Pools of Faith buried deep within them. Only after the people of the Demon Night race had dug them out did they see the light of day again.

Two of the Pools of Faith were already empty. Only the pool belonging to Lavender had red water in it.

The water in the Pool of Faith had to be accumulated over many years. The elders understood that now that only one queen remained in the Demon Night, it was likely that the time of the three queens' reign over the Demon Night would never reappear.

Because of Elena, the Demon Night had been exhausted from the upper echelons all the way to the bottom. But with Lavender's return, the situation was finally under control.

There were two Supreme Lords in the Demon Night who had accompanied Elena and Latonia to battle. They had chosen to leave because of the queen's decree that Leroy had issued on Lavender's behalf. And under Lavender's summons, they had quickly returned to Rosy Cloud World.

Thus, via her statue, Lavender issued another queen's decree ordering all of the clansmen to band together.

She knew that the Demon Night was an alien race that Murphy had created. However, Mike had appeared and hadn't pursued the issue of the Demon Night's origins. After all, with the disappearance of the Soul-sealing Needle, the Demon Night would not be able to rebel.

Mike must have realized this, and as a result, recognized the position of the Demon Night in the universe. Since they were part of the Evolutionary Universe, they would naturally attack the Sacred race when necessary.

When Zen stepped through the door, he saw a golden scroll spread out on the ground, extending far into the distance and forming a path of golden light.

"What is this place?" Zen glanced around.

"This is the path of heavens," replied Mike. His faint shadow continued to move forward.

'Path of heavens?'

Zen thought, his eyes lighting up. He hurried to follow Mike.

When he was young, he had followed his father like this. But at the time, he had been too small and hadn't been able to keep up with Mike's footsteps. Zen had stumbled and run, occasionally complaining in a low voice that Mike was walking too fast. But his father had never stopped to wait for him.

He still remembered it clearly. Now that he was the same size as his father, he had a better understanding. In fact, ever since he had been a child, his father had already had some expectations for him. He, on the other hand, had never understood his father's strict character. Only now did he understand Mike's painstaking efforts.

"Those are the rules that I have comprehended in my entire life," Mike said calmly.

Looking at where Mike was pointing, Zen saw two screens on both sides of the path of heavens. Countless gold lights were circulating unceasingly on the screens. These lights had completely different shapes, and the aura they emitted was also completely different. 'These are the supreme rules my father has mastered?'

"In the Evolutionary Universe, you all call it Heavenly Destiny," Mike added.

Chapter 2019 Questions

Mike had constructed this universe.

So the creatures in the Evolutionary Universe couldn't cultivate the most extreme power. This was a limit that all secondary creatures were unable to cross, and also a restriction.

Only a certain type of warriors could cross this limit—the Godly Geniuses. Once a Godly Genius crossed this limit, they would be able to condense a Godly Tile and separate themselves from the Evolutionary Universe.

"These... These are Heavenly Destinies!"

Zen exclaimed, his eyes shining brightly in the golden light.

Above the screens, golden beams of light swirled about constantly. Each beam of golden light contained a Law of Causality within the heavens. Some of them contained particularly powerful auras, while others didn't contain any auras at all.

There were strong and weak Heavenly Destinies. Some couldn't even be used in combat. For instance, the Heavenly Destiny of Revival of Supreme Lord Lester could only resurrect martial artists that had perished, but wasn't helpful in combat.

But there were some Heavenly Destinies that were used for combat, and the auras emitted from these were naturally much stronger.

Zen's gaze swept over them, and he could vaguely distinguish the uses of some Heavenly Destinies.

A Heavenly Destiny on the left screen emitted a slight chill, even forming a little ice on top of the screen. This Heavenly Destiny was most likely a complete manifestation of the power of the Ice Law.

With the comprehension of the Holy Beings, they also had their own comprehensions of the perfect laws.

This meant that there wasn't just one type of complete Ice Law. With the complete Ice Law, it could extend several extremely powerful profound mysteries.

For example, the Ice Cold Flame that Zen had comprehended from Holy Jay was a special kind of profound mystery of the Ice Law.

Not too far away from the Ice Law, streams of colorful flames were being spewed out. They formed little cats that frolicked and played with each other as they walked down from the screen. These colored flames were definitely one of the profound mysteries of the ten-layer Fire Law.

Even a Supreme Lord would never be able to pry into the mysteries of the heavens. Zen was extremely lucky to be able to follow his father into the heavens.

As father and son continued moving forward, Zen noticed that some beams of golden light on the screens on both sides of the path were dim.

"Father, I guess these Heavenly Destinies have already been bestowed upon the Supreme Lords, right?" Zen asked.

There were many Heavenly Destinies on the screens. But he had only seen a dozen or so dim Heavenly Destinies, which was why he had become curious.

Mike nodded. "Yes. These are the Heavenly Destinies that have already been bestowed upon the Supreme Lords."

Zen looked confused at this. "Since your path of heavens contains so many Heavenly Destinies, why did you only bestow one hundred and twenty-eight Heavenly Destinies upon the Supreme Lords?"

Now that the Evolutionary Universe was facing a crisis, an extra Supreme Lord meant an additional layer of combat strength.

Every single Supreme Lord was an existence that couldn't be looked down upon. Displaying their powerful Heavenly Destinies to the limit would even allow them to deal with a True God.

Mike shook his head and smiled helplessly at his son's childish question. "If that was really the case, I would be willing to generously bestow the Heavenly Destinies upon many Supreme Lords. But there are many restrictions in the way of constructing the Evolutionary Universe, restrictions that not even I can overcome! I have already reached my limit by bestowing one hundred and twenty-eight Heavenly Destinies. If too many Heavenly Destinies were to leave the heavens, it would cause the heavens to become unstable. If it became more serious, it might even cause the entire universe to collapse."

Zen was shocked. He hadn't thought that it was this serious. "Is that so? I get it now."

As they kept moving forward, a hall appeared before them. A familiar object in the middle of the hall caught Zen's attention—the Evolution Lotus Flower owned by Master Feng. This Evolution Lotus Flower was also completely golden, but it had a rather dim sheen.

"This Evolution Lotus Flower is a Heavens-suppressing Object," Mike said, staring at the Evolution Lotus Flower. "I believe you've seen it before."

Zen nodded. Master Feng's Heavenly Destiny was this Evolution Lotus Flower. Master Feng had not displayed the true power of the Evolution Lotus Flower, but it had pressured Zen extremely heavily back then. It would have been extraordinary if he had used it.

"Zen, isn't there something you want to say to me?" Mike stopped in his tracks and turned to look at Zen.

Zen followed him. He had constantly asked questions but he had still been beating around the bush. And Mike had seen through his son's thoughts.

Zen was taken aback. He scratched his head and thought for a while. "Where did Irene Jiang go?"

"That little girl from the Jiang Clan has returned to the divine land. The Jiang Clan has a special status in the divine land and it guards and operates all the heavens of all the universes. Once Murphy announced the war, the Jiang Clan withdrew Irene Jiang," Mike said with a smile. He then shook his head. "That's not the question you want to ask."

It was not a question Zen wanted to ask. After all, he had been separated from his father for a long time. He might feel a sense of intimacy with Mike, but in the end, he still felt a little alienated.

At his father's expression, Zen hesitated for a moment before asking in a small voice, "Father, who is my mother?"

Zen had asked this question before, when he had been very young, because he had never known his mother or how she looked like.

When he was young, Mike would always give him an excuse every time Zen asked him anything. Sometimes, he would answer that his mother was dead, and some other times, he would tell him that his mother had disappeared. If Zen persisted with his questions, Mike would be strict and scold him.

As a result, Zen never got a definite answer.

Zen had thought a lot about it even after he had grown up. Only about a year ago did he come up with a new answer, and that was when he had found out about his identity. Mike had probably "created" him and his sister, and they probably didn't have a mother.

Zen had speculated this but he was unsure of the answer. So he used this opportunity to ask his father the question that he had been longing to ask.

Mike's face hardened. He hadn't expected Zen to ask this question. But he softened a few moments later. "You and Yan don't have a mother," he said.

Zen shook his head at his father's nonchalant expression. A sliver of hope had appeared in his heart. "I don't believe it!"

"It's the truth, no matter if you believe it or not." Mike continued to deny it.

But the more Mike denied it, the more assured Zen became.

He must have a mother. If his mother had died when he was young, Mike would have been able to answer truthfully.

But Mike was a Holy Being, and it was somewhat ridiculous for him to marry a secondary creature from the Lower World of the universe who would then give birth to Zen and Yan. Mike merely said that Zen and Yan had no mother, which was a kind of helpless prevarication.

This was exactly why Mike's stiff expression and perfunctory reply gave Zen hope.

Zen didn't pursue the topic any further, seeing that his father didn't want to talk about it anymore. He was no longer a child, and knew that maybe his father had something that was difficult to say.

Zen then asked, "Father, is Yan well?"

Mike loosened up, now that Zen had stopped fixating on the earlier question. "She entered the divine land a long time ago and is being personally trained by my disciples. She won't have any problems."

Zen's and Yan's arrangements mattered the most to Mike, followed by the arrangements of Rocher and Xenia, and then, those of Margaret and Nathan... Mike had planned every single step of this. And regardless of how others had performed, the most important thing to him was Zen's performance.

Mike only told Zen in detail about Yan's arrangements and the information of his disciples. He also told him what he might encounter after he went to the divine land.

Once he was done, Mike stared at Zen and said, "I remember that you picked out a few cultivation methods in Bromley's fairy palace, and have successfully cultivated the Thunderbolt Annihilation and the Eight Smoky Melodies. But you haven't mastered the most important cultivation method, the Enemy Repelling Arts, right?"

Zen nodded when he heard his father ask about his own cultivation methods.

The Enemy Repelling Arts was a shocking cultivation method. It was just like Gus had recommended—if one managed to cultivate it, they would be able to sever causalities, and remove the others' Heavenly Destinies.

Unfortunately, over the past few years, Zen had spent a lot of time trying to cultivate it, but it was really difficult to comprehend.

"You can't be blamed for this. The Enemy Repelling Arts is one of the most powerful cultivation methods in the entire universe. If you don't have too many Laws of Causality to practice it, it's very difficult to cultivate. Yet in here, you are able to accomplish twice the results with half the effort!" Mike said.

Mike was only an energy soul at the moment. There was not much time left. And right now, he personally wanted to teach Zen everything.

Chapter 2020 Causality Breaking Light (Part One)

After Zen had resolved the conflict in the Demon Night race, he would have to take action against the Sacred race.

During that time, Maha had constantly suppressed the momentum of the universe in the Sunflower Water World. Many world lords went to the Sunflower Water World, but Maha had murdered them all! His strength was simply above any of the world lords who fought him.

Many warriors in the universe had also raised questions through the Roaring Tokens. They asked where Zen and the Godly Geniuses were. The fact that Zen and Godly Geniuses were unaccounted could have detrimental effects on the morale of the other warriors.

The Supreme Lords of the Celestial Position and the Sacred race all started to lay out their plans in the Sunflower Water World. The fight with the Sacred race would probably begin any time soon.

If the battle were to begin, the world lords and grand world lords would die quickly. A Supreme Lord could easily overpower any world lord or grand world lord. The true main force would be the Supreme Lords of both sides!

Since the internal dispute of the Demon Night had been settled, the Demon Night and the ogre would also help the humankind. Also, the Supreme Lords of various races in the universe would join the war to help the humankind. Their army grew quite large and powerful.

However, the number of Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe was still less than the number of Supreme Lords from Sacred race.

Wynn, the only True God of the Celestial Position, and the head of the Celestial Position didn't have confidence in the battle. Even if Zen returned, the atmosphere in the universe was still very pessimistic. Everyone was aware of how powerful the Sacred race was. Despair had crept into their hearts.

That time, Mike wanted to assist Zen.

Back then, Gus also knew that sooner or later, Zen would face the Supreme Lords. That was why he recommended the Enemy Repelling Arts to Zen. That cultivation method was said to be a powerful tool to restrain a Supreme Lord. It would greatly benefit Zen if he could master such a cultivation method.

However, although the cultivation method seemed simple and easy to understand, it was actually extremely difficult to master. It required a lot of focus and perseverance from the warrior.

The fastest way to cultivate the Enemy Repelling Arts was to exchange moves with a Supreme Lord. Moreover, the Supreme Lord also needed to make use of the Heavenly Destiny to spar with the warrior who practiced the Enemy Repelling Arts. The complicated requirements made the cultivation method rather difficult to comprehend.

Unfortunately, Zen did not possess such a condition. Therefore, even though he tried his best to comprehend the profoundness of the technique, he was ultimately unable to master it.

The Enemy Repelling Arts had been divided into two parts; the Profound Cause-eliminating Technique and the Profound Effect-eliminating Technique.

The Profound Cause-eliminating Technique was to cut the cause while the Profound Effect-eliminating Technique was to destroy the effect!

The Law of Causality that the Supreme Lord released was often unreasonable. Some theurgy only needed to trigger a simple cause to gain the effect. Additionally, the effect exhibited exponential consequences compared to the cause! The methods that connected the cause and effect were genuinely incredible!

For example, the use of the Roaring Token also triggered a Law of Causality.

With a martial artist's strength, they couldn't spread their voices to every corner of the universe. Their voices would simply be not loud enough to travel to the ends of the world.

However, the Roaring Token contained a 'cause'. As long as it was activated, it would let the voice spread throughout the entire universe. That was the Law of Causality formed in the Evolutionary Universe. A simple cause could contribute to a tremendous effect.

The "Cutting the Cause" in the Profound Cause-eliminating Technique of the Enemy Repelling Arts was to cut off the connection between cause and effect! It would cut the connection between the action and the outcome!

If the causality were divided into two and no longer connected, then the Heavenly Destiny would cease to exist. The disruption of the link to the cause would dissolve the technique itself!

A Supreme Lord that had lost the Heavenly Destiny was only slightly stronger than an ordinary grand world lord. That wasn't too formidable. If that happened during a fight, the Supreme Lord that had lost the Heavenly Destiny could easily die by the hands of another Supreme Lord.

"Whoosh!"

Zen, who sat upright on the path of golden light, silently chanted the formula of the Enemy Repelling Arts in his heart. An intense focus was seen in his expression. He then abruptly pulled out a long sword.

The Great Weighty Sword had already fallen into the deepest parts of the Rosy Cloud World. Additionally, it penetrated through the entire supreme world and fell into the Lower World. Zen didn't have enough time to find it yet, so he could only use a second-rank divine weapon to replace it temporarily.

When Zen employed the Profound Cause-eliminating Technique, a distinct glimmer of cyan light extended across his arm. He studied that glimmer of light with curious eyes. However, that glimmer of light looked faint and seemed not to contain much power!

As Zen continued to practice the cultivation method, the dim and cyan light gradually extended toward the sword in his hand. It crept towards the sword like a bright bluish flame.

Not long after, Zen's sword had a hint of a misty glimmer on it. The originally snow-white blade now shone with a glimmer of cyan light! Power seemed to flow through the light and imbued on the sword.

The cyan light was the "Causality Breaking Light" recorded in the Profound Cause-eliminating Technique... It was rather easy for Zen to condense the Causality Breaking Light...

With his talent, he didn't have many shackles in his cultivation. A genius of his caliber could easily achieve such a task.

Not far away, Mike saw the Causality Breaking Light and slightly nodded towards Zen. Mike's eyes flashed as a ray of golden light shone on the screen. Immediately, a green lightning bolt extended from the golden light...

That was one of the profound mysteries of the tenth-layer Thunder Law. It was named the Annihilation Thunder. Mike created that beautiful and deadly technique.

The power of this Annihilation Thunder wasn't great. It was specifically used to restrain evil spirits. However, compared to the ordinary thunder, the Annihilation Thunder could attack the soul body more effectively. It might not have severe physical damage, but it could obliterate a warrior's soul body.

"Pah!"

When he saw the Annihilation Thunder flash towards him, Zen, who initially sat upright on the ground, suddenly moved to avoid the green lightning. At the same time, he waved the sword in his hand, and like a cyan waterfall, the sword flew towards the green lightning bolt with high precision!

Chapter 2021 Causality Breaking Light (Part Two)

"Swoosh!"

As the sword slashed down, Zen felt his hand go numb. The Annihilation Thunder was like a slippery fish. It quietly slipped away from Zen's blade and returned to the screen once again!

After he saw what happened, Mike shook his head. "The Enemy Repelling Arts is not a cultivation method to enhance one's strength. You can view the Causality Breaking Light as a kind of Law of Causality. The causality seems strong, but if there is no cause, then there will definitely be no effect. You can meditate on it and try to break the cause through the meditation. Then you can make a breakthrough. Got it?"

Zen calmed himself and tried to comprehend his father's words. Intense concentration was reflected in his expression.

The Law of Causality was strong because it formed an integral whole. The cause was the origin of the Heavenly Destiny. It was like a newborn baby, and it was also the beginning of the Heavenly Destiny. The really scary thing was the effect, not the cause! However, if he severed the 'cause, ' the scary effect wouldn't be formed.

What he needed to do was first to kill off the 'cause', and then there would be no more 'effect.' It was a simple yet effective tactic!

As he thought of this, Zen gained a hint of understanding. A sly smile decorated his face as he comprehended the technique.

"Let's do it again." Mike was always a strict person, so his demands of Zen would only be higher. The repeated practice was needed for Zen to grow faster.

At that moment, Zen felt as if he had returned to his childhood. His father had taught him to read and practice his martial arts time and time again. Mixed emotions appeared in Zen's heart as he reminisced his childhood.

The bolt of Annihilation Thunder once again shot out from the screen. The moment it got close to Zen, the Causality Breaking Light in his hand flashed again, and he charged towards the Annihilation Thunder. His determination was apparent in Zen's face.

The Annihilation Thunder was cut in half by Zen and returned to the screen once more. It was still agile and slippery.

The causality hidden within the thunder was not severed. Zen had utterly failed again at that time...

"Again! Do it once more." Mike shouted with a frown. Impatience was evident in his expression.

"Crack!"

The Annihilation Thunder once again shot towards Zen. However, Zen failed to sever the connection every time.

"Again!"

Thus, the thunder struck Zen time and time again. However, it always returned to the screen and struck once more. The process was repeated a lot of times, but Zen still hadn't succeeded.

Although the Annihilation Thunder was just a simple one and wasn't too powerful, it still caused Zen's soul to tremble. Every time the Annihilation Thunder struck Zen, it would circulate his body and electrify his soul. The Annihilation Thunder had a detrimental effect on the soul, so it naturally affected Zen's soul body.

When he saw that Zen couldn't smoothly cut the cause, Mike became more and more serious!

"If one Heavenly Destiny is insufficient to stimulate your potential, then I will release two to attack you! Zen, you better succeed, or this will hurt a lot!" As soon as Mike finished his words, another golden light of Heavenly Destiny appeared on the opposite screen. Within that Heavenly Destiny was a cool breeze. Then as the cool breeze continued to gather, it turned into a wind eagle and flew towards Zen at high speed!

It was one of the mysteries of the tenth-layer Wind Law, the Spirit of Wind! Its precision and speed were at a high level.

To stimulate all of Zen's potential, Mike could only use this method to force him! He wanted to put more pressure on Zen in order to force Zen's growth!

"Swoosh!"

The wind eagle pounced towards Zen, but he slashed at it with his sword. Zen's swing was very powerful that the sword cut into the wind eagle's body.

However, this wind eagle was formed from a profound mystery of the Wind Law, so how could it fear Zen's long sword? The eagle's form remained unharmed.

"Rip…"

The wind eagle's sharp claws painfully grabbed Zen's shoulder. Even though Zen's body was extremely durable, the Wind Law contained in the claws were extremely sharp. Two deep scratches were left on Zen's shoulder after the eagle's fierce attack!

After the wind eagle attacked Zen, it circled in the air and then returned to the screen...

However, just as Zen finished his battle with the wind eagle, the Annihilation Thunder struck him again!

"Pah!"

The green lightning directly struck Zen's head. Although Zen got the Gold Fighting Soul, he was still unable to withstand that attack. Zen felt his soul tremble, and his entire body fell to the ground. Darkness clouded his vision as he slowly lost consciousness.

At that moment, Mike had his hands behind his back. With remorseless eyes, he looked at Zen on the ground. "Get up!" Mike shouted with a cold tone.

When Zen's face touched the path of golden light, although he felt dizzy, he clenched his teeth and stood up! Determination mixed with pain had shown up in his expression.

However, just as he stood up and grabbed his sword, another wild purple flame lion appeared nearby!

"Roar!"

It was one of the profound mysteries of the Fire Law, the Heavenly Destiny known as the Devouring Kindling. It was ferocious and lethal to its target.

Over a billion years ago, there was a Supreme Lord in the Evolutionary Universe who had created such a Heavenly Destiny named Devouring Kindling. Although that Heavenly Destiny was a medium-level Law of Causality, it still allowed that Supreme Lord to be comparable to a top-rank Supreme Lord. That was a mighty Heavenly Destiny!

The fire lion roared and pounced straight at Zen. Its ferocity remained unmatched. Claws as sharp as knives were seen in its paws.

Zen wasn't afraid of the Fire Law. However, the problem was that he had to resist the Heavenly Destiny within it.

When Zen faced the ferocious fire lion, the Causality Breaking Light on his long sword got brighter and more brilliant. His face also revealed a resolute expression. At that moment, Zen clenched his teeth and roared, "Break!"

"Aoo..."

A strange scene appeared…

A misty ray of cyan light flashed as the sword chopped down the fire lion's head. The purple flames that had appeared on the surface of the purple fire lion instantly vanished without a trace. Zen's powerful strike seemed to change the color of the fire lion. Additionally, the purple flames that spread from the fire lion turned to the ordinary flames...

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2022 Zen's Determination

"It worked!"

Zen squealed as he stared down at the fire lion.

This lion emitted purple flames as it contained the Heavenly Destiny of Devouring Kindling. But when Zen cut off the Heavenly Destiny within it, the purple flames died down and eventually, disappeared.

As the fire lion jumped back onto the screen, a pleased grin spread across Mike's face.

Although the Enemy Repelling Arts might seem easy, it was extremely difficult for anyone to truly grasp the essence of it. It amazed Mike that Zen was able to comprehend the Profound Cause-eliminating Technique of the book so quickly.

In this moment, Mike gently waved his hand across the screen and it flickered with a golden light. Just then, the Annihilation Thunder and the wind eagle once again shot towards Zen.

Zen's eyes focused at the sight of the two Heavenly Destinies.

He stretched out his arm grasping the sword and a light immediately surged out. "Cut them for me!"

Swoosh!

The Causality Breaking Light had become ultimate foe of all the Heavenly Destinies. The flashing light soon disappeared, and the wind eagle that was charging towards Zen let out a mournful cry. The Spirit of Wind was cut off by him. It turned into a chaotic gust of wind and returned to the screen without hesitation.

Zen's sword had also been struck by the fierce Annihilation Thunder. When the light collided with the lighting, the latter lost its color and fled back to the screen.

Mike nodded in satisfaction and said, "Although the Enemy Repelling Arts retains itself well against the Laws of Causality, things will be totally different while you are fighting against the Supreme Lords. This will get much more complicated, so take extra care."

The Heavenly Destinies that Mike activated were in their most basic forms. After the Supreme Lords received their own Heavenly Destinies, they might have overused their Heavenly Destinies and brought them to their limits. When the Supreme Lords used the Laws of Causality, the power proved to be unimaginable. No doubt Zen would have difficulty destroying the causalities.

After Mike expressed his thoughts, he waved his hand once again.

The two screens on both sides of the path began to shine with beams of golden light. One by one, each of the Heavenly Destinies was activated just by a wave of his hand.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The energy that emanated caused the whole path to tremble vigorously.

The Supreme Lords simultaneously raised their heads to look at the sky, their faces filled with bewilderment.

The heavens didn't seem normal today.

As soon as Zen cultivated Enemy Repelling Arts, the heavens began to shake drastically. Originally, they thought that a Supreme Lord had died, but the shaking never stopped. It was continuous, and frightened many.

If the shock was really because of the deaths of Supreme Lords, then the way the heavens shook seemed like all of the one hundred and twenty-eight Supreme Lords perished. Why did the shock last this long?

"What's happening up there?"

"This is unlike anything we've ever seen before."

"I can only hope that it wasn't the Sacred race who started this!"

The Supreme Lords were left to guess about the mesmerizing shakes.

Unfortunately, although the Supreme Lords could take guesses about what was happening, they couldn't pry in the mysteries of the heavens. Until now no one in the Evolutionary Universe, except Zen and Irene, had ever set foot on the path of heavens. That was no place for creatures of the Evolutionary Universe.

Little did they know, the shaking was due to Zen's training.

The Heavenly Destinies on the screens were constantly moving in and out of different shapes. Some of them only had certain abilities and could not be made into specific targets. However, regardless of their forms and abilities, they kept rushing towards Zen.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Zen and his sword seemed as if they were dancing, swiftly and gracefully, as strands of cyan light appeared where the tip of the sword swept past. These strands of cyan light were like hemps that wrapped around his entire body.

All the Heavenly Destinies approaching Zen were instantly severed as they turned into golden beams of light and returned to the screens.

The "Cutting the Cause" was one move he completely comprehended.

The causalities contained within these Heavenly Destinies were considered the highest level of power. However, they didn't stand a chance to Zen's sword.

And even though Zen had fully mastered the "Cutting the Cause," Mike wasn't at ease at all.

At first, he was quite happy with his son's achievements. But this happiness soon turned into worry as he saw his son in battle.

Swish!

After the last Heavenly Destiny was finally severed, Zen's long sword circled in the air and he placed it smoothly into his space ring. Then after, he turned to Mike and noticed his expression. He asked with concern, "Father, what's wrong?"

His father was normally very dignified, so seeing that his expression was so gloomy made Zen wonder what was on his mind.

Mike didn't avoid his question. Instead, he looked at Zen and explained, "As the number one Godly Genius of the universe, you have the protection of the Celestial Position race and my support. But son, I have seen you go through much trials in this universe. Yes, everything went well..."

Mike paused for a moment before he continued, "However, if the Evolutionary Universe passes this difficult trial, then you will have to enter the divine land in the future. There, all of your encounters won't be as easy."

The battles Zen had faced in the past few years could be described as dangerous and brutal. Many of them had actually been secretly arranged by Mike himself. However, Mike never failed to protect his son all throughout.

In his eyes, Zen was still a little boy. He never failed to pick Zen up from a fall, and always made sure that Zen would not perish.

But despite this fatherly love, Zen eventually would grow up and leave the universe.

In the Evolutionary Universe, Mike was the ruler, the omniscient and omnipotent lord. This place was also known as Zen's home.

If Zen really stepped into the divine land, then Mike knew he wouldn't be able to help him again. Who would be able to help Zen then?

The divine land was a real and different world.

Even a Holy Being couldn't just transform the entire divine land. Once Zen stepped into the divine land, the brutal competition would begin. Zen had to start a new life and make sure that he kept his eyes open for any danger.

"Father, is it because of Murphy Mu?" Zen asked.

Mike's meaning was very similar to Murphy's. For Zen to be able to run around the Evolutionary Universe, his father was also a major role in this. It wouldn't be so simple in the divine land.

"No." Mike shook his head. "Murphy spoke only of the truth. The divine land will be even more difficult for you. If you enter and find yourself unable to help me, please don't push yourself too much."

Knowingly, the purpose of Mike's training for Zen was to save himself.

And since then, Zen had never failed to live up to his expectations. At times, maybe even exceeded them.

At this point, Mike had a thought of calling everything off. He didn't want Zen to take the risk of going against the Hall of Holy Beings for him. Thinking about it, he'd prefer Zen to stay somewhere safe in the divine land and live a normal life.

Zen's expression darkened at his father's words. He shot his eyes up at Mike and said, "According to you, why don't I give up now?"

"Give up now?" Mike's expression froze.

"Father, this is what you trained me for. I must try my best to save you. If you didn't care about living or dying, why did we go through all of this in the first place? What's the point of the path of martial arts that I've always followed?" Zen said and stared at Mike.

Seeing the look in Zen's eyes, Mike was stunned to hear these words come out of his son's mouth.

Zen was right.

Mike asked Zen to give up because he loved his son and didn't want him to suffer, but this was much more than that.

Pursuing martial arts was always motivated by something. Not by comfort, not by riches, but for something far greater than that. Zen knew what he had to do, and this was not something he could be talked out of.

Though Zen understood his father's concerns, he was sure he had to do this.

There was no turning back now.

Chapter 2023 Small Divine Land

It wasn't long before Mike let out a sigh. Zen's face lit up with a smile as he bowed to Mike and said, "Believe in me, Father!"

His eyes shone with unprecedented confidence, as if he was ready to overcome literally any problem.

Ever since Mike had been a Holy Being himself, he naturally understood all the hardships that came along with it. However, he thought that Zen's enthusiasm was childish--he was like a newborn calf who wanted to fight a grown tiger.

At the same time, Zen's resplendent aura encouraged and comforted him. And so, he decided to concede. "Alright. Now, I'll teach you how to construct your inner world," he said with a nod.

He knew that to let Zen cultivate the 'Primal Chaos Technique' was immensely risky and not to mention, insane.

After all, no one had ever tried to transform their body in such a way before. No one had even attempted to contain the chaos inside their bodies.

Mike and Bromley had previously fought over the matter, and Mike thought that it was unnecessary to take the risk.

Instead, he wanted Zen to focus on the life vitality cultivation. Besides, the life vitality cultivation that was passed down in the divine land was already a very mature system.

Moreover, they were Holy Beings, which meant they had already reached the peak of the life vitality cultivation.

Mike, Bromley, and Jay had given their all to nurture Zen. In turn, Zen felt privileged to receive such a treatment that he thought was hard to come by.

But at that time, Bromley and Mike had completely different opinions.

"Have you ever seen a Holy Being's son become a Holy Being?" Bromley once said.

His words had made Mike speechless.

Countless divine eras had passed, Holy Beings had died, and their universes had been destroyed.

It didn't matter whether it were the existing or dead Holy Beings; a second Holy Being never appeared among their direct descendants.

If Zen wanted to fight against Murphy, he had to aim for becoming a Holy Being. However, Bromley felt that the probability was too low despite Zen's and Yan's extraordinary origins. The road to becoming a Holy Being was not easy.

On the other hand, Mike had low chances of saving himself and enacting his revenge if Zen were to concentrate on the life vitality cultivation.

During that time, Holy Jay was on Bromley's side. Holy Jay was good at deduction, so he already came up with an answer after he had deduced Mike's plan. If Zen cultivated the life vitality step by step, the chances of him creating a miracle were less than one in three hundred thousand.

The chances weren't actually too low. Only one in a hundred trillion or even a quadrillion martial artists had the possibility of becoming a Holy Being. Every Holy Being was the absolute favorite of the divine land. They had endured many hardships and suffering just to get the opportunity to make a place in the Hall of Holy Beings.

Therefore, a one in a three hundred thousand chance was indeed, not low. It was because of Zen's special origins and not to mention, that he had been carefully taught by the Holy Beings themselves.

Even during the time when Holy Jay had done his deduction, he had already taken all of these conditions into consideration.

However, there was a catch: Mike only had one chance to save himself.

Once the layout had started, it couldn't be stopped.

From this point of view, his hopes were a little too slim.

It was why Bromley and Holy Jay stood on the same side. If they wanted to save Mike and create a miracle, they could only take the risk because that was the only way to create a miracle.

The result was what they had ended up with now.

It was safe to say that Zen had lived up to everyone's expectations. He had created his own path in the cultivation of chaotic energy. Nobody knew what more could he achieve in the future; but by the looks of it, it seemed that he would be quite successful.

Unfortunately, not even the extremely intelligent Bromley could predict how far the chaos energy cultivation would evolve. In reality, if the Primal Chaos Technique was compared with the life vitality cultivation methods, it was only considered as a "beginning-level" life vitality cultivation method.

He had only taught Zen how to open up the chaotic sea and how to control the chaotic energy. As for how to use the chaotic energy and how to build his own world, Zen had explored those all by himself.

Fortunately, all the methods that Zen had tried were correct. At the very least, his inner world had expanded to a considerable degree. Furthermore, what he had made was a true world that was on par with the divine land. The life forms in his world were not created from the life vitality, but rather constructed from chaos.

What puzzled Zen now was how to further expand and construct the inner world. He didn't have any of the experiences of his predecessors, so he could only struggle and find things out by himself.

Thus, who could better help him other than the creator of the universe himself, Mike? After all, he had a much better understanding of the inner world than the other warriors.

Zen nodded at his father without the slightest bit of hesitation. Besides, he still had many doubts about the inner world that he had created.

Some time after Zen's inner world had expanded, he had started to secretly conduct some experiments.

For instance, he took out the fish from the inner world, and the fish didn't disappear. According to the classification standard, all creatures formed from chaos should be considered ordinary creatures. In other words, they were technically qualified to live in the divine land, and not to be restricted by the heavens.

Zen did another experiment after that; he caught a low-level ferocious beast, the Fire Poisonous Crab, and placed it in his inner world.

It did come with the fact that Zen still felt uncomfortable at casually placing a creature in his inner world. However, something strange happened the moment the low-level Fire Poisonous Crab was placed into his inner world.

He felt that his inner world was sort of rejecting it. It became a whole and altogether refused the Fire Poisonous Crab's entry. It was followed by cracks that started to appear on the Fire Poisonous Crab's surface, which made its hard shell become fragile. Soon enough, its shell shattered.

The Fire Poisonous Crab was broken into large pieces at first, then the pieces turned into small specks of dust, until the dust particles dissipated into a cloud of dirt.

In the end, not even a speck of dust was left behind. What was once the Fire Poisonous Crab had turned into a faint trace of life vitality and dissolved into Zen's inner world.

Generally speaking, a martial artist could place creatures in their inner world after they had opened it. Some Holy Beings even had their own family members living in their inner worlds. However, Zen couldn't do that in his own. Entering his inner world was the same as entering the divine land; the only result of forcefully crossing the heavens was that they would be disintegrated and be restored to the life vitality.

"Don't resist and bring me into your inner world with you," said Mike.

As soon as Mike approached him, Zen sent his father's energy soul into his own inner world as he simultaneously summoned an incarnation in his inner world.

Mike was a Holy Being in the divine land, so he naturally wouldn't be rejected like the Fire Poisonous Crab when he entered Zen's inner world.

It didn't take long until Mike's energy soul had now floated high up in the sky. He looked at the nine large stars and couldn't help but exclaim, "You're only at the world lord level, yet you managed to build the Nine Divine Stars in your inner world. It's truly a miracle!"

It was known that after some True Gods had activated the Nine Divine Stars, those nine stars would float above their cinnabar field.

In the belly of a True God who was a body refiner, only nine beads flickered; and those were the Nine Divine Stars.

However, True Gods weren't qualified to integrate nine stars into their inner worlds. Only when some of the top True Gods had constructed the universes and become Holy Beings, could their inner worlds and Nine Divine Stars be merged together.

Mike had experienced this and knew how difficult it was to merge the nine stars into one's inner world.

Yet there was Zen, who was just at the world lord level but had already merged the two together. If this had happened in the divine land, many True Gods would probably go crazy; it was simply too unbelievable.

It was true that it was risky to cultivate the Primal Chaos Technique, but now Mike thought that it was a wise idea. He mentally sighed. He couldn't even imagine how much potential his son had.

A moment later, he and Zen glided towards the bottom of the inner world. The aura in the place was completely different from that of the Evolutionary Universe.

While Zen himself wasn't aware of the uniqueness of this aura, Mike clearly knew about it. It was the scent of the divine land.

In reality, the entire divine land was actually formed from chaotic energy. It was just that the living beings in the divine land had to explore other ways of cultivation because they couldn't control chaotic energy.

Therefore, they developed the complete system of the life vitality cultivation.

"This place can really be called a small divine land," Mike said as he looked at the world they were in. As he looked further into the inner world Zen had created, he felt that Bromley and Jay had made the right choice. These two crazy old friends of his had suggested a crazy plan, which allowed his son to find a path that no one had ever walked before.

Zen had a certain level of understanding towards the divine land, so he naturally understood Mike's meaning. Suddenly, a thought popped in his head. He bowed towards Mike and said, "Father, something strange happened within my inner world after I stepped into the level of world lord."

"Oh? What's the strange thing?" Mike asked. "Follow me and you will know."

His feet glided smoothly as he led the way, while Mike followed closely behind.

After a few moments, they arrived at the edge of the world they were in.

Chapter 2024 Mike's Disappearance

Soon after Zen became a world lord, his inner world formed its true boundaries.

The boundaries of an ordinary world lord were covered by transparent barriers that were similar to the boundaries of a great world. However, Zen's inner world stood apart from others.

On the boundaries inside Zen's inner world, enormous golden Sanskrit words hovered in the air.

With Zen's current knowledge and experience, he was unable to decipher the meaning of the golden Sanskrit words. He was very curious about the origin of the golden Sanskrit words.

Mike wanted to guide him in the creation of his divine land. Hence, Zen brought his father to this place.

Mike and Zen were floating above the endless chaotic sea.

Although Mike was just an energy soul, its power was far beyond that of an ordinary Supreme Lord. More so, it was enough to even rival a True God's. Although he was still far away, he could clearly see the golden Sanskrit words.

When he saw what was happening in front of him, his eyes were filled with disbelief.

"This is unbelievable! Never thought I would be seeing these words in your inner world! These are definitely their words!"

Mike was referring to the extraordinary creatures.

Long ago, a group of exemplary individuals of the divine land had discovered the existence of these creatures.

These people never stopped studying these extraordinary creatures. But after all these divine eras of research, nobody could understand their origin. Everything of them still remained a mystery, such as their appearance, gender, composition etc.

They seemed to be above the knowledge of the True Gods and Holy Beings.

There were still quite a few living creatures in the divine land who continued to be interested in them. They seized every opportunity to conduct a thorough research on them.

Among these researchers were Holy Jay and Holy Bromley.

For example, Xenia's page of golden Sanskrit words and the golden Sanskrit words on Zen's body were the outcome of their researches.

And the effect was quite surprising!

Zen had reformed his body by using the golden Sanskrit words. His body was by now far stronger than any living being. It was only because of this strength that he could withstand the chaotic energy of his inner world and practice the Primal Chaos Technique.

"Father, why would these golden Sanskrit words appear at the edges of my inner world?" Zen enquired.

Mike stared at the golden Sanskrit words, while remaining afloat. He ignored Zen's question and flew along the edges of his inner world, while constantly looking over the golden Sanskrit words.

His speed was exceptionally fast, but as the creator of this inner world, Zen didn't need to circulate the Space Law. With just a thought, he could appear anywhere.

As Mike flew around the edges, Zen's figure continuously flashed behind him.

Currently, Zen's inner world could not be considered wide. It was about the size of four great worlds.

Mike's Evolutionary Universe, however, contained a hundred thousand supreme worlds, and a million great worlds. Compared to that, Zen's inner world was a minuscule.

In less than five minutes, Mike had already circled around Zen's inner world. Suddenly he stopped.

When Mike saw Zen appear in front of him, he stared at him with a strange expression. His eyes were filled with incomprehension and disbelief.

"Father, what's wrong?" Zen asked curiously.

"There are a total of one thousand and eighty golden Sanskrit words. They must have intentionally left these golden Sanskrit words behind," Mike concluded.

"Intentionally left behind these golden Sanskrit words? Why would they do such a thing? There has to be some reason!" Zen was equally aghast.

Mike shook his head. "With my current energy soul, I am unable to solve the mysteries of these golden Sanskrit words. However, there must be some important information that they want to pass on to you."

Golden Sanskrit words were very unique characters. Each word contained a rich amount of information, and just by looking at it, nobody could gauge anything. One had to synchronize it in order to understand it, which was very time consuming.

However, once the mystery was unraveled, a martial artist could benefit unlimited advantages.

The Grand Weapon Refining Method was one such fine example. It was Holy Jay who had unraveled it. Xenia's Sanskrit words could release fine bolts of lightning, which had been unraveled by Holy Bromley.

The divine land was an isolated island within the chaos. Only Holy Beings could travel through the chaos. Even the strongest True Gods were unable to step into the chaos.

And after countless divine eras, the cultivation methods, laws, and Godly Ways of the life vitality system had been studied thoroughly by warriors, and it was very difficult for them to make any major breakthroughs.

As a result, countless martial artists in the divine land were studying the golden Sanskrit words, trying to comprehend cultivation methods that belonged to these extraordinary creatures and obtain power that had never appeared in the divine land before.

It was not as if this had never happened before. There had once been a warrior who had become a Holy Being, and the reason he could do so was because he had unraveled an extremely powerful cultivation method through some Sanskrit words.

When Zen had returned to the fairy palace back then, Immortal Book had told him that his son Geoffrey would definitely be a good treasure in the divine land. Geoffrey's talent in deciphering the Sanskrit words had always been admired by Immortal Book.

At that time, Zen didn't take the words of Immortal Book very seriously. Now that he heard his father say this, he realized that what Geoffrey possessed was indeed an incredible skill.

Mike continued looking at the Sanskrit words for a long time. Although he made these speculations, he was still unable to decipher the meaning behind the golden Sanskrit words, much less understand why these golden Sanskrit words appeared here.

"If you have the chance, you must unravel these Sanskrit words before you head to the divine land," Mike told Zen. Even though Mike could not understand the words, he knew there was something extraordinary about them.

"Yes, Father," Zen said while nodding his head. After all, this was his inner world. No matter what the Sanskrit words meant, he somehow had to find out by himself.

Mike wandered around in this inner world and shook his head, while looking at Zen. "But your inner world is still too small."

"Too small?" Zen asked curiously.

He had limited idea about the size of other warriors' inner worlds.

He didn't know that after one became a world lord and the boundaries of the inner world appeared, they would try their best to expand the inner world. After all, the amount of life vitality a world lord required was extremely high, and the wider the inner world, the more life vitality it would contain. This was an urgent requirement for a world lord.

However, this problem didn't exist for Zen at all.

As for the other martial artists, their inner worlds swallowed all the vitality between heaven and earth in the universe, slowly accumulating it over time. If one's life vitality was excessively exhausted, then they would have to constantly meditate, absorbing the vitality between heaven and earth into their own sea of life vitality.

Of course, there was an even simpler and faster method. One could simply crush a supreme life vitality crystal and absorb the life vitality existing inside.

As for Zen, the chaotic energy within his body was extremely vast, which meant he had a bottomless pit of chaotic energy.

Moreover, Zen could use the roots of the World Tree to collect the chaotic energy, so there was no urgency to expand his inner world.

However, from Mike's viewpoint, expanding the inner world was very important.

He was, after all, a Holy Being who had built the universe. His experience in this aspect could be said to be shocking. He was pleasantly surprised to see the huge ice tree in Zen's body. "This is the profound mystery of the Ice Cold Flame. You got it from Holy Jay!"

Mike then taught Zen the keys to build one's inner world.

One of them was that Zen should create Law Tablets and record the laws that he had comprehended onto the tablets. Then he should give them to the creatures in his inner world and guide them on how to become stronger. Ideally, Zen should have created a few continents, instead of allowing this one continent to expand indefinitely.

The construction of the universe was very complicated, and as Mike was telling Zen the key points, the latter listened attentively.

While Mike was imparting his knowledge, Zen noticed that the aura emitting from his father was getting weaker by the minute.

This figure was formed from his energy soul. His entire body was becoming more and more transparent in front of Zen, while his voice was becoming weaker.

Only Holy Beings could create their energy souls and descended to the universes through them. Mike had left behind a total of fourteen energy souls, and after the beginning of a new grand era in the Evolutionary Universe, his energy souls would begin to move, seeking opportunities. This energy soul was consumed very quickly, and about ten years ago, it had helped Zen resist the Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation. And not long ago, in order to protect Zen, this energy soul had fought against Murphy's energy soul violently. His energy soul was now like a spent arrow.

"Father?" Zen called out.

Mike looked at Zen with a faint smile and shook his head. "It's about time. This energy soul can only last for so long. This is the only remaining energy soul that I have in this universe. If I can't wake up in the future, I'm afraid I will surely die."

Zen was shocked and shouted, "Father! Father!"

Chapter 2025 Tree Palace

Mike looked at his son, his love clearly evident in his eyes.

In the end, Zen only saw Mike's lips move slightly. He wasn't able to decipher what his father had said before Mike's soul slowly dissipated.

The brown chaotic sea was churning slowly. From time to time, a few large ferocious beasts would poke their heads out of the water's surface to sneak a glance at Zen. After they felt his aura, they immediately dove back into the depths of the sea, frightened...

Zen stood still for a long time, his gaze fixed on the direction in which his father had disappeared.

Twenty years had passed since he last saw his father. For Mike, twenty years was only a split-second; for Zen, it was already two-thirds of his life.

In that period of time, he had grown from a teenager boy to a youth. His vision and strength had also increased exponentially. He hoped his father was proud of how strong he had become.

"We will meet again someday soon…" Zen smiled at the place where Mike had stood earlier. He seemed to be saying this to Mike, but at the same time, it also served as an encouragement for himself.

He turned and then flew towards the central continent of his inner world...

"Splash..."

As Zen traveled at supersonic speed, the water in the chaotic sea below him began to swirl. A whirlpool formed first before it turned into a tornado and condensed in his hand!

The chaotic energy within the entire inner world was controlled by Zen. He had the ability to change the form and shape of the chaotic energy with just a single thought...

The sea water continuously morphed in Zen's hands; it quickly formed into enormous stone tablets that he held aloft in front of him.

Zen extended his finger and pointed it at the tablets. He drew symbols in the air with his fingertip, and it formed inscriptions of laws. At the same time, the tablets also shimmered with a faint golden light!

"Crackle..."

After he finished working on the first stone tablet, countless tendrils of lightning began to revolve within it. This stone tablet recorded the power of Thunder Law that Zen had already comprehended!

As for the second stone tablet, its surface radiated golden rays of light. Those rays of light began to emit streams of energy. This tablet was imbued with the power of the Metal Law...

A third stone tablet soon followed...

One by one, Law Tablets appeared and surrounded Zen

When Zen had entered the central continent, he tossed a Law Tablet gently from beside him. It fell down onto the ground...

Boom!

The Law Tablet landed hard and was partly embedded into the ground!

Zen didn't pause on his way. He flew continuously over the continent, tossing stone tablets one after another down into the continent.

On that day, the citizens of the central continent thought they saw the Venerable Creator descend from the sky. He bestowed them sixteen "divine tablets" to help awaken the hidden powers of the people in this world.

The warriors were like a pack of hungry wolves in the desert; they gathered on top of the stone tablets, desperately absorbing the Law Power from the "divine tablets"...

Before this happened, a small number of martial artists in Zen's inner world were already familiar about the concept of Law Power. But they had only learned of the Law Power through understanding the rules of the world, which had some discrepancies with the real Law Power. Furthermore, the knowledge they had of the Law Power was incomplete.

Now that they had the divine tablets that recorded the laws, a whole new way to explore the world had been opened for these martial artists. Some geniuses would utilize these laws to create even stronger cultivation methods; once they reached a cultivation level that allowed them to access more powerful realms, they would have the ability to comprehend higher level laws...

This would form a cycle of increasing power, allowing all the living things in his inner world to increase their strength exponentially!

Mike's guidance was helpful. According to his guidance, Zen still had plenty of things to do in the inner world. However, after he finished distributing the stone tablets throughout the continent, he decided to let his avatar in the inner world dissipate.

When Zen opened his eyes, he realized he was already back on the path of heavens. He took a glance at the Heavenly Destinies displayed on the screens; without a hint of hesitation, he resolutely walked in the direction of the exit door from the heavens!

"Buzz buzz…"

As Zen pushed the door open, an illusory gate appeared on the sky directly above the Rosy Cloud World of the Demon Night.

Just as Zen stepped out of the heavens, he slowly took in his surroundings and was shocked at the great changes he saw.

Before Zen entered the heavens to follow his father, he last remembered this place as a pile of ruins. The enormous Inauguration Altar had collapsed, and the only thing that had remained whole was Lavender's Pool of Faith!

Only a few days had passed since he was here, but the scenery in front of him had already transformed into something amazing.

The ruins were covered by huge trees, their thick and sturdy branches crisscrossed; under these branches, trees formed a palace that seemed to have grown out of that place.

Latonia should be credited for such a magnificent structure and landscape.

Latonia's Pool of Faith had already been drained by the Ancestral Dragon. But through her own efforts, she discovered some loopholes in the universe. These loopholes existed because Mike was dying; by taking advantage of these loopholes, Latonia had the ability to perfectly control the Life Law.

In this matter, Latonia's ability was equal to that of a Supreme Lord...

Zen scouted around the tree palace a few times, looking for an entrance. Suddenly, the two huge trees in front of him started to shake, then tilted outwards to either side. The vines from the depths of the palace intertwined with each other as they wove a path that extended all the way down to reach Zen's feet.

As he observed everything that went on, Zen smiled faintly and stepped on the path formed by the vines. He enjoyed the scenery while walking slowly towards the depths of the palace.

After he emerged from walking through the dense bushes, Zen caught sight of a huge tree arch. Countless branches were arranged horizontally and vertically formed an exquisite building.

While he was still examining the place, a tall figure approached quietly from behind. The figure was extremely agile; it did not make any kind of sound as it traveled among the trees. It also concealed its own aura perfectly to blend in with its surrounding environment.

However, at the instant that this figure reached Zen, he turned around and pulled the figure into his embrace, his lips instinctively pressing themselves on the figure's lips.

As far as the will of worlds could reach, there was no concealment technique that could fool Zen; concealing one's aura was simply useless in front of Zen. He had long since discovered that it was Lavender who had stalked him quietly.

Lavender's personality was not as cheerful as that of Margaret, nor as gentle as that of Letitia. A bit of shyness could be barely detected behind her decisive killing nature. When she was pulled into Zen's embrace, her body immediately stiffened as if she had been struck by lightning!

However, Demon Night's customs were more liberated than that of humans. Although Lavender was nervous, she did not run away as a human girl would have done in the same situation. Angrily, she suddenly twisted her waist and the two of them fell downwards through the intertwined branches.

As the two of them fell down, countless soft branches extended from the ground and formed a net in the air. The net caught both of them in midair and then completely wrapped them up…

At the other end of the colossal tree palace, Latonia sat on a tree trunk at the summit. Her elegant legs gently swung back and forth under her jade-green dress, a stream of Life Law continuously fluctuated in her hands. She curled her lips helplessly. "How could they do that in such broad daylight?"

Latonia built this palace using the Life Law. Naturally, she could feel every small movement within this palace. She also personally controlled the moving vines and branches.

"Roar…"

A gargantuan creature suddenly reared its head and sped straight in her direction. However, just as the tip of the creature's nose was only a foot away from Latonia, it steadily came to a halt!

"Roar... Roar... Roar..."

This colossal creature was actually the Ancestral Dragon. At this moment, it was roaring at Latonia, seemingly complaining.

"Alright, alright, I understand…"

Latonia waved her hand at the direction of the Ancestral Dragon. She touched her slender fingers on the tree trunk and countless strange flowers and fruits materialized from the side of the huge tree. They emitted a sweet, rich smell.

After she mastered the perfect Life Law, Latonia had the ability to create things. This ability did not only enable her to create things that she had seen before, she was also able to create things that existed in her imagination.

As she imagined them, these strange flowers and fruits were the perfect food. The food was used to feed this gluttonous Ancestral Dragon.

"Aren't the Genuine Dragon race exceptionally intelligent? It's been so long, but it hasn't even learned human language yet. What a stupid and gluttonous dragon!" Latonia said in a low voice.

The Ancestral Dragon was opening its mouth wide to swallow the sweet fruits. Hearing these words, it seemed to be strongly dissatisfied. Its mouth began to produce strange sounds, as if it was protesting against Latonia's comment…

Chapter 2026 Eliminate The Five Aging Processes

Due to the battle between Mike's and Murphy's energy souls, the Rosy Cloud World was on the verge of collapse.

Although the Upper World and the Lower World possessed the ability to repair themselves, the process was extremely long. Due to the severe damage caused by the battle, it was likely that the Rosy Cloud World would disintegrate.

Right now, the priority of the tenth grade sacred places in the Rosy Cloud World was to transfer their members to somewhere safe and then think of measures to stabilize the world.

The entire responsibility of restoring the Rosy Cloud World fell on Latonia's shoulders.

During this period of time, she had dispersed countless seeds of holy trees in the world. These gigantic plants could expand indefinitely. Once they were firmly rooted into the ground, they would intertwine and pull each other to close the huge crevices. Thus the world would be restored and stabilized.

However, this was not the result of a single day's effort. It needed a long time to heal the wounds of the world.

Finally, the peace of the Demon Night race was restored. Out of the statues of queens in the race's sacred places, two had been smothered once and for all. The members of the race knew very well that from now on, they would only have one queen.

In addition, Lavender had also pardoned the members of the Saint Chain Sect.

Elena was the reason behind all sins. After all, the six sects of the Demon Night race instinctively supported their queens.

Lavender's pardon had relieved those Demon Night clansmen who followed Elena, though they clearly knew that with Elena's death, it would be very difficult for them to obtain Lavender's trust, and it was unlikely that they would be placed in important positions any more. However, since they weren't killed in the chaos and also received their freedom, they were deeply grateful to Lavender.

Although Lavender wasn't a kind-hearted person, she understood that the Demon Night race had already suffered enough after such a serious internal conflict. They really couldn't afford any more disorder.

Lavender and Zen were lying in a hammock made from the branches that swayed gently in the breeze. She bent her knees and curled up into a ball as much as possible to fit in Zen's arms.

Over the last few years, she had spent most of her time inside Zen's body, treating his body as her home. Now that she had used Latonia's spirit embryo to regain her original looks, she couldn't possibly stay any longer inside Zen's body.

Zen gently caressed her silky skin and asked, "Have the people from the Saint Spear Sect been rescued?"

He hadn't forgotten the agreement he made on the Illusion Battlefield. He wanted to save not only Amber, but also Hailey from the Demon Night race.

"Yes," Lavender replied with a nod.

The Saint Spear Sect had always been Lavender's most important supporter. These days, the first thing she did was to gather the members of the Board of Elders and announce the sect's rehabilitation. Currently, in the entire Demon Night race, all three Supreme Lords were in favor of Lavender and she was the sole queen of the race. How could the other sects dare to reject her? They could only obey her orders.

"How is Supreme Lord Leroy now?" Zen asked.

Lavender was pressing her face against Zen's chest. When she heard him mention Leroy, there was a trace of sadness on her face.

Although she had returned to the throne, Leroy had unfortunately fallen into the Five Aging Processes. This was probably the worst thing that had happened in this period of time.

In fact, the normal burning of life force would not cause a warrior to fall into the Five Aging Processes. In the past, Letitia had almost used up all her life force, but she still remained young. However, the Blood-devouring Bone Arrows not only exhausted Leroy's life force, but also caused him to age rapidly.

The Five Aging Processes was like a huge pit that was impossible to crawl out. If Leroy was just at the edge of the pit without falling down, then Lavender could have done everything in her power to extend his lifespan. But he fell into the pit and there was nothing that Lavender could do to pull him out.

This was a rule of the Evolutionary Universe, and no one was an exception.

"He's in secluded meditation inside a holy tree of the Square Spirit Sacred Place." The so-called secluded meditation was just an excuse. Lavender very well knew that Leroy had been very depressed lately.

Everyone wanted to live as long as possible, and eternal life was always the top goal in the universe.

To the Supreme Lords, it was very painful and traumatic to fall into the Five Aging Processes. Their bodies would begin to age rapidly, and from their bodies, filthy and foul smelling substances would gush out.

So to avoid further humiliation, they would find excuses to go into seclusion. In reality, they did not want their ugly looks to be known to the public. They gave in to fate and silently perished.

"From what I can tell, the Five Aging Processes is a Law of Causality, isn't it?" Zen asked.

Lavender thought for a moment and then nodded. It was not wrong to say that. It was just that no one wanted to bear the Law of Causality, and no one could avoid it.

"What if I find a way to eliminate it?" Zen asked with a smile.

Hearing Zen's words, Lavender blinked her eyes, confused. The first thought that entered her mind was, who in this world could escape from the passage of time?

However, her doubts quickly vanished. Zen had special power after all, and he had never done anything that he was not sure of!

The thought ran through her mind a few times before she came back to her senses. "Zen, do you really have a way to solve this problem?"

If Zen was able to eliminate the Five Aging Processes, there was still a way for Lavender to restore Leroy's life force.

"I will give it a try." Zen was not completely sure. Although the book Enemy Repelling Arts could remove cause and effect, the Five Aging Processes wasn't in the form of Heavenly Destiny. Therefore, he didn't speak in absolute terms.

Hearing this, Lavender revealed a bright smile. She gently flipped her body, and a bright red silk dress was instantly draped around her slender body. This was the first time Zen had seen her in this outfit.

Lavender had a nearly perfect figure, and in this outfit, she looked stunning and elegant. The spirit embryo had grown rapidly after being occupied by her. So she was less than a month old now.

"Let's go now!"

Square Spirit Sacred Place was a tenth grade sacred place that was the closest to the Inauguration Altar. In the absence of a Saint Lord, the Board of Elders directly controlled the place.

When the people of the place saw Lavender, they immediately paid their due respect. Many girls looked behind Lavender, their eyes faintly discernible. They were curious about the appearance of the mysterious human youth in the universe.

While staring at Zen up and down, they started whispering among themselves. Of course, they didn't dare to discuss in front of Lavender.

Zen followed Lavender into the holy tree of the Square Spirit Sacred Place. After passing through a narrow passageway, they found Leroy.

The secluded meditation was meaningless for Leroy now. Supreme Lords only needed to constantly consolidate their Heavenly Destiny and use it to its fullest. Once they carried the Heavenly Destiny, they wouldn't be able to become Godly Geniuses, nor would they be able to obtain the Godly Tile.

He didn't cultivate in seclusion there. It would be more accurate to say that he was hiding here.

When Zen and Lavender entered, they could sense a foul stench.

Leroy was a handsome man when he was young. Now, he didn't want anyone to see his ugly looks.

"Who is trespassing? Back off!" Leroy shouted angrily.

"It's me," Lavender answered back.

Leroy frowned, but he still paid his due respect. "My queen, what brings you here? It's intolerably dirty here. You shouldn't have come."

Lavender's eyes narrowed. "Stop that. I came precisely for this reason."

"What reason? I don't follow you." Leroy was confused.

"We'll try to help you eliminate the Five Aging Processes." Lavender smiled.

"What?" Upon hearing these words, Leroy rolled his yellow eyes. "My queen, are you trying to make fun of me?"

It wasn't that Leroy was too arbitrary, but he had never heard that the Five Aging Processes could be eliminated. If there really was a way to get rid of it, no one would tremble with fear on hearing of it.

Moreover, if one could really eliminate the Five Aging Processes, he or she would never die. Before becoming a True God, this was obviously impossible.

"That's why I will only give it a try, but I have confidence in it," Zen said.

Upon hearing Zen's words, Leroy felt his heart skip a beat. He had personally seen what Zen's father did. As the master who constructed the universe, his father had set all the rules in the Evolutionary Universe. Thinking of this, Leroy thought there was really a possibility.

Leroy seemed to have grasped onto a lifesaving straw. His dull eyes were instantly ignited with passion.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2027 Achieving Immortality

Leroy had witnessed the most unimaginable things that had ever happened to Zen. For example, Zen experienced that attack from Elena earlier, and then there was the attack from that transparent giant, both of which were extremely powerful. Any Supreme Lord would have been severely injured or worse, dead, if they underwent any of these. However, Zen had miraculously survived all these attacks unscathed.

After a person had worked so many wonders, if that same person claimed that he had some incredible abilities, it would be easy for people to accept him or her.

With expectations deep down, Leroy was as excited as he could be.

"Do it right now, Zen!" Lavender urged from the side.

Hearing this, Zen nodded his head and raised up his hand. Just then, a faint light flashed from his space ring and a long sword fell vertically from it. But before the sword could plummet into the ground, Zen had gripped it in his hand and aimed it directly at Leroy.

"What are you doing?" Lavender asked, surprised.

Leroy fumbled backwards, staring at Zen in bewilderment. He had no clue what Zen had in mind.

"Don't move," said Zen. He held the sword in his right hand, reached out two fingers in his left hand and pressed down along the hilt of the sword. Gradually, he dragged his fingers across the sword.

"Buzz..."

A misty ray of light began to rise from the surface of the sword. As the ray burst out, it did not emanate a powerful energy as they would have guessed. However, when Leroy and Lavender saw it, they were mesmerized and hooked.

It was as if the light could overpower all the laws of the world.

"Zen, is this what I think it is? The Enemy Repelling Arts you have practiced before?" Lavender asked. In the fairy palace, Lavender had seen Zen practice the Enemy Repelling Arts. However, Zen did not master it at that time. Lavender recalled this misty light and put two and two together.

Zen smiled slightly. He knew he didn't need to hide anything from Lavender, so he explained in all confidence, "It's the Causality Breaking Light that can break all causality! If the Five Aging Processes happens to be a kind of Law of Causality, then this should be enough to break it."

Break all the causality?

Was that even possible?

As Leroy heard Zen's words, he widened his eyes in shock.

Supreme Lords were powerful because each of them controlled a Heavenly Destiny and a Law of Causality. If Zen could really cut off a Heavenly Destiny, then he would be the biggest enemy to the Supreme Lords. No Supreme Lord would be able to win over him.

Once Zen finished speaking, he shook his sword once again. The Causality Breaking Light of the sword burst out and extended four feet beginning at the tip of the sword. Suddenly, he leapt upwards and headed down towards Leroy.

The sword did not make any contact with Leroy. However, the four-foot long light pierced through his body like a dagger to his heart.

The Five Aging Processes was a very special state. All people knew was that warriors above the Soul Sea Realm would face it when they reached a certain age. No one knew why there was such a state or how to break it.

Even Zen himself didn't know the answer.

The moment Zen's sword slashed through Leroy, his body let out a huge, deafening wail.

The sound startled Lavender, and even Leroy himself.

"Ah…"

As a Supreme Lord, Leroy had a deep understanding of his own body. If there was something going on, he would be knowledgeable of it in an instant. But right now, he was flailing around anxiously, in awe at where the screaming might come from.

"Drip! Drip! Drip!"

Aside from the screeching, streams of foul-smelling liquid began to flow out from Leroy's armpits. The place he was in for the closed-door cultivation was already extremely smelly, now the smell was even stronger…

"What... what's happening with me?" Demon Night members had exceptional hygiene, so Leroy was extremely disgusted with his own self at this point.

After a while, streams of filth began to flow out from his ears, eyes, mouth, and nose, too. Amongst the liquid floated bits and pieces of other creatures, and no one knew how they had entered Leroy's body. However, Zen and Lavender knew that the Five Aging Processes had something to do with the special creatures in the liquid.

"My queen, could you leave me alone..."

Although Leroy was usually very tolerant, the liquid gushing out of his body made him nauseous. He wanted to beg Lavender and Zen to leave.

Knowing exactly what Leroy was feeling, the two left him in his place of cultivation and patiently waited. In the palace above the holy tree, Zen and Lavender joined the Demon Night members to wait.

Eventually, Lavender and Leroy were happy to see the change. The stench emitted by warriors who had entered Five Aging Processes was impossible to wash away. After several attempts, the odor would return in vengeance. Even worse, the originally pure flesh would begin to get tainted with impurities, causing the body to age even faster.

Although Zen's slash caused the stench on Leroy, Lavender was filled with anticipation. And though she could not figure out why she felt such a way, Zen's method at least proved to work.

After they waited for less than an hour, an old man suddenly appeared in front of Zen and Lavender.

This old man wore an immaculate white robe, and he looked very well kept. His face was full of creases and lines as he looked very aged, yet his eyes were sparkling with vigor.

The members of Demon Night took a look at Leroy in a daze. They were stunned for a moment.

The Demon Night members of the Square Spirit Sacred Place knew that Leroy had been cultivating in seclusion here. When Leroy arrived, he was an old man who probably had one foot in the grave. He no longer radiated the look and energy of a Supreme Lord, and he smelled repulsive too.

However, the man before them looked extremely old, but the stench had completely dissipated. Moreover, his spirit felt very different. It was as if he had transformed into a completely different person.

"The state of Five Aging Processes is really lifted…" Lavender was also staring blankly at Leroy, blinking rapidly.

Age was never a problem of a Supreme Lord. For as long as Leroy could be filled with enough life energy, he had the capability to appear however he wanted. He would be able to turn back to a middle-aged man or even become a youth again... Whatever age or form, was his choice.

At this moment, Leroy bowed deeply towards Zen with cupped hands.

For a Supreme Lord to perform such a great courtesy to Zen, it was obvious he had a great debt of gratitude towards Zen. After all, Zen's act graced him with rebirth, and was equivalent to bestowing Leroy a second life.

After thanking Zen, Leroy bowed towards Lavender. He was quite excited. "Many thanks to Zen and my queen for your help, but I still have one question. After the Five Aging Processes are removed, how do I calculate my lifespan?"

In the past, warriors at the Soul Sea Realm and above would die after entering the Five Aging Processes. It was something everyone would face sooner or later, which made it a fair rule.

However, after Leroy's Five Aging Processes were removed by Zen, did that mean that they wouldn't happen to him anymore? Did that mean Leroy just garnered eternal life?

Zen furrowed his eyebrows in thought. Then, he pondered for a moment and said with a smile, "That seems right. If the Five Aging Processes do not come to you, Supreme Lord, you possess the same ability as a True God... to be immortal!"

The pursuit of immortality was a topic that would never lose its novelty. Only after one entered divine land and became a True God could they get the chance of living forever. There was no creature in the Evolutionary Universe that had ever achieved immortality.

Just like Livingston for instance, who had to use the puppet to pursue immortality. However, the puppet body could not be defined as a living being.

"Right now the entire universe is in danger," said Lavender with a smile. "First we have to defeat the Sacred race. Forget about immortality, whether or not we can survive this thousand years will be the main problem."

Overall, the war with the Sacred race was the major problem faced by all the races in the Evolutionary Universe.

"Yes." Zen nodded. "Maha has been rampant in the Sunflower Water World for a while now. Let's get prepared. The war is coming."

For days, Maha had been fighting alone in the Sunflower Water World against the other geniuses of the Evolutionary Universe. With the battles, he was suppressing the momentum of the Evolutionary Universe, so the morale of the universe had been declining. All of these put the Celestial Position at a disadvantage.

After settling the internal strife of the Demon Night, Zen knew that the time for the showdown with the Sacred race was coming.

Chapter 2028 Challenges In The Sunflower Water World

The Sunflower Water World was geographically located in a special place—right on the border between the Humanity Alliance and the Thoughtless Minds.

Moreover, the entire supreme world was covered in pale green water known as "Sunflower Water", which was where it got its name from.

The moment Maha had entered the Sunflower Water World, this supreme world had become the prime focus of attention in the Evolutionary Universe.

Day in and day out, the eyes of all the living creatures in the universe were fixed on this place. Many warriors who were unafraid of death had also sneaked into the Sunflower Water World just to witness the remarkable performances of the talents in the universe with their own eyes.

Of course, there were also a great number of Sacred martial artists among them.

The senior leaders of the Sacred race and the human race seemed to have reached a mutual understanding. The Supreme Lords had begun to lay out their plans around the Sunflower Water World, but they didn't have any intention of entering it. Instead, they would let the warriors battle it out here.

As such, the Sunflower Water World had transformed into a huge battle ring with unwritten rules.

In every battle, once the warriors agreed to challenge each other, no one else was allowed to help them.

And, most importantly, it was a battle to the death.

When the battle was over, the winner could shout loudly with joy and even use the Roaring Token to announce their victory to the whole

universe.

As for the martial artists on both sides, they were fighting solely for their honor, because even if they won, they wouldn't receive any reward.

The universe was filled with crazy beings. Some martial artists were born for fighting, and they didn't care that their efforts would go unrewarded. They all wanted to enjoy the thrill of defeating the warriors from an alien race.

There were countless excruciating battles happening every day in the Sunflower Water World.

However, the most entertaining and eye-catching ones were still Maha's.

Ever since Maha had decided to singlehandedly challenge all the talents in the universe, warriors had been losing to him one after the other. The number of grand world lords who had lost to him had crossed 300.

Among them, there were 208 humans and 47 ogres. And even though the Demon Night was trapped in internal strife, there were still many Demon Night warriors who had come to the Sunflower Water World. Maha had defeated 13 of them, as well as over 30 world lords from other races.

Every time Maha killed a world lord, he would announce the name and race of his opponent to the universe through the Roaring Token. Sometimes, he would even comment on his opponent's strength, but the majority of his comments were negative.

In doing so, he effectively sapped the morale of the warriors and reduced the momentum of the universe.

But although Maha had shown great strength and a merciless attitude, there was still a long line of martial artists waiting to challenge him. The universe was facing a crisis, and many martial artists understood that their lives were already at stake. If they had to die, then it was better to die a worthy death. They might as well gather up their courage to challenge Maha in an attempt to make a great achievement. In fact, deep down, every one of them believed that they would be the one to defeat Maha.

Alas, it was a pity that such a victory had not occurred yet.

Meanwhile, the countless martial artists and mortals in the universe were all paying attention to the Sunflower Water World. Every day, righteous indignation filled them when they heard that yet another martial artist had been killed by Maha. At the same time, they harbored resentment toward the ten Godly Geniuses in the universe.

Where were Zen and Nathan at this moment? Maha had been defeating the world lords one by one, but the most outstanding talents of the Illusion Battlefield had become cowards, especially Zen.

When Zen had returned to the universe that day, he had made extremely impassioned remarks about war. But now, he had vanished without a trace. His disappearance had enraged many warriors and made them feel ashamed of him.

Without a capable and worthy figure to pin their hopes on, the morale of the entire universe was rapidly declining.

In the center of the Sunflower Water World was a hilly region. A human city was built around this hilly region in the shape of a crescent moon. Hence, it was named Iron Moon City.

It was an inconspicuous city, and even the city lord of Iron Moon City only had a cultivation base of Soul Sea Realm. Normally, this small city had very few visitors, and hence very few problems. The millions of mortals who were born in the Iron Moon City had been living happy and peaceful lives there.

But when Maha had placed the battle ring in the center of Sunflower Water World, the Iron Moon City had undergone a tremendous transformation.

Countless powerful warriors had rushed into this unknown little city, including Soul Sea Realm warriors, Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, Spirit Transformation Realm warriors, world lords, and even grand world lords.

Humans, Sacred warriors, and warriors from countless other small races had all infiltrated this small city.

Fortunately, the Sacred warriors and human warriors were carefully maintaining the peace and balance. Every time they mounted a challenge, they moved the battle to the tallest hill near the city instead of fighting within city limits.

Since the Iron Moon City was wrapped around a cluster of hills in the shape of a moon, warriors could find the best viewing spots in the city to watch the battles and cheer for the warriors of their races. Now, one such battle was taking place with none other than Maha himself...

Whoosh!

A golden light flashed across the hill!

Splash!

The head of the grand world lord that Maha was fighting exploded; blood spurted out from his neck, spraying dozens of feet into the air before slowly sprinkling down to the ground like rain.

Maha stood in front of the human grand world lord, his face filled with ridicule. He took out a Roaring Token and growled, "A small monk from the Blessed Buddha Land has only been able to exchange three moves with me. He's too weak..."

"Alas, Gene has been defeated by Maha as well!"

"Gene and Kurt cultivated in the Blessed Buddha Land together, and Gene can also be considered an ace talent. But even he was only able to withstand three of Maha's moves!"

"This only proves that Maha is too strong. He is nearly undefeatable!"

"Humph, so what? He's just a Godly Genius after all! There are many Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe!"

"Where are they, then?"

In a 1000-foot high restaurant perched atop Iron Moon City, many martial artists sat around discussing the battle. These martial artists were all at the Spirit Transformation Realm. Even from dozens of miles away, they were able to clearly see the battle on the hill.

But when one of them asked about the whereabouts of the Godly Geniuses, the others immediately went silent...

Maha was constantly provoking and killing warriors, but not a single Godly Genius dared to go there to challenge him.

"I, Alvin from the ogre race, challenge you!"

It hadn't even been a few seconds after Maha had killed the martial artist of the Blessed Buddha Land when a tall and burly ogre grand world lord jumped out to challenge him.

Contrary to the expectations of the ogre grand world lord, Maha shook his head. "I've already said that I will only accept three challenges a day. After killing three people, I won't take any action. If you want to challenge me, then go join the queue."

Inside the Iron Moon City, there were many grand world lords quietly waiting for their turn to fight Maha. They had all come here for the sole purpose of challenging him.

"Humph. I don't care about such rules. Today, I will chop you into pieces!" Alvin said gruffly, looking at Maha with an arrogant glint in his eyes.

Alvin did not plan to follow the rules at all. He was sick and tired of watching Maha terrorize the universe and wanted to be the hero who could put a stop to it.

Maha stretched lazily, ignoring Alvin's provocation. Then, he turned around and walked down the hill. With his back to Alvin, he said, "If you want to fight someone, you can look for other warriors. After all, I'm not the only Godly Genius in the Sacred race. Connie..."

As soon as Maha said her name, a plump and enchanting woman appeared in front of Alvin, blocking his way. With a charming smile on her face, she said, "Before you can challenge Maha, you have to fight me first!"

"Bitch, just get lost!" Alvin retorted, grimacing.

He had no interest in challenging a woman.

His hill-like body suddenly leaped into the air. A pair of dark golden axes began spinning around crazily, shooting out ax shadows that wrapped around his entire body as he violently dashed toward Maha.

At the same time, Maha floated down the hill at a gentle speed as if he hadn't noticed Alvin's attack at all.

"Go to hell! Sky Beam Annihilation Wheel!"

Huff, huff, huff...

Alvin's two great axes rapidly danced in the air and sliced through the wind, creating a vortex. Just as Maha was about to be sucked into that vortex, a black object suddenly shot toward Alvin.

BOOM!

The black object turned out to be a bead that exploded like a bomb, releasing an astonishing burst of power.

Alvin, who was wielding the axes, felt a strong force hitting his right palm, causing his hand to go numb. The vortex he had created immediately disappeared. He turned his head and, to his shock, saw dense black beads floating next to Connie.

The strength of the Sacred woman in front of him was actually far beyond what he had imagined.

"I've already told you that I'm your opponent, not him. Why didn't you listen to me?" Connie said with a smile. As her hands moved, those black beads seemed to come to life, floating up and down around her.

At this moment, the reckless and arrogant expression on Alvin's face completely vanished. This Sacred woman was a worthy opponent after all. Of course, her strength seemed far inferior to Maha's, but Alvin thought that if he couldn't defeat her, then he didn't have the qualifications to challenge Maha at all.

Chapter 2029 The Man In Black

Connie laughed lightly as the black beads danced in the air. With her graceful movements and the ribbons on her clothes fluttering behind her, she looked ethereal.

But then, without warning, she charged toward Alvin with her bare hands.

Swoosh!

Alvin's eyes widened at Connie's sudden attack. He didn't know what the black beads were but this woman definitely had something up her sleeve, otherwise she wouldn't have charged empty handed. No, he didn't think she was that reckless. He wielded a pair of golden dark axes named Moon Howling Wolf, which was a famous first-rank divine weapon.

Alvin's muscular figure leaped up, and he placed the pair of dark golden axes horizontally in front of him. After he steeled his stance then, like a raging bull, he charged towards Connie.

"I'll smash you to pieces!"

Alvin roared as he threw all of his weight onto his attack. With his hill-like body and explosive strength, the power of this attack was terrifying.

In comparison, Connie was a lady with a delicate body. If she were to collide with Alvin, it was likely that her entire body would be smashed to smithereens! However, Connie only smiled and made no move to dodge.

Meanwhile, the beads that were floating aimlessly in the air began to change their positions and form into a regular pattern.

"That woman is so arrogant! How dare she take Alvin's attack head on?"

"She must have a trick up her sleeve. She wouldn't be so stupid as not to dodge, you know?"

"Hmph! I bet she's just pretending to have some elaborate plan. If Alvin doesn't fall for it, he'd be able to crush that woman into pieces!"

A number of pavilions had appeared on the side of the hill facing the Iron Moon City recently. Warriors from both the human race and the Sacred race gathered inside these pavilions to exchange information and challenge each other.

Hanging around wasn't free though. The warriors who wished to go inside needed to pay quite a lot of life vitality crystals.

They didn't mind though. The warriors that dared to venture into the Sunflower Water World had long since showed little care for money. After all, challenging the Sacred race meant that they could die at any time, and what use would life vitality crystals be if they were dead?

Meanwhile, Alvin's axes flew towards Connie.

However, as they collided with her, the strangest thing happened. Connie's entire body was as light as paper to sustain no forces. Connie had floated past the dual axes as if she was a willow leaf blown away by the wind. She smiled like nothing had happened. The attack hadn't affected her at all!

Alvin was stupefied. His attack should have squashed the woman into a pancake but their collision only felt like he had hit cotton. He scowled. His opponent simply did not suffer. If this kept up, no matter how strong he was, he wouldn't be able to cause any damage to Connie!

But Alvin was quick to react.

Seeing his attack fail to hurt his opponent, he raised his axes and slashed his way towards Connie.

Although Connie was as light as a feather, Alvin still wielded the golden axes like scissors, ready to cut the Sacred woman into pieces.

However, just as the axes came slicing down, Connie twisted her body ever so slightly and smiled. She had slipped between the axes and was now floating between Alvin's arms. Reaching out her arm, she lightly brushed her knuckles on Alvin's chest and giggled. There was a look of contempt in her eyes. If she had been holding a dagger, Alvin would have been dead by now.

Although Connie's smile was pretty and her laughter sounded pleasant, they only served to grate Alvin's nerves even more. He knew this woman was a powerful character, and now that she teased him while being so close to him, it became clear that she didn't take him seriously.

Alvin was furious. He held on to Connie tightly. If he could grab this woman, he'd be able to crush her with brute force.

But Connie was slippery like a fish and she slithered out of Alvin's arms. She distanced herself from him and gently clapped her hands.

Alvin's heart sank, finally noticing the black beads that surrounded him. They were lined like an array, and when Connie clapped her hands...

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The black beads exploded and blinding black light burst out, enveloping Alvin completely.

Almost all of Connie's weapons could only be used once. The beads she had used just now were Black Flame Beads. The flames the beads produced were extremely destructive and released a strong cataclysmic power in the air.

After a while when the flames dissipated, two charred objects fell from the sky. It turned out that they were the two axes that Alvin wielded. They were completely deformed and almost unrecognizable, their golden luster nowhere to be seen. As for Alvin, he had been completely annihilated by the black flames.

"This is boring... Is there anyone else who'd like to challenge me?" Connie asked.

She looked around the hill once, and she could sense that there were still many martial artists with powerful auras, but they all remained silent. It seemed like no one would dare challenge her today. Maybe she should just leave with Maha...

These powerful martial artists weren't afraid of Connie, per se.

It was just that this woman had countless single-use treasures with her that were extremely powerful which would make it very difficult to defeat her. Moreover, all of them thought highly of themselves. They came to the Sunflower Water World with the goal of challenging Maha. Anyone else wasn't worth attention.

"Forget about Maha! No one in our Evolutionary Universe can even take down a Sacred girl!"

"Aren't there at least ten martial artists who had been defeated by this girl?"

"She has never failed once!"

The warriors of Iron Moon City chatted. Some of them were even drunk and sad enough to recite poems.

Just then, as Connie turned to leave, a person climbed up the hill.

He was dressed in black, his body wrapped in a thick robe, and only a pair of gleaming eyes could be seen from the cracks. As the martial artist reached the top of the hill, he asked, "If I defeat you, can I challenge Maha myself?"

Maha was just too infamous. He only accepted challenges from three warriors every day and now, they all had to line up to challenge him.

Hearing the man's question, Connie looked back with an expression of interest. She clucked her tongue. "Actually, it doesn't work that way."

"What do you mean?" The man asked coldly.

Connie offered him a coy smile. "If you defeat me, Maha will avenge me. In that case, it'll be him who will challenge you first!"

"That's good!"

The man's goal was Maha, and he had no interest in the silly word games this Connie was playing. With a shake of his arm, the robe that covered his physique ripped and flew from his body. Finally, his true appearance was revealed!

It was a young man. Under his perfectly arched brows, his eyes shone like stars. His gait exuded confidence and as he reached out his arm, a long fiery red spear appeared in his hand.

"That's... Nathan!"

"I knew the Godly Geniuses of our human race would show up!"

"That Nathan is only second to Zen and Rocher! Before Zen appeared, he was the first-ranked Godly Genius!"

"When a genius like him grows, it would be beyond our imaginations how strong he would become. His strength had improved tremendously after he became a world lord, and now, he's only going to be more powerful!"

When the Godly Geniuses hadn't showed up, countless warriors in the Evolutionary Universe felt very disappointed.

As the saying went, "a brave martial artist always wins the fiercest competition." Many warriors understood that losing was not a scary thing. What was scary was being afraid before the fight. The successive defeats of the human warriors had greatly affected the morale of the warriors in the Evolutionary Universe.

They didn't expect that the Zen that they had always hoped to come would be no-show. Instead, Nathan was here!

Cheers broke out in the pavilions of the Iron Moon City. Victory was finally on its way! Even some of the heavily drunk martial artists were jolted awake.

"Nathan?"

The corners of Connie's mouth curled up, her eyes gleaming with interest.

She knew the ten Godly Geniuses very well. In fact, back when Zen had returned from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, she had immediately recognized him.

And from what she knew, this Nathan's origins were not that simple.

Chapter 2030 Stop

"Yes. That's me."

A satisfied smirk made its way to Nathan's face as he looked at Connie, the spear in his hand trembling slightly.

The war had already escalated to the point where the momentum of the Evolutionary Universe had become stagnant under Maha's oppressive reign.

Not even the many Supreme Lords or Master Feng had any ideas to change the situation. The Sacred race now held an absolute advantage over them. There was no way they could ruin Maha's schemes!

However, the final battle with the Sacred race would commence if the Supreme Lords took action. It was just that the Celestial Position wasn't confident enough to face the indomitable Sacred race.

After a long time of discussion, they finally decided to just send Nathan and hope for the best.

Nathan cultivated the Truth Godly Way and had deeply comprehended it already. If he could kill Maha, it would be enough to help buy some precious time for the Evolutionary Universe.

The soles of Maha's boots scuffed against the rough ground as he left his hill. Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks and turned around. "Huh, a group of cunning old fellows want to test my strength…" he said with a cold smile.

Nathan felt Maha's gaze and the tip of the spear, which was originally pointed downwards shook slightly. It gently cut through the air with a soft swoosh followed by a flash of light. After that, the spear was already aimed straight at Maha.

It was just a casual way of provoking. However, Maha felt his chest hurt slightly when the spear was pointed at him!

The right side of Maha's chest was his equivalent of Achilles' heel. His father had been careless back then when he had refined the physical body for him, so his body had such a flaw. He didn't expect that Nathan would be able to see through it at first glance!

"Interesting…" Maha said lowly with narrowed eyes. He immediately became cautious. It seemed that aside from Zen, the other Godly Geniuses weren't bad either. He had underestimated the Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe before.

However, Maha did not choose to interfere. Since Nathan wanted to challenge Connie, he could observe for a while.

The cheers from the Iron Moon City suddenly became louder. It was during such time when the Sacred martial artists had the upper hand. It didn't matter if they were faced with the humans or the ogres; the other races' attempts to fight the Sacred race had mostly ended in failure.

Those who challenged Maha were all defeated miserably. In any case, trying to do so was like committing suicide.

Therefore, it was understandable that everyone else had now placed their hopes on Nathan.

"Finally, a Godly Genius appeared. What a pleasant surprise." Connie smiled as she slowly floated in the air, her back as straight as a rod.

"Cut the crap and make your move. I don't have much time to waste on you!" Nathan said flatly.

If Nathan did not care, so did Connie. Her lips stretched into a toothy smile and she said, "Haven't I already started?"

"Whoosh!"

As soon as the words died on her mouth, a black bead was quickly shot towards Nathan's face!

Nathan frowned a little, but he was quick to react. He immediately leaned backwards and fell down.

The Black Flame Bead instantly exploded the moment Nathan fell. It had a powerful explosion, but Nathan had already escaped.

However, Nathan suddenly stopped his downward descent. The long spear in his hand spun around gently before it flew towards Connie once again.

"Is that the best you can do?"

Connie observed that Nathan evaded her attack instead of facing her head-on and from this, she had a rough estimate of his strength. She thought that this Godly Genius of the Evolutionary Universe was nothing!

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh…"

A small gust of wind blew as Connie waved her hand and threw out more soybean-shaped Black Flame Beads.

Although the Black Flame Bead wasn't as precious as the Life Sacrificing Bead, it was still considered a rare treasure. Even ordinary Sacred grand world lords couldn't afford to be so wasteful like her, let alone ordinary martial artists. Therefore, the Sacred martial artists thought that what Connie did was like simply using wealth to attack in battles.

At her last attack however, Nathan did not dodge. It was because with so many black beads coming at him, it was impossible for him to pass through them. He had to either use the Grand Teleportation technique to avoid them, or forcefully break through them.

But since Nathan came to boost the momentum of the Evolutionary Universe, he clearly did not want to use the Grand Teleportation to escape.

He looked at the rapidly descending Black Flame Beads and at that moment, a complicated pattern flashed across his eyes. The entire world had changed within his pupils.

Nathan's cultivation had greatly increased after he came back from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and so had his aura.

"That's nothing impressive!" he shouted.

At this moment, he did not dodge and instead raised his spear and constantly pointed it towards the sky. Within just a single breath, he was able to strike numerous times, and each strike was aimed precisely at the center of the black beads.

Most warriors who used the spear could do the same attack after they reached the Soul Sea Realm, but the result would be very different. Nathan was not like most warriors.

Black flames were sealed in these Black Flame Beads by using a special technique. Even if the beads had been shattered, the black flames would still erupt.

Nathan's intensive strikes broke all the black beads, but the black flames didn't explode. This was because Nathan could see through the Black Flame Beads' flaws and when he thrust his spear, he had destroyed the entire Black Flame Beads!

"Good, I've long heard that Nathan is the number one Godly Genius; he's indeed extraordinarily strong!"

"Let's see how that Sacred woman will deal with this!"

"Nathan, kill that Sacred woman!"

Many people thought that Nathan would undoubtedly win very soon. Combined with the fact that Nathan had just shown his extraordinary spear technique, the atmosphere in Iron Moon City became even livelier.

"The Truth Godly Way is indeed formidable…" Connie said. She lightly tapped her feet and quickly retreated backwards. She had to avoid Nathan's sharp attacks, then find a chance to attack.

However, Nathan had no plans to give her a chance. After he had shattered the black beads, he raised his foot and stomped in the air.

"Bam!"

An exploded sound rang out from beneath Nathan's feet. His speed increased by several times and his momentum became even more impressive. Almost no one could see how he moved as he suddenly appeared in front of Connie.

There was no hint of mercy on Nathan's impassive face. In his eyes, this beautiful girl from the Sacred race was nothing more than lines and dots. She was nothing more than a ball of rules!

"Die!"

He thrust his spear forward and stabbed at Connie's arm!

Everyone present were confused. He had a great opportunity to kill her, why didn't he destroy her head with a singly strike? Was he just trying to cripple the woman's hand? Would Nathan still show mercy to a woman from another race at this point? It was truly incomprehensible.

However, something was off, as Connie's pretty face was now drained of color.

If he had used any ordinary method, it wouldn't kill Connie even if he destroyed her arm.

However, Nathan had comprehended the Truth Godly Way. It was impossible for him to make a mistake when he saw someone's weak points. Even Nathan himself felt it was extremely strange why this woman's weak point was on her right arm. Yet, he didn't have any doubts about what he had seen. Thus, he didn't hesitate the slightest when he thrust his spear out.

"Bang!"

When the spear pierced Connie's right arm, a black bead wrapped in a mass of blood slipped out!

It turned out that this black bead was her Life Sacrificing Bead!

She previously had seven of those beads, and each of the beads was able to take a fatal blow for her. When Zen had returned to the universe, he had shattered four of her Life Sacrificing Beads in a single strike. Connie had learned her lesson, so she hid the remaining three Life Sacrificing Beads in different parts of her body.

However, Nathan had also discovered that Connie actually had several vital points when he had used the Truth Godly Way to see through her. Thus, Connie had lost a life when he attacked with his spear.

"So that's how it is," he muttered. Although he didn't know where those Life Sacrificing Beads came from, he still understood that if he wanted to kill this woman, he had to destroy the remaining Life Sacrificing Beads!

"Whoosh!"

He didn't think twice any longer and wielded his spear which he aimed at Connie's calf!

"Pfft!"

A fine stream of blood gushed out, and he had shattered another Life Sacrificing Bead.

It was known that Connie relied on the Life Sacrificing Beads to keep her alive and protect her from death. Now that Nathan had destroyed two of them in row, she was extremely terrified and immediately decided to go all out to fight for her life.

With gritted teeth, she did a somersault in the air and quickly stretched out her two hands. Then, two sword patterns appeared on her arms.

Connie was just second to Maha in the Murphy Universe. However, she did not cultivate and instead relied entirely on her treasures during battles. She enjoyed a high status in the Sacred race, and thus possessed numerous powerful treasures. Those two sword patterns were her most powerful trump cards!

Nathan could feel the powerful aura from the sword patterns, but he still had no plans to retreat!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A multitude of small unicolor swords spread out from Connie's body. They formed a storm and surrounded Nathan.

At that point, Nathan's eyes glowed intensely like a pair of twinkling stars. Whenever he exerted his full strength, the Law Spear Strike also worked to its limit.

"Break!"

There was nothing else on Nathan's mind now. He only had one goal, and that was to kill Connie first!

Just then, they heard a voice filled with sinister magic.

"Stop! That's enough!"

The loud voice made both Connie and Nathan feel some sort of controlled.

Meanwhile, the lower level warriors from the Iron Moon City almost instinctively felt their legs weaken, and they simultaneously knelt on the ground.

Chapter 2031 Is He Not Afraid Of Death

A gale swept across the Iron Moon City as Maha slowly descended from the other side, a lazy expression on his face.

However, the aura of his Great Dominance Technique made him seem like an emperor who descended upon this supreme world, and all living beings had to kneel in front of him.

The last time Maha used the Great Dominance Technique, it had been completely ineffective on Zen. It was because Zen's soul was stronger than Maha's and he also had the Emperor Soul Imprint in his soul, whose aura was more powerful than Maha's Great Dominance Technique.

However, Nathan's soul was a bit weaker than Zen's, which made it harder for him to resist Maha's Great Dominance Technique. It was why his willpower instantly collapsed when Maha shouted "Enough." Even his spear stopped moving.

Maha was waiting here for Zen. He did not expect Nathan to arrive.

Since the human Supreme Lords were willing to use a Godly Genius to test him, he would make this Godly Genius pay with the price of his life.

Whoosh!

Meanwhile, Connie took advantage of the moment Nathan was distracted and quickly retreated behind Maha.

Her face was drained of color and her heart hammered erratically in her chest. If Maha hadn't arrived on time, then she would've probably lost her life by now. She realized that in the face of a true powerhouse from the Evolutionary Universe, all the treasures she had that she used to protect her life seemed to be completely useless.

"Alas, what a pity! Maha actually stopped him!"

"Nathan almost killed that woman!"

"It doesn't matter. That woman isn't important in the first place."

At that point, the weaker martial artists in the Iron Moon City trembled with fear as they crawled up from the ground. They couldn't help but shudder at the fact that Maha was able to pressure them to kneel on the ground by force. Some of the stronger martial artists were able to resist the Great Dominance Technique's power, but it was because Maha originally directed it at Nathan. The others had only been affected as well.

On the other hand, Nathan didn't regret that he wasn't able to kill Connie. After all, his target now was Maha. Moreover, he and his seniors had planned meticulously and prepared a path of retreat. Thus, he wasn't afraid of Maha in the slightest.

"The Great Dominance Technique..."

Nathan flashed a small smile and with a wave of his hand, a thin rope appeared around his chest. Dangling from the rope was a pale green stone. The stone emitted a faint glow that enveloped his head.

"Heavenly Sarira?" Maha briefly glanced at the small stone on Nathan's chest and furrowed his brows.

"The Great Dominance Technique should be one of the most useless Godly Ways. Only people without brains would choose it," Nathan said mockingly.

Nathan and Zen came from different backgrounds. Nathan was from the Xuanyuan Clan and was more arrogant than Zen. Furthermore, it was also because of his affluent family that he had an abundance of treasures, just like Connie.

Generally speaking, any martial artist with a lower cultivation than Maha's would be forced to submit to his Great Dominance Technique. His technique's suppressing abilities were just too strong and terrifying.

If Maha's soul were to raise to a certain realm, just a single glance would be enough to make tens of thousands of creatures bow down before him.

In the divine land, all Holy Beings had to learn the Great Dominance Technique. In addition, it was also a method to control the True Gods. It was why the Great Dominance Technique was ranked in the top thirty of the three thousand Godly Ways.

Now, if Maha's opponent had a soul strength that was similar or stronger than his own, then the Great Dominance Technique would have no effects on them. It was useless to use it against stronger foes.

The reason Maha had chosen the Godly Way of the Great Dominance Technique was because the Sacred race had raised him to become the leader of the Murphy Universe.

However, Nathan had come prepared this time and had used the Heavenly Sarira to protect his soul, which was also resistant to the Great Dominance Technique.

"Is that so?" Maha said with a cold smile.

Then, he clenched his right hand in the air. Rays of rhombus-shaped light beams condensed constantly in the air, and a light purple blade appeared in his hand. The blade had an evil dragon baring its fangs and brandishing its claws. "When I think about it carefully, the Great Dominance Technique is indeed very weak. A Holy Being who practices this Godly Way can control the True Gods in the divine land by will. Indeed, it is of little use to me. But I'm just cultivating the Great Dominance Technique for fun. Who said that a martial artist can only cultivate a Godly Way?"

At that moment, Maha's words sparked discussion among the martial artists of the Iron Moon City.

"He only trained in the Godly Way for fun. How arrogant can he be?"

"He must be boasting!"

"He should be bragging, though it seems that he must have trained in more than one Godly Way."

To be able to comprehend a Godly Way was enough to make one become a Godly Genius. Then again, the world had always been unfair—not only could some geniuses comprehend a Godly Way, they were also able to simultaneously cultivate several Godly Ways.

However, such a phenomenon wasn't rare in the divine land.

For instance, some of the warriors Zen had encountered in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had cultivated the Great Wishing Spell while they cultivated the main Godly Way. It was because all the True Gods in the divine land were required to cultivate the Great Wishing Spell. Besides, almost all True Gods in the divine land would choose two or more Godly Ways to cultivate.

On one hand, Nathan coldly sneered at Maha's words.

Maha and Nathan had similar attitudes. Both of them came from the most powerful clans in their respective universes, and both their clans had placed high expectations on them. Yet there was something wrong with Nathan's fate, and he had somehow ended up being Zen's substitute.

As for Maha, he was treated much better than Nathan in the Sacred race in all aspects.

They were both raised in environments that in turn, created their characters. Therefore, Nathan understood that Maha's words were only meant to suppress him.

After Nathan's experience in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land combined with being repeatedly suppressed and "educated" by Zen, his state of mind had long since changed. At this point, he was naturally unperturbed as he simply said, "Then let's make our move."

In turn, Maha lightly retracted the blade in his hand and aimed it at Nathan as he made a gesture. His demeanor had completely changed. Gone was his playful and disrespectful attitude; it was as if he had become a completely different person in blink of an eye, and became one with the blade in his hand.

The atmosphere turned as dark and serious as his aura. His sharp and piercing blade glinted under the light.

Whoosh!

It didn't take long before Maha charged straight towards Nathan.

Meanwhile, Nathan did not hesitate. After all, he had already mentally prepared himself to face Maha and it wasn't as if he didn't have a path of retreat. At that moment, he understood that all he needed to do was put all of his effort into displaying his ultimate strength.

Swoosh!

Maha's blade was about two inches wide and although it was called a blade, it was actually thinner than most swords. The blade and the hilt were both 6 feet long, and each took up half of its length which was a total of 12 feet long. It was 2.1 feet longer than Nathan's spear, which was 9.9 feet long.

Maha immediately swung his blade down. A dark red blade shadow trailed behind it as he aimed it straight towards Nathan.

He didn't use any techniques, nor was there anything special about it. It was simply an extremely fast blade movement executed in an equally fierce and imposing manner.

The blade Maha wielded was none other than the fourth ranked Fiend Dragon Blade in the Murphy Universe, while the spear in Nathan's hand was the eighth ranked Heaven-piercing Spear on the Universe Spirit Tablet of the Evolutionary Universe. There wasn't much difference between the two weapons in terms of ranking.

As Maha continued to strike, he thought that Nathan would first dodge his attack and then counterattack.

What he did not expect was that Nathan didn't even bother to dodge. Instead, his eyes flashed mischievously and he stabbed with his spear, releasing the Law Spear Strike. He didn't care if Maha would hurt him.

While it was true that Maha could split Nathan into two, he probably wouldn't be able to survive if Nathan pierced him with his spear, either.

'Is he unafraid of death?' Maha thought.

In addition, he also didn't think that Nathan would work so hard.

Nathan felt that he understood Maha, and Maha also understood people like Nathan. People like them had always held themselves to a high regard and viewed their lives as something more important than the heavens. It was to the point where they might not even be willing to sacrifice themselves if the entire universe was destroyed. However, Nathan's move was undoubtedly way out of Maha's imagination.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2032 The Upper Hand

Nathan didn't even bother dodging Maha's strike, unsettling the latter.

His slash was already half out—if he wasn't willing to die with his opponent, he needed to pull it back forcefully.

Against a fellow unafraid of death, Maha didn't seem to have any choice.

Suddenly, Maha twisted his body in midair, swinging out the blade in his hand and forcefully slashing the tip of Nathan's spear. After blocking Nathan's strike, he moved to the other side.

In the eyes of the onlookers, the first exchange of moves between the two was to Maha's disadvantage. At the very least, he didn't dare face Nathan head on.

During the past years, all those who dared challenge Maha had died in all sorts of miserable postures.

There had never been a world lord who could gain the upper hand over Maha.

"Haha! Maha seems to be afraid of Nathan."

"Nahan's the true top Godly Genius—he seems even more reliable than Zen!"

"Nathan has never been weak. Losing to Zen was a blip!"

Within the Iron Moon City, the martial artists began boiling with excitement. They had already placed the heavy responsibility of defeating Maha on Nathan.

It was known to the entire universe that the battle within the Sunflower Water World was not merely a duel. Every step here was tied to the fate of the entire Evolutionary Universe and all living beings within it.

All the races of the Evolutionary Universe had already placed their bets on Nathan.

Seeing Maha flee backward, Nathan followed suit without batting so much as an eyelid. The Heaven-piercing Spear in his hand was like a poisonous snake that had left its lair, shooting out an arc into the air, continuing to bite onto Maha's body relentlessly.

The spear was pointed right at Maha's most fatal point. As long as the spear made its mark, Maha would fall to death.

"Go to hell!"

Even Maha felt anger rising within. He was facing a Godly Genius whose strength wasn't too far off. Nathan trained in the most dangerous Truth Godly Way, and he was unafraid of death. Maha couldn't deny that the fact was embarrassing on his part.

With a swipe of the blade, it flew towards Nathan's head.

If Nathan was caught in this blade attack, his entire head and soul would have been caught by Maha's blade.

But just as it went with their first exchange of blows, Nathan had simply turned a blind eye to Maha's spear strike—he simply had no care for his own life. No matter what the outcome, he was going to fight to the death.

"This damn guy! He's not afraid of death in the least."

Gritting his teeth, Maha could only roll the blade in his hand again, deflecting Nathan's long spear once again.

Surrounding the hill, as the two chased each other, a strange scene played out.

Nathan was completely desperate, determined to take Maha's life. But Maha had managed to display a complete counterattack, never submitting to Nathan's spear.

And it was extremely satisfying for the crowd of martial artists to watch Nathan chasing Maha around.

"Maha looks so funny! He's like a stray dog in front of Nathan!"

"He can barely fight back!"

"The top Godly Genius of the Sacred race? I don't think he's anything special!"

The warriors of the Sacred race, on the other hand, felt their expressions turn sullen. In their eyes, Maha was the highest under the Supreme Lords. Even with Maha's current strength, if he were to erupt completely, then some Supreme Lords would probably fall to defeat before him.

Now that their top Godly Genius had encountered a Godly Genius of humankind, Maha was actually in a sorry state—the warriors of the Sacred race were humiliated.

But some of the more discerning warriors also felt it a bit strange.

Just what did this Nathan possess to be able to completely give up defense for his offense? Was this guy planning to sacrifice himself to defeat Maha?

Indeed, it was a headache dealing with someone who had cultivated the Truth Godly Way with his life on the line. Let alone Maha, even a Supreme Lord was unable to stop Nathan. Once Nathan got close to them, the situation wouldn't be any better.

At this point, Maha had managed to avoid over a hundred spear strikes from Nathan just by circling the hill, but he couldn't endure it any longer. When he turned around, his eyes flashed fiercely.

The blade in his hand suddenly rose, instantly dragging a scarlet afterglow behind it. And at the same time, Maha's figure strangely disappeared.

"Did he just use Grand Teleportation?"

Nathan's eyes revealed a strange light.

It would seem that Maha had just used the Grand Teleportation to escape the duel. Wasn't that a bit too embarrassing?

"Haha! The Godly Genius of your race can't defeat Nathan. He even resorted to the Grand Teleportation to escape! It's simply humiliating!"

Immediately, a world lord activated a Roaring Token and gave the universe an announcement.

If the warriors of the Sacred race killed a human martial artist, they were to use the Roaring Tokens to suppress the momentum of the Evolutionary Universe.

At this time, all those residing in the Evolutionary Universe knew that there was an invincible warrior named Maha in the Sacred race. Apart from the Supreme Lords, no one in the Evolutionary Universe could withstand several rounds of attacks from Maha.

Under Maha's continuous propaganda along with the other martial artists of the Sacred race, the Sacred race's momentum was unstoppable. Meanwhile, the momentum of the Evolutionary Universe continued to weaken. In turn, the Evolutionary Universe itself was growing weaker and weaker.

Now that someone had spread the news that Maha was no stronger than Nathan, the creatures in the universe thought it a blessing.

All living beings in the Evolutionary Universe now knew that even though Maha was formidable, the Godly Genius of the Evolutionary Universe was undeniably stronger.

At this moment, the Evolutionary Universe's momentum did a complete one-eighty—the warriors' confidence was boosted and everyone grew more and more vigorous.

In the Dead Water World, near the Sunflower Water World, the many Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe were all hiding.

The Supreme Lords from major forces, including the Thoughtless Minds and the Blessed Buddha Land, had all deployed their most powerful techniques.

An example was the Star Destroying Array that the masters of the four clans of the Thoughtless Minds had jointly set up.

Another was the Grand Buddha Pagoda, set up by the Supreme Lords of the Blessed Buddha Land, leading by Supreme Lord of Thunder

Punishment.

Everyone had already prepared their strongest moves, including Margaret, who had returned to the Evolutionary Universe later than Zen and the rest. With the help of the Celestial Position race, she had also set up the complete Gods Killing Sword Array.

The nine Genuine Dragons with the heavenly bodies were also on standby.

Although the possibility of the human race winning against the Sacred race seemed less than likely, it didn't mean that they'd allow themselves to be seized without putting up a fight.

"Nathan seems to have the upper hand," Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment remarked with a smile.

"This universe's momentum is constantly rising," replied Master Feng. He had taken control of the Heavens-suppressing Object, and with his Evolution Lotus Flower, he could feel the momentum of all the living creatures in the universe clear as day.

But Supreme Lord of Original Sin shook his head. "If the opponent were to crack Nathan's desperate fighting style, I'm afraid we won't be able to escape trouble."

Nathan was personally trained by Supreme Lord of Original Sin—the latter knew Nathan's strength well. In his eyes, Nathan was still slightly inferior to Maha. Right now, he only had the advantage of the Godly Way, using the Heavenly Sarira to resist Maha's Great Dominance Technique while simultaneously using a desperate method to take Maha by surprise.

If Maha recovered his wits, naturally, he'd have a way to deal with it.

But among the many Supreme Lords, none truly expected Nathan to win.

This time, they had sent Nathan out to slow down the fall of the universe's momentum. Before they sent Nathan to Sunflower Water World, they were completely prepared for it.

Using the Space Lock to lock himself in with Nathan, Supreme Lord Healum threw him into the Sunflower Water World while Supreme Lord Lester waited by his side, preparing to bring Nathan to life if need be.

If Maha truly defeated and killed Nathan, Supreme Lord Healum would instantly pull Nathan's corpse back. By then, even if his soul was destroyed, Supreme Lord Lester's method would still be enough to completely resurrect Nathan using his Law of Causality.

At this moment, the other Supreme Lords naturally paid close attention to Maha's and Nathan's movements in the Sunflower Water World.

Just as the martial artists thought that Maha had used Grand Teleportation to escape, his figure suddenly appeared above Nathan like a ghost in the sky. There was an arrogant smile on his face as he said, "Haha, relying on only the Law Spear Strike to defeat me? How childish to underestimate me!"

Swoosh!

With a light wave of his hand, Maha made a deep purple light surge out like a tide, directly overturning the area within ten thousand miles of Iron Moon City.

After the light covered them, the onlookers could only see how everything around them was dyed a deep purple. There wasn't much else of a change and they couldn't tell what Maha's intent was.

But Nathan's eyes were filled with fear and bewilderment. In his eyes, there were all sorts of rules for everything in the world. But after Maha released the deep purple light, it seemed to change the shape of space straight away.

Chapter 2033 Debate Over The Godly Ways

Once he had finished cultivating the Truth Godly Way, Nathan was capable of seeing through the rules concerning the basic laws of this world.

His cultivation didn't allow him to see through it completely. However, as long as he could capture a certain degree of the mysteries within, he'd still have the capacity of noticing any cracks or flaws.

To be more explicit, Nathan would be able to simply glance at an unharmed mountain and see directly through to its weaknesses. By using the Law Spear Strike to hit the mountain's utmost weak spot, the entire mountain would collapse in accordance to his prediction.

From ordinary mortals to Supreme Lords in the universe, they all followed the most basic set of rules. The Truth Godly Way was originally a rule that set other rules in the divine land, and it was also the most popular type of Godly Way. It was, and with reason, the choice of many True Gods!

Up until now, there had only been one thing that Nathan hadn't been able to see through, and that was the product of the fusion of the laws of the five elements. Therefore, Lucille, who cultivated in the Five Elements Godly Way, was his nemesis. More so, because the Five Elements Godly Way was fused together, the rules within were extremely complicated and it was very difficult for Nathan to separate them.

At this moment, however, Maha released a burst of deep purple light, enveloping the area. Nathan hadn't felt the existence of the laws of the five elements, but his Truth Godly Way had lost its effectiveness.

That was when all the lines and dots began to disappear simultaneously, as if they had been covered by some kind of magical power. This was the first time Nathan had encountered such a situation; it was thus only natural for his eyes to reveal a hint of panic.

Maha's embarrassed expression from before had been completely swept away. In this deep purple space, he seemed indifferent and calm.

Although the smile on his face was shallow, it equally gave off a very rich sense of ridicule.

"Do you find it interesting, Nathan?" Maha asked. "The truth is that I've always thought the Truth Godly Way is some sort of bullshit. Let alone you and me, even a True God or a Holy Being of the divine land couldn't genuinely control the truth. Yet people in a small world like you think they've found the truth."

Nathan's face slightly darkened at Maha's words.

Maha's voice had not only spread throughout Iron Moon City, but he had also activated a Roaring Token, sending his message into the entire universe.

All of the Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe now had a visible trace of astonishment on their faces. Even the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race had expressions of discomfort that lined their features.

What Maha's words really meant was that even the boundless divine land was only a small world. Moreover, he also looked down upon the Truth Godly Way.

"Damn it. He's going to bluff again!" Supreme Lord Denzel spat as his face filled with disapproval.

"Strictly speaking, Maha's talent is excellent, and he is surely going to become a True God. But, he always bluffs."

"And he always talks a lot!"

Many Supreme Lords within the Sacred race equally disliked Maha.

Even if Maha had an extraordinary status and talent, and becoming a Supreme Lord was just a simple matter for him, he was still a world lord now. When a junior of the Sacred race were to act just as arrogantly all day, his behavior would inevitably arouse the displeasure of a few higher-ups of the Sacred race.

By this point, Maha's words had even belittled the divine land and the Holy Beings. The Supreme Lords that originally disliked Maha could no nothing but disapprove further in their hearts, a few of them even thinking that this fellow was an embarrassment to the Sacred race.

On one of the stars in the Evolutionary Universe, Wynn suddenly opened his eyes.

The Celestial Position race had a comprehensive plan against the Sacred race. Wynn hadn't hidden himself in the Dead Water World with the other Supreme Lords. Instead, he hid on a pitch-black star in the depths of the starry sky.

Once Maha's voice had resonated in his ears too, a faint look of surprise washed over Wynn's face.

"Could this kid be Murphy's disciple? His words are similar to the debate over the Godly Ways. It's just that his means of expressing himself is too arrogant," Wynn murmured. "However, if he is capable of stepping into the divine land in the future, he might be able to achieve quite a few accomplishments."

The debate over the Godly Ways was known as the debate over the best Godly Way. This was a debate that spanned over hundreds of divine eras.

After countless years of evolution, the divine land had become a highly developed society. However, there was no limit to the pursuit of life. So far, the people of the divine land had bitterly pursued the mysteries within.

The process of pursuit was usually divided into three paths, the first one being the most direct, also known as the exploration by the Holy Beings in the chaos. Up till now though, there hadn't been much success. The second one was to solve the Sanskrit words and find clues to extraordinary creatures, while the third one was to fight for the Godly Ways. Clearly, there was ultimately an end to the human force. Even a Holy Being's power wasn't limitless, but the extension of one's mind had the capacity of going further. After countless True Gods painstakingly confirmed various theories, certain people attempted to come up with a few perfect assumptions in their minds before proving anything.

Now, the second way was the most popular because the existence of the Sanskrit words had confirmed the evidence of the extraordinary creatures. On the other hand though, the third way was also very important; the debate over the Godly Ways would be reincarnated once every few decades, with an extremely high level of attention in the divine land.

Although Maha didn't have the qualifications to join the debate over the Godly Ways, a mere secondary creature capable of obtaining such insights so casually actually gave him the potential to join the debate over the Godly Ways.

Nathan stared at Maha, his handsome face now scowling with depression. He shook his long spear and asked, "Have you always been like this?"

"Like what, exactly?" Maha smiled.

"You talk too much!"

Nathan coldly shouted. He turned his spear around and his body shot towards Maha.

Even though Nathan's Law Spear Strike had already completely lost all effect in this purple space, he didn't have the slightest intention of retreating.

His strength might not be the strongest amongst the Godly Geniuses, but the significance of his actions in battle was very important.

Previously, Supreme Lord of Original Sin had told Nathan that he didn't expect him to kill Maha, but that if he was the one to die instead, he must die in Maha's hands.

The momentum within the Evolutionary Universe was very easy to suppress, but it was also just as simple to stimulate. If Maha was capable of going about his slaughter and causing all the living beings within the universe to lose their confidence, then this momentum would truly be limitlessly suppressed.

However, if some signature character, such as Nathan, was killed by Maha, then this momentum might not necessarily drop, because Nathan's death would stir up a common hatred towards the said enemy. This was the principle of "an oppressed army fighting with desperate courage is sure to win," and it would instead greatly increase the universe's momentum.

Nathan's seniors had made fully preparations. Supreme Lord Healum's Space Lock along with the technique of resurrecting of Supreme Lord Lester could guarantee his safety.

But nothing was for sure. The nature of this purple space had been changed by Maha. Nathan couldn't clearly explain what kind of method Maha had used, and was unable to confirm whether or not the Space Lock would truly be capable of pulling him back to Supreme Lord Healum's side. After all, the Space Lock was a typical spatial theurgy, which meant that in his battle with Maha, Nathan might really die.

'I have to go all out, ' Nathan thought.

He was a person who was rather afraid of death, or perhaps it could be said that he was proud and wasn't willing to casually plummet to his death.

Once he sensed that he might really die, he actually calmed down.

Whoosh!

As he rushed towards Maha, the light in his eyes became increasingly bright. He had already used the Truth Godly Way to the limit, and under the operation of the Law Spear Strike, the countless blood vessels around his pupils began to rapidly flow with golden blood. The tiny blood vessels couldn't withstand such a surge of fluid, and as they began to rupture one after the other. The golden blood spewed outward, causing his eyes to shine with a golden radiance.

And that was when, within this purple space, he began to see traces of blurry lines and dots. He could also once again see Maha's faintly discernible flaws.

'I wish the lines and dots can be clearer!' he thought.

As he rushed forward, the incomparably powerful long spear once again pierced towards Maha's weak point, as if it were aiming at a prey.

At the last second though, Maha faintly smiled and said, "I've already said that the Truth Godly Way is useless."

As Maha's voice fell, the color of this purple space suddenly changed. The attribute and rules of the space once again changed, and the lines and flaws that Nathan had painstakingly captured instantly vanished leaving no trace behind.

Puff!

Nathan's spear still pierced Maha's chest!

Maha didn't even try dodging it; in fact, he had even disdained doing so. He forcefully withstood Nathan's spear, his face still smiling as he raised the blade he held in his hand.

Chapter 2034 Grand World Technique

Nathan could kill his opponent with a single Law Spear Strike only when, he saw directly through his opponent's flaw.

This was because he had to employ the Law Spear Strike at the very moment he discovered the flaw. If he were to see his opponent's flaw, but not use the Law Spear Strike to attack, the spear strike would then become of ordinary strength, displaying only very little power.

Maha had speculated that Nathan's Truth Godly Way was useless, so he simply allowed Nathan's spear to pierce through his chest!

As the spear pierced through Maha's body, a burst of fervent cheers sounded throughout the Iron Moon City.

Before Zen had appeared, Nathan had been the most famous Godly Genius of the younger generation. Everyone thought that his Truth Godly Way and Law Spear Strike were magical and formidable.

A few people said that once one cultivated the Law Spear Strike to a certain level, they could even see through the flaws of the entire universe. If they thrust the spear into the universe, the entire universe would collapse.

And, in many ways, that wasn't wrong. The universe created by the Holy Being was not perfect, and it also had its flaws. However, in order to cultivate the Truth Godly Way to such a very high level and destroy the universe with a single spear strike, one had to reach the cultivation level of Holy Being.

It was due to the various legends that caused Nathan to be the number one Godly Genius. It was only after Zen used the Magnetic Sacred Mountain to break the Law Spear Strike and heavily beat Nathan that Zen took his place and became the number one Godly Genius instead.

Elsewhere, within the Dead Water World, something was also going simultaneously.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin began to speak anxiously, "He has failed! Supreme Lord Healum, pull him back!"

Sending Nathan over was originally a risky move and the Supreme Lords had already planned this possibility out.

Supreme Lord Healum reached out and gently turned his hand, causing streams of Space Law power to spread from his body. The brilliant white light that formed by the Space Law extended to an immeasurable distance. Aside from Nathan, several grand world lords of the human race had also been sent to other supreme worlds to slaughter the Sacred martial artists.

That was when Supreme Lord Healum attempted to pull Nathan back from the Sunflower Water World!

This Heavenly Destiny could not be considered powerful, but when cooperating with other people, it was extremely effective. It was capable of projecting anyone into any place, and then pulling them back at any time.

However, Supreme Lord Healum was given quite the surprise as he tried to pull Nathan out. "Oh no, I can't draw him back!" he gasped.

When Supreme Lord of Original Sin heard Supreme Lord Healum speak, he silently closed his eyes, as if he had somehow anticipated this occurrence.

The other Supreme Lords also frowned.

"What exactly is that reddish purple light? It's not something related to the domain!"

"It is completely impossible for an ordinary domain to stop Supreme Lord Healum's Space Lock!"

"It's probably some kind of Godly Way. We've never seen it before..."

All of the Supreme Lords present began to discuss with one another. They had already discovered that something was wrong and were beginning to worry. Ultimately, it turned out that what they had guessed was actually right.

Supreme Lord Healum didn't give up!

With a sudden wave of his hands, he actually succeeded in cutting off a few other Space Locks. The white band of light that was linked to Nathan had suddenly doubled in thickness. Despite that though, no matter how hard Supreme Lord Healum pulled, he was unable to pull Nathan back!

This wasn't a question of strength though, but rather, the Space Law had completely lost its effectiveness.

Maha might have had Nathan's spear stabbing out of his body, but right then, he raised his head to look. He had long since felt the existence of the Space Lock. He even activated a Roaring Token, and uttered, "Although I don't know which Supreme Lord is taking action now, there is no doubt that your efforts will be in vain. Don't waste your efforts!"

And once the words left his mouth, the originally hidden Space Lock instantly revealed its true form. This Space Lock came from far away and connected itself to Nathan's back. Moreover, it was currently shaking violently!

Maha's blade gently reverberated in the air, carving out a crimson band of light. As the blade cut down onto the band of light, it actually instantly broke apart the Space Lock! With a quick wave of Maha's hand, his blade changed directions and began chopping toward Nathan.

"Puff!"

Beneath the gushing golden blood, the blade had already completely penetrated Nathan's chest.

Warriors like Nathan and Maha had all sorts of methods for protecting themselves. Nathan's greatest method of protection this time around was Supreme Lord Healum's Space Lock of course, and in addition, he equally had a Cup of Life in his possession. This Cup of Life was gifted to him by the patriarch of Janet Ji's clan, and it was said that it could grant Nathan his second life.

As Nathan's life energy continued to fade away, the Cup of Life was also activated and it continuously helped Nathan replenish his life energy.

From his position, Nathan was still conscious and he wasn't giving up. However, no matter how hard he struggled or how much force he used, pulling the long spear out of Maha's body seemed completely impossible.

"It's best if you just stop trying. In this space, I am an invincible existence,"

Maha said smilingly.

Nathan held his silence.

Nathan was used to this tone of voice. In fact, he was usually the one employing it. He had never expected that someone would use this same tone against him, and would be going to kill him.

Overall though, he knew he would accept being defeated by Maha.

Suddenly, Zen came to Nathan's mind.

What would Zen do if he was in such a position when fighting Maha? Would he be capable of breaking through this space?

As Nathan mulled this over, the life energy in the Cup of Life that the Ji Clan's patriarch created was consumed completely. There was nothing left. Even worse, nearly all of the golden blood in Nathan's body had equally been consumed, and he was starting to look mighty pale. He opened his dry, pasty mouth and said with a sneer, "Do you really think you're invincible? There will always be someone stronger who can defeat you!"

"You mean Zen, right?" Maha looked down at Nathan.

Nathan earnestly nodded his head to accentuate his words. After all, Zen was truly perhaps the only warrior in the entire universe that could kill Maha.

"I've been waiting for him for a long time, but he's just a coward. It's a pity that you won't watch me kill that little brat." Maha shook his head anew and gently wielded the blade in his hand. Nathan suddenly felt a sharp pain in his physical body. He gradually lost consciousness and fell down, slamming hard onto the hill below.

Another burst of fervent cheer came from Iron Moon City. These cheers, of course, were coming from the Sacred martial artists.

To the contrary though, all the martial artists in the Evolutionary Universe were currently silent instead and even had a look of utmost depression carved on their faces.

Every time Maha killed a human warrior, he would announce his victory to everyone in the universe. This time however, he didn't do so. Not too far away, Connie rushed over and threw herself into Maha's arms. "Maha, why don't you use the Roaring Token to announce the result? Let me help you do that!" she said in a soft voice.

In her opinion, killing Nathan was a great honor.

However, Maha just shook his head. "No need. I've come to the Sunflower Water World to suppress the Evolutionary Universe's momentum. The effect of killing ordinary martial artists is very good. However, it's better to not announce Nathan's death to the universe."

"Why?" Connie asked, as she blinked hard a few times.

"Because something will develop in the opposite direction as it reaches the extreme." Maha smiled. "Anyway, there's probably someone even more anxious than I to announce the result to everyone in the universe."

Maha might also be able to figure out what the human Supreme Lords were thinking of.

If someone like Nathan were to be sacrificed, it would definitely arouse the anger of the entire universe. It would even be able to greatly reverse the universe's momentum. Maha had obviously predicted this situation.

However, he wouldn't let Nathan off the hook just because of that, as it would only be counterproductive. Even if the universe's 'momentum' was greatly strengthened by Nathan's death, Maha would still have killed a Godly Genius, which was still a good thing for him.

And on top of everything else, this Godly Genius was once the number one Godly Genius of the universe!

Not a sound could be heard coming from the Dead Water World.

The Supreme Lords remained completely silent.

"How did that guy manage?" Supreme Lord Healum questioned. "How did he cut off my Space Lock?" he continued. His face was filled with disbelief.

His Space Lock was the Law of Causality from the Heavenly Destiny, so how could this Law of Causality be so easily cut off by someone?

"There could only be one reason." Wynn's voice was suddenly heard by all of them.

"And what would that be?" Supreme Lord Healum asked.

"Maha cultivates another Godly Way, the Grand World Technique. He cultivates two Godly Ways at the same time, actually. One is the Great Dominance Technique and the other is the Grand World Technique. The area that the light covers is his world, so naturally, he has the ability to sever your Space Lock," Wynn replied.

Chapter 2035 At The End Of His Forbearance

Being caught inside the space of Maha's Grand World Technique, you were already considered powerless. All of the rules were decided by him.

Whether it would be the laws of the five elements, the Time Law or the Space Law, it had basically no effect once you were inside it.

What was more amazing was that Maha could even change the pattern of laws on his own!

"Does this mean that, within this guy's Grand World Technique, even the Heavenly Destiny is useless?" Supreme Lord of Oracle asked with furrowed brows.

In this way, if a Supreme Lord would be caught in the space of Maha's Grand World Technique, using their Heavenly Destiny would be an empty attack and they would even be killed by him.

"Yes. But Maha hasn't condensed his Godly Tile yet, so his Grand World Technique isn't complete. He isn't able to change all of the rules. Supreme Lord Healum's Space Lock belongs to the Space Law, and is most likely to be changed by the Grand World Technique. That's why Maha cut it apart so easily," Wynn explained.

"I see," Supreme Lord of Oracle said with a nod. The first time she met Maha, the latter was rude to her. Right at that moment, she already had the urge to kill him. If it was not for the good of the whole, she might not be able to control her desire to kill him.

"What about Nathan's life? How to avenge him…" Supreme Lord of Original Sin who had his eyes closed for a long time suddenly opened them.

It was him who offered to put Nathan at risk. He had prepared everything thoroughly, but he did not expect this mistake to occur at the last moment. Supreme Lord of Original Sin invested too much effort on him that he wouldn't just watch his own son die without due justice.

Hearing his grievance, Master Feng uttered, "Wait a little longer. As long as our enemy wouldn't act to damage Nathan's body, there is still a chance for Supreme Lord Lester to resurrect him."

Supreme Lord Lester's Heavenly Destiny used for resurrecting the dead was extremely powerful. As long as the corpse was intact and without heavy damages, it had a high possibility to be completely brought back to life. But looking at the current situation, Maha might not even give him this opportunity…

At this point, Supreme Lord of Original Sin was already in a violent rage.

Being the leader of the four great clans and known to be one of the top-rank Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe, he deeply felt a sense of desolation and resentment in his heart given that he wasn't able to protect his own son. He couldn't even act on his own regardless of his incomparably powerful strength in consideration of the general interest of everyone.

Meanwhile, within the Sunflower Water World, Maha casually waved his hand and the purple light retreated like a tide, continuously gathering in his hand.

After he stopped performing the Grand World Technique, there were several human martial artists who flew towards the top of the hill. These human martial artists didn't come for Maha or Connie, but their only target was Nathan's body.

Previously, some others had failed when they challenged Maha, causing their death. If their bodies were still unscathed and unharmed, other martial artists would come collect them.

At that time, Maha didn't try to stop those martial artists and allowed them to take away the bodies. But it was different this time. He wouldn't allow these martial artists to collect Nathan's body. He brandished his long blade slightly, and several rays of golden light shot out.

"Puff! Puff! Puff..."

On the other side, the martial artists were advancing on their goal which was to collect Nathan's body but were suddenly forced back. Several rays of golden light unexpectedly shot down from the sky making them halt and retreat their steps. One of the martial artists angrily looked up at the source of the attack and shouted, "Maha! Don't go too far. You have already killed Nathan, and we're just taking his body back."

"Oh, really?" Maha's face cracked a smile. He slowly descended from the sky releasing an aura which frightened all of the martial artists present. None of them dared to make a move, and they only heard Maha continue to speak, "I will allow you to collect the corpses of the others. But for this corpse, you can't take it away."

"Why?" The martial artist was taken by surprise by the sudden statement and angrily questioned.

"My pets are hungry, and I'm going to feed this young man's corpse to them," Maha casually replied. He laughed and at the same time clapped his hands.

In a flash, a martial artist flew out from the Iron Moon City carrying a spirit beast bag on his hand. With a light pat, several tall and sturdy wolf-shaped creatures rushed out from the spirit beast bag.

These wolf-shaped creatures looked extremely fearsome. Their silver fur glittered, making them appear intelligent. After they emerged from the spirit beast bag, they knelt down towards Maha and then howled with their heads held up high. They appeared to be fawning over him…

Maha in turn reached out his hand to caress the head of one of the wolf-shaped creatures. He lazily pointed to Nathan's corpse and his next words made these martial artists beyond shocked. He said, "You can pig out today. That is a Godly Genius of this universe. His body contains the aura of Godly Way. Devouring it will be beneficial for all of you."

These wolf-shaped creatures seemed to have understood what Maha meant and immediately revealed a covetous expression. Their claws extended as they dug at the ground implying that they were eager to have a taste. However, without Maha's permission, they just stood on their spots and didn't dare dash forward to devour the corpse.

"How could you let these beasts eat our Godly Genius' corpse?" the human martial artist snapped at Maha with an indignant expression on his face.

Before Nathan went to the Sunflower Water World, these human martial artists already had prepared some plans. In the event where Supreme Lord Healum failed to pull Nathan's body back with the Space Lock, he could only ask others to take his corpse back to the Dead Water World.

These martial artists had shouldered this mission. They never imagined that Maha would not even give them a chance to fulfill it.

Maha faintly glanced at the martial artist. His gaze caused the martial artist to feel somewhat uncomfortable, as if he had seen through his thoughts. Maha's next words again made him feel hateful towards him. "The loser has no dignity, let alone a corpse. It's already an honor for it to be able to feed my pets…"

Maha then stood straight and waved his hand at the wolf-shaped creatures, saying, "Go, have it…"

After giving the order, he turned to leave without looking back.

Those human martial artists immediately got anxious. Their leader's eyes flashed with a fierce light. He took out a short blade and dashed forward aiming at the wolf-shaped creatures.

Looking at their leader initiating an attack, these martial artists were about to follow suit but the originally well-behaved wolf-shaped creatures all at once became fierce. Waves of fiendish aura rushed out from these creatures, and their silver fur began to dance like streaks of silver flame.

"Grrr..."

Being provoked, the wolf-shaped creatures didn't miss any minute and charged to the human martial artists at an extremely fast speed.

These human martial artists were all world lords with powerful strength. Yet, in comparison to the wolf-shaped creatures, they failed to resist against them. They were taken aback by the sudden change of events, and before they realized their situation, those wolf-shaped creatures had already bitten off their necks. One head after another rolled down the hill with their eyes wide open in disbelief. They lost their lives just like that. They died unjustly!

Maha cast back a glance and softly sighed, "The Silver Moon Wolf is no ordinary spiritual pet. How can it be so easy to snatch food from super legendary beasts' mouths?"

After he uttered such words, endless regret flashed on his face as he continued walking down the hill leaving a horrendous sight.

Connie, who was patiently waiting beside him, stepped forward, draped a silver robe over Maha's shoulders, and then urged him to rest.

Back on the hill, having killed the world lords, the Silver Moon Wolves turned back to look at Nathan's corpse. These Silver Moon Wolves were the most outstanding spiritual pets of the Sacred race known as the powerful super legendary beasts. They were no ordinary beast belonging to the extremely pure super legendary beast's bloodline. They wouldn't just randomly eat any common world lords' bodies.

Those common world lords' bodies were way inferior to Nathan's corpse. It contained a thick aura of the Godly Way, and was eminently attractive to the Silver Moon Wolves. They continued to move forward towards Nathan's body and were about to pounce on it but forced to a halt.

An exceedingly formidable aura was suddenly emitted. A scorching white space crack appeared in the sky just above the hill.

"Stop!"

An explosive shout resounded from the space crack as an exceptionally strong aura emitted. Sensing this power, the Silver Moon Wolves whimpered in surrender as they retreated backwards out of their animal instincts.

They felt that if they didn't back away in an instant, they would die for sure!

In the Dead Water World, Supreme Lord of Original Sin was seething.

In a rush, he constructed an incandescent space channel in front of him. With his strength, he would easily smash those damned Silver Moon Wolves into pieces once he entered it.

"No!"

"Buddy!" "That's not a good idea!"

"Whoosh!"

The patriarch of the Ji Clan and the patriarch of the Lie Clan, together with Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment stood in front of Supreme Lord of Original Sin in unison.

"If you act recklessly, you will drag the entire universe into an irreparable calamity. Supreme Lord of Original Sin, please think twice!"

Chapter 2036 Rules (Part One)

Supreme Lord of Original Sin was known to be a highly intelligent individual.

From the start, he knew the risks of stepping into the Sunflower Water World: he would trigger a powerful counterattack from the Sacred race.

Even though he was a top-rank Supreme Lord, the chances of him dying in the Sunflower Water World were quite strong, unlimited even.

However, he couldn't simply stand by and watch his own son's corpse being devoured by the blood-hungry wolves!

With other Supreme Lords' persuasion, Supreme Lord of Original Sin hesitated.

Simultaneously though, other things were happening in the Sunflower Water World, too.

In the air above, several blood-red space cracks had begun to appear. The thin cracks streaked across the sky, intertwining with each other and spreading at rapid speed.

Faint shadows swayed among the rays of dark red light emanating from the cracks. A great power gushed from the cracks. The Sacred Supreme Lords were hiding within them!

Inevitably, this scene caused Supreme Lord of Original Sin to waken from his sullen stupor.

He knew that, many times, anger wasn't the solution to the problem. If he rushed into the Sunflower Water World now, the best outcome would probably be his death at the hands of the Sacred Supreme Lords. If he died in that world, then the four great clans wouldn't be capable of operating Star Destroying Array together. This would cause a great reduction in the strength of the human race!

Even worse, it could cause the whole Sacred race to launch an attack. This was definitely something he wanted to avoid.

In such a situation, the possibility of humankind actually winning was so low that it could lead to the destruction of the entire universe.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin weighed the pros and cons and chose to be prudent.

Sizzle! Sizzle!

The space crack that Supreme Lord of Original Sin had created with his Grand Teleportation technique had closed unexpectedly. The aura that had been pulsating outward had completely vanished as well, leaving no trace behind.

And that wasn't all. Once Supreme Lord of Original Sin's space crack had disappeared, the blood-red cracks that had streaked the sky above quickly followed suit and vanished too.

Now that the Sacred warriors had gained the upper hand, they weren't anxious about their next move. As long as the Supreme Lords of the human race didn't take action, the Sacred Supreme Lords had no reason to act rashly either. They thus had the time to make precise, calculated decisions. And if Maha remained inside the Sunflower Water World, he would be capable of suppressing the universe's momentum with ease.

This strategy could do more than just erase the malice of the entire Evolutionary Universe toward the Sacred race. It could also restrain the Heavens-suppressing Object in Master Feng's hands. From this point of view, clearly, it was the humans that had to worry.

Once Maha slipped into his silver robe, he slowly walked toward Iron Moon City. Although he didn't stay in his original location or even turn around to give it a second glance, Maha was more than aware of what was going on behind him.

"That Supreme Lord really has a high tolerance level!" Maha said, as he smiled faintly at Connie.

Connie curled her lips which made her eyes brighten. "What a pity," she said.

If Supreme Lord of Original Sin were to rush over in rage, then he would be giving Maha exactly what he wanted, exactly what he came for.

"It doesn't matter anymore. Let's see just how much they can really endure, and whether or not they will be willing to send the Godly Geniuses over one by one." As Maha spoke, he confidently wrapped his arm around Connie's small waist and walked into Iron Moon City with her.

The Silver Moon Wolves charged forward and gnawed on Nathan's corpse. This top talent of the Evolutionary Universe was devoured by the Silver Moon Wolves in the blink of an eye. The wolves had a rough sense of the Godly Way aura in the corpse, and they all let out a long howl at the sky, revealing satisfied grins of sharp teeth as they obediently returned to the spirit beast bag.

As the human martial artists in Iron Moon City saw the bloody show, their faces warped with grief and indignation. To humans, this was destined to be great humiliation. The problem was that they couldn't do anything about it.

The Sacred race was simply too powerful. The strongest Godly Genius of the Sacred race was actually invincible!

In the face of such emotion and terror, humans could always bring out their most powerful potential and produce strong resistance. Right now, in Iron Moon City, the Demon Night warriors, the human warriors, the ogres, and the warriors of the smaller races, all remained silent. On their gloomy faces was etched a form of resilience, as if they were volcanoes just waiting to erupt at any given moment.

Not too long afterward, Supreme Lord of Oracle's voice resounded throughout the Evolutionary Universe.

Nathan's death also had another use: to arouse the common hatred of all the living beings in the universe. Just like Maha had guessed, he didn't need to announce Nathan's death publicly. He could rest assured, for he knew that the human Supreme Lords would definitely take care of the matter for him.

Prior to this, many living creatures in the universe already knew that Nathan was entering the Sunflower Water World in order to challenge Maha, and Maha seemed to be at a disadvantage. Ever since then though, the universe had maintained its silence. No one had informed them of the event's updates. The living creatures were thus all ears, just waiting to be given even the slightest news.

Countless warriors had been paying attention to the matter for a long time, and yet, no one had heard anything from anyone.

Until...

Supreme Lord of Oracle's voice was suddenly heard booming throughout the entire universe.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2037 Rules (Part Two)

"I am Supreme Lord of Oracle. I am representing the human race in order to announce news. Nathan has been killed by Maha. On behalf of the human race and the Evolutionary Universe, I hope that stronger talents will come forth and stand for our revenge!"

Truth be told, there was only one or two warriors in the younger generation that were stronger than Nathan. One of them was Zen, and the other was Rocher. Currently, Rocher was in closed-door seclusion, and Zen had just taken care of things with the Demon Night. There was literally nobody else they could count on.

The reason she said this was in an attempt to provide comfort to the countless living beings within the Evolutionary Universe. More importantly, she tried inspiring everyone and anyone who was listening.

As Supreme Lord of Oracle's cold and moving voice echoed throughout the universe, all the races and intelligent life forms across the land threw themselves into an uproar.

"There's no way Nathan actually lost to that Maha!" someone exclaimed.

"This Maha is truly an undefeatable existence!" someone else shouted in agreement. "Does this mean that we have to send a Supreme Lord to fight him?"

"Zen! We want Zen to fight!"

For a moment, the entire Evolutionary Universe was filled with righteous indignation as people yelled and shouted out over one another.

Supreme Lord of Oracle's voice was heard by everyone in the universe, including Zen, of course.

After making amends with the Demon Night's internal strife, Zen had come into the Lower World in order to retrieve the Great Weighty Sword.

This sword could withstand Zen's power, making it a very suitable weapon for him. However, once it flew out of his hand, nothing in nature had the capacity to bear its weight, so it seeped all the way down into the Lower World and the deepest parts of the earth. It would only stop when it came into direct contact with the boundary of the Evolutionary Universe, known as the Sighing Wall.

Once the righteous sword was in his possession, Zen activated the Teleportation Token and came to the Sunflower Water World. Lavender, Supreme Lord Leia and a few of the other Demon Night members had already set off for the Dead Water World to meet up with the human Supreme Lords.

After entering the Sunflower Water World, Zen quickly and effortlessly chose a direction to go in. With a flash of the Space Law beneath his feet, he successfully crossed hundreds of miles in seconds.

If one were to observe Zen from a high vantage point, they would see him blinking like a star, repeatedly using the Grand Teleportation in order to maintain his extremely high speed as he moved toward the center of the Sunflower Water World.

'Nathan has already died, but I don't know if his corpse has been destroyed or not. Would Supreme Lord Lester's Heavenly Destiny of Revival be able to revive him?' Zen wondered. As Zen hurried on his way, he weighed the matter in his mind.

Previously, Karl had been torn to shreds and nearly killed by the sorcerer race's Angel of Death. Later, however, he was saved by Supreme Lord Lester. If Zen could at least get a hold of Nathan's corpse, then he knew he had chances of saving him, even if they were slim. What he didn't know though, was what condition Nathan was in. If he had already been burned to ashes, he wouldn't know if it would be possible for Supreme Lord Lester to save him with Heavenly Destiny of Revival.

BOOM!

As Zen continued rushing along his way, he was surprised by a bolt of lightning that exploded directly before him.

Not too far off, he noticed two martial artists fighting. His eyes narrowed suddenly.

'One of them is a Sacred warrior, ' Zen thought, his brow creasing slightly as his body floated into the air and sped toward the two martial artists.

The Sunflower Water World had already become a huge battle ring. The Sacred and human warriors would constantly challenge each other within the Sunflower Water World.

As Zen watched these two people fight, he quickly noted that the Sacred warrior had the upper hand. As for the human grand world lord, he was completely suppressed by his opponent.

"Come on!"

The Sacred warrior shot out a brown bolt of lightning at the human martial artist. The bolt hit the human with great unexpected force and he was instantly nailed to the ground!

"Ha ha ha! Inferior races are so useless! Go to hell!" cried the Sacred warrior. Just as he was about to take his final action and end the human grand world lord's life, he summoned a golden bolt of lightning that descended from the sky high above. The human grand world lord was currently unable to move. All that was left was to close his eyes and await his death.

However, the lightning bolt was miraculously stopped in midair.

Suddenly, a figure appeared in the air. The odd figure stretched out its hand and cut the golden lightning in half with a single motion!

The thick golden lightning bolt turned into thin lightning snakes, spreading out in all directions along Zen's arms. Zen, on the other hand, smiled faintly at his opponent and said, "Since victory and defeat have already been decided, there's no need to slaughter anyone, isn't it?"

"Who are you? How dare you interfere with my challenge? Doing so is completely against the rules." The Sacred warrior's face became cold.

There weren't any large scale battles occurring in the Sunflower Water World at the moment. The human and Sacred warriors simply hated each other. Generally speaking, the winner of the battle would kill their opponent directly on the spot.

It was a two-way street. No one else could interfere, and everyone knew this very well. It was an unwritten rule. Zen interfering in the fight right after his arrival truly was against the rules.

Chapter 2038 The Rule Set By Maha

As Zen hightailed over to the place, he witnessed two martial artists battling it out. On the sidelines, human and Sacred warriors alike had their eyes glued to the fight, their gazes alight with interest. Zen deduced that the two martial artists were engaged in a one-on-one battle.

But his aim in rushing over to the Sunflower Water World was not to become another spectator to the battle, but rather he had to put an end to the challenge posed by Maha. As for the unwritten rule, he had no intention of abiding by it.

Only the weak ones obeyed rules. The strong ones called the shots and created the law. They were brave enough to break them when need be.

"Boy! Are you courting death?"

"In the Sunflower Water World, you can only indulge in a one-on-one fight. Otherwise, our Sacred race would have long since exterminated your human race!"

"If you are wise enough, you will run from here with your tail tucked between your legs!"

As the Sacred martial artists noticed Zen step closer, their voices rose to a clamor.

"Who made this rule?" Zen glanced around slowly as he rubbed his fingertips together.

"It has been set by our Godly Genius, Maha, and rightly so!" one of the martial artists spat out arrogantly.

Most of the human martial artists who entered the Sunflower Water World intended to confront and challenge Maha. However, there were simply too many of these human adversaries. It was impossible for Maha to fight them individually by himself. Thus, the Sacred martial artists lent a hand in fighting them.

The corner of Zen's mouth curled up slightly. "So that's how it is. I see."

"Yes, that's how it is. Now make yourself scarce!" a Sacred martial artist shouted.

Zen shook his head. "But that is Maha's rule, not mine."

The martial artist spluttered at this unexpected reply. "And pray tell, what is your rule?" he asked incredulously.

The Sacred martial artists present were clueless as to how they should react to this dissenter. Their race had the absolute advantage in the Sunflower Water World, and the human martial artists who challenged the Sacred warriors were mindful of it, which was why they were usually compliant with the rules.

"My rule is not to follow any rule while fighting the Sacred race!" As he finished speaking, Zen's eyes narrowed in timely warning. Swiftly, his figure flew in the air like a nimble swallow and shot toward that Sacred warrior.

The Sacred warrior had not imagined that Zen would dare make a move such as this. His vision blurred and turned hazy as Zen flashed past him.

Zen had stunned the Sacred warrior. Before the latter could even react, an Ice Soul Flame bloomed on his chest and rapidly trickled into his body. A cold chill pervaded his insides inch by slow inch, spreading through his meridians until it finally invaded his deep inner world.

The inner world of the Sacred martial artist was engulfed in ice and snow. As the temperature plummeted even more, a number of creatures within froze into chunks of ice. Along with the living beings formed out of life vitality, the martial artist's own life vitality sea iced over. Caught unawares in this situation, he was unable to activate his life vitality or use a cultivation method to resist the insidious chill.

Within moments, the Ice Soul Flame blazed with incredible intensity, devouring his entire body. Before the others knew it, the Sacred martial artist's body had turned into a solid ice sculpture. The shocked expression on his face, now frozen forever, was jarring to witness.

"How dare you!"

"You dared launch a sneak attack?!"

"Brothers! Let's kill this human warrior!"

Zen had caught the Sacred martial artists completely off-guard. They would have never expected a human warrior to have the audacity to launch an attack on one of them out of the blue.

After all, the Sacred race dominated the Sunflower Water World. They had never come across such a foolhardy human, who was willing to butt horns with a mightier adversary. Evidently, the Ice Soul Flame in Zen's hand was extraordinary, but they still pounced on Zen in anger for they had a clear advantage in terms of numbers.

The human martial artists, on the other hand, watched wide-eyed as Zen stunned his opponent. Thoroughly impressed, they wondered where Zen had come from. Not only was he strong, he was also proving to be more talented and arrogant than the Sacred warriors themselves.

Just as these human warriors were hesitating on whether they should help Zen out or not, the latter bolted to the Sacred warriors to stun them. His body was like a ghost and the Ice Soul Flame in his palm was alluring like a bewitching flower. Each time he passed by a Sacred warrior, his other hand brushed the Ice Soul Flame lightly.

The azure ice flame transferred onto the bodies of the opponent warriors where it spread dangerously, simultaneously unleashing the unstoppable chill.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The Sacred martial artists tried to fight back, but they could not even reach him. Each of them turned into ice sculptures, raging ice flames wildly burning around them. The scene was daunting. Zen sauntered out from between these ice sculptures, a faint smirk hanging on his lips.

He could kill the Sacred world lords so easily, which bewildered the human martial artists. As they saw Zen walk out, they could not help but stumble a few steps back, their faces revealing the reverence they felt deep down.

"How far is Iron Moon City from here?" Zen asked without ceremony.

"About two million miles..." a human martial artist replied. This warrior too had the cultivation base of world lord, but before Zen he felt that he was far inferior, as if he was facing a Supreme Lord.

"Thank you." Zen nodded. The sole of his foot tapped against the ground before his body circled up like a bird, using the Grand Teleportation technique to journey forward.

After Zen left, the human martial artists breathed a collective sigh of relief...

"He is truly a world lord!"

"Even an ordinary grand world lord would be unable to do such a thing. Could it be that he is a Godly Genius?"

"Humph. Are you all blind? He was Zen!" A human warrior had immediately identified Zen.

Zen had once challenged the talents of the universe in a painting of the Illusion Battlefield, for which reason many in the universe were well aware of his appearance.

The journey to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land had done wonders for Zen's cultivation base and had made it soar. His aura had undergone a drastic change. Surprisingly, some of the human warriors had not recognized him despite his popularity. Now that Zen's identity was pointed out, these warriors got excited.

"I cannot believe he was Zen!"

"He has cultivated to such a high level! His method with the ice attribute was particularly terrifying."

"I believe he is currently making his way to the Iron Moon City to challenge Maha. It will be a good show! Let's head to the city!"

Thrilled at the prospect of witnessing the battle, the human warriors also flew toward Iron Moon City, following Zen.

An ordinary mortal would never be equipped to cross a distance of two million miles in their lifetime. But for world lords, the stretch was quite short.

After travelling for about five minutes, a range of bumpy hills appeared before Zen.

As his calm eyes scanned the scenery slowly, he saw that at the end of the hills lay a city in the shape of a crescent moon, built around the hills rather picturesquely.

Whoosh...

Zen put his foot forward and entered Iron Moon City in a flash of blazing white light.

No city lord resided in Iron Moon City anymore. The no-fly ban and divine textures that were originally installed here had long since been abandoned. In fact, even if these prohibitions were once again activated, they would not be able to stop the fierce and ambitious world lords.

Currently, Iron Moon City was filled to capacity with world lords from both the human race and the Sacred race. A section of the warriors had come merely to watch the battles among the world lords, but most of them were there to participate in the fights themselves. They reveled in provoking and challenging each other.

After Maha had killed Nathan, the Sacred martial artists become rather vainglorious. They took pleasure in goading the martial artists of other races in Iron Moon City. As for the martial artists of the human race, the Demon Night race, and the ogre race, they were only indignant and eager to take action at any moment.

As soon as Zen stepped into the place, he attracted the attention of several Sacred martial artists.

"It is a new human world lord. Ha-ha!" someone roared, booming in raucous laughter.

"Humphrey, go challenge him!"

"Let me try..."

The Sacred martial artists had similar condescending smiles on their faces as they stared at Zen. One of them strode toward him. "Hello, human brat! Have you come to Iron Moon City for..."

Before the Sacred martial artist could even finish his question, Zen passed by him indifferently. The moment he did so, a blue ice flower fell on the warrior's shoulder.

Zen looked rather placid...

The Ice Soul Flame burned with intensity.

Before any of the Sacred martial artists could realize what was happening, Zen had already increased his speed. The Ice Soul Flame was like the sickle of death and Zen the grim reaper. He wasted no time in taking the lives of these Sacred martial artists.

Puff, puff, puff...

One after another, the Ice Soul Flames began to bloom. They stirred in the air, releasing distinct sounds. In the bat of an eye, the group of seven Sacred warriors turned into motionless ice sculptures.

Zen did not slow down in the slightest as the warriors fell to the ground. He continued to go deeper into Iron Moon City.

Because of his action, Zen attracted the attention of the martial artists in Iron Moon City. Another group of Sacred world lords stormed out, and as they took in what had happened, they were utterly furious. Countless challenges had occurred outside of Iron Moon City, but this human martial artist before them had broken the cardinal rule!

They could not possibly tolerate such impudence from a human world lord!

Chapter 2039 Ice Sculptures

With the icy-blue flame gripped in his hand, Zen killed all approaching enemies as he traveled in the Iron Moon City.

Any martial artists who stood in his way were left to fend for themselves against the ice flame.

Only a few martial artists had the ability of using the Fire Law to resist the Ice Soul Flame for a while. However, the Ice Soul Flame was a mystery comprehended by a Holy Being. It was actually what made Holy Jay famous. How in the world could these Sacred world lords resist it in the end?

A warrior who cultivated the Fire Law produced golden flames and managed to resist the Ice Soul Flame. It didn't last long though, and the fire was soon consumed by the Ice Soul Flame, and the inner world in his cinnabar field was completely frozen. He could only stare at Zen with pleading eyes.

Zen's movement gradually slowed as he took a look at the Sacred martial artist. In his eyes, the Sacred martial artist was quickly wrapped up by the Ice Soul Flame and turned into an ice sculpture. There seemed to be no breaths or signs of life in him anymore.

Once he got closer, Zen lightly tapped the ice sculpture with his index finger. In an instant, countless cracks began to form across the frozen body, which eventually shattered into a pile of ice on the ground.

"What a bold move from this kid!"

"This guy actually dared to attack us at the Iron Moon City!"

"Kill him!"

Zen's actions brought attention to half of the Sacred warriors in the Iron Moon City. One after another, they rushed towards the street and quickly surrounded Zen.

"It's Zen!" someone shouted.

"He has arrived at the Iron Moon City!" another screamed.

"The current Zen is so strong now. A few years ago, he was only at the Soul Sea Realm. Now, he can kill a world lord with just a wave of his hand!"

The humans and warriors from various races finally recognized Zen, and some world lords who recognized him had all sorts of feelings that welled up inside their hearts. Back in the Illusion Battlefield, Zen was still a mere Soul Sea Realm martial artist, while they had already been world lords for hundreds or even thousands of years. In a span of a few years, he attained so much power which was hard to comprehend.

There were around seventy Sacred warriors gathered in front of Zen, all of whom were world lords. However, when they saw the ice sculptures of the Sacred warriors behind Zen, no one dared to charge forward.

Hearing his name made them even more flustered.

Zen was the strongest Godly Genius in the Evolutionary Universe, a title that was well-deserved. He might not be as strong as Maha, but he was definitely stronger than any ordinary world lord known.

Seeing all these Sacred martial artists, Zen was still indifferent. He raised his right hand, and the fist-sized Ice Soul Flame suddenly flickered. The wispy blue flame shot into the sky which instantly lowered the temperature of the entire Iron Moon City.

As for the Sacred martial artists, they all took a step back and watched in awe.

"It turns out that Sacred warriors are also so afraid of death," Zen said calmly.

Hearing this brought much displeasure to the martial artists. One of them, a tall fellow, stood up and said, "Zen, if you want to challenge us, then let's head up the mountain. One-on-one. How about it?"

Zen took one look at the martial artist and glared. He had a temper, and he didn't care about any rules when facing Sacred martial artists.

"I accept the challenge," Zen said with a smile, "but I will fight a group of you, alone."

As Zen finished his words, a piercing golden light shot out from his eyes. The Emperor Soul Imprint within his Gold Fighting Soul let out an intense energy. This aura was not in line with Zen's natural temperament, but it was enough to greatly suppress world lords. This technique was even comparable to Maha's Great Dominance Technique!

A majestic aura began to spread out and all of the Sacred martial artists felt their souls being suppressed. Some got headaches, some lost vision, and some were borderline about to faint.

At the same time, Zen's figure flashed as he grabbed the Ice Soul Flame in his hand and shot toward the Sacred martial artists!

"Whoosh!"

He did not hesitate at all. The moment he approached them, he immediately swept the Ice Soul Flame past them and let the wispy flames engulf them. In the blink of an eye, the Ice Soul Flame took over all their bodies.

Within seconds, most of the Sacred martial artists were consumed in the Ice Soul Flame. Only a handful of them had powerful soul forces and were quick enough to use Grand Teleportation to escape.

"Crackle! Crackle..."

The icy-blue Ice Soul Flame emitted a beautiful, cold glow as it danced around the martial artists in harmony.

As this happened, the temperature in Iron Moon City plummeted once again.

The Sunflower Water World used to be a place where spring reigned throughout the years. But as of the moment, it was as if the Iron Moon

City turned into a Land of Extreme Chillness. Most warriors and mortals were shivering, rubbing their hands together in search for warmth.

As for the human world lords behind Zen, they could only stare at him with their mouths wide open.

There were so many Sacred world lords who planned to attack Zen. Initially, they planned to help him, but they didn't expect that all of the Sacred world lords would be turned into ice sculptures in such a short time.

"This... This fellow is inconceivably strong!"

"He's powerful, no doubt. He has the strength of a Supreme Lord... but he doesn't have a Heavenly Destiny."

"Are you stupid!? Zen is already a Godly Genius. If he cultivated the Godly Way, then he would be more powerful than anyone with Heavenly Destiny."

"Hahaha! Maha couldn't be trying to escape with his tail between his legs, right!?"

All the human warriors who were in shock, began to cheer him on. Those martial artists who came to Sunflower Water World to challenge the Sacred warriors were usually calm and brave. They weren't afraid of death, but were afraid of dying cowards. Now, after being suppressed by the Sacred race for so long, Zen finally gave them a sense of hope.

After all the martial artists were turned into ice, Zen stomped his foot and a huge power erupted. It was as if a huge meteor crashed into the Iron Moon City, causing the entire city to shake.

This vibration rippled like a wave and made its way towards the ice sculptures. Just then, like the first sculpture they witnessed, cracks appeared on the bodies and all the frozen figures shattered into pieces.

At this moment, Zen exhaled slightly, and turned to one of the human warriors, "Where is Nathan's corpse?"

When the human warrior heard Zen's question, he tried his best to hide his excitement and pointed towards the hill at the side of Iron Moon City. "Over there! But... It's very likely that there wouldn't be much left. It might have been divided by the wolves!"

Zen's brow furrowed in disappointment as he heard this. He instantly ran out of Iron Moon City and landed on the hill. As he narrowed his eyes, he caught sight of four silver wolves.

Just as the warrior said, Nathan's body had already been devoured by these silver wolves. Not much was left behind except blood and bones.

Zen's blood began to boil at the sight of this.

At the start of it all, Nathan and Zen were enemies. However, they soon found a common ground and formed a camaraderie like no other.

Seeing Nathan getting feasted on was a sight he couldn't bear to see. He was sad and angry, and Zen rarely felt this.

He rose into the sky and fell down like a shooting star, smashing straight towards the Silver Moon Wolves.

It turned out, the Silver Moon Wolves were super legendary beasts. Although they were not fully grown, they were still incredibly strong. The moment Zen appeared in the air, they caught sight of him and lowered their bodies. The wolves placed their heads close to the ground, staring at him with their eyes...

"Aooo!"

Before Zen could even get close, the Silver Moon Wolves already had a plan. They leapt up into the air all together, and began biting towards Zen's neck, arms, and legs.

These Silver Moon Wolves' teeth flashed with a metallic luster, and the tips of their teeth were extremely sharp. They could definitely break any divine weapon once it got in between their teeth. Ordinary world lords stood no chance against them.

The wolves were smart, thinking they could tear Zen into shreds.

But they underestimated him, mistaking him for a mere human.

"Crack crack crack crack…"

With a few crisp sounds, Zen let the Silver Moon Wolves bite him. However, the wolves soon noticed that they couldn't hurt him. One of the Silver Moon Wolves even had two of its teeth broken.

Chapter 2040 Worry

"They're just as stupid as other ordinary beasts..."

Zen's hand shot out and grabbed at a Silver Moon Wolf's head.

The Silver Moon Wolf's reaction, however, was extremely quick, and with a haphazard roll, it managed to evade Zen's attack. As soon as it righted itself, it roared and clawed at Zen's face. It had discovered that Zen's body was indestructible, so it shifted his attention to Zen's face instead. The other three Silver Moon Wolves bit Zen, intent on drawing him away.

"Oh?"

A trace of surprise appeared on Zen's face before he let out a sinister laugh.

The power of the nine stars gushed out crazily, and with a slight twist of his body, a wave of power formed into a vortex that revolved wildly around him. A cracking sound was heard as the four Silver Moon Wolves got caught in the vortex.

In a blink of an eye, the heads, fur, and bones of the Silver Moon Wolves were cut to pieces.

Zen stood at the center of the remains and calmly waved his hand. A faint light flashed from his space ring and absorbed the fragments of the Silver Moon Wolves.

Earlier, Karl had also been blown into bits by the Angel of Death from the sorcerer race, but was resurrected by Supreme Lord Lester. Zen assumed that while Nathan had been devoured by the Silver Moon Wolves, the beasts did not have time to absorb his flesh fragments.

If the Celestial Position members could separate Nathan's fragments from those of the Silver Moon Wolves, then they'd have a chance to revive him.

And while it didn't seem very much, this was the only thing Zen could do. Whether or not Nathan could be saved depended on his own luck.

As Zen slowly descended onto a protruding rock, his gaze landed on the Iron Moon City.

When he was dealing with the Silver Moon Wolves, he had also been on guard for a sneak attack by Maha. However, Maha didn't show up at all causing Zen to be even more vigilant.

On the other side of the Iron Moon City, a magnificent palace stood. It had been originally the city lord's mansion, but when Maha came to the Sunflower Water World and killed the city lord, the mansion became Maha's palace.

Inside the mansion, steam rose from a boiling pool of brown water and filled the air with a strong herbal fragrance. The water's temperature, above boiling point, was enough to melt any ordinary being in an instant.

However, the two naked figures that were currently immersed in the pool were unbothered by it.

Maha leaned his back on the edge of the pool as he stared absently at the ceiling. Lost in his thoughts, he barely noticed Connie rest her head on the crook of his neck.

Neither of them used any protective life vitality to resist the heat of the medicinal liquid. The scalding water was hot on their skin but was incredibly refreshing.

"Zen seems to be a bit impatient," Maha said flatly.

Connie scooped up some water in her cupped hand and gently poured it on Maha's chest. "Don't be careless," she said softly. "He's strong, much stronger than Nathan!"

Connie had been defeated by both Zen and Nathan. But while the two men had overpowered her, they gave off completely different vibes.

She was able to exchange blows with Nathan and she knew instantly that the man was not invincible. If she had gone all out on him, she would have surely beat him.

Zen, on the other hand, gave her a completely different feeling. She almost had no strength to fight him back, and had Zen been serious during their fight, she had no doubt the man could've killed her with a single strike. The pressure she felt then was so much stronger than when she had faced the Supreme Lords...

Maha caressed Connie's face, a ghost of a smile playing on his lips. "Are you worried I won't be his match?"

"I'm not looking down on you..." Connie hurriedly explained. Maha was a conceited person and she didn't want to say anything that would displease him.

To her surprise, Maha's smile melted of his face and said something uncharacteristic. "I'm not confident about winning the battle with Zen," he confessed. "I fear he might be the strongest opponent that I'll ever face in my life."

Under certain conditions, Maha was able to kill a Supreme Lord. And according to what he just said, he believed Zen was just as powerful as one.

Connie was stunned. She never thought that Maha, who had always been overconfident, would actually give Zen such an evaluation. She worried Zen would kill Maha, and she found herself greatly upset at the thought of losing her lover.

"But I will definitely win," Maha assured her, his finger coming up to touch her nose.

He then pulled himself out from the pool and nonchalantly walked to the other side of the room.

Connie followed suit. With a flick of her wrist, a towel wrapped itself around her body and a robe hung itself on Maha's.

Meanwhile, Zen stood outside the Iron Moon City, calmly surveying the surrounding area.

The human martial artists, as well as the Sacred martial artists in the Iron Moon City, were also quietly waiting. As world lords, they had vast knowledge and experience. In a vision, they would see the entire universe in turmoil after the battle between Maha and Zen.

No matter the victor, the Sacred Supreme Lords hiding in the Sunflower Water World would all take action.

"If Zen really succeeds in killing Maha, then the Sacred Supreme Lords would take revenge on him!"

"We're fully prepared. If the Sacred Supreme Lords aren't afraid of death, then they can launch the attack!"

"I am ready to lay down my life for the Evolutionary Universe!"

All the warriors in the Evolutionary Universe understood the current situation and were more than willing to defend their home. After the invasion of this universe, none of the warriors from the human race and other races stayed silent. This was a matter of life and death, and concerned all living beings in the universe.

Not long after, the city lord's mansion opened its gates and a lone figure walked out.

Maha was fully dressed now. The smile that hung on his face moments ago was gone and was now replaced by a serene expression.

When veteran warriors faced a battle of life and death, they all had this calm aura.

From the palace garden, Connie's lips pursed unconsciously as she watched Maha walk away. "Maha hasn't been this serious in a long time."

Although she had confidence in Maha's strength, there was an extreme feeling of worry that she just couldn't shake off.

Because of Zen's gruesome attack, the Sacred martial artists present kept quiet out of fear. They deduced that only Maha had the chance to defeat such a formidable talent like Zen. At this time, they looked forward to seeing Maha more than Zen.

"Do your best, Maha! Kill that Godly Genius!"

"Avenge us!"

"Zen has a powerful ice flame in his hand. Be careful, Maha!"

The Sacred martial artists marched beside Maha as he walked along the road, giving him words of encouragement and caution.

Maha nodded his head once in response before he took a step forward and instantly appeared at the top of the hill.

He eyed Zen warily from his place. "This is the third time we've met."

For the first time they met, there wasn't anything remarkable about Zen, and Maha was able to defeat the boy with just a finger. For the second time they met, Zen had improved greatly. Maha had wanted a Supreme Lord to kill him then, but by sheer dumb luck, Zen had managed to escape.

Now that he had crossed paths with Zen for the third time, he couldn't help but notice the sense of danger growing in his heart. He tried to suppress the feeling as it only reminded him that this person had the strength to kill him.

Maha also understood that he couldn't wait any longer. Zen had progressed quickly. Even when Maha went to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to cultivate before, he hadn't improved as much as Zen had.

If he missed this opportunity to kill Zen now, he'd be facing an undefeatable monster in the future!

Chapter 2041 Test The Waters

Because he practiced the Great Dominance Technique, Maha's movements gave off a strong sense of oppression.

An ordinary warrior would feel great pressure facing Maha and their first instinct would be to submit to him without question.

However, because of his cultivation level, Maha's Great Dominance Technique had no effect on the Gold Fighting Soul. The Emperor Soul Imprint in Zen's soul also contained an aura that was by no means weaker than the Great Dominance Technique.

Zen was calm as he faced Maha. "I believe this will be the last time we meet."

Maha smiled and nodded. "Yes, I think so too."

The two of them were the representatives of their respective universes: the two strongest martial artists second only to Supreme Lords. As a war broke out between these two universes, a fight between the two of them was unavoidable.

Maha clenched his right hand into a fist and rubbed his left palm. He then gently stepped in the air and took the initiative to launch an attack!

Words were of no use to Maha. He merely focused on dealing the deadly blow on Zen. He was determined to crush him along with the hopes and dreams that this entire universe pinned onto the young man.

He did not even bother using a weapon. Maha simply went for Zen with his bare hands!

"Whoosh! Whoosh…."

In terms of speed or the burst of strength, Maha's attack was nothing special.

However, Zen saw the space behind Maha slightly shift and distort.

When formidable strength was exerted on a warrior's body, their mass would in turn rise exponentially. Upon reaching a certain point, it would then start to suppress their surroundings and distort the space around them.

Zen was no stranger to this phenomenon, having experienced the same thing many times.

It was just a bit surprising to see it done by Maha too.

'What powerful strength!'

Zen remarked in his head. He never knew Maha could be this strong and it didn't help that he had no idea where this sort of strength came from. However, despite facing against such a powerful opponent, Zen felt extremely excited.

Since Maha wanted to fight with brute force alone, then Zen would not hesitate to do the same.

His punch wasn't very fast and it was absolutely possible for Zen to dodge it if he wanted to. However, instead of retreating, Zen decided to lower the center of his body and took a horse stance on the rock!

"This Zen... he wants to take a punch from Maha head-on?" Supreme Lord Barrie murmured, having hidden himself in the dark.

"That would be too disappointing..." Supreme Lord Noel said, shaking his head slightly.

"He overestimates himself," another Supreme Lord remarked.

Since Maha was the number one Godly Genius of the Sacred race with unparalleled strength and power, it was only natural for the Sacred Supreme Lords to watch over him during his battles.

There was a time when Maha went to the Heavenly Melody Star to refine his body. This star was one of the Nine Divine Stars of the Murphy Universe and contained Murphy's strength source. A body refiner would be able to achieve twice the result with half the effort if they chose to refine themselves there.

On this star was a Cyan Vitality Tree that had only bloomed once in the past countless years. Its flower withered after 40 million years while it still took it another 30 million years to produce a single fruit. Maha was able to greatly improve himself on this star since he was lucky enough to eat the Cyan Vitality Fruit that had absorbed large amount of strength source.

However, to the Sacred Supreme Lords, this didn't have anything to do with luck at all. The Cyan Vitality Fruit was a divine object that couldn't be obtained by an ordinary person's luck. It was no doubt something that Murphy willed to happen. He wanted to bestow that fruit to Maha so he made the tree bloom and bear fruit just in time for him to take it.

After consuming the fruit, Maha's strength rapidly increased to the point that the Supreme Lords' strength was now far inferior to his.

This was the main reason why all the Supreme Lords were confident in the devastating power of Maha's punch!

"Do you think Zen is a fool? The power that Maha erupted was enough to twist space itself. Since Zen dared to forcefully resist this punch, he must be confident in his own ability. I'm afraid that Maha will suffer a loss!" Supreme Lord Denzel argued with a sneer.

He and Maha had originally been on different paths so he didn't really have any amicable relationship with the Godly Genius.

Of course, he hoped for Zen's death but seeing Maha suffer a bit was a bonus.

Striking down the strongest Godly Genius in the Evolutionary Universe was equivalent to completely destroying its momentum.

In the end though, the Supreme Lord's remarks actually hit the nail on the head.

Zen did not dodge and simply spread his left hand open while keeping his right hand balled into a fist. He too threw a punch towards Maha.

As they both had reached such a high level of cultivation, any casual attack from these two would be powerful and perfectly executed. Since it was a head-on strike, Zen didn't even bother playing any tricks. His punch was directly aimed at Maha with no frills since he was extremely confident of his higher physical strength level.

Maha, on the other hand, thought the same thing as Supreme Lord Barrie. To him, Zen had greatly overestimated himself for facing his strike head-on. It was very favorable for him to take advantage of Zen's arrogance and directly smash him to meat paste. That would save him a lot of trouble in the future.

"Bam!"

A dull sound rang out the moment their fists collided.

Zen was still in the horse stance when his punch collided with Maha's. He was immediately thrown in the air while the hill he had previously been standing on was reduced to dust and rubble.

On the other hand, Maha's complexion had turned a shade whiter.

The amount of force he sustained from Zen's punch was much more powerful than the one he threw at him.

His opponent was actually stronger than him and the gap between the two of them was enormous.

Fortunately, Maha was a vigilant warrior. As soon as he realized this fact, he quickly twisted his body and slid away from his opponent like a loach. His agile moves helped him offset Zen's strength by eighty percent! However, the twenty percent from Zen's attack that did manage to hit him still caused countless blood vessels in his body to explode.

Fighting with their fists was a way to test the waters. Maha did not expect himself to suffer such a great loss.

Zen, meanwhile, was very successful with his attack. However, he dared not drop his guard. Taking advantage of his opponent's disorientation, Zen suddenly grabbed Maha in an attempt to gain the upper hand. Unfortunately, Maha's strange bodily movement skills enabled him to simply slip through Zen's fingers.

As he retreated, Maha spat out a mouthful of blood, forming a clear line of blood in the air.

This scene shocked all the Sacred Supreme Lords watching immensely. Even Supreme Lord Denzel, who had correctly predicted this outcome, was surprised.

Despite guessing that Zen's strength surpassed Maha's, Supreme Lord Denzel did not expect the gap between the two to be that huge!

It seemed that the strength of these two Godly Geniuses was on completely different levels.

However, it was not enough to completely fluster the Sacred Supreme Lords. Maha's injuries weren't too serious and physical strength alone was not a deciding factor to the match. After all, there were many ways to beat a stronger opponent than just brute strength.

The ordinary Sacred warriors, on the other hand, felt less than calm. The only thing they saw was Zen defeating Maha with a single punch.

"Is the battle going to end with the first punch?"

"He only used one punch to make the Godly Genius bleed... unbelievable!"

"We're finished. This Zen guy is too strong!"

The Sacred warriors of Iron Moon City lamented while the human warriors rejoiced.

"Haha, no one under the level of Supreme Lord is stronger than Zen!"

"What the hell? Is this Maha really a Godly Genius? All it took was one punch to make him bleed."

"Come on, Zen!"

These world lords weren't content cheering on the sidelines, they also took out their precious Roaring Tokens and announced Zen's amazing feat to the entire Evolutionary Universe. This news was extremely inspiring and greatly boosted the morale of everyone in the Evolutionary Universe!

Maha distanced himself until he was around ten thousand feet away from Zen, only then did he manage to stabilize himself and wipe the blood from his mouth.

'He's gonna be harder to deal with than I thought, ' Maha couldn't help but think to himself. This small injury was nothing but he had to reassess Zen's strength immediately.

Physical strength wasn't a necessarily critical factor in winning fights but it still could give a warrior an edge. Since he didn't have any advantage over Zen on physical strength, Maha would be forced into a passive stance. He needed to reconsider his entire strategy.

However, Zen didn't accord him that luxury. The young man suddenly raised his right hand, summoning an icy blue flame that completely wrapped around his palm. With the blazing power of the Space Law, a single step caused Zen to move ten thousand feet forward, just to reach behind Maha. He then raised his arm and slapped his opponent across the back.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2042 The Rampant Sword Intent

Many scenarios could happen during a battle. When a martial artist was at a disadvantage, however, it would be difficult to reverse the situation—especially if both parties' strengths were at a similar level.

It was known that Maha was the number one Godly Genius of the Sacred race. He knew how to execute numerous methods and could think of ways to evade his opponent in the most dangerous situations.

Moreover, he had extremely sharp senses and had quickly discerned that the icy blue flame was quite strange. As soon as he determined that he couldn't fight head on against it, his body immediately sank.

Thus, Zen had failed to hit him when they passed by each other in midair.

The red light around Maha flashed as he descended down, and then a blade appeared in his hand. His lips curved up into a sinister smile.

"Light Wheel Slash!"

Circular rays of the blade light spread out around Maha at a high speed and sliced through him like mad. The surrounding air became extremely chaotic. The saber emitted ear-piercing splitting sounds, which were similar to a disastrous flute playing.

The circular rays of the blade light enveloped Maha in a radius of one thousand feet. The area where he stood was a dead zone; not even the smallest of mosquitoes would be able to find a gap to escape!

Meanwhile, Zen stood directly above Maha where the blade light was the most concentrated.

However, Maha's attacks didn't faze him at all. When Maha brought out his saber, he already had the Great Weighty Sword in his hand.

Maha's saber was extremely nimble and agile like a small viper. It could attack its opponent numerous times from any angle, and its every move was fatal.

On the other hand, Zen's Great Weighty Sword was like a giant dragon hidden in an abyss. It was immensely heavy, but once it had launched an attack, it only needed a single strike to kill its opponent!

"Boom, boom, boom, boom…"

Zen held the Great Weighty Sword horizontally in front of his chest as the countless light wheels shot towards him.

The clashing of the sword and saber should've created a melodious sound, but because of the Great Weighty Sword's power, the weapons produced an extremely dull, metallic clang like a large bell.

"How can you block it that easily?" Maha sneered. He turned the saber in his hand with a contemptuous look. Once again, the second wave of the Light Wheel Slash struck at Zen.

While Maha had suffered a loss while fighting Zen with brute force, he was highly confident in his speed.

In addition, Maha and even the vast majority of martial artists thought that offense was the best defense. It wouldn't do any good to resist just like what Zen did and besides, it wasn't hard for him to break through Zen's line of defenses.

Maha continued to alter between his moves as the circular rays of the blade light moved in an increasingly strange direction. They drew an arc in the air when they slashed at Zen, avoiding his Great Weighty Sword, and slashing towards his body.

Maha smirked at the sight.

In the next moment, the smirk on his face froze in place.

"Clank, clank, clank..."

Maha knew the power of the circular blade light that was created by the Light Wheel Slash very well.

Back then when he had practiced the Light Wheel Slash, he had chopped the Heavenly Divine Shield—one of the supreme divine weapons in the Murphy Universe, into pieces.

Zen was only dressed in a thin robe which seemed to have no defensive powers. Therefore, the Light Wheel Slash should've cut straight into his body.

What Maha never expected was that the dozen rays of circular blade light failed to even leave a mark on Zen's robe, let alone cut it into pieces.

What was that thing made of?

Not even Maha's knowledge and experience gave him any insight as he was still a bit stunned. Such an incident was truly odd to witness.

"Well, I don't need to block..."

A small smile was plastered on Zen's face as he gently brandished the Great Weighty Sword. He completely gave up on defense and kept his sword at his side. His eyes glinted ruthlessly and all his emotions left his body.

Zen still hadn't struck out with his sword, but Maha's heart suddenly raced in shock.

A foreboding feeling suddenly flashed in his mind like a lightning bolt. The feeling tugged at the depths of his heart and desperately urged him to flee!

The Maha from before would face all kinds of danger without thought, and could always win over everyone in the end. After all, he was a Godly Genius and the most remarkable talent of the Murphy Universe. He utilized all his resources well and always had many opportunities. He was always lucky.

If Maha only had a 1% chance of defeating his opponent, then he still thought that he could beat them. This was because he was always able to receive fate's blessing.

This time however, he didn't dare defy his instincts.

He actually had no chance of winning against Zen's sword strike!

Of course, he was more than unwilling to accept this, but he didn't want to take the risk. He floated away in the air and went back to retreat.

As for Zen, he stayed in the air above Maha and as Maha continued to move back, he smashed directly into the ground.

"Boom!"

There was a muffled sound as a massive hole was formed on the ground. Maha slammed his body down on the hard soil, and then drilled into it.

He continued to drill into the ground while Zen launched his sword strike!

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

Ever since Zen had become a world lord, he came to have a deeper understanding of the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

In order to enhance the Gods-intimidating Strike's power back then, Zen had constantly imbued the laws into the sword intent. Now, it was no longer needed at this point.

He slashed his sword downwards with all his might. Combined with the Great Weighty Sword's own power which was activated by the chaotic energy, it was safe to say that Zen's attack was tremendously deadly.

In this whole universe at least, no one would be able to withstand such a strike.

Just then, an invisible sword intent that contained an astonishing aura was dispersed down from the sky at an exceedingly high speed. The warriors in the distance just glanced at it, but quickly felt like their eyes had been pierced by needles!

"Splash..."

The long and narrow sword intent continued to scatter everywhere. A soon as it touched the ground, it penetrated the soil and created a huge crack. When viewed from above, the crack looked like a scar.

"Rumble..."

The sword intent continued to wreak havoc deep underground as the crack continued to extend. It didn't take too long before the Iron Moon City was split into two halves, but the crack continued to extend like there was no end.

"He hasn't been hit," Zen muttered coldly.

As soon as Maha was beneath the ground, he dove towards the other side. He moved extraordinarily fast, as if he was a field mouse being chased by a cat in the barn. Then, an unmistakable ravine appeared.

"Again..."

Zen didn't think twice and immediately smashed towards Maha with his sword once more.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

"Hooo, hooo, hooo…"

Once again, Maha was able to dodge the sword intent ahead of time as he constantly changed the direction in which he was headed to escape.

"Again!"

"Hooo, hooo, hooo..."

At the same time, the fierce sword intent continued to rain down on him. Maha was very shocked, and felt that he was truly unlucky today.

After Zen slashed out his first sword strike, Maha had already decided to avoid his opponent's attack first and then quickly find a chance to counterattack. According to his experience, Zen would always have a moment of weakness after he displayed this terrifying sword move. Thus, it would be the best time for him to strike back.

Then again, ideas were always wonderful; but reality was always cruel.

He never expected for Zen to repeatedly launch his attacks.

Furthermore, each of his sword strikes was comparable to the all-out attack of a Supreme Lord!

What was worse was that he had launched three sword attacks in a row without any rest or hesitation. He also did not gather any momentum. How did he make it?

Most importantly, how big was his inner world?

Generally speaking, a world lord's inner world was limited in size. No matter how much life vitality it had, it still wouldn't be enough for a large consumption. Even Maha's inner world wouldn't be able to last long if he had used such a skill.

However, Zen had already slashed out ten sword strikes in just a short period of time. If Maha tried to do that, he might've used up all the life vitality in his inner world.

Yet there was Zen, who still looked so vigorous. He didn't look the least bit exhausted!

"Rumble..."

Huge amounts of sword intent continued to descend upon the ground. Several streams of the sword intent had even cut through the Sunflower Water World. They left numerous cracks all over the place, which made the supreme world they were in look like a face that was full of scratches.

Soon enough, the entire supreme world had lost its stability and began to tremble continuously.

The Sacred Supreme Lords who hid in secret places saw the scene, and were speechless with shock.

Chapter 2043 An Earthworm

Some of the Sacred Supreme Lords were absolutely loyal to Maha. Some of them remained neutral, and some held great hostility toward Maha.

After all, the internal forces of the Sacred race were extremely complicated—they weren't as united as it seemed.

But everyone still had absolute confidence in Maha.

In the Murphy Universe, Maha's reputation was simply too great. From the moment this fellow was born, he constantly created miracles.

But as the Sacred Supreme Lords saw his fight against Zen, their confidence in Maha suddenly began to waver.

None of Zen's strikes contained any special laws or Law of Causality. The Gods-intimidating Strike contained only Zen's comprehension of the Godly Way—it had displayed the peak-level of sword intent. In terms of pure power of the Gods-intimidating Strike, it was already comparable to that of Elena's Profound Holy Thunder, equal to a Supreme Lord's full attack.

But even a Supreme Lord couldn't recklessly unleash such a terrifying attack such as Zen's. He employed the Gods-intimidating strike with ease and it wasn't a problem for him to strike relentlessly. If he intended to do so, the several hundred strikes would be enough to shatter the very supreme world to pieces.

"This Godly Genius… he's exceeded our expectations," a Supreme Lord said, lowering his voice.

The Sacred race had long been prepared to invade the Evolutionary Universe. In their first year there, they made no move. Instead, they were busy collecting information from the Evolutionary Universe, analyzing the function of every single Supreme Lord's Heavenly Destiny, their true strength, the conflicts between the races, and so on—anything they could get their hands on.

Even Murphy had warned the Sacred race to pay special attention to these Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe—they managed to collect tons of detailed information regarding the ten Godly Geniuses.

This included their races, ages, strengths, personalities, experiences, Godly Ways, cultivation methods, and so on.

But back then, none of the ten had entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. The Sacred race had not compared the strength of the Godly Geniuses to that of Maha, and Godly Geniuses such as Zen and Nathan were only at the Soul Sea Realm at that time.

But after Zen and the other Godly Geniuses returned from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, their strengths had advanced by leaps and bounds. The Sacred race had to have a new evaluation of these Godly Geniuses.

Forcefully raising one's cultivation could cause one's level to destabilize. And these Godly Geniuses had just become world lords—compared to Maha, they were still as young and tender as baby birds. In the hearts of these Sacred Supreme Lords, they still weren't quite powerful enough to pose any real threat.

But now, the strength Zen had displayed completely overturned their logic.

"His strength… It goes far beyond our imagination!" Supreme Lord Barrie's eyes were filled with shock. A feeling overcame him, telling him that it would be difficult for him to take the kid down.

"I've been to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land before. It didn't seem all that magical…" A Sacred Supreme Lord shook his head in thought.

"Everyone's experiences are different. We have no way of knowing what happened to them. Right now, I'm worried that Maha might be defeated…"

In the end, the Supreme Lords were merely secondary creatures. The way they saw things and their knowledge were limited to the universes. Naturally, they didn't know the true secrets of the Divine Refinement

Forbidden Land and couldn't figure out the treatment Zen and the others had received there. For instance, Zen himself had personally received guidance from the two Holy beings, Holy Jay and Holy Drew. Rocher, Nathan, and the other Godly Geniuses also received special treatments that wouldn't have come easy to ordinary cultivators.

In the Dead Water World, the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe were giddy with excitement.

Even Supreme Lord of Original Sin, who wore a gloomy face most of the time, had a look of admiration in his eyes. In the Dead Water World, he had seen Zen collect the corpse fragments of the Silver Moon Wolves—he was aware that Zen was doing so for Nathan's sake. He had even asked Supreme Lord Lester whether or not he could revive Nathan in such a case.

But Supreme Lord Lester didn't have much confidence. In theory, so long as he could gather all the pieces of Nathan's flesh body, he could revive him completely. The Heavenly Destiny of Revival was extremely powerful. Unless one's death was caused by the Five Aging Processes, any other form of death could be dealt with so that the person could be revived.

But the Silver Moon Wolves had already swallowed Nathan's corpse. If they had completely digested the corpse fragments, that would have made any chance of revival even slimmer.

Still, Supreme Lord Lester's response gave Supreme Lord of Original Sin a glimmer of hope, lifting his spirits.

But his hatred towards Maha didn't give in the slightest.

Only because he feared the Sacred Supreme Lords behind Maha did he forcefully suppress the urge to kill him.

Now that he saw Zen display such powerful strength and completely suppress Maha, he was truly overjoyed.

"Master Feng, it seems like the information you've given us isn't wholly accurate. Is this boy truly weaker than a low-rank Supreme Lord?" Supreme Lord Healum inquired with a smile.

Because Zen gained the upper hand, the initially solemn atmosphere seemed to lighten and relax as the Supreme Lords grew more optimistic.

"Weaker than a low-rank Supreme Lord? Zen's current strength is probably enough to enable him to contend against a mid-rank Supreme Lord. At the very least, I have no confidence to defeat him!" a Supreme Lord from the Blessed Buddha Land chimed in.

"That's not the case. In terms of overall strength, Zen is indeed formidable, but in the end, he does not have a Heavenly Destiny. Some of these destinies are unreasonable and extremely powerful," another Supreme Lord remarked.

"Indeed, the power of us Supreme Lords is not only reflected in our cultivation and knowledge. We rely most on the Heavenly Destinies, after all."

"…"

All the Supreme Lords began arguing over Zen's strength. But the topic of this debate had changed from whether or not Zen could defeat Maha, to whether or not Zen had the ability to contend against Supreme Lords.

But as they debated the matter, a blazing white light suddenly flashed from close by. Then, a space crack appeared before everyone's eyes.

From the space crack stepped out Lavender, Supreme Lord Leroy, Supreme Lord Leia, and other Demon Night Supreme Lords.

While Lavender led the Demon Night Supreme Lords to the Dead Water World, Zen had used the Teleportation Token to enter straight into the Sunflower Water World. Supreme Lord Mathias and the rest of the ogre race, along with everyone else, arrived ahead.

The moment Lavender appeared, she gave Master Feng a light nod before greeting the many Supreme Lords.

Meanwhile, the Celestial Position had also come to know of what happened in the Demon Night. They informed the rest of the Supreme Lords who then decided to forget about the Demon Night race's attitude towards them before. The fact that they came to assist them gained their welcome and gratitude. Now, the different races of the Evolutionary Universe were united as they had mobilized all the forces available.

After the Supreme Lords exchanged greetings with the Demon Night Supreme Lords, they continued discussing their troublesome matters.

When Lavender overheard the conversation, her pointed ears twitched, and a smile found its way to her face.

Could Zen kill a Supreme Lord? Perhaps it was time to discuss how many of them Zen could kill.

Previously, Zen had used the Death Chain to brutally beat Supreme Lord Shadow. If it weren't for Latonia who had used the Link of Life on him, Supreme Lord Shadow would have been killed by Zen ten times over.

At the time, Zen still had difficulty completely taking the life of a Supreme Lord. But later on, when Mike appeared and took Zen away, the latter managed to master the Enemy Repelling Arts. Now, he possessed the ability to break causality, and his abilities had become even more terrifying.

For instance, since a Law of Causality such as the Five Aging Processes could be broken by Zen in a single slash, the Crowns of Destiny that these Supreme Lords had carried were nothing impressive next to such a feat.

But of course, Zen hadn't yet fought a Supreme Lord since then and Lavender couldn't jump to any conclusions. The Supreme Lords were debating this matter on their own and she meant not to join them. So long as the Supreme Lords didn't perish, they'd eventually see Zen taking on a Supreme Lord...

Meanwhile, in the battle, he slashed over twenty times.

While the Gods-intimidating Strike was famous for its great power, it wasn't particularly fast. Because Maha could travel fast underground, he managed to escape the attacks.

But the World Tree in Zen's inner world had already taken root in other areas outside the inner world, relentlessly absorbing chaotic energy. It was inexhaustible and never could it be drained.

So Zen launched such consecutive attacks to deter his opponent.

Meanwhile, Maha could only groan and run around underground.

After dashing several dozens of miles underground, Maha could no longer hold on. Suddenly, he stopped and the layer of earth in front of him began to crack open. Sword intent shot down before his eyes, piercing through the ground and creating a bottomless crack in front of him.

Light shone through and when Maha raised his head, he saw Zen, high up in the sky.

For a moment, the two looked at each other. Zen, wielding the Great Weighty Sword in his hand, smiled faintly. "Are you an earthworm?"

Faced with such provocation, Maha's expression turned determined. The blade in his hand suddenly twisted until a deep purple light spread from it.

Chapter 2044 Fight With Bare Hands

Iron Moon City was aglow with bright purple from the orb of light that had spread quickly across the land, covering the whole city up to the hills.

Maha's skill was apparent, especially when the opponent was Nathan. He would often try to intimidate him using the Grand World Technique; but even without it, Maha would have still been able to defeat Nathan.

However, compared to Nathan, facing Zen gave Maha a terrible headache.

Whether in terms of strength or weaponry, Zen could easily defeat him!

Maha's speed had proved to be superior to many, but when he was faced with Zen, escaping was its only function!

The Grand World Technique was one of Maha's greatest assets. Once he activated it, he could dominate and make all the rules to his advantage.

Nonetheless, after being defeated by Zen and fleeing in every direction, Maha had already lost face.

Although Maha had already mentally prepared himself to fight Zen and wholly removed all arrogance in his heart to be in his best condition, this did not mean that Maha lacked pride!

As the top Godly Genius of Murphy Universe, being chased all the way down here and running around underground with his face covered in dirt was not Maha's style!

Besides, Zen continually swung his terrifying sword, and some human world lord had been continuously using the Roaring Token to exaggerate the situation. All creatures in the Evolutionary Universe and all of the Sacred warriors were immediately informed of his escape.

"I do look like an earthworm..." Maha muttered, "but you will have to pay for saying that!"

Whoosh!

At this moment, Maha gently stepped on the ground and shot out like an arrow leaving the bow. The saber in his right hand emitted a black light as he rushed towards Zen at breakneck speed.

Zen did not feel anything out of the ordinary, even when totally enveloped by the light. There were three thousand Godly Ways; it was impossible to understand the uniqueness of all of them.

As he saw Maha rushing towards him, he didn't hesitate at all. His pair of heartless eyes flashed, and his fierce sword glowed with a majestic aura that once again cut down towards Maha!

Huff!

However, before Zen's sword could strike out, Maha raised his head and slashed with his saber.

The strange thing was that Maha's blade wasn't aimed at Zen. Rather, it was pointed in the direction of Iron Moon City…

It was confusing, for where he had swung his blade was, after all, far from where Zen was.

The Iron Moon City was also in a state of disintegration. The human and Sacred world lords were all circling in the air, observing the two battle from a distance where if they were even slightly caught up in it, their lives would be in danger. Yet it seemed none of them cared.

"Is Maha out of his mind?" one world lord said.

"It's better to dodge it. It's heading towards us!" another onlooker exclaimed.

"Eh, what happened to you?" another said, puzzled.

The world lords noticed the sudden shift in the space around them.

Several of their companions had hurriedly retreated and disappeared from the crowd. In the next instant, they appeared in another place!

At the same time …

The strike that Maha had made towards Iron Moon City also strangely appeared gearing towards Zen. The saber light flashed, and with a clang, this saber had actually skillfully countered Zen's sword!

Maha's face revealed a sneer. Then, his saber continued to slash in the direction of Iron Moon City.

With the Grand World Technique, the power of Maha's saber light became even more intense. That saber light shot straight towards Zen, attacking his vital points from every direction.

Clank, clank, clank!

Zen gently lifted his hand and once again used the Great Weighty Sword to defend Maha's attacks, realizing that the Space Law in the surrounding area seemed to have been altered by Maha.

Zen wasn't the only one who noticed this. The martial artists in Iron Moon City also noticed that with every movement 30 feet to the east, they would naturally travel to a height of 60 feet!

Therefore, when Maha slashed towards the east, that slash just so happened to cut down on Zen, who was 60 feet above his head!

This was the extraordinary capability of the Grand World Technique. It could change the rules as it wished!

However, Maha's Grand World Technique was still incomplete in such a way that he could only change the rules to a certain degree. The true and complete Grand World Technique could change all the natural laws and create whatever rules the warrior wished for.

In other words, the Grand World Technique's power seemed to be from an entire world of its own while being omnipotent in this world!

During the constant clanging of their weapons, Zen saw through the changes Maha made. He then used one hand to protect his head as he fell down, head first.

As Zen and Maha crossed paths, their eyes met and flashed at the same time. The two of them could see the confidence in each other's eyes, letting the other know that they were sure to win!

Zen smiled slightly, and suddenly slashed with his Great Weighty Sword!

When the Gods-intimidating Strike was released, Zen was already 30 feet below Maha, and his sword was also directed towards the east!

Zen thought that if Maha could change the rules, he would simply adapt to it.

As Maha saw Zen's actions, he coldly smiled and said, "Childish!"

According to the new rules of space created by Maha with his Grand World Technique, the laws that governed space and connections had changed.

In this case, if a martial artist were to walk eastwards, they would appear 60 feet above the ground.

Zen plummeted downwards, and his eastward strike would have been ultimately slashing towards Maha, who was above him now.

Unfortunately, this rule was decided by Maha; therefore, he was able to instantly change the rules to his liking. At this moment, when Zen struck, Maha once again had changed the rules. The course of Zen's strike was altered, and his slash went towards the west.

In this instance, the attack had appeared behind Zen, and Zen's sword was slashing towards himself!

In the face of his continuous attack apparently appearing behind himself, Zen's heart trembled as he did a somersault in the air, forcibly dodging his own sword intent. He could not help but frown.

Maha, who was above him, revealed an apologetic expression. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I'm genuinely sorry. I'm the ruler here!"

As his voice fell, Maha once again brandished the saber in his hand and rushed towards Zen. The saber was raised high in the air, and as the orbs of black light gathered on the blade edge, it began to produce terrifying kinetic energy!

The bizarre clothes Zen was wearing seemed to be effective in protecting him, yet Maha didn't believe that he wouldn't be able to kill him.

Just as Zen was about to swing his sword to block Maha's attack, he suddenly felt his body sink as he lost his balance and fell towards the ground. Furthermore, he was also unable to dodge Maha's slash!

However, it wasn't just Zen, but all of the martial artists within the scope of Maha's Grand World Technique simultaneously began to fall downwards.

At this moment, Maha had changed the Wind Law.

Under normal circumstances, a warrior could fly after they had reached the Illuminating Soul Realm, and that ability relied on the Wind Law. Therefore, when an Illuminating Soul Realm warrior practiced flying, the most important thing was to move with the wind.

But at this moment, the Wind Law had been directly prohibited by Maha.

Those within the range of the Grand World Technique, would not be able to fly, even Maha himself!

Knowing this would happen, Maha prepared himself beforehand. After pointing his sword, he adjusted his body, and used the power of his descent to increase the strength of his strike!

As for Zen, who had suddenly lost his balance, facing Maha's saber was unavoidable.

"This ability is impressive!" Zen was smiling as he fell. As Maha's saber slammed down at him, he suddenly waved the Great Weighty Sword in his hand. Relying on the weight of the sword, he spun in the air without dodging and reached out to grab Maha's saber!

Crack!

Pfft!

For the first time, the black light contained within Maha's weapon made Zen bleed. It cut open Zen's palm, and golden blood flowed from the cut.

Maha's blade remained impaled on Zen's palm, but it couldn't go any further.

Maha thought, 'This fellow's physical body is...'

What was happening made him gape.

He knew that the long robe on Zen's body had an extraordinary origin. It was thin as paper, yet it was impervious to any weapon!

Nevertheless, he didn't expect that Zen's physical body would also be extraordinarily strong. He had used almost all of his strength to slash, but he couldn't even cut off one of Zen's hands. How could there be such a creature like Zen in the Evolutionary Universe? How was he supposed to defeat Zen?

Chapter 2045 A Farce

In the eyes of Zen, the ability possessed by Maha to freely change the Laws in this area was too powerful.

If he used it properly, Zen would be unable to predict what the outcome might be.

Since Maha had slashed his saber towards him, even though he might be injured, Zen was naturally unwilling to let the opportunity pass. He managed to grab the saber in his hand!

Zen's body was already strong enough to astonish everyone who saw it. Even without using the power transfer skill, it was impossible to harm him by ordinary means.

As he caught the saber in his hand, Zen pulled it quickly towards him. The vast strength within his body gushed out, and Maha who was caught off-guard didn't have time to react. He even forgot to release the saber from his hand, and was therefore pulled like a lamb in Zen's direction!

When he witnessed the terrifying strength within Zen's body, Maha knew immediately that it would not be possible for him to defeat Zen in close combat.

As he was pulled towards Zen, his body began to slide like a mudfish, desperate to break free of Zen's grip.

Maha used a very special movement technique. As his life vitality had gushed from his body, it had created a thin film that totally enveloped his body, making it impossible for others to capture him.

He had already evaded Zen's attacks several times before, and expected to do the same on this occasion.

However, the instant he made a move to escape, a ribbon of colorful light shot from Zen's hand and bound Maha's body to him.

The Death Chain.

Having seized his opportunity, Zen hesitated no longer as he linked himself with Maha.

There was a reason Zen had hesitated to use the Death Chain. He was aware that although he could only see Maha, the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race would certainly be hiding in the shadows. If the Supreme Lords chose to attack while he was bound to Maha, then there was no chance he would be able to escape.

However, he finally decided that he must take risks to kill Maha.

When Maha was bound by the Death Chain, he soon realized the nature of Zen's plan. If other warriors constantly encountered setbacks like Maha had, by now they would have panicked and lost their wits. They would no longer have possessed the will to fight.

However, Maha still retained his absolutely calm demeanor and did not demonstrate the slightest panic.

It only took a thought and Maha restored the Wind Law which he had banned earlier. His body spun and jumped into the air as he attempted to free himself from the Death Chain, but even if he erupted with all his strength, the Death Chain only wrapped him tighter and showed no signs of breaking.

At the same time, he felt an irresistible force pulling him back.

It was Zen who was pulling the Death Chain back to him.

When Zen pulled Maha back, he punched out at the same moment. But, when Maha was just a few feet away from him, his figure strangely vanished.

Maha was once again modifying the Space Law, and he quickly reappeared behind Zen.

The space in front of Zen and the space behind him were connected by the power of Space Law, and the Death Chain appeared to be divided into two parts.

Zen stepped forward. He wanted to dash into the space which was before him, but once he entered it, he found himself in the Iron Moon City.

"What?" he exclaimed, his astonishment obvious. Confusion and helplessness could be read in Zen's eyes.

By now, Maha had already modified the Space Law so much within the radius of the Grand World Technique that it was a complete mess. Countless invisible voids connected with each other, forming an invisible labyrinth. Although Maha was unable to break free from the Death Chain, Zen was equally stuck, being unable to get close to him.

Sometimes Maha would appear right behind Zen, but then only a split-second later, he would reappear somewhere else ten thousand feet away in the sky. As for Zen, even if he only moved half a step, he would slip into a void and instantly reappear in an unknown location.

As a result, their fight developed into a stalemate.

After Zen had traveled through space ten times, he reappeared and found that he was only ten feet away from his opponent.

But in truth, the space between them wasn't as simple to cover as it looked. If Zen were to take a step forward, he knew that he would step into the void in front of him and once again reappear somewhere at a great distance from Maha.

At this moment, Zen felt helpless. He stared at the satisfied smile on Maha's face and asked in a cold voice, "Is there anything else you can do apart dodging?"

Maha's grin grew broader as he replied, "There are many ways to kill an opponent. I admit that you are a very powerful enemy. Your body is unbelievably strong and you have already surpassed the limits of a secondary creature. You are an extraordinary talent even in the divine land. Your physical strength is also quite astonishing..."

This was the first time that Maha had made such remarks to an enemy. Admittedly, Zen's great talent had truly astonished him.

But he suddenly changed the topic and said, "There are many ways that warriors can choose to fight, but their final goal is always the same, and that is to kill the opponent. You only need to know that in the end I will win this battle!"

"What is the basis upon which you draw such a conclusion?" Zen asked.

While Maha's strength was indeed extraordinary it was still inferior to Zen's.

With his current strength, Maha might be able to fight some low-rank Supreme Lords, but it was not easy for him to defeat them.

As for Zen, even if he did not use the Enemy Repelling Arts, he was still able to kill a warrior at Supreme Lord Shadow's level. If he used the Enemy Repelling Arts, he could fight a mid-rank Supreme Lord or even a top-rank Supreme Lord!

However, the way the Supreme Lords used their Heavenly Destinies could be very flexible. Even a top-rank Supreme Lord could not have absolute confidence in their ability to kill a low-rank Supreme Lord. The battles between warriors were always changing.

Maha turned Zen with a smile and replied, "You've already been trapped by my skill. You will not be able to escape."

Since his Grand World Technique could change the Laws at his will, he was able to take advantage of it in a wide variety of ways. Now that Maha had totally modified the Space Law here, he was unable to leave by himself, as was Zen.

This was because the Grand Teleportation technique was forbidden in this area, and even Zen's Teleportation Token was rendered nullified. After all, the Space Law in the Evolutionary Universe was not applicable to this particular spot any longer.

Theoretically, Zen was completely trapped here.

"It is certainly amazing to possess such a powerful body," continued Maha. "But in the end, it will change nothing. You will still have to die here."

As he finished speaking, Maha suddenly sat down with his legs crossed. His eyes began to take on a glassy appearance as he recited, "Eternity, happiness, self..." At the same time, a very special aura began to emanate from his body. That aura was gentle and steady, and it looked as though he was attempting to summon something.

Regrettably, before he was able to finish the chanting, Zen suddenly pulled the Death Chain to his side. Because of his great strength, Maha gave a stuffy cough as he was dragged by the chain and made to randomly fly around in the chaotic space. He suddenly closed in and then reappeared behind Zen. He then reappeared at a distant corner. But still, Zen could not pull Maha to his side.

Maha had planned to use a special skill. He was now furious that he had been abruptly interrupted by Zen. He glared at Zen before sitting cross-legged in the air again. "Eternity, happiness, self, clearness, reflection, killing, clarity..."

Noting that he had begun chanting again, Zen pulled the Death Chain once more.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Maha started to rapidly appear and then disappear in many different positions as if he was in a Whack-A-Mole game. His chanting had been once more interrupted by Zen.

He glared angrily at Zen, but Zen maintained a poker face.

As the Supreme Lords of both sides beheld this scene, they were all dumbfounded. While some of them even burst out laughing.

This fight between the two Godly Geniuses had gradually turned into a farce because they were unable to do anything to each other.

"Maha plans to use the Heavens-suppressing Object to defeat Zen," a Supreme Lord from Sacred race said. He had already identified Maha's intentions.

Another Supreme Lord frowned and said, "The Grand Supreme Lord did indeed bestow this ability upon Maha before we came to this universe, but Maha could only use it once. It is very precious. Wouldn't it be too much of a waste to use it to kill Zen?"

Maha had prepared well before he led the Sacred race in their invasion of the Evolutionary Universe.

However, the Heavens-suppressing Object had originally been intended to deal with the True God in the Evolutionary Universe.

But now Maha had no alternative. He simply couldn't defeat Zen in any other way.

"It wouldn't be a waste to kill Zen," Supreme Lord Denzel said simply.

His words were immediately received with approval by other Supreme Lords.

"Yes, you are right!"

"It is almost impossible for such a great talent to appear in the Evolutionary Universe. He must be the last hope of Mike. No wonder Holy Murphy had specifically ordered us to first kill the Godly Geniuses in this universe!"

The Sacred race had taken a great deal of effort to train Maha to this level. Even so, Maha couldn't have been as good as he was without the help of Murphy.

However, Zen was far stronger than Maha in every respect. They speculated that training Zen must have taken much more effort. There was no reason for them to let Zen live!

Chapter 2046 The Spinulose Wood Fern

Maha possessed a lot of backup plans.

He retained the ability to protect himself even if he happened to come across a Supreme Lord within the Evolutionary Universe.

However, killing Zen with these backup plans would not be easy. He knew that if he wasn't careful, he would die in Zen's hands.

In challenging Zen, his intention was not to engage in a fair fight, but to take over the Evolutionary Universe. This was a war conducted between two Holy Beings under the established rules.

Maha knew that he was just Murphy's pawn just as all living beings were merely the pawns of Holy Beings.

For the moment, Maha no longer paid any attention to Zen. Instead, he closed his eyes and concentrated on his chanting.

The Heavens-suppressing Object possessed by every Holy Being was extraordinary.

After one became a True God in the divine land, and created their own perfect inner world, their dependence on the life vitality would slowly decrease until it reached the point where they no longer consumed the life vitality at all.

After all, consuming the life vitality was in a sense destroying the inner world.

Warriors at the world lord level would painstakingly build up their inner worlds and produce several divine kingdoms and sacred places. If they then fought with others and had to drain the life vitality from their cinnabar fields, all the divine kingdoms and sacred places would be destroyed, and all creatures would die. This could be an incredibly painful loss.

After one became a True God, it was possible to condense a Godly Tile within the inner world before using the momentum within the inner world.

What was called 'momentum' was in reality a method of applying the Faith Energy at a higher level. For example, the creatures which inhabited the Evolutionary Universe were unaware that Mike existed, but that didn't stop Mike taking advantage of the momentum at will.

A True God used a Godly Tile to control the 'momentum', while a Holy Being employed a Heavens-suppressing Object for the same purpose. In both the Evolutionary Universe and the Murphy Universe, the Heavens-suppressing Object would become a Heavenly Destiny and seek out a representative of the Holy Being to become its owner. It was through this Heavenly Destiny, that someone could borrow the momentum held within the universe.

Master Feng possessed the Evolution Lotus Flower and was able to borrow the momentum from within the Evolutionary Universe. In the Murphy Universe it was Maha's father that the Sacred race called the Grand Supreme Lord who could borrow the momentum. He held the spinulose wood fern, the Heavens-suppressing Object within the Murphy Universe.

This spinulose wood fern had a great origin. It had been born from a great ceremony before being controlled by Murphy.

To keep Maha safe, the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race tore off a branch from the spinulose wood fern before turning it into a spell and sending it into Maha's body. By activating it, Maha was able to use the 'momentum' from the Murphy Universe to kill his opponent.

Of course, whether it was the Grand Supreme Lord, Master Feng, or Maha, none of the momentum they could borrow by using the Heavens-suppressing Object could be compared to the momentum used by a Holy Being. The momentum was, after all, the power of a Holy Being, and they were only borrowing it. Despite this, the small amount of the 'momentum' which they controlled was still a force to be reckoned with.

For now, Maha didn't pay the slightest attention to Zen. It didn't matter how hard Zen pulled on the other side of the chain, all that he was able to do was to make Maha continue to travel through the air.

After activating the Phantom Teleport Skill with the Grand World Technique, he had made an invisible maze, and all the paths within this maze were isolated from Zen. The result of this was that no matter how Zen pulled on the chain, Maha would simply fly around Zen and could never approach him.

"Eternity, happiness, self, clearness, reflection, killing, clarity..." As he chanted, Maha's heart became calm.

He no longer felt affected by Zen's influence.

A gentle aura began to spread out from his body as his chanting continued.

It was not long before the shadow of a large tree appeared.

This tree was so completely green in color that it appeared as if it had been adorned with jade. After appearing, it slowly rotated in the air, its broad leaves embedded with golden Sanskrit words.

"Golden Sanskrit!" Upon seeing this spinulose wood fern, Zen's eyes were filled with shock, as a sense of impending danger almost overwhelmed him. The aura gave Zen the sense that he was facing a Holy Being.

The image of the spinulose wood fern was becoming increasingly real, and the gentle aura grew stronger and stronger.

At that moment…

All of the Sunflower Water World was affected by the imposing aura from the tree. All of the martial artists, mortals, vicious beasts, and other creatures could feel the air around them become viscous. It was as if they were being submerged in water.

"I must admit that I'm quite jealous of you." Maha's smile grew even broader as he felt the increasingly thick aura. "I never expected that there would ever be someone with greater talent than me among the secondary creatures. This is really not fair."

The Sacred race had spent a huge amount of resources cultivating Maha.

His mother was the most outstanding Supreme Lord of the entire Sacred race. She had even carried the child in her womb for more than 700 years. During all of that time, the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race had begun to pour an endless amount of resources into the still unborn Maha.

There was no one in the Murphy Universe who had ever been treated in this way.

Murphy's interest had been aroused because the Grand Supreme Lord had been so intent on fostering Maha. Perhaps Murphy wanted Maha to be his disciple in the future. He had certainly thought highly of Maha's talent and had given him a lot of support behind the scenes.

How helpless and puzzled must Maha have been feeling to find that, such a richly endowed person as himself was actually being outclassed by Zen.

What Maha did not know was that although Zen had indeed been born within the Evolutionary Universe, he was not a secondary creature, strictly speaking. His father was the owner of the Evolutionary Universe, and his mother also came from the divine land. Her status was extraordinary, and she had given birth to Zen and Yan because of a fortuitous encounter.

When a peerless genius encountered a genius who was even more monstrous than him, he normally only had two options. The first option was to surpass the other.

However, Maha had already strained the limits for a secondary creature. Perhaps in the inner worlds of many Holy Beings within the divine land, it would be difficult to find someone as talented as Maha, and no one was able to surpass Zen.

The other option open to him was to eliminate the opponent. This meant that he would have to kill this genius.

Now, Maha planned to use the 'momentum' of the Murphy Universe to kill Zen.

"I hate things that are unfair, so... How about you going to hell now?" Maha smiled a cold smile and lightly pointed in Zen's direction.

The spinulose wood fern that had appeared out of nowhere began to slowly rotate

Whoosh!

The sticky aura spread out like a flowing tide in all directions.

At this moment, the Sunflower Water World was not the only world affected. The Dead Water World to the north of the Sunflower Water World, the Clear Sky World in the south, and the Yellow Dragon World to the west of the Sunflower Water World all felt the effects of the aura.

"Kill him, Father," Maha said indifferently.

In theory, it should have been impossible for Maha to control the Heavens-suppressing Object. He could do no more than summon the spinulose wood fern. The only one with the power to control this Heavenly Destiny was his father, the Sacred race's Grand Supreme Lord in the Murphy Universe.

Buzz!

Without warning, the spinulose wood fern shook. The giant tree started to sway and golden beams of light were emitted from its trunk.

"Use glass as the ground. The sacred tree is solemn. Use gold as a rope. To make eight boundaries..." Maha chanted.

This spinulose wood fern was the chief of all the trees in the land of bliss. And at this moment, this tree was rushing straight towards Zen with a loud bang.

Faced with such power that was entirely beyond his comprehension, Zen was unable to determine a good way to fight it. All he could do was to rely on the power of the Nine Divine Stars.

The nine stars within his body began to spin intensely. The chaotic sea surged, and the central continent quaked uncontrollably.

Zen's world wasn't large enough. Activating the Nine Divine Stars too much would cause the inner world to undergo a drastic change. At this point, Zen was out of ideas, and he didn't have a good solution to the problem, so he didn't have the time to pay attention to the myriad of living creatures in the inner world any longer.

All of this time, the Sacred race's Supreme Lords remained standing there, unmoving.

However, within the Dead Water World, the other Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe had started to panic.

"Master Feng! Shouldn't we take action at this point?" Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment asked, his voice full of concern.

"With Nathan dead, no matter how, we must not allow Zen to be killed!" Supreme Lord of Oracle also said.

"Supreme Lord Leroy, take me over there." Lavender had her brows knit together. Her actual cultivation was only at the level of a grand world lord, so she was not able to teleport continuously through multiple supreme worlds in the way which a Supreme Lord could. Right now, she felt the power of the strange tree and understood that Zen might be unable to withstand the coming blow.

Maha was able to use the Heavens-suppressing Object, and Master Feng was also able to use the Heavens-suppressing Object. But at this time, Master Feng still quelled all of the Supreme Lords' restlessness.

He simply stared at Zen from a distance, before saying resolutely, "Now… is not the right time."

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2047 Expansion

Now that the Celestial Position's plans had been set, every Supreme Lord present would have a chance to exhibit their actual strengths.

Nathan was already dead. If Zen also died, the momentum of the Evolutionary Universe would only get weaker. It was something that the head of the Celestial Position race, Master Feng, had clearly felt.

It was known that Maha had only used a small portion of the Murphy Universe's momentum to activate the spinulose wood fern. While it was no doubt impressive, Master Feng had actually thought of using the Evolution Lotus Flower to swallow it by force.

However, he refrained from doing so.

It wasn't that he didn't care about Zen's life. In fact, Master Feng knew very well that besides Wynn, Zen was the most important.

It was because Zen's mission wasn't just in the universe alone. His future was in the divine land. Furthermore, the Evolutionary Universe could only survive after Zen had resolved Mike's contradiction.

The only thing was that the Evolutionary Universe had to successfully resist the Sacred race's attacks.

If Master Feng had made a move now, the Sacred race would definitely counterattack. It was certainly not a wise decision to start a battle too quickly.

The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race weren't the only ones keeping watch on the war. Their race's True God lurked around as well. However, it was Wynn who needed to deal with them. But if he hadn't even taken action up until now, then Master Feng definitely wouldn't be reckless either.

The inky black sky glittered with twinkling stars. One dim star among them rotated slowly.

At the bottom of the dim star sat Wynn. His eyes drifted towards Zen, who was hundreds of millions of miles away from him.

"I didn't expect that the Sacred race would use the Heavens-suppressing Object on their first attack," Wynn said with a shake of his head, a trace of helplessness reflected in his eyes. He couldn't help Zen at this point. Therefore, Zen had to face Maha and the Heavens-suppressing Object on his own.

"I hope Zen could win and survive with his own strength..." Wynn mumbled. Meanwhile, Zen stood with a troubled look on his face.

He felt a great pressure weigh him down as the spinulose wood fern suddenly pressed itself hard against him.

This pressure was far beyond his imagination!

In the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Zen had seen and felt the auras of both Holy Jay and Holy Drew.

Their auras weren't unique to Holy Beings alone. A warrior who had become a True God could have it as well. It was the indistinct momentum that came from one's inner world.

However, the momentum of the inner world was also divided into different levels. Wynn's own momentum was far inferior to that of a Holy Being. It would be difficult for Zen to sense it unless he released it on purpose. That was why Zen hadn't felt anything before when he and Wynn had met for the first time.

"Crunch, crunch, crunch..."

Soon enough, Zen's bones began to constrict because of the immense pressure. His bones rubbed against each other and produced strange sounds, and even his height had decreased by two inches.

It wasn't long before Zen was groaning in unfathomable pain!

At the same time, Maha had changed the Space Law of the place once again. The smirk on his face grew broader and broader as he watched Zen who writhed in pain from his crushing bones.

"It really is an indestructible physical body! If only I could obtain the same..." Maha exclaimed. He then decided that after the spinulose wood fern had killed Zen, he would take Zen's corpse and study it thoroughly. He believed that he would unlock secrets behind Zen's physical vessel.

On the other hand, Zen had sensed that his physical body had reached its limit. Numerous thoughts raced in his mind before he finally screamed, "Redemption Armor!"

The Redemption Armor could change its shape according to the wearer's will. At that moment, Zen's long robe rapidly changed its shape. It extended from his chest and wrapped around his head, while its cuffs and lower hem elongated as well.

Its texture began to change too. Its previously cloth-like material was now extremely hard and protected Zen in a thin, eggshell-like membrane.

According to Holy Drew, this piece of Redemption Armor made from the source of Godly Tile was theoretically indestructible.

After Zen had been completely covered by the armor, he suddenly felt the pain from the spinulose wood fern's suppression had been reduced by half. He felt his body relax but before that, his stomach tightened.

It turned out that the spinulose wood fern's killing power had poured to his belly and in to his inner world!

"Boom!"

An immense unstoppable force rained down the skies of his inner world and smashed everything in the central continent!

The entire continent was like a mere piece of paper against the strong pounding of the spinulose wood fern's killing power. The continent split into pieces, and fragments of it were scattered all over the chaotic sea.

A million creatures in his inner world died in a blink of an eye. The divine kingdoms and sacred places had been affected as well. Some of the more powerful martial artists scrambled in panic when they saw the deceptively weak force that came from the sky.

The overwhelming power of the spinulose wood fern was out to destroy Zen's inner world!

"This power..." Zen muttered with a frown.

He sent streams of seawater into the air, which he turned into chaotic energy, and then he aimed it towards the incoming killing force.

Seemingly endless waves of the brown chaotic energy circled continuously around the killing power.

"Devour!"

While Zen was an omniscient existence within his inner world, he could only neutralize the power that invaded it. He couldn't actually resist it at all.

He gave the chaotic energy the power to devour and thus, it now converted the killing force into chaotic energy.

"Rumble, rumble, rumble..."

However, the killing force was too strong. Even if Zen controlled the chaotic energy and continuously devoured and converted the killing force, he still wouldn't be able to stop it from destroying his inner world!

It wasn't long before his belly was an angry red color from the intense pain. His inner world began to show signs of collapse as his face twisted in agony.

"You can still hold on. I've underestimated you before!"

"The robe you wear seems great..."

"Give up. You won't be able to resist this killing power!"

Maha could clearly see Zen's changing and conflicting expressions. He understood that Zen's formidable strength had been exhausted and there was no doubt that he would die this time.

The spinulose wood fern shook violently again in the air as the light on top of it glowed even brighter. Another wave of its strong killing power rushed towards Zen. It directly passed through his Redemption Armor and drilled into his belly!

Zen drew out more and more chaotic energy, but he couldn't convert the killing power at all.

After the killing power had been condensed in the center of his inner world, it began to expand in all directions—it was about to shatter his whole inner world!

Generally speaking, a normal world lord's inner world was still quite fragile. Then again, if it had been another warrior, the inner world would've been gone by now.

The boundary wall of Zen's inner world was formed from 1, 080 golden Sanskrit words which were connected together. It was an extremely stable wall.

Yet as the killing power continued to condense, it expanded even further.

It wouldn't take long before the boundary wall would become unstable. At the same time, the 1, 080 Sanskrit words began to vibrate non-stop.

"This is bad..."

Zen's heart beat erratically in his chest when he felt the changes in his inner world.

With the help of the Redemption Armor, his physical body could still withstand the killing force. However, it seemed like his inner world couldn't hold on any longer.

Suddenly, the golden Sanskrit words in his inner world glowed brightly.

"Buzz..."

The Sanskrit words began to rotate rapidly.

Each golden Sanskrit word began to split into two golden Sanskrit words, then the two became four, and the four became eight. Finally, each of them was divided into many, and then the words started to fly away from the boundary wall.

Having lost the support of the golden Sanskrit words, the inner world was now extremely fragile.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Soon enough, the boundary wall crashed like an eggshell that was under a heavy rock!

All the color from Zen's face was drained due to the intense pain he felt.

Yet, the pain was nothing and he could bear it.

However, the most important body part to a martial artist was the belly. To destroy the inner world meant to break the belly, and in turn Zen would be crippled.

Just then, a strangely astonishing scene unraveled within Zen's inner world that had left him dumbfounded.

The golden Sanskrit words that flew everywhere had been connected once again. Moreover, the number of golden Sanskrit words was now multiplied by ten. There were about 10, 800 golden Sanskrit words in total.

The moment all of them were connected, a faint layer of light appeared and behind it was a new boundary wall.

Apparently, Zen's inner world had suddenly expanded tenfold!

Chapter 2048 The Branch Was Broken

Back then on the path of heavens, Zen's father had given him several methods to expand his inner world.

There were several ways to do so. One of them was to incorporate more life vitality into the body, and then gradually expand the entirety of the inner world.

Most people adopted this specific method as it was the most reliable. However, this method also resulted in the slowest speed of expansion.

While others needed to include the life vitality to execute this method, Zen needed to incorporate chaotic energy.

During this period of time, he had tried to increase the speed at which the World Tree absorbed the chaotic energy to expand his inner world. To his disappointment however, the effects weren't as apparent as he had expected.

Another method to expand one's inner world was to use brute force.

Although the inner world might end up weak if one used this method to break it and rebuild it, the foreign force that would be channeled to the inner world could break through the inner world's boundaries in a short period of time. Thus, the desired effect of expansion would be achieved.

However, there were devastating consequences for the lives that resided in the inner world. Therefore, a person who chose this method should make the necessary preparations before taking their plan into action.

Now, Zen had currently used the second method.

The difference was that Zen did not draw the spinulose wood fern's power to his inner world himself, and the power was too overwhelming.

At that moment, Zen felt as if his inner world was about to collapse from the power.

Yet, his inner world had expanded tenfold and had managed to stabilize itself, preventing its collapse.

After the ten thousand eight hundred Sanskrit words had stabilized, they quickly released beams of golden light which then crossed Zen's inner world. They converged continuously to the center until they had gradually formed a golden pillar of light.

Whoosh!

At that point, the golden pillar of light soared into the sky and merged with the killing power.

The pillar of light crashed against the killing power and in the end, had extinguished the killing power. It continued to expand in the air until it had quickly reached the height of the nine stars, passed the height of the Godly Plate, and shot itself directly towards the inner world's peak.

A slight heat warmed Zen's elixir field; then he felt a scorching hot sensation. A beam of light the size of a thumb immediately hit the spinulose wood fern.

Pah!

The golden light beam was instantly submerged into the spinulose wood fern, which subsequently stopped spinning. Then, it quietly floated in the air without making any movements.

Not too far away stood an astonished Maha, who couldn't understand what had just happened. Just what was that golden light that came out from Zen's elixir field? Why had he lost his connection with the spinulose wood fern?

And most importantly, why was Zen still safe and sound?

After a short while, a cracking sound was heard.

Crack!

The surfaces of the verdant and glistening spinulose wood fern began to crack.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The cracks continued to spread throughout the spinulose wood fern, until they covered the entire surface area.

Then, the spinulose wood fern suddenly collapsed in front of Maha and Zen.

Right after, the momentum that had affected many great supreme worlds was completely gone.

At the same time the spinulose wood fern collapsed, the heavens in the Murphy Universe began to shake violently. All the Supreme Lords who were presently in it felt the tremors.

In the Murphy Universe

The most magnificent Holy Spirit Palace of the Sacred race was empty, except for the presence of a middle-aged man with hair that hung down to his shoulders.

It could be said that his appearance was seventy percent similar to Maha's. After all, he was Maha's father, the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race.

Behind him was a huge spinulose wood fern. This colossal spinulose wood fern was the real body of the Heavens-suppressing Object, and what Maha had used was simply one of its branches.

Crack!

A crisp sound reverberated throughout the hall, and one branch of the spinulose wood fern suddenly broke off. It fell down to the floor and was shattered into numerous emerald green granules that scattered everywhere.

The Grand Supreme Lord couldn't help the shiver that ran down his spine.

This Heavens-suppressing Object didn't belong to him, but rather to Murphy.

In theory, it was almost impossible to destroy a Heavens-suppressing Object, or at least not in any universe. That was why the Grand Supreme Lord gave one of the spinulose wood fern's branches to Maha; the branch could be considered as Maha's talisman, and his trump card. The branch could summon the spinulose wood fern to use the momentum of the Murphy Universe to kill anyone at all.

After it was used, the branch would return to the spinulose wood fern.

However, the branch did not return and instead, was broken into pieces! What used to be the perfect spinulose wood fern was no more, as it was missing one of its branches.

This Heavens-suppressing Object was extremely important to Murphy, but it had gotten broken in the hands of the Grand Supreme Lord. How could he explain this to Murphy?

"Just what kind of existence is in the Evolutionary Universe? It can directly shatter a Heavens-suppressing Object. Oh, my Maha..." the Grand Supreme Lord lamented. If that was truly the case, then Maha's life was also in danger!

Meanwhile, Maha stood completely stunned on the spot.

His mind was a mess and he couldn't comprehend what had happened before him.

Why didn't this spinulose wood fern kill Zen? In fact, Zen had broken it!

It was Murphy who had bestowed this Heavens-suppressing Object upon his father. If it was damaged, then Murphy might punish his father.

Just as his mind had gone blank, a strong force suddenly pulled him forward. By the time he had gotten to react, his face was greeted by Zen's fist.

Bam!

How much power did his punch have? It was imprinted onto his face without any obstruction!

Buzz!

The treasure on Maha's body automatically moved to protect its master just as Zen's fist collided with Maha's body. An armor surrounded him and blocked Zen's strength. If it wasn't for the armor, Maha could've died.

It was a top-grade defensive treasure from the Murphy Universe—the Red Armor of Heaven's Gift.

"Huh?" Zen exclaimed.

He clearly did not expect Maha to have such a protective treasure. He sneered and threw another punch towards Maha without a second thought.

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

Every time a punch hit Maha, blood-red scales would appear around his body like armor.

The armor could offset most of the power in Zen's fist. It could be said that this armor was an extraordinary treasure.

At that moment, Zen's fist gradually became faster. After dozens of punches, he had finally broken through Maha's defenses.

Crack!

Maha's body emitted a shattering sound. Red light glowed around him; then all of the red scales began to disintegrate.

Zen had now shattered the Red Armor of Heaven's Gift as well!

"Again!"

Zen punched once more and this time, he wanted to kill Maha straight.

A couple more punches and Zen had thoroughly smashed Maha. How could the latter even have the strength to fight back? He was like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered by now. He had lost almost all of his will to fight.

"No!"

A female's voice rang throughout the area.

A graceful silhouette floated towards Zen. It was Connie, who had been silently watching the battle from afar.

The moment she saw that Zen was about to kill Maha, she disregarded everything and wanted to stop Zen. Thus, she used the Grand Teleportation to block Zen.

"Fuck off!" Zen roared.

Maha had various strange methods to protect himself. Therefore, Zen would never let go of this opportunity to kill him. Moreover, he would never pity a woman from another race.

Bam!

Zen's fist landed on Connie. How would her body withstand his heavy punch? There was a loud, mournful cry, and a figure limply fell down like a piece of cotton. The power of Zen's punch was enough to kill Connie.

"Stop!"

At the same time, a blood-red space crack exploded around Maha, from which a majestic aura poured out. It was Supreme Lord Barrie, who had used the Grand Teleportation as well to appear beside Maha and protect him.

Supreme Lord Barrie worked for Maha and would do anything the latter told him to do. Therefore, he couldn't just sit and watch Maha get killed in front of him.

When Supreme Lord Barrie appeared, he immediately activated his Heavenly Destiny.

Just then, a sizzling sound was heard.

The moment Supreme Lord Barrie had appeared, his whole body was pitch black; but it glimmered under the light. This was the Heavenly Destiny he carried—the Highly Toxic Body.

The Highly Toxic Body was able to unleash a strong power in a short period of time, which allowed him to be immortal. Furthermore, his strength and the toughness of his body were both increased by several dozen times. In this way, an ordinary Supreme Lord would not be able to do anything to him. He didn't think Zen could deal with him. After all, Zen was a mere world lord.

"I said fuck off!"

Zen was already anxious to kill Maha, and punched the Supreme Lord who had appeared square in the gut.

Puff!

His supposedly tremendously powerful punch seemed to have turned into a pillow of feathers; it actually failed to harm or damage Supreme Lord Barrie.

"Hahaha!" Supreme Lord Barrie's lips stretched into a complacent smile. He knew that Zen wouldn't be able to hurt him.

But just as he was laughing out loud, he saw Zen lift up the Great Weighty Sword in his hand. A layer of misty light flickered endlessly on the Great Weighty Sword as he swung it towards Supreme Lord Barrie.

Chapter 2049 Kill Supreme Lords In A Row

Zen's sword only slashed at air before Supreme Lord Barrie.

The Great Weighty Sword did not make direct contact, but the Causality Breaking Light entered Supreme Lord Barrie's body.

The latter paid no mind to Zen's attack at all.

When he activated the immortal Highly Toxic Body, even a mid-rank or a top-rank Supreme Lord would find it difficult to kill him. All they could do was continuously expel him—such was to say that the current Supreme Lord Barrie was practically invincible.

But as the cyan light on Zen's Great Weighty Sword flashed by, something unexpected happened.

Supreme Lord Barrie's Highly Toxic Body instantly faded from the surface of his body and the black layer disappeared without a trace. His body then returned to its original form.

Supreme Lord Barrie was also stunned—in actuality, he didn't do anything and only blankly looked at Zen, at a loss as to what to do.

"Go to hell!"

Zen's first sword strike had severed Barrie's Heavenly Destiny while his second strike directly landed on Barrie's head.

Under the Great Weighty Sword's heavy pressure, Barrie's head was sliced into pieces before his headless corpse fell towards the ground.

And so, Zen killed the first Supreme Lord of the Sacred race.

"I can't believe my eyes!"

"Zen killed a Supreme Lord of the Sacred race in a single strike!"

"What's with that cyan light?"

Within the Dead Water World, the many Supreme Lords from the Evolutionary Universe were no longer able to hold themselves back.

According to Master Feng, if the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race chose to act at this time, they would provide assistance immediately. But Master Feng gave no reaction—he merely stared at Zen in the Sunflower Water World, his eyes revealing an indescribable expression.

In the blink of an eye, Zen had killed a Supreme Lord of the Sacred race, stunning all the rest. No one could understand what technique he had just used.

Zen's eyes were as calm as ever. As he looked at Maha, an idea suddenly came to him. He wasn't in a hurry to kill this Godly Genius but rather to use the Great Weighty Sword to strike Maha's forehead. A massive power poured into his head, severely injuring Maha's soul, putting him into a coma.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Immediately afterward, another blood-red space crack appeared not too far away.

As soon as the figure in the crack was revealed, Zen pulled Maha forward, the Great Weighty Sword in his hand swinging out once more.

Two slashes!

With the first sword attack, Zen cut off the Heavenly Destiny of the Supreme Lord using the Causality Breaking Light.

The second sword strike was filled with boundless power. With the power of the Great Weighty Sword, it crushed the Supreme Lord heavily.

It was quite a pity that before Supreme Lord Noel could even say anything, he was already smashed to smithereens. Even as he died, he would never be able to rest in peace.

Then, Zen killed the second Supreme Lord.

Just as Zen beheaded Supreme Lord Noel, the third Supreme Lord of the Sacred race also used Grand Teleportation and crawled out from another bloody-red space crack.

And Zen did just the same without any hesitation.

His first sword strike cut off the Supreme Lord's Heavenly Destiny and the second strike killed him. It would seem that in Zen's hands, these Supreme Lords were no different from ordinary world lords. With his strength, how easy it was for him to kill an ordinary world lord!

In less than twelve seconds, three Supreme Lords had fallen to death in Zen's hands.

These Supreme Lords of the Sacred race had died unjustly—as they were working for Maha, it was natural for them to protect him.

Zen was indeed very powerful in their eyes. But there was still a large gap between him and a Supreme Lord. In their eyes, Just Supreme Lord Barrie alone was enough to withstand Zen's attack. The other two could work together and take Zen down.

The second and third Supreme Lords failed to notice Zen's movements in the Sunflower Water World, nor did they know that Zen had already killed Supreme Lord Barrie. They had only closely followed Barrie's Grand Teleportation, so before they could even react, Zen slaughtered them in succession.

Originally, another two Supreme Lords had wanted to use Grand Teleportation to get there. But they had slowed down a touch to catch a glimpse of the inconceivable scene in the Sunflower Water World.

All the while, all the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race could feel their bodies stiffen.

Rumble!

The vibrations of the heavens were transmitted through their Heavenly Destinies.

Just how intense were the tremors caused by the deaths of three Supreme Lords?

At the time, there were only around fifty Supreme Lords of the Sacred race that had attacked the Evolutionary Universe. But there were still nearly a hundred Supreme Lords that were on standby in the Murphy Universe. These Supreme Lords all felt the heavens tremble simultaneously.

"Our Supreme Lords have been killed!"

"Three Supreme Lords of our race were killed in a row. Was it the decisive battle between our race and the humankind?"

"I don't think so. The Grand Supreme Lord has no intention of attacking yet."

After the Sacred race attacked the Evolutionary Universe, everything had gone smoothly. They hadn't considered any serious obstacles and not a single Supreme Lord had been killed. But in comparison, a few Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe had already lost their lives—the difference in the strength of both sides became clear.

At this moment, three Supreme Lords of the Sacred race were gone. It brought great shock and suspicion to the Sacred race, and they were itching to know just how these Supreme Lords had died.

With one hand, Zen held onto Maha's neck and lifted him, unconscious, into the air. His other hand held the Great Weighty Sword as he pointed it towards the depths of the Sunflower Water World.

The Causality Breaking Light slowly revolved around the sword and its clear and misty light was rather pleasing to the eyes. Yet to the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race, it was like the light emitted by the Grim Reaper.

It was a silent provocation.

In the Sunflower Water World, only the sound of the wind could be heard.

The world lords of the Sacred race hid within the broken Iron Moon City, not uttering a single word, letting disbelief overtake them.

The human world lords and those of the other races of the Evolutionary Universe could feel their hearts fill with excitement and joy. Zen managed to kill three Supreme Lords in an instant. His strong performance was extremely encouraging.

"Good news! Zen killed three Supreme Lords of the Sacred race in a row. Haha!"

A bold ogre world lord activated a Roaring Token, allowing his voice to resound throughout the universe.

When the countless living creatures in the Evolutionary Universe heard the news, they were all in complete disbelief.

"Wasn't Zen fighting Maha?"

"How come I haven't heard the news of him killing Maha? He killed three Supreme Lords instead?"

"Just how strong is a Supreme Lord? I've never seen one in my life!"

"Three Supreme Lords! A Supreme Lord is the strongest existence in the universe!"

"Zen has such strength?"

Most of the mortals couldn't understand what sort of existence a Supreme Lord really was. Even world lords, Soul Sea Realm warriors, Spirit Supreme Realm warriors, and Spirit Transformation Realm warriors were rather vague concepts in their minds, and they couldn't carefully distinguish the difference in their strength.

But all they needed to know was that Zen had killed three Supreme Lords.

When the ogre world lord's voice was transmitted throughout the entire universe, Master Feng felt the Evolution Lotus Flower in his hand suddenly sink. The momentum in the Evolutionary Universe had increased twofold.

The momentum of the universe was constantly changing. After the invasion of the Sacred race three years ago, the momentum of the

Evolutionary Universe continued to weaken. Before Nathan was killed, it had weakened to a fifth of its original state.

Because of Nathan's death, it suddenly rose to the same level as it had been before the invasion of the Sacred race. Now it even rose to the peak.

Such meant that all the living creatures within the Evolutionary Universe were quite optimistic about Zen.

Now, the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race no longer dared to act so rashly.

Before Zen, their lives could be harvested in an instant, it seemed.

It wasn't that they lacked any way to deal with him. Zen had ambushed the three Supreme Lords when he killed them, after all. If the Supreme Lords managed to keep a certain distance from Zen, they could stay safe.

But the strange method Zen had used was intimidating, to say the least.

"Isn't this Maha your Godly Genius? Not a single Supreme Lord of the Sacred race dares to take him away?" As Zen said it, a relaxed smile remained on his face. He used the Roaring Token to utter the words.

But he gained no reply from the Supreme Lords.

"If that's the case, I won't show him any mercy." Then, a fierce light flashed in Zen's eyes as he tossed the unconscious Maha away like he weighed nothing. The Great Weighty Sword slashed at him while his body had lost any form of protection. Under the impact of such fierce power, Zen's sword sliced him into pieces.

Chapter 2050 Counterattack

Hiding in the shadows were the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race, also feeling extremely conflicted in their hearts.

Because Maha had always been considered the leader of their Sacred race's expedition team, all their decisions and strategies were left to him.

He had challenged the geniuses in the Sunflower Water World to suppress the momentum of the Evolutionary Universe. Now, not only was he unable to suppress the momentum, he had even lost his life in the battle.

The Sacred race had made sufficient preparations before Maha set off. Even if he died there, he would still be brought back to life. His father, the Grand Supreme Lord, had prepared another precious body for him.

But to the entire Sacred race, it was an unprecedented setback.

Because of this, the Sacred race's previous plan had been disrupted completely. Even the wise Supreme Lords didn't know what to do next.

"Zen must die," Supreme Lord Denzel said seriously.

Amongst all the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race present, only Supreme Lord Denzel was a top-rank Supreme Lord.

Now that Maha had been killed, he was the only one left with the right to speak up.

Supreme Lord Denzel and Maha never had a very good relationship. But the matter of their Godly Genius being killed was no small matter. It was impossible for them to allow Zen to leave just like that.

"But should we make a move now?" Another Supreme Lord seemed hesitant.

The fact that Zen had killed three Supreme Lords in the blink of an eye gave them quite a shock. It was natural that these Supreme Lords felt a sense of fear and cowardice—none of them wanted to be Zen's fourth kill.

"Humph! Don't forget our goal. We originally wanted to force the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe to fight with us. Now that Maha is dead and Zen is still in the Sunflower Water World, we'll deal with Zen there. Do those cowards dare to make a move now?" Supreme Lord Denzel said with a sneer. "Zen's methods may be strange but in the end, he's still just a world lord. I saw that he killed Barrie and the rest by relying solely on that strange cyan light on his sword. All we need to do is avoid it. But none of you even have a little courage. I feel quite bad for Holy Murphy for having bestowed the Heavenly Destinies upon you cowards."

Supreme Lord Denzel made his thoughts quite clear.

Although Maha's death was a major setback, it hadn't actually been a major blow to the Sacred race. At most, it increased the momentum within the Evolutionary Universe. At this moment, if a decisive battle broke out, the Sacred race's reinforcements would arrive soon.

Such wasn't what the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe hoped to see. The Sacred race had so many Supreme Lords. Were they really afraid of Zen?

All of the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race nodded in agreement. Supreme Lord Denzel's words were reasonable, after all.

"I'll disrupt the Space Law of the Sunflower Water World. You guys must prepare to deal with Zen," said Supreme Lord Denzel. At this moment, he spread his arms wide and a huge altar appeared behind him—the altar of the Sacred race. The Heavenly Destiny he used was created by Murphy himself, a spatial ability that he gained from studying the real Sacred race.

But just as the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race made their move, the Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe also began moving.

The Celestial Position race, as well as the other forces in the Evolutionary Universe, had been patient with the Sacred race all the while—they were waiting for a good opportunity.

Being patient was a rather painful process, no one could deny. For example, the Humanity Alliance had been slowly taken over and Nathan had been killed, his corpse fed to the wolves. These Supreme Lords were the strongest powerhouses in the Evolutionary Universe, the highest overlords. Although they were all proud and arrogant, they had managed to endure until now.

But at this moment, Master Feng finally received Wynn's order.

"Prepare to make a move after a hundred and fifty seconds."

Standing on a Dark Star was Wynn, hidden in the deep space. After issuing this order, he stomped his foot heavily on the star.

Boom!

The motion contained strong momentum.

Such was the momentum Wynn had. Although the scale of this inner world was far from that of a Holy Being's and he himself didn't possess any Heavens-suppressing Object, the momentum he exuded was still extremely terrifying.

Whoosh!

The Dark Star under his feet dragged out a dim ray of light as it rapidly descended.

It descended toward the supreme world in which the Spring race once lived. A few years back, the Sacred race had opened up this universe's Sighing Wall and invaded the Evolutionary Universe. Afterward, the Sacred race's warriors occupied the Spring race's three supreme worlds, using them as a springboard to take over the land of the Humanity Alliance.

The Dark Star was descending unbelievably fast. All the creatures in many supreme worlds saw a faint ray of light shooting towards the southernmost part of the universe as the star rapidly fell.

There weren't many Dark Stars in the Evolutionary Universe. At the beginning of each grand era, a new sun would appear.

But a sun had a lifespan of only 700 million years or so. When the sun's light was completely released, the huge fireball continuously collapsed towards the center, condensing and shrinking to a millionth of its original size.

So the mass of a Dark Star was extremely terrifying, even more so than the Star Essence Iron. Wynn had also expended much effort to move this Dark Star.

The Sighing Wall of the universe was extremely sturdy. Even with Murphy's support, the Sacred race still had to expend a great amount of energy just to break through a 200-foot hole in the Sighing Wall.

Surrounding this hole were numerous buildings constructed by the Sacred race. The defensive enchanted barriers alone went up to 60 layers.

Such was the only path for the Sacred race to invade the Evolutionary Universe, after all. If this path was sealed off, it would trouble the Sacred race greatly.

Outside the hole was a massive squad—it had over a hundred world lords, including a Supreme Lord of the Sacred race that guarded it at all times.

"What is that?"

One of the world lords of the Sacred race was on patrol and raised his head to look at the sky. Within his line of sight, a black dot appeared, growing larger and larger.

"Alas, now that the momentum of the Evolutionary Universe is in full swing, I'm afraid that another star has fallen. Hurry and report this to Supreme Lord Wilbur. Activate all the enchanted barriers!" another world lord of the Sacred race urged helplessly.

From the very first step the Sacred race had taken into the Evolutionary Universe, they had received much malice, followed by all sorts of natural disasters.

But this place was the most important passageway for the Sacred race—they had protected it well. Supreme Lord Wilbur, who was guarding this place, was an expert at creating enchanted barriers. If an ordinary star fell on them, it wouldn't do any damage.

"But it doesn't seem like an ordinary star…" the world lord continued, still staring at the sky.

The Dark Star itself couldn't release any light. No matter how good one's vision was, one couldn't find traces of it in the starry sky with their naked eyes. The star could absorb the surrounding light, concealing itself completely in the dark void.

But at the moment, Wynn controlled the Dark Star. It fell extremely quickly, forming a circle of dark red flames as it rubbed against space at a high speed.

The other martial artists of the Sacred race also noticed the strange phenomenon in the sky. Some began reporting to Supreme Lord Wilbur.

Soon, a middle-aged man clad in a blue robe flew into the air. He was Supreme Lord Wilber, the one responsible for protecting this place.

When he looked up, his eyes seemed cautious. He noticed that the falling star was no ordinary thing, so he stretched out his hand and a thin, square-shaped plate appeared above his head. The moment the thin plate appeared, it began to spin rapidly.

In an instant, enchanted barriers appeared around the Supreme Lord one after another.

Supreme Lord Wilbur's enchanted barriers were extremely powerful. The faint curtains of light were enough to resist Supreme Lords' attacks.

These enchanted barriers formed quickly, covering everything within a hundred miles.

Besides the enchanted barriers Supreme Lord Wilbur personally set up, the other warriors of the Sacred race also activated all sorts of divine textures, shining with all sorts of colors until there were abundant defensive enchanted barriers around them.

The entire process took around ten seconds—clearly, the Sacred race was well-prepared.

But how could blocking Wynn's carefully-planned attack be so easy?

The mass of the Dark Star was already frightening enough. After Wynn activated it, it came crashing down so quickly—its hidden powerful was unimaginably terrifying.

Whoosh!

When the Dark Star was still several dozen miles from the ground, the pressure it emitted caused a bend in Supreme Lord Wilbur's enchanted barriers.

Chapter 2051 Stall For Time (Part One)

Supreme Lord Wilbur had already foreseen the might of the Dark Star ahead of time. The enchanted barriers laid out by him had been broken even before he could have made any reactions.

Supreme Lord Wilbur's enchanted barriers were combined with the enchanted barriers that the other Sacred world lords had arranged. All of those barriers were obtained after the activation of the divine textures. Even the most powerful Supreme Lord wouldn't be able to break it in such a short time...

However, those enchanted barriers were immediately torn apart when the Dark Star descended. The Dark Star's powerful momentum made the sturdy barriers to become suddenly fragile.

"This…"

Supreme Lord Wilbur's eyelids twitched with disbelief. He felt an immense sense of danger and wanted to use the Grand Teleportation technique to flee.

However, the moment he used the Grand Teleportation technique, he felt that the space around him suddenly froze. No matter how many times he tried to activate the Space Law, he couldn't tear the space around him apart at all!

A Supreme Lord's comprehension of the Space Law should have already reached an extremely high level. However, the space around Supreme Lord Wilbur was actually locked down by someone!

Maha could have used the Grand World Technique to change the Space Law. Aside from him, only a True God would be able to lock down the space around a Supreme Lord!

The True God of humankind had made his move!

As that miserable thought flashed through Supreme Lord Wilbur's mind, he saw an old man on top of the Dark Star. The old man stood formidably and coldly stared down at Supreme Lord Wilbur, as if Supreme Lord Wilbur was already a dead man.

Aside from Supreme Lord Wilbur, who was unable to escape from that place, the other Sacred martial artists also had no idea what to do next. They could only helplessly watch as that massive object pressed towards them.

However, the Dark Star fell in an instant. It did not take them much time to feel depressed or any pain. They just saw sudden darkness until their bodies were immediately destroyed, and their souls were scattered...

"Boom!"

An enormous explosion echoed throughout the place. Afterward, the entire supreme world shook nonstop.

After the Dark Star descended to the ground, a layer of soil was lifted up for tens of thousands of feet. The soil quickly rolled up and was like a 'tsunami' on land. It plowed towards the depths of the supreme world like a rapid and mobile mountain. Everything in its path was swept away...

The Dark Star smashed into the passageway on the Sighing Wall. The entire star was embedded in the passageway and completely blocked it!

A mere Dark Star embedded in the passageway would not be able to obstruct any Sacred martial artists. With the Grand Teleportation technique, they would be able to cross over easily.

At that moment, Wynn's eyes flashed with the bright light. He extended his hand and flicked the air. Then his silver hair continuously fluttered with the wind as a dominant and robust aura spread towards the starry sky. Immediately the stars in the sky emitted an intense radiance filled with power...

"Stars in the sky, listen to my command. Use your powers to seal the worlds forever!"

"Buzz, buzz, buzz…"

All the stars in the Evolutionary Universe began to emit a brilliant light.

Wynn originally wanted to control the entire universe, but he failed miserably after the attempt. At his current stage, he could only use the "Star Sealing Technique" of the "Grand Sealing Technique" to seal the entire space in one go...

In this way, the space there would be completely sealed off by Wynn. Additionally, the passageway would also be blocked by him.

But he knew he could not just seal everything once and for all. This blockage couldn't last for long.

Although the power of the Dark Star was incomparable, the Sacred race still had their own ways to repel it. The space sealed by the power of the stars was also incomparably solid, but it was still unable to resist the attack of a True God from the Sacred race. A True God would be able to find a way to tear up the seal. If that happened, Wynn's technique would be dispelled!

However, it would still take some time for the True God to destroy the Dark Star and tear apart the Star Sealing Technique. It would require intense concentration to build enough soul power and destroy the seal.

Therefore, Wynn's true purpose was to stall for time.

Since the Sacred race first stepped into the Evolutionary Universe, Wynn continuously weighed the strength of both sides.

Among all the Sacred warriors of the first expedition team, only 59 Supreme Lords of the Sacred race and one Godly Genius, Maha, were sent to the Evolutionary Universe. Countless other world lords also went there, but they could be ignored as they were not that powerful. But, of these 59 Supreme Lords, three had already been killed by Zen. Additionally, Wynn had killed one more Supreme Lord earlier. Thus now, there were only 55 Supreme Lords left. The forces of the Sacred race had continued to decrease.

The reason why Wynn had blocked the passageway at the current stage was that he wanted to buy time. He wanted to ensure that the head of the Celestial Position race would use the destructive methods to kill 55 Supreme Lords in the shortest time possible...

After Wynn sealed up the passageway, some of the world lords of the Sacred race, who were lucky enough to survive, were covered in dust and grime. They were stunned as they glanced around, ignorant of what had just happened. Their confusion was apparent in their faces.

"Who is that old man? What is he doing here?" a world lord from the Sacred race asked with bewildered eyes. His tone was filled with curiosity and confusion.

No one could answer his question. The other world lords were also ignorant of the events.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2052 Stall For Time (Part Two)

The expression on Wynn's face remained calm. With a light stomp on the Dark Star, he moved like the wind. After his withered fingers lightly tapped on the air, an invisible force spread out...

The world lords from Sacred race noticed that the situation was unfavorable. Just as they were about to employ the Grand Teleportation technique to flee from the scene, they discovered that the entire space had been locked down. There was no way to use the Grand Teleportation technique in this supreme world! Escape would be tough for their low levels of cultivation.

"Puff, puff, puff, puff..."

The invisible force instantly crushed the dozens of world lords of the Sacred race present. They didn't even have the time to scream before all of them had perished! Corpses were all that was left after Wynn's attack.

After he murdered the weak world lords, Wynn didn't linger in the area. He stepped out, instantly left the supreme world, and flew towards the center of the universe. The Sunflower Water World was his planned destination, so he rushed towards there.

The rest of the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race were hidden in the Sunflower Water World. At that moment, Wynn wanted to use the Star Sealing Technique to seal the Sunflower Water World. If he didn't do that, then it would be impossible for Wynn to kill all of the Supreme Lords within a short period. After all, it was easy for a Supreme Lord to cross over several supreme worlds through the Grand Teleportation technique and escape.

When Wynn sealed the passageway, the Sacred race had also begun to take action.

After Maha died, a shadow of a massive altar descended into the Sunflower Water World...

"Boom!"

The enormous altar, which had initially been just a shadow, had begun to reveal itself. It was suddenly located in the center of the Sunflower Water World.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz…"

A circle of fire suddenly burned in the center of the altar. Bright flames immediately lit up the entire altar.

At the center of the altar was a wide well. A circle of flames burned furiously around it. At the same time, a strange and eccentric song echoed from the altar. The mysterious sound instantly spread throughout the Sunflower Water World. Zen, who wasn't too far away from the altar, could hear it clearly.

"That altar is summoning something in the well!"

Zen's eyes flashed with urgency as he grasped the Great Weighty Sword more tightly. A hint of worry was reflected in his eyes.

Even in the eyes of the True Gods and Holy Beings, the Sacred race was very mysterious. Their power and abilities were enigmatic. Both Murphy and Bromley, Zen's master, studied the Sacred race. That was why the Sacred warriors appeared in the test of the True Path in the fairy palace...

"Aroo!"

A monster with the head of a chicken and body of a snake drilled out from deep within the well in the center of the altar. As the monster roared, the Space Law in the Sunflower Water World seemed to become more chaotic. Zen also became unable to employ the Grand Teleportation technique.

The monster with the chicken's head and snake-like body had such a mysterious ability, which seemed similar to Maha's Grand World Technique, but they were still essentially different. Maha had directly changed the laws within. However, the monster was unable to change the Law Power. Instead, it made the laws stay in a chaotic state so that the laws could not be used.

The flames on the altar continued to burn as the mysterious song persistently reverberated throughout the land. As the song echoed, monsters were relentlessly summoned in the altar.

"Aooo!"

As a fierce roar rang out, the entire altar began to shake. Afterward, a monster rushed out of the altar with great speed. It was a monster with the head of a tiger and the body of a bull. Dark red wings grew from its back while long sharp spikes decorated its body like a hedgehog. Violence and ferocity were apparent from its wild expression.

The moment the monster rushed out of the altar, it pounced towards Zen without the slightest hesitation! Savage eyes accompanied the monster's feral appearance.

Zen was unable to determine the grade of the monster, but the pressure it gave him was immense. A strong sense of crisis arose in his heart as if this monster was even more formidable than a Supreme Lord. Its powerful claws showcased its destructive strength!

If he were faced with a Supreme Lord, Zen could just cut off his opponent's Heavenly Destiny by means of the Causality Breaking Light...

However, Zen was unable to use the Causality Breaking Light to kill the beasts of remote ages summoned by Supreme Lord Denzel through the altar. Zen had only managed to cultivate the Profound Cause-eliminating Technique at the current stage. His current level would make his attacks ineffective towards the monsters.

Those beasts of remote ages were born from a cause, and they were actually regarded as the "effect". Zen needed to master the Profound Effect-eliminating Technique first so that he could possess the power to exterminate the monstrous beasts.

Just as the monster with the tiger's head and bull's body was about to pounce towards Zen, its attack was stopped!

A thin and small figure suddenly appeared in the sky and directly in front of Zen. He quickly stepped on the monster. Within a blink of an eye, the monster was trampled into pieces!

"So powerful!"

Zen's heart skipped a beat. When he saw clearly who the figure was, Zen recognized that he was actually the head of the Celestial Position race, who carried an Evolution Lotus Flower!

The head of the Celestial Position race, Master Feng, chuckled with arrogant eyes. "The monster with a tiger's head and the one with a chicken's head are two of the four legendary vicious beasts of the Sacred race. However, they are not that powerful at all!"

Chapter 2053 Trapped (Part One)

The Supreme Lords were divided into three ranks, top-rank, mid-rank, and low-rank. However, the division of ranks was not based on one's cultivation level.

Strictly speaking, the cultivation level of Supreme Lords was equal to that of grand world lords. After their respective inner worlds had expanded several times, they would gradually come to a standstill. What truly made Supreme Lords surpass the world lords were their Heavenly Destinies.

Therefore, the difference among the top-rank Supreme Lord, the mid-rank Supreme Lord, and the low-rank Supreme Lord lay in the distinction of the power of their Heavenly Destinies. Instead of cultivation level, the strength of their Heavenly Destinies would be the basis of a Supreme Lord's rank.

Supreme Lord Denzel's Heavenly Destiny actually possessed the 'summoning' ability. That sort of Heavenly Destiny was one of the weaker types. Amongst Supreme Lords, Supreme Lord Denzel was ranked near the bottom. With his ranking in consideration, he wouldn't even be qualified to become a mid-rank Supreme Lord!

However, Supreme Lord Denzel was still able to become a top-rank Supreme Lord because of the unique nature of the altar. Its immense power and mysterious ability had guided Supreme Lord Denzel to climb the ranks.

The wild beasts of Sacred race that were summoned from this altar were all destructively mighty. The strength of every single wild beast was comparable to that of a low-rank Supreme Lord. The special abilities some Sacred wild beasts possessed could even be similar to the Heavenly Destinies of mid-rank Supreme Lords. It only meant that Supreme Lord Denzel had access to such a mighty army of beasts!

For example, the beast that was directly trampled into pieces by Master Feng, was also a formidable and fierce beast.

If Zen fought it one on one, he might not necessarily gain the upper hand. The beast was strong enough to survive a fight with Zen.

However, at that moment, Master Feng showed up with the Evolution Lotus Flower. Great passion was reflected in his eyes as he strived to save the universe. His power was incomparably strong. Along with his move, he had managed to stomp the beast, which had a tiger's head and bull's body into smithereens.

The Sacred race didn't expect the Celestial Position to make a move at that moment. Supreme Lord Denzel also revealed a stunned expression. However, he immediately seemed to have understood something as he cried out with alert eyes, "Damn! Everyone, withdraw quickly..."

The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race still amounted to more than fifty. Behind the Supreme Lords was the Murphy Universe that supported them. Although they had invaded deep into the Evolutionary Universe, the True God and the many Supreme Lords in the Murphy Universe were still on standby.

It wouldn't take too long for the Sacred Supreme Lords to arrive there with the Grand Teleportation. As for the True God, he could even arrive in the blink of an eye! Their mobility was definitely fast.

Therefore, the Sacred race never thought that the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe would make a move at that moment. Master Feng's arrival had surprised them!

Because the leader of the Celestial Position had made his move, all the other Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe would definitely follow behind him. The forces of the Evolutionary Universe had started to move!

Supreme Lord Denzel didn't know that the passage towards the Sighing Wall had already been sealed by Wynn. However, he was still able to make his own judgment. Since the leader of the Celestial Position dared to launch a surprise attack at him, he must have made full preparations…

That was the reason why Supreme Lord Denzel ordered everyone to withdraw at the first possible moment! His intelligent analysis and quick judgment were products from his experience.

However, before he could finish his sentence, the stars in the sky started to shine with brilliant light. The stars radiated power with their brightness.

"Stars in the sky, listen to my command. Use your powers to seal the worlds forever! Star Sealing Technique!"

With the use of the Grand Teleportation, a True God could cross a universe and reach another universe. It took Wynn a few seconds to seal the passage to the Sighing Wall. When he finally reached the Sunflower Water World, Wynn once again used the Star Sealing Technique to completely seal the entire supreme world. The preparations were finally complete!

It was far too tricky for a Supreme Lord to kill another Supreme Lord. If two Supreme Lords fought and one was about to lose, he could still escape death. The loser could quickly flee to a safe place trillion miles away with the use of the Grand Teleportation. If the Supreme Lords from the Sacred race managed to escape, then the whole thing would become complicated. It would take a long time to hunt for the escaped Supreme Lords of the Sacred race and kill them. Once, it had taken four hundred years for three Supreme Lords of the human race to kill a Supreme Lord from a small race…

For example, back then, Supreme Lord Leroy had been chased down by the warriors of the Demon Night and had escaped right under their noses. Since then, he had hidden deep underground for many years. The Grand Teleportation had ensured his escape and preserved his life.

However, Wynn was a True God, after all! His power was definitely stronger than the Supreme Lords.

After he used the Star Sealing Technique, even a True God would find it difficult to break free from it. It would be even much tough for the Supreme Lords that were present there. With Wynn's technique, all of them were trapped there. There was no way for them to retreat!

"Crack…"

Dozens of Sacred Supreme Lords hurriedly activated Greater Teleportation with great panic. However, before the space channels created by the Grand Teleportation could take into shape, they were immediately disintegrated under their feet…

"Oh, no, crap! Those bastards! The space around us has been sealed!" a Supreme Lord said in a daze. Terror was apparent from his expression.

"How is this possible? Who has the ability to seal off our space?!" another Supreme Lord said in disbelief as his eyes widened

"It must be a True God!"

The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race were usually arrogant, haughty, and calm. However, in a life and death moment, a small portion of them revealed their true nature. They were flustered as they didn't know how to deal with their predicament.

Chapter 2054 Trapped (Part Two)

Of course, most of the Sacred Supreme Lords stayed calm and composed…

"Don't panic," Supreme Lord Denzel calmly said. His tone was gentle yet full of authority.

"Humph, although I don't know what sort of method they used, it won't be easy to take us down either." Supreme Lord Irvin, who was on the other side, looked sullen. He was one of the most bloodthirsty Supreme Lords of the Sacred race, and he was already ready to fight. Murderous aura radiated from him.

Supreme Lord Palmere was the calmest of the Supreme Lords. "We might not have to fight to death with them. Our Grand Supreme Lord must have known about this. We just need to resist for a while before he comes. Just buy some time until our reinforcements arrive..."

Amongst all the Supreme Lords, Supreme Lord Palmere's analysis was the most accurate. His tone was calm and tranquil.

Wynn had used the Star Sealing Technique and the Dark Star to completely block the passage to the Sighing Wall. However, it wouldn't last long. The Supreme Lords he trapped only needed to survive for a short time and wait for the Sacred race to break through the passage again. The reinforcements of the Sacred race would eventually come and rescue them.

Supreme Lord Palmere's words received the vast majority of the Supreme Lords' approval! Their panic faded as they had a clear solution to their problem.

"Let me see if you can survive until then!"

A mysterious and powerful voice rang out! Then, not too far away from the Sacred Supreme Lords, an orderly Space Law burst out. The Space Law drew out a blazing white line and two vertical lines in the air. Afterward, a square door was formed!

The door opened, and an old man suddenly appeared in front of the Sacred Supreme Lords. The old man's aura radiated immense strength.

When Supreme Lords used the Grand Teleportation, they needed to tear open space. In this process, the power of the Space Law would often leak out and formed irregular space windstorms…

However, when this old man had used Grand Teleportation to reach here, the Space Law hadn't leaked in the slightest, nor had there been any space windstorms.

In the Supreme Lords' eyes, that particular skill was so magical that it was almost unbelievable. Disbelief was reflected in their expressions.

When Supreme Lord Denzel saw the old man, his eyes widened slightly. "It's the True God of the Celestial Position!" His voice was full of surprise and alertness.

Several years ago, Maha had once come to the Celestial Position. Several Supreme Lords accompanied Maha and had seen Wynn. Naturally, they were able to recognize Wynn!

Since the Evolutionary Universe had already launched its general offensive, their True God would naturally take action as well. Powerful warriors would start to move in the war.

"So what if he's a True God? Such a title means nothing in this war! He will still be torn apart by me!"

Supreme Lord Irvin coldly snorted as all the bones in his body began to produce explosive sounds. Instantly, his body swelled up to seven or eight times. It made him look like a formidable giant. At the same time, an intense murderous intent spread out from his body.

Although Supreme Lord Irvin was only a mid-rank Supreme Lord, in terms of carnage, he was even scarier than a top-rank Supreme Lord. His thirst for blood was unparalleled.

The Heavenly Destiny of Seven Killings he carried was also a murderous way created by Murphy, which was called the Seven Killings Way. That particular Heavenly Destiny was very lethal.

The Holy Beings of the divine land had created several large systems. They had the most thorough insights and the best comprehension into the divine land. Although the Seven Killings Way was not a Godly Way, there were still many True Gods that cultivated it. Its practical uses in a battle were significantly impressive.

Supreme Lord Irvin directly carried the Heavenly Destiny of Seven Killings. That particular Heavenly Destiny was originally Murphy's own comprehension, so the power that Supreme Lord Irvin displayed was extremely horrendous!

The Seven Killings were the killings of the unfaithful, the unrighteous, the unfilial, the heartless, the discourteous, the unwise, and the disloyal. That cultivation method was very bloodthirsty and dangerous. However, it was a unique way of its own.

At that moment, Supreme Lord Irvin had already turned into a god of death and dashed towards Wynn. A murderous aura radiated from him.

Normal Supreme Lords would feel quite a bit of pressure when they faced a True God. After all, a True God was a whole level higher than a Supreme Lord. The difference in strength was not small. It could not easily be overcome.

However, Supreme Lord Irvin had activated the Seven Killings Way. His entire body had been dominated by slaughter, without the slightest hint of emotion. From this point of view, the Seven Killings Way was actually very similar to the Emotion Closing Godly Way. The only difference was that the Seven Killings Way wasn't a Godly Way. It was not as powerful as the Emotion Closing Godly Way, nor was it viewed as a forbidden way within the divine land.

"Huff…"

Supreme Lord Irvin charged at Wynn with incredible momentum. Rage and ferocity were in his eyes. However, Wynn's expression remained incomparably calm.

At that moment, Wynn casually waved his hand. Suddenly, a handful of faint starlight appeared in his hand. The dots of starlight were like tiny fireflies that flew towards Supreme Lord Irvin immediately after they appeared…

The faint starlight was ignored by Supreme Lord Irvin. Barbarity had clouded his judgment. He didn't even have any intention to dodge it.

However, the moment the dots of dim starlight touched Supreme Lord Irvin, they turned into balls of light the size of a fist. Power immediately radiated from each of the dots…

The balls of light exploded at the chest of Supreme Lord Irvin with destructive intensity. The moment they exploded, the balls of light had thoroughly destroyed Supreme Lord Irvin's body. When he arrived in front of Wynn, Supreme Lord Irvin's entire body had been already broken into two pieces by the starlight. The cinnabar field in his belly had been utterly obliterated.

Chapter 2055 Showing Off Abilities

Supreme Lord Irvin was able to approach Wynn because of his previous explosive force.

By the time he arrived in front of Wynn, his burst of power had been consumed completely. Supreme Lord Irvin's fist struck Wynn's chest without power and fell away limply. And then, the broken half of Supreme Lord Irvin's body fell away and towards the ground.

Supreme Lord Irvin was dead!

The Sacred Supreme Lords were stunned as they saw this.

They knew that a True God was strong, but Wynn's strength had exceeded even their imaginations. It was only a handful of starlight, but it was powerful enough to easily kill Supreme Lord Irvin. So how would they be able to withstand it?

"I'll fight him to the death!"

"I will freeze the supreme world with frost!"

"I'll risk my life to kill him!"

"With so many of us attacking together, what a True God can do to us?"

At Supreme Lord Irvin's miserable death, the Supreme Lords realized just how childish their previous thoughts had been.

Only a True God from the Sacred race could fight such a powerful True God before them.

Merely defending themselves couldn't possibly mean that they were a match for this True God. If they wanted to live, they had to fight by putting their lives on the line!

Different Heavenly Destinies simultaneously released lights of different colors.

Over 50 Supreme Lords released the life vitality within their bodies at the same time. They activated their Heavenly Destinies to launch one of the strongest strikes that was ever to be launched. But just how terrifying was the power that this strike contained?

Even a True God wouldn't be able to take it head-on.

A faint smile appeared on Wynn's face as he took a step back. He stepped into the door formed by the power of space and as he did so, the door dissipated. He had left using the Grand Teleportation.

The Star Sealing Technique could target a specific group of people. The only ones that were restrained by space were the Sacred Supreme Lords.

It wasn't that difficult for Wynn to kill a Supreme Lord. But dozens of Supreme Lords were charging at him. He knew that he couldn't defeat them all. Not to forget the fact that there were some extremely powerful Supreme Lords who were capable of fighting a True God.

Moreover, his mission was only to lock these Supreme Lords within the Sunflower Water World.

There obviously were others who couldn't wait to kill them and who would display their abilities to finish the Sacred Supreme Lords.

A massive space windstorm exploded in the skies above the Sunflower Water World.

A warship, one hundred thousand feet high and one million feet long, emerged from the space storm. The two sides of the warship were inlaid with densely-packed supreme life vitality jades.

These life vitality jades were not used to provide energy to the warship, but to maintain the four massive divine texture arrays.

They were the Long Vine Array, Buddha Emperor Array, Giant Sun Array, and the Heavenly Tooth Array.

Once the four arrays were activated, the shadows of four huge swords appeared around the warship.

Margaret was seated at the side of the ship. She made a mysterious gesture with her hands and then pointed her fingers at the four swords.

Setting up the complete Gods Killing Sword Array required the Long Vine Sword, Buddha Emperor Sword, Grant Sun Sword, and the Heavenly Tooth Sword. But none of these swords were in the Evolutionary Universe. Fortunately, there were powerful array experts within the Celestial Position. They deducted the prototypes of the four swords used by the Gods Killing Sword Array Margret had inherited and used the divine texture technique to create four virtual swords.

This method would consume a great deal of life vitality jades, but this cost was nothing when compared to how the Evolutionary Universe would be benefited.

As Margaret finished arranging the array according to the technique, the four swords looked like they had been completely integrated into the Gods Killing Sword Array. She looked into the distance, pointed her third finger and little finger at the sky, and said, "Go!" The four swords penetrated through the vast sea of clouds, shooting towards the Sunflower Water World.

The four swords shot out and stirred the clouds above the Sunflower Water World into disorder.

At the same time…

Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment appeared on the other side of the Sunflower Water World.

Four monks stood behind Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment. These four monks were the four Supreme Lords of the Hidden Spirit Temple: Shay, Jamal, Jace, and Alyx.

The Supreme Lords of the Blessed Buddha Land, besides Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, were not well-known in the Evolutionary Universe, and they rarely wandered around the world. But no one could ignore their strength, especially their technique to set up the Grand Buddha Pagoda.

"Shay!"

"Yes!"

"Jamal!"

"Yes!"

"Jace!"

"Yes!"

"Alyx!"

"Yes!"

"With all the Buddhas in mind, all the powers become one!"

"Getting rid of all distracted thoughts and emotions, we'll stop at nothing!"

"..."

Swoosh!

Colorful rays of shining light soared into the sky, illuminating the whole Sunflower Water World and coating it in a layer of golden light.

An enormous pagoda suddenly appeared in the Sunflower Water World. To the people, it looked like it had no end to its height. If it was placed horizontally, even the Sunflower Water World would probably not be enough to contain it.

No matter where one was in the Sunflower Water World, they could clearly see the pagoda.

"Grand Buddha Pagoda! Subdue!"

A maroon light appeared between the brows of Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and the other four Supreme Lords. Although the auras around them were mild, they were vigorous and lasting and at the moment, were rushing towards the depths of the Sunflower Water World.

And then, illusory stars popped up, one after another.

The four leaders of the Thoughtless Minds had also entered the Sunflower Water World.

The techniques that Mike had taught his disciples were mostly about the stars.

The four great clans of the Thoughtless Minds, the Xuanyuan Clan, the Ji Clan where Janet was from, the Lie Clan, and the Ji Clan where Lucille was from, all had descendants of Mike's disciples.

Even the Star Destroying Array technique, which the four clans had joined hands to perform, had something to do with stars.

A space crack appeared not far away from Zen, from which walked out Supreme Lord Healum.

Supreme Lord Healum smiled at Zen with a hint of admiration on his face.

Zen had killed three Supreme Lords in a row, which had shocked the group of Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe. Zen was only a world lord, but killing the Supreme Lords had been as easy to him as killing chickens or dogs. Such a terrifying ability could awe anyone, which was why many Supreme Lords were glad that Zen was on the same side as them.

But Zen still had a huge weakness at the moment. His Grand Teleportation was just too slow.

The Supreme Lords had the ability to cross several supreme worlds in an instant. But Zen often needed more time just to cross one. And although the Teleportation Token allowed Zen to quickly teleport to any supreme world, it couldn't accurately send him to his destination. This was why Zen had to constantly travel to reach his destination after he used the Teleportation Token.

"I'll send you there," Supreme Lord Healum said to Zen. With his current strength, Zen was qualified to participate in a battle of this level. Once Wynn had sealed off the space around the Sacred Supreme Lords, Zen could be of great help by killing the Sacred Supreme Lords.

Zen nodded as he held the Great Weighty Sword in his hand before Supreme Lord Healum connected to Zen using the Space Lock. The Space Lock could not be used to defend against enemies, but by working with powerful warriors, it could still display some absolutely terrifying effects.

Zen felt himself rising into the air the moment he was linked by the Space Lock. He started to move at an unimaginable speed, flying towards the depths of the Sunflower Water World.

In the Murphy Universe, above the borders of the Sacred Sea World, Close to a hundred Sacred Supreme Lords had already gathered. They stood there, gazing at the supreme world channel in a daze.

Unlike the Evolutionary Universe that had many different races, there was only the Sacred race within the Murphy Universe. It was easy to gather all of the Sacred Supreme Lords.

"Wynn has probably embedded a Dark Star in the passageway. It swooped down into the channel and stuck itself forcibly into it. It's impossible to use brute force to break it!" a Sacred Supreme Lord reported.

The face of the Grand Supreme Lord who was at the helm darkened. "Can't we even travel through space?"

"No, we can't. The other side of the Dark Star has been completely sealed off. It's impossible to use the Grand Teleportation to reach the other side," the Sacred Supreme Lord said, shaking his head again.

"I'll give it a try."

The Grand Supreme Lord was impatient, as if on fire. He realized that he had underestimated the Evolutionary Universe and that they had been too careless in their actions.

They had originally thought that as long as the passage of the Sighing Wall was opened, they would be able to enter the Evolutionary Universe whenever they wanted. Who would have thought that someone would block the passage at such a critical moment!

If they couldn't make a move to reinforce in time, the 50-odd Supreme Lords that had been sent into the Evolutionary Universe would be doomed.

Not long after the Grand Supreme Lord entered the passageway, a gentle aura erupted from inside. When the Supreme Lords outside the passageway felt this aura, they understood that the Grand Supreme Lord had used the Heavens-suppressing Object. He wanted to take advantage of the Murphy Universe's momentum to open up the passage.

It was not long before the Grand Supreme Lord emerged from the passageway, looking dejected. It was pretty obvious that he had failed.

"We can only ask Pranav for help."

Pranav was the True God of the Murphy Universe, who was also Murphy's disciple. Holy Beings only allowed their most trusted people to enter the universes they had built on their own.

Chapter 2056 A Massacre

"Rumbling…"

Just as the Grand Supreme Lord was about to invite Pranav, the heavens of the Murphy Universe began to tremble violently.

The waves of vibrations naturally reached the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race, who stiffened in shock.

It was the first time that the vibrations of the heavens of the Murphy Universe had been that intense. Therefore, it was safe to say that it was a sign that many Supreme Lords died.

From there, it was easy for the Supreme Lords from the Sacred race to guess what had happened to the Evolutionary Universe, which was right next to the Murphy Universe.

At that moment, the Sunflower Water World had been destroyed.

Golden rings of light spread from a huge altar and surrounded the Supreme Lords from the Sacred race.

At the very top of the altar sat Supreme Lord Denzel, who was doing his best to activate his Heavenly Destiny.

He looked nothing like the refine Supreme Lord that he was before. Not only was his golden red armor tattered and full of holes, he had also lost an arm.

He wasn't the only one in bad shape though; the other Supreme Lords from the Sacred race were in far worse conditions.

Five minutes were all it took for more than half of the Supreme Lords from the Sacred race to be wiped out. There were just twenty-odd of them left, and most of them were very weak as they stubbornly struggled around the altar.

"Whoosh!"

There was a slight noise as four beams of light shot from the sky.

Those four light beams turned out to be Margaret's Long Vine Sword, Buddha Emperor Sword, Grant Sun Sword, and Heavenly Tooth Sword!

Long before Margaret was born, the Celestial Position had already been preparing the Gods Killing Sword Array. Now, it was finally put to use.

True to its name, the Gods Killing Sword Array could kill even the True Gods. There was no way that the Supreme Lords would survive from it.

If it had been another day, the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race would have gotten to escape when they had lost in battle because while the sword array formed by the four swords was complex, it would have been impossible to catch the Supreme Lords with Margaret's current skills.

But because Wynn had performed his Star Sealing Technique, the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race ended up being trapped in the Sunflower Water World. Margaret considered them as living targets. The terrifyingly powerful all-conquering divine swords were ready for use, even if she herself was intimidated by their immense strength.

It wasn't long before she had killed nine Supreme Lords.

"Those four swords are coming again!"

"Supreme Lord Denzel! Help!"

"I'll go block those four swords!"

The remaining Supreme Lords of the Sacred race scrambled in fear. The four swords were like death itself and every time they appeared, they took the lives of one or two Supreme Lords with them.

Soon enough, the four swords rushed to the top of the altar but the golden rings of light stopped them before they could reach it.

Meanwhile, Margaret sat on top of the warship. Her eyes were icy cold as her fingers danced in the air. In turn, her huge swords flashed with different colored lights and began to attack the golden rings of light.

"Boom, boom, boom..."

The universe seemed to quake from the collision of the four great swords against the rings of light. They clashed against the golden rings of light more than ten thousand times in just three seconds!

And every time they collided, the golden rings of light dimmed a little.

"Crack!"

There was an ear-splitting sound, and the golden rings of light were broken into pieces.

It was at that exact moment when the four swords entered their scope and two other people suddenly appeared.

The first one was Zen, and the other one was Supreme Lord of Oracle.

Zen, who had been relying on Supreme Lord Healum's Space Lock, had appeared right behind one of the Supreme Lords from the Sacred race.

The Supreme Lord in front of Zen was quick to react. As soon as he saw Zen, he immediately waved the halberd in his hand and stabbed Zen with it.

That Supreme Lord had used his Heavenly Destiny to the utmost, so his halberd's attack could pierce through literally anything. However, Zen did not dodge but instead, slammed his body against the halberd while he swung the Great Weighty Sword in his hand.

"Causality Breaking Light!"

A misty beam of light shot out as the causality was severed. After the Supreme Lord had lost the blessing of Heavenly Destiny, his halberd became almost harmless to Zen. Thus, there was nothing but a crisp noise when the halberd struck his Redemption Armor.

After he was struck by the blow, Zen's eyes were already filled with a violent malicious aura. "Gods-intimidating Strike!" he roared.

"Pfft!"

The Supreme Lord tried to use his Grand Teleportation technique to escape, but he failed miserably. He could only watch as Zen's heavy sword swung down on him. The violent sword intent swept across his body and his entire inner world, and left nothing but dust.

When Supreme Lord of Oracle saw that Zen had killed that Supreme Lord from the Sacred race, she ran past another Supreme Lord with a dagger in hand. The dagger's blade had slightly cut the Supreme Lord's cheek and left a thin, red mark on his face. She seemed to have done that to provoke the enemy, but not to kill him.

The Supreme Lord from the Sacred race was naturally furious. He waved the great axe in his hand and chased after Supreme Lord of Oracle in anger.

Supreme Lord of Oracle gracefully glided around like a butterfly that shuttled back and forth between flowers. The corners of her lips lifted up into a faint smile as she continued to swim between the rays of the axe light.

It didn't take long before the wound on the Supreme Lord's cheek began to emit a faded purple light. Then a small cut continued to expand from his cheek all the way to neck, until it had reached every part of his body!

It was known that after Supreme Lord of Oracle had borne that one Heavenly Destiny, she had cultivated an immensely vicious cultivation method known as the Self-destruction Technique—which was also one of Mike's ultimate techniques.

Warriors at their level generally didn't fear all kinds of poisons because both their bodies and blood essence had been cultivated to their peak. Even if such fatal poisons entered their bodies, they could simply digest and release them.

While the Self-destruction Technique was another form of poison technique, it wasn't actually a type of poison but rather, an extremely special kind of energy. Any living being who had been even just cut by Supreme Lord of Oracle would undoubtedly die.

But in such a case, it could be said that Supreme Lord of Oracle didn't technically kill them. What actually happened was the special energy would let the energy within the body destroy itself. The blood essence and life vitality within the cinnabar field would turn against the body as well, and attack it until the living being died.

It could be considered suicide, and that was why the skill was called the Self-destruction Technique. It was because of that very technique that Supreme Lord of Oracle had been promoted to a top-rank Supreme Lord.

Zen and Supreme Lord of Oracle quickly killed two Supreme Lords. They passed by each other and gave each other a glance.

Zen was still immersed in the Emotion Closing Godly Way, and his gaze was merciless, while Supreme Lord of Oracle's eyes contained a hint of a smile and admiration. After that, the two of them simultaneously stepped into a space crack and escaped.

Supreme Lord of Oracle executed the Grand Teleportation technique, while Supreme Lord Healum pulled Zen back.

Aside from the two of them, Supreme Lord of Original Sin and Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment had also killed two Supreme Lords.

Just then, Supreme Lord Denzel clapped his hands together as he stood on the altar. The life vitality in his inner world gushed into the altar like the sea, and the other Supreme Lords near him did the same. The inner worlds they had worked so hard to build had collapsed, and the creatures in them had dissolved.

Their group of Supreme Lords came to the Evolutionary Universe together, but they had failed to form a powerful array. It was because the elites of their kind had stayed in the Murphy Universe and they were the only ones who were here. It was also why they were at a disadvantage when they fought against the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe.

Fortunately, Supreme Lord Denzel's Heavenly Destiny was extremely powerful, and he could hold on with his back against the altar. If it wasn't for this altar, all of the Supreme Lords would have perished by now.

Several of them combined their efforts and poured massive amounts of life vitality into the altar. Another creature crawled out of the altar, which turned out to be a small golden monkey. The golden monkey flew towards the sky, and then a golden light shone in all directions.

The golden light was as sharp as knives as it scattered in all directions at an extremely fast speed.

The golden light had killed two Supreme Lords from the Celestial Position and the Humanity Alliance before, but it was useless to do the same as of the moment since the Supreme Lords from the Evolutionary Universe had escaped already. Thus, the golden light hit nothing but air.

After the golden light scattered, it condensed into a golden ring of light once again and wrapped around the entire altar, which gave the Supreme Lords from the Sacred race some breathing room.

However, Margaret directed her four divine swords, the Long Vine Sword, the Buddha Emperor Sword, the Grant Sun Sword, and the Heavenly Tooth Sword to appear outside the ring of light.

When Supreme Lord Denzel saw those four swords again, he couldn't help the despair that flooded his heart.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2057 Pranav

The ground shook as the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe charged forth like a pack of wolves.

On the other hand, Zen and the others joined in the fight every time the four swords broke through the golden circle of light.

It only took them less than a few seconds to kill several Supreme Lords. However, the most of the people present quietly retreated when the little golden monkey appeared.

They continued to repeat their attacks until Supreme Lord Denzel was exhausted, to the point that his resistance became useless.

He was frozen like a statue amidst the battlefield as he watched his comrades die and everything fall around him.

Soon enough, the number of Supreme Lords who surrounded the altar began to dwindle—out of twenty-odd, only three had remained.

"I don't expect to die here! This war was already unfair to begin with anyway! You only rely on that True God!" Supreme Lord Denzel roared in despair.

His desperate cries echoed across the Sunflower Water World. Then again, what else could he do?

If Wynn hadn't used the Star Sealing Technique to seal their space, the over fifty Supreme Lords wouldn't have been defeated so miserably. Alas, the Sacred Supreme Lords who were imprisoned in the Sunflower Water World ran around in panic, but they were nothing more than moving targets.

When Zen heard Supreme Lord Denzel's words, he appeared silently in front of the altar once again. At the same time, Supreme Lord of Oracle and Lavender who held on to the Saint Killing Spear had also emerged from the space cracks. Soon enough, the area was filled with numerous Supreme Lords from the Evolutionary Universe.

"You are so shameless to make such remarks. Your Sacred race has invaded our Evolutionary Universe, and it is unfair to us to begin with," said Supreme Lord of Original Sin. Maha had already killed Nathan, and he would never forget that. He clearly hated the Sacred race with every fiber of his being.

"That's right. If you're not one of us, then you're evil. Do you even want to fight us on the battle ring?" Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment sneered. It was known that the wars that broke out between the different races were more than violent and vicious.

Before the Sacred race had even invaded, the human race, the Demon Night race, and the ogre race were already in a never-ending feud. Moreover, they could never reconcile due to their numerous conflicts.

It was ironic because all those three races came from the Evolutionary Universe. But now, they were suddenly united against the alien-like Sacred race. After all, the Sacred race came from another universe that was completely foreign to them.

In any case, all the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe thought that as long as they could preserve their universe, nothing was too taboo in their methods.

Supreme Lord Denzel's gaze drifted to everyone as a deep smile appeared on his despairing face. "There is indeed no fairness. If we die here, you all have to die with us. How could a mere Evolutionary Universe escape from the clutches of our Sacred race?"

Supreme Lord Denzel believed that the Grand Supreme Lord would avenge him. In reality, he couldn't see nor feel the vengeance, which was why he resorted to making sarcastic remarks.

However, even his threatening words had no effect. More and more Supreme Lords from the Evolutionary Universe descended down, and all of them simply looked at him without any emotions.

"Have you finished talking nonsense?" Supreme Lord of Oracle asked flatly. A faint, purple light shone in her hand.

"Hah... You don't have to do anything!" Supreme Lord Denzel shot back. After he waved his hand, his cinnabar field suddenly caved in. A burst of power began to condense inside of it, and then the other two Supreme Lords also did the same.

"Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!"

It turned out that the three Supreme Lords used the last strand of their life vitality to detonate themselves.

The strength of a Supreme Lord was enough to make the process of self-detonation more than terrifying. But since the three of them had already used up their energy, their self-detonation was no longer deadly to everyone present.

As Supreme Lord Denzel exploded, the altar also slowly disappeared. Even the little golden monkey on top of the altar could only give a creak as it glared at the crowd. Then, it unwillingly disappeared in front of everyone's eyes as well.

When a Supreme Lord died, their Heavenly Destiny would not disappear. Instead, it would return to the heavens in the Murphy Universe.

This war was the first battle between the Evolutionary Universe and the Murphy Universe. After several years of tolerance, the members of the Evolutionary Universe suddenly launched an attack which quickly killed a third of the Sacred Supreme Lords. The entire process went by without a hitch; only two Supreme Lords of Evolutionary Universe had died, and the head of the Celestial Position race hadn't even done anything.

However, worry still lingered in everyone's minds. After all, the true opponent was still in the Murphy Universe.

When the Sacred race opened up the passage to the Sighing Wall, the Evolutionary Universe would have to face the furious retaliation from the Sacred race. No one talked about it, but it pressured them immensely.

The war among Supreme Lords had already destroyed the Sunflower Water World into pieces, and not even a Supreme Lord could fix it. However, the universe originally had the ability to heal itself, and the Sunflower Water World would heal eventually. The only thing was that it was ultimately impossible for it to be fully complete again. It could only be revived as a broken supreme world, like the Orange Sea World.

Then again, it was the best result that they could hope for. The Orange Sea World had been utterly wrecked when a few Supreme Lords had fought. This time, over a hundred Supreme Lords had battled in the Sunflower Water World and if Wynn hadn't captured the Sacred Supreme Lords, then more than one Sunflower Water World or even thousands of other supreme worlds would have been destroyed as well.

In addition, there were still a great number of Sacred martial artists in the Evolutionary Universe.

However, without the support of the Supreme Lords, these Sacred martial artists wouldn't be able to live long in the Evolutionary Universe. All sorts of talents could kill the Sacred martial artists, and it was just that they still needed some time.

Despite that, they should think about how to deal with the Sacred race's future counterattack first.

Just at this moment, Wynn appeared in front of everyone once again with a bitter smile on his face. "The Sacred race has begun to break through the boundary," he whispered.

The Sighing Wall was extremely strong and was well fortified. It was immensely difficult to break through it.

The Sacred race had started to tear through it hundreds of years ago, but if it wasn't for Murphy's assistance, they would've needed several hundred more years.

Wynn just used a Dark Star and the Star Sealing Technique to seal the passageway. As a True God, he was indeed powerful and could employ such an extremely remarkable method, but his method was not an invincible obstacle.

At that moment, the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race and many other Supreme Lords under his command stood in front of the Sighing Wall.

All of them looked positively devastated.

Meanwhile, the quaking of the heavens continued for a long time. After all, all of the Sacred Supreme Lords who were headed for the Evolutionary Universe had already died without a single one surviving!

The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race had many sects that were also in conflict with one another, but as Supreme Lords of the same race, they were actually very close to each other. Thus, to say that the remaining living Supreme Lords of the Sacred race were crushed upon hearing about the death of their comrades was an understatement.

Just then, a young man in black floated in front of the Supreme Lords. He seemed to be fairly gentle, but his aura left a deep impression on them. Such an aura was actually a momentum, and the young man in black was one of Murphy's disciples—Pranav.

All of Pranav's inheritances came from Murphy, so his momentum was very similar to that of the Grand Supreme Lord's Heavens-suppressing Object. However, there were still some differences between the two.

"Ha-ha. It's just a seal formed with the help of the power of the stars. It's just a mediocre skill!" Pranav declared. A small smile appeared on his face as he looked at the blocked passageway.

"Master Pranav, can you make a move right now? Our Sacred race..." Supreme Lord Russell said anxiously. His son and daughter had both joined the expedition team, so it was unknown if they had survived at the moment.

However, Pranav simply glared at him. "There's no need to rush!" he hissed.

"Russell, do not disrespect Master Pranav like that!" the Grand Supreme Lord scolded. "But..."

In the end, Supreme Lord Russell could only keep quiet with a despaired look on his face. The Sacred warriors worked themselves to death for Murphy. As Murphy was the ruler of their entire universe, the Sacred race didn't have the qualifications to reject any of Murphy's requests.

However, that didn't mean that the Sacred race didn't have any opinions or complaints.

While they had to help Murphy disintegrate the entire Evolutionary Universe, what good would that actually do to the Sacred race?

These Supreme Lords overworked themselves to the bone for Murphy, but Pranav, as Murphy's disciple, didn't seem to care about it at all. It was no surprise that the Supreme Lords who were with him secretly had a mountain of complaints to say.

It was useless because Pranav just didn't care. The divine land's creatures thought that the secondary creatures in the universes couldn't be considered real living beings. To them, secondary creatures were nothing more than objects that were formed from life vitality. Thus, they didn't care how many secondary creatures died.

Pranav leapt lightly and entered the passageway of the Sighing Wall.

Then, a light yellow beam of light shot out from the passageway. The light beam was reflected from the passageway and went straight towards the sky.

Right after that, the Supreme Lords heard Pranav shout, "Break!"

"Boom!"

There was a muffled sound, and then a stream of air was sucked in. The passageway that connected the two universes was opened once again.

Chapter 2058 A Stomp To Break A Supreme World

The Dark Star was astonishingly heavy.

At a rather terrifying speed, Wynn had stomped down on the star from the deep sky and proceeded to charge into the channel with terrifying momentum.

Previously, the Sacred Grand Supreme Lord had taken advantage of the Murphy Universe's momentum in an attempt to move the Dark Star away, but he still failed.

No one expected the Dark Star to be forcefully blown away by Pranav right then and there.

Bam!

In the Evolutionary Universe, the Dark Star was blasted straight out of the channel—it drew a parabola in the sky before crashing directly into the supreme world.

How could this supreme world bear the weight of the Dark Star?

The moment it fell to the ground, it seemed to sink until it disappeared without a trace as if it had fallen into water instead of land.

Then, Pranav walked out from the other end of the channel and sniffed around. When he felt the sealing power of the supreme world, he frowned.

The Supreme Lords that followed Pranav into the channel could also feel the strong restraints.

Although some Supreme Lords tried condensing the Space Law, the moment it was formed, the Law Power collapsed and disappeared without a trace.

"I don't feel happy about this…" Pranav said flatly.

Breaking the seal of a supreme world was a rather troublesome task, but Pranav had no intention of doing so.

Extending one of his legs, he lightly stomped on the ground until a mild aura spread out from the tip of his foot.

Rumble, rumble, rumble…

A faint wavy line spread from Pranav's toes until it grew throughout the entire supreme world. Then, the supreme world began vibrating with the same frequency as the wavy line.

In this supreme world, there were also many Sacred martial artists that survived, as well as a great number of mortals.

Just then, they saw countless tiny cracks opening up beneath their feet. Such was not an ordinary earthquake as normal ones caused the earth to shake and the mountains to tremble. If it was a normal earthquake, it would have been violent. But this kind of vibration was rather mild with an extremely high frequency.

It lasted for half a minute before an ear-piercing sound echoed throughout the entire supreme world.

Crack, crack, crack, crack…

In an instant, the huge supreme world disintegrated into hundreds of millions of clumps of earth the size of watermelons as they began dispersing downward.

All the mortals began falling along with the clumps and only a fraction of martial artists who could fly managed to escape the calamity. But, it was impossible for these martial artists with lower cultivation levels to cross a supreme world. Once they exhausted all their life vitality in the air, they fell and got smashed to pieces.

The Star Sealing Technique was used on the supreme world—once the supreme world was destroyed, the technique would follow suit and collapse.

When the Sacred Grand Supreme Lord and all the warriors that followed him witnessed the scene, their eyes widened in shock.

While Supreme Lords had methods to destroy a supreme world, it was difficult for any Supreme Lord to destroy a supreme world to such a degree. What was more terrifying was how Pranav had done it with a single stomp—his power went beyond the comprehension of anyone present.

"Is that really the power of a True God?"

"This could be done using the 'momentum.' Why did the Grand Supreme Lord fail to achieve this?"

"The Grand Supreme Lord does have the Heavens-suppressing Object but in the end, he's merely borrowing it. The momentum doesn't belong to the Grand Supreme Lord himself."

Having seen a lot of the world, the Sacred Supreme Lords were still shocked and busy discussing the matter in private.

Raising his head, Pranav looked toward the depths of the Evolutionary Universe. Then, he lightly said, "Everyone, follow me."

With that, he sped forward, barely causing any energy fluctuations. He was only a dozen feet ahead before turning into a blazing human-shaped silhouette and disappearing before the many Sacred Supreme Lords.

"Follow him!"

The Grand Supreme Lord waved his hand, leading the Sacred Supreme Lords in using Grand Teleportation to advance toward the depths of the Evolutionary Universe.

Meanwhile, within the shattered Sunflower Water World…

When Wynn sensed that the Sacred race was somehow breaking the Star Sealing Technique he had arranged, he warned Zen and the others right away.

But only after a short while, Wynn got something new through his perception and once again, he warned everyone, "They've already broken the seal…"

"How could they be so fast?"

"You set that seal up, Wynn!"

"Is it true that their True God got involved?"

Everyone had expected Wynn's technique to hold up for a few months or at the very least, a few days. No one expected it to last for just a while.

In the battle of the Sunflower Water World, they had killed over 50 Sacred Supreme Lords. The powerful warriors in the Evolutionary Universe didn't even have time to rest before facing an even more brutal battle. The Sacred race had charged with full force, including even a powerful True God.

Everyone in the Sunflower Water World knew that this was going to be a tough battle.

"Since we've attacked this time, there's no way to retreat," said Master Feng calmly.

"Yes, there's no way back. We can only move forward and go all out to fight them," Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment agreed with a nod.

"There's no point in talking any further. We'll wait for them here…" The beautiful eyes of Supreme Lord of Oracle were filled with determination. As she had reached the level of Supreme Lord, she had long seen through life and death and was well aware that it was the moment she died that the true meaning of death would be fulfilled.

"Arrange the array!" Supreme Lord of Original Sin took action immediately, working with the leaders of the other three great clans and setting up the Star Destroying Array.

Supreme Lord Healum summoned Zen and Lavender to his side—he was going to connect them with the Space Lock. As strong as Zen and Lavender were, they were still world lords. Fighting against Supreme Lords would put them at a disadvantage. Only with Supreme Lord

Healum's Heavenly Destiny could they display their strongest combat strength.

But just then…

Whoosh, whoosh…

Margaret still sat on the huge warship. Previously, she had been at the edge of the Sunflower Water World, controlling the Gods Killing Sword Array. Although the warship wasn't particularly slow, it still wasn't nearly as fast as a Supreme Lord, so she had only just arrived.

"Zen!"

Ever since she entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, she had been searching for Zen, but to no avail. Then, she was taken away by a mysterious individual before receiving the complete inheritance of the Gods Killing Sword Array.

Many warriors had died in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land but her cultivation journey had fared rather well. Still, she wasn't exactly satisfied—she was expecting to be able to cultivate together with Zen in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, but after returning to the Evolutionary Universe, she hadn't even seen Zen once. Now that she saw him again, it was natural for her to hope he could stick close to her.

"Whoosh! Whoosh…"

After Margaret called out, she leaped down from the warship, clad in a long purple coat. The gauze ribbon trailed behind her. With a swishing sound, she left a trace in the air and threw herself right into Zen's arms.

Beside him, Lavender had just established a link with Supreme Lord Healum's Space Lock. Upon seeing Zen's interaction with Margaret, her eyes suddenly flashed a deep red, releasing the malicious aura hidden within the Faith Energy.

Resting her head on Zen's chest, Margaret talked about her experiences after going to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and how she longed for him. But then her gaze went past Zen's shoulder and landed on Lavender.

Perhaps she had sensed the malicious aura from Lavender's eyes. Margaret's own eyes narrowed as she spoke to Lavender, sounding surprised, "Lavender, you've finally found your body?"

It was no secret that women were more sensitive when it came to emotions. From the moment Zen met Margaret, Lavender had always existed as a soul, so she never considered her as a rival. But now that Lavender had a complete physical body, the situation had changed.

Hearing Margaret's seemingly surprised tone laced with ridicule, Zen felt a headache coming on. At such a critical time, what on earth was Margaret thinking?

Just as he was about to chime in, Lavender snorted coldly and turned around, ignoring Margaret completely.

With a personality far from Letitia's, Lavender was a woman of few words. While it was natural that she wasn't fond of Margaret, she wasn't going to argue with Margaret because of Zen.

"Alright, hurry and head back. True God might arrive here at any moment and we need you to take charge of the sword array. Once this battle ends, we'll have time to catch up," Zen gently patted Margaret's back with comforting yet persuasive words. Reluctantly, she finally let go of Zen. The thought of Zen's promise to marry her invaded her thoughts and she gave him a sweet smile before turning around and floating towards the warship.

But just as she floated away, a blazing human silhouette suddenly appeared in the air.

After the Space Law on the silhouette dissipated, a young man in black came into view. It was Pranav who rushed there first. Indifferently, he gave Margaret an indifferent glance. She assumed that the young man was some Supreme Lord of the human race.

"Huh..."

Immediately, Pranav's hand shot out like a bolt of lightning. With little to no effort, he grabbed Margaret's neck. Then, there was a crisp sound before he jerked Margaret's head to the side.

Chapter 2059 The Hall Of Holy Beings' Rules

Pranav's sudden appearance stunned Zen, Lavender, and many of the Supreme Lords.

After he broke Margaret's neck like it was nothing, he looked down at the martial artists below him, making the corners of his mouth curve up into a cold and indifferent smile. After carefully examining Margaret's neck, a malicious voice escaped his lips. "She looks pretty good. It's a pity to kill her like this..."

With that, he casually tossed her body to the ground.

Zen's heart raced wildly as he saw her soft body fall like a doll—he could feel the grief pierce his body like a spear.

When he was in the Central Region, she never hesitated to follow him all the way into the Cloud Hall.

After flying to the Upper World, she mastered the powerful sword arrays and searched for him in the large Illusion Battlefield.

Even after going to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, she did all she could to find him.

After her return, Margaret was quickly brought back to the Celestial Position race. Although she really wanted to look for Zen, she had to practice the Gods Killing Sword Array before getting another chance to find him.

In her heart, it was as though nothing existed in the world save for Zen—she barely even had a sense of her own self and cared for Zen wildly.

This woman had chased him with all her might. But compared to how Zen treated Lavender or Letitia, he treated her with more indifference. He often neglected her and perhaps only felt responsible for what he had done to her on impulse in the past.

But at this moment, seeing Margaret's neck suddenly broken like that, he could feel a sharp pain in his chest, nearly making his heart burst.

"Whoosh!"

Without enough time to vent his anger, Zen flew straight toward Margaret and held her in his arms.

Her neck was completely crushed and Zen felt no trace of her life energy. He hugged her soft, limp body and felt loneliness and helplessness wash over him.

Her death was so sudden, shocking everyone there. The Gods Killing Sword Array was of great importance to the Celestial Position race. With her gone, who could master it?

But everyone's attention was elsewhere as they fixated on the young man in black.

He exuded a gentle aura—it was deceiving, as though he had no sense of violence in him. But no one dared brush him off.

The gentle aura was the momentum of a True God. He was a True God from the Murphy Universe.

Such a thought filled everyone's eyes with fear.

"I never thought that a group of creatures formed from life vitality would cause master so much trouble. It turns out that those warriors of the Murphy Universe are all good for nothing," Pranav remarked with a faint smile, his eyes still locked on the Supreme Lords.

Pranav's inner world was close to perfection. Even the Supreme Lords had appeared in his inner world, but they were far inferior to the Supreme Lords in the universe in terms of strength. But in Pranav's eyes, the creatures of the Evolutionary Universe and the Sacred warriors of the Murphy Universe were merely secondary creatures formed from life vitality. To him, they weren't true life forms in the least.

"Huff..."

Just then, Wynn arrived and stood opposite Pranav. His eyes flashed with faint starlight as he said, "We've fought before."

On the Breaking Cloud Mountain, Pranav had used the secret arts of the nine Sacred Supreme Lords to send a strike across the universe. But in the end, Wynn forced him back.

"I don't have a good memory, so I don't remember that." Pranav shook his head with a smile.

"You're no match for me." Wynn's expression was dead-serious.

Although Wynn was Mike's last disciple and the youngest, his talent was the most outstanding—he was very confident in his strength.

Since Mike had the best relationship with him, he was asked to stay in the Evolutionary Universe to help his master pass safely through the crisis.

But the time flow rate was too fast in the Evolutionary Universe. After hiding there for years, his skeletal age had grown. But a True God had an eternal lifespan, so the word 'old' wasn't appropriate for Wynn. So long as he wanted to, he could easily recover his youthful appearance with a thought. But he wanted to use his current appearance to remind himself of the time he had spent in the Evolutionary Universe.

Although the True God of the Murphy Universe had finally made his move, Wynn just announced that Pranav was truly no match for him.

These words had all the Supreme Lords overjoyed. If Wynn could kill this man, the pressure on these Supreme Lords would lessen significantly. And if Wynn still had enough energy and strength left to help the Supreme Lords after killing the young man in black, they all might even be able to obtain a genuine victory.

But Pranav's following words made the Supreme Lords' hearts sink. "Yes," he stated calmly. "I am not your opponent. But what if I fight against you along with my master's other two disciples?"

Pranav was a True God himself, so his master's other two disciples could have been True Gods as well.

That meant that three True Gods of the Murphy Universe had been sent.

The news was shocking. "This doesn't conform to the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings," Wynn said indignantly. "Murphy cannot do that!"

The Hall of Holy Beings had developed countless divine eras with a comprehensive set of rules. Even the Holy Beings couldn't break the rules so easily in a battle.

For instance, a Holy Being wasn't allowed to personally attack the universe of another Holy Being.

It was because of this rule that Murphy couldn't step into the Evolutionary Universe himself. Otherwise, with Murphy's strength, he could destroy the universe quickly. In this case, there was no need for him to pour much energy or time into cultivating the Sacred race, and secretly allowing the sorcerer race and the Demon Night to develop within the Evolutionary Universe.

Another rule was that if the two universes were to fight each other, only one True God could be sent to join the battle.

Mike had many disciples as well. He had only arranged for Wynn to stay in the universe and even this was limited by the rule.

But Pranav only chuckled. "Rules can be modified. My master has spent much effort in changing this rule. You can always ask for help. Isn't Mike's chief disciple, Harold, very strong?"

Wynn's gaze grew colder. Changing the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings was no easy task. Since Murphy was willing to pay such a huge price to change the rules, how could he let Mike's disciples step into the Evolutionary Universe so easily?

"I'll give you a chance to live. Leave this universe this instant. If you see me in the divine land in the future, you must take a detour and avoid me," Pranav said with a smile. While he admitted that he was no match for Wynn, he had his master's support.

Mike was expected to perish, so his disciples in the divine land would not know peace. Pranav naturally didn't fear Wynn.

A sneer crossed Wynn's face. "None of my master's disciples will flinch. You needn't say so much."

"That's a pity. I can only summon my fellows to kill you..." said Pranav, shaking his head. If the passageway to the Sighing Wall was unblocked, the True Gods could easily travel from one universe to another.

But before Pranav could finish speaking, an extremely violent aura erupted from below him. As it did, a ray of golden light shot towards him while an explosion resounded in the air.

"Go to hell!"

Zen's entire body was covered in dazzling golden light as the Emperor Soul Imprint appeared. Under the frenzied combustion of his soul, his soul power was released without reservation.

Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, Supreme Lord of Oracle, and the others were terrified. As Supreme Lords, they also had the Gold Fighting Souls. But the soul pressure Zen emitted was rather formidable. They had only been affected by the aura and it was that True God who was truly facing the soul pressure.

"Zen, stop!"

Wynn was in shock—he didn't expect Zen to act so recklessly. It was too late for Wynn to stop him.

Feeling Zen's aura, Pranav was rather surprised. Clearly, Zen was only a world lord. How could the power from his soul combustion put any pressure on Pranav?

A True God's soul had stepped onto another higher realm. There, the soul and the Godly Tile had fused together. With the soul's primary divinity, such a soul far surpassed the Gold Fighting Soul.

But Pranav only admired Zen's imposing aura. A look of disdain filled his eyes when Zen rashly charged at him. He then extended a hand towards Zen and spread his fingers. "The secondary creatures are always so reckless, but your courage is commendable..."

Looking down at Zen as he rushed over, Pranav wanted to crush his sword with a single hand and proceed to crush his entire body.

But when Zen slashed at Pranav's palm with the Great Weighty Sword, Pranav widened his eyes in shock.

Chapter 2060 Broken Arm

Zen went all out, vehemently venting his boiling hatred by launching a deadly strike.

Nearly a third of Zen's strength source within his inner world had now flowed into his arm.

His current physical body was extremely tough, nearly unbreakable, but despite that, he was still incapable of carrying such hefty power. Both his veins and bones felt like they were on the verge of collapsing. It was safe to say that the rage had got the best of him; he couldn't think of anything else.

And in terms of the other seventy percent of his strength source, Zen had gathered it tightly around his sword by using the Cross-world Theurgy. As he displayed his strength in this way though, he'd lose a certain amount of power which could easily be interpreted as a weakness of the Cross-world Theurgy. Hence, it was clear to Zen that if he wanted to bring the strength source within his inner world into full play, his only option was to make his physical body much, much stronger.

As a secondary creature, Zen had already reached a certain limit in all aspects of his development as a warrior. In many, if not most ways, he had already hit the ceiling and could no longer improve any further. That was, unless he could condense a Godly Tile and control his inner world's momentum. If he could manage that, then he could make a hell of a leap in his development.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

The Great Weighty Sword began rumbling loudly. The Star Essence Iron was extraordinarily robust, even more so because Zen had fused one-third of the nine stars' power into it. Despite having done so, there was still too much power for the sword to bear alone.

True God Pranav had never taken Zen very seriously. Although the soul pressure Zen emitted was certainly surprising, in True God Pranav's eyes, he looked like an angry little leopard, running around aimlessly. It was true that he had never expected a secondary creature to fight so extensively, though.

But no matter how powerful a secondary creature became, the fact remained that it was still a secondary creature. A secondary creature was only condensed by the life vitality of a Holy Being. Before obtaining a Godly Tile, a secondary creature would simply never have the qualifications to fight him. At least, not without the help of Heavenly Destiny.

Pranav casually reached out his hand in order to simply grab the sword. Regardless of speed, strength, or angle of movement, they were all perfect in his eyes. Once this Great Weighty Sword was within his grasp, he knew there was no way he could let it out of his hand. After all, Zen was just a little lamb, waiting to be slaughtered.

It only took a split second, once he gripped the Great Weighty Sword, to discover that Zen's weapon was extraordinarily sturdy!

A supreme world was as heavy as a thousand great worlds. In other words, this meant that the weight of the Great Weighty Sword was only a thousandth of a supreme world. If Pranav could crush an entire supreme world with nothing but a single stomp, then no matter how heavy this Great Weighty Sword was, never should it have surprised Pranav to such an extent.

What truly made his face contort was the power that exuded from this Great Weighty Sword.

"The power…" was all Pranav could utter.

What radiated from the Great Weighty Sword was a power that he was simply unable to resist.

The only way he could compare this power was to that of a very few True Gods who specialized in body refining!

Pranav was wholly confused.

Pfft!

Pranav, having originally gripped onto the Great Weighty Sword's blade, now realized the power contained within Zen's sword was far beyond what he could handle. The Great Weighty Sword quickly broke free from Pranav's fingers and slashed straight toward the fleshy area between his thumb and index finger in an attempt to slash his palm in half.

Under the Great Weighty Sword's powerful impact, its momentum only continued to increase. It moved upward at what looked like full speed, along Pranav's forearm until it finally sliced his entire arm straight off in a single thrust.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

His arm spun violently in the air above his head before hitting the ground a short distance away.

Pranav, who had been in a total daze up until now, finally reacted. His stern face suddenly flashed with a dark and crazy aura.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! To say that I was actually injured by a secondary creature at the world lord level. This is unbelievable! A joke!"

In the divine land, there was no Heavenly Destiny to be obtained, which meant that once the ordinary creatures had reached the world lord level, they had no other choice but to start breaking through to become True Gods. The gap between a True God and a world lord was like the difference between heaven and earth. So much so that there was a phrase in the divine land that said, "cross the divine gate", which perfectly explained that by crossing the gate, one would become a god. Otherwise, they remained mortal.

It could easily be said that before becoming a True God, the countless world lords were considered no different than ants on the ground.

But now the tables had turned! Pranav had just lost an arm due to a world lord! This was absolutely absurd!

If only Pranav knew the truth, he might have been capable of justifying his situation. After all, Zen had obtained nearly a third of Holy Jay's strength source. Such strength was indeed not something Pranav could resist.

It was a pity that Pranav wasn't aware of the facts!

Once Zen had succeeded his first strike, he made his next move without a moment's pause. Taking advantage of the fact that his strength source hadn't completely been exhausted, he leaped up into the air. The Great Weighty Sword drew an arc high above before slashing down toward Pranav's head.

"You've overestimated yourself!"

Pranav snorted. It was he, though, who had just underestimated his opponent. Of course, this was why Zen had managed to hurt him.

Zen's current abilities in various aspects were rather uneven, not to mention that the gap between him and Pranav was very large.

Pranav's body wavered in midair for a moment before he flipped his hand and struck Zen's chest with his palm.

Although the palm strike was extremely fast and a little unexpected, its power was far from being very great. On the other hand though, the momentum it contained was extremely powerful.

Pfft!

Even with the Redemption Armor's protection, Zen had no way of blocking this power. After the sudden palm strike, five finger marks imprinted themselves into Zen's chest. His entire body plummeted downward like a shooting star.

'He didn't die?'

Pranav thought, as a cold light flashed in his eyes. For that strike alone, he had used at least sixty percent of his strength. He had imagined that this strike would crush Zen into pieces. He never expected that it would leave nothing but a palm mark on this boy's body!

This fellow, the one who dared cut off his arm, was definitely unforgivable. Feeling such emotion, Pranav's figure flashed forcefully. Prior to launching his next attack, he appeared in the blink of an eye below Zen. Then, he immediately struck his palm strenuously toward the sky above.

Bang! Bang!

Again, the power from this palm attack successfully pierced through Zen's Redemption Armor and came into contact with Zen's chest. The original palm print on his chest deepened, and a few of his ribs even broke.

Pfft!

In the face of Pranav's surprising attack, Zen simply couldn't muster the power to dodge or resist. He quickly sputtered a mouthful of golden blood before he was sent flying into the air like a rubber ball due to the strike.

Before Zen even had the chance to stabilize himself, Pranav appeared at his side once again. This time, he grabbed Zen's neck with his remaining hand with the intent to rip his head straight off his body!

The clash between Zen and Pranav had happened in a split-second. Now, Wynn had jolted out of surprise and was the first to react. He quietly appeared beside Pranav. With a tap of his index finger, a speck of red starlight, barely the size of a mosquito, shot towards Pranav.

Pranav was originally going to take Zen's head, but upon noticing the speck of starlight, he immediately frowned, and a slight expression of fear could be read on his face. He let go of Zen's neck and rolled over, in an attempt to dodge the starlight.

However, just as he dodged the starlight, Wynn flicked his index finger a second time. A few more dots of red starlight flew out.

The continuous streams of starlight were causing Pranav to panic. He had no other choice. Now that he had let go of Zen's neck, he could do nothing but release him completely and retreat. In order to avoid the attack, he dashed backward a good thousand feet.

Wynn grabbed Zen and threw him in the opposite direction. He looked at Pranav and coldly said, "You are, after all, a disciple of a Holy Being, a

True God! Bullying a world lord is not what a True God should do!"

Pranav's face was suddenly grim. In his opinion, he could kill Supreme Lords just as he wished, let alone world lords. In this fight though, he had continuously launched several attacks, and yet still failed to kill the boy. In his heart, he was extremely upset.

Whoosh... Whoosh... Whoosh... Whoosh... Whoosh...

That was when countless bloody space cracks began appearing directly behind Pranav.

Within the cracks, one figure after another came into view. The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race had arrived!

Although Supreme Lords could use the Grand Teleportation to instantly cross several supreme worlds, in comparison to a True God's ability in employing the Grand Teleportation, the distance they traveled didn't hold a candle to what a True God could achieve in the same time span. In other words, it had taken quite some time for the Sacred Supreme Lords to arrive, especially coming from the edge of the Evolutionary Universe. The Sacred Grand Supreme Lord took a step forward and walked out of the space crack. When he looked at Pranav's broken arm, he was utterly stunned.

"Sir, your arm... What happened?!"

As the many Sacred Supreme Lords stepped out one after the next, each of their gazes landed on Pranav. In such a short period of time, Pranav had lost his arm. This was far from being good news for the Sacred race!

"Shut up!"

Pranav's face darkened again at the Grand Supreme Lord's question. With a shake of his shoulder, the severed arm emitted dots of light. The light quickly condensed itself and formed a new arm. Despite rectifying this, the new arm was far inferior to the previous one.

As he was condensing his arm, more and more Supreme Lords of the Sacred race arrived at the battle area, each of them with surprise and doubt etched on their faces.

Above the shattered supreme world, the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe stood in confrontation with at least one hundred Supreme Lords of the Sacred race. Both sides knew that a fierce battle awaited them. All they could do now was examine one another, looking each other up and down.

Chapter 2061 Wishing Spell (Part One)

Wynn carefully handled Zen, bracing himself to toss him down to Lavender. Lavender flew a few more feet and once she was in the right position caught Zen in her arms. She flew a little further down to land gracefully on a sturdy boulder.

Her face contorted in grief for her man, who groaned weakly in her grasp. Zen had been heavily injured, and she wasn't sure what they could do to help alleviate some of his pain. The fact he had to be thrown into her arms hadn't helped, and she was sure of that.

Lavender knew just who was to blame for this terrible mess. A rush of irritation and hatred lanced through her core at the thought of Margaret. Despite the fact her neck had been snapped, she was still causing trouble for Zen.

However, Lavender knew that Zen irrationally cared for those close to his heart. He was a kind person. She knew if she were to be injured in that way and she no longer were to be alive, Zen would become enraged. Even though that thought warmed her heart, she still believed the man was too impulsive! Too brash.

"How could he be such an idiot!" She hissed, hugging him tighter to her chest. Her voice had been low so as not to disturb Zen, but he shifted as if he had heard her. She attempted to blink the tears from her eyes to no avail as she looked over his injury. He'd fought valiantly and for that she admired him, but her worry was stronger than her admiration. His chest was bloodied and slightly sunken in, his breathing ragged and labored.

Zen had only been struck by Pranav twice. However, the seemingly unremarkable palm strikes had caused insurmountable damage to his chest.

Ever since their return from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, it was the first time Zen had been injured. It had come as a shock to them all.

Lavender could see the energy from Pranav's attack lingering in the wound. It was like a festering sore, attempting to corrode and infect his entire body.

Zen was incredibly lucky to be the person he was. His physique was unique in that it naturally produced the primordial energy. Primordial energy was more commonly referred to as the warm current, and the gentle glow of the current was nearly surrounding Zen.

The warm currents were like leeches, trying to overpower the energy and then attempt to siphon it from his body.

However, Pranav's energy was nearly too much for the warm currents. It was domineering and could easily bat away the primordial energy.

Fortunately, Zen was a natural conductor for the warm currents. They had accumulated a decent amount inside his body, and naturally worked against the energy trying to eat away at him. Lavender watched with wide eyes as new currents would automatically counteract the energy from Pranav's attack. They worked to heal what they could, and finally were able to defeat the remaining darkness from the wound.

The body in her arms sucked in a sharp breath, and then went into spasm. A large mouthful of blood, shining gold in the daylight, was spat out onto the rock at her feet. Zen was panting and slowly opened his eyes. When he realized where he was he began to struggle from Lavender's grip. She held on tightly. "You need to be careful! Your recklessness caused this injury. You don't need to cause any more damage." She could see the pure hatred in his eyes, but also the resolve. "You are no match for him at this moment!" she said. Her hold on him tightened as if she expected him to bolt.

Although Zen was extremely powerful and his strength outmatched that of many warriors, this was an entirely different situation. He could defeat any Supreme Lord as they had no real way of defending themselves against him. Pranav was not a Supreme Lord though.

Pranav happened to be a True God, a being never so easily defeated. They'd just experienced what would happen to them in various unprepared battles. It was ludicrous for Zen to even consider challenging him again in this state.

Despite Lavender's warning, the look of determination did not lessen from Zen's face. She knew there would be no dissuading him. Sighing, Lavender set him carefully on his feet and took his hands in hers. "We need to have a plan if we're going to do this. They will be fighting soon, and we can plan to launch an attack then."

Zen assessed the woman before him, the sincerity of her words calming him. He knew she cared for him, but to see it was moving.

He nodded, deciding Lavender was right. If he rushed in now to battle Pranav unprepared, he'd certainly be killed. Wynn might have been able to save him this time, but there was no guarantee he'd be able to do so again. His impulsive actions could cause Wynn and the Supreme Lords to fall into terrible circumstances. Zen certainly didn't want the whole of the Evolutionary Universe to suffer for a mistake on his part.

As Zen considered the situation, he realized there was a chance. With the aide of Supreme Lord Lester, he could bring back Margaret. That was only if Supreme Lord Lester was still alive and could perform the Heavenly Destiny of Revival.

He was standing there for a long while, lost in his thoughts when he felt someone's eyes on him. Lavender was watching him expectantly, a brow raised in question. Zen nodded at her once more, squeezing her hands in reassurance. He opened his mouth to relay his thoughts when an explosion thundered through the world. Following the sound was an epic shock wave, knocking them off their feet. It seemed the battle had already begun.

They all turned their gazes to the sky. The Grand Supreme Lord had led the Sacred Supreme Lords to this area for battle, instructing them to assemble all manners of weapons.

Wynn just happened to be a meticulous person as well. After learning just how powerful Pranav's reinforcements were, he knew that their Evolutionary Universe was weaker by comparison. He had tried his best to prevent the Sacred race from assembling their arrays. Anything to hinder the inevitable. It was precisely why he had taken action first!

The leader of the Celestial Position race and the Supreme Lords had understood that acting first was the best option as well. Zen and

Lavender watched in awe as the Supreme Lords readied themselves, and then let loose every weapon they had.

There was no Star Sealing Technique to seal the Sacred Supreme Lords' space, no protection from the onslaught of attacks. After an attack, either side would keep their distance from one another. They didn't need to be close to the other to do damage.

"Crack!" The harrowing sound echoed through the sky.

It was the Space Law cracking apart. They watched as fissures opened up in the sky above the battle.

Those fighting in the sky must have not expected the outcome before, so they all started to flee. As many Supreme Lords escaped across the sky, others teleported to adjoining worlds.

Those that were left continued to fight, using all manners of strange abilities and superior strength. All around them more and more Heavenly Destinies were released.

A rumble rolled across the sky.

The earth below the sky was quivering.

It had only lasted less than thirty seconds, but the battle had resulted in the death of eight Supreme Lords. They had been the ones that were unable to teleport in time.

Five of the dead were Sacred Supreme Lords, the other three belonged to different races. One human and the other two ogres. The deaths were a result of the Sacred race being attacked off guard thanks to Wynn's forethought. It was the only explanation for how easily they had perished.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2062 Wishing Spell (Part Two)

Across the sky it was a tangled melee among the Supreme Lords. To the eyes of the mortals below, it looked to be a free-for-all among the most powerful in the universe.

Zen stared at the sky, searching. His gaze finally landed on his target in the battle zone. He stood behind the chaos, the Great Weighty Sword loosely held in his hand.

There were five shallow finger imprints on the broad blade of the sword. They had been left there by Pranav when he grabbed it with just his hand. Zen's understanding of a True God was rough at best, but the power of Pranav far exceeded his expectation. He wondered what other surprises the True God had up his sleeve.

Glancing over to his left, Zen saw Wynn surrounded by oval shaped stars. Wynn stood at the center of the stars as they revolved around him. Sharp light emanated from the middle of the stars and extended out into points as if they were long spears. He was readying for a fight.

Pranav summoned five eyeballs around himself, each the size of a fist and of different colors. They represented the Five Elements Godly Way: silver for metal, green for wood, blue for water, red for fire, and brown for earth. All were refined from the eyeballs of a five-colored peacock. Zen had never laid eyes on such a weapon before.

Each time the eyes met the other's gaze, a beam of five-colored light would fly towards Wynn. However, Wynn was faster and able to dodge each time.

He had been correct. Pranav, although incredibly powerful, was no match for Wynn. He had a strength and battle prowess unheard of, and was easily able to thwart the enemy's attacks.

The sky roared once again.

Lavender and Zen looked away from Wynn and Pranav to see nine Genuine Dragons surge through the battlefield. They were resisting the array of eight Sacred Supreme Lords, their heavenly bodies easily deflecting spells and weapons. Another roar followed them through the sky, and the fighting stopped for a single moment. The Ancestral Dragon had joined the blood bath, and it changed everything.

A flash of light shot across the sky and then disappeared to reveal the unreachable pagoda. The Buddhist light dimly glowed along the walls of the building, casting an eerie light over the land.

The appearance of the pagoda was enough of a distraction for the Thoughtless Minds to act. They quickly arranged the Star Destroying Array, meteorites streaking across the sky in flames.

Supreme Lord Leroy, Supreme Lord of Oracle, Supreme Lord Mathias, and Supreme Lord Leia began to make use of their own unique talents.

A fierce and bloody battle waged between the leader of the Celestial Position race and the Grand Supreme Lord. Above them the sky opened further, and Zen watched in amazement as the Evolution Lotus Flower and the spinulose wood fern appeared. They continuously collided as the momentums of the two universes crashed into each other.

More explosions rang in their ears, the booming sounds nearly painful.

As the battle progressed, the Supreme Lords locked in battle had scattered. Now it wasn't only one supreme world affected, but a number of them were experiencing the chaos of war.

The terrifying power of the Supreme Lords was beginning to take its toll. It was too overpowering, and the supreme worlds began to crack and break apart under the assault.

No mortal had the chance or ability to resist the attacks on their world. There was no amount of prayer that would help them. The Gods were no longer listening as they were the reason for their downfall. Fear permeated the air as the ground shook and crumbled beneath their feet. Death was imminent. The weak and average would perish, animals and humans alike. Sacred places would cease to exist and kingdoms would be leveled. Very few would survive this cataclysmic event.

It had taken only two hours to utterly destroy over three hundred supreme worlds. Only two hours to kill millions. But the battle still continued.

Those from the ground that could aide in battle did. Lavender, with the assistance of Supreme Lord Healum, joined the fight. She had even managed to cut down one of the Sacred Supreme Lords who was besieged.

Zen remained on the boulder, uninterested in the fight above him. He was only interested in one battle. His gaze shifted to where Pranav stood, hatred making his vision go red.

Wynn, who had had the upper hand for most of their fight, was beginning to lose momentum. Their enemy had a trick up his sleeve, and activated some kind of secret technique. Neither Wynn nor Zen had seen anything like it. Zen could see the fear peeking out from Wynn's stony expression as Pranav took the upper hand.

A sound like a swarm of bees came from Pranav's direction.

The eyes surrounding Pranav began to flutter and move away from their master. They moved and intersected one another, and the closer they came to Wynn, the faster they moved. Wynn could go nowhere as they encircled him, trapping him in a loose circle.

It was not going to be easy, but Pranav hoped to defeat Wynn without the assistance of his master's other disciples. He knew he was weaker than his opponent. It was why this battle was a test of his strength and ability. His master was always watching, always assessing him. He considered this to be a training exercise, so Pranav would prove himself worthy.

"Five-element Energy Seal!" Pranav's booming voice echoed through the sky.

The eyes began to circle faster, the humming sound getting louder.

Zen took a single step forward, eyes wide. "That's not good."

Crowding closer to Wynn, the eyes connected to one another, morphing into a solid ring of five colors. Wynn's expression was grave as he twisted his hands in an intricate pattern. It would be his only attempt to escape from the seal. If this failed, well, he didn't want to think of that.

"This Five-element Energy Seal is one of my master's secret techniques. How could a low-rank True God like you escape from it?" Wynn glared at the implication that Pranav thought him to be weak. A cold laugh sent a shiver up Wynn's and Zen's spines. Pranav thought this battle was as good as over, and victory would be his. He puffed up his chest and rolled his shoulders, gathering as much of his power into his body as he could. It was going to be such a simple task to kill Wynn.

Once Wynn was dead, the battle would be over. Or so Pranav believed.

He did not bother to think of the Supreme Lords battling throughout the sky. They were not his concern and were wasting their lives fighting in this battle.

"Now! Supreme Lord Healum, you have to get me over there!" Zen looked at Supreme Lord Healum with determination.

This was his only chance. Pranav was arrogant and self-assured of his victory, so it would be easy for Zen to swoop in unannounced and surprise him.

Supreme Lord Healum connected himself to Zen with the Space Lock. But after he heard the words that had been spoken, he wasn't sure if he should send Zen into battle against such a powerful opponent.

"There's no time to hesitate,"

Zen urged. This was what he had been waiting for. A chance at revenge.

His heart stuttered in his chest, the fear Supreme Lord Healum felt clear on his face. He did not wish to send Zen into the middle of a battle between two True Gods. However, he'd also witnessed the hidden strength in Zen and the amazing feats he had managed to perform. Perhaps he should believe in Zen to pull through once more.

Nodding to Zen, he gave him an encouraging smile. Hopefully it would give him enough luck to be successful in this crazy endeavor. It took only a second and very little of Supreme Lord Healum's power, and Zen disappeared from the boulder.

While Supreme Lord Healum had hesitated, Pranav had summoned five short swords before him, each corresponding with one of the eyes in color. The moment he waved his hand, the swords would shoot forward and pierce in the Five-element Energy Seal. As the seal trapped Wynn's Godly Tile, his source of power, he would be too weak to stop the attack. A wicked smile spread across Pranav's face.

Before he could deploy his attack, a force at his back broke his concentration and made him stumble forward. He didn't have time to turn around when he heard a voice ring out, "Wishing Spell!" His eyes widened when he realized it was that brat Zen. "I wish that the one hundred thousand supreme worlds would be eternal. I will do everything in my power and even sacrifice my life to exterminate the foreign race who has invaded!"

Zen had learned to use the Wishing Spell while in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

He had never used the spell as the side effects were unpredictable, and it would exhaust much of his strength. However, he had no other choice now. In order to defeat Pranav he had to use it.

Chapter 2063 Marko And Mateo (Part One)

The Wishing Spell was quite a powerful technique. In fact, when it was used, it could greatly increase the strength of its user in a very short period of time.

This technique had a catch, though. The users were condemned to fulfilling the wishes they had made, otherwise they would never advance in their cultivation.

Under normal circumstances, no one dared use the Wishing Spell unless it was a life and death situation. A battle to the death. Once Zen used this skill, he would have no choice but to kill Pranav, a True God!

Upon Pranav's arrival here, Zen had chopped off his arm with the Great Weighty Sword. Although this made Pranav extremely furious, he didn't have the time or the opportunity to revenge himself on Zen at the time.

However, at the crucial moment when Pranav had reached his limit and was about to go all out to deal with Wynn, Zen suddenly reappeared at his side and interrupted him.

What sent Pranav into a spiraling disarray of emotion was that this basic fellow actually knew how to use the Wishing Spell.

He knew that Zen was a Godly Genius, and the Wishing Spell was a Godly Way that nearly everyone in the divine land would have the chance to learn. However, the Godly Geniuses in this universe rarely came across such an opportunity. Zen had surpassed what was expected of him.

There were no words to describe how Pranav was feeling right now.

"It's you! Again, you brat! Get out of my face!"

Pranav shouted, as he thrust out a hand in an attempt to slap Zen away. He really didn't have the time right now to bother with him.

On Zen's behalf though, now that he had activated the Wishing Spell, he was entering a wondrous, dazzling state of mind.

It was as if everything else in the entire world was left behind, leaving him to concentrate on Pranav alone. At the same time, an invisible force entered his body and he felt it tingling every one of his senses. The power seemed to be coming from some sort of contract.

Zen had experienced the wonders of the Wishing Spell once before, directly after he had first mastered this Godly Way.

Back then, he had used the Wishing Spell on an ordinary beast. After he had activated it, he near immediately felt a miraculous change that greatly improved his physical body, strength, and even psychic force.

What Zen didn't know though, was that this power wasn't obtained from anywhere else at all, but was given to him instead... by himself!

After he made the wish, he believed that he would have the power to fulfill the latter, and thus, he possessed that power. In other words, it was his own personal faith and belief that generated such power.

This power though, could only be used against the one specific target. If he gave up on killing that said beast and changed his target, he would instantly return to his normal state and he'd lose the additional power. Once Zen had successfully killed that beast and fulfilled the wish, the wonderful feeling disappeared and the world returned to its regular order.

This time, he was using the Wishing Spell skill on Pranav. The same feeling was now bubbling up inside him.

Through his eyes, everything else in the world had completely vanished, leaving only Pranav. His focus became pristine.

Whoosh!

His reaction had become several times faster than even Zen himself had expected.

Generally speaking, there would have been no way to dodge Pranav's slap, but now, with nothing but a slight twist of his body, Zen avoided it with ease.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

As all the distracting thoughts in Zen's mind vanished, his Gods-intimidating Strike became sharper, and with purer power.

Pranav had previously been victim of Zen's sword attack and paid the price of an arm. He knew that this world lord's cultivation level was inferior to his, but despite this, he didn't dare take a second sword attack head on. He was taking this battle very seriously. If he didn't, high chances were that he'd be killed by Zen.

Without any other option, Pranav gritted his teeth in resentment and pulled out one of the five small swords in hopes that he'd be capable of blocking Zen's attack.

Originally, his plan was to use the five small swords in order to kill Wynn. With the five small swords, he could form a Five-element Divine Sword, which was incredibly powerful. Pranav was certain that this was more than enough to kill Wynn, but using the skill would require the five swords to complement each other.

But because he'd had to separate one of the small swords in order to block Zen's attack, it was no longer possible to summon the Five-element Divine Sword.

Several clanging sounds could be heard.

The small sword, which looked to be as light as a feather, collided with Zen's Great Weighty Sword, but didn't waver in the slightest.

Instead, it moved smoothly, almost like a nimble flying snake, as it continuously swerved in the air, trying to find an opportunity to close in and kill Zen.

Despite its relentless precision, Zen's reaction and flying speed had also greatly increased. Furthermore, having activated the ultimate sword intent from the Great Weighty Sword, he protected himself perfectly. The power he infused into the Great Weighty Sword was extremely strong, and every time it collided with the small sword, it would send the small sword flying quite a distance away.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

Pranav had initially planned to end Zen's life within three seconds so that he could then use his full strength to kill Wynn.

But once again, Zen had displayed a strength that far exceeded Pranav's expectations, forcing him to deviate from his devise.

It didn't take long before a full thirty seconds had passed and Zen was still vigorously waving the Great Weighty Sword in his hand. Zen was trying to turn the tables... if only he could find a flaw in Pranav's attack!

Chapter 2064 Marko And Mateo (Part Two)

Thanks to Zen's valiant effort, Wynn suddenly found himself with a grace period in front of him. He used this time wisely and managed to get himself free.

At first, Wynn had underestimated Pranav's strength. They were both low-rank True Gods, but Wynn's cultivation level was slightly higher than that of Pranav. Logically, he should have prevailed in a battle against Pranav.

The situation took an immediate turn when Pranav suddenly used the Five-element Energy Seal, though.

The Five-element Energy Seal was one of the many mysterious skills of the Five Elements Godly Way. Although there were many True Gods who had learned the Five Elements Godly Way, only a small portion of them were actually capable and competent enough to unleash the Five-element Energy Seal. This was because the skill had special requirements on the user's physique.

Once Wynn had been sealed by the Five-element Energy Seal, he was suddenly overwhelmed with anxiety and struggled aimlessly to break free.

On the other hand though, he also understood that his mistake might actually bring an end to the battle between these two True Gods. There would have been enough time for Pranav to kill Wynn ten times over before he could escape from the Five-element Energy Seal.

That was when Zen had miraculously appeared at his side anew and used the Wishing Spell to hold Pranav back.

Moved with surprise, Wynn seized the moment to break free from the seal.

Thirty seconds might only be enough time for a mortal to drink a glass of water but for Wynn, this was more than enough to save his own life.

With a flick of his hand, five rays of starlight shot out, one from each finger and his thumb.

Although he wasn't the most proficient in the Five Elements Godly Way, he had cultivated the Grand Sealing Technique. The Five-element Energy Seal was only achieved through the interpromoting relation in the five elements. If Wynn wanted to break this Five-element Energy Seal, he would have to do just the opposite and utilize the restricting relation of the five elements.

The five streaks of starlight that had shot out in succession from his hand were of different colors. They each respectively contained the power of Metal Law, the power of Wood Law, the power of Water Law, the power of Fire Law and the power of Earth Law.

The five elements' powers in Pranav's five eyeballs generated with each other, while the five elements' powers in Wynn's five stars restricted each other. The five eyeballs rotated clockwise, while the five stars rotated counter-clockwise.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As the five stars spun simultaneously and approached, they ultimately collided directly with the five eyeballs.

Metal produced water and fire melted metal, thus the Fire Law star collided with the Metal Law eyeball.

Water nourished wood and earth absorbed water, thus the Earth Law star collided with the Water Law eyeball.

Wood fed fire and metal chopped wood, thus the Metal Law star collided with Wood Law eyeball.

With his clever use of the mutual promotion and restraint between the five elements, Wynn successfully disengaged the Five-element Energy Seal. It only took him twenty-seven seconds to unravel the seal. During this time though, Pranav still had control over the small sword, the one he was wielding at Zen.

When Pranav noticed something was wrong, he lifted his eyes only to see that Wynn had already managed to break free. Immediately, he flung into an uncontrollable rage.

Suddenly, he couldn't give a damn about Wynn anymore. Instead, he shouted loudly, "Marko! Mateo! Come out right now and take care of the old geezer for me! I'm going to chop this brat into thousands of bloody little pieces!" At the end of his declaration, he slapped his own chest in indignation. A crisp sound rang out as he shattered a jade plate that was used for summoning.

Pranav's patience with Zen had finally reached its limit. Originally, he had planned to kill Wynn by himself, because he wanted to get all the credit and prove to his master that he was strong. Now though, things had changed. He was so angry, so livid, that he only had one thought in his mind: to shred Zen apart.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Following his first order, he immediately called for the four small swords to turn around and slash toward Zen as well.

Previously, Pranav had held Zen to a draw with only a single small sword. Now that the other four swords had equally circled over, Zen immediately felt the increased pressure. After all, the Five-element Divine Sword formed by the five small swords could really be used to kill a True God!

With just a single round of attacks from the five small swords, Zen was already in great danger. His Great Weighty Sword was scarred by the Five-element Divine Sword and many bloody wounds instantly appeared all over his body. Had his body been any less strong and resistant, he would have already been torn to shreds.

Wynn had successfully struggled his way out of the Five-element Energy Seal and therefore, there was no way he was just going to stand by and watch Zen die.

Just as he was about to take action in assisting Zen though, two new figures enveloped in incandescent light suddenly appeared before him, completely out of the blue. As the incandescent light slowly faded, two individuals with careless smiles on their faces were revealed. One of them looked Wynn up and down, while the other mocked Pranav, "Hey, Pranav, didn't you say that you could handle it all by yourself? Tell us, why have we been summoned, then?" one of the newcomers was asking, chuckling ironically.

These two individuals were known as Marko and Mateo. They were the other two True Gods that came from the Murphy Universe. Just like Pranav, they were also Holy Murphy's disciples. With three True Gods standing against them now, how could Zen and his companions ever hope to win this war?

Chapter 2065 Zen's Sudden Disappearance (Part One)

"Marko, stop blabbing nonsense! What are you waiting for? Just hurry up and kill the old guy!"

As Pranav spoke, he continued his precise control of the five-colored small swords with which he attacked Zen ferociously!

Even Zen, having deployed his Wishing Spell, could only handle three five-colored small swords at most. Every time the five-colored small swords simultaneously shot towards him, at least two of them would break through Zen's defenses, penetrating his armor, leaving a deep, bloody wound on his body.

But because Pranav had now been forced into a corner, he had no other choice but summon another two True Gods for help. Pranav was more than just pissed though, and in order to vent the boiling fury in his system, he loosened his attack on Zen. In other words, as the five small swords drilled toward him, they didn't do so with the direct intention to take his life. Instead, the small, five-colored swords avoided Zen's vitals parts, only leaving a painful lesion behind every single time!

Even though Zen was wearing his Redemption Armor in order to protect his body, the small five-colored swords pierced through to his body with a ridiculous ease. Despite Zen's best attempt at defending himself, he had at least two or three dozen wounds covering his whole body.

Marko, who had just been scolded by Pranav, didn't show the slightest intention of shutting up. Instead, he chuckled and said, "Pranav, might you've taken a fancy to the boy? Since when have you had an interest in this mere little world lord?"

These two True Gods had been summoned here by Pranav. They had crossed tens of thousands of supreme worlds, all the way from the Murphy Universe and entered directly into the Evolutionary Universe to come to Pranav's rescue.

They had believed that Pranav was unable to defeat the True God of the Evolutionary Universe and had thus asked them for help.

What they had never expected was that the battle they were walking into was actually against a secondary creature who was equally a world lord. And that even more so, Pranav had actually used the Five-element Divine Sword! The only explanations they could think of for using the Five-element Divine Sword against a world lord was either Pranav was completely out of his mind or he had developed a liking for that world lord. Other than that, the two of them couldn't think of any other plausible reason.

However, once Marko had had the opportunity to observe the fight for a moment, his eyes revealed a hint of surprise. "Huh? This world lord actually looks like he has some ability. Did I just see him successfully block three small swords from Pranav?"

The Five-element Divine Sword was Pranav's unique technique. Both Marko and Mateo were extremely wary of the latter.

Neither of them had ever imagined that a single secondary creature in the Evolutionary Universe could resist a True God's unique technique. Even less coming from someone with nothing but a world lord cultivation level. There were no words: this was truly incredible.

"The kid isn't weak whatsoever..."

"Oh, and the kid even employed the Wishing Spell. I wonder how much he hates you, Pranav!"

"Stop messing around with him, will you? Just kill the boy, damn it!"

Marko actually seemed to enjoy watching the fight as he continually offered his unpopular commentary.

In comparison to Marko, Mateo didn't say much at all. He and Marko had entered the Evolutionary Universe together, but he was making himself useful and had already started to fight with Wynn.

Mateo was Marko and Pranav's senior fellow apprentice. He was the strongest out of the three True Gods, and at this moment, he wasn't at anywhere near a disadvantage. If Marko were to join in on the battle, Wynn would probably be defeated in an instant.

However, Marko, who was still busy nagging Pranav, didn't appear to have any intention in making his first move. Instead, he watched with interest as Pranav attacked Zen with his five small swords.

In the Evolutionary Universe, many others still paid silent attention to the ongoing battle.

Deep in the divine land, a dense mist was hanging motionlessly in the air.

From the patches of thick fog, a corner of a jade building could only vaguely be seen.

Suddenly, an angry voice resounded, "Murphy!" it shouted. "Three True Gods have been sent out for the war of the two universes. Do you dare break the rules?"

As the voice echoed in the air, it seemed to contain a special kind of magic that enabled the voice to linger in one's ear. Even after a long period of time, the voice didn't dissipate but continued ringing tirelessly in one's head.

After a long while, another voice rang out in reply, "So what?" it asked. "This is the new rule that has been set up by the Hall of Holy Beings. Ha-ha! You can do that too."

"The rules of the Hall of Holy Beings cannot be violated. Murphy's actions are not against the rules," a third voice was quick to answer.

"But if rules can be changed at random, wouldn't it be too reckless? This rule that was set three thousand divine eras ago is changed right now, at this critical moment. It is indeed completely unfair!"

"If you have the ability, then you too can also change the rules on the stone tablets yourself!"

Numerous voices sounded out, interrupting one another as they argued.

As they quarreled back and forth endlessly, an even more majestic voice sounded above theirs. The voice contained an irresistible aura as it spoke and said, "Stop arguing! The rules of the Hall of Holy Beings are not violated, and no one has the right to criticize Murphy. Have you forgotten the original intent for creating the Hall of Holy Beings?"

As this dignified voice was heard, everyone else quickly fell silent.

A few of the Holy Being were actually quite sympathetic to what had happened to Mike.

With a Holy Being's power, anyone was able to destroy Mike's inner world easily, which, of course, was the Evolutionary Universe.

Chapter 2066 Zen's Sudden Disappearance (Part Two)

But the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings stated that it was forbidden for a Holy Being to destroy the inner world of another Holy Being. Without such a rule, the war between Holy Beings would fall into a viscous cycle. The final result, at best, would be both sides suffering great losses.

However, a Holy Being had the permission to start a war between two universes. A Holy Being could make the secondary creatures within their inner world invade the inner world of another Holy Being. But they too had to follow a set of very strict rules. A Holy Being was only allowed to send one True God in to help with a war, and the True God could only be of low-rank.

Once Mike escaped, with severe wounds of course, he had made full preparations. Not only had he arranged one of his disciples within his universe, but he had also made his universe last forever. The other Holy Beings were all amazed by him achieving such a technique. As long as the Evolutionary Universe remained untouched, he'd still have a chance at returning.

That didn't matter much anymore, though. Not long ago, this rule was changed. The number of low-rank True Gods that a Holy Being could send to war between universes had increased from one to three.

It was obvious that this change had been made as a direct strike at Mike.

The Hall of Holy Beings originally had great enmity with Mike. Even if a few of the Holy Beings wanted to speak for Mike, they wouldn't be able to do anything. They could only watch what happened in the Evolutionary Universe helplessly.

Most of the Holy Beings knew very well that the Evolutionary Universe would eventually collapse. When was impossible to tell. When the time came though, one thing was for certain, Mike would perish!

Other Holy Beings felt very indifferent to this matter. After all, it had nothing to do with them and it was as simple as that.

And others still were actually secretly relieved. Mike living, even for one more day, was pure torture to them. They would only ever feel at ease anew once Mike was dead.

The speed at which Zen brandished his Great Weighty Sword was getting slower and losing momentum.

Pranav's small five-colored swords were too sharp, and his attacker was too quick. Beneath the continuous stabbing, Zen was losing more and more of his blood.

In the face of a True God, all of Zen's methods were rendered absolutely useless.

He had once employed the Eight Smoky Melodies, but it was now impossible for him to dodge these sharp small swords. Furthermore, the Causality Breaking Light of the Enemy Repelling Arts had no effect on the Five Elements Godly Way, and thus, he found himself in an utterly passive position. All Zen felt he could do now was to leave himself at the mercy of Pranav.

Worse, the sudden appearance of the two True Gods caused Zen's heart to sink way down into his depths.

Wynn was feeling nearly the same way as Zen.

If it was just for dealing with Pranav alone, the Evolutionary Universe would have been capable of contending against the Murphy Universe, and their chances of winning would have been quite high.

However, Murphy had actually sent out three True Gods to fight the war. This placed the Murphy Universe in an invincible position!

"Aren't you going to end that kid's life?" Marko chimed back in.

"Is it really that rewarding to torture a small, helpless world lord?"

"Pranav, I never expected you to have such a nasty hobby…"

Although Marko had come to help the Murphy Universe, he didn't have any plans of physically taking action. So much so that there were even a few Sacred Supreme Lords that died not too far off, and he still ignored them, continuing to nag at Pranav instead.

"Shut your stinking mouth!" Pranav reprimanded with fury.

He was also beginning to feel that the war was coming to an end. His figure flashed and in the blink of an eye, he appeared above Zen's head.

At that moment, the power of Zen's Nine Divine Stars had almost completely been exhausted. There was nearly nothing left at all.

Even though he had exerted the Wishing Spell, he didn't have the strength to counterattack once again. Now, he was struggling even more to keep control of the Great Weighty Sword.

He mechanically brandished his Great Weighty Sword forward. These weak strikes didn't muster the slightest ounce of power. Pranav simply extended his hand and tapped lightly on the Great Weighty Sword. Zen's sword was flung hundreds of feet away and there was nothing he could do about it.

"Give up, boy! Your performance really impressed me. You don't even have the Heavenly Destiny, and yet you managed to cut off one of my arms," Pranav said flatly.

"What? This brat cut off your arm?!" Marko, who was standing to the side and watching, was also stunned.

Pranav ignored Marko and continued speaking to Zen in a condescending tone, "You're a secondary creature, thus you're born with a lowly life. You're doomed to being restricted by the heavens. No matter how talented you are, how strong your willpower is, the only thing you'll chase after in your entire life is nothing but a joke in my eyes. Kneel down, and I will grant you a dignified death!"

Once Pranav finished speaking, Zen revealed a dry smile.

Upon Zen's eerie smile, Pranav was overwhelmed with a strange feeling, one that made his heart pound. Clearly this world lord was already in a bad position. What in the hell could he be trying to say with such an expression on his face now?

"Are you qualified to grant me with my death?" Zen asked.

And once these words escaped his mouth, Zen suddenly disappeared, vanishing completely like a miracle, right before Pranav's and the other True God's eyes.

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2067 Internal Dissension

Zen, in order to escape into the fairy palace, had used the mountain token. It was his last resort.

On the record, Zen mainly had three methods of escaping. The first method was the Grand Teleportation technique.

However, it would be useless to apply the Grand Teleportation technique in front of a True God. Everyone at Pranav's level would easily block off Zen's Space Law, and even if he successfully used the Grand Teleportation technique, he could only travel a thousand miles at most. He wouldn't be able to escape even from a Supreme Lord at such distance, let alone get rid of a True God.

The second method of escape was to use the Teleportation Token, which was essentially a Heavenly Destiny. This Heavenly Destiny could create a space for Zen, allowing him to freely teleport to any supreme world in the universe. But despite the advantage, the speed he would use for the Teleportation Token was much slower than that of the Grand Teleportation technique. If things came to worst, he might be intercepted by his opponent before he could even formulate the space channel.

The third method of escape was to activate the mountain token, which was a projection of the fairy palace's entrance. For this technique, once he activated the mountain token, he would immediately be pulled into the fairy palace without leaving any sign of the Space Law Power.

Assessing that the first two methods would have a big possibility of having no effect before Pranav, Zen had chosen to use the mountain token.

Aside from his three usual methods of escape, Zen in truth could also rely on Supreme Lord Healum's Space Lock. However, wherever he was sent to by Supreme Lord Healum, it would still be impossible for him to escape from a True God's pursuit. And since Supreme Lord Healum was busy fighting with the Sacred race's Supreme Lords, Zen knew that he had no time to offer him a helping hand during this crucial time. He could only rely on his own ability.

"You want to escape from me?"

Seeing Zen suddenly disappearing from his vision, Pranav's mouth twisted in a contemptuous sneer.

He taunted Zen since it would be impossible for him to easily flee. He could reach every nook and cranny of the entire Evolutionary Universe in just one step.

As his eyes glittered with scorn, his powerful soul released a massive mental power that instantly spread out.

He had indeed noticed that Zen had disappeared in a strange way. He felt that not a single trace of the Space Law Power was left on the spot at the time he instantly disappeared. Nonetheless, wherever he hid or how far he had gone to, may it be hundreds or thousands of miles, he did not think that Zen had the ability to escape that far from him.

But at this moment, something made him frown slightly. As he spread out his soul power throughout the entire supreme world to search for his location, he couldn't be traced.

He never thought that Zen was able to escape from the present supreme world in such a short period of time. Not a single sight of his figure nor his presence could be found.

Whoosh!

His invisible soul power continued to spread out. This time, it extended its search over the ten supreme worlds around him.

But, he still couldn't detect Zen.

One hundred supreme worlds!

Even a Supreme Lord wouldn't be able to travel over a hundred supreme worlds in such a short amount of time.

There was still no trace of Zen. Impossible!

At this moment, his eyes started to flash with confusion. He activated his Godly Tile and greatly increased his soul power.

One thousand supreme worlds!

The surrounding one thousand supreme worlds had already been enveloped by his invisible soul power.

The Supreme Lords of both sides were currently battling and had already expanded the battlefield to over a thousand supreme worlds. Throughout the search, Pranav could easily spot and recognize every Supreme Lord of the Evolutionary Universe and the Sacred race.

But being unable to find Zen left him dumbfounded. How was this possible?

"Hey, Pranav, you haven't let the boy run away from you, right?" Observing him at the side, Marko grinned as he asked.

Just as he finished his words, the five small swords beside Pranav emitted an ear-piercing whistling sound and in an instant, pierced through the air aiming at Marko. He didn't seem to be pulling his punches!

"I've endured you for a long time, you brat!" Pranav berated in anger.

Pranav had always been reserved and arrogant.

He had come all the way to the Evolutionary Universe, only to be annoyed by a world lord again and again. He was already in an extremely bad mood but yet, Marko dared to make fun of him.

It was at this moment Pranav reached his highest point of patience towards Marko, who had always liked to gloat and had mocked him from the sidelines. Having no way to find Zen, he felt so embarrassed that he vented his anger on him.

"Pranav, I was just joking! Why do you have to be so worked up?"

Seeing the swords charging at him, Marko of course didn't dare to stand still and immediately turned around to evade the attack.

However, Pranav had already been swallowed by his rage and continued to chase after him...

Boom!

A star in the sky had been shattered by Mateo's finger.

Mateo had continuously exchanged blows with Wynn for more than a thousand rounds.

As the fight between the two True Gods progressed, Mateo became increasingly vigorous, while Wynn had appeared to be overmatched. Wynn could only escape into the deep space and had to use the star power to constantly obstruct Mateo's attack.

Although the stars were constantly summoned by Wynn, It was no match to Mateo's powerful Godly Way. Just as the stars were about to hit Mateo, he would simply shatter them all. Throughout the fight, he had already extinguished hundreds of stars!

"What's wrong?"

Amidst the fight with Wynn, Mateo still spared the time to take note of what was happening below. He was surprised to discover that Pranav and Marko were battling against each other.

"Both of you, stop right now!"

Mateo was considered to be the strongest among the three of them. He usually spoke very little, but had the highest authority. Right when he gave the order, Pranav immediately stopped his attack. He tried to defend himself, "It was Marko..."

"I know. Marko, stop being mischievous now. Otherwise, I will report your silliness to master. Help Pranav and deal with the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe before things go wrong," Mateo instructed.

There was a massive gap in cultivation between a Supreme Lord and a True God. With a Godly Tile, a True God's physical body, soul, and life vitality were far beyond what a Supreme Lord could compare to. After all, a Supreme Lord was no different from an ordinary world lord without the Heavenly Destiny.

But under special circumstances, there was a high possibility for Supreme Lords to overturn such results. There were some of them who had very powerful Heavenly Destinies that could help them to defeat or even kill a True God.

If the three True Gods were the only ones who had been sent to the Evolutionary Universe to battle with the 128 Supreme Lords, the three of them probably wouldn't be a match to the Supreme Lords. However, on this battle, the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race would be enough to fight off against the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe to a draw. The three of them only needed to kill Wynn and then wipe out the remaining Supreme Lords. But in truth, it seemed that Mateo alone would be able to defeat Wynn.

In order to prevent any unexpected events from happening, Mateo still didn't want Marko and Pranav to be at a loose end.

Pranav glared at Marko in anger and coldly demanded, "Hand over your Soul Searching Flag!"

Marko, after being scolded by Mateo, became more obedient. Hearing Pranav's request, he felt quite curious and had to ask, "What do you want to do with my Soul Searching Flag?"

"I have to find that brat!" Pranav spat angrily. Obviously, he was still resentful about letting Zen escape from him. For him, even though Zen was just insignificant in this battle, he still hated to spare his life.

Marko had also figured out Pranav's intentions. Since Mateo asked him to give a helping hand, he could only obediently bring out a grey flag.

A grey light instantly shot out from the flag and had connected with Pranav's soul.

The Soul Searching Flag was a soul-related treasure. Once activated, it could greatly increase one's soul power in a short period of time.

Originally, Pranav's soul power could only cover an area of 10, 000 supreme worlds at most. But with the help of the Soul Searching Flag, the range of his soul power greatly increased!

Whoosh!

His formless soul power once again surged out in every direction like raging tides.

One hundred thousand supreme worlds.

One million great worlds.

The endless deep space.

The entire Evolutionary Universe had been completely covered by his soul power.

From Pranav's point of view, it would be impossible for Zen to escape from the Evolutionary Universe.

After scanning every corner of the entire Evolutionary Universe, he was completely caught in a surprise as the perplexed expression on his face became more and more obvious. He couldn't find even a tiny hint of Zen's figure!

"How was it? Did you find him?" Marko, who was sulking on the side, asked. He always felt that Pranav was too serious and often wasted his time on meaningless matters. Was there any good in trying to kill an insignificant world lord?

"No! I can't find him!" Pranav breathed a deep sigh. Zen's sudden disappearance had already exceeded the scope of his understanding.

"This is really weird. Just forget it. After we destroy this universe, the heavens will collapse. All the living creatures in this universe will surely disintegrate and die automatically. That boy will definitely not be able to escape." Marko didn't have a way to figure it out as well but could only try to comfort him.

"But it wouldn't be me who killed him," Pranav replied.

"Is there any difference? Is there any meaning to be so obsessive?" Marko could only shake his head. He really couldn't understand Pranav's logic.

Pranav glanced at Marko and said in a stern voice, "You will never understand the meaning of the word 'meaning.' Therefore, even though your talent is greater than mine and you have more resources than me, your strength will never be stronger than mine!"

But Marko wasn't annoyed at all and only shrugged his shoulders. He was born to be playful and carefree. He would rather die than become someone like Pranav. "Well, we can talk about this later," he said, "but we need to take actions now."

Pranav nodded and then lowered his head. His gaze locked onto the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe.

Meanwhile, at this moment...

After entering the fairy palace, Zen fell face first to the ground. His golden blood slowly flowed through the cracks on the stones. Weakened and bleeding, he seemed to no longer have the strength to get up.

Chapter 2068 Enter The True Path Again

For the past years, Saul had been in a closed and secluded state for a long while.

His puppet body remained immortal, while his body had a true soul. The endless years meant endless loneliness.

Zen's visit in the fairy palace was the happiest moment of Saul's life.

Over the past decade, Zen had entered the fairy palace several times. Every time he did so, he would reap remarkable rewards. Eventually, his control over the fairy palace grew stronger as he journeyed further along the True Path.

Later on, Zen even let his family stay within the fairy palace, too. Geoffrey, Zen's son, brought a lot of happiness to Saul and Immortal Book. Everyone was fond of Geoffrey's quirky, refreshing youth.

Saul didn't seem to care about what was happening in the outside world, but this didn't make him clueless. He knew about the Evolutionary Universe, and knew that Zen was facing a great test.

Nonetheless, Saul had immovable faith in Zen. He had a firm belief that Zen could not be defeated so easily.

So seeing Zen suddenly appear in the fairy palace, sprawled across the ground, body covered in blood, Saul was drawn with worry. He carefully examined Zen's injuries with gentle movements. Afterwards, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Though Zen's injuries looked frightening, they were not fatal.

As he was a world lord, only his soul and cinnabar field were critical points to look at. As long as these two weren't in too much damage, they could recover quite fast.

Moreover, Zen's physique was already extraordinary compared to others'. He was rapidly recovering, like nothing had happened.

The currents in his body met the wounds all over Zen's body. Some of the wounds were deep and went through a few of his internal organs. But as the currents moved at high speed, new pieces of flesh formed along the wounds to heal his body completely.

Not long after, Zen's eyes fluttered as he regained consciousness. The moment he opened his eyes, a sharp light flashed and he turned over to get up.

"Puff, puff, puff!"

His body resembled a deflated rubber ball, and several blood streams were shot out from his body as he activated his power. Some of the wounds had only just healed, so couldn't withstand Zen's vigorous movements.

"Master, you are still weak," Saul said.

Zen shook his head, unbothered by anything. He twisted his body and used his strength to force the gaping wounds to heal. He said, "Take me to the True Path!"

"Master, you want to go through the True Path once again?" Saul asked.

Zen nodded his head and took a step forward.

In the past, Mike had given him advice and revealed some significant secrets of the fairy palace. He mentioned that there were powerful creatures there, and if he promised to release them, then these creatures could assist him if he ever needed help.

If the Evolutionary Universe couldn't resist the enemy's attack, then Zen would have one last chance: to go to the True Path to seek for help.

However, Mike repeatedly told him not to do this unless he had no other choice. "One of the rules is that only one low-rank True God is allowed to appear in the universe," Mike once said.

If there were two or more than two True Gods present in one universe at the same time, the Hall of Holy Beings would be notified of this violation and impose punishment. If Murphy arrived in the Evolutionary Universe, he could destroy it within a short period of time.

Before this, Wynn, a True God, had already arrived in the universe.

Mike's so-called 'last gamble' was to abandon the Evolutionary Universe entirely, and give up his own life in order to save Zen.

During the battle, Zen learned that the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings changed over time, which was why Pranav had called Marko and Mateo over in the first place.

"Master, your condition right now isn't good enough. If you go to the True Path now..." Saul tried to warn him, but he saw Zen's expression and trailed away.

When Zen returned from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, his strength had altered which made him a qualified warrior to take on the True Path. But now that Zen was so heavily injured, Saul remained concerned. As Zen walked further and further on the True Path, the Sacred race's strength would grow stronger as well. If Zen was not careful, he'd face his own death eventually.

Currently, Zen had a total of five tokens in his possession: the water token for entering the library, the fire token for entering the weapon refining workshop, the thunder token for entering the True Path, the wind token for entering the fairy palace, and the mountain token for projecting the fairy palace around him. There were three remaining tokens which were the heaven, earth, and valley tokens.

The token of valley could be used to open the pill refining room, the token of earth was used to open the cultivation tower, and the token of heaven was used to open the dungeon in the fairy palace.

The last three tokens were the most difficult to attain within the fairy palace.

Although Saul tried to talk him out of it, Zen didn't flinch or doubt in the slightest way. He was so sure of what he had to do.

Before leaving, Zen already understood the situation of the universe. He was very clear on what the appearance of the three True Gods meant. Even if Wynn had more cards up his sleeves, he couldn't reverse the situation on his own. In such a situation, a battle among the Supreme Lords lost its significance once Wynn perished. If a single True God fought Wynn, and the other two True Gods persistently killed the Supreme Lords, one could only imagine what would have happened.

It was inevitable that Zen would have chosen to enter the True Path.

Upon entering the fairy palace, Zen activated the token of thunder immediately. As the vast fog rose, Zen once again set foot on the same path.

At the same time, the situation of the universe was just as Zen had expected.

As the Supreme Lords of the two universes were at war, the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe had a great advantage over their opponents.

The Evolutionary Universe was highly dominated by the Celestial Position race and the four great clans. Countless years ago, they began making all sorts of preparations. They also foresaw the crisis of this world of chaos breaking out, so their preparations became much more thorough than those of the Sacred race.

In addition to this, when a person was on the verge of death, they would always be able to erupt with astonishing strength. This became the final struggle of the Evolutionary Universe: every Supreme Lord would exhaust all their strength because there was nowhere for them to retreat.

In fact, every single mortal prayed for the Evolutionary Universe to increase the momentum. It was that bad.

Because of this, the head of the Celestial Position relied solely on the Evolution Lotus Flower to suppress the spinulose wood fern of the Sacred Race's Grand Supreme Lord. When it came to strength alone, the Grand Supreme Lord from Sacred race was slightly stronger than the head of the Celestial Position race.

Until now, the number of destroyed supreme worlds were rising, and many Supreme Lords were killed. The heavens had shaken time and time again.

Notably, only thirty-three Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe had perished. As for the Sacred Supreme Lords, fifty of them were already long gone.

"Shay, Jamal, Jace, Alyx, help me!"

"Annihilation Thunder Tower!"

"Crack, crack!"

Just then, a massive thunder tower formed and instantly descended, landing not too far away from Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment. The two Sacred Supreme Lords were killed without time for them to react.

As Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment saw them get turned to ash, the corners of his mouth curved up into a cold smile. He turned his gaze towards another supreme world where the patriarchs of Thoughtless Minds were trying to break through the Sacred Spirit Array. This was formed by nine Supreme Lords of Sacred race. But despite their hopeful efforts, they were unable to succeed in the end.

If Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment led the Supreme Lords of the Blessed Buddha Land to join in on the war, then the nine Sacred Supreme Lords would possibly have a weaker defense.

The Sacred Supreme Lords perished left and right, mostly because they were outnumbered by the Evolutionary Universe Supreme Lords.

However, just as Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment was about to use the Grand Teleportation technique, a flag suddenly appeared in front of him.

Across its surface was a strange, unidentifiable pattern. In the same moment, he felt a sharp pain go through his soul.

Just then, Marko appeared beside this flag and chuckled at him. "Not bad. You know how to use your own Heavenly Destiny properly. If all of you joined forces, you might have the qualifications to fight me!"

"True God!"

When Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment saw Marko, he got shocked.

And at the same time, Shay, Jamal, Jace and Alyx, the four Supreme Lords of the Blessed Buddha Land, were also in a state of high alert at the same time.

"Haha! There's no need to be so nervous." Marko chuckled. "This Soul Searching Flag of mine is quite precious, and it particularly likes to devour souls. It could devoir your Gold Fighting Souls too. So do yourself a favor, and don't resist. I'll make sure you die quicker if you obey."

Chapter 2069 Gray Light

As Marko finished speaking, the Soul Searching Flag began bursting with rays of gray light.

The sight brought on some kind of heavy pressure to the five Supreme Lords of the Blessed Buddha Land.

After reaching the level of Gold Fighting Soul, the plasticity of one's soul increased. Ordinary methods couldn't harm a Gold Fighting Soul and some warriors who specialized in cultivating the soul even used their own soul to protect themselves from their enemies—some even turned their souls into weapons.

It was precisely because the Gold Fighting Soul was so strong that when a Supreme Lord fought another Supreme Lord, rarely did either use the power of their own souls. After all, no harm could be done to either.

But the Soul Searching Flag was a supreme primordial weapon—only a True God could activate it, someone who could unleash this supreme primordial weapon to the extreme.

Compared to that of the Supreme Lords, Marko's understanding of the soul was on a whole new level—even if Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and the others had a Gold Fighting Soul, it was still difficult for them to resist the Soul Searching Flag's gray light.

When the rays of light struck the body of Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, he immediately felt his mind turn upside down because his soul couldn't help but leave his body. The gray light was actually trying to absorb his very soul.

The same went for the four other Supreme Lords behind Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment—Shay, Jamal, Jace, and Alyx.

At this moment, the five Supreme Lords' expressions became twisted. Some rolled their eyes and some had their mouths wide open. Their faces shifted into odd and terrified expressions because their souls were crazily resisting the gray light.

"Grand Buddha Pagoda… Calm my heart!"

Under this constant struggle, Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment blurted out words unclearly.

The Grand Buddha Pagoda set up by the five Supreme Lords was a powerful weapon that could be used for both offense and defense.

The moment his voice fell, the Grand Buddha Pagoda behind them emitted a golden Buddhist light. Simultaneously, waves of Buddhist chanting resounded, as if the gods were softly chanting throughout the sky.

The chant spread far, far away, audible from dozens of neighboring supreme worlds.

And this voice contained the magic power of a divine weapon. Listening to it, one couldn't help but be put at ease. One's entire being grew lazy and tranquil, the mind becoming clearer.

The golden Buddhist light continued to appear on the five Supreme Lords.

Under this illumination, the gray light was somehow forcibly repelled and the eyes of the Supreme Lords grew clear once again. Now, there was a hint of fear in their eyes as they looked at the Soul Searching Flag.

Because Supreme Lords were also living beings, it was normal that they would be afraid of death—the Soul Searching Flag was meant to take their souls away. If the soul was truly taken into the flag, then who would know what sort of inhuman treatment the soul would receive? The secret techniques related to the soul were mostly known for their cruelty and it was likely that anyone subjected to them would end up in a miserable state.

Seeing Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment had used the Grand Buddha Pagoda to block his Soul Searching Flag, Marko couldn't help but sigh. "There's no need. No matter how hard you struggle, the final result won't change."

And with that, he waved the Soul Searching Flag once again.

It fluttered in the air as rays of gray light were emitted.

He had collected countless souls in the flag.

Tens of millions of ordinary souls, millions of Jasper Fighting Souls, over a hundred thousand Silver Fighting Souls, and even over three thousand Gold Fighting Souls were taken, along with the souls of seven True Gods.

When a soul was absorbed into the flag, it was like stepping into a cruel hell. Inside the Soul Searching Flag, the souls fought and devoured each other. No matter how powerful they were, they couldn't escape their fate of enslavement.

Marko held onto thousands of Gold Fighting Souls as he charged towards Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and the rest.

These souls were all of different shapes—all of them were from creatures that had died in front of the Soul Searching Flag. Among them were the souls of human warriors, souls of mysterious beasts, and even souls of two Genuine Dragons.

Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!

While they were alive, these Gold Fighting Souls possessed great strength. Now that they pounced, they emitted an aura that was at least ten times stronger than before.

Seeing these evil spirit-looking souls, the hearts of the Supreme Lords sank.

Shay, Jamal, Jace, and Alyx were all in the depths of despair.

Previously, they still had some hope in their hearts. There were many situations where a Supreme Lord could compete with a True God. Although a True God's strength was terrifying, one who carried a Heavenly Destiny of a Holy Being was not particularly weak, either.

But after seeing Marko's method of using the Soul Searching Flag… They understood that the difference between them and a True God was all too great.

In reality, the Supreme Lords weren't to blame for their hope.

The difference in strength between a True God and another True God could also be wide.

Although there were many True Gods in the divine land, the ones who could become Holy Beings' disciples were truly the most outstanding ones.

So when Marko dealt with an ordinary low-rank True God, it wasn't too much of a problem. Marko felt no fear towards the Supreme Lords before him whatsoever.

"Let's fight it out with him!"

Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment suddenly clenched his teeth. The deep red mole on his forehead began emitting rays of bloody light.

Crackle!

Faint traces of blood-red lightning escaped from the red mole.

He was one of the few top-rank Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe and his Heavenly Destiny carried the strongest profound mystery of Thunder Law that Mike had cultivated, the Blood Refinement True Thunder.

The blood within the body of Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment began boiling as he crazily activated blood-red lightning bolts.

Crack! Crack!

The lightning formed rings of lightning that circled the souls.

Meanwhile, Shay, Jamal, Jace, and Alyx sat cross-legged in the air, chanting an incantation and using their Heavenly Destinies to fight against the Gold Fighting Souls that resembled evil spirits.

Wuu!

Aww!

Roar! Roar!

All sorts of strange noises came up from this region of the sky.

Thunder-related cultivation methods originally had extreme restraint towards evil spirits. Although the souls that Marko activated were Gold Fighting Souls, they still weren't able to withstand the power of the Blood Refinement True Thunder.

Amongst the few top-rank Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe, Supreme Lord of Oracle used the strange Self-destruction Technique to arouse others' fear. Master Feng borrowed the momentum of the universe to be the strongest, while Supreme Lord of Original Sin's cultivation was the most unfathomable. But Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment's Blood Refinement True Thunder was undoubtedly the most powerful. He had once flown to the edge of the universe and melted a massive hole into the Sighing Wall with the Blood Refinement True Thunder.

This wall was incredibly thick—it should have taken tens of thousands of years for the Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment to break through it, but he managed to penetrate it.

Crackle!

A single Blood Refinement True Thunder could pierce through dozens of souls.

But there were simply too many Gold Fighting Souls in this flood. He constantly burnt his blood essence, activating the Blood Refinement True Thunder and yet the number of Gold Fighting Souls still continued to increase.

"It's really not worth it."

Marko shook his head. Gathering so many Gold Fighting Souls wasn't an easy matter—Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment's Blood Refinement True Thunder was undeniably amazing. Marko himself didn't dare to test just how powerful it was.

At this moment, the Soul Searching Flag in his hand shook slightly as if there was something within it struggling to get free.

The corner of his mouth curved into a faint smile. "Alright, it's been a long time since you came out last time. It's a good time to let you out once for a while."

Whoosh!

As the flag shook slightly, a gray light flew out from it.

It was incomparably fast—after rushing out, it drew a thin gray line in the air with incredible speed. The line was billions of miles long, equal to a crossing of two supreme worlds.

To a Supreme Lord, crossing two supreme worlds with Grand Teleportation was a piece of cake—if they could display the Space Law, then they could easily compress ten billion miles into an extremely short period of time.

But this gray light didn't use the Space Law—it relied entirely on its own speed.

Although the soul form was weightless and its speed was abnormally high, the gray streak of light had taken six seconds to traverse ten billion miles—it surpassed the imagination of all beings in the Evolutionary Universe.

"I didn't make you run that far to get some fresh air. Come back!" Marko shouted coldly as he held the flag.

So after six seconds, it circled back at an inconceivable speed. Meanwhile, it passed through the space between Supreme Lord Alyx's eyebrows with extreme precision.

As Supreme Lord Alyx sat cross-legged in the air, his mouth was falling open and the light in his eyes was gradually fading. The soul in his mind had already been devoured—he maintained his posture as he sank.

Once again, the entire universe shook violently. In the end, Supreme Lord Alyx fell to his death.

Chapter 2070 Cultivators From Remote Ages

The grey dot of light continued to fly ahead at an excessively fast speed, but no one still had any idea what it was--not even after Supreme Lord Alyx had died.

All they saw was a trail of grey that was left by the grey dot of light.

However, the grey light circled around once and landed on Marko's shoulder after it had killed Supreme Lord Alyx.

Only then did realization dawn upon Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and the rest of them. That grey dot of light wasn't light.

It was a bat, but it was also a soul body. However, this soul was at the level of True God Soul, not the level of Gold Fighting Soul. The bat was well-known in the divine land as it was the fastest true spirit--the Flash Bat.

The bat, when with its body, could move at insanely fast speeds, but with just a soul, it was even faster than what was possible. It was no surprise that warriors who practiced evil cultivation methods to refine their souls viewed it as a sacred treasure.

The only thing was, true spirits in the divine land were rare. It was extremely hard to catch a Flash Bat. Besides, if ordinary True Gods came across one, they would feel lucky if they were not killed by it, let alone catch it.

Naturally, Marko didn't catch the bat himself as he couldn't do so. The Soul Searching Flag was originally a treasure that Murphy had used before. It was powerful not because of its flag, but rather the souls that were imprisoned within the flag.

"Are you full?" Marko turned to the bat.

He extended his finger and gently caressed the small creature on his shoulder.

The little bat just nudged his finger with a weak noise.

"You are still hungry? Then continue eating."

Marko had originally planned to collect a few more Gold Fighting Souls for the Soul Searching Flag, but since he had taken the Flash Bat out, he had to let it eat to its heart's content.

The moment he gave the Flash Bat permission, it whirled into a greyish blur before it sped away.

Meanwhile, Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and the others were already on full alert. However, they didn't have the chance to react when they saw the Flash Bat charge towards them. All they saw was a grey streak of light, then nothing.

These Supreme Lords looked around in search for the bat. Supreme Lord Jamal looked down and finally saw the bat's grey colored trail. "Down there," he muttered. As soon as he finished speaking and before the sound could spread further, the Flash Bat from below flew straight towards his body and came out from the top of his skull.

Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment turned his head and saw a line of grey shoot out from Supreme Lord Jamal's head. Then, Supreme Lord Jamal's senses faded. His eyes began to dim as his entire body silently plummeted downwards.

While Supreme Lord Jamal's body wasn't damaged, the Flash Bat had devoured his soul.

"Get close to me!" Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment shouted.

He promptly ordered Shay and Jace to gather around him. As the three Supreme Lords gathered together, red light flashed from the spot between Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment's eye brows. The Blood Refinement True Thunder shot out.

The Blood Refinement True Thunder turned into a lightning cover which spread out. Countless bolts of blood-red lightning formed a web and protected the three Supreme Lords inside it.

The small bat was only the size of a palm. Generally speaking, creatures that relied on their speed to win were considered quite weak. Thus, Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment assumed that the Flash Bat wouldn't be able to penetrate the lightning cover formed by the Blood Refinement True Thunder.

And just like what Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment had predicted, the Flash Bat soared into the sky. It had reached the peak of the Evolutionary Universe in just a few seconds, then it went back and swooped down towards Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and the others.

The tiny Flash Bat charged towards Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment's head, but it suddenly flew in another direction. It was indeed wary of the Blood Refinement True Thunder!

The grey creature continued to circle around the blood-red ball of lightning. It went extremely close to the lightning cover several times and even attracted a few bolts of Blood Refinement True Thunder, but it quickly broke free with its fast speed.

On the other hand, Supreme Lord Shay and Supreme Lord Jace chattered away as they stared at the spiraling grey trail.

"That thing didn't dare come in!"

"A single Blood Refinement True Thunder can wipe it out…"

Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment remained silent. The Blood Refinement True Thunder was the Heavenly Destiny that was activated by burning one's blood essence. Although he was a Supreme Lord and had a rich amount of blood energy in his body that was far more than that of an ordinary warrior, his blood essence was not infinite.

The Blood Refinement True Thunder required copious amounts of blood essence. In just half a minute, it had already consumed more than half of his blood essence.

As for Marko, he held the Soul Searching Flag in his hand and calmly stared at the three Supreme Lords who hid behind the lighting cover. He looked indifferent, bored even. He knew that their struggle was meaningless; the little bat could only rely on its fast speed and just a single Blood Refinement True Thunder was enough to kill it. The problem was, no one in the universe could ever catch it.

Furthermore, the Flash Bat could use the Soul Realm Refraction technique. The protective refracted light could enable the bat to break through the lightning cover by force.

Marko's Flash Bat liked to devour the souls that struggled in pain. Once it had tormented its prey long enough, then that was when it would take action.

After a while, all of Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment's blood essence had been completely exhausted.

Just then, a slight sizzling noise was heard.

It was a sign that the Blood Refinement True Thunder began to wear off as well.

However, Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment had to maintain the Blood Refinement True Thunder and to do so, he began to burn ordinary blood.

It was extremely fatal if a mortal lost a third of their blood.

For a Supreme Lord, they could replenish their blood in a short amount of time if they burned all of it. As long as they could replace it in time, there wouldn't be much of a problem.

The blood of Supreme Lords was extremely condensed and refined, but it burned faster than blood essence when used to maintain the Blood Refinement True Thunder. In this case, it would be inevitable for Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment to drain his body of blood to the last drop if he continued.

"I'll go all out!"

Yet, he was no longer confident as he said his words. He had been completely drained of his blood essence, and he knew that he no longer had anything to rely on for him to go all out.

As the lightning cover slowly dissipated, Marko gently waved his hand. A grey arc shot out from it and pierced through the heads of Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and Supreme Lord Jace. Naturally, the two of them had died. It was worth noting that Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment was the first top-rank Supreme Lord that had ever died.

Supreme Lord Shay on the other hand, had used the Grand Teleportation technique at the very last moment to escape.

Unfortunately, he was only able to travel across a single supreme world and just as he was about to execute the Grand Teleportation technique to flee further, the Flash Bat had already caught up to him and pierced through his head as well.

Phew!

After a few seconds, the Flash Bat returned and landed on Marko's shoulder.

"Alright, there are still many Gold Fighting Souls in this Evolutionary Universe. They are all your food," Marko said as he held the Soul Searching Flag. Then, he looked towards the other Supreme Lords.

The Flash Bat flipped its wings in excitement. It made a shrill, loud noise on Marko's shoulder. The worst was yet to come.

As the two True Gods joined the battle of the Supreme Lords, the tables had been turned.

The Supreme Lords from the Evolutionary Universe previously had the upper hand, but now they began to lose their ground. More and more of their Supreme Lords continued to die.

With Marko's and Pranav's help, they were able to turn the war to the Sacred race's favor. Now, the Evolutionary Universe was the one in imminent danger.

The situation on the True Path was a little different.

Dark and Light energies constantly condensed into Sacred martial artists.

The martial artists on the True Path were very similar in appearance to the Sacred martial artists of the Murphy Universe, so much that there was hardly any difference between the two.

However, Zen knew the fundamental difference between the two.

If the Sacred martial artists in the Murphy Universe were formed from Murphy's life vitality, the real Sacred martial artists seemed to be formed from Dark and Light energies.

Dark and Light energies were formed from the chaotic energy. In that case, who had turned the chaotic energy into Dark and Light energies? The creatures in Zen's inner world had been directly formed from the chaotic energy and didn't undergo the process of Dark and Light energies.

As of the moment, almost all of the Sacred martial artists that Zen had fought were at the cultivation level of a world lord.

Zen faced the continuous onslaught of the Sacred warriors head-on and did not hold back in the slightest.

"Kill!"

"Puff puff puff!"

A huge chunk of the Sacred world lords were torn apart and killed. Their bodies dissolved into Dark and Light energies that disappeared on the True Path.

Although Zen had consumed more than 90% of the nine stars' strength source, he had relied on the chaotic energy ever since he had entered the fairy palace. He had continuously transformed it into his strength to increase his power.

Only ten percent of his power was more than enough to kill the Sacred world lords.

After an hour of slaughter, Zen had finally killed all of the Sacred race's world lords.

He looked at the mountains of bodies around him and sighed. "Have I passed?" he whispered.

He currently wasn't in the mood to hone his skills on the True Path. He simply wanted to pass through it and obtain the heaven token as quickly as possible.

As the Sacred world lords disappeared, the Dark and Light energies swirled again and formed two huge black and white vortexes on both sides of the road. The vortexes repeatedly gathered Dark and Light energies and turned into two ragged Sacred world lords.

"The final challenge will still be fighting two Sacred world lords?" Zen muttered. He was slightly baffled, but he thought it was a good thing.

At that moment, Saul's voice rang in his ears once more and said, "Zen, you must be careful. They are cultivators from remote ages."

Chapter 2071 Time

The two Sacred world lords emitted really strange auras. Their bodies looked old and withered but they were brimming with life.

"Cultivators from remote ages?"

Although Zen was in a hurry to pass through the True Path, he knew rushing would only screw things up.

"They were the first ones to understand the Godly Way," said Saul.

In the early days of the divine land, a number of low-rank races existed alongside the famous Holy Beings from ancient times.

One of them was the Sacred race.

Back then, they were far stronger than the other races.

They were the ones who established the three thousand Godly Ways in the divine land.

When the Creating Axe created the divine land, it created the 3, 000 Godly Ways, which were formed in tablets and scattered throughout the divine land.

Aside from a very small number of Godly Ways that were passed down by Holy Beings from ancient times, most of the three thousand were comprehended by the Sacred race, and were only spread through the divine land after.

Some of these were the Five Elements Godly Way, Truth Godly Way, and Star Godly Way.

Gaining insights was easier for the later generations, but it had cost the forerunners an extreme amount of effort.

The tablets in the divine land were no ordinary Law Tablets, as Zen had found in the Cloud Hall, the Genuine Dragon World, and the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Usually, when a warrior wished to understand a Law Tablet, they only needed to make sense of the law written on it to be able to control the Law Power that lay within. The entire process did not entail any risks.

On the other hand, understanding Godly Way Tablets required one to undergo testing. Those who dared take the test would have their bodies worn down, their souls destroyed, and their inner worlds in chaos.

That was why every cultivator from the remote ages was a pioneer of the divine land. They had a much deeper understanding of the Godly Ways than the Godly Geniuses.

Although these two Sacred warriors were only world lords, they had comprehended the Godly Way, and so could be considered Godly Geniuses. And they were more powerful than the Godly Geniuses Zen had encountered before.

"Master," Saul called worriedly. More of Zen's wounds had reopened causing golden blood to seep through his clothes. "Perhaps you're putting too much pressure on yourself."

Before his body had been tempered by Holy Drew, Zen's ability to heal had been terrifying. However, now that his body had become stronger and tougher than ever, his ability to heal had significantly slowed.

Naturally, Saul wanted Zen to fall back and rest for a while before attempting to get through the True Path.

Under normal circumstances, the two cultivators from the remote ages wouldn't be difficult to kill with Zen's current strength. However, Zen wasn't in optimal condition and it would be too risky for him to try.

"I'm not!"

Zen growled, a look of determination appearing on his face.

The Evolutionary Universe was in danger, which meant that his father was in danger. There was no time for breaks.

Zen floated off the ground as he raised the Great Weighty Sword above his head and chopped down at one of the cultivators.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

After Zen had taken in the essence of the Beginning Swordsmanship, each of his strikes had gotten a heavier weight.

For instance, this chop would normally be very easy to dodge. A step backward, left, or right would allow the opponent to evade the attack, but since Zen made this move, it made it hard for one to determine the direction of the strike.

No matter in what direction his opponent went, he wouldn't be able to dodge. The cultivator from the remote ages realized this just in time, and so, with a relaxed smile, he extended a withered hand

and pinched his thumb and middle finger to form a strange gesture.

Although Zen had sensed its strangeness, he had no way of holding back his attack. Affected by the Emotion Closing Godly Way, he swung his sword without hesitation.

The Great Weighty Sword made a fan-shaped beam in the air and slashed down in a lethal strike.

The beam's edge was less than an inch away from the old cultivator when the old man snapped his fingers.

"Huh?"

Zen was stunned, a strange feeling permeating through his body.

Everything was retreating...

The Great Weighty Sword, his body... Even his thoughts were retreating...

Phew!

In the blink of an eye, Zen was back to his original spot, the Great Weighty Sword clenched in his right hand just as he had six seconds ago.

"How...?"

Zen couldn't wrap his head around what just happened.

Although he was back in his original place, his memory of what transpired still existed. It was just that the order was a little fuzzy.

He seemed to have gone back in time...

"This person comprehended the Timing Godly Way. He's the most troublesome fellow," Saul sighed sadly. Bromley had already mastered the Dark and Light energies to the extreme, and the life forms created with those two energies were almost exactly the same as when they were alive. Hence, the difficulty of breaking through the True Path almost made it impossible.

In the universe, the Space Law and Time Law were two heaven-defying laws that could be cultivated to the 10th level. The higher the level of the Space Law, the further one could go by using the Grand Teleportation.

However, the Grand Teleportation was one of the most important techniques for warriors, so everyone trained in it.

The same went with the Time Law. All world lords and Supreme Lords trained in it, but unlike the Space Law, they rarely used it in ordinary matches. The reason for this was that activating the Time Law allowed one's opponent to activate it in the same way, and there wouldn't be much difference in the Time Laws between a Supreme Lord and a world lord. Even if one had cultivated to the top and was able to compress a portion of the time, their opponent would still be able to find a way out of it.

This was because Holy Beings had strict control over time and space. Almost no Holy Being would pass down the best understanding of these two laws as Heavenly Destiny. Mike was no exception. These two laws were just too powerful.

But in the divine land, there were no restrictions to the Time Law.

The cultivator from the remote ages grinned at the sight of Zen, who was dumbfounded.

Perhaps it was because the Evolutionary Universe had been invaded by these pseudo-Sacred warriors that Zen felt the urge to annihilate Sacred warriors whenever he saw them.

Phew!

As his body shot forward, a sharp gust of wind blew. His sword moved fluidly, and Zen used his momentum to hack at the old cultivator.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

This time, Zen released the sword light ahead of time.

As the fan-shaped energy spread out, it formed a crescent moon about a thousand feet long, which rapidly swept across the area.

This guy could force Zen back into the past. Could it be that he could also force his strike back into the past?

If that was the case, then there was no need to get through the True Path. Zen could just go home.

As expected, the cultivator did not use the Timing Godly Way again. Instead, he leapt up and dodged Zen's attack. While airborne, he lightly tapped on air and pounced on Zen.

"Want to fight face to face?" Zen's face almost broke into a smile, but just as he was about to accept the invitation, the cultivator dove below Zen, intentionally missing him.

At the same time, a crisp sound was heard. Zen, for the second time, returned to the past and went to where he was six seconds ago. The cultivator from the remote ages had already anticipated where Zen would be, and his fists landed on Zen's face before Zen had realized it.

Thanks to the two massive forces, Zen was instantly sent flying dozens of feet away…

Fortunately, his physical body was not what it used to be.

Because of the Redemption Armor he wore, even a Supreme Lord would find it difficult to harm him.

Zen rolled off the ground and brushed off the dirt on his clothes. He was unharmed, but he was getting frustrated by the minute. He needed to find a way around this fellow's troublesome ability.

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2072 The Valley Token

These Sacred warriors looked no different from real people.

The only difference was that they were all created by Bromley using the Dark and Light energies. In short, they were nothing but mere puppets.

Zen, who had already explored the True Path a couple of times, had already figured out how these warriors moved.

The only person on the True Path with his own consciousness was Gus.

Some of the warriors would take the initiative to attack but most of them only reacted when Zen made the first move.

This was exactly how the two ancient cultivators in front of him acted. Neither of them would make the first move unless prompted by an attack by their opponent.

Whenever Zen challenged the warrior on the right, the one on the left would simply stand in a daze and watch.

Whoosh!

With the whistling of the wind, the ancient cultivator charged towards Zen once again.

Zen knew there was no way he could dodge but he still tried to move to the other side, albeit with great difficulty.

Crack!

The warrior snapped his fingers and Zen found himself returning to the place he had been six seconds earlier, as per what was dictated by the Time Law.

Bang!

He didn't have any time to react as a powerful punch struck him on his abdomen.

An ordinary world lord would find it hard to fight against this ancient opponent, however, Zen was no ordinary world lord. Others might survive these punches, but it might cost them half their lives.

But for Zen, this ancient cultivator couldn't cause any harm to him, and he still had the luxury of making a few mistakes here and there.

"I was right! He can only reverse time to exactly six seconds earlier," he muttered to himself. Though winded, Zen managed to stand up and feel a bit more confident in this fight.

The True Path was difficult but there was surely a way to pass it.

As Zen continued to challenge the ancient cultivator, his opponent simply repeated his trick of turning back time to six seconds earlier. The technique was incredibly precise, not a half-second too much or too little.

It was after receiving a dozen punches in a row that Zen finally got the confidence to defeat this warrior.

"Master, are you alright?"

Saul asked, the worry evident in his voice.

"I'm fine!" Zen roared back with full energy.

It felt as if the True Path was a game set for him by Bromley. This wasn't just a trial of his strength and willpower, but also of his intelligence.

Whoosh!

The ancient cultivator charged towards him once again. This time, Zen unsheathed his sword and swung it in front of him.

His target wasn't his opponent, but the empty air in front of him.

Outside the True Path, Saul saw this scene and felt a bit of momentary confusion about his master's intentions. However, he quickly remembered that Zen had already suffered through so many powerful blows. He wouldn't be so confident if he didn't have a plan.

As Zen stabbed the air, he stomped his feet and quickly rushed towards his opponent head-on!

The timing was perfect. It wasn't fast but he managed to finish his actions in just six seconds.

Crack!

Just as he had anticipated, the ancient cultivator snapped his finger and applied the Time Law on Zen's body. As Zen was returned to six seconds earlier, the ancient cultivator changed his direction and charged towards the other side — back to where Zen had been.

However, just six seconds earlier, Zen had thrust his sword forward!

As Zen was returned to his place, his sword charged towards his opponent and penetrated his body.

Puff!

The Great Weighty Sword wasn't sharp but it was very powerful due to its weight. The blade easily pierced through the ancient cultivator's body and killed him.

Hiss...

Impaled by Zen's sword, the ancient cultivator's body began to disintegrate into the Dark and Light energies that had once created him. The energies fused into the two sides of the True Path.

"Great! That's impressive!"

Saul praised, clapping his hands. He finally understood the intention behind Zen's earlier attack.

If used properly, Time Law would've been extremely difficult to deal with.

Warriors who could compress time were not rare in the divine land but only few had the ability to reverse it. Even some of the powerful True Gods could only reverse time by a short while.

If his opponent was no mere puppet created by Bromley and was instead a true, living world lord of the Sacred race then the fight would've been much more difficult for Zen.

With one of his opponents dealt with, Zen turned his gaze upon the other ancient cultivator.

If the first one used the Timing Godly Way, then what about the other one?

With constant vigilance, Zen slowly made his way towards the second ancient cultivator.

His opponent showed no intention of attacking him when he was far away but the ancient cultivator's posture visibly changed as Zen got closer.

In order to pass the True Path more quickly, Zen had to pay extremely close attention to his opponent's movements.

Noticing the slight change in the ancient cultivator's demeanor, Zen halted his approach and even took a step back.

His retreat had the ancient cultivator straighten up and return to his original standing posture, only staring at Zen coldly.

Zen took a step forward and the ancient cultivator once again bent his body in a stance, ready to unleash an attack at any time.

Seeing this, Zen couldn't help but smile.

He repeatedly took a step forward and then back. It was a bit amusing to see his opponent change his stance every time Zen moved. The only thing that didn't change was the ancient cultivator's poker face.

"What is Master doing now?" Saul muttered in confusion. Earlier, Zen insisted that he should pass through the True Path as soon as possible. He didn't seem to be in any hurry now. On the contrary, he seemed to be playing a strange game with the ancient cultivator.

"One hundred and twenty feet," Zen muttered to himself, estimating the distance between him and his opponent. Keeping this distance would keep his opponent at rest, but just one step closer would make the ancient cultivator launch a counterattack.

A normal battle usually entailed alertness from both parties whether the distance between them be two or ten thousand feet. There was always too much uncertainty on who would choose to attack after all.

However, his opponent right now was a puppet who did not have his own consciousness. Zen was definitely going to take advantage of this loophole.

Taking a deep breath, Zen retreated a certain distance before launching himself onto a full-on sprint. On his hand was the Great Weighty Sword that he spun like a windmill.

More than twenty percent of his Nine Divine Stars had been restored and Zen's sword was now full of power!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

His speed was extremely fast as he dashed forward towards his opponent. When he was about to reach his opponent, Zen quickly leaped to the sky which also added to his momentum.

He did not care what kind of Godly Way this ancient cultivator used. All he needed to do was to kill him before he had any chance to react.

Just as Zen had predicted, the ancient cultivator would only be on guard at a distance of one hundred and twenty feet. The reaction, however, required a bit of time before he launched a counterattack. Giving his opponent no chance to react, Zen's Great Weighty Sword was already crashing down!

Boom!

The explosion was massive as Zen's heavy sword slashed down with tremendous power.

Although the ancient cultivator was just about to parry Zen's attack, it was already too late.

A beam of sword light cleaved through the ancient cultivator's body and even left behind a long crack that extended into the depths of the True Path.

"Master..."

Saul murmured. He was currently rendered speechless by what he had just witnessed. He couldn't help but wonder what Bromley would say once he found out how Zen took advantage of the loophole and somewhat cheated his way into winning.

It couldn't be denied though that Zen finally managed to pass through this part of the True Path.

As the Dark and Light energies slowly dispersed, Zen once again followed the path in front of him and returned to the starting point.

The moment he landed on the shore, the sky started to flicker. A speck of light slowly floated in the air and fell towards Zen's hand.

As the light reached him, Zen suddenly felt his pulse throb in his throat. What he wanted the most was the heaven token which would allow him to save the Evolutionary Universe. He was extremely nervous at that moment.

When the spot of light finally landed on his hand, he quickly turned over his palm to take a look. Disappointment filled his belly as he realized what was bestowed upon him: a valley token which was used to open the pill refining workshop.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

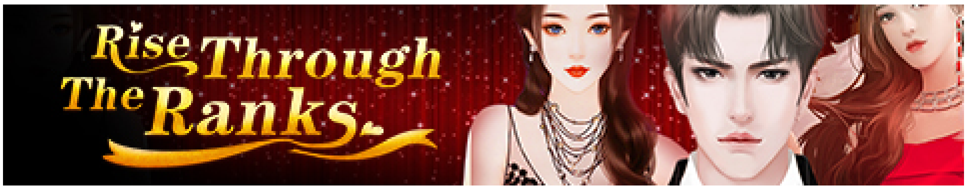

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

38

Content

Chapter 2073 The Pill Refining Room (Part One)
Chapter 2074 The Pill Refining Room (Part Two)
Chapter 2075 Potent Pills
Chapter 2076 Thick Blood
Chapter 2077 The Dungeon
Chapter 2078 The Terrifying Bark
Chapter 2079 Inner Demon Oath
Chapter 2080 Releasing The Prisoners
Chapter 2081 Enslaving
Chapter 2082 The Woman In Blue
Chapter 2083 An Urgent Situation
Chapter 2084 A War God
Chapter 2085 Fighting Intent Penalty
Chapter 2086 The Battle
Chapter 2087 Infinite (Part One)
Chapter 2088 Infinite (Part Two)
Chapter 2089 Wynn's Head
Chapter 2090 The Unexpected Image
Chapter 2091 Soul-eater Summoning Method
Chapter 2092 Grand Fighting Technique
Chapter 2093 Possessed
Chapter 2094 Explosion
Chapter 2095 Holy Being's Sword Strike (Part One)
Chapter 2096 Holy Being's Sword Strike (Part Two)
Chapter 2097 Estelle Shi
Chapter 2098 Comprehension
Chapter 2099 The Bicker
Chapter 2100 Wedding (Part One)
Chapter 2101 Wedding (Part Two)
Chapter 2102 Special Guests
Chapter 2103 Rocher Became A True God
Chapter 2104 Swallow The Pill
Chapter 2105 Ripping Consciousness
Chapter 2106 Replacement
Chapter 2107 Legacy
Chapter 2108 Stealing Into The Divine Land

Chapter 2109 A Maze
Chapter 2110 Disintegration
Chapter 2111 The Huge White Ape (Part One)
Chapter 2112 The Huge White Ape (Part Two)
Chapter 2113 Black Birds And Bugs
Chapter 2114 Path To The Divine Land
Chapter 2115 The Slab's Punishment
Chapter 2116 Crickets
Chapter 2117 A Little Boy
Chapter 2118 Misunderstanding
Chapter 2119 The Proving Godly Warrior
Chapter 2120 Zen's Guidance (Part One)
Chapter 2121 Zen's Guidance (Part Two)
Chapter 2122 Pursue The Godly Way (Part One)
Chapter 2123 Pursue The Godly Way (Part Two)
Chapter 2124 The Invaders (Part One)
Chapter 2125 The Invaders (Part Two)
Chapter 2126 The Village Leader (Part One)
Chapter 2127 The Village Leader (Part Two)
Chapter 2128 Master Evil

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2073 The Pill Refining Room (Part One)

The tokens on the True Path were all given to Zen at random. Unfortunately, he still hadn't received the token he wanted.

The valley token to open the pill refining room was entirely useless for Zen. He had no use for such a thing. Disappointment was apparent in Zen's face.

He casually stuffed the valley token into his space ring and prepared himself to rush onto the True Path once more. Perseverance was seen in his expression as he didn't plan to give up until he got a heaven token.

Saul, who stood at the side, stopped Zen. "Since you have obtained a valley token, I think you can have a look in the pill refining room. This pill refining room has been closed for many years. The first master of the fairy palace must have left behind quite a few good things in that place."

The challenge on the True Path would grow even more difficult with every step. Saul was worried about Zen's condition.

After he heard Saul's advice, Zen pondered for a moment. Ultimately, he took Saul's suggestion to enter the pill refining room.

Previously, when he opened the library or the weapon refining workshop, Zen had obtained a lot of treasures. The rare cultivation methods in the library and the unique materials in the weapon refining workshop of the fairy palace were the best among the various universes. Some of those rare treasures couldn't even be found in other universes. However, it was a pity that Zen could not make full use of them.

If he could find some top quality pills in the pill refining room, it might bring him quite a bit of benefit. Such a discovery would definitely be advantageous for him.

Thus, Zen headed straight to the fairy palace's middle courtyard with the valley token in his hand. Soon, he stepped into the pavilion. His eyes were filled with expectations.

The enormous pavilion had a total of six paths that headed towards different directions. The first path was the one where Zen entered the fairy palace through the front courtyard. The other five pathways led respectively to the library, weapon refining workshop, pill refining room, dungeon, and the training tower. The pavements towards each building were decorated with majestic flowers.

After he passed through the pavilion, Zen arrived in front of the pill refining room.

Compared to the other buildings in the fairy palace, the pill refining room was the smallest. It was a very regular structure, even similar to a shed. Nothing special could be seen in its outside appearance.

For the pill refining rooms of many sects, people could smell the faint fragrance of medicine from far away. The aroma would fill the noses of any visitors, even as they approached the building. However, Zen was already at the door of the pill refining room in the fairy palace, yet he didn't smell anything…

As he noticed the absence of smell, Zen did not hold much hope in the place. Perhaps the pill refining room only had some tools for refining pills.

There were restrictions everywhere within the fairy palace. Holy Bromley had set up those robust restrictions. With formidable seals, the restrictions were made to be almost impenetrable. Even True Gods would find it hard to break them.

After Zen took out the valley token, he poured a stream of chaotic energy into it. Immediately, a layer of faint luster appeared on the surface of the pill refining room. The luster gathered at the door and fluctuated before a sharp sound was heard. Suddenly, a small breeze of energy was felt. The restriction exerted at the entrance of the pill refining room was automatically removed.

"Creak!"

The door of the pill refining room, which had been sealed for countless years, opened from the middle. The hinges in the door screeched as the entrance widened.

Immediately after the pill refining room was opened, a vibrant medicinal fragrance wafted out from within. The therapeutic aroma rushed straight into Zen's nose. The moment he smelled it, he felt his entire body's blood energy surge and his body involuntarily tremble slightly…

"What smell is this?" As he suddenly stood still, Zen lost the sensation and control over his legs. He thought there was poison in the medicinal fragrance and wanted to escape, but his own body refused to budge. There was a strong instinct within his body that caused him to inhale the medicinal scent involuntarily.

The events were absolutely unbelievable. Zen's physical body actually went against the will of his soul. It was as if he was hypnotized!

Zen continued to breathe in the medicinal fragrance in massive quantities. As he continued to inhale the medicinal scent, the blood energy within his body began to churn even more violently…

"Pop! Pop! Pop!"

At the same time, the wounds on his body tore open one after another. Even the wounds inside his body began to open up. Horrible pain flowed to Zen's extremities.

Golden blood had started to bleed out from Zen's wounds.

After Zen's fleshly body had been strengthened, his body had already become extremely tough. But the blood energy in his body was unable to keep up with the development of his body. Although there was help from the warm currents, his rejuvenation was not as fast as before. Something must have affected his regeneration.

The dark golden blood was the blood clots that lingered in Zen's body. Even if warm currents were to clear the blood clots, it would still take a considerably long time. The coagulation of the dark golden blood was the reason Zen was unable to recover completely.

After the dark golden blood completely flowed out, Zen could feel a comfortable sensation throughout his body. The previously crazy and turbulent blood energy in his body also calmed down. Calmness and tranquility flowed inside him as if he was finally rejuvenated. Then, Zen slightly twisted his body, and all the wounds on his body closed up again. His regeneration had gotten faster at that time.

"This is the fragrance of the Divine Blood Pill. The fragrance is very potent." Saul appeared behind Zen. He was only a puppet, so he naturally wouldn't be affected by the fragrance.

"Divine Blood Pill! I see..."

Zen looked at the front door of the pill refining room. A faint brown color continuously lingered around the room. The previous aroma made Zen wonder how strong the medicinal fragrance in the room would be.

Chapter 2074 The Pill Refining Room (Part Two)

"Why not just go inside?" Saul said with a smile and a gentle expression. "This is what your master has left for you."

Bromley had made some arrangements before he left the fairy palace. After he considered Zen's talents, Bromley expected Zen to be able to make it through the True Path and open the different places of the fairy palace.

Zen nodded his head as he decided to follow Saul's suggestion. The main door of the pill refining room was already open, so Zen walked through it with hopeful eyes.

The moment he stepped into the pill refining room, he instantly felt as if the brown fog around him was a real substance. The fog was so condensed and heavy that Zen felt like he was surrounded by water as he walked. There was even a slight resistance force in this fog that tried to push him out. Additionally, the medical fragrance he inhaled tasted bitter. Zen felt that his nostrils were filled with rich bitterness.

"What's this fog? I can't see anything!"

Due to the obstruction of the brown fog, Zen's vision was very clouded. Irritability began to invade his eyes. Soon, it began to hurt even to look. Pain enveloped his pupils and eyelids. He could only close his eyes and release his soul force to sense everything in the pill refining room.

However, the moment Zen released his senses, he was startled. He noticed that there was a strange face in front of him. The face looked extremely ferocious. Sharp teeth and a powerful jaw armed the face. It opened its mouth and was about to bite Zen.

Zen tilted to the side and dodged the bite. At the same, he tried to counter-attack and threw a kick to the face.

"Waah!"

A loud scream echoed, and the face immediately disappeared into the brown fog.

The human face had finally disappeared. However, more human faces with their mouths wide open came out of the brown fog from different directions. Each of the faces tried fiercely to bite Zen. He even doubted that he had not entered a pill refining room, but ended up in some evil and wicked place…

"What the hell? This is what Holy Bromley left for me? What are his intentions?"

Zen immediately threw dozens of punches to the faces. With speed as fast as the wind. Zen's fists shattered the faces in front of him one by one.

He was not afraid of such weird things. Worse enemies were defeated by him before. However, just as Saul had said, the objects in this pill refining room were left behind by Holy Bromley. Who would have thought that such a bunch of weird faces would appear and attack him? Zen was entirely at a loss about his stressful situation.

Saul stood at the door and smiled. A mild voice came out of his mouth. "Actually, the more of these things, the better."

"What do you mean?" Zen asked. There was confusion reflected in his eyes as he raised an eyebrow.

"These things are all pill souls, I thought that if there were two or three of them in the pill refining room, it would be excellent, but I didn't expect there to be so many." Saul continued to explain with a calm voice, "The ranks of the medicinal pills in the divine land are decided by how many times they are refined. The worst ones are the one time refined pills, while the best are nine times refined pills. Only the seven times, eight times, and nine times refined pills will be able to form spirits. They are powerful yet harder to produce. After a long time, they would condense pill souls."

Everything had a spirit. The mountains had the mountain spirit, the earth had the earth spirit, and as the golden pills were refined, they gathered the most intelligent spirits in the entire divine land. Therefore, the spirit of the pills was naturally something that the spirit of common things could not compare. The numerous souls that attacked Zen were evidence that the pills were of high quality.

Once a seven times refined pill was created, it would have a free spirit. The spirit would grow even stronger as time passed. Afterward, a soul of nature would be born from the spirit of the pill. The shapes of those pill souls were initially strange and amorphous. However, the pill souls around Zen all condensed into human faces. There must be some reasons behind it.

"Are seven times refined pills good?" A curious tone accompanied Zen's query.

Zen had rarely used any pills since he began his cultivation. As such, he had no idea about the ranks of the pills in the divine land.

"Haha." Saul laughed but didn't answer. However, the message behind his chuckle was apparent to Zen. Presumably, pills that were ranked as seven times refined pills were no ordinary objects. They were extremely rare and exceptional, even in the divine land.

Under Zen's continuous strikes, the strange faces were all destroyed. Soon the brown fog that floated around the pill refining room also gradually dissipated. Although the fragrance of the medicine was still repugnant, its scent had begun to weaken.

When Zen had opened his eyes again, he could finally see everything in the pill refining room clearly…

Although the pill refining room was small, everything was arranged in an orderly manner. On three sides of the room, there were exquisite wooden cabinets. Within the shelves, there were little golden cauldrons that contained medicinal pills the size of eyeballs. The patterns on the surface of these medicinal pills were all different. Additionally, the color and smell of the pills were different too. As different kinds of fragrances gathered together, it formed the extremely strong scent that Zen had smelled before.

However, the most noticeable thing in the pill refining room was the round furnace in the center. On top of the furnace, there was a purplish-gold square lid. The lid constantly moved up and down as if something inside of it wanted to jump out and escape.

Chapter 2075 Potent Pills

With the fire token, Zen had obtained the embryo of the Great Weighty Sword from the weapon refining workshop before.

He hardly expected anything to be inside the pill refining furnace in front of him. He stood there, while trying to gauge the contents inside.

After mulling over, he walked towards the furnace, with the intention of opening it.

Just as he was about to pry open the lid, Saul rushed past him and pressed the lid with his hand, facing Zen. Saul said furiously, "Don't open! Stay away from it!"

Zen was stunned looking at Saul's reaction.

He was well aware of the fact that if the pills in this workshop were all extraordinary, the pills in the furnace would be even more precious. But he was not in need of any of these pills. Until now, he had relied on his own talent and perseverance to cultivate. His excellent shape was the proof of that.

In the meantime, Saul sternly stopped him, "You shouldn't be taking off the lid!"

"Why shouldn't I open the lid? Why are you creating so much suspense around it?!" Looking at Saul's reaction, Zen became even more curious.

Saul pointed to the corner saying, "All the seven times refined pill present here were refined within that furnace."

Zen looked in the direction that Saul pointed. In the corner of the workshop, there was another furnace which looked almost exactly the same as the one in front of him, but it was comparatively smaller. Despite Zen's experience, he was unable to understand the functioning of this furnace. But of course, any furnace used by the Holy Being was way out of the ordinary.

"What is this furnace used for?" Zen asked, pointing at the first furnace.

"Although it's been a long time, I clearly remember that my master used it to refine the eight times refined pills," Saul replied.

"Eight times refined pills? Just one level higher than the seven times refined pills in this room?" Zen didn't care much for the eight times refined pills. He felt a bit disappointed at this new piece of information. "I thought it was for refining the nine times refined pills."

Saul laughed. "Nine times refined pills? Seriously?! Don't even think about it! For what I know, there are only two nine times refined pills recorded in the history of the divine land for countless divine eras. How they were used and who took them are still mysteries even today. So theoretically speaking, the eight times refined pills are the highest level pills within the divine land."

"Then why didn't you let me take off the lid?" Zen persisted.

"The eight times refined pill in here is not bound." Saying this, Saul pointed to the golden cauldrons which were the size of a water cup and contained the seven times refined pills. "Look over here. These seven times refined pills are bound by the medicinal cauldrons, so even if they have souls, it is highly impossible for them to take form. They can only release their souls to roam around the workshop. On the contrary, the furnace here does not have any binding on the eight times refined pill, so the pill may have been transformed. If you take off the lid at will, I'm afraid it might kill you in a flash!"

Zen was shocked at what Saul said. "I don't believe it! How can a tiny pill be all that powerful?"

Sensing that Zen still hadn't grasped the importance of the pills, Saul patiently explained, "If these seven times refined pills were to take human form, their strength would be equivalent to that of a low-rank True God.

So you can imagine the potency of this pill."

Hearing this, Zen was completely overcome with shock.

His gaze once again returned to the seven times refined pills. In other words, if not for the golden medicinal cauldrons binding them, Zen would probably be facing a group of True Gods in this workshop! What a predicament he would have been in!

"And what about the eight times refined pill?" Now Zen became curious about it and asked.

"As far as I know, the eight times refined pill in the furnace has the power of a mid-rank or maybe even a top-rank True God," Saul replied.

Hearing Saul's explanation, Zen was completely convinced now. If the furnace really contained a mid-rank True God, he would definitely die if he casually took off the lid. However, there was one thing he did not understand. "According to what you said, the pills are comparable to True Gods. Don't tell me that they are able to condense the Godly Tiles."

Without the Godly Tile, it was impossible to gather momentum and there was no inner world. This actually made no sense at all.

"You're right. They can definitely condense the Godly Tiles, and they have a natural advantage in that aspect. After taking human form, the pills will become living beings, and they can cultivate the Pill Godly Way. In fact, all living things in the divine land have souls, and once they reach a certain point, they can transform themselves into any being they want. Many True Gods in the divine land are transformed from mountains, stones, and even broken swords," Saul explained.

Upon hearing these words, Zen recalled the broken sword in Lone's hand.

As he thought about many True Gods that were transformed from stones and mountains, he had a strange feeling in his heart. If he had the chance to go to the divine land, then he would have a good look around. There were many questions which could be answered only at the divine land.

Now that he stepped into the pill refining room, there was no way he would return empty-handed. He couldn't touch the eight times refined pill in the furnace, but he could at least use some of the seven times refined pills that were easily available.

Normally, Zen didn't prefer pills because they were filled with impurities. Even in the Upper World, if he used any of the pills to benefit himself, there would be several repercussions on his foundation. But the pills his master refined were different. They would not create any side effects.

Moreover, right now was the time for him to increase his strength. There should be some pills around that could be useful.

Zen walked along the cabinets. Saul realized that Zen was choosing pills for himself, so he followed him. He was ready to answer if Zen had any queries.

"What is this Frigid Jade Illusion Pill?"

"It is used to cultivate the Snow Godly Way. It can greatly nourish the Mysterious Ice Godly Tile."

"Mystery Life Pill?"

"Excellent to remove doubts."

"Purple Heart Barrier Breaking Pill?"

"It can break through the Godly Tile barrier."

"Glossy Ganoderma Soul Pill?"

"It is ideal for soul cultivation."

As Zen read out the name of a pill, Saul would instantly state its use.

But even without Saul's help, it was easy to understand their uses through their physical characteristics. The Frigid Jade Illusion Pill, for example, was like a ball of ice. Within the ball, there were illusions that were constantly changing. The speed at which the illusions changed was ridiculously fast, so Zen couldn't clearly see what the illusions were recording.

Soon Zen realized that the seven times refined pills wouldn't provide much help to him at the current stage. They were for True Gods, while Zen was a world lord now.

Moreover, his Lotus Flower hadn't even fully bloomed, which was a cause of concern for him.

Ever since their return from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the Lotus Flowers of Nathan, Lucille and the others had already been in full bloom. After all, after becoming world lords, the Godly Geniuses would begin to strive to be True Gods in an attempt to condense the Godly Tiles. However, Zen's Lotus Flower hadn't fully bloomed, let alone condensed the Godly Tile.

His perception was not lower than any of the other nine Godly Geniuses. In fact Zen was the strongest among the Godly Geniuses, and yet his Lotus Flower hadn't fully bloomed after he became a world lord. For the life of him, he could not understand what went wrong.

"Nine-head Snake Blood Pill?"

Zen's gaze was focused on a blood-red pill. He could instantly feel an extremely strong blood energy from this pill. Zen immediately guessed it before Saul could explain its usage.

"Master, looks like this pill is only made for you!"

In fact, Saul had wanted to recommend the Nine-head Snake Blood Pill to Zen from the start, but as a servant of the fairy palace, he was not in a position to advice Zen. Now that he saw Zen stop on his own in front of the pill, he took the opportunity to give his opinion.

Right now, Zen's body's recovery ability was quite weak.

The Nine-head Snake Blood Pill probably had the lowest value among the seven times refined pills.

However, it did not require Zen's cultivation to be strong or weak. Just by merely swallowing it, he would greatly enhance his recovery ability.

"Good." Even if Saul didn't give his opinion, Zen would have still chosen this pill. Then he reached out and took the Nine-head Snake Blood Pill.

However, just as he took away the pill, his gaze shifted to the other side where there was another seven times refined pill, the Emotion Closing

Pill.

"Master, since you cultivate the Emotion Closing Godly Way, this pill is also ideal for you. But your level of cultivation is too low, so you can swallow the Nine-head Snake Blood Pill. However, the Emotion Closing Pill is for a True God who cultivates the Emotion Closing Godly Way. You may not be able to withstand it, if you take it without careful consideration," Saul patiently explained.

Zen smiled slightly and reached out his hand to take the Emotion Closing Pill. "Since the Emotion Closing Godly Way is considered a forbidden Godly Way within the divine land, then this pill is considered a forbidden pill, isn't it?"

"Yes, you're right," Saul agreed.

Ever since he cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way, Zen had always relied on malicious aura to suppress his emotions. However, this was only a helpless compromise.

If he advanced to a higher level in the Emotion Closing Godly Way, he would definitely be able to fight against the True Gods from the Sacred race.

With this thought, he reached out his hand and took the Emotion Closing Pill, despite Saul refraining him from doing so.

Chapter 2076 Thick Blood

At the same time, what was happening in the Evolutionary Universe was not to be ignored.

The battle there was getting more and more intense.

"Give up! You know as well as I do that there's no point in struggling!" Mateo howled coldly.

Right then, Mateo discreetly activated some sort of secret technique. Black blood continued flowing out like streams from his eyes. And as the blood gushed, as dark as a starless midnight sky, it rapidly turned into a black, bloody mist before wrapping him up tightly.

Surges of starlight were repeatedly released from Wynn's open hand. The starlight shot out in two opposing directions, turning into a slender starlight ray and shooting toward Mateo.

The starlight was extremely sharp, like the fiercest blade. So much so that previously, when he was fighting with Pranav, Pranav had actually feared it and done his best to stay as far away from it as possible.

Mateo, on the other hand, demonstrated a fearless aura. He stood confidently. As the starlight pierced through the black mist surrounding him, it was instantly swallowed whole.

"Humph!"

Mateo grunted, as he repelled Wynn's powerful attack, pointing forcefully at him.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

A mass of black mist immediately appeared by Wynn's side. When the black mist came into contact with his body, his expression drastically changed. With a quick twist of his torso, he managed to save the vital parts of his body. The same couldn't be said for his arm and foot though, both of which sadly disappeared into the mist, leaving nothing at all behind.

"I almost killed you," Mateo stated calmly.

Wynn steadied his body. Starlight flashed in his gloomy eyes, and in a matter of seconds, he grew himself a new arm and foot.

The black mist wasn't actually a real mist at all, but tiny insects, no larger than the needle hole. They were known as the Waves Devouring Worms, and they fed on blood energy. They had to live in a life form with powerful blood energy in order to survive.

Mateo used his exuberant blood energy to support a large number of Waves Devouring Worms. If he encountered an enemy strong enough, and it was worth it, he would drive these black worms out to fight.

A few seconds ago, Wynn made nothing but slight contact with the black mist formed by the Waves Devouring Worms. And even so, one of his arms and one of his feet had been devoured. Clearly, these worms were more than just powerful. They were dominant.

Due to this worm controlling secret technique, Wynn was being slowly beaten back little by little. Mateo though, appeared to consolidate at every step, as if victory was already within his grasp.

In this battle between two True Gods, Wynn was obviously at an absolute disadvantage.

In comparison however, the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe were in an even more miserable circumstance.

Before Mateo and Marko intervened in the fight between the Supreme Lords, the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe were still capable of suppressing those of the Sacred race. However, once Mateo and Marko had joined the fight, the situation began to take a turn.

The first to die were naturally the Supreme Lords of the Blessed Buddha Land. Soon after, the patriarchs of Lawson's Lie Clan and Lucille's Ji Clan were equally killed by Marko. However, Supreme Lord of Original

Sin, the patriarch of Nathan's Xuanyuan Clan, pulled out a strange treasure: a bamboo raft.

This said bamboo raft was a treasure passed down for generations since the ancient times by the Xuanyuan Clan, and was given to them by Mike's disciples. The moment the bamboo raft was released, it split into thousands of bamboo forests and trapped Pranav within them. For a long while, Pranav couldn't break through the confusing maze array of bamboo forests.

Although Pranav was temporarily trapped, Supreme Lord of Original Sin's heart was still heavy. Even if he was using his full strength, he was still unable to kill Pranav. Moreover, the heavens was filled with intense tremors.

"What should we do?"

the patriarch of Janet's Ji Clan questioned.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin was one of the core members of the four great clans that formed the Thoughtless Minds together. If they encountered any unsolvable difficulty, they would request advice from and listen to Supreme Lord of Original Sin.

Now that the patriarchs of two clans had died, the Ji Clan's patriarch was really starting to feel flustered. His only choice now was to turn to Supreme Lord of Original Sin.

The first thing he noticed was that Supreme Lord of Original Sin looked pale, almost as if he were ill.

This was because as the leader of the four great clans, he had never suffered such a defeat before. A feeling of powerlessness assaulted him, and the clan's teachings appeared in his mind.

Each of the four great clans had mysterious teachings that were passed down from their ancestors. They were the messages that the disciples of the Holy Being had shared with their descendants.

"As part of the universe, you must make a difference. However, the more powerful you are, the heavier your responsibility. If there comes a day when you come across a calamity, you're obliged to do all you can to fight."

The teachings of the four great clans were all different, but the contents were roughly the same.

These four great clans lived in the universe and became the most powerful forces there. They relied on the inheritances of the Holy Being's disciples, and they had all the resources they could ever need or imagine directly at their command.

The Holy Being's disciples had specifically trained the four great clans to deal with this kind of tribulation. Supreme Lord of Original Sin had long known the secret behind this, and he already had the will to sacrifice himself.

"These people are so powerful that even if I were to sacrifice myself, I still wouldn't be a match for them," Supreme Lord of Original Sin smiled bitterly.

Before, Mike's disciples had calculated the strength of the Murphy Universe's Supreme Lords. However, they hadn't been able to predict the decision of the Hall of Holy Beings. Of course, they never expected that Murphy would actually send three True Gods to the Evolutionary Universe.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin turned his face away and noticed that the two ogre Supreme Lords were being chased down by the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race tens of millions of miles away.

He might not be a match for a True God, but ordinary Supreme Lords were far inferior to him.

Crackle!

As the Space Law exploded beneath his feet, he activated the Grand Teleportation technique and rushed toward the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race.

Meanwhile, Pranav was trying hard to break through the bamboo forests. Although the maze array was powerful, it still wasn't strong enough to trap Pranav for long. Supreme Lord of Original Sin knew very well that it wouldn't be long before Pranav managed to break through the array. Before that happened though, he planned to kill as many Supreme Lords of the Sacred race as possible.

In the starry sky of the Upper World, streams of light flew in all directions. Occasionally, stars would fall from the sky, and sometimes, huge balls of flames would explode. The flames were of different colors: yellow, white, and purple. They were gorgeously bright, blinding even, and their light could easily outshine the sun.

All the mortals were kneeling now, praying.

Not only humans, in fact, all sentient beings throughout the universe were doing the same. Even those who weren't sentient but had souls were down on their knees.

They were praying because their entire universe was filled with a sense of utter and absolute crisis.

This intangible sense of crisis could, and would, affect anything in the Evolutionary Universe. From the grass, to the mountains, rocks, deserts and stars, everything had a strong desire to survive.

Furthermore, the momentum within the Evolutionary Universe had equally soared under such circumstances.

"Go to hell!"

Bang!

Master Feng raised his hand and slapped the Sacred race's Grand Supreme Lord so hard that it sent him flying straight into the air.

A terrifying energy immediately pressed down on his body. The energy contained the Evolutionary Universe's momentum, which contributed to its incomparable power.

If it weren't for the protection of the spinulose wood fern, that strike would have easily shattered him to thousands of pieces.

The two Supreme Lords that controlled the Heavens-suppressing Objects had been fighting with each other from the very beginning. It was difficult to determine who was stronger, but as the momentum in the Evolutionary Universe increased, Master Feng appeared to hold the upper hand.

Because of Master Feng's slap, a tiny crack could be seen slithering along the center of the spinulose wood fern.

"Once again!"

Master Feng clasped his hands together. As the Evolution Lotus Flower spun, a terrifying momentum once again flowed into his palms, but he didn't stop there. His greatest desire was to kill his enemy in one fell swoop and shatter the spinulose wood fern to pieces.

After Zen swallowed the Nine-head Snake Blood Pill, he immediately felt the blood in his body begin to bubble and boil. An unprecedented power surged out from the golden blood, flowing crazily in his body as his heart pounded it out at an extremely high speed.

Pound. Pound. Pound.

Zen's heart was beating like a drum. His heartbeat was unexpectedly ten thousand times faster than usual. His breathing accelerated.

It was a known fact that mortals' hearts could beat from three to five times in three seconds.

Warriors' bodies were strong, and their hearts were also abnormally strong. When they reached Zen's level though, their hearts could only beat once in five minutes. At this very moment though, Zen could actually feel his heart beating a hundred times in three seconds.

With Zen's current willpower, he was capable of enduring the pain.

After fifteen minutes, the flow of Zen's blood began to slow, eventually coming to a stop, and his heart also stopped beating maniacally.

Now, Zen's blood had become thick. As his blood and vitality grew stronger, his body's recovery ability also improved by leaps and bounds.

After swallowing the Nine-head Snake Blood Pill, Zen chose to not swallow the Emotion Closing Pill. Instead, he stood up and rushed out of the pill refining room, heading straight for the True Path.

Chapter 2077 The Dungeon

More than half of the strength source of the nine stars in Zen's body had been restored. With his recent rejuvenation, it would be a lot easier for him to conquer the next section of the True Path.

The challenge in that section of True Path was more difficult than the one before. Additionally, there were some restrictions when Bromley set up this path.

Based on Bromley's plan on the arrangement of the True Path, the Sacred martial artists that appeared at every section of the True Path would be a realm higher than the former section.

However, the strength of a martial artist could not be determined with only one's realm as the basis.

The two 'cultivators from remote ages' that Zen had fought before would be great examples. Although they were only world lords, their true strength was even higher than that of ordinary Supreme Lords. Their power was more condensed and mighty for their level.

However, the ancient cultivators did not have any intelligence and were unable to utilize their strength fully. That was why they were so easily killed by Zen. Otherwise, in theory, Zen would not have been able to defeat them. With Zen's current comprehension of various Laws and Godly Ways, he was comparably inferior to them.

It took Zen less than an hour to pass that particular section of the True Path. His strength had been recovered, and he was able to travel much more quickly.

A lot of Sacred world lords had emerged from this True Path. It was also the first time Zen had met the ancient Supreme Lords of the Sacred race. When he encountered the ancient Supreme Lords of the Sacred race, he was puzzled. He studied them with confused eyes.

A Supreme Lord was actually a world lord who had carried a Heavenly Destiny. However, Heavenly Destinies didn't exist in the divine land.

Where could they be able to find one to carry in the divine land then?

Nonetheless, Zen immediately got the answer from Saul. In fact, the title of Supreme Lord originated from the Sacred race. Back then, the Sacred race was in the top position in the divine land. Additionally, the power comprehended from the Godly Way Tablets was known as the Heavenly Destiny. At that time, whenever the Sacred race comprehended a Godly Way Tablet, they would seal it immediately in efforts to make themselves the only ones to comprehend it. As such, they would be able to maintain their dominance over the divine land.

Therefore, once an ancient cultivator comprehended the power within a Godly Way Tablet, they would be called as a Supreme Lord. Impressive abilities would be gained by the cultivator even if their realm remained the same.

However, as the Sacred race disappeared for no reason, the seals on the Godly Way Tablets also became ineffective. After that, more and more martial artists comprehended the Godly Ways. Moreover, the number of creatures that managed to become True Gods also increased. The concepts of Supreme Lord and Heavenly Destiny also gradually disappeared. As time passed by, their existences in history and textbooks were forgotten.

Decades afterward, warriors were able to become Holy Beings and constructed their universes. As such, they were able to turn everything they had comprehended throughout their lives into Heavenly Destinies and pass them down. Thus, Supreme Lords once again appeared within the inner worlds of the Holy Beings.

The final challenge of this section was an ancient Supreme Lord from the ancient Sacred race. The ancient Supreme Lord cultivated the "Destruction Godly Way." Although he had completely stepped into the Godly Way, he hadn't condensed a Godly Tile. As such, he could not be considered a True God.

The Destruction Godly Way contained an extremely destructive power. However, Zen had the Redemption Armor to protect him. Furthermore, he had just taken the Nine-head Snake Blood Pill. As he was not at a disadvantage in the confrontation, Zen wasn't afraid of the ancient

Supreme Lord. A brave expression was seen on Zen's face as he confronted the ancient Supreme Lord's destructive power.

Moreover, the strength source of Zen's nine stars had mostly been restored. Once he found an opportunity, he would make a move and shatter the ancient Supreme Lord of the Sacred race into Dark and Light energies.

After Zen passed that section of the True Path, he was not that anxious as before. Calmness and tranquility were apparent in his face, There were still two tokens in the True Path, one heaven token, and one earth token. The earth token was the key to open the training tower. However, it was not very useful to Zen at the current stage. After all, distant water cannot quench present thirst. Zen doubted the possibility that he would be able to go out into the Evolutionary Universe and kill his enemies after he cultivated for some time in the training tower. Zen continued to be silent as he pondered for his options.

After some time, Zen concluded that he could only resign himself to fate.

Suddenly, a golden light descended from the sky. With a wave of a hand, Zen caught the golden light in his palm. When he turned his hand over, Zen's eyes narrowed. A beam of joy immediately glistened in his eyes as a smile found its way onto his face.

In the center of the token, there was a significant character - "heaven." It was the token Zen had tried so hard to receive.

"Congratulations! You finally got the token you wanted!" Saul also cheered for him with a cheerful tone and a wide smile.

In fact, a moment ago, Saul was worried that Zen might receive the earth token instead…

If he collected all the eight tokens, Zen would be able to control the fairy palace completely. He could even remove the enchanted barrier that protected the fairy palace and step into the vast forest. Everything in the fairy palace and the forest around it could easily be explored by him.

However, the last section of the True Path would definitely not be easy to pass. Even the creatures that guarded the final part of the True Path possessed the strength comparable to that of a True God. With Zen's current abilities, it would not be easy for him to escape from the hands of a True God, and it would even be more difficult to kill one. Despite that he just regained his strength, it would still be difficult for him to win such a battle.

With the heaven token in his hand, Zen returned to the pavilion along the same path. Afterward, he walked along the side of the pavilion to enter the backyard of the fairy palace. His determination was apparent in his every step.

Compared to the magnificence of the front yard of the fairy palace, the backyard was much more neglected. Dry leaves and clutter were scattered in the area. The only thing that blocked Zen's way was a row of broken fences…

However, there were streams of faint golden light that floated above the fence. Within those golden rays, some small golden people held long swords. Zen could feel a faint aura from the golden figures.

Although the aura was not strong, Zen felt something eerie with a single glance. Additionally, he believed that the power within the divine textures was not to be trifled with. If he were to trigger the divine textures, he would instantly be killed. Cold sweat trickled down his spine as he continued to stare at the figures.

However, the restrictive divine textures weren't aimed at Zen. All of the tiny golden figures were faced towards the backyard. It was apparent that they were meant to guard against something from the backyard.

After he thought of what his father had told him, Zen felt a chill down his spine. His face grew even more serious as he strengthened his guard.

In fact, Zen had already prepared himself before he took the challenge of the True Path. Mike had told him that there were some extremely vicious people locked up in the dungeon in the backyard of Bromley's fairy palace. He was ready for harsh challenges and difficult battles that he might encounter.

Although the warriors in the backyard were not as strong as Holy Beings, they were still top-level True Gods.

The situation in the Evolutionary Universe had already progressed to its final step. Since they couldn't defeat the Sacred race, Zen wanted to seek the help of these prisoners.

If Zen were to do this, it would mean that Mike would undoubtedly die. That was because once those prisoners got involved, it would be a violation of the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings. If it were to happen, it would be easy for Murphy to shatter Evolutionary Universe since he had a justified reason.

At that time, Mike was not aware that the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings had been changed. Nevertheless, Zen was aware of the changes now and had no qualms about the completion of his plans.

However, the people locked up in the dungeon weren't easy to deal with. Saul could be an example as it seemed that it was horrible for him to stay in the fairy palace. Fortunately, Saul was still able to move freely in the fairy palace and even manage the affairs of the fairy palace. It was hard to consider him as a prisoner.

The warriors in the dungeon had actually been trapped there for countless years. Slowly, their minds and characters had deteriorated and were corrupted over the years. Who knew what their state of mind had become after so many years' imprisonment? Perhaps they had all become lunatics. Zen feared that as soon as he opened the door of the dungeon, they would tear him into pieces.

Everything had certain risks, and that time, Zen was the one who had to take the risk.

As he stood in front of the door of the backyard, Zen became hesitant. He paused for a moment before he activated the heaven token in his hand.

Creak!

A section of the fence in front of the back courtyard swung open. An entrance appeared for Zen. However, it also meant that an exit just became available for the prisoners.

The instant the fence was opened, a thunderous roar rang out. At the same time, a fearsome aura came from the back courtyard…

The aura was extremely vicious, but the creature that released it was still unidentified.

Zen recognized the aura. A long time ago, he encountered it in the fairy palace. At that time, Saul had told him that it was from a dog kept in the fairy palace.

As Zen stepped into the backyard, he followed the source of the aura. Nonetheless, he saw that there was indeed a dog house on the side. A ferocious beast with a formidable appearance was lying on the ground. The green eyes of the beast stared coldly at him.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2078 The Terrifying Bark

This enormous creature did not look like a dog at all. If anything, it looked like a lion with overgrown fur.

Its black fur shone nicely, making its coat look like satin.

As soon as Zen stepped onto the yard, the dog stood from its place in the doghouse and ran towards him.

It pawed the ground, creating two holes that were half a foot deep.

"Woof! Woof!"

All of a sudden, fear washed over Zen like a waterfall. He was paralyzed to the spot, his pulse bounding in his ears. Zen tried to steady his breathing in an effort to quell the panic but found that he couldn't. Was he honestly afraid of a dog's bark?

Zen had already mastered the warrior spirit to consummation during his time in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Hardly anything affected his state of mind now. Facing a True God didn't even make him flinch.

However, the fear he felt now was different. Terror had sucked the very breath from his lungs. He couldn't think much of anything except that he had to get away.

This dog was causing him to feel this way, and if he stayed like this for another minute, he was going to die for sure.

Clink! Clink! Clink!

The sounds the silver dog chain made were not helping at all. In the haziness of his mind, Zen hoped that it wouldn't break.

If it did, there'd be nothing to restrain the dog from eating Zen for dinner.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!"

The dog stuck out its thorny scarlet tongue as it tried to reach Zen. If Zen had been an inch closer to the dog, he would've already been dog chow.

Zen was getting lightheaded by the second. He knew he needed to flee but he could no longer control his legs; they were shaking violently.

"Blackie! Back to your house!"

Saul, who had hurried over, shouted.

At Saul's command, the violent and manic aura that surrounded the dog dissipated. It turned its head towards Saul, licked its lips, shifted on its haunches, and bounded back to the doghouse.

With the dog gone, Zen finally regained control of his breathing. His hands were still shaking as he wiped the perspiration off of his brow. His clothes were drenched in sweat.

It had been a long time since he felt fear that intense.

The strength of that dog truly was terrifying. Even Zen, who had a firm state of mind and possessed the Gold Fighting Soul, was frightened to such a degree. How much more would it affect other weaker warriors?

"That's a Soul-shaking Mastiff," Saul said, eyes trained at the dog. "It's a true spirit that my master subdued. Later on, it stayed in to guard the fairy palace. It has the ability to shake souls. Its bark can annihilate evil spirits and drown a True God in fear."

Zen, still shaken up, nodded weakly. This dog's ability was indeed great. He wouldn't know what to do if it decided to turn on him.

"It guards the fairy palace? But it's chained up. How does it guard the palace?" Zen asked in confusion.

Saul grinned and replied, "The Soul-shaking Mastiff protects it from things outside the enchanted barrier. When the enchanted barrier is opened and something breaks into the palace, the Fairy Chain will break and release Blackie."

Then it clicked.

The fairy palace wasn't located in the Evolutionary Universe, but in a strange forest.

There was no need to guard against people like Zen who came from the Evolutionary Universe. Even Supreme Lords could not barge into the fairy palace as they wouldn't be able to open the enchanted barrier around the palace.

This part of the forest was located in a very special place in the divine land. And even if the enchanted barrier was breached, the fairy palace had its means to protect itself, and the Soul-shaking Mastiff was one of them.

Although Blackie returned to the doghouse already, Zen still did not dare to go over. If it decided to bark and pounce on him, he'd be dog dinner for sure.

"Don't worry, Blackie is actually very docile. It won't attack you," assured Saul when he sensed Zen's hesitation.

'Won't it?' Zen thought, but nodded anyway. He stared at the dog warily as he cautiously walked over to the doghouse.

Just as Saul said, Blackie was acting tame and harmless. It stuck its tongue out and rolled on its back, eyeing the both of them expectantly.

"He's the new master of our palace. Remember him," Saul told the dog, his finger pointing at Zen.

There were many creatures whose intelligence was not directly proportional to their strength. Blackie was one of them, but while it wasn't very bright, it understood what Saul was saying.

To Zen's surprise, Blackie rolled from his place by the doghouse and stopped at Zen's feet. Its thick legs pointed at the sky as it offered Zen its belly.

"It's..."

Zen was at a loss for words. This abnormally ferocious dog was suddenly acting like a house pet in front of him.

"It means you can pet it," Saul beamed.

Zen hesitated for a moment before reaching out to give the dog a belly rub. Its fur felt cold and silky like satin.

"Awoooo!"

Blackie pressed its head against the ground and let out an appreciative sound.

"Oh!

You're finally here!"

a voice coming from the depths of the yard suddenly said.

Zen turned to see a long-haired man sitting on a patch of grass, not far away from him. Silver chains, much like the one around Blackie's neck, bound his hands and feet.

Behind him, was a narrow entrance that led to the dungeon of the fairy palace.

Zen's breath caught in his throat.

His father had told him of the vicious and cruel characters imprisoned in the fairy palace's dungeon. They were extremely manipulative and only desired freedom.

If Zen were to enlist their aid and freed them in exchange, there was no guarantee that they would keep their promise.

They might even turn on him if he wasn't careful.

But Mike had no choice but to make this suggestion. If only the Evolutionary Universe wasn't at a point where it couldn't be saved, then he wouldn't have told Zen about this at all.

Zen had been clear about the Evolutionary Universe's situation. The three True Gods sent out by the Sacred race already gave their verdict. Moreover, Zen had already known the new rules of the Hall of Holy Beings. This was their best hope.

And it all depended on these guys.

Zen mentally prepared himself as he walked over to the man. "Hello," Zen smiled. "I am the master of this fairy palace!"

"Duh," the man said with a wave of his hand. "I knew that after you barged into this place with your cultivation base of the nature level. But I tell you, your rate of improvement is really amazing."

The man looked at Zen with gleaming eyes.

Bromley had made a promise to them before, saying that if someone were to take complete ownership of this fairy palace, everyone in the dungeon would be released.

For hundreds of millions of years, they had waited for this day to come, and now it was finally here.

It took everything to hide his excitement. After being locked up for so long, they were finally going to be set free.

"Hmph! What's there to be surprised about? This guy made us wait for almost twenty years!" A hoarse voice came from the dungeon.

It had been nearly twenty years since Zen first stepped into the fairy palace.

Saul frowned. "A few years ago, who was it that said it would take a thousand years for Zen to rule the fairy palace?"

Hearing these words, the entire dungeon fell silent. Although they were powerful, they were still no match for Zen. After all, it was because of the three Holy Beings' painstaking effort that Zen had become this strong.

Chapter 2079 Inner Demon Oath

Hearing Saul's conversation with those people, Zen could guess what they were thinking.

These people wanted to leave the place as soon as possible and this was the only chip Zen could use to bargain with them.

"I will let you go," Zen chimed in.

The long-haired man's eyes flashed with a fiery light and the corners of his eyes twitched intensely when he heard Zen's announcement.

Though he began bubbling with excitement, he tried his best to restrain his emotions.

Whoosh!

Several fierce auras exploded instantly from the prison's entrance—they were filled with anticipation.

"Tell me, what do you want?"

"I can teach you the Heinously Evil Way personally!"

"Hmph! I can help you cultivate the Heaven Devouring Technique—it's much better than that Heinously Evil Way!"

"Hey, Big Mouth… what do you mean? How about we fight it out right now?"

"Haha! Master Evil… you weren't my opponent all those years ago. Even if we were anywhere else, you still wouldn't be my match!"

Just like that, the two figures in the dungeon got into a heated argument as if they were fighting over a high position.

During the long debate, they left Zen on the sideline. After a long moment, Zen finally interrupted. "I have only one request for you all to be released."

This time, everyone kept silent.

Mulling it over for a moment, he then spoke, "Help me kill three True Gods."

Amidst the silence, the old voice resounded once again. "The difference in strength between True Gods can be huge. What's their level, low-rank, mid-rank, or top-rank? Perhaps the consummate level?"

"Three low-rank True Gods," Zen said.

"Three mere low-rank True Gods… it's a piece of cake. What are their names?" The old voice inquired further.

"Pranav Mu, Marko Mu, and Mateo Mu."

"Three unknown juniors. Tsk, what an easy mission."

Because these people had been imprisoned for many years, they didn't recognize any of the new True Gods within the divine land.

"Wait, their last name is Mu?" one of them asked. "Are these three related to Murphy Mu?"

"Yes," Zen nodded in response.

That made the long-haired man at the entrance frown as he said, "These three are all disciples of Murphy?"

"Yes," Zen nodded another time.

And again, there was only silence for a moment.

These people in the dungeon were the most vicious types of True Gods in the divine land. They were extremely powerful, but that wasn't to say that they didn't care about anything.

Back then, it was because they offended Bromley that they were taken into this dungeon. They had spent countless years in this dark dungeon, leading up to how much they now truly wanted to leave and never turn back.

And Bromley was already considered to be one of the more merciful Holy Beings. Others wouldn't have even bothered imprisoning them and instead would have killed them on the spot.

Now that Zen asked them to deal with three of Murphy's direct disciples, they knew it meant falling victim to Murphy's revenge. Even if they returned to the divine land, the Hall of Holy Beings would probably hunt them down—no one dared to offend Murphy.

"You must change your request, young man. Whatever else it is, I will grant you."

"Yes, you can cultivate my Heinously Evil Way and become my disciple—I'll definitely make you famous in the divine land."

"Humph. The Heaven Devouring Technique is still clearly the first choice."

"My Heinously Evil Way is..."

The two were rather serious about the idea of accepting a disciple.

From their perspectives, even though Zen controlled Bromley's fairy palace, he was still merely a world lord. With their strength, they were capable of adopting Zen as a disciple.

When he sensed the fighting began to escalate again, Zen's eyes flashed fiercely as he shouted," Stop arguing!"

Although Zen had control over these people's freedom, they didn't look up to Zen in the least. Hearing him yell stunned everyone silent for a bit.

"Holy Bromley is my master. Do you all really believe that your strength is greater than his?" Zen asked coldly.

"Holy Bromley?! He's accepting disciples again?"

"Didn't he say he was done with that?"

"Who on earth are you? Why are you able to become Bromley's disciple?"

While they all feared Bromley to some extent, they also admired him deeply. Never did they think that Zen would be accepted as his disciple—it was a great honor.

Zen never wanted to use the identity of Bromley's disciple in order to suppress them, but it was useless to use politeness with these kinds of people. Now that his identity was exposed, it could be considered a mere form of demonstration.

"I already said, help me kill those three True Gods and I will immediately release you. There's no need to talk about the other conditions, and I don't need anything from you," Zen sneered.

A while later, the aged voice was heard, "If that's the case, then I'll do it."

Although Murphy wasn't someone to be trifled with, a way out was still better than being imprisoned there for all eternity. Their limitless lifespans would subject them to boredom for a very long time—something most considered worse than death.

But even though they agreed to the deal, it was difficult for Zen to guess what they were really thinking. Once they were released, Zen was probably going to lose control of them.

"Before I release you, you may take an oath by your inner demon that you will heed my commands for the rest of your life. But if you ever disobey my order, you will be devoured by your inner demon to death," Zen said sternly.

The long-haired man frowned at the statement, and another series of unsatisfied murmurs filled the dungeon once again.

The restraints of the inner demon varied with the level of cultivation. While many low-level martial artists swore by the inner demon, it had no restraining on them. But after cultivating to the Life and Death Realm, the influence of the inner demon on the martial artist grew greater. The Wishing Spell was also a kind of inner demon oath.

"Aren't you asking too much?" asked a faint voice from the dungeon. Zen had no idea how many people were being held in there but he was certain that he hadn't heard that voice before.

"Yes, we can swear to our inner demons that we will kill Mateo, Marko, and Pranav, but we won't swear to obey you at all times." The old voice added their condition.

Listening to Zen for the rest of their lives gave him full control over them. These people were well-known figures in the divine land—how could they be willing to restrict themselves as such? To a young man who was less than a hundred years old!

Zen's gaze flickered slightly as he said, "There's no other way. Since we can't reach an agreement, there's no need to continue."

After he finished speaking, Zen turned around and walked away.

He was well aware of his own bargaining power—these people hardly had any choice but to adhere to his conditions.

If these fellows were unwilling to swear the inner demon oath, even if they killed Marko, Mateo, and Pranav, they might cause trouble to Zen.

Watching Zen retreat, the long-haired man suddenly stood up and said, "I, Blayd Zhan, swear an inner demon oath that I will obey your commands for the rest of my life. If I should violate any one of them, I shall be devoured by the inner demon and die."

When the man spoke, Zen's steps came to a halt. He then turned around and smiled at the man, saying, "I'll see you free."

With that, Zen walked towards the entrance and activated the token of heaven in his hand. Immediately, a faint gray light shot out from it.

Swish!

The moment the gray light touched the Fairy Chain, it cracked open layer by layer and disappeared from Blayd's hands.

"Sir, since you have sworn an inner demon oath, you may come with me," Zen said with a smile.

When the chain broke, the long-haired man suddenly stretched out his muscles before rushing out. Then, he ran wildly across the backyard as a crazed expression appeared on his face.

"Haha! I'm finally free! I've been locked up for too long! I'm finally free!" The elated Blayd's face was full of excitement. As he ran, his bones crackled and he was brimming with satisfaction.

When the old guys below the dungeon heard the commotion, they couldn't help but feel envious. Though they didn't want to give up the opportunity, they didn't want to make such a serious inner demon oath either.

Chapter 2080 Releasing The Prisoners

After the long-haired man ran around with the joy of gaining his freedom, he cast his gaze at Zen. A hard-to-read look flashed on his face as he said, "No matter who your enemies are, I will kill them." He then looked at the dungeon and let out a laugh. "As for the guys in the dungeon, it's better to let them stay there!"

Hearing this, Zen let out a faint smile. He knew he didn't need to release everyone in the dungeon. If Blayd alone was enough to kill Pranav, Mateo, and Marko, there was no need for him to release the rest prisoners from the dungeon.

"If you really have the balls to kill the three people I just mentioned," Zen said. "Then there's no need to release them." He gave a small nod.

At first, the people in the dungeon were not willing to take the inner demon oath, but hearing Zen and Blayd's conversation brought them to a panic. Previously, Zen had something to ask for them, so he offered to release them. The chance would be long gone at this point.

The thought of this brought a lot of anxiousness to the encaged warriors.

"Blayd! What are you saying?"

You want to burn the bridges? You ungrateful bastard! I should have never taught you my cultivation method!"

"Well... Your name is Zen, right? I will swear by my inner demon. I, Master Evil, will listen to your commands in this life. If I disobey in any way or form, I will be attacked by the inner demon and suffer through my own death." Just then, his old voice echoed off the walls of the dungeon.

Apart from Master Evil, another person who was called Big Mouth spoke up loudly, "I am also willing to take the oath! I, Wayne Wu, am willing to submit to Zen in this lifetime. If I break my oath, I will be burned by the inner demon and suffer through my own death."

Seeing that two warriors couldn't wait to take the oath, Blayd looked quite defeated at the sight of this.

Many years ago, Blayd was captured by Bromley and taken captive to the fairy palace. However, Bromley did not imprison him in the depths of the dungeon. Compared to the three old freaks in the dungeon, he was deemed unqualified to be locked up in dungeon.

However, Blayd, who was locked out of the dungeon, had gained a lot of things from Wayne and Master Evil by cheating. If these two people were released at the same time, they would definitely find out the truth and take revenge on him, and that was why he had been so against the idea of Zen releasing anyone else from the dudgeon just now.

"There's no need to release them. I can help you kill those three True Gods. Even if they are the disciples of a Holy Being, they shouldn't be my match," Blayd advised.

"You, I knew you were a swindler!"

"Wait till I come out and tear you apart!"

As the two people heard Blayd's words, they were enraged and profanities and cuss words echoed back and forth within the dungeon.

"I'll release them. After all, they have already taken the inner demon oath," Zen said. He paused for a moment and then continued on, "I don't care what grievances there are among the three of you. Since you've taken the oath, you have to behave before me. As for what you will do after you accomplish the task, that's all up to you."

Blayd agreed to Zen's suggestion. Compared to the two vicious fellows left in the dungeon, he seemed to have a more stable consciousness. If he fell into their hands, he already knew what would come out of this.

After all was settled, Zen asked Blayd to wait by the side while Zen made his way into the entrance of the gloomy, rotten dungeon.

Leading to the entrance of the dungeon were moss-covered steps and liquids dripping from the ceiling. The walls on both sides of the dungeon were also covered with mosses, which moved against the walls as if they were alive.

Out of curiosity, he stopped in his tracks to examine them carefully, but once he tried to move forward, a force locked his feet to the ground, leaving him unable to move.

Zen was stunned and instantly tried to wriggle his limbs out. However, he came to notice that the mosses on the ground began to motion towards him rapidly, and spread like wildfire. They began to wrap around his feet, then ankles, and made their way up to his legs, trapping Zen and gluing him in his place.

"Eh?"

Seeing this, Zen concentrated a huge dose of strength to his feet. As he heaved his way out of the infesting mosses, he heard someone from a distance.

"This moss is unique to the Swirl Forest. You're quite lucky that you have great strength, and that you run fast. If any ordinary True God found themselves here, they'd be dead in a matter of minutes," Master Evil chuckled.

The enchanted barrier of the fairy palace enclosed everything from the forest. However, the moss would be one of the exceptional creatures that could escape and make its way around.

The simple, adorable plant seemed harmless on the outside. Yet despite their looks, they still contained a terrifying devouring force. Moreover, these things had an extremely strong vitality. Even if someone tried to clear and uproot them, they'd be back within days.

Every so often, the True Gods in the dungeon would clean out the mosses in the dungeon. Master Evil even used the flames to destroy them around the inside and outside of the dungeon, but the mosses still flourished nonetheless.

"Who knew moss could be so magical? The Swirl Forest though, you have mentioned... is that huge forest right outside this fairy palace?"

This was the first time Zen ever heard the name of this forest, and he soon realized that the fairy palace was actually built in this forest.

It might have been that Zen said something that triggered him, because Master Evil pretended not to hear his question and said, "Come in quickly and get us out of here. We'll help you deal with the strong enemies and then we'll never see each other again!"

The inner demon oath they had taken was something to be taken seriously. They knew they were to follow Zen's orders for the rest of lives.

These people were all powerful, renowned warriors of the divine land. For them to willingly follow someone's orders their whole lives was something no one would have guessed. They knew what they were getting into, so they had a plan. After helping Zen kill his enemies, they'd move very far away. It would be best if they never saw Zen again.

Seeing that Master Evil didn't want to answer his question, Zen didn't push him further. So he continued on his journey and walked quickly down the stairs. Eventually, he entered a narrow corridor and found that the dungeon wasn't big. There were only two cells on this floor and there were bright bars erected around the cells.

These bars would have to be made of the same material as the Fairy Chain, and they were probably here for countless years. Notably, the bars shone brightly. Zen also noticed that there were a lot of potholes on the bars -- most likely made by prisoners who wanted to break the bars and escape.

Through the bars of the first cell, Zen saw an old man with a head full of silver hair sitting inside. This man had intimidating eyebrows, deep set eyes, and a pointy hooked nose. The corners of his mouth sagged along with his mustache hanging off the sides. His features were strange, and would have left anyone at a deep confusion upon seeing him. He gave off a strong sense of malice and viciousness. Zen assumed that this person must be Master Evil.

Zen sized up the old man, and the old man did the same to Zen. After they gave each other good looks, Master Evil sneered and said, "I have wondered what kind of warrior was chosen by Bromley to be his disciple, but it seems that it is a warrior that has nothing special."

Zen ignored him. He simply activated the heaven token and a gray light shot out towards the silver bars in front of him.

"Crack..."

The moment the light entered in between the bars, dense cracks started to appear on them. As they collapsed, they disappeared before Zen's eyes. Previously when Zen released Blayd, he had been amazed that the material used for the chains was magical because they disappeared and evaporated like water. For some reason, this kind of material could actually imprison True Gods.

"Ding, ding, ding..."

As Master Evil saw the bars dissipate, he extended out his hands in front of Zen in a plea. "Please!" There were two Fairy Chains holding his arms together.

After Zen untied the two Fairy Chains binding Master Evil, the latter stretched out his wrists and rubbed them with his palms. A joyful smile then appeared on his face. To gain freedom was indeed something that could make one wild with joy. However, when such smile appeared on Master Evil's sinister face, it was quite uncomfortable to look at.

With a flip of his body, Master Evil immediately disappeared in front of Zen. Zen merely felt a gust of wind brush past him and when he turned his head to look, Master Evil had already rushed out of the dungeon.

"Hey, please don't forget me! I'm still locked inside!"

An anxious voice called from the other cell.

Wayne, the Big Mouth, was imprisoned here together with Master Evil for countless years. When he saw that Master Evil had been freed, he was itching to get out as well.

When Zen arrived in front of Wayne's gloomy cell, he couldn't help but let out a laugh. This Big Mouth really lived up to his name. He had a huge mouth, and his lips were like two sausages, making him look very amusing.

Chapter 2081 Enslaving

"Do I look funny to you?"

Wayne snarled, his ugly face crumpling in malevolence.

Since he was not human, it was natural for his appearance to be a bit odd. Unfortunately, he had an incredible amount of pride, so any sort of offense against him was intolerable.

"I'm sorry," Zen apologized as he tried to suppress his smile.

Even if he was successful in forcing these people to swear the inner demon oath, they were still supreme elders of the divine land. It wouldn't be good for Zen to be rude.

Believing the sincerity of Zen's apology, Big Mouth found himself surprised at how easy it was to talk to this young man.

After taking such a serious inner demon oath, he could now be considered enslaved by this young man. There was no need for him to have apologized to him.

In the divine land, both he and Master Evil were outlaws that were hunted by all forces. All the friends they'd made were naturally vicious and he often had to fight other people that made fun of his appearance.

Of course, almost all True Gods that made fun of him were very swiftly eaten by him. This was because Big Mouth cultivated the extremely powerful Heaven Devouring Technique. After devouring a True God, he did not destroy their cinnabar field, rather he was able to merge his prey's inner world with his own. The more True Gods he consumed, the stronger and more terrifying his inner world became.

His current strength was only a notch below Master Evil but the rate at which he improved was definitely faster. As long as he kept devouring True Gods, then achieving the consummation of True God's level and becoming a Holy Being wasn't that far off. To do that though, he needed to devour an unimaginable number of True Gods. It was after having devoured thousands that Bromley caught him.

"Alas, I'm used to this," he muttered with an uncaring wave. "Set me free. Quickly!"

If one treated others with respect then he or she too would be treated the same way.

Zen nodded before using the token of heaven to help free this Big Mouth.

As soon as he was set free, he quickly scrambled and ran out of the dungeon.

Zen was left in the dust. He turned his gaze and looked deeper into the dungeon once again.

There was a big dog in the backyard and then Blayd who was locked out of the dungeon. On the first floor were Master Evil and Big Mouth, Wayne. Zen also remembered hearing another voice, the one that told him he was requiring too much.

At the end of the dungeon was a passageway that led downwards.

The passageway was largely covered with moss. It was also only large enough for one person to pass through at any given time.

A trace of hesitation quickly flashed through Zen's face.

There was already a True God in the Evolutionary Universe and that was Wynn. He only needed another two True Gods to fight with him. He could let two of Blayd, Master Evil and Big Mouth fight. There was no need for him to release so many people.

Moreover, despite being imprisoned in this dungeon, the prisoners seemed to have a few useful abilities such as clearing away the dungeon moss.

Zen waited until both Master Evil and Big Mouth swore their inner demon oaths before entering the dungeon. If this fellow on the second floor was not as willing then he naturally wouldn't go in.

This person seemed to be unwilling to speak with him and Zen really had no initiative to compel a senior to do so. Since he didn't want to cause trouble, he simply turned around and prepared to leave.

Just as he took a step, however, a soft voice broke through the darkness. "Young man, I cannot swear the inner demon oath."

The young man stopped in his tracks. "Sir, I'm not going to force you but it's just that my strength is too low to face against you. I have to do this, for the sake of my own safety."

"Alas," the voice signed faintly. "I understand."

If Zen let any of them out without any precautions, then he basically just signed his own death sentence.

The second floor was once again plunged into silence for a moment before the voice spoke once again. "Young man, for some reason, I cannot swear the inner demon oath but there is another way to make you feel at ease."

Even if this person was stronger than Master Evil and Big Mouth, anyone would desire freedom.

"What is it?" Zen asked.

Swish!

A green ray of light suddenly shot out from the second floor. This light shot over and landed at Zen's feet. "This is an Enslaving Token. I'll let you use it on me for the time being. Is this enough?"

"Enslaving Token?" Zen murmured in astonishment.

Compared to the inner demon oath, an Enslaving Token was much more powerful.

The oath only served as a restriction and Zen could only use it to order them simple, non-life threatening stuff.

However, the oath would fail to hold if the one who made it was forced to do something that was life-threatening. This also meant that they would suffer strong inner demon backlash which greatly increased their probability of dying. But either way, they would die. If Master Evil or Blayd was facing that state, in their anger, they might really kill Zen first before they died.

The Enslaving Token guaranteed full obedience to the bearer. If Zen used it, he would be this mysterious person's absolute master. He even had the power to change this warrior's mood, erase this warrior's memories, or even turn this warrior into a puppet.

To be willing to be enslaved like this made Zen even more confused of this person's motives.

"If you do not believe that this Enslaving Token is real then you can let the fairy palace's servant check it. Saul has followed Bromley for many years and should be able to recognize this token," the voice said.

Zen carefully picked up the green token and walked out of the dungeon.

Outside, he quickly handed it over to Saul.

The sight of the token rendered Saul speechless. "This is an Enslaving Token, the highest amongst its kind. Anyone, except the Holy Beings, can be enslaved by this token. The prisoner on the second floor gave you this?"

Zen nodded in reply.

Saul tutted and then smiled. "Cunning."

"What do you mean?" Zen asked.

"There was a period of time when the Enslaving Token was all the rage in the divine land. In the end, so many creatures grew to hate this thing. They would rather die than be enslaved," Saul narrated. "That prisoner who focuses on the cultivation methods regarding the soul cannot swear an oath with the inner demon because that would cause a huge blow to the Godly Way that prisoner cultivates. Hence, being enslaved by you seems a better option."

The prisoner on the second floor had secretly observed Zen. Confident that the young man was neither despicable nor dark, that prisoner willingly handed over the Enslaving Token in a desperation to attain freedom.

That prisoner truly was cunning, as Saul had said.

With his suspicions confirmed, Zen took the token back and returned to the dungeon. Under the mysterious prisoner's guidance, Zen sent a thread of his soul force into the token.

The moment he linked the token with himself, Zen immediately felt a cold feeling invade his mind as he sensed an unfamiliar, yet powerful soul. It seemed that he could read any thought or memory that this soul had.

Zen possessed the will of worlds which allowed him to read the lives of countless creatures, however, he was reading them as a bystander. Right now, Zen had an absolute and unfettered view of this soul's secrets as well as its understanding of cultivation methods and life. There was no resistance and Zen could even erase any memory if he wanted.

In short, Zen was now the master of this soul.

"Can you release me now?" the prisoner's faint voice called out once again.

Zen nodded. In a flash, he rushed through the narrow moss passageway towards the second floor. The moment he entered, the mossy walls suddenly wrapped around him.

"Humph!"

Zen snorted as he began to fight his way forward.

According to Master Evil, the moss in the Swirl Forest could swallow even a True God, but to Zen, this was nothing once he activated the power of the nine stars. So Zen began his fight against the growth of the thick moss.

Chapter 2082 The Woman In Blue

Zen squeezed himself between the walls of the narrow passageway and found that he was on the second floor of the dungeon.

However, the scene that unfolded in front of him had left Zen completely dumbstruck.

The second floor of the dungeon was vast, and it was about several hundred feet in depth. This was in contrast to the constricted space of the dungeon's first floor. This floor seemed far more spacious.

Eight silver discs were mounted on the ceiling, floor, and walls of the dungeon. Each of these discs had a Fairy Chain attached to it, which extended to the center of the dungeon. At the end of the Fairy Chains was a person bound in them...

The Fairy Chains were wrapped tightly around the person like a cocoon. There were no discernible features to recognize the person's appearance.

Zen noticed countless slender hair strands that stretched out from the gaps between the chains and extended further onto the ground.

'Is it a woman?' Zen thought.

Although it was him who enslaved this person by using the Enslaving Token, he didn't try to explore the memories of the person's soul. When he had heard the voice from the second floor, Zen wasn't able to distinguish if the person who spoke was a man or a woman.

An alabaster arm was visible from a small gap between the Fairy Chains.

The arm was pale and slender, as if it was carved out of white jade. It had an elegantly beautiful form. There was a high chance that this hand had thrown the Enslaving Token to Zen earlier.

'Is this person's cultivation level too high that it requires so many Fairy Chains to restrain her?' Zen wondered.

He advanced towards the cocoon and said, "Let me help you unravel the chains."

When he finished speaking, he activated the heaven token again. Cracks riddled the Fairy Chains and they crumbled before disintegrating, like silk that was reeled off from a cocoon.

Little by little, a naked body was revealed in front of Zen.

Usually, when a warrior reached a certain level of cultivation, they were expected to have a thorough understanding of physical bodies and how they functioned.

Soul Sea Realm warriors lived for thousands of years, and they had seen all kinds of beautiful creatures. As for the higher level warriors, and even True Gods, they could live for an even longer period of time. They were no longer amazed by beauty; all creatures were just vessels in their eyes.

A True God like Wayne, who cared a lot about his looks, was a rare case.

However, Zen was only forty years old. He still felt a little awkward when an extremely beautiful woman appeared in front of him stark naked. She radiated a glow that was as bright and clear as the moonlight. There seemed to be some kind of enchantment hidden within her body that made it impossible for Zen to look away.

But out of respect, Zen still forced his face to one side.

After the Fairy Chains were all removed, rays of soft blue light surrounded the woman's body. These rays of soft light formed bands of light that intertwined with each other and covered the private parts of her body. Soon, the light turned into a simple and conservative blue dress.

She floated down slowly, fluttering her long dress. Her slender and well-proportioned legs were visible underneath the dress, as they bent slightly before the soles of her bare feet touched the ground.

Only then did Zen dare raise his head to carefully examine the enchanting woman's features.

Ever since he had ascended to the Upper World, almost all the women he had seen were beauties. As the warriors in the Upper World cultivated themselves, it became easy for them to change their appearance at will. All it took them was a thought to maintain their young looks. What differentiated the beauties in the Upper World were their individual temperaments. For example, Lavender was enthusiastic under her aloof facade, and Letitia was graceful with her delicate looks.

However, the woman in front of Zen gave off a mysterious aura that he couldn't exactly figure out.

Humans were creatures with instinctive curiosity. Oftentimes, mystery represented a strong attraction...

Saul had mentioned that this woman focused on the cultivation methods regarding the soul. Supposedly, it was because of this that she gave off such a strange aura.

"What's your name?" Zen asked.

The woman smiled faintly. Each of her movements seemingly exuded a mysterious charm, which caused Zen to be attracted to her involuntarily. It confused him tremendously. "You are indeed very righteous. You didn't pry into my memories when you enslaved me!"

After she was enslaved by Zen, it was equivalent to having exposed everything about herself to him. Zen only needed to look through her memories to know every single tiny thing that had happened in her life.

"I said that I didn't need to enslave anyone, and I wouldn't pry into your memories," Zen replied. "I just need some help and that is what I came here for."

"It doesn't matter." The woman stepped forward, barefoot, and gracefully approached Zen. Smiling faintly, she extended her slender index finger and caressed Zen's face. "I won't tell you my name. If you want to know who I am, go find out for yourself..."

She wiggled her finger at Zen, and with her thin eyebrows raised slightly, she turned around and walked towards the dungeon's exit. Just a bit earlier, Zen had forced his way to the second floor by clearing large clumps of moss. But the mosses grew too quickly in such a short time that they had already blocked the exit again.

When the woman walked towards the clumps of moss, the mosses seemed to be afraid to have contact with her. They scattered all over the area to get out of her way. The mosses on the places on which her feet stepped instantly split to the sides as if they were extremely fearful of touching her. Effortlessly, this woman walked out of this place.

As for Zen, he was left standing there in a daze. He only needed to reach her memories with his mind to know her name, but he forcefully refrained from doing so. He felt that it was some sort of a trap for him if he searched her soul. Although it was very tempting, he didn't want to risk it.

After the woman in blue left, the moss grew again, layers upon layers, and covered the entire passageway to the exit. As he looked at the constantly wriggling moss, Zen frowned. He could only circulate the strength source within his inner world and use it to forcefully squeeze his way through the thick moss to get out of this place...

As soon as Zen made his way out of the dungeon, he heard the sound of a dog barking from outside. Wayne was apparently teasing Blackie from a distance. Bound by the Fairy Chain, Blackie could only bark crazily at Wayne but could not fight back at him. Blackie's barks were able to suppress Zen's soul greatly, but they had no effect on Wayne.

When the woman in blue appeared in front of Wayne, it was as if he had seen something extremely terrifying. His sausage-like lips couldn't help but twitch uncontrollably, but they had stopped moving immediately after a moment.

Blackie also whimpered fearfully and rushed back into the dog house, lying motionlessly on the ground.

Such a usually ferocious dog was actually looking at the blue-garbed girl with pitiful eyes...

Both Master Evil and Blayd looked nervous. They didn't expect that Zen would dare to release this woman.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" The blue-clothed woman swept her gaze over all of them, and a mysterious smile appeared on her face.

Her smile was so mesmerizing that Zen wondered what these people were so afraid of…

"You, you, please don't kill us!" Master Evil, who had always had a vicious look on his face, pointed at the blue-robed woman. It was an unusual sight to see such a frightened expression on his face.

The blue-clothed woman chuckled. "We are all on the same boat now. There is no need to kill you. But I'm not sure that I will not kill you in the future if we meet again. Right now, I think we should talk about... how to help this young man."

As they got down to discuss the matter at hand, Zen's gaze wavered slightly. "Two people. I only need two people to fight with me."

"Can't we all go together?" Blayd asked immediately.

"I agree. If all of us go, we could quickly tear them apart and finish the job as soon as possible," Wayne echoed.

They thought that if the blue-clothed woman stayed in the fairy palace, the others who hadn't been chosen by Zen would probably be in great trouble. If the four of them went with Zen, at least this blue-clothed woman wouldn't be able to act rashly. It seemed that their fear of her had already reached its peak.

"No," Zen shook his head. "I need you to fight in the universe. The enemy only has three True Gods on their side, and we can only have three on ours. This is a rule."

"Universe?"

"Are you talking about an inner world built by a Holy Being?"

"Isn't there only one True God allowed to stay in a universe?"

"Who did Murphy wage a war against?"

The four of them all had surprised looks on their faces. They were imprisoned in the fairy palace so they were sure that this was the Swirl Forest. They didn't expect that Zen would take them to the universe to fight.

Before this, they already knew that they would be fighting against warriors who were Murphy's disciples. Since they were going to fight in some universe, Murphy must have launched a new war against another Holy Being...

"Does the person that Murphy waged a war against have the surname Luo?" a devious smile appeared on the woman's face as she asked.

With this remark, the few True Gods instantly found the answer.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2083 An Urgent Situation

The divine land possessed a long history.

The time span of a single divine era was unimaginably long. Since the establishment of the divine land, numberless divine eras had flowed into history.

In every divine era, there were countless living beings that became True Gods. And after becoming a True God, their inner worlds would form a perfect closed loop. Their lifespan was unlimited, which normally meant eternal existence for all of these beings.

True Gods continued to be born, but only a few had died.

As each of the countless divine eras passed, the number of True Gods in the divine land began to form an extremely large group.

However, the number of True Gods that were able to become Holy Beings was extremely small.

Mike Luo was the only one with the surname "Luo".

When these True Gods heard her speak, they instantly understood what the blue-robed woman meant.

They had heard that Holy Mike and Holy Bromley were friendly with each other, so even though there was quite a commotion in the Hall of Holy Beings in the divine land, Holy Bromley still remained firmly on Mike's side, resisting the pressure placed upon him. This Zen must be the son of Mike. Then it was no surprise that he had been able to take Bromley as his master.

Master Evil and Wayne had sensed Zen's talent and had considered taking him in as a disciple. They abandoned the idea while they heard that Zen was Bromley's disciple. Now that they knew he was the son of Mike, they understood that they were overthinking things.

"Well, I really did not see that coming," Master Evil grimaced.

Wayne standing beside him nodded his head in agreement.

At most, he would simply run away after killing three of Murphy's disciples. The divine land was vast and boundless, so although Murphy was a Holy Being and had access to the highest authorities, it would still be difficult for him to learn the truth about what had really happened.

However, the war between two universes had begun within the inner world of a Holy Being. Murphy was not the only one who was watching this war with interest; the Hall of Holy Beings were also monitoring the situation closely.

At the start the two of them had been very active, but now they had begun to retreat.

"I will go," Blayd spoke calmly.

"Ah! Blayd is eminently suitable. He has a highly esteemed status. And he is not afraid that Murphy will take revenge on him. Then, thank you for being so willing to take on this task," The face of Master Evil was beaming while he spoke.

Blayd rolled his eyes. He had a very different background compared to these two. The two of them were both known as infamous villains in the divine land. If they were exposed, they would be haunted by many people. Even if Murphy did not act against them, other Holy Beings might be inclined to kill them.

However, Bromley held Blayd here for different reasons, so he was not afraid of Murphy.

"Then I will also go." The blue-robed woman smiled slightly. Compared to the two of them, she didn't display any reluctance. Her alluring eyes revealed a faint black fog that escaped along her eyelashes as if it had left a black eye shadow on her eyelids.

"Alright," Zen said as he nodded his agreement.

He was unconcerned who accompanied him as long as he was able to solve this problem without delay.

At this, Master Evil and Wayne remained behind in the fairy palace, while Blayd and the blue-robed woman followed Zen out of the fairy palace, heading for the battlefield in the Evolutionary Universe.

Roar!

A demonic red dragon breath soared into the sky.

The dragon breath was like a dam burst, turning half of the sky a deep crimson red.

A figure traveled back and forth in the dragon breath. With a leap, he arrived above the head of the Ancestral Dragon and stepped down lightly onto its head.

Boom!

An unseen force pressed down, and the giant head of the Ancestral Dragon was forced downwards hard.

"This young fellow is truly amazing, but unfortunately it's still too young," Pranav spoke quietly. He had been trapped within the bamboo forests by Supreme Lord of Original Sin, but he had not expected to encounter the Ancestral Dragon after expending a great deal of effort to unravel the maze array.

Boom!

That head was heavily trampled into the ground of a supreme world, and had sunk down deeply. It directly drilled through that supreme world.

Roar! Roar! Roar!

Pranav had just stepped on the Ancestral Dragon and the nine different colored Genuine Dragons next to him began to shine. They also spewed out different kinds of dragon breath including acid fog, flames, and lightning and so on.

"You? You are far more useless than that!"

Pranav's lips curled up and his body rapidly spun in the air. A soft light was emitted from his body as he unexpectedly withstood the full force of the dragon breath. When he charged towards the Five-clawed Golden Dragon, he extended his hand and clutched at the air.

A giant, light-yellow hand grabbed a tender spot of the Five-clawed Golden Dragon. He then began to exert force.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The Five-clawed Golden Dragon was instantly crushed into two pieces.

However, in the instant his body was broken, the broken section of the Five-clawed Golden Dragon began glowing with a bright light. It appeared like flowing heavenly essence. It ran like mercury, and the two broken parts reconnected to restore the dragon.

The nine bodies of the nine Genuine Dragons were heavenly bodies. Although the heavenly bodies weren't as strong as the original bodies, they were still extremely difficult to destroy. These heavenly bodies had been damaged on dozens of occasions, yet they repaired themselves again and again.

However, if these bodies continued to collapse and the heavenly essence weakened beyond a certain point, it would be difficult to reconstruct the bodies. Now that they couldn't do anything to Pranav, they were naturally in a bad situation.

On the other side...

Supreme Lord of Oracle and Lavender moved back and forth. They appeared almost like two comets in the sky as they circled around Marko.

"Wow, I never thought that a human girl could possess such a temperament. I, Marko, am deeply honored to have two such beautiful companions."

Marko narrowed his eyes as he held up the Soul Searching Flag. His eyes were locked firmly onto the two girls.

"Shut up!"

With the assistance of Supreme Lord Healum, the bone wings on Lavender's back flapped and she suddenly appeared next to Marko. Her eyes took on a red appearance as her whole body was shrouded in dark red fog. The Faith Energy she had accumulated from the Pool of Faith for numberless years was now swarming into the Saint Killing Spear.

Whoosh!

This strike held a terrifying determination to kill. Under the condensing of the spear intent, it seemed as if it could pierce straight through everything.

"The Faith Energy of killing? I like it!" Marko smiled. He didn't attempt to dodge. Instead, he pressed his hand on Lavender's Saint Killing Spear.

At the same time, Supreme Lord of Oracle appeared behind Marko. She looked like a shadow as she traveled through space. The dim light in her hand silently swept relentlessly towards the back of Marko's neck.

A trace of excitement could be seen on the beautiful face of Supreme Lord of Oracle. At this distance, she had never failed.

However, right at this moment, a strong sense of danger struck Supreme Lord of Oracle's heart. A gray trajectory suddenly appeared. It struck Supreme Lord of Oracle's mind, leaving her with no time to evade it. She felt only a wave of dizziness before she lost consciousness, falling down from the sky.

The Flash Bat's speed was unimaginably fast. Previously, it had killed Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment in a single hit, but it had only knocked out Supreme Lord of Oracle. Naturally, it was Marko who showed mercy to her.

At this time, Marko had already grabbed Lavender's Saint Killing Spear. With a tug, the Saint Killing Spear flew out of Lavender's hands like an arrow into the vast space. Seeing this, Lavender wanted to spread her wings and escape, but this was also the time that Supreme Lord Healum wanted to pull back Lavender.

Marko's eyes flashed and he casually patted as he sealed Lavender's space. He extended his hand over Lavender's shoulder and grabbed her suddenly. In an instant he crushed the bone wings on Lavender's back and shook the Soul Searching Flag again.

A gray belt of light appeared from inside the flag and swiftly encompassed Lavender.

The moment Lavender became entangled by the light, she felt her soul unable to move. Even her speed of thought greatly slowed down, and she was unable to control her body to make an escape.

"Such a beauty, it would be a shame if she died." Marko chuckled before falling backwards. With the Soul Searching Flag in his hand, he shot downwards.

Supreme Lord of Oracle was falling while unconscious, and she was caught up by Marko after a little while. As Marko shook the Soul Searching Flag, a gray light belt once again appeared from the flag and wrapped around Supreme Lord of Oracle, holding her tightly.

Marko hung the two girls from the Soul Searching Flag just as if they were spoils of war.

As for Lavender and Supreme Lord of Oracle who was now waking, by this point, their mood had already sunk to rock bottom. It was better to die fighting in the universe than be captured by a person who acted in such a way.

"Wow!" Marko's face had a dirty expression as he reached out his hand and gently pinched the face of Supreme Lord of Oracle. Supreme Lord of Oracle could not move, but she continued to stare into Marko. Her cold eyes were filled with burning desire to kill.

"I like the expression in your eyes," Marko patted the face of Supreme Lord of Oracle. Then, he glanced to the side to see Lavender. Although the two women both wore cold expressions, their auras were as different as the sky and the earth.

He was about to play around but just then he suddenly heard the whistling of the wind behind him. His heart froze and he pulled the Soul Searching Flag as he rushed to the side.

Whoosh!

A sword light sent from several hundred miles away slashed Marko from the side. The sharpness of this sword light actually chilled Marko's heart.

If it had not been for his sharp reactions, this strike might actually have killed him.

A few hundred miles away, Zen held his Great Weighty Sword as he stared at Lavender and Supreme Lord of Oracle, who were hanging on the Soul Searching Flag. The veins on his temples were exposed while his face was filled with a malicious aura.

Chapter 2084 A War God

Out of nowhere, Marko saw Zen appear in this place. He jostled slightly with surprise as he exclaimed, "What?! Aren't you the boy that Pranav was looking for earlier? Where did you go? And how have you managed to reappear?!"

Moments before, Pranav had used Marko's Soul Searching Flag in order to search for Zen's figure throughout the whole Evolutionary Universe.

However, Zen had disappeared without leaving a trace. This was strange, and everyone had felt quite uneasy about such an occurrence.

But Zen was now standing right before Marko's eyes. Marko felt utter shock.

Still though, despite his curiosity and his questions, he didn't take Zen very seriously. From Marko's perspective, Zen was an ordinary Godly Genius who just happened to be slightly stronger than the others. If he wasn't bothered in the slightest by the many Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe, then there was no way a Godly Genius, who was only at the world lord's level, was going to intimidate him. He was nothing in his eyes! In Marko's opinion, Zen's reappearance here was no different than courting death.

"Thank God! You've finally shown up on your own. Pranav is stubbornly persistent. He will fight to the end just to find you, and if he doesn't, he'll be talking about this for the next tens of thousands of years to come!" Marko whined.

Zen did nothing but stare coldly back at Marko. After Marko finished speaking, Zen ordered, "Kill him. Use the most painful method possible." His tone was completely flat and without any emotion whatsoever.

Marko's face suddenly became astonished, "Who are you talking to? Wait! Have you managed to get yourself a helping hand?"

As the True Gods of the divine land, no one ever considered a secondary creature as anything, let alone worthy of something. The True Gods' identities as Murphy's disciples made them even prouder and more arrogant. Although he couldn't take his question back, the fact remained that Marko had never thought Zen would really find a powerful helper.

Before Zen could answer his question, a calm voice suddenly came from behind Marko. "Congratulations! You got that right!"

Boom!

Abruptly, an overwhelming fighting intent began to rise.

This man's fighting intent contained an invincible might. It was as if he feared absolutely nothing in the world. Even if his life was directly on the line, he wouldn't hesitate in charging forward — not even for a second.

Upon feeling the overwhelming fighting intent, Marko immediately knew that he had encountered great trouble.

Although his frivolous and playful personality often took precedence, Marko's talent was undoubtedly excellent. This was true because otherwise, he would never have been taken in by Murphy as his disciple. As soon as he felt the fighting intent, his right hand started to shake, and the Flash Bat that was perched on the Soul Searching Flag instantly turned into a grey light as it charged toward the person behind him.

The Flash Bat's speed was so tremendous that it could barely be seen by the naked eye.

Some moments earlier, even Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment and the others had been completely unable to catch a genuine glimpse of it. All they could see was a grey flash.

The person who had appeared behind Marko reached out his hand in an instant and opened it fiercely. As though he were catching a baseball, the grey flash stopped in his hand. Although the Flash Bat continued struggling violently, it was unable to break free from his grasp.

"Oh, it's a Flash Bat! Such a rare creature. What a pity to have to kill it." The man revealed a sly smile and then squeezed his hand forcefully, causing the Flash Bat's soul to instantly dissipate.

Generally speaking, the Flash Bat wasn't very powerful, and its soul was usually considered as extremely fragile. Due to its very high speeds though, even ordinary True Gods would have their fair share of difficulties tracking it, let alone killing it.

For Blayd, this was far from challenging.

"You! How dare you kill my Flash Bat?!"

Marko's eyes widened with astonishment and anger. He might not have caught the Flash Bat by himself, but he had always regarded it as a precious treasure. He falsely believed that no one in this universe would have the capacity to catch it, and he had thus sent it out confidently.

It had never crossed his mind that he'd have to face this man, who had suddenly appeared, and had a strength that far exceeded his imagination.

"Such a strong fighting intent... Are you a member of the War God Hall?" Marko gritted his teeth as he asked his question.

Blayd shrugged his shoulders, "I won't deny it." As he spoke, his fighting intent grew even stronger. Once he entered the battlefield, he became extremely excited. His senses heightened and he felt ready to attack at any moment.

Marko kept his guard up and said "I am Murphy's disciple," in a cold, unwelcoming voice.

"I know," Blayd replied flatly.

"This is a universal war between two Holy Beings. My master is watching us right now!" Marko exclaimed.

"I know," Blayd replied anew.

"Do you know the price to pay for meddling in this matter?" Marko asked again.

"I know!" Blayd shouted ferociously this time.

"Then why don't you get the hell out of here?" Marko shouted.

Blayd revealed a faint smile and as he stared directly into Marko's eyes, his eyes filled with pity. "I know the significance of all this, yet I'm still determined to intervene in this matter." Once he finished speaking, he took a step into the air.

Boom!

A dull sound exploded from beneath Blayd's feet.

Here, in this universe, the space was far less condensed than that of the divine land. With a single step from this powerful man, the space instantly collapsed under the great pressure. So much so that it even formed an annihilating force that equally exploded in the air, spreading to the vast space beneath Blayd's feet.

This was just the power of a single step!

As Zen watched the powerful destructive force erupt forth, he could do nothing but sigh in absolute awe. From his perspective, Blayd seemed just too powerful!

Although Zen had one third of a Holy Being's strength source at hand, he still hadn't been able to fully utilize it. This was because his cultivation level was still too low, and his control over his strength wasn't so great just yet.

This though, wasn't necessarily Zen's fault. It was like giving a knife to a three or four-year-old child. No matter how smart the child was, it would still be difficult for them to fully display the knife's power.

Thus, even though Zen possessed physical strength that far exceeded that of Blayd, he was still no match to him. That was, if he were to fight Blayd with merely his physical strength alone.

Marko was already on full guard against Blayd's movements. Upon hearing Blayd's reply, his face darkened and he threatened, "My master could crush you into muddy flesh in the blink of an eye! Don't you fear death?"

"Humph!" was all that could be heard in reply.

A cold smile appeared on Blayd's face. In the air above, he continued rushing forward at an extremely fast speed. Every step he took caused a vast space to collapse beneath him and released an intense destructive force.

As Marko watched him approach, frozen in stance, his eyes narrowed in nervousness.

Should he choose to fight or to flee?

Even if he chose to escape, Blayd would catch him in an instant. At that moment, Marko realized he could no longer hesitate and he shook the Soul Searching Flag in his hand. Several True God Souls flew out from the Soul Searching Flag, one by one.

There were only seven True God Souls within the Soul Searching Flag, and each of them had been refined using a secret soul technique over countless years. They were the Soul Searching Flag's trump cards, so to speak.

Prior to right now, Marko never imagined that he would have to make use of the True God Souls. In fact, he had only used the Flash Bat in an attempt to warn the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe. Seeing the results of his eye-opener though, he was worried about whether or not these seven True God Souls were enough to protect him.

The seven True God Souls each had their own unique characteristics. They were respectively an armored general, an elder with long whiskers, a woman, a true spirit... There were others, too. Needless to say, they had all been very powerful creatures when they were still alive.

Most powerful warriors were unwilling to see their souls enslaved and driven by others. Prior to such an enslavement, many would think of and attempt ways to destroy their own souls. In other words, capturing a True God's soul wasn't set out to be an easy task. Once someone succeeded in doing so though, it was a formidable and rare skill.

Although Master Evil and Wayne were much stronger than Blayd, dealing with these powerful souls might actually prove to be a challenge for them while it was much easier for Blayd. The main reason for the latter was because Blayd was from the War God Hall.

The warriors of the War God Hall specialized in the Fighting Godly Way. Once their fighting intent was activated, it became completely unstoppable. Even their souls would be surrounded by the raging fighting intent and thus, they wouldn't even fear soul-level attacks.

When the first True God Soul rushed over to him, Blayd immediately punched it head-on. His fist was filled with fighting intent as it smashed into the void. The space, tens of thousands of feet wide immediately exploded, and everything within it began to dissipate.

Boom!

Once the glaring light that was produced by the annihilation disappeared, the first True God's soul was gone, nowhere to be seen. It had already been destroyed and had disappeared.

Blayd didn't stop there, though. His second punch was loaded and he launched it without a moment's hesitation.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Every time a dull sound reverberated, a vast expanse of space was ultimately demolished, leaving nothing more but dust behind. Simultaneously, a True God Soul was also destroyed.

It was then that Marko's heart sank in despair. Each of these True God Souls were legitimate enough to serve as his trump card, but they couldn't even withstand a single blow from this man. He wondered how Zen had managed to find such a powerful helping hand.

When Supreme Lord of Oracle and Lavender, who were bound to the Soul Searching Flag, watched the scene play out before them, their eyes widened in astonishment. They stared at the man who looked like a war god, and both their expressions were filled with disbelief.

And at the same time, they shared the same thoughts that Marko was having. Where had Zen found such a powerful warrior who was actually willing to help him?!

Chapter 2085 Fighting Intent Penalty

Lavender appeared to be thinking of something. She knew Zen better than Supreme Lord of Oracle did, and she had also stayed in that fairy palace for a very long time.

When Zen travelled to the Illusion Battlefield, Lavender had often walked around the fairy palace, aimlessly and alone. The fairy palace still had many secrets that had yet to be revealed.

Occasionally, from the palace, she could hear the barking of a dog.

Although Lavender had never seen Blackie before, the power contained in Blackie's roar had left a deep impression on her, who at the time, was still a soul body. Although she was fearless, when Blackie barked, the sound caused her to feel a lot of pressure, even if the distance between them was far too great.

She guessed that Blayd must have come from the fairy palace.

Once Blayd had successfully destroyed the True God Souls one by one, he gradually slowed his speed and leisurely walked toward Marko.

His long black hair draped messily over Blayd's shoulders, and his muscles were bulging, which made his body look as though it had been embedded with stones. His muscles even appeared to emit a faint glow, as if there was some kind of special power hidden within that was just waiting for the right moment to erupt.

Once Marko, who was grabbing the Soul Searching Flag, noticed Blayd, his face finally revealed a hint of fear.

He had already understood that the person before him didn't take him seriously at all and was even not afraid of his master.

Perhaps Murphy was watching the ongoing battle in this universe, but he would never act rashly.

Starting a war in the universe was not a small matter and definitely not something to be scoffed at. It required the Hall of Holy Beings' approval. Aside from Murphy in fact, many other Holy Beings were equally paying attention to the war. It was genuinely impossible for Murphy to openly violate the Hall of Holy Beings' rules by taking part in the war personally.

In other words, under the attack of this random guy from the War God Hall, no one was permitted to help Marko resist.

Many True Gods had peacefully lived for an extremely long period of time. According to the calendar in the Evolutionary Universe, their lifespan could reach tens of billions of years, or even hundreds of billions of years. In the divine land, there were even a few True Gods who had committed suicide because they had lived far too long a life and couldn't continue doing so anymore.

Marko, on the other hand, was still an extremely young, remarkable True God. He still had an endless amount of longevity to enjoy. He could experience the endless cycle of reincarnation and enjoy the worship of billions of creatures...

Until this very moment, he had never thought he could die in the Evolutionary Universe. He never imagined it would be possible.

Right then, as he was out of the fear of death, Marko's only desire was to flee. There was only one place left to which he could escape, and that was the Murphy Universe. Although both universes were each fighting their own wars, and it wasn't safe even if he did escape back to the Murphy Universe, his master was still the ruler there and he was capable of setting up a strong enough barrier in the Murphy Universe in order to protect Marko's life.

The moment this thought crossed his mind, his body began to flicker with a blazing white light, and he seemed to transform into a human silhouette before he started to disappear.

"Humph!" Blayd let out a grunt as the corner of his mouth curled up slightly. He suddenly raised an arm that was as heavy and weighted as a bucket of water, and threw a punch up toward the sky.

Boom!

As a muffled sound echoed out, another space suddenly exploded and Marko's body staggered out from the void. Blood dripped from the corner of his mouth, and his eyes were brimming with resentment.

Blayd's punch was exactly the same as the bite used by the Ancestral Dragon in order to thrust the Demon Night's Supreme Lord Korbin out of the space passageway. It had extreme power, to say the least.

While the Ancestral Dragon relied on the space comprehension in order to stop Supreme Lord Korbin who employed the Grand Teleportation technique, Blayd used the shocking speed and precise perception to directly destroy Marko's use of the Grand Teleportation technique. Moreover, Marko was a True God, and his Grand Teleportation technique was a hundred times more difficult than a Supreme Lord's.

Upon catching Marko's gaze, Blayd revealed a mocking expression. "Use the most painful method..." he uttered. At the end of his sentence, all the muscles in his body doubled in size.

The dim light shone even brighter from his arms, chest, and from even between his legs.

"Those are the Eight Path Platforms..." Zen said faintly. When he saw the dim light, his eyes flashed. There was more than one way for body refining in the divine land, and making use of the Eight Path Platforms or the Night Divine Stars to refine the body was common. The method that Blayd used was similar to Zen's.

Boom!

With yet another muffled sound, Blayd disappeared from where he was standing and instantly closed in on Marko.

Marko became very clear on the idea that he was on the brink of death. After abandoning the Soul Searching Flag, he suddenly twisted his body in midair, trying his best to avoid Blayd's attack. "Pranav, Mateo! Come save me!" he shouted simultaneously.

In this Evolutionary Universe, the only warriors who could truly help him now were Pranav and Mateo. Marko, on the other hand, had this lingering feeling that Pranav and Mateo might not be able to defeat Blayd.

As he roared for help though, Blayd's large hand landed on Marko's neck, grabbing him and squeezing hard. Blayd was three times his usual size, and Marko looked like a skinny dwarf in comparison.

"The War God Hall has a punishment, known as the Fighting Intent Penalty," Blayd said, as he stared at Marko.

Marko had obviously heard of this punishment before. His pupils rapidly contracted as the fear on his face grew more obvious. "How dare you to treat me like this... I hope you know you'll regret it!" he shouted.

Before he could even finish speaking, an endless fighting intent surged from Blayd's body. Every True God had their own momentum, and the momentum of the members from the War God Hall was their fighting intent.

Suddenly, streaks of fighting intent erupted from Blayd's body and pierced straight into Marko's mind, like hundreds of tiny, incredibly sharp knives.

The redness on Marko's face immediately vanished, leaving nothing behind. He gritted his teeth as sweat began to pour from all pores on his body.

Of course, the worst punishments were always aimed at the soul. Every time a streak of fighting intent drilled into Marko's mind, it broke apart his soul. When a True God's soul was directly attacked, it caused the most intense and true pain. In three seconds, Marko's soul had already been sliced by the sharp fighting intent thousands of times.

This Fighting Intent Penalty's cutting method was extremely precise. In fact, it knew exactly how to keep its opponent suffering for as long as possible: by keeping the soul alive.

A few seconds ago, Zen told Blayd to use the most painful method possible in order to end Marko's life. Blayd suddenly remembered the cruel method that had been used in the War God Hall...

Zen, Lavender and Supreme Lord of Oracle were now looking straight at an extremely terrifying face.

Marko's distorted face was filled with great pain. There was a burning desire in his eyes to die as soon as possible.

This still remained punishment. Despite the fact that Marko looked like hell, there was no way Blayd would end his life that quickly.

This painful process lasted for another full ninety seconds. After Marko had been cut for tens of thousands of times more, his pupils had expanded and reached their absolute limit. He slowly, but gradually died, as he trembled and shook like a leaf in the wind.

Blayd casually tossed Marko's body aside with a snort and turned to look at Zen. "Are you satisfied now?" he asked flatly.

Zen only nodded his head. Although he believed that Blayd was more powerful than Marko, he didn't expect the entire process to have been so simple for Blayd. In the end, he had once again underestimated the group of people living in the dungeon.

Whoosh!

Zen's figure flashed, and he instantly moved to the Soul Searching Flag's side. Lavender and Supreme Lord of Oracle were both still trapped in bands of light, motionlessly bound to the flag itself.

At the moment, he grabbed the Soul Searching Flag and felt a powerful repulsive force coming at him. His head felt like it had been ripped open and the pain was unbearable.

Although Lavender couldn't move or speak, her face displayed pure worry. Her eyes looked lost.

"The Soul Searching Flag is not an ordinary supreme primordial weapon. Although I destroyed seven True God Souls, there are still tens of thousands of souls trapped within." Blayd stepped forward and stretched out his hand in order to grab onto the Soul Searching Flag. With a sudden shake, the two light bands binding Lavender and Supreme Lord of Oracle broke like chains, and the two women instantly regained their freedom.

After completely getting rid of the light bands, Supreme Lord of Oracle lightly tapped her foot on the ground before cupping her hands and bowing towards Blayd. "Thank you for saving my life!" she praised.

Blayd faintly smiled. "You'd be better off thanking him. I've only come on his orders. I had no intentions of helping you." There was no right or wrong in this universal war. Although he chose to help Zen, this didn't automatically mean that he chose to take a stand. Blayd had been imprisoned in the fairy palace by Bromley for a long time, and he didn't know what position the War God Hall had taken toward the two Holy Beings. In such a case, he was even less likely to position himself on one side or the other.

When all was said and done, Blayd tossed the Soul Searching Flag to Zen. "This thing is also an extremely powerful treasure. I've already erased the imprint on it. It'll be of great use to you."

Chapter 2086 The Battle

The Soul Searching Flag had once been Murphy's most precious treasure. However, after he became a Holy Being, this sort of treasure was of no value to him. Therefore, he passed it on to his favorite disciples.

The Soul Searching Flag had passed through several pairs of hands before it had reached Marko's.

Not only could the flag capture souls, but it could also imprison them within and constantly refine them. In time, the souls would be enslaved. Besides all of this, the flag could also amplify the perception.

Once Blayd had erased the soul mark on the flag, Zen was finally able to easily hold it in his hand.

The flag was a soul-related supreme primordial weapon, and was highly valuable to Zen. After expressing his thanks, he stored it safely in his space ring.

At that moment, an awesome roar could be heard resounding from the mist in the depths of the divine land.

"Woodruff Zhan! Why did a member of your War God Hall appear in the Evolutionary Universe? And he actually killed my beloved disciple! Get him to leave at once!"

Naturally, the one who had been roaring was Murphy.

In his eyes, the defeat of the Evolutionary Universe was already an established fact.

He wasn't the only one who thought like that. The Holy Beings in the Hall of Holy Beings had also come to the same conclusion. The living beings in the Evolutionary Universe were clinging to life with their last breaths. They had no chance of survival unless Mike could come back to life overnight and save the Evolutionary Universe.

While the Holy Beings were silently watching the war in the universe unfold, another True God had suddenly appeared.

The moment Blayd appeared, the Holy Beings knew instantly where he came from. The person who suddenly appeared had to be from the War God Hall. The War God Hall was one of the several great powers within the divine land. Moreover, three Holy Beings from the War God Hall had joined the Hall of Holy Beings. In strength, they far exceeded Murphy.

"Hahaha!" A hearty laugh rang from the clouds. "Blayd is alive!" A hint of ecstasy could be detected in the voice.

"Woodruff, I require an explanation from you. What do you mean?" Murphy's voice turned cold.

"An explanation? Murphy, you altered the rules written on the stone slab, which is entirely unacceptable. You know that the reason that we set up the Hall of Holy Beings is to restrain each other, so that we can follow the rules. Did my clansman break the rules by entering the Evolutionary Universe?" Woodruff laughed without humor.

"Of course not. According to the rules set out on the stone slab, the Evolutionary Universe is permitted to send three True Gods," the voice of Holy Jay replied.

"If so, why should Blayd retreat? Just because of your words? Or because your head is larger than mine? Hahahaha!" Once again Woodruff laughed maniacally.

The people of the War God Hall had always acted with arrogance, and Woodruff was the leader of the group. How could he be willing to demonstrate weakness to Murphy?

The truth was that the Holy Beings had already seen through the divine land, and their words usually didn't come with such a strong smell of gunpowder. However, Blayd had a particularly unique effect on the War God Hall, so understandably, Woodruff did all that he could to protect him.

As Woodruff retorted, Murphy forced himself to calm down.

There was no certainty that the Murphy Universe would lose to Blayd. After all, they still possessed Mateo.

Thus, the depths of the divine land returned to tranquility, but the Holy Beings were left pondering in their hearts. Some of them were convinced that Mike wasn't fated to die, while others of them were abnormally angry. At the start, they had been quite certain of their victory, but the sudden change had made them worried.

By this time, the Ancestral Dragon was riddled with wounds. Most of the beautiful scales on its body had peeled off, and half of its tail had been severed. Even the sword-like horns on its head were now missing.

However, it still displayed an extremely strong vitality. Every time it was smashed down by Pranav, it would climb up again. Even though it was deeply wounded, it refused to cower.

Marko's panicked voice was not able to reach this place. Pranav didn't believe that there was anything in the Evolutionary Universe capable of threatening Marko.

"You're continuing to struggle."

An expression of malevolence appeared on Pranav's face. The nine dragons and the Ancestral Dragon were truly tenacious. They would never willingly give up.

However, the Ancestral Dragon was now like a spent arrow, and Pranav was planning to end its life. Six-clawed dragons were incredibly rare in the divine land, but since the Ancestral Dragon had already fully grown, he couldn't subdue it as his spiritual pet or contractual beast. His only choice was to kill it first, and then crush those annoying dragons later.

"Roar!"

The Ancestral Dragon, which was crawling above the supreme world, raised its head. It seemed to lack the strength to fly, so it could only prostrate on the ground and breathe towards Pranav. However, its demonic red breath had weakened, so it had already lost its threat and disappeared before it got close to Pranav.

Pranav again leaped towards the Ancestral Dragon. In his hand was the ghost-head halberd. As he waved the halberd, a dark red light was emitted from the eyes of the ghost head. The ghost-head halberd was also a supreme primordial weapon, and a treasure that was connected to its owner.

After easily avoiding the weakened breath of the Ancestral Dragon several times, Pranav once again stood on its head and raised the ghost-head halberd high into the air.

"Stop!"

Roar! Roar! Roar!

The two nearest Genuine Dragons rushed over at the same time.

The nine dragons' heavenly bodies had already been repeatedly destroyed, so their surface colors were now much dimmer. Every time their heavenly bodies were destroyed, the recovery speed was slower. The other seven dragons' heavenly bodies were slowly recovering, and only the Five-clawed Golden Dragon and the cyan dragon were able to move.

Facing the two massive bodies, Pranav suddenly turned the halberd in his hand and directed two killing forces towards the two dragons. The moment the forces touched the dragons' heavenly bodies, they were completely destroyed, turning into countless bits of heavenly essence that scattered everywhere. Once the heavenly essence landed on the ground, it gathered itself towards one location, but it would take a long time for the whole body to condense together once again.

"Roar!"

Seeing this scene unfolding, the Ancestral Dragon raised its head furiously to hold Pranav up.

Pranav stood on the head of the Ancestral Dragon and stabilized his body. After snorting coldly, he stomped on the head of the Ancestral Dragon.

Boom!

The Ancestral Dragon's gigantic head was once again smashed to the ground.

Now the Ancestral Dragon had finally lost its strength. It tried its best to raise up its head. However, no matter how many times it struggled, it was in vain. Its pair of large eyes were filled with sorrow, and it could only continuously whimper.

Pranav turned the ghost-head halberd slightly and aimed the tip at the Ancestral Dragon. A circle of red light spread out from the ghost head. He was condensing a strange power!

No matter how tenacious the vitality of the Ancestral Dragon might be, it would not be able to withstand the damage caused by the halberd.

"Go to hell! I really don't have the time to fight with you anymore!" Pranav had been trapped by the treasure of Supreme Lord of Original Sin earlier and had then been fighting with the nine dragons and the Ancestral Dragon for a long while. He had certainly wasted a great deal of time.

As he finished speaking, he stabbed the ghost-head halberd into the head of the Ancestral Dragon.

But just as the halberd was about to touch the Ancestral Dragon's head, a bronze fist, larger in size than Pranav's head, suddenly appeared in front of him. With this bronze colored fist coming at him, he no longer had sufficient time to kill the Ancestral Dragon. He instinctively placed the ghost-head halberd horizontally in front of him.

Boom!

With the impact of the first punch, his ghost-head halberd had been bent from the middle.

Seeing that his supreme primordial weapon had suffered such damage from a single punch, he felt a chill growing in his heart.

Thump!

Almost immediately, the second punch landed on the ghost-head halberd.

With this blow, the halberd became even more bent.

Thump!

When the third punch smashed down, the halberd broke apart, and that massive fist smashed into Pranav's chest.

Puff!

These three punches seemed insignificant, but they contained an unimaginable power. Pranav spat out blood, and his whole body flew backwards, leaving a long, thin line of blood trailing behind it.

Despite the impact, he wasn't dead. He was sure that these three punches could have killed him. It was just that their strength had weakened at the last moment. The attacker must have deliberately suppressed it.

Now he was facing a very strong enemy, but it seemed like his enemy intended to spare his life. What was his purpose?

His mind spun rapidly as he came to this conclusion. He then looked up and saw a tall, sturdy man with disheveled hair standing close by. The three punches from before had been given to him by this long-haired man.

"Alright, that guy is dying. Go and make your wish come true," Blayd said calmly.

In order to fight against Pranav, Zen had in the past resorted to the Great Wishing Spell. He might not be a match for Pranav, but he would still be able to fulfill his promise with someone else's help, as long as he personally killed Pranav.

Chapter 2087 Infinite (Part One)

Due to the unexpected occurrence of the event, Pranav became confused. He suffered three punches as he didn't have the time to analyze the situation. Bewilderment was apparent in his expression.

As he heard Blayd's remarks, Pranav's befuddlement grew even worse!

Suddenly, Zen appeared next to Blayd. Pranav's expression became stiff.

"You!" Pranav's eyes flashed. Hatred was reflected in his eyes as he stared at Zen.

Pranav had been planning to search for Zen meticulously, after he murdered all of those Supreme Lords. He was determined to find Zen, no matter the cost.

The Evolutionary Universe was vast. However, with Pranav's cultivation base, he knew that there was nowhere for Zen to hide.

Never would he have thought that the guy would actually show up and invite such a powerful expert. Pranav couldn't believe the situation he was in.

Just then, Pranav still wondered why Blayd only used sixty percent of his strength in his three punches instead of his maximum power to kill Pranav. Pranav was aware that the third punch of Blayd would be able to kill him. When he finally saw Zen, Pranav immediately understood that Zen had once employed a Wishing Spell towards him. The reason why Blayd did not kill him was just to make Zen fulfill the Wishing Spell.

Zen slowly walked towards Pranav with the Great Weighty Sword in his hand. Coldness was apparent in Zen's eyes. When he arrived in front of Pranav, Zen gently held the Great Weighty Sword horizontally and pressed it against Pranav's neck.

With the help of the Wishing Spell, Zen felt that his power had almost doubled. That was the advantage brought by the Wishing Spell, but the drawbacks were obvious. If Zen did not kill Pranav personally, his cultivation base would be permanently stagnated. Moreover, there was no way to break that curse, and Zen wouldn't be able to advance in his cultivation for the rest of his life!

Therefore, even if most martial artists in the divine land could use the Wishing Spell, they were extremely cautious if they were to employ it…

"I realize the wish of the Wishing Spell. Slaughtering the one in front of me is enough to calm my indignation. His death would quell the anger in my heart. With this, I would be able to fulfill my vows to the Wishing Spell," Zen softly muttered before he raised Great Weighty Sword in his hands.

At that moment, Pranav no longer had the strength to struggle. Blayd's punches seemed ordinary, but the War God Hall's ultimate technique was extraordinarily formidable and destructive. The rapid surge of Blayd's fighting intent immediately extinguished the momentum within Pranav's body. At the same time, it entered Pranav's internal organs through his meridians and then penetrated his inner world.

The Holy Being covered the heavens with the Heavens-suppressing Object, while the True God covered the inner world with the Godly Tile. Once the Godly Tile was formed, it would not be destroyed. However, once those streaks of fighting intent were infused into the inner world, they would completely wrap around Pranav's Godly Tile. That was equivalent to sealing off all of Pranav's momentum. The loss of connection with his Godly Tile had left Pranav helpless and weakened.

With a sword pressed on his neck, Pranav knew that he was about to die. However, the smile on his face only became more and more pronounced. He then let out an arrogant laugh and said, "Do you really think that you can save the entire universe? And do you think you can save your father?"

The arrogant words from Pranav's mouth caused the Great Weighty Sword to freeze in midair. In fact, with Zen's current state of mind, no matter what Pranav said, it wasn't enough to affect him. However, Zen still responded with a calm tone, "No, I don't think so."

"Then why are you struggling even though you are weak?" Pranav asked again with a prideful expression.

Zen creased his brow as he actually thought about the question rather carefully...

Blayd, Lavender, Supreme Lord of Oracle, and the others saw that Zen had started to hesitate. Their confusion was reflected on each of their faces. The Ancestral Dragon gently whimpered at the side, with a vast, damaged body. Even its power could not save it from death. Its pair of huge eyes had also lost their luster. But when the Ancestral Dragon saw Zen, its initially dim eyes suddenly glowed with a bright light. Although the Ancestral Dragon was no longer affected by the imprint after it grew up, it still had a natural sense of intimacy with Zen.

Thirty seconds...

Sixty seconds...

Ninety seconds...

The heavens shook violently again, and one more Supreme Lord had just died.

Zen still held his Great Weighty Sword high up in the air. As he maintained his formidable posture, his mind wandered for an answer. Puzzlement and perplexity were apparent at Zen's face as he stared blankly at Pranav.

Even though it was just a provocation, it was not easy for Zen to answer Pranav's question.

From the very start, Zen had always struggled just because of his sister. He had survived all sorts of difficult situations just to get her back to his side. However, he finally realized that his father had personally arranged every predicament and danger for him...

It had been a long time ever since he thought for a purpose about why he worked so hard to improve and to advance his cultivation...

Pranav said such provocative words so that he could disturb Zen's state of mind and stall for time. If Mateo were to appear here, he would still have a sliver of a chance to survive. Naturally, he would not give up. He also felt pleased as he saw that Zen was stunned after he delivered his provocations.

Actually, for Zen, Pranav had asked a critical question. The query Pranav gave was related to the purpose of Zen's life.

"Boom, boom, boom…"

Thunderous sounds of explosions could be heard from far away. The large balls of light exploded as the Supreme Lords continued their deadly battles. Even without the Roaring Token, the energy fluctuations and sounds of explosions could still spread very far away.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2088 Infinite (Part Two)

Dozens of supreme worlds were already torn apart while countless creatures had also died. The smell of blood and corpses decorated the battlefield.

A lot of creatures, even innocent ones, were murdered in the war. The deaths included mortals from thousands of kingdoms up to emperors who had just ascended to the throne. Innocent lives like women who were just about to give birth and infants who had not even opened their eyes to look at the world were also lost. Even scholars who had only participated in the imperial examinations were also trapped and at death's door.

Many martial artists paid attention to the war in the universe. But, many of the ordinary mortals still focused on their own lives. Even after they sighed over the strange phenomenon that occurred in the heavens and earth, they could only suffer in silence. They didn't want the war, and yet, their lives were still forfeited.

The innocent creatures didn't know whether the supreme world where they stayed would be torn or not. Even if they knew the situation, they could not do anything about it. After all, it would be tough for them to leave a supreme world no matter how hard they tried. They were like ants on a large ship. Even if they knew that this ship would sink, they wouldn't be able to escape to another ship. Despair enveloped them as they remained crippled by their powerlessness.

What was the point of their lives? How could weak and pathetic creatures like them continue to live in such a war-torn place?

As the lowest-level secondary creatures, these mortals also pursued beautiful things. They wanted to thrive and be able to find love and a family.

They pursued more beautiful women, more beautiful songs, higher status, more respected positions, as well as more gold, silver, and jewelry. To many people, that was the meaning of life.

Then, what was the meaning of Zen's life? Why was he born? Why was he still alive?

Compared to those mortals, he might be far more powerful. He could easily dominate the destiny of mortals in tens of thousands of kingdoms. Such weak beings could be killed or subdued by him without a sweat.

However, Zen himself was a secondary creature of the universe. Compared to the Holy Beings of the divine land, he was no different from those mortals. He, too, was pathetic when compared to beings of a higher power.

What about the True Gods and Holy Beings of the divine land?

Compared to the extraordinary creatures, could it be that True Gods were just like mortals? Additionally, Holy Beings might also be as insignificant as the emperors of mortals?

His mind was limitless, and so was the world...

"Infinite..."

Zen had a hint of realization in his heart. A new perception became embodied in his mind.

After five minutes, a hint of a smile appeared on the corner of Zen's mouth. The stiffness of his expression vanished and was replaced by a brave face.

As he saw Zen's gaze, Pranav was a bit shocked. Despair crept inside him as his heart sank.

"It's for my own path. I continue to struggle for my own life path..." Zen uttered with a smile. The Great Weighty Sword in his hand moved slightly in the wind. His conviction became apparent in his expression.

"What is your life path?" Pranav asked again as he wanted to stall for time.

However, Zen shook his head and smiled peculiarly at Pranav. "My life path is too remarkable and profound. It is on a level you can never achieve. You don't have the qualifications to know it!"

As he finished his words, Zen swung the Great Weighty Sword. The mighty power poured out as his eyes were flooded with the malicious aura. He slashed out the Gods-intimidating Strike in a flash...

"Puff!"

Fresh blood splattered everywhere. The ground was painted red as the stench of a recent death filled the air. The sword intent created by the Gods-intimidating Strike passed through Pranav's body. It spread across the surface of the supreme world.

The supreme world they were currently in was called "Autumn Mountain World". There were many mountains within that supreme world, and there were almost no plains. As Zen launched a sword strike, all the mountains within a radius of a thousand miles were slashed and flattened. All that was left was a vast and wide plain.

Later on, Zen's sword strike was vividly recorded by someone, and many warriors, even mortals, knew that Zen had killed a True God there. It was said that the blood of that True God had soaked into a particular part of the plain. Whoever could find the blood-soaked stone would be able to obtain the inheritance of that True God. It became a hunted treasure for warriors who wanted to strengthen themselves quickly. Thus countless warriors went there to dig and look for that stone, which made the entire plain full of bumps and hollows.

As such, the plain was called the "God Slaying Plain".

"How could you be so powerful? What kind of comprehension have you gained?" Lavender asked as she floated nearby Zen. Her slender body curled up and leaned against Zen's shoulder while she stared at him with a crooked face. Curiosity and a hint of fear were reflected in her eyes. Zen had been in a daze for a long time just then. Additionally, Zen's behavior was extremely abnormal. Lavender was afraid that he would spiral into madness.

"I'm fine." Zen took a deep breath and raised his head to look at the sky. Afterward, he tightened his grip on the Great Weighty Sword. "There's only one more left…"

After he murdered Pranav, Zen had finally realized his wish. At that moment, the power generated by the Wishing Spell had quickly disappeared from Zen's body.

Chapter 2089 Wynn's Head

Wind ruffled through Zen's matted hair as he raised his head to look at the sky. Another giant star had exploded in the inky sky.

The star released a blinding light that covered the entire sky the moment it had exploded. The vast expanse of light caught everyone's attention, but they risked getting blind if they had stared too long.

Once the bright light had dissipated, a dot of star light quickly fell and flew across the sky at an incredible speed, and plummeted towards the Dream Sound World of the Thoughtless Minds.

"Wynn!" Zen raised his eyebrows.

Meanwhile in the Dream Sound World, the other two Supreme Lords, namely Master Feng and the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race were in the midst of a fierce battle.

The situation was quite odd--the more the Evolutionary Universe was at a disadvantage, the more powerful Master Feng's Evolution Lotus Flower became. At that moment, Lotus Flowers bloomed continuously in the whole Dream Sound World. They bloomed everywhere from the rocks, the mountaintops, the plains, city walls, and even the pots and stoves and the cyan tiles in the mortals' homes.

Soon enough, the whole Dream Sound World was like a sea of Lotus Flowers.

The Sacred Grand Supreme Lord's spinulose wood fern had taken root within the Dream Sound World. Its web of roots continued to spread, and so did the tree itself until it had formed a large, lush forest.

While Master Feng absolutely had the upper hand against the Sacred Grand Supreme Lord, he could not defeat him in such a short period of time. After all, as long as the Sacred race's momentum existed, the Sacred Grand Supreme Lord wouldn't be defeated.

Therefore, the constant confrontation of the two caused the whole Dream Sound World to be plummeted into chaos.

However, the two strongest Supreme Lords in the two universes stopped fighting when the comet-like light fell from the sky.

Master Feng's face darkened as he saw the scene and said, "Wynn..."

"Haha, the outcome of the war has already been decided. I'm afraid there is no meaning to our fight anymore!" the Sacred Grand Supreme Lord laughed.

And so, the war between the two universes and the fights between the Supreme Lords had lost all their meanings. After all, the most important thing was still the battle between the True Gods. Since Wynn had already been defeated, then the victory would be on the side of the Sacred race.

"All Sacred Supreme Lords, return to my side!" the Sacred Grand Supreme Lord declared through a Roaring Token.

Just then, all the fighting between the Supreme Lords of the two universes had stopped as well. Suddenly, demonic red space cracks appeared behind the Sacred Grand Supreme Lord and a total of thirteen Sacred Supreme Lords emerged from them.

The previously rejoicing Grand Sacred Supreme Lord was now appalled to see that only thirteen Supreme Lords survived.

All in all, they had actually lost ninety percent of their Supreme Lords in this war against the Evolutionary Universe. What a hefty price did they pay!

On the other hand, streams of Space Law flowed behind Master Feng as the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe came to him. Soon enough, over 30 Supreme Lords had gathered beside him, including Supreme Lord of Original Sin.

If only the battle between the Supreme Lords was to be considered, then it could be said that the Evolutionary Universe had completely won. However, so many Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe could've been saved if Mateo and Marko hadn't been involved.

Then again, the Supreme Lords who had survived had also noticed what was happening in the starry sky. They knew that Wynn had probably been defeated, which made them feel even more depressed.

Even if they had the better advantage in the battles among the Supreme Lords, what use would that be against the Supreme Lords of the Murphy Universe if Wynn was dead?

"Huff, huff…"

After quite a while, that comet-like stream of light had finally crashed in the Dream Sound World.

Boom!

The entirety of the Dream Sound World was split into perfect halves with a violent explosion. A crack that extended tens of billions of miles long ran across the middle and broke the supreme world into two. Master Feng quickly led the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe to one side of the crack, while the Sacred Grand Supreme Lord and the other Supreme Lords stood on the opposite. The supreme world's floor plates continued to move and the two groups became farther and farther from each other.

"Is Wynn… alright?" Supreme Lord Rowan of the ogre race asked nervously. While he was only a mid-rank Supreme Lord, he had displayed extraordinary combat abilities in the battle.

"I'm not sure! True Gods couldn't die that easily," Supreme Lord Amritpal said with a frown.

All the Supreme Lords thought that once Wynn was dead, then everything was over.

The two floor plates of the Dream Sound World continued to move further and further away, and the crack in the middle naturally became larger. Even the mountains on both sides of the crack began to collapse. When the crack had reached a hundred miles in width, everyone present saw a tiny ball of light emerge from it.

"Wynn!"

"It's Wynnl!"

"He hasn't died yet!

The Supreme Lords shouted in joy, but everything had changed when they finally saw what was inside the ball of light in clear view.

Wrapped in the ball of light was indeed Wynn, but only his head. The body below his head was nowhere to be seen!

It wasn't a big deal for True Gods to lose their limbs as they could regrow them with just a thought. The new limbs might not be as good as they were before, but it could be remedied with some secret training.

However, the head and the cinnabar field were two parts that were indispensable. Losing a head was equivalent to losing a soul, and losing a cinnabar field was like losing the inner world and the Godly Tile within one's body that took eons to nurture.

Even if Wynn technically wasn't dead--if his cinnabar field had been destroyed, he was as good as nothing.

"Buzz buzz buzz…"

A blazing white beam of light suddenly appeared on the side of the ball of light, which rapidly transformed into a human silhouette. After a few moments, Mateo arose from the silhouette.

Moments ago, the Sacred Supreme Lords had been worried about Mateo's situation.

After all, the power of the explosion in the starry sky was too overwhelming. The explosion of the star was enough to destroy thousands of supreme worlds. If Mateo hadn't withstood the strike and died, then their efforts wouldn't be worth it.

Of course, the Sacred Supreme Lords still had a strong advantage. Even if the two True Gods Mateo and Wynn died together, they still had other two True Gods, Marko and Pranav. They could help them deal with the upcoming battles.

What the Sacred Supreme Lords did not know was that Blayd had already killed the other two True Gods.

"You old Wynn, you actually destructed your inner world, and turned it into the Star Tribulation Wave. You really wanted to die with me. Ahem!" Mateo grinned fiendishly as he spoke. Right after he finished speaking, he coughed twice and streams of black blood spurted out from his mouth.

It was true that Mateo had won, but not without serious injuries.

He had the upper hand during the first half of his battle against Wynn. However, he had underestimated his opponent.

Although he was able to suppress Wynn in every aspect, his state of mind couldn't compare to that of Wynn. As Mike's favorite as well as youngest disciple, Wynn already had the resolve to sacrifice himself. Thus, his every strike meant to cause absolute destruction on both sides.

That was also why Mateo had felt that the situation was very tricky.

In the latter part of their battle, Wynn had lured Mateo straight into the star maze that he had set up beforehand. After that, he detonated the inner world in his body and launched a desperate attack, known as the "Star Tribulation Wave".

In turn, Mateo had used the Wheel Swirl technique in that critical moment to guard his own body and stood the "Star Tribulation Wave" by force. Therefore, he had ended up with numerous injuries.

"Crack!"

A splitting sound was heard when Mateo loosely grabbed at the air and the ball of light landed in his hand.

"No, stop!"

A sharp gust of wind blew as Master Feng appeared beside the ball of light in a flash, in an attempt to snatch the ball of light from Mateo.

"Who do you think you are? Get out of here!"

Mateo was furious at the sudden intrusion and threw a punch. Master Feng felt as if he had been struck by lighting and a fist imprint appeared on his chest. He fell backwards like a kite with its string suddenly cut, then collided into the edge of the broken supreme world and shattered a mountain range in the process.

When the other Supreme Lords who originally planned to wait for a chance to take action saw the scene, they gave up their ideas. The gap between them and Mateo was far too big.

The ball of light finally ended up in Mateo's hands, and his lips curled into a sinister smile. He gently pinched the surface of the ball of light, which shattered like an eggshell. His hands grabbed Wynn's decapitated head and lifted it up for all of them to see.

"Hahaha! I didn't expect you to be so troublesome, to the point that I had to use my Wheel Swirl technique! You old fellow, how do you feel right now? Would you like to share it with the followers of your master?" Once the words died on Mateo's mouth, he turned Wynn's head to the side and made it face the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe.

Chapter 2090 The Unexpected Image

Wynn hadn't perished completely.

A True God's soul was particularly tough—even if one was beheaded, they could still think up a way to reconstruct their body.

But it was a lengthy process. Reconstructing the body and cinnabar field was equal to cultivating all over again.

The eyes on Wynn's head suddenly shot open and looked up at Master Feng and the group of Supreme Lords on the other side. The originally star-like bright eyes were now completely devoid of any light.

To fight against the Sacred race, Wynn had led the Celestial Position in planning countless years, only to end up with awful results.

When Murphy changed the rules in a snap, everyone's hard work and effort turned into nothing.

Anyone facing such a blow would naturally lose all confidence and Wynn was no exception.

"You have nothing else to say, do you? Haha! Then go to hell!"

Mateo grinned viciously. Suddenly, he pulled up Wynn's gray hair and threw the head away. Forming a fist with one hand, he got ready to smash his head apart in a single punch...

Wynn's head spiraled continuously in the sky. The starry sky, the earth, and the mountains seemed to be rolling images in his eyes as he was thrown.

Although he looked like a man of old age, he was still relatively young among the True Gods. While lurking in the Evolutionary Universe, he was under his master's protection at all times.

In his life's final moment, time had slowed immeasurably and the entire Evolutionary Universe left him with a nostalgic heart.

"Master... I failed..." Wynn muttered weakly.

As his head circled in the air, a sudden blaze of white light appeared close by. Because his head was spinning quickly, the scene was a blur.

But after his head spun for another circle, he suddenly saw an unexpected image.

Zen, Lavender, and Supreme Lord of Oracle walked out from the crack in space. And in the end, he also saw a long-haired man exuding an extraordinary aura.

'Who is that long-haired man?'

Master Feng thought in wonder.

When Wynn's head started spinning again, he felt a sudden wave of power grabbing onto it before it was thrown away again. Now with a faster rotation, it was difficult for Wynn to see what was happening around him.

In an instant, his head was caught and he could see that Supreme Lord of Oracle was beside him, shooting him a wink.

"Wynn, it's over..." Zen voiced from behind him.

"It's over? What's over?" Finding his bearings again, he realized that it was Zen who caught him and that the long-haired man standing in Mateo's way was the one who grabbed his head and threw it to Zen.

"What a strong fighting intent! It's the people from the War God Hall!"

Refined starlight suddenly shone from Wynn's gloomy eyes. While he had no idea of the long-haired man's origins, there was no doubt that he was invited by Zen and was on his side.

All the Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe were wide-eyed in shock.

After Wynn was defeated, the Supreme Lords knew they were at a disadvantage—the war had ended in the Evolutionary Universe's defeat.

Only a miracle could reverse the situation and the odds of that were too slim.

When Wynn's head was thrown into the air, many of the Supreme Lords wanted to rush out and snatch it away.

But even if they did, what would be the use?

Could they make a difference?

If the Evolutionary Universe collapsed, everything, from an ant in the Lower World to the countless Supreme Lords in the Upper World would perish—it was only a matter of who would die first. So at that point, everything seemed meaningless.

There were even some Supreme Lords that decided to retreat. Since resistance had become meaningless, they figured they would take advantage of the last bit of time they had to do something meaningful among their own races. At the very least, they could do something fulfilling during their last days.

No one was expecting Zen to appear at that crucial moment.

A glimmer of hope rose in everyone's hearts when they saw Zen and Supreme Lord of Oracle suddenly appear.

But no matter how many miracles the man had created, he was still only a Godly Genius at the world lord level—his overall influence on the entire battle wasn't so great.

Just then, hope returned when a burly long-haired man walked out behind him.

"A True God!"

"A very powerful True God!"

"A True God? Does Zen bring him here to help?"

The moment they saw Blayd, they immediately picked out his unique aura as that of a True God. And his fighting intent was even more powerful.

After he appeared, Blayd didn't take any further action, waiting for Zen's order.

A calm smile hung on his face and his whole body seemed to glow with a brilliant blue light. Such was the embodiment of his extreme fighting intent!

Mateo's smile froze.

The Supreme Lords behind him felt their bodies stiffen and their thoughts come to a halt.

A True God's arrival was completely unforeseen.

"Who are you? This is a dispute between two Holy Beings. If you get involved..." Mateo voiced coldly, his words were similar to Marko's and Pranav's. They all wanted to threaten Blayd with Murphy's name and reputation.

"If I get involved, will Murphy never let me go? I've heard these words three times today. Don't you have anything new to say?" Blayd yawned and smiled cockily.

"Three times..." Then, Mateo's eyes flashed with realization. "What happened to Marko and Pranav?"

"What do you think?" Blayd cocked his head to the side.

Never did Mateo think he had to worry about Marko's and Pranav's safety—he had no clue that the two had perished while he was focused on his battle against Wynn.

Now, Mateo couldn't see a trace of them as he searched with his soul power.

Though he wanted to leave that to the fact that he couldn't search the entire universe with his soul power—they could have also been too far away, he somehow had a strong feeling that the man in front of him had already killed them.

"How dare you!" Mateo roared. Balls of black fog began spreading from his body. In spite of their conflicts, Pranav, Marko, and Mateo had cultivated together in the Murphy Universe. Who would've thought that two of them would disappear in a blink of an eye? The thought made Mateo turn extremely indignant.

But Blayd only rolled his eyes at Mateo's fury. He turned to Zen and asked, "This guy is getting noisy and annoying.

Can I kill him now?"

The Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe were speechless in shock. To think that such a strong person was asking Zen for permission. What was their relationship?

Zen flew back to the top of the cliff and handed Wynn's head to Master Feng. Then, he turned to Blayd and gave the order. "Go ahead."

"Ha!" Blayd's laughter resounded as a blazing light burst from beneath his feet, and then he pounced towards Mateo without hesitation.

"Boom..."

The battle between the True Gods began.

When Mateo battled Wynn, he had already consumed over half of his life vitality because Wynn launched the Star Tribulation Wave, injuring him severely.

But even in his best condition, Mateo was no match for Blayd. Given the difference in their strength, it was unlikely that Mateo even had a shot at winning this fight.

So the moment the fight began, Mateo threw attacks continuously as he retreated, facing Blayd's formidable attacks. He barely had any strength to fight back.

Up on the cliff, Zen didn't even bother looking back.

Meanwhile, the Supreme Lords of the Sacred race and the Evolutionary Universe had mixed feelings of hope and worry. The people of the Evolutionary Universe thought that Mateo could have other trump cards to use against Blayd. And the Sacred Supreme Lords hoped that Murphy would protect Mateo long enough for him to turn the tide.

But Zen's behavior made it clear that Blayd wasn't his only way to deal with Mateo if he managed to win the fight.

At the very least, he still had the mysterious woman in blue by his side.

While Zen couldn't clearly see through the strength of these True Gods, Master Evil and Wayne were definitely stronger than Blayd and the woman in blue seemed to be even more powerful than the former.

The Sacred race had no way to turn the situation around other than Murphy coming down to join the battle himself.

Chapter 2091 Soul-eater Summoning Method

"Bam!"

Accompanied by the muffled sound, Mateo collided into the ground after being punched powerfully by Blayd.

Then, a crack appeared across the earth, revealing a gaping hole.

"These Waves Devouring Worms are able to devour most of my fighting intent. They possess a pretty good set of abilities. Raising these small worms within your body would probably be a very difficult task," Blayd lightly said. "What a pity... It's still far from enough!"

Right after he finished speaking, Blayd chased after Mateo viciously. A series of muffled explosions then arose left and right. For a moment, the fighting intent filled the area and the black light seemed blinding. The Dream Sound World was only a narrow battle ring to the two True Gods. This broken battle ring was collapsing quickly.

Zen didn't seem interested in the fight as he walked towards Supreme Lord of Original Sin. He then handed over a space ring to him.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin greeted Zen with gratitude upon receiving the space ring in his palm.

He gave Zen a light nod and they simultaneously turned their heads to look at the other side. Apparently, Supreme Lord Lester was standing right behind them the entire time.

Supreme Lord Lester's Heavenly Destiny of Revival was very significant and precious. This led him to never participate in a battle. He was even able to revive the Supreme Lords who had just lost their lives.

Since the beginning of the chaotic war, he saved the lives of seven Supreme Lords with just his miraculous Heavenly Destiny of Revival.

On the other hand, the space ring that Zen had given to Supreme Lord of Original Sin was keeping Maha's Silver Moon Wolves. These were the wolves Zen had previously killed as he saw them feasting on Nathan's corpse.

Zen made it a point to store the wolves as much as he could, because they would have Nathan's parts in them. He stored the fragments of the wolves and Nathan into the space ring, and hoped that Nathan was lucky enough to be revived by Supreme Lord Lester.

Margaret's corpse was also placed strategically into another space ring. However, her body was completely preserved in comparison to Nathan. With the Heavenly Destiny of Revival's power, it would be simple enough to revive her. They knew that reviving Margaret was not going to be too difficult, but Zen couldn't help but worry.

As the battle between the two True Gods went on, the Sacred Supreme Lords didn't intend to take action. They already knew that joining the battle wouldn't benefit the situation in any way. Looking at it critically, they'd have to deal with Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, Supreme Lord of Oracle, many mid-rank Supreme Lords and low-rank Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe if they made a move.

All of the Supreme Lords, from both sides, understood this. It would be useless to take action.

This was where Zen decided to take advantage of the situation. He'd hoped that at this time, Supreme Lord Lester could resurrect Margaret and Nathan.

Zen held out Margaret's corpse and held her horizontally in his hands, carefully transferring the corpse to Supreme Lord Lester.

Margaret's eyes were closed very tight. She was a docile woman, and her face was very serene, almost as if she was merely sleeping.

Zen gently shook her hand with a trace of sadness in his eyes. He then placed her lightly on the ground and made a gesture to ask Supreme Lord Lester to start resurrecting her.

Supreme Lord Lester nodded in agreement. He extended his hand and pressed it lightly against his forehead, and a wheel of light slowly rose up above his head. That was known as the Heavenly Destiny of Revival.

This light wheel surrounded Margaret's corpse. "There's no problem to revive her," said Supreme Lord Lester. "I can activate her life energy with the Heavenly Destiny of Revival, but the process will take some time."

Zen heaved a sigh of relief when he heard Supreme Lord Lester's words. There was definitely a lot of time.

As for Supreme Lord of Original Sin who stood beside them, he poured out the corpse pieces of the Silver Moon Wolves from the space ring. The fragments of the Silver Moon Wolves had fallen onto the ground, and the stench of blood filled the air. There were hints of golden blood as well, probably belonging to Nathan.

As the surrounding Supreme Lords saw this, they frowned.

Although Supreme Lord Lester's Heavenly Destiny of Revival was deemed very strong, there was always a limit to his abilities. Because Nathan was torn to pieces and even swallowed by the wolves, it was uncertain if he could be revived or not.

Supreme Lord Lester also revealed a hesitant expression. He didn't have any confidence in resurrecting Nathan, though he knew he had to try.

On another note, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, a top-rank Supreme Lord leading the Thoughtless Minds, was anxious and worried at this moment. He had never been so upset before. When he had to face the disciples of the True God, he managed to remain calm. However, Nathan's life seemed to take a toll on him. He was very uneasy thinking about the uncertainty.

"I can only do my best," said Supreme Lord Lester as he observed the corpse pieces. Then, he gently waved his hand and the wheel of light moved out again, circling around the fragments like a halo.

As the light radiated around the fragments, they began to squirm and wiggle, coming to life. Each part seemed to know its original position, and moved towards it. This included the parts that belonged to the Silver Moon Wolves.

The Heavenly Destiny of Revival belonged directly to the Life Law. However, this kind of theurgy could be only used on secondary creatures. This was a rule because the magical ability of 'resurrection' didn't exist in the divine land. In the past, the universe was still too small compared to the divine land, and only Holy Beings could bestow this ability to the inner world. This made Supreme Lord Lester's Heavenly Destiny of Revival something quite useless to Wynn.

The pieces of the corpses continued to move around and piece themselves together, and a gentle life energy was emitted from the Heavenly Destiny of Revival. The pieces were slowly regained life energy throughout the process.

Because Zen had killed all of these Silver Moon Wolves, he put all the fragments of wolves into the space ring. Not long later, the Silver Moon Wolves' fragments had actually assembled together completely, but for some reason, the cracks and divisions were still visible.

Remarkably, Nathan's body was also perfectly assembled, but because he had been devoured by the wolves, only the silhouette of a person could be seen.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin had a very blank expression as he tried his best to suppress his emotions. No one could feel comfortable while watching these sorts of things. Moreover, because Nathan was his son, he was incomparably sad seeing him like that.

In another swift movement, Supreme Lord Lester waved his hand once more, and a beam of faint green light of life began to escape from the circular plate hovering over his head. The Heavenly Destiny of Revival was not simply used by means of the Life Law, because Supreme Lord Lester did not simply heal them. He had to completely bring back the life in them, and this meant that the Time Law was somehow incorporated into the process.

As the light continued to beam outwards, it eventually turned into a light green tower, enveloping Supreme Lord Lester and the corpses of Nathan and Margaret with it. The people who were left to watch could no long see anything except the green light.

With the Supreme Lord's soul power, it would be quite easy to detect what was happening within the tower. However, it was of common knowledge to not disturb Supreme Lord Lester at this moment. Moreover, most Supreme Lords only seemed to care about the battle of the True Gods, so they shifted their attention towards that.

In comparison to Marko and Pranav, Mateo proved to be a lot stronger. To endure that for so long while injured was something people wouldn't even attempt to do.

However, at this point, he was like a spent arrow. The Supreme Lords, Blayd and Mateo all knew this.

When Mateo was eventually tested to his limits, the two streams of black tears finally stopped flowing from his eyes.

"Are you giving up?" Blayd asked lightly.

This was a tough question mostly because Mateo's self-esteem was extremely high. His skill and perseverance were outstanding, so he had never been put in a situation where someone had to ask him if he would give up. Besides, this wasn't any ordinary battle. He was determined to win.

At this moment, a hint of anger appeared across face as he stared at Blayd. "I have never known what it felt like to give up," he said. "And I'm not starting now."

As he finished, he suddenly smacked his forehead with a heavy hand. Just then, a strange silhouette began to develop above his forehead, intricately formed with golden lines. Eventually, this formation developed into a strange, humanoid creature coming out of his forehead.

This human-like being grabbed Mateo and stuffed him into its mouth, all in one go.

Seeing this, Blayd retreated immediately in fear.

A chuckle echoed through the mist of the divine land. "Murphy, your disciple really isn't good. Although Blayd has been missing for so many years, his cultivation has been improved by a great deal. This, this surprises me." The laugh just lasted for only a short while, but it was obvious that the Holy Being who had spoken had seen the strange change in Mateo. His usual composed voice also became firm as he said, "Murphy, you have even imparted such a vicious cultivation method, such as the Soul-eater Summoning Method, to your disciple! Are you crazy?"

Chapter 2092 Grand Fighting Technique

"It really is the Soul-eater Summoning Method!"

"Anyone who uses this evil magic will never be reincarnated. They'll be tormented for all eternity!"

"Murphy's crazy for teaching his disciple that horrid magic!"

The Soul-eater Summoning Method was a dark and pernicious martial art.

This magic allowed a warrior to summon a Soul-eater at the price of their soul.

It was an irreversible contract that subjected a person's soul to eternal torment.

As its name implied, Soul-eaters devoured and inflicted pain on the summoner's soul in order to gain energy. The more pain inflicted, the more power the Soul-eater got.

In the past divine eras, when the True Gods realized the danger and consequences that came with the Soul-eater Summoning Method, they had forbidden the practice and spread of the art in the whole divine land.

And as time passed, the number of True Gods that knew about the Soul-eater Summoning Method became less and less.

No Holy Being ever imagined that Murphy would pass on the Soul-eater Summoning Method to his disciple.

As soon as the golden threads had completely devoured Mateo, a Soul-eater had immediately formed. Its body morphed into weird shapes until it grew a potbelly and a double chin. With a fiendish aura and a heavy black mist shrouding its body, it resembled a fat evil Buddha.

And as if that wasn't creepy enough, its face was scarily similar to Mateo's. "So painful..."

It groaned brokenly, voice as rough as sandpaper. Mateo's soul was fully absorbed by the Soul-eater.

Its beady black eyes stared at Blayd intently for a few seconds before it suddenly twisted its enormous body and pounced at Blayd.

BOOM!

Blayd dodged just in time. As he jumped backward to avoid the attack, he had managed to throw a punch at the space in front of him, destroying the area and releasing a strong counterforce that accelerated his retreat.

Unfortunately, the Soul-eater was even faster. Seeing Blayd move to a distance, the Soul-eater flash-stepped and instantly caught up with him. Like two giant mallets, its two hands slammed down on Blayd!

Blayd's eyes flashed with fierce determination. His torrential fighting intent ignited and boiled to the surface, engulfing his body in blue flames.

He had unleashed the 'momentum', his full fighting intent, from his inner world!

At this moment, all living beings in his inner world had sensed the looming danger. The True God used his Godly Tile to suppress the heavens which forced all the living beings to pray. Every single one of them was emitting a fighting intent which flowed like countless small streams that slowly joined together to form rivers.

They turned into a great river, which eventually turned into an ocean, fusing into Blayd's Godly Tile.

This fighting intent was the same as the Faith Energy that Lavender possessed. True Gods relied on the Faith Energy from the living beings in their inner worlds in order to unleash their strongest, most fearsome powers.

Once they became Holy Beings, however, they'd be able to cover the heavens of their inner worlds with Heaven-suppressing Objects, ridding them of their dependence on Faith Energy. In other words, they could directly borrow the power of the universe without the worship of living beings.

Buzz!

Within Blayd's inner world, his azure Godly Tile trembled violently as a strange power gushed out from his elixir field!

"Grand Fighting Technique!"

With a shout, Blayd extended his hands above his head, and a blue turtle shell materialized in his right hand and a short halberd in his left.

Boom!

Crack!

Blayd used the turtle shell to block the Soul-eater's incoming attack as he aimed at the Soul-eater with the halberd.

Boom!

The impact caused an explosion in the sky and an invisible shockwave to spread out, reducing everything it hit into dust. Everything within a ten-million-mile radius was blown to bits.

The force was so strong that even the Supreme Lords who were far away from the fight had felt a great pressure.

In an effort to protect Zen and the rest, Supreme Lord of Original Sin joined hands with Master Feng to create a protective barrier around the lot.

The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race also did the same for their weaker members, and save for these two great lands, the entirety of the Dream Sound World was annihilated.

"So, this is a True God's real power?"

Zen muttered. As he watched the fight, he couldn't help but worry about the progress of Margaret's revival.

A sigh escaped his lips. This shockwave alone was enough to shatter four supreme worlds.

At his current stage, Zen's physical strength was far more than Blayd's. However, he also knew that even with all the power of the Nine Divine Stars, he still wouldn't be able to achieve such a grand-scale result.

Pak!

Crack!

A crack appeared on Blayd's turtle shell shield and quickly spread all over its surface. A second later, it shattered to pieces, and his halberd snapped in half.

Blayd breathed heavily. The halberd had managed to pierce through the Soul-eater's hand, causing dark mist to seep from the wound. The Soul-eater groaned in pain.

"Hurts... so much..."

Irritated by the pain, the Soul-eater's body expanded once more.

Its golden skin shone brighter and brighter and its vicious aura increased until it was almost palpable.

Whoosh!

With a giant hand, it slapped Blayd hard.

BANG!

The attack had been so quick and sudden that Blayed had no time to dodge. The impact of the Soul-eater's hand on Blayd's body caused another shockwave.

and sent Blayd flying backwards, through a supreme world, and into the Lower World, disappearing from everyone's sights.

"Ughh..."

Having lost its opponent, the Soul-eater turned its big head and looked to where Zen was standing.

Even with his soul devoured and unconscious, Mateo's hatred was alive and burning. His eyes gleamed with malice. There was no one he hated more than Zen.

He had put in blood, sweat, and tears to kill Wynn. But just when he was about to help his master win the universal war, Zen and Blayd had to appear and ruin everything, leaving him no choice but to use the Soul-eater Summoning Method. Now he had to endure an eternity of pain!

With his present visual acuity, Zen was unable to see beyond several supreme worlds. However, he knew from Blayd's weakening fighting intent that he had already lost the fight. Meanwhile, the Soul-eater's gaze had caused a cold sinister feeling to wash over him.

This was bad. Seeing that things weren't going in their favor, Master Feng summoned the Evolution Lotus Flower. They weren't just going to sit and wait for death. They'd do whatever was necessary in order to stay alive.

On the other hand, the Sacred Supreme Lords wore proud smiles. They never imagined Mateo had it in him to turn the situation around to their favor.

They could only imagine the lengths Mateo had to go through in order to give them their victory.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2093 Possessed

The menacing Soul-eater was approaching.

It was massive, around the size of a mountain, and although it did not use Grand Teleportation, it still managed to cross several supreme worlds in just one minute.

"It's coming!"

"Supreme Lord Lester, you have to go now!"

"Let me block it..."

If Blayd was unable to defeat this monster, then what more the other Supreme Lords could do? They knew they couldn't possibly win this fight but they couldn't just revert into meek lambs who waited to be slaughtered by the wolf. They were Supreme Lords and they would fight this monster to the death if need be.

At that moment, Zen raised his head and stared up at the sky. "You... are you still not going to make your move?"

His words stunned Master Feng, along with the other Supreme Lords. They all looked at him with strange expressions.

"Zen, who are you talking to?"

"Do you know someone who can help us?"

"Is that person more powerful than that long-haired man?"

The Supreme Lords began to ask in earnest.

Seeing that Zen wasn't that nervous from the start, Supreme Lord of Oracle figured that the young man might have some tricks up his sleeve, and he seemed very confident in his trump card.

Zen chose not to directly answer their questions but there was a faint smile on his face as he looked at the Sacred Supreme Lords on the other side.

The blue-clothed woman was enslaved by him but he still respected her. If she wasn't willing to appear right now, she might have her reasons. He could only ask her.

"Hooo... hooo..."

The blast of the wind was deafening as the Soul-eater continued passing through several more supreme worlds. It was now only a few million miles away now. It would only take it a split second to cross this distance with its fast travelling speed.

The Sacred Supreme Lords were naturally overjoyed. If the Soul-eater managed to kill all these Supreme Lords in one go then that would save them a great deal of effort in truly conquering the Evolutionary Universe. After all, the Sacred race had lost so many Supreme Lords on their side and if they acted rashly now, they were afraid that they would lose more.

However, at that moment, a pillar of blazing light appeared in front of Zen. From the space crack emerged a burly figure.

"Blayd? No. You're too injured... You don't have to fight!" Zen told him. He had thought that it was the blue-clothed woman that was going to make her move.

Blayd's body was currently bathed in blood. After that slap from the Soul-eater, his body was worse for wear: he had broken bones and muscles all over his body, and blood that poured continuously from his wounds. His entire body was like a porcelain figure which was fit together with broken pieces.

"Huff, huff…"

Blayd breathed heavily. "I promised you that I would help you kill those three enemies. I'm not someone who goes back on their word."

Zen shook his head. "You're not that guy's match. Moreover, you've already helped me kill three True Gods: Mateo, Pranav, and Marko!"

"Hahaha! The warriors of the War God Hall always keep their promises. I cannot go against my heart."

As he said this, a heroic aura burst forth from Blayd's body. The wounds he had endured suddenly healed and a fighting intent, fiercer than before, emanated from him. This fighting intent turned into bands of light that visibly surrounded him in ripples.

"Grand Fighting Technique!"

"Six-Five Fist!"

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!

Six circular patterns suddenly appeared in front of Blayd. He grabbed each one and the six patterns quickly converged and glowed on his palm.

The aura then disappeared along with the fighting intent. At that moment, Blayd closed his fist which emitted a faint blue light from the patterns earlier. There was only determination in his eyes.

Deep in the dense fog of the divine land...

"Woodruff, this young man is not bad. He's a good person!"

"There aren't many people who have mastered the Six-Five Fist, not even in the War God Hall, right?"

"What a pity. There is a high possibility for him to die if he were to fight a Soul-eater head-on."

"Blayd! Don't be a fool!" A roar reverberated in the fog from the Holy Being of the War God Hall.

Blayd's spirit was very admirable but his actions were no different from suicide. The War God Hall had searched for him for so long and the moment he appeared, it seemed that he was about to give his life away for the virtue of the fight.

Holy Beings were forbidden from interfering in the war between universes, Mike and Murphy were no exception. The consequences of breaking the rules written on the stone slab were too serious for them to bear.

"You… Do you still not want to come out?"

Zen asked a second time. He also didn't want Blayd to lose his life like this.

"Alas…"

A faint sigh murmured near his ear. The sigh was almost inaudible but a voice then began to speak softly in his mind. "I indeed do not want to reveal myself so I can only borrow your body for now. I hope you don't mind, Master. Hehe…"

There was another soft laugh that gradually faded out.

At the next moment, Zen suddenly felt as if he had lost control of his own body!

It seemed that the blue-clothed woman had possessed him!

Zen couldn't help but feel as if he had been tricked.

The Enslaving Token ensured that he had that woman under his thumb but she was able to take over his body so easily. This was quite ironic and far too much.

However, no matter how loud he yelled in madness, nobody would really be able to hear him.

The moment she took control of his body, she had already isolated his soul from his mind. At that moment, Zen didn't even have the ability to release his perception.

"Zen? What are you doing?"

Lavender asked as she looked at Zen strangely.

Before she could stop him, Zen had already darted past and arrived in front of Blayd! Zen's movements were too fast. What she saw was only a flash of light in the whole process.

His movements also stunned the Supreme Lords. Supreme Lord of Oracle and the others also couldn't help but look at Supreme Lord Healum.

Zen was only a world lord who could cross a distance of 10, 000 miles at most using Grand Teleportation. Blayd had been millions of miles away from him so it was impossible for him to have gotten so close at such a short amount of time. Had Supreme Lord Healum thrown Zen using the Space Lock?

What was his purpose in sending Zen there? Did he want to send the young man to his death?

Noticing the strange looks the other Supreme Lords were giving him, Supreme Lord Healum was quick to prove his innocence. He shook his head fervently. "This... It's not me! I have long since unshackled the Space Lock on Zen!"

"Then how did he do it?" one of the Supreme Lords asked.

"How should I know?" Supreme Lord Healum shot back. "There are a lot of unimaginable things that had already happened to that guy. Ask him yourself!"

"What should we do now? Should we go to help him?" Supreme Lord of Oracle did not care why Zen was suddenly behaving like this, all she cared about was his safety.

Master Feng frowned as the Evolution Lotus Flower spun above his head. "Let us watch what will happen first. Zen would never act so rashly. He might be planning something."

Meanwhile, Blayd was already brimming with fighting intent and was ready to unleash his Six-Five Fist. Zen's sudden appearance suddenly threw him off. "What are you doing here?"

Zen merely smiled at him and Blayd couldn't help but feel something strange with that smile. "Step back," Zen told him.

The tone and the expression on Zen's face confused Blayd greatly. He knew that the voice was Zen's but it was definitely another person. Why did he feel as if the young man's manner resembled that of the blue-clothed woman?

Thinking quickly, Blayd finally realized what just happened. Just as he was about to speak, Zen had already placed his hand on his shoulder. An intense mysterious aura hit Blayd on the face as Zen made a strange gesture by pressing the tips of his thumb and forefinger together while keeping the other three fingers raised. The young man then lightly brushed against Blayd's shoulder with his fingers.

Blayd suddenly felt himself shooting backwards before smashing into the supreme world where the Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe were staying.

Just as Zen pushed Blayd away, the Soul-eater burst forth and suddenly charged towards him. Zen quickly turned and brushed his hand upwards towards the monster. As his fingers lightly brushed his opponent, Zen was able to skillfully change the Soul-eater's direction and made it charge up into the sky!

Chapter 2094 Explosion

As soon as the Soul-eater flew upwards, Zen's gaze followed it. In a flash he disappeared from where he stood.

The next moment, he appeared right above the Soul-eater. He twisted his body in an astonishing way and rammed his elbow into the monster's head.

Thump!

The elbow struck with a dull sound. The amount of energy Zen put did not have much impact.

But despite the blunt blow, the Soul-eater started rapidly descending.

"Aargh! The pain! What did you do?"

Physically, the Soul-eater did not seem to have suffered any heavy injuries, and the top of its head was not at all damaged in the least. But it seemed to be in enormous pain. The faint green light in its eyes grew brighter by the minute, and its entire body started expanding once again. Its incomparably vicious aura began to spread out in all directions, causing the hearts of all the living beings within a radius of ten million miles to sink.

However, despite this sight, Zen hardly felt any trace of fear. His body vanished and appeared below the Soul-eater, which was now looming like a giant mountain. In front of this monstrous being, Zen looked like a tiny sparrow.

But the tiny sparrow launched a ferocious attack on the behemoth beast, forcefully lifting it up. At the same time, one could hear the painful roar of the Soul-eater.

Zen's blow was so enormous that every attack had a painful effect on the Soul-eater. And with each pain, the monster increased in size. So by now, the Soul-eater had become like a giant ball that Zen kept kicking.

The Supreme Lords of both sides looked at Zen, their facial expressions filled with mixed emotions. They couldn't believe their eyes at the sight they were witnessing.

"How in the world does he manage to do this?"

"Has Zen actually condensed the Godly Tile and become a True God?"

"That long-haired man is an extremely powerful True God, but he isn't a match for the Soul-eater. Even if Zen has condensed the Godly Tile, he can't really fight against that monster!"

The Supreme Lords whispered amongst themselves. Zen's performance was definitely a good news for the Evolutionary Universe. However, this scene was simply too shocking. Even Supreme Lord of Oracle and the others found it hard to accept.

"No, he hasn't condensed the Godly Tile," Master Feng said, shaking his head in denial. "His Lotus Flower hasn't fully bloomed for him to become a complete Godly Genius."

As the controller of the Evolution Lotus Flower, Master Feng was very clear on the degree of blooming of every martial artist in the universe, and the Lotus Flowers of the ten Godly Geniuses were his top priorities. After returning from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, barring Zen, all the Godly Geniuses' Lotus Flowers had bloomed in immediate succession. But this did not deter Zen's strength.

"Then how do you explain this marvelous feat? There has to be some major reason behind this!" The Supreme Lords couldn't figure it out despite their vast knowledge. It was all a very appalling matter for them, as they had never experienced such a situation before!

Blayd's entire body was embedded in an iron cast. He came in this situation after being tackled by Zen. The blue-clothed woman injected a surge of power inside him, which restricted his movements. It was obvious that the blue-clothed woman did not want him to fight again.

When he heard the discussions of the Supreme Lords, he only smiled faintly. Although he could speak, he didn't bother to explain it to them.

The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race might be the most depressed now. Although Mateo had defeated Wynn, he was suppressed by Blayd. Therefore, he had no choice but to resort to the Soul-eater Summoning Method. They seemed to be gripped with anxiety. Every time they thought their victory was in sight, someone would suddenly appear and crush their hopes.

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

Zen's every attack made it more painful for the Soul-eater. As the pain became more and more intense, the Soul-eater continuously expanded.

Soon the Soul-eater had reached a height of over 10, 000 miles that could be compared to the size of a supreme world. Such an enormous creature stood between the heaven and earth, and was visible to many from far away.

The Soul-eater seemed to have reached the limit of its growth. It was like a ball that was blown up to its full extent. The dark golden skin on its body had already become translucent.

Compared to such a huge creature, Zen's image was a minuscule that could be ignored.

Zen appeared on the giant belly of the Soul-eater. The belly's surface was so large that it could hold tens of thousands of cities. He narrowed his eyes and a mysterious smile appeared on his face.

"Let's end this. The Soul-eater Summoning Method shouldn't have existed between heaven and earth. It will be a relief to you as well. You will thank me later!"

After saying this, Zen knelt down on one knee on the Soul-eater's belly. He extended his hand, the tips of his thumb and the forefinger touching the belly, while he raised the other three fingers. He gently drew a cyan line across the belly. In the blink of an eye, the line extended from a few inches to several tens of feet and to several miles.

Soon, a huge pattern appeared on the belly of the Soul-eater.

"It's the Soul-eater Removing Technique!"

"That's impossible! Secondary creatures can't cultivate the Soul-eater Removing Technique. How did he manage to cultivate it in the Evolutionary Universe?"

"There's something strange and special about him! He can't achieve such a feat!"

The Holy Beings from the Hall of Holy Beings quickly figured out what was going on.

Despite the long distance between them and Zen, they were still able to see that there was something wrong with Zen.

"Ouch!"

When the pattern appeared, the Soul-eater looked even more painful. It furiously flapped its huge arms around its belly.

Zen smiled faintly and disappeared from where he stood.

In a flash, he appeared next to Blayd. With the blue-clothed woman's highest cultivation level, he was able to freely move around the universe without anyone stopping him.

"It's all over." Zen lightly patted Blayd's shoulder, and then leaped up and walked towards the Supreme Lords. However, before he could take a few steps, he suddenly went limp and fell to the ground.

"Zen! Are you all right?" Lavender looked anxious as she swiftly stepped forward to help Zen. The scene that had just occurred had an astounding effect on her.

When Zen got up, he had a depressed look on his face.

The cultivation of the blue-clothed woman had reached an astounding level. She used his body to resist the Soul-eater without using too much strength, but just with these simple methods, she was able to easily subdue that monster. Her understanding of strength had already reached a level that Zen could not comprehend.

"Don't worry. It's over," Zen comforted Lavender as he looked at her anxious face.

As soon as he finished his sentence, the Soul-eater started to moan again. The body that was already unimaginably huge started to swell again. It had already expanded to its limit before, so it could no longer bear further inflation.

Bang!

Finally the body exploded with an earth-shattering explosion.

It sounded like hundreds of stars exploding together. Such was the impact of this explosion. The shockwave spread out in all directions, and its power was even greater than before. With the place where the Soul-eater exploded as the center, hundreds of supreme worlds around were completely destroyed. Countless living beings were instantly turned into dust.

The only ones to survive the explosion were the Supreme Lords from the Evolutionary Universe as well as from the Sacred race. If one were to look down from above, he or she would be able to see that the densely-packed supreme worlds were neatly arranged together like discs. But now the image was scarred with a huge hole in the Thoughtless Minds, which was caused by the explosion of the Soul-eater.

"It's definitely over," Supreme Lord of Oracle muttered.

Although there were still over a dozen Supreme Lords and the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race in front of her, the disparity in strength was too great. There was no longer any powerhouse left for the Murphy Universe to fight.

Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, Supreme Lord Mathias, Supreme Lord Amritpal, and the others looked on with an expression of gratitude.

They once lost all hope of winning this war. Hence they were immensely grateful and relieved to win this war in such a manner. They could proudly admit that it was all because of Zen's bravery. So much so that the efforts of the Supreme Lords were almost insignificant.

The Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race looked completely shocked at the spectacle that unfolded in front of him.

He was the highest ranking Supreme Lord in the Sacred race, and also the possessor of the Heavens-suppressing Object. In the Murphy Universe, he even had the ability to communicate with Murphy, who was the creator. The entire universe was the sole creation of Murphy, including the Grand Supreme Lord.

He never thought that Murphy and the Sacred race would fail so miserably! However, now that the situation had developed to this point, the chances they had vanished into thin air.

Chapter 2095 Holy Being's Sword Strike (Part One)

The Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race and other Sacred Supreme Lords were all shocked and upset. Displeased expressions were revealed in their faces.

The dozen or so Sacred Supreme Lords stood there still like blocks of wood. All of their minds were in chaos.

The head of the Celestial Position race, Master Feng, stood formidably on the Evolution Lotus Flower. The Evolution Lotus Flower continued to spin around and floated towards the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race. The eyes of the head of the Celestial Position race flickered as he looked at the Grand Supreme Lord. He then asked with an arrogant tone, "Are you guys going to kill yourselves here, or are you trying to struggle in vain?"

The Grand Supreme Lord lifted his head and looked at the head of the Celestial Position race with a complicated expression in his eyes. Despair seemed to have enveloped him. Meanwhile, the spinulose wood fern behind him was already dark and without light. As the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race, his best course of action was to let everyone escape back to the Murphy Universe. However, would they be able to survive such a miserable situation?

Suddenly, a strange sound rang out.

The mysterious sound echoed throughout the area.

"Pop, pop, pop..."

The sound was like that made by a woodpecker when it continuously knocked against a hollow tree.

It seemed like the noise came from all directions. Everyone present could hear it clearly. However, they could not find the source of the sound!

"Pop, pop, pop..."

The sound continued to reverberate...

Soon, both Zen and Lavender raised their heads and looked up at the same time.

All of the Supreme Lords present at the area also looked up. Their eyes continued to search for the source of the noise...

The mysterious sound actually came from high above the sky of the Evolutionary Universe.

The height of the Evolutionary Universe was limited. It would undoubtedly have a boundary up in the sky.

High above in the sky, the stars moved slow. A dark void lingered above the stars. At the very top of this void was the dome of the Evolutionary Universe. The dome was formed by the Sighing Wall to seal the Evolutionary Universe off from the outside world.

The bottom of the universe was the deepest part of the Lower World, while the dome was the highest part of the universe. The universe was so vast that the distance between the two points was 180 billion trillion miles.

The mysterious voice came from such a far distance away...

Not only the Supreme Lords but almost all of the creatures within the Evolutionary Universe heard the sound. Most of them focused their sights on the heavens.

Countless mortals in one hundred thousand supreme worlds all raised their heads to stare at the sky. Frightened expressions decorated their faces as cold sweat trickled down their backs.

Although the sound had no particular message, it still shook the entire universe!

They were just like the crew of a large vessel, and anxiety would envelop anyone who suddenly heard strange noises from the ship they were at.

"Pop, pop, pop..."

"What the hell is that sound? Who's making that noise?"

"Is someone playing a prank with a Roaring Token?"

"We often hear the sound spreading from the Roaring Token. We're quite familiar with how it enters our minds. But this sound is completely different from the one that comes from a Roaring Token."

The Roaring Token forced the voice into the ears of every living being through the Law of Causality. Even if one were to cover their ears, they would not be able to resist the sound from a Roaring Token.

However, at that moment, the voice was transmitted from the dome of the universe...

Supreme Lord of Oracle, Master Feng, Zen, and the rest also looked at each other in dismay. Bewilderment was apparent in their expressions as they were utterly clueless about what had just happened.

Every creature was confused about the mysterious sound.

The divine land was in an uproar at that time.

"Murphy! What the hell are you doing? Are you courting death?"

"Stop, Murphy. You can't break the rules. The power of the stone slab is unimaginable!"

"Is Murphy insane?"

"Ha-ha. He's asking for it. Everyone, just ignore him!"

The voices of Holy Beings could be heard one after another. Different opinions reverberated throughout their discussion.

Some Holy Beings mocked Murphy, some were surprised, some dissuaded him, and some tried their hardest to persuade him. All of their opinions were heard by Murphy.

However, Murphy was not affected by them at all!

Not long after, a crack appeared in the dome of the Evolutionary Universe!

A long zigzag line suddenly appeared with a dark premonition on the dome.

The Sighing Wall, which was over a thousand miles thick and extremely sturdy, actually cracked! No one had thought that such a thing would be possible.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The sound of the Sighing Wall breaking spread throughout the Evolutionary Universe. It was like the noise made by the keel of a massive ship when it was torn apart. Panic and confusion caused everyone's heart to palpitate.

As the sound continued, the crack on the dome relentlessly grew bigger for millions of miles.

The bright light of the Sighing Wall reflected off the crack. Countless mortals in the one hundred thousand supreme worlds discovered that a strange star appeared in the sky. The mysterious star was far larger than any ordinary star. Similar to a giant spider that lay with dangerous intentions, the star settled suspiciously in the sky...

Bang! A thunderous noise was heard by everyone.

As the entire Evolutionary Universe began to shake, a voice came out from the crack in the dome of the Evolutionary Universe. Everything shook as the voice reverberated through the Evolutionary Universe. The voice was solemn as if it could command all living things and control everyone's life and death!

"No matter who you are, just go to hell!"

"Splash..."

Suddenly, a beam of soft light flashed from the crack in the dome.

Chapter 2096 Holy Being's Sword Strike (Part Two)

It was a cross-shaped sword light!

The cross-shaped sword light seemed to possess the power to destroy the worlds. Without any delay, the sword light hacked down towards Zen from above!

Along the way, the sword light collided with many stars...

However, as soon as the sword light touched the stars, they would be completely destroyed. Without any exception, the stars were obliterated by the sword light.

"This is..."

After he looked at the ray of sword light, the head of the Celestial Position race took a deep breath.

"This is troublesome. A Holy Being has finally taken action," Blayd said as he frowned. Distress was apparent in his eyes. Additionally, he also once again made a guess at what had really happened.

Once a war between two universes began, it was almost impossible for Holy Beings in the two universes to meddle in the war. The stone slab with the rules recorded on it was not just for show. The rules were supposed to be followed by everyone in the divine land, even the Holy Beings. Once the rules were broken, even a Holy Being would be punished and pay a heavy price.

Blayd had also heard of the feud between Murphy and Mike. Even if these two Holy Beings were mortal enemies, there was no need for Murphy to be in such a rush. However, Murphy badly desired Zen's death, and even the terror from the punishment of the stone slab was not enough to discourage him.

The punishment must be considered dangerous and risky to his own life...

Since Murphy willingly accepted the punishment of the stone slab in order to kill Zen, then there must be a hidden reason behind his actions.

"Does the Holy Being really make a move?"

"Everyone, run away!"

"Where should we go? Can we even escape a Holy Being's attack?"

All of the Supreme Lords present were shocked by the scene. Nervousness had already crippled their hearts.

When the war began, the Supreme Lords considered themselves the protagonists of the war. However, it was not long before they realized that it was the disciples of the Holy Beings, the True Gods, who decided the victory or defeat of the war.

In the end, they finally understood that they were only mere pawns in the catastrophic war.

Who would have thought that even the Holy Being would get involved now! The Supreme Lords thought of themselves as mere ants in a storm.

"Holy Murphy!"

"Plop!"

The Grand Supreme Lord knelt on the ground all of a sudden. His face was painted with submission to authority.

The dim and gloomy spinulose wood fern seemed to sense Murphy's aura. At that moment, waves of precious light constantly flashed within the trunk of the tree.

"Plop, plop, plop..."

The Supreme Lords of the Sacred race knelt down one after another. Murphy was the God of Creation in the Murphy Universe. His existence was also the faith of all the members of the Sacred race. It was only at that moment that they realized that Murphy hadn't abandoned them.

The Holy Being himself had personally made a move!

Since the Holy Being was forced to take action, would the Murphy Universe still have a chance of victory?

"Boom, boom, boom..."

As the cross-shaped sword right continued to descend, more and more stars collided with it. Naturally, the number of stars that were shattered by the sword light increased as well. Thunderous sounds of explosions resounded throughout the entire universe. Each explosion brought fear into the hearts of the creatures that heard it.

Zen raised his head to look at the sky and remained motionless. The cross-shaped sword light reflected in his black eyes. He knew that he could not avoid the sword light, and the sword strike from a Holy Being was not so easy to dodge. Conviction was apparent in his eyes. Then he said calmly, "Lavender, you should leave here now..."

When Lavender heard Zen's words, she suddenly grabbed Zen's hand. Moisture began to invade her eyes as she shook her head. "I'm not leaving!"

"It's meaningless to die here with me," Zen said resolutely. His expression was accompanied by intense yet merciful eyes.

His father had speculated a lot of things and left enough trump cards to help Zen win the war. But he had never thought that Murphy would personally take action. Such a rash action was unforeseen.

However, even if Mike had predicted that Murphy would act, he could still do nothing about it. Helplessness would cripple him. After all, currently, Mike was no different from a dead man. He couldn't fight against another Holy Being!

"Alas, I didn't want to reveal my real body here, but it seems like I have no other choice. This unusual circumstance has forced me to do this..."

A faint voice suddenly sounded out in the ears of all the Supreme Lords. The voice contained a mysterious quality that left an impression they could never forget for the rest of their lives!

Suddenly, the woman in blue clothes appeared in front of Zen. A beautiful face partnered by a slim figure made the woman irresistibly gorgeous. She looked at Zen with a resentful expression. "Why did you ask me for help before? Why don't you ask for help now? Are you afraid that I cannot withstand the Holy Being's sword strike?"

Zen stared at the woman in blue and smiled faintly. Afterward, he showed a callous expression and replied honestly, "Yes!"

"You just underestimate me too much." The woman in blue shook her head. A pout was seen in her delicate lips. She then looked towards the sky. "I am not a match for the Holy Being, but it shouldn't be difficult for me to block this sword strike..."

After they saw her appear suddenly, all of the Supreme Lords were shocked once more. They couldn't believe that she would attempt to block the Holy Being's sword strike! Wasn't the woman in blue way too arrogant?

Chapter 2097 Estelle Shi

The moment the blue-clothed woman appeared, another commotion broke out in the dense fog deep within the divine land.

These Holy Beings were the strongest existences within the divine land. They had lived for hundreds of thousands of years and were rarely surprised by anything. But now, every Holy Being in the Hall of Holy Beings were utterly dumbfounded. As they gasped, their voices were full of great surprise, as if the appearance of this woman in the Evolutionary Universe was inconceivable.

"This woman… Isn't she Estelle Shi?!"

"This is unbelievable! Estelle is actually still alive!"

"Why would she appear in the Evolutionary Universe? Didn't she disappear after she took over the Soul Wilderness? Holy Zakaria even went into the depths of the Soul Wilderness to search for her. Not only did he find nothing, but his life vitality weakened considerably once he came out of the Soul Wilderness!"

This blue-clothed girl was named Estelle Shi, a legendary figure in the divine land.

She was also the only True God that had stepped into the depths of the Soul Wilderness and taken control of it. Ruling the Soul Wilderness was an unimaginable feat, even for a Holy Being. But Estelle Shi had done it, which was why it was not an exaggeration for Estelle Shi to be called the number one woman in the divine land.

The woman had also attracted the attention of some Holy Beings. One of them was Zakaria Jian, who was also known as Holy Zakaria.

In the past, Estelle Shi had hidden in the Soul Wilderness where even Holy Beings couldn't enter easily. Holy Zakaria had searched for her in the Soul Wilderness several times but to no avail. What was worse, he had encountered a lot of troubles in the Soul Wilderness and as a result, his life vitality had depleted greatly. He had to return to the Hall of Holy

Beings to recuperate for two divine eras before recovering completely. There were some forbidden places in the divine land that even Holy Beings could not recklessly break into.

A few other Holy Beings were also searching for this woman. She had something to do with a very important secret of the Soul Wilderness.

Several divine eras ago, Estelle Shi had suddenly disappeared from the divine land. Even Holy Beings had failed to find her.

There had been rumors that Estelle Shi had escaped from the divine land and stepped into the endless chaos outside it. There were also rumors that she had died.

These rumors had been circulating for many years, but they gradually faded away with the passage of time.

It was only when some True Gods roamed the Soul Wilderness that they would occasionally mention the woman who once controlled the Soul Wilderness. After all, before her, not even a Holy Being had been able to control the Soul Wilderness.

Estelle Shi was gradually being forgotten and became history.

But the Holy Beings had surprisingly good memories. They would remember every single detail of the past.

So the moment Estelle Shi appeared on the scene, every Holy Being in the Hall of Holy Beings was puzzled. Just where did this woman pop out from? Had she been hiding in the Evolutionary Universe this entire time?

A tall, middle-aged man was standing outside the dome of the Evolutionary Universe.

This man was dressed in a golden coat armor and held the Mantra Sword in his hand. His eyes glinted gently, just like the light on the spinulose wood fern only purer and thicker. This was Murphy, the Holy Murphy!

His anger simmered down a little the moment he used the Mantra Sword to strike.

He had spent a lot of effort to break through the Sighing Wall and had sent out many Sacred Supreme Lords into the war. He had exhausted so much momentum and countless resources in order to change the rules on the stone slab and to send three of his disciples to fight the war.

In the end, he still had to take action himself.

This strike was enough to destroy Mike's hopes.

But he would have to pay a huge price in exchange for it.

Even a Holy Being would not dare violate the rules on the stone slab, because they would then have to accept the punishment from the slab.

But it was completely worth it.

Mike was like a centipede that did not topple over even when dead. Murphy was still afraid of Mike's counterattack. If he were to cut off the most important link, Mike's entire plan would be shattered.

Only by doing this would he be able to rest easy.

In the depths of the Hall of Holy Beings and on the edge of a shoal by the Time Sea, stood a stone slab that was ten thousand feet high.

The stone slab was engraved with a number of small characters, some of which were ordinary characters, but there were also a few that were in golden colored Sanskrit.

It was this stone slab that had recorded the large and small rules of the entire divine land.

These rules were different from the laws on the Godly Way Tablets. The rules on the stone slab were like the laws of the entire divine land; they couldn't be disobeyed or violated, not even by the Holy Beings.

Holy Beings could formulate and modify the rules to a certain extent, but they would still have to pay a considerable price.

For example, Murphy had changed a rule so that three True Gods could be sent to fight the war between the universes.

When Murphy had shattered the Sighing Wall of the Evolutionary Universe and slashed through the dome with his sword, an azure bolt of lightning had appeared on the stone slab.

This lightning seemed ordinary.

Any martial artist who had comprehended the first layer of the Thunder Law could achieve that. But even a Holy Being would be afraid of this lightning that emerged from this stone slab.

The azure lightning instantly shot out with a crack, forming a lightning chain.

It rushed out of the Time Sea, passing through the Hall of Holy Beings and all the big and small Floating Islands that the clans of Holy Beings inhabited, and headed straight for Murphy.

Murphy was instantly bound by this lightning chain.

Murphy didn't resist. He knew that he couldn't defy the punishment of the stone slab. When he had shattered the dome of the Evolutionary Universe, he had been ready to accept punishment. But now that he was bound by the lighting chain, the blue-clothed woman had suddenly appeared within his field of vision.

"Estelle?"

Murphy's eyes widened as panic began to take place within their depths. He was blanking out, because he hadn't expected this to happen.

He watched as she opened her arms, flowers blooming around her, dancing in the air, and forming a grand array that stretched for ten thousand miles around her.

Was she trying to stop his strike?

"No, no! Estelle! What do you want? We can talk, but you can't stop me!"

Murphy roared, his voice ringing out of the dome of the Evolutionary Universe.

He wanted to break free of the lightning chain and rush into the Evolutionary Universe. But the lightning that had shot out of the stone slab had an absolute binding power in the divine land. Even if he was a Holy Being, he had no chance of breaking free.

"No!

No!"

Despite his constant growling, the lightning chain eventually dragged him away.

But his voice still echoed within the Evolutionary Universe. The Holy Being's final roar filled the hearts of all the secondary creatures in the Evolutionary Universe with wariness.

A mysterious smile played on Estelle's lips as she looked at the dome of the Evolutionary Universe.

"I'm sorry, Holy Murphy. I didn't mean to make things difficult for you. I was enslaved and controlled by Zen," she said.

Murphy obviously couldn't hear her. If he could, he would be furious.

The next moment, a sea of flowers surrounded the woman.

As she made a gesture in which her fingers were shaped like an orchid and waved her hands, the petals began to dance in the air. They formed into a tornado of petals that faced Murphy's sword slash.

The power behind Murphy's strike was no joke. Anyone who touched the sword radiance would be destroyed instantly.

The same was true for the beautiful petals. The moment the soft petals touched the sword radiance, they disappeared without a trace.

However, the petals left dark spots the size of a copper coin on the wide sword radiance.

Each petal could leave a dark spot, and such a large number of petals were like a rain of petals rushing towards the sword radiance. The sword radiance had eliminated the petals, but the petals were also eroding the sword radiance.

As the two strong powers clashed, the petals scattered, and the gigantic sword radiance began to shrink rapidly like a piece of ice in summer.

The ray of sword radiance had an astonishing momentum.

When it was a million miles away from Zen, there was only half the sword radiance left.

When it was 300, 000 miles away, more than half of it had been eroded by the petals, leaving only a third of the original.

When the sword radiance was 100, 000 miles away, it was only one-tenth of what it originally had been.

And when it finally landed in front of Zen, the petals had already wrapped around Zen. At this moment, the sword radiance was only a 100 millionth of the original and the size of a finger. Its power was negligible!

But it still landed on Zen's forehead.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2098 Comprehension

Although the power of the sword light that was only a few inches long was not great, the sword light was still exceptionally sharp when activated by the Mantra Sword and used by a Holy Being.

It actually cut open the space between Zen's eyebrows, leaving a gaping wound three inches long on his forehead!

"Splash!"

Golden blood gushed out freely from Zen's forehead...

The three-inch long sword light was just about to cut into Zen's bone and brain.

At the side, as Estelle extended her hand, a jade light flashed and blocked the sword light. Then, she waved one hand around the sword light, and a speck of jade light flowed out from her nimble fingers and formed a jade-colored ball of light, trapping the three-inch long sword light inside!

However, Lavender, who stayed close by, made a sad face. "You can obviously eliminate this sword light, but why did you leave behind this section of light and let it injure Zen?"

Although Zen was injured, this wound was clearly not a major injury. However, Lavender still felt sorry for him.

After Estelle glanced at Lavender, she turned to say to Zen, "You are a sword cultivator, and the sword intent contained in Murphy's Mantra Godly Way is also extremely powerful. This sword strike landed on your forehead, allowing you to comprehend the true intent of the swordsmanship. The extent of your comprehension will depend on your own ability."

If a Holy Being were to make a move, it would send shock waves throughout the entire world. Perhaps no one would be able to survive the Holy Being's sword attack.

On top of that, Murphy launched the sword strike with his full strength this time!

However, Estelle decided upon an artful method to resolve it. She even left the three-inch long sword light for Zen to understand.

When Zen heard what Estelle said, his heart missed a beat. He hadn't progressed in his comprehension of the swordsmanship for a long time, nor had he even been able to progress on the Emotion Closing Godly Way. This was one of Zen's bottlenecks!

With a flick of Estelle's finger, the ball of light floated to a position in front of Zen.

Just now, when Zen's forehead was cut open, what followed was not an ice-cold sword intent, but an extremely gentle sword intent.

The sword intent that Zen had comprehended before had been extremely sharp and fierce, and Zen had cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way, which pursued the ultimate sharpness. Therefore, the Emotion Closing Godly Way required one to put aside all their emotions and to possess an undisturbed heart. Only in this way were they able to launch the most powerful sword strike!

As for Murphy's swordsmanship, it was completely different from any ordinary swordsmanship. It was in every way extremely inclusive. What he pursued was not the ultimate sharpness, but consummation!

Make a complicated thing simple...

Turn a simple thing into something more complicated...

Zen's forehead twitched and he could tell that the wound was rapidly healing. Zen could only feel that he had caught on to some important points. However, these points seemed to be hidden in the mist, making it difficult for him to grasp them clearly.

Estelle smiled slightly. "It is great when you can comprehend something after being cut by the sword. However, don't think that you can rely on the three-inch long sword light to completely comprehend Murphy's swordsmanship. That is wishful thinking. The sword light can still be kept in my Time Cage for a period of time, so hurry up and comprehend it yourself."

Zen simply nodded.

If a martial artist wanted to break through their bottleneck, they must go through many years of cultivation, or else they had to gain epiphany by going through hundreds of battles.

It was certainly wishful thinking for Zen to intend to completely comprehend the swordsmanship after just being hit by the sword strike.

However, his previous comprehension had indeed yielded some benefits for him. The three-inch long sword light was extremely useful to his swordsmanship. Therefore, he carefully stored the jade-colored ball of light away...

The woman in blue who had suddenly appeared had disintegrated Murphy's sword strike.

This surprised the Supreme Lords in the universe and the Sacred Supreme Lords, and they were all speechless.

The woman chatted freely with Zen. Besides her beautiful face and her mysterious attractiveness, there didn't seem to be anything special about her appearance. However, every Supreme Lord who looked at her had a face filled with great reverence.

For some reason this woman was incredibly scary...

Even Master Feng and the others would not utter a single word. They were content to let Zen talk to her and discuss the plan of action!

The Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race was still kneeling on the ground. To behold their creator was the greatest possible honor for every Sacred martial artist. But, Murphy's situation at this time caused them to fall into even greater despair.

If even Holy Murphy could be blocked by this woman, then what hope did the Sacred race have now?

The Grand Supreme Lord and the remaining Sacred Supreme Lords behind him slowly rose to their feet...

After the Grand Supreme Lord had licked his dry lips, he said softly, "We lost, but the mission given to us by Holy Murphy must still be continued. He told us to pay attention to the Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe; they are of supreme importance! Now I understand. He was referring to the most important person! And only that one!"

The supreme world fragment under the feet of the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race was moving away from Zen and the others. Although they were separated by a great distance and the Grand Supreme Lord did not point out the most important person, the Sacred Supreme Lords behind him clearly understood that the Grand Supreme Lord was referring to Zen.

This person was crucial...

Just now, Murphy had tried with all his might to kill this young man, but he was not able to do it.

Now that the Sacred race had totally lost the war, their last purpose was to find a way to kill Zen. All of the Sacred Supreme Lords present knew that this was an impossible mission.

What they were actually pursuing was just a worthy death.

"Kill," the Grand Supreme Lord spoke.

The surviving Sacred Supreme Lords also exploded with the strong killing intent as they unleashed their own treasures and Heavenly Destiny...

Blood-colored Space Laws were formed. After they employed the Grand Teleportation technique, they all rushed towards Zen!

"Are these guys really that anxious to die?" Blayd chuckled as he stood up.

"They aren't qualified to fight even when their lives are on the line." Supreme Lord of Oracle raised her eyebrows. The entire Humanity Alliance had been destroyed in the Sacred race's invasion. Thus she really hated the Sacred Supreme Lords!

"They just want a decent way to die, so let's kill them," Master Feng uttered, correctly interpreting the Grand Supreme Lord's thoughts.

The path of martial arts was a road filled with helplessness. Even the True Gods in the divine land could do nothing of their own free wills. True, they could be immortal, without being fettered by their lifespan, but in the end, even greater shackles were placed on them.

The last wave of attacks from the Sacred Supreme Lords were directed straight at Zen. Unfortunately for them, just as they executed the Grand Teleportation technique, they were blocked by Master Feng and the others. After that, Blayd activated his fighting intent and joined the fray. In this situation, the Sacred Supreme Lords were at a distinct disadvantage.

As the heavens of the Murphy Universe continued to shake, all of the remaining Supreme Lords fell to the ground and died.

The shock of the heavens was originally transmitted only through the Heavenly Destiny, and was only detected by the Supreme Lords. When the Grand Supreme Lord died, Blayd also smashed the spinulose wood fern to pieces!

Although the Heavens-suppressing Object that the Grand Supreme Lord controlled was not the true form of the spinulose wood fern, it still had a great impact on the Murphy Universe. Under the crazy vibration of the heavens, all of the Sacred martial artists in the Murphy Universe could sense it.

From that point onwards, not one Supreme Lord remained in the Murphy Universe.

However, the loss of the Supreme Lords of the Murphy Universe wasn't a major blow to Murphy. After dissipating, the Heavenly Destiny would automatically return to the heavens and appear again in some form in the Murphy Universe.

For example, the Heavenly Destiny in the Evolutionary Universe took the form of the Crown of Destiny, and the Heavenly Destiny in the Murphy Universe would appear in some corner of the universe in the form of the Heavenly Destiny seed.

However, the entire Sacred race's force had been stable for countless years. With the retraction of the Heavenly Destiny, the Sacred race could start to experience intense internal strife and upheaval. That wasn't what Murphy wanted to see...

Chapter 2099 The Bicker

All of the remaining Supreme Lords of the Sacred race had perished. This meant none other than the end of the universal war.

To the Evolutionary Universe, this war was still a massive calamity.

Countless supreme worlds had been shattered; countless kingdoms had been destroyed and it was hard to even estimate the number of warriors that had been killed.

All the same though, like the aftermath of a forest fire, destruction also meant rebirth.

Here, in the Evolutionary Universe, there were only thirty-odd remaining Supreme Lords across all the land. In other words, there were over ninety current vacancies for Supreme Lords!

It was true that quite a high number of Evolutionary Universe's world lords had lost their lives in the battle, but the overall number of world lords was still good. The remaining two hundred thousand world lords would strive to fight for the Supreme Lord position.

That said, fighting for a position as a Supreme Lord was far from easy. After all, bearing the Crown of Destiny required time, and the Supreme Lords within the Evolutionary Universe weren't yet completely dead. In fact, it was highly plausible that the distribution of over ninety Crowns of Destiny was still controlled by the remaining thirty-odd Supreme Lords!

Due to the Sacred race invasion, all present Supreme Lords had dropped their prejudices. When it came to the interests of their own race though, the chances of conflict lingering between them were still great.

Given the fact that these Supreme Lords had passed through such a disastrous event together, the distribution of the Crowns of Destiny should no longer resort to force. It was now more likely than ever that it would be resolved through negotiation.

It wasn't long before Master Feng used the Roaring Token in order to announce the victory to the entire universe.

When Master Feng's voice echoed throughout the universe, the Evolution Lotus Flower became heavy once again. The "momentum" contained within the voice had more than doubled. All the intelligent creatures in the Evolutionary Universe began to celebrate.

Joy pervaded every mortal royal court, every temple, street, countless sacred places and divine kingdoms...

Not only were the intelligent beings affected by the atmosphere, but so were a few of the savage beasts, rare insects and plants. Heck, even the regular mountains and rivers seemed to be exuding a refreshing aura. This victory belonged to the entire universe, and this world was alive and thriving!

As Zen lay on a supreme world fragment, a sense of relief washed over him.

In order to survive this universal crisis, he had been extremely busy for dozens of years. Fortunately though, the result wasn't half bad at all.

Although Zen also understood that this was the end for everyone in the Evolutionary Universe, he knew his life was truly about to begin.

Now, he had to jump out of this universe and face the real enemy.

Speaking of which, he wasn't the only one who needed to jump out of the universe. The other Godly Geniuses were actually obliged to make this same choice.

"Margaret!"

As Zen stood up, a thought flashed through his mind and his eyebrows rose slightly.

A few seconds ago, for safety's sake, Supreme Lord Lester had left with Margaret's and Nathan's bodies in tow.

Although Zen was very confident in Supreme Lord Lester, he didn't know how things were going to play out.

Crack!

Out of nowhere, a space crack suddenly appeared.

From the crack emerged an agile figure. A pair of embroidered shoes tapped the air a few times before a woman pounced instantly into Zen's arms.

"Ahh... I really thought I was going to die this time!" Margaret cried in Zen's arms.

Not far away, the Supreme Lords looked at each other as they observed the scene. Lavender rubbed at her delicate ears and looked away with her red, somewhat puffy eyes. She was the one who had stayed the longest with Zen, and had long become accustomed to Margaret's appearance.

After being wrapped up tightly and hugged like an octopus, Zen felt rather embarrassed and a little helpless, at first. It was inappropriate to be intimate with Margaret in front of the Supreme Lords, but seconds later, he seemed to have understood something. With a faint smile, he held onto Margaret tightly.

It was precisely because of her sincerity that Margaret came off as totally adorable. And Zen was in no position to ask her to change.

However, just as Zen grasped onto her waist, she struggled out of his embrace and her shallow eyebrows immediately knitted themselves into a frown. She glared at the blue-clothed woman behind Zen and questioned him, "Zen, who is this woman? Where does she come from?"

Margaret had very developed senses and was likely to feel enmity toward any female that was around Zen.

It would have been fine if the blue-clothed woman was very ordinary, but this woman gave her a very special feeling. She immediately sensed that this woman was powerful and mysterious. Margaret had gone from a docile little sheep just a moment ago and transformed into a vicious lioness. This woman was the reason.

Margaret's actions had scared Master Feng and the others, though.

None Supreme Lords present were capable of seeing through this blue-clothed woman's cultivation base. This woman was a terrifying character that could resist even Murphy's sword strike. They didn't doubt that with her ability alone, she could slaughter all of the Supreme Lords present in the blink of an eye!

Such formidable masters were usually temperamental. They had a chance of winning this war all because the woman helped them at a crucial moment. If they angered her though, she might not let them get away that easily.

Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Oracle and the others were all heavy hearted and felt an overwhelming desire to cry.

"Margaret, don't speak nonsense! This lady has saved our lives!" Master Feng snapped, with an unprecedented sternness.

Although Margaret belonged to the Celestial Position, Master Feng had always treated her with a kind attitude, just like a grandfather would. He treated her in such a way in order to make her control the Gods Killing Sword Array. Despite that though, his sudden seriousness came off as a surprise, and it stunned Margaret for a short moment.

Faced with this situation, any other women, Lucille included, would have shut up immediately. After all, it was better to be sensible and get the priorities straight, right?

Margaret, on the other hand, was quite different.

After being scolded by Master Feng, she pouted and quickly responded, "So what if she saved our lives? Saving our lives means she can steal my man afterward? If we follow that line of thought, Supreme Lord Lester has also saved me, can he steal my man, too?"

"Ha-ha!"

Lavender, who was nearly always serious, couldn't contain herself and laughed out loud.

Blayd wanted to laugh too, but he didn't dare. Among all the people here, he was the only one who was absolutely clear on how terrifying this blue-clothed woman truly was.

As for those Supreme Lords, their faces had completely darkened. A few of them were now cautiously sizing up Estelle, afraid that this woman would anger quickly!

"Margaret!" Zen shouted. Zen felt that his only option was to try and stop Margaret before she grew more and more boisterous.

"Am I wrong?" Margaret questioned, wrinkling her brow.

At first, Zen wanted to reprimand her with an even harsher tone but when he thought of how she had just been resurrected, his heart softened and he became speechless instead.

Once Murphy's three-inch sword radiance was sealed off, Estelle kept looking upward, as if she was observing something in the sky. Upon hearing Margaret's words though, she recovered her senses. As she cast an indifferent glance at Margaret, her face immediately cracked a mysterious smile like a blooming cyan lotus, exuding an attraction that was almost fatal to any man who dared look in her direction.

The Supreme Lords here were much more experienced than the Emperors of the mortal world. The women by their sides were all stunning beauties, and many of them were even more outstanding than this blue-clothed woman. However, once they reached the Soul Sea Realm, it was quite easy to change their appearances, which then became unimportant. Despite that, this woman's temperament made all the present Supreme Lords flip out. Even Supreme Lord of Oracle, who was a woman, was no exception!

Estelle smiled faintly while taking two slow steps toward Margaret. Her brown eyes seemed to have countless souls circulating within them. She was the controller of the Soul Wilderness, and no one could surpass her study in soul throughout the whole of the divine land. With just a glance, she seemed to have the capacity to suck in Margaret's soul.

Before the blue-clothed woman, Margaret felt naked, completely exposed. Amidst her nervousness, she retreated behind Zen.

"Lady, Margaret is straightforward and outspoken. Please forgive her," Zen uttered, clasping his hands together.

Although he didn't know this mysterious blue-clothed woman at all, deep in his heart, Zen didn't feel as though she had any ill intentions toward him. He knew she wasn't a mean person overall, and this was just a small matter, so Zen wasn't very nervous.

"Never mind. I just have something I want to tell her," Estelle responded unexpectedly, with a cold smile on her face. "So what if I steal your man?"

As soon as these words were spoken, not only was Zen stunned, but the other Supreme Lords present were equally taken aback.

Even Blayd was dumbfounded at this reply. "She really is the number one extraordinary woman in all the divine land. She can say such words..."

"But... Your man is still a little too inexperienced," Estelle uttered lightly. "Now, I don't have much interest in him, but who knows if my interest will change in the future."

After that, she lightly swiped her pinky across Zen's forehead where the wound had nearly completely healed, leaving only a small cut. With her touch, the cut quickly disappeared.

Everything happened so quickly that even Zen himself hadn't noticed that a tiny petal had quietly been planted inside the wound.

Chapter 2100 Wedding (Part One)

Margaret was afraid of the woman in front of her. However, after she saw the woman's actions, Margaret felt like the woman coveted something that belonged to her. With a pout on her lips, she craned her head to peer from behind Zen's back. A vicious expression was displayed in Margaret's face as she glared at the blue-clothed woman.

After she planted that petal, Estelle seemed to have lost her interest with Margaret. Estelle decided to stop her pranks against the pitiful lady. She said to Zen indifferently, "I can't leave the Evolutionary Universe now. Why don't you let me return to that fairy palace?"

Estelle had had to block Murphy's strike, for which she had exposed herself.

Those Holy Beings didn't dare to enter the Evolutionary Universe directly. However, if she left through the crack at the top of the Evolutionary Universe, it would lead to endless trouble. She would be in a bad situation.

Once she returned to the fairy palace, Estelle would be able to leave through the Swirl Forest.

Naturally, Zen would agree to this request of Estelle. However, he still asked doubtfully, "But the enchanted barrier around my fairy palace has yet to be opened. Are you able to pass through that enchanted barrier?" Zen even raised an eyebrow as he asked his question.

The entire fairy palace was covered in a special enchanted barrier. Although Zen had already obtained seven tokens, he still had one more to get from the True Path. He had yet attained complete control of the fairy palace. As such, he couldn't remove the enchanted barrier.

Moreover, Zen's current cultivation wasn't at the level of a Godly Genius. He could still improve his strength. As for the Swirl Forest, where the fairy palace was located, it was indeed somewhere in the divine land.

Once that enchanted barrier was removed, it would bring about an unpredictable effect. Chaotic chain reactions would be triggered. For example, Zen might directly be disintegrated and turn into a ball of life vitality and disappear entirely.

"That enchanted barrier can stop the other people. However, it can't stop me," Estelle said as she shook her head slightly.

Obviously, her spiteful remark referred to Blayd, Big Mouth Wayne, and Master Evil.

"I get it," Zen nodded his head. Since the blue-clothed woman was in a hurry to leave, she obviously had a reason to be in a rush. Zen extended his hand and bowed deeply. With a grateful voice, he said, "Master, I thank you on behalf of my father for helping the Evolutionary Universe pass through such a crisis!"

As they saw Zen's gratitude, Master Feng and the other Supreme Lords also bowed towards Estelle. Their acknowledgment was in their expressions. The kindness of hers was not something that the people present could repay. They could only thank her verbally.

Estelle accepted their gratitude with a smile. She then turned to Zen and said, "I feel like you owe me a huge favor. In the future, you must repay me."

"Of course. Your compassionate actions are unrepayable by the current me. However, if I can get into the divine land in the future and achieve something, I will definitely give you my all." Zen rather liked this woman since she was open and upright. He immediately asked with a curious face, "But I still don't know your name."

However, Estelle simply smiled and answered with a sweet tone, "Are you not my master? With my Enslaving Token in your hands, you can investigate everything in my soul at any time. Why do you have to ask me my name instead of just investigating it in my soul?"

"I said that I would not peep into your secrets. I will keep my word," Zen firmly replied. His expression was similar to a gallant knight.

Estelle slightly raised her elegant eyebrows as she sent a flirtatious gaze towards Zen. A blush even painted her cheeks. With a trace of incomprehension in her eyes, she said, "Alright, let me go back."

Only then did Zen take out the token of mountain and place her within his fairy palace. As for how to pass through the enchanted barrier and leave the fairy palace, that was the blue-clothed girl's business. Zen had finally granted the blue-clothed girl her wish.

After Estelle had disappeared, Margaret was finally able to express her anger. With a reddened face, she said hatefully, "That seductive vixen!"

The moment the words left her mouth, the crowd of Supreme Lords broke out in a cold sweat once again. They were shocked and frightened by Margaret's emotional outburst.

Even though the powerful woman had already left, she might still be able to hear them. What if she came back and felt offended?

The Supreme Lords waited for the woman in blue to smite them out of anger. Fortunately, the Supreme Lords' worries did not happen.

Margaret looked at everyone's expressions and immediately felt bored. As such, she quickly fixed her gaze on Lavender, "Hey! Aren't you angry?"

Lavender did not pay any attention to Margaret. She callously rolled her eyes, then turned her body to the other side and didn't even give Margaret a single look.

However, Margaret was persistent. She continued to ask with a bold tone, "You must be jealous, why don't you show it?! You should express your thoughts more freely. It's not good for a woman to hold back her emotions."

As she was continuously nagged by Margaret, Lavender became utterly helpless. With her personality, she would probably directly attack if it was another person that annoyed her.

As he watched Lavender's expression grew more and more impatient, Zen could only forcefully drag Margaret to another side.

Supreme Lord of Original Sin saw Margaret was safely sent back by Supreme Lord Lester with mixed feelings. Certainly, he knew that Supreme Lord Lester was continuously using all his strength to revive Nathan. He was naturally somewhat nervous, but he could not go and disturb him. Right at that moment, another space crack appeared, and Supreme Lord Lester walked out of the space crack.

The eyes of Supreme Lord of Original Sin flickered as he asked nervously, "Is Nathan…"

Chapter 2101 Wedding (Part Two)

Before his voice had even faded, a figure floated out from the space crack. Supreme Lord of Original Sin gawked. It was Nathan himself.

But compared to what he looked before, Nathan looked rather weak when he appeared from the space crack. His face was pale, and he did not have the slightest bit of vitality. But when Margaret was revived by the Heavenly Destiny of Revival, she was lively and full of energy.

"Father." Nathan bowed and also became excited when he saw Supreme Lord of Original Sin. Just like Margaret, he had thought that he would be dead already. Despair and hopelessness enveloped him as he never thought that he would see the sun again.

"There is no need to greet right now! You silly boy. It is good to see that you are alive!" Supreme Lord of Original Sin stepped forward and hugged Nathan. In the entire Xuanyuan Clan, he had treated Nathan with the most care. At first, Supreme Lord of Original Sin no longer held any hope to Nathan's revival. However, now that Nathan was healed, Supreme Lord of Original Sin felt comforted and let out a grateful sigh.

Because Nathan had been killed by Maha, he wasn't aware of any of the conflicts in the universe. But after he heard some details from Supreme Lord Lester, his look at that time towards Zen was completely different.

Previously, Nathan had gradually been convinced that Zen was his equal and treated him as a friend. However, after the events, Nathan was utterly in awe of Zen.

As far as the other Godly Geniuses were concerned, no one was qualified to participate in the battle between the Supreme Lords. Rocher continued to cultivate arduously, while Lucille and Lawson hid. The other Godly Geniuses were also in closed-door training. Each of them planned to improve their strengths before they engaged in the war.

On the other hand, not only had Zen defeated Maha, but he had also killed a significant number of Supreme Lords of the Sacred race. Such feats were extremely extraordinary!

What was more shocking was that this guy could actually participate in a battle between True Gods. Zen was spectacular in the eyes of Nathan!

That was no longer a simple matter of being the strongest in the Evolutionary Universe. Zen became the key to the outcome of the battle. And as he looked at Zen, Nathan's mind was filled with worship and admiration.

"Thank you," Nathan said with a smile. Grateful eyes decorated his face. He also knew that his life had been revived with Zen's help.

However, his body had been destroyed to an extreme extent. Even though Supreme Lord Lester had used the Heavenly Destiny of Revival to revive him, his cinnabar field was still slightly damaged. Such harm was probably an irreversible injury to ordinary warriors. Nevertheless, to a member of the Xuanyuan Clan, it was not too big of a problem. It was still possible for Nathan to fully recover.

Blayd didn't head to the fairy palace. The destination he had in mind was somewhere else.

After he bid farewell to Zen, Blayd fled to a high place in the deep sky of the Evolutionary Universe. He escaped from a crack in the Sighing Wall that Murphy had smashed.

As a member of the War God Hall, he did not have the same worry as Estelle.

After the remaining Supreme Lords agreed to meet again, they all returned to their own territories. Each of them had to address the damages incurred by the war to their supreme worlds.

Although all of Supreme Lords of the Sacred race had been completely exterminated, there were still many members of the Sacred race that survived and hid within the Evolutionary Universe. The Supreme Lords led their own clansmen to complete the final round of extermination. Accompanied with great purpose, they searched diligently for any survivors from the enemy.

Zen brought Lavender and Margaret with him to the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place. At last, they were finally reunited with Letitia, Geoffrey, Aura and the others.

After everyone had survived the disaster, the various races had also launched their own special celebrations. The time of peace and happiness had lasted for quite a long time.

During that time, Supreme Lord of Oracle led her clansmen to take over the lost territories of the Humanity Alliance. At the same time, under the influence of the heavens' vibration, the Evolutionary Universe's heavens gave birth to another Crown of Destiny. That particular Crown of Destiny was obtained by the Thoughtless Minds. However, in the end, it was handed over to the Hidden Spirit Temple of the Blessed Buddha Land. It was a gesture of kindness.

After all, during this war between the Evolutionary Universe and the Murphy Universe, the loss of the Blessed Buddha Land was the most serious. Not only did it result in the death of one top-rank Supreme Lord, namely Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment, but the other four Supreme Lords also perished at the same time. There was no remaining Supreme Lord in the Blessed Buddha Land after the war. Their defenses were weakened to a pathetic level.

In the past, when such things happened, the other forces would be ready to make a move and try their best to divide up the Blessed Buddha Land. However, after the recent crisis, the different races had shown more mercy. All of them had a new appreciation for the lives of other creatures and started to cherish peace more.

A year later, the Celestial Position race spread out their invitation letters and invited all the Supreme Lords in the Evolutionary Universe to gather in the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place. Additionally, there were also grand world lords of various races and Saint Lords of different sacred places who also went to the supreme world of the Celestial Position race. Countless gifts and tokens were brought by each visitor. It was because Zen had kept his promise to marry Margaret. As such, a marvelous wedding was celebrated, and Margaret's dream had finally come true. After this wedding, he would officially be Zen's wife.

Chapter 2102 Special Guests

The wedding of Zen and Margaret had been the liveliest day in the entire Evolutionary Universe!

The existence of Roaring Tokens had already become a part of the tradition in expressing one's blessing.

This was also known as the most extravagant method of conveying good wishes for a celebration. After all, all the other Roaring Tokens were disposable compared to Zen's Roaring Token.

But on this auspicious day, the wishes and greetings for the husband and wife echoed throughout the universe.

"Today is the wedding day of Zen and Margaret. I, Leandro, on behalf of the Western Spirit Sacred Place wish you a long and happy marriage…"

"We wish you a wonderful beginning, and love to last for a lifetime. May the coming years fill your lives with love and happiness! This is the blessing from Dragon Dust Sacred Place for Zen and Margaret…"

"Bless them as unmovable and eternal, and may their lives flourish like luxuriant trees! We wish for the bride and groom, together with the heaven and earth, the sun and the moon, to continue to give out light and radiance.…"

Waves of congratulations resounded all through the Evolutionary Universe.

Servants in formal attire busily moved around with their own tasks in the grand hall. The grand hall was situated at the foot of the Breaking Cloud Mountain. Thousands of musicians were drumming in unity as melodious sounds of joyous music continuously wafted about.

The Supreme Lords were mostly humble, keeping a low profile. The wealth and glory which mortals desired were things that weren't new to them. They had already experienced such grandeur though it didn't stop them from enjoying the celebration.

It was a fulfillment of promise. Zen never thought that it would be such a sumptuous wedding ceremony. As Margaret only wished for a more extravagant wedding, he could only accept and cooperate with the preparation. The ceremony had been arranged by the Celestial Position.

"Grandpa, this way!"

The person who spoke was the talent of the Ethereal Spirit Sect in the Central Region, Brent.

Brent looked different compared to the young and inexperienced him back then. He had already entered the Life and Death Realm, and became the mainstay of the Ethereal Spirit Sect. This time, he appeared more mature as he led Xander towards the entrance of the hall.

With the powerful means of the Celestial Position, it wouldn't be difficult for them to usher the people from the Central Region to the Upper World.

Brent was very curious about everything that was going on around him as it was the first time he had stepped into the Upper World, "Powerful Soul Sea Realm warriors! There are so many of them. And they are only guarding the entrance?"

Astonishment was shown on his face. On either side of the hall, standing in a row were three hundred warriors in golden armors, and all of them were at the Soul Sea Realm. If any one of them were placed in the Lower World, they would be titled as war kings or war emperors. However at this moment, they were just placed as guards in this place.

Even though Xander was only at the Life and Death Realm, he had lived far longer than Brent. He had more or less known about the situation in the Upper World. He was aware that the Soul Sea Realm powerful warriors, who claimed themselves kings or emperors in the Lower World, were nothing in the Upper World. Looking at the situation in reality, it still gave him a shock but he was calm not to show the surprise expression on his face.

An enormous number of guests attended the ceremony, reaching to a hundred thousand people. They were divided into several categories and there was a special team in the Celestial Position that received them.

The first class included the Supreme Lords of the various great races, as well as the new Supreme Lords of this year. The second class were the leaders of the great powers. The third class included the grand world lords. The fourth class included the Saint Lords of the tenth grade sacred places followed by the fifth class consisting of ordinary world lords.

The guests were then escorted to their seats according to the arrangement. Inside the hall, there was a square paved with jade and stone.

Entering the square, Brent noticed the ten towering jade pillars erected at the side of the square. It made him confused. "What are these pillars for?"

"Heh, how ignorant!" One of the warriors sneered. He casually sized up Brent and Xander, his face revealing a strange expression. "Where did you two come from? How could two Life and Death Realm little guys sneak in?"

To be called a little guy, it was still acceptable to Brent. However for Xander, who was already over a thousand years old, it was difficult in any matter to link him to the word 'little'.

In the Upper World, seniority was always measured by cultivation. Age was only secondary.

Hearing this, Brent glared at the martial artist. It didn't matter if he was scolded, but since Xander had been offended, how could he bear it? "What are you saying!"

Just as he finished his words, Xander waved his hand signaling him not to argue anymore and be quiet.

Just now, Xander had examined the warrior but he was unable to see through his cultivation. This meant that this warrior's cultivation was far above the Soul Sea Realm.

He knew that those present were all important figures. He was naturally afraid that Brent would impulsively offend them!

The warrior who spoke to them was a world lord. In the eyes of a world lord, a Life and Death Realm martial artist was someone who hadn't even crossed the threshold of learning martial arts. In the sacred place he governed, Life and Death Realm warriors were still considered trainees. How dare the boy talk back at him?

The warrior chuckled. "Seeing you two sneaking around, I'm afraid that you are just trying to take advantage of the big scene and gain some profit. I will send you off on behalf of the Celestial Position."

The warrior then stepped forward. With a casual wave of his hand, a space crack appeared in front of him. At once, he grabbed Brent and was about to stuff him into that space crack… The warrior was actually using the Grand Teleportation to drive them away.

With this kind of cultivation, how could Brent and Xander possibly have any chance to resist?

Right before he could throw them into the space crack, another space crack instantly appeared beside him. A cold voice rang out from within!

"Stop!"

The owner of the cold voice appeared and it was actually Supreme Lord Mirage of the Celestial Position!

The sudden appearance of Supreme Lord Mirage made the warrior immediately stilled and stunned.

The other martial artists in the hall quickly stood up and cupped their hands together in greetings.

"S...Supreme Lord Mirage," the warrior cried, startled. He seemed to realize that he had done something wrong, but still reported, "These two little thieves snuck into here, and I am now sending them away for you…"

Being gripped by the warrior, Brent found that he was unable to revolve his life vitality. His face was full of gloom but as soon as he heard the warrior called the person who came right in time before they were sent back 'Supreme Lord' in awe, he too was shocked.

However, his eyes flashed when he looked up and laughed, "I've seen you before! You have been to the Cloud Hall!"

"Brent, don't be rude. You must greet the Supreme Lord." Xander knew that a Supreme Lord was the peak existence in the universe, a great figure they could not even take a glance at.

Brent might look much more mature than before, but his natural disposition was still hard to change. He still had that jerky smile on his face.

He had indeed seen Supreme Lord Mirage before. Back in the days when all the warriors in the Central Region gathered at the Cloud Hall, they encountered an invasion from the sorcerer race. It was at that time that Supreme Lord Mirage had made a move in the Cloud Hall.

Supreme Lord Mirage stared at the warrior who made the fuss. With a casual grab of him, Brent felt an invisible force pull him over as he found himself standing firmly on his feet. Then, Supreme Lord Mirage politely said to Xander, "I am truly sorry. This time, there are too many guests that sometimes there are some unavoidable omissions. I hope you Xi Clan can forgive us!"

Witnessing Supreme Lord Mirage's attitude, the world lords around were all stunned. Supreme Lord Mirage was actually being so courteous towards the two Life and Death Realm warriors. They couldn't believe their eyes!

What was the Xi Clan?

They had heard of the Xuanyuan Clan. the Ji Clan where Lucille came from, and another Ji Clan where Janet came from. But they never heard of the Xi Clan.

Some people though were quick to analyze things. Wasn't it that the woman Zen would marry today had a surname Xi? These two were the guests from the bride's family!

After expressing his apology, Supreme Lord Mirage reached out his hand and grabbed the rude martial artist. He copied what the martial artist had done moments ago and actually used the Grand Teleportation to throw him into the space crack. It was just that the distance Supreme Lord Mirage's Grand Teleportation covered would be countless times greater than what the warrior could achieve. He had directly thrown the martial artist out of the Breaking Cloud World.

Brent and Xander were then led to sit at the very front of the square together with the group of Supreme Lords.

Brent went completely obedient after being seated. Although he was filled with curiosity about his surroundings, he still felt great pressure from the aura faintly emitted by the Supreme Lords.

Not long after, he finally figured out what the ten pillars were used for.

A series of thunderous dragon roars soon bellowed from the sky as ten dragons hovered in the sky.

The nine Genuine Dragons were once capable of transforming into human shapes, but having Heavenly Bodies made it difficult for them to transform into other forms. The Ancestral Dragon, although had gained intelligence but was still unable to transform into other forms, so it could only maintain its original form.

The ten dragons roared and coiled themselves around the pillars with their own different gestures.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2103 Rocher Became A True God

Margaret lay down on a rocking chair in a side hall. She was dressed in a bright red wedding gown with matching embroidered shoes and heavy make-up.

There was a smirk on her face. Her gown had been made of blood silk, the kind that, when peeled off cocoons and thrown into the air, would not fall to the ground even after several years. It was extremely light and was considered a top-level material for making chain-type weapons. Any treasure made from this material would definitely be listed on the Universe Spirit Tablet.

Such a coveted material was made into a gown Margaret was only going to wear once.

Each woman's pursuit of marriage was different. Lavender never cared for a title and couldn't understand Margaret's desire for such a grand wedding ceremony. Aura, meanwhile, was content in quietly staying by Zen's side to pray for his safety. So long as Zen reached his goals then she would be happy, and even if he failed, she would not regret.

It was mostly Letitia and Margaret who often argued with regards to the title of being Zen's wife back in the Lower World. The matter had already been decided long ago and there was no more conflict between them, however, Letitia couldn't help but still feel a bit jealous. Her sadness might not be that obvious to outsiders but Geoffrey knew his own mother well enough to notice her strange temper. However, he didn't know why her mother was unhappy.

Not long after, several rays of light shot towards the sky and blossomed into numerous fireworks that illuminated the entire Breaking Cloud World.

It seemed that the wedding ceremony was going according to plan.

Just as it was beginning, an extremely sharp aura suddenly surged out from the depths of the Breaking Cloud World.

Swoosh!

A white beam of sword radiance suddenly pierced through the sky, hitting a star that was at least three hundred million miles away.

The sword radiance did not weaken at all despite hitting the star and continued to rise instead until it reached the dome of the Evolutionary Universe. It was only after it cut into the Sighing Wall for about one thousand feet did it finally dissipate.

This dome had once been broken by Murphy. However, after being damaged, the Sighing Wall had the ability to gradually heal itself. It was very much like animal skin and a thick scar would be left behind where it was hit.

The guests, who were originally in a state of jubilation were quickly plunged into silence with the appearance of this sword intent.

There was no doubt that this sword strike was far beyond the capabilities of a Supreme Lord!

Those who were a bit confused at what was going on immediately felt panicked. Could it be that another strong enemy had come to invade the universe once again?

Zen stood in the center of the stage. "What a strong sword intent!"

"It's coming from Rocher's cultivation place!" Supreme Lord Sky from the Celestial Position shouted.

The panic then quickly melted off everyone's faces and was replaced with anticipation.

The moment the Godly Geniuses returned from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they all entered closed-door seclusion - except for Nathan who was sent to fight against Maha.

These Godly Geniuses' Lotus Flowers were all in full bloom and were no longer limited by the heavens. Since all of them were world lords, they were technically only one step away from becoming True Gods.

However, this step was extremely difficult.

There were too many world lords in the divine land that had comprehended the Godly Ways since they were all ordinary creatures unrestricted by the heavens. The number of Godly Geniuses wasn't small but it was extremely rare for them to be able to condense their own Godly Tiles and become True Gods. Those who were able to become True Gods mostly relied on the Godly Tiles that past True Gods had left behind.

It was understandable for these Godly Geniuses to seize the opportunity to cultivate in seclusion in order to attain a breakthrough. Condensing a Godly Tile was going to be extremely useful in fighting against the Sacred race. However, both Wynn and Master Feng knew that what these youngsters wanted to achieve was impossible to accomplish in just a short period of time.

Nobody would have ever imagined that only a year later, one of the Godly Geniuses would succeed in condensing his own Godly Tile!

From the sword radiance emerged a figure that shot out of the depths of the Breaking Cloud World. The figure circled the air once before rushing towards the Breaking Cloud Mountain.

Zen smiled and followed in pursuit.

It wasn't just him. All Supreme Lords present also flew into the air and followed.

The other world lords and grand world lords wanted to go too but they were all in the middle of Zen's wedding ceremony and it would seem rude if they just left so suddenly.

In just a few moments, the figure had already reached the summit of the Breaking Cloud Mountain and was already headed straight for Zen.

"It really is Rocher!"

"Such a powerful momentum! He's truly condensed a Godly Tile!"

"His lifespan is now limitless and he can travel freely in the divine land!"

The Supreme Lords all murmured in envy.

This kid who used to just practice the sword had now become an existence they had to look up to.

All these Supreme Lords held high positions and understood the importance of longevity. An endless lifespan meant unlimited possibilities. They were blessed with long lives but they knew that they would all one day enter the Five Aging Processes and once again enter the cycle of reincarnation.

"Rocher! Congratulations!"

Zen declared happily. Rocher's aura had noticeably gone a tremendous change. There was a momentum emanating from his body that mostly originated from the countless living beings within his inner world.

In truth, his momentum was already present the moment the living beings came into existence within his inner world.

However, he had been unable to sense this supposed momentum back when he still did not have a Godly Tile.

"Thanks," Rocher replied, also pleasantly surprised. He never expected the process of condensing his Godly Tile to be so easy.

Looking around, Rocher quickly noticed the small crowd that gathered at the foot of the Breaking Cloud Mountain. "I just found out about your wedding day so I was eager to break through and attend it. However, I was in such a rush that I didn't have the time to prepare a gift for you. I'm so sorry."

Although he was in closed-door training, the numerous announcements from the Roaring Tokens reached him. Today, hundreds of congratulatory words had echoed all throughout the universe for Zen and his marriage.

"Never mind that Rocher! The fact that you are able to break through and become a True God is the best gift of all!" Zen laughed.

The other Supreme Lords were also quick to give Rocher their congratulations.

Meanwhile, Margaret, who was still covered in her red bridal veil, pouted in displeasure. She didn't care whether or not Rocher broke through. All that mattered to her now was that he had obviously upstaged her grand wedding day!

As she sulked, someone from the crowd shouted, "Good! Two happy events in one day! How wonderful!" Somehow, that made Margaret feel a bit better.

Rocher soon took his seat and the wedding ceremony continued.

Half a month after the wedding ceremony ended, Thirteen Supreme Lords of the Evolutionary Universe, together with Rocher who had just recently become a True God, Zen, the Ancestral Dragon, and the nine Genuine Dragons all entered the Genuine Dragon World.

The Genuine Dragon World was not a world within the Evolutionary Universe. Rather, it was an independent Supreme World quite similar to the Purple Power World, only many times larger. The sounds from the Roaring Tokens also could not reach here.

Basically, the Genuine Dragon World was Mike's gigantic spirit beast bag.

When the nine Genuine Dragons' physical bodies were destroyed, they escaped by attaching their souls to the furnace. Murphy had already planned this early on, just like how he planned for the sorcerer race's invasion.

However, Mike was able to turn the tables against him and used the nine dragons to lead Zen to the path of martial arts.

Now that the Sacred race had been defeated, it was now time to clear the Genuine Dragon World.

Chapter 2104 Swallow The Pill

Each Holy Being had their own style of raising the contractual beasts.

For instance, Holy Jay had thrown the Black Weasel into his inner world and made it sleep. Then, he used the Cross-world Theurgy to summon it whenever he needed its help.

However, different creatures grow in different ways.

There was the Genuine Dragon that belonged to a large race, which was completely different from the Black Weasel that grew up free on its own.

It was why Mike had created a place that served as a resting space for the Genuine Dragons when he constructed his inner world. In addition, he also used the place as the spirit beast bag.

From the Genuine Dragon race, many other related races had emerged as well, such as the Dragon Lineage Human race.

The Genuine Dragon was considered a kind of super legendary beast, but the strongest individuals were true spirits. A fully-grown, adult Ancestral Dragon could be considered a true spirit.

Now, the powerful warriors of the Evolutionary Universe had entered the Genuine Dragon World along with Zen, which quickly caused a huge uproar.

The mystery of the nine dragons at that time was a huge mystery to ordinary living beings, but the Genuine Dragons were already aware of the conspiracy. That conspiracy had been arranged by a Five-clawed Black Dragon from the Genuine Dragon World.

Back then, it was thanks to Murphy's help that the Five-clawed Black Dragon had managed to kill the Five-clawed Golden Dragon and his eight brothers.

However, the Genuine Dragon World didn't directly intervene in the war between the two universes and instead, simply paid close attention to whoever won or lost. Of course, the Five-clawed Black Dragon hoped that the Sacred race would win. The Genuine Dragons were just the contractual beasts of the Holy Being, and they weren't born in the universe. Thus, the contracts that had been signed in the past would lose their effectivity when the Evolutionary Universe was destroyed and Mike died. The Five-clawed Black Dragon became free and was then able to travel to the divine land.

The Five-clawed Black Dragon thought that it was a pity that the final outcome of the war was way worse than he had expected. When he learned that the Sacred race had been defeated, he realized that the real trouble was yet to come.

But since he was a contractual beast, he couldn't leave the Genuine Dragon World without Mike's permission. There was nowhere to flee, so the dragon could only gather other race members to guard the area with their lives on the line.

The cyan dragon had created the most powerful array in the Genuine Dragon World. Moreover, there were even three top-rank Supreme Lords including Supreme Lord of Oracle, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, and the head of the Celestial Position race among the dozen or so Supreme Lords who went with them. Furthermore, they were also accompanied by the newly advanced True God, Rocher, and the Ancestral Dragon.

It was no doubt that such a powerful force was capable enough to start a universal war.

Therefore, it came as no surprise when the Genuine Dragon race was swiftly defeated and not all of the forty Genuine Dragons were on the Five-clawed Black Dragon's side. Back then when the Five-clawed Black Dragon attacked, many of the Genuine Dragons did not know the internal causes and by the time that they had regained their senses, nine of the dragons had already died. Although the Genuine Dragons were displeased by the Five-clawed Black Dragon's actions, there was nothing they could do. It wasn't long before they got defeated, and nearly twenty Genuine Dragons gave up on resisting.

After the group of warriors entered the Genuine Dragon World, it just took them seven days to kill the Five-clawed Black Dragon.

They even had four days out of those seven days to rest.

It was also Rocher's first time to showcase his strength in that battle. He had only used one sword attack to kill the Five-clawed Black Dragon in the battle in the Genuine Dragon World.

Only after the rebellion of the Genuine Dragon World had been pacified, did the Evolutionary Universe finally become peaceful.

However, this was only the beginning for Godly Geniuses like Zen and Rocher.

After returning to the Evolutionary Universe, Wynn once again summoned Rocher.

Back in the war between two universes, Wynn had only his head left. After the body self-detonated, the inner world in his belly was completely destroyed.

Although Wynn had once again condensed a body and looked no different from an ordinary person, he had already lost his Godly Tile and the cultivation base of a True God. Though his soul was still powerful, it was destined that he would never be able to achieve anything in the future. Thus he could only lead a mediocre life in the Evolutionary Universe.

Rocher said his goodbyes to Zen after his talk with Wynn. Half a month later, he followed Wynn's instructions and ascended into the divine land.

However, Zen was confused at Rocher's slightly ambiguous words when they had parted.

What Zen didn't know was that Rocher's mission was even greater than his. Thus, they would probably never meet again after his trip to the divine land.

Many years later, a major event had transpired.

The one hundred and twenty-eight Heavenly Destinies had all appeared.

Many races also re-divided their forces and perhaps as the compensation to the Humanity Alliance, their force had thirteen Supreme Lords. With just the number of Supreme Lords alone, the Humanity Alliance could be considered the strongest power in the entire universe.

As for Yolande, she had obtained an extremely powerful Heavenly Destiny and became the fourth top-rank Supreme Lord in the Evolutionary Universe. The other three top-rank Supreme Lords included Supreme Lord of Oracle, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, and the head of the Celestial Position race.

In addition, the Demon Night race and the ogre race also received generous rewards!

On the contrary, the Blessed Buddha Land was slowly on the decline.

Meanwhile, the four great clans of the Thoughtless Minds were bestowed with inheritances left behind by the disciples of the Holy Being. Their goal was to help the Evolutionary Universe, and now that the threats of the Sacred race were gone, they no longer needed to expand. Thus, they did not fight for the Crown of Destiny but instead, even gave others several Crowns of Destiny.

In that period of time, Zen spent his hours cultivating in seclusion and enjoyed a peaceful life with his girls.

The time flow rate in the divine land was different from that in the Evolutionary Universe. Zen actually knew that once he stepped into the divine land, he had to spend a lot of time there before he could return to the Evolutionary Universe.

It was known that after having cultivated to reach the level of True Gods, time would be in a limitless state.

The length of time such as a thousand years, ten thousand years, millions of years, or even billions of years did not matter to a True God because they never aged.

However, Letitia, Aura, and even Geoffrey were different from Zen. Their lifespan was limited.

If Zen decided to go to the divine land and stay there for a long period of time, he would only be greeted by the piled bones of his loved ones.

The strongest enemy of all creatures inferior to the True God was time. Not even Supreme Lords could escape its clutches.

However, not long after, Zen found a method to resolve this problem in the fairy palace.

Four years after Rocher had left the Evolutionary Universe, Zen swallowed the Emotion Closing Pill he had obtained from the fairy palace. Even though Saul had warned him that he could not consume the pill unless it was absolutely necessary, he still swallowed it.

Now, Zen lagged behind other Godly Geniuses.

Except for Lone who was not that talented, the Lotus Flowers of Xenia, Nathan, Lucille, and the other Godly Geniuses had all bloomed fully. Moreover, half a year ago, a bolt of lightning was charged out from the secluded cultivation place that Xenia stayed in and had created a miraculous view.

Even though Xenia had yet to condense the Godly Tile, she had probably made a considerable breakthrough. Perhaps she would be the second Godly Genius to become a True God, only second to Rocher.

However, Zen was not truly a Godly Genius as his Lotus Flower had yet to fully bloom.

It wasn't that Zen was inferior to the other Godly Geniuses because he didn't have great talents and a solid foundation. The reason he couldn't make a breakthrough was most likely related to his inner world.

After all, the other Godly Geniuses all cultivated life vitality, and Zen's chaotic energy was fundamentally different from the life vitality. Therefore, no one could guide him in his path of cultivation—he could only rely on his own comprehension.

Helpless, Zen could only use the Emotion Closing Pill to break through the Godly Genius' shackles.

The moment Zen had swallowed the Emotion Closing Pill, he immediately felt a strong presence rush into his mind!

The facts proved that Saul's warning was right. Since the Emotion Closing Pill was a seven times refined pill, it was a spiritual object itself. When Zen had got it a few years ago, it had actually quietly condensed its own consciousness.

What happened was, the pill actually wanted to possess Zen's body shell!

Fortunately, Zen's Gold Fighting Soul was extremely tough and with the Emperor Soul Imprint in his soul, he was able to release a strong soul pressure to gradually suppress the Emotion Closing Pill's consciousness.

Then again, the dangers of the soul battle weren't any less than the dangers he had faced before.

It was because of that very battle that Zen had been unconscious for nearly half a month and had only woken up again slowly with the help of the Celestial Position race.

When Zen had just regained his consciousness, his soul was still quite weak. However, he discovered that his soul had more imprints. Upon closer look, he saw that there were small, pale golden swords in the center of the Emperor Soul Imprints!

Chapter 2105 Ripping Consciousness

The Emperor Soul Imprint was initially a method used by Holy Jay to cultivate his soul. Such a method of cultivation was extremely powerful.

When the soul's power was released, the Emperor Soul Imprint could release a pressure that could dominate other people.

The powerful pressure released by the Emperor Soul Imprint was even stronger than the Great Dominance Technique. Even if the opponent was stronger than the user, the user could simply disrupt the opponent's mind. If the opponent's strength was on par with the user's, then the user could suppress their opponent. Ultimately, if the user was stronger than their opponent, then they could directly make the opponent yield without any combat. The warrior who practiced the Emperor Soul Imprint could achieve victory without the need for a physical battle.

However, that particular kind of aura didn't match with Zen's personality. After all, he wasn't a particularly insolent person. He never wanted to look down on people, especially innocent ones.

Nevertheless, for achieving the Gold Fighting Soul in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Zen had no other choice. He had already entered the Mind Refining Tower. After all, the soul cultivation method given by Holy Jay was the only method for him to improve his soul.

Zen's consciousness continuously observed the soul in his mind. The small swords and the Emperor Soul Imprints interacted with each other. Suddenly, they released a golden light. The strange events made Zen curious about the changes that had occurred in his soul.

Wasn't that the Emotion Closing Pill he used was to help him comprehend the Emotion Closing Godly Way? How could it cause such a change to his soul? He wasn't aware of such side effects.

Curiosity enveloped Zen and made him want to do something.

As excitement got the better of him, he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his head. His vision went black, and he almost fainted again.

At that moment, his soul was abnormally weak. Even though Wynn had personally nurtured Zen's soul, it would still not be possible for him to recover so quickly.

Wynn only had his soul left. However, his True God Soul was far more powerful than the souls of the Supreme Lords. Additionally, his methods were also many times more profound. He knew Zen's importance to Mike, so he naturally used his last bit of power to help him.

Although Zen's soul injuries were severe, with Wynn's help, it only took him almost a month to recover from his injuries.

The second day after his soul had fully recovered, Zen found a secluded valley. With a relaxed expression, he sat on a boulder within the valley and tightly closed his eyes.

Zen could not measure the power of the seven times refined pill. However, the Emotion Closing Pill had tortured him to death. Therefore, the little golden swords that it had left behind on his soul could not possibly be mere decorations.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Calmness enveloped Zen as he closed his eyes and entered a meditative state. Suddenly, the power in his soul also began to emerge.

The sound of peaceful birds also began to echo in the valley. Additionally, the tranquil blow of the wind through the grass around was also reflected in Zen's mind.

"Emperor Soul Imprint!"

Zen did not know how to activate the small golden swords in his soul. All he could do was to release the immeasurable power of the Emperor Soul Imprints.

The moment Zen activated the Emperor Soul Imprints, a strong soul force reverberated through the entire valley.

The valley that Zen found was located in a relatively remote area of the Breaking Cloud World. To avoid any disturbances, Zen had to stay away from those cities. He needed to settle far from any other warriors or humans. Seclusion was considered the primary defense of his valley.

However, as the most prosperous supreme world of the Celestial Position race within the Breaking Cloud World, there was almost no wasteland. Even within a radius of a thousand miles, there were still many small towns and villages. Civilization was still not that far from Zen's value.

The aura of Zen's soul suddenly spread out and scattered in all directions like a flood. The valley had blocked the aura of Zen's soul to a certain extent. However, a portion of it was still able to escape and spread out.

All of a sudden, the dominant aura had affected the nearby creatures. The snakes and insects around the valley were greatly frightened as they ran in all directions. The mortals within a thousand miles all felt dizzy and felt inferior. Those without strong willpower couldn't help but kneel down.

And this was a small portion of Zen's soul power, the pressure he released was only forty percent.

Just as he activated the Emperor Soul Imprints, a strange scene appeared. Zen couldn't help but grow even more curious.

The little golden swords on the surface of his soul began to rotate slowly. As they continued to spin, the little golden swords even began to move on the surface of his soul. Their movements were similar to the fishes that swam at a river. The little golden swords were extremely flexible and felt very much alive.

"Are these little golden swords also alive?" Zen was dumbstruck since he thought that such a thing was impossible. After all, those small golden swords were the same as the Emperor Soul Imprints. All of them were just imprints left on his soul.

However, after the little golden swords moved for a while, they all pierced towards the Emperor Soul Imprints. The little golden swords actually merged into the Emperor Soul Imprints.

At that moment, it seemed that the swords were indeed alive. However, the next events quickly convinced Zen to deny the idea.

The Emperor Soul Imprints shrank rapidly, while the small golden swords continuously grew larger and larger. The small golden swords didn't merge into the Emperor Soul Imprints, but instead, absorbed the Emperor Soul Imprints.

The speed at which they swallowed the Emperor Soul Imprints was extremely fast. As time flew by, the Emperor Soul Imprints continuously shrunk. Not long later, the fist-sized Emperor Soul Imprints had turned into the size of a walnut and then into the size of a cherry. Soon, they were only the size of a sesame seed and then was completely swallowed up by the golden swords.

As for the small golden swords, they grew in size by ten times. After they devoured the Emperor Soul Imprints, the small golden swords stopped mid-air and floated silently on the surface of Zen's soul.

"What the hell is going on?" Doubt was written all over Zen's face. His expression grew even more cautious.

He was not sure if the recent changes were good or bad. The Emperor Soul Imprints that he exhaustively cultivated in the Mind Refining Tower had truly disappeared. All his hard work for the Emperor Soul Imprints was suddenly devoured by the small golden swords.

With his mind continuing to wander, Zen once again circulated his soul force.

Without the Emperor Soul Imprints, the small golden swords began to move again. The small swords began to flow rapidly on the surface of his soul. The small golden swords were as fast as hungry sharks. As the golden light flowed, Zen's eyes also flashed.

At the same time, a strange sensation overcame him.

He felt like his soul continuously escaped him. Additionally, his senses began to disappear. Zen's eyes were also icy cold, and no longer contained even the slightest trace of emotion.

'I understand now…

The Emotion Closing Godly Way is actually closely linked to the soul. It unpredictably affects my soul.

This Emotion Closing Pill is indeed the most critical link in the Emotion Closing Godly Way...'

Zen silently thought in his heart. However, he still had a silent and cold expression on his face, without the slightest bit of excitement or joy. Indifference was reflected in his eyes.

Previously, Zen had relied on the malicious aura to suppress his emotions whenever he activated the Emotion Closing Godly Way. However, that was only an unorthodox method; even the malicious aura could not completely cut off his emotions. It was because the malicious aura originally contained the emotion of 'wrath.'

"In the end, the Emotion Closing Godly Way still needs me to cultivate the soul. After all, the soul is the source of the seven emotions and six desires. With this Emotion Closing Pill, can I be considered to have just entered the Godly Way?" Zen muttered with a cold expression.

He then reached out a finger to touch his space ring and took out a long sword. With his explosive strength, he slashed the sword in the air and then pointed it at the sky.

A bit of sword intent condensed on the surface of the long sword. The sword intent gathered made the long sword glimmer faintly.

The bit of sword intent was only the size of a needle. However, it somewhat constantly shimmered around the tip of the sword.

"Condensing sword intent?"

Zen said coldly as he meticulously observed. At that moment, his emotions were completely gone. As such, he naturally didn't have much of an expression on his face. Under the influence of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, both of Zen's negative and positive emotions had dissipated. Not a single sentiment could be felt by him.

Wuu! Wuu!

As the sword intent continued to condense, the silver light it emitted also became stronger. The light grew even brighter as time went by.

It was as if a star had formed on the tip of the ordinary long sword. A brilliant light glimmered at the pointy end.

"It's still not enough. To step into the Emotion Closing Godly Way, one has to let go of all their emotions… Those small golden swords did indeed cut off my grief, my happiness, and other emotions. However, I'm not really leaving everything behind," Zen muttered as he stared at the silver light emitted by the sword intent.

At that moment, Zen's heart continuously pounded at a fast pace. He suddenly thought of something and raised his eyebrows. "I finally understand," he said with a cold tone and a blank expression. "Even if I have cut off all my emotions, I still have my own consciousness!

So the ultimate comprehension into the Emotion Closing Godly Way should be…"

At that moment, the small golden swords on the surface of Zen's soul moved even faster.

As they continued to rotate, golden sword light shot out from Zen's eyes. It even seemed like Zen's pupils turned into brilliant stars.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The sword light that was only emitted from his eyes had directly penetrated the mountains within the valley. All that was left was a thin line of sword marks. The destruction it caused was catastrophic.

That was the power of Zen's gaze.

"It is... Ripping Consciousness!"

Zen's strike shot straight towards the sky.

The strike of his was the same as the strike of Rocher's. Both of their strikes were comparably powerful. However, Rocher's strike was intense and powerful, while Zen's strike was decisive and sharp.

Chapter 2106 Replacement

Zen completely forgot about himself with this slash.

To him, everything in the world was moving away from him. Nothing seemed constant. He felt some sort of distance with everything around.

Only the sword intent remained.

It was a cruel strike that even he had forgotten about himself.

As his sword flashed out, a light appeared out of it.

Zen stood rooted to the spot.

If he were to face the enemy head on, he would be easily defeated because of the obvious reason that he couldn't even move a limb in this motionless state.

Such was the essence of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. The Ripping Consciousness was a deciding factor of life and death.

Swoosh!

The sword that Zen thrust towards the sky did not have much impact. But the two-inch-wide sword light shot straight into the sky, advancing at an extremely fast speed into the depths of the universe.

Soon, the small white sword light pierced through the first star, leaving a gaping two-inch-wide hole in between.

For a star that was tens of thousands of miles in diameter, a two-inch-wide hole hardly made a dent. The star did not even tremble, as if it did not feel anything.

However, not long after the sword light left the star, it slowly began to sway. The slight sway created countless ripples across its surface.

There were quite a few Spirit Transformation Realm martial artists cultivating on this star. They were all confused about the sudden movement of the star. Quickly they transformed themselves into light beams and vanished.

Boom!

As soon as they vanished, the star shuddered and slowly began to collapse.

But the stream of light didn't stop after piercing through the star and continued to move up. However, no one in the universe noticed its existence and the flurry of activities it created. After all, this tiny bit of sword light was insignificant compared to the humongous universe.

However, the amount of power that was packed into this little light was unimaginable.

The light kept piercing through various stars. Despite its increasing ascend, its power and brightness did not dim at all. Finally it pierced through the Sighing Wall.

Rocher's sword had left a huge gap that was 1, 000 feet deep on the Sighing Wall. However, Zen's sword was much sharper and more penetrating. It went as deep as 30, 000 feet into the Sighing Wall.

When the ray of sword light finally disappeared, Zen's consciousness gradually returned. Although he was still recovering from the haze, he could slowly move himself around.

His eyes became sharp and shone with intelligence. The corner of his mouth curled up slightly, and a look of satisfaction appeared on his face. After comprehending the Ripping Consciousness, he had a deeper understanding of the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Rumble!

Suddenly, the mountain wall that was looming ahead of him collapsed. In a blink of an eye, the giant structure was reduced to a heap.

Zen hardly lifted a finger to do this feat. The golden light that emitted from his eyes was enough to slice the mountain into pieces.

Now, if Zen activated those small golden swords, he could really kill with his eyes.

Abruptly, Zen could hear a strange buzzing sound, as soon as the mountain collapsed. As he was trying to locate the source of the sound, his eyes caught some movement behind the heap. A Lotus Flower slowly rose from behind the collapsed mountain wall.

"The Lotus Flower?"

Zen was stunned seeing the revered flower.

The Lotus Flowers of the nine Godly Geniuses had all bloomed fully, except Zen's. Zen could not figure out the reason behind it.

The truth was, once their Lotus Flowers bloomed, they became complete Godly Geniuses. Only then would they have the ability to cross the heavens. And more importantly, they would not be destroyed upon entering the divine land.

The secondary creatures in the universe all ascended to the divine land after they became True Gods, just like Rocher.

Right now, Zen wasn't sure how long it would take him to condense the Godly Tile, but before that, he needed to become a genuine Godly Genius. And to achieve this, he had to attain a certain level of understanding of the Godly Way and break free from the shackles of the heavens.

As the Lotus Flower started slowly rotating, Zen stared fixedly at it as if hypnotized.

When the martial artists at the Soul Sea Realm, Spirit Supreme Realm, and Spirit Transformation Realm underwent tribulations, these Lotus Flowers had also appeared. But just with their appearance, there was no guarantee that they would bloom. On many occasions, the Lotus Flowers would only rotate a few times before quietly vanishing into thin air. Hence there was always an air of speculation, pertaining to the appearance of the flowers.

That was why Zen was a bit nervous. He was afraid that his understanding of the Emotion Closing Godly Way wasn't deep enough and that the Lotus Flower wouldn't bloom. After all, even he was unaware of the blooming strategy of the flower.

He had already comprehended the Great Wishing Spell. In theory, he had become a genuine Godly Genius. However, the Great Wishing Spell wasn't acknowledged by the Lotus Flower.

While Zen was paying attention to the Lotus Flower, Master Feng and Wynn also fixed their eyes on it. They were equally apprehensive regarding its bloom.

They didn't know that Zen had processed a new understanding of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. But the moment the Lotus Flower appeared, Master Feng could sense it immediately.

As the controller of the Heavens-suppressing Object, Master Feng had a clear understanding of every Lotus Flower in full bloom in the entire Evolutionary Universe. Moreover, there were only a few hundred people in the entire universe who possessed the Mahayana Lotus Flowers, and only Zen's Lotus Flower had thirty-five leaves.

Therefore, the moment Master Feng sensed it, he informed Wynn.

"This time, Zen should be successful," Wynn said coldly.

"Even after his Lotus Flower has fully bloomed, he still needs some time to condense his Godly Tile. I wonder how much more time will be needed," Master Feng said with a frown.

It was true that the crisis of the Evolutionary Universe had come to an end, but Murphy would not let this matter rest. Time was never enough for Zen. It seemed like he was always running after it.

"No." Wynn shook his head dismissively. "I won't give him more time to condense his Godly Tile."

Hearing Wynn's words, Master Feng was slightly stunned. "You mean, you will send Zen, who is only a world lord, into the divine land? That would be too dangerous for him!"

Wynn silently nodded his head firmly, as if he had already made his decision.

"But the competition in the divine land is very fierce. Although Zen's talent is incomparable, it is a huge risk to undertake," Master Feng protested.

Wynn smiled slightly. "It's not my idea, but my master's. I can't do much about it anyway. We all know that Zen is a man out of the ordinary. For all you know, he may not be able to condense the Godly Tile." Saying this, his eyes flickered. "But the truth is, he doesn't even need the Godly Tile."

The Godly Tile corresponded to the perfection of the life vitality cultivation system. Through the Godly Way Tablets in the divine land, one would comprehend the supreme law of the divine land - the Godly Way. Then, the Godly Tile would cover the inner world, absorbing the force of the inner world to unleash the strongest power.

All of these factors cleverly combined to complement each other. And they had been working splendidly until now.

However, what Zen was cultivating right now was not the life vitality system, but the more powerful chaotic energy.

In Wynn's eyes, Zen was just a secondary creature. However, no one could identify Zen's level. According to Wynn's understanding, even if Zen did not comprehend the Godly Way, it was unlikely that he would be disintegrated within the divine land. Zen was too special and powerful to be destroyed just like that!

Hearing these words, Master Feng was extremely surprised. Through his experience, he knew and understood a lot of people. Although he felt that Zen was definitely different, he didn't expect that Wynn would give such a bizarre evaluation.

"Look! There's movement!" Master Feng's eyes flashed.

The Lotus Flower floating above Zen's head suddenly began to spin at a furious speed.

Zen's gaze was fixed on that Lotus Flower. His gaze was becoming intensely bright, as if there were two flames burning fiercely at the same time.

Swish!

"Eh? What's going on?"

At that moment, the Evolution Lotus Flower that was originally controlled by Master Feng had escaped from his control. It suddenly condensed and flew towards Zen.

Master Feng wanted to chant an incantation to bring the Evolution Lotus Flower back, but he was stopped by Wynn. "Don't interfere. This is my master's arrangement. Let us not disrupt it."

Huff!

It was astonishing to witness the speed of that Evolution Lotus Flower. It only took a matter of seconds for it to fly millions of miles away. Soon, it arrived above Zen's head.

"A second Lotus Flower? How is that even possible?!"

Zen was dumbfounded when he saw the Evolution Lotus Flower fly over. "This flower is the one controlled by Master Feng! How did it escape then?"

The Evolution Lotus Flower that Master Feng controlled, was slightly different from the Lotus Flowers that floated above the heads of ordinary warriors. For example, the Lotus Flower above Zen's head was pinkish white, while the Evolution Lotus Flower of Master Feng was deep red. Apart from that, there were many other details that separated it from the rest. For example, the Evolution Lotus Flower of Master Feng had always been a bud and never produced petals.

The Evolution Lotus Flower suddenly leapt above Zen's head and overlapped with the Lotus Flower that Zen had previously possessed, eventually replacing it and forming into one Lotus Flower.

Chapter 2107 Legacy

The Heavens-suppressing Object had already escaped Master Feng's control.

It had now merged with Zen's Lotus Flower that had already bloomed. This meant that Zen had to reopen this Evolution Lotus Flower again.

This Evolution Lotus Flower had never been opened ever since Master Feng had carried the Heavenly Destiny and obtained the Heavens-suppressing Object.

The Heavens-suppressing Objects were originally precious weapons to the Holy Beings. Only Holy Beings had the right to use them. Letting the strongest Supreme Lord in the universe obtain the Heavens-suppressing Object as a treasure was a common convention among the Holy Beings, but that did not mean that they could use it as they wished.

Irrespective of whether it was Master Feng or the Grand Supreme Lord of the Sacred race, they could only display a fraction of the Heavens-suppressing Object's true strength.

Master Feng watched the Evolution Lotus Flower fly away, and with a casual wave of his hand, opened a space crack. In the blink of an eye, he and Wynn had walked into it and appeared beside Zen.

"This Evolution Lotus Flower... It is blooming!" Master Feng's face was filled with astonishment.

Wynn, on the other hand, was calm. "The Evolution Godly Way is ranked at the 13th place, a high place among the three thousand Godly Ways in the divine land. But very few people cultivate this Godly Way. There are countless True Gods in the vast divine land. But there have only been fewer than a hundred people who have cultivated the Evolution Godly Way since the ancient times until now. Do you know why?"

Master Feng didn't have a great understanding of the divine land. The information he had obtained so far came from both Wynn and his own blood. Now that he had heard the story of the Evolution Lotus Flower, he asked, "Why?"

"The chaos is an entirety. You have heard of the Evolutionary Fifty, right? It originated in ancient times," Wynn said.

Master Feng knew what the Evolutionary Fifty meant and carried a Heavenly Destiny, but he did not know the logic behind it. His head spun as he listened to Wynn's explanation. "I wonder what sort of a relationship your words have with the number of people cultivating the Evolution Godly Way."

Wynn laughed and replied, "This is because this Godly Way is an attempt to generalize the entire chaos, which is the entire space outside of the divine land."

"The entire chaos..." Master Feng's eyes lit up as his thoughts drifted.

As far as mortals were concerned, the great world was already vast enough and without end. One wouldn't even be able to see the edges of the world for the rest of their life.

When Master Feng had cultivated to the Soul Sea Realm, he had felt that the supreme worlds were very large, each equal to a thousand great worlds. It would take several hundred years for some martial artists to travel across a supreme world.

Once he had reached the level of a world lord, he began to feel that a supreme world was too small and that it would only take a few days to cross it. What was really large was the universe. A universe might contain 100, 000 supreme worlds, 1, 000, 000 great worlds, and an endless starry sky.

Now that he had become a Supreme Lord, the universe was nothing more than this, in his opinion. The greatest and most massive place should technically be the divine land.

But now, Master Feng knew that there was an endless chaos outside of the divine land. The boundaries of this chaos were nearly impossible to explore. It was not only the infinite of the space, but also the infinite of the mind.

"If chaos can be generalized, it means that it has a boundary," Master Feng muttered after thinking for a while. "Then what is outside the boundary?"

Wynn smiled and said, "Good question. This is a paradoxical question that even the Holy Beings cannot answer. Or rather, the Holy Beings' understanding of chaos is still in a period of obscurity. If you ask me, a majority of Holy Beings who say that they roam the chaos, other than the few who will never return, are just circling around the divine land."

Master Feng didn't know what to say at Wynn's evaluation. Wynn continued, "From ancient times until now, the tablet of the Evolution Godly Way is probably one that has been observed by the least number of martial artists.

This is besides those few prohibited tablets."

Every single tablet of the three thousand Godly Ways recorded the name of the first person who had comprehended the Godly Way in remote ages.

Most of them were martial artists belonging to the Sacred race, because the Sacred race had been the first race to flourish in the divine land. It had disappeared, true, but the names of those that had comprehended the Godly Ways in remote ages still existed.

Only Mike's name remained on the tablet of the Evolution Godly Way.

This was because Mike had been the first person to comprehend the Evolution Godly Way in the ancient times. Not only had he comprehended it, he had also used the Godly Way to become a Holy Being and had created an unimaginable miracle in the divine land.

Because of how Mike's legend had spread, the Evolution Godly Way, which no one had cared about before, became very popular.

Which True God would not be tempted if one could cultivate the Godly Way to become a Holy Being?

However, it was not easy to cultivate the Evolution Godly Way. It had been popular for a while before news about it had petered out. Most True

Gods had given up. Only a very few people had comprehended the mysteries of the tablet, but in the end, they had been unable to achieve the same level as Mike had. Moreover, there wasn't another person who had become a Holy Being just by relying on this Godly Way.

"My master spent his entire life exploring the Evolution Godly Way. It is precisely because of this that he-" Wynn couldn't continue, having been overcome with emotion.

At the time, it had been such a great honor for him to have been accepted as Mike's disciple.

Even Harold, who had been famous for a long time, had willingly become Mike's disciple. Now that it had ended like this, Wynn naturally felt sad.

But he knew very well that his master had not given up, and that he had seen hope in Zen.

He knew that his Master wanted to truly pass on his legacy.

Swoosh!

The Evolution Lotus Flower had not stopped blooming.

The Lotus Flower petals did not bloom bit by bit.

Instead, they spread out simultaneously in all directions, like the tentacles of an octopus.

From the center of the Lotus Flower emerged a fresh, tender stamen, specks of light coiling around it.

Zen raised his head and observed the scene before him. Master Feng had only understood a little of what Wynn had explained but Zen hadn't even heard the explanation. Which was why he was still confused by what he saw.

But Zen instinctively understood that whatever was happening before him must be related to his father's arrangements. And he would gladly accept it, no matter what happened.

The faint light surrounding the stamen was like a firefly the size of a grain of rice. It circled around the lotus petals and sprinkled down towards Zen, enveloping him in a drizzle.

Zen felt a gentle force on his face, blowing against his cheek.

This feeling of laziness tired him out a little. His eyelids felt like they weighed a thousand pounds and they then closed. It was not long before he entered dreamland.

"Of the Evolutionary Fifty, only forty-nine are useful. Of the Evolutionary Fifty, separate one into two. One is variable, and the other one is definite!"

a grave voice echoed.

'I've heard those words before.' Zen still had clear thoughts as if he was conscious, even though he was still dreaming.

Irene had said this back in the Illusion Battlefield, but no one, including Zen, had been able to figure out the meaning of this phrase.

"The Evolution Godly Way is the origin of counting-"

The grave voice continued to speak. Zen did not understand these words and could only engrave them into his heart, one word at a time.

It was a while before the voice finally stopped. Zen's heart was suddenly filled with clarity and he discovered that he now seemed to have a profound understanding of the Evolution Godly Way.

This wasn't an epiphany on Zen's part, but a natural epiphany that followed the grave voice.

Only now did Zen understand his father's painstaking arrangements.

This was the legacy his father had left him.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2108 Stealing Into The Divine Land

The Heavens-suppressing Object that was in full bloom was still slowly hovering above Zen's head.

Bits of light continued to pour down, and eventually turned into a pale golden book that was reflected in Zen's mind.

On top of the book were three large black words, 'Evolutionary Divine Arts'. The voice that had been transmitting into Zen's mind was a part of the Evolutionary Divine Arts, and was also Mike's lifelong comprehension.

The Evolutionary Divine Arts had the miraculous effect of strengthening the soul and spirit. One's soul power became several times stronger than that of an ordinary martial artist once they reached the highest level of cultivation. This meant that the power of Mike's soul was unrivaled among the Holy Beings.

But Zen didn't know that the moment he began to comprehend the Evolutionary Divine Arts, the aura emanating from his soul had begun to grow stronger by the minute.

The Gold Fighting Soul belonged to the strongest realm that a soul could reach in the universe.

Becoming a Gold Fighting Soul allowed one's soul to freely leave the body to defend it against the enemy. One could even attach their soul to their swords and sabers to increase the power of their weapons.

The souls of Master Feng, Supreme Lord of Original Sin, and the others were all Gold Fighting Souls.

However, the True God Soul was stronger than the Gold Fighting Soul. The True God Soul was just a generic term for the soul of the True God, but in reality, there was a difference in the strengths of the souls of different True Gods. In the divine land, souls were classified according to their power.

For example, the souls of Wynn and Murphy's disciple, Marko, were considered to be stronger than those of other True Gods. The souls of Mateo and Pranav were slightly weaker.

"Zen's aura... is increasing by a huge margin!" Wynn had already detected the change in Zen's soul.

Since a few golden sword shadows were still on Zen's soul, a sharp aura was now mixed within his soul. When he would release his soul aura, it would be like an arrow made to oppress and threaten.

Wynn was still comfortable as he faced the waves of sharp aura that Zen was emitting.

But Master Feng was beginning to feel uneasy.

The streaks of formless, formidable aura shot out in all directions, some even piercing Master Feng's mind. The aura penetrated his soul, causing him great pain.

"This soul's aura is so formidable!"

Master Feng was so astonished, he retreated 3, 000 feet in one startled jump.

Master Feng was forced to retreat in surprise because of the aura. If Zen were to use his full strength and release his soul aura to attack someone, wouldn't he be able to instantly kill their soul?

But Master Feng was retreating at a slower pace than the speed at which Zen's soul was strengthening.

Once Master Feng had retreated to a distance of 3, 000 feet, the imposing aura of the soul became even stronger. A few invisible arrows of imposing aura began to pierce his soul once again. He groaned for a long while before waving a hand and entering the space crack. His body appeared a dozen miles away, from where he looked upon Zen, his face pale.

"Zen's soul is still a Gold Fighting Soul. But his soul's strength is already on par with that of a True God's soul," Wynn said calmly. "Master's method of soul cultivation is unrivaled!"

In the distance, Master Feng's eyes were filled with reverence. This was the ability of the owner of the Evolutionary Universe.

A person would have the upper hand in battle if their soul was strong. Supreme Lord of Thunder Punishment had died because of Marko's Soul Searching Flag. He had not been able to fight back even with the power of the Blessed Buddha Land.

Zen could easily kill a Supreme Lord with just his soul if he fought them at his current level.

Zen didn't know that the aura he had unintentionally emitted had forced Master Feng to retreat. He was still lost in his own thoughts.

The faint light scattered down chaotically. Besides the Evolutionary Divine Arts, a green jade ruler was condensing in his mind as the light gathered together.

When the jade ruler was completely formed, Zen's eyes flashed as he saw two large words appear on the ruler.

'Infinity Ruler?

Why would such a ruler appear?

Father said that the Evolution Godly Way is the source of counting. What does it have to do with this ruler?'

Questions buzzed around in Zen's mind.

But nobody was able to answer Zen's questions. The authoritative voice that had recited the Evolutionary Divine Arts could no longer be heard. Zen could only rely on himself to figure out the mystery behind it, if there was any.

After a while, the faint light from the stamen of the Evolution Lotus Flower finally stopped.

The Evolution Lotus Flower had spiraled for a while before its petals returned from a state of bloom to their original state.

"Huff, huff..."

The Evolution Lotus Flower circled in the air before flying the short distance to Master Feng.

At this moment, Zen opened his eyes and turned to look back, only to realize that Wynn and Master Feng had rushed over to him. He smiled. "Master Wynn. Master Feng."

Wynn smiled back as he said, "Congratulations. You must have comprehended something new about the Godly Way."

Zen nodded, a look of regret on his face. "It's a pity that I haven't condensed my Godly Tile." As he spoke, his gaze penetrated the darkness and stared at the blue light spot above the dome of the universe.

Many mortals saw this light spot as a special star that had appeared quite suddenly.

Some people called this spot the Spider Star, while others called it the Ominous Star. Either way, it was a bad omen.

Only a few martial artists knew that the light spot was not a star, but a scar left behind on the Sighing Wall by Murphy after he had shattered the Sighing Wall. The Sighing Wall of the universe had the ability to heal itself completely. But it would probably take tens of millions of years for this scar to heal. And this meant that the mortals could not see the light spot disappear.

As he looked at the light spot, Zen's heart was filled with a violent killing intent. He couldn't wait to step into the divine land and personally kill Murphy.

But he didn't know how and when to condense a Godly Tile.

Wynn smiled. "There's no need to wait so long."

"What?" Zen looked suspiciously at Wynn.

"You have already removed the limits of the heavens. I can now send you to the divine land," Wynn said.

"You'll send me there? Won't I ascend to the divine land on my own after I condense my Godly Tile?" Zen asked curiously.

When Zen had broken through and reached the Life and Death Realm in the Lower World, he had been rejected by the world itself and forced into the ascending passageway by the world's power.

And if one could condense a Godly Tile in the Upper World, they would also be rejected by the universe and ascend to the divine land.

This had been the case for many years.

Wynn laughed. "That's not really it. True Gods who form their Godly Tiles in the universe are usually led to the divine land by a member of the Jiang Clan. But the guide in the Evolutionary Universe has already been forced to return to the Jiang Clan."

"The young lady from the Jiang Clan?" Zen asked.

Wynn nodded. "The Jiang Clan wrote down this rule through that stone slab a thousand divine eras ago. That's why the Jiang Clan is responsible for guiding the warriors in the universe to the divine land and controlling the heavens. None of the Holy Beings could violate this rule. But this time, we are lucky enough that the young lady was forced to stay back in the Jiang Clan. Even your sister has also contributed to this matter."

Zen's eyebrows rose at Wynn's mention of Yan and a sword-like light flashed through his eyes.

Wynn laughed and said, "Don't get too excited. I'm only guessing at the moment. If I'm not mistaken, Harold might have done something, otherwise the Jiang Clan wouldn't have allowed the controller of the heavens of the Evolutionary Universe to become vacant for so long."

Zen calmed himself down. He was too sensitive and did not know where to look for Yan even if he did go to the divine land. But right now, he had another question to pose to Wynn. "Why did the Jiang Clan send their own members to control the heavens?"

Sending members of the clan to different universes to help other Holy Beings control the heavens was a thankless task.

"You don't even know that the Jiang Clan's Floating Island in the Time Sea is considered one of the top ten big islands in the first tier! The reason they are able to raise their clan to such a high level is because they rely on the method of controlling the heavens. And this is related to the Jiang Clan's cultivation method. You will gradually understand all of this once you enter the divine land. Now, I can help you sneak into the divine land."

Chapter 2109 A Maze

The divine land, over time, had developed countless divine eras.

The passage of time here was unimaginably long.

A set of strict rules had been put into place in the divine land. A few of these rules were so important that even a Holy Being wouldn't dare be caught defying one of them.

Once Murphy had put his anger into action, he received the punishment he deserved, to say the least. There was no room for disobedience!

Wynn didn't speak up much about the way Zen was going to be sent into the divine land. In fact, it had taken quite some time for Mike's disciples to figure out a plan for forcing Irene into returning to the divine land.

Rocher, in fact, had also entered the divine land by sneaking in.

No matter if it was Rocher or Zen, if they entered the divine land using any normal method, the Mu Clan would immediately be informed about their arrival.

One of the reasons why their blood had been exchanged was just for that: to avoid being tracked.

If Murphy had been able to track them, then the ten Godly Geniuses would all be doomed.

"I have no choice but to sneak into the divine land..." Zen frowned as he murmured to himself.

"This has been decided a long time ago. Even if I die, there will still be others to help you sneak over there," Wynn said.

Wynn had managed to survive the great war. If he died now though, the weighted responsibility of helping Zen and the others sneak into the divine land would be handed over to Master Feng and the other Celestial Position members.

"I understand," Zen nodded. In the end, it didn't matter to him what method he used in order to enter the divine land.

"When you're ready, you can come and find me. That said, it's best if you enter the divine land as soon as possible. Although they can try their best to hinder the Jiang Clan, they might send someone else over at any moment..." Wynn added, matter-of-factly.

"You know, Irene is a friendly young lady. Try not to worry too much, she isn't as harsh as she seems," Zen explained as he recalled his conversation with her.

Wynn smiled. "Well, she isn't as friendly as you think, either. Anyone who sent by the Jiang Clan to control the heavens is far more powerful than you can ever imagine. It's not that simple. What's more, she isn't a 'young lady'.

Judging by the average life span of a True God, she would still be relatively young.

However, if one was to calculate according to the time flow rate in the Evolutionary Universe, she would be over twenty billion years old!"

Both Zen and Master Feng were rendered speechless in an instant.

That meant that even Master Feng was much younger than Irene, not to mention that Zen himself was nothing more than a few decades old.

Twenty billion years of age... Unbelievable! That was equivalent to several grand eras.

This woman had lived for so long and yet she was still capable of communicating with Zen like any other ordinary young lady. It was indeed hard to imagine how she had lived through the past countless years.

Now that Zen had the right conditions for going to the divine land, his only remaining task was to arrange his family members well.

Over the years, Zen had always been worried about the problem of time.

However, in the fairy palace, Zen had finally discovered a way to solve such an issue.

Saul told Zen that after he obtained the last token — the earth token, he would be able to enter the training tower. The Time Law in the training tower was steady, and Bromley's ingenious design had allowed the time on different floors to be condensed to different levels.

The training tower was divided into four floors: The first floor had a time flow rate of one to one, the second floor had a time flow rate of one hundred to one, the third floor had a time flow rate of one thousand to one, and the fourth floor was ten thousand to one. Generally speaking, anywhere affected by the Time Law wasn't suitable for cultivation, because other Laws would also be twisted by the distortion of the Time Law.

Within the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Drew had helped Zen refine his body. The Time Law there had been distorted beyond recognition, it was therefore almost impossible to cultivate in such a state.

Despite that though, the training tower was a rare exception. Bromley had created this unique tower with his own power and it was thus extremely stable. Once the training tower was opened, Zen would without a doubt have enough time to cultivate. According to Saul, the fairy palace was located in the Swirl Forest, which was known as a forbidden area in the divine land.

The time flow rate in the Swirl Forest was the same as that of the entire divine land. However, once the enchanted barrier was activated, the time flow rate within the fairy palace matched that of the Evolutionary Universe. This was because the enchanted barrier that enveloped the fairy palace isolated it from the rest of the divine land, affecting the flow of time.

Once Zen had obtained the earth token and collected all eight tokens, he would have the capacity of removing the enchanted barrier that shrouded the fairy palace. Following this, the time flow rate in the fairy palace would no longer match that of the universe but instead, would be the same as that of the divine land.

As a result, arranging his family members there, in the fairy palace, became Zen's only clear option.

Throughout that period of time, every time Zen would set foot in the fairy palace, Master Evil and Wayne would circle him like flies.

The blue-robed woman had returned to the fairy palace. She had penetrated through the enchanted barrier with ease and left the fairy palace on her own.

Master Evil and Wayne also had the desire to leave the fairy palace and yet, they dared not approach the woman. When the blue-robed woman returned to the fairy palace, both men had already disappeared, hiding in the dungeon. After she left, the enchanted barrier automatically closed behind her, and neither of them had the ability to break through it. All they could do now was to wait patiently for Zen, in hopes that he would let them out.

The problem was that Zen still couldn't control the opening and closing of the enchanted barrier on his own. He still hadn't obtained the earth token and was unable to completely control the fairy palace just yet.

Irritated and annoyed by these two people who bothered him all the time, Zen suggested that they enter the Evolutionary Universe and leave through there. However, they immediately refused his suggestion. They knew that the universe was closely monitored by Holy Beings. How would they even have the guts to appear in the Evolutionary Universe? In other words, that was the equivalence of courting death.

With such negation toward his suggestion, Zen could only ask them to sit patiently and wait.

Zen had finally made up his mind: he decided to challenge the True Path once again.

Zen had made full preparations for the final phase of the True Path. With his current abilities, he believed that it wouldn't be too difficult for him to get through the True Path.

Despite his abilities though, the final phase of the True Path had been ingeniously designed by Bromley. It would certainly be a difficult task for Zen, whether he liked it or not.

In fact, this phase of the True Path was no longer a path, but a huge maze!

The Sacred warriors in this maze weren't very strong, though. At least Zen would easily defeat them with his current strength.

The maze itself was very complex. Straight from the entrance, it contained the powers of the five elements. Zen wandered around within it for dozens of hours before finding himself exactly where he had started. He was confused and dizzy.

In the end, he felt helpless enough to give up and leave the True Path. This was the first and only time that he ever had given up halfway on the True Path!

"I wonder why Master set up such a confusing and irritating maze at the end of the True Path," Zen furrowed his brow and muttered aloud.

"Because this maze is very important." As Zen obtained more and more tokens, Saul seemed to hide less and less information from him. "Master wants you to remember this maze."

"What's the meaning of it, though?" Zen asked.

"It doesn't matter what the meaning is. You just need to succeed in finishing this maze!"

"I just can't wait any longer. I've already been delayed for a few more years!"

Master Evil and Wayne both dreamed of the day they'd finally leave the fairy palace. Although Zen had finally released them from the dungeon, they never thought that they would be trapped inside the fairy palace's enchanted barrier!

If it wasn't for the fact that they were afraid of triggering a few of the restrictive spells within the fairy palace, they would've already tried destroying it long ago.

Right now, they had to wait for Zen to pass the True Path!

"This maze is related to the disappearance of the Sacred race, and it was not invented by Master. It actually exists in the world," Saul explained. "However, the maze built by the Sacred race was countless times larger and more complicated than the one in front of you. Back then, even Master was unable to pass through that maze... until he was trapped inside it for twelve divine eras. After finally escaping from the maze, he replicated a small part of it according to his memories."

"Even Master can't successfully pass through the Sacred race's maze?" Zen asked as obvious astonishment quickly filled his eyes.

"Yes, that is true, but this maze really does have an exit. Master wants you to firmly carve this maze into your mind. Just as it was carved into his," Saul replied.

Since Saul had described it as of utmost importance, Zen had no other choice but to challenge the maze again and again. In fact, with Zen's current memory, no matter how complicated the route was, he would still remember it. This maze seemed to be an illusionary one though, and therefore Zen wouldn't have the chance of repeating the same route twice.

Zen's only option left was extremely stupid: that of only turning right in the maze. Theoretically, even in the most complex maze, he would eventually find the exit if he always chose one same direction.

Ultimately, Zen spent nearly four months in the maze before managing his way out, after a countless number of attempts and failures.

Just like Saul had said, this maze had been deeply engraved in Zen's mind from beginning to end. That said though, he couldn't think of any use for remembering the maze's route.

Once Zen had the earth token in hand, he didn't even have the time to open the training tower before Master Evil and Wayne were already anxiously asking him to open the enchanted barrier for them.

Chapter 2110 Disintegration

Before opening the enchanted barrier, Zen went to the weapon refining workshop and took Livingston from the fairy palace, permitting him to stay temporarily in the Breaking Cloud World.

Livingston was not pleased to be disturbed by Zen. He had been busy forging weapons in the weapon refining workshop day and night, but now his work had been interrupted by Zen. He naturally found the situation unsatisfactory.

However, Zen did in that way as a precaution.

The secondary creature would be disintegrated upon entering the divine land, and if Livingston entered the divine land as a puppet, that would probably not be much better.

It could be said that all the materials from the universe would disintegrate after they were brought into the divine land...

If the enchanted barrier was removed, then the power within the divine land could potentially disintegrate his metal body and soul.

After chasing Livingston away, Zen returned once more to the fairy palace.

Following to Saul's instructions, he neatly placed the eight tokens together.

As Zen activated these tokens one after the other, the eight tokens seemed to come to life. At first they circled in the air for a while before finally settling themselves in their own order!

The sequence of the eight tokens was heaven, earth, thunder, wind, water, fire, mountain, and valley.

The tokens connected together in the air and formed themselves into a ring. A black and white light began to shine out from the ring. These were the Dark and Light energies that Zen had encountered on the True

Path. The Dark and Light energies circled and fused together, eventually turning into the perfect Eight Diagrams.

The Eight Diagrams floated slowly in front of Zen...

"Put in your hand..." Saul instructed.

Not far away, when Master Evil and Wayne saw the scene which unfolded, their eyes betrayed their greed and desire.

Being able to control the Eight Diagrams meant that one could exercise complete control over the whole fairy palace.

The fairy palace had been left behind by Bromley. They might not know about all the secrets and resources within the walls, but the dungeon that had trapped them for countless years had left an indelible impression upon them. Therefore they assumed that the rest of the fairy palace must be equally magical.

However, their greedy expressions only lasted for an instant before fading away.

After all, there was a chance that they might not be able get the approval of the Eight Diagrams. On top of that, they had sworn an inner demon oath in front of Zen before, and if they broke it, it would cast a shadow over their future lives. Moreover, Bromley was not Mike, and was not yet dead. If he came back to attack at any point, then even if they occupied the fairy palace, they would not be able to resist him in a fight... At that point they would simply be courting death.

Assuming that they would soon be able to ascend, they restrained the greed that was growing in their hearts.

As Zen extended his hand into the Eight Diagrams, the Eight Diagrams started to revolve slowly around his arm. The eight tokens kept spiraling upwards all the way along his arm, until they finally reached Zen's head.

From a distance, Zen appeared to be wearing a strange hat.

Not long afterwards, the Eight Diagrams and tokens began to dissipate, fusing into Zen's mind and fusing with his soul.

Zen was experiencing mixed emotions and he began to sigh. Many things had stayed in his mind before. The nine Genuine Dragons and Lavender had already left his brain, but the Evolutionary Divine Arts and the Infinity Ruler with unknown uses appeared clearly in his mind. Now, the Eight Diagrams had also drilled deep into his mind...

After the Eight Diagrams melded into his soul, Zen suddenly felt as if his soul was connected to the fairy palace. Everything in the fairy palace seemed to have life just like his arms and legs. With just a thought, he could now open any door in the fairy palace.

"These arrays...

Soaring Dragon Array, Triple Elements Array, Divine Scorpion Array..."

Now, Zen finally sensed the existence of several powerful restrictions and arrays within the fairy palace. These restrictions and arrays were all carefully concealed. Zen had not noticed them in the past as his movement range had been limited.

Zen was able to freely control the arrays and restrictions, which raised new questions in his mind.

Only a small portion of the arrays and restrictions in the fairy palace were intended to defend against attacks from outside enemies, and the majority of them were aimed towards the inside of the fairy palace, to be more precise, into the depths of the ground under the fairy palace!

When he came to this realization, a perplexed expression settled across Zen's face once more.

If that was the case, were there some extraordinary surprises hidden far below the fairy palace?

"Zen, can't you work faster?" Master Evil complained.

"If there's a problem, we can discuss it later. Can't you let us out of here first?"

Wayne begged.

When he heard their words, Zen rolled his eyes. He would have liked to ask Saul about it, but he thought that the things hidden far below the fairy palace were probably too serious for him to mention in front of Master Evil and Wayne. He chose to restrain his curiosity and simply replied, "Alright, I'll let you out now!"

By opening the enchanted barrier of the fairy palace, Zen knew that he had truly stepped into the divine land!

However, Master Evil was right. Just as he had said, the Swirl Forest was indeed an exceptionally powerful forbidden area. Even with all of their strength, they still needed to be careful. It was quite possible that a lack of care and attention could result in their death. Zen obviously could not pass through the Swirl Forest to get to the divine land.

When he reached the point of actually opening the enchanted barrier, Zen couldn't deny that he was still a little nervous.

When he first left the Lower World and ascended to the Upper World, the disorderly vitality which existed between heaven and earth had made him feel quite uncomfortable. This divine land was a 'true world' to the secondary creatures. He had no idea what sorts of pressure it would bring to bear on him.

"Act quickly..." Wayne urged him again noticing that Zen was still not moving.

Zen just nodded and shut his eyes.

As for the pink enchanted barrier which was set to guard the fairy palace, Bromley named it the bubble enchanted barrier. The space within the enchanted barrier could transform into the space of the divine land, or into the space of the universe, or even into a passageway between two spaces...

To possess the ability to establish such an enchanted barrier meant that Bromley was indeed a rare talent. Although the bubble enchanted barrier did not possess a large range, it was equivalent to a miniature universe!

"Buzz, buzz..."

The pink bubble enchanted barrier, which covered the fairy palace, quivered like a huge soap bubble before suddenly bursting...

The moment the crack appeared, Zen's eyes flashed. This was the first time he had felt the aura of the divine land, yet he couldn't detect anything special or any unusual feeling. It was as if the divine land was ordinary.

Then, in the blink of an eye, he felt something strange from his fingers!

"Crack..."

Cracks were now appearing on his space ring. The ring suddenly shattered and it jumped free of Zen's hand. At the same time, a vast expanse of white mist had begun to emerge from the ring!

This space ring was actually starting to disintegrate on its own!

"This is bad. When I brought this space ring I forgot that it also comes from the universe!"

Unfortunately, it was now too late to correct his mistake. The space ring rapidly turned into a mass of white mist that scattered in all directions.

And as the space ring disintegrated, an even more bizarre scene started to unfold.

Normally, if a space ring was damaged, the space within would collapse and it became impossible to find the things hidden within it. When that happened the things that were hidden within the Sumeru Space would be lost forever.

However, at this moment, when the space ring had broken apart, the space in the space ring that was brought over from the universe didn't collapse, but instead disintegrated along with the space ring. Thus the things that were inside the space ring shot out in an instant.

Fairy weapons, sacred weapons, sabers, swords, bows, and other weapons of the various ranks were all squeezed from the disintegrated space and sprinkled onto the ground before Zen...

Fortunately, Zen had acted cautiously earlier and had placed some important items within the Breaking Cloud World, rather than brought them with him into the fairy palace. Thus the items stored in this space ring were not especially valuable.

Cracks also began to appear on the surface of the sabers and swords. White mist continued to billow out before disappearing in front of Zen...

The only items that did not vanish were the Great Weighty Sword and the Great Weighty Sword's scabbard that Zen had in his possession. They were spared because they were made by Livingston from materials taken from the fairy palace, and these materials originated in the divine land.

Noting that the enchanted barrier had now disappeared, Master Evil and Wayne could not disguise their joy.

They clapped their hands together to thank Zen, and then while laughing got ready to leave.

"Just one moment, please," Zen suddenly said.

Chapter 2111 The Huge White Ape (Part One)

With the enchanted barrier was removed, nothing could stop Master Evil and Big Mouth anymore. Danger still lurked in the Swirl Forest. However, as long as they did not seek their own deaths, it would not be too dangerous for them.

"What else do you want?" Master Evil asked with a smile. Despite his current situation, arrogance was still in his tone.

"You should remember that you promised to help me accomplish one task," said Zen with suspicious eyes.

Zen forced them to make the inner demon oath at that time because he wanted them to fight against the True Gods of the Murphy Universe. They were stronger than Blayd but weaker than the blue-clothed woman. In the end, they did not fight. However, the oath still applied.

"Of course I remember." Master Evil let out a loud laugh. "If we meet in the divine land one day and you have any needs, I won't hesitate to help you. Tell me any desires you might have at that time."

"Yeah. Don't worry about that. We won't forget." Wayne hurriedly nodded his head as well. It seemed that they would both honor their oaths.

However, it wasn't their exact thought. At that moment, they could already leave the fairy palace. The divine land was so vast that it was very likely that they would never have the chance to see Zen again for the rest of their lives. They believed that they wouldn't have to keep their promises as long as Zen couldn't find them.

Zen shrugged his shoulders and laughed. With a callous look he said, "Since you are so reasonable, I can be relieved."

Master Evil and Wayne didn't hesitate any longer. They strode forth and headed straight for the entrance of the fairy palace. At last, they were finally able to leave the place where they were imprisoned for countless years.

As he saw them leave, Zen's eyes widened. Bewilderment enveloped Zen as he stared at their backs. "Why don't they fly?"

Saul seemed to have already expected such a situation. He smiled slightly and answered diligently, "They can't fly here. If you don't believe me, why don't you try it?"

Flight was a fairly easy thing to do in the universe. Most creatures with sufficient cultivation could hover through the air.

After the warriors in the Lower World cultivated to the Illuminating Soul Realm, they would activate their life vitality to fuse with the wind and soar into the sky. Once they cultivated to higher levels, they would become even more powerful. They could travel through space, display the Grand Teleportation technique and take one step across millions of miles. Their mobility increased as their cultivation improved.

However, they couldn't do such things easily in the divine land.

After he heard Saul's words, Zen began to condense his chaotic energy. Intense focus accompanied his face as he willed himself to fly into the sky.

However, the moment he condensed the Wind Law, the Law Power instantly collapsed. It was as if an invisible force had confined him to the spot.

He had originally thought that he would float with the wind. Yet, he remained unmoved on the ground.

"Why?"

A hint of surprise flashed across his eyes. He extended his hand and waved it, intending to travel through space.

However, just like last time, both the Wind Law and the Space Law were extinguished in a flash. It was as if there was some mysterious power that had extinguished the Law Power that Zen cultivated. The expression on Zen's face was full of confusion.

"It's useless," Saul said faintly with a regretful look. "The space in the divine land is very different from the space you know. In fact, the universes inhabited by secondary creatures, like yours, are just unreal spaces created by the Holy Beings. It's just like when people sleep, they tend to be omnipotent. As such, the universes are just products of the wills of Holy Beings. Only the divine land is the real world."

When the Holy Beings built the universes, their imaginations fueled the creation. They did not impose any restrictions on any of the laws and made everyone able to control the laws.

The universes that secondary creatures lived on were equivalent to the oceans, where all sorts of life forms could freely swim around. Each of them had the liberty to do whatever they wanted as long as they had power. Even a newly born fish could float in the water while asleep. However, at his current location, Zen was like a living being on land for the first time. When he tried to jump up, he found that he couldn't float as he did in the sea. Everything suddenly felt very restrictive.

Zen still had an unconvinced expression on his face. Additionally, he was still puzzled and his eyes reflected his perplexity. "But I've inherited the laws from the Holy Beings. Why don't they work here?"

Both of the Supreme Lords and the world lords in the Evolutionary Universe had a deep comprehension of the laws. They were powerful enough to will the laws with a simple thought.

Their comprehension came directly from the master of the Evolutionary Universe, Mike's comprehension of the laws. Since Mike could use the Law Power in the divine land, why couldn't the secondary creatures that obtained his inheritance use it?

"They don't all lose their effectiveness," Saul said flatly. His face was calm with a hint of pity. "If you don't believe me, you can try condensing a flame."

As he heard Saul's remark, Zen flicked his finger. Suddenly, a fireball shot out from his fingertip. It continuously rolled forward until it exploded about dozens of feet away.

Boom!

After the flame exploded, the intense fire turned Zen's face bright red. He stared dumbfoundedly at the fire and muttered, "Does that mean that only the Wind Law and the Space Law are suppressed?"

Normally, when martial artists flew through the air, they would use the Wind Law. Similarly, when they traveled through space, they would use the Space Law. Although these two kinds of Law Power weren't particularly mighty when used against an enemy, they were still indispensable to martial artists. Such mobility was necessary inside and outside of combat.

Chapter 2112 The Huge White Ape (Part Two)

"And the Time Law. These three laws have been suppressed in the divine land. The use of them is limited by the rules stated on that stone slab," Saul reminded with a callous look.

"Does this mean even the Holy Beings can't fly?" Zen raised another question. Curiosity began to invade his mind.

Saul shrugged his shoulders. "Not really. In reality, the top-rank True Gods can resist the suppressive power and fly. Master Evil and Wayne are both only at the peak of mid-rank True Gods' level, so they are unable to resist the suppressive power. Therefore, they can only run on the ground. However, as warriors grow stronger, their resistance to the limits of the stone slab also improves."

"I see." Zen nodded as he digested his newfound knowledge.

Just as he finished his words, a sharp, high-pitched sound could be heard from outside the fairy palace.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

As the high-pitched sound reverberated, the ground under Zen's feet also began to tremble.

Everything in the Swirl Forest was unfathomable. Moreover, the divine land was extremely stable. The thing that could cause such a commotion must be an extremely powerful existence. It could shake the earth beneath. Such power would be extremely mighty.

Soon, Zen's gaze pierced through the eaves of the fairy palace. Suddenly, a huge white ape entered his field of vision.

The ape, which was about two thousand feet tall, stood at the edge of the fairy palace's outer wall. As its slender and powerful arms dropped to the ground, it sized up Zen with its bright yellow eyes. It opened its bloody mouth slightly and howled ferociously.

As he was stared at by the ape, Zen felt as if his entire body was suddenly pressured by the weight of trillions of tons of power. The intense pressure made it even more difficult for him to move.

"Be careful. All the beasts in the Swirl Forest are very powerful. Normal True Gods are not even matches for them. Their raw power is extremely destructive. The ape is calling upon its own kind. It may attack at any time," Saul said to Zen with a voice full of caution. "You can release Blackie now."

The bubble enchanted barrier of the fairy palace covered quite a large area. The huge white ape had already reached the borders of the fairy palace. Within seconds, the ape would already be inside the territory of the fairy palace. Zen was left with no time to activate the enchanted barrier to keep it out.

The first time he stepped into the fairy palace in the Eastern Region, he encountered a huge white tiger at the edge of the barrier. Luckily, the bubble enchanted barrier was able to divide the space of the divine land into two worlds, the inside and the outside of the fairy palace. Otherwise, with Zen's strength at that time, he would have been already killed by the tiger's glare. Such was the power of the beasts in the Swirl Forest.

At his current predicament, Zen had already grown much stronger. However, he still felt an intense pressure when he faced the giant white ape.

His expression remained calm, but a single thought had already flashed through his mind. Since he had been in complete control of the fairy palace, a single thought of his could affect the fairy palace. All of its property and amenities were easily at his disposal.

Clang!

In the backyard of the fairy palace, the Fairy Chain that was tied to Blackie was quietly broken. Suddenly Blackie was freed!

The lion-sized Soul-shaking Mastiff charged out of its house. It then immediately turned into a black stream of light and rapidly shot onto the wall of the fairy palace. With great haste, it rushed over via the fairy palace's roof.

"Awoo!"

The huge white ape directed its ferocious eyes straight at Zen. However, as it sensed the arrival of the Soul-shaking Mastiff, the huge white ape suddenly waved its hands which were thousands of feet long. As its enormous hands penetrated through the wall of the fairy palace, the huge white ape tried to grab Zen.

"Back off!" Saul warned with a low voice.

Although Zen felt a great pressure, he naturally knew that it was better to retreat first when he saw the giant hairy hands that approached him. With extensive battle experience, his instincts had grown quite sharp.

Unable to fly in the air, he had no choice but to leap backward. His body rose up from the ground and drew an arc in the air as he jumped.

Just as he was about to fall into the pond in the fairy palace, the huge white ape acted quickly. The moment Zen jumped up, it changed the direction of its two giant hands and grabbed him in midair. An enormous fist tightly gripped Zen's body. Then, it tried to drag him out of the fairy palace.

The Swirl Forest was one of the forbidden lands for True Gods. In addition to huge white apes, there were also some other unimaginable and dangerous monsters. If Zen was taken to the forest, he would not be able to protect himself with his current strength.

However, before the huge white ape could retract its hand, a black shadow jumped up from the roof of the weapon refining workshop. The Soul-shaking Mastiff named Blackie let out a series of roars. Intense pressure accompanied each of his barks.

Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof!

The power contained in the roars could make many creatures feel fear, and the huge white ape was no exception. Its giant hand that held Zen trembled involuntarily. Terror seemed to devour the huge white ape's feral mind.

Immediately, the Soul-shaking Mastiff had already bit onto the arm of the giant white ape.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2113 Black Birds And Bugs

This Soul-shaking Mastiff was much smaller than the giant white ape in size, but it was nonetheless extremely powerful as it was a true spirit.

As the Soul-shaking Mastiff chomped down on the giant white ape, a crisp sound that could send shivers down one's spine was heard!

Within a few more seconds, the giant ape's thick arm was bitten straight off. Zen got rid of the ape's grip and he fell down from the sky.

"Awooo..."

The giant white ape howled out in pain, its eyes gleaming with anger. It waved its other arm out in front of him and quickly sent a palm strike flying toward the Soul-shaking Mastiff!

The Soul-shaking Mastiff reacted very fast, though.

After biting off the giant white ape's arm, it once again leaped and dodged the giant ape's slap. It then climbed up the giant white ape's remaining arm. As soon as the Soul-shaking Mastiff reached the ape's shoulder, it pounced again, this time its mouth open wide with the intent to bite the white ape's throat!

However, just as the Soul-shaking Mastiff was no more than a few feet away from the white ape's throat, a white shadow suddenly flashed past them and a mountain-like fist smashed directly down onto the Soul-shaking Mastiff.

Boom!

"Woo, woo..."

Accompanied by a loud bang, the Soul-shaking Mastiff let out a blood-curdling screech as it was smashed down into the fairy palace.

Surprisingly and unexpectedly, another giant ape had appeared outside the fairy palace!

The second giant ape was also white in color. In contrast though, this one had a clump of red fur on its head. It looked like a flame dancing above its head. "Awoo..." The giant red-furred ape let out a low growl. It was obvious that it was enraged, and with reason.

Although the Soul-shaking Mastiff had been punched by the second white ape, the second it landed, it rolled over on the ground in an attempt to get up. It lowered its body and vigilantly looked at the two giant apes standing outside the fairy palace. It too, roared in low voice and revealed its two long fangs, but it didn't dare pounce on them.

It was only seconds ago that Zen had struggled free from the white ape's arm. When he noticed that the Soul-shaking Mastiff was showing signs of fear, a strange expression appeared on Zen's face.

From Zen's point of view, the Soul-shaking Mastiff, known as "Blackie", was most likely extremely powerful. Although these two giant apes were powerful, there was no reason Blackie should be afraid of them. Blackie, on his behalf, didn't dare rush out of the fairy palace just yet.

Less than a split second later though, Zen understood what the Soul-shaking Mastiff was afraid of!

Outside the fairy palace, more and more giant apes emerged from behind the walls and around the corners, one by one. In a very short period of time, more than ten apes had actually appeared. Each and every one of them very tall and strong.

The first giant ape, the one who had attacked Zen, had a completely white body. The second giant ape had a wisp of bright red fur that looked like raging flames on the top of its head. It was three times bigger than the first giant and was also much stronger. The apes that emerged now were even larger than that, and they all had red hair on their heads, too.

In fact, the all-white giant ape was just a baby compared to these other apes. The red-haired giant apes stood outside the fairy palace like a row of tall mountains, tightly surrounding the side of the fairy palace!

"Aoo..." they cried.

Once all the apes had appeared, several huge black birds began appearing in the sky above. The black birds all had four pairs of wings, and the feathers on their bodies were protruding like long needles. It was difficult to condense the Wind Law enough to fly in the divine land, but these giant birds relied on their massive sets of wings to do so instead.

"So many..." Zen quietly uttered.

There were a total of approximately sixty giant black birds circling around the fairy palace. Just from the aura these giant black birds emanated, it was safe to assume that they weren't any weaker than the giant apes.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

And that wasn't the end of it. After the giant black birds appeared, numerous giant grey bugs started joining the masses.

Although these giant grey bugs weren't as huge as the black birds and giant apes, each of them was as tall as a person. Moreover, they densely covered the ground, just like an enormous, scary grey cloud closing in from far away.

In the middle of these giant grey bugs, a giant crimson bug was being carried by the other giant bugs. That giant crimson bug had a pair of compound eyes and seemed to be concentrating its thoughts on something as it stared at Zen from a distance. It was obvious that the giant apes, black birds and the bugs in the Swirl Forest all had a very form of high intelligence.

After all, Zen had only just taken control of this fairy palace, and the aura exuded by these bizarre creatures of the divine land was almost comparable to that of a True God. Watching the scene play out before him, Zen couldn't help feeling a little panicked.

'These guys are still thinking about the things beneath the fairy palace, ' Saul thought to himself as he too, watched the action take place. He then turned to Zen and said, "Master, just activate all the killing arrays within the fairy palace." Prior to this occurrence, Saul had wanted to guide Zen gently in order to familiarize him with the fairy palace's controls and had thus asked him to release Blackie. He had never expected that as soon as the bubble enchanted barrier covering the fairy palace opened, all these strange creatures would surge out together, reacting very fast. It had been countless years since the bubble enchanted barrier had been opened the last time.

"You're right! I should activate the arrays!"

This was the first time that Zen had taken complete control of the fairy palace, and he was still a little unfamiliar with the latter. Only after hearing Saul's reminder did Zen think of using the arrays.

In reality, the reason why these creatures didn't attack was because they were afraid of the various killing arrays within the fairy palace. The first white ape had attacked Zen in order to test whether the killing arrays within the fairy place were ineffective or not. It would soon have its answer!

As the number of vicious beasts gathered here increased, they also became more and more rowdy, unable to restrain themselves and capable of charging into the fairy palace in the blink of an eye!

"Awoo!"

The white ape in the lead suddenly let out a loud, piercing howl. It opened its arms and moved over to the outer wall of the fairy palace with the intent to climb over it. The black mass of strange birds and huge bugs also began circulating around restlessly.

"Be quick!"

Saul hissed hurriedly, with an anxious expression on his face.

Zen's thoughts quickly flashed through his mind, and he opened up all of the killing arrays, not caring about the sequences they might have.

"Huff..."

From the depths of the fairy palace, a seven-colored long sword slowly rose from the shadows. Even before it was in full sight, it began shooting out streams of colorful sword shadows!

Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

These colorful sword shadows shot out so fast, and they gave way to the perception that they could destroy anything. As the sword shadows pierced into the white apes, a large bloody hole was left in their bodies. When the sword shadows shot into the bodies of the giant grey bugs, the giant bugs were turned into the powder that looked like blackened ash.

"Squeak, squeak..."

"Awoo!"

"Quack..."

All sorts of screams could be heard around the fairy palace as numerous ferocious beasts were killed by the colorful sword shadows!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

A few colorful sword shadows hit the giant crimson bug from a distance, but a crisp metallic sound resisted the blade. It was unbelievable! The giant crimson bug was actually capable of blocking the colorful sword shadows' attack!

These vicious beasts had suffered heavy casualties in such a short period of time, but they still wouldn't retreat. Instead, they split into three groups and respectively charged towards Zen, Saul, and Blackie at full speed.

However, when they passed through the fairy palace's square and rushed into the inner courtyard, an illusionary little person without any expression on the face and a large hammer appeared on the pavilion. The illusionary person held the large hammer and struck at the pavilion with mighty force.

Clang!

The hammer seemed to have hit a large gong as it produced an explosive sound. At the same time, an invisible force surged out from the ground beneath them and scattered out in all directions.

This power had no effect on Zen, Saul, and Blackie. However, it seemed to have a miraculous effect on the monsters in the Swirl Forest. The enormous monsters were trapped in this great flow of power and were pushed out of the fairy palace with a gust of force!

"Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak..."

The giant crimson bug, on its behalf, was unwilling to be expelled so easily. It had keenly sensed Zen's existence and seemed to know that he was a key figure in the fairy palace. It was at that moment that it opened its six pairs of bright red wings and charged towards Zen, despite the onslaught of power. Despite its best efforts, the invisible force was very great and the bug's flying route in the air was crooked. Its speed was still shockingly fast and in the blink of an eye, it was only two or three short feet away from Zen.

So close up, Zen could now clearly see its detailed sickle-like mouthpart and smell the stench emitted by it.

When the giant crimson bug opened its mouth to swallow Zen's head, beams of seven-colored light flew over once again. A saving grace!

It turned out that the seven-colored long sword continued releasing sword shadows in order to kill the remaining vicious beasts. However, most of the vicious beasts had been pushed straight out of the fairy palace by the surge of power just before. Now, the seven-colored long sword naturally aimed at its next target, the giant crimson bug.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

A cambered blood-red light appeared on the surface of this giant crimson bug, blocking the seven-colored sword. Despite its capacity to block the attack, its body was involuntarily pushed back by the sword shadows, and it kept getting further and further away from Zen!

It took a split second for Zen to realize what was happening, but once he did, he turned around and ran, quickly dashing into the pavilion.

Clang!

Accompanied by a second sound from the top of the pavilion, another surge of power flooded out in all directions. The giant crimson bug wanted to block the seven-colored sword shadows, but it no longer had enough strength to resist the torrent of power. Its body, as tall as a human being, rolled into the air and in the blink of an eye, it too, was sent flying directly out of the fairy palace!

Chapter 2114 Path To The Divine Land

The killing arrays of the fairy palace had been triggered in a specific order.

Zen had panicked though, and he had left several powerful killing arrays not activated.

However, the seven-colored long sword and the mighty hammer atop the pavilion's roof had done their job. They'd exterminated most of the vicious beasts in the courtyard, and left only corpses of birds, bugs, and giant apes behind.

The terrible creatures that had been driven out of the palace were seen circling the walls and searching for a way in. Zen could tell they wouldn't be leaving anytime soon.

It was the mammoth, crimson bug that worried Zen the most though. It stared at him with unblinking, blood red eyes. A hiss slipped from its pincers making him shiver in disgust. It seemed as if it were trying to speak to Zen.

A strange feeling crawled up Zen's spine and made his heart stutter in fear. The voice that echoed in his mind was high pitched and grating.

It wasn't like he could understand the hissing sounds, but he was able to understand the impression and meaning of the words. Such a unique form of communication.

"Release the item from underground," the bug hissed. "We will allow you to leave the Swirl Forest without causing you any difficulty. We will even gift you with three precious fruits. It is a very generous deal."

Zen's face was scrunched, expressing just how uncomfortable receiving the message had been.

Saul, who was standing nearby, barked out a cold laugh when he noticed Zen's face. "It's best to ignore the creature. It must want to release the thing under the palace. Humph, these damned monsters will never give up."

"What is buried underneath the fairy palace, exactly?" Zen asked, curious.

Earlier, Zen had discovered that many of the restrictions and killing arrays in this place were targeted at something hidden underneath the fairy palace. The beasts outside the palace were as strong as True Gods, and they must have been clawing their way through to reach this level. Their need was so strong that they were risking their lives to steal what was under the palace. Whatever was down below was incredibly important Zen was sure.

Taking a deep breath, Saul shook his head and said, "It benefits you not to know that now. This thing can affect the rankings of the Floating Islands in the Time Sea. When the time comes, you'll be told. For now, though, let us drive these foul beasts away."

If Zen had been presented with this before now, he would have exploded with hundreds of questions.

After experiencing everything he had though, Zen was able to hold himself back. He understood that it might not be prudent for him to know at this time, and he just needed to simply focus on the task at hand. If he knew what was under the palace, it could cause unneeded worries and distractions.

Zen met the gaze of the crimson beast and shook his head. "I refuse."

Zen did not shout or use his chaotic energy, instead he had spoken calmly and in a soft voice. That didn't seem to hinder the bug from understanding what he said; however, it glared at him in stony silence. A short moment later the shell on its back split open, and it spread its wings to fly away. Countless giant gray bugs followed suit and flew after it.

"Caaawww!"

The piercing screech made Zen flinch. "Woo-oo-oo!"

The giant apes hollered and howled, echoing the black birds' cries. Then, in an instant, they were gone, following after the crimson bug, and taking their harrowing cries with them.

Zen let out the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding.

It might seem like just a forest in the divine land, but there were such powerful creatures lurking within. There were so many of them that Zen hadn't realized they were there.

'Of course, it is as father had told me, my path through the divine land would only grow more and more difficult, ' thought Zen.

Zen hadn't been able to understand why his father, as a Holy Being, would create so many obstacles for him. Even going so far as to put him through countless deadly experiences. Only now did Zen understand why.

In the universe, Mike could absolutely help Zen make great strides towards his goal. Mike would also be able to make the path much easier for him.

However, Mike couldn't protect him forever. After arriving in the divine land, Zen had only himself to rely on. If he hadn't put Zen through such grueling experiences, it would have been near impossible for him to survive the divine land with such a childish, brutish mentality.

If he really considered everything from this point of view, Mike thought things through carefully.

"Why is this bubble enchanted barrier unable to be activated again?"

Zen could feel the barrier within his mind, and was able to tell it was unstable in its current state.

"The bubble enchanted barrier isolates a part of space in the divine land. Naturally it cannot be opened and closed casually as if it were a normal enchanted barrier," Saul explained. "Back then." he continued, explaining Bromley's skill, "It was already a huge feat for my master to create this enchanted barrier."

This bubble enchanted barrier was able to prevent secondary creatures from disintegrating. Having it here was equal to erasing fundamental rules of the divine land to a certain degree, though. It might be limited to just within the fairy palace, but it was precious to the entire divine land.

Zen nodded his head in understanding. He intended to bring his family into the fairy palace, so if he helped restore the bubble enchanted barrier, it would be great.

He himself was at no risk, but if his loved ones entered and then were to disappear in front of him, Zen didn't know what he'd do. It would be a tragedy.

A terrible thought crossed Zen's mind. If the fairy palace's bubble enchanted barrier was forced to shatter at some point, what would happen to those inside? Wouldn't it be extremely dangerous for Letitia and the others to be inside?

With this worry at the forefront of his mind, Zen decided that sending his family to the fairy palace would probably be a foolish decision.

Zen turned to Saul to express his concern.

Saul only smiled. "You are overthinking things. No one has broken through the barrier in many years. When this palace was created by your master it was done in the Swirl Forest, so naturally, he had planned for such a thing. If that were to ever happen though, there is always the training tower to take refuge in." Besides, he truly wanted someone to stay at the palace with him. Especially Geoffrey, that boy always brought fun to him and Immortal Book.

Afraid that Zen would decide to leave Geoffrey and the others in the universe, Saul continued, "The Evolutionary Universe has been invaded by the race from the Murphy Universe. Murphy might not let it go. He might have other means to destroy the universe. Leaving your family there could be dangerous."

Zen felt a little comfort at Saul's words. There was no true safe place in the world anymore, and even the Holy Beings could not protect all the people they wanted to. Not to mention, Zen's current strength was far from what he wanted to achieve. He had to do his best to protect them, and the fairy palace seemed the most promising place at the moment. It would be near impossible to surpass its power unless one was on the same level as the blue-clothed woman. Now, whether or not that woman could also defend herself against the various arrays was another matter entirely.

It didn't take long for Zen to make a decision, and he returned to the Evolutionary Universe from the fairy palace.

Zen stayed in the Breaking Cloud Sacred Place for a long while before he was ready to send Letitia, Geoffrey, and others to the fairy palace. Margaret knew Zen was planning to enter the divine land soon, so she wanted to enter the fairy palace. She also knew that Zen was able to come and go as he pleased from the fairy palace. Margaret wanted to be there to see him whenever he returned.

Her request to leave was turned down by Wynn, though. Margaret, just like all of the Godly Geniuses, represented the hope that Mike had planted. Although the hope was not great, it represented an infinite number of possibilities. Wynn couldn't allow Margaret to go gallivanting wherever she pleased. Not when he needed her here to continue cultivating. He hoped one day she would have the chance to become a True God.

Zen had heartily agreed with Wynn's decision, and it only served to make Margaret angry. It took a long time for Zen to calm Margaret and convince her that staying with Wynn would be the best option. Because of this it had taken him much longer to prepare than he had planned.

A month and a half had passed by the time Zen settled everything, and went to find Wynn.

Since Wynn's body had been destroyed, he could no longer move freely in the universe. Master Feng had to lead Zen through the universe to reach a northern supreme world of the Evolutionary Universe. It happened to be the Gem Jade World.

There was a small, nameless race occupying this supreme world. It was so minuscule, and it only had three world lords.

Zen and Wynn kept their arrival a secret from the small race. Once they entered the Gem Jade World, under Wynn's careful instruction, Master Feng directed Zen to continue north. He would continue north until he reached the northernmost tip of the Evolutionary Universe, and arrived at the Sighing Wall.

When Master Feng stopped, Zen asked, "Did Rocher also sneak in from this place?"

Wynn shook his head and answered, "No. He did not follow the same route as you."

When they were all quiet again, Wynn stepped up to the Sighing Wall. Placing his hand on the wall, a red light started to emanate from Wynn's palm. They watched as the pulsing red light crept out along the wall, and the section of brick seemed to melt away to form a tunnel.

Along the tunnel walls and ceiling, blue veined patterns crisscrossed and spiraled down the path. There wasn't the slightest fluctuation of the Space Law, and they knew this was the correct path to the divine land.

Chapter 2115 The Slab's Punishment

Before Zen entered the passageway, Wynn had provided a piece of crucial information. "In theory, the Godly Genius is allowed to enter the divine land. However, if they were to sneak into the divine land, they would be punished by the latter. Hence, ever since the ancient times and up until today, only a very limited few secondary creatures have chosen to sneak their way in."

"The smuggling will be punished?" Wynn's words had stunned Zen. "But I don't understand! When I'm in the fairy palace..."

"That's because you haven't left the Swirl Forest yet. If you enter the divine land through Holy Bromley's fairy palace, even if you manage to leave the Swirl Forest safely, you'll still be punished. This rule was amended by the Jiang Clan."

After the Jiang Clan had taken charge of the ascension, they helped the Holy Beings in the Hall of Holy Beings in guiding the secondary creatures who ascended. Every single creature who ascended to the divine land would be recorded from then on.

The warriors who successfully ascended to the divine land were considered valuable resources to the Holy Beings. After all, martial artists that ascended from their own universe were all True Gods and they relied solely on themselves when it came to condensing their own Godly Tiles. True Gods like these were also viewed as extremely popular talents across the divine land.

Following countless years of development though, the Hall of Holy Beings had formulated a set of detailed rules in order to balance out the interests of the various great clans as well as the Holy Beings. Those who ascended to the divine land were actually distributed according to the Floating Islands' ranks. The powerful warriors that a few Holy Beings cultivated in their inner worlds were taken away by others, which caused them to become displeased and angry.

And thus during a good period of time, a great number of warriors were stolen into the divine land.

Certain Holy Beings even brought their inner worlds' Godly Geniuses directly into the divine land for training.

In a fit of rage, the Jiang Clan immediately changed the rules on the stone slab in order to restrict the Holy Beings from doing such a thing.

The few martial artists that still dared to steal their way into the divine land would certainly receive the stone slab's punishment. From then on, only very few secondary creatures dared to secretly immigrate the land; after all, the stone slab's rules were not to be violated by anyone.

"I've never heard of such a serious matter in the past... Why have you never mentioned this before?" Zen asked in bewilderment.

Wynn smiled slightly. "Master has already taken this question into consideration."

Zen suddenly remembered something. "My blood?"

Wynn nodded briskly. "Yes. The blood that has been inherited by the Celestial Position race was prepared for the Godly Geniuses. This kind of blood can avoid tracking and punishment, but those who utilize it will ultimately face unpredictable consequences."

If they hadn't swapped Zen's blood though, then Murphy would discover him the very moment he set foot in the divine land. At this point, the serious consequence could only be imagined.

Zen had no idea at the time of his blood transfer that the golden blood even had such a function. He then asked, "What are the unpredictable consequences?"

This time, Wynn shook his head in dismay. "There is no way to tell. This matter can only be left up to fate. After all, avoiding the stone slab's punishment is far from being an easy matter. Even Murphy wouldn't succeed!"

"Are you saying even a Holy Being can't escape the punishment?" Zen was slightly surprised, but he felt gutted.

Wynn smiled calmly. "It doesn't matter anymore. This is the only chance you have. You have no idea how much effort your father has put in to achieve this."

Zen nodded, his eyes glimmering. "I see..."

After bidding farewell to Wynn and Master Feng, Zen stepped into the passageway.

The passageway didn't actually pierce through the Sighing Wall, but was instead only a very special space passageway placed on the Sighing Wall.

The law within was completely different from the Space Law that Zen knew. He couldn't even feel the fluctuation of any Law Power. He felt so lost and disoriented.

The moment Zen stepped inside, he felt an irresistible force wrap around him. At the same time, he felt himself being pulled towards the depths of the passageway. Suddenly, his entire body began to twirl at high speeds, like a spinning top.

While this process occurred, Zen tried to control the shape of his body and stop the spinning. It certainly didn't take long before he discovered that he was unable to use the Space Law, nor was he able to fly here in this passageway.

Zen now understood that after stepping into this passageway, he had already entered the divine land. After all, his feeling in this situation very much resembled his feeling in the fairy palace's divine land space!

Thus, Zen let himself go, his only option being to spin along the passageway.

The sense of space and time gradually blurred within Zen's mind.

He felt as though what he had just experienced was spread over a short period of time, and yet simultaneously, he felt as though it had taken him an extremely long time to cross what seemed to be an endless path...

An unknown amount of time had passed, Zen literally had no idea, before his body suddenly felt lighter. The force that had wrapped around him earlier disappeared, and with a loud bang, he suddenly fell down.

'Am I in the air?

The vegetable patch!'

Zen's reaction time was extremely fast. Despite spinning so rapidly, he could still see the scenery around him. Below him was a square of vegetable patch!

BOOM!

Not even a few seconds later, Zen crashed flat into the vegetable patch.

If Zen's body were to smash into a vegetable patch, it had the possibility of creating a huge hole with a radius of at least ten thousand feet!

That though, was only a possibility within the universe!

The universe was constructed from life vitality while the divine land, on the other hand, was formed by the chaotic energy.

The difference of the two was like the difference between a secondary creature and an ordinary creature. The materials sourced within the divine land were naturally different, too.

After Zen smashed into the vegetable patch, he looked around himself, only to notice that he had created nothing more than a small crater and a few crushed seedlings.

Thanks to Zen's strong physical body, he had avoided injured. What he did have now was a deep impression of this hard vegetable patch.

Prior to this experience, he thought only the Swirl Forest could be so sturdy. Now, he finally understood that everything in the entire divine land was probably of such strength.

Just as Zen fell from the sky, in the depths of the divine land, a line of small characters suddenly flashed with a faint light on a stone slab behind the Hall of Holy Beings. Quickly after this light flashed, it turned into a palm print that shot out from the stone slab!

Once the lightning bolt had shot out, sudden sounds rang out surprisingly from the depths of the divine land.

"What the hell is going on here? Why did the stone slab let the punishment descend again?"

"The 833rd rule has been activated. Someone is sneaking in from somewhere in the universe..."

"But it's so strange!

This is the second time someone has stolen into the divine land recently!"

After the palm print shot out, it disappeared from the Time Sea and quietly fled through the vast space of the divine land. Soon, it appeared once again, but in a different, particular region...

Crack!

Just as Zen came back to his senses, he saw a giant palm print appear with a burst in the sky!

The very second he noticed the lightning, fear completely washed over him and broke out in a cold sweat. He knew what that black palm print meant. The power it contained was enough to kill him a thousand times over!

Therefore, upon seeing the lightning bolt, he also mourned himself silently in his heart. This time, he was probably done for. He also thought that he didn't deserve such treatment to be beaten to death by this palm when all he had done so far was to enter the divine land.

After the palm print was in full view, it didn't hesitate a second longer before striking down toward Zen. By the time it was halfway toward Zen, he felt his body suddenly warming up as the golden blood in his body began to burn!

Simultaneously, the palm print seemed confused, having lost its target, and it looked like a headless fly circling over and over again ten miles above Zen's head. It just wasn't capable of locking down on Zen anymore.

'So that's how it is!' Zen thought to himself.

He looked up at the sky, a faint smile now slowly spreading on his lips.

He instantly understood that Wynn had been right. The golden blood could indeed help him escape punishment...

This black palm print continued circling around for quite a while but never found Zen. After some time, it turned into a black ball and came crashing down from the sky!

'This is bad!' Zen's thoughts were whirling now.

Immediately upon seeing the scene, he knew something was wrong. He turned his head and ran toward the other side of the vegetable patch.

The moment the black ball hit the ground, it exploded, sending out several clumps of black threads. The threads interweaved themselves in order to form a huge web that spread out in all directions. This web spread at an extremely high speed. Even though Zen was running as fast as his legs could carry him, the web wasn't escapable.

Swish, swish, swish...

Strands of black, hair-like threads shot toward and into Zen's body.

These black threads didn't cause any substantial physical damage to Zen's body, but they tightly wrapped around his cinnabar field. And after his cinnabar field was completely bounded, he immediately felt as though he had lost contact with his inner world!

'This... This can't be happening...'

Zen, suddenly felt overwhelmingly shocked and confused.

Wynn had reminded him on several occasions that there might be unpredictable consequences, and Zen was well-prepared.

Despite that, he never expected that the consequence he would face would be one like this. His own cinnabar field was sealed and he was unable to extract the chaotic energy and strength source within. Thus, he lost the two greatest things that he relied on...

Chapter 2116 Crickets

The strands of black thread were like thick locks of hair. A part of them fused into Zen's body and coiled around his cinnabar field, and the rest just disappeared.

He looked at the blue sky and let out a long exhale.

It had been a long day. He was greatly disappointed that his cinnabar field was sealed, but at least he was still alive. That was good, right?

Zen sighed. Looking far into the distance, a rich vegetable field caught his attention. Its wide expanse was out of this world, the lush green fields extending as wide as the ocean.

And now, he was standing in the middle of it.

"What the hell is this place?"

Though ruled by True Gods and Holy Beings, there were also mortals with low levels of cultivation that lived in the divine land. Could it be that this vegetable field was theirs?

No, Zen frowned. The soil under his feet was soil of the divine land. Even the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm or Spirit Supreme Realm would have to exert much effort to reclaim this field. Ordinary mortals wouldn't be able to move a piece of dirt.

"Then these seedlings..."

Zen reached for a seedling and studied it closely. He could not identify what type it was, but it was certainly a tough one. It didn't break under Zen's fingers when he casually pinched it, and only when he had used 1% of his strength did the seed break.

"Huh," muttered Zen. "This is tougher that a sacred weapon in the Evolutionary Universe."

Obviously, these vegetables weren't for ordinary mortals to eat. What mortal could bite a sacred weapon to pieces?

Right now, Zen regretted not asking Wynn about the local customs of the divine land. That way, he would've known a little more about this place, and he wouldn't be so lost.

Refusing to wander aimlessly, Zen chose a direction and started to trek.

Although he couldn't fly or travel through space in the divine land, he had an extremely strong physique and his running speed wasn't too slow.

What he didn't expect however, was that six hours later, when he had traveled ten thousand miles, he was still in the lush green vegetable field. This field was endless!

Zen was distraught. No matter which angle he looked at it, this world just didn't seem real. Was this preposterous illusion really the divine land?

Zen took a moment to calm himself before continuing on his way. There was no use panicking.

No matter how big this field was, Zen believed that it ended somewhere. It would just take some more time and effort to reach its edge.

As he ran, Zen observed the black threads that were coiled around his cinnabar field.

At first, Zen wanted to use his power to cut off the threads, but the cinnabar field was the most important and most fragile part of a martial artist so he had to be careful.

But then, he discovered that the black threads were intertwined with his cinnabar field, so it was impossible to remove them without destroying the cinnabar field.

Now, he found that the threads were eroding under his blood circulation. The strands on the side of his cinnabar field had become much thinner and seemed to be on the verge of breaking.

'This golden blood actually has such use!'

Zen thought excitedly. If his cinnabar field was always sealed, it would be a genuine concern to Zen. Once he encountered some powerful enemy, he would have no way to resist.

The golden blood had the ability to avoid the black palm print, and now he found out it had miraculous effects on the black threads too!

Zen forced the blood in his veins to surge into the cinnabar field.

This would be suicide for ordinary mortals, but for Zen, it wouldn't be a problem even if his internal organs moved. Directing a large amount of golden blood to his cinnabar field should be a piece of cake and cause no damage to him.

And so, Zen tried to remove the black threads as he continued to run.

Night came eventually. The lush green field disappeared from Zen's view and was replaced by a dark world. A white moon hung in the sky. It seemed that even in the divine land, a moon shone.

Every Holy Being tried their best to create the perfect universe for themselves, their work oftentimes influenced by the divine land. It was just how the minds of living beings worked.

For example, when a person saw a ship for the first time and decided to create one themselves, the ship they would build would be affected by their previous experience.

Therefore, the moon before his eyes was the one true moon.

Along with the night came a thick layer of fog that covered the vegetable field. It was eerily quiet, and only rustling sounds could be heard as Zen ran across the field.

"Da! Da!"

Zen stopped in his tracks.

"What...?" He did a one-eighty as he scanned his surroundings carefully. A look of vigilance flashed through his eyes. He held his breath and listened attentively.

It was completely silent. No wind, no sounds...

Zen frowned but resumed running nonetheless.

"Da! Da! Da!"

He had just taken a step forward, then there it was again! Zen stopped and turned to the direction of the sound but it had stopped already.

Now, he was certain that something was following him. Closing his eyes, he released his soul power

and searched the perimeter.

Everything around him was reflected in his mind however, there really were only hard soil and seedlings around.

"What the hell..."

Zen shook his head and began to walk again.

But as soon as he stepped forward, he heard the sound again. And as soon as he stopped and looked back, the sound disappeared. It was very strange!

In the end, Zen simply ignored it and kept running at high speed. In a few seconds, he was able to cover several miles. He was as fast as a shooting arrow.

However, it didn't take longer than that for him to figure out where the sound was coming from.

In the space in front of him, a black cricket the size of a puppy had appeared and every time its hind legs pushed off the ground, a dull patter sound was made.

"This cricket is following me!" Zen's eyebrows had raised slightly. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a swarm of black insects pop out, all of them as big as a puppy. Soon, Zen was surrounded.

"Click! Click! Click! Click! Click..."

Jumping sounds filled the night as the army of crickets gathered around Zen.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak…"

The crickets began chirping. The sound that hundreds of crickets made was deafening, as if the crickets were the only creatures that existed in this world. It did not last very long, though.

After they conversed for a while, the area became quiet once again. However, the crickets which glowed under the full moon looked at Zen with greedy eyes. They were looking at him like food!

Zen made a face. "Were you discussing how to divide me among yourselves?"

"Clatter!"

One of the crickets jumped up. As the puppy-sized cricket leaped into the air, it spread its wings and swooped down towards Zen.

But just as it got close, a fist sent it flying to the other direction.

Zen had a surprised look on his face as he clenched his right fist and looked at the cricket that was thrown away by him.

Even though his cinnabar field was sealed, his physical strength and the power in the Eight Path Platforms couldn't be underestimated. At least this strength was ten times that of an ordinary world lord. Zen frowned and pursed his lips. His punch should have shattered the cricket but there it was, unscathed.

Chapter 2117 A Little Boy

After the first cricket was smashed into the air, all the other crickets started moving.

"Click! Click! Click..."

The crickets charged forward astonishingly fast. In the blink of an eye, they were firmly wrapped around Zen. Obviously, they wanted to take advantage of their large numbers to devour him completely.

But they soon discovered a big problem—their originally invincible mouth parts couldn't seem to tear the prey in front of them, nor could they leave any wounds on Zen's body.

Zen sighed as he was pressed down at the bottom. Although the black insects couldn't hurt him, he was still rather flustered.

Then, he rolled up and stomped heavily on the ground.

And the insects under his feet were stomped into the earth.

If Zen was in a universe, he would've been able to shake the earth with a single stomp and maybe even a whole valley would've collapsed. But now, he caused only a small hole between the grass and not a single cricket was trampled to death.

But with the help of this force, Zen managed to soar straight into the air, shaking off the crickets attached to his body and landing heavily somewhere not too far away.

These crickets seemed to possess some incredibly powerful concealing abilities, able to avoid the soul power Zen released. However, their strength was not strong, and they would probably be considered the lowest level of life forms within the divine land...

Click, click, click…

When the crickets saw Zen escape, they all made another leap, spreading their wings and chasing him in the air.

Zen heaved a sigh—he wouldn't be able to walk out this lush and verdant vegetable field in a short time anyway. Since these reckless insects were attacking him, he didn't bother to run away. He would just stay to play with them for a while to kill time.

Immediately after he closed his eyes, the surface of his soul in his mind flashed with golden light. After it lit up, it instantly spread over the whole surface of his soul. Then, small golden swords began circling Zen's soul.

Apart from using his cinnabar field, Zen could also use his soul power.

When the swarm arrived, Zen suddenly opened his eyes.

A golden light suddenly surged from his pupils.

Swish, swish, swish, swish…

The golden lights contained sharp auras, all of them like many small invisible arrows. These arrows looked incredibly real and back then, they could even shatter a cliff wall.

But what made these small arrows truly powerful were their soul attacks.

The crickets' defensive power was incredibly strong, withstanding the attacks of Zen's fleshly body. But as the lowest level of creatures, their souls were pitifully weak. Zen's auras spread far and wide like countless small sharp arrows, shooting out. When an arrow pierced through a cricket's head, it shattered its very soul.

Puff, puff, puff, puff…

After the crickets' souls were obliterated, their bodies fell onto the vegetable field—they had no chance of resistance whatsoever.

One by one, the crickets before Zen were killed by his 'gaze, ' but the crickets that followed continued to charge.

Gradually, the cricket corpses turned into a small mountain as they piled up in front of Zen. They only had their souls destroyed—they weren't completely dead. As their bodies weren't affected, their strong legs still moved and trembled.

The insects also possessed a certain level of intelligence—seeing how their comrades had suffered heavy casualties, the last few crickets finally understood that Zen wasn't good prey.

So in a series of dense patters, the surrounding crickets all ran away.

Zen smacked his lips and turned away, ready to continue on his journey.

But as his gaze swept across the area, he saw a streak of fire approaching him. The fog clouded his vision and he assumed that his fight with the crickets had attracted other beasts.

But after the glow of fire pierced through the thick fog, Zen heaved a sigh of relief.

Emerging from the mist was a gigantic bull the size of an elephant—it had a pair of red horns and its eyes emitted a faint cyan light. It looked extraordinary and what rode on its back made Zen let his guard down even more.

On the massive bull's back was a little boy with a torch in hand.

To Zen, the child was like an oasis in the desert.

Although Zen had planned on merely sticking to one direction until it led him out of the field, he had no idea how long it would take him to make it.

Perhaps someone could tell him the fastest way to go.

Zen had just entered the divine land, completely unfamiliar with the place. He had no idea of the rules and customs of the divine land, so it was a good opportunity to learn from the little boy.

"Ah! So many dead lacewings! What's going on!?"

The boy had big, curious black eyes and fair skin—he was rather adorable. Somehow, he didn't notice Zen standing behind the pile of corpses, which the boy seemed happy to happen upon.

So apparently, these crickets were called lacewings. The corner of Zen's mouth curled slightly—he had already obtained the first piece of information.

Seeing how happy the little boy was, Zen concluded that killing these insects was beneficial to the boy—they could have either been precious objects or pests of the field, or both.

With that in mind, Zen took a step forward. "I was the one who killed these lacewings."

"Ahh…"

With the surrounding area pitch black and windy, the boy seemed familiar with the field, daring to ride the bull into it alone. But when a stranger suddenly appeared out of nowhere, the torch in his hand began to tremble.

"You… who are you?" The little boy raised his voice a little, staring at Zen.

Zen cupped his hands meekly and said, "I was just passing by and got lost. I'm sorry."

"Lost?" The little boy then rolled his eyes, a hint of cunning flashing across them. Although it was only for a split second, Zen noticed the change. But then the boy laughed. "Even if you got lost, why did you come to my vegetable field? How do you plan on getting out?"

"I'm heading north, so I think I'll find a way out eventually," Zen answered truthfully. While on guard, he thought he might find a chance to get out with the boy.

"You can find a way out by heading north?" The boy laughed even louder. "Heading north? What a joke! Let's see if you can find your way out in a hundred years!"

The comment secretly shocked Zen.

Although he had heard that the divine land was extremely vast, he didn't expect it to be so massive that with his speed alone, he needed a hundred years to make it out of a vegetable field.

Seeing Zen's expression, the little boy smiled again. "What I said is the truth. You are fortunate to have met me today. Otherwise, you would never be able to leave this place! Get on, let my Ed take you!"

The boy said, patting the back of the huge bull.

The enormous bull stood about thirty feet tall with an extremely broad back. A dozen people could have probably fit on there with ease.

Seeing the boy's sincerity, Zen thought he might have just been overthinking too much. Without any more hesitation, he took a step forward and jumped onto the bull's back. The boy patted the bull's back and said, "Ed, take me back!"

The giant bull began moving forward with its head bowed.

Moving very slowly, the bull was like regular farm cattle plowing the soil. But suddenly, Zen felt a change in the surrounding space as if it was an illusion. Although the bull seemed to be moving slowly, it was still carrying him forward swiftly.

"There are so many plants in this field, I wonder what they are," Zen remarked cautiously. Though the little boy didn't seem to have any tricks hidden away, Zen figured he had to be careful about everything in the divine land.

"You don't even know this? Are you from outside?" the little boy returned the question.

After a moment of hesitation, Zen answered, "Sort of."

"All the plants growing here are Jade Immortal Rice—all food for the divine citizens," the little boy explained. "The Jade Immortal Rice is exclusive in our Vast Sky Region! It's a specialty!"

Divine citizens? Vast Sky Region? Zen could only repeat the words silently in his mind.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2118 Misunderstanding

The entirety of the divine land was divided into multiple regions.

The four largest regions were the East, the West, the North, and the South; and their corresponding divine trees were the Ray Tree, the Sunrest Tree, the Lofty Tree, and the Hidden Tree.

The four divine trees each had their own unique and miraculous abilities. It could also be said that they kept the divine land stable, and it was because of them that the divine land constantly drew in chaotic energy and converted it to vitality between the heaven and earth.

In addition to the four great regions and the central Time Sea, there were many other regions in the divine land as well.

Although Zen roughly understood them, he couldn't memorize every single one of them. However, he knew that he was in the Vast Sky Region as of the moment.

He had tried to learn about the situation from the little boy on the back of the bull, but the little boy didn't know much and gave him a lot of irrelevant answers. Nevertheless, Zen quickly got a rough grasp of the whole situation.

It turned out the so-called divine citizens were actually mortals from the divine land.

These divine citizens either did not cultivate or they had mediocre talents. Despite that, they were still much stronger than the mortals in the universe.

For instance, they were able to reclaim the vast and boundless vegetable field on their own.

Generally speaking, not even a Life and Death Realm warrior in the universe could easily dig out such a vegetable field. Only the warriors of the Soul Sea Realm could do so with their physical power, and they could barely even. However, ordinary divine citizens in the divine land could do it.

In other words, every single divine citizen of the divine land was born to be a super powerful warrior.

It was no wonder when Zen had obtained Holy Jay's strength source, the Holy Being warned him that pure power was nothing in the divine land.

"Such a large vegetable field, how many divine citizens are needed to reclaim it?" Zen asked again. The wide vegetable field seemed endless.

Thus, it would need a large number of people if they wanted to reclaim it. In any case, Zen wanted to know how many divine citizens lived in the place.

However, the little boy just rolled his eyes at Zen and said, "Who said we have to dig up the field ourselves? We have cattle." He patted his Ed as he spoke, who in turn responded with a low 'moo.'

At that moment, Zen couldn't help but feel a bit awkward when he heard the boy's words.

Apparently, the village where the little boy was from only had around four thousand divine citizens. It was just a nameless little village in the Vast Sky Region.

All of those divine citizens depended on farming to make a living, specifically growing Jade Immortal Rice.

Although the divine citizens were strong and formidable, they were still unable to absorb the vitality between heaven and earth in the divine land--and it was why they still had to eat grains and other food. Then again, the food in the divine land was different, so it might be the source of the divine citizens' strength.

The Collapsing Mountain race Zen had met in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were also in the same situation. They ate the flesh of all kinds of beasts and although they didn't cultivate, they could still become super powerful warriors.

The bull continued to walk slowly and after some time, it finally reached the edge of the vegetable field.

When Zen had entered the divine land, he initially saw just a vegetable field. It even gave him the illusion that the divine land was just a vegetable field. Only now did he see some different sights.

There was a mountain road at the edge of the vegetable field, and in the middle of the mountain was a lonely village.

It was already nightfall, and the village was slowly filled with light from the households.

After Ed walked to the village entrance, the little boy suddenly stood up. He smiled at Zen and clapped his hands in a certain rhythm.

Shadowy figures appeared after the little boy's claps, and behind the figures were spears.

While Zen did not activate his spiritual sense, he still had quite the sensitive soul perception as he felt the figures' killing intent almost instantly. However, they remained hidden in the shadows and did not charge forward.

'This little boy...' He maintained a stoic facade, but he felt like the boy had tried to lure him to this place and signaled to his fellow villagers using the clapping of his hands. He was afraid that he might be in danger.

However, he had no ill will towards these divine citizens. Why did they do this? Confusion was written all over his face.

Just then, the little boy suddenly moved. Ed underneath him lowered its head and with a little slip, he slid down the bull's neck and straight to the ground. His body rolled forward, then he swiftly rushed into the village and shouted, "Everyone, quickly make your move!"

The boy moved in an extremely nimble manner. Zen naturally wanted to stop the little boy from escaping and he could do that with just a single thought. Yet, he didn't do anything. He wanted to see what the little boy was up to.

"Moo!"

Ed beneath Zen's feet let out a cry and also started to shake its back in an attempt to dismantle him.

But, Zen's feet were like nails that were firmly hammered into the bull's back. No matter how much Ed swayed, Zen remained perfectly still and standing on its back.

"Come on! Hurry up!"

"Surround that brat!"

"Don't let him get away!"

...

The divine citizens in the dark charged forward at the same time with long spears in their hands. The man at the helm gripped his weapon tightly and stabbed at Zen's face without any hesitation.

Whoosh!

"Your strength is actually not bad. If you had hit an ordinary warrior of the Soul Sea Realm, then he would probably die or get injured. Unfortunately, the aim is too poor," Zen muttered calmly.

Once the divine citizens had made their move, Zen thought that his previous guess was right.

They were still different from the Collapsing Mountain race, though. While the Collapsing Mountain race had undergone continuous trainings and were considered as proper martial artists, the divine citizens did not receive proper training and only relied on physical strength. Zen thought that if they just stabbed randomly with their spears, how could they possibly hurt him?

Zen only had to tilt his head slightly to the side even if he was rained with a barrage of spear attacks. One spear was thrust right through the side of his face. He was only half an inch away from the spear.

That divine citizen was startled for a moment, but he thought that he had almost stabbed Zen. He retracted his spear and impaled Zen again--but the second strike ended up the same as the first; it was still a mere half an inch away from Zen's face.

At the same time, the other divine citizens also raised their spears and stabbed forward.

Even with the many strikes that were all aimed at Zen, all he had to execute was his Eight Smoky Melodies. His whole body danced lightly on the back of the bull like a willow leaf while all the spears slid a bit too close along his skin.

Every strike lacked a tad bit in something, but from start to finish, not even a single spear had been able to touch Zen.

"Come on everyone! We can't let him escape!"

"Alas, I almost stabbed him to death!"

"He is quite lucky, but it won't last long."

The divine citizens had always thought that they were close to stabbing Zen, so they thrust their spears harder with every try.

Meanwhile, the boy who hid at one side examined Zen's indifferent expression. His large eyes were wide with shock when he realized that the man on the bull's back was just toying with them.

It was known that the divine citizens were not trained professionally. Even though they were exceptionally strong, they couldn't hold out for too long by just using their strength. After less than two minutes, many of them were too tired to the point that they were gasping for air. They held their spears and stared at Zen, dumbfounded.

The few remaining divine citizens who still persisted decided to stop as well. They weren't stupid; after all this entire time, they hadn't even touched Zen's clothes. Their differences in strength were too much. They all thought that this brat was simply toying with them.

Zen stood on the back of the bull and surveyed the divine citizens. "Everyone, why did you attack me?" he asked coldly.

As soon as his voice died down, the divine citizen who was at the helm angrily shouted, "There's no need to say anything else. If you want to kill us, just do it. We members of the Misty Mountain Village will not leave this place!"

"Right, this Misty Mountain is a clan land that has been passed down by our ancestors for generations. Why should we let you drive us away?" another divine citizen furiously chimed in. Suddenly, the crowd parted as someone rushed forward.

"I, I'm going to kill you!"

The strongest divine citizen among the lot held his long spear and charged towards Zen once again.

Zen raised his eyebrows as he gripped the divine citizen's long spear. The Eight Path Platforms in his body burst and exerted a powerful force. When the divine citizen stabbed him with the spear, the weapon had gotten crushed with an exploding sound.

The rest of the divine citizens were stunned in silence. "Is there any misunderstanding here?" Zen asked in a deep voice.

Chapter 2119 The Proving Godly Warrior

Zen's actions intimidated the excited divine citizens.

He slightly understood what they meant when he heard what they said.

Some people seemed to be trying to take over the Misty Mountain Village and driving the people out. These divine citizens were unwilling to leave though so their supposed conquerors decided to hire some extra muscles to cause them trouble.

When Zen entered the divine land, he immediately fell onto a vegetable field and then eradicated a great crowd of pests there. Soon he was seen by a boy who immediately took him to the village so that the other divine citizens could team up and kill him.

Realizing that it was all a misunderstanding, Zen felt the need to clarify things.

"I am a mere passerby. I unintentionally crashed into that vegetable field. I did not intend to offend anyone. Why did you all attack me though?" he murmured faintly.

He wasn't angry, not after knowing what was finally going on.

"Did we misunderstand then?"

"Weren't you sent here by the Sun Moon Village?"

The divine citizens all wavered, seeing the innocent look on Zen's face.

Zen shook his head. "I haven't even heard of a Sun Moon Village before."

"How can we trust you?" one of the divine citizens asked.

"Just trust me." A friendly smile broke through Zen's face. "Then you can trust me!"

"Whoosh!"

Zen finally left the back of the bull in a flash.

Even if he couldn't launch the Wind Law to fly, he could still make use of the ingenious movement techniques he had learned in the past. To these divine citizens, it appeared as if he simply vanished like a ghost.

They only felt a light breeze brush past them and suddenly, their grips on their spears loosened and they found themselves without their weapons.

In just a few seconds, Zen was already standing in the middle of the village gate with a bundle of spears in his hands.

Everyone's faces paled in fright. "If I had been sent by the Sun Moon Village, then all of you would've already been dead," he told them indifferently before throwing the spears on the ground.

Nobody uttered a word to dispute Zen's claim.

What he said was reasonable. The strength Zen had displayed was enough to kill all of them in one sitting. That much was pretty obvious.

However, the divine citizens were still full of hostility and Zen couldn't help but despair in his heart.

If it weren't for the fact that he newly crashed here then he wouldn't have bothered with these divine citizens.

He had to remind himself that this was the divine land and not the universe. The first thing he had to do was to integrate himself and not act on impulse.

"Everyone! Please trust him. He is not an assassin sent by the Sun Moon Village!" a voice shouted from the village.

It was a black-haired youth with a long sword strapped to his waist. His eyes were calm and Zen could immediately tell from a glance that he was at the Spirit Transformation Realm.

'Is he a warrior of this village?' Zen thought to himself.

He was not afraid of this warrior but these divine citizens still gave him a strange feeling. They did not have any cultivation base but each one of them possessed brute force. The sight of this youth at the Spirit Transformation Realm made Zen a bit more comfortable.

"Woolley, what took you so long?" one of the divine citizens snapped.

Woolley scratched his head in embarrassment. "I've been here the entire time. I just didn't make a move."

"This man almost killed us. You're the only warrior here and yet you were the one who hid behind us. You're a disgrace to our Misty Mountain Village!"

"That's right! Why didn't you help us beat him up Woolley?!"

All the divine citizens protested in anger.

'They were almost killed by me...'

Zen had obviously shown mercy to these divine citizens so what nonsense were they spouting?

Woolley rolled his eyes. "I'm no match for him either. Even the Sun Moon Village's leader would have some trouble taking him down."

His evaluation of Zen's strength shocked the divine citizens to the core.

Woolley was the strongest warrior and the only hope in their Misty Mountain Village after all and everyone believed what he said.

Even the Sun Moon Village's leader would have a hard time against this person? 'Isn't that too much exaggeration?' the divine citizens all wondered.

"How is that possible?"

"Even if this guy is strong, he can't be on that level!"

"You're just afraid to fight him. That's why you said those things, right Woolley?"

Woolley blinked. "His cultivation base is the same as that of the Sun Moon Village's leader. He's also a proving godly warrior."

"Proving godly warrior?!"

"He's a world lord?"

"He's that powerful?"

The divine citizens all looked at Zen in wide-eyed fear. It was obvious that they all thought of him as a monster.

The term "proving godly warrior" was unfamiliar to Zen.

However, the moment "world lord" was mentioned, Zen immediately understood.

In the universe, the Supreme Lord was usually the strongest warrior, but a world lord could only become one after being granted a Heavenly Destiny. The Supreme Lord was, essentially, a title.

There were very few True Gods in the universe and most were usually brought over to the divine land by the Jiang Clan. Not a lot of people really knew the True Gods. Rocher's achievement, for example, was only made known to a small portion of the Celestial Position.

It was different here in the divine land. There were many True Gods here.

After becoming a world lord, ordinary creatures that weren't restricted by the heavens would naturally attest to the Godly Way and try to become a True God. This was the reason why world lords were also called proving godly warriors.

"Am I right?" Woolley smiled and asked for confirmation from Zen.

He didn't really know Zen's cultivation base since he could only see through warriors whose cultivation bases were at the Spirit Supreme Realm and below. However, since he couldn't perceive Zen's cultivation base then that only meant that he was higher—a world lord.

Zen nodded. "Yes, I am indeed a proving godly warrior."

Woolley cupped his hands and bowed. "I'm sorry if they were too rash. I apologize on behalf of our village. If you would allow us to show you the accorded hospitality, please come over and have a chat?"

The little boy who hid behind Woolley suddenly rushed out. "Woolley, is he really not a bad person that the Sun Moon Village sent?" A look of doubt flashed through his eyes. He had spent a great deal in trying to lure Zen over and it was incredibly unexpected for things to have become like this.

Woolley smacked the boy hard on the forehead. "You've got the nerve! All of this was caused by you! If he truly was from the Sun Moon Village then you would've been dead by now."

His words immediately eased the tension. The divine citizens all seemed to believe Woolley's words and felt that Zen had no enmity towards them at the very least.

With the misunderstanding solved, Woolley led the way and took Zen to the largest building in the village.

Inside the building was a brazier located at the very center. On top of the brazier was a large pot that seemed to be cooking something and emitted a thick fragrance of meat.

Zen couldn't help but stare at the fire. However, he couldn't see through the laws that were contained within the flames.

His gaze then went to the logs on the bottom of the brazier and he immediately understood that it was this precious pile that gave the flames such a strange quality.

No wonder Livingston was so excited when he saw the materials in the fairy palace. Rare and precious logs such as these were used as kindling for cooking by common divine citizens.

The divine citizens were all very accommodating to Zen and treated him as a guest. A proving godly warrior was a very high status in their eyes after all.

"Where did you come from, Sir?" Woolley asked. "Why did you come here to our Misty Mountain Village?"

Even when he was still in the universe, Wynn had already taught Zen a set of excuses to answer any question that might endanger his real identity.

"I'm Thad Luo. I came from another region and got lost when I went into the Vast Sky Region. I accidentally broke into that vegetable field..." Zen narrated sheepishly but in his mind, all the information he gave was tied in an orderly manner.

"You got lost in the Vast Sky Region..." Woolley murmured in astonishment, disbelief written all over his face.

Chapter 2120 Zen's Guidance (Part One)

Zen certainly knew that if he made up any kind of story, there would always be something he couldn't explain clearly. Little details and crucial parts would usually be a dead giveaway in a false story.

However, if he provided less information instead, it was less likely that they would discover that he was a liar. Additionally, it didn't matter whether they believed all of his words or not

Moreover, these people were just some divine citizens. It was impossible for them to find out anything about his background. For those citizens, they would easily dismiss Zen as a random passerby.

Just as Zen had expected, Woolley did not pursue the topic any longer. Instead, he told Zen honestly that their little mountain village was quite remote in the Vast Sky Region. Even the nearest divine city was very far away. As such, a smile shone in Woolley's face as he invited Zen to stay in the Misty Mountain Village first.

The Misty Mountain Village faced a great enemy and Zen was a proving godly warrior. Ever since he arrived at their village, their invitation was completely within Zen's expectations. He gladly accepted the offer.

After he witnessed that Zen had agreed to stay, Woolley immediately beamed with pleasure. "My friend, I bet you must be wearied by your long journey. It must have been a long way before you arrived here. Brother, go and fetch two jugs of our best wines for our honored guest!"

Afterward, Woolley opened the large pot in front of him. A rich aroma of meat suddenly filled the entire place.

Zen hadn't eaten any food for a long time. As such, he immediately felt his appetite stir the moment he smelled the aroma of the meat. A loud growl was heard in his abdomen. Based on Woolley's introduction, the meat stewed in the pot had been peeled off from the Iron Tooth Beast.

As a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior, Woolley didn't need to eat food as well. However, he still ate the meat of the Iron Tooth Beast which had the function to increase his strength. For the True Gods, the beast was considered nothing. Nonetheless, it was a precious ingredient for the divine citizens.

Zen politely ate a few cuts of meat and immediately felt a warm sensation in his stomach. The energy from the meat was even purer than that of the top-level beasts in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land! At once, the power from the meat surged throughout Zen's body.

However, Zen was not surprised by what happened. The Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was the inner world of Holy Jay. As such, the living creatures there were formed by the vitality between heaven and earth that Holy Jay had absorbed. They were still secondary creatures. Although the Iron Tooth Beast had a low level, it was still an ordinary creature. It was formed by chaotic energy, so it was essentially different from all secondary creatures.

The meat stew was a very delicious meal. After they had their fill, the villagers of Misty Mountain Village arranged a comfortable loft for Zen to stay in.

Zen naturally didn't need to sleep. However, he was still in a predicament because his elixir field was still sealed.

Along the way, Zen had tried his best to control the golden blood in his body to wash away the black lines on his elixir field. But these black lines were unusually stubborn, and he had managed to break only several of them. A lot of them still remained and clogged his elixir field. He was extremely anxious about the situation.

The restoration of his strength as soon as possible was Zen's greatest goal at the current stage. Otherwise, it would be difficult for him to travel around the divine land. He would be easy prey for the beasts that wandered it. Worse, he could be targeted by strong warriors.

Additionally, based on the information he gathered, the village had enemies. The village was still peaceful and safe when Zen arrived. However, the danger of an enemy attack still lingered. Woolley even informed him that there were quite a few warriors in the Sun Moon Village. Also, among them were some formidable proving godly warriors, namely warriors of a world lord's level.

Zen had fought world lords from the divine land in the past. A few years ago in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, there were many divine land geniuses that had been defeated by him. Most of them were from the great clans in the divine land. However, they were still no match against Zen.

However, with his elixir field sealed, the methods that Zen could use were very limited. His strength had been greatly reduced, thus, made him very weak. A rather weaker and easily defeated enemy would be enough to give Zen a hard time.

Darkness surrounded the village. Night came by with a cold breeze. As time went by, the sun had also begun to rise.

Zen was relentless as he willed his golden blood to wash over his elixir field. However, he only broke four more black lines. There were more than a hundred of them intertwined around his elixir field. It seemed that it would take him at least a month to break all of them. Desperation crept in Zen's mind.

He stopped his meditation and sighed helplessly. All he could do was shrug with disappointment.

Suddenly, he heard a series of high-pitched sounds from outside. Curiosity had enveloped Zen.

"Hold your sword tight and widen your eyes. Gather your strength, and stride squarely!"

The sun had not yet fully risen. However, multiple swords were heard as they clashed with each other from outside the house. Even though it was just the break of dawn, dozens of warriors already held swords and sparred with each other.

Zen stood up and pushed open the door. As he laid eyes on the field, he saw Woolley with a cyan steel sword. Systematic strikes and slashes were magnificently displayed by Woolley.

The movements displayed by Woolley were unfamiliar to Zen. However, Zen's comprehension of swordsmanship had already reached the level of Ripping Consciousness. He had long since far surpassed the level of a grand master and had profound insight about swordsmanship. He could tell with a single glance that this set of sword skills was extremely simple and crude. A chuckle almost escaped Zen's lips as he was amused by the sight in front of him.

'It seems that these divine citizens aren't more advanced than secondary creatures in every aspect. Their swordsmanship could really use some improvements, ' Zen thought to himself.

Let alone a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior, even an ordinary Life and Death Realm or Soul Sea Realm warrior from his universe could be regarded as a grand master of swordsmanship. Most warriors from Zen's universe practiced many sets of excellent sword skills.

Chapter 2121 Zen's Guidance (Part Two)

However, although Woolley was at the Spirit Transformation Realm, the sword skills he used were rather ordinary. It was just a variant of the basic swordsmanship, which was far less flexible. Woolley would be easily defeated by most warriors from Zen's universe when it was about swordsmanship.

Zen pondered over it. Curious eyes painted his face. Immediately, he quickly understood the reasons. The divine citizens were born with spectacular strength. If they could absorb the vitality between heaven and earth in the divine land and advance in their cultivation levels, they could open up their Soul Sea and become a Soul Sea Realm warrior.

The Soul Sea Realm warriors in the divine land had equivalent status to nature creatures in the Lower World of Zen's universe. Additionally, they had just started their martial path. As a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior, Woolley was only slightly stronger than an ordinary person. He was a villager of a remote village, so it was incredible enough that he could reach the Spirit Transformation Realm. It was nearly impossible for him to get any advanced sword skills to learn. The distance of the village to civilization had hindered any advanced sword techniques to be integrated by its warriors.

Along with Woolley, a group of children also diligently practiced.

The kids probably couldn't get a sword, so they could only use branches and sticks instead. However, their determination was still apparent in children's expressions. They were quite serious as they imitated Woolley's movements.

'These branches should be valuable enough to exchange for a high-quality sacred weapon in our universe.'

As this thought passed through his mind, Zen smiled softly. No matter where he went, there were always people who were dedicated to the martial arts. With a calm and appreciative expression, he walked down the stairs of the house.

"Be serious! Adjust your stance properly!" As he noticed Zen's presence, Woolley started to wave the sword in his hand even harder. Nonetheless, the children failed to keep up with his rhythm and all reeled right and left. There was only one child who could barely catch up with Woolley's movements. He was the boy who carried Zen out of the vegetable field the night before.

Zen already knew that the boy's name was Thomson, Additionally, he was Woolley's younger brother.

As he noticed Woolley's messy footsteps, Zen stood with his hands behind his back and approached Woolley. With a callous face, he said indifferently, "You should learn to move swiftly before you learn how to use the sword. The words 'stride squarely' in your chant is wrong. The sword can be used flexibly in a fight. If one only strides squarely, it will affect the flexible movements of the hands. If the sword loses its flexibility, then what is the need for learning it? You might as well use a spear instead!"

Although his words sounded harsh and direct, Zen was more than qualified to make such comments on swordsmanship. His battle experience and prowess were above anyone in the village.

However, Woolley, with his back to Zen, suddenly winked at his younger brother. A small message was secretly shared between the two.

As he received his brother's signal, Thomson dropped the wooden sword in his hand and turned to Zen. With a pouty face, he said, "Humph, what nonsense are you spouting? My brother's swordsmanship was learned from Mirror City. This set of sword skills is very extraordinary. Why do you criticize it so severely?"

Zen raised an eyebrow. When he pushed open the door and saw how poorly Woolley practiced swordsmanship with the group of kids, he already realized it was just for show. Woolley and the others originally wanted Zen to teach them some sword skills. Since Zen was a warrior from outside the village, they considered his knowledge to be beneficial to them.

With playful eyes, Zen stared at Thomson. Although he still wore a smile on his face, Zen emitted a faint aura. The aura was not meant to kill anyone, but it was enough to make the boy feel some pressure.

Despite Thomson's smart mind, his expression immediately turned frantic and his face paled when Zen stared at him tightly. The faint aura released by Zen had intimidated everyone in the field. Even the other children also looked at Zen in a daze with fears on their faces.

As he saw the children's nervous expressions, Zen's heart softened. Why did he have to blame a group of children? He turned to Woolley and said, "If you want any guidance from me, you can just say it directly. I'm not a stingy person, so you don't have to do this just to trick me into teaching you. I am more than willing to help you improve your skills."

When Woolley and the children heard this, their faces were filled with a pleasant surprise. They had rehearsed for a long time for this moment. They wanted to prod Zen to teach them as they displayed pathetic swordsmanship. However, it was actually fine for Zen to be their master. It seemed that they had wasted all their efforts...

In the divine land, cultivation was not something that normal divine citizens could engage in. They couldn't easily attain the necessary requirements to improve their cultivation.

There just weren't enough accessible pills, cultivation methods, resources, and even masters...

To the divine citizens, those were things that they couldn't even reach. As such, the Godly Way Tablets for cultivation were only a legend to most divine citizens.

Although Zen was not a True God, as a proving godly warrior, he could still be a good teacher to them. However, they had never thought that Zen would agree to teach them so easily. All of them started to form a sense of admiration towards him.

After Zen had finished his words, he took a step forward and waved his hand toward Thomson. The wooden sword in the boy's hand suddenly flew into Zen's hand. Thomson revealed a surprised expression.

Although this wooden sword was a toy for a child, it actually weighed over ten thousand pounds. Thomson was only seven or eight years old but he was still a divine citizen. His strength could not be measured by the standard of the universe. A divine citizen would naturally be born with spectacular strength compared to secondary creatures.

"To learn to use a sword, you should learn to move swiftly first. Take a good look!"

As he finished his remarks, Zen took a step forward and started to shift left and right. He was using the Sword Step that he hadn't used in a long time. Incredible footwork was witnessed by Woolley and the children.

Chapter 2122 Pursue The Godly Way (Part One)

Once Zen began to exhibit his set of Sword Step, the eyes of Woolley, Thomson and a few other children immediately lit up. All of them were in awe of Zen's magnificent display of skill.

Due to the Eagle Sword Skill that Woolley had used previously, Zen had already understood the strangeness of the divine land. The cultivation methods, which were practiced by the disciples supported by the True Gods, were extremely exquisite. Each disciple would cultivate many of those methods in their lifetime. Perhaps those methods were inherited from the comprehension of Holy Beings and later inherited from the Godly Ways!

However, the distance between divine citizens and those disciples was extremely far. As such, their abilities were also vastly different.

When the divine citizens finally grew up, they would naturally have incredible strength. Additionally, their perception would be several times better than those of the divine land's martial artists. However, it was difficult for the divine citizens to even get a chance to learn some of the most basic martial arts of the universe! Zen had no idea how such a situation had developed. Pity and disappointment were in his eyes.

Perhaps it was because the little mountain village was too remote. Or maybe, it was because the situation had been developed in the divine land for countless years. Nonetheless, their predicament should be addressed as soon as possible.

Although the divine citizens did not possess any powerful martial arts manuals, their physiques were still powerful and they had extraordinary perception. Each of them meticulously watched Zen's movements. After Zen finished his Sword Step, the eyes of Woolley and the children were full of admiration!

"Hooo... hooo... hooo…"

After Zen ascended to the Upper World, it was no longer important to fight against a martial artist with sword moves. As such, most of the cultivation methods he had gathered over the years became less useful. There were many cultivation methods that he could only discard.

But since there were so many restrictions within the divine land, Zen also understood that in a fight against those True Gods, the cultivation methods he had could often be used to reverse the situation!

After he displayed the Sword Step, Zen put away the wooden sword. He looked at the children and said flatly, "This set of Sword Step is only the most basic steps of the swordsmanship. However, if you can master it thoroughly, you will be able to lay a solid foundation. You should try your best to comprehend it..."

When Zen finished his words, Woolley and the other children felt confused. Their eyes, which were earlier filled with admiration, became clouded with bewilderment...

They had too little knowledge of martial arts. As their little mountain village was too secluded, they would only receive little information and knowledge, or worse, none at all. Although they knew that the Sword Step was profound, how could they comprehend the profoundness behind it in such a short time?

As he saw their puzzled expressions, Zen curled his lips. These guys seemed to be even more ignorant than he had imagined. When he first comprehended the Sword Step, he purely followed the rhythm of Rocher's movements to practice it. It could be said that he mastered the Sword Step almost on his own. It seemed that the divine citizens could not understand such things. It must also be the first time they encountered such knowledge from outside the village.

"I'll demonstrate it again..." Zen said patiently. The expression on his face had grown rather amused.

"Wait! I think I can do it Let me have a try!"

Thomson stood up and asked Zen for his wooden sword. As Thomson shook the sword lightly, his left leg slid across the ground as if it was gliding over a piece of ice. With this step, he immediately became extremely nimble. His movement could still be improved, but it was a lot better than before.

"Hooo... hooo... hooo…"

Thomson's movements were still much slower than Zen's. After he took the first step, Thomson would have to think for a while before he could continue to slide forward. Additionally, even after he pondered, he would sometimes even take the wrong step.

However, he had still integrally practiced the Sword Step that Zen had just displayed! Such a feat was pretty marvelous for his first try.

After he withdrew his sword, Zen approached Thomson. With a gentle face, he praised Thomson, "Not bad. Although you are not that nimble, you've already grasped the concept. Otherwise, it would be impossible for you to remember all of my movements. Your comprehension is better than others'!"

As he heard Zen's sincere praise, Thomson was so happy that he almost jumped up from the ground.

On the other hand, his brother, Woolley, had a depressed look on his face. A gloomy atmosphere had surrounded him.

In the deep mountains of the Vast Sky Region, every village would train their own martial artists. They often raised a warrior to defend their territory. After all, occasionally, vicious creatures would appear in the mountains. Sometimes, those vicious creatures would wreak havoc in the vegetable fields. Some of them would even have disputes with the villagers, which would require the help of the martial artists of the village.

Woolley was the warrior of the Misty Mountain Village. As such, the village had paid a high price for his cultivation. However, Woolley's talent was average at best. Additionally, the Misty Mountain Village was not rich with resources. The village could barely give him the rare resources he needed. Therefore, Woolley's strength was also mediocre.

After he saw the talent that his little brother had displayed seemed to far surpass his own, Woolley felt both depressed and happy for his little brother. A mix of admiration and regret crept in his heart. He wondered if he should let his brother become Zen's disciple...

Over the next few days, Zen continued to teach the children the Sword Step. Everyone was very eager to comprehend the profound movements. Zen also saw some benefits in his interaction with the villagers.

He could learn more information about the Vast Sky Region. Additionally, since the village provided him a place to stay, he could unravel the black threads in his cinnabar field with ease.

The villagers of the Misty Mountain Village were all very kind. They knew that Zen was a proving godly warrior. Additionally, he even taught a few children the swordsmanship every day. Naturally, they were very grateful and always made the best food in the village for Zen to eat.

At the same time, the villagers had all sorts of speculations about Zen's background. His mysteriousness and kind character created colorful rumors about him.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2123 Pursue The Godly Way (Part Two)

The villagers were not stupid. A proving godly warrior with unknown background stayed in their little village might because the warrior possibly committed some crime and escaped his origins to avoid punishment. However, since the Misty Mountain Village was so remote, perhaps no one would be able to find the place. As such, they were not too worried.

Zen had been in the Misty Mountain Village for more than half a month. Within that period, about half of the black threads in his cinnabar field had already melted away. In another half a month, he should be able to completely get rid of all of those black threads. His strength would finally be rejuvenated. Additionally, Zen had good knowledge of the Vast Sky Region. After those black threads melted away, he would leave the village. The vast region could be finally explored by him.

The divine citizens' cultivation talent was not weak. However, it was just that their foundation was too poor. Thus, it was difficult for them to bring out their full strength. With his cultivation base of the Spirit Transformation Realm, Woolley could barely employ the Sword Step. As such, his movements were still not agile enough.

On the other hand, Thomson's talent was indeed beyond Zen's expectations. Even though he had yet to open his Soul Sea, it only took him three days to master the Sword Step. Such fast comprehension was spectacular even for Zen. Thomson's talent was greater than that of any ordinary people. Even seasoned warriors would be impressed by Thomson's extraordinary talent for comprehension.

Therefore, based on Thomson's talent, Zen had developed a new sword technique. He aligned it with the basic sword technique Woolley practiced, with the addition of the Sword Step. The newly created technique was then imparted to Thomson...

Thomson meticulously practiced the sword technique day and night for the past few days. When he saw Zen walk out of the house, he suddenly threw the wooden sword away and knelt down with a plop sound in front of Zen. With a face full of admiration, he pleaded, "Master, please accept me as your disciple!"

He actually wanted to become Zen's disciple!

If it was within the universe, then Zen would indeed have the qualifications to establish his own sect. He would even be able to create a great force within the universe and take Thomson in as a disciple. With his vast knowledge and unparalleled experience in battle, Zen could create a strong and very powerful sect.

However, Zen himself was only a proving godly warrior in the divine land. He would face a lot of hardships and dangers in the future. Even if he took Thomson in as his disciple, it would be strenuous to take care of him. It would be very difficult for Zen to protect himself and Thomson at the same time. He faintly smiled and responded, "Sorry. I am unable to take you in as my disciple right now."

It was Woolley who wanted Thomson to be Zen's disciple. Woolley knew that Zen gave no high importance to his average talent. If his brother could be accepted as a disciple by a proving godly warrior, it would be much easier for his brother to cultivate. Even though he was full of envy, Woolley still wanted Thomson to improve and get stronger. That was an opportunity Thomson could not miss.

However, they didn't expect that Zen would immediately refuse Thomson without a single thought! Zen had been very kind in the past weeks. Both Woolley and Thomson thought that Zen would at least accept one disciple.

"Why? I, I'm very obedient! Please! Master!" Thomson stammered as he raised his head. Sadness was apparent in his eyes.

Woolley also interjected. With a depressed face, he asked, "That's right. Why can't you take my brother as your disciple?"

Zen was naturally unable to explain his origins to them. All he could do was to shake his head indifferently. He looked at Thomson and asked, "Why are you cultivating the martial arts? If you just want to protect the people of the Misty Mountain Village, then you just need to rely on your own talent and the sword skills that I have taught you. You are already brave enough. Practice diligently and you can have the strength to protect them..."

Although Zen had never come into contact with any other martial artist from the Vast Sky Region, he could deduce the general situation from the performance of the villagers from the Misty Mountain Village. If judged from the cultivation method alone, other than the Godly Ways and top cultivation methods, the other cultivation methods in the divine land were not superior to those of the universe. After all, almost all of the inheritances in the universes came from the Holy Beings!

Of course, that was only true for the ordinary divine citizens in the divine land. The cultivation methods of the Han Clan's members who had encountered Zen in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were extremely extraordinary. It could even be said that they were powerful enough to challenge Zen. After all, they also had the inheritance of the Holy Beings.

"No!" Thomson denied Zen's words. A determined expression painted his face. He then announced with a brave tone, "I cultivate the martial arts not just to protect the Misty Mountain Village! "I, I want to... pursue the Godly Way!"

After he heard Thomson say such words, Woolley was very shocked. With an opened mouth, Woolley gawked at his brother. He had never thought that his brother had such an ideal.

In the divine land, there was a huge gap between the divine citizens and True Gods.

Once one succeeded in the cultivation of the Godly Way, it meant that they would achieve unlimited lifespan and unlimited possibilities. The Godly Way was a gateway for limitless power and strength.

However, even though the number of True Gods in the divine land was large, it did not mean that it was easy to cultivate the Godly Ways. That particular method of cultivation was very strenuous. The warriors that cultivated the Godly Ways also rarely succeeded.

The vast majority of True Gods were born countless divine eras ago. A True God wouldn't die because their lifespan was already inexhaustible. Old age and sickness would mean nothing to them. As such, there were so many True Gods out there. However, only a few divine citizens would be able to master the Godly Ways and become True Gods.

Chapter 2124 The Invaders (Part One)

An intense passion was reflected in Thomson's black eyes. It almost seemed that a wildfire had lit up in his pupils.

As he looked at Thomson's resolute gaze, Zen's heart was moved. Thomson was like him in his early years, firm and decisive. Such a dedicated character was very respectable.

Whether it was the warrior spirit or the Godly Way, in truth, it was a path of continuous growth. Zen himself didn't know whether there was an end to that path either. However, once warriors set foot in the path of martial arts, they must try hard to make progress. The improvement of their strength and cultivation was an integral part of their lives.

If Thomson only wanted to protect Misty Mountain Village, there was no need for him to acknowledge Zen as his master. It would be enough for Thomson to diligently practice by himself.

"Sorry. You are very passionate. I commend you for that. However, for now, I can't take you as my disciple," Zen said with a regretful smile.

"Not now, but when?" Thomson asked, his eyes flashed with glee. He was surprised that Zen didn't refuse him directly.

Zen took a deep breath and looked up at the sky above the Vast Sky Region. A brilliant sun shone across the sky and emitted an intense light. That was a true sun, and also the only sun in the divine land.

After some thought, Zen looked deeply at Thomson's passionate eyes. He then replied with a kind voice, "If one day you hear my name in the Vast Sky Region, come look for me."

Zen had come for revenge, so the probability of his death was very high. The enemies he wanted to defeat and might encounter were dangerously strong.

If he could one day defend himself against Murphy, then he would have the qualifications to establish his own sect within the divine land. He would be able to protect his family by then.

"Is that the day when you become famous in the Vast Sky Region?" Thomson laughed as he gave a playful remark. However, deep in his heart, he believed Zen could achieve something as incredible as that.

"That is way too difficult." Woolley twitched his mouth. He felt that although proving godly warriors were powerful, they were not True Gods yet. Although the Vast Sky Region was not that big, there were still a lot of True Gods within it. Even if Zen actually became a True God, it would be still difficult for him to become famous in the Vast Sky Region.

Woolley didn't know that what Zen wanted was not just to become famous in a certain region, but to gain a foothold in the divine land, on the Floating Islands of the Time Sea and in the Hall of Holy Beings. Zen's ambition was not just to achieve prestige but to gain and develop his own territory and influence.

"It's alright. I can wait! Master, I believe that you can do that!" Thomson was full of confidence in Zen. The expression on Thomson's face was full of admiration.

Thomson's heartfelt remark made Zen slightly smile. Zen was about to speak when he suddenly heard a miserable scream from the village entrance. "Ah..."

As the horrendous scream echoed through the village, it immediately alarmed all the people in Misty Mountain Village.

"Help!"

"The Sun Moon Village has arrived!"

"Many people are killed!"

These divine citizens were not warriors. As they witnessed the death of people around them, they immediately panicked like ants on a hot pan. The villagers of Misty Mountain Village also wailed in grief as they fled. Panic invaded their minds as they covered their faces with their hands and ran helplessly.

Let alone the ordinary divine citizens, even Woolley, who was at the Spirit Transformation Realm, had a face full of panic. His eyes reflected his fear. With a scared voice, he said, "They have really come."

The only one who remained calm was Zen. Due to his significant experience in combat and war, his battle instincts were well developed. He slightly furrowed his brows and rushed to the top of the house. On his way, he gently lifted the wooden sword on the ground to the air with the tip of his foot. Afterward, Zen leaped up to the top of the house with the wooden sword in his hand.

Zen was like a grasshopper as he quickly jumped up to the top of the house. With his high set of skills, his speed was unparalleled. He was as nimble as a cat and didn't make the slightest sound.

In a few seconds, he had already reached the village entrance. With a quick glance, he was able to assess the situation of the village. A trace of fury immediately surged out from within his eyes as he saw the village's predicament.

At the entrance of Misty Mountain Village, a group of seven warriors with large cyan sabers blocked the road in unison. Under their feet were two divine citizens from Misty Mountain Village. With further inspection, the two citizens were already mutilated corpses. One of them had his neck cut off, while the other was directly cut in half. The sight was too horrible to look at.

"Humph! Our leader gave you three months to leave Misty Mountain Village. He was already kind enough to give you a chance to escape. Since you refuse to leave, you will be punished. Don't blame us for being cruel!" The one in the lead waved the large cyan saber in his hand and laughed sinisterly. An arrogant expression painted his ugly face. He ruthlessly killed the two divine citizens to intimidate and drive away all the people of Misty Mountain Village.

"Since you are unwilling to depart, then there is no need to leave anymore. The chief has already said that the sabers in our hands won't become sharper unless we kill continuously. You imbeciles will be the perfect sacrifices for our strength. Guys, other than women, kill everyone else. The elderly and children are no exception!" The warrior waved his long saber and led the other six warriors to rush in. With a barbaric howl, the warriors infiltrated the village.

Chapter 2125 The Invaders (Part Two)

Zen had stayed in Misty Mountain Village for more than half a month. The people there were simple and hospitable. They were more than kind enough to provide Zen with delicious food and a place to stay. As he witnessed how cruelly the villagers were killed, Zen immediately felt unparalleled wrath in his heart. However, the anger instantly disappeared from his eyes. As a mature warrior, he was able to suppress the emotions in his heart at any time.

Most of the villagers fled helplessly in panic, but there were still some brave villagers who stepped forward with spears in their hands. However, they were pitifully weak despite their valor. They also knew they were no match for their opponents. As their arms shook with terror, they hoped for at least an honorable death.

Thump! Thump!

A cyan saber light flashed, and the long spears in the hands of those villagers suddenly broke into two pieces. The villagers became engulfed with despair as their weapons became useless. The warrior in the lead had a cold smile on his face. He raised the cyan saber in his hand again and was about to chop off the head of a villager.

"Now is the time!"

Zen descended from the top of the house. Before he landed, he gave the ground an elbow strike. His powerful display immediately caught the attention of the invaders. As his body spun in a circle, the wooden sword in his hand pointed out.

The wooden sword weighed more than ten thousand pounds, while the cyan long saber in the Spirit Supreme Realm warrior's hand weighed more than a hundred thousand pounds. Since Zen couldn't activate his cinnabar field, he naturally could not infuse his chaotic energy into the wooden sword. As such, the wooden sword he held would naturally be inferior to the long sabers of the enemies.

However, just as Zen had predicted, the cultivation methods of ordinary warriors were too weak. Even if the enemy warriors were at the Spirit Supreme Realm, their sword skills were still too horrible to look at. Zen simply had an advantage in experience and knowledge.

Thump!

Zen's wooden sword, like a spirit serpent that had climbed out of the cave, pressed on his opponent's wrist. With his nimble footwork, he quickly gained an advantageous position against the enemy.

Although he only used the power of his body, it was still enough to make the Spirit Supreme Realm warrior suffer. The moment the wooden sword pressed on the wrist of the enemy warrior, a bone was immediately heard to snap. The cyan long saber in the warrior's hand fell to the ground with a clang. The warrior covered his wrist and howled. A painful expression was immediately reflected in the warrior's face. His wrist bone had been smashed!

In Zen's eyes, the Spirit Supreme Realm warriors were too weak. With his level of martial arts, he could easily toy with them.

In the universe, not to mention the warriors at the Spirit Supreme Realm, even those at the Life and Death Realm and the Soul Sea Realm wouldn't change the expressions on their faces if one of their wrists was broken. Even if one of their arms was cut off, they would still be able to calmly face the enemy. However, the warrior at the Spirit Supreme Realm immediately lost his focus and howled painfully after a single bone snapped.

As Zen thought of this, he continued to sprint forward. Without any hesitation, he bombarded the enemies with magnificent swordsmanship.

The other Spirit Supreme Realm warriors only saw Zen's shadow flash as he attacked towards them. Even with their exceptional perception, Zen eluded their eyes. They brandished their sabers and tried to meet Zen head-on. However, with their weak skills, how could they hit Zen?

Zen was like a nimble deer as he continuously dodged the rough blades. Whenever he saw an opportunity, he would immediately thrust his sword against an enemy. Every time Zen pointed out his sword, it would accurately press on the wrist of the opponent. After a bone was heard to crack, a large cyan saber also fell to the ground with a loud bang. Immediately, a sound of anguish would be heard from the victim of Zen's attack.

In a few seconds, the seven Spirit Supreme Realm warriors gave out shrill cries of anguish. Their expressions were full of pain and humiliation. As they suffered intense agony, all they could do was cover their damaged wrists.

When the villagers of Misty Mountain Village saw the scene, all of them were stunned. Woolley and his group could only gawk as they witnessed Zen's true skills. They had just rushed over but the battle had already ended.

"Woolley, is my master really a proving godly warrior?" Thomson asked softly as his face was filled with disbelief.

Thomson had never seen the strength of proving godly warriors before. Due to the remoteness of their village, he had only heard of it from his brother. However, it seemed that they weren't as powerful as Zen.

"I, I'm not sure either." Woolley's heart pounded relentlessly. He originally couldn't tell Zen's cultivation level, but as far as he knew, a proving godly warrior couldn't defeat seven Spirit Supreme Realm warriors in such a short time. However, Zen had easily defeated not just one, but all seven of them. Was Zen already a True God? But he didn't have the unique aura of a True God.

"Brat, who are you? How dare you do this? We are from the Sun Moon Village. Our leader..." The head of the group of Spirit Supreme Realm warriors covered his arm and stared at Zen fiercely. Surely, he had discovered that Zen was a proving godly warrior. Therefore, he wanted to scare Zen away. He immediately mentioned the village they were from to incite fear in Zen. A small village like Misty Mountain Village would not have a proving godly warrior.

However, before the enemy warrior could finish his words, Zen lifted his foot. Instantly, a stone flew towards the enemy warrior. The stone heavily smashed into the warrior's jaw and crushed it into pieces. The warrior couldn't even scream, let alone speak.

Chapter 2126 The Village Leader (Part One)

A small pebble in the divine land weighed about five hundred pounds. Combined with Zen's insanely powerful kick, it could shatter anything it hit.

The martial artist at the helm couldn't say anything that threatened Zen, so another martial artist beside him wanted to say something. After all, the Sun Moon Village backed them—they had no reason to be afraid.

But just as that martial artist was about to speak, Zen's foot kicked another stone and hit the martial artist's jaw accurately.

"Tack!"

Of course, his jaw had been broken.

When the other martial artists saw the scene, they didn't dare to threaten Zen. All of them remained quiet in fear of Zen, who might kick a stone that would smash their faces as well.

"You guys deal with these people," Zen said indifferently.

Indeed, the Misty Mountain Village's people all wanted to kill those warriors and they shared the same sentiments among each other. "They killed two of us!

We have to avenge them!"

"Kill them!"

Those who had killed others must die—such was a principle that was universally accepted in the entire world.

Therefore, the angry villagers tightly held on to their spears and charged toward those warriors.

Although the villagers of the Misty Mountain Village were kind and honest, they didn't show the slightest mercy to the murderers who killed the members of their village.

The warriors on the opposite side immediately ran for their lives at the sight of the Misty Mountain villagers despite their broken wrists, courtesy of Zen.

However, just as they turned around, Zen stomped his foot on the ground and kicked the stones beneath his feet one by one.

The tiny stones that were filled with great momentum were accurately shot at the crooks of the warriors' legs, which caused their bones to break quickly.

Soon enough, all of them had fallen to the ground.

They couldn't run after their legs had been broken either, so the only thing they could do was to crawl.

Because of their slow speed, the members of Misty Mountain Village with their long spears were able to catch up to them and swarmed all the enemy warriors. The rest was history.

As for Zen, he did not stay to watch the bloody scene. The truth was that he had rarely killed anyone ever since he had ascended to the Upper World. Then again, it wasn't such a cruel thing to kill people if it was in a high-level battle and besides, the blood that was spilled during such a time wasn't actually that much.

After the villagers of the Misty Mountain Village had dealt with the warriors from the Sun Moon Village, they buried their members' corpses.

Only then did the furious villagers begin to grow fearful.

In reality, no one had actually died even since the start of the conflict between the Misty Mountain Village and the Sun Moon Village. The Sun Moon Village previously just beat up a few people from the Misty Mountain Village and ordered the rest of the villagers to leave their place within a definite time.

Who would've thought that when the time came, the Sun Moon Village came over to kill people. If it wasn't for Zen, the Misty Mountain Village's members would have already been massacred by the warriors from the Sun Moon Village.

Later that day, the senior members of the Misty Mountain Village gathered together in the largest house. Needless to say, all of them looked troubled as they discussed how to deal with the Sun Moon Village. They killed the warriors of the Sun Moon Village, which meant that they had resisted the Sun Moon Village's attacks. However, they would be in great peril as well if the leader of the Sun Moon Village raided their place and attacked them.

Meanwhile, Zen sat in the corner of the house with his eyes tightly shut. He silently circulated his blood to hit the black threads in his cinnabar field.

He had been unable to connect with his inner world after being bound by the black threads. During that time however, he had faintly sensed that something had happened within his inner world, and it made him quite anxious.

The time flow rate in his inner world flowed extremely fast. Usually, he pried into his inner world after he cultivated for a few hours to prevent the creatures in it from starting a dispute. There would be some races that occasionally waged a war and wanted to carry out large-scale massacres, but Zen normally stopped them in time.

Yet after his cinnabar field had been sealed for a period of time, he had no way of knowing his inner world's progress and whatever happened inside it. He could only figure out such things once he got rid of the black threads.

At that moment, the discussion among the villagers of the Misty Mountain Village started to get louder. "We might as well leave here!

If the warriors of the Sun Moon Village come over to kill us, won't all of us have to die?" "Leave?

Why do we have to leave? From generation to generation, this place has belonged to our Misty Mountain Village. We can't just let them occupy this place. They are just too unreasonable!"

"Our Misty Mountain Village is remote and we are not rich, but why do the people of the Sun Moon Village still want to occupy this place? I think they just want to cause trouble!"

There was indeed, nothing important about their village.

In addition, the outside of the Misty Mountain Village was just a flat and wide vegetable patch. What could the Sun Moon Village want from that vegetable patch?

"What are you afraid of? We can just let Thad attack and destroy the Sun Moon Village," one villager shouted. When the rest of the villagers heard those words, they all turned to look at Zen.

He was their only hope. The question was whether Thad was willing to take such a huge risk to help them fend off the Sun Moon Village.

On the other hand, Woolley and Thomson sat by the side without saying anything.

Chapter 2127 The Village Leader (Part Two)

Back then, Zen suddenly appeared in their remote mountain village. He taught them martial art skills and helped them resist the Sun Moon Village's attacks. It was no doubt that he had done a lot for them. Now, they also wanted him to destroy the Sun Moon Village, which seemed a bit unreasonable.

The entire house suddenly quieted down. No one dared to take the initiative to ask Zen for help.

At the corner of the house, Zen looked at the ceiling and said, "I will stay in the Misty Mountain Village for another fifteen days, and then I will leave. Thanks for treating me in a friendly way these last few days. If the warriors of the Sun Moon Village dare to come here again, I will help you punish them."

That was the guarantee Zen could give. He did not know much about the Sun Moon Village, but he discovered that they weren't actually powerful warriors. Thus, he believed that their leader wasn't that strong as well. Even if Zen couldn't use the chaotic energy for now, it shouldn't be hard for him to deal with them.

However, he also guessed that there must be a higher-level force behind the Sun Moon Village. If such a force was a True God, Zen's current strength wouldn't allow him to effectively fight back. He would be in trouble.

He didn't want to enter the divine land and be chased around by a group of True Gods. If he wasn't careful, he might lose his life. That was not what he wanted.

Once Zen was done speaking, he closed his eyes again. The house was slowly filled with the villagers' whispers once more.

Since the warriors of the Sun Moon Village had been killed on this day, and their people were known to be domineering, it wouldn't be a surprise if they came to get back at the villagers of the Misty Mountain Village the next day. In any case, Zen's promise was already the greatest help to the Misty Mountain Village.

Nightfall came and clothed the whole village in a blanket of darkness. It was time to rest, but the people of the Misty Mountain Village were all nervous.

The next day, Zen remained calm and unperturbed. He continued to teach Thomson and Woolley to practice the swordsmanship.

As Thomson practiced his movements, his eyes suddenly went wide open and then he quickly told Zen, "Actually, you should leave the Misty Mountain Village now!"

Zen was naturally confused at the boy's words which came out of the blue. "Why do you say that?" he asked with a smile.

"The Sun Moon Village will not let you and all of the villagers off, and you are the only one who would resist them. I'm afraid..." he trailed off and lines of worry began to make their way to his face.

Woolley and the others probably had the same thought. They knew that Zen's background was definitely special and that he had been forced to hide in the Misty Mountain Village. It was definitely not a wise decision to get involved in a fight with the Sun Moon Village. In that way, he would expose himself.

The villagers also understood the situation. However, Zen was their only hope, so how could they be willing to let him go?

"It's alright..." Zen said with a small smile.

He already knew that the closest city to the Misty Mountain Village was the Mirror City, but it was still hundreds of millions of miles away.

The Mirror City was one of the seven divine cities within the Vast Sky Region. Thus, the True Gods would only be found in that place. Zen thought for a while. Even if the Sun Moon Village were to ask the True Gods for help, they wouldn't be able to find him within a short period of time.

Just as the villagers of the Misty Mountain Village thought, the people of the Sun Moon Village sent out people to check what had happened when they discovered that none of the warriors they had sent to the Misty Mountain Village had returned. True enough, they found that seven warriors had been killed and thrown into the wilderness.

Therefore, the leader of Sun Moon Village was extremely furious and immediately led his men to attack the Misty Mountain Village.

Even though their leader was a proving godly warrior, he was still very careful. He knew that it was easy for them to slaughter the people of the Misty Mountain Village with the seven warriors' abilities, but now that those seven warriors were dead, there must be something strange.

When the leader and around forty of his warriors arrived at the Misty Mountain Village, they only saw a young man who sat quietly at the village entrance.

"Proving godly warrior!"

Of course, the Sun Moon Village leader knew much more than the ordinary warriors because he was a proving godly warrior. He could tell with a single glance that Zen was powerful. Even though Zen had deliberately restrained himself, the aura that he loosely emitted still shocked the leader of the Sun Moon Village.

"I protect the Misty Mountain Village. Please leave this place. Then, I will not kill you," Zen spoke first.

However, the warriors around the leader of the Sun Moon Village were deeply offended by his words.

"Who the hell are you? Just kneel down in front of our leader, and then apologize to him with your life!"

"You are just a mere proving godly warrior, but why are you so reckless? Do you think you are the best in this world?

Our leader will make you regret ever coming here!"

"All of you shut up!" the leader of the Sun Moon Village suddenly yelled.

The whole time, his cold gaze was fixed on Zen. After he regained his bearings, he cupped his hands and asked, "Sir, would you care to tell me who your master is? May I have your name?"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2128 Master Evil

The martial arts of the Divine Land had existed for a long time and had gone through countless eras of development. However, it was now stuck in a bottleneck.

Generally speaking, the level or achievement a divine citizen could reach was already defined after they were born. Moreover, their social strata was fixed and thus, rarely changed.

Therefore, the chances of a small village like the Misty Mountain Village to have some powerful warriors were close to none.

The leader of the Sun Moon Village was naturally infuriated, but he had sharp eyes. He knew that Zen wasn't an ordinary person and of course, secretly raised his vigilance. That was why he first asked Zen where he learned martial arts from in order to find out more about his background.

"My master?" Zen flatly said and glanced at him.

Zen glanced at this person and said indifferently, "You don't have the right to know about this."

The subordinates of the Sun Moon Village's leader began to curse Zen among themselves once again when they heard his words.

Just as they began to speak, Zen threw the pebbles that were concealed in his fingers at lightning speed. Several swooshing sounds filled the air as the jaws of the martial artists who cursed Zen had gotten shattered by the pebbles. They fell to the ground and rolled around in pain.

Meanwhile, the leader of the Sun Moon Village just stood there motionlessly. Even if Zen hadn't moved yet, he knew that he was no match for this person. Since Zen had refused to reveal where he had learned martial arts, he relented and said, "To be honest, my friend, our Sun Moon Village is doing favors for someone else! That person is definitely not someone you can afford to offend. Doing so for the sake of the Misty Mountain Village is surely not a wise choice!"

When he was finished speaking, Zen paused in contemplation.

It could be said that this leader of the Sun Moon Village was intelligent to some level. He wasn't like some extremely conceited and foolish people who looked for trouble with Zen and wanted to kill him first.

Since the leader said that they were doing things for someone else and that person was someone he couldn't afford to offend, then that person must be a powerful True God.

There was still a huge difference between a world lord and a True God. However, to be able to bridge that gap would certainly feel like reaching the heaven from the earth. But, Zen's current strength did not allow him to have even the slightest chance of winning against a low-rank True God.

Moreover, those black threads currently bound his cinnabar field, so it was even more impossible for him to compete against a True God.

The leader of the Sun Moon Village mentally snickered when he noticed the change in Zen's expression. 'This person hesitated. I'll push a little more so he would back off!' he thought.

It was true that the leader of the Sun Moon Village worked for someone else, and that person was indeed powerful. At the very least, this person had once been one of the hegemons of the Vast Sky Region!

The thirty-six islands and the seventy-two villages in the north of the Vast Sky Region had once belonged to this person. In addition, among his followers, there were even seven low-rank True Gods.

Unfortunately, this person had suddenly disappeared a long time ago. There were no news of him in the last tens of divine eras. The thirty-six islands and seventy-two villages that he had previously managed had all collapsed and quickly disintegrated.

Currently, there were only three villages left, and the Sun Moon Village was one of them.

However, the Sun Moon Village was now in a terrible state of decline. Their glory and legends were now a thing of the past, and even a small village like the Misty Mountain Village wasn't afraid of them anymore.

If it had been back then then, not even the divine cities of Vast Sky Region dared to look down on the seventy-two villages and thirty-six islands, let alone a remote mountain village!

Then again, the leader of the Sun Moon Village had recently seen an enormous opportunity…

That powerful person had come back.

Once that person had fully returned, he would definitely regain his former glory. Such would be the leader of the Sun Moon Village's golden chance.

Of course, if it wasn't for the fact that the Sun Moon Village was one of the 72 villages, he wouldn't be qualified or it would be impossible to speak to that person. Another reason was that this powerful person felt nostalgic, so he gave the leader of the Sun Moon Village such an opportunity.

Furthermore, not even his title of a proving godly warrior meant anything, as it was just a sugarcoated term for world lord. Many divine citizens had reached the level of world lords since the ancient times, but the number of martial artists who could cultivate the Godly Ways was extremely small.

If that powerful person truly valued him, then it wouldn't be hard for him to cultivate a Godly Way in the future!

The leader of the Sun Moon Village thought that even if Zen was indeed extraordinary and most likely came from a powerful background, or even a wealthy Floating Island--he was still no match for that person.

At the same time, the leader of the Sun Moon Village didn't want that powerful person to look down on himself. Then again, how would he gain that person's favor in the future if he couldn't complete such a small mission?

"Besides... We are just taking back our territory," the leader of the Sun Moon Village added.

The villagers of the Misty Mountain Village who had been hiding in their houses couldn't hold themselves any longer when they heard those words. They had decided to just hide and watch the situation from a distance, but they couldn't do that anymore after all those insults. After all, they were the aboriginals of the Misty Mountain Village.

"Our Misty Mountain Village is your territory?"

"Nonsense!"

"Our Misty Mountain villagers have been here for generations. You are too shameless to have said that!"

To their surprise, the leader of the Sun Moon Village just smiled at their words and said, "For generations? How many years do you refer to? As far as I know, it has only been less than a divine era since your people moved here. And this place was indeed our territory seven divine eras ago--or more exactly, it should be that person's territory!"

While a divine citizen's lifespan certainly wasn't short, a single divine era was considered already very long, not to mention seven divine eras.

"Seven divine eras? Why didn't you say a hundred?"

"This kind of thing has no way to be verified. It's just your side of the story!"

"I can also say that a hundred divine eras ago, our Misty Mountain Village's ancestors also built a village here! Ha-ha!"

The villagers of Misty Mountain Village shot back.

Despite all the mocking retorts and jeers, the leader of the Sun Moon Village just sneered at them. "It's impossible for you all to not have heard of the legend of the 36 islands and 72 villages. I'm telling you, that person is already back. Whether you believe it or not is up to you!" he warned.

Back when that powerful person first appeared in the Sun Moon Village, the village leader himself did not believe it as well. He thought that he was someone who only existed in ancient legends.

But even if the legend might be fake, this person's power couldn't be faked at all. That person was as strong as a mid-rank True God.

Silence immediately enveloped the Misty Mountain Village at the leader of the Sun Moon Village's words. However, they whispered among themselves, and their murmurs did not escape Zen's ears.

"About the thirty-six islands and seventy-two villages, I remember that there is indeed such a legend in the Vast Sky Region. Our Misty Mountain Village belongs to one of these regions."

"Hmph, that is just a story someone has made up. A few divine eras ago? Will anyone even believe the things that have been passed down from such a long time ago?"

"Yes, that person is the infamous Master Evil. It's just that according to the legends, he had died a long time ago, and those villages and islands have been destroyed as well."

"..."

The whispers were barely audible, but Zen still heard them all. He couldn't help but raise his eyebrows, his lips twitched. A glimmer of confidence flashed in his eyes when he heard the words "Master Evil". He stared at the leader of the Sun Moon Village and asked, "The person you're talking about, is he really Master Evil?"

As for Master Evil's return, the leader of the Sun Moon Village hadn't found the right time to announce it to the public. At the very least, he did not plan to reveal it until he had helped Master Evil obtain the thing that he had buried under Misty Mountain Village.

Now that some people had already guessed who the person was, the leader of the Sun Moon Village chuckled as he assumed that Zen was frightened. He thought that it would be best if Zen would be wary of the overwhelming odds against him and just back off. He then continued, "Master Evil is now a mid-rank True God. If he personally comes here, you won't have any chance to resist and you will definitely die. Those villagers will also suffer from an unimaginable disaster. You should convince them to leave with you as quickly as you can!"

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

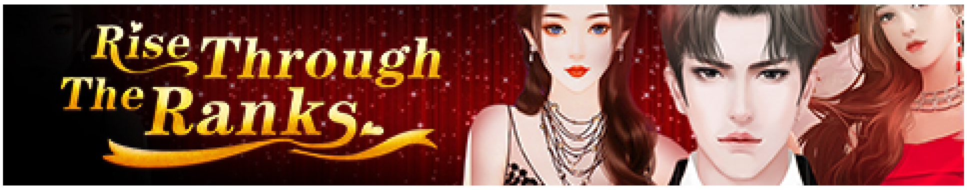

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

39

Content

Chapter 2129 Muddy Moon Cave
Chapter 2130 Meet Zen Again
Chapter 2131 The Sealing Machine
Chapter 2132 Falling
Chapter 2133 Crack On The Ball
Chapter 2134 The Mouse
Chapter 2135 Devouring The Soul
Chapter 2136 A Lose-lose
Chapter 2137 Run Away
Chapter 2138 The Evil God
Chapter 2139 Talent
Chapter 2140 The Evil God's Tactics
Chapter 2141 The Stone Mouse's Corpse
Chapter 2142 Divine Might Coin
Chapter 2143 Mirror City
Chapter 2144 The Han Clan's Ancestral Land
Chapter 2145 Changing Appearance
Chapter 2146 Ruling Slate (Part One)
Chapter 2147 Ruling Slate (Part Two)
Chapter 2148 Heavenly Han House
Chapter 2149 Slander
Chapter 2150 Throwing Him Out (Part One)
Chapter 2151 Throwing Him Out (Part Two)
Chapter 2152 Repaying The Favor (Part One)
Chapter 2153 Repaying The Favor (Part Two)
Chapter 2154 Brilliant Moon Restaurant
Chapter 2155 Battle Between Two Warriors (Part One)
Chapter 2156 Battle Between Two Warriors (Part Two)
Chapter 2157 Eric Hulan (Part One)
Chapter 2158 Eric Hulan (Part Two)
Chapter 2159 Special Way To Eat (Part One)
Chapter 2160 Special Way To Eat (Part Two)
Chapter 2161 With Only One Hit
Chapter 2162 Zen's Information
Chapter 2163 The Money Alley
Chapter 2164 A Piece Of Mud

Chapter 2165 Sky-High Price (Part One)
Chapter 2166 Sky-High Price (Part Two)
Chapter 2167 Deal
Chapter 2168 Cloud
Chapter 2169 A Tiny Crystal (Part One)
Chapter 2170 A Tiny Crystal (Part Two)
Chapter 2171 The Test (Part One)
Chapter 2172 The Test (Part Two)
Chapter 2173 The Heavenly Han House
Chapter 2174 Tossing The White Jade Tokens (Part One)
Chapter 2175 Tossing The White Jade Tokens (Part Two)
Chapter 2176 Shatter The White Jade Token
Chapter 2177 Short Halberds (Part One)
Chapter 2178 Short Halberds (Part Two)
Chapter 2179 The Veto Token (Part One)
Chapter 2180 The Veto Token (Part Two)
Chapter 2181 Causing Trouble
Chapter 2182 Malloy's Worries (Part One)
Chapter 2183 Malloy's Worries (Part Two)
Chapter 2184 Devin Tie

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2129 Muddy Moon Cave

The divine citizens of Misty Mountain Village didn't believe that Master Evil had returned.

Such a legend had been spread over a long time, after all. Most of the characters in these legends were already ancient figures—their return wasn't something people would easily accept.

But Zen had no doubt about it because it was he who personally released Master Evil.

After being released, Master Evil and Wayne had rushed into Swirl Forest before the fairy palace was besieged by a group of vicious creatures from the divine land.

At this point, Zen wasn't sure whether or not these two had died under the hands of those ferocious beasts—he had also been worried that even with the two's strength to defy the heavens, they'd still have difficulty surviving against the vicious beasts.

Now, it seemed that Zen's worries were unnecessary. Master Evil had been imprisoned for so long that as soon as he was released, he wanted to restore his former glory. It was merely a coincidence that Master Evil's den was actually the Vast Sky Region.

"If you don't believe me, I won't be the one coming here again. Next time, it will be Master Evil himself," said the chief of the Sun Moon Village.

A strong mid-rank True God was also a powerful figure in the divine land.

With such a backer, his Sun Moon Village's position could be greatly enhanced in the future. It pleased the chief, believing that Zen would compromise and no one was willing to seek death before a True God.

"I believe you," Zen said faintly.

Hearing Zen's words, the Sun Moon Village's chief and his subordinates immediately heaved a sigh of relief, knowing that they didn't have to fight Zen, a proving godly warrior. If they could make him retreat on his own in the face of such difficulties, they'd achieve ideal results.

"Since that's the case, you can persuade the villagers of Misty Mountain Village to leave obediently or you can leave on your own. Let us deal with the villagers," the chief said with a smile.

The members of the Misty Mountain Village weren't expecting Zen to truly believe the chief's words—they were stunned. "Thad, you can't just accept what they say. They mean only to scare us."

"The Sun Moon Village is a mere dilapidated village that has survived for tens of thousands of years. How could they possibly find a True God to help them?"

"…"

Zen ignored their words and continued speaking to the Sun Moon Village's chief. "I believe that Master Evil has returned, but I will not leave. If you want me to go, you can ask Master Evil to come here personally."

Everyone was thinking that Zen had compromised, hence the matter would be resolved easily. But hearing his words, all their expressions turned stiff.

It was clear, then, that Zen had his own plans.

Zen had just entered the divine land—integrating himself was bound to be extremely difficult. If only he could obtain the help of Master Evil, it would be great.

"Right… if you really can, get that Master Evil to come personally!"

"I want to see where your Sun Moon Village will go to find a True God! If there really is a True God, must your Sun Moon Village kick us out personally?"

"I also want to meet the legendary True God!"

But the members of Misty Mountain Village misunderstood Zen's intentions—they thought that Zen did not truly believe the words of the Sun Moon Village's chief and was merely taking advantage of the situation.

The chief's face turned ashen and his voice became ice-cold once again. "Do you know the consequences of Master Evil coming here personally?"

"Of course I do," Zen said with a nod.

"Good!" A cold laugh came from the chief as he led his people to turn back and leave—he couldn't persuade Zen to leave and expel the villagers of the Misty Mountain Village, so he had no choice but to have Master Evil come personally and deal with them.

Undoubtedly, he would be convicted of failing to complete the mission, but more importantly, he also knew that Zen and the people from the Misty Mountain Village would fall to death in Master Evil's hands.

After the Sun Moon Village people left, the villagers in hiding began to come out. Most of them looked victorious—they were happy about chasing away the Sun Moon Village without any bloodshed.

"So many years have passed. The Sun Moon Village still doesn't have many people. Their strength is average, but their bragging skills are rather impressive. They talk of obtaining a True God? What a joke."

"You're right. Master Evil is said to be a great figure in the northern part of the Vast Sky Region. Why would such a person appear in a small village?"

"Exactly!"

In the eyes of the Misty Mountain Village, the Sun Moon Village was not much stronger than them. It was merely a village full of stupidity—they used to be afraid of the Sun Moon Village, but now that they had Thad, they no longer had much respect for the other.

But Zen's next words made the villagers' hearts grow cold.

"Master Evil has indeed returned."

"He's back? You're kidding, right?" said a villager with a nervous chuckle. It was difficult to outright believe in Zen's words.

"It's no joke," Zen shook his head. "Master Evil has indeed returned to the Vast Sky Region. Their village leader did not lie because I met Master Evil personally not long ago."

The originally noisy atmosphere at the entrance of Misty Mountain Village instantly froze into silence when Zen's words resounded.

"You… you're serious?" The villagers' expressions turned serious.

The people of the Misty Mountain Village had no qualms about facing the Sun Moon Village, but even if they were given ten thousand extra forces, they wouldn't dare offend a True God.

"It's true," Zen confirmed. "But…" He wanted to find words that could offer them some comfort. Although Master Evil was powerful, he couldn't disobey Zen's orders. But these divine citizens were probably too frightened and agitated to listen.

"Then, what should we do?"

"Let's just leave. It's said that Master Evil has committed all sorts of crimes. Back then, he had the power to do all evil things. But a powerful warrior defeated him and Master Evil was lost for many years. Is he really going to make a comeback?"

"But the Misty Mountain Village has been left to us by generations of our ancestors…"

"Our ancestors?! This person has been around much longer than them! If the legend is true, we have indeed occupied Master Evil's old territory."

Zen was speechless.

Since the villagers were too agitated, Zen couldn't be bothered to explain any longer.

Meanwhile…in the Sun Moon Village

The Muddy Moon Cave was originally abandoned for countless years—the entrance had also collapsed a long time ago.

But during this period of time, the Sun Moon Village had reopened the Muddy Moon Cave's entrance and cleaned it meticulously. Soon after, it was classified as a forbidden area by the Sun Moon Village. No one was allowed to approach it.

The Sun Moon Village's chief kneeled before the cave in respect. Lowering his voice, he said, "Master Evil, it is not that I have failed my mission. I don't know where the Misty Mountain Village got such a strong warrior to help them. Although he's only a proving godly warrior, his strength is indeed extraordinary. I'm very sensitive to soul theurgy, as you may know, and I found that proving godly warrior's soul may surpass the Gold Fighting Soul. His soul may even be a True God Soul!"

After that, the chief didn't dare move an inch.

"Nonsense! A mere world lord able to cultivate his soul into a Gold Fighting Soul is already too outstanding… but to have the True God Soul? I'm afraid that even the wealthy clans of the Floating Islands cannot do it." Master Evil's voice transmitted from the cave. There weren't many world lords with a Gold Fighting Soul—it was difficult to believe.

Chapter 2130 Meet Zen Again

After Master Evil left the Swirl Forest, he noticed a large group of vicious beasts. The beasts frantically rushed towards the fairy palace.

Although he and Wayne were powerful, if they really were to be surrounded by that group of ferocious beasts, then the odds were against them. Such dangerous beasts would give them a hard time and probably even severe injuries…

The strange thing was that the vicious beasts only glanced at the two of them for a brief moment and then ignored them. It seemed like that the beasts considered them unimportant.

After the beasts had left, Master Evil and Wayne then quietly left the Swirl Forest. As they finally safely escaped the forest, they both went their separate ways.

Master Evil had been imprisoned for many divine eras…

For a True God, seven or eight divine eras wouldn't have too great of a change. Nothing more than two or three new Holy Beings would appear in that period. Additionally, there would only be little changes in the rankings of the Floating Islands on the Time Sea.

However, for the divine citizens, the change was quite significant. The point-of-views of a True God and divine citizens were extremely different.

When Master Evil returned to the Vast Sky Region, he discovered that the thirty-six islands and seventy-two villages that he had founded had long since been destroyed. All of his creations were already in ruins. The vast majority of them had already disappeared as time passed by.

He had expected it. However, when he found out that there were three villages left among the seventy-two villages, he felt delighted. After all, those were the inheritance that he had left behind. Additionally, after all those years, there were still many warriors who continuously struggled just to survive.

It was true that Master Evil had committed many evil deeds. However, he still treasured old friendships. Even though the talent and strength of the warriors that remained were like jokes in the eyes of Master Evil, he still treated them well. He was even prepared to take out some of the things he had hidden in the Vast Sky Region before he slowly regained his power!

However, there were some things about Master Evil that could not come to light. For example, the thing buried under Misty Mountain Village. He had just returned to the Vast Sky Region, and was just about to regain his ground, so he had to do everything with extreme caution.

Furthermore, the weakness of the people in the Sun Moon Village was beyond his imagination. Their talents and strengths were pathetic. They had even failed to complete a small task like the expulsion of divine citizens. That was not something that Master Evil had expected. A depressed expression came across his face.

Immediately, the leader of the Sun Moon Village had made a report. In order to conceal his incompetence, he naturally exaggerated about Zen's abilities. A soul of a world lord was comparable to that of a True God? What nonsense!

In all of his life, Master Evil had only seen one person who had cultivated his soul to such a level. It was that brat Zen he had met in the fairy palace! A displeased expression immediately showed up in Master Evil's face.

Zen was the disciple of a Holy Being while his father was a Holy Being as well. With a strong foundation and a fantastic master, his cultivation was simply spectacular. In the entire divine land, there weren't many people like him…

In such a desolate little mountain village in the north of Vast Sky Region, how could there be such a proving godly warrior? He wouldn't believe it anyway.

"Everything I said was true. If I have told any lies, Master Evil, you can chop off my head. If you don't believe me, you can go there yourself. Everything will be made clear!" the leader of the Sun Moon Village said with a serious expression. His eyes reflected no sense of deceit.

"You imbecile! Are you saying that I have to personally act to drive away some divine citizens?" The voice of Master Evil came again from the Muddy Moon Cave. With an angry tone, he reprimanded the leader of the Sun Moon Village.

"It's all my fault to have failed to accomplish the task. And this small matter indeed doesn't need you to deal with personally. But the problem is a proving godly warrior. His strength is unrivaled by any of our warriors!" The leader of the Sun Moon Village quickly defended himself. He was afraid of Master Evil's wrath.

In fact, the leader's knowledge of Master Evil came from legends as well. After all, it was not that long after he became a proving godly warrior and started to lead the Sun Moon Village. With his great talents, it was said that he brought prosperity to the Sun Moon Village. Besides, after so many years had passed, the records of Master Evil in the Sun Moon Village became very vague. Nonetheless, just from the title Master Evil, he knew that Master Evil was not some kind person.

Since the leader of the Sun Moon Village had said so, Master Evil could only sneer. He let out a deep sigh and said angrily, "It seems that I still have to go personally!"

When the leader of the Sun Moon Village heard this, he was immediately overjoyed. It seemed that Master Evil would not punish him for his incompetence. Additionally, with Master Evil's strength, he only needed to lift a finger to kill that proving godly warrior. The leader also wanted to witness the miserable demise of the proving godly warrior of the Misty Mountain Village.

After the divine citizens of the Misty Mountain Village confirmed the return of Master Evil, they finally decided to give up on the Misty Mountain Village. Life was above everything. When faced with a True God, or more exactly, a mid-rank True God, they had no way to resist. They could only run away helplessly.

However, at that time, Zen stepped forward and told them not to leave. With a brave expression on his face, he urged everyone to stay.

Zen did not tell them any reason. However, he was very confident that their safety could be guaranteed!

Nonetheless, the majority of the people in the Misty Mountain Village didn't believe Zen. Perhaps Zen was indeed an extraordinary proving godly warrior, but he was only a world lord. Even his great strength wasn't enough to convince the divine citizens in the Misty Mountain Village. The divine citizens firmly believed that his cultivation level was utterly inferior to that of Master Evil.

The thousands of divine citizens in Misty Mountain Village began to migrate and hide that day. However, there was still a large portion of the divine citizens that decided to stay. That part of the divine citizens was divided into two types. There were those who were reluctant to leave Misty Mountain Village no matter what would happen. Their possessions and livelihood were already cemented in the village. Another group was those who were led by Woolley and Thomson. It was the group that had chosen to believe in Zen.

On the second day, when the first glimmer of light shone, ninety percent of the villagers had already left the Misty Mountain Village. The ten percent that remained readied themselves for another onslaught. Their lives were already in Zen's hands.

Zen sat formidably at the entrance of the Misty Mountain Village. He continuously cleared the black threads on his cinnabar field as he waited for Master Evil. He was afraid that Master Evil would not show himself and send another group of weak warriors to attack the village again.

As for the divine citizens of the Misty Mountain Village that stayed with Zen, they were even more nervous. Despair crept in each of their hearts. If Zen couldn't deal with Master Evil, they would die with him!

Not long after, a group of warriors from the Sun Moon Village came. Master Evil was carried in a palanquin that followed behind leisurely.

After they had climbed over a hill, Master Evil saw the Misty Mountain Village in front of him.

"It's right in front of us, Master Evil," the leader of the Sun Moon Village reminded Master Evil. "The proving godly warrior should still be guarding the entrance to Misty Mountain Village. His arrogance would be his downfall. With your strength, it would only take a blink of an eye to kill him!"

Master Evil lazily sat on the palanquin with an indifferent look. Even if what the leader of the Sun Moon Village said was true, the other party was still just a world lord. Such a low-level warrior was not qualified to be his opponent.

After they crossed the hill, Master Evil and his group finally arrived at the Misty Mountain Village. With a callous expression, Master Evil lazily lay on the palanquin. As he finally stopped, he looked at the direction which the Sun Moon Village's leader pointed. His eyes suddenly widened as he gazed at the entrance of the village. The moment he caught the person at the entrance of the village, Master Evil frantically stood up and revealed a look like he had seen a ghost!

"Zen!"

Disbelief painted Master Evil's face. He then used his hand to wipe his eyes, as if to get a better look...

"Master Evil?" After he saw Master Evil's expression, the leader of the Sun Moon Village was also slightly surprised. Could it be that the proving godly warrior at the entrance of the Misty Mountain Village was indeed someone of great background?

Master Evil did not answer. He observed for a while and after he confirmed that the warrior was indeed Zen, he felt conflicted at the moment. His confusion was reflected in his expression. Previously when he left the fairy palace, Master Evil hoped that he would never encounter Zen again for the rest of his life. After all, the divine land was a huge place, so the chances of another encounter with him were slim. But he didn't expect that he would meet Zen again so soon. He was really unlucky! All he could do was bite his lips in disappointment.

He then jumped down from the palanquin and turned around. Without a single word, he left the Misty Mountain Village. The leader of the Sun Moon Village was baffled by the scene. With widened eyes, the leader could only gawk silently.

However, after Master Evil had taken more than a few steps, he heard Zen call out to him, "Master Evil, didn't you recognize me?"

Chapter 2131 The Sealing Machine

Master Evil had never thought that he would meet Zen in the Misty Mountain Village! A displeased expression came across Master Evil's face.

The Swirl Forest was not far from their location, but it was still three regions away. Master Evil thought that he probably had some bad karma to coincidentally run into Zen in this small mountain village in the northern part of the Vast Sky Region. He could not tell how he felt, and could only accept that he and Zen were fated to meet.

Other than Bromley and a few other Holy Beings, Zen was probably the last person Master Evil wanted to see.

To leave the dungeon, Master Evil had accepted an extremely unfair inner demon oath to Zen that he would do precisely as Zen asked. If he disobeyed Zen, he would be attacked by the oath! A heavy gulp was made by Master Evil as he remembered the oath.

After he had managed to leave the dungeon, Master Evil naturally wished to achieve more in the Godly Way. With an insatiable thirst for power, he wanted to cultivate more to improve his strength. He was already at the peak of the mid-rank True God which meant that as long as he took one more step, he would be able to become a top-rank True God. At that time, his strength and position would be on a whole new level. Even if the Holy Beings wanted to make a move against him, they would be wary of him.

With a strong desire to keep his life, Master Evil definitely wouldn't violate his inner demon oath. As soon as he heard what Zen said from behind, Master Evil's body instantly stiffened. He then slowly turned his head, and chuckled, "I did, of course I recognized you."

"Good," Zen uttered and nodded his head. With an indifferent face, Zen casually said, "Since you still remember me, you can stay here today. I have something that I need your help with."

The leader of the Sun Moon Village and his subordinates, who stood beside Master Evil, were instantly dumbfounded. A curious expression painted their faces as they witnessed how obedient Master Evil's reaction was. Master Evil had a high reputation in their hearts.

Who was the proving godly warrior from the Misty Mountain Village? How dare he speak to Master Evil in such a manner!

To their surprise, Master Evil did not get angry nor annoyed. Instead, he gave a pleasant laugh, which made it even harder for them to think straight. He was just belittled by the proving godly warrior. How could he be so calm?

"It's okay if you need my help, but I've only just returned to the Vast Sky Region. There is a thing that I want to take away, and it just so happen to be buried under the Misty Mountain Village. Can you ask these villagers to retreat first?" Master Evil stated with a calm tone. His gentle face didn't reflect his true emotions. In his eyes, the divine citizens were as humble as ants. However, since Zen was here, he had to get his permission first.

When the villagers of the Misty Mountain Village saw that Master Evil had personally come, they were naturally frightened. Cold sweat trickled down their spines as they witnessed his arrival. To them, Master Evil was a legendary evil god. In the Vast Sky Region, if a child behaved badly, some adults would use his existence to scare the child. They would often say, "If you don't behave well, Master Evil would come and capture you!" A simple sentence like that would be enough to silence a baby in tears.

How could the villagers still be alive even after a legendary evil god had already arrived in their village? Fortunately, most of the divine citizens of the Misty Mountain Village had already moved away. At the same time, the ones that fled let out a sigh of relief in their hiding place. Even though they had to leave their home, they were still able to survive. Nonetheless, they also feared for the safety of those who remained.

However, just as Zen had promised, the divine citizens that remained were still unharmed. They hadn't expected that Master Evil would be so polite to Zen. In fact, Master Evil did not appear evil at all.

After they had witnessed such a peaceful scene, the villagers were even more surprised and began to speculate about where Zen came from. Since Master Evil had made such a request, Zen discussed it with the divine citizens that still remained in the village.

Master Evil's intention was not to chase away those divine citizens of the Misty Mountain Village. All he wanted was to take away the thing buried there. As such, the divine citizens didn't have to be so against him.

Thus, the divine citizens that still remained finally left the Misty Mountain Village. After some time, they met and joined the majority of the divine citizens who chose to hide. Master Evil ordered the leader of the Sun Moon Village to lead a group of warriors to guard outside. It was only until then that he and Zen entered the village.

"This mountain was once called 'Black Wind Ridge', one of my old nests. Back then, the Black Wind Ridge was renowned throughout the entire Vast Sky Region. However it has now become a place no one knows about," Master Evil sighed while he shook his head.

He had established seventy-two villages in the past. However, a disappointed look appeared in his face because only three of them were left. Furthermore, after so many years, everything had changed. Back here, whenever he reminisced, he felt bad. Nonetheless, there was no one to talk to.

Zen followed silently behind Master Evil. As he heard Master Evil's story, a smile shone across Zen's face. "A True God's lifespan is limitless. As such, you would only lose a little time, Master Evil. To a True God like you, time is probably the most worthless thing, right? As long as you spend some time, everything can be reconstructed. It's easy for you to make a comeback." he comforted Master Evil with a gentle and heartfelt tone.

As soon as Zen finished his remark, Master Evil's body paused for a moment. He turned his head and looked deeply at Zen. With a low yet sorrowful voice, he said, "You're right, but the environment of the divine land is constantly changing. I wonder if there is an opportunity like that..."

Master Evil just became a mid-rank True God back then. Additionally, it had been extremely difficult for him to dominate the Vast Sky Region. However, the two major powers of the Vast Sky Region were in conflict back then. Both of the two mighty groups only focused on the war. They had no time to pay attention to the northern parts of the Vast Sky Region. As such, Master Evil's influence continued to grow without much trouble.

Such an opportunity would be hard to find in their current situation.

Unexpectedly, Zen gave a faint smile. A hint of expectation shone across his eyes as he uttered confidently, "Actually, there seems to be a greater chance to achieve such a thing now. Can you not see it?"

"A greater chance? What do you mean?" Master Evil was startled. With curious eyes, he stared at Zen for a while. A light flashed through his eyes and he suddenly began to breathe faster.

After their recent encounters, he was already aware that Zen was Bromley's disciple as well as Mike's son.

Although the Vast Sky Region was just a small region within the divine land, Master Evil had heard about certain rumors. He was aware of the affairs on the Floating Islands. Additionally, he also knew about the disputes between those Holy Beings.

Master Evil was cautious about Zen's presence in the divine land. Zen must have had some grand plan since he even took the effort to step in this place. With the support of two Holy Beings, Master Evil believed that Zen could rise to prominence as soon as possible.

If he could follow Zen, it would indeed be a great opportunity for Master Evil.

"No, no, no..." Master Evil immediately denied the idea as he frantically shook his head like a rattle drum.

Zen was indeed the inheritor of the two Holy Beings. However, Bromley had already disappeared for many divine eras. Whether he was alive or dead could be also a question. Additionally, Mike was already on the verge of death!

To make matters worse, Zen's opponents were Murphy and the Hall of Holy Beings.

The opportunity was not small, but the risk was just too great. Estelle was qualified to be involved. However he, Master Evil, could only become a pile of cannon fodder if he were to participate. With his current strength, he would be no match to those powerful creatures.

As he saw Master Evil's reluctant reaction, Zen lightly said, "A True God's lifespan is indeed limitless, but are you really willing to go through such a long time in mediocrity?"

Master Evil laughed loudly. With a shameless voice, he replied, "That's better than death!"

Master Evil knew that Zen had unlimited potential. It would be possible for him to become a top-rank True God. The achievement of such a goal was easily within his grasp. With his abilities, Zen could even be a consummate True God in the future.

However, not everyone dared to fight against those Holy Beings! A battle with such powerful creatures could only be a hellish nightmare.

Since Master Evil was reluctant to join him, Zen did not force the matter anymore. All Zen needed Master Evil to do was to help him settle down in the divine land.

After they had entered the center of the Misty Mountain Village, Master Evil became restless. He stretched out his hand and slapped the ground left and right. As he searched for a certain object, his head almost touched the ground.

Some time had passed for their search. Finally, Master Evil confirmed a spot. Then, he walked a few steps to the side and suddenly slapped the ground with his hand.

Immediately, a massive divine texture appeared in his hand! An intense expression was revealed in Master Evil's face as he saw the divine texture.

Without any delay, the divine texture turned into a giant arrow, and then the arrow slowly crawled on the ground.

"Click! Click!"

At that moment, a muffled sound came from underneath the Misty Mountain Village. Metals and heavy stones were heard to collide with one another. It seemed that a huge mechanism had been opened deep underground.

An expression of euphoria appeared on Master Evil's face. Expectant eyes and a cheerful smile revealed his happiness about the discovery. The Sealing Machine that he set before was still effective. It only meant that in the years that he had been gone, no one had been able to get their hands on the thing that he had hidden underneath.

However, when he opened the Sealing Machine, a powerful aura suddenly erupted from one of the buildings in the Misty Mountain Village. Both Zen and Master Evil immediately raised their guards. At the same time, a burst of arrogant laughter resounded, "Ha-ha, Master Evil, you're finally back! I've been waiting for you for seven divine eras!"

As soon as Master Evil heard the voice, his face immediately changed. The previous joyful expression he displayed had suddenly disappeared!

Zen's eyebrows creased with curiosity.

Chapter 2132 Falling

The Sealing Machine was set up by Master Evil and it was quite ingenious, to say the least.

Once the Sealing Machine itself was sealed, it only gave one chance to be opened. If someone attempted to open it using the wrong order, the entire Sealing Machine would self-destruct, including everything inside it.

At the time, Master Evil had sealed an extremely important treasure, one that he had obtained himself and buried it beneath the Black Wind Ridge. Even if someone was determined enough to try stealing it from its spot, they wouldn't obtain anything anyway.

After the seven divine eras had passed, the first thing Master Evil did after he returned was retrieve his treasure. Clearly, through his actions, one could tell that this treasure was extremely important to him.

What Master Evil hadn't expected though, was that someone would be waiting for him in the Vast Sky Region. Even more so, that same person had waited for a full seven divine eras.

And yet, Zen had been staying in Misty Mountain Village the entire time. Never had he noticed the presence, let alone the existence of such a character.

To have the capacity of hiding within Misty Mountain Village and completely avoiding Zen's sharp spiritual sense could only mean that this person was strong. Perhaps even stronger than Master Evil. And what was to say of his courage, showing up here at such a time?

With a squeak, a house door amidst the Misty Mountain Village creaked slowly open. A figure walked out. He was thin and handsome and carried a feather fan in his hand. As he walked, he spoke and smiled arrogantly. "To be honest, I never actually expected you to come back, you evil old dog. This Sealing Machine is so ingenious - I've studied it myself for so many years. I even asked someone to seal it with the Timing Godly Way so that I could take out its content after triggering it. Unfortunately, I just didn't dare take the risk, for fear of destroying the Sealing Machine. My only option was to sit and wait, possibly forever. And now, the day has finally come!"

Master Evil's face was covered in a coldness. He stared at the person with his bean-sized eyes as words came out of his mouth, "Yorick Yin! Humph! You really are fucking patient!"

Seeing Master Evil's expression, the smile on Yorick's face quickly began to spread. His eyes twinkled and he said, "Of course! For something of such importance, trust me, I could've afforded to waste even more time. What's a mere seven divine eras? Make me wait for seventy! Then we'll talk patience."

As Yorick spoke, his eyes indifferently glanced behind Master Evil on several occasions. "But I'm curious, this little fellow named Thad standing behind you, where does he come from?" he asked. "Among proving godly warriors, Thad can be considered absolutely outstanding. Could it be that he came from a wealthy clan on a Floating Island?" Yorick continued.

Zen frowned, but said nothing in return. Yorick knew his name was Thad, thus he must have been lurking here for at least a few days, not to say secretly watching and observing him. This made Zen suddenly feel quite uncomfortable.

In Yorick's mind, only the wealthy clans of the Floating Islands could nurture such a proving godly warrior.

And judging by Zen's background, he was indeed a member of a wealthy clan on a Floating Island. After all, the Luo Clan had once owned a Floating Island in the Time Sea, and the Luo Clan's Floating Island was actually ranked quite high. Unfortunately, because Mike declined, the Floating Island was taken over by other clans, and a thousand disciples on it were driven away.

Master Evil was in no mood to have to explain this to Yorick. He had already activated the Sealing Machine, and his mind was quickly spinning. His cultivation level was the same as Yorick's, but Master Evil had been locked in a prison for many, many years. Although his cultivation level might not have decreased, chances were, his strength had.

Although Yorick was also a mid-rank True God, he had definitely made significant progress in the past few years. In such a battle situation, the difference in strength between the two of them would probably be quite large.

"So you've got patience, that we know, but I'm wondering... Do you even have the ability to get the treasure?" Master Evil gathered his inner power, and then he jumped back abruptly. Black smoke curled up around him and his entire body appeared to be transforming into an illusory figure.

"Heinously Evil Way!"

The black smoke lingered for a moment before Master Evil's snow-white hair suddenly turned black. The wrinkles on his face were so deep that they seemed to have been carved out by a knife, and two illusory devil claws appeared on his hands. Master Evil charged towards Yorick at an extremely high speed. So fast that he could barely be seen.

Master Evil wasn't very tall, in fact, he was nearly a whole head shorter than Zen. Because of his old age, he was also quite small and skinny. Ultimately though, he was still a True God. Once he made his move, it would be a fatal one.

The pair of devil claws quickly condensed and charged toward Yorick.

Of course, this attack was extraordinarily sharp. From Zen's point of view, even though Master Evil's grab seemed rather ordinary, the power it contained still came as a shock. At the very least, due to Zen's current strength, he wouldn't be able to withstand such a move.

Yorick seemed to be quite familiar with Master Evil's movements. More importantly, he knew how powerful Master Evil's move truly was and therefore, he didn't choose to face the attack head on. As he retreated instead, he gently waved the feather fan in his hand, and his entire body suddenly became extremely nimble. He left an afterimage behind him as he moved and dodged Master Evil's attack.

When these two True Gods began to fight, Zen didn't even care about watching the show. If he wasn't careful, he could get hurt. Instead, he quietly jumped on top of a house to the side of the ongoing action. From his safe spot, he heard the buildings in the Misty Mountain Village collapse one by one, and the surface of the ridge started to show signs of disintegration.

Zen was glad that he had evacuated the villagers of Misty Mountain Village. If he hadn't done so, when these two True Gods fought, the villagers would have been in deep trouble.

Before, in the universe, he had seen True Gods fight, and it was safe to say that their strength could even destroy a world, since their power was hundreds of times more tyrannical than a Supreme Lord's. Now though, these two True Gods had only just destroyed a single mountain. It seemed that the restraints of strength throughout the divine land were quite great.

The feather fan in Yorick's hand was both like a knife and a shield. Not only could it block Master Evil's claws, it could also slash out back at him.

A strong power was condensed in the light feather fan. The power turned into a sharp blade of light, and chopped towards Master Evil. This sharp light was fast and fierce. On quite a few occasions, Master Evil had been completely unable to dodge it, and a bone-deep wound immediately appeared on his body.

The smile on Yorick's face grew increasingly wider. Back in the day, he had been struck hard by Master Evil and ended up in a miserable state. After silently hiding for seven divine eras, not only did he now have the opportunity for revenge, but he also had a sense of pride in the idea that he was going to obtain that important object.

At that moment, Zen was at a loss. He had encountered Master Evil in the divine land and wanted to help him. But who knew that Master Evil would run into a powerful enemy right after he had returned to Vast Sky Region? Zen hadn't seen it coming.

In a battle of this level, even watching the fight was a great risk for Zen, much less going forward to help. Right now, the wisest decision for him was to leave. His strength was nowhere near being up to par.

"Humph! You evil old dog! Back when you stole my good fortune, you never expected this day to come, did you?"

Yorick suddenly turned around with mighty speed, once again dodging Master Evil's grab with ease. He waved the feather fan and slammed it down heavily on Master Evil's body.

Boom!

Master Evil's frail body suddenly smashed into the whole of Misty Mountain Village. The ridge, originally a maze of cracks, ultimately collapsed with a loud crash. The hill that Misty Mountain Village was on was now a hollow ditch.

After the small hill collapsed, the houses and pavilions that had been built there rapidly sank into the hill and fell into a huge, dark cave. Zen also involuntarily fell into the cave.

As Zen fell into the depths, an overwhelming feeling of depression washed over him. 'It's truly inconvenient for a person in the divine land to be unable to fly, ' he thought to himself.

As for the warriors of Sun Moon Village, those that were standing outside guarding Misty Mountain Village, they were all dumbstruck as well. How could they dare step foot into Misty Mountain Village after Master Evil told them not to go inside? Thus, they stayed where they were and remained ignorant to what went on within Misty Mountain Village.

Chapter 2133 Crack On The Ball

Zen kept on falling down, colliding with random things in his way.

The things found in the divine land were a thousand times bigger than those in the universe. So if a mountain collapsed, the impact would without a doubt send a Spirit Transformation Realm warrior or even a Spirit Supreme Realm warrior to death.

Zen's physical body was considered quite strong, so he didn't get injured when he fell. The damage to him was that he became involved in the conflict between Master Evil and Yorick.

"Boom, boom, boom..."

It turned out that there was a huge cave tucked under the Black Wind Ridge. Apparently, Master Evil set this place up as his lair because of its remoteness and covertness.

He used the Sealing Machine in the past to completely seal the cave. Historically, only Yorick had attempted to sneak into this cave to open the Sealing Machine and take the treasure. However, Master Evil's Sealing Machine was designed so ingeniously that it remained almost impossible for anyone to take the treasure out the Sealing Machine without destroying it. Because of this, Yorick waited for seven divine eras in the Vast Sky Region, and Master Evil finally came back.

However, the villagers of the Misty Mountain Village were completely unaware of this. Their ancestors came to the Black Wind Ridge in the hopes to reclaim the land. They wanted to turn Black Wind Ridge into a small village, where the members of the Misty Mountain Village would reside for generations.

The thing was because Yorick and Master Evil were at war in that place, the mountain collapsed.

Just like Zen, Yorick and Master Evil proved to be unable to fly in the divine land too. At this moment, they started falling into the cave with Zen beside them.

Notably, the two of them were both mid-rank True Gods, so they were much stronger than Zen. Amidst a pile of rubble and ashes, Master Evil and Yorick continued to battle one another.

After a long while, Zen finally dropped down to the bottom of the cave and was buried under the sand. The sand and stones found in the divine land were always extremely heavy. Though there seemed to be only a few stones above him, he felt as if tens of thousands of mountains were pressing down on him, inhibiting him from moving.

He mimicked an earthworm to wriggle himself out.

When Zen was finally able to stick his head out, he spat out all the sand and dirt from his mouth with a loud "Bleh". Then, he took advantage of the faint light that shot down from the top of the cave to scan the cave.

The cave was not big, probably around one thousand feet wide. In the center of the cave, there was a ball about ten feet in diameter, and in that ball, there seemed to be a strand of light which kept flickering within it, going from bright to dark and then from dark to bright, like a firefly constantly emitting light.

'There's actually a living being inside this ball? Is this the treasure that Master Evil is going to take away?' Zen thought.

Outside there were a few light swords around three feet long. They slowly floated around the ball, in a defensive way. However, the dimness of the swords made it seem like they had already lost the power that they should have.

Then, Zen came to his senses. This ball was the Sealing Machine set up by Master Evil. It was a secret technique that had been passed down throughout the entire region, and something Master Evil had obtained by chance.

As everyone knew, the Sealing Machine was very ingenious in design. If the treasure was sealed inside, it could only be opened by the person who arranged it. If someone attempted to open the ball with the wrong methods, the light swords around the ball would activate, instantly destroying the treasure inside.

That was the reason Yorick had stayed hidden for a few days. After Master Evil undid the seal on the Sealing Machine, the light swords lost their effects and this gave him a chance to fight for the treasure.

"Shoo..."

On the opposite side of the cave, Master Evil waved the pair of devil claws. Black smoke billowed into the air and intense evil thoughts were released, as if there was a devil present.

Master Evil had also probably noticed what happened to the Sealing Machine. Seeing that the light swords were weakened, he pulled a long face and was eager to fight Yorick.

Yorick was slightly stronger than Master Evil. His feather fan was like a white cloud, which could easily remove Master Evil's attack. However, as Master Evil tried his best to fight Yorick, he made the latter continuously retreat.

"Yorick, I have done all sorts of evil deeds in the past, but I didn't offend your Vitality Sect in the slightest. When the Ghost Sect wanted to attack your Vitality Sect back then, I even stopped them. Today, you repay me by taking away my treasure?" Master Evil's teeth was clenching as he said this, his mind filled with all nasty thoughts.

As Yorick waved his fan, he said flatly, "There is no other way. The item sealed in the Sealing Machine is too important. Anyone would try to take it away if they know about it. You are not my opponent, so consider giving the treasure up. How about I give you other compensation?"

"What a joke!"

Master Evil let out an evil laugh, his jet black hair fluttering behind him as he uttered, "Back then, it was because of the treasure that I offended Bromley, and I was imprisoned for seven divine eras before I was able to escape. Do you think I should give it to you just like that? Who do you think I am?"

Yorick laughed coldly. "If you don't give it to me, I will take it," he said. "And I will not only take away your treasure, but also your life. What do you think?"

As soon as Yorick finished speaking, he took a few quick steps back and flipped the fan in his hand.

A layer of light suddenly appeared across the surface of the white feather fan. As the cyan light rippled, it formed into a ghost face. The ghost face's eyes were full of smiles, but its mouth was drooping downwards, looking extremely bizarre and frightening. It was not a sight for the faint hearted.

When the ghost face appeared, Yorick turned the fan around once again, and another ghost face appeared on the other side of the feather fan. In contrast, this ghost face's eyes were filled with tears, not smiles. It was equally horrifying to see.

After the two ghost faces appeared, Yorick's expression began to disfigure itself. Half of his face was filled with happiness, while the other half was filled with grief. It was as if his face was split into two.

"Moody Ghost!"

Before this, Yorick had used the fan in his hand to deal with the enemy all the time, but in the end, he didn't dare to face Master Evil head on. When his face was finally formed, he charged forward. He dodged Master Evil's devil claws with a palm blade, and chopped horizontally forward.

"BOOM!"

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Following a muffled sound, the devil claw on Master Evil's right hand suddenly fell to the ground. His bones were shattered and easily seen as Yorick seemed to have chopped it off.

"I have told you countless times," exclaimed Yorick. "If you want to die, don't blame me for killing you." An evil grin plastered across his face as he sent out another palm strike.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The second palm blade landed on the shoulder of Master Evil. Half the bones in his body were crushed within him as he crashed into a rock on the side of the cave. This created a hole in the rock as his body fell through it, tens of feet deep.

This was surprising, because the toughness of the rocks in the divine land was similar to that of the Dark Star.

If Zen did not use the strength source, he knew it would take some effort to break these rocks apart.

It was odd. It seemed as if the rocks became weakened during the battle between Yorick and Master Evil. How could he have slammed into the rock so deeply?

"Crack."

Just then, an extremely faint cracking sound rang from within the ball. Yorick and Master Evil had been in the middle of their battle, so they failed to even notice.

From a distance, Zen was able to see everything clearly. A small crack developed down the ball, as if the treasure within was trying to break out of it. What could it be?

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2134 The Mouse

That last attack had Master Evil panting for his last gasp.

The energy from that palm blade that struck him was still wreaking havoc in his body, half of which was now paralyzed.

Yorick, on the other hand, had a faint smile on his face as he walked towards Master Evil. "As a True God, you should know when to give up. I never got the chance to obtain that thing in the past. Do you know why I let you obtain it?"

Master Evil merely lay there at the crevice and stared up at Yorick, refusing to answer.

"Because I knew that it would provoke Bromley. I'm not stupid. I knew that taking something from a Holy Being was like courting my own death," Yorick continued. "That's why I gave up and that's how it ended up in your hands. In the end, you were just one of my many scapegoats. Seven divine eras is indeed a long time but our lifespans are limitless. Time is basically nonexistent. Ha-ha-ha-ha..."

His maniacal laugh echoed in the entire cave, causing a disturbance in the stone. When Zen heard it, he immediately felt a sharp pain in his ears that made him dizzy.

Despite his speech, Master Evil remained silent in front of Yorick. This made the latter feel quite bored. With a light sigh, he turned his right hand into a palm blade and once again swung towards Master Evil.

Realizing that he was about to be dealt by the killing blow, Master Evil wasn't willing to just sit and wait for Yorick's attack. He also raised the devil claw on his left hand and sent it towards his opponent.

Unfortunately, just one flip of Yorick's hand was enough to shatter Master Evil's devil claw. There was the sick sound of shattering bones as Master Evil's left hand was crushed under Yorick's force.

Master Evil felt a surge of grief in his heart and his hand fell limply to his side. He found himself no longer able to resist what was coming.

He had spent everything getting that one thing: from shaking the entire Vast Sky Region to almost losing his life at one point. When he did manage to get it, he was inevitably caught by Bromley. Fortunately, Bromley was one of the most merciful Holy Beings in existence which meant Master Evil's life was spared but he would spend it imprisoned in the dungeon of the fairy palace.

Seven divine eras - that was how long he spent in the darkness of his cell. In those seven divine eras, it was inevitable for the Vast Sky Region to have changed significantly. He never thought there would still be people who remembered what happened that year and came to grab that thing upon his return.

With his helpless situation, Master Evil couldn't help but look at his surroundings. He saw Zen on the other side of the cave, sizing up the Sealing Machine he had previously arranged.

Zen's intense gaze upon the Sealing Machine aroused Master Evil's curiosity. It seemed the cracks on the Sealing Machine were already increasing in number.

The spot of light in the ball was clearly flickering and the frequency was getting faster and faster.

"That thing... Has it already hatched?" Master Evil murmured.

His heart then began to beat at a wild pace.

That thing had been stored for several divine eras. How could it still hatch? And at this very moment?

That couldn't be right. That thing possessed extreme intelligence. Once it hatched, it would definitely know how powerful the Sealing Machine was. It would not dare break through this ball because if it did, it would definitely be killed by the Sealing Machine's swords.

However, the moment he resolved this Sealing Machine, this thing began to break out of its shell.

The crackling sounds grew louder as more cracks appeared on the ball's surface. Just as Yorick was finally about to end Master Evil, a strange sound came from behind him. He turned around and saw something fly out from within the ball and charge at him with an incomparably fast speed.

Thankfully, Yorick's reflexes were quick and he was able to twist to the side to avoid whatever it was that charged at him. He then used his fan and chopped towards that thing.

However, that thing was also exceptionally nimble. It merely dodged the feather fan and climbed onto Yorick's arm.

It was only now that Zen finally saw what that thing was. It was a mouse, about the size of a palm. It had an extremely sharp head with a pair of long and thin tusks. On its tail was a small dot of light that continuously flickered on and off.

This strange mouse had gone up Yorick's arm and suddenly burrowed itself into it.

The True Gods' physiques were naturally much stronger than world lords'. Yorick might not be a body refiner but he had a far stronger body than an ordinary warrior, also, summoning the 'Moody Ghost' with his feather fan earlier made him even stronger.

However, this didn't seem to matter at all for the mouse who drilled into Yorick's skin as if it was mere, soft mud. It dug itself into his flesh and became a fist-sized bulge that swiftly went up along his arm.

This immediately filled Yorick with anxiety. He pointed his right hand towards the bulge on his left arm with a ruthless glint in his eyes.

Pfft!

A sharp, hidden force shot out from his fingertips and carved out a bloody hole on his arm. Unfortunately, this didn't seem to harm the strange mouse who continued to move along Yorick's body.

And so began Yorick's relentless pursuit of this strange mouse, leaving hole after bloody hole on his arm. In the end though, the mouse simply moved from his shoulder and began to drill into his organs.

Yorick's face warped with deep fear as he felt this strange mouse gnaw his insides.

As a True God, even if all of his internal organs were emptied out, he would still not die. There were only two fatal parts in his body: his cinnabar field and his soul.

However, what was most amazing about this mouse was that it could gnaw an enemy's physical body while simultaneously destroying and absorbing their inner world at an extremely fast speed.

If Yorick's inner world was destroyed, he would end up becoming a cripple.

Realizing that he had to move fast, Yorick gritted his teeth and endured the pain of the mouse literally eating him from the inside. He pointed at his chest and continuously shot out a series of attacks.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

Numerous bloody holes appeared on his chest; even his heart wasn't spared and blood continuously gushed forth from his body.

However, the mouse remained nimble and was now quickly drilling its way to his lower abdomen.

Immediately afterward, Yorick felt a numbing sensation in his cinnabar field. He fell to the ground with a plop as his body convulsed involuntarily.

All of these events happened in a span of ten seconds. Both Zen and Master Evil couldn't help but gasp in shock as they watched such a gruesome scene.

What kind of mouse was that? How could it be so powerful?

Not long after, Zen noticed a small bulge appear on Yorick's lower abdomen before bursting out in a spray of fresh blood. The mouse had drilled itself out of Yorick's body through his stomach. With a sassy flick of its head, it spat out a jade-green thing from its mouth and onto the ground.

It seemed to be an octagonal gemstone that flickered with a faint green light and emitted a unique 'momentum.' It was Yorick's Godly Tile!

This Godly Tile was incomparably sturdy and impossible to destroy. The mouse would be unable to swallow it but it still managed to tear it out from Yorick's inner world.

After spitting out the Godly Tile, the mouse then looked up at Zen and sized him up with its bean-sized eyes.

Realizing that he was only a world lord, the mouse let out two squeaks and leaped towards Master Evil instead.

Chapter 2135 Devouring The Soul

The mouse proved to be so extraordinarily powerful, so how could Master Evil even resist?

All he did was to watch as the mouse pounced towards him, stabbing into his stomach.

The mouse was very intelligent as it seemed to understand that Master Evil had no power to resist. Thus it became even more unscrupulous. For some reason, it drilled half of its body into the body of Master Evil, greedily sucking the life vitality from Master Evil's inner world. From the outside, one could notice a slender tail hanging from his chest, emitting a small bright yellow light.

Master Evil and Yorick both gave similar reactions, both with widened eyes and mouths left hanging. He trembled in horror at the sight.

Not long after, with a splash of blood, a black Godly Tile was bitten out by the mouse. A loud sound wailed out as it was thrown to the ground.

Since Master Evil had sealed the inner world with the Godly Tile, this prevented the mouse from devouring the creatures found in the inner world. Because of this, the mouse stripped the Godly Tile directly from Master Evil's inner world.

Once the Godly Tile was removed, it extended its head into the body of Master Evil and began to frantically devour the creatures around.

Zen never would have thought that the "treasure" Master Evil tried to hide would turn out to be such a small, yet vicious beast.

After this mouse emptied out Master Evil's inner world, the one next to suffer would probably be Zen. Although Zen had a sturdy body and the Redemption Armor to protect him, he was afraid he wouldn't be able to resist this eccentric mouse's attacks.

After making his way out of the sand, he glanced over at Master Evil with pity in his eyes. Master Evil's eyes were closed shut, and his physical body was totally damaged.

Zen was not a relative nor friend of Master Evil. However, seeing him go through such a miserable death made Zen feel sorry for him. It was so tragic.

Notably, Master Evil was a True God of the divine land who had sworn an inner demon oath before. If he could give Zen some help or advice, Zen would be able to deal with everything easily in the divine land, avoiding great trouble.

The mouse's exposed tail was still wiggling around. While it continued devouring Master Evil's cinnabar field, Zen carefully walked towards the other side of the cave, trying not to be noticed or heard.

Since he was unable to fly, it was quite difficult for him to leave the cave. However, Zen noticed a small crevice beside a rock on the left side of the cave. It could possibly be his way out.

However, when Zen was halfway towards the exit, he all of a sudden felt a strong pressure coming from behind him. It was so forceful that it entered his consciousness.

"I didn't expect that the Stone Mouse would hatch this early, devour my inner world, and cripple my entire cultivation! Hence, I have to possess your body right now. You're strong and healthy—the perfect body to occupy!" The soul quickly made its way into Zen's consciousness.

After Yorick's cinnabar field was completely ingested by the Stone Mouse, his body was also destroyed but his soul remained intact. Seeing Zen's extraordinary abilities, he had already considered possessing Zen's body from the very beginning. Because Zen was just a world lord, it was easy for Yorick to make it through.

Within seconds, Yorick's soul charged towards Zen's body. This took Zen by surprise and he jolted forward in reaction to the energy.

Though Zen's soul had improved tremendously after consuming the Emotion Closing Pill, Yorick was a mid-rank True God who was more powerful than anything. His strength was far more complex than Murphy's three disciples', making his soul a level higher than most.

Right there and then, the surface of Zen's soul was instantly suffused with miniature golden swords. Immediately, strands of formless energy surged within his consciousness and began shooting towards Yorick without hesitation.

"Shoo! Shoo! Shoo..."

Indeed, Yorick's soul was quite formidable. His soul was already so complex and high up that Zen couldn't seem to understand it. Once he entered Zen's mind, he ignored Zen and just aimed to kill his soul. This would allow him to occupy the body quicker.

However, streaks of sharp energy began to come off Zen's soul like many small formless swords. If one owned the ordinary Gold Fighting Soul, they would have already been penetrated by the small formless swords. For some reason, there were only a few small cuts on the surface of Yorick's soul once the energy was released.

Even so, Yorick's soul quivered in fright. He didn't expect Zen's soul pressure to be so overpowering. Furthermore, the pain from his damaged soul was the most intense it had ever experienced. The face on Yorick's soul body immediately turned and twisted in pain.

"You are quite silly to even think of resisting," said Yorick. "You, a mere world lord, have a soul that has reached such a notably high level. It seems that you must have come from a wealthy clan on a Floating Island. However, I will still devour your memories to replace your soul. I will complete all of your regrets in this life."

Those sharp swords formed from Zen's soul pressure were unable to cause any damage to Yorick. For some reason, Yorick withstood the soul pressure and walked forward. Suddenly, his hands formed into a pair of giant claws that stretched out to grasp Zen's soul.

"Soul Devouring Technique!"

The moment the pair of giant claws reached out, they twisted and formed a circular cage that enveloped Zen's soul.

It was of common knowledge that in taking someone's body shell, one would have to destroy the soul occupying it first.

But as of the moment, Yorick not only wanted to take over Zen's physical body, but also wanted to swallow Zen's soul and read through his memories. This way, he would be able to completely replace Zen without anyone noticing.

However, Zen continuously released his soul pressure, trying to get out of the cage of two hands. Despite his efforts, he was unable to break through the circular cage and slowly lost hope. If Yorick replaced him, he knew that the consequences would be endless.

Not only was he unable to break out of this cage, but it became more and more difficult for his soul to move. There seemed to be an invisible force suppressing his soul while at the same time, quickly going through his memories.

"You... you are actually the son of Mike?"

After Yorick read a portion of Zen's memories, his soul was slightly stunned before a look of bliss spread across his face. If Zen was really the son of Mike, then he would obtain all of Mike's wondrous inheritance. If Zen had controlled the secrets of the Holy Being, then that would be the greatest treasure of all.

If he knew earlier of Zen's identity, he would have gone through this entire process even before the mouse hatched.

However, just as Yorick was devouring Zen's soul, Master Evil's soul soared out of his mind and entered Zen's, too.

"Yorick! I will not let you off!"

Master Evil had just returned to the divine land but was harmed by Yorick to such an extent. In addition, his cinnabar field and physical body had also been destroyed by the Stone Mouse. Now that his soul managed to escape his lifeless body, he was going to seek revenge on Yorick at all costs.

The soul of Master Evil was naturally powerful. As soon as it entered Zen's mind, it went straight for Yorick's soul. Without any hesitation, the two souls fiercely collided with each other with a strong, forceful impact of energy.

It was also because of Master Evil's attack that Yorick was forced to stop consuming Zen's soul. Immediately, Zen felt a sense of relief and seized this opportunity to break free from Yorick's claws.

Chapter 2136 A Lose-lose

That narrow escape from death threw Zen's mind into turmoil.

He never thought he would almost lose his life in this small mountain village. If it weren't for Master Evil's soul rushing into his mind at the most critical moment then his soul would've already been devoured by Yorick.

He had lost his father's help ever since he left the Evolutionary Universe. He no longer enjoyed the privileges of having a miraculous destiny as he did in the past. Danger lurked in every corner of this divine land he found himself in.

Master Evil's and Yorick's souls were entangled together and fought fiercely in Zen's mind.

Cultivating souls was not an easy feat, not even for True Gods.

During the time that Master Evil spent locked up in the fairy palace, Yorick's cultivation had increased quite a bit. It was true that Master Evil was not his match but the difference between them wasn't extraordinary.

In the end, the fight between these True Gods concluded with a draw.

If he were to die, then Master Evil was determined to pull Yorick down with him. However, Yorick had already waited for so many years and he wasn't willing to die in this fight.

"Stop!" Yorick roared before another round began. "Do you know who this brat is?"

However, Master Evil wasn't listening. There was a crazed look in his eyes as countless spikes appeared on the surface of his soul before it charged towards Yorick again!

"That boy is the son of a Holy Being. His soul contains great secrets! Once I get his soul and read his memories, I can share them with you. I can even create a powerful body for you in the future..." Yorick said, dodging Master Evil's attack.

"Hmph, I already know about everything you just said! You're too sly. How can I ever trust you? I won't stop until I kill you. I will definitely shatter your soul!"

Master Evil had taken the inner demon oath. Even if he already knew Zen's identity, he couldn't really make a move against him. In the end, Yorick's offer was no good for him at all. Besides, Yorick was sly and once he took over Zen's soul, he would definitely attack Master Evil. Only a three-year-old would believe Yorick's supposed compromise.

"We can negotiate…"

However, before Yorick could even finish his words, Master Evil was already charging at him. The latter stretched out and grabbed onto his opponent's soul. "What is there to be negotiated? Go to hell! Soul-destroying Flame!"

"Sizzle…"

From Master Evil's soul burst forth green flames. He was burning his own soul and attempting to also burn Yorick's in the process. He was truly serious in bringing his opponent down with him!

The green flames seemed to have great destructive power against souls. Even Zen felt the extraordinary heat and had to step back for his safety.

Yorick let out a miserable shriek as the green flames spread towards him. As a response, a layer of yellow luster appeared on the surface of his soul body, almost like a tortoiseshell. It was a kind of soul technique meant to increase the defensive power of the soul.

Unfortunately, it was not enough against Master Evil's Soul-destroying Flame. The shell quickly gave in under the heat of the flames.

It was at that moment that Yorick finally realized that Master Evil had already gone mad. In his desperation, he also decided to go all out and burn his own soul.

However, just as he was about to release his own flames, a sharp aura shot out from behind him!

It was Zen whose soul pressure had once again turned into many small arrows that were aimed towards Yorick. These small arrows couldn't necessarily pierce through Yorick but it served as an effective pressuring tactic. He couldn't possibly deal with two opponents at the same time and hope to survive.

Puff puff puff puff…

The Soul-destroying Flame had already greatly weakened Yorick's soul and Zen's arrows might just tear it apart.

"We... We can still discuss this..."

But before he could even finish his sentence, his soul had already shattered, torn apart by Zen's arrows. Now, Yorick's soul being weak, and in pieces, the Soul Destroying Flame quickly incinerated whatever fragment remained of Yorick until there was nothing left.

"Swoosh!"

A tiny soul fragment circled around Zen's mind once more - a tiny remnant of Yorick. Some soul techniques were incredibly powerful that even if the only thing left was a soul fragment, it would be enough to preserve all memories and give one the chance to make a comeback so long as an appropriate body could be found.

Master Evil did not notice this soul fragment in his rage and it began to quietly slip out of Zen's mind.

The soul fragment was secretly rejoicing its imminent escape. They might've thought they had ended him but he managed to slip out at the last possible second. However, it seemed that the soul fragment celebrated too soon. Zen suddenly opened his eyes and filled the space with a flash of golden light. An incomparably sharp soul pressure shot out a small arrow and struck the soul fragment, shattering it instantly.

Zen blinked and once again closed his eyes. Yorick's soul fragment had carried Zen's memories and there were some secrets that he couldn't afford to leak out, so he had to eliminate it completely.

Master Evil remained in Zen's mind, at the brink of death as a consequence of burning his soul. The green flames were already extinguished but his soul was now incredibly translucent. He looked fragile, like a candle that could easily be blown away by the wind.

He quietly floated in Zen's mind. This formerly wicked old man now had sorrow painted all over his face. He stared up at Zen who stood nearby.

"Alas…"

Zen sighed and quietly floated towards Master Evil, sending out his soul force.

He knew that Master Evil was not a good person but he never meant any harm to him. He had previously agreed to help him but did not expect such a sudden turn of events.

Zen poured his soul force into Master Evil's soul and somewhat filled it with energy.

A True God's soul might be powerful but once it was seriously injured, it would be terribly difficult to repair it. Fortunately, Zen was at least able to bring it back from the precipice of collapse.

Master Evil couldn't help but stare at Zen with a complicated expression.

"Why did you save me?" he asked. He definitely wasn't someone Zen could trust and he knew that the young man wasn't stupid. Why in the world would he help a wicked old man like him?

"I still need your help. You can't die now," Zen answered simply.

"My physical body has already been destroyed and my cultivation is gone. My soul, the only thing left of me, is a mere dying candle. I am no different from a dead person. Ha-ha!" Master Evil laughed as if mocking himself. Maybe it was because of the state of his soul, maybe it was because he was sad, or maybe it was both but it seemed as if he had lost the courage and the will to live on.

"Isn't there still a chance? You can still seize this opportunity," Zen told him.

"Seize this opportunity..."

Master Evil lowered his head in thought. He was previously afraid of Murphy so he didn't dare involve himself in the battle between Holy Beings. He only truly wanted to regain his past glory in the Vast Sky Region.

Now, all he was left with was his soul, so did he really have any other choice?

Someone like Zen had terribly great potential. If he could achieve astonishing things and find a place in the Hall of Holy Beings, then it might not be impossible for the young man to help him recover his physical body and increase his cultivation by leaps and bounds.

With this in mind, Master Evil's eyes shone bright with hope for the future!

Chapter 2137 Run Away

Master Evil thought that Zen's origins and his status were both extraordinary.

Although the Floating Island that was built by Mike years ago had collapsed, his disciples were still very active. Harold, Mike's chief disciple, was still a well-known figure in the divine land.

However, Master Evil didn't understand that Zen had stepped into the divine land like a headless fly, and almost got lost in the Vast Sky Region. Not only that, but he also stayed within a small mountain village in the north of the Vast Sky Region for a long time.

Master Evil did not know that Zen had been sent to the Vast Sky Region because he had sneaked into the divine land. Wynn had carefully chosen the place to secure his first foothold since it was a small region, which didn't make it stand out much in the divine land. Furthermore, it was a relatively stable region, so it also wasn't too dangerous.

The deep voice of Master Evil spoke, "I am a True God and the only goal of my life is to rule over a region. I used to be too bloody and ruthless, which is why I am called Master Evil. Right now, I am hopeless as I have fallen into this kind of situation. I am willing to give up this chance, but if you need my help, I will do my best to help."

His usually sinister and vicious eyes were filled with sincerity as he spoke to Zen. It was truly shocking, especially if someone else had seen his expression.

A faint smile danced across Zen's lips. Although Master Evil's words were believable, he didn't have to take them seriously. He didn't completely believe that Master Evil didn't want to regain his body. However, Zen wouldn't treat him shabbily in the future.

At that moment, Zen's expression suddenly changed. "Oh no!" he yelled.

Back when Master Evil and Yorick had been in a fierce battle in Zen's mind, the Stone Mouse had devoured Master Evil's belly and leapt down from his body. It looked like it had been longing for something, but now, its eyes were glued on Zen who as at the side of the cave. Its small, beady eyes were dim as it looked at him.

Since Zen was just a world lord, the mouse thought that he was far from being as delicious as a True God, but he was still good food.

Thus, the mouse dashed towards Zen once again at an incredible speed!

"Run! The Stone Mouse is a one-of-a-kind true spirit.

Even though it has just hatched, it still has a huge part of its strength from its previous life!" Master Evil nervously said in Zen's mind.

It was known that many of the true spirits in the divine land were strange in form.

The one-of-a-kind true spirit was really the only one of its kind in the divine land, just as its name suggested.

For instance, the Stone Mouse was a unique being in the divine land. There was no second or other Stone Mice ever, so it could never reproduce. However, it had a miraculous ability of reincarnation.

After it died, a strange mouse-shaped stone materialized in a large mountain in the divine land. This stone absorbed the vitality between heaven and earth for countless years, and then slowly evolved into the Stone Mouse--and that very mouse was in fact the reincarnation of the previous dead mouse. The reincarnated mouse possessed a large part of its strength from its previous life, which was why it was much stronger than even a mid-rank True God after it had hatched.

Therefore, Zen was no match for the mouse given his current cultivation level.

He had learned his lesson from what had happened to Yorick and Master Evil, so he hastily ran away. After a few moments, he quickly entered the hole beside the cave.

"Run to the left!" Master Evil reminded Zen.

It was Master Evil who had carved the small cave in the past, so he knew the way around it very well.

But even if Zen was by no means slow, mouse-type creatures were exceptionally swift--and the Stone Mouse was much faster than Zen when it chased after him.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Because the mouse was blessed with the strength from its past life, it quickly chased after Zen without breaking much sweat. It let out sharp cries as it ran, which actually sounded a bit…playful?

It climbed along the side of the small hole at an astonishing speed, and its distance from Zen continued to be closer.

In the blink of an eye, the mouse was only three or four feet away from Zen. It stomped down with its tiny but powerful feet and immediately pounced at him!

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

Zen frowned as he attacked. He couldn't fly nor use the Grand Teleportation technique, and was left with no choice but his movement technique.

Although the Stone Mouse was fast, it didn't expect that Zen had such an ingenious movement technique. It was why even if it had jumped towards him so quickly, he was able to move his body away as if it was a weightless piece of paper. The mouse continued to push Zen forward with its exposed tusks, and maintained a distance of a few inches from him.

When Zen saw this opportunity, he accelerated his speed and ran along the cave.

Then again, the mouse was also extraordinarily intelligent. Ever since Zen had dodged its first pounce, it seemed to have seen through the ingenuity of the Eight Smoky Melodies. Therefore, it wasted no time in bouncing off the mountain wall and proceeded to pounce again from a different angle.

The angle which the mouse launched itself forced Zen into a corner of the cave. While his Eight Smoky Melodies was indeed speedy as well, the technique required space for him to back off and avoid his opponent. After Zen was backed against the wall, he could only move in a horizontal direction along it. Just then, the Stone Mouse smoothly moved nearer to Zen and extended its two long, thin tusks towards his abdomen.

Bang!

There was a muffled sound, and it turned out that the mouse's tusks didn't penetrate Zen's belly--but made contact with his Redemption Armor.

While the True Gods had many ways to pierce through the Redemption Armor and subsequently injure Zen, his Redemption Armor had been made by Holy Drew. It was made from the source of the Godly Tile, which made it truly unbreakable.

The mouse charged forward and attacked with its two tusks, but it seemed like it had just hit a steel plate. It couldn't injure Zen even in the slightest!

"Your armor..."

When Master Evil saw that Zen couldn't avoid the mouse after all, he thought that the young man would die. Thus, he was extremely surprised to see the unbelievable long robe Zen wore in action.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

The cave was filled with the Stone Mouse's angry shrieks. It was frustrated as it also knew that Zen's ordinary looking robe was indestructible. It continued to pounce again until it had actually went through the collar of Zen's robe.

Zen's Redemption Armor could be moved according to his will and quickly covered his whole body at the most critical moments. However, the mouse's speed and reaction time continued to defy Zen's imagination. Before he could cover his entire body with the Redemption Armor, he felt a sharp pain from his shoulder. The Stone Mouse had bitten him there!

It was true that Zen's physical body was tougher than both Master Evil's and Yorick's. However, the Stone Mouse had some sort of theurgy, and even something as sturdy as Zen's body couldn't stop it. Soon enough, the mouse was able to freely travel in Zen's body.

It didn't take long before the mouse had drilled into Zen's abdomen, and it was about to thrust its tusks into Zen's elixir field.

Just then, the black lines that wrapped around his elixir field suddenly glowed and enveloped the mouse's tusks. The black lines had successfully prevented the mouse from devouring Zen's inner world.

The black lines were there to block the connection between Zen and his inner world.

If the Stone Mouse wanted to drill into Zen's elixir field, it would naturally have to cross the black lines first.

However, the Stone Mouse had never seen such strange objects in any of the memories it inherited. Thus, the sight of the unfamiliar black lines caused it to be even more aggressive.

Chapter 2138 The Evil God

After several frustrated shrieks, the Stone Mouse suddenly thrust its tusks in a burst of anger and tried to cut off the black threads.

The black threads were extremely difficult to deal with. Zen had tried to continuously melt them with his golden blood, but a small portion of the threads still remained tied to his elixir field. To his astonishment, the Stone Mouse's tusks managed to break off the black threads.

After the last black line was broken, the Stone Mouse didn't hesitate in the slightest as it put its pair of tusks into his elixir field and urgently absorbed Zen's inner world.

Zen was swathed in a numbing sensation which came from inside his body. He couldn't help the shiver that ran down his back. He couldn't resist at all, and it made him extremely anxious.

When Master Evil saw the scene, he felt powerless and couldn't do anything about it. The Stone Mouse was simply too strong. Had Zen completely controlled the little creature before it had hatched, then things would've gone so much better!

Unfortunately, the Stone Mouse had woken up on its own. It became a little demon after it had inherited the memories of the past, and not even a True God could confidently face such a beast.

However, just as the Stone Mouse had sucked in a few mouthfuls of energy from Zen's inner world, it abruptly pulled out its sharp tusks and squeaked out in pain. It crawled out from Zen's shoulder and fell onto the ground. Its body was suffering a spasm like crazy and its limbs writhed around helplessly.

Meanwhile, Master Evil in Zen's mind couldn't believe what he just saw.

'What's wrong with the Stone Mouse?' he wondered.

Zen's body returned to normal after the Stone Mouse had retracted its tusks from his elixir field. Although the Stone Mouse had drilled into his body and he had suffered a lot of internal injuries, he was still able to endure the pain. He too, looked at the convulsing rat in surprise, but quickly realized something.

The Stone Mouse's attempt to absorb his inner world was actually a method of absorbing life vitality. In addition, it possessed a very unique innate theurgy that enabled it to devour the entire inner world, including the secondary creatures living inside.

However, the inner world in Zen's elixir field was formed directly from chaotic energy, which was highly toxic to living beings!

It was known that in the divine land, only the Holy Beings could resist the poison contained in the chaotic energy and enter the worlds outside of the divine land.

As for the life vitality absorbed by the True Gods, they had to rely on the four great divine trees to convert the chaotic energy into vitality between heaven and earth so that they could properly consume it.

The flourishing roots of the four great divine trees extended outside the divine land and were up to tens of millions of miles long. Those roots would get corroded when they absorbed chaotic energy. However, the four divine trees all possessed unique theurgies and tenacious life energies. When their roots broke from corrosion, the trees grew even more roots to take their places at an extremely fast speed.

Once the Stone Mouse had absorbed Zen's inner world, so too did it consume the chaotic energy directly into its body. There was no way the mouse could ever resist its poison.

After the mouse crawled helplessly for a little bit, it ended up being paralyzed at the side. Its small, intelligent eyes were now a dull yellow, and it spat out a pool of green liquid from its mouth. It let out another painful squeak before it eventually died.

The chaotic energy had always been Zen's most secret weapon.

However, the Primal Chaos Technique was not something he could directly use. He could only extract the chaotic energy and use it as life vitality.

Some people in the universe had their speculations about the existence of the chaotic energy in Zen's body, including Lone's broken sword. Still, none of them had figured out where it came from.

Now that Zen was in the divine land, he had to be even more careful about such matters. Unless he had no other choice, it was impossible for him to release the chaotic energy straight away.

The situation confused Master Evil, but he guessed that Zen's elixir field might contain a highly toxic poison. But what kind of poison could kill a powerful true spirit like the Stone Mouse? Furthermore, how did Zen hide such a highly toxic poison in his elixir field?

Zen didn't explain anything to Master Evil, but he was relieved that he had still managed to escape death.

Since the danger had been resolved, Zen sat down cross-legged on the ground and activated the energy in his elixir field to heal his wounds.

When the Stone Mouse had drilled into his shoulder, he was left with a gaping, bloody wound. Even his internal organs had been injured.

On the bright side, the Stone Mouse had helped him sever those troublesome black lines and remove the barrier between him and his elixir field.

However, just as he was about to draw out chaotic energy to heal himself, his face twisted in horror. With the quickest speed possible, his soul transformed into an incarnation and flew into his own inner world.

Zen had just completely lost contact with his inner world over the last few days, so he clearly couldn't monitor the changes within it.

Yet in just a short amount of time, his vast inner world had already experienced a long period of development and the creatures inside it had undergone earth-shattering changes as well!

When it had been under Zen's protection, the human race had progressed rapidly. Now, the several great divine kingdoms were powerless and a peerless warrior was born amidst the chaos — the Evil God.

The Evil God was at the Spirit Transformation Realm, which made him a peak warrior already in Zen's inner world.

Under the Evil God's rule, he had successfully reclaimed all of the shattered continents and formed the largest sacred place — the Evil Cloud Sacred Place!

Moreover, he proclaimed himself to be a "god," and announced to the world that he, the Evil God, had created the whole world.

At the start of the Evil God's reign, his words had been met with disapproval from the people. But being the ruthless Evil God that he was, he slaughtered anyone who dared to doubt him. Therefore, more than three million humans died in the massacre.

Zen's inner world was in an early period and the total number of humans inside his body was only a little more than ten million. However, the Evil God alone had killed about one-third of all life form!

It was no surprise that Zen was enraged!

At that moment, his incarnation floated high up in the sky and observed at the many continents below him. His gaze finally locked onto a grey continent. As the controller of the inner world, Zen had the ability to know everything. With just a thought, he knew that the Evil God was on this continent.

"Whoosh!"

A gust of wind blew sharply as Zen dashed towards the grey continent.

He never expected that just as he was halfway through, the nine stars in the sky suddenly started to spin. The surface of the nine stars each formed a profound rune, from which a colorful beam of light shot out.

Once all the powers the strength source had formed gathered together, they turned into a colorful arrow that was aimed directly towards Zen!

"What?" he exclaimed.

He couldn't believe the scene in front of him!

He didn't activate the strength source, yet the strength source actually had the audacity to attack him.

Although the runes weren't powerful, they had already extracted the powers of the strength source. Thus, that arrow made from the strength source alone was enough to kill an ordinary world lord.

However, it would be a fantasy if the arrow did kill Zen. After all, he was the real controller of the nine stars. When the colorful arrow was only an inch away from him, he spat out the word "freeze." Then, the arrow immediately stopped in front of his chest and was unable to advance any longer.

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2139 Talent

With a mere wave of Zen's hand, the colorful arrow dissipated into streaks of colors as they made their way back to the nine stars!

Zen gazed downward again as he sneered at the puny attack on him.

He didn't expect that someone with such talent was born in his inner world. The Evil God already knew of his existence. On his own, he had actually created nine divine textures which he had sent to each of the nine stars. He had planned to kill Zen using the power of the nine stars once Zen entered into his inner world.

Disregarding the fact that the Evil God didn't have an inch of chance in winning against him, Zen was still praising him for being able to put up a fight until this point.

"Let me see if you really are a stunning and extraordinary person." Zen laughed coldly and continued to move towards that continent.

Due to Zen's presence and support, the human race within the inner world had no competition in regards to their power.

Smack in the middle of that continent was a Law Tablet that Zen had intentionally flung down in the past. Currently, this tablet resided in the palace which was built upon the highest place. The tablet was even considered a divine object, as it was impossible for ordinary martial artists to comprehend the Law Tablet!

Even though these creatures were born and existed inside Zen's inner world, he had no control over their thoughts or ability to dictate their behavior.

To hoard treasure or anything precious and keep it for oneself was the natural instinct of almost all creatures!

Atop the highest mountain, on its very peak, a massive altar was built. Multitudes of martial artists gathered around it; they constantly knelt down and worshiped a statue on the altar. Upon closer look, it was the statue of the Evil God himself.

"He's gathering the Faith Energy..."

After the Evil God cultivated himself to the maximum level he could reach within Zen's inner world, his cultivation base was no longer able to increase.

Because Zen had only reached the world lord level, the Evil God's cultivation base could only reach the Spirit Transformation Realm. If he wanted to become stronger, the Evil God had actually thought of utilizing the Faith Energy!

Currently, Zen wasn't in need of any Faith Energy. Lacking a Godly Tile, he wouldn't be able to utilize the Faith Energy within his inner world. Only after condensing his own Godly Tile would the Faith Energy become available for him to use, and his strength would increase by a whole level!

But given the Evil God's ongoing attempt to gather the Faith Energy of the entire world, it did not bode well for Zen. After all, Faith Energy was limited, and if the Evil God continued to siphon it off using his own idol, it would have long-lasting effects on the world. By then, it would be difficult for Zen to reverse the effects.

On one side of that tall mountain was a palace.

Supported by three stone pillars, each twenty thousand feet in length, the entire palace gave the impression that it was completely suspended in midair. If one was to stand on the outermost circular balcony of the palace, the coastline of the eastern continent could be seen.

On this balcony stood two people: a man and a woman. The man was stoic, a cold expression on his face. The woman was delicate, beautiful, slim, and graceful.

This man was considered by everyone as the strongest person in the world; the title "Evil God" was given to him by the people. The woman was the princess of the Sky Defending Empire and also the wife of the Evil God.

"He's here. The power of nine stars indeed has no effect on him..." The Evil God's gaze was calm and collected. He knew that he was up for a fight with a strong opponent that he might not be able to defeat; that opponent was also the God of Creation of this world!

The woman leaned her head on the Evil God's broad shoulder, worry etched in her features. "From the historical records we have, it seems that this person is philanthropic. Do you really need to make an enemy out of him?"

When he heard this, the Evil God's expression became proud and aloof. "I pursue freedom in my whole life, and I don't want to be ruled by anyone else. I have always been the only one who controlled others; I cannot permit anyone else to be in control of my destiny!"

In preparation for his fight against Zen, the Evil God was required to do a lot of things. He had collected some of the traces Zen left behind in history; he had also found some key facts from legends, and even dared to estimate Zen's strength.

"But he is significantly stronger than you," the woman softly reminded him.

The Evil God laughed coldly. "Indeed. The difference between our strengths might not really be so large. I am the only one who has reached the Spirit Transformation Realm in the entire world. According to my calculations, there should only be two great realms above the Spirit Transformation Realm. After transcending these two realms, one's cultivation level would have already reached the end!"

Spirit Supreme Realm warriors and world lords did not exist in this world. However, the Evil God had relied on his own ability and was able to deduce that Zen was a world lord, even though he had no idea of what a world lord was and the extent of a world lord's strength.

He also wasn't aware that there were higher levels than the world lord level: Supreme Lord, True God, and Holy Being. After all, the Evil God was only a part of Zen's inner world, but it was already extraordinary for him to be able to assume that there were two more great realms.

"With the strength I currently have, I can still defeat my opponent even if he is stronger than me. He may be two levels stronger than me, but using my previously prepared arrangement, I still have a chance to triumph over him!" the Evil God pronounced coldly, his eyes filled with determination.

What he did not know was that once Zen really perished, this entire inner world would be destroyed as well. Everything in this world would collapse, eventually dissipating into the chaos.

"Whoosh..."

Zen traced a thin line in midair and crossed over the mountain. He circled above the palace and flew towards the balcony at the perimeter of the palace. He caught sight of the man on the balcony, and he looked down upon him.

"Are you... the Evil God?" Zen asked flatly.

The Evil God's mouth turned up into a smile. He immediately embraced the woman in his arms and leaped into the air with her. He jumped onto a higher-level space and looked down at Zen. Only then did he laugh in response. "That's right. I am the Evil God!"

"Disperse your totem that collects the Faith Energy, and dissolve your Evil Cloud Sacred Place. Do these and I will spare your life; otherwise, you will die," Zen warned.

The woman only blinked her eyes and stared at the God of Creation hundreds of feet away from them; she did not say anything. As she had read through many historical records, this God of Creation had a reputation for being kind; he had also repeatedly prevented martial artists from killing each other. It was also known that it was him who condensed the laws that he had comprehended into the Law Tablets and erected them all over the world to let martial artists comprehend and cultivate.

In her heart, the woman did not really want to make an enemy of the God of Creation. After all, he created this world and every living being in it!

However, it was her husband who had a great ambition. He didn't want to be trapped and limited in this small world. He knew that there was a greater space in the outside world. He even predicted that there were beings who existed in the outside world that were stronger than the God of Creation.

Thus, she and her husband could only come up with a crazy plan to exterminate the God.

Trying to kill Zen using the power of nine stars was only a preliminary step. They expected that it was naturally bound to fail. However, the moment that the woman saw Zen, she had a feeling in her heart that her husband was bound to lose...

"Spare my life?" The Evil God laughed and added, "From the day I was born, no one has been able to get a chance to kill me. Even you are not qualified to do so!"

Zen's brows knitted slightly when he heard this.

He cared greatly for the creatures in his inner world. If the Evil God agreed to his request, he would be able to let him off. Countless times, Zen wasn't willing to disrupt the balance in his inner world; he just let the creatures develop on their own.

Furthermore, this Evil God indeed possessed extraordinary creativity and talent; he also had the qualifications and the right to be arrogant. It was a pity that he did not have an inkling of how arrogant he was...

"Then I'd like to personally check if I'm qualified enough," Zen spoke with great curiosity. He wanted to see what the Evil God could accomplish.

Chapter 2140 The Evil God's Tactics

"Humph!"

The Evil God snorted, the light in his eyes shining with a cold intensity that could make his weaker adversaries retreat in fear. Specks of starlight shot out swiftly, hitting all corners of the hall.

A total of nine specks of starlight had been released, corresponding to the nine stars in the sky.

"He truly wants to borrow the power of the stars?" Zen shook his head, raising an eyebrow in disbelief.

When the Holy Beings built universes, they usually masked the nine stars. Creatures of the universes could not borrow their strength source. Holy Jay was the only among them who allowed the Collapsing Mountain race to use his strength source as they wished.

When Zen constructed the Nine Divine Stars, he had placed the nine stars into his body in advance, without much hindrance. On his own, however, the Evil God had observed the heavenly bodies every night and developed a set of star battle techniques using his talent.

Rumble!

The nine stars in the sky began spinning, the motion causing a roaring sound. As they whirled, Zen felt as if nearly one percent of his strength source had melted from his body.

The nine dots of starlight behind the Evil God only swelled in size. They were like endlessly flowing waterfalls that inched toward him willingly.

The woman beside the Evil God was now floating in the air. Her eyes were shut and her pair of soft hands were tightly clasped together. She appeared to be concentrating fervently. When she pulled her hands apart, a ray of light stretched out from between them like elastic, swiftly transforming into a purple sword.

Dense Faith Energy emanated from the sword. The sword was in fact a faith weapon.

As she hurled the sword toward her husband, the nine white dots entered the body of the sword. The Evil God grabbed the sword and wielded it in the air, thrusting it straight at Zen.

In the face of this strike from the Evil God, a small smile pulled at the corners of Zen's mouth. "What a peculiar sword technique!" he exclaimed in lordly praise. "Did you create it yourself?"

Saying this, Zen reached out with a finger and flicked the sword before the Evil God knew it.

Clatter!

A loud sound rang out. Zen had successfully managed to toss over the long sword to the side.

The Evil God's face darkened as he retracted his sword. A ray of sword light set loose and his body flew toward Zen once again. His sword strike was invincible, but Zen nonchalantly extended a finger and lightly flicked the sword again.

Clatter!

The sword seemed to wither like a leaf as it halted in its attack and drooped down.

The rhythm of the Evil God's attacks grew faster and more abrupt, but Zen's fingers retaliated in a similar fashion. A series of crisp rhythmic sounds echoed in the air as this back-and-forth exchange carried on.

The Evil God had exhausted all his energy in his strikes, while Zen had merely used one finger. The difference in strength between the two was beyond question.

"Do you think I'm qualified now?" Zen asked as he gripped the sword with two fingers this time.

Suddenly, the Evil God revealed a mysterious smile. "No!"

The moment he finished speaking, the woman beside him, a spectator to the fight, closed her eyes. Halos appeared above her head one after the other like ripples in water.

At the same time, the halos extended over to Zen's head, enveloping him within their light.

"What's going on?"

Zen was stunned to see it. He suddenly felt immobilized.

The halos seemed to have cut off the connection between his soul and the incarnation within his body.

"You have been bested. Now go to hell!"

As the Evil God's voice resounded in the air, he pushed his sword forward. The nine dots of light burst forth intensely, flashing with the intense power contained within them. They broke away from Zen's hand and turned toward his incarnation.

Puff!

The long sword pierced Zen's body, slicing him in half before he fell toward the ground with a loud thump.

Zen's incarnation comprised chaotic energy and a thought. After his incarnation was cut off, no blood flowed out of his body. As he fell, the chaotic energy began to dissipate, rapidly vanishing from the Evil God's field of vision.

"Did I succeed?"

As the woman saw the God of Creation's body disappear, her eyes widened with disbelief. She had never imagined that killing the God of Creation would be as easy as falling off a log. She did it without breaking a sweat.

The Evil God smirked. "As I said before, even the God of Creation has weaknesses. His kindness has determined his fate!"

Before Zen had arrived, the Evil God and the woman had scrutinized his personality and predicted all his possible reactions. It could be said that they had taken advantage of Zen's goodwill.

Several martial artists had rebellious beings like the Evil God brewing plots and expanding in power within their inner worlds. Most martial artists dealt with these rebels by straightaway eliminating them.

Zen, who had lost his incarnation, opened his eyes, a dumbfounded expression lingering on his face. He had been deceived by the creatures of his own inner world. Fortunately, he was the only one aware of it. Others in possession of this piece of information would be in stitches over it.

Moments before, the woman had used some kind of secret technique to cut off the connection between his soul and the incarnation. Zen had never anticipated it.

However, Zen only needed some chaotic energy to create an incarnation once again if he wished.

Zen could not just brush aside matters regarding the Evil God calmly. He must learn that his actions had consequences. Thus, Zen once again closed his eyes and condensed an incarnation from within his inner world. He vanished from sight and reappeared, now standing before the Evil God once again.

A smug smile still adorned the Evil God's features, who thought he had killed the God of Creation for good. However, at this moment as his gaze took in Zen's form once again, the smile froze on his face.

"You can continue," Zen said, smiling back faintly.

The Evil God stared at Zen for a long while without uttering a word. Although he was clever and astute, he did not possess any concept of the real world. It was even more impossible for him to imagine that the God of Creation was just an incarnation that could materialize at any given moment.

The light in his eyes flickered as he let out a furious roar. He brandished the sword in his hand once again. The nine stars on the sword sparkled.

Rays of sword light rushed out, beginning to assault Zen like a tempest.

Zen, however, turned his head and smiled at the woman. Previously, Zen's incarnation had been defeated by her theurgy. But a single glance from him rendered the woman paralyzed.

Zen then lifted his index finger and pointed at the sword. An irresistible force blocked it, and with a light tap of his finger, it broke into pieces.

Shock surfaced on the face of the Evil God just as Zen disappeared from his line of sight. Just as suddenly Zen had appeared, he vanished without a trace. There were no law fluctuations. The Evil God had no way of seizing Zen or his figure.

"You're smart and you realize that you exist in an illusory world, but your mind is imprisoned."

Suddenly, Zen's voice boomed in all directions.

The Evil God looked up and around, but he still could not feel any energy fluctuations. Zen's modus operandi had completely escaped his comprehension abilities.

Boom!

As Zen's form appeared again, his knee crashed fiercely onto the face of the Evil God.

Boom!

The Evil God had been struck. He plummeted and collided straight into the palace below.

In this world, the Evil God's palace was known as the Palace of Marvels. The impact of the crash caused the three twenty-thousand-foot pillars in the palace to collapse like a house of cards.

Smoke and dust billowed, and rubble fell. The Evil God's palace had caved in. The sight was gruesome. It was a clear sign of his defeat.

The Evil God was imprisoned within the mountains. As he looked up at Zen in the sky, the fire in his eyes continued to blaze and spark. Even when at the end of his road, he would not admit defeat.

As for the woman imprisoned by Zen, her face was deathly pale. Just as she had anticipated, her husband had suffered a crushing defeat. They had no option but to bend their knees. She had known that they were not on the same level.

"I can introduce you to the real world someday, but this is not the right time," continued Zen.

Zen had once tried to place the creatures in his inner world into the universe rather successfully. The creatures had not lost their lives. According to his own deductions, his inner world and the divine land were on the same level, so logically, the creatures in his inner world would encounter no hindrance in entering the divine land.

Upon hearing Zen's words, the previously tameless Evil God raised his head and looked at Zen with hope in his eyes. "Do you truly mean it?" he asked. Eagerness etched his face.

Chapter 2141 The Stone Mouse's Corpse

"I don't need to lie to you. As a matter of fact, it would only take me a single thought to kill you," Zen continued to say.

The Evil God froze.

His wife had deduced that the God of Creation had the ability to get rid of any living beings and wasn't someone they could contend against by just relying on their own strength.

Quite unfortunately, the Evil God was extremely stubborn and was determined to eliminate this God of Creation himself, causing him to end up like this.

It was like he was a joke in the God of Creation's eyes. Zen could have easily killed him off, but he gave him a chance instead.

"You... why give me a chance?" The Evil God asked cautiously. The way Zen dealt with things greatly differed from what the Evil God had thought. He had lost and he had thought that he would die for sure, but why the hell did Zen spare his life and even help him? This had to be a trap!

To his surprise, Zen smiled. "Just do as I say. You're not qualified to collect Faith Energy. Don't get me wrong. I may be giving you a chance but it has nothing to do with you."

With that, Zen's avatar quietly dissipated.

As soon as Zen disappeared, the woman in the sideline regained her freedom to move. She ran straight to her husband and bit her lip in worry. "Are you alright?"

"Why did he do that?" she asked.

"Why did he say that it had nothing to do with you?" The woman was also left confused by Zen's words.

The Evil God was embedded in the mountain, still in a daze.

"It has nothing to do with me... nothing to do with me..."

Not long after, the Evil God scoffed and looked at his wife. He smiled wryly. "If I spare an ant, is it because of the ant itself?"

The woman shook her head. "Of course not."

"That's what I am in his eyes. An ant."

The woman blinked in realization. "He... is a life form at a level which is beyond our comprehension, and it's normal for him to think of us as ants."

The Evil God sneered and his eyes burned with flames. "I will prove to him that this ant is an extremely special ant!"

Truth be told, the Evil God was indeed a special ant in Zen's eyes.

With the population steadily growing in Zen's inner world, the appearance of unique existences was inevitable. With his omniscient ability, Zen knew that the Evil God had completely comprehended the Law Tablets that he had placed in his inner world, Not only that, but he had also comprehended a portion of the Ice Soul Flame when he entered the ice field. In addition, his attainments in the runes had also reached a high level!

Zen did not pass down the divine texture technique into his inner world but the Evil God was able to rely on his own comprehension to activate the power of the nine stars through the original runes. Even in the divine land, this kind of talent and perception would be considered extraordinary, let alone in any of the universes.

When he encountered such talent, it was only natural that he valued him, which was why he only asked him to dissolve the totem of faith and eliminate the totem of Evil God, so as not to affect Zen's ability to use his Godly Tile to extract the Faith Energy in the future.

Once the Evil God set a certain goal, he would do everything in his power to achieve it.

He understood that Zen did not like him to gather Faith Energy, so he dissolved his secret sect immediately and disbanded his Evil Cloud Sacred Place at the same time. But with the help of his core subordinates in the sacred place, he rearranged the faith totems on several continents in the world.

However, these totems weren't of his own image, but Zen's. At the same time, he spread all sorts of legends about the God of Creation.

His plan went on without a hitch. After all, legends regarding the God of Creation and the Venerable Creator had already been circulating around this world since the ancient times. In fact, when he had first started gathering Faith Energy, he had already encountered a considerable amount of resistance. It was expected however, as the people in this world had always worshiped Zen as their God of Creation.

Before, the Evil God had had to erase the legends regarding Zen in order to gather Faith Energy. At one point, he even had to massacre almost a third of humanity. At present, Zen had no need for this Faith Energy. However, once he condensed a Godly Tile in the future, Faith Energy would be crucial in the process of forming his momentum.

When Zen came out of his inner world, the wound caused by the Stone Mouse had almost healed.

"I don't know how powerful that poison is, but it's a pity that you killed this Stone Mouse," Zen heard Master Evil sigh.

"Why?" Zen rolled his eyes. "If I didn't poison this mouse to death, I would've been long dead. Besides, wasn't your body also destroyed by this mouse? You should have a grudge against this little thing."

"But you don't know how precious this Stone Mouse is," Master Evil said. "Back then, a True God had relied on this Stone Mouse to become a Holy Being! Seven divine eras ago, in order to obtain this Stone Mouse, I gambled my entire fortune. I believed I was right to make that decision, but who would have thought that the Stone Mouse would hatch in advance and I would miss the opportunity to form a contract with it."

A one-of-a-kind true spirit truly would never lose its memory.

The Stone Mouse had assisted a Holy Being of remote ages in earning his title. Later on, when the Holy Being perished, the Stone Mouse died as well.

However, the mouse didn't really perish. After it was "reincarnated", it turned into a strange stone in the shape of a mouse. Then, it once again formed a contract with another martial artist, and although that marital artist didn't become a Holy Being, he was able to become a True God and reach the consummate level of a True God.

Having a contract with the Stone Mouse was comparable to getting the key to a treasure trove.

"Yes, it is indeed a pity," Zen said with a shrug of his shoulders. "I've been blabbering about how special this mouse is to you, and you're still going to leave it there?"

"Isn't this mouse dead already? What else could it possibly be used for?" Zen asked curiously.

As Master Evil said, the theurgy of the mouse was not in its own abilities, but in its memories that it had inherited as a one-of-a-kind true spirit.

What was the use of a dead Stone Mouse?

"You still know so little about the divine land," Master Evil said helplessly. "Even if the Stone Mouse is only a corpse, you will find countless True Gods who will fight for it. Even the wealthy clans in the Floating Islands won't back down from getting it!"

"Why?" Zen asked again.

"Because, through the corpse of the Stone Mouse, you could be able to find the place where it reincarnates and dig out that strange mouse-shaped stone. Even if you only use it as an exchange for something, the value of this mouse's corpse is beyond your imagination!" Master Evil patiently explained.

Zen nodded, finally getting the point. The Stone Mouse held incredible value, and even if he had no use of its memories, he'd still be able to exchange it for something else!

With this in mind, Zen walked towards the mouse's corpse, plucked it from the ground, and put it away.

Chapter 2142 Divine Might Coin

Now that he had fallen into such a predicament, Master Evil no longer thought of the Stone Mouse and was only focused on helping Zen.

After instructing the young man to put away the mouse's corpse, he then led him away and guided him through the narrow cave. When they finally got out, Zen found himself by a mountain stream a hundred miles away from the Misty Mountain Village.

The path they had taken originally connected to the hollow area below the village. In the past, Master Evil had used a special method to dig countless branch paths, forming an inescapable underground maze.

A few villagers had mistakenly entered the cave and inevitably got trapped in the maze. This was confirmed by Zen when he saw several sets of bones that most probably belonged to the villagers who had unfortunately lost their way.

After crossing the mountain stream, Zen managed to return to the Misty Mountain Village where the Sun Moon Village's chief and warriors remained waiting in silence.

They knew something was wrong when they saw the state of the Misty Mountain Village. None of the Sun Moon Village warriors dared to step into the bottomless pit in front of them.

However, none of them also dared to leave without seeing Master Evil first so they could only stand in wait.

It was only half a day later that they finally saw Zen walk towards them.

"You... Sir, where have you been? Did you see Master Evil?" the Sun Moon Village chief asked.

With Master Evil's return, the possibility of reviving the seventy-two villages was now at hand. If that happened then the Sun Moon Village chief would definitely be recognized. Of course he would be worried about Master Evil's condition.

"Master Evil?" Zen scratched his head. "I almost fell to my death and walked out of the cave in a daze. I'm not really sure where he is now either..."

"You're not sure?" The Sun Moon Village chief and his warriors could only look at each other in dismay. The glaring confusion on Zen's face meant he was obviously not pretending so it was no use questioning him anymore. All they could do now was to go down into the pit and find their master themselves.

A sigh came to Zen's mind.

Master Evil had returned to the Vast Sky Region in order to revive the seventy-two villages. He couldn't bear seeing the Sun Moon Village reduced to the state it was in now. Unfortunately, he had lost all power and ability to ever set out what he intended to do. He could only let Zen deal with them and let them fend for themselves.

The villagers of the Misty Mountain Village also returned and were stricken with grief upon seeing how their home had turned out.

It was fortunate that they were able to evacuate quickly. If they were too slow in leaving then they would've died under the collapse.

Now that the Sun Moon Village could no longer cause trouble for them, the divine citizens could only build new houses on the other hillside. The vegetable field they cultivated fortunately survived. So long as they were alive then the Misty Mountain Village could always be rebuilt.

Meanwhile, now that Zen's cinnabar field had been unsealed, there was no need for him to stay.

Zen's arrival at the Misty Mountain Village helped Thomson's understanding of martial arts improve by leaps and bounds. However, because there wasn't enough time, he did not manage to make any breakthroughs in his cultivation. Since Zen was obviously way stronger than Woolley, Thomson was very reluctant to let him leave but he also understood that it would be impossible for him to follow Zen with his current strength. All he could really do was to secretly cheer himself up and work hard in becoming a future proving godly warrior. Once that happened, he would definitely leave his village and go find his master, Thad.

Half a month later…

Within an enormous, nameless mountain north of the Vast Sky Region, Zen stood in front of a protruding wall halfway up the mountain, looking at the snowy plain in the distance.

The Vast Sky Region was small but it was still bigger than what Zen imagined. The most terrifying thing about it was that warriors here were forbidden to fly, much less use the Grand Teleportation.

With just his walking speed, it would probably take him more than a thousand years to cross the entire Vast Sky Region.

"How far is it?" Zen asked.

"Soon, on this mountain peak," Master Evil replied.

In the depths of these mountains were various treasures that Master Evil had hidden in the past. Zen was now in search of these treasures.

"Gaa! Gaa!"

There was a loud caw as dozens of unique-looking Firebirds immediately pounced upon Zen.

He raised his head and there was a sharp glint that flashed in his eyes.

"Gaa!"

The Firebirds let out a series of blood-curdling screeches as they fell one by one.

Zen was able to easily kill these vicious beasts using soul pressure. It was the easiest and quickest way to do so.

"Tsk, you're only a world lord and your soul is already this strong. Just how powerful would you be once you manage to condense a Godly Tile in the future?"

Master Evil couldn't help but ask in Zen's mind.

Zen chose not to reply. Master Evil was already aware of his secrets, including the fact that he was Mike's son and he had enmity with Murphy, but he wasn't about to spill all his secrets to Master Evil anytime soon.

All of a sudden, Zen jumped up sixty to seventy feet in the air. He grabbed hold of a rock on the mountain wall and hauled himself up to the next platform.

Zen would climb for two days before he eventually reached the peak of the mountain.

"Do you see that triangular rock?" Master Evil asked.

Zen looked up and indeed saw a tall, triangular rock that looked like a mini pyramid on top of the mountain.

Using a method taught by Master Evil, Zen approached the rock and pressed it down. Zen laughed. "It can't be that someone had already dug out the treasures, right?"

Four days ago, Zen had also dug up treasures on another big mountain under Master Evil's guidance. Unfortunately, it seemed someone else had already beaten them to it. This was understandable given that seven divine eras had already passed. Someone was bound to find them.

"I don't think so." Honestly speaking though, Master Evil couldn't really be too sure.

Just as he said this, the triangular rock sank and a small hole appeared in front of Zen. Within the hole were many black discs.

Zen picked one of the discs and carefully looked at it.

These discs were rough and contained some kind of special power within them. Zen couldn't comprehend what specific power it was nor what use it had. "What the hell is this thing? Are they magic treasures or some kinds of rare materials?"

"Neither," Master Evil answered. "This is the divine land's current currency, the divine might coin."

"Divine might coin?" Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes. "There's only a few hundred of them. But you've made me travel across mountains and rivers for half-a-month just for this?"

Zen had previously planned to head directly to Mirror City which was located in the north of the Vast Sky Region. However, Master Evil had convinced him to search for his hidden treasures with the argument that it would be difficult for Zen to travel through the Vast Sky Region without them.

"Don't underestimate the divine might coins. Some True Gods' entire wealth can only be worth up to a few hundred divine might coins," Master Evil told him with a chuckle. "If you don't have any divine might coins, it would be extremely difficult for you to leave the Vast Sky Region. Heck, it would be extremely difficult to even walk a single inch in the divine land!"

Hearing this, Zen turned the divine might coins in his hand.

The universe's currency was the life vitality crystal or life vitality jade. They also served as consumables condensed from vitality between heaven and earth that warriors could directly use to replenish life vitality within their cinnabar field.

These divine might coins were currency used between True Gods who didn't need to consume life vitality but instead relied on the Faith Energy within their inner world. If they operated on the same kind of logic as life vitality crystals, then that could only mean one thing.

"Is the divine might coin able to replenish the life vitality? Or can it replenish the Faith Energy?" Zen asked.

However, Master Evil shook his head. "No, it can't."

"Then what's the use of the divine might coins?" Zen asked once again.

It had to have some kind of special, attractive quality for the True Gods to value it, otherwise, it was nothing but a pile of trash.

Master Evil laughed. "The use of the divine might coin is too great. Every year, those wealthy clans on the Floating Islands in the Time Sea would fight over it. It can be said that possessing divine might coins is equal to owning everything in the divine land. You will know what exactly these coins are used for in the future. Even if I tell you now, it would simply be useless. Just wait."

"Possessing the divine might coins means possessing everything in the divine land?"

Zen couldn't help but repeat Master Evil's words. Wasn't the old man exaggerating?

In the universe, only low-level warriors risked their lives obtaining life vitality crystals and life vitality jades. Higher-level warriors need not bother since they didn't need to replenish their life vitality while fighting. Even before they had used up their life vitality, the winner was already decided, so the world lords and Supreme Lords only needed to take hundreds of life vitality jades with them.

Thus when high-leveled warriors bartered, they usually used objects, weapons, or treasures.

This black disc in Zen's hand couldn't be eaten or consumed so how could it be used as currency?

Unfortunately, Master Evil wasn't willing to tell him so he could only give up in the end.

Chapter 2143 Mirror City

After collecting the divine might coins, Zen quickly headed north, still under Master Evil's guidance.

As soon as he entered the divine land, Zen tried to get an overview of the place. It had been quite difficult to gain any insight back when he was still in the Misty Mountain Village since its inhabitants weren't well-travelled and the farthest they'd ever been to was Mirror City.

Master Evil had been locked up in the dungeon for seven divine eras so his information was mostly outdated. Fortunately, his knowledge and experience were still quite comprehensive.

"I just don't understand why a top figure like Harold won't directly pick you up…"

In Master Evil's eyes, Zen was a proud son of a Holy Being. His lineage and talent were enough to directly send him to the wealthy and influential clans on the Floating Islands. Even if the Floating Island built by Mike had been destroyed, with Harold's connections, it would not be difficult for him to send Zen to the Floating Islands.

Zen also knew his father's disciples still played an active role. At the very least, they took very good care of Yan.

However, due to Wynn's arrangement, Zen could only adapt to the situation and rely on himself.

"I think your first aim is to enter a wealthy and influential clan on a certain Floating Island!" Master Evil advised. The Floating Island was a place everyone in the divine land yearned for. A warrior such as Master Evil simply did not have the qualifications to enter such a place.

"Floating Island… What kind of place is it exactly?" Zen had heard Wynn mention it back in the Evolutionary Universe but he didn't really elaborate much on it.

Master Evil sighed. Zen was Mike's son and Bromley's disciple, but it was amazing just how little Zen knew about the divine land. "In the middle of the divine land is a vast sea called the Time Sea... The sea is formed by light and time, and any living being who falls onto this sea will be split by different time. I once walked by the sea. It is extremely dangerous! In the center of the Time Sea are the Floating Islands built and constructed by powerful, wealthy clans.

These Floating Islands are naturally built by Holy Beings of the divine land. Only Holy Beings have the qualifications to establish a Floating Island so each Floating Island represents a peak-level power of the divine land! The wealthy clans that live on the Floating Islands have monopolized around 90% of the resources in the divine land. These include those divine mighty coins.

Once you enter a Floating Island, you will have a promising future! However, it's going to be difficult as you will have to gain the recognition of some powerful clan. It is quite rare for them to accept warriors from other clans. Even I... Not even I was qualified to enter a Floating Island back then!"

"You weren't qualified?" Zen asked in surprise.

"Which wealthy clan would accept a True God like me with no sort of powerful background?" Master Evil couldn't help but reveal a look of cynicism. Even if he hadn't received the favor of any wealthy clan, he still managed to reach the peak level of a mid-rank True God. That was still something worth being proud of.

"Enter a Floating Island…"

As they conversed, Zen climbed and eventually made it to the top of the mountain. On the peak, he could see the outline of the divine land much more clearly. Now he already got an initial goal.

A cold wind blew into Zen's nose. He smiled before jumping down and floating with the wind.

His travelling speed wasn't too slow but it was still a bummer that he couldn't fly.

Two and half months later, Zen slowly found himself arriving north of the Vast Sky Region. He had finally arrived at the first divine city: Mirror City.

"This divine city is so beautiful!"

he couldn't help but remark. When Zen was still a hundred miles away from Mirror City, he had already caught a glimpse of the entire city.

As its name implied, the walls of Mirror City were made of a type of polished, silver brick that shone like huge mirror. He didn't need Master Evil to explain anything further as he could see everything with his eyes.

When Zen arrived at the gates, he was greeted by the sight of a black mass of warriors in front of him.

There were about more than ten thousand warriors, most of them at the Spirit Transformation Realm. There were also a few Spirit Supreme Realm warriors and proving godly warriors. Right now, it seemed all of them were blocked from entering Mirror City.

"Be quiet! Come here and register the points you have obtained today!" In front of the city gates were ten, black-armored proving godly warriors. Each of them held long whips in their hands as they shouted over the crowd.

The warriors present immediately clamored and surged towards one direction.

"What are they doing?" Zen asked with his mouth wide open, his eyes filled with confusion.

"Do you think it is that easy to enter a divine city?" Master Evil chuckled. "Not everyone can have that privilege!"

Improving one's cultivation wasn't that difficult here in the divine land. Divine citizens could open up their Soul Sea just after they started practicing martial arts and directly become Soul Sea Realm warriors. Even someone like Woolley in the Misty Mountain Village was able to enter the Spirit Transformation Realm despite having average talent.

The entire Misty Mountain Village had banded together in order to send him to Mirror City. Unfortunately, it was quite difficult for Woolley to master any high-level martial skill in the city since he didn't even have any basic understanding of swordsmanship.

There were so many divine citizens in the divine land.

The majority of them would often find themselves stuck at the Soul Sea Realm, Spirit Supreme Realm, or Spirit Transformation Realm. Those who were determined to step into the Godly Way would go out and find masters from whom they could study. Only a few people would be lucky enough to find and learn from powerful masters so the vast majority of warriors opted to go to divine cities instead where there were more opportunities.

However, a divine city's holding capacity was limited. If it opened its gates to everyone then it would be engulfed by a tidal wave of divine citizens. Such things had already happened before.

Having learned from their mistakes, the divine cities chose to set limitations for those who wanted to enter their walls.

"The standard rule for most divine cities is to pay a divine might coin to gain entry," Master Evil explained.

Zen pursed his lips. "It's merely one divine might coin. That's not too much."

He had hundreds of divine might coins courtesy of Master Evil. Entering the divine city wasn't going to be that difficult for him then.

"Hehe, do you think it's easy to obtain a divine might coin? Take a look at these warriors. They all need to continuously complete the missions issued to them by the Mirror City. The weaker ones will have to work for tens, maybe even hundreds of years before they gain the qualifications needed to enter the city. All for one divine might coin!" Master Evil explained.

"A hundred years of hard work in exchange for a divine might coin?" This fact shocked Zen greatly. Now that he finally realized the value of the divine might coins, he suddenly felt as if those small, black, round pieces he carried got heavier.

A crack suddenly appeared on the city gate. Out came a middle-aged man wearing a fancy robe.

"A True God?"

Zen's eyes narrowed upon realization that this middle-aged man was a low-rank True God.

He pointed at a proving godly warrior in the crowd who visibly became very excited and began bowing to him. Afterwards, the chosen proving godly warrior followed the middle-aged man inside the Mirror City.

"Bam!"

The gates closed with a bang and all of those who were left behind wore expressions of unbridled envy on their faces.

"What's going on?" Zen asked curiously.

"Those who have a house in the Mirror City can bring three people inside. That middle-aged True God must be a native and the proving godly warrior he brought in with him must be his relative," Master Evil answered.

"That's allowed?" Zen was quite dumbfounded with the amount of information he had suddenly been given.

"Back then, I also had about seven houses in the Mirror City. Ah, but it's a pity. After so many years, they most probably belong to other people now," Master Evil muttered in a wistful tone. "Anyway, let's drop the subject. We should hurry and enter the city as soon as possible."

Since Zen had divine might coins, he naturally didn't need to work like the other warriors.

Once he bypassed this group, Zen managed to squeeze his way to the front of the city gates.

A guard noticed him and pointed a whip to the side. "Don't you know the rule? Line up over there to receive your task!"

The blatant rudeness did not anger Zen, in fact, he was smiling. "I'm not here to do any task. Shouldn't one be able to enter by paying a divine might coin?"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage] to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2144 The Han Clan's Ancestral Land

It was common knowledge that divine might coins were extremely rare in the divine land.

Not even a True God had many of those coins, let alone those warriors who busied themselves outside the city their whole lives. They had to accumulate enough points to enter the city and exchange their divine might coins, which would eventually end up in someone else's hand.

That was why when a guard of the Mirror City heard that a proving godly warrior say that he had a divine might coin, he prompted, "You have a divine might coin?"

Zen nodded his head and took out a divine might coin.

The Mirror City guard's eyes lit up at the sight of the round, black piece in Zen's hand. With a wave of his hand, the divine might coin in Zen's grasp was taken away from him!

The other Mirror City guards who stood next to the first guard looked at Zen as well and scanned him from head to toe.

If a proving godly warrior like Zen possessed a divine might coin, it must either be a gift from a True God or he simply got really lucky and found a treasure some True Gods might've left behind.

If it was the former, then it didn't matter. But if it was the latter, then this kid probably had more than one divine might coin.

A few moments passed and the Mirror City guard continued to examine Zen's coin. "Can I go in now?" Zen asked.

The guard inspected the small round piece one more time before he looked at Zen with a smile. "Not yet," he said.

"Why?" Zen asked again. He was confused. He had already presented the coin, what more could they ask?

The guard laughed and said, "I'm sorry, but two divine might coins are required. One is not enough to enter the Mirror City."

Many True Gods most likely lived in the Mirror City. Although the guards in front of Zen were probably just proving godly warriors, he did not wish to stir up trouble. Thus, he did his best to be amiable despite the guards' display of arrogance.

However, this Mirror City guard obviously tried to rip him off. Zen raised one brow and said, "They say that you only need to pay one divine might coin to enter the city."

The guard shook his head. "Today, the price has risen. You need to pay two coins to enter the city, if you pay one less..." He pointed to the crowd of warriors at the side. "You'll have to take on missions like them to save up enough points for you to enter the city!"

It wasn't easy to become a Mirror City guard. The guards at the city gate had many connections to some important figures in the divine city. Even if Zen only had one divine might coin, they still wouldn't let go of the opportunity to take his coin for themselves.

If Zen presented two divine might coins, it would certainly make the guards happier.

They'd seen too many people like Zen, who looked plain and even dubious. It was usually easy to handle people like him as with just a few words, those warriors would go away. What could a proving godly warrior do at the gates of a divine city?

Of course, Zen would not take out a second divine might coin. His face turned cold as he said, "I don't have time to accept missions."

"Then come back when you have earned the second divine might coin," the guard said mockingly as he gently juggled the divine might coin in his hand.

When the coin was up in the air, Zen's eyes suddenly glowed with a golden light!

Since Master Evil had warned him not to stir up any trouble in the Mirror City, he had restrained his soul and concealed all of its sharpness.

However, the people in the divine land were just as nasty as those in the universe, if not worse. Nice people were always oppressed.

The small golden swords in Zen's soul flashed while an extremely sharp soul suppression erupted. Then, the invisible arrows flew past the Mirror City guard's soul.

The guards at the gates were only world lords.

In addition, there was a great difference in strength between the martial artists of the same level in the divine land and those in the universe.

For example, Woolley, who was a Spirit Transformation Realm martial artist, had a high cultivation base but a terrifying lack of understanding of martial arts.

The world lords were the same as well. Most of the divine citizens who managed to become proving godly warriors didn't even know how to practice the Godly Way.

Very few world lords among them had successfully trained their souls to Jasper Fighting Souls, and even fewer had gone for Silver Fighting Souls and Gold Fighting Souls. Although Zen's soul was still a Gold Fighting Soul, his soul pressure wasn't weaker than a True God's because of the Evolutionary Divine Arts he had been cultivating.

The small arrows that were formed from the soul pressure flew out, but did not harm the guard's soul. However, the pressure contained inside the arrows caused a chill to run down the guard's spine, and his entire body from bones to muscles had become completely stiff.

"Puff, puff…"

The sharp invisible arrows finally hit the city gate behind him and left two small scratches on the gate's tough surface.

Even though Zen tried his best to prevent his soul pressure from spreading out, the row of Mirror City guards still felt afraid of the terrifying golden light that flashed through Zen's eyes. They even froze in place!

Meanwhile, the divine might coin still spun in the air and eventually fell.

Zen's right hand stretched out at lightning speed and caught the coin. He then waved it in front of the guard. "Put it away," he said in an aloof voice. He stuffed the coin into the guard's pocket, and then passed through the rest of them and entered the gates without looking back.

The guards at the scene finally regained their senses when the door slammed shut. They looked at each other, but did not say a word.

There were very few talents suddenly appearing in the divine land, much different from the universe.

A successful talent usually came from a powerful background and had a backer behind them. From a warrior's potential and talent, one could even judge where they came from.

A small mountain village? Born in an ordinary divine city? Or, did someone train them in a central divine city? Those successful talents could also come from the four divine trees or some wealthy clan from a Floating Island. There were subtle differences between those warriors, and it was quite easy for people with a good eye to tell them apart.

The Mirror City guards did not have a vision, but it didn't mean that they were stupid. At the very least, they had the ability to discern what was going on.

They couldn't fathom the soul level Zen had displayed at all. The central divine cities couldn't have been able to nurture such a strong warrior, so they surmised that Zen must be at least from the four divine trees, or even a Floating Island.

Thus, let alone a mere guard, even ordinary True Gods wouldn't dare to provoke someone like Zen.

The Mirror City guard touched the divine might coin in his pocket and gulped. In the end, he did not utter a single word.

As for Zen, he had controlled himself well. He warned the guards but didn't cause any trouble. At the very least, he didn't catch the attention of the True Gods in the Mirror City. After all, Zen's current identity was a delicate matter.

After he had entered the Mirror City, the aura in his whole body completely disappeared like melted snow on a bright, sunny day.

Although the Mirror City was one of the seven divine cities in the Vast Sky Region, it wasn't as big as Zen had imagined. So, he asked Master Evil why the divine city wasn't built much larger. "Why does it have to be big?" Master Evil asked in return.

While it could be said that some Holy Cities in the universe were almost boundless, the divine cities were built for a different purpose.

In order to expand, the tenth-grade sacred places in the universe continued to absorb talents, and produced even more world lords who would eventually fight each other to become a Supreme Lord.

Furthermore, the divine land had been in development for countless divine eras, so it was very much stable.

It wasn't that there were no talents in the divine land, but they were just too few to be taken into account. Thus, the different powers weren't so eager to expand their influence. In any case, those rich clans on the Floating Islands changed their rankings only every few years. Besides, it was difficult for a True God from those clans to reach the consummation of True God level, and even harder for them to become a Holy Being.

That was also the reason that the distribution of resources was directed towards the great powers. The competition among the martial artists at the bottom level was even more brutal!

Zen wasted no time in following Master Evil's instructions and rushed to the west side of Mirror City. It was the only place where he could use the teleportation channel to travel across the Vast Sky Region.

"The Vast Sky Region is just really a small region with a total of three powers stationed in the place. Those three major powers control all the divine cities within the region, but those who know better are aware that those powers are nothing more than puppets of the Han Clan. You can use the teleportation channel to head to the Six-Burden Region to the south of the Vast Sky Region, which is the Han Clan's ancestral land," said Master Evil.

"The Han Clan? Ancestral land?" Zen was slightly surprised.

Master Evil nodded and continued, "That's right. The Holy Emperor of the Han Clan became a Holy Being 130 divine eras ago. The current Han Clan is also one of the wealthiest clans on the Floating Islands. During the past divine eras of my absence, its power has probably increased still more. Since the Six-Burden Region is the Han Clan's ancestral land, it is the place where you can go to find a chance."

Chapter 2145 Changing Appearance

After hearing Master Evil's introduction, Zen's thoughts floated back to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

He thought about Laquisha and Aleyna.

At the time, the two sisters were a big headache to Zen.

"Since Han Clan's Holy Emperor is a Holy Being, what's his relationship with Murphy?" Zen asked.

With wide eyes, Master Evil shook his head. "I don't know about that."

His influence only reached within the Vast Sky Region. Even within the region, he wasn't a peak existence—he had never even been to those Floating Islands, so how could he have known about the relationships between the top level characters in the divine land?

"But... It doesn't matter, does it?" Master Evil asked helplessly.

"I've been to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and have met some of the Han Clan's members. If I were to rush in, I'm afraid they would recognize me," Zen explained.

What Zen needed to pay attention to wasn't only the two sisters of the Han Clan, but also the personal guards of the two girls, including Kennan. If the Han Clan had a good relationship with the Mu Clan and if Zen was recognized, such things would get troublesome.

Although Zen knew that since there were hundreds of thousands of proving godly warriors, it was unlikely that the Han Clan would take notice of Zen, he understood that everything had to be done with caution. In the divine land, Zen had no way out.

"It's no problem if you don't want to go to the Six-Burden Region," said Master Evil, "but the thirty-six smaller regions around it are all under Han Clan's control, so merely leaving this small region isn't an easy task for you."

The wealthy clans of the Floating Islands all had their own areas within the divine land, and the Vast Sky Region was also a part of the Han Clan.

Now Zen was unable to use Grand Teleportation, and his Teleportation Token was rendered useless. What was worse, he couldn't even fly. All he could do was use Han Clan's long-distance teleportation channels, but teleportation was quite expensive even for a True God, even more so for the current Zen.

Even the hundreds of divine might coins Zen got from Master Evil weren't enough to send Zen out.

Zen fell into deep thought—it was just as Master Evil had said, divine might coins were too important, but Zen did not have the ability to earn divine might coins himself yet.

Suddenly, Zen remembered that he had the Soul Searching Flag that Marko, Murphy's disciple, left behind. He had brought it into the divine land. "I have some treasure—Marko's Soul Searching Flag. Is it worth any divine might coins?"

But Master Evil rejected the suggestion. "The Soul Searching Flag? Haha! That's valuable indeed. It was Murphy's treasure. Even though he's given up on using it, it's still very famous. If you use it, you might be discovered soon. That will be even more dangerous."

Zen was stuck in a dilemma.

"In my opinion, you're only really afraid that the Han Clan will recognize you. Though they have so many disciples, only a few of them have seen you in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, so the probability of you being recognized is pretty low. I can teach you a skill that can change your appearance—I'm sure even your father will not be able to recognize you in person." Master Evil laughed again.

Clearly, that was a bit of an exaggeration. For some powerful warriors, once they locked onto the opponent's aura, they could recognize him even if his body was burned to ashes.

But in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the ones with the highest cultivation level were merely world lords, and they didn't have such means. Zen was happy to accept Master Evil's offer.

While Master Evil advised Zen in his mind, the latter walked west along the main road of the Mirror City.

After walking a short distance, a golden light flashed across Zen's eyes. Just then, Master Evil said, "Someone is following you."

"I know. It's a True God," Zen replied calmly in his mind.

A thousand feet behind him, a middle-aged man clad in a gray robe followed Zen at a steady pace.

Because he had just arrived at the divine land, it was impossible for Murphy to find him so early. This person was clearly following him because the guardians of the Mirror City had reported something to their leaders.

"But it doesn't matter. A mere low-rank True God wouldn't dare openly attack people in Mirror City," Master Evil sneered.

The entire divine land followed a strict hierarchy—even Holy Beings were governed by the rules of the stone slab.

The central divine cities and the other divine cities of various regions also had their own rules.

No matter how much someone fought outside of the divine cities and killed people for their goods, normally, no one would even care about it. But the rules within the divine cities were extremely strict.

Back then, Master Evil occupied almost a third of the northern part of the Vast Sky Region, so the Han Clan was naturally aware of it. But they did not send anyone to deal with him. Even Master Evil was also very familiar with these rules—every time he entered Mirror City, he would make sure to behave himself and avoid causing any trouble.

On the west side of Mirror City was a giant square with a grayish-brown stone wall erected on it. The stone wall seemed out of place among the surrounding buildings of Mirror City. On the stone wall stood several gates ten feet wide.

These were the Mirror City's teleportation channels.

"There doesn't seem to be anyone using these teleportation channels." Zen said curiously.

The total of nine gates on the stone wall indicated that there were nine teleportation channels. But the entire square was empty save for a few black armored guards standing in front of the stone wall, all wearing bored expressions on their faces.

Master Evil smiled faintly. "Nonsense. It's not easy to construct a teleportation channel in the divine land and teleporting is extremely expensive as well. It would cost at least a hundred divine might coins to teleport from the Vast Sky Region to the Six-Burden Region. It would be difficult even for ordinary low-rank True Gods to afford it."

"Then if a True God wants to go to the Six-Burden Region, what should they do?" Zen asked.

"It's not like the different regions are truly separated from each other. They can just go on foot. It might take three or four hundred years, though," Master Evil laughed.

His response left Zen stunned.

Such a thing wasn't uncommon in the universe. For instance, it wasn't easy for someone of the Soul Sea Realm to cross a supreme world. If Zen didn't have a Teleportation Token, it would have been very difficult for him to travel between supreme worlds. But he didn't expect that after becoming a True God, one would have to face such a seemingly mundane problem.

The universe's space channels were extremely cheap but a single teleportation in the divine land could actually consume all the wealth of a True God.

At this moment, Zen finally understood the importance of the divine might coins. If it weren't for the few hundred divine might coins Master Evil gave him, he wouldn't even be able to enter Mirror City, let alone use the teleportation channels.

The middle-aged man following Zen frowned when he saw Zen walk towards the square.

He had just received news from his nephew who happened to be a Mirror City guard—an extremely powerful proving godly warrior with a powerful soul had just entered the city. Although this person was only a proving godly warrior, he seemed to be rather wealthy.

Though Zen didn't reveal his wealth, a proving godly warrior who could casually take out a divine might coin to enter the city was considered a rarity. So the True God targeted Zen immediately, planning to rob him after leaving the city.

The middle-aged man understood that it was highly likely that Zen had come from a powerful force, but as the saying went, 'Men die in pursuit of wealth and birds die in pursuit of food, ' he didn't let himself overthink it.

But never did he expect Zen to head straight for the teleportation channels.

The middle-aged man was also a native True God of the Vast Sky Region. He had fought for three divine eras in Mirror City before finally taking root and buying a house there. But in total, it was only worth 80 divine might coins, making up his entire wealth.

However, it seemed that Zen might be able to easily take out a hundred divine might coins to use the teleportation channel. This brat was only a proving godly warrior!

The middle-aged man suddenly felt an ache in his heart—it would be good if he had intercepted Zen before he entered the city.

Seeing that Zen was about to leave through the teleportation channel, the middle-aged man gritted his teeth and quickly stepped in front of Zen. In a low voice, he said, "Friend, why have you come to our Mirror City?"

Zen had discovered the person long ago and there wasn't the slightest trace of panic on his face. Although this was his first time entering the divine land, he knew humans' hearts and minds were about the same.

Zen shot a glance at the middle-aged man. "Is this Mirror City yours?"

His question put an awkward expression on the middle-aged man's face. After concealing his embarrassment, he said, "The divine city does not belong to one person."

"Then to whom does this city belong?" Zen asked once again.

"Mirror City belongs to the Qian Clan of the Vast Sky Region. Strictly speaking, the Qian Clan is controlled by the Han Clan, making Mirror City belong to the latter." In all seriousness, the man explained.

"I see, thank you. Goodbye, now." Zen laughed and turned to leave.

For a moment, the man was stunned silent before he realized that he had been tricked. He was there to rob the brat, not to talk about the city, and his expression turned dark. "Although I do not know where you came from, if you want to leave Mirror City safely, I'm afraid you will need to leave something behind."

Chapter 2146 Ruling Slate (Part One)

As Master Evil had said, the rules of a divine city were very strict. As such, most of the people there would always follow such regulations. Even top-rank True Gods wouldn't dare to act rashly in the city, let alone a mere low-rank True God!

Zen had heard a lot of threats in his life. However, this was probably the lamest one he had ever heard. He even suspected about how this person became a True God with such stupid brain.

What Zen didn't know was that it wasn't difficult to become a True God in the divine land. The achievement of such a title was rather easier than he had imagined.

Moreover, the strength of True Gods varied greatly. For example, Marko and Mateo were low-rank True Gods, but they were Murphy's disciples. Their techniques and abilities were still above ordinary True Gods. Even if they encountered some ordinary True God, they would be able to kill their opponent in the blink of an eye!

Blayd was also a low-rank True God. However, he was comparatively much stronger than Marko, Mateo, Wynn, and some others.

That was also the reason why Master Evil suggested Zen join a wealthy clan on some Floating Island first. Zen could rapidly increase his strength if he became a disciple of a Holy Being. Under a Holy Being's tutelage, Zen's comprehension and abilities would significantly improve.

"Leave what behind?" Zen asked in confusion.

The middle-aged man laughed coldly. With an arrogant tone, he replied, "Of course I meant your divine might coins!"

As he heard the middle-aged man's demand, Zen carelessly took out several divine might coins. With a callous look at his face, he held the coins in his hand. Then, he asked in an aloof tone, "Are you talking about these?"

As the middle-aged man saw the divine might coins in Zen's hand, his eyes suddenly lit up with greed. A look similar to a hungry dog painted the middle-aged man's face. He immediately nodded, "Yes, yes. That's it!" As he said that, the middle-aged man quickly reached out to grab the divine might coins.

"In your dreams!"

With a flip of his hand, Zen immediately put away the divine might coins as if by magic…

"You imbecile! You are courting death..."

After he was toyed with twice by Zen, the True God was finally angered from embarrassment! An intense expression was seen in his face.

Snowflakes appeared in his eyes as an icy aura surged out from his body. The middle-aged man was a True God that cultivated the Snow Godly Way. Nonetheless, Zen had already seen such cultivation in the Corridor of Emperor in the Illusion Battlefield.

Generally, a True God that came from a universe was far more powerful than an ordinary True God in the divine land.

The aura released by the man was indeed sharp, but Zen's state of mind was not affected at all. As such, he also quickly retreated.

"Master Evil, didn't you say that it is forbidden to fight in the Mirror City?" Zen asked curiously as he watched the middle-aged man make his move.

Master Evil was also speechless. "You're the one that agitated this idiot! Nonetheless, he will also pay for his misdemeanor."

The commotion had also alarmed the guards of the teleportation channels. The guards were also astonished. They looked at the True God as if they saw a fool. A displeased thought passed by their heads. 'What kind of idiot dared to create trouble in the divine city?'

At the same time, a blue light shot out from the center of Mirror City. Along with that, a stone slab slowly rose up from the ground and then flew rapidly to the west of the Mirror City.

After the stone slab appeared, it also attracted the attention of countless martial artists in the Mirror City. Since they already knew what the stone slab symbolized, many of the martial artists had displeased expression as they saw the stone slab.

"Which idiot is fighting in the Mirror City again!"

"Does that fool really think that the rules set by the Qian Clan are just for show? Isn't this courting death!?"

"Why is it heading towards the west side of the city? What the hell is happening there?"

Because they feared the punishment of this stone slab, all of the martial artists in the Mirror City were careful. They didn't even dare to use life vitality to send voice messages. Fights wouldn't normally happen since the warriors wouldn't even activate their life vitality, much less condense the momentum within their bodies with their Godly Tiles. Normally, when they cultivated or learned martial arts from their masters, they would go to a designated area in the city. If they weren't careful enough, they would receive the punishment from the stone slab.

A furious expression painted the True God that faced Zen. The True God then condensed the momentum in his body. However, before he could do anything, a flash of blue light shone from the horizon. Suddenly, from the blue light arose the stone slab, which flew towards the True God with intense precision and high speed. Panic immediately enveloped him as he was scared out of his wits. With a bitter face, he said, "I, I... I didn't want to do anything!"

Unfortunately, the stone slab was not a human and did not listen to the True God's explanation. It continued its advance toward its target. From the surface of the stone slab, small dots of lightning were emitted. The small dots quickly condensed and formed a thick bolt of lightning that shot towards the True God.

Boom!

Although the lightning looked very ordinary, the power contained within it was almost unparalleled. The destructive capabilities of the released lightning would terrify most martial artists.

"Ah..."

The lightning struck the True God's body and the lightning fragments continued to move around his body. The True God let out a miserable scream as he frantically rolled on the ground. After a while, the True God lost consciousness and lay pathetically on the ground.

Zen felt a bit of life energy in the True God. He knew that the middle-aged man was still alive. Nonetheless, Zen still felt cautious of the stone slab. If it was him who had been struck by the lightning, even if he did not die, he would at least lose half his life…

Chapter 2147 Ruling Slate (Part Two)

"That stone slab…" Zen raised his head to look at the stone slab in the sky. Curiosity filled his eyes.

Wynn had once mentioned to Zen that there was a stone slab in the divine land that even Holy Beings would be restrained by it. Murphy had previously attacked the Evolutionary Universe, so he was punished by the stone slab. Zen would not doubt that the palm-sized stone slab in front of him was able to restrain a True God, but it was hard to believe that even Holy Beings would be afraid of the stone slab in front of him. A sense of doubt shone across his expression.

"This is not a Ten Thousand Commandments Slate," Master Evil reminded as he noticed Zen's doubtful look. "It's just a Ten Commandments Slate."

"Ten Commandments Slate?" Zen asked curiously, "Is there more than one of such slates?"

Master Evil chuckled. He looked at Zen rather boastfully. "How else do you think these divine cities were formed?"

After the Godly Way Tablets landed on the divine land, countless stone slabs had appeared all over the divine land. Their sizes varied greatly. The small ones were known as the 'Ten Commandments Slates' while the big ones were called 'Hundred Commandments Slates'. Furthermore, the more enormous ones were the 'Thousand Commandments Slates'.

The people in the divine land discovered the usage of the slates rather quickly. Rules could be set on the slates. The rules were unbreakable and must be followed by everyone in the covered area of the slate. If the rules were violated, the offender would be instantly punished by the slate.

From the moment the slates appeared, not a single one had been destroyed. Even Holy Beings would not be able to damage even the weakest 'Ten commandments Slates'.

All the divine cities in the divine land were built around these slates. As such, the area of a divine city was relative to the size of the slate.

The Vast Sky Region was originally small, and the Mirror City was located in the north of the Vast Sky Region. It was a relatively remote divine city with only one piece of Ten Commandments Slate. However, the Heavenly Canopy Divine City in the center of the Vast Sky Region possessed a Hundred Commandments Slate.

In the center of Han Clan's ancestral land, where the Six-Burden Divine City was located, there was a Thousand Commandments Slate.

"I see. That's very useful information. So, the one that can suppress the Holy Beings is the 'Ten Thousand Commandments Slate'?" Zen asked with expectant eyes.

"Yes, you are smart! Hehe, the Ten Thousand Commandments Slate is also known as the Ruling Slate. Even Holy Beings would become obedient to the rules of the Ruling Slate. It's the most powerful and largest slate. And the area a Ten Thousand Commandments Slate covers is the entire divine land…" Master Evil explained with a proud look.

Even though he understood Master Evil's explanation, Zen was still confused. "Since these slates are so powerful, why isn't there anyone who uses them as weapons? If I carry a Thousand Commandments Slate on my back and lay down rules that work to my advantage, who would dare to fight me?"

"Haha, you are indeed worthy of being the son of a Holy Being. You have a quick yet shrewd mind," Master Evil praised playfully. "It is said that in ancient times, such things did happen. Some True Gods used the slates as their own weapons and wrote some extremely shameless rules on them, such as 'no one is allowed to touch me.' Once someone attacked the True God, the slate would immediately attack the offender… At that time, battles between powerful True Gods truly were battles between slates."

...

As he imagined the scene of a battle between True Gods who each carried a stone slab, Zen became speechless. It might be a ridiculous sight but he had to admit that it was indeed an extremely powerful method.

"But later on, such a situation ended. Someone wrote a rule on the Ten Thousand Commandments Slate, which is also the Ruling Slate. It is the slate that can control the entire divine land. Everyone, including Holy Beings, is required to follow it. If I remember correctly, it should be the 104th rule that ended that weird situation. The passage states that 'No one is allowed to use the slates as a personal weapon.' After this rule appeared, the True Gods had no choice but to put down their slates…" Master Evil said plainly.

"This rule is truly strange," Zen sighed. His curiosity continued to deepen.

"It's the only way to keep everything in order. To become stronger, everyone is doing their best to study the rules. Although the current divine land is very stable and the rules are strict, there is still a large group of people who are looking for loopholes in the rules and trying to find a chance to achieve higher levels," Master Evil continued his explanation.

Zen nodded his head as he finally understood the situation.

At that moment, three True Gods in red and black armor rushed out from the side. After the slate was activated, it also alarmed some people in Mirror City. They came here to inspect what actually happened.

The three True Gods looked at the middle-aged man who was half-dead on the ground and asked Zen about the situation. After they understood what had happened, the three True Gods left peacefully. Although the rules on the slates were strict, every year, there would always be some idiots who couldn't control themselves and violated the rules.

Before they left, the True Gods were also a bit curious about Zen's identity. After all, among proving godly warriors, there were very few who had enough divine might coins to use the teleportation channel. Zen's incredible wealth was rather strange for them.

Chapter 2148 Heavenly Han House

When Zen informed the guards which space channel he wanted to use, disbelief was written all over their faces.

For the guards, a person who owned a hundred divine might coins could buy themselves a house in Mirror City, take a True God as their master, and buy some land to cultivate. For a proving godly warrior, a hundred divine might coins were extremely precious. The fact that Zen was willing to spend that much just to enter the space channel was horrendous.

At that point, the guards thought that Zen merely came here to joke with them.

However, the moment Zen took out the coins, their attitudes changed immediately.

It seemed this young man truly did have money.

These guards would never be able to understand. Ordinary True Gods would never be able to teach Zen anything. He wasn't going to be able to find growth in Mirror City and the Six-Burden Divine City was a mere detour. He had to go to the Floating Islands.

The guards had no choice but to lead Zen towards the space channel. As the gate on the stone wall opened, Zen found himself staring at a familiar place: deep blue space that spiraled rapidly, leading to an endless abyss. He sneaked himself from the Evolutionary Universe to divine land by using this kind of space channel before.

He stepped inside the space channel without any hesitation.

He was gone in less than a minute.

In the center of Mirror City was a resplendent building, on top of which stood two, sage-like men.

This tall building held a special position in Mirror City given that its owner was from the Qian Clan - the main controller of the city.

"Looks like another rich kid of a Floating Island has run away from home," one of the old men lightly remarked.

"Very few wealthy clans are willing to let their disciples go to the wild these days. It's extremely risky with no guarantee of good results," his companion said.

The nurturing of true elite disciples in the Floating Islands was usually done within the clans. Most of the outstanding geniuses would first be sent to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. They would spend quite some time there before they were directly brought back to the Floating Islands. Geniuses in the middle level would be directed to the ancestral lands while those in the lower level would be sent to an ordinary divine city.

However, it couldn't be avoided that some disciples had wild and untamed natures. These disciples would be sent out to wander freely, to be 'one with the wild.'

Although Zen had completely restrained his soul, the two elders of the Qian Clan could feel his nature through their extraordinary senses. They immediately knew that Zen was not just an ordinary person and the fact that he was willing to spend a hundred divine might coins to enter a space channel had them think that he came from a wealthy clan from the Floating Islands.

"His background is suspicious. He's not from any wealthy clan. What is his purpose in heading to the Six-Burden Region? Do you want to notify the Han Clan?"

"He is nothing but a mere low-level proving godly warrior. Just let him be, he looks harmless enough. Besides, it's better not to meddle in other people's business."

In the space channel...

"Since they cannot exercise the use of Space Law in the divine land, how was the space channel built then?"

Zen wondered, feeling a strange sensation as his body moved in a circular motion. He was currently unable to move and simply let the channel take him to where he needed to go. Fortunately, he was still able to communicate with Master Evil in his mind.

"Who told you that Space Law can't be used? Those top-rank True Gods and Holy Beings are able to use Space Law to a certain degree. The only reason you can't use it is because your strength is too low," Master Evil said.

"Is it also because of the Ruling Slate?" Zen asked, feeling a spark of inspiration.

"Of course. I truly don't know what those Holy Beings were thinking during the remote ages. They made up so many strange rules and made the divine land like this," Master Evil lamented.

One of the biggest problems in the divine land was migration. Many of the True Gods, unable to use the Space Law, had limited range of their movements. This led to the obstruction of growth of divine citizens in terms of cultivation.

"It's to make sure the wealthy clans from the Floating Islands remain on top," Zen murmured in frustration.

The rules of the divine land were strict and stable but it caused stagnation to its people. Very few geniuses appeared so it was natural that only a few individuals were able to become Holy Beings. The wealthy clans, on the other hand, remained unchanged and in power.

"Indeed so, but there are always people trying to break through this barrier. Holy Jay, for example, established the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Hilarious!" Master Evil burst out in laughter.

After establishing his inner world, Holy Jay opened the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land to the outside world. The wealthy clans of the Floating Islands did not really care at first but eventually grew concerned at the number of people it managed to attract, with most of them being from the grassroots.

When those in the lowest strata of society began cultivating in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they immediately reached their peak. This kind of development caused quite a stir in the divine land. The wealthy clans then fixed their eyes on the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and sent their elite warriors there to train in secret.

After hearing what Master Evil said, Zen came to realize that there was more to the story. It was no wonder that he encountered so many geniuses in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land who came from the divine land.

After five days of floating within the space channel, Zen was taken aback to see a sudden flash of light engulfed him. He immediately braced himself, ready to fall at any minute, learning from his experience back when he sneaked in from the Evolutionary Universe.

However, he immediately relaxed when he realized that he was already slipping down.

Whoosh!

From the top of the slipway, Zen whooshed down to the bottom in a peaceful manner. Once he was at the bottom, he stood up slowly and made sure that his body was in tip-top condition.

"Wow! The treatment here that one person gets after spending money is quite different," Zen exclaimed from disbelief.

He then turned around and discovered a huge stone wall behind him with all sorts of beautiful carvings. It was even more exquisite than the one in Mirror City.

"Is this Six-Burden Divine City?" Zen asked in wonder.

"Yes," Master Evil affirmed. "This is the Han Clan's ancestral land as well as their central divine city. It is a hundred times larger than Mirror City."

The divine cities only had three levels. Ordinary divine cities were small cities like Mirror City while some central divine cities like the one in the

Vast Sky Region were larger ones. The largest were central divine cities in the wealthy clans' ancestral lands, like Six-Burden Divine City.

"You have now arrived. Please avoid lingering in the space channel and leave immediately!" a harsh voice announced, shocking Zen momentarily. It came from one of the Six-Burden Divine City guards.

'This Six-Burden Divine City is even stricter than Mirror City, ' Zen thought, bowing to the guard as he walked away.

The guard couldn't help but watch Zen as he left. 'This is quite strange. Why would a proving godly warrior use the space channel?'

Despite being a hundred times larger than Mirror City, the Six-Burden Divine City was still a bit smaller compared to the tenth-grade sacred places Zen had seen in the Evolutionary Universe. The scale of the divine cities was based on slates: Six-Burden Divine City had a Thousand Commandments Slate but this slate's influence was still limited.

Under Master Evil's guidance, Zen spent his first few days exploring.

There seemed to be many proving godly houses in the divine city.

These proving godly houses were about the same as the martial arts schools and martial houses in the universe. Most of the divine citizens who entered the divine city would most often go into one of these proving godly houses to comprehend the Godly Way. Their goal was to one day successfully obtain limitless lifespan.

Unfortunately, these proving godly houses were useless to Zen. If it was to learn the Godly Way, Zen wasn't confident that he would match up to the True Gods in the proving godly houses. But as for the pure understanding of martial arts, he believed that many True Gods would first have to acknowledge Zen as their teacher.

After exploring, Zen made sure to ask around and gain some information.

It was through his dialogue with the locals that Zen was able to find the largest proving godly house in the Six-Burden Divine City: the Heavenly

Han House, set up by the Han Clan.

Those who entered the Heavenly Han House had a slight chance of getting selected by the Han Clan to receive their training. If one was lucky enough to get selected and train, then there was a slight chance of becoming the Han Clan's personal disciple and getting sent to the clan's Floating Island.

Of course, these chances were extremely slim and ordinary divine citizens did not even dare dream of such a thing. It was understandable that most of the people Zen asked gave him strange looks because of this.

Armed with this kind of information, Zen then made his way to the Heavenly Han House. As soon as he arrived on the premises, he immediately saw tens of thousands of proving godly warriors sitting cross-legged on the floor, two feet apart from each other, with expressions of the utmost respect on their faces.

At the forefront of these proving godly warriors was a chanting old man who sported a moustache. The old man held his hands behind his back and swayed unsteadily as he chanted. "Life, death, regret, and ...."

Zen did not have the slightest idea of what he was talking about but since he had a certain level of understanding towards the Godly Way, he figured that the old man was most probably teaching the Five Elements Godly Way.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2149 Slander

Not every warrior had the chance to see the Godly Way Tablets. Their existence was elusive and legendary for others.

Moreover, the comprehension of the Godly Ways under the Godly Way Tablets was an extremely serious test. The power it offered was not easily attained. If things went wrong, their souls might shatter.

In fact, most proving godly warriors only learned the Godly Ways from the tutelage of True Gods.

Nonetheless, each True God had their own unique instructions.

The Holy Beings knew more about the Godly Ways. As such, if they passed on their knowledge personally, their disciples would better comprehend the Godly Ways. With any luck, they might even gain the Holy Beings' own insights that they couldn't gain from Godly Way Tablets. But not everyone was able to receive such treatment. Only the descendants and disciples of the Holy Beings had the qualifications.

That was the reason why the disciples of the Holy Beings were so much stronger than ordinary True Gods. Their knowledge and comprehension of the Godly Ways were vastly different.

Second to the Holy Beings were consummate True Gods, top-rank True Gods, mid-rank True Gods etc.

The lower one's cultivation level was, the shallower their comprehension of the Godly Ways would be. There were huge differences in the instructions of different low-rank True Gods. A low-rank master would definitely produce a rather weak disciple.

The Heavenly Han House boasted of all sorts of True Gods who had comprehended hundreds of the most common Godly Ways. Therefore, it was the most famous place in Six-Burden Divine City, and countless proving godly warriors wanted to join it.

However, only a chosen few would truly be part of the Heavenly Han House. It was very picky about its recruitment process.

The proving godly warriors who couldn't join the Heavenly Han House could only linger around it all day long.

Lucky for those who failed, the Heavenly Han House was generous. Whenever its members were free, they would invite some True Gods to teach the warriors outside the house.

That was what the old man was doing. He imparted the Five Elements Godly Way today, which was one of the most widely spread Godly Ways in the divine land. Some proving godly warriors who were unable to join the proving godly houses would naturally seize this opportunity to comprehend the Godly Ways for free and listen attentively.

Zen had already made up his mind to join the Heavenly Han House. Although countless proving godly warriors blocked his path, Zen was not anxious at all. Nonetheless, he kept his focus on the old man. After the old man's lecture ended, he wanted to make some inquiries. With that thought in mind, Zen found an empty seat and went up to sit down with his knees crossed.

He did not intend to cultivate the Five Elements Godly Way. However, the instructions of the Godly Ways contained the truth, so Zen would also get much from it. With curious eyes, Zen planned to listen attentively to the old man.

However, just as he sat down, a bald warrior's face sank. The bald warrior immediately screamed at him, "Get the hell out of my way!"

Zen was not aware of the inside information. He only knew that everyone could listen to the lectures of the Heavenly Han House. However, the seats in front of the house were in high demand. Additionally, the best seats were occupied by some proving godly warriors who stayed in Six-Burden Divine City all year round.

To obtain the best seats, the warriors fought fiercely. Some fought outside the city, while others fought through other channels.

Zen was a newcomer, but he had occupied one of the better seats. As the bald warrior next to Zen was not familiar with him, he gave Zen a hard time. The bald warrior looked at Zen with murderous eyes.

If the bald warrior kindly advised him, then Zen would have probably apologized politely and left. He also knew it was inappropriate to occupy the seat and he had to keep the order of arrival. It didn't matter if he had to stay a little far away.

However, the bald warrior's abusive words provoked Zen. He glanced at the warrior and calmly replied, "Everyone can sit on this empty seat. Why do you want me to leave?"

"Brat, you're new here, right?" From Zen's words, the bald warrior immediately learned that Zen was completely unaware of the inside information. He continued with his rough attitude towards Zen. "The seat you're sitting on is for the son of Master Pang in the Heavenly Han House. If your parents died early and didn't teach you the rules, I can teach you!"

As he heard the bald warrior's words, a cold light flashed through Zen's eyes. The bald warrior had started to get in Zen's nerves but Zen was able to restrain his emotions.

Although the bald warrior had the same level of cultivation as Zen, the difference between their strength was as wide as heaven and earth. Among the proving godly warriors, perhaps only the top disciples from the wealthy and influential clans on the Floating Islands could compete with Zen. His strength was already above average compared to divine citizens.

Zen actually planned to ignore the bald warrior and just sit calmly for the lecture. No matter what the warrior said, it wouldn't be able to shake Zen. However, the bald warrior had even sworn at Zen's parents. As such, Zen was badly triggered.

However, Zen was aware that it would be very foolish to create a ruckus in Six-Burden Divine City. To achieve his plans, he had no choice but to endure such profanities.

When he noticed that Zen was silent, the bald warrior felt even more offended as Zen had ignored him. The bald warrior suddenly stood up with an extremely angry expression on his face. Then, with a shameless voice, the bald warrior shouted, "Master Wu, this guy actually criticizes your understanding of the Godly Way! He said you are talking nonsense!"

The old man surnamed Wu from the Heavenly Han House shook his head as he lectured. Slowly but accurately, he spoke about his comprehension of the Five Elements Godly Way. To share his own comprehension of the Five Elements Godly Way was quite enjoyable for him. He even thought that he could learn something new from such lectures.

Master Wu's most hated people were those who interrupted his lecture. When he heard the bald warrior's words, his face instantly revealed a trace of anger. "Who said I was talking nonsense?"

"Him!"

"The new guy!"

"I heard what he said! He looks down upon you!"

Apart from the bald warrior, several other proving godly warriors around Zen suddenly jumped out and pointed at him. All of them looked at Zen with disdain.

Those people were probably in the same group. Under the guise of public honesty, their false testimony became quite credible.

In reality, that was what they usually did. If someone sat randomly in a seat that he shouldn't, they would drive him away in this way. Since there were several of them against a lonesome warrior, their claims would seem even more believable.

Normally, the True God who taught the Godly Ways would drive out the troublemaker. However, Master Wu took the matter rather seriously. He did not drive Zen away immediately. Instead, he walked up to Zen, stared at him and asked, "Tell me, why did you say I talked nonsense? If you can't explain clearly, get the hell out of here. Young people nowadays are getting bolder and bolder. How dare you talk sheer nonsense at the gate of the Heavenly Han House?"

Everyone stared angrily at Zen. Apart from a few warriors who knew about the inside story, most of the proving godly warriors felt that Zen was here to cause trouble. Their free lecture was interrupted by a no-name newcomer.

In his current predicament, it was useless for Zen to defend himself. Rather, it would only make things worse for him.

The bald warrior wore a satirical expression. He was secretly happy in his heart. 'This guy brings contempt upon himself. He should have left voluntarily, but he's stubborn. I have no choice but to force him to leave in this way. I wonder how he plans to get out of this.'

Zen slowly stood up, cupped his hands towards the True God and said plainly, "From what I see, you were indeed talking nonsense."

"..."

The proving godly warriors that saw what happened were greatly dumbfounded. They watched the drama unfold before their eyes indifferently just now, but what Zen said left them stunned.

Even the bald warrior was no exception. He stared at Zen with his mouth wide open. Such a response from Zen was clearly unpredicted.

It was one thing to say something in private, but it was another thing to say it in front of others. All of the proving godly warriors there had come to learn the Five Elements Godly Way. As such, they could be considered as the students of Master Wu. Zen's words greatly embarrassed Master Wu.

Anyway, Master Wu was a True God. As Zen humiliated him in public, his face was deathly pale. "What did you say? Say it again!"

"In my opinion, you were talking nonsense," Zen repeated as he remained his callous expression.

"..."

The faces of the warriors present stiffened even more. Zen's responses were truly out of their imaginations. Some of them began to whisper among themselves.

"Is this man crazy?"

"Although the people of the Heavenly Han House have always been nice, they can't bear to be slandered like this."

"Even though Master Wu is only a low-rank True God, he has a deep understanding of the Five Elements Godly Way."

Master Wu's lips hardened and an angry mask shadowed his face. However, a burst of laughter suddenly came out of his mouth. "Oh? Why did you say that?"

'Alas!' Zen sighed in his heart.

He didn't want to offend Master Wu, but under the circumstances, he had no choice but to say, "It's a good idea to use the four words of generation, restriction, subjugation, and counter-restriction to summarize the five elements. But Master Wu, what you said is the exact same as the Godly Way Tablet. The Godly Ways can be comprehended in thousands of ways. You have just comprehended the literal meanings and drawn conclusions based on partial understanding. As such, it is very difficult to see through everything."

"Humph! Most True Gods in the divine land cultivate the Five Elements Godly Way. What's wrong with this concept?" Master Wu felt a trace of surprise in his heart after he heard Zen's words. Nonetheless, he still questioned Zen coldly.

Zen shook his head. "It's absolutely wrong! We can't follow the old rules when comprehending the Godly Ways. There are twenty-five different forms of the Five Elements Godly Way. However, there are two taboos, namely the fire-wood taboo and the water-earth taboo. We must first remove these two taboos before we can take a step forward. Many low-rank True Gods have no idea of this, so they can't cultivate the Five Elements Godly Way. Presumably, this is also the reason why you have been unable to make progress in the Five Elements Godly Way."

After Zen finished his sentence, Master Wu's expression changed! His previously angry expression had disappeared.

Chapter 2150 Throwing Him Out (Part One)

The old man had already been a True God for many years now, and he was currently stuck in the 'two taboos' of the Five Elements Godly Way.

These two taboos respectively referred to the fire-wood taboo and the water-earth taboo! They were easier said than done.

Due to these two taboos, the old man was having difficulties improving his cultivation base and thus making a breakthrough in his Godly Tile.

Common proving godly warriors weren't actually aware that these two taboos existed. Even if a small number of proving godly warriors had gotten wind of them in the past, they wouldn't have the capacities of understanding what the two taboos meant. That was, until now, of course. The young proving godly warrior in front of them now was capable of seeing through these two taboos with a single sentence. This had greatly shocked the old man.

In fact, there was a reason why the old man was unable to break down these two taboos. Furthermore, here in the divine land, only the Taboo-breaking Pill had the power to break them down.

The Taboo-breaking Pill was actually a fusion of the Wood-melting Pill and the Water-dissolving Pill, which were respectively made of the Fire-shaped Bird's ever-burning comb and the Earth Barbarian Beast's heart. After consuming the Taboo-breaking Pill, a warrior would have a thirty percent chance of breaking down the two taboos. It wasn't much, but it was better than nothing.

However, both the Wood-melting Pill and the Water-dissolving Pill were five times refined pills. Once the two kinds of pills fused together and refined each other, they would become a six times refined pill—the Taboo-breaking Pill. A six times refined pill was far from something that a lower level True God in the Heavenly Han House could possess.

The old man had been diligently working in the Heavenly Han House for more than half a divine era now, but he had only saved enough money for one Wood-melting Pill.

Even if he could also afford a single Water-dissolving Pill, he would still have to spend more money in order to hire a pill refiner who would fuse the two pills together. One way or another, the costs were high.

Generally speaking, those who had a good pair of eyes were respected. Although the old man was a bit harsh, his tone appeared a bit calmer after Zen spoke so easily of his bottleneck. It was safe to say that his tone was still flat, if not cold as he said, "So what if I'm restrained by the two taboos? What's wrong with my Godly Way?"

Zen smiled and calmly replied, "Sir, you know that according to what you taught us, we will definitely be stuck by the two taboos. Isn't that the problem of your Godly Way?"

"Humph. With so many True Gods practicing the Five Elements Godly Way, how many warriors have actually managed to overcome these two taboos? You're just messing around with me! Somebody, get this guy out of here!" As the old man shouted, two people rushed out of the Heavenly Han House. The two individuals were low-rank True Gods and their expressions were cold, their gazes sharp like blades. Apparently, they were the Han Clan's guards and they seemed to mean business.

"Wait a moment," said Zen, as he waved his hand slightly in the air. "Sir, I said that according to your method of practicing the Godly Way, sooner or later, we'd be bound to meet up with the two taboos. That's because you only know one way to break them down, right? Correct me if I'm wrong, of course."

The old man only raised his eyebrows without saying a word and then stretched out his hand to stop the Han Clan's guards. He stared at Zen and sneered, "Could it be that you have some sort of brilliant idea? Do you know the second way of solving it?"

The many proving godly warriors in the area looked at Zen, with a look of derision on their faces.

Despite their expressions, Zen did question the old man's lecture without a hitch, and this surprised the proving godly warriors. The old man was a True God who taught the Godly Way. He might not have had great strength, but he did have solid comprehension of the Godly Way, and was the most adept at explaining such theories.

Astonished, these proving godly warriors felt a trace of jealousy towards Zen, which was something they'd never admit to. Now that he had spoken a few of his opinionated words, Zen was to be driven away, which of course pleased the proving godly warriors.

"This is what we call showing off one's incompetence in the presence of an expert. Ha-ha!" the bald warrior laughed.

Surprisingly, Zen cupped his hands as a faint smile spread across his face. "Although I am a proving godly warrior, I also have a little comprehension of the Five Elements Godly Way. There really is a second way to overcome the two taboos, and this method doesn't need to rely on the Taboo-breaking Pill," he stated slowly, making sure everyone was listening to him.

"Ha-ha! Yah, right!" Upon hearing Zen's words, the old man let out a series of mocking sneers.

The sullen faces of the two guards from the Heavenly Han House standing beside the old man couldn't help but crack a smile, too.

In fact, every one of the proving godly warriors burst into laughter along with him. They ridiculed Zen—what a joke he was!

Once the old man's laugh tingled off, he suddenly spoke in a contrasting, cold voice, "According to your bones, you're not old at all. Why don't you spend your time learning to do things the right way instead of becoming a liar? I want to hear what kind of method you've come up with for breaking down the two taboos. We all want to hear it, really."

At this, Zen didn't appear flustered at all. Instead, he calmly replied, "When a warrior has just learned the Five Elements Godly Way, their Godly Tile has two cracks in it because the five elements are mixed. Fire and wood are hard to merge together, and earth and water repel each other. Thus, these two cracks lead to two taboos! The Five Elements Godly Way has been passed down for generations and generations, and countless proving godly warriors have tried to prove the Godly Way with the ancient method. Despite that though, they didn't think of another solution and had never been able to avoid these two taboos! And that's why you were wrong to only follow what is recorded on the Godly Way Tablet.

Chapter 2151 Throwing Him Out (Part Two)

You can use the power generated from metal in order to make up for the lack, or the crack. In other words, if you make iron in your cinnabar field, it will automatically fix it. Although this method takes a lot of time and effort, it will eventually work out after performing it for a good ten thousand years. Anyway, a normal True God wouldn't be able to obtain the Taboo-breaking Pill."

After he finished speaking, Zen stood with his hands behind his back, his gaze indifferent. His eyes were looking nowhere, yet everywhere at once.

All of the proving godly warriors that had heard Zen speak felt dazed and confused, as they didn't understand what Zen was saying at all.

"This guy is such a clown. He's just randomly making stuff up as he goes."

"You know, some people just don't have much ability, but they sure are good at talking nonsense."

"Talking crap like that in front of your teacher is just the same as courting death."

Seeing that the old man surnamed Wu hadn't responded anything yet, though the proving godly warriors began whispering to one another. They were waiting in anticipation to see Zen thrown out.

But the old man didn't budge. He stood in his spot, lost deep in his thoughts as he contemplated what Zen had just said.

Suddenly, an idea flashed within his mind, as if a bolt of lightning had streaked right before his eyes, invigorating his soul. At that moment, his face flushed red and he looked abnormally agitated, as if he had grabbed onto some kind of lifesaving straw. He could no longer keep his tone calm and under control. "You, you said we could make up for it with iron. How much wood and metal would you say it needs, then?"

Of the five elements, the melding of metal and wood would form the force of iron.

"Thirty percent and seventy percent," Zen replied with confidence.

"Thirty percent and seventy percent..." repeated the old man, as his voice trailed off. The old man acted as if he had been struck dumb, walking back and forth in front of everyone, contemplating the information he had just received. He had completely forgotten to control his demeanor in front of his disciples. His head was lowered in thought.

The crowd looked at each other in confusion and a low mumble began to spread. They didn't know what was wrong with the old man, who suddenly seemed to be going insane.

"Making up for it with iron... Filling the crack with... It's... It may be a stupid method, but it's a hell of a lot better than the Taboo-breaking Pill... This method, this method really works!" the old man exclaimed, now pondering the feasibility of the method in his heart. Ultimately, he was approving the method that Zen had offered.

In order to earn more money and break down these two taboos, the old man had stayed in the Heavenly Han House as a teacher. According to his calculations, with that extra bit of salary, it would probably take him one or two divine eras to accumulate enough divine might coins.

But according to Zen's blunt method, it would only take him ten thousand years. This would greatly save time and would benefit countless low-rank True Gods who cultivated the Five Elements Godly Way in the future!

"Who are you!? And where did you hear about this method?" The old man stared straight at Zen with bright, gleaming eyes. It looked as though he was trying to devour Zen with his sight.

"I have a basic understanding of the Five Elements Godly Way. And I came up with this method on my own," Zen replied, cupping his hands anew.

"That is impossible! I call bullshit! How can you have such a deep understanding when you are so young? You..." The old man looked at

Zen with disbelief written all over his face.

All the proving godly warriors and the two guards of the Heavenly Han House, were completely dumbfounded and couldn't believe what they had just heard.

Moments ago, the old man had already said that Zen was a swindler. Thus, the other warriors only naturally treated him as such. Never, ever had they expected that with just a few short sentences, the old man's evaluation of Zen would change so drastically.

As for the bald warrior still standing next to Zen, his expression was also that of disbelief, eyes wide and mouth agape.

How could he have imagined that chasing away the guy beside him would have led to such a bizarre event? At the same time though, a bad feeling rose in his heart.

Zen suddenly continued, "Allow me to explain. What I have just said was not with the intention to laugh at you. It's just that I sat in the wrong seat and was slandered by this person. Besides, I never said that what you taught was bullshit and nonsense. That was also from the people who joined together to slander me. My only choice was to push the boat with the current."

As Zen spoke, he pointed to the bald warrior standing beside him.

The old man glanced at the bald warrior. Right now, it was no longer important whether or not Zen had been so rude. What counted was that Zen had pointed out a solution that no one had ever thought of before.

Because Zen had made such an explanation, the old man would take action, of course. Now it was the old man who pointed at the bald warrior before saying, "Throw him out. I don't want to see him ever again."

Whoosh! Whoosh! As soon as these words left the old man's mouth, two figures zoomed toward the bald warrior. The two guards, one on each side of him, picked up the bald warrior and threw him out of the crowd.

Chapter 2152 Repaying The Favor (Part One)

Although Zen had a little knowledge of the Five Elements Godly Way, he really didn't have a very deep understanding of it.

Zen was not the one to say what he had just said, but Master Evil in his mind. He would have been unable to provide that advice without Master Evil's help.

Master Evil chuckled and said, "The powerhouses on the Floating Islands in the divine land simply think nothing of six times refined pills. If the wealthy clans' disciples were to encounter the two taboos, they'd just take a few pills. We ordinary True Gods have struggled so hard for so many years, and yet we don't even have a single five times refined pill. We had no other choice but to come up with this method."

Master Evil had also trained in the Five Elements Godly Way. In addition, he had personally visited the Five Elements Godly Way Tablet and studied it. His understanding of the Five Elements Godly Way far surpassed that of an ordinary low-rank True God.

As he had said before, breaking the two taboos by using the force of iron was stupid. The two taboos were not problems for the Holy Beings and their disciples. In their eyes, five and six times refined pills were of no importance, so they wouldn't waste time thinking about a method for breaking the taboos. Even if some of them did come up with the idea, they would not bother to use the force of iron.

Master Evil was considered a talent among the warriors with no strong backgrounds. With his super talent, he had reached the peak of mid-rank True God. There weren't many True Gods like Master Evil throughout all the divine land.

After Master Wu had ordered the guards to chase away the bald martial artist, he looked out at the crowd and said, "That's all for today." He then stared at Zen, as if afraid that Zen would leave. "Follow me!"

Zen nodded at once his head and was immediately led by Master Wu into the Heavenly Han House.

Today's lecture had ended earlier than expected, and all of the proving godly warriors had expressions of regret on their faces. Watching Zen's back as he walked away, they were green with envy.

A few of the old proving godly warriors had stayed in Six-Burden Divine City for countless years, but they had gained nothing from it to date. The time when they joined the Heavenly Han House and cultivated the Godly Ways appeared as far away as ever.

It was obvious to them that Zen was still young, probably less than a hundred years old. With just a few words, he had been led into the Heavenly Han House by Master Wu, and they had every reason to be jealous.

The Heavenly Han House was a proving godly house of the Han Clan. In the eyes of proving godly warriors, it was one of the best places for cultivation, only second to the Floating Islands in Time Sea.

Of course, to ordinary proving godly warriors and even many True Gods, the Floating Islands were just like legends. None of them truly had any extravagant hopes of ever setting foot in the Floating Islands, and thus, they didn't take the islands into consideration. In other words, the Heavenly Han House was the best place to cultivate in the Six-Burden Region.

Zen entered the gate of the Heavenly Han House and was welcomed into a wide and flat square. On both sides of the square were numerous corridors. Led by Master Wu, he walked along the corridors and entered the side of the Heavenly Han House, passing through a lush garden. The winding paths led to a secluded quiet place. The beautiful scenery there was pleasant to look at and easy on the eyes.

Not long after reaching this beautiful spot, Zen was brought to a courtyard, which was Master Wu's residence.

Once Master Wu invited Zen to sit down, he immediately followed up with a question. "Sir, is your surname Luo?"

Zen nodded.

"May I ask for your full name?" Master Wu asked.

"I am Thad Luo," Zen replied, cupping his hands together.

Master Wu nodded. "I'm wondering which clan on the Floating Island you're from, and why you've come to Six-Burden Divine City."

In Master Wu's eyes, not to mention the proving godly warriors, even low-rank True Gods couldn't be that smart. Given Zen's insight, it was very possible that he came from a wealthy and influential clan on the Floating Island.

"I've never been to any Floating Island," Zen quickly denied, with a shake of his head.

And his answer had been honest. Let alone went to the Floating Islands, he had never even heard of what they looked like before.

"Oh? Really? Is that true?" Master Wu laughed with disbelief. His face was still filled with doubt as he said, "You don't come from any of the Floating Islands, and yet you said that you came up with the idea of using iron to break down the two taboos on your own. How can I even begin to trust you?"

It wasn't a question of talent. If Zen's comprehension of the Five Elements Godly Way had reached such a level, it was simply impossible for him to be just a proving godly warrior. He should have become a True God long ago, and besides, by using the force of iron to break the two taboos, he would become a mid-rank True God in only ten thousand years.

With this logic, it was easy to see why Master Wu thought Zen was lying.

Zen knew that Master Wu would have such suspicions, so he had already prepared an explanation. "To be honest, the method of using the force of iron to break the two taboos wasn't invented solely by me, but left behind by a nameless senior. Master Wu, think about it. Those wealthy and influential clans on the Floating Islands would have to be really bored to come up with such a stupid method. They can have access to the Taboo-breaking Pills easily. Why would they even need to go through so much trouble?"

Chapter 2153 Repaying The Favor (Part Two)

"Well..." Master Wu hadn't thought about things so deeply just yet. Listening to Zen, he solemnly nodded in agreement. The top-rank True Gods, consummate True Gods and the Holy Beings had monopolized nearly ninety percent of the divine might coins in the divine land. Six times refined pills were nothing more than common objects in their eyes. Zen was right. They had no reason whatsoever for using the force of iron to break taboos. Master Wu continued, "Indeed, from the looks of it, the nameless senior you're speaking of is an intelligent warrior with a humble background. I have studied the Five Elements Godly Way all my life, but I have never thought of such a method. As you said, I must be blinded by the old system. Alas..."

"In fact, I need your help in the Heavenly Han House," Zen took this opportunity to make a request.

Master Wu glanced at Zen. Although Zen hadn't told him what his purpose was, Master Wu could easily take his guess. "You want to join the Heavenly Han House, I presume?"

Zen nodded.

The reality was, too many proving godly warriors wished to join the Heavenly Han House.

All of the proving godly warriors viewed the Heavenly Han House as a springboard to success. Once they joined the Heavenly Han House, they knew they would become True Gods.

Almost every day, a few warriors burned with the desire to ask Master Wu for help in joining the Heavenly Han House. However, in the end, they had to rely on their own strength and talent in order to be accepted there.

Master Wu finally understood that this warrior, who was named Thad Luo, wasn't from any influential clan, nor was he extremely talented. He was only an ordinary proving godly warrior, and had simply been lucky enough to find a way for breaking the taboos. Using his discovered method as an exchange, he wanted to join the Heavenly Han House.

Zen had enlightened Master Wu with his words and had truly helped Master Wu quite a bit by doing do. Therefore, Master Wu felt Zen's request was one he could not refuse. He only shook his head and said, "Although I am a True God of the Heavenly Han House, I can't make the exception of bringing you into the house. You have to pass the selection process before you enter, just like anyone else."

When the Heavenly Han House recruited proving godly warriors, there were usually over a hundred thousand warriors participating in the test at the same time. However, only about ten of them would be recruited in the end. Master Wu wasn't even the one to decide who made the cut.

Moreover, those who joined the Heavenly Han House were all highly talented among the proving godly warriors. Even if Master Wu helped Zen cheat, Zen would quickly expose himself if he was not talented enough to enter the Heavenly Han House.

"I can recommend you and help you get a place in the test, though." Master Wu wore an odd expression on his face as he said this.

Generally speaking, it was hard for ordinary martial artists to enter their names for the test. After all, a place in the test could be sold for seven or eight divine might coins, which wasn't considered a small amount. However, the mystical method for breaking the two taboos that Zen had told Master Wu was far from being worthy of such a price. Sure, Zen had rendered enormous help to Master Wu, but Master Wu could only help him obtain a place in the test, so he felt rather apologetic.

Zen smiled slightly. "Your help will be greatly appreciated if you get me a place. I'm not picky."

What Master Wu didn't know though, was that Zen didn't value the opportunity of furthering his training in the Heavenly Han House. The Heavenly Han House was just a springboard beneath his feet, and his final goal was the Floating Island of the Han Clan.

If he couldn't even enter the Heavenly Han House with his true abilities, how would he ever be able to enter that Floating Island?

It was already more than enough for Zen to obtain a spot in the test. There was no need for Master Wu to worry about the rest.

"If that's the case, then so be it. You have picked the right timing. The Heavenly Han House assesses only once in a year, and the test will begin in one month. Already more than half of the slots to take part in the test have been given out. Wait here a minute. I'll get a slot for you." With that, Master Wu turned on his heel and left the courtyard.

Not long after, he came back with a White Jade Token in his hand. He handed the token to Zen and said, "Just engrave your name on it."

Zen accepted the White Jade Token and held it in his hand. There was a cool feeling that seemed to be radiating from it. This kind of jade was extremely rare in the universe, but rather common in the divine land. Zen stood up and bid farewell to Master Wu.

Once Zen had left and was out of earshot, Master Wu shook his head and muttered, "I hope that you can rely on your own abilities to enter the Heavenly Han House, but I'm afraid that there's no hope for you this year."

This year was a great year for the Han Clan's test, and all of the talented disciples of the 36 regions under the jurisdiction of Han Clan would be gathered in the Heavenly Han House. Zen was less than 100 years old. Although Master Wu didn't have the chance to verify his talent, he knew he stood no chance in front of all those super talented martial artists. He still wished him good luck in his heart though.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2154 Brilliant Moon Restaurant

It would be a month before the test of the Heavenly Han House began. Zen decided to stay in the Six-Burden Divine City during this time.

More and more people flocked to the Six-Burden Divine City and a vast majority of them were proving godly warriors. They were obviously here with the aim of entering the Heavenly Han House.

There were still a lot forces in the vast space outside the divine cities. Some sects were even willing to pay a lot of money to send some of their talented disciples to the Heavenly Han House. They hoped that these talents could cultivate Godly Ways in the Heavenly Han House and then give back to their sects.

Apart from the various sects, the smaller clans of the thirty-six regions also hoped for their own disciples to enter the Heavenly Han House.

Thanks to all this activity, the Six-Burden Divine City had become very lively.

The price of using a space tunnel was as high as a hundred divine might coins. But it wasn't a problem for the clans that controlled the divine cities. More and more proving godly warriors came to the Six-Burden Divine City through the space tunnels.

The downside was that when there were too many proving godly warriors, trouble would erupt.

It was a Thousand Commandments Slate that had recorded the rules of the Six-Burden Divine City. There was a huge difference between a Thousand Commandments Slate and a Ruling Slate, but it was naturally much more powerful than a Ten Commandments Slate. The Thousand Commandments Slate could record a thousand rules and covered a much larger area. This was why the punishment was much harsher.

Some of the rules of the Six-Burden Divine City were slightly different from those of the Mirror City.

The Six-Burden Divine City had banned fighting in the city, but there were still some additional rules. For example, one could issue a challenge to anyone else in the Six-Burden Divine City, but one would have to pay the price of a divine might coin.

No matter who won, the divine might coin would be paid to the Six-Burden Divine City. It could be considered as a kind of a fighting tax paid to the Han Clan.

Most proving godly warriors of the divine land were very young. They had started practicing martial arts since they reached the Soul Sea Realm, and it was fairly easy for the divine citizens to reach the Spirit Transformation Realm. These youths were at an age where their blood ran hot. So inevitably, they would trouble for each other when they eventually got together. And they had to pay the fighting tax the moment they began to fight. The Six-Burden Divine City was only too happy to receive more divine might coins.

So before the test of the Heavenly Han House began, the proving godly warriors of the Six-Burden Divine City occasionally fought with each other, and the fights had become an opportunity to test each other's strength.

Brilliant Moon Restaurant was the largest restaurant in the Six-Burden Divine City.

A huge patio was built on the top of the restaurant, supported by six pillars. All customers ate at the outer circle while the center of the patio was reserved for the warriors to fight.

Those who could enter the Brilliant Moon Restaurant all had some background. After all, spending three to five divine might coins in the restaurant every time was not something that even low-rank True Gods could afford, let alone proving godly warriors.

But it was not a problem for this group of martial artists, who were from wealthy families.

Zen was also in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant today.

When Master Evil mentioned the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, he became extremely excited and recommended Zen to experience the restaurant for himself.

Zen had fasted for many years, and had no desire for delicious food. Moreover, the divine might coins that Master Evil had left behind weren't too many, which was why he wasn't as interested.

"It's not good for you to think like that. A universe built by a Holy Being is a secondary world, and all the five cereals and eggs contain impurities. But the divine land is different. The food in the divine land is in fact formed by chaotic energy, and it becomes beneficial to people when they swallow it. It is easy for divine citizens to not eat food. But in all these years, I haven't seen anyone who has continued fasting. You will understand when you go to the Brilliant Moon Restaurant," Master Evil said.

The path to pursue Godly Ways was an extremely long one and filled with boring practices. Without something to support them, it was hard for the millions of True Gods to go through to the end. There was always a justified reason for them to cultivate all the way, be it for the sake of fame, benefits, sex, or desire. It was just like Master Evil had said: there was no need to worry about maintaining the purity of their bodies. There were really not many True Gods in the divine land that had really given up on eating.

After a long time in which Master Evil kept nagging at him, Zen's interest was piqued. Whatever the case, the divine might coins he had were from Master Evil. So he decided to go to the Brilliant Moon Restaurant.

The moment he stepped into the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, a girl in green clothes walked over to greet him. She was a divine citizen. She glanced at Zen and when she saw that he was wearing a plain long robe, it was obvious she was looking down on him. She tried to hide her contempt as she asked, "Sir, have you been invited here by friends?"

Zen shook his head and replied, "No, I've come here alone."

"This way, please," The girl nodded and led Zen to a seat on the first floor.

The Brilliant Moon Restaurant had six floors. Each floor was spacious, but the seats on the first floor weren't as good as those on the other floors.

The most important purpose for people to come here, other than to taste delicious food, was to watch the fights between the proving godly warriors. This was why there was a reserved patio in the center. But since there was no enchanted barrier laid out around the patio, the first floor was easily affected by the fight of the martial artists.

Zen didn't know this and took his seat rather happily. Master Evil, on the other hand, couldn't wait to introduce the dishes to Zen.

"The Snow Lotus Arch here is famous, and the chill that it contains can seep into the cinnabar field, nourishing the inner world.

There's also the Fire Duck Stand. It's one of the specialties of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant.".

Before Zen could make himself comfortable, Master Evil had already reeled out a list of the dishes in his mind.

"Are these dishes expensive?" Zen asked hesitantly.

"And the Moon Melting Wine... Expensive? Of course they are expensive. The cost of the dishes in this restaurant is sky-high. I could eat away a house with a single meal. Back then, I- Alas!" Master Evil stopped suddenly, his voice sounding depressed.

When he had been locked up in the dungeon, Wayne, who was also locked up there, talked constantly about various delicacies in the divine land. Master Evil had never heard of many of the dishes that Wayne had mentioned, and every single one was too tempting to him. There was even a time when Master Evil hadn't been able to stand it any longer and had cursed Wayne. But Wayne had talked about the food non-stop, and even Estelle on the second floor could not stand it any longer. It was at her warning that Wayne had finally shut up.

It hadn't been easy for him to escape the dungeon. At the moment, he only had his soul fragment left, and couldn't enjoy such delicious food.

The girl serving Zen frowned as she saw that he was sitting there in a daze and wasn't ordering anything. Her eyes narrowed contemptuously. There were always poor guys who entered the Six-Burden Divine City in order to take the test and become a member of Heavenly Han House. They went to the Brilliant Moon Restaurant but had no money to order the dishes. They just wanted to grab a seat to watch the fight between the proving godly warriors. This kind of people were truly annoying.

"Sir, if you don't order anything, you can sit over there," the girl said snappily as she pointed to the other side of the patio.

Rows of chairs stood in an orderly manner and quite a few people were already sitting on the chairs. As he took in the clothing of the martial artists, Zen knew that most of them were from poor families and could not afford the food in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant. They felt fortunate to find a chair to sit on for free so they could get a glimpse of the strength of this year's proving godly warriors.

Zen smiled faintly. This was when he noticed the disdain in the lady's eyes. He was not angry. Instead, he only smiled as he ordered the dishes Master Evil had told him about.

As Zen reeled off the names of the dishes, the astonishment in the young lady's eyes became more and more obvious.

It turned out that the dishes that Zen had ordered were the best in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant. They weren't the most expensive, but they were definitely ones that one could not miss if they went there.

Some proving godly warriors, with the support of their families, could spend extravagantly in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant. But they did not understand the essence of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant. What Zen had ordered were the classiest dishes of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, which was why the girl was so surprised.

Once Zen had ordered the food, the girl's expression shifted.

He had ordered more than ten delicacies in one go, which meant that he would later have to pay about two hundred divine might coins for the bill. As she looked Zen up and down and at the kind of clothes he was wearing, the girl was worried that he would not be able to pay the bill.

However, she was not afraid. The Brilliant Moon Restaurant was run by the Han Clan and no one dared dine and dash here. If he really couldn't pay the bill, it was not her who would suffer in any way.

As the girl left, Zen suddenly felt an imposing aura in the air. Someone from the third floor jumped down and stood in the middle of the patio. He cupped his hands and said, "I am Holt Qian from the Qian Clan of the Mirror City!" He then raised a divine might coin and flicked it into the air.

With a swish, the divine might coin rose into the air.

And as if a mysterious power had seized it, it suddenly stopped in its tracks.

Holt Qian raised his head and shouted towards the fourth floor, "I want to challenge Steve Sun! Do you dare accept my challenge?"

Chapter 2155 Battle Between Two Warriors (Part One)

On the fourth floor of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, a robust proving godly warrior coldly snorted as he reached into his pocket to take out a divine might coin.

The black divine might coin rolled downward and began falling from the fourth floor. Simultaneously, the proving godly warrior shouted, "I, Steve Sun, accept the challenge!"

With that, the divine might coin that was falling to the ground was suddenly stopped in mid-air, caught by a mysterious power.

It was at that moment that Steve jumped down from the fourth floor. He tapped the divine might coin with his toe, using it as a stepping stone. With his newfound momentum, he landed in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant's patio.

Whoosh!

The divine might coin that had been hovering motionless in the air circled on itself a little before flying up toward the sky, zooming past the tall buildings in the Six-Burden Divine City and finally landing in front of a slate. In front of the slate, the densely packed divine might coins formed a small mountain, and there were at least ten thousand divine might coins.

"That divine might coin... It has been taken away by the power of the Thousand Commandments Slate, right?" Zen asked Master Evil in his mind.

"Of course, once they've paid two divine might coins, the two warriors can fight each other, but still, they cannot make any move against others," Master Evil said.

The delicacies that Zen had ordered were yet to be served, but at least now, there was an interesting show to watch.

Although Zen felt very confident that there wouldn't be much of a problem with his entering the Heavenly Han House, he still felt the need to know the abilities of the talents of the divine land.

"The Sun and Qian Clans have begun fighting each other once again..."

"They fight against each other almost every year. I wonder why these two clans never get bored!"

"You wouldn't understand. Victory or defeat between these two great clans is very important to them."

Zen's ears perked up as he heard people chatting a little further off, and his face displayed a hint of curiosity. He stuck to the conversation at hand, and said, "Sounds to me like there's a grudge between the Sun and Qian Clans. Am I wrong?"

"The grudge between these two clans has probably existed for a very long time. In fact, I had already been aware of that when I was still in the Vast Sky Region seven divine eras ago," Master Evil laughed.

As it turned out, the Vast Sky Region was controlled by the three great clans and each clan occupied two of the divine cities.

The divine city was very important to all the third-tier clans across the divine land. The vast majority of the divine might coins were obtained from these divine cities. The Sun, Qian, and Yang Clans each respectively owned two divine cities. More so, there was a central divine city in the Vast Sky Region, which was known as the Heavenly Canopy Divine City.

The Heavenly Canopy Divine City had a Hundred Commandments Slate. Regardless of size or area, this slate was much bigger than those of the other six divine cities, and the amount of divine might coins it could earn was only naturally much higher.

Back in the day, the Han Clan hadn't declared which clan owned the Heavenly Canopy Divine City, and thus, the Sun, Qian, and Yang Clans were constantly arguing over the issue. Most of the time, this constant quarreling led to a battle.

In the end, the Yang Clan couldn't hold on any longer and left the raging battle for Heavenly Canopy Divine City instead. By doing so, the Sun and Qian Clans' battle became even more intense.

Overall though, the two great clans had still alarmed the Han Clan, and the Han Clan ultimately settled this dispute. Furthermore, they were also obligated to create a new rule: Every year before the Heavenly Han House admitted disciples by examination, the Sun and Qian Clans should each send three warriors to battle one another for the ownership of the Heavenly Canopy Divine City.

With such a rule, it was only natural for the Sun and Qian Clans to understand the importance of nurturing their juniors, and thus poured many resources into their disciples. In the eyes of these two clans, entering the Heavenly Han House was only their secondary objective. Actually winning the control of the Heavenly Canopy Divine City was first and foremost.

And this explained why Zen would have the chance to watch such a scene play out today.

"In other words, the two chosen ones should be the most powerful proving godly warriors from the Qian and Sun Clans?" Zen asked.

"Two of the most powerful, yes," replied Master Evil, with a chilling smile.

As Zen and Master Evil discussed, the battle in the patio before them had already begun.

Steve took a single step forward and headed straight for Holt. In his hand was a shining golden spear. This spear's shape was a bit strange, though. It was curved like a snake's body, and it looked like a triangular golden snake's head had been embedded into the spear head.

"Coiling Dragon Spear," Steve shouted.

Although they were only sparring here in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, it still remained a duel once the divine might coins were paid up. Generally speaking, it was normal for warriors to die in a duel, especially when one of the two didn't hold back.

That curved long spear stabbed outward like a snake launching out at its prey. His spear appeared to be aimed directly at Holt's head, but with a gentle twist of his wrist, it was actually aiming at his chest.

"Wow! What an excellent move!"

"The Sun Clan's Coiling Dragon Spear is famous for its strange shape which makes it extremely difficult to dodge its attack."

"Look! With Steve's momentum, I'm afraid that the Sun Clan will remain in control of the Heavenly Canopy Divine City..."

Upon hearing such comments, Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes in annoyance.

Although he had just arrived at the divine land, he had already had the chance to see the strength of the divine land's martial artists in the Misty Mountain Village.

Chapter 2156 Battle Between Two Warriors (Part Two)

Thomson and Woolley were from the Misty Mountain Village, which was considered a remote mountain village, thus making it reasonable for them not to have practiced high quality martial skills.

However, in Zen's opinion, the warriors of the Sun Moon Village were also extremely weak. They might all have the cultivation of the Spirit Supreme Realm, but that was all they had. In terms of martial skills, they weren't even close to the level of those of the Soul Sea Realm in the Evolutionary Universe.

Now that Zen had arrived in the Six-Burden Divine City, the people he had to face were easily considered the elites of the third-class clans. However, Steve's move still left Zen feeling disappointed.

Although the Coiling Dragon Spear was exquisite, Zen thought it was much too gaudy. He knew he could easily break through the spear with his great speed. How could the spear be considered so 'excellent'? Zen wondered.

What Zen didn't know though, was that in the universe, martial skills actually progressed much further and even much faster than those in the divine land. This was because the divine citizens of the divine land would have the capacity of surpassing the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm and the Spirit Transformation Realm in a shorter period of time, thus becoming proving godly warriors at an early age.

And after becoming a proving godly warrior, one would immediately step into the Godly Way.

The cultivation period of those below the True God level was very short. It was therefore only normal that no one was willing to put much time and effort into studying these martial techniques. After all, once they became True Gods, they were bound to have higher-level cultivation methods to study.

Steve's spear pierced the air and sped toward Holt. Holt, on his behalf, was already prepared for the attack. He suddenly flipped his body into the air and dodged Steve's spear strike with an ingenious movement technique. At the same time, Holt rolled forward in an attempt to get closer to Steve.

The longer a weapon was, the stronger it was considered. That said though, the longer a weapon was, the more fearful it was of being too close to the target. The closer the target was in proximity, the harder it was for the weapon to unleash its full power.

There was no way Steve would allow this to happen.

He held the snake shaped golden spear in his hand tightly and shook it lightly. The head of the snake came to life at once and coiled around the golden spear, all while continuously thrusting toward Holt.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The three consecutive thrusts all hit the ground.

The materials in the divine land were far more solid than those found in the universes. If they had been in a universe, then Steve's three thrusts would have been capable of destroying three massive mountains in their entirety. However, here in the divine land, the thrusts only created three small holes in the floor.

As Zen watched, he equally noticed that the floor actually had a healing function. As soon as the small holes appeared, they began to squirm inward on themselves and disappear.

Other people were used to seeing such details, but this was a first for Zen, and he still felt all this was very interesting. Over in the Evolutionary Universe, there was no 'floor' that could withstand the attacks of world lords. In fact, even if such a material existed there, no one would dare waste it like this and transform it into a floor.

Despite the fact that Holt had already gotten quite close to Steve, none of the three thrusts given just moments ago had actually hit Holt. In Holt's hands, a blue light flashed. An icy blue sharp sword appeared in the blink of an eye.

And with a twist of Holt's short sword, a blue ray of light unexpectedly shot outward. The sound of tearing cloth could be heard as the short sword came to a sudden halt right in front of Steve's neck.

Zen raised an eyebrow. "Now that wasn't a bad move!" he exclaimed.

Steve was short of breath and heaving as he stared at Holt.

If the icy blue short sword had continued moving upward only slightly, there was no doubt that Steve would have died right here, right now. Today would have been the last day of his life.

"You give in?" Holt asked in a calm voice.

Steve glared hatefully at him, his eyes shinning. In front of so many people, he had no desire of staying here any longer. He cupped his hands together, extending them toward the crowd and retreated out of the patio.

Holt bowed in victory and smiled at the crowd as he prepared to leave himself.

But before Holt could set foot outside the patio, a divine might coin was tossed down from upstairs. It bounced a few times on the ground, spun on itself and landed with a barely audible thud. From somewhere in the crowd, a faint voice sounded out, "Holt, how about I challenge you?"

As the voice faded further away, the divine might coin on the ground suddenly jumped again, as if controlled by magic, and hovered in the air. When the voice issued its challenge, the power of the Thousand Commandments Slate appeared anew, allowing the divine might coin to float in the air.

"I have something more important to do, so I think I'll skip my turn this time around."

In all honesty though, Holt's only desire was to challenge Steve. He didn't want to accept any challenge from anyone else. Once he finished speaking, he turned around and left the patio at once.

Zen looked at the floating divine might coin indifferently.

Of course, he had no intentions of fighting. Even if he won, he would still lose a divine might coin just for a battle. Such a terrible deal meant absolutely nothing to him.

However, what Zen saw next made his eyes widen and brighten with excitement.

Divine might coins were suddenly raining down from the fourth floor!

Chapter 2157 Eric Hulan (Part One)

The black divine might coins looked like both gold and wood, but they were neither gold nor wood. When they hit the floor, they made blunt and heavy sounds.

About three to four hundred divine might coins fell down from the fourth floor. All those coins became scattered on the ground.

When the proving godly warriors in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant saw such a scene, their breaths quickened, especially those on the first and second floors. A few True Gods also revealed an expression of interest. All their eyes were focused on the coins on the ground.

Four hundred divine might coins were enough to buy two houses in Six-Burden Divine City. Such an amount was not easily gained by the warriors. To many low-rank True Gods, it was a huge sum of money.

Although the warriors in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant were envious, no one dared to pick the coins up. No common warrior would easily throw away such wealth. The one who dared to toss out such a large number of coins must be very influential socially.

Whir!

On the fourth floor, a figure descended and silently landed on the ground. The eccentric arrival of the figure piqued the interests of those around him.

No warriors below the top-rank True Gods in the divine land were able to fly in the air. However, one could still be creative as he fell from a high place. The man from the fourth floor used a clever method to reduce the force of the impact and descended just like a nimble cat.

The man wore a purple robe and a purple gold crown. Redness decorated his lips while his skin was flawlessly white. Beautiful features similar to a young girl's could be seen in his face. Additionally, his appearance looked no older than that of a youth at sixteen or seventeen years of age.

"No one dares to challenge me? You can at least try. If you win, all of these divine might coins will be yours," he said calmly yet with an arrogant tone.

He had previously thrown a divine might coin to challenge Holt, but was rejected. Nonetheless, he still craved for a battle. Thus, a pile of divine might coins was dropped by him to trigger fights with other warriors.

The divine might coins on the floor tempted those proving godly warriors. Many of them became envious. Their mouths twitched as they could only shake their heads. None of them dared to challenge the young man.

"He's from the Hulan Clan."

"You mean that violent brat? Whoever dares to challenge him is truly courting death!"

"He is extremely strong, and he doesn't hold back at all when he fights. Dangerous is the only word to describe him. Breaking an arm or a leg is not a big deal, but we may even lose our lives if we fight with him!"

The divine might coins were indeed great temptations, but their lives were clearly more important. So the warriors were still reluctant to accept his challenge.

The Hulan Clan was one of the top three clans under the Han Clan's rule. It was also one of the few second-tier clans in the thirty-six regions. An influential background and powerful warriors were possessed by them. They had a close relationship with the Han Clan, and some of them supported the Han Clan on the Floating Island.

The young man's real name was Eric Hulan. With exceptional talent and abilities, his potential was very great. He just reached fifteen years of age this year, but he was already a proving godly warrior. Eric's appearance was even more exquisite than a woman's. However, his attacks were extremely ruthless and lethal.

He went to Six-Burden Divine City a month ago. During his battles with others, he had crippled three proving godly warriors while another one died. His techniques were simply vicious and brutal to the point that he became famous for the injuries and deaths he caused.

The dead warrior was a talented member of a third-tier clan. After his clansmen knew of what happened, they went to reason with the Hulan Clan. In the end, the Hulan Clan only gave them some money for compensation.

Given his misdeeds, the divine might coins on the ground didn't look that good anymore. It wasn't enough to entice the warriors around him to a rather deadly and dangerous fight with him.

For some time, the restless atmosphere in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant quieted down. No one seemed to be interested in the coins scattered by Eric.

However, after a while, a burly man walked out from the right corner of the first floor. He was eight feet tall and was as tall as an iron tower. Most of the people around were focused on the man's right hand. It was covered with a layer of brown scales which seemed to be the scales of some fierce animal.

The burly man walked towards Eric and said with a grin, "I want to challenge you."

Generally, the proving godly warriors of the clans of second and third tiers were on the third floor and above. The elite disciples of these clans weren't interested in several hundred divine might coins. Such money might not be worth their time or possible injuries.

However, those proving godly warriors on the first and second floors were different. If they won these divine might coins, it was very likely that their fates would be changed. So it would be a reasonable risk for them. Besides, some of them had never heard of Eric before, so they weren't afraid of him.

As Eric saw that someone had finally come up to challenge him, the corner of his mouth slightly curved upwards. A beautiful smile came across his pretty face.

"What a handsome man! He is even more alluring than a girl," one girl said with a soft sigh. She was filled with envy about Eric's good looks.

As two divine might coins flew into the air and shot out of Brilliant Moon Restaurant, the burly man didn't say anything else. He leaned forward and charged towards Eric like a ferocious beast. A malicious aura came out of the man as he attacked fiercely.

Chapter 2158 Eric Hulan (Part Two)

As he ran bravely towards Eric, the large man stretched out his right hand. The brown scales on his right hand began to flicker with a faint luster. Suddenly, a myriad of colors flowed through his right hand.

"It's a poisonous hand! Watch out!"

"He cultivates the poison technique. You have to be careful of his right hand!"

"Those who dare to challenge Eric must be strong."

The burly man rushed forward. As he pointed his right hand towards Eric, the man tried his best to grab Eric. The air in his palm was foul, and each of his fingers was as thick as an arm. It was not a hand. With its strange appearance, it was clearly the huge claw of a vicious beast!

Eric stood firmly in the center of the arena. He calmly watched the huge claw approached him. Suddenly, with a callous look in his face, he stretched out his finger and pointed it at the center of the claw.

Thud!

The burly man's charge was immediately stopped! Eric's finger landed at the center of the claw. With just his index finger, he had already blocked the claw. At the same time, everyone heard a strange sound, as if some kind of metal vibrated violently.

Then, circles of black ripples suddenly appeared around the burly man's arm. The ripples were extremely small. Only those with keen eyesight would be able to notice them.

As soon as the ripples appeared, they began to tighten.

Rustle!

Immediately, the sound of a shattered object echoed in everyone's ears. Something was obviously broken in the man's body!

The burly man's right hand was chopped into seven or eight pieces. A mixture of shock and pain was seen in his expression as each piece of his right hand fell to the ground.

"Ahhh..."

The burly man let out a loud roar. With a terrified expression, he grabbed his severed right arm and retreated seven to eight steps.

Usually, the fight should have ended at that moment. Out of politeness and respect, Eric should give the man some time to catch his breath. After all, there was no deep-seated hatred between them.

However, Eric didn't stop at all. While the burly man retreated frantically, Eric walked closer and stretched his finger towards the burly man. If his finger hit the burly man's head, the burly man would definitely be decapitated.

As he thought of this, the burly man finally understood why no one dared to challenge Eric.

A deathly pale expression covered the burly man's face. In a moment of desperation, he rolled horizontally on the ground. His legs stomped on the ground abruptly, and his entire body flew forward. Finally, he crashed pathetically into the outside of the patio.

Some people were eating outside the patio. They were surprised as the burly man suddenly crashed towards their meal. The burly man had smashed his way through quite a few tables under the impact, but he had managed to keep his life in the end.

As he failed to take the man's life, Eric had a look of regret on his face. A disappointed look was on his expression. He gently waved his index finger, and a few black ripples appeared around it. Each of his motions was dangerous as if some kind of sharp tool was attached to his finger.

"What a vicious young man."

Zen sit comfortably in his own seat. Nonetheless, his eyes were already focused on Eric's direction.

Eric had the slightest bit of scruples when he attacked. With a murderous aura, he wanted to kill his opponent. However, his actions were too excessive under such circumstances.

The divine might coins in the patio tempted Zen as well. Such a huge amount would be beneficial to him. Nonetheless, he still had no intention to make a move.

Just then, the young lady from Brilliant Moon Restaurant led a few waiters to bring many delicate dishes to Zen. The servants placed the dishes on Zen's table naturally and smoothly. A marvelous meal was immediately served in front of Zen.

Everyone's attention was originally focused on Eric. Coincidentally, Eric was not far away from Zen. So Zen's rather boastful display stole their attention. On the first floor of Brilliant Moon Restaurant, many proving godly warriors only ordered one or two dishes with a few divine might coins. None of them ordered as many dishes as Zen.

Even the warriors on the third and fourth floors didn't order so many dishes.

Therefore, Zen immediately attracted the attention of all the people in Brilliant Moon Restaurant. Even Eric became interested in Zen.

They all stared intently at Zen. From head to toe, Zen was gazed upon by the warriors around him, as if to gauge his worth. When they saw his clothes and face, they all felt he was a stranger. Moreover, Zen appeared to be an ordinary warrior with a humble background. How could he afford so many dishes?

"Sir, the dishes you ordered are all here. Please enjoy them." The girl bowed towards Zen before she left with her servants. Her thought was the same as the others'; she wanted to see how Zen would settle the bill. She even suspected that Zen might not pay and instead escape after his meal. However, if Zen didn't have enough divine might coins, the girl had henchmen who were True Gods. Their establishment wouldn't be easy to mess with.

Zen didn't mind their gazes at all. He casually took a pair of chopsticks and poured himself a cup of wine. A delicious aroma of alcohol filled the air. Then, he pointed his finger towards the cup and a wisp of Fire Law began to spread out.

Whirl!

The wine in the cup was lit ablaze. A cyan flame intensely erupted from the cup.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2159 Special Way To Eat (Part One)

Cyan flame rose up from Zen's wine. It burned intensely and condensed into the shape of a crescent moon.

The wine was one of the famous wines in the Six-Burden Divine City. It was called the Moon Melting Wine. Just a small pot of it would cost twenty divine might coins. Only extravagant and wealthy warriors were able to afford such wine.

Zen thought the price was outrageous. However, Master Evil had recommended it strongly and told him that this pot of wine was the key.

Everyone felt a sense of novelty when they saw Zen ignite the cup of wine. Most of their attention was focused on Zen. Some of them started to speculate about Zen's origins. Eric's round eyes also stared intensely at Zen, for he also didn't know what Zen was about to do.

After he caught everyone's attention with the cyan flames, Zen held his chopsticks and reached for his first dish.

The snow lotus petals on the plate overlapped with each other to form a small arched bridge. The delicate formation of the dish made it more attractive to eat. It was the famous dish of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, the Snow Lotus Arch.

The snow lotus which had been harvested from a snowy mountain of a snowy region was naturally cold. At that moment, the petals still emitted a dense, cold aura.

In the divine land, even the ordinary divine citizens could swallow such an extremely cold object. If it was any living being below the Life and Death Realm in the universe, they would not even be able to come close to a three feet radius from the table, let alone eat it, which would be no different from courting death.

When Zen used chopsticks to pick up a petal of the snow lotus, a layer of frost immediately covered his chopsticks. The petals emitted a chilly atmosphere in which Zen's breath could be seen.

Soon after, Zen roasted the snow lotus petals on the fire above the cup. The crescent-shaped flame surrounded the snow lotus petals.

Extremely cold objects often had extreme reactions to fire. Snow lotus petals continuously melted under the fire, and at the same time, emitted a strange stench. A smelly odor immediately filled the restaurant.

"So smelly!"

"What's that disgusting smell? What is this fellow burning?!"

"This is too smelly! Can anyone stop that fellow?"

The stench spread out and rushed into the noses of the bystanders. This caused many people to quickly cover their noses and frown. The customers and the restaurant crew immediately threw stares of disgust at Zen.

However, Zen turned a deaf ear to those voices and focused on Master Evil's instructions.

"The Moon Melting Wine is brewed in a special way. The marrow within it smells very good. However, after being burnt, its smell becomes unbearable. Additionally, if it is mixed with a snow lotus, the stench becomes even worse. Then, you will mix them with the earthy crystal tendons in the Fire Duck Stand, and then use the fire to refine them. Then grind the spice into powder and sprinkle it on them..."

Zen's reaction was very quick. He would immediately do whatever Master Evil said. With great precision, he had done each task successfully.

Amid the stench, the onlookers were dumbfounded. The expressions were filled with anger and disgust. The impudent fellow wasn't eating; he was obviously in the restaurant just to concoct a golden pill.

Zen's hands continuously moved. Inside his head, he also reached the same conclusion as the bystanders. It seemed that Master Evil's instructions were for the concoction of pills, just that there was no furnace.

He was also quite confused. Aside from his confusion, his hunger had also made him rather impatient. Why did it take him so much effort just to eat something?!

However, Zen still followed Master Evil's instructions, up to the very last step. Finally, Zen reached out his hand to gently condense another fire to burn.

After a short while, a "ding" sound was heard. A golden pill had actually been burnt out from the food. The instant the golden pill appeared, a strange fragrance diffused into the air and covered the entire Brilliant Moon Restaurant.

"He was really concocting..."

"It smells so good!"

"I've never smelled such a pill before. It doesn't smell like medicine at all. On the contrary, it smells like food..."

Zen stared at the golden pill with a look of surprise on his face. With curious eyes, he investigated the pill in front of him. He then said to Master Evil, "So you wanted me to concoct a golden pill?"

"Nonsense! Do you think it is very easy to concoct the golden pills? This is only a food pill, it can only fill the stomach," Master Evil smugly said. His tone remained arrogant.

The fragrance of the food pill continued to grow stronger and stronger. It was as if the aroma could seep into their souls. It caused many of the martial artists present to feel their throats churn, and they couldn't help but have a strong appetite. The delicious scent incited their hunger and made them unconsciously salivate.

Naturally, Zen was no exception. A strong sense of hunger enveloped him. Curiosity for the taste of the pill eventually got the better of him. He couldn't help but grab the pill and put it in his mouth.

An extremely complex taste spread rapidly across Zen's tongue. A mixture of different delicious flavors bombarded his taste buds. The pill was so good that it caused Zen's soul to tremble. He was simply unable to describe the taste, and could only lower his head to savor it. The moment he tasted it, he knew that he would remember it for the rest of his life, and never forget it.

It was only then that he understood why Master Evil wanted him to come to the Brilliant Moon Restaurant after he had entered the Six-Burden Divine City.

As the life span of these True Gods in the divine land was limitless, they had a lot of time to study other things. In addition to the comprehension of the Godly Ways to the peak, they were also able to reach the pinnacle of other things such as eating. This made Zen have a new appreciation for the cultural inheritance in the divine land.

On the top floor of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, Watts Han and Jimmy Han looked down at Zen with a strange expression on their faces. Intense curiosity developed in their heads as they witnessed Zen's actions.

"That person is less than a hundred years old, but he is truly knowledgeable. He can even concoct an Original Pure Food Pill," Watts said in surprise. His eyes widened as he gawked at Zen.

"I don't know which senior he got the secret recipe from, but it was a splendid display. He's rather interesting. This year, Han Clan's examination attracts some strange people again," Jimmy said with a smile.

The two brothers had represented the Han Clan as the manager of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant for three divine eras. Countless customers had already visited the restaurant and the menu had changed from time to time. They had heard of the Original Pure Food Pill, but they had never seen it with their own eyes. Since they saw such an extraordinary recipe from a proving godly warrior, they were naturally confused.

"Should we bring in that fellow and ask him?" Watts asked. His curiosity about the pill grew even stronger.

"No, this person will definitely take the Han Clan's exam. Then whether he's a dragon or a dog, we'll know when the time comes," Jimmy replied as he shook his head. Expectant eyes were on his face.

Although the Original Pure Food Pill was truly magical, it could only satisfy one's appetite for a while. It was still not the right way in the eyes of some people.

Chapter 2160 Special Way To Eat (Part Two)

Everyone in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant had their eyes fixed on Zen as they made all sorts of guesses about his identity. A bizarre range of speculations rose through the chatter of the customers.

Eric stood formidably alone in the center of the patio. His eyes were still focused on Zen.

Eric had appeared in a high-profile manner to show his might. The earlier encounter with the burly man was to exhibit his great strength and prowess.

The examination of the Heavenly Han House was difficult. The process not only involved strength but many other things as well. There were many variables, and it didn't necessarily mean that one could pass just because one was strong. As such, many warriors failed to be part of the Heavenly Han House.

Eric originally thought that after he intimidated those martial artists, everyone would be afraid of him during the examination. As such, they wouldn't dare to act rashly against him.

However, just after he won the match, everyone suddenly shifted their focus to the delicacies of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant. Eric couldn't believe how easily his prestige was stolen.

As he felt depressed, Eric pointed at Zen and shouted, "Hey! You!"

Zen was still captivated about the aftertaste of the pill. Suddenly, he saw Eric point at him and shout loudly. Due to the interruption of his mood, Zen frowned and said with an annoyed tone, "What's the matter?"

"How about I challenge you?" The corner of Eric's mouth curled up as he issued a challenge. He then continued, "If you won, these would be all yours!" As he spoke, Eric's stare pointed at the divine might coins in front of his feet.

Zen's eyes followed Eric's gaze. A cold smile came across Zen's face as he shook his head.

"What do you mean? You don't dare? Are you a coward?" Eric felt unhappy and continued to provoke Zen. If Zen didn't agree to the challenge, then he really would have no way to deal with him. Even if he was a member of the Hulan Clan, he couldn't act rashly in the Six-Burden Divine City. It was forbidden to attack anyone outside of a duel. If Eric were to break that rule, the punishment of the Thousand Commandments Slate was very serious.

Zen replied, "It's not that I don't dare, it's that those are not enough. You need much more than that to challenge me."

"You mean that these divine might coins are not enough? Ha-ha, what a useless excuse!" Eric's eyes lit up. Money didn't seem to be a problem for him.

Zen nodded without a word. A mysterious aura still surrounded him as others silently watched the two warriors exchange words.

However, with a wave of Eric's hand, another bunch of divine might coins fell from his hands. Heavy and blunt sounds echoed as two to three hundred divine might coins hit the ground.

"Amazing! The Hulan Clan is really rich! Eric is just a mere proving godly warrior, but he takes along so many divine might coins!"

"This world is just too unfair. Many True Gods have worked hard for so many divine eras, yet they still can't earn that much money..."

"I think that fellow is probably just making an excuse. No matter how many more divine might coins Eric throws at him, he won't dare to accept the challenge. Maybe he's just afraid but can't admit that he's terrified of Eric."

In everyone's eyes, Zen was totally no match for Eric. With his display of power before, Eric's brutality was deeply engraved to their minds.

They thought that Zen just did not want to lose face. He only said that the money Eric had given him was not enough so that he wouldn't need to accept that he was weaker than Eric.

However, Eric had thrown out more divine might coins again. The number of divine might coins in the patio was already about six or seven hundred. The bystanders continued to ogle at the absurd amount of money on the ground.

Everyone's gaze once again gathered on Zen as they waited for his reaction.

However, Zen still shook his head, "Not enough."

Eric didn't seem angry at all. He slapped his waist, and a spark of golden light flashed. A gold bracelet appeared in his hand. As he continuously shook the gold bracelet, divine might coins flew out from it. The people around them could not believe their eyes.

Another 300 divine might coins fell to the patio.

In a short while, the number of divine might coins in the patio reached a thousand.

Everyone's gaze was once again fixed on the divine might coins. Such treasures were only to be looked at by them.

1000 divine might coins...

Many of the proving godly warriors were dumbfounded. Their hearts raced with the intense situation in front of them.

Most likely, most mid-rank True Gods only had that much money. To be able to throw away such a huge sum, Eric was envied by the warriors around him.

Some of the elite members of the powerful clans also wanted to give it a try. They were quite confident of their battle prowess and such a huge amount of money would be useful to them. However, Eric wanted to challenge Zen, not them.

"Still not enough," Zen continued to shake his head as he poured himself a cup of wine. A callous look was on his face as he rejected the offer once more.

At that moment, Eric was finally a bit annoyed. Zen had already rejected him several times. He glared at Zen and asked coldly, "Just how much is enough."

As he heard Eric's angry tone, Zen finally smiled. That was what he had hoped to hear.

He knew that not only were there matches in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, there was also gambling. It was a good way for him to earn some money.

However, he also knew that he only had one chance. Once he won, most likely no idiot would be so stupid as to give him the divine might coins for free again.

As he saw an opportunity to earn as many divine might coins as he could, Zen meticulously incited Eric's attention.

Previously, Zen didn't want to challenge Eric. He indeed felt that the number of divine might coins was not enough. Two hundred was not enough. Even the one thousand divine might coins were still not enough. Zen wanted an opportunity to get as much as he needed.

He didn't expect that the fellow from the Hulan Clan would be so impetuous. As such, the opportunity to earn a huge sum appeared in front of Zen rather quickly.

"This much," Zen held out five fingers and said calmly. An arrogant smile came across his face.

"Five thousand divine might coins?" Eric asked as he frowned.

The corner of Zen's mouth curled up slightly, "That's right!"

"Five thousand..."

"That fellow is really arrogant! That's way too much!"

"Maybe he purposely said a big number. He is making it difficult for Eric. I'm afraid that guy doesn't really want to accept the challenge. What a coward!"

"Unfortunately, he might have underestimated the Hulan Clan's wealth. 5000 divine might coins is indeed a huge amount of money, but for the Hulan Clan, it's not a big problem."

As expected, Eric was deep in thought for a moment. After a few seconds, he looked at Zen and smiled coldly. Then with a prideful tone, he said, "Five thousand it is!"

With that, Eric raised his head and shouted towards the fourth floor, "Uncle Lambert!"

Chapter 2161 With Only One Hit

As soon as Eric finished speaking, a bald man with a strange pattern on his brain stuck his head out from the fourth floor.

It was Lambert, the man Eric had spoken to.

"Young Master," Lambert bowed in respect.

"Give me the money," Eric said calmly.

"But..." Lambert glanced at Zen.

He was a low-rank True God at the top level, much more powerful than ordinary True Gods.

It was not that he didn't believe in Eric's strength, but was it really wise to take out five thousand divine might coins at once? After all, five thousand divine might coins was an insanely huge amount of money.

Moreover, Lambert couldn't shake the feeling that Zen was much more than he let on. Although Zen was extremely reserved, Lambert could still feel a faintly discernible soul aura coming from him. It was like an unseen double edged sword, vague and powerful.

"What?" Eric asked as he looked at his servant.

Perplexed, Lambert frowned.

Even though he was a True God, he was still just a guard of the Hulan Clan.

He'd been serving the young master for years, and therefore knew his temper better than anyone. Right now, Eric had already figured that this warrior had a lot of pride and wouldn't fight. And since he had already thrown the thousand divine might coins, giving up now was out of the question.

If Lambert upset the young master here, he would surely get punished later.

Having no choice, Lambert could only grit his teeth as he summoned a small gold silk pouch with a clap of his hands and lightly tossed it to Eric.

Eric caught the pouch and turned to smile at Zen. He gently twisted his fingers and untied the pouch.

Pak! Pak! Pak!

Instead of metal, the divine might coins were made of some kind of wood and made a crisp sound when they landed on the ground.

Now, Eric had a total of five thousand divine might coins under his feet.

"Oh my God!

It's five thousand divine might coins!

For many third-tier clans, this is a huge sum of money!"

"He is so confident in his strength. Let's see what the poor guy is going to do to save his face!"

The people surrounding them all focused on Zen. It was Zen himself who had asked for five thousand divine might coins, and now that Eric had actually taken it out, everyone wondered just how Zen would escape the fight.

But what they didn't know was that Zen had already thought of a way out of all possible scenarios before he opened his mouth.

He first asked Master Evil about Eric's family. He learned that the Hulan Clan was a second-tier clan in the thirty-six regions, and was considered a huge power to ordinary True Gods. He also learned that they had a good relationship with the Han Clan.

However, even the Hulan Clan couldn't be autocratic in the Six-Burden Divine City. Even if Zen offended the clan, he'd still be safe in the city.

Plus, the Han Clan had always been strict with the clan's jurisdiction. After Zen joined the Heavenly Han House, they had no way to deal with him.

Moreover, even though five thousand divine might coins was not a small amount, it would only be a small loss for the Hulan Clan.

After weighing the risks, Zen had asked to raise the stake to five thousand divine might coins.

He had decided that five thousand was the most suitable amount. If he asked for a larger number, Eric might not be able to offer it.

"Here is five thousand divine might coins!" Eric sneered. "Don't even dare to fool me. I'm sure you're aware of the consequences of doing so."

Deep inside, he wanted to hear what excuses Zen had come up with.

Everyone else also felt the same. They were curious if Zen would really dare to fight.

Zen slowly stood from his seat. And just as he started to walk away, the girl who served him earlier rushed up and stopped him. "Wait a minute!"

"What's wrong?" Zen asked, surprised.

"You should pay the bill first," she said stubbornly. She feared Zen would get killed and his bill would be left unpaid.

Zen smiled helplessly at the stubborn look in the girl's eyes. "Sorry, please wait a moment," he told Eric apologetically as he took out some divine might coins and paid his bill.

After the girl had left, Zen held a divine might coin in his hand. He smiled at Eric. "If you lose, you can't welsh on the bet."

"You're delirious if you think I'm backing out," Eric said coldly.

Zen smiled and threw the divine might coin into the air. "I accept your challenge!"

ZOOM!

As soon as the words left his mouth, the divine might coin stopped mid-air and shot up into the sky with one of the divine might coins Eric had thrown earlier.

As a result, the restrictions of the Thousand Commandments Slate in the Six-Burden Divine City were lifted temporarily.

The instant the divine might coins flew upward, Zen cocked one eyebrow and his eyes flashed with a golden light.

A stream of his powerful soul shot towards Eric!

At the same time, Zen himself dashed towards Eric like an arrow!

"Watch out!" Lambert yelled. Even though Zen had only released a small part of his soul pressure, Lambert was still able to feel how terrifying that power was.

Zen's attack had caught Eric off guard. And although his reaction was fast, Zen's attack had still managed to hit Eric and pierce part of his soul.

The pain was unbearable, but before Eric could even cry out, Zen had already slammed into him.

It was like a mountain was falling on him. He wanted to cry out in pain, but because of Zen's crushing weight, Eric could only let out a muffled groan before he lost consciousness.

Crash! Crack!

Eric was thrown backwards, smashing tables and chairs along the way. Some of the proving godly warriors watching their fight were caught and injured as well.

For a moment, the entire first floor of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant was in chaos.

Eric lay unmoving on the ground, limbs bent at unnatural angles. No one knew whether he was dead or alive.

Suddenly, the entire Brilliant Moon Restaurant fell silent.

All of them had been surprised when Zen readily accepted Eric's challenge.

However, most of them thought that Zen was only trying to assert himself and would eventually end up dead by Eric's hand.

None of them had imagined the battle to end like this.

Zen had defeated his opponent with only one hit!

In one corner, the server girl covered her mouth with a shaking hand as she stared wide-eyed at the young man in front of her.

Although she was only a divine citizen, she had worked in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant for a long time and had witnessed countless fights before. However, she couldn't remember a lot of people who defeated their opponents with a single hit like Zen did.

This only happened when the fight happened between two warriors with great gaps in strength and cultivation levels. However, Zen was a proving godly warrior while Eric was a powerful warrior from the famous Hulan Clan, so the girl couldn't understand why the outcome was like this.

Zen smirked and took out the Great Weighty Sword from his waist. He pulled out the scabbard and began to collect the divine might coins on the ground.

When he entered the divine land, Zen's space ring had been destroyed, but the Great Weighty Sword and the sword scabbard were made of divine land items so they remained intact. Now, Zen used the sword scabbard, which was originally a Sumeru Space, in place of the space ring.

As Zen was taking the divine might coins, several people led by Lambert of the Hulan Clan jumped down from the fourth floor of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant.

"Are you really going to take these divine might coins?" Lambert asked with a frown.

Zen straightened his body and asked with a smile, "Why not?"

"Aren't you afraid of offending our Hulan Clan?" Lambert had become suspicious of Zen's real identity after witnessing his strength

and was now asking Zen these questions in an effort to sound out his background.

But Zen had already figured out his intentions.

He looked into his eyes fearlessly. "Why should I be afraid?"

Chapter 2162 Zen's Information

Zen's rhetorical question caught Lambert by surprise.

Lambert stared coldly at Zen and asked, "Which clan do you come from?"

Zen smiled. "Why should I tell you?"

Lambert knew this tactic as a swift and decisive person. Zen answered himself with three "why" words in a row.

He already realized that threats were useless against Zen. After all, Zen was a very fearless person.

But as a guard of the Hulan Clan, Lambert had to be observant and smart. Since Eric had lost five thousand divine might coins, he would not refuse to give them to Zen under the watchful eyes of the people. After all, there still happened to be the elders of the other clans on the fifth and sixth floors of the Brilliant Moon Restaurant.

Without looking back, Lambert walked up towards the other side. Meanwhile, the two servants of the Huoulan Clan had already helped Eric up.

Lambert reached out his hand and gently pointed at Eric's forehead. Just then, a powerful ray of light coruscated from between Eric's eyebrows. His mind was just put at rest.

Eric suffered a great amount of bone damage after Zen's hit. However, it was common knowledge that physical injuries were easiest to heal, taking around two to three days to recover. This was supposed to be no hindrance to his test of the Heavenly Han House. What worried Lambert the most was Eric's soul because he did not dare to underestimate Zen's power.

Fortunately, only a small hole was found on Eric's soul, so it was not really something to worry about. It seemed that Zen had been lenient on him, but Lambert still sighed in his heart. It was hard for him to imagine how a proving godly warrior could cultivate his soul to such a state.

After collecting all the divine might coins on the ground, Zen cupped his hands in salute towards Lambert and the others. Then, as if there was no one else present, he walked out of Brilliant Moon Restaurant with his head held high.

Gasps and whispers filled the restaurant once Zen exited.

"Who the hell was that man?"

"Well, he used the food in the restaurant to refine a food pill, so he should be a citizen of Six-Burden Divine City, right?"

"That's not even the point. I just wonder how he became so strong. He defeated Eric with only one move. It seems that he even played it easy on him. Eric would have been dead if he went all out."

These people continuously wondered but had no clue that Zen was more powerful than anything they could ever imagine.

On the other hand, Eric was just an elite disciple from a second-tier clan.

Even the proving godly warriors who were trained by the influential clans on the Floating Islands were no match for Zen. Eric didn't stand a chance.

Due to the special nature of Zen's inner world, he had not managed to condense the Godly Tile. But once he successfully condensed the Godly Tile, his strength would be enhanced by millions. By then, ordinary low-rank True Gods would find it nearly impossible to defeat him.

In a strange room found on the fifth floor, an old man stretched out his hands and gracefully waved them in the air.

A fire began to slowly emit between his hands. This fire wrapped around something that was constantly burning, emitting a faint and peculiar fragrance.

Clang!

As the sound echoed, a light yellow pill fell out from the fire. It slowly rolled about in the golden plate, emitting a buzzing sound.

Once the pill appeared, a strange odor quickly lingered within the room.

Afterwards, the old man gently pushed the plate to the other side of the table. "Please enjoy it," he said.

Across the table was a girl dressed in green. She smiled and responded, "It smells so good. Thank you, Grandpa Bruce!"

Within seconds, the girl put the pill into her mouth and swallowed. An intoxicated expression immediately plastered across her face.

The food pill that the old man refined was similar to the one Zen did. It was known as the Original Pure Food Pill.

Very few people knew how to refine the Original Pure Food Pills, and most of them were the old True Gods. Bruce Hu was one of them, having refined pills for many years now. After the girl swallowed the pill, Bruce said in a hoarse voice, "At such a young age, that man has already known how to refine Original Pure Food Pills. His soul and strength are exceptionally strong. I wonder what kind of Godly Way he is cultivating. He managed to defeat Eric with a single move!"

"It was not even a defeat." The girl shook her head. "It was a one hit kill."

For sure, Zen had the ability to kill Eric with one move, but for some reason, he had shown mercy at the last possible second. Anyone who had seen Zen could easily see that.

"Right. He could have killed Eric just like that," said Bruce. "We can't underestimate him. Miss, we need to investigate his origin."

The green-clothed girl smiled. "At this point, investigation is necessary. I understand that his past must be very interesting, too."

"Excuse me, Miss," Bruce said as he snapped his fingers to her face, "You and that guy are not the same kind of person. Don't be attracted by him." His eyebrows rose in concern.

She furrowed her eyebrows and chided, "Grandpa Bruce, what are you talking about? I don't like him!"

"I know you well." Bruce chuckled. "And I know exactly what you're thinking about."

The girl gave him a glare, not saying another word.

Aside from this room, other rooms on the upper floors were discussing and debating Zen's identity and background.

Zen had come from Mirror City and hadn't introduced himself. No matter how much they discussed, he would remain a mystery to all of them. At this point, they could only anticipate his test of the Heavenly Han House, and they believed that they would know that day.

After Zen left the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, he strolled leisurely through the streets of Six-Burden Divine City.

He spent a lot at the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, but did not expect to receive five thousand divine might coins right after.

The impulsiveness of Eric brought him those coins so effortlessly.

Unfortunately, he knew that this was just a one-shot deal. The next time, he probably wouldn't be so lucky.

There were only six or seven days left before the test of Heavenly Han House, so Zen had to gather some information in Six-Burden Divine City.

He mastered the disguise technique quite well from Master Evil, but it proved to be very strange.

It was not about making a human skin mask, or changing the face of a stranger as normal people would do.

The technique of Master Evil was a method of cultivation, as well as a method of body refining. However, it didn't aim to train one's strength or body, but rather, to train the muscles on one's face. As he continued to practice this technique, every muscle on his face would move, thus allowing him to change his appearance completely.

In this way, others wouldn't feel too shocked when they saw Zen. However, people could recognize him based on the memories of the past few days. They just felt that Zen was a bit unfamiliar.

Zen's face kept changing when he trained his muscles to a certain extent. This way, even if he went to the Floating Island of the Han Clan, the two sisters who saw him in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and other members of the Han Clan wouldn't be able to recognize him at all.

In addition to the disguise technique, Zen also wanted to expand his inner world and practice his martial arts skills to a greater extent.

After he became a world lord in the universe, many of the martial arts that he cultivated in the past became useless. However, it was a different case in the divine land. Because they were unable to fly in the air, they had to fight hand-to-hand. In other words, the basic martial skills played an important role.

Now, Zen had to be very careful when using chaotic energy. He didn't dare to use the Emotion Closing Godly Way as it was classified forbidden in the divine land. If he was caught using it, he would get into a lot of trouble.

Zen didn't use his trump cards now, but he was still full of confidence nonetheless.

According to Master Evil's analysis, as one of the three great clans under the rule of the Han Clan, the Hulan Clan was quite powerful. Eric was from this clan, and was renowned one of the best warriors they had to offer.

But since Eric proved to be powerless against Zen, the disciples of the other clans would be even less likely to fight back.

Although there might be a few strong competitors, Heavenly Han House offered at least ten spots. Given his abilities, Zen would not fall out of the top ten. Therefore, he had a sure spot in the Heavenly Han House.

Before the test, many clans would order their men to gather information about their competitors in Six-Burden Divine City for a competitive advantage. Therefore, everyone was more or less knowledgeable of the potential competitors.

A group of people spent their lives collecting such information and selling it to the great clans and sects as a business.

The information included the characteristics, strength and specialties of the competing martial artists. Even their Godly Ways and cultivation methods were also recorded.

Notably, after his fight with Eric, Zen was honorably ranked at the fourth place.

But for some reason, his information was completely different from that of the others.

His basic information was all unknown and difficult to discover.

The only thing that had been acknowledged was his strength. His fight with Eric had been briefly described. With a tremendous power, he had defeated Eric in one simple, drastic move.

Chapter 2163 The Money Alley

Zen was highly irritated. Over the past few days, there were always people who sneakily followed him no matter where he went.

Although those people hid well, Zen could still detect their presence. Then again, he didn't need to bother with them as it was very safe in the Six-Burden Divine City.

He shifted his focus back to his priority, which was to get some essential items such as the space ring that could store things.

He had been using the sword sheath as a substitute for a while now, but he found that it wasn't very convenient at all. Now that Zen had earned five thousand divine might coins in one go, he could buy anything he wanted.

After a few moments under the guidance of Master Evil, Zen had crossed more than half of the Six-Burden Divine City and had now arrived at a small alley.

"Money Alley? You mean here?" asked Zen.

His face twisted into an unreadable expression as he stood in front of the alley.

The pathway was very narrow and could allow only one person to pass through and from the outside, it looked rather plain and even shabby.

"Hehe, of course this is the place. The Money Alley is very famous in the Six-Burden Divine City. As long as you have the divine might coins, you can buy any strange things that you could imagine," Master Evil said with a smile.

"But why people like to come to this narrow alley?" Clearly, the alley's appearance confused Zen.

Suddenly, Zen heard a loud, rough voice behind him that sounded like rocks that were rubbed against each other.

"Get out of the way!"

Zen quickly dodged to the side and turned around, only to see a group of about seven people who walked towards the Money Alley.

The owner of the voice was a fat guy at the forefront of the group. His body's girth was equivalent to his height, which made him look like a ball.

When Zen saw him, his eyes flashed in realization. "A mid-rank True God!"

Zen had seen quite a lot of True Gods after he came out of the Evolutionary Universe, but the majority of them were only low-rank True Gods. The only mid-rank True Gods he knew were Master Evil, Wayne, Yorick, and a few others.

There was a time when he had asked Master Evil why there were only a few mid-rank True Gods.

And since Master Evil had always answered Zen's questions, he naturally indulged him.

The divine land was an extremely stable world, completely different from the environments in any universe.

Incidents rarely happened in such a world, and there were rarely any talents or unique beings who could change the world. It was safe to say that the vast majority of the divine citizens did not have very long-term aspirations. Even if they did become True Gods, it would be very hard for them to become mainstream powerful masters, and it was even less possible for them to achieve the consummation of True Gods; and even more unlikely for them to become Holy Beings.

In other words, the paths for lower level martial artists to advance to achieve higher levels were completely blocked.

"The martial artists in the Evolutionary Universe are like water. Of course, strong martial artists would fall from their positions if they don't work hard. Even if they don't fall, they will die from the depletion of their lifespan, and eventually lose their positions to others. Supreme

Lords are no exception. Thus, the weaker ones work hard to achieve higher status.

On the other hand, the True Gods in the divine land are like mountains--they cannot flow, but their lifespans are infinite. The strong ones are always strong. When they have occupied all the seats of power, the lower level martial artists would have no more chances to move up. No matter how hard the divine citizens work, it would simply be futile.

This is the so-called social immobility!" Master Evil explained.

A sigh escaped Zen's lips when Master Evil had finished.

He didn't expect that Master Evil had a thorough view towards the matters of the world and had come to such a conclusion about the divine land.

Then again, it did explain why there were so few mid-rank True Gods.

It was also no wonder that Yorick was willing to lurk in the Misty Mountain Village for seven divine eras and wait for Master Evil's return, all for a Stone Mouse.

After all, the Stone Mouse symbolized hope. Neither Yorick nor Master Evil aspired to become Holy Beings; they even didn't hold any hopes of reaching the consummation of True Gods. All they wanted to do was to improve further by breaking through in the level of mid-rank True Gods and become top-rank True Gods.

These two True Gods had risked their lives in hopes of advancing a little further, and it was clear how difficult it was for warriors in the divine land to break through.

The round-bodied warrior glanced briefly at Zen before he squeezed into the narrow passageway of the Money Alley. His body was much wider than the skinny path, but he forced his way in with all his might.

Once he had successfully got in, he disappeared into thin air.

The few people behind him followed suit as well and disappeared from Zen's sight.

"So there's another world in this Money Alley!" Zen exclaimed at this revelation and he, too, stepped into the Money Alley.

The moment he set foot into the narrow passage, ripples of water flashed in front of his eyes. It looked like the space itself had been distorted. The area in front of him suddenly became spacious, as if he had arrived in another world. He was now face to face with a broad street.

On both sides of the street were rows of stalls that were lined in an orderly fashion.

Many True Gods slowly trickled through the street, which made the place look like a market in the mortal world.

"Wow, there are so many True Gods…" Zen said in a daze. He hadn't seen so many True Gods in the Six-Burden Divine City.

Most of warriors in the city were proving godly warriors, which did not seem to match the place's name which was "divine city". Now, he had never expected that so many True Gods actually gathered in the Money Alley.

Just as Zen stepped forward, one of the city guards rushed towards him and asked, "Do you have anything to sell?"

Zen shook his head in response and said, "I'm here to buy something."

The guard nodded in understanding and stepped aside.

Needless to say, the guard's chipper attitude bewildered him. "Why are the guards of the Six-Burden Divine City so enthusiastic?" Zen asked Master Evil curiously.

Master Evil chuckled then said, "Yes. There are actually several entrances to this Money Alley. Most True Gods who have returned to the Six-Burden Divine City come here to sell what they have obtained from other places. On the other hand, the shops outside the divine cities are mainly targeted towards the warriors and divine citizens below the level of True Gods. If a True God wants to set up a stall in the Money Alley, they will have to pay a fee and an additional which is a certain percentage of the fee. The latter is actually tax payment, so the guards would naturally be very enthusiastic."

"Even True Gods have to pay taxes…" Zen muttered with wide eyes. It was unbelievable. It reminded him of a book he had once read in the Eastern Region. There was a passage in the book that said death and tax revenues could not be avoided. Even the True Gods who had escaped death and obtained eternal life still had to pay taxes.

His legs continued to take him forward as he let his thoughts wander.

Most of the people on the street were low-rank True Gods, and there were a very small number of mid-rank True Gods. There wasn't a lot of proving godly warriors, and even if there were some, they were accompanied by True Gods. They were clearly disciples from some large clans.

As Zen walked down some more, he saw that the shops on both sides of the street were filled with plenty of goods. They sold so many different types of items that he couldn't even name most of them.

A great number of the stalls were owned by True Gods. Some of them were very enthusiastic towards their customers, while others were quite silent. Those quiet ones simply placed the items they sold on the stall and sat on the side, their eyes closed in contemplation.

"This Heavenly Spirit Root was unearthed three divine eras ago. It's only for twenty divine might coins!"

At that moment, a certain seller's voice caught Zen's ears. Zen immediately turned and saw a section of shiny wood in the stall on the left. The piece of wood was crisscrossed like a catapult and its surface glowed jade green. It was indeed, quite eye-catching.

"Hey, man. Are you interested?"

The stall owner was also a low-rank True God and didn't seem to mind Zen's identity as a proving godly warrior, as seen in his friendly disposition towards Zen.

He went closer to the stall and examined the shiny piece of glowing wood. "What is this?" Zen asked curiously.

"Haven't you heard of the Heavenly Spirit Root? It is something that can increase one's talent. It can be swallowed directly, or it can be refined into a Heavenly Spirit Pill. After one takes it, their mind would become clear and their comprehension will soar," the True God said as he smiled, his eyes both shaped like upturned crescents.

However, Zen remained silent as Master Evil quickly said in his mind, "It's fake! Not even two hundred divine might coins would get you a genuine Heaven Spirit Root, much less twenty!"

Once Master Evil had finished, Zen turned around and left without a word.

"Hey, man! Don't go…" the True God helplessly shouted a few more times. He could only sigh. It was truly harder and harder to deceive younger people these days, he thought.

Meanwhile, Zen continued his stroll as his eyes wandered about. Just then, a ray of light burst out from somewhere, and he quickly followed where it was.

It led him to a shop with several brocade boxes. The brocade box on the outermost was already opened, and inside it was a golden Sanskrit word. There were small densely-packed characters around the Sanskrit word, which turned out to be notes that explained the Sanskrit word.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2164 A Piece Of Mud

Zen did not expect to see golden Sanskrit words in the Money Alley of all places.

What was more shocking was that they were actual, real Sanskrit words. Zen was certain since there was no way to fake the genuine auras they exuded.

The stall owner was a sleeping old man in plain clothes. He was a low-rank True God and seemed completely indifferent to his surroundings.

"Can the Sanskrit words be sold?" Zen asked in his mind.

"Why do you ask? Sanskrit words are normal commodities here in the divine land. Of course they can be traded," Master Evil said in response.

"But..."

It didn't really sit right with Zen. To him, every single Sanskrit word was filled with extremely rich meaning. If he could decipher just one word, then he was bound to benefit greatly from it.

The old man's stall was densely packed with over a hundred brocade boxes, so did that mean there were over a hundred Sanskrit words here?

"Look at the Sanskrit word in your hand. This is the very first word Holy Waldo discovered years ago and its meaning has long been comprehended by hundreds of people. It has been widely spread all throughout the divine land. What's so great about it?" Master Evil said, trying to convince Zen of the lightness of the matter. "The other words in this stall have most probably already been seen by so many people. They're not that special."

The discovery of the first golden Sanskrit word had left a profound impact on the divine land, causing a frenzy of divine citizens to search for other Sanskrit words all over the land. Each discovered word was then copied countless times.

This led to the widespread circulation of the early discovered Sanskrit words.

That first batch spanned roughly around 90 words that many talented individuals translated and deciphered.

These Sanskrit words were by no means rare, and since this old man dared sell them, he must have obtained new understandings and explanations for these words.

"If it's a new Sanskrit word, never seen before yet readable, then that word's value would be extremely terrifying. That type of Sanskrit word would greatly alarm the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands. That kind of precious Sanskrit word could never be sold here," Master Evil added.

"What do you mean the value would be extremely terrifying?" Zen asked, his heart skipping a beat by Master Evil's words.

Back in the fairy palace, Geoffrey had managed to read the Sanskrit words in the library. Zen hadn't yet realized the value of these words, and Immortal Book had told him that he'd only understand once he reached the divine land. It was true. He only realized what Immortal Book meant now that he was here, in front of a stall selling Sanskrit words.

"All the Holy Beings have their own methods in digging out the Sanskrit words, but only around 20% have been interpreted. I've been imprisoned for seven divine eras so that may have changed. Some Sanskrit words may have been interpreted by now; I can't be too sure. All I know is that those wealthy clans are very protective of the Sanskrit words they've interpreted. A divine citizen once managed to interpret three Sanskrit words, which led to fighting among six of the wealthy clans. The price they offered for those words was something that even top-rank True Gods would yearn for," Master Evil explained.

"So that's how it is..." Zen nodded silently.

He hadn't thought too much of it when Geoffrey displayed such a talent, but it seemed that a skill like that was of the utmost importance here in the divine land.

The old man noticed Zen standing in front of his stall, deep in thought and not moving at all. He opened his previously half-lidded eyes and glanced at the young man indifferently. "Hey, kid! You want some Sanskrit words? I've put my own hard work and notes in them. They're worth looking at, I assure you. Only ten divine might coins for a word."

Zen smiled before shaking his head. "No thank you!" Despite his interest, these Sanskrit words were of little use to him right now. Moreover, not every word was valuable. Just like the Grand Weapon Refining Method, the kind of word he wanted was the type that had never been passed around in the divine land, which meant it would be difficult to buy no matter how much money one was willing to offer.

The old man glared at Zen before going back to sleep.

Zen then decided to look through the stalls one by one and was greatly amused by the number of strange things he saw.

For example, one stall was selling sparkling Godly Tiles that looked like translucent gems and emitted rays of gentle light. The blue Godly Tile contained a kind of powerful, icy power while the red held some kind of strange, flickering flame. The black Godly Tile was intriguing since it contained some kind of unique law.

To divine citizens, a Godly Tile was an opportunity to prove the Godly Way.

Some wealthy proving godly warriors who were desperate to prove the Godly Way would often choose to buy a Godly Tile to place in their inner world. Such a method was fast and could give a warrior eternal life. However, it wasn't the kind of route many chose unless absolutely necessary.

The main reason was that these Godly Tiles were brought over from other True Gods. If placed in another warrior's inner world, the foreign Godly Tile would be excluded and rejected which meant they could neither be enhanced nor have their cultivation level raised. Despite the cheap pricing of the Godly Tiles, Zen simply walked away from the stall.

After wandering around, Zen finally managed to find what he actually needed—a space ring. The stall owner, seeing Zen's identity, raised the price to ten divine might coins. Thankfully, Master Evil was there to tell him that the price being offered was too high, so Zen was able to bargain with the stall owner and reduce the ten divine might coins down to five. He didn't want to spend too much since the space ring was only going to be used as temporary storage.

As he picked the space ring up, Zen suddenly felt his elixir field tremble.

The inner world within his elixir field seemed to have undergone a slight change as if it was telling Zen that it was feeling extremely hungry.

A world, as confirmed by Zen long ago, had its own consciousness. However, this consciousness did not come from the owner. For example, the consciousness of the Evolutionary Universe was not from his father, Mike, but from the collated individual consciousness of each creature that lived and died within it.

He hadn't felt his inner world's consciousness once since he stepped into the Soul Sea Realm. This was the very first time he did so.

Zen frowned, not quite understanding why such a thought was transmitted from his elixir field.

However, before he could think about it any further, the consciousness reminded Zen to turn his head. He immediately conceded and found himself face to face with another stall. The owner was a young girl who wore an orange dress. She was very pretty, and looked around sixteen to seventeen years old. Zen knew though that it was impossible to judge one's age just by their appearance.

His gaze shifted from the owner to an item she was selling.

A number of strange things lined the stall, most of which Zen did not even recognize.

However, one object caught his eye. It was at the edge of the stall: an unremarkable piece of mud, covered in dust.

The girl smiled sweetly at Zen. "Is there anything you wish to buy?"

"What did you take a fancy to?" Master Evil also asked. There didn't seem to be anything of value in this stall but he could clearly feel the tremble in Zen's soul. Whatever it was that he saw seemed to be extremely important.

Zen did not answer either of them and simply continued to stare at that lump of brown mud.

At that moment, the consciousness that had come out from his elixir field suddenly wrestled Zen's own consciousness and took control of his body. Pretty soon, the young man found himself moving towards that piece of mud.

This only lasted for a moment. A glint flashed across Zen's eyes as he immediately suppressed his inner world's consciousness, halting his footsteps. However, he still stared at that lump of mud.

Chapter 2165 Sky-High Price (Part One)

The consciousness of Zen's inner world was soon suppressed by Zen.

Despite having done so, the surging waves of consciousness continued to spread out, constantly reminding Zen that this item was more than just important.

As Zen was the creator of this world, this consciousness also belonged to Zen, and such waves simply couldn't resist him.

In the past, while Master Evil was communicating with Zen, he had warned him that an inner world's consciousness wasn't necessarily entirely safe. If he was careless, such consciousness might even occupy his body.

There had once been True Gods who had neglected to monitor and manage their own inner worlds. Within such inner worlds were born very ambitious secondary creatures. Through the method of controlling the Godly Tile, these creatures succeeded in destroying the True God's soul.

Luckily enough for the True Gods, only the secondary creatures from a Holy Being's inner world could actually comprehend the Godly Way and eventually escape. Although the aforementioned secondary creatures obtained the bodies of those Gods of Creation through the Godly Tile, they remained confined within their inner worlds, without possibility of ever entering the divine land. In other words, these True Gods all became walking corpses.

During the period of time that Zen's cinnabar field had been sealed, a creature like these had equally appeared, Evil God. If Zen hadn't interfered, it was very likely that Evil God would have been able to do this to Zen, as well. After being suppressed by Zen though, Evil God became much quieter.

Now that the entire inner world was suddenly so intrigued by the piece of "mud", there was no way Zen was going to ignore it.

"Let me see," Zen replied calmly to the little girl. In his mind, he was wondering something completely different. "Don't you know that piece of mud?" he asked Master Evil in his mind.

"Mud?" Master Evil was startled slightly before taking notice of the brown colored mud. He hesitated silently for a few seconds before muttering, "This mud seems to be familiar. It could be brown cloud mud, and it also appears to be ... No, no, no... That's..."

In Zen's eyes, Master Evil was an extremely knowledgeable person that had a very deep understanding of the divine land. After dawdling for a while, he finally provided an answer that made Zen feel faint, "That's an ordinary piece of mud."

Zen was speechless. There had to be a reason why this mud was causing such agitation within his inner world. There was no way he would believe that it was only an ordinary piece of mud. His only option now was to ask the stall owner.

Thus, Zen carelessly zipped left and right in front of the stall. He focused his gaze on the said piece of mud and asked, "May I ask why this piece of mud is being sold here?"

The little girl blinked her eyes a few times, covered her mouth and giggled. "This piece of mud is a treasure!" she said.

"A treasure?" Zen felt disbelief and his face revealed a puzzled expression. If this piece of mud was such a treasure as she had said, then why did she throw it to the side so casually? Of course, Zen wasn't naive, and there was no way he was going to believe that, either.

When the little girl noticed that Zen didn't believe her in the least, she continued in a clear, confident voice, "It's true. When we dug this piece of mud out twenty years ago, there was a towering tree growing atop it. That tree was way over one thousand feet tall and was about to pierce through the sky." The little girl gestured upward with her hand as she spoke.

Scientifically speaking, it was impossible that the tree was about to pierce through the sky. The divine land's sky was unimaginably high, not to mention that a tree a thousand feet tall was not very high at all. In fact, there were countless trees that reached tens of thousands of feet in the air all across the Swirl Forest.

Still focusing on Zen's expression, the little girl pursed her lips and said, "There are golden apricot trees planted on the hillside. It's already impressive when an ordinary golden apricot tree grows to a height of twenty or thirty feet, but the golden apricot trees on that hillside are all extremely tall. Many people have said over the years that there must be something spiritual at the bottom of the hill, so our Tie Clan sent people to dig it out. We didn't expect this piece of mud to pop out after we had spent so much time there digging. At the time, this piece of mud even took on a human form and attempted an escape; it was extremely fast! Luckily, my uncle Alfred was there and he caught the mud before it could go anywhere."

The Tie Clan was a small clan in the Six-Burden Region. They were much stronger than the Misty Mountain Village, but despite that, they still weren't strong enough to be considered among the third-tier clans.

"Human form? Escape? This mud must really have spirituality then," Zen nodded in agreement, somewhat surprised.

"That's right! And my uncle was so happy and pretty proud, too," the little girl added as she laughed. "But I guess after being bound by my uncle, this piece of mud seemed to have lost its spirituality, and later on, it became like this…"

As it turned out, after the Tie Clan had obtained this piece of mud and controlled it, they had self-proclaimed it to be an incredible treasure.

Throughout all the divine land, many spiritual objects existed. Time here was endless and as a result, bizarre things would appear every now and again. Time could give many things a spiritual sense, but a piece of mud that had spirituality was extremely rare, to say the least.

After obtaining the piece of mud, the Tie Clan had secretly and carefully studied it for a long time. Despite having been doing so, they couldn't find anything special about the said piece of mud. It literally was just as Master Evil had said — an absolutely ordinary piece of mud.

Chapter 2166 Sky-High Price (Part Two)

Of course, the members of the Tie Clan were naturally all upset, but after studying it for more than ten years, they eventually gave up. They firmly believed that this thing was far from ordinary though, and took it to the Six-Burden Divine City. Here, they found a few True Gods with incredibly keen eyesight to verify the mud. Upon seeing the mud, the first words uttered by the True Gods were, "What is this? Did your Tie Clan go mad from poverty and use a piece of the mud dug out from the ground to fool us?"

In a fit of anger, the Tie Clan's leader left the mud to this little girl in the Money Alley.

The Tie Clan rented a stall in the Money Alley. It was run by the daughter of the Tie Clan's leader, a little girl named Linn Tie. Over the past two years, many True Gods had noticed this piece of mud; after all, it was quite unusual to find an ordinary mud for sale in Money Alley. If it was really a piece of ordinary mud, why would the stall owner bother to let it occupy a pot in the stall, they all wondered.

Whenever someone asked, Linn would tell them this same story. With her numerously told story, many people became quite interested in the piece of mud. After all, there would always be people willing to spend a little money to buy an opportunity. What if this mud really was a treasure? How could they know without getting their hands on it first?

However, when they heard the little Linn's price, the interested True Gods became so angered that they glared at her and cursed her loudly for being crazy. It turned out that Linn was asking for five hundred divine might coins.

These True Gods were only a little interested in this piece of mud. And even if this mud had been a necessity, most True Gods wouldn't have been able to afford it. In other words, they would only be willing to pay one or two divine might coins for it.

In fact, even the members of the Tie Clan stopped taking the piece of mud seriously. They all simply agreed to leave it here for Linn to sell, as long as it could eventually be sold. In all honesty, they couldn't care any less about the price of the mud. After all, what could an ordinary piece of mud be worth, anyway?

This stall in the Money Alley was very important for the Tie Clan though. Linn was capable of taking on such heavy responsibility at a young age precisely because she was very smart and a born leader. And yet, she persisted in selling this piece of mud at a terribly high price and thus, the piece had been there for several years already. Up until today, no one had really cared for it or even paid any attention to it.

When Zen asked about the piece of mud today, Linn told him the story vividly. At the same time, she smiled at him and asked, "Are you interested in buying this piece of mud?"

This little girl looked to be quite a tender age, but she was very discerning. When she first saw Zen wandering around, she felt him rather unnatural. His gaze landed on the piece of mud, as if he could see its peculiarity. Shortly after, she noticed Zen looking around her stall. In her young heart, Linn laughed. This fellow was clearly very interested in this piece of mud, and yet he had to pretend not to be.

She had a faint premonition that she would finally succeed in selling this piece of mud to Zen, and that, at a high price today. Unfortunately for her, Zen appeared to be nothing more than a proving godly warrior. Although he looked decent, he also looked a bit poor. She even caught herself wondering whether or not he would even have enough divine might coins to pay for it.

"How much are you asking for this piece of mud?" Zen asked, casually. He obviously wasn't clear on what this little girl was thinking about, but she had seen straight through his every move.

The little girl smiled and silently extended five fingers.

"Five divine might coins?" Zen asked, feeling relieved. Regardless of whether or not this mud was useful, Zen had to have it. If this girl had been asking for a high price, things wouldn't have gone well.

To his question, the girl shook her head.

"Fifty?" Zen asked again, his heart already climbing up his throat. Fifty divine might coins was already getting a little steep. Even for a warrior born into one of the greatest clans, it would be quite difficult for them to be capable of affording it.

And yet, shockingly enough, the little girl still shook her head once again, this time revealing her silver teeth as she sweetly smiled and said, "Five hundred divine might coins."

"What clan does this girl belong to? Is she out of her mind?" Master Evil said in Zen's mind.

Before Zen could say anything aloud, Master Evil's voice was heard cursing in his mind.

In Master Evil's eyes, the piece of mud was worthless. Despite that though, Zen had a few secrets that Master Evil wasn't aware of and perhaps Zen could really see the value of the mud. Never had he imagined that this young girl would have an asking price five hundred divine might coins. Now that was not only daring, but outrageous, too.

And upon hearing Linn's price, Zen couldn't help but frown in an instant. Simultaneously though, he noted a trace of slyness on the girl's fair face. He was in a dilemma now, for he couldn't figure out the value of the piece of mud but his need of it came from the consciousness of his inner world.

Chapter 2167 Deal

Zen felt a headache coming on.

He was not good at putting on airs and what was worse, he had let this little girl see through him.

"This price isn't for you alone," Linn said. "In the past few years, I told anyone who asked about the price of this mud the same thing: that it was priced at five hundred divine might coins. But I feel that it is more appropriate to ask you for a thousand divine might coins. I know you know the value of this mud."

Linn was speaking the truth. She knew this piece of mud was extraordinary, but what made it special, she didn't know. No one in the Six-Burden Divine City would be able to point it out.

And now, Zen came along, seeming to know everything about the mud. How could she let him go?

Linn was right. Even if she charged Zen a thousand divine might coins, he would probably have no choice but to accept it.

He was clear about what was going on in his inner world. This thing would probably turn out to be extremely useful to him if it was able to evoke such a reaction from his inner world's consciousness. But the twist was: he did not know how it could benefit him.

However, he was not willing to spend five hundred gold coins on the mud. He shook his head and said, "It's too expensive. I'm just a proving godly warrior. How could I have that much money?"

Five hundred divine might coins! Even mid-rank True Gods couldn't take out that much money. Most proving godly warriors were extremely poor, and would have to work hard for a long time just to earn a divine might coin.

Linn's eyes were full of regret. She had obviously thought of this. How could she even expect a proving godly warrior to take out so much money? But she knew that the proving godly warriors who dared enter the Money Alley more or less had some background. And she continued talking in order to probe the best price Zen could offer.

"Then how much can you offer?" Linn asked.

"I only have thirty divine might coins," Zen replied.

"Only thirty?" Linn stared at Zen, the corners of her mouth lifting into a smile. "That's too less. I can't sell it at that price."

"Well, that's all I have," Zen said regretfully and turned to leave.

Linn's smile didn't slip as she watched Zen leave. She was still counting to herself. One step, two steps, three steps… Ten steps, eleven steps…

He was not far away when he suddenly turned around and walked back. He declared loudly, "I'll double it! Sixty divine might coins!"

Linn shook her head.

If the seniors of the Tie Clan were to see this scene, they would probably curse Linn for being stupid for not accepting it.

They knew that they'd be happy to get ten divine might coins in exchange for the piece of mud, the use of which they had absolutely no idea about. And now when someone had offered sixty divine might coins for it, Linn had ended up refusing him!

"Zen, why must you buy this piece of mud?" Master Evil, asked, very confused.

Although he was staying in Zen's mind at the moment, he didn't know much about Zen himself. Master Evil had always been confused about one thing. With Zen's talent and cultivation foundation, it wasn't difficult for him to master a Godly Way. But why hadn't he condensed a Godly Tile yet?

He wanted to enter Zen's inner world to see if he could help, but Zen had refused. He didn't allow Master Evil to pry.

Master Evil knew that Zen still didn't trust him. After all, he didn't have a deep friendship with Zen. But what kind of secret did Zen have that he was hiding it so deep?

"One hundred and I'll take it," Zen said, his eyes hardening as he clenched his teeth.

Linn was tempted by this price. If she could really sell this piece of mud for over a hundred divine might coins, she would definitely be rewarded by the clan. She hesitated from within, but her expression didn't change. If Zen still turned and left, she could still chase him and get him back.

At this moment, two people rushed over. These were Linn's uncles and were both low-rank True Gods.

The Tie Clan was a small one. They would usually sell what they had gained through this shop. In fact, the Money Alley was a big market in the Six-Burden Divine City and the revenues of the shop that Linn managed could sustain the operation of the entire Tie Clan.

"A hundred divine might coins? Sorry but it's still a no go. Uncle Alfred and Uncle John, why are you here?" Linn greeted her two uncles, her eyes still studying Zen's expression.

"What is being sold for that price?" Alfred was surprised. He knew that the Tie Clan hadn't obtained any valuable treasures recently, which was why he was startled upon hearing the price.

"The mud you dug up, Uncle Alfred," Linn said with a smile.

"A hundred divine might coins, and you are not selling it?" His eyeballs nearly popped out of his eye sockets.

John was also startled. He had seen that Zen was only a proving godly warrior, which was why he hadn't paid much attention to him. But since Zen was offering such a high price, he was now naturally beginning to see him in a new light. He examined Zen carefully. And suddenly, his eyes gleamed as a thought seemed to occur to him.

"Come and take this, friend. I was the one who dug this mud out back then. A hundred divine might coins, and that's a deal," Alfred said, hurriedly picking up the piece of mud.

But just as he was about to hand it over to Zen, Linn said angrily, "Uncle Alfred!"

At the same time, John reached out to stop Alfred and pulled him and Lynn aside. While he spoke to them, Linn and Alfred kept shooting occasional looks at Zen.

Zen smiled wryly at this. He had already expected the man to recognize him.

The story of Zen in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant had already spread throughout the city.

But Zen hadn't revealed his name. Although the other True Gods of the Six-Burden Divine City knew about his story, not many people could recognize him.

However, one of this girl's uncles seemed to have recognized him. As expected, when the little girl returned, she smiled and said to Zen, "This item, five hundred divine might coins. Anything below this and we'll not sell it."

Linn now knew that Zen was the one who had defeated Eric with one strike in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant and won five thousand divine might coins from the Hulan Clan. So it was expected for her to take a firm stand! But still, Linn was a principled person. If she were not, she would be asking for a price of more than two thousand divine might coins; not just five hundred.

Zen gave the girl a deep, meaningful look. He knew that it was useless to say anything. If he had known this earlier, he would have been more decisive.

The divine might coins that he had won from Eric hadn't been transferred into his space ring yet. Zen shook his sword sheath and the divine might coins fell out one by one.

Five hundred divine might coins was not a small transaction in the Money Alley. It immediately attracted the attention of the people on both sides of the street.

When some of the True Gods saw that Zen was merely a proving godly warrior and was still able to take out such a large sum of money, they were surprised. As more and more people gathered there to look, someone recognized Zen.

"Look, it's the kid that defeated Eric at the Brilliant Moon Restaurant?"

"He won five thousand divine might coins with one move. He has made a huge fortune!"

"This guy has such great luck!"

"Luck? If you do not rely on your cultivation of a True God, can you defeat that young master from the Hulan Clan?"

Amidst these discussions, Zen took over the piece of mud from Linn. The moment he grabbed the mud, the consciousness from his inner world started to pour out like a hungry wolf setting eyes on a sheep. It could not wait any longer.

"Really? So many divine might coins just to buy a piece of mud?"

"The Tie Clan has placed that piece of trash there as a treasure for several years. That young girl from the Tie Clan knows how to do business, but this piece of mud has always been priced at five hundred!"

"Five hundred divine might coins? I'll eat that piece of mud if it can be sold at that price!"

"Too late. It had already been sold."

Everyone was dumbfounded. They could not believe that someone would buy that item at such a preposterously high price. What was more, the one who had bought it was the kid who had just become famous by defeating Eric.

After Zen had counted the divine might coins and paid the bill, he stuffed the mud into his space ring and left, the crowd parting as he made his way out.

He had been ripped off by the little girl, but Zen still felt that it was worth it. He believed that this seemingly ordinary object contained quite a few secrets.

Master Evil didn't ask anything along the way. He knew that if Zen wasn't willing to tell him, it must be related to his secret. Master Evil also knew that he was relying on Zen now, so he wouldn't ask about things he shouldn't know.

Once he returned to his temporary residence in the Six-Burden Divine City, Zen sat down with his legs crossed. He placed the piece of mud in front of him and carefully inspected it.

His inner world's consciousness was now restless. Out of caution, Zen would not casually place this item into his cinnabar field.

Chapter 2168 Cloud

On the surface, it looked like this piece of mud was an ordinary object, scattered all over the outskirts of the Six-Burden Divine City.

Zen immersed his consciousness into it, but didn't discover anything out of the ordinary.

If this really was an ordinary piece of mud, putting it in his inner world wouldn't cause any trouble at all.

As this thought crossed his mind, Zen inwardly said to Master Evil, "I need to meditate and cultivate now."

Master Evil rolled his eyes and shrunk his soul into a ball. Strands of purple light flashed on the surface of his soul and condensed to form the word 'seal'. He had sealed his soul on his own.

This seal could only be undone from the outside. Zen would release Master Evil's soul once he finished his cultivation.

Zen had earlier told Master Evil that he would not allow anyone to spy on him while he was cultivating.

Back in the Misty Mountain Village, Zen had neglected this important point because he was too anxious to suppress the Evil God. But at the time, Master Evil's soul had also been on the verge of collapsing, which was why he hadn't tried to pry into Zen's inner world. There were some secrets that Master Evil knew but it was not as big a deal as to make an impact. Zen was cautious at the moment.

Zen took the piece of mud in his hands and placed it in front of his belly. As he activated his cinnabar field, a faint light flowed out of his abdomen, forming a short passage between his inner world and the divine land.

The consciousness within his inner world was still restless, continuously urging Zen.

Zen was hesitant as he looked at the brown mud. But it was not long before all his hesitation disappeared from his face. With a wave of his hands, the mud disappeared from his hands.

In the inner world...

the dust condensed in the sky, and before long, had turned into an incarnation of Zen. He looked up in time to see a black dot fall from the sky.

Zen had now personally entered his inner world.

He flew towards the mud at the same descending speed as the mud's, keeping a close eye on its movements.

But the piece of mud continued to roll down and fall.

As it gathered speed, it began to disintegrate into bits and pieces in the air.

It wasn't long before the mud finally fell into the chaotic sea.

The mud was the exact same color as the brown chaotic sea. It had disappeared without a trace, but Zen could still feel its presence.

Zen stood motionlessly on the surface of the chaotic sea and quietly observed the changes within.

With a swooshing sound, a figure rapidly approached Zen from a distance in the sky.

The Evil God had made an appearance.

Once the Evil God had dissolved his sacred place, he had become a hidden cultivator. He had succeeded in erasing any traces of his existence in this world. Well, almost. As the creatures multiplied with each generation, fewer and fewer creatures knew of the existence of the Evil God.

"Creator!"

The Evil God bowed respectfully towards Zen.

Zen nodded. "Please rise."

"Why did you come here?" the Evil God asked respectfully.

Once the Evil God had submitted to Zen, Zen imparted some very valuable experience to him.

Many years ago, the Evil God had occupied all the continents in the world. Only the gigantic World Tree and the ice tree at the other end of the world had remained untouched by him. The Evil God could not enter the Savage Ice Plain where the ice tree was located, as the ice flames froze everything within the plain.

Once Zen had taught him the cultivation method for the Ice Soul Flame, he had stayed in the Savage Ice Plain to cultivate. Although he hadn't completely comprehended the Ice Soul Flame yet, the profound Law Power had broadened his horizon.

"I have found something that might be very helpful for this world," said Zen, staring at the turbulent brown sea.

Zen was not sure about the effects of the mud, but he could tell from the information he received from his inner world that his judgment would probably not be wrong.

"Very helpful?" The Evil God's eyes lit up.

Before fighting Zen, the Evil God had understood that there was a limit to him in this world. When he reached the Spirit Supreme Realm, it was as if he had already reached the limit of his cultivation level. That was not a limitation of his abilities. It was a bottleneck of the world that it did not allow him to become stronger.

But the Evil God speculated that there should still be two greater realms above the Spirit Supreme Realm.

After Zen had spared his life, he had finally solved the puzzle in the Evil God's mind. There was indeed a Spirit Transformation Realm and a realm of world lords after one reached the Spirit Supreme Realm. Being a world lord was not the end of one's cultivation.

Only when Zen's own cultivation base became stronger and the world within his inner world became larger would the Evil God have the qualification to advance further.

That was why the Evil God was overjoyed at Zen's words.

A bubble arose from the sea.

Zen's eyes flickered, as the Evil God stared fixedly at the bubbles.

"Plop, plop..."

Huge bubbles continued to noisily pop up from the depths of the chaotic Sea.

A huge fish flew out of the sea with a splash, frightened at the noise.

It flapped and rolled in the air before falling back in and swimming towards the depth of the chaotic sea.

Tens of thousands of small fish were swimming frantically in every direction, instinctively feeling that this place was now in danger of disaster.

Zen had known when the mud had dissolved into fine sand and merged into the chaotic sea.

These blisters were the result of the fusion of the mud and the chaotic sea.

As the number of bubbles increased, the sounds became louder and louder.

The bubbles rose and spread such that Zen was at the center and the sea within a radius of a hundred thousand feet around him was filled with the bubbles, looking like it was boiling.

"What is this?"

The Evil God was confused. He had always been conceited, and it didn't matter that he had submitted to Zen. He still thought that he was smarter than him. It was just that his experience and knowledge had restricted his talent.

Zen shook his head. "I'm not sure either. The world just told me that it needs it."

"Does this world... speak to you?" As a native of Zen's inner world, the Evil God wasn't sure but he knew that this world seemed to have its own consciousness.

Zen smiled but did not answer the Evil God's question. Instead, he continued to pay attention to the strange scene unfolding before him. He had already discovered some subtle changes.

After the bubbles appeared, tiny droplets of water began to slowly rise into the air. These droplets of water were tiny and no one could see them. But Zen could feel them with his omniscient ability.

The bubbles were releasing these tiny droplets of water, continuously rising, converging and creating a mist in the sky.

"What's that?"

the Evil God asked in surprise when he saw the misty object in the sky.

Zen smiled and replied, "You can call it a cloud."

The inner world that Zen had built was actually incomplete and was somewhat different from the divine land in essence. The biggest difference was that everything within the divine land was transformed by the chaotic energy.

For example, a tree in the divine land was an ordinary creature because it was formed from the chaotic energy. But it wouldn't return to the chaotic energy once it dissolved.

Moreover, to the creatures of the divine land, the chaotic energy was an extremely poisonous substance that they couldn't resist. Only Holy Beings and divine trees could resist the corrosive power of the chaotic energy.

The creatures within Zen's inner world, on the other hand, were born directly from the chaotic sea. This chaotic sea was liquefied chaotic energy. These creatures frequently touched the chaotic energy and weren't eroded.

This meant that the chaotic sea did not transform into ordinary seawater, and the liquefied chaotic energy would not evaporate. There were naturally no clouds in this world, and the Evil God obviously did not know what a cloud was either.

"Is that a cloud?" the Evil God muttered as he stared at the cloud in the sky that gradually became denser as time passed.

The water droplets continued to condense, the brown cloud became thicker, and the light in Zen's eyes became brighter. He had never thought that the problem that had puzzled him for so long would be solved by a piece of mud!

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2169 A Tiny Crystal (Part One)

The condensation of one's own Godly Tile was a very complicated process.

Moreover, the situation would be completely different from each martial artist. The difficulty would be based on their own comprehension of the Godly Ways.

Zen's talent was not inferior to Rocher's. However, Rocher was still able to condense his Godly Tile before Zen. The reason for such fast development had something to do with the composition of Rocher's inner world.

Rocher's inner world was completely condensed with life vitality. After his sea of life vitality was formed, it turned into ordinary seawater. Every day the seawater evaporated and gathered in the clouds in the sky. As such, a complete life vitality cycle was formed in his inner world. The design was simply ingenious!.

In fact, the cycle was a "purification" process.

Ten Godly Geniuses had received a Godly Plate from Irene. To this day, the Godly Plates had remained fixed within their inner worlds.

As the life vitality got constantly purified, it transformed into pure, white clouds. The clouds contained one's comprehension of the Godly Way. Additionally, the clouds would be continuously filtered through the Godly Plate. A Godly Tile would then be slowly formed in the Godly Plate…

However, there was no such process within Zen's inner world. His inner world was completely different from Rocher's and the others'.

Without that particular process, it became very difficult for Zen to condense his Godly Tile. He tried to activate the power of chaotic energy. Additionally, he combined it with his comprehension of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. He wanted to inject the chaotic energy into the Godly Plate, but after countless experiments, there was no significant effect. There was still no Godly Tile formed in his Godly Plate.

Back then, Mike had already followed Zen into his inner world. With a single glance, Mike had already found the problem. However, his father did not give Zen a perfect solution. After all, the Primal Chaos Technique was not complete. It was still enigmatic and had some problems. Even Bromley could not do anything about it if he had been there.

At that time, Mike suggested that Zen turn the chaotic energy into other things, or specifically, turn it into pure clouds. The conversion would probably help Zen in his comprehension. Zen had tried his best to convert his chaotic energy, but he failed in the end…

Therefore, in the period before he left the Evolutionary Universe, Zen himself was also very confused. Without enough knowledge about the chaotic energy inside him, he was left dumbfounded. He was unable to figure out a way to master his Godly Way. To make matters worse, the methods that others used were also not suitable for him.

However, after he practiced the Primal Chaos Technique up to his current stage, Zen knew that he no longer had a way back. Regardless of whether that path would lead him to success or failure, it would be impossible for him to go back and cultivate life vitality.

Up until that moment, Zen had vaguely come to a conclusion. It seemed that an extremely important link was absent in his cultivation of the Primal Chaos Technique. If he could figure out what it was, he might be able to achieve a higher level.

Even though Bromley was a Holy Being, he was still an ordinary creature and a member of the divine land. As such, Bromley still had some impediments in his cultivation and knowledge. Although the Primal Chaos Technique was a martial art created by him on a whim, Bromley could not escape the limitations of being an ordinary creature.

For example, the Evil God in the inner world of Zen's body did indeed possess extraordinary talent. Even Zen was amazed at the things he had done and some of his brilliant ideas. If that person was born in the divine land, he would likely be an extremely extraordinary warrior. But because he was born in Zen's inner world, his perception and knowledge were limited. Sadly, one's origin could affect their limitations and possibly their abilities.

Therefore, the flaw of the Primal Chaos Technique was not Bromley's fault. As Bromley was a mere ordinary creature, his knowledge of the chaos was incomplete. As such, the Primal Chaos Technique was also incomplete. Therefore, when Bromley passed the Primal Chaos Technique to Zen, it was already a huge risk in the first place!

The grayish-brown clouds slowly formed and imprinted themselves onto Zen's pupils. An expectant expression was seen in Zen's face. Hope could be seen on the horizon. It was because Zen saw that the clouds seemed to have a soul as they floated eastward. That was where the Godly Plate was!

Zen's eyes suddenly flashed as a golden light appeared. His comprehension of the Emotion Closing Godly Way constantly revolved in his mind.

At the same time, from the brown clouds, faint sword shadows could be seen. As those sword shadows flew around, they emitted a sharp aura. Sound of the metals clashed against each other reverberated through his inner world.

"Sword clouds, condense!"

With expectant eyes, Zen had condensed all of his insights about the Emotion Closing Godly Way into those clouds. Afterward, the brown-colored clouds had turned into a cluster of sword clouds!

"This momentum! What's happening?!"

The Evil God looked at the "clouds" in the sky with eyes filled with shock. A small gap could be seen in his mouth as his mind was filled with confusion.

Although the Evil God had lost to Zen before, the power Zen used was the power that governed this inner world. As such, the Evil God could not resist the power. That was the Creator's privilege. Zen's power would irresistibly affect those inside his inner world.

However, the Evil God had never seen Zen's true strength.

Now that the Evil God had seen Zen's comprehension of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, his heart was stirred. A strong emotion had swirled deep inside the Evil God.

The sword clouds floated rapidly in the air. Finally, they reached the side of the Godly Plate. With great precision, they moved towards the Godly Plate and gathered around it…

Chapter 2170 A Tiny Crystal (Part Two)

The process continued for a long time. Finally, the sword clouds became dimmer and dimmer. Darkness had engulfed each of them. They were actually completely absorbed by the Godly Plate!

With a flash of his body, Zen arrived at the top of the Godly Plate. He focused his gaze and saw that there was a hair-like object in the middle of the Godly Plate. It also emitted a brown light, and it seemed to be some sort of crystal. The thin crystal in the Godly Plate radiated a strange essence.

After he observed the crystal for a while, Zen composed himself. He then reached out his hand and touched the crystal.

The moment Zen touched the crystal, it suddenly released an absurd amount of extremely sharp energy. Zen's guard wasn't fast enough to react to the crystal's energy!

Pfft!

In the blink of an eye, Zen's arm was cut off!

After the attack, Zen instinctively retreated to avoid the released energy. With a light wave of his broken arm, a brand-new arm was instantly formed. Although he was injured by the hair-like crystal, Zen still revealed a smile on his face. With curious eyes, he stared at the crystal.

The hair-like crystal should be an essential part in the formation of a Godly Tile. Or rather, the crystal was an extremely small Godly Tile. It was also the embodiment of Zen's complete comprehension of the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

It was all thanks to that piece of mud that Zen was able to form the tiny crystal!

Although it was very far from a complete Godly Tile, Zen was happy that he had found the right direction. He finally had a clue on how to form his Godly Tile. That was the most crucial point!

After a while, the Evil God caught up to him again. The way the Evil God looked at Zen became extremely different. He was originally an extremely arrogant youth. Even if he was completely suppressed by Zen, the stubborn emotions in his heart had not dissipated. He believed that he lost to Zen just because of his own limitations, not because Zen was really stronger than him.

However, the Evil God had seen Zen's true comprehension of martial arts. He realized that Zen's talents were as vast as the ocean, almost unfathomable. With awe in his eyes, the Evil God was completely convinced of Zen's might.

"Creator, can we comprehend the sword intent in those sword clouds?" the Evil God asked with a respective tone.

Zen turned at the Evil God. With a calm tone, he said, "Now is not the time."

He had only crossed the threshold of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Additionally, Zen had never seen the Godly Way Tablet of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. With his limited comprehension, he couldn't possibly create a Godly Way Tablet randomly and place it in his inner world.

The Evil God revealed a look of disappointment. A deep sigh escaped his mouth as his eyebrows creased. At that moment, he no longer wanted to challenge Zen. Instead, he was immersed in the martial arts. All the martial arts in his eyes were like many difficult problems that waited for him to solve.

However, there were too few problems in Zen's inner world. There wasn't much for him to solve. The only one that he had yet to fully comprehend was probably the Ice Soul Flame in the ice field. Nonetheless, he also knew that it wouldn't be long before he could completely comprehend the Ice Soul Flame…

The Emotion Closing Godly Way contained within the sword clouds was like a peerless beauty that had attracted him. With curious eyes, the Evil God was immediately enchanted. However, he did not have the qualifications to cultivate it, so he was naturally a little depressed.

"If there comes a day when I have the opportunity, I will make you leave this world to see the real Godly Way Tablets and let you comprehend them yourself," Zen added. As a being in his inner world, the Evil God was completely under Zen's control. However, he was still impressed with the Evil God's abilities. With such a talent in his inner world, it would be a waste if he didn't guide him to advance further.

However, Zen made such a promise also because he was extremely happy to see the crystal condensed on the Godly Plate. It was a glorious moment for him.

When he heard Zen's words, the Evil God was immediately overjoyed. Happiness was apparent in his expression.

He would finally be able to leave Zen's inner world and see those Godly Way Tablets!

The Evil God didn't understand what a Godly Way Tablet was, and he didn't need to know too much. The important thing was that he had the chance to leave Zen's inner world which was like a cage to him!

"Creator, I will definitely help you take care of this world," the Evil God said with a serious expression.

Zen nodded his head lightly. The Evil God was indeed very smart. With a committed attitude, the Evil God played the role of a gardener in Zen's inner world. He helped Zen carefully manage the inner world so that the many forces in his inner world would no longer fight and the number of life forms in the world would steadily increase.

Not long after, the avatar of Zen dissipated from the inner world…

Then, Zen suddenly opened his eyes as a smile appeared on his face. He was finally able to make some progress. However, his smile didn't last long.

It seemed that the miraculous mud was indeed helpful in the condensation of his Godly Tile. However, the problem was that he had only stumbled upon it with great luck. He only obtained a piece of it from the Money Alley. If he really wanted to condense his Godly Tile, he would need a considerable amount of such mud. But where could he find more of the mud?

Chapter 2171 The Test (Part One)

Since the girl's uncle was able to dig out this piece of mud, there was a very high possibility that there would be another. Hopefully, there would be a third, or maybe even more.

Zen also had a headache due to that little girl's character. She was simply a girl who saw only money. Without any hesitation, she had already tricked Zen once. If he went to her directly, he would probably be ripped off again.

However, the condensation of his Godly Tile was the most important thing for Zen at that moment. If he really could find the other pieces of mud, then he would have to accept it no matter the cost. The condensation of his Godly Tile was worth more than mere divine might coins.

As he thought about it, Zen could no longer stay calm. A conflicted expression appeared in his face. After he lifted the seal on Master Evil, he asked, "Do you know where that little girl came from?"

Master Evil was surprised by Zen's query. With a curious tone, he asked Zen, "That piece of mud, is it really effective on you?" When Master Evil saw Zen's expression, he naturally understood that Zen had bought the right thing. However, he was still confused about the use of that piece of mud.

Zen nodded, "Yes, it is very important to me!"

"That young lady claimed to be from the Tie Clan. It must be the Tie Clan outside the Six-Burden Divine City," Master Evil said as he recalled.

As the ancestral land of the Han Clan, the Six-Burden Region was much larger than those small regions. However, the surname Tie was not a great one, and even Master Evil only knew one Tie Clan in the Six-Burden Region. It was a rather small and unknown group. Master Evil smiled and said, "The Tie Clan is not even considered as one of the third-tier clans in the Six-Burden Region, so they can't force their way into the

Six-Burden Divine City. After so many years, there seems to be no sign of them to rise to prominence."

The great and small clans in the divine land all aimed to control the divine cities. Once they controlled any random divine city, they could receive a large number of divine might coins every year without any risks. As such, if they could take over any divine city, a clan would be more powerful and wealthier. Every clan's leader had always wanted to become a city lord.

However, the number of divine cities was limited. As such, the various great clans moved to the central divine cities under the control of the wealthy clans on Floating Islands. Each wealthy clan possessed a vast number of divine cities. They would sometimes let a great clan take control of it with a certain negotiation. For example, the divine cities of the thirty-six regions were all controlled by the Han Clan. To get a divine city, all smaller clans needed the Han Clan's permission.

The Tie Clan was not qualified to enter the city. Moreover, they even relied on a small stall in Money Alley. Their influence was not really big. As such, Master Evil concluded that the development of the Tie Clan was not very good.

After he got a rough comprehension of the situation of the Tie Clan, Zen planned to go to the Money Alley to look for the little girl.

Master Evil faintly smiled, "Although I know that the mud is very important to you, you seem to have forgotten that the divine land is different from the Evolutionary Universe."

Zen was confused for a moment. After a few seconds, an expression of realization painted his face as he immediately understood what Master Evil meant.

Previously, Zen had spent quite a bit of time traveling from the Misty Mountain Village to the Mirror City. Although the Tie Clan was located outside of the Six-Burden Divine City, the distance between them shouldn't be too close, especially with Zen's current speed. Even if he rushed to the Tie Clan, it would still take a lot of time. Additionally, the test of the Heavenly Han House was very near. He couldn't afford to travel such a far distance.

"Since that's the case, we shall wait for the exam to be over before we consider it," Zen nodded his head.

The divine land was endless. Without a Roaring Token, Zen was like an ant that pathetically crawled under the leaves of a primal forest. The divine land was too vast for him, and right now, he couldn't even communicate with his father's disciples. He was stuck in an unfamiliar environment.

If he could be accepted by the Han Clan, not only could Zen borrow Han Clan's resources to cultivate, he could also approach the Floating Islands as fast as he could. Both of these goals were equally important to Zen. As such, the dilemma still conflicted with his mind.

A few days later, the Heavenly Han House's test finally began. Countless warriors were eager to prove their abilities.

This year's hot spots had already been listed and posted in the Six-Burden Divine City.

All the proving godly warriors from first to third place all had the same surname, Han.

Though those warriors were all merely disciples from the Han Clan's branches, their surname was still something they could be proud of. In reality, the people who managed the Han Clan's ancestral land all belonged to the small branches of the Han Clan. Some of them who were in-laws even took the initiative to change their surname to Han.

The real Han Clan had long gone to the Floating Island. Zen had met the two Han sisters in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Both of them radiated beauty and prestige. Even in the real Han Clan, their status was extraordinary.

However, even if it was just the Han Clan's branch family, they were still far more powerful than the ordinary second-tier and third-tier clans. In the past, the five most popular people in the Heavenly Han House usually had the surname Han.

However, there were some exceptions this year. The nameless young man who defeated Eric in one move in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant was ranked fourth. Everyone was still in awe of how the nameless young man defeated Eric.

The vast space within the Heavenly Han House was now filled with a sea of people. Countless warriors wanted to be a part of the Heavenly Han House.

Chapter 2172 The Test (Part Two)

The vast majority of those who participated in the test were all abnormally excited. Eager expressions could be seen on their faces.

Proving godly warriors were not rare in the divine land. As for the majority of the divine citizens, if they wanted to cultivate up to the world lord realm, it would not be too difficult for them to reach that level even if they just relied on their willpower. The real difficulty was in the cultivation of the Godly Way and the ability to condense a Godly Tile, which only a few people could do. If one could enter the Heavenly Han House, they would be helped by the Heavenly Han House. As such, the achievement of such difficult tasks would be more attainable. Once they could condense the Godly Tile and get an infinite lifespan, they would have a bright future.

Thus, a considerable number of proving godly warriors participated in the test of the Heavenly Han House. They all wanted to see if they could pass nearly every year. Only a few of them would pass each year. However, they still didn't give up hope. They would usually try again next year.

On the platform at the side of the arena, five proving godly warriors either stood or sat. Those five people occasionally glanced down at the black mass of proving godly warriors. Disdain was apparent in their eyes.

"Brother, why are these divine citizens so excited? Over a hundred thousand people are fighting for over twenty places. Are they all here just to take the test for fun?" Among the five people, a man asked with a smile. An arrogant expression could be seen in his face. That person was Seth Han, who was ranked third on the list of examinees of the Heavenly Han House's test.

"You're right, they might not have viewed themselves objectively," Hector Han said with a smile. He was the oldest and ranked second among the Han Clan's branch families, so they all respected him. Additionally, he was also ranked second on the list.

"Humph, I don't know if the fourth-ranked person will appear, but I do want to see the person that pushed my ranking down," Zane Han, who was on the far right, said indignantly. A sour expression accompanied his bitter remark.

Zane had originally been ranked fourth on the list, but recently, the incident that happened in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant was spread all over the city. It was said that a mysterious young man had suddenly appeared. Not only did the young man know how to make the Original Pure Food Pill, but he also had defeated Eric of the Hulan Clan with one move.

That was the reason why Zane had been pushed down one rank by the mysterious young man. Zane, of course, felt quite displeased. Hatred seethed deep inside him.

"Eric was only ranked eleventh and that mysterious youth defeated him and then ranked fourth. That is indeed unfair," Seth said as he shook his head. However, curiosity about the mysterious young man had entered his head.

"I think so too."

"Those people who made the name list originally rely only on catching groundless information. Since most of the information comes from rumors, it is impossible to make the rankings accurately..."

Since they were from the same clan, they naturally upheld Zane. It was just as what they had said, Eric was indeed only ranked eleven on the name list. However, who of the Han Clan's disciples present could defeat him in one move? Eric still had high popularity and dignity within the Han Clan.

Moreover, anyone with a keen eye could tell that the day in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, Zen had defeated Eric without any effort. Such a feat would definitely boost his popularity.

People who compiled the name list together also relied on the Han Clan. Every time the Heavenly Han House's test was held, they would send people with sharp eyes to gather information in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant. Those people only ranked Zane, Seth, and the others at the top because they were afraid that Han Clan might feel embarrassed. However, what happened in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant had really moved them. If they were to judge by their sharp sense, no one on the list could compare to Zen!

The old man whose surname was Wu was abnormally busy today as well. Even as a True God who taught disciples the Godly Way, he still had to help arrange things during the test of the Heavenly Han House.

As he busied himself with his work, his gaze wandered around the crowd. As a True God, although he was average in strength, it was easy for him to find someone amongst the 100, 000 people present. His keen eyesight wandered through the crowd in search of someone.

After he searched for a while, the old man shook his head and let out a soft sigh. He wasn't able to find the warrior he wanted to see. That Thad didn't participate in the test today.

The old man surnamed Wu had spent the past few days trying to eliminate the 'two taboos' based on the mystical method that Zen had taught him.

Although he only cultivated it for few days, it actually showed a little effect. He had a stubborn personality and did not like to owe favors to others. Even after Thad taught him such an impressive technique, he had only given him a place to take the test. That was too petty of him.

In the eyes of the old man surnamed Wu, Thad couldn't enter the Heavenly Han House. Nonetheless, he still wanted to return Thad the favor. If Thad came today to take the test, then he would have a valuable gift for him.

Unfortunately, he didn't see Thad. The old man thought that Thad had lost his confidence and directly chose to give up. That kind of thing happened very often in the Heavenly Han House's test. Warriors would usually suffer from stage fright and retreat from the test.

At that moment, a loud discussion among the crowd was heard. The proving godly warriors all suddenly chattered about a person who just arrived.

"Is it really him?"

"The one that defeated Eric in one move? Are you sure?"

"He looks so ordinary..."

Chapter 2173 The Heavenly Han House

Every name on that list was a matter of great concern.

Undoubtedly, it was that mysterious young man who had the highest level of attention.

No one noticed Zen when he appeared at the gate of the Heavenly Han House.

But once he was discovered and identified, word spread quickly.

Soon after, in the vast yard of the Heavenly Han House, everyone knew that the proving godly warrior clad in plain clothes was the young man who had defeated Eric in a single move.

Eric's eyes shot through the crowd and landed right on Zen.

His eyes were like two awls that pierced straight through Zen.

Back in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, before Eric could even react, he was already defeated by Zen. After Zen hit him, Eric was rendered unconscious. Later, he woke up to the dreadful fact that he had been defeated in a single move.

Five thousand divine might coins were by no means a small amount of money, but to Eric, it was nothing.

Recently, everyone had been talking about that young man. As Zen had not left his name behind, people referred to him as "the one who defeated Eric in a single move." Eric had become a mere stepping stone for Zen, much to his shame.

Because of Zen's sensitivity, he immediately felt Eric's hostility.

Apart from him, there were others in the crowd who didn't seem too friendly.

A faint smile still hung on Zen's face as he walked through the crowd, not caring in the slightest.

After confirming Eric's strength, Zen had a complete understanding of the strength these proving godly warriors had.

In the Evolutionary Universe, when ordinary talents became world lords, they grew even stronger than these proving godly warriors. The proving godly warriors were no match for top-ranked ace talents or Godly Geniuses. Zen had no interest in dealing with these proving godly warriors, but to him, entering the Heavenly Han House was mandatory.

Wherever Zen passed by, the surrounding proving godly warriors gave way for him.

Some were envious of him and some believed he was a nobody—he must have been lucky enough to be able to be on par with the elite warriors of big clans.

Still, there were those who felt that Zen wouldn't be happy for long. If someone targeted Zen in the exam of the Heavenly Han House, he could very well be eliminated.

News of the mysterious young man who defeated Eric in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant had also reached Master Wu. Despite being a True God, he was also very curious about this powerful man blessed with luck. Hearing the commotion, he pushed his way through the crowd.

When his eyes landed on Zen, he was stunned. He had been looking for Zen just then, but who would've thought that Zen would appear right away? When Master Wu noticed the surrounding warriors, he finally realized that the mysterious young man ranking fourth on the list was actually Zen himself.

After he understood this point, Master Wu was stunned.

The first time Zen appeared in front of the Heavenly Han House, Master Wu treated him as a mere martial artist. Even though Zen had guided him, Master Wu thought that it was all due to luck. Zen had heard of his method from others, after all—his own strength wasn't worth mentioning.

Finally, Master Wu understood why Zen didn't mind receiving a White Jade Token only—Zen had the strength and confidence to pass the exam of the Heavenly Han House, so a White Jade Token allowing him to participate in the exam was enough for him. Master Wu had been afraid that Zen might want to be enrolled in the Heavenly Han House straight away, but he was mistaken.

Finding an empty corner, Zen leaned against the wall. To drown out the noisy environment, he closed his eyes and waited quietly for the examination to begin.

Though he didn't want to cause anyone any trouble, there were some warriors trying to cause trouble for him.

On a high platform at the side of the yard, the Han Clan's five elite disciples stared at Zen with different expressions—Zane's eyes were as cold as ice.

Seeing Zen stand still, Zane announced, "I'll go meet this guy!"

Just as he was about to make a move, Seth reached out a hand to warn him. "Don't make a move in the Heavenly Han House."

The Han Clan was the rule-maker of the Six-Burden Divine City—it had the Thousand Commandments Slate under its control. For their own benefit, they knew ways to evade the rules of the slate. But it was the examination day of the Heavenly Han House. If Zane were to make a move in front of such a large crowd, he'd end up causing way too much trouble.

"I know what to do," Zane said nonchalantly.

Jumping off the platform, he walked towards Zen. The proving godly warriors along the way saw Zane approaching and gave way. In the Six-Burden Divine City, no one dared to provoke a member of the Han Clan because the territory was theirs—they had an unchecked power to kill.

When Zane walked up to Zen, he saw that Zen's eyes were still tightly shut. He frowned and coldly said, "Those who participate in the examination of the Heavenly Han House must register their names and origins. Who are you and where are you from?"

Hearing Zane's tone, all the proving godly warriors got excited. The exam hadn't even started yet and a show was already unfolding.

They all wondered how that mysterious young man would deal with Zane.

Slowly opening his eyes, Zen glanced at Zane faintly before closing them again as if he had chosen not to hear his question.

"You'd better answer me. If you don't, I'll expel you from the Heavenly Han House." Feeling overlooked, Zane's tone grew angrier just as his blood started boiling.

Finally, Zen smiled and asked, "Are you an examiner of the Heavenly Han House?"

Zane hadn't expected Zen to ask such a question. After a pause, he replied, "I'm not an examiner, so what?"

"Since you're also here to take the exam, what right do you have to question me?" Zen asked calmly.

For a moment, Zane thought about it, the corners of his mouth curling up as his expression turned proud. "Because Han is my last name. I represent the examiners of the Heavenly Han House."

In the city, the Han Clan members didn't have a need for reason—they were unchallenged.

Then, Zen opened his eyes and looked at Zane mischievously. "If a Han Clan member can represent the examiners of the Heavenly Han House, is there a need for us to take the exam? Wouldn't it be just as well if the Heavenly Han House directly enrolls your Han Clan members? Why bother enrolling the warriors from the thirty-six regions? Are you putting on some kind of act?

Everyone, don't you think so?" Zen asked calmly.

All the proving godly warriors present were holding onto a sliver of hope that they could prove the Godly Way. They had used all sorts of methods to obtain a spot in the test and participate in the exam.

However, Zane's words were completely unreasonable. He himself was here to participate in the test, so the Heavenly Han House should at least guarantee the fairness of the test.

Otherwise, the whole exam was a joke.

Although the chances of these warriors being admitted into the Heavenly Han House were low, it didn't stop them from pursuing it. Fairness was a must.

As Zen quieted down, the rest of the warriors began chattering among themselves.

"That's right. If Zane thinks he's an examiner, then he can just announce that he has passed the exam and joined the Heavenly Han House. Why does he still need to act for everyone to see?"

"We came all the way here just to be toyed with?"

"Every year, half the slots are taken up by the disciples of Han Clan. Just enroll them and stop with the act!"

Before long, the faint discussions grew into a wave of booing.

Some even began making a ruckus.

"It seems there's no need for an exam this year. Just let the Heavenly Han House decide on who can enter."

"I thought one's comprehension and strength were what mattered, but I was wrong. The Han Clan has the final say.

We might as well just leave now."

Of course, the warriors weren't intending to leave. They were just relieved to have someone take the lead in venting their anger.

The playfulness in Zen's eyes grew more apparent the longer he stared at Zane. He was deliberately guiding the emotions of these proving godly warriors to say such words. But he didn't think the result would be so satisfying.

The booing grew louder and louder, spreading back and forth like a tidal wave through the courtyard.

It was something completely new to Zane, leaving him in a panic. Although he could represent the Han Clan, its rules still stood. If he caused unnecessary trouble, he would be severely punished.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2174 Tossing The White Jade Tokens (Part One)

Zane was at a loss for words. Suddenly, a well-built middle-aged man walked to the center of the yard. With a displeased expression, he quickly shouted, "Quiet down!"

The man's voice was filled with authority as if there was an irresistible force that sealed everyone's mouths. As his voice echoed, the entire Heavenly Han House instantly became abnormally quiet.

The middle-aged man glared at Zane angrily. Seth, who stood beside the man, shook his head slightly.

This middle-aged man was called Malloy Han, Seth's uncle. Additionally, he was also the leader of the Heavenly Han House, who presided over the entrance exam of the Heavenly Han House.

When he noticed that the situation didn't look very good, Seth decided to ask Malloy Han out in advance. He didn't want the situation to grow any worse.

Malloy Han then said, "Only strength matters in the exam of the Heavenly Han House! I believe everyone knows that there have been many Han Clan's disciples who have been eliminated in the past. Guys, I know all of you want to prove the Godly Way and your perseverance is commendable. I feel honored that you choose our Heavenly Han House. If someone here proves the Godly Way, they'll be a member of the Han Clan. It would then be possible that they will be selected by the Floating Island and become a disciple of the Holy Emperor."

His words, combined with the presence hidden in his voice, captivated everyone. A mixture of fear and respect was felt by those who heard him.

True Gods had always wanted to enter the Floating Islands. Even for a reclusive overlord like Master Evil, he had always hoped to be enrolled by one of the Floating Islands. Nonetheless, it was an unattainable dream for most True Gods.

Furthermore, what Malloy Han said was not false. The Han Clan had also constantly nurtured their own disciples and talented warriors. The cultivation of those under their care was always supported by the necessary resources and guidance.

Although the distribution of powers in the divine land was extremely stable and the Han Clan's status was unbreakable, that did not mean that there was no competition amongst the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands.

The Floating Islands' rankings in the Time Sea would change every once in a while. Based on the changes in the rankings, the wealthy clans' prestige and reputation would be affected. On the other hand, the clans' actions would also contribute to their rankings. If a wealthy clan was not replenished with new blood for a long time, its Floating Island's ranking would also continuously drop. What was worse, the clan would gradually lose its discourse power in the Hall of Holy Beings. Its influence would drop along with its ranking.

The Han Clan also needed to select talented warriors from the thirty-six regions and send the elites among them to their Floating Island. The Holy Emperor would choose the most talented one to be his disciple. Only the best ones would have that opportunity.

Once, Zen encountered Marko, Mateo, and Pranav in the Evolutionary Universe. Although they were only low-rank True Gods, they were still much stronger than ordinary True Gods.

Just as Malloy Han finished his remark, a melodious bell chime came from the depths of the Heavenly Han House. It echoed throughout the hall.

Boom!

In theory, sound is created by an invisible force and normally speaking, it is not visible to the naked eyes.

The moment the bell chime rang out, yellow ripples suddenly appeared in the sky. Everyone's eyes were focused on the ripples. The yellow ripples constantly spread in the air, and that was why the melodious bell chime was left in their ears.

Boom! Boom!

The second and third chimes rang out. The sounds echoed in everyone's ears.

Malloy Han smiled faintly to the crowd. In an authoritative voice, he said, "The Spiritual Bell has rung. As usual, everyone must throw their White Jade Token high up into the sky and wait for a while. The examination will begin soon after."

The participants' names were recorded in those White Jade Tokens, and those tokens all had special marks made by the Han Clan, so they couldn't be faked.

Malloy Han's voice had begun to fade away. Seth, who stood next to Malloy Han, suddenly waved his arm. His White Jade Token shot out from his hand and flew towards the sky above the Heavenly Han House. He seemed to have put some sort of strength into the White Jade Token.

The White Jade Token was enveloped in a layer of green light as it flew straight into the sky. However, it seemed to encounter an invisible huge net. Strong unseen resistance was immediately met by the token. The White Jade Token's momentum rapidly decreased, and eventually, it stopped in the air just like that.

"This year, Seth Han was the first to make a move. The height of his White Jade Token reached six hundred and seventy feet," a person from the Heavenly Han House announced in a rather formal voice.

Zen leaned against the wall and stared indifferently at the little white dot in the air. Although he hadn't been in the Six-Burden Divine City for long, he had at least investigated and knew the rules of the test.

The chance of accomplishment of the examination wasn't equal for the participants. After all, when one hundred thousand people were assessed together, there had to be a sequence. The martial artists at the front naturally held the advantage. As such, every year before the start of the exam, they would throw out White Jade Tokens to determine the order of each proving godly warrior.

There was an extremely strong restrictive force in the sky above the Heavenly Han House. The higher the White Jade Token went, the stronger the restrictive force became. The only way to go higher was with incredible strength.

Last year, the highest score that the participants in the Heavenly Han House had achieved was only five hundred and twenty feet. This year, the first participant's result had already surpassed last year's best result. The proctors of the exam all had expectant eyes.

Chapter 2175 Tossing The White Jade Tokens (Part Two)

This year's participants in the Heavenly Han House's exam were far better in both numbers and quality than last year's. As such, Seth's results didn't surprise anyone.

After Seth took the initiative, the other participants began to throw their White Jade Tokens one after another. The tokens all recorded their names and where they came from. When all the tokens were restricted by the force in the air, the order and the detailed information of each of the proving godly warriors would be recorded. The height of their throw would be then announced by one of the proctors.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

When the proving godly warriors were throwing their White Jade Tokens, all of them used their own methods to apply the power they had comprehended onto the tokens. That way, the White Jade Tokens could fly a bit higher and earn the warriors a place in the top rankings. It was the only way they could get a better chance for the examination.

Some of the White Jade Tokens had strong flame energy attached to them. As the tokens flew upwards, a series of strange sounds rumbled throughout the place as each warrior attempted to push their White Jade Token even higher. There were also some White Jade Tokens that had a variety of different types of powers attached to them. Some of these powers came from various Godly Ways, while some merely came from the warriors' brute force to throw the tokens.

These warriors could be called proving godly warriors, so more or less, they had already stepped into the Godly Ways. Their strength and abilities were already impressive. However, they didn't have a deep comprehension of the Godly Ways and were still unable to condense their Godly Tiles.

The vast majority of the White Jade Tokens could only climb up to a height of three hundred to four hundred feet. Moreover, only a few could reach a height of over four hundred feet. The elite warriors who could reach the results of near five hundred feet were already better than ninety percent of the proving godly warriors. A very small number of proving godly warriors could reach a height of over five hundred feet, and they were the elites among elites. The height of their tokens clearly reflected the talent of each warrior.

For example, Eric threw his White Jade Token to a height of five hundred and forty feet. With a smug look on his face, he was already quite satisfied with his result.

Over one hundred thousand proving godly warriors threw their White Jade Tokens at the same time. Countless different colored lines appeared in the sky above the Heavenly Han House. Most of the tokens had a unique burst of energy below it. It was truly spectacular!

Hiss!

A sharp sound pierced through the sky and attracted everyone's attention. The White Jade Token was wrapped in a black flame. It was like a black meteor that quickly rushed upwards!

That particular White Jade Token was thrown by Zane. Everyone's gaze was already gathered towards his token.

In terms of strength, Zane was only ranked fifth on the list, behind Zen. However, everyone was surprised by Zane's black flame. With its help, his White Jade Token had instantly surpassed the height of Seth's six hundred and seventy feet!

The higher the White Jade Token, the greater the resistance and the slower it would rise. As such, the difficulty of the task got exponentially harder as the altitude of the throw got higher.

Moreover, the black flame still burned on the White Jade Token. Even though it had already surpassed Seth's record, Zane's token maintained its ascend. It was slow yet it still continued to climb. Finally, it stopped at a height of seven hundred and ninety feet!

Zane's face was filled with a pleasant surprise at this sight. He didn't think that he would be able to surpass Seth by so much in a single go. A proud look painted his face.

"Zane's White Jade Token actually reached seven hundred and ninety feet!"

"The best result from all the years seems to be only at eight hundred and twenty feet, right?"

"It seems like Zane's strength is really underestimated; he shouldn't be ranked fifth!"

As he heard those comments, Zane felt very comfortable and his gaze landed on Zen once more. He said in a clear voice, "The disciples of our Han Clan have always relied on our own abilities to enter the Heavenly Han House. It's very different from what some people think!"

As Malloy Han heard this, he also nodded his head. The members of the branch families of Han Clan were indeed extraordinary. Each of them was able to properly enter the Heavenly Han House by the accomplishment of the exam. It was a truly fair competition, and they had to rely on their strength. Each of those disciples had already earned some respect due to their own strength.

Zen was still leaning against the wall and tilted his head back slightly. A casual smile was still on his face as he stared indifferently at Zane.

He had never wanted to compete with anyone when he came to the Heavenly Han House. With the Han Clan's Floating Island as his focus, Zen wished to quietly pass the exam. However, Zane inexplicably had to target him.

"Throw the White Jade Token in your hand to the sky. If you don't dare, giving up now will save you some face," Zane said in an arrogant tone. He still wanted to provoke Zen.

Almost all of the one hundred thousand proving godly warriors had tossed their White Jade Tokens up into the air. Most of the energy that surrounded the tokens had already dissipated. The tokens were densely packed in the air, just like a flock of small white birds that were suspended in the air. It was an extremely spectacular sight.

Only a very small number of the proving godly warriors had yet to act. Zen was one of them.

Chapter 2176 Shatter The White Jade Token

Zen had originally intended to throw the White Jade Token up as he pleased. He didn't have any desire to fight for the top spot.

After all, he did not want to attract too much attention before even joining the Heavenly Han House.

The only reason he had defeated Eric at the Brilliant Moon Restaurant was that he had been tempted by the five thousand divine might coins. Otherwise, he wouldn't have bothered to take action.

But now, Zane was trying to provoke him.

At the same time, most of the proving godly warriors expectantly turned to Zen.

They wanted to see if Zen was as strong as the rumors said he was or if they were just an exaggeration.

"The rest of you, please throw your White Jade Tokens. Then, I will make a list," Malloy said. Although his tone was very faint and he didn't mention any specific names, everyone could tell that his words were targeted toward Zen in particular. Moreover, Malloy seemed to dislike Zen.

As per Malloy's instructions, the rest of the proving godly warriors threw their White Jade Tokens one by one. Soon, Zen was the only one left holding the White Jade Token.

"He must be a coward," a proving godly warrior said in a low voice.

"Agreed. He's afraid of losing face."

"Everyone who is in the Heavenly Han House should behave themselves. Why is he going against the Han Clan?"

When Zen heard these words, he felt a bit helpless.

He wanted to join the Heavenly Han House. When had he ever gone against the Han Clan?

It was these fellows who had provoked him!

"You're the only one left. Stop putting on airs. Just show your strength!" Zane demanded with a sour expression on his face. The faint smile on Zen's face displeased him.

"Well then..."

Zen sighed softly.

He then gently flipped the White Jade Token twice in his hand.

Zane, Seth, Eric, and even Malloy all watched Zen's White Jade Token with unwavering attention.

Even though the test of the Han Clan had begun, none of them knew Zen's name and origin. Even when Zane had asked him about it outright, he hadn't said anything. Since none of the people present had any measure of Zen's abilities, they were paying close attention to him out of sheer curiosity.

On Zen's White Jade Token were clearly carved the words "Thad Luo from Misty Mountain Village." As soon as they read it, the place erupted into discourse.

"So his surname is Luo."

"Misty Mountain Village? Where is it?"

"Such small villages can be found everywhere in the 36 regions. There might be hundreds of thousands of them. Who knows where this village is?"

Zen had already decided to disguise himself as a divine citizen who came from Misty Mountain Village. Since he had already stepped into the Godly Way, no one would be able to tell that he once used to be a secondary creature.

Ignoring the murmurs around him, he slowly walked forward a few steps before raising his head to look at the sky. Then, he smiled and asked, "Do you really look forward to it that much?"

Zane's face froze. He hadn't expected Zen to reply with such arrogance. "What am I looking forward to? I just want to see you make a fool of yourself!" he retorted without missing a beat.

"Fine."

As he gently held the White Jade Token in his hand, Zen allowed a cynical smile to spread on his face. Then, he lifted the White Jade Token far above his head and slung his arm back like he was about to launch it into the air. At the same time, the nine stars in his inner world began to revolve slowly. His body rose abruptly, and veins bulged out from his temples all the way to his heels.

35% strength!

Even though his cultivation level had not increased in recent times, with constant training, both his physical body and his inner world had grown by leaps and bounds.

Relying on his body alone, he could easily withstand 35% of the strength source from the nine stars.

As the strength source madly revolved within his body, it moved through every inch of him in a seemingly distorted way.

Clap!

A crisp sound resounded in the air the moment he slung the White Jade Token forward with his hand. It was like a large entity had been slapped.

The White Jade Token had been crushed into pieces in mid-air.

The pieces of debris landed on the bodies of some of the proving godly warriors nearby. For a moment, because of the impact combined with the crisp sound, they all thought that they had been slapped by Zen. Each and every one of them stared stupidly at Zen, clueless as to what they had just witnessed.

Zane, who didn't get hit by the debris, saw that the White Jade Token was broken and immediately assumed that Zen had crushed it on purpose. In the silence that ensued, he sneered, "Humph, it's fine if you don't dare to make a move, but you intentionally damaged the White Jade Token. You're smart!"

Hearing that, Zen waved his hand at Zane and innocently said, "Sorry. I forgot that the White Jade Token is just a piece of jade. It's too brittle."

Zane laughed incredulously and said, "Don't make excuses..."

But before he could finish his sentence, a voice said, "Shut up!"

It was Malloy; although his words were directed at Zane, he was staring at Zen with complete caution—and he was not the only one.

All of the other True Gods, as well as Master Wu, were staring at Zen in a mixture of surprise and fear.

In the beginning, they had wondered how this seemingly ordinary man had been able to defeat Eric, who had been given rigorous training by the Hulan Clan, with just one move. Most of them had written it off as a random stroke of luck.

But now, they could not ignore the truth that was staring them in the eyes.

Just now, when Zen had suddenly flung the White Jade Token into the air, he had caused space to bend a little.

In the Evolutionary Universe, Zen could easily tear space at will. However, the stability of space in the divine land was beyond his imagination. Even though he had used 35% of his strength and focused all of it into his right hand, it had only caused space to bend slightly.

But this slight bend alone had rendered all of the True Gods present speechless.

Aside from Malloy, who was a mid-rank True God, the rest of them were all low-rank True Gods. However, with their vast amounts of experience, they knew that there were only two types of people in the divine land that could influence space.

One was the consummate True Gods who had surpassed the level of top-rank True Gods, while the other was Holy Beings. However, there was no doubt that the man standing in front of them had distorted space by relying on his strength alone. This was an unimaginable thing that no one present had ever heard of.

They had also clearly seen that it wasn't Zen himself who had crushed the White Jade Token, but the great impact that the token had with the air.

The air in the divine land was much more viscous than the air in the Evolutionary Universe. Therefore, all life forms that entered the divine land would feel an invisible pressure acting on their bodies. However, the original inhabitants of the divine land had long become accustomed to this. The invisible pressure of the air was similar to the powerful gravitational force of the Collapsing Mountain race's place in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Since the air was so viscous, when the White Jade Token had instantly accelerated to an extremely high speed, the air had formed an invisible wall against it. The White Jade Token was not strong enough to break through the wall of air by itself, so it had been blown to smithereens.

Although it had all happened in a split second, the True Gods understood this and began to ponder in their hearts how much power Zen actually possessed.

As soon as Malloy had realized that Zen from Misty Mountain Village was not an ordinary warrior, he had begun to be very cautious. However, Zane was still talking nonsense and embarrassing the Han Clan, so Malloy was annoyed and couldn't help scolding him.

But Zane, who had finally gotten a chance to humiliate Zen, didn't want to let go of the matter. His eyes blazed with fury as he insisted, "Uncle Malloy, he intentionally broke..."

"Shut up!" Malloy's voice turned as cold as ice.

As a senior of the Han Clan, he couldn't afford to lose face even if Zane ended up doing a good job today.

"Zane, as Uncle Malloy said, don't say anything," Seth advised.

Seth was one of the many people present who hadn't clearly seen what had happened, but he was good at gauging the atmosphere and reading people's minds. From the surprised and cautious way Malloy and the other True Gods were staring at Zen, Seth could tell that Zen had done something extraordinary just now and that he couldn't be underestimated.

With a drastic change in his attitude, Malloy slowly walked over to Zen. The cold smile on his face had disappeared; now, his face was filled with kindness as he said, "You're Thad Luo, right? And you are from Misty Mountain Village. Our clan rules 36 regions, and there are a total of 13 Misty Mountain Villages. In which region is the Misty Mountain Village you live in located?"

"I come from the Misty Mountain Village in the Vast Sky Region," replied Zen.

"The Vast Sky Region," Malloy repeated, memorizing the name. He was planning to send someone to investigate Zen's background. He smiled at Zen and said, "It's a pity that the White Jade Token has been damaged, but it's not your fault. How about we give you something else to throw? Otherwise, I wouldn't know where to put you on the list."

Zen had no objections to Malloy's arrangement, so he casually nodded his head.

Chapter 2177 Short Halberds (Part One)

Malloy also understood in his heart that the power that Zen had just released was too scary. The others who also saw Zen's power were also mystified. It had simply exceeded the limit of what a proving godly warrior should possess. To be able to shatter the White Jade Token with just a single throw, it was enough to prove his ability…

For someone who had reached such a level, there was no need to rank him. Zen was clearly at a different level compared to the other participants. Malloy could even make an exception and directly recruit Zen into the Heavenly Han House.

However, he needed an excuse to find out Zen's strength!

The Heavenly Han House was also under great pressure. For the past thousand years, the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan had only accepted one disciple. Furthermore, that disciple did not originate from the Heavenly Han House but was a direct descendant from the Floating Island of Han Clan. As such, they still hadn't produced anyone worthy to be a disciple of the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan.

In these thousand years, the Heavenly Han House had already nurtured quite a lot of elites and talents. However, after those talents advanced to become True Gods, their performances were very mediocre. Even the warriors who were recommended by the Heavenly Han House to go to the Floating Island hadn't done anything very impressive. It seemed that the potential of the recruits they had was not that great.

The Han Clan on the Floating Island had already spread the word that if the Heavenly Han House failed to recommend an eligible disciple for the Holy Emperor within the next thousand years, they would distribute the qualifications of recommending warriors to the thirty-six regions. At that time, all the proving godly houses in the thirty-six regions could recommend warriors to the Floating Island of Han Clan! The influence of the Heavenly Han House would greatly decrease!

The Holy Emperor of the Han Clan was the one who chose his disciples. The Heavenly Han House could only recommend warriors. However, It was difficult to find the right people.

Malloy wished that he could become a disciple of the Holy Emperor, but it was a pity that he didn't have the qualifications. With disappointment in his heart, he could only accept his fate…

The sub-branches of the Han Clan had relied on the main Han Clan on the Floating Island to flourish in the Six-Burden Divine City. The main Han Clan had granted the recommendation rights to the Heavenly Han House. As such, the proving godly warriors in the 36 regions had no choice but to gather in the Six-Burden Divine City to participate in the test. That contract had made the Heavenly Han House flourish.

Although the Six-Burden Region was the Han Clan's ancestral land, the main Han Clan had already moved to the Floating Island. Additionally, the people in the sub-branches of the Han Clan were only relatives of the main Han Clan. Some of them even had no relation to the Han Clan by blood. As such, it was quite generous for the main Han Clan to give such a privilege to them.

If the Han Clan on the Floating Island gave the right of recommendation to other proving godly houses, then the status of the sub-branches of Han Clan would be greatly weakened. Additionally, the other godly houses might also use that opportunity to gain more influence and power.

However, it was too difficult to find a disciple that could satisfy the requirements of the Holy Emperor. Such talent was rare even in the bigger clans. Ever since Malloy had taken up his post, he had not seen such a genius who was qualified...

At the thought that he had to shoulder the responsibility to secure the position of the sub-branches of Han Clan, Malloy's heart felt heavy. He didn't want the sub-branches of the Han Clan to fail.

With the cultivation of a proving godly warrior, Zen was able to shake a part of the space. A never-before-seen talent had finally arrived in the Heavenly Han House. Malloy's curiosity towards Zen grew more intense. As he saw Zen's skills, the fire of hope in Malloy's heart had ignited!

If there was really a sliver of a chance for Zen to be chosen by the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan, then Heavenly Han House's position would be saved. Thus, Malloy had mercilessly reprimanded Zane after he previously provoked Thad. Malloy had indeed placed his hopes in Zen.

When Zen heard the suggestion from Malloy, he immediately nodded his head in agreement.

Malloy then took out an object from his space ring. It was a pair of black short halberds. As he grabbed the halberds, Malloy approached Zen. He smiled and said to Zen, "This pair of short halberds are supreme primordial weapons without any rank. I know you're a sword cultivator, but the value of this pair of short halberds is also about a hundred divine might coins. Now, I give them to you and you can use one of them to throw again."

When Malloy handed the pair of short halberds to Zen, the envy in Zane's eyes grew even stronger. A deep hatred towards Zen seethed in Zane's heart.

For the test of the Heavenly Han House, the five descendants of the Han Clan sub-branches had all participated. Due to their great potential, they all had a high opinion of each other's strengths. Originally, all five of them wanted to take over the top five rankings. Additionally, Malloy promised that he would give the pair of short halberds to whoever got the top spot!

The weapon that Zane usually used was a short halberd. Although this particular pair of short halberds were not of high quality, they were still supreme primordial weapons. He didn't expect that his uncle would just give them to Zen like that. It was too unfair. Jealousy and disbelief crept into his heart.

The eyes of the five descendants of the Han Clan sub-branches were all focused on Zen. They had different thoughts in their minds. When Seth saw Zane's indignant expression, he lightly patted him on the shoulder and consoled him, "Uncle Malloy is also doing this for the consideration of our Han Clan sub-branches. This Thad really has such a terrifying strength and talent, so we shouldn't offend him. Don't say anything you shouldn't say. Uncle Malloy might want you to apologize…"

"Why should I apologize!" Zane roared angrily in a low voice. He didn't want Malloy to hear him.

Chapter 2178 Short Halberds (Part Two)

"Why?" Seth smiled faintly. He then explained in a warm tone. "Don't you understand? It's both a fortune and misfortune to be born in Han Clan. Everything you have was given by Han Clan, and they have the right to take them away, unless…"

"Unless what?" Zane's expression darkened. He didn't want to believe Seth, but he had no choice but to admit that Seth's words were reasonable.

Seth continued to smile and said, "Unless you can display more powerful strength and better talent than Thad. If you could do that, you should be able to attract the attention of the main Han Clan. Isn't it very simple?"

"Damn it! Is it simple?" Zane cursed. Right now, he could only wish that Zen was a swindler and he had used some trick to intentionally shatter that White Jade Token. However, Zane also knew that it was just an empty wish on his part. Deep in his heart, he feared that Zen was truly more powerful than him.

Zane was not the only one who was jealous of Zen. All the proving godly warriors present saw that Zen had broken the White Jade Token. Not only was he not kicked out, but Zen was instead given a pair of supreme primordial weapons by the master of the Heavenly Han House. Envy was apparent in the eyes of the proving godly warriors present. They felt extremely aggrieved in their hearts …

Zen did not decline. Since he had already decided to join the Han Clan, he would not be too estranged from the Han Clan. He happily accepted the pair of short halberds. Before he threw one of them, he looked at Malloy and asked, "How do you know that I'm a sword cultivator?"

He didn't display his swordsmanship in front of Malloy. The Great Weighty Sword was also in its sheath and was kept in his space ring. There was no apparent evidence that he used a sword.

Malloy smiled faintly. "I can see that the part between your thumb and index of your right hand is sunken and your index finger is rough. It could only be seen on those who have cultivated the sword for many years." As the master of the Heavenly Han House, Malloy himself was at the peak level of a mid-rank True God. As such, it was not difficult for him to observe those details. His keen observation impressed many of those who heard his remark.

Zen nodded his head slightly. When the pair of short halberds entered his hands, they gave off an ice-cold feeling akin to pig iron. The halberds weighed twice as much as the White Jade Token. But because they were heavier, it was easier to throw. So there was not much difference.

After that, Malloy waved his hand and smiled. "You can start."

Zen grabbed onto one of the short halberds and took a few steps back. Once again, he raised his head high, and the nine stars in his inner world continued to spin. Power radiated from the nine stars, like an engine ready to start a powerful machine. The strength source from the surface of the stars began to flow along the pathways in his cinnabar field and entered his right hand. Still, he had only extracted thirty percent of the strength source.

After he took a deep breath, Zen threw the short halberd in his hand. With fantastic speed, the short halberd flew!

Whoosh!

There was no energy attached to that short halberd, only pure strength.

However, the short halberd shot up into the sky at an unprecedented speed. With great momentum, it tore through the air as it produced a high-pitched sound. Everyone's gaze was focused on the short halberd Because the speed of the halberd was too fast, it caused the air around it to constantly shrink. As such, a pale white trajectory was formed below it.

In the blink of an eye, the short halberd had risen to a height of five hundred feet!

"The speed is so fast!"

"I wonder if he'll break the record!"

"It seems that the master thinks very highly of this kid, so that's why he gave him the short halberds…"

The eyes of proving godly warriors present widened as they watched the short black halberd rise up in a straight line. A mix of amazement and jealousy was seen in their faces.

After it reached a height of five hundred feet, the black halberd, just like the other one hundred thousand White Jade Tokens, encountered that giant invisible net. As such, it began to quickly slow down.

However, the initial speed of the short halberd was simply too fast. Even though its speed had been greatly reduced, it still rose at a spectacular speed.

"I wonder if he can break Zane's…" A proving godly warrior had intended to say that he wanted to see if Zen could break Zane's record. However, before he could finish his words, the short halberd had already passed the 800 feet mark and flew straight towards the 900 feet mark…

"The highest record in the Heavenly Han House is only 820 feet. He's planning to break through the 900 feet mark!"

"It has already broken through the 900 feet mark, and I think it will soon break through 1000 feet."

A disciple of the Han Clan chuckled as he heard this, "Breaking through the 1000 feet mark? How absurd! That would be impossible! The binding power in the sky above the Heavenly Han House was created according to the rules of the Thousand Commandments Slate. Generally, the highest point is only 990 feet! No matter how powerful Thad is, would he be able to break the rules of the Thousand Commandments Slate? Even a top-rank True God would find it hard to get rid of this binding force!"

What the warrior said was the truth. The sub-branches of the Han Clan controlled the Thousand Commandments Slate in this area, and the rules were all written by them. As such, the rules naturally favored Heavenly Han House. As for the other proving godly houses in the Six-Burden Divine City, they could not enjoy any special treatment.

But after the short halberd broke through the 900 feet mark, it still easily rose upwards. After a few moments, it reached a height of 990 feet!

Bam!

The black halberd seemed to have hit something hard before it stopped. Everyone's gaze was high up in the sky, focused on the motionless black halberd.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2179 The Veto Token (Part One)

When the short halberd hit the invisible barrier, the sky above the Heavenly Han House began transforming into an illusion of colors, as if various colors of inks had been dropped into water and were now bleeding and intertwining together.

Just as the Han Clan disciple had said, the restrictive power over the Heavenly Han House was actually an enchanted barrier that had been created by borrowing the Thousand Commandments Slate's power.

This said barrier completely covered the sky above the Heavenly Han House. Generally speaking, the barrier wasn't visible to the naked eye. In fact, nobody was capable of seeing it unless there was an enemy attack — then the barrier would activate itself!

However, warriors who were qualified to fight in the Six-Burden Divine City were top-rank True Gods, at the very least. True Gods on Master Evil's level were considered powerless against the Thousand Commandments Slate.

Two divine eras had already passed since the last time the barrier had activated itself due to an enemy attack.

Everyone in the Heavenly Han House, including the True Gods and the proving godly warriors, all stared blankly at the sky. Only a few of the True Gods who had lived for a long time already had seen the barrier being triggered in the past. This though, was the first time the young warriors witnessed such a wondrous scene!

"Oh gosh!"

When Malloy noticed the flowing, blending lights, he suddenly remembered something important and his expression changed at once.

At the same time, he spun his head to the side and roared, "Elder Chen! Hurry up! Use the Veto Token! I'll give you a new one later!"

The True Gods of the Heavenly Han House, including the old man surnamed Wu, had gathered together on a small corner of the land. Every one of these True Gods was equally paying close attention to each of Zen's movements.

"Tell me, was it truly this young man who taught you the technique of breaking the Five-element Godly Way limitations?" asked a True God.

Master Wu nodded his head, "At the time, I couldn't think of any other way to repay him, so I only gave him a White Jade Token. I never expected that he'd ever really have the strength to join the Heavenly Han House, so originally, I had the intention of compensating him with other treasures. That said though, his strength surpassed everyone's possible expectations!"

As Master Wu spoke, the other True Gods heard Malloy's voice coming from the other side.

Elder Chen, the person that Malloy was speaking to, was the True God who was considered to have the most experience and prestige in the Heavenly Han House.

As Elder Chen heard Malloy's words, his expression quickly changed as well. He too was reminded of something important that had otherwise been overlooked by everyone!

Beneath the cover of the Thousand Commandments Slate, nobody in the entire Six-Burden Divine City had the permission to fight. Here, any powerful energy fluctuation could lead to the Thousand Commandments Slate's punishment.

Despite this cover, during the Heavenly Han House test, the rules of the place were much more lenient. Thus, the concerned proving godly warriors were capable of extracting their life vitality from their inner world and throwing the White Jade Token into the sky without the risk of suffering the slate's punishment.

Zen, on the other hand, threw the short halberd so high up into the air that it struck the barrier covering the sky. Such a powerful act was equivalent to triggering the barrier! Although the blow from the short halberd hitting the barrier wasn't enormous, it was still recognized by the

Thousand Commandments Slate as an invasion signal. Hence, the barrier launched its highest-level counterattack.

The Thousand Commandments Slate was of extreme power. If it were to attack with all its strength, even Malloy would be burnt to ashes. Although Zen's strength and talent were excellent, there was no way in hell he'd withstand such a powerful attack. He would be eliminated in seconds!

Never in the past had there been a proving godly warrior who could throw the White Jade Token to a height of 990 feet!

Even a mid-rank True God would find it difficult to accomplish such a feat, let alone a proving godly warrior. This was due to the fact that, at the height over 900 feet, the restrictive power doubled every 10 feet. As the multiple continued to increase, by the time it reached 990 feet in height, the restrictive power within the space became extremely terrifying.

But Zen had clearly managed to do so, and this had astonished Malloy to the greatest extent. In his perspective, Zen was probably on par with the geniuses of the Floating Islands. Zen was the proving godly warrior with the most powerful strength that Malloy had ever seen.

If Zen really did die from the Thousand Commandments Slate's punishment, Malloy would probably regret the latter until his own death.

Buzz!

At the center of the Six-Burden Divine City, a cyan slate could be seen floating in the air. On the slate were a thousand rules written in small, golden words. These golden words were personally handwritten by the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan, and these rules had been set long ago by the ancestors of the clan.

Any time someone violated the rules of the Thousand Commandments Slate, the small golden words would begin to shine brightly.

Right now, the words of a paragraph located in the middle of the slate began to flicker with light.

At the same time, a sliver of lightning suddenly appeared above the slate. As the lightning continued to circle in the air, it slowly began to condense itself, finally forming a small ball of lightning.

As the golden words continued flickering with light on the slate, the ball of lightning rapidly grew in size. From no bigger than a closed fist, it quickly became the size of a house!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The outer layer of the lightning ball was a deep shade of indigo, while the inner layer was midnight black. This pitch black layer contained the thunder tribulation's ultimate power.

Once the lightning ball was completely formed, it flew straight toward the Heavenly Han House, leaving nothing behind except a terrifying series of rumbling thunder in the air!

Chapter 2180 The Veto Token (Part Two)

Upon noticing Malloy's expression then, Zen realized that something was definitely wrong. At the same time though, Master Evil came to his mind with a reminder. "Zen, you have to be careful. You seem to have triggered the Thousand Commandments Slate," he said.

Before, in the Mirror City, Zen had already witnessed the Ten Commandments Slate's power. The Thousand Commandments Slate in the Six-Burden Divine City was much more powerful than the Ten Commandments Slate. Nevertheless, never had he thought that the Heavenly Han House would be so careless. They obviously knew the danger of triggering the Thousand Commandments Slate, and yet they still held such a test!

Crack! Crack!

The ear-piercing claps of thunder were approaching, coming from the horizon and heading straight toward the Heavenly Han House.

Many intelligent warriors seemed to come to their own conclusions on what was going on and scattered in all directions in an attempt to avoid Zen. They were afraid that they would be implicated in the Thousand Commandments Slate's punishment. It wasn't before long that the ball lightning broke through the Heavenly Han House's enchanted barrier and plummeted toward Zen!

The power contained within this lightning ball was enough to heavily injure and even kill a True God. The second it plummeted into the Heavenly Han House, the powerful thunder energy formed a strong electric field, causing the hair of the hundred thousand proving godly warriors to stand on end.

Everyone had one same thought in their minds: this guy, who also went by the name of Thad, was absolutely doomed!

Generally speaking, most people didn't have any conflicts with Zen. After they understood the whole of the situation, they usually felt nothing but pity for him. Zen had easily set an incredible record and his great talent would have, without a doubt, promised him a bright future. It was an unfortunate tragedy that he would die because of the Heavenly Han House's negligence.

To the contrary of most though, in Eric's and Zane's perspectives, Zen simply deserved it.

From the moment Zen triggered the Thousand Commandments Slate to the moment the Thousand Commandments Slate imposed its punishment, less than a total of six seconds had passed.

Elder Chen was ready to use the Veto Token as Malloy had asked him to. In fact, even if Malloy wouldn't have promised to compensate him with a new one, he would still have saved Zen's life without hesitation. As the greatest True God of the Heavenly Han House, he still held this responsibility on his shoulders!

However, as he patted his waist though, the features on his face began to distort themselves again. He forced an embarrassed and bitter smile as he said, "I didn't bring the Veto Token with me..."

Upon hearing Elder Chen's words, Malloy's heart sank and he felt overwhelmed with defeat. It seemed that Zen was truly doomed this time.

The lightning ball was zooming in on Zen, and it was about to hit him. Something had to be done! It was a critical moment.

In one of the far corners of the place, a girl could be seen wearing green clothes and blinking her eyes. She tilted her head slightly as she swayed her slender arm, and a token suddenly appeared in her hand. This token had the same shape of the White Jade Token, but the color and material were different. In the middle of the token, the word 'Veto' was written in big.

This was the Six-Burden Divine City's Veto Token! Unbelievable!

The Veto Tokens were made by the Han Clan, and generally speaking, they could negate most of the rules on the Thousand Commandments Slate.

Of course, the Han Clan knew that if there were too many Veto Tokens, the Thousand Commandments Slate would become nothing more than a decoration — no one would take it seriously anymore. This mattered to the safety of the Six-Burden Divine City, and thus, the Han Clan only made very few Veto Tokens. A Veto Token could sell for over twenty thousand divine might coins in the Six-Burden Divine City.

Even if someone could pay such a sky-high price, they'd still find it difficult to actually obtain a Veto Token. Currently, even the sub-branches of Han Clan only had three Veto Tokens in their hands. None of them belonged to Malloy.

Elder Chen, on his behalf, had made a great contribution for the Heavenly Han House by discovering two excellent disciples for the Holy Emperor. That was why the Han Clan had rewarded him with a Veto Token. However, he had neglected to bring the Veto Token with him, therefore he couldn't offer to save Zen from the danger.

Crack!

The lightning ball was no more than three feet away from Zen now. Malloy and the other True Gods of the Heavenly Han House had all subconsciously closed their eyes, partially in fear of what was to come and partially because they were all unwilling to watch his tragic death.

Zen was already prepared to use his Redemption Armor in order to protect his body and then use his greatest strength to defend against the lightning ball. Even though he felt that his chances were slim, he knew he had no other choice. Despite this, a bitter feeling still arose in his heart. He never expected that his life would end like this, in such a ridiculous way!

Right at that moment, the Veto Token in the girl's hand, who was still standing in the corner suddenly emitted a red light, and with an incomparably fast speed, the token flew out of the Heavenly Han House, crossed half of the Six-Burden Divine City in the blink of an eye, and struck the Thousand Commandments Slate straight on. Simultaneously, the lightning ball strangely stopped above Zen's head, kind of just hovering there, just a couple of feet away from him. Even the lightning surrounding it, which resembled thousands of little snakes, had frozen like statues.

Following a slight flash of light from the Thousand Commandments Slate, the rule was temporarily negated. The lightning ball began to disperse rapidly, and all the energy contained within it quickly disappeared without a trace.

Chapter 2181 Causing Trouble

Zen stood on the spot while his body was still in a tense state. As cold sweat trickled down his back, his chest continued to heave non-stop.

If the lightning ball descended another foot, he would also use his theurgy to defend himself.

However, Zen was well aware that the Thousand Commandments Slate was powerful enough to kill a top-rank True God. With his current level of cultivation, resistance would be futile.

Because of that accident, Zen had been caught off guard and almost gotten killed. If he had really died in the Six-Burden Divine City, it would have been too much for him to accept. He still hadn't achieved his ambition.

Before the ball of lightning disappeared, Zen saw a red light leap out from a corner of the courtyard.

Although he wasn't sure what that red light was, the disappearance of the lightning ball must have something to do with the red light. Curiosity became apparent in Zen's eyes.

He turned his head and saw a girl in green clothes standing at the corner. She had a simple ponytail that revealed her pure white neck. Her chubby face was filled with a delicate aura. Even though it was in a ponytail, the girl's hair was still long enough to hang down her heels.

At that moment, Zen wasn't the only one who focused on the girl. The attention of everyone in the courtyard was also stolen by her.

Some of the young proving godly warriors' eyes lit up as they saw the girl. Their hearts thumped in their chests. Curious expressions could be seen on the faces of the proving godly warriors. No matter where she appeared, she would definitely attract countless gazes. Nonetheless, none of the warriors had noticed her before this moment.

As for the people of the Han Clan, including the True Gods, their attention was naturally not on the girl herself, but on her hand.

The girl's hand was fair and exquisite without a single wrinkle. In that hand, there was a token. On the token was a large "Veto" word. It was the Han Clan's Veto Token.

Malloy held his breath, and then let out a sigh of relief.

He'd thought that Zen was about to perish just now. He hadn't thought that this girl would make a move at that moment. The recent events had been beyond his expectations. A mixture of surprise and relief was seen on his face.

Malloy also didn't know the girl. However, he knew that she was someone extraordinary. Of course, how could someone with a Veto Token be an ordinary person? With a few conjectures in his mind about the girl's background, Malloy approached her. A respectful expression appeared on his face as he cupped his hands towards her. He then said in a humble tone, "Young lady, thank you very much for saving him just now."

The girl's bright eyes blinked as she looked at Malloy. She then waved her hand. "There's no need to thank me. Moreover, I saved him, so he should be the one thanking me."

Malloy immediately agreed. "That's right. Thad Luo, this lady used the Veto Token to save your life. I think you should thank her." Malloy guessed that this girl was most likely from the Han Clan on the Floating Island. As for why she wanted to return to the ancestral land of the Han Clan and participate in the examination of Heavenly Han House, he had no idea. Regardless of her motives, he still paid her the necessary respect.

Additionally, none of the people who had returned from the Floating Island could be neglected.

When he heard Malloy's words, Zen also clasped his hands together towards the girl. In a gentle tone, he thanked her, "Thank you, young lady, for saving my life."

The girl looked at Zen and raised the Veto Token that had already been used. An impish smile came across her face. She then said in a playful tone, "I heard that this token is worth a lot of money. I saved your life, so how are you going to repay me?"

The reason she returned to the ancestral land of the Han Clan was to offer sacrifices to the ancestors.

The Han Clan had already survived for countless years. Due to their ancient existence, they had long since become a great power. However, the Han Clan was also very complicated. Every ten thousand years, all the members of the clan would go to the ancestral land to offer sacrifices to the ancestors together. Aside from that, the members of the Han Clan on the Floating Island would usually return to the ancestral land alone.

It was the first time the girl had left the Floating Island. As such, everything in the Six-Burden Region was new to her. In the short time that she left the Floating Island, she had already toured the entirety of the Six-Burden Divine City.

However, what left her with the deepest impression was still the scene where Eric challenged Zen in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant. Zen's magnificent display of strength was deeply engraved in her memory.

Along the way, Bruce told her not to have any expectations for the proving godly warriors in the Han Clan's ancestral land. He said that although the divine land was vast, there was a huge gap between the strengths of warriors from outside the Floating Islands and warriors from the Floating Islands. The proving godly warriors were merely a little bit better than the divine citizens in the eyes of the warriors from the Floating Islands.

Proving godly warriors from the Floating Islands could easily kill the proving godly warriors from outside the Floating Islands. The same was true for True Gods, no matter low-rank True Gods or mid-rank True Gods.

However, the bit of strength that Zen displayed in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant was enough to completely refute Bruce's point of view. Just that bit of strength that Zen displayed was enough to instantly kill ninety percent of proving godly warriors on the Han Clan's Floating Island. As such, a curious expression could be seen on the girl's face as she looked at Zen.

Both the girl and Bruce knew that with Zen's skillful control over strength, his true abilities were on a higher level. Wouldn't such a person be able to match up to the true geniuses of the Han Clan?

Therefore, she became interested in Zen. However, Bruce didn't let her interfere in this matter and said he would send people to investigate Zen. In the end, she couldn't change his mind, so she could only give up.

After she offered sacrifices to the ancestors, she still had plenty of time. A thought then entered her mind. The test of the Heavenly Han House was very lively. She begged Bruce to give her a spot, and quietly entered the Heavenly Han House. Before this, Bruce had even used the Mask Technique on her.

After the Mask Technique was cast, a person's temperament was concealed. As long as she was in a crowd, she would not stand out at all. It was very difficult for others to notice her presence.

As a result, when she entered the Heavenly Han House, no one had noticed that there was such a girl in the corner.

After she stayed in the Heavenly Han House for a while, she saw Zen slowly walk in. When Zen broke his token, she was quite impressed. However, she didn't expect that when he threw the black short halberd out, it actually triggered the Thousand Commandments Slate.

Of course, the girl understood very well the power of the Thousand Commandments Slate. Once the punishment from the slate was dealt with Zen, he would definitely die. She already had wanted to use her Veto Token to help him. However, when she heard that Malloy had asked Elder Chen to use his Veto Token, she immediately gave up on the idea.

Never would she have thought that at the most crucial moment, Elder Chen would say that his Veto Token was not by his side. A mix of shock and anger crept upon the girl's heart for such a slow response from Elder Chen.

Thus, the girl fiercely glared at Elder Chen as she silently cursed in her heart, 'Why didn't you say it earlier?' Only then did she activate her Veto Token to reject the punishment of the Thousand Commandments Slate. With quick action, Zen was saved.

"How am I going to repay you?" Zen was startled and suddenly had a strange feeling. A confused look was seen on his face.

When he saw that Zen didn't know how to respond, Malloy quickly said from the side, "We still have a few Veto Tokens. After the exam, we'll have someone send them to you. What do you think?"

However, the girl shook her head. She said in a playful tone, "The Veto Tokens are easy to obtain. I don't care about them at all. I saved his life, so according to the rules, his life counts as mine? So he's my man, right?"

When these words came out from the innocent girl's mouth, everyone was stunned.

Zen was also speechless. With his strength, he was brave enough to fight most opponents. However, he was useless against such twisted logic.

To save a warrior's life was definitely a huge favor. However, it didn't mean that the life that was saved belonged to the savior.

This was the first time that this girl had left the Floating Island. As such, she was originally very clueless about worldly affairs. Bruce followed and took care of her along the way, and she hadn't caused any trouble. As Bruce didn't enter the Heavenly Han House, the girl became alone. With an innocent look on her face, she had begun to cause trouble.

Chapter 2182 Malloy's Worries (Part One)

Neither Zen nor Malloy took the girl's words seriously. Those who heard it were dumbfounded at first, but they had soon dismissed her words as mere nonsense. Maybe it was just a playful prank by the mysterious girl.

However, Malloy did not dare to offend the girl in the slightest. As such, he wanted to change the topic of the conversation. With a mischievous laugh, he said, "I wonder which branch of the Han Clan you are from?"

The Han Clan on the Floating Island had a total of three main branches, which were the Spiritual Branch, Heaven Branch, and Earth Branch. Those three branches were the core strength of the Han Clan. Additionally, the three of them together controlled the affairs in the Floating Island.

When she heard Malloy's question, the girl looked confused. "Which branch? I don't know either."

"You don't know?" Malloy's face froze, while the other True Gods also revealed looks of surprise. Their faces were again painted with confusion.

Even people like them, who came from the sub-branches of the Han Clan, were very familiar with the three main branches on the Floating Island. If the girl in front of them really came from the Floating Island, how could she not know? Could they have guessed wrongly? Maybe the girl was from another place.

Malloy thought for a moment. Afterward, he decided to change his method pf query. "Since you don't know which branch you are from, can you at least tell me your father's name?" he asked.

"You want to know who my father is?" The green-clothed girl suddenly understood. With an innocent look on her face, she answered, "Why didn't you ask earlier? My father is—"

Huff...

However, before the girl could finish, a strong wind blew in from outside the Heavenly Han House. Along the wind were some particles similar to sand.

In the blink of an eye, an old man appeared in the Heavenly Han House. Everyone in the courtyard was surprised yet again.

"Grandpa Bruce," the girl smiled when she saw the old man. "Didn't you say you were going to wait for me outside?"

Bruce looked at the girl and shook his head. Then, he turned to look at Malloy and asked coldly, "Are you the leader of the Heavenly Han House? As a member of a sub-branch of the Han Clan, don't you know that some questions cannot be randomly asked?"

As the old man bluntly questioned him, Malloy's expression was filled with dissatisfaction. Although he knew that the young lady was part of the Han Clan, he didn't know which branch she was from and he needed to figure out. Nonetheless, he didn't want to offend the young lady. Just as he was about to open his mouth to explain, he saw the old man gently lift up the hem of his robe. A beautiful green sword hung on his waist. It was carved with emerald. The surface of the sword was full of hollows, and it was very exquisite.

When Malloy saw the small green sword, his expression suddenly changed. His face was full of reverence. Then, he kneeled down on one knee as he cupped his fists. In a respectful tone, he said, "I'm Malloy Han, from the 13th sub-branch of the Han Clan. Welcome to the Heavenly Han House."

It wasn't just Malloy who suddenly became respectful. Seth, Zane and the other members of the Han Clan also recognized the sword. They also dropped to one knee to kowtow to the old man.

"I'm Zane Han, from the 9th sub-branch of the Han Clan. Welcome to the Heavenly Han House."

"I'm Seth Han, from the 3rd sub-branch of the Han Clan. Welcome to the Heavenly Han House."

All the disciples with the surname Han kneeled on the ground.

Every one of them immediately showed respect to the old man who just arrived.

As for those who were not from the Han Clan, including the True Gods and proving godly warriors, they were completely clueless as to what had happened.

Zen faintly glanced at the small green sword. He thought that the recent changes in the attitude of those from the Han Clan were most likely because of the small green sword and not because of the old man.

His guess was not wrong. The sword indeed was the reason for their sudden respect.

The Han Clan's Floating Island was like a huge kingdom. Any disciples that came from the Floating Island would have a much higher status than the disciples of Han Clan's sub-branches in the Six-Burden Divine City. However, the disciples on the Han Clan's Floating Island also had a huge difference in status. A hierarchy similar to a caste system was followed in the Floating Island.

If the Floating Island was like a kingdom, then the Han Clan's Holy Emperor was naturally the king.

However, the presence of the Holy Emperor was well hidden. He would only appear once every tens of thousands of years. Even some of his relatives had barely seen him. Although some of the descendants of the Han Clan had the blood of the Holy Emperor, they might not be able to meet the Holy Emperor for the rest of their lives.

However, there were a few people from the Han Clan who had the qualifications to see the Holy Emperor. Such people had extremely special statuses.

Perhaps such people didn't have high positions in the Han Clan, nor did they even take on any jobs. However, such people were not easily ignored. Their existences and statuses were extraordinary. Each of them had a small green sword on them.

The small green sword on the old man meant that either the old man or the girl was someone close to the Holy Emperor. It was a symbol of status and evidence that they could meet the Holy Emperor.

As such, the people from the Han Clan did not salute the old man. Instead, their respect was targeted towards the little green sword that hung on the old man's waist.

Bruce gave them a nod as a faint reply and didn't pay any more attention to them. He turned his head to look at his young lady. In a gentle yet firm tone, he said, "Miss, you've said that if your identity is revealed, you must go home with me. So don't—"

Chapter 2183 Malloy's Worries (Part Two)

"No!" The girl didn't wait for Bruce's words to finish before she refused. A rebellious expression could be seen on her face.

Bruce shook his head. "Miss, you have to keep your word." Although he was a servant, his tone was firm and there was no room for negotiation. A stern expression painted his face.

The girl probably knew that she couldn't go against Bruce. Nonetheless, the pure eyes of hers fiercely stared at Zen. With a face on the verge of a tantrum, she pouted her mouth and said, "Then, bring this brat back with us. If I didn't use the Veto Token to save him, I wouldn't have been exposed!"

The eyes of the Han Clan's disciples slightly flashed as they stared enviously at Zen. Deep in their hearts, everyone was jealous of how lucky Zen was. After all, those two were from the Han Clan's Floating Island, and entering the Floating Island was their lifelong goal. If Zen could really go to the Floating Island with the girl, then it would be having a skyrocketing rise.

When Malloy and the other True Gods heard the girl's words, they grew anxious.

The exam of the Heavenly Han House had yet to start, but Zen had already shown his talent. Malloy had placed a great amount of hope on him. If Zen really became a disciple of the Holy Emperor in the future, Malloy would benefit greatly. Furthermore, the status of the Heavenly Han House would be maintained for the time being. However, if Zen entered the Floating Island without the accomplishment of the examination, he wouldn't be affiliated with the Heavenly Han House.

If the girl could really take Zen away with her, then it would be a disaster for the Heavenly Han House.

Before Bruce could speak, Malloy gathered up his courage. In a respectful tone, he said, "This person came to our Heavenly Han House and should be accepted by us as a disciple. How could he be taken away so casually?"

Bruce looked at Malloy with a meaningful look on his face. In a callous voice, he replied, "We have no interest in him, but he does have extraordinary talent. I hope to see him on the Floating Island one day."

"Grandpa Bruce!" the girl protested. A pout still lingered on her face.

However, Bruce did not say anything. With a calm expression, he ignored the girl's tantrum. He reached out and a horsetail whisk appeared in his hand. With a gentle wave of the horsetail whisk, a cloud of dust suddenly appeared. Accompanied by gusts of wind, he and the girl disappeared from everyone's sight.

After the two of them left, Malloy and the others finally let out a sigh of relief. The stiff muscles on their faces finally relaxed. When they looked at Zen again, Malloy felt slightly awkward.

Malloy had long taken a fancy to Zen and was bound to accept him as a disciple of the Heavenly Han House. Nonetheless, Zen still needed to participate in the entire process of the exam. Without the completion of the process, Zen wouldn't be properly affiliated with the Heavenly Han House. However, just now, when he argued with the girl, his intentions were revealed without a doubt. It was as if Malloy had already cut off Zen's path to the Floating Island, and he was afraid that Zen would blame him.

"Well, Thad, if you join the Heavenly Han House, then in a few years, you'll be able to go to the Han Clan's Floating Island with your talent," Malloy explained in a polite tone.

When he saw that Malloy, a mid-rank True God, politely explained the situation to him, Zen also sighed in his heart. The divine land and the Evolutionary Universe might be completely different in terms of the rules, but they were almost the same in terms of worldly experience.

"Sir, I am indeed heading for the Floating Island, but my own path has been planned out long ago. Entering the Heavenly Han House is a necessary step. There are some shortcuts in this world, but I am not willing to take any of them," Zen said with a smile. A gentle expression could be seen in his face.

Malloy's eyes lit up at Zen's words, and he could not help but nod in praise. "Good ambition! With this kind of mentality, there shouldn't be anything difficult for you in this world!"

Malloy's words were sincere flattery. However, the others took it a bit differently.

That was a chance to enter the Floating Island. Everyone in the yard wanted to go to that place.

If Malloy didn't stop him, then Zen would truly be able to go to the Floating island.

The one hundred thousand proving godly warriors present could only wish in their nights of sleep about such a thing. None of them would be able to enter the Floating Island in their lifetime. However, Zen was just only a step away from that dream!

"I think this brat was just saying this to conceal his regret."

"I agree with you. After losing this opportunity, he wants to go to the Floating Island on his own? In his dreams!"

"There are so many geniuses in the Han Clan every year. Furthermore, they are much stronger than normal proving godly warriors. The Han Clan's Floating Island has rejected many talented warriors, including those from the sub-branches of the Han Clan. Yet Thad Luo wants to enter the Floating Island by himself? Not taking shortcuts? What nonsense! He is merely bluffing!"

These people stood in different positions, and their thoughts were naturally different.

Of course, they could not understand Zen. It would be difficult for those warriors to reach certain heights in their entire lives. Naturally, they would not be able to see the wider world.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2184 Devin Tie

The air above the Heavenly Han House glittered with the White Jade Tokens everyone had thrown up to the sky, all of them arranged in order.

After that, the old man with the surname of Chen walked out as a roll of yellow paper materialized in his hands.

He opened the yellow paper and pointed it up towards the sky above Heavenly Han House. Then, he narrowed his lips and blew lightly.

The White Jade Tokens above the Heavenly Han House glowed a bright cyan. Each time a White Jade Token flickered, a name appeared on the yellow paper together with the place the person was from.

The first White Jade Token that glowed belonged to Zane, and his name appeared on the yellow paper. On the other hand, the rest of the others' names appeared one by one in order according to their tokens' height.

Not long after, the roll of yellow paper had finished recording the 100, 000 proving godly warriors' names and the places they came from.

As for Zen, his name would not appear on the yellow paper because he didn't throw a White Jade Token but a short halberd.

But of course, the old man surnamed Chen obviously wouldn't neglect Zen. He took out an ink brush and lightly shook it, and then a small stream of ink flowed out from the brush tip. A few words were formed on the yellow paper, namely, "Thad Luo, Misty Mountain Village, Vast Sky Region."

Zen's name naturally ranked first, so it appeared before Zane's name.

Although it made Zane internally unhappy, he had to accept the fact that Zen had easily thrown the black halberd to a height of 990 feet!

Just like Seth had said, the descendants of the Han Clan sub-branches were already born with a huge advantage. It didn't matter when it came to their bloodline or talent since they were all far stronger than ordinary warriors. Once they stepped into the Godly Way and became True Gods, they would be far more powerful than ordinary True Gods.

However, the Han Clan also needed to strengthen their position because a closed wealthy clan would be eliminated anytime soon.

In the past, some of the rich clans on the Floating Islands were completely isolated from the outside world. The clans' disciples were prohibited from marrying outsiders, and outsiders weren't allowed to hold important positions. There were consequences for those various methods of isolations, which didn't manifest themselves until ten or so divine eras later. Those consequences included the decrease of the rich clans' rankings, and some Floating Islands had even fallen into the Time Sea.

Currently, the rich clans on the Floating Islands were quite nice to the outsiders. They also treated the outsiders they invited to work for the clans equally in many aspects.

After the old man with the surname of Chen had organized the list, he left with the yellow paper.

The leader of the Heavenly Han House, Malloy, took down the black halberd and returned it to Zen before he turned to everyone in the Heavenly Han House and announced, "Everyone, wait for another hour. After one hour, please move to the Consulting God Hall in the inner yard of the Heavenly Han House." Once he was done, he left as well. The test of the Heavenly Han House required him to prepare many things, so he didn't have much time to spare.

When Master Wu saw that Zen had nothing left to do, he approached the young warrior. "You have imparted the mystical method for breaking the two taboos to me. I would like to know if you were the one who created this skill, or if someone else has taught you," he said with a chuckle.

The True Gods thought that Zen's talent really could compare with those of the elites of the Floating Islands. Although Bruce didn't take Zen away, he left them with some rather meaningful words. In any case, he should've already known that Zen was qualified to enter the Floating Island.

On the other hand, Master Wu thought that such a talent like Zen really did have the ability to comprehend and create such an ingenious cultivation method.

It was true that Master Evil had originally taught Zen the mystical method for breaking the two taboos. It was why Zen was unwilling to accept such a contribution and shook his head in response. "It was indeed taught to me by a master..."

"I wonder what kind of person this master is. To be able to train such a remarkable disciple like you, he must have a consummate cultivation base..." Master Wu said with a sigh.

"Consummate..." Zen whispered in slight surprise.

At the same time, Master Evil laughed complacently in his mind.

"Ha-ha! I am fortunate enough to be seen as a master at the consummate stage. It is worth it to teach him the mystical method for breaking the two taboos," Master Evil uttered with a smile.

It was known that a True God's cultivation base could be consummate, which meant that they could be qualified to become a Holy Being, but only when they had reached this stage.

"However, this old man seems like he wants to get something out of you and figure out who is the master you have mentioned. Ha-ha!" Master Evil added as a reminder.

What Master Evil said couldn't be wrong, as Zen could also tell that Master Wu looked quite interested in the 'master' that he had mentioned.

Many masters had taught Zen, such as Mike, Bromley, Holy Jay, and Holy Drew. Yet due to their delicate identities, Zen couldn't possibly reveal anything.

As expected, Master Wu asked a few more questions about that master's characteristics and so on. Zen did not immediately reject him, but instead falsely described the master's appearance and personality. This caused Master Wu to be lost in his thoughts in attempt to figure out that non-existent master.

Everything seemed to happen in a blur, as an hour had passed in just a blink of an eye.

The old man with the surname of Chen returned and announced to the crowd, "Everyone, please follow me to the backyard of the Heavenly Han House!"

The tapping of his shoes against the floor got increasingly softer as he turned around and left.

Soon enough, the proving godly warriors moved towards the backyard of Heavenly Han House under the guidance of the True Gods.

The interiors of the Heavenly Han House were quite spacious, and everything was arranged in a neat and orderly manner. One by one, the one hundred thousand proving godly warriors filed inside in order.

Zen walked slowly along with the crowd and on his way, a few other proving godly warriors approached and tried to make friends with him. Many of them came from powerful and influential clans who, after they had realized Zen's value, naturally understood the importance of befriending him. They believed that if Zen could enter the Floating Island and return back, he would have a much greater influence in the future.

Meanwhile, Zen gave simple responses to those warriors' friendly remarks. He thought that he would not stay in the Six-Burden Divine City for long anyway.

This time, Zen heard a low voice from a proving godly warrior who had approached him next.

"Thad Luo..."

Zen turned around and saw a young man in his early twenties. His body was quite sturdy, but his face looked a bit awkward.

"You are..." A confused look crossed Zen's face. He didn't know this person.

"My surname is Tie and my first name is Devin," the young man replied with a smile.

"Are you from the Tie Clan?" Zen asked with raised brows.

Devin Tie quickly nodded his head and said, "My sister sold the mud to you that day, but she didn't intentionally deceive you. After the test of the Heavenly Han House, I will personally ask her to return some of the divine might coins to you..."

This Devin Tie possessed a good talent and strength. He had been one of the top warriors among the three generations of the Tie Clan, but he was still ranked in the top fifty on the list.

Before he took the Heavenly Han House's test, he had heard that Linn had sold a piece of mud for an outrageous price. As he was to take part in the test, he clearly had to pay attention to the rankings. Now, he felt embarrassed by what Linn had done to Zen.

While Linn was an eloquent lady, she definitely did not do a good thing when she sold a piece of mud to Zen for five hundred divine might coins.

Then again, five hundred divine might coins was still a huge sum of money for the Tie Clan. Even if Devin Tie wanted to return all of them, he didn't know if his clan members would agree or not. Therefore, he ended up saying that he would return a part of the coins to Zen, even if he didn't know how many coins yet.

On the contrary, Zen was not concerned about a mere five hundred divine might coins...

Even though Master Evil had said that the divine might coin was still greatly useful, Zen currently did not care about it. After he had spent so many divine might coins and condensed a crystal, he figured out his method of condensing the Godly Tile. Therefore, he thought that the mud which cost him five hundred coins was worth buying.

"There's no need to return the coins to me," Zen said flatly.

Anxiety quickly flooded Devin Tie's mind when Zen had refused. "This must be..."

"No need. But I want you to help me," Zen continued.

He had originally planned to find Linn from the Tie Clan after the test in the Heavenly Han House, but now he didn't need to look for her. Her brother seemed to be much more generous, and this was a good opportunity to ask him for help.

"You want me to help you?" Devin Tie asked in shock. He couldn't believe what he heard.

Zen nodded and said in a serious tone, "I wonder where did you dig out that piece of mud? Can you take me there after the Heavenly Han House's test is over?"

"That mud?"

Devin Tie's eyes quickly lit up. He remembered that Alfred had always said that the mud was good, but he thought it was nothing special.

Yet from Zen's words, he was sure that he was looking for that same piece of mud. What could it be possibly for?

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

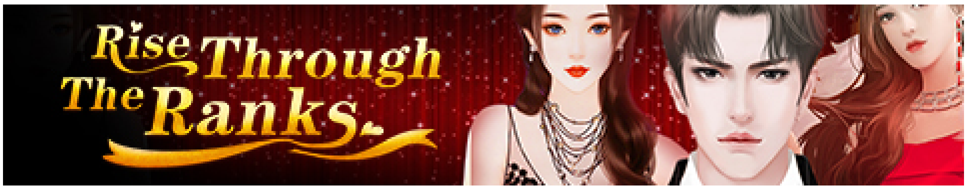

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

40

Content

Chapter 2185 Consulting God Hall
Chapter 2186 Imitated Godly Way Tablets
Chapter 2187 Purple Aura Godly Way
Chapter 2188 Infinity Ruler
Chapter 2189 Absorb
Chapter 2190 Comprehension
Chapter 2191 The End Of The Big Test (Part One)
Chapter 2192 The End Of The Big Test (Part Two)
Chapter 2193 A Top-rank True God (Part One)
Chapter 2194 A Top-rank True God (Part Two)
Chapter 2195 Testing Zen
Chapter 2196 A Little Freak
Chapter 2197 Agreement
Chapter 2198 Tie Clan
Chapter 2199 Digging A Passageway
Chapter 2200 Digging Deep
Chapter 2201 Cage
Chapter 2202 A Movable Cave
Chapter 2203 Unable To Escape
Chapter 2204 The Pond
Chapter 2205 A Girl's Head
Chapter 2206 Dispute
Chapter 2207 Making Things Difficult For Zen
Chapter 2208 Absorbing The Internal Momentum
Chapter 2209 Break Through
Chapter 2210 Mae Han
Chapter 2211 The Time Sea
Chapter 2212 No Ferry Out Of Fear
Chapter 2213 The Emperor Resentment
Chapter 2214 The Luo Clan
Chapter 2215 Meet Quentin Again
Chapter 2216 Enter The Purple Soul Hall
Chapter 2217 Rules Of Ruling Slate
Chapter 2218 Madam Moon
Chapter 2219 Jade Wall Of Legends
Chapter 2220 The Arena Of Legends

Chapter 2221 Efficiency And Speed
Chapter 2222 Points
Chapter 2223 Four Great Forbidden Lands (Part One)
Chapter 2224 Four Great Forbidden Lands (Part Two)
Chapter 2225 The Everest Spirit Mountain
Chapter 2226 Measures To Save The Ranking
Chapter 2227 Win The Battle
Chapter 2228 Grover Mu
Chapter 2229 An Unexpected Discovery
Chapter 2230 The Reunion
Chapter 2231 Suspicion
Chapter 2232 Playboys From Wealthy Clans
Chapter 2233 Harassment
Chapter 2234 Driven Mad
Chapter 2235 The Lesson
Chapter 2236 An Outsider
Chapter 2237 Threat
Chapter 2238 Forced To Kill (Part One)
Chapter 2239 Forced To Kill (Part Two)
Chapter 2240 Being Defeated

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 2185 Consulting God Hall

In the divine land, people had a deep understanding on all sorts of materials and their functions.

For example, everyone knew that the cheapest Coleoptrata Winter Grass was used to make an excellent base for pills because its lower portion could be made into a gelatinous substance which could be fused with the majority of materials. Therefore, though this material could be found almost anywhere, it was something even high-ranked pills would need.

In contrast, the most expensive materials were priced so impossibly high that most people couldn't find themselves possessing them. The "Winged Dragon Horn" for example, could enable the activation of illusions of remote ages, and by transcending time, warriors could attain the highest level of comprehension when they wanted.

The usage of all sorts of strange materials and substances had been thoroughly studied over countless divine eras. Aside from particular forbidden areas that very few people explored, there weren't many secrets within the divine land.

However, there was nothing special about the mud dug out by the Tie Clan aside from having a trace of spirit. After studying it several times, they landed on this same conclusion. In the end, Devin's uncles gave up on trying to prove its worth.

Hearing Thad ask about it puzzled him even more. It seemed that the substance was of greater use than they expected.

Not knowing why, Devin agreed to Zen because it seemed like he really needed it. He was quite easily swayed, but if his sister, Linn, were here, she would have extorted a huge amount of divine might coins from Zen.

As the two conversed, they followed the throng of people and entered the backyard of the Heavenly Han House.

The backyard was a wide field with a building at the center. For some odd reason, the building was half buried into the ground. It resembled much of a wide well-bay, but the entrance was found on the front.

Wisps of black smoke emerged from the dark entrance of the half buried structure.

Zen's nose twitched slightly as he realized someone was burning incense in this building.

Once all of the proving godly warriors gathered at the backyard, a man came out from the entrance. It was the master of the Heavenly Han House Malloy, standing before them with a huge smile across his face. "I believe that it's not the first time that many of you have taken the test in our Heavenly Han House," he said. "And you all already knew a lot about the Consulting God Hall of our Heavenly Han House. However, I still wish to reiterate the rules within."

Amongst the proving godly warriors that took the test of the Heavenly Han House, quite a number of them had taken the test almost a dozen times. Those who failed continuously had grown to become familiar faces in the Heavenly Han House.

However, there was always a portion of warriors who took the test for the first time. For this reason, the rules were constantly reiterated because of the dangers that awaited them.

Zen had only been in the Six-Burden Divine City for a short period of time. Although he had already done a portion of his own research, he knew he was not completely knowledgeable of everything he needed to know. He listened intently as the master of the Heavenly Han House discussed the rules.

"This Consulting God Hall was built by the Holy Emperor of Han Clan. It's been twenty-three divine eras since it was built. As you might have noticed, the Consulting God Hall has sunk ten feet into the ground…"

Malloy went on to say that the Consulting God Hall had a very long, intricate history. In the past, the Han Clan did not have a Holy Being. But at that time, the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan had already stepped into the consummation level of True Gods, and the Han Clan was at the top among second-tier clans.

There were a total of over 300 Godly Way Tablets in the Consulting God Hall, making up of 10% of the Godly Way Tablets in the divine land. Of course, all these Godly Way Tablets in the Consulting God Hall were only imitations.

Imitating Godly Way Tablets was not as simple as it seemed. Even if it were a True God who got too close to the Godly Way Tablets, they were subject to a lot of harm and injury. Although the internal momentum contained in the imitations of Godly Way Tablets could not compare to that of the genuine Godly Way Tablets, they could still test the talent of proving godly warriors. In this way, at least they could tell which Godly Way was suitable for a martial artist to cultivate.

At that time, with Han Clan's strength, creating such a Consulting God Hall was definitely a challenging task. Each of the Godly Way Tablets had been carefully polished and prepped by the top-rank True Gods of the Han Clan. Moreover, the Godly Way Tablets also contained those top-rank True Gods' comprehension of the Godly Ways for good measure.

Naturally, the current Han Clan didn't need the Consulting God Hall at all. This Consulting God Hall was then left to the Han Clan sub-branches, and in turn, placed under the control of the magnificent Heavenly Han House.

"These imitated Godly Way Tablets have existed for far too long and their internal momentums have undergone slight changes," Malloy warned. "If you can't withstand the pressure of the internal momentum, by all means, please don't force yourself. In the past, there were always a few who forced themselves to endure it. As a result, their cultivation reduced and in the more serious cases, some died on the spot. We Heavenly Han House will take no responsibility if any incident happens," he spoke with a calm, firm tone.

Considering the past events, it was necessary for him to make everyone knowledgeable of the risks.

Many proving godly warriors dreamed of becoming members of the Heavenly Han House as they carried the hopes of the elders of their clans. But to some extent, some of them were unable to comprehend the internal momentum in the Godly Way Tablets and were even less likely to obtain their acknowledgements. Nonetheless, they gritted their teeth and pushed themselves as far as they could go. Eventually, their souls were shattered by the internal momentum for good.

Some of the masters of the second-tier and third-tier clans were so depressed for their warriors' death that they personally went to Heavenly Han House. Although these clans dared not offend the Han Clan, it still caused chaos throughout the city and brought the Heavenly Han House into disrepute.

Now, before entering the Consulting God Hall, Malloy, as the master of the Heavenly Han House, had the responsibility to warn these warriors so that they would know when enough was enough. They also had to know that if there were any casualties, the Heavenly Han House would not be held responsible. This had to be ingrained in their minds to make sure they knew what they were doing.

After Malloy finished speaking, he turned to Zen. "According to the rules of the Heavenly Han House, the top-ranked warrior will be given priority to enter first. Thad, if you would please." As he spoke, Malloy gestured for him to enter.

Zen nodded and stepped into the Consulting God Hall.

After Zen entered the hall, the place immediately darkened and the fragrance of incense grew so powerful that it stung his nostrils.

"This is the Soul-awakening Fragrance," said a voice. It was the voice of Master Evil.

"What's the use of it?" Zen asked.

Master Evil chuckled. "The Heavenly Han House has spent a lot on the test this time. The Soul-awakening Fragrance is no cheap item. It can make a person's soul more sensitive and they would become more sensitive to the internal momentum... If I recall correctly, the Heavenly Han House wasn't this generous in the past."

Master Evil had never taken a test of the Heavenly Han House. When he was qualified to roam around the Vast Sky Region, he was already a low-rank True God. But the way Master Evil achieved everything was through his own exploration and trials in the divine land, which was different from the typical way the True Gods of wealthy and influential clans residing on the Floating Islands had relied on to gain their titles. Some warriors from these clans were also sent to the outside to cultivate and grow by themselves, something recognized as "free range" cultivation.

With that being said, Master Evil was right in his judgment and the Han Clan sub-branches were very, very anxious. After all, it had been quite some time since an outstanding genius had appeared in the Heavenly Han House. The sixteen elites who were recommended to the Floating Island of Han Clan last time were all rejected, and the leaders of the Han Clan sub-branches were also mocked by them throughout the process.

The Soul-awakening Fragrance could increase a martial artist's comprehension for a short period of time -- also considered a type of auxiliary method. The Han Clan sub-branches wanted to find a group of elites who would gain the recognition of the main Han Clan immediately.

"It actually has such an effect…" Zen sniffed through the air as the strong fragrance of incense entered his nose. But for some reason, Zen didn't feel any effects on himself. All he could feel was a slight cooling sensation going through his mind, but it eventually disappeared as if it was never there to begin with.

"This Soul-awakening Fragrance has a miraculous effect on Jasper Fighting Souls, but only a slight effect on Silver Fighting Souls. However, its effect on Gold Fighting Souls is almost negligible. So considering your soul level, it is obviously useless on you." Master Evil shook his head and flaunted a mischievous smile.

This made sense.

The soul cultivation levels of the proving godly warriors outside were extremely weak. So for sure, if the Soul-awakening Fragrance had the miraculous effect of enhancing one's comprehension, it would probably have an outstanding effect on them.

Zen was the first to enter the Consulting God Hall, and now the Soul-awakening Fragrance was at its strongest dose.

However, as a hundred thousand warriors gradually entered into the Consulting God Hall, the Soul-awakening Fragrance was being slowly absorbed by the crowd. Zen's perk as the top in the ranks was to absorb it purely, but it went to waste as it had no effect on him whatsoever.

He had only taken a few steps when the sound of hurried footsteps came up from behind him. It was the warrior who was ranked second: Zane.

After Zane entered the Consulting God Hall, he sniffed greedily as if he was going to suck in all the Soul-awakening Fragrance in one inhale. All of a sudden, he caught a glimpse of Zen looking back at him and his eyes immediately darkened in expression. However, now that he had absorbed the Soul-awakening Fragrance, his mind was instantly cleared. He instantly thought about Seth's warning, and the fierce light in his eyes flashed and disappeared.

However, he had a distaste for Zen that was a little too obvious. He nodded faintly towards Zen and even whispered lowly, "Those at the top of the rankings can take the best spots. You'd better remember that." With that, he walked past Zen and disappeared into the depths of the hall without another word.

Zen only smiled in response. He slowly made his way towards the depths of the Consulting God Hall.

Chapter 2186 Imitated Godly Way Tablets

The moment Zen took a few steps forward, he suddenly heard a set of loud footsteps behind him. It was Seth, who was ranked third.

The third-placer's face was full of doubt as he scanned Zen's calm face, despite Zane being ahead of him.

When he passed by Zen, both of them looked at each other. He smiled politely at Zen and then quickly left.

He was known as a steady and sensible man. He didn't have much of an opinion on Zen, but he knew not to provoke the other warrior. At the very least, he had to act courteous even on just the surface. Furthermore, they had to rely on only themselves in the Consulting God Hall. It was also why he didn't need to remind Zen the way Zane did.

After all of the warriors entered the Consulting God Hall, they were led to a small downward slope. Zen moved neither fast nor slow, so other proving godly warriors who were ranked a bit lower than him surpassed him one by one.

Those proving godly warriors were the elites of the great clans, but they didn't dare to offend Zen either when they passed by him. They secretly mocked Zen and his slow, leisurely pace in their minds, but they didn't say anything. They thought that he had wasted his advantage, even though he had won first place.

"The Heavenly Han House has inherited the Han Clan's heritage, so it is impossible to even underestimate it.

Sadly, it's a pity that because the Han Clan doesn't manage its sub-branches well, they haven't accomplished anything in years," Master Evil lamented while Zen looked around the Consulting God Hall.

The hall had been built a long time ago, but the carvings on the walls were still as impressive as ever. They were grand and majestic, decorated with all kinds of legends. There were patterns of the immortal birds constructing a rainbow bridge, and the Creating Axe used to separate the heaven from earth.

"When someone of the Han Clan becomes a Holy Being, they will surely transfer all the outstanding warriors of their family to the Floating Island, and only the sub-branches will be left. What can the sub-branches accomplish then?" Zen asked curiously.

"The Han Clan doesn't care about its sub-branches. I've once traveled to the ancestral lands of other great clans in the divine land, and found that they're in a much better situation than the Han Clan."

Generally speaking, some of the ancestral lands were still under the care of their clans. In some cases, with the accumulations of ancestral lands, their members could become Holy Beings. However, the Han Clan didn't think the same. They looked down on the proving godly warriors who took part in the test of the Heavenly Han House, and even Master Evil.

"Look at how the owner of the Heavenly Han House treats you," Master Evil continued. "You're like a life-saving straw to him." "It looks like it won't be long. They won't even wait until you master the Godly Way before they hurriedly recommend you to the Floating Island," he added.

Although Master Evil hadn't actually spoken much, he had thoroughly observed the people outside from Zen's mind.

The two of them chatted as they walked down the long slope all the way to the bottom. It was still pitch black in the distance, and only a few glimmers that barely pointed out the path floated around. However, there was a horizontal line that was outlined by a row of cyan bricks in the middle of the path.

When Zen crossed the bricks, he felt a very complex aura rush towards him from all directions.

"This is a vibe, and also the internal momentum…" Zen muttered. The corners of his eyes twitched in realization.

Momentum was a description of a True God's ability to summon the Faith Energy within their inner world. On the other hand, one's comprehension of it was called the internal momentum.

For instance, Zen had created a large sword cloud from that patch of mud. The momentum contained within that sword cloud could be called internal momentum.

It was known that in the divine land, the Godly Tablets that recorded the Godly Ways boasted of the purest internal momentum. However, the Godly Way Tablets in the Consulting God Hall were created by the Han Clan.

Therefore, Zen didn't take what Malloy said seriously since all of the Godly Way Tablets in the Consulting God Halls were imitations. The internal momentum of the imitations, which the warriors had comprehended was slightly different from that of the original Godly Way Tablets. It was clearly much more inferior.

Yet after Zen crossed the line and was bathed in the momentum, the sliver of contempt he had originally harbored disappeared without a trace.

It was no accident that the Han Clan would have a Holy Being. This was the accumulation that a great clan should have. Moreover, they had accumulated a lot more, so they should even have a second or a third Holy Being. Unfortunately, the Han Clan's sub-branches did not have any Holy Beings. What was worse was that in the last few thousand years, the sub-branches never contributed even a single disciple for Holy Emperor. That was the reason why Master Evil felt that the Han Clan's sub-branches had declined.

The internal momentum that had been placed on Zen's body was extremely complicated, as it was an aura formed from many kinds of internal momentum.

The momentum grew increasingly stronger as Zen progressed. However, it didn't obstruct him too much and he was able to maintain a pace that was neither too fast, nor too slow.

Meanwhile, many more proving godly warriors had surpassed him. When they saw how slow Zen walked, they all thought that Zen's soul was so weak that he couldn't resist the momentum. Some of them even showed off to him by obviously quickening their paces.

Of course, Zen understood what they thought. His faint smile remained on his face. The test of the Heavenly Han House was tough, as seen in the competitiveness among the contestants, who all did their best in hopes of gaining the favor of the Heavenly Han House.

However, Zen was no longer on the same level as them, and what they fought over meant nothing to him.

After about five minutes, the momentum had increased tenfold from before. Then, a huge hall appeared in front of Zen--it was the real Consulting God Hall.

Gigantic Godly Way Tablets which had faint words that flowed on them lined the ground. Each of them emitted varying degrees of radiance and luster. They also had unique appearances and forms of words. Some of them were like grass serpents that coiled around, while others were carved by nicking and pitching tools. It was clear that those Godly Way Tablets weren't created by the same person.

Underneath each of the Godly Way Tablets was a narrow flight of stairs that was paved like a small mountain slope. Shadows from the huge, towering Godly Way Tablets shaded the tight path.

Although Zen had seen many strange things in his life, he was still quite shocked when he saw the scene in front of him.

"It's truly amazing to see imitated Godly Way Tablets. I wonder what a true one is like," Zen said as his eyes lit up. Ever since he entered the divine land, he had yet to personally see a true Godly Way Tablet.

He continued his slow pace as he moved forward in the place.

All the proving godly warriors who had surpassed him now walked slower. Some of them were drenched in sweat as white fog came out of their heads.

They were already considered as outstanding warriors in the Heavenly Han House. About one hundred proving godly warriors had just surpassed Zen, and they were among the top one hundred.

However, they still found it difficult to resist the internal momentum despite being only a small distance away from the Godly Way Tablets.

Only Zen seemed to stroll leisurely in his courtyard. His lips were still curved up in a smile as he passed the proving godly warriors. Those who had mocked him before now understood that it wasn't that he couldn't walk fast, but he simply did not want to compete with them.

According to Malloy, there were a total of 327 imitations of Godly Way Tablets in the Consulting God Hall.

Now, the Godly Way Tablets were constructed in their current location not to allow them to comprehend the internal momentum contained within them. Many proving godly warriors had observed the Godly Way Tablets for a hundred years, but might not be able to comprehend the internal momentum. Therefore, any proving godly warrior who was acknowledged by the imitations of Godly Way Tablets could join the Heavenly Han House.

Such a request seemed simple, but only a few people could actually do it. A maximum of twenty people succeeded every year. The Heavenly Han House had conducted a big test this year, so it might be more than twenty people--but it was not expected to exceed thirty.

"This is the tablet of the Five Elements Godly Way," Zen said. He stepped forward and looked up at the first Godly Way Tablet in awe.

Just as he looked at it, he felt a strong sense of internal momentum of five elements from the tablet.

The Five Elements Godly Way was one of the most widely cultivated Godly Ways in the divine land. Many proving godly warriors had already begun to climb up the stairs, and the higher they climbed, the stronger the pressure of internal momentum they faced. Currently, there were more than a dozen warriors on the stairs. All of them climbed upwards slowly and silently in order to obtain a better position.

However, the quietness was disturbed when someone shouted, "Get out of my way!"

The voice came from a warrior who pushed another warrior in his way. The steps were extremely narrow and could only accommodate one person. When everyone had reached their limits, they all had to fight for the same position. Thus, it was no surprise when a dispute arose.

When Zen saw the scene, he only shook his head and continued to walk forward. He wasn't too interested in the Five Elements Godly Way. Besides, it wasn't easy to travel to the place, so he wanted to see the other Godly Way Tablets.

Chapter 2187 Purple Aura Godly Way

The Godly Way Tablets in the Consulting God Hall were arranged in an equidistant manner.

The closer one was to the Godly Way Tablets, the greater the impact they felt from the internal momentum. They were also able to communicate with the tablets better.

Getting too close was a problem though. The internal momentum could get too much and injure the person. Proving godly warriors were vigilant in maintaining a safe, proper distance to these things to make sure that the internal momentum was within the limit that they could handle.

Most of the proving godly warriors' souls were at the same level but the steps in front of the Godly Way Tablets were narrow and the space was quite limited. Thus, the good spots were usually already taken by those who had come earlier, while those who came later could only take the places that were further to the Godly Way Tablets.

Zen followed the winding road, passing through several Godly Way Tablets and seeing a few other proving godly warriors gathered on the steps before those tablets.

The proving godly warrior named Zane stood in front of the sixth Godly Way Tablet on the right.

The words on the tablet emitted a faint blue light and radiated a sharp chill.

The chill didn't seem overwhelming, but Zane who stood beneath the tablet looked pale. He shivered with his teeth practically chattering as a layer of white frost engulfed his body.

"Snow Godly Way..."

Zen shook his head. This wasn't the Godly Way he was looking for.

He cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way but since that was classified as forbidden within the divine land, then he figured that it might be difficult to find it within the Consulting God Hall. In fact, the number of Godly Ways here only took up around ten percent of the three thousand Godly Ways in the divine land.

However, since he was already here, Zen figured that he might as well broaden his horizons. He wanted to see just how profound the internal momentum that the top-level True Gods comprehended was.

The deeper into the Consulting God Hall he went, the fewer proving godly warriors he saw.

Godly Way Tablets placed near the entrance were the ones that most people cultivated. The deeper one went, the more obscure the Godly Ways were. These were usually the ones that were of the same power as other Godly Ways but more difficult to comprehend, thus leading to their unpopularity.

Not long after, Zen finally found himself in front of a Godly Way Tablet.

This tablet emitted a strange, purple mist that transformed into various, unique shapes. Horses galloped around the tablet, eagles screeched and flew, and purple sword images constantly evolved into a myriad of sword arrays.

Zen's brow furrowed at the sight. "This aura…."

He was very familiar with it. It was the very same aura Margaret released when she operated the sword arrays.

Back in the Evolutionary Universe, the only technique Margaret seemed to know was how to control sword arrays which was already an innate ability of her Purple Power Body. It was worth noting though that the Purple Power World was an independent world, merely controlling sword arrays was just scratching the surface of what a Purple Power Body could do.

Yan also possessed the Purple Power Body but this should've been bestowed upon her by their father. Zen briefly wondered whether she had comprehended any Godly Way in the divine land. If she had, was the Godly Way Zen currently stared at the one she comprehended?

Zen was intrigued by this Godly Way Tablet and chose to climb up the stairs.

The moment he set his foot on one of the steps, the internal momentum that emanated from the other Godly Way Tablets was suddenly repelled by the internal momentum of this single purple Godly Way Tablet, sweeping through Zen and all that surrounded him.

He was around twenty steps up when a woman in white suddenly appeared in front of him.

This woman was an elite disciple of some third-tier clan. He had already met her before and figured she was ranked at around forty since there were over forty warriors who walked past him before her earlier.

She gave Zen a faint smile when she passed by him. The girl exuded a shyness that added to her charm.

"This is the Grand Purple Aura Technique, also known as the Purple Aura Godly Way. Women are usually the only ones who can cultivate it as it requires a special physique," the woman in white said, a bit surprised to see Zen walk over to her.

"Purple Aura Godly Way… Grand Purple Aura Technique," he repeated with a nod. He continued climbing up until he reached the place where the woman was.

"Do you still want to go up?" There was a surprised look on the woman's face, not really understanding what Zen was doing. The internal momentum on this Godly Way Tablet was not something he could comprehend.

The young man shrugged. "I just want to have a look. May I pass?"

Still unclear of his intentions, the woman stood up and moved to the side, allowing Zen to walk past her. "The internal momentum of the Purple Aura Godly Way is relatively mild but don't mistake that for weakness. If you get too close, the internal momentum will attack you." she told him, pointing at the purple mist that materialized from the tablet.

Upon closer look, Zen could more clearly make out the things the purple mist materialized into: a lion, a wolf, even a palace, and everything that one could imagine.

Zen nodded in understanding. "Thank you for informing me. I still want to see it a bit more clearly..."

The woman made way for him and Zen lightly tapped his toes and climbed up the stairs.

Just as he steadied himself, he heard a loud rumble from behind him!

Rumble…

Both Zen and the white-robed woman looked behind them only to see that a nearby Godly Way Tablet had started shaking.

On top of this particular tablet was a snow-white light where hexagonal crystals, the size of a washbasin, constantly swayed. At that moment, the light shot towards the roof of the Consulting God Hall!

"It's the Snow Godly Way! Someone is acknowledged by the Snow Godly Way so soon..." the woman remarked in such a gentle voice. However, there was a trace of envy in her eyes. She cultivated the Purple Aura Godly Way and naturally possessed the Purple Power Body. Had she been born in the Evolutionary Universe, then she would've been a top warrior. Unfortunately, she was born in a third-tier clan in the divine land. Resources were limited along with her exposure to all sorts of martial arts.

"It's that guy called Zane," Zen murmured, staring at the bottom to see Zane enveloped by the snow-white light.

Soon enough, Malloy's voice rang out. "Zane of the Han Clan has been acknowledged by the Snow Godly Way..."

It wasn't just the white-robed woman who was envious. Many of the proving godly warriors were also quite jealous of the fact that someone had already been acknowledged so quickly. Zane was originally ranked fifth and during the previous test, the height his White Jade Token reached was only second to Zen's. His acknowledgement wasn't really that much of a surprise.

Now that Zane had been acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablet, then everyone wondered about that guy called Thad.

Many of the warriors began to actively search for Zen and quickly discovered him up top.

"Why did that kid climb to the Godly Way Tablet of the Purple Aura Godly Way?"

"Isn't the Purple Aura Godly Way only cultivated by women?"

"No, that's not completely right… There's also a couple of men who possess the Purple Power Body," someone interjected. "However, they're pretty rare. Most of them are eunuchs."

The warriors were all bewildered...

A person who possessed a Purple Power Body emitted an aura different from ordinary warriors. The white-robed woman, for example, was the eldest daughter of the Xue Clan of the Six-Burden Region. The Xue Clan was only a third-tier clan but May, the woman, had already managed to reach the 41st rank by relying on her special physique.

However, the other warriors had already seen Zen and knew it was impossible for him to possess a Purple Power Body.

Zen wasn't quite aware of the attention his actions had gotten. There was quite a distance between each Godly Way Tablet so he didn't really hear what the other people were saying.

Once the light from the Snow Godly Way disappeared, Zen shifted his gaze away and continued climbing up.

May had previously tried to dissuade him from going up further but she understood that he was someone far stronger than her. If he insisted on pushing forward, then she naturally wouldn't be able to stop him.

As Zen continued to climb, he got ever closer to the Godly Way Tablet. As he did so, the purple mist that lingered around the tablet began to stir and surge.

"Hooo... hooo... hooo..."

The auras churned and transformed into dozens of sharp sword shadows, forming an ingenious sword array that shot towards Zen.

"Be careful..." May warned. She was well aware of Zen's power but being cautious never hurt anyone. The number of geniuses who perished due to their arrogance was way too high.

However, when the sword array came towards him, Zen didn't show any intention of dodging at all.

Chapter 2188 Infinity Ruler

Ever since Zen stepped into the divine city, he had been extremely cautious.

Since the Emotion Closing Godly Way was classified as a forbidden Godly Way, Zen wouldn't use it randomly, nor would he use it in the presence of a large crowd.

When he had used his spiritual will to form a soul attack in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, Zen had also erased the sharp aura within his soul—it could only be called the enhanced version of the Spiritual Thorn.

In the face of this sword array attack forming from the internal momentum, Zen did not dodge—he instead allowed the sword shadows to enter his mind.

When these sword shadows gathered within his mind and formed into a sword array, the small golden swords on the surface of Zen's soul instantly radiated with boundless light. As the strands of golden light reverberated in his mind, they shattered all the sword shadows.

The eyes were the windows to the soul. While the golden light of his soul flashed, Zen had already closed his eyes and covered it within his mind.

When he opened his eyes again, everything had returned to normal.

The scene left May flabbergasted—she thought that Zen had some sort of precious treasures that could protect his soul, letting him forego dodging. Judging from Zen's innate talent and performance, it was highly possible.

Never did she expect Zen to lack such a thing. But instead, he allowed the sword array from the internal momentum's pressure to pierce his mind.

Just as she worried about Zen taking mental damage, he had already regained his composure and had taken another step as if nothing even

happened.

"No wonder the old man from the Floating Island thinks so highly of him," May murmured. As she thought about her own fate, she couldn't help but sigh.

Zen didn't know May was so sentimental—as he continued climbing, the pressure from the internal momentum began turning into all sorts of things, disappearing into Zen's mind one by one.

There were nine-floor purple pagodas, ten thousand giant swords, and a two-headed serpent. The materialized purple mist had turned into everything, but no matter what shape it took, they were all materialized from the pressure of the internal momentum—their power couldn't have been too far off from each other.

As these things drilled into his mind, Zen couldn't help but close his eyes and kill them with his soul pressure once again.

But there were simply too many of them. Waves after waves of attacks flowed into his mind and Zen only shut his eyes tightly and used his spiritual sense to figure out his surroundings. He then continued to climb the stairs and quicken his pace.

There were over a hundred steps under each Godly Way Tablets. Most proving godly warriors could only stay on the 50th to 60th steps, like May, who stood on the 52nd step. If she advanced, the pressure on her would multiply to a point she could no longer bear.

But with Zen's rapid climbing, he had already reached the ninetieth step.

"Does the guy want to climb to the top?"

"In theory, the closer you are to the Godly Way Tablet, the easier it is to communicate with it. But the pressure is too great up there…How would you even comprehend it under such great pressure?"

"You're mistaken! Let me remind you again—he's a man. He can't cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way!"

"..."

For a time, many proving godly warriors couldn't focus on comprehending the Godly Way Tablets and instead wasted their attention on Zen. They all wanted to know just what the guy was trying to accomplish.

Under the crowd's watchful eyes, Zen rushed up to the stage on the top floor.

The moment he stood on the stage, the purple aura on the Godly Way Tablet became increasingly restless, flooding in like a tide. There was no time for it to form into something before entering Zen's mind.

It was as if his head had turned into a black hole—the purple aura was pouring in continuously.

After a long while…

It was probably because the internal momentum on the Godly Way Tablet had been consumed too much. The internal momentum finally calmed down, ceasing its surge toward Zen. Instead, it continued to slowly circulate the Godly Way Tablet's surface, no longer posing any threat.

Only then did Zen open his eyes and look at the Godly Way Tablet in silence.

"The Grand Purple Aura Technique can transform the purple aura into an auspicious place and create a world of its own. There are three types of this operation among all living things. It is the development of the natural laws. It may not defy the divine will and it..."

Beautiful were the purple characters recorded on the Godly Way Tablet—a woman must have created the Godly Way Tablet.

Zen began to understand the theurgy of the Grand Purple Aura Technique after his observations.

It was, in fact, another manifestation of life vitality. But it had inherited some of the chaotic energy's abilities, such as creating a new world.

The Purple Power World in the Evolutionary Universe was isolated—its rules were completely different from those of other supreme worlds. Back then, it was created by a True God who had cultivated the Grand Purple Aura Technique.

The world constructed from it was different from the inner world—cultivating the deep part of the technique allowed one to open up a new world within the divine land. Although this world could not be compared to the universe, it was still stronger than the ordinary inner world. So when a True God cultivated the Grand Purple Aura Technique to its peak, they could, in turn be called a Demi-holy Being.

But the control this technique required was most profound—True Gods who cultivated this Godly Way specialized most in sword arrays, so Margaret learned how to arrange sword arrays in the Purple Power World.

"Although Yan's Purple Power Body was bestowed upon her by father, I wonder if she managed to cultivate the Grand Purple Aura Technique or step into the other Godly Way? I wonder if father has any other plans for this..."

Even now, Zen's father's plans were still shrouded in layers of clouds—he didn't know what sort of considerations Mike had in mind and clearly, Mike didn't want him to uncover the reasons. He just put Murphy, a great Holy Being, in front of him.

While Zen was deep in thought, a fluctuation suddenly came to his mind.

The Infinity Ruler in the depths of his mind began spinning slowly. Then, a ghostly light began flickering from one end of the Infinity Ruler before moving about on the scales packed densely on it. Finally, it stopped on a scale right in the middle.

Boom!

The moment the light stopped on the scale, a blazing light burst out like flames—it was as if the sun had burned itself out to its limit, leaving behind a trace of brilliance.

"What, what is that..."

In Zen's mind, Master Evil was so shocked at the scene. Being in Zen's head, he had already discovered the green jade ruler. Even though Master Evil was experienced and knowledgeable, he did not know where the ruler came from. But Master Evil was tactful enough not to question Zen about it. He was just not expecting this jade ruler to explode with such force at that moment.

A blazing radiance burst out, shining from Zen's eyes—his black pupils seemed to be on fire as a ring of blazing light formed around the edges of his orbs, dazzling brightly.

Without a clue of what had happened, Zen looked completely astonished.

But after the change in his eyes, the Godly Way Tablet he saw was then completely different. The words on its surface changed—they began twisting and distorting as the purple light condensed from the internal momentum began fluctuating frantically.

"Ah, what's going on?!"

Standing on the stairs, May was surprised at the scene.

Although Zen's actions were strange, May was still working hard on her own comprehension—she was hurrying to comprehend the internal momentum on the Godly Way Tablet, so she paid little attention to Zen.

But now, Zen glared at the Godly Way Tablet with blazing eyes, turning the internal momentum on it into a mess. May was no longer able to comprehend it.

Though Zen didn't want to cause a huge commotion either, the seemingly calm and peaceful Infinity Ruler suddenly turned 'abnormal' in front of the Godly Way Tablet.

At this time, it wasn't only the proving godly warriors who paid attention to Zen—even the leader of the Heavenly Han House and the other True Gods were quietly watching him from a corner. Each and every one of their expressions read 'wonderful.'

"What kind of secrets does this Thad have?!"

"That fellow's eyes... It seems to be the Fire God Eyes?"

"They're definitely not the Fire God Eyes! Otherwise, how could he have messed up the internal momentum on the Godly Way Tablet? The Grand Purple Aura Technique's Godly Way Tablet was personally crafted by Joy Han. The internal momentum within is much deeper than the internal momentum of other Godly Way Tablets."

Joy was a True God at the consummation level. In addition to Han Clan's Holy Emperor, there was also a Demi-holy Being called Joy in this clan. While the Purple Sky Land she created wasn't as big as a universe, it had made her strength much greater than other True Gods at the same level.

But the internal momentum on the Godly Way Tablet had already turned into a mess—the purple characters were showing signs of crumbling and the deepest comprehension hidden within the internal momentum had turned into a purple light before quietly entering Zen's eyes.

Chapter 2189 Absorb

Two blazing circles continued to revolve within Zen's eyes.

During this process, the previously disordered internal momentum began to settle within him and he felt a sense of enlightenment sink into the depths of his soul.

At that moment, Zen felt as if he was able to see the true meaning of the Purple Aura Godly Way!

"Hiss..."

"The Purple Aura Godly Way is not consummate because the woman who carved this Godly Way Tablet did not cultivate it up to the consummate stage. Actually, even if she did reach the consummate level, displaying all of her comprehension on the tablet may not have been what she wanted!"

Zen judged in an instant.

Each of the three thousand Godly Ways was completely different. The Grand Purple Aura Technique could create a myriad of sword arrays and transform into several extremely powerful true spirits. Its final level meant it could transform into a Purple Sky Land!

However, the description for the Purple Sky Land remained incomplete.

"If I want to gain complete enlightenment of the Grand Purple Aura Technique, I'll need to find a complete Godly Way Tablet... I didn't expect that with this Infinity Ruler, I could actually see through the internal momentum and figure out the essence of the Grand Purple Aura Technique. This..."

Previously, he had been perplexed as to how to use the Infinity Ruler but now, he was finally able to appreciate its extraordinary ability. Even if the treasures of the divine land were still a bit of a foreign concept to Zen, he knew very well that this Infinity Ruler was extraordinary.

The light of the Infinity Ruler gradually dimmed down as it returned to its original state. However, it was slightly different from before.

A small dot appeared on a scale in the middle of the ruler. Zen took a closer look and discovered a faint, purple light that flowed through the center of the dot—the essence of the internal momentum!

"This ruler... has absorbed the Purple Aura Godly Way?" he remarked in surprise.

Zen once again examined the jade ruler, carefully counting the scales from beginning to end. He was able to get a number: three thousand scales.

In short, this jade ruler was meant to contain the three thousand Godly Ways.

Once the light disappeared, so did the two blazing rings in Zen's eyes.

The internal momentum that Zen had initially disturbed became silent and orderly once again.

Wanting to test his hypothesis quickly, the young man had no plans in staying there any longer. He immediately set out to leave but, just as he turned his head, a dark-purple pillar of light shot out from the top of the Godly Way Tablet and headed straight for the ceiling of the Consulting God Hall.

A purple halo enveloped Zen as the pillar of light reached him.

The sight stunned all proving godly warriors present.

Even Malloy and the Heavenly Han House's True Gods who taught the Godly Ways

were also surprised.

"Zen has been acknowledged by the Purple Aura Godly Way?"

"Then that means he has the talent to cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way?"

"That's impossible. He clearly has never possessed the Purple Power Body..."

It was understandable for the people to be confused. This scene they were currently witnessing completely exceeded their common sense.

May stared at Zen with her mouth agape, not really understanding how he managed to be acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablet.

However, Zen knew that the one that had been acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablet wasn't him but the Infinity Ruler.

Outside the Consulting God Hall, Malloy and the True Gods were at a complete loss as to what to do.

"What should we do? Should we declare that Zen is qualified?" the old man surnamed Chen asked.

Malloy had a strange and puzzled expression on his face. "He is indeed qualified but it's impossible. There's no way he could cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way..."

"That's not the worst part," another True God reminded.

Malloy sighed. "I have also thought of this."

There were many warriors in the divine land who possessed the Purple Power Body but not many had the actual talent to practice this Godly Way. Moreover, the vast majority of them were women.

Joy, as the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan, enjoyed high status and power, only second to the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan. She could also recruit disciples but her most basic requirement was being able to cultivate the Grand Purple Aura Technique.

A warrior who was acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablet of the Purple Aura Godly Way did not enter the Heavenly Han House but was given to Joy instead.

Since these were the rules, the Heavenly Han House would not be given the chance to admit such warriors.

Malloy had been afraid that the girl in green from the Floating Island would be the one to take Zen away. Now, it seemed another problem had arisen.

"If I knew this was going to happen, then I wouldn't have let him participate in the test," Malloy cursed to himself.

The rules of the Heavenly Han House were strict but it could always be circumvented for the right and worthy individual. Had he known that Zen was going to be acknowledged by the tablet of the Purple Aura Godly Way, he would've found a reason to exempt the test for the young man and admitted him directly.

They had been extremely curious as to what Godly Way was suited for Zen and also wanted to observe his talent more clearly. None of them expected such a strange thing to happen.

"Keep this matter a secret," the old man surnamed Chen advised, his eyes flashing in determination.

Hesitation was painted on the True Gods' faces. Joy was someone who was definitely powerful in their eyes. The consequences of deceiving her would surely be hard to bear.

However, Malloy nodded his head in agreement. "I won't announce it... Hmm. I'm not really sure what Thad is trying to do."

Within the Consulting God Hall, the sight of Zen being acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablet incited envious and also strange feelings among the proving godly warriors.

Most of them were confused especially with the fact that Zen had obviously been acknowledged, yet no announcement was heard from the Heavenly Han House.

Zen wasn't willing to wait for Malloy to announce his acknowledgement. He was still very eager to test the jade ruler in his mind.

Since the jade ruler had been able to absorb the Purple Aura Godly Way, then it should, in theory, be able to take in the other Godly Ways as well.

The Godly Way Tablets around them were mere fakes created by True Gods but the internal momentum within them was genuine. If one more Godly Way could be absorbed then it would be to Zen's benefit in the long run.

He jumped down the stairs and gave May a passing smile.

May had initially intended to give it her all in comprehending the Godly Way Tablet and get herself acknowledged. Seeing Zen easily succeed in doing so made her feel extremely disappointed. She watched him disappear into the distance and thought about just how different people could be.

As he jumped down, Zen quickly made his decision and chose another Godly Way Tablet.

The tablet he chose had rays of raging flames circling around it. Before Zen could even climb, he already felt a scorching aura.

The Elementary Fire Godly Way...

This was the origin of all strange flames in the world and the purest form of fire.

With the Elementary Fire Godly Way, one would be able to comprehend all kinds of mysterious flames.

There were already three proving godly warriors on the stairs of this Godly Way Tablet and one of them was ranked second on the great list—Seth.

The young man's eyes flashed when he saw Zen climb up the stairs. He then began to wonder whether Zen wanted to be acknowledged by the second Godly Way Tablet.

Normally, so long as one was acknowledged by a Godly Way Tablet then that person would automatically gain the qualifications to enter the Heavenly Han House. It was quite rare for a warrior to be acknowledged by two Godly Way Tablets. Only four warriors had accomplished such a feat in history.

Now, it seemed Zen was planning to do the same.

Unknown to Seth, this wasn't exactly Zen's intended goal. The young man didn't just want to be acknowledged by mere two Godly Way Tablets. If he was given enough time, Zen had every intention of letting all three hundred Godly Way Tablets be absorbed in the Infinity Ruler!

Seth and the others made way for Zen the moment they saw him climb up the stairs.

Seeing this, the other proving godly warriors all stopped comprehending and watched Zen intently.

"Huff, huff..."

Just like what happened with the Purple Aura Godly Way, the moment Zen climbed, the internal momentum immediately surged towards him. This time, it came in the form of numerous fire birds.

These flames were formed by the internal momentum and were capable of burning the soul. If one's soul was weak, then it would be incinerated in an instant.

However, Zen was not afraid at all and allowed the fire birds to flow into his mind...

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2190 Comprehension

The unending stream of fire birds rushed into Zen's mind, being destroyed like the internal momentum formed from the Grand Purple Aura Technique.

When Zen closed his eyes, the sharp golden light on his soul's surface flashed, and all the fire birds formed from the internal momentum flames were exterminated instantly.

While killing the fire birds that drilled into his mind, Zen also quietly observed the Infinity Ruler in his head.

With his current abilities, he was still unable to control the ruler. Just now, when the ruler activated its special ability, it did so on its own.

Now that Zen had paid attention to it, he finally discovered the reason.

After the fire birds were shattered by Zen's soul pressure, they turned into the internal momentum power, quietly absorbed by Infinity Ruler.

When the Infinity Ruler absorbed all the remaining internal momentum power to a certain extent, a golden light erupted from the section of the Infinity Ruler.

"Rumble..."

The golden light moved from one end of the ruler to the other, finally stopping at a scale on top of it.

'This scale should be the location the ruler reserved for the Elementary Fire Godly Way.' As he had guessed, Zen understood that these three thousand scales corresponded to three thousand Godly Ways—even the location of each Godly Way had already been set!

When the light stopped at the scale, another blazing light burst out and enveloped Zen's mind.

When Zen opened his eyes again, a pair of golden light rings appeared around his pupils.

"Splash..."

With Zen's eyesight, he could see that on the tablet of the Elementary Fire Godly Way in front of him, the pure flames were like the unceasing surging of waves—the internal momentum became extremely chaotic.

Although others might have thought that the internal momentum was a mess, Zen could see through everything it contained.

"The Elementary Fire Godly Way is the fire source... All the Fire Laws were developed from the Elementary Fire Godly Way. This Godly Way is divided into four different levels. The first level is to control fire, the second is to create fire, the third is to create spirit essence, and the fourth is to turn into objects..."

In others' eyes, the internal momentum seemed incomparably profound—it would have been difficult to understand even if one spent ten thousand years in comprehension. But in Zen's eyes, the mysterious internal momentum seemed rather simple.

Even though Zen's comprehension ability far exceeded that of an ordinary talent, it was impossible for him to achieve such a level—that sudden enlightenment allowed Zen to see through the true meaning of the Godly Way Tablet in a short period of time. It all started with the Infinity Ruler.

Soon after, the light on the ruler dimmed along with the rings of light around Zen's pupils. Finally, it returned to normal and a bright yellow flame symbol condensed on the scale at the end of the ruler.

"I've succeeded!" Once again, Zen's guess was verified. He was utterly excited.

In this case, did it mean that he could control three thousand Godly Ways? If all three thousand Godly Ways were to be fused into the Infinity Ruler, what sorts of changes would occur?

But it was no easy feat to gather all three thousand Godly Ways. Zen had yet to personally witness the true Godly Way Tablets. Although there were three hundred or so tablets before him, their internal momentum wasn't quite perfect.

'Since the ruler can record the imperfect internal momentum, in theory, the internal momentum of other True Gods would be absorbed as well.'

Though Zen managed to think something up, it couldn't be verified. If he had the chance to spar with a True God in the future, he could take the risk.

When the internal momentum on the Godly Way Tablet began to calm down, a pillar of fiery red light shot into the sky. At the same time, a ball of fire spread from the Godly Way Tablet and wrapped around Zen. Though the fire light wasn't scorching, it made people feel quite warm.

"He was acknowledged by the second Godly Way Tablet..."

"Alas. Even in my dreams, I struggle to be acknowledged by a Godly Way Tablet. But even after spending so much time in comprehension, I've achieved nothing. How can this guy do it as easily as drinking water?"

"He shouldn't have come to the Heavenly Han House. He should've gone straight to the Floating Island. Why would he want to be compared to us on this level?"

All the proving godly warriors in the Consulting God Hall envied Zen, feeling disappointed. They came from second-tier and third-tier clans and every one of their movements showed off the arrogance they were born with. But Zen's moves had completely destroyed their confidence.

But now, Malloy and the others outside the Consulting God Hall were relieved.

If they immediately declared the result after Zen's acknowledgement from the Grand Purple Aura Technique, they would have offended Joy. And once Joy got angry about the matter, no one in the Han Clan could bear the consequence.

Now that Zen had gained the recognition of the Elementary Fire Godly Way, things were much easier. Everyone just pretended not to know of the previous happenings.

As Zen turned to leave the Godly Way Tablet, Malloy's voice echoed throughout the entire hall once again. "Thad Luo from the Misty Mountain Village has been acknowledged by the Elementary Fire Godly Way..."

Now, Zen had become the second proving godly warrior who had passed the Han Clan's test.

After Zane passed the test, he left the hall without so much as looking back. The place was filled with the internal momentum's pressure, pushing great pressure onto one's soul—no one was willing to stay there for long.

But Zen had no intention of leaving. Everyone watched in silence as Zen jumped down from the steps and looked at the Godly Way Tablet beside him.

Even if there were some talents who could comprehend several Godly Ways simultaneously and be recognized by a few Godly Way Tablets, such Godly Ways were all limited to a few specific kinds. But Zen did not select the Godly Ways at all and instead tried to comprehend the Godly Ways individually.

"Amazing... This guy hasn't selected the Godly Ways at all! He is comprehending them one by one!" Seth's mouth was agape as he looked at Zen.

"It's impossible for such a powerful warrior to exist. Maybe he just coincidentally comprehended the Grand Purple Aura Technique and the Elementary Fire Godly Way. He might not be able to comprehend the third Godly Way." One of the nearby warriors denied it though—he couldn't believe that there was such a coincidence. Zen's actions were just too inconceivable, already exceeding his imagination and understanding. The warrior was unwilling to admit such a thing.

"If he can be acknowledged by that tablet of the Tortoise Godly Way, I will accept the fact!"

A short while later, a beam of gray light began shining atop the tablet of the Tortoise Godly Way.

As it turned out, Zen was acknowledged by the tablet of the Tortoise Godly Way.

Upon seeing this scene, quite a few proving godly warriors couldn't help but swallow. While the matter came as a terrible blow to some of them, others rejoiced as they watched the unimaginable scene.

Outside the Consulting God Hall, Malloy and the group of True Gods who taught the Godly Ways glanced at each other, recognizing the strong shock in the depths of each other's eyes. The older True Gods had lived for about nine divine eras and the younger ones had been born in this era, but they had never heard of such a strange thing.

"I heard that after Pascal became a proving godly warrior and returned from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, he had comprehended four Godly Ways consecutively in a year. He was also already an outstanding warrior on the Floating Island. Thad Luo has now been acknowledged by three Godly Ways, and he..." Malloy's expression turned solemn, but his heart was filled with ecstasy.

He had to prove his value to the Han Clan after he took the position of the leader of the Heavenly Han House. If he really did recommend Zen, the Han Clan would be more friendly toward the sub-branches of the clan.

"He doesn't have any plans to stop. He has already climbed to the fourth Godly Way Tablet," the old man surnamed Chen said.

"Should we go and stop him? It's too much," said another True God.

Malloy looked rather hesitant, but eventually, he shook his head. He couldn't tell how Zen had done it, but since Zen didn't want to step out, Malloy had no intention of stopping him.

And so, in front of everyone, Zen comprehended the fifth tablet, the sixth tablet, the seventh...

The scene left everyone stunned.

Many proving godly warriors could only sigh as they groped for their own Godly Way, hoping to gain the acknowledgement of the Godly Way Tablet by comprehending it.

Soon enough, Seth came in third, passing the test. But he didn't look the slightest bit happy about it. After all, there was a remarkable warrior in the Consulting God Hall that could easily earn the acknowledgement of the Godly Way as easily as breathing. After working so hard, Seth obtained the acknowledgement of the Elementary Fire Godly Way, but it was all for nothing. He could only sigh lightly and with a face heavy with sadness, he turned his head and left the Consulting God Hall.

In spite of all Seth's experience in the world, he was still deeply shocked and disappointed inside.

Chapter 2191 The End Of The Big Test (Part One)

The test that took place within the Consulting God Hall of Heavenly Han House usually lasted a total of seven days.

To proving godly warriors, the Heavenly Han House's test wasn't just an exam to verify their abilities, but even more so, an opportunity for cultivation.

There were a few of the proving godly warriors who usually listened to the teachings of True Gods outside the Heavenly Han House. Now that they were inside the Consulting God Hall, they were capable of using what they had learned in order to comprehend the internal momentum inscribed on the Godly Way Tablets.

Despite the fact that these Godly Way Tablets were only mere imitations, being here was still a rare opportunity for such proving godly warriors to cultivate.

Throughout the seven days, more and more proving godly warriors were recognized by the Godly Way Tablets. For these proving godly warriors, they entered the most crucial stage in their entire lives after the recognition. It was then that their fate would be completely changed forever.

This was because the chances of one mastering Godly Ways in the Heavenly Han House were rather high. Becoming a True God in the future was equivalent to obtaining the chance of living forever, as well as other limitless possibilities.

As for Zen, things were a little different on his behalf.

Over the past few days, all of the proving godly warriors present had been used to watching miracles he had created.

Zen tirelessly traversed through the Godly Way Tablets, continuously absorbing their internal momentum and he was equally constantly acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablets.

Other than the Grand Purple Aura Technique, there were certain other Godly Ways that required special conditions and physiques for cultivation. However, despite the fact that Zen had ignored these requirements, he had just as well received the acknowledgement from these Godly Way Tablets, too.

This was more than miraculous. In the eyes of the other disbelieving warriors, Zen seemed to have used some sort of trick to achieve this. Such a trick was completely unheard-of though, and therefore, its possibilities really came as an astonishment to everyone.

The Heavenly Han House didn't interfere. Although Zen had disrupted the internal momentum on the Godly Way Tablets in a very short period of time, it hadn't caused much damage to the Godly Way Tablets. Now, the more outstanding Zen's performance became, the more confident the Heavenly Han House would be when they recommended candidates to the Han Clan on the Floating Island.

It took approximately an hour to absorb the internal momentum of a Godly Way Tablet into the Infinity Ruler. Over the course of these seven days and their nights, Zen hadn't rested in the least. And yet, he had only successfully absorbed the internal momentum of two hundred and sixty Godly Way Tablets.

Moreover, Zen looked absolutely drained on the last day, which was to be expected, considering the amount of energy he had spent.

In fact, every time he absorbed the internal momentum of a Godly Way Tablet, he would first have to resist the attacks of the internal momentum. Zen's soul might be as strong as a True God's, but currently, his soul force was constantly being consumed. Without any rest, his soul force gradually weakened and he became very tired.

When Malloy announced the end of the Heavenly Han House test, Zen helplessly glanced at the remaining Godly Way Tablets. The Godly Way Tablets that stood in the distance were still radiating light, seemingly calling for him, but because he had to follow the rules, he had no other choice but to leave the Consulting God Hall along with the others.

A small total of sixty-seven of the original one hundred thousand proving godly warriors received Godly Way Tablets' acknowledgements.

Compared to last year's number of less than twenty warriors though, this year's total was more than three times the number of last year. Even when comparing the total to the number on a bumper year, sixty-seven was still pretty impressive.

Certainly, Malloy and the group of True Gods were quite satisfied with this number. And of all the warriors who had received acknowledgements, Zen was the one who gave them the most confidence.

Malloy felt the sudden impulse to contact the Han Clan right away and send Zen to the Floating Island immediately!

Every sixteen years, the main Han Clan would send someone to Heavenly Han House in order to recruit a group of warriors and bring them to the Floating Island for cultivation. It had already been fifteen years since the last time the main Han Clan had come here for recruitment.

Next year, the main Han Clan would once again come to the Heavenly Han House in order to recruit warriors. Not only would they pick a portion of True Gods, they would also inspect outstanding proving godly warriors. The year before the main Han Clan came to select warriors was also the year when the Heavenly Han House held a bigger test. These proving godly warriors hoped that they would be lucky enough to be chosen by the Han Clan and enter the Floating Island, thus becoming a member of the divine land's core power and rising to prominence.

That said though, the Han Clan sub-branches equally had special rights when it came to recommending warriors. If they were to meet an extremely outstanding warrior, they wouldn't have to wait the aforementioned 16 years. The only requirement was to send someone to apply to the main Han Clan, but the precondition was that the warrior really had outstanding abilities.

The few proving godly warriors who had successfully passed through the Heavenly Han House's test were arranged to stay in a courtyard, while the rest were dismissed. Those who failed could only wait until next year to take the test once again.

The courtyard where the select sixty-seven stayed was very elegantly constructed, with a few bridges built on top of a beautiful pond. Within the pond, a group of little fish with golden scales could be seen swimming around happily. Pink lotus flowers adorned the water and here, they would never wilt.

Chapter 2192 The End Of The Big Test (Part Two)

The sixty-seven proving godly warriors here, in this wondrous courtyard, were the lucky ones that had passed this year's Heavenly Han House test.

A handful of them, such as Zane and Seth, had been acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablets on the very first day that they entered the Consulting God Hall. They had easily been waiting here for six days now.

Zen sat upright on a large stone beside a rockery, his eyes closed as he attempted to recuperate his strength as best he could.

As it was, his soul was currently in a deep slumber, and this was the 'Soul Recovery Technique' that Master Evil had taught him. The cultivation methods that Master Evil practiced were nothing extraordinary, nor did they have any special origins. But someone like Master Evil, who had learned martial arts in his own way, indeed had a few practical methods to share.

The Soul Recovery Technique for one, was a technique that allowed one to reserve a little soul power in order to maintain a minimum of vigilance, while the soul fell into a deep slumber. This way, one would be capable of recovering their soul power more rapidly within a shorter period of time.

Throughout the past few days though, Zen had simply felt too tired. He needed to have a good rest in order to better replenish the soul force that he had consumed.

As for the other proving godly warriors, they gathered in groups of twos or threes. Most of them wore very excited expressions, as if they were very surprised that they managed to pass Heavenly Han House's test. It was only natural for them to feel such joy.

It wasn't until the very last moment, on the seventh day in the Consulting God Hall, that May received the acknowledgement of the Godly Way Tablet she had cultivated and successfully passed the Heavenly Han

House test. Eric, who had had a conflict with Zen in the past, equally succeeded the test on the fifth day.

After leaving everyone to wait in the courtyard for a day, the Heavenly Han House arranged a place for each one of them to stay as well as a few basic living materials. From this day forward, in certain ways, they had become members of the Heavenly Han House. They could cultivate here as well as listen to the True Gods' teachings at will daily.

Zen, who had quickly settled down in his residence, continued his exploration of the internal momentum of Godly Ways that he had absorbed.

Sitting upright on the ground, a strand of purple mist began floating out of his palms, following a light pat of his hands.

The purple mist split into many paths that were only partly visible. These paths randomly formed their own unique arrangements. According to the arrangements of such paths, one could create a few mysterious arrays.

"The Grand Purple Aura Technique itself is an embodiment of the laws. It can be used to create sword arrays. No wonder Margaret is capable of grasping the Gods Killing Sword Array," Zen said faintly. After comprehending the internal momentum, Zen could use the Grand Purple Aura Technique as he pleased.

Following such, Zen lightly clapped his hands, and the purple mist turned into a purple-cyan wyvern. The wyvern prostrated onto his fingers and lowered its body. With a light flick of his fingers, the wyvern flew outward, circled around the room, and returned to the form of purple mist before returning to Zen's hand.

"This ruler is simply unreasonable. I have roamed the divine land for many years and have never heard of such a divine object. Even a first-rank supreme primordial weapon doesn't have an ability extreme enough to hold three thousand Godly Ways. Just what the hell is this thing?" asked Master Evil.

Over the past few days, Master Evil had witnessed the Infinity Ruler's entire process of absorbing the Godly Ways. Every time the Infinity Ruler was activated, Zen would always consume the internal momentum into his mind, which equally posed a threat to Master Evil's remnant soul. In the end though, Master Evil was left with no other choice but to sit back quietly in a corner and watch the scene as it played out.

All he could do was watch as the internal momentum of the Godly Ways was continuously absorbed, transforming into tiny marks on the Infinity Ruler…

Having lived in the divine land for so long, Master Evil was quite experienced, and he had long heard of certain powerful treasures across the divine land. Those treasures were all in the hands of the Holy Beings of the divine land, though. The Holy Emperor of the Han Clan had a 'Sky Killing Blade', which was an extremely rare supreme primordial weapon, but it was impossible for it to possess such outrageous abilities. If Zen was given the chance to observe all the three thousand Godly Ways, wouldn't he be able to master all of them?

As the voice of Master Evil faded away from his mind, the purple mist in Zen's hand began to dissipate and once again condensed itself into traces of a grayish-white internal momentum.

The streams of greyish-white internal momentum quickly condensed into a small, round shield. A large number of hexagonal patterns appeared on the surface of the shield, making it resemble a tortoise shell. This was a technique used to protect one's body from the Tortoise Godly Way.

While Zen was continuously experimenting with his newfound techniques, a voice came from outside. "Thad, the house master wants to meet you," it said.

Upon hearing the voice from a short distance away, Zen jumped up from the ground. With a flip of his palm, the tortoise shell instantly disappeared, and a profound look appeared in his eyes. He wondered what the hell Malloy wanted to say to him.

Chapter 2193 A Top-rank True God (Part One)

Malloy was seated within the main hall of the Heavenly Han House. There were equally two people sitting by his side, both of whom were at the peak of the cultivation level of mid-rank True Gods.

They weren't True Gods of the Heavenly Han House who taught the Godly Ways, but they were leaders of the Han Clan sub-branches.

Although the sub-branches of the Han Clan were not considered as powerful as the rich clans on the Floating Islands, they were still first-tier clans. The strength and number of the True Gods from these clans far exceeded that of ordinary second-tier or third-tier clan.

Currently, there were a total of twenty-seven sub-branches of Han Clan, each respectively led by one of the twenty-seven sub-branch leaders. These two specific individuals were the leader of the ninth sub-branch, Luke Han, and the leader of the twelfth sub-branch, Declan Han. Zane, who himself had just entered the Heavenly Han House, was Luke Han's son.

"The news we received earlier from Mirror City has just been confirmed. Thad Luo's origin is very suspicious," Luke Han said with a frown.

Ever since the moment Zen had risen to prominence in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant, many forces had tried to track his background down. However, at the time, the information that Zen had provided was too little, and despite their many inquiries, they still hadn't found any clues concerning Zen's background. For this reason, on their list, they could only describe him as 'the mysterious youth'.

Not long ago though, during the Heavenly Han House examination in fact, Zen had mentioned that he came from the Misty Mountain Village of the Vast Sky Region.

That was when the Han Clan had sent people out to investigate Zen's identity.

And the Han Clan's efficiency was very high. Within no more than a few days, they had found the divine citizens of the Misty Mountain Village.

At first, the answers given by the divine citizens in the Misty Mountain Village were exactly the same as what Zen had said. Zen indeed seemed to come from the Misty Mountain Village. After the further investigation though, they quickly began to discover a few truths which included a conflict between the Misty Mountain Village and the Sun Moon Village, as well as Master Evil's return.

They also knew that Zen wasn't a native of the Misty Mountain Village. He had stayed in the Misty Mountain Village for less than half a year, and the divine citizens of the Misty Mountain Village were actually completely unaware of Zen's origin.

As a result, up to that point, Zen's identity had remained a mystery. After all, he was deliberately concealing it and thus discovering it wasn't going to be an easy task!

"I think so too!" Declan Han said as he nodded his head in agreement. "This guy deliberately hides his identity and then sneaks his way into the Han Clan... He probably has some kind of conspiracy."

The forces within the divine land all developed according to the model of a specific clan, and they each attached high importance to the backgrounds of the people they cultivated. Although the Han Clan would also train outsiders in order to own more talents, they thought it was important to figure out the outsiders' background first. They wouldn't just train some strange martial artist whose origins and intentions were completely unknown to them.

There were sixty-seven warriors who had entered the Heavenly Han House. Aside from Zen, the Han Clan was fully and clearly aware of the other warriors' backgrounds. Even more so, their lineage could be traced back several generations.

Zen possessed such a remarkable talent, and yet, his origins remained mysterious. To anyone dealing with this situation, it indeed seemed weird.

Malloy smiled, but it was barely noticeable. "How can there be so many schemes? Maybe Thad Luo is a talent from a Floating Island?"

Malloy, on his behalf, equally didn't believe that Zen was an ordinary divine citizen simply born in a remote village. It was impossible for such a character to exist in a small and remote village, anyway. The divine land had developed over so many years, and all its resources had been monopolized by the wealthy clans. And the talents had been continually inherited through blood lineage. It was extremely rare that such an outstanding warrior would be born in a remote, poor village.

"Do you really think there's still a rich clan on the Floating Island willing to allow one of their talents to cultivate outside, alone? Even if that was the case, would our Han Clan be willing to accept him?" Declan Han asked again, with more emphasis this time.

Malloy glanced at Declan Han and smiled, more obviously this time. "Since the two of you are having such thoughts, how do you think we should deal with Thad, then? Expel him from the Heavenly Han House, hmm? As long as the two of you and Bentley agree, I won't hesitate, not even for a second!"

Upon hearing Malloy's words, Declan Han and Luke Han fell silent, adding nothing more to the conversation.

"To put it bluntly, you both just want me to take all the responsibility. You want to recommend Thad to the Floating Island, but you're equally worried about his unknown origin. If something happens in the future, you don't want to be implicated." Malloy's eyes glittered. "If that's the case, then speak up, and I will take the responsibility!"

Malloy's words had clearly revealed Luke Han's and Declan Han's true feelings. Their facial features were completely distorted now.

If the Han Clan sub-branches didn't provide a suitable candidate, then the Han Clan would really take some actions, and if that were to be the case, the twenty-seven Han Clan sub-branches would be in deep trouble.

Through the Heavenly Han House's test, they were capable of figuring out that Zen had a remarkable talent. This fellow clearly surpassed an ordinary talent, and by far. Even among the rich clans on the Floating

Islands, never had there been such an extraordinary proving godly warrior in the past!

Chapter 2194 A Top-rank True God (Part Two)

In their eyes, this proving godly warrior was like a tender shoot that had just emerged from the ground. Zen was a little too strong for his own good, though. If he were to condense a Godly Tile in his inner world in the future, wouldn't he naturally become a disciple of the Holy Emperor?

"Not necessarily, you don't have to. In the past, the sub-branches of the Han Clan have always been one and the same! How could we let you bear all the responsibility alone?" Luke Han said.

"Yeah... Why don't we ask Thad about it later? Maybe it's not as we're imagining it to be," Declan Han was next to speak.

Both Luke Han and Declan Han offered their words with a slight awkwardness.

It was at that moment that someone was heard uttering just outside the main hall, "Thad Luo has arrived!"

Malloy nodded in response and said, "Let him in."

It was only a few short moments later that Zen slowly walked inside.

Malloy's lips curled into a smile and he said politely, "Thad, please sit here."

Zen nodded his head and sat down in the chair, a little off to the side. At the same time, he asked, "May I know why you've summoned me here?"

In total honesty, Zen had a rough idea of that reason. Seeing as he had already spoken of where he came from to the Han Clan, they had definitely summoned him in order to investigate his background.

Prior to leaving the Misty Mountain Village, Zen had told the villagers to keep his identity a secret from all the others. However, most of the divine citizens of the Misty Mountain Village had never been to a divine city. It was thus impossible for them to hide it from the members of the Heavenly Han House.

Today, it was highly likely that Malloy had personally invited him here just to investigate him in depth.

Despite that, Zen was feeling confident and had already made up his mind. He wasn't the slightest bit flustered and instead asked Malloy first, before he had even had the chance to speak.

Malloy was caught off guard as Zen questioned him like that and a trace of unnatural emotion immediately appeared on his face. The expression disappeared in a flash before he chuckled. "To be honest, all of the disciples that we recruit are treated like family. But according to the rules that have been passed down from our ancestors for generations and generations, we need to investigate into all disciples' backgrounds."

Of course, Zen understood that it was just as he had guessed. The members of the Heavenly Han House had really travelled to the Misty Mountain Village and had already discovered that something was wrong...

"From what we've learned from the Misty Mountain Village, it seems that something doesn't match up just right what you've told us," Malloy continued.

Declan Han and Luke Han also looked straight at Zen, as if they wanted to decipher something from his expression, or pick up on some kind of clue.

"You're right. I am indeed not from the Misty Mountain Village." No one had expected Zen to admit it so openly, and with a faint smile on his face. His honest words made the three True Gods feel an odd mix of discomfort and surprise.

Malloy continued calmly and asked, "Then where exactly are you from?"

It didn't really matter where Zen genuinely came from. What was important was that they needed a credible background. They needed to know he would not do harm to the Han Clan.

Zen just shook his head. "I can't say," he replied.

Of course, there was no way he'd admit that he was Mike's son from the Evolutionary Universe just to enter the Heavenly Han House. On the other hand though, he also couldn't make up a false identity for himself. After all, with the Han Clan members' abilities, they would surely check and figure out his lies with ease. Therefore, he had no other choice but to answer honestly.

Hearing this, Declan Han coldly and promptly said, "We don't accept warriors of unknown origins."

Luke Han agreed with a single nod of his head. "Indeed. I hope you'd cherish this opportunity."

There was a hint of threat in their words, which was to warn Zen that if he didn't tell them where he came from, he would probably be expelled from the Heavenly Han House immediately.

"If that's really the case, then that's quite a pity. I'm afraid I can only choose to leave the Heavenly Han House," Zen said with a look of regret on his face. Joining the Heavenly Han House was only a shortcut to get to the Floating Island. If he couldn't take the shortcut successfully, he would find himself another way.

If he were to reveal his identity though, now that would be quite a serious matter. It was impossible for him to reveal his identity just to enter the Heavenly Han House.

As the words left his mouth, Luke Han and Declan Han kept silent. They had wanted to threaten Zen with the qualification to join the Heavenly Han House, but Zen didn't seem to care in the least.

Malloy glanced at Luke Han and Declan Han indifferently, and shrugged his shoulders. He knew that Zen wasn't an idiot, and since he possessed such great talent, every proving godly house would be eager to admit him. Did he even care about the qualification to join the Heavenly Han House? Malloy continued wondering to himself.

Just as Malloy was thinking about how to continue his attempt in persuading Zen, a figure appeared in the sky above the Heavenly Han House, slowly descending into its main hall.

"This warrior can actually fly within the divine land..."

Zen's eyes suddenly flashed with astonishment, realizing that the warrior was a top-rank True God. But who was he? And why did he come here?

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2195 Testing Zen

Across all the divine land, only top-rank True Gods and those above their level had the right to fly in the skies.

In the past, Zen had never known very much about the rules set by the Holy Beings. It wasn't that proving godly warriors and low to mid-rank True Gods couldn't fly, but that their abilities were actually limited.

Thanks to Master Evil's explanation though, Zen was capable of solving the doubt he felt in both heart and mind.

The wealthy and powerful clans on the Floating Islands that had entered the Time Sea first were all bent on consolidating their status. Therefore, they would without a doubt use all sorts of methods in order to hinder the other clans from rising to prominence.

For this reason, back in the middle ages, many wealthy and powerful clans on the Floating Islands teamed up together in order to establish such a rule on the Ruling Slate. It was thus stipulated that only those on and above the level of top-rank True Gods could fly in the air, and that furthermore, only those on and above the level of consummate True Gods could use the Space Law.

Due to this rule, the newcomers naturally lost many opportunities. After all, there were many forbidden areas within the divine land that would be very difficult for them to explore if they weren't allowed to fly.

Therefore, very few newcomers had been bestowed the title of Holy Being over the past few years. Becoming a Holy Being was now quite a challenge.

Someone suddenly flew down from the sky and steadily landed without hesitation in the main hall.

Immediately after his arrival, a faint sense of majesty spread throughout the hall. Although he didn't release any soul pressure, he did give off a very natural force. The force itself didn't come from him in fact, but from his inner world.

As a top-rank True God, his inner world had already been perfected. It had become a huge entity, and therefore he radiated a sense of majesty. Similarly, Estelle on the second floor of the dungeon gave Zen an inexplicable sense of mystery.

The individual who had just landed looked extremely young, but his face faintly revealed a sense of lethargy. It was almost certain that in reality, he must have lived for a long time, and he must be unimaginably old.

Malloy, Luke, and Declan stood up and saluted him. Upon seeing them do so, Zen equally followed suit. Despite the fact that the Heavenly Han House seemed to want to expel him, he still had to be polite and show his respect, at the very least.

The arrival was Bentley Han, the man whom Malloy had mentioned earlier. He was the leader of all the Han Clan's sub-branches, and thus, the twenty-seven sub-branches were all under his command.

It was just a few days ago that he had heard about Zen. Not long afterward, he came to find out that Zen was born in a strange place, and therefore, he presented himself today in order to decide what should be done.

Once Bentley had pleasantly greeted everyone present, his gaze shifted directly to Zen. When he noticed Zen's Redemption Armor, his eyes opened wide as he asked, "What kind of treasure is this robe you're wearing?"

Malloy and the other two also paid attention to Zen's robe as Bentley asked this question. From the outside, Zen's dark robe didn't look like anything special. In fact, even ordinary True Gods wouldn't be able to see any difference.

Zen smiled thinly. Before he could say anything, Bentley stretched his hand out at once and formed numerous abnormally sharp red thorns between his fingers. Seconds later, they were clawing toward Zen's chest.

Although Bentley wasn't using his full strength, he was still a top-rank True God, and had already reached the upper level of the Godly Way. This sudden attack from him was shockingly fast and absolutely powerful nonetheless. Not only did Zen not have the chance to react, but even Malloy and the others weren't expecting such an attack at all.

Creak!

Bentley was like a hungry black bear whose only intention was to dig Zen's heart out. His thorn attack was so extreme that if it was directed at a True God, even his heart would be ripped out in an instant.

But when these ferocious thorns reached Zen's Redemption Armor, they did nothing but let out a sharp scraping sound. Even more surprisingly, the attack didn't even scratch Zen's robe. In fact, it didn't even leave a mark.

As the leader of the Han Clan's sub-branches, Bentley's strength was unquestionable. So much so that it was safe to say that the power contained within his grab was something that even ordinary True Gods found hard to resist. In order to become consummate True Gods, many top-rank True Gods began to condense the Nine Divine Stars. Bentley had even condensed six stars that contained strength source.

The eyes of Malloy, Luke and Declan all shone brightly as they watched this scene play out before them.

It had never crossed any of their minds that Zen could have been wearing such a protective treasure.

Zen took a few steps backward and his dashing eyebrows creased as he bore the brunt of Bentley's attack.

Limited by the rule stated on the Thousand Commandments Slate, warriors couldn't fight as they pleased in Six-Burden Divine City. If two warriors wanted to challenge each other here, they would have to pay a divine might coin. However, Bentley, the top-rank True God standing before them, acted as if he was not bound by the Thousand Commandments Slate in any way at all.

Zen felt somewhat annoyed, but his anger soon subsided. Only a select few people were born with the right to disrespect the rules. And Zen wasn't stupid. Of course, he didn't think that everyone from the Han Clan would be nice, and he knew very well that the weak would stand as an easy prey to the strong. However, the fact that he entered Six-Burden Divine City alone and displayed a certain level of talent and strength was, in and of itself, quite an adventure.

Now though, he had to endure.

If he truly succeeded in pissing these people off, he might not ever be capable of leaving Six-Burden Divine City.

"Now, what's that supposed to mean?" Zen asked, frowning.

"Well, I just wanted to test your abilities. You're quite quick to react, I must say." Bentley chuckled and once again transformed into a blurry shadow, charging towards Zen, regardless of whether Zen agreed or not.

His attack's speed far exceeded Zen's reaction speed. Before Zen could prepare himself, a pair of claws had already reached his chest again.

On the one hand, Bentley wanted to test Zen's reaction and strength. And on the other hand, he seemed to be trying to determine the exact material of Zen's robe.

Despite whatever he was trying to do though, he was certainly being rude. Zen remembered the rule stated on the Thousand Commandments Slate and didn't know if he even had the right to retaliate. As a top-rank True God, Bentley could tease Zen as easily as an eagle trying to catch a baby chick stuck on the ground.

Zen was reclining backwards almost instinctively, his body twisting back like a carp. At the same time though, he took a Sword Step forward, displaying an unimaginable pace.

Bentley's claws swept straight past Zen's chest, but they didn't touch Zen at all. Zen had succeeded in dodging them cleverly.

"Hmm?"

Bentley didn't manage to catch Zen with his second attack. He took a few steps forward. There was an awkward expression on his face as he pinched his fingers tightly together.

Although he had originally acted in a playful manner, his grab was definitely not something a mere proving godly warrior could have avoided. Let alone Zen, had it been Malloy, Luke, or any of the others, it wouldn't have been easy for them to avoid Bentley's grab.

"Sir, I have already passed the Heavenly Han House's test, but you still want to test me..." A hint of anger could be heard in Zen's tone of voice.

"Your movement technique is amazing! It's absolutely intriguing and interesting to me!" Bentley didn't heed Zen's words and turned his body in order to charge at him once again, his speed increasing by thirty percent.

And just as before, Zen performed a set of footwork and even used the Eight Smoky Melodies in order to avoid the attack. His entire body danced in the air like a willow catkin, but Bentley's speed far exceeded the range that Zen could cope with. When he used the Eight Smoky Melodies, his greatest fear was absolute speed. In the blink of an eye, Bentley flashed behind Zen and quickly grabbed his lapel, throwing him into the distance.

Whir!

Zen's body spun in the air and plummeted toward the other side of the main hall.

Fortunately, Bentley had shown a little mercy. Zen twisted his body in the air and glided along the ground for quite a few yards. He stood up as soon as he could and turned himself around.

As he was standing there though, he began to feel an irresistible force coming from behind him, pushing him forward by several steps and almost knocking him down again. Zen suddenly looked very miserable.

Malloy, Luke, and Declan quickly looked at each other. Their expressions were wild, their hearts in turmoil.

They had invited Bentley to decide whether or not to keep Zen. After all, Bentley was the leader of sub-branches. They hadn't expected the fact that Bentley had never asked them about Zen's origins and background, nor had he discussed whether to keep Zen with them. Instead, as soon as he had arrived, he had begun teasing Zen.

After all, he was a top-rank True God. Was there really any point in fooling around with a proving godly warrior? Did he not feel shameless?

Moreover, Zen had been very tough when they threatened to expel him earlier. Would Bentley offend him by acting in such a way?

Malloy was unsure of all this. After a moment of hesitation, he stretched out his hand and shouted, "Master Bentley..."

Bentley ignored him and simply smiled with relish instead. "You haven't fallen yet? Then watch this!" With that, he once again turned into a gust of wind and floated toward Zen.

This time, Zen's eyes flashed with a fierce light. He respected Bentley as a top-rank True God, but these repeated attacks were too much for him to handle right now. He didn't dodge the attack this time and only used a single hand to swipe at Bentley.

Bentley's face revealed a look of contempt. In his opinion, a proving godly warrior was just as weak as a baby. He reached out his left hand in an attempt to brush away Zen's right hand.

However, just as he reached outward, Zen abruptly changed his hand's direction and firmly grabbed Bentley's arm like a pair of iron pincers.

Given his reaction and speed though, it was very easy for Bentley to avoid Zen.

Despite that though, he didn't attempt to dodge Zen at all. Instead, he planned to use brute force in order to break free from Zen's grasp once he had caught his arm.

Unexpectedly, just as he tried to struggle free slightly, his expression suddenly froze.

Chapter 2196 A Little Freak

Zen's intention wasn't to offend this guy in any way.

That said though, having been toyed with like an ant over and over again, Zen had had enough. Even a Buddha would have become angry with such teasing.

As Zen took action, the Nine Divine Stars in his body began revolving crazily. The surging energy quickly converged into a torrent of energy that gushed outward, gathering in his hands faster than ever!

In addition to the thirty percent of strength source that his body could withstand, he also released the remaining seventy percent of his power through the Cross-world Theurgy. This seventy percent power formed a giant invisible hand that grabbed the middle section of his opponent's arm.

In that very moment, it was as if Zen had three hands that worked together and simultaneously grabbed Bentley.

Bentley, who was a top-rank True God, had already condensed Six Divine Stars, therefore, he also had his own strength source.

Despite that though, the six stars that were hidden within his body were much smaller than Zen's.

The strength source of the Nine Divine Stars in Zen's body came from Holy Jay. At the time, he had absorbed a third of Holy Jay's total strength source. Although Zen's use of the strength source was far from being as efficient as Holy Jay's, and the fact was that it didn't even compare to Bentley's power in the least, it was still completely terrifying when it poured out!

Moreover, Bentley hadn't expected Zen to unleash such a terrifying power. He felt that Zen's hands were like iron pincers, and even more shockingly, there was an invisible hand that seemed to be grabbing onto him at the same time. Furthermore, the invisible hand's power was great, causing his arm to creak. He felt like it was going to snap like a twig on a tree.

This overwhelming power only lasted for a brief moment. With a flip of his body, Zen twisted his hand and threw Bentley backward!

Beneath the surge of such a huge force, Bentley didn't have time to resist. Confusion was written all over his wrinkled face as Zen sent him flying at an extremely fast speed. His body soared through the air and smashed into the wall of the main building, destroying it into hundreds of little pieces.

The wall then turned into dust in a flash, as if it was made of flour. This hit didn't stop Bentley's momentum though.

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom…

After smashing through at least seven or eight walls consecutively, Bentley had finally managed to stop himself from going further by relying on his own power and strength. Finally, his body collapsed to the ground with an atrocious thud.

Bentley's body was now covered in dust, and before landing, he had crashed into a few flower pots. A few fresh and tender flowers were stuck in his hair, making him look both bedraggled and odd at the same time.

Bentley, who was still lying on the ground, was still in a daze and felt dizzy. It took him at least half a minute before finally reacting. Upon standing up, he saw a room full of people, including the old man surnamed Wu, who was giving a lecture to the disciples of the Heavenly Han House.

As he noticed Bentley suddenly bump in, his mouth fell wide open. Although the old man had rarely seen Bentley throughout his lifetime, he knew Bentley was the leader of the twenty-seven Han Clan sub-branches. Thus, he asked in fluster, "Sir… Are you okay?"

Among the students were also many members from the Han Clan sub-branches. They also wore strange expressions on their faces as they looked toward their leader. Bentley was a top-rank True God. Who could have caused him to be in such a sorry state, here in the Six-Burden Divine City?

Everyone looked as though they had seen a ghost, or worse, that they would have preferred seeing a ghost over witnessing this scene.

Bentley shook his head and smiled helplessly. "I'm fine. I was just sparring with a little kid, but there was an accident…"

"A little... A little kid?" The old man's eyes widened and he raised his brows. He suddenly had a premonition. Was it possible that the "little kid" he was referring to could be Thad? That was impossible though, he thought to himself. Thad was just a proving godly warrior. No matter how powerful his abilities were, he would never have the capacity of throwing Bentley all the way over here.

Bentley also felt very embarrassed. Worse, he felt ashamed that the fight had ended in such a way. After getting up, he quietly went back through the holes he had made in the walls.

In order to see whether he had guessed right or not, the old man surnamed Wu also took a few steps forward and stuck his head into the first hole.

Several layers of walls within the Heavenly Han House had holes that followed each other in a straight line, which were caused by Bentley. The old man surnamed Wu peeped through the holes and his gaze landed directly on the main hall. With this single glimpse, his eyes immediately widened!

In the main hall, he could see Thad standing there, right smack in the center. He was looking at the other end of the holes with cold, emotionless eyes…

"It, it really was this kid?!"

The old man suddenly paled, unable to utter a single word.

And the old man wasn't the only one who felt completely dumbstruck at that very moment. Even Malloy, Luke, and Declan were staring with wide eyes at the scene playing out in front of them.

In truth, from the very beginning, the three of them had been against the idea of Bentley attacking Zen.

The purpose of the Heavenly Han House was to send a qualified candidate to the Han Clan on the Floating Island in order to maintain the Han Clan's confidence in them. From Thad's performance alone, he indeed had the qualifications to be recommended, thus rendering Bentley's test completely meaningless.

However, as the leader of the Han Clan sub-branches, Bentley hadn't been prudent and calm enough. He had lived for over 30 divine eras, and he could easily be considered the Han Clan's senior. Despite being rather old, wise and having lived for such a long time, he was definitely not a calm individual.

Many True Gods made the decision to simply let their appearance age with the passing of time, especially after their ages crossed certain limits. Thus, in the divine land, it was quite common to see True Gods who looked very old. This was because if one lived for too long, their body would naturally exude a lethargic aura. They might be able to change their appearance to that of a teenager, but it was completely out of tune with the lethargic aura that they continued to exude!

There were only a few women with very long lifespans that could use a secret technique to dispel the lethargic aura. No matter how long they lived, they were still as charming as ever.

Bentley hadn't dispelled his old aura, but he still gave himself a younger look. Such a behavior made him seem quite unreliable.

Despite that, one's personality didn't have anything to do with one's strength. Bentley's talent was good and back in the day, he had almost become the Holy Emperor's disciple. Unfortunately, he still lost the battle by a hair and thus lost an extremely important opportunity in his life. In the end, he took the initiative to leave the Floating Island of the Han Clan and returned to the Han Clan sub-branches in order to become the leader.

Only a few moments ago, due to Bentley's provocation, Zen had angrily thrown him out. And now, he was still raging.

In Zen's mind, Master Evil was also shocked. After seeing the many skills that Zen had displayed though, and the fact that he also knew Zen's identity, he could much more easily accept the scene than the others. What he hadn't expected was for Zen to seriously attack Bentley. He then said to Zen, "You are too impulsive. Your strength is indeed astonishing, but if the fight gets serious, you might not necessarily be a low-rank True God's opponent and a mid-rank True God can easily kill you. Bentley is an outstanding top-rank True God and you will be doomed if you actually offended him!"

Master Evil had lived in the Vast Sky Region for many years now, and of course, he had heard of Bentley. In the Han Clan's ancestral land, other than a few old fellows who had retreated back to their homeland, Bentley was probably the strongest. Now Zen had taken Bentley by surprise and had thrown him out in such a way, causing him to suffer a huge loss as well as lose his face. Master Evil had every reason to be worried that things might not end so well for Zen...

"If I were to tolerate that over and over again, what would this guy have ended up doing to me?" Zen retorted in his mind. "He did that only to force me to show the limits of my strength, or to investigate my background. I can die, but there are some things that will never be revealed," he said aloud in his mind.

His father had indeed placed his greatest hopes in him, but Zen wasn't his only hope. After all, there were still Nathan and the other Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe.

Upon hearing this, Master Evil fell silent. He could feel Zen's determination, and he understood how heavy the burden on his back was for him to reach his goal. Although he had an extraordinary origin, that he was the son of a Holy Being and what was more, he was a disciple of another Holy Being, he still had to pay a greater price than any other ordinary warriors with such unique advantages.

Zen's gaze was as calm as the surface of a motionless lake as he stared at Bentley, who was walking over through the holes, one wall at a time.

Bentley stepped out from the final hole and gently shook himself. An invisible force spread out from his body, causing all the dust, rubble, and broken leaves to disappear. His body was now completely clean, and his face was expressionless. No one could read him, and no one could tell how he was feeling.

Malloy, Luke, and Declan held their silence. They didn't dare say anything more. Although Bentley had an eccentric temperament, he was still the leader of the Han Clan sub-branches. They had no idea how Bentley planned to deal with Zen. Bentley's personality had always been unpredictable though, to say the least.

To everyone's surprise, Bentley laughed and said to Zen, "Good. Although I don't know how you've managed to cultivate such power, I think the old freaks on the Floating Island would be very happy to see a little freak just like you!"

Chapter 2197 Agreement

At last, Bentley's words quickly broke the tense atmosphere that blanketed the whole main hall.

At the same time, Zen also sighed in relief, but he still firmly said, "If you still want to test me, I will leave the Heavenly Han House. Everyone wants to go to the Floating Island, but this won't be my only chance."

Upon hearing Zen's words, Malloy felt slightly moved.

There were many highly talented proving godly warriors in the Heavenly Han House, but most of them were wildly arrogant. However, none of them was actually sure that they would enter the Floating Island. Meanwhile, Malloy saw absolute confidence in Zen's face, and he believed that Zen was capable of doing so.

Even if the Heavenly Han House didn't help Zen, it wouldn't be too hard for him to enter the Floating Island.

"Young man, it seems that you're still angry," Bentley said to Zen with a chuckle. "You almost broke my old bones, but I won't seek revenge for that…"

"According to Master Malloy, you don't accept people with unknown origins," Zen abruptly said in a serious tone.

Bentley blinked, and then turned to stare at Malloy.

The real reason why they invited Bentley over was to discuss the said matter. However, Bentley attacked Zen once he had arrived. Apparently, he had discovered Zen's inexplicable power and was greatly interested in the younger man's true strength.

"Who said you came from the unknown? Your name is Thad Luo, right? You were born in Misty Mountain Village, a suburb of Mirror City in the Vast Sky Region. You are highly talented, have infinite power and have devoured strange objects since a young age. And, you have learned from powerhouses..." The longer Bentley spoke, the wilder the tales that he fabricated. He even made up some stories about Zen's childhood. It sounded true at first, but after careful consideration, it didn't.

However, Malloy looked quite happy. He guessed that Bentley was in favor of him. Bentley was still responsible for checking Thad's origins. Since the Han Clan had been on the Floating Island for a long time, it was impossible for them to thoroughly investigate many things, so they believed whatever Bentley said without any doubts. In their case, as long as he could forge a fake identity for Thad, everything would go smoothly.

"What if, I mean, what if..." On the other hand, Luke appeared quite wary as he said, "It's not that I don't trust Thad, but if he is plotting something, then what should we do when his plot is exposed?"

Bentley glared angrily at Luke. "Don't worry because you won't shoulder this responsibility. If that were to happen, the Han Clan might be angry at me and dismiss me from my post. Then, you'd have a chance to succeed me as leader," he said with a trace of displeasure.

"I didn't mean that," Luke responded awkwardly. After that, Bentley simply ignored Luke and Declan.

He looked rather unhappy a moment ago, but now his face was full of excitement. He turned to Zen and smiled. "Are you satisfied now? Look how sincere I am. Can you teach me the secret to train strength?" he finally asked.

Only Bentley knew how truly terrifying Zen's strength was. The others had only seen several smashed walls, but they didn't know that Bentley had used up all his strength just to stabilize his body. Otherwise, it wouldn't just be smashed walls. His body might've been seriously damaged.

It was true that it was unrealistic for a proving godly warrior to have such terrible power. It was simply beyond the scope of common understanding. Although the proving godly warriors trained by the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands were highly powerful as well, Bentley knew that they were nowhere on Zen's level.

Even Pascal, who was currently considered to be the strongest, had been very fortunate in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and cultivated an immense amount of power, was still much weaker than the current Thad when he was a world lord.

"Sorry, I can't," Zen answered stiffly, although he knew Bentley was joking.

"I'll give you the secret code of my clan as an exchange," Bentley urged even more. When Malloy heard Bentley speak about something so outrageous, he cleared his throat.

"Since Master Bentley has agreed to let Thad stay, should we wait until next year for the Han Clan to come, or recommend him to the Floating Island right now?" he suggested.

"Next year?" Bentley hissed. "If we wait until next year, we won't stand a chance," he sneered.

"What do you mean?" Malloy asked in surprise. Truly, he didn't quite understand what Bentley meant.

"Yesterday, the sixth sub-branch already sent someone to the Time Sea," Bentley said coldly. "The sixth sub-branch..." Malloy muttered.

His brows furrowed in confusion. If it was true, then… The thing he was most worried about came true.

The Han Clan's twenty seven sub-branches weren't unitary. Now, a part of the powerhouses on the Floating Island came from some sub-branches, and those sub-branches were more closely related to the powerhouses of the Han Clan. Joy, a Demi-holy Being, was from the sixth sub-branch.

Many people had witnessed the Purple Aura Godly Way acknowledge Zen on that very day. Ever since then, Malloy had been a bit worried.

It was known that Joy and all the sub-branches agreed that she would take anyone who could cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way as her disciple. The Heavenly Han House had always complied with this agreement, and gave Joy all the girls who possessed the Purple Power Bodies and those acknowledged by the Purple Aura Godly Way.

However, Zen did not possess the Purple Power Body. Although the Purple Aura Godly Way had indeed acknowledged him, there must be some other reason behind it.

Joy was the Han Clan's Demi-holy Being, only second to the Holy Emperor. Moreover, it was said that she had always been domineering in her clan and even the Holy Emperor had to give in to her. If she knew about Zen's case and wanted to take him away by force, the Heavenly Han House wouldn't be able to resist her.

What Malloy hadn't expected was that the sixth sub-branch had acted so quickly. It had only been a few days, yet they had already sent someone to the Time Sea.

"What should we do then?" Malloy asked anxiously. A small laugh escaped Bentley's lips.

"I acted faster. The second day after the test, I had ordered someone to go. I believe we can get ahead of the sixth sub-branch and have enough time to send Thad to the Floating Island. If Joy wants to recruit Zen, she will have to ask the Han Clan," he said.

"An excellent move! Master Bentley, you're truly something!" Malloy exclaimed. He couldn't help but sigh. Bentley's methods were always unpredictable, but it was true that he could anticipate possible future scenarios and was able to act accordingly and reasonably.

As for Zen, he wasn't interested in the things that they discussed. Whoever helped him enter the Floating Island wasn't important, as he thought it would be best if Malloy forged an identity for him. If the Han Clan didn't suspect anything, then the other great clans on the Floating Islands wouldn't have any doubts.

After Zen had left the main hall, he didn't return to his own residence. Instead, he headed towards the Money Alley.

Bentley had already informed the Han Clan on the Floating Island, so Zen wouldn't have much time to stay in Six-Burden Divine City. He had to hurry and investigate where the mud came from. He didn't expect the Heavenly Han House to help him condense the Godly Tile and become a True God. Thus, that piece of mud from the Tie Clan was the key to condensing the Godly Tile.

In the Money Alley, Linn sat and took care of her clan's stall. She looked as bored as ever as her eyes blankly stared into the distance.

She didn't participate in the test of the Heavenly Han House this time. It wasn't that her clan wasn't able to get a slot--she could even get many slots easily with her way of management.

However, her innate talent for cultivation was quite mediocre. If she relied on her own strength to condense the Godly Tile, it might take too long for her to progress. Therefore, she might have to implant an ownerless Godly Tile someday.

Just then, Zen appeared in front of Linn. Her eyes immediately glowed with a strange light. Anyone who knew her would know that she would only look that way when she saw divine might coins.

Clearly, Zen was like a heap of divine might coins in her eyes.

Chapter 2198 Tie Clan

As soon as Linn saw Zen, a faint smile surfaced on her pretty face. "What are you going to buy this time?" she asked, cocking her head. "I dug out a few more pieces of mud. Interested?"

"What?" Zen was slightly surprised. His gaze fell to the stall before her. As she had said, several pieces of mud covered the panel.

However, this time Zen's inner world did not react to the mud like it had last time. Clearly, these pieces of mud were ordinary. Zen smirked at her. This little girl was brazen enough to dig out a few pieces of mud straight from the ground and sell them unabashedly.

Once the Tie Clan sold the piece of mud to Zen, the curiosity of many members was piqued. Earlier, Linn's uncle, Alfred, had decided that the mud was not ordinary, but after many evaluations, the Tie Clan lost their patience and handed over the mud to Linn without a second thought. No one in the clan knew about the use and origin of the piece of mud.

Zen, naturally, was not aware of the internal affairs of the Tie Clan. He also did not imagine that a series of ramifications would occur once he bought the piece of mud with so much money.

The Tie Clan never would have dreamed that someone could spend five hundred divine might coins on some mud. It had caught them unaware.

Certainly, Thad was not a fool in their eyes. The fact that he was willing to pay such a steep price for the mud, coupled with his astonishing performance in the Heavenly Han House, was enough to make the clan believe that the dirt was indeed highly valuable.

Some of the Tie Clan members had been regretful, thinking that Linn should have asked for a higher place. However, just a few days ago, there was still someone who had criticized her for her tactics.

Linn did not care for the voices in the first place, but the pedantic elders in the clan were getting worse and worse. Even if this piece of mud was some extraordinary treasure, it was sold already and should now be irrelevant to them.

To Linn, doing business meant pursuing the greatest gains, so she did not hesitate to ask for a high price. She felt it was her prerogative.

However, she paid heed to honesty and integrity each time. No matter how much damage she incurred, she would not regret her approach.

At this time, everyone in the Tie Clan suddenly found themselves extraordinarily busy. This was not only because Devin was taking the Heavenly Han House's test, but also because of the piece of mud. The small hill where the Tie Clan had dug out the piece of mud had been turned upside down in search for more treasure. They hoped to dig out a second piece of that exceptionable mud, but so far, it was to no avail.

Linn, on the other hand, had casually dug out some ordinary mud outside of the Six-Burden Divine City. Each piece of mud was priced at five divine might coins. Seeing her sell it, some people bought the mud to try their fortunes. After all, Zen had spent five hundred divine might coins before. They could buy identical pieces of mud using just five divine might coins. Each of them felt like they had stumbled on a fortune. Maybe there truly was something special about this mud?

Meanwhile, Linn did not think she was deceiving anyone. No one knew of what use the mud was. Perhaps the piece Zen had bought was also ordinary. Perhaps he had been mistaken.

Nearly everyday, she sold those pieces of mud for five divine might coins each. It was a rare occurrence in the Money Alley.

She managed to sell more than twenty pieces and earned the Tie Clan more than a hundred divine might coins.

The True Gods witnessing this felt their eyes go red with envy.

Seeing how the little girl's mud was far too easy to sell, they started to follow her example one by one. Suddenly, quite a few stalls selling mud cropped up in Money Alley.

Some of the True Gods who were unaware of the truth were dumbstruck to see this happening. They suspected that the people of Money Alley were not in complete control of their senses. Who in their right mind would jump up to buy mud at such a hefty price?

As more and more people sold mud, the competition grew intense. Some buyers made up stories of how incredible the mud was; about how it had proved to be a miracle medicine.

But the True Gods were not stupid. After being fooled by Linn for long, people no longer bought the mud after a point of time. Linn despised her imitating rivals. Now that the mud could no longer be sold, she racked her brain in order to come up with new ideas. The last thing she expected, however, was for Thad to appear before her again.

"I won't buy anything today," Zen replied, shaking his head.

Linn smiled faintly, as if she had sensed his thoughts. "I know what you want. You wish to find out where the mud was excavated, right?"

"Not really." Zen chuckled as he scanned her face.

He had indeed come for that matter, but since he knew that the little girl was far too crafty, why would he let her cheat him again?

"Oh?" Linn's features revealed a trace of surprise. "No? Then what have you come here for?"

Linn was already scheming. The mountain where the piece of mud had been dug out was originally Tie Clan's territory. Although it was now rather unsightly after all the digging, she reasoned that would still arouse Zen's interest. She planned to sell the entire mountain to Zen.

It was a pity that she was unable to continue what she had formerly wanted to say. Zen's reply was different from what she had imagined.

"I'm looking for your brother, Devin. He promised me he would take me for a tour around Tie Clan," Zen said with a smile.

Before entering the Consulting God Hall, Zen had briefly come in contact with Devin. Devin was dull but honest, and it was far easier to deal with him than with his sister. However, Devin had not passed the test of the Heavenly Han House. Zen had not seen him after the test, so the only way he could look for him was through Linn.

"My brother…" Linn furrowed her brows. She was still too young, after all. When her thoughts failed her, a dejected look surfaced on her features.

She knew her brother's personality. He was a loyal, honest, and an obstinate man. He always followed through on what he promised. Even though Linn was very eloquent and persuasive, she could not change Devin's mind. If Zen had only come looking for Devin, Linn could not scam Zen again.

'What a pity, ' she thought to herself. However, after thinking for a while, she realized that Thad's popularity had spread like wildfire not so long ago. It was said that getting to the Floating Island would be a piece of cake for him.

Thad was not the kind of person who would debase himself by getting roped in by the Tie Clan. However, if they could be on good terms with each other, then in future it would benefit Tie Clan when he won accolades.

There were some favors that could not be traded for the divine might coin. Pondering on this, Linn did not hesitate. She told Zen that Devin was at their residence in the Six-Burden Divine City. At the same time, she urged Zen to comfort her brother, who was rather down in the dumps these days.

Devin ranked fifty-sixth in the name list. Sixty-seven warriors had passed the test of the Heavenly Han House. Naturally, Devin had been depressed after being eliminated. According to the rankings, he should have been able to pass the test, but it was a pity that getting the acknowledgment of the Godly Way Tablets was not as per the rankings, rather it depended on one's own understanding of the Godly Way. Several proving godly warriors ranking thirty to forty had failed the test, like Devin himself.

Zen immediately agreed to Linn's request.

The Tie Clan had some property in the Six-Burden Divine City. Following Linn's guidance, Zen quickly found Devin.

Devin's mood these few days had indeed slumped, but his personality was such that he did not suffer too much of a blow. Instead, he made an ambitious decision. He did not pass the test this year, but he was sure to come back next year. And if he did not pass next year either, then he would try for the year after. He was determined to demonstrate his full abilities. For a proving godly warrior, a few decades was only a short period of time.

Three days later, Zen left the Six-Burden Divine City under Devin's lead and headed toward the Tie Clan.

As the ancestral land of the Han Clan, the Six-Burden Region was much larger in terms of the area it covered.

Although the Tie Clan was said to be just outside of the Six-Burden Divine City, the distance it took to reach there was not short. It took them half a month to arrive at the place.

For the Tie Clan, Zen, the genius who had turned up out of the blue was an honored guest. Apart from a round of warm hospitality, the Tie Clan's elders wanted to draw out from Zen the true use of the mud.

But how could Zen give them the explanation they wanted? In the end, he managed to dodge their queries. When the Tie Clan saw that Zen was unwilling to answer, they did not pursue the matter further.

Some rounds of entertainment later, Devin escorted Zen out of the Tie Clan and headed to the mountain where they had dug out the piece of magical mud.

When Zen arrived at the mountain and saw it full of potholes, he was rendered speechless. The earth was in disarray. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the Tie Clan had dug deep into the ground to look for the mud.

However, it seemed like they had gained nothing so far.

Chapter 2199 Digging A Passageway

Thad was being quietly observed by some of the Tie Clan members either sitting or standing around the mountain.

It was known that a piece of mud could be sold for five hundred divine might coins which shocked everyone. The elders of the Tie Clan announced that whoever dug out another piece of that mud would receive a generous reward.

Wanting to try their luck to obtain the reward, everyone including women and children in the Tie Clan moved out.

But no matter how deep they dug, the mud would always turn out to be ordinary. They had never run into the kind of mud that could jump and run and would be spiritual again.

Zen stood at the edge of the large pit. Looking down, he saw that the pit as deep as three thousand feet was dug beneath the whole mountain.

It was impossible for the divine citizens to dig such a huge pit in such a short amount of time. The True Gods of the Tie Clan must have been involved, and some of them seemed to be mid-rank True Gods.

Zen sighed in his heart. These True Gods were truly different from what he had imagined.

Living in the Evolutionary Universe, Zen had always thought that the True Gods was a lofty existence. No one ever dared to offend them as they looked down upon all living beings below the True God's level. They were out of touch, and nothing could stop them.

After he arrived in the divine land, Zen discovered that these True Gods were more like ordinary people to some extent.

In order to preserve the purity of their mortal bodies, the martial artists of the Evolutionary Universe would usually choose not to eat grains saving them a great deal of trouble. For those who continued to eat grain, they had to purify their bodies every once in a while.

Only few True Gods of the divine land chose not to eat. They only viewed all kinds of delicacies as a great pleasure.

The Tie Clan had many True Gods, and due to the benefits of the five hundred divine might coins, they had dug such a huge pit. Every single one of them were affected, controlled, and driven crazy by the divine might coins.

Zen realized that this scene might have something wrong with it. He once again asked in his mind, "Master Evil, what is the use of divine might coins?"

The divine might coin had a great value. For instance, a single divine might coin could be saved up by a proving godly warrior only after he or she struggled for many years. Zen became curious about the source of the value of the divine might coin. Why on earth did this piece of black disk have so much value?

"Hehe..." Master Evil laughed, "I will only tell you after you enter the Floating Island. Now you can still let me keep you in suspense. Actually, almost everyone knows about the usage of the divine might coin. It's not a secret."

The fact about the divine might coins was already known throughout the whole divine land, so it was hard for Zen to ask the others. If he didn't even have basic common sense, then his origins would be suspected again.

Master Evil had tried to keep Zen in suspense a few times, and Zen couldn't force him.

Zen slowly slid down at the edge of the pit following the path that was dug out towards the bottom of the pit.

Relying on his inner world, Zen could tell the difference between the special mud and ordinary mud. His inner world was like a starving dog. Once he got close to that special mud, it could not wait to send out its strong consciousness!

Devin then followed closely behind Zen. He wasn't after anything but for the sake of safety. Since he was the one who forthrightly brought Zen to the Tie Clan, he would definitely help him to the end.

After some time, Zen arrived at the bottom of the pit.

The entire pit was about three thousand feet deep. Surrounding the pit was soft wet earth, and at the bottom was black gangue. The black gangue was very hard that even Zen could hardly break it.

As he looked around, his inner world's consciousness didn't give out any ripple of reaction.

Although he had mentally prepared himself for the outcome, he was still a bit disappointed.

It was indeed hard to find that peculiar mud. It was already a luck for him to find a piece of it the first time, and the chances of finding it again here were very slim.

"My family members have been doing their best to find it during this period of time. If they were able to find a piece, they would definitely give it to you, Thad. Unfortunately, they didn't," Devin said while shaking his head.

If Linn heard what her brother had said, she would probably explode in anger. A piece of mud could be exchanged for five hundred divine might coins from Thad. The Tie Clan wasn't rich, and five hundred divine might coins was a huge sum of money. How could they give the mud to him for free?

For others to say these words, they would be seen like they were trying to please Zen. But it was a different case with Devin's honest personality as he had always been a man of his own word. The Tie Clan really wasn't that successful in digging out the mud and once they had, Devin would surely offer it freely to Zen.

"It doesn't matter. It's already very fortunate for me to be able to find a clue," Zen responded with a smile.

Zen continued to walk around the bottom of the pit. At the same time he kept paying attention to the movements of his inner world. He would surely know what it meant once it reacted.

After circling the pit a few times, Zen asked, "At that time, Linn said that Alfred dug it out from under a big tree. I wonder where the tree was originally located?"

The place had already been dug out beyond recognition. All the trees had been moved, so he naturally could not see where they were located before.

"Our clan excavated this place with the tree as the center. Logically, it should be in the middle of the huge pit," Devin answered truthfully.

Zen nodded and walked towards the center of the huge pit. Wandering around for a while, he couldn't help but let out a breath. He wasn't able to detect that type of mud, and didn't know the next time he would encounter it.

If he couldn't get that mud, he would not be able to condense a Godly Tile. The Primal Chaos Technique would reach its end and becoming a True God would be impossible. How could he achieve his larger ambitions and plans?

"Did you find anything?" Devin asked in concern.

A wry smile appeared on Zen's face as he shook his head. "Well, let's climb up and have a look."

With nothing left to discover in the pit, Zen could only once again walk around. He was already clear that the chances of finding the mud outside the pit were much lower.

Devin was also slightly disappointed. He had obtained the approval from the Tie Clan the time he invited Zen into the Tie Clan.

Some members of the Tie Clan might covet the divine might coins, and were strongly opposed to outsiders entering this place, but Devin believed that it would be better to befriend Thad than to earn that bit of divine might coins. A clan could not develop without divine might coins, but the divine might coin could not decide everything.

Just as Zen was about to climb up the side, he suddenly felt a slight tremor in his body.

His entire body froze on the spot, a strange look flashing through his eyes.

'It seems to be here...' Zen thought in his heart.

The movements within his inner world were rather weak, but he was still able to detect them.

His inner world's consciousness was not very sure towards this special mud as its reaction was very weak. Yet, it still sent a signal to Zen.

"Thad?" Devin asked curiously as he saw Zen suddenly stopped.

Zen turned around and smiled at Devin, asking, "Can I dig here?"

"Of course, go ahead," Devin uttered and waved his hand. He sincerely hoped that Zen would find what he was looking for.

Zen reached for his sword hilt and pulled his sword fiercely. The Great Weighty Sword appeared in his hand. Twisting it lightly caused the Great Weighty Sword to spin and pierce towards the side of the pit.

"Plop!"

The Great Weighty Sword touched the soft soil and the power within was like an invisible ripple, spinning along the soil.

By the time he withdrew his Great Weighty Sword, a circular passageway about sixty to seventy feet long had appeared in front of him. This passageway seemed to have been carved out of the tip of a sharp knife. It clearly showed Zen's powerful ability to use strength.

Without the slightest hesitation, Zen charged into the passageway in the blink of an eye.

The moment he entered the passageway, the consciousness in his inner world gradually became clearer making his heart beat faster and faster. It seemed like that kind of special mud was more than just a piece.

Reaching the end of the passageway, Zen stabbed out with his sword once again. He was like a mouse completely immersed in digging a long and narrow hole.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2200 Digging Deep

Devin refrained himself from following Zen into the cave.

The members of the Tie clan above the giant pit had paid close attention to Zen's activities. They showed interest when they felt Zen had discovered something.

But needless to say, right now they felt a bit disappointed.

They could only watch helplessly while this outsider called Thad kept digging in their territory. It was obvious that nobody would be happy about it.

And the frustrating part was that they could not even identify the object!

They had spent all their time digging on the mountain which by now had formed a huge pit. But they still could not find any more mud. Whereas, Zen had just arrived and already found some clues.

"Even if Thad finds some mud, should we just let him take it with him?"

"I am not in the favor of allowing some random outsider to take us for granted!"

"But what options are we left with? Suppose we find the mud. Then what do we do about it? What good would that do? Should we ask Linn to sell it? Don't you know that there are mud sellers everywhere in the Money Alley right now?"

Some of the Tie Clan members realized the crux of the problem. They were in deep thought with this realization.

Even if they found the mud that possessed intelligence, they wouldn't be able to sell it for much money in the Money Alley. Others would definitely show hesitation in believing their words. Who could affirm that it was the same sort of mud that Zen had bought from them? And if at all it could be proved that it was the similar mud, what use could it bring to others? Nobody knew the purpose of this mysterious mud except for Zen himself.

And to make matters worse, there were rumors that Zen and the Tie Clan had joined hands to sell a nominal piece of mud for an enormous price just to deceive those who were completely unaware of the truth.

The elders of the Tie Clan were not dimwitted. They had listened to Devin's suggestion and allowed him to invite Zen over to the Tie Clan after careful consideration. Even if the mud that Zen wanted was indeed rare, it was the result of Zen's discerning eyes. They would have to allow Zen to take it.

The tunnel that Zen had created was horizontal. He kept changing positions in the long and narrow cave, going by the movements of his inner world.

As he followed the path in the cave and excavated a distance of over a thousand feet, his inner world suddenly became still.

"Looks like I've gone too far," Zen concluded.

He turned around and walked down the tunnel as he paid close attention to the changes in his inner world. When his inner world became active again, he immediately stopped, "This is where it is! It should be around here!"

Zen did not let others know that he was not very confident in his judgment. He was completely relying on his inner world's reaction towards the mud. Hence, he could only roughly sense a location.

With this current location in mind, he began digging downwards with his Great Weighty Sword.

So now he created a vertical tunnel.

Earlier, Zen had returned from the bottom of the pit, and climbed up 400 feet. Now, after he went downwards and dug 400 feet, his Great Weighty Sword touched the solid gangue and made a sharp clanging sound. He had reached the gangue layer!

Although the top layer of the earth was soft, its texture and weight were not to be underestimated. In truth, the soil in the divine land was very heavy. A handful of soil here could be as heavy as a mountain in the Evolutionary Universe.

As for the solid gangue below, it was even more astonishing. Even if Zen wanted to dig deep into it, it would be quite an arduous effort. Therefore, the Tie Clan had to stop at the gangue layer after they dug a huge pit here.

After arriving at this spot, Zen found that the consciousness in his inner world was becoming more active. Because the consciousness was not that of a living being, it could not clearly express what was down there. Anyway, this was the same case when Zen got the mud in the Money Alley.

Of course, Zen wouldn't give up here. No matter how hard the gangue was, he would put all his efforts in going down.

Bang! Bang!

Zen kept hammering his Great Weighty Sword downwards.

It had been very easy for him to dig into the soil. He hadn't used too much strength, and only used a certain amount of skill to easily carve out a smooth opening. But now, he had to use more of his strength source.

Because of the power packed intensity of the Great Weighty Sword, the solid gangue was suddenly covered with cracks. He thrust the sword once more, and the cracked gangue crumbled into miniature rocks and scattered everywhere.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Zen continued to cut through the solid gangue situated under the ground. Although he was about three thousand feet underground, the hammering sound still reverberated back to the surface of earth, along with the violent tremors. The people of the Tie Clan felt like there were earthquake tremors under their feet.

"Oh my goodness! He has dug through the gangue layer!"

"Is he really that strong enough to do that? What a feat!" "The gangue layer is so solid that it would be extremely difficult to dig deep into it even for a mid-rank True God!"

"He definitely possesses the strength! Otherwise, why would the Heavenly Han House have such high hopes on him? After all, he's a true genius who has the right to enter the Floating Island."

The Tie Clan members continued to be in awe as the ground shook beneath their feet.

What they did not know was that Zen had earlier defeated Bentley, who was a top-rank True God. Zen had even managed to destroy several walls of the Heavenly Han House. Of course the Han Clan couldn't possibly let this news spread outside! Hence, the Tie Clan were completely unaware of these developments.

Boom! Boom!

Huge explosions reverberated in the air, and a thin layer of sweat formed on Zen's forehead.

By now, he had dug seventy to eighty feet down through the gangue layer. The consciousness in his inner world also responded more and more strongly. It became clear they were very close in reaching their target.

"It shouldn't be too far now," Zen said wiping the sweat from his forehead. He raised the Great Weighty Sword again as he shouted, "Demolish now!"

Bang!

This time, after he thrust his sword downwards, he actually felt the sword sink. Finally he pierced through something!

It was difficult to see what sort of material the sword had sunk into. Everything was in total darkness. It was impossible for the sunlight to reach so deep within. Zen stretched out his hand and patted the area where the sword had sunk, lightly. A tiny wisp of flame clambered along the Great Weighty Sword and began to burn. Under the illumination of the flame, he saw that a fist-sized hole had formed near his feet.

"The bottom of the gangue layer is empty," Zen's face revealed a touch of gratification. He abruptly smashed down the Great Weighty Sword through the last layer of the gangue. As he fell onto the hollow space below, he stabbed the Great Weighty Sword into the gangue, and his entire body hung on the sword hilt in midair.

Soon, with a flick of his hand, Zen summoned a ball of fire.

The fire was extremely pure, and the light it emitted was very bright. It was the ball of Elementary Fire. After comprehending the Elementary Fire Godly Way, perhaps it did not have a great increase in his strength, but it did have many other wonderful uses!

Under the illumination of the ball of fire, Zen was able to clearly see the scene below him. It was a cave with a width of over ten thousand feet. In the middle of the cave was a two hundred feet wide square brown rock.

As Zen intently gazed at the rock, he suddenly felt a movement behind him!

He quickly pulled his sword from the gangue and felt himself plummeting inside the cave. As he was falling, Zen quickly rolled over and could make out a black form at the top of the cave.

The black form looked like a figure made out of mud. The form had stretched out its thin needle-like hand and intended to launch a sneak attack on Zen's back. After that attack failed, its needle-like hand rapidly transformed into the shape of a gecko's claw that pressed against the top of the cave and began to climb up.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The mysterious thing emitted a series of strange sounds as it climbed. Its speed was extremely fast and it quickly disappeared from Zen's vision.

"This thing... Is it the same sort of mud as I absorbed?"

When Zen saw the form, he felt a surging consciousness within his inner world. It was almost exactly the same way he had felt in the Money Alley. Right now, the consciousness within his inner world was constantly reminding Zen to swallow that form. And he must do it immediately!

Of course, Zen would not let this chance slip by. The moment he landed on the ground, he infused enough strength into his legs and jumped up, shooting towards the spot where the black form had disappeared.

Bam!

Zen once again inserted his sword into the gangue so that he could hang himself at the top of the cave. He looked at the wall at the top of the cave with a slight frown.

He had clearly seen that the black thing had disappeared from this spot. Then where did it vanish? There was only a layer of glossy black gangue above him. There was no place to hide. Was it possible that the black thing had hidden itself into the gangue?

Chapter 2201 Cage

A puff of air escaped Zen's lips. After a careful examination, he still didn't find any clues.

The consciousness that passed from his inner world was still very strong, but he could no longer determine the direction through his inner world after he entered the cave.

The only thing he had done was to pull the Great Weighty Sword out from the gangue and place it steadily on the ground.

The inside of the cave was absolutely silent. It seemed that no living creature had entered it for countless years.

Anyone who was well-versed in geology and geomancy would be dumbstruck to see such a large cave in the gangue layer.

Generally speaking, the whole divine land had a smooth and neat topography.

Its outermost layer was composed of ordinary soil. Underneath it was a layer of gangue, beneath the gangue was a layer of flint that was a hundred times tougher than the gangue, and below the flint was a layer of soft stone.

The soft stone was flexible enough that even a top-rank True God would find it hard to break it. Green magma, known as the Lethal Fire Magma flowed under the soft stones. This magma was so dangerous that even if a Holy Being fell into it, they wouldn't be able to escape.

For so many years, numerous True Gods had explored the forbidden lands while the Holy Beings had seen the chaos outside the divine land. However, no one still knew what exactly was in the core of the divine land.

Over a hundred divine eras ago, there had been three Holy Beings who had been in the Lethal Fire Magma. One of them died, and the other two had gotten injured. In the end, they had no choice but to retreat.

It was because of that reason that many True Gods believed that they were still far from truly understanding the divine land, and the related rumor that had spread throughout the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands wasn't exactly true.

The gangue layer was considered as the second layer of the divine land. Most of the caves in the divine land were on the soft soil. In addition, it was nearly impossible for large caves to be formed on the gangue layer due to the pressure under the soil that had been there for countless divine eras.

Zen slowly moved his Great Weighty Sword across the cave. The tip of the sword emitted a beam of clean light. Since Zen couldn't find the black thing, he explored the cave first.

While the sheer size of the cave was astounding, the cave's most striking part was the round stone in its center.

As Zen walked to the side of the round rock, he found that there was something odd when he took closer look. "What the hell is that thing?" he and Master Evil in his mind cried out at the same time.

On top of the circular stone that was two hundred feet wide, were a man and a woman lying down.

However, they looked to be in a very strange situation. Their hands and feet seemed to be embedded on the rock, and it looked like they grew out from the stone.

But that wasn't what made Zen and Master Evil truly shocked. What was even stranger was that the two people on top of the rock had weird faces and gave off an unsettling aura. Their faces were formed from several identical faces which had been put together, but despite their oddness, they looked natural. It was as if they were born to be like that.

The woman had a total of four faces and by human standards, they were all devastatingly beautiful. Each of the faces varied from being happy, sad, angry, and joyful.

Aside from their faces, their hands and feet were also quite special. Lastly, their torsos were embedded deep into the rock.

"Is there such a race in the divine land?" asked Zen. It was his first time to see such creatures.

During Zen's time in the divine land, he had learned and absorbed all kinds of knowledge he could about the divine land.

There were undoubtedly many kinds of races in the divine land. However, there weren't much differences between those races and the human race, especially after the divine citizens managed to become True Gods.

"Absolutely not! They are not living creatures at all... I'm guessing it's a stone statue that has been thrown here," Master Evil answered with certainty.

Master Evil was someone who was experienced and knowledgeable. He didn't dare say that he understood the entire divine land, but such a strange race living in the stones had completely surpassed his understanding of the word 'creature'. That was why he was so sure.

On the other hand, Zen scratched his head, as he wasn't so sure.

But since the special mud had appeared here, it should be related to the people on the stone. The only thing was that he didn't know how to figure out the secret and how they were related.

"I should look for that thing first..." With a huff, Zen looked away.

The two people might have been embedded in the rock for who knew how long, and they themselves seemed to have turned into brown stones. Yet when Zen looked at the woman, he felt that she was also staring at him. It really unnerved him!

At that moment, Zen sensed a sudden fluctuation in the space behind him.

"Whoosh..."

"It's here!" he exclaimed.

Needless to say, he was overjoyed.

After all, his purpose in coming to the cave was to find that mysterious mud!

Linn had once told Zen that when her uncle had caught that piece of mud, it was black in color and could walk and jump. Therefore, he believed that it was the thing that had launched a surprise attack on him. He had been searching for it, but now it actually came out of its own accord!

In turn, Zen wasted no time and attacked with his sword.

The flames of the Great Weighty Sword burned hotly. When Zen struck with it, it released a strong wave of fire.

BOOM!

The sword slashed at an extremely hard object, and Zen's arm trembled so bad that he felt it grow numb. The Great Weighty Sword itself definitely wasn't light. Even though the materials in the divine land were generally a lot tougher than the materials in the Evolutionary Universe, he could still use the Great Weighty Sword to cut through the layer of gangue easily.

However, he had never expected that there was actually something that could block his sword strike.

"Whoosh!"

The moment the Great Weighty Sword bounced back, Zen's body slid backwards like a ghost. He held the Great Weighty Sword against his chest and cautiously checked his surroundings. Not too far away was a noticeable piece of rock, which turned out to be a gangue!

"What is going on..."

As time passed, Zen got more and more shocked by the turn of events.

He had already explored the whole cave before he had examined the circular stone. He didn't see the protruding gangue, which meant that it had silently grown behind him.

Moreover, normal gangue couldn't resist his sword attack, but that gangue was far stronger than normal gangue!

"Zen, this cave has changed. The entrance seems to have disappeared as well..." Master Evil reminded him. Zen sighed. What Master Evil had said was true.

His lips curved into a frown as he looked up at the top of the cave.

His jaw dropped when he saw that the entrance that he had just dug had disappeared!

Zen looked more than wary. He had gone to many dangerous places over the years, but he was able to handle them all.

This cave, however, was beyond his understanding!

"Whoosh..."

Just then, he suddenly felt something move beneath his feet. His eyes flashed and he exerted force on his heels, which caused his whole body to tumble.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh..."

Pieces of thin, sharp gangue shot out from the ground like rapidly growing stalagmites. Then, the sharp protrusions tried to pierce him! The toughness of the special gangue was on par with Zen's Great Weighty Sword. It could even injure a normal True God, let alone a proving godly warrior.

Meanwhile, Zen surprisingly rolled away quite fast. However, the gangue that protruded from the ground was slightly more powerful!

It wasn't long before the entire cave was densely packed with sharp rocks, just like a monster nest filled with spikes.

During the entire process, Zen moved constantly. As soon as he stopped however, a rock flew out from beneath him. In the end, he could only grit his teeth and leap upwards towards the round stone.

The moment he leapt through the air, many sharp, slender pieces of gangue stretched out for several hundred feet from both the top and bottom of the cave. They were like long snakes that coiled themselves up to bite him.

"Boom, boom, boom..."

In turn, Zen slashed the rapidly growing needles of gangue with his Great Weighty Sword. With the help of the momentum from the attack, he finally got to jump onto the round rock!

"Rumble..."

However, the series of unfortunate events weren't done. Zen was shocked to discover that just as he stepped on the round stone, the entire cave began to quake.

There was nothing wrong with his judgment, as no sharp thorns grew on the round stone. However, hundreds of stalagmites grew out from the top of the cave and began to envelope both him and the round stone!

Chapter 2202 A Movable Cave

The members of Tie Clan remained waiting outside.

Devin stood at the side of the crater with a look of hesitation on his face as he looked at the passage dug out by Zen.

There were strong vibrations felt earlier from Zen hitting the gangue layer, but it stopped after a while. They could only guess that the young man had finally given up.

It was already hard for Devin's elders to deal with the gangue layer, what more could Zen do? Besides, there was nothing underneath anyway.

After brewing in silence for so long, Devin couldn't help but want to go in to see what happened.

At that moment, his two uncles Alfred and John slid down from the edge of the crater.

Alfred had been the one to find the mud last time, but digging out the entire crater was a team effort between him and John.

"Hasn't Thad come out yet?"

The elders of Tie Clan had since paid attention to this place but never appeared here because it was inconvenient for them. After Thad got in touch with Devin, they figured that the young ones would be able to deal with this matter. However, a long time had passed but there was still no movement, which caused them to worry.

Thad was a popular figure in the Heavenly Han House. If something bad happened to him, then the Tie Clan would surely suffer.

Devin shook his head. "No, he hasn't yet."

Alfred and John threw each other meaningful looks. "Maybe it's time we go in and have a look. We have to make sure he's safe," Alfred suggested.

"Don't worry. He won't encounter any danger." John smiled languidly.

This place wasn't far away from the Six-Burden Divine City and the Tie Clan had been stationed here for a long time now, so no powerful, vicious beasts would dare to stay in the nearby vicinity. However, John still went after Alfred into the passage, followed closely by Devin.

"Be careful. There is a hole under your feet," Alfred reminded them. Nonetheless, the three ventured forward and eventually reached a dead end.

"Thad must've gone down that hole we saw just now. We should go down and have a look," Alfred said. He was very sensitive and could guess what might've been Zen's thoughts when he ventured inside. The young man might have felt something wrong and decided to turn back to go down the hole. "You don't have to go down, Devin. I can go with John."

The two traversed the hole and immediately came upon a surprising scene at the bottom.

"My God! Thad has shattered the gangue layer!" Alfred exclaimed. "But where is he?"

"That's odd. There are no other passages. He must surely be down here. It's impossible for him to go anywhere else," John remarked in puzzlement.

Alfred squat down to help him think better. There was no doubt that this current situation was incredibly perplexing. "Look! There's a tiny hole. It looks like it was made by a blunt weapon. It should be Thad's weapon. The space below should be empty and he hung here by using his weapon."

However, Alfred himself still remained confused by his own speculation. He had a hunch that he was right, but there was a thick gangue layer on the ground which did not match the marks left behind by Thad.

John, on the other hand, was even more confused. "Do you mean there is a big cave beneath the gangue? And that cave has moved somewhere else?"

"According to the marks here, yes. But that couldn't be," Alfred explained.

John's heart pounded with excitement. "Let's dig further!" he exclaimed, eager to dig up even more secrets in their territory.

Thad had come to the Tie Clan's territory and was lucky enough to stumble upon the mud. The Tie Clan was generous and let him take it for himself in order to build an amicable relationship with the future talent. However, if other rare treasures were found, then they would definitely take a share. If they did manage to find treasures here, then they might rise to a second-tier clan almost immediately.

With this in mind, Alfred and John continued digging the passage Zen had made.

However, despite the two of them being True Gods, they still found it difficult to remove the gangue. They were able to dig down five hundred feet, but only gangue awaited for them below. Finally, they had no choice but to give up and climb their way back to the passage.

Inside the cave, Zen knew that the cave he previously dug had disappeared and the one he was in was completely sealed.

The rocks above him effectively sealed him in and kept changing in color - from black to light green.

The color of the walls was also different.

"What the hell happened?" Zen asked himself in wonder.

These special pieces of gangue around him were very hard but it wouldn't be difficult to break them down if he used his full power. The problem though was that he had no idea what was going on. Human nature often made one afraid of the unknown and Zen had zero clue what was in this cave.

"I don't know either. I've been to three forbidden lands and even managed to sneak into the Soul Wilderness, but I haven't seen anything like this," Master Evil said. Zen was only trying to find a piece of mud. Why did he meet such a bizarre thing?

As he ruminated his current situation, Zen suddenly saw that black thing appear not too far away. It took the shape of a starfish and slowly scaled the wall. As it moved, it left streaks of colorful mucus and soon enough, the walls began to change.

Huge shadows began to appear on the translucent green walls. Each shadow looked like a gigantic monster with a massive head and long arms.

"There's something in the walls," Zen said.

"What are those shadows? Why are they growing bigger?" Master Evil asked, his tone laced with both shock and intrigue.

Zen shook his head. "It's not that they're becoming bigger. They're walking towards me in the walls."

Huge living beings were indeed approaching from behind the translucent walls, almost as if they were about to burst in.

"I think you'd better find a way to escape as soon as possible!" Master Evil suggested. Zen might have retained quite a bit of his strength, but their current situation was too weird and dangerous to take lightly. Master Evil felt that this might be a trap set up by that black thing.

The forbidden lands were the most dangerous places in the divine land. Everyone knew that. In fact, there were some forbidden lands that even Holy Beings found difficult to enter.

Outside the forbidden lands was the world of the True Gods. Ordinary vicious beasts could never hope to survive outside the forbidden lands.

Any beast that managed to venture out and live outside the forbidden lands was most probably extremely powerful and terrifying. Not even Holy Beings dared fight with these beasts since they most likely had strong, hidden powers that could prove fatal to an unsuspecting opponent.

Zen couldn't possibly deal with them right now.

In Master Evil's opinion, the beasts in this cave were the ones with strong hidden powers. They most likely had devoured quite a number of True Gods over the years.

"I think I might need to escape," Zen affirmed as he stared at the swaying shadows behind the walls. His eyes, however, remained affixed to the squirming black mud on the wall. That mud might have summoned all those shadows behind the wall.

The wisest choice was to leave this place as soon as possible; however, Zen's inner world thought otherwise. That mud was too important. If he wanted to condense the Godly Tile as soon as possible, then he needed to take the risk and go all out.

Zen did not delay any longer. He reached out and grabbed two stalagmites above his head, and the power of the Nine Divine Stars began to rapidly circulate.

Chapter 2203 Unable To Escape

As the power poured out of him, the golden light in Zen's eyes also flickered.

A magnificent, sharp, sword intent was condensed on the surface of the Great Weighty Sword...

"Ripping Consciousness!"

"Gods-intimidating Strike! Slash!"

"Swish!"

The blazing sword intent almost cut off all of Zen's emotions and any thought within his mind. It hovered around and formed a sharp radiance.

Zen was all alone so he could freely activate the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

However, he did not release his sword intent. His only purpose was to cut these stalagmites.

Despite being faded, the stalagmites were extremely tough. However, under Zen's physical prowess and the might of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, they were as crisp as paper.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

There was a loud explosion as the stalagmites all broke down.

"Whoosh!"

Without the stalagmites restricting him, Zen jumped up and headed straight towards the black mud, turning into a sharp sword as he did so.

"Phew!"

The young man couldn't really figure out just what kind of strange life form this mud was but it was obvious that it created this cave as a trap.

The mud continued squirming on the wall. The liquid it secreted strongly attracted the giant black shadows inside the walls as the more it let out, the faster the shadows moved.

This "mud" probably thought Zen would never be able to get out of its cage, so it maintained an extremely slow speed. However, after that loud explosion, the young man managed to free himself and attack!

Seeing Zen rushing in at an extremely terrifying speed, the mud suddenly grew out five tentacles and reached into the gangue layer. Both the mud and the entire cave became one instantaneously. Transparent stalagmites began to spread from the mud, determined to cage Zen once again.

However, the young man's current speed and strength were far beyond the mud's expectations.

It hadn't taken Zen that seriously. After all, it had already consumed quite a number of True Gods so what could a proving godly warrior do?

It was the mud's mistake to judge Zen so wrongly, however, it was too late.

The stalagmites were not enough to obstruct Zen at all.

As the young man entered the state of 'Ripping Consciousness', he not only could make full use of the power of his Emotion Closing Godly Way but also stay calm despite the onslaught of threats that came at him.

"Bang Bang Bang..."

Zen swung the Great Weighty Sword crazily, slashing away at any stalagmite that dared approach him.

In just a few seconds, Zen had already slashed around a hundred stalagmites and was quickly heading towards that mud.

"Sizz!"

The mud let out a strange sound.

As a last resort, the mud tore itself into pieces and hid into the wall behind it!

Zen's eyebrow twitched. "It really can enter the gangue layer." He clearly saw the mud split itself into six pieces but the other five were just its tentacles. The one in the middle was the largest and had a bulge on the surface.

Without any hesitation, Zen slashed the Great Weighty Sword towards that prominent bulge.

"Boom!"

To his surprise, the bulge was extremely tough. He couldn't break it even with the power of his Great Weighty Sword. Having escaped his blade, the bulge jumped out of the mud and scaled the walls of the cave, trying to get away from Zen.

Upon closer inspection, the bulge was actually a clean, transparent bead. In the middle of the bead was a slowly rotating pupil - it seemed to be the eyeball of some strange creature.

The law of evolution made it so that the eyeball was the weakest spot of most creatures. This law didn't seem to apply to this creature since the eyeball was so tough.

Although he was a bit surprised at this sudden turn of events, Zen did not stop.

The six pieces of mud left behind were now motionless and Zen thought it best to put all pieces into his space ring. He also stretched out his left hand to grasp the eyeball.

Zen's initial goal was to obtain that strange mud but the strange eyeball changed his priorities. Somehow, he felt that this thing had something to do with the Primal Chaos Technique which would explain his inner world's strong reaction towards it.

However, just as he was about to grab it, a skinny, long arm suddenly popped out of the wall and made a grab for him. The shadows seemed to have finally penetrated through the wall!

"This hand..."

It wasn't organic. Rather, the hand seemed to be carved from some sort of special jade. Zen couldn't feel any blood or energy from this arm so it was most probably a puppet.

There was no way Zen was going to let the eyeball escape!

He clenched his teeth and hacked away the arm reaching for him.

"Clang!"

Sparks flew in all directions...

Zen had now entered the state of forgetting himself and unleashed 70% of the Gods-intimidating Strike. At that moment, even an ordinary True God would fear his blade, however, the jade arm remained intact and unharmed.

Seeing this, Zen's heart sank and his body suddenly floated. He gritted his teeth and increased his speed up by 30% which was almost his limit! Fortunately, the effort paid off as he finally caught the elusive eyeball in his hand.

"Zen, watch out! There are hands around you..." Master Evil shouted in warning.

Countless arms, stretching around ten feet long, all burst out from the walls and clawed in the air aimlessly. There were about six or seven arms reaching out towards Zen from the wall that faced Zen.

Knowing just how strong these arms were, Zen figured that he would surely die if he got caught. Even if he exhausted his power and activated his entire strength source, it would still be difficult for him to break free.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

At such a critical moment, Zen thought it best to use his bodily movement skill.

These arms could only grab at the air blindly and didn't really know exactly where Zen was. After employing the Eight Smoky Melodies, Zen's body became light as paper and avoided all the arms reaching for him.

Zen finally breathed a sigh of relief as he managed to escape the clutches of those arms. He deactivated the Eight Smoky Melodies and gasped for breath, his chest heaving as he did so.

The sight of those densely packed arms made Zen's scalp tingle. The longer he stayed there, the more danger he was bound to face. He had to find an exit as soon as possible.

He went into the cave from the top but the tunnel he had created suddenly disappeared.

He couldn't figure out the reason as to why this happened and he didn't have the time to think about it either. All he could do was to slash at the top of the cave with his sword in hopes of finding an exit.

As the sword swung forward, a long, thin sword radiance directly tore open a huge crack on top of him. Zen was about to rush out of the crack but the sight of what awaited him inside made him weak in the knees.

On the other side of the crack was another huge cave and inside this cave were countless tiny pieces of mud which kept jumping around. Each mud had a bulge at the center where a pupil resided. These pupils currently stared at Zen.

If this cave contained only the mud Zen needed, he would've been happy. Collecting those pieces of mud would help him condense his Godly Tile much faster. Unfortunately, along with these pieces of mud were seven or eight huge heads. These heads looked like skinless monsters that stared at Zen menacingly.

He felt his chest constrict as these eyes stared at him.

At that moment, Zen truly felt that he had been pushed into a dead end. He felt genuine fear that he would be unable to leave this strange cave, forever.

Chapter 2204 The Pond

At this point, Zen was suspecting that he had fallen into some kind of illusion.

He remembered coming down from the top of the cave, but why the hell were there so many monsters up there in the other cave?

It was impossible for a huge cave to have formed in the gangue layer above him in such a short time. He couldn't figure out what had really happened.

"Zen, watch out! Down there!" Master Evil was shouting at him in his mind.

He had also sensed Zen's fall into depression and the reason behind it.

Whoever encountered such a situation would wonder if he had lost his mind.

Master Evil was just as shocked, but he only had a soul fragment left and wasn't as nervous as Zen. The scene before him was absolutely absurd, but he hoped that Zen would find a way out.

Since the cave appeared above Zen's head out of nowhere, Master Evil thought Zen could switch directions and find another way out, so he asked Zen to create a path from below.

Zen's eyes narrowed as he focused on keeping his composure.

He was quick to pull himself together, thanks to his change in mentality. Back in the Evolutionary Universe, Zen had moved along the path of martial arts rather smoothly as he aimed to grow stronger. His confidence was like the sun that had just risen in the morning. With his passion for martial arts alone, he seemed capable of defeating anything in his path. Now, Zen had grown more cautious and sensitive to his environment—the divine land was a different territory, so he merely had to adjust his mindset to face it.

After Master Evil's warning, a strong instinct for survival rose in Zen's heart. Even if the way he previously entered was gone, he had to do anything he could to find another way out—anything was better than being trapped there.

The arms around the cave were getting closer to him and the dark shadows could emerge from the walls at any minute. Simultaneously, the huge heads above his head also came down from the crack.

"Ripping Consciousness…"

In this situation, any negative emotion could put Zen to death. Once again, he suppressed his emotions with his swordsmanship comprehension while at the same time employing the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

With a flip of his right hand, he thrust the sword downwards abruptly and backed up. The sword intent from the Great Weighty Sword cut a hole right into the ground and the coal-black gangue on the cave's surface turned dark green.

Looking into the hole, he was surprised to see black pieces of gangue at the other end, but these ones were not as hard or tough as the green ones in the cave he was in.

"Finally, things are back to normal!" Zen was overjoyed.

When he was immersed in the Emotion Closing Godly Way, there had to be no trace of any emotion fluctuations in his mind, but he had yet to cultivate this Godly Way to perfection. When he saw the black gangue, he felt he had found a way out and his soul, which should have been emotionless, grew a tad excited.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Now, Zen went all out. With his powerful physical strength, he launched the Gods-intimidating Strike which could pierce a passageway over a hundred feet long. With only three to four strikes, he had created a path about five to six hundred feet deep downward.

Then, Zen let himself fall straight down the hole like a long wooden stick.

As he fell, he heard a burst of thick footsteps—the giant black shadows wandering in the walls finally emerged, but he didn't have the time to take a look and figure out what the giant shadows were before falling into the passageway. When he raised his head again, dozens of arms stretching out came into view as they filled the passageway.

After a quick glimpse, he lowered back his head and continued digging downwards. After making it about four or five thousand feet down, he raised his head and saw that the other end of the hole above him had become a blurry speck. With his magic eyesight, he could see the arms still tightly stuck at the entrance.

Only then did Zen sigh in relief. It seemed that the creatures couldn't leave the cave, so Zen halted the Ripping Consciousness.

Though he didn't know what happened around the cave, he figured that he had dug directly down the big crater of the Tie Clan. And after going through the cave, he had dug several thousand feet deeper down.

It was no longer realistic for him to keep going down as there seemed to be many strange creatures and happenings in the underground divine land. Who knew what else he might have dug out?

After discussing the matter with Master Evil in his head for a moment, Zen decided to start digging forward—though the cave above him was by no means small, he could avoid it if he kept digging horizontally.

With his Great Weighty Sword, he managed to create a ten thousand-foot long passageway. At this point, Zen changed direction once again and began digging upwards.

To build such a long passage in the gangue layer was too much labor for even a mid-rank True God. But Zen had unparalleled strength. If it were some ordinary low-rank True God caught in such a situation, they might not manage to break through the thick layer of gangue.

Carefully, Zen continued digging upward, afraid of finding his way into the previous cave again.

Along the way, he and Master Evil analyzed the situation he had encountered a while ago. They arrived at the conclusion that the weird cave had been displaced, but they couldn't figure out how it moved in the layer of gangue.

Luckily, he was able to make it out of there safely. And more importantly, he got six pieces of mud—five of them were about the same size as what the Tie Clan had sold to him and the middle-most piece was four or five times larger than the others.

In addition, he had also caught an eyeball, though he could only find time to examine it further after making it back.

Keeping his vigilance, he continued to dig diagonally upward. He wasn't going too fast—after about eight hours of digging, he suddenly felt the obstruction before his sword weaken. The sound of gravel rubbing came from behind the wall.

"I am leaving the gangue layer!" Zen's eyes lit up—ordinary soil lay before him now, meaning he had finally bypassed the cave.

After about five minutes of digging through soil, he felt wetness nearing the surface. The moment he got through the soil layer, turbulent water flowed down from above—he had dug himself out and into a pond.

It was within a small courtyard of the Tie Clan. Within the Six-Burden Divine City, the Tie Clan was rather insignificant, but since it had been running a business there for so many years, it was still considered somewhat superior to the ordinary clans. Its entire house occupied a large area of land, built in a unique fashion.

Several maidservants in the courtyard saw a sudden whirl in the middle of the pond, piquing their curiosity. The water sank so quickly down Zen's passage. Soon after, Zen appeared in the middle of the pond, drenched. The sight earned screams of shock from the Tie Clan maids.

After the commotion, Zen was led back to the main hall.

Devin's uncles were utterly puzzled and were eager to know what exactly happened.

Not only did they fail to find Zen, they had no idea how he left. The huge crater was still rather far from the clan. A few hours after Zen disappeared, he appeared in their pond, much to their surprise. It was all too strange.

But Zen didn't tell them the truth—if he had only dug out a few pieces of mud underground, it wouldn't have been necessary for him to lie, but when he found the weird cave and saw the man and woman on the stone, he knew that it was no simple matter. He figured it would be wiser to avoid revealing anything.

He told the clan that he found something strange as he dug along the way, but couldn't find a way back and dug randomly into the ground. After a few hours, he just managed to find a way out and accidentally found himself in the clan's pond.

The elders didn't respond well to Zen's story—they weren't convinced in the least. After Zen left, they already made up their minds to send people down the passageway Zen created and explore it.

Zen, of course, was well aware of this plan, but it was hard to say whether or not they were able to find the strange cave. Based on what happened, Zen was certain that the cave could move. Perhaps that was why no one had discovered the cave for so long.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2205 A Girl's Head

After spending a day in the Tie Clan's house, Zen finally left. Of course, they didn't ask him to stay—they were anxious to explore the passage below the pond themselves.

When he returned to the Heavenly Han House, Zen chose to cultivate in seclusion.

By now, he had already figured out the usage of the mud.

Although the will of his inner world continued to urge him to devour the mud as soon as he could, he continued to ignore it.

Apart from the mud, this time, he had also obtained the transparent bead.

At that time, after Zen had taken away the bead, the magical mud lost its energy, leaving it as nothing more than ordinary mud.

So when Alfred caught the first piece of mud, the black thing had actually abandoned a part of its body—the real core should have been this bead.

Gently, Zen flipped the space ring and took the bead out with his right hand.

Too busy escaping from danger, he hadn't been able to observe it carefully. When he did, he found the bead's surface full of cracks.

While the bead was indeed strong, it couldn't bear the full power of Zen's sword strike.

"This is a soul container—there must be the soul of some living being within." In Zen's mind, Master Evil looked at the bead and analyzed it for him. "Generally speaking, only the best puppet technique could seal one's soul into a bead. It is said that some Holy Beings actually like doing it."

"To seal one's soul into a bead?" The thought made Zen's eyes flicker. Saul was a puppet in the fairy palace, and his soul had lived for countless years. Zen had never seen Saul's soul container, nor did he know if Bromley had sealed Saul's soul into a bead too.

While Zen examined it, the pupil in it suddenly turned. Rolling gently on his finger, the bead wanted to escape his grasp.

Though it was unexpected, he managed to react quickly. With a smile on his face, he turned over his palm and grabbed it once again. "There is indeed a soul inside it. It still wants to escape."

When he grasped the bead again, the pupil disappeared and the bead stopped moving.

"Haha! The soul in it has been pretending to be dead," Master Evil remarked with an amused smile.

To find out the secret of the cave, Zen had to start with the bead. He held the bead tightly until an invisible spiritual sense spread from his mind. It extended slowly along the center of his eyebrows before pouring right into the bead.

Just as he did so, a clear image was projected into his mind, making his eyes widen.

"What in the world…"

The scene was in the likeness of hell—blood-red crows circled in the air, and some slender black figures held curved sickles and walked aimlessly in the underground cave. In the middle of these shadows was a huge pot standing thousands of feet high. With the continuous burning of the red flames, the pot boiled with something bobbing up and down in the center.

It was a small head.

The hair on this head seemed to be thousands of feet long, covering the pot and floating within the boiling water.

Soon after, the hair was slowly drawn like a curtain, revealing a delicate and elegant face—it was the face of a young girl.

Zen's soul began trembling when he saw the girl's appearance.

"What's wrong with you?" asked Master Evil nervously in Zen's mind. Zen's soul was shaking to such an extent. What could he have found?

"Yan! Is that you?"

The girl looked nearly identical to Yan.

"No, this is not her..."

Although they looked exactly the same, their auras were totally different.

As Zen watched, the girl in the pot suddenly opened her eyes.

When her light purple eyelids shot up, a pair of blood-red pupils appeared, releasing endless demonic power, causing an indescribable strange feeling. The pair of red pupils stared at Zen as the girl's thin lips curled into a faint smile.

That smile meant something more.

Then she moved her lips until they formed a word.

Zen's heart skipped a beat as he attentively stared at the young girl's head. He wanted so badly to know what she was going to say.

But just at that moment, the pupil in the transparent bead in Zen's hand suddenly began spinning until it flashed a small flame.

With a dull sound, the originally clear pupil immediately turned muddled until the soul in the soul container exploded.

At the same time, the picture in Zen's mind collapsed into countless fragments and disappeared without a trace.

With that, Zen sat there, motionless, like the living dead.

After a long moment of silence, Master Evil asked, "What did you see? Why are you so shocked?"

In Master Evil's eyes, Zen was well qualified to be Bromley's disciple, so he must have witnessed quite a lot of things. Still, he couldn't imagine what could've made Zen lose his wits.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the divine land, the young girl's head floated up slowly from the pot.

Her long, thin hair kept stretching out as her head floated, and like an overturned black waterfall, it slowly pulled out from the pot.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Nearby, a group of black figures crawled forward.

These objects were the pieces of mud Zen was trying hard to find. The pieces tangled into each other until they formed a full shape, forming a woman's body. Its color changed as well, forming a layer of snow-white skin.

In the end, the mud transformed into a perfect headless woman.

The girl's head slowly floated to the body and fused with it.

Her thousand-foot long hair was dragged along the ground like woven black silk, and her demonic eyes looked sad as she said in an ethereal voice, "Why not let me finish my words?"

Zen was still blankly staring at the wall, grasping the bead tightly in his hand.

In theory, he didn't actually have to worry about Yan's safety.

Wynn had once told him that Yan was under Harold's protection. And as the chief disciple of Zen's father, Harold was also a powerful warrior in the divine land, only a tad lower than the Holy Beings. So Harold would have never allowed Yan to fall into such a situation.

But how come the girl in the pot looked exactly like Yan?

The pot's image echoed and lingered in Zen's mind. While he tried his hardest to deny the thoughts, he couldn't escape the worries in his heart. What if it really was Yan?

"She is absolutely not Yan!"

A sharp gaze flashed through Zen's eyes before he quickly dismissed the idea.

Once the thought manifested, it grew madly, shaking Zen's entire state of mind. If he let the idea develop, it would have eventually evolved into his inner demon—it definitely wasn't worth it.

The woman seemed to have been trying to say something at the last minute. But after a slight movement of her lips, the soul in the transparent bead exploded and Zen lost his chance to understand what went on after that.

Reading her lips, he could only see that she started by saying "I," but what was she trying to tell him?

For a long time, Zen stood frozen until he finally decided to let the matter go and put the transparent bead back into his space ring.

No matter how hard he thought about it, he couldn't get an answer. If he was strong enough in the future, he could probably explore the strange cave again, but now was surely not the time to pour his energy into it.

After dealing with the bead, Zen took the mud out from his space ring.

A single piece of mud could only be condensed into a single piece of Godly Tile crystal. Though Zen didn't know how many pieces of mud were needed to condense a complete tile, he had no choice but to use the only method he knew of at the moment.

When he brought the mud out, his inner world began stirring again.

Chapter 2206 Dispute

Zen had a longing to throw the piece of mud into his inner world. He was curious to find out as to what might happen to it.

He let go of the mud, his nerves tingling with excitement.

Zen watched with anticipation as the thick, gooey mud fell into the chaotic sea. Vast bust bubbles appeared and a strange brown mist engulfed everything upon the moment of impact.

Zen grinned broadly. He noticed that even though the color of this mud was a tad bit different, it had the same effect as the one given by Linn. He assumed that the Tie Clan's mud was preserved for far too long; thus it turned brown rather than black.

Thus, he grabbed hold of the other five pieces of the mud and threw them in the water.

Much to his astonishment, the water appeared as if a submarine was emerging from it. It looked as if someone had put the sea on a burner. His excitement lay no bounds.

Zen couldn't quite believe what was happening in his inner world. He was further stunned when a dark brown cloud rose from his inner world and moved towards his Godly Plate.

At this point, Zen's comprehension of the Emotion Closing Godly Way was infused into the cloud, paving way for dark sword-like figures which rose from the cloud and started to glow, converging into sword clouds.

The sky was filled with the whooshing sound of the sword clouds.

The sword clouds made their way towards Zen's Godly Plate. They tried to penetrate Zen's Godly Plate, unsuccessful at first but after a while, they turned solid, into a triangle crystal and attached themselves to the center of Zen's plate.

Zen noticed the difference in the size of both the crystals. He was astonished by how gigantic this crystal was.

Thus, he came to the conclusion that the larger the pile of mud thrown into the inner world was, the larger the size of cloud would be, thus paving way for a bigger crystal to be formed. All Zen ever wanted was to condense a Godly Tile in his inner world. He knew that the time was ripe and he had to condense his own Godly Tile. Although, he had some doubts about it.

A few days ago, when Zen was running away from that weird cave as quickly as possible, he found another cave adjacent to his. What he saw next turned his blood cold. Although he couldn't quite figure out what they exactly were, he knew he had to get away from those hideous black creatures.

With Zen's current level of strength, it wouldn't be a wise choice for him to return to that cave as his life was quite dear to him. He had to wait until his cultivation reached a higher level before going back.

While staying at the Heavenly Han House, he obediently followed every command and listened to every single word the True Gods had said about the Godly Ways. Although the True Gods were blessed with knowledge, they were not very good fighters. Their sole purpose was to explore the Godly Ways.

They had a firm grasp on the Godly Ways and knew them inside out. They even went to the extent that if a student was having some troubles in understanding the Godly Ways, they would explain them to him in plain simple words.

Zen knew he had to learn the Godly Ways. By the help of the Infinity Ruler, he was able to gain the recognition of a great deal of Godly Ways. He was also able to absorb the internal momentum of the Godly Way Tablets. The Infinity Ruler enabled him to release some of the power from those Godly Ways, although he quite didn't master the knowledge of the Godly Ways completely.

Learning about Godly Ways from the True Gods helped Zen greatly. He estimated that he would have been able to learn much more about the Godly Ways and would have acquired knowledge about the divine land, had he stayed at the Heavenly Han House for just one year. But this became impossible, much to his surprise.

His stay at The Heavenly Han House lasted for a month.

A month later, the members of the Han Clan came over.

The arrival of the members of the Han Clan was a cheerful moment for everyone. News spread like wild fire through the whole Six-Burden Divine City each time a member of the Han Clan visited.

The Heavenly Han House had some disciples from the second-tier and third-tier clans. These clans had high expectations from their young members, hoping that one day they would be able to fulfill their destiny by joining the Han Clan and by entering the Floating Island.

However, entering the Heavenly Han House was a daunting task and it was even more difficult to enter the Floating Island.

It was no secret that countless True Gods wanted to get into the Floating Islands of the Han Clan and other rich clans. Mid-rank True Gods, like Master Evil, also demonstrated their desire to get into the Floating Islands. But only the Han Clan and few other clans truly deserved their place on the Floating Islands.

Thus, every year, the Han Clan recruited strong warriors from the Heavenly Han House and sent them to the Floating Island.

This time, Zen had the privilege to get recruited by the Han Clan and sent to the Floating Island.

The news of Zen being recruited made countless warriors resent him. These warriors dedicated their entire lives to the purpose of getting recruited by the Han Clan, thus having an opportunity to enter the Floating Island. But Zen being recruited solely on the basis of his past performances made them quite jealous of him.

There were some warriors who were so resentful of Zen that they cursed him. They made fun of him and the Han Clan. They proclaimed that the mistake of recruiting Zen might prove quite costly to them.

In the main hall of the Heavenly Han House sat an old man who had a distinctive white moustache. He was wearing a cloak made of gold and looked impatient.

"Adam did not live up to his name," the old man fumed. "He was a complete and utter failure at the Floating Island. We can't let that happen again." He addressed the members of the Han Clan gathered in front of him. His booming voice could be heard all over the place.

The clan members sat there uneasily, their faces white with fear.

When the old man mentioned Adam, the clan members flinched and wore a serious face. Among them sat a man named Bentley. He appeared quite enraged when Adam was mentioned, although he was quite good at disguising it quickly.

Adam was the youngest son of Bentley, the leader of the sub-branches of the Han Clan. He was quite diligent and his talent knew no bounds. He didn't let the posh life-style of his fellow clan members get to him and continued to work hard. Even in the Han Clan, he was not inferior to any outstanding warrior.

Although, the Han Clan didn't recruit warriors then, his father urged the clan members to send Adam directly to the Floating Island, assuring that he was prepared for the task as he became a proving godly warrior.

However, Adam's stay in the Floating Island didn't last long as he was sent back three years later. Much to everyone's dismay, he had gone mad.

It was rumored that Adam experienced great torture at the hands of other disciples. He was quite often bullied as well.

Now Adam lived in his own family. It wasn't hard for the clan to raise a lunatic. Bentley felt partially responsible for Adam's current state. He knew he would never be able to forgive himself. When the old man mentioned Adam, Bentley resisted the urge to scream at the old man.

"Adam is still one of us," Bentley said in a calm yet affirming tone.

The other leaders knew how important Adam was to Bentley. And even though they didn't get along well with Bentley, they knew that mentioning Adam was completely immoral and unnecessary.

The old man laughed sadistically. "I hope the sub-branches would recommend someone sensible this time, not a lunatic like Adam," the old man said without any remorse.

This infuriated Bentley. He couldn't hide the outrageous expression on his face anymore. He stood up, facing the old man, his eyes flaming with anger. Other leaders had to calm him down as he still mumbled angrily under his breath.

The old man held an important position in the Floating Island. But so did Bentley, who was the leader of the Han Clan's sub-branches. Although, Bentley's position was not inferior to that of the old man, he could always be overruled by the old man due to his status and his connections in the Han Clan.

All the warriors that were inducted in the Floating Island were examined by the old man. Due to his position and vast experience, he was respected by all the members of the Han Clan. Bentley tried his best to please the old man, but every time the old man visited, he would bring up the unfortunate incident Bentley's son had, which enraged Bentley.

Bentley vowed that he wouldn't leave the old man unscathed the next time he mentioned Adam. Had it not been for the leaders, Bentley would have struck down the old man for good.

Although, the old man realized his arrogance, he felt humiliated by Bentley's actions and did not take them kindly. "Adam's talents were average. He was always proud and arrogant. When he realized he couldn't compete with the rest, he went mad, and the whole bullying story is being used as a scapegoat. How could you be so blind, Bentley? Just admit that he failed," he roared.

Bentley was taken aback. He pointed out the fact that the old man himself tested Adam before he was admitted to the Floating Island. Bentley wanted to punch the old man, Yazid. But he knew that doing so would get him trouble and it might end up in him being banished from the clan.

Yazid knew that Bentley couldn't harm him, even if he wanted to. "I will definitely test the warrior you recommend this time more carefully," he answered, while smiling maliciously.

Chapter 2207 Making Things Difficult For Zen

Upon hearing Yazid's words, all the members of the Han Clan's sub-branches, including the leader of the Heavenly Han House, Malloy, looked forlorn.

The sub-branches of the Han Clan possessed a special recommendation right, and they attached great importance to this right. They seldom used it, but once they used, they only recommended capable and competent people.

Although Yazid was shouldered with the responsibility of evaluating all the candidates, his duty was just a formality. Usually, he didn't do it too seriously. After all, the sub-branches of the Han Clan wouldn't recommend any random person casually. Else, the real strength of the one that was recommended would be disclosed once they came to the Floating Island.

In fact, Adam, the youngest son of Bentley, could definitely not be considered as a loser. He had suffered something undisclosed after he went to the Floating Island of the Han Clan. That was how he got into such a situation.

If Yazid was really going to take the test seriously, then it would obviously be difficult for Thad.

The people from the Heavenly Han House were naturally nervous.

Looking at the nervous expressions on the faces of the people from the sub-branches of the Han Clan, Yazid was complacent. In his eyes, none of these people was able to question him. He continued to raise his voice and sneered, "Why hasn't the boy arrived yet? If I have to wait any longer, I shall leave at once!"

"Hold on! He has arrived!"

The guard from the Heavenly Han House came from outside the main hall, to announce their arrival.

Then Zen followed, led by two guards and stepped into the main hall.

Zen was a little thrilled, knowing that his plan was going on smoothly. After all, entering the Floating Island was the crucial part.

But as soon as he stepped inside the hall, he sensed something amiss.

The headmen of the sub-branches of the Han Clan, including Bentley and Malloy, looked gloomy. In fact, Bentley to some extent even looked angry! As a top-rank True God, the leader of the sub-branches of the Han Clan could not be ignored in the entire divine land. What happened that made him so angry?

Glancing at Zen indifferently, Yazid said in a voice dripping with sarcasm, "I thought you were going to recommend someone incredibly talented. But it turns out you bring another waste to the Floating Island!"

Hearing this, Zen frowned slightly, and an imperceptible cold light flashed through his eyes. Yazid sat on the top of the main hall with a dignified and arrogant expression. Zen could tell at a glance that this person was probably the key person to bring him to the Floating Island.

But he didn't expect the old man to call him a waste. That was highly insulting of him!

Though the people of the sub-branches of the Han Clan didn't speak on his behalf, Zen didn't lose his temper. Instead, the flame of excitement in his heart instantly went out, and his face looked cold.

"Ahem," Malloy cleared his throat in his attempt to break the tension hovering in the air. Although there was some sort of strain between Yazid and Bentley, they had to place the current situation as priority. "This Thad Luo was recognized by hundreds of Godly Way Tablets in the test of the Heavenly Han House. He is really someone to be reckoned with, so we recommend him to you. And he is definitely no waste."

Yazid looked surprised after hearing Malloy speak with such affirmation. He snorted and said, "Being acknowledged by hundreds of Godly Way Tablets is just because of his potential. Moreover, you should chew no more than you can swallow. A truly promising genius can achieve great success only by cultivating one Godly Way."

Yazid said those words only to belittle Thad. In fact, many True Gods cultivated not just one kind of Godly Way. Sometimes it would act more effectively when one Godly Way was infused with several other ones. But nevertheless, his words also made some sense. Being admitted by hundreds of Godly Way Tablets was in itself a shocking feat. Zen had even grasped the internal momentum of those Godly Ways through the Infinity Ruler. However, despite all this, Zen's strength did not improve much.

Faced against a mighty enemy, Zen still had to rely on his Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Malloy didn't want to argue with Yazid either. He knew that Zen's strong points were not just being recognized by the Godly Way Tablets. Although this mysterious lad didn't show much competence, his real strength was hidden like an iceberg. Till date, everyone was aware of just the tip of his skills. His actual and true potentials were still unknown to many.

"Whether or not Thad has the ability to enter the Floating Island, please feel free to test him," Malloy said as he smiled faintly. He seemed very confident.

Yazid was even more agitated seeing Malloy's arrogant reaction. He felt compelled to bring trouble to the Han Clan's sub-branches.

As for Zen, he felt a little depressed at the sight of this intense aura. No matter what kind of conflict there was between the sub-branches of Han Clan and this top-rank True God, it seemed he would definitely have to bear the consequences.

"Alright then! Let's see what this fellow is capable of!" Yazid smirked and took a deep breath. A great power burst out, echoing throughout the main hall.

The power contained the internal momentum of the Five Elements Godly Way, which meant he activated the same.

The faces of the masters of the sub-branches darkened with resentment. Yazid was a top-rank True God, but should he activate his own Godly Way to test a proving godly warrior?

When Bentley had tested Zen last time, he had only used his brute strength to spar with Zen. But unexpectedly, he was defeated by Zen. Nevertheless, Bentley didn't show a slightest trace of anger. A dignified top-rank True God always had a temperament.

On the other hand, Yazid used Godly Way at the very beginning. Was he really going to stoop so low by killing Zen?

Everyone shared the same thoughts, but no one dared to say it in words. They were well aware that it would only add more fuel to the flames. Hence they chose to remain silent and watch the scene in front of them.

"What does he intend to do? He is a top-rank True God. How could he suppress you by the Five Elements Godly Way? Zen, run!" Even Master Evil was stunned. He practiced the Heinously Evil Way and had a very black heart with zero emotions and feelings. Despite his nature, he was shocked to see the old man react in such a shameless way.

"Who knows why the True God is carrying such resentment towards me." Zen was filled with depression. He was extremely unhappy, but in the end, he still had to deal with the old man. After all, it was an opportunity to enter the Floating Island, and Zen was not willing to neglect it. Perhaps the old man had some other intentions.

"Son, I have cultivated the Five Elements Godly Way for twelve divine eras and formed my own understanding. I can transform the internal momentum into the Five Elements Destructing. If you can resist for even five minutes, you will have passed the test." Yazid smiled coldly. He did not have any personal vendetta against Zen at all, but he had a nasty intention to suppress the arrogance of the sub-branches of the Han Clan. Hence he had no option but to be hard on Zen.

As soon as he spoke, the internal momentum inside the main hall began to compress. It soon transformed into the Law Power of Metal, Wood, Water, Fire and Earth around Zen.

The Five Elements Destructing was a theurgy that was comprehended by Yazid in the Five Elements Godly Way.

The power of the five elements was so strong that it was enough to create a world of its own, but it was still an incomplete world created by the theurgy of the five elements. However, Yazid tried his best to make up an incomplete but incredible destructing world, that was considered to be novel in this Godly Way.

As soon as the internal momentum kept on evolving, it transformed into a brilliantly shining world. It was only about ten square meters, big enough to cover Zen completely.

Splash!

At this moment, Zen seemed to have entered the illusion. Everything around him had disappeared, as he stepped into a world made by the power of the five elements. The ground beneath his feet, the golden light in the sky, the tree at a distance, the tsunami that came overwhelmingly from afar, and the fire clouds made up a wonderful world.

However, the world was rapidly collapsing and destructing.

In the destructive mode, the powers of the five elements collided with each other and at the same time attacked Zen.

Zen's eyes shot up sharply. The top-rank True God's attack was quite extraordinary. The powers of the five elements intertwined and released an extremely complicated power. That kind of energy was completely different from the energy contained in the Magnetic Sacred Mountain.

The Magnetic Sacred Mountain became extremely complex after condensing five types of laws, hence it proved to be very stable.

However, Yazid could make those Law Powers crash each other and cause destruction. An extremely unstable destructing energy burst out. Since it was not stable, the power would be multiplied.

In the blink of an eye, Zen was surrounded by the destructing energy.

Streaks of sharp golden light cut through Zen's body, while the flames burned Zen with vigorous intensity. Zen could endure the attack of these Law Powers, but when the destructing energy burst out, he felt a great sense of threat.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The destructing energy easily penetrated through the Redemption Armor and worked on Zen's body. Even if Zen's body was strong enough to endure the attack, he still got hurt by the energy and got a wound.

Seeing the spectacle, Yazid sneered and said, "If you can't withstand it, then don't push yourself too hard. If you can't go to the Floating Island, you will still have a chance in the future. It will be a pity if you're killed though."

Both Malloy and Bentley glared at Yazid coldly.

The people of the sub-branches of the Han Clan were completely disappointed with Yazid, since despite being a top-rank True God, he attacked a proving godly warrior with his powerful theurgy.

Chapter 2208 Absorbing The Internal Momentum

Yazid hadn't used his full strength.

Being a top-rank True God, half of the Six-Burden Divine City would be destroyed if he used all his strength.

Even so, it was unfair to Zen. The Five Elements Destructing theurgy, which was used by Yazid, was not suitable for the test of a proving godly warrior.

Unable to stand it anymore, Malloy shouted at them. "The test is too much for you to handle, Thad! You need to give up! The Floating Island will send people to recruit young geniuses next year. I am sure that you will be able to enter the Floating Island by that time!"

The geniuses that had been recommended particularly by the sub-branches of the Han Clan were brought to the Floating Island by Yazid. As it was designed for a person only this time, Yazid did not care to take the test seriously. He had made the evaluation based on his own knowledge and preferences. However, next year, the test for the geniuses selected would be different than this one now. They were to be chosen with strict standards before they could enter the Floating Island.

Malloy knew that the test the Han Clan on the Floating Island had one perform was very strict and difficult, but understood that it was much easier than Yazid's. If the True God did not want Zen to pass, than Zen would never accomplish this task. It was practically impossible for Zen to resist the Five Elements Destructing theurgy for even five minutes. Yazid had to be entirely shameless to scheme up something like this!

If he ever had the chance to go to the Floating Island in the future, Bentley decided that he would report Yazid to the Han Clan on the Floating Island. His schemes would surely anger them.

However, Zen did not follow Malloy's advice. He did not want to let this hard won opportunity to go to waste, and tried his hand at this challenge for five minutes at the least.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The sound of the earth cracking, metal colliding, and fire roaring echoed all around them. The sound was nearly overwhelming to Zen as it seemed to surround him.

This power was proving to be terribly destructive.

Zen knew Yazid had been holding back, saving his strength. He knew that the True God was much more powerful than himself. Although the chaotic power didn't look violent, it still ripped into Zen's skin like a knife.

Attempting to avoid the brutal power, Zen was using several different methods including the Eight Smoky Melodies. It seemed to do no good as he could not get away from it all. This method had proved effective for him against proving godly warriors, and even some low-rank True Gods; however, facing a top-rank True God was no simple task.

Zen could do nothing but grit his teeth and try to withstand the onslaught.

Yazid easily masked the astonishment he felt at Zen's performance behind a calm facade.

In the beginning, he had no intention of using this destructive power. He had only planned to use the power of the five elements to defeat Zen. Very quickly though, Yazid realized that just the five elements wouldn't be enough to harm Zen, so he had decided to activate this destructive power.

He had expected Zen to crumble and beg for mercy under the power within a few seconds. However, Zen had performed beyond his expectations, and had withstood it head-on.

A half-minute went by, and Zen had still not been severely injured. Yazid couldn't help but wonder how a proving godly warrior could have such a resilient body.

Yazid hesitated as he debated using more strength.

His moral scruples seemed to be what were holding him back. As a top-rank True God, it was already too much for him to use more than ten percent of his strength to assess a proving godly warrior. If he were to continue on this way using the Five Elements Destructing theurgy, he would only bring shame on himself.

Yazid pushed his worry to the back of his mind. He had full confidence that Zen would not last a full five minutes.

The more violently the five elements tangled, the more the destructive power increased. It was becoming more and more difficult for Zen to withstand the power.

Zen was in a difficult position. The destructive power continued to cut at him, and there were more and more fissures appearing on his body. Even if he could withstand it, his body would end up severely damaged.

He didn't know what to do. Bentley had already given Zen another choice. The worst thing would be to give up and wait for the next year to come. It didn't truly matter that much to wait for a year.

Thinking about Yazid's contemptuous look had Zen gritting his teeth so hard that they squeaked.

The wind picked up and circled around Zen.

The destructive power cut at Zen's legs, and through the Redemption Armor. He grunted as it sliced deeply into his thighs and shins, golden blood spurting from the wounds.

As the golden blood streamed down his legs, it attracted the attention of some of those in the Han Clan. Even though individuals with golden blood were not particularly rare in the divine land, it still surprised several of them. Despite their surprise, they did not take the revelation seriously.

"You need to give up," Yazid said with a faint sneer. "The destructive power is not something you can withstand much longer. What if it breaks into your mind and destroys your soul? You don't want to die, do you?"

Despite Yazid's warning, Zen did not allow his facial expression to change. He remained motionless.

Master Evil sighed heavily while inside Zen's mind. He could feel how stubborn this man was. Once he decided on something, Zen would allow no one to change his mind no matter how hard they attempted to persuade him. Malloy had tried to persuade Zen out of good will, whereas Yazid had tried with sarcasm. Of course, Yazid did not intend to take his life, but Zen did not know that. He simply turned a deaf ear to the both of them.

While allowing his body to be battered and sliced apart, Zen focused on the Infinity Ruler in his mind.

The Infinity Ruler could only be activated by internal momentum, otherwise it simply floated quietly in Zen's mind. It looked ordinary with no special characteristics.

The Five Elements Godly Way had been recorded in the Infinity Ruler. Zen could use several theurgies of the Five Elements Godly Way through it. However, the Five Elements Destructing theurgy, which was a skill that Yazid had created by himself, was similar to Holy Jay's Ice Soul Flame. Even the Godly Way Tablet of the Five Elements Godly Way couldn't record such a skill.

Would the Infinity Ruler be able to absorb the power of this theurgy?

A bold idea came to Zen suddenly. Should he allow some of the internal momentum to dash into his mind, and let the Infinity Ruler absorb it?

While facing a Godly Way Tablet, Zen should be able to withstand the internal momentum of it.

After all, the Godly Way Tablet didn't have an owner, and it could only release the internal momentum automatically. Yazid was not a Godly Way Tablet without the ability to think, so if he attempted this it would come at a high risk.

Zen did not have much time to consider his decision, so he didn't bother to think it through. He began to introduce the internal momentum into his mind.

When a theurgy of a Godly Way was performed, it would release the invisible power of internal momentum. The Five Elements Destructing theurgy was no exception! Zen would bear a considerable risk if he wanted to allow the internal momentum into his mind. After all, his cinnabar field and his mind were the two most important parts of his body.

In stunned silence, Yazid watched as Zen gave up the protection over his mind and attempted to approach the destructive power. He had just told Zen to be careful and mind his soul so it wouldn't be damaged, but this fellow was going to take the attack head on. He had never seen such a crazy person before. Yazid didn't think Zen was trying to provoke him in any way.

The others in the main hall exchanged glances with each other, completely confused about what on earth Zen was trying to do. He was simply courting death!

The power of the five elements continued to collide with each other, and the destructive power would burst out each time the power of two mutually exclusive laws collided with each other. The destructive power was like an invisible blade, circling around Zen. If Yazid deliberately controlled the destructing power to kill Zen, he had no natural ability to resist it at all.

However, Yazid did not see Zen as a real opponent after all. He had only used the Five Elements Destructing theurgy as a test, which had given Zen the chance to carry out his plan!

The internal momentum that leaked out from the destructive power was slowly slithering into Zen's mind. It proved to be incredibly powerful, and Master Evil's soul had already hidden away from it. Zen also hid his own soul deep in his mind as a precaution. If he wasn't paying close attention he would lose his soul, and that would not be fun.

But the Infinity Ruler still continued to float in his mind quietly and did not respond.

Zen wondered if he had guessed wrong. Maybe the amount of the internal momentum was still insufficient.

Even with the great risks he had taken, the Infinity Rule remained motionless. It made Zen feel anxious.

Smack!

The destructive power slapped Zen in the forehead. He felt the skin open up on his forehead, and a warm gush of blood dribbled down his face.

Shouts of horror and shock filled the main hall at the gruesome sight.

Even Yazid was equally panicked. It was true that he did not intend to let Zen pass his test, but if he killed Zen by mistake things would not go very well for him. Despite the fact Zen brought it upon himself, the responsibility would still fall on him.

"Stop, Yazid!" Bentley shouted, a harsh look on his face. At the same moment, the internal momentum in his body was being slowly released. He couldn't watch Zen die in the Heavenly Han House. He had failed to persuade Zen to give up, but he could at least stop Yazid. Moreover, he had long wanted to have a fight with Yazid.

"He brought this upon himself,"

Yazid explained hurriedly when he saw that Bentley was preparing his attack. Although both of them were top-rank True Gods, Bentley was much stronger than him. If Bentley really fought him out of anger, he was bound to suffer.

"It doesn't matter what's the reason, you must stop," Bentley ordered. His tone brooked no room for an argument. He looked as if he were ready to attack at any moment.

If the two top-rank True Gods fought in the Heavenly Han House, it would undoubtedly be a massive event. So Malloy and the others all stepped out to mediate.

Just as the main hall erupted into chaos, two circles of golden light suddenly appeared in Zen's pupils.

Chapter 2209 Break Through

"It's that pair of eyes again!" Malloy exclaimed, raising his eyebrows.

The main reason Zen was easily and quickly recognized by the Godly Way Tablets in the Consulting God Hall was due to his eyes!

So much so in fact that some people even believed that Zen had Fire God Eyes.

Although Bentley hadn't personally appeared at the scene, he had certainly heard of Zen's eyes with the golden rings. Upon looking at them now, he was truly impressed.

Yazid's expression was also full of surprise. He had no idea how Zen could have struggled in his Five Elements Destructing with such golden eyes.

The Infinity Ruler's scale of the Five Elements Godly Way was flashing with a blazing golden light!

At the same time, the internal momentum that rushed into Zen's mind gathered on the ruler's scale!

The internal momentum absorbed by the Infinity Ruler wasn't the original Five Elements Godly Way, but the internal momentum of the Five Elements Destructing, which was actually understood by Yazid himself. And as the Infinity Ruler absorbed the internal momentum, Zen felt as though a stream of clear water was being injected into his mind.

"According to the nature of the heaven and earth, water can quench fire... Fire can melt metal... And metal can chop wood..."

At that very moment, Zen unexpectedly understood Yazid's theurgy, the Five Elements Destructing, through the Infinity Ruler.

"According to the Five Elements Destructing, one element would be destroyed by another as the five elements restrict each other. In such a case, the five elements could also generate each other in order to become consummate. At that point, it becomes easy to break the Five Elements Destructing."

It was obviously unrealistic for Zen to break through a top-rank True God's theurgy.

Although Yazid had used his unique skill, one thing was certain: he hadn't used all his strength. Thus, Zen actually had a chance of winning!

Zen's figure suddenly began to shake as the chaotic energy quickly circulated in his inner world. It immediately turned into the power of the five elements, which gushed out from his body like five distinct rivers.

"Five Elements Godly Way?" one of the leaders of the Han Clan sub-branches asked, as he frowned slightly.

"Indeed, you're correct. He is activating the Five Elements Godly Way. The question is, what is he trying to do?" another leader replied, his eyes still fixed on Zen.

The Five Elements Godly Way was one of the most common Godly Ways in the divine land and countless people cultivated it. Yazid was capable of having his own insights when it came to the Five Elements Godly Way, which undoubtedly made him a top leader. If Zen used the Five Elements Godly Way now, it would be equivalent to displaying his measly skill before an expert.

"Does Zen plan to use the Five Elements Godly Way to break through..." Malloy hesitated for a second before continuing. "The Five Elements Destructing? Is he making a huge mistake?" Malloy felt rather confused, now. If Zen couldn't see through the foundation of the Five Elements Destructing, there was no way he'd successfully break through the Five Elements Destructing even after he employed the Five Elements Godly Way. Besides, he would be taken advantage of by Yazid. After all, according to Zen's Five Elements Godly Way, the five elements would restrict one another. It was very easy for Yazid to disturb Zen's Five Elements Godly Way and transform the latter into the Five Elements Destructing power.

"That's not necessarily the case." Bentley shook his head in reply. Although Zen's strength might not be even very powerful in his eyes, he was definitely not stupid. He believed that there had been a reason for him to display the Five Elements Godly Way. He just didn't know whether or not his situation could be changed in this case.

Hearing these words, Yazid felt a little shocked. Then, he sneered and said, "Huh! Does he want to die?"

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Zen gently waved his hands, and the power of the five elements began to erupt. In terms of his control of the Five Elements Godly Way, Zen had already far surpassed a proving godly warrior whose main practice was exactly that.

After all, the five elements power was formed through chaotic energy, so it wasn't weaker than the momentum that a True God could gather through the Godly Tile.

'The Five Elements Destructing makes the five elements restrict each other and can generate the formidable power of destruction. However, if I let the five elements generate each other through five elements' power before the elements restrict one another, it's impossible for the destruction power to be generated.'

Splash!

From behind Zen, a water dragon spiraled over and rushed toward a golden fire bird. Generally speaking, in such a situation, water would quench fire and the destruction power would be produced!

"Go!"

With a flick of both Zen's hands, a myriad of golden radiance appeared on the left one, and a faint shadow of huge wood appeared in the right!

Before the water dragon had the chance to restrict the fire bird, Zen released metal and wood power in advance, in order to let metal produce water and the wood feed the fire.

With the combined forces, the power of the five elements' foundation gradually began to transform itself. Furthermore, the power of the five elements became consummate, offsetting the power of destruction.

"It's complete!"

Zen smiled, and without a single moment's pause, he fell into a state of absolute concentration.

As long as there were two of five elements in this area to restrict each other, Zen would use the corresponding power of the five elements in order to allow the elements to generate one another.

Of course, at the time, Zen had no idea that it was currently completely silent inside the main hall of the Heavenly Han House.

The mid-rank True Gods and the top-rank True Gods all stared at the scene before them in disbelief!

Even though Zen hadn't counteracted all of the destruction power, he had counteracted at least more than ninety percent. The rest of the destruction power was no longer a threat to him. In other words, this meant that Zen had been capable of breaking through the Five Elements Destructing that Yazid had understood in a very short period of time!

Yazid's true strength was much weaker than that of Bentley, but Yazid was a top-rank True God after all, and the Five Elements Destructing that he had realized was quite famous across the divine land. Many True Gods, who cultivated the Five Elements Godly Way, wanted to practice this theurgy, but Yazid had never taught anyone else to practice the Five Elements Destructing. In fact, even his descendants didn't have a chance to learn such a theurgy from him!

Now though, Zen had actually seen through the Five Elements Destructing, and simultaneously, he destroyed it using extremely simple and even crude methods.

"Ha-ha..."

A silly smile finally spread across Bentley's originally gloomy face.

Malloy and the others fixed their eyes on Zen, with mixed emotions. Now that Zen had succeeded, the only explanation was that he had understood the Five Elements Destructing.

However, the Five Elements Destructing simply was nothing like the Godly Way Tablets.

Because everyone was allowed to observe and comprehend the internal momentum of the Godly Way Tablet.

On the other hand though, the Five Elements Destructing's internal momentum was isolated. Only Yazid himself was capable of seeing through it, and the others couldn't even figure out its mechanism.

Not to mention the proving godly warriors, even Malloy and Bentley couldn't succeed such a feat. Malloy equally believed that it was impossible for a Holy Being to comprehend the complete internal momentum of the Five Elements Destructing in a short period of time.

Despite all that though, things like this did happen, even if they were rare.

What Malloy didn't know was that the Infinity Ruler was an unreasonable treasure for breaking through the internal momentum.

The internal momentum, which was absorbed into the Infinity Ruler, was actually constantly recorded by it. At the same time, the internal momentum would be turned into a small scale on the Infinity Ruler. There was no secret from any internal momentum before the Infinity Ruler and all internal momentum could easily be broken by the Infinity Ruler.

Yazid was stunned and could do nothing but stand still, lost in thought.

He had created the Five Elements Destructing, and was clear on the complexity of the latter. The Five Elements Destructing was his unique method. In fact, he was the only person in the divine land to master such a theurgy.

Because he had stayed on the Floating Island all year round and had seldom fought with other people, no one had been capable of breaking through the Five Elements Destructing over the years. This didn't mean that the Five Elements Destructing was invincible, though. Not at all. To the contrary, there were still numerous other theurgies that were much more powerful than the Five Elements Destructing, and there were many top-rank True Gods that could defeat Yazid. The only thing was that no one could break Yazid's theurgy.

'This brat has even understood the Five Elements Destructing's internal momentum! How is that possible? I have to kill him because he has broken my internal momentum!'

Among the top-rank True Gods, Yazid wasn't considered to be very powerful. He couldn't be ranked among the top True Gods in the Han Clan, not to mention in the divine land.

Those who weren't very remarkable would cherish their theurgy very much. The Five Elements Destructing was Yazid's masterpiece. No matter how Zen broke his internal momentum, Yazid simply couldn't bear watching him do it.

Right then, it was extremely difficult for Yazid to suppress his evil thoughts.

Suddenly, the creatures in Yazid's inner world all began quietly offering their Faith Energy. The Faith Energy intertwined into thin threads and gathered in his Godly Tile. The momentum that Yazid had used before was very insignificant, but now that he had the killing intent, it was different and much more meaningful.

For the top-rank True God, killing Zen was going to be a piece of cake.

The moment the power began gushing out, Zen had sensed something strange.

In this illusory space, the five elements' power that surrounded him had quickly undergone a fundamental change.

If Zen had fought with little snakes before, then now he was facing a gigantic dragon. The top-rank True God would easily suppress and even kill Zen only by means of the five elements' power, without ever even using the Five Elements Destructing. This, now this was the power of a top-rank True God!

"What?" Zen's eyes froze. He had never expected Yazid to take serious action!

"Watch out! That old man is going to kill you, Zen!" Even Master Evil had realized that Zen's actions had provoked Yazid.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage](#) to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2210 Mae Han

Even Master Evil hadn't said anything, Zen was already very well aware that Yazid wanted to kill him.

The problem was that he didn't have the ability to fight against Yazid. All he could do now was pin his last hopes on the Han Clan sub-branches!

He bet that the people from the Han Clan sub-branches would help him. At the very least, he truly hoped they wouldn't just watch him die at Yazid's mercy.

Throughout his time there, Zen had rarely faced such danger in the Evolutionary Universe. Back then, never would he place his hopes on anyone else but himself, because he knew very well that if he ever placed his hopes on the wrong person, the only result would be his death!

Here and now though, he was in the divine land. And Zen, who was a secondary creature and a total stranger in this place, had no choice but to take a few risks.

As the power of the five elements surged upward, Zen suddenly heard a loud collision, followed by a muffled groan...

The illusion around him completely disappeared at once.

A smile of relief simultaneously spread on Zen's face.

Not far away, Bentley was clenching his fists and he looked to be boiling with anger. As Yazid placed his hands on his chest and fell into the corner of a wall, he continued coughing loudly, and blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

And yet, no one had even seen how Bentley had done it. He was way too fast.

"How dare you attack me, Bentley?" Yazid spat resentfully.

Bentley sneered back coldly. "There's nothing I wouldn't dare do! We might be just about the same age, but I am the leader of the Han Clan sub-branches, after all. Let that be heard! Speaking of which, you're only a liaison from the Floating Island. Do you really think I can't hurt you? Even if I killed you, the main Han Clan wouldn't punish me in the least!"

"You!" Yazid felt both scared and angry at the same time.

Yazid might be a member of the main Han Clan, and equally a top-rank True God, but he wasn't valued by the main Han Clan whatsoever. His mediocre talent and average strength didn't impress them at all.

The liaison he served as was actually a position with little responsibilities, but because of his seniority and his cultivation level, everyone respected him. In fact, his status was even far inferior to that of Bentley.

In contrast, Bentley had an eccentric character and often found himself laughing and joking with the disciples of younger generation. As the leader of the Han Clan sub-branches, he was actually highly valued by the main Han Clan. Over the years, the main Han Clan even wanted to transfer Bentley to the Floating Island in order for him to serve through a meaningful position, but Bentley refused them time and time again.

If he did kill Yazid, the main Han Clan would certainly hold him responsible, but the punishment wouldn't be too severe and not to mention that Bentley was reasonable on this matter. After all, it just didn't make any sense that it was just because a talent recommended by the Heavenly Han House understood Yazid's Five Elements Destructing technique that Yazid wanted to kill him.

Zen stood in the center of the main hall without saying a word. The old man had almost killed him, and thus, Zen didn't have a very good impression of him.

As for the other leaders of the Han Clan sub-branches, generally speaking, they would scheme against each other, trying to fight for the benefits of their own sub-branch. This time though, they were pleased to see that Bentley had taught Yazid a lesson!

"That man... I refuse to bring him into the Floating Island! There's just no way!" Yazid said hatefully. "Next year, when the Han Clan sends people here, I'll go with them. As long as I'm still here, there's just no way that he's going to the Floating Island!"

To his surprise, Bentley only shrugged his shoulders and said, "Whatever!" With that, he turned his head to look at Thad and said, "For such a talent, many places will want to welcome him. Aside from the Han Clan, there's the Jiang Clan, Mu Clan, Li Clan... Just to name a few. Actually, take a second and think here... Which one of them wouldn't want him to join? If you insist on causing delay in fulfilling the Han Clan's mission, then do whatever you want! But when Thad becomes famous in the near future, I'll go straight to the main Han Clan in order to humiliate you directly!"

Zen could only smile back at Bentley's words.

The other people in the main hall agreed with him, too. In their opinion, Zen's performance was no just enough to be described as amazing. He could see through and even comprehend an original Godly Way theurgy in less than five minutes. His talent was outrageous.

It didn't matter anymore whether or not people knew his background, all the wealthy clans would want to have him on their side and benefit from his talent.

Bentley also had the intention of drawing Zen over to his side with what he had said. He knew that Zen was much more than just an ordinary talent. When it came to such a character, he would either kill him straight away, or form a good relationship with him. It was a make or break type of situation. As the leader of the Han Clan sub-branches, Bentley was a wise man and he knew what he had to do.

After a long, silent pause, Yazid stared at Bentley and snorted. "Just wait and see!" he exclaimed finally.

And with that, he floated into the air with the intention of leaving the Heavenly Han House.

But before he could get anywhere, a purple shadow suddenly floated down from the sky. It was enormous and somewhat resembled a huge flower.

The glowing rays emitting from the flower were absolutely dazzling.

The purple flower came to halt when it reached the top-center of the Heavenly Han House. One of the flower's petals gently drooped open and a woman floated down from it.

She was in a magenta gauzy robe, and the corners of her elegant clothes flustered in the windy sky. Her descent made her look dynamic and charming.

It didn't take long for the woman to land and for a short while, the woman stood steadily in the main hall. She looked up at Yazid who hovered in the air with a gentle smile on her face. Then, she fixed her eyes on Bentley and said, "We are all from the same clan. Why did you fight one another?"

"Mae! Ah, you're here!" Bentley didn't answer her question, but calmly cupped his hands toward her.

"What?" Mae Han asked, as she smiled faintly. "Am I not welcome here?"

"Of course! To the contrary, we feel honored to have you here, Miss," Bentley said, a smile pursed on his lips.

To be brutally honest, deep inside himself, he didn't want Mae Han to be here at all. The reason for the latter was because she was a disciple of the Demi-Holy Being, Joy.

In the test in the Heavenly Han House, Zen had displayed his amazing talent. During the test, he had been acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablet of the Purple Aura Godly Way. The warriors from the Han Clan's sixth sub-branch had quietly sent someone to the Floating Island in order to inform Joy of such news.

Bentley wanted to be the first one to recommend Zen to the Floating Island, and thus, he invited Yazid to come here.

He hadn't expected to fight with Yazid, and Joy had actually acted so quickly. Before Yazid could even leave, Mae Han had arrived.

In the past, he hadn't had any desire for Zen to be taken away by Joy. In that case, the Han Clan sub-branches wouldn't get the credit for recommending an eligible candidate.

Now though, with such a big conflict between him and Yazid, it was nearly impossible for Zen to be sent to the Floating Island through traditional means. There was no wondering why he thought he should take advantage of the situation and do Joy a favor.

After pondering it over for a little while, his lips spread into a tight, wide smile.

"I'm here for a little fellow known as Thad. My master, Joy, has heard about him and wants to take him to the Floating Island," Mae Han requested directly, without wasting anytime. She had already cast her beautiful eyes on Zen.

The people in the main hall were all the leaders of Han Clan sub-branches. They were almost all mid-rank True Gods, and only Zen was a proving godly warrior. Since Yazid was also here, it was easy for her to come to the conclusion that the young man standing before her was rightly Thad.

Yazid had clearly stated just seconds before that Zen would have no chance of ever entering the Floating Island, but now, Joy had sent someone here to take Zen directly to the Floating Island instead. The whole thing was rather ironic.

In order to impress Mae Han, Bentley smiled and spoke up, "Joy has an eye for talent. This person is indeed a rare talent. One couldn't have found such a talent among the children of the Han Clan on the Floating Island if they had wanted to!"

To Mae Han though, Bentley's words didn't make any sense.

The Heavenly Han House was always cautious when around Joy. But why was Bentley being so cooperative today? What was wrong with him?

Malloy equally bowed his head in agreement and sighed softly. He knew his only choice now was to hand Thad over to her.

Yazid, who had planned to leave, was unable to accept such a result. He suddenly said, "Joy only recruits warriors that cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way. And yet this guy doesn't have a Purple Power Body. How did he attract Joy's attention, then? This is just ridiculous!"

Yazid knew that Zen had been recognized by hundreds of Godly Way Tablets, but he didn't know that among them was a Purple Aura Godly Way Tablet. Never in the past had he heard something so strange. A warrior without a Purple Power Body simply couldn't cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way!

Bentley laughed. "Thad, show a few of your abilities to some of these people who seem to come from a hole in the ground."

Zen responded very quickly. As soon as Bentley finished speaking, Zen gently waved his hand, and a wisp of purple mist shot up into the sky!

The purple mist turned into a phoenix and circled above the sky over the Heavenly Han House, before obediently landing directly on Zen's shoulder.

'He can turn purple mist into substance! And he is doing so with such skill. But he hasn't condensed a Godly Tile yet. What a strange guy!' Mae thought as she sized Zen up with a strange look in her eye. Zen didn't have the Purple Power Body, but he could certainly cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way. This was simply incredible.

And with what she had just witnessed, it was even harder for her to believe that Zen hadn't condensed a Godly Tile despite having mastered the technique of turning purple mist into substance.

Chapter 2211 The Time Sea

Even though Zen wanted to explain the problem of his Godly Tile to Mae, he was unable to do so.

He knew that it would be easier for him to condense his Godly Tile if he practiced the life vitality system.

He could choose any one of the Godly Ways and condense the internal momentum he had comprehended into a Godly Tile.

But since he practiced the Primal Chaos Technique, it would be a gigantic task for him to condense a Godly Tile.

Zen played a huge gamble on his part when he acquired the strange mud. But he knew he had to get it in order to condense the Godly Tile. Even though only a small part of it was condensed, he knew that he took the right decision. He was worried what might happen if he couldn't find this kind of mud again.

Yazid was in awe and shock when he saw Zen release the Purple Aura Godly Way without much effort. He stared at Zen silently, memorizing his appearance, and then took off, making his way towards the sky.

Mae grinned from ear to ear when she saw a furious Yazid leaving. She said to Bentley, "I guess the Heavenly Han House must have clashed with Yazid. Otherwise, you won't let this young man go with me."

Bentley shook his head in dismay. "Forget it. Mae, you had a long and arduous journey. Get some rest and you'd feel better."

"I'm fine," she said. She had all her interest on Zen.

She circled Zen, without taking her eyes off him. "Most of Master Joy's disciples are females, and there are only three male disciples. I did not expect that she would have another male disciple."

'What? I am not looking for a new master!' Zen thought.

Zen craved to enter the Floating Island. But he had no plans to acquire a new master; he already had one.

Mae was quite good at reading people's minds. "You don't want to be Master Joy's disciple?" she asked Zen.

Joy was quite famous as a Demi-holy Being in the divine land. Only the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan outranked her on the clan's Floating Island. Joy had plans of her own. She wanted to set up her own sect and create her own Floating Island. Many True Gods sought for Joy so that they might get enlisted as her disciples.

Mae was unaware of the fact that Zen had a master and he wasn't looking for another.

Zen knew that even if Bromley was here in person, he wouldn't be able to teach him anything. After all, he was cultivating the chaotic energy system. He was aware of the fact that Joy was practicing the Purple Aura Godly Way.

"I am not looking for a master as I already have one," Zen said, shaking his head.

Mae smiled at his words.

She acknowledged that Zen was indeed gifted, but he was just a proving godly warrior who had struggled in a small divine city. She wondered how his master could be superior to Joy, who was a Demi-holy Being.

But Zen kept on insisting that he was in no need for a new master.

Mae was very subtle. "Joining us doesn't necessarily mean being Master Joy's disciple. It's not easy to become her disciple. It could be possible that she might not want you as her disciple," she said. She knew that Zen would make the right choice, nonetheless.

Zen didn't say much now that Mae had said so. What he only wanted was to enter the Floating Island.

Mae stayed in the Heavenly Han House for two days.

Bentley agreed on letting Zen leave with Mae. He made some sort of pact with Mae, without telling Zen much about it. Although, Zen knew that the Heavenly Han House suffered losses and Joy would make up for the losses.

Then, came the day when Zen packed up all his belongings and left the Six-Burden Divine City, Mae beside him.

Zen's talents lay no bounds. After staying at the Heavenly Han House for few months, he was finally able to achieve his dream of entering the Floating Island. The news of him entering the Floating Island spread like wildfire, and once again, everyone in Six-Burden Divine City started talking about him. Yet, his origin was still suspicious.

The Heavenly Han House figured that Zen's identity was quite suspicious and at the peril of discovery; therefore, they took necessary measures to further strengthen his fake identity and his secret was stored away for good.

Mae invited Zen to the giant purple flower. She smiled as she saw him approaching her. Then together, they made their way towards the Time Sea.

The purple flower was Mae's own creation. She built it with the help of the Purple Aura Godly Way. It was a large space treasure filled with vast space inside. However, the gap between the space within the purple flower and the Purple Sky Land was too huge.

Once inside this precious flower, Zen was unaware of what was happening outside, though he could feel that the flower was moving rapidly.

Zen felt quite dreary during his time in the flower, and Mae rarely visited him. He felt as if he was wasting his talents away in here.

There was no point for him to continue cultivating. He had already reached the limit of being a proving godly warrior and he could go no further. He only wished to condense the Godly Tile, which was his biggest hold-up.

Since Zen had nothing better to do, he went through the Godly Ways in the Infinity Ruler repeatedly in his mind. He was aware of the different types of Godly ways, each having different characteristics. He knew that if used with great care and skill, they would be able to showcase extraordinary results.

Zen was stuck inside the flower for about two months, each day proving more monotonous than the previous one.

One day, Zen felt as if the flower was descending, and much to his delight, it really was. Then, it was brought to an abrupt halt. He then heard Mae's voice telling him that they had reached their destination.

Zen couldn't contain his excitement as he headed outside of the purple flower. What he saw next filled him with wonder; he saw a vast colorful sea which appeared to be boundless. The various colors of the sea intertwined with one another. There was a lasting momentum within this sea, which surrounded the darkness of the world.

"It's beautiful!" he exclaimed.

It was a sea of magnificent colors.

Zen noticed how vast the sea was. He observed that the water was not ordinary; rather it was colorful. Waves swept over like colorful rainbow, which was a sight for sore eyes.

"I believe it is the Time Sea, right?" Zen wondered out loud.

Mae nodded. Seeing Zen so excited made her happy.

People who lived on the Floating Islands, could visit the Time Sea any time they wanted, but many proving godly warriors and even True Gods had never seen it in their lives.

Whoever saw the Time Sea for the first time would be captivated by its beauty, and the soothing colorful waves hit them like a warm summer breeze.

As for Mae, the Time Sea was no stranger, as she was born on the Floating Island. But to the very this day, she was still charmed by its wonder.

"It might be the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen," Zen said.

He heaved a sigh of admiration. A mysterious aura seemed to hover above the Time Sea. He was captivated by this aura.

He felt as if the sea was calling him, asking him to step into the water. He spaced out, lost in his thoughts and started making his way towards the sea.

Mae sprang into action when she saw Zen approaching the sea. She stepped in front of him and asked sternly, "What are you doing?"

"I just want to see the sea water," Zen said absentmindedly. His eyes were transfixed upon the Time Sea. He felt complete and had this strange yet wonderful feeling as if he was home. He felt one with the sea and had a strong urge to go into its water.

Mae was watching Zen closely. "The Time Sea is quite dangerous," she said sternly. "I would be in great danger if I went into its water and so would you be."

Zen had this confused yet blank expression on his face. Mae patiently explained that the Time Sea wasn't at all what it looked like. She lay out the fact that what looked like water wasn't actually water but rather fragments of time. "The Time Sea records whatever happened in the history, and turns it into countless fragments. If you touch one of the fragments, you would fall into that certain time period," she explained.

Zen couldn't quite comprehend what he was hearing. "So I can travel to any stage of the divine land through the Time Sea?" he asked excitedly.

"Well, it's a bit complicated than that. These are fragments of time and not a complete time passage. So when you fell into the sea, you would also be split into countless pieces and fall into different periods of time. So falling into the sea means death; believe me!" Mae warned.

Zen was taken aback when he heard this. A look of horror crept onto his face. "Why did all the wealthy clans establish Floating Islands here, knowing that this place is quite dangerous?" Zen asked in an alarming tone.

"That's because the Ruling Slate is here," Mae replied calmly.

Zen was still a little puzzled. The Ruling Slate was here didn't seem to have anything to do with the fact that those wealthy clans had built Floating Islands here. He still had a lot of questions, but he didn't want to annoy Mae. So he just shrugged and said nothing.

Chapter 2212 No Ferry Out Of Fear

An hour had passed as Zen waited by the sea.

Suddenly a small black dot appeared in the distance.

As it got closer, the dot became bigger. Zen soon realized that the dot was in fact a boat sailing on the Time Sea.

Zen refrained from asking Mae any more questions. So he decided to ask Master Evil through his mind. "Mae has said anyone who fell into the Time Sea would face instant death. Then how is there a boat sailing on the Time Sea?"

Until now, Master Evil had been silent all along in Zen's mind. He had visited the Time Sea long back and as he revisited the place again, endless thoughts were running through his mind. When he heard Zen's question, he laughed out loud. "Oh, there is a way to cross it. The materials used to make the boat are so special, that they can isolate the Time Law within the Time Sea. I personally haven't been to any of the Floating Islands before, but as far as I know, these boats belong to a very mysterious race called the Sun Blind race. All the divine citizens of this race have never opened their eyes to see the world, as they are all blind. They have been sailing on the sea for generations."

There were many legends about the Sun Blind race in the divine land, and some of them were quite staggering.

It was a low-key and mysterious ancient race. Not everyone was privy to their lifestyle. As Master Evil had said, everyone in the Blind Race was blind, but this was not important. The key point was that this race had traveled on the Time Sea before all the powerful clans occupied the Time Sea, during the ancient times.

Up until now, the True Gods in the divine land had little understanding about this race. Many of their customs and strange rules were often unfathomable to outsiders, because of which, many of the warriors from the wealthy clans considered them like a fly on the ointment. These powerful clans were the top forces of the divine land, and were usually domineering at an extreme level. However, they tried to avoid and even tolerated them to some extent. Because of insufficient knowledge, there were many speculations about this race from the people of the divine land.

The boat was constantly floating on the Time Sea. It seemed to be sailing at a very slow pace, but in reality its speed was extremely fast.

Zen's vision could reach a thousand miles away at most. Within five minutes, the boat arrived from a thousand miles away to where Zen was standing.

As the boat approached, Zen saw that the ferryman was a strong man with crimson skin. He seemed to be blind, as his eyes were closed firmly, and his thick and powerful arms were pushing and pulling a pair of strange paddles, which seemed to be made of the backbone of some kind of gigantic fish.

After the boat pulled on to the shore, the strong man stood still, while cocking his head to one side. He then asked, "Is it Mae who wants to cross the sea?"

"Yes, it is," Mae replied in a gentle voice.

The man nodded and steering the boat said, "Please get on to the boat."

As she turned towards Zen, Mae stretched out her hands and grabbed him by the arm. They both leaped and landed on the boat.

Again the ferryman stood still for a while and then asked, "Is there another person with you, Miss?"

"Yes, there are two of us," replied Mae indifferently.

The ferryman still had his eyes closed, but he was facing Zen. His eyes couldn't see anything, but he seemed to have used his spiritual sense or other methods to size up Zen. He didn't move for a long time.

Mae frowned.

The rules of the Time Sea were very particular. No one could fly in the entire area of the Time Sea, nor could anyone use spatial transference.

Regardless of whether it was top-rank True Gods or consummate True Gods, everyone had to rely on these ferrymen to cross the Time Sea and usually it was a smooth process. She could not understand the ferryman's peculiar behavior today. She thought for a while and asked, "Why hasn't the boat started moving yet?"

The ferryman did not speak, and continued to stay motionless in front of Zen.

Although these ferrymen didn't have high levels of cultivation, they were indispensable in the Time Sea. The powerful clans wouldn't dare to provoke them unnecessarily. After all, the Time Sea was too dangerous. Once they got onto a boat, their lives were in the hands of ferrymen. There was no way to escape if the ferrymen capsized the boat. Just imagining about falling into the Time Sea could send shivers among the people.

So Mae waited patiently.

Zen was shocked to see the ferryman suddenly open his eyes.

His eyes were pure white and devoid of pupils. It was frightening to see such a sight. Moreover, the ferryman was getting very close to Zen with his face only a few inches away from Zen.

Zen was completely baffled. He didn't understand the ferryman's close scrutiny. He was feeling uncomfortable with this ferryman standing so close to him.

The ferryman suddenly said, "I won't ferry you across the Time Sea. Please leave the boat now."

"What do you mean? Why should he leave the boat?" Mae's face darkened.

These ferrymen had always been mild and obedient. In the Time Sea, they were like diligent and honest servants. For countless years, they had been silently serving the major clans. Except during occasions, they never went on strike or caused any kind of delay. They were always available to render their services.

What was wrong with this ferryman today?

Zen frowned, but didn't say anything.

"The reason doesn't matter. Come what may, there is no chance that I am going to ferry him." The ferryman shook his head defiantly as he retreated back to the stern of the boat. He kept the two paddles aside, indicating that if Zen didn't get off the boat, he would not sail.

"Our Han Clan has paid enough divine might coins to your race. I have some very serious work to accomplish on the Floating Island and yet you refuse to ferry us across?" Mae said in an agitated tone. She was getting impatient.

The ferryman of the Sun Blind race still shook his head. "This Time Sea is very dangerous, so there are many taboos in our Sun Blind race. You should be aware about them."

The Time Sea looked beautiful, at the same time it also looked mysterious and endless. In reality, under the gorgeous cover, it was a sea of death.

Any creature that fell into the sea would be torn apart and their bodies would fall into a certain period of time.

For the True Gods, the Time Sea was even more terrifying than many large forbidden lands. Those forbidden places that people talked about might be frightening, but there were still many ways that people could survive. However, if they accidentally fell into the Time Sea, there was only one end, and that was death and there was no exception.

Except for the Holy Beings, any True Gods that wanted to enter the Floating Islands had to be ferried by the Sun Blind race. Only the Sun Blind race could use the boats to "conquer" the Time Sea which was full of restrictions.

Furthermore, there were many strange rules prevalent in the Sun Blind race, which were passed down from generation to generation that could not be violated. These rules were known as "Four Nos".

First, the Sun Blind race would not ferry at midnight or noon.

Second, they would not ferry during turbulent weather. What they feared was not ordinary storms. Once a storm broke out in the Time Sea, it would be devastating to all the creatures on the sea.

Third, no ferry on the Astronomical Transit Day. The Astronomical Transit Day was a grand holiday of the Sun Blind race. In this day, there was no boat on the Time Sea, and no one could pass through it.

Fourth, no ferrying anyone out of fear. If there was someone on the boat that made the ferrymen afraid, they would not ferry the person.

Of course Mae was aware of the rules. But still she thought for a moment and wondered, "It is neither midnight nor noon. There is no violent storm brewing in the sea. Today is not even the Astronomical Transit Day. Then why won't you let him inside the boat?"

"Because I'm afraid of him," the ferryman of the Sun Blind race said.

"Afraid? Thad is just a proving godly warrior. What is the need for you to be afraid of him?" Mae asked curiously. She knew that once these guys of the Sun Blind race made up their minds, it was very difficult to convince them otherwise.

Zen was completely confused with the ongoing situation. For the life of him, he could not understand the ferryman's despair, and he also became vigilant.

The Sun Blind race were known to have extraordinary senses. Once his origins, or some of the flaws in himself which he even didn't know were revealed, it would be troublesome.

The ferryman shook his head and said, "I'm afraid of him. His aura is not right."

Hearing this, Mae felt helpless.

There was no way she could deal with the Sun Blind race with force. No Floating Island resident would dare to offend this mysterious race. If the ferryman refused to ferry him across, then that was the end of discussion! There was no way he would be able to enter the Floating Island.

"So is there any other way for him to enter the Floating Island?" Mae asked again looking at the ferryman hopefully.

In her mind, if this Sun Blind man was not willing to ferry Thad, the only other way would be to ask her master to personally come. The master had the ability to send Thad to the Floating Island, but it was too trivial a matter to ask for her presence. Moreover, Thad was not qualified to enjoy such a privilege.

"I think my father can do the job. My father and my brother may not be afraid of him," the ferryman said.

The members of the Sun Blind race were divided into various ranks. Because of their mysterious lifestyle and their seldom communication to outsiders, they all looked the same. It was very difficult to make out their difference physically. Although Mae had traveled on the Time Sea many times, she didn't really know them. Even she felt that all the Sun Blind members looked exactly the same.

Chapter 2213 The Emperor Resentment

The ferryman's words alleviated Mae's anger.

With a light flick of her hand, she threw two divine might coins toward the ferryman.

But instead of taking the two divine might coins, the ferryman just waved his hand lightly and sent them flying back to Mae. He shook his head and said, "You have already paid the price. We won't charge you twice."

Then, the ferryman suddenly stood up and turned his face to the Time Sea with his eyes still closed. He moved his lips, but no sound left his mouth. No one knew what he was saying.

The Sun Blind members had a special ability.

No matter where one was in the Time Sea, as long as they stood on the shore, they didn't need to send any messages or inform anyone, and the Sun Blind members would come to them as soon as possible without wasting any time.

In the remote ages, the Hall of Holy Beings hadn't been established and there were no Floating Islands in the Time Sea. At that time, if a True God wanted to explore the Time Sea, they only needed to bring a few divine might coins with them. After the Sun Blind members reached the shore, they would ask if the True God wanted to explore the Time Sea.

Later, the Hall of Holy Beings was established and the Time Sea became occupied by the wealthy clans. The Hall of Holy Beings and the leader of the Sun Blind race reached an agreement. Other than the members of the wealthy clans, the Sun Blind members usually wouldn't ferry a True God who didn't belong to these wealthy clans.

That was why after Mae and Zen stayed at the shore for a while, a Sun Blind member came with a boat.

Zen and Mae waited in the boat for a long time.

Finally, two small black dots appeared on the surface of the colorful sea. Two boats were approaching them rapidly, one after the other.

The boat in the front was controlled by a burly man, while the boat in the back was being steered by a stooping old man. Apparently, these two men were the ferryman's brother and father respectively.

The two men slowly drew the boats and came closer. Once the three Sun Blind members converged, they talked to one another in secret for a while without making so much as a sound. The only sign that they were even communicating was the slight trembling of their lips. Zen and Mae had no idea what they were talking about.

After this secret exchange, the old man said to Zen, "Get in my boat and I'll take you there."

Seeing that the old man had agreed to ferry Zen, Mae let out a sigh of relief. She nodded at Zen and said, "Go ahead. See you on the Floating Island."

Zen leapt up and landed firmly in the old man's boat.

Once Zen was seated, the old man set down the two huge bone oars he had been holding and gently swung his arms to row the boat. This boat was like a flood dragon that dove into the water, closing toward the colorful sea.

Creak! Creak!

The pair of bone oars made a piercing sound, sending waves rolling on both sides of the boat. A few waves leapt up in the air, releasing a strong power of Time Law.

The Time Law was not condensed by life vitality. It was the real time and history of the divine land. For example, although Zen had only come on board the Sun Blind member's boat an hour ago, that event had already become a historical record in the Time Sea.

Theoretically, the Time Sea had recorded everything that had happened since the divine land was born, but all of that information had turned into time fragments and joined the Time Sea. It was almost impossible to accurately find a period in such a vast sea as it was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

As the boat drifted farther and farther away, it sped up.

It was not until then that Zen noticed the cyan light that had begun to emit from the old man's bone oars. Every time he rowed the boat, the cyan light would spread out and circle the bottom of the boat. It was this cyan light that allowed the boat to travel in the Time Sea.

The Sun Blind race had been in the Time Sea for so many years that it was no surprise that they had their own secrets. Otherwise, why would the wealthy clans here rely on the Sun Blind members to ferry them?

The old man kept his head low in an attempt to avoid communication with Zen, but Zen couldn't help but ask, "Just now, your son said that he didn't want to ferry me because he was afraid of me. Why did he say that?"

Creak! Creak!

As the waves flowed, the old man continued to row the boat with his sturdy arms, spreading cyan light into the sea. After a long silence, he opened his mouth and said, "The Time Sea is a sea of death for people like you."

Zen nodded in understanding. "I've heard that any creature that falls into the Time Sea will be torn into pieces by the Time Law, and then travel to different times."

The old man of the Sun Blind race chuckled as he rowed the boat. He then said, "That's true for people like you. Even the best of the True Gods would die if they were to fall into the Time Sea. But that's not the case for the creatures living in this sea."

"Living in this sea? You mean there are other creatures in the Time Sea?" Zen's face lit up with surprise.

"If not, how did you think the Sun Blind race conquered this sea area? Where did this boat and this pair of bone oars come from?" the old man asked in reply.

In fact, Zen had asked Master Evil about this before, but Master Evil had only told him that the Sun Blind race had their own way of traveling in the sea, and Zen hadn't thought much about it after that.

But now, Zen was immediately enlightened by the old man's words. "You mean the boat and the bone oars came from the creatures in the Time Sea?"

"Yes," the old man answered with a mysterious smile.

The bone oars were made from the spine of the Ghost Swimming Fish. After the Sun Blind warriors caught the Ghost Swimming Fish using a special method they had developed, they would peel the whole fish alive and extract the spine to refine it through the method passed on to them from their ancestors. It was from using this method that they obtained this special pair of bone oars.

As for the boat they were using, it was covered with the skin of the Magic Dragon Fish, which allowed the boat to travel freely in the Time Sea.

Both the Ghost Swimming Fish and the Magic Dragon Fish were creatures that lived in the Time Sea. Owing to their many years of evolution, these creatures were free to roam through time without fear of the tearing power of the Time Sea.

"It turns out that the Time Sea is not a dead sea," Zen muttered as his eyes flashed. The evolution of nature was indeed miraculous. He then asked, "But what does it have to do with your son being afraid of me?"

The old man paused for a moment before answering, "There are many unknown powerful creatures in the Time Sea; the strongest one is called the Emperor Resentment. You have a peculiar aura that is very similar to that of the Emperor Resentment."

Rowing in the Time Sea was not a smooth journey for the Sun Blind race. Although the Time Sea looked beautiful and quiet on the surface, there were many dangers lurking underneath. The Sun Blind members could die if they were not careful enough, which was why there were many taboos and rules in their clan.

Fortunately, as long as they followed the rules, it was very safe to travel in the Time Sea. However, there was one risk that could not be avoided: encountering a sea monster—the Emperor Resentment.

The legends of the Emperor Resentment existed not only in the Sun Blind race, but also in the divine land.

However, the Emperor Resentment was too mysterious. No one had seen its complete form so far. If the sea monster truly began hunting in the Time Sea, there was no possibility of any warrior inferior to a Holy Being making it out alive.

Once, in the middle ages, an Emperor Resentment had dragged a Holy Being into the Time Sea, intending to kill him. However, as long as the universe created by a Holy Being existed, the Holy Being would be immortal and their body would not be destroyed. As such, the Holy Being finally escaped from the Time Sea after years of entanglement with the Emperor Resentment. Although the Holy Being hadn't been taken down by the Emperor Resentment, he had still been very embarrassed.

Some people listed the Emperor Resentment as a true spirit, but most agreed that the strength of the Emperor Resentment was far beyond the strength of an ordinary true spirit, because even a Holy Being could not do anything to it.

"I have an aura similar to that of the Emperor Resentment?" The old man's answer had only increased Zen's puzzlement. Zen hadn't been aware that he had such a peculiar aura.

"Yes," the old man said. "My son is young, and hasn't seen the Emperor Resentment. But I saw the Emperor Resentment in the last divine era. Well, technically, I saw its hand."

His face was full of fear and sadness, as if talking about it reminded him of a sad memory.

It was said that the appearance of an Emperor Resentment would bring about a devastating disaster. It would not be unreasonable to think that the Emperor Resentment had caused a heavy blow to the old man. Even though a divine era had passed since the last time he had seen one, he became immersed in sorrow as soon as he thought about it.

Chapter 2214 The Luo Clan

The old man of the Sun Blind race didn't tell Zen what had happened back then, nor did he tell him what the Emperor Resentment actually looked like.

In fact, the Sun Blind members were people of few words. They ferried people on the Time Sea, but they seldom spoke with their guests.

In other words, it was already pretty obscure for the old man to be talking so much with Zen.

Ultimately, the old man ended up inviting Zen to his race in the Astronomical Transit Day.

Zen was curious about the Sun Blind race, and thus he accepted the invitation without a second of hesitation. He didn't feel anything strange in the moment, but when he arrived at the Floating Island, he realized that even the ordinary warriors on the Floating Islands had never been invited by the Sun Blind race before.

Two hours later, the scenery around the boat vanished.

From their point of view, it appeared as though nothing else existed between heaven and earth on the boundless Time Sea, nothing except the elderly man, Zen and the boat.

Unknowingly, Zen began to fall into an extremely tired and sleepy state. He couldn't help but yawn continuously.

In his mind, he then tried checking in on Master Evil's soul. To his surprise though, Master Evil was in deep slumber.

Zen was puzzled. The old man said flatly, "On the Time Sea, many people lose their time judgment. Although we are on the sea for only two hours, you probably feel as though your body has gone through a long passage of time. You'll be tired and that's normal. If you are, don't hesitate in resting."

"So that's how it is..."

The old man's words were like magic. Zen felt his eyelids getting heavier, fighting to stay open and inevitably closing into complete darkness. He didn't even realize that he was falling asleep.

Creak! Creak!

Zen didn't know how long he had slept, and he woke to the only sound of bone oars. When he opened his eyes, still in a daze, he saw nothing but giants filling the sky!

"Those are the Floating Islands!"

Zen came back to himself in a flash.

At the same time, Master Evil said lazily in Zen's mind, "Well, those should be the Floating Islands of the wealthy clans. This is the first time I've actually seen them."

The Floating Islands were extremely high in the sky above the Time Sea, and each of them was incomparably huge. There were no words to describe their sizes!

The Floating Islands were like the Cloud Hall in the Central Region, but they were thousands of times—no, tens of thousands of times—larger. Each of them was a huge city, quietly floating in the air.

These Floating Islands were not arranged in a line. Instead, they rose in spirals and extended all the way into the highest of skies.

A few of the Floating Islands were so high up that they were surrounded by thick clouds. Zen was unable to see exactly how high they reached.

"Yes, we have arrived," the old man replied lightly, as though reading Zen's mind.

As he spoke, he rowed the boat to the center of the sea. In front of them was a huge disc floating in the air. Although it was hovering, it was only four feet high from the sea's surface. This disc was a public floating dock located just beneath the Floating Islands.

Standing at the side of the dock, Mae had arrived ahead of Zen. Upon seeing him, she waved at him.

The old man continued rowing the boat until he reached the dock. After expressing his thanks, Zen leaped onto the dock and landed with a thud on the disc.

The old man waved his hand toward Zen and said, "If you want to come to our race's celebration on the Astronomical Transit Day, just wait for me right here when the day comes." And with that, he turned the boat around and started moving away in the opposite direction slowly.

As Mae listened to this quick conversation, her bright beautiful eyes flashed a strange color and then, she stared at Zen.

Her expression was confusing to Zen. Although the woman was a top-rank True God and a senior, Zen couldn't help but tease her, "Is there something on my face?"

Mae shook her head. "Did I hear him wrong? Did he just invite you to their celebration on the Astronomical Transit Day?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes, he did. What's wrong with that?" Zen blinked and had no idea why Mae looked so surprised. After all, it was just a celebration in his eyes.

"Oh my God! How can that be?" Mae took a deep breath and looked at Zen meaningfully. "I really don't know what kind of secret you're keeping. You've even been invited to participate in the celebration on the Astronomical Transit Day."

As far as she knew, although there were no Holy Beings among the guests invited by the Sun Blind race, they were mostly major clan patriarchs. Even a few Demi-holy Beings would attend this famous celebration. Joy had once received an invitation as well.

The Sun Blind race was a very low-key race, but they were the race that knew the most when it came to the Time Sea. The wealthy clans had been fighting with each other so many years, but they all chose to cultivate a good relationship with the Sun Blind race, and of course, they had a good reason to do so.

Mae, on her behalf, was a mere top-rank True God. Although she was the closest person to Joy, she knew little about the Sun Blind race. She was very surprised that Zen would ever be invited.

"Let's go!" Noticing that Zen still looked confused, she sighed to herself. As it stood, this time, she had made the right decision in helping her master bring Zen back. She wondered what would happen to him once he entered the Floating Island.

On the large, hovering disc where Zen stood were also several smaller round discs, packed tightly together. After the two of them stepped onto one same small disc, which was no more than ten feet wide, the disc began to slowly rise and flew into the air.

Zen was interested in everything here. He looked around himself with his eyes wide.

It wasn't long before he came close to the first Floating Island, which was also the lowest one. On the side of the Floating Island, the surname "Liu" was carved in giant letters. This island was easily a million feet high, a million feet wide, and incomparably huge!

"The Liu Clan?" Zen asked in a low voice as he noticed the word.

Mae smiled at his question. If it had been any other proving godly warrior who had asked her this stupid question, she probably wouldn't have even bothered explaining a thing. She thought highly of this little guy though, so she explained patiently, "Yes. This is the Liu Clan's Floating Island. It's the weakest wealthy clan. It used to be one of the top ten wealthy clans. A huge change happened to the clan sixty divine eras ago, and it has thus fallen to this point. Today, they even face the risk of being squeezed out of the wealthy clans."

Zen nodded slightly. Even the strongest clan in the divine land wouldn't consistently remain in the front or always have the greatest advantage. In the river of time, if they didn't work hard to maintain their position, they would fall off the stage.

The disc beneath their feet didn't rise fast, which gave Zen time to look over it. There were many cities on the Floating Island, and these cities looked no smaller than the Six-Burden Divine City. That said though, the

Liu Clan's Floating Island seemed to be rather old and dilapidated. More so, the entire Floating Island was covered with dust.

Soon, Zen's vision was filled with the second Floating Island.

"The Xie Clan, a wealthy clan that ranks second to last. It has been one of the wealthy clans for a hundred and ten divine eras, but has always been ranked second to last. It hasn't gone up or gone down, ever," explained Mae before Zen could utter a single question.

The Xie Clan's Floating Island was completely different from the Liu Clan's. The entire island was covered in lush trees, and from the outside, Zen couldn't even spot a single building.

The disc continued moving upward.

This time, Zen found himself looking at a dark Floating Island.

The Floating Island seemed to have been burned to ashes. The outside of the island was charred, like a chunk of pure black charcoal floating in the air. There was no trace of life on the island, but dead silence seemed to reign there. As for the large character carved on the outer side of the island, it was incomplete.

A strange look appeared on Zen's face. He looked at the blurry and incomplete letter and tried to distinguish it. "L? Is it the Ling Clan? Or the Lan Clan, perhaps? What happened to this Floating Island? Did someone set it on fire or something?"

Mae smile. "No, neither. It's the Luo Clan. It used to be one of the top ten wealthy clans, but now, it has been destroyed. Every once in a while, the island will drop by one rank. There is no one on this island, and its ranking will keep falling. I believe that before long, it will fall directly into the Time Sea."

What she said was unintentional, but the listener suddenly became more thoughtful.

Zen stiffened upon hearing her words.

"The Luo Clan!"

Master Evil exclaimed in Zen's mind. "So this is supposed to be your father's Floating Island!"

It was Master Evil's first time entering the Time Sea. And it was quite an eye-opener for him. Although he didn't know much about the disputes among the wealthy clans, he did know about Mike's "death." As a Holy Being, Mike had his own Floating Island in the Time Sea, but Master Evil never expected that the Luo Clan's Floating Island would be in such a state!

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2215 Meet Quentin Again

As the son of a Holy Being, Zen could be considered a member of a noble clan.

Zen had heard of the noble clans of the Floating Islands before, but he had never imagined what the real Luo Clan would look like.

It had never occurred to him that the Floating Island owned by the Luo Clan would be in such a state when he first laid eyes on it.

How prosperous had this island used to be?

How many disciples, True Gods and talents had the Luo Clan once had?

Now though it had been turned to ash. What was once full of life and color was gray and listless.

Mae was talented when it came to reading other's facial expressions. Even a minute change would not escape her notice. Taking in Zen's expression, she smiled and said, "I forgot that your surname is Luo. Are you a member of this clan?"

"A member of the Luo Clan?" Zen was slightly stunned at the question. He smiled and shook his head. "Of course not. My surname just also happens to be Luo. It is sad though," he said, turning back to the scenery before him. "Seeing the state of the clan."

Although the storm in his heart was raging, he did his best to keep it from showing on his face. He needed to be calm.

The Luo Clan had lost the support of the Holy Beings, and it did not take long for their island to fall into disrepair. The noble clans were eager to draw a line between them and anyone that had something to do with the Luo Clan. If Zen admitted that he was a member of the clan he would only cause trouble for himself.

"Of course. If you were a member of the Luo Clan, you would have known what had happened to this Floating Island," Mae said indifferently. There were many divine citizens whose family name was Luo throughout the divine land. Mae had no reason to doubt Zen's words.

"What happened on this island? Why would it have ended up like this?" Zen asked.

He was extremely curious as to the answer.

The only thing Zen was aware of was that his father had offended the Hall of Holy Beings, and that he had a terrible grudge against Murphy. Even knowing that, he still didn't know the true reason.

"This is the punishment from the Ruling Slate. Mysterious bolts of lightning had attacked the Floating Island. They were enough to completely destroy the entire island," Mae said.

Zen nodded and asked, "Why would the bolts of lightning attack the Floating Island? What did the Luo Clan do? Who had they offended?" The questions just seemed to pour out of him.

Zen wanted to take this opportunity to get more information. That way, he could also eliminate Mae's suspicion of him. After all, he really knew nothing about what happened to the Luo Clan, which worked in his favor.

Her answer was a disappointment though.

"This was a fight between the Holy Beings, True Gods would not be privy to that information." Mae shook her head. It was believed that Mike had betrayed the Hall of Holy Beings in the past, and no one knew his motivation for doing so. It had been buried and hidden like a dirty secret.

After so many years, the Luo Clan had almost been forgotten by many of the True Gods. This island seemed to be the last thing left that might have been able to trigger some people's memories of that time.

Before long the Floating Island would fall into the Time Sea. When that happened, the last trace of the Luo Clan would vanish.

Seeing as Mae didn't have the answer he needed, Zen didn't ask any further questions.

As they rose higher and higher upon the disc, Zen was able to see more and more of the Floating Islands.

He could see those of the Gongsun Clan, the Yang Clan, and the Xue Clan.

Floating Islands appeared one after another, all of them connected to form a spiral. The spiral disappeared into the horizon as if they were steps leading to a tower in the sky.

The geography and scenery of each island was different. Some were covered in lush, green trees while others were occupied by exquisite and luxurious buildings. There was even a massive, sparkling blue lake on an island.

As Zen continued to rise, there were many similar discs zipping past him and Mae. They seemed to be a form of transportation between the islands. Most of those using the discs were True Gods, but some were proving godly warriors although there were very few.

"Hahaha..."

A hearty, bellowing laugh caught Zen's attention, his ears hurting slightly at the booming voice. Someone seemed to be enjoying themselves as if no one was around.

There was a disc not too far away moving in the same direction as the one Zen was on.

A group of young True Gods stood gathered on the disc, laughing and talking. There were seven warriors in total, and as Zen looked harder he was able to see that they were low-rank True Gods. They must have just condensed their Godly Tiles a few years ago.

"Eh?"

The confused sound reached Zen's ears, and the one that had made the sound looked directly at him. They were only a hundred feet from each other now.

Their eyes met almost immediately.

"Quentin," Zen whispered. Zen was astonished, his heart skipping a beat.

When they had been in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, in order to help Lucille and others get a place to cultivate the Pristine Life Vitality, Zen had fought Quentin. Quentin, like Laquisha, was a disciple on the Floating Island of a noble clan. He had not expected to see him here!

Zen assumed that Quentin wouldn't recognize him. His appearance had changed since he had last seen Quentin, so he hoped that was enough.

The issue was though, that in order to beat Zen during their fight, Quentin had used Wishing Spell.

According to the rules of the Wishing Spell, as long as Quentin didn't kill Zen, his cultivation would never improve.

Another issue was that after casting the Wishing Spell, Quentin would be able to sense it if his target was within range. Quentin continued to stare at Zen from afar in mild confusion.

"Quentin, what are you looking at?" a low-rank True God beside him asked.

Quentin stared a little harder at Zen and answered, "Nothing..."

"Do you know that guy?" another warrior close to him asked.

"No," Quentin mumbled, shaking his head. "I just had a strange feeling."

"Hahaha, maybe you are just oversensitive right now. Your body just finished recovering, and you still need rest. Don't think too much on it," another said.

Mae glanced between Zen and the other disc. "Is he an old friend of yours?" she asked quietly.

"He's not familiar to me at all, no," Zen quickly stated. "It's strange that he keeps staring at me, though."

"That is the young master of the Qin Clan. Rumor has it that he was injured during a battle in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land," Mae said in a low voice. "He stupidly used the Wishing Spell, and the man who defeated him escaped and disappeared. It was some secondary creature in some random universe. Not even the Holy Beings of the Qin Clan can find him."

"Since he is the young master of the Qin Clan that has been to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, he should be proving godly warrior at that time, right? How did he become a True God from a world lord if he was unable to fulfill the wish he made with the spell?" Zen asked, perplexed.

He knew the consequences of not fulfilling the wish one made when casting the Wishing Spell. If the wish was not fulfilled, the caster's cultivation would be restricted permanently.

It was beyond him that Quentin had managed to get around such a restriction.

Back then, both Zen and Quentin had been at the same level of cultivation. Now, not only had Quentin broken the restriction of the Wishing Spell, but he had also become a low-rank True God. Zen was lagging behind.

"No one is supposed to be able to get around the restriction of the Wishing Spell. Quentin should feel lucky that he is an important figure in the Qin Clan. The Holy Emperor of the Qin Clan personally helped him to stop the restriction for the time being. However, it is only temporary. If he wants to remove the restriction, he still has to find that secondary creature and kill him," Mae explained.

The power of the Han Clan and Qin Clan was nearly equal. The two clans competed with each other from time to time. Mae was very familiar with all the happenings in the Qin Clan, and could talk about it with great familiarity.

"He lost to a secondary creature. It seems that it would be difficult to find the person," Zen echoed. A strange feeling began to settle in his chest. He wondered what Mae would think if she knew that the secondary creature that Quentin was searching for was him.

"Of course he can't find him," Mae replied with a smile.

Since the restriction of the Wishing Spell was blocked by the Holy Emperor of the Qin Clan, Quentin's ability to identify Zen was weakened. It was why Quentin had only felt slightly strange when meeting his gaze.

What a strange set of circumstances. If the Holy Emperor hadn't interfered, Quentin would have recognized Zen right away. No matter how much Zen's outer appearance had changed, it wouldn't change the fact the magic of the Wishing Spell would recognize its target.

Although Quentin had become a True God with the aid of the Holy Emperor, he gave up the one thing that would have helped him fulfill his wish. It was unfortunate for Quentin, as this would have been the perfect opportunity for him.

The small disc that carried Quentin and the others suddenly changed direction, and headed towards a massive Floating Island off in the distance. It was owned by the Qin Clan, which happened to be ranked eleventh in the Time Sea.

As they floated away, Quentin couldn't stop himself as he looked over his shoulder to look at Zen again. He couldn't shake the feeling that something important was right in front of him.

The Floating Island of the Han Clan was ranked tenth in the Time Sea, so it was higher than that of the Qin Clan.

They only rose for a short moment when the vast island of the Han Clan finally appeared before him.

Each clan's Floating Island had a style all their own. Some had a style that was a little more wild while others liked to have a more delicate look. The Han Clan liked their island to be delicate. It was inlaid with white jade, making the entire island look incredibly elegant.

Chapter 2216 Enter The Purple Soul Hall

The clouds around the Floating Island of the Han Clan were unmoving and unnaturally quiet. It brought about a mysterious atmosphere, almost too calm to enjoy.

Just then, Zen was on the disk and gracefully rose up into the sky.

As he stood there, he looked down at the Time Sea. From up there, the Floating Islands below resembled a pearl necklace floating majestically above the ocean.

He even caught sight of the center of the divine land.

However, he could not seem to figure out where the Hall of Holy Beings was because of the thick clouds that surrounded him. For all he knew, formidable power could have been contained in those clouds, but it was too difficult to see through them.

As he kept on moving and searching around, the disk he was on finally approached the giant Floating Island of the Han Clan.

Once it landed, Mae jumped off first in pure excitement. Zen followed suit and leaped off. As soon as they were off the disk, it hovered into the air and automatically flew back to its dock at the bottom.

Mae continued to lead Zen forward. "You can enter the Floating Island because you have a Purple Power Body," she explained. "But I'll take you to the Purple Soul Hall first."

The Floating Island of the Han Clan was divided into two separate parts. The members of the Han Clan took up most of the area, while one-sixth of the entire island belonged to Joy. Joy, the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan, built the Purple Soul Hall on the island, so it did not have any connection or relation to the Han Clan at all. It was solely Joy's place, and she was the master.

Because Zen was not yet part of the Han Clan, Joy freely invited him to the Purple Soul Hall.

"I do not seem to have a Purple Power Body..." Zen said with concern in his eyes.

Mae responded, "I know, but as far as I'm concerned, you can cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way. You probably have the Purple Power Body already."

Zen didn't know what to respond. He was not planning on explaining the matter of the Infinity Ruler, because that would be an easy giveaway. If she thought that he had the Purple Power Body, then he decided it would be best to just let her believe so.

All along, Zen thought they were going to the city. However, Mae made a detour and didn't bring him there at all.

Not long after, they finally reached their destination—the Purple Soul Hall.

The Purple Soul Hall was a very large, glorious, and luxurious place. There were beams of purple light slowly flowing in random patterns with unique energies and auras. Zen even suspected that the entire palace was formed through the Grand Purple Aura Technique.

"Mae, you're back?"

As soon as they reached the gate, a woman dressed in blue walked up to them in a hurried pace.

She had the cultivation base of a low-rank True God, yet did not seem so intrigued to meet Mae, a top-rank True God. She just greeted to her casually, as if they were longtime friends. At the same time, she glanced at Zen who was behind Mae, and a mix of shock and happiness plastered across her face. "Everyone, come here and have a look!" she exclaimed. "Mae has found another junior for us! He is a young man!"

Upon hearing what the woman in blue said, about ten women immediately rushed out from random areas and made their way towards them. Some of them were proving godly warriors and others, low-rank True Gods. They all had distinct yet attractive appearances, and seeing that all of them were women, they also probably didn't see men so often. Perhaps this was why they rushed to see Zen.

Seeing their reactions, Mae rolled her eyes, saying, "My master isn't strict enough with them, so they always behave like this. You'll get used to it..."

Although many warriors in the divine land possessed the Purple Power Body to cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way, they were merely a small part of the many divine citizens. Still, it was a coincidence that they were able to gather in the Purple Soul Hall.

Here, Joy and the others didn't have any sense of superiority or inferiority. Therefore, in the Purple Soul Hall, the disciples saw one another as peers, with Joy as the all-knowing master. The atmosphere was always respectful and pleasant, and everyone got along with whoever was there.

Notably, there were very few male disciples residing in the Purple Soul Hall, so every male disciple caused a ruckus among the females.

Soon, a dozen pretty women surrounded Zen, and some even pointed at him without hesitation.

"Is he from a poor family? He wears a simple long robe. Does he always dress so... simply?"

"Hey, I don't feel the aura of the Purple Power Body coming from him. Can he even manage to cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way?"

"Who cares! He is very handsome.

Is he really the person recommended by the Heavenly Han House?"

Hearing all these murmurs, Zen couldn't help but break a sweat. A few drops trickled from his forehead down to his neck as he realized he had never been put in this situation before. Should he have been here in the first place?

"Everyone, our junior fellow disciple has just arrived. He must be tired because of the long journey, so I must arrange a place for him to rest now. Don't make any noise." Mae already knew this was going to happen, and she also knew that there was no way to get out of it.

There were two kinds of disciples in the Purple Soul Hall. The first type were the ones taught by Joy personally, while the second type were the ordinary disciples. Mae was one of the disciples who Joy handpicked, but she didn't dare to berate other female disciples. If she did that, she knew they would throw a fit. If the master knew such things, she would not scold those disciples who disobeyed the rules but instead, would rebuke Mae. As a result, there were no rules in the Purple Soul Hall. All of them treated each other as blood sisters.

"Well, I don't really think I'm your junior fellow disciple," Zen said to Mae.

Mae let out a disheartened smile. "Even though you are not accepted as a disciple, we will take you as our junior fellow disciple.

Male disciples in our Purple Soul Hall are very popular, and very rare." Zen remained speechless once again. Everything was normal on the way to the Purple Soul Hall, but things changed so drastically just because of these women.

"Hi! Nice to meet you, my dear junior!"

"Your physical age seems less than a hundred years old. Is that right? You are so young..."

"Mae, let me be the one to arrange his living space. I can also tell him about the rules of the Purple Soul Hall!"

With the enthusiastic help from the giddy female disciples, Zen was able to settle down quite smoothly.

The Purple Soul Hall occupied one-sixth of the area of the Floating Island, while the number of the female disciples who had the Purple Power Body was only one tenth of that of the Han Clan's disciples. That made the Purple Soul Hall quite large in comparison to the rest of the places, so Zen got his own place just for him.

The fact that Joy owned this entire place showed that she was quite influential. If the land on the Floating Island could be sold, the Floating Islands would probably be the most expensive place in the divine land.

Even the disciples from the Han Clan were only given small living places if they did not have the special identity and high status. Ordinary outer disciples who entered the Floating Island resided in a common room, and the True Gods were no exception to this.

But Joy, however, was very nice to those who followed her and gave them the best benefits as the master. She was the one to personally ask the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan to give her such a large chunk of land. But because there were only a few of them, the place was more than enough for all of them to thrive individually and together. Zen was allocated to a small palace as soon as he came in, and this made the other members envious of him. However, they knew that they didn't have the Purple Power Body, so they couldn't enter the Purple Soul Hall under any circumstances anyway.

At night, the thick fog still hovered over the Floating Island, but it lightened a little bit compared to earlier in the day.

With the dim moonlight, Zen could tell the giant islands above him, looking like giant meteors in the sky. They were the Floating Islands of other several great clans.

"The Luo Clan has its own Floating Island. As a Holy Being, my master must have one island too. Why didn't I see his island on the way?" Zen asked Master Evil.

Although this was the first time Master Evil had ever entered the Floating Island, he was possibly already knowledgeable about these things because he had lived in the divine land for a long time.

"Ha-ha! Holy Bromley is very formidable, even though his clan is not regarded as very powerful. Although he has only accepted two disciples, they prove to be top warriors with extraordinary strengths. With these two remarkable disciples alone, the Floating Island of the Gu Clan always managed to be ranked as one of the top five islands. That was the situation before I was taken away by Bromley. I have no clue of what is its ranking now. But, I know that it must be above the Han Clan's island," Master Evil explained. He didn't know much, but this was already common knowledge.

"So this means that the Gu Clan's Floating Island is located at a higher place..." Zen responded as he absorbed everything Master Evil said.

When he heard Master Evil mention the two disciples of his master, Zen suddenly recalled the time he met Gus along his journey on the True Path. At that time, Gus had given Zen some advice and recommended the Eight Smoky Melodies, Thunderbolt Annihilation and Enemy Repelling Arts for Zen to cultivate.

"I don't know the actual names of my master's two disciples," Zen uttered.

Hearing this, Master Evil let out a soft chuckle. "As the junior fellow disciple of Augustus Yu and Hallet Jing, you don't even know their names? You truly are quite a joke, Zen."

Chapter 2217 Rules Of Ruling Slate

"Hallet? Augustus?"

It was the first time that Zen had heard of those names.

"Yes. Although Bromley is a Holy Being, his descendants didn't flourish and the number of Gu Clan's members is small. However, the two disciples he has taken are quite outstanding. His first disciple, Hallet in particular, is most likely to become a Holy Being," Master Evil explained.

Hallet was the first disciple, and Bromley's another disciple called Gus who Zen had seen before was his second disciple.

"With these two men taking care of you on the Time Sea, you should have been able to do whatever you want," Master Evil joked. "Unfortunately…"

When it came to one's background, Zen had a higher starting level than many core disciples from numerous wealthy clans.

Unfortunately, Zen's opponent was too strong.

In any case, his first concern was Murphy and even the whole Hall of Holy Beings as well.

Even if Hallet and Augustus were very powerful, they might not be able to protect Zen if he just showed up randomly.

"Clearly, now isn't the right time for me to find them," Zen said with a shake of his head.

The relationship among Mike, Bromley, and Jay might be known in the Hall of Holy Beings. Mike had been expelled, Bromley wasn't in the divine land, and Zen did not know about Holy Jay's whereabouts. Therefore, Bromley's disciples were likely to be under Murphy's watch. Thus, Zen wasn't so stupid as to show up suddenly.

"Well, it is not suitable to meet them on the Floating Island, but because of this relationship you have with them..." "Of course, there will be opportunities in other places," Master Evil said with a mysterious smile.

Upon hearing those words, Zen's eyes went wide. "Other places?" he asked.

Master Evil continued, "You don't know much about the divine land. Well, do you remember asking me about the use of the divine might coins?"

Zen's eyes lit up at the memory, "Right, you said you will tell me the use of the divine might coins when we get to the Floating Island. Well, now is the time."

Ever since he became familiar with the customs of the divine land, he had great doubts about the divine might coins.

The black discs didn't look too valuable, but their exchange value was quite high. Even if a proving godly warrior had worked hard for so many years, it was still difficult for them to obtain a divine might coin. Therefore, such a currency was deemed as unimaginable in the universe.

It could be inferred that the divine might coin wasn't a currency released by a clan. Thus, it was safe to say that the divine might coins were very important and could play a great role on all the third-tier, second-tier and even the first-tier clans.

"Ha-ha! Do you know what is the most powerful in the divine land?" Master Evil laughed. Until this point, he still intended to keep Zen on his toes.

"Holy Beings?" Zen asked tentatively. Master Evil shook his head.

The younger warrior thought for a moment, then he lit up in realization.

"If it's not the Holy Beings, then it should be the slate," he said with finality.

The slate he had mentioned was the Ten Thousand Commandments Slate, also known as the Ruling Slate.

Not even the Holy Beings could resist the slate, which was worthy enough to be known for its strength alone.

"Bingo." Master Evil nodded then continued, "There are all sorts of rules on the Ruling Slate which have been accumulated through countless divine eras. It is also the product of constant compromise and negotiation between these Holy Beings from the great clans. Do you know how these rules were written on the slate?"

"Written by hand every now and then?" Zen asked. That was the way the rules on the Ten Commandments Slates and Hundred Commandments Slates in the divine cities and central divine cities had been written.

Thus, Zen thought that the Ruling Slate was the same.

However, Master Evil didn't know whether to cry or to laugh at Zen's curious answer. "Do you think the Ruling Slate is an ordinary slate? The stales you have seen are nothing compared to the Ruling Slate. If the rules could be randomly written on the slate, the divine land will be in chaos," he said in return.

While the Thousand Commandments Slate in the Six-Burden Divine City was very powerful, it could only resist ordinary top-rank True Gods at most. The rules of the Thousand Commandments Slate were useless when it came to stronger ones, like the disciples of the Holy Beings or more powerful top-rank True Gods.

On the other hand, the Ruling Slate was different.

Even though the Holy Beings had reached the topmost level in the world, they were still trapped by the Ruling Slate.

Some of them had once tried to resist the Ruling Slate, and they were harshly punished. History had recorded other Holy Beings who had disobeyed the rules of the Ruling Slate, and they had no choice but to escape from the divine land, wander through chaos, and were destined to never return.

Therefore, the rules of the Ruling Slate were definitely absolute--except for some minor loopholes.

For instance, Zen as a stowaway did not accept the guidance of the Jiang Clan.

In fact, he also broke a rule of the Ruling Slate; but because he possessed golden blood, Mike was able to find a loophole in the Ruling Slate, and Zen managed to avoid the punishment.

After all, no matter how powerful the Ruling Slate was, it was just a slate. It would only follow the rules, and the rules that had been set would always have some flaws and loopholes.

"Is there any connection between the Ruling Slate and the divine might coins?" Zen asked again. He found it hard to connect the two together, so he was still confused.

"It's very simple. Both changing the rules on the Ruling Slate and writing new rules on it require divine might coins," Master Evil supplied.

"Writing with divine might coins?" Zen asked as he blinked. Master Evil glared and said, "First, you have to grind divine might coins to take their essence, and then make magical divine might ink..."

"Really now…" Zen was stunned.

Generally speaking, to control the Ruling Slate was the same as controlling the divine land.

It was known that the divine might ink was the only material that could leave words on the Ruling Slate.

"Use the divine might coins to make divine might ink, then you can write the rules that control the whole divine land," Zen said as his eyes flickered in understanding. "In that case, every wealthy clan will naturally collect divine might coins and establish rules that will benefit their own clan."

The battle between Murphy and Mike also involved the changing of rules of the Ruling Slate.

Before Mike's fall, the rules of the Ruling Slate stated that only one True God could participate in the war between two universes.

In order to ensure the defeat of Evolutionary Universe, Murphy modified the rules on the Ruling Slate.

It was much cheaper to modify a rule than to add one. If one wanted to do so, they only needed to change the word "one" to "three". With the modification of this rule, Murphy thought that it wasn't a difficult thing to occupy the Evolutionary Universe.

However, Zen had led Blayd and Estelle out from the fairy palace. It was unknown whether it was Bromley's counter-attack method or not, but it also destroyed Murphy's plan.

"That makes no sense..." muttered Zen. He thought about it for a while, then said, "If I have enough divine might coins, I'll write a rule on the Ruling Slate which states that no one in the divine land can attack me. Then, everyone including the Holy Beings won't be able to do anything to me, right?"

Master Evil's eyes widened again incredulously. "Why don't you directly write 'kill everyone in the Hall of Holy Beings'? Then this world will be yours, right?" he asked.

"Well, why not," said Zen seriously.

"Do you think those Holy Beings are all fools? You are not the only one who had the idea. With so many divine eras that have passed, do you know why no one ever wrote such a rule?" Master Evil asked in return. Of course, Zen would never think that those Holy Beings were fools.

Surely, there must be a reason.

"It needs an astronomical number of divine might coins to write a rule on the Ruling Slate. Even the wealthy clans could hardly accumulate enough divine might coins to write a rule once, and the rules on it are already divided into many levels. The rule you said is too unimaginable, and the cost of divine might coins is also unimaginable. So, such a rule cannot be written down even with all the divine might coins of the wealthy clans. Am I clear?" said Master Evil. Master Evil shook his head. "The numbers of divine might coins that different rules need are also different," he said.

Zen nodded at the explanation. Had any Holy Being written an invincible rule, they would be undefeated in the divine land, and the current divine land would not be what Zen saw now.

What Master Evil had said suddenly enlightened Zen. No wonder every clan placed so much importance on the divine might coins. Those coins did have an irreplaceable role in the divine land. At the same time however, he had a new doubt about them.

"These divine might coins don't look like ores. Where did they come from?" he asked. When he was in the Central Region, those cubic crystals came from the mines.

Meanwhile, the life vitality crystals and life vitality jades were condensed from the vitality between heaven and earth. Was it possible that divine might coins were also dug out from mines?

"That's why everyone wants to go to the Floating Islands," Master Evil said with a smile.

Chapter 2218 Madam Moon

The large clans on the Floating Islands got 80% of the resources in the divine land.

The countless second-tier and third-tier clans took up 15%.

And the vast majority in the divine land, the divine citizens, shared the remaining 5%.

If the divine citizens wanted to achieve something great, they needed to enter various divine cities and climb up the pyramid through the proving godly houses. And those with remarkable talents had a chance to enter the Floating Islands and obtain valuable resources.

"The most important resources are in the forbidden lands," Master Evil emphasized. "Divine might coins and all sorts of rare treasures are in them. However, almost all the entrances to the forbidden lands are controlled by the large clans on the Floating Islands. Ordinary citizens, even True Gods, have no chance of getting in."

"I was lucky to enter the Soul Wilderness once," Master Evil reminisced with a shake of his head. "And because of this rare opportunity, I obtained rewards that were almost equal to my efforts in several divine eras!"

Master Evil had just become a mid-rank True God then. He didn't have much strength or influence and he was barely known in the Vast Sky Region but one day, he joined a group of powerful warriors from large clans and followed them into the Soul Wilderness. He had suffered a lot in that place, but found it all worth it in the end as he obtained spoils that helped him reach the top level of a mid-rank True God.

Since then, Master Evil managed to make a name for himself in the northern part of the Vast Sky Region.

In fact, with his power and influence, he could have established a third-tier clan. However, given his reclusive and single-minded tendencies, he never did such a thing and instead, set his mind into becoming a top-rank True God.

The True Gods living on the Floating Islands practically had endless resources, and still, it was difficult for them to become a top-rank True God. And for the True Gods born as divine citizens like Master Evil, every step they took towards the top of pyramid was as difficult as crossing a natural chasm!

Master Evil had his chance with the Stone Mouse but when things did not go according to plan, he had landed in such a pathetic situation.

"The forbidden lands are more important than I have expected," mumbled Zen, lost in thought.

Master Evil chuckled. "Although I hadn't been to a Floating Island in the past, I believe it won't be long before you get the chance to go to a forbidden land." Feeling envious of Zen, Master Evil let out a deep sigh. He was here as well, but was left with only his remnant soul.

One night passed.

Early the next morning, a woman dressed in plain clothes came to escort Zen to the Dream Pavilion of the Purple Soul Hall.

On their way to the Dream Pavilion, Zen encountered many other women who all stopped and gave him curious looks.

He thought it was Joy who sent for him but he was way wrong.

A group of proving godly warriors was waiting in the Dream Pavilion. All of them were women.

From the looks of it, this group of proving godly warriors had only joined the Purple Soul Hall not long ago. They restrained themselves from looking Zen up and down but all of them had a surprised look in their eyes. In their heads, they wondered why a man would suddenly come in.

The woman who brought Zen into the Dream Pavilion addressed the crowd in a serious voice. "Madam Moon will come and talk to you later.

You know her temper, so please be quiet!"

The chattering died at the mention of Madam Moon's name. Zen raised an eyebrow. It looked like Madam Moon had quite the reputation.

Not long after the woman in plain clothes left, a fat old lady slowly stepped in from the back door of the Dream Pavilion. She looked odd with the body of an old wrinkly woman and a face as tender as a baby's.

'This must be Madam Moon, ' Zen thought.

The room's atmosphere turned intense in seconds and the women warriors had all halted and tensed. Fear was evident in their faces.

Zen's eyebrows furrowed together. What had Madam Moon done that made these women so afraid of her? Both Mae and Madam Moon were top-rank True Gods, but Mae obviously had a much better hold of her temper. Zen vaguely remembered her saying that every one of the Purple Soul Hall was equal except for Joy.

Madam Moon stopped in front of the crowd, her eyes sweeping over them once before landing on Zen. She narrowed her beady little eyes. "I heard you were chosen by Master Joy. Why can't I feel any Purple Power Body aura from you?"

This was only the second day since Zen was brought into the Purple Soul Hall by Mae. He guessed that Madam Moon probably had something to tell him but settled for asking him questions first.

"You are right, Madam. I don't have the Purple Power Body," said Zen.

Madam Moon frowned. "You don't have the Purple Power Body? So then why did Master allow you to join the Purple Soul Hall?"

"Because I can also cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way," Zen explained in a calm voice.

"Show me!" Madam Moon ordered impatiently.

Zen frowned, irritation slowly rising. This old woman had one terrible temper and what looked like zero patience. However, Zen was new to this place and was still unfamiliar with it so he just took a deep breath and held on to his patience.

Stretching his hand out, Zen flipped his palm and formed a purple aura. The purple internal momentum circled around once before dissipating.

Surprised, Madam Moon nodded her head. "Well, I don't know how you did it. But since you've been allowed to join the Purple Soul Hall, you're one of us now." She then produced a jade token from her sleeve and tossed it to Zen.

"Take it!"

Zen extended his arms and caught the token in his cupped hands. The character of the clan name "Han" was carved on the top of the token and the name "Thad Luo" was carved on the bottom. The token emitted a faint and complex aura, and Zen guessed that it was made by some kind of secret technique.

"This is the token of the Han Clan. You can do nothing without it on the Floating Island, so don't lose it."

"Thank you, Madam," Zen replied meekly.

"You've just entered the Floating Island so I have to explain some rules to you..." Madam Moon then relayed some basic rules of the Floating Island in detail.

She spoke in a wordy way, repeating each sentence several times. Zen grew impatient every passing minute but willed himself to listen and school his facial expressions.

When Madam Moon finally finished, she turned to the group of women warriors in the corner. It was then that Zen realized how "kind" Madam Moon was acting with him.

"Those who rank in the bottom three hundred this month, stand out now!" Madam Moon ordered in a thundering voice.

Three of the women warriors felt chills up their spine and began to tremble when they heard her words.

"I said now!" Madam Moon roared.

The three women dragged themselves out of the crowd with shaking legs as the rest looked at them with pity.

Madam Moon then waved her hand and a purple aura condensed in front of her. Zen couldn't stop his eyebrows from rising at the sight of her purple power. Madam Moon truly was a legend in the Purple Aura Godly Way, and her internal momentum was no doubt pure and powerful.

As the purple power gradually condensed, it slowly morphed into a thorny purple vine.

"Please have mercy on us, Madam Moon!"

"We will strive to perform better next month!"

"Please!"

The three girls sobbed as they begged for mercy.

Madam Moon didn't budge at all. She waved her hands and the purple vine shot out, filling the room with sharp crisp sounds reminiscent of a hail storm.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

In the blink of an eye, Madam Moon had cracked the vine whip hundreds of times!

The girls' clothes were ripped to shreds and their bodies were covered in thick red blood. Save for their faces, every inch of their flesh was mangled and torn to pieces.

Chapter 2219 Jade Wall Of Legends

Zen couldn't help but raise his eyebrows at the sight of three beautiful women being beaten so miserably in front of him.

The atmosphere in the Purple Soul Hall was, according to Mae, supposed to be relaxed but it seemed there was a cruel side to it as well.

Madam Moon mentioned something about ranking in the bottom three hundred. It seemed to be a mission from the Purple Soul Hall that these three women failed to complete, hence, their punishment.

After the accorded lashes, Madam Moon then patted her hands gently.

It was then that a woman from the Dream Pavilion came in with a porcelain plate containing three, blood-red pills.

Madam Moon snorted at the three women. "Take these Blood Flesh Restoring Pills!"

These pills were certainly not common. Even if they were quite far away, Zen could still smell the medicine's strong fragrance. There was no doubt that these pills were refined by a very powerful pill refiner.

However, despite being presented medication, the three women turned even paler at the sight of the pills.

"What's going on?" Zen asked in his mind.

"She is really cunning. The Blood Flesh Restoring Pill is terrific for restoring flesh, curing wounds, and improving the overall physical strength of the body. However, it is extremely painful to swallow," Master Evil explained with a laugh. It was a cruel method he had also used to punish disobedient subordinates. He often gave them such kind of medicine as a "reward."

The three women looked miserable but their wounds were only physical. World lords like them would not take long to regenerate and recover from such injury. There was no need for a Blood Flesh Restoring Pill.

It seemed that these pills were part of Madam Moon's punishment.

None of the women were willing to take the medicine but, because of the pressure from Madam Moon, they had no choice but to swallow the pills.

Immediately after swallowing, the three began to tremble violently. A large spray of blood burst from the wound and their faces all contorted in extreme pain!

Blood on their skin began to condense and gradually formed scabs. A blood cocoon soon wrapped around them and not once did their screams cease. By the time they emerged from their cocoons, their wounds would all be healed.

These female disciples were young and hadn't trained that hard before coming to the Floating Island. Such cruel punishment most likely made a deep impression on them.

Zen watched all of this in an indifferent manner.

He did not approve of Madam Moon's temper but he understood the cruelty of this world after all his trials. The competition on the Floating Island would no doubt be fierce and if he wanted to get the recognition from the Han Clan to get better resources and become stronger then he would need to give it his all.

Madam Moon once again turned to Zen. "Thad, do you know why they were punished?"

Zen shook his head. "I don't know."

"According to the rules of the Floating Island, everyone who enters, whether the stronger ones at the consummation of True God Realm or the weaker ones such as the proving godly warriors, must have at least three matches with other warriors at the Jade Wall of Legends every month. Anyone who ranks in the bottom 300 must receive the accorded punishment."

"Matches in the Jade Wall of Legends? What's that?" he asked, not having heard of such thing before.

"You'll know it soon enough. Everyone, come with me!" After she finished speaking, Madam Moon walked straight past the gate of the Dream Pavilion with all the other female disciples in tow. Everyone cast a glance of evident fear at the three blood cocoons as they passed.

Zen pursed his lips and followed too.

Madam Mood soon led them through the huge Purple Soul Hall.

Perhaps Madam Moon was the only one here who had such a bad temper. Along the way, everyone who saw her, whether they were proving godly warriors, low-rank True Gods, or even mid-rank True Gods, all stepped aside to give way to Madam Moon.

"Master Evil, have you ever heard of Jade Wall of Legends?" Zen asked.

"I have but I'm not very familiar with it. I think it determines the rankings of the Floating Islands but I can't be too sure. I'm not really that knowledgeable about the details," Master Evil replied.

"Something that determines the rankings of the Floating Islands?" Zen's gaze narrowed slightly. "That can't be right. If the Jade Wall of Legends determines the rankings then how can they allow us to participate?

Aren't the rankings very important to the Floating Islands? It must be a game between Holy Beings. How can proving godly warriors ever be qualified to participate in it?"

"I don't know. Let's wait and see," Master Evil said.

Before long...

Madam Moon led them into the Nameless Hall.

Upon entering, Zen immediately caught sight of a tall jade wall in the middle of the hall.

This jade wall was dark green and stood about two-thousand feet high and one-thousand feet wide.

There was no need for Madam Moon to explain this time. Zen could immediately tell that this was the so-called Jade Wall of Legends, but what exactly was its use? And how could it decide the rankings of the islands?

Madam Moon walked up towards the wall and held up her dry right hand towards it. A mysterious palm print was then formed upon its surface.

"Buzz..."

There was a light buzzing noise that came from the wall.

A ray of light then slowly rose from the bottom, rising and spreading out until it covered its entirety.

"This is..."

Green light reflected off of Zen's eyes and he watched as names began to be outlined by the light.

Names were etched onto the wall in tiny font and were spaced closely. It could be said that millions of names were on the wall and the higher the name, the bigger and more conspicuous.

At the top, the names were very different. Instead of the minuscule font, they were as tall as a person. Moreover, it seemed that they were carved onto the jade by the persons themselves.

"Shahn Fang! Walton Tang! Rachelle Mu! My God! They are all first-class warriors in the divine land!" Master Evil exclaimed in Zen's head.

In addition to those names mentioned, Zen also recognized a few other familiar names at the top: Harold Yu, Augustus Yu, and Hallet Jing for instance.

Those at the top were at the consummation of True God Realm, second only to Holy Beings and most likely to turn into one later on.

"Is it possible that the Jade Wall of Legends is only a list of people's strength?" Zen asked Master Evil in his mind.

Master Evil shook his head. "It's not that simple. Look at the dense names at the bottom. Some of them seem to be constantly moving."

Zen looked and, as Master Evil had said, some names did move downwards while a few moved up.

"Could it be that the Jade Wall of Legends has the magical ability to rank everyone automatically on the Floating Islands? That's amazing!" Zen remarked with the slightest hint of disbelief. One could perhaps measure a creature's cultivation base but their strength was something that could only be proven through actual combat. A high cultivation base did not necessarily equate to more power as Zen had proven time and again.

"It's impossible. Not even the Ruling Slate can do that, let alone the Jade Wall of Legends," Master Evil agreed.

As the two discussed the use of the Jade Wall of Legends, Madam Moon turned around and stared right at the young man. Zen immediately stiffened under her gaze. "Master said that the genius especially recommended by the Heavenly Han House does not need to be examined by the Purple Soul Hall. She seems to be very confident in you. I doubt that though. I don't know by what means you've used the Purple Aura Godly Way. You still need to prove your strength. If you can't even defeat the weakest opponent, I will tell my master and kick you out of the Floating Island!"

The aggressive aura she emanated quickly made Zen feel helpless. She was definitely an old woman who thought too highly of herself. Zen looked around and asked, "Where am I going to find my opponent?"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2220 The Arena Of Legends

Madam Moon hadn't got the slightest idea about Zen's origins.

And although she wasn't considered popular in the Purple Soul Hall, she was actually an important figure.

While the Purple Soul Hall didn't determine one's importance according to seniority, and all female disciples were like sisters, basic rules still had to be observed.

That was why Joy granted Madam Moon such great power, which granted her a status similar to that of the elders in some sects who enforced the laws. In addition, she came to grow subconsciously suspicious of some people, which came with her many experiences.

Indeed, Joy had personally allowed Zen to enter the Floating Island of the Han Clan and that Mae had paid a visit to the Han Clan's ancestral land--but Madam Moon thought that she had to help her master check up on Zen.

"Your opponent?" Madam Moon sneered. "There are too many! But here in the Jade Wall of Legends, you can choose them at will."

"But how do I find my opponent?" asked Zen. His eyes drifted to the huge Jade Wall of Legends once again. He truly was confused, but he did have a rough plan of how to do it in his mind.

"Just put the jade token I gave to you in front of the Jade Wall of Legends," Madam Moon said and pointed towards the distance.

After that, Zen followed the direction where Madam Moon had pointed and walked towards the Jade Wall of Legends. Only then did he find that the area below the Jade Wall was not a level ground, but had many small grooves. He pulled out the jade token that Madam Moon had given him and placed it in one of the grooves. At the same time, he activated the jade token.

"Buzz..."

The moment the jade token was activated, a ripple disturbed the smooth surface of the Jade Wall in front of him, and the name "Thad Luo" appeared on it.

Zen had assumed the name of "Thad Luo" to enter the Floating Island. After the Purple Soul Hall had used that name to register him, it was that same name that appeared on the Jade Wall as well. In addition to his name, it also recorded the number of the round he had taken part in and his point. In his case, both the numbers were currently zero.

Just then, a beam of light came out from the Jade Wall of Legends and enveloped him within it.

"This beam of light..." he muttered.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up as if he seemed to have realized something.

It wasn't the first time he had seen such kind of light. Back when the Evolutionary Universe had held a competition for the world of chaos, they had claimed that its purpose was to select talents in the world of chaos when in reality, they had used the trillions of warriors who had participated to temper the Godly Geniuses through fights.

During that time, he had relied on that same kind of light to engulf him so that he could enter the Illusion Battlefield.

It was highly possible that his father had created the Illusion Battlefield based on the Jade Wall of Legends in the Floating Islands. After all, his father dominated the Evolutionary Universe, and the Illusion Battlefield he had built was even greater and more complicated.

"Buzz..."

At that moment, Zen felt his head was filled with a buzzing, humming noise.

The real world that surrounded him began to collapse rapidly, then he quickly sank into an illusionary world. He also realized that he could no longer feel the existence of Master Evil!

"So it really is like what I have guessed!" As Zen stood between the heaven and earth in the illusionary world, he finally understood the use of the Jade Wall of Legends.

He then thought that there must be more than one Jade Wall of Legends like the one he had just seen, and that there should be a large number of them in the Floating Islands above the Time Sea. It was through the Jade Walls of Legends that they could project all of the True Gods into the illusionary world, and engage them in fights.

Master Evil had just said that the Jade Wall of Legends could determine the rankings of the Floating Islands, and now Zen understood what he meant.

When he had placed his jade token in front of the Jade Wall of Legends, he saw that he had zero points. That was because it was the first time that he had entered the Jade Wall.

As a member of the Han Clan, he was supposed to represent the clan in battles. Every time he would win a battle, he would get a small amount of points. Meanwhile, the proven godly warriors, True Gods, and even the consummate True Gods on the Han Clan Floating Island, all had to choose their battles to fight to accumulate points.

A Floating Island's rank was determined by the total number of points of all the warriors of that Floating Island.

However, Holy Beings did not participate in the whole process of determining rankings; instead, they sent their disciples to fight for them.

'Warriors who are truly powerful, like Harold and Augustus, must have countless points already. While the proven godly warriors might not get any points, or they could only get a few, the noble clans will still consider them as greatly important. Therefore, the three women from the Dream Pavilion would be severely punished if their rankings dropped in the bottom 300. I wonder who is my first opponent in the Jade Wall of Legends?' Zen thought as he stood there in silence.

His musings were interrupted when a light slowly flashed in front of him. A speck of dust drifted up, and more dust followed. The dust continued to condense and soon turned into a human figure, then a man in brown embroidered clothes appeared in front of Zen.

The man sized him up with mocking eyes and said, "Is it also your first time to enter the Arena of Legends? According to the rules of the Arena of Legends, the opponent for me should also be a newcomer to this arena."

Zen nodded slightly. Apparently, the place that they had entered through the Jade Wall of Legends was called the Arena of Legends. It was the place where warriors fought.

In Zen's defense, it wasn't his fault since the old lady didn't make it clear to him, nor did she even tell him the rules. She just let him come in and fight. Perhaps this Madam Moon thought that he was a swindler, so she threw him directly into the Arena of Legends. If he lost, she would probably drive him out of the Floating Island...

When the man saw Zen nod, his lips curved up into a wry smile. "Then you really are unlucky," he said and sighed, as if he was mourning for his opponent.

"Why did you say that?" Zen asked in surprise. The man simply laughed.

"Because I'll definitely defeat you in your first fight! Remember my name. My name is Herman Tang! You should be greatly honored to fight me!" Herman Tang said proudly.

Not only was Herman Tang a warrior from the top ten Floating Islands, he was also the son of a Demi-holy Being from the Tang Clan.

It was known that he had finally embarked on his own path after practicing hard for seventeen years!

Herman Tang was famous on the Floating Islands. At the very least, many True Gods knew that there was such a genius in the Tang Clan.

It was also Herman Tang's first time to step into the Arena of Legends. He planned to have a winning streak in the fights between proven godly warriors because his strength had far surpassed those of the martial artists of the same level. In other words, most of the proven godly warriors didn't even deserve to fight with him!

However, Zen simply looked at his arrogant face and flatly said, "Oh, can we start now?"

"Of course," Herman Tang said with a boisterous laugh. Then, two very different fingerprints condensed in both of his hands.

On the contrary, Herman Tang never thought that he was the one who was unlucky to encounter Zen when he stepped into the Arena of Legends for the first time.

Compared with the complicated skills that Herman Tang was about to use, Zen's method was simple and efficient.

He swept his body along the ground and approached Herman Tang at an extremely fast speed. His eyes glowed with a golden light and a strange smile tugged at the corners of his lips.

"Soul attack? So stupid..."

Herman Tang felt the soul pressure that burst out from Zen's eyes. For a moment, he felt disdainful.

However, that feeling only lasted for a second. When Zen turned his stream of soul pressure into a sharp arrow and immediately rushed into his mind, he realized that the soul pressure was much more powerful than he had imagined.

It turned out that he was the stupid one, and not his opponent!

Moreover, he was the unlucky one, and not his opponent as well!

Many others thought that Herman Tang was the new, shining star of the Tang Clan. He himself had also claimed to be an invincible proven godly warrior, but he had never thought that he would fight a freak with such a strong soul in his first battle no less!

As the son of a Demi-holy Being, Daniel Tang was quick to react. He had a much better reaction time than the proven godly warriors from the masses. In fact, the proven godly warriors on the Floating Islands were more than one level stronger than those from the other places in the divine land--but it was clearly because all the talents of the whole divine land were gathered in the Floating Islands above the Time Sea.

When Herman sensed that Zen's soul pressure was too strong, he had thought of a counterattack. He knew that his opponent would immediately launch a deadly attack after he had hurt his soul.

Zen had used the same skill to defeat Eric back when he was in the Brilliant Moon Restaurant.

Then again, Herman Tang was much stronger than Eric. With gritted teeth, he almost used up all his strength to retreat in an attempt to avoid Zen's deadly attack.

Unfortunately, even though he had predicted it beforehand, he still failed to dodge it.

"Bang!"

Zen's fist hit Herman Tang square on his body. He aimed his punch directly at his opponent with no frills, but his punch was far from what Herman Tang could bear.

'His speed, strength and soul are far beyond my imagination. Is he really a proven godly warrior?'

A confused look was written across his face, before his body disintegrated.

Chapter 2221 Efficiency And Speed

On the Floating Island of the Tang Clan, a young man in his early twenties walked out of the Jade Wall of Legends.

It was none other than Herman, the warrior who had just lost to Zen.

Outside the Jade Wall of Legends stood a dozen people from the Tang Clan, and among them was a middle-aged man with grey hair.

He had a square face, big eyes, long eyebrows, a long pointed beard, and faint flames on his forehead, which, when all combined together, gave off an intimidating aura.

This middle-aged man was Herman's father, Conrad Tang. He was a Demi-holy Being.

Herman returned to the Floating Island of his clan after his cultivation in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. This was the first time that he had stepped into the Arena of Legends.

Conrad had trained his son with great effort, so he was eager to see his son's performance. That was why he had brought his son to the Jade Wall of Legends.

Conrad had absolute confidence in his son's strength.

The proving godly warriors on the Floating Islands were not weak. But since Herman was a new arrival in the Arena of Legends, he was consecutively paired with other new arrivals. Hence, the opponents he met weren't very strong and he was able to win repeatedly. Conrad estimated that Herman could get at least ten consecutive wins in four hours, and that he would meet his real opponents only after twenty consecutive wins.

However, when Herman withdrew from the Jade Wall of Legends, green words slowly floated up from the bottom of the wall, indicating that he had lost.

"Herman was defeated?"

"Did he let his opponent go on purpose?"

"Did he meet a talent from another big clan?"

The True Gods present looked at one another, unable to make sense of what was happening.

Of course, no one was as surprised as Conrad was. "Nobody at the same level as Herman can defeat him and his powerful body. So how could Herman lose in the very first round?"

Buzz!

The light on the Jade Wall of Legends that enveloped Herman disappeared. With a gloomy expression, Herman stood up from the ground. His mind was blank.

"Herman, what kind of opponent did you encounter? Why were you defeated in the first round?" Conrad asked worriedly.

Although Conrad was a Demi-holy Being, he didn't have many sons. Herman was the most talented son he had in recent decades. Therefore, he cared about him very much.

The True Gods around them all curiously turned their attention to Herman, wanting to know what had happened. This was a result that none of them could have predicted.

Herman pouted and said helplessly, "Father, it was my bad luck. I ran into a monster in my very first round."

"A monster?" Conrad and the others were stunned to hear this. "Do you mean he was very powerful? How did he manage to withstand your great strength?" Conrad asked in disbelief. If his son described someone as a monster, he or she must be truly powerful.

With a resentful look on his face, Herman explained, "He was so quick that he made a move before I could even activate my body. Also, his soul is incredibly strong. In fact, it seems to be even stronger than those of ordinary low-rank True Gods."

At this, the entire place broke out into murmurs of disbelief. "What?"

"How can the strength of a proving godly warrior's soul be comparable to that of a True God's?"

"Which clan is he from? Is he really that talented?"

The truth was, most of the people present were cynical about what Herman had just said, but since he was Conrad's son, they didn't dare to contradict him or express their doubts.

There were not many excellent proving godly warriors on the Floating Islands. Almost every clan had a few talented warriors, but they could cultivate the Gold Fighting Soul at most. No one, not even Conrad, had ever seen a young man from any clan who could cultivate the True God Soul.

"A strong soul alone is not enough to defeat you," Conrad finally said, shaking his head.

"It's not just that he has a strong soul. His strength and speed are far beyond those of proving godly warriors. He defeated me with just one move. He didn't use any martial art or Godly Way. I suspect that he must have cheated! I dare say he's a True God!" Herman answered back.

The True Gods present remained silent. They knew that this was simply impossible and almost felt embarrassed on Herman's behalf that he was trying to justify his defeat with such a far-fetched explanation.

On the other hand, Conrad, looking at the anxious expression on Herman's face, said reassuringly with a faint smile, "I guess you met a talent from a big clan, due to your bad luck. But don't be discouraged. Since ancient times, no one has been able to win every match in the Arena of Legends. Draw lessons from this defeat and be prepared for the next fight."

"I see," Herman said with a nod, feeling a little better after hearing that he was not alone in his defeat.

Anyway, taking the first blow in the Arena of Legends was not necessarily a bad thing for him; it let him know his own strength.

"What is the name of the opponent you faced? Which clan does he belong to?" Conrad asked.

"His name is Thad Luo. He is from the Han Clan." The Jade Wall of Legends didn't display any information about Herman's opponent to the audience. However, before entering the arena, Herman could see his opponent's name and clan.

"His surname is Luo? You say he is from the Han Clan, but he has a different surname," Conrad murmured. "It's the first time that he has stepped into the Arena of Legends. It seems that he didn't grow up on the Floating Island."

Although Herman hadn't given him much information, Conrad had made a fairly accurate judgment.

But he didn't dwell much on Thad. New talents appeared in the Time Sea every day, but most of them were merely passers-by on the stage of history. A mere proving godly warrior was not enough to hold Conrad's attention.

On the Floating Island where the Han Clan lived, Zen also left the Jade Wall of Legends.

After the light enveloping him dissipated, he leapt up with a relaxed expression on his face. The wall behind him already showed his victory, and there was a "one" marked after his name.

When Madam Moon saw this, a look of surprise appeared on her face, which now looked mismatched with her bloated body. She was not surprised that Zen had defeated his opponent, but rather that it had taken him such a short time to do it.

"Fortunately, I didn't fail you. I won the first round," Zen said with a smile, cupping his hands.

Madam Moon shook her head. "You were just lucky. You faced an opponent that also stepped into the Arena of Legends for the first time. He was too weak to be your opponent, so it doesn't count."

Zen shrugged his shoulders in agreement. "He was indeed too weak."

If Conrad and Herman had heard this conversation, they would have been furious.

In fact, Madam Moon herself would have eaten her words and been a lot more appreciative of Zen's abilities if she had known that his opponent was actually the son of a Demi-holy Being. But Zen genuinely felt that Herman's strength was very ordinary.

"Go and fight again. You must win five consecutive rounds to prove your strength," Madam Moon said coldly.

Hearing what she had said, the female disciples present exchanged glances with one another. They were all worried about Zen.

The opponents that one would encounter in the Arena of Legends could be either strong or weak. Even though Zen had been lucky enough to encounter a weak opponent in his first round, he might not be so lucky in the next round. Perhaps he would have to face a talent from a big clan. In that case, he would definitely lose. Madam Moon was actually trying to embarrass Zen by asking him to win five consecutive rounds.

The female disciples felt indignant on Zen's behalf, but no one dared to speak up for him.

However, Zen did not hesitate even a little. The battle he had just won was not even a warm-up for him. After he turned around, he activated the jade token again and entered the Jade Wall of Legends for the second time.

In the illusory space, his second opponent appeared.

This time, his opponent was a rough-looking man with a fierce expression on his face. As soon as he appeared in the arena, he opened his mouth with the intention of saying something malicious to threaten Zen and shake his morale.

However, the words he had prepared in his head didn't even leave his throat before he found himself crushed under Zen's foot. "You're much weaker than my first opponent. The disciples of the wealthy clans are far inferior to what I have imagined," said Zen, shaking his head.

"You, you..." The man under his foot kept struggling.

Zen looked down at the man and smiled. "By the way, aura doesn't come from your mouth. It's a reflection of your strength!" With these words, Zen pressed his foot down harder on the man, and soon, he heard the crack of bones breaking. The second battle was over.

Zen's first battle in the Arena of Legends had lasted only for about a minute, including the time Herman had sprouted nonsense.

Now, his second battle had lasted less than that: a mere 27 seconds.

Madam Moon saw Zen activate his jade token and enter the Arena of Legends under the glow of light. But before she could even come back to her senses, Zen had already finished the battle. The Jade Wall of Legends showed that he had once again won.

Chapter 2222 Points

It did not take much time for Zen to conclude the fight and emerge victorious.

Watching this feat, all the female disciples in the Nameless Hall were amazed.

It was beyond them to understand how Zen had won all both the battles with such ease. Were his opponents really too weak to hold on even for merely a few minutes while fighting with Zen?

"Is it possible for Thad to be more powerful than Shauna?"

"No, of course not! He cannot be compared to her! Shauna has mastered a Godly Way. Moreover, her points at that time were high, and the opponents she encountered were much more powerful."

"They are in completely different league zones. Thad has just entered the Jade Wall of Legends, and the opponents he encounters won't be that powerful."

The entire time, the female disciples were discussing among themselves in hushed tones.

Shauna, about whom they were discussing, was once considered the best cultivator among the proving godly warriors in the Purple Soul Hall. Not long after entering the Purple Soul Hall, she had shown her extraordinary talent. She easily won every battle after she entered the Arena of Legends.

Recently through her achievements, she had become a True God.

Despite all these accomplishments, they could not help but compare Shauna with the newcomer, who was showing some remarkable skills.

Madam Moon was not expecting this at all. With her typical skeptical attitude towards anything, she actually thought that there was something wrong with the Jade Wall of Legends. She was not ready to accept the fact that Zen completed two battles so quickly, with one lasing for a minute and the other less than 30 seconds.

The opponents that Zen encountered could not be really that weak. After all, this was the Floating Island, and his opponents weren't those ordinary divine citizens outside of the Time Sea.

It only meant that Thad's strength was far too powerful, and the difference in strength was enough to pulverize his opponents to mere pulp.

Madam Moon had in fact accepted Zen's strength, but she didn't say it out loud. She continued to frown as she said, "Go and fight again!"

Zen said nothing, as he turned to activate the jade token again.

As Zen was enveloped by a gentle light, Madame Moon began to count the time in her mind.

She still wanted to see if Zen was really that outstanding. Would it take only seconds for him to take every opponent down?

One, two, three...

In fact, Madam Moon was not the only one who was counting the time. The female disciples were also curious about how long it would take for Zen to finish this battle.

By the time they reached the 18th second, the figures on the Jade Wall of Legends changed. The gentle light that enveloped Zen disappeared, and he retreated from the Arena of Legends.

"Eighteen seconds."

"He has yet again won another battle and accumulated twelve points in total."

"His points surpassed even mine!"

In the Arena of Legends, the points were obtained from their opponents.

Technically speaking, the more the battles a warrior won, the higher the points they would receive, thereby, receiving a higher ranking.

The three female disciples who had been punished by Madam Moon all had negative points, so they were ranked in the last three hundred in the Floating Islands.

To be specific, they were ranked within the last three hundred among the proving godly warriors.

In the Arena of Legends, the battles were divided into five levels. The first level were battles between proving godly warriors, the second level between low-rank True Gods, the third level between mid-rank True Gods and the fourth level between top-rank True Gods.

The last level was between the Martial Kings. The warriors that fought in the Battles of Martial Kings were the powerful ones like Harold, Augustus etc.

In fact, as Zen had successively won the battles in the level of proving godly warriors, the opponents that Zen would be facing would get even stronger. However, in the level of battles between proving godly warriors, Zen's first opponent was Herman, who was qualified to be ranked top among the proving godly warriors.

Zen's strength had long surpassed the strength of Herman or all the other proving godly warriors. All it remained to see was that if the warriors who had the highest points among the proving godly warriors, were able to defeat him.

However, Zen did not collect sufficient points right now, so it was not possible to meet those people.

After Zen had fought three battles, Madam Moon's perception towards Zen completely changed.

Madam Moon was extremely strict, and was loathed by many proving godly warriors and True Gods. However, she was extremely loyal and devoted, and all she did was for the sake of her master Joy.

Now that she realized Zen's true value, she would definitely refrain from speaking ill about him.

This time, however, before Madam Moon could speak, Zen activated his jade token again.

And the time that he used to end the fourth round was much shorter.

From the time he entered the arena to the time he came out, it merely took six seconds.

This was an impossible feat! In such a short period of time, there was hardly any time to act. Even then, Zen managed to win one more match and gain 8 more points, totaling to 20 points.

As the light faded away, Zen looked at the baffled expressions of the crowd and gave an embarrassed smile. He explained, "I met the first opponent again. He actually admitted defeat without fight."

It turned out that Zen met Herman, his first opponent, in the Arena of Legends.

After Herman was defeated by Zen in the first round, he had two consecutive wins. With his strength, he was quickly able to accumulate points by defeating ordinary proving godly warriors. He didn't expect that he would encounter Zen again after two consecutive wins. He could only attribute this to his bad luck.

Herman was a wise man. Although he was very confident about his own strength, he was well aware about Thad's strength. He knew that he would not have a chance to win, so he might as well admit defeat directly.

Therefore, in the eyes of Madam Moon and the others, Zen had made a record that shocked everyone.

As per the promise made to Madam Moon, Zen completed all five battles. She did not ask Zen to continue. Instead, she asked him to put away his jade token. At the same time, she said to the female disciples present, "You can enter the Arena of Legends on your own."

Hearing the order of Madam Moon, those female disciples took out their jade tokens and stepped forward to put them into the grooves beneath the Jade Wall of Legends.

This Jade Wall of Legends was as wide as a thousand feet and could allow three to four hundred people to enter into the Arena of Legends at the same time. Moreover, on the Floating Islands, there were numerous such kinds of Jade Walls.

"The master has sent Mae to personally bring you here. She definitely has an eye for exceptional individuals. Thad, you were outstanding today," Madam Moon said with a faint smile.

Hearing her words, Zen muttered to himself, 'Just a while ago you doubted your master's judgment and were going to drive me out of this island. And now you completely contradict yourself!'

"This hall is for all the disciples to cultivate. If you face any challenges in your cultivation, feel free to ask anyone in the Purple Soul Hall. If you have time, I suggest you come here more often and earn more points in the Arena of Legends", Madam Moon said.

"What are the benefits of earning points?" Zen asked.

Honestly speaking, Zen wasn't interested in coming into the Arena of Legends every day to challenge those proving godly warriors.

At this stage, all Zen was interested in was to break through his bottleneck and condense his Godly Tile.

Zen did not want to enter the Arena of Legends just to earn points in order to help the Han Clan to improve the ranking of their Floating Island

"Benefits of earning points?" A strange smile appeared on the face of Madam Moon. She then said in a stern tone, "Don't you know that the statuses of all of the Floating Islands on the Time Sea and all of the clans are decided by the Jade Wall of Legends?"

As Master Evil had said, the only reason they wanted to enter the Floating Islands was that all the entrances to the forbidden areas were controlled by the noble clans of the Floating Islands. It was extremely difficult for True Gods who were from the grass root level to enter the forbidden areas. They probably wouldn't get a chance even in their whole lifetime.

The warriors and True Gods in the Floating Islands had to fight to get a chance to enter the forbidden areas. The number of points they got was one of the conditions that could help them gain the qualification to enter those forbidden areas, and the requirement for the number of points varied in different forbidden places.

The points could not only help warriors obtain the qualifications to enter the forbidden areas, but the Han Clan would also offer very attractive rewards and even privileges according to the rankings of the warriors' points.

It could be said that the points in the Arena of Legends were only second to the divine might coins for the warriors on the Floating Islands. Sometimes, they were even more important than the divine might coins.

Madam Moon patiently explained all the details to Zen.

"Understood." Zen nodded.

It had to be appreciated that the powerful clans on the Floating Islands did find an effective method to motivate everyone to work hard after countless divine eras' exploration.

The Arena of Legends did not involve the Holy Beings. But if the strength of True Gods in a Floating Island weakened, the ranking of the Floating Island would also decline, which forced those Holy Beings to do their best to train the warriors on the Floating Island as well as their own disciples.

Zen would definitely earn the points in the Arena of Legends, but before that, he wanted to see the reward the Han Clan had to offer to the warriors.

Chapter 2223 Four Great Forbidden Lands (Part One)

After successfully passing Madam Moon's test, Zen was set free.

The female disciples who had entered the Purple Soul Hall were all focused on cultivating the Purple Aura Godly Way, in hopes to gain great achievement in terms of the Godly Way as quickly as possible.

Up until now, Zen had been having difficulties improving his cultivation base. More so, the Purple Soul Hall didn't keep the disciples under strict control and thus, everyone present had enough spare time on their hands.

Fortunately though, no one in the Purple Soul Hall had controlled Zen. These past few days, he swam around the Purple Soul Hall lazily, informing himself roughly about the disciples of the big clans on the Floating Islands.

There were seven Jade Walls of Legends in the Purple Soul Hall, including the one in the Nameless Hall which Zen had entered before. Each one of them had their names on the Jade Walls of Legends and could enter the Arena of Legends in order to challenge the others. Every month, everyone had the obligation to challenge three opponents. If they left the Floating Island that month, they still had to complete three challenges in a very limited time frame after they returned. Everything would be recorded dutifully.

For the most part though, the vast majority of True Gods were unwilling to challenge their opponents in the Arena of Legends. They were more willing to explore the forbidden lands and earn divine might coins through doing so.

This was with reason, however. There were just too many masters in the Arena of Legends, and the opponents selected based on their points often had the same strength as theirs.

If they were to be accidentally defeated, points would be deducted and it would be difficult to obtain the qualifications for entering certain forbidden lands. This explained why the Floating Island forced everyone to participate in a minimum of three battles.

In addition to these kinds of information, Zen was also carefully collecting information about Murphy.

The Mu Clan's Floating Island, which was led by Murphy, ranked seventh, more powerful than the Han Clan which ranked tenth. And the woman named Rachelle Mu was ranked third, at the top of all the Jade Walls of Legends. Her ranking was even higher than that of Harold, Augustus and Hallet.

Harold was Zen's father's chief disciple. And yet, the Luo Clan's Floating Island had been completely destroyed. Zen wondered how Harold had even managed to maintain his ranking.

He was confused, but couldn't find the answer here in the Purple Soul Hall. That day, he simply decided to leave the Purple Soul Hall and head to the Han Clan's Holy Emperor City.

The Han Clan's Floating Island was divided into three parts. The Purple Soul Hall was controlled by Joy, a Demi-holy Being. Aside from the Purple Soul Hall, the Holy Emperor City and the Spiritual Heart Hall were the other two parts that made up the Floating Island. The direct descendants of the Han Clan's Holy Emperor lived in the Spiritual Heart Hall, and no ordinary warrior had the permission to enter this place.

The Holy Emperor City was known as the location with the heaviest population throughout the entire Floating Island. Most of the disciples from the Han Clan and other clans were gathered in the Holy Emperor City.

Before entering the Holy Emperor City, they had to go through the guards' inspection. Fortunately for him, Zen already had his own jade token.

When the two guards saw Zen holding his jade token, they glanced at one another and then back at him. A trace of ridicule appeared on their faces. "A man from the Purple Soul Hall? How rare it is that we see any man from there..."

Zen silently put his jade token away before entering the Holy Emperor City.

It wasn't until he had actually entered the Holy Emperor City that he truly understood the amount of people there, as well as why the Han Clan disciples were envious of those in the Purple Soul Hall.

The moment Zen stepped into the city gate, his view was instantly filled with various True Gods. There was noise everywhere. The city looked like a market crowded with mortals. The True Gods in the city all had fame and prestige, and could live forever. It was indeed hard for them to jostle with the crowds.

"Tomorrow, a third-grade forbidden land will open, and we've specifically come in order to recruit twelve mid-rank True Gods who have two thousand points."

"We equally need three low-rank True Gods who possess five hundred points each.

Together, we'll enter the Demon Annihilating Forest..."

On the square to Zen's right, hundreds of True Gods were shouting loudly, inviting the other True Gods of the same level to explore the forbidden lands with them.

And just like Zen already knew, a forbidden land was linked with points. If one wanted to enter a certain forbidden land, then one had to try their best to obtain the required number of points.

"The Demon Annihilating Forest. Ha-ha..." In Zen's mind, Master Evil revealed a look of envy. "It's so easy for these guys to enter the Demon Annihilating Forest. This world is just so unfair!"

"What exactly is the Demon Annihilating Forest?" Zen asked curiously.

Master Evil replied with emotion, "It's a second-grade forbidden land, but it's very small. In the past, before the Demon Annihilating Forest was controlled by the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, many ordinary True Gods would enter it. In fact, even I was a regular visitor of it at the time. After a while though, even the Demon Annihilating Forest became occupied by the powerful clans. Alas..."

"A second-grade forbidden land? How many forbidden lands of this kind can be found in the divine land, anyway?" Zen questioned.

In order to reply to Zen, Master Evil simply introduced the division of forbidden lands within the divine land.

Ever since the Hall of Holy Beings had been established, it was in constant monopoly of the resources throughout the entire divine land, especially within the said forbidden lands.

Chapter 2224 Four Great Forbidden Lands (Part Two)

And since its establishment, the four great forbidden lands were declared as belonging to the Hall of Holy Beings. No True God was allowed to enter without the Hall of Holy Beings' permission!

Prior to such an occurrence though, everyone was allowed to enter and exit any forbidden land across the divine land.

This change caused everyone's dissatisfaction in the divine land. However, even though they weren't happy with this decision, who would dare challenge the Holy Beings' authority?

Originally, the Hall of Holy Beings only controlled the four great forbidden lands. However, as time went on, all kinds of forbidden lands of different sizes were placed under the Hall of Holy Beings' control.

The forbidden lands in the divine land were divided from first to sixth grade, according to the degree of danger. The four great forbidden places were sixth grades, and they were equally considered to be the most dangerous places in the whole divine land. These four great forbidden places were respectively known as Soul Wilderness, Everest Spirit Mountain, Swirl Forest, and Abyss Demon Region.

So far, the rich clans on the Floating Islands had explored the four great forbidden lands countless times, but still to this day, they didn't have a complete understanding of them.

While exploring the four great forbidden lands, it was even possible for a True God who had reached the consummate level of cultivation to die accidentally! The dangers here were not to be underestimated.

"Is the Swirl Forest also one of the four great forbidden lands?" Zen asked with wonder in his voice.

Master Evil nodded. "Yes."

"Then how did you ever escape from that place?"

Bromley's fairy palace was standing in the middle of Swirl Forest. Zen had a deep impression of the forest from back when the fairy palace's enchanted barrier had opened.

"Holy Bromley's fairy palace isn't located in the deepest depths of the Swirl Forest. And honestly, we were just so lucky that day, so we managed to flee. It was almost a miracle." Speaking of such, Master Evil was still somewhat frightened from his experience. The beasts in the Swirl Forest had rushed to the fairy palace in a craze, but the beasts didn't get them into trouble.

Suddenly, someone on the side of the square shouted out of nowhere, "Don't go to the Everest Spirit Mountain for the time being! The Jiang Clan's members and Harold are fighting with each other there. You'd better be careful!"

Zen's eyebrows shot upward as these words reached his ears.

Zen had been looking for and asking about this kind of information ever since he had arrived in the Han Clan's Floating Island.

Most of the warriors who cultivated in the Purple Soul Hall were women, in fact. Thus, they didn't really care about the situation happening over in the divine land and Zen could only obtain very little information. He hadn't expected to hear Harold's news as soon as he stepped foot inside the Han Clan's Holy Emperor City!

"What's going on? Is Harold fighting with the Jiang Clan again?"

"Does Harold control the Everest Spirit Mountain? With his strength alone, how does he dare cause trouble in the Jiang Clan again and again? I don't know what he wants to do to them..."

"Ha-ha! If he has really annoyed the Holy Emperor of the Jiang Clan, then he'll surely die. After all, even Holy Mike is dying, so he has no one to help him out!"

"I don't think so. Harold has stayed in the Everest Spirit Mountain for so many years. If he really controls the Everest Spirit Mountain, even the Jiang Clan's Holy Emperor probably wouldn't do anything to punish him..."

With his eyes blazing, Zen pushed through the bustling crowd and walked straight toward the man who had just spoke.

The man, who had a cultivation base of a mid-rank True God, was wrapped in a strange veil, and looked rather kind.

"Hey, friend. How's the fight going between Harold and the Jiang Clan? Can you tell me in detail?" Zen asked calmly.

The man originally took no notice of Zen. After he heard Zen's words though, he glanced at him with a strange expression on his face. "A proving godly warrior? What are you even doing here?"

The True Gods in this square would exchange information about the forbidden lands with each other, and at the same time, they would pick candidates they liked in order to have them explore the forbidden lands...

Generally speaking, when proving godly warriors entered the Floating Island, they would wholeheartedly cultivate the Godly Way and had no time for travelling to the forbidden lands.

"It doesn't matter if I am a proving godly warrior or not. I just want to know more information about the matter you just mentioned," Zen said in a serious tone this time.

He didn't care about Harold in the least. Although Harold was one of his father's disciples, he had never met Zen. What Zen cared about was that Yan, his sister, stayed with Harold!

"Go away! You are just a proving godly warrior. You don't have the qualifications to know such information. Leave my presence and continue your cultivation!" The man waved his hand impatiently at Zen, trying to drive him away.

"Ha-ha! Little guy, you've got nothing more than an average cultivation base. Why do you want to hear these rumors so badly?"

"Entering the Han Clan's Floating Island is not an easy task. What you should try doing now is improving your cultivation base."

A few True Gods also mocked Zen. The appearance of a proving godly warrior had truly surprised them all.

Splash!

As Zen gently shook his hand, hundreds of divine might coins poured out from his palm. Zen stared at the mid-rank True God and stated in a serious and flat tone, "Tell me the matter of Harold and the Jiang Clan. Then, I will give you all these divine might coins."

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2225 The Everest Spirit Mountain

The True Gods of the Floating Islands were different from those in the Six-Burden Divine City.

They were much richer than the True Gods outside the Time Sea and could explore forbidden lands with their points to obtain divine might coins.

Despite this, the hundreds of divine might coins that Zen had thrown away were a large sum to them.

Since they were on the Floating Island of the Han Clan, Zen knew they couldn't dare to act rashly. He didn't care about the divine might coins. All he wanted was to get news of Harold and Yan.

"If I tell you, all these divine might coins are mine?" The speaker licked his lips.

Zen, a proving godly warrior, had generously thrown out hundreds of divine might coins, because of which the True Gods had begun to feverishly speculate about his identity. They usually obtained only a few dozens of divine might coins from exploring a forbidden land. Even if they were lucky enough, they would only get about a hundred coins, and that was after risking their lives.

But now, they could receive such a large amount of coins merely by sharing a piece of news with Zen. Their greed knew no bounds.

"You want to know about the fight between Harold and the Jiang Clan, right? I know about it too. I can tell you," a True God said.

"Harold rules the Everest Spirit Mountain and has the ability to fight against Holy Beings. He led his men to fight the Jiang Clan a few days ago," another True God chimed in, his eyes fixed on the divine might coins at Zen's feet.

Although Zen had offered a lot of divine might coins, the True Gods wouldn't scramble for them. There were no fixed rules on the Floating

Island, but no one dared act recklessly. Moreover, Zen had offered so many divine might coins at once that it made everyone wary about his background and power.

Harold's situation wasn't a big secret. The mid-rank True God had warned everyone to be careful when they had gone to the Everest Spirit Mountain. He hadn't expected Zen to offer so many divine might coins. When he saw the other few True Gods scrambling for the coins, his expression shifted. He stared at Zen as he said, "Don't listen to them. I have first-hand news. Most of them don't even know the inside story."

"Take the divine might coins. Let's talk about it somewhere else," Zen said coldly. He did not want to attract too much attention. He had taken an assumed name and called himself Thad, but he was still a Luo. His blatant inquiries about Mike's disciple would definitely raise doubts.

Although Zen was just a proving godly warrior, he was not inferior to the mid-rank True Gods in terms of aura. It was true that money made the world spin. The mid-rank True God did not show any antipathy to his cold attitude. Instead, he eagerly picked up the divine might coins off the ground and walked away with Zen.

Disappointed that they had lost their chance to make a fortune, the other True Gods began to complain.

"Is that guy crazy?"

"He offered hundreds of divine might coins for a piece of useless news!"

"It's a pity he didn't ask me."

Zen led the mid-rank True God to a quiet place and said, "You can tell me now."

The mid-rank True God laughed and said, "I'm very curious. You're just a proving godly warrior. How did you get so many divine might coins? Are you from the Han Clan?"

"Don't ask what doesn't concern you," Zen said, scowling.

"That's not an answer, but okay," he said. Afraid that he might annoy Zen, he continued speaking. After all, he had taken Zen's coins. "Harold had taken action against the Jiang Clan the last time. To be honest, I'm also curious about why he did that. As Mike's first disciple, he should turn to the Mu Clan even if he wants to take revenge. But not long ago, he attacked the Jiang Clan. He didn't kill anyone, though. At the time, the Jiang Clan had sent their people to various universes. But he had forced back those people."

Zen nodded. He knew that.

Wynn had helped him and Rocher to sneak into the divine land in order to escape the attention of the Mu Clan. As long as Irene was in the Evolutionary Universe, it was impossible for him to escape from the people of the Jiang Clan. She returned to the divine land and had never been seen again since.

Wynn told Zen that it was Harold who had stopped the Jiang Clan when Zen had stealthily gone to the divine land.

"Can Harold fight against the Holy Beings with his current strength?" Zen asked.

The mid-rank True God stared longingly into the distance, but then he shook his head. "In terms of real strength, he is inferior to the Holy Beings. After all, the Holy Beings created the universes, and as long as the universes are not destroyed, they will not die. You know, Mike doesn't die although he's at death's doorstep."

"If the Holy Beings of the Jiang Clan decide to fight, will it be difficult for Harold to deal with them?" Zen asked.

The mid-rank True God looked at Zen strangely and asked, "Do you really not know or are you pretending not to know?"

Zen was about to shake his head when Master Evil's voice sounded in his mind. "Zen, if Harold has really controlled the Everest Spirit Mountain, he is not afraid of the Holy Beings. Likewise, Estelle has controlled the Soul Wilderness, which is why she isn't afraid of the Holy Beings."

"Estelle?" Zen asked curiously.

"The woman on the second floor of the dungeon." Master Evil didn't want to talk about that woman. He had stayed with her in the dungeon for several eras, but even now, the mere mention of her still filled him with fear.

Estelle wasn't afraid of the Holy Beings. Instead, the Holy Beings were afraid of her.

Once she had begun ruling the Soul Wilderness, she obtained a treasure scepter. Since then, no Holy Being was as arrogant as before in front of her.

It was not long after she got the scepter that she used it for the first time. And when she had done so, the inner worlds of all the Holy Beings and the divine citizens in the divine land were sealed for three seconds.

In that moment, the Holy Beings were astonished to find that the intimate connection between them and the universes had disappeared.

Three seconds was not a long time, but in a crucial moment, it could be absolutely lethal.

The strength of the Holy Beings was often subtly balanced. If two Holy Beings fought against each other and Estelle used the power of her scepter to freeze them, the result would be very predictable.

That was why many Holy Beings were afraid of Estelle and some tried to subdue her. But she had disappeared for nine divine eras before recently emerging from the Evolutionary Universe, which had been a surprise to many people.

Zen heard Master Evil out before turning to the mid-rank True God and asking, "As you mentioned, Harold is really not afraid of the Jiang Clan. Then why did the Jiang Clan stir up trouble this time?"

The True God laughed and said, "This is the key point. Most people only know superficial news. As far as I know, Harold has been working hard in the Everest Spirit Mountain for many years, but he hasn't taken complete control of it. The Jiang Clan also knows this secret, so they launched an attack at a critical moment. In this case, Harold might die. Besides, the descendants of the Luo Clan who follow him will also die."

"What?" Zen was shocked.

Seeing Zen's expression, the mid-rank True God shook his head and said, "It's normal. Whoever fights against the Hall of Holy Beings usually faces a tragic end. Back then when the Luo Clan was defeated, Harold should have chosen a different great clan. With his talent, he might have become a Holy Being. But look where he has ended up now."

The mid-rank True God seemed to feel that it was a bit too much for him to have received so many divine might coins from Zen. He was still sighing with emotion about Harold when Zen turned around to leave. But before Zen took a step forward, he turned back and asked, "How many points do I need to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain?"

"Points needed for entering the Everest Spirit Mountain? You want to go in there?" the mid-rank True God asked incredulously, laughing.

"Yes," Zen nodded.

"As a sixth grade forbidden land, the Everest Spirit Mountain requires more than eight thousand points. Mid-rank True Gods like me can only wander around the mountain and don't dare to step in. The top-rank True Gods can fly, but it's hard for them to survive in the mountain. You'd better pursue the Godly Way first," the mid-rank True God advised Zen.

But Zen did not heed his advice.

His father hadn't made any arrangements after sending him to the divine land. So Zen had to fight his way out.

He didn't know what was waiting for him. This was a critical moment, when he had to decide which way to go. If he could meet Yan on the Everest Spirit Mountain, he would not hesitate to go there.

Chapter 2226 Measures To Save The Ranking

In the Spiritual Heart Hall of the Floating Island of Han Clan, over a hundred important figures of the Han Clan gathered together. They were all sitting in a row in the capacious Spiritual Heart Hall.

In the middle sat the present-day leader of the Han Clan, Alfredo Han, while Joy, the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan sat next to him.

She was sitting on a thick blanket, her elegant dress making her look like a royalty. She had a blank expression on her face as she gazed across the group of people.

Everyone went silent as Alfredo stood up. He directed his gaze towards Joy and said, "Joy, it is your Purple Soul Hall that is bringing us down this time. If we don't take the necessary measures, I am afraid the ranking of the Floating Island would drop further by two places." His voice was calm yet affirming.

The whole place fell silent.

As the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan, Joy was only second to the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan.

Although Alfredo Han was only at the consummation of True God Realm, the Holy Beings of all powerful clans on the Floating islands never interfered in the affairs on the islands. The Holy Emperor of the Han Clan also trusted him and took his word for everything, never getting in his way unless it was a matter of life or death.

Everyone in the Han Clan knew how short-tempered and quick-witted Joy was. She had always been arrogant and rowdy. People wondered how Joy would react since Alfredo Han accused her in her face.

"It's not a big deal if the ranking drops," Joy said calmly yet distractedly, much to everyone's surprise.

Alfredo Han knew what Joy would say. "Joy, if the ranking of our Floating Island drops out of the top ten, not only we would lose a lot of opportunities, but our warriors would also suffer great loss. Surely you can't be serious?" He frowned, much to Joy's dismay.

Alfredo Han always tolerated Joy in the past. He had given the Purple Soul Hall many privileges. But his patience was running out.

He knew that the results would be catastrophic if the Han Clan Floating Island's ranking dropped by further two places. For this particular matter, he had sought the Holy Emperor's guidance who advised him to be stern, as far as Joy was concerned.

Joy couldn't care less. "Nonetheless, we the Purple Soul Hall can't do anything about it. Our female warriors are not as talented as the warriors of the main Han Clan, so expecting them to earn more points would be unrealistic," she proclaimed.

Only the best of the best got recruited by the Han Clan Floating Island. These warriors had to go through various difficult tests in order to get recruited by the Heavenly Han House. All of these warriors proved their worth in the Han Clan's ancestral land.

Joy on the other hand had a different criteria for recruitment: as long as one possessed the Purple Power Body and could be acknowledged by the Godly Way Tablet of the Purple Aura Godly Way, they could be recruited.

After all, a small amount of people possessed a Purple Power Body. Thus, it was impossible for the Purple Soul Hall to recruit talents the same way as the main Han Clan did.

Due to this, the strength of the Purple Soul Hall was relatively weak on the whole, having a little to no advantage in the Arena of Legends. Thus, the Purple Soul Hall was solely responsible for holding the main Han Clan back.

Joy was aware of this fact. She was strong herself, but she knew that she wasn't quite good at managing her disciples. She usually had a laissez-faire approach and spoiled the warriors in the Purple Soul Hall. But when the warriors really got out of control, she had to ask Madam Moon to punish the warriors who were holding back the ranking of the Han Clan Floating Island.

However, it wasn't the few proving godly warriors in the Purple Soul Hall that were bringing the ranking down, but rather the entire Purple Soul Hall. Therefore, the whole Purple Soul Hall needed to improve its performance.

Alfredo Han already knew that Joy would try to buy her way out of this. "No, there's a way. Expel all the proving godly warriors from the Purple Soul Hall and eighty percent of the True Gods that are ranked at the bottom. This way, we are confident to raise the total points of the whole Floating Island," he stated.

The points of a Floating Island were the total points of all the warriors in the Floating Island that had fought in the Arena of Legends. If the disciples of the Purple Soul Hall were expelled and their jade tokens were cancelled, then the warriors of the Purple Soul Hall who were responsible for bringing the ranking down would be excluded. Thus, the points of the Floating Island would rise to a great extent.

"Expel eighty percent of our Purple Soul Hall disciples?!" Joy exclaimed.

Joy had expected that Alfredo Han would ask her to dispel her disciples. If it was the only way, she would compromise. After all, she was the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan. Whatever decision she had to take, it had to be for the betterment of the clan.

But it was absolutely ridiculous to expel all the proving godly warriors and eighty percent of the True Gods. She was thinking of expelling the bottom ten percent of the disciples, not more than that. This strange request of Alfredo Han surprised her.

This was equivalent to shutting down the Purple Soul Hall!

Not only Joy, but the rest of the Han Clan members present were shocked as well.

Joy had the potential to become a Holy Being. If the Han Clan had two Holy Beings, the status of Han Clan would ultimately rise again. They felt as if Alfredo Han was doing her injustice.

"I shall agree to no such thing," said Joy, shaking her head. Her graceful face darkened.

"This is not my request." Alfredo Han continued, "This is what the Holy Emperor ordered. If you have any objection, you can talk to him. By the way, Holy Emperor is also very concerned about the possibility that our Floating Island's ranking might drop. He will never allow the ranking of our Han Clan to drop out of the top ten. It's useless going to him... Unless you can improve the overall points of the Purple Soul Hall in three months!"

Every year, the rankings of the Floating Islands were calculated and after three months, the points of all the Floating Islands on the Time Sea were tallied in order to decide their rankings.

Even though Joy was a Demi-holy Being, it was quite impossible for her to completely transform the Purple Soul Hall. She was aware of the fact that Demi-holy Beings were not allowed to fight in the Arena of Legends. Therefore no matter how powerful she was, she wouldn't be able to affect the points of the Purple Soul Hall.

"Is that what the Holy Emperor really said?" Smiling ruefully at Alfredo Han, she took off from the ground, making her way towards the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan. She knew she would never believe it unless she heard from the Holy Emperor himself.

"Master, isn't it too much to expel eighty percent of the disciples from the Purple Soul Hall?" asked a member of the Han Clan, with deep concern in his voice.

The warriors with Purple Power Bodies in the Purple Soul Hall were quite rare and not easy to come by. They were the resources that Joy had accumulated over the years. Although, the warriors with Purple Power Bodies were weak at first, but once they showed their true potential, they became quite powerful. Joy was a case in point.

"We can't wait that long," said Alfredo Han with a determined look on his face. "The Holy Emperor has already made his new plan. We must stay within the top ten."

Joy visited the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan, and no one knew how the talk went. After she came back, she gathered all the disciples of the Purple Soul Hall.

All the disciples gathered together in front of a huge platform inside the Purple Soul Hall. One of those disciples was Zen.

There were about thirty to forty thousand female disciples present in the hall.

Zen had heard about men who possessed the Purple Power Body in the Purple Soul Hall before but he had never seen one since he came here.

Zen looked around and finally saw two men with the rare Purple Power Body. They both were behaving like women, just like the eunuchs in the royal palace of the mortal world.

All in all, Zen quite possibly was the only real man in the Purple Soul Hall.

The door behind the platform was suddenly pushed wide open, much to everyone's surprise, and a group of top-rank True Gods emerged through it. Among them were Madam Moon and Mae.

The top-rank True Gods covered both sides of the platform.

A moment later, another woman walked through the door.

With Zen's knowledge, Zen could clearly distinguish among the low-rank, the mid-rank and the top-rank True Gods.

But the aura emitted from this woman was unfathomable and divine.

"Is this Joy?" Zen asked in his mind. "A Demi-holy Being's aura is quite extraordinary and overwhelming!"

However, as Zen complimented, Master Evil couldn't help but say, "This woman is not Joy. Joy is a Demi-holy Being of Han Clan, and her cultivation is only second to that of a Holy Being. This woman is actually a consummate True God, to be precise."

"Ah, I see," Zen felt a bit embarrassed by his lack of knowledge.

True Gods at the consummate level had perfected their own inner worlds, and only required to merge with the nine stars to create their own universes. Their strength was indeed unparalleled.

"This woman must be Joy's eldest disciple," Master Evil speculated.

Just as he finished speaking, another woman made her way through the door. She had an expression of distress on her face and the corners of her eyes were red as if she had cried. Her original charming and dignified face now revealed a hint of gloom.

Chapter 2227 Win The Battle

The moment the woman appeared, the atmosphere immediately shifted.

The inner worlds within the Purple Soul Hall disciples' bodies started to tremble slightly. Everyone's, of course, except for Zen's.

Joy had mastered the Purple Aura Godly Way so well that she had reached the level of Purple Sky Land, and thus, she could have a strong impact on the other Purple Power Bodies.

Once again, though, on everyone except Zen. His elixir field had no reaction at all.

Silence befell the platform in a split second.

A few well-informed female disciples had already received accurate news that

forced by Alfredo Han, the Purple Soul Hall had no other choice but to expel most of its disciples.

For the disciples in the Holy Emperor City, though, this was good news.

The disciples in the Holy Emperor City had long envied the Purple Soul Hall. And at the same time, they felt the overall situation was truly unfair. How come the women from the Purple Soul Hall had so many more resources despite their weaker strength?

All afraid of Joy, no one dared say anything, though.

Now that the head of the clan had ordered Joy to banish eighty percent of the female disciples from the Purple Soul Hall, they were quite content.

Recently, when these female disciples went to the Holy Emperor City, they were mocked by the disciples there, by a higher or lower degree. When they had originally heard the news, no one could believe their own ears. Later, though, they were informed that it was true.

In fact, their guess had been confirmed just by the expression on Joy's face.

A few of the women looked as though they were on the verge of tears, their eyes hastily turning red.

Some of them had already been staying in the Purple Soul Hall for many years. Although their strength hadn't increased much over this period of time, they had deep feelings of attachment to the people in the Purple Soul Hall. How could they ever feel willing to leave?

Sadness spread throughout the group. It wasn't long before someone cried out loud. Even Mae and the others, who were on the platform, were affected by the scene, their expressions contorted and eyes red.

"It seems that most of you are already aware," said Joy. "The majority of you have to leave in three months' time."

The Holy Emperor stipulated a deadline of three months. By the end of the next three months, the jade tokens of most of these disciples would be cancelled on the Floating Island, and all these people would be discharged from the island!

"All of the proving godly warriors must leave. Eighty percent of warriors at the True God Realm will equally be expelled," Joy continued.

Zen had heard of this in the past. He was quite disappointed to hear it again, especially coming from this Demi-holy Being directly.

He had just entered the Floating Island and had not yet had the chance to show himself. Was he already being driven out?

Learning that they weren't even going to give him a chance, Zen was obviously disappointed. If they were expelling the proving godly warriors who ranked in the bottom eighty percent, he would still have a great chance of joining the top twenty percent. However, the Han Clan didn't have a good impression of proving godly warriors, and thus, they got rid of all the proving godly warriors in the Purple Soul Hall without hesitation.

Beneath the capable and aggressive exterior, Joy was actually a soft woman on the interior. The expelling of the disciples from the Purple Soul Hall wouldn't have much of an impact on her status and interests, but she still felt heartbroken.

She had already argued with the Holy Emperor about it. The Holy Emperor had a much clearer attitude. He didn't care what she would do, but he made it clear that keeping the Floating Island among the top ten was the only way of keeping the female disciples of the Purple Soul Hall.

Despite such, doing so was a near-impossible task. How could she possibly enhance the Purple Soul Hall disciples' strength so greatly in such a short period of time?

Just as everyone was immersed in sorrow, Zen suddenly took a deep breath and stood up.

Zen was only a proving godly warrior. It was obviously inappropriate for him to stand up on such an occasion. Since he didn't have the Purple Power Body, he felt out of place among these people. It took him a great deal of courage to take action.

"Master, I would like to know how I can help our Purple Soul Hall get through this calamity!" Zen went all out and exclaimed loudly.

Madam Moon immediately took a step forward with the intention to scold him, but Joy stretched out her hand and stopped her. She smiled amiably and instead asked, "Are you the person that Mae brought back from Han Clan's ancestral land?"

Although she couldn't remember his name, she at least remembered that he was from the Purple Soul Hall. Zen said, "Yes. My name is Thad Luo."

Nodding her head, Joy continued, "Of course, there's a way. I've given it some thought. In your next three months here, each of you will have to win four consecutive battles in the Arena of Legends. Do you think that's possible?"

If it had been that only one of them had to accomplish such a feat, it would have been possible.

But it was unimaginable for each of thirty thousand people to win four consecutive battles in the arena. Everyone listening heard their master's words too, and no one could help themselves but sigh heavily. Their hearts felt weighted.

Right then, Zen continued to ask, "What if we succeed? Will everyone truly be allowed to stay in the Purple Soul Hall?"

When Joy heard Zen's rhetorical question, a bitter smile spread across her face. 'Ignorant people are indeed fearless, ' she thought. 'He has no idea how difficult it will be.' But she still nodded, "Theoretically speaking, yes."

"If so, why don't we fight for it? There are still three months left." Zen asked, his eyes shining with excitement, and his aggressive tone made it sound like he was blaming Joy.

Although Zen was only a proving godly warrior, everyone felt their hearts beat a little faster as he spoke. He was right. This goal might be elusive, but it didn't mean that they had to give it up now!

"Let's give it a try!"

"There's a very small chance, but I'm not willing to give it up!"

"We... We won't be a drag on the Han Clan!

There's still time, and we can work hard!"

Zen's words quickly aroused resonance, and the women present couldn't help but become restless.

Originally, everyone present felt trapped in sorrow, but because Zen had stood up and questioned them, the flames in the female warriors' hearts were ignited anew!

Watching the hustle and bustle from above, Joy fixed her gaze on Zen. Her enchanting eyes were full of appreciation as she thought to herself, 'What a powerful little fellow...'

It wouldn't have been easy for any other ordinary person to encourage them from such low spirits.

Zen showed no fear when confronting her.

Never had a proving godly warrior dared to challenge a Demi-holy Being before on the Floating Island!

Now that this had just occurred, it might actually be possible for the Purple Soul Hall to raise its rank and for its disciples to reach the same level as the other disciples of Han Clan in three months!

This effect came directly from Zen's words!

'If you can't beat them, join them...' Joy thought to herself. Then she said, "I declare that the Purple Soul Hall has entered a special period, and it will give its disciples unlimited support throughout such a time!"

As expected, Joy's words caused another commotion among the warriors. Zen took his chance and slipped into the crowd. Only Joy could see what was going on in the crowd below. She also noticed Zen, and a trace of doubt appeared in the depths of her eyes and in her soul.

Zen quietly found a Jade Wall of Legends a few days later.

Hundreds of people sat cross-legged beneath the Jade Wall and their bodies had completely fallen into the Arena of Legends. They were all focused on fighting, hoping to earn the most points in a terribly short period of time.

Many people were quite disgusted with the Arena of Legends. After completing the three mandatory battles every month, they usually wouldn't set foot anywhere near it.

But now, in order to stay, the disciples of the Purple Soul Hall had to raise their points and rank like never before in the Arena of Legends!

Soon, the Jade Wall of Legends in the Purple Soul Hall was overcrowded with people.

"I won another battle today. That means I now have two consecutive wins!" a woman exclaimed.

"Be careful. Once you've won two wins in a row, the opponent you meet in the next round won't be nearly as weak!" her companion reminded her.

"Yes, I know," the victorious woman replied.

Within the Arena of Legends, the rules were very fair. If you continued to win, the opponents you would encounter would become more and more powerful.

Zen waited for a long moment before someone finally put away their jade token and withdrew from the arena. It was the woman who had just spoken. Her jade token demonstrated that she had won two battles. Normally, the person who had won two consecutive rounds would take a good rest before facing the third battle.

As soon as the woman stepped out, Zen placed his jade token into the groove. The woman was a low-rank True God, and she was still immersed in the joy of her two consecutive victories. She looked at the Jade Wall with a casual expression on her face. After all, Zen's cultivation base was a level lower than hers.

In spite of her mood, when she saw that Thad had twenty-six consecutive wins, her mouth fell open so wide, her jaw could have touched the ground.

Chapter 2228 Grover Mu

By now, Zen's consecutive wins had quietly increased to twenty-six rounds

and according to the rules of the arena, his point advantage was terrifying.

Zen had only earned one point when he defeated Herman during the first round, but at the twenty-sixth round, he garnered one hundred and twenty points. At this point, he accumulated more than two thousand two hundred points.

In a single round, he could only gain three to six points at most. The reason Zen could accumulate so many points at a time was that his wins were consistent all throughout. He was winning rounds in a row, and this gave him point advantage.

Although the woman behind Zen was a low-rank True God, she had merely accumulated eight hundred points so far. Seeing Zen's undefeated record and the number of points he had made her feel lightheaded, as if she were in a dream.

Initially, the woman planned to rest for the meantime, but she decided against it. She wanted to see with her own eyes how Zen had accumulated more than two thousand points.

Generally speaking, the points of a proving godly warrior would be zero to six hundred, while the points of a low-rank True God would be 600 to 2, 000, and the points of a mid-rank True God would be 2, 000 to 8, 000. For some reason, the points of a top-rank True God and a consummate True God were insanely high, and some consummate True Gods could get as many as hundreds of thousands of points. There were some cases where they even reached millions.

At times, after entering the Arena of Legends for the first time, many talents who came from wealthy clans on the Floating Islands were able to gain points through consecutive victories. Zen had won twenty-six consecutive wins, while his points totaled to those of a mid-rank True God!

However, the points accumulated like this were quite faulty on a particular level. After winning consecutively, a warrior could backfire and lose most of their points if they lost in just one battle. Moreover, especially in the Arena of Legends, no one was ever guaranteed a victory.

After a few rounds, Zen had no idea that his own score began to attract the attention of others. Right after he activated his jade token, he fell into the Jade Wall of Legends.

"Gina, what are you looking at?"

Another woman noticed the woman lost in her tracks and asked her out of concern.

The woman, Gina pointed loosely at Zen. Her companion looked that way and was immediately shocked. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "Twenty-six consecutive wins, and more than two thousand points!"

As a proving godly warrior, it was shocking to see that he had over two thousand points. This was not something people saw very often, so it attracted a lot of attention. Moreover, it had not been long after Zen entered the Purple Soul Hall. The other warriors like him had only earned tens of points, but he was an exception.

Her exclamation garnered more and more attention, and this drew people to gather around and focus on Zen's impossible records.

"Two thousand points. These are a lot, but what if they don't last?" said someone from the crowd.

After all, everyone knew that nothing was a sure win in the Arena of Legends.

"He hasn't lost yet and his points are all because of his consecutive wins," another expressed. "Once he loses a battle, he will lose most of his points, and he will be ranked pretty poorly."

"I'm curious about how many more battles he will win in a row. I'm sure the opponents at this point are the best of the best!"

Even though Zen's points were so high, everyone knew that it didn't matter because he wasn't ranked yet. His performance hadn't attracted any attention from others on the Floating Islands.

According to the rules of the Arena of Legends, if a warrior kept winning, they couldn't be ranked yet. Because Zen was on a winning streak, he still wasn't listed on the ranks. The vast majority of people present didn't know that there was a proving godly warrior in the Purple Soul Hall, who had won twenty-six matches in a row, and had accumulated more than two thousand points.

Eventually, all the weaker godly warriors were ruled out and the competition remained amongst the strongest of the strong. However, with Zen's notable strength, it was almost impossible for any of the proving godly warriors to defeat him. Because of this, Zen's ball kept rolling as he won battles left and right.

In the 27th round, people were anticipating with their eyes wide open.

"Twenty-six consecutive wins! More than two thousand points! If I win, my points will double for sure." A voice of a man came. Just then, a figure slowly descended from the sky and smiled faintly at Zen on the ground.

Zen's opponent looked around twenty-six or seven years old, with a pair of slender eyebrows and a pointed nose. He looked delicate, but his eyes gave off a tinge of malice and evil.

"Is your surname Mu? Are you from the Mu Clan?" In the previous competitions, Zen rarely got the information about his opponents. He was too intrigued not to ask this time.

This young man was called Grover Mu. He had won six consecutive wins, and accumulated more than 1, 200 points in total. Overall, you could say he was an excellent warrior, and Zen reckoned that he should be very important in the Mu Clan as well.

"Humph, I'm curious," said Grover Mu. "Since you have won twenty-six matches in a row, why don't you know me?" He stared at Zen with a hint of displeasure in his eyes, as if Zen not knowing his identity was a mortal sin.

"I know now," Zen replied indifferently. Because of Murphy, he didn't really have a good impression on the Mu Clan, but he knew not to show any of his knowledge here. His goal was just to keep winning and earn the most points that he could.

"Good to know," said Grover Mu along with a laugh. He floated elegantly towards Zen like a leaf caught in a gust of wind. With a gentle wave of his hands, two dim swords sprouted out of his hands and he pointed them at Zen's neck in a strange angle.

After Zen's twenty plus matches, his opponents were growing more and more creative. They had to do this to catch Zen off guard.

Although these opponents hadn't mastered the Godly Way or condensed Godly Tile yet, they either had great martial arts skills, or the ability to exert the highest level of the internal momentum of the Godly Way. With their strength alone, they were far beyond the world lords that Zen had met in the Evolutionary Universe!

When Zen had just entered the divine land, he had met some world lords who were also proving godly warriors. He was surprised to witness their weaknesses because they were unlike anything he had ever heard of before. However, the upper-ranked proving godly warriors gradually changed his impression as they proved to be a lot stronger than Godly Geniuses.

Unfortunately for them, Zen's current strength had exceeded his past strength. No matter how powerful a proving godly warrior had come to be, it would always be nearly impossible for any of them to defeat him.

Facing the two short swords that came at him from either side, one from the left and one from the right, Zen didn't even dodge them. Instead of avoiding the swords, he charged forward with all his might.

"Wow, you are confident! To me, it seems that you're quite ordinary," Grover Mu grinned maliciously.

At the same time, the two small swords in his hands began to move in the air. The originally dull swords began to dazzle and sparkle with a silver light emitting from them. The silver light continued to cross each other, and it was aiming towards Zen's head!

Silver Scales Slash

was a skill created by Murphy himself.

True Gods didn't need this martial skill because all they had to use was the Godly Way. In essence, it was obvious that Murphy crafted this skill especially for Grover Mu.

Murphy had even had Grover Mu's two short swords made for him, too. The left one was called White Fur, and the right one was called Silver Scales. These two swords were supreme primordial weapons tailor-made for Grover Mu. Did Murphy really love Grover Mu this much?

Grover Mu had fought at least a thousand battles in the Arena of Legends. Much like Zen, when he had just entered the arena, he was undefeated in battle. He had won twenty-one matches consecutively, and only after being defeated in the twenty-second round had he been given an official rank.

In the thousand battles of Grover Mu, no one could ever save themselves from the Silver Scales Slash.

Therefore, seeing that Zen didn't try to avoid the swords, he was immediately stunned. If Thad had seen enough of the world, he would have known the great power of his Silver Scales Slash, and he wouldn't have just stood there and offered himself up for death.

However, when the silver light that Grover Mu waved was one foot away from Zen, he finally jolted out of his place.

His body tensed up as he moved backwards, avoiding the silver light. At the same time, he stretched out his hands all of a sudden and took the light by his own hands.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

The white light sliced Zen's hands, making satisfying, crisp sounds. The swords were short, but extremely sharp. However, the Silver Scales Slash just left a few white marks on Zen's hands while it was supposed to do more damage.

As Zen blocked the rotation of the two short swords, he took advantage of the situation to grab Grover Mu's hands and stop him.

Grover Mu hadn't expected Zen to break his move in such a simple manner. His jaw dropped and he had no clue what to do.

At the same time, he also began to feel a huge surge of energy go through his fingers, up to his palms, and upwards his arms!

Chapter 2229 An Unexpected Discovery

Zen didn't give Grover any time to think.

His goal was to end this battle as quickly as possible.

Grover's martial arts skill was very mysterious and there was no way Zen would be able to break it even if he came up with a clever method to do so.

Not unless he went the other route. As the saying went, "a man of great strength can defeat ten men of martial arts."

Basically, instead of brains, Zen could use his brute physical body in order to break his opponent's martial arts skill and then use his powerful strength to suppress them. He'd use his soul attack if necessary. With Zen's current strength, it was almost too unfair for the proving godly warriors to fight with him.

In the Evolutionary Universe, Zen could barely fight against Pranav and others like him.

Pranav was a low-rank True God but, because he was Murphy's disciple, his real strength was on par with mid-rank True Gods!

Given Zen's current strength, he would barely be able to contend against an ordinary mid-rank True God.

At this stage, he had no motivation at all to challenge warriors above his level. The additional, cumulative points awarded for successive wins were more appealing to him and it seemed a wiser choice to obtain points from fights with proving godly warriors in the Arena of Legends.

With his quick reflexes, Zen managed to grab Grover's hands and channeled his immense power towards his opponent. There was no resisting this attack and thus, Grover was brutally halved.

The victory inevitably went to Zen.

Despite his winning, Zen didn't think too much of it and quickly got out of the arena.

However, the moment he turned he was frozen in shock by the dense crowd that had formed behind him.

Hundreds of beauties stood staring at him. It seemed his match garnered quite a bit of attention and there were also numerous whispers from the crowd.

"Twenty seven consecutive wins..."

"His current opponents should be the most powerful proving godly warriors from the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands."

"His points are rising so fast! This battle gets him two hundred points!"

In the eyes of these female disciples, Zen was somewhat of a freak. He didn't possess the Purple Power Body yet he entered the Purple Soul Hall. Back when the master was speaking he casually stepped up and encouraged everyone, and now, they all discovered his real strength which was extremely powerful!

How long could he keep his winning streak?

After finding out that his battle with Grover easily earned him two hundred and forty points, Zen immediately wondered just how many points he'd manage to get if he kept winning.

Despite the gazes of so many beauties focused on him, Zen merely ignored them and continued to immerse himself in the Arena of Legends.

In the Floating Islands, each noble clan had someone specially assigned to observe the changes on the Jade Wall of Legends.

If one's ranking suddenly rose, the wealthy clans would know and they would then pay close attention to that certain someone.

And the only way they could observe the warriors' performance was through the rankings on the Jade Wall of Legends. Ranked first among the proving godly warriors was Donovan Jiang of the Jiang Clan, second was Aleyna of the Han Clan, and third was the Menachem Lei of the Lei Clan.

Grover, who Zen fought just now, was ranked sixth. His defeat saw the reduction of his points and had him drop all the way to twelfth place.

If Zen had a ranking, he would've surpassed Donovan Jiang by now with his current points.

However, the rules made it so that he did not appear in the rankings. He fought twenty-seven battles in a row but had not lost once so he couldn't be listed. Zen was, effectively, an invisible person who continuously gathered points under the radar.

Those defeated by him could only mutter their regrets in their hearts. These people also had a record of consecutive wins but now they could only bide their time and hope to defeat him someday. When that happened then his points would once again return to normal.

However, Zen's winning streak was unstoppable.

The young man would go on to win three more matches that very same day, making it a thirty-one match winning streak. His points were now at three thousand!

With this, Zen was not far off from achieving his goal of obtaining eight thousand points but that was if he continued winning. One lost battle and he would lose more than ninety percent of his points!

As everyone tried their best to get points, the Purple Soul Hall announced the awards for those who got good rankings in the Arena of Legends.

It was with great relief that Joy saw all the disciples of Purple Soul Hall work hard on gaining more points. She came up with a good idea to reward their efforts. As the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan for so many years now, she no doubt had a lot of good stuff in her inventory that she presented to the disciples.

Zen took a look at her prizes and was quite impressed. There was an eye-catching, silver gossamer sword that he was particularly enamored with.

According to Joy, the treasures would be distributed according to the number of points one had. The one who earned the most in three months would be the first to choose the award, then the second would choose the second award, and so on and so forth.

If Zen kept up his winning streak then he might be able to get first pick!

After Joy presented her awards, the main Han Clan also followed with their own.

The ranking seemed very important to the Han Clan. Since Joy took out some treasures from her personal collection as a way to motivate the disciples of Purple Soul Hall, the Han Clan also saw it fit to offer rewards.

Out of curiosity, Zen headed over to Holy Emperor City to see what exactly the Han Clan offered. As he viewed the rewards, one particular treasure caught his attention.

The wares offered by Joy were eye-catching. There was no doubt that the Demi-holy Being was rich but her wealth was nothing compared to the main Han Clan.

It was worth noting that the Han Clan was even willing to sacrifice Purple Soul Hall to enhance their ranking so it was no surprise that they wouldn't even blink an eye when it came to offering up their own treasures.

Over thirty supreme primordial weapons were lined up in the huge hall, all to serve as rewards for the promising warriors that raked up the most points.

A mixture of shock and greed danced in the eyes of every True God that entered the hall, however, there were some who didn't even think that much of these supreme primordial weapons. Zen was one of these said people.

Instead, he was more focused on what was on top of the hall.

Five treasures were lined up in a row up there: a jade sword, a pair of scissors, a mirror, a palm-sized tripod, and in the center, a bronze lion statue!

These five treasures all emitted a peculiar power. Everyone could only stare up in awe from below.

"No wonder the Holy Emperor decided to disband the Purple Soul Hall. In order to enhance everyone's rankings, the Holy Emperor even took out the best treasures!"

"Have the rules of the Floating Islands changed? The Han Clan didn't pay that much attention to rankings before..."

"The Crystalmoor Mirror! I've been dreaming of possessing such a treasure! I never expected the Han Clan to offer it as a reward."

Numerous mid-rank True Gods, and even some top-rank True Gods, salivated over the five treasures.

However, it wasn't the five treasures that attracted Zen per se.

No, he was instead focused on the bronze lion statue, rather, what it was placed on. Below the statue where it was prostrated was a huge, cyan plate.

This plate obviously had a bit of history. Zen didn't recognize the material it was made of but his inner world clearly showed a strong desire for it. This plate was actually made of that special mud.

His failure of condensing a Godly Tile had always been a cause of concern for him.

He got his chance back in Six-Burden Divine City but he had almost lost his life. It was just too difficult to find that kind of mud again.

If he couldn't find any more of that special mud then his cultivation level would be doomed at the world lord level. It was understandable that he felt extremely depressed by this.

Zen never thought he'd get another shot after finding this cyan plate here! He was extremely grateful that luck was in his favor.

These five treasures were all superior to the thirty-odd supreme primordial weapons below. The bronze lion statue also seemed to be the best reward out of the five which meant it was going to be extremely difficult to obtain.

"Sir, may I know the requirements to get this year's rewards? For example, the bronze lion statue at the top..." Zen asked the mid-rank True God beside him.

The mid-rank True God had been staring blankly at the treasures but was jolted back to reality by Zen's question. "Bronze lion statue? Oh! You mean the Golden Beast Statue! Those five treasures are only for the disciples of the main Han Clan. Ordinary people don't have the qualifications to obtain them."

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2230 The Reunion

The disciples of the Holy Emperor City knew that while the Han Clan had shown them great sincerity, they couldn't grasp it.

There was a distinction in rank and status between the disciples of the Han Clan's Floating Island—according to their born status, those disciples could be divided into four grades.

The disciples with other surnames were in the fourth grade, including Zen. But his situation was rather special.

Those in the third grade were members of the Han Clan sub-branches. These children differed little from the disciples at the fourth grade in strength and talent, but because they had 'Han' for a last name, they had to be taken care of by the Han Clan.

On average, the children of the main Han Clan belonged to the second grade. These kids were born and raised on the Floating Island. Unfortunately, their talent was mediocre at best and they lacked in strength, so their clan could only use certain resources to keep these children from being thrown out—they were clan members after all.

Those in the first grade, of course, were the elite children of the Han Clan.

These people were considered the pride of their clan, meaning that the Han Clan provided them with almost all their resources and efforts. As elites of the clan's next generation, they bore great expectations from their people.

The elites included Pascal, who had been in the limelight for years, and Laquisha, who had just become a low-rank True God.

Normally, these people seldom appeared in public, but they weren't invisible in the Arena of Legends. Compared to those in the same realm, they ranked extremely higher. Although this group of people made up only a fraction of the Han Clan's population, their points could often determine the ranking of the Floating Island.

The mid-rank True God explained it clearly—these five treasures were the best of the best, and the ordinary disciples of the island could only drool over them in the future. Those who could take the treasures out were destined to be the elite children of the Han Clan.

"Whether or not you're qualified, you need a fair rule, right?" Zen asked, his eyes crystal clear.

He was well aware that in this world, there was no such thing as absolute fairness. There was a huge gap in strength between all the Han Clan disciples. While on the surface, these treasures could be obtained by anyone, only a select few could even meet the conditions.

The mid-rank True God glanced at Zen with utter indifference—he figured that as a proving godly warrior, Zen was overestimating his own strength, so he reported the Han Clan's request. "The thirty treasures below need you to add fifteen thousand points in three months, and the five treasures above need fifty thousand. As a proving godly warrior, if you want to get one of the thirty treasures below, you need to win about five thousand battles. If it's one of the five above, you must win about fifteen thousand battles."

He assumed that the number he gave would put a dent in Zen's expression.

But Zen remained absolutely calm, giving no reaction but a slight nod.

A proving godly warrior only got the most basic three points in a match. But so long as Zen won consecutively, the extra points from each would add up. If he worked hard enough, it was entirely possible for him to win fifteen thousand points.

But his goal lay in one of the five most precious treasures, the Golden Beast Statue. To be exact, he needed the huge plate below the statue.

Still, it was difficult even for Zen to obtain fifty thousand points in a short period of time.

Just then, a crowd of people swarmed in from the side of the hall.

They were escorted by guards clad in gold armor—it was clear that they were of high status.

"Look, Laquisha, look! This time, Father finally agreed to take out the precious Golden Beast Statue," a girl that looked seventeen or eighteen years old exclaimed, bouncing up and down in excitement as she pointed to one of the hall's treasures.

"The voice sounds..." Zen raised his brows and narrowed his eyes at the sound—he recognized the girl before him was Aleyna, whom he had met in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

When he met her, she was still rather weak, but now she was one of the best proving godly warriors.

Next to her was Laquisha.

She looked much thinner than he had last seen her, with no trace of passion in her eyes. Instead, she looked rather melancholic. But in spite of that, she had become a True God. Although she was still at the low-rank, her momentum was undoubtedly strong, giving Zen a feeling that she was even more powerful than Pranav, Marko, and Mateo.

It was surprising to bump into them there, but Zen had no intention of coming forward.

Zen had even asked Master Evil how to change his appearance for such situations before coming to the Floating Island.

In the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, the two helped him get rid of the doubts about his origin—they were well aware of his identity. If they exposed him rashly, he would find himself in deep trouble.

It wasn't that he didn't believe in them—in actuality, they were very loyal. But Zen had to be extra cautious.

"Princess Royal is coming. Miscellaneous people, leave the hall!" one of the guards announced.

As he quietly sized up the guards, Zen couldn't find Kennan. Presumably, the group of guards in the Han Clan always stayed in the

Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

The news of the Princess Royal's coming gave everyone a shock. These True Gods in the hall knew that the girls were no ordinary folks, but never did they expect one of them to be the Han Clan's Princess Royal.

"Let's go. There's nothing to see here. Look, the elites of Han Clan have already ordered these treasures," said the mid-rank True God as he shook his head and patted Zen kindly on the shoulder, suggesting his leave.

"You're right," Zen replied, ready to go. But at that point, a woman's voice resounded, calling out, "Thad! Wait!"

Hearing the voice, Zen paused in his steps, turning around to see a girl clad in a green dress beside Laquisha and Aleyna—the girl he met on the first day of the Heavenly Han House test.

At the time, the old man who accompanied the young girl displayed a small sword, making everyone in the house fall silent, keeping secret the girl's identity.

The muscles of Zen's face had shifted as he disguised himself the way Master Evil taught him. With a new appearance, he wasn't recognized by Laquisha and Aleyna, but the little girl in green did, having met him recently.

The guards in charge of clearing the hall stopped right in front of Zen. Seeing him seemed to make the girl in green very happy as she turned and smiled at Aleyna, "I told you, there was a powerful talent in the Heavenly Han House and he would be coming to our Floating Island sooner or later. I wasn't lying."

With that, she ran towards Zen excitedly.

"Thad, now that you've passed the great test of the Heavenly Han House, why didn't anyone from the Holy Emperor City pick you up?" she asked him all of a sudden.

Holding a high position in the Han Clan came with access to inside information—she knew that the house had recommended Thad to the Floating Island and that he was to arrive. But she had no idea that something had happened—because of the dispute between Yazid and Bentley, Zen was sent to the Purple Soul Hall in the end.

So the girl in green had come to the Holy Emperor City several times to investigate, getting no news that Thad had entered the city—it was rather odd, in her opinion.

She was on good terms with Aleyna and Laquisha, but the elites of the Han Clan weren't only good friends—they were also great competitors. When Aleyna and Laquisha encountered Zen in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they came across a series of adventures. When the two girls returned to the Floating Island, they told the girl in green about the story.

She had been getting an earful about Zen's stories, seizing the Pristine Life Vitality, single-handedly fighting off a group of top-level elites from big clans of Floating Islands. A twinge of envy came when she heard the tales, for the two girls who met such a strange person in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land—she herself had grown very curious about the stranger.

After returning to the Han Clan's ancestral land, the girl in green met a genius named Thad Luo. Judging from his strength, she figured that even the big clans' elites couldn't measure up to him. The girl was barely sixteen, even younger than Aleyna, but her great competitiveness and ego had her bragging about Zen when she came back.

Chapter 2231 Suspicion

Ever since Aleyna and Laquisha had returned from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, they'd both been quite worried about Zen.

What was more, Laquisha had even tried to use her connections with the Jiang Clan in order to obtain a little information concerning the Evolutionary Universe.

Had this occurred in the past, the chances were she'd have succeeded. She did benefit from a high position in her clan, after all. It was easy for the Holy Emperor's eldest daughter to get information here and there from the Jiang Clan. This time, it was another story though. She gained nothing at all.

Because of Harold and his group, the Jiang Clan had equally lost control of the Evolutionary Universe.

As a result, she had no choice but to give up. There was no way she could travel to the Evolutionary Universe personally. Her father would never agree or allow such to happen.

Earlier though, upon hearing Kelsey provide news about Thad, she began to feel rather curious.

As of the moment the Luo Clan had been exterminated, less and less talents with Luo as their family name existed. Thus, it was kind of strange that a talent surnamed Luo had suddenly appeared. Moreover, if Zen really did come to the divine land, there was no way he'd actually use his real name.

On second thought though, the divine land really was very vast. Maybe Zen happened to arrive in the Han Clan's ancestral land and successfully passed the Heavenly Han House test. Maybe he happened to meet Kelsey in the Heavenly Han House, and Kelsey just happened to show off in front of Laquisha. And perhaps, Zen really was that person, only using an alias.

Was that even possible? The probability of such an occurrence was very slim, almost negligible. After figuring this out though, Laquisha didn't pay much attention to it.

As for the young girl named Kelsey, she went out on a whim and had a strong desire to win. In the past, she had searched high and low in the Holy Emperor City on several occasions for information about Thad, but to no avail. Ultimately, she gave up.

Nevertheless, today, she, Laquisha and Aleyna had all come to observe the rewards distributed by their father there, and they had happened to encounter Thad.

From her standpoint, Laquisha looked Zen up and down secretly.

Although Zen looked totally different now and even his aura had become stronger than in the past, Laquisha still felt like she recognized him. This feeling confused her deeply, for it was the first time they had ever met. Why did he give her such a familiar feeling?

"I didn't join the Holy Emperor City," Zen stated, shaking his head in negation. "I joined the Purple Soul Hall."

"What?!" Kelsey exclaimed. "You joined the Purple Soul Hall?" The corners of Kelsey's mouth twitched slightly and a strange smile spread on her lips. "Why did you join the Purple Soul Hall instead? From what I've heard, even the very few men in the Purple Soul Hall have womanly ways."

Aleyna, who was standing not far away from them, suddenly bounced toward them. She didn't look much older than Kelsey, and she showed just as much interest in the whole Thad thing as Kelsey did. "Kelsey, is this the talent surnamed Luo that you mentioned earlier? He doesn't have the Purple Power Body, right? How did he even join the Purple Soul Hall?"

Upon seeing the two girls giggling away in front of him, Zen said helplessly, "It's not funny and this isn't a joke. Although I don't have the Purple Power Body, I was recognized by the Purple Aura Godly Way." He reached out his hand and flicked his index finger. A bright ray of purple mist began to surround him instantly, and there was fine internal momentum within it.

Laquisha was watching this scene play out from a short distance away and her eyes opened wide with surprise. "The Purple Aura Godly Way is all about feminine aura. Only those who have controlled the latter can actually master this technique with skill. You can't comprehend this thing at all, and yet you've specifically managed to comprehend the internal momentum contained in the Purple Aura Godly Way. Tell us, how did you do that?" she asked coldly.

Over the years, Laquisha had, like many others, become more mature and melancholic, as well as more imposing as a princess. Her question to Zen was asked in a condescending tone, if only by force of habit.

"I'm sorry that I can't tell you," Zen promptly refused without a second's hesitation.

Laquisha said nothing in return, but the guard's face fell next to her, his expression emotionless. The guard was a top-rank True God. He was Laquisha's body guard and also enjoyed a high status in the Han Clan. When he heard Zen's answer, he shouted coldly, "How dare you refuse to answer the princess's question?"

In spite of the fact that the guard before him was a top-rank True God and that he was in an aggressive mood, Zen calmly asked, "I may have joined the Han Clan's Floating Island, but that doesn't mean I'm a slave here, right?"

What Zen said was true, of course. In reality, the wealthy clans of the various Floating Islands didn't have much restrictions on their disciples and those with different surnames.

However, in order to play the clans up, a large number of disciples with different surnames were usually quite courteous. In fact, they even fawned on their elders in hopes of making them happy and thus benefiting from certain opportunities.

And yet, this was what Zen cared about the least.

For him, the Han Clan's Floating Island was nothing more than a mere passageway. In order to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain, eight thousand points were needed and he would accumulate them little by little. Zen wanted to succeed on his own and refused to ask anyone else for help.

As the top-rank True God listened to Zen speak, he only grew even more infuriated. "How dare you!" he roared.

"That's enough, Grant," Laquisha said while keeping her voice under control.

And with Laquisha's words, the top-rank True God now known as Grant shut his mouth. Before retreating off to the side, Grant gave Zen a ferocious stare, which was so intense that it was almost as though he had daggers in his eyes.

On the other hand, as Laquisha listened to Zen's answers, the puzzled expression on her face gradually disappeared. The confusion in her heart though, couldn't help but grow bigger and stronger by the minute.

In both appearance and tone of voice, the fellow standing before her truly was completely different from Zen. That said though, his character and personality were nearly the exact same. She might not be capable of seeing flaws, but her unique intuition was constantly guiding her - and usually, in the right direction.

A little while ago, she had only felt somewhat strange because Zen's aura made her feel familiar. Now though, she had already tried proving that Thad was Zen, and Zen was only pretending that he didn't know who they were.

With that thought in mind, a cunning look appeared in her eyes. She turned to Aleyna and asked, "Aleyna, didn't Kelsey say that there existed a proving godly warrior that was even stronger than you?"

Aleyna's talent was even greater than that of Laquisha. Although she was only a proving godly warrior at the moment, she had already ranked second among the proving godly warriors in the Arena of Legends, next to Donovan from the Jiang Clan. Aleyna was nothing short of impressive.

Since the Floating Islands represented the divine land's highest level, it could be said that Aleyna, who ranked second among the proving godly warriors in the divine land, had extraordinary talent.

It was true that Kelsey had said that in the past, but she was reckless and less sensitive than Laquisha. She had already forgotten what she had said, and Aleyna didn't see any special thing in Thad. In other words, she hadn't connected Zen and Thad together whatsoever.

But as Laquisha reminded her, she remembered immediately, clapping her hands together at once as the thought flashed in her mind. "Oh, yeah, that's right! Kelsey, didn't you brag about this guy's strength every day a while back? You said he was stronger than me, huh? Thad, why don't we compete, right here, right now? Come on, hurry up! Let's do it!"

Aleyna was the type of person who always did whatever she pleased. And right now, her full intention was to compete with Zen.

Unfortunately for her, had she known that Thad was Zen, she would have never made such a silly choice. Although she was somewhat reckless, she was also very clever. Once Laquisha and she had come back, they took the time to secretly analyze Zen's background, and even read up on a little history that was hard for regular warriors to get their hands on.

The more they knew, the more astonished they became. It was at that point that they decided to keep this secret for themselves.

Aleyna had already been slightly aware about Zen's background and origin. Therefore, she knew very well that she was no match for him.

Now though, she wasn't thinking too clearly. Just a few seconds ago, instigated by Laquisha, she had offered to challenge Thad. At least, while they competed, Laquisha would be capable of using the time to retrieve more information and clues on Thad.

Zen looked at Laquisha helplessly. As long as he had to deal with Laquisha and Aleyna, nothing good would happen.

Chapter 2232 Playboys From Wealthy Clans

If he really fought with Aleyna, he must learn to hide his moves, or he would be easily seen through.

But Laquisha was thinking the same as Zen. She knew that Zen's strength far exceeded the strengths of people at the same level as him, but he didn't have as many tricks. Now, Aleyna was much stronger than before, so she thought that it would be difficult for Zen to hide his tricks before her.

These thoughts wreaked havoc in Zen's and Laquisha's minds.

But the battle between Zen and Aleyna did not start.

Because at this moment, the door on the other side of the hall was pushed open with a loud bang.

More than a hundred people rushed into the hall. They weren't very strong but they exuded an extraordinary aura.

Some of these people were proving godly warriors, and the others were low-rank True Gods. Most of them were very young. While the proving godly warriors were only 16 or 17 years old, the low-rank True Gods were only in their early twenties. They were all dressed informally but their clothes were all very fancy. Some had cyan-winged phoenixes embroidered on their shoulders, while some had gold dragons on their sleeves. They must belong to influential clans.

In addition to these warriors, there were four top-rank True Gods, who were hiding their aura and keeping a low profile. What was more, they were only the bodyguards of some of these young people.

"No outsider is allowed to enter this place!" Grant frowned and stepped up to stand before them. He said, "It doesn't matter who you are. Please get out!"

Since the Princess Royal had come here, all the others on the Han Clan's Floating Island must avoid being seen. No resistance was allowed.

The fifteen year old man at the front shook his head and laughed as he said, "What? I can't hear you."

"This guy told us to get out! Ha-ha! Can you hear me now?" Another young man in blue whispered loudly to the young man in front of him.

"Fuck off! I think I'm going to be deaf!"

"Lower your voice. The two princesses of the Han Clan are here today.

Don't embarrass Lang!"

Now that these young people had stirred up trouble, the quiet hall had suddenly descended into a mess.

Grant's face darkened. He gritted his teeth and made to attack.

As a top-rank True God, dealing with these juniors was easy for Grant. But he had barely made a move when two top-rank True Gods blocked his path.

"Hey buddy. You'd better stay out of young people's businesses," one of them whispered threateningly to Grant.

"I just want to protect my princesses," Grant said flatly.

"Our young master can't be hurt either. Don't force us to do anything," the man continued, his voice low. "Leave the matter to them. If they make a scene, there will be people above them to solve it. Anyone who tries to get involved will only be smashed to pieces. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

These top-rank True Gods had always been the bodyguards around the core disciples of the wealthy clans. They were already familiar with the rules. They knew that they couldn't be too responsible for their behaviors, or they would suffer from their own actions.

The Floating Islands above the Time Sea were the core of power. If accidentally involved, ordinary people would be torn to pieces. Even top-rank True Gods were no exception.

Grant had just been transferred from the Holy Emperor City to the Spiritual Heart Hall, so he didn't know the rules. He just wanted to fulfill his duty and ensure Laquisha's and Aleyna's safety. He couldn't bear to see these playboys from all the wealthy clans rushing in like nobody was watching them.

But the man's words calmed him down. As long as these people didn't move towards the princesses, Grant would not act rashly. Although Grant was a top-rank True God, he couldn't afford to offend the hundred people present.

Noticing that the others weren't showing them any respect, Aleyna, Laquisha and Kelsey were angry. "Why are you here?" Laquisha asked with a frown.

"Don't treat us as outsiders. You and Lang are engaged. You're his fiancee. I don't think it's a big deal for him to see his wife! Don't you agree with me?" A young bald man chuckled as he spoke.

Laquisha's expression hardened at this. She couldn't help but glance at Thad. Disappointment crushed her heart as she saw Zen's stiff expression.

Before anyone could react, the mass of people parted to reveal a handsome man slowly making his way to the front of the crowd. He smiled at her and said, "Laquisha! Nice to meet you again!"

This was Langston Leng, also known as Lang.

The Leng Clan was ranked fourth among all the wealthy clans of the Floating Islands.

Even among those in the top ten, the Leng Clan was one of the biggest and most powerful clans. And even in the divine land outside the Time Sea, the surname "Leng" alone could make anyone feel inferior.

The Han and the Qin Clans used to be on good terms with each other, their clan members often marrying each other. So both clans had children and disciples in each other's clans.

But by this time, the relationship between the Qin Clan and the Han Clan had started to crack.

Rumor was that if the Qin Clan wanted to be among the top ten clans, they had to remove the Hans from the list. But the Han Clan had no intention of giving up their ranking. As a result, the relationship between the two clans, which used to be linked by marriage, had now dropped to freezing point.

The other evidence was the marriage of Laquisha.

The Holy Emperor of the Han Clan had many children, but most of them were men. It wasn't until this divine era that he finally had the luck to beget two daughters, Laquisha and Aleyna, on both of whom, the Holy Emperor obviously doted.

Since they were the biological daughters of the Holy Emperor, they enjoyed a high status in the Han Clan. Some had thought that the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan would marry off his eldest daughter, Laquisha, to someone in the Qin Clan. However, as their relationship fell apart, Laquisha became engaged to Langston, of the Leng Clan.

Everyone was focused on the relationship between the Han Clan and the Leng Clan as well as the possible problems that could crop up in the future. Above the Time Sea, every move of the wealthy clans remained mysterious. They were thus, trying to guess the underhanded meaning of the marriage between the Leng Clan and the Han Clan.

But despite being the bride, Laquisha was neglected the most.

No one cared about what she was thinking, or her talent, or her strength. They only knew her value and how she could be an advantage to them.

And Laquisha didn't attend the engagement.

She then went to her father and made a scene. Despite that, her father had her grounded.

According to the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan, Langston was the best man to marry Laquisha and she was just creating trouble for nothing.

People like Laquisha weren't rare in the wealthy clans, but no one could disobey an order of a Holy Being.

She was not a mortal, so she couldn't just run away with the one she loved.

Although the divine land was large, how could Laquisha avoid being chased by a Holy Being?

They all thought that Laquisha would eventually compromise with her father after struggling for a while.

Langston was an outstanding young man. In the Arena of Legends, he had ranked among the top five mid-rank True Gods, and had never fallen out in all these years. Langston was the youngest son of the Holy Being of the Leng Clan. His status was no worse than that of Laquisha and it could be said that they were perfectly matched.

Langston greeted her warmly, but Laquisha was still pulling a long face and was avoiding looking at him.

As he watched Laquisha helplessly, Langston wanted to walk over to her. But Aleyna and Kelsey were staring coldly at him from either side of Laquisha.

"Stay away from her!"

"Fuck off!"

Although these two girls constantly fought with each other, they were very united when it came to guarding Laquisha against him.

"You two little girls, get out of the way!"

"The girls of the Han Clan are really beautiful. The two girls might become more beautiful than their sister when they grow up!"

"You can also ask your father to come here to propose marriage, can't you?"

The playboys were straightforward and even began to comment on Aleyna and Kelsey. They didn't dither before saying something harsh.

Even though Aleyna looked weak and feeble, she was tough, just like her mother. Their words brought her to the point of explosion, her round eyes widening as two blood shadows emerged from her hands.

The two blood shadows dragged in her hands like two shapeless knives, and she jabbed them towards one of the playboys.

She intended to kill them by using all her strength!

Chapter 2233 Harassment

The rich clans had introduced many rules and regulations among them.

Some rules were written on the Ruling Slate, while some on the Hall of Holy Beings. Some were even the rules of the various rich clans and the sect rules.

There was also a rule among the young men from the rich clans.

The top-rank True God said to Grant, "Keep one thing in mind. No matter what you do to protect the princesses of the Han Clan, ensure you do not displease these children from the noble clans. Else you will be punished severely! If these warriors begin to fight with each other, you better stay away and watch from a distance. Don't involve in their fighting."

It was a set rule that servants were not allowed to engage in fights among the core disciples of the rich clans.

Aleyna was all set to challenge Zen who was appreciated for his remarkable talent by Kelsey.

However, she was now in a towering rage and rushed towards the nearest proving godly warrior.

To make matters worse, she had clearly heard the warrior make some crude remarks with lustful eyes. She vehemently despised such people and to top it, she was ranked second among all the proving godly warriors!

Hiss...

The two rays of red light elongated and transformed into a mesmerizing blood-red pattern. It charged towards the reckless proving godly warrior!

The pattern exuded an aura of murderous intent, creating an illusion of situating in the Abyss Demon Region. No matter where one stood, they would be affected by the surging malicious aura.

The top-rank True Gods and mid-rank True Gods seemed to be unaware about the turn of events. They were not affected by this aura.

But some of the low-rank True Gods felt their hearts suddenly race. Their blood pumped so much adrenaline that they were filled with an intention to kill others.

The proving godly warrior, Egbert Zhou, who was about to be covered by the blood-red pattern was the core disciple of the Zhou Clan.

The Zhou Clan's Floating Island was only ranked in the middle on the Time Sea. It could be regarded as a middle level island, but it was still guarded by a Holy Being. Although this clan did not showcase any extraordinary talent, they were socially active and were on good terms with other clans. It also maintained its own position and rank in the past few years.

Egbert Zhou never realized that the younger daughter of the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan was so stubborn and reckless that she was just randomly going to kill him for no fault of his.

The disciples from rich clans on the Floating Islands were all bossy and cruel by nature, but it was the first time that Egbert Zhou had met such a fierce and domineering woman. He was not prepared for such kind of behavior.

Even if Egbert Zhou managed to maintain his composure, he was still no match compared to Aleyna.

Aleyna was ranked second among the proving godly warriors, while Egbert Zhou was ranked beyond 80th. The two of them had confronted each other in the Arena of Legends twice, but Egbert Zhou lost in a very short period of time during each round.

Warriors would not really die in the Arena of Legends, so Egbert Zhou could still hang on there. Now the blood-red pattern rushed towards him with a murderous intent making him so scared that he couldn't help but shout out for help.

Zen stood on the other side and watched the scene indifferently.

He had already made the decision. Since he did not intend to show up in the first place, he would not make a move to interfere.

Zen didn't care what the disciples from the rich clans were going to do or how they would stop. It had nothing to do with him. He didn't even bother to watch their attitude towards the current situation.

If Zen's father was still alive, and the Luo Clan was not destroyed, Zen might have also grown up among the rich clans and become a member of these noble clan children. But there was no point mulling over events he could not control. He was not a member of this group. From the moment he was born, he was destined to fulfill the mission that was more substantial than that of these noble clan children.

If Egbert Zhou died here, it would bring great trouble to the Han Clan.

The Zhou Clan wasn't even worth mentioning in terms of the ranking, but with the friendly relationships with many other wealthy and influential clans, it would eventually bring trouble to the Han Clan. However, Aleyna did not think much on those lines. Ever since she had made great achievements in the Arena of Legends, she had never been bullied like this by her peers!

However, before Aleyna's blood-red pattern could surround Egbert Zhou, a short figure appeared unexpectedly. He was very flexible, and he had a silver flute in his hand. He raised the flute slightly, and a ball of silver light was formed and rolled towards the blood-red pattern.

The blood-red pattern contained an immense killing power. But the silver light seemed even more powerful because it immediately coated the blood-red pattern, making it look like fluid mercury.

The original blood-red mark had now turned into a silver colored mark, totally exiting from Aleyna's control. Egbert Zhou was immensely relieved to have survived this situation by a hair's breadth.

"It's been only a few days, since the last time we met. But you have great potential by reaching such a high level. I think you are now capable of challenging an ordinary True God." The man holding the silver flute said with a smile. He was Keenan Liu from the Liu Clan, and had reached the cultivation base of a True God. It was not appropriate for him to fight against Aleyna now, as he was much powerful than Aleyna.

The Liu Clan's Floating Island ranked the last among all of the islands. The clan members were always on their toes, for they felt crisis might befall on them anytime.

The clan would be qualified to be called a big clan only when its island was above the Time Sea. Till date the Liu Clan's foundation was still unstable.

If the Liu Clan continued to fall behind other clans, its Floating Island would drop into the Time Sea, and its position would be replaced by another powerful clan. That was why, in the divine land, there were countless first-tier clans who were eyeing the Liu Clan's Floating Island to succumb. Once the Liu Clan was eliminated, other first-tier clans would be ready to compete for the vacant position.

Although the Liu Clan's Floating Island ranked at the bottom, Keenan Liu, the low-rank True God, holding the silver flute, possessed immense strength and was ranked in the top 50 in the Arena of Legends. He was among the top 50 low-rank True Gods, while Aleyna was just ranked second among the proving godly warriors.

The difference in strength between them was too wide. Hence Aleyna was no match for Keenan Liu.

By virtue of his advantage in cultivation base, Keenan Liu could easily stop Aleyna's attack. Many people would have chosen to prevent from being in this situation, if they were in Keenan Liu's position. However, Keenan Liu became more interested in dealing with Aleyna today. After waving the flute, he smiled arrogantly and said, "I've heard so much about you. Well, today I'm going to compete with you!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he slightly shook the silver flute in his hand, and a crisp whistling sound came out from it. It contained the soul method in it, which could make the soul go numb for an instant.

Suddenly, Aleyna felt that her spiritual sense went numb and blank. She just could not feel or think any more. It seemed like she was rooted to her place, without being able to move her limbs.

By the time she could understand the situation, Keenan Liu had already placed his hand on her shoulder. He said in a low voice, "A wonderful night filled with the pleasant sound of a phoenix flute..." Before he could finish chanting, Aleyna came to her senses. There was bloody mist emitting from her body. And her innocent face transformed itself into a fierce one.

All this while, Laquisha was upset. Neither did she want to see Aleyna killing innocent people here, nor did she want to see her being molested by the disciple from a rich clan. However, as she was about to help Aleyna, Langston, her fiance stood in front of her.

Langston said coldly, "Aleyna is a little bad-tempered, and it's not a bad thing for her to spar with Keenan. Keenan has the sense of propriety and might drive some sense into her."

Hearing this, Laquisha felt outraged. "Spar with him?" She knew that all of those noble clan disciples were not only powerful, but also eloquent. She just said coldly, "Get out of my way!"

Langston shook his head and smiled. "You are not supposed to talk to me with that tone, but I still find it appealing!" he uttered.

Langston was not afraid of Laquisha's counterattack as he said those words. After all he was the top mid-rank True God, while Laquisha had just mastered the Godly Way. Laquisha was no match for him. Since Langston stood in front of Laquisha, it was impossible for the latter to make any move.

Grant who was in the hall was now sweating profusely. He was the guard responsible for protecting both Laquisha and Aleyna. Faced with the current dilemma, he felt helpless. What should he do? What if anything untoward happened to the two sisters of the Han Clan? He knew he would be in a very grave situation if he failed to protect them.

"Humph! How dare you bully my sister!"

Kelsey shouted angrily when she saw that Keenan Liu was bullying Aleyna with the silver flute.

But Kelsey's strength was inferior to that of Aleyna. It was an easy job for Keenan Liu to deal with the two girls. He enveloped both of them in the silver light that spread from his silver flute. All this while, he was stroking Aleyna's face from time to time, taking advantage of her position under the flute's spell.

When the other rich clan disciples witnessed this scene, they merely started laughing. They showed no intention to prevent Keenan Liu, and even made fun of Aleyna.

Zen had never expected that the situation in the hall would create such a turn of events. Earlier he had planned to leave without anyone's notice, but now, he realized it would be difficult to do so. He silently shook his head and walked towards Aleyna.

Chapter 2234 Driven Mad

The rich playboys of the wealthy clans were quite used to this kind of situations.

In fact, they meant no harm, as they only thought of it as a game.

However, this game would prove to be quite costly to the three sisters of the Han Clan.

The Han Clan was meant to be riding on the Leng Clan's coattails. Although the playboys mostly kept it to themselves, they despised the Han Clan in their hearts. They also had a tendency to create troublesome situations for others. They were quite keen on the politics of the Floating Islands as well.

They were aware of their actions and knew whom to avoid when they stirred trouble.

The playboys were unaware of Zen standing there. He wouldn't have caught their attention even if he was a top-rank True God, let alone a proving godly warrior.

Zen kept his head down and started walking towards them.

Since Zen was on the Floating Island, he didn't want to cause any trouble. He had no one to lean on and was weak. Provoking these guys didn't seem like a good idea as he could jeopardize everyone knowing his true identity, However, he couldn't just stand there and watch Aleyna getting bullied.

"How about that?"

When he was only seven or eight feet away from Aleyna, a great force made way through his feet and exploded.

Zen increased his strength in order to make up for the loss in speed. In the Evolutionary Universe, when everyone was flying back and forth, this was not much of an advantage, but in the divine land, it was extremely valuable and effective.

Due to that turbulent force, Zen's speed increased in an instant. His body started to lean forward. Few pieces of ice were condensed in his left hand, and a raging flame was seen in his right hand.

If Zen used the Great Weighty Sword combined with the Emotion Closing Godly Way, he would have been able to even kill Keenan.

However, the consequences would be quite severe once his Emotion Closing Godly Way was exposed.

Fortunately, Zen had stored a lot of Godly Ways through Infinity Ruler. Although, he was unable to cultivate anything during this time. He was also constantly thinking about the cooperation between these Godly Ways. He suddenly started waving his left hand just as he became fast.

The air was filled by sudden swishing sounds.

The ice cones in his left hand suddenly flew towards Keenan.

As Zen started to attack, he finally attracted the attention of people that were present there.

As Zen was only a proving godly warrior, the people over there didn't take him much seriously. After all, Aleyna was the strongest among the proving godly warriors, but she wouldn't have been able to do much against Keenan.

"Where is this guy from? I just noticed him." People started to wonder.

"I don't know. Maybe he is a direct disciple of the Han Clan. Maybe he wants to take a stand alongside Aleyna."

"He used two Godly Ways at once? That's interesting," someone exclaimed.

They thought low, even of those who were direct disciples of the Han Clan. The thought never crossed their mind that Zen was only an outer disciple.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Keenan accurately caught all the sharp ice cones that Zen had thrown on his flute. His face grew darker as he said, "How dare you attack me! Do you wish to die?"

He didn't take Zen as an opponent, but Zen had indeed disturbed the ambiance of the place. However, just as he was about to remove the ice cones off the silver flute, the corners of Zen's mouth curled up.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Black and purple flames erupted from the ice cones, followed by a black smoke with a hideous smell. The hideous stench that filled the air was like that of the poison.

Zen himself created that nameless flame from the elementary fire. It took a long time to cultivate the Elementary Fire Godly Way. And it needed some practice and a few finishing touches to create one's own fire.

The dark purple nameless fire was only a semi-finished fire, and it did not have much power in it. However, it looked quite frightening. When smelling the pungent odor of the thick smoke, everyone thought it was a toxic fire.

Keenan's expression changed when he saw the black smoke. He waved the silver flute, and spun a strong wind from it, intending to blow out the flames and the black smoke on the flute.

Zen didn't stop moving either. A five colored light flashed gently in his hand and activated the Earth Law of the Five Elements Godly Way. Then he punched the ground hard.

Smash!

A huge mud hand suddenly sprang out from under Keenan's feet and grasped him firmly.

Keenan felt dizzy. He didn't expect Zen to exert so many methods in the blink of an eye. These methods weren't very powerful, but were still quite excruciating.

"Who is he? He has used three types of Godly Ways in a short amount of time!"

"He's not experienced in cultivating these Godly Ways. He's just very skilled at using them."

"It is quite time consuming to cultivate several kinds of Godly Ways at the same time. And he has bitten more than he can chew!" people exclaimed.

After becoming True Gods, people did cultivate more than one kind of Godly Way, but they mostly practiced a single Godly Way and the other one or two were just subsidiaries. But people were surprised to see Zen use three kinds of Godly Ways at the same time.

"Oh! He's already using the fourth Godly Way. Wow! It's the Purple Aura Godly Way! He's not a woman!"

While they were gossiping, wisps of purple mist spread out and transformed into purple birds which then attacked Keenan. It was the incarnation in the Purple Aura Godly Way.

Being held captive by the mud hand and dealing with the large group of purple birds at the same time stunned Keenan. He didn't know what to do.

Laquisha and Langston were dumbfounded by the unexpected fold of events.

Langston was one of the most powerful warriors present in this group, and his eyes were fixed on Zen. "This guy is unique. If he can unite several Godly Ways together, he could have a miraculous effect."

Some of the mighty warriors of the divine land had truly grasped the way to perfectly combine several types of Godly Ways, but that required an extremely thorough comprehension and understanding of the Godly Ways. Langston thought that Zen was just playing petty tricks as he was just a proving godly warrior.

On the other hand, Laquisha was a bit confused. She didn't expect Thad to constantly change his Godly Ways as soon as he attacked. Such a way dealing with the enemy was quite amazing.

'This man is so powerful that he can unleash several Godly Ways to this point with such an ordinary cultivation level. He is quite unique, but isn't he Zen?'

Laquisha's heart was filled with sorrow. She couldn't figure out that whether Thad was actually Zen. If he wasn't Zen, he had nothing to do with her no matter how powerful he was.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The sky was filled with sudden booming noise.

The purple birds which contained the internal momentum surrounded Keenan and exploded simultaneously. At the same time, some snowflakes drifted. The snowflakes covered the whole area, and suddenly it became cold there.

"Snow Godly Way!"

"This is the sixth Godly Way," someone exclaimed. "This fellow is quite mysterious."

"I know plenty extraordinary people, but I never heard of this person in the Han Clan before."

The playboys from the wealthy clans present were the most powerful and talented ones in the same realm. In their opinion, cultivating three or four kinds of Godly Ways was way too much work. And it would be a queer if they could display five or six kinds of Godly Ways casually. Moreover, this guy seemed to have cultivated much more Godly Ways than he had displayed.

Even though Keenan had been cornered by Zen, the onlookers had no intention of helping him. They were interested in seeing what Zen would do next.

Suddenly Aleyna intervened and stopped Zen in his tracks. She asked Zen to let her kill Keenan. Aleyna was not a softhearted person. Her cultivation base had restrained her strength, but she wasn't afraid of killing Keenan.

Aleyna hated Keenan ever since she was molested by him. She didn't want to standby watching idly as Keenan was getting killed. She wanted to be the one to kill him herself.

"Let me kill him!" Aleyna exclaimed.

Keenan felt quite dizzy and furious at the same time. Whenever he tried to get out of this difficult situation, Zen would come up with something new.

Keenan raised the silver flute in his hand and shoved it into the ground.

Buzz!

A streak of silver light suddenly flashed from the upper end of the silver flute which stunned the spectators.

"This isn't good."

"Keenan is mad now!" one said.

"Everyone, move back quickly!"

Everyone rushed back to safety when they saw this.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2235 The Lesson

Although this group of people made quite a havoc in the Han Clan's territory, they were also well aware of what was more important.

It was nothing more than a basic prank. At first, when Keenan had started picking on Aleyna and Kelsey, he didn't have any intentions of hurting anyone.

When Zen stepped in, though, things became a little more subtle.

Although the Liu Clan's Floating Island didn't rank high, it was still one of the richest and most powerful clans. It was a great shame that Keenan had been fooled by a proving godly warrior using different Godly Ways.

If they were outside of the Time Sea, this might not have been a problem, as there was such a long distance between the wealthy clans.

But right now, these huge Floating Islands were close to each other. No matter what happened, the news would spread in the blink of an eye. Everyone knew everyone around here. Keenan was too pissed to swallow his fury.

At that moment, he felt very serious.

From the top of the silver flute, a bright silver light suddenly burst out. Numerous mysterious thin rays spread out from it.

Simultaneously, Zen felt there was something familiar about the burst of light: Chaotic energy.

Upon noticing the burst of chaotic energy, everyone present began to show signs of fear. The top-rank True Gods in the hall were no exception.

Anyone below a Holy Being's status was completely unable to resist the chaotic energy's erosion. Neither a consummate True God nor a Demi-holy Being.

Zen raised his eyebrows slightly. Seeing as the flute could emit such chaotic energy, it was logical to deduce that it was a supreme chaotic weapon. And upon noticing the nervous warriors in continuous retreat, Zen knew that Keenan's next move was bound to be extremely fierce.

'I sense trouble, ' he thought solemnly to himself.

At that very moment, Zen's dull eyes suddenly lit up. This time, not only did he refuse to retreat, but he rushed toward Keenan with speed and might.

The chaotic energy could be seen pouring out from the silver flute and it was slowly circling around, preparing a killing tactic. How could an ordinary person even dare to approach such danger? Even just a tiny amount of chaotic energy could, and would, be a problem.

Zen, on the other hand, didn't have to deal with this psychological burden.

The chaotic energy's poison wasn't harmful to Zen in any way. In order to avoid making himself too ostentatious, Zen gently twisted his body and found a gap to dodge through.

"Is that guy going to stop Keenan?!" someone shouted in surprise.

"He is much too bold. Encountering chaotic energy is far from being pleasant..."

"Does he really think that he could be a match to Keenan?" someone else retorted.

Despite the fact that Zen had just fooled Keenan with several Godly Ways, no one imagined that he'd be stronger than a True God. Even among the low-rank True Gods, Keenan was one of the strongest. In other words, to everyone watching, Zen's charge forward was nothing more than asking for his death.

As Keenan watched Zen take the initiative to come at him, he felt absolutely overjoyed.

He only used the Holy Zakaria Flute at moments of crisis. The flute was one of the two supreme chaotic weapons of the Liu Clan. His father had given it to him and forbade him to take it out of Time Sea. Every time he went to a forbidden land, he was obliged to give the Holy Zakaria Flute to his father before his departure.

If the power of the Holy Zakaria Flute were to break out completely, the hall would probably be destroyed. Even more problems would arise if the chaos became a disturbance to the Han Clan elders. If such were the case, Keenan would be punished severely.

As Zen charged toward him powerfully, a fierce light flashed in Keenan's eyes. He reached out his hand and gently pinched the Holy Zakaria Flute. A whistling sound split through the air immediately, and the chaotic energy was slowly absorbed back.

Keenan gently waved his hands together at the same time, and the momentum within his body rushed toward his Godly Tile. Since Zen had dared fool him, he would let him know what a miserable price he would have to pay.

Even though Keenan had used his momentum, he still hadn't applied his Godly Way. He wasn't out of tactics, yet.

Using momentum went hand in hand with using Faith Energy. That said though, the Godly Tile could help the Faith Energy play its role to an extreme!

There was no doubt about it. Keenan was going to tear Zen to shreds in the most obvious and grotesque way possible!

The very second Zen was standing before him, Keenan's body exuded momentum and every inch of his muscular body surged and pulsed. His arms were raised in the air, as if they contained endless power. This strength came partly from his corporeal body, but most of it was formed by his momentum.

As his arms clashed together, his hands transformed into two giant tiger claws and he fiercely grabbed at Zen. He was as fast as lightning and grabbing onto Zen's arms was no problem at all.

"Boy, don't be a hero if you don't have the strength!" Keenan spat coldly, staring at Zen who was now only inches away from his face. Although Keenan knew he was younger than Zen, he was sure that he had a higher cultivation base than him, and therefore, he treated Zen like a junior warrior. "You don't get the chance to regret your actions, though. My warning has come too late. Alas..."

With a gentle sigh, his only remaining desire was to tear Zen apart.

"Thad..." Kelsey murmured, completely startled. She tried to stop Keenan, but it was too late.

Laquisha's heart began beating faster and faster.

From the very beginning, she had originally planned to let Aleyna compete with Thad to find out his identity. After watching Zen display all sorts of Godly Ways first hand, she had begun to doubt her own intuition.

It was in that split second that the premonition in Laquisha's heart became extremely strong and sensitive. She couldn't ignore it any longer.

Her judgments were based on a certain logic. This Thad guy was definitely not a mediocre warrior, considering his capacity of mastering six or even seven kinds of Godly Ways at the same time.

Such a smart individual just couldn't be stupid enough to rush towards Keenan unprepared. He must have the needed confidence and skill!

In this respect, he was very much like Zen.

Laquisha had seen Zen's horrifying strength in the past. Zen had obtained plenty from exploring the Collapsing Mountain race that year.

In only a few more moments, she would know whether this Thad guy was truly Zen or not.

The other warriors from the wealthy clans were all calm now. Only a few of the Han Clan members were considered untouchable. As for everyone else, if someone was killed, the family could choose whether or not to scold the killer. Moreover, word of the deceased wouldn't even be spread throughout the clan.

Beneath everyone's longing gaze, Zen surprisingly displayed a relaxed expression. He smiled at Keenan and said, "You calling me boy? You know you have no right to call me that..." After saying such words, Zen suddenly began wriggling his body on the spot.

As he squirmed ceaselessly on spot, Zen activated the nine stars and motivated an enormous force.

Zen's movement wasn't extremely fast, but because of the power infusion, it was too heavy for Keenan to react. When he clenched Zen's arm, he felt a huge force escape it, which was much greater than that of anyone he had ever fought in his life before!

With the strength Zen was exuding from his arms, Keenan was soon tossed into the air toward the hall's ceiling by force.

Splash!

A milky white glaze lamp was hanging from the hall's ceiling. Keenan smashed directly into the lamp, and it immediately shattered, falling to the ground in hundreds of sharp little pieces. Keenan, too, smashed violently down to the ground.

Before his body was even completely splayed out on the floor, Zen kicked him hard in the ribs.

Zen figured that since he had already offended this Keenan guy by defending Aleyna and Kelsey, he decided to teach him a good lesson. And what was more, Keenan had even tried to kill him!

If it wasn't for the fact that he had a couple scruples concerning the wealthy clan standing behind Keenan, he would have sliced him in half with his Great Weighty Sword!

With a roar, Keenan's body looked like a folded, half empty sack of flour. He went crashing into a wall on the other side of the hall, and his body sprawled helplessly out on the ground.

Everyone in the hall was now staring at Zen intensely. Previously, they hadn't cared about Zen's background or name. Now though, something had changed. Their hearts and minds were full of questions. When had this guy shown up exactly? And why had they never heard of him before?

Chapter 2236 An Outsider

Because the Arena of Legends existed, a powerful warrior on the Floating Island would soon attract attention.

For example, when Aleyna placed second among the proving godly warriors in just a couple of years, the wealthy clans knew that she was destined to be a new star of the Han Clan.

Irrespective of whether they were weak or powerful, warriors could always find opponents to match their level of strength. The Arena of Legends was not only for battles of strength; it could also prove to everyone a warrior's talent and their future.

Zen had also done well in this arena, winning all of his battles.

But he hadn't climbed up to obtain a rank. He was like a ghost wandering around the arena, constantly drawing points. Except for the dozens of proving godly warriors who Zen had defeated, no one else knew him.

Among all the proving godly warriors, Aleyna was only second to Donovan, the little talent of the Jiang Clan. And yet, she hadn't been able to defeat Keenan.

There was a huge gap between the strengths of a world lord and a True God, which one couldn't cross by relying merely on their talent. After all, the energy released by a True God's momentum was much more than ordinary life vitality.

Zen had deftly combined six Godly Ways and attacked Keenan.

It was not difficult to do this. With careful design, diverse Godly Ways would often have miraculous effects. But this move was as opportunistic as juggling, and was widely considered a low trick.

However, no one had thought that the kid could be so fast and suddenly burst out such unimaginable strength; the way he had defeated Keenan was truly incredible.

It was normal for a low-rank True God to challenge or even defeat a mid-rank True God. But it was extremely rare for a proving godly warrior to defeat a low-rank True God.

Laquisha's attractive eyes glinted with mirth.

Zen's physical disguise was pretty effective, but he couldn't mask his character. She had never even imagined that Zen would quietly appear on Han Clan's Floating Island.

"Just as I said, he is stronger than the guy you mentioned," Kelsey said, smiling.

"No, he isn't," Aleyna snapped.

"Now that Thad has arrived at the Floating Island, I'll ask Father to transfer him from the Purple Soul Hall tomorrow," Kelsey added.

"Such a talent should be used by our clan, but I'm afraid he's in great trouble now," Aleyna said, a worried frown now marring her brow.

Since Zen had beaten Keenan for them, their enemies would not let him go.

Keenan lay on the ground, but no one went to help him. Everyone's attention was focused on Zen. Soon, a young man with long hair walked out of the crowd. A small gem-like mark decorated his forehead, a faint red light flickering around it. He glanced at Zen and said, "A strong warrior like you hasn't yet appeared on the rankings. I wonder how the Han Clan could let that happen. What's your name?"

This young man was also a low-rank True God, but he showed a stronger momentum and was apparently more powerful than Keenan.

Everyone present thought that Zen was a member of the Han Clan, and a talent cultivated secretly in the clan.

"I'm Thad Luo," Zen replied calmly. He was only pretending to be calm, but from within, was feeling a crushing sense of helplessness. He knew it was difficult to get away from these guys. All he could do was hope that the elders of the Han Clan appeared as soon as possible, or there would be real trouble for him this time.

There were other luck factors that contributed to his success in defeating Keenan. And while Keenan was one of the most outstanding low-rank True Gods, he was definitely not the strongest. If the guy standing before Zen was to challenge him, Zen was not sure he could win. What was more, there were also mid-rank True Gods and top-rank True Gods in this group.

"Your surname is Luo, not Han?" the young man said, surprised.

Everyone else mirrored his expression.

"Oh, so you are just a lowly outsider," someone in the crowd laughed.

"But the Han Clan seems to have found a treasure. It has been many years since a proving godly warrior rivaled a True God," someone else said.

"He was lucky to defeat Keenan, and Keenan didn't activate his supreme chaotic weapon. He was tricked by the kid and fought with only his physical strength!"

The most glorious thing for the warriors from the wealthy clans was their family names.

The surnames that had appeared above the Time Sea all belonged to legendary clans. They were also masters of the entire divine land.

As for the outer disciples, it didn't matter if they came from a second tier or a third tier clan. They were not qualified to be on equal footing with these rich people.

No matter how powerful they were, they would still be considered lowly. After all, there was neither a big clan behind them, nor were they backed by a Holy Being.

Which was why rich people became ruder when they talked about Zen.

The long-haired young man grinned, his eyes gleaming fiercely. "It's not easy for an outsider to cultivate to this level. But you've hurt Keenan badly. Your life has come to an end!"

"Oh, Sheridan is angry!"

"Both the Liu Clan and the Xie Clan are the weakest above the Time Sea. They have always been on good terms, and Keenan is Sheridan's good friend."

"What if Sheridan kills that guy in a fit of rage?"

"He is just an outsider. Even if he is talented, the Han Clan won't look into it."

If Zen were from the Han Clan, they wouldn't dare do anything to him. They would only teach him a lesson.

But he wasn't. Things were different to outsiders.

Although outsiders could enter the Floating Islands through great efforts, there wouldn't be much of a difference in their status. They would meet double standards on many levels.

The moment Sheridan Xie finished his sentence, he lunged at Zen. He was ranked 40th among the low-rank True Gods and was much more powerful than Keenan.

Zen had already been on the alert. So when he sensed Sheridan Xie's movement, he retreated quickly, stepping out of his foe's way.

Zen was so fast no one among the proving godly warriors could parallel him.

Sheridan Xie smiled coldly and said, "Running away?"

The red in the gem mark on his forehead flashed and enveloped him in its shadow. While he chased Zen, he dragged out a number of figures sheathed in red behind him so that it looked like a large group of people was chasing after Zen.

And it seemed that he was even faster than Zen.

No sooner had Zen retreated eighty feet than Sheridan Xie appeared before him and blocked his path. He placed two of his slender fingers on his forehead and touched the blood red mark.

A ray of blood light flashed from the gem mark on his forehead and gathered on his fingertips.

A metallic sound resonated from his fingertips, his bloody fingers seeming to have turned into two sharp swords.

He flipped his right hand and pointed two fingers at Zen, his eyes blazing. Killing an outsider wouldn't give him any sense of achievement. But it would be a great shame for Keenan to lose to this guy, which was why he had decided to help Keenan.

At the receiving end of Sheridan Xie's attack, Zen felt cornered.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

A puff of white smoke rose from the surface of his body, and his entire body had now become light as paper.

Two rays of sword radiance spurted out of Sheridan Xie's fingertips. Zen floated around as if he couldn't feel gravity.

"It is really him!"

Laquisha looked relieved.

She had seen Zen perform the Eight Smoky Melodies. And now, due to Sheridan Xie's force, Zen used this move to keep his life, which confirmed her conjecture.

She was anxious too. She couldn't bear to see Zen killed by these people. Although she was blocked by Langston, she smiled and sent a voice message to Grant.

Chapter 2237 Threat

Everything happened so fast that it was all a blur. After Zen used the Eight Smoky Melodies, he suddenly lost his weight and floated in the air like smoke.

On the other hand, Sheridan didn't pull his punches.

The red light on his fingers intertwined with each other as numerous small red rings circled all around his fingertips. A pleasant, metallic clang rang out every time the rings came into contact with each other. When he slightly tapped his fingers, a strange red sword light burst out from his fingertips!

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

The Eight Smoky Melodies was known as a flexible skill in the Evolutionary Universe because it didn't have much gravity, and all the things inside it were relatively lighter than those in the divine land. However, it wasn't as effective when used in the divine land.

After all, the Eight Smoky Melodies was just an ordinary kind of martial arts technique. Thus, Zen found it hard to use it against Sheridan's Godly Way. Sometimes, he even had to roll on the ground just to dodge the red sword radiance, and it made him look very awkward.

"Dodge towards this side!"

"Move back! Move back quickly!"

Meanwhile, Aleyna and Kelsey cheered nervously but excitedly for Zen as they couldn't participate in the battle. They didn't know how dangerous his situation really was, but they believed that he could turn the odds to his favor.

Of course, Zen clearly wanted to do so.

However, his opponent had the advantage since the beginning, so he almost had no chance to fight back. He was even lucky enough to dodge the sword radiance, but he knew that he couldn't keep going like this.

"Whoosh!"

A red sword radiance left a long trail of red light in the air as it swept past Zen's face. It left a scratch on his cheek that was almost invisible to the naked eye, but strings of blood gushed out from the very small wound.

His face remained impassive, but his eyes began to burn with rage.

His opponent, who was much faster than him continuously shot sword radiance from his fingers to attack. Furthermore, he always maintained a distance of three steps away from Zen, which left him no way to escape.

Despite his tight predicament, Zen quickly did a mental analysis of the situation.

He knew that he had limited means to use in the face of such a strong opponent. Aside from all kinds of Godly Ways, the best thing that he had thought of was only his physical strength.

As soon as the idea popped into his head, he suddenly turned around and ran towards the other direction.

A cold smile was plastered on Sheridan's face as he leisurely chased after Zen, while the sword radiance in his fingertips continued to shoot his target.

Suddenly, Zen stopped in his tracks. His feet left two small holes on the solid ground. At the same time, his great power caused the entire hall to shake violently!

Even if he had no choice but to rely on his powerful strength and body to stop so abruptly, his opponent couldn't do such a thing. If Sheridan tried to do the same, he would've slipped some feet away. Experienced warriors could always foresee their estimated distance in advance and stop at their desired spot, but Zen didn't give Sheridan the time.

If he did attempt to do the same thing Zen did, his body would probably fail to withstand the momentum and his legs would most likely be fractured.

At one glance, Zen's move looked rather simple, but it required a high level of physical strength and a tough body. Not even the True Gods could achieve such a feat.

Zen was currently faced against a True God, so he had no other better options but to exert his physical strength to the limit.

Clearly, Sheridan was shocked to see that Zen could suddenly stop in his tracks then quickly stand still like a tree trunk, while he still rushed towards Zen with an unstoppable momentum. Yet, he wasn't nervous in the slightest. After all, he was much stronger than Keenan, and knew too many methods to fight against a proving godly warrior.

A gust of wind blew as he rushed towards Zen with two outstretched fingers, which sent three beams of sword radiance in a row. At the same time, he twisted his body in an attempt to bypass Zen.

There was a slight glint in Zen's eyes as he had expected such a counterattack. His strong body rolled in the air, and his flexible limbs contorted into a certain pose so that all the three beams of sword radiance skimmed through his underarm, crotch, and waist, respectively.

After he had evaded the three beams of sword radiance, he quickly tried to grab Sheridan.

However, the sword radiance that was shot towards him forced him to dodge slightly to the left, as Sheridan slid to the right. They were three feet away from each other, but Zen couldn't seem to reach him.

"You are too naive," Sheridan said with a complacent smile, as if everything had happened according to his calculation.

However, he noticed that Zen's lips were also curved into a mocking grin.

'What is he laughing at?'

Just as Sheridan thought about Zen's intentions, an invisible hand pressed against him and slammed him hard to the ground.

Bang!

Another violent tremor shook the whole hall once again!

All the people present were speechless at the unexpected scene in front of them.

"What happened?"

"What forced Sheridan to the ground?"

"It looked like an invisible power. How could that man control his power in that way? Did he cultivate the Might Godly Way to a high level?"

More and more murmurs filled the hall. They couldn't believe what had just happened!

Some of them were knowledgeable and knew that there were only two ways to freely circulate one's physical strength around their bodies. The first was to cultivate the Might Godly Way to a high level. After one cultivated to the third stage of the Might Godly Way, they could extend their strength beyond their bodies and form a new body — an invisible body formed from their extended strength. This body was powerful, and could also serve as a shield.

The second method was to comprehend the Cross-world Theurgy. With this skill, a Holy Being could gather the power from their inner worlds wherever they went.

Since Zen wasn't a Holy Being, he couldn't use the Cross-world Theurgy. But even if he cultivated the Might Godly Way, he hadn't even condensed his Godly Tile. Thus, how did he get to cultivate to the third stage of the Might Godly Way?

It was why it came as no surprise when everyone wanted to know how he had managed to extend his physical strength.

Even the top-rank True Gods who had come with the warriors all looked at him with utter shock and confusion.

While everyone was still in a daze, Zen's eyes glittered with murderous intent. He grabbed the air, and the invisible hand lifted Sheridan up from the ground.

Sheridan was still out of his wits because of the heavy slap. Now, he looked limp and lifeless as he was hung in midair.

There was an uproar when Zen suddenly launched his attacks. His fingers continuously hit Sheridan's limbs, chest, and spine!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

All of his moves were extremely precise and crushed the most important bones and joints all over Sheridan's body. It was too much that before Sheridan could react or even scream, he already lost his consciousness because of the immense pain!

When Zen was satisfied enough, he threw him onto the ground and stepped on him. He looked around the hall coldly and said, "I didn't intend to offend you here today, but these girls of the Han Clan are my old acquaintances, so I have to step out and help them. If you want to try my strength, I am willing to spar with you inside the Jade Wall of Legends. But if anyone wants to kill me here, I'm afraid that this guy will have to join me in hell!"

As soon as his voice died down, he lightly stepped on the gem mark on Sheridan's forehead. Had Zen used his full power, he could even make a top-rank True God's head explode. What more with Sheridan, who was only a low-rank True God?

Chapter 2238 Forced To Kill (Part One)

By now, Zen realized that his involvement with these men would be a never-ending battle.

Even if he defeated Sheridan, someone else would inevitably take his place to continue harassing him.

Harder still, it was verging on impossible for Zen to fight against a True God, even if it was a low-rank one. At his current level, he would definitely lose if he fought with a mid-rank one.

His only chance was to hold Sheridan hostage. That was the most realistic strategy he could adopt.

Although the disciples of the wealthy clans were cruel, they cherished their lives above all else. In their eyes, everyone outside the Floating Islands was worthless. They would never sacrifice themselves for Zen.

And he was right.

At the sight of the fierce expression on Zen's face, silence fell upon the crowd like a giant blanket.

Out of the almost oppressive silence, a purple-haired young man near Zen at the edge of the crowd narrowed his eyes and said in a harsh voice, "Do you have any idea who you're going up against?"

"Of course!" Zen answered, a smirk curling the edge of his lips. "He is from the Xie Clan. That is all the information I need."

"You are naive. His surname is unimportant. What you don't know is that his grandfather is a Holy Being," replied the purple-haired man, visibly frustrated at Zen's complacence. "You know the consequences of killing him, don't you?" he said, louder this time. Zen didn't have to say anything. The purple-haired young man sneered victoriously. He knew Zen wouldn't dare to do anything to harm Sheridan.

After this exchange, the tense atmosphere relaxed slightly. It was like a bomb had been disarmed. The crowd knew that Zen's intentions were nonviolent.

Zen blinked, his expression wide-eyed and somewhat disturbed. "If I don't kill him today, will you let me go? Sheridan has been trying to kill me time and time again, and every time he has acted without mercy. Why can't I have the chance to kill him since he already wants to kill me? It's just a matter of survival. Of self-defense. Anyone can relate to that! Is his life so precious that it is worth exchanging mine for?"

Having said his piece, Zen stomped on Sheridan, whose chest caved in because of the impact. Sheridan spluttered and groaned, gasping for breath as Zen's boot pressed into his chest. It sounded as though Sheridan was barely clinging onto life.

Many True Gods in the divine land had existed for countless years. It was not in their nature and practice to show emotions. Emotions were always seen as a sign of weakness, even if it was compassion or pity towards someone who was dying in front of them. For instance, when Master Evil, whose remnant soul was in Zen's mind currently, saw this scene, he wouldn't even blink his eyes. He had been so used to such kind of situations.

However, these disciples of wealthy clans were quite young. Experienced as they were in the countless battles in the Arena of Legends, those battles were simulated and were certainly not fights to the death. The disputes among these disciples from the big clans on the Floating Islands often left room for negotiations. Being skilled and all having a high status, they just felt it was more practical that way. And if they really killed each other, the result wouldn't be favorable.

Now, it seemed that the disciples had greatly underestimated Zen's abilities as well as cruelty.

The disciples exchanged confused and scared glances, not knowing how to answer Zen's question. The purple-haired young man who had spoken before also fell into silence. The illusion of nonviolence was shattered, and tension charged the atmosphere once again. It was obvious that Zen would absolutely kill Sheridan at the slightest hint that fighting would begin.

However, by killing Sheridan, Zen would inadvertently sign his own death sentence too. And this group of disciples would also get into trouble. They might be not severely punished, but they would be admonished and grounded by their respective clans. After all, they weren't free to do what they wanted: each clan had their own set of rules and restrictions for such situations.

Two of the three girls, Kelsey and Aleyna, were overjoyed, in stark contrast to the scared and confused crowd. They wore proud smiles on their faces. This young proving godly warrior named Thad alone was enough to hold these disciples in awe. If the news got out, the Han Clan would gain widespread respect. After all, he came from the Floating Island of the Han Clan and was now protecting the princesses of this clan.

However, Laquisha's eyes were as clear and deep as a still mountain pond on a clear and crisp winter day. Those eyes were fixed on Zen. She sighed deeply, and felt her heart flutter with admiration. This man was so strong. He was never scared of anything, not even his own death. And he had always triumphed over everyone in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, using only his own strength. Now that he was on the Floating Island, where the Han Clan lived, he was showing strength of character despite being faced with a situation so terrifying most would flee.

Beside Laquisha stood Langston, her fiance. Noticing her expression, he could not help but feel helplessly jealous seeing her eyes fill with admiration for another man.

It was an arranged engagement, and they only met twice. Needless to say they did not know each other very well. However, Langston could not contain his jealousy as, distant as she was, she had nevertheless been promised to him.

Langston came to visit Laquisha often, but she had refused to see him every time. Her rejection made him rather angry, and now his anger was compounded by his jealousy.

What kind of person was Langston?

His status, cultivation level and talent were on par with Laquisha's. He could find a partner of her level easily. It was not as if he didn't have other options. Countless girls with the same breeding wanted to marry him.

However, as a male member of the Leng Clan, Langston had factors other than breeding and talent to consider when choosing a future wife. He knew why his father wanted him to marry a girl from the Han Clan. He also knew that a great earthquake was due to hit the Time Sea. After careful evaluation of the overall situation, he was determined to marry Laquisha. It had not been a difficult decision to make, however, as he happened to like her. After all, she was beautiful and elegant.

Chapter 2239 Forced To Kill (Part Two)

Now, a murderous intent formed in his mind. His entire being filled with fury as he saw his fiancee being attracted to another man. Deliberately, he walked towards Zen, with a cold smile on his face, and said, "I've seen a lot of people who look tough in the outside, but actually turn out to be cowards! Do you want to exchange your life with his? Do you dare?"

"Lang?" someone shouted. The crowd stirred, shocked.

"That guy is a little crazy. You'd better..." someone warned.

"Don't provoke him. Just let the matter go, okay?" yelled another voice.

Upon seeing Zen being so serious, the crowd didn't want to provoke him to do something stupid. Seeing Langston make his move made them uneasy.

They didn't expect Langston's reaction either. Instead of backing down, he walked slowly and deliberately towards Zen and pointed at him. "Humph!" he said, addressing the crowd. "This kind of person probably had a hard time climbing up from the bottom of society. I'm pretty sure he won't have the guts to push through with this and risk losing everything." As he spoke, his eyes followed the changes in Zen's expression.

Of course, Langston didn't care a smidge about Sheridan's safety. He only wanted Zen to die and at least be humiliated.

If Zen dared kill Sheridan, he was doomed. Everyone knew that. Even if Langston himself didn't kill him, the Xie Clan would never let him go. If Zen managed to solve the problem by words and threats alone without spilling any blood, things would be a lot less complicated. That was exactly what Langston wanted to do.

As Langston kept moving forward, Zen saw through his mind. He sneered, "Some people are so arrogant that they think they can read other people's minds." As he spoke, Zen stumbled forward slightly, his feet unstable on the uneven surface and the squirming Sheridan.

Langston took that as a sign to make a move. He rushed towards Zen at a lightning speed, shouting, "How dare you!"

The rest of the crowd looked at Zen in disbelief. In their eyes, it seemed as though Sheridan had been hit with an enormous, invisible blunt object. The skin all over his body seemed to be stretched taut, and bleeding cracks began to appear.

Puff!

Sheridan appeared to have been crushed by a powerful force from head to toe. His body collapsed, almost flattening against the floor, as if he had turned into a piece of paper. A huge amount of blood splashed around his collapsed body, spreading out like the petals of some grotesque flower.

"Ahhhh!" he shouted in enormous pain. The entire crowd gasped in horror.

Aleyna and Kelsey covered their mouths at the same time. They were trying not to scream. Staring blankly at the blood stains on the floor, Laquisha bit her lips sharply as her face turned deathly pale. Langston had provoked Zen to kill Sheridan. She realized that had been his ultimate goal. He wanted to send Zen to his own death.

Langston turned to address the crowd once again, triumphant. His plan had worked. "What a cruel man! You all saw what he just did, every one of you! Let me kill him now! If we spare him, he will surely become an evil warrior and destroy us in the future. He must be killed, for the good of us and our clans!"

Zen's eyes still exuded murderous intent. At the same time, something inside him seemed to shift. A ray of golden light began to flicker on the surface of his soul.

However, the golden light flickered and died.

He knew that if he were to use his Emotion Closing Godly Way, he would definitely fight to the death with his enemies. He might have the tiniest chance of winning, but he would still have to suffer after this fight. Was he going to use such a forbidden Godly Way in front of so many warriors who all had powerful backgrounds?

Zen had been very restrained from the beginning. He had been careful not to displease the group of disciples from the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands. There had been too many responsibilities on his shoulders, and that had made his resolve occasionally waiver after he entered the Divine Land. Moreover, since the moment he entered the Floating Island of the Han Clan, he had been making doubly sure to not act as arrogantly and practice the utmost restraint.

But sometimes, situations can get out of control no matter how hard one tries to maintain it.

Whoosh!

As soon as he had crushed Sheridan with his feet, Zen moved backwards. As he retreated, he pulled out his Great Weighty Sword. Without looking, he swung his sword left and right at everything and anything coming at him.

On the list of the Arena of Legends, Langston ranked fifth among all the mid-rank True Gods of the divine land.

Master Evil was a top-level warrior among the mid-rank True Gods. But compared to Langston, Master Evil was far inferior in skills and capabilities.

The Arena of Legends wasn't the ultimate test of ability. Outside the Time Sea, Langston could easily overpower and even kill some of the top-rank True Gods from the second tier clans.

Zen was unable to resist such a strong enemy.

He didn't use the Emotion Closing Godly Way, but a considerable amount of strength source was poured into the sword strike.

Whoosh!

With a blast of wind, Zen's sword didn't land on his enemy, but swayed off course and cut through the empty air.

Langston's speed was beyond Zen's imagination.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2240 Being Defeated

Zen let go of his sword without any hesitation.

The Great Weighty Sword flew off from his hand, whirling in the air, and piercing through the wall. From there, it continued its trajectory before smashing heavily into the open space outside.

Two low-rank True Gods outside the hall could only stare in shock as the large sword stuck itself into the ground.

They knew there were some important people inside the hall but they didn't know that there was also a fight so they were quite surprised by the sudden appearance of the Great Weighty Sword.

Meanwhile, Zen, having let go of his sword, contracted his body and rolled to the side.

His opponent was such a top strongman that he couldn't capture his figure at all. Both his eyesight and spiritual sense were unusable to him.

His decisions from henceforth were all based on mere instinct.

As he rolled to the side, a faint figure flashed through where he had been. That figure launched three crimson claw prints.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The three claw prints did not catch Zen but were strangely in the air for quite a long time.

Langston stood with a trace of surprise in his eyes. Behind his back was his hand that flashed a faint, cold light. Zen couldn't have dodged his blow but it seemed that Zen had a god's support and managed to avoid him.

"Interesting," Langston exclaimed before a cold smile broke through his face. "Let's see you avoid me this time."

He then took a step forward and his figure immediately became a blur. He couldn't fly as a mid-rank True God but his extreme speed made up for it.

Luck had helped Zen avoid Langston's grasp just now but how long would it last? Just as Zen watched Langston disappear, he gritted his teeth and rolled away again.

However, Langston was prepared this time. Before he jumped, he already predicted the direction Zen would try to escape to and thus was able to make his way there and wait for him. He still stood with one hand behind him, as if it was a great insult for him to fight against a proving godly warrior with both his hands.

He was about to grab Zen but his expression suddenly changed. Langston suddenly raised his entire body and turned his head backward, as if he had been pulled out of the desert. Only then did he stand firmly on the ground as a rough wound appeared on his forehead.

Despite their difference in level, Zen would never sit still and wait for death.

Holy Beings disdained the use of Cross-world Theurgy as a tool to activate the strength source but, right now, it was the only means Zen could use to resist his opponent.

Zen had managed to figure out Langston's plan so after rolling over, he extracted eighty percent of his strength source and turned it into a powerful spear.

Langston's mistake was that he didn't take Zen seriously. The young man was only a proving godly warrior after all and his pride did not allow him to waste that much power on him. Thus, Langston's attack methods remained the same: jumping up high and then rushing down from the sky like a hawk. As he rushed down, a long spear flew out and hit him on the forehead.

At the moment of impact, Zen abruptly pushed the spear up. Fortunately for Langston, he was faster and managed to dodge the attack. The spear merely grazed his skin as he stepped back.

The fact remained though that a proving godly warrior like Zen managed to land a hit on Langston and injure him.

"Langston Leng... is hurt?!"

"A supreme mid-rank True God was hurt by a proving godly warrior?"

"It's... How could it be possible?"

The people still hadn't recovered their shock from Sheridan's death and Langston's injury was a tad bit overwhelming for them.

Was it all truly just luck? They deemed Zen to be lucky enough to have killed Sheridan but it seemed the young man's strength was also quite formidable.

However, Sheridan was only a low-rank True God. Despite the rarity of such an event, it wasn't impossible for a proving godly warrior to defeat a low-rank True God.

Back when the Holy Emperor of the Leng Clan was only a proving godly warrior, he managed to defeat twelve low-rank True Gods.

Zen proved that he was extremely talented and powerful by killing Sheridan.

But Langston was a different story. The people just knew that once that guy fought Zen, the latter would be doomed.

Langston wasn't just one of the mid-rank True Gods, he was also one of the strongest.

However, the scene in front of them was a contradiction of everything they had ever known. Langston was injured and, from the looks of it, his head would've been pierced if he was a second too slow.

The noble son of the Leng Clan stared up at his opponent firmly. The calm in his face had completely disappeared and there were two cyclones that raged in his eyes. What was most telling of his rage was that his other hand was now held down.

It was extremely shameful for Langston to have been injured by a mere proving godly warrior.

He never expected this at all.

"It seems that I must make your death a bit more painful," Langston muttered just as his figure disappeared.

Rip!

Zen didn't have any time to react as he felt a sudden, stabbing pain from the side of his body. He looked down and saw three distinct claw prints on his waist.

Langston wanted to cut Zen in half, however, he found the young man's seemingly ordinary robe impenetrable.

The audience was baffled!

"Lang, you're choosing to be merciful to him again?"

"He even didn't tear that guy's clothes."

"He's obviously angry though. Is there something wrong with that guy's clothes?"

It was all thanks to the Redemption Armor that Zen's body was still whole, however, Langston's claw prints still managed to penetrate a portion of power onto Zen's body. As the power was released, Zen felt it rampage inside him.

"Humph!" Langston huffed, surprised at Zen's protective clothing but nonetheless determined to attack the young man again.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

He rushed over towards Zen and waved his hand casually. Claw prints once again appeared in the air and strangely did not dissipate. The moment Langston approached Zen, the claw prints he had left in the air stretched out and rushed towards Zen as a streak of light.

Scratching! Scratching! Scratching!

This time, ten claw prints came and scratched Zen's body continuously.

These claw prints penetrated through Zen's Redemption Armor while the forces inside his body continued to rampage and destroy his internal organs.

Puff!

Zen spat out blood but continued to roll to the other side. As he rolled, he left behind a streak of golden blood on the ground. The strength hidden in Langston's strange claw prints was too special and his body couldn't bear its power.

Seeing his opponent down, Langston now walked freely and had a contemptuous look on his face. He was just careless before and was accidentally hit by Zen's spear earlier. The graze didn't mean that the young man was more powerful than him. Just as he was about to end Zen's life, a graceful figure suddenly floated over and shielded Zen.

It was Laquisha. "Let him go," she ordered Langston in a cold voice.

"He killed Sheridan, so he must die. You know this. Even if I let him go, he will still die," Langston reasoned. He stared at Laquisha with a sneer. Even if he didn't have deep feelings for her, she was still his fiancee so he still had to listen to whatever she said.

"Be that as it may, you do not have the authority to execute him," she said.

Langston tilted his head and smiled coldly. "What if I insist on killing him?"

Splash!

A little blue flame rose between Laquisha's browns and swiftly ignited her hair. At the same time, blue flames burst forth and spiraled around her arm. She was entirely enveloped in blue flame as she stood against Langston determinedly. "If you want to kill him, you'll have to go through me first!"

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

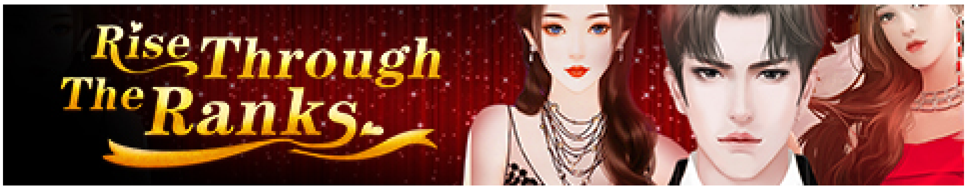

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

41

Content

Chapter 2241 Hug
Chapter 2242 Talking In The Flames
Chapter 2243 Pascal Han
Chapter 2244 Who Are You
Chapter 2245 Take Responsibility
Chapter 2246 Arrogance
Chapter 2247 Purpose
Chapter 2248 An Impossible Task
Chapter 2249 So Popular
Chapter 2250 Badgering
Chapter 2251 One Strike
Chapter 2252 A Trap
Chapter 2253 Gossip
Chapter 2254 Joy's Deduction (Part One)
Chapter 2255 Joy's Deduction (Part Two)
Chapter 2256 Purple Sky Land
Chapter 2257 Power Shaping
Chapter 2258 The Origin Of The Purple Power World
Chapter 2259 Four Swords Change
Chapter 2260 Concentrating On Cultivation
Chapter 2261 Trouble For The Clan
Chapter 2262 Consecutive Victories (Part One)
Chapter 2263 Consecutive Victories (Part Two)
Chapter 2264 A Tough Fat Guy
Chapter 2265 Snow Divine Spear
Chapter 2266 Moon Clan
Chapter 2267 Assumption Based On Limited Information
Chapter 2268 An Open Battle
Chapter 2269 Method Of Activation
Chapter 2270 Challenge Accepted
Chapter 2271 The Strength Of The Consummate True Gods
Chapter 2272 An Unprecedented Body Refining Technique
Chapter 2273 Three Punches
Chapter 2274 A Hint
Chapter 2275 Imprisoned
Chapter 2276 A Hundred And Ninety-five Challengers (Part One)

Chapter 2277 A Hundred And Ninety-five Challengers (Part Two)
Chapter 2278 The Parting Water
Chapter 2279 Buddha Emperor Sword
Chapter 2280 Triumph
Chapter 2281 Passing A Message
Chapter 2282 Dongfang Clan
Chapter 2283 Change
Chapter 2284 A Small Advice
Chapter 2285 Blood Breaking Bite
Chapter 2286 The Avenging Body
Chapter 2287 Intense Competition
Chapter 2288 Rejection
Chapter 2289 Being Defeated
Chapter 2290 A Human Figure
Chapter 2291 A Multiple Godly Tile
Chapter 2292 The Construction Of The Divine Land
Chapter 2293 Levels Of Lives
Chapter 2294 Fall (Part One)
Chapter 2295 Fall (Part Two)
Chapter 2296 The Rankings

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2241 Hug

The three siblings of the Han Clan were now famous in the Time Sea.

Pascal, Laquisha, and Aleyna, the youngest children of the Holy Emperor were all outstanding in the younger generation.

Among them, Aleyna was ranked second among the proving godly warriors while Laquisha was ranked third among the low-rank True Gods. As for Pascal, he was ranked first among the mid-rank True Gods.

There were thirty-six Floating Islands on the Time Sea, meaning the existence of thirty-six wealthy clans. The talents of each clan were not to be underestimated—among them, some were lineal descendants, some were geniuses from the sub-branches of the main clans, and some were outstanding disciples of other clans...

But the three siblings of the Han Clan occupied the top positions respectively, creating quite the miracle. Someone even announced that the Han Clan was about to rise again, likely to break into the top three among the big clans in the future.

Soon after Laquisha came back from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, she had condensed her own Godly Tile.

But it was a very special Godly Tile…

Her inner world was completely different from that of others.

Before condensing her own Godly Tile, all Laquisha knew was that when her body emitted deadly blue preternatural flames, it was completely out of her control. The flame had even hurt her family, distressing her greatly.

Not even the Holy Emperor knew what the flame was, nor could he help his daughter get rid of it.

When Laquisha condensed her Godly Tile, her inner world underwent a dramatic change.

At that time, countless blue preternatural flames spurted from her inner world she had created and preserved. They burned her entire inner world to ash, destroying all its living beings along with it.

It was an extremely painful process—as a girl, it pained Laquisha to witness the numerous creatures that she had created burn down to nothing.

When the flames descended upon her inner world, huge clouds of blue flames appeared in the sky. It was these clouds that condensed her Godly Tile, allowing her to become a low-rank True God.

Countless creatures came into existence in her inner world at the same time.

These creatures were not human beings, nor were they created according to Laquisha's own will—they were all monsters born in the sea of flames and they had no problem living in these blue flames. They began reproducing and becoming the 'aboriginals' of her inner world.

The Godly Tile condensed by a proving godly warrior was usually for one of three thousand Godly Ways. For instance, if one cultivated the Five Elements Godly Way, the internal momentum of the Five Elements Godly Way would condense into the Five Elements Godly Tile.

But Laquisha's Godly Tile was an abnormal one.

The divine land was vast and boundless, home to countless divine citizens. And indeed, there was a small portion of proving godly warriors that condensed some strange and unique Godly Tiles—they did not belong to any of the three thousand Godly Ways, but the vast majority of them were useless. Such were called useless Godly Tiles.

It happened so that although most of the abnormal Godly Tiles were useless, some of them had incomparable power.

And Laquisha's Godly Tile belonged to the latter.

By taking advantage of the blue preternatural flames, she quickly accumulated points in the Arena of Legends, quickly climbing up to the third rank.

She was the only female warrior among the top ten low-rank True Gods and she had amazed all the people on the thirty-six Floating Islands.

It was said that the Leng Clan was willing to unite with the Han Clan by marriage because of Laquisha's special abilities.

The blue flames on her body were much purer and stronger than they were when she was in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Even though Laquisha was no match for Langston, he was still afraid of her preternatural flames.

In spite of that, it was still easy for Langston to defeat Laquisha with his strength. But Laquisha was the woman he liked, and the news that they would get married had spread far and wide across the Floating Islands.

Now, this woman was going to go against him, all for another man.

How could the arrogant Langston endure such a thing?

The corners of his eyes twitched. His eyes glinted with a strong intent to murder as he stared at Laquisha and asked, "How could you do this to me for an outsider… a nobody from grassroots? You're my fiancee!"

Hearing Langston's exclamation, the warriors in the hall exchanged looks of surprise. Why did he suddenly lose his temper, they wondered.

Flames flickered on the tips of Laquisha's hair as mockery filled her beautiful eyes. "You're Langston, aren't you?"

"What do you want to say?" Langston asked.

"We've met only a few times. Although my father has arranged the engagement for me, he's never asked for my consent. We're not even friends. How dare you say that I'm your fiancee? If I'm forced to marry you someday, I will end my life before the marriage. Do you understand?" Laquisha was calm as she said it, and it seemed that she felt what she did was justified.

That made Langston's eyes twitch more violently.

No man could bear such an insult, and he was known to be an excellent one.

Laquisha's words enraged him. His handsome face radiated a murderous aura, like a storm formed by countless demons raging in the hall.

Whoever felt the killing intent began to panic, and the few top-rank True Gods were no exception.

Taking slow steps, Grant calmly said, "Everyone, although we are guarding our own clans, there are some things I must make clear. If this guy intends to hurt our princess, I will definitely kill him! If you try to stop me, be ready to face the anger of the Han Clan."

The young warriors were running amok. Grant knew he should abide by the rules and avoid getting involved—he couldn't stop them either.

But he couldn't sit idly by if the lives of the Han Clan's core disciples were threatened as well.

The few top-rank True Gods also realized the seriousness of the matter. If the young master of the Leng Clan really killed the Han Clan princess, they would be held responsible. They also wanted to take control of the situation.

But Langston didn't take any action—he was also trying his best to restrain himself. To these guards of the wealthy clans, they would try their best to keep themselves out of the fights between the wealthy clan descendants.

"Hahaha..."

After the killing intent lingered for a long while, Langston suddenly began laughing wildly.

After he stopped laughing, he looked down at Laquisha and said indifferently, "Don't forget who I am. I will never be stuck with one woman. Let me tell you, it is an established fact that the Leng Clan and the Han Clan will unite by marriage. You can die if you don't want to marry me. But after you die, I will marry your sister! If your sister dies too, I will marry your cousin…"

Hearing that, Aleyna and Kelsey looked at each other in worry.

Laquisha's eyes flashed—Langston wasn't someone who would easily give in. If she meant what she said, Langston was also sure to act on his words.

"I don't want to talk about this with you today," Langston continued. "But the man behind you must die!"

"You can have a try." Laquisha was ready to go all out. Zen was standing up for Aleyna and she wouldn't let him die for this.

Lying on the ground, Zen couldn't move as his blood continued gushing out. He leaned against the door to the hall and stared at Laquisha's back, the flickering flames on her hair sending him into deep thought.

Did she already know who he was?

Even if it was Thad who got into trouble because of helping Aleyna, Laquisha wouldn't have been so determined to protect him.

As he was gathering his thoughts, Zen felt a figure flicker nearby. As a gust of wind blew, his heart sank. If Langston really acted to kill him, Laquisha wouldn't be able to stop him.

Seeing Langston pounce on Zen from the sky, Laquisha dashed towards Zen and hugged him tightly at the same time.

"Sizzle!"

Blazing blue preternatural flames swept out and covered the area.

Even Langston was afraid of Laquisha's preternatural flames, his body twisted and landed several feet away. He could only stare coldly into the flames. It seemed that Laquisha's preternatural flames could burn everything. And if so, wouldn't that brat also be burned to death at that rate?

Chapter 2242 Talking In The Flames

When Zen was in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, his body had been tempered by Laquisha's preternatural flames.

Because of this, he was valued by the members of the Collapsing Mountain race. Otherwise, it would have been difficult for the two of them to leave the Collapsing Mountain race.

Maybe because the smell of the Calamity Dispelling Fragrance could stimulate the most primitive instincts of any creature, the image of her and Zen hugging each other was deeply imprinted in Laquisha's mind. It was fresh in her memory and was just one of the many indicators that she had been missing Zen all this while.

But she was also certain that Zen was destined to be just a passerby in her life.

He had carried a great mission, had incredible talent, and had great ambitions. But he was now going to complete something that seemed impossible.

Even though Laquisha was fully aware of this, she met Zen again and confirmed to herself that Thad and Zen were the same person. It was then that all her hesitation fell away and Laquisha began to try her best to help Zen.

But she hadn't expected things to go like this. Zen had first killed Sheridan, and then Langston had wanted to kill Zen.

She had told Grant to ask her brother, Pascal, to come over to her as soon as possible. But Pascal had still not arrived.

In a moment of desperation, Laquisha hugged Zen. She then activated her Godly Tile and drew the blue unearthly fire from her inner world, letting the flames envelop Zen and her.

"Oh my God! If she keeps doing this, she will burn Thad to death!" Aleyna exclaimed, looking at the fire in blank shock.

But Kelsey whispered, "I wonder if Thad can bear the flames."

"How can he resist her flames? Have you forgotten how formidable her flames are?" Aleyna retorted.

They were the people closest to Laquisha, so they knew her preternatural blue flames the best. Ever since Aleyna was a child, she had been warned not to get too close to Laquisha. But Aleyna seldom heeded the warning and continued to run after Laquisha.

Whenever Aleyna was with Laquisha, the unearthly fire that she could not control hadn't erupted.

But several outbursts of Laquisha's preternatural flames had left a horrible impression on Aleyna. Some members of the Han Clan had even died because of Laquisha's flames, and there had been a period of time that no one in her clan had dared to serve her.

Kelsey and Aleyna stared at this scene, shocked. Zen was only trying to help them, but now, their sister's flames were slowly burning him to death. They felt sorry for him.

Langston and the disciples from other rich clans also believed that Zen would be burned to death.

They had heard of Laquisha's magical flames, and some had even lost to her many times in the Arena of Legends because of her flames.

The blue flames circled Laquisha.

The others felt the temperature of the unearthly fire but couldn't see what was going on inside it. No one could go through it despite their great powers of perception. And strangely enough, Laquisha didn't look like she was going to stop.

Langston stared into the flames for a long time. He hated Zen to the core, so much that although Zen had probably burnt to ashes, he wanted to see that with his own eyes. But Laquisha didn't have the slightest intention to stop the fire.

Since she had the cultivation base of a low-rank True God, she could effortlessly keep the fire going for ten days.

"Enough, Laquisha!" Langston said, fighting to maintain the calm in his voice. The resentment in his eyes had simmered down a little.

He had been very excited to see Zen's end, but he had calmed down enough to think about the Leng Clan as a whole and not his own personal vengeance. He had been impulsive and had forgotten what his father had taught him. But now, he began to realize that his impulsive behavior would spoil the great plan.

Once the Leng Clan's plan was carried out, the Han Clan would turn to nothing.

The flames were still crackling fiercely, drowning out any other sound in the vicinity.

"If you don't stop the fire, I will extinguish it forcefully," Langston threatened Laquisha.

He couldn't put the fire out completely, but he could split the fire in half to see what was going on.

But Laquisha didn't pay him any heed.

Within the flames, Laquisha hugged Zen tightly again.

She hadn't experienced a lot in her life. She was the first daughter of the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan, was regarded as his beloved daughter and was treated much better than her brother, Pascal. But she had spent most of her time being lonely and helpless. She had hated the unearthly fire in her body ever since she could remember. She had always been regarded as an alien because of this fire.

But nowadays, many young people of the rich clans envied Laquisha's talent. With the extreme power of her unearthly fire, Laquisha easily ranked third among the low-rank True Gods, and she still kept making progress. But they didn't know how much she had hated her talent in the past.

The fire that enveloped Laquisha and Zen had two layers.

Laquisha now had better control over the flames. The flames on the inner layer spun rapidly and could almost protect them from everything.

But she was still a little worried. If Langston really wanted to break her flames, he could probably do it.

She touched Zen's face lightly, as she took in his golden body. The tiny golden Sanskrit words were still rotating and absorbing her flames.

At first, Laquisha had not been so sure that Thad was Zen. But she was now confident of this fact. Only Zen would be unharmed in her unearthly fire.

A feeling of happiness crept up on Laquisha at this.

She liked Zen not because he had excellent talent or strength, but because she had a feeling that they were destined to meet and be together.

Zen seemed to be born to refine his body with flames, and could become stronger in the process of burning. On the contrary, Laquisha was born to release this strange fire. She felt that she and Zen were a perfect match. Women always believed this when they were in love and there was no doubt that Laquisha was at this stage.

"Why did you have to change your identity in the Han Clan's Floating Island? Why didn't you look for me?" Laquisha asked in a low voice.

If Kelsey hadn't gone to the Han Clan's ancestral land and they hadn't encountered such an incident, Laquisha would never have known that Zen had entered the Floating Island.

Zen didn't say anything. Instead, he looked at her innocently, as if he didn't know her.

At first, Zen had intended to deny his identity, so that Laquisha would have nothing to do with it. Never had he thought that he would eventually need this woman to protect him. And his physical body was undergoing some changes as it burned in this unearthly fire. But now, he couldn't deny his identity anymore, since Laquisha had figured it out on her own.

"Were you afraid that I would betray you?" Laquisha asked, fuming.

She did know Zen's identity and some of his secrets, but it didn't mean that she would sell him out to the Hall of Holy Beings. She had no intention of doing that. Instead, she would try her best to help Zen.

At the earnest expression on her face, Zen said in a low voice, "No. I'm just afraid you'll be implicated."

In fact, Zen thought that Laquisha and Aleyna were the uncontrollable factors to his plans. But he was also afraid of getting them into trouble. Because once the elders of the Han Clan came to know the truth, they would not take Zen's side anymore. And then, it would be even more difficult for Laquisha to deal with the situation.

At Zen's answer, Laquisha looked up at him and said softly, "If I were to be involved, I would be in a much better place than the one I am in right now."

Chapter 2243 Pascal Han

Sensing Laquisha's affection, Zen's heart skipped a beat.

For him, the trip to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was mainly for training purpose. He didn't expect to leave such a long-lasting impression on this woman.

But keeping in mind what lay ahead, he kept his thoughts to himself.

Zen never ever wanted to rely on a woman to help him.

Ever since he started to cultivate martial arts, he never expected anyone to help him. However, he always remembered those who did help him, assuring them that he had their back at the time of need.

Later, he found out that his father had been decorating his life secretly, helping him to improve. Zen was once very depressed, which however was due to his own nature.

A solemn expression crept upon Langston's face as he walked around the flame.

He had already heard of this blue preternatural fire, so he found it wise not to touch it.

But that didn't mean that he couldn't deal with the flame.

If this woman took that guy in with the blue preternatural fire, it would probably be a great shame for him if this thing spread out. He didn't expect Laquisha to behave like this as she didn't even think of his clan's reputation.

If the guy had been burned to ashes, it would have been quite logical for Laquisha to remove the flame. But why did she keep the flame burning?

The spectators nervously glanced at each other, with a puzzled expression on their faces.

Langston had had enough. He stretched out his hands and clapped, a series of sharp claw prints spread out from his hands.

These claw prints rose up in the air and circled Langston. These claw prints would cut anyone who tried to approach Langston.

The air was filled with sound of the spinning claw prints.

The claw prints spun faster and faster. They also shrank simultaneously beside his body. All the claw prints turned into many small spirals and gathered on his hands. It looked as if a small top was spinning swiftly on his hands.

Then he raised his hand and gave it a wave. As a result, the spinning top whooshed over and barged into the flame arranged by Laquisha.

There was a splashing sound as the spinning top collided with the preternatural fire.

Laquisha's preternatural fire could devour everything. However, the spiral made from the claw prints made of momentum was actually a mass of high-speed spinning energy. Once the energy entered the flames, a gust was generated, swaying the flames sideways and a pathway appeared.

The flames were easily extinguished by the strong gust of air that Langston produced.

Langston's heart was full of hatred when he saw Laquisha holding Zen so close to her.

Aleyna and Kelsey were also in awe.

"Thad Luo is not afraid of Laquisha's preternatural fire!" Kelsey exclaimed hastily.

With a twinkle in her eyes, Aleyna stammered, "Laquisha, Laquisha knew that! This man is, he is..."

"Who is he?" Kelsey asked, her voice filled with anticipation.

Much to her disappointment, Aleyna just shook her head and remained quiet.

Aleyna was quite astonished when she saw Laquisha wrap herself and Zen with the preternatural fire. She thought that this might kill Thad.

Since Thad emerged unscathed from the preternatural fire, she immediately understood that Thad was actually Zen.

She remembered that Aleyna once told her that Zen was the only person who was not afraid of her preternatural fire.

However, Aleyna didn't believe her then. She thought that Zen must have a body protection treasure or a unique cultivation method.

Laquisha's claimed that Zen had a special body and was immune to most flames.

She thought that since Laquisha used her fire, she already knew that Thad was actually Zen.

"Interesting! You both are a perfect couple." Langston stated calmly.

There was a whooshing sound as Langston took off.

He rushed into the fire sea along the road created by the spiral.

It was quite dangerous for Langston to break in. But he was a martial artist, and his cultivation base was at a level higher than that of Laquisha. He intended to kill Zen regardless of the fact that he was endangering himself by going into the fire.

He also felt this sudden urge to kill Laquisha as well.

The sole reason of Langston's visit to the Floating Island of the Han Clan was to see Laquisha. It was very common for the playboys of the wealthy clans to play a trick or two on Aleyna and Kelsey, but he didn't quite expect Zen to cause any hindrance.

Langston made up his mind to kill Zen nonetheless. He didn't realize that this might not be an easy task, since Sheridan was just killed by Zen.

Langston had looked down upon Zen at the very beginning.

In most cases, the direct disciples of the wealthy clans regarded very lowly of the disciples of the sub-branches. The strength of the sub-branches' disciples of the wealthy clans was less as compared to that of the direct disciples of the wealthy clans. Although the ordinary sub-branches' disciples wouldn't offend the direct disciples of the wealthy clans, Zen was no ordinary disciple.

Laquisha was aware of the path that had formed between the flames. With a gentle flick of her slender fingers, wisps of blue flames made their way towards Langston.

It was indeed difficult for a low-rank True God to deal with the flames. Countless talents in the Arena of Legends were burnt down by this move of Laquisha, but as the fifth-ranked mid-rank True God, Langston knew how to deal with the flames.

He started waving his hands, giving rise to strong gusts of wind.

"Dancing wind..." he murmured.

The spectators were astonished as the mass of wind followed Langston wherever he moved.

Although Laquisha's flames were burning wildly, they couldn't get close to Langston. His face was full of contempt and hatred. He threw a wild look at Laquisha as he made his way slowly towards Zen. "This man lets a woman protect him, and the woman isn't even his own. I have never met such a shameless man before! You must suffer the consequences of acquiring someone else's help. Burn in hell!" Langston raged.

He raised his arm just as he finished speaking. A sharp bright light emerged from between his fingers as he prepared to direct the light towards Zen.

With a swift motion, Laguisha got in between Langston and Zen. She transformed the flame into a snake which shot towards Langston.

The snake was no threat to Langston. He chuckled as he brushed away the snake with a flick of his hand. Langston suddenly took off and appeared in front of Laquisha, much to her dismay.

"You haven't married into my clan yet, but still you'd be punished according to my clan's rules. Then you'd come to know what the principles of a wife are!" Langston roared.

Clap!

Langston slapped Laquisha just as he finished talking.

Laquisha did not see the slap coming as she was thrown sideways by its force.

Zen didn't know how to react. He glared at Langston without saying much. He was too badly wounded to react.

Master Evil in his mind said, "You young people are way too impulsive."

Master Evil naturally didn't want him to provoke the playboys of these wealthy clans. And it was a wise decision not to react given his current strength and status. Yet Zen knew he had to do something. However, he was only a soul that was living in Zen's mind after all. How could he influence Zen's decision?

"You disgusting animal!" Langston looked down at Zen and weird claw-like prints slowly popped out from his fingers, making their way towards Zen's face.

Aleyna and Kelsey watched in horror, their fists clenched. Not knowing what to do.

Just as the claw prints were about to hit Zen, the door of the hall was suddenly pushed wide open and a powerful aura rushed in followed by a man who hastily made his way towards Langston.

There was a loud bang.

Langston was pushed back by the loud blast and the deafening voice of the man could be heard all over the place, "I just went to the forbidden land for a while, and you all acted wildly in my territory. Do you think the Han Clan is weak?!"

At the sight of the man, Aleyna heaved a sigh of relief and cheered, "Brother! You finally came back!"

Chapter 2244 Who Are You

Pascal Han did not possess a very impressive height nor was he physically appealing. However, after he entered the hall, he gave a remarkable aura.

Most of the playboys and disciples of the wealthy clans in the Floating Islands were already proving godly warriors, low-rank True Gods, or mid-rank True Gods.

After reaching the level of the top-rank True God, they stopped their practices and focused on reaching the consummation of True God Realm and other higher levels. The mid-rank True Gods had the supreme power among the wealthy clans. After all, their cultivation level was the most powerful one in this circle and their strength was naturally the strongest.

Pascal ranked first in the mid-rank True Gods, and was also the strongest among the younger generation of these clans.

Hence, Pascal scoffed at these so called 'playboys'.

These playboys were divided into four to five circles depending on their clan backgrounds. In the past, they had tried to impress Pascal, but he rarely bothered about them much.

Pascal glanced at Langston indifferently and looked around. Soon, his eyes fell on Laquisha.

The slap received from Langston was quite hard. Her swollen cheek and clear palm print were proofs of that.

Pascal's blood boiled when he saw the palm print and he asked coldly, "Who hit you?"

Before Laquisha could say anything, Aleyna pointed at Langston and shouted, "He was the idiot who hit her!"

With his eyes fixed on Langston, Pascal replied casually, "You are a bold man, Langston, to do such a gross thing."

Langston asked coldly, "Pascal, do you even know what your sister did?"

Langston firmly believed that he had the right to teach Laquisha a lesson. After all, she was to marry into their clan sooner or later. No man could remain indifferent after what she did.

But Pascal was slowly advancing towards Langston as he said, "I don't care what my sister has done. Whoever dares to hit her, he or she must be prepared to face the consequences!"

Seeing Pascal approach him, Langston started to retreat. He raised his hands in defense and continued to explain, "Pascal, there is a reasonable explanation for everything. Our Leng Clan..."

Langston thought that after hearing his own clan's name, Pascal might stop. After all, the Leng Clan was much richer and more powerful than the Han Clan.

But Pascal left him with zero chance.

Everyone felt that a great force was about to be released. All of a sudden, everyone's shoulders got heavy. Soon, Pascal was rushing towards Langston at an unbelievable speed.

Pascal didn't even use his Godly Tile, to crash into his shoulder.

Pascal ranked first in the mid-rank True Gods, while Langston was fifth. In general, the difference between their strengths shouldn't have been too big. But this was not the case here. While the competition among mid-rank True Gods was extremely fierce, this was only reflected between the second and eighth places.

There was a cutthroat competition among the seven disciples from the second to the eighth place. For example, Langston just ranked third last month, but now he dropped to the fifth place. There was not much difference in the strengths of these seven people.

However, the one in the ninth place was no match for these seven people. Similarly, these seven people were no match for Pascal.

In the Arena of Legends, these seven people were all defeated by Pascal.

Langston Leng, had been defeated by Pascal four times, in the Arena of Legends. Although Langston tried his best, he was nevertheless defeated with no great effort by Pascal. And that was the most humiliating part.

When he met this guy again outside the Arena of Legends, Langston had no desire to fight him at all.

Even after Pascal's attack, Langston did not try to fight back. He kept moving backwards, while trying to dodge the attack. Even though his speed was not slow, Pascal's speed was even faster.

When he realized that he was unable to avoid Pascal's attack, Langston gritted his teeth and twisted his body. Two golden Sanskrit words appeared at the back of his hands.

As the rising hope of the younger generation of the Leng Clan, Langston had obtained a lot of favors from his clan. These two golden Sanskrit words had always been his trump card, and it was totally unnecessary for him to use them to deal with Zen before. Now facing Pascal, he didn't hesitate at all. In the eyes of all the mid-rank True Gods, Pascal was considered a monster.

"Is that really necessary?" Noticing the golden Sanskrit words at the back of Langston's hands, Pascal smirked as he stretched out his hand and pulled him from a distance.

An intense invisible force had Langston hurled towards Pascal.

Before Langston could even react, Pascal slapped him hard on the face.

This slap was much more powerful than the one Langston had slapped on Laquisha's face. However, Pascal still had some mercy. Otherwise, with his comprehension of the Godly Way, this slap could have slashed Langston's head off.

In the Arena of Legends, many people had been slapped by Pascal and most of them were almost beheaded.

Clap!

The sound reverberated in the hall.

Langston twisted and rolled in the air for a distance of more than 100 feet, before he slumped into a corner of the wall and passed out.

"I don't know or even care what the rules are. Whoever dares to touch my family must ask himself if he has the strength to face my wrath!" Pascal shouted. His words seemed to be directed at both Langston and the playboys present from the wealthy clans.

... "Pascal, your clan is at the mercy of our clan now. Do you really think you can have a good life after you offended our clan?" Another voice came from the crowd. It was Langston's cousin, Hogan Leng.

When Hogan saw his elder cousin being thrashed mercilessly, he felt humiliated and angry. That was why he threatened Pascal with the Leng Clan.

Everyone was aware that the Han Clan cherished Leng Clan's support, so Langston being bullied by the Han Clan was not at all acceptable.

Pascal sneered, "You mean you have the capabilities to represent the Leng Clan? Or for that matter, can that guy lying senseless on the floor, represent the Leng Clan?"

As the fourth-ranked clan, the Leng Clan's situation was complicated.

Even if the Leng Clan was willing to let Langston marry Laquisha, it didn't mean that Langston had a very high position in the clan. Just like Pascal, even if he ranked the first in the mid-rank True Gods, it did not make great deal of difference. What he represented was only the future of the Han Clan, but even then he didn't have much say in it.

In the eyes of the Holy Beings, the Arena of Legends was just a game for the children. If one wanted to obtain full strength in their own clan, they should be able to at least stand for themselves and be heard among others after reaching the consummation of True God Realm. This was the rule of most wealthy clans.

Hogan was speechless after Pascal's statement. Because what Pascal said was indeed the truth.

"Now get out of our Han Clan's Floating Island," Pascal shouted angrily.

The people from the other wealthy clans slightly trembled as they heard Pascal. Having left with nothing to say, they walked out of the hall with their heads bowed. Hogan also followed them, carrying Langston on his shoulder. Before he left, Hogan said, "It is true that we are no one to represent the Leng Clan, but someone has to be responsible for Sheridan's death."

As he said this, Hogan glared at Zen before leaving.

Earlier, as soon as Pascal had entered the hall, he noticed a pool of blood in the middle of the hall. But at that time he was not aware that Sheridan had been killed.

After the men left, he asked with a cool expression, "Who killed Sheridan?"

Those men from the wealthy clans might not have decision-making power amongst themselves, but if they died, then things would get terribly serious.

It was the same case like children when at home might not have much power, but if something happened to them, the parents would definitely demand an explanation. And the wealthy clans were no exception.

"It's him who killed Sheridan," said one of the disciples of the Han Clan, pointing at Zen.

Pascal turned his head and stared at Zen. He was a little confused, and then asked coldly, "Who are you?"

Chapter 2245 Take Responsibility

Pascal didn't quite know what happened.

However, if Sheridan was really dead, it was a matter of great importance.

According to the rules set by the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, sub-branches' disciples along with the noncore disciples could die. But the killer was to be severely dealt with if one of the core disciples died.

Due to Sheridan's high position in the Xie Clan, the clan members wouldn't let his death slide so easily.

Pascal had his eyes fixed upon Zen. "My name is Thad Luo," Zen said.

"Did you kill Sheridan?" Pascal asked Zen.

Pascal didn't know much about Sheridan. Although Sheridan had performed well in the core disciples of the wealthy clans, his efforts weren't enough to get Pascal's attention.

Almost all the members of the wealthy clans were quite powerful. Sheridan was a low-rank True God, while Zen was only a proving godly warrior. The thought that a proving godly warrior killed a low-rank True God confused Pascal.

"I killed Sheridan," Zen replied seriously.

It wasn't Zen's intentions to run from the fact that he killed Sheridan.

"Why did you kill him?" Pascal questioned.

Aleyna quickly rushed to Zen's aid and said, "You ask him why? Don't you know the answer to it yourself? It's not his fault," Aleyna stated.

Pascal had a rough idea as to what might have happened, even though he was not present there.

Pascal was one of the most dignified disciples in the younger generations. He enjoyed a high position in the Han Clan. All the elders of the Han Clan respected him dearly. Although, his two younger sisters weren't afraid of confronting him from time to time.

Aleyna angrily confronted Pascal but was unable to get a reaction from him.

Laquisha intervened and said, "This is not the time to play the blame game."

Everyone looked at Laquisha as she finished speaking.

The fingermarks on her face were long gone but her pretty little face was swollen.

Pascal's heart was filled with sorrow when he saw Laquisha's face. He took out a bunch of emerald green grass from his Sumeru Space. In the middle of the grass was a blooming flower, and in the middle of the stamens was a small human face.

The human face in the middle of the grass screamed as Pascal squashed and crushed it. Then he put it on Laquisha's face.

This healed Laquisha's face and her swelling subsided.

"I know, but someone has to take some responsibility for this," Pascal said with a serious tone.

Pascal was quite neutral as far as Zen was concerned. Since he killed Sheridan, he should face the repercussions of his actions.

As the core disciple of the Han Clan, he always prioritized the interests of his clan.

Laquisha gave her brother a stern look. She was aware of what Pascal was thinking and said, "Thad has fought for us. Wouldn't you take that into consideration?"

"He shouldn't have killed Sheridan even if he protected you by doing so. Sheridan didn't deserve to die." Aleyna and Laquisha were both frightened yet composed. They both knew that this matter was so serious that the Holy Emperors of Xie Clan and the Han Clan could get involved in it.

"You mean Thad should have just stood there and shouldn't have done anything?" Aleyna sneered.

Kelsey, who was standing behind Aleyna didn't say much. She knew that Pascal wasn't right but since he was only her cousin, she didn't have the right to say anything to Pascal, face to face.

"The elders only look at the result and not the process. The truth is that Sheridan was killed by Thad and Thad emerged unscathed from the whole situation," Pascal stated.

"You should understand how detestable those people are,"

Aleyna argued.

Suddenly Laquisha interrupted and said, "I will stand by Thad no matter what. If he dies, so will I."

Laquisha stated with a firm tone, much to everyone's surprise.

"What did you say?" Pascal asked with concern in his voice.

"Laquisha..." Aleyna finally understood what was really going on with her sister.

Ever since they returned from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Aleyna felt that her sister had been acting weirdly. She stopped spending much time with her and mainly focused on martial arts, and thus, did quite good in the arena.

Nothing caught Laquisha's eye except for cultivation, but every time they recalled their time in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, her eyes lit up when she mentioned Zen.

Thus, Aleyna finally understood that her sister had fallen in love with Zen.

Now that she had seen through Thad's identity, she was able to understand the reason why Laquisha said those words for Thad.

However, Pascal didn't know much about the whole situation. Laquisha's words came as an utter shock to him.

Pascal was born in the Han Clan. The importance Laquisha had in his heart was much more than that of all the outer disciples added. 'Why would Laquisha be willing to die for an outsider?' he wondered. Besides, it was of the knowledge that this disciple had only entered the Floating Island of the Han Clan for a very little amount of time.

Kelsey felt a bit confused as well. Thad had gotten into such a big trouble because he had helped her and Aleyna. Pascal wanted to sacrifice Thad to help the Han Clan get rid of the problem. Kelsey knew that Pascal was in the wrong here, but she didn't get such an intense reaction like Laquisha did.

Zen lay on the ground; wriggling his body so that his blood and primordial energy could flow in order to heal his wounds. He was impressed by Laquisha's determination and strength. The current situation was beyond his expectation, and he could only wait and see how things would go on.

"You would go to such extreme in order to save a proving godly warrior?" Pascal tried to persuade Laquisha.

"Pascal, you know me well. You know that I won't budge from I said earlier" Laquisha argued.

It was a known fact that Pascal wasn't afraid of anyone or anything. He had once fought with a top-rank True God in the forbidden land and came back, every part of his body broken. He even once disobeyed his father, the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan and went to an enormous forbidden land to save people.

Although, he cared a lot for his two sisters. They meant the world to him.

Therefore, Laquisha's constant efforts stopped him from taking any decision. "I can't deal with this myself. Let's ask the elders of our clan to make the decision," Pascal proclaimed, his gaze directed towards Kelsey.

Kelsey's father was the current leader of the Han Clan, Alfredo Han.

At that night...

Zen's injuries healed at a rapid pace. Grant, who had helped Zen get better was quite surprised by how quickly he could recover. After Zen fully recovered, Grant tied him with a rope and sent him to the Spiritual Heart Hall in the Han Clan's Floating Island.

Dozens of top-rank True Gods lined up in the Spiritual Heart Hall and on the floating platform at the top of the hall stood several warriors who were at the consummation of True God Realm.

Although these masters hid their breath, a strong aura was developing in the Spiritual Heart Hall. All the masters fixed their eyes on Zen as he made his way through the hall. They were curious as to find out who was the outer disciple that was able to cause such a commotion by killing Sheridan.

Zen felt quite nervous as he saw all those eyes were fixed on him. He still mustered the courage to look up.

"Sheridan was pretty close to the top rankings of the low-rank True Gods. How can this guy kill him as he is only a proving godly warrior from the outside the Floating Island?"

When people present there heard this, their faces dropped with utter shock.

Once warriors had obtained the Godly Way, the Godly Tile had raised their own cultivation too much. Therefore, it was quite hard for this proving godly warrior to kill someone with a Godly Tile. Even among the children of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, only few were able to cross the gap. People wouldn't believe it if they heard that a little fellow from outside the Floating Island could kill a low-rank True God.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2246 Arrogance

The news about Sheridan's death had not spread yet. At the very least, no one from the Xie Clan had come to the Floating Island of Han Clan to seek revenge, for now.

However, the Han Clan still took the matter seriously.

In fact, the Xie Clan and the Liu Clan—which ranked last, both didn't have high status nor much authority in the Time Sea.

Although the two clans were both led by Holy Beings, they didn't have a strong foundation. Therefore, they were most likely to fall into the Time Sea if they were in a fierce competition.

Generally speaking, the wealthy and powerful clans must be guarded by Holy Beings, but it didn't mean that a clan with Holy Beings was qualified to stay above the Time Sea.

There were indeed some clans in the divine land that were not powerful enough but had a Holy Being in their families. Their comprehensive strength did not qualify them to enter the Time Sea, or to have a Floating Island to their name.

Therefore, to enter the Time Sea did not depend on a Holy Being, but on the whole clan's comprehensive strength.

Of course, the Han Clan was not afraid of the Xie Clan to the point that even the death of several core disciples was not a big deal for them. However, the Xie Clan had good relationships with some powerful clans on the Floating Islands. Moreover, the Han Clan should be responsible for the problem, and they would be in trouble if the Xie Clan wanted to avenge Sheridan's death.

On top of that, the Han Clan had to get everything ready. However, Alfredo needed to figure something out first.

"Please tell me your name," said Alfredo, who was in the middle of the hall.

Despite his calm tone, there was an undeniable edge to his voice. It was like thunder that resounded in Zen's ears, which made him seem like he was the only God between heaven and earth.

That was the aura that a God should have.

In turn, Zen looked up at the clan leader in front of him. He had never seen such a character like the man before. He was so shocked that his facial muscles refused to move and make any expression at all.

"Thad Luo," Zen replied flatly.

"Do you know why you are tied here?" Alfredo asked with a smile. When Zen heard the question, he couldn't help having a sinking feeling in his chest.

Apparently, the top masters of the rich clans in the divine land also liked to talk a load of garbage.

The Han Clan had tied him up and brought him to this place just because he had killed Sheridan. He didn't have to answer such a question again. 'Do the True Gods present intend to set up a court trial?' Zen wondered.

"I'm very curious. You are all the top martial artists in the divine land, while I am just a proving godly warrior. Why did you tie me up like this? Are you afraid that I will escape?" he suddenly asked. The smile on Alfredo's face instantly froze at that moment.

With the exception of the core disciples of the Han Clan, almost all the other warriors who could step into the Spiritual Heart Hall were top-rank True Gods.

The Spiritual Heart Hall was known for its oppressive surroundings. Not even ordinary True Gods dared to voice out their opinions there.

Thus, they were utterly shocked to see that Zen, who was just a proving godly warrior, was so fearless and was unaffected by the hall's strong aura.

Now, Alfredo believed that Zen was indeed capable of killing Sheridan.

"How dare you! How dare you be so rude to the master of the Han Clan!" a top-rank True God nearby coldly shouted. His voice was so sharp that it was literally like a blade that flew straight towards Zen.

The young proving godly warrior suddenly felt a dense stab of pain in his face and chest, especially in his ears.

"Puff!"

The sound pierced through his eardrums, and then two streams of blood gushed out of his left and right ears.

It rendered him temporarily deaf, yet there wasn't a trace of fear on his face. "Since you brought me here, you might want to ask me something. However, since you made me deaf, I'm afraid I can't hear your questions!" he said simply.

That top-rank True God couldn't help losing his temper upon hearing Zen's words. But after careful consideration, he realized that Zen couldn't hear him at all because his eardrums were broken. Thus, he didn't know how to deal with him at all.

On the contrary, Alfredo smiled again. He didn't mind Zen's rude remarks at all. He gently waved his hand, and then a green light spread throughout his palm. The green light expanded into a bigger ray of light and spread throughout the whole Spiritual Heart Hall. When the light had touched Zen, he quickly felt a warm sensation that came from the surface of his body. At the same time, the pain in his ears was gone. His deaf ears were healed.

"You're the first one who dared to speak like this in the Spiritual Heart Hall," Alfredo said slowly as his eyes locked with Zen's. "Some people have been brave enough and righteous, not afraid of others' attacks, but some pretend to be calm and try to gain recognition. I wonder if you're the first type of people, or the second type."

Before Zen could answer, Alfredo continued, "But it doesn't matter... Please get up!" Once he had finished speaking, he stretched out two fingers in the air and gently made a pinching motion. The ropes that bound Zen were immediately broken. He did feel relaxed, although he was surprised to see that Alfredo even helped him untie the ropes.

As he got up and stretched, Alfredo added in a frank voice, "I think you know why I summoned you to the Spiritual Heart Hall today. A member of the Xie Clan came to my Floating Island for stirring up trouble. He has been killed, but it is no big deal. There is no reason for our clan to feel pity for him. However, if the Xie Clan comes over and bothers us about this matter, we aren't willing to bear the consequences. Although you're not a member of our clan, we decided to give you a chance. If you were me, what would you do about this situation?"

Alfredo, the master of the Han Clan, even gave Zen a chance. Such was truly an unprecedented privilege. Had it been anyone else or any other True God who had killed Sheridan, the Han Clan would immediately disown them and hand over the killer to the Xie Clan without question.

Therefore, all the senior leaders of the Han Clan were astonished when they heard Alfredo's words. That was not how Alfredo dealt with things!

Of course, Alfredo naturally didn't want to make the whole situation worse.

However, his beloved daughter Kelsey had repeatedly told him how Zen had helped her and how he had offended the rich clans' disciples just because of her and Aleyna. That was why Zen had no choice but to fight and kill Sheridan in the end. Kelsey constantly begged the Han Clan to protect Zen.

To add to that, Pascal also told Alfredo that Laquisha would choose to die if the Han Clan handed Zen over to the Xie Clan and let them kill him.

Once again, luck was on Zen's side as the core disciples of the Han Clan tried to protect him to such extents!

All of those reasons caused Alfredo to be quite interested in Zen now. He wanted to see what on earth Zen was capable of, and whether he was qualified or not.

In turn, Zen took a deep breath and looked around with his piercing gaze. "To be honest, if the Han Clan allowed the Xie Clan to take me away, I'm afraid that it might be the stupidest thing you'd do since the beginning of the divine era," he said slowly.

Such bold words from a mere proving godly warrior shocked the senior leaders of the Han Clan to their core.

On the left side of Alfredo, a middle-aged man in red armor burst into laughter. "Little guy, are you crazy? Do you just overrate yourself? You may be talented, but we have a lot of talented disciples. There is no lack of such outsiders like you in our clan. It's a good thing to be confident, but it's ridiculous to be arrogant!"

The others present nodded in agreement. They all thought that Zen was wildly arrogant as well.

They had lived for so many divine eras, but they had never seen such a reckless talent like him.

The smile on Alfredo's face was completely gone now. Everyone was bound to dislike an arrogant person. "Maybe I was wrong. You don't belong to the two types of people I just mentioned. You're a conceited warrior," he said coldly.

In Zen's defense, he did know that his words would annoy them, but he didn't want to die. He wanted to have a chance to prove his worth. He believed that he was valuable enough for the Han Clan to protect him.

Even if both Aleyna and Laquisha might take actions, he didn't know if that would stop the Han Clan's decision.

He could guess that the reason Alfredo wanted to see him was because he wanted to determine if he was worth it or not.

Just then, a gentle voice rang throughout the hall and said, "I believe handing this young man over to the Xie Clan must be the stupidest thing for the Han Clan to do ever since the beginning of the divine era!"

The owner of the voice was none other than Joy, the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan. When her words had died down, she stepped fully inside the Spiritual Heart Hall. She glanced at Zen with a smile, and then said, "I wonder why you didn't go to the Arena of Legends today. Now, it turns out that you came here to rest. Come back with me right now."

Chapter 2247 Purpose

Zen had been personally permitted by Joy to be a part of the Purple Soul Hall.

But after Mae brought him in, he hadn't talked with Joy much.

It was as if she only viewed Zen as an ordinary disciple who had entered her Hall, so she did not bother contacting him.

In fact, those who were familiar with Joy were well aware that her restriction of only being able to recruit disciples in possession of the Purple Power Body meant that they were not as talented as the disciples of other Holy Beings. They were far weaker in strength and power and often left unnoticed.

Zen was someone who had been recommended by the Heavenly Han House. A talent like him would be regarded with interest and attention even if he were to enter the Holy Emperor City. But Joy turned a blind eye to Zen as soon as he entered the Purple Soul Hall, which was rather unusual considering his potential.

What Zen did not know was that Joy had been a silent spectator to his activities all this time.

She had noticed Zen from the moment he stepped into the Arena of Legends for the first time; how he had encouraged the people around him; to the time when he won all the battles in the Arena of Legends. Joy had kept a constant eye on him throughout his endeavors.

Others might be unable to watch what was inside the Jade Wall of Legends, but this was not a problem for Joy. She had been a witness to almost all of Zen's battles.

As a Demi-holy Being, it was no doubt that Joy had a keen eye.

She knew that Zen did not possess the Purple Power Body, but he was capable of displaying the Purple Aura Godly Way through a special magic weapon instead. As for what magic weapon it was, even Joy, who was in possession of a wide range of knowledge, had not yet realized.

But what surprised Joy was Zen's actual strength.

He had won more than thirty times in a row ever since he entered the Arena of Legends. He easily won in the face of the proving godly warriors. The chasm between him and his opponents was huge, and Joy could not wrap her head around the phenomenon. It was as if a low-rank True God had fought the proving godly warriors. The gap in strength could not be so easily overlooked.

Joy was unaware of Zen's true hidden strength because the proving godly warriors were yet to test his limits. Zen, on the other hand, was almost dismissive in his behavior toward them. He seemed as if he did not even take them very seriously.

Zen's words were indeed arrogant and even Pascal wouldn't dare say those words. But Joy showing up was a sign that the Demi-holy Being of Han Clan was on Zen's side.

"Master," Zen said, bowing to Joy. He did not know much about Joy and had hardly expected her to turn up. Although Joy was no master of his, he still referred to her as such because of the unspoken manners and rules of the Purple Soul Hall.

"Come back with me," Joy said in response, a small smile playing on her lips.

Her request was short, but Zen was still moved.

No wonder the female disciples of the Purple Soul Hall were so reluctant to leave. It was true that they did not want to give up the privilege of the Floating Island of Han Clan, but perhaps it was more likely that they did not want to leave their master.

"Wait a second." Alfredo stepped in between, interrupting them.

However, as soon as he spoke, a wisp of purple smoke rose from the hall. Simultaneously, a flash of purple light flickered in Joy's eyes.

The purple smoke spiraled up bit by bit. Forty-nine rays of purple smoke transformed into a divine array, out of which an obscure killing intent was unfurled. This killing intent was not heavy but effortlessly exuded terror.

"Last time it was you who convinced the Holy Emperor to cause trouble for Purple Soul Hall, but I still endured it. You almost seem to forget who I am and the difference in our statures. Even if the Holy Emperor is present here, I have every right to bring my disciple back," Joy retorted scathingly.

The faint killing intent quietly unrolled in Spiritual Heart Hall.

Zen could feel the killing intent, but he did not know how terrible it was. He only knew of its power from the expressions of the top-rank True Gods, the consummate True Gods, and Alfredo.

These True Gods who had looked as calm as water just a moment ago now turned as pale as paper. Their eyes betrayed the fear they felt.

They knew that behind Joy's radiant smile was a blistering fury.

The consequences of angering a Demi-holy Being would be unimaginable for the Han Clan members of the Floating Island.

Alfredo, even as the master of the clan, turned stiff and wary. His voice seemed reluctant to come out of his throat. "Demi-holy Being, please don't be vexed. It's just that this boy has killed a direct descendant of the Xie Clan. If the Xie Clan insists on prosecuting him, I would find myself in a quandary."

Joy had a clear understanding of what was going on even before she arrived. She smirked and the killing intent in the dark surged even more. The senior members of the Han Clan grew more nervous as it surrounded them.

"So what? What was the direct descendant's cultivation base?" she asked.

"He was a low-rank True God, ranking in the top forty in the Arena of Legends," Alfredo replied honestly. Even though he was the master of the Han Clan, his voice cracked when speaking to her.

He had offended Joy before. But because the Holy Emperor himself had made a decision last time, Joy had to swallow her anger and bite her tongue. Alfredo knew that she held a grudge against him already. If she unleashed herself on him this time, he would land himself in big trouble.

"He was a low-rank True God and was killed by a proving godly warrior from my Purple Soul Hall. He was no better than a loser. You don't need to explain anything to them. If Xie Clan comes to you, you can tell them to come to me for answers," Joy said coldly.

Alfredo was helpless. If Xie Clan went to argue with Han Clan, they would no doubt target him in the end. What Joy said was entirely unreasonable, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Joy then looked Zen up and down indifferently. She stretched out her soft and white hand and beckoned him closer. A streak of purple smoke rose and enveloped Zen. "Let's go!" she uttered.

Zen immediately saw spirals in front of him and involuntarily took a circle. In the next moment, he had returned to the Purple Soul Hall.

Once a warrior reached the consummation of True God Realm, they could teleport at will. For a Demi-holy Being like Joy, it was much faster to teleport.

The center of the Purple Soul Hall was deathly quiet.

Above the hall, six giant candles were arranged into position. The soft light cast six shadows in stark relief at different angles under Zen's feet.

Joy leaned against the broad chair placed at the head of the hall. Her pleated skirt shone in the candle light, outlining her defined curves.

When she next spoke, her voice sounded indifferent. "Hurt the mid-rank True God at the fifth place, Langston Leng, and killed the low-rank True God at the fortieth place, Sheridan. You are much more powerful than I thought." She stared fixedly at Zen before continuing, "Tell me, what secret are you harboring?"

Being looked at by a Demi-holy Being like this, Zen sensed a sharp chill rise up on his back, as if he were naked and her eyes were piercing through every inch of him.

Zen's secret must never be let out to outsiders.

Even Laquisha and Aleyna couldn't be fully trusted, which was why Zen had disguised himself and avoided them.

It was impossible for Zen to tell his secret even when confronted by the Demi-holy Being, Joy. He was under great pressure when facing such a strong warrior. He cleared his throat unwillingly.

"When I was a child, I received a great opportunity, so I cultivated from the level of an ordinary divine citizen..."

Zen was merely making something up when Joy waved her hand at him intently. An invisible force spread out and he found himself unable to continue.

"You are quite powerful, and you also seem far too familiar with making up lies. You must have lied a lot, correct?" Joy's eyebrows curved up like a new moon as she stared at Zen and clicked her tongue.

Although Zen had been exposed straightaway, he remained calm. "Everyone has their secrets. If I end up revealing mine to others, it would be like losing my soul. I will not survive it. I hope you can understand."

"Look at you... why are you so nervous? I didn't say that I won't understand." Joy smiled at his reply.

If she truly wanted to fish out Zen's secret, it would not be difficult for her. However, as a Demi-holy Being, Joy tended to agree with Zen. All had their secrets and hidden agendas. If one forced others to disclose them, it could have unnecessary and dangerous consequences.

However, Joy had not asked for a secret. Joy continued, "If you want to keep your secret, you need to do something else in order to prove yourself."

Joy would not offend Alfredo over a proving godly warrior for no reason. Since she had taken such pains to take Zen away, she must have a purpose in mind.

"What do I have to do?" Zen asked, his gaze full of curiosity.

Chapter 2248 An Impossible Task

In Zen's eyes, a Demi-holy Being was almost an omnipotent existence.

'What does she want from me?' he thought.

"Last time, you motivated the disciples of our Purple Soul Hall, and their rankings have risen significantly in the Arena of Legends, but… It is far from enough!" Joy said lightly.

The Purple Soul Hall was highly important to Joy. Thus, how could she bear to expel those disciples?

Everyone had their own ambitions, and a Demi-holy being was no different.

"It's far from enough, but what does it have to do with me..." asked Zen. There were more than thirty thousand people in the Purple Soul Hall. It was too many of them.

Thus, she couldn't rely on Zen alone to increase the Purple Soul Hall's total number of points, could she?

He did earn a lot of points recently, but it was just a drop in the bucket compared to the entirety of the Purple Soul Hall.

"I want you to earn more points," Joy gazed at Zen and said with a smile.

"More? How many?" he asked incredulously. He was clearly quite speechless. He never expected that his speculation would turn out right. Perhaps, Joy really planned to pin all her hopes on him to turn the tables around.

"You need to earn one million and two hundred thousand points more. That is equivalent to every Purple Soul Hall disciple earning forty points on average. If that still doesn't work, then I will have no choice but to eliminate the ten percent of the disciples who are ranked at the bottom," Joy calculated as her lips curved up into a charming smile.

Zen almost choked in disbelief as he heard the number. He paused for a while before he repeated, "One million and two hundred thousand points..."

To his surprise, Joy replied flatly, "Yes. Is it difficult? Back then, I earned three million points in the Arena of Legends!"

"What was your cultivation level at that time, Master?" asked Zen. "A consummate True God!"

"……"

There was a pause. Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes at her.

Of course, the True Gods at the consummate level naturally had many, many points.

They had so much that the top masters recorded on the Jade Wall of Legends had over a million points!

It was safe to say that the several consummate True Gods from some clans could directly determine their clans' rankings!

However, there were only a few consummate True Gods in each clan. Unlike the battles of ordinary True Gods, which were usually held three times every month, a battle between consummate True Gods often drew great attention. So much that sometimes, there wasn't a single fight between consummate True Gods once every few years.

Since the points of powerful warriors at the top rarely had significant changes, many clans focused on the True Gods at the bottom to improve the overall points. It was a more practical and stable way to keep their rankings. After all, some consummate True Gods might lose hundreds of thousands or even over a million points in one battle.

"Defeating a proving godly warrior in a battle only earns me several hundred points, and that already includes the extra points as a reward. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to ask me to earn so many points?" Zen asked calmly. He felt much more relaxed now in front of Joy, now that he had discovered that she was easy to get along with.

It was true that he could win several hundred points in a match, which included the points that rewarded by consecutive wins. Without those extra points, he would've only ended up with three points in the next fight--and that was if he won.

A lost match meant a great reduction of his points, and even if he won all the time, he couldn't get the one million and two hundred thousand points Joy asked of him. Such a request was equivalent to asking an ant to carry a mountain. It was impossible.

However, Joy continued, "You don't fully understand the rules of the Arena of Legends..."

Upon hearing her words, he shrugged his shoulders in agreement and sat down on the stairs to listen attentively.

"By this time, after you've won a series of consecutive matches, your points have already surpassed that of the proving godly warrior who is ranked first. In fact, you can apply for the battles at the level of low-rank True Gods to compete with the ones at a higher level," she said.

It was known that the rules of the Jade Wall of Legends were relatively complicated. Although Zen somehow understood them, almost all his knowledge about the rules came from Madam Moon. Thus, he hadn't thoroughly comprehended them yet.

He couldn't believe his ears. "To compete with the ones at a higher level? You want me to challenge those True Gods who are a level higher than I am?"

"Yes, and not only that, you also need to maintain your winning streak," Joy finished with a smile.

It was immensely difficult to earn points in the Arena of Legends, but the rewards for consecutive wins were quite great. It was just like rolling a snowball. The more consecutive wins one had, the more points one could get.

Zen thought deeply. He could steadily earn a lot of points in the battles against proving godly warriors, but the points earned from battles fighting warriors at the same level were far from enough, even with the extra reward included.

However, the battles against warriors at higher levels was a different story!

The basic reward for a proving godly warrior to win against a low-rank True God was as many as one hundred points.

And since it was very difficult for a proven godly warrior to defeat a low-rank True God, the reward for consecutive wins was even greater. Two consecutive wins had an additional prize of over a thousand points, and winning three times in a row had an additional prize of two thousand points. If one managed to repeatedly stack up such numbers, they would clearly have a staggering number of points.

Obviously, such a reward meant more than hard work. It was very difficult for a proven godly warrior to have consecutive wins in the battles challenging low-rank True Gods.

Even a Demi-holy Being like Joy had been defeated by her opponents after winning four battles in a row back when she had challenged low-rank True Gods as a proven godly warrior.

In the records of the divine land, there were a few Holy Beings who had achieved an impressive number of consecutive wins.

For example, the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan had managed to snag sixteen consecutive wins, and as a proven godly warrior, he had accumulated more than a hundred thousand points in one go. It had greatly shocked many powerful clans at that time.

However, that wasn't even the most surprising. There had once been a genius who had completed twenty-seven consecutive wins, and accumulated three hundred and ninety thousand points in one go. Even some of the extremely powerful top-rank True Gods, who had been working hard in the Arena of Legends, could only gain about two hundred thousand points. Consecutive wins could actually make a big difference.

However, one could dissect how difficult it was to achieve so many consecutive wins. As one accumulated more points, they would also be faced with more powerful True Gods. Thus, it was almost impossible for a proving godly warrior to win all the time by relying only on their cultivation.

"You defeated Keenan and killed Sheridan. They are the best of the low-rank True Gods. I believe it is possible for you to achieve that goal with your strength," Joy said and smiled.

'So that explains it, ' Zen thought as realization hit him.

The reward for competing with those beyond his level, plus the additional reward for consecutive wins…

When combined together, he thought that he did have the potential to accumulate a lot of points in a short time.

Points were very important to him. Moreover, he also wanted to break through to become a True God! Furthermore, he was also determined to get the reward from the Han Clan. He needed the mud, which was in that treasure that the Han Clan offered as a reward. More importantly, he needed enough points to go to Everest Spirit Mountain. To top all of those off, he also had to prove his worth to Joy and the Han Clan, since Joy was now protecting him.

"I see," he said and nodded.

"Give me your jade token," Joy suddenly said and reached out to him.

His hands fished out the jade token from his pocket and handed it to her. Then, Joy gently stroke the token with her slender fingers until it glowed green. She gave it back to him and said, "Now, when you go into the Arena of Legends, your opponent can't find out your name. In other words, it is like you're anonymous."

"Really? Can it even work in this way?" he asked. Curiosity filled his mind as he took back his jade token.

"It's normal. Some warriors from the rich and powerful clans would do so when they don't want to attract attention. But the anonymous function only works on your opponents that challenge you. Once you lose, your name will appear on the ranking list," Joy said. "And... From now on, you can enter the Arena of Legends from here," she added.

As soon as she was done, she clapped her hands.

The hall began to vibrate slightly as the Jade Wall of Legends, which was thirty feet tall, rose from the ground. This Jade Wall of Legends was rather small compared to an ordinary one, but it was possible for three people to enter the Arena of Legends at the same time.

Joy was a little tired after she had finished her arrangement. A yawn escaped her lips, then she said, "You can enter the Arena of Legends at any time. I've already helped you apply for the battles to challenge warriors at a higher level. I'll have to rest first..."

Once she was done speaking, her body emanated a purple mist that surrounded her. The mist soon dissipated, and so did she.

'I can't believe a Demi-holy Being would feel sleepy. She must be acting; it's too obvious, ' Zen thought as he pursed his lips.

After a few moments, he walked towards the Jade Wall and inserted his own jade token into it.

"Buzz-"

The Jade Wall of Legends started to tremble, and some information about him began to appear on it. Just as what Joy had said after she helped him to become anonymous, his name was blurry, and there was no way for anyone to know it.

Chapter 2249 So Popular

A gentle light from the Jade Wall of Legends enveloped Zen and everything around him faded away. He had entered the Jade Wall of Legends.

This time, however, he wasn't sent to the battlefield directly. Instead, he came upon an empty room.

"Eh? What happened?" Zen looked around in confusion.

In the past, he would always directly enter the battlefield with an opponent already pitted against him. Why then did he come upon this empty room?

He walked around and noticed strange divine textures carved on the walls. As he looked around, he also found a small door tucked away on one side of the room.

Zen made his way towards the door and pushed it open. As soon as he did, a ray of light hit his eyes and momentarily blinded him. At the same time, he heard a loud noise.

"So noisy..." he murmured as he opened his eyes.

Outside was a huge annular space where small doors were densely packed in a spiral, forming a sort of staircase.

In this space were countless low-rank True Gods. Some in small groups and barking loudly, others whispering to each other. There were so many of them which made the place such a mess.

"Where the hell am I?" Zen asked himself in astonishment.

"Oh, a proving godly warrior has come in," a young man wearing a golden crown bedecked with emeralds remarked. The young man had been standing beside Zen and was now gazing at him with surprise.

He sized Zen up and his expression became even weirder. "Wow, he is an anonymous man!" he exclaimed loudly.

His voice caught the attention of the other low-rank True Gods who also then stared at Zen. With Joy's help, Zen was able to hide not just his name, but also his appearance. Anyone who tried to look at him would end up seeing a blurred face and nothing more.

"He really is a proving godly warrior."

"Is he going to challenge higher-leveled warriors?"

"Which powerful clan is he from? How can he have the confidence to challenge those of a higher level than him?"

Challenging warriors of a higher level wasn't rare in the Arena of Legends. However, they only saw low-rank True Gods challenged mid-rank True Gods, mid-rank True Gods challenged the top-rank ones and top-rank ones challenged consummate True Gods.

The difference in strength between a low-rank True God and a mid-rank one wasn't very big so there were a lot of warriors at the low-rank True God level who challenged those a level higher than them.

It was much more difficult for a mid-rank True God to go against a top-rank True God since the latter could fly and thus had an advantage.

The same could be said for a top-rank True God who went against a consummate True God. Even if the former could fly, he would still be unable to traverse through space thus making it hard to defeat the latter.

There were still cases of these challenges though.

Proving godly warriors, however, were different. They did not possess Godly Tiles which would make it difficult for them to challenge a higher leveled warrior. Many wealthy clans had talents who could participate in the battle of challenging higher leveled warriors but did not necessarily perform that well.

This was the main reason why Zen garnered such significant attentions when he entered.

Fortunately, he was used to the attention. "Where am I?" he asked calmly.

The young man next to him smiled. "This must be your first time in the Hall of True Gods. Proving godly warriors aren't really qualified to enter this place..."

The Jade Wall of Legends was undoubtedly very special. It contained independent spaces of different sizes. These spaces were close to infinite, with some even more obscure than others.

As the lowest leveled warrior in the Floating Island, a proving godly warrior did not have the qualifications to enter the Hall of True Gods. They could only passively search for their own opponents.

However, a low-rank True God was different. Each low-rank True God had their own independent room that allowed them to find a random opponent or choose a specific warrior to go up against.

Zen saw these rooms spiral up in the air. The height of each one represented the ranking of the low-rank True God who owned it. When the ranking changed, so did the position of the room. The higher it was, the stronger the True God.

The young man's explanation clarified things for Zen. Joy might have neglected to explain these things to him because she was just so used to it since she was a resident of the Floating Island.

"I have just entered the Hall of True Gods and lost my match. Should I challenge you? What do you think?" the young man asked with a smile. He also cleared his throat after speaking, as an attempt to cover up his embarrassment.

"Don't listen to him! Come and challenge me!"

"I've only been a True God for less than three months. My Godly Tile has just reached the preliminary stage and my entire foundation is unstable. I'm the one most suitable to be your first opponent!"

"……"

It seemed Zen had become quite popular with these low-rank True Gods. He could see why though. Whether he was a genius of a wealthy clan or not, in the end, Zen was a mere proving godly warrior.

There were a handful of proving godly warriors who had created miracles in the past but they only appeared once in several divine eras. Most proving godly warriors had extraordinary strength but the absence of a Godly Tile greatly limited their power. They were still nothing compared to a low-rank True God.

Right now, these True Gods regarded Zen as a weak lamb whom they could hopefully earn a lot of points from.

Feeling the enthusiasm of these low-rank True Gods, Zen smiled and turned to the young man beside him. "In that case, I accept your challenge, though you will have to tell me how to do so." He still wasn't that familiar with the rules here and there might be a formality needed in order to accept a challenge.

The young man was visibly pleased and excited upon hearing Zen's acceptance. "Splendid! All you'll have to do is go back to your room and activate the divine textures on the wall..."

Zen nodded and quickly went back to his room while the young man also returned to his.

All the other low-rank True Gods could only look on in disappointment and envy as a potential lamb was taken from their grasp.

"Lucky Hardy."

"It's alright. Since this proving godly warrior has already participated in such a battle, he won't be satisfied with just one battle, right? We still have a chance."

"That's right. We can challenge that guy after his battle with Hardy is over."

These low-rank True Gods all thought that Zen would be easy to defeat and naturally didn't want to give up this opportunity. However, after a few discussions, they suddenly became silent. They looked at each other, with vigilance on their faces. Because of this anonymous proving godly warrior, they became competitors now.

Meanwhile, Zen was back inside his room and he followed the young man's instructions. He was quickly able to figure out how to use the divine textures on the wall. All he needed to do was to use the room number and he would be able to challenge anyone in the Hall of True Gods at any time.

As he was fumbling around, one of the divine textures flashed. He touched it and immediately understood the information contained within: the young man had already challenged him.

Hardy Qin from the Qin Clan. He had one hundred and ninety-three points and was ranked after one million and nine hundred thousandth.

Such meager points were shabby for Zen but were, in fact, normal for someone like Hardy who had just stepped into the Hall of True Gods and lost a battle.

Zen quickly accepted the challenge and the scenery around him changed once again. He finally stepped into the Arena of Legends.

Hardy, his opponent, stood across from him. "Although it's unfair to challenge you with my cultivation level, you accepted the challenge. Therefore, you yourself have chosen to participate in this battle. Surely you're well-prepared, right?"

Zen stretched his arms and legs, giving Hardy a smile. "Of course."

"Then I won't be mercy," Hardy said, giving Zen a polite bow. All wealthy clans paid great attention to points and rankings. As a direct disciple of the Qin Clan, the young man was under a lot of pressure and he was eager to win a battle in order to prove his strength.

After bowing, a great power suddenly surged out from Hardy's body. He looked up and his eyes shone with confidence that he would definitely win.

Chapter 2250 Badgering

After summoning his momentum from his inner world, a bright white light suddenly burst forth around Hardy's right hand.

This bright light slowly coalesced and formed itself into a milky white blade.

"The Destruction Godly Way is practiced by very few people. My personality is not very suitable for it but it seems I have a bit of talent on it," Hardy explained modestly.

His explanation rendered Zen speechless.

This Qin Clan disciple was quite interesting. His manner of speaking was so fastidious despite the fact that he was just about to fight an enemy.

Zen was so close to just attacking him immediately to catch him off-guard but he restrained himself.

He didn't want to gain his victory through trickery. His goal was one million and two hundred thousand points. Earning so many points couldn't be done through mere deception.

If he was being honest, Zen didn't really feel that his task was realistic.

It was true that he defeated Sheridan who had been ranked 40th but that was through a sucker punch using the strength source. Had Sheridan been at full strength then the battle might have turned out differently.

However, he was quite confident in defeating Hardy. Still though, after winning consecutive victories, Zen's points and ranking would quickly rise. That meant fighting with more and more powerful opponents which was going to be challenging for him. If those True Gods didn't underestimate him then he might have a slimmer chance of defeating them.

He also couldn't use the Emotion Closing Godly Way which was his most powerful trump card. Up to now, Zen had no idea how he was going to face against those True Gods.

Joy was the one who arranged for him to take part in this event. He could only hope that she prepared something for him. Right now, Zen had no choice but to adapt in his fights and try his best to win consecutive victories.

Zen waited patiently for Hardy to get ready.

Whoosh!

The milky white blade had condensed in Hardy's hand and was almost like an extension of his arm. As the blade radiance completely congealed into shape, it continued to emit countless tiny beams of light and made it look illusory.

From this blade radiance alone, Zen felt a strong force of destruction.

'A Godly Way activated through the Godly Tile is able to reach a higher level. Hardy is one of the weakest low-rank True Gods but his strength cannot be underestimated...' Zen surmised to himself.

"I'm ready now," Hardy said with a smile. "What about you? Where are your weapons? Show me your weapons!"

As a low-rank True God, Hardy felt that this battle was truly unfair to his opponent. Now that he had condensed his destruction blade using the Destruction Godly Way, he waited for Zen to do the same. He didn't want to feel apologetic and thus urged Zen to show his weapons.

The disciples of the large clans on the Floating Islands were quite different. Most were arrogant and outrageous but this one in front of Zen was unusually upright.

The destructive power of the blade radiance in Hardy's hand was formidable but not anything Zen couldn't deal with. He didn't need to use the Great Weighty Sword in this fight but, since Hardy was being so polite, he didn't really want to offend him by saying he wasn't qualified to let Zen show his weapon.

"There's no need. Let's just get started," Zen said, taking a small step forward. All of a sudden, an unparalleled power exploded from the tip of his right foot.

Boom!

There was a muffled thud as Zen left a small hole on the ground before rushing towards Hardy at an extremely fast rate.

"Okay..."

Hardy replied in an amusingly gentle tone, however, the sight of the small hole Zen caused on the ground stunned him momentarily. The ground in the Arena of Legends was illusory but it was still extremely hard to break it with physical strength. Zen managed to tear a hole just with a light tap of his toe!

'How did he manage to do that? This is bad!'

Hardy thought to himself but it was already too late. Zen was already dashing towards him at an extremely fast speed.

Hardy was by no means weak. Given the chance of being baptized by the Arena of Legends, he might as well have a good ranking among the low-rank True Gods. The only problem was that he had never explored a forbidden land nor experienced a life-or-death fight.

The sight of Zen approaching him at breakneck speed left him feeling a bit flustered.

"Destruction Strike!"

In a moment of desperation, Hardy hurriedly brandished his blade radiance.

If he practiced the Destruction Godly Way to a high level then his power would greatly increase. It was a pity that he had just recently grasped the Godly Way and with Zen's Redemption Armor shielding him, his attacks posed little threat to the proving godly warrior.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zen's body was nimble and easily dodged the blade radiance sent towards him. The numerous beams emitted by the large blade radiance were also ignored by him.

These tiny beams were no joke as they also erupted a lot of power, however, they were still no match against Zen's Redemption Armor.

"What?!"

Surprise was written all over Hardy's face.

Those small beams were purposely spread out by him as part of his strategy. As long as he unleashed the Destruction Godly Way, the beams could form a natural barrier that could protect him. Anyone who ventured too close would have to go through these powerful beams, even an ordinary low-rank True God would find it difficult to resist.

Yet here was Zen directly smashing the blade radiance with his body effortlessly.

This scene made Hardy even more anxious. He waved the blade radiance in his hand even more fiercely and tiny beams flew around him once again.

Zen, on the other hand, was as calm as undisturbed water.

All he needed to do was to get close enough to Hardy and pounce. Their battle could be ended easily, but the Destruction Godly Way...

Zen didn't really know what would happen if he collected all kinds of Godly Ways in the Infinity Ruler. His father surely had a purpose in putting it into his brain though he still wasn't quite sure how to fully use it. Once he was confident enough that he could collect others' internal momentum without great danger, then he would gladly do so.

Unfortunately, the Infinity Ruler caused Zen quite a lot of trouble every time he used it. It normally had no reaction to the outside world and he couldn't find any way of using it to see through his enemies' internal momentum.

In order to activate the Infinity Ruler, Zen had to take his opponent's attacks head-on and lead their internal momentum into his brain. That was the only way the Infinity Ruler would connect with Zen's eyes and help him see through all sorts of internal momentum.

The Infinity Ruler shouldn't be such a troublesome treasure but Zen still had quite a bit of trouble mastering it.

Fortunately for Zen, Hardy's strain capacity was not very good and he was still taken aback by Zen's speed that he still couldn't understand what his opponent was trying to do.

"Air Destruction!"

Given no choice, Hardy was forced to use his trump card.

The Air Destruction skill was something he comprehended through the Destruction Godly Way. He still wasn't that familiar with it so he avoided using it against his opponents but the pressure he felt from Zen was too much and he found himself revealing this hidden move of his.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Countless crescent destruction blades condensed and flew around aimlessly within three thousand feet of Hardy. These blades constantly collided and garroted against each other, providing him with a sharp, powerful shield.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

There was no need to panic. Zen remained calm and simply used his movement technique against his opponent.

These destruction blades were extremely sharp and contained a formidable destructive power but they weren't very fast. All the blades did was to fly around at a very slow speed.

Once he used the Eight Smoky Melodies, Zen's body became light as a feather and he found himself easily dancing around the destruction blades. As he did so, he also absorbed the internal momentum Hardy had spread out.

"What, what the hell are you doing?!" Hardy shouted. He couldn't stand it having Zen badger him without attacking. If it were anyone else, then they might've already launched fiercer attacks but Zen didn't seem to have any plans of doing so.

However, Zen chose not to answer his question.

The next moment, his eyes were already open wide and the edges of his pupils covered with two golden rings. These rings continued to break the mystery of the internal momentum Hardy had comprehended.

Not long after....

a faint light appeared on a scale on the Infinity Ruler. As the faint light dissipated, a round blade was left behind — the mark of the Destruction Godly Way.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2251 One Strike

Zen was in an anonymous state, so his face was distorted into a constant blur and Hardy couldn't discern the difference in his eyes.

Now, after absorbing the Destruction Godly Way into his Infinity Ruler, Zen put more distance between Hardy and himself.

He paused for about five seconds, and then with a gentle wave of his hand, he slowly emitted a bright white light from his palm.

As the light condensed, it turned into a broad blade radiance.

The most powerful way of using a Godly Way was to activate it with the momentum; a Godly Way had to be matched with one's Godly Tile.

Although Zen didn't have a Godly Tile, the internal momentum of the Destruction Godly Way that he released using the chaotic energy seemed to be purer and shinier than the blade radiance that Hardy had released.

"How...how is it possible?" Hardy stammered in bewilderment. He was stunned to see the large blade radiance in Zen's hand. "You've cultivated the Destruction Godly Way too?"

The Destruction Godly Way was not like the Five Elements Godly Way.

There was almost no threshold to practice the Five Elements Godly Way, so the vast majority of warriors could cultivate the Five Elements Godly Way.

There were many other extremely powerful Godly Ways in the divine land, but the thresholds of cultivating these Godly Ways were very high. When Hardy said that he was a little talented in cultivating the Destruction Godly Way, he was actually being modest. A warrior who cultivated the Destruction Godly Way to a certain degree would be unstoppable, but there weren't many people who were capable of doing it.

All of a sudden, Hardy saw Zen use the skill of the Destruction Godly Way and, overwhelmed with astonishment, wondered if Zen had just learned the Destruction Godly Way from him.

But that was impossible!

He had met a lot of talents in his life, including a few elders of the Qin Clan, who were all outstanding talents not only among the clan members but also among all the warriors from the Floating Islands. And yet, none of them were as talented as the warrior standing in front of Hardy now. Who else would be able to understand and comprehend the Godly Way of their opponent while battling them?

If Hardy breathed so much as a word about this when the battle was over, no one would believe him.

"The Destruction Godly Way is focused on destroying everything. Among hundreds of thousands of weapons, only the powerful but precise force of a blade can wield it. It is indeed the right choice to condense the light into a blade," Zen said with a faint smile.

When Hardy heard these words, all his suspicions were confirmed. It was obvious that Zen had indeed just mastered the Destruction Godly Way during their battle.

But it was still too unbelievable for him to accept.

"You...you must have already tried to cultivate the Destruction Godly Way and encountered some bottleneck. Then, while battling me, you saw me using it and overcame that bottleneck. Am I right?" Hardy asked, desperation creeping into his voice as he tried to reach for a plausible explanation of what he had just encountered.

Zen stirred his finger gently, causing the crescent-shaped blade radiance to begin rotating along his elbow. At the same time, he let out a faint laugh. "I'm sorry, but I can't answer you. Let's fight!"

With that, a small crater appeared under Zen's feet once again.

Boom!

As the ground trembled underneath him, Zen sprang forward. The blade radiance transformed into a bright silver arc in the air as it shot toward Hardy's head.

Seeing Zen's unstoppable momentum, Hardy swallowed hard and unwillingly released the strength in his body. The blade radiance in his hand surged again, and he had to bite the bullet to counterattack.

Bitterness engulfed him. He had recently proved the Godly Way, but lost the first battle after stepping into the Arena of Legends. When he had met Zen, he had thought that he had gotten a great advantage. In fact, he had even been a little guilty. After all, it wasn't fair for him, a True God, to challenge a proving godly warrior. However, for the sake of points, he had decided to risk everything.

But never had it crossed his mind that he might be the loser in this battle.

Crack!

A sharp, crisp sound resounded around them when the two rays of shiny white blade radiance collided with each other.

Countless rays of blade radiance shot out of both Hardy and Zen.

These rays of blade radiance splashed in all directions like flying blades in the air, leaving almost no space to dodge them.

As the rays of blade radiance splashed on Zen's body, they left loud sounds, but there seemed to be no impact. If the rays of blade radiance were aimed at Zen's skin, they would leave fine marks on his skin. And if they cut on his Redemption Armor, there would be nothing left.

It seemed that Zen could resist these rays of blade radiance with his physical body alone. Hardy, on the other hand, couldn't. When the rays of blade radiance made contact with his skin, they didn't stop there. They penetrated all the way through, slicing through his bones and snapping his meridians into pieces.

Cling! Cling!

With just one slash, thousands of rays of blade radiance entered Hardy's body and cut off his life vitality. For a moment, he stood motionless, rooted to the spot.

Zen slowly retrieved his blade and stared at Hardy with an indifferent expression on his face.

The first battle was much simpler than he had expected but with exemplary results.

Plop!

Hardy's body suddenly dropped to the ground and started to disperse. At the same time, the entire illusory world spread out in all directions, like the ripples in a pond. Slowly, everything around them disappeared and they both returned to their own rooms.

On the wall of Zen's room, new information about him appeared. His name was still a blur, but he could clearly see his points and the number of times he had won.

"I only got 75 points after defeating Hardy," Zen murmured with disappointment as he looked at the change in his points.

After winning a row of fights with the proving godly warriors, he had gotten an extra 200 points in each battle. In comparison, 75 points was a small amount.

However, Zen understood that, according to the rules, his number of consecutive wins had been reset to zero after he'd begun to challenge True Gods, which meant that he wouldn't get extra points for this battle. Anyway, when a low-rank True God challenged another low-rank True God, the winner would only gain 15 points if it was their first non-consecutive win.

Zen, on the other hand, had been able to obtain five times that amount of points, because he was merely a proving godly warrior while his opponent was a low-rank True God. The extra 60 points he had gotten was his reward for winning a battle against an opponent who was at a higher cultivation level than him.

In order to gain millions of points, Zen had to challenge warriors whose cultivation levels were higher than his and had to win consecutively without losing even once. This was Joy's plan, and she had faith in Zen.

Outside the Hall of True Gods, the low-rank True Gods were waiting in front of Zen's door.

"What the hell is Hardy doing? It's taking him such a long time to defeat a proving godly warrior!"

"Maybe that anonymous man has good strength. After all, a proving godly warrior who dares to challenge a low-rank True God must be a powerful warrior."

"No, most of the proving godly warriors who challenge low-rank True Gods are just arrogant and are usually taught a good lesson. Hahaha!"

There had been very few proving godly warriors who had been able to defeat low-rank True Gods in the history of the Arena of Legends, so it was natural for these low-rank True Gods to look down on the anonymous opponent that Hardy was facing.

While they were discussing the battle, the door of Zen's room suddenly flashed. Then, it turned into a blue ray of light and quickly shot upward from the side of the Hall of True Gods.

"Huh? His door...is moving up!"

"The rank of the anonymous man has risen!"

"He actually defeated Hardy..."

The low-rank True Gods who had been waiting for the anonymous man to emerge could do nothing but look at his door in awe and surprise as it moved up. They hadn't expected at all that Hardy would lose this battle.

The rankings of these doors in the Hall of True Gods represented the warriors' rankings.

Zen had never been ranked so far, so his name would not be displayed on the Jade Wall of Legends. However, the position of his door would still change.

Now that Zen had won the match with Hardy, his rank and his door rose up sixteen spots.

Buzz...

The mobile blue light quickly transformed into the shape of a door frame before fading.

At the same time, the door of Hardy's room swung two spots downward. He had already reached the bottom floor, so he couldn't lose much. It was impossible for him to fall to the level of proving godly warriors.

Crack!

While the low-rank True Gods were discussing the outcome of the battle with disbelief on their faces, Hardy walked out of his room with a gloomy expression.

"Hardy, were you really defeated by that anonymous man?"

"Did you lose to him on purpose? Or because of your carelessness?"

"Or is it because that guy is really capable?"

When Hardy heard these anxious questions, his disappointment was replaced by annoyance. He had always been a fair person, and had thought that it was unfair to fight with the anonymous man whose cultivation level was lower than his. And yet, Hardy had lost to him. It had come as a heavy blow to him.

A wicked thought emerged from his irritated mood. With a sly expression on his face, he said to them, "That guy's strength is ordinary. I was just too careless. Otherwise, I wouldn't have lost to him!"

Chapter 2252 A Trap

In Hardy's opinion, this anonymous man was quite powerful.

Even if he put aside the man's ability to instantly comprehend his Godly Way during their battle, he judged that the man was much stronger than the low-rank True Gods who had just proved the Godly Ways.

But regardless of the anonymous man's abilities, he was still only a proving godly warrior. Hardy was already in a bad mood after losing to him, but his mood worsened when the other low-rank True Gods surrounded him and kept annoying him with questions. Even though he was a straightforward and simple-minded man, he was willing to watch them lose their points to the anonymous man.

As he had expected, the group of True Gods relaxed upon hearing his words.

Then, they began to chide Hardy for his carelessness as if they were superior to him.

"How could you be so careless?"

"No matter how weak the opponent is, you should always keep vigilant!"

"You've lost to a mere proving godly warrior. I hope you learned your lesson. Hey, hey, wait for me..."

After saying a few perfunctory words to Hardy, the True Gods rushed to Zen's door. They didn't want to miss the chance to beat a proving godly warrior. For them, it seemed like an easy way to gain points.

As a result, the few True Gods swarmed in front of Zen's door, blocking it completely.

Seeing this group of fellows rushing toward Zen's door, the other low-rank True Gods had puzzled expressions on their faces. However, it was only when Zen opened the door that they realized that there was a proving godly warrior who had begun to challenge warriors above his level. As a result, more low-rank True Gods went up to Zen's door. They all thought that they could beat this proving godly warrior and earn easy points.

On the other hand, Zen was shocked to see so many low-rank True Gods gathered in front of his door. He glared at them and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Quick, accept my challenge!"

"I'm even weaker than Hardy. Maybe you can also defeat me!"

"Choose me..."

These low-rank True Gods all eagerly tried to lure Zen into choosing them to challenge next.

Zen rolled his eyes, and then suddenly realized that these people couldn't see his expression as he was still in an anonymous state.

According to Joy, as long as he won consecutively without losing any battles, it would be easy for him to amass a large number of points. So, it was actually a good thing for him that so many people were enthusiastically waiting to challenge him. He could pick them one by one and defeat them.

After all, these guys were the weakest of the low-rank True Gods. Some of them had just proved the Godly Ways and their Godly Tiles were not stable yet, so naturally, they couldn't exert their full strength. Otherwise, they wouldn't be picking on a proving godly warrior for the sake of points. However, with Zen's current ability, it would be a piece of cake for him to defeat them.

But on second thought, Zen found the whole commotion a little strange and realized that he was being too optimistic.

These guys were clamoring to challenge Zen only because they didn't know his real strength yet. Once they discovered that Zen was not as weak as they thought, how would they be willing to battle Zen?

What Zen didn't know was that there were many limits placed on face-to-face challenges in order to prevent warriors of the same clan from getting points by cheating. A warrior could obtain many points if they won consecutive battles, so as long as they picked rivals that they knew they could defeat, they could keep gaining points. For example, if a True God of the Han Clan kept defeating another True God of the same clan, then the former would keep gaining points.

The Arena of Legends had been around for many years, and it had been continuously refined to remove such large loopholes in the rules.

According to the current rules, a warrior could not challenge the same opponent in a row. On top of that, a warrior was not allowed to challenge an opponent whose ranking was 100 places higher or lower than themselves.

It was natural for a warrior's ranking to constantly change as long as they participated in battles. Sometimes, when they won or lost a match, their ranking could instantly rise hundreds or even thousands of places. With this constant change in their rankings, it was difficult for them to cheat.

However, no matter how refined the rules were, it was impossible to prevent warriors from cheating. Some of the powerful clans and some of the weak clans would secretly reach an agreement and concede to each other. When the disciples of the two clans that had reached an agreement encountered each other, one of them would choose to admit defeat according to the agreement. Outside the Arena of Legends, of course, the winner would give a lot of monetary compensation to the loser. This was equal to purchasing points with money.

Whatever it was, Zen thought that he could easily earn points for now, so he had no reason to turn down any of the challenges that came his way. He randomly pointed at one of the low-rank True Gods gathered in front of his door and said, "I challenge you!"

Zen was referring to a low-rank True God whose skin was green. He didn't know what kind of bloodline this True God had, but he looked like a zombie with a very terrifying appearance.

The True God felt lucky to be chosen by Zen. He immediately rushed down to his own room and launched a challenge against Zen.

The rest of the low-rank True Gods remained in front of Zen's room so that they could track its location when his door changed its position once the battle was over.

Five minutes later, Zen's door frame flashed blue.

"It's over. It's over. Is it my turn this time?"

"I've been waiting for him for such a long time. Why is it your turn now?"

"No need to scramble. Let's take turns..."

Just as everyone was arguing over who would go next, the blue light once again flew upwards.

All of the people who were fighting to challenge Zen were stunned.

"He...he won again?"

"The proving godly warrior won twice in a row against low-rank True Gods..."

"I'm afraid it wasn't because of luck this time!"

"This guy isn't as simple as he seems!"

These low-rank True Gods were not idiots.

When Hardy had been defeated by Zen, they had all believed that, just as he had said, he had lost to Zen only because of his own complacency.

So, they had all chalked up Zen's first victory against a low-rank True God to sheer luck. But now, he had defeated a second low-rank True God. Was it still luck?

Hardy, who was standing nearby and watching them, secretly felt a bit relieved when he saw the expressions on their faces.

'This anonymous man is really something else. Perhaps he can break the record. I have to tell my clan about this, ' Hardy thought. Although he was upset that he lost twice in a row, he had collected a piece of valuable news.

Thus, after returning to his own room, Hardy left the Jade Wall of Legends. Then, he reported the news to the Qin Clan.

This news immediately piqued the interest of some of the seniors of the Qin Clan. In all the wealthy clans, there were a few warriors who specialized in the analysis of the rankings on the Jade Wall of Legends and predicting future changes. Some of them could even remember all the names and rankings on the Jade Wall of Legends.

After hearing this new piece of information from Hardy, the Qin Clan sent someone to investigate the identity of the anonymous man, but they couldn't find any clues about him.

"That anonymous man is definitely not a normal proving godly warrior as he dares to challenge low-rank True Gods. Only the top ten of the proving godly warriors have the qualifications to fight against warriors at higher levels. However, the top ten proving godly warriors haven't fought against anyone for a long time!" a senior of the Qin Clan said, staring at the Jade Wall of Legends.

"Is it possible that he has never lost a match?" another senior of the Qin Clan speculated.

"That is indeed a possibility. It would explain why we can't determine his identity. If the anonymous man has never lost a challenge among the proving godly warriors, then his ranking would never have been calculated. As of now, he doesn't have a ranking among the low-rank True Gods as well."

"Ha-ha, I don't know which little boy could be so radical. It's just two consecutive wins. Just keep paying attention to him."

In addition to the Qin Clan, there were also a few other powerful clans that were keeping an eye on Zen. It was likely that they had all come to the same conclusion.

After Zen defeated the second low-rank True God, he gained 75 points for his victory as well as an extra reward for his consecutive win, which was another 75 points. Thus, he obtained a total of 150 points. It was true that he could gain a lot of points by challenging True Gods, but only if he managed not to lose any battles.

But despite his victory, Zen looked a little upset when he reached his room. Shaking his head, he thought to himself, 'I risked so much but I couldn't activate the Infinity Ruler. It's a pity that I couldn't absorb his internal momentum. The Infinity Ruler is really hard to use.'

When Zen opened his door again, there were still countless low-rank True Gods waiting outside his door, but this time, many of them had cautious expressions in their eyes.

They knew that Zen had to have more than just luck on his side now that he had won two battles against low-rank True Gods in a row. This anonymous man must have unusual strength.

"Hey, do you want to challenge me?" Zen's voice sounded again from his blurry face.

The True Gods who had been relentlessly arguing with one another to challenge Zen now fell silent all of a sudden. They were all secretly considering Zen's true strength.

After a few seconds of silence, one of them finally decided to take the risk. "I...I challenge you!"

"I'll wait for you!"

Zen smiled and went back into his room.

After he closed the door of his room, the True Gods gathered outside fell into a dilemma. If this fellow's strength was ordinary, then wouldn't this be a chance for them to gain points?

However, they didn't have to think about it long this time. After just 90 seconds, the door of Zen's room flashed blue and then shot upwards.

Seeing Zen's door soaring up again, these True Gods found themselves at a loss for words.

Chapter 2253 Gossip

After entering the Hall of True Gods, Zen won three consecutive battles, and his ranking steadily increased by more than a hundred places.

However, his ranking could only be seen within the Hall of True Gods by the ranking of his room door. Since he hadn't lost even a single battle, it was impossible to find him on the Jade Wall of Legends.

Now that he had put a space of a hundred ranks between himself and the low-rank True Gods just now, he had shattered all their expectations. There was a rule that participants could only challenge warriors within a hundred rankings from themselves, so these low-rank True Gods were no longer qualified to challenge Zen.

Moreover, Zen had already shown his strength by defeating three low-rank True Gods in a row.

People could claim that Zen's first victory had been a matter of luck. They could explain his second victory away as well by claiming that his opponent had taken him lightly. But after Zen's third victory, it would be downright stupid to downplay his skills and take him as a mere proving godly warrior.

No one took the initiative to challenge Zen again, and Zen also tried to choose his opponents randomly. Anyway, they were selected according to their rankings, so at his current level, Zen wouldn't face any opponent who was ridiculously strong.

His fourth opponent turned out to be Fletcher Li, a disciple of the Li Clan which ranked 17th among all the Floating Islands. His Godly Way was the Great Manipulating Way. The Great Manipulating Way could help one manipulate everything in the world. It was similar to the puppet techniques that Zen had seen before. It could also be considered the peak method of the puppet techniques. However, the Great Manipulating Way was much more overbearing, and one could exert thousands of invisible silk threads to break into an opponent's mind and manipulate their soul.

This time, Zen didn't let the silk threads enter his mind. He knew that Fletcher would make every effort to turn him into a puppet. If he allowed that to happen, he would face a lot more than a defeat. Once his soul was invaded, his opponent would be able to see his true identity and his deepest secrets. It would be his biggest problem.

The Great Manipulating Way was indeed very special, but its combat effectiveness was not very strong. Perhaps it was because there was no powerful puppet in Fletcher's hands. Some of the golden puppets he was using could not block Zen's attacks at all.

In the end, after a cautious battle, Fletcher was defeated and he left the Arena of Legends unwillingly. Because of the special nature of the Great Manipulating Way, Zen was unable to absorb this Godly Way.

If the Infinity Ruler could be activated freely, Zen would not be in such trouble. With the Infinity Ruler, he did not need to take any risks to take in the internal momentum of his opponent; he only needed to use his golden pupils to see through the internal momentum of his opponent. Just thinking about it made him feel depressed.

There was no day or night in the Hall of True Gods. All the disciples of the Floating Islands were picking opponents to battle. The spiral doors would occasionally emit blue lights while changing their positions. If a door went up, it meant that the warrior had won; if it slid downward, it meant that he or she had been defeated.

After the fourth battle, Zen received an extra reward of more than 500 points. What Joy had told him was right; the extra reward for challenging higher-level warriors was really huge. According to his calculation, he would probably get an extra reward of thousands of points in his tenth battle.

The higher the rank of his room was, the stronger the opponents he would encounter, and the harder it would be to obtain points.

Zen did not continue to challenge a new opponent, but instead returned to his room and left the Jade Wall of Legends.

Letting the Infinity Ruler take in the Godly Ways was a crucial thing for Zen. As he pondered over the Infinity Ruler, he hoped that he would be able to fill all the scales of it while earning points in the Arena of Legends.

To his surprise, as soon as he left the Jade Wall of Legends, he saw Joy standing behind him, crossing her arms and staring at him with a pair of soft and beautiful eyes that looked like they held deep meaning behind them.

Seeing her eyes made Zen feel embarrassed. He turned his head and saw Laquisha standing in plain clothes at one side of the hall. Judging by her red face, Zen guessed that she'd been talking about something with Joy just now.

"The Princess Royal of the Han Clan has come to see you in person. Why don't you come and greet her?" Joy asked teasingly with a smile.

Hearing that, Laquisha complained with a shy smile, "Aunt Joy! Isn't it too much for you to say that he should greet me? It's not necessary."

Joy was not actually Laquisha's aunt. But since Joy was a Demi-holy Being and much older than her, Laquisha had to respect her by calling her "Aunt Joy". However, in terms of seniority in the family, Laquisha was in fact Joy's grand aunt. After all, Laquisha was the eldest daughter of the Holy Emperor. Although she was much younger than Joy, she was Joy's senior in the Han Clan. Laquisha didn't know her rank clearly, and anyway, no one cared about it.

Whenever the direct descendants of the Han Clan met Joy, they would all call her "Aunt Joy" due to respect.

Obeying Joy's words, Zen bowed to Laquisha with his hands clasped in front of his chest and said, "Thad Luo from the Purple Soul Hall paying his respects to Your Highness."

A hint of displeasure flashed in Laquisha's eyes when she heard these words. The formal way Zen was addressing her drew a distance between them. With her lips curving up into an evil smile, she blinked and said, "I don't know who Thad Luo is. I only know..."

Zen immediately became nervous. He knew that if he let her continue to speak, she would probably let the cat out of the bag and reveal his true identity.

When she paused, he winked and hurriedly changed the subject. "Your Highness, I've already participated in battles of challenging warriors at a higher level in the Jade Wall of Legends. If I meet Your Highness someday in the future, please show mercy."

Laquisha sulked as she glanced at Zen. She hadn't really been about to expose Zen's identity in front of Joy. After all, she would never do anything to annoy Zen. Instead, she cooperated with him and talked about other things.

Joy didn't know that Zen and Laquisha had known each other in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Before Zen had arrived, Joy had been teasing Laquisha. She had told Laquisha that if it weren't for her marriage with the Leng Clan, she could consider Thad Luo to be her fiance. She hadn't avoided talking about the matter at all and had kept talking about how excellent Zen was.

But what Joy hadn't known was that she had said Laquisha's thoughts aloud, and that was why Laquisha's face had gone red.

Laquisha had never had feelings for Langston. And after the incident this time, she hated him for being self-centered. How could she agree to marry him? She had made up her mind and had the courage to move forward.

Laquisha looked gentle and lovely, but once she made a decision, it was impossible for anyone to change it.

When Laquisha had told her that she'd come here today to pay a visit to Zen, Joy had thought that Laquisha just wanted to show her gratitude to Zen. But now her strange conversation with Zen raised Joy's doubts.

"Thank you for saving Aleyna a few days ago. This is my gift to you," said Laquisha. With a light flick of her finger, she made a small brocade box appear. The box was crystal clear and exquisite, and there was a light green pill inside.

"Laquisha, you are so generous. The seven times refined God-turning Pill. It's a rare thing." Joy smiled when she saw the light green pill.

The God-turning Pill could be integrated into the cinnabar field to activate the life vitality sea in the body, which would make it easier to atomize the seawater and also accelerate the condensation of the Godly Tile. However, these kinds of pills were usually two or three times refined; few people would make the seven times refined God-turning Pill. The seven times refined God-turning Pill was used only to accelerate the condensation of the Godly Tile. Only wealthy clans like the Han Clan would refine these pills for direct disciples. And since it was specially refined, it was, of course, rare.

Even Master Evil gasped in admiration at the extravagance of the wealthy clans when he noticed the seven times refined God-turning Pill.

"Thank you." Zen politely took this delicate brocade box from Laquisha's hand.

As their hands brushed against each other, Laquisha pinched his finger with great force. However, she'd forgotten that Zen's corporeal body was much tougher than a supreme primordial weapon. Zen didn't show any reaction whereas she felt a dull pain in her fingertips.

And although Laquisha had tried to be subtle and secretive, this gesture didn't go unnoticed by Joy's keen eyes. But Joy didn't want to question Laquisha about it now.

"May you prove a Godly Way as soon as possible and make a contribution to my Han Clan," Laquisha said to Zen.

"Now that I have become a disciple of the Han Clan, I must make a contribution..."

After exchanging a few conventional remarks with Zen in front of Joy, Laquisha said goodbye and left. As soon as she turned around, the smile on her face disappeared without a trace. It was replaced by an expression of extreme disappointment, and even a little anger.

When she had come to see Zen, she had been hoping to have an opportunity to talk to him alone. She hadn't expected Joy to directly bring Zen to her palace.

Laquisha had even implied that she would have a talk with Thad alone, but Joy had pretended not to understand her words and had shown no signs of leaving. In addition to giving the gift to Zen, Laquisha had wasted her time.

After Laquisha left her palace, Joy stared at Zen with great interest and asked, "Thad, have you ever met Princess Royal outside the Floating Island?"

Seeing Joy's strong desire to get the truth out of him, Zen sighed in his heart. Even though Joy was a Demi-Holy Being, she still liked to gossip. This was very abnormal.

Chapter 2254 Joy's Deduction (Part One)

Although Joy's question came off lighthearted and casual, Zen had a hard time finding the words to answer her.

He had no clue whether or not Laquisha had gone anywhere other than the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. As the Princess Royal of the Han Clan, what she said and what she did were under the scrutiny of many. If Zen were to make up a story on the spot, he was afraid that Joy would see right through him in an instant.

Noticing the embarrassed look on Zen's face, Joy said indifferently, "I think Laquisha knows something—something important like your true identity. Over the years, I've never seen her leave the Floating Island. She's never even travelled to the Han Clan's ancestral land. In fact, the only time she left the Floating Island was to go to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. I can only deduce that if you met her before, then you could only have met her in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land."

Her eyes flickered with two rays of pale purple light, as though there were two worlds flowing deep within. She was attractive and resonated a curious beauty. Such powerful warriors at high levels of cultivation always had their unique and incomparable charm. "Divine citizens living outside the Floating Islands aren't qualified to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Only the descendants and disciples of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands can enter. You just joined the Han Clan, and thus, I know you aren't from any of those wealthy clans."

Joy's analysis made Zen's heart jump from his chest to his mouth. If nothing else, he had to admit that she was very clever. She had a unique way of analyzing so many situations with such simple information.

"Most likely, you come from a Holy Being's universe," continued Joy, now staring at Zen. "And all living creatures that come from the universes must be led by the members of the Jiang Clan, and all names on the list will be registered in the Hall of Holy Beings. I remember that the 833rd rule of the Ruling Slate was activated not long ago, and the punishment for stowaways was triggered, but the matter remained unsettled. The Hall of Holy Beings had sent people to investigate, but no results came from such. This is all very strange."

She narrowed her beautiful eyes and glared at Zen with growing interest. She looked like a smart, sly fox. With a meaningful smile on her face, she went on to say, "Harold has been acting very reckless recently. I don't like that brat very much. Ever since Mike lost his status and his Floating Island, he's done nothing but lead the Luo Clan members to cause trouble in other clans, relying on the Everest Spirit Mountain. And last time, he nearly got into a fight with me, too. This time around, they even dared fight with the Jiang Clan, with the purpose of forcing the clan to withdraw all their members from the universes. I guess his master, Mike, might have something to do with it."

Now it was Zen's turn to stare at Joy, and his face grew completely gloomy. Although he tried hard to cover his emotions, his heart was beating very fast in his chest. He had no idea what he was about to face. He felt like a lamb being put up for slaughter in front of Joy, and whether or not she was going to kill him was completely up to her.

"I'd say you're from the Evolutionary Universe, and everything was arranged by Mike. Am I guessing correctly?" Joy asked, as she slowly walked toward Zen. A strong fragrance greeted his nose as she approached. Although the fragrance was heavy, it wasn't enough to make people feel tired. Instead, people would be fascinated by the smell and thought it was attractive. For Zen, he couldn't help himself but sniff it out again and again.

She raised her hand and gently grasped onto Zen's chin. "From the very beginning, I just felt that this was all very strange. It's just impossible for a talent like you to emerge from the divine citizens. I mean, it would have been hard for even the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands to have trained a talent like you. Perhaps you're that woman's child, not an ordinary divine embryo. More importantly though, your surname hasn't been changed. You still use the Luo surname. That is why I've come to the conclusion that you're Mike's son."

"That woman? What woman? What do you mean by that?" Zen asked in a dry, flat voice. Joy had just said that he was possibly the baby of some woman and that he wasn't an ordinary divine embryo. Did Joy know who his mother was? In the past, Zen had obtained a few clues that indicated his mother was still alive. He and Yan weren't merely created by Mike, and they did have a mother. Now that his guess had been confirmed by Joy, his curiosity was piqued of course, and he had to ask her more questions.

"You don't have to ask so many questions," said Joy with a light and friendly smile.

Zen's face was still gloomy. He hadn't expected Joy to guess what had happened with just a few words about Laquisha. And did she say that even Harold had tried fighting her? Could this mean that Joy was actually standing on the Luo Clan's opposing side? Zen had too many questions swimming in his mind. This was only one of several possibilities, but it definitely wasn't good news.

"What are you going to do?" Zen asked anew, frowning slightly. This time, he didn't even call her "Master," now that he knew she might actually be an enemy.

Joy's eyes flashed suddenly and she turned around; the cunning expression on her face left just as quickly as it came. She changed from a sly woman to an innocent girl, with eyes wide open. "Take it easy. The world is so boring! At that time, Mike wanted to make the world more interesting. I was looking forward to it, but he failed. What a pity!

Chapter 2255 Joy's Deduction (Part Two)

But I know what kind of person he is. He's the type of man who will never give up, not until his death stops him. That said, it's safe to say that he's almost dead now, but he has yet to give up. Alas, I do see a shimmer of new hope," she said with her lips curled upward.

Upon hearing her speak, Zen was in no way relieved. Warriors like Joy were far too smart, and Zen couldn't quite figure out exactly what was on her mind.

For this reason, Zen tentatively asked, "You said you saw new hope. Did you mean me?"

With a shrug of her shoulders, Joy didn't admit it, nor did she deny it. She just continued staring intently at Zen, looking him up and down. There was still a strange feeling coming from her eyes, as if she had been reluctant to let Zen leave, or as if she wanted to say something more.

This kind of feeling was confusing, and Zen couldn't figure out what this Demi-holy Being meant.

The two stared at each other for a short while, although it felt like a few hours. A voice coming from outside the palace disturbed them. "Master Joy, Princess Aleyna wants to see you."

The Han Clan's Holy Emperor only had two daughters. Both of them were born in recent decades. The elder princess was Laquisha, and the younger princess was Aleyna.

Joy cast a reproachful glance at Zen. "I don't know how much talent you've inherited from your father, but in terms of attracting girls, the apple didn't fall far from the tree. You're just like him."

Aleyna and Laquisha had a good relationship with each other. They should have come here and visited Zen together. However, they were visiting in turns, and Joy could only come to the conclusion that there had been a misunderstanding between the sisters, that they weren't as close with one another as they had been in the past. And that misunderstanding might have something to do with this young man who called himself Thad.

Joy remembered that it was almost the same time for Aleyna and Laquisha to enter the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Aleyna should have gotten to know Zen in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, too. The only reason she came here alone must be that she had developed a girlish crush on Zen, just like her sister had. 'I wonder what the Holy Emperor will think if he finds out both his daughters have fallen in love with the same guy!' Joy thought to herself.

With a slight pout, Zen said nothing. A girl in a blue dress, who had been standing for a while now at the palace gate, suddenly ran into the hall. Her smart eyes twinkled. Upon noticing Joy, Aleyna greeted her with a casual nod and then jumped toward Zen. "Hi, Z...um...Thad!"

She stuck her tongue out and clamped it between her front teeth. Zen's real name had nearly slipped out of her mouth due to her carelessness.

"I'm so curious about your real name," Joy said, her tone now strange.

Aleyna blushed. She touched her face with her hand in embarrassment and cast an apologetic glance at Zen. She feigned innocence and murmured, "Real name? What do you mean? His name is Thad Luo and you know that!" Of course, she couldn't expect that her cover would only make Joy more suspicious.

Joy, on her behalf, wouldn't expose what she knew in front of Aleyna. Instead, she just nodded her head in order to demonstrate her agreement.

"Thad, thank you so much for helping Kelsey and me a few days ago! Someday soon, I will thank you by inviting you over to my place." Aleyna was much bolder in character than Laquisha. While speaking, she winked at Zen secretly, indicating that she had a lot to talk to him about.

However, Zen remained expressionless. He was still feeling disturbed by what Joy had said earlier and was in no mood to fool around with this girl.

Aleyna, however, was unable to grasp Zen's thoughts from the expression on his face. She shook Joy's hand and acted like a spoiled child. "I have something to tell Thad. Aunt Joy, would you please leave us alone for a while?"

No more than four people in all the Han Clan would ever dare to speak to Joy in such a way.

Joy spoiled and doted on both the Holy Emperor's daughters very much, but this time, she refused her. "Thad has something else to do. I'm afraid he doesn't have time for you today!"

Disappointment etched itself onto Aleyna's features at Joy's words, but she quickly adjusted it. After all, Zen was now here, on the Han Clan's Floating Island. There would be plenty of chances for her to meet him in the near future. With a smile now, she looked at Zen again and said, "By the way, I have something for you, to say thanks!"

And at that, she clapped her hands together briskly.

Like magic, she pulled a huge table out of her Sumeru Space. As she waved her hand a second time, cups and bowls wondrously appeared atop the table. All kinds of precious dishes spread out, a few of which Joy herself had never even seen.

Once Aleyna left, Joy fixed her eyes upon all the dishes splayed out the table and said with a smirk, "That little girl is just so thoughtful! You know, some of these dishes are very precious. Collecting them is quite the task."

Before she could finish her sentence, a voice from the gate rang into their ears. "Master Joy, the clan head's daughter, Kelsey Han, has requested to meet with you."

As she took in what she just heard, the corners of Joy's mouth twitched in surprise before pulling into a tight line. Did this girl come here to meet Thad, too?

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2256 Purple Sky Land

Laquisha, Aleyna and Kelsey were quite dear to everyone in the Han Clan.

Kelsey was the daughter of the master of the Han Clan while Laquisha and Aleyna were the daughters of the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan. Everyone held them in high esteem.

Zen was of great assistance to the three girls therefore he didn't think of it as a big deal when they visited him. However, he didn't expect them to come one after another.

Although Kelsey was a year younger than Aleyna, she was much more cunning than Aleyna was. As soon as her eyes fell on Joy who was sitting nearby, she bowed and said, "I'm so glad to see you, Aunt Joy. I missed you so much, so I came here today. Wow, you look much prettier than before."

Joy smiled with delight. "You always have a sweet tongue, but I think that you didn't miss me and you didn't come to see me, right?"

Kelsey was taken aback. "What do you mean? Aunt Joy," she stated nervously.

"Hmm, let me guess. You are here because you want to give Thad a gift for he has helped you that day, right?" Joy asked joyfully.

Kelsey hesitated but quickly regained her composure and said, "I'm just grateful that Thad helped me. I just wanted to thank him."

Joy gave Kelsey a broad smile. "That's totally fine, but why didn't you all three come together?" she questioned.

Kelsey was shocked when she heard what Joy had said. "Did Aleyna come here before me?" she enquired.

"Not only Aleyna but Laquisha also paid him a visit," smiled Joy.

This confused Kelsey.

Laquisha and Aleyna knew who Zen really was but Kelsey was unaware of Zen's identity.

She didn't know that Zen had already met the two sisters in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. She even thought that Zen had taught Keenan a lesson for her that day.

Thus, this came as a bit of a shock to her that both the sisters visited Thad alone.

Kelsey was able to hide her emotions and did not say much. She planned to take Thad to the Holy Emperor City which was under her father's control, in order to train him.

However, her father held some grudges against Joy and since Thad belonged to the Purple Soul Hall, Joy had a keen liking for him. Thus, taking him to the Holy Emperor City would be an uphill task.

Kelsey took out a blue necklace, which was the honoraria she had prepared for Zen. It was a supreme primordial weapon which could protect one's soul from being hurt.

Even though it was not a top-grade supreme primordial weapon, it was still of extreme value in the eyes of ordinary disciples of the Floating Islands. Kelsey gave the necklace to Zen, thanked Joy for her hospitality and left.

Joy sighed after Kelsey left and said, "She is unaware of your identity, I think."

Zen nodded. Since Joy had guessed most of the truth, he had nothing to hide.

"They all wanted to tell you something today but couldn't because of me," she blurted out. "Look, I won't interfere in your personal affairs, but after all, these girls are from my clan and if you break their hearts like your father did, you'd be severely dealt with."

Joy's words caught Zen by surprise. A figure started forming in his mind that maybe his father offended Joy somehow in the past. After all, Joy had become a Demi-holy Being for a long time, and before the Floating Island of the Luo Clan was in decline, his father was a Holy Emperor too.

Zen didn't say much and kept his thoughts to himself.

"So, Thad Luo isn't your real name, is it? What's your real name?" Joy questioned Zen.

It was a well-known fact that Murphy had started a war in Mike's Evolutionary Universe. Joy had already figured out that Zen changed his name in order to conceal his true identity.

With his current level of cultivation, it would be quite impossible for him to escape once his identity was revealed.

"My last name is Luo," Zen replied nervously.

"I know, I know." Joy threw Zen a filthy look.

"Zen Luo," Zen stated.

"Zen Luo?" she asked. Zen nodded. She rummaged her thoughts and said, "Mike gave you a very ambitious name. He had once written an article about conquering heaven. I think he gave you the name from that article." (Zen's Chinese name means conquering.)

Zen remained quiet. He was hoping that Joy would keep his identity a secret. It seemed that this Demi-holy Being was not hostile to him.

Joy quickly changed the subject and said, "I witnessed the battles between you and the four True Gods. Your body is quite strong, and your soul is even stronger than that of most low-rank True Gods, although you killed your opponents with sheer brute force. I know you can easily defeat some low-rank True Gods but as you progress, you'd come to know that defeating the top talents of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands is much, much harder."

Zen was aware of the fact that Joy was right.

In fact, a proving godly warrior could acquire a lot of extra points if they participated in the battle of challenging warriors at higher levels, but if they lost even a single battle, they would lose a considerable amount of points.

Zen could easily deal with the low-rank True Gods, but he knew that the task of facing the high-rank True Gods would be quite arduous.

Zen wasn't able to condense his Godly Tile, thus it became quite difficult for him to advance further. And he didn't dare to use the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Even if he participated as an anonymous man, his points would be included in the Han Clan's. Therefore, if his cultivating of the forbidden way was exposed, it was likely that he would be kicked out by the Hall of Holy Beings.

And Joy would never let Zen condense the Godly Tile, if opportunity arose.

Zen had less than three months to accumulate enough points by fighting the warriors at higher levels in the Arena of Legends. If he was able to break through to the True God Realm, he would be challenging the warriors at the same level as him and he wouldn't be able to acquire a great deal of extra rewards.

"It would be quite difficult for me to greatly enhance my strength in such a short period of time," Zen wondered out loud.

Joy gave him a warm smile and said, "My boy, it's not impossible at all. Close your eyes."

Joy gently touched Zen's forehead with her finger, and Zen was surrounded by wisps of purple fog.

Everything around Zen vanished as he was hauled into some unknown world by Joy.

Zen slowly opened his eyes. Much to his astonishment, the world as he knew was engulfed by a purple mist. Zen saw snake-like enormous beasts wandering about. The beasts gave a cry of excitement when they saw Joy.

Apart from these giant beasts, Zen saw huge plants that were touching the sky. The leaves of these plants covered the sky and sun, and on the leaves hung countless purple bats.

The purple bats were startled by the high-pitched screams of the snakes. They rattled their wings with annoyance as they prepared to fly.

Everything appeared quite strange to Zen.

It felt as if Zen was in the Purple Power World.

Zen asked Joy, "What place is this?"

"Purple Sky Land. I built this universe." she beamed proudly.

The Purple Sky Land was a special universe. Joy acquired the title of Demi-holy Being because of the Purple Sky Land, and if Joy further perfected the Purple Sky Land, she also had the opportunity to become a Holy Being.

"Why am I here?" Zen asked curiously.

"I am unaware of where your strength came from, but I will teach you a method in the Might Godly Way, in this way you can exert your strength to the most extent. This cultivation method is mainly used by the True Gods who are able to condense the Nine Divine Stars. Although, you haven't activated a star yet, I believe that you would benefit from it a great deal."

'It's for the True Gods who have Nine Divine Stars?' he thought.

Zen was a little stunned. Not only had he fully condensed out the Nine Divine Stars, they were also present in his inner world.

Joy was unaware of the Primal Chaos Technique, and she was unaware that someone was quite skilled at it.

After Holy Jay gave Zen a large amount of strength source to gather nine stars, they automatically infused into Zen's inner world. Before Zen, only Holy Beings were able to merge the Nine Divine Stars with the universes.

Chapter 2257 Power Shaping

The warriors in the divine land had a thorough understanding of the Godly Ways.

Each of the Godly Ways was a mature and complete system unto itself.

But after years and years of hard research, a few talents had cut the internal momentum in the Godly Way, and with their comprehension, had created their own cultivation method. For example, Holy Jay's Ice Soul Flame and Yazid's Five Elements Destructing.

This type of cultivation method was known as the 'theurgy beyond way', which was a theurgy beyond the Godly Way.

Some theurgies were extremely powerful, such as the Ice Soul Flame. So far, there had been a countless number of True Gods who had wanted to take Holy Jay as their master so that they could practice the Ice Soul Flame.

The Five Elements Destructing was relatively ordinary and wasn't any more powerful than the theurgy of the Five Elements Godly Way. It was better to spend time on cultivating the Five Elements Godly Way than to the former, which was why the True Gods considered the Five Elements Destructing as ordinary and weren't interested in it.

The argument between supporters of the theurgy beyond way and that of the Godly Way was a lasting one. Some people said that the Godly Ways were the foundation of the divine land and that they should focus on cultivating the Godly Ways.

But there were also people who said that the theurgy beyond way was the future of the divine land. Strong creatures had deliberately created the 3000 Godly Ways. A greater chaos still existed outside the divine land, and being limited by the 3000 Godly Ways was not a good thing.

This argument was still ongoing with no conclusion in sight.

"The preciousness of the Might Godly Way is the single use of brute strength and is very powerful. Because the strength source can morph into various shapes, the effect is very direct. This is the natural advantage that the Might Godly Way has over other Godly ways," Joy said, waving her hand gently at the purple sky.

A sudden splash sounded and the snake-like giant beasts in the purple mist surged in one direction and disappeared before anyone could blink.

At the same time, twenty-one purple stars appeared in the sky.

Zen counted for a few seconds before he asked, "Shouldn't there be only nine stars? Why are there twenty-one?"

Joy smiled. There were nine sparkling lights among the twenty-one purple stars. They were beautiful and reflected different colors as gems under the sun.

Zen knew that it was the color of the strength source. There were nine similarly colored stars in Zen's inner world.

Zen's nine stars were a little smaller than those of Joy, but they were only a quarter smaller than them. Zen had only absorbed one third of the strength source from Holy Jay, which meant that although Joy had Nine Divine Stars that had also been absorbed by the Purple Sky Land, her strength source was still less than that of ordinary Holy Beings.

As Joy waved her hand, wisps of invisible power descended from the deep sky.

The waves of power were normally colorless and invisible.

The reason why Zen could hurt Langston was because of the sword that was made of the invisible power. Langston hadn't noticed it at the most critical moment and had almost gotten his head pierced by the sword.

In fact, the two fights that Zen had had with Langston and Sheridan also confused many people from the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands. They didn't know how Zen had used the invisible power, and what kind of a Godly Way he was cultivating.

After all, they couldn't even imagine that a proving godly warrior could use the Cross-world Theurgy to extract pure strength out of his body.

Mist was present all the time, shrouding the Purple Sky Land. The invisible power was so conspicuous due to the mist that it revealed the outline of the power.

Under Joy's control, the invisible power had descended quickly. It could push the purple mist and transform into all kinds of shapes, including those of humans, dragons, and phoenixes.

At this, Zen's eyes widened in surprise.

Zen could do the same. With the Cross-world Theurgy, he could easily master his strength and turn the strength into various shapes. But he could only shift the strength into one shape at a time.

"This is a theurgy beyond way that is comprehended from the Might Godly Way. It is usually called 'Power Shaping'." Joy continued, "In fact, warriors can perform the lowest level of the Power Shaping ever since their Eighth Path Platforms are activated."

The most primitive power was that from the martial artist's body. When fighting against an opponent, one would have to exhaust the strength in their muscles and meridians first.

When the Eight Path Platforms were activated, extra power was condensed in the Path Platforms. When a body refiner needed power, they could extract it from the Eight Path Platforms and pass it to their hands through their meridians.

This was the most basic Power Shaping that shaped the power into a liquid and quickly spread it to the position that the warrior needed along the meridians.

"The Power Shaping?" Zen asked, pursing his lips. He didn't expect everyone to have the ability of activating the Power Shaping.

Joy glanced at Zen and explained, "It's the lowest level and can't force your strength out of your body. Once you completely learn Power

Shaping, you can greatly enhance your ability to defend against the enemy."

She flicked a slender finger and five invisible forces emerged from each of her fingertips, extending about an inch, like several sharp and invisible fingernails. .

Zen was stunned and remained speechless for a long time.

He had the Cross-world Theurgy and what Joy had just done was a piece of cake for him.

On the other hand, Joy hadn't been present when Zen had fought Langston, or she wouldn't have bothered to explain everything to him so carefully. "The most powerful method of the Power Shaping is to use the Cross-world Theurgy to transform power into infinite shapes, which is almost impossible for the opponent to guard against. The Power Shaping is divided into three stages. I will teach you the first stage, which is all about how to force the power out of your body."

The first stage of the Power Shaping was to shape the power and extend the strength as a part of one's own body, like the invisible fingertips that Joy had made. When one had perfectly mastered this method, they could attack their opponent before the opponent could even react.

In the second stage, one could extend the power even further and twist it into a simple shape.

The third stage was the most complex of all and it involved turning power into an independent subject and control the subject. The power was the strongest in this stage, but the conditions were most severe. Only those who had the Cross-world Theurgy could use it freely and that meant that this was an ability exclusive to Holy Beings.

Zen was placed somewhere between the second and the third stages. With the Cross-world Theurgy, he could easily turn the power into simple shapes, but his movements were not as flexible as Joy's.

Joy was about to teach him the basic principles but Zen spoke up. "Master, is this the first stage?"

Zen thrust his fist forward, a pure force gushing out of it and breaking through the purple mist in front of him. It formed an outline of his fist.

Joy remained calm at this, and said, "If you have comprehended the method of Power Shaping, why didn't I see you use it in the Arena of Legends?"

Since he was so talented, it wasn't strange to Joy that Zen had mastered this by himself.

Zen didn't answer. He continued demonstrating and said, "Is this the second stage?" He shook his fist slightly and waved his hand in the purple mist. Gradually, the outline of a long sword appeared in Zen's hand.

"You!"

Only now did Joy show any semblance of surprise. She hadn't thought that Zen, a proving godly warrior, could have cultivated the Power Shaping to such a high level.

In fact, without the Cross-world Theurgy, Zen couldn't have learnt anything about Power Shaping. After all, Power Shaping was just one feature of the Cross-world Theurgy.

Zen grinned at Joy and grabbed the invisible sword. With a gentle wave, the sword flew into the purple mist and back, leaving a clear trail in the mist.

"Is this the third stage?" Zen asked, turning to look at Joy.

Chapter 2258 The Origin Of The Purple Power World

It did not surprise Joy when Zen employed the first stage of Power Shaping.

It proved not difficult for Zen to comprehend and practice the basic skill of the Power Shaping through the Might Godly Way. He had mastered so many Godly Ways, and could cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way.

Learning the second stage of the Power Shaping, which required the warrior to have extensive understanding of the power, was a challenge. The power of the Eight Path Platforms was obviously not enough to help Zen master the second stage. That was why Joy was astonished when he actually did it.

Zen had even been able to let the long sword, which was formed by the power, fly. It was inconceivable!

Even a consummate True God would be unable to do that, no matter if they had formed the Nine Divine Stars.

Once the power was used and released by the one who controlled it, it would become complete chaos and out of control. It was another reason brute power was not valued in the divine land.

Once one reached the cultivation level that Joy was at, they could give full play to their power after using the Cross-world Theurgy. However, Holy Beings normally did not need that kind of pure power. It was why Holy Jay had destroyed the nine stars after creating the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. He had poured the strength source into a large pool, and gave some of it to others from time to time.

If someone was at a low cultivation level, they couldn't use the power. When they were at a higher cultivation level, however, there was no need to use the power. It was an embarrassment of the body refiners.

Joy had made an exception in this case though.

She fused the Nine Divine Stars with her inner world. Her inner world was the Purple Sky Land, and had been built through the Purple Aura Godly Way. This meant that it was not an intact universe, so she would only become a Demi-holy Being.

Despite the fact that Joy didn't have a complete universe, she owned an omnipotent Cross-world Theurgy. From her understanding of the Purple Aura Godly Way, she was able to use all her strength to create a massive invisible sword array. The additional strength she had left was used to give full play to the Cross-world Theurgy, and the Power Shaping.

It was Joy's most powerful skill, and she had the utmost confidence in it.

In all her experience and knowledge, that far surpassed any ordinary True Gods, she never thought that what was occurring in front of her would ever be possible. She might just be a Demi-holy Being, but she was still incredibly powerful. The fact that a proving godly warrior was so easily able to do that blew her mind.

She was silent for a long while before mumbling, "No wonder. Judging by your performance in the Arena of Legends, it is still difficult for you to kill Sheridan. It is even more impossible for you to hurt Langston. Now I see the reason."

When Joy's words reached his ears, Zen sighed. He knew Joy was indeed an outstanding Demi-holy Being with considerable insight. Even though she had not seen Zen fight Langston, she still knew why he had been able to hurt Langston.

"Since you're going to teach me the Power Shaping, will I reach the level as high as yours?" Zen asked once more.

Zen's control of the strength source was limited. He didn't exert the Cross-world Theurgy to its fullest power. Joy was the top master in this field. Zen would never miss such a good opportunity to learn a great skill from the master. After all, it would make Zen more confident to face the low-rank True Gods with high rankings in the Hall of True Gods.

Joy's expression became disdainful.

Although the Power Shaping was the theurgy beyond the Strength Godly Way, there were many people practicing it. Joy had managed to become a Demi-holy Being because of it, and that had its own advantages.

She had only planned to teach Zen the simple Power Shaping. There had been no intention for her to teach him the second stage, let alone the third stage.

Zen might call her master, but he wasn't her disciple at all.

However, it might prove to be a good decision to take Zen, Mike's son, as a disciple.

"I have never imparted this theurgy to outsiders, but if you become my disciple, I will consider teaching you," said Joy.

If Joy's disciples could build the Purple Sky Land, their strength would improve greatly. Their possibility of becoming a Demi-holy Being was much higher than that of an ordinary top-rank True God. Unfortunately, up to now, no disciples had built the Purple Sky Land, and no one could get the real supreme skills Joy had.

Now though, an excellent candidate had popped up. Zen was only a proving godly warrior, but he possessed all the conditions for cultivating Joy's theurgy. In most cases, such conditions shouldn't even appear on a True God at all, let alone a proving godly warrior. The fact Zen showed this amount of promise surprised Joy.

Joy was obviously interested in Zen becoming her disciple.

"I have a master. My master is Bromley Gu," Zen answered simply.

Since Joy already knew his identity, he didn't worry about revealing more information to her.

A look of frustration crossed her face. She should have thought about it earlier. Bromley and Mike used to be on good terms, and now that Mike had suffered, it was impossible for Bromley not to help him.

"But if you can teach me this unique skill, I will practice it painstakingly," Zen said with a smile. At this stage, he didn't dare use the

Emotion Closing Godly Way, or let the chaotic energy be revealed so easily. Furthermore, the Enemy Repelling Arts, which could cut off cause and effect, was useless in the divine land. Although there was also the Law of Causality in the divine land, the divine land wasn't the universe. Mike had created the Enemy Repelling Arts in order to cut the cause and destroy the effect. However, the divine land was not built by Mike, and the power would be useless here.

Joy's stare became hard as steel. Since Zen was Mike's son, she would make an exception, but she was disappointed by this outcome. "In that case, I can teach you the Gods Killing Sword Array," she said reluctantly.

"What? The Gods Killing Sword Array?" Zen was stunned.

"You've heard of it?" Joy asked, staring at Zen.

Although she was a Demi-holy Being, Joy did not have the privilege of going in and out of the Hall of Holy Beings like the Holy Emperors of Floating Islands did. During the war within the Evolutionary Universe, She worried for Mike's safety, but the Hall of Holy Beings had shut down at that time, so she was unable to get in touch with the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan. Even the upper Floating Islands shut doors to the outside.

After the war in the universe had ended, the Evolutionary Universe was now safe and sound. Murphy had been punished as the antagonist of the universe war, and for violating the Ruling Slate.

Learning of this news had made Joy incredibly happy. However, she was in the dark as to the process and the details of the battle between the Murphy Universe and the Evolutionary Universe.

Therefore, she naturally had no idea that Margaret had used the Gods Killing Sword Array in the Evolutionary Universe.

"Yes," Zen said softly.

As Zen was thinking, he realized there was something strange going on. There had to be some kind of connection here.

Although the Purple Power World in the Evolutionary Universe was incomplete, it was very similar to the Purple Sky Land. Margaret started to cultivate the sword array in the Purple Power World, and she had mastered the Gods Killing Sword Array in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

What was the connection then?

While Zen was considering his inner thoughts, Joy became overjoyed. "If you have truly seen the Gods Killing Sword Array, then it couldn't be in the divine land. It must be in the Evolutionary Universe! According to the original agreement, there is a warrior with the first-rank Purple Power Body in the Purple Power World!"

Margaret did indeed possess the first-rank Purple Power Body. However, the rank division of the Purple Power Body in the Evolutionary Universe seemed to be different than that of the divine land. At least he hadn't heard that the Purple Power Bodies of the disciples in the Purple Soul Hall would be divided into several ranks.

Joy's words seemed to dredge up a lot of memories for Zen.

The Purple Power World was special and incomplete supreme world. The rules of the Evolutionary Universe did not completely rule over this supreme world, and the Purple Power World hadn't seemed to have undergone the great extinction during the recurrent grand eras.

Zen was lost in thought for a long while, and when he came to the conclusion he looked at Joy. Joy knew what Zen wanted to confirm, so she said, "You're right. The Purple Power World is where I resided before. Your father has specially created it for me, and the Gods Killing Sword Array was created by your father and me. I have promised him that if a warrior with the first-rank Purple Power Body in the Evolutionary Universe existed, I would naturally let this warrior inherit the Gods Killing Sword Array. But I am not sure how Mike has arranged this matter."

She paused to collect her thoughts, curiosity flitting across her face. "As you have seen the Gods Killing Sword Array, you must know who is the one to employ it. Who is it? Does that warrior travel to the divine land?"

Zen took a moment to think.

After Zen stole into the divine land, he had been staying in the Vast Sky Region. He had been confused as to why he had reached the Han Clan's territory, but now he understood that this was his father's intention. His father hoped that he could rely on Joy.

He placed a finger on his nose, and replied unnaturally quietly, "The one who has displayed the Gods Killing Sword Array is my wife."

Chapter 2259 Four Swords Change

When Joy first met Mike, she was just a mid-rank True God. However, she was a key member and warrior of the Han Clan.

The research on the Purple Aura Godly Way wasn't as advanced then as it was now, and the creation of the Purple Sky Land was an uncertainty as it was no easy task to create a universe in the divine land.

Except for the formation and control, the Purple Aura Godly Way was much weaker than other Godly Ways on many aspects.

As time went by, Mike asked Joy to enter his universe to open a world. Joy tried to build the Purple Sky Land in the universe. This was how the Purple Power World came into existence.

Thus, it was quite easier for Joy to build a world in the Evolutionary Universe as compared to doing so in the divine land. Not to mention the fact that she had Mike's backing as well.

Joy was quite talented. After she created the Purple Power World, she created many great sword arrays, among which the Gods Killing Sword Array was the most powerful one.

As Joy was fully satisfied with her creation, Mike pointed out that the swords that the most powerful Gods Killing Sword Array was using were not real swords, but they were rather illusory swords. He also drew attention to the fact that the so-called illusory swords were invisible, and were made by the Power Shaping which forced the power out of one's body.

Joy wasn't a Demi-holy Being at that time, so she quite couldn't exert the Cross-world Theurgy. She was only able to practice the second stage of the Power Shaping and was still unable to do away with the real swords, the Long Vine Sword, the Buddha Emperor Sword, the Grant Sun Sword and the Heavenly Tooth Sword which were given to her by Mike.

Joy no longer used the four swords now, but she still kept them, as they reminded her of the wonderful time she spent in the Evolutionary

Universe.

Mike also had Joy's support when there was trouble on the Luo Clan's Floating Island. However, she was just a top-rank True God at that time, and she couldn't cultivate the illusory swords of the Gods Killing Sword Array. She was willing to help the Luo Clan but was ordered to stay on the Han Clan's Floating Island. The Han Clan went to the extent of assigning a consummate True God to her, who watched her closely thus, she was unable to slip by. Thus, she sat idly by and watched Mike suffer.

Those were dark days for Joy. She vowed that she would try to help Harold and others, if opportunity arose. She also wondered if Mike would come back, since he and his universe were immortal after all.

She just waited for the right moment to come by.

However, Harold didn't like the idea of her helping him as he was quite aggressive towards Joy. She recalled the time when she met Harold on the Everest Spirit Mountain and he actually wanted to kill her.

Today, as Zen's true identity surfaced up, she finally understood that this might all have been Mike's brilliant plan.

Zen was just like Mike. They both had the same luck with the women.

Many years ago, after she left the Evolutionary Universe, the Purple Power World had not been wiped out and she had left her inheritance inside it, especially the Gods Killing Sword Array.

She made a deal with Mike that if there appeared a first rank Purple Power Body in the Evolutionary Universe, the one would inherit all.

Mike jokingly told Joy that no one could have the Purple Power Body like she had as she was quite unique. Unless Mike made a Purple Power Body, only then the one with the Purple Power Body would be qualified to inherit Joy's belongings.

Since the first rank Purple Power Body came into being, Joy thought that she might have been created by Mike. She did not expect that the woman who owned the first rank Purple Power Body and inherited her Gods Killing Sword Array was actually Zen's wife.

Joy smiled and asked, "Has she entered the divine land yet?"

Zen shook his head and said, "I'm not sure."

Zen took Letitia and his other families to the fairy palace. But Zen didn't let Margaret enter the fairy palace, much to her protests.

As one of the ten Godly Geniuses, Margaret was destined to have her own path. According to the arrangement of Wynn, she should have been able to come to the divine land as soon as she got her Godly Tile.

She already went through the process of blood exchange and Harold was still struggling with the Jiang Clan in order to create an opportunity for the Godly Geniuses.

By the time Zen left the Evolutionary Universe, Rocher was long gone. He always wondered how the other Godly Geniuses were doing and whether they were able to make it to the divine land or not.

Suddenly Joy spoke, "According to Mike's plan, she should be smuggled to the ancestral land of the Han Clan as well. A warrior like her should be trained by me personally. I'll have some people look for the woman with the Purple Power Body in the regions under the control of the Han Clan. What's her name?" Joy enquired.

"Margaret Xi," Zen replied. "But it would be quite difficult to find her in the divine land as it is likely that she'd be using a fake name."

The divine land's length lay no bounds. It was quite enormous.

The fact that Zen was able to see Joy was due to a plan that he came up with, and at the same time he relied on his talent to enter the Floating Island, though he became a member of the Purple Soul Hall by accident.

"Don't worry, it's not a big deal," Joy said, shaking her head. She had made up her mind. She had missed a chance many years ago, and this time she would not be absent anyway. Then she continued, "Let's just talk about the Gods Killing Sword Array.

Only those who possess the Cross-world Theurgy can do what you have done. What kind of an inner world did you build? How can you use it even without forming the Godly Tile?"

Zen gave a dull smile and said, "That's one of the reasons why I can't form a Godly Tile."

"Aren't you able to form a Godly Tile?" Joy appeared lost in her thoughts. She knew how important Zen was to Mike. If Zen couldn't condense a Godly Tile, it wasn't because Zen wasn't talented enough, but because the Godly Tile Zen wanted to condense was special or the inner world he constructed was special.

Mike and Bromley were the two most creative Holy Beings in the divine land. It was quite normal for them to cultivate someone like Zen. But if he couldn't form his Godly Tile, it would be a huge trouble. Joy asked Zen, "Do you need my help with it?"

Zen shook his head and said, "I've made a breakthrough. I have found a solution." He didn't want to tell Joy because it was of no use. Even Bromley wasn't able to help him in this problem. But since Zen had found more mud, he only had to get enough points in the Arena of Legends in order to get the mud and condense the Godly Tile.

Seeing Zen's confidence, Joy changed the subject and said, "Since Margaret has been able to cultivate the Gods Killing Sword Array, and since she is your wife, you must have seen the Gods Killing Sword Array."

"Yes, I have. I have also seen the Purple River Sword Array, the Two Modes Sword Array..."

Before Zen could finish his sentence, Joy said, "They all used to be my sword arrays back in the day, but I could only use the real swords back then. Although the Gods Killing Sword Array is powerful, it has a huge limit."

Joy later became the Demi-holy Being and succeeded in using the illusory swords. After she mastered the Power Shaping, she had a new understanding of the Gods Killing Sword Array.

She was aware that the power of a sword activated by the Cross-word Theurgy would be much more powerful and the change in it would be much more rapid.

She was also aware that the strength in it would be more than a hundred times stronger.

As Joy spoke, she calmly waved her hands.

The calm and peace was interrupted by a swishing sound.

Zen saw Joy's power transformed into dozens of invisible swords and they flew aimlessly, in all directions.

Thousands of invisible, colorless long swords pierced through the purple mist, leaving the shadows of the swords.

Zen was soon surrounded by the sword shadows.

Joy gave Zen a faint smile and said, "At the beginning, the Gods Killing Sword Array only had the Four Swords Change. Later, I figured out the Thirty-two Swords Change, the Ninety-six Swords Change, and other techniques. You have mastered the Cross-world Theurgy. Moreover, you can cultivate the Grand Purple Aura Technique. It should not be difficult for you to learn it. Today, I'm teaching you the Four Swords Change. The Four Swords Change was personally made for me by your father, and today I'm teaching his son."

Chapter 2260 Concentrating On Cultivation

Zen had seen Margaret yield the Gods Killing Sword Array before. He knew that its power was truly formidable.

Back then, Margaret was only a world lord, yet with the Gods Killing Sword Array, she had defeated many Supreme Lords. It was well known that at least five Supreme Lords had been killed at the hand of this skill.

The four swords that Margaret used were created by the divine textures of the Celestial Position race, greatly reducing their power.

If Zen truly mastered the Four Swords Change of the Gods Killing Sword Array to the point of using it well, his strength would improve remarkably.

As soon as Joy finished speaking, countless invisible swords began swarming around in a purple mist, merging into four distinct swords.

Zen could only just make out their shapes.

Vines weaved around one of the swords, their irregular curves twisting around the blade. Zen recognized it as the Long Vine Sword.

The second sword's hilt was fashioned into a sitting Buddha, with its blade as wide as a wheel — the Buddha Emperor Sword.

The next sword had many layers much like a pagoda, the Grant Sun Sword.

The last sword was filled with sharp spines, making up the distinct look of the Heavenly Tooth Sword.

"Use your Power Shaping and create the same four swords," ordered Joy.

"Why?" Zen asked. "Do the shapes of the swords truly matter that much?" Was it truly necessary that the Gods Killing Sword Array was made up of the same four swords? With his Power Shaping, he was capable of creating swords into so many other various shapes.

"Cut the crap!" Joy snapped. As a Demi-holy Being, she was being more generous by teaching Zen the skills she had acquired and yet he was incredulous enough to question her.

"Okay," Zen finally nodded obediently. Without another word, he summoned the strength of the Nine Divine Stars.

Zen hadn't actually mastered the true Power Shaping skill. With only the power of the Eight Path Platforms, it would've been impossible, but by using the Cross-world Theurgy, he realized that he could still shape things to his will. That meant he was effectively bypassing the second stage of Power Shaping and going straight to the third stage.

Whoosh!

The power of the Cross-world Theurgy came rushing through him, transforming into the swords' very shapes.

First that started coming into form was… The Long Vine Sword.

Keeping the shape of Joy's sword in his mind, soon, Zen made an identical Long Vine Sword appear in front of him, only a tad smaller in size. It turned out to be a piece of cake for him.

"Okay! The second sword!"

When he began shaping the second sword, the Long Vine Sword suddenly trembled until it immediately dissipated.

"What?!" Zen scratched his head in confusion and embarrassment.

Joy merely sneered and asked, "Didn't you understand the internal momentum of the Grand Purple Aura Technique? Don't you already know of the Separate Controlling skill?"

But what she didn't know was that Zen himself wasn't grasping the Grand Purple Aura Technique — it was the Infinity Ruler in his brain that did it.

The two most prominent skills of the Grand Purple Aura Technique included shaping and controlling things. Margaret had a first-rank Purple

Power Body, born with a strong controlling ability, allowing her to order millions of huge swords simultaneously.

Still, it was much easier to order those huge swords than Zen's current task. He needed to maintain the shape of the Long Vine Sword while shaping the second sword. Without grasping the Purple Aura Godly Way, it was an arduous task for Zen.

After Joy's guidance, a purple light flashed upon a small scale of the Infinity Ruler in his brain. At the same time, a purple light flashed in his very eyes.

The internal momentum of the Purple Aura Godly Way…

While he was still meditating, Zen shaped the Long Vine Sword once again. And with a gentle wave of his hand, he began carefully extracting the strength source.

"The second sword!"

Whoosh!

It was the Buddha Emperor Sword.

This time, he managed to shape the second sword.

But he didn't remain complacent about it. With determination filling his eyes, he seized the moment and went further.

"The third sword..."

Whoosh!

While maintaining the first two swords, he managed to shape the third one successfully.

But that lasted barely over a second before the three swords dispersed all at once.

"No good. Try again!" Joy snorted at him.

Contempt was evident on her face, but that was to disguise the deep shock in her heart.

It seemed that Mike's son was a truly gifted warrior!

When she had only just become a Demi-holy Being and mastered the Cross-world Theurgy, she thought about how to transform the Gods Killing Sword Array. According to Mike's guidance, she had tried to create the four swords through Power Shaping, just as Zen was doing.

Back then, it had taken her a full month before managing to maintain the two swords simultaneously, and another half-year to maintain three whole swords.

For mortals, half a year was a long period. But for Joy and the other True Gods, it was nothing more than the blink of an eye, and she had been quite satisfied with her quick progress.

But now...

Zen had only tried to do it twice and yet he managed to shape three swords all at once.

The sight, without a doubt, hurt Joy's self-confidence. She couldn't help but wonder whether she was inadequate or if Zen was just too talented.

"Okay, okay. I'll try it again. I've just begun to cultivate this skill. Why must you be so harsh?" Zen mumbled complaints, feeling that Joy was all too strict with him.

"What are you muttering to yourself?" Joy asked sullenly.

To that, Zen only curled his lips and didn't dare complain any more. Instead, he continued to extract strength source for Power Shaping.

During the third attempt, Zen managed to maintain three swords for nine whole seconds before they broke down.

At the fourth attempt, the process successfully lasted for a full minute.

At the fifth attempt, two minutes and a half.

At the sixth attempt, five minutes.

By his seventh attempt, he was able to maintain three swords for a remarkably long time.

"How is it now? Still bad?" Zen asked with a smile, catching his breath.

"Not bad," Joy replied, calmly this time. Mixed feelings surged into her heart as she began doubting her talent again.

'He resembles his father so much, ' she thought.

In the past, when she had a crush on Mike and accompanied him on his cultivation in the Evolutionary Universe, she was astonished by Mike's outstanding talent and understanding ability over and over again. But thanks to his strict guidance, she managed to improve rather quickly.

Back then, she realized that she was probably unlikely to ever surpass this man in her whole life. But since Mike was already a Holy Being at that time, along with the fact that she admired and adored him, it didn't depress her so much that she was inferior to him. Instead, she could accept it as a matter of fact.

But here before her was his son, a mere proving godly warrior, showing the same astonishing talent. Depression and jealousy filled her heart. Even if she was already a Demi-holy Being, she couldn't quite handle the frustration.

"Since you can maintain three swords now, you should be able to shape the fourth sword," she ordered. "I've already slowed down the time flow rate in the Purple Sky Land. You can continue cultivating here."

But time was still too limited for him. There were only two months before the new ranking of the Floating Islands was to be established. If he wasted a few months in the Purple Sky Land before the new ranking was established, the Purple Soul Hall would probably have no choice but to dismiss 80% of its disciples.

Naturally, forming four swords was miles harder than only three. It was no surprise that he failed to do so on his first try.

But there was no change in his expression — he didn't even blink. He only continued to patiently stimulate his strength source again.

Staring at him from behind, Joy remained silent, her eyes turning glassy. Zen looked very much like Mike when he was focused on practicing the martial arts. She couldn't help but fall back into memories. She recalled the old days when she was practicing in the Purple Power World. In order to help her cultivate, Mike asked her to take a moment and close her eyes. When she opened them again, she saw the Purple Power World become a fairyland — a world of huge swords.

99.9 billion huge swords were densely packed in the sky of the Purple Power World. Controlling the swords at her will had her truly overjoyed.

After ten full days, Zen finally managed to maintain four swords for three seconds.

It was something Joy managed only after six months of practice.

Merely two months had passed in the Purple Sky Land and Zen was able to maintain four swords for fifteen seconds.

Half a year later, he could keep them up for a long period.

During these six months, Zen seemed to have no other thoughts except for concentrating on shaping the swords. After they dissipated, he repeated the boring process over and over.

Fortunately, Joy had already changed the time flow rate so that half a year in the Purple Sky Land was only three days in the outside world.

Since he could maintain four swords at the same time now, Joy began teaching him the operation method of the Gods Killing Sword Array.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2261 Trouble For The Clan

The Gods Killing Sword Array was created by Joy herself, but the idea for the array had originally been provided by Mike.

At that time, the Four Swords Change was the most original Gods Killing Sword Array, and even it still had many flaws.

Later though, Joy became a Demi-holy Being, and the four swords array changed drastically. In terms of power alone, it became much stronger.

"I asked you to shape the power to the Long Vine Sword, the Buddha Emperor Sword, the Grant Sun Sword and the Heavenly Tooth Sword because the four swords have different abilities. The Long Vine Sword focuses on the array of entangling the enemy; the Buddha Emperor Sword's main ability is the killing array; the Grant Sun Sword is mainly used for defensive array; and the Heavenly Tooth Sword forms the hunting array. In fact, the Thirty-two Swords Change and the Ninety-six Swords Change of the Gods Killing Sword Array have broken through these constraints, but now, you cannot master the Thirty-two Swords Change. And the Four Swords Change is based on these initial four swords..."

The four swords each had their own single sword changes, and they respectively corresponded to entanglement, killing, defense, and hunting.

When the two swords cooperated with each other, they could combine their arrays and create something even more powerful, like the entangling-killing array or the entangling-hunting array. Furthermore, there were also many changes, including the cooperation of three swords and four swords at the same time.

On the one hand, Zen had to maintain these powerful swords in perfect balance, and on the other hand, he had to master their respective coordination. This was a great feat, even for Zen, to say the least. Fortunately, time was controllable in the Purple Sky Land, and with Joy's help, his understanding of the Gods Killing Sword Array increased little by little.

In just a month's time, Zen had already obtained a small achievement. He had mastered the change of a single sword. In other words, he could now make the most of any sword he laid his hands on.

After three months, Zen had mastered the use of two swords. Swordsmanship with double swords offered more mysterious changes and was generally better in both power and flexibility.

Half a year later, Zen had enabled the capacity of performing with three swords together. Using three swords at once was the Gods Killing Sword Array's essence, and notably, it was also considered a unique skill.

It took Zen an entire year to completely grasp the technique of using four swords together, all at once. This was the Gods Killing Sword Array's ultimate kill attack. This was more difficult to attain because he not only needed to understand the array, but the characteristic of the four swords, too.

As Joy watched how quickly Zen progressed, she felt calmer.

Zen's father was a very gifted man, which indicated that Zen was destined to be special. Besides having inherited his father's amazing talent, he was equally bound to be even more terrifying than his father.

Pondering things over, Joy knew deep inside herself that she had taught Zen to be a horrifying guy.

The genuine Gods Killing Sword Array could only be mastered by Demi-holy Beings, or even Holy Beings. That said though, Zen, who was nothing more than a proving godly warrior, could perform it freely. Joy couldn't help but vaguely look forward to Zen's performance in the Arena of Legends.

One full year in the Purple Sky Land was the equivalence of six days in the divine land. In addition to the year it took Zen to master the Gods Killing Sword Array, he had also spent three days shaping power before that. With the divine land's measurement of time, this whole process only took Zen nine days.

Joy left the Purple Sky Land with Zen and went back to her palace.

Upon their arrival, a middle-aged man had been waiting there for a long time. His name was Alfredo, the Han Clan master. Zen had met him once before.

Joy was very angry with Alfredo, and upon seeing him, she certainly wasn't pleased. Instead, she asked coldly, "What brings you here?"

With a hint of helplessness on his face, Alfredo stated, "The Xie Clan has come to our land. We were wrong about this matter. I wonder how you're going to deal with the latter, being a Demi-holy Being?"

What happened was that Sheridan was killed on the Han Clan's Floating Island, and the murderer was a Han Clan disciple with a different surname. Between the wealthy and influential clans, this sort of thing had to be explained. The Xie Clan thus sent people here to attend to this matter several times, but because of Joy, the Han Clan had been avoiding such.

In a fit of rage, the Xie Clan chose to team up with both the Leng Clan and the Liu Clan in order to put pressure on the Han Clan.

Despite that, Alfredo felt no scruples toward the Xie Clan and the Liu Clan. Both clans, ranked first and second from the bottom respectively, became two of the wealthiest and most influential clans just because they rode on other's coattails and had the possibility of being eliminated one day. Even wealthy and influential clans must have Holy Beings, and the Xie Clan and the Liu Clan were no exceptions. They did indeed have two Holy Beings, but not every family with a Holy Being was bound to be a wealthy and influential clan.

The Leng Clan's sudden request took Alfredo by surprise.

Considering the conflict between Laquisha and Langston that day, he could only guess that that was the problem. Although he had been clear about it, he still wanted to throw the big problem at Joy.

"How does it have anything to do with the Leng Clan when it's the Xie Clan that wants an explanation? Is the Leng Clan even qualified to comment on this?" Laquisha replied in a cold tone of voice.

It wasn't really a big deal, though. The Xie Clan had a lot of direct descendants, and Sheridan wasn't the best of them. Because this descendant had wanted to bring Zen to his death, he brought about nothing more than his own humiliation when it was Zen that killed him instead.

The only remaining problem was Zen's identity. To the Han Clan, he was just an outsider.

"You know that the ranking is very important to our Han Clan, and that the Leng Clan will help us. For this reason, the Holy Emperor has even agreed Laquisha and Langston's marriage! I'm telling you this because I don't want this matter to affect our relationship with the Leng Clan."

Laquisha and Langston's marriage was only the beginning of an alliance between the two clans. It wasn't important in any way at all. Now though, a conflict involving these two clans arose. This was definitely not something Alfredo wanted to see.

"As it stands right now, as long as we push that guy out, we can easily solve this problem," Alfredo said, casting an indifferent glance toward Zen.

Zen's crazy talk annoyed Alfredo, who was standing in front of him. Who cared if Zen had showed extraordinary strength when he killed Sheridan and hurt Langston, right? The Han Clan wasn't lacking in masters, nor in talents. Offending the Leng Clan for something so futile as a mere outsider just wasn't worth it. The easiest way to appease their anger was to give them Zen.

To Alfredo, Zen was just a little grasshopper. So what if he was strong? He was still nothing more than a strong grasshopper and he felt no pity for sacrificing him. As a member of the high position, this was a rightful way of thinking.

Even if Joy didn't know Zen's true identity, she would definitely protect him. Moreover, she knew that Zen was Mike's son, so how could she possibly agree with Alfredo anyway?

"I don't know what the Holy Emperor is doing. Seeing as you want to conceal the problem in the ranking so badly from me, then you can continue to conceal it. But I won't push Thad out. If the Leng Clan comes to question such, let them come to me. Didn't I make everything clear to you at the Spiritual Heart Hall the other day?" Joy uttered without emotion.

This time, Alfredo didn't budge an inch. He replied stiffly, "Don't force me to go to the Holy Emperor."

"You can ask him to question me. I'll give him the exact same answer and..." Joy continued, "Even without the Leng Clan's help, it's still possible our Han Clan to maintain our current rank."

"WIth what? Your Purple Soul Hall?" Alfredo sneered.

As far as Alfredo knew, Joy had mobilized female disciples of the Purple Soul Hall to make a breakthrough in their rankings and points in the Arena of Legends. Recently though, while those great clans were hard at work, the Purple Soul Hall's ranking hadn't risen, but instead had gone down. All the disciples' points had only risen a little.

The ranking just clearly couldn't be improved by disciples' willpower alone. Their talent and strength needed to be considered as well.

"Two months later, you'll see the results. Asking me to hand Thad over to them is wishful thinking and you know it. I don't want you to come to me for this matter again," said Joy coldly.

Joy's firm words went hand in hand with her attitude, and Alfredo looked at Zen with confusion.

Joy had once protected Zen, and Alfredo could understand. After all, there were very few talents in the Purple Soul Hall, so it was only normal that Joy didn't want to give up on the little guy. That said though, today, her performance had gone overboard.

Was it possible that Thad Luo had a special background?

A smart person like Alfredo could always guess at different possibilities. He knew how Joy had grown up—she didn't rely on the Han Clan's Holy Emperor because, at the time, the Purple Power Body wasn't highly valued in rich clans.

In fact, Mike was the one who helped her become a Demi-holy Being.

'Thad's surname is also Luo. Is he one of Mike's descendants?' Alfredo wondered to himself.

Joy's conjecture was confirmed by Laquisha and Aleyna, but there was no evidence to confirm Alfredo's. In other words, he could only secretly make blind and disorderly estimates.

At the same time, he wondered why Joy was so confident. Did she really have the ability to bring the Purple Soul Hall's points up to a higher level? If she could really manage such a thing, she'd have the possibility of keeping the ranking of the Han Clan's Floating Island, and even to become one or two places higher.

Chapter 2262 Consecutive Victories (Part One)

At this point, Alfredo could only let out an awkward smile. On that note, he turned around and left reluctantly without another word.

Around the same time, Joy turned to Zen and said, "Don't blame him. Everyone has their own responsibility."

Alfredo had been wanting to drive Zen out of the Han Clan's Floating Island ever since he heard Sheridan was killed by him. As the head of the Han Clan, it was appropriate for him to do so in order to seek the best interest of the clan and to make sure he kept everything as hands on as possible.

"I know," Zen responded. "And my responsibility is to earn as many points as I can." He let out a faint sigh and smiled.

Everyone faces challenges, and anyone in high position or authority is not an exception to that. When one is not strong enough, they can't blame others who have ignored them. In the end, it's really the survival of the fittest.

Through it all, Joy was afraid that Zen would burst in anger at Alfredo. She was relieved to see Zen's calm expression. She sighed and giggled, wondering how well Mike was able to train Zen for him to be such an excellent young man.

She knew that Holy Jay had a knack for studying and solving difficult problems, Holy Bromley was good at exploring and creating, and Holy Mike had expertise in strategic planning and organizing overall arrangements.

In the past, Mike, who had previously made a few mistakes, was attacked by the members of the Hall of Holy Beings and got into a dangerous situation. For sure, he must have already planned to make Zen avenge himself. However, Joy didn't expect that the entire Evolutionary Universe was created by Mike, just for Zen.

Of course, it was impossible for Mike to take everything under his control. But for some reason, luck was on his side and his strategy brought out the best results.

At the very least, Zen had achieved Mike's expectations step by step over the years that he had been training. Now, Zen had walked more than half of the way, and was finally walking away for good. The remaining path was the most difficult part.

Meanwhile, in the Hall of True Gods, Zen swung open the door. Everyone who saw him was brought to a commotion, and whispers started to fill the air once again

There were only two months left before the rankings of Floating Islands above the Time Sea would be determined. In order to keep their disciples motivated and determined, the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands had announced various tempting rewards one after another.

Because of this, the atmosphere in the Hall of True Gods grew tenser and tenser the closer the deadline got.

Some disciples from the big clans who used to stay long enough to finish three matches and then make their way home, were now hovering around in the Hall of True Gods all day long.

During this time, the Jade Wall of Legends grew to become extremely popular. In order to enter the Arena of Legends, competitions would often take place in front of the Jade Wall among the warriors.

"Two months... There's not much time left for me," said Zen. He looked over at the low-rank True Gods in the Hall of True Gods before returning to his room. There, he was to choose his opponent for his battle.

Once his door closed, people began to whisper and wonder again.

"It seems that anonymous man is back."

"For some reason, he didn't choose his opponent, nor did he give others the chance to choose him. He should be planning to choose his opponent at random."

"How confident of him!"

According to the rules of the Hall of True Gods, it was unnecessary to gather in the hall like how everyone was doing. If one had confidence in their own strength, all they had to do was choose someone at random and defeat them. It was that simple.

In fact, for the vast majority of the low-rank True Gods, it was common knowledge to choose your opponent carefully so that you could have advantage in battle. At this point, people had learned to restrain their auras to appear weak. They would do anything and everything to increase their chances of winning.

Other than choosing an opponent, warriors could also come into an agreement with someone in the Hall of True Gods in which the winner of the fight would obtain a certain amount of divine might coins. They did this to make the battles more exciting for themselves.

However, Zen was only interested in earning points as he was 100% confident in his strength and abilities. Hence, he didn't once take a glance of interest in the battles that were fought for divine might coins.

But even though he was not interested, people paid a lot of attention to him. As a proving godly warrior, he was so conspicuous among those True Gods.

When the anonymous man had just won two consecutive wins, he drew the attention of a few powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

Zen, regarded as the "anonymous man," challenged warriors who were way above his level, yet he still managed to win two consecutive wins. This was something very unusual, and that was why people were drawn to it.

Later on, Zen won four matches in a row, which naturally caused more commotion among the people.

After seeing his advances, wealthy clans on the Floating Islands began to investigate Zen's identity in secret, but he didn't show anything special from the beginning to the end. The four men who went against Zen also got nothing about his identity, and the only thing they noticed was the two golden rays of light in Zen's eyes. They resembled the Eyes of Fire God, but they couldn't be sure because he didn't use the theurgy of the Eyes of Fire God.

The clans began to pay closer attention to the anonymous man. If anyone was able to gather information, these people would naturally report it to their own clans for advantage.

Chapter 2263 Consecutive Victories (Part Two)

In the past few years, the rankings of the Floating Islands happened to be very stable and organized. Because of this, all the powerful clans already knew who was in the lead, and who was falling behind. It was rare for them to guess it wrong.

For example, the Han Clan was in danger of falling out of the top 10. This led them to become allies with the Leng Clan, so they could both boost up their rankings.

However, Zen's presence made the battle unpredictable. As he continued to win, it directly affected the clan rankings, so there was a need to monitor him throughout the process.

The moment Zen returned to his room, the door to his room flashed with blue light and began to float upward. His ranking had been increased more than thirty places.

"So fast!"

"Plus, considering the time he spent in finding his opponent when he went back to his room, it only took him less than a minute to find and defeat his opponent, another low-rank True God!"

"He has already had five victories in a row! This is truly something to worry about. Which clan did they say he was from?"

The doors in the Hall of True Gods continued to shift from rays of light up and down. This wasn't a surprise to anyone, but none of them were attracted to any of the doors aside from Zen's.

Around five minutes after Zen won his fifth round, the door began to move upwards once again.

Just like that, he was at his sixth consecutive win!

Zen easily dominated his matches. What made him feel the most accomplished was being able to smoothly absorb the Internal Momentum of two new Godly Ways throughout these matches. Moreover, the extra reward points doubled, so he gained more than one thousand and two hundred points which shocked himself.

However, according to what Joy had told him, Zen didn't use the Gods Killing Sword Array at all.

In the eyes of the Holy Beings of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, the Gods Killing Sword Array was equivalent to Joy. As a Demi-holy Being, she was able to fight against with a Holy Being with the assistance of this particular array. Many of them did not pay enough attention to the Cross-world Theurgy. Joy, on the other hand, was able to use the Power Shaping and the Cross-world Theurgy to their maximum potential.

The only difference between Joy and the Holy Beings was that her Purple Sky Land did not guarantee her immortality. The Holy Beings, however, for as long as the universes they created were immortal, they would be immortal.

In the end, she wished for Zen to be a variable of the Han Clan.

If Zen earned a great deal of points and gave them to the Purple Soul Hall when it was necessary, he might as well be the key to increasing the rank of Han Clan's Floating Island. But if he executed the Gods Killing Sword Array earlier than he should, wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, such as the Qin Clan and Tang Clan, would know the anonymous man was from the Han Clan and suppress their points.

Zen had to play smart in his battles, using only his own strength and soul to deal with his opponents.

Two hours had passed and Zen had just bagged seven consecutive wins, while the extra points in one single round had increased to one thousand points.

Two hours turned into four, and at this point, Zen had won nine consecutive wins. The extra points for one round had increased to two thousand and six hundred points, and it looked like nothing was going to stop him.

Four hours turned into a quick six hours, and Zen was standing with ten consecutive victories. The extra points amounted to four thousand seven hundred.

His door's ranking was also getting higher and higher around the Hall of True Gods, and it was almost so high that people couldn't even see it anymore.

Eventually, the noises in the Hall of True Gods began to fade into softened tones. When they saw this scene, many of the warriors began to retreat to their clans in dismay.

"Can you believe it? The anonymous man has accumulated ten consecutive wins already!"

"If he wins one more, he'll obtain eight thousand and three hundred points!"

"He definitely has potential to beat warriors with higher cultivation levels than him, and he has never lost one battle. Does anyone know what clan he is from?"

"This is a crisis. If that guy is from the Zhou Clan, our Bai Clan would be suppressed!"

"But okay, this is also an opportunity, people! Imagine it—if we defeat the anonymous man, we can gain his points, too! Just where is he from?"

"He's been a mystery throughout all the battles. He has never been defeated when he was fighting against proving godly warriors; even his ranking has not appeared once. Why is it so impossible to determine his identity?!"

"I want to challenge this man!"

Every time a person who took part in a battle that was beyond their cultivation level appeared, the True Gods in the Arena of Legends would fuss like never before. It left people enraged, giddy, and perplexed all at the same time.

Historically, powerful clans hated people who challenged warriors with higher cultivation levels because it broke the balance among the clans. What made it worse was that no one knew who he was, which made them very suspicious and frankly, mistrusting.

However, this was also a huge opportunity. Everyone looked forward to garnering his points and some low-rank True Gods, who were highly confident in their strengths, were now eager to get a fight out of Zen.

To their disappointment, Zen had no plans to leave his room. He was still going to choose his opponents at random, so everyone waiting just had to bank on their luck in order to fight him.

Chapter 2264 A Tough Fat Guy

Zen's ranking had risen rapidly in the Hall of True Gods, drawing unprecedented attention to himself.

But he himself didn't know this.

After attaining ten consecutive wins, Zen finally decided to pause for a breath of some fresh air in the Hall of True Gods.

The moment he opened the door, he saw that the entrance of the room was crowded with low-rank True Gods, who were waiting for him.

The low-rank True Gods were taken by surprise as they didn't expect Zen to get out of his room this moment. They were in the midst of exchanging information on the anonymous man that they had mastered. Everybody whispered among themselves trying to guess the identity of the anonymous man. When the door opened, everyone immediately fell quiet at the same time. This scene was very strange.

Zen glanced at everyone and asked indifferently, "Are you all waiting for me? What's up?"

The low-rank True Gods looked Zen up and down, trying to find some clues as to his identity. However, Zen did not have any specific features that would reveal the mystery. In order to maintain the enigma, he had specially turned his long robe into a light blue one.

"I want to challenge you!" someone shouted boldly.

After the first low-rank True God threw this challenge, all the others followed suit and started challenging Zen.

"Can I challenge you? There are 70 rankings between us."

"Choose me!"

In the Arena of Legends, very few people were as popular as Zen.

They thought that if this anonymous man participated in the battles against low-rank True Gods, he was likely to be defeated. If someone won a duel with the anonymous man, they would also gain a great number of points from him.

And even if they were defeated by the anonymous man, they would only lose a small amount of points, so it was a risk everyone was willing to take.

"If you defeat me, I will give you another twenty divine might coins!" someone offered in an attempt to goad Zen into fighting him.

Twenty divine might coins were not a big number for the low-rank True Gods on the Floating Islands.

So more people started bribing him subsequently increasing the amount!

"If you accept my challenge, I will give you eighty divine might coins. If you can defeat me..."

"Two hundred divine might coins..."

"Three hundred..."

Soon it was like an auction: the True Gods in front of Zen began to raise their offers one after another.

'I never expected that!' Zen thought to himself, flabbergasted, as he stared at this crazy group. Unexpected as it was, he still wanted to see how it would play out.

However, according to the rules of the Hall of True Gods, only the ones who were a hundred ranks higher or lower than him were qualified to challenge Zen. The number of people in this category was only two hundred. Moreover, the warriors who ranked low in the current rankings were not top-level warriors on the Floating Islands, so they naturally weren't very rich.

After a few rounds of bidding, the highest bidder turned out to be a big fat man, who promised Zen five hundred and fifty divine might coins.

Earlier these people were so enthusiastic in challenging Zen because losing to him was not a big deal, but losing five hundred and fifty divine might coins was something an ordinary person could not afford.

"Accept my challenge and I will give you five hundred and fifty divine might coins. What do you say?" the fatty said loudly and glared at Zen.

"Deal!" Zen smiled. If he defeated the fatty, he could not only earn points but also earn a lot of divine might coins, so why not? It was a great deal!

"My room number is 760, 008!"

The fatty was very happy and he hurried towards his room.

Losing more than five hundred divine might coins would indeed be very frustrating for the fat man, but in his eyes, it was a risk worth taking.

His game plan, even if he lost, was that he would force Zen to use his trump card and thereby determine Zen's origin.

As soon as Zen returned to his room, dozens of beams of light popped out from the wall. Actually these were the dozens of requests to challenge him.

Zen ignored those requests and accepted the challenge from the fat guy.

"Wow..."

The scenery around him changed, and a new terrain appeared around Zen.

"What?"

Astonishment was written all over Zen's face.

Previously, the settings in the Arena of Legends were the same—a boundless plain with an incomparably clear starry sky. All the terrains had been exactly the same, without any change, from the time Zen had been fighting up until today.

But this time it was different. His current environs were a world of ice and snow. Beneath his feet was a slippery layer of ice, and enormous fish were swimming under this layer. There were fist-sized snowflakes falling from the sky, with loud plops.

"Why is the environment of this Arena of Legends different from the others?" Zen asked curiously.

When the fat man heard Zen's astonished voice, he laughed and said, "You don't even know this?"

Zen shook his head and replied, "No, I really don't know."

"The environment of the Arena of Legends can be changed as per one's wish, but you need to pay a certain amount of points," the fatty said proudly.

"Change the environment..."

Zen looked around at the vast snow plain around him and said indifferently, "So this is not an illusion, but a world based in reality. It's a world that would benefit the True Gods who have cultivated the Ice Law or the Snow Godly Way."

"You're right," said the fatty with a grin. He raised his big belly and several icy marks congealed on it slowly. Soon the icy marks covered his fat body until he was wearing a piece of icy armor.

"So you have cultivated the Snow Godly Way." Zen wasn't interested in the fatty's theurgy. His Infinity Ruler had already absorbed the Snow Godly Way. "But this is unfair. Since the Arena of Legends is a place for the True Gods to compete with each other, it should be as fair as a battle ring. If the environment of the Arena of Legends can be changed with points, then everyone can choose an optimal environment for themselves, right?"

The fatty chuckled again at Zen's complaints. He stretched out his round legs and stomped lightly on the ground; a frost whirlpool appeared on the ground, from which a long stick of six feet long appeared. The surface of the long stick was covered with snowflakes. He grabbed the long stick and continued, "If you think the Arena of Legends is just a battle ring, then you are wrong. The origin of the Arena of Legends is full of twists and turns, and the mysteries contained within it are far beyond your imagination. You can pursue anything you want here, except for fairness. Haha!"

"What do you mean?" Zen couldn't comprehend what the fatty was saying.

The fatty didn't care about Zen's concerns any more. He waved the long stick in his hand and jumped up to pounce on Zen.

At the same time, a strange fog appeared under Zen's feet. The fog turned into snowflakes and quickly began unfurling. The temperature around him began to decrease rapidly, and his entire body became extremely slow.

By contrast, the fatty was extremely agile. He arrived in front of Zen almost in an instant, and whacked him with the long stick on his head.

Zen's expression did not change at all. He even did not block the attack. Instead, he simply reached out to grab the long stick.

At this stage, Zen could suppress his opponent using just his brute force. As a result, he didn't need to think too much.

Unexpectedly, the fatty revealed a strange smile at this moment. When Zen grabbed the long stick, it felt cold in his hand. The stick was actually a bunch of snowflakes. Zen chopped with his backhand and cut the fatty in his face. The fatty turned into a bunch of snowflakes and scattered on the ground.

"I have already known that you possess extraordinary brute force. But if you think you can defeat me only using strength, you are too naive. Hahaha!"

The strength and characteristics of the anonymous man had already spread among the low-rank True Gods. Many low-rank True Gods had studied Zen. The fatty was obviously well prepared.

The fatty's voice rang out behind Zen. At the same time, a loud roar was heard. The fatty had excellent hiding skills. He disappeared all of a sudden and in the next moment, he was behind Zen's back, attacking him.

Without a word, Zen turned his body, turned around and kicked the man.

Swish! Swish!

With one kick, the fatty turned into a pile of snowflakes again. The snowflakes danced like thousands of silver bugs, painting a beautiful picture.

"Wrong again!"

The fatty chuckled and made another move. Once more, he appeared behind Zen. There were icy marks on the long white stick in his hand, and he suddenly brought it down on Zen's back.

However, the stick only left a light icy mark on Zen's back, without causing substantial damage to him.

After he attacked with this stick, he rolled like a ball to quickly distance himself from Zen. A hand, producing cold air, constantly stroked the top of the long stick, as if it was pouring something into it.

He still wore a smug smile on his face, as if he was sure to win.

Zen stood there, his face as solemn as never before. The fatty had left a mark on his back just now, and he didn't know what it would do. Although the fatty used the Snow Godly Way, the Godly Ways were changeable and many people could use all kinds of theurgy beyond way. The scene in front of him was really strange.

Chapter 2265 Snow Divine Spear

The fat man swung the long stick in his hand. Its tip began to glow a blue light as another frost mark, much like the one on Zen's back, appeared on it.

"I'm coming again. Are you ready?" The fatty laughed, his chubby cheeks and double chin shaking.

As Zen's ranking had improved drastically in the Hall of True Gods, he estimated that he wouldn't encounter too many difficulties at this stage. However, after meeting this fat man, Zen figured he should probably stop underestimating his enemy.

As soon as the fatty finished speaking, he waved the long stick he held wildly and charged towards Zen like a raging bull.

To Zen's mild surprise, the man stopped about a foot from him and turned into a flurry of snowflakes.

"Behind me again?"

Zen turned around and launched a punch without hesitation.

Unfortunately, he guessed wrong again. The snowflakes behind him had condensed into the fatty who didn't waste time in hitting Zen's back with his stick.

Dong!

Zen's back now had two frost marks overlapping like a tattoo.

"I heard you are strong and that you have a special body protection treasure.

With my current strength, it'll be quite difficult to kill you," the fat man admitted before turning into a pile of snow that melted as soon as it appeared. A hundred feet from Zen, a flurry of snowflakes turned into the fat man once again. The fatty tilted his head. "But there are many different ways to kill people. I'm sure I can use another way..."

Then, he waved his stick again and stomped heavily on the ice.

Splash!

Six piles of snow suddenly appeared around Zen.

"Break them all!"

Quick to react, Zen spun his arms in all directions like wheels, causing an invisible force to leave his body and blow the snow away.

However, the snow collected in the air and morphed into several fatties, all charging at Zen.

Zen immediately felt a headache seeing this scene.

This fatty's bodily movement skill was too weird.

It was impossible for a low-rank True God to move in a flash, but Zen was unable to recognize which fatty was real and which ones were fake. More importantly, the fatty's clones were made of real snowflakes and not just virtual shadows.

Seeing the six fatties pouncing on him, Zen threw six punches in a flash.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

He succeeded in punching all the six fatties.

But the moment he destroyed all six snowmen, Zen felt a faint force behind him.

Dong!

The long stick hit Zen's back and left yet another frost mark.

"Three frost marks won't be enough. While you're just a proving godly warrior, your comprehensive ability is much greater than that of an ordinary low-rank True God," said the fatty. "To defeat you, I'll need four frost marks."

The fear Zen felt was even greater now. He didn't want the ten consecutive wins he had accumulated through hard work to come to an end.

If the frost marks were to explode, Zen had no idea whether he'd be able to resist it. But he didn't want to take the risk, so he rushed over to the fatty while he spoke.

Watching Zen run towards him, the fat man opened his arms as if he was trying for a hug.

As Zen's fist made contact with the fatty, a strange smile suddenly appeared on Zen's face. "It's not the real you," he said before turning to the other direction. Zen had guessed that the fat man in front of him was just a pile of snow. Pulling back his arm, Zen threw his fist as hard as he could and punched. "It's here!"

Puff!

Unfortunately, there was nothing but the void. Zen scowled as he heard the fatty's voice behind him. "Nice try, but sadly, you guessed wrong again."

Then, Zen felt a light tap on his back. His eyes widened.

The fourth frost mark had been made!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The snowflakes were still falling.

The fatty's voice was heard from a distance, "You're not as powerful as I've heard. Recently, everyone's been talking about how powerful the anonymous man is, and some people even predicted that you'd win twenty consecutive battles. I never imagined you were this weak! This battle... I will be the winner!"

He then reached out his fat hands to frame Zen within his fingers, a glimmer of excitement flashing in his eyes. "In fact, I haven't seen a spear with four layers of snow marks in a long time, because normally, my opponents would have already been defeated before I could even launch a fourth one."

As he said this, the frost marks on Zen's back shone faintly.

A huge snowflake pattern which probably contained some kind of powerful attack appeared not far behind Zen.

Whoosh!

A light blue ice spear shot out from it and zoomed towards Zen at lightning speed.

It was so fast that Zen could not dodge at all.

Bang!

Fortunately, the power of this Snow Divine Spear was not that terrifying. Even if Zen couldn't dodge, his body was able to bear the force.

"So the rumor is true. Your body really is much stronger than those monsters. Usually, a low-rank True God will be injured after facing the first layer of the Snow Divine Spear," the fat man mused. "The second Snow Divine Spear..."

Whoosh!

A second icy spear shot out of the huge snowflake.

This icy spear seemed purer and stronger than the first one. It was azure blue, as beautiful as the sky, and contained a strong killing intent.

By this time, Zen had already understood that the latter Snow Divine Spear would be stronger than the former one.

Realizing this, Zen immediately shot an invisible long sword towards the second icy spear.

Strangely, Zen's long sword passed through the Snow Divine Spear as if it didn't exist and Zen was unable to block it.

Bang!

The second icy spear hit Zen's body.

Although the Redemption Armor protected his body, the impact of the second icy spear spread on his body and made his blood roll. Luckily, Zen was still able to withstand it.

"Not bad! Your clothes are truly something! It should have blocked most of the power, right?" The fatty chuckled.

Whoosh!

As fatty talked, the third Snow Divine Spear shot from the snowflake pattern again. This Snow Divine Spear had turned a blue black color, and the tip of the icy spear rotated with flowing light continuously.

Bang!

Zen tried his best to dodge but failed, the third icy spear hitting him.

Shards of ice fell everywhere. Zen slid down the icy ground and spat a lot of blood. The powerful force spread through his body, injuring his internal organs.

"What tenacity indeed," the fatty clicked his tongue twice and shook his head. "With the fourth spear, I shall end your life."

The fat man only cultivated to the forth level of the Snow Divine Spear which was the theurgy beyond the Snow Godly Way.

After defending his opponent, he only needed to leave three frost marks on his opponent with the mystical snow steps, then the battle would be as good as over.

However, there were just some monsters who were too stubborn to die. The fatty had once fought with Pascal, and Pascal also withstood the first two spears. The third spear was the most lethal one but since Pascal managed to dodge it, the fatty had lost the battle.

This time, the fatty had prepared four spears and he really took Zen seriously.

Whoosh!

The fourth Snow Divine Spear shot out of the snowflake pattern. However, unlike the previous ones, this spear was completely black.

Those who forced the fatty to show the fourth Snow Divine Spear all lost pathetically.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2266 Moon Clan

When Zen saw the black Snow Divine Spear, his eyes quickly narrowed into slits.

He knew that each Snow Divine Spear was more powerful than the last one, so he guessed that the fourth one could seriously injure, or kill him even.

However, he couldn't fully stop the Snow Divine Spear--he could only resist it with his body.

Whoosh!

A faint tinge of regret flashed across the fat man's face as the Snow Divine Spear flew ahead. "This battle is still too easy. You may die now, anonymous man," he lamented.

Despite his sad voice, his eyes hid a bit of mirth. He was confident that Zen would surely die after the black spear was fired.

At that same moment, Zen focused and immediately retreated backwards, his hands blocking his chest. His whole body flew and slid across the ice a little too closely.

But the black Snow Divine Spear was incredibly fast, that it shot towards him in almost a blink of an eye!

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

At Zen's command, a faint white mist flickered over the surface of his body.

The Eight Smoky Melodies was an ingenious attack, but its ability to move swiftly had a huge limitation: any opponent who was fast enough could easily break it. After all, Gus had only aimed at the opponents Zen would face in the universe when he had recommended the cultivation method, but hadn't thought of the current situation.

Now, Zen had used the Eight Smoky Melodies--but not to escape from the Snow Divine Spear itself. Rather, the Eight Smoky Melodies pushed him away and weakened the spear's power when it got too close to him.

Whoosh!

However, Zen didn't have much time left to deal with the Snow Divine Spear since it had appeared. It had only taken a thousandth of a blink of an eye in ordinary people's eyes, and he had already made all his preparations.

Boom!

The moment the Snow Divine Spear hit his arms, the power in his limbs exploded!

Even though his bones were as strong as a supreme primordial weapon, his arms had to bear the power of the Snow Divine Spear as well as his own strength. Thus, his arms immediately cracked open at the impact of the two great forces combined.

Bang!

Zen paid the price with his arms, but the momentum of the Snow Divine Spear only decreased slightly. Moreover, it attacked his chest in the next moment despite the Redemption Armor acting as a barrier.

The soft Redemption Armor was indestructible and could even weaken a huge chunk of the Snow Divine Spear's power. However, the spear's violent penetrating force still pierced through it and entered his internal organs.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

There were several audible cracks, and his chest was torn with his ribs broken as well. He could even see his heart beating if he tried to bow his head.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. You do deserve to be the man with ten consecutive wins. You are still alive!" the fat man exclaimed. He shook his head with a sigh, then continued, "I've made my ranking fall several hundred thousand places down on purpose just to fight you. I must say, it's really worth the trip! I can't believe that you survived my fourth spear. Tell me your name, our Moon Clan likes powerful warriors like you. No matter which clan you're from, we'll do our best to get you. What do you think?"

Meanwhile, Zen was sprawled on the ground as his chest constantly heaved up and down. Every time his chest compressed his lung, blood spurted out from it. He gasped shakily and asked, "You lowered your own ranking on purpose to come here?"

"Yes, I was originally in the top twenty. Ha-ha!" the fat man shrugged and said.

"The Moon Clan... What is your clan's ranking?" Zen asked curiously. Although his chest was torn apart, he thought about the matter deeply.

He racked his brain for anything, but he had never heard of this clan.

However, the fat man just stared at him with eyes as wide as saucers and said, "You really haven't heard of our Moon Clan?! Our clan ranks third in the Floating Islands!"

No wonder the fat man was speechless at his response.

Zen had only been to the Floating Islands for a short period of time. After that, he was whisked off to the Purple Soul Hall and began to fight in the Arena of Legends, all before he could even know more about the Floating Islands. Therefore, he didn't have a complete understanding of the top ten clans.

Before the new ranking of the Floating Islands came, all the wealthy clans had encouraged their disciples to try their best to earn points. Only three clans weren't interested: the Moon Clan, the Sword Clan, and the Dongfang Clan.

Though all the clans on the Floating Islands from the fourth-ranked one, the Leng Clan, to the last one had Holy Beings, they were still ordinary wealthy clans in general. In other words, their structure was no different from an ordinary clan. They shared the same clan name and naturally worked under the same roof.

Yet, things were different in the top three clans.

The name Moon wasn't originally a surname, but just an appellation which eventually became a surname after a long time. Furthermore, the Moon Clan actually consisted of four wealthy clans, but later on had been integrated into one. Their original surnames were also insignificant so in the end, they were called the Moon Clan.

The disciples of the Moon Clan didn't value the points in the Arena of Legends, because the top three clans had way more consummate True Gods than the ordinary wealthy clans. Usually, they only needed to collect their points a few times at a crucial time, but their points would still be far more than those of the fourth clan, the Leng Clan.

As time went by, the ordinary wealthy clans grew too lazy to compete with the top three of the Floating Islands. After all, they couldn't win the seat anyway.

After some time, Moore Moon had noticed that there was an anonymous man who had participated in battles challenging higher level warriors. He was very curious, but his own ranking was much higher than that of this anonymous man--who was Zen in reality. Thus, he had to lower his ranking in order to challenge Zen.

It was immensely grueling to raise one's ranking in the Hall of True Gods, but very easy to lower it. It could be done by simply admitting defeat in every battle.

Thus, Moore's ranking dropped hundreds of thousands of places from the seventeenth, until he finally met Zen. There had been a time when his ranking was accidentally more than 10000 places lower than Zen's, as Zen's ranking had gone up too fast. Thus, he had no choice but to defeat two warriors to rise up a bit.

He had exerted efforts to get closer to Zen's ranking, but Zen suddenly did not go out of his room at all and refused to accept the challenges. Moore had been depressed to death. This time, he had finally seen Zen open the door. How could he let this opportunity slip through his fingers? He wasted no time. He immediately said his price and challenged Zen.

"No wonder," Zen said with a smile. "I really didn't expect that someone would lower their rank to challenge me."

It was known that Moore was strong and one of the best low-rank True Gods. In addition, he had thoroughly studied Zen's fighting style and strength. Zen had underestimated him in the beginning, but he was the one who got seriously injured in the end.

"Just accept your failure and join our Moon Clan. We will offer the best treatment, no matter which clan you come from," Moore stated with a smug smile. He was not interested in points at all; what he liked was the fighting process.

A tiny stream of blood flowed from Zen's lung, then he spoke. "Why should I accept my failure? Do you think I will lose?" he asked curiously.

Needless to say, Moore was shocked.

"Do you think you still have a chance?" he asked. "Chance... Isn't it always there?" Zen said calmly.

"What do you mean?" A small smile tugged at the corner of Zen's lips.

"Look behind you."

Moore did as he was told and saw a circle.

Just as Zen had retreated a few seconds ago, he had left an oval imprint in the ice. Moore was still confused over his words.

As soon as Zen had finished speaking, an icy blue flame suddenly combusted and rapidly spread around the circle.

Splash!

The Ice Soul Flame started to burn fierily, then it enveloped Zen and Moore.

"You truly have strange tactics. Even until now I can't find where your real body is, but I think it must be in this circle," said Zen. "If so, then I just need to freeze everything in this circle," he finished.

"This is…" Moore uttered in shock when he saw the icy blue flames. "This is the Ice Soul Flame! And it is complete! How could you possibly fully comprehend Holy Jay's Ice Soul Flame?!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Ice Soul Flame had spread at an extremely fast speed. It had already filled the whole circle in just a blink of an eye.

Zen didn't answer Moore's question. The Ice Soul Flame could have a stronger effect in the Land of Extreme Chillness, but at least, the speed at which the flames had spread was still beyond his expectation.

However, Moore wasn't willing to lose to Zen. His fat body dodged the Ice Soul Flame that constantly licked at him and occasionally turned into a pile of snowflakes, then back to normal again. Finally, Zen saw a fat man in an ice armor, who rolled on the ground before the Ice Soul Flame froze him completely. 'This one should be his real body, right?' Zen thought.

Chapter 2267 Assumption Based On Limited Information

It was undoubtedly extremely difficult to remove the Ice Soul Flame from a body it had invaded.

If an ordinary low-rank True God was frozen as such, Zen would have already won.

Perhaps it was because Moore cultivated the Snow Godly Way or because he had some special treasure protecting his body. He merely curled up into a ball and lay motionless on the ground, but by then the outcome of the Arena of Legends hadn't yet been decided.

Still, Moore had lost the ability to resist. Zen walked over and leaped high into the air. The tips of his toes had gathered a powerful force that he charged right at Moore.

Crack!

Zen crushed Moore's body into a million pieces.

Soon after, the world of ice and snow began to dissipate. When Zen returned to his room, his injuries disappeared.

"The eleventh consecutive win."

He pursed his lips. He didn't expect it to be so difficult.

In truth, he had already predicted such difficulty, and so had Joy. It was widely known that Moore ranked twentieth among the low-rank True Gods. He was much stronger than the low-rank True Gods that Zen had fought at that stage—Zen had practiced the Gods Killing Sword Array in preparation because of this.

But never did Zen expect that someone would lower his rank just to challenge him.

If he really fought all the way up in the Hall of True Gods, he would surely have to use the Gods Killing Sword Array to deal with the powerhouses among the low-rank True Gods.

But if he used the Gods Killing Sword Array now, his opponents were likely to guess that he was from the Han Clan and the Purple Soul Hall—exposing himself too early was unfavorable to the Han Clan. By then, within the Hall of True Gods, many clans would do all they could to deal with the True Gods of the Han Clan.

"I must be careful next time. I can't accept any more challenges," Zen said to himself rather dejectedly. The warriors who lowered their ranks to challenge him were interrupting his plans.

Even more dejected was Moore.

After leaving the Arena of Legends, the fat on his round face kept shaking. "The Ice Soul Flame… How could it be the Ice Soul Flame?"

It was no big deal to lose some points, nor did it matter to lose hundreds of divine might coins. But Moore was not satisfied losing to a proving godly warrior who fought with those beyond his level.

Many disciples from the powerful clans on the Floating Islands had gone to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land—Moore was no exception, and he had also gone to its interior world arranged by Holy Jay. Since he mainly practiced the Snow Godly Way, it was natural for him to yearn for the Ice Soul Flame. If the Snow Divine Spear could be combined with the magical ice flame, his power would be enhanced remarkably.

But in the end, he failed. It was said to be impossible for warriors to comprehend the Ice Soul Flame in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land. Was this young man Holy Jay's disciple?

After leaving his room, Moore withdrew from the Jade Wall of Legends.

"Hey, Moore. I heard that you were defeated by the anonymous man too," a long haired man in white teased.

Many people witnessed how the anonymous man accepted Moore's challenge. When he was defeated, the room's ranking changed once again. Those who paid attention to their fight immediately knew of the outcome.

"Yes. I failed. So what?" Moore stared back at the man coldly.

But the stranger was thick-skinned enough to ignore Moore's glare. "What about it? Have you found anything new? Since you were defeated by that guy, he will definitely win at least twenty times consecutively!"

For a moment, Moore pondered before saying seriously, "He can't break my Snow Divine Spear, and I've successfully planted four frost marks on him."

"Four marks! You must be joking!" The man's eyes widened in disbelief. "Why did you lose, then? He should have been dead already."

People familiar with Moore knew just how powerful his Snow Divine Spear was.

With three frost marks, his opponents would most likely fail.

With a fourth frost mark, many of the mid-rank True Gods could die from it.

It was amazing in itself that the anonymous man survived and defeated Moore.

"Are you serious, Moore? Don't lie to us. Maybe the guy seized the chance to defeat you from the very beginning. You must be feeling so ashamed that you fabricate a story, right?" someone chimed in. He was a monk with a large, bald head and big ears, as fat as Moore.

In the area where Moore was, the best warriors of the Floating Island of the Moon Clan were gathered—there were nearly no weak warriors whatsoever.

All of them had witnessed how strong Moore was. The power of his Snow Divine Spear had been multiplied, making the fourth strike incredibly strong. It was difficult to believe that the anonymous man could block his fourth strike.

The accusation made Moore glare at the monk. "Believe it or not, it's true! I thought I would definitely win, but he was still breathing!"

"He managed to defeat you with a single breath left?" the monk asked further.

"Do you know what kind of method he used?" Moore merely shrugged. "It seemed like the Ice Soul Flame. That guy has reached the consummation level of this skill!"

Upon hearing this, the long-haired man and the monk were stunned silent.

Suddenly, a hoarse voice resounded from nearby. "He entered the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land," said a masked woman. "He must have come from one of the Floating Islands."

The descendants of the Floating Islands had the luxury of entering the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land easily. Ordinary divine citizens in the divine land did not have such qualifications—those who were sent to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land were considered extremely lucky.

"I don't think so. He's also likely to be a secondary creature," the monk retorted. "He grew up in a universe."

"Are you certain he's a secondary creature?" the masked woman asked.

But the monk shook his head. "I just think it's possible."

Even Moore speculated about Zen's origins. After a moment of thought, he asked, "Is it possible that he's from the Gu Clan?"

Not many Gu Clan warriors were on their Floating Island, but almost all of them were powerhouses.

Though Holy Jay did not have his own Floating Island, he had a good relationship with Holy Bromley. If Holy Jay had his own disciples, it was highly likely that he sent his disciples to the Floating Island of the Gu Clan.

"It's quite possible!"

"There must be at least a 70% possibility that the anonymous man is from the Gu Clan."

"I don't think we can draw any such conclusion until we know more about him, though."

Many of them were rather convinced of Moore's conjecture.

But the Moon Clan didn't care much about the ranking of their Floating Island. No matter how well the Gu Clan performed, they couldn't change the status of the Moon Clan in the top three. They were only interested in the anonymous man.

But they were certain that both the Mu Clan and the Tang Clan would be very interested in the news as their rankings were one place higher and lower than the Gu Clan's respectively.

Because Zen had accepted Moore's challenge, many people were given hope. So the low-rank True Gods gathered at the gate of Zen's room filled with great passion. To challenge Zen, even the battle for the 100 rankings higher and lower than his had grown intense.

In order to lower their rankings to qualify for challenging Zen, some masters even gave up and admitted defeat to each other.

But much to their disappointment, Zen no longer accepted their challenges and chose his own opponents randomly.

In this way, his opponents had once again become the warriors at his level, making it much easier for him to win—he won over and over again.

On that day, he had four consecutive wins. In total, he had 14 consecutive wins, earning him 112, 000 points. The extra points from winning a single round came up to almost 17, 000.

Meanwhile, the low-rank True Gods in the same rank as Zen usually had over a thousand points—to them, Zen's points made an astronomical figure.

But 112, 000 points was by no means his final goal. According to Joy, he needed at least 1.2 million points to protect the Purple Soul Hall and change the ranking of the Han Clan's Floating Island. Zen still had a long way to go in the Arena of Legends.

On each of the following days, Zen only fought two matches.

Four days later, he had accumulated 22 consecutive wins.

Because of the string of wins, his ranking quickly rose from 500, 000 to the top 10, 000, top 1, 000, and top 100, until he was finally ranked at the 96th.

After the last twenty-second round, his ranking rose directly from the 920th to the 96th. In other words, all the opponents he randomly selected were in the top 200.

These were the best of the low-rank True Gods, as well as the talents among the disciples of powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

It was no surprise that they were all eager to accept Zen's challenge. Whoever defeated the anonymous man would receive a great number of points.

Never did they expect the anonymous man to quietly take his leave from the Hall of True Gods.

Chapter 2268 An Open Battle

The difference between the top two hundred warriors in the Arena of Legends wasn't that large.

There were more than thirty rich clans on the Floating Islands and if each one possessed around five talents, then that would mean a total of 200 talents in the entirety of the Floating Islands.

At this stage, Zen's opponents were now as strong as Moore.

He remembered his battle with him. If Zen hadn't made use of the Ice Soul Flame, then he might've lost that fight.

In order to face off against the top two hundred low-rank True Gods, Zen would have to make use of the Gods Killing Sword Array if he wanted to ensure his victory.

There was still a month and a half before the re-ranking of the Floating Islands and so far, Zen had won twenty-two consecutive times and owned three hundred and seventy thousand points. He wasn't as anxious as he was before and only needed to wait for the last period to win a few more crucial matches.

With this strategy, even if others were to discover that he was from the Han Clan, it would be too late to attack him. This was all well-thought-out by Joy.

However, his sudden departure from the Hall of True Gods left the other talents feeling quite anxious.

Even Laquisha was upset.

The young woman was under a lot of pressure mostly due to the conflict between her and Langston.

Their relationship at the moment was less than ideal but she had to consider the overall situation as a member of the Han Clan. Sometimes, the disciples of the rich clans on the Floating Islands ended up being more helpless than ordinary people.

Laquisha was ranked third among all low-rank True Gods. However she found it difficult to win consecutively and even if she did, she could only get around one thousand points. Such a meagre amount wouldn't be able to change their current situation.

During this time, Pascal spent his days persevering in the Arena of Legends and participating in battles above his level. He challenged a top-rank True God and found it quite challenging given his cultivation of a mid-rank True God.

After three consecutive wins, he was then defeated three consecutive times by other warriors. The top-rank True Gods still had the advantage of flight, which made Pascal suffer while he was fighting with them.

Even without saying anything, Laquisha knew that he did it all for her.

Pascal didn't want to obey the Leng Clan either. He wanted to help her with his own strength. Unfortunately, he might be far too weak to do so.

However, Laquisha still had a chance.

Just recently, an anonymous warrior appeared within the Hall of True Gods and participated in the battles above his level. That warrior won all 22 consecutive fights he took part in and gathered more than 300, 000 points.

After seven or eight more rounds, there was no doubt that his points would reach all the way to a million.

If Laquisha could defeat that anonymous man and take away 90% of his points, she could have as many points as that of a consummate True God. Taking into account the number of people in the Floating Islands, such a feat could help the Han Clan move up one or two places.

Everyone, including Laquisha, expected the anonymous man to win.

However, five days passed and his ranking remained at 96. He no longer participated in any battles which greatly discouraged Laquisha.

She would enter the Jade Wall of Legends almost everyday, wandering around the anonymous man's door.

It wasn't just her. Nelly Mu and Pearl Dongfang, ranked first and second respectively, also waited. Sebastian Zhao, ranked 196th, was also waiting. Everyone who had the qualifications to challenge the anonymous low-rank True God all waited and hoped for a miracle to contribute to their noble clans.

"Is the anonymous man afraid? He hasn't shown up in the Hall of True Gods for five consecutive days."

"He was one of the top 1, 000 warriors in the beginning and he is now ranked 96th. No matter which clan he came from, his 22 consecutive wins and 300, 000 cumulative points could get him everything he could ever possibly want!"

"I guess he knows he isn't that powerful, so he's stopped fighting after getting so many points. I don't think we'll be able to challenge him at this rate. We don't have the time to come here every day. Let's just leave."

The speaker persuaded but, contrary to his words, he stayed. Somewhere deep down, he also hoped that the anonymous man would open the door of his room.

"Have you received any latest news on the anonymous man?" Laquisha asked Marcus Han when she saw him.

Marcus Han was ranked 130th. He was a highly gifted warrior of the Han Clan but Laquisha remained high above him in terms of status and power. He nodded respectfully before answering her question. "There's been no news, Your Highness. However, Moore seems to know something but doesn't want to reveal it!"

Moore was the strongest warrior the anonymous man had encountered so far.

A weaker, low-rank True God might not be able to bring out the anonymous man's real strength, but Moore could.

"The warriors of the Moon Clan are unkind and mean. The rankings of the Floating Islands have nothing to do with them but Moore still refuses to tell us anything!" one of the talents from another rich clan whined.

Even Laquisha had to sigh. Sometimes, she even doubted whether Zen might be the anonymous man.

That young man had shown quite a remarkable strength. He was able to kill Sheridan who was ranked 40th at the time. Despite his victory having something to do with his luck, his performance was still amazing. It was definitely possible for him to make it by means of his own strength.

She had sent a few friends to the Purple Soul Hall to inquire about Zen, but all they told her was that the young man was concentrating on cultivating himself under Joy's tutelage.

Laquisha wanted to go to the Purple Soul Hall herself to see how Zen truly was doing, but he stayed in Joy's palace all the time. She hadn't forgotten Joy's mocking remarks and dared not go to the Purple Soul Hall anymore.

It would be great if Zen was the anonymous man. If he was, then the Han Clan's Floating Island would gain an exorbitant amount of points. However, there was still a chance that it wasn't Zen. There were so many rich clans on the Floating Islands and it was possible for them to also house an amazingly talented warrior.

"I'm getting quite bored waiting for this anonymous man. How about I challenge you, Laquisha?" a frivolous voice shouted over the crowd.

Laquisha raised her head and saw that it was Quentin of the Qin Clan.

He was a core disciple of his clan and the heir of the Holy Emperor. If he hadn't used the Wishing Spell in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, then he would have most probably been in the top ten by now.

The Holy Emperor of the Qin Clan helped Quentin suppress the effects of the Great Wishing Spell and become a low-rank True God. However, the impact on his body was still great. His talent was greatly limited. He was very powerful but he was still only ranked 21st.

Quentin held a grudge against Laquisha since it was her who brought Zen into the Skyland race and made him suffer such a huge loss.

"I'm not interested," she replied coldly.

"You don't want to accept my challenge, Your Highness?" he asked, almost mockingly. "I heard there's something wrong between you and Langston."

Gossip in the clans always spread like wildfire. Quentin was not close to nor had a friendly relationship with Langston, but he still knew about the matter between him and his fiancee. "It was said that a proving godly warrior emerged from your clan and killed Sheridan. I'm wondering if this proving godly warrior is the anonymous man. His name is Thad, right?"

It wasn't just Laquisha who had her suspicions of Zen being the anonymous man.

Many warriors saw Zen kill Sheridan and hurt Langston after all. His strength wasn't really a kept secret.

Since he had the capacity to kill Sheridan, then he most certainly had the qualifications to participate in battles against those with a higher cultivation base than him.

However, Zen's name was never on the ranking list. He just directly participated in the battle anonymously. There were little to no clues offered to mere spectators. Even Quentin could only make his guesses.

"It's possible but I've already sent people to inquire about this matter. Thad seems to be focused on learning the Purple Aura Godly Way from the Demi-holy Being of our Han Clan," Laquisha replied. She wasn't really sure about the current situation, but since she didn't have anything to hide, then there was no need to lie.

"I see!" Quentin replied indifferently. He too was only speculating.

At that moment, a majestic voice suddenly boomed in the Hall of True Gods. "Harold Yu from the Luo Clan is challenging Rachelle Mu from the Mu Clan. Low-rank True Gods can pay 40 points to watch the open battle on-site..."

Chapter 2269 Method Of Activation

As the voice rang throughout the area, Laquisha and the others temporarily froze in surprise.

"Here comes Harold again! He appears every time when the clans' Floating Islands are about to be ranked," Quentin chuckled.

"That's true. He really worked hard to keep the Luo Clan's Floating Island above the Time Sea," agreed a genius from another clan.

"It is said that he has completely controlled the Everest Spirit Mountain, and his skills have probably improved so much--which is bad for Rachelle Mu. Actually, it can be considered as Rachelle paying off the debt for the Mu Clan."

It was known that the ranking of the Floating Islands had changed multiple times in the past few years.

Most of the members of the Luo Clan had died, while the few remaining ones left and hid away in the forbidden lands.

Yet over the years, the Luo Clan's Floating Island never fell into the Time Sea. It still even remained in the third-lowest place among all the wealthy clans, and it was all because of Harold.

Back then when he had left the Time Sea, he had taken away a piece of the Jade Wall of Legends. Then every time the Floating Islands were ranked again, he continuously challenged a few consummate True Gods, and thus obtained enough points to protect the Luo Clan's Floating Island.

In addition, every time the first person he chose was Rachelle.

Back then, it wasn't just the Mu Clan that had destroyed the Luo Clan--the Hall of Holy Beings had also gotten involved. However, Murphy Mu was at the helm, and he was the one who subsequently launched a war in the Evolutionary Universe. Of course, Harold had released his anger on the Mu Clan.

The True Gods went into thousands of battles in the Arena of Legends every day, but what garnered the most attention were the battles between the consummate True Gods.

These consummate True Gods could have tens of thousands, or even millions of points at a time. The results of their battles determined the ranking of their Floating Islands, and that was one of the reasons why the Holy Beings gave so much importance to cultivating their own disciples. While the chances of disciples becoming Holy Beings were very small, they still played an important role.

Now, the battles between the consummate True Gods were usually open battles. Everyone from the Floating Islands could come to the battle site and watch. Warriors had to pay according to their own cultivation level to watch, as the low-rank True Gods needed to pay forty points, mid-rank True Gods needed to pay two hundred points, and top-rank True Gods had to pay six hundred points.

The consummate True Gods all had reached the consummation of some kind of Godly Way, and they often had good comprehensions and strong theurgies beyond way. These True Gods could comprehend a lot from watching the battles, so they would gladly pay to spectate the fights.

Therefore, numerous True Gods had used their points to pay to watch the open battle after the announcement today.

Meanwhile, Zen had been quite relaxed the past few days. During that period, he spent his time thinking about the Infinity Ruler.

The last time he fought against Moore, he learned that strength was not an all-around power in the divine land. It was known that Moore wasn't really an outstanding warrior and was only a little stronger than Sheridan. However, he didn't get to figure out a way around Moore's strange skills.

Moore had employed many weird techniques, especially the Snow Divine Spear activated by the frost marks. Its power had far surpassed the limit of a low-rank True God.

Zen knew that the Snow Godly Way wasn't focused on such kinds of attacks, so he assumed that it must've been combined with the theurgies beyond some other special Godly Ways. If he could've activated the Infinity Ruler at that time, he would've had the confidence to see through the skill's origins and formulate counterattacks. He might even be able to make that powerful method his own.

Unfortunately, it was difficult to survive from that kind of situation, let alone absorb such a kind of theurgy.

The Infinity Ruler remained silent in Zen's mind. During this time, Master Evil was afraid that Joy would know about his existence, so he sealed himself.

Zen had used many methods to activate the Infinity Ruler when it had been stored in his mind. For instance, he had used his own soul to envelop it and injected his own spiritual sense into the Infinity Ruler. He had even led a trace of chaotic energy into his mind, but the jade Infinity Ruler still did not have any reaction.

'The key to activating the Infinity Ruler is in the internal momentum. All kinds of internal momentum of Godly Way, even the internal momentum of theurgy beyond way will activate it.' He sank further into his thoughts. Every time the Infinity Ruler was activated, it was because he absorbed enough internal momentum.

"Up until now, the Infinity Ruler has not yet absorbed the internal momentum of the Emotion Closing Godly Way," he said with a glint in his eyes.

However, he did not intend to bring his Emotion Closing Godly Way into the Infinity Ruler. After all, he mainly cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way, so there was no need to add another Godly Way to the Infinity Ruler. He might be able to absorb all of the Godly Ways into the Infinity Ruler in the future, but now he was not in a hurry.

After he thought about it for a few more days, an idea suddenly occurred to him. He felt like he'd finally found the answer to his problem.

'Can the internal momentum of the Emotion Closing Godly Way activate the Infinity Ruler?

What if I activate it, and then disperse the internal momentum quickly?'

It obviously was not a good method but then again, his father didn't teach him how to use the Infinity Ruler. He even didn't know what its real power was, but he thought he could have a try.

With that thought in mind, he quickly closed his eyes. Then, a faint golden light flashed from his soul.

"Forget myself!"

When he opened his eyes again, his eyes were as calm as a still river without any emotion in them.

But now, he was in Joy's palace. Although the Demi-holy Being was trustworthy, he was still reluctant to reveal his forbidden way of cultivation. Thus, he had to restrain his momentum to the maximum.

At that moment, threads of internal momentum leaked out from his soul and slowly spread across his mind.

"Did it work?" he muttered.

He had always kept an eye on the changes to the Infinity Ruler. If he hadn't been in the state of emotion closing, he would've looked as if he was expecting something. However, he was emotionless now. His face was devoid of any joy or sadness.

Buzz...

A ray of light suddenly glowed along the edge of the Infinity Ruler. The light constantly swam around the scales, and then eventually stopped at its end.

"The Emotion Closing Godly Way is ranked at the end of the 3000 Godly Ways?"

He knew that every single Godly Way corresponded to a scale on the Infinity Ruler. Furthermore, the position of each Godly Way's scale seemed to have been prescribed, and they weren't arranged in the same order as his absorption of those Godly Ways. Now, the golden light had stopped at the end of the Infinity Ruler, which was where the position of the Emotion Closing Godly Way should be.

Just then, the scale began to absorb the internal momentum he had released. At the same time, he felt his eyes burn as two golden rings glowed around his pupils.

"It's done!" he exclaimed.

After that, the first thing he did was to absorb back all the internal momentum in his mind.

He did so because he wanted to activate the Infinity Ruler by the Emotion Closing Godly Way, but he didn't really want to let the Infinity Ruler absorb the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

The golden rings in his eyes still shone even after he had retrieved all the internal momentum of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. The golden rings allowed him to see his surroundings normally, but once he saw other beings' internal momentum of the Godly Ways, he could quickly see through their mystery and absorb them into the Infinity Ruler.

He couldn't believe it. His inadvertent attempt actually worked!

His face was twisted into ecstasy after he freed himself from the state of emotion closing. Through such a method, he could easily solve many problems he had encountered and be more unrestrained in comprehending the internal momentum used by other True Gods.

The rings in his eyes lasted for about five minutes before they slowly dimmed.

The moment the light was gone, Joy's voice slowly cut into the silence.

When Zen heard the sudden voice, he thought that Joy had noticed what he just did. Nervousness coursed through his body as Joy said, "Harold is going to challenge Rachelle. It's an open battle. You can watch the battle after you enter the Jade Wall of Legends."

"Harold!" Zen exclaimed with raised brows. Harold was the one who had taken away Zen's sister back in the Central Region.

Back then, he was able to catapult Zen several hundred miles away with the power of just one finger.

At that time, Zen secretly swore that he would definitely defeat that guy one day.

He never expected that this young man was his father's chief disciple, Harold Yu!

"Wasn't the Floating Island of the Luo Clan destroyed? Why could he enter the Arena of Legends to challenge Rachelle?" he asked. He was very confused, but Joy just gave him that one message then kept silent, and did not answer his question.

In any case, he didn't wait any longer and rushed into the Jade Wall of Legends.

Soon enough, he reached his destination and paid 40 points to enter a huge world.

A bloody red setting sun hung at the edge of the world, which seemed to be washed over with blood. It even had a salty, coppery smell as well.

Although it was a made-up space, everything in it looked absolutely real.

"So many people..." Zen whispered helplessly. Everywhere he looked was filled with spectators. He saw countless proving godly warriors, low-rank True Gods, and mid-rank True Gods at a single glance.

Just when the anonymous man had arrived, all the spectators immediately paid attention to Zen.

Chapter 2270 Challenge Accepted

There were different expressions on the faces of the low-rank True Gods as they looked on at Zen.

Some admired Zen for his performances while some looked on warily.

"Is him the anonymous man?"

"He has not even proven a Godly Way, and yet he ranks ninety-sixth!"

"What's important is that he defeated Moore. We are well aware of Moore's strength. Moore is most likely to enter among the top ten. And this anonymous man defeated him!"

"You mean to say that this anonymous man is likely to enter the top ten then? How many points will he accumulate then?"

"……"

The participants of this open battle were yet to make their appearances, but Zen already seemed to be the crowd's favorite.

Apart from the low-rank True Gods, even the mid-rank and top-rank True Gods seemed to be interested in Zen. After all, all these clans were investigating the background of the anonymous man, and they had already heard of him before.

Laquisha also noticed him. She bypassed the crowd and tried to get closer to Zen.

It was the first time she saw this famous anonymous man.

Zen's face was in a blurry state, and so she could not really make out his features. Moreover, his Redemption Armor had also been changed to a different hue.

Laquisha continued to stare at Zen. She felt a familiar feeling tugging at her from inside, but she could not quite place it. If it was really Zen, she would not be able to confirm in front of so many people.

Zen boldly smiled knowingly, as he looked at Laquisha's bewildered pretty face, since no one could see his expression.

Laquisha was fully aware that everyone was staring at them as she said politely, "Nice to meet you. The anonymous man."

"What's the matter?" He lowered his voice so that his voice could be deeper. It was easy to change his voice.

"In the Hall of True Gods, can you accept my challenge?" Laquisha said in a soft voice. Anyone who challenged the anonymous man was to earn his points, but Laquisha tried to be as sincere as she could.

Zen smiled even more when he saw Laquisha's earnest and careful face.

However, before Zen could answer, a woman wearing a black suit so tight that it seemed like her second skin, walked towards him quickly. She had black hair that was tied into a pony tail, complete with bangs in the front. Her beautiful and dignified face was brimming with infinite vitality, emitting a strong aura.

As she walked, the people around stepped aside. She glanced at Laquisha indifferently, almost with a look of disdain in her eyes. "You have already been defeated by me. Please don't embarrass yourself again."

"You!" Laquisha frowned at the lady. The so called 'defeat' happened 3 months ago. She and the woman were evenly matched in strength, so she tried to challenge her again. But the woman always refused to fight with her on the pretext of not fighting with 'losers'. Laquisha also unfortunately never encountered her again in any of the random battles.

The woman really didn't bother about Laquisha's turmoil of emotions. She stared straight at Zen and said, "Are you the anonymous man who won twenty-two battles consecutively?"

Zen glanced at her and nodded, "Yes, that would be me."

"After the open battle, you will have to accept my challenge," the woman said in an commanding tone as she continued to stare at Zen.

Zen met far too many rude people, to really care much about her tone. He just asked indifferently, "Why should I?"

On the other side, Laquisha looked coldly at the woman. She totally despised her overbearing nature.

"If you win, I'll give you a high-quality supreme primordial weapon," the woman said, confident that Zen would not be able to refuse her.

Her words also caused an uproar among the low-rank True Gods around her.

There were a great number of supreme primordial weapons in the divine land, but most of them were of inferior quality. And the supreme primordial weapons that could be called 'high-quality', were very few. To top it, they were kept only by the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands.

It was generous and little unusual for the woman to bet on a high-quality supreme primordial weapon.

"The real strength of that anonymous man has not been tested yet. After all, nobody can deny that Moore lost to him. Nelly must be really confident to place such a bet."

"It's very normal for her to have that kind of confidence. After all she ranks first among the low-rank True Gods."

"Nelly Mu is always so strong."

Laquisha sighed in her heart. She did not have the same courage nor the confidence as Nelly Mu. She could not help but step back two steps. Although she was extremely talented, she lacked in personality. It seemed that there was no chance now for her to challenge the anonymous man. She could only secretly hope that she would encounter him later in the random battles.

'Nelly Mu of the Mu Clan.'

Zen's eyes narrowed as he tried to place her identity.

Currently, Zen had shifted all his hatred towards Murphy Mu. However, he had gotten the news from Wynn, Holy Jay and Laquisha that the murder of his father couldn't be just Murphy's doing alone.

At this stage, Zen was still unclear about the disputes in the past. But, he was very clear about his intentions towards Murphy. After all, it was him who had initiated a war in the Evolutionary Universe.

"A piece of high-quality supreme primordial weapon? I'm afraid that is not enough!" Zen said with a smirk.

Nelly's eyes suddenly became cold as she said, "Not enough?"

Zen shook his head and chuckled. "If I keep winning the battles continuously with the low-rank True Gods, the points that I accumulate will be equivalent to a consummate True God's. I can change the rankings of some Floating Islands at that time. Think about it. Isn't it too good a deal for a clan to use only one high-quality supreme primordial weapon to raise its ranking?"

When they heard that Nelly offered a high-quality supreme primordial weapon to challenge Zen before, all the low-rank True Gods present thought that it was a good deal for Zen. But now, Zen totally changed their perception and realized it would be good deal for Nelly.

It would be very worthwhile to spend a piece of high-quality supreme primordial weapon, in order to improve the ranking of the Floating Island.

"You..." Hearing this, Nelly was not that easily persuaded. She was slightly stunned and then sneered, "Are you so confident that you will win all the time? If you continue to choose your opponents randomly and meet me somehow, I can still defeat you and end your winning streak?"

If at all he lost, Zen would lose ninety percent of the points he got from the extra rewards.

"Are you sure you can beat me?" Zen asked.

Hearing Zen's words, Nelly's vigorous eyes flashed as she said, "I have seen many men as rampant as you. I'd like to see the look of despair in you when you are trampled by me! Since you said that was not enough, then what more do you want? Just name it."

Zen thought for a while and said, "Three second-rank supreme primordial weapons."

"My, aren't you greedy?!" Nelly sneered coldly, but she still nodded and said, "I accept."

"I will decide the time to challenge you, but I promise the time will be before the re-ranking of the Floating Islands," Zen added.

"Okay," said Nelly as she raised her head.

"If I win, you can give her the three second-rank supreme primordial weapons," Zen said, pointing towards Laquisha in the corner.

"What?!"

A green light flashed in Nelly's eyes, that contained infinite life energy. She stared at Laquisha with a very spiteful expression.

Laquisha was shocked too, hearing Zen's condition. She never thought that the anonymous man would suddenly mention her. 'What is going on, ' she thought.

"Why the hell should I give them to her? She is a total nobody! Are you from the Han Clan?" Nelly asked looking at Zen furiously.

Currently, she was the most eye-catching low-rank True God among the younger generation. In fact Nelly and Laquisha were the two most talented girls in the Floating Islands.

The two girls had their own advantages. Nelly was straightforward and lively, while Laquisha had a gentle and sober personality. It was inevitable that people would compare the two girls to each other. Moreover, Nelly was extremely proud and arrogant, and she did not even consider Laquisha as her equal. She did not like it at all when others compared her with Laquisha.

"You can keep guessing whether I'm a disciple of the Han Clan or not," Zen said indifferently. "This is the condition. It is up to you whether you want to accept the deal or not."

Last time, Zen had bet on 550 divine might coins with Moore.

As a result, after Zen had defeated Moore, that slimy fellow had disappeared. With Zen's current identity as the anonymous man, it was impossible for him to go to the Moon Clan's Floating Island.

Even if he defeated Nelly, his identity still couldn't be revealed, so it would be better to hand over the stake to Laquisha.

As for whether or not he was a disciple of the Han Clan, they could keep guessing for eternity.

Nelly coldly glanced at Laquisha. What Zen asked of her was undoubtedly a great humiliation, but in order to challenge Zen, she gritted her teeth and agreed.

"I'm glad to hear that," Zen replied with a nod. He then walked over to Laquisha and asked with a smile, "Did you just say that you wanted to challenge me?"

Laquisha didn't know what had happened. She was still in a daze, but since the anonymous man asked her, she nodded and replied, "Yes."

"After I defeat that woman, I will accept your challenge," Zen continued with a smile.

"What?" For some reason, Laquisha was a little nervous in front of the anonymous man. "But I can't afford three supreme primordial weapons."

Laquisha actually could afford it, but she was unwilling to do so.

"Oh! Don't worry about it. I will not ask for anything if you lose." Zen laughed strangely.

In meantime, Nelly was fuming with rage.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2271 The Strength Of The Consummate True Gods

It was clear to everyone that the anonymous man didn't care one bit about the three supreme primordial weapons.

It was obvious that he had a strong grudge against Nelly and was trying to irritate her on purpose.

Nelly, on the other hand, who had noticed his partiality for Laquisha, was now in a bad mood.

"But... I don't think that's a good idea." Laquisha was surprised at this, having not expected what was happening.

"I will accept your challenge if you will accept my condition," Zen said.

"Of course," Laquisha said, her lips curving into a lovely grin and eyes wandering to Nelly.

Laquisha's mocking was the last straw for Nelly and her irritation showed on her countenance. Zen's attitude towards her was nothing more than provocation and insult. But she knew that it was improper for her to vent her anger at Laquisha. So she rushed over to Zen and demanded an answer from him, "What is the meaning of all this discrimination against me?"

Zen merely raised his head and gazed into the distance, not bothering to pay any attention to Nelly. He just pointed into the distance and said, "The battle begins!"

In the distance, the shadow of a slender figure lengthened as it moved in the blood red wilderness. It belonged to a petite woman.

She was dressed in a blood red robe and walked slowly along the vast wilderness. A strong killing intent emanated off of her. Zen could feel the threat of death across the vast distance that separated them.

Her killing intent was like a sharp knife, pressing against everyone's hearts. With just a glance, the knife could pierce through their hearts and take their lives.

"Rachelle Mu. So this is the aura of a consummate True God?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

Joy was a Demi-holy Being and had an aura that was completely different from that of Rachelle's. Zen didn't think that Joy's aura was more powerful than Rachelle's.

"It's Rachelle!"

"What a strong killing intent! Her cultivation of the Murdering Godly Way is already perfect and it is said that she has also grasped three other theurgies beyond the Murdering Godly Way. It seems that she has made a lot more progress!"

"But will she still be defeated brutally by Harold this year?"

Since the destruction of the Luo Clan's Floating Island, Harold challenged Rachelle every year, and every year, he would ruthlessly defeat her.

It was strange that Rachelle never turned down Harold's challenges when she had the option. According to the rules, consummate True Gods only needed to complete one open battle before the new ranking was determined. She only needed to challenge another consummate True God before Harold could challenge her.

But Rachelle kept fighting him and continued to lose against him. It looked like she was willing to take him up on his challenge every single time. This resulted in a rumor on the Floating Islands that this precious girl of the Mu Clan was a born masochist. She would be happy even if Harold cruelly defeated her every single time.

"That's my elder sister!" Nelly said, smiling proudly as she glanced at Zen to see if he had registered what she had said.

Nelly was a dignified True God but she was still a woman. Minutes ago, Zen's obvious partiality towards Laquisha had made her madly jealous, and now, she wanted to prove herself to him. She was proud of her sister and took this opportunity to remind him that Rachelle was her older sister.

But Zen didn't respond to her. Instead, his gaze wandered over to the other side where a young man stood opposite Rachelle. Harold.

"So I finally see you again," Zen muttered as he stared at Harold.

"What did you say?" Nelly asked, trying to pay close attention to the anonymous man beside her.

"I wasn't talking to you!" Zen snapped at her.

"How dare you!" Nelly said, her eyebrows rising angrily. She had never before met someone who dared ignore her to this extent. She was so angry, she could swallow him whole.

A big smile adorned Laquisha's face. She didn't know if the anonymous man was Zen, but she was happy that he had helped her vent her frustration on Nelly.

In contrast to Rachelle, who was looking murderous, Harold remained calm.

He looked unruffled, as if nothing in the world could ever affect him.

Zen had felt this kind of aura when he had first seen Harold. At the time, he hadn't understood how powerful it was. He had only gotten the vague impression that the entire great world was afraid of him.

"Harold looks so mysterious all the time!"

"He has taken control of the Everest Spirit Mountain. It is said that even the Holy Beings couldn't defeat him. Rachelle will be a piece of cake for him."

"Don't talk nonsense. Don't you know that the power of the Everest Spirit Mountain cannot be used inside the Jade Wall of Legends? Besides, Rachelle has made great progress. Everyone has watched her open battle with Walton. It is said that she still retains her strength!"

Other than the two people in the distance, Zen's attention was also paid on what the others were talking about. He was unfamiliar with the divine land, and he needed to get as much information as he could.

It was then that Harold spoke. "Pleasure to meet you again. This is the sixteenth battle between us, if I remember correctly."

Prior to this, Rachelle had lost to him fifteen times.

It was hard for others to imagine that with her level of arrogance, Rachelle had managed to endure so many failures.

"I will not lose to you this time," she said calmly.

Harold smiled noncommittally and said, "Every time I earn my points from you, I'm overwhelmed with guilt."

The True Gods began to whisper among themselves at Harold's words.

"What an obvious lie!"

"Everyone knows that he has a terrible relationship with the Mu Clan."

"In fact, the Luo Clan has been completely destroyed, and there is no possibility for them to rise again. Then why is Harold so persistent?"

Many people thought that Harold was an outstanding warrior.

If he gave up acting against the Mu Clan and the Hall of Holy Beings, and gave up rescuing his master Mike, he might even be given the title of a Holy Being in the future. Or he could even establish his own clan on a Floating Island above the Time Sea.

"No possibility to rise again, right?" Zen muttered, rage flashing in his eyes. He clenched his fists as the image of the devastated Floating Island of the Luo Clan crossed his mind, and fury rose from the bottom of his heart. One day, he would revitalize their Floating Island and look down upon every large clan that was present.

Right now, he was just a nobody who needed to hide his name. Any large clan was a great force that remained beyond his reach. He still needed to hide himself well and move forward carefully.

"You don't have to feel sorry," Rachelle said nonchalantly. "I will take back all the points."

Saying thus, she raised her hands, two rays of light flashing around them before two weapons appeared in her hands. In her right hand was a short silver machete with an arc-shaped blade. The thick, broad blade was emitting a faint blue light, and inside the blue light, was a narrow line of golden Sanskrit. In her left hand was a short sword that looked rather ordinary.

Harold leisurely put his left hand behind his back, while the fingers of his right hand continued to move, as if he was calculating something. He didn't pull out any weapon but merely said, "Let's begin."

Rachelle's eyes flashed. She moved towards Harold in one big stride and the redness in her eyes spread along her cheeks to the back, leaving two blood-red tracks behind her.

She was incredibly fast!

Rachelle quickly approached him, as if she was moving like the wind. She silently drew an arc in the air with the short machete in her right hand.

Harold was rigid as wood and moved stiffly but numbly to the other side, easily avoiding the slash. The arc in the air began to expand, and before long, it had grown into one that was a thousand feet wide. Once it had fully activated the energy contained within it, it created a wave of blood red power that stretched to the end of the wilderness before dissipating.

"This slash alone has such great power! The entire power of this attack had condensed in her machete from the very beginning!" Zen said wondrously, stunned as he watched the monstrous wave of blood-red power. This was the first time he had watched a battle between two consummate True Gods.

Chapter 2272 An Unprecedented Body Refining Technique

Rachelle held a short machete in one hand and a short sword in the other. She resembled a gazelle in her stance and fighting technique, quick and nimble.

Harold had avoided all of Rachelle's attacks with the simplest moves; he had been able to predict her moves as if he was able to foresee everything.

They had faced each other in battle so many times before, and every fight ended in a life-and-death situation between them. They were very familiar with each other's personalities and fighting styles.

But in this particular fight, Harold was much calmer and more focused. He dodged everything, ignoring all of Rachelle's attacks. It seemed that he was confident he wouldn't get hurt at all.

Splash!

Each cut of Rachelle's short machete triggered a terrible blood wave that spurted and scattered across the vast space. It was as if the very space bled with each stroke of the machete gliding through the air.

The disciples of wealthy clans on the Floating Islands were awed at what was unfolding in front of their eyes. A scene like this was very rare, and only during an open battle between two consummate True Gods were they able to witness something like this.

Zen, on the other hand, was tired of it. After all, he had witnessed much more terrifying effects of battles between Supreme Lords when he was in the Evolutionary Universe; this fight was not a big deal compared to that.

However, it should be recalled that the Evolutionary Universe was still the inner world of Holy Mike, and it shouldn't be compared with the divine land.

It was easy for those Supreme Lords to destroy a supreme world in the universe, but it was a hard task for them to turn a mountain upside down in the divine land.

The exchange of blows between Rachelle and Harold was gaining speed at an alarming rate. The two of them rapidly circled in the air, launching from the ground. Without any warning, she disappeared from behind him and suddenly reappeared above his head. In an instant, a bright red blade radiance slashed down on him.

"Space travel..." Zen's lips were pressed into a thin line.

Perhaps Harold was not expecting this move from Rachelle, or he might have had deficiencies in his cultivation. As she slashed downward from above him, he had no time to dodge the attack.

Momentary surprise flickered in Harold's eyes. Unexpected by everyone, he grabbed Rachelle's blade radiance in his fingers.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

How awe-inspiring the power of blade radiance was!

When Harold was able to constantly avoid Rachelle's blade radiance earlier, its power just transformed into billowing waves of frost and dissipated immediately. But now, as he caught the blade radiance in his hand, its power poured forth, and he had difficulty fighting against it.

Dark blue light radiated from Harold's hand. With the protection provided by the light, he forcefully pulverized Rachelle's blade radiance into pieces. However, his facial expression turned much more serious. He retreated and traveled quickly through space, as if he wanted to put as much distance as possible between himself and her.

"Do you feel strange?" Rachelle smiled smugly, like a cat about to kill its prey. "Did your calculations fail you?"

His head down, Harold kept clenching and unclenching his fingers. A strange look appeared in his eyes. "Well, I might have been wrong in some of my calculations."

Zen did not react with anything when he heard this exchange. He wasn't able to understand the meaning behind the conversation at all, but it raised a huge uproar when the audience heard it.

"I can't believe that Harold calculated something wrong!"

"How could it be possible? He had fought Rachelle for so many times already, and he didn't calculate anything wrong in the past!"

"Has the Mu Clan created some powerful method for Rachelle to be able to interfere with the accuracy of Harold's calculations?"

"Wasn't it said that the cultivator of the Evolution Godly Way could calculate anything even through chaos? It seems that Harold can't even calculate and predict Rachelle's attack. He's going to lose."

Something clicked in Zen's mind after he had heard these words. He finally understood something that had been bothering him for a long time.

How could Harold defeat Rachelle fifteen times in a row?

He had used the Evolution Godly Way!

Mike was the first to completely comprehend the Evolution Godly Way; his name became the first one that was engraved on its Godly Way Tablet.

After Mike became a Holy Being because of his use of the Evolution Godly Way, many people flocked to the tablet of the Evolution Godly Way as they also hoped to comprehend it. However, very few people were truly able to comprehend it; the Evolution Godly Way was too convoluted. It was very difficult to comprehend, and even harder to use once it was comprehended.

Mike brought people's attention to the Evolution Godly Way and became a Holy Being because of it. However, only a handful of people really knew where he had gone to with the Evolution Godly Way. It was very rare for Holy Beings to fight against each other in the divine land.

By contrast, the Evolution Godly Way that was used by Harold was more familiar to the True Gods.

He calculated a number of factors that could affect the outcome of the fight. These included the opponent's height, cultivation level, strength, even the direction of the light and other environmental factors. He was able to predict all kinds of possibilities with one hand, and could even calculate the opponent's next move with the Evolution Godly Way.

Rachelle, on the other hand, had cultivated the Murdering Godly Way to the maximum level. Her own strength was nothing to be looked down upon. In the entire divine land, excluding the Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings who were stronger than her, no consummate True Gods had the confidence to say that they could win against her.

However, Harold had already won against her fifteen times using his Evolution Godly Way.

Every time she made a move, Harold could calculate and predict her next move through the way she blinked, her heartbeat, her involuntary actions, and so on. He had never made a mistake before.

His ability was revered as a miracle by the countless True Gods in the divine land. They had never seen anyone use the Evolution Godly Way the way Harold used it.

Someone even speculated that Harold could foretell the future using the Evolution Godly Way. The reason why he had stayed in the Everest Spirit Mountain and didn't change his side in the war was that he had a premonition about the future of the Luo Clan. He helped the Luo Clan unremittingly, as he predicted that sooner or later, Mike would be brought back to life.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that Harold was already able to calculate everyone's capabilities. But it would be outrageous to say that he could really foresee the future of the divine land.

If a leaf fell from the tree, one could know where the leaf would land in the end if the height of the branch and the intensity of the wind were known. Even without using the Evolution Godly Way, some gifted True Gods could do that.

However, in the divine land, there were countless True Gods and divine citizens. There were also a multitude of variables that should be considered. No matter how powerful the Evolution Godly Way was, it was impossible to calculate and predict the future of the divine land.

But that wasn't important now. Harold had calculated something wrong for the first time in the battle with Rachelle.

"I'm glad that your calculations were off," Rachelle told him with a smug look on her face. "Let that tattered Floating Island of the Luo Clan sink into the Time Sea this time. It's really annoying."

As soon as she finished speaking, Rachelle suddenly launched herself into the air. Little rays of blood-red light faintly glowed and enveloped her entire body. Then, in the blink of an eye, she disappeared from Harold's sight again.

Harold's left index finger was constantly being pinned under the clasp of his thumb, and the little finger popped out. As he was calculating, his expression became even more dire, as if he could not really calculate his opponent's next move.

"Since you already know you are unable to calculate my movements, it would be pointless to waste any more energy in trying," Rachelle said in the void.

As soon as she finished her statement, a thick ray of blood-red light appeared in the air. Rachelle's figure materialized on the other side, and a part of the blood light extended towards Harold's chest.

Puff!

By the time the blood radiance had dissipated, another shocking wound had appeared in Harold's chest. His body had been cut open almost in half, leaving only a sliver of flesh connecting the two parts of his body.

"Oh my God! Harold has been cut in half by Rachelle!"

"I've told you, the reason why Rachelle lost to Harold so many times before was because of the Evolution Godly Way. If we would consider their real strength, it would appear that Harold is not stronger than her!"

"I thought Harold was going to defeat his opponent easily. I spent all my money betting on him!"

Looking upon this scene, Zen also appeared a bit worried. Although Harold wouldn't actually die, would the Luo Clan's Floating Island fall into the Time Sea because of his failure?

Harold's face was still calm. He extended his hand and gently pressed the wound in his chest; his broken body quickly merged into one. The shocking wound eventually disappeared.

Harold then said in a stern voice, "The Floating Island of Luo Clan won't fall into the Time Sea. I had already defeated you for 15 times before you knew how to deal with my Deduction Technique. It must be those damned old men from the Hall of Holy Beings who put you up for this. You wouldn't have come up with these ideas on your own. In that case, I can let you and the old men of the Hall of Holy Beings watch as I tear up your bodies and trample on your Floating Islands in the future!"

His shoulders suddenly trembled, and the clothes at the back of his shoulders suddenly expanded. In addition, his chest, thighs, and almost every part of his body began to swell up. Everyone watched this scene with curiosity and trepidation; even Zen was stunned speechless.

In the blink of an eye, the frail and weak young man transformed into a tall, muscular man. His clothes were ripped into pieces, and the veins on his muscles stood out prominently.

"The strength source is flowing in his blood vessels instead of blood. How is he able to do it?" As he saw the situation, Zen was also astounded.

A True God's strength was not determined by the size of his muscles, but by the strength source itself. It seemed that Harold had displayed a new body refining technique that was yet unheard of in the divine land.

Chapter 2273 Three Punches

Across the entire divine land, no one placed much value on body refining skills. Even the Might Godly Way wasn't truly welcomed here.

The conservative True Gods were still focused on condensing the Godly Tile in a traditional way, in an attempt to attain the consummation of True God Realm and become Holy Beings.

This was a path that had been tried, tested and proved by countless True Gods. It was true that ever since the ancient times, only a few people had been capable of standing at its peak, but this remained a successful path.

That said, this world certainly didn't lack warriors who could take the lead to a new path. At the time, Mike had cultivated the Evolution Godly Way alone and created the Evolutionary Universe. However, there were only very few people like Mike. The paths that were yet to be discovered by people were filled with unknown fog, and some of them even had a huge pit. One could only imagine the difficulty of crossing them.

Just like the Primal Chaos Technique that Zen had cultivated, until now, it had been difficult for him to condense a Godly Tile. If it wasn't for the strange mud, Zen probably still wouldn't have any clue.

The crowd surrounding Zen started whispering, a low hum spreading throughout the group.

"I can't believe that Harold used such a strange body refining skill," someone murmured.

"It's completely beyond the Eight Path Platforms and the Nine Divine Stars. What the hell is this strength source? How can it replace blood?" someone else said, completely dumbfounded.

"That isn't what Harold would do. Isn't he good at calculating the opponent's flaws and killing them in the simplest way?"

To anyone who knew Harold, he was considered to be one of the most modest and quiet.

When the Luo Clan's Floating Island had been destroyed, Harold had left without saying a single word. When he turned his head to take a final look, his tender eyes were filled with reluctance, and then he disappeared from the wealthy clans' sight. For a long time, he had even been forgotten by plenty.

It was also throughout that period of time that the Luo Clan's Floating Island's ranking had dropped significantly.

Just when the wealthy clans thought that the Luo Clan's Floating Island would sink into the Time Sea by the next time's ranking, Harold strangely appeared in the Arena of Legends. Using his own strength alone, he had nearly shouldered the entire Luo Clan's Floating Island.

Following such, the Luo Clan's Floating Island had been fixed in the third place to last. In other words, it hadn't fallen, not even one place, and it managed to maintain the position for many, many years.

All this was thanks to a man's loyalty and tenacity.

But today, for some reason, he came forth presenting his muscles to all the True Gods for the very first time.

The muscles all over his body were wildly bulged, radiating the beauty of power. That said, his head hadn't changed at all. It seemed rather incongruous to have a huge and thick body combined with a small head.

When Rachelle saw this scene, she jumped backward, somewhat subconsciously. Her figure seemed to have traveled through space three times in a row. With a distance of several thousand feet, she stared strenuously at Harold.

Rachelle, on her behalf, felt very pleased to mislead Harold's Deduction Technique.

All this time, Rachelle had always thought that her strength was above that of Harold. It wasn't that she didn't stand a chance against him, but more that her moves were all exposed to Harold through his Deduction Technique.

Despite Harold's techniques, her Blood Condensing Machete and Mortal Dust Sword were both first-rank supreme primordial weapons.

Over time, she had understood more and more about the Murdering Godly Way. In fact, she had come quite close to comprehending the ultimate killing method.

Despite everything she had acquired, she still hardly came close to breaking the Deduction Technique.

Today was a different story. Today, she had succeeded in breaking the Deduction Technique! Since Harold had no way of fighting against her, she had decided to return all the previous humiliation to him, thus kicking away the biggest block remaining in her heart.

It had never occurred to her that she would have unknowingly unleashed a freak that she couldn't even understand herself. Right now though, she was feeling the sense of danger that Harold brought with him, even stronger than that of a few Holy Beings.

Simultaneously, Harold kept staring at Rachelle with his mild eyes. Despite everything that was going on, his eyes were still full of warmness, which generally made people feel at ease and comfortable. Even so, a chill gushed out of Rachelle's heart. Harold said to her, "I truly apologize for what I'm about to do. Please forgive me."

As soon as Harold finished speaking, he disappeared into thin air.

The spatial transference of the consummate True God was very different from Zen's understanding of the Grand Teleportation and space traveling in the universe. It barely had any signs, nor was there the so-called space fluctuation. On other words, once the consummate True Gods were on the move, their speed was faster.

As soon as Harold disappeared, Rachelle rushed forward with her arms spread wide. Although she couldn't use the Evolution Godly Way nor the Deduction Technique, she knew that she had to be very quick with her next step.

The very moment she stretched her arms outward, she began to spin in the air, as though a bloody whirlwind or tornado was carrying her upward into the air.

Crack! Crack!

At the same time, Harold suddenly appeared behind Rachelle. As she had expected, he was already grabbing at her with one hand. Seeing that Harold's movements were exactly what she had imagined they'd be, she felt absolutely delighted.

Through the sharpness of her Blood Condensing Machete and her Mortal Dust Sword, as well as through her Murdering Godly Way and ultimate killing intent, she planned to chop Harold into bits and pieces.

Despite her intentions, she had forgotten that Harold could still deduce her every move.

At that very moment though, she no longer resisted Harold's Deduction Technique. Harold could nearly hear every word she cried out hysterically and even her counter-attack.

Unexpectedly, Harold's right hand pierced through the whirlwind made by Rachelle and he grabbed onto her waist.

Rachelle was very thin and fragile. His hand easily encircled her entire wrist without even trying.

Her size, in comparison to his, didn't matter because her reaction was quick. In the face of an extremely disadvantageous situation, she suddenly became very serene and calm. In just the blink of an eye, bloody red scales began to appear all over her body.

In order to win against Harold, she had overly prepared herself. Because he was so willing to fight against her face to face, she no longer had to hide anything from him at all.

The Murdering Godly Way's most powerful characteristic was its direct attack. There were barely any True Gods who were willing to fight against a True God who cultivated the Murdering Godly Way.

The sanity in Rachelle's pupils completely disappeared. Simultaneously, her cinnabar field also extended countless tentacles, consistently spreading throughout her body. Wherever the tentacles passed and grazed, her body structures changed accordingly. For anyone looking in, all they could see was Rachelle's body becoming covered in dark red scales.

"What kind of theurgy is this?! No such a theurgy exists in the Murdering Godly Way," someone exclaimed.

"Judging from the scales, she seems to have a holy evil body, but I've never seen such a strange one ever before."

"She has combined at least three types of Godly Ways. I haven't expected that Rachelle is so powerful now. Her clan has really placed great hopes on her," a voice replied.

For those who were watching this open battle today, they had all imagined that the same thing would repeat itself. To their surprise though, what they saw was completely different from what they had expected. Both sides displayed their unique skills and especially, those that the others had never seen before.

Nelly stared at her sister in the distance, clenching her fists tightly. She didn't expect that her sister would demonstrate her ultimate skill so quickly.

Nelly remembered that her father had once said this move could keep her alive for a short period of time. Within it, she would be almost invincible.

Just as the idea flashed in Nelly's mind though, the scene that played out before her eyes made her change her mind.

At the same time, with a colorful glow gleaming on his right arm, Harold grabbed Rachelle with his left hand and waved his right fist just inches away from her face.

There was a certain drawback in using the strength source, which was that one couldn't completely integrate the strength source into their own body.

Harold though, seemed to have a better understanding of the Might Godly Way as well as the body refining skills.

This was even beyond a Holy Being's vision.

Even Rachelle's ultimate skill, which was claimed to be invincible, couldn't currently bare the Might Godly Way.

Bang!

He thrust his fist forward and the punch landed on Rachelle. Dark spikes spread out around Rachelle's body. These spikes were ripples caused by the space shock, which actually spread out for dozens of miles.

Crack! Crack!

Rachelle's body, on the other hand, had been strengthened to a terrifying state. After being punched, her body didn't disassemble in the least. Only countless cracks appeared on her skin as she began to fall downward at high speeds.

As she fell down by twenty to thirty feet, Harold once again appeared just below Rachelle.

Bang!

With the huge space ripples spreading further and further, the second punch hit Rachelle straight on and most of the bloody red scales on her body flew off and disappeared.

Boom!

When Harold threw his third punch forward, the scales on Rachelle's body completely dissipated, and in front of all the onlookers, her body did the same. There were only huge black ripples that continued to spread, as if the space shocks that were created by Harold were too strong and they would now spread forever amidst this fake space.

Harold raised his head and looked out at the spectators, who stood silently watching him. He didn't care about the win. On the contrary, he had more important things to do today.

Chapter 2274 A Hint

Harold pondered for a moment and then said, "After this re-ranking of the Floating Islands, the members of the Zhao Clan, the Liu Clan, the Qin Clan, the Mu Clan, the Tang Clan, the Leng Clan and the Dongfang Clan are strictly not allowed to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain."

His voice sounded very calm.

However, this caused a stir among the True Gods present there.

"What are you saying? That's impossible!"

"Why can't we enter the Everest Spirit Mountain?"

"Harold, are you out of your mind? Your mere words can't stop us from entering the mountain. What a joke!"

The True Gods of all the ranks were visibly upset with Harold's decision.

They were not convinced at all and believed that they had every right to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain.

On the contrary, members of other clans, such as the Han Clan and the Zhou Clan were undeterred by this decision. They were secretly pleased instead.

The forbidden lands meant a great deal to the powerful clans on the Floating Islands as they provided them with a foundation to gain a foothold.

The forbidden lands consisted of the massive divine might coins and rare mineral resources. Over the years, the powerful clans had explored thoroughly the forbidden lands, and the competition was fierce among them. Their disciples would fight with each other every time the forbidden lands were opened. Although the safety of anyone who went there wasn't guaranteed, all the clans and the True Gods went there without much hesitation.

The Everest Spirit Mountain was one of the four great forbidden lands, and it wasn't as dangerous as the rest of the forbidden lands.

The Soul Wilderness was quite mysterious and changeable as far as the four forbidden lands were concerned, and the Swirl Forest was full of fierce animals. The Abyss Demon Region was the most dangerous one. There was a slim chance of survival even for the top-rank True Gods who went there. It was quite common for the consummate True Gods and the Demi-holy Beings to die there.

Therefore, the Everest Spirit Mountain was of great value and importance to all the powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

"The Zhao Clan, the Liu Clan, the Qin Clan, the Mu Clan..." Zen muttered to himself.

He took a mental note of all the powerful clans Harold had mentioned earlier.

Murphy wasn't able to destroy the Luo Clan alone. His clan was way too weak to compete with Zen's clan, so the above-mentioned clans must have worked together with Murphy in order to wipe out the Luo Clan.

"If the members of the Han Clan, the Moon Clan, the Sword Clan and the Gu Clan wish to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain, I will take it upon myself to open the Cloud Dragon Ravine for you because..." Harold said in a calm voice, as he made a strange gesture.

This confused various people present there.

It was no secret that Harold had a liking towards the members of the Gu Clan. Mike and Bromley enjoyed a friendly relationship, so did their clans. But Harold's goodwill towards the Han Clan, the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan was quite baffling to many.

When the Luo Clan was going through some difficult times, these three clans were privy to their situation. They neither offered them any help, nor did they create any more troubles for them to deal with.

"What does that gesture mean?"

"It looks as if he is giving a signal; what is he suggesting?"

"I'm not sure. But I knew he would create inconvenience for us if he took full control of the Everest Spirit Mountain. Since we can't go to the Everest Spirit Mountain, do we have to go to the Swirl Forest instead?" someone muttered.

There were some other existences in this fictional world that no one else detected.

In the meantime, some Holy Beings from the powerful clans on the Floating Islands had their eyes fixed upon Harold.

The Holy Being of the Tang Clan had had enough. He finally stood up and said, "The Everest Spirit Mountain doesn't belong to you, Harold. Therefore, you have no right to prevent us from entering it."

This Holy Being was quite ill-tempered. His booming echoed in everyone's ears. His voice was enough to wake the dead.

Harold directly looked at him and said, "From the moment I took control of the Everest Spirit Mountain, it belongs to me. Do you have any further questions?"

"Harold!" The Holy Being of the Tang Clan lost all of his cool and said, "Even Estelle isn't as overbearing as you are."

There had been two rulers of the four forbidden lands.

The first one was Estelle, who had control over the Soul Wilderness. But she had disappeared for a few years before reappearing in the Evolutionary Universe recently.

During her dominion over the Soul Wilderness, she did not set any particular rules and allowed the disciples of various powerful clans on the Floating Islands to come in and out freely.

The entrance to the Soul Wilderness was at her disposal, so she could stop anyone from going in if she wanted. That was why she enjoyed a higher status in the eyes of the Holy Beings. If someone won her over, they would be able to control the Soul Wilderness. Moreover, she had the treasure scepter. The Holy Beings were quite wary of it.

The second ruler was Harold. As soon as he took control of the Everest Spirit Mountain, he announced that he would not allow the clans that had once suppressed the Luo Clan to enter. The Holy Beings still didn't know what kind of ability the Everest Spirit Mountain had. Thus, they were afraid that Harold might become more powerful by taking in whatever the Everest Spirit Mountain had to give.

"As you can see, I'm different from Estelle. You should have seen it coming a long time ago. You should have figured this out when you were bullying the Luo Clan. And I have just started with my plot." Harold gave a cold smile. "By the way, let this be a message to the Jiang Clan to not chase me anymore. I won't be so forgiving the next time." he added.

As soon as he was done speaking, he left. The blood red Arena of Legends left as well and darkness engulfed the surroundings.

The True Gods left one by one and soon Zen was left all alone.

'That gesture was from Yan, ' he thought. Zen's heart was pounding out of his chest.

Zen had protected his sister ever since their childhood. As he saw Harold make the gesture, he realized that it was from Yan as if she was the one protecting him.

Since Wynn helped Zen sneak into the ancestral land of the Han Clan, Harold must have guessed that Zen had joined the Han Clan. Therefore, he grabbed this opportunity to give Zen a signal.

Harold had mentioned the Gu Clan, the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan to distract people from the fact that he really wished to target the Han Clan. Even though the Holy Beings had doubts about it, it was almost impossible for them to find Zen from these four powerful clans.

'The Everest Spirit Mountain and the Cloud Dragon Ravine, ' Zen thought, and he also disappeared.

In the depths of the Time Sea stood the Hall of Holy Beings in the clouds.

An old man with a ruddy face stood in front of the Hall of Holy Beings. His eyes were filled with anger. He was the Holy Being of the Tang Clan, Clark Tang.

Clark Tang appeared quite furious and enraged.

"What are we going to do about Harold?" Clark roared.

The Tang Clan developed quite swiftly over the divine eras. Their rank increased from twenty-sixth to ninth. This was due to the Everest Spirit Mountain. Among the powerful clans, they knew the mountain quite well and had gathered a great deal of information about the mountain. Whenever the Everest Spirit Mountain was opened, their disciples always reaped the most.

Therefore, Clark was the first Holy Being to lose his temper in the Arena of Legends.

"You didn't kill Harold when you had the chance. Now he has gained control over the Everest Spirit Mountain. Do you regret it now?" A calm voice came.

"We won't compromise with Harold. Didn't you see him make that gesture? He has been saving his strength for a while now. Now he is about to make some big moves."

"He is also good at making plans just like Mike. He must have been fully prepared by now."

"I wonder which clan and person he targets." The Holy Beings had no clue as to what the future held.

"No matter what kind of trap he sets, can he really flatten the Floating Islands? He's just bragging and showing off his position. It isn't necessarily our loss if we give up a forbidden land. If we join hands to develop the Swirl Forest and the Abyss Demon Region, there may be some unexpected surprises."

"Well, we can ask Dongfang about it, when he finishes his practice."

There was a vast majority of unexplored forbidden lands in the divine land, and no one knew what was in them.

Although the Holy Beings believed that these uncharted territories would help them, they were still quite upset over the loss of the Everest Spirit Mountain and they knew that it was irreplaceable. That was the reason why Clark was so angry.

Chapter 2275 Imprisoned

In the Mu Clan's place, the door of the God-killing Hall swung open with a loud bang.

The guards on both sides of the gate knelt down on the ground.

In the blink of an eye, Rachelle left the Mu Clan's Floating Island like a ghost.

The guards exchanged glances with each other and began discussing in low voices.

"Miss Mu was quite confident this time, wasn't she?"

"But she has still been defeated by Harold. Alas, things will not be good for her in the following days."

"Everyone should be so careful from now on."

They all knew that Rachelle had a bad temper.

After leaving the Floating Island, Rachelle stepped on the transparent disk and floated up into the air. Flying was forbidden in the Time Sea and all warriors were banned from using the spatial transference. Even if she reached the consummation of True God Realm, she could not break this rule.

As she traveled through the thick fog, a dark mountain came into view in front of her.

The mountain was a hundred thousand feet high and it was very steep.

Halfway up the mountain stood a huge slate which represented the highest rule of the divine land. It was the Ruling Slate.

The slate connected the entire mountain with lightning that seemed ordinary but contained strong power that even Holy Beings could not resist.

Under normal circumstances, no one could climb the mountain or approach the slate.

Rachelle didn't travel toward the top of the mountain. After looking up at the slate, she moved to the back of the mountain and entered a huge cave.

In the cave, a figure in a silver robe was bound by the lightning and could not move at all. It was none other than Murphy, who had broken the rules of the slate. After he had attacked the Evolutionary Universe, the Ruling Slate had trapped Murphy in the cave as punishment.

"Father!" Rachelle shouted.

"You've lost?" Murphy asked indifferently.

He knew his daughter's character very well. Judging from the subtle difference in her voice, he could tell that Rachelle had been defeated.

"Yes." Rachelle nodded, showing a little grievance on her face. But that grievance disappeared in an instant. She already had a cultivation at the consummation of True God Realm and was the hope of the Mu Clan. She could not let herself display any negative emotions in front of others, not even her own father.

"I guess Harold has made some progress on his strength again," Murphy said. Then, he shook his head and added, "He has indeed benefitted a lot from the Everest Spirit Mountain."

Recalling the strength that Harold had shown, Rachelle felt a chill run down her spine. However, it was no longer important. "Father, Harold has taken complete control of the Everest Spirit Mountain. He announced in the Arena of Legends that the Mu Clan can never step into the Everest Spirit Mountain again."

"What?!"

Murphy shouted in shock.

He knew better than anyone how much the Mu Clan would be affected if the Everest Spirit Mountain was closed off to it. "Is the Mu Clan the only clan that isn't allowed to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain?" he asked, holding his breath in apprehension.

"No. The Tang Clan and the Dongfang Clan are also not allowed to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain," Rachelle replied.

"Humph! That brat is so despicable!" Murphy said coldly, but he felt a little better after knowing that the Mu Clan was not alone in its predicament.

"And he also said that he would allow the Han Clan, the Gu Clan, the Moon Clan, and the Sword Clan to enter the Cloud Dragon Ravine. I think there should be some hint," Rachelle continued.

In his battle against Mike, Murphy had tried his best to win and had even personally conducted the war in the universe. He knew a lot about Mike and many other things, so Rachelle informed him about all the details.

"The Gu Clan, the Moon Clan, and the Sword Clan..." Murphy murmured, lost in thought.

Rachelle stood in silence as well as she pondered about how unacceptable it was that she had lost to a guy 16 times in a row. Seeing Harold become more and more powerful, she guessed that her father might have made a mistake in the past.

A long time ago, Murphy had destroyed the Luo Clan but he had spared Harold, who had posed a threat to the Mu Clan since then.

Rachelle knew that she had no right to judge her father's actions, and yet, she couldn't help feeling bitter about it.

"Harold's words were said to the warrior who has sneaked into the divine land," Murphy said flatly.

"The warrior who has sneaked into the divine land?" Rachelle raised her eyebrows slightly, and her eyes suddenly flashed.

"Yes, he probably said those words to give a hint to one of the two warriors who sneaked into the divine land some time ago," Murphy explained.

In fact, Murphy had started the war in the universe, knowing about the ten Godly Geniuses. He didn't know exactly what Mike was going to do, but he roughly knew that Mike was pinning his hope on these secondary creatures.

Murphy had once been extremely confused about this.

Previously, he had thought that Mike had tried his best to train those Godly Geniuses just in order to deal with the war in the universe, and that the affairs in the divine land had been handed over to Harold.

Only a while later had he realized that Mike had not attached the greatest importance to what his disciples did.

Of course, Murphy found this illogical. No matter how powerful the secondary creatures in the universe were, it was a joke for Mike to pin all his hopes on them.

Anyway, the fact that Harold controlled the Everest Spirit Mountain now left Murphy feeling bewildered.

However, Mike's plans and arrangements had always been enigmatic, and Murphy had never underestimated these Godly Geniuses. Therefore, he had asked his people to investigate into the matter after hearing that Harold had made the guiders from the Jiang Clan withdraw from the universes and that the 833th rule on the Ruling Slate had been triggered.

The warriors who had sneaked into the divine land must be Godly Geniuses from the Evolutionary Universe; that was the only explanation that made sense.

In the end, the Mu Clan hadn't found out any clues about the event, and Murphy hadn't paid much attention to it. After all, in his eyes, a proving godly warrior wasn't worth being taken very seriously.

"The Gu Clan has a very close relationship with the Luo Clan. It's normal for Harold to mention the Gu Clan and allow it to enter the Cloud Dragon Ravine. But I don't think there would be any Godly Geniuses hiding among the Gu Clan. It is too conspicuous," Murphy said, analyzing the situation.

Then, he continued, "The Moon Clan doesn't have a close relationship with Mike, so it's not likely that any Godly Geniuses would stay there.

The Sword Clan and the Moon Clan are the same. Harold has just mentioned these two powerful clans in order to confuse the public."

As a matter of fact, Murphy knew more about this matter than other Holy Beings. Although he didn't have much information about it, he could still discern the essence of the situation.

"The Han Clan," Murphy murmured. "I remember that Joy once cultivated in the Evolutionary Universe. Even after becoming a Demi-holy Being, she still thinks of Mike all the time."

"Father, are you saying that Harold said those words just to give a hint to someone in the Han Clan? Who could Harold have been speaking to?" Rachelle asked in shock.

Murphy shook his head. "Since I haven't cultivated the Evolution Godly Way, I can't figure that out."

As he thought about the Godly Geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe, he hesitated a little. It was possible that Mike had trained those Godly Geniuses just to mislead him. After all, Mike's plans had never been straightforward or easy to see through.

"Anyway, the first thing we should do is to investigate it. Arrange people to observe the Everest Spirit Mountain," Murphy commanded.

"But we're not allowed to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain anymore," Rachelle reminded.

"We can hire the True Gods from other rich clans on the Floating Islands to do that," Murphy suggested.

Rachelle nodded in agreement. Harold hadn't banned all the rich clans from entering the Everest Spirit Mountain, and there were always warriors who would take risks in order to get more divine might coins.

Compared to the Floating Islands of other clans, the Gu Clan's Floating Island, which was ranked eighth, was a bit smaller.

There were only a few thousand people in total on the Gu Clan's Floating Island. Among the 36 Floating Islands, the Gu Clan's had the smallest population.

Bromley did not like to accept disciples, and the Gu Clan did not have many descendants. On top of that, outsiders were not allowed to enter the Gu Clan's Floating Island. With all these limitations, there was barely any growth in the number of people living here.

After watching the fight between Harold and Rachelle, Augustus left the Jade Wall of Legends. He traveled through the clouds and the mist, and then jumped into a unique courtyard and spoke to his senior fellow disciple. "Hey! Did you watch the open battle between Harold and Rachelle?"

There was a boy in the courtyard carrying an emerald green fishing rod. Under the ray of light that hit the water from the rod, there was a blue fish biting on the bait.

The boy was not fishing; instead, he was feeding the fish.

However, Augustus's roar startled the fish, and it hurriedly swam away.

"Yes, I did," the boy replied impatiently as he glared at Augustus and threw the fishing rod aside.

"Harold has become more powerful again, and also very domineering. He seems completely different from what he used to be." Augustus sighed.

The boy glanced at him but did not say anything. Harold's quick progress was indeed beyond his expectations.

Since the boy stayed silent, Augustus continued, "Do you think that he was hinting for us to enter the Cloud Dragon Ravine when he spoke at the Arena of Legends? I think that he can't pass through the Cloud Dragon Ravine on his own, so he wants us to help him. Don't you think so?" At this thought, Augustus giggled.

"Dream on," the boy said coldly. He then looked at the pool in front of him and said, "It's about to begin!"

"What is going to begin?" Augustus asked in confusion upon hearing his senior fellow disciple's strange words.

"Harold's words might have been a hint to our junior fellow disciple." The boy narrowed his eyes. "We're also going to take action. We can't fall behind Harold."

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2276 A Hundred And Ninety-five Challengers (Part One)

Hearing the boy's words, Augustus was quite confused. "What do you mean? Has Zen already ascended to the divine land? And is he currently on one of the Floating Islands?" he asked in confusion.

The boy threw a sharp look at Augustus. "If Zen had ascended to the divine land, then his ascension must have been guided by a member of the Jiang Clan. Do you think those Holy Beings would let him go? Why do you think Harold has been giving so much trouble to the Jiang Clan in the recent times?" he asked, his voice rising.

"Oh yes!" Augustus patted his forehead.

Although he was much more talented than his senior fellow disciple in terms of cultivation, he was quite slow as far as analyzing a situation was concerned.

Augustus then said, "So he entered the divine land in an illegal way. Since Zen is on one of the Floating Islands now, how about we bring him here? I will train him personally, and he is sure to make a rapid progress."

"Augustus, can you really find him? Do you really think that he is as careless as you are? Let's just say that you found him, then what? Do you think that you can keep him safe on the Gu Clan's Floating Island?" The boy said impatiently, his tone indicated that he perceived Augustus as an ignorant person.

Bormley had been roaming the boundless chaos for countless years without coming back. If Zen entered the Gu Clan's Floating Island and the Holy Beings wanted to take him away, there was nothing anyone could do about it.

Although Zen knew that he was quite close to his two senior fellow disciples, Augustus and Hallet, he had no intentions of going to the Gu Clan's Floating Island.

The boy named Hallet carried the fishing rod on his shoulder and whistled. At this, the big cyan bull, which had been crawling on the side of the pond, slowly stood up and walked toward him. Hallet then jumped on the bull's back. "Take all the craps you've made and let's go from here," he shouted.

Augustus was still pondering whether he should go find Zen or not. When he saw Hallet jumping on the bull, he asked, "Where are we going?"

"To the right place," Hallet said solemnly.

Zen, on the other hand, saw Joy smiling at him when he got out of the Jade Wall of Legends.

Joy also knew what Harold meant with his words.

"How are you feeling now, Zen?" Joy asked. She wore a pretty smile which made her look quite attractive.

"To be honest, I don't feel anything," Zen said dully. Although he was a bit excited, he felt a bit depressed as well.

He knew that his father's plan was working wonders as soon as he entered the divine land. He knew that he was indeed the most important person, around whom the whole plan was built. But the fact that he didn't know much about his father's plan saddened him.

"Well, I didn't expect Harold to say something like this. I'm afraid we have no choice but to change our initial plan," Joy said with a sigh.

According to her plan, Zen was expected to win consecutive victories in the Arena of Legends in order to earn a great deal of points for the Purple Soul Hall. This could help the Han Clan raise the ranking of its Floating Island.

And with Zen's current strength and progress, it was very likely that he could accomplish this feat.

However, Harold gave a signal in his open battle against Rachelle and mentioned the Han Clan.

Although he also mentioned three other powerful clans, people were very likely to guess that Zen was the anonymous man if he won a great deal of points.

"But I am in an anonymous state, how on earth will they find out who I really am?" Zen asked with a curious expression on his face.

Up until now, no one in the Hall of True Gods really found out his identity. Thus, he thought that he would be safe regardless.

Joy gave a look at the Jade Wall of Legends on which the warriors' rankings kept changing. "When the points are being calculated, your points will go to Han Clan. Thus, they'd figure out who you really are," she explained.

"Oh, then what are we supposed to do?" Zen asked, his voice deep with concern.

"Here is an idea," Joy said. "In the last match you can lose to Laquisha."

Zen thought for a moment. It was indeed a radical solution to transfer a great deal of points to Laquisha. "But I need the points to get the treasure that is rewarded by the Han Clan," he said.

"What treasure do you wish to acquire?" Joy asked with a smile. She thought of Zen as a stubborn fellow. She knew that he wouldn't ask her for help even if he needed it desperately.

It was quite true that Zen didn't like asking for help, no matter how dire the circumstances were. He had no plans of asking Joy for help.

"I want the Golden Beast Statue. After I accumulate enough points, I'm going to—" Joy interrupted Zen midway through his speech and said, "Hold on." She gave her waist a sudden twist and disappeared.

A few seconds later she reappeared, making her way towards Zen. She had something in her hands.

Clang! She threw the mysterious object in her hands on the ground.

The Golden Beast Statue lay right in front of Zen.

He looked at the statue with astonishment. It was as big as a fully-grown human being. He didn't expect Joy to fetch the statue just for him.

Zen examined the Golden Beast Statue. He had an intense awareness in his inner world again. The target of the consciousness of his inner world was the mud at the bottom of the Golden Beast Statue.

Chapter 2277 A Hundred And Ninety-five Challengers (Part Two)

"The Golden Beast Statue is a real gem. Its full body was made from a special material, and it can transform into the shapes of thousands of beasts. After refining it, the user can skillfully resist the low-rank True Gods with it. But to you, I believe it isn't of much use as you can already defeat most of the low-rank True Gods easily. Therefore, I was wondering what use it is to you?" Her eyes lit up with curiosity.

"Well, I just have a liking for it," Zen said.

Joy nodded but didn't quite believe Zen. He must have known something about the Golden Beast Statue, but since he didn't want to discuss it, she didn't pursue the subject.

Zen smiled triumphantly as she left.

The mud tray at the bottom of the Golden Beast Statue was of great importance to him.

Zen knew that he had to prove his Godly Way before he went to the Everest Spirit Mountain. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to enter the Cloud Dragon Ravine.

The mud at the bottom of the Golden Beast Statue was present in great amount, but he was not sure whether it was enough for him to smoothly condense his Godly Tile.

Zen gave the Golden Beast Statue one last glance and finally put it away.

He knew that he still had to fight against the low-rank True Gods. If he made a breakthrough in his cultivation base and became a low-rank True God himself, he wouldn't be able to earn a great deal of points by fighting other low-rank True Gods. Therefore, he decided to absorb the mud after the rankings of the Floating Islands were determined.

He had thirteen days before the rankings of the Floating Islands were to be decided.

This led to an increase in the number of open battles in the Arena of Legends.

The warriors who were fighting in the open battles were the consummate True Gods in the divine land. Their strength was second to that of the Holy Beings and the Demi-holy Beings on the various Floating Islands.

The disciples of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands were quite keen on watching the open battles, and the arena was jam-packed with spectators every time an open battle took place.

Walton from the Tang Clan was successful in defeating Cora of the Zhou Clan.

Shahn from the Fang Clan completely wiped out Malisa from the Li Clan.

Zen was also quite keen on witnessing these open battles of the consummate True Gods. He had not missed a single battle till date.

He knew that the big clans didn't always get along with each other, and now he had a general understanding of the grudges among those wealthy clans.

The wealthy clans on the Floating Islands were divided into three factions.

One of the three factions was made up of several powerful clans which were responsible for the destruction of the Luo Clan. These clans were led by the Dongfang Clan.

Another faction consisted of clans which were neutral, like the Han Clan and the Li Clan. These clans were quite independent and didn't form an alliance with other powerful clans.

However, Han Clan seemed to have allied with Leng Clan recently, and the engagement between Laquisha and Langston confirmed the news. Yet to everyone's disbelief, Laquisha and Langston fell out with each other.

As for the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan, they were two powerful clans who were ranked second and third respectively. The warriors on these two Floating Islands came from the four divine trees.

The divine land had four angles. There were four trees of great importance that stood at the four angles that supported the divine land.

With the help of Sunset Tree, Ray Tree, Lofty Tree and Hidden Tree, many powerful warriors were born in the areas around these four divine trees. There were rumors that before the appearance of the Time Sea, the four great divine trees played host to strong warriors. As the Ruling Slate appeared, the strong warriors came to know the importance of rules. Thus, they established their own Floating Islands above the Time Sea, attracting warriors from all the directions in the divine land. This was how the Time Sea became the heart of the divine land.

Much to everyone's surprise, the two consummate True Gods from the Gu Clan refrained from participating in the open battles this time.

It was a fact that whenever the rankings of the Floating Islands were to be decided, the efforts of the Gu Clan's two consummate True Gods were quite commendable. The Gu Clan's Floating Island didn't have many disciples, due to which the Gu Clan's points were expected to be quite less than that of the rest of the powerful clans. However, Hallet's and Augustus' efforts were enough to rank the Gu Clan's Floating Island eighth in the Time Sea.

People said that if Augustus and Hallet were on the Floating Island of some other wealthy clan, that clan would have been in the top three.

However, Hallet and Augustus were nowhere to be seen this year. And the ranking of the Gu Clan was at risk of falling out of the top ten, if they decided not to fight in the Arena of Legends.

Three days remained before the rankings of the Floating Islands were to be decided.

Zen finally entered the Jade Wall of Legends. While in his own room, he noticed that there were one hundred and ninety-five low-rank True Gods that had challenged him to battle.

According to the rules of the Hall of True Gods, only the warriors who were ranked one to a hundred places higher or lower than Zen could challenge him. Zen was ranked 96th and only ninety-five warriors were ranked higher than him, and one hundred and ninety-five low-rank True Gods had offered to fight with him, which meant that everyone who was eligible to challenge Zen did so.

Chapter 2278 The Parting Water

When he noticed the scene on the wall, Zen fell speechless.

In other words, he no longer had the need to find an opponent at random. All he needed to do was accept any True God's challenge. He could have his pick among the one hundred and ninety-five warriors.

"How fucking weak do I really look if everyone wants to challenge me?" Zen touched his nose shyly and forced a smile.

On the contrary though, the one hundred and ninety-five people who had challenged him didn't actually think Zen was weak at all.

The Hall of True Gods had a very reasonable system, in fact. Through constantly adjusting the warriors' rankings, the system could accurately show a True God's genuine strength.

Of course, Zen's situation was completely different. From the very first day he entered the Jade Wall of Legends, never had he been defeated. No one knew his true ranking, and there was no record of this anonymous man in the Jade Wall of Legends. He was currently ranked 96th, according to his room's position.

"Since I can simply choose my own opponent, I better choose the weakest one."

Zen reached out his hand and his finger grazed the names on the wall. These names were all inscribed neatly in front of him. Finally, his finger came to a stop on someone's name, someone who ranked 196th. This warrior was named Yilia Fang.

The strength gap between any two warriors among the top two hundred wasn't very large.

In order to benefit from the most possible consecutive wins, Zen would naturally choose the weakest opponent. What he wasn't really aware of though, was that his opponent wouldn't really be weak.

In the Hall of True Gods

The competition that would decide the Floating Islands' rankings had reached its peak intensity.

A few of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands had estimated that their points would be beneficial to them, and they thus convinced many of their disciples to avoid accepting challenges so as to prevent being defeated and losing their points.

Other wealthy clans thought that their rankings would ultimately be lowered, so they naturally forced their disciples to fight in the Hall of True Gods in order to gain more points.

The Fang Clan's Floating Island ranked sixth in the Time Sea, but it had great ambition. The top three powerful clans, the Dongfang Clan, the Sword Clan, and the Moon Clan, had unshakable positions, and the Fang Clan was unable to deal with them. Yet, with an immense effort from the Fang Clan, they had respectable chances of defeating the Leng Clan. For this reason, the Fang Clan's True Gods were currently very active in the Hall of True Gods.

Today, Yilia Fang was also looking for her opponents in the Hall of True Gods. She had already won four consecutive wins herself, rising from the 247th ranking to the 196th. Following such a success, she immediately launched a challenge to the anonymous man.

The anonymous man carried such an incredible number of points. If the anonymous man accepted her challenge and she won against him, she would equally gain a huge amount of points. Furthermore, her contribution would be nearly the same as that of the Fang Clan's consummate True Gods. Everyone's greatest desire was to gain this honor, as well as the highest clan reward.

On the other hand, losing against this man wouldn't affect her at all, aside from perhaps dozens of points.

That said though, she also knew that the chances of this anonymous man choosing her were rather slim.

To her absolute surprise, after she had sent him the challenge just that morning, the anonymous man accepted her challenge no more than four hours later.

Upon seeing the light on the wall, she felt slightly stunned, and then a look of surprise and joy washed over her face.

Although it felt much longer, only a few seconds passed.

She entered the Arena of Legends with confidence.

As the environment around him changed, Zen too, quietly entered the Arena of Legends. As he entered, his view was filled with a world covered in mist and rain, surrounded by countless pavilions and towers, everything completely drenched by the showers. As he breathed in gently, the unique fragrance of the rain immediately took over his senses.

"This world isn't half bad after all," Zen said after taking a quick look around.

He knew that they could change the environment in the Arena of Legends, and a few wealthy clan members would choose environments that suited them. In Zen's opinion, besides the pleasant atmosphere, there was no other use to this world full of mist and rain.

Not long after, Yilia Fang appeared opposite to Zen. When she saw the anonymous man standing before her, she grinned. "Wow! I'm so lucky. Why did you accept my challenge?"

While this woman had a gentle appearance, she wore a pitiful look on her face. To her question, Zen replied faintly, "Because you rank the lowest among the warriors who challenged me."

Yilia Fang smiled anew and immediately shook her head. "Then I'm afraid you've picked the wrong opponent."

"And what exactly do you mean by that?" Zen asked in confusion.

Suddenly, Yilia Fang stretched out her hand slightly, and a clear raindrop fell onto it. The drop shook slightly, as if it had the power of life. It began attracting the raindrops around her, and suddenly, the single drop turned into a short transparent water-colored sword.

She gently waved her four fingers and thumb, and the sword floated upward, aiming itself directly at Zen. It began to spin on itself continuously. As he watched the sword, the woman said, "The anonymous man is best at pure strength. His soul is also very strong. In addition, he has understood the complete Ice Soul Flame, which is an inheritance from Holy Jay. This is all I know about you. With this alone, you are no match for me."

Zen raised his eyebrows and his expression displayed nothing but surprise. The only person knew that he used the Ice Soul Flame was the fat man—Moore Moon. "Did Moore Moon tell you that, by any chance?" he asked.

Now, it was Yilia Fang's turn to look and feel surprised. Her beautiful eyes opened wide. "You don't know? How pathetic! That fat man hid this news very well at first, but before long, he was using it to earn himself money."

Moore Moon was a mighty warrior ranked 20th, yet he had lost to Zen, otherwise known as the anonymous man. The anonymous man had accumulated a large number of points, and naturally attracted people's attention. The seniors of wealthy clans were equally willing to obtain more information about the anonymous man. At first, Moore Moon didn't want to reveal such, but he eventually gave in to the temptation of divine might coins.

In the hands of every one of the top two hundred low-rank True Gods was a piece of information about Zen. What was more, they had even analyzed Zen's strength and weaknesses.

"Wow! He really knows how to make money," Zen said, shaking his head from side to side.

"If what Moore Moon was saying is true, then I'll be very honored and more than pleased to end your winning streak!" Yilia Fang said, gently waving her hand upward this time. Thousands of raindrops began to gather as one. Countless water-colored short swords appeared within a one thousand feet radius, with Zen as the center.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Those swords flew like a torrential rain toward Zen, all at once and coming from all directions.

'Even if the water in the divine land is much heavier than that in the universe, do you really think it can hurt me?' Zen thought in his mind, as a strange expression contorted his features.

Dense swords rushed toward him in epically straight lines, and there was nearly no way or time to dodge them. Zen didn't even attempt to move in the least, but let the swords hit him instead.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

Zen wasn't afraid, not at all. He knew that these water swords were barely harmful and rather powerless. They couldn't even cause him any harm.

However, the tender smile on Yilia Fang's face remained, seemingly as calm as ever.

"What?" he asked abruptly.

Before long, Zen too, noticed something was completely off.

When these swords hit his body, they immediately turned into rain water. However, the rain didn't flow down onto the ground. Instead, it was actually glued to his body.

Realizing how strange this was, Zen shook his body lightly in an attempt to get the water off him. However, the rain stuck to his body like paste, and no matter how hard he shook, he failed to make it come off.

"This water is very strange," Zen murmured, frowning slightly. He had a feeling that something bad was about to happen, and took action without a second's more delay.

When Zen faced Moore Moon, Zen had almost lost to him. These talents from wealthy clans all had very special tricks up their sleeves. Upon remembering this, Zen suddenly flashed and rushed toward Yilia Fang.

"You didn't notice anything wrong until now? It's too late!"

Yilia Fang stood on tiptoe, and her body quickly slid backward. On a street full of rain, she continued retreating, bringing up bursts of water flowers with every step.

The water splashed out as it equally turned into a short sword, shooting toward Zen.

Zen didn't go too far. More and more rain clung to his body, weighing him down. He couldn't get rid of the thick layer of water. It was even blocking Zen's speed now. How could he catch up with Yilia Fang with so much water slowing him down?

"Burn it out!" Zen frowned and a flame emitted itself from his body. The blazing, orange flame was immediately extinguished the second it shot out.

"The Parting Water can conquer all kinds of fire, not to mention that your flame hasn't even fully developed yet." Yilia Fang shook her head. "I may as well tell you that you can't break out from the Parting Water's grasp with your strength alone. I'm curious to discover what else you have to resist me with."

As she spoke, the rain water that was hitting Zen's body formed a water ball of at least ten feet in height, tightly wrapping itself around him.

The Parting Water was a thousand times heavier than ordinary rain water. Zen simply couldn't exert his strength beneath such dead weight. He had no choice but to accept the fact that he was indeed trapped.

Chapter 2279 Buddha Emperor Sword

Standing not too far away was Yilia, looking at Zen mischievously.

Countless raindrops were gathering in the space. They transformed into short swords and shot towards Zen, making the water ball surrounding him grow bigger and bigger.

For a while, she looked Zen up and down before suddenly lowering her head and saying, "Come to think of it, it's meaningless for me to defeat you."

Her voice seemed obscure over the thick layer of water. Zen was puzzled, wondering what she really meant.

She walked toward the water ball slowly and tapped its surface with her finger, triggering a small whirlpool to appear on its surface. It continued spinning until it formed a fist-sized hollow passageway, directly penetrating to Zen's head. She had brilliantly mastered the control of water.

"The divine land is rather boring. It's not easy to find a warrior who has won twenty-two consecutive times. It's quite a pity that you will lose to me," said Yilia as she smiled at the passageway.

"Are you sure you can defeat me?" Zen asked in return.

Though he couldn't speak in the water, because his head was in the passageway, he could still make a sound.

In spite of him being restrained by the water, it was impossible for her to use it to kill him. 'She's not going to drown me, is she?'

With a confident smile, she replied, "Since I managed to trap you, naturally, I have the ability to kill you as well. So tell me, do you want to defeat me?"

"What's the point? So what if I say I want to defeat you?" Zen asked.

"Well then… Tell me your real identity and which clan you come from, will you?" With her hands clasped behind her back, she continued with a smile, "If you can tell me the truth, it won't be impossible for me to admit defeat."

Hearing this, Zen put on a strange expression.

What were those disciples from the divine land thinking about all day? This Yilia seemed completely normal. Why would she make such a strange request?

"Don't you care about the points?" Zen asked again.

"Points? Of course I care," she smiled. "If I defeat you, I'll get a lot of points. Even my brother will think highly of me. But what's the use? There's no point in moving our Floating Island one place up."

Yilia's brother, Shahn Fang, was the one who won two consecutive victories in the open battles. This time, the Fang Clan had risen rapidly—it had been estimated that the Fang Clan, ranked sixth in the past, might reach the fifth or fourth place this time.

"Think about this carefully. An anonymous man appeared out of nowhere. I think it will be more interesting to let you remain undefeated." Yilia's face was filled with loneliness as she said, "This divine land is so boring."

The highest level of creatures' pursuit was the eternity.

From the mortals in the universes to the powerful warriors of the Soul Sea Realm, and to the Supreme Lords, they all pursued a longer life span to get rid of the control of time.

But whether it was the Supreme Lord who had a lifespan of over a hundred million years or the mortal who had a lifespan of about 60 to 70 years, none of them could resist time which would kill them all one day. Time was people's greatest enemy.

But everything was different in the divine land.

The divine citizens' lifespans were by no means short. Once they proved a Godly Way, their lives were to be sublimated from 'finite' to 'infinite, ' and they would complete the ultimate pursuit of all living beings.

But many creatures lost their targets after this pursuit was fulfilled.

Because Zen had traveled from the Vast Sky Region to the Floating Island in a very short period of time, he hadn't seen the negative side of the divine land.

In fact, there was a portion of the True Gods in the divine land who quickly sank into depression. They could make their own worlds and experience a variety of things in their own worlds, and everything could be easily possessed.

One divine era passed as such, just as the next divine eras did, the next one hundred did, the next one thousand, and the next ten thousand. Time was meaningless to the True Gods.

Only then did some of them realize that it was not such a wonderful thing to have an eternal life. Many True Gods even ended their lives after quietly expending two or three divine eras.

Of course, more True Gods were still climbing to the peak of the Godly Ways, hoping to reach the consummation of True God Realm. Once they became Holy Beings, they would build Floating Islands, and supported their clans above the Time Sea.

As for the disciples born in the wealthy clans like Yilia, she had a brother who loved her very much. In her eyes, the countless divine eras and the invariable divine land were too boring, so she was much more interested in anything that could surprise her.

And the anonymous man in front of her with twenty-two consecutive wins was very interesting. It was truly exciting when he challenged her. Though she was well prepared as she intended to take points from him, she had changed her mind.

"Sorry, I can't tell you," Zen said as he shook his head. It was normal for others to have some strange ideas, but Zen had no reason nor time to play with them.

Disappointment appeared on Yilia's face, but she still said, "I promise I won't tell anyone else…"

Zen interrupted her, "No, it's impossible." It was a matter of life and death. How could Zen believe a stranger's guarantee, even though he thought Yilia was likely to be a faithful kind of person.

"Then I'm left with no choice but to kill you," Yilia threatened as she raised her brows.

Seeing her serious expression, Zen laughed and slowly raised his hand. Pointing his palm at Yilia, he said, "You seem to have made a mistake. Do you really think you can defeat me by trapping me in water?"

"According to what Moore said, I think I can," Yilia returned carefully.

"What an innocent girl..." Zen sighed.

Having grown up in the best possible environment, these disciples on the Floating Islands seldom fell into the jungle of deception. When they could rely on their own real strength to suppress their opponents, such tricks of deception were truly useless to them.

As soon as his voice fell, an invisible force appeared before Zen's palm. It made the water disperse quickly as a sword slowly condensed.

But Yilia didn't take it too seriously. She merely thought that Zen had just taken out an ordinary magic weapon and sighed, "Well then, I can only do it now."

Yilia suddenly waved her hand and the huge water ball wrapped with Zen twisted. Black water drops were constantly formed on the surface of the huge water ball until they turned into four dark turbid currents, slowly surging in the water ball, like four rapidly wriggling poisonous worms crawling toward Zen.

The Five Elements Godly Way contained the five most common laws.

Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, and Earth all had their own Godly Ways, such as the Elementary Fire Godly Way, and the Parting Water Godly Way that Yilia cultivated.

In the eyes of many True Gods outside of the Time Sea, the Parting Water Godly Way wasn't particularly powerful—at the very least, it was good for assisting others, and its own power was considered to be inferior.

In fact, when one reached a certain level of the Parting Water Godly Way, they could cultivate several powerful theurgies. For instance, the 'Devouring Spirit Turbid Current' Yilia displayed now. It worked well in the face of extremely solid things. The stronger Zen's body was, the greater the power of the Devouring Spirit Turbid Current would be.

Noticing that four black turbid currents were slowly moving towards him, Zen also felt a sense of danger. In a moment, traces of the internal momentum of the Emotion Closing Godly Way popped into his mind.

After constant trials, Zen became quite proficient in activating the Infinity Ruler by the internal momentum of the Emotion Closing Godly Way and removing all the internal momentum the next second.

Buzz...

Then, two golden rings appeared in his eyes.

... 'If the Parting Water Godly Way is cultivated to the extreme, it will be truly powerful.

The Devouring Spirit Turbid Current is actually a type of corrosive water. Even the supreme primordial weapon will melt…'

When Zen's eyes instantly saw through the internal momentum within the Godly Way, he was left to unscramble it in his mind.

Noticing Devouring Spirit Turbid Current's remarkable power, Zen didn't hesitate at all.

The Nine Divine Stars within his inner world began revolving rapidly until an invisible force gushed out. The sword handle seemed to be a Maitreya Buddha with the sword's middle part as wide as a wheel.

It was the Buddha Emperor Sword…

The killing sword in the Gods Killing Sword Array.

It didn't take Zen four swords to kill Yilia. So now, Zen took out this one sword.

Whoosh!

Since Zen controlled only one single sword, he didn't need to activate the Purple Aura Godly Way. As soon as he made a thought, the Buddha Emperor Sword broke through the water rapidly and shot toward Yilia. The Buddha Emperor Sword was created by Power Shaping, and the Parting Water caused it no hindrance at all.

"This sword..."

At this moment, Yilia's eyes were filled with surprise.

"Parting Water Divine Mirror!"

Realizing that things weren't going well, Yilia clapped her hands, creating a piece of water mirror. The Parting Water Divine Mirror was also a powerful theurgy. The Parting Water could transform into anything, and the Parting Water Divine Mirror could clone anything reflected onto it rapidly and shoot it back.

Whoosh!

An identical Buddha Emperor Sword shot out from the Parting Water Divine Mirror.

Crack!

Two Buddha Emperor Swords collided in the air, both falling apart in an instant.

But Yilia's power was limited after all. It was impossible for the Parting Water Divine Mirror to perfectly copy the theurgy of her opponent. After the sword dissipated, it disappeared while Zen's Buddha Emperor Sword once again took shape.

With a clang, the Buddha Emperor Sword was smashed into Yilia's mirror. It was already pressed against her white neck and then it pierced right into her. Blood slowly flowed along the invisible sword, converging on the wheel in the middle of the sword, forming the word, 'kill.'

Chapter 2280 Triumph

The real Buddha Emperor Sword had blood grooves on the body, and the word "kill" was carved in the wheel.

After the opponent was killed, the blood would flow along the blood grooves and fuse with the word "kill". With the divine textures around, more malicious aura would be condensed.

As per Joy's strict instructions, Zen restored all the details of the Buddha Emperor Sword, including the word "kill", which was floating in the air.

Yilia stared at the sword in front of her with surprise.

In fact, Zen had used the Cross-world Theurgy before, but no one had recognized it. After all, no one could even imagine that a proving godly warrior could use the skill of a Holy Being.

Besides, back then, Zen had used the most basic skill of the theurgy without having a deep understanding of Power Shaping.

"This is the Power Shaping of the Might Godly Way!" Yilia stared incredulously at the Buddha Emperor Sword. The power was invisible, so she could only see a vague outline of the sword. And yet, at the same time, she could see her blood flowing slowly along the blood grooves, forming the word "kill".

"This is not right at all!" she exclaimed. Then, she added in a low voice, "The power can't be separated from your body! And even if it can, once it's broken by my Parting Water Divine Mirror, it should be completely impossible for you to shape anything again. How did you do that?"

The passageway that Yilia had opened just now had disappeared, leaving Zen completely submerged in water and unable to speak. When he heard her words of surprise, he just shrugged his shoulders and, with a light flick of his index finger, sent the Buddha Emperor Sword flying forward until it pierced through Yilia's head.

Splash.

Yilia was instantly killed on contact. The Parting Water enveloping Zen disintegrated and gushed out around him like a torrent. It was a spectacular scene to watch.

However, the Parting Water did not completely dissipate. A scale on the Infinity Ruler in Zen's mind had already lit up faintly. He slightly raised his hand, causing some of the Parting Water to turn into crystal water swords and float up.

If Yilia had seen this, she would have been even more shocked.

"The Parting Water Godly Way can only be employed in a place with water. That's why Yilia chose such a foggy environment.

If I'm not around water, I guess I'll have to find another way to employ this Godly Way. Otherwise, the theurgy of the Parting Water Godly Way might be greatly weakened."

Splash...

With a slight shake of Zen's finger, one of the glittering and translucent water swords turned black. It was the Devouring Spirit Turbid Current of the Parting Water Godly Way. As Zen gently moved his finger, the black water sword shot toward him and immediately corroded his arm.

"As I expected, this Devouring Spirit Turbid Current can restrain all kinds of magic weapons, and it also has an effect on my physical body. No wonder she was so confident earlier! However, this theurgy doesn't mean much to me. On the other hand, the Parting Water Divine Mirror that she used just now could copy my attack and it was almost as powerful as the original."

Continuing to experiment with his newfound knowledge, Zen reached out his hand and patted the air gently, turning the Parting Water into a mirror. The Parting Water Divine Mirror in front of him was not as good as the one that Yilia had employed. However, he was amazed to know that the theurgy could copy his Buddha Emperor Sword. If he could cultivate the Parting Water Divine Mirror to the top level, he would be able to effectively copy the attack of any opponent.

This was indeed an extraordinary method to use in any battle.

While Zen was pondering over this method, the space surrounding him slowly receded along with the Parting Water Divine Mirror. Zen found himself back in his room.

He had no idea that the Parting Water Divine Mirror was a secret of the Fang Clan. In fact, until now, Yilia and Shahn were the only ones who had inherited it. Zen had managed to easily break the Parting Water Divine Mirror mainly because of a coincidence. The Buddha Emperor Sword was very special because it could only be condensed by pure strength. After divorcing from one's body, the Buddha Emperor Sword could retain its shape by using the Cross-world Theurgy to provide the strength source continuously.

If Zen had used any another theurgy, Yilia could have controlled the sword easily as long as she infused her own momentum. But since it was impossible for her to have the Cross-world Theurgy, she had been unable to restore the collapsed duplication of the Buddha Emperor Sword.

Although Yilia had ranked just 196th in the Arena of Legends, she had already thoroughly studied Zen, which had taken Zen by great surprise.

It was not easy for Zen to cope with the following battles. After all, many people were paying close attention to him now. Just as Yilia had said, almost everyone had bought information about Zen from Moore, so they were studying his skills as well as his strengths and weaknesses, and fighting him with corresponding methods and strategies.

After defeating Yilia, Zen obtained some points for his victory as well as an extra reward for his consecutive win. Now, he had accumulated 460, 000 points in total.

"The anonymous man won again!"

"He has defeated Yilia..."

"He has moved up 20 places, but my rank is only 182nd. Thus, I have no chance to challenge him. Alas..."

According to the rules of the Arena of Legends, only warriors who were within a hundred places before and behind Zen had the qualifications to challenge him. Now that Zen's room had moved up 20 places, 20 people had lost the qualification to challenge him.

Standing on a higher place, Nelly stared down at the anonymous man's room, her round eyes displaying a faint killing intent.

Now that her sister had been defeated by Harold, there was even more pressure surmounting on the Mu Clan. The clans on the Floating Islands usually had more than one consummate True God. However, perhaps influenced by Rachelle's failure, the other consummate True Gods had also been defeated. This came as a great blow to the Mu Clan.

Currently, the Mu Clan's Floating Island ranked seventh. But if things continued to progress this way, the Mu Clan's rank would probably drop below the top ten.

"That damn anonymous man! You better remember what you said!" Nelly was really afraid that the anonymous man wouldn't dare to challenge her. For the Mu Clan's sake, she had to get points from him. However, if he didn't want to accept her challenge, she wouldn't be able to do anything.

At the same time, Laquisha stared at the change in the anonymous man's ranking with an indifferent expression on her face. She had an intuition that the anonymous man was none other than Zen. However, she couldn't take any action in the Hall of True Gods, so she couldn't test him. Anyway, the anonymous man had said that he would challenge her after defeating Nelly. Laquisha was not as anxious as Nelly. She believed that the anonymous man would do what he had said.

After Yilia was defeated by Zen, she quickly left the Jade Wall of Legends and returned to the Floating Island of the Fang Clan.

She didn't harbor any anger or resentment over her defeat, but her eyes were full of deep confusion.

"You've come home so soon today?" a gentle voice asked.

She turned to the familiar voice and faced her brother, Shahn—the most powerful consummate True God of the Fang Clan.

"I just encountered something strange!" said Yilia.

Curiosity flooded Shahn's eyes. Although Yilia was smart and lovely, she was too indifferent to things. There were few things that piqued her interest.

In fact, she had even been unwilling to attend the Astronomical Transit Day held by the Sun Blind race. So for Yilia to have found something strange or interesting, it must have been monumental indeed. "What is it?" Shahn asked.

"Can someone release power outside their body after the power is shaped and transformed into an object?" Yilia asked.

With a faint smile, Shahn gently patted the air, and an invisible palm print shot out. The palm print was so erratic that it finally hit the wall and disappeared. "It's not a difficult thing to do. Most of the True Gods who focus on cultivating the Might Godly Way can do it."

Although Shahn hadn't cultivated the Might Godly Way much, he had condensed the Nine Divine Stars; he was just unable to put them into his inner world. Anyway, it wasn't difficult for him to hit the wall with a formidable strike like that.

But unexpectedly, Yilia shook her head and said, "That's not what I mean. My opponent made use of Power Shaping to form a flying sword..."

Before she could finish speaking, Shahn struck the wall again, but this time with an invisible sword which had been formed from the strength source. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "It's not difficult."

"Can you let me finish?" Yilia glared at Shahn. Then, she continued, "After he detached the flying sword from his body, he managed to control it freely. Then, after I smashed it with my Parting Water Divine Mirror, he managed to shape it in the air again."

At these words, a mixture of bewilderment and disbelief appeared on Shahn's face. He shook his head immediately and said, "That's impossible. The power can't be controlled freely after being shaped into an object. It would rapidly weaken. You might not have clearly seen what happened, or he might have used another kind of theurgy. It can't be the Power Shaping. As for the skill you just described, only a Holy Being can do it with the Cross-world Theurgy. Even I can't do that at my present level."

"Really? Well, I thought I made a mistake. But he really did it..." Yilia uttered with a smile of admiration.

"Who?" Shahn asked with confusion. In fact, although Yilia looked serious and utterly sure about her words, Shahn still doubted what she had said. Yilia's opponent was just a low-rank True God, so there was no way he could have been able to do that.

"It was that anonymous man who challenged me today. And what I just described was the method he used to triumph over me," said Yilia.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2281 Passing A Message

Shahn had gotten wind of news about the anonymous man.

Anonymity aside, it was indeed a miracle to be able to obtain twenty-three consecutive wins in challenging warriors at higher levels.

Only a few select people had been able to do this in the history of the Arena of Legends.

"Even he is an anonymous man, it should be impossible for him to do what you just said." Shahn stretched out one hand, and an invisible power was condensed again. Then he threw it lightly, and the power began to rapidly disappear.

Power had only been a description at the beginning. But after the activation of the Eight Path Platforms, it was transformed into pure energy and stored. An interruption of supply would mean the depletion of someone's power, and only by the Cross-world Theurgy would they able to extract power from their body, keeping the power from weakening.

"A proving godly warrior and the Cross-world Theurgy? I can't believe it." Shahn shook his head.

Across him, Yilia looked annoyed. "Have I ever lied to you?"

"No," smiled Shahn. "But you are spewing nonsense."

This earned him several punches from Yilia. "The shape of that sword was a little odd. Its handle resembled the Maitreya Buddha while the body looked like a wheel. And after it made contact with blood, the blood formed the word kill..."

"Kill?" Shahn questioned, eyebrows raised.

"It's the Buddha Emperor Sword, the unique skill of the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan."

Joy's Gods Killing Sword Array was famous in the divine land, plus, the shape of the Buddha Emperor Sword was very special. It was practically a giveaway.

It dawned on the siblings at the same time. "The Han Clan!"

"The anonymous man came from the Purple Soul Hall," Shahn said calmly.

"Interesting! You're finally exposed!" Compared to Shahn's calm reaction, Yilia was excited.

After defeating Yilia, Zen immediately chose the next opponent.

The top warriors in the divine land were all gathered in the Floating Islands. Whatever method he used would be spread quickly.

His next opponent was Sam Zhao, who ranked 176th.

Like Yilia, he'd been elated to be chosen by Zen, however, his excitement did not last very long.

Zen had absorbed the Five Elements Godly Way which Sam also cultivated. He tried to force Sam to use the theurgy beyond way, but Sam seemed to have cultivated the Godly Way step by step without inheriting any theurgy beyond way from his clan. So when Sam thought that he had the upper hand in the battle, Zen took out the Buddha Emperor Sword and killed him without hesitation.

Twenty four consecutive wins! Six hundred and ten thousand points!

Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand points would be gained when he defeated a low-rank True God, almost as many points as one would get defeating a consummate True God. It was appalling.

Zen returned to his room, calm and at ease, and chose another name from the list.

"Go on!"

As Zen challenged opponent after opponent, the low-rank True Gods of the Hall of True Gods gradually understood his strategy in choosing.

When he was at the 96th place, he challenged Yilia who ranked 196th. Then at 76th place, he challenged Sam who ranked 176th, and at 57th, he battled the warrior who placed 157th. In short, Zen chose the lowest ranking warrior for every round.

While definitely a good strategy, the low-rank True Gods who ranked higher than Zen were only disappointed as their chances of getting picked by Zen were slim to none.

Meanwhile, Zen won three more battles and now had twenty-seven consecutive wins.

In the history of the Arena of Legends, twenty-seven consecutive wins was the highest record a warrior made in battling higher leveled warriors. It had been forty divine eras since, but now, Zen was about to break that record.

At the same time, in the Hall of True Gods, the spectators were slowly beginning to understand the new abilities that the anonymous man demonstrated.

"I'm sure it's the Buddha Emperor Sword!"

"The unique skill of the Demi-holy Being from the Han Clan, the killing sword in the Gods Killing Sword Array."

"Not anyone can make the Gods Killing Sword Array extraordinary, because using the real swords can't be considered the top theurgy. Only with one's own strength to condense the illusory swords can the warrior be considered strong. But he's just a proving godly warrior, how could he do that without the Cross-world Theurgy?"

"He did use the Cross-world Theurgy to activate the Power Shaping and make the illusory sword."

"Stop talking nonsense. How could a proving godly warrior use the theurgy which could only be used by a Holy Being?"

Zen's use of the Buddha Emperor Sword had stirred up the crowd.

The True Gods who could make it into the top two hundred were trained in the key techniques of each wealthy clan. Some of them belonged to the direct line of descent like Yilia and enjoyed high status.

They had confirmed that Zen came from the Han Clan.

The martial artists who cultivated the Purple Aura Godly Way were not all from the Purple Soul Hall of the Han Clan, but it was only Joy who mastered the Gods Killing Sword Array. Such speculation was not difficult to make.

The problem was about the Cross-world Theurgy. In the eyes of the True Gods, this incredible theurgy could only be owned by Holy Beings. It was impossible for it to appear in the hands of a proving godly warrior. What happened was beyond their understanding.

This caused a drift within the people. Some believed it with confidence while others didn't take to it at all.

As the people argued, Zen stepped forward.

Twenty eight consecutive wins...

Twenty nine consecutive wins...

Thirty consecutive wins...

The points were now up to one million and four hundred thousand. He had already surpassed the top-rank True Gods and even some consummate True Gods.

Now was where the situation became slightly different.

Many wealthy clans did not like this anonymous man. Zen earned a lot of points like this. It didn't matter which clan he belonged to as it would always affect the results of several ranks. Unfortunately, there was nothing they could do about it.

Thirty consecutive wins later, Zen stood at 17th place. But this time, he strayed from his strategy and chose a random battle.

To his surprise, he was matched with Quentin Qin.

When Quentin entered the Arena of Legends, he was a bit overwhelmed. He initially ranked 21st but after winning a battle two days ago, he now stood at 19th place. He was also eager to challenge the anonymous man, but from the previous choices of this anonymous man, the person in a lower place was to be picked.

It never occurred to him that he'd encounter this anonymous man in a random battle.

Quentin had been defeated by Zen in the past when they were in the Skyland race.

In the divine land, however, after the disciples of the wealthy clans became low-rank True Gods, their strength would be enhanced greatly. Besides, a member of the direct line of a wealthy clan like Quentin was often able to cultivate the best theurgies beyond way. Their combat strength was naturally far more superior to that of the ordinary True Gods, and with Quentin's own talent, he had easily stepped into the top 20.

Zen had no interest in being in a tangle with Quentin. In the previous battles, Zen had taken the initiative to attack. If his opponent displayed the Godly Way or theurgy beyond way that he lacked, he would activate the Infinity Ruler to absorb it. And if he didn't need it, he would simply kill his opponent. Though he had inherited the Gods Killing Sword Array from Joy, he hadn't even used the Purple Aura Godly Way as control of the Buddha Emperor Sword did not call for it.

Before Quentin could say anything, Zen had rushed towards him with the Buddha Emperor Sword.

Quentin had improved his strength a lot. At the very least, he wouldn't be defeated like he was last time. After all, his cultivation base was a great realm higher than Zen's. After activating his Godly Tile, he had indeed displayed a powerful theurgy.

He was able to control the invisible Buddha Emperor Sword by using the Green Wood Godly Way to make special willows.

With the Buddha Emperor Sword restrained, Zen took out the Heavenly Tooth Sword without hesitation.

If the Buddha Emperor Sword was used to kill, the Heavenly Tooth Sword was mainly used to hunt, which would usually bring destruction upon the opponent. Under the hunt of the Heavenly Tooth Sword, Quentin's defense was instantly broken.

However, before any more damage could be inflicted, Quentin suddenly shouted, "Wait! I still have something to say."

The two swords immediately halted in front of Quentin. Zen frowned, curious at the sudden interruption. Warriors in the Arena of Legends didn't really die, so his opponent wouldn't beg for mercy, would he?

"I wanted to tell you at the start. You didn't even give me a chance," Quentin said gloomily. "Someone requested me to tell you to go out of your room and meet with her in the Hall of True Gods."

It turned out, Zen never left his room. The people in the Hall of True Gods didn't have the chance to talk to him and could only send him messages this way. However, Zen immediately fought Quentin as soon as they met, never giving him the chance to speak.

For Quentin, losing to Zen was not a big deal. But it was certainly a huge deal if he couldn't relay the message successfully.

"The person who asked you to pass the message was sure that I will challenge you?" Zen asked curiously.

"Of course not," Quentin answered. "But she did inform the top one hundred and thirty True Gods from whom you might choose one."

Zen frowned. "Who is it?"

The True Gods at the top of the rankings all had extraordinary backgrounds. Most of them were direct descendants of wealthy clans. Who had the influence to do so?

Zen chewed on his lip. Even if Nelly ranked first, it was still impossible for her to do that, wasn't it?

Chapter 2282 Dongfang Clan

"Her name is Pearl Dongfang, ranked second in the Hall of True Gods," Quentin answered.

'Pearl Dongfang?'

Zen knew he heard this name before but hadn't paid that much attention to it.

Currently, the top three low-rank True Gods in the Hall of True Gods were as follows: Nelly Mu, Pearl Dongfang, and Laquisha Han.

They were all women which hadn't really happened before.

Harold also mentioned Dongfang Clan in his speech earlier. This clan ranked first among the Floating Islands. Zen hadn't come in contact with any of the low-rank True Gods of the Dongfang Clan yet.

Since they were ranked first, it was only natural to assume that the Dongfang Clan had very high points at their disposal. Zen couldn't be too sure though since he never met any of them as he fought his way up the Hall of True Gods.

"Why does she want to see me?" he asked. He didn't really know this so-called Pearl Dongfang after all.

Quentin shook his head. "I don't know. I'm just here to deliver a message. You can go ask her if you want. I admit defeat now."

With their battle ended, Zen immediately made his way to the door.

From the doorway, he had a good view of the spiraling rooms in the Hall of True Gods. The height he was on indicated that he was almost at its peak.

Each time he pushed open the door of his room, a crowd always awaited him which always caught him by surprise.

A few True Gods simply stared at him in silence, not daring to come close, including Laquisha and Nelly, while a woman stood beside the door, waiting with a calm expression.

This woman's face was covered with light blue gauze, revealing only her eyes that reflected a faint ray of light. Despite having her face covered, her eyes were terribly expressive and were enough to convey a thousand words to anyone who looked into them.

"You're finally out," she said.

"Are you Pearl Dongfang?" Zen asked.

The woman smiled and nodded in reply.

Pearl Dongfang rarely came to the Hall of True Gods during this period of time. She heard about the anonymous man but never really had the chance to come into contact with him since he never went out of his room.

Her status on the Floating Islands was far beyond Zen's imagination.

As Quentin emphasized, her words were law. A mere statement from her was absolute and could not be disobeyed. He didn't fight Zen seriously and merely imparted what Pearl wanted him to say because she ordered him to.

Under normal circumstances, Quentin would've fought his best.

"Do you also want to challenge me?" Zen asked directly.

Despite this woman coming from the first-ranked clan among the Floating Islands, Zen did not see it fit to warrant her any special treatment mostly because he didn't really have a good first impression of the Dongfang Clan and also because they were on Harold's list.

To Zen, these wealthy clans Harold had listed belonged to the same force, with Dongfang Clan as the most prosperous. They were his enemies as far as he was concerned.

Pearl shook her head. "I'm not interested in your points."

"What is it then?" he asked.

"I heard that you've cultivated the Buddha Emperor Sword in the Gods Killing Sword Array. You most probably inherited it from Joy from the Purple Soul Hall, right? I'm not sure how you cultivated the third stage of the Power Shaping but I think you're qualified," she started saying out of the blue.

Zen frowned. "Qualified for what?"

"To join our Dongfang Clan," she said, her tone surprisingly firm, leaving him no room to argue.

Both Nelly and Laquisha frowned when they heard this. A few other disciples of the wealthy clans also seemed unhappy.

The Dongfang Clan was still domineering as usual.

Since he performed the Buddha Emperor Sword and had said those words to her after Harold's fighting, Laquisha was almost certain he was Zen.

He had been in Joy's palace and learned the Buddha Emperor Sword, how could the anonymous man be anyone else but him?

However, Zen refused to admit it so Laquisha couldn't really say anything. Besides, there was still a chance that it had all been coincidences.

Zen shook his head. "I refuse," he replied to Pearl. He never expected to come out of his room for such a thing.

Despite the rejection, Pearl didn't seem to be annoyed at all. "This is a great opportunity for many people. Even if they ask, they won't be able to get it. You don't have to give it up."

"I've already joined another Floating Island. I'm not going to change my position," Zen insisted.

"We will talk to the Han Clan. There is no need to worry about it," Pearl countered.

Laquisha couldn't help but huff in anger when she heard this. Pearl clearly knew that the anonymous man belonged to the Han Clan but still insisted he join the Dongfang Clan. It was no secret that all disciples were afraid and wary of this first-ranked clan. They could offend either the Sword Clan or the Moon Clan, but never the Dongfang Clan.

As time went by, the disciples strictly avoided incurring any conflict from the people of the Dongfang Clan.

However, Laquisha couldn't help but burst out, having taken great offense by Pearl's complete disregard for the Han Clan. As she took a step forward, Nelly couldn't help but sneer, "Shouldn't you mind your own business?"

"Shouldn't you?" Laquisha shot back.

"You know that the Dongfang Clan is always like this. Their people see no reason," Nelly reminded her.

The Mu Clan and the Dongfang Clan had a good relationship but it was more of a superior-subordinate type of alliance. Holy Beings of various wealthy clans also had disputes in the Hall of Holy Beings. The Dongfang Clan always held the upper hand. Aside from the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan, nobody else dared to come in conflict with them.

Laquisha snorted in reply to Nelly. She could let other things pass, but not this one.

However, before she could even open her mouth, Zen already had an answer. "This has nothing to do with the Han Clan!"

Pearl, however, still looked indifferent. "It also has nothing to do with you whether you join our clan or not."

She was always polite and did not have an overbearing attitude mostly because she didn't take Zen's opinion seriously. The Dongfang Clan always got what it wanted after all. Even if the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan himself didn't want to give Zen up, he would have no choice if her clan insisted on having the young man.

The Holy Beings were divided into different classes and the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan was considered to be at the top, however, he was no better than Mike who had been so excellent many years ago. Mike was one of the few who refused to bow down to the Dongfang Clan, but he ended up dying.

As Zen looked into Pearl's beautiful eyes, he saw nothing but contempt.

He had already joined the Purple Soul Hall and even if he wasn't in the Floating Islands, he would still refuse the invitation. There was a ten-second pause as the two of them stared each other down. Then, Zen broke the silence with a chuckle. "I don't know if it's because I didn't make myself clear or if there's something wrong with your head. Whatever the case, I can only tell you these two words."

"What?" Pearl asked.

Zen's nose flared. "Fuck off!" he exclaimed before going back into his room and slamming the door shut in his wake.

The Hall of True Gods was rendered completely silent.

It had been many years since the Dongfang Clan rose into power. Their disciples were even more distinguished than other warriors and everyone else was extremely cautious when dealing with them.

However, this anonymous man just scolded Pearl, even insinuating that there was something wrong with her head. It was a very big offense.

The anonymous man, in effect, had just signed his own death sentence for having gone against the Dongfang Clan.

None of them were aware of the fact that Zen was already set on leaving the Floating Islands, as per Harold's suggestion.

Nelly was extremely surprised by how things turned out, not expecting the anonymous man to be so bold.

Laquisha, meanwhile, was delighted and couldn't help but notice the anonymous man's temperament to be completely in line with Zen's.

Chapter 2283 Change

Pearl's eyes were like two pools of anger as she stood perfectly still.

She was only a mere lobbyist in her clan.

Generally speaking, the powerful clans on the Floating Islands were ranked like a pyramid. The top three clans were far more powerful than the ordinary clans and were the ones that were completely in control.

In addition, only those three powerful clans were qualified to demand warriors from other ordinary clans, and the latter couldn't refuse.

What was worse was that they could dominate and oppress those clans if they wanted.

Back then, it was the Qian Clan that had been oppressed. They had offended the Dongfang Clan, but they did not have a direct conflict. However, the Dongfang Clan allied with several other clans to crush the Qian Clan in the Arena of Legends. Therefore, the Qian Clan's rank dropped sharply from their original thirteenth place, and soon fell out of the whole rankings. According to the rules, they had no choice but to evacuate the Time Sea and watch their Floating Island sink into the waters.

That said a lot about the dominant role of the top three clans in the Time Sea.

After Pearl had spent quite a while by the gate of Zen's room, she turned around and left. Just as she was about to leave the Hall of True Gods for her room, a voice said, "He shouldn't be a direct disciple of the Han Clan. The warriors of humble origin are always very disobedient."

Pearl turned and looked coldly at a grinning Nelly. In turn, she stepped back a little in fear that she might take her anger out on her. "You're right. He is from the Han Clan, but they did not train him. It's useless to threaten an arrogant guy like him," she responded.

Then, she turned to Laquisha and said, "Ask your elders to give me the anonymous man."

In reality, Laquisha was already annoyed at the fact that Pearl looked down upon her clan, so she replied coldly, "Why?"

"Because of the reputation of my clan," said Pearl.

"But we don't necessarily have the anonymous man," Laquisha stressed. She thought about the strong influence of the Dongfang Clan on the Time Sea, so she said what she had said for her clan to be considered.

However, Pearl shook her head and said, "I think Joy knows very well whether he belongs to your clan or not.

Forget it, it's useless to talk to you. I will just go to your clan and personally ask for him some other time."

When she was done, she gently pushed open the door to her room and disappeared in front of everyone.

The top disciples of the powerful clans in the Hall of True Gods bowed their heads down and filled the area with whispers. None of them had thought that the Han Clan would offend the Dongfang Clan because of the anonymous man.

They strongly believed that the anonymous man came from the Han Clan because of the Gods Killing Sword Array that he had used. However, that was not certain yet, and the Han Clan might not even know about it.

After a few more discussions, they soon returned to their rooms.

Since Zen had randomly challenged Quentin, he might choose to challenge someone else again. No one wanted to miss such an opportunity.

In the Spiritual Heart Hall, Laquisha left the Jade Wall of Legends as well. She freshened herself up, and then quietly made her way further into the hall.

Next, she walked on an eerily quiet road.

At the end of the road was a transmission platform, and under it were six armed guards who stood perfectly still. When they saw a figure approach them, one of them took a few steps forward and shouted, "This is the forbidden land of the Han Clan. No one is allowed to intrude!"

Yet Laquisha continued to walk and when she was close enough, the guard recognized her. "Your Highness!"

"Your Highness!"

The rest of the guards followed suit and bowed in respect.

"Your Highness, the Holy Emperor refuses to receive guests lately. If you don't have anything important..." the guard said in a low voice. Those guards watched over the palace of the Holy Emperor, which was located in the inner part of the Floating Island.

A transmission array was needed to enter it. Joy had tried to trespass it last time, but the guards were responsible and loyal to the emperor. They had suffered a lot from the fight with Joy.

"I have to see my father. It's something important," Laquisha stated in her usual flat voice.

"But..." the guard protested. On the other hand, Laquisha didn't bother to argue with him and walked straight to the transmission platform.

The guards might be loyal to the emperor, but they didn't dare to stop her.

She walked around the transmission platform, and then a faint blue light flashed through it. Her figure sank into it and disappeared in front of the guards.

It wasn't long before Laquisha was finally inside the inner part of the Floating Island.

A gentle breeze carded through her hair as she was greeted with the sight of a huge palace.

Ever since she came back from the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, she rarely saw her father. Even if she did, her father had been much more unenthusiastic, and she did not know why.

In the middle of the palace was an empty hall, where a middle-aged man in luxurious clothes sat upright, as if he was in meditation. He was Samuel, the Holy Being of the Han Clan.

"Father." Laquisha's voice cut through the silence.

She entered the palace and curtsied to her father.

The said man opened his eyes and asked, "Laquisha? What's wrong?"

"I want to tell you what happened in the Arena of Legends," she said.

"You are not supposed to meddle in these things," he said with a small smile.

"I know, but what I say may affect the ranking of our Floating Island," answered Laquisha earnestly.

"Go ahead then." "Father, did you know that

a proving godly warrior who can compete above his level has recently shown up in the Arena of Legends?" To this, Samuel nodded.

While the Holy Beings indeed didn't pay much attention to the Arena of Legends, they would ask about it when the Floating Islands were ranked.

After all, the ranking was very important for all powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

The points that the anonymous man had obtained were enough to change the ranks of the powerful clans, so someone had already reported it to Samuel. He had indeed heard about the anonymous man.

"If I am not wrong, the anonymous man should be someone from the Han Clan and the Purple Soul Hall," Laquisha added. As she spoke, Zen's figure materialized in her mind.

"What? Is that true?" Needless to say, Samuel was surprised.

The person who had reported to him didn't say such details--after all, Zen hadn't shown his Buddha Emperor Sword before. However, Laquisha was right in the Hall of True Gods, so she had known about the news first-hand.

"Yes. It seems that he has practiced Aunt Joy's Gods Killing Sword Array, but strangely, he used the illusory sword," she continued.

"The illusory sword? That's impossible," Samuel noted and shook his head. As a Holy Being, he knew very well that proving godly warriors could not master the Cross-world Theurgy. While the ordinary True Gods might be able to develop the illusory sword by Power Shaping, they couldn't use it in a sword array, because without the power of the Cross-world Theurgy, they had to hold the illusory sword in their hands all the time.

Nonetheless, Laquisha didn't try to persuade her father and instead added, "Now that he has won 31 consecutive wins, his points should have risen to about 1.6 million."

"Oh? Those are higher than Alfredo's points."

Alfredo, a consummate True God and the leader of his clan, only had 1.26 million points in the Arena of Legends. Moreover, he had recently lost an open battle.

Samuel was overjoyed. It was a great fortune for his clan to have such a talented disciple.

"But today, Pearl suddenly appeared in the Hall of True Gods. She demanded the anonymous man to join her clan," his daughter disclosed.

As Samuel heard those words, his smile quickly faded. He surely wasn't afraid of a little girl like Pearl. However, since the Dongfang Clan sent Pearl to make such a demand, it meant that they had already noticed the anonymous man.

"What did the anonymous man say?" he asked.

"He asked her to fuck off," Laquisha said with a little smile.

Samuel frowned. "Then why did you come here today?"

"Can you refuse the request if the Dongfang Clan asks you for the anonymous man?" Laquisha sincerely asked. Her father had always catered to her wants ever since she was a child. This time, she hoped that he would agree again.

Meanwhile, Samuel remained quiet for a while and sighed heavily. "The truth is, I, as well as our clan, have been worried over the years. You are still young, so I don't want you to worry. If the anonymous man is really from our clan, I'm afraid I can't refuse the Dongfang Clan when they come."

"Why? You know, he will make a great contribution to our clan!" Laquisha responded a bit heatedly. Yet, Samuel stood firm and shook his head.

"It's because the Time Sea is going to change again," he said in a serious voice.

Chapter 2284 A Small Advice

The things the Holy Emperor did this year had puzzled many members of the Han Clan.

After they had become enemies with the Qin Clan, He also tried his best to please the Leng Clan and betrothed the Princess Royal to them.

Now, he even agreed to the dissolution of the Purple Soul Hall as requested by Alfredo!

What they didn't know was that Samuel himself forced Joy to dissolve the Purple Soul Hall and that Alfredo was actually under his jurisdiction.

On the day Joy and Alfredo quarreled, the former went to Samuel seeking justice but ended up going back to the Purple Soul Hall in silence.

The Time Sea's rules were not absolute. In the past, cases of revisions on the Ruling Slate abounded.

However, not every wealthy clan above the Time Sea had the ability to modify the rules.

The Han Clan's fortune that they accumulated over the years was only enough for them to slightly modify some words on the Ruling Slate.

On the other hand, the Dongfang Clan could afford to revise an entire rule.

Of course, rules couldn't be changed randomly. The Hall of Holy Beings still had restraints and each revision would only commence after many discussions among the clans.

Moreover, a rule that would only prove beneficial to the Dongfang Clan would cost them. For example, if they made it so that they could be the only Floating Island on the Time Sea, then they would need countless divine might coins. It would be impossible to afford.

This time, however, there was a big possibility for the Dongfang Clan to succeed in changing the rule. They had already obtained the approval of the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan.

... The union of nine wealthy clans was led by the Dongfang Clan. Though the Hall of Holy Beings was not ruled by the Dongfang Clan alone, they still occupied nine seats in the Hall of Holy Beings. The connections also ran deep: the Mu Clan and Zhou Clan were quite close, the Zhao Clan was in an amicable relationship with the Fang Clan, and the Tang Clan was close to the Li Clan.

The Dongfang Clan, to a certain extent, could control the entirety of the Hall of Holy Beings.

Challenging them would be tantamount to challenging the entire Hall of Holy Beings.

So long as the Dongfang Clan got the acquiescence of the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan, they could pass whatever revision they wanted and passing such a rule would no doubt have a far-reaching effect on all the wealthy clans.

To maintain the Han Clan's position, Samuel had to bow down to the powers above. This was the reason why he approached the Leng Clan.

He didn't really want to explain all of this to his daughter.

"You're too young. You will only understand in time. The anonymous man who can have thirty-one consecutive wins has far exceeded the young me. I appreciate him and he most certainly will achieve great things in the future, however, if the Dongfang Clan fancies him then they can just take him away," he said lightly.

Samuel did not really attach that much importance to this issue.

First of all, it wasn't certain that the anonymous man was from the Han Clan. Samuel was currently trying to suck up to the Leng Clan in order to join the union of the wealthy clans. If the Dongfang Clan wanted him, Samuel could give the anonymous man to them.

Besides, there were only a few days before the new rankings were announced. The Dongfang Clan wouldn't be in a hurry even if they wanted to get the anonymous man since they didn't really care about the points. Their position was currently unshakeable.

Since the anonymous man accumulated a lot of points for the Han Clan, Samuel could use this as a way to impart favor onto the Dongfang Clan. It was the perfect plan!

Of course, he was currently unaware of the things that went through his daughter's mind nor did he know of the fact that she had already known the anonymous man in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land and even had a secret crush on him, let alone that he was actually the son of Mike.

Her father's words defied all her expectations. "Father, how could you do such a thing?" Laquisha couldn't help but despair.

Laquisha was an innocent girl. To her, the anonymous man made such a huge contribution to the Han Clan and they should pay him back for it. Since Zen was unwilling to go to the Dongfang Clan then the Han Clan should do their best to keep him.

It was only the right thing to do whether or not the anonymous man was actually Zen.

What her father planned to do was just so utilitarian to her.

"But..." She still wanted to argue but her father merely shook his head in dismissal. "Stop worrying about this! Alfredo will take care of it. I heard you had a fight with the boy from the Leng Clan."

"That's right." Apart from the matter about the anonymous man, Laquisha also wanted to talk about her marriage with Langston. She didn't expect that her father would be the first to bring it up.

"Langston Leng is a very outstanding man. Your marriage to him is very important to our clan. I'll ask Alfredo to take you to Leng Clan one of these days to apologize. All will be well," Samuel said.

In truth, Laquisha never entertained the notion of ever marrying Langston.

She was filled with helplessness and was very obedient back then. However, now that she encountered Zen once again, how could she be willing to marry that guy?

Laquisha had always thought that she was the apple of her father's eye but in the end, she was a mere bargaining chip to him. She couldn't help the surge of grief that welled up in her heart and could only look up to her father with cold eyes. "I don't want to marry him."

Samuel, however, was oblivious to his daughter's mood. "Langston is an excellent man! He may not be as good as your brother but he is sure to become a consummate True God under his excellent cultivation."

He continued to praise the young man but Laquisha saw it fit to interrupt him. "In father's eyes, am I only a thing that can be used to please the Leng Clan? Is that all I'm ever good for?"

Her question stunned Samuel silent.

Despite being his child, Laquisha had no right to question him that way. More so, he was the Holy Emperor of their clan which made her behaviour even more inappropriate.

However, he didn't really have that many children. He only had two daughters: Laquisha and Aleyna. If he had more children, then Laquisha would've ended up being severely punished for her actions.

There was a trace of anger in his face as he scolded her. "How dare you?!"

"Yes, I dare!" Laquisha replied hotly. "If you really want to force me to marry that guy, then just kill me now!"

"You think I won't?!" Samuel challenged, giving off an invisible aura.

A Holy Being restrained his or her own aura so he or she looked like an ordinary True God most of the time, but in reality, their auras were extremely strong. When Samuel released his, the entire Floating Island of the Han Clan quivered slightly.

He could kill Laquisha hundreds, thousands of times with just a single glance.

However, the moment his aura spread out, Samuel took it back almost immediately.

Holy Beings were very much experienced in the cycles of life so they had great control over their emotions.

Having restrained his anger, Samuel sighed softly. "You can leave now. Let's talk about this some other day."

"Let's talk about this now!" Laquisha insisted.

However, her father simply waved his hand and released an invisible force, pushing her out of the palace. The gate also closed with a loud crash.

Laquisha trembled in anger in front of the palace. It took quite a while for her to calm down. At that moment, she suddenly thought of Joy, then she slowly left here.

In the Arena of Legends...

Zen stood in the middle of a bloody red plain.

This was exactly the space that was used when Harold challenged Rachelle.

After winning thirty-two consecutive fights, Zen now had 1.85 million points which far exceeded the amount Joy requested.

He accepted Nelly's challenge, as promised.

She slowly walked towards him with a smile. "It seems we will be on the same side in the future."

"What do you mean?" Zen asked.

"You will eventually join the Dongfang Clan in the future. Our Mu Clan is with the Dongfang Clan so we will naturally be on the same side," Nelly explained.

"What?" Zen could only repeat the question.

"It is a great honor to be liked by the Dongfang Clan. A lot of True Gods want to join their clan and there is no way to refuse if you are chosen by them. Pearl has a high status in the Dongfang Clan so it's not advisable to provoke her," Nelly continued.

"Are you going to persuade me for her?" Zen asked.

"Of course not. I'm just giving you some advice. It's also compensation for you once I win and collect all the points you've gotten so far," she said. Nelly then stretched out her white arms and let a red and green halo spread throughout her body.

Chapter 2285 Blood Breaking Bite

What kind of attitude did the Dongfang Clan hold toward the anonymous man? And how would the Han Clan react?

Anyway, all that had nothing to do with Nelly. Her goal was to earn points from the anonymous man.

Normally, no one would covet the anonymous man's points too much. The rankings of the Floating Islands usually changed every few decades. Even if someone managed to take the points of the anonymous man, they would then become the target of other warriors.

Although Nelly was temporarily ranked the first among the low-rank True Gods, there was no guarantee that she would always win.

Usually, the high points that a warrior gathered would slowly be diluted during the many battles.

But now, the situation was different. The final rankings of the Floating Islands were about to be released. Nelly had already finished her three compulsory battles this month. And if she defeated the anonymous man, she would get all his points. That way, her feat was equivalent to a consummate True God's in the Mu Clan. By then, her points would well exceed that of her sister Rachelle's.

The key was to defeat the anonymous man in front of her, and Nelly was well-prepared for this battle.

Within the energy that spread out from her body were two completely different forces.

One of the forces was the Murdering Godly Way.

In most powerful clans, warriors cultivated the Five Elements Godly Way.

However, the Mu Clan was different. The Godly Way that Murphy had mastered was the Murdering Godly Way, and ever since then, it was also this Godly Way that almost all of the warriors in the Mu Clan cultivated.

Rachelle had cultivated it, and so had Nelly.

However, there was a slight difference in the skillset of Nelly and that of her sister. When Nelly had been cultivating the Murdering Godly Way, she had grasped another kind of Godly Way at the same time—the Life Godly Way.

When she had first encountered this new Godly Way, Nelly had been a little confused. It wasn't unheard of for warriors from rich and powerful clans to comprehend several kinds of Godly Ways at the same time, but they would all finally choose one Godly Way as their major Godly Way while the others would be their auxiliary Godly Ways. But when Nelly had condensed her Godly Tile, she had somehow condensed a unique dual Godly Tile.

Her Godly Tile was split right in the middle. The left side was blood red while the right side was cyan green, and these two sides exuded two completely different auras.

As soon as her father Murphy had heard about this, he had gone to the Godly Way Tablet of the Life Godly Way to learn about it. Then, he had combined the Murdering Godly Way he had comprehended with the Life Godly Way to create the "theurgy beyond way" that was suitable for Nelly to cultivate.

The Murdering Godly Way and the Life Godly Way were two extremes, like fire and water. However, Murphy, who had been immersed in the Murdering Godly Way for countless divine eras, had figured out how to successfully combine the two Godly Ways. He had insisted that if Nelly succeeded in mastering the theurgy, then she would definitely surpass her sister one day.

To some extent, his words had come true. Nelly was ranked first among the low-rank True Gods. Ever since she had defeated Laquisha several months ago, she had not lost even a single battle.

"Phew!"

As the red and green light spread around them, it seemed as if all living creatures had come to life on the blood-red plain. Zen could feel strong vitality and vigor in the light. Black and red plants rapidly grew out of the ground one by one. These plants, which had been created by the Life Godly Way, were radiating a strong killing aura, as if they were plants growing in the Abyss Demon Region.

"It's about time..."

Nelly charged forward, running toward Zen like a deer in the forest. As she ran, she tightened her grip on the black short sword in her hand, and her ponytail swayed majestically behind her in the wind.

Whoosh!

It took only a split moment before the black short sword came slashing down toward Zen, as if it had cut off the space between them altogether.

It was the first time that they were fighting with each other and they didn't know each other's strength, so they were sort of testing each other at first. Zen didn't take out his Buddha Emperor Sword. Instead, he dodged Nelly's attack slightly.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Nelly struck about eight consecutive times, but Zen dodged all her strikes with his skillful bodily movement. Each time she swung the sword, there was a tide of blood about dozens of feet high behind Zen. It was the same theurgy that Rachelle had used when fighting against Harold.

"All you can do is escape?" A hint of impatience appeared in Nelly's eyes.

People who practiced the Murdering Godly Way would also be affected by it, and they would gradually become addicted to slaughtering people. Rachelle was like this, and Nelly was no exception. Since Zen wasn't fighting with her head-on and all of her strikes had failed to hit him, she felt extremely irritated.

With a faint smile, Zen stretched out his hand like lightning in an attempt to take away Nelly's black short sword.

"You're too naive!"

A cold smile appeared on Nelly's face. This was her chance.

She suddenly lifted her black short sword and said, "Blood Breaking Bite!"

Her voice had hardly faded away when a blood snake shot out of the sword and turned its head to bite Zen on his arm.

Although Zen retreated almost immediately, he wasn't able to avoid the snake's fangs. Unexpectedly, Nelly didn't take the opportunity to continue her attack. She just stood there and looked at Zen with pity. As Zen retreated, blood continued to gush out of his arm.

Zen had retreated more than a hundred feet in one go while blood spurted out madly from his arm, leaving a golden trail of blood on the ground.

When he stopped, he raised his arm and looked closely. There was no wound in the place that the blood snake had bitten him. Instead, there was a unique blood-red circular mark. Inside that mark was a triangular hole from which his blood flowed out continuously.

This tiny hole must have been where the blood snake had bitten him, but when had the circular mark been engraved on his arm?

Besides, given that the blood energy of Zen's physical body was extremely powerful, the small wound should have been healed in the blink of an eye. However, while he had retreated, not only had the small wound not healed, but there seemed to be a strange force that was extracting the blood from his body.

Even more strangely, his arm stopped bleeding when he stopped.

"Why did you stop? Keep running,"

Nelly said with a faint smile. She abruptly shot out a blood-red sword radiance from over a hundred feet away.

Splash!

In an instant, the sword radiance turned into a bloody tide that came at Zen overwhelmingly.

Caught in a critical situation, Zen moved sideways by thirty feet, but just as he began to move, the blood in his arm spurted out madly again, leaving a 30-foot-long trail of blood behind him.

"Don't you understand what's happening to you?" Nelly commented, her smile growing bigger. She continued, "I guess I overestimated your strength. You got hit by the Blood Breaking Bite in such a short time. As long as you move, blood will flow out from the wound until the last drop of blood in your body is sucked dry!"

When the Blood Breaking theurgy in the Murdering Godly Way was employed, no matter what kind of defense the opponent was using, the opponent would suffer a horrible wound that was very difficult to heal.

However, after Murphy had helped Nelly to combine the Murdering Godly Way and the Life Godly Way, he had created the "Blood Breaking Bite" with his new understanding of the Life Godly Way. Once an opponent was hit by the Blood Breaking Bite, the wound they suffered would be impossible to heal. Moreover, as long as the wound moved, it would cause the power in the mark to rapidly draw the opponent's blood.

"A very interesting theurgy beyond way..." Zen replied. Then, a smile appeared on his face too as he asked, "What if I don't move? Wouldn't this technique become useless then?"

After saying that, he sat down cross-legged on the ground.

"You are full of yourself!" Nelly sneered. "I want to know how long you can survive my attacks without moving..."

But before she could finish her sentence, she saw some kind of energy reverberating around Zen. The streams of strength source were so heavy, that they distorted the space around him. Before long, four invisible swords appeared.

The Buddha Emperor Sword, the Heavenly Tooth Sword, and the Long Vine Sword floated horizontally in front of his chest, while the Grant Sun Sword circled above his head continuously to protect him.

Then, Zen said, "I want to know if I can kill you without moving."

"Gods Killing Sword Array! You've really mastered it..." Nelly's eyebrows twitched slightly, and a look of vigilance appeared on her face.

Once again, before Nelly could finish her words, Zen waved his hands gently and began to use the Separate Controlling of the Purple Aura Godly Way. The Buddha Emperor Sword and the Heavenly Tooth Sword became like twin stars in the sky, spiraling into the air and shooting down toward Nelly.

Meanwhile, the Long Vine Sword quietly disappeared into the ground. When it came out the next moment, there were countless invisible vines formed by strength condensed around it, and these vines were rushing toward Nelly!

The four swords of the Gods Killing Sword Array were working together to fight the enemy. The Long Vine Sword was mainly used to bind the enemy before the Buddha Emperor Sword and the Heavenly Tooth Sword came to kill the enemy. As for the Grant Sun Sword, which continued to hover above Zen's head, it was used to protect the owner.

This was the first time that Zen was defending himself against an enemy with a complete Gods Killing Sword Array. While simultaneously controlling the four swords with the Separate Controlling technique, he activated the Infinity Ruler with the internal momentum. Then, golden rings appeared in his eyes. He looked at the wound on his arm.

What Nelly had cultivated was the Murdering Godly Way, and Zen wanted to absorb it into the Infinity Ruler. Moreover, he wanted to know what the mysterious Blood Breaking Bite was.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2286 The Avenging Body

Nelly believed that she would be totally invincible after Zen was injured by the Blood Breaking Bite. Finally, it would be her time to shine!

However, it never occurred to her that she would be in grave danger in the very next moment.

A thought crossed her mind: 'The rumor is true.'

No wonder the Dongfang Clan was so eager to enlist Zen. One could have the Cross-world Theurgy only after they created a universe. If this was true, it meant that there was a possibility of a universe existing in the body of the anonymous man.

There was no way it could be viable, could it?

Regardless of whether this was possible or not, one thing was certain that the inner world of the anonymous man was very special. At least, it was the first time that this kind of a thing occurred in god knew how many divine eras.

Maybe the reason why the Dongfang Clan wanted to take the anonymous man back was that they wanted to study him, and not simply because they admired his talent.

The movements of the Long Vine Sword were very strange. The invisible power of the vines intertwined Nelly trapping her, and forcing her to use almost all her skills.

"Shadow Escape!"

Blood swelled in her eyes. Her speed more than doubled suddenly.

Even though she was imprisoned by the dense vines released by the Long Vine Sword, she was still like a nimble butterfly, creating an unpredictable trajectory by constantly shuttling about. She was being followed by the Buddha Emperor Sword and the Heavenly Tooth Sword.

In just a few seconds, Nelly was in great danger. The Buddha Emperor Sword had almost hit her on the head from the front, and the Heavenly Tooth Sword had left a bloody wound on her arm.

As for Zen, he paid close attention to the wound on his arm, and didn't fully engage the four swords.

If he used the full extent of his mind power to control the Gods Killing Sword Array, Nelly would be in more pain.

If Zen could absorb the Blood Breaking Bite, imprint a mark on his opponent's body, and then drive the Buddha Emperor Sword to chase her all the way, the opponent would be in pursuit until she died.

"But this theurgy seems to be more complicated. It should be a theurgy beyond two Godly Ways..." A golden light flickered in Zen's eyes, while the light on the Infinity Ruler too continued dancing.

Some moments later, the light on the ruler split into two parts, and one of these stopped at the Life Godly Way. Zen had already absorbed the Life Godly Way in the Heavenly Han House, but the Life Godly Way hidden in the Blood Breaking Bite was a completely different theurgy.

The second light stayed on another scale on which there was a small amount of red blood. It was the Murdering Godly Way!

"Blood is a fundamental component of life energy. The Life Godly Way knows everything about living beings... The Murdering Godly Way is an extreme path of killing. Those who combine the two are indeed very clever," Zen sighed as he interpreted the internal momentum. It was indeed very difficult to merge these two completely contradictory ways into one. There were too many outstanding talents in the divine land.

Of course, he was not aware of the fact that the Blood Breaking Bite was originally created by Murphy.

When he first arrived at the divine land, Zen believed that the Emotion Closing Godly Way could be a match for other Godly Ways. But now, it looked like he was wrong. The Emotion Closing Godly Way was known as a forbidden Godly Way, although Zen had no idea about the reason behind it. It was the best of the three thousand Godly Ways as it had incredible power. At least, he hadn't yet come across a Godly Way that was more powerful than the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

However, the Emotion Closing Godly Way alone was not enough to crush these low-rank True Gods.

If he succeeded in his own cultivation, he could take advantage of the Godly Ways he had mastered and study them carefully to try and see if he could create a powerful theurgy beyond all ways.

Unfortunately, Zen couldn't find a solution in the internal momentum. It seemed that the Blood Breaking Bite would not disappear until a specific period of time, which meant that Zen was trapped in the place where he was.

"But, Nelly seems to be unable to resist my attack too," Zen said as he regarded Nelly in the distance with a faint smile on his lips. When he used all his thoughts to control the Gods Killing Sword Array, Nelly would experience greater pressure.

"Phew!"

The Heavenly Tooth Sword, which had been chasing Nelly, suddenly turned around and flew away to the other side. Meanwhile the Buddha Emperor Sword was still attacking Nelly strongly. The two swords sandwiched her and soon blocked her right in the middle.

"Fighting Nelly is easier than I expected. She is already the first in the low-rank True Gods. Maybe I can skip a rank, and challenge the mid-rank True Gods." Zen gave her a smile. He didn't know why such a thought had occurred to him. Of course, he was just thinking about it. He had enough points now, and he had also completed the task given by Joy. It would be a big blow to him if he really got defeated by some mid-rank True God.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

When Nelly was resisting the relentless vines, a powerful vine entangled around her delicate white ankle. As the first vine twined around her ankle, a second one followed naturally. Soon, Nelly was completely entwined in vines. At the same time, Zen's two long swords were pointed at her, one in front of her and the other behind her.

"It's over," Zen said with a grin. He intended to kill her with the two long swords swiftly and without hesitation.

Just when the Buddha Emperor Sword was about to slit her chest, Nelly suddenly burst into a cackle, and said, "Is it really over?"

"Haha..."

A gaping hole was created in her chest due to the impact of the Buddha Emperor Sword. The Heavenly Tooth Sword was like a saw, grinding on her physical body and tearing it apart.

At the same time, a strange scene was unfolding.

The blood that burst forth from Nelly's body did not fall to the ground, but instead gathered on her body. It seemed unwilling to leave.

In a matter of seconds, Nelly's flesh was completely shredded, and the blood flowing from her body enveloped her completely.

"She's still alive? That's impossible!" Zen murmured while staring at the bloody person in surprise. At least Zen's victory was not determined in this arena.

The blood on Nelly's misshapen figure was still slowly ebbing and swirling, and the originally blurred face gradually reformed to reveal Nelly's facial features. The blood above the head began forming the outline of her hair. An identical Nelly took shape, but she was made up entirely of blood.

"This is the second time I have been forced to launch the Avenging Body in the Arena of Legends by member of the Han Clan," Nelly explained flatly.

"Avenging Body?" Zen inquired, as his eyebrows rose slightly.

She had used the power of her Avenging Body the last time when she had a showdown with Laquisha. Laquisha's preternatural fire had burned across the skies, which had driven Nelly to a dead end. Before dying, she had performed the Avenging Body.

It wasn't difficult to restore one's body with the Life Godly Way. Many True Gods who practiced the Life Godly Way could do this easily.

However, the Avenging Body was not a new body. It was an indestructible body created using the body before death and was a way for revenge.

Nelly attacked Laquisha once she pushed out Nelly's Avenging Body. In the end Laquisha was defeated and she ranked third in the Hall of True Gods.

If this was outside the Arena of Legends, Nelly's Avenging Body would also appear after she was killed. However, she could only use this skill once. Once the Avenging Body disappeared, Nelly would also die forever. Thus, this was a fatal tactic that could only be used once in her life.

However, Nelly could use it again and again in the Arena of Legends. It turned out that she was taking advantage of the loopholes in it.

"Shadow Escape!"

"Swish!"

In an instant, Nelly turned into a blood light and zoomed toward Zen at an incredible speed.

"Slash!"

Sitting on the ground, Zen gently lifted his finger. The Buddha Emperor Sword pierced through Nelly's blood body, but no matter how it went in and came out, or how many times he did it, it did not cause any harm to her.

'If it's really just all blood, I don't think that any amount of strength that she unleashes will do any harm to me, ' Zen speculated as he stared at Nelly's blood body.

When Nelly was getting closer and closer to Zen, he saw a faint blood light shining from the surface of her body. A strong power emitted from her body, and she went straight for Zen.

Unable to dodge, Zen had no option but to take it head on.

Zen's body far exceeded the strength of an ordinary True God so he wouldn't fall behind!

"Haha!"

A muffled sound came through.

Thanks to the violent impact, Nelly turned into a ball of blood and flew away. The blood began transforming again and finally took shape of Nelly's features. There was a hint of mockery on her face.

Zen didn't suffer any major losses in this collision. Although Nelly's Avenging Body was very strong, it wouldn't cause much damage by crashing into Zen's physical body. However, during the collision, he had been pushed back about three hundred feet.

He sprayed blood across the three hundred feet because of the wound caused by the Blood Breaking Bite.

"Damn it! What bad luck..." Zen cursed! He was depressed now.

Chapter 2287 Intense Competition

Even though Zen's blood vitality was very strong, he would not be able to withstand it, if he continued to bleed at such an alarming rate.

Moreover, Zen could think of no better option to deal with Nelly who had transformed into the Avenging Body.

"You were very arrogant about your recent victories. Let's see how long you can withstand this now!" He could hear Nelly's chilling voice coming through a distance. At the same time, her body mutated into a blood shadow and charged towards Zen once again.

Zen took a deep breath and started to gather his inner strength.

Puff!

There was a massive sound as they collided against each other.

Zen was hit again and with the impact, he shot a great distance away. Blood was still gushing out from his arm. As for Nelly, her Avenging Body was blasted into a ball of blood again by Zen. However, the blood quickly gathered up the molecules to shape her body again.

If the current situation continued to prevail, he was bound to lose, sooner or later.

Zen was completely at his wits' end.

Moreover, Nelly didn't even give Zen time to strategize. She kept attacking him non-stop.

The impact of each collision was getting stronger.

Although he was not physically injured by the collision, he kept losing a lot of blood along the way. Soon, with the rapid blood loss, Zen started to feel dizzy.

On the other hand, Nelly was dead, physically. Even if Zen didn't destroy her Avenging Body, it would gradually disappear on its own. However, in the Arena of Legends, it didn't matter who died first. What mattered was the victory and defeat!

Zen finally understood the amazing combination of Nelly's Avenging Body and Blood Breaking Bite. If someone killed her first in the divine land, even if she successfully became an Avenging Body, they would still be able to run away from her.

However, things would be different if they were first hit by the Blood Breaking Bite. The blood in their body would continue to drain as long as they kept running away. If they didn't run away, they would have to fight the immortal Avenging Body. These two powerful skills were a genius combination.

Bang!

Under another collision, Zen retreated back to a full distance of around 70 feet. As he lost more and more blood, the meridians in Zen's body became even more depleted. He couldn't even find the strength to operate.

As he grew more dizzy, his vision started to get blurry.

The Gods Killing Sword Array was a powerful skill in itself, but it obviously had no effect on Nelly in her current state!

"The Avenging Body was probably created by the fusion of the Murdering Godly Way and the Life Godly Way, along with the extraction of one's own blood. Anyways it is created by blood. What if I use the Blood Breaking Bite to deal with it myself?"

If Zen could leave a mark of the Blood Breaking Bite on Nelly's body, it would definitely drain her blood as well.

The problem was that the Avenging Body was just a mass of blood. Even if she completely drained off her entire blood, would the blood still be able to merge together again?

Whoosh!

As he was considering that option, Nelly rushed towards him once again. Her eyes flashed with a sense of triumph. It seemed that this anonymous man who had made a record of thirty-two consecutive wins, would finally lose to her.

Her sister had earlier lost to Harold. It was now her responsibility to defeat her opponent and salvage the Mu Clan's pride as well as points!

Seeing his opponent getting closer and closer to him, Zen got ready to boost his spirit. Both the scales of the Life Godly Way and the Murdering Godly Way on the Infinity Ruler beamed with a faint luster.

The moment Nelly crashed into him, a red light suddenly shot out from Zen's body. The light turned into a small snake head, and sunk its fangs into Nelly's head!

"What is this? Blood Breaking Bite?"

Nelly was completely stunned. Her actual body, which was on the outside of the Jade Wall of Legends, located on the Floating Island of the Mu Clan, suddenly trembled.

The servants of the Mu Clan were perplexed when they saw Nelly's body trembling.

Generally speaking, after a warrior's soul entered the Jade Wall of Legends, his or her body would be in a state of stillness, rarely reacting to any external forces.

It was obvious that Nelly was completely in a state of shock, or else her body would not have trembled so much. The servants exchanged nervous glances with each other, wondering what could have happened inside the Jade Wall of Legends.

'How is this even possible?!' Nelly thought to herself.

'How did this anonymous man manage to use the Blood Breaking Bite?

It is an extremely difficult skill that my father created especially for me. It could be used only if one cultivates both the Life Godly Way and the Murdering Godly Way. It is restricted by the Godly Tile!'

In other words, it was impossible to use this skill unless the powers of the Life Godly Way and the Murdering Godly Way were infused. She had practiced this skill for several years and she knew the challenges one had to face. However, this anonymous man had used this skill so easily, as if he had been practicing for years!

Of course, she overlooked the fact that the anonymous man could use the Purple Aura Godly Way and the Separate Controlling skill as well even though he didn't possess the Purple Power Body.

Time seemed to pass at a slow pace as she pondered over this problem. When she snapped out of her trance, a small mark had already appeared on her forehead.

Puff!

At the same time, she once again collided into Zen.

Under the impact of their collision, they once again shot back in opposite directions.

Zen retreated a full distance of a hundred feet this time. His face turned deathly pale due to a large amount of blood loss.

But this time, Zen had deliberately increased the impact force, so even Nelly was sent flying to the other side at a greater speed. As she flew backward, fresh red blood gushed out from the mark Zen had left on her forehead.

Splash!

Her Avenging Body was much lighter than Zen's body. Every time they collided, she would fly a distance of several thousand feet.

As her blood continued to spill out from the mark, the mass of blood that formed her Avenging Body finally splattered evenly on the bloody wilderness, forming a blood ribbon that was 1000 feet long.

'Is this really the end?' Zen thought as he gasped for breath.

Zen had doubts about destroying her Avenging Body, as the blood would still merge together. To top it, the Arena of Legends was yet to announce his victory.

As Zen had predicted, after a short while, the scattered blood suddenly started to move.

The ends of the blood ribbon quickly intertwined, and soon formed into half of Nelly's head. It slowly floated in the air, while her eyes continued to stare at Zen coldly.

'She is still alive.' Zen was dismayed looking at half her form.

"I really can't fathom how you managed to learn my Blood Breaking Bite without even forming your own Godly Tile," Nelly said in a low voice. She never in her wildest dream imagined, that such a situation would occur during her fight with the anonymous man.

"Is it really necessary for me to answer you now?" Zen said calmly as he furiously started plotting other methods to defeat his opponent.

"It's not necessary. I will directly ask you for the truth after the Dongfang Clan finds out your real identity," said Nelly. "It really surprised me that you could use my Blood Breaking Bite to deal with my Avenging Body. But unfortunately... It's not enough to destroy my Avenging Body!"

Her blood that was splattered on the ground, started to move. It quickly converged to small blood beads which seemed to be alive, while at the same time continuously flew towards Nelly's head.

Soon, Nelly's body was fully formed, but the mark left by Zen using the Blood Breaking Bite was still imprinted on her forehead.

"It's not enough yet, but I think it should be enough after a few more attempts." Zen suddenly smiled.

Although she couldn't see through Zen's blurry face, she could almost imagine his mocking smile. At the same time, the Buddha Emperor Sword had quietly appeared behind her head and smacked hard with its large, invisible blade.

Bang!

As Nelly hit towards Zen, her body once again turned into a blood ribbon because of the Blood Breaking Bite. One end of the blood ribbon was only a few feet away from Zen.

This time, before the blood gathered into blood beads and shaped her body again, Zen summoned a pale blue flame.

"Ice Soul Flame!"

Zen seized the chance and banged heavily on the ground. An extremely cold aura quickly spread out, over the blood ribbon.

In the blink of an eye, the blood ribbon was covered with thick ice.

"Now show if you can recover this time!"

Actually, he did have doubts whether the Ice Soul Flame would do the trick of destroying the immortal Avenging Body.

Theoretically, even though the blood was frozen, the Avenging Body was still not destroyed. If that was the case, then he would have to stay in the arena and continue to fight it for days, months, or maybe even a few years!

Then the winner would never be determined, would it?

Fortunately, Zen's worry did not last too long. About five minutes later, the bloody wilderness slowly dissipated in front of his eyes.

In the blink of an eye, he returned back to his room and the wall in front of him had recorded another victory.

He had won now a total of 33 consecutive wins and his points had surpassed two million.

Since he hadn't lost in a single match, his name still did not appear on the ranking list. Otherwise, with his current points, he would have already been ranked ahead of many consummate True Gods.

Chapter 2288 Rejection

When Zen won against Nelly, he equally won the final battle in the Arena of Legends.

The Gods Killing Sword Array hadn't fought with its ultimate strength. In fact, although Zen had destroyed Nelly's own body after releasing all four of the swords, he could do nothing at all to her Avenging Body.

In the end, Zen never truly defeated Nelly's Avenging Body, but fortunately, the Arena of Legends still announced him to be the winner of the battle.

The next step Zen had to take care of was losing to Laquisha and giving her his points.

In this way, it would be difficult for the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands to investigate the anonymous man's true identity. Moreover, Zen could make an attempt in becoming a True God by taking in the mysterious mud.

As Zen glanced at the wall, he found that Laquisha's name was grey, which meant that she wasn't in the Hall of True Gods. Even if he challenged her, he wouldn't receive her response.

Zen had no interest in continuing to challenge the other low-rank True Gods. Without lingering much longer, he left the Hall of True Gods.

Now, his room was ranked first in the Hall of True Gods. Nelly, on her behalf, had fallen down two places, currently positioned behind Laquisha. As for Pearl's room, it was still second.

In Joy's palace, the atmosphere was sullen.

Laquisha buried her head in Joy's chest, sobbing.

Joy was trying to comfort her, frowning somewhat.

Zen hadn't told her what had happened between him and the Dongfang Clan. Thus, there was no way she could have expected him to be in such trouble.

If the Dongfang Clan really wanted to retrieve Zen from the Han Clan, the pressure would be passed on from Samuel to Joy.

Zen was now in an anonymous state. Other than himself, Joy, Laquisha, and her sister, Aleyna, it was possible that no else knew who the anonymous man was.

If Joy hadn't told anyone else about Zen's identity, they would never find him.

The question was whether she was capable of resisting the pressure.

"Samuel has made a mistake," Joy said in a low voice, as she stroked Laquisha's silky hair gently with her fingers.

In a state of depression, Laquisha had confessed a lot of things to Joy, such as how she had made acquaintance with Zen in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land as well as her future plans.

The little girl's courage made Joy sigh with admiration. Laquisha had regarded Zen as her soul mate. If there was any chance for him to escape from the Floating Island with her, she even hoped Joy could help them.

Honestly speaking, had it been any other warrior aside from Zen, Joy could have given Laquisha a hand.

There were many cases where the disciples from the Floating Islands eloped. Not all of them hoped to become stronger, with the desire to stand on the peak of the Godly Way. A few True Gods pursued other goals, such as true love.

Laquisha could elope with the man she loved, but Zen, on the other hand, couldn't.

The burden Zen carried on his shoulders was much heavier than that of Laquisha.

"But since you know Zen's origin, are you aware of what he's ultimately facing? The road he's going to travel will be extraordinarily dangerous, and he risks being smashed to bits because of his carelessness..." Joy knew very well what Zen was about to face and what a dangerous situation he was actually in.

"So what? I don't care. I'm not afraid of death!" Laquisha shouted back firmly.

Joy gave her a gentle smile and shook her head. "You youngsters just don't take life and death seriously. But, you know, certain things are of greater importance than life and death themselves."

Laquisha didn't understand what Joy meant; she pursed her lips and said determinedly, "I can only hope that you withstand my father's pressure."

"You can rest assured on that note. I have made my decision, and it is therefore impossible for me to hand Zen over to anyone," she smiled.

Prior to being conferred the title of Demi-holy Being, she had been imprisoned in the Han Clan for quite some time. During that period, all she could do was helplessly watch the Luo Clan's destruction. She had felt regretful for many years that followed.

She knew Mike had placed all his hopes on Zen. How could she give him up to the Dongfang Clan?

Deep inside though, Joy knew that if the Dongfang Clan really wanted Zen, she would be put under unprecedented pressure. Besides, the Dongfang Clan wasn't like the Liu Clan, the Xie Clan or any other weaker clan. It was safe to say that the Dongfang Clan was the ruler of all clans.

At this moment, the light that was enveloping Zen from the Jade Wall of Legends slowly dissipated.

Zen's body trembled slightly, and then he jumped up from the ground. He glanced at Joy, who was holding Laquisha in her arms. He had no idea what the two women were talking about. Immediately, his facial features contorted themselves into a strange expression.

"Thirty-three wins in a row? Really?" asked Joy, smilingly.

"Yes." Zen only nodded. He hadn't told Laquisha his identity as the anonymous man, and thus, he had no clue what to say in the moment. Clearly, he could see that Joy had discussed something with Laquisha, but he didn't know why Laquisha was even here today.

"It's time you lost your points to me!" Laquisha said with a smile as she managed to collect her emotions. As she spoke, she stepped toward the Jade Wall of Legends.

Cooperatively, Zen activated his jade token. As he was about to slip it into the slot of the Jade Wall of Legends, a gust of fragrance blew from one side, and Laquisha jumped into his arms, holding him tightly.

Watching the scene, Joy could do nothing but shake her head and sigh helplessly.

Joy was also thinking things over very carefully. Harold had provided Zen with a clear hint. Hallet and Augustus never fought in the open battles. The disciples of both Holy Beings had made their big moves. Now, she was thinking perhaps she should do something, too.

Deep inside, she didn't give up just yet. That said though, as the Han Clan's Demi-holy Being, Joy was involved in many things. In other words, she couldn't allow herself to act rashly, like the bold youngsters could.

Laquisha was holding him tightly that Zen's body stiffened. He didn't know how to respond to her reaction.

After a long while, Laquisha lessened her hold and asked, "If one day you want to leave the Floating Island, can you take me with you?"

"Why do you want to leave this place?" Zen asked calmly.

It was almost impossible for him to agree to her request without hesitating. As per what Joy had said, he clearly knew what he was facing and how difficult it was.

"The Dongfang Clan may request to take you from our Han Clan. I've asked my father and he probably wouldn't refuse," Laquisha whispered.

Zen had helped the Han Clan a lot in the ranking of the Floating Island. Despite that though, her father just couldn't wait to send Zen to the Dongfang Clan. In fact, he'd do so in a hurry. His attitude disappointed her bitterly, so much so that she was even embarrassed to disclose that to Zen.

"I won't go to the Dongfang Clan." Zen placed his hands on Laquisha's shoulders, slightly pushed her back and added with a smile, "I'll leave the Floating Island long before they come for me."

"I know," Laquisha nodded. Other people had to try figuring out what Harold had meant, but there was no need for her to do so. Harold knew Zen was in the Han Clan's Floating Island, and of course Laquisha knew what Harold had tried to tell Zen. "I want to leave here with you anyway!"

Zen shook his head slightly. "No," he said firmly and inserted the jade token into the Jade Wall of Legends. Once again, he stepped into the Hall of True Gods.

As she watched Zen react, Laquisha pursed her lips. She activated her jade token in a fit of rage and she too, entered the Hall of True Gods.

As soon as he had seen the name "Laquisha" written on the screen, Zen chose to challenge her.

Before long, Zen stepped into the Arena of Legends. He was actually on a strange island, and surrounding him was the vast sea. This was probably the scene selected by Laquisha.

The said island was barely over a hundred feet wide, and as a battle ring between two True Gods, this was much too small.

Soon enough, it was Laquisha's turn to step into this world. She walked directly over to Zen and asked, "Why did you refuse me?"

"You'll die." Zen thought for a moment and then added, "Or perhaps I'd say you have very high chances of dying, because it's very dangerous."

"And what if I told you I would definitely die if I chose to stay here?" Laquisha asked in a serious tone, all while staring Zen straight in the eye.

Chapter 2289 Being Defeated

Zen was stunned for a moment. After he had regained his composure, he smiled faintly and said, "Don't be absurd. You won't die."

"I am telling you the truth!"

Laquisha snapped angrily. She pounced on Zen and grabbed him tightly by the collar, her eyes burning with rage.

An explosive power generated from her, and it hit him.

Zen was taken aback by the magnitude of that explosion. He landed on the ground, on his back. Laquisha landed on top of him. They gazed into each other's eyes.

Laquisha couldn't make out Zen's expression due to the mist covering his face. She heard his muffled laughter though. "Don't you dare laugh at me! My strength and talent are no worse than Nelly's," she stated.

Those who were able to rank among the top ten in the Arena of Legends often had their own unique talents.

As a matter of fact, Nelly had a dual Godly Tile and had the theurgy beyond way which was specially designed for her by Murphy. Laquisha, on the other hand, was the possessor of a special preternatural flame.

As if boasting about her strength, Laquisha jumped into air, and the air around her became dry. Streaks of bright blue flames began to dance on her left hand.

Suddenly, the flames condensed into a blue spear which was directed towards Zen.

"Stand up, Zen! Use your strength to the fullest!" Laquisha ordered in an assertive voice.

She had been defeated by Nelly in the past, as the latter possessed the Avenging Body. If it weren't for the Avenging Body, it would have been a daunting task for Nelly to fight against Laquisha.

When Laquisha was finally able to find a way to counter Nelly's Avenging Body, Nelly never accepted her challenge, much to her annoyance. Had she accepted Laquisha's challenge, she might have had to give Laquisha the first place in the Hall of True Gods of the low-rank True Gods.

Lying on the ground, Zen looked at the spear that Laquisha had conjured. A sharp aura emitted from the tip of the spear. It seemed as if the spear had the ability to penetrate everything.

Laquisha had indeed made great progress. She had become much stronger than Zen had expected her to be. Her being ranked among the top three people in the Hall of True Gods justified her strength.

'I don't want her to get involved. It's quite dangerous, ' Zen thought.

He was able to see much more clearly after entering the Floating Island of the Han Clan. He was also able to see his enemies who were able to conceive themselves from him.

The wealthy clans on the Floating Islands were so powerful and influential that people felt intimidated by their status. If someone considered any of the clans as their opponent, they made life miserable for them. Fortunately for Zen, he knew what it was like to have them as his rivals.

Therefore, he didn't want to get Laquisha involved in all this mess.

'Well, it might not be a bad idea after all to tell her about the dangerous situation, ' he thought to himself, his eyes landing on Laquisha's earnest face.

He quickly got up on his feet with a whoosh.

He rushed towards her with great speed.

Laquisha watched Zen coming as she rolled the spear in her hand. There was a piercing sound as the spear began to spin rapidly. At the same time, a beam of blue light appeared from the spear and shot towards Zen.

"The spear radiance is so sharp!"

As the spear radiance made its way towards Zen, his heart skipped a beat. The Buddha Emperor Sword and the Grant Sun Sword started to form in front of him.

Then, a loud clapping sound was heard.

The thin blue spear radiance collided with the Buddha Emperor Sword, and the power that was stored in it instantly exploded, forming a beautiful yet desolate spear flower. Then, the Buddha Emperor Sword gave way.

As the spear flower bloomed, another thin blue spear radiance emerged from it and headed straight towards the Grant Sun Sword.

The clap-like sound was heard again.

The Grant Sun Sword was the thickest sword in the Gods Killing Sword Array. It was used to protect its owner.

But the spear radiance which arose from the Buddha Emperor Sword, exploded again on the Grant Sun Sword. Thus, the Grant Sun Sword was crushed. Another blue spear flower emerged from the spear radiance and shot towards Zen.

'The spear radiance is quite powerful!' he thought.

Zen was fully prepared when the spear appeared in Laquisha's hand, although he didn't expect it to be so powerful.

He knew that he had underestimated her.

Realizing this, he twisted his body and tried to avoid the spear radiance, but his efforts were in vain.

Zen watched in dismay.

The spear radiance didn't meet any resistance. It went through Zen's head.

He then felt a white light flash in his mind as he returned to his own room. He had tasted defeat for the very first time, and against the likes of Laquisha.

Zen had worked quite hard in order to accumulate a great deal of points from thirty-three matches, but all the hard work was nullified, and the hard-earned points were lost to Laquisha.

"I can't believe that I have lost,"

he said smiling bitterly.

He didn't expect to be defeated by Laquisha in just a single move. He knew that she relied a lot on the eerie blue fire in order to secure third position in the Hall of True Gods. But he underestimated her. She had burnt him with that fire before, but it didn't cause him any harm. He wasn't aware until now that she could use it to such extent.

The last spear attack launched by Laquisha was indeed the strongest one that Zen had ever encountered. The spear radiance pierced through two of his swords easily and was still able to pierce through his head after three consecutive cycles of reflection. He knew that this attack of Laquisha's was unavoidable, be it Nelly or any other low-rank True God in the Hall of True Gods, and she secured the third position in the Hall of True Gods because of her real strength, and not just because of the power of fire.

Laquisha finally returned to her room. She felt a little bit better after defeating Zen. Yet she still was visibly upset by what happened earlier between the pair. As the elder princess of the Han Clan, she told Zen her intention of eloping with him, but he refused. She never forgave him for rejecting her so casually.

She pushed open the door of her own room and rushed down the Hall of True Gods.

After Laquisha's triumphant victory over Zen, she was ranked first in the Hall of True Gods. He was fourth behind Nelly.

Laquisha quickly made her way towards Zen's room and pounded on the door, but she got no response. Giving up, she finally made her way back to her room and left the Hall of True Gods.

She ignored the queer expression on many people's faces as she passed them by in the Hall of True Gods.

"Laquisha won the battle against the anonymous man!"

"I've told you, the anonymous man is from the Han Clan. He let Laquisha win. This way, no one would know his identity and he would never be exposed."

"You think so? If the Dongfang Clan really makes a move, the Han Clan could do nothing to protect the anonymous man."

The first defeat of the anonymous man got everyone talking and speculating. People had their doubts regarding the anonymous man belonging to the Han Clan. Now, it was all confirmed.

Laquisha had almost acquired two million points by defeating Zen. Therefore, in the rankings of the Floating Islands, the Han Clan was likely to have an advantage.

In Joy's palace, she watched the Jade Wall of Legends emit some faint light as she saw two figures emerging from it. Joy said to Zen, "So you have lost your points…"

Before she could finish her sentence, Laquisha shouted in rage, "Stop!" Zen backed off a few steps.

"I have already proved my strength, haven't I?" she said in a fit of rage.

Zen gave a weak smile and said, "I lost to you accidentally."

"Well, isn't this the worst excuse of all times? If we were not in the ring, you would have died. And you wouldn't be standing here right now," she stated angrily.

Joy had no idea what on earth was going on between the two.

'Wasn't Zen supposed to lose to Laquisha?' she thought. She knew nothing of the spat between the two in the Arena of Legends.

Chapter 2290 A Human Figure

Joy finally put a stop to the ongoing drama between Zen and Laquisha.

In the end, Zen hadn't promised Laquisha a thing.

In Zen's opinion, Margaret, Rocher, Letitia and the others in the fairy palace were all creatures born in the Evolutionary Universe and had been closely related to the life and death of the latter.

Laquisha, on the other hand, was different. Judging from the overall situation, she was just an outsider. It was unwise for her to get involved in what Zen was facing, and he simply wasn't willing to do so.

Ultimately, Laquisha ended up leaving bitterly, with disappointment in her eyes. As he looked at her retreating figure, Zen couldn't help but feel at a loss.

Joy didn't mention anything about the dispute between the two. She had a faint feeling that she'd be faced with a choice; the Floating Islands and even the entire divine land would be faced with a choice.

Ever since the Floating Islands and the Hall of Holy Beings had been established, the divine land had lasted for countless divine eras.

For ordinary mortals, this was considered an eternal existence.

To the True Gods who were immortal, on the other hand, they had lived longer, and thus, they could see many crises.

There was a saying that the divine land was falling and was about to be destroyed, and another one that said the Time Sea was expanding. They were also trapped in the endless debate concerning the Godly Ways, and up until now, there still hadn't been a complete conclusion.

In the endless time, these paradoxes were ultimately hard to prove. These caused the True Gods and even the Holy Beings to feel even more confused.

A few hours had passed.

Zen was in one of the best practice rooms of the Purple Soul Hall.

The warriors who were capable of using these practice rooms were mostly the top-rank True Gods in the Purple Soul Hall.

Zen sat up straight and turned his hand over. In the blink of an eye, the Golden Beast Statue appeared before him.

The Golden Beast Statue was a special kind of beast that looked neither like a lion nor a tiger. Zen didn't know what the beast was exactly.

Since the Han Clan was willing to pull the treasure out and treat it like a reward, it clearly had to be a valuable treasure in and of itself. Due to such, Zen made the decision to take some time to refine it.

After observing the Golden Beast Statue for a short while, he noticed a small round divine texture on its back side.

Upon noticing the divine texture, Zen touched it with his finger and injected it with a hint of chaotic energy.

Hiss! Hiss!

The chaotic energy surged down the divine texture, and the latter began to spin. Then, it slowly rose, forming a small funnel. It was an amazing sight to watch.

'Do I need to put a drop of my blood into it so that I'll become its master?' he wondered.

Zen narrowed his eyes slightly. With a flick of his fingertip, a drop of golden blood quietly flew toward the divine texture.

Once the golden blood began flowing down the small funnel, he somehow felt like there was a kind of connection between him and the statue.

Simultaneously, the Golden Beast Statue seemed to come to life, and countless glimmers of golden light began to emit from its surface.

Meanwhile, under Zen's control, the beast began to walk around the practice room.

'This Golden Beast Statue is mighty powerful and can change its shape at will. The material seems to be...' Zen thought to himself. A second later, his face changed into a strange expression.

Back in the Evolutionary Universe, the bodies created by the Celestial Position race for the nine Genuine Dragons were in fact heavenly bodies. A heavenly body could change its shape freely, but it wasn't really that solid. Its advantage was obvious: it could form itself a new body after being destroyed.

The Golden Beast Statue in front of him was also made from heavenly essence. This one was unique though, and several complicated materials seemed to have been added in order to make it abnormally solid.

'Can the statue take on a human figure?' he wondered to himself once again.

As this thought came to Zen, the statue slowly stood up straight like a human, and its golden fur gradually fused into its body. Its beast head also progressively transformed into a human's head. At the end of it all, the Golden Beast Statue had transformed into a human figure that was as tall as Zen.

"Master Evil!"

Zen removed Master Evil's soul seal in his mind and called out his name.

After entering the Floating Island, Zen had faced too many strong warriors. In order to avoid being discovered, Master Evil had sealed himself in Zen's mind. Now that Zen had freed his seal, Master Evil looked around and quickly noticed the golden figure in the practice room.

"What's this?" Master Evil asked, taking an even closer look at the figure, curiosity taking over him.

"This is the Golden Beast Statue, and it can change its shape freely. For that reason, I asked it to transform into a human figure, and it can be your body, right?" Zen said with a smile.

"Hmm...Can the Golden Beast Statue transform into whatever you want?" Master Evil's expression began to morph, and excitement sparkled deep in his eyes.

Although Zen hadn't yet replied a single word, Master Evil could easily guess his arrangement.

Master Evil's physical body was completely destroyed, and he was really having difficulties finding another suitable one. After all, this Golden Beast Statue seemed to be a supreme primordial weapon. If it could change its shape freely, then Master Evil figured he just might be capable of using the statue as his body. It was better than hiding in Zen's mind and sleeping.

At that, Master Evil floated out from Zen's mind and floated into the Golden Beast Statue. Once Zen transferred the right of controlling the statue to Master Evil, the statue morphed once more and soon changed into Master Evil's exact appearance. The only difference was that the body was still glistening.

"But I'm afraid it isn't too convenient for me to walk around the Han Clan's Floating Island with my current appearance." Just as Master Evil finished speaking, he quickly transformed into a lion. He looked like golden lightning, streaking around the large practice room. After a while, he transformed into a long snake, wriggling continuously along the floor. This appearance made him very excited.

Zen no longer cared about Master Evil, and he fixed his eyes on the plate that previously held the statue.

He had fought so hard in the Arena of Legends for such a long time, in order to obtain this plate. He strongly hoped that the mud used to build this plate would help him break through the bottleneck.

Why had the Golden Beast Statue been placed on such a plate? What a pity it was that confirming the Golden Beast Statue's origin was so difficult! If such hadn't been the case, perhaps Zen would have been more successful in finding this kind of mud.

Crack!

A crack suddenly appeared on the mud plate, just as Zen gently pressed it with his hand. As he gently twisted it, a sixth of the mud broke off. His inner world was already brimming with hunger and thirst, constantly urging him to feed it with the mud.

Without a moment's hesitation, he threw the mud into his inner world.

Plop!

Once the mud plopped down into Zen's chaotic sea, there was actually no movement to be seen at all.

Zen could only observe this scene nervously. The mud couldn't have lost its effect just because it had been dug too long ago, could it?

He reflected on the possibility carefully. The first mud he absorbed had been really slow to react. It had been dug out by the Tie Clan for a long time, while the fresh mud he had obtained from the cave had really reacted very quickly.

The mud used to make the plate to hold the Golden Beast Statue had been dug out for a longer period of time. He estimated that the reaction time could be longer.

That said though, the waiting process was a sufferance. If the mud really was useless after being dug out for so long, then Zen would have to delay the moment he'd form his Godly Tile.

It took about an hour, but felt much, much longer.

A single bubble floated out from the bottom of the chaotic sea. Soon after, more and more bubbles began to emerge.

As he watched the scene play out before him, Zen sighed with relief. It seemed that there was no reason for him to worry, after all.

As the bubbles constantly emerged, a small cloud formed in the sky above the chaotic sea. As the cloud spread, Zen integrated his internal momentum directly into it. Not long after, a huge sword cloud appeared.

The mud that Zen had just thrown in was a lot larger than both previous times, and the sword cloud was naturally even larger. As soon as the sword cloud was condensed, it floated toward the Godly Plate in the center of his inner world.

With his previous successful experiences, Zen didn't need to stare at the sword cloud to condense the Godly Tile. Instead, this time, he continued to crush the mud and throw it into his inner world, piece by piece.

It didn't take long before a large number of sword clouds slowly floated in the air in Zen's inner world, and the crystal in the Godly Plate became bigger and bigger.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2291 A Multiple Godly Tile

Zen quietly gazed at the crystal on the Godly Plate, his heart brimming with excitement.

He didn't have a Godly Tile so he was unable to use the power of Faith Energy. This also meant being unable to display the theurgy of his Godly Way.

Fortunately, Zen was able to use chaotic energy. By relying on it, Zen had managed to make up for the difference between him and the True Gods.

'If there are True Gods that exist in my inner world, then my momentum could be considered coming from True Gods. If that's the case, then what's the difference between my momentum and the momentum of ordinary True Gods?'

Zen did not know how the two differed, but he was looking forward to finding out.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

The sword cloud began to shrink. From a distance, it looked as if it was being devoured by a monster.

When the whole thing disappeared, Zen flashed and popped on top of the Godly Plate. After examining it for a while, he found a transparent crystal the size of his palm in it.

"It became bigger..."

Although the crystal had been completely integrated with the other one that was formed after absorbing the clumps of mud he previously threw in, compared to the Godly Plate, it was only a small part.

"Go on!"

Without hesitation, Zen reached for another clump of mud, and threw it into his inner world.

Minutes later, another sword cloud rose.

It left behind a transparent crystal in the Godly Plate which overlapped with the other crystal, and now occupied about a third of the size of the Godly Plate. If he continued to condense the crystal at such rate, he supposed that after he threw all the mud in his inner world, the transparent crystal he finally got would be more than enough to take up the whole the Godly Plate!

Zen then continued to throw mud into it little by little, the transparent crystal growing larger and larger with every handful he took. The strange thing, however, was that it condensed in the middle of the Godly Plate instead of around it. It turned into a round and smooth crystal, quietly lying in the middle of the Godly Plate and emitting a faint light.

This was also the first time that he condensed a Godly Tile so he had no idea whether what he was doing was correct.

'Now, I should be able to get a perfect Godly Tile, ' Zen thought as he threw the last of the mud in his inner world.

As the mud turned into a cloud and hovered above, a beautiful crystal slowly began to take shape on the Godly Plate.

Meanwhile, the lower part of the Godly Plate began to spin steadily and the divine textures on the surface faintly glowed.

This Godly Plate was meant to support the Godly Tile and stabilize it in one's inner world. However, as Zen's Godly Tile condensed, the Godly Plate suddenly trembled.

Crack! Crack!

Countless cracks appeared on the surface of the plate, and in the blink of an eye, it shattered into tiny pieces and fell into the chaotic sea.

Zen's eyes practically bulged out of their sockets. "What happened?"

All of a sudden, he felt a mild tremor in his head.

The Infinity Ruler shone brightly again.

The rays of light penetrated into Zen's body and straight to his inner world. The scattered rays of light gathered once again and landed on that Godly Tile!

"Rumble..."

Zen's inner world began to tremble.

The light released by the Infinity Ruler reached the transparent Godly Tile, creating rays which bounced off in different directions. Some of them hit the chaotic sea, while some landed on the continent.

"This is so strange! What is happening?"

Somewhere in Zen's inner world, the Evil God stood on the top of the snow mountain and looked up at the Godly Tile.

Right now, he could sense an extraordinary power coming off of the Godly Tile.

"The power contained in this Godly Tile feels very similar to the internal momentum contained in the sword cloud that the Creator had once condensed... And yet, this is even more complicated!" The Evil God's eyes twinkled with wonder.

Everything that could possibly be explored in this world had almost been comprehended by the Evil God.

Except for the huge Sanskrit words on the edge of the world, there was no secret for him. He had even controlled over the Ice Soul Flame in the ice plain. Unfortunately, the Creator of this world wouldn't let him leave, keeping him confined in this world forever.

Nonetheless, the complex internal momentum that emitted from the Godly Tile gave new hope to the Evil God. He felt like he'd be able to obtain a new theurgy from it which would make himself more powerful.

Zen stared at the Godly Tile, his face displaying utter disbelief.

There were all kinds of lights that flashed around the round Godly Tile, and around the outer rim, densely packed hash scales had appeared. Zen squinted his eyes. Those scales were from the Infinity Ruler!

Not only that, the Godly Way marks that were absorbed by the Infinity Ruler also appeared on the hash scales!

"The internal momentum of these Godly Ways has been engraved into my own Godly Tile!"

During his time in the Purple Soul Hall, Zen had acquired some knowledge about the divine land. Many proving godly warriors had the potential to comprehend several types of Godly Ways, but when they condensed their own Godly Tiles, they ultimately chose the Godly Way they mainly cultivated. Only a very small number of talents were able to condense a duel Godly Tile or even a triple Godly Tile.

Back when he had just begun to learn the Godly Ways, Zen did not understand the benefits of comprehending multiple Godly Ways. Many proving godly warriors practiced more than one Godly Way. For example, Zen had cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way and Wishing Spell, and comprehended the Ice Soul Flame of the Mysterious Ice Godly Way.

Before, in the Purple Soul Hall, he figured the limitations in practicing several types of Godly Ways at the same time.

All theurgies, except for the theurgies beyond ways, were all divided into several levels by the True Gods of the divine land. There were the first three levels and the last three levels, which, together with the consummate level, made seven levels in total.

For example, the first three levels of the Five Elements Godly Way were the Five Elements In One, Metal Wood Destruction, Fire Wood Dynamic, while the last three levels were the Five Elements Spirit, Water Wood Separation, and the Five Elements Circulation.

The seventh level, which was also the consummate level, was the Divine Five Elements Body. After reaching this level of Divine Five Elements Body, one would become a consummate True God.

As for the theurgies beyond the Godly Ways, they were also comprehended from different levels of the Godly Ways. For instance, in the Heavenly Han House, the Five Elements Destructing displayed by Yazid was actually the theurgy beyond way comprehended from the Five Elements Spirit. The Five Elements Spirit was not at high level so the Five Elements Destructing wasn't a very powerful theurgy beyond way. Not many people were willing to cultivate the Five Elements Destructing that Yazid had displayed as some theurgies beyond way were just not as good as the ones they originated from.

On the other hand, the Ice Soul Flame that Zen had cultivated in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land was the theurgy beyond way Holy Jay had comprehended from the sixth level of the Mysterious Ice Godly Way - the Mysterious Ice Sacred Flame. All the theurgies beyond way that were comprehended from the high level theurgies were quite powerful, so countless people hoped to inherit this theurgy from Holy Jay. However, very few warriors had gotten this inheritance from him.

It wasn't too difficult to cultivate the first three levels of a Godly Way. With enough time and determination, one would be able to master them. Especially for these geniuses of the rich clans, it was a common thing for them to cultivate a few types of Godly Ways with their special talents.

But if one wanted to cultivate the last three levels of a Godly Way, which were more advanced, they would have to condense their own Godly Tiles. Otherwise, it would be difficult for them to use the internal momentum of the last three levels of their chosen Godly Way.

However, the theurgy beyond way was an exception. Even if a True God had never cultivated any Godly Way, if they could somehow grasp a powerful theurgy beyond way, they'd be able to release terrifying power. For instance, back then when Zen hadn't practiced the Mysterious Ice Godly Way, he was still able to use the Ice Soul Flame.

The theurgies at the consummate level were the most important. If one condensed the Five Elements Godly Tile, they could only become consummate True Gods by reaching the consummate level of Five Elements Godly Way - Divine Five Elements Body. At the same time, they wouldn't be able to cultivate any consummate level theurgies of any other Godly Ways.

However, True Gods with multiple Godly Tile could freely choose which Godly Way they wanted to cultivate.

There were also cases where some of them could even cultivate two consummate level theurgies and became duel consummate True Gods, which would make them more powerful than common consummate True Gods.

Of course, the number of True Gods that had a duel Godly Tile was small, and the True Gods who could cultivate their dual Godly Tiles to consummate level were even rarer.

But Zen saw three thousand small scales appear around his Godly Tile, something that made him feel extremely strange.

This seemed to be a multiple Godly Tile, and it was a Godly Tile containing three thousand Godly Ways?

Chapter 2292 The Construction Of The Divine Land

Zen desired to know the reason he was unable to form a Godly Tile. Thus, he read quite a few books after he entered the Purple Soul Hall.

The description of the Godly Tile lay bare in one of the classics.

The Godly Tiles were the True Gods' profound comprehension of the Godly Ways, and they were condensed after the Internal Momentum Clouds formed.

These Godly Tiles had different shapes. They were square, circular, rectangle and even polygonal shaped. The dual Godly Tile was formed by two equal parts, whereas the triple Godly Tile consisted of three equal parts.

The edge of Zen's Godly Tile was covered with dense scales. It was quite like the Infinity Ruler. It was as if the Infinity Ruler had rolled up to the edge of the Godly Tile. Zen could also feel the internal momentum of the Godly Ways from the scales.

As the light emerged from the Infinity Ruler, it made its way towards the Godly Tile. About three thousand rays of light were emitted. The majority of the light rays were light golden, but some rays were of different colors.

The light that contained the Snow Godly Way emitted a ray of white cold light.

With a sudden whoosh, Zen's body was suspended in the cold light.

The cold light made its way towards the chaotic sea.

Faint snowflakes began to appear where the light fell. These snowflakes also contained the internal momentum of the Snow Godly Way, and the surface of the chaotic sea began to slowly freeze.

A moment later, Zen's body flashed and appeared under another ray of purple light.

The purple light hit the coast of the continent.

The onlookers on the coast were in awe as they noticed the light. The humans that were present in Zen's inner world were shocked as to where the light came from.

"Is this purple light auspicious?"

"I think it contains something that is beyond our comprehension."

"Who is talented enough to cultivate this kind of light?"

Zen's sudden appearance shocked the onlookers.

There were a few people in this world who could instantly teleport to any place. Zen was one of them. He could even teleport silently without any space fluctuation. No one was able to do so in his inner world.

These people belonged to the sixth-grade sacred place on the continent. Many of them had reached the Soul Sea Realm, and they also had a vast experience and knowledge.

"Who is he?" An old man at the Soul Sea Realm stared at Zen.

"He is the Venerable Creator!"

another middle-aged man at the Soul Sea Realm stated. He knelt in front of Zen. "Greetings, Venerable Creator!"

Zen had many titles in this world, and each culture had a different name for him. According to the culture followed by the people in this continent, Zen not only created this world, but also took it upon himself to carry the entire world with his shoulder.

As the two Soul Sea Realm warriors knelt, so did everyone else one by one. Behind them was a young martial artist, who looked quite unconvinced. This person was a recognized talent from a sixth-grade sect, and also was the son of the sect leader. He had achieved great many feats that many people couldn't when they were his age. Thus, he was a tad bit proud and arrogant.

Although, he was aware of who Zen was, he still refused to kneel.

"Get down, Cody!"

the warrior at the Soul Sea Realm said quite anxiously. A gust of cold wind blew which almost knocked the young warrior.

Seeing this, Zen smiled. As he casually waved his hand, an invisible force spread out. "Please rise, all of you."

These warriors then involuntarily stood up due to Zen's invisible force.

Zen's attention was caught by the purple light.

As the light gathered, it turned into streaks of purple smoke which flowed and leaped cautiously. It was the internal momentum of the Purple Aura Godly Way, and it was passed down from the Godly Way Tablet Joy had built in the Heavenly Han House.

As a matter of fact, the internal momentum that Zen had absorbed was not the complete internal momentum.

The Five Elements Godly Way's internal momentum that he assimilated possessed six levels as well as the consummate level. It was the complete internal momentum.

But other Godly Ways were somewhat incomplete. For example, the Purple Aura Godly Way only consisted of four theurgies. When Joy had set up the Godly Way Tablet, she was a mere a top-rank True God who had little to no comprehension of the Purple Aura Godly Way or cultivating the Purple Sky Land. This made it impossible for her to obtain the six ordinary levels and one consummate level of this Godly Way.

"There are three thousand Godly Way Tablets in the divine land. Have all of these Godly Way Tablets also been derived from the internal momentum?"

Zen's heart was pounding out of his chest as he looked at the rays of light. These rays looked like the skeleton of the world, connecting to the Godly Tile above. Thus, he understood his father's purpose of putting the Infinity Ruler into his mind.

His father was aware that he had mastered the Primal Chaos Technique.

Perhaps his father and his master were not able to foresee how further Zen could go while cultivating the Primal Chaos Technique, but they must have guessed the effects of mastering the Primal Chaos Technique.

The life vitality could also be transformed into the warrior's inner world, the secondary world. With the continuous improvement of the warrior's cultivation base, the inner world became bigger and bigger. But the world was always the secondary world, and no living creature at any secondary world could leave the warrior's cinnabar field. Otherwise, it would directly be restored to the vitality between heaven and earth.

Besides, the ultimate form of the secondary world could only be considered as a universe.

The universe was gigantic, and it gave a Holy Being the ability to become immortal. However, it was only a dependency of the divine land.

The inner world made from the chaotic energy was quite different. The ultimate form of the world was the divine land, but the divine land was constructed differently from the inner world. The Infinity Ruler was the critical factor as well.

Perhaps Zen's father foresaw what might happen in the near future. Thus he gave Zen the Infinity Ruler.

'The Infinity Ruler, the Primal Chaos Technique, '

Zen pondered. The Luo Clan might have been attacked and destroyed by the Mu Clan and the Dongfang Clan due to these things.

The old man at the Soul Sea Realm interrupted Zen's chain of thought. He slowly floated towards Zen, his face full of admiration and respect as he whispered, "Venerable Creator."

Zen asked the old man, "What's up?"

"The purple aura seems to contain something endless and profound. Can I gain some insight into it? I would really appreciate if you could give me some advice, Venerable Creator," the warrior asked quite keenly.

Zen shook his head. "Only a woman who possesses the Purple Power Body can cultivate this internal momentum. If there is a woman with a Purple Power Body here, she could give it a try."

"This is the internal momentum... Oh, I see." The old man at the Soul Sea Realm immediately nodded, but he was a little disappointed in his heart. The internal momentum was an extremely new word for him, let alone the Purple Power Body. It seemed that he could only let the female disciples of his sect come over to have a try.

"You won't be able to cultivate the Purple Aura Godly Way, but look..." Zen pointed towards the sky and said, "Did you notice the rays of light?"

The old man of the Soul Sea Realm gave him a nod. The phenomenon was quite unusual. He brought the elites of the sect to this place along the rays of light.

"Except the golden light rays, the internal momentum of other light rays can be comprehended," Zen stated.

The golden rays of light were from the Godly Ways that Zen had never absorbed. The scales of the Godly Ways that had been absorbed reflected all sorts of aura and colorful light rays.

The old man was quite pleased when he heard what Zen said. He and his sect members wanted to rush over and comprehend immediately, but given that the Venerable Creator was present, they just stood there.

There was a splash, and a huge Boundary Cloud was visible far away in the distant sky of the inner world.

Someone had become a world lord.

Zen was quite surprised by the unexpected turn of events, as the shadow of the Evil God flashed right before him. Then he smiled with relief. The

Evil God's talent was extremely terrifying. Zen had just proven the Godly Way while the Evil God was immediately able to become a world lord.

Zen addressed the old man, "Goodbye." There was a flash, and he disappeared with a flash. His body still did not produce any space fluctuation.

After seeing Zen leave, the old man of the Soul Sea Realm pointed at the grey light and said, "Quick. Don't let the Dark Cloud Sect get ahead of us. Send more people to guard this purple light ray, and then bring out all the female warriors of our sect."

The Dark Cloud Sect was also a sixth-grade sacred place.

The grey light ray that was visible contained the internal momentum of the Tortoise Godly Way.

Chapter 2293 Levels Of Lives

In the inner world, various sacred places, large clans started to fight for these rays of light that contained the internal momentum. The light rays were in such a demand that many sects even started a war.

Back then, Zen did not want Evil God to build his own divine kingdom and gather the Faith Energy. Hence, he had cut off Evil God's intentions. Thereafter, Evil God dismissed his divine kingdom. And that was when Zen established a new rule in the inner world. No martial artists were allowed to establish a divine kingdom. Nor were they allowed to light the incense to absorb the Faith Energy.

Every time a powerful warrior appeared and proclaimed his intention to develop the sect into a divine kingdom, Evil God would interfere and abolish the warrior's purpose.

So far, Evil God proved to be the strongest martial artist in the inner world. As a result, nobody dared to oppose him. The martial artists did not have a clue about Evil God's opposition. Hence they had no option. As the strongest martial artist in the inner world, Evil God's strength had far exceeded that of an ordinary martial artist. Although those powerful martial artists didn't know why Evil God did not allow it, they had no choice but to develop the sects into the sacred places. Therefore, there were only sacred places in this world and no divine kingdoms.

Zen did not interfere when the sacred places were fighting for the light containing the internal momentum. A baby world took its own time to grow up slowly. That was the nature's rule. As long as they did not seriously affect the balance of the world, the way Evil God had done back then.

If one looked closely, a lone figure could be seen atop a mountain.

Evil God sat cross legged on the top of the mountain, alone.

Ever since Evil God had retired, he became a legend, his position just next to the world's creator. He was in charge of managing the inner world.

Very few exceptional masters were aware about his existence.

The strange phenomenon continued to develop in the sky. At the same time, Evil God felt the blockage that had been trapped inside his body, was released.

This barrier was not caused by his own strength, but by the world itself. Previously, no world lord was allowed to appear in this world, so he was destined to continue his existence in the same cultivation level.

But when Zen's Godly Tile matured, he was like a wild horse, freeing himself from the limits of the world and stepping into the world lord realm.

When one became a world lord, he or she would disturb the vitality between heaven and earth and transform it into a Boundary Cloud. This Boundary Cloud attracted Zen's attention because of its increasing size.

"Ten miles. Twenty miles. Thirty miles."

Zen raised his head and looked at the rapidly expanding Boundary Cloud, with a trace of surprise in his eyes.

The most exceptional world lord in the Evolutionary Universe could only spread out a Boundary Cloud of twenty miles. Hence, Zen was surprised to see that the capacity of Evil God's inner world was far beyond his expectation.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Finally, Evil God's Boundary Cloud stopped after it expanded over sixty miles.

Actually, Evil God didn't even know the significance of the Boundary Cloud. After all, he was the first master to become the world lord. The sixty miles' Boundary Cloud was enough to make all the others feel inferior.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Suddenly, several figures ascended up the snow mountain. Actually, the snow mountain was the residence of the entire family of Evil God. When they saw Evil God breaking through, they quickly rushed up to witness the sight.

"Dad, you've made a breakthrough again! That is awesome!"

"Congratulations, darling!"

"Finally Dad, you have been freed of the blockage that had been troubling you since so many years ago."

Evil God had a faint smile of joy on his face, but stepping into this new realm was just a small achievement for him. When the Godly Tile was condensed, Evil God knew that the path of martial arts had come to an end, and it was the beginning of the Godly Way.

Just then, he turned around and saw a figure approaching from a distance. Evil God patted his daughter's head and said to his wife, "I'll be right back."

Through the Space Law, Evil God appeared in front of Zen. He did not show the courtesy of kneeling in front of Zen, as he knew Zen did not really bother about these formalities.

"Congratulations. That was a commendable feat," Zen said with a smile.

Evil God nodded and said, "Thank you." He thought for a moment and then asked, "There is something different now. Creator, have you also broken through?"

"Yes I have," replied Zen.

"This world has restrained my growth because of its size. Creator, is it possible for you to increase your cultivation base faster? Or could I travel to a different world?" Evil God asked cautiously, as he feverishly hoped that his Creator would fulfill his request.

Evil God didn't like such invisible shackles. He also thought that his cultivation base had grown faster than Zen's. If he could untie these shackles, he might even surpass his Creator.

Zen looked at Evil God calmly with a smile on his face. He said, "You may not know the nature of this world yet. You are very lucky to be born in this world. All of you."

Evil God was slightly stunned hearing his words. "What do you mean, Creator?"

"Didn't you try to bring the creatures from your inner world to this world?" Zen asked patiently.

Evil God nodded as he looked at Zen. After reaching the Spirit Supreme Realm, he did try to take out the creatures in his inner world. However, the moment he took them out, those creatures instantly dissipated, turning into a wisp of life vitality.

And Evil God just could not figure out the reason behind it.

"The people outside of this world also have inner worlds, similarly to yours. The creatures who leave their inner worlds come to an end, just as you see it," Zen continued.

In the divine land, no matter it was the low-rank True God or the consummate True God, no one could release the creatures from their inner worlds. Only the Holy Beings who created the universes could do that. But, even then there were rigid rules and regulations. That was, only if one stepped into the Godly Way and got the recognition of the Godly Way could he become an "ordinary creature" and then be qualified to enter the divine land.

In the Evolutionary Universe, Zen was qualified to enter the divine land after he was acknowledged by the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Later in the Heavenly Han House, he obtained the recognition of hundreds of Godly Ways by using the Infinity Ruler.

If it wasn't for the special condition of the chaotic world built by Zen, Evil God wouldn't be able to go out all his life. At least, he had to wait until Zen became a Holy Being.

Evil God's expression changed slightly. "So you mean to say that when I leave this world, even I will turn into a ball of life vitality, just like the creatures in my inner world?"

"If you are in the inner world made by other True Gods, then yes, even you will face similar situation. But my inner world is special. The creatures that leave this world won't be dissipated into life vitality. So you will have to wait, as I will let you know when it is appropriate to leave." Zen said.

Hearing this, Evil God was completely perplexed. He could not comprehend what his Creator had imparted. There seemed to be other gods also existing in the world where his Creator was in. 'All the inner worlds constructed by those gods are the same as mine.

Then why is Creator's inner world any different?

How many gods are there in the world where Creator is?

Could they cultivate the internal momentum as well?'

Countless questions were going through Evil God's mind.

It was not that Evil God was not smart. In fact, he possessed the highest intelligence quotient.

However, the level of his life was limited.

As Evil God had grown up in this relatively narrow world, he couldn't understand the boundless divine land. With his current knowledge and experience, he was always under the impression that Zen's world was about the same size as this world.

"I have my own Godly Tile now, so now there are some things that I need your help to accomplish," Zen said quietly.

There was only a small segment of people, who were aware of Zen's existence. After the Godly Tile was condensed, Zen could absorb the Faith Energy through the Godly Tile.

The Faith Energy was the momentum of a world. After a proving godly warrior became a True God, they would usually give up their life vitality and use the Faith Energy, to prevent the life vitality from being consumed.

However, Zen was still a little confused about choosing the Faith Energy or continuing using the chaotic energy.

For an ordinary True God, using life vitality to display a theurgy was a far too energy consuming thing. If the life vitality was consumed too much, it could even cause the entire inner world to collapse and the inner world would have to be rebuilt. However, Zen's chaotic energy was very durable compared to the life vitality. Moreover, Zen's World Tree was able to continuously absorb the chaotic energy from the outside world. Therefore, Zen didn't require the Faith Energy at the moment.

However, Zen still needed to figure out the difference between the Faith Energy produced by the world that was constructed through chaos and the Faith Energy of the other True Gods.

Evil God was naturally willing to help Zen, after all he had collected the Faith Energy before.

Chapter 2294 Fall (Part One)

Not even a second later, Zen looked down and gently tapped the side of a snowy mountain peak with the tip of his finger.

The snow on the peak disappeared in the blink of an eye, revealing the dark cyan rock wall hidden beneath.

Zen waved his hand, and the peak, which was already well over ten thousand feet high, began to float in the air. Under Zen's control, the enormous peak crackled in movement. For a moment, dust billowed all around and stones flew into the air...

As he watched this scene, the Evil God also secretly felt quite shocked.

With the Evil God's power, destroying an entire mountain with a height of ten thousand feet was a breeze. On the other hand, grabbing a mountain of this size and remolding it at will like what the Creator had done was impossible for him to achieve.

It didn't take long before the huge peak turned into enormous stones, each a hundred feet in size. At that very moment, Zen closed his eyes, and an invisible force spread out from his body. He was an omnipotent existence in this world, and thus, nothing could stop him.

As the invisible force swept over, the surfaces of all the giant stones turned into fine powder that blew away in the wind.

When all the powder was gone, the giant stones turned into giant statues of Zen's image that floated in the air.

"I will distribute these one hundred statues to every corner of this world, and you will complete the rest." Once Zen had finished speaking, his figure once again weirdly disappeared into the air, along with the one hundred statues that had covered both the sky and the sun.

Moments later, Zen appeared in the Emerald Pine City, which was over a thousand miles away from the snow mountain.

As Zen floated strangely in the air, he didn't trigger any of the city's restrictions. He did however, attract the attention of many people. Several warriors looked at him and speculated about his identity.

As the onlookers watched him, Zen waved his hand.

Boom!

A huge statue landed in the open space of the Emerald Pine City. The entire city trembled as Zen disappeared in front of everyone, never even taking a second glance behind him.

As soon as Zen's statue landed, it seemed to have connected itself to the entire city, and at the same time, it exuded an irresistible majestic aura. It was as if this statue was above all living beings!

"This, this is the statue of God!" someone shouted.

"It's the Creator's statue..." someone else replied.

"This statue will be, from this moment on, the Emerald Pine City's sacred object. No one is allowed to offend it!"

Every warrior standing within the open space knelt down and worshiped Zen's statue. The statue itself also emitted a sacred and inviolable aura. Under the cover of this aura, no one could approach the statue. A single glance at it would make people feel irresistibly amazed, which was a creature's instinctive reaction.

Sky Luck City...

Boom!

Unexpectedly, Zen's statue fell on Sky Luck City's central square!

The Grace Sacred Place was next.

Bang!

One by one, Zen placed his statues in all the major cities and sacred places of this world.

After finishing the arrangement, Zen's avatar turned into a stream of chaotic energy and quietly disappeared somewhere in the world.

It was then that the Evil God gathered all the powerful warriors in the world and announced the secret sect's establishment.

The vast majority of the leaders of various sacred places generally didn't like the secret sect. After all, the leaders were the supreme rulers of the sacred places. Accepting this secret sect was equivalent to giving up on a certain amount of their power.

However, despite the fact that the Evil God had gone into seclusion for countless years, he still had absolute power in this world. No one dared disobey him, not in the least.

Moreover, the Evil God worked for this world's "Creator". Who could dare neglect his order?

Before long...

Countless branches of the secret sect were arranged across all the cities of this world.

Both mortals and warriors were to worship Zen's statue and contribute their faith.

Faith Energy continuously merged into Zen's Godly Tile, as well.

As soon as Laquisha had defeated the anonymous man and gained the additional points, people began spreading rumors, convinced that this anonymous man was from the Han Clan.

The Qin Clan, which ranked below the Han Clan, and the Tang Clan which ranked above the Han Clan, were both helpless. The result of the Floating Islands' rankings was about to be released, and nearly all the warriors of the Han Clan had participated in at least three matches this month. In other words, they had no chances of defeating the Han Clan.

As for Laquisha, after obtaining the high points from the anonymous man, she would not go back to the Arena of Legends again.

Two days later, the wind continued blowing.

Across the Time Sea, the gusts of wind became stronger and stronger. The magnificent seawater began to turmoil and turned into waves that rolled out on the sea.

Occasionally, a few strange fish popped out of the sea's surface. The creatures wandering in the time fragments had the magical power of protecting themselves from the Time Sea's tearing power.

The increasingly strong wind worked like a pair of chopsticks that got into the muddy water, continuously stirring the thick clouds. The thick clouds acted like huge spirals, circling in the sky above the entire Time Sea.

At the edge of the Purple Soul Hall stood a viewing deck where many female disciples gathered. Right now, they all looked somewhat gaunt.

Over the past few months, in order to obtain points, they had tried their best to fight in the Arena of Legends. However, their strength was limited, and so were the points they received.

Only a few days ago, the Purple Soul Hall had tallied all the points, but they failed to meet their master's requirements. Almost everyone was in despair. According to what Joy had said, most of them would be forced to leave the Han Clan's Floating Island.

Chapter 2295 Fall (Part Two)

Every woman in the Purple Soul Hall was considered the pride of their clan, having entered the center of the divine land and become a disciple of a powerful clan on the Floating Island.

Once expelled from the Floating Island, they could only expect to face an unimaginable nightmare.

What these women hadn't expected though, was that the day before yesterday, news had been received that the princess of the Han Clan, Laquisha, had defeated the anonymous man. This man had taken part in many battles against opponents of a higher level and lost to Laquisha. The princess had earned nearly two million points!

In other words, that was the equivalent to the Han Clan suddenly having one more consummate True God, out of nowhere.

It was this news that pulled the Purple Soul Hall disciples out from the abyss of desperation.

"Do you know who the anonymous man was? A proving godly warrior who could accumulate several million points... How unbelievable! It almost killed me just to accumulate two hundred points," a woman sighed.

"Ha-Ha! What's important here is that the anonymous man was defeated by the princess, and he lost most of his points to her - points that he had earned through his hard work. I believe that the anonymous man must be very sad!" said another woman, with a smile.

"Think about it, all of you! Why exactly was this anonymous man defeated by the princess? It has been said that this anonymous man is from our Han Clan. He was surely defeated by the princess on purpose!"

"Do you really think that's true?" someone questioned.

"I don't believe it. The princess' strength is extraordinary. She was originally ranked third among the low-rank True Gods. I think it's normal for this anonymous man to be defeated by her!"

As they listened, many women widened their eyes in surprise.

The information that the True Gods and the proving godly warriors at the bottom of the clans could get was rather limited. Now, although the powerful clans were all sure that the anonymous man came from the Han Clan, or more precisely, from the Purple Soul Hall, most of the women in the Purple Soul Hall still weren't aware of the latter.

Zen sat on the edge of the viewing deck and stared out at the boundless Time Sea. As he listened to the various discussions and speculations that rose to his ears, a faint smile spread on his lips. At least, he had helped Joy in keeping the Purple Soul Hall, and he had also become a True God in a rather smooth manner.

Ever since condensing his Godly Tile, he felt that the Faith Energy within his body was becoming stronger and stronger, but he never had the chance to test its strength. Furthermore, he didn't dare enter the Arena of Legends again, especially not at such a sensitive time.

Joy had secretly told him not to act rashly during this period. After the rankings were decided, the Dongfang Clan was very likely to come to the Han Clan in order to take Zen away at any moment, and when that occurred, she too, would be placed under a lot of pressure.

'I wonder how Laquisha is doing these days.' Thinking about how Laquisha had looked that day, Zen felt as though a needle had pierced directly into the softest spot of his heart. Seconds later though, a cold glint flashed across his eyes. 'Forget it. All these distracting thoughts should go away once I enter the Everest Spirit Mountain...' he told himself.

Once the Floating Islands' rankings were decided, the forbidden areas were bound to be opened. As long as he entered the Everest Spirit Mountain, everything would be over, and the pressure from the Dongfang Clan would naturally disappear. Who cared if they ultimately discovered his true identity?

Despite having these thoughts, Zen still felt somewhat uneasy.

"Hey! Thad, you've only been here for a few months and yet you've already proven the Godly Way! You're improving incredibly fast! I'm impressed!" a pretty woman suddenly said.

Zen's admission to the Purple Soul Hall as a man was quite eye-catching and attention grabbing. More so, he broke through to become a True God not long after his admission here, which naturally drew even more interest from certain women.

"I have been staying at the proving godly warrior level for thousands of years now. It was only after I came to the Floating Island that I understood the subtleties of the Purple Soul Hall and overcame the bottleneck, which helped me in becoming a True God," Zen said with a faint, shy smile.

"Ah, that explains it! You're lucky. Over thirty years have passed since I came to the Purple Soul Hall, but I haven't made any progress," the woman said, shaking her head in despair.

"There will always be other opportunities. When it comes to cultivating a Godly Way, it's usually the smallest opportunities that make the biggest difference. Trust me, I'm speaking from experience," Zen said.

"Yeah, you're right." The woman nodded and suddenly pointed down. "Look," she said. "The Floating Islands are moving. The ranking process has begun..."

Bang!

With a dull roar, Zen saw the two Floating Islands - one of the Xie Clan and the other of the Liu Clan, which were at the bottom, began to rise slowly. Simultaneously, the Floating Island of the Luo Clan began to descend slowly. So much so, in fact, that it was about to fall into the Time Sea!

"What happened? "Harold has defeated Rachelle in the open battle and won many points for the Luo Clan, hasn't he? Why is the Floating Island of Luo Clan falling now? How is this possible?" Zen asked in disbelief. Zen's eyes were filled with anxiety and confusion. As the Luo Clan's Floating Island continued falling, his heart couldn't help but sink along with it.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2296 The Rankings

The change in the rankings of the thirty-six Floating Islands on the Time Sea started from the bottom.

Originally, the Floating Island of the Luo Clan had been ranked third to last. But while the Floating Islands of the Xie Clan and the Liu Clan moved upward, the Luo Clan's Floating Island slowly descended.

According to the ranking rules, the last one on the list would be expelled from the Time Sea, after which it would be replaced by a new clan's Floating Island.

Of course, the new clan would need to have at least a Holy Being.

The strongest Holy Beings in the divine land were almost all gathered in the Time Sea, but there were a few exceptions. There were a few large clans with Holy Beings outside of the Time Sea, but they were still too weak to compete with the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, so they didn't have the capability to have a Floating Island on the Time Sea.

"Will the Luo Clan be replaced this time?"

"Of course. The Hall of Holy Beings has long been dissatisfied with the empty Floating Island of the Luo Clan. No one is there, but it holds a seat!"

"The Xie Clan and the Liu Clan that came from the east of the divine land have the support of the Dongfang Clan. And this time, they have performed extremely well in the Arena of Legends. I'm afraid that the Floating Island of the Luo Clan won't be able to maintain its rank based on the points gained by Harold alone."

The women discussed the rankings of the Floating Islands among themselves, pointing at the falling Floating Island of the Luo Clan. Most people thought that the Floating Island of the Luo Clan was a miracle. It had stood in the Time Sea without falling for so many years depending on a single person's points alone.

Zen's frown deepened when he heard the women's discussion.

While his clothes flapped around in the strong wind, he stood rooted to the spot like a statue, staring closely at the Floating Island of the Luo Clan.

For some reason, he felt that this island was immensely important to him. He felt like if it fell into the Time Sea, he would forever lose something dear to him.

However, something unexpected happened then. While the Floating Island of the Luo Clan descended to the second to the bottom, the Floating Island of the Zhou Clan rocked about and started to move down rapidly as well.

"Look, the Floating Island of the Zhou Clan is also moving."

"This time, the Zhou Clan didn't perform well. It is said that several powerful clans worked together to oppress them."

"I wonder which clan will be ranked the last, the Zhou Clan or the Luo Clan."

As Zen stared at the rapid descent of the Zhou Clan's Floating Island, his eyes lit up and a glimmer of hope rose in his heart.

Each island was a city-sized monster and thus moved at a painfully slow pace.

Waiting for the end result felt like torture to Zen.

Finally, the Floating Island of the Luo Clan trembled and stopped at the second floor from the bottom.

The Floating Island of the Zhou Clan, on the other hand, continued descending before stopping at the 36th place. "The Zhou Clan is eliminated by the Hall of Holy Beings."

"It seems that the Luo Clan's Floating Island has escaped yet another time."

"Well, I'm afraid that this time will be their last!"

This time, Zen didn't care about the women's words and heaved a deep sigh of relief.

Actually, the Luo Clan's Floating Island had been destroyed, and it was meaningless for a single bare island to stay on the Time Sea. However, there had to be a reason why Harold kept trying so hard to keep the island on the Time Sea.

Although Zen had never stepped into that island, he felt an inexplicable connection with it. He didn't want it to fall into the sea.

'In the future, I will definitely place this island above all the powerful clans, ' Zen thought to himself.

In fact, the senior leaders of all the powerful clans had already known the rankings of the islands, because each clan had a few people who were responsible for the calculation of the points on the last day.

After the Floating Island of the Zhou Clan fell to the last place, the leaders finally informed its inhabitants to evacuate it.

All the martial artists of the Zhou Clan felt sad.

The Zhou Clan was actually one of the most powerful clans in the Time Sea. They had settled in the sea in the 340th divine era and recruited all the core disciples of their clan into the island.

Those had been the Zhou Clan's glory days. Before the 180th divine era, they had ranked in the top five.

Back then, they had never imagined that they would be forced to leave the Time Sea one day.

Soon, countless Sun Blind members came by small boats and took all the disciples of the Zhou Clan away from the Time Sea. Zen noticed that apart from the small boats, they also had huge ships that were hundreds of feet long.

The Sun Blind race seemed to be extremely efficient at what they did. There were tens of thousands of small boats and large ships that were gathering from all directions. They looked like brown leaves that continuously floated over, carrying people away in constant streams.

However, the population of the Zhou Clan's Floating Island was very large. Counting the Zhuo Clan's members as well as members of other clans, there were about seven to eight hundred thousand people. It was not easy to evacuate so many people from the island in a short period of time.

As Zen looked down at the scene of the Zhou Clan members leaving the Time Sea, his eyes hardened. "The Floating Island of the Zhou Clan fell to the last place because it was oppressed by several powerful clans together. The Dongfang Clan and the Mu Clan supported the Xie Clan and the Liu Clan, and together, they oppressed the Zhou Clan. This time, the Luo Clan is not eliminated, but the Zhou Clan is directly being driven out of the Time Sea.

The Holy Being of the Zhou Clan must hate the Dongfang Clan.

I wonder if it is possible to win over the Holy Beings who are eliminated from the Time Sea."

Zen thought hard, and then suddenly shook his head with a smile. His father's layout was scrupulous in all aspects, so he guessed that his father must have made arrangements for this outcome too. All of a sudden, he felt a lot less pessimistic.

While the Zhou Clan was evacuating their Floating Island, the Floating Islands of the Xie Clan and the Liu Clan rose rapidly, surpassing other islands.

In the end, the Xie Clan was ranked 17th while the Liu Clan was ranked 13th.

"Well, the Xie Clan and the Liu Clan are the ones who made the best of their opportunities. As soon as they became rich and influential, they joined forces with the Dongfang Clan, and the Dongfang Clan naturally raised their rankings."

"In the future, the Dongfang Clan may be able to control the Hall of Holy Beings."

The female disciples of the Purple Soul Hall sighed in a low voice.

The rankings of the 36 Floating Islands were constantly changing. This time, although the rankings had changed a lot, none of the changes had come as a surprise.

Suddenly, Zen felt a tremor under his feet.

The entire Floating Island he was standing on began to slowly float upward.

The Han Clan had ranked 10th among the Floating Islands, but now, it surpassed the Tang Clan, the Gu Clan, and the Fang Clan. At last, it was ranked 7th.

The Gu Clan's Floating Island dropped sharply from the 8th rank.

The Gu Clan had two consummate True Gods, Hallet and Augustus. Moreover, they had always had a great advantage when it came to points because they only had a few members. As such, the ranking of their Floating Island had always been stable. So now, its sudden drop in ranking caused a lot of exclamations of surprise from other clans.

Only then did many people remember that Hallet and Augustus hadn't fought in the open battles for the rankings of the Floating Islands.

By the time all the Floating Islands were rearranged, the disciples of the Zhou Clan had left their Floating Island. Under everyone's gaze, the magnificent Floating Island of the Zhou Clan tilted slightly to the side and flew toward the Time Sea.

The moment it touched the Time Sea, the magnificent sea seemed to turn into a ruthless giant beast that chewed the island into pieces and swallowed it up in the blink of an eye. Not even a single residue was left, and no waves were made.

Standing on the boats of the Sun Blind race, the members of the Zhou Clan looked back, their faces filled with grief and reluctance.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN ALMIGHTY WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

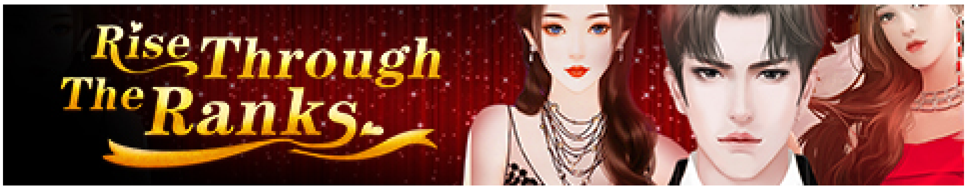

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

42

Content

Chapter 2297 Samuel's Change
Chapter 2298 The Black Faith Energy
Chapter 2299 A Place Out Of His Control
Chapter 2300 The Origin Of The Forbidden Land
Chapter 2301 The Astronomical Transit Day
Chapter 2302 The Invitation
Chapter 2303 Dragon-bone Ship
Chapter 2304 Illusion Smoke
Chapter 2305 The Island Of The Sun Blind Race
Chapter 2306 The Appearances Of Holy Beings
Chapter 2307 The Head Of Sun Blind Race
Chapter 2308 The Time Sword Of Gods
Chapter 2309 The Forbidden Area Opened
Chapter 2310 The Time Ghost
Chapter 2311 Surrounded
Chapter 2312 Supreme Treasure Of Belief
Chapter 2313 Divine Time Temple
Chapter 2314 Saving Reginald
Chapter 2315 Secret Time Room
Chapter 2316 An Epiphany
Chapter 2317 Fusing Internal Momentum
Chapter 2318 Abduction
Chapter 2319 Goddess Statue
Chapter 2320 Protect The Goddess Statue
Chapter 2321 The Poisonous Wolf Scorpions
Chapter 2322 Nathaniel Dongfang
Chapter 2323 Earth Godly Way
Chapter 2324 Accept Him As A Disciple
Chapter 2325 Freeze The Scorpions
Chapter 2326 Rain Of Blood
Chapter 2327 Soren Was Shocked
Chapter 2328 Dark Crows
Chapter 2329 Mysterious Glimmer Balls
Chapter 2330 Bevan Moon
Chapter 2331 Abyss Demons
Chapter 2332 Attacked By True Gods

Chapter 2333 Dangerous Situation
Chapter 2334 The Orange Light Ball
Chapter 2335 The Promise Of Absolute Beginning
Chapter 2336 The Soul-killing Ghosts
Chapter 2337 Encirclement
Chapter 2338 Out Of Body
Chapter 2339 The Forbidden Godly Way
Chapter 2340 Withdrawal (Part One)
Chapter 2341 Withdrawal (Part Two)
Chapter 2342 Inside And Outside The Star Door
Chapter 2343 Hiding In The Valley
Chapter 2344 Bounce And Copy
Chapter 2345 Kill Him
Chapter 2346 Determined Identity
Chapter 2347 No Match For Rachelle
Chapter 2348 A Calm Mind
Chapter 2349 The Time Elk
Chapter 2350 Action
Chapter 2351 The Jade Seal
Chapter 2352 Time Passage

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 2297 Samuel's Change

The Spiritual Heart Hall was immersed in a peaceful atmosphere.

The maids cheerfully splashed the Holy Dew, covering the hall with sparkling crystals.

Alfredo and the senior leaders of the Han Clan were all present in the hall. Their sole aim was to maintain the ranking of the Han Clan's Floating Island. If the total number of points did not meet the requirement at the final stage, then they would dismiss the Purple Soul Hall thus, liberating themselves from all the trouble caused by the women of the Purple Soul Hall, as agreed before.

But in the final two days, Laquisha defeated the anonymous man. She elevated the ranking of the Han Clan without any help. She accumulated around two million points, so the ranking of the Han Clan didn't fall. They climbed up a few places instead. The members of the Han Clan were witnessing a miracle.

Joy wore a purple dress. She looked quite elegant and beautiful in that dress. She leaned on the bench glancing around, lost in her thoughts.

"To be fair, Joy, our clan's Demi-holy Being made the greatest contribution to the Han Clan. She sent such a talented disciple to help us at our time of need. I didn't expect her to be capable of such a thing." Alfredo chuckled.

The clan members looked at Joy with great admiration.

Joy raised her head, a confused expression on her face, and asked, "What do you mean? I think our princess contributed the most. She helped us when we needed her the most."

"If the anonymous man isn't your disciple, how was he defeated by the princess so easily? Moreover, the Gods Killing Sword Array that was used by the anonymous man is your unique theurgy, isn't it? Today is a big day for us. Why don't you bring such a talented disciple here?" Alfredo said with a smile.

Joy gave Alfredo a hard look and replied, "I don't know what you are talking about. There is no such talent in my Purple Soul Hall. I heard that the anonymous man has even mastered my Gods Killing Sword Array. What's more queer is that he can display the illusory swords with the Cross-world Theurgy. That's an impressive feat. I'm curious about him myself."

Many people had believed that the anonymous man belonged to the Purple Soul Hall of the Han Clan. They thought that he was a new disciple of Joy.

But Joy was adamant and protecting Zen's identity was her top priority.

Had Zen been an ordinary talent, no trouble would have brewed. But since Zen was not an ordinary talent, the Dongfang Clan would have taken him away if they wanted to.

Therefore, keeping Zen's identity safe was quite important. He had to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain as soon as possible. If the Dongfang Clan took Zen away, his identity would be revealed, and all his secrets would be exposed.

So, when Zen cultivated in seclusion, Joy kept a distance from him so that no one could see them together.

As for the questions, Joy pretended to be ignorant of such matters. There was no solid evidence to prove that the anonymous man was in the Purple Soul Hall.

"That anonymous man isn't in the Purple Soul Hall?" When Alfredo noticed the shocked expression on Joy's face, he smiled. He hoped that Joy would cave in.

"This anonymous man might be in the Mu Clan, the Han Clan or the Leng Clan, or maybe he lives in the Purple Soul Hall. But I really don't know who he is," said Joy shaking her head.

Alfredo was quite surprised by Joy's answer, not knowing what to say.

Joy's words were enough to convince Alfredo that the anonymous man was not from the Han Clan. Was it possible that he accidentally lost to

Laquisha? If this was the case, the Han Clan was quite lucky.

Then, a faint laughter echoed in the Spiritual Heart Hall.

Hearing the laughter, the guards, maids, and many True Gods in the hall all knelt down and said in unison, "Greetings, Holy Emperor!"

As the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan, Samuel rarely showed up.

The improvement of the ranking of the Han Clan was a news worth celebrating, but everyone was surprised when the Holy Emperor joined in the celebration.

With a meaningful smile on her face, Joy stood up slowly and bowed to Samuel.

Samuel smiled. "If all the rumors are not true, then the anonymous man wouldn't have lost to Laquisha. He belongs to the Han Clan's Floating Island and has deliberately lost to Laquisha because he wanted to keep his identity a secret. Laquisha told me that the anonymous man doesn't want to join the Dongfang Clan."

"You might be true, but I don't know anything about it," Joy remarked with a faint smile. She no longer supported Samuel. She thought that he had no ambitions anymore as he constantly tried to befriend the Dongfang Clan.

The smile on Samuel's face suddenly disappeared. He looked directly at Joy and said, "I don't care who that person is. You must find him by hook or by crook."

The smile on Joy's face disappeared as well. Suddenly, the cheerful atmosphere of the Spiritual Heart Hall turned sour.

Alfredo and the others sat upright, with serious expression on their faces. They were quite surprised by the ongoing events. Was there something that the Holy Emperor knew, and they didn't?

"What do you mean? I don't get it." Joy looked quite irritated.

"The Dongfang Clan insists on taking him away, so we can't hide or protect him," Samuel said.

"But what if I refuse to do that?" Joy snorted.

Since she failed to cooperate, she knew pretending to be innocent wouldn't help her.

Samuel sneered. "The Astronomical Transit Day will be held tomorrow. The people from the Dongfang Clan will send someone here after that. Deal with them on your own."

With that, Samuel turned around and prepared to leave.

"Samuel Han!"

Joy shouted in anger. The muscles of her body tightened, showing her perfect figure.

Even though Joy was the Demi-holy Being, it was not appropriate for her to call the Holy Being by his full name.

Alfredo and the other senior leaders were left in awe. They couldn't quite anticipate what was going to happen next.

Samuel froze in his tracks.

"Must our Han Clan be a vassal for another clan?" Joy asked rising her voice.

The Holy Being, as the controller of the universe, had already surpassed the scope of a True God and after they created a huge and complicated world, their comprehension of the world and life had risen to a new level. It could be said that every Holy Being had the absolute great wisdom. They had seen the collapse of the worlds as well as the annihilation of hundreds of billions of creatures and had also experienced endless cycles of reincarnation of life and death.

Therefore, how could such a Holy Being become a vassal for others.

Joy perceived Samuel as invincible and matchless. And the Han Clan had never depended on any other clan. Samuel's affiliation with the Dongfang Clan troubled her.

Samuel turned and stated in a serious tone, "No one. I repeat, no one is qualified to make me their vassal. Not even Jeremiah Leng, Murphy Mu and Nicholas Dongfang."

With that, he left, leaving everyone confused.

Chapter 2298 The Black Faith Energy

The meaningful words spoken by Samuel left Joy, Alfredo and the other Han Clan members feeling stunned.

It was Samuel, the Holy Emperor of the Han Clan, who made the ultimate decision to curry favor with the Dongfang Clan in recent years. Therefore, the people of the Han Clan had nothing to say about it. In fact, even Joy hadn't dared speak her mind, even though she disliked such a decision. After all, the Han Clan, its Floating Island and the clan's property were all created by Samuel.

Now though, based on what Samuel had said, he seemed to have other plans.

"I don't know what Holy Emperor is up to," Alfredo admitted. As the master of the Han Clan, he seemed to sense a hint of danger. He had to control his emotion for the greater good of all.

From Alfredo's and other Han Clan members' perspectives, joining the rich and powerful clans' union wasn't a big deal, and they'd even gain great benefits from doing so. After all, the Dongfang Clan did nearly control almost the entire Hall of Holy Beings. As long as the Sword Clan's and the Moon Clan's Holy Brings didn't say a word, Nicholas Dongfang was the only individual allowed to make a decision in the Hall of Holy Beings.

If anyone wanted to have a stable position in the Time Sea, it was almost inevitable that they'd attach themselves to the Dongfang Clan. The Xie Clan and the Liu Clan demonstrated this perfectly. Both had been the last to rank and became more and more powerful with the help of the Dongfang Clan.

"It is absolutely impossible for Samuel to demean himself in front of others. Although I don't know what exactly he's doing, I'm afraid that if anyone wants to take advantage of Nicholas, they will drag the entire clan into deep trouble," said Joy hysterically. Then she turned around and left.

Ever since the Hall of Holy Beings' establishment, the divine land was peaceful for thousands of divine eras.

Prior to such, Joy had vaguely understood that Mike and Bromley's layout might affect the entire divine land, but she still hadn't thought carefully about her own, nor the Han Clan's future. She hadn't made a clear plan for dealing with everything that was bound to happen, probably sooner rather than later.

In this moment though, it seemed as though Samuel had a greater foresight than her, and he had already made his choice.

Before Zen came to the Floating Island, she had been considering building another island and even thinking about her next opportunity for becoming a true Holy Being.

'What should I do?'

As she pondered this thought for a few seconds, Zen's figure flashed in her mind.

'Should my choice be simpler?' she thought to herself.

After the rankings of the Floating Islands were made public, Zen once again returned to the Purple Soul Hall's practice room.

After condensing a Godly Tile, he immediately began collecting the Faith Energy.

The Evil God's movements were extremely fast. The martial artists of the inner world, and even the intelligent creatures from other races, all began to worship Zen's statues.

Many years ago, Zen had seen the Faith Energy in the universe. At the time, Lavender's greatest reliance was the Faith Energy consistently accumulated by the Demon Night. This latter energy was considered to be produced by the spirit. After the energy accumulation, certain specific changes would take place. The members of the Demon Night even stored this Faith Energy in the special Pools of Faith.

More so, the Ancestral Dragon even took Faith Energy as food and grew rapidly by means of such. It was simply impressive.

However, something very strange had also happened in Zen's inner world.

The statue erected in the Emerald Pine City quickly became the holy object in everyone's heart. Every day, people worshiped the statue and gave their Faith Energy to their Creator.

This amazing statue never needed to be cleaned, as it would not be tainted by any dust or dirt.

However, one day, after a young warrior finished his worshiping activity, he raised his head, looked at the crowd before him and said, "The Creator! The Creator's statue has turned black!"

Staring at Zen's statue in the secret sect set up by the Evil God was a behavior considered blasphemous. The vast majority of people bowed down and looked toward the ground in order to worship the statue. By the time the young man spoke out, Zen's statue had already darkened.

In fact, this wasn't only true for the statue in the Emerald Pine City. Hundreds of other statues scattered around the world had turned black after a period of time.

What was even more interesting was that the more people there were, the blacker the statues became.

"Who has stained the Creator's statue in this way?" someone questioned.

"Who is bold enough to act in such a way?" someone else murmured.

"Let's scope the person out and burn them to death!" a voice was heard shouting above the crowd.

The pious people in the Emerald Pine City suddenly became noisy. They had all forgotten the fact that these statues emitted the sacred and inviolable aura, and almost no one could approach them!

Zen's incarnation and the Evil God appeared in the air above the Emerald Pine City once again.

The Evil God looked at Zen's black statue with a puzzled expression on his face and shouted, "It shouldn't be like this! How could Faith Energy cause the statue to become like this? Impossible!"

According to this world's measurement of time, the Evil God had also collected Faith Energy tens of thousands of years ago, and at that time, Zen hadn't condensed his Godly Tile yet, which meant he was still unable to use the Faith Energy. The Faith Energy collected by the Evil God at that time still wasn't normal, and Zen had witnessed the proof with his own eyes.

And yet, something so incredibly strange happened after the Godly Tile had been condensed and the Faith Energy formally absorbed. The Evil God could feel nothing but absolute confusion.

Zen walked up and wiped at his statue with his hand, all while wearing a strange expression on his face. He looked at the people kneeling on the ground below it, and then said to the Evil God, "I have to take this statue away first."

Upon finishing his sentence, Zen and the statue simultaneously disappeared into the square of the Emerald Pine City. Of course, the Evil God followed Zen and left, too.

As expected though, as soon as Zen took the statue away, the people worshiping it began to wail.

"Creator, don't abandon us!" they shouted.

"We are your most loyal servants..."

As it turned out, these warriors thought that Zen was venting his anger on them, thus taking the statue away. This however, wasn't actually the case.

As they continued worshiping the statue at all times, Zen had quickly become their spiritual sustenance.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zen returned to the Emerald Pine City, his mouth twitching slightly. He didn't like the idea of setting up the secret sect, but after he mastered the Godly Way, it was necessary for him to gather the Faith Energy and use it within his inner world.

Only Holy Beings didn't care about the Faith Energy, because they could use the momentum within the entire universe at will. During the war in the Evolutionary Universe, everything from the biggest beast all the way to the smallest blade of grass, emitted momentum. A Holy Being didn't need to deliberately absorb Faith Energy. Even if someone set up a secret sect in the universe, or if the Demon Night race were to take the Faith Energy, the Holy Beings wouldn't meddle in such situations.

Zen waved his hand and a brand-new statue appeared before them on the ground, landing with a slight tremble, which made everyone present cheer and applaud happily. Upon doing so, Zen simply turned around and left.

The top of the mountain peak was white with snow.

The black statue stood out against the white background.

Zen reached out to grab the statue's hand, and with a gentle twist, the statue's stone hand immediately shattered. At the same time, a faint power was emitted from the stone. Zen looked down at the piece of stone he now held and said, "It's also black inside..."

The Evil God picked up a piece of stone this time and thought, 'The aura from this stone is similar to that of the Faith Energy, but why is it black?'

"The black Faith Energy... What kind of secret sect have you actually built?" Zen asked, in complete disbelief.

Because the followers had different beliefs, the colors and auras of the Faith Energy they produced would also be different.

Lavender was the Demon Night race's Queen of Killings. When countless Demon Night members worshiped her, there would be an unanimous killing thought. In other words, Lavender's statue was blood-red, and the Faith Energy gathered in the Pool of Faith was like a lake of blood, and the Faith Energy equally contained violent, killing wills.

Chapter 2299 A Place Out Of His Control

Another example would be Latonia's Faith Energy, which contained the vitality of life. It was collected by the Queen of Life in the Demon Night. The Queen's statue was green, as was the Faith Energy itself, which contained endless life energy.

If the Evil God established an evil sect, it was possible to possess this black Faith Energy.

Upon hearing Zen's question, the Evil God immediately understood what he meant. He shook his head and said, "It's absolutely impossible. The secret sect is established according to the traditional way, and there can't be any mistakes. Moreover, as you have seen, those believers are not evil people, nor are they able to bring this black Faith Energy. Besides, the statues all over the world are like this."

Zen nodded and looked at his statue. "Well, I didn't feel any evil in this energy, but I don't understand why it is happening like this."

The problem was that the Faith Energy had poured into stones from which it could no longer be separated, so how could it possibly be used?

According to accounts of the process of forging the Faith Energy for an ordinary True God, the Faith Energy would automatically flow into the Godly Tile before accumulating, and the Godly Tile was equivalent to the Pool of Faith.

But how could these black stones store it?

'It must be caused by the cultivation of the Primal Chaos Technique, ' Zen thought to himself, his brows furrowing.

Zen could have obtained a lot from the practice of the Primal Chaos Technique. However, he had encountered a lot more trouble with it than he had expected. In spite of that, he had succeeded in gathering the Godly Tile in the end. Now, he encountered a new problem.

While Zen was thinking, the Evil God seemed to remember something, and said with a pensive expression, "Creator, there are some strange things in the world, and there are also some things... It looks like these black stones..." He trailed off, not quite knowing how to put his thoughts into words. He looked up at Zen, hoping that he would somehow understand what he was thinking.

"Tell me," said Zen.

"Creator, please follow me," the Evil God said, and as he spoke, he had passed through space itself, teleporting himself to another continent.

Zen immediately followed suit, his figure disappearing into space, following the Evil God to his destination.

The land in his inner world split into seven pieces. Tens of thousands of years ago, the continent before his eyes was called the Monster Slaughtering Continent. This continent had been connected to the World Tree since those ancient times, and the local warriors thought of the green creatures on the World Tree as monsters and had spent many years fighting against them, giving the continent its name.

"Creator, that is the place I spoke about," the Evil God said, pointing ahead.

He was pointing towards a hilly area of the Monster Slaughtering Continent, part of which was shrouded in a faint golden light. The area covered by the glow resembled a huge gourd.

Astonishment appeared on Zen's face, and he asked, "Where did the golden light come from?"

Zen had the ability to know all things in this world. However, no matter how intensely he sought for it with his mind, he couldn't figure out where the golden light came from. In other words, the place bathed in the golden light was outside of his control.

He couldn't understand why; it frustrated him that he could not control the world he had created himself.

"I don't know. It seems to have appeared soon after you condensed the Godly Tile. The golden light has a strong innate repulsive force. If one wishes to enter, he or she can only do so through the entrance in that 'gourd'," said the Evil God, who flew down directly, aiming at the entrance of the gourd-shaped space.

'It's a gourd-shaped area, and there's only one entrance...' thought Zen for a moment, and then proceeded to step inside.

As soon as Zen stepped into the area, he saw the forest in front of him shake as several burly blue giants emerged from it. These giants had two heads with three eyes on each, and their faces were ferocious and terrifying. They opened their mouths, exposing a pair of razor-sharp fangs. With a roar, they took off towards Zen at breakneck speed, and the ground shook beneath their strong, muscular legs.

At the same time, a thin strip of snow appeared silently in front of Zen. It formed a circle around the double-headed giants, all without making a sound. However, the silence did not last long. With a sudden whirring sound, the giants were engulfed in the azure Ice Soul Flame and turned into ice sculptures in the blink of an eye.

It was the Evil God who had done this.

"Ice Soul Flame... You've mastered it perfectly," whispered Zen with a faint smile.

"Thank you for your praise," said the Evil God, cupping his hands together, a hint of triumph on his face. He had the skills to feel superior to anyone in the world, and yet the only person he truly respected was Zen.

"I have been here once before. These double-headed giants are not that powerful, but there are some giants like them who have ten eyes, and others with hundred eyes and even a thousand eyes. The more eyes they have, the more powerful they are. The last time I couldn't defeat the giant with a thousand eyes and had to return," added the Evil God.

"There are creatures more powerful than you?!" Zen had a strange expression on his face.

In Zen's eyes, the Evil God was much more talented than the majority of geniuses he had seen, and whenever he made some breakthrough, the Evil God would always be the first of his kind to reach the maximum level that the laws of the world could permit.

The idea of a being or entity that the Evil God couldn't resist was unfathomable to Zen. If there was such a being, it should be Zen himself.

"Take me there," Zen ordered.

The two of them then proceeded to move, single file, through the gourd-shaped area.

Just as the Evil God had said, there were indeed all kinds of giants inside the special area covered by the golden light. Most of them had only a few eyes, but some of them even had eyes all over their bodies, which made them look very strange and frightening, as if these creatures should not exist at all.

The more eyes a giant had and the bigger it was, the greater its strength would be.

At the beginning, leading the way, the Evil God could easily deal with those three-eyed and ten-eyed giants. The hundred-eyed giants appearing later, however, were more difficult to deal with. Although there were not many of them, the Evil God usually needed more than a hundred rounds before he could kill them.

"Go to hell!"

Zen said, and as he did, he stretched out his finger and pointed at the three one hundred-eyed giants surrounding the Evil God. The Nine Divine Stars in the sky flashed, and an invisible force descended from them, instantly tearing these hundred-eyed giants into pieces.

"Let's go," Zen said quietly. Now it was his turn to lead the way.

The Evil God smiled. The last time he had broken into this place, he had taken a huge risk, and had almost died trying to fight the thousand-eyed giant alone.

Not long after, Zen finally found the thousand-eyed giant that the Evil God had mentioned. This giant was nearly thousands of feet tall, and the surrounding hills looked like tiny pebbles in comparison.

When Zen was outside of the area covered by the golden light, he hadn't seen such a huge creature. That meant that the golden light had indeed blinded him. Thinking of this, he felt an indescribably strange feeling in his heart.

"Aww!"

The giant turned and all its eyes focused at once on Zen and the Evil God. Without saying anything, it aimed at them with its mountain-sized fist, about to punch them.

As the fist moved towards them, almost in slow motion, so enormous it blotted out the sky, Zen calmly pointed at it with his finger, just as he had done before. The fist suddenly stopped in midair, unable to go any further. Then, with a gentle flick, a much fiercer force overpowered the huge monster.

"Bang!"

The thousand-eyed giant collapsed, and the force of its fall started a tremendous earthquake. As the land continued to shake, the giants in the depths of the forest began to scream, one after another.

The giant wanted to get up again, but Zen had already jumped onto it and stood on its mountain-like head. As Zen stomped on it, the giant's head became pressed further and further into the ground. Unable to pull its head out, it could only wave its giant arms in vain. Although the giant had a thousand eyes, it seemed unable to see anything.

"This creature shouldn't have been born in my inner world, and such a powerful creature couldn't have been formed overnight," Zen said to the Evil God. The human race and the other intelligent creatures in his inner world had all undergone a great amount of tribulations, and they had thus gradually evolved into what they were today.

"I think so too," said the Evil God, passing the giant's body and then entering the forest as if looking for something in its depths. Soon, he came back with a number of black objects in his hands. The Evil God stretched out his arms, presenting them to Zen, and said, "Creator, look: I think these black objects, too, contain the Faith Energy."

The black objects in his hands were thin. As Zen observed them, his eyes suddenly showed disbelief. "They...they're divine might coins!"

This time, it was the Evil God's turn to be confused. "Divine might coins? What are they?"

Zen heaved a sigh of relief. He had figured it out. "I think I know what this place is," he uttered.

Chapter 2300 The Origin Of The Forbidden Land

The scene in front of him had even cleared the many doubts in Zen's mind.

Master Evil informed Zen that all the divine might coins were found in the forbidden lands. However, Zen was unsure how they were produced in the first place.

The life vitality crystal and life vitality jade were condensed by the vitality between heaven and earth. After they gathered for countless years, they formed mines. Even if a mineral vein was dug out, other mineral veins kept growing and replenishing the source. So the life vitality crystal and life vitality jade were almost inexhaustible resources.

The divine land had been in existence for countless divine eras.

During this long period of time, countless True Gods had set foot into the forbidden lands.

Divine might coins were present in various forbidden lands. Even if there were huge quantities of divine might coins, all of them would be dug out and taken away one day. If this happened, how would the warriors who arrived later find and get their hands on any of these coins?

According to Master Evil's explanation, a True God who stepped into a forbidden land would always find the divine might coins, which meant that the coins would constantly keep appearing...

Finally, it all made sense to Zen. He figured out that the divine might coins were formed by the Faith Energy of the True Gods!

"What is this place?" The Evil God inquired curiously.

Zen glanced around until finally his eyes fixed on the giant with one thousand eyes. He then smiled broadly and said, "This is the world you have imagined!"

"The world we have imagined?" repeated the Evil God. Surprise was written all over his face.

Zen nodded, and suddenly an idea occurred to him. The history of the Monster Slaughtering Continent in the past few years played like a movie in his mind. With the help of his omniscient ability, he quickly found the clues he needed, and then remarked casually, "The Monster Slaughtering Continent belonged to the Howe Clan many years ago."

"I've heard of the Howe Clan. It's an ancient race," added Evil God nodding in agreement.

The conflict between the Howe Clan and the Totem Clan had begun long before the birth of the Evil God, but the history of the two ancient races had passed down from generation to generation, so mostly everyone was aware of the enmity between these two races.

"It's recorded in history that the queen of the Howe Clan was exquisitely beautiful, so she seduced a God to help her. Are you the God who aided her?" The Evil God questioned and then asked with a lecherous smile, "Is the queen of the Howe Clan as beautiful as she's made out to be in the stories?"

According to the legend, the queen of the Howe Clan was regarded as the most beautiful woman in history. Her beauty could even blind a God and make him lose his senses. As a man, the Evil God naturally had interest in this on a primal level.

Zen nodded. "Yes, it's me. She is indeed a perfect woman."

At the time, Zen had interfered in the war between the Howe Clan and the Totem Clan, in which he had lent support to the queen of the Howe Clan, although he had not given her much power.

As the creator of this world, Zen wouldn't intervene too much. In fact, even now, he could use the mud to create the queen just using his mind, but it was just meaningless to indulge in such things.

"Back then, the Howe Clan and the Totem Clan were very afraid of the Heavenly Spirit race in the World Tree, so the local mortals hoped that there would be some creature that would be able to bless and protect them!" Zen continued, "The creature must have a strong and burly body. Moreover, its appearance should be terrifying enough to scare off the Heavenly Spirit race!"

Evil God quickly guessed the rest. "The creature they imagined must be a monster covered with numerous eyes."

"Yes, you're right," Zen replied with a smile, nodding.

In the early days, the Howe Clan could only imagine the giant with three eyes. However, once their imagination was triggered, the picture became more vivid in their minds. More and more members of the Howe Clan started to make up something that didn't exist. As a result, there were giants with ten eyes, a hundred eyes, and even a thousand eyes...

This was the most primitive form of faith.

If the Howe Clan had imagined dragons at the very beginning, then what Zen and the Evil God had encountered there were not these giants, but giant dragons in strange shapes.

Over countless years, the legend of the giant with one thousand eyes didn't fade, but instead it become a part of the human culture. As generation after generation added to this legend, their imagination turned into subconscious Faith Energy and got accumulated over time. When Zen's Godly Tile was formed, a forbidden land in the shape of a gourd was formed.

Why did it take the shape of a gourd? Because it was said that these giants were born from a gourd.

In the same way, even the Everest Spirit Mountain, the Soul Wilderness and other various forbidden lands were created due to the thoughts of the divine citizens.

In fact, these thoughts were the basis of Faith Energy. The legends that were passed down through countless divine eras formed many forbidden lands. When a forbidden land appeared, people were more convinced of the existence of the forbidden land, which would in turn cause more forbidden lands to appear. Thus more and more Faith Energy would be produced for the forbidden lands to adsorb and thrive.

Zen reckoned that it was no coincidence that the Everest Spirit Mountain, the Soul Wilderness, the Swirl Forest and the Abyss Demon Region went on to become the four great forbidden lands. It was just that the legends of these four forbidden lands existed at the very beginning and hence had been passed on for the longest time. They were the oldest legends.

The Abyss Demon Region was like hell according to the stories of the divine citizens. Everyone believed that they would go to that region after they died. The amount of the Faith Energy that the Abyss Demon Region absorbed was the highest. Therefore, warriors found it was most difficult to explore this region. Even Holy Beings would find it tough to defend themselves if they entered the depths of this region!

"It's incredible," the Evil God exclaimed as he looked at the giant with one thousand eyes. He never thought that the world would be so wonderful.

Zen suddenly pointed his hand at the giant and gently flipped his palm. And then an invisible force instantly crushed the giant with thousand eyes into dust!

"Logically speaking, even if I kill all of the giants here, they will reappear in a certain amount of time. Even the divine might coins in your hands will appear again. You can come in and verify this the next time," Zen said nonchalantly. "Let's go to the next place to have a look!"

The Evil God nodded and then asked, "I'm still confused about one thing. You said that everything here was imagined, so then what about these divine might coins? Did these black coins also appear in the legend of the Monster Slaughtering Continent?"

Zen stared at the divine might coins and shook his head. "These divine might coins are formed by Faith Energy. This forbidden land needs a constant supply of the Faith Energy. This energy gets sucked into this space. After an adequate number of giants have been formed, and the place is saturated with the Faith Energy, it will transform into the divine might coins..."

This was Zen's guess too. According to the clues he had gathered, his guess would not be too far from the truth. The only thing he couldn't figure out was why the divine might coins formed from the Faith Energy were black.

Zen collected all the divine might coins in the forbidden land and took them with him when he left with the Evil God.

Then Zen and the Evil God found another forbidden land on the ice land, which was covered by the ray of light-purple light. The ray of light covered a triangular area, which was the same as what happened on the Monster Slaughtering Continent. Zen was unable to unearth any information about this forbidden land.

The two encountered a kind of human-shaped snow monster with long hair upon entering this forbidden land. These snow monsters were very powerful in the Evil God's eyes. However, no matter how mighty these fierce creatures were, they wouldn't be able to harm Zen.

Zen found over a hundred divine might coins in this forbidden land, and at the same time he also discovered the legend of the "polar snowman", which proved his guess correct once more.

The forbidden lands in Zen's inner world had just been established right now, and there weren't many divine might coins in them yet.

But the time in his inner world ran faster than that of the divine land. As the forbidden lands became larger and larger in the future, the number of divine might coins would also increase.

The divine might coins could be used to change the laws of the Ruling Slate, but that was not something he could dwell on at this point. The bigger issue for him was to figure out a way to use the Faith Energy in the divine might coin. How would he crack this one?

This was the topmost priority for Zen right now.

Chapter 2301 The Astronomical Transit Day

The divine land had existed for countless years, so it went without saying that the talents there had diligently studied the effects of the divine might coins as much as they could.

But in the end, all they were capable of using the coins for was to change the rules on the Ruling Slate. This meant that the True Gods could not wield the true power of the coins.

Zen, who was no stranger to experimentation, used his strong power to crush the coins, but all he ended up with was a handful of black powder. He was unable to release the Faith Energy in the coins.

He even tried sprinkling the black powder onto his Godly Tile as well as into the chaotic sea, but the powder didn't react with anything.

During his time in the inner world, he exhausted all sorts of strange and bizarre methods to try to release the true power of the coins. The Evil God gave him advice and suggestions as well. But in the end, he had no choice but to temporarily give up on this endeavor.

There were certain facts that he might have ignored. It was possible that the Faith Energy constructed by the chaotic energy in the divine land could not be directly used.

Whatever it was, Zen didn't feel upset or disappointed. After all, now that his Godly Tile was condensed, he had become a True God. This improvement in his cultivation had also caused a great increase in his strength.

Zen ordered the Evil God to stop the secret sect for the time being after his avatar left.

At this stage, he was unable to use the Faith Energy, so it was useless to collect it in the statues. Moreover, the extra Faith Energy would automatically form divine might coins.

After he gave the order, his consciousness returned to the practice room.

Although he had spent a lot of time in his inner world, only a few hours had passed in the divine land.

When he opened the door to go outside, he saw that it was already past dawn.

He hadn't seen Joy in recent days.

After all, the Dongfang Clan had started to look for him, the anonymous man. His performance in the Arena of Legends had almost made them sure that he was a member of the Purple Soul Hall, so Joy was doing her best to avert suspicion.

"It's time to leave the Floating Island," Zen said, staring at the tumbling clouds in the sky.

The rankings of the Floating Islands had been reorganized yesterday, so the channels to the forbidden lands would be open today.

Zen left the Purple Soul Hall and went to the Holy Emperor City again.

Traveling by flight and spatial transference was prohibited in the Time Sea. This was a rule stipulated on the Ruling Slate.

However, in order to monopolize the forbidden lands, the Hall of Holy Beings had revised this rule. They had built transmission channels that were directly connected to the forbidden lands on the Floating Islands. The inhabitants of the Floating Islands could directly travel to the forbidden lands by spatial transference via the channels.

Moreover, these transmission channels on the Floating Islands had become the only entrances to the forbidden lands.

It was precisely this reason that had made the True Gods of humble birth in the divine land grind their teeth in hatred.

Because of this revised rule, True Gods like Master Evil had lost the opportunity to enter the forbidden lands. Cultivating, discovering divine might coins, and looking for opportunities in the forbidden lands had all become the privileges of the disciples of powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

This hindered the progress of the divine citizens.

In the past, True Gods of humble birth had had opportunities to become consummate True Gods and even Holy Beings. But now that they had lost access to the forbidden lands, it was almost impossible for them to come across such opportunities to develop themselves.

When Zen arrived at the northern part of the Holy Emperor City, he saw a row of guards of the Han Clan standing in front of a broad square and blocking the path of the True Gods.

"The rankings of the Floating Islands have been settled."

"Why can't we go to the forbidden lands today? I made a great effort to earn enough points. I must go to the Everest Spirit Mountain!"

"What happened? How strange!"

The True Gods of all ranks who were gathered there were complaining among themselves.

Seeing this scene, Zen frowned slightly.

He looked behind the guards and saw that the square they were guarding was where the transmission channels were. The transmission channels set up by the Han Clan were a row of stone walls. Zen didn't know if the transmission channels of the other powerful clans also looked the same.

"Bro, we should be able to use the transmission channels to go to the forbidden lands today, right?" Zen asked a True God.

The True God glanced at Zen and said bitterly, "I thought there would be a lot of divine might coins inside the forbidden lands since no one has entered them for a while, but we are not allowed to enter. Who knows why?"

Divine might coins were what all these True Gods were after. The forbidden lands had been explored for decades. As soon as a divine might coin appeared, it would immediately be taken away by an explorer who was lucky enough to chance upon it. But since no one had been able to enter the forbidden lands in the past few days, there must be a lot of divine might coins ripe for the picking.

Zen nodded. The Faith Energy in the divine land was not infinite. Only when the Faith Energy was sufficient would the divine might coins be condensed.

Zen suddenly had a bad feeling. Was this ban from entering the forbidden lands aimed at him?

It was highly possible.

If the Mu Clan or the Dongfang Clan were insistent on finding out the identity of the anonymous man, they would probably exert pressure on the Han Clan. If that was the case, it would only make sense for the Han Clan to close the transmission channels until they found the anonymous man.

While Zen was worrying about this, he heard a resounding ring in the air.

Clang!

The ring had not come from the Floating Island, but from the depth of the clouds.

All the people immediately raised their heads to the sky. Just then, a golden light penetrated the clouds and swept across the Floating Islands before shining on the surface of the Time Sea. After it reached the surface of the sea, it bounced back and reflected a magnificent and colorful ray of light.

At the sight of the golden light, enlightenment dawned on many of the True Gods' faces, including the face of the True God next to Zen.

"Oh! I see! No wonder we can't enter the forbidden lands today. Today is the Astronomical Transit Day," the True God said.

"The Astronomical Transit Day?" Zen raised his eyebrows.

He hadn't expected that the Astronomical Transit Day of the Sun Blind race would come right after the rankings of the Floating Islands were rearranged. No one would be able to use the transmission channels on the Astronomical Transit Day.

It was the grandest festival of the Sun Blind race.

On this day, even the sailing on the Time Sea would come to a halt.

It was customary for the mysterious race on the sea to invite a few important people from the powerful clans. Zen was also invited.

Suddenly, the words that an old man from the Sun Blind race had told him flashed in his mind. The old man had said that Zen's aura resembled the terrifying aura of the Emperor Resentment, a monster that resided in the Time Sea.

"Alas! Today is the Astronomical Transit Day. The only people who are invited are the principal figures of each clan. Of course, none of us stands a chance!"

"We can leave now and come back another day!"

"It's said that attending the Astronomical Transit Day will bring unimaginable benefits, and that the participants can even explore the secrets of time."

In the eyes of the world, the Sun Blind race had always been covered by a mysterious veil. These True Gods would never be able to participate in the Astronomical Transit Day, so naturally, there were all sorts of guesses thrown out among them.

None of them knew exactly what the Astronomical Transit Day was.

After a few minutes of complaining and speculating about the festival, the True Gods gradually began to leave.

"Should I take part in the Astronomical Transit Day?" Zen wondered hesitantly.

The biggest problem for him now was not the Mu Clan. Although they were interested in finding the anonymous man, they would not be able to connect Zen to the anonymous man. Besides, Murphy, the only person who had seen his true identity, was still being punished by the Ruling Slate.

As for the Dongfang Clan, they didn't have any malicious intention by looking for him. They just wanted to recruit him as a member of their Floating Island.

If he faced the worst situation, he could activate the token of mountain and return to the fairy palace in the Swirl Forest.

With this thought, Zen made a decision.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2302 The Invitation

Thousands of transparent discs rose slowly from below the Floating Islands and stopped at the entrances of the Floating Islands.

The True Gods from different Floating Islands stepped onto the discs and slowly descended to the bottom of the Floating Islands. These True Gods had different cultivation bases, and even some were low-rank True Gods. No matter what cultivation bases they had, they were the elites of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands.

Before long, dozens of transparent round discs also descended from the Floating Island of the Han Clan.

Laquisha stood alone on a disc, expressionless.

Aleyna and Kelsey stood together on another disc.

The two girls were whispering to each other and side-eyeing Laquisha from time to time. Worry was written all over Aleyna's pretty face. Laquisha had been practicing hard in her room during this period, and now looked totally different.

It was easy for a smart girl like Aleyna to get to the root of the problem. She was sure that Zen was responsible for the change in Laquisha, but she couldn't figure out what had happened between her sister and Zen.

"I think Laquisha is in a bad mood because of Thad Luo," Kelsey murmured.

"I think so too..." Kelsey didn't know Thad's true identity. However, Aleyna did, and she had a bad feeling that her sister would be in greater trouble if she continued to be involved with Zen.

Most younger sisters worshiped their elder sisters during their childhood and this adoration usually continued well into adulthood, and Aleyna was no exception.

In fact, she mostly liked Zen only because of Laquisha. To her, it seemed like her sister only liked the best things or people. In fact, deep down, she was even a little jealous of her sibling.

But if Zen hurt her sister, she would not stand it and would do everything in her power to destroy him.

"I'll talk to Thad after Astronomical Transit Day," Aleyna whispered.

Meanwhile Pascal also stepped on a transparent disc and glided down from the other side. He had been busy and never paid much attention to Laquisha in the beginning. Now seeing that she was all alone and looked sad, he asked, "Laquisha, why are you unhappy?"

Hearing the voice, Laquisha suddenly raised her head and forcing a smile, she replied, "Brother, don't worry. I'm not upset."

"Okay then, that's good!" He smiled softly and added, "It's Astronomical Transit Day today. Remember, you must perform well!"

"I know," she nodded.

After a short while, the motley group of warriors had all arrived on the giant disc at the bottom. Beneath their feet the Time Sea raged and rumbled.

The disc was already swarming with elites of various powerful clans on the Floating Islands, and they were waiting for the invitation to the Sun Blind race.

The invite for the Sun Blind race was an exclusive one. Anyone and everyone would not be invited; only Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings. The True Gods assembled there all needed to assess their own strengths and determine whether or not they were qualified.

The Sun Blind race had a special set of methods, and they could sense every move in the Time Sea. If it was not Astronomical Transit Day, once a warrior stood anywhere in the Time Sea, they would appear from out of nowhere and send the warrior to their destination.

If they selected a warrior who they thought was qualified to take part in Astronomical Transit Day gala, they would send a boat for them.

Dozens of boats floated across the boundless Time Sea. The Sun Blind race dashed over and invited the True Gods to their boats one by one. Then they took off at an incredible speed.

Before long, Laquisha, Pascal, Aleyna and Kelsey were also picked up.

The rest of the group craned their necks to see across the Time Sea, waiting for their chance.

It was almost time for Zen to leave the Holy Emperor City. He arrived on the edge of the Floating Island and stepped onto a transparent disc.

In addition to Zen, some members of the Han Clan, and a few members of other clans were also present.

Some people from other clans also tested their luck on Astronomical Transit Day. Although they were outsiders, they wanted to try. What if the Sun Blind race chose them? The chances of something like this happening were not very high, but there had been some exceptions in the past so it was not an entirely hopeless scenario for the outsiders.

This was the idea of the True Gods who arrived with Zen.

Not all the elites of the Floating Islands would be invited. Nobody knew anything about the Sun Blind race's selection criteria, so there was always a bunch of people who left feeling disappointed, and even angry.

"These Sun Blind people are all bloody blind! I am ranked 320th among the mid-rank True Gods! Why the hell didn't they invite me?" Ackley Tang grumbled and swore as he watched the boats disappear farther and farther into the distance.

The remaining elite people's faces went pale when they realized no more boats were coming. Their eyes blazed in anger.

Zen and the others descended right at that moment. This group of people had naturally come to try their luck.

Earlier, Ackley Tang was very disappointed, and he was even more furious when he saw this group of people. Although the people who took a chance to be invited rarely ever got the opportunity to be invited, every year, there were always some who got lucky enough to be invited to participate.

"You bunch of trash! Do you really think you would be invited? Ha ha! This is so funny. Who do you think you are?" jeered Ackley Tang loudly.

"There are so many people in the world who aren't self-aware. Why are you getting angry with them? It's not worth it," another elite disciple echoed.

Hearing this, the True Gods, who intended to try their luck, naturally didn't feel good. However, they couldn't afford to provoke these elites of the large clans on the Floating Islands. All they could do was swallow the insults and stand by silently, hoping that a boat would take them away.

Zen stood there with a dull, bored expression and kept mum.

Ackley Tang continued complaining and was ready to pick a fight. If anyone from the group dared to provoke him, he would teach them a lesson. However, they all stayed silent like idiots.

He glanced around and fixed his eyes on Zen. "You've gotta be freaking kidding me! Even a low-rank True God has come to join in the fun! It looks like the number of psychos is increasing more and more here. If one day, a large group of proving godly warriors would join in, it would be more fun!"

The True Gods who came to try their luck had a solid reason. They either thought that they were pretty talented, or they felt that their cultivation base was damn good. They were either mid-rank True Gods or top-rank True Gods. Zen, on the other hand, was just a low-rank True God.

He was staring at the Time Sea in the distance expressionlessly, but sensing that Ackley Tang was picking on him, he simply closed his eyes to rest them.

Not surprisingly, Ackley Tang didn't give up. He walked up to Zen and demanded, "Tell me, which Floating Island are you from?"

Zen didn't deign to reply. He simply remained motionless like a statue.

"Hey, you! I am talking to you. Can't you hear me?" Getting no response from Zen infuriated Ackley Tang even more.

The other True Gods noticed the commotion, their faces revealing a pitiful expression. They thought that Zen would be in trouble shortly and it would be better for him to just cooperate. At the very least, Ackley Tang might let him go.

Seeing that Zen's eyes were still closed, Ackley Tang stretched out his hand to slap Zen's face like a streak of lightning. He cursed, "I'm fucking asking you..."

Just when he started to move, Zen suddenly opened his eyes and slightly leaned his head back.

The tips of Ackley Tang's fingers swept past the tip of Zen's nose, missing his face by an inch.

He was a little stunned to see that Zen had dodged his slap so easily.

The next thing he saw was Zen's figure flashing past and his collar being grabbed by the young man. An irresistible force pushed his entire body back uncontrollably!

Ackley Tang was standing on the edge of the huge disc, and behind him was the Time Sea whose waves were rolling savagely. If he fell off the disc, he would certainly die. Even a consummate True God would be torn to pieces by the menacing sea water, and he was just a mid-rank True God!

He looked terror-stricken, but suddenly his body stopped in mid-air, and at the same time, a faint voice said, "You are a dignified True God, but your temperament is like an inferior mortal hooligan. Whichever clan has a scumbag like you is really unfortunate!"

"You, you, I, ah..."

The huge disc floated very close to the surface of the Time Sea now. The colorful waves rolled and crashed, and from time to time, some waves stretched towards Ackley Tang's head, threatening to swallow him any minute. How could he dare to oppose Zen now? He cried out in panic and his overbearing attitude disappeared completely!

When the other True Gods saw this, they took a deep breath. They never thought that the ordinary-looking low-rank True God would be so ruthless when pushed to make a move.

Chapter 2303 Dragon-bone Ship

All the blood was drained from Ackley's face as he panted desperately and uncontrollably.

Since he was a member of the Tang Clan, an ordinary mid-rank True God wouldn't dare offend him, let alone a low-rank True God.

He never expected that Zen, who certainly wasn't an elite disciple from any large clan, dared to fight back and even wanted to kill him!

Now however, his life was on the line. Thus, he refrained from saying anything that might irritate Zen. Puffs of hot air escaped his lips as all he begged for at that moment was mercy.

On the other hand, Zen really didn't want to provoke those disciples from the large clans.

There were indeed many outstanding and highly talented people on the Floating Islands, but there were always some rotten fruits at the bottom of the fresh pile.

He tried his best to avoid such kind of people, but Ackley had gone too far this time.

Then again, his righteousness prevailed as he still had some scruples and did not have any intention of killing Ackley. After all, his identity was a sensitive issue and this place was not safe for him in any way.

"Whoosh!"

A small breeze blew as Zen lifted Ackley with force and smashed him against the disk.

He didn't know what the disk was made of, but its surface was abnormally hard. Even though Ackley was a mid-rank True God, he still felt uncomfortable when he collided against its surface.

Moments ago, Ackley was on his knees begging for mercy. After he landed on the ground, however, his attitude suddenly changed. He thought that it was just because Zen's attack had caught him off guard but if it wasn't for that, Zen would've never stood a chance against him!

He stood up and released the power within his body with newfound hope. Yet before he could even steady himself, he saw a figure flash in front of him. It turned out to be Zen, who raised his leg and kicked downwards.

Bang!

The great force hit him square on the head. His legs gave away as he couldn't bear the immense pressure, and ended up kneeling in front of Zen.

"If you dare make another move, I will kill you straight. Don't think that I wouldn't dare to do so," Zen coldly said and stared down at him.

Although Zen couldn't use the Faith Energy in his inner world and couldn't release his 'momentum, ' his strength had increased significantly after he had condensed the Godly Tile. In addition, the improvement of his cultivation level had also caused his body and soul to completely change.

His cold aura hung above Ackley's neck like an invisible guillotine, ready to chop down anytime if Ackley moved even a bit. In the end, Ackley couldn't do anything but kneel still like an obedient dog.

Everyone on the huge disk fell silent. All of them quietly observed Zen and guessed about his background in their heads.

The total number of True Gods from the 36 large clans on the Floating Islands, however, was over a million. The only time Zen had fought in public was in the Holy Emperor City of the Han Clan, so no one on the disk had recognized him.

After a few seconds, he lifted his leg from Ackley, turned around, and stood aside. His eyes once again fell on the Time Sea.

When Ackley saw that Zen had distanced himself from him, he slowly got up from the ground. Even though he had undergone a great humiliation, he didn't dare fight back again.

He couldn't see through Zen's strength at all. Only the disciples of the Holy Emperors could have such power as a low-rank True God, but this guy in front of him... 'Which clan does he belong to? Why haven't I seen him before?' Ackley wondered.

Some members of the Han Clan were also present. They had left the Floating Island together with Zen, so they clearly knew that he belonged to the Han Clan. However, they didn't spread this piece of information. After all, they belonged to a same Floating Island, the same clan.

At that moment, a small black dot appeared on the distant Time Sea. All the True Gods on the round disk immediately broke into cold sweats at the sight of the black dot.

They were only present because they had to wait for the Sun Blind race's invitation. Now, a boat had arrived to invite someone, and no one knew who the lucky person would be.

The small black dot continued to approach them rapidly. A young man from the Sun Blind race rowed the boat, and it took him only about half a minute to arrive at the huge disk. When it stopped, everyone held their breaths as they anticipated with excitement.

Whoosh!

The young man from the Sun Blind race whistled sharply, and pointed at Ackley at the same time.

"Me?" Ackley exclaimed as he slowly pointed to himself. He couldn't believe what he just heard. All of the humiliation he had felt until that point seemed to be gone at that moment.

He silently jumped up and boarded the boat. Suddenly, his eyes lit up as if he had remembered something, and then he turned his head towards Zen. "Hey! Are you still expecting to be invited by the Sun Blind race? Maybe in your next life!" he taunted with a laugh.

Indeed, Ackley was truly happy.

Meanwhile, Zen simply crossed his arms and looked at Ackley with dead eyes, and his face remained stoic as ever.

As for the others, they couldn't help but be envious of Ackley. Against all odds, Ackley had actually received the Sun Blind race's invitation.

Soon enough, the boat sailed away and everyone was quiet again. Then, someone quickly pointed to the distance and said, "Look! There comes another boat!"

The rest of them looked in the direction he pointed and saw a larger black dot appear on the sea surface. The black dot repeatedly neared them, until they realized that it appeared to be a large ship.

Generally speaking, the Sun Blind race used two kinds of boats. The first one was a small boat that could only carry one passenger. A member of the Sun Blind race usually rowed it. The second one was a large ship that was several hundred feet long. Back then when the Zhou Clan's Floating Island had fallen into the sea, such a ship had been used to evacuate the disciples of the Zhou Clan. Nowadays, it was rare to see one.

"Why did they send a large dragon-bone ship here?"

"Are they going to invite all of us there?"

"In your dreams..."

Despite the large dragon-bone ship's appearance, the True Gods didn't think that it was sent to pick someone up. Considering the members of the Sun Blind race's personalities, not even a consummate True God could receive such treatment from them. The first group of people who were taken away included the consummate True Gods of the large clans. All of them had taken small boats to leave.

Everyone's eyes followed the big ship as it neared slowly. On the ship's deck stood an old man from the Sun Blind race.

"It's him," Zen said. He recognized the old man. He was the ferryman he had met when he had entered the Time Sea.

"Our distinguished guest, we sincerely invite you to join our Astronomical Transit Day gala," the old man politely said as he gestured Zen to get on board.

A faint smile made its way to Zen's lips as he took two steps forward. He tapped the edge of the platform with his toe, then he flew into the air and gently landed on the deck like a bird.

The True Gods on the huge disk watched the scene incredulously. They stared at Zen blankly and couldn't understand why that happened.

"Who, who the hell is he?"

"How could he get such a treatment from them?"

"Only the Holy Emperors are qualified to board the dragon-bone ships, right?"

Perhaps the Holy Emperors could enjoy this treatment, but they were different from the consummate True Gods. The consummate True Gods were forbidden to use the spatial transference skill on the Time Sea, but the Holy Emperors and the Demi-holy Beings were allowed to do so and they did not need to be taken by the Sun Blind race with ships.

Therefore, Zen was probably the first one to be picked up by a dragon-bone ship on the Astronomical Transit Day.

"Go back to the island!" The old man shouted.

A large ship like the dragon-bone ship needed over ten people of the Sun Blind race to steer it, which naturally made it faster than ordinary small boats.

It had only been a while since Ackley had left, so the ship Zen had taken soon caught up with the small boat.

The wind gently blew through Zen's hair as he stood on the deck. He looked down and saw Ackley on the small boat.

Ackley looked up as well and saw Zen. His lips subconsciously twitched a few times. He too, stared at Zen dumbfoundedly like those True Gods on the disk. He immediately felt rather insignificant in the presence of the large ship.

Splash!

The ship moved with a sudden burst of speed, which caused large waves that rocked the small boat.

Ackley turned to the young man who steered their boat and couldn't help but ask, "Why could that guy ride a big ship? What the hell are you thinking about? Who the hell is he?"

Yet, the young man only shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

For the majority of the time, the members of the Sun Blind race did not say a word, but they were able to communicate with each other even in silence. Besides, the young man couldn't possibly answer such questions.

Chapter 2304 Illusion Smoke

Never did Zen think he would be treated as such by the Sun Blind race.

The huge dragon bone ship seemed to be speeding up. Gradually, the Floating Islands on the Time Sea turned into small black dots until they fully disappeared from Zen's view.

The old man of the Sun Blind race remained silent as he returned to the cabin to pull out a delicate cigarette pipe. He then took out a small packet from his waist pocket and poured out powder from it. Zen did not know what sort of powder it was but it looked as colorful as the Time Sea.

After the Sun Blind old man ignited the powder, he took a deep breath, emitting colorful smoke.

Zen's eyes flashed with surprise upon witnessing the smoke. A faint layer of the Time Law appeared within the cloud.

"The cigarette is made from the Illusory Grass in the Time Sea. It produces the Illusion Smoke when used, and within it, you will see an illusion of the past. Do you want to take a puff?" He said before offering the cigarette pipe to Zen.

Though Zen didn't smoke, he was very interested in the Time Law.

Even after entering the Floating Island, Zen had almost no chance to cultivate the Time Law. But the smoke breathed out by the Sun Blind old man could spread the Time Law, naturally piquing Zen's curiosity.

Taking the pipe from the old man, he fiddled with it before taking a puff.

The moment he breathed in the Illusion Smoke, Zen immediately felt something tearing into his throat. After all the small pieces of the Time Law dissipated, they caused some small wounds inside his body.

Simultaneously, the smoke flowed through these wounds until he fully absorbed it.

Dizziness overcame Zen and the colorful smoke he coughed out spiraled around in front of him. Then, some scenes began appearing faintly.

Through the smoke, Zen saw a huge turtle floating on the surface of the Time Sea. It was tens of millions of miles long and on its back was no city, but an entire continent.

Zen squinted, trying to see more clearly, but the smoke quickly floated away until the illusion quickly disappeared from his eyes.

The Sun Blind old man smiled and asked, "What did you see?"

"A turtle," Zen answered.

"Well, lucky you! You can see the Cliff Spirit on the first puff of the cigarette," laughed the old man.

"Cliff Spirit?" Zen asked curiously.

"It is one of the biggest true spirits in the ancient legend, the mount of the Lord of Weapons."

"Lord of Weapons, Chiyou?" Zen asked further.

The old man nodded.

After mentioning Chiyou's name, Zen's memory floated back to Rocher whose strength had improved greatly after obtaining Chiyou's treasure.

Rocher had stepped into the divine land before him, Zen had no idea where he would now be.

With Rocher's abilities, it was also possible for him to try every way to enter one of the Floating Islands, but Zen didn't meet him.

"What happened to his turtle, then?" Zen asked.

"No one knows. Perhaps it was killed or perhaps it left the divine land." the old man explained.

Since Zen entered the divine land, he had always tried his best to understand its history. In the Purple Soul Hall, he had also searched through many ancient books and records. Soon, he discovered that some of the ancient histories of the divine land was still incomplete.

Zen was totally confused.

The True Gods' lifespan in the divine land was infinitely long, lasting practically forever. There had to be a few True Gods who had been living in the divine land since ancient times. Under such circumstances, it was impossible to find fault in history. But when Zen tried to learn from the divine land's history, he discovered that there were many things still incomplete, as if someone had deliberately erased it.

Once again, Zen tried smoking a few times. Each time, the illusions he saw were different. Sometimes, it was the incomparably huge red bird, sometimes it was an incomplete picture, and sometimes it was an indistinct figure of a man or a woman.

According to the old man, these scenes had happened in the past, but most of them were meaningless. Since Zen couldn't understand those scenes, he stopped trying.

But what Zen didn't know was that the colorful smoke he spat out didn't disappear after it drifted out of the large dragon bone boat, hovering over the Time Sea.

A short while later, a small boat slowly approached the smoke. On it was a member of the Sun Blind race with a weirdly-shaped cigarette pot in his hand. He made a strange gesture, gently opening the cigarette pot and pointing to the Illusion Smoke, still in a constant swirl. The smoke Zen had puffed out turned into a long snake before it was sucked right into the cigarette pot. This member of the Sun Blind race looked to the direction of the dragon bone ship and whispered as he raised his hand to row the boat away quietly.

Two hours later...

The ship finally arrived at its destination.

The Sun Blind race lived on a group of black islands, much like a dense mass of stars that stood in the Time Sea.

Several small buildings were built on the islands, only about twenty to thirty feet wide. The seawater below was constantly pitter-pattering as if the buildings could be devoured at any time.

Witnessing this scene, Zen further recognized the miraculous situation. These Sun Blind people's cultivation levels were not particularly high. At the very least, the ones he saw were ordinary divine citizens. The True Gods treated the Time Sea as a sea of death. Still, the Sun Blind race could easily survive in such an environment.

The dragon bone ship passed by the small islands before finally entering a major island.

At the edge of the main island was a wide port where the True Gods of the Floating Islands were still in the middle of gathering.

"How could there be a dragon bone ship?" a True God asked.

"Maybe it's the honored guest invited in by the Sun Blind race." another one of the True Gods said.

The others were just as curious. It was the Astronomical Transit Day, and the honored guests invited by the Sun Blind race were the elites of the wealthy clans on the thirty-six Floating Islands. Whether it were consummate or low-rank True Gods, they were supposed to be treated equally.

"Honored guest? Is he more honored than us?" Nelly said proudly.

Standing behind her, Rachelle kept silent. With her were the other consummate True Gods of all wealthy clans such as Walton, Alfredo, the masters of each Floating Island and others.

It could be said that apart from the Holy Beings and the Demi-holy Beings, the most powerful and talented people of every wealthy clan had gathered there as well.

Such a group of people could be said to represent the divine land's future. Who else in the divine land could possibly be more distinguished and honored than them?

But as the dragon bone ship approached them slowly, many of the True Gods widened their eyes.

A low-rank True God was standing on the deck of the huge dragon bone ship.

"Who is this guy?"

"Why was a low-rank True God treated so politely by the Sun Blind race?"

...

As they waited, the True Gods grew chattery. Many of them lowered their heads and began whispering among themselves.

The consummate True Gods quietly looked at Zen, seemingly lost in thought.

"It's him?" In the back of the crowd, Alfredo thought the whole situation odd. 'This is the disciple enrolled by Joy into the Purple Soul Hall. How could he be invited by the Sun Blind race to attend the Astronomical Transit Day?' More importantly, why was he getting such good treatment from the Sun Blind race?

"Ah! It's Thad!" Kelsey jumped up and smiled at the sight of Zen.

"Kelsey!" But Alfredo stopped her with a frown.

"Laquisha, it is him, indeed," Aleyna murmured.

Even from a long distance, Laquisha's gaze fell right on Zen's body. Her expression seemed rather complicated. Though she had guessed that Zen might have been invited by the Sun Blind race, she never thought that they would pay so much attention to him.

Thanks to Kelsey's reaction, the True Gods there quickly understood what was going on.

'Is that guy on the dragon bone ship from the Han Clan?'

Chapter 2305 The Island Of The Sun Blind Race

The dragon-bone ship slowly went ashore under everyone's gaze.

When Zen jumped off the ship and landed on the shore, his eyes fell on the people from the Han Clan.

Aleyna gave Zen a playful smile, to which Zen responded with a nod before shifting his gaze to her sister, Laquisha.

When Laquisha's striking eyes met Zen's, she raised her eyebrows slightly, revealing a trace of anger, before turning away.

It seemed that she was still angry at him. Zen smiled bitterly and then found a place to wait.

When Aleyna noticed the expression on her sister's face, she became lost in thought, wondering if something had happened between her and Zen.

Most of the True Gods' eyes were still focused on Zen, and they murmured among themselves about where he'd come from.

"This guy doesn't seem to be from the Han Clan."

"Yes, I think so too..."

It was apparent from the way Zen didn't greet Alfredo, Pascal, or any of the others that he was not familiar with the Han Clan at all.

However, someone present did recognize Zen.

"It's him again! He has actually become a low-rank True God in such a short time!" A gloomy voice came out of nowhere. The one who had spoken was Langston from the Leng Clan.

"Langston, do you know this guy?" Nelly asked, confused.

"Humph, he is the one who killed Sheridan. His name is Thad Luo. He's also the one who caused the wound on my forehead! I didn't expect that he would break through in his cultivation and condense a Godly Tile in such a short time after entering the Floating Island," Langston said coldly with a murderous hint in his eyes.

He still felt a lingering fear when he thought of how he had gotten his wound. If he hadn't responded so quickly that day, he would have been killed by that guy.

And if it weren't the Astronomical Transit Day of the Sun Blind race today, he probably would have attacked him.

"You were struck by a proving godly warrior. You were too careless," said Nelly indifferently.

Hearing what Nelly said, Langston felt annoyed. His cultivation was a level higher than Nelly's; how could he tolerate her undermining him like this in front of everyone? He immediately retorted, "Even you may not be a match for him. Sheridan wasn't much weaker than you but he was still killed by that guy!"

Rachelle, who had been silently listening to the conversation between her sister and Langston, suddenly had a thought flash through her mind.

'His surname is Luo? A new talent of the Han Clan?'

With her eyes on Zen in the distance, she asked, "He was only a proving godly warrior and he killed Sheridan? Didn't the Xie Clan cause trouble for the Han Clan?"

The death of Sheridan had indeed caused a big ruckus back then, but Rachelle had been too busy to notice it. During that time, she had been preparing for the battle with Harold and hadn't had the time to care about anything else. Now, after hearing about this mysterious Thad Luo, she had a vague guess in her heart that she wanted to verify.

"Yes, they did. But that guy seems to be a member of the Purple Soul Hall. He was under Joy's protection," said Langston coldly. He couldn't help but feel annoyed when talking about this matter.

"Purple Soul Hall? Did he just recently join the Purple Soul Hall?" Rachelle asked again.

Rachelle had always been a being of few words. As a consummate True God of the Mu Clan, she seldom talked to juniors like Langston. So naturally, Langston found her sudden interest in this topic odd. However, he didn't comment on it and instead said, "I checked his background. It's true that he only recently joined the Purple Soul Hall."

As soon as those words left Langston's mouth, his eyes lit up in realization. A mere proving godly warrior had killed Sheridan and had had Joy to protect him...

Langston immediately began to reevaluate Zen.

"Rachelle, do you suspect that he is the anonymous man?" he asked in a low voice.

Langston was a mid-rank True God. Although he had heard that there was a great anonymous man in the Hall of True Gods going up against low-rank True Gods, he hadn't taken it seriously at that time as he had been busy winning points against mid-rank True Gods. Until now, he had never connected Zen to the anonymous man.

But now, after hearing Rachelle's questions, it had suddenly dawned on him.

Nelly's small mouth was slightly open in surprise and her sharp eyes were fixed on Zen. She was trying to match Zen with the anonymous man in her heart.

"It's very likely," Rachelle said with an icy smile.

Of course, what Langston didn't know was that she didn't care whether Zen was the anonymous man or not.

The anonymous man was just someone who had been chosen by the Dongfang Clan. As for whether the Dongfang Clan could bring the anonymous man to their Floating Island, it had nothing to do with her. What she wanted to verify was something else...

Not long ago, when she had lost to Harold, she had reported to her father Murphy about the news that the Everest Spirit Mountain would not be open to the Mu Clan anymore.

Upon hearing that, her father had asked her to pay attention only to the Han Clan, because that was where the stowaways were most likely to be.

The stowaways had entered the divine land two years ago. Now, there was an extremely strange anonymous man that had suddenly popped out of the Han Clan. Before, she had wondered if the anonymous man did not dare to reveal himself because of his sensitive identity.

Now, she had even confirmed that the anonymous man's surname was Luo!

The time, surname, and talent all almost matched the information she had gotten about the stowaways. Such a person could never have come from the group of ordinary divine citizens...

At this moment, she was almost a hundred percent sure that Zen was one of the two stowaways, but she still needed to confirm it.

Although she was suspicious, she didn't let it show on her face.

Today was the grand Astronomical Transit Day of the Sun Blind race, so it was not the time for her to catch Zen, torture him, and force him to tell her his real identity. What was more, it was only a guess; she didn't have any proof. Anyway, she would have a lot of chances to observe him during the Astronomical Transit Day celebration. If she could confirm that he was one of the stowaways, she would definitely kill him without any hesitation.

In the Floating Island, Zen had indeed considered the possibility that someone would see through his pretense.

However, after weighing the pros and cons, he had decided that attending the celebration was worth the small risk. Besides, he planned to immediately leave the Floating Island after the celebration ended and head for the forbidden land.

Zen was only this confident because he had never considered the possibility that someone would talk to Murphy. But since Rachelle had had a conversation with Murphy, she had become a lot more vigilant. So as soon as Zen had just showed up, he immediately caught Rachelle's attention.

As everyone waited, Sun Blind members constantly arrived with guests on the ships.

After a long time, about seven members of the Sun Blind race came over and saluted the crowd. The Sun Blind member in the front said politely, "Today is the Astronomical Transit Day. We are very honored to invite all of the True Gods here. Please follow me..."

With the Sun Blind members leading the way, all the True Gods left the port and headed into the island.

On the surface, the island of the Sun Blind race looked like an extremely ordinary island. Judging by the surroundings, the living environment was almost the same as the living environment of ordinary divine citizens.

But after entering the island, the True Gods could feel strong Time Law spreading out almost everywhere, ranging from small plants to rocks around the island.

The Time Sea could tear apart anything, but this small island was somehow able to resist its devastating power. It was an extremely peculiar feat. This gathering place of the Sun Blind race was probably the only island that existed in the Time Sea.

Soon, everyone arrived at a flat and wide open space.

The open space was surrounded by Sun Blind members of all ages. All of them prostrated on the ground devoutly, and no one looked up at them. What they were worshiping were the nine well-shaped stone pagodas in the center of the open space.

Chapter 2306 The Appearances Of Holy Beings

There were nine pagodas, all built within ten feet of each other. Complicated, mysterious patterns were carved onto them which emitted an extremely powerful Time Law.

"These nine pagodas can be pieced together, it seems," Zen muttered.

Each pagoda had its own distinct pattern that seemed to be able to connect to another pagoda. If all nine were put together, it could form the complete picture.

The Sun Blind race currently worshipped these nine pagodas, so a solemn and peaceful environment hung over the area.

"Please wait here. Be quiet," a Sun Blind member told them in a low voice.

The True Gods all nodded and found a place to sit down.

Aleyna and Kelsey, who had been following Laquisha closely, took this as an opportunity to get closer to Zen.

The young man was looking at the pagodas when two girls suddenly appeared beside him. He was a little surprised but kept calm. "What is it?" he asked in a low voice.

"What did you do to my sister?" Aleyna asked in a low voice, but there was a hint of a smile in her eyes.

"Laquisha doesn't seem to look happy recently," Kelsey added.

Zen couldn't help but reveal a helpless smile with these two girls questioning him.

He didn't think he did anything wrong. Laquisha was a princess of the Han Clan while he was a desperado who had been walking in the dark. Agreeing to her proposal would only cause her more harm.

"Say it!" Aleyna snapped angrily at Zen.

Seeing this, Zen figured that she wouldn't give up that easily. He shook his head helplessly and used his chaotic energy to communicate with her. "I will be leaving soon. Your sister wanted to leave with me but I refused."

It might be a better choice to just tell her the truth since Aleyna might be able to change her sister's mind. It made Zen's heart ache to see such a sad expression on Laquisha's face.

Aleya tilted her head in thought and glanced at her sister carefully.

She then turned to Zen and raised an eyebrow. "Why did you refuse? Isn't my sister a good woman? She was even willing to elope with you! You're so heartless to refuse her like that. A man like you..."

Zen looked at her in a daze. He never expected Aleyna to rebuke him.

Kelsey looked at them in confusion. She just knew they were talking through telepathy. "What are you talking about?"

Zen ignored her and chose to reply to Aleyna verbally instead. "You know my background," he said and pointed to the ground. "If I'm here, I'll be in danger all the time."

If his identity was ever exposed, then the Mu Clan would kill him with no hesitations.

"My sister isn't afraid of death," Aleyna replied, chin high.

"What? How can you treat your sister like that?" he asked.

His question made Aleyna think, and she quickly realized that she might have been overreacting. Even though she was a proving godly warrior, she was still only a teenager, and if she thought about it more rationally, she understood that Laquisha wouldn't really be able to leave with Zen.

"Even if you did the right thing, you shouldn't have refused her," she still insisted.

Zen knew there was no use arguing with this girl, so he chose to stay silent.

At this time, a group of Sun Blind members appeared at the other end of the flat square.

The Sun Blind race normally dressed in grayish-brown robes, with some even half-naked.

However, these warriors that approached were dressed in luxurious clothes decorated with faint, colorful lines. Time Law leaked out of the fabric which nobody knew just what kind of material it was made of.

"These people... Are they the True Gods of Sun Blind race?" Zen asked, his gaze sweeping over the group.

The Sun Blind members Zen met were all divine citizens, but these ones all had high cultivation levels. The auras they emitted were completely different. The only similarity Zen could place was that they were also blind.

These members were lined up on both sides of the square, arranged from highest to lowest of rank. The low-rank True Gods were outside while the top-rank True Gods and consummate True Gods were on the inside.

A consummate True God slowly walked out from the middle. He quickly scanned the area with his life vitality and said in a polite voice, "Today is the Astronomical Transit Day of our Sun Blind race. We welcome the Holy Emperors from the Floating Islands!"

The consummate True God then put his hands on his chest which was indicative of the Sun Blind race's highest etiquette.

His voice also faded as he finished speaking.

"The Holy Emperors are also joining the celebration?" Zen asked in astonishment.

The Sun Blind race might hold a special position, but he didn't think it would be possible for them to invite the Holy Emperors of all powerful clans on the Floating Islands. True, they were an indispensable part of the Time Sea, but at the end of the day, they were mere ferrymen.

Now that they were able to invite such esteemed guests, then that meant their status was much higher than what Zen first imagined.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

There were loud, swishing noises as the island began to surge.

Endless, auspicious clouds bloomed one after another, as if a rare treasure had just arrived into the world. In the blink of an eye, a man in a yellow robe suddenly appeared over the island.

Flying and space travelling were prohibited over the Time Sea, so even top-rank True Gods and consummate True Gods were restricted in their movements. The rules, however, didn't seem to apply to this yellow-robed man.

"He is a Holy Being!"

Zen remarked to himself after feeling an extraordinary aura emanate from this man.

It wasn't his first time seeing a Holy Being.

He had already met Holy Bromley when he accepted him as his personal disciple in the library of the fairy palace. Later on, he met two more Holy Beings in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land: Holy Jay and Holy Drew. He also met Holy Murphy and Holy Mike.

However, he did not meet them physically. The Holy Beings Zen interacted with were all soul marks or projections in their inner world. Murphy and Mike were only two energy souls when he met them.

As soon as the yellow-robed man appeared, the consummate True God of the Sun Blind race immediately bowed in respect. "Greetings, Holy Hamlin!"

"Holy Hamlin? Which clan is he from?" Zen asked Aleyna quietly.

However, she still seemed to be unsatisfied with him and thus ignored his question.

Kelsey was more helpful. "He's the Holy Emperor of the Zhao Clan, Hamlin Zhao. Outsiders call him Holy Hamlin."

Hamlin Zhao nodded in acknowledgment of the consummate True God's greeting before suddenly disappearing. The next moment, he suddenly appeared above the square.

As he appeared above the square, another ball of red light rolled over from the horizon and a burly man appeared out of thin air.

The consummate True God politely bowed at the newcomer. "Greetings, Holy Clark!"

Holy Clark's face was flushed red and he let out a loud laugh. "You're too polite!" he said, descending from the sky. He raised his fingers and gently rubbed them together. Wisps of flame appeared, weaving together and forming a huge flame throne for him to sit in.

Zen heard Holy Clark's voice before. Back in the Arena of Legends, Harold announced that he forbade the Tang Clan from entering the Everest Spirit Mountain and got into a fierce argument with Clark as a result.

The flame throne summoned by Holy Clark was peculiar, and Zen's heart skipped a beat when he took a closer look.

The flame was condensed from the Elementary Fire Godly Way and its internal momentum was astonishing. There was no doubt that the Holy Being had mastered the Godly Way with ease since no heat emanated from the throne despite it burning so brightly.

Judging from his behavior, Holy Clark most likely became a Holy Being through his reliance on the Elementary Fire Godly Way. Zen wasn't sure what stage it was in, but if he used the Infinity Ruler to get its internal momentum, then it would benefit him greatly.

He thought about it, but did not dare act rashly.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2307 The Head Of Sun Blind Race

These Holy Beings had incredible awareness.

If Clark, the Holy Emperor of Tang Clan, had detected something, then Zen might have gotten in trouble.

After Clark arrived, the Holy Emperors of other powerful clans on the Floating Islands, including Fang Clan, Qin Clan and Li Clan, all showed up one after another.

Of course, Samuel, the Holy Emperor of Han Clan came as well.

Other than the top three clans, the other powerful clans, like the Leng Clan, only had one Holy Emperor each.

But the top three clans were different from the rest.

For example, the Moon Clan had three major forces—the Moon Sect, the War God Hall and the Mysterious Soul Building. Each of them had a Holy Being.

The Sword Clan had four elderly men wearing black clothes, indicating that they were four Holy Beings.

'The second and the third ranked clans have three or four Holy Beings. Their strength is far beyond that of an ordinary clan. I wonder how many Holy Beings there are in the Dongfang Clan, ' Zen wondered and looked up.

Suddenly, the sky turned dark, as if there was no light in the world. No one was able to see anything.

This lasted for a very short period of time though. When everyone regained their vision, they saw a person appear in the sky.

He was wearing a long black robe and had long hair. He looked quite elegant and handsome, as if men's fortitude and women's tenderness had been integrated into him.

"Welcome, Holy Nicholas," said the consummate True God of Sun Blind race, his hands cupped.

Before Zen could enquire, Kelsey explained in advance, "Nicholas Dongfang, the Holy Emperor of Dongfang Clan. He is the No. 1 warrior in the Hall of Holy Beings."

Zen glanced at Nicholas and gave Kelsey a nod.

Aleyna couldn't take it anymore. She telepathically told Zen, "After I came back to the Floating Island with my sister, we found something disturbing. It was after your father was defeated by Nicholas that Murphy took the opportunity to attack him."

Zen's face didn't bear any expression when he heard that. He just gave her a nod and stared at Nicholas as if trying to imprint him in his mind.

He had already guessed that Nicholas had something to do with this.

With the combined power of Mike, Bromley and Holy Jay, the Mu Clan wouldn't be able to deal with them alone. No one in the divine land had the ability to destroy the Luo Clan except for the Moon Clan, the Sword Clan and the Dongfang Clan. Since Nicholas was in league with Murphy, he must have dealt with Mike in the past.

As the last Holy Being showed up, more than ten people arrived. They were the Demi-holy Beings of different clans.

Each powerful clan had a Holy Being, but not every clan had a Demi-holy Being.

After all, a Demi-holy Being also had the opportunity to become a Holy Being, and they were of great importance to any big clan. Out of the thirty-six powerful clans, about half of them had their own Demi-holy Beings.

These Demi-holy Beings quickly took their seats. Their seats were a level lower than those of the Holy Beings.

Joy was present among the group of Demi-holy Beings. She looked down and saw Zen standing in the crowd. She gave him a warm smile and thought, 'This guy is not afraid of death.'

Now that all the Holy Beings and Demi-Holy Beings took their seats, the consummate True God of Sun Blind race asked with his eyes shut, "Why haven't I seen Holy Murphy yet?"

Hearing this question, Clark, the Holy Being of Tang Clan laughed and said, "He attacked Mike's universe and was punished by the Ruling Slate. Therefore, he is still in the 'prison'."

"Murphy is too impulsive," the Holy Being of the Qin Clan said with a chuckle.

"Maybe he really wants to get rid of Mike as he can't forget what happened that year," another Holy Being added.

Zen also noticed that the Holy Beings that spoke were the members of the powerful clans that were being targeted by Harold. Therefore, they were Zen's foes. As for the Holy Beings of other powerful clans such as the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan, they mostly remained silent with a blank expression on their faces.

"Murphy did the right thing. Now since Mike's body no longer remains, there is no need for the Evolutionary Universe to exist. Therefore, we should wipe it out completely as soon as possible," Samuel said suddenly.

Some Holy Beings looked at Samuel strangely, while Jeremiah, the Holy Being of Leng Clan laughed and said, "You know, what Samuel said makes sense."

Samuel was one of the legends in the divine land. It seemed that he was determined to ally the Han Clan with the alliance of powerful clans led by the Dongfang Clan.

Aleyna threw Zen a cautious look. She understood how he felt. The thought of her father going against Zen's father made her heart ache.

When other warriors of Han Clan heard their Holy Emperor, they felt a bit disappointed. They had always been proud of their own clan, but their

Holy Emperor was creating unnecessary allegiances with other clans. The thought of this sickened them.

"Since Holy Murphy is unable to come, we don't need to wait," the consummate True God of Sun Blind race said. He turned around and kneeled towards the depths of the island. At the same time, all the members of Sun Blind race knelt down and kowtowed in one direction.

"Leader, please preside over the Astronomical Transit Day ceremony," the consummate True God of Sun Blind race said loudly.

'The leader of Sun Blind race?' Zen was confused.

His heart was filled with anticipation as he wondered who the leader of Sun Blind race might be. Was the leader also a Holy Being? It was possible or else the Hall of Holy Beings wouldn't have taken part in the Astronomical Transit Day ceremony. Did they participate because the members of Sun Blind race could ferry people in the Time Sea?

Since these powerful clans were able to build transmission arrays to the major forbidden areas, they could also build transmission arrays which would lead directly to every place in the divine land. What they needed to do was change the rules on the Ruling Slate.

Then, Zen saw a woman wearing a white robe.

She was barefoot and was walking quite slowly. As she approached, Zen noticed that she was wearing a strange mask that completely covered her face.

Zen felt as if the woman was not real. As she slowly walked over, her figure was like a candle light that was blown by the night wind, in a trance.

It seemed as if the woman was shuttling back and forth in another space. She kept disappearing and reappearing continuously. Everyone thought that she wasn't real and was just an illusion.

What surprised Zen even more was that almost all the Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings present rose and bowed to the woman.

'Isn't a Holy Being the supreme existence of the divine land?' Zen wondered.

It seemed as if the status of this woman was higher than the rest.

He looked at Aleyna with a confused expression and asked telepathically, "Aleyna, what's so special about the leader of Sun Blind race? Since she is just a divine citizen, why did all the Holy Beings bow to her?"

Aleyna gave him a faint smile and said, "This is because she has the right to decide the life and death of every living creature in the divine land."

"Every living creature? Even a Holy Being?" Zen asked in shock.

Aleyna nodded. "Yes, she has the right to decide their fate, even if one's a Holy Being."

"But how is this possible? This makes her capable of killing anyone she desires."

Zen was in awe. If any of the Holy Beings waved their hand, the whole Sun Blind race would probably be wiped out.

"Yes," said Aleyna. "Among all these people present here, she can kill anyone she desires except for three. And only seven or eight people in the entire divine land can't be killed by her. The others have no power over her."

"How is this possible?" Zen asked in disbelief.

"Take a guess," Aleyna playfully teased Zen.

The Sun Blind race was a mysterious race in the entire divine land. However, as a core member of the family, Aleyna always had the opportunity to learn some secrets that the others did not know. And the other core disciples knew about it as well.

Chapter 2308 The Time Sword Of Gods

"I don't think that I'd be able to guess," Zen said shaking his head helplessly. He really didn't know what theurgy could kill everyone at will.

Aleyna gave the woman in white a look and said, "Don't you think she's in a strange state?"

Zen gave her a nod of approval. The woman did look as if she was in a trance and might disappear any time.

"Well, she doesn't really exist in this world. She lives in time," Aleyna said through her life vitality.

"She lives in time?" he asked Aleyna with a confused look on his face.

Zen had already witnessed the Time Law in the universe, but when the warriors and the True Gods used the Time Law, they could only delay the passage of time. Such was the simplest use of the Time Law.

Time was quite mysterious and difficult to comprehend.

"Yes, the head of the Sun Blind race can go through the Time Sea freely and change the past in any time period," Aleyna said. "In other words, she is able to trace back to any time in the entire divine land."

"Huh?" Zen's eyes widened with surprise. "That's quite a strong ability to possess."

"So now do you understand the whole concept?" Aleyna asked. "Therefore, in theory, she can kill anyone in the divine land, but there are some restrictions imposed on her. Whenever she displays the Time Backing, she has to pay a heavy price."

The Holy Beings were quite strong now, and maybe the woman in white was no match for them.

However, she had the ability to go back to any time in the past.

The endless training and opportunities in many divine eras enabled the Holy Beings to acquire all they had today. If the woman in white went back to hundreds or even thousands of divine eras ago, the Holy Beings were only ordinary divine citizens, or even babies that had just been born in the divine land.

Had she killed them then, it wouldn't have been possible for her to meet them now.

Such was the ability of the white dressed woman.

Besides the fact that going back in time was incredible, there might have been something else the woman in white could do, as indicated by the reaction of Holy Beings.

There must be a reason behind the Holy Beings' attitude towards the white dressed woman.

"Is this the ability of the Timing Godly Way?" Zen asked, still very much confused. It would be quite incredible if this ability was gained by cultivating the Timing Godly Way, as there was no room for anyone to resist it.

No one was initially strong. No matter how powerful the Holy Beings were now, there was a time when they were quite weak. If the Timing Godly Way was indeed so powerful, then there wouldn't have been any need to cultivate other Godly Ways.

"Of course not," Aleyna said shaking her head. "It's true that the Timing Godly Way has the power of Time Backing, but it can only be used for oneself. One can only use it to go back to his or her past, but the woman can use it to go back to any time in the divine land."

"And how does she do that?" Zen continued to enquire.

"The Time Sea is also a large forbidden land. She has controlled the Time Sea and obtained the Time Sword of Gods. Thus, her ability is derived from the sword," Aleyna explained.

"The Time Sea is a forbidden land?" Zen asked, clearly baffled.

The majority of the True Gods in divine land were unaware of the fact that the Time Sea was a forbidden land. Many disciples of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands didn't know about it and a few who did acquired this knowledge from the Astronomical Transit Day.

It was the first time for Aleyna to attend the Astronomical Transit Day. Since Laquisha and she enjoyed a high status in their clan, it wasn't difficult for them to stumble upon such secrets. Moreover, it was the second time that Pascal had attended the Astronomical Transit Day, so he had told them something beforehand.

"That's why things are as they are." Zen gave her a nod.

He had always been puzzled. According to the temperament of the Holy Beings of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, they would have driven the Sun Blind members away from the Time Sea, or even killed them.

The Sun Blind members ferried others across the Time Sea. With such low efficiency, how could the powerful clans tolerate it?

They didn't have any choice.

In the early days when the powerful clans took control of the Time Sea, they did have conflict with the Sun Blind race.

At first, there were six powerful clans on the Time Sea. Then, a new Holy Being also built his clan's Floating Island and joined the Time Sea.

This new Holy Being was high spirited and arrogant. He couldn't tolerate the Sun Blind race, and even killed about fifty to sixty ferrymen. The six powerful clans didn't express their opinions about this matter. They thought the Sun Blind race was mysterious and weird, and they didn't want to provoke them in any way whatsoever.

It wasn't in anyone's wildest thoughts that one day the new Holy Being would disappear along with his universe.

Normally, it would take thousands of years for a huge universe to completely collapse, but the disappearance of the new Holy Being and his universe overnight was a complete and an utter mystery.

Then, the Sun Blind race invited the Holy Beings of the six powerful clans to attend the Astronomical Transit Day for the first time. Thus, when they attended the Astronomical Transit Day, they came across the female patriarch of the Sun Blind race for the very first time. The patriarch wearing a mask told them that she had killed the new Holy Being.

It was a well-known fact that the Holy Beings were immortal unless their universes were destroyed. After they built their universes, their lives were closely linked to their universes. Therefore, it was impossible for the patriarch of the Sun Blind race to kill a Holy Being quietly.

Neither the patriarch nor anyone else was able to do it. Therefore, after killing Mike, Murphy started a war in the Evolutionary Universe.

Even though at that time there was no Hall of Holy Beings, and there were no rules as far as a war was considered, the Holy Beings still couldn't destroy the huge universes in a short time even if they wanted to.

But the female patriarch showcased her ability to destroy universes. On the Astronomical Transit Day, one of the Holy Beings carried a sword with him. The sword was not a top grade one, but he used it quite frequently in the past. It wasn't of much use to him now, yet he carried it with him wherever he went.

Not long after the female patriarch left the grand meeting, the sword of the Holy Being suddenly disappeared. The Holy Being was quite shocked by seeing this.

When the female patriarch appeared again, the Holy Being stared at her in confusion and murmured, "How did you…"

A sword appeared in the hand of the female patriarch. It belonged to the Holy Being.

The rest of the Holy Beings were confused by her antics. They had no idea what was going on between that Holy Being and the patriarch. Later they learned that a memory had appeared in the Holy Being's mind. In that memory, the patriarch had traveled back to forty divine eras ago. At that time, that Holy Being was still a low-rank True God, but he was robbed of his sword by the patriarch. The patriarch told him that they'd meet forty divine eras later.

Only then did the other Holy Beings understand how powerful the patriarch of the Sun Blind race was.

The fact that the Holy Beings were invincible was a mere joke to her.

The female patriarch's presence enabled the members of the Sun Blind race to safely sail their boats on the Time Sea. No clan dared to provoke them.

"But you said that she couldn't kill everyone, right?" Zen asked again with curiosity.

"Yes, I heard that she couldn't kill Nicholas, the Holy Emperor of the Dongfang Clan," Aleyna said. "I don't know what he did, but he seems to hide all his traces in the divine land, so the patriarch of the Sun Blind race can't track back to his past and can't kill him."

She briefly heard these stories, and she wasn't aware of the full details.

As Aleyna was speaking, the patriarch of the Sun Blind race walked barefooted towards the nine pagodas. She reached out her slender hands and gently waved them on both sides. The nine pagodas began to move slowly towards the middle, and they leaned against each other, forming a mysterious stellar pattern.

There was a total of nine stars in the pattern. Each of them had a different color, and the star in the middle was light blue.

"This time it's going to be the Water Luminous Star," the patriarch said softly.

After she finished speaking, she reached out and gently patted the star.

Zen noticed the light of the star become dimmer. He raised his head, and much to his astonishment, he saw a light blue star appear in the sky.

Chapter 2309 The Forbidden Area Opened

The so-called "Astronomical Transit" was the phenomenon referred to the moment when some star moved between the sun and the earth, covering a part of the sun's light and creating a huge black spot shadow.

Such a phenomenon wasn't a rare sight in the divine land.

That said, the Astronomical Transit phenomenon was particularly special in Time Sea.

Every few years, a star would completely block out the sun's light. The shadow of the black spot formed would cover the entire Time Sea.

And every time, the star that caused the Astronomical Transit was a different one. More so, the nine stars that appeared before the Sun Blind race's leader took turns causing the Astronomical Transit.

What most people didn't necessarily know was that when the sunlight above the Time Sea was blocked out, it was also the moment when the Time Sea, otherwise known as this big forbidden area, was opened. The nine stars represented the nine different entrances to the Time Sea.

Across all the divine land, there were several different forbidden areas of various sizes and they were constantly being explored by the powerful clans.

As soon as any divine might coins had been condensed, they were snatched by the True Gods from the place. The less divine might coins that existed, the more precious they became. For this reason, True Gods searched for them crazily, and eventually, it caused a vicious cycle.

For the Time Sea though, this forbidden area was only opened on Astronomical Transit Day.

Throughout any other period of time, no one ever travelled there to explore. The divine might coins that were formed would slowly pile up, and to the True Gods of the powerful clans, the place was genuinely a huge treasure trove!

All the powerful clans hoped for the possibility that every one of their warriors from the Floating Islands would enter the Time Sea on Astronomical Transit Day, and collect the numerous divine might coins.

Unfortunately though, this would never occur because the Sun Blind race had a harsh rule – only the True Gods they invited were eligible to participate in the Astronomical Transit Day celebration.

As for the rule the Sun Blind race had to invite their guests, now, that was still unclear.

In general, the stronger their strength and the more talented they were, the more chances they had of being invited. However, occasionally, there were certain obscure people from the Floating Islands that also happened to be invited to the event. No one really understood why, or how.

At the beginning, the rich clans would continuously organize a batch of True Gods that waited to be invited by the Sun Blind race on Astronomical Transit Day, but the Sun Blind race still stuck to their usual rule for inviting guests. In the end, the rich clans on the Floating Islands gave up their tactics. On Astronomical Transit Day, anyone who was confident that they would be invited by the Sun Blind race had the permission to wait by the Time Sea.

The shadow cast by the Water Luminous Star quickly spread throughout the Time Sea. It blocked the sunlight from the Sun Blind race's island, the Floating Islands, as well as the entire Time Sea...

The whole Time Sea was quickly and totally immersed in darkness.

Of course, this wasn't absolute darkness. The scorching sun's rays could still penetrate the Water Luminous Star and thus, a dim light still shone through.

Phew! Phew!

Once the sky had completely dimmed out, the Sun Blind race lit up their torches one after another, and as they did this, they began to scream in a rhythmic way.

"Wow, wow, wow..."

Once the Water Luminous Star had fully transited the sun, all the Sun Blind members began to dance in joy. The celebration had begun!

The Sun Blind members were all devout. This was their unique holiday, but to outsiders, it was generally considered a little boring.

Both the Holy Beings and the Demi-holy Beings had their eyes closed in order to rest their mind, while the True Gods were quietly making their preparations before the Time Sea Forbidden Land was opened. The amount of divine might coins that had been accumulated there for several years now was astonishing - they had no choice but to be fully prepared.

"Nelly," Rachelle called out for her sister suddenly.

Nelly turned around and asked, "What's up, Rachelle?"

"After entering the Time Sea Forbidden Land, I have something else to do. If you have time, keep an eye on that guy for me, will you?" Rachelle asked.

"Do I need to force him to act or anything?" Nelly asked in return.

"No. You only need to keep an eye on him," replied Rachelle, shaking her head from side to side.

"You don't believe in my strength," Nelly muttered bitterly.

Despite saying this, Nelly also knew that if Zen really was the anonymous man in the Arena of Legends, she probably was no match for him. After all, when Zen had still been a proving godly warrior, he had defeated her. Now, he had become a True God! Her chances would be extremely slim.

"It has nothing to do with your strength. I just have to verify something, and then I'll kill him immediately," Rachelle stated seriously.

"Kill him?" Nelly repeated, in confusion.

Although she had been defeated by the anonymous man in the past, there was no need to kill him. Honestly speaking, there wasn't much hatred standing between her and anonymous man, anyway.

Upon noticing Nelly's expression, Rachelle said with a slight smile, "There are certain things you just don't need to know everything about."

Disappointment etched itself on Nelly's face. She looked at Zen again, and she felt that Zen was more than just the anonymous man. After all, there were others who had tried every method possible to conceal their names when entering the Arena of Legends, and they somewhat all had their hidden secrets.

The Sun Blind race's dull and boring ceremony finally came to an end.

Many of the True Gods present wore an expression of excitement on their faces. Of course, a few of them had no idea of what Astronomical Transit Day was for, and they stood there clueless, wondering what they were even doing here. In fact, a few of the True Gods even thought that the only harvest they obtained from the event was that they had seen the Holy Beings of the clans.

The woman in white gently waved her hand, and the Water Luminous Star at the center of the nine pagodas emitted a faint light. This light became brighter and brighter by the second. As the light continued to glow, it equally began to emit a dazzling blue light, and finally it formed a strange passage.

"Ah! Isn't this a passage to the forbidden land?"

A True God couldn't help but exclaim his surprise.

Perhaps, just like Zen, this True God simply hadn't expected to be invited here by the Sun Blind race. He had no idea what was going to happen next, and thus, he couldn't help but cry out in surprise as he saw the entrance to the forbidden area suddenly appear.

One of the True Gods standing beside him gave him a hard stare, probably feeling that he had made a fuss.

The female leader of the Sun Blind race said flatly, "Yes. The forbidden area will be opened every time we hold an Astronomical Transit Day celebration. You can explore the area and take away all the treasures you come by in it."

Pure pleasure appeared on the True God's face. Previously, he had thought that the Astronomical Transit Day celebration was extremely boring, and couldn't figure out why so many people were still so excited to be here. Now that he knew the reasons, he only naturally felt very excited.

When the azure passageway had finished forming and became completely stable, all of the consummate True Gods present exchanged glances.

Whoosh!

Rachelle was the first one to rush into the passageway, without a second's hesitation.

Shortly after, the consummate True Gods of other powerful clans began to fly into the passage, one after the next.

Although there were no written rules about who should enter first, the True Gods present still entered the passageway according to their cultivation levels. The ones with higher cultivation levels always had priority, no matter the situation or event at hand.

The consummate True Gods' goal was not the amazing quantity of divine might coins!

The consummate True Gods were followed by top-rank True Gods, and then mid-rank True Gods, and finally, the low-rank True Gods.

Laquisha, on her behalf, didn't wait for Aleyna, or any of the others in fact. With her back to Zen, she secretly kept an eye on him. What she observed though was nothing more than Aleyna, Kelsey and Zen muttering to each other.

She didn't stop before them, but rushed into the passage on her own instead.

"Ah! Why didn't Laquisha wait for us?" Aleyna's mouth was wide open in surprise.

"Let's go!" Without any hesitation, Zen walked toward the passageway with Aleyna and Kelsey following right behind him.

This was the first time that Zen had entered a forbidden area in the divine land. He was amazed!

According to his judgment, the divine land's forbidden areas were also places imagined by all True Gods, which were made from the Faith Energy. He wondered what the forbidden area in the Time Sea was like.

Just as Zen entered though, he saw something that astonished him even more. Except for the consummate True Gods who had already disappeared without a trace, the True Gods that had rushed inside earlier were all crazily gathering the divine might coins on the ground...

Chapter 2310 The Time Ghost

The Time Sea Forbidden Land had been closed for a long time, and there was a huge amount of divine might coins piling up there as a consequence.

As soon as Zen stepped into the forbidden land, he found an entire mountain of these divine might coins at the entrance.

Nine roads led to the forbidden land. The road that was activated by the Water Luminous Star had been closed for seventy two years, since the Astronomical Transit Day, usually held every eight years, had been celebrated nine times after this road opened last time. The number of divine might coins that were collecting on the road was truly vast.

Having just entered, the True Gods could still restrain themselves. They only used their space rings to collect the divine might coins, and there was no scramble to try to obtain them.

When Laquisha saw the divine might coins, her eyes flashed greedily. Her body poised, ready to rush forward. She waved her sleeve dramatically. "Take them!" she yelled.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

All of a sudden, a violent gust of wind blew over the land.

Some of the divine might coins on both sides of the road were lifted by the wind and flew directly up Laquisha's huge sleeve.

The True Gods, who were picking up the divine might coins, turned their heads and glared at her, shocked and offended.

They had come to the Time Sea Forbidden Land also to obtain the divine might coins, but there remained rules that had to be followed. If they used their skills as Laquisha had done, to collect the divine might coins, they would probably begin fighting with each other on the spot!

"Hey, girl. You are from the Han Clan, right? I'm warning you! If you continue to act like this, don't blame me for being rude to you," a mid-rank True God from the Tang Clan said condescendingly.

The other True Gods, too, stared at Laquisha with hostility in their eyes.

Even though Laquisha held a special position within the Han Clan, the True Gods who had been invited there with her also possessed considerable power and influence. The majority of them were the core disciples of the rich clans on the Floating Islands. Thus, their status was not lower than that of Laquisha.

Complacent, Laquisha just sneered and shouted in an arrogant voice, "I like to collect these divine might coins in this way and what I do is none of your business. What can you do to me?"

As soon as she had finished speaking, she waved her sleeve again. The fabric lifted up lightly, and another gust of wind blew, funneling even more divine might coins up her long sleeve.

Zen, Kelsey and Aleyna exchanged looks of helplessness.

Laquisha was not short of divine might coins. She was from a rich clan and was not in need of any more wealth. It seemed as though she was recklessly trying to flaunt her power before the True Gods, demonstrating her defiant and rebellious nature.

But she was no longer on the Han Clan's Floating Island. On foreign ground, the elites from the rich clans on the Floating Islands would likely not be accommodating towards her.

The True God surnamed Tang was visibly furious. His figure flashed, as he charged towards Laquisha. He clenched his right fist, and the blood vessels on the back of his hand instantly turned into a black mass, as if there was something viscous and dark flowing through his very flesh.

"How dare you!"

"Stop! She is the princess of our clan!"

Aleyna and Kelsey shouted at the same time.

"I don't care which clan you are from. Who do you think you are?" The True God with the surname of Tang didn't care who Laquisha was. He even sped up his pace.

He was a warrior, one of the new disciples of Clark. With the support of Clark behind him, he felt he had no reason to take Laquisha seriously.

Seemingly no more than a hair's breadth away from Laquisha, a figure suddenly appeared between her and the charging True God. It was none other than Langston.

"Fredrick, these are just some divine might coins. There is still an enormous amount of them on the way. You don't need to fight here, do you?" Langston said calmly.

When Fredrick Tang saw Langston, his expression softened a little. "If you say so, I will not punish her. But you can clearly see that she is trying to cause trouble on purpose! I will not let her get away with it the next time if she continues!" Without waiting for Langston to respond, Fredrick Tang turned around and left.

Langston turned to look at Laquisha with a smile, looking at her as one would regard a small child who had misbehaved. "This is your first time here, right? There are many conventional rules here. If we see a certain number of divine might coins, we must divide them equally. We all want to collect the divine might coins using our abilities. But we are absolutely forbidden to use our theurgy to monopolize them."

The purpose of establishing the Hall of Holy Beings on the Time Sea was to set rules for the various rich clans on the Floating Islands.

Some of the rules were written on the Ruling Slate, but not all of them were recorded on it, as it would cost a lot to engrave every single rule on the slate.

It was a common practice for disciples of the rich clans to distribute the divine might coin in the forbidden land, according to set proportions. After all, it was extremely dangerous to wander in the forbidden land. If there was a dispute because of the divine might coins, the disciples from the rich clans would fight with each other all day long. This was not what the members of the rich clans wanted.

Of course, this kind of rule was usually established for warriors with equivalent levels of strength. Killing people for divine might coins was still common in the forbidden lands.

Seeing the figure of a man shielding her from the charging Fredrick Tang, Laquisha had been overjoyed. However, realizing that the man was, in fact, Langston, her heart had filled with disappointment. She turned around and looked at Zen. Seeing him standing still, indifferent to her, made her even more disappointed. Turning back to Langston, she spoke to him with a fake smile, "Thank you for reminding me. It is indeed the first time that I have entered the forbidden land."

"If that's the case, just follow me. Even the first-grade and second-grade sacred places are full of danger and uncertainty, and many True Gods find their death there. The Time Sea Forbidden Land is even more dangerous," Langston said gently.

"Okay." Laquisha nodded, her voice impassive.

Last time, Langston had had a big conflict with Laquisha. After that, when he came back home to the Leng Clan, his father had taught him a lesson.

Langston was curious about the attitude of his father, Jeremiah. He was not inferior to Samuel. To the contrary, in terms of clan background and overall strength, the Leng Clan far surpassed the Han Clan. Moreover, it was obvious the Han Clan was trying to curry favor with the Leng Clan by arranging the marriage between Langston and Laquisha.

At the thought of this, Langston became even more confused, wondering why his father was so desperate for this marriage to be successful.

As an arrogant man, Langston wouldn't act humbly and obediently in front of a woman. But since his father repeatedly reminded him to do so, he had to comply.

Nevertheless, looking at Laquisha's sweet smile, Langston felt satisfied and proud.

Zen stood still with a straight face. Kelsey and Aleyna, on the other hand, were surprised by Laquisha's attitude. They knew clearly how much Laquisha hated Langston. They couldn't understand why Laquisha suddenly changed her attitude and spoke to Langston in a friendly manner.

"What's wrong with Laquisha?" Kelsey asked.

"It seems that she gets mad at Thad and is doing this deliberately," said Aleyna, pursing her lips.

Kelsey and Aleyna turned to look at Zen at the same time. Zen walked forward, his face expressionless. "Hurry up and collect the divine might coins," he said coolly. "Otherwise, they will be taken away by others." His expression remained cold and unchanging.

Aleyna and Kelsey followed Zen immediately, but they continued to watch him closely from behind, whispering to each other.

"Do you think Thad has any idea?"

"Maybe he is just jealous..."

Although the two girls' voices were very quiet, Zen could still hear what they were saying.

He said nothing, only smirking to himself.

As for Nelly, she was a little further away, busy collecting the rest of the divine might coins while keeping her eyes on Zen.

She was annoyed that Langston had suddenly interfered in the conflict between Laquisha and Fredrick Tang.

Rachelle had instructed Nelly to keep a close eye on Zen. Before Langston so inconveniently stepped in, she had been convinced that Zen would fight Fredrick Tang. This would have been a great opportunity for Nelly to observe Zen. The more she watched Zen fight, the closer she would come to discovering his weakness.

"It doesn't matter," she told herself. "The Time Sea is very dangerous. There will still be plenty of chances for me to see him fighting." After putting all the divine might coins around her into her space ring, Nelly also followed the others to move forward.

Inside the Time Sea Forbidden Land, there was another strange world.

The Time Law seemed to be ubiquitous in this forbidden land. The earth under their feet, the high mountains in the distance, and the trees around them were all flashing with multicolored light. It seemed that everything in the forbidden land relied on the power of time.

The divine might coins were scattered on the two sides of the road activated by the Water Luminous Star. Many of the True Gods kept stopping along their way to collect these divine might coins.

Zen naturally wouldn't let go of this opportunity either. Along the way, he had himself pick up around three thousand divine might coins. Even for the disciples from rich clans on the Floating Islands, three thousand divine might coins was a huge sum of money. Some True Gods might have accumulated over ten thousand divine might coins along the way.

As for the consummate True Gods, such as Rachelle and Alfredo, they didn't even bother to pick up the divine might coins. After entering into the forbidden land, they flew away immediately. Obviously, they were looking to find something more important than just divine might coins. No wonder all the powerful and rich clans attached great importance to the Astronomical Transit Day.

When they reached the end of the road, a True God suddenly shouted, "Oh no! We are out of luck. This time, a group of Time Ghosts are blocking the way. I'm afraid we'll be in trouble."

Zen raised his head and saw a group of blue humanoid creatures flying back and forth at the open intersection in front of them, blocking their way.

Chapter 2311 Surrounded

These human-shaped creatures, which were floating about, were like ghosts. The aura emitted by them was not very powerful.

"Oh, what bad luck..." Aleyna pursed her lips when she saw these Time Ghosts.

"What's wrong? These things seem to be quite weak," Zen commented curiously.

Zen could conclude from the aura of the Time Ghosts that their strength was equivalent to that of ordinary evil ghosts, so it wouldn't be too difficult to kill them.

"While it's true that these Time Ghosts aren't strong, their bodies are stuck in another time, so it is impossible for anyone to hurt them. Moreover, once you are possessed by a Time Ghost, it will drag you to the gap in time and rip you into two," said Aleyna. Evidently, she had prepared quite well for her trip to the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

This explained why the Time Sea had earned a reputation of being so horrible.

The entire Time Sea was made up of countless broken time fragments. Each wave represented a different time period. This meant that if someone fell into the Time Sea, their body would fall into different times. If one compared time with space, the consequence of the fall was equivalent to their body being shredded apart by countless space cracks.

However, the Time Law was much more domineering than space cracks. Zen had been able to resist the space cracks long ago. Even though the space cracks in the divine land were more powerful than those in the universe where he was from, they were still incomparable to the time cracks. These so-called cracks were not actual cracks, but rather a concept, which formed when the time was split into different time periods.

Fortunately, there were many mighty warriors among this group of True Gods. With so many top-rank True Gods and mid-rank True Gods present, naturally someone or the other would figure out a way. So Zen was not worried.

The group of True Gods, including Pascal discussed and debated for a while, and then someone stepped out.

"Isn't this just a bunch of silly Time Ghosts? They are not particularly intelligent. I'll just draw them away." The one who spoke was a man with black hair, who looked very young, but was already a top-rank True God.

Top-rank True Gods could fly in the forbidden area, but this place was filled with traps. They didn't dare to run around recklessly like the consummate True Gods.

Many True Gods were happy to hear the black haired young man's words. It was a good thing that someone had taken the initiative to lead the way.

The black-haired young man walked up to the path and then he whipped out a small bamboo flute from his chest. He shook the flute gently, and many gold bits fell out of it. The gold bits turned out to be six or seven human-shaped puppets!

Judging by the appearance of the puppets, they didn't seem extraordinary. However, after the black haired young man made a mysterious gesture, an invisible force spread out. When everyone present experienced this powerful force, they all had the illusion as if they had lost the control of themselves.

"Great Manipulating Way?" Zen asked.

In the Arena of Legends, Zen had experienced the same kind of power, but at that time, the one he had encountered was a low-rank True God, who was far from being as domineering as the black haired young man.

Aleyna nodded. "He is Jolyon Fang from Fang Clan. He is obsessed with making puppets and has cultivated the Great Manipulating Way to a very high level. His puppets are also very powerful. Each puppet is as strong as a mid-rank True God! It is said that he has a very special puppet that can even kill top-rank True Gods!"

Some of the Godly Ways appeared weak, but if one cultivated them and reached a very high level, they could also prove to be very powerful.

When Jolyon Fang gave life to the puppets, an extremely strong aura emitted from the bodies of the puppets, which was stronger than that of a mid-rank True God! Were there strong souls hidden in the puppets? Or did Jolyon Fang use some special methods to give them such strong aura? Nobody knew the answers to these mysteries.

"Go!"

The black haired young man pointed at the Time Ghosts, and the puppets immediately dashed towards them.

"Bang, Bang, Bang!"

The puppets produced metallic sounds as they ran, making a huge racket!

One of the puppets waved its arm, and a circular quiver appeared under its arm. The quiver shot a number of golden arrows at the Time Ghosts.

"Swish, swish, swish!"

The puppets caught the attention of the Time Ghosts.

"Buzz..."

Everyone felt a thundering in their ears. It was the cries of the Time Ghosts. They flew towards the golden puppets.

Everybody was confused and impressed in equal parts at the way Jolyon Fang controlled the puppets. The puppets were as agile and responsive as if they were his own arms.

When Jolyon Fang saw that the puppets had drawn the attention of all the Time Ghosts, his eyes flashed with excitement. With a sudden wave of his hand, the puppets suddenly turned around and rushed off in another direction.

The Time Ghosts gathered at the place where the nine paths to the Time Sea Forbidden Land converged. Jolyon Fang led this group of Time Ghosts to another direction. However, in this process, a puppet, which was a little slower than the rest, was caught by a Time Ghost. Immediately Jolyon Fang lost control of this puppet.

The puppet spun manically on the spot a few times and then got chopped into segments from its head to toe before crumbling to pieces and falling on the ground. The metal fragments scattered all over the ground.

Seeing this scene, many of the True Gods' faces darkened. All the puppets that Jolyon Fang had sent out were created from the most sturdy materials in the divine land. But once they were seized by the Time Ghosts, they were actually so fragile.

"Buzz..."

The Time Ghosts were very excited and kept pursuing the puppets. The road in front of them was clear.

"Now! It is the right time!" Jolyon Fang yelled and bolted out.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

The other True Gods also followed suit and sprinted out.

"Thank god for Jolyon, otherwise, it would be very difficult to lure these Time Ghosts away..." said a True God, who had rushed in front of them.

However, before he could complete his praise, his face darkened and he lost his words...

A huge army of Time Ghosts had appeared again!

"How come there are so many of them?"

"It can't be that the first stage of the Time sea is so dangerous!"

"Let's retreat!"

Those who had the qualifications to enter the Time Sea Forbidden Land were the core disciples of the various rich clans. They were the elites of their respective Floating Islands.

The Time Sea Forbidden Land was dangerous, but these dangers were manageable. As long as they didn't break into the third stage of the Time Sea, they would be safe.

Therefore, the Holy Emperors were also willing to allow their children and disciples to enter the Time Sea in order to cultivate. After all, other than the divine might coins, they could also come across some pretty good opportunities.

But this time, there were many Time Ghosts in the forbidden area, which caught the True Gods assembled there off guard.

Defeating the Time Ghosts seemed liked an insurmountable task to some True Gods so they chose to retreat...

However, just as they took a few steps back, they saw a group of Time Ghosts behind them. The Time Ghosts that were lured away by the puppets had already chopped up those puppets into pieces and were coming to surround them. All the True Gods were trapped in a dilemma as they had no way back.

Aleyna's and Kelsey's faces turned ghastly pale. They didn't take the journey seriously, thinking that even if there were really any dangers, it would be thrilling and exciting. They had never thought that they might lose their lives here.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2312 Supreme Treasure Of Belief

Outside the forbidden land, the Holy Beings noticed this peculiar scene. This made all of them confused, causing their long faces.

After all, it was true that many True Gods that wandered in the forbidden land were descendants of the Holy Beings.

"What's wrong with the forbidden land? Why are there so many Time Ghosts?" a Holy Being asked.

Normally, the first stage of the Time Sea Forbidden Land housed no more than eight ghosts so when the Holy Beings noticed the increase in Time Ghosts, all of them were alarmed.

The Sun Blind race's leader wore a mask so her expression was hidden from everyone. "It seems that the level of difficulty in the Time Sea Forbidden Land has increased," she said.

The controller of each forbidden land had the ability to manipulate the difficulty of the forbidden land to a certain extent, and

ever since the forbidden lands appeared in the divine land, their difficulty had only constantly increased as the space they took up became bigger and bigger.

For instance, the Soul Wilderness, a level-six forbidden land, located in the Spiritual Soul Region, at first only took up about one tenth of the said region. However, every divine era, it would expand and encroach on a portion of the Spiritual Soul Region.

The Soul Wilderness had expanded at a terrifyingly fast rate and now, it covered the entire Spiritual Soul Region and was still expanding closer to its two neighboring regions. The divine citizens living in the two regions had no choice but to migrate in fear that they would be caught within the forbidden land.

Other forbidden lands like the Swirl Forest and the Time Sea were also expanding. Day by day, the Time Sea took up more area, steadily growing and never stopping.

This birthed a belief that the entire divine land would be completely devoured by the forbidden lands one day.

"Isn't the difficulty within your control?" another Holy Being asked.

The leader shook her head. "No, the situation is different this time. It seems that a new supreme treasure of belief has appeared."

"A supreme treasure of belief?"

"You mean a new supreme treasure of belief has appeared in the Time Sea?"

"What is its level?"

Her words had caused a concerned chattering from the Holy Beings.

Even Nicholas had black and white mists swirling in his eyes, evidence of his astonishment.

Majority of the weapons in the divine land were supreme primordial weapons. Before the creation of supreme chaotic weapons, most of the weapons in the divine land such as sabers, swords, and axes had been supreme primordial weapons.

But after the appearance of the supreme chaotic weapons, the status of the supreme primordial weapons declined. However, both presented their own pros and cons. The supreme primordial weapons were better in their profound foundation while the supreme chaotic weapons were powerful because they allowed the indirect use of strong chaotic energy.

But compared to the supreme treasures of belief, all these weapons made by the weapon refiners were not even worth mentioning!

When the forbidden lands appeared in his inner world, Zen had managed to figure out the origin of the forbidden lands in the divine land. He found that all the forbidden lands in the divine land were formed by the imagination of countless divine citizens. In other words, they were created by Faith Energy.

The supreme treasure of belief was the same. They were special and powerful weapons thought up by countless divine citizens.

Each treasure had its own level of power

which the True Gods in the divine land associated with that of the forbidden lands.

Even the forbidden land with the lowest level could produce a supreme treasure of belief. And while it would only be at level-one, owning this treasure would be equivalent to becoming controller of this level-one forbidden land.

Similarly, a level-two forbidden land could only produce one level-two supreme treasure of belief, however, level-one supreme treasures might exist as well.

Although few people knew about the Time Sea Forbidden Land, the concept of time deeply instilled in everyone's minds. Every time they thought about time, it turned into a strand of Faith Energy which gathered in the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Currently, the Time Sea Forbidden Land could easily match any other level-six forbidden lands.

A level-six supreme treasure of belief had long appeared in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, and after the Sun Blind race's leader got it, she became controller of the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

The level-six supreme treasures of belief were known as the most powerful weapons to exist and could affect the entire divine land.

A second level-six supreme treasure of belief would not appear in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, but there might still be a level-five or level-four treasure. And while these treasures didn't have the ability to control living creatures in the divine land like the Time Sword of Gods, they still had many powerful theurgies.

Even the Holy Beings from the large clans on the Floating Islands were rarely presented with the opportunity to obtain a supreme treasure of belief.

For example, the Holy Being of the Qin Clan had a level-one supreme treasure of belief, an S-shaped jade, which was obtained from a level-two forbidden land.

It was said that in order to buy this treasure, the Qin Clan had spent a large amount of divine might coins, enough to modify two words on the Ruling Slate.

However, while the level-one supreme treasure of belief might have a relatively powerful theurgy, it had no substantial help to a Holy Being. Thus, the Holy Being of the Qin Clan wore it simply as an ornament, and for a time, became a laughingstock in the Hall of Holy Beings.

Considering the powerful theurgies the treasures could employ, it was only natural that even a level-one supreme treasure of belief garnered so much attention from a Holy Being.

And so when the Holy Beings heard what the female leader said, they all showed great interest.

"I'm not sure," the leader of the Sun Blind race shook her head. "It could be a level-three treasure. Maybe even a level-four."

"A level-four supreme treasure of belief! What good fortune!"

"This is part of their training. The Time Sea Forbidden Land is probably ten times more dangerous than before, but the benefits are a thousand times greater!"

"You're right!"

Initially, the Holy Beings wanted to ask their descendants to retreat from the forbidden land. The Time Sea Forbidden Land was very dangerous, and every day, it only grew more dangerous than before. There was a great possibility they would meet their eternal end if they stayed.

But even if these Holy Beings wanted their descendants to always be safe and sound, they also wanted them to seize these rare opportunities even more.

While the Holy Beings were discussing outside, the True Gods in the forbidden land were faced with life and death crises.

There were so many Time Ghosts surrounding them that it was almost impossible to escape. Even Zen worried about their terrible predicament.

If their enemies were real creatures, they might still be able to fight. However, a strange creature like the Time Ghost had no real existence and therefore, could not be fought. The only thing they could do was to escape. But how?

Scared, Aleyna and Kelsey leaned against Zen. Kelsey couldn't even stop trembling. She had never been to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land before, and had not once thought that she would face death one day. Aleyna, who had at least explored the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, was considerably calmer than Kelsey.

The other True Gods were equally horrified. If they were not able to handle this, none of them would survive.

"I'll draw them away while you escape!" Just then, a top-rank True God stood out from the crowd.

A top-rank True God had the ability to fly. If he drew away the Time Ghosts, the others would have a chance to escape, however, it would be extremely dangerous for him to do so!

This top-rank True God, who they soon learned was Reginald, came from the War God Hall.

As he stepped forward for the tough task, all the other True Gods present revealed a look of gratitude on their faces.

Even Woodruff, the leader of the War God Hall and one of the three Holy Beings of the Moon Clan, wore a proud expression on his face. "There's no coward in our War God Hall!"

It was at this moment that the Time Ghosts flocked over to the crowd.

At the same time, Reginald shouted his battle cry and charged at the ghosts in front of him.

"Such a strong fighting intent... His theurgy is exactly the same as Blayd's but he's even more powerful," murmured Zen, eyes shining with admiration. This top-rank True God really had the courage to stand up for them at this crucial moment.

Reginald's overwhelming fighting intent had successfully attracted the attention of most of the Time Ghosts closest to them. Then, like a roc spreading its wings, he soared up into the sky!

After the Time Ghosts chased after him, it was easy for everyone to see a path of escape in front of them.

However, the Time Ghosts behind the crowd saw them and rushed towards them at a blinding speed.

Chapter 2313 Divine Time Temple

"Charge!"

There was no hesitation in the True Gods' steps as they all rushed forward.

"Follow me." It was casually said by the still calm Langston to Laquisha who was behind him.

The expression on her face was blank as she galloped ahead. But she was still worried about Aleyna and Kelsey, so she turned to look at them from time to time.

Zen, Aleyna, and Kelsey all moved behind her but kept a certain distance. The Time Ghosts behind them began to take the later True Gods as their first targets.

"Buzz..."

A Time Ghost suddenly came closer and its body coiled around a mid-rank True God.

"Ah! Ah! Help!"

The mid-rank True God screamed in pain and couldn't stop the shaking of his body. Soon, a shallow trace appeared on his head and his solid skull was cut evenly in just a second. Red and white things burst out of it and terrified those who saw it.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

More and more traces appeared on the mid-rank True God's body, making more blood spurt from him.

The grotesque scene made Kelsey extremely pale, so she activated all of her strength and tried to run as fast as possible.

However, in that moment, a low-rank True God beside Kelsey moved a little too slowly, and was entangled by a Time Ghost. He then grabbed

Kelsey's hand almost instinctively!

"Ah!"

Kelsey screamed loudly as she tried to break free from the True God's grip, but he was more powerful than she expected and she couldn't get rid of him.

Three Time Ghosts were about to pounce on Kelsey while she was distracted.

"Kelsey!"

"Kelsey!"

There was heavy worry on Laquisha's face as she turned and rushed towards Kelsey.

And there was Aleyna who stood frozen still from fear.

The terrified Kelsey turned to look at Zen, unable to accept that she would die here!

"Whoosh!"

Right at the critical moment, Zen flashed and gently pushed his finger forward and pressed on the arm of the low-rank True God. An invisible force came forward and tried to cut the low-rank True God's arm.

"Crack!"

The low-rank True God's arm was broken and Zen grabbed Kelsey. He turned around quickly and grasped the shaking Aleyna. Then he carried them both under his armpits. A huge force erupted from his feet.

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

All of the True Gods charged forward at their fastest speed to run for their lives. A gust of wind blew past them and it was a low-rank True God who was holding two proving godly warriors and speeding away. The speed of the low-rank True God stunned the rest.

Laquisha stared blankly at the scene until Zen rushed to her with his two young sisters in tow. He smiled and said, "Run! Don't just stand there!"

"It's none of your business!" It was Laquisha's quick retort but she thought that she overreacted. Zen didn't seem to care about her and he only warned her. That thought made a bitter feeling rise up in her chest.

The Time Ghosts' speed was slightly faster than that of the True Gods and so anyone who was slow would get attacked and it would be almost impossible to escape.

Almost all of the True Gods subconsciously raised their speed when they heard a shrill cry from behind them.

Even with all of them desperately on the run, Zen's speed was exceptionally fast. His strength burst out and he sprinted to the front of the group.

"We're here! The Divine Time Temple's right in front of us! The Time Ghosts can't enter it!"

a mid-rank True God shouted.

A strange temple appeared in front of them.

Even True Gods had limited physical strength and as they ran, many looked completely exhausted but those words made all of them brighten up.

"Let's go in!"

"We can hide in the Divine Time Temple for a while!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

All of the True Gods sped up once again.

Although Zen carried two people, his expression didn't change at all and his speed just became faster and faster. He was the first to rush into the Divine Time Temple.

Even far outside the forbidden land, there were Holy Beings who paid attention to Zen's actions.

"But how could a low-rank True God have such great endurance and move so quickly? With those two in his arms, he still managed to be the first to enter the temple." the Demi-holy Being of the Tang Clan said curiously.

There were some guesses about Zen's identity. Langston and Rachelle might be more knowledgeable about it, but the Holy Beings didn't pay much attention to things on the Floating Islands and thus they didn't know of Zen.

Perhaps, Joy was the only one who knew the truth.

A faint smile hung on her lips as she looked at Zen, but she also couldn't squash the worry in her heart.

She wasn't aware that Zen would be invited by the Sun Blind race. If he revealed his secret right now, how would he escape from the Holy Beings? Zen was truly fearless...

No one knew what Samuel was thinking about when he stared at Zen, as he looked perfectly calm.

Many of the True Gods rushed into the Divine Time Temple and looked worn out, except for the top-rank True Gods. Even Laquisha gasped for air as she circulated the momentum in her body to calm herself down.

Even after the last True God dashed into the Divine Time Temple, the Time Ghosts still continued to rush towards the temple!

The dense mass of Time Ghosts coming over them like the tide made Kelsey and Aleyna who managed to calm themselves down become nervous again. They pinched at Zen's arms in fear.

"Buzz..."

Many True Gods screamed when the Time Ghosts reached the Divine Time Temple.

It was the first time for many of them to enter the Time Sea Forbidden Land, so it was natural that they were worried. If the Time Ghosts could really charge in, none of them would be able to escape.

But the Time Ghosts couldn't move forward from the door of the Divine Time Temple. They were densely packed outside, as if an invisible wall had sealed them off. The Time Ghosts truly were unable to enter the Divine Time Temple!

Only then did the True Gods heave a sigh of relief.

Just like a group of bugs, the Time Ghosts crowded in a heap and looked just as disgusting. Everyone were shocked and frightened at the sight of them.

"Ah, the arm..." Kelsey was almost faint from fear and belatedly noticed the severed low-rank True God's arm still grasping her tightly.

"Don't move." Zen reached out his hand and lightly patted the arm, making it drop to the ground where he kicked it aside. With that taken care of, he stood up to observe the interior of the Divine Time Temple.

That was when they all heard a scream from outside the Divine Time Temple. "Help! Help me drive away the Time Ghosts..."

Through the translucent Time Ghosts, they saw Reginald, the top-rank True God, rushing forward with a group of Time Ghosts on his heels. There were so many Time Ghosts gathering at the door of the Divine Time Temple and he'd have no chance to get in.

Reginald took the risk and attracted the Time Ghosts to another direction for everyone's safety just now. They couldn't just stand by and let him be dragged away.

But who was willing to go out to help him?

Chapter 2314 Saving Reginald

These elites all came from rich clans and were particularly proud of their good conscience. They would never neglect to pay a debt of gratitude.

However, they were currently caught in an extremely precarious situation. Rushing out now would mean immediate death and their conscience wasn't enough for them to risk their lives.

"Jolyon... Do you have any more puppets?" a True God asked.

Jolyon had successfully lured a batch of Time Ghosts away with his puppets earlier. Unfortunately, that led to all of them getting cut into pieces.

"Yes but I don't think they'll be really useful," Jolyon said.

He did have several powerful puppets, even a special one that was even stronger than himself.

"These Time Ghosts are blocking the door. Puppets will be useless against them," Pascal pointed out.

Jolyon nodded in agreement.

Sending out the puppets would only result in them getting surrounded by the Time Ghosts. They would only end up getting cut up and destroyed.

"Help!"

Reginald was still in the air with a bunch of Time Ghosts hot at his tail. His life was currently on the line as he would be dead meat the moment his pursuer caught up with him.

The sight of Reginald literally running for his life gave the other True Gods bad anxiety.

Even Woodruff, who was outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land, frowned deeply when he saw this scene.

The War God Hall did not have many True Gods but each one of them was extremely talented and powerful. Reginald was one of Woodruff's own disciples and the master was certain his student could become a consummate True God in the future. He wouldn't want to see that go to waste if Reginald ended up dying here in the Time Sea.

It was at this time that Zen walked towards the door of the Divine Time Temple. As he approached, the Time Ghosts grew restless.

Laquisha gritted her teeth in concern. She wanted to stop him but ended up not saying anything.

"Thad! Don't get too close to them," Kelsey warned.

Zen was only two or three inches away from the Time Ghosts. "These Time Ghosts' attacks are simple. All they do is channel the power of the time cracks, surround their targets, and cut them into pieces..." he muttered.

"The problem is that no one can resist the cutting power of the time cracks," Pascal pointed out.

The young man smiled. "There's no need to block the cutting power. There are things that can't be cut into pieces."

All of the True Gods present stared at Zen in confusion. Even Nelly couldn't help but speak, "What kind of thing can't be cut into pieces?"

"Water, or any sort of liquid," Zen said simply.

He tapped his space ring and a golden light appeared in front of him: the Golden Beast Statue.

Surprise was written all over everyone's faces when they saw the Golden Beast Statue in front of them. This was one of the highest prizes the Han Clan offered for the Arena of Legends. Laquisha herself wanted to win this statue. It was originally placed in the Holy Emperor City but disappeared so suddenly. Nobody expected it would be in Zen's possession.

Those who knew of the statue immediately understood what Zen meant.

Jolyon's puppets were powerful and complicated but they would all be completely destroyed by the TIme Ghosts.

The Golden Beast Statue was different. It was essentially a mass of mobile liquid that could transform into various shapes much like the Heavenly Body.

Laquisha and a few other members of the Han Clan knew about this but there were some other True Gods who were still puzzled at what Zen intended to do.

Previously, Zen used this Golden Beast Statue as a temporary body for Master Evil. After taking out the statue, Zen asked Master Evil to leave for a moment and he obliged, quietly returning to the young man's mind.

Now fully under his control, the Golden Beast Statue suddenly pounced!

It was immediately seized by one of the Time Ghosts. Zen lost the connection with the Golden Beast Statue and could only watch it get cut open by the power of the time cracks.

A horrible, metal screech was heard as the statue was cut into pieces by the Time Ghost.

Pieces of gold eventually fell from the sky and made tiny, tinkling sounds as they hit the ground.

A look of disappointment appeared on everyone's faces. What was Zen thinking bringing out such a thing?

"Humph, this thing is just rubbish. What's the use of it?" Langston mocked, not noticing the look of disdain Laquisha shot him.

A short while later, however, the gold pieces seemed to soften and liquefy, merging together and once again reforming into the Golden Beast Statue. As soon as it was whole again, it immediately pounced and ran outside.

It was too close. The Golden Beast Statue had only crossed the distance of around ten feet and could hardly increase its speed when the Time

Ghosts at the door rushed over. In the blink of an eye, it was caught by a Time Ghost and then was chopped into pieces all over again.

This time, however, the True Gods' hearts were all ablaze with hope. They finally understood what the statue was for. Although the Golden Beast Statue was very rare, there were many magic weapons of similar kind. It was perfect to use it in such an occasion!

As soon as it cut the Golden Beast Statue in pieces, the Time Ghost returned to its post at the door of the Divine Time Temple.

Meanwhile, the statue quietly recombined together.

There was a bit of distance between where the statue reformed and where the Time Ghosts stood guard. This distance gave the Golden Beast Statue the chance to fully pounce and run at full speed.

"Whoosh!"

As it ran, the Golden Beast Statue turned into a beam of light and flew, attracting the attention of the Time Ghosts.

"Buzz..."

There was a piercing humming sound as the Time Ghosts, who were previously devoted at guarding the door, all flew out to chase after the Golden Beast Statue.

"Now! Hurry!"

Zen shouted with urgency towards Reginald who was up in the sky.

Reginald was almost at his limit. He persisted almost on willpower alone and had little to no energy to even notice what was happening around him.

Even when the Time Ghosts left, he remained in a state of numbness and distress.

Somehow, Zen's voice pierced through the haze in Reginald's mind. It was like a battle cry that immediately lifted his spirit and he found himself suddenly rushing into the Divine Time Temple.

"Whoosh!"

Reginald did not cross the last section of the path to the Divine Time Temple by flying. Instead, he smashed directly into the temple.

As he rushed through the gate, Zen quickly reached out and caught him, letting him spin in his hands to slow down before fully letting go.

At that moment, the Golden Beast Statue had once again been cut into pieces and the Time Ghosts were all on their way back to their posts.

With a heavy gasp, Reginald felt his legs wobble and he quickly sat down. "Thank you!" he said in a breathless voice.

Warriors of the War God Hall always had a fiery temper but good morals. Having escaped death, Reginald couldn't thank Zen enough. He was truly grateful from the bottom of his heart.

"You're welcome. I just did what I had to do. Besides, you got yourself in such a dangerous situation because you wanted to save everyone," Zen replied. Reginald could've definitely run away by relying on his own strength but he chose to lure the Time Ghosts instead. Not everyone had the courage to do such a thing.

Zen then looked at the Golden Beast Statue in the distance. He didn't know if the Divine Time Temple had any other points of exit or entry. If it only had this one door, then he would still need to use the Golden Beast Statue when they left later.

Woodruff witnessed all this outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land. "Good, good, good! Which clan is that boy from? He looks very promising! If he ever finds himself in our War God Hall in the future, I shall definitely reward him!"

"This little guy sure does have some abilities but there's also some luck at play here. I was afraid Reginald was about to die at some point," another Holy Being said.

Was it through skill or merely sheer luck that this boy managed to successfully save Reginald?

A faint smile made its way on Joy's face. Worry lingered in her heart despite Zen's heroic bravery. The more people paid attention to him, the more trouble he could potentially be in. She only hoped for the young man's safety and that he would safely leave the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Once the Astronomical Transit Day ended, she also hoped for his uneventful departure from the Han Clan's Floating Island.

Chapter 2315 Secret Time Room

It was as if the cloudy sky had cleared when everyone became in the mood to study the Divine Time Temple after Reginald was safely brought inside it.

True to its name, the Divine Time Temple was an incredibly magnificent structure. A strange statue stood in the center of the broad hall. Its monstrous and thorny body looked like a huge bug, but it had a round mouth and rows of sharp teeth with spikes. It looked absolutely ferocious.

"What kind of monster is this?" Zen asked curiously. He couldn't think of a reason such a strange and ugly statue stood in the otherwise majestic Divine Time Temple.

Generally speaking, everything in the forbidden area was created by the Faith Energy, the Divine Time Temple included. Thus, the monster in front of them must be something that existed in legends.

On the other hand, disgust washed over Aleyna's face as she stared at the strange statue. She shook her head. Although she knew something about the Sun Blind race, this was the first time she had entered the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Naturally, she was quite unfamiliar with the forbidden area they were in.

A smile spread on Reginald's face when he heard Zen's query. "This is the Time Source Bug. It's said that the passage of time in our world is the way it is now because these bugs devoured the past," he said with a smile.

"If these bugs devoured the past, does it mean the past doesn't exist anymore?" Zen asked again. According to what Aleyna had explained, only the leader of the Sun Blind race was qualified to go back to the past in this world, which meant that the past did exist.

Furthermore, their leader could change the past to a certain extent. For instance, she could kill creatures in the past and it would affect the present.

Yet, what Zen had learned and Aleyna's explanation contradicted each other.

In fact, he was confused at the beginning when Aleyna told him about that ability of the leader of the Sun Blind race.

In theory, all clues about a Holy Being's past would disappear once the leader of the Sun Blind race returned to the past and killed him. Then, everything related to him would change. For example, his children would disappear, and his partner would not have met him, nor would he even establish the Floating Island, all of which would produce a series of far-reaching shadows in the future.

Yet according to Aleyna's statements, only the Holy Being disappeared after he was killed. Everything else that he had left still remained, which in theory was not right.

Anything related to time was too hard to understand, and even Aleyna couldn't explain it. She just told Zen what she knew.

"The Time Source Bugs devouring the past is just a legend. The real Time Source Bugs wouldn't devour all of the past. In fact, they live in time and they themselves are the guardians of time. The Time Source Bugs are quite powerful, and even the Holy Beings can't escape from them," Reginald said flatly.

"Holy Beings will encounter these Time Source Bugs?" Zen asked. He was even more confused now. He turned to Aleyna and asked again, "Didn't you say that the leader of Sun Blind race could go back to the past only because she had obtained the Time Sword of Gods? Since the Time Source Bugs survive within time, how would the Holy Beings encounter them?"

Aleyna simply shrugged and could not answer his question. Although she had read books about the Time Sea Forbidden Land, she did not know all of its secrets.

Reginald, however, shook his head and said. "Time cracks are everywhere in the Time Sea. Holy Beings have the ability to find relatively large cracks in it. They can use those time cracks to go back to the past."

It was known that every wave in the Time Sea was peppered with infinite time cracks, but those time cracks were quite thin and impossible to cross.

Yet in such a vast Time Sea, there would occasionally be a relatively large and complete time crack. Some of those time cracks were even over a hundred feet wide. Although those huge time cracks usually disappeared within seconds, it was still possible to go through them.

"I think you must have mistaken the cause and effect," said Reginald. "The leader of Sun Blind race is able to return to the past unscathed because she has the sword. Even if the other Holy Beings enter the time cracks, they still wouldn't be able to go to the past because they cannot pass through the Time Guardians' block."

"I see," Zen nodded.

Although he still had some doubts and questions, he had sorted out some of them. It turned out that there was a race within time, and the matters that were involved in it were truly much more complicated than he had imagined.

"Go ahead. This Divine Time Temple is something you can't miss. I've been here once and I learned so much," Reginald beamed.

Many True Gods had already bypassed the huge statue of the Time Source Bug and entered the passageway in the middle of the hall. Pitch black arched doors flanked both sides of the corridor. The True Gods quickly entered the gates one after another without hesitation. At the same time, different rays of light glowed from within the doors.

"I know that those are the Secret Time Rooms. It is said that anyone who enters one of them can break their bottleneck," Aleyna quipped.

"Is it that amazing?" Zen mumbled with raised brows. Meanwhile, Reginald leaned on to one side. "It is indeed that amazing.

A Secret Time Room can show you any history of the divine land, and what happened during that specific period of time is what you need. Why don't you go in one of them and try? The Secret Time Room has only one effect on everyone, so I don't need to enter it again," he stated.

Reginald was only a mid-rank True God when he had first entered the Divine Time Temple, and he had encountered the biggest challenge in his life.

He had never been able to completely comprehend the Invincible Fighting Intent of the Fighting Godly Way. What actually happened when he entered the Secret Time Room was he had returned to the ancient battlefield and met the first ancient warrior who cultivated the Fighting Godly Way, and saw the warrior launched the Invincible Fighting Intent with his own eyes.

After that, he left the Divine Time Temple and went back to the War God Hall. Seven days later, he had completely mastered the Invincible Fighting Intent, broken through the shackles of his cultivation, and become a top-rank True God.

Zen was even more surprised than he already had been when he heard that story. If it was true that the Secret Time Room would put one in a place where they needed to cultivate and gain more knowledge, then…

A deep sigh escaped his lips. Such a miraculous place was beyond his comprehension once again. He couldn't guess how the place managed to do that.

When he saw more and more True Gods enter those arched doors, he finally chose a door and walked in.

'Where would this Secret Time Room take me?' he wondered.

Once the others had entered their chosen doors, they seemed to quickly sink into a period of time. Zen, however, did not have any reaction whatsoever for quite a while. He was still in complete darkness.

After what seemed to be eons, he noticed that a wisp of dark brown aura slowly filled the dark space.

"The chaotic energy?" he guessed.

He was still in a confused daze and his face turned into a strange color.

What was the meaning of that slowly rotating chaotic energy?

Was it a piece of history of the divine land?

Chapter 2316 An Epiphany

Zen continued to stare at the mass of chaotic energy that was spinning slowly for a long time.

As the energy continuously spun, the Secret Time Room's light, that was earlier flickering faintly, slowly became brighter. But apart from that, everything else around was still gray.

"Is this really the beginning of the divine land?"

Zen was also very curious about the origin of the divine land. He had limited understanding about its source.

To be honest, there were many True Gods, who did not even give a slight thought on the origin of the divine land. Maybe because they rarely paid attention to things outside of the divine land.

However, after Zen created a mini divine land that was extremely similar to the actual divine land, his mind was full of questions. He kept wondering whether the divine land had been created by some powerful master or even by an extraordinary creature, earlier mentioned by Holy Jay.

Under Zen's non-stop gaze, the chaotic energy became denser and was spinning even faster. At the same time, the chaotic energy was condensing towards the center to form a core.

Just then, an indistinct shape of axe appeared.

"Axe?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

It was said that the Creating Axe was used to hack through the divine land. But this so called myth had appeared at the opening of the divine land, and the Creating Axe had been disseminated into pieces a few days after the divine land had been cut open. That was why there were numerous doubts about the existence of the Creating Axe.

"Hooo..."

A hand appeared from the darkness.

The white hand looked delicate and smooth. And it was devoid of any sort of any wrinkles, right from the palm to the finger tips.

Suddenly, the hand grabbed the Creating Axe and started cutting towards the "core" rapidly.

"Boom!"

With a loud bang, a blazing light shot out. The light was so bright that Zen was unable to open his eyes. His ears were buzzing, and his heart was thumping quickly.

In the Secret Time Room, what he saw was only the past, but it still shook him to see the sight. He could only imagine how terrifying it would have been, when the Creating Axe split the core.

When the light dimmed, Zen looked over again, only to find that the core was not cut in half. Instead, there was only a small crack on the surface of it. He couldn't believe that the axe hadn't even split the core into two parts!

The delicate hand once again heaved the Creating Axe and smashed the core with more intensity.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

It was not until the Creating Axe smashed for the third time that a muffled crack sound was heard. The core finally cracked and split.

Suddenly there was flashing of lightning and clapping of the thunder.

All the raindrops which were earlier formed from the chaotic energy, went rampant across the world, turning it into an extremely broad world.

Looking at this vast world, Zen was sure that this was the creation of the divine land.

But what use was this picture in the Secret Time Room?

When others entered the Secret Time Room, they would see a history that could either make them have an epiphany about the constraint on the cultivation method, or the bottleneck in the cultivation base. A certain period of history would always give the epiphany to the True Gods who entered the Time Secret Room.

However, the scene in front of Zen's eyes did not cause an epiphany on him. He did not undergo any kind of emotional turmoil.

After the world unfolded, everything developed in front of Zen at a rapid speed.

The heavy rain continued to pour down for a long time and eventually the sea was formed. Then continents and mountains appeared on top of the sea. Within the mountains, green hues transformed into a forest. However, the evolution was not much different from that of Zen's inner world.

When the world reached a certain extent, everything stopped evolving.

At the same time, the chaotic sea started to boil.

When the boiling reached its peak, all the chaotic sea water rose up and turned into huge clouds.

Soon, a bright and golden sun appeared and quickly rose high.

The appearance of the clouds gave a familiar feeling to Zen. The clouds were similar to the Internal Momentum Clouds which formed after he had devoured the mud, but the scene in his inner world was not so spectacular.

"These are not the Internal Momentum Clouds." Zen exclaimed. "They are the Boundary Clouds! But how could they be Boundary Clouds?" Zen narrowed his eyes as he tried to gauge them.

The cloud spreading in front of his eyes was very similar to the Boundary Cloud that had been formed when he had become a world Lord. So he was even more confused when he saw the similar scene.

When Zen became the world lord in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Jay had told him that the Boundary Cloud he had condensed contained the aura of the Godly Way Guide. At that time, Zen didn't understand what he was talking about. And he had no clue about the Godly Way Guide.

However, he had engraved the situation as well as the aura of the Boundary Cloud, firmly in his mind. Hence he had a familiar experience when he saw the clouds forming in front of him.

Just as he stood there, puzzling over the clouds, a huge tower shadow suddenly reflected from the clouds. At the top of the tower shadow, there loomed a figure along with a dragon shadow.

"Howl!"

As the figure pulled out a sword, the dragon shadow got infused into the sword.

The figure brandished the long sword into the clouds, and it shot out dazzling light in all the directions of the divine land.

"The Beginning Swordsmanship?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

When Zen and Rocher fought in the Illusion Battlefield, Rocher's Beginning Swordsmanship had left a deep impression on him. By then, Zen had already comprehended the essence of it. But the Beginning Swordsmanship was only a pure swordsmanship and it didn't really match with Gods-intimidating Strike. It was because the Emotion Closing Godly Way pursued the most formidable power, and only one strike could defeat the opponent.

But the figure's Beginning Swordsmanship was different from that of Rocher's. In other words, the Beginning Swordsmanship played only a small part of the swordsmanship that the figure employed.

There was tremendous power, every time the figure struck the sword. The aura contained in the power was that from the clouds.

"Whoosh!"

A lone ray of sword light flew out, traveling over thousands of miles and arriving at the edge of the divine land. The edge of the divine land was easily cut open as if it was mere cloth.

The world began to expand.

One sword strike...

One hundred sword strikes...

Ten thousand sword strikes...

One hundred thousand sword strikes...

As the sword continued to strike, the divine land continued to expand endlessly. Zen watched the whole scene transform from beginning to end.

Splash...

Soon after, the rain poured down from the Boundary Clouds. This time, the raindrops were not brown, but pure and crystal clear. There was no true chaotic energy in the divine land after all, and this was different from Zen's inner world.

The creatures in Zen's inner world were not afraid of the chaotic energy. In fact, the chaotic sea had never experienced such a process of transformation.

As the figure slowly dissipated, Zen closed his eyes, remembering every detail of the figure's swordsmanship.

The figure had slashed out one hundred thousand sword strikes.

But there were only thirteen sword moves in total.

'Every move of the thirteen is so effortlessly powerful. No one in the divine land would be able to display such amazing moves. The aura contained in the sword moves is very complicated, but I can somehow comprehend it. It is actually a mix of the hundreds of Godly Ways' internal momentum!

The so-called Godly Way Guide is the combination of three thousand Godly Ways.

It turns out that my father gave me the Infinity Ruler, only because it can help me absorb three thousand Godly Ways. It is the most convenient and simplest method. But even so, it's very difficult to collect all of the three thousand Godly Ways!' Zen thought.

After figuring out the use of the Infinity Ruler, Zen had more or less understood the working of it. However, he wasn't sure what would happen after the Infinity Ruler sucked in all of the Godly Ways. But after he saw the scene in the Secret Time Room, he understood the whole meaning of it.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2317 Fusing Internal Momentum

Once the figure in the clouds slashed a hundred thousand times, everything in the Secret Time Room disappeared right before Zen's eyes. The Secret Time Room returned to darkness, as if nothing had ever happened.

Zen wasn't in much of a hurry to leave the Secret Time Room. He continued standing quietly and without moving in the darkness.

It was difficult for Zen to completely absorb the three thousand Godly Ways with the Infinity Ruler in such a short period of time. Even if the figure slashed one hundred thousand times, Zen still couldn't exactly comprehend the strikes, because he didn't understand the many of the different kinds of internal momentum contained in them.

That said, the Secret Time Room hadn't taught Zen any theurgies, instead, it only offered him a new way of thinking.

'The method is to fuse the Godly Ways!' Zen thought to himself.

Indeed, there really were people who could fuse two or even three kinds of Godly Ways together. However, this was only a technique put in place in order to make good use of each Godly Way's strength as well as to allow different Godly Ways to complement each other. Many Godly Ways clashed with each other though, and fusing hundreds of different kinds of Godly Ways was simply unheard of! The reason for the latter was because there was no second person throughout all in the divine land that possessed such an ability! It was safe to say that the Secret Time Room was truly amazing.

'Can I fuse them?' Zen wondered.

As of right now, Zen had a total of three hundred and seven types of Godly Ways in his body. He figured there was no harm in giving it a try.

As this thought came to mind, streams of chaotic energy were continuously being drawn out from the chaotic sea. They flowed along the faint light and began to gather on the scales of the Godly Tile. The internal momentum coming from all sorts of Godly Ways began to slowly seep and spread out.

Elementary Fire Godly Way...

Tortoise Godly Way...

Purple Aura Godly Way...

Snow Godly Way...

Murdering Godly Way...

Parting Water Godly Way.

Each scale only absorbed a small amount of the chaotic energy. Thus, in turn, the quantity of internal momentum produced wasn't very much, either.

The internal momentum coming from more than three hundred Godly Ways varied. As the different kinds of internal momentum slowly entangled with each other, the colors began to oscillate on a continual basis, almost like dancing light. In the end, it turned into black-brown, a color similar to that of chaos energy!

"What a surprise! It went well. I don't know if it'll really work or not..." Zen muttered to himself.

The process of fusing the internal momentum had gone very smoothly, which was beyond any of Zen's expectation. After fusing the internal momentum of all Godly Ways, Zen quietly extracted it.

As soon as he began extracting the fused internal momentum, Zen immediately noticed that some of the energy was surging out widely.

The energy was so violent that the moment it escaped his cinnabar field, it resembled a wild, running horse rampaging within his body.

Phew! Phew! Phew!

A serious of muffled sounds could be heard coming from Zen's body.

All of a sudden, a sweet and fishy taste quickly filled Zen's throat and he spat out a mouthful of blood. His body weakened unexpectedly and he actually fell to the ground.

"Are you all right?" Master Evil asked, with concern. He had no idea what Zen had just done.

Moments ago, Master Evil had been hiding in Zen's mind. When he heard what Reginald had said, he roughly understood what this Secret Time Room was.

In the divine land existed a stone known as the Epiphany Stone, which could help cultivators enter the best state and obtain the most suitable inspiration for breaking through to higher levels. It was said that someone had comprehended a wonderful theurgy through the Epiphany Stone because the cultivator had seen a few illusions within it.

That said though, the Epiphany Stone was incomparable to the Secret Time Room. When looking at the two, it was clear that the Secret Time Room was much more advanced. In fact, it could directly create the most suitable period of time for any cultivator.

Master Evil had previously guessed what kind of scene Zen would experience. What he had never expected was that Zen would observe how the divine land came into existence.

He knew Zen's origin and he knew he was an extraordinary warrior. In spite of that, he still wondered what kind of cultivation method this guy had practiced that required him to comprehend the divine land's origins.

Master Evil could clearly see that Zen had indeed comprehended something, and he was looking forward to his achievements. Of course, he didn't expect that Zen would suffer from internal injury not long after it showed sighs that he had made some progress.

"Don't worry. I'm fine. Only my internal organs are shattered..."

Zen took out a snow-white pill and swallowed it at once. He had retrieved this pill from the pill refining room in case of future need. After consuming it, a cool sensation spread throughout his entire body, and his internal organs began recovering rapidly.

As he gritted his teeth, he slowly got himself up from the ground.

The method provided by the Time Secret Room could possibly work. He hadn't considered how violent the fused internal momentum would be. Before even drawing it out, he had already lost control.

'The Godly Ways fused by the figure were selective. Perhaps he has avoided a few Godly Ways that clash with each other. I didn't filter out the clashing Godly Ways, and fused all of them. The repellent power of internal momentum is too strong, so the fused internal momentum is too violent and difficult to control!' Zen thought.

After failing the first time, Zen didn't give up or feel discouraged. Instead, he started the second experiment, and the third...

Many of the True Gods had gained some insights in the Secret Time Room. And every time, once they came out, their faces revealed a trace of excitement that they couldn't control.

With a look of arrogance on his face, Langston stood at the door of the Secret Time Room and waited. A short while later, Laquisha came out of the Secret Time Room with a shocking expression on her face, as if she had witnessed an incredible scene while she was inside.

"Laquisha, how are you doing? Are you okay?" Langston asked.

"Fine," replied Laquisha indifferently.

"That's good to hear!" Langston smiled back and said, "I've also gained a lot from this place. I feel as though I can break through to become a top-rank True God at any time now!"

"Oh, good for you," Laquisha nodded, as she looked inadvertently at the Secret Time Room where Zen was staying.

As Langston took notice of Laquisha's reaction, his face darkened and turned grim.

This whole time, Laquisha had secretly kept an eye on Zen. In fact, Langston had noticed this before, but he simply restrained his anger. After all, he was a proud man, how could he even bear this?

As Laquisha repeatedly paid attention to Zen, the killing intent in Langston's heart began to grow larger and larger.

At that very moment, Zen walked out of the Secret Time Room. Although the wounds within his body had almost healed, his face was still slightly pale.

"Thad!" Aleyna shouted.

"You seem to be hurt!" Kelsey said.

As Zen stepped out, the two girls immediately rushed toward him.

"Don't worry, it doesn't matter. Something wrong happened during my cultivation," Zen said with a smile.

"How is that even possible? Doesn't the Secret Time Room only provide cultivators with certain insights?" Kelsey asked, curiously.

As Laquisha heard what her two sisters were saying, her eyes filled with worry, but her emotion disappeared quickly. On the other hand though, it didn't escape Langston's eyes. He sneered, "He just overestimated himself and falsely thought he had actually comprehended something. He'd certainly face a few problems if he rushed to practice. Sooner or later, he will spiral into madness and die."

Zen didn't say anything, but Aleyna couldn't stand it any longer. "What kind of nonsense are you even talking about?"

"I'm just speaking the truth. Someone hurting themselves in the Secret Time Room, now that's a real talent. Ha-ha," Langston said, with a wry smile.

Zen shot a cold glance in Langston's direction, but didn't say a word. Instead, he walked toward the Divine Time Temple's door.

Being ignored by Zen in front of Laquisha made Langston feel awful. If it weren't for the fact that this wasn't the place for a fight, he would have killed Zen off in the blink of an eye.

The True Gods inside the Time Divine Temple left the Secret Time Rooms one after another, and gathered in front of the door once again.

The Time Ghosts were still blocking the door, and Reginald, Jolyon and a few other True Gods were discussing where to go next.

"If we find a way to lure these Time Ghosts away, then we'll have a chance at entering the second stage of the Time Sea," a True God proposed.

"This time though, the Time Sea is much more dangerous. The first stage is already so terrifying. Wouldn't it be courting death if we go to the second stage? I think it's probably better if we return the way we came, and leave the Time Sea Forbidden Land," another True God said.

Many True God cherished their lives preciously, and thus, they wouldn't take such a risk.

That said, a good portion of the True Gods were still very persistent. One of the True Gods said, "This forbidden land has become much more difficult than before. In the past, the forbidden land was very stable, but perhaps a few great opportunities have formed within it this time."

In their opinion, the female leader of the Sun Blind race was the controller of the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Seeing as she invited them to the Astronomical Transit Day celebration, it was impossible for her to casually adjust the difficulty in the forbidden land. Now that there were so many Time Ghosts in the forbidden land, there was a higher chance that great opportunities would present themselves.

The group of True Gods were discussing whether or not they were to explore further. For some time, they even quarreled over this.

"Stop quarreling. Whether we leave the Divine Time Temple or not depends on Thad, anyway," said Reginald, as he turned his head to look at Zen.

The Time Ghosts were still blocking the gate, and therefore, they could only rely on the Golden Beast Statue to lure them away. Otherwise, no one could ever leave the Divine Time Temple.

Upon hearing what Reginald had to say, everyone immediately fixed their gaze on Zen.

Chapter 2318 Abduction

Only the Golden Beast Statue that was thrown outside had the ability to lure away these Time Ghosts.

When Zen distracted the Time Ghosts using the Golden Beast Statue a while later, everyone had to follow him. He was the one who had the right to decide whether to go deeper into the Time Sea Forbidden Land or to leave that place entirely.

"I will continue to go deeper into the forbidden land," Zen said without hesitation.

Reginald, Jolyon and others gave a nod of approval. About half of the True Gods didn't want to explore the forbidden land while the other half wanted to continue the exploration with Zen.

"And who do you think you are? What makes you think that you can make decisions for us?" a top-rank True God sneered.

"He is just a low-rank True God," Langston muttered as he made his way towards the rest.

"We want to go back! Chart out a way for us so that we can return," a mid-rank True God stated boldly.

The Golden Beast Statue had no importance in the eyes of these True Gods. They thought that since they wanted to return, Zen was obliged to help them navigate their way back.

The Holy Beings outside the Time Sea wore different expressions on their faces.

According to the female leader of the Sun Blind race, there was a supreme treasure of belief in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. So these Holy Beings hoped that these True Gods would explore the forbidden land.

Some consummate True Gods had already entered the place, but since the True Gods present were in a larger number, the Holy Beings pinned their hopes on the True Gods as well.

Zen casually looked at the angry True Gods and softly said, "It seems as if we are no longer on the same page. Therefore, people who are willing to go further can step forward."

As soon as he finished speaking, Jolyon, Reginald, Pascal and many other True Gods stood behind him.

And the rest including Langston stayed where they were.

"I'll go with Thad as well." Without hesitation, Aleyna joined Zen's team as well.

"I'm following Thad." Kelsey walked up to Zen.

"I want to further explore the forbidden land," Laquisha said after pondering for a while.

"Laquisha, if you go further, you'll most likely die. Don't follow him," Langston pleaded.

"I'm not following him. I'm just making a decision of my own," Laquisha said indifferently.

Langston didn't know how to convince Laquisha to stay. He gave Zen a hard look and said, "Listen, if you want to die, then go ahead, but don't lead others to their death as well. Lead us back to the forbidden land's entrance, and I'll reward you with some divine might coins if I'm in a good mood. Or else you'll regret that you didn't listen to me."

"That's right. You'll face our wrath if you disobey us," another mid-rank True God said coldly.

Zen waved his hand and gestured them to leave. "Since you don't want to go with me, feel free to leave."

At the gate of the Divine Time Temple, the Time Ghosts stood still but carefully guarded the door.

"You!" Langston said, visibly aggravated.

"Why are you wasting your breath with him? Let me catch him, and then he'll be at our disposal." A mid-rank True God suddenly leaped out from behind Langston, stretching out his hands to grab for Zen. It looked as if he wished to abduct Zen.

There was a cracking sound.

Lightning snakes the size of a thumb emerged from the mid-rank True God's hands and started wandering around.

The mid-rank True God had reached a high level in the cultivation of the Thunderstorm Godly Way. He underestimated Zen, considering that he was just a low-rank True God.

When Reginald and the rest of the group watched the events unfold, they were left in utter shock. They didn't want Zen to be abducted by Langston and the mean mid-rank True God, but there was nothing they could do now.

The mid-rank True God's hands suddenly turned into sharp claws and went for Zen's face. Zen's eyes flashed with a sharp luster. He gave a cold snort and firmly grasped the mid-rank True God's right hand.

A powerful force erupted when Zen's hand made contact with the opponent's hand, and the lightning snakes on the arms of the mid-rank True God went towards Zen.

Suddenly, lightning snakes emerged from Zen's hands as well. They also originated from the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

The lightning snakes released by the two men crushed each other to nullify their effects.

Meanwhile, Zen dragged the mid-rank True God slowly. He threw the mid-rank True God with a suplex as his right foot landed on the ground with a loud thud.

Due to Zen's force, the mid-rank True God darted towards the gate of Divine Time Temple like a kite with a broken string.

He smashed into the wall beside the door and fell on the ground.

The True Gods were dumbfounded by the scenes they were witnessing.

They were well aware that Zen intentionally smashed the mid-rank True God on the wall. Had he had tossed him outside the gate of the Divine Time Temple, that man would have been devoured by the Time Ghosts.

Pascal and Langston gasped with astonishment. Zen had killed Sheridan as a proving godly warrior. He even injured Langston once.

Zen had improved his strength vastly in a short period of time, ever since he became a True God.

The mid-rank True God was not weak and was ranked seventeenth in the Arena of Legends. But he was not strong enough to fight Thad. Thus, Thad's strength shocked the spectators.

Pascal made a note to himself. He wasn't sure that he'd quite win against Thad if they ever fought.

Nelly, who was analyzing the whole situation quietly thought that Zen was so strong that no one would be able to defeat him. More often than not, a warrior with strength like his had practiced Might Godly Way. Thus, she judged he must be the anonymous man just as her sister had assumed.

With a sudden whoosh, Reginald and Jolyon stood in front of Zen, one on the right and the other on the left.

Meanwhile, Zen declared, "Fight me only if you wish to die. I won't be held accountable for my actions."

Zen didn't want to reveal too many of his moves as there were quite a lot of Holy Beings watching him from the outside of the Time Sea Forbidden Land. He knew enough to defend himself, without revealing much.

"Thad has made clear his intentions of going deep into the forbidden land. You are welcome to follow him if you wish. But if anyone goes against him, they will be facing me and the War God Hall!" Reginald announced, his eyes blazing with a strong intent to fight.

People from the War God Hall were born to fight. The True Gods of the War God Hall were far more powerful than other True Gods at the same level.

Reginald's words proved enough to stop those True Gods who intended to return to the entrance from holding Zen as a hostage.

As for Langston, his eyes were filled with fear.

Zen could sense that everyone was watching him as he made his way towards the door of the Divine Time Temple. In the distance, a pile of golden fragments with even thickness were lying there.

As Zen thought, the golden pieces merged slowly and finally turned into the Golden Beast Statue.

"Follow me. Just to be clear, it's not my fault, should anything happen to you if you are too slow to keep up," Zen said indifferently.

The Golden Beast Statue was a bit far from the ghosts, so it didn't quite attract the Time Ghosts after it got resurrected from the ground. Under Zen's control, it started running wildly, forming a golden light that flew past the gate of the Divine Time Temple.

The Time Ghosts reacted at once. As soon as they noticed the Golden Beast Statue, they flew towards the statue, just like moths flew towards flames.

Letting out shrill cries, the Time Ghosts turned around and went after the Golden Beast Statue.

Thus, the gate to the Divine Time Temple was no more blocked.

"Let's go!"

Zen was the first person to rush out of the Divine Time Temple, and the other True Gods followed suit.

Some of the True Gods still weren't convinced and wanted to leave the Time Sea Forbidden land. However, the way back was filled with the Time Ghosts trying to tear the statue apart. If they went that way, they'd be courting death. Thus, they had no choice but to follow Zen into the depths of the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Chapter 2319 Goddess Statue

The True Gods quickly distanced themselves from the large group of Time Ghosts.

They bypassed the Divine Time Temple and continued advancing for dozens of miles before they began to slow their pace.

Their vigilance was relentless, though. No one slacked in the least.

Except for Zen, Aleyna, and a few of True Gods, everyone else had entered the forbidden land a few times at least, and had a great deal of experience.

The level of difficulty affiliated to exploring a forbidden land wasn't constant, but instead, changed and varied constantly.

As soon as they entered this forbidden land, they encountered enormous trouble, which meant nothing else than the difficulty across all the forbidden land had been increased. The deeper they travelled into the forbidden land, the more dangerous it would become. It was even possible that they'd encounter an unsolvable crisis.

However, the more difficult things became, the more abundant chances would be born. The risk was always in direct proportion with the possible profit. This easily explained why nearly half the True Gods were all very willing to take such risks.

As Zen advanced, he continued combining the internal momentum within his inner world.

Inside the Secret Time Room, he tried at least a dozen times.

After mixing hundreds of kinds of internal momentum, he obtained a very powerful, never-before-seen energy.

In spite of being its creator, he couldn't seem to control it or use it smoothly.

Zen had relied on his omnipotent ability to firmly tie the internal momentum together in his inner world. And yet, he still barely had the capacity to control the internal momentum!

If he were to completely lose control over it, he knew the energy would run wild, like a horse without reins, in his inner world.

If his intention was to use such formidable power to resist the enemy, he risked being seriously injured by the latter before even having the chance to make a move.

He figured the problem had to be related to the mixed internal momentum.

The scene in the Secret Time Room only showed him that the figure had mixed several hundred kinds of internal momentum and placed them within the sword. He was unable to figure out the names of the several hundred kinds of internal momentum, though. And other than that, it was also extremely dangerous for him to randomly combine a few hundred kinds of internal momentum. At the moment, all he could do was to keep trying within his inner world, constantly adjusting the different types of internal momentum and hoping to obtain the best possible results.

"We are getting close to the Goddess Statue at the front. We can get to the second stage if we cross the Goddess Statue. Be careful. It will be much harder this time," Reginald reminded.

"Huh? Goddess Statue? What's that?" Zen asked curiously.

"You'll soon find out," Reginald replied with a cool smile. "If you want to enter the second floor of the Time Sea Forbidden Land, you have no choice but to pass by it."

Everyone heard Reginald speak and they all revealed an expression of worry.

In addition to Zen, there were a few True Gods born outside the Floating Islands, too. The elites of the rich clans on the Floating Islands had prepared themselves well before attending the Astronomical Transit Day, and they knew the Time Sea Forbidden Land very well. Therefore, even Aleyna and Kelsey could provide Zen with a detailed answer.

In the past, it hadn't been easy to get by the Goddess Statue in the Time Sea Forbidden Land's first stage. From time to time, a few True Gods even died there. This time, the difficulty of passing through the Time Sea Forbidden Land had been greatly increased. Perhaps they would all be killed!

"Who has a Star Door? I'm not going there without a Star Door," shouted a True God.

The other True Gods also stopped walking abruptly. A True God also spoke, "If we don't have a Star Door, we'll all definitely be killed. I'm not willing to take that risk. Why don't you inform me once you've passed the Goddess Statue?"

Noticing that Zen didn't understand the thing they were talking about, Aleyna explained in a low voice, "The Star Door is a very rare treasure that was obtained from the Abyss Demon Region. It costs about eighty thousand divine might coins."

"What? That's so expensive!" Zen exclaimed.

"Exactly." Aleyna nodded. "But the Star Door is still very important. It often works really well, especially in the forbidden land. You'll understand soon enough."

After Aleyna had explained the situation, all of the True Gods present had fallen silent.

The Star Door was so expensive that the people who owned one often didn't want to put it into use so easily. They all wanted others to offer their Star Doors instead.

After a long while, Reginald shook his head. "Well, I'm very lucky to have survived the danger this time. I will use the Star Door this time!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a black scroll appeared in his hand. The scroll itself was densely packed with golden Sanskrit words.

Reginald shook the black scroll in his hand slightly, and the golden Sanskrit words on the scroll began to flicker in the light. At the same time, a faint blue light ring appeared in front of him. The light ring began to spin, spreading out layers of blue light along with it. In the middle, contrastingly, it emitted a dark blue light which looked almost like a piece of high gem floating in midair.

"Is this the Star Door? What a beautiful sight!" Zen exclaimed. At the same time, he also noticed that a strong internal momentum was being emitted from the Star Door. The internal momentum belonged to the Space Godly Way.

Zen's heart skipped a beat when he felt the Star Door's intense internal momentum. It was absolutely astonishing!

Although he didn't fully understand the internal momentum, he could comprehend, after activating the Infinity Ruler.

That said, for the time being, Zen had no idea exactly what the Star Door was even for. More importantly, once he used the theurgy, he would probably expose his true identity. After all, he had fought with many True Gods present by taking advantage of the Infinity Ruler's ability.

'I'll have to do it later, ' Zen muttered as he managed to restrain his impulse.

After activating a Star Door from the scroll in his hand, Reginald asked, "I've already contributed one Star Door. Who is willing to offer another one?"

A moment's silence followed before Pascal said, "I can provide one, too."

Pascal was the most talented mid-rank True God in the Han Clan's younger generation, and the Han Clan had given him plenty ravishing treasures. He equally took out a scroll that was exactly the same as Reginald's. "I'll unfold the Star Door when I arrive at the Goddess Statue."

Reginald nodded and then asked, "Now that we have enough Star Doors, are you all willing to go together?"

When the other True Gods saw the Star Door, they were slightly relieved and followed Reginald as he began to move forward.

Part of the group, Zen still felt puzzled. "Aleyna, you haven't told me the use of the Star Door yet."

Aleyna smiled slightly and responded, "It's like a transmission channel, but it's a special one. When people enter the Star Door, they will be transported to the next nearest Star Door."

"Are you saying that a temporary transmission array can be built in this type of situation?" Zen asked, bewildered.

"Yes. But the Star Door has a special characteristic that allows to transfer people to the nearest Star Door, and thus, the process requires two Star Doors. My brother will also use another Star Door later, so that a temporary transmission channel will be formed between the two," Aleyna explained.

After hearing Aleyna's explanation, Zen was still uncertain. He wondered why they needed the Star Doors when passing through the Goddess Statue. Despite his confusion, he didn't ask any more questions. He silently moved forward along with the group.

As he crossed a small mountain pass, he noticed a huge canyon and at its center, he discovered a statue that was more than a hundred feet high.

The moment Zen saw the statue clearly, he was shocked and his body began to tremble.

"Could this be the Goddess Statue?" he asked in a muffled voice.

"Yes, it is. What's wrong?" Aleyna asked. A strange look came over her face as she noticed Zen's expression.

Kelsey, who was silent, also looked at Zen's face.

The Goddess Statue was carved from a huge gem, and was completely transparent. The carved goddess was seated on a huge tree stump, looking up at the sky. Her expression, her clothes, and even her detailed strands of hair were incomparably exquisite.

Zen felt as though he had seen this face before. It looked almost the same as Yan's, but with a totally different temperament and aura.

After killing the mud creature beneath the Tie Clan's ground, Zen had obtained a peculiar bead from it. He had seen this face before, but at the time, he could only see a young girl's head soaked in a big pot. Now, what he saw was her whole body.

This Goddess Statue was the same one as he had seen back then. Now, Zen was sure of that!

Chapter 2320 Protect The Goddess Statue

Zen stared at the Goddess Statue for a long time before finally opening his mouth and asking, "Who is this goddess?"

Clueless, Aleyna and Kelsey shook their heads in response.

This was the first time that they had entered the Time Sea Forbidden Land, too. Although they had done some research beforehand and known that the Goddess Statue was here, they didn't know much about it.

"People have two conjectures about the identity of this woman," Reginald said. "One, she might be the leader of the Sun Blind race."

"The leader of the Sun Blind race?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

The leader of the Sun Blind race never revealed her true face to others.

In the past countless divine eras, no one had seen her true face, not even the Holy Beings.

As the one who had control over the Time Sea Forbidden Land, it was indeed possible for the leader of the Sun Blind race to put a statue of herself here. However, it was difficult to think of a reason why she would do that.

"The second guess is that she is the leader of the Time Guardians," Reginald continued. "However, this is just a wild theory. No one knows exactly what kind of race the Time Guardian is. All we know is that there is a race guarding time, but the existence of this race hasn't been verified."

"So that's how it is," Zen said in a low voice.

Reginald knew more about the Time Sea Forbidden Land than almost any of the True Gods, so if he wasn't able to give a definite answer, it was safe to say that it would be hard to confirm the identity of the Goddess Statue.

After answering Zen, Reginald went to set up the Star Doors with Pascal.

Noticing the disappointment on Zen's face, Aleyna blinked her eyes and asked, "You think this goddess looks familiar, don't you?"

Zen gave her a strange look. "How do you know that?"

"By the expression on your face. You seem to have met this woman before. Or does she look like your family?" Aleyna smiled.

Zen was a bit taken aback by how easily Aleyna had read him, but then he nodded reluctantly.

"I don't know who this goddess is, but look carefully at her face. Don't you think she looks a bit like you?" Aleyna asked gently.

Zen took another look at the face of the Goddess Statue and realized that Aleyna was right.

The goddess did look like him.

Of course, considering that she looked almost exactly like Yan, it wasn't strange at all.

After all, there was some resemblance between him and Yan since they were siblings.

But Aleyna's words sowed another doubt in Zen's mind.

It couldn't be a coincidence that the Goddess Statue looked so much like Yan.

Was it possible that this goddess was their mother?

Although he was looking only at a statue, Zen was sure that he had seen this woman before. Had his mother only a head left?

It was hard for Zen to accept this conjecture.

Looking at the complex expression on Zen's face, Aleyna smiled. She knew that his background was complicated and that the statue had some sort of meaning to him, so she said a few words of comfort. "Don't think too much. There are many things in this world that are not within your control. Perhaps the truth is not what you think."

"You are right." Zen nodded.

It was no use thinking too much. Sooner or later, he would find out the truth. Accepting this fact, he looked at the bottom of the Goddess Statue.

Under the Goddess Statue, Pascal activated a scroll and spread out another Star Door.

After the blue Star Door appeared, Pascal went straight into it and disappeared in an instant.

A short while later, he shot toward them from a nearby hill and waved. A temporary transmission array was set up after the two Star Doors were connected.

When Pascal returned, Reginald suddenly raised his voice and said, "Now that the two Star Doors have been built successfully, we have a way out. This time, it might be more difficult for us to protect the Goddess Statue, but the rewards we will earn will be more than ever, so I hope that you all will do your best!"

After that, Reginald took the lead in walking to the Goddess Statue. He reached out his palm and patted the bottom of the statue, leaving a complete palm print on it.

Following that, the other top-rank True Gods walked over and left faint palm prints on the base of the Goddess Statue one after the other. Soon, it was the turn of the mid-rank True Gods and low-rank True Gods. The last ones were Zen, Laquisha, Aleyna, and a few others.

Just as Zen reached out his hand and patted the statue, the eyes under the mask of the leader of the Sun Blind race flickered, revealing a trace of concern in her eyes.

Clap!

Then, Zen gently slapped his palm on the bottom of the Goddess Statue, leaving a faint palm print just like the others. Nothing out of the ordinary

happened.

The leader of the Sun Blind race gazed at him for a long time, and a trace of doubt appeared in her eyes before quickly being replaced by disappointment and regret.

However, the other Holy Beings didn't notice the change in her expression as their eyes were focused on the consummate True Gods. The group of consummate True Gods, including Rachelle, were madly fleeing from a huge monster that they had angered in the third stage of the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Beneath the Goddess Statue, all the palm prints of the True Gods were imprinted. The tall Goddess Statue suddenly emitted a faint green light that slowly rose from the bottom and filled the entire statue like a green liquid.

"Everyone, be careful. Even if it's not your first time entering the Time Sea Forbidden Land, I have to remind you that this is the only way through which we can enter the second stage. Later, there will be a massive amount of beasts attacking the Goddess Statue, and we'll have to do everything we can to protect it. If the statue is completely destroyed, we will lose the chance to enter the second stage! If you find yourself too exhausted to fight, you can pass through the Star Door and rest outside for a while. But please return to participate in the battle soon as we'll need all the hands we can get." While Reginald was speaking to everyone in a calm voice, the valley began to tremble, and a multi-colored light curtain appeared around it, enveloping the entire valley. Seeing the change in the valley, he smiled faintly. "It's already starting!"

"We've become locked in the valley after activating the Goddess Statue." Zen's eyes flickered with understanding. The reason they had built two Star Doors here was to have a way out in case they lost. Otherwise, they would be stuck here.

No wonder some of the True Gods had previously complained that they wouldn't move forward without the Star Doors. In the worst-case scenario, the Star Doors could end up saving their lives.

The whole valley began to rumble.

At the same time, a huge black mass of objects emerged from the four entrances around the valley.

At the same time, a strange rhythm reached everyone's ears. It sounded like countless people letting out a series of deep breaths at the same time.

"Black butterflies," Zen said lightly.

"This is the first wave of attacks. Everyone, be careful. Rhyme Butterflies are ferocious beasts from the Dark Fire Forbidden Area. They are not that powerful, but the flames they will turn into after their deaths are very difficult to handle. Make sure you're not surrounded by them," Reginald warned.

Four groups of Rhyme Butterflies fluttered in through the four entrances of the valley and moved toward the Goddess Statue in spirals. With their continuous movement, the rhythmic breathing sound became more and more intense.

"Go!" As soon as Reginald gave the order, he rushed out first.

The True Gods around the Goddess Statue also rushed toward the Rhyme Butterflies, and Zen was no exception.

"Humph! Just Rhyme Butterflies. You look as if you're facing a formidable enemy. I've wandered through the Dark Fire Forbidden Area several times. These butterflies are not even worth mentioning!" Langston smiled coldly and formed a claw with one hand. Then, with red light flashing from his fingertips, he raised the claw above his head and waved it.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Several thin blood lines spiraled in the air like waves, forming countless irregular curves in the air. They formed a thin net that covered the group of Rhyme Butterflies in front of him.

In a flash, the Rhyme Butterflies that had come into contact with the blood lines were cut into pieces, and their broken black wings flew in all directions.

At the same time, Langston quickly made his retreat.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

In an instant, the dead Rhyme Butterflies behind him exploded into blazing flames.

Just as Reginald had said, the Rhyme Butterflies weren't very powerful, but after their deaths, flames named "Spirit Burning Fire" erupted. Spirit Burning Fire could cover a range of several miles, and it was difficult to avoid it. Even a True God could be devoured by the fire.

Langston was experienced and chose to retreat immediately to avoid being swallowed by the flames after killing hundreds of Rhyme Butterflies.

Chapter 2321 The Poisonous Wolf Scorpions

The Dark Fire Forbidden Area was a second-grade forbidden area. Most of the True Gods present had previous experience of going inside, and they all knew how powerful the Rhyme Butterflies could be.

Aleyna, Zen and the others, on the other hand, weren't aware of it at first. After being reminded by Reginald and seeing the other True Gods making their moves, they naturally understood that the Rhyme Butterflies were very weak. The power came from the Spirit Burning Fire following the deaths of the Rhyme Butterflies. As long as they maintained a certain distance when killing the Rhyme Butterflies, they didn't have to worry about a thing.

At the same time, an umbrella appeared in Aleyna's hand. She held onto it tightly. With a cracking sound, the umbrella snapped opened. With a flick, she rolled the umbrella in her hand, and it spun at a high speed.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Numerous light needles, at least the length of an entire arm, shot out from the umbrella and directed themselves toward the group of Rhyme Butterflies, like heavy rain.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Suddenly nailed to the ground, the Rhyme Butterflies immediately turned into flames that began to explode. The rising flames spread out, releasing a turbulent heat before rushing toward Aleyna. Before the flames could reach Aleyna though, the terrible heat had already burned the beautiful hair just above her forehead.

She quickly used the umbrella to block in front of her, keeping the Spirit Burning Fire as far as possible from her body. At the same time, she gently touched her bangs in front of her forehead, her little face revealing a trace of sadness. Then, she turned her head and glanced in another direction, not too far off. Upon seeing Zen, she immediately exclaimed, "Wow, that was quick!"

Zen sauntered through the valley. Compared to the others who were trying their best to avoid the Rhyme Butterflies, he was much braver. Or, perhaps in the eyes of certain True Gods, he wasn't afraid of death at all.

As he casually waved his hand, countless golden rays of light suddenly began shooting outward. The golden rays were created from the Metal Law of the Five Elements Godly Way. As these golden rays of light gently flashed by his side, a large group of Rhyme Butterflies broke into tiny little pieces, and then flames erupted.

The flames were extremely powerful, but Zen wasn't afraid in the least. Even if he was sucked into the flames, he wouldn't be burned. And what was more, what came toward him was nothing more than a hot flow.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

As soon as the Rhyme Butterflies were covered by the golden rays of light, they were crushed into pieces. Zen's extermination of Rhyme Butterflies was as efficient as a gust of wind sweeping fallen autumn leaves.

Many True Gods thought that dealing with the Rhyme Butterflies was a piece of cake, but upon seeing Zen's killing technique, they all looked at him, eyes wide with astonishment.

The only True Gods that even came close to Zen's speed throughout all the valley were the few top-rank True Gods.

These top-rank True Gods all had the ability to freely wander within any second-grade forbidden area. Rhyme Butterflies were only common ferocious monsters in a second-grade forbidden area, and thus, no one really paid much attention to them. The top-rank True Gods shuttled directly through the Rhyme Butterflies, and everywhere they went, a large group of Rhyme Butterflies were killed. They quickly fell to the ground in pieces before the flames rose up in the air moments after.

The number of Rhyme Butterflies coming out from the valley's four entrances was astonishing. In the blink of an eye, there were tens of thousands of them floating out of the valley. But in the face of the True Gods' powerful strength, no matter how many Rhyme Butterflies came through, there was simply no use.

Less than five minutes later, there were no more butterflies coming out from the four entrances.

"We're done here," said Reginald.

"That wasn't so hard after all," someone said triumphantly.

"You're right! That was easy!" someone else shouted in agreement.

"I've killed at least fifty thousand Rhyme Butterflies myself alone!"

Most of the True Gods felt relaxed. To them, killing Rhyme Butterflies was a piece of cake. They had passed the test with flying colors.

Like ordinary people, True Gods were prone to having an inflated sense of self.

"Don't be foolish. This was only the first wave of attacks. It will be become more and more difficult later on," Reginald reminded them as he listened to the others.

In addition to Reginald, there were several top-rank True Gods and a few other mid-rank True Gods who had previously explored the Time Sea Forbidden Land, and they wore cautious expressions on their faces. In fact, it was safe to say that none of them looked relaxed at all. One of them agreed, "He's right! The number of Rhyme Butterflies against us just now is three times larger than the number of Rhyme Butterflies I encountered last time."

"Judging by the number of Rhyme Butterflies alone, we can only imagine that this time, the difficulty might be three times bigger," Reginald said in a very serious tone.

Zen was listening and as he heard this, he frowned slightly.

For safety escape reasons, the True Gods had to prepare two Star Doors every time, which meant passing through this valley was particularly difficult. If they weren't careful of their every step, they risked their lives.

If, according to what Reginald had said, the difficulty was increased by three times, then he could only imagine what the other waves of attacks had in store for them.

Once the first wave was over, they all took a short and well-needed break. As the valley began to tremble anew, the second wave of beasts could be seen pouring from the four entrances.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Everyone saw countless red scorpions, the size of the soles of their feet, gathering into red tides and surging, crawling in consistent waves forward and making absolutely terrifying sounds.

"Poisonous Wolf Scorpions!" a scream pierced the air.

"They are extremely poisonous!" someone warned.

"Be careful! Watch your step! The tails of the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions can shoot poisonous needles."

Poisonous Wolf Scorpions were famous poisonous creatures in the divine land. Every scorpion's tail had a fine poisonous needle, which was hidden within the empty space of its tail. When it came into contact with its opponent, scorpion exerted a strong pressure in its tail and shot a poison needle out.

Stranger still, the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions' venom was very unique.

After being stabbed by one of their needles, an ordinary divine citizen would only be paralyzed; however, a True God would explode at once.

The venom would enter their elixir field at an extremely fast speed, and destroy the Godly Tile. After that, their entire inner world would be turned upside down, which would eventually cause the inner world to collapse and shatter.

As for the warriors below the level of True Gods and divine citizens, because they didn't have Godly Tiles, the venom simply didn't cause them as much damage.

There were True Gods in the divine land who cultivated the Poison Godly Way, and they equally wanted to capture the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions in order to extract their venom. They had this desire because their venom would greatly improve their strength. Unfortunately, the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions' venom became useless once extracted from the scorpions' bodies.

Many True Gods didn't want to provoke these red scorpions, so when they saw the large number of scorpions rushing toward them, many of the True Gods' faces immediately revealed a sense of hesitation. Although the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions were low-level ferocious creatures and weren't very powerful, they would lose their lives if they came into contact with the venom. Who was willing to take the risk?

"Don't be afraid. Dodging the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions' needles isn't difficult. Just be careful," Reginald said reassuringly.

Splash!

While the True Gods were still standing around hesitating, Zen had already made his move without faltering.

As he pushed outward with his hands, a fan-shaped flame spread along the ground, about to advance to the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions. Surprisingly, the scorpions were quite agile, leaping over the fan-shaped flame, and their tails were already raised high toward him.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Black poisonous needles spurted out from the tails of thousands of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, all at the same time. It was a scary and overwhelming sight for everyone!

The poisonous needles were extremely thin and hard to distinguish with the naked eye. Without a doubt, they were a threat to the True Gods.

"Watch out, Thad!" cried Aleyna, in surprise.

"Humph!" Zen snorted and floated upward, like a ghost.

Cling! Cling! Cling! Cling! Cling!

Suddenly, all the needles fell to the ground.

"Go to hell!" Zen shouted fiercely.

With a quick flick of his finger, a thick bolt of lightning shot out from the tip.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The thick mysterious lightening continued cracking and turned into millions of flashes of light as thick as a thumb, tightly covering the large area.

To Zen's surprise, the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions reacted very quickly, but he believed that they couldn't dodge the lightning, no matter how fast they were.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

A few seconds later, the ground was charred, and all the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions had been smashed to ashes by the striking lightning.

When the True Gods noticed what had happened, they stared at the ground. Their fear of the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions' venom had vanished, now only replaced by greed.

As it turned out, once these Poisonous Wolf Scorpions were killed, they could be transformed into divine might coins right there on the ground.

Moments ago, Zen had killed thousands of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, and thousands of divine might coins took their places on the ground beneath their feet.

Even though the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions' venom was terrible, killing all these scorpions was now more than worthwhile, especially for so many divine might coins.

When Reginald and the other top-rank True Gods saw these divine might coins though, their expressions only became grimmer.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2322 Nathaniel Dongfang

"We have already begun to be rewarded with the divine might coins after only having killed the second wave of beasts." Reginald sighed as he shook his head slightly.

"What's wrong with this forbidden land, anyway?" asked another top-rank True God.

It was common for warriors to obtain divine might coins after they killed the beasts in the valley. Certain warriors had even received the supreme treasure of belief.

The rewards were usually distributed when the seventh or eighth wave of beasts had been attacked though, and only a few divine might coins appeared. In all, the number was far less than that of the divine might coins they could obtain now.

Everyone understood the rules of the forbidden land from the past, which meant that the more the rewards were, the higher the difficulty was, and the greater the risk would be.

"Well, if we can collect good rewards here, then maybe we don't have to go to the second stage of the Time Sea Forbidden Land. We can just give it up later." Reginald shrugged his shoulders and a fierce fighting intent burst out from his body.

Reginald equally had a tattoo on his shoulder. It was a large and magnificent blue lion head.

As his fighting intent grew more and more intense, the lion head quietly revealed itself with a vivid, life-like look and emitted a blue light.

"Hooo..." A low hum was heard from the crowd.

Without a moment's hesitation, Reginald had rushed into the mass of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions.

The needles of the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions were indeed very powerful, but the True Gods were usually only attacked when they were caught off guard.

The True Gods present maintained an extremely high vigilance. With their high speed, it wasn't difficult for them to dodge the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions. As for the top-rank True Gods, on the other hand, such as Reginald, they looked like they were entering an empty, dark place. They rampaged wildly among the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions.

Despite the poisonous needles shooting toward Reginald, he didn't even bother dodging them. Before they got anywhere close to him, they were instantly shattered thanks to the fighting intent attached to his body's surface.

One Poisonous Wolf Scorpion's death meant one divine might coin. Faced with thousands of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions spewing at them endlessly, the True Gods all went crazy.

The True Gods ignored how powerful the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions were, and they hurried forward in order to attack them. Using their fiercest methods for killing the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, the True Gods were quick to grab the divine might coins off the ground and put them in their space rings!

Every time they attacked and killed the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, they obtained as many divine might coins as they would get in other small lands over the course of several years. No one was willing to pass on such an opportunity.

When it came to Zen's speed for killing the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, he wasn't slow at all. He was the first one to take action and thus to obtain the decisive opportunity. He killed the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions and rushed off into the distance.

The Poisonous Wolf Scorpions wrapped themselves up around him like a torrent of blood, shooting poisonous needles directly at him.

Clearly though, he didn't care about the poisonous needles in the least. A watermelon-sized thunder ball materialized out of nowhere in his hand, and five small thunder balls could be seen in the center of it. The small thunder balls collided with each other and piercing sounds rang out, giving the impression they were going to explode at any second.

He grabbed the watermelon-sized thunder ball and threw it heavily onto the ground!

THUD!

A round flash of lightning crackled beneath his feet. Within a radius of several hundred feet, all the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions were struck by the bolt. Their bright red shells were instantly charred before turning into a pile of black powder.

Flip-flop... Flip-flop...

Hundreds and thousands of divine might coins appeared on the ground in front of him.

Zen casually waved his hand in the air, and a wisp of cyan wind blew. In a brief instant, all the divine might coins were rolled up by the wind. Once they were hovering no more than two feet above the ground, the coins quickly circled around Zen and finally entered his space ring.

"Twelve thousand divine might coins," Zen said, with a smile curling at the corners of his mouth. He flew up and precipitated toward the next pack of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions.

Only Zen, Reginald, and other top-rank True Gods dared to play in such a way, especially in this valley.

The mid-rank True Gods, such as Pascal and Langston, might have had such an ability, but they didn't have the needed confidence in avoiding all the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions' needles. For this reason, they helplessly turned their backs to the Goddess Statue while attacking the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, which naturally reduced their speed.

Bang!

Zen jumped up and once again landed directly in the middle of a group of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions. This time, his stomp also shattered hundreds of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions around him. Using the same method as earlier, he created another thunder ball in his hand, slamming it with all his might onto the ground!

The Poisonous Wolf Scorpions disappeared in front of him once again, leaving nothing behind but divine might coins for him to collect.

However, this time, before Zen had the chance to bring these divine might coins into his space ring, a sturdy True God suddenly pressed forward and shouted coldly, "Get away!" Moments later, a layer of yellow internal momentum appeared on his fist, which was unbelievably solid. He suddenly thrust his fist toward the ground.

Rumble...

The ground around him began to tremble instantly, and simultaneously, the divine might coins started flowing along the ground toward the mid-rank True God. Then, with a simple wave of his hand, the divine might coins were sucked into his space ring.

The series of actions played out extremely fast, so much so that Zen barely had the chance to react. Once the mid-rank True God had finished taking away all the divine might coins, he even tilted his head and glanced at Zen indifferently. "I'm the one who was supposed to kill these Poisonous Wolf Scorpions. You just grabbed at the chance first. I won't blame you for that. Get out of here! Ha-ha!"

Zen glanced back at the mid-rank True God carelessly.

"Have I failed to convince you? You brat!" the True God spat. He glared straight into Zen's eyes with a cold expression on his face.

Although Zen had demonstrated nothing but extraordinary strength in the Divine Time Temple, he was still nobody in this mid-rank True God's opinion. It was obvious that he didn't take Zen, a low-rank True God, seriously.

Not far away, Reginald and the others were watching the scene frowning, but none of them dared interfere.

Zen narrowed his eyes and a faint killing intent flashed across them. Suddenly, he turned his head and jumped up, once again rushing into another group of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions.

Crack!

The enormous thunder ball spread out, and a huge group of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions turned into carbon powder.

What Zen didn't expect though, was that the mid-rank True God would come over to him again. He punched the ground, and the ground trembled again. Once more, the True God took the divine might coins away. It was then that he smugly said, "I forgot to remind you that the divine might coins here also belong to me!"

Zen ignored the mid-rank True God and continued to press his way into the other groups of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions in order to kill them using the Thunderstorm Godly Way. In fact, he even stopped trying to scoop up the divine might coins, and simply moved on to his next target. This mid-rank True God continued to follow him and accumulate all the divine might coins.

At the start of this all, everyone had been anxious to kill the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions and therefore, no one had noticed these two warriors' strange movements.

As the number of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions decreased, more and more people began to take notice of this odd scene.

"Thad has killed plenty of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, but it seems that all the divine might coins have been taken away by Nathaniel!"

"The guy is even capable of bearing Nathaniel's unreasonable behavior. I'm impressed," a warrior said frankly.

"If not that, then what else was he supposed to do? If he dares resist, Nathaniel will kill him effortlessly. There's no question about that."

The True Gods whispered amongst themselves.

Nathaniel Dongfang was considered the Dongfang Clan's talent.

In the Arena of Legends, Nathaniel Dongfang had battled against those who had a higher cultivation base than him. Having won seven consecutive battles and lost only one, he'd obtained 1.3 million points!

If it wasn't for the anonymous man's appearance, then he would have easily been considered the warrior of excellence throughout the competition this time around.

Nelly stood with her hands clasped behind her back, staring at Zen with her vigorous eyes. She wanted to see how Zen was going to deal with the situation.

On the one hand, Aleyna and Kelsey were worried and upset. They couldn't help Zen this time. Nathaniel Dongfang was from the Dongfang Clan which was very powerful, and the Han Clan didn't dare offend this clan's members. Besides, Nathaniel Dongfang's strength was unfathomable. No one was a match to him.

Laquisha frowned and stared at Zen. Although she pretended to feel indifferently about the situation, she paid close attention to him the entire time. She knew Zen's character well. If Nathaniel Dongfang forced him hard enough, Zen would surely make his move. But Zen was just a low-rank True God, so how could he be of any benefit to the mid-rank True God?

As Langston watched the scene, he felt overjoyed. He already had the intention to kill Zen, but he hadn't found the proper time to do so. Now though, this temporarily gathered group was under Reginald's lead. Zen had saved Reginald's life, and if Langston took action to kill Zen, Reginald would definitely prevent him.

It was at that moment that Nathaniel Dongfang appeared and bullied Zen. In this type of situation, it was possible that Zen would ultimately suffer greatly.

Zen continued to move toward the other group of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, as though he hadn't seen what Nathaniel Dongfang was doing. After killing yet another group of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, Nathaniel Dongfang took all the divine might coins away again.

Most of the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions throughout the entire valley had been killed, and only a small number of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions were slowly crawling toward the Goddess Statue.

A look of satisfaction suddenly appeared on Nathaniel Dongfang's face. As he turned around with the intention of returning to the Goddess Statue, someone spoke flatly behind him, "Are you going to leave, just like that?"

Chapter 2323 Earth Godly Way

Hearing this voice, Nathaniel turned around to see Zen. "What did you just say?"

Nathaniel grinned ear to ear. He wouldn't take a low-rank True God like Zen seriously.

He had entered the Time Sea Forbidden Land countless times, and as he went on, he came across warriors from the rich and powerful clans on the Floating Islands, and he took their lives without hesitation.

He had even killed some of the Holy Emperors' disciples and descendants. The wealthy clans on the Floating Islands kept their mouths shut to keep themselves off his list of victims.

When Nathaniel picked up Zen's divine might coins, he took it for granted, because with his strength, he could have killed these Poisonous Wolf Scorpions as easily as Zen had, maybe even more efficiently.

He felt that Zen did not have the qualifications to kill the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions like this.

The low-rank True Gods huddled up under the Goddess Statue, carefully hunting the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions while the mid-rank True Gods stayed a little far away from the statue. Only the top-rank True Gods could enter the crowd of the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions and kill them without any scruple. Because of this, the top-rank True Gods obtained the most divine might coins among the crowds of people.

How did this guy manage to kill the scorpions like a top-rank True God?

Nathaniel could definitely gain a foothold among the top-rank True Gods, though he wasn't one. In the Arena of Legends, while going against top-rank True Gods, he had been able to win seven consecutive matches. This showed his strength and versatility which surprised most.

The top-rank True Gods were more or less displeased too when they saw what Zen was doing.

He took their divine might coins as he was very effective in killing the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions.

But they knew that Zen relied on his own ability and courage, so they didn't dare say anything against him.

However, what Nathaniel did was somewhat straightforward and surprising to everyone. He completely took away all of Zen's divine might coins, giving Zen a warning to not get them back. If Zen resisted, Nathaniel would have to teach him a lesson.

At first, Zen remained silent and just let Nathaniel take them. Nathaniel thought it would stay that way, but Zen couldn't hold his tongue long.

"You took all my divine might coins. Are you going to leave like this?" Zen asked again.

The corners of Nathaniel's mouth twisted into a small grin. "It's really a joke," he expressed. "As I've said, the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions you killed belonged to me. You should be relieved that I haven't planned to get you in trouble after you killed my scorpions. So now, do you still have the balls to ask me for coins?"

It was well known that the people of the Dongfang Clan were very domineering, and Nathaniel was no exception to this. Many elites of the influential clans on the Floating Islands, who were present, stayed silent as they listened intently to the two's conversation.

Naturally, Reginald was annoyed as he always was. He casually killed some Poisonous Wolf Scorpions and shouted, "Nathaniel, these beasts don't belong to anyone. According to the past rules, whoever kills them will obtain them. You're breaking a ton of rules right now."

In the process of killing the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, all of the True Gods were restrained and there was no scramble.

A muffled laughter arose from behind Reginald. "Rules? Are you really going to talk about rules with the Dongfang Clan? A little naive of you to say, Reginald."

Reginald's expression darkened. He turned his head towards Soren. "What on earth do you mean?"

As everyone knew, Soren was a top-rank True God from the Dongfang Clan. He had long limbs, and his body was as thin as a bamboo pole. This was the first time he'd spoken since they started. "Do you really take yourself as the leader of the group?" Soren asked sarcastically.

Because Reginald was able to successfully distract the Time Ghosts, this allowed him to lead the group forwards. Right now, everyone followed his orders without another word, but the other top-rank True Gods might have not taken him as seriously as the rest.

"For the record, I have never thought of myself as a leader," Reginald pointed out. "It's just that while exploring in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, we should be united. It will be easier to travel in a group than individually." The other True Gods, including many top-rank True Gods, nodded in agreement as they heard his words. At the very least, Reginald had selflessly contributed a Star Door, which gave a way for anyone to retreat if they wished to.

"I'm not targeting you, but you'd better stay out of the Dongfang Clan's business," Soren hissed. "If those two little guys want to rip each other's heads off and make a scene, even I wouldn't bother to intervene."

His words immediately struck a blow at Reginald, warning him to just leave Zen and Nathaniel alone.

Reginald wanted to argue but decided against it. Because Soren said so, he realized that he didn't have any reason to meddle in the first place. In fact, he wasn't afraid of Soren, but he didn't want to make a scene.

The thing was, Zen had saved his life before. He knew the characters of the people from the Dongfang Clan, and that these guys were merciless—killing anyone who went against them. What if Nathaniel killed Zen?

After thinking over his options, he turned to Zen. "Buddy, I will make up for the divine might coins that Nathaniel has taken away from you," he exclaimed.

Reginald had also obtained a lot of divine might coins. Thus, it wasn't a big deal for him to give the coins to Zen. Moreover, he knew he still had many more opportunities to redeem himself and gain more coins.

He thought his idea was brilliant and Zen would agree without hesitation.

"Thank you, Reginald."

Zen smiled and cupped his hands in a gesture of gratitude. "I appreciate your kindness." Afterwards, he turned his head and glared at Nathaniel who stood before him. "This dog has been tailing me the whole time to profit himself. It's time he paid me back with interest," he mocked.

Zen's words made Nathaniel's blood boil. No one had ever dared to mock him like that, and he burst into laughter.

"You? Hahaha... You must have been born outside of the Floating Islands, or you wouldn't be such an idiot. Do you know who I am? I guess I'll just have to show you."

Nathaniel was still speaking, but Zen cut him off immediately.

Just then, his eyes flashed with a sharp light within them. As he stood on the ground, his tiptoe tapped on the ground, and an invisible wave of energy burst forth against Nathaniel. He turned into a gust of wind and came in front of Nathaniel. "The only thing one can learn from you is how to talk shit," he scoffed. "But I don't want to learn that."

"Whoosh!"

Zen moved extremely quick. It took only a few seconds for him to suddenly shift from a standstill to an outburst of force.

On the contrary, Nathaniel didn't expect that Zen would attack him at all. Zen went for it without hesitation and knocked his elbow across Nathaniel's jaw.

"Bang!"

The impact and pain were far beyond what Nathaniel expected.

As the force surged across his body, all he could do was stare at Zen in shock. His body kept retreating, rolling down to the ground.

Though he was confident enough, Nathaniel knew that Zen's strength was out of this world. Moreover, Zen had also practiced Thunderstorm Godly Way and Five Elements Godly Way, so he never doubted Zen's capabilities even for a second.

In Nathaniel's eyes, such a cultivation base was excellent, but that was all Zen had to offer.

He knew that it was no big deal compared to his own abilities.

From ancient times until the present day, only a few mid-rank True Gods had been able to fight off top-rank True Gods in the Arena of Legends. Only a few had been able to win themselves a spot. Nathaniel was one of them.

As a mid-rank True God capable of fighting top-rank True Gods, he was conceited and figured he could take down Zen like killing a bug.

"How dare you attack me..." Nathaniel roared and leaped up on his feet. Just then, a thick layer of earthy yellow light emerged on the surface of his body: an internal momentum from the Earth Godly Way.

Standing still, he saw a shadow flash in front of him. But to his surprise, Zen approached him again and gave him a punch to the head.

Although Zen's punch was extremely powerful, Earth Godly Way's defense was astonishing as it was. Because of Nathaniel's power, the energy released from Zen's punch merely spread under the yellow light from Nathaniel's body and immediately passed to the ground under Nathaniel's feet.

"Rumble..."

The ground around Nathaniel began to crickle and crackle as it split apart.

People began to shriek as the ground of the whole valley was shaking.

The power of the punch spread out and was absorbed by the ground, which caused a minuscule earthquake that no one was expecting.

This ability was similar to the power transfer Zen possessed in the universe. As long as Nathaniel was in contact with the ground, he possessed an indestructible defensive power against Zen. He had to get him off the land immediately.

"You're all force and hits," said Nathaniel. "It's getting really boring." He laughed to himself.

Blood red flashes began to appear across Zen's eyes, showing that a fierce killing intent was emitting from his body!

"The Murdering Godly Way?"

Nelly, who stood far in the distance, stepped forward and gave Zen a firm look. Her eyes spoke wonders, giving off anger and caution with just her expression. If that bloke really used the Murdering Godly Way, he would definitely be the anonymous man.

But at this moment, Zen didn't have much to worry about.

"Blood Breaking Bite!"

Just then, a blood snake suddenly sprang out from Zen's hand and slithered towards Nathaniel. It ignored the Earth Godly Way's internal momentum on Nathaniel's body, biting a small wound in his neck.

Before Nathaniel could react, Zen threw out another punch across his face.

Bang!

With a smacking sound, Nathaniel was tossed three thousand feet away.

Lucky for him, the Earth Godly Way made sure that this punch was still unable to hurt him.

However, scarlet blood began spewing out from his neck, pulling out a blood band three thousand feet long in the valley. It looked striking and frankly, terrifying.

Chapter 2324 Accept Him As A Disciple

Blood Breaking Bite!

As Nelly witnessed this, her eyes suddenly widened. She stared at Zen trying to catch her breath as she gradually calmed down.

Although she had highly suspected Zen's identity after hearing Rachelle's analysis, she now was sure of it after seeing Zen employ the Blood Breaking Bite.

"Oh, it's you..." Nelly murmured.

When she was defeated by the anonymous man in the Arena of Legends, she found herself extremely angry. It came to a point where she even locked herself in her room for an entire day. Her strong and proud personality did not allow her to be defeated, let alone to be defeated by a mere proving godly warrior.

At this point, she even didn't care if the anonymous man would join the Dongfang Clan or not.

Her ultimate goal was to find out his identity, and challenge him once again. This thought was something she couldn't let go. She was full of the desire to know and learn everything about the powerful warrior before her.

She was determined that her target was going to be no other than Zen.

Nelly thought that her sister, Rachelle, shared the same ideas, but she did not know that Rachelle had also confirmed the other identity of the anonymous man. All she wanted to do was to find out the anonymous man and kill him.

"What? Is that the Blood Breaking Bite of Murphy?!"

"How did he learn it?"

"What a pity... Nathaniel lost so much blood."

Many True Gods who were there immediately recognized the Blood Breaking Bite which was a kind of theurgy beyond way. Some also gave looks of confusion towards Nelly.

Even the Holy Beings outside of the forbidden land also had a strange expression on their faces. Zen's cultivation was so confusing to most because the Blood Breaking Bite was derived from the Murdering Godly Way and was also the secret theurgy beyond way in the Mu Clan. How did Zen use such?

Nicholas, on the other hand, remained indifferent and silent. It was not so easy for anyone to defeat the disciple of the Dongfang Clan. Besides, Nathaniel's cultivation base already exceeded Zen's by one crucial level.

Nathaniel stood still as his face flushed into a pale white; he could feel weakness in his body. He clapped his hands, and a small red pill appeared in his hand. With a flick of his finger, the pill shot into his throat and he swallowed without hesitation.

Once the pill dissolved, a strong power of blood and vital energy was released throughout him. Just then, his face began to regain color as if the pill had healed him.

The pill that he had swallowed was renowned as the "Green Blood Pill", a kind of six times refined pill. It could instantly replenish the lack of power of blood and vital energy of anyone who ingested it.

But for some reason, his face looked a little bit too red and unhealthy because too much blood and vitality had been replenished.

"I always thought you were a member of the Han Clan," he shouted. "The Mu Clan though? I wouldn't have guessed."

The Dongfang Clan reigned among the alliance of rich clans on the Floating Islands. On the whole, it wouldn't aim at any clan belonging to the alliance. Because of this, Nathaniel made it a point to keep a good relationship with Langston and Nelly. However, if Zen really came from the Mu Clan, why didn't they tell him that in the beginning?

Many of Zen's powers were kept hidden, too. The fact that Zen absorbed his opponents' internal momentum with the identity of an anonymous man didn't spread. Nelly also did not tell others about this matter for her own personal reasons.

As Nathaniel guessed such things, he became angry and it showed in his grim, disgusted expression.

"He is not a member of the Mu Clan. He is from the Han Clan, and he is the anonymous man! As for the Blood Breaking Bite that he has mastered, he learned it from me as we fought!" Nelly shouted.

Crack! Crack...

There were still a handful of True Gods in the valley who didn't bother or care about what was happening. To them, it was enough that they beat the rest of Poisonous Wolf Scorpions into pieces and obtained some divine might coins to get them by.

Now, most of the True Gods turned to get a good look at Zen.

Except for Laquisha, Kelsey and Aleyna, other True Gods were surprised because they had no clue about his identity.

"I recall that the anonymous man is supposed to be a proving godly warrior. But this guy is a low-rank True God..."

"He must have broken through to the higher cultivation level after the re-ranking of the Floating Islands. This explains his extraordinary strength! When he was a mere proving godly warrior, he even defeated Nelly. With his current cultivation base, there is no doubt that he can confidently go against Nathaniel!"

"Where did he come from? What is his background? Wow, there are indeed many remarkable talents among the youth of the Han Clan... Can someone please explain how this clan can cultivate such a formidable talented warrior?"

On and on the True Gods whispered and rambled among themselves, trying to find answers to questions that seemed to have no end.

Outside of the Time Sea Forbidden Land, the Holy Beings began to look at Zen with interest again.

"So he's the anonymous man. Aha!," Clark exclaimed. "Samuel, your Han Clan is quite blessed to have such a talented warrior on your side. If it weren't for him, your clan would have dropped out of the top ten in the ranking list days ago." He then laughed.

Before the Floating Islands' points were counted up, Laquisha was suddenly able to obtain about two million more points. She shifted the whole ranking of the Floating Islands!

However, no one was dumb. Everyone knew that the anonymous man didn't want to expose his identity, so he deliberately lost to Laquisha. For sure, the anonymous man must have come from the Han Clan.

Samuel also stared at Zen and said, "He is from our Han Clan's ancestral land, but I am quite certain that he is not a direct descendant of the clan."

"Really?" Clark gasped in surprise. "How did the True God from an unknown clan reach this level? This is even more surprising!" he muttered.

When Nicholas's eyes flashed, he opened his mouth to speak but hesitated. Samuel beat him to it and said, "Holy Nicholas, I have heard that the Dongfang Clan seems to have some interest in the anonymous man and wants to recruit him to the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island. I didn't know the identity of the anonymous man before, and now I know clearly about that. If you will accept him, this warrior should be honored nonetheless."

Many Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings who were there were puzzled at Samuel's comment, and even felt a hint of disdain for him.

Rich clans on the Floating Islands always attached great importance to talents in their own clans.

Everyone knew that a warrior like the anonymous man was indeed a rare talent.

Samuel wanted to give the same talent to others even though it was not easy for the Han Clan to have such a talent. It seemed that he intended to use the anonymous man to please Nicholas. As a Holy Being who ruled a universe, he too was a crafty and reckless fellow.

With a hint of rage in her eyes, Joy bit her lips and felt humiliated.

Although she knew from the very beginning that Samuel would definitely hand Zen over to others, she was still furious and thought that he would disgrace the Han Clan as he tried to please Nicholas in front of all the Holy Beings like that.

Fortunately, Zen had two identities. Exposing his first identity was not a big deal to him because after exploring the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Zen would go to the Everest Spirit Mountain. He knew that once he got through this, no one would be able to reach him.

If Zen's second identity was exposed, then he knew that he'd be put into a big mess.

Nicholas smiled and said, "You're right. I asked Pearl to invite his guy in person the other day, but he refused me. I have planned to send people to the Han Clan again after the Astronomical Transit Day, but I didn't expect to see him here. For some reason, Pearl said that he was very resistant to our Dongfang Clan."

"Young people are always a little rebellious and arrogant," Samuel responded with a laugh. "This kid is not clear about the strength of the Dongfang Clan. If he finally comes to terms with that, he will finally be willing to stay in the Dongfang Clan."

As these conversations went on, many Holy Beings despised him even more.

No matter how powerful Nicholas was, those clans and Holy Beings that were supported by him would keep their basic dignity. At this point, there was no need for a Holy Being to flatter another being in this way.

Nicholas, however, seemed to be quite satisfied with the attitude of Samuel. He smiled faintly and uttered, "That's right! If this young man comes to my clan, I will accept him as my personal disciple."

Chapter 2325 Freeze The Scorpions

Becoming a Holy Being's disciple in the divine land was an unparalleled honor.

It was a rare thing. Even the biological children of a Holy Being didn't necessarily have a chance.

And Nicholas was the kind to accept a disciple only once in a blue moon.

This meant that Nicholas truly thought highly of Zen, wanting to cherish his talent.

With a slight smile, Samuel replied, "It's of great fortune for him to be accepted as a disciple. He will be overjoyed once he hears the news when he leaves the Time Sea Forbidden Land."

Joy and the other Holy Beings only rolled their eyes at Samuel's words.

As a proving godly warrior, Zen could win over thirty times consecutively. What was more, he had already defeated Nelly who ranked first among the low-rank True Gods. It could be said that the anonymous man was already unbeatable among the low-rank True Gods. Who wouldn't want to take him in as a disciple, so talented a person as he was?

One could assume that if Zen were there to choose, any Holy Being would take him in gladly.

In order to please Nicholas, Samuel never cared about his self-esteem.

Joy cast a sidelong glance at Samuel before sighing inwardly. Though she had always admired him, the arrogant man was no bowing to another Holy Being.

Nicholas was indeed powerful. The union of the wealthy clans he dominated had an absolute advantage in the Hall of Holy Beings. But there were not only the union of the wealthy clans and the Dongfang

Clan on the Time Sea. The Moon Clan and the Sword Clan were not afraid of him.

"But… I'm worried that Nathaniel will be too angry and he may kill the child by mistake," Nicholas said, looking to the distance. He was not pretending that he was worried, since he truly did want to take Zen in as a disciple.

Nicholas had an estimate of Zen's strength—at this stage, Zen could probably defeat an ordinary mid-rank True God. But Nathaniel was the top figure among the mid-rank True Gods—even if he was hurt by the Blood Breaking Bite of the Murdering Godly Way, if Nathaniel really took it seriously, it was possible that Zen would be no match for him.

"I'll send Soren a message and have him control the situation. I won't let them take the fight too far," Nicholas said quietly.

To the Holy Beings, battles between the True Gods were like mere children's fights.

In the valley, the Goddess Statue looked up to the sky while the atmosphere in the valley grew serious.

"It's quite interesting." Nathaniel stared at Zen for a moment and continued, "I didn't expect you to be the anonymous man who participated in the battles of challenging higher-level warriors. You've set quite the record for thirty-three consecutive wins. Good for you! That day, my sister invited you to join our clan, but you turned her down quite bluntly. She lost her temper and almost destroyed her own palace."

Pearl's looks were deceiving. While she appeared weak and mild, she was actually highly competitive. Naturally, she was furious when Zen refused her so forcefully. After leaving the Arena of Legends, she had indeed caused a great commotion in the Dongfang Clan.

"You have good talent, but it's a pity to see how blind you are," Nathaniel remarked, shaking his head. "In that case, I'll help Pearl vent her anger—I will kill you today."

As he announced this, layers of earthy yellow internal momentum began spreading out from his body.

The rich internal momentum of the Earth Godly Way from his legs transformed him and the very earth into a whole—it was now impossible to separate them.

At this time, he held a black axe suddenly in his hand.

Not too far away was Zen, narrowing his eyes at the scene. Since he knew the battle was inevitable, he had no intention of backing down.

With his identity exposed, there was no need for him to hide anything. Faint purple mist gushed out from his body—it was the internal momentum of the Purple Aura Godly Way. He then extended his hands, making wisps of invisible force spread out, slowly condensing until they turned into four long swords.

Appearing before him were the Buddha Emperor Sword, the Heavenly Tooth Sword, the Long Vine Sword, and the Grant Sun Sword.

"The rumor is true!"

"Four Gods Killing Swords…"

"These four swords were summoned by Power Shaping… how on earth did he make it?!"

The news that Zen had formed four illusory swords with the Purple Aura Godly Way spread like wildfire.

While most True Gods believed that Zen knew how to use the Gods Killing Sword Array, very few believed that he could use four illusory swords.

That was something only Joy could do, people believed.

Or it could be said that only the Demi-holy Beings and the Holy Beings had the qualification to use it. To achieve this, one must have the Cross-world Theurgy to extract the nine stars' power from their inner world.

It was impossible for a proving godly warrior to make it.

The low-rank True Gods couldn't make it.

Even a consummate True God couldn't make it.

But when the scene unfolded, everyone was left stunned—they had no choice but to believe.

"Soren, your brother may not be able to win, and after these Poisonous Wolf Scorpions are wiped out, the next wave of attacks will also come… Is this a suitable place for them to fight?" Reginald said helplessly.

A playful look came over Soren's face. Hearing Reginald's words, he laughed out loud. "That's not a big deal at all. I'll take care of it." His body then flew towards the other side. There were several True Gods below him cleaning up all the remaining Poisonous Wolf Scorpions.

"Stop! All of you!" Soren called out.

Thinking that Soren would take the rest of the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions as his own, the True Gods stopped one by one.

Naturally, they didn't want to compete with the top-rank True Gods, especially those of the Dongfang Clan.

After expelling the True Gods, Soren made no move to kill the scattered Poisonous Wolf Scorpions. Instead, he blew gently at the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, sending out an extremely cold breath, immediately freezing them.

They weren't killed, only frozen.

According to the Goddess Statue valley's rules, only after the last Poisonous Wolf Scorpion was killed would there be another round of fierce attacks.

So long as these frozen Poisonous Wolf Scorpions were kept alive, the next wave of beasts wouldn't come.

When Reginald saw the scene, his expression grew dissatisfied. Such a method was usually used to deal with the final attacks of the beasts in the valley. Because the attacks of the beasts would only grow fiercer and more powerful, the True Gods would grow just more exhausted.

Everyone would try freezing one or two vicious beasts for some valuable rest time.

But now, Soren used this method specifically for his brother's battle with Thad—it was too selfish of him.

After Zen summoned the four swords, he rushed to Nathaniel, as fast as the wind, without hesitation.

After being hit by the Blood Breaking Bite, Nathaniel made no movement and instead stood still, carrying the black axe on his shoulder like a mountain. Seeing Zen rush over, he called out, "Come on!"

With a sudden wave of his hands, the black axe turned into circles of black shadows swirling crazily in his hands.

While the axe was as heavy as a mountain, it was a feather in Nathaniel's hand.

As the heavy axe spun at high speed, it seemed to tear the surrounding space apart.

"Nathaniel is using the power of the earth."

"The Earth Godly Way has an extremely horrible power. After it is integrated with the earth, it can use the earth in resisting the opponent's attack."

"He is one of the elites."

When all the others saw that Nathaniel was using his full strength, they were all left shocked—it was no wonder that with the cultivation base of a mid-rank True God, Nathaniel could defeat seven top-rank True Gods in a row.

"Is he powerful?"

As Zen quickly approached, the sense of fighting in his eyes grew even stronger.

"Buddha Emperor Sword, kill him!"

Then, the sword rushed right at Nathaniel ruthlessly.

Chapter 2326 Rain Of Blood

The Buddha Emperor Sword charged straight at Nathaniel's head at lightning speed.

But he spun his black axe wildly, making it seem as though he was carrying an airtight shield.

Soon, the invisible Buddha Emperor Sword collided with the black axe.

Bang!

With a rather dull sound, the black axe in Nathaniel's hand steadily blocked the attack. His heavy axe was still trembling when Zen's Buddha Emperor Sword collapsed.

"You're not even qualified yet," Nathaniel sneered.

But Zen remained calm as the pieces of the Buddha Emperor Sword suddenly gathered into form where it collapsed.

It was only two feet away from Nathaniel and it grew more solid and thicker as it condensed. Then, it slashed at Nathaniel so fast that it was impossible for him to defend himself this time.

Most impressive was that Zen could somehow freely shape the illusory sword again.

Normally, the strength source Zen used to shape the four swords occupied only a small part of the Nine Divine Stars' power, but Zen could adjust it as he pleased.

A few moments earlier, Zen had seen the great power of the black axe and chose not to fight it head-on. The sword collapsing from Nathaniel's counterattack was by design. As soon as Nathaniel let down his guard, Zen suddenly released fifty percent of his strength source. The power of the Buddha Emperor Sword immediately intensified when it was shaped once again, making it clear how much greater its speed and strength had gotten.

Feeling the great power before him, Nathaniel narrowed his eyes slightly as a smile appeared on his face. Then, the Buddha Emperor Sword came slashing at his head.

Crack!

The invisible Buddha Emperor Sword cut his neck with a dull sound.

If it were any other True God, their head would have fallen to the ground at that very moment. But a brownish yellow light flashed across the surface of Nathaniel's body and forcefully blocked the Buddha Emperor Sword's slash.

Simultaneously, a crack appeared on the ground beneath his feet.

Nathaniel used the Earth Godly Way to transfer the slashing power of Zen's Buddha Emperor Sword to the ground.

The crack on the ground continued to extend until it spread towards Zen. When it reached the ground right under Zen's feet, an invisible force suddenly shot out and charged towards him.

It happened to be exactly the power of the Buddha Emperor Sword. After being absorbed by Nathaniel's theurgy, it flowed along the ground and was returned to Zen.

Zen reacted rapidly and ordered the Grant Sun Sword to set up its defense from under him.

This Grant Sun Sword mainly served as Zen's thickest defense. With a crisp sound, it pressed down and blocked the invisible force.

But Zen frowned slightly.

The Earth Godly Way was similar to the power transfer skill he mastered in the universe.

He had inherited the will of the entire universe and could transfer any sort of attack to any corner of the universe. But it seemed that Nathaniel could transfer the power only to the earth, able to return any attacks through the ground.

"Joy's illusory sword is indeed worthy of its reputation. Please, go on," Nathaniel said mockingly with a relaxed smile.

The comment made Zen snort as he snapped his fingers. The Buddha Emperor Sword, the Heavenly Tooth Sword, and the Long Vine Sword surrounded Nathaniel and took turns attacking.

Indeed, the attacks Nathaniel received could be transferred back through the ground, but Zen believed that there must be a limit. So long as the limit was exceeded, the yellow internal momentum protecting him would eventually be dissipated.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The three swords started flying constantly around Nathaniel, just like a pack of wolves surrounding sheep on the grassland. As long as there was a sign of a chance, they'd make a lethal bite at him.

At the start of the battle, Nathaniel used the black axe to defend himself, but Zen's illusory swords were very flexible. Even if he destroyed the swords, they would soon take shape again and swing at him ferociously. So he decided to give up defending himself directly and instead concentrated on constantly returning the attacks he received.

Boom!

Cracks were constantly appearing on the ground under Nathaniel's feet from the power of Zen's attacks — Nathaniel merely threw them all back at Zen.

While moving around Nathaniel and avoiding the cracks, Zen continued controlling the three long swords, slashing at Nathaniel constantly. The battle between the two fell into a deadlock.

But Nathaniel clearly had it easier — he only needed to stand still and keep returning Zen's power back to him. He was rather curious to see how long Zen could hold on.

Still, Zen seemed just as unhurried.

Since his identity had been exposed, he no longer had to hide any other skill, save for the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Zen had also recorded the Earth Godly Way on the Infinity Ruler. But ordinary theurgy of Earth Godly Way could only borrow the earth's power. Nathaniel's skill of transferring attacks must have been a theurgy beyond way that was created by the Dongfang Clan.

Because Zen had mastered the power transfer skill himself, he knew that it was indeed powerful. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Zen's eyes flashed quietly with two small golden rings. He began analyzing the internal momentum scattered on the surface of Nathaniel's body.

"This theurgy is indeed ingenious!"

Soon, Zen understood the principles of this theurgy beyond way.

"However, it is still incomparable to the power transfer skill of the universe. Nathaniel can transfer the attacks to the ground within a 1000-foot radius. I only just learned this skill from him so I can transfer to the range of twenty to thirty feet."

After Zen gained a full understanding of the theurgy beyond way, the cracks on the ground around Nathaniel grew abundant.

The ground under his feet seemed to have been plowed through, becoming softer and softer. It had all been turned into a plot of broken land.

"It's my turn now!"

With a slight smile, Zen waved his hand. The Long Vine Sword and the Heavenly Tooth Sword immediately plunged into the soil.

Noticing Zen's grin, Nathaniel was rather stunned, wondering what his next move would be.

In an instant, a circular crack suddenly appeared within a one-foot range around Nathaniel. He felt a tremor under his feet as the entire piece of the ground beneath him rose abruptly into the sky.

"Your theurgy is indeed powerful. So long as you are connected to the ground, you're practically invincible. But under the effect of the Blood Breaking Bite, you can't move freely. Once I cut off the connection between you and the ground, things will get even more interesting!"

With his hand raised high, Zen explained calmly.

Under the piece of ground Nathaniel was currently standing on, the Long Vine Sword created countless vines, lifting the whole piece of earth into the air. At the same time, some vines crossed the ground and firmly wrapped around Nathaniel's legs. With that, Nathaniel was sent flying into the sky.

And since he moved vertically, the wound on his neck from the Blood Breaking Bite began bleeding.

After finishing his words, Zen gently waved his right hand.

The Long Vine Sword carried Nathaniel up rapidly, making him hover in the sky above the valley.

Simultaneously, his blood spurted from the wound, falling like heavy rain.

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2327 Soren Was Shocked

Nathaniel had swallowed a Green Blood Pill before, which was known to be quite potent.

Generally speaking, a consummate True God could quickly replenish their blood vitality if it was depleted after they'd taken the pill, let alone Nathaniel, a mid-rank True God.

The Green Blood Pill worked constantly in his elixir field. It replenished his blood vitality and made it flourish even more.

The current scene caused the people in the valley to be shocked when they saw it.

Zen lifted Nathaniel in mid-air. His body swayed with the wind as blood continued to gush out from it. A rain of bright red showered the valley like crazy, while numerous True Gods tried to dodge the liquid.

"Nathaniel is bleeding heavily..."

"The blood in his body has almost dried out, I guess?"

"Not necessarily. He just ate a Green Blood Pill to replenish blood vitality. But if it weren't for that pill, he would have become a mummy."

The Green Blood Pill continued to work its magic amidst the rain of blood, and more people became stunned.

Meanwhile, Nelly's hands were behind her back as her round eyes stared at Zen. Her usually sharp face became the slightest bit soft when she smiled.

Although she mainly practiced the Murdering Godly Way, she never thought that the Blood Breaking Bite could be used like this. The Blood Breaking Bite was indeed a good skill, but it was usually used to prevent one's opponent from escaping. Now, Zen completely depended on the Blood Breaking Bite and planned to drain Nathaniel's blood.

The Green Blood Pill did constantly replenish Nathaniel's blood vitality, but the speed of his blood loss was much faster than the rate at which it was being refilled.

Soon enough, Nathaniel's face was gradually drained of color, until he was as white as a sheet.

He tried to cut off the intangible vines at his feet, but the vines from the Long Vine Sword clung tightly on the lower part of his body. In order to cut those transparent and intangible vines off, he was afraid that he might have to sacrifice his lower body.

His achievements in the Earth Godly Way were almost invincible like Zen had said, and he still had several kinds of theurgy that he had yet to show. Now, however, he had lost his chance to turn the tables because Zen had locked him in his grip.

More and more blood spurted out from his body, and he felt like his whole being was slipping away. Panic filled his eyes. He would die if he didn't stop bleeding.

On the other hand, the Holy Beings outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land were amused and shocked by such an astonishing sight.

Nicholas stared at Nathaniel for a while, and then told Soren using his life vitality, "Soren, stop that guy! Don't kill him, or he'll kill Nathaniel."

Earlier, Nicholas had told Soren to stay out of Zen and Nathaniel's fight.

Soren would never go against Nicholas' words. He would also never take action even if he had to watch Zen kill Nathaniel, his brother.

But since Nicholas now told him to stop Zen, he quickly nodded.

Before he could do anything, however, Reginald, who stood beside him, suddenly stretched his hand out and blocked his way. "You said you wouldn't do anything," he said in a serious tone.

Reginald's eyes burned fierily. Zen had saved his life. He couldn't possibly watch Soren fight against Zen. If Soren really wanted to kill Zen, Reginald would surely make a move.

Soren just smiled and did not care about Reginald. "Don't worry, I'm not going to kill him. The Holy Emperor of our clan told me to stop the fight. He wants to accept Thad as his disciple. I won't dare kill that guy, or else, the Holy Emperor of our clan will never forgive me!"

When he was done, he flew straight towards Zen.

Doubt clouded Reginald's mind as he didn't know if Soren was telling the truth or just lying. He still followed Soren though. If Soren tried to kill Zen, Reginald would stop him.

Meanwhile, Zen continued to wield the Long Vine Sword. He dragged the earth under Nathaniel's feet, and then swayed left and right in the air. A stream of Nathaniel's blood splashed on the ground like red ink.

Puff!

At that moment, goose bumps rose on his skin at the sudden blast of cold wind, and he almost subconsciously dodged to the side.

The person who came for him was surprisingly fast. As soon as he turned around, he felt someone tightly grasp his hand, where he felt an extremely cold aura came from. The aura went into his arm.

Just then, Zen finally noticed that the man in front of him was Soren, Nathaniel's elder brother.

"Stop! If you kill a member of the Dongfang Clan, you will never have a chance to get away with it alive," said Soren calmly.

He had a firm grip on Zen's arm, which won his brother a little bit of rest. Most of Nathaniel's blood, however, was gone and he couldn't move smoothly. He stood there weakly, still entangled with the Long Vine Sword.

"He robbed my divine might coins and wanted to kill me. He deserves to die," Zen said just as coolly.

"But you can't kill him because I'm here," Soren replied with a faint smile. He increased his hold on Zen's arm; the chilling sensation flowed even more into it and immediately froze half of Zen's body.

Puff!

Suddenly, a pure white flame flew out of Zen's arm. After the Ice Soul Flame appeared, it quickly burned through Soren's hand.

"The Ice Soul Flame?" Soren was surprised.

That type of ice flame was known to be a kind of extremely powerful theurgy.

It was driven by chaotic energy, which gave it its terrifying power.

An ordinary low-rank True God could barely resist the Ice Soul Flame, and it was a huge deal for even a mid-rank True God. Then again, Soren was a top-rank True God. His eyes glowed and his arm emitted white ice crystals.

The ice crystals turned into countless ice bugs and rapidly rushed towards Zen's Ice Soul Flame.

There was an incredible reaction of two very different extremely cold powers as soon as the ice bugs made contact with the Ice Soul Flame. It turned out that the ice bugs quickly absorbed the immensely cold power in the Ice Soul Flame.

The tiny ice bugs, which were originally as thin as toothpicks, immediately swelled after they absorbed the Ice Soul Flame. After they had consumed a certain amount, they all fell to the ground and quickly turned into small ice cocoons.

As for Zen, he continued to release the Ice Soul Flame without stop. At the same time, Soren urged the ice bugs to devour the Ice Soul Flame.

The cocoons that fell on the ground soon broke apart; then the things inside them turned into snow-white ice butterflies. The butterflies had translucent wings with beautiful patterns made up of icy crystals.

All of the ice butterflies flew and gathered behind Soren. Apparently, he controlled all of those ice butterflies.

The air around them grew colder as the more Ice Soul Flame Zen released, the more butterflies Soren created, which was in Soren's favor.

"Don't waste your energy anymore. Let me give you the divine might coins, okay?" Soren said consolingly. Zen's eyes glinted in the light.

His brows were furrowed as he sighed deeply.

It was truly difficult for him to fight against a top-rank True God with his current strength.

Soren noticed the change in Zen's expression and smiled, "Maybe we will be family in the future..."

"Brother! Kill that idiot!" someone shouted. It was Nathaniel, who had finally regained his strength and quickly turned against Zen once again.

Soren, however, mentally cursed him for his words. 'My idiotic brother…'

Anger began to fill Zen as he glared at Nathaniel with a malicious aura in his eyes. An extremely violent energy started to brew in his body.

He couldn't fully control the raging energy. Hundreds of streams of internal momentum intertwined and gave off a terrifying aura.

The aura didn't really spread that far, so Nathaniel, who was in mid-air, wasn't aware of it. Neither was Reginald, who was ten feet behind Soren.

Only Soren was the closest to Zen, and there was a hint of true fear in his eyes when he smelled the rabid momentum.

He immediately let go of Zen's arm and retreated at an outstanding speed, way back to the side of the valley. His legs stood upright on the mountain wall and his whole body was on high alert. He looked wide-eyed at Zen, as if he had seen a ghost.

Chapter 2328 Dark Crows

Reginald had originally trailed behind Soren because he was afraid that the latter might kill Zen. All his senses were on high alert in case such a thing would happen.

To his utter surprise, Soren seemed to have sensed a natural enemy in front of him and suddenly flew backwards. He kept a huge distance from Zen.

If it wasn't for the valley that blocked Soren's way, no one would know where he was now.

The others were also confused and didn't know what on earth Soren, a top-rank True God, was afraid of. Was he afraid of Zen? But how?

Meanwhile, Zen really could not control the raging energy in his inner world. He didn't even have a way to activate it. He had tried many times back in the Secret Time Room, but to no avail.

Having been threatened by Soren, Zen had no choice but to activate the raging energy. If he forced that ball of energy out of his body in a short period of time, then there would be a quick but terrifying explosion.

Yet, he never thought that Soren would react that way.

Soren remained glued on the cliff of the valley. The fear in his eyes eventually dissipated, but he still remained highly vigilant.

He had quite sharp and powerful perception. Furthermore, he could always trigger a strong fighting instinct, especially in the face of life and death. It was one of his talents, and at that moment, his instincts told him that Zen would kill him if he didn't run away.

Generally speaking, he would launch his most powerful counterattack to kill his opponent when such a feeling arose.

Nicholas, however, requested that he refrain from hurting Zen. Thus, he was left with no choice but to leave Zen's vicinity and run. Of course, the others did not know that.

Until now, he still couldn't understand how the strange internal momentum in Zen's body came out and why it made him feel so stressful.

As for Zen, he turned to Nathaniel again once Soren was out of the way.

A shiver coursed through Nathaniel's spine when he saw that Zen seemed to have scared his brother away.

He was weak all over and Zen's Long Vine Sword still bound him, which left him no room for resistance. If he was pale before, now his skin was the color of a dead person.

If Zen really killed Nathaniel, Nicholas, who was outside the forbidden area, would not let him go.

As Zen thought about it, his right hand suddenly trembled.

Crack!

The frozen ice shell on the surface of his right hand quickly broke apart; then he stretched his hand out and gently waved it downwards. This caused the Long Vine Sword to drag Nathaniel down from the air. As Nathaniel descended, a small amount of blood from his wound caused by the Blood Breaking Bite gushed out.

While Zen slowly walked towards Nathaniel, Soren kicked the mountain wall hard. Then, he flew upwards and landed gracefully on the side like a majestic falcon.

At the same time, Reginald also calmly stood on the other side and tried to convince Zen by saying, "Thad, don't be impulsive. If he is willing to return the divine might coins to you, then we can let him go!"

"Nathaniel, give the divine might coins back to Thad," Soren ordered. He was starting to have a headache. All he wanted right now was to quickly end this matter!

He knew that Nicholas kept an eye on him, so he couldn't do anything to Zen. Zen was a strange man. Of course, he would be humiliated if Zen defeated him. He wouldn't have any face to show to the Dongfang Clan if that happened.

"Give my divine might coins back!" Zen coldly said and stretched out a hand to Nathaniel. The air between them was filled with tension.

Nathaniel refused to give up. He looked at his elder brother for help and wondered why he was afraid of Zen. Soren was an elite warrior among the top-rank True Gods, and to kill Zen would be a piece of cake for him.

"Give the divine might coins back to Thad and apologize to him," Soren commanded.

"I can return them to him, but I don't think I have to apologize." Anger and humiliation were written all over Nathaniel's face. 'When did the Dongfang Clan ever make an apology?' he thought.

"Do as I say!" Soren bellowed. Needless to say, Nathaniel was sullen at the sight of his angry brother.

He fumbled around his space ring with some difficulty and brought out the divine might coins.

Before the whole fiasco had started, Zen had exterminated as many Poisonous Wolf Scorpions as the top-rank True Gods had killed. Nathaniel took out all the divine might coins that he had taken from Zen and piled them up like a small mountain. It was likely that the total number of coins was over a hundred thousand.

Zen gently waved his hand, and an invisible force surrounded all the divine might coins. He shook his hand and the force was poured into his space ring.

His method to keep the divine might coins looked simple but in reality, he had transformed his power into an invisible funnel. The funnel was near Zen, and that skill had the same principle as the Gods Killing Sword Array.

'This guy is really able to separate his strength source from his body at will. I wonder how he managed to master the Cross-world Theurgy, ' both Soren and Reginald thought to themselves as they watched.

After Zen was done, he turned around and walked down to the Goddess Statue. "I don't need an apology from such a guy," he said to Soren plainly.

"How dare you!" Nathaniel shouted angrily at Zen's retreating back.

Zen, however, never looked back.

Meanwhile, Kelsey couldn't control her excitement after the whole incident had ended.

"Thad, you are so awesome!" she praised and clapped her hands. Her eyes were full of admiration while Zen trooped back to them. What more couldn't he do?

The disciples of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands always had similar conflicts, but few of them could intimidate the disciples of the Dongfang Clan like what Zen did.

Nathaniel was fuming mad at Zen, but he could do nothing to him. Kelsey felt that Zen was really powerful.

"He is so awesome! It's good that Soren hasn't tried to side with his brother. Otherwise, everything would've gone worse," Aleyna said worriedly.

Aleyna and Laquisha knew Zen better than Kelsey. They knew that he still had a chance to defeat Nathaniel, but they didn't expect that the latter was no match for Zen at all.

What the two of them worried about the most was Soren joining the fight. If Soren wanted to kill Zen, no one could stop him except the top-rank True Gods like Reginald. Moreover, whether or not Reginald was willing to sacrifice his life for Zen was another question.

"It's okay. I just want to get my divine might coins back," Zen said with a smile.

On the other side, Laquisha was relieved now that Zen was safe, but Langston, who stood next to her, looked more miserable.

Some True Gods noticed that the dispute had ended, and they had killed all the remaining Poisonous Wolf Scorpions together. After all of the scorpions had died, another tremor shook the valley.

"The beasts of the third wave are coming for us. Everyone, disperse! Don't stand together. According to previous experience, the beasts of the third wave are usually birds," Reginald warned in a loud voice.

As soon as he finished speaking, black objects flew out from the four entrances of the valley.

In addition, loud croaking sounds echoed throughout the area.

Just like Reginald had said, the third wave of beasts that were going to attack them were indeed birds.

The black birds were called the Dark Crows. They were usually found in the Dark Fog Forest, which was a fourth-grade forbidden area. The Dark Crows flew at a highly fast speed, but they did not attack the True Gods in the valley. Instead, they went straight to the Goddess Statue.

It was known that if the Goddess Statue was destroyed, everyone would fail and lose their chance to enter the second stage of the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Therefore, all of them immediately launched into action.

"Stop those Dark Crows!"

"Shoot them down!"

Chapter 2329 Mysterious Glimmer Balls

Loud croaks were heard from above.

A flock of Dark Crows had arrived, blotting out the sun and plunging the entire sky in darkness.

In the blink of an eye, the Dark Crows managed to cross a third of the distance between the four entrances and the Goddess Statue.

"Don't panic! There may be a lot of them but it's very easy to defeat these Dark Crows!"

Reginald assured everyone. A fighting intent surged through him as he flew up into the sky. There, he clenched his right hand and suddenly threw a punch towards the Dark Crows.

"Bang!"

His punch landed in the void but still produced a loud bang.

Fighting intent gathered in his fist, forming a fist shadow that rushed up into the sky.

According to his estimates, the force of his punch could potentially kill the entire flock of Dark Crows above them.

However, the moment the fist shadow hit the crows, a light blue light shone on their bodies, blocking Reginald's force.

"It's the Mysterious Glimmer Ball! I knew it wasn't going to be that simple!" he grumbled through gritted teeth.

The so-called Mysterious Glimmer Ball was a kind of supreme treasure of belief in the Dark Fog Forest. Like the Star Door, it was also consumable but undoubtedly much more precious.

These Mysterious Glimmer Balls were very rare in the Dark Fog Forest and it was often the case that only one such ball would appear in every ten years. A Mysterious Glimmer Ball could be sold at an auction in the Floating Islands for over four hundred thousand divine might coins.

However, its rarity wasn't its main selling point. It was more because of its magical functions.

If a True God used a Mysterious Glimmer Ball, the supreme treasure of belief would integrate itself into their body. Nobody would be able to detect its existence except until an enemy launched a fatal attack on the True God, in which case the Mysterious Glimmer Ball would show its peculiar power and protect its host's body.

Thus, a Mysterious Glimmer Ball could be equivalent to an automatic second life that could come in handy in the most critical moment. And that was why its price was always so high.

Reginald's attack, which could've certainly killed the Dark Crows, merely bounced off because of the Mysterious Glimmer Balls that wrapped around their bodies.

These Dark Crows were weak and there was no way that they could resist Reginald's attack themselves. However, the power of such a rare and mystical treasure protected these crows from death and rendered Reginald's attack useless. As a result, none of the Dark Crows was killed.

At the same time, the Dark Crows on the other parts of the valley also flashed blue.

Kelsey's eyes widened at the sight. "So many! I could make a fortune from the amount of Mysterious Glimmer Balls in these crows."

One Mysterious Glimmer Ball was already worth hundreds of thousands of divine might coins and there was a flock above them. There were probably around hundreds of thousands due to the mass number of crows which did equate to a large fortune.

However, as a supreme treasure of belief, once a Mysterious Glimmer Ball was used then it would be impossible for anyone to ever use it again.

"Stop daydreaming! We have to kill them!" Aleyna shouted before rushing towards the Dark Crows to attack.

Since his first punch didn't work, Reginald threw a second punch towards the flock.

The Mysterious Glimmer Balls in those crows' bodies had already been broken, so the moment the fist shadow reached the Dark Crows, they were instantly smashed into a mass of flesh mud and black feathers. As they fell, a large amount of divine might coins rained down from the sky.

From previous experience, these Dark Crows mostly relied on their speed to destroy the Goddess Statue. Their defense, however, was terribly low and they were quite easy to kill. It wouldn't be difficult for the True Gods to eliminate all of them if they went all out.

However, the crows had the help of the Mysterious Glimmer Balls so the True Gods would have to launch more than two attacks to kill them which was going to be quite challenging.

As the crows were eliminated, divine might coins continued to rain down from the sky. Unfortunately, Reginald did not have the time to pick any up since he was too busy dealing with the Dark Crows.

Zen looked at the densely packed Dark Crows inquisitively.

"Four swords!" he shouted, summoning four invisible long swords.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish!"

These four swords quickly spiraled and slashed the air, attempting to attack the Dark Crows.

A sheen of blue once again shone on the Dark Crows' bodies, negating the Buddha Emperor Sword's attack. However, Zen already thought of this and clustered the four swords into two groups. Once the Buddha Emperor Sword slashed at the crows, the Grant Sun Sword followed shortly after.

Since the Dark Crows had now lost the protection of the Mysterious Glimmer Balls, the Grant Sun Sword was able to cut through them with a powerful slash. On the other side, the Long Vine Sword and Heavenly Tooth Sword operated with the same strategy. The four swords stuck by this system and eventually cleared the area in front of them. Divine might coins fell along with the black feathers and covered the ground.

However, just as he cleared the flock in front of him, another dense mass of crows flew towards him all over again.

The sky was overrun with enemies soon enough. He didn't even get to pick up the divine might coins before he was in battle once again.

The situation was controllable in the beginning. The True Gods were able to exert their all in killing all the Dark Crows and prevent them from reaching the Goddess Statue.

However, they were quickly running into problems.

Since the difficulty of the Time Sea Forbidden Land rose, so did the rewards.

Like the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, if any of the Dark Crows died then a divine might coin would fall.

Getting four or five hundred divine might coins in one journey to a forbidden area was already a big harvest. Now, just a single slash would be enough to grant a warrior hundreds of divine might coins, literally making it rain with money. Even the True Gods that participated in the Astronomical Transit Day celebration who came from the richest and most powerful clans found it hard to resist the temptation of harvesting such a large amount of divine might coins.

After killing a few Dark Crows, a True God took the time to gather the divine might coins and put them into his Sumeru Space.

Seeing such a scene caused another True God to get angry. Here he was working hard and fighting against the Dark Crows while this fellow over here had the time to pick up the divine might coins in secret. Afraid of earning less than what he worked for, this True God then also tried his best to collect the money off the ground.

Greed could oftentimes be deadly. Since there were quite a few who did not want to get the short end of the stick in looting, they began to scramble around and pick up as many divine might coins as they could off the ground. Unlike killing the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions, it was hard to tell who killed which crow so some even got into disputes over ownership of the reward.

It was this reason that the defense built around the Goddess Statue began to crumble.

A large group of Dark Crows broke through the weakness in the defense and rushed straight towards the Goddess Statue.

"Don't pick up the coins! Focus on the crows! These coins will be equally divided amongst everyone. Get through this crisis first and eliminate these crows so we can reap bigger rewards later on!" Reginald burst out in anger. He couldn't help but feel extremely frustrated at the short-sightedness of these people. They were blinded by the surge of prizes and grew greedy that they ended up scrambling to get as many rewards as they could. They didn't think of the fact that they would need to survive this wave of beasts in order to earn the better, more astonishing prizes such as supreme treasures of belief in the following stages.

Unfortunately, these True Gods could only see what was in front of them and were afraid that the divine might coins at their feet would be taken away by the others. Because of this mentality, they let the Dark Crows slip by and fly over their heads.

"Caw! Caw! Caw..."

With the Goddess Statue left unprotected, a large group of Dark Crows finally reached it successfully.

Chapter 2330 Bevan Moon

True Gods who had been to the Dark Fog Forest knew that these Dark Crows weren't that powerful. Even low-rank True Gods would be able to kill them easily.

These Dark Crows always came densely packed in groups and resided in the shadow of the Dark Fog Forest. As long as they found any True Gods, they would flock to them and attack them.

It was true, these Dark Crows weren't too powerful but there was strength in numbers. If a large group managed to surround an unsuspecting True God then their destructive power could potentially be devastating.

Their beaks were awfully powerful and potentially lethal even to mid-rank True Gods. If surrounded, a True God could have their entire head pierced with these beaks along with their bones.

After reaching the Goddess Statue, the crows ferociously began to peck at it with their beaks.

The constant tirade of pecking produced a chilling drumming noise.

Cracks quickly began to appear on the surface of the statue.

It was only going to be a matter of time before it crumbled into dust with the amount of Dark Crows that kept pecking at it.

Zen's heart couldn't help but sink at the sight and he quickly dashed in the direction of the Goddess Statue.

However, before he could even get close, he saw another figure come from not far away. It was Nelly, holding a short sword and dressed smartly in a suit. Red dots of light flashed from under her feet and she circled the statue once.

The circle quickly formed into a strange killing array.

With the formation of the killing array, a strange rune appeared above each Dark Crow that pecked onto the Goddess Statue.

"Die!"

Nelly screamed with a murderous look in her eyes before her figure disappeared into a blur.

"Swoosh!"

She slashed at the crows with incredible speed.

The Dark Crows' bodies shone with blue light from the Mysterious Glimmer Balls at Nelly's first strike. Her attack was simply negated and the crows resumed to peck at the Goddess Statue. The cracks on the statue were widening rapidly.

Landing on her feet after her first strike, Nelly lightly tapped her toe on the ground and looked back at the crows. "Again!"

Nelly's body disappeared a second time, transforming into a blur headed for the crows.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The Dark Crows that pecked at the statue were quickly slashed in half, reduced to nothing but meat and feathers.

Two attacks and a clean kill - it was quite impressive.

She turned her head and saw Zen. She quickly shot him a smile hinting at provocation. "Come on!" With a shout, Nelly looked towards another approaching flock of crows above. She jumped and quickly made another circle that enveloped them.

Zen smiled and followed right after her.

Since there was quite a number of True Gods more concerned with scrambling after the divine might coins, those who were more focused on killing the Dark Crows had to double their efforts to protect the Goddess Statue.

Unfortunately, their best effort didn't seem to be enough. A couple of crows still broke through their defenses and pecked at the statue from time to time. Despite being killed almost immediately by the True Gods, the crows still caused some significant damage.

"We can't go on like this!" Reginald roared in anger. "Stop picking up the divine might coins! I already told you: everyone will get an even share once we kill all these crows!"

His words did not have any effect, to his frustration.

After seeing the extensive damage the Goddess Statue had suffered, some True Gods gave up and focused on getting as much money as they could instead.

They figured that they would be unable to enter the second stage of the forbidden area at this point so they might as well seize the opportunity to make a profit off this venture. They might regret it in the future if they missed this chance.

This behavior did not just piss Reginald off. Even Soren and other top-rank True Gods looked angry.

Top-rank True Gods were naturally more ambitious than ordinary True Gods. Divine might coins were indeed very tempting but they hoped for better rewards in the long run. It frustrated them that the fellows with them were short-sighted and only focused on what they could see.

"Let me do it," a top-rank True God said.

"Bevan Moon?" Reginald couldn't help but be surprised but a joyous smile soon appeared on his face. "That's good!"

Bevan Moon and Reginald both came from the Floating Island of the Moon Clan but one came from the Moon Sect and the other from the War God Hall.

Given the absurdity of their situation, someone had to step up. Killing the crows wasn't hard but it proved challenging since they all needed to launch at least two attacks to kill each batch. Strategy and cooperation were key but they couldn't do that if some of them were too greedy and scrambling on the ground for divine might coins.

As luck would have it, Bevan Moon cultivated the Great Dominance Technique.

He took a deep breath and a light brown gem appeared between his brows. This gem was a pure magic stone that could greatly enhance the momentum of his soul.

When the light brown gem appeared, it began to flash brightly and exerted an extremely strong soul pressure amongst everyone present. It felt like being in the presence of a Holy Being.

Of course, Bevan Moon was merely a top-rank True God and his soul wasn't anywhere near the strength of a consummate True God, much less a Holy Being.

However, with the help of the Great Dominance Technique, he could project an irresistible aura that could give off the illusion of him being a Holy Being. Everyone, including those that were scrambling around for coins, felt a chill run down their spines.

"Everyone, let's get rid of the crows first. Once we've dealt with them, then we can divide the divine might coins equally.

If anyone dares disobey, they will die!"

At the mention of the word 'die, ' Beven Moon raised his voice and boomed his threat so that it could be heard by everyone.

Many of the True Gods present trembled at his orders and felt that they would really die if they disobeyed.

It was an empty threat, of course. Bevan Moon couldn't really join hands with other top-rank True Gods to kill them if they chose to collect the divine might coins instead of fighting the crows. There were so many Holy Beings watching outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land after all and most of the True Gods here were closely connected with them. Killing without a legitimate reason could only result in troublesome consequences.

However, the True Gods subconsciously chose to believe Bevan Moon's words and follow his orders.

This was the magic of the Great Dominance Technique. At a high enough level, it enabled one to have a strong leading power that caused other people to submit humbly.

"Let's just kill these Dark Crows first!"

"Everyone, let's stop gathering the coins. Since Bevan said that the coins will be equally divided later then it would be best if we deal with the crows first!".

"Another flock is coming! Everyone get ready!"

The True Gods were now resolute and no longer had greed clouding their vision. They were motivated to fight the crows instead of gathering up their divine might coins.

Most of them were not truly resolute and were merely influenced by the Great Dominance Technique.

Nonetheless, it still worked to unite them.

The Goddess Statue was once again surrounded protectively by the True Gods. With their concerted effort, the protective circular ring grew larger. The Dark Crows could no longer cross this line and hurt the Goddess Statue.

Chapter 2331 Abyss Demons

Dark Crows were crushed by the True Gods one after another, leaving a thick layer of divine might coins that blanketed the valley.

It was an impressive amount even for the rich clans on the Floating Islands but under the suppression of the Great Dominance Technique deployed by Bevan, nobody dared to scramble for the divine might coins.

Everyone did their best to try and kill the crows in the sky.

Even though Rhyme Butterflies in the first wave and the Poisonous Wolf Scorpions in the second wave were easy to deal with, the crows in the third wave made them feel some pressure.

Just five minutes later...

No more crows appeared from the four entrances of the valley.

The fight with the third wave of beasts came to an end.

The light brown gem on Bevan's forehead slowly dimmed and dissipated as he quietly retreated to the side.

It disappeared along with the powerful aura that emitted from his body.

With Bevan no longer suppressing the True Gods, they turned to greedily look at the divine might coins.

If nobody stopped them, then the True Gods would probably be fighting for the coins in just a moment!

"Don't take any of that! Gather them together!"

Reginald ordered. His entire body emitted a powerful aura from his fighting intent that was boiling in his body.

If no one stepped in, the low-rank True Gods and mid-rank True Gods wouldn't get any divine might coins because all of them would fall into the hands of the top-rank True Gods.

That wasn't difficult for the True Gods to understand and so they didn't act rashly.

Reginald and the other top-rank True Gods waved their hands and the divine might coins on the ground gathered together, forming a small hill that was as high as forty or fifty feet.

With those top-rank True Gods guarding the small hill of divine might coins, no one dared to take a move. The pile contained seven or eight hundred thousand divine might coins, and if they were divided equally, every True God would get a good share.

Under the command of Reginald, all the True Gods got in line and orderly took the divine might coins.

After distributing the divine might coins, Reginald said, "The first three waves of beasts are only the preliminary levels of the trial. Based on past experiences, there wouldn't be many beasts in the fourth round but they're very powerful. Be careful."

Many True Gods nodded.

They didn't know how long they would stay here, but if they persisted and fought one more wave of beasts, they would get more rewards. They would be more resolute because of the expectations in their hearts.

"Rumble..."

As soon as Reginald finished speaking, the valley began to tremble again.

Everyone turned and fixed their eyes on the entrances, and Zen was no exception.

A huge sword with flames rose from an entrance and a black huge claw with many sharp thorns on the back that was holding the sword came after.

"Bang!"

Thundering footsteps erupted when a huge figure walked out from that entrance.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Each time it took a step, the whole valley shook.

"What's that?" Surprised, Zen asked as he raised his eyebrows.

It was a monster as high as fifty or sixty feet.

Compared to the giant monsters in the Swirl Forest, this one wasn't especially tall.

It wasn't too big but the monster's appearance was just too ferocious, and one look would repulse people. No one wanted to face it!

There were two huge horns on its head and it had a skinless face. Two dark red eyeballs bulged out of its sockets and its bones were exposed. Flames burned on the outer ring of its eyeballs and it emitted the pungent smell of sulfur.

"It's a monster from the abyss!"

"The Abyss Demon is coming!"

"Who'll fight it first?"

The most terrifying of the four great forbidden areas was the Abyss Demon Region.

The Time Sea Forbidden Land, together with four others were listed as the sixth level forbidden areas. When True Gods explored the Time Sea Forbidden Land, they usually wouldn't go too deep. Because the deeper they went, the more strange the Time Law was. Even consummate True Gods couldn't resist some kinds of Time Law. Ordinary True Gods usually stopped after they explored the second stage, while consummate True Gods could explore the third stage at most.

Very few consummate True Gods would dare to break into the fourth stage of the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

The fifth and sixth stages weren't opened at all because of the rule set by the leader of the Sun Blind race.

There wasn't any strange Time Law in the Abyss Demon Region.

However, almost all of the terrifying legends in the entirety of the divine land came from the Abyss Demon Region.

In countless divine eras, billions of divine citizens and True Gods had a rich imagination about death and hell. Those thoughts turned into negative Faith Energy and were constantly gathered in the Abyss Demon Region, creating the most terrifying forbidden area.

It was said that in the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region, some powerful fiends could even kill Holy Beings!

The Abyss Demon was a kind of ferocious beast that existed only on the surface of the Abyss Demon Region, but it wasn't something an ordinary True God could fight against. Even Reginald, Bevan, and the other top-rank True Gods felt that it would be very tricky to deal with it.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

What was worse was that there were four of them.

They appeared from the four entrances, waving their huge swords of flames and trudged to the Goddess Statue. Their tails made of black bones swayed like a long whip. A diamond shaped sting was at the tip of their tails, one of the most powerful weapons used by the Abyss Demons.

It was fortunate that the Abyss Demons were very slow in their movements. Step by step, they slowly walked towards the Goddess Statue.

"I've never been to the Abyss Demon Region before," Reginald stated. "Who is experienced in dealing with them?"

The Abyss Demon Region wasn't a place everyone could go to.

"I am," replied Soren with a faint smile.

"What should we do?" asked Reginald.

"They're very powerful..." Soren shook his head. "No top-rank True God present here can resist any of their blows."

Some of the True Gods subconsciously looked at the Star Door as their hearts sank at those words. The top-rank True Gods weren't a match for the Abyss Demons and so it was better to run away as soon as possible. They already got enough divine might coins.

"Let's give up!"

"Even top-rank True Gods won't be a match for them, we'll only be killed if we fight them."

"We already have had the harvest that has far exceeded our expectations in this Time Sea Forbidden Land. We have no regrets."

Soren stared at the Abyss Demons which were walking slowly in the distance and spoke, "The Abyss Demons' weakness is that they're very slow. In fact, they're a kind of puppet made up of the bones of fiends and they're not very smart. If we want to kill them, we have to delay them as much as possible and we shouldn't get too close to them."

Cold air rose from his hands as he spoke, and a handful of ice cocoons appeared in his hands. Exquisite ice butterflies broke out from the cocoons and flew around him. He said confidently, "Do you understand what I mean?"

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2332 Attacked By True Gods

The True Gods present understood Soren's words, but they still had no confidence in their hearts.

However, Soren was always free and alone, living in total isolation from society. Although he was very strong, he was not as good a commander as Reginald was, and he did not have the character of a leader like Bevan did.

Seeing that everyone was silent, Soren felt helpless. All he could do was to tell Reginald, "You give the orders. The first step is to make these guys slow down as much as possible. In fact, it's not that difficult..."

Reginald nodded and swept his gaze across the crowd. "Bevan, you lead a team to deal with the Abyss Demon in the east!

Nathaniel and Jolyon..."

Before anyone even had the time to blink, Reginald had already divided the True Gods present into four teams, which immediately proceeded to charge towards the four Abyss Demons.

Zen was assigned to Soren's group.

Soren had previously had the experience of exploring the Abyss Demon Region, so he ran towards the Abyss Demon directly, stopping when he was about twenty feet away from it. Then he raised his arm and pointed at the Abyss Demon slowly and deliberately. "Go!"

A multitude of translucent ice butterflies floated towards the Abyss Demon.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

These ice butterflies continuously threw themselves at the Abyss Demon. Butterfly-shaped ice marks formed on the body of the Abyss Demon in the places where the butterflies had hit it.

The Abyss Demon was extremely slow. And after the butterflies had left their marks on the Abyss Demon's body, it became slower still, moving at half of its previous speed. It looked as if it was trying to walk underwater, each step taking over five seconds.

"You lot! Help me out here. Don't just stand there watching!" Soren yelled, frustrated at the True Gods that did nothing but passively watched from behind as he faced the Abyss Demon.

Stirred into action by Soren's sudden scream, the True Gods began to attack.

Zen stretched out his hand and made a strange gesture, as if he was patting the air. A translucent Long Vine Sword shot out from his hand and transformed into countless vines that wrapped themselves tightly around the Abyss Demon.

This Abyss Demon's power was astonishing. It was able to break the vines just by lifting its feet. However, the Long Vine Sword also impaired the Abyss Demon's mobility, making it slow and disoriented.

"Snow Attack!"

A mid-rank True God thus summoned the internal momentum of the Snow Godly Way.

Soon after, a white cloud appeared above the head of the Abyss Demon. Snowflakes floated down from it, and as they descended, they congregated to form a spinning storm which engulfed the Abyss Demon completely.

The other True Gods also used their own skills to immobilize the Abyss Demon.

With everyone working together, the speed of the Abyss Demon continued to reduce, and it became increasingly difficult for it to make even the smallest of movements. It resembled a tattered, badly made puppet trying to imitate a living creature's movement.

"That's enough. The body of this Abyss Demon is very thick. Everyone, use the most powerful technique you possess!" commanded Soren.

With these words, he turned his palm slightly and pulled out a long, translucent sword. Condensing a tiny bit of extreme cold power in his arm, he poured it into the sword. As the cold power siphoned into it, the translucent long sword turned blue, spreading currents of cold air all around it. Soren lifted the ice-laden sword and swung it fiercely at the Abyss Demon standing twenty feet away from him.

"Spiritual Ice Hacking!" he shouted coldly.

"Whoosh!"

The azure blue light emanating from the sword formed itself into a glowing scythe in mid-air, which then slashed at the Abyss Demon at lightning speed.

Unable to move, it was impossible for the Abyss Demon to dodge the lightning-fast scythe of light released by Soren's icy sword.

Seeing the sword light, everyone was secretly surprised. Soren was one of the most powerful top-rank True Gods after all. This sword light looked ordinary, but there was a great power contained within it. If an ordinary True God was hit by a strike of this sword, they would surely die.

They wondered how many sword strikes the Abyss Demon could bear.

In what seemed less than a second, the blue sword light made countless lashes at the Abyss Demon's body.

"Clap!"

As the sword light collided with the Abyss Demon once again, it suddenly exploded, emitting a burst of dazzling blue light.

Once the light had dissipated, everyone observed the damage, shocked.

The burst had only left a shallow mark on the chest of the Abyss Demon!

"Is the Abyss Demon's body so hard and strong?"

"It doesn't seem injured at all, even after Soren's sword attack, and he is a top-rank True God..."

"How can we kill it?"

Soren's face looked unsurprised. "It is extremely difficult to kill an Abyss Demon. There are only four of them here and I think we can manage to kill them if we give it our best effort. It is much better than the last time, when our Dongfang Clan members went to explore the Abyss Demon Region and ended up being chased by hundreds of Abyss Demons..."

If it was so difficult to kill just one Abyss Demon, dealing with hundreds of them seemed impossible.

Just the thought alone made the True Gods tremble with fear.

Normally, the True Gods wouldn't explore the Abyss Demon Region. Some elites of the rich clans on the Floating Islands would enter the Abyss Demon Region only after extensive preparation. Nevertheless, despite all their precautions, any True Gods exploring the Abyss Demon Region would still be in great danger.

"Let's attack it," said Soren. He didn't bother to explain in too much detail. Brandishing his long sword once again, he continued to slash with the sword light.

The other True Gods didn't hesitate. Seeing how slow the Abyss Demon's movements were, they realized that as long as they kept a reasonable distance from it, it was not much unlike a stationary target: nothing to be afraid of.

"Holy Thunder Kill!"

"Crack, crack, crack..."

A True God released the thick lightning, launching it haphazardly at the Abyss Demon.

"Sacred Blood Hacking!"

"Buzz..."

The giant, blood-red blade slashed down horizontally, emitting a grating sound when it cut the body of the Abyss Demon.

Zen made use of the other three long swords to attack the Abyss Demon, leaving numerous marks on its body.

The Abyss Demon continued to stand motionless after the attacks of dozens of True Gods. However, despite its lack of movement, it seemed that the continuous attacks had irritated it. Groggy and uncoordinated, it waved the flame sword, trying to adjust its trajectory, roaring, "Woo, woo, woo..."

It turned to move towards one of the True Gods.

However, as all sorts of restrictions were acting upon its body, its advance was extremely slow. Many of the True Gods were nimble and fast, like rabbits, attacking while retreating. The Abyss Demon resembled a turtle being beaten. Although its armor was sturdy, it was bulky and slow, and couldn't touch any True God...

"It's very simple!" a True God said with a smile.

"Sooner or later, we will be able to kill this monster!"

"I wonder what reward will we get for killing the Abyss Demon. It's so powerful, and if it dies, will the supreme treasure of belief appear?"

Once the True God mentioned the reward, all the other True Gods' faces immediately displayed excitement. At the same time, they all glanced tentatively at Soren.

If a supreme treasure of belief really was to appear, how would they distribute it?

It would not be right for Soren to possess it alone.

Many of the True Gods had a faint suspicion in their hearts. If they worked hard to help kill the Abyss Demon but received no reward, no one would want to help kill the next one.

"Click, click..."

After a while, the continuous attacks of the True Gods began to take visible effect. Cracks started to appear on the surface of the Abyss

Demon's body. At the same time, its ribs, now full of thorns, began to break, one by one.

"It seems that it can't hold on much longer!"

"Everyone, come on!"

Some of the True Gods began inching closer towards the Abyss Demon. If killing the Abyss Demon would truly get them the precious supreme treasure of belief, then they would surely try their best to be the first one to get it.

However, unbeknownst to them, danger was just around the corner.

"Woo, woo, woo..."

The Abyss Demon managed to unleash a fiery aura as it raised the flame sword in its hand, and red flame shot out from its pupils.

At the same time, its bones glowed, coated with a layer of golden light.

Protected by that layer of golden light, all the True Gods' theurgies lost their effects. Regaining its original speed, the Abyss Demon charged at the nearest mid-rank True God.

The mid-rank True God was still thinking about how to snatch the reward. Before he could react, he was grabbed by the big black hand of the Abyss Demon!

Chapter 2333 Dangerous Situation

Everything seemed to move in a blur as the Abyss Demon suddenly seized the mid-rank True God.

As soon as the True God came to his senses, he struggled frantically in an attempt to escape the Abyss Demon's clutches.

The Abyss Demon however, was like a giant snake that had coiled around its prey. No matter how hard the mid-rank True God struggled, he couldn't get rid of its grip. There was nothing he could do except watch as the Abyss Demon raised the flame sword and stabbed it into his chest.

"Whap..."

The flaming sword pierced the mid-rank True God's chest. Blood spurted out from his gaping wound before the blazing flames vaporized it. Soon enough, the fire had completely engulfed the mid-rank True God.

"Ahhhhh!"

The Abyss Demon raised its flame sword while the mid-rank True God's body still writhed in the middle of it, his shrill cries filling the humid air.

Soon enough, his screams stopped and the mid-rank True God's body turned into ashes and drifted away in the wind.

"Hoo..."

The ground shook as the Abyss Demon waved its sword.

Thick smoke billowed in the air as the rising flames rose higher and higher.

The scorching flames released terribly hot heat waves, which swept over the other True Gods.

At that moment, the Abyss Demon's body glowed with a golden light and it rushed towards the True Gods at an extremely fast speed!

"Run!"

"What's going on? It's so fast!"

Not only was the Abyss Demon immensely fast, it had a very strong defensive power and incredible strength. An ordinary True God could never stand a chance against it. Perhaps, only the consummate True Gods could fight it.

The golden light around the Abyss Demon shone brighter, and then it broke free from all its restraints. It was finally able to move even faster, and all the True Gods scrambled to dodge in panic.

Meanwhile, Zen's body kept on sliding backward. He gently waved his hands. Then the Grant Sun Sword and the Heavenly Tooth Sword shuttled back and forth as they tried to hit the Abyss Demon.

"Clang!"

There was a loud, metallic clang when the two invisible swords collided against the Abyss Demon's hard body. Both swords however, disintegrated.

The Abyss Demon didn't care about Zen at all. It chased after the True Gods at an extremely fast speed and slashed at them with its flame sword!

Three low-rank True Gods failed to dodge the Abyss Demon's attack, and they ended up being cut in half.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Luckily, it did not necessarily mean that they would die.

However, the bad thing was that the flame of the great sword came from the Abyss Demon Region, and those who made contact with it even in the slightest bit would be burnt to a crisp. True enough, the faces of the three low-rank True Gods melted away like candle wax as they died, along with their harrowing screams.

Everyone was truly frustrated at their current situation, but no one else fought the Abyss Demon back except Zen. Not even Soren and the other top-rank True Gods were confident enough to fight. In any case, they would die if the Abyss Demon did hit them.

"Waah! Waah..."

Just then, Zen heard multiple roars from behind him.

He turned around and saw that another Abyss Demon was covered with a layer of golden light, and then it brandished the huge flame sword in its hand and started to chase the True Gods.

The other three teams had previously used the same method to fight the Abyss Demons but in the last moments of the fights, each of the Abyss Demons' bodies glowed with a golden light, which made them more powerful!

"These Abyss Demons will have that ability during the worst times!" Zen exclaimed. He raised his head and looked at Soren, who was in a state of panic. "It seems that Soren also doesn't know anything about this. And since the Time Sea Forbidden Land has gotten more difficult, I bet these Abyss Demons are no ordinary ones either…" he muttered.

"Woo, woo, woo..."

"Ah! Ah..."

Just as he was trying to strategize a plan, he heard the screams of young girls from the other side.

He looked around and saw that Aleyna and Nelly failed to dodge and the Abyss Demon had caught them!

"This is bad!"

Zen couldn't care less about the Abyss Demon in front of him anymore, and instead dashed towards Aleyna's direction.

The Abyss Demon tightly gripped Aleyna's and Nelly's slender waists with its huge hand, their bodies pressed together. It used its other hand to wave its huge flame sword, and it looked like it was going to cut their heads!

"Aleyna!" Laquisha screamed.

The flame spear that she held moved and sent out a ray of flame spear radiance, which continuously attacked the Abyss Demon's body. The spear radiance was so sharp that it pierced the golden light that enveloped the Abyss Demon's body. The light then repeatedly reflected off its skin and bore small holes.

Yet, the injury was nothing to the Abyss Demon, and there was nothing they could do to stop it.

On the other side, Kelsey and Pascal were deeply worried as well.

"Aleyna!" they both shouted.

At that point, Pascal leapt into the air and unleashed an extremely powerful force as he ran towards the Abyss Demon.

Another top-rank True God from the Mu Clan brought out a large saber and proceeded to hack at the Abyss Demon in an attempt to save Nelly.

Unfortunately, their attacks were only like an itchy scratch that didn't do substantial damage to the Abyss Demon.

Suddenly, they were interrupted by someone else's presence.

"Get out of the way!" Zen roared as he launched himself at the Abyss Demon.

Pascal, Laquisha, and the others were slightly stunned but wasted no time and gave way to Zen.

Nelly and Aleyna squirmed helplessly in the Abyss Demon's hand. It wasn't long before their fear was replaced with slight hope when they saw someone rush towards them at a very fast speed.

On the other hand, the other True Gods had already escaped somewhere. They turned around once more, but they only looked at the others with pity. It was bad that those two women were about to die today, but they were secretly glad that they managed to run away fast and dodge the Abyss Demon's attacks.

"Four Swords!" Zen shouted.

He ran towards the Abyss Demon while he extracted the strength contained in the Nine Divine Stars in his inner world like mad, which caused the Nine Divine Stars to spin at a high speed. Then, the light they emitted dimmed for a while as well.

Back in the Arena of Legends, he never used all of his strength to fight the low-rank True Gods, no matter how powerful they were.

He only extracted only about 30% of his strength to maintain the constant movement of the four swords.

Now, however, was not the time to hesitate. He quickly pulled out all of his strength source.

Finally, the four invisible swords showed their true, hideous and dreadful aura in front of everyone.

"Four swords in one!"

The four swords were now scattered in different places after Zen had summoned them. Then with a single thought in his mind, the four swords spun like crazy and fused together into one invisible gigantic sword.

The gigantic sword was almost the same size as the Abyss Demon's huge flame sword.

Of course, the sword contained all of Zen's strength source.

His strength source had come from Holy Jay, and it was equal to one third of a Holy Being's strength.

Back when Zen trained constantly, the nine stars also gradually grew and expanded. Thus, they could contain more amounts of strength source.

Despite that, however, he did not have the confidence to kill the Abyss Demon.

If even a top-rank True God couldn't kill it after they'd gone all out, it was impossible for Zen to kill it with just one sword strike.

Then again, his goal was to save Aleyna, and not to kill the Abyss Demon.

"There are cracks on its arm!"

The Abyss Demon had been under siege by a group of True Gods for a long time, and the surface of its body was covered in bumps and cracks. Zen carefully observed the Abyss Demon's left arm and found that a large fissure had already appeared at the upper end of it.

"I should hit its arm!"

At this moment, Zen had no time to think too much. He controlled the giant sword to attack the crack on its left arm.

Aleyna and Nelly only felt a tremendous force sweeping past their heads. It was a horrible force that could terrify people. It seemed as if they would be smashed to pieces if they touched it!

"Bang!"

"Crack!"

The area was filled with a loud ringing sound when Zen hit the crack.

A loud thud followed after the Abyss Demon's left arm, which was as huge as a tree trunk, broke and fell off.

The two girls fell down when the Abyss Demon's left arm got amputated. Suddenly, the Abyss Demon waved the flame sword with its right hand and slashed towards Aleyna and Nelly. The scorching hot flame sword brushed past them from above their heads, but it managed to burn their hair.

Chapter 2334 The Orange Light Ball

Zen went all out to strike, consuming almost ninety-nine percent of his strength source.

The nine stars within his inner world dimmed rapidly.

Most of the creatures in his inner world had no clue what happened—only the Evil God looked up and muttered, "The Creator is fighting a powerful opponent again…"

Bang, bang, bang…

The Abyss Demon's broken arm with Aleyna and Nelly in its grip fell to the ground.

The True Gods who saw it widened their eyes in shock.

These Abyss Demons had astonishing defensive power—every True God was well aware of it. Though they had used their most powerful killing method, they couldn't cause any substantial damage to any of the Abyss Demons. Some of the low-rank True Gods' attacks couldn't even leave a single trace on their bodies.

When Thad launched a full attack, he had actually cut off an Abyss Demon's arm.

Just how powerful was this guy's attack?

If even the Abyss Demon couldn't withstand that blow, then who else among the True Gods present could?

Although one of its arms was cut off, Aleyna and Nelly were still in danger.

The Abyss Demon's flame sword missed its target and tried chopping Aleyna's and Nelly's heads right off again.

Having used up most of his strength source, Zen could no longer burst out any power. It was too difficult for him to drag Aleyna and Nelly out from the Abyss Demon's hand.

But Pascal, standing beside them, took action. He clenched his fist until a light golden fist shadow was formed.

"Phew!"

The first shadow began rapidly spinning and rushed towards the Abyss Demon's broken arm.

Meanwhile, on the other side, the top-rank True God of the Mu Clan condensed some energy in his hands and heavily pulled back. An invisible wind was formed out of thin air, wrapping around Aleyna and Nelly, dragging them toward the top-rank True God. By this pull, the two, along with the broken arm, were moved for about forty or fifty feet.

Crack…

The Abyss Demon's sword came down right then, but rather slowly. Finally, its sword landed on the ground and triggered a crack—it lit up with a blazing flame, as though it was an entrance right to hell.

"Withdraw!"

Because the girls had been rescued from the Abyss Demon, everyone quickly distanced themselves from it and Zen was no exception.

The strike had consumed ninety-nine percent of Zen's strength—he could no longer reach a high speed by relying on bursts of his strength source. But it was still no problem for him to distance himself from the Abyss Demon.

The top-rank True God of the Mu Clan stretched out his hand, trying to pull Nelly out of the Abyss Demon's broken arm, but it was all in vain. The Mu Clan's top-rank True God frowned before seizing a corner of the broken arm and pulling the two girls away.

"I'm leaving now. If I stay here any longer, I'll only be courting death…"

"Run! Run away from the Star Door!"

Realizing that the situation wasn't getting any better, some True Gods rushed to the Star Door below the Goddess Statue.

But most of them didn't run away and only kept a certain distance from the Abyss Demons.

Although these Abyss Demons were tough and mighty, there were only four of them in the end. The only weapons they used to attack were the huge, flaming swords in their hands. If these fellows weren't bursting out so suddenly, they weren't actually as scary as everyone imagined.

Bang, bang, bang…

Four Abyss Demons waved the enormous flaming swords in their hands and charged right at the True Gods, who constantly dodged, relying only on their reflexes.

Half a minute later…

The golden light being emitted from the surface of the Abyss Demons' bodies gradually dissipated and their speed slowed down.

"The golden light disappeared!"

"I knew that the golden light wouldn't last long. Everybody, go!"

"……"

In the midst of their fleeing, the True Gods heaved a sigh of relief. Although the Abyss Demons were powerful, once they started slowing down, they posed no real threat.

"Frost explosion!"

"Splash!"

Tens of thousands of ice crystals smashed into the Abyss Demons like a heavy downpour of rain while the white frost floated in the air, layers upon layers.

"All things grow!"

"Crack..."

Thick vines sprouted from the ground and quickly wrapped around the legs of all the Abyss Demons.

All sorts of methods were exerted on the Abyss Demons, restricting their movements.

Under the previous siege of the True Gods, the four Abyss Demons had already been put in a difficult position. After losing the golden light's protection, they were unable to resist the True Gods' attacks.

"Crack!"

A huge crack suddenly appeared on the waist of one of the Abyss Demons—its huge body lost balance until its upper half was cut all the way off, falling to the ground.

"Finally, we finished one!"

"The Abyss Demons are too powerful—it isn't easy even for a consummate True God to kill one…"

"But somehow, we managed it! Hahaha!"

Thanks to everyone's cooperation, they had killed such a powerful monster, filling everyone with excitement.

"Hoo..."

Another Abyss Demon roared desperately.

Before it died, the Abyss Demon began inserting its flaming sword into the ground, kneeling down on one knee with its head bowed. Then, it ceased to move.

The remaining two Abyss Demons ended in a similar way.

Just as Soren had said, these Abyss Demons were puppets made up of fiends' bones. It was extremely difficult to destroy them all, but after a certain number of attacks, they were finally paralyzed.

None of the Abyss Demons could move. Glancing at each other, the True Gods' eyes once again glowed with a fiery light.

"What's our reward for killing these Abyss Demons?"

"Will we get tons of divine might coins?"

"If there are only a few supreme treasures of belief, how should we divide them?"

Upon hearing this, many of the low-rank True Gods were at a loss. Meanwhile, the top-rank True Gods quietly approached the Abyss Demons—getting rewarded was also on their mind.

Even the first or second-level supreme treasures of belief were incomparably precious.

If four supreme treasures of belief really came out of killing four Abyss Demons, they didn't even need to guard the Goddess Statue anymore. A fierce battle for the treasures would probably erupt, every single True God becoming an enemy.

Through long social practices, these rich clans had some established rules, preventing them from fighting each other in the forbidden areas.

But with the real benefits before them, the rules meant nothing to them.

Normally, everyone obeyed the rules, knowing that if they violated them, they would suffer great losses. But once the possible profit they could gain totally outweighed their potential losses, the so-called rules became mere empty words.

"Sizzle..."

"Sizzle..."

"Sizzle..."

"Sizzle..."

The four giant swords inserted into the ground suddenly burst into blazing flames, devouring the Abyss Demons' bodies.

An invisible heatwave then spread in ripples within the area.

Those True Gods did not retreat, however, they continued instead to approach the Abyss Demons, facing the heatwave head-on. The looks in their eyes grew even more vigilant.

They were no longer wary of the Abyss Demons, but of the other True Gods.

Standing by quietly was Zen, calmly watching the flames. It would take some time for his strength source to recover, so he couldn't participate in the fight over the treasures.

When the Abyss Demons' bodies were burnt out, the flames gradually dissipated.

"Nothing?" Zen raised his brows slightly in surprise.

"What the hell? There isn't even a single divine might coin?"

"My brother has lost his life for nothing…"

"Alas, if the Abyss Demons left their bones behind, they would still be worth quite an amount of money. It's such a pity that they were burned!"

The Abyss Demons' bones were taken from real 'fiends' after all. Even the top-rank True Gods couldn't break them. Their bones alone were extremely valuable. But unfortunately, they were nothing but ashes now.

"What's that?" One of the True Gods suddenly piped in.

Everyone turned to the ashes and saw that they began glowing with some kind of orange light.

A top-rank True God was extremely fast—before the others could even react, he jumped up, reached into the ashes, and grabbed the orange ball of light. Ecstasy seemed to come over his face, but as soon as he caught the ball, a miserable scream escaped his mouth. He threw it back quickly, but half of his hand was already charred.

Chapter 2335 The Promise Of Absolute Beginning

Everyone steered clear of the orange light ball after seeing the top-rank True God's miserable condition after touching it.

After rolling, the ball then began to float strangely.

At the same time, more orange light balls emerged from the other three ashes.

Buzz...

In no time at all, the fist-sized balls suddenly began to emit rays of light.

The speed at which the light burst was incredibly fast and the rays of light connected themselves to every True God.

Some tried to dodge but it proved impossible.

Zen was no exception. A ray of light shot straight at his chest. He raised his hand to touch it but it did not fluctuate at all.

This was only for a brief moment. The four light balls soon disappeared along with the light rays that connected with everyone present.

However, despite the disappearance of the light, Zen found three orange lines inscribed on his chest.

These lines weren't divine textures nor were they Sanskrit. They were somewhat similar to the textures on the Abyss Demons' bodies. Zen couldn't be too sure of the purpose of these textures since he had never seen them before.

"What the hell are these?"

a True God huffed, placing his hand on his chest, trying to activate the lines.

To his surprise, his attempt actually worked.

Buzz...

A burst of golden light appeared from the orange lines and enveloped the True God. It was the exact light that flickered on the bodies of the Abyss Demons.

"Wait! What's going on?" The True God couldn't understand what was happening and was now in a state of mild panic.

Nobody could offer him an answer and simply stared, not really knowing how to help him.

Outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land, the Holy Beings also noticed the movement in the valley.

"They're quite lucky. They were actually able to get three Promises of Absolute Beginning after killing those Abyss Demons," Clark remarked with laughter.

"This is quite an achievement for them. Although the Abyss Demons weren't very powerful, ordinary True Gods wouldn't have been able to defeat them," one of the Demi-holy Beings remarked with a nod.

The Holy Beings were well aware of the trials and dangers within the Abyss Demon Region. A Demi-holy Being would never dare to venture forth without the necessary precautions, let alone a consummate True God. The Faith Energy gathered there bore the malice of all living creatures from countless divine eras; thus, the monsters there were beyond control.

"Tell them that the Promises of Absolute Beginning are extremely precious. Don't use them at will," Nicolas said, sending a message to Soren.

Back at the valley, everyone still focused on the golden True God.

None of them knew what a Promise of Absolute Beginning was but they absolutely felt the power of this golden light before.

When this golden light appeared on the bodies of those Abyss Demons, they immediately broke free from all limits. Any power from their internal momentum was useless, and the speed of the Abyss Demons was greatly enhanced.

After Soren received Nicholas's message, a look of great joy broke through his face though he tried his best not to show it. Clearing his throat, he sent a calm and cool message. "The Holy Emperor of my clan said that this golden light is called the Promise of Absolute Beginning. It is supposedly a promise passed down from the ancient divine land. Once activated, it can resist all internal momentum during a short amount of time."

"The Promise of Absolute Beginning?"

"It can resist all the internal momentum?!"

"Wow! We are so lucky!"

There was a look of ecstasy on each True God's face as they looked down at the three lines etched on their chests.

These lines were very eye-catching in the beginning but had now begun to dull down and gradually fade into their bodies.

All True Gods and Holy Beings in the divine land used Faith Energy from their inner worlds to activate the internal momentum of their Godly Tiles and display theurgies. The Promise of Absolute Beginning was able to resist any theurgy with the foundation of internal momentum, and the user would be impervious to enemy attack during a certain period of time.

"So these golden lines can resist all the internal momentum?" Zen also remarked in surprise, not quite expecting such a great gift. The value of these three lines was now immeasurable. It would be enough to turn things around if a single line was activated during a desperate situation.

Activating a Promise of Absolute Beginning could prove extremely handy against those Time Ghosts. It was unfortunate that they could only use it three times.

Given its power though, perhaps they should be thankful that they were all given three chances to use it.

The True Gods were naturally overjoyed after hearing Soren's words.

Meanwhile, the True God who prematurely activated his Promise of Absolute Beginning felt morose. He wasted such a precious thing by mistake.

However, he wasn't the most depressed out of everyone.

Several True Gods fled to the Star Door early and were transported to another Star Door outside the valley. They had now returned and saw the three faint lines on everyone's chest. Hearing Soren's explanation as to the purpose of these lines, they immediately regretted their earlier decision that led to them missing such a great opportunity.

Zen returned to the Goddess Statue and simply waited for the next wave of beasts to attack.

After Zen cut off the arm of an Abyss Demon earlier, it had been dragged all the way down to the Goddess Statue by the top-rank True God of the Mu Clan.

The arm still held on tightly to Aleyna and Nelly. It took quite a lot of effort for the Mu Clan and Han Clan to rescue them.

"Thad, you saved my life again!" Aleyna said with a smile.

Nelly stared at Zen for quite a bit before muttering her gratitude, "Thank you."

Zen nodded in reply. He didn't really mean to save Nelly. Had he been caught by the Abyss Demon then he would've surely died.

This wasn't a secret for Nelly. She knew perfectly that if it wasn't for Aleyna, then Zen wouldn't have taken such a big risk.

"How to share this arm?" Pascal asked out of nowhere.

The four Abyss Demons were all burned to ashes in the flames but the arm Zen had cut down remained intact.

"Fiends' bones are very valuable. It should go to my clan," Nelly said, chin raised up high with conviction.

"That's right!" The top-rank True God of the Mu Clan nodded in agreement.

Pascal sneered, "That doesn't make sense. Is the Mu Clan's name carved on this arm?"

"Right. Why should it belong to you?" Kelsey retorted.

"Well, why should it belong to either of you?" a top-rank True God from the Fang Clan said with an arrogant laugh.

It wasn't just the Han Clan and the Mu Clan that were interested in getting the arm.

The True Gods didn't know much about the Abyss Demon Region but they heard a couple of things here and there. Fiends' bones were supposedly very useful, especially in refining pills. The Fang Clan's famous Fiend Soul Pill, for example, required such an ingredient. Very few True Gods dared venture forth in the Abyss Demon Region, so the fiends' bones were very rare.

A tense atmosphere hung over everyone over the ownership of the broken arm.

The other True Gods initially showed little interest in the arm, but after seeing the True God of the Fang Clan get involved, they figured this was something that was worth a lot.

"Cut the arm and share the pieces with each other!"

"This bone is extremely strong. How long will it take?"

"Sharing it equally is indeed a good idea."

The Han Clan was extremely weak in terms of power standing. No top-rank True God from the clan got invited to the Astronomical Transit Day, only two consummate ones, but they were not here right now.

Seeing the beginnings of what seemed to be a messy dispute, Reginald took a neutral stance. "Let's not argue. We've got such a good reward in the fourth round, so the next prize must be better. It's not good to break the peace and harmony over an arm. I've got an idea: whoever cut the arm should be the owner."

With that suggestion, Reginald looked at Zen meaningfully.

The other True Gods also turned to look at him. Some of them completely forgot that the arm was actually cut down by this low-rank True God.

Chapter 2336 The Soul-killing Ghosts

Zen never intended to join the discussion regarding the ownership of the broken arm.

He didn't really have much to rely on in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. The fusion of several hundred kinds of internal momentum was way too violent and he still couldn't control it.

His Emotion Closing Godly Way had been greatly improved by his cultivation base but he really couldn't use it since it was a forbidden way.

The Godly Ways and the theurgies beyond the Godly Ways he got from the powerful clans above the Time Sea through the Infinity Ruler were alright.

However, the greatest thing Zen relied on was the unbelievable amount of strength source within his body.

His top priority right now was to refill the nine stars in his inner world as fast as possible so that he would be ready by the time the next wave of vicious beasts arrived.

The nine stars slowly rotated within his body, exerting a huge gravitation force that continuously drew the chaotic energy into them. His strength source was now filled at around 15%.

Reginald announcing that this arm belonged to him came as a bit of a surprise for Zen.

What Reginald said was indeed reasonable. Zen cut the arm so it was perfectly justifiable for him to claim it. It resolved the dispute and even earned Zen a really rare and useful item.

Nobody would be willing to hand over such a precious thing to Zen under normal circumstances. Whoever cut it off was irrelevant in the dispute given how everyone wanted a piece of this arm. The strongest warrior could very well take it for his own benefit.

However, to bring an end to this messy dispute and ease the tension among the top-rank True Gods, Zen being the arm's rightful owner only seemed to be right.

"That's a good idea, Reginald. I also think the arm should go to Thad," Soren agreed with a smile.

"That's right. The arm was cut off by him anyway," Nelly said on behalf of her clan.

Bevan also agreed with this.

Several top-rank True Gods also voiced out their agreement. If anyone else was dissatisfied, they didn't make it known.

"Since everyone agrees, then I won't refuse," Zen said, reaching out his hand in order to put the 10-foot-long arm into his space ring.

At that moment, a mid-rank True God of the Fang Clan stepped forward. "Thad, hold on."

Zen turned to the fellow. The other True Gods frowned. A consensus had already been reached, so what was this fellow doing? This was simply too embarrassing.

Soren also frowned. He regarded Zen as a member of his clan.

Just as he was about to burst in anger, the mid-rank True God realized that everyone was looking at him in fury. He quickly raised his hands in an effort to quell the crowd's anger. "Everyone, you've misunderstood. As you all know, my clan is famous for making pills. This broken arm is really something that my clan can potentially reap a lot of benefits from. Thad, can you sell it to me? You can name the price."

Zen smiled and put the broken arm into his space ring. "If you want to trade, we should probably wait until we return to the Floating Islands. I'm afraid this place isn't such a suitable venue for a deal."

He didn't really know much about the uses of the Abyss Demon's broken arm so he wasn't really willing to sell it so casually. Besides, he wasn't lacking in divine might coins.

"You're right," the mid-rank True God said, bowing and retreating to the side.

The fourth wave of beasts killed eight True Gods; six were low-rank while two were mid-rank.

The top-rank True Gods quickly flew into the air the moment the Abyss Demons activated the Promise of Absolute Beginning, so all of them were safe. Everyone suffered in trying to kill the Abyss Demons so they now sat down and recuperated their strength around the Goddess Statue.

Zen was also sitting down and resting.

After the fourth wave, the forbidden land provided them with the necessary amount of time to gather their strength. However, after about fifteen minutes, tremors once again came from the valley entrances.

Everyone stood up in attention. They all looked at the direction of the tremors with vigilance.

Eight True Gods had died earlier and the following waves would no doubt be even fiercer. Any carelessness on their part could result in death.

It was true that they had obtained three Promises of Absolute Beginning which they could use to survive; however, they still needed to be smart. There might truly be supreme treasures of belief that waited for them later on.

The warriors craned their necks and saw lights flickering in the distance. They waited for a long time but couldn't find any sign of any beasts.

Everyone looked at each other in dismay. Where were the monsters?

A gust of cold air blew on Reginald's face. His expression immediately changed. "The monsters are good at hiding themselves! Everyone, use your spiritual sense!" As soon as he finished speaking, he spread out his spiritual sense.

He drew the outline for the world around him and soon found a group of low shadows crawling at an extremely fast rate. The closest was already in front of him.

The shadow immediately sprang up and swung a sharp hook at Reginald's head.

"Watch out! The Soul-killing Ghosts are coming!" Reginald roared. He quickly retreated backwards, barely avoiding the monster's attack.

The sharp hook slid across his head but did not really cause him any major, physical harm. A chill then began to flow through his brain and made his face turn pale.

As a soul creature, the Soul-killing Ghost's hook did not harm people but it could drag out the souls out of their brains.

"Retreat! Retreat quickly!"

"Damn it! Why didn't we notice them?"

"Ahhh!"

The scream came from a mid-rank True God whose eyes rolled up to the back of his head.

His soul had been dragged out of his brain by the invisible hook.

With his soul out of his body, the Soul-killing Ghosts immediately erupted into a frenzy. They surrounded the soul and slashed their hooks, tearing it apart. In the blink of an eye, the soul no longer existed. It had been swallowed up by the terrifying creatures.

The mid-rank True God stood motionless in his place. Without his soul, he was now merely a walking corpse.

He wasn't the only one. Despite Reginald's warning, the group already found themselves surrounded by the ghosts.

The targets of each wave of beasts differed. The Dark Crows, for example, targeted the Goddess Statue first, while the others, such as the Abyss Demons, aimed for the True Gods themselves.

These Soul-killing Ghosts were obviously going for the souls of the True Gods.

Everything was a blur. In an instant, seven to eight True Gods trembled and spasmed as their souls were dragged out and devoured by the monsters.

Zen and the other members of the Han Clan were not in the outermost circle, but the sight of their comrades having their souls sucked out of their bodies made a few of them tremble. Under Zen's lead, the Han Clan chose to retreat immediately.

As he released his spiritual sense, Zen's eyes flashed with a faint green light.

Others could only see faint shadows but with Zen's magic vision, everything was just a bit clearer.

He looked into the distance and saw a few cloaked dwarves crawling on the ground. They moved at an extremely fast rate and held thin hooks that were used in taking souls.

As he stood there, two Soul-killing Ghosts suddenly jumped up and threw their hooks at him.

"Humph!" he snorted.

The internal momentum flashed on his arm and shot out two bolts of blue lightning.

Clap! Clap!

The lightning shot the two Soul-killing Ghosts and hit them square on the chest.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

These Soul-killing Ghosts were without flesh and blood and couldn't resist the power of lightning. As Zen's attack hit them, everyone heard mice-like squeaks before the two monsters vanished into thin air.

"Hurry up! Who cultivates the Thunderstorm Godly Way?"

"Other thunder methods will also work!"

"Bombard them all to death!"

These creatures disgusted the True Gods. Just thinking about their souls getting devoured sent a chill down their spine.

Bang!

Crack!

Numerous True Gods who cultivated the Thunderstorm Godly Way had begun to display their most powerful methods one after another.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2337 Encirclement

After Zen had struggled to split the two Soul-killing Ghosts into pieces, they finally released an invisible soul force!

The immensely pure soul force circled around for a while before it flew towards him.

He, however had originally planned to dodge it but he didn't have enough time to do so. The soul force immediately entered his mind and merged with his own soul.

As soon as it fused with his mind, he suddenly felt that his soul became a little stronger.

Yet at that moment, he quickly figured out something... "This is not the broken piece of the Soul-killing Ghost... this is the reward!" he exclaimed.

Instead of divine might coins, the soul force was the reward for eliminating the Soul-killing Ghosts. Such a big prize was beyond his expectations.

Meanwhile, the other side became slightly chaotic as some of the True Gods were in the middle of a commotion. "I have no way of dealing with these ghosts. I need to go first through the Star Door!" some of them shouted.

Although many True Gods cultivated two or even three kinds of Godly Ways, not every one of them cultivated a Godly Way related to the thunder. Therefore, those True Gods couldn't do anything to deal with those malicious spirits.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Crackling sounds filled the air as the True Gods fired lightning and retreated at the same time.

White, blue, and purple flashes filled the place.

Those different Thunder Laws they exhibited contained different kinds of powers and their corresponding effects.

The Soul-killing Ghosts however, weren't ordinary ghosts at all. They were intelligent, and they simply crawled away at a very fast speed when faced with lightning.

The lightning strikes struck violently, but they only managed to kill about three Soul-killing Ghosts every time.

On the other hand, about eight Soul-killing Ghosts jumped simultaneously and threw the hooks in their hands once they found a chance to attack!

"Watch out!" Zen warned. He was fortunate that he could see things more clearly with his eyes.

The other True Gods had to use their soul power to sense the ghosts' presence.

"They are coming! What should I do? I…" Not far away from Zen was a low-rank True God, who had sensed with his own soul power that the Soul-killing Ghosts were about to attack him. The whole thing was absolutely chaotic, and the True God became so anxious that he activated the Promise of Absolute Beginning on his chest.

"Promise of Absolute Beginning!"

"Buzz!"

At that moment, golden light appeared in the air and surrounded his whole body.

That True God thought that he would be safe when he used the Promise of Absolute Beginning, but the hooks spiraled over and went straight into his mind. His body trembled, and soon enough the hooks had taken his soul away!

As for Zen, he gritted his teeth in frustration and the lightning in his hand flashed. Then, he summoned a lightning ball and shot it towards the direction of the ghosts.

Yet, the Soul-killing Ghosts were able to react quickly and scattered themselves everywhere when they noticed the lightning ball. They jumped high up before the lightning ball could land on the ground and simultaneously dragged the True God's soul with them as they left!

"Explode!" shouted Zen.

"Crack!"

The lightning ball exploded in advance and covered a radius of about thirty feet.

Even then, only three Soul-killing Ghosts were destroyed. The rest of them still managed to drag the True God's soul away and fled.

Soon enough, a large group of Soul-killing Ghosts gathered together and fought viciously for the unlucky True God's soul.

Despair filled Zen's eyes when he saw everything clearly. He helplessly shook his head and couldn't help but look away.

It was true that the Promise of Absolute Beginning was powerful and precious, like Soren had said. However, the layer of golden light it created could only block the internal momentum in the divine land and any power from the three thousand Godly Ways.

Any kind of Godly Way was useless against that golden light. On the other hand, the Soul-killing Ghosts' hooks were a type of soul attack, so activating the Promise of Absolute Beginning was not really effective.

Similarly, the Promise of Absolute Beginning did not work on pure physical strength.

The Might Godly Way however, was a skill that used the power of the internal momentum to increase one's physical strength. No one knew exactly if the Promise of Absolute Beginning was effective against it. Such a theory needed further verification.

Most True Gods were confident about using the Promise of Absolute Beginning after they had encountered the Abyss Demons, and thought that activating it would make them invincible. Therefore, many of them activated the Promise of Absolute Beginning in attempts to protect themselves — but little did they know that it would actually kill them!

Only half a minute had passed since the Soul-killing Ghosts started to attack them, but there were already over twenty corpses under the Goddess Statue, whose souls had been destroyed. Over twenty True Gods had been killed, including a top-rank True God from the Liu Clan.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Zen saw eight or nine hooks fly in the air and come straight for him. In turn, he twisted his body and retreated backward. There was a loud bang after, followed by Laquisha's scream from behind him.

"These ghosts want your souls! You can climb onto the Goddess Statue to avoid them!" he looked back and shouted.

After that, he saw Aleyna and Kelsey climb the tree stump below the Goddess Statue, and Langston already on the stump. Langston didn't think twice and grabbed Laquisha's clothes and threw her onto the stump.

"Ahh! Be careful of the hooks!" Laquisha shouted as she was thrown into the air. She might have been angry at Zen, but she was never an unreasonable woman.

They were already in a very dangerous situation, so how could she still have the heart to be mad at him?

Zen nodded and spread out his soul power as well. He didn't turn around, but he knew that several hooks were coming for his skull.

Then, he turned around and rolled on the ground to avoid the lethal hooks.

Everything was far from over though, as the hooks charged at him from another direction.

Left with no other choice, he had to evade them three times in a row and had now gotten further and further away from the Goddess Statue.

"Go to hell!"

A lightning ball materialized in his hand again while he rolled around and as soon as he got up, he immediately smashed the lightning ball into the ground.

Crack!

Once again, the Soul-killing Ghosts had reacted too quickly. As soon as the lighting ball exploded, most of them had already escaped.

When Zen stood still, he saw that a large group of Soul-killing Ghosts had surrounded him.

Whoosh!

Gusts of cold wind blew around him as the ghosts gingerly crawled forward. They looked like they moved quite slowly, but they actually moved even faster than most True Gods.

"My god! They did it on purpose!" he shouted desperately.

He didn't expect that after he'd dodged them so many times, he would still be forced into their circle! It seemed that they had planned everything well!

"Run!!" Laquisha shouted from the stump at the bottom of the Goddess Statue. "I would if I could…" Zen lamented.

Despite his misery, he created another lightning ball.

The Thunderstorm Godly Way was really effective in dealing with these Soul-killing Ghosts, but these ghosts were very smart. When they noticed the lightning ball in Zen's hand, they avoided getting too close and threw their hooks at him from a certain distance.

It wasn't long before the invisible hooks flew towards him with a burst of coldness.

The moment he saw what they did, he threw the lightning ball directly at them and tried to get out of their encirclement as the lightning ball exploded.

But as soon as he moved, the Soul-killing Ghosts also moved along with him, and even more Soul-killing Ghosts joined the encirclement.

At the same time, he saw an agile figure not too far away, who continuously dodged the hooks as well. It seemed that the person saw the open space around him. The person jumped up and with a flash of red, landed firmly next to him. It was Nelly.

She had been chased all the way by the ghosts as well. Even though she mastered the powerful Murdering Godly Way, she found it difficult to deal with these Soul-killing Ghosts. She could kill them with the Ghost-killing Sword, but it was too dangerous to get close to them. A hook almost hit her just now!

She saw an open space in front of her while she had been fleeing, so she quickly ran towards it. She didn't know that Zen was in the open space, which turned out to be a circle of the ghosts.

Her face dimmed at the sight of the ever-increasing Soul-killing Ghosts. She tightly gripped her short sword, and couldn't help the uncertainty that washed over her.

Chapter 2338 Out Of Body

The already chaotic situation had gotten much worse, but the True Gods could only rely on themselves.

Furthermore, the Star Door that Pascal and Reginald had set up was still a bit far away from the Goddess Statue.

The root cause was that it was too late when the True Gods had found the Soul-killing Ghosts. Only a few of them who were close to the Star Door were able to get in, while most of them had to retreat and crawl up the Goddess Statue.

Meanwhile, Nelly had escaped into a new encirclement and looked at the numerous Soul-killing Ghosts that crawled on the ground. She couldn't help the chill that ran down her spine.

"Kill them?" she asked simply.

They didn't have enough time to talk too much.

Now, the only way to get rid of the Soul-killing Ghosts was to kill them and run to the Goddess Statue.

The top-rank True God of the Mu Clan decided to not think twice about the overwhelming number of Soul-killing Ghosts. After all, how could he save others when he wasn't sure about avoiding their hooks in the air?

"We don't have another choice," Zen said as another wave of thunder and lightning surged from his palm.

There was a hint of blood red killing intent in Nelly's eyes, which seemed like she was possessed. Even both of her short swords became blood red and emitted a strong killing intent.

It was the "Ghost-killing Sword" of the Murdering Godly Way, which contained her killing intent from the soul. It could kill all kinds of evil spirits and ghosts of those who were wrongly put to death.

The Ghost-killing Sword usually had magic to deal with the Soul-killing Ghosts, but there were too many of them. It was nearly impossible to do.

"Let's go!" Zen shouted.

He opened his palm, then quickly released several bolts of thunder.

"Crack..."

Surprisingly, the bolts of thunder from his palm were able to destroy several Soul-killing Ghosts in front of him.

"Whoosh!"

On the other hand, Nelly suddenly turned into a blood-red shadow and ran forward at a speed even faster than Zen's. Her eyes glittered like two rubies when she neared the Soul-killing Ghosts and she hissed, "Go to hell!"

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

She wielded her two short swords in a crisscross motion and quickly cut a Soul-killing Ghost in front of her. She pulled her short swords to her sides, and then two arc-shaped blood lights spread out and cut four more Soul-killing Ghosts in half!

At that moment, the two of them had cleared a path and immediately tried to escape the encirclement.

However, countless hooks quietly rained down on them and completely blocked their path.

Zen and Nelly were clearly annoyed. With gritted teeth, they kept moving through the hooks and tried their best to dodge them.

Although the two of them were extremely agile, some of the hooks caught up with the back of Zen's head and the tip of his nose. They fell down like raindrops which made it impossible to avoid them completely.

"Zen!" Laquisha called out his real name subconsciously as she stared at him.

She wanted to run to him, but Pascal stopped her.

As for the True Gods, most of them had gotten to escape to the tree stump.

They looked down at Zen and Nelly who were in the middle of the crisis and felt a bit lucky. "They can't be saved..." a True God said and shook his head.

Even Reginald and Soren didn't look too good, especially Soren. Nicholas had personally asked him a favor, so he was determined to protect Thad.

He could fight with all his might if it had been any other evil creature. Hell, he was even sure that he could save Zen if it had been the Abyss Demons. Now, however, it was a completely different thing. He had no chance with those dense Soul-killing Ghosts. He could die if he tried to fight them.

"This is bad!" Nelly screamed.

She twisted her body to avoid one hook, but three other hooks violently went straight towards her and struck her brain.

At the same time that Zen hastily retreated back, he felt a chill spread throughout his mind, and a hook pierced into his brain. His soul immediately felt painful. The hook had bitten his soul, and then pulled him out.

Master Evil, who had been hiding in Zen's mind, was dumbfounded. He couldn't do anything about what just happened.

That hook took out Zen's soul while several other hooks joined in and bit his soul as well, then pulling him towards the Soul-killing Ghosts.

He could only imagine what would happen to him after those Soul-killing Ghosts had dragged his soul away—they would devour him.

When the hooks had pulled his soul, he saw that the same thing had happened to Nelly. She looked absolutely terrified as her soul was dragged to one direction.

The True Gods on the tree stump could do nothing but sigh defeatedly.

They saw that Zen's and Nelly's bodies stood still, which meant that they had lost their souls.

Despite the horrible situation, a smile crept up Langston's face as he had climbed higher. He felt very pleased that Thad was killed right there.

Aleyna and Kelsey kept shaking their heads in distress. "That's impossible. He won't die so easily," they lamented.

Just then, Laquisha stared at Zen and released her perception to chase after his soul. "His soul hasn't been torn apart yet," she murmured. She couldn't help but hold on to a glimmer of hope before Zen's soul had been torn to pieces, even though it was so slim.

The Holy Beings outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land focused on those consummate True Gods most of the time, but the incident in the valley caught their attentions again.

"That young man is going to die in the hands of the Soul-killing Ghosts," whispered a Holy Being.

Nicholas remained calm. Even though he wanted to take Zen as his disciple, such a thing had always depended on fate. The female leader of the Sun Blind race didn't allow Holy Beings to enter the Time Sea Forbidden Land, so Nicholas couldn't save Zen. "It's indeed a pity..." he sighed.

On the other hand, Joy was staring at Zen with a seriousness and a vague sadness in her eyes. She didn't believe that he would die just like that.

Zen's soul rapidly fell down, and then he saw the Soul-killing Ghosts crawl on the ground and surround him. Those Soul-killing Ghosts were souls that did not even hide their greedy auras at all. They opened their big mouths wide and couldn't wait to tear him to pieces.

'Is there no other choice?' he groaned quietly. His heart couldn't help but feel heavy.

Suddenly, the surface of his soul suddenly burst out golden lights, which turned into golden sword shadows and spun around his soul.

His soul had grown significantly ever since he had cultivated the Evolutionary Divine Arts in the universe. Furthermore, his soul strength was on par with that of a True God even when he was only a proving godly warrior.

After he was promoted to a low-rank True God, his soul had greatly improved.

Besides, the Emotion Closing Godly Way had everything to do with the soul. As his soul became stronger, he had comprehended the most crucial move—the Ripping Consciousness of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Thus, it could be said that his soul had also gone through the training of the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

If he used it without careful consideration, the other True Gods would discover his secret. Thus, Zen rarely used his soul power after entering the divine land. In the Heavenly Han House, he had used his soul power alone, but hadn't activated the golden sword shadows on the surface of his soul.

In addition, it wasn't a good idea to trigger the Emotion Closing Godly Way in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. It was a forbidden skill, so it was destined to be a Godly Way that nobody was allowed to practice. Now, he didn't know if those Holy Beings would let him go when they saw his situation.

Zen, however, had no choice at all when he came to such a situation. The only thing he could do was to live first.

At that moment, the golden sword shadows appeared and emitted rays of golden light that scattered in all directions.

Although the golden light belonged to the soul power, it was so strong that it could even flatten a mountain back when Zen was still in the universe. Now that his cultivation base had increased, it was even more powerful now.

The Soul-killing ghosts that came from various directions were already about to bite his soul, but the golden lights had turned into arrow-shaped offensive forces and violently flew everywhere before they could even open their mouths.

Chapter 2339 The Forbidden Godly Way

The arrows formed from Zen's soul pressure were extremely sharp.

In fact, Zen's current cultivation base was so powerful that the small arrows transformed from his soul pressure could probably cut and injure some of the low-rank True Gods.

The soul was far weaker than the physical body, so if the low-rank True Gods could get injured, there was no way the Soul-killing Ghosts would be able to survive the arrows.

In the blink of an eye, the Soul-killing Ghosts that were closest to Zen were pierced by the many small arrows from his soul pressure and suffered torture.

Zen's soul arrows shot out in all directions, some of them reaching up to several thousand feet!

But since Zen was in his soul form now, no one could see the arrows except for the Soul-killing Ghosts and Nelly. The other True Gods could only sense Zen's location with their spiritual perception and notice the extremely sharp and powerful soul pressure that was emanating from where Zen was.

Whoosh, whoosh...

Some of the small soul arrows pierced right through the Soul-killing Ghosts and continued flying toward the stump below the Goddess Statue.

Reginald gently reached out and blocked the arrows with his broad hand. Unexpectedly, he heard a muffled sound. Although these soul arrows hadn't hurt him, the power they had emitted shocked him. "Is this the soul pressure released by Thad? It's so powerful!"

Other than Reginald, a few other True Gods were also hit by the soul arrows. However, since they had already been flying for a few seconds, they had lost most of their power and did not hurt anyone.

But the Soul-killing Ghosts crawling on the ground below were in trouble!

Countless arrows shot toward them before they even had time to dodge, killing them instantly.

Nelly's soul, which was in the crutches of the Soul-killing Ghosts, was curling up. At this moment, Nelly's mind was blank and she could barely remember anything from her life.

All she knew was that she didn't want to die here. She still wanted to become the Mu Clan's top warrior and as excellent as Rachelle, who she had always looked up to as an example. She was confident that she could do it because she was just as talented as Rachelle.

Unfortunately, she would lose everything once her soul shattered.

A wave of indescribable pain spread over her, making her feel like her soul was being torn into pieces. It was really miserable that she had to die such a painful death.

However, just as she felt the darkness enveloping her, she sensed a strong soul pressure quickly approaching her.

Whoosh!

The Soul-killing Ghosts which were devouring her soul were pierced by the arrows.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The soul arrows pierced all the Soul-killing Ghosts around her, causing them to transform into traces of pure soul force that floated aimlessly behind her.

After the Soul-killing Ghosts were destroyed, Nelly's soul struggled to get up. She wondered where the powerful soul force that had just saved her had come from.

When she turned around in curiosity and gratitude, she saw a soul shining with golden light.

Golden sword shadows were continuously revolving around that soul. Every time that golden light flashed, soul arrows shot toward her.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

More and more Soul-killing Ghosts around her were destroyed.

At last, Nelly's soul was safe and sound.

"Thad Luo?"

After staring at the golden soul for a long time, Nelly gradually came back to her senses and recognized Zen. She had never expected that Zen's soul could be so powerful!

As far as she knew, even the soul pressure of a top-rank True God couldn't be this strong. That was why all the top-rank True Gods in the valley had chosen to escape.

How could Thad's soul pressure be so powerful?

The golden soul slowly approached Nelly's while continuously shooting the soul arrows. Then, Zen lifted her up from the ground and dragged her to her physical body.

Her soul had been torn and injured by the Soul-killing Ghosts, but it was nothing serious. Once her soul was close enough to her physical body, it returned to her mind in a flash.

Zen was not willing to remain in the soul state either. Now that the Soul-killing Ghosts had been dealt with, he quickly returned to his mind. When he opened his eyes, his eyes once again glowed with a golden light.

Since the Emotion Closing Godly Way had been revealed, he had no scruples anymore.

Killing Soul-killing Ghosts could strengthen his soul power quickly and by a large amount, so he had decided that it was worth the risk of revealing the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

In fact, many of the warriors who had run to the tree stump had used the power of thunder and lightning to kill the Soul-killing Ghosts for the same reason that it would strengthen their soul power. Everyone had wanted to seize this opportunity. However, since they had been far away from the Soul-killing Ghosts, none of them had managed to kill nearly as many Soul-killing Ghosts as Zen had.

Anyway, Zen was a unique case. Any Soul-killing Ghost that was within his line of sight was shot and killed.

The Soul-killing Ghosts were unusually agile. Crawling on the ground, they fled in all directions since they realized that they were no match for Zen. However, this valley was not that large, so they had nowhere to escape.

Unexpectedly, Zen began to chase them!

The Holy Beings outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land all focused their eyes on Zen with a mixture of emotions flashing through them.

"It seems that this little guy has cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way," the Li Clan's Holy Being said nonchalantly.

"Yes. The only way to strengthen the soul pressure to this extent is to use the Emotion Closing Godly Way," another Demi-holy Being said, nodding.

"The Emotion Closing Godly Way is a forbidden Godly Way. Its Godly Way Tablet was sealed away more than a hundred divine eras ago. In addition, all the True Gods who cultivated it were annihilated. Even counterfeit tablets of the Emotion Closing Godly Way don't exist anymore. How did this guy cultivate the Emotion Closing Godly Way?" The Holy Being of the Fang Clan was bewildered.

Nicholas also frowned. "This little fellow has never used the Emotion Closing Godly Way before, and I have never noticed the internal momentum of the Emotion Closing Godly Way from him. Could it be that he just inadvertently obtained the soul cultivation method of the Emotion Closing Godly Way?"

"You are right. Maybe his cultivation method is separate from the Emotion Closing Godly Way, and even he has no idea of it." Samuel pitched in with the discussion.

"I don't think so," Clark said with a sarcastic laugh. "He probably didn't use the Emotion Closing Godly Way before because he knows that it is forbidden. Just now, he passively used the Emotion Closing Godly Way to circulate his soul force and kill the Soul-killing Ghosts because he was in a desperate situation. He was forced to do that in order to survive. Who knows which level of the Emotion Closing Godly Way he has reached?"

Nicholas nodded, but he didn't look fully convinced. "After he comes out, we have to ask him to explain this matter."

It wasn't because a low-rank True God had cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way that the Holy Beings felt threatened. The Emotion Closing Godly Way had long been regarded as a forbidden Godly Way. Everyone in the Hall of Holy Beings knew and accepted that. No one was allowed to cultivate this Godly Way.

However, even if Zen had really cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way, it wouldn't be a big problem in Nicholas's eyes. After all, Nicholas was the one who had banned anyone from cultivating it.

If he were to take Zen as a disciple, he would be able to remove Zen's Emotion Closing Godly Way, or even erase his memory of it.

Now, the most important thing that Nicholas wanted to know was where Zen had learned the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Chapter 2340 Withdrawal (Part One)

The Emotion Closing Godly Way had already disappeared in the divine land for over a hundred divine eras.

Even though a True God had a life span that couldn't expire, a hundred or so divine eras was still way too long.

Despite the fact that these True Gods in the valley knew the existence of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, and more importantly that it was forbidden, they had never seen it before.

In recent years, only when Sword Chen fled to the Abyss Demon Region did people ever hear about the Emotion Closing Godly Way again. It was otherwise a pretty full dead topic.

Though that event wasn't sensational, many True Gods were aware of it. However, no one had seen Sword Chen again since he had fled into the Abyss Demon Region. In other words, the matter eventually blew over and no one really thought about it anymore.

With the use of the Evolutionary Divine Arts, Zen had greatly increased his soul power and now, he displayed an extremely powerful soul pressure when using the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Needless to say, the True Gods were all stunned!

Prior to this occurrence, most of the True Gods were still worried that even if they fled to the Goddess Statue, the Soul-killing Ghosts would eventually catch up.

In fact, the True Gods who had mastered the Godly Ways that were related to the thunder had been unable to kill these Soul-killing Ghosts. It was possible that they had taken for granted that, other than the top-rank True Gods, everyone else would be killed.

Unexpectedly, Zen, who was working alone, chased a large group of Soul-killing Ghosts!

"Is this guy really just a low-rank True God?" One of them spoke out. Standing in a daze, a mid-rank True God stared at Zen, who was running wildly through the valley after those Soul-killing Ghosts. According to this mid-rank True God's perception, Zen was quickly catching and killing off all the ghosts. So much so that it even looked like he had entered an empty area!

Langston looked at Zen in the distance, with his eyelids twitching rhythmically. Even though he was unwilling to admit it, this guy was still much stronger than he had ever allowed himself to believe.

After Nelly's soul returned to her original body, she quickly climbed onto the huge stump. Seeing Zen chasing those Soul-killing Ghosts in such a ferocious way made her heart fall, and she was amazed. 'That guy... Even his soul is much stronger than I have imagined, ' she thought to herself.

There was no emotion in Zen's eyes. As the golden light continued to flash, his soul pressure transformed itself into a rain of arrows that shot out and downward.

The Soul-killing Ghosts relentlessly crawled on the ground. At last, Zen crushed them and turned their remnants into pure soul power, which continually entered his body and strengthened his own soul.

Although a few True Gods standing on the stump released lightning that attacked certain Soul-killing Ghosts that were falling behind, the majority of them were killed by Zen.

For this reason, Zen had absorbed a massive amount of soul force. His soul was inevitably rapidly growing stronger!

Once Zen had killed the very last Soul-killing Ghost, he went directly back to the Goddess Statue.

It was only when Zen had terminated his rampage that the True Gods on the stump jumped off, one after another. Many of the True Gods still felt very scared.

Not far off in the distance, a few True Gods could be seen standing or lying on the ground, motionlessly.

These True Gods' souls had been dug out from their bodies and torn to pieces. Hence, all they could do was stand there like statues. Since their souls had been extracted only a while ago, the vitality within their bodies had not quite been cut off yet. However, they had already turned into zombies, losing their own consciousness, which was equivalent to death.

"Brother!" a True God holding a statue called out, with a mournful expression on his face.

Many of the True Gods came from the Floating Island of the same large clan and had blood relationship with each other. As their eyes fell upon the scene before them, it was only normal that they felt extremely sad.

Reginald shook his head and sighed mournfully, "Transport these corpses directly out the Star Door..."

"They aren't corpses!" a True God retorted loudly.

Reginald simply shrugged his shoulders. In fact, to ascertain whether or not a True God had died, the most important thing was verifying if their soul had been killed. Even if a True God's body had turned into pieces, as long as their soul remained intact, there would eventually be a chance for them to come back to life. If their soul vanished, though, that was another story, and they were truly hopeless.

The True Gods cleared up the scene quickly and carried those bodies out the Star Door.

It was suddenly very quiet in the valley, and most of the True Gods kept silent. No one dared speak in such a sad moment.

The majority of the True Gods obtained no substantial benefit from resisting the Soul-killing Ghosts' attacks. They didn't even receive a divine might coin from doing so. The only ones that had gained benefit from this were the True Gods who had killed Soul-killing Ghosts! Their soul force, like Zen's, had grown quite a lot, too.

Of course, among them all, Zen was the one whose strength had grown the most.

He had killed more than three fourths of the Soul-killing Ghosts on his own, and continued to retrieve their pure and precious soul power. It was only expected that his soul strength would grow significantly!

From Zen's mind, Master Evil was staring blankly at Zen's soul.

After the death of Master Evil's physical body, he had seen Zen use those small soul arrows to tear apart Yorick's soul.

At the time, Zen had only been a proving godly warrior and yet, he had broken a mid-rank True God's soul.

Chapter 2341 Withdrawal (Part Two)

Now, though, Zen's soul was fuller and stronger after having absorbed so much soul power. A glimmer of glazed light could be seen shining on the surface of his soul. Although Zen hadn't released any soul pressure now, the aura hidden in his soul caused Master Evil to feel an invisible pressure.

"Zen, your soul seems to be getting closer and closer to that of a consummate True God's. Is it about to become the Soul of Light?" Master Evil couldn't stop himself from asking this question.

"The Soul of Light?" Zen wondered.

Master Evil nodded and replied, "The soul of a consummate True God is called the Soul of Light."

If a True God wanted to reach the consummation of True God Realm, they had to grasp the consummate theurgy of a Godly Way. The seventh stage of each Godly Way was very powerful, and thus, a consummate True God's combat power would be enhanced to a level higher than that of a top-rank True God!

Nevertheless, a consummate True God still experienced certain weaknesses, in both soul and body.

Certain True Gods would try to make up for these two shortcomings after they had reached the consummation of True God Realm. They would cultivate in order to form Nine Divine Stars, which meant the consummation of their physical body. When their soul became the Soul of Light, it was considered as their soul's consummation.

"It is said that after becoming the Soul of Light, one's soul will change from dark to light, as if it was experiencing rebirth. Such a soul doesn't fear lightning or any method of exorcism, for that matter," Master Evil added.

Even a True God Soul was still a Soul of Darkness. It came down to the same thing as the evil spirits and ghost souls. They were all considered

Souls of Darkness, and such souls were extremely fragile. If lightning got into the mind of a True God with such a soul, the soul would still be severely damaged.

In addition, this kind of soul could be wiped out through a specific purifying theurgy.

However, once one's soul became a Soul of Light, the soul would go through significant change. Just as Master Evil had said, a Soul of Light was like a newborn body, and thus, it wasn't yet terribly afraid of the power from thunder and lightning. In fact, once it escaped the brain, the soul could be even seen with the naked eye.

"So that's how it's going to be," Zen said as he nodded his head briskly.

After absorbing the soul power, he did feel that his soul had an unprecedented sense of fulfillment. The void that had been gradually emitting from his soul dissipated, as if all of a sudden, his soul had become a substance.

'I wonder how I would feel if my soul were to become a Soul of Light?' he thought to himself. 'If I activate the Emotion Closing Godly Way with the Soul of Light, will the unleashed soul pressure be even more powerful?' he continued wondering.

As he thought this over, Zen felt a little pity. He had killed all the Soul-killing Ghosts. If only there were another final group of them, wouldn't that be great?

Rumble...

At the exact moment, the valley began to shake once again, and the sixth wave of fierce beasts began to attack.

Simultaneously, the True Gods who had, until then, maintained their silence were also in a tumult.

"I'm not going to defend this round!" one of them shouted.

"Even if the supreme treasure of belief appears, I don't want anything to do with this anymore. If I keep on fighting, I'm just looking for death..."

someone else added.

"If you still want to fight, I'm sorry that I can't keep you company!" another True God agreed.

The Soul-killing Ghosts had already taken the lives of dozens of True Gods, but the survivors had gained nothing from it. It was only inevitable that they wanted to retreat.

They all left through the Star Door without hesitation. Their only intention now was to save their lives.

In the blink of an eye, more than half of the three hundred True Gods were gone. There were only seventy, maybe eighty True Gods that had stayed behind.

"What do we do now? Do we defend?" Soren asked calmly.

Reginald looked at the four entrances located at the end of the valley. A bitter smile was plastered on his face. "I don't think we can... There are too few of us. We are outnumbered by the beasts. We can't take them on..."

Following Reginald's gaze, the other True Gods looked in the same direction and saw huge golden turtles slowly crawling out from all directions.

Their thick limbs stomped on the ground, leaving behind numerous circular pits. Despite crawling very slowly, there were too many of them to count.

"Golden Shell Turtles," Soren confirmed, shaking his head expressionlessly. "They are the fourth-grade beasts in the Everest Spirit Mountain. They're strong enough to rebound attacks. In the end, we really can't deal with this kind of beast right now."

"Let's go," Bevan stated without second thought. Since they couldn't deal with the coming beasts, the only remaining choice for them now was to retreat—just like the others did earlier.

Seeing as the other top-rank True Gods had all made their decisions, the True Gods from the Han Clan, the Mu Clan and other clans sitting on the fence, didn't hesitate any longer.

A look of regret spread across Reginald's face. He could only shake his head and walk solemnly toward the Star Door.

It was at that exact moment, though, that the light in the center of the Star Door began to ripple slightly. Barely noticeable, but it did.

In a panic, a low-rank True God rushed out from the Star Door. His face was filled with fear, and he was moving very fast. He collided with Reginald at once.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2342 Inside And Outside The Star Door

The True God rushed out in absolute panic, an extremely terrified expression on his face.

Even a Soul-killing Ghost couldn't have caused such fear in a True God. What could he have possibly seen on the other side of the Star Door?

"What's up? Something wrong?" Reginald asked curiously.

"Outside, outside..." the True God faltered, pointing at the Star Door. Paralyzed by extreme fear, he couldn't even find the words to speak clearly anymore.

All of a sudden, the Star Door began to glow and more True Gods rushed back in from the Star Door. The True Gods returning from the outside of the valley looked as though they had found something completely unimaginable outside the valley.

"What happened?" Reginald asked again, more seriously this time.

"Out...out there, there's a monster!" another True God said in a trembling voice.

One after another, the True Gods came back from the Star Door. No more than thirty seconds later, half of the two hundred True Gods who had left earlier were all back, huddling in a group.

"Ah…"

This time, a burly top-rank True God rushed in from the Star Door and roared, "It's coming! Run! The monster is coming!"

The burly top-rank True God was from the Xie Clan. His previous performance had also been quite impressive. He was a fearless man. Even when he encountered the Soul-killing Ghosts, he hadn't hesitated to kill many of them with his Thunder Halberd.

Now though, it was almost as though he was someone else. He looked scared to death!

Just as he finished speaking, Zen's eyes noticed a movement coming from the Star Door. He looked over just as a strange claw stretched out of it.

It was a three-toed claw. Each of the toes had a black nail. Once the claw had stretched its way out through the Star Door, it gripped onto the Xie Clan's top-rank True God, as if clawing at an ant, before dragging him back toward the Star Door.

"Cut the claw off!" someone hurled. Reginald's face darkened. Before the person could finish screaming, he had already made his move!

Besides him, the other top-rank True Gods were equally taking action and making their moves.

Zen's eyes flashed. The Buddha Emperor Sword in his hand was like an invisible fish and it condensed itself in the blink of an eye before charging toward the claw.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Clang! Clang! Clang...

Bang!

Hammers, swords, axes and many other kinds of terrifying weapons swung together at the claw.

Every single True God present launched their attack and ruthlessly slashed at the giant claw.

Without wavering in the slightest, Zen's Buddha Emperor Sword hit the claw straight on!

After this round of attacks, the giant claw that had stretched through the Star Door hadn't been harmed in the least. Unbelievable!

"Help! No! Kill me! Please! Just kill me..."

The Xie Clan's top-rank True God shouted in despair. His eyes were full of fear as he cried out in pain. He clawed at the soil and left several fingerprints on the ground. Clearly, to him, being dragged back into the Star Door was more terrifying than being killed right here, right now.

Despite his begging, no True God present was willing to kill him. Instead, they only watched him disappear into the other side of the Star Door.

"What the fuck just happened? What the hell is that?" Reginald asked loudly, his voice trembling somewhat.

One of the True Gods who had returned from the outside of the valley quickly said, "Let's talk about it later! Pascal, quickly take the Star Door down. Do it now!"

A look of hesitation etched itself on Pascal's face.

The Star Door could only be activated once. Although he could indeed close the Star Door and put it away, the Star Door itself would be rendered completely useless and he wouldn't ever be capable of activating it again.

Around them, the Golden Shell Turtles in the valley continued slowly crawling toward the True Gods. If he put away the Star Door now, wouldn't they lose their only escape? How would they leave this valley, then?

On the other hand, that claw must have come from an extremely powerful monster. Even if they wanted to escape from the Star Door, they'd have no choice but to eventually face that thing...

As Pascal stood motionless in hesitation, the center of the azure Star Door began rippling with luminosity, like a lake.

"Be careful, everyone! Something is about to appear again!"

All the True Gods scattered in every direction, trying their best to distance themselves from the Star Door. From their new position, they stared at the Star Door through squinting, fearful eyes.

Whoosh!

It was a True God that suddenly rushed in from the Star Door!

The True God, dressed in a blood red robe, dashed so fast that no one could see the person's face clearly, not even Zen, Reginald, or Soren. The True God had run in sideways, and with great momentum. In order to slow down and decrease her impact, she flipped into a somersault in midair, and both the weapons in her hands plowed two ditches on the ground as she landed.

Finally, she stopped at the edge of the valley. Fortunately, she bumped into a Golden Shell Turtle who broke her momentum, allowing her to slow down and stand up.

"Rachelle!" Nelly shouted, her face full of surprise.

The woman that came through the Star Door this time was Rachelle, the consummate True God of the Mu Clan.

At that moment, Rachelle was in a very sorry state. A section of hair on the top of her head had been cut. The remaining half of her disheveled hair fell down to one side, and there was a little mud on her forehead. Even in such a messy condition, she still looked utterly beautiful.

Rachelle nodded at her briefly, but she didn't have time for small talk, as a Golden Shell Turtle had already started to attack her from behind.

Rachelle was a consummate True God, after all. Sensing the attack before it began, she didn't even have to turn her head. In her hand, she swiveled the short scimitar. Immediately, a scarlet beam of light whistled toward the turtle.

Phew!

Although the Golden Shell Turtle's armor was thick, it failed to resist Rachelle's slash and the turtle was sliced directly in half!

Although the Golden Shell Turtle was obviously killed, a faint white curtain of light appeared on the turtle's surface just as it was hit by the scimitar. A scarlet beam of light bounced back from the light curtain and precipitated toward Rachelle!

Phew!

In a blink, the scarlet beam of light landed on Rachelle's back before she even had the chance to react.

The power of this strike was just the one Rachelle had just launched herself!

Rachelle was a consummate True God, and even a casual strike from her was extremely powerful. The scarlet beam of light bounced directly onto her back and left an open, bloody wound. Several of her ribs had even broken with a vigorous snap. She bent down in pain and couldn't help but let out a loud groan.

It was then that she looked behind her, and Rachelle couldn't believe her eyes. "Why are there even Golden Shell Turtles here?!" she asked angrily.

The Golden Shell turtle's shell could bounce back any attacks it received. Rachelle had been too confident in herself. When she rushed in from the Star Door just moments ago, she didn't have much time to verify what kind of beast she was dealing with. Her first impression was that these beasts weren't even worth mentioning, and she paid a heavy price for her careless.

Seeing that the other Golden Shell Turtles were also slowly crawling toward her, she endured the pain in her back and gently leapt up. With a flash, she arrived at the bottom of the Goddess Statue and sat down. She leaned against the tree block below the Goddess Statue dejectedly. Then, she gently drew a small circle in the void with her right hand, and a scarlet golden pill fell from the circle. She gently stretched her fingers out in order to grasp the golden pill. With a flick, the golden pill drew a parabola in the air and fell directly into her mouth.

After swallowing the pill, her original tired face recovered greatly. Nelly, who had been silent beside her, asked with concern, "Rachelle, what happened out there? Can you tell me?"

The consummate True Gods didn't care about the rewards in the first stage or even the second stage of the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

However, many years ago, even the consummate True Gods had to fight their way in order to go to the higher stages of the forbidden land, together with ordinary True Gods. In other words, they still had to endure the attacks from waves of beasts beneath the Goddess Statue before they obtained the qualifications needed to reach the second stage.

Later, a consummate True God found a space crack in the Time Sea Forbidden Land out of pure luck. If one used spatial transference, one could enter the second and even the third stages through the space crack. This was a shortcut that only the consummate True Gods could take.

As a result, the consummate True Gods no longer explored along with the ordinary True Gods. After entering the Time Sea, all of the consummate True Gods would enter the third stage directly.

It had never occurred to Rachelle and the other consummate True Gods that the difficulty of exploring the Time Sea Forbidden Land had greatly increased. Now, they had provoked an extremely powerful monster on the third stage of the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

The strength of these consummate True Gods was also extremely great. They wanted to kill the monster, of course, but if they fought with the monster on the third stage of the forbidden area, they would alert other powerful creatures. After discussion, they decided to lure the monster to the first stage of the forbidden area, instead.

Therefore, they fought while withdrawing along the space crack. Unexpectedly, as soon as the consummate True Gods retreated, they came into direct contact with more than two hundred of the other True Gods who had just withdrawn from the valley through the Star Door.

Chapter 2343 Hiding In The Valley

More than two hundred True Gods who had left the valley were totally oblivious as to what was happening with the consummate True Gods.

All they wanted was to leave the forbidden area. But if they were to follow the path they had taken earlier, they'd probably run into those Time Ghosts again. Thus, they had to find a different route.

They didn't expect to see a group of consummate True Gods suddenly appear just as they came out of the Star Door.

Some of the True Gods were overwhelmed when they saw the consummate True Gods. They thought that with consummate True Gods by their side, leaving the Time Sea Forbidden Land was a piece of cake.

However, they were shocked to find that all the consummate True Gods were either injured or exhausted. It looked as if they had been in a fierce battle.

Then the huge monster was seen on the first stage of the forbidden area.

Some True Gods with lightning reflexes rushed through the Star Door and returned to the valley. The first one to reach the valley collided with Reginald.

The top-rank True God of the Xie Clan entered the Star Door and considered himself quite unlucky as he was being targeted by the monster.

Even if the True God had rushed through the Star Door, he was still caught by the enormous monster.

Boom! Boom!

Before Rachelle could reply to her sister, the outskirts of the valley shook violently and the sound of an explosion was heard, much to everyone's discomfort.

She glanced at the east of the valley. "They are still busy fighting the monster. And they'll be escaping into the valley soon." Then she pondered for a moment and added, "Who possesses the Star Door?"

"I do," Pascal answered, stepping forward.

"Give me the scroll," Rachelle ordered.

Pascal didn't like Rachelle's tone one bit. However, she was a consummate True God and he couldn't fight her. Thus, he sulkily handed her the scroll.

"It's likely that they won't be able to defeat the fierce monster. Therefore, when they escape into the valley, I'll close the Star Door so that the monster wouldn't be able to enter," Rachelle said.

The True Gods finally understood what was happening.

These consummate True Gods had provoked an extremely power monster and were unable to kill it. Thus, they had to escape through the Star Door to the valley.

The True Gods wore an unimpressed expression on their faces. Since their path of leaving the valley was destroyed, they weren't quite sure of what to do next. They were stuck in the valley.

Zen leaned on the side of the tree block and observed the turtles which were crawling towards them from a distance. "Dealing with these Golden Shell Turtles is the most important thing right now, isn't it?" he suggested.

The Star Door had become a dead end, and these Golden Shell Turtles came towards them from all the directions. Although they were slow, they'd be able to catch up with them nonetheless.

The True Gods were unsure as to what to do. They became alert when Zen reminded them. Some of the True Gods felt like weeping, as they still had to deal with the ferocious beasts in the valley.

Howl!

As soon as Zen finished speaking, a furious roar was heard from the outside of the valley. Then a blazing fire was seen outside the entrance in the east of the valley.

"You go in first, I'll cover you,"

someone shouted. Although the person was quite far, Zen and the rest heard him clearly.

Buzz...

The consummate True Gods rushed in one after the other through the center of the Star Door. Within seconds, dozens of consummate True Gods were in the valley.

"Father!" Kelsey looked over her shoulder and saw a man who was badly burnt.

One of the consummate True Gods was none other than Alfredo, the head of the Han Clan.

"Sir," Pascal and Aleyna greeted him.

Like Rachelle, these consummate True Gods looked hurt. However, they weren't breathing heavily, and they had a spark of determination in their eyes. They didn't seem to be seriously injured.

These consummate True Gods were either the heads or leading roles of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, like Rachelle. The True Gods seemed much calmer than before as they joined the consummate True Gods of their respective clans.

"Rachelle, you coward! You were the only one who ran away from the battle. You almost had us killed," Walton shouted in a fit of anger.

Rachelle remained calm and said, "It's common sense, Walton. If the monster goes berserk, you have to retreat."

"You really shouldn't have left us there." A man dressed in white and holding a paper fan also contributed to the discussion. He was none other than Shahn, the consummate True God of the Fang Clan.

"If you hadn't left and we had tried a little bit more, we might have been able to kill the monster," another consummate True God pitched in. He was the consummate True God of the Sword Clan.

Watching everyone make her the scapegoat, Rachelle rolled her eyes and didn't bat an eye. She counted the number of people present, making sure that no consummate True God was left behind. Then she walked towards the Star Door with Pascal's scroll in her hands.

Just as she walked up to the Star Door, the center of the Star Door began to shake again and the black three-toed claw thrust through the Star Door again.

"Humph!

Not this again!"

Rachelle snorted. Her eyes burning with rage, she pulled out a sword and slashed at the three-toed claw.

The three-toed claw had pulled the True God of the Xie Clan out through the Star Door. Even Zen and other True Gods weren't able to do anything. But Rachelle's sword cut a deep wound in the sharp claw. The wound was so deep that even the bone was visible.

The claw couldn't withhold Rachelle's attack and was seen retreating through the Star Door.

Rachelle then gently waved the scroll and the Star Door disappeared completely. At the same time, the scroll also turned into small pieces, completely dissipating.

Howl! Howl!

Boom! Boom!

At the same time, they heard a roar coming from the entrance in the east of the valley. A huge monster was pounding on the light curtain. But the light curtain didn't cave in and the monster was unable to enter the valley.

Rachelle looked at the monster and said, "It's still in the stage of madness. We can hide in the valley for a while, and we can kill it after it has cooled down."

"Hide in the valley for a while?" A tall consummate True God threw a look at the Golden Shell Turtles which weren't far away. "It's not easy to deal with these Golden Shell Turtles, you know."

It was quite easy for the consummate True Gods to fight against the Abyss Demons and Soul-killing Ghosts.

Some consummate True Gods were able to kill the Abyss Demons solely alone.

The Soul-killing Ghosts were much easier to deal with. The souls of some consummate True Gods had reached consummation too and had become Souls of Light. If one's soul was really hooked out by a Soul-killing Ghost, they could crush the Soul-killing Ghost by using their soul.

But the Golden Shell Turtles were something else and were quite troublesome.

The Golden Shell Turtles were able to reflect almost all the attacks with their shells.

The stronger one attacked a Golden Shell Turtle, the stronger it would bounce back the attack.

"It's not that difficult. I have killed loads of these in the Everest Spirit Mountain," a consummate True God of the Zhao Clan said, walking towards the Golden Shell Turtles with a golden saber in his hand. According to him, the Golden Shell Turtles were annoying, but they could be dealt with easily.

With the presence of the consummate True Gods in their midst, the True Gods such as Reginald, Soren and Pascal all calmed down.

However, once they passed the trial of the Goddess Statue, the light curtain that isolated the valley would disappear, and the monster outside would be able to enter the valley. Thus, they'd have to deal with it as well. Everyone knew that it was essential to be prepared for the monster.

While the True Gods were pondering over the ongoing situation, the consummate True God of the Zhao Clan had already waved his large saber towards the Golden Shell Turtles.

This man from the Zhao Clan was Naylor Zhao. He was a powerful man, and thus, he could easily deal with the Golden Shell Turtles.

With one strike of his saber, he killed three Golden Shell Turtles.

But suddenly, a white light curtain appeared from each of the Golden Shell Turtles' shells, shot back the blade lights and bounced back Naylor Zhao's attack.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

The blade lights weren't enough to cause him any harm. Thus, he didn't try to dodge them.

After Naylor Zhao killed the Golden Shell Turtles, three balls of blood red fog arose from the bodies of the Golden Shell Turtles, and strong power of blood energy suddenly penetrated his body.

Other consummate True Gods stood still under the Goddess Statue and didn't move.

Now that they had already reached the current cultivation base, they weren't interested in any ordinary reward. However, they were in awe when they watched what Naylor Zhao got.

Zen's eyes flashed when he saw the blood energy.

Chapter 2344 Bounce And Copy

The souls, the Godly Ways, and the strength could be refined to consummation, which was the limit of True Gods' power.

Once a True God had cultivated Nine Divine Stars, they could continue to accumulate the strength source. The soul, on the contrary, was hard to make progress on after one achieved the Soul of Light. The Godly Ways were standards to figure out whether or not one had become a consummate True God. If one wanted to become stronger after breaking through, their only hope would be the theurgies beyond the Godly Ways.

The blood energy, however, could be infinitely absorbed. The bodies of consummate True Gods were exceptionally strong, and the blood energy they contained was far stronger than that of ordinary True Gods. But it was very difficult to recover their bodies using only their own blood energy.

For example, Rachelle paid a high price when she had to repair her wounds by taking the seven times refined pill.

The True Gods could heal quickly without using pills, if their blood energy was strong enough.

Therefore, the consummate True Gods often scrambled for pills and methods to strengthen their blood energy. Several of them stood up one after another, intending to kill the Golden Shell Turtles.

The turtles' shells could send back all attacks in ricochets but it was not a big deal for the consummate True Gods.

Zen had also noticed the blood energy.

He had swallowed a Nine-head Snake Blood Pill in the fairy palace that had greatly increased his blood energy.

However, his corporeal body was far stronger than those of the True Gods of the same level. He had been a low-rank True God, but his blood energy was still not enough.

As a vast majority of the True Gods did not intend to make a move, Zen turned and began walking towards the Golden Shell Turtles.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

In no time, the first Golden Shell Turtle had found Zen and rushed towards him.

But since it carried a heavy shell on its back, it was achingly slow even at its full speed.

Threads of strength sources condensed before Zen's body and formed the Buddha Emperor Sword.

It then thrust towards the head of the Golden Shell Turtle.

Watching the invisible Buddha Emperor Sword approaching it fiercely, the turtle retracted its head into the shell.

Crack!

The Buddha Emperor Sword crashed onto the shell of the turtle, leaving a fist-sized crack.

Zen didn't use his full strength. It was obviously impossible for him to kill a Golden Shell Turtle with a single move like a consummate True God. But according to Zen's estimation, he could kill it with a few more strikes.

As soon as his sword hit the turtle, a curtain of white light appeared on its shell, from which an invisible sword shadow shot out towards Zen.

The Buddha Emperor Sword had only gathered thirty five percent of the strength source, but it was still a threat to Zen. If the sword were to hit Zen, he would at least be seriously injured, if not dead.

In his desperation, Zen had no choice but to raise the Grant Sun Sword to protect himself.

Bang!

With a dull sound, the two swords bumped into each other and vanished at the same time.

"The brat earned a great deal in the last round of killing the Soul-killing Ghosts. But he is still greedy."

"He was lucky enough to kill the Soul-killing Ghosts. I don't know what kind of secret skills he used then, but these Golden Shell Turtles are not easy to deal with!"

"Indeed! It's humiliating to fight like this!"

Some True Gods thought Zen was making a fool of himself.

But they had forgotten that the first targets of the Soul-killing Ghosts were the True Gods, and then the Goddess Statue.

If Zen didn't kill the Soul-killing Ghosts, they would ultimately climb up the tree stump. And then, apart from a few top-rank True Gods who could escape by flying into the air, all other True Gods would probably die.

Seen from this perspective, Zen had saved most of the True Gods.

Some of the consummate True Gods who hadn't joined in the fight also stared at Zen with great interest.

They were eager to see how Zen would deal with the Golden Shell Turtles.

The Golden Shell Turtle popped its head out and suddenly lunged towards Zen, intending to bite him.

Zen gently twisted his body and dodged this bite easily.

A smile appeared on his face as he brandished an invisible Buddha Emperor Sword once again.

The Buddha Emperor Sword was still unable to cut off the Golden Shell Turtle's head, and hit the shell again.

The crack on the shell expanded.

A white light flashed and an invisible sword shadow shot out of the light curtain.

At this, Zen suddenly stretched out a hand.

"The Parting Water Divine Mirror!"

At his words, a transparent water curtain appeared in his hand.

When he challenged Yilia, who was ranked one hundred and ninety-sixth in the Arena of Legends, he absorbed her Parting Water Godly Way. He also took away her theurgy beyond the Parting Water Godly Way, namely the Parting Water Divine Mirror.

The Parting Water Divine Mirror and the shell of the turtle were similar. They both could cause the enemy's attack to ricochet back at them.

There was a big difference between the two, despite their similar power.

The shell of the Golden Shell Turtle produced the same damage once it took in the opponent's attack, and then sent it back. It was a rare theurgy that belonged to the Golden Shell Turtle.

When Rachelle chopped the turtle shells with blade lights a while ago, the same blade lights appeared and shot back to her.

But the Parting Water Divine Mirror was different. While the turtle shell copied the attacks it received, the mirror only reflected the attacks.

Zen's Buddha Emperor Sword didn't disappear after it reached the turtle shell. Instead, a second Buddha Emperor Sword shot out of the turtle shell. Once the Parting Water Divine Mirror sent the second sword back, Zen was actually able to control it.

This meant that Zen had a second Buddha Emperor Sword without using his own strength source.

"Two Buddha Emperor Swords!" Zen's eyes lit up as he became aware of something.

He controlled his two swords to attack the Golden Shell Turtle again.

This time, two fist-sized cracks appeared on two sides of the turtle shell. Once the white light flashed on the shell, two more Buddha Emperor Swords appeared from there.

Once Zen reflected the two swords by the Parting Water Divine Mirror, he was able to control them.

And then, Zen repeated this move several times.

The Buddha Emperor Sword in front of him multiplied from one into two, two into four, four into eight, eight into sixteen after a few copies.

Walton, who was resting at the foot of the Goddess Statue, was still a little confused when he saw this scene, but a while later, his eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Hey! Shahn!" Walton shouted. "It's strange. The Parting Water Divine Mirror is a unique theurgy beyond way of your clan, isn't it?"

Reminded by Walton, Shahn turned his attention to Zen.

At first, he hadn't figured out what had happened. He had only noticed that Zen had the strength source by his side. But he was stunned when he finally saw it clearly.

"He's using the Parting Water Divine Mirror. Where did he learn it? I didn't expect it to work in this way!" Shahn said, having got a nasty shock on seeing this.

By then, Zen had thrown sixteen swords onto the shell of the Golden Shell Turtle at a time. The shell exploded, and the turtle died, giving off a glimmer of blood energy that was absorbed by Zen's body.

The broken shell shone with a white light, and sixteen Buddha Emperor Swords appeared from the light curtain, shooting towards him.

Zen once again employed the Parting Water Divine Mirror to reflect them one by one. He then controlled the sixteen swords.

He was now controlling thirty-two Buddha Emperor Swords.

Zen was shocked at the swords thickly dotted in front of him.

There were thirty-two Buddha Emperor Swords in all. If Zen used them to attack a target, even a top-rank True God would be beaten to pieces.

"Once again!"

Zen gently waved his left hand and controlled sixteen Buddha Emperor Swords to attack a Golden Shell Turtle on the other side. He then waved his right hand, and the other sixteen Buddha Emperor Swords also shot out.

As the two Golden Shell Turtles were immediately killed by the thirty-two Buddha Emperor Swords, another thirty-two swords bounced back from their shells towards Zen. Zen took them under control after the Parting Water Divine Mirror had reflected them.

By now, Zen had already controlled sixty-four Buddha Emperor Swords.

The swords gathered together, releasing the unique power of the strength source. Many of the consummate True Gods could feel the great pressure.

Chapter 2345 Kill Him

Generally speaking, the Golden Shell Turtles usually appeared in the most remote areas of the Everest Spirit Mountain. Because these beasts moved so slowly, very few True Gods ever came to attack them.

In the Fang Clan, not many True Gods specialized in the Parting Water Godly Way. Only four True Gods, including Yilia, had mastered this theurgy beyond way called Parting Water Divine Mirror. And these few True Gods had never encountered the Golden Shell Turtles before.

As for Shahn, on the other hand, he had killed Golden Shell Turtles in the Everest Spirit Mountain. That said, he didn't practice the Parting Water Godly Way, and thus, had no idea that the Parting Water Divine Mirror could have such an effect when encountering a Golden Shell Turtle.

The sixty-four Buddha Emperor Swords continued swaying next to Zen, several of which began showing signs of instability.

After all, Zen didn't have a Purple Power Body. Although he had cultivated the Purple Aura Godly Way, he couldn't completely master the Separate Controlling. For this reason, Joy had only taught him the theurgy of controlling four swords.

Although Zen had become a True God now, it was still difficult for him to control sixty-four Buddha Emperor Swords all at once!

'Just combine together!'

Zen thought to himself.

The sixty-four Buddha Emperor Swords merged together in haste and changed from sixty-four swords to four huge swords!

'The strength... It's weakening so fast!' Zen thought, and his gaze suddenly froze.

His strength weakened quickly as it escaped his body!

When Zen's Buddha Emperor Sword was completely expulsed from his body, its strength source needed continuous replenishment through the Cross-world Theurgy in order for the Buddha Emperor Sword's shape to be maintained. If he stopped replenishing the strength source, the Buddha Emperor Sword would collapse in a very short period of time.

The strength source that formed the four huge swords didn't come from Zen, but was the duplicate created by the Golden Shell Turtles.

The four huge swords were too large and needed so much strength source. Zen's strength source was unable to maintain their shapes and the four huge swords were rapidly weakening, like the melting ice and snow, right in front of Zen's eyes.

"Go!" he shouted aloud.

Before the four huge swords completely weakened, Zen controlled them and directed them to chop the four Golden Shell Turtles not too far off!

Puff!

The four huge swords contained the power which was so astonishing that it was comparable to a strike coming from a consummate True God.

The four Golden Shell Turtles were instantly sliced in half!

The four huge swords that belonged to Zen were rapidly weakening now. Despite that, the surface of the Golden Shell Turtles flashed a screen of white light once again and the four swords were thrust from them.

"That's enough," Zen mumbled to himself faintly.

Once he had successfully taken control of the four huge swords with the help of the Parting Water Divine Mirror, he had the chance to kill another four Golden Shell Turtles before the swords became even weaker!

By doing so, Zen killed the Golden Shell Turtles in an efficient manner.

Naylor, who was standing not far away from them, continued to swing his saber violently, killing off the Golden Shell Turtles one by one. However, he had to bear their counter-attack every time he killed a Golden Shell Turtle. Although he was strong enough to withstand such with his body, he fell speechless in awe when he saw Zen killing the Golden Shell Turtles with ease.

Relying on his method, Zen's speed of killing the Golden Shell Turtles far exceeded that of the other consummate True Gods. Simultaneously, the strong blood energy poured into Zen's body.

"It's so hot!" Zen cried out.

The raging power of blood energy rolled and boiled in Zen's body, unceasingly fulfilling every single muscle and piece of flesh he had.

Zen's action inevitably attracted the attention of many consummate True Gods, as well as Rachelle's.

Rachelle didn't kill the Golden Shell Turtles, though. Instead, she leaned against the tree stump and closed her eyes in order to try and catch a little rest. She didn't open her eyes again until she heard the conversation between Walton and Shahn. Her eyelids lifted and she stared at Zen indifferently.

Before entering the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Rachelle had told Nelly to pay close attention to Zen at all times.

"Is this guy really the anonymous man from the Han Clan?" Rachelle asked through the use of her life vitality.

As Rachelle watched Zen control the illusory swords, she felt more and more certain that Zen really was the anonymous man.

Nelly nodded and replied, "Yes, he really is. It seems that his real name isn't Thad Luo. I overheard Laquisha calling him Zen by accident when she was anxious, so I suspect that Thad Luo is just his assumed name."

The person who had paid the most attention to Zen in the valley was perhaps Nelly. After all, it was a task that her sister had asked her to perform.

"His surname is Luo, and his first name is Zen. Zen Luo." Rachelle's expression appeared playful as she pondered over this name. She then said flatly, "A few days ago, I met our father. He mentioned the matter concerning the warriors who snuck into the divine land from the Evolutionary Universe. He told me that the second warrior entered the Vast Sky Region."

"The Vast Sky Region is the Han Clan's territory," Nelly responded. In spite of her words, she still had no idea what Rachelle was trying to say.

Rachelle twirled a strand of drooping hair with her index finger. The black, smooth hair circled a few times, forming a delicate spiral. She continued, "With the Han Clan's ability, it would have been impossible to train such a remarkable warrior in a short period of time. Besides, he's not a descendant of Han Clan but an outsider with the surname 'Luo'."

Rachelle continued brushing her hair as she watched Zen off in the distance.

As she listened to Rachelle, Nelly suddenly understood the meaning of her sister's words. "So you asked me to watch him not because you thought he's the anonymous man but because you suspected he was sent by Mike? That's impossible!"

It wouldn't really change much if Zen was the anonymous man. On the other hand, however, the situation would be very different if Zen had been sent by Mike, or even if he was from the Evolutionary Universe. If that was the case, he'd quickly become the Mu Clan's sworn enemy and be eliminated.

For some reason, Nelly suddenly felt a sense of panic take over her. She didn't want to believe her ears, and then she said, "Even though Zen is not a descendant of the Han Clan, it doesn't mean that he comes from the Evolutionary Universe. After all, there are many people with the surname Luo in the world. There's still a small chance that there could be a talent or two, like Zen, appearing from an unknown clan."

Rachelle looked at Nelly with strange, doubtful gaze. "Father isn't completely sure, and neither am I. But there is another thing. Back in the Arena of Legends, Harold has unexpectedly said that except for the Moon Clan, the Sword Clan, the Han Clan and the Gu Clan, the other clans weren't even allowed to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain...

According to our father's analysis, Harold must have known that someone had already arrived in the Han Clan, and thus sent such a message to this person. That is to say, he spoke those words only to ask the warrior to travel to the Everest Spirit Mountain's Cloud Dragon Ravine. Coincidentally, the Han Clan's anonymous man suddenly emerged. Do you still think this is a coincidence?

There's at least an eighty percent possibility that the anonymous man was sent by Mike. Let's face it..." As she spoke, Rachelle glanced at Nelly indifferently and asked in confusion, "What are you so nervous about, anyway?"

Nelly's heart skipped a beat. She shook her head at once and said, "You're right. His identity is suspicious, but we can't be completely sure that he belongs to Mike, either."

"Don't you know me better than that?"

Unexpectedly, Rachelle stood up with a tight smile on her lips and said, "Mike is very powerful and crafty. He's good at laying out plans, and each of his chess pieces is of great use to him, and only him. But it's easy to break his plot. I'll kill each of his men one by one!"

As she finished speaking, Rachelle pulled out a short sword and looked at Zen, who was still killing the Golden Shell Turtles in the distance. "I'd rather kill him than let him go."

Chapter 2346 Determined Identity

As she watched her sister walk toward Zen, Nelly couldn't help herself but feel suddenly uneasy.

Despite the feelings that were overwhelming her, she agreed with her sister's analysis. She thought that her sister was doing the right thing in trying to eliminate the crisis in the cradle.

Subconsciously, however, she still wanted to justify Zen.

Zen didn't realize that danger was looming not far from him. He was getting better and better at killing the turtles.

The power of blood energy provided by killing these Golden Shell Turtles was coveted, even by a few of the consummate True Gods. It was quite an amazing tonic for Zen, and the blood energy in his body benefited from a clear qualitative improvement!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

After chopping the four Golden Shell Turtles in half, the four huge swords grew weaker than ever before, and dispersed at once.

Not even a few seconds later, the four golden turtles were already sending the four swords back at Zen!

At that very moment, a cold voice sounded behind Zen. "I heard that you have two names? One is Thad Luo. And the other is... Zen Luo?" the voice asked.

Zen's eyebrows furrowed slightly as he heard these words.

He didn't turn around, but continued to concentrate on controlling the four huge swords, in an attempt to kill the Golden Shell Turtles, as if he had no ears.

As the others noticed the scene, all the True Gods standing under the Goddess Statue glanced at each other in confusion.

As she too heard the voice, Laquisha turned pale, and Aleyna's nerves felt like they were taking over her.

Kelsey, on the other hand, had no idea what was being said. She whispered curiously, "Laquisha, who is Zen Luo?"

Among the three girls of the Han Clan, she was the only one who didn't know Zen's true identity.

Sensing something was wrong, Alfredo turned to his daughter Kelsey and scolded, "Don't ask about what doesn't concern you!"

Being scolded by her father, Kelsey pouted and stopped speaking immediately.

Now, Laquisha felt deeply remorseful. She had inadvertently called out Zen's name, but no one mentioned it afterwards. She thought that no one had noticed her mistake since the name "Zen" wasn't very well known in the divine land.

At that time, the consummate True Gods, including Rachelle, hadn't entered the valley just yet. Presumably, it could only have been Nelly who informed Rachelle.

Of course, Laquisha didn't know that Nelly had been paying close attention to Zen this whole time, and she wasn't one to miss out on a single detail.

As her deft fingers gently fiddled with it, Rachelle's short sword spun back and forth in her hand. She continued, "The name is nothing more than a symbol. It doesn't matter. The most important thing is that you're not a member of the divine land, but from the Evolutionary Universe, right?"

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The four swords shattered more turtle shells once again. Zen pulled the air inward and a Parting Water Divine Mirror appeared. Zen had repeated this move dozens of times now. It was safe to say that he had become adept at it.

He still had no response for Rachelle.

Beneath the Goddess Statue stood many True Gods, and a few consummate True Gods wore odd expressions on their faces.

"What exactly is this crazy woman trying to do, again?" Walton asked, a little confused.

The fan in Shahn's hand unfolded gently. He frowned and asked, "The Evolutionary Universe? Ah! I see. She suspects that this guy was the stowaway who violated the Ruling Slate earlier."

Shahn was so smart that within a few seconds, he had figured the connection out. He had no idea, however, how Rachelle could have come to such a conclusion.

Although she might be a little crazy, she wouldn't have just asked anyone such a question. There must have been a reason.

"You don't have to answer me. No matter how you defend yourself, I'll kill you," Rachelle said with a faint smile, as she stood behind Zen. "Perhaps I've guessed your identity wrong. Therefore, as a compensation, I'll give you a chance to make the first move!"

As she finished phrase, she raised her head slightly and confidently. Her black unbound hair pulled itself back and tied itself together, making a ponytail, and giving her an even more vivacious look.

When in a fight, she liked to tie it back, which was her way of symbolizing that she was about to make her move.

The True Gods present weren't blind, though. The four huge swords that moved back and forth between Zen and the turtles were extremely powerful. Moreover, they were even a big threat to the consummate True Gods. If Zen attacked first, she was really giving him a chance.

But did a low-rank True God really have any chances of winning in the face of a consummate True God?

"He's always being too cocky. He's going to die soon." Langston couldn't stop himself from laughing. To be honest, Zen's numerous performances in the Time Sea Forbidden Land had shocked him greatly. His wish for Zen's death was stronger than any other person, even than that of Rachelle.

In the end, Rachelle was just helping the Mu Clan and even the entire alliance of rich and powerful clans, in their attempt to kill Zen. She didn't hate Zen herself.

Laquisha glared at Langston in disgust. She clenched her hands and then stared at Zen, not knowing exactly how to help him resolve this current crisis.

"All you can do is sneer at him like a coward, but you don't dare challenge him head on, do you?" Aleyna couldn't help but retort angrily at Langston.

"Why the hell not?" Langston pulled a pouty face.

"Just shut up! Ha-ha!" sneered Laquisha.

Her laughter was full of contempt, which made Langston blush. In Laquisha's eyes, the gap between Langston and Zen was much more than self-evident.

It was at that very moment that a look of helplessness appeared on Soren's face. He didn't understand why Rachelle was getting Zen into so much trouble. All he could do was wonder why Zen, a person the Holy Emperor appreciated so much, had to be such trouble!

"Uncle, that guy was chosen by the Holy Emperor. Don't let Rachelle kill him," he whispered.

Not far from Soren stood a middle-aged man dressed in brocade. His name was Troy and he was a consummate True God from the Dongfang Clan.

"Was he really?" Troy asked.

In fact, he understood that Rachelle wanted to kill Zen because she suspected that he was a stowaway sent by Mike. Due to such, he had no desire to meddle in their business.

On the other hand, the situation would have been different if the Holy Emperor had given the order.

"I received this order from the Holy Emperor," Soren replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

"How about we just wait and see..." Troy frowned and replied.

Rachelle stood no less than a few feet behind Zen, but her expression was careless. She watched Zen's back quietly, and was extremely patient.

Although Zen allowed himself to kill the Golden Shell Turtles at will, he still felt disturbed!

Rachelle's demand was way too sudden!

Originally, he hadn't thought that exposing his identity as the anonymous man would be so problematic.

It had never occurred to him in the past that Rachelle had successfully guessed his true identity so easily.

Judging from what she said, Rachelle still wasn't completely certain. That, though, definitely wasn't enough to stop her from killing him!

What a cruel woman she was!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Once again, the four swords bounced immediately back from the Golden Shell Turtles.

Zen spun around on his heel and held out his hands. In the air, two huge swords flew toward each of his hands and then flew back outward.

The strength source contained within these four swords was even stronger than that of a consummate True God! The swords were raging with ultimate power.

The four swords flew toward Rachelle in an abrupt gust. The powerful strength source activated strong pressure and made her ponytail fly crazily at the back of her head. Instead of showing any fear on her face, she looked excited. "I may have given you a chance, but it was also a test!"

Swish!

She quickly jumped down using the tip of her toes and floated backward. Her slightly narrowed eyes revealed a cold smirk, and the short sword in her hand became blood red.

If Zen chose to attack her directly, then his identity would one hundred percent be determined, alas.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2347 No Match For Rachelle

Zen finally spoke as he wielded the four swords with his mind.

He shouted angrily, "I know you just want to kill me! Don't try to give excuses. Everyone knows how unreasonable you are. I beat your sister in the Arena of Legends that day, so you're just standing up for her now. But don't you think trying to kill me is too much? And if you really want to kill me, then what option do I have other than to fight back?"

This was the most dangerous situation Zen had found himself in after entering the divine land.

At this moment, countless ideas popped into his mind.

If he just ruthlessly fought back, it would arouse everyone's suspicion of him and make it seem like Rachelle was right. If he merely stood there and argued with her, the results wouldn't be much different. She wasn't one to be swayed by words and would still try to kill him.

However, he thought that if he argued while resisting her attacks, he might be able to turn the situation around.

"My sister?" Just like Zen had expected, Rachelle froze. She didn't understand what Zen was talking about. Why was Nelly suddenly involved in this?

"I defeated Nelly and humiliated her. So being a narrow-minded woman, you are not willing to let me go," Zen continued.

His words actually didn't make sense at all. Instead of refuting Rachelle's claims, he was attacking her with a ridiculous claim of his own. But the more he acted like this, the more convincing he was.

Moreover, Rachelle was notorious for her narrow-mindedness. Even though her personality had nothing to do with her current accusation about Zen, the other True Gods couldn't help but take it into account after hearing his words.

More importantly, Zen had started fighting back.

There was no time to logically think about the matter and so they all subconsciously stood on Zen's side.

If they thought about it carefully, they would realize that Zen was talking nonsense. But right now, most people believed that Rachelle had a crazy hidden agenda for trying to kill Zen.

Even Nelly was a little confused after hearing Zen's words. She was indeed unhappy that she had been defeated by him. Like her sister, she was a very proud woman with a strong character. She couldn't let her sister teach Zen a lesson on her behalf.

"Father! Thad is not just a member of the Han Clan, but he's also a genius. Rachelle is going to kill him just because he defeated her sister! Please help him!" Kelsey said worriedly.

She didn't know anything about the situation, so she unconditionally believed Zen's words.

Perhaps the only ones who realized that Zen was talking nonsense were Laquisha and Aleyna, who both knew Zen very well. But now, in order to save him, Laquisha chipped in, "Master Alfredo, Thad has made a great contribution to our clan. As the head of the clan, are you going to stand aside and let Rachelle kill him over such a trifle?"

"Laquisha is right. The ranking of our clan has gone up all because of Thad. As the head of the clan, how can you refuse to help him?" Aleyna added.

Alfredo kept silent. He didn't know what to say or do.

Putting everything else aside, Zen was from the Floating Island of the Han Clan, which meant that he was a member of their clan. What the three girls said made sense.

However, Alfredo stood there hesitantly as he was unwilling to get involved in this fight.

Swish!

The invisible sword in the front shot toward Rachelle.

The power contained in this huge sword was by no means something that even a consummate True God could ignore.

However, Rachelle was wearing a careless expression, as if she knew she wouldn't get hurt.

In her eyes, the strength source combined with the illusory sword was indeed powerful, but it all depended on who was wielding it.

If it were Joy who was controlling the four swords, Rachelle would have no chance of fighting back. But even though Zen was controlling so much strength source, he could only crassly turn it into four huge swords. It was difficult for him to even transform the illusory sword into the Buddha Emperor Sword.

Perhaps this kind of simple and violent attack would have a miraculous effect when fighting a top-rank True God, but it was nothing when it came to a consummate True God.

Rachelle dodged the overhead strike with just one small movement.

However, Zen had also taken her reaction into account. The moment she dodged the strike, another huge sword followed her and horizontally slashed toward her from another direction.

But unexpectedly, Rachelle took a light step up in the air and floated upward.

Swish! Swish!

Zen's gaze froze. He sent the last two swords flying toward Rachelle. This time, the two swords actually forced her into a corner. If she couldn't rush out, she might really be killed by him.

"You have a good mind, brat," Rachelle said with a smile.

In a bid to avoid contact with the swords, she curled her body up to the extreme.

A split second later, she disappeared and then appeared behind Zen.

As a consummate True God, she could use spatial transference as freely as she wanted.

Although she had a casual smile on her face, her eyes were full of murderous intent.

The difference in strength between the two of them was too great.

Without the help of those four giant swords, it would be hard for Zen to even deal with Soren, a top-rank True God, let alone Rachelle, one of the best consummate True Gods in the divine land.

The scene looked more like a cat playing with a mouse than two warriors fighting against each other. Zen had no room to fight back. Even the sword Rachelle was casually wielding was not something he could avoid now.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The four swords turned around and hacked at Rachelle who was now behind Zen.

But the strength source within the four swords was weakened very quickly. Now, half of the strength source had been used up. Using the swords to attack was only a form and could do nothing to Rachelle.

"Stop struggling," said Rachelle indifferently. She didn't even need to dodge the four swords, and the scarlet sword in her hand kept waving wildly.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

In the blink of an eye, she launched four strikes.

Every sword of Zen's was slashed into pieces.

After the four swords dispersed, Rachelle waved her sword for the fifth time.

This casual sword strike was more than enough to take Zen's life.

But just as she was about to launch her strike, a middle-aged man in lavish clothes appeared beside her and reached out his hand, which had a metallic luster.

He gently pinched her sword with his thumb, index finger, and middle finger.

Although his hand stopped her sword, the blood-red sword light didn't stop. It spread, ruthlessly hitting the palm of his hand.

Clank!

After a moment, save for the crisp sound, there was no trace of the sword light, and his hand was completely intact.

"Stop it, Rachelle," Troy said calmly.

"Why did you stop me?" Rachelle asked coldly.

At the same time, Alfredo quietly appeared behind her and said, "No matter where Thad came from, he is still a member of our Han Clan. It won't be too late to make a decision after things are clear!"

Under the persuasion of the three girls of the Han Clan, Alfredo had been hesitating about whether he should stop Rachelle. The truth was, he personally didn't like Zen and didn't care about whether he lived or died.

But now that Troy had come forward, as the head of the Han Clan, Alfredo would seem cold-blooded if he didn't do anything.

Troy glanced at Alfredo with disdain in his eyes before turning back to Rachelle. "As you said, there is indeed something that doesn't add up about this guy's background. But whatever it is, he was chosen by the Holy Emperor of our Dongfang Clan. It won't be too late to deal with him after we find out his true origins. There's no need to rush to kill him!"

In Troy's eyes, Zen was just a fish on a chopping board. No matter what, he would not be able to escape. Why did Rachelle have to kill him in such a hurry?

"Oh, I see," Rachelle said expressionlessly as she pulled her sword out of Troy's hand.

However, the moment she pulled out the sword, murderous intent flashed in her eyes. The blood-red light on the sword spun madly, turning into a blood awl before shooting toward Zen's head once again.

Chapter 2348 A Calm Mind

Rachelle's attack was as quick as lightning.

Zen couldn't dodge it at all because the internal momentum hidden in that blood awl was extremely sharp.

When encountering a top-rank True God like Soren, Zen still had the ability to fight back.

However, he didn't have the chance to put up even a desperate fight against the fatal attack of a consummate True God.

Even before the blood awl made contact with him, his soul was firmly grasped by the powerful killing intent from the blood awl. He felt a thrill of horror run through his body.

The killing intent in the Murdering Godly Way always had a special effect on the opponent's soul.

With that, Rachelle could easily kill the Soul-killing Ghosts.

Naturally, Zen felt as if he was going to die.

Although Rachelle was quick, there was someone who was quicker than her.

Troy barely even blinked, but somehow his hand, which had a metallic luster, shot out faster than Rachelle's blood awl, catching it in his palm.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

The still-spinning blood awl made harsh noises as it clanged against Troy's hand.

However, Troy's hand was too strong. The blood awl could almost penetrate everything, but it couldn't penetrate his hand at all.

Soon, the metallic luster on the surface of the hand became more and more intense until it was glowing with a kind of strange and powerful energy.

A moment later, Troy clenched his fist around the blood awl, covering it completely.

Bang!

A dull sound came from Troy's hand as the blood awl exploded, releasing a strong energy.

However, the energy was firmly contained within Troy's fist.

Nevertheless, Zen, who was standing nearby, could feel the power of that energy.

He knew without a doubt that if this energy had escaped from Troy's hand and touched him, it would have instantly annihilated him.

'Wow! He is so strong!' Zen thought in great astonishment.

On the surface, these consummate True Gods didn't seem to be as intimidating as Holy Beings, but their power was also extremely terrifying. Although warriors had watched these consummate True Gods battle in the Arena of Legends, witnessing them fighting in the real world was a completely different feeling altogether.

Troy cast a glimpse at Rachelle and said coldly, "I've said that no matter where this guy is from, his fate will be decided by our Dongfang Clan. Don't humiliate yourself again."

Anger was written all over Rachelle's pretty face when she heard what he said, and a fierce light glinted in her eyes. She couldn't help but feel aggrieved.

After all, she had wanted to kill Zen because she believed he was Mike's man, and it was the Dongfang Clan which was the chief plotter in dealing with the Luo Clan.

She had never expected to be stopped by Troy, a member of the Dongfang Clan. It was so ironic!

Although Troy was a man of few words, he wouldn't change his mind no matter what others said.

He rarely fought others and had never challenged anyone in the Arena of Legends. However, his strength was unfathomable, and no consummate True God could ignore this guy.

Rachelle didn't want to offend him here, so all she could do was glare at Zen. Then, in a flash, she returned to the bottom of the Goddess Statue.

Seeing the ghastly expression on Rachelle's face, Nelly comforted her in a low voice, "Rachelle, don't be angry. Even if you are right about his identity, he won't be able to leave."

Even if Zen escaped the Time Sea Forbidden Land, there were Holy Beings right outside the forbidden land. It would be impossible for Zen to escape under their eyes.

With knitted brows, Rachelle replied, "Of course I know that. But for some reason, I feel afraid that if I don't kill this guy now, I won't have a chance in the future." It was based on this intuition that she had acted so recklessly just now.

Unfortunately, Troy had been quicker than her.

After saving Zen, Troy didn't plan to restrict him. He just glanced at Zen indifferently and said, "You can move freely in the valley, but don't think about running away. Otherwise, no one can save you."

Troy and Rachelle were actually on the same side. It wasn't to protect Zen that he had stopped Rachelle from killing him. In fact, Troy believed Rachelle's words. However, he thought that she didn't have the qualification to kill Zen so casually. He believed that the decision about whether to kill Zen or let him live should be determined by Nicholas.

After saying those few words, Troy walked away.

There was only one person left standing next to Zen, and it was none other than Alfredo.

"Anyway, you are a member of our Han Clan. If this is all really a misunderstanding, we will handle it for you," he said.

Zen just gave him a faint smile in response.

Except for Joy and the three girls, no one in the Han Clan treated him as their family even though he had made a big contribution to the clan.

Alfredo had just mouthed some sympathetic platitudes. The real reason why he had stepped forward was because he had wanted to show the others that the Han Clan was not an ungrateful clan. If Troy hadn't intervened, Alfredo would have pretended to be deaf.

After Alfredo walked away, Zen remained standing in the same spot.

The few consummate True Gods not far away were dealing with Golden Shell Turtles that were crawling slowly, so they hadn't paid much attention to the conflict between Rachelle and Zen.

"At the pace you've been improving, if you had faced these consummate True Gods a little later, they would have been no match for you. Unfortunately, you let the cat out of the bag too early. Alas..." Master Evil couldn't help but sigh in Zen's mind.

In fact, Master Evil was the one who had suggested Zen go to the Floating Island.

He had thought that if Zen joined the Floating Island of some clan, he could train at ease and search for opportunities in various forbidden areas, improving himself step by step. This was indeed a good suggestion.

But he hadn't expected Zen to be eye-catching enough to attract Joy's interest.

And in order to help Joy, Zen had had to achieve a high ranking in the Arena of Legends, which had attracted even more attention.

In the end, Rachelle had figured out his identity.

So many coincidences had led to the current situation.

"As soon as I stepped into the divine land, I knew that my path was destined to be filled with unpredictable dangers. It would be strange if everything kept going smoothly. I'm just going to take it step by step. I'm not scared at all," Zen told Master Evil in his mind.

In the Evolutionary Universe, Mike had arranged everything for him, so Zen had been able to elude danger every single time.

However, after he had arrived at the divine land, everything was destined to be different.

Even though Mike's plans were magical, it was impossible for him to control all the aspects. If Mike could deduce everything in advance, then he would be superior to all the Holy Beings and become the head of all the Holy Beings.

Anyway, it was fortunate that Zen had a mind that was strong enough to face any situation thrown at him. Just now, after he had almost died, his mind had been in a chaos.

Anyone else who had been in Zen's situation wouldn't have been able to calm down in such a short period of time. However, Zen had already managed to calm himself down.

Once he was feeling okay, Zen took out his Buddha Emperor Sword and walked toward the Golden Shell Turtles.

Since no one was going to restrict his freedom, he wanted to take this opportunity to make himself stronger.

The Holy Beings outside the forbidden area also saw this scene clearly.

"Haha! Rachelle is getting smarter and smarter! According to Harold's words, there is indeed something fishy about that little guy's origin," Clark said with a laugh.

"Harold did mention the Han Clan during his speech after his open battle. And it was at that time that the kid appeared. The chances of him being Mike's man are really very high." Jeremiah also nodded in agreement.

With a calm face, Samuel said, "Mike has always been fond of military tactics. It's possible that he has put a pawn in our Han Clan to carry out his plans, but these are only speculations and can't be completely confirmed. Rachelle crossed the limit by trying to kill someone so casually."

"Samuel is right," said Nicholas in a calm voice. "When Thad leaves the Time Sea Forbidden Land, I'll personally investigate him. Everything will be clear at that time. Rachelle was still too impulsive. Fortunately, Troy was able to stop her."

The Holy Beings grew more and more curious about Zen's identity.

Among these people, only Joy knew the truth.

Although she looked calm on the surface, she felt restless in her heart.

She hadn't expected things to develop like this in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. There was no way to turn back now.

If things went on like this, Zen would be in grave danger.

Thinking of something, she sighed softly, and a touch of determination flashed quietly in her soft eyes. She had just made a decision.

Chapter 2349 The Time Elk

As Zen finished up his slaughter, there weren't many Golden Shell Turtles left in the valley.

Soon after he had killed the last Golden Shell Turtle, the four swords became weaker and disappeared completely.

Without the Golden Shell Turtles' cooperation, Zen simply couldn't copy such large swords.

As he finished, he immediately returned to the Goddess Statue.

"Thad ..." muttered Laquisha, who obviously felt very guilty toward Zen.

Just as Rachelle had said not too long ago, name wasn't the key factor here.

In fact, only three members of the Mu Clan knew of Zen's name, namely Marko, Mateo and Pranav, but they had previously died in the Evolutionary Universe.

"It's okay." Zen smiled gently at Laquisha. He simply didn't take this matter to heart.

Aleyna and Kelsey kept silent, holding their lips tightly shut in a straight line.

Kelsey still didn't know what was going on. She even thought that Rachelle was deliberately making trouble for Zen, and she thus offered her comfort, "Well, it doesn't matter. I believe that the Holy Emperors can ultimately tell right from wrong!"

As Kelsey spoke, both Laquisha and Aleyna couldn't help but sign interiorly to themselves.

If the Holy Beings were to investigate this matter, Zen would probably be unable to hide anything much longer.

As for the other True Gods, they didn't have much of an opinion on him. Most of them only cared about the upcoming attack from the next group of monsters.

Generally speaking, they had to go through eight rounds of attacks in order to protect the Goddess Statue, among which the seventh and eighth rounds were the most difficult. It was also these two final rounds that offered the most rewards; however, the rewards were only divine might coins.

This time, there was something wrong in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. It could only be expected that the situation would be different.

The Golden Shell Turtles had appeared in the sixth round. Who knew what would happen next? The True Gods could only stand around and wait anxiously.

Fortunately, there were many consummate True Gods guarding the valley now. Even if the fierce beasts were very strong, they would be capable of coping with them.

Rumble!

A few moments later, a loud rumble could be heard throughout the entire valley. It was so intense that everyone thought the seventh wave of fierce beasts appeared!

All of the True Gods present immediately rested their eyes on the surrounding entrances.

However, no beasts came from the south, the west or the north.

"The east! They're coming from the east!" a True God roared as he watched the entrance at the east of the valley.

All the other True Gods diverted their attention to the east. Even Zen was no exception.

"No, that can't be true. Even if the difficulty of guarding the Goddess Statue has greatly increased, it's just impossible for such a thing to appear!" exclaimed a True God. Even top-rank True Gods like Reginald and Soren couldn't help but radiate a strong sense of fear.

"Rachelle... What is that?" asked Nelly in a trembling, terrified voice.

The three Han Clan girls hid themselves behind Alfredo. Kelsey had already turned ghastly pale and the other two seemed to be following suit.

All of a sudden, a dark brown monster appeared at the entrance in the east.

The monster was as tall as a small palace. On its back were a pair of unique, never-before-seen wings. Now, the wings were spread out, and everyone could clearly see the colorful power of time that flew through their bone membrane.

This monster's head was like that of a peeled sheep, but its face was more ferocious and terrifying. Its eyes were dark and looked as sharp as knives.

"The claw..."

Zen murmured as his eyes narrowed and stopped on the monster's claw. The claw had three toes, which was exactly the same as that he had seen coming through the Star Door.

"That's not a part of this stage. It seems that the Goddess Statue stage has come to an end ahead of time." Rachelle stood up briskly, a short sword and a short machete appearing in her hands at once. "That's a sixth-grade Time Elk that we personally lured from the third stage of the Time Sea Forbidden Land."

The monsters' grades corresponded to those of the forbidden lands in the divine land.

The Time Sea Forbidden Land was a sixth grade forbidden land, and this Time Elk was the most powerful beast that existed.

It was possible that even more powerful beasts existed on the fourth and fifth stages of the Time Sea Forbidden Land; however no one could enter those places. Of course, these beasts were far beyond any warriors' consideration.

The consummate True Gods had worked hard to lead the Time Elk from the third stage to the first. Under the siege, the elk had gone mad, and the True Gods found themselves with no other choice but to enter the Star Door in order to hide temporarily. By doing so, they had equally gained a little time for a rest.

Initially, they had thought that they had the time to rest longer. After all, the trials of the Goddess Statue were usually composed of eight kinds of fierce beasts, occasionally nine or even ten kinds. There was no way they could have expected the trials to end in advance this time around.

Once the light curtain isolating the valley lifted and disappeared, the Time Elk that had been wondering just outside for a long time rushed in immediately.

The elk exuded an intimidating aura, and the warriors, who were mentally unstable, had no courage to fight back. The True Gods in the valley might be the talents of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, but due to such, many of them didn't have much experience. More importantly, they clearly didn't have the sufficient mental practice, which was obviously lacking here.

When faced with the elk, it was only expected that the True Gods would become fearful.

On the contrary though, Zen felt calm, much like the other consummate True Gods.

"See, my decision was right. The elk's madness can only last for about ten to fifteen minutes," Rachelle emphasized. At that, she turned her head and looked at Walton who wasn't far off, and asked, "What exactly are you thinking about? Or better yet, tell me, what are you waiting for?"

On Walton's shoulder sat a purple machete. The blade of the machete was extremely wide and thick, like a flat hammer that emanated an intimidating aura.

"I see," Walton replied unwillingly, and then rudely roared to the True Gods, "Don't just stand there in a daze, unless you want to die! Head to the other side of the valley. No one can guarantee your absolute safety. Watch your backs and be clever!"

Many of the True Gods had been deeply seized by the elk's astonishing aura. As Walton's words broke their dazed state, their hearts began to pound hard in their chests and they quickly left the Goddess Statue. They all ran to the west of the valley at an incredibly fast speed.

The aftermath of a battle between two consummate True Gods was extremely terrifying. If ordinary True Gods were involved, they would all die without exception. No one could even imagine the results to come from the fight between dozens of consummate True Gods and the elk.

"Damn it! I would have run away had I known this earlier!"

"Even when facing the Time Ghosts, we still had a chance to live. Alas... I don't think so anymore."

"But now, we have nowhere to run anymore!"

Many True Gods complained one after the next as they helplessly retreated.

At first, a few of them noticed the consummate True Gods entering the valley and thought they were saviors.

However, the so-called saviors had attracted an even more horrible existence. The True Gods were immediately seized with remorse.

Howl!

The Time Elk suddenly raised its pointy head and roared toward the sky.

The whole valley began to shake violently. So much so that the space gave off a faint sign of collapsing.

Both space and time were slightly disordered and altered, but in the moment, that was rather difficult to perceive.

Whoosh!

In a flash, Walton disappeared and quickly reappeared directly in front of the Time Elk. He was literally no more than a few inches away.

Fearlessly and exuding braveness, Walton held onto his machete with an indifferent expression etched on his face. His foot stepped onto the ground.

Thump!

With a muffled sound, the earthy yellow internal momentum quickly spread throughout, and Walton found himself integrated as one with the entire valley.

It was obvious now that he also cultivated the Earth Godly Way, just like Nathaniel.

He, on the other hand, had reached the consummation level.

Chapter 2350 Action

The strength of Walton's body was nothing to the Time Elk, but a thick current of internal momentum escaped Walton's body, leaving others with an intense feeling of heaviness.

He was as sturdy as a thick brick wall, able to block the Time Elk all by himself.

"Howl!"

The Time Elk suddenly burst into a shrill roar.

It had been at war with these consummate True Gods for a long time, and it was strong enough to defeat any one of them at any time, all by itself.

It could even devour all these consummate True Gods within several seconds.

However, the Time Elk was overwhelmed by sheer numbers. The consummate True Gods were like a pack of wolves, and the Time Elk was like a helpless lone bull. No matter what kind of technique it used to attack, the True Gods' combined efforts rendered it useless. Despite the Time Elk's great strength, it was helpless.

The Time Elk suddenly let out a thundering roar and shook its thick wings, pushing into the ground with its powerful, muscular legs. Then it crashed into Walton.

Its head down, the Time Elk rushed, and the surrounding space was torn open with huge cracks, resembling a beast's irregular, jagged teeth. However, the space in the divine land was not only stable, but also possessed great self-regenerative strength. The small space cracks began to shrink almost as soon as they appeared, and were soon gone.

"Ha-ha! Come on!"

With a wave of his huge hand, Walton slashed at the air with the purple machete.

Streaks of yellow ochre power radiated in circles around the purple machete, its power warping and distorting the surrounding space, making it look as if the thing Walton was waving was not a machete, but a mountain.

Bang!

The two huge forces collided.

The surrounding space tore violently, and the repeated impact of the conflicting forces continued to ravage it faster than it could repair itself. Some of the space cracks were like sharp arrows flying in all directions.

Fortunately, the True Gods had escaped to the other part of the valley. Otherwise, the black gashes in space, now spreading rapidly, would have cut them to shreds.

The Earth Godly Way was not an aggressive Godly Way. Even though the power of the slash was shocking to any who observed it and extremely powerful, it was still not powerful enough to hurt the Time Elk.

"Howl!"

The Time Elk's head began pushing Walton's machete.

Even though Walton was connected to the earth, he still couldn't block the Time Elk's advance.

With the Time Elk advancing towards him, Walton began to retreat. His feet dragged on the ground, creating two deep furrows. Once he had retreated to a distance of several hundred feet, the Time Elk suddenly twisted its body, hitting Walton and sending him flying for a distance of seventy to eighty feet.

The Time Elk was not unintelligent.

Back when they were outside the valley, it had already wasted a lot of time on Walton, but he was resilient and remained on his feet, retaining composure and control. On the other hand, when the other consummate True Gods had come in and tried to fight it, their techniques resulted in the Time Elk becoming unstable and chaotic, stimulating it and solving their crisis.

"Wow, it has become so clever," said the consummate True God of the Zhao Clan.

"It's useless. As long as it doesn't go crazy, it won't be much of a threat," Rachelle said as she lightly waved the two weapons in her hands, drawing a beautiful arc in the air. In the blink of an eye, she appeared above the Time Elk, light as a butterfly. Standing on tiptoe atop one of the Time Elk's huge horns, she raised the short sword and shot machete in her hands, and somersaulted backwards, as if she were about to dive.

Swish!

As she fell, her pure eyes turned bloodshot. Her whole body suddenly turned into what looked like a ribbon of blood, circling around the Time Elk. As she continued whirling around the Time Elk, her sword slashed at it, cutting through its body.

Anyone who had managed to reach the consummation of True God Realm could not be weak, and had their own unique techniques and signature moves.

In terms of physical strength, Rachelle might not have been the strongest, but in terms of lethality, she was the most powerful one there, because she was the one who had succeeded in mastering the Murdering Godly Way.

And she was the only one who could easily cut the flesh of the Time Elk.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Every flash of sword light left a deep wound in the Time Elk's body, so deep that its bones were visible.

In what seemed like no time, dozens of wounds had appeared on the Time Elk's body.

Nevertheless, such injuries were not catastrophic to a being as large as the Time Elk.

"Howl!"

As the Time Elk howled, its huge body suddenly became extremely flexible. It twisted and warped itself into a surreal and bizarre shape, its claws continuously slashing at the air. Rachelle, however, was small and nimble as a bird. No matter how much it twisted and grasped at her, it could not catch her.

She moved elegantly, all the while brandishing her scarlet sword and machete like a butcher. She had already cut through the Time Elk's muscles, and even damaged its bones.

The other consummate True Gods present in the valley did not plan to take action. Everything was going according to the original plan, and the most crucial factor was Rachelle, as she was the only one who had mastered the Murdering Godly Way.

The Time Elk's blood vitality was extremely abundant, and its healing ability was extremely strong. Even if a large group of the consummate True Gods succeeded in using powerful means to severely injure it, the Time Elk would heal in an extremely short period of time.

However, Rachelle's weapons possessed the power of "Blood Breaking".

If one had observed carefully, one could see that the blood in the wounds of the Time Elk was blackening. This was the power of Blood Breaking in action, the unique power that prevented the Time Elk from healing itself.

Seeing the Time Elk begin to succumb to its injuries, the True Gods gathering in the west of the valley all breathed a sigh of relief.

"The aura of the Time Elk is so frightening, even more horrifying than that of a Holy Being. In the end, it turns out that it is not that powerful after all."

"If it goes on like this, Rachelle can kill it alone."

"It's impossible for it to fight back any more."

These True Gods, who had been ashen-faced with fright just a few moments before, now breathed a sigh of relief.

"Killing the Time Elk is not that easy," Zen said as he stared into the distance.

In the fight against the Time Elk, Rachelle had the upper hand, but the other consummate True Gods were still ready to fight, poised ready for action at any time. The consummate True Gods made great efforts to lead the Time Elk to the first stage, so this matter was not that simple.

As soon as Zen stopped speaking, the Time Elk's eyes suddenly flashed with multicolored light. It raised its head and roared, and its body trembled.

"That's enough. It is going to activate the Time Backing," a consummate True God warned.

Reacting fast, Rachelle stopped. She kicked the Time Elk lightly, and floated backwards.

The Time Elk crawled low across the ground, and a layer of colorful light turned into a huge cocoon, enveloping it.

"It can use the Time Backing!"

Only when they had witnessed this did the True Gods finally come to this realization.

The Time Backing of the Time Elk came from the Timing Godly Way. It was essentially different from that of the female leader of the Sun Blind race.

The only thing it could turn back was itself.

When the Time Elk's injuries were serious, it would use its own talent to perform the Time Backing. It quickly wrapped itself in a thick cocoon and began self-regenerating. The wounds inflicted on its body by Rachelle began disappearing, one after another in rapid succession, and it soon returned to its previous healthy state.

At this moment, the other consummate True Gods were ready to take action.

Fortunately, the Time Elk was able to activate Time Backing only once in a while.

No matter how severe the injury was, it would be able to recover and go back to normal by performing the Time Backing, but it could not perform it at will. Therefore, they asked Rachelle to force it to activate the Time Backing, and then killed it before it could use it again.

This was probably the only chance they had to kill the Time Elk.

Otherwise, all their efforts would continue being rendered futile by its use of the Time Backing technique.

Crack! Crack! Crack! ...

After some time, the cocoon encasing the Time Elk began to break into pieces.

The moment the Time Elk emerged, Troy ordered, "Action!"

As soon as he had spoken, all the consummate True Gods began to summon the power of the Godly Tiles held within their bodies. For a moment, the power that was emitted by all sorts of internal momentum reverberated around the valley, forming ripples that could be seen by the naked eye.

When the inferior True Gods felt and saw the ripples, they didn't even dare to breathe, and their souls were suppressed to the extreme.

"Grand Curse Skill!"

A dreadful, vibrant green skeleton appeared on the top of the Time Elk.

After the skeleton appeared, it began shaking over the Time Elk's head.

The Grand Curse Skill was being employed by the consummate True God of the Liu Clan. When it was cast on the body of the Time Elk, the Time Elk would suffer more damage.

Chapter 2351 The Jade Seal

Every consummate True God usually cultivated a Godly Way to its max.

So they had the ability to control the Godly Ways in whatever way they pleased.

With a large number of consummate True Gods coming together, even a Holy Being could not deal with them!

But when it came to monsters, they needed their combined power to destroy them. If it was the Spiritual Mountain Monster—the sixth-grade fierce beast in the Everest Spirit Mountain, or the Vicious Ghost—the sixth-grade fierce beast in the Soul Wilderness, they did not need to work together to attack it.

However, the Time Elk's theurgy was related to time, so it was really difficult to kill it.

Whoosh!

An ice spear was released by a consummate True God. It went straight for the Time Elk.

"Snow Divine Spear?"

Zen looked up at the icy spear with a confused expression.

He had suffered a lot because of the Snow Divine Spear in the Arena of Legends. The one who had shot the Snow Divine Spear was Moore, the fat man from the Moon Clan.

It was no different today. The consummate True God who used the Snow Divine Spear was also from the Moon Clan.

"This Snow Divine Spear is as powerful as that of Moore." Astonishment was written all over Zen's face.

The True God released a second Snow Divine Spear, then a third one, followed by a fourth one...

Each spear was just as lethal as Moore's Snow Divine Spear.

The consummate True God was a formidable foe. And he was, of course, far more powerful than an ordinary low-rank True God.

What happened next jolted Zen out of his musing.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, more and more Snow Divine Spears were released by the consummate True God. The power of the fifth Snow Divine Spear was far greater than the fourth one. Subsequently the sixth Snow Divine Spear, and the seventh one were even more powerful... By the time the thirteenth Snow Divine Spear was released by the consummate True God, the power contained within it had grown manifold!

Even if one wasn't stabbed by the deadly spear, just a light touch was enough to smash them to pieces.

This was the power of the consummate True God! Zen was shell-shocked.

The other True Gods were just as fearsome.

The flowing internal momentum in the sky transformed into a variety of attacks aimed at the Time Elk in the distance!

"I can absorb all of this internal momentum!"

Zen was quite excited at the prospect.

Perhaps no one would notice him in the chaos.

It was possible that some Holy Beings outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land would notice his actions, but he had already exposed almost all of his skills as he was in great danger now. It was meaningless to hide anything anymore.

Buzz!

His eyes quietly lit up and a golden circle of light was visible in them. He started to absorb the internal momentum in the valley!

No matter how complicated the internal momentum was, he could understand it with the help of Infinity Ruler. He lit up a scale on the Infinity Ruler, and then a streak of light shot out from it and zoomed into a cube on his Godly Tile. It turned into a light beam containing the internal momentum, surging at a certain point in his inner world.

Although Zen understood these Godly Ways, it didn't mean that he could openly display them.

These theurgies employed by the consummate True Gods were almost at the sixth or even consummate level. If he did not become a top-rank True God, Zen couldn't practice any of these theurgies.

However, there were no requirements for high cultivation base for the theurgy beyond way. For example, Zen could easily perform the Snow Divine Spear, the theurgy beyond the Snow Godly Way. Its cultivating way was similar to that of the Ice Soul Flame that Zen cultivated before, because the Ice Soul Flame was also a theurgy beyond way.

However, he could only create four or five Snow Divine Spears at the most just like Moore had done. It was impossible for him to release thirteen Snow Divine Spears in an instant!

Zen was concentrating on reading the internal momentum when he heard Reginald shout, "Everyone, be careful!"

Boom!

A huge fire dragon had been summoned by a consummate True God and it had struck the Time Elk. The flames swept over.

The consummate True Gods were naturally not afraid of the aftermath of the flames, but could some of the other True Gods withstand this raging fire?

"Promise of Absolute Beginning!"

Seeing the fierce flames rushing towards them, some of the True Gods realized that they wouldn't be able to resist it. So they gritted their teeth and activated a Promise of Absolute Beginning. The outer layer of their bodies suddenly shone with a layer of golden light. This golden light was like a protective covering, which would shield them from the energy formed by the internal momentum.

"Who has a defense weapon?"

"The Promise of Absolute Beginning is too precious to be used like this!"

"We could lose our lives. Do you really think it's a waste to use it at this moment?"

Many of the True Gods were watching.

The flames surging towards them were powerful, but it was indeed a waste to use the Promise of Absolute Beginning to resist them.

The True Gods present were the core members of the rich clans on the Floating Islands. Surely, someone would have some powerful body protection weapons or armors.

"I have a body protection bell."

Buzz!

The True God activated his weapon, and a large golden bell appeared and immediately enveloped him. However, this big bell could only protect him and not the others.

The other True Gods would have to think of their own ways of protecting themselves.

"Thad, come here!"

Kelsey yelled at Zen. She had a small ring in her hand. It appeared to be an extraordinary defensive treasure.

"He might not need it," Laquisha said with a mysterious smile.

Zen nodded to Kelsey. The flames were fatal, but they were unable to destroy his body.

Then Kelsey turned to the golden ring and cried, "Grow, grow!" The ring began expanding and soon enveloped the three women of the Han Clan.

"Wow!"

Soon, the flames engulfed the entire valley.

The True Gods resisted the attacks using their body protection weapons. Some of them had no other way to defend themselves and could only activate a Promise of Absolute Beginning. Zen was the only one who was able to absorb the flames with the golden light emanating from his entire body.

Holy Drew helped Zen refine his body in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, and raise his physical body to a new level. His body became more selective of the flames. However, Holy Drew didn't give any clue as to whether his body could still be strengthened.

"What's with the golden Sanskrit words on this guy's body?"

"Oh wow! He's absorbing Isaac's Demon-burning Flame!"

"He's not even afraid of the flames released from the consummate True God! What a guy!"

Although the fire was not as fierce as it was in the beginning, it could not be ignored completely.

Some of the True Gods' body protection weapons were also burned to ashes. They had no choice but to use the Promise of Absolute Beginning to resist the flames.

Everyone was so confounded when they saw Zen standing in the midst of the flames.

After several tense moments, the flames finally dissipated.

Zen's body returned to its normal state as well. He raised his arm and observed it. Absorbing the Demon-burning Flame did not benefit his body in any way.

All of the True Gods looked at the eastern part of the valley.

Everyone had the same thought in the minds: there was no way that the Time Elk would have survived such a fierce attack.

"Is it dead?" asked a True God, who was staring intently at it.

Zen's gaze was also focused on the Time Elk, which was sprawled out on the ground motionless.

Its body was covered in darkness, and the wide wings on its back were also riddled with holes. It didn't look like a savage beast anymore, and seemed to be dead.

The consummate True Gods warily moved towards the Time Elk.

But just as they approached the creature, the indestructible beast suddenly opened its eyes scaring the living daylights out of everyone present.

Its colorful eyes exuded a new level of ferocity.

The light flew along every piece of its flesh, muscle and blood vessels, soon converting into numerous sharp thorns and shooting out in all directions!

Swish, swish, swish!

Suddenly, the Time Elk had transformed into a giant hedgehog.

And each colorful thorn was formed by the power of time.

This phenomenon had occurred all of a sudden!

Rachelle was the first one to react. Almost in an instant, she used the spatial transference. Just as her figure disappeared, the sharp thorns had pierced into her chest!

The next moment, she appeared in another place of the valley. A fist-sized hole had formed in her chest and blood was gurgling out of it.

The other consummate True Gods also reacted swiftly. Most of them were injured, save for a few, who managed to escape quickly.

The consummate True Gods of the Zhao Clan and the Qin Clan were killed. Their heads were pierced by the sharp thorns. The formidable power of time destroyed their souls and their bodies were also pierced through. They died on the spot.

The mighty Time Elk staggered to its feet.

It seemed to be unable to use the Time Backing, so it let out a desperate roar.

All the spikes flew back to its body, and at the same time, a colorful halo spread out from its feet.

The Time Elk was sucked into the halo immediately.

Everyone was still frozen in fear, but they saw a small jade seal appearing in the center of the halo.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2352 Time Passage

A small slender snake was carved on the top of the jade seal. The little snake raised its head and flicked its tongue, as if it were alive.

The jade seal was quite inconspicuous at a glance, a little thing, about the size of a thumb.

But all the True Gods in the valley had exceptionally sharp eyes. Even a tiny mosquito would not escape them.

Thus, the atmosphere of the valley suddenly became charged.

Had they come across this seal in any of the other forbidden areas, the True Gods would have probably all rushed forward and fought to get their hands on it.

But here, nobody dared to take a move.

Everyone, including Rachelle, knew that anyone who moved would become a target.

The strong power of time that radiated from the jade seal tortured the souls of every consummate True God with longing.

Even if it was only a first grade supreme treasure of belief, to the True Gods, it would be worth fighting for.

Because this was the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Usually, any supreme treasure of belief that had a connection with the Timing Godly Way had powers and functions one could only dream about.

Seeing that this jade seal was emitting such a strong power of time, they could tell that it was definitely not a first grade supreme treasure of belief. It was at least third grade, or even fourth grade.

Outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land...

Even those Holy Beings couldn't contain their excitement at this moment.

Every supreme treasure of belief in the Time Sea Forbidden Land was by no means ordinary, and this jade seal seemed all the more unusual.

They tried to act as if they were not affected at all, hiding their extreme excitement. However, they were all, in fact, secretly communicating with their consummate True Gods.

"Get that jade seal..."

"At any cost!"

"You must take the jade seal out of the Time Sea Forbidden Land!"

"Use the right tricks..."

These Holy Beings, however, were also very conflicted in their minds.

One thing was clear for the consummate True Gods: whoever rushed to the circle of light would be attacked by all the other consummate True Gods.

If one of them was attacked by dozens of other consummate True Gods at once, even the exceptionally powerful ones, like Walton, Troy or Shahn, would surely die.

If the consummate True Gods were slow to react, however, they would undoubtedly lose the opportunity to obtain the jade seal!

The valley was engulfed in a heavy, oppressive silence.

The atmosphere among the inferior True Gods, on the other hand, was relatively relaxed.

"There seems to be a jade seal over there!"

"It's a supreme treasure of belief in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Well, do you think they will fight for it?"

"Of course!"

"I honestly don't really care, as long as their fight doesn't harm us."

With their cultivation level, these True Gods were not qualified to participate in the fight for the jade seal. They could only stand and watch from the side.

Zen's gaze swept the valley and landed on the jade seal. The expression in his eyes was one of utmost calm.

It seemed like a fight in the valley was inevitable. He only wondered who would win and get the jade seal in the end.

"The circle of light is spreading?"

Zen, too, had noticed that something was changing, after having observed the scene for a while.

When the Time Elk died, a multicolored circle of light and the jade seal appeared under its feet. After a while, the circle of light that had pooled on the ground around it did not disappear. On the contrary, it was expanding...

The power of time that the Time Elk had exuded before was of a discontinuous nature. Similar to the sea water in the Time Sea, it was formed through the condensation of individual time fragments, and the structure was irregular and covered in cracks.

However, there were no cracks in the power of time that wrapped the jade seal. It was a complete power of time. No one knew what would happen as it continued to spread.

Standing still, many of the consummate True Gods exchanged lengthy looks. Troy was the first to break the silence. "This jade seal looks extraordinary and it must be very precious. I'm sure none of you are willing to easily give it up."

"Of course," replied a middle-aged man in armor. He was holding a sword, and its blade was circled by a faint stream of light.

"I suggest that we take this treasure out of the Time Sea Forbidden Land and let the Hall of Holy Beings decide," said Troy.

Rachelle, Walton and some other consummate True Gods all remained silent.

They and the Dongfang Clan were family. Naturally, they would accept this proposal.

"Troy, are you kidding? Why didn't you just say that we should offer it to the Holy Emperor of your clan?" a consummate True God from the Sword Clan said sarcastically, sneering in disgust.

"He's right. What are we fighting for then? Is it possible that Nicholas of your clan could slice the jade seal into pieces and distribute them to us?" The one who spoke was a consummate True God from the War God Hall.

The Dongfang Clan occupied a large number of seats in the Hall of Holy Beings, but it was not so influential that no big clan could contend with it.

For example, the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan were both forces that could not be ignored.

But if the jade seal was sent to the Hall of Holy Beings, it would cause even bigger dispute!

Troy's face darkened. "Well, seeing as you don't agree with me, you must have a better idea," he asked in a mocking tone. "Who, then, should get the jade seal?"

"It should belong to whoever manages to take it, obviously!" Hearing this, a consummate True God from the Moon Clan sneered. Like a candle going out, he disappeared on the spot.

The first consummate True God that acted might face the biggest risk, but the possibility of him getting the jade seal was also the highest!

"Dream on!"

"The jade seal belongs to our Tang Clan!"

Nobody responded to this proclamation.

Instead, all the consummate True Gods moved, simultaneously, towards the place where the jade seal was.

Even the most calm of the consummate True Gods, like Troy, moved instantly and swiftly.

However, at the same time, a strange scene manifested itself before their eyes...

None of the consummate True Gods that had moved towards the colorful circle of light ever managed to touch the jade seal.

Their figures seemed to flash, like holograms, above the jade seal for a moment. Then they stopped, their figures appearing frozen in time, their arms outstretched to grab the seal, but motionless. They all had a strange look on their faces. They lingered for a while, but in the next moment, their figures began to gradually fade.

The True Gods in the valley were all shocked.

When they saw the consummate True Gods scrambling for the jade seal, they all expected a fierce fight to begin.

They had never expected that such a thing would happen.

"Where are they?"

"All of them have disappeared..."

Reginald, Soren and the other True Gods widened their eyes in shock.

"The jade seal is still there!" a True God shouted.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!"

Without any hesitation, some of the True Gods quickly dashed towards the east of the valley.

Zen's eyes flashed as he also rushed over.

In the end, all the True Gods stopped at the place where the multicolored circle of light was pooling.

"The problem must lie in the power of time," Zen said softly.

Pascal, who stood beside him, nodded and replied, "Yes. The power of time on this stage has already begun to fluctuate. The consummate True Gods must have been sucked in."

Moments ago, this sheath of colorful light, had lain still and flat on the ground. Now, however, it had turned into a colorful vortex, faint ripples faintly disturbing its otherwise smooth surface.

Zen picked up a stone from the ground. Aiming at the jade seal, he hurled the stone towards it.

"Phew!"

The stone made a swishing sound, and as soon as it entered the colorful circle of light, it disappeared.

Seeing this, Zen frowned slightly.

What he had guessed turned out to be correct.

The consummate True Gods could use the spatial transference to move, so when they moved to the place above the jade seal, they were sucked in by the colorful circle of light.

In fact, anything that touched the edge of the colorful circle of light would inevitably be sucked in!

"Have those consummate True Gods already died?" a True God asked.

As Kelsey heard this, her face immediately darkened. "Stop talking nonsense!" she said angrily. Alfredo was, after all, sucked into it.

Soren looked towards Kelsey. "No, they haven't died," he said. "These streams of power of time are continuous. I think people can pass through it safely, but I don't know where it will lead to..."

Theoretically, the Time Sea of the divine land could lead to any point of time in the past.

But the Time Sea was made out of time fragments, and there were countless time cracks. Therefore, any creature that fell into the Time Sea would be cut into pieces by those cracks, and then these pieces would fall into different times in history!

However, the power of time in front of them was a complete time passage, unlike that of the Time Sea.

"Should we go in?" another True God asked.

"Haha, it is possible that those consummate True Gods will never be able to come back! We cannot know for sure what has happened to them. If you go with them, you will be flirting with death!" a True God taunted.

A helpless expression appeared on the faces of many True Gods. The jade seal was so close to them, but they couldn't even touch it. This made everyone feel depressed.

Zen stared at the colorful circle of light for a short while. After making up his mind, he turned around to look at Laquisha and said, "I'll go in, too."

Hearing Zen's words, Laquisha's fine eyelashes trembled slightly. "Why?" she asked.

Aleyna and Kelsey also looked at Zen. It seemed to be a reckless decision. As the other True Gods had already said, it was too risky.

Zen smiled. He said something to Laquisha, his lips barely moving. Then, a confident smile turned up the edges of his mouth. Without further ado, he proceeded to jump into the colorful circle of light, followed by the screams of the True Gods he left behind.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN ALMIGHTY WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

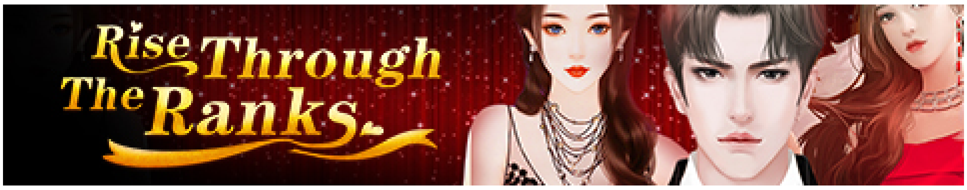

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

43

Content

Chapter 2353 The Insect With Pincers
Chapter 2354 Skeleton
Chapter 2355 Sea Of Bugs
Chapter 2356 Eagles And Rocs
Chapter 2357 Meet Nelly Again
Chapter 2358 Recovering The Broken Wing
Chapter 2359 Let Go Of Her
Chapter 2360 The Heavenly Wheel Snake
Chapter 2361 Offering Up Sacrifices
Chapter 2362 Heavenly Wheel Temple
Chapter 2363 Rachelle's Chance
Chapter 2364 Cut The Gordian Knot
Chapter 2365 Being Threatened
Chapter 2366 A Fierce Battle
Chapter 2367 Deep Inside The Temple
Chapter 2368 Dramatic Reversal
Chapter 2369 Let Him Go
Chapter 2370 The World Of The Bugs
Chapter 2371 Removing Three Seconds
Chapter 2372 A Torn Page
Chapter 2373 Sneak Attack
Chapter 2374 The Spear Of Time
Chapter 2375 We Are Leaving
Chapter 2376 Sprint For The Exit
Chapter 2377 Facing The Holy Beings
Chapter 2378 A Useless Bargaining Chip
Chapter 2379 The Impasse
Chapter 2380 The Entire Divine Land Fell Into Silence
Chapter 2381 Resting And Healing
Chapter 2382 Who Spared The Other's Life
Chapter 2383 Let Them Go
Chapter 2384 A Small Misunderstanding
Chapter 2385 The Decipherment
Chapter 2386 Sea Of Truth
Chapter 2387 The Full Text
Chapter 2388 Spar With Lavender

Chapter 2389 The Fallen Divine City
Chapter 2390 Eat The Slate
Chapter 2391 Limited Justice
Chapter 2392 The Truth Boat
Chapter 2393 Truth Of Cultivation Nature
Chapter 2394 Visitors
Chapter 2395 Teach Zen A Lesson
Chapter 2396 Truth Of Dark And Light Chaos
Chapter 2397 More Than A Thousand Puppets
Chapter 2398 Non-combat Zone
Chapter 2399 The Girl On The Back Of A Bull
Chapter 2400 Inquire About The Situation
Chapter 2401 Sudden Comprehension
Chapter 2402 Getting Beaten
Chapter 2403 The Other Shore Realm
Chapter 2404 Embarking On A Journey
Chapter 2405 In The Wind
Chapter 2406 Kill Two Top-rank True Gods
Chapter 2407 Sunrest Tree Region
Chapter 2408 An Original

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 2353 The Insect With Pincers

"Oh no! He has really jumped into the halo!"

"Doesn't he care about his own life?"

"Thad!"

The True Gods hadn't expected Zen to really jump, which was why they were so astonished when he did.

Aleyna's and Kelsey's eyes were wide open, their hands at their mouths in shock.

After a while, Aleyna whispered, "Laquisha, what did he say to you?"

Laquisha was lost in thought. At Aleyna's question, she smiled and said softly, "He asked me to wait for him."

Laquisha knew Zen's motives very well.

If he left the Time Sea Forbidden Land now, Zen would be at a dead end. Everyone knew what would happen to him if Nicholas were to lay hands on him. It was a fact that Samuel couldn't save him. And although Joy was a Demi-holy Being, she couldn't win against Nicholas either.

Zen might just get lucky by jumping into the light and be able to reverse what was happening.

Another figure in red jumped up and into the colorful light, disappearing from before everyone's eyes and leaving behind circles of shallow ripples that spread slowly.

"It's Nelly!"

"She has also jumped in!"

"Young people are getting bolder by the day!"

Laquisha was encouraged, seeing that Nelly had also jumped in.

No one knew where the colorful halo led to. Perhaps it led back to the past or perhaps it led to a dangerous, secret land where they would all meet.

But Laquisha was willing to take the risk, as long as it was for Zen.

Crack!

While Laquisha was lost in her thoughts, Aleyna grabbed her clothes from behind.

She whispered to Laquisha, "Laquisha, you have to trust him. I'm sure he will return safe and sound."

Aleyna knew what was on Laquisha's mind, which was why she decided to stop her before Laquisha could follow Zen and jump in after him.

"Laquisha, please don't leave us alone," Aleyna begged.

Laquisha looked at Aleyna's pleading face and heaved a sigh. Zen had always been able to turn any kind of bad luck around. She hoped that he would return safely this time as well.

Following this, about thirty True Gods jumped in one after another.

A few of the True Gods tried to use their techniques to get the jade seal out. But everything disappeared as soon as it entered the light.

They had tried all sorts of methods before they were left with no choice but to give up and think about leaving the Time Sea Forbidden Land instead.

The moment he jumped into the colorful halo, Zen felt his whole body become soft, as if it had turned into an infinitely long noodle, sliding towards the bottom.

The surrounding scenery also morphed into something very strange.

The colorful lights stretched unceasingly, turning into colorful noodles.

Zen studied the noodles carefully. He could see a few flesh-colored noodles and stared at them for a while before he recognized that they were other True Gods. Like his own, their bodies were stretched like noodles too and fell along the light beams.

'I wonder where this time channel leads to, '

Zen thought.

But no matter where he went, it was better than walking out of the Time Sea Forbidden Land and falling into Nicholas's hands.

Besides, time and space were two closely linked concepts.

For example, the countless time fragments in the Time Sea were independent spaces, but they represented the past.

Crank! Crank!

Zen suddenly heard a strange sound.

He looked up in time to see a black noodle slide by.

"Is it an insect?"

Zen murmured, his heart skipping a beat.

A pair of pincers sat on the top of the black noodle, like scissors, and behind these pincers were dark eyes that shone brightly. On both sides of its long, thin body were slender feet, like those of a millipede.

Once Zen had jumped into the halo, he could only move along these colorful beams of light. He couldn't move by himself. The other True Gods were the same.

However, the black insect waved its slender feet and could swim in the beams of light.

A few moments later, it swam above a flesh-colored noodle, waving its scissors-like pincers.

"Does it want to eat that True God?" Zen's heart skipped yet another beat.

Under the circumstances he was in, Zen couldn't even make a sound, let alone resist.

He soon saw red spots emerge from one end of the flesh-colored noodle.

"It's blood!"

Zen exclaimed, his eyes narrowing.

The black insect swallowed the flesh-colored noodle inch by inch, actively reducing its length.

Crank! Crank!

The black insect swallowed the True God and began to wander in the light again.

On witnessing this, all the True Gods were fervently praying that the black insect wouldn't choose them. But not long after, the insect finally chose another True God, crawled slowly up to him, and swallowed him inch by inch.

"I don't know who the True Gods that have been swallowed up are. They were so unlucky!" Zen sighed. He knew that it was rather pitiful to die like this.

Just as Zen thought this, the black insect wandered for a while, and then made its way to him.

"Holy crap!"

Zen said, his heart sinking.

As the black insect got closer and closer to him, he became more and more anxious.

He didn't know how long this channel would take. He would probably die if he didn't leave this channel soon.

Crank! Crank!

The strange sound became louder and louder. The black insect got closer and closer to Zen, and Zen became increasingly nervous.

A sudden light glowed from below him at this moment.

He looked down and saw that the streak of light had stopped close by. At the end of it was a small halo, exactly the same as the one he had seen in the valley.

"Is this the exit?"

Zen muttered to himself, his heart thumping wildly.

Although he had descended at quite a pace, the black insect moved faster in the light. Zen didn't know if he could hold on.

'Faster! Much faster!'

Zen thought frantically.

The exit was getting closer and closer, but the black insect had already arrived above his head, the pair of pincers looming close to his head.

His eyes passed the scissors-like pincers.

A chill passed through him at the sight of the pair of cold, dark eyes.

The pincers were unleashed and bit his head rather violently.

Zen felt a sharp pain.

In that moment, Zen felt a sudden loosening of his whole body, and then he was free again!

Before he could identify his surroundings, he twisted his body and changed direction. He found a pair of huge pincers clamped tightly around him, and spikes embedded in his head.

The black insect rushed out of the halo along with him, but half of its body was still stuck in the halo.

Soon after, Zen felt the pincers emitting a heavy force. The insect wanted to drag him back to the time channel.

"Go to hell!"

Zen had been like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered since he had been unable to move.

But now the situation was different.

He grabbed the two large pincers with both his hands, causing a force to rush forth and explode. He then dragged the insect out.

At the same time, he summoned his Buddha Emperor Sword and Heavenly Tooth Sword.

He concentrated his energy, and two balls of strength source appeared outside his body.

Zen had almost been eaten up by this black insect and now that he was sufficiently angry, how could he let it go? He would not rest before killing it!

But he didn't expect the two balls of strength source to burst into pieces as soon as they were formed.

"What happened?" Zen exclaimed, astonishment written large on his face.

He found that he couldn't use the strength source, and the Separate Controlling of the Purple Aura Godly Way.

But he was smart enough to twist the two pincers.

And with two resounding cracks, the pincers broke.

The insect, at Zen's explosive power, looked at Zen fearfully. It did not dare to do anything else but quickly retreated into the colorful halo.

Chapter 2354 Skeleton

Thinking of what he had just experienced, Zen was a bit shaken on the inside. His life had been on the line just now.

If he had been even a little slow in responding, the black insect in the passageway would have devoured him in no time. He would have been dead meat.

After resting for a while, Zen remembered something. He suddenly reached out and used the Cross-world Theurgy to extract strength source from his body.

However, when the Power Shaping began, the ball of strength suddenly vanished into thin air, unable to take any shape.

"What happened?"

Zen's eyes narrowed as a strange suspicion nagged at him. That was an odd thing to happen. Logically, this should not have occurred at all.

He seemed to ponder on something as he once again readied himself, this time about to condense a flame.

In the Godly Tile of his inner world, there existed a square that contained the Elementary Fire Godly Way. At the moment, it began to glow. The chaotic energy was constantly extracted and sent outside of his cinnabar field.

However, despite this, no internal momentum flowed through his hand currently.

Unconvinced, Zen continued to condense other Godly Ways. He kept trying several times but in vain.

It was not until now that Zen was certain of one fact. "Is it that internal momentum cannot be condensed in this world?" he mumbled to himself. "I don't know if it is only me who can't condense it or if all True Gods struggle in doing so."

"Nothing is wrong with you. Perhaps it's this world that is abnormal." Master Evil's voice sounded out of the blue, interrupting his thoughts.

Zen had left the Golden Beast Statue in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, causing Master Evil to manifest once again in Zen's mind. He had followed Zen to reach here.

Ever since he followed Zen into the Time Sea, he had been witness to a lot along the way.

Not only did he come face to face with the Holy Beings, he saw battles among the consummate True Gods; the Time Elk which was a sixth-grade fierce beast; and numerous other awe-inspiring things.

Although he only had a strand of soul left, he felt that the journey with Zen had been worth every minute.

Zen nodded in agreement. Along the way, he had not encountered any other beings except for the long and thin insect. Perhaps it was more likely that the world he was in caused this to happen to him.

He looked around, appraising his surroundings. Everything around him was grey and hazy. Except for the shadows of some trees, all that he saw in the distance seemed unreal.

Buzz...

At this moment, the five-colored circle of light beneath his feet shrank rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it disappeared, revealing a barren land.

If the light was truly a time passage, then could he be in a different era in the history of the divine land?

"The other True Gods didn't come into this world with me..."

When Zen had descended, he saw many True Gods fall with him. However, the light bands around everyone's bodies were different. Zen was unable to tell if they had landed at different positions in the same era, or if they had entered into times that were altogether different from him.

Perhaps this world only acted as a space for a certain period of time built by the jade seal.

After observing for a while, Zen chose a path and set off.

In fact, there was no clear path ahead of him. This was perhaps one of those rare places that few people had ever trod on.

Walking along the sparse bushes for a while, Zen noticed the bushes getting lower and lower, the soil under his feet becoming drier. Not long after he passed through the forest, the gray mist disappeared. Before him now was just a boundless expanse of desert.

Sand dunes with heights of several thousand feet stood like pillars in front of Zen. At a glance, they looked incomparably magnificent…

"Anybody here?"

As Zen looked into the distance, he saw a white figure appear at the top of the sixth sand dune.

Although Zen's eyesight was extraordinary, the figure seemed blurry to him. He had no way of telling what the person looked like from this distance. The figure waved at him frantically.

Whoosh!

Without wasting a second longer, Zen's body flashed and turned into a sharp arrow, hurtling forward.

Although Zen was still unable to fly in the air, he could move on the desert at an astonishing speed.

It only took him a few seconds to cross a sand dune that was over a thousand feet high and about ten thousand feet wide.

Before he knew it, Zen had reached the top of the sixth dune where the figure had appeared before.

As his feet stepped onto the hot sand, however, Zen looked around with a puzzled expression on his face.

The shadow of the figure had vanished from sight…

"It's strange. It was here just now." Zen frowned.

Master Evil was also immersed in observing the surroundings. "This place is very strange. Zen, be careful," he warned Zen, a tremor in his voice.

Zen nodded and turned. His expression immediately changed, one of unfeigned surprise.

"The forest has disappeared as well?"

He had only just entered this desert, and the forest behind him seemed to have melted away!

Master Evil's voice broke through his thoughts once again. "Zen, the figure is here again."

Zen's gaze swept across the dunes and he saw the faint figure on the top of the sand dune on his right, which was not so far away. The figure gesticulated at Zen wildly.

Zen's eyes flashed sharply. "No matter who you are, I will find you!"

Whoosh!

Zen transformed into a sharp arrow, travelling along the side of the giant sand dune with the speed of light.

Each step that he took on the sand blew the particles into the air, causing a burst of sand rain.

But when he arrived on the sand dune where the figure had just now been, it disappeared in an instant and reappeared on a sand dune further from him.

Without hesitation, Zen continued to follow the figure.

He traveled for thousands of miles. The scenery around him did not change a bit. Sand dunes still connected each other. The endless stretch continued without break. He did not see a single living creature along the way, not even a cactus.

"Zen, the shadow is strange. You'd better stop chasing it." Master Evil frowned, anxiety tracing his voice. Zen had been trying to catch the figure fruitlessly.

Zen laughed. "Even if I don't chase it, I still don't have a way out. What more is there to worry about?"

He had fallen into a desperate situation back in the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Within the forbidden area, he could not use the mountain token. After leaving the area, however, it was even more impossible that he could use the token right in front of the Holy Beings to escape to the fairy palace.

Since he had no way back, he could only march ahead.

As Zen finished speaking, his eyes flashed. "The shadow has changed its movement!"

Previously, the shadow had been waving at Zen from the top of the sand dunes. Suddenly, it pointed to the back of the sand dunes, as if telling him that there was something there.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Without hesitation, Zen shot in the direction the figure pointed.

As he stood on the top of a different sand dune, the white shadow disappeared like before. But then Zen saw the shadow appear at the bottom of the sand dune. The shadow pointed to a human-shaped skeleton on the ground. In the very next second, it easily crept inside the skeleton.

Splash...

As he slid all the way down the sand dune, Zen slowly approached the human-shaped skeleton. The puzzled expression on his face deepened.

The sand dunes in the desert flowed with the wind. If someone died here, the body would be buried in the sand in the matter of a few days. It was impossible for it to lie on the surface of the sand like this!

From the traces on the surface of the skeleton, one could not tell how many years it had been since the person died.

"Zen, look at the hand of the skeleton!" Master Evil pointed out.

Zen's gaze zoomed in on the three faint black rings on the skeleton's fingers. The rings were well made, like a sword that had been smelted and forged back into a circle.

"Is this the skeleton of the consummate True God from the Sword Clan?" Zen asked, stunned.

Back in the valley, Zen had observed the consummate True Gods of these powerful clans.

The consummate True God from the Sword Clan remained silent, but the sharp look in his eyes had left a deep impression on Zen. There was a similar set of three rings on the man's right hand.

When Zen had run his eye over these rings before, he had been somewhat confused as to why this person wore three space rings. He had even asked Aleyna about it in secret.

Aleyna had told him that the rings were not the kind of space rings that could hold things.

Rather they were symbols of supreme honor in the Sword Clan. They were also precious and powerful treasures that could save one's life.

"The consummate True God from the Sword Clan was indeed wearing white clothes!"

Thinking of the white shadow that had constantly flashed before, Zen felt a faint sense of unease rise in him.

The consummate True Gods had entered the circle of light about five minutes before Zen did. And within this short period of time, a consummate True God had died?

Moreover, a consummate True God's body could not decay so easily.

It would take ten million or even over a hundred million years for the corpse of an ordinary True God to rot and decompose. Moreover, the bones left in the end would still shine with a brilliant light.

How long would it take for the corpse of a consummate True God to rot, fester, and eventually turn into a mottled skeleton?

It was likely that even after several divine eras, it would not turn into such.

Chapter 2355 Sea Of Bugs

Zen surveyed the area.

Certain that he wasn't in any danger, he bowed to the skeleton with cupped hands. "Sir, you must have led me here for a reason. I apologize if what I'm about to do offends you."

He had no qualms with the consummate True God of the Sword Clan, but it was necessary to search through his remains for anything he might have left behind. Zen swallowed. He felt uncomfortable and disrespectful touching this consummate True God's bones.

Master Evil shook his head in his head. If it were him, he would directly take anything he could find away.

Meanwhile, Zen pulled the three sword-shaped rings from the dead True God's phalanges and studied them.

Still not knowing what to do, he took some chaotic energy and injected it into one of the rings. The moment the chaotic energy touched the ring, the ring emitted a bright white light and turned extremely hot.

"Shit!"

Burned by the scorching heat, Zen dropped the ring.

As the ring turned in the air, it morphed into a small sword which quickly grew larger and larger.

In the blink of an eye, the sword had transformed into a silver sword that was over three hundred feet long.

The huge silver sword contained a very sharp sword intent. Its blade glinted under the sun, resembling a giant silvery ship.

Whoosh!

It flew away and pierced through the air, leaving waves of sand in its trail.

Bang!

With a dull thud, the huge silver sword drilled into a huge sand dune causing a wide and deep hole in the dune. It continued and drilled into another sand dune.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Dozens of sand dunes were drilled into by the huge silver sword all the way. The muffled sound spread far away and finally dissipated.

Most of the sand piles were lifted by the power of the silver sword, and the skeleton was all buried. Zen eyed the swiftly collapsing sand dunes not far away with a look of astonishment on his face.

"This is amazing..." muttered Zen.

Even Master Evil was stunned. "This power is so terrifying."

Although Master Evil had lived a lot of eras in the divine land, this was the first time he saw such a powerful magic weapon.

There was a multitude of True Gods in the divine land, but very few had reached the consummation of True God Realm.

The three rings were the consummate True God's body protection weapons, and it was not strange at all that they held such power.

As he watched, Zen felt his heart sink. The rings had amazing powers and he just wasted one.

Sliding the remaining two on his fingers, he buried his hands into the sand and willed his strength source to spread out.

Crash!

The power that came out from Zen's body caused the sandy ground to shake and bubble. With a groan, the sand that piled around him dispersed and revealed the skeleton.

He did not know what kind of method this consummate True God used, but Zen was certain that he was led here for something.

Crouching down, Zen carefully turned the skeleton over. At last, he found a dark ring on the skull. From the black ring, an almost invisible wave of soul, weak as a thread, could be sensed.

"That white shadow must have been produced by this ring. And that shadow drilled into it at last," concluded Zen.

He extended his hand towards it and as soon as his fingers made contact with the ring, a faint gravelly voice suddenly spoke.

"Here... The desert... It is too dangerous... Go north... Be careful with the black spears..."

Once this consummate True God perished, his soul would cease to exist forever.

With the passage of time, the consummate True God's soul which was stored in the black ring had worn out and almost disappeared. What was left in the black ring was not even a remnant soul anymore, but a wisp of repeated consciousness.

Although Zen couldn't hear it clearly, he repeatedly listened to the ring until he remembered its words.

There were many things that Zen still did not understand, but what he did know was that this desert was so dangerous that even a consummate True God died in it. If Zen, a mere low-rank True God, came across danger...

'Leave this place now!'

His brain screamed at him.

Before he left, Zen glanced at the skeleton.

Then, he made a big hole in the ground, laid the skeleton in it, and buried it. After a long time, he should finally be able to rest.

Since he had already taken the three rings, Zen didn't take the black ring off. It was a spiritual treasure and carried the consummate True God's last wisp of consciousness. It didn't feel right to walk away with the last evidence of his existence.

Zen transformed into an arrow once again and shot towards the north.

However, not long after Zen left, the sand started to surge from the place where the skeleton was buried. For some reason, the skeleton slowly appeared from the sand and resumed its original state.

Even if Zen had obtained two powerful rings, his heart weighed heavy in his chest.

In the boundless desert, Zen ran north for six hours until the sky dimmed.

There was no sun in this world and the light just gradually dimmed. Two hours later, the sky had turned completely dark. The whole desert was completely immersed in absolute darkness, leaving Zen blind.

To Zen's surprise however, as soon as darkness came, the empty and desolate desert suddenly changed.

Specks of yellow light began to glow on the surface of the huge sand dunes. From afar, it looked like there were lamps burning in the distance. When Zen narrowed his eyes and focused on the tiny lights, he discovered that it was actually strange bugs that were producing the lights.

Every one of the bugs was partially hidden in the sand, with only ugly heads exposed in the air.

"What is that?"

A frown formed on Zen's face. Something was wrong here.

At this moment, a yellow light suddenly appeared beneath his feet and a bug's head shot out through the sand.

"Goo! Goo! Goo!"

The moment the strange bug rushed out, it charged at Zen and opened its mouth.

"Damn it!"

Zen kicked the bug, breaking it into two. The bottom half of its body rolled down the sand dune.

As soon as he killed the bug, more yellow lights lit up around Zen. Countless bugs came out of the sand dunes and grew as big as trees. They wrapped around Zen in the blink of an eye, about to devour him completely.

"Humph!"

Zen unsheathed the Great Weighty Sword.

He couldn't use the Emotion Closing Godly Way here, but he was not going down without a fight.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The sword light spread out in all directions and dozens of strange bugs fell to the ground.

He had just killed a batch of strange bugs but more of them came out of the ground. There was now a steady flow of them.

"You can't kill all these strange bugs. Hurry up and leave this place!" Master Evil told him.

Zen stopped fighting off the strange bugs and made his way through the gap and rushed out.

The strange bugs swarmed the desert like a tidal wave.

As soon as he stopped, the bugs would completely surround him so Zen could only run wildly.

He had no idea where he was heading in the dark. He just kept running for a few more hours in the darkness. He didn't know how far he had run until he saw a white pillar of light in front of him.

And below the light pillar stood several cloaked figures.

He had been running on the desert for quite a while now and all he could see were the strange bugs so Zen got excited at the sight of the human figures.

Chapter 2356 Eagles And Rocs

The huge column of light appeared to be very close, but it took Zen a full five minutes to get to it.

The cloaked men standing around the light column seemed to panic a little when they noticed Zen who was not far away now. They muttered something to each other and marched towards him.

Zen did not understand the language of the cloaked men, but judging by their tone and movements, he could sense that they weren't a welcoming committee.

Two of them even held steel pitch forks and pointed them at Zen.

Zen remained calm. He chose not to get close to avoid annoying them, and instead quietly watched on the side.

The sole reason that the consummate True Gods had entered this world was to obtain the jade seal.

Zen knew too little about this world and he needed to obtain some useful information as soon as possible. These cloaked men would play an important role in this quest.

Strange bugs were scuttling about in the sand dunes in the desert, but within the scope of the light column, there was not a single bug. The cloaked crew were obviously familiar with the habits of these strange bugs.

Zen waited and observed not far away for a while.

Suddenly he heard loud sounds in the sky.

A group of black shadows were flying across the sky and circling around the huge light column.

"Eagles?"

Zen gazed at this scene. Although the light was dim, he still recognized that the black shadows were eagles.

The black feathers of the eagles were camouflaged in the night sky. Their black eyes were sharp and feral.

A cloaked man standing under the light column took out a green flute and played it gently. Guided by the melodious sound of the flute, the eagles pounced towards the light spots in the distance.

An eagle flew down quickly, and stretched out its powerful claws to drag one of the bugs out of the sand dune. Then it tossed the hapless creature lightly in the air and swallowed it.

"It turns out that these cloaked men are herding the eagles and the bugs are their fodder," Zen said to himself.

The strange bugs in the desert were the food for the eagles, and luckily, they were inexhaustible.

The eagles kept swooping down, and the strange bugs were unable to resist them. Each time they flew by, a light dot disappeared in the desert.

This hunt lasted for almost an hour.

Zen still maintained a safe distance from the cloaked men. They thought that Zen was not a threat to them, so they didn't guard themselves against him.

They paid no attention to Zen. Instead, they focused on playing the flutes and controlling the eagles.

However, at this moment, a loud cry suddenly emanated from the sky.

"Yo!"

A ray of golden light flew across the sky.

The moment the golden light appeared, the eagles got startled as well. Flapping their wings, they flew in all directions in a frenzy.

"A golden roc!"

Zen's eyes flashed in surprise.

The golden light turned out to be a huge golden roc, which was much larger than the eagles. It stretched out its thick wings, which were several hundred feet long. It scratched the head of an eagle and opened its mouth to swallow the bird before it could fall down.

"Yo!"

The golden roc seemed to be very excited. With a flap of its golden wings, it chased another eagle. Its huge claw suddenly pinched and ripped up another eagle to pieces.

The cloaked men were also in a state of panic. After discussing for a while, they began to play the flutes in their hands, but the originally pleasant melody was now sharp and fierce.

Encouraged by this new tune, the eagles turned around, turned into black spirals, and shot towards the golden roc.

One eagle was no match for the golden roc, but a flock of eagles together possessed enough strength to fight the large golden roc. The eagles kept attacking the golden roc swiftly and relentlessly, and golden feathers rained down from the sky.

"Yo! Yo!"

The eagles had the upper hand now.

Two long howls sounded from the distance. Two golden lights were zooming towards them. Two more golden rocs had arrived as reinforcements!

Now the cloaked men were thrown into a tizzy.

It was already proving to be quite challenging for their eagles to fight one golden roc. Their birds would probably be killed by three golden rocs.

Moreover, the golden rocs flew much faster than the eagles. Even if they wanted to flee, there was no way for them to escape or hide in the vast desert. And once the eagles were killed by the golden rocs, the cloaked men would also be murdered by them.

"Yo!"

One eagle was trying to escape, but a golden roc tore half of its wing. Its body rolled in the air and it fell down towards the desert rapidly. It landed not far from Zen with a thud.

"Yo!"

The golden roc let out a high pitched scream, turned into a golden light and rushed down towards its victim.

The black eagle on the ground had a special appearance — a ring of white feathers grew on its neck. It had been quite ferocious when it fought with the golden roc but it ended up failing miserably. Blood and sand covered its wound. It was too weak to resist, and deep despair was visible in its eyes.

Seeing the helpless bird, Zen felt a sudden pity and got down on his knees.

Just then, the golden roc swooped down on its prey.

"Now, it is the right time!" Zen yelled.

He had transformed into a streak of light and dashed towards the golden roc.

The golden roc had certainly noticed Zen, and it was smart enough to realize that he was not in the same group as the cloaked men, so it had ignored him.

It never expected Zen to launch an attack at that moment.

Whoosh!

Zen timed it perfectly. When he flew up, the golden roc had no opportunity to dodge the attack.

Thump!

The birds' skulls were the most fragile parts of their bodies. No matter how vicious the eagles and golden rocs were, their skulls were fragile.

Moreover, Zen's attack was so powerful that even True Gods would not be able to resist it, let alone the golden roc.

Zen's knees slammed into the golden roc's head with a loud bang.

Before the golden roc could scream, its huge body rolled a few times on the ground and then stopped.

"Yo! Yo!"

Seeing this scene, the two golden rocs that were chasing the other eagles cried sadly. One of them wanted to avenge its companion and dove towards Zen.

The cloaked men below the light column were probably worried about Zen's safety. They waved their flutes towards Zen, trying to alert him, urging him to duck.

Zen spread his arms slightly and the corners of his mouth curved upward. He stood there, making no attempts to dodge the oncoming assault.

The moment the huge golden roc approached him, he brutally attacked it on its face.

Bang!

Sand was flying around.

The impact caused the yellow sand under Zen's feet to form a huge ripple which fanned out around him.

The cloaked men stared blankly at the dust floating in the air. When the dust settled, what they saw shocked them.

The golden roc lay motionless in front of Zen, and its head had been completely obliterated by the bombardment.

Zen balled his right hand into a fist and stared at the only golden roc in the sky with a smile. If this golden roc kept flying in the sky, he would have no way to deal with it. But if it zoomed down, it would be courting death!

"Yo!"

The golden roc circled in the air, eyeing Zen with its golden eyes. It realized that it was no match for the human, so it reluctantly retreated.

After the golden roc left, the cloaked men under the light column whooped with joy and rushed towards Zen.

Two of them raised their hands, bowed and patted their chests. Zen was confused with the gestures, but he understood that they were thanking him.

Several cloaked men surrounded the eagle with the broken wing, and one of them bandaged up the wound, while the others looked very sad.

The eagle with a white ring around its neck was special, but it might never fly high as its wing was broken.

After the cloaked men tended to the eagle's wound, another one took out a bamboo flute and played it again.

All the eagles flying in the sky descended and perched on the ground in a circle.

One of the cloaked men patted the back of an eagle and motioned to Zen.

"Are you asking me to ride on the eagle?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly at this request.

Chapter 2357 Meet Nelly Again

After Zen helped the cloaked men kill the two golden rocs, they got a good feel for him.

Zen needed to get to know this world better and these cloaked men were his way in.

Without another moment's hesitation, Zen gave a leap and landed himself on the eagle.

The cloaked men moved the eagle with a broken wing to the back of another.

Then, one of the cloaked men pulled out a flute, playing a sweet melody as all the eagles spread their wings into the air and continued to fly through the deep darkness.

These eagles were indeed powerful. They only needed to rest every four hours. Wherever they landed, there were simple camps.

The cloaked men seemed familiar with these camps. It seemed that they had built them.

"It seems they do have the way out of the desert," Zen muttered to himself.

They stayed in the camp for an hour before setting out again.

Along the way, Zen tried to strike up a conversation with the cloaked men. Though the language barrier was great between their two races, Zen began to pick up quite a bit of what they said.

After spending just one night with them, Zen had mastered a few simple phrases and was able to hold a conversation with them, albeit simple.

About fourteen hours later, a yellow crack struck across the dark sky. It looked like one infinitely long sword, stretching across the whole darkness. It quickly expanded, and the entire world was bathed in the bright day light in the blink of an eye.

It was the first time that Zen had ever seen night turn into day in such a way. He was shocked.

But these cloaked men were used to it.

Zen saw the scenery change around him. In the darkness of night, he had not realized they had flown out of the desert.

Zen sat on the back of the eagle and looked down, his face lit up with the changing scenery below.

Below, the desert opened up into incredible canyons, spread out across the ground like cracks. Within each canyon, strange, black bugs stretched their heads to the skies and wandering through the cracks - their bodies were 200, 000 to 300, 000 feet in length and thousands of feet in width.

These strange bugs were very similar to the ones in the desert in appearance, but their size was thousands of times larger. The power within them, no doubt, was stronger.

If Zen had attempted this journey alone, he probably wouldn't have made it across these canyons.

'What the hell is this world?' Zen proclaimed internally. He was scared at the thought of the dead consummate True God of the Sword Clan.

Watching Zen inspect the huge bugs below, one cloaked man tried to speak to him but Zen did not understand. He continued, undeterred, pointing at the bugs below as though it would help Zen understand more.

Zen nodded slightly.

The cloaked man was in fact, trying to tell him that the golden rocs were very dangerous.

He had then tried to explain that the giant black bugs were even more deadly.

Another cloaked man shouted. He was trying to warn everyone.

Then, seven or eight giant bugs stopped in their tracks and lifted their bodies. Their glowered over the desert as they stood up, and opening their huge mouths, they looked ready to swallow a whole mountain. Suddenly, they rushed towards Zen and his companions.

The eagles spread their wings and sped higher into the sky. Under the violent shaking, a cloaked man rolled down off his eagle.

Before he could scream, Zen's hand instinctively reached out like lightning to grab him, and with a burst of strength in the air, he pulled the man onto the back of his eagle. His quick skills only made the eagle sink a little, and then it continued to soar higher and higher.

The giant bugs kept approaching at an incredible speed and in the blink of an eye, they had gained on Zen and his group. The air around them started to stir, forming a gale around them.

Though they were tall - their bodies capable of stretching out hundreds of thousands of feet, the bugs could not fly, so the eagles continued to flap their wings, taking them out of reach.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The eagles were now flying perpendicular to the ground, soaring past the height of the bugs.

The giant bugs gaped at Zen and his group but were unable to catch them, falling from all directions to the ground. Their huge bodies crashed into the canyons, sending shockwaves across the land.

"Wow!"

The cloaked men cheered at the bugs' failure from the back of their eagles. They had escaped disaster. The cloaked man sat behind Zen thanked him for saving his life. If it wasn't for Zen, who knew what awaited him in the mouth of the bug?

Zen nodded nonchalantly. Indeed, it might have been quite an adventure for the cloaked men but Zen was used to such adversity.

His eyes were still focused on the ground below. The canyons, which looked like the scars of the earth, were starting to widen, and the giant bugs spilled out one by one, piling on top of each other. Zen's face hardened with gravity. He knew that with such a large size, they'd need a lot of energy to survive, and thus, need to devour a massive amount of food.

With no other living creatures around on the godforsaken desert and canyons, how on earth had so many bugs survived this long?

What he saw next turned his world completely upside down. He didn't understand this world.

The canyons continued to spread, widening even further before converging into a huge ocean below.

But the ocean wasn't made of any water. There was not a single drop of water to be seen. Instead, it was filled with these bugs, bunched up together so densely that it was as though they were one ocean. Black, purple and grey bugs squeezed together, wriggling and writhing like the waves of a restless sea.

The sea of bugs, restless and ominous, was terrifying to see.

But the eagles continued to flap their wings, carrying the cloaked men and Zen far above the bugs' reach.

Zen couldn't keep silent. He needed to understand where these strange bugs came from. And though the cloaked man tried to explain, complete with demonstrative gestures, Zen still did not have the slightest idea what he was talking about.

"It seems I have to take my time."

A trace of helplessness appeared on Zen's face. Over the next few days, Zen would begin to master the language of this race. But today, he was resigned to a few guesses.

As they finally passed the vast sea of bugs, the world opened up before them. Emerald green mountains and lakes that glistened in the light cascaded across the landscape.

In the distance, a lofty fortress appeared. It took on the shape of a huge eagle's head, tens of thousands of more eagles adorning the city wall around it.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The eagles swerved downwards, carrying Zen and the cloaked men into the fortress.

Zen jumped down from the back of the eagle and was greeted by a loud shout. Dozens of cloaked men came towards him, large, black forks drawn against him.

Unintelligible sounds kept coming out of their mouths. Zen could not make out a single word

but he could tell he was not welcomed.

"Enemy?" Zen asked calmly, as he scanned his eyes across all the cloaked men.

They were no match for him. If he wanted, he knew he'd be able to kill them all in the blink of an eye.

"Yo!"

An eagle shot over Zen's head like a sharp sword zooming through the air. It perched by the roof in front of him, a cold stare affixed on Zen.

Even the eagle's feathers were reminiscent of sharp swords, holding fierce gravitas around it. Zen gulped, a faint sense of fear washing over him.

"Feathers?" Zen's eyes looked towards the circle of white feathers that seemed to adorn the neck of this eagle. It was the same arrangement as seen on the eagle with the broken wing. It must mean something significant.

The cloaked men continued to surround Zen. Those who had brought him to the fortress tried to explain and calm the tensions. From time to time, they pointed at the eagle with the broken wing.

From what he could tell, they were trying to tell them that he was an ally and had saved the eagle.

It seemed to be working as the hostility subsided and the men put down their forks.

The cloaked man who seemed to be the leader bowed slightly to Zen, gesturing at the eagle with the broken wing as though he was saying thanks. Indeed, there was something important about these eagles with the white feathers around their necks.

The leader gestured towards Zen, inviting him into the fortress.

Zen followed him but suddenly, stopped in his tracks.

Over his shoulder, he'd caught sight of a red figure, sitting in a cage not far away, her face buried between her knees.

"Nelly?" Zen was shocked.

What was Nelly doing here? And imprisoned, no less?

Chapter 2358 Recovering The Broken Wing

These men draped with cloaks did not display the amount of power to defeat Nelly. How had they captured Nelly?

Even with the absence of Godly Ways in this world, Nelly's power was enough to defeat the cloaked men easily.

Zen bet they should have relied on the eagles.

Zen had noticed that there were some special eagles, and their strength was far stronger than that of an ordinary eagle. There might be some extremely powerful individuals among the eagles raised by the cloaked men.

Nelly looked quite upset.

Zen gestured to the cloaked men, meaning for them to wait for a moment before he started walking towards the iron cage.

Because her head was buried in her legs and she stayed motionless, Nelly didn't notice Zen's arrival at all.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Zen knocked on the iron fence.

"Fuck off! I'm not going to eat your disgusting food!" Nelly exclaimed but didn't raise her head.

The cloaked men would send her food every day in fear that she would die of starvation after they locked her up.

But after all that had happened, how could Nelly swallow her pride and eat their food? Moreover, as a True God, she didn't need to eat anything.

Zen approached and put his hands behind his back. He then stared at Nelly with a faint smile and without saying a word.

Nelly sensed something was wrong. Often, before the cloaked men left, they would say something she couldn't understand. Why was it so quiet this time?

As she looked up and saw Zen, her eyes were filled with astonishment, and she was stunned for a moment.

"Why are you here?"

Her face had shown immense excitement and surprise at the same time.

"Why? Can't I be here?" Zen said with a calm voice.

Majority of the members of the Mu Clan did not give a good impression on Zen, but he had saved Nelly's life twice already.

However, Nelly's elder sister, Rachelle, had tried to kill Zen once entering the valley. Because of this, Zen believed that Nelly must have told her sister something.

In Zen's opinion, Nelly had returned his kindness with ingratitude!

"But how did you manage to make friends with these cloaked men?" Nelly asked as she noticed that the cloaked men treated Zen as a guest instead of an enemy.

Zen just shrugged his shoulders and chose not to answer.

"Can you help me out?" Nelly begged.

After hearing that, Zen displayed a mocking smile on his face and said, "Why should I save my enemy?"

Although Zen knew that his biggest enemy was the Dongfang Clan, the Mu Clan remained to be his first target. After all, it was Murphy who had planned to destroy the Evolutionary Universe.

Astonished at what she heard from Zen's mouth, the excitement in Nelly's face vanished.

"It was my sister who wanted to kill you, not me..." Nelly gently bit her lip and tried to defend herself.

"It's the same thing for me," Zen said with a smile before turning around to leave.

Clang! Leaning against the iron fence, Nelly continued to explain, "I didn't know that she was planning to kill you! She only asked me to investigate your identity as the anonymous man. I didn't know that you are the son of Mike!"

"That makes no difference to me," Zen said nonchalantly without looking back.

Being the son of Mike, his hatred towards Nelly, the daughter of Murphy, could never be dissolved.

Seeing this scene, the cloaked man accompanying Zen asked, in their language, "Is she your friend?"

"No," Zen replied using their language.

Then, Zen left with the cloaked men, leaving Nelly behind in the cage.

Nelly was steaming with anger.

She had the same temperament as her sister, Rachelle. No matter when or where she was, she always tended to be stronger in front of everyone!

However, after following Zen into this strange world, she had gone through a period of tribulations and had almost been killed by several golden rocs for the trouble.

After coming across some powerful eagles, in a fit of anger, she had killed three of them in an instant.

However, she was captured by the cloaked men when she failed to defeat the more powerful eagles whose necks displayed brilliant white feathers.

Nelly had always displayed pride and dignity to everyone, including the Mu Clan leader and other Holy Emperors.

She had never felt so frustrated before!

Even after confirming Zen's identity, Nelly still defended Zen. But now, Zen had shown his true colors without any hesitation!

As the feelings of sadness and regret welled in her heart, Nelly became unable to control herself and burst into tears in the cage.

Zen had already walked away from Nelly with the cloaked men. However, when he heard Nelly cry, he slowed down in his steps and his gaze softened.

If Zen was being honest, he actually thought that although Nelly had a strong character, she was not a bad person.

This young girl should not be burdened by the long-standing hatred between the Luo Clan and the Mu Clan.

However, Zen decided to observe the situation first since he did not know why Nelly had been imprisoned and why there was enmity between her and the cloaked men.

During Zen's stay, he was well welcomed by the cloaked men and they arranged a house for him to stay in.

They were very kind to him and did not restrict his freedom, allowing him to wander around their fortress.

After living in the fortress for a few days, Zen gradually familiarized himself with their language. He was able to communicate smoothly with them and understood more about this group of people.

He learned that they called themselves the Eagle race and were aboriginals of this world.

They had been living with the eagles, and they had raised them ever since as weapons and friends.

The eagles with white feathers on their necks were called the Royal Eagles, which were far more powerful than the average eagles. They were both their most powerful weapons and the entities believed to be overseeing them in a spiritual level.

On the fourth day, Zen saw several members of the Eagle race being escorted to the square of the fortress.

After the cloaks on their heads were removed, Zen looked at them from a distance and immediately recognized them at first sight. They were the ones who had taken him out of the desert.

Then, they lifted their left arms and tied them to the railing nearby.

Beside them, another member of the Eagle race took a long ancient sword. He slowly lifted it up. It looked like he was going to cut off their left arms!

Zen frowned and leaped up. He fleeted on the roof like a dragonfly skimming the surface of water and then landed lightly on the ground. Using their language, he asked, "What are you doing?"

The Eagle race member carrying the long sword glanced at Zen indifferently and then answered, "I'm penalizing them."

"What wrong did they do?" Zen asked.

"They failed to protect the Royal Eagle and it lost one of its wings," the executioner replied.

"The Royal Eagle lost one wing so they have to pay with their arms? What if the Royal Eagle died? Should they pay with their lives?" Zen asked, his face streaked with an unmistakable darkness.

"Yes, that is correct!" the executioner nodded in agreement.

"It's our fault that we didn't protect the Royal Eagle well."

"We are willing to take the punishment."

"Yes, I'm willing to accept the punishment."

The members of the Eagle race being tied said one after another.

The Royal Eagles were the spiritual deities of the Eagle race and no accident was allowed to happen to them. If the Royal Eagle died in the course of grazing, the race members grazing it would have to pay with their lives.

This was the rule and practice of the Eagle race, so it was improper for Zen to intervene. However, he still asked, "Is there any way to get rid of their punishments?"

The executioner shook his head. "It's impossible, unless the Royal Eagle can fly into the sky once again."

After its wing was broken, they said that the Royal Eagle had lost its fighting capacity forever, which was a great loss to the Eagle race. The Eagle race members had to be extremely careful while grazing the Royal Eagles.

"Let the Royal Eagle fly again?" Zen's eyes flashed and a smile appeared on his face.

For the Eagle race members, they could never mend a broken wing. But for Zen, it was not that difficult.

If the Godly Ways could be used, Zen could directly use the Life Godly Way to help the Royal Eagle grow a new wing. Now that the Godly Ways couldn't be employed here, he still could use the pills.

He thought for a while and Nelly's face flashed in his mind. He smiled and said, "If I can help that Royal Eagle recover its broken wing, can you let them go?"

"You can recover the broken wing?" The executioner stared at Zen with an incredible look.

Zen nodded slightly and said in a serious tone, "I suppose so."

The executioner looked at Zen doubtfully. He did not really believe what this outsider had said, but he finally put down his long sword. "I have to report this to our chief first!"

Chapter 2359 Let Go Of Her

The chief that the executioner was referring to was the supreme commander of the Eagle Castle.

"Okay," Zen said with a nod.

With that, the executioner left in a hurry, leaving all the members of the Eagle race awaiting punishment to look at Zen in surprise.

"You… You can really do it?"

"You can heal the broken wing of our Royal Eagle?"

"Impossible!"

In their excitement, the voices of the members of Eagle race trembled.

They were all too willing to take on the punishment.

It was an unforgivable sin to let the Royal Eagle get hurt—it was worse than losing even their own lives.

So when they heard Zen make such a sudden promise, naturally, they got riled up. Still, they were worried he was just lying.

Aoo…

After a moment, an eagle was heard singing.

Some sort of black light appeared in the sky where the eagle spread its wings and circled the area, flying towards Zen.

The moment the black light appeared, all the eagles in the Eagle Castle grew extremely quiet. They scattered into every corner, curling up their wings and sticking out their chests, motionless, like soldiers under inspection.

"This eagle is huge!" Zen muttered while looking up at it.

The feathers on the eagle's neck turned out to be a light golden color, and the eagle's powerful momentum left Zen feeling threatened—it was a truly powerful Royal Eagle. It had the power to fight him.

In the blink of an eye, the Royal Eagle landed opposite to Zen as a sturdy member of the Eagle race leapt off its back.

It shed a strange cloak, revealing a middle-aged man with a wide forehead—the chief of the Eagle Castle.

Turning to face Zen, the chief asked in the Eagle race's language, "Can you heal our Royal Eagle's broken wing?"

Unlike the other members of the Eagle race, the chief didn't doubt Zen's words. If he was lying, he would soon be exposed, after all.

"Yes, I can," Zen nodded.

Hearing these words, the chief's Royal Eagle made a sound—it should have understood Zen's words and stared right at him with sharp eyes.

Also looking intently at Zen was the chief as he asked, "Do you have any requests other than letting these people go?"

He figured it was natural to forgive those people if the Royal Eagle could be healed. They had nothing to do with Zen, after all. So this didn't count as a request at all.

"Yes, of course," Zen said with a smile. "Let go of the woman you have caught."

A sense of hesitation came over the chief at Zen's request. "She killed our eagles. She is our enemy."

"I can promise you that she will not be making a move again," Zen affirmed.

The chief nodded as he thought it over.

Even if the woman was released and asked for another fight, she was no match for them.

Under the chief's leadership, Zen arrived at the rear tower of the Eagle Castle.

He pushed the door open to find the Royal Eagle lying on the floor with its broken wing. Its wound was tightly wrapped, but it was clear that it had already lost any hope for flying ever again. There was despair in its eyes.

"Please." The chief made a gesture.

With a nod and a light pat, Zen conjured a round milk-white pill that emitted a soft fragrance.

The sweet smell attracted both the Royal Eagle and the chief.

It was merely a five times refined pill, something Zen had obtained when he was still on the Floating Island of the Han Clan. It was a magical pill that could help any True God recover from broken limbs.

As Zen walked towards the eagle, it grew vigilant. Refusing to take the pill, it seemed ready to attack.

Zen turned to the chief helplessly.

Then, the chief pulled out a flute and began playing it—the members of the Eagle race could communicate with their eagles as such.

With the melodious sound in the air, the Royal Eagle grew calmer, or at least, it opened its mouth more tamely.

With a flick of his hand, Zen got the pill flowing down the Royal Eagle's throat.

Then, Zen retreated to the side with a smile.

"Aoo! Aoo!" The Royal Eagle behind the chief with light golden feathers around its neck made a few sounds. There was a trace of nervousness in its eyes.

Even the chief seemed nervous as he looked at the Royal Eagle. "How long will it take for the pill to take effect?" he asked. Even with the pill's magical effect, the chief figured that it was impossible for the Royal

Eagle's wing to be healed in a matter of minutes—that was too good to be true.

"In just a few moments," Zen answered with a smile.

Even a True God could gain a new limb after taking the pill, though they needed to train the new limb that was far from its original.

But regaining a limb was nothing short of a miracle in this world.

It was barely a minute when the Royal Eagle's body shook violently, rustling its black feathers. After a moment, a wisp of blood gushed out of the well-wrapped wound as some pale green energy gathered around its broken wing.

Bones, muscles, and blood began gathering and growing at a visible speed.

"What? So fast! This is indeed a miracle!" the chief exclaimed, his eyes widening in disbelief.

"Aoo! Aoo! Aoo!" The Royal Eagle howled in excitement behind the chief.

Soon, a brand new wing grew along with pitch-black feathers.

"Aoo! Aoo!"

The eagle flapped its wings, setting off a burst of violent wind that circled out of the window, and rushed into the sky.

"Thank you so much..."

The chief was excitedly exclaiming in gratitude and put his right hand over his left chest, bowing before Zen.

The Royal Eagles had an unlimited potential of growth—to lose one was great damage to the Eagle race. After all, only one out of thousands could become a Royal Eagle.

When it flew out of the tower, the Royal Eagle drew cheers from the members of the Eagle race outside. They had never seen such a miracle in their lives—it was shocking but certainly delightful.

When the exclamations reached her ears, Nelly looked up at the Royal Eagle in the sky with an aggrieved expression on her face.

Ever since she saw Zen a few days ago, he never appeared again. Had he already left the castle?

"How heartless he is! He refuses to help me even though I am in the face of death!" she bit her lip with hatred. "Even though the Mu Clan and the Luo Clan are enemies, I've never treated you as one."

She didn't know how long she would be locked up by these people—she was probably there to be executed one day by those damned eagles.

With this in mind, sadness rushed over her, so much so that she could feel her eyes getting glassy. She didn't want to die in the damned place for no reason.

But just then, a figure quietly appeared.

Suddenly, Nelly sensed something. When she raised her head, there Zen was, looking at her with a faint smile on his face.

But in her eyes, she could sense a touch of mockery in his smile.

"Why are you still here?" Nelly's face darkened.

But Zen merely waved his hand and said something to the people behind him. Two men came over and opened up the cage.

Still cautious, Nelly didn't leave the cage immediately. Instead, she suddenly stood up and took two steps back, her expression growing vigilant. "What do you want?"

"I'm letting you go," Zen said flatly.

"Letting me go?" She couldn't believe it.

Shrugging his shoulders, Zen turned around and left without a word.

Standing in the cage, Nelly was still in a daze, wondering how on earth Zen made these people let her go so easily.

When Zen's back disappeared at the corner, Nelly rushed out of the cage to run after him.

The members of the Eagle race held a grand feast to show their gratitude.

Nelly took a seat beside Zen.

Thinking about how she became a distinguished guest from nothing but a prisoner in the cage, she got rather emotional. Seeing how the Eagle race respected Zen so much, she was puzzled. It seemed that the guy had even learned the Eagle race's language in a short time.

Zen could communicate well with them, but Nelly was left stunned at the banquet like she had gone deaf.

Everyone clinked their glasses and toasted to the chief. It wasn't until then that Zen learned basic information about their world.

His very purpose in helping the Eagle race was to get to the truth of the world as soon as he could. From the looks of it, it was very likely that the world was built by the jade seal, meaning that there must be a key point in controlling it.

Apart from Zen himself, the consummate True Gods had also entered the world.

Although the consummate True God of the Sword Clan died in the desert rather strangely, other consummate True Gods were unlikely to die so easily.

Those consummate True Gods would definitely pour their efforts into finding a way, so he had to rush things along.

Chapter 2360 The Heavenly Wheel Snake

There was some information withheld by the Eagle race in the beginning.

Despite the fact that Zen saved their Royal Eagle and was treated like an esteemed guest, he remained an outsider to their race.

However, completely rebirthing the Royal Eagle's wing by means of a pill was completely taking it to a whole other level.

To say the chief was excited was an understatement.

It was amazing just how Zen kept on surprising them. The young man actually had a pill that could save a disabled Royal Eagle. One could only wonder how many more magic pills he had in his possession.

The chief didn't know where Zen came from, but it didn't really matter. If the young man wasn't strong enough, then those pills were as good as the chief's.

Of course, Zen was already aware of the chief's intentions.

On hand, he still had around seven or eight five times refined pills. If the members of the Eagle race wanted to snatch them by force, then the price they would have to pay would definitely be higher than the harvest.

Zen was no fool. He had already made inquiries and understood how this world worked more clearly.

This world had three great races.

The Eagle race was one of them, then the Roc race, and finally, the Swallow race. The golden rocs Zen had seen previously belonged to the Roc race.

These three races lived through the birds they tamed and they flourished around the vast desert.

"Is it caused by those bugs?" Zen asked.

The chief nodded. "Yes. Our eagles take the Heavenly Wheel Bugs as their meal so they can grow healthy and strong."

'So those strange bugs are called Heavenly Wheel Bugs, ' Zen thought to himself.

Every once in a while, the Eagle race would take their eagles out into the desert to graze and have their fill of Heavenly Wheel Bugs. It was there that Zen met them.

The golden rocs had the same agenda and thus fought with the eagles. This had been going on for so long that each race always treated the others with animosity at sight.

It was this desert that comprised the center of this world. Incidentally, a consummate True God of the Sword Clan also died there.

Thinking of this, Zen asked again, "Are there some special places in this world? Or has anyone ever seen something similar to a jade seal?"

Zen didn't know how to control the jade seal or how the world was like, so he had no choice but to explore bit by bit to find out.

"What is a jade seal?" the chief asked in apparent confusion.

Zen smiled. It seemed there was no such thing as a jade seal in this race.

He thought it was better to show rather than tell. Breaking a leg off one of the tables, Zen used his finger to carve it.

A carving of a small snake blossomed onto the wood and underneath it was the jade seal.

Nelly, who sat beside Zen, was quite confused. She did not understand the conversation between him and the chief or what Zen was planning to do.

However, as the wood was continuously carved, the light in Nelly's eyes also flashed. 'So it's the jade seal. He wants to find a way to control the world, ' she thought.

Nelly also did not generally know what went on with the world, but she had learned and built up an assumption about it. The world was most likely a space built by the jade seal and one had to find a way to control it.

After finishing the carving, Zen heaved a sigh of relief. He then put it on the table. "Have you ever seen this thing before?" he asked the chief.

The wooden carving looked very lifelike and the chief couldn't help but be surprised by it.

He narrowed his eyes and a few members of the Eagle race looked at it with grave expressions.

Their reactions pleased Zen for a bit. It seemed he asked the right person.

Although she couldn't understand what they were talking about, Nelly could very clearly see the expressions on these people's faces and that they recognized the wooden carving.

"I know the snake," the chief replied after a brief pause.

"Where is it?" Zen asked with raised eyebrows.

At that moment, however, the chief hesitated. He seemed to be deep in thought for a bit before sighing. "This is the Heavenly Wheel Snake in the Heavenly Wheel Temple. We go to the desert every once in a while and bring a few boys and girls there as sacrifices to the Heavenly Wheel Snake. This is how we protect our race from punishment."

His words cast a depressing mood in the room.

Offering up sacrifices to the Heavenly Wheel Snake was a serious affair and ensured peace to their race.

However, this practice was met with reluctance.

In the depths of the desert, the Heavenly Wheel Snake controlled the entire desert's Heavenly Wheel Bugs. To satiate the Heavenly Wheel Snake, children would be sent into the temple.

The fate of these sacrifices was evident. Nobody who entered that place ever came out.

No race was willing to send their own children, but it was a necessity. Each race sent it as many as they could. If the Roc race sent ten, then the Eagle race would send a few more.

If the number of children sent in wasn't enough, then the Heavenly Wheel Snake would punish the race.

There were countless Heavenly Wheel Bugs. If the Heavenly Wheel Snake willed it, a wave of several hundred large Heavenly Wheel Bugs could come and ravage the Eagle Castle instantly. Whatever the Heavenly Wheel Snake willed would be done.

Zen nodded in understanding. "So that's how it is."

The people of this world could only survive with the help of their birds, but in order to do that, the birds needed to eat the Heavenly Wheel Bugs. And the humans must send in their children to the Heavenly Wheel Snake. Otherwise, the snake would destroy them. It was a cycle. The humans in this world lived in order to raise that snake!

It seemed the Heavenly Wheel Snake would probably be the key to controlling the jade seal.

"When do you offer up sacrifices to the Heavenly Wheel Snake?" Zen asked again.

"It depends. Sometimes once in half a year, other times once a month," the chief said.

Everyone else was silent and some of the members even looked sad.

Over the years, their children had been sent to the Heavenly Wheel Temple to die. Zen's question uncovered old wounds that never really healed.

"I'm sorry," Zen apologized in a low voice.

The chief sighed. "We've gotten used to it after so many years." He then pointed at the wooden carving Zen made. "The Heavenly Wheel Snake cannot be offended. We have to sacrifice our children for us to live in peace. My poor daughter will be sent to the Heavenly Wheel Temper in half a month."

A trace of sadness appeared on his face at the mention of his child.

His daughter was only six-year-old and did not yet quite understand what the elders were talking about. All she had been doing so far was sit next to her father and enjoy her meal.

When she heard him mention her, she smiled brightly at him.

"In half a month?" Zen repeated in surprise.

The chief could only nod sadly. "Yes."

"May I take part in it?" Zen's eyes flashed.

The chief looked up at Zen in surprise, but a look of vigilance immediately replaced his shocked expression.

Even if Zen helped in curing one of their Royal Eagles, they still did not trust in him fully. They did not know the origins of him and the woman beside him. Whether in dress or in aura, it was obvious that the two did not belong to this world.

This small world they lived in formed their narrow views. None of them cared about the truths of the world. All they really cared about was their survival.

Zen could read the chief's thoughts on his face. It seemed that his request was about to be rejected, so he quietly took out six five times refined pills from his space ring.

Chapter 2361 Offering Up Sacrifices

When Zen took out the five times refined pills, their fragrance filled the entire hall.

Most of the members of the Eagle race had never seen magical pills before and didn't know how useful they were, but the chief had seen the effect with his own eyes.

As soon as he saw the six milky white pills, his breathing became heavy as he imagined how it would be to have them in his hands.

During the past few years of fighting, a lot of Royal Eagles had died. Most of the remaining ones were injured and couldn't fly anymore. Among these injured eagles were the precious golden-feather Royal Eagle and the bloody-feather Royal Eagle.

These six pills alone could heal the injured eagles as well as greatly enhance their strength.

"If you take me there, these are yours," Zen offered.

The chief found his proposal very tempting.

Recently, the conflict between the Eagle race and the Roc race had been getting more and more serious. The chances of a fierce war breaking out between the two races were very high. The Eagle race needed these magical pills to enhance their strength before that.

"I'm willing to take you there, but I don't think the other chiefs would agree to it," the chief replied after a deep breath.

The Eagle race was divided into five tribes—the Eagle Castle and four other tribes.

Even if the chief of the Eagle Castle agreed to Zen's proposal, the other four might not agree.

Zen frowned, wondering how to solve this dilemma.

Judging from the clues he had obtained, the Heavenly Wheel Temple was probably the only place that could control the jade seal. He had no choice but to go there.

He had been searching the desert for so long, but to no avail. Without the guidance of the Eagle race, it would be impossible for him to find the temple.

Thinking of this, he turned and looked at Nelly.

With a glass of wine in her hand and a smug smile on her face, Nelly said, "Oh, it turns out that you are using these pills to entice these people to do your bidding."

Nelly couldn't understand the conversation between Zen and the chief of the Eagle race, but she managed to get the gist of it by looking at their expressions and actions.

The chief of the Eagle race was obviously very interested in these healing pills, and Zen was probably offering them to him in return for something else.

Moreover, judging from Zen's expression, she could tell that the chief of the Eagle race had not agreed to his request.

"Do you have any healing pills? They must be refined pills, but it doesn't matter how many times they've been refined," Zen said, ignoring Nelly's jab.

Even if she had only one or two times refined pills, those pills would still be able to heal the injured Royal Eagles. He had no doubt that the Eagle race would agree to his request as long as he offered them more pills.

"Yes, I have a lot of them," Nelly replied with a smile.

"Give them to me," Zen said, reaching out his hand.

"Why do I have to do as you say?" Nelly asked.

Zen's eyes darkened slightly. "Because I saved you three times!"

He had saved Nelly twice in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. And in this world, he had just helped her escape from the cage. Otherwise, there was no telling what kind of fate she would have faced.

"You voluntarily saved me," Nelly said, shrugging.

Zen glared at the proud expression on her face. "Don't push me."

Even in the divine land, Nelly was no match for Zen.

Moreover, in this world, it was impossible for her to use the Godly Ways. Although both of them were low-rank True Gods, there was a great gap between Nelly and Zen in terms of strength.

Nelly's expression turned sullen at his words. After thinking for a while, she said firmly, "I'll give you those pills. But you have to promise me one thing—wherever you go, you must take me with you!"

"That's impossible." Zen shook his head without even thinking about it.

He didn't trust Nelly, not to mention that Rachelle was also in this world.

It was always a hidden danger for him to have Nelly at his side.

"Then there's no need to talk," Nelly sighed softly. "Perhaps I'm no match for you, but I can instantly destroy those pills." She smiled and looked at Zen with provocative eyes.

"You!" Zen's eyes widened in disbelief. He couldn't believe that she would stoop to such lengths to get what she wanted.

At this time, Nelly suddenly said with a very serious expression, "I swear that I won't bring you any trouble. Moreover, my sister wants to kill you. If you let me come with you, I'll try persuading her into letting you off. Even if you're Mike's son, you don't have to be considered an enemy by my clan."

A strange expression appeared on Zen's face when he heard this.

Although he hadn't known Nelly for a long time, he had seen enough to know how smart she was. So why was she saying something like this? Was she really that naive?

It was impossible to persuade a woman like Rachelle!

Did Nelly really believe that the conflict between two great clans could be solved simply by a few words from her? Nonsense!

Nelly wasn't able to convince even Zen, let alone Rachelle.

However, the serious expression on her face remained.

"Promise me," she said, staring earnestly at Zen.

After thinking about it for a while, Zen decided that it was better to just agree than to waste time arguing with her. With a slight nod, he said, "But you have to listen to me."

The serious look on Nelly's face immediately turned into a look of victory. Then, with a flick of her slender finger, golden pills jumped out of her space ring one after the other.

In the Evolutionary Universe, Zen had had countless pills, but he hadn't been able to bring them with him to the divine land. Since he had only been here for a short period of time, he didn't have many pills yet. The few pills he had in his possession had been obtained from trading with the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands.

However, Nelly's case was different. She was born in the divine land and had grown up in a powerful clan. The sheer number of precious pills and treasures in her space ring was unimaginable.

"These are all pills that can be used to heal wounds, but their effects will be different," said Nelly.

She took out hundreds of pills from her space ring, among which there were two to six times refined pills; some of the pills emitted a pungent smell while others gave off a sweet smell.

They might be different in terms of medicinal effect, but all of them could restore the bodies of the eagles.

After Zen got the pills, he turned to the chief and said, "Are these pills enough to persuade the other chiefs?"

Staring at the pills with a mixture of greed and shock, the chief nodded cautiously. "Yes."

In order to make sure that the Eagle race kept up their end of the bargain, Zen only handed over 15 pills to the chief and kept the rest of the pills in his space ring. Only when they reached the temple in the desert would he hand over the remaining pills to the chief.

For now, all Zen could do was wait. During this period of time, his understanding of this world broadened.

This world was not very large. The boundless desert in the middle was completely filled with Heavenly Wheel Bugs; only the surrounding areas were suitable for living. And once they reached the edge, they would not be able to move forward.

This confirmed Zen's judgment that this world wasn't a space and time in the past of the divine land. It only existed within the internal space of the jade seal.

And if the consummate True Gods had reached the same conclusion as him, they would probably be heading toward the Heavenly Wheel Temple right now.

Of course, there was also the possibility that those consummate True Gods had already discovered and entered the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

As the jade seal had appeared after the Time Elk was killed, the ability of the jade seal was naturally related to time. The death of the consummate True God of the Sword Clan might have been because he had been affected by the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

Whoosh!

A purple light shot toward Zen.

Zen, who was sitting on the top of the tower of Eagle Castle, didn't even look at it. With a casual wave of his hand, he grabbed the purple light.

It was a palm-sized purple fruit with a transparent hard shell on its surface. The transparent flesh inside was very sweet with a faint flavor.

"Just eat it!"

A voice came from above his head.

Zen raised his head and saw Nelly standing on the back of a Royal Eagle, looking down at him.

With her snow-white skin and jet-black hair, she exuded infinite vitality. Her beauty would make anyone stop in their tracks.

After Nelly had discovered how Zen had become friends with the members of the Eagle race, she had begun offering them a lot of valuable things.

Now, in the eyes of the members of the Eagle race, Nelly was a hundred times more generous than Zen.

She had taken out powerful divine textures from her small space ring, as well as pills and magic weapons with different uses.

It hadn't taken long for the Eagle race to give Nelly certain privileges over Zen. They even assigned a Royal Eagle to provide services specially to her.

After some simple practice, Nelly had been able to control the Royal Eagle with a bamboo flute in her hand. During this period of time, she had been riding the Royal Eagle to tour around the Eagle Castle, always bringing back some strange things and food.

The first person to taste the food was Zen. It was lucky that he was not afraid of the poison, or he would have already died.

"Waah!"

At this moment, a crying sound came from not far away.

A woman from the Eagle race was holding a boy in her arms and weeping.

Tomorrow, the members of the Eagle race would gather at the Heavenly Wheel Temple. At that time, a few boys and girls would be offered up to the snake as sacrifices, which meant that the boy would be separated from his mother forever.

Whoosh!

Nelly jumped down from the Royal Eagle and landed lightly on her feet. Then, she sat down next to Zen and looked at the mother and son below. As she pursed her pink lips, a hint of sadness appeared in her eyes.

The expression on her face was rare for a woman like Nelly.

Chapter 2362 Heavenly Wheel Temple

Nelly was akin to many other talents of the rich clans on the Floating Islands.

Her life was pre-planned from the day she was born.

She practiced hard day and night and admired her sister very much. She paid little to no heed to the stuff that was going on around her. Her sole aim was to become the second Rachelle of the Mu Clan.

She seldom appreciated other good things in life.

However, these days were unlike the rest. She felt as if the time had slowed down for her, and her feelings to the occurrences around her were completely different than usual.

"That snake is too cruel. Why does it have to feed on small boys and girls?" Nelly said with a frown.

Zen threw her a casual glance and said, "Since when did you become so sentimental?"

"I'm not!" Nelly glared at Zen.

Zen calmly looked at the mother and son and said, "These things happen all the time in the divine land and in the universes. On the other hand, it's quite understandable if it surprises you."

Nelly's heart skipped a beat when she heard Zen's words. She looked at him with a complicated expression on her face.

Her sister had told her that Zen was a stowaway from the Evolutionary Universe.

He must have experienced a great deal of things on his way from the universe to the divine land.

Her curiosity for Zen deepened as she developed a strange feeling regarding the whole situation.

The very next day, the selected children were carried onto the backs of the eagles.

Then, hundreds of eagles took off from the Eagle Castle.

Leading the flock were thirteen Royal Eagles. Zen and Nelly were seated on two different Royal Eagles.

Under the leadership of the chief, they flew some distance to the northwest. After a while, they were greeted by a circular mountain.

It was a dead volcano. Hundreds of years' weathering and erosion had turned its crater into a beautiful lake. Many eagles landed around the lake. The people of the Eagle race had finally reached their destination.

The Eagle race was divided into five tribes: the Vision Tribe, the Myth Tribe, the Edge Tribe, the Collar Tribe, and the Cape Tribe.

Zen and Nelly were with the Vision Tribe.

"Why do we have two outsiders among us?" the leader of the Edge Tribe demanded, staring at Zen and Nelly.

Besides Zen and Nelly, there were also the consummate True Gods and other True Gods who had entered this world.

The Eagle race were wary of the intruders. Just like Nelly, some of the True Gods were capable of killing people without saying much. Therefore, the natives were ultimately inclined to defend themselves.

The Edge Tribe was attacked by two True Gods a while ago, and it took eleven Royal Eagles to kill those two True Gods.

Therefore, they were quite careful as to whom they were letting in.

"They are our friends," said the leader of the Vision Tribe.

"Friends? They're enemies to us."

"They are not allowed to enter the Heavenly Wheel Temple. If they provoke the snake, our whole race will go extinct."

The other four tribal chiefs objected.

The leader of the Vision Tribe was well aware that he'd face such protests. He gave Zen a swift glance.

Zen gave him a nod. The leader of the Vision Tribe then led the other four tribal chiefs to the side and took out the pills.

Moments later, they all came back. Their expressions were different from what they had earlier.

These pills were of great importance to them. If they went to the Heavenly Wheel Temple with Zen and Nelly, they could acquire these magical pills. Therefore, it was undoubtedly worthwhile for them to make a deal with Zen and Nelly. Thus, the tribal leaders kept quiet and didn't say anything.

They then gave a sharp cry, ordering everyone to get back on the eagles.

Accompanied by melodious flute music, all the eagles spread their wings and took off. The scenes that everyone was witnessing were breathtaking.

With a phew, an eagle flew to the front of the group in the blink of an eye.

This eagle was smaller than the rest of the eagles. A blood-red dark light glittered on the feathers covering its neck. It threw a casual look at Zen as it passed him.

"That eagle is so fierce," said Nelly, staring at the little eagle.

Zen nodded in agreement. The adult Royal Eagles from the Eagle race posed a great threat to him. But if they ever fought, Zen was quite sure that he'd come out on top.

However, he wasn't sure if he'd be able to defeat this little Royal Eagle.

Yet still, he had confidence in his abilities and was sure that it'd be quite hard for that eagle to hurt him, let alone kill him.

Thousands of eagles took to the skies, and the screams of the children were heard now and then.

Seventeen children were selected by the five tribes of the Eagle race. They were clearly enjoying the ride ever since the beginning.

But as time passed and the view began to bore them, they started to scream.

All the men from Eagle race wore a serious expression on their faces. It looked as if they quite often experienced this kind of life and death parting.

Then the eagles dove towards the ground as they had to take a short rest. While everyone relaxed, Nelly saw a boy crying and shouting desperately for his mother. Nelly took out a small colorful mirror much to the boy's delight. He immediately stopped crying when she handed him the mirror.

When the eagles took off again, the boy shared an eagle with Nelly as she cradled him in her arms.

Zen witnessed the huge sea of bugs again after several hours of flying.

The gigantic bugs were still present in their natural habitat and were wriggling continuously.

"Ah! What huge bugs!" Nelly exclaimed as she looked down in astonishment.

After she entered this world, she directly appeared in the territory of the Eagle race. Thus, she could consider herself luckier than Zen as she had never come across these Heavenly Wheel Bugs before.

Although Zen knew quite a lot about this world, he still wasn't sure as to where these bugs came from.

The Heavenly Wheel Bugs were ferocious beings whose presence could not be ignored, not even in the divine land.

As the saying goes, "It is difficult for a flood dragon to leap in shallow water, difficult for a tiger to survive in flat land." Therefore, seeing a few of such giant bugs in this world was surprising enough, not to mention that their numbers were in thousands. Thus, their presence was quite mysterious to comprehend.

After crossing the sea of bugs, they flew over a valley that looked like a scar. Shortly afterwards, the vast desert returned.

Since the eagles' physical strength was limited, they had to take a break after flying for two or three hours.

The Eagle members often herded eagles in the desert, so they were quite familiar with the route.

After two long days and nights, the people on the backs of the eagles finally saw brownish-yellow buildings in the bare desert.

It looked as if those brownish-yellow buildings were part of a city. Almost all the buildings of the city had collapsed, leaving only bare walls. The sand and the time had changed everything.

In the center of the city stood a huge altar, behind which was a lofty hall.

Upon hearing the tribal leaders' words, all the eagles descended, withdrew their wings and landed on the altar.

Zen jumped off the back of his eagle and carefully examined the altar.

At the center of the altar, a statue of a huge black snake was erected. The snake resembled the one on the jade seal.

"It's that snake," said Nelly, who was following Zen closely.

"Heavenly Wheel Snake." Zen gave a nod of approval. That was what the members of the Eagle race called this snake.

The tribal leaders and other members of the Eagle race simultaneously jumped off the backs of their respective eagles, and then carried the children with them.

These children had been crying for their mothers throughout the journey. But they had fallen asleep since all the crying made them tired. Serenity could be seen in their childish faces. They were unaware of what they were about to face.

Looking at the innocent face of the boy who was sleeping in her arms, Nelly felt pity for him and whispered, "Can't we do anything to save these children?"

"Let's wait and see," Zen replied faintly.

He was not sure of how ferocious the Heavenly Wheel Snake was.

If the beast in the jade seal was as powerful as the Time Elk, even the consummate True Gods wouldn't be able to save the children, let alone him.

Suddenly, the sky was filled with sounds of birds chirping.

Then, several colorful clouds were visible floating in the sky. Those colorful clouds were made up of palm-sized colorful birds. Some people were standing on top of those birds.

"The Swallow race is here," the chief said.

At the same time, Zen also noticed three consummate True Gods standing on top of the clouds.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2363 Rachelle's Chance

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

After a few scattered bird songs, a group of colorful clouds made entirely of the mysterious birds descended slowly.

The members of the Swallow race also brought several children to worship the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

Although the Swallow race wasn't openly at war with the Eagle race, the two races were not on friendly terms with each other in this world. Thus, the members of the Swallow race present exchanged no greetings or niceties with the members of the Eagle race. Rather, the two races simply looked upon each other coldly from afar, huddling together with their own peers.

When the three consummate True Gods from the Swallow race noticed Zen and Nelly, they were surprised.

"Aren't you from the Mu Clan? Why are you here?" The one who had spoken was a young man with dark skin. His name was Eugene, and he came from the Mysterious Soul Building, one of the three forces of the Moon Clan.

The Moon Clan and the Mu Clan were not on the same side. Hearing this, Nelly was taken aback. She nodded fiercely. "If you can come here, so can we!"

Eugene rolled his eyes and smiled coldly. "You are just a low-rank True God. How dare you run around this world?" he said in a condescending tone. "It's really unexpected that you were even able to find the Heavenly Wheel Temple!"

Nelly didn't say anything. Frankly, she didn't even care much about controlling the jade seal. She was too busy thinking about how to prevent these children from being eaten by the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

Zen also remained silent. These consummate True Gods had found this place through the Swallow race. It seemed that his judgment had been right.

The key to the jade seal was probably inside the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

After a while, a peculiar sound, loud and clear, came down from the sky again.

"Yo..."

Then a golden cloud of birds shot across the sky.

It was a group of golden rocs!

In a heartbeat, the cloud of rocs swooped downward and landed on the other side of the altar.

The Swallow race had been successful at avoiding conflicts with both the Eagle race and the Roc race over the past years. Thus, even though they were far from being allies, the Swallow race did not consider either of the two other races to be their mortal enemies.

However, there had been a feud between the Roc race and the Eagle race for many generations.

Not long ago, the Myth Tribe of the Eagle race had sent out eight Royal Eagles and over a hundred fierce male eagles to massacre a small village belonging to the Roc race.

Of course, the Roc race retaliated, ruthlessly slaughtering many members of the Eagle race themselves.

Zen himself had witnessed the golden rocs attacking the cloaked men who raised eagles. That, too, was part of the Roc race's revenge against the Eagle race.

It was no surprise that the two races regarded each other with such anger. They were, to all intents and purposes, enemies.

Upon landing, the large golden rocs acknowledged the eagles on Zen's side with an angry, hair-raising shriek.

"Yo..."

"Yo..."

Despite this rude greeting, evidently meant as a provocation, the Royal Eagles of the Eagle race showed no weakness.

"Aoo...

Aoo..."

The Royal Eagles responded with high pitched whistling.

With the birds jeering and shouting at each other, the sleeping children were woken by the commotion. They all opened their mouths and cried loudly, adding to the ruckus.

"Hey, little guy, don't cry," cooed Nelly, throwing the golden rocs an angry look, as the little boy in her arms wailed loudly.

Despite the racket, the members of both the Eagle and the Roc race still kept their resentment under control, refusing to resort to physical violence.

After all, this was the territory of the Heavenly Wheel Snake. Whoever offended it would be punished.

Then, several other figures were seen jumping down from the backs of the golden rocs.

When Zen saw the person in front, his eyes widened. "Rachelle!"

At the same time, Nelly, who remained beside Zen, lit up with joy at the sight of her sister. "Rachelle!"

Rachelle didn't notice Nelly at first. She didn't even know that her sister, too, had jumped in. In her eyes, these aboriginals were as inconsequential as a colony of ants.

After she had entered this world with Walton, Shahn and the others, she quickly found the crux of the matter, coming to the same conclusion as Zen. If she wanted to control the jade seal, she had to enter the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

The other consummate True Gods had also figured this out by then.

However, even though they had found the Heavenly Wheel Temple, they were unable to enter. Two of the consummate True Gods had already paid a heavy price for that, and even Troy had been seriously injured.

They had no choice but to look for other methods.

After exploring this world, they joined the Roc race.

Of course, since the consummate True Gods possessed extreme strength, the way they went about joining the Roc race was different from Zen's. Even if the consummate True Gods couldn't use their internal momentum, people from the Roc race would never be able to defeat them. Thus, they had no choice but to allow the consummate True Gods to join them.

After waiting for a few days along with the members of the Roc race, they finally got the chance to worship. Now, having arrived at the Heavenly Wheel Temple, they stood waiting for the Heavenly Wheel Snake to appear. Rachelle had never thought that she would see her sister here.

"Nelly! Why are you here?" Rachelle asked, her expression full of shock and confusion.

As soon as she had finished speaking, she noticed that Zen was standing beside Nelly. A trace of blood flashed across her sharp eyes, and a sneer appeared at the corners of her mouth. "How dare you enter this place to seek death? Let's see who can protect you today!"

Immediately, she transformed into a ray of blood-red light and charged straight at Zen.

Rachelle was very determined to kill Zen. As long as she believed she had a chance, she would take action without any hesitation.

Earlier, Troy had stood in front of Zen, and she knew she could not fight him.

However, Troy wasn't here now. Having joined hands with others in order to enter the Heavenly Wheel Temple, he was seriously injured, and was now healing himself in the tribe of the Roc race. And Rachelle was convinced that the rest of the consummate True Gods did not dare attempt to stop her.

"Rachelle!"

Seeing Rachelle charging at Zen, Nelly became very anxious. She gently put the boy in her arms on the ground. She was going to try to stop Rachelle.

At the same time, Zen's figure suddenly flashed, and he quickly retreated. With a single thought, he made the Redemption Armor spread out completely, turning into a thin film that covered his entire body. Simultaneously, his body began to accumulate power.

Zen had predicted that the other consummate True Gods, including Rachelle, would go there.

If Troy was there, Rachelle never dared to attack so impulsively. After all, Troy had warned her in advance.

But Zen had been unaware that Troy had gotten so seriously injured, and thus rendered unable to go there along with Rachelle and the other consummate True Gods this time.

'I am in trouble this time!' Zen gritted his teeth.

Although he was retreating extremely fast, the blood light from Rachelle was even faster. In almost an instant, it had closed the distance between itself and Zen. It turned into sharp talon that clawed at him.

"Crack!"

A shrill voice rang through the surrounding space.

If Zen let Rachelle grab him like that in the divine land, he would have his body smashed to pieces!

Within the divine land, a low-rank True God could not withstand the attack of a consummate True God. Even if Zen made use of his physical body and the Redemption Armor, he would still fail to resist and succumb to the attack when in the divine land.

However, in this world, none of the Godly Ways existed, and it was impossible for anyone to use the internal momentum.

Of course, Rachelle's most powerful Murdering Godly Way couldn't be condensed in this world either. She had simply extracted the power of the nine stars from her body and emitted a strong power. It was difficult for this power to penetrate through the Redemption Armor, and even if it succeeded, it would become much weaker in the process. Zen was already able to withstand it with just his own physical body!

When she noticed the strange thin film on Zen's body, a strange expression colored Rachelle's face. She stretched out her hands, a short sword and a short machete appearing on each of her hands. Then she said coldly, "Even though you have the magical treasure, I still can cut you into pieces!"

As soon as she had finished speaking, she took a step forward and charged towards Zen at breakneck speed.

Zen retreated immediately, looking calm.

Rachelle was not as intimidating without the help of the Godly Way. Indeed, she far surpassed Zen in terms of speed, but as far as physical strength was concerned, Zen was not much less powerful than her.

"In that case..."

In a flash, the Great Weighty Sword appeared in Zen's hand. However, just as he was about to attack, an unknown figure flew past him unexpectedly.

Zen had been going around in a wide circle as he continuously dodged Rachelle. Nelly had taken the shortcut and caught up with Rachelle, placing herself between her sister and Zen.

"Rachelle!"

"Fuck off!"

As Nelly went to stop her sister, Rachelle looked livid. She didn't even think she recognized her sister any more.

However, Rachelle was so eager to kill Zen that she chose to simply ignore Nelly.

With a single move, she pushed Nelly out of the way and onto the ground.

As she pushed Nelly away, she was faced with a surprise. Something in front of her suddenly roared.

Not only had Zen not run away, but he stood there, both of his hands on his heavy sword, aiming to swing it at her head.

Chapter 2364 Cut The Gordian Knot

Zen was ready to burn his bridges with his choice to fight back against a consummate True God.

He had gone all out with the slash, nearly activating the strength source to the limit that his body could bear.

In this world, Zen couldn't use the internal momentum, so he couldn't fight using the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Despite that, he wasn't scared of Rachelle. His swordsmanship alone bested hers any day, and she couldn't use the Godly Way either.

The terrifying power of the strike formed a heavy pressure in the air that Rachelle could feel, the thick sword blade ringing with the force.

Rachelle snorted, a look of contempt appearing on her face.

Instinctively, she twisted her left arm and raised her right arm.

The sound of metal clashing rang through the air.

Her short sword and machete had blocked the Great Weighty Sword in midair.

Her momentary triumph was soon over, her face contorting in shock. The power from the Great Weighty Sword was nearly unbearable. Her arms became heavy and her feet sank into the yellow sand.

She had no choice but to lower her weapons.

The moment she had lowered her arms, Rachelle was left unguarded.

Zen seized this opportunity to charge forward. He brought the sword back to him, and readied to swing again. There was sharp whistle through the air as he swung it at Rachelle.

The Great Weighty Sword was not effective at stabbing due to its weight, but that didn't change the fact it was still difficult for Rachelle to dodge the attack. Her only choice was to retreat.

Zen could not let Rachelle off so easily.

Rachelle fled at an extremely fast speed, leaving a trace of a thin line in the desert sand.

Zen gathered an immense amount of power at his feet.

Dust and sand clouded the air, a deep hole appearing under his feet. By taking advantage of the great force, Zen turned into a sharp arrow. In this form, his speed was not inferior to Rachelle's.

"Dream on if you think you can take me down!"

She rarely took any weak consummate True God seriously, and would never take a low-rank True God as a serious threat.

Only five or six Consummate True Gods in the rich clans could compete with her!

To be forced away by a low-rank True God was shameful for such a proud woman as her.

Even if she couldn't use her Godly Way, she could still subdue this brat with just her technique and strength.

After retreating for more than one hundred feet, she suddenly lowered her body and used the short sword to circle the Great Weighty Sword. She gently lifted it and intended to use a mysterious and dexterous sword skill to deflect Zen's Great Weighty Sword, and then to use the machete to cut off Zen's head.

In a battle between two gods, martial arts and hand-to-hand combat skills did not determine any kind of outcome. It was why True Gods never paid much attention to them.

Even so, such bodily skills and martial arts were practiced among the True Gods of the large clans and they were quite good at them. These skills could often have a great effect in certain circumstances, such as now.

Although Zen was incredibly strong and powerful, the slash was easily deflected by Rachelle. A grin broke across her face, and pride swelled in her chest.

The smug expression only lasted for a moment.

Rachelle had no idea that Zen's weakness lay in the Godly Ways. He hadn't dared to use the Emotion Closing Godly Way he cultivated, and in this world, there was no way for all of them to use it.

But when it came to swordsmanship alone, Zen wouldn't lose to anyone. Not even Rachelle.

As soon as the Great Weighty Sword was deflected by Rachelle, the heavy sword swung back around and returned to point at her head.

If Rachelle had insisted on dashing towards Zen before her short machete was ready, the blade of his sword might have pierced her head.

The attack that Rachelle had planned was easily countered by Zen's Great Weighty Sword. She stopped herself from attacking once more, flustered by having had to dodge Zen's attack.

She would not accept this. After dodging the sharp blade, she turned her body once more and changed her moves to attempt a different attack.

To her surprise, Zen simply held his sword and casually pointed it at her again.

Zen had seen through Rachelle and her attempt. She was baffled, and now in a serious dilemma.

One, two, three ...

For several consecutive attacks, Zen remained calm and stoic. He was like powerful master who was easily able to fluster and anger Rachelle.

Rachelle felt like she was going crazy.

Shahn, Walton and some others stood on the scorching sand with their arms crossed, and watched the fight.

"This young man, surnamed Luo, can actually stand against Rachelle with his own sword technique?" Walton's face was slack jawed in surprise.

Perhaps the consummate True Gods didn't mainly rely on such unimportant moves to fight, but those who had become consummate True Gods were by no means weak. Even if there were some weak consummate True Gods, they would not be worse than a low-rank True God.

"His swordsmanship is very mysterious. With one technique, he could break tens of thousands of attacks. Rachelle was right. That boy is most likely from a universe," said Shahn flatly.

Those who were able to escape from the universes were generally very talented. It could be said that these warriors, who had become ordinary creatures by relying on their own abilities, would be very popular in any Floating Island.

However, Shahn and the others with him felt disdain for the secondary creatures that came from the universes.

These secondary creatures had one common weakness - they paid too much attention to skills.

Such as sword skills, martial skills, bodily movement skills and so on.

In fact, ways were much more important than skills.

The ways in the divine land naturally referred to the three thousand Godly Ways. Those secondary creatures in the universes were mostly focused on practicing skills. After entering the divine land, many of them would still indulge in practicing them. Actually, it was the same as losing substance for the shadow.

The divine citizens had more access to the Godly Ways than secondary creatures. Naturally, they did not pay much attention to the comprehension of skills. Therefore, when Zen had entered the divine land, he felt surprised seeing the awful martial arts skills that the divine citizens had cultivated.

With Zen and Rachelle locked in battle, the leaders of the Swallow, Eagle and Roc races were incredibly anxious.

The three races had been with the Heavenly Wheel Snake for many years, and knew well about the habits of the snake. That beast's temper was very volatile, and if it felt the slightest disrespect, it would become enraged. Once angry it would release one or two Heavenly Wheel Bugs which would go on a rampage.

The three races harbored deep hatred towards the snake, but it controlled the lives of all the people in this world. In front of the Heavenly Wheel Temple, they could only pay absolute respect to it for fear of retaliation.

One of the Roc members couldn't hold back his anger any longer. He rushed to Shahn and spoke to him in the Roc language.

Among this group of consummate True Gods, only Shahn was proficient in the language of the Roc race.

Listening to the Roc member, Shahn furrowed his eyebrows. The man had relayed to him that the Heavenly Wheel Snake was becoming suspicious and cautious. If alerted, it would most likely not come and collect any tribute.

If the fight between Rachelle and Zen messed up anything, all their efforts would be in vain.

With that thought in mind, Shahn strode quickly towards Rachelle.

Rachelle's body was like a blood red shuttle, zipping around Zen and looking for an opening to attack.

Her speed still held an advantage, but every time she launched at Zen, the unpredictable heavy sword would be ready for her to hit it. She would retreat with gritted teeth.

This time, as Rachelle readied to rush Zen, Shahn seized her wrist and pulled her back.

"What are you doing?" Rachelle shouted in fury at Shahn.

"If you continue to fight with that brat here, I'm afraid you'll alert that thing," he said, pointing at the huge statue of the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

Rachelle was determined to kill Zen however. She said in a cold voice, "Since that's the case, why don't you help me? Are you afraid that Troy will get angry and give you trouble?"

Shahn considered her words for a moment, glancing at Zen. "You're right."

Shahn, Walton and the others didn't care whether Zen was alive or dead. All they wanted was for Rachelle to stop making a fuss. Although Zen had showed great strength in the world by virtue of his own advantages, the strength Zen had displayed was nothing at all if the several consummate True Gods acted at the same time.

When Zen caught wind of this, ice chilled the blood in his veins. His middle and ring fingers curled up slightly. The two fingers were adorned with the rings which had belonged to the consummate True God of the Sword Clan. If these consummate True Gods were really going to attack him together, he would probably have no choice but to go all out to fight for his life.

"We will help you finish this brat. After we return to the Floating Islands, you must make sure to offer some benefits to us though," said Walton, carrying a large machete and walking slowly towards them.

The three consummate True Gods moved to surround Zen. Clearly, they were planning to cut the Gordian knot to finish Zen off quickly.

Chapter 2365 Being Threatened

Not far away, Nelly had finally gotten herself up from the ground.

From where she now stood, she watched the scene, and felt a dilemma arise within her.

Of everyone, she knew Rachelle best. Once that girl had made up her mind on something, nothing and no one was going to convince her to change it.

In the past, Nelly had never dared try persuading Rachelle.

But in this present moment, a sudden burst of courage washed over her out of nowhere. She rushed forward at once. Now, she was standing right in front of Zen.

"Rachelle, please..." Nelly began. "Stop!" She begged her sister, gritting her teeth.

Rachelle, Walton and Shahn were on the verge of attacking, when unexpectedly, Nelly had shown up.

It was difficult for them to understand right away why Nelly, who had stopped Rachelle once before, was standing in front of Zen.

"What the hell is Nelly doing? Is she absolutely crazy?" Walton chuckled nervously, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

Without saying anything, Shahn looked at Rachelle who was a little off to his left. Seeing as Nelly was Rachelle's younger sister, he was incredibly curious to find out how Rachelle was going to deal with her in this situation.

"Nelly! What's wrong? What are you doing? Are you out of your mind?"

Rachelle shouted angrily, raising her eyebrows as her face flushed.

In front of her, Nelly stood her ground. She had always been compliant and obedient, and had never gone against her sister's will before.

Yet, this was the second time and Rachelle had to do something!

"I... I..." With a nervous look on her face, Nelly thought for a brief moment before she said tremblingly, "I think we need to have a serious conversation."

"Have a serious conversation?" Rachelle was stunned. Her eyes narrowed and her brows furrowed together this time. "Are you kidding me?"

"Ha-ha! Now, isn't that funny!" A big, goofy smile appeared on Walton's face as he laughed. Rachelle spun around and glared at him with fierce eyes.

Zen watched Nelly's slender back, his expression full of surprise and disbelief.

He had never expected that this girl would stand up for him time and time again. Especially now, before her sister!

Nelly gritted her teeth and said, "Even if he's really a member of the Luo Clan and Mike's son, that doesn't automatically mean that he's our clan's enemy. Why do you have to kill him so badly?"

As Rachelle heard what Nelly had said, her frown tightened. She glared at Nelly as if she was staring at a stranger. Her eyes were careless, emotionless. After a short while, she displayed a helpless smile and said, "When did you become so naive, Nelly?"

"I'm not naive," replied Nelly, shaking her head. Then, she added decisively, "I just think we should all give each other another chance."

"Ha-ha." Rachelle was really pissed off and laughed sarcastically. If Nelly hadn't been her sister, she would have cut her into pieces with her short sword long ago. She sneered, "I'm giving you one single chance. Ask that guy over there if he agrees?"

Nelly immediately turned to look at Zen, a pleading look in her eyes.

"This is impossible," Zen replied decisively and agilely, keeping his calm.

The feud between the Luo Clan and the Mu Clan simply couldn't be resolved. Moreover, Zen wouldn't have the chance to negotiate with the Mu Clan.

"You..."

A flicker of disappointment briskly flashed in Nelly's eyes.

In fact, with her intelligence, Nelly had long known that Rachelle would react negatively. She also knew that the hatred between the Mu Clan and the Luo Clan wasn't going to be easy to resolve. The conflict involved disputes among the Hall of Holy Beings, and there had been a greater hatred hiding somewhere in the depths.

From deep down inside her, she just couldn't help but have a burning desire to give it a try.

The smirk on Rachelle's face grew colder and colder. Her eyes moved from Nelly and over to Zen. "What an interesting person you are! And tell me, what have you done to Nelly? She's never been so naive!"

"Hmm... Nelly might have fallen in love with this guy," Walton suggested in a teasing, childish tone.

As he spoke these words, Rachelle frowned once more, all while Nelly looked like a little kid whose secret had just been discovered and revealed. Her expression displayed a hint of panic.

Zen looked at Nelly's jet black hair and his heart skipped a beat.

He suddenly heaved a long sigh and said, "It's such an honor for you three consummate True Gods to surround me, but you seem to have picked the wrong place." As he spoke, Zen slowly lifted his arm and gently placed his thumb on the silver ring worn by his middle finger.

As he did this, he equally pointed toward the temple in the distance. A speck of silver light could be seen escaping it, and the sight of it was extremely dazzling.

Just a few short moments ago, Zen had also overheard the conversation between Rachelle and Walton.

The reason why Walton and Shahn had joined the battle was because they were afraid the fight between Zen and Rachelle would ultimately alert the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

"Do you really still want to fight?" Zen asked casually.

When they noticed the ring on Zen's finger, their faces changed swiftly.

"Is that the Space-striking Ring? Where did you get that?"

Rachelle's face grew darker, and an intense premonition arose again. She was clearly very upset.

When she had been stopped by Troy in the valley, she had felt that Zen was very lucky. Now though, it seemed that her hunch was right.

"Hi, Rachelle! Is it really that important for you to kill this guy?"

"Yes! Absolutely! This guy escaped from the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Will he be capable of escaping from those Holy Emperors, too?"

"If you two really must fight, then get out of here! Just don't disturb that snake!"

At the sight of the silver sword-shaped ring in Zen's hand, the rest of the consummate True Gods couldn't stop themselves from reminding Rachelle.

Naturally, these consummate True Gods had recognized the two Space-striking Rings and were very well-aware of their power.

If Zen was really going to activate one of the Space-striking Rings and shoot toward the temple, who knew when they would be able to enter the Heavenly Wheel Temple again.

Rachelle's chest rose and fell as she breathed heavily. She stared at Zen like a venomous snake, the blade of her short sword trembling slightly in her hand.

Despite all that, she still had a strong desire to work with Walton and Shahn in taking a risk in order to finally end Zen.

As a person, she never let herself be intimidated or threatened by anyone.

That was when Shahn held out his hand and tried pressing down her short sword.

"What are you trying to do?..." As Rachelle spoke, Shahn shushed her with his index finger pressed on his lips and pointed in the temple's direction.

At the moment, two spots of light flashed down from the depths of the Heavenly Wheel Temple, and then a huge monster began slowly crawling its way out.

The monster was a huge black snake, and the scales on its body reflected a colorful glow. It was the Heavenly Wheel Snake that they had been waiting for this whole time.

As soon as the Heavenly Wheel Snake appeared, silence immediately fell over the front of the altar.

Everyone became stiff with fear. No one dared even breathe.

The birds had been chirping, but right now, they had all fallen silent. Not a single sound could be heard.

The crying children were also frightened. Many of them opened their mouths and stared at the huge black snake in a daze.

The members of the Eagle race, Roc race, and Swallow race all knelt down, facing toward the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

How was it possible that the consummate True Gods present could be willing to show their respect to such a snake?

If it weren't for the fact that they were unable to use the Godly Way in here, they would have already charged into the Heavenly Wheel Temple and chopped the snack to bits.

A consummate True God was also a God!

In their inner world, they were the ones to be bowed down before. There wasn't any reason for them to kneel before others.

"That's it!"

One of the members of the Roc race reminded Rachelle and the other consummate True Gods, despite trying to keep his voice low.

The members of the Swallow race and the Eagle race also hinted at the other consummate True Gods and Zen. All of them had an expression of panic on their faces, fearing that this group of outsiders would infuriate the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

After hesitating for as long as they could allow, the consummate True Gods bent their knees, too.

This world was the Heavenly Wheel Snake's home. In order to enter the Heavenly Wheel Temple, they had no choice but to debase themselves.

Zen also knelt down on one knee, slightly raised his head and carefully looked at the slowly wiggling Heavenly Wheel Snake. It was terrifying.

Indeed, like the members of the Eagle race had said, the Heavenly Wheel Snake was very vigilant. It carefully extended its huge body from the temple and looked up and down, as if it would retract into the temple if it caught a glimpse of any sign of movement.

As Zen was observing the Heavenly Wheel Snake, he suddenly felt someone looking at him. He turned his head slightly and his eyes met directly with Nelly's.

Nelly looked at Zen with a complex expression. She seemed to be trying to send a message through her bright eyes. Her expression was confused, but firm.

Chapter 2366 A Fierce Battle

In just a dozen days, Nelly had changed a lot, much to Zen's surprise.

However, Zen agreed with Rachelle. It was not that easy to dissolve the grudge between the Mu Clan and the Luo Clan. What Nelly thought was too naive.

Buzz! Buzz!

At this moment, Zen heard a series of noises coming from afar.

When he raised his head, he saw a light curtain flash in front of the Heavenly Wheel Temple. On the surface of the light curtain, pitch-black spears appeared, carrying within them a strange force that almost made them seem as if they had been formed by time itself.

"Black spears!"

Zen's eyebrows rose slightly. He instantly remembered the words of the consummate True God of the Sword Clan, "Be careful with the black spears." It seemed that he had been killed by these black spears when he had visited the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

But what power was hidden in these spears that had made him look like he had died for countless years in a short period of time?

With their abilities, there was no way the consummate True Gods would be wasting time on infiltrating the Roc race and the Swallow race if they could directly enter the Heavenly Wheel Temple on their own. Zen guessed that they must have tried to do that once and suffered a great setback, so they had no choice but to ally with other races now.

'Was Troy also killed by these black spears?' Zen wondered, but soon, he concluded that it wasn't a possibility. After all, Rachelle had just mentioned that Troy would give Shahn and Walton trouble.

However, he hadn't come with them today, which meant that he must have been hurt by these spears. Zen looked at the snake, lost in thought.

When the Heavenly Wheel Snake arrived in front of the light, it suddenly thrust out its long and thin tongue with a hissing sound. Slowly, a crack ran up the middle of the light curtain enveloping the Heavenly Wheel Temple, splitting the curtain into two.

The moment the light curtain was opened, many consummate True Gods raised their heads with a faint murderous look in their eyes.

Hiss...

The moment they unleashed the killing intent, the Heavenly Wheel Snake paused, and its huge body instantly retreated back within the light curtain. At the same time, it raised its head high, vigilantly glancing around.

Seeing this, Shahn gently waved his hand, indicating everyone to calm down.

Although these consummate True Gods couldn't use their Godly Ways, they had no doubt that they could take the Heavenly Wheel Snake down.

What they couldn't break was the light curtain that enveloped the Heavenly Wheel Temple and the black spears. When they saw the light curtain open a crack, they couldn't help but feel a killing intent in their hearts.

However, they hadn't expected the snake to be so alert. They lowered their heads once again so as not to scare it away.

The Heavenly Wheel Snake looked around with a tentative hiss. A long time passed before it finally dispelled its doubts and crept out of the light curtain toward the altar.

The length of the Heavenly Wheel Snake was unknown. It had slithered all the way from the Heavenly Wheel Temple to the altar, but the crowd still couldn't see its entire body, most of which was still hidden within the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

Hiss...

After it slithered onto the altar, the Heavenly Wheel Snake stuck out its tongue at the Eagle race, the Roc race, and the Swallow race below.

The chiefs of the three races understood what it wanted. They climbed up the altar and set the frightened children there. Then, they went back down and prostrated themselves on the ground again.

"Ahhh!"

"I'm scared!"

"Help!"

A few of the children screamed and cried bitterly when they saw the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

However, most of them were too dumbfounded to even cry.

Hiss...

Lust could be seen in the Heavenly Wheel Snake's black eyes. Its tongue protruded out of its mouth, and it swept toward the children like a rope.

In general, a creature was the most focused at the moment of attacking or feeding, and the Heavenly Wheel Snake was no exception.

If the group waited for the snake to swallow the children before they made their move, it would be too late.

Zen understood this point, and so did the consummate True Gods.

At this moment, Rachelle, who had been lowering her head, suddenly shouted, "Go!"

Immediately, she turned into a blood light and rushed toward the Heavenly Wheel Snake. As she jumped to her feet with her hands spread out, the sword and the machete in her hands were like her wings, drawing two beautiful curves in the air.

All the consummate True Gods present, including Shahn and Walton, followed suit.

Whoosh!

Without any hesitation, Zen followed closely behind. The force under his feet surged violently, creating a huge sandpit.

The members of the Swallow race, the Eagle race, and the Roc race all stood up with complex and excited expressions on their faces.

They had been oppressed by the Heavenly Wheel Snake for many years. Every one to six months, they had to sacrifice a few children to satisfy its appetite, so they hated the snake to the core.

However, their fear of the snake had lasted for generations, and they had no power or ability to resist it at all.

On the other hand, these outsiders who had suddenly appeared had power that was way beyond their understanding. If these outsiders could really kill the Heavenly Wheel Snake, it would be a good thing for them.

Among all the consummate True Gods, Rachelle was the most efficient. All everyone could see was a blood-red light flashing across the sky and falling on the head of the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

Cling!

The short sword in her hand was like a nail that stabbed into the head of the snake, and Rachelle fixed herself there.

Hiss... Hiss...

The Heavenly Wheel Snake raised its head high as it writhed in pain. Its tongue, which had wrapped around the children and pulled them up into the air, suddenly loosened its hold, causing the children to fall.

"Catch them!"

"Catch our children!"

The members of the Swallow race, the Eagle race, and the Roc race began panicking when they saw this scene. Although they were in a desert and the surface was soft, their children would still suffer serious injuries after falling from such a high altitude.

"Yo! Yo!"

Luckily, the mysterious birds, golden rocs and eagles reacted quickly and shot high into the sky to catch the children.

Finally feeling relieved, the three chiefs turned around and looked at the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

When they saw what was happening, their jaws dropped open.

The Heavenly Wheel Snake, which they had always considered invincible, was constantly writhing around in an attempt to get rid of the outsiders. However, the outsiders were extremely agile and were continuously attacking it from all sides.

At this moment, Rachelle slid down the snake's head, violently dragging her saber behind her and creating a two-hundred feet wound on the snake's head. Dark red blood spilled out continuously from the snake's head, like a waterfall. When Rachelle smelled the blood, her eyes lit up in excitement. As soon as her toes touched the ground, she leaped up again.

Zen rolled on the large snake's wide neck, slashing around with his Great Weighty Sword and tearing the snake's skin to shreds.

The other consummate True Gods also unleashed their own theurgies to seriously injure the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

Killing this snake would have been a piece of cake for any one of them if they could use their Godly Ways. But now, since they had to use their own strength, they all had to work together.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

All of a sudden, the Heavenly Wheel Snake raised its head high and smashed it onto the altar.

Boom!

As the snake's body vibrated violently, many consummate True Gods standing on top of the snake fell down.

Only Zen, Rachelle, and Shahn, who had been sharp enough to stab their weapons into the snake's head and tightly fix themselves on it at this critical moment, remained on top of the snake.

Then, in one swift moment, the snake retreated into the Heavenly Wheel Temple, dragging Zen, Rachelle, and Shahn along with it.

As soon as the snake disappeared from sight, the crack in the light curtain began to slowly close.

"Hurry up!"

"Charge in before the light curtain closes!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The consummate True Gods passed through the light curtain and rushed into the temple one after another.

There was a great gap between Nelly's ability and that of the consummate True Gods. Therefore, she didn't rush forward immediately. Looking at the light curtain that was slowly closing, she pulled out the bamboo flute in her hand and summoned the Royal Eagle of the Eagle race.

A chief of the Eagle race tried to stop her when he saw this scene. But on second thought, he decided that they had no choice but to help the outsiders, now that they had already offended the Heavenly Wheel Snake. He just hoped that these outsiders would really kill the snake. Otherwise, everyone would feel its wrath.

The moment the Royal Eagle reached Nelly, she turned over and jumped onto its back. With her eyes on the crack in the light curtain, she grabbed the feather on the Royal Eagle's back with one hand.

By now, the crack had shrunk small enough for only one person to pass through it. Without wasting a single second, Nelly exerted all her strength and thrust herself up with the Royal Eagle. Miraculously, she managed to enter the crack. As soon as she entered, the crack in the light curtain was completely closed.

Chapter 2367 Deep Inside The Temple

In his hands, Zen held the Great Weighty Sword tightly and fixed himself on the snake's head.

As he bumped and jolted along the way, he ended up face to face with the beams at the top of the temple. He was so close that at times, he was pressed and even rubbed up against the ceiling.

Thanks to his powerful physical body though, such a collision wouldn't cause him any harm. On the contrary, in fact, the Heavenly Wheel Temple's ceiling was instead pitted by him.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Rachelle, who was firmly fixed on the other side of the snake's head, went through the same thing. Both she and Zen were currently facing the same fate.

She was in a position higher than Zen. As the Heavenly Wheel Snake continued retreating, her head, of course, crashed onto countless beams.

Although she was a consummate True God and her body's physical strength was much stronger than that of an ordinary True God, it was safe to say that her body wasn't as strong as Zen's. Moreover, Zen's body was protected by a layer of Redemption Armor, which was extremely secure. After several rounds of collisions, she felt dizzy.

She looked a mess with the pieces of broken stone in her hair and grey-black ashes on her face.

From the opposing side of the snake's head, Zen sent her a glance just fast enough to reveal a faint smile. Having caught a glimpse of his expression, Rachelle flew into a rage and shouted, "What the hell are you laughing at?"

Zen shrugged his shoulders and the smile on his lips only spread wider.

Just as Rachelle was about to abuse him angrily, her head made contact into a beam again, causing it to smash. She was dazed.

In contrast, Shahn, hanging low, was feeling much better. His cyan sword was nailed to the huge snake's side, and he stood on his tiptoes on the hilt. Even though the snake's head was shaking in irregular rhythm, he maintained his balance as would a solid, mature mountain.

As he noticed Rachelle's messy face and hair, he couldn't help himself from laughing out loud.

Rachelle was so angry that with her temper, she might just roll right over to the other side of the snake's head and kick Zen straight off.

Despite her desire, the snake head was retreating back far too fast. If she was accidentally thrown down to the ground, it would be difficult to keep up with it. She couldn't take such a risk.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Heavenly Wheel Snake continued to withdraw toward the depths of the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

The consummate True Gods behind the snake followed Zen all the way, and at the end of the line was Nelly. Her speed was much slower than the others' at the moment.

It wasn't before long that a whole five minutes had passed.

Nobody knew how the Heavenly Wheel Snake had reached the bottom of the ground exactly, and the surroundings were completely immersed in darkness.

Zen clenched the hilt of his Great Weighty Sword, activating his magical eyes in order to look around in the pitch blackness. Now that he could see again, he discovered that this was still the inner part of the Heavenly Wheel Temple. He hadn't expected it to be so large. According to the distance that the Heavenly Wheel Snake retreated, this part of the Heavenly Wheel Temple was hidden underneath the desert and probably ran several million feet deep.

He couldn't help but wonder how such a huge building had been built out here, right in the middle of such a vast desert.

At least another five minutes had passed, and Zen felt a ray of light coming from up ahead. Thanks to the sudden burst of light, he saw the temple had reached its end. At the exit near the temple's base stretched a thick, round pillar.

All around this pillar was a whole other world.

The lights of different colors spread out like spider webs, wrapping the upper, lower, left and right sides of the enormous pillar.

"This is... Is this the path of time?" Zen questioned, feeling slightly shocked.

On both Rachelle's and Shahn's faces could be seen a hint of surprise. Of course, they too, were shocked by the scene before their eyes.

As they had entered the jade seal world through a path of time too, they obviously recognized the light rays.

"Those insects..." Zen's eyes narrowed as he wondered aloud.

Black insects crawled up and down, side to side, on the noodle-like lights. There were so many of them that it was impossible to count.

When Zen had entered the path of time, he had seen two True Gods being swallowed practically whole by these insects. What was more, a black insect had even come out of the path of time, trying to drag Zen back in. It tried hard, but in the end, Zen slashed off its pair of pincers and the nasty insect was forced to retreat.

"What do these insects have to do with the giant Heavenly Wheel Bugs? " Zen's eyebrows furrowed a little more.

Constructing space wasn't anything special or unusual for Zen and the other consummate True Gods. In fact, they all had an intact space within their cinnabar fields, and it was even possible that their inner worlds were more complete than the one in the jade seal.

However, in general space, time would go on just the same. Even this world's controller had no other choice but to let time move forward naturally. It was now impossible to change the world back to its past.

It appeared as though the world made by the jade seal had to be greatly related to the time. This would explain why the path of time was opened in the first place.

After being coiled around in circles on this huge pillar, the Heavenly Wheel Snake finally came to an unpleasant stop.

"Hiss..."

A tongue popped out of the snake's huge mouth and its long, pointy fangs were bared. It raised its huge head to spin around the pillar. It wanted to throw Zen and the others out.

There was nothing surrounding the pillar, and only black insects crawled the surface of the noodle-like lights. If Zen and the rest were really to fall inside, they'd be stretched into noodles and eaten alive. Their fate wasn't bright.

Zen, Shahn and Rachelle all realized the danger at once. They no longer took the situation lightly and grasped their swords' hilt even tighter.

However, being shaken around wildly, Zen felt that something wasn't right. His Great Weighty Sword that had been stuck deep into the snake's head was now slipping out inch by inch. If it slid out to a certain limit, Zen would probably be thrown out along with his sword!

The Heavenly Wheel Snake probably noticed the sword too, and it quickened the pace of its swinging head.

After six or seven shakes, the snake's head suddenly flew downward.

"Phew!"

Zen's Great Weighty Sword slid completely out of its head.

Barely a few seconds later, Rachelle's short sword was also thrown off the snake, and both she and Zen were flung down together.

Over and done with, it seemed that Rachelle had already prepared for such an occurrence. After leaping high into the air, she pulled a chain out from her space ring. One end of the chain was connected to the machete in her hand, which she abruptly shot upward. It circled around wildly in the sky above before embedding itself deeply into the Heavenly Wheel Snake's body. Once complete, she freely swung herself back up.

As Rachelle was swinging, she zoomed by Zen. Zen was in the air not too far off, and she stared at him with her beautiful eyes. A mocking smile appeared on her face. "Go to hell!" she cursed. It was her turn to laugh at him.

As she fixed her gaze on Zen, who was undoubtedly going to die, she inexplicably felt a sense of peace in her heart.

She watched Zen falling a good thirty to forty feet down and as she did, she noticed a silver light suddenly flash in his hand. A huge silver sword was formed beneath his feet! She couldn't believe her eyes.

In a moment of desperation, Zen had suddenly remembered the Space-striking Ring in his hand.

He stomped on the hilt of the huge silver sword, and an extremely powerful force exploded forth. His entire body shot upward once again. With a leap, he jumped onto the Heavenly Wheel Snake's back. He was not in the same position as Rachelle.

As Zen caught his balance, the huge silver sword made from the Space-striking Ring had turned into a silver light. It was shooting toward the void and firing into the noodle-like lights.

When the huge silver sword shot into the glow, it also turned into a silver light ray and flowed rapidly along with the other light rays.

A black insect that lay on a light ray didn't even have time to dodge before it was pushed over by the silver light and killed instantly.

"You're quite the tough one to kill!"

It had never occurred to Rachelle that Zen would use this method in order to get back onto the Heavenly Wheel Snake's body. She was pissed alright, but still impressed.

Before Zen was even standing completely still, she drew back the chain that circled the beams and the snake's body, and with one foot, she stepped on the machete that connected with the chain. She pressed it further and further into the Heavenly Wheel Snake's body, making sure that she wouldn't fall anymore. After that, she grabbed the chain and turned into a red light once more, rushing toward Zen.

Of course, Zen had no desire in admitting that he was inferior. With a flick of the Great Weighty Sword in his hand, the two of them began fighting violently on the Heavenly Wheel Snake's back anew.

Only Shahn was left alone, holding the snake's head. He also noticed that his cyan sword was being thrown out little by little. If it went on like this, he would eventually fall down, sooner or later. Shahn couldn't help shouting out at Rachelle, "Rachelle, you should save me first! Please! I'll take that guy's life for you!"

Chapter 2368 Dramatic Reversal

"You hold on yourself first!"

Rachelle said without looking back. She held the chain while approaching Zen.

The head was the part of the Heavenly Wheel Snake that was shaking the most violently. On the other hand, its body, which Zen and Rachelle were clinging onto, was much more stable.

Zen continued to glide backward on the smooth back of the Heavenly Wheel Snake with the Great Weighty Sword leaning against his chest. In the face of Rachelle's fierce attack, Zen fought back while retreating. It was obvious that Rachelle couldn't take him down in just a short moment.

However, Shahn, who was on the head of the snake, was in danger. He was barely hanging onto the long sword and could be thrown out at any time.

At this moment, several consummate True Gods appeared at the entrance of the pillar.

The goal of all these consummate True Gods was the same—to get the jade seal. Now that they had managed to enter the Heavenly Wheel Temple, there was no reason for them to give up.

However, the Heavenly Wheel Snake was retracting too fast for them to catch up with it.

Fortunately, although the Heavenly Wheel Temple was enormous, it had only one path; they just needed to follow it all the way on the path.

"Shahn!"

As soon as Walton entered, he saw Shahn hanging onto the sword and dangling in the air. His eyes widened as he said, "Don't worry. I'll help you out!"

The consummate True Gods might not be able to use Godly Ways, but they had brought with them a lot of magic weapons. Walton gently patted his wrist, summoning a big dark red crossbow. On the back of the crossbow, there was a huge capstan, around which there were golden ropes that coiled into loops.

He grabbed one end of the golden rope and threw it at the bottom of the pillar. After falling, the red crossbow, under the control of the golden rope, swung back from the other side of the pillar like a pendulum bob.

Walton jumped up and caught the red crossbow. Quickly tying the golden rope into a knot, he knelt on one knee and aimed at the head of the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

"Phew!"

A shining red bolt, with the golden rope tied to it, shot toward the Heavenly Wheel Snake.

Very few consummate True Gods in the divine land would be equipped with weapons like crossbows. The Earth Godly Way that Walton cultivated was very special. Although it was a powerful Godly Way, it wasn't perfect in terms of flexibility. Therefore, Walton always carried all sorts of magic weapons with him.

This Fire God Wrath was an extremely powerful supreme primordial weapon. The bolts it shot were enough to hurt any consummate True God.

Buzz...

The thick bowstring was still vibrating, and the bolt, which was as thick as an arm, had already penetrated through the snake's lower jaw and come out from its upper jaw!

Hiss!

The Heavenly Wheel Snake raised its huge head and let out a pained cry. But the bolt, with the golden rope tied to it, had penetrated its mouth and firmly fixed it into place. The snake could not break the rope, so it could not continue to retract backward.

Walton easily lifted the heavy crossbow with one hand and twisted his neck with ease, producing a cracking sound. He laughed and shouted, "Shahn, come down quickly!"

After having held onto the sword for such a long time, Shahn was trembling in shock. But as soon as he heard Walton's words, he jumped and grabbed the rope. Then, he slid down the rope onto the ground.

The truth was, in terms of strength alone, Shahn was actually slightly superior to Rachelle and Walton.

However, no matter how strong he was, he had always relied on his Godly Way to display his power. Therefore, after entering this damn place, he had become the weakest.

"You bitch! How could you do nothing to save me?!" Shahn shouted at Rachelle, his face darkening.

As the most powerful consummate True God of the Fang Clan, he had always had a high opinion of himself. He had never imagined that he would almost die here.

"That's how she always is, isn't it?" Walton said, grinning. Then, he continued, "Come and help me pin the snake here. There is only one path in the Heavenly Wheel Temple. The thing that controls the jade seal should be at the end of this huge pillar!"

Then, he turned to look at the rest of the consummate True Gods.

Not every consummate True God present here was on the same side as them; some of them were not from the alliance of large clans.

"If you want to go further, come and help me. As to who will really control the jade seal in the end, it all depends on your methods!" Walton shouted.

The consummate True Gods' eyes gleamed with excitement when they heard what Walton said. Without any further hesitation, they rushed forward.

At the same time, Nelly, who was the last to enter the light curtain, sped over, panting heavily.

She was much slower than the other consummate True Gods, so she had run with all her might to keep up with them. In an instant, her gaze passed over the snake and landed on Zen and Rachelle.

"They are still fighting..."

Seeing this, Nelly felt helpless.

She looked around and saw black insects crawling on the colorful lights. Her expression changed. She had also entered the world through the time passage, so she naturally understood what those black insects meant. With no way to resist them, even consummate True Gods would be completely swallowed up by them.

Meanwhile, Zen and Rachelle were locked in a fierce battle without noticing anything that was happening near the head of the snake.

Rachelle was still relying on the chain to stabilize herself, but she looked fearless.

Zen wandered further on the back of the snake, feeling like he was stuck between a rock and a hard place. On one hand, he had to ensure that he wouldn't fall down. On the other hand, he had to deal with the attacks from Rachelle.

Ding, ding, ding...

As Rachelle hovered closer, she struck with her short sword more than ten consecutive times in an instant.

As the short sword and the Great Weighty Sword collided, sparks flew in all directions. Dozens of cracks appeared in the Great Weighty Sword, one of which spread all across the entire blade.

Zen's expression darkened further.

The Great Weighty Sword was indeed very heavy, but the abilities of Livingston were limited. It couldn't be compared with a supreme primordial weapon.

The smile on Rachelle's face grew wider. Although she was violent and aggressive, her face was just like a beautiful flower. "Mike must have put in a lot of effort to cultivate you. I wonder if the other stowaway is as outstanding as you? Where has he gone, the other chess piece at the mercy of Mike?"

Dong!

Zen pulled back his Great Weighty Sword before hitting the short sword again with a new wave of energy, forcing Rachelle to take a few steps back. "It's none of your business!" he said coldly.

"It's a pity that everything is settled. You can't change this situation even if you become a Holy Being, let alone you are only a low-rank True God now," she said, shaking her sword. A beam of sword radiance once again slashed on the middle section of the Great Weighty Sword.

Crack!

The cracks on the Great Weighty Sword began to spread again.

"A Holy Being?" Zen's eyes narrowed slightly, and a mocking smile appeared on his face. He shook his head and said, "Your field of vision is too narrow. There are some ideas that you will never be able to figure out!"

"What do you mean?" When she saw that Zen didn't seem to be lying, a look of doubt appeared on her face.

"You don't need to know," Zen said. As he spoke, he waved the Great Weighty Sword again. The sword floated in the air in a strange arc before rushing toward Rachelle's neck.

Noticing the arc of Zen's sword, Rachelle flew up into the air and easily dodged the attack.

But Zen only smiled faintly. Suddenly, the sword turned and slashed at the chain under Rachelle's feet!

Zen managed to cut off the chain in an instant.

At the same time, Walton and the other consummate True Gods managed to finally pin the snake's head to the pillar.

Since the big snake was unable to move its head, it began to roll its body side to side in an attempt to escape.

Unable to keep her footing, Rachelle fell to the side of the snake's back.

"Phew!"

She had never expected such a dramatic reversal. In a moment of desperation, she stabbed the short sword into the snake's body and hung onto the side of the snake. At the same time, Zen, who was still firmly standing on the back of the snake, pointed his Great Weighty Sword at Rachelle and said indifferently, "There are some chess pieces that you can't easily get rid of."

Then, the intense sword intent from the Great Weighty Sword began to surge.

Just as the sword intent was about to shoot out and hit Rachelle, a red figure quickly rushed forward, grabbing Zen's hand and begging, "Zen! No, please!"

Chapter 2369 Let Him Go

Once Walton and the other consummate True Gods had fixed the snake head at a place, Nelly was the first one to climb up.

Unexpectedly, as soon as she pulled herself up, she found that her sister's life was on a line. Her sister was going to die! All she could do was to pounce on Zen and plead for mercy.

Zen stood motionlessly on the snake's back, and his emotion didn't waver at all either.

'This woman has tried to kill me several times. I have no reason to spare her life!' he thought to himself.

However, as Zen watched Nelly run up to him like this, he hesitated for a moment.

He hesitated a moment too long.

Holding the short sword's hilt, Rachelle took a turn in the air with her flexible body. She somersaulted high above and a blood red long whip zipped toward Zen.

Swish!

In the blink of an eye, Zen was pulled forcefully downward by the long whip.

"Ah!"

Nelly screamed. With her subconscious, she dragged Zen using all her power.

As the two of them slid downward, Rachelle took the opportunity to pull herself up toward the snake's back.

As Rachelle Mu and Nelly Mu passed by each other, their sisterly eyes met and clashed together.

Terror and astonishment were written all over Nelly's face, but Rachelle on the other hand, was extremely calm.

While Rachelle stood firmly on the snake's back, the blood red whip in her hand rolled down once more. The end of the whip moved at extremely high speeds and before either of them could react, the whip wrapped itself around Nelly's arm. Because Nelly was clinging to Zen, the whip hung them both in the air.

Zen glanced at the black insects crawling on the light rays below him with a gloomy expression.

"Nelly, let him go!" Rachelle said calmly, yet firmly.

Resting her hands tightly on Zen's chest, Nelly shook her head and said stubbornly, "No!"

"Then I'm afraid you're leaving me with no choice but to kill you along with him," said Rachelle threateningly.

This young sister was used to obeying. Now though, she had been disobedient time and time again, which riled Rachelle.

Despite her boiling rage, in her heart, she loved her younger sister very much. The words she spoke were really just to threaten Nelly. She would never bury her sister alongside Zen.

Nelly's big round eyes blinked a few times and she lowered her head to look at Zen, her heart pounding with regret.

All this time, she had hoped that she'd simply solve the underlying conflict between her sister and Zen.

Although she also knew that her actions were very naive, she had to do what she was determined to do. In the end, she was just like Rachelle.

One could imagine how guilty she felt when she found that she hadn't resolved the conflict at all, but had instead caused Zen a life and death type of problem.

All of a sudden, a free and careless smile appeared on her face. Nelly then said to Rachelle, "Alright."

She wiggled her right arm slightly and pulled it out from Rachelle's whip.

"Nelly! No!" Rachelle's expression changed dramatically. She raised the whip again, but it was already too late.

"Wait! What the fuck is going on!?"

Right now, it was Zen's turn to feel depressed. He'd imagined that she'd at least try her best to persuade her sister. How could she just let go and give up like that?

From his current point of view, Zen could no longer use the force of Space-striking Ring to send himself back on the snake's back. More so, the two of them had just fallen toward the light rays below.

Zen noticed that they had less than a few seconds before he and Nelly fell directly into the light. His eyes flashed and his last Space-striking Ring was activated.

Whoosh!

The Space-striking Ring turned into a huge silver sword and directed itself into a light ray. It became a silver white light and shot into the depths.

At that very moment, Zen and Nelly also fell right into that light ray. Their bodies were pulled long by the power of time, turning into thin and long lines that rushed immediately downward along with the silver light.

Dealing with the creepy, black insects was the most troublesome thing. More importantly, they were very life threatening.

But Zen's Space-striking Ring was also very powerful. The one shot by Zen earlier turned into a silver light bar in the path and crushed the nasty black insects directly. Now that Zen and Nelly were following behind the light, they were led to believe that the insects in front of them would equally be crushed along the way.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, the two of them flew toward the depths of the cave. They moved incredibly fast.

Rachelle stared at the scene, feeling completely numb.

Clap! Another sound rang through the air.

She didn't seem to notice that the long whip she was holding in her hand had fallen to the ground.

The consummate True Gods all rushed over to her.

At first, Shahn wanted to scold Rachelle. But when he saw the scene up close, he moved his lips without actually saying anything. He was stunned.

Walton and the others just shook their heads in dismay. They knew well about Rachelle's temperament. She was just too stubborn and didn't know how to change - or when to give up.

In fact, they all knew that even if they had let Zen go, there was no way he'd ever survive outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Not even for a day. Now that Zen was eliminated, even Rachelle's sister was involved. This business had resulted in big loss.

"Maybe they won't die," Rachelle said, slowly regaining her spirits. "That guy is very cunning. At the very last minute, he threw out a Space-striking Ring. With a Space-striking Ring to break through the path, those insects will also be crushed."

"Maybe," said Walton, pointing to the front, where several consummate True Gods were running away along the snake's back.

After they had successfully fixated the Heavenly Wheel Snake's head, its body continued wriggling, but it was no longer a threat to anyone.

Looking at the consummate True Gods rushing to the front, Rachelle snorted and pulled the chain severed by Zen out of the snake's body. Then, she also ran toward the depths of the cave.

On the other hand, Zen and Nelly shuttled back and forth in the light, faster than ever before.

Although Zen and Nelly couldn't move within the light, they could see the surrounding scene as well as countless black insects inhabiting the other light rays. Fortunately, these black insects were not in the same light ray as they were. Even when the insects noticed Nelly and Zen, they didn't bother crawling over in order to chase them. They stayed in their own light.

'I can only hope that the silver light from this Space-striking Ring won't disappear too soon, ' Zen thought to himself.

The Space-striking Ring was only a one-time magic weapon. If the silver light dissipated after moving forward for a period of time, he and Nelly would probably have to face the black insects. If that were the case, chances were, they'd be swallowed up whole.

However, back in the desert, Zen had also activated another Space-striking Ring, and the power that it exuded out gave him an extra boost of confidence.

The silver light, which was transferred from the Space-striking Ring, explored in front of them and crushed the black insects. After a short while, Zen heard a loud bang.

The silver light turned into a huge silver sword, and it collided into the opposite wall with a loud explosion.

It wasn't before long that Zen felt his body become lighter and his originally stretched form began to shrink and recover quickly. He was delighted that they had made it out in such a short period of time.

Bang!

And that was when Zen bumped directly into a very solid wall. His body slammed straight on to it.

"Ah!"

With a shriek, Nelly was next out of the light and she slammed into Zen's chest.

She straightened her hair and stepped back with a blushing face, as quickly as she possibly could. She whispered, "I'm so sorry. I didn't expect that my sister would..."

Zen waved his hand, in a nonchalant manner. He didn't care about what had just happened, not in the least. He then glanced to his side, his eyebrows twitching nervously.

He guessed that they must be at the very end of the Heavenly Wheel Temple. A huge bronze wall stood at the end and a few very unique lines were drawn on it. Furthermore, right smack in the middle of all the gathered lines was a small jade seal, emitting a faint light.

Chapter 2370 The World Of The Bugs

As Zen looked at the jade seal, his heart rate accelerated. He resisted the urge to take it, observing it carefully from a distance.

The huge pillar at the center of the cave extended all the way down into the void and was connected to the bronze wall. This was the only route to the jade seal.

The bronze wall was engraved with ray-like lines and intricate carvings of insects.

"These lines show the time passages to the void surrounding the cave."

Zen's gaze followed the lines and soon found that one of the lines had no insects on it.

He looked back at the void around the cave and found a corresponding blue line.

'I see. These lines should be the only shortcuts to the bottom of the cave, ' Zen thought to himself.

There must surely be some clues in this world, left for those who desired to obtain the jade seal. And these clues would most likely lead to a shortcut to the bottom of the cave.

However, neither the consummate True Gods nor Zen had the patience to look for the shortcut. Instead, they simply went ahead and barged into the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

Zen, on the other hand, had accidentally created his own shortcut, forging a passage by using the Space-striking Ring.

"It seems like it won't be that easy for Rachelle and the others to reach the bottom using this huge pillar," Zen said, after having taken a long look at the pillar.

Just as Zen had guessed, a large group of consummate True Gods had affixed the Heavenly Wheel Snake to the pillar. They moved forward along the body of the giant snake which stretched for tens of miles.

One of them was accidentally swept off the pillar by the giant snake's tail and fell onto a light. He was then cut to pieces and consumed by the black insects.

As they advanced along the pillar, they encountered attacks again and again. Even though they had reached the consummation level, these attacks could be lethal if they were not careful enough, so their progress was slow.

After much consideration, Zen was sure the path he had taken was the only true path to the jade seal, so there shouldn't be any other hidden dangers along the way.

He then carefully approached the jade seal and extended his hand towards it.

Sitting behind Zen, Nelly stared at his back, her eyes glazed over, as if in a daze.

She had, up to now, maintained the belief that her position and character entitled her to take this jade seal herself.

Yet, the events that had taken place during the quest for the seal had made her start doubting if her value was sufficient to allow her to possess it.

In particular, the recent actions of her sister, Rachelle, had confused her greatly.

As an especially talented member of the Mu Clan, Rachelle worked hard for her clan. She would stop at nothing to achieve her goal.

Even if she had to sacrifice her own sister, Nelly, she wouldn't hesitate.

If everything went well, however, Nelly would end up like Rachelle.

In her clan on the Floating Island, she was taught by the most powerful True Gods, and she had come to stand out among her peers. And there were strict rules for her to follow, concerning what she could say or do.

She would become a consummate True God one day, earn a massive number of points and raise her clan to a higher level.

Her sister had taken this path. Did she have to take it, too?

Suddenly, a feeling of awareness came over her. It was like a light illuminating a dark room. She realized, in that moment, that all this was meaningless. The whole thing was so pointlessly repetitive. She rose to the top, she fought, she died, and then another replaced her, repeating the never-ending vicious cycle. What was the point of being a cog in a machine? All the aspirations she had had and all the things she thought she had believed in collapsed like a house of playing cards. She felt a great sense of relief.

Her mind became as calm as a still ocean. Despite the uncertainty and danger facing her, she was more at ease now than she had been for years. Seeing Zen slowly approaching the jade seal, she reminded him, "Be careful."

Hearing her words, Zen nodded.

The moment his finger touched the jade seal, he pulled it back with a gasp, as if he had got an electric shock.

"What's wrong?" Nelly asked, her nervousness mounting once again.

Zen stared at the jade seal in a daze. His face had turned deathly pale. He was so nervous that he began hyperventilating. After what seemed like a long while, he said, "It's so strange. This jade seal..."

There was something else. The moment he had touched the jade seal, a huge swarm of bugs appeared before his eyes.

He had never seen such an overwhelming number of them.

Zen had flown over the sea of bugs in this world twice, on the back of an eagle. The giant bugs had left a deep impression on both him and Nelly. They had since wondered how these giant bugs could survive in there.

What special power did they possess? These were obviously not ordinary bugs. What did they eat?

The number of giant bugs in that sea was already unimaginably large. They gathered closely together, and each of them was over a hundred miles long. They entangled together, forming horribly twisted, contorted shapes. Just one look at them made one's flesh tingle with unease.

The very moment Zen had touched the jade seal, he had felt as if he had entered the mind of every one of those giant bugs.

The sheer number of those giant bugs was far greater than he had thought.

In the center of the sea of bugs, there was a circular abyss, and on the other side of the abyss was a wider open space.

That space appeared in Zen's mind, painted with colorful lines, and the range of these lines was beyond Zen's imagination. It covered an area almost as big as the entire divine land.

On those colorful lines lay countless huge bugs.

These giant black bugs were each over a hundred miles long.

The purple-black colored ones were over a thousand miles long.

The lengths of the purple-golden ones varied from tens of thousands of miles to millions of miles.

Even more horrifying was that the population of the largest type of bugs, the purple-golden ones, had reached hundreds of millions by now. They almost completely covered the lines.

Zen was so shocked by this scene that he decided to release the jade seal.

"Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!"

At this point, several violent roars tore through the air, and the ground below Zen's and Nelly's feet shook.

Panic was written all over Nelly's face. "My sister is coming!"

Zen squinted into the distance and saw a number of black shadows fighting fiercely with those consummate True Gods. He could also see vaguely the outlines of colorful swords in the shadows' hands, swords made out of time fragments.

Zen nodded, a determined look on his face. He had no choice but to merge with the jade seal as soon as possible.

Gritting his teeth, he grabbed the jade seal with his hand once again, and then sat down with his legs crossed, his eyes closed.

"Bang!"

In an instant, Zen felt his consciousness being sucked in, and he could sense the consciousness of those giant bugs.

The vast army of giant bugs seemed to have but one thought: hunger.

Zen himself was not in need of food. Hence, it was most likely that the intense feeling of hunger originated from the giant bugs' consciousness.

Zen's consciousness constantly drifted between that of the giant bugs. He soon noticed that the vast world of light was abhorrent to him. And in the center of this world of light he came across a slightly smaller bug.

This bug was only a few dozen miles in size. A few pieces of light golden scales were embedded on its brown body. In the place where it was, under the countless intersections of the light lines, a circular wheel of light had formed. The small bug lay right in the center of this wheel of light.

Sensing that this golden bug was different from the others, Zen allowed his consciousness to possess its.

With the help of the jade seal, Zen's consciousness remained unblocked, and the giant bug with golden scales also accepted him. Immediately, he learned all he needed to know about the giant bug.

Before this, Zen only knew the bugs were hungry, nothing more. Now, he had finally obtained all the missing information he had sought for. He understood, now, what these giant bugs ate to survive.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"I have found the weak point of these shadows! It is the eye ball in the middle of their bodies!"

Several wounds had appeared on Rachelle's white thighs. The swords in the shadows' hands were condensed with the fragments of time. The time cracks in the fragments were invincible. Even those consummate True Gods could bleed to death if they were cut.

Rachelle was not the only one in a precarious position. Walton and Shahn had also sustained injuries since having forced their way in there.

"We will soon reach the bottom of the pillar. Hold on, guys!" As Rachelle spoke, her slender fingers gently brushed the air, and a small bird condensed from the little blood droplets escaping her hand. The little bird then turned into a thin line of blood light and rushed towards one of the shadows.

Along the way, those consummate True Gods had also used a lot of magic weapons in order to come here.

They would soon reach the end of the path, so they were getting more and more impatient.

Chapter 2371 Removing Three Seconds

With a resounding crack, the blood-red bird pierced through the black bead that was in the middle of the shadow.

The shadow disappeared almost immediately after the bead shattered.

The bird then circled around with soft whooshing sounds, and returned to Rachelle's hand.

A smile took its place on her face, but when she saw flashes of figures trying to run away, the expression on her face shifted. "Want to run away?" she shouted.

The number of these shadows was diminishing by the minute. Some of the consummate True Gods could not hold back and rushed over.

With a tap of her toe, Rachelle turned into a red light and shot along the pillar.

As she went deeper and deeper, a bronze wall appeared before her, Nelly and Zen at the foot of the wall.

"Nelly!"

Rachelle exclaimed, delighted.

After all, Nelly was her younger sister and Rachelle was happy to see her safe.

But as her gaze shifted to Zen, she noticed the jade seal in Zen's hand and was startled.

"The jade seal!"

Zen sat upright on the ground, his eyes closed. It was obvious that he was refining the jade seal.

Like Rachelle, the other consummate True Gods looked at the jade seal greedily.

They had turned the Time Sea Forbidden Land upside down to get this jade seal. They had searched and searched for a long time.

And now that the jade seal was right in front of them, everyone was eager to get their hands on it.

Nelly had pulled out two short swords and was standing before Zen to protect him. Her round eyes were sharp and she didn't cower even if she had to fight the numerous consummate True Gods.

"It's so strange that the girl from the Mu Clan is helping an outsider," said a consummate True God with a sneer on his face, and then looked at Rachelle.

Rachelle's face darkened. Her sister had been behaving unnaturally ever since she had come in contact with Zen. Rachelle didn't know what had happened to Nelly, and now that the latter was standing in front of Zen, it made her feel even stranger about her.

"What the hell do you want?" Rachelle shouted at Nelly.

Nelly pulled one short sword forward and held the other behind her, like a mantis ready to attack.

The swordsmanship, the martial arts, and the Godly Way she had cultivated were all arts she had learned from Rachelle.

When she saw what her sister was doing, the only thought that passed through Rachelle's mind was that Nelly was being childish. She shook her head and said, "Nelly, get out of the way. You're not supposed to get involved in this."

"I..."

Nelly hesitated, her voice trembling.

It was not that she was afraid of these consummate True Gods. She was just not used to offending her tough sister, which was why she really wanted to control herself from retorting.

Nelly managed to calm down and said with difficulty, "Whatever I want to do, you don't have to arrange for me."

"Y-you!" Rachelle sputtered. There was a gleam of anger in her eyes. It was hard for her to imagine and accept that Nelly would say something like that to her.

"No matter what Rachelle does, if you don't get out of the way, don't blame me for being rude to you," a consummate True God said with a weird laugh, the hook in his hand flashing a silver light. He looked ready to pounce on Nelly.

The goal of these consummate True Gods was to obtain the jade seal. Whoever blocked them would be eliminated.

Nelly was merely a low-rank True God. They would not have shown mercy to her even if she were a consummate True God.

"No way!"

A metallic clang sounded.

Rachelle had waved her short sword and stopped the consummate True God.

"Rachelle, control your sister. Don't mess with me," the consummate True God yelled angrily, dissatisfied with how Rachelle had stopped him. He then brandished the silver hook in his hand again.

Rachelle couldn't watch Nelly being killed in front of her without doing anything. So how could she let this consummate True God attack Nelly?

But she could only entangle one consummate True God.

The other consummate True Gods took this opportunity to rush to attack Nelly.

"Hoo--"

"Pew!"

A long sword, a golden hammer, and a large saber came to Nelly, all supreme primordial weapons.

Three consummate True Gods attacked Nelly at the same time. They were strong enough together that they could tear through her.

Nelly held the two swords on either side of her, trying to block the attack of the three consummate True Gods.

Although she knew that it was all in vain, an inexplicably great courage emerged from her heart, and this allowed her to stand strong before Zen.

A series of fierce attacks from Rachelle forced back the consummate True God using the silver hook. When she turned around and saw that Nelly was cornered, her expression shifted. But it was too late to save her. She gritted her teeth angrily.

It was at this moment that Zen opened his eyes.

His expression didn't change when he saw Nelly blocking the attack from three consummate True Gods.

"Puff!" "Puff!" "Puff!"

All three of these attackers had nine stars each in their bodies. Even if they couldn't use the Godly Way, their attacks couldn't be ignored.

Nelly's resistance was like an egg striking a stone.

The two short swords in Nelly's hands broke easily as the large saber and the long sword cut into her body.

The heavy hammer was the last to strike her.

Nelly's vigorous body had turned into a horrifying sight in a matter of moments.

"Nelly!"

Rachelle stretched out her hands in Nelly's direction, her eyes wide open in shock.

Although she had become a consummate True God, she still had deep affection for her younger sister, Nelly.

If it were for the greater good, she could choose to sacrifice Nelly's life, even her own. But watching Nelly being butchered right in front of her was hard to accept. Her eyes brimmed with heartbroken tears.

When Zen opened his eyes and saw what was happening, he still remained calm.

He slightly turned the jade seal in his hand and an idea popped into the seal.

Driven by his thought, all the giant bugs in the desert, the canyons, and the sea of bugs began to panic and search for food in a craze.

But they couldn't find the food they needed, which only fed their anxiety.

But as they went deeper into the cave of the sea of bugs, all the originally motionless giant bugs in the other broad space suddenly started to surge. They began to devour the light of the whole world.

"Devouring three seconds is enough." Zen's thought spread to the minds of the countless giant bugs.

Once the thought was spread out, strange things began to be found all over the divine land.

A True God had just killed a monster, but in the blink of an eye, it had returned to an unharmed state.

In a battle ring, a proving godly warrior used his most powerful skill to punch his opponent and cause him to spit out blood. But all the blood disappeared in a flash.

In a tavern, someone had eaten a dish in one swallow, and there was still some flavor left in his mouth. But in a trice, the dish was still on the table, unmoved.

Such strange things occurred all over the divine land. Even the Holy Beings were unable to avoid it.

And all these happened at the moment Nelly was killed.

But Nelly was now standing right there before Zen, without any injuries.

The three consummate True Gods looked at each other, their weapons dangling limply in their hands.

Rachelle's eyes widened in surprise. This was completely beyond her comprehension.

Nelly looked at herself, confused. She didn't know what had happened. She could feel the cold weapons cutting into her body. Why was she restored to her previous condition in the blink of an eye?

'Have we gone back in time?'

But Nelly rejected this thought almost immediately.

Time backtracking could only be used on the martial artist who activated it. And people couldn't use the Godly Way in this world. Moreover, she hadn't felt any internal momentum.

Chapter 2372 A Torn Page

Zen manipulated the giant bugs to wipe out the period of time.

Outside of the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Nicholas took a small step back as the space in front of him became a little blurry.

The Sun Blind race's leader also stepped back as

all the Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings looked on with confusion and astonishment.

"You all are seeing this, right?" Jeremiah asked, frowning. "Something's wrong with the divine land's time...?"

Clark nodded. For the first time he was very quiet.

The time flow rate within the jade seal was different from that of the outside world. Although the consummate True Gods and Zen had spent about twenty days inside the jade seal, the Astronomical Transit Day in the Time Sea hadn't ended yet.

"Someone just stole three seconds from the world," Nicholas said warily. He looked through the Time Sea Forbidden Land and stared at the jade seal.

"Looks like someone has obtained the jade seal," a Holy Being observed. "Is this the ability of the jade seal?"

Was it?

Since they couldn't see through the jade seal, they weren't sure about what exactly was happening inside.

They only hoped that everything would be revealed soon.

Meanwhile, at the bottom of the cave, Zen stood as still as a statue. His usually calm expression was replaced with the tiniest hint of surprise.

Through the jade seal, he felt like he had acquired a new definition of time and a greater understanding of it.

If the time of the divine land could be described as a book, then every three seconds would be a page that was continuously turned by an invisible hand.

Page by page, second by second, minute by minute, day by day, month by month, year by year, age by age. Time was a big old book

and the giant bugs were moths eating at the pages.

Judging from time, each page was a complete but static divine land.

Just now, following Zen's order, the huge bugs had devoured a separated static divine land.

Like silkworms polishing off a leaf, they had wolfed down the page where Nelly died in the blink of an eye.

The page contained how Nelly would die — torn into pieces by the consummate True Gods' weapons.

If Zen hadn't ripped the page off and the whole thing had come into existence, then Nelly would've already been dead.

"You! What did you do?" Rachelle marched towards Zen with an accusing finger.

She realized that the weird thing happening in front of them must have something to do with the jade seal.

But Rachelle was not a Holy Being.

Holy Beings had a sharper sense of time, as after their universes were established, the different time flow rate in the universes became a point of reference. Meaning that while Zen only had the giant bugs steal three seconds from the divine land, the Holy Beings had noticed a period of time disappear.

On the other hand, Rachelle and the other consummate True Gods weren't able to feel the subtle change in time. However, what happened was unusual and baffling, and they would be stupid not to care.

"Nothing. I just tore a page from a book," Zen smiled.

Rachelle scowled. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Meanwhile, the consummate True Gods wanted to attack again.

"Stop playing tricks. Don't think I can't kill you."

"It's just the ability of the jade seal. Kill him and take it from him!"

Zen clenched his hand tighter around the jade seal. "Before I forget, this jade seal grants its user control over space and time here. Still think you can kill me?" That said, Zen grabbed Nelly's collar and gently pulled her backwards.

Nelly, still in a daze, was dragged into the bronze wall

where she and Zen disappeared in a flash of light. Rachelle and the others could only look at each other wordlessly. What just happened?

"What the heck?! I killed a shadow but it somehow recovered and even slashed at me!" Walton spat angrily as he stalked over to them with his machete, his chest marred with a deep bloody gash.

Seeing the puzzled expressions on the faces of Rachelle and the rest, Walton became even more puzzled. "Where is he? Didn't you block that brat from the Luo Clan?"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zen and Nelly reappeared outside the Heavenly Wheel Temple. He adjusted his hold on Nelly as they floated high in the air and looked at the world below.

This world inside the jade seal could be considered as an independent world.

It was different from the universes. The universes were built by the Holy Beings with their great efforts and understanding. They were attached to the divine land so the Godly Ways could be used in them.

But they couldn't be employed here.

This world was independent with the entrance right in the center of the sea of bugs.

When Nelly came back to her senses, she found herself ten thousand feet above the ground. The Heavenly Wheel Temple below had turned into a small dot and out of fear, she twisted her waist and tried to slide down. Realizing her mistake, she instinctively reached out and grabbed Zen's hand.

Zen adjusted his hold on her and looked down to find the aboriginals still kneeling on the ground.

The aboriginals knew that they had offended the Heavenly Wheel Snake and were afraid of its fury. If it released the Heavenly Wheel Bugs in the sea of bugs, the Eagle race, the Swallow race, and the Roc race would all be in grave danger.

However, they had no choice but to kneel on the ground and pray for the forgiveness of the Heavenly Wheel Snake. Those outsiders, after all, were not their allies.

"Let's get down," Zen said flatly.

Nelly didn't respond. All the muscles in her body were tense and her face was probably flushed. She looked away, desperate to hide her burning ears.

Whoosh!

The wind on her face helped cool her down but she knew her face was still red. As soon as her feet touched the ground, she quickly freed herself from Zen's arms. Her heart was still racing, and it would stay like that for quite a while.

When the aboriginals saw them descending from the sky, their eyes went wide and their jaws fell open.

"They are back!"

The little boy exclaimed happily as he ran all the way into Nelly's arms.

He and the other children had almost been eaten by the Heavenly Wheel Snake before, but thanks to the consummate True Gods, they had been saved from death.

However, the failed worship had made all the aboriginals quite uneasy.

The Eagle race's chief walked up to them nervously. "Where is the Heavenly Wheel Snake now?"

It would be a good thing for them if the Heavenly Wheel Snake had been killed by this group of strong warriors that appeared from outside.

But now, only Zen and Nelly had returned. Did the Heavenly Wheel Snake eat the others?

"You no longer need to worship that snake," Zen replied.

"What!" The chief's eyes almost bulged out.

Everyone else exchanged confused glances. What was he saying?

The Heavenly Wheel Snake had been subdued by the consummate True Gods but Zen didn't know if they had killed it.

However, he understood that the Heavenly Wheel Snake was able to drive the bugs only with the jade seal in its hand. In other words, the Heavenly Wheel Snake had been guarding the jade seal in this temple.

Now that the jade seal belonged to Zen, the existence of the Heavenly Wheel Snake had lost its meaning, so there was no need for them to worship the snake anymore.

"I-I still can't understand what you mean," the chief said hesitantly.

Zen grinned. "You can think of that snake as dead!"

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2373 Sneak Attack

"What?"

"Is the Heavenly Wheel Snake... dead?"

"Oh my God!"

The members of the Eagle, the Roc, and Swallow races were all shocked hearing Zen's words.

The snake that had threatened them for so long was finally gone!

In fact, these three races despised one another all because of this Heavenly Wheel Snake.

At the beginning of everything, they didn't really have a problem with each other at all.

However, because of the Heavenly Wheel Snake, they had to offer their children at intervals. This was unacceptable for everyone, and it began the conflict between the races.

Therefore, they began to snatch at each other's young boys and girls, offering them to the Heavenly Wheel Snake. Gradually, there grew a fierce conflict among the three races, which turned into an irreconcilable hatred.

If the Heavenly Wheel Snake had really died, everyone knew that the hatred wouldn't disappear instantly, but would gradually fade over time.

In the end, the source of the three races' hatred was merely a beastly snake.

"Are you serious?" asked the chief who had been talking to Zen.

He asked with his eyes wide open, hardly believing what Zen had said.

Zen smiled, clutched the jade seal in his hand and infused an idea into it. Afterwards, he pointed at a place not far away and said, "Look over there."

The chief and other people looked in that direction, puzzled.

For some reason, they saw nothing but a desert amidst them.

As they squinted and searched for something to look at, a snake's hiss came from the ground. A small sand dune was blown up in the desert, as if something was about to break out of it.

"What is it?"

"Could it be Heavenly Wheel Bugs?"

"That's... impossible. The bugs in the desert won't appear during the day."

The group murmured as they stared at the small sand dune.

"Yo!"

"Chirp..."

"Yo!"

The people were nervous, but the mysterious birds, golden rocs and eagles all fixed their eyes at the small sand dune with vigilance.

As sharp as these birds were, they already knew that the Heavenly Wheel Bugs were coming out.

Splash!

It was exactly as they guessed. Within seconds, there were over a hundred Heavenly Wheel Bugs emerging from the desert, squirming and making hissing sounds all around.

However, the Heavenly Wheel Bugs did not launch any attacks unlike what they'd expected. They just stuck out a part of their bodies outside the sand dune but refused to move at all.

At the sight of this, the chief widened his eyes and stared at those Heavenly Wheel Bugs. He then asked, "So you have controlled those bugs?"

"Yes," responded Zen. "I have controlled all the Heavenly Wheel Bugs in the desert and the sea of bugs." He then pointed to the bugs, and the bugs immediately retreated back to the ground. Then he said, "In the future, you won't need to offer your children. If you want to offer sacrifices, offer them to me."

Everyone exchanged glances and held back their gasps. The chief and all the people were shocked. However, shock turned into excitement as they all roared, "Bravo!"

"Bravo!"

"Bravo!"

"Bravo!"

All the people in front of the altar rejoiced and gave each other high fives.

At this point, they had endured so much humiliation for a long time. Every once in a while, they had to offer their descendants to the Heavenly Wheel Snake, which was a torment and nightmare for all of them. How could they not celebrate the news like this?

As they rejoiced, the birds around them chirped in excitement, too. It seemed to be a victory for everyone.

Holding the little boy in her arms, Nelly stared at Zen.

Before they went to the Heavenly Wheel Temple, she once asked Zen how to save these children.

Zen had just told her to take it easy and see what would happen. She hadn't expected that Zen could really solve such impossible problems.

Just then, a shadowy figure slowly moved forward among the crowd.

The man moved in a strange way, making sure not to attract anyone's attention as if he were a wandering ghost.

Brushing past everyone, he eventually approached Zen.

Whoosh!

The closer he got to Zen, the faster he began to move.

All of a sudden, a transparent saber appeared in his hand and he held it up in the air.

Wisps of purple lightning flowed through the blade of the transparent saber. It was a saber made by the famous weapon refiner named Mitchell, ranked among the top of the first-rate supreme primordial weapons in the divine land.

So even though that man couldn't use any Godly Way, he had used the power of his saber to its fullest potential. With all the strength he could muster up, he sliced across Zen's wrist with an accurate and swift speed. It was so strong that the full-force strike was irresistible.

Because he moved so quickly, Zen did not notice him, and it was too late for him to activate the Redemption Armor to save his hand.

By the time he noticed, he had already lost a hand, and a lot of blood was trickling down his side.

Thump!

In a flash, Zen's arm and the jade seal flew out.

"Ah!"

With a loud shriek, Nelly realized who the man was. It was Alfredo, the consummate True God of the Han Clan.

Not all of the consummate True Gods were able to find the right path after entering this world.

Some of them, such as the one from the Sword Clan, found the Heavenly Wheel Temple in advance and ended up dying alone in the desert.

In the same way, Alfredo had also been searching for a long time in this world. He made some inquiries and finally found the Roc race which led him to find the clues about the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

By the time he arrived here, however, the consummate True Gods had already entered the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

Left with no choice, he had to go into hiding.

He never would have guessed that Zen would have been the one to take out the jade seal from the Heavenly Wheel Temple.

Besides, Nelly, the girl from the Mu Clan, had become very intimate with Zen. What happened?

Confused, Alfredo decided to take action.

Initially, he had never taken Zen as a clan member. To him, Zen was just a foreign talent, something useful to the clan. No matter whether he was Mike's son or not, he knew that he would never accept him.

When Zen expected it the least, Alfredo launched a surprise attack on him.

Weirdly enough, Zen was pretty calm when his arm was cut off. His body leaned back slightly and then he rushed forward at a very fast speed.

The moment he grabbed onto the jade seal, his first instinct was to reconvene the bugs through the seal.

Right there and then, the giant bugs that lay resting began to move again. They swallowed a period of three seconds.

As the bugs reemerged, Zen's figure flashed in a strange pattern.

Just like that, his severed arm was once again connected into one.

"What's going on?" With his eyes wide open, Alfredo watched the scene in a daze. Did he just do that?

Within seconds, Zen held the jade seal with one hand, took Nelly with another hand and launched them up to the sky. He hovered in the air and looked down at Alfredo, with a self-satisfied smirk across his face.

He had no idea that Alfredo would go and attack him. However, he smirked because it seemed he still succeeded despite Alfredo's attempt.

Zen did not have much time to study the jade seal, and he was not sure if he would become its owner.

Also, if Alfredo took the jade seal, Zen would lose absolutely everything.

On the other hand, Alfredo didn't expect that Zen would be able to retaliate so quickly. His expression changed several times before he said, "Thad! As a member of my clan, you must give me the jade seal after you get it!"

Upon hearing this, Zen sneered and said coldly, "If you thought I would just hand it to you, you wouldn't have had to attack me." He chuckled and continued, "Why do you speak such nonsense?"

Narrowing his eyes, Alfredo added, "Give me the jade seal. Give it to me and I'll protect you from the Mu Clan's attack..."

But before he could finish his words, Nelly interrupted with a hissing tone, "You are stupid, but I didn't think you'd be this stupid. What a dumb excuse coming from you!"

Both Zen and Nelly choked Alfredo off, and Alfredo was rendered speechless. His eyes were twitching constantly, and he began to regret the course of actions that he just took.

But as he pondered, Zen had already flown away.

He knew that he didn't want to waste his time on consummate True Gods. Heck, he had more important things to do besides getting the jade seal.

Chapter 2374 The Spear Of Time

At the edge of this space, a wide waterfall hung like a curtain of light on the cliff, splashing downwards.

There was an emerald green jungle around it, forming a natural semicircle at the edge of the cliff. The whole scene looked pleasant.

Zen had found this place under Nelly's guidance.

Some time ago, Nelly had borrowed a Royal Eagle from the Eagle race, and she had flown high in the sky and traveled many places.

On the edge of this cliff, an ancient cypress tree stood tall and majestic.

Nelly sat on the tree trunk, her snow-colored slender legs exposed now that she had taken off her shoes.

She gently pushed her legs forward and immersed them into the waterfall. Her feet looked like they were coated with a layer of pearls as countless crystal clear water drops came in contact with them.

She stared blankly at Zen, who was sitting cross-legged on the tree trunk.

For a moment, she thought that it probably was not a bad thing if they had to stay like this all the time.

There was no dispute in this small world.

The intrigues and conflicts among the powerful clans on the Floating Islands were beyond her reach here. She felt relaxed when she unloaded her self-defense.

She hoped this moment could last forever.

Once they left the world within the jade seal, they would have to face endless trouble.

Zen took out a piece of his soul and put it into the jade seal.

He didn't know what was going through Nelly's mind.

He needed to prepare for everything.

Once he left the world within the jade seal, he would return to the Time Sea Forbidden Land. And once he left the Time Sea Forbidden Land, he would have to face a bunch of Holy Beings, some of whom were his enemies.

And now that his identity had been revealed, he had to consider how he would escape from the Holy Beings.

He had previously been in a hurry to control the jade seal and did not have the time to explore it carefully.

The gigantic bugs crawling on the light could devour three to nine seconds. It was indeed a special ability.

But on second thought, it was not a very strong one.

Currently, this ability could only prevent him from being harmed in a short period of time.

Under his full strength, the bugs could devour nine seconds. And in these nine seconds, all the damage he suffered would be ineffectual. This applied to others as well. They would not be harmed in these nine seconds too.

If the top-rank True Gods or consummate True Gods kept attacking him for longer than nine seconds, they could kill him.

In other words, even though he had torn three pages off the book of time, he would still be killed on the fourth page, and he couldn't escape death.

The jade seal could control such a huge sea of bugs, so its effect should be more than that.

Zen closed his eyes and sank into meditation. His soul was exploring the jade seal.

Previously, when Zen had put his soul into the jade seal, his soul had quickly spread out and connected with the bugs.

This time, Zen tried to understand the inside of the jade seal.

He soon found that there seemed to be a light film in the middle of the jade seal.

'Charge over!'

Urged by his thought, the wisp of his soul dashed towards the light film.

Boom!

However, after a series of collisions, this soul attack was easily blocked.

Zen thought for a while and then changed his tactics.

His soul continuously intertwined and turned into a sharp awl, shooting towards the light film again.

This time, the light film was instantly torn open with a resounding crack.

Once he had opened this layer of light, Zen found three bright dots of light on one side of the light film, each of which contained a special symbol.

The jade seal was very small, and the symbols were even smaller, each as tiny as a dust particle.

Zen had obtained a new sense after infusing his soul into the light dots and absorbing them.

'So the black spears are called the Spears of Time, ' he thought to himself.

A curtain of light suddenly appeared around the Heavenly Wheel Temple in the middle of the desert, revealing all the black spears on it.

As Zen's thought went on, all the black spears stood up, their tips pointing upwards.

The light curtain looked like a huge round hedgehog.

Without the ability to track Zen, Alfredo could only continue exploring the surroundings of the Heavenly Wheel Temple. But he was unable to enter the temple, no matter what he did.

As he walked around the altar, he was startled at the sudden appearance of the light curtain and the behavior of the black spears.

He had heard of the power of these black spears

when he was in the Roc race.

Unable to learn the language of the Roc race since he had been short on time, Alfredo had fretted and found the seriously wounded Troy.

Among all the consummate True Gods, Troy's power was truly unfathomable. Even Rachelle was afraid of him. Alfredo hadn't expected Troy to be so seriously injured in this world and had been shocked.

He saw that the skin and flesh in Troy's breast had already rotted. It appeared as if the wound had been corroded for years together and looked difficult to repair.

He asked Troy about his wound and came to know that he had been injured by some powerful black spear.

But he hadn't seen the black spears anywhere after arriving at the Heavenly Wheel Temple. That was because the Heavenly Wheel Snake had already left, and the light curtain was concealed.

He hadn't expected so many black spears to appear all of a sudden.

The corners of Zen's mouth curled and he turned his head once again. Then one of the black spears began to adjust its angle.

Alfredo, on the other hand, was still a little puzzled. He frowned as his eyes wandered to the black spear.

He barely had time to react as the black spear shot towards him.

Swoosh!

"What the fuck!"

Alfredo dodged the black spear, shocked, as it came flying towards him.

The black spear almost clung to his body before flying away. A touch of dust was left on his brocade robe. When he got to his feet, his robe that was made of silk had turned into ash.

The spear itself did not have much power.

But once the spear touched the robe, time flowed at a faster pace and the robe was baptized for a number of years.

The robe could not withstand the corrosion of countless years, which was why it was now rotten by time.

The black spear finally hit a wall, leaving it covered in cracks and then turning into dust.

Everything turned into dust due to the power of time.

At this, a cold shiver ran down Alfredo's spine.

In theory, the life span of a True God was unlimited.

This was because their body would not become decadent with the passage of time. In other words, the metabolism of a True God's body was enough to offset the passage of time. All these factors combined to a balance, and a True God could live forever.

However, anyone who experienced such fast speed for an endless time would not be able to withstand it.

No wonder Troy was badly hurt after being hit by a black spear.

It seemed that the power of the spear was limited in a small range. If it weren't for this, even Troy wouldn't have been able to endure it and would have already died.

While Alfredo was deep in thought, another black spear rotated above the curtain of light and aimed at him.

"What the hell?!"

He then ran away from the desert.

On the other side of the world, Zen smiled smugly.

It was not a difficult task for him to kill Alfredo, but it was meaningless. Moreover, he could only count on these consummate True Gods to leave the Time Sea.

Chapter 2375 We Are Leaving

After Zen had fused with the symbols in the jade seal, his control over the space and time in the jade seal had been elevated to the next level, which was almost the same as he controlled his inner world.

Just then, a dark red light film deep inside the jade seal caught his eye.

On the surface of the light film was a pattern of a small black scorpion, and he could see a light dot that floated inside its see-through exterior.

He then tried to break through the light film with his soul a few times but to no avail. In the end, he had to give up.

In addition, he might not be able to kill the consummate True Gods in the jade seal with his current control of it. However, none of them could leave.

Those consummate True Gods were important, as they were his bargaining chips to safely leave the Time Sea.

With that thought in mind, he glanced at Nelly, who sat on the tree trunk. His eyes traveled to her fair and slender legs, and he felt a bit restless.

Nelly sensed his gaze on her. Her lips curved into a smile as she stretched her hand and gently pressed on the tree trunk. She took her shoes and jumped, landing barefoot on the platform where Zen was. At that moment, she splashed brilliant water drops at him.

When Zen saw the water drops in front of him, he thought about stopping them, and all the water drops paused in mid-air. Then, the drops converged into a spiral formation and turned into a small water knife in his hand.

Nelly slightly raised a fine brow.

Such an ability could only be used in one's inner world. From the looks of it, it seemed that Zen had great control over the space and time within the jade seal. She couldn't help but be amazed.

"We're leaving," Zen said.

Although the time flow rate in the world they were in was much faster than that in the divine land, the Astronomical Transit Day would be over if they stayed there for too long.

If the Astronomical Transit Day was over, then the Time Sea Forbidden Land would be closed and would not be opened until the next Astronomical Transit Day, which was in the next eight years.

Nelly felt slightly frustrated at Zen's words and stayed silent for a while. How she wished that she could stay where she was now with Zen forever!

A few moments later, she took her shoes and walked to him barefoot.

She wasn't that tall, but her small body was full of strong energy. Her sincere eyes looked up at him and she said, "I want to ask you again. Is there really no way to resolve the hatred between the Mu Clan and the Luo Clan?"

Zen was slightly taken aback before his blood ran cold. "I can spare Rachelle's life, but it doesn't mean that I will forgive the Mu Clan or Murphy Mu," he said icily.

Perhaps Nelly had guessed that he would say such, so she didn't show disappointment. "Are we enemies, then?" she lamented.

"Maybe, maybe not," replied Zen.

Her lips parted slightly as if she wanted to say something, but he had already turned around and waved his hand.

A halo with five colors immediately rolled out. Apparently, it was a passage that only Zen could build.

"Let's go," he said in a low voice.

His decision was final and nothing could change that. He could never forgive Murphy or the Mu Clan because after all, they tried to kill his father.

Despite that, it didn't mean that he was immune to being sad at times.

He shook off his thoughts and stepped into the halo of light.

Meanwhile, as Nelly stared at his receding figure, the disappointment on her face now grew more obvious. Then, she closed her eyes.

After a few seconds, she breathed deeply and opened her eyes again. All the emotions reflected in her orbs were washed away.

Her view of Zen had changed strongly these days, but it didn't mean that her personality did so as well.

She would stick to her goals just like Rachelle. She would even sacrifice anything just to achieve them if it came to that.

"Will there always be hatred?" she whispered with a pout. Her eyes, which were full of vitality, turned dark, and she immediately jumped into the halo.

The path of space and time pulled Zen's and Nelly's bodies along with it, their limbs sliding gracefully along the light.

Not long after, Zen discovered a black insect crawling on a ray of light. The insect crossed a few rays of light and rushed straight towards him.

With a slight move of his mind, the black insect stopped and moved in the opposite direction. Zen could also control the insects in this path of space and time.

Crack!

He felt his body be stretched back to normal, before he finally appeared in the valley.

In the center of the valley quietly stood the goddess who looked very much like Yan. It was no secret that the Goddess Statue had been destroyed because of the battle between the consummate True Gods and the Time Elk.

Outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land

The area was eerily silent as the Holy Beings all watched the small jade seal attentively.

They had previously felt the wave after time had been devoured, and realized that someone had taken complete control of the jade seal.

There was a slight tension in the air. All of them racked their brains in attempts to find out who had controlled the jade seal and think of ways on how to deal with the situation.

At that point, the light waved and all the Holy Beings stared harder at the jade seal. It was time to announce the result.

All of the Holy Beings were stunned when they saw Zen appear in the halo of light. At the same time, they were confused.

"How could it be him?" Samuel said, dumbfounded. He was truly shocked but also utterly doubtful. He even suspected that he might just be seeing things.

While Joy couldn't believe what she saw either, she was also excited and overjoyed.

"What about those consummate True Gods?"

"He's the first one to come out! Unbelievable!"

"The first person to come out doesn't necessarily have the jade seal in hand."

"You're right. How could a mere low-rank True God compete with those consummate True Gods?"

Now, the Holy Beings didn't know what happened in the jade seal. Besides, leaving it alone first didn't mean that one had truly obtained it.

While the Holy Beings were still busy scrutinizing the halo, Nelly climbed out of it as well.

After Zen had left the world within the jade seal, the jade seal in his hand turned into an illusionary ball of light. He uttered a summon; then the jade seal on the ground swayed slightly and flew towards his palm. Finally, the two merged together into one.

He slightly shook the jade seal, and its bottom layer disappeared. It turned into a small black snake pattern and floated on his palm.

Needless to say, everyone's jaw fell to the ground.

All the Holy Beings outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land fell into silence.

On one hand, Nicholas' face lit up as he stared at Zen.

"It's impossible!" said a Holy Being with his mouth agape. Generally speaking, Holy Beings were supposed to be calm no matter what situation. This time, however, was different.

"Hahaha!" Clark laughed boisterously. "Congratulations! Your Han Clan has so many talents! This guy is really promising! But it seems that you are very happy to give him to the Dongfang Clan. Nicholas, congratulations!"

Samuel's lips twitched into a snarl at his words.

No one had ever thought that just when a group of consummate True Gods tried so hard to win the jade seal, it eventually fell into the hands of a low-rank True God. It was really unexpected.

However, Samuel suddenly had an idea which he thought was brilliant.

It was known that Zen's identity was a troublesome matter. Regardless of whether he could get the jade seal or not, there was no way he could stay in the Han Clan.

Then again, Samuel was reluctant to give the jade seal to Nicholas.

"Thad Luo is indeed promising, but his identity is unclear. If he is really Mike's son, let's see how Nicholas is going to deal with him. But, he obtained the jade seal when he was still a member of our Han Clan. I guess it should still belong to our clan," Samuel said calmly. As he spoke, he looked at the leader of the Sun Blind race, who stood not too far away.

It looked like what he said was meant for Nicholas, but in fact, he was speaking to the leader of the Sun Blind race.

Now everyone wanted to get the jade seal, but the Holy Beings couldn't fight for it right then and there.

Chapter 2376 Sprint For The Exit

Stirring up any trouble on the island of the Sun Blind race was not, by any means, a wise decision for anyone, including the Holy Beings.

The head of the Sun Blind race wore a mask, hiding her expression, but her voice remained calm. "The Sun Blind race holds the Astronomical Transit Day celebration, and all the young warriors we invited are our friends. Obtaining a chance in the Time Sea Forbidden Land highly depends on one's own luck and ability! Now that the young man has obtained the jade seal, he can give it to whomever he wants to."

Hearing that, Nicholas chuckled and said, "That would be great. Samuel, I'm afraid you'll have to give up this time!"

Samuel's face darkened at that.

'Humph! If it were Alfredo who succeeded in acquiring the jade seal, Nicholas would be too shameful to say something like that, ' he cursed inwardly.

But Zen's identity was such a sensitive matter that Samuel couldn't come up with an idea for a retort.

The jade seal should've belonged to the Han Clan, but Samuel could only watch helplessly as it was about to be handed to the Dongfang Clan. It was no wonder that Samuel was frustrated, in spite of him being a Holy Being—someone supposed to be always calm and composed.

Still, he managed to recover in the blink of an eye. With a slight smile, he generously said, "Congratulations, Nicholas. You have extraordinary insight. You must have known from the beginning that Thad could obtain the jade seal. I must endure any pain and give this treasure up."

With that, he shook his head—his face was full of admiration for Nicholas.

The other nodded slightly, staring at him with mutual admiration. "I don't have many people I can look up to in the divine land, but you must be one of them. I believe the Han Clan will rise up the ranks in the future."

Now, with Zen's help, the Floating Island of the Han Clan had gone up a higher level.

Even if the Han Clan continued climbing up, it was impossible to defeat the Dongfang Clan. But the rise of the Han Clan meant the inevitable decline of the other clans. It was rather interesting to think about what Nicholas meant by what he said.

Hearing this, Jeremiah, the Holy Being of the Leng Clan, remained silent as a look of disdain surfaced on his expression.

Below the Holy Beings stood the True Gods

who had already left the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Although they couldn't sense the scene in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, they could clearly hear the Holy Beings' discussion.

Soren, Reginald, and the other top-rank True Gods were all shocked upon hearing the Holy Beings.

"Thad Luo has obtained the jade seal?"

"He is indeed in the halo of light, but many consummate True Gods have entered it as well!"

"Isn't that guy too lucky? How could he have gotten the jade seal before so many consummate True Gods? He'll be killed if he shows up!"

In the eyes of the True Gods, a consummate True God was simply impossible to overcome.

But they didn't know that the space and time within the jade seal had blocked all of the internal momentum of the divine land. The strength of a consummate True God had been reduced to less than a percent of their peak—all they could do was fight hard with their brute strength.

Zen's brute strength was not an absolute disadvantage in the face of a consummate True God.

"Laquisha, he actually made it!" Surprise was written all over Aleyna's pretty face.

Even Kelsey was shocked by it. "This guy…How lucky he is!"

Though she had already known of Zen's extraordinary strength in the Heavenly Han House, she thought that he was only outstanding when compared to those grassroots. Never did she think that Zen could really compare with the warriors from the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands.

But this fellow had produced so many incredible miracles before her—her heart was so filled with shock that she couldn't even begin to describe Zen's many achievements.

Standing between the two girls was Laquisha, gawking at the exit of the Time Sea Forbidden land. There was no trace of joy on her face.

So what if Zen obtained the jade seal?

How could he fight against Nicholas, a Holy Being?

It sounded like her father, Samuel, had no plan to fight Nicholas for the jade seal—he had intended to give both Zen and the jade seal to Nicholas.

If Nicholas was interested in Zen before, now, he was much more interested in the jade seal. He would probably take it and kill Zen; such a result was almost irresistible.

Having thought it over, Laquisha couldn't do anything but watch it happen. She was merely a True God, after all. What could she really do?

But she didn't stop praying in her heart. Zen was the son of miracle, and she was hoping he could somehow perform another miracle for her.

Meanwhile, in the forbidden land, Zen took Nelly and went back the way they came.

They faced no obstructions along the way.

The Time Ghosts should have been lured away by the True Gods who returned ahead of time.

It seemed that the road to the Divine Time Temple was completely empty.

In this section of the road, Zen slowed his pace.

His mind was running thoughts about various possibilities after he left the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Behind him, Nelly said nothing and quietly followed after him.

Soon after they passed the Divine Time Temple, Zen saw pieces of gold scattered on the ground. They were the pieces of gold left after the Time Ghosts cut up the Golden Beast Statue.

Previously, to lure the Time Ghosts away, Zen had no chance to take the pieces of gold back. At this moment, all he focused on was collecting all the pieces of gold until they melted into the Golden Beast Statue once again.

Though Zen had sent the Golden Beast Statue to Master Evil to serve as his body, it wasn't the right time to consider the insignificant parts.

Soon after taking the statue, he walked forward until he finally encountered a group of Time Ghosts.

Halting in his steps, he whispered to Nelly, "We will use the old way. I'll use the statue to lead the Time Ghosts away and you must follow up."

But Nelly thought nothing of them at all. "Are you nervous?" she asked him.

"Why should I be nervous?" Zen looked at her curiously.

"You will face those Holy Beings soon."

But Zen merely shrugged his shoulders in response.

The Golden Beast Statue turned into a golden light that shot right at the Time Ghosts. When they grew restless and started following the Golden

Beast Statue, Zen shouted coldly, "Run!"

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

The two dashed to the exit.

After the statue led the Time Ghosts away, no more obstacles stood in their way. They took the chance to quickly move forward.

But much to their surprise, a large group of Time Ghosts suddenly appeared before them once again just as they had rushed out a significant distance.

"What should we do?" Nelly asked in urgency.

Not far behind Zen, she also saw the group of Time Ghosts trying to stop them.

The statue had already attracted a group of them. If the first group turned against them again, they'd be surrounded. But if they didn't lead the Time Ghosts ahead of them away, they wouldn't be able to get to the exit at all.

"Charge," Zen remained calm.

With that, Nelly realized that he had a special ability with the help of the jade seal.

She couldn't figure out how he made it. It seemed as though no matter how seriously injured he was, he could recover in an instant.

But no matter what the situation was, she trusted him wholeheartedly.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

When they approached the Time Ghosts, the large group began circling crazily like a group of headless flies before rushing towards Zen and Nelly.

Meanwhile, the Holy Beings outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land also craned their necks to catch the scene.

They were also aware that the ability of the jade seal seemed to have been able to devour a period of time. But their curiosity lingered because they hadn't actually seen Zen display such an ability in person.

As the densely packed group of Time Ghosts pounced, a sudden thought flashed in Zen's mind.

'Swallow the time of nine seconds…'

The giant bugs lying on the beams of light began to wiggle, swallowing up all the nine seconds.

With this thought, Zen tore up another three pages of the book of time.

Under the gaze of the Holy Beings, Zen and Nelly were already caught by the Time Ghosts. They were dragged into the time cracks and the two were cut into pieces.

But after a sudden flash of their figures, they were able to pass through the crowd of Time Ghosts and swiftly move forward.

The Time Ghosts even seemed to be in a daze. It wasn't after a moment that they got their senses back and chased after Zen and Nelly in a frenzy.

Chapter 2377 Facing The Holy Beings

Zen's activation of the jade seal's ability made Nicholas frown.

There was a look of helplessness in his eyes, and his figure once again turned into a shadow to prevent himself from getting devoured by time.

"It's really true! This brat has erased a period of time!"

"This is the ability of the jade seal."

"I was able to sense it just now. There is a nine-second difference between my universe and the divine land. Has the jade seal reached its limit? It's already so intimidating!"

The flow of time in the universe was way faster than in the divine land, but it was still easy to calculate just how much time was devoured. Knowing such things was easy for Holy Beings.

These Holy Beings all gazed at Zen with passion burning in their eyes.

Despite the awesome effects in Zen's hands, the jade seal had yet to reveal its true power. At the hands of a Holy Being, its true potential could be further unfolded.

In nine seconds, the wielder of the jade seal would be invincible. A Holy Being who could obtain it would no doubt be able to do many glorious things. It was the kind of treasure that grew more powerful depending on its wielder.

Moreover, this was not the jade seal's limit!

There was unwillingness deep within Samuel's heart as he looked at the jade seal longingly. It was such a supreme treasure of belief that there was no way he would be willing to give it to Nicholas.

Unfortunately, he had no choice but to endure since he couldn't hold a candle to Nicholas.

Meanwhile, Zen and Nelly were both getting chased by countless Time Ghosts.

They ran at full-speed for about half a minute before finally emerging out of the Time Sea Forbidden Land's main road and walking towards the road created by the Water Luminous Star.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The Time Ghosts did not rush into the road and merely circled around the entrance.

Both warriors did not pay their pursuers any mind and continued to run, not stopping until they found a safe place.

After circling around for a while, the Time Ghosts eventually dispersed. Noticing this, Zen carefully made his way back and found the Golden Beast Statue that had been cut into pieces by the creatures. He picked the pieces up and merged them into one piece before going back towards the exit.

The two of them walked towards the exit of the Water Luminous Star.

Breathing deeply, Nelly took a good long look at Zen. "Good luck." She then walked forward and headed towards the exit.

The moment she left the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Nelly immediately felt the aura of multiple Holy Beings being exerted on her body. Fortunately, since she was the daughter of a Holy Being, she was used to the presence and remained calm. With her head held high, Nelly managed to walk towards the place where the True Gods of the Mu Clan gathered.

"Hey, Nelly! Why didn't Rachelle come out with you? Why did you leave the jade seal with Thad?" Clark asked since he was the most anxious one out of everyone present.

Nelly looked at Clark and answered him truthfully, "Thad willingly let me go."

"What do you mean by that?" Fire burned in Clark's eyes as if he could see right through her.

Any other ordinary True God would've faltered under his gaze, but Nelly was different. Instead of panicking, she smiled at Clark. "Since Thad controls the jade seal, that means he also controls everyone's life. It's not up to me if I live or die. As for why he let go of me, maybe he did so because I'm pretty. I can't be too sure."

Her words had a bit of a joking tone, but they signaled something much more serious about the situation. Based on what she had just said, Nelly just told all Holy Beings present that the lives of all the consummate True Gods in the jade seal were now under Zen's control.

Because of this, the Holy Beings would now surely hold back for the sake of their clans' consummate True Gods. There might be a chance for Zen to survive.

Clark snorted rudely. "Humph! The girls of Mu Clan are all very glib. You are just like your elder sister."

Nelly simply smiled and bowed to him. "Thank you for your praise, Holy Clark!"

With that, Nelly then joined the True Gods of the Mu Clan.

When she turned, she trained her eyes onto the exit. The Water Luminous Star in the center of the nine towers rippled with waves before Zen also came out of the passageway.

All eyes were immediately on him.

The True Gods were neutral, but the Holy Beings radiated formidable power in their gazes.

Had it been in the universe, then a mountain range, stretching for thousands and thousands of miles, would've already crumbled, the stars in the sky would've already shattered, and an ordinary low-rank True God would've been beaten to a bloody pulp under the stare of these Holy Beings.

When such great force was thrown at Zen, his body immediately felt sluggish.

Fortunately, his strength was on par with a consummate True God and he was still protected by his Redemption Armor. The powerful gazes of the Holy Beings did not do as much harm to him as they would've normally done.

The Nine Divine Stars in his inner world revolved slightly and he was able to advance for a few steps against the pressure.

"Hey! Where is Walton? Release him! Otherwise, I will kill you, extract your soul, and burn it with fire!" Clark declared with a dark look at Zen.

Nelly had warned them earlier that Zen controlled the lives of all consummate True Gods within the jade seal, and yet here was Clark causing a scene. He couldn't be blamed though. His temper had never been good, and he was also fiercely protective of Walton since he was his best son.

Clark sat on his wide flame throne, and his eyes burned ever hotter in fury.

Even a low-rank True God wouldn't be able to resist such raging power. Zen, however, remained unmoved. The burn was nothing to him.

His gaze drifted from Clark to Nelly, who nodded slightly at him.

He knew that she deliberately misled the Holy Beings.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Holy Clark," Zen told him calmly. There was no trace of fear in his eyes.

"Such arrogance! Don't you play dumb with me! Are you asking for your death?!" The enraged Holy Being slammed his hand onto his flame throne, making flames rise ever so higher.

These flames were extremely hot and could spread out and burn the entire island if Clark willed it to.

"Don't be so impatient, Clark," Jeremiah chided next to him.

As soon as he said this, an invisible chill swept through Clark's burning body.

Everyone felt a puff of cool air offset the heat Clark initially radiated. The flames on the flame throne quickly waned, completely doused by Jeremiah's chill.

"Clark, you are a guest here in the Astronomical Transit Day celebration. You cannot make any sudden moves here!" the head of the Sun Blind race warned.

"Humph!"

Clark merely snorted in contempt before keeping silent.

It was then that Nicholas finally opened his mouth.

Compared to Clark's fiery personality, Nicholas was much more amiable.

Instead of berating Zen, Nicholas smiled at him. He was like a refreshing spring breeze as compared to Clark's suffocating fury.

"Your surname is Luo?" Nicholas asked.

"Yes," Zen replied.

"Are you Mike's son?" Nicholas asked again.

"Yes," Zen answered truthfully.

Back in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Rachelle had been almost certain of his identity.

He could stir up trouble among the consummate True Gods, but there was no way he could deceive the Holy Beings. Zen saw it fit to just admit who he was instead of lying.

Joy sighed. 'He is very forthright, so much like his father. Although I want to take you away, I don't think I'll be able to in front of all of these Holy Beings.'

She had initially made her mind up to take Zen away.

After becoming a consummate True God, one would be able to use the Grand Teleportation.

However, the distance consummate True Gods would be able to cover wasn't very far.

Demi-holy Beings and Holy Beings were different. They could cross great distances using the Grand Teleportation. Had she been given the chance, Joy would've used her abilities to take Zen away.

But would Nicholas ever give her the chance?

Chapter 2378 A Useless Bargaining Chip

Zen had admitted his identity in front of the Holy Beings in a straightforward manner.

And the True Gods immediately burst into an uproar.

"He is the son of Holy Mike!"

"No wonder he is so strong!"

"So what if he is the son of a Holy Emperor? Your father is a Holy Emperor, and so is mine!"

More than a third of the True Gods present were descendants of Holy Beings.

Outside of the Floating Islands, a child of a Holy Being was rare. But that wasn't the case on the Floating Islands.

In terms of strength, however, there was a huge gap between Zen and other descendants of the Holy Emperors.

Laquisha balled her hands into tight fists, her clothes soaking with sweat. She didn't know what Zen would have to face after admitting his true identity.

Nelly, on the other hand, was quite calm. She merely pursed her thin lips and frowned slightly.

"Okay. Mike's son is frank. Just as expected," Nicholas said appreciatively.

Zen stood still, his face a mask of calm.

"If you want to join our Dongfang Clan, I will put aside the conflict between Mike and me and accept you as my disciple. What do you think?" Nicholas said, smiling.

At this, many Holy Beings were confused, unable to understand what was on Nicholas' mind.

Previously, Nicholas had wanted to accept Zen as his disciple before he had known his real identity.

It was understandable because anyone would be willing to accept a genius like Zen as a disciple.

But he was Mike's son.

And Mike and Nicholas were enemies!

If he were to take Zen as a disciple, knowing his origin, wouldn't he be nurturing a snake in his bosom?

The True Gods were whispering among themselves.

"This guy is really lucky!"

"The Holy Emperor of the Dongfang Clan is willing to accept him as a disciple, regardless of previous grievances!"

"I thought he was dead for sure!"

Laquisha fixed her eyes on Zen and hoped that he would agree. Nicholas wasn't doing this out of goodwill, but it was the only choice Zen had.

But judging by what she knew of Zen's character, she was certain that he would reject Nicholas' offer.

Nicholas' words had surprised Zen as well. He looked up at him and said calmly, "It's an honor to be accepted as a disciple by the Holy Emperor of Dongfang Clan."

Nicholas nodded, looking as gentle as a spring breeze.

"Thank you for your kindness, Holy Nicholas, but I don't want it," Zen added.

As soon as these words left his mouth, most of those present looked at him, shocked, as if he was an idiot to reject Nicholas' offer.

According to them, Zen was a prisoner awaiting execution. It was not easy to get an opportunity as this, especially not for ordinary people. And yet, he was refusing it without hesitation.

This was suicidal.

Nicholas' face hardened at Zen's words. He asked in a steady tone, "Why?"

Zen flashed a mocking smile at him.

He rolled his eyes and stared at Nicholas, releasing his pent up hatred in the process.

Zen's eyes shone with a killing intent as he said rather calmly, "You tried to kill my father and destroy our Luo Clan. There is a historic enmity between us. I, Zen Luo, am a child of Mike. I have vowed to avenge my father and the Luo Clan. How can I accept our deadly enemy as my master?"

His aura was far inferior when compared to that of a Holy Being.

And his power was much weaker than a Holy Being's.

But he had a firm state of mind within his aura, even if he was weak, strength-wise.

The True Gods were dumbfounded.

'This guy is too bold!' they all thought to themselves.

The only person who could compare to Zen in character was Harold.

But Harold's arrogance stemmed from the fact that he could take control of the Everest Spirit Mountain. If he remained in the mountain and didn't get out, the Holy Emperors wouldn't be able to do anything to him.

Zen was just a low-rank True God, yet he had run to these Holy Beings with the mere intention of provoking them. He was brash and arrogant.

"Is he asking for death?"

"Maybe. As you said, he thought that threatening the Holy Beings with the lives of the consummate True Gods was a good idea."

"Think about it. If he could easily kill the consummate True Gods, it would be a real loss for the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands."

The Holy Beings of the Sword Clan, the Moon Clan, and other clans watched the scene, enjoying it immensely.

But the Holy Beings from the Dongfang Clan, the Tang Clan, the Fang Clan, and other clans who were against the Luo Clan, looked shocked, before they burst into laughter.

"Ha-ha!"

"This little guy!"

"Mike is a capable man!"

According to these Holy Beings, Zen was outstanding, but his strength was something that could be ignored.

What was more, before the Mountain of Holy Beings had appeared, all True Gods could only cultivate to consummation, and consummate True Gods could hardly fight a Holy Being. This meant that no matter how powerful Zen's talent was, he would not be a threat to these Holy Beings.

So Zen's words meant as little as an innocent six-year-old child's words to these Holy Beings.

There was no anger on Nicholas' face. He stared at Zen indifferently and said, "Do you think you have a chance? Or are you confident that you can leave this place?"

If Zen, a low-rank True God, could escape from these Holy Beings, it would be a great shame to them.

Zen slowly raised his right hand so everybody could see it. "I can leave with the help of this!" he said calmly.

There was a small black snake engraved on his hand, made from the jade seal. "Walton Tang, Rachelle Mu, Shahn Fang, Troy Dongfang... Are you cruel enough to ignore the lives of these consummate True Gods?"

The expressions on the faces of the Holy Beings shifted at Zen's words.

It was not easy to produce a consummate True God. Most powerful clans only had one or two consummate True Gods, and they were the leaders of almost all the powerful clans. These consummate True Gods held very important positions in their respective clans.

"I've controlled space and time in the jade seal, so that it's now easy to kill them," Zen said coldly.

Although he appeared to be calm, he was inwardly very nervous.

The lives of the consummate True Gods were the only things that Zen could rely on now.

"Boy, we, the Sword Clan, have no enmity with you. Release Mikail!" a Holy Being of the Sword Clan said as he glared at Zen.

Zen raised a hand towards the Holy Being and said, "Mikail was killed before I entered the jade seal. All that is left of him is a pile of bones."

"What?!"

The Holy Beings of the Sword Clan paled collectively.

"Given the chance, I will return his bones," Zen said calmly.

He didn't want to offend any other powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

"Young man, if you dare hurt Walton, even in the slightest of ways, I will not leave you alone," said Clark grimly.

"Then it all depends on whether you'll let me go. If I can leave safely from here, I'll ensure that these people are safe," Zen countered.

The Holy Beings fell silent. Some of them turned their gazes to Nicholas. Zen had become tricky to deal with after he had obtained the Jade Seal.

Did they really need to sacrifice so many consummate True Gods for the sake of one low-rank True God?

Joy was relieved at how the Holy Beings were reacting. She hadn't expected things to go so far.

Perhaps Zen could really escape from the Holy Beings by threatening them with the lives of the consummate True Gods.

As Joy contemplated this, Nicholas opened his mouth to speak. A mocking smile appeared on his face as he said, "As you said, you do have the lives of more than twenty consummate True Gods in your hands. But there's only one person of our Dongfang Clan who is under your control and that is Troy. I won't be threatened by anyone, and I don't care one bit what happens to him!"

Nelly and the three girls of Han Clan were shocked at this. Joy's heart sank as well.

Nicholas' words meant that the only bargaining chip Zen had was now of no use.

Chapter 2379 The Impasse

Joy's pretty eyes quietly scanned Nicholas' face.

Zen was at Nicholas' disposal. He could kill Zen at any moment.

Zen took the lives of more than twenty consummate True Gods in exchange for his departure. This move of his made perfect sense, and as a low-rank True God, this was the best option he had.

Unfortunately, it wasn't enough.

Joy heaved a deep sigh. She was aware that the Holy Beings would not agree to Zen's condition.

Suddenly, the dark sky was filled with light.

The head of the Sun Blind race, who had been silent all this time, said in a deep voice, "The Astronomical Transit Day is over."

The head of the Sun Blind race was least bothered about Zen's life. Even after he had acquired the jade seal and was being threatened by the Holy Beings, she had nothing to say.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

The passageway that had formed in the middle of the nine pagodas began to disperse slowly.

The Holy Beings' attention suddenly shifted from Zen to the nine pagodas.

'Now, the time is right!'

Joy's eyes lit up with sheer determination. There was no way that she'd let Mike's son die here.

She jumped over on her tiptoes.

Purple circular fog spread out from her feet.

"Grand Purple Aura Technique! Purple Sky Land! Deluding Fog!"

The purple fog spread throughout the island before the True Gods and Holy Beings could do anything about it.

The fog transformed into numerous circular spaces, enveloping all the Holy Beings and True Gods in them.

All the Holy Beings were engulfed by the revolving circles of the purple fog. The moment they were immersed in the circles, it seemed as if the Space Law around them had completely changed. Each circle of the purple fog was an independent space, and all the senses that were connected to this world had disappeared.

"Has the Purple Sky Land descended? What is the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan doing?" a Holy Being asked with a frown.

"Joy, what are you up to?" Samuel shouted in desperation, his face pallid with fear.

Some Holy Beings just sneered, observing the development of events quietly.

The Deluding Fog was working wonders. It even trapped the Holy Beings, though the Holy Beings engulfed by it weren't panicking at all.

With a sudden whoosh, Joy moved quickly, and with the help of the purple fog, she was standing right beside Zen.

"Let's go, now!" She grabbed Zen's hand.

She intended to use the Grand Teleportation to leave this place with Zen.

If Joy could use the Grand Teleportation to leave this place, she could again implement the Grand Teleportation a few more times to escape from the hands of Nicholas.

Their success or failure depended on the first attempt of using the Grand Teleportation.

Nicholas also fell prey to the purple fog, but his expressions remained the same.

In the fog, he slowly raised a hand and closed his eyes.

His hand shook in the rolling fog as if he was fishing.

Nicholas felt the fluctuation of the space in the air just as Joy was about to escape using the Grand Teleportation. He stretched out his hand and tried to grasp her.

Whether one was a consummate True God or a Holy Being, there was no stopping once the Grand Teleportation commenced in the divine land.

When one used the Grand Teleportation, they immediately disappeared.

However, the distance of a Holy Being's Grand Teleportation was greater than that of a consummate True God.

Just as they were about to disappear, Nicholas tried to get hold of Joy.

When Zen noticed that Nicholas was about to entrap Joy, he made use of the jade seal. With a flash of his mind, he stirred the bugs to devour nine seconds of the time.

A sneer appeared on Nicholas' face as the air around him became quite blurry.

Zen was able to wipe out nine seconds.

Any damage caused by Nicholas in these nine seconds would be in vain, or so Zen thought.

But Zen's ability didn't work this time.

He ordered the bugs to tear up the pages, leaving behind a corner which was relatively insignificant to the entire divine land. This corner was as strong as iron; thus, the bugs were unable to devour it.

The corner next to Zen and Joy was the blurry scratch that Nicholas made.

With a loud crack, the space around them tore, and the rolling fog immediately disappeared.

Everyone was able to witness ongoing events distinctly.

"Joy!"

"Joy..."

Pascal, Laquisha, and the others of the Han Clan had a frightened expression on their faces.

The other True Gods' were in awe as well.

A black space crack appeared above Zen's head as Joy fell beside him. Her beautiful face was full of excruciating pain, and there were three black wounds on her waist, which were emitting wisps of black aura.

A faint black aura was emerging from Nicholas' hand as well. He slowly withdrew his hand and gave it a gentle wave. He looked at Joy and said with a malicious smile, "So, you are still in love with this young man's father, aren't you? In order to save Mike's son, you are willing to sacrifice everything. Interesting."

Reclining on the ground, Joy spat out a large mouthful of blood. Her face lit with resolve. She gripped Zen's arm tightly and smiled bitterly, "I'm sorry, I failed."

It was quite impossible for them to escape Nicholas' clutches.

Zen even acquired the help of the jade seal, yet they were still unable to avoid Nicholas' attack.

At that moment, Samuel's hands clutched tightly. He frowned and stared at Nicholas, with an intention to kill him.

As if he read Samuel's mind, Nicholas smiled at him breezily and said, "Samuel, why would the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan run away with this kid? Do pray tell."

Samuel's expression changed as he listened to Nicholas. His clenched fists loosened as he said awkwardly, "I am not sure why she did it!"

Nicholas gave a chilling laugh. He walked towards Joy and said loudly, "It's not your fault, Samuel. You were unaware of her motives. But you know me well. I hate being provoked. Don't blame me for the death of the Demi-holy Being of your clan."

Laquisha and Pascal threw hopeful glances at their father, expecting him to stop Nicholas.

'Aunt Joy is the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan after all!

Father will save her, won't he?' they both thought.

Samuel's body went rigid as he stared at Nicholas.

Seeing Nicholas walk towards Joy, Samuel gave a nod of approval and said reluctantly, "That should be the case. Do what you must."

Laquisha was dumbfounded when she heard those words. She shouted, "Father! How can you do this to her?"

Aleyna's, Kelsey's, and Pascal's faces were worth watching. They glanced at Samuel, who was still in the air, unable to believe that he was such a coward.

There was nothing that Joy and Zen could do to save themselves. They helplessly watched as Nicholas approached them briskly.

Chapter 2380 The Entire Divine Land Fell Into Silence

The Holy Beings looked at Zen with cold eyes.

In the entire divine land, they were known to be the most powerful figures. One of the things they hated the most was being threatened.

They wanted to witness how Nicholas would deal with a Demi-holy Being.

The moment Nicholas walked towards Zen and Joy, the female leader's body trembled slightly, and she had weirdly appeared in front of him in a flash without making any movement.

"You promised me that you won't make trouble on the Astronomical Transit Day," the female leader said with a slightly crisp voice.

Nicholas paused his step at her words with a foot lifted in the air. His slightly thick eyebrows furrowed and he answered back, "This is a special case."

"Is there always a special case when you want to make trouble?" the female leader of the Sun Blind race asked.

"Yes. So what? Are you trying to stop me? Or do you think you can stop me?" Nicholas' domineering aura expanded in his breezy momentum as he stared at the masked female leader.

It made the masked female leader go silent for a while.

She was in charge of the Time Sea Forbidden Land, but that didn't mean that she fully controlled the Time Sea.

Nicholas was not the owner of the Time Sea, but she didn't have the power to fight against him. She couldn't do anything to him.

"Get out of the way!" Nicholas said dryly.

The female leader had to move aside silently.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the divine land, a phenomenon occurred.

Thick dark clouds stretched over countless miles, and blotted out the sky completely covering the sun.

Even the strongest sunlight could not penetrate through the black clouds.

During the day, the black clouds gathered in silence.

But in the evening, the maintained silence was disturbed.

Thousands of souls had come back to life. The souls screamed, rolled, entangled and wrestled on the clouds. One divine era was like this, and so were a hundred divine eras.

Stronger souls swallowed up weaker ones, and the stronger souls could devour every other souls.

The primordial law of the jungle was incisively and vividly displayed in these thick dark clouds.

Some powerful souls occasionally would fall from the black clouds when they became strong enough. But another fierce competition awaited them. In the Soul Wilderness, the most common thing was the strong souls.

There stood a huge figure, moving from the thick black clouds

to the depths of the Soul Wilderness.

It was known as the Wilderness Giant.

The Wilderness Giant was completely shaped by souls.

It had its own intelligence and had the special soul ability.

Even in the cruelest Soul Wilderness, the Wilderness Giant could stand at the top of the food chain.

However at this moment, its dignified appearance looked different. The Wilderness Giant was half kneeling on the ground, cautiously holding something on its shoulder.

On one of its mountain-like wide shoulders lay a graceful woman.

A light green dress covered the woman's shoulder all the way to her snow-white thighs. The very fitting dress fully highlighted her figure. The wide shoulder of the Wilderness Giant emitted a trace of black aura, covering half of her white and slender legs, as if she was sleeping in the soft black clouds, looking lazy, tired and charming.

She was Estelle who controlled the Soul Wilderness.

For a long time, Estelle had lain on the Giant's shoulder.

To feed her own soul, she continuously got nourishment from the Wilderness Giant's powerful soul.

This kind of feeling made her calm, putting her in slumber.

But all of a sudden, she opened her eyes.

An aura of mystery was immediately emitted from her beautiful eyes.

A bitter smile was revealed on her face as a hint of shock showed deep in her eyes.

"What a lovely guy! Your ability to cause troubles is really beyond my imagination!" she sighed.

"Guu..."

resounded a strange sound from the Wildness Giant's throat.

Estelle gave it a pat and said, "It's not about you!"

She never thought that not long after she left the Swirl Forest, Zen had already arrived in the Time Sea.

With Zen's talent, there was no doubt that he could possibly enter the Time Sea.

What surprised Estelle was that in such a short time, he had already offended Nicholas.

She leaned on the shoulder of the Wildness Giant and gently lifted an arm, and a scepter flickering orange glow appeared in her hand.

It was the Scepter of Gods' Silence.

"Wooo..."

"Errr..."

"Aww..."

The Soul Wilderness was usually boisterous.

Those damn souls fighting day and night made annoying sounds.

All of a sudden, the appearance of the orange scepter in Estelle's hand made a change.

The nonstop voices and clashing sounds suddenly came to a halt!

There were awe, anxiety and fear spreading in the air.

Those emotions exuded from pure souls without any disguise.

Estelle held the scepter in one hand and placed two slender fingers beside her pink lips.

She slightly opened her mouth, and let out a breath.

"Shh... Stop talking..."

In a flash, an invisible force spread out at an incredible speed.

The speed was beyond the normal speed. For a second, the force had swiftly covered half of the divine land, and covering the entire divine land only took three seconds.

The entire divine land fell into silence!

Every divine citizens and True Gods in the divine land had become dumb.

The sound of the tide lapping on the shore, the buzz of insects, the rustle of the wind through the trees, the drip of rain from the eaves, human voices, sighs, and cracks...

All sounds from faintest to loudest were gone.

A top-rank True God was flying up in the air seconds ago.

Just as he was about to fly higher, he felt that he was unable to launch the momentum in his body. He fell down in a snap making him greatly frightened. He cried out but became more terrified. He didn't hear any sound as though he was deaf.

It wasn't just him. Everyone in the divine land thought that they were deaf!

It was because all the voices were muted and the sounds had disappeared.

The True Gods couldn't use any of their abilities either.

The divine texture arrays had been restrained.

The arrays that had kept the Floating Islands above the Time Sea were also affected. They began to drop rapidly.

The situation was not different on the island of the Sun Blind race.

The Holy Beings floating in the air also fell down.

Most of the Holy Beings maintained the posture of standing. Even if they were silenced, they kept an elegant and steady landing.

Clark at that moment was idly lying on the wide flame throne.

When everything was silenced, the warm flame surrounding him suddenly died out.

His bell-sized eyes widened in shock as he uttered, "Oh", but not a sound was heard coming from his throat.

Before he even had the time to react completely, he fell down involuntarily. His broad body was stretched out, creating a big crater in the ground.

Not far away, Nelly, Laquisha and the other True Gods had watched everything that transpired and were greatly shocked. It was beyond their expectation that a Holy Being could fall down so embarrassingly. They wanted to laugh, but they dared not for the situation was deemed serious.

Back to Nicholas, he steadily balanced his feet on the ground.

He already understood what had happened. In his universe, the nine stars were conjectured together like a necklace. In this form, the nine stars could gather the power at the fastest speed.

This time if the Faith Energy would be silenced, Nicholas had planned to make a move using his pure strength.

Although he reacted quickly, Estelle was much quicker to act. When Estelle lifted the Scepter of Gods' Silence, the small petal between Zen's eyebrows spread out.

The petal formed a unique diamond pattern covering a small area which exactly enveloped Joy and Zen.

This place was probably the only small piece of land that hadn't been silenced.

Joy, who was in desperation, had never thought that Zen would make such a move.

The moment the Holy Beings fell down in fast motion, Joy was back to her senses. Seeing Nicholas rushing toward them with a burst of strength, she quickly grabbed Zen once more. She even saw a glimpse of how Clark fell down awkwardly. She covered her mouth with one hand, and with a touch of irresistible smile in her voice, she said, "Let's go!"

Whoosh! Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, the figures of Joy and Zen had disappeared without a trace from where they stood.

Chapter 2381 Resting And Healing

Nicholas' grab was so powerful and intense that it left deep marks on Joy's body.

Although she was badly injured, Joy managed to drag Zen out of the Time Sea and brought him to the seaside.

The petal that was lodged between Zen's eyebrows continued to shine brightly. It emitted a diamond-like pattern that engulfed them both.

"Come on! Let's leave!"

"Swoosh!"

With that, they left as fast as they could.

If they moved only once, the Holy Beings could sense their movements through the fluctuations in the space and even locate their general direction and position.

However, because of the silence in the entire divine land, it was a remote possibility.

However, Nicholas had hidden a lot of skills from everyone. Joy was extremely careful once she seized the chance to escape.

During the silent period, she had used the Grand Teleportation four times consecutively

Estelle could not make the entire divine land silent for a long time.

Five seconds was all the time she could offer!

The Floating Islands above the Time Sea began to descend during the silent period.

The Luo Clan's Floating Island almost reached the surface of the Time Sea.

However, once the silent period was over, the divine texture arrays hidden among the Floating Islands began to function at a normal pace. Once all the islands started to ascend, all the True Gods on the Floating Islands released their pent-up breath.

Even if one island fell into the Time Sea, the consequences would be unthinkable.

After the silent period passed, the boundless space in the entire divine land turned back to normal.

Although it was a short period, it still caused tremendous chaos.

Across the island, Nicholas stood still.

The energy that had been extracted from the Nine Divine Stars was constantly rolling within his body. Even though it was not released, it had already caused the space around him to bend. Anyone who saw him would get the illusion of a twisted body.

The island itself was enveloped in a deep depression.

Samuel squinted his eyes and finally looked relaxed.

Clark, Jeremiah and other Holy Beings, however, got up from the ground looking glum, for Zen not only ran away, but also took the jade seal and imprisoned a group of consummate True Gods.

The Holy Beings had never imagined that the end would be so drastic.

On the other hand, Nelly had a strange gleam in her eyes and seemed excited by the turn of events.

She had witnessed the petal shining brightly between Zen's brows, and when she saw Joy disappear with Zen in an instant, she couldn't restrain her excitement.

'In the end, he escaped.

But will we ever meet again?'

Thinking about it brought a touch of sadness to her heart. 'Will we be friends or enemies when we meet again?'

"Definitely not enemies!"

Nelly muttered defiantly, as her eyes became sharp as a sword. The characteristics that she inherited from Rachelle were not really that bad. Once she had a goal in mind, she would go for it, no matter how hard the obstacles proved to be.

Laquisha secretly let out a sigh of relief, while holding on to Aleyna's hand tightly. Kelsey and Aleyna also seemed relaxed.

All the members of the Han Clan looked at Samuel with bitter disappointment.

Joy was the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan, the second most important and revered person in the family.

At such a crucial moment, not only did their Holy Emperor refrain from stopping the fight, but he also stayed out of it. Samuel's image was completely shattered in their hearts.

Even Pascal, who normally never cared much, was also affected by his father's deeds. This was not the father he knew from childhood.

The female patriarch of the Sun Blind race continued to remain still. Because her face was covered with a mask, one could not guess if she was happy or sad.

As for the other Holy Beings, especially those of the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan, there was a smirk on their faces.

To them, it was better that the jade seal was in possession of Zen, than Nicholas.

In fact, Woodruff from the War God Hall didn't even try to cover his smile. He was not really keen on a tit for tat with Nicholas, otherwise he would have praised Zen and Estelle for being smart.

Nicholas lightly took a step forward.

Even that made a thud.

The strong energy that was accumulating in his body released a little. In a flash, the ground below cracked.

"Estelle... Humph!"

Nicholas grumbled as he disappeared.

As per the tradition, the Sun Blind race held a bonfire dinner after the Astronomical Transit Day.

All the resources that would be used for the dinner party were from the Time Sea. Hence, they were very precious.

However, Nicholas was not in the mood to join in the dinner party.

After he left, a group of Holy Beings from the rich and powerful clans on the Floating Islands, like Clark and Jeremiah, also chose to leave.

Only the True Gods as well as the Holy Beings that were not the alliance stayed for dinner.

It was not until the last Holy Being had left that Woodruff chuckled and said, "Well, Estelle is definitely a smart woman! She had already gone against Murphy long back in Mike's universe. And this time she went against Nicholas."

The other Holy Beings also revealed faint smiles.

These powerful clans did not want to offend the alliance, but they certainly did not like Nicholas. Hence, the Holy Beings were happy to see him in trouble.

Joy and Zen continued to use the Grand Teleportation.

The two of them travelled through space and many regions in the divine land.

Sometimes, she and Zen would appear in a divine city, causing a cry of surprise among the witnesses. The two would then quickly disappear, leaving behind a group of completely flabbergasted True Gods.

Then at times, they would appear on top of a high mountain.

They stayed only for an instant, before Zen was immediately dragged away by Joy.

In such a way, they teleported around 30 to 40 times in a row.

Finally they reached a lake.

This time, as soon as she showed up with Zen, she couldn't help letting out a piercing scream. Her fine eyebrows were completely distorted as she grimaced in pain.

She had been grabbed by Nicholas and in the process was hurt very badly.

But during their teleportation journey, she was too busy to think of anything else. All she had in mind was to get Zen to safety. Now the pain was increasing for her to ignore.

Zen gazed at her waist and frowned. Those were deep wounds.

Across her waist, the three traces of blood had turned black, continuously hissing with smoke.

As time went on, the black fog did not dissipate, but became more intense.

When Nicholas had grabbed her, Zen used the power of the jade seal to save her, but he still couldn't eliminate Nicholas's attack. It seemed that Nicholas had used some way to avoid this.

"The wounds..."

As soon as Zen started to speak, Joy shook her head, while she endured the pain. Later she stood up and walked towards the lake.

When she noticed that Zen had also followed her, she quickly stopped him and said, "Wait there! Don't come over here!"

When the clear water spread over her waist and touched the wounds, there was a hissing sound.

The clear water soon turned black, as her wounds continued to heal. Soon the lake transformed into a black and sinister-looking lake.

All the fish and other living beings residing within the lake died instantly. Even the beings within a100-foot radius were not spared.

"Such a powerful poison!" Zen's eyes flashed as he exclaimed.

After soaking herself for a little more time, she came out ashore. She glanced at Zen with a pale face and said, "I'll heal myself first."

Zen had planned to take her to the fairy palace. He remembered that there were many pills in his master's pill refining room which would help in healing her wounds.

However, as soon as she sat on the ground, she took out a colorful pill. It looked like a pill that was refined at least seven times.

Seeing this scene, Zen didn't say anything but quietly stood aside. Then he turned his palm and looked at the little black snake. He frowned. Now that he had safely escaped from the Time Sea, how should he deal with these consummate True Gods?

Chapter 2382 Who Spared The Other's Life

Zen's original intentions were to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain after traveling through the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Despite his plans, after these encounters, he was left with no other option but to threaten the consummate True Gods' lives. Unexpectedly, the Holy Beings didn't seem to mind them in the least.

In fact, Zen almost lost out to them.

Of course, the lives of the consummate True Gods were of little value to the Holy Beings.

Joy swallowed the pill in a single gulp, tilting her head back with force. A trace of purple aura, like a slithering snake, circled her body rhythmically before finally penetrating the wounds in her waist.

As Joy took the time to heal herself, her pretty eyes fell on the small black snake in Zen's hand. It wasn't before long that she noticed that Zen's expression gradually became unfriendly. "Let them go right after I recover from my injury. We will leave here immediately afterward," she said faintly.

"Why would I let them go?" Zen asked, frowning slightly.

A few of the consummate True Gods within the jade seal might have been innocent, but most of them had a grudge against Zen and even wanted to kill him. Notably warriors like Rachelle and Walton.

Though Troy had stopped Rachelle from killing him in the forbidden land, he didn't do it to help Zen. He just wanted to hand Zen off to Nicholas, who would dispose of him properly.

It was only normal that he didn't want to let the consummate True Gods go that easily.

"If you really do kill these consummate True Gods, the Holy Beings will never let you go," added Joy, in a matter of fact tone.

"Joy, do you really think the Holy Beings will let me go if I don't kill the consummate True Gods?" Zen's gaze and expression were completely frozen as he asked this question.

With her beautiful eyes coldly fixed on Zen, Joy said with a smile, "You are Mike's son, but you're nothing more than a low-rank True God after all. You're not powerful enough to cause a group of Holy Beings to hunt you down. But, if you kill the consummate True Gods, that'll be a different story..."

As he listened to Joy speak, Zen fell into deep thought.

Joy was right.

In those Holy Beings' eyes, like Nicholas', Zen was just a speck of dust in the air. He wasn't even highly qualified enough to make them become serious.

Although Nicholas knew that Zen was Mike's son, he was still willing to accept him as a disciple. Perhaps he had another motive, but one way or another, it demonstrated that Zen's identity really had very little importance.

"If you can help your father fulfill his wishes and revive the Luo Clan in the future, then these consummate True Gods will become nothing more than ants in your eyes, too. More so, taking their lives will be a piece of cake for you," mentioned Joy.

Still paying attention to her words, Zen only nodded silently.

With a slight wave of his hand, a five-colored halo appeared and slowly spread outward, forming a path of time.

Once it was formed, Zen stepped into it.

Outside the Heavenly Wheel Temple, the expressions of Rachelle, Walton, Shahn and the other consummate True Gods didn't look too good, but were dim and dull.

The time flow rate here was much faster than that found throughout the divine land.

Since Zen had left, a total of two and a half days had passed in the jade seal.

Rachelle and the others continued to explore the Heavenly Wheel Temple, but didn't find anything valuable. In the end, they were out of options and could only return to the Heavenly Wheel Temple's entrance from the underground cave.

Once the light curtain outside the Heavenly Wheel Temple was activated, they were surprised to see so many Spears of Time still standing erect on the light curtain. How were they ever going to escape from such a situation?

Just outside the light curtain, Troy, Alfredo and the other consummate True Gods were arriving one by one.

After exploring the area for a short period of time, the consummate True Gods finally fell upon the Heavenly Wheel Temple as well.

Although they were on the outside of the light curtain, they too, were completely unable to leave this place. The reason was simple—they couldn't figure their way out.

"What the hell should we do now?"

asked Rachelle, staring at Troy through a thin layer of light curtain.

"What else can we do? At this point, we may as well get some rest and go to sleep!" Walton responded, lying on the ground. He was inexplicably in a good mood.

Troy frowned and stared back at Rachelle as he asked, "How did that guy even remove the jade seal when you have so many consummate True Gods with you?"

Rachelle let out a snort, and snapped, "You have quite the nerve to say something like that! If it weren't for you, I'd have killed that guy back in the valley long ago, and he couldn't have had such an opportunity."

As Troy heard this, his face took on a ghastly expression.

Things were completely out of their control. How could he have expected such a situation when he was the one who stopped her?

"Well, it definitely isn't the time to blame each other," said Shahn, shaking his head. "Even if he has gotten the jade seal, he still can't escape. Ultimately, he'll have to leave the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Do you think actually the Holy Beings would let him go?"

Walton propped his head up with one hand languidly and agreed, "You're right! He is an outsider of the Han Clan's Floating Island. Samuel isn't bold enough to protect him. No way! All that to say, it's better if we just rest!"

However, Alfredo, who wasn't far away, said nothing as he heard them speak.

"If I ever get another chance, trust me, I'll tear him to shreds!" In Rachelle's eyes could be seen a surging, murderous intent. She bit her lip hard until it turned white, and she fixed her eyes fiercely on the man lying on the ground.

The insane murderous intent radiating from Rachelle made Walton feel uncomfortable. He shouted, "Can you stop glaring at me like that? I'm not the one who prevented you from leaving..."

Zen's voice interrupted Walton before he could even finish his sentence.

"If I give you the chance, can you really tear me to shreds?"

As the consummate True Gods heard this voice ring out, their faces turned gloomy and the hearts fell heavy.

Panic was written all over Alfredo's face. Without a second's hesitation, he retreated backward rapidly.

He knew that Zen could control these black spears with skill. He could only imagine how unpleasant it would be to be shot at by one of these spears, especially at such a short distance.

That said, the other consummate True Gods weren't aware of Zen's ability.

Swish!

A thin, swishing sound was heard as the sand flowed onto the ground.

The sand gathered at once and quickly formed a person's figure. A few brief instants later, the sand had transformed into a sculpture identical to Zen. It looked lifelike.

Rachelle was infuriated by Zen. When she noticed the faint tinge of ridicule on the sand sculpture's face, her blood began to boil as she grew even more infuriated.

Whoosh!

She immediately hacked at it with her machete, throwing it with all her might directly at the sculpture.

What ensued were numerous more violent strikes.

When Rachelle finally put her machete away, a thin outline of cuts appeared on the surface of the sand sculpture, before it collapsed with a loud crash.

"Having any fun?"

Zen's voice rang out again.

In the blink of an eye, another five sand sculptures formed, all identical to Zen. All five sculptures gathered beside Rachelle.

Rachelle wasn't tolerating the provocation whatsoever. She began swinging her machete anew.

As soon as she crushed these sand sculptures though, more and more sand sculptures rose to life. The sand in the desert was endless. How could she destroy them all if they kept coming?

Rachelle couldn't stop herself from shouting, "If you have the ability, show your real body! Why the hell are you sneaking around like a coward?"

"Why not?"

With that, Zen quietly appeared behind the light curtain, hovering in midair leisurely.

It was impossible to fly in this world! How did he manage such a feat?

The only person who had actually seen Zen flying was Alfredo, but he didn't provide this clue to the other consummate True Gods.

As a result, the consummate True Gods' expressions changed greatly as they took notice of the scene, too.

Troy's face darkened. The sand had naturally gathered and formed. Now that Zen was floating in thin air, everyone knew he had a very high control over this world. It was safe to say that Zen could rule everyone's life and death in this space.

Swish!

With a sudden slash from her machete, Rachelle snapped, "Hand over the jade seal and I'll spare your life!"

She was impetuous and enjoyed killing, but she didn't think before acting as much as Troy did.

Zen raised his hand gently. The dense black spears on the light curtain were like beady snake heads that were raised slowly. They aimed at the great group of consummate True Gods, including Rachelle. The corners of Zen's mouth curled into a smile, and he said, "I wonder who's going to spare the other's life now?"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2383 Let Them Go

The black spears aimed at the crowd, turning all the faces of the consummate True Gods ghastly pale.

Even Walton, who was lazily lying down, stood up and stared at Zen.

These consummate True Gods had witnessed the power of the black spears before.

Both Mikail Sword, the consummate True God of the Sword Clan, and Troy had been shot by those spears before. Mikail Sword had instantly died when the black spear pierced him.

Troy, on the other hand, had been fortunate enough to survive, but even though he had recuperated for a long time, the wound caused by the black spear still hadn't healed completely.

When these fatal countless black spears shot out, how would all the consummate True Gods escape?

Rachelle didn't speak. She still held the machete tightly, unwilling to admit defeat.

She was far more stubborn than ordinary people, and she would not yield even when facing death.

At this moment, her body bent slightly and a great surge of power went through her long and slender legs. She leaped high in the sky, taking the arc of a parabola as the machete in her hand came at Zen's head.

"Huh!"

Zen smiled faintly before he disappeared.

Rachelle's machete missed its target and landed on the ground. Before she could steady herself, Zen reappeared in front of her again.

But this time, he had a handful of sand in his hand.

When he saw Rachelle come up again to attack him, he threw the sand at her.

"Kill..."

The thin lines of sand swept off Rachelle's wrist, leaving bloody cuts. The impact of the sand also made the machete fly out of her hand.

Seeing this, Shahn and Walton rushed over.

Bang! Bang...

They had barely taken a few steps when two black spears shot out and pierced the ground in front of them.

They instantly froze.

The time in the area that the spears had pierced passed quickly and the originally fine sand turned into dust.

"Phew!"

Since she didn't have the machete in her hand anymore, Rachelle abruptly turned around and released another surge of power, aiming straight at Zen's face with her knees!

She had almost unleashed all of the power of the nine stars in her body. There weren't many people in the divine land who would be able to resist this blow.

Bang!

Zen just raised his hand and casually deflected her attack.

Then, without missing a beat, he released his own surge of power, knocking Rachelle's body to the ground.

After that, handfuls of sand flew toward Rachelle's hands and legs.

Although she had released more power in an attempt to stand up, it was to no avail—the sand had firmly fixed her onto the ground.

Although Zen did not completely control the jade seal, after he had broken through the first light curtain, the extent of his control over this world was not much different from the extent of his control over his inner world. And since no one could use Godly Ways in this world, the consummate True Gods here were no match for him.

Kneeling on the ground, Rachelle couldn't even raise her arms.

"If we were outside, you wouldn't be able to take even one move of mine!" she said through gritted teeth.

With a faint smile on his face, Zen slowly walked toward Rachelle. He half-squatted down and grabbed her chin, raising her beautiful and angry face. "But here, you can't even withstand a single move of mine."

Rachelle was forced to look up at Zen, a low-rank True God.

She had never been insulted like this before.

At this moment, her stunning face was almost completely distorted in anger, revealing a different kind of beauty in her.

If she had nothing to bind her, she would probably have pounced on Zen and devoured him by now.

"Actually... If I let you go just like this, I will be very upset," Zen said, looking down at Rachelle.

When they heard Zen's words, many of the consummate True Gods' eyes flashed.

They were all very clear that their lives were in Zen's hands.

And from what Zen had said just now, it had sounded like he was going to let them go!

"Just as you said, I am far from being a match for you if we are not in this time and space." Zen continued, his eyes fixed on Rachelle. "But don't forget, I am just a low-rank True God. There's still a chance for us to meet again in the future."

Then, he stepped back.

With a gentle wave of his hand, the light curtain equipped with the black spears outside the Heavenly Wheel Temple disappeared.

After that, Zen stretched out his hand and pointed at the ground, where a colorful circle of light appeared.

"That's the passage to leave here..."

"Is he going to let us go?"

The consummate True Gods were surprised. They had almost completely believed that they were done for.

Before stepping into the circle of light, Zen said, "I am arranging some insects in the circle of light, so if you enter this passage now, you will be devoured clean by them. However, three days later, I will remove all the insects. You can leave then. Look out for yourselves!"

With that warning, he stepped into the circle of light and disappeared from everyone's eyes.

In the time passage, one's corporeal body would be pulled into a special state. Under such circumstances, even consummate True Gods would be unable to fight against those insects.

Walton thumped the ground, producing a huge sandpit.

"Damn it! I will make you regret it if you fall into my hands one day," he cursed angrily even though Zen was no longer there to hear him. He couldn't believe that a mere low-rank True God could be so arrogant.

The moment Zen left, the sand that was binding Rachelle fell down, but she remained kneeling motionlessly on the ground.

With her head down and her dark hair covering her face, it was hard to see her expression.

Drops of blood dripped down her lips and sank into the sand.

Shaking his fan, Shahn frowned as he looked at the colorful circle of light. "It seems that the kid is under certain pressure and doesn't dare to kill anyone."

Troy, who had been silent all this time, nodded. "From what he said, it seemed that there was really something that held him back from killing us."

"He must have reached an agreement with the Holy Emperors! Maybe he threatened the Holy Emperors with our lives and fled the Time Sea?" Shahn guessed, holding the fan.

However, Troy shook his head. "That's impossible. My father wouldn't be threatened by a low-rank True God!"

"Then why did he let us go?" Shahn asked, feeling puzzled.

"We're trapped in this world and we barely have any information. I wonder what's happening outside. Let's talk about it after we get out of here three days later," said Troy, shaking his head.

When Zen returned from the jade seal, he told Joy, "Everything is arranged. They will soon escape from that circle of light. We can't stay here for too long."

Three days in the jade seal was only equivalent to an hour in the divine land.

Joy nodded her head. She planned to leave this place with Zen again using the Grand Teleportation.

Zen took out a token and said, "Although the divine land is vast, there are still some risks. Why don't we just hide in the fairy palace for some time?"

Zen had been in the divine land for a while now, but he had never returned to the fairy palace during this time.

Joy looked at the mountain token in Zen's hand and raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Bromley's fairy palace in the Swirl Forest?"

Zen nodded.

She thought for a while before nodding back in agreement.

Although Bromley's fairy palace was not unbreakable, it was indeed a good place to temporarily take refuge in.

Once Joy agreed, Zen activated the mountain token in his hand.

Soon, the surrounding space started to vibrate slowly.

The space in the divine land was several times stronger than that of the universes.

In the universes, it only took him a split second to enter the fairy palace, and it was convenient. But in the divine land, it was difficult for the mountain token to break through space. It was only after about half a minute that the mountain token dragged him and Joy into a space channel.

Soon after, they appeared at the gate of the fairy palace.

Chapter 2384 A Small Misunderstanding

After Zen and Joy left for a period of time, ripples appeared at the edge of the lake from the colorful circle of light.

As the ripples spread, Troy jumped out and landed steadily next to the lake.

He immediately looked around and a glimmer of surprise appeared in his eyes.

Soon, Shahn, Walton, Rachelle, Alfredo, and the other consummate True Gods stepped out of the circle of light one after the other.

"This is not the Time Sea!" Walton observed, looking at the great lake.

Shahn glanced at Walton. "Isn't this nonsense?"

"That guy must have escaped from the Time Sea," Troy said with a frown. "But with the amount of strength he has, it's impossible for him to escape from the Time Sea all by himself..." Troy took a few steps toward the striking black lake as he spoke.

Then, he reached his iron hand out to the surface of the lake and tapped it.

His iron hand, which had been shining with silver light all along, instantly turned black. A resolute expression appeared in Troy's eyes as he said, "Our Holy Emperor has taken action, and even wounded a Holy Being with his Destructive Poisonous Hand. I don't know who the Holy Being was, but it should have been the one who helped that guy escape."

"You mean that Holy Nicholas has made a move?" Shahn's eyes flashed.

Troy nodded. "Yes. But although I can't figure out who that Holy Being is, I know that this Holy Being has been heavily injured."

"We'll know everything as soon as we get back. But first, we'll have to find out exactly where we are in the divine land," Shahn said.

The divine land was too vast. Holy Beings could travel through the place at will, but the distance that a consummate True God could teleport was limited in comparison.

"Why do you keep silent?" Walton looked at Rachelle curiously.

During these three days, she had been unusually silent and depressed.

Swish! Shahn spread his fan open and said, "A mere low-rank True God managed to control the jade seal, but it was only with luck and arrogance. I hope you won't let your state of mind be affected by this."

Everyone who had become consummate True Gods in the divine land had only managed to do so after having their state of mind thoroughly tempered. How could they take a little humiliation to heart?

"No, it's not that..."

Rachelle looked up at the sky and gazed at the clouds that were slowly floating in the air. "Before I entered the jade seal, I had a hunch that if I missed that opportunity, I would never be able to kill him... I'm afraid there will be no such chance in the future."

Hearing this, Shahn and Walton burst into laughter.

"How is that possible? That'll only happen if he keeps hiding somewhere in the divine land. The moment he shows up, he will definitely die," Walton said.

When Rachelle heard this, blood-red internal momentum slowly emitted from her eyes. "Yes, if I meet him again, I will definitely kill him." As the internal momentum of the Murdering Godly Way circulated in her body, a strong killing intent also spread out...

Meanwhile, at the gate of the fairy palace, Joy took a glance at the surroundings before following Zen inside.

Two years ago, Zen had brought Letitia and his family members to the fairy palace before returning to the universe. After spending a short period of time in the universe, he had sneaked into the divine land. Two years had passed since he had traveled from the ancestral land of the Han Clan to the Floating Island of the Han Clan.

He had sent his family to the fairy palace for two reasons: one, for their safety; and two, the fairy palace was located in the Swirl Forest, where time passed at the same rate as it did in the divine land.

If he had let them continue staying in the Evolutionary Universe, they would have aged considerably before he went back to see them. Two years in the divine land was equivalent to decades in the Evolutionary Universe.

In the side hall of the fairy palace...

Six tapestries featuring golden Sanskrit words were hanging on the wall.

At the center of the side hall, a handsome young man in white was holding a brush in his hand. He was writing on the white paper spread on the ground.

As he wrote, he trembled with sweat dripping down from his face. His white clothes were already drenched with sweat.

"Seal!"

When he shouted, an extremely special power entered him and touched his spirit, causing him to roar out through his gritted teeth.

After shouting the word, he bent over and quickly wrote the word "seal" on the paper.

There were hundreds of words written on the paper, which was spread behind him for a distance of about a hundred feet.

After writing the word "seal," the young man looked even more dispirited, but he still gritted his teeth and prepared to yell out the next word.

"Geoffrey! Geoffrey! That's enough for today!"

Outside the side hall, Letitia continuously knocked on the door.

All of the people present were concerned about the young man, including Freya, Aura, and Imogen.

However, the Immortal Book in the library stroked his beard and said calmly, "It's just consuming a lot of his energy. The worst thing that could happen is him passing out. But he will benefit a lot from reading out all these words! So just let him be. Even I don't know how much he'll be able to achieve!"

"What if his soul gets hurt?" Letitia said angrily.

Immortal Book laughed. "The Soul Healing Pills in the pill refining room are not for display, you know."

"Open the door for me now!"

Letitia was very worried about her son, so she was very angry. She rushed forward and tried to close the Immortal Book.

Although Letitia was at the Soul Sea Realm, she was still nothing in the eyes of Immortal Book.

The old man's figure flashed and reappeared far away. There was no way that Letitia could catch him.

"Saul!"

Letitia turned to Saul, who was standing next to her.

Saul's expression was calm. With a slight smile, he said, "The young master said that no one should enter without his permission."

"You!" Letitia's expression suddenly froze.

Zen was the only master of this fairy palace. Why was there a young master?

It was obvious that Saul was saying that just because he and the Immortal Book wanted Geoffrey to grasp the meaning of the Sanskrit words. They were going too far!

All of a sudden, a happy smile appeared on Saul's face. "The master is back!"

"What?" Letitia was stunned.

The faces of Aura and Freya, who were standing beside them, also lit up in happiness.

Imogen, on the other hand, snorted coldly. "He has been gone for so many years that I was starting to wonder if he would ever want to come back!"

Despite saying that, she followed the rest of them to the gate of the fairy palace.

"Zen!"

When Letitia saw Zen slowly walking over from the center of the square, her eyes were filled with joy.

But just as she was about to rush over to him, she saw a woman standing behind Zen. Her face froze.

The woman behind Zen was tall, graceful, and charming. She was a beautiful woman. More importantly, she exuded an extremely strong aura, which, though plain, instilled a strong sense of fear in anyone who met her.

It was impossible for Letitia to figure out the woman's cultivation level, but she faintly felt that this woman was probably the strongest person she had ever seen.

What annoyed Letitia the most was that the aura she sensed from this woman was somewhat like Margaret's!

When Imogen noticed Letitia's expression, she heavily knocked her walking stick onto the ground and gave a cold snort while pulling a long face.

If it were not the fact that she had sensed the unfathomable cultivation level of the woman, she would have asked, "How dare you bring back a bitch?" right to Zen's face.

When Zen noticed the change in Letitia's expression, he became embarrassed.

Of course, it was impossible for Joy to not notice their reactions, but she continued standing near Zen with a smile on her face.

With her status and temperament, there was no way she would explain anything.

"Tia, this is a friend of my father," Zen said.

Although Joy had never explicitly stated the kind of relationship with Zen's father, Mike, Zen had been able to read between the lines. However, since she was a Demi-holy Being, it was impossible for him to address her with any inappropriate titles.

Hearing this, all the women were slightly shocked.

Although their cultivation levels lagged far behind Zen's, their horizons had broadened during the time they had spent with Zen. They had a certain understanding of the structure and hierarchy of the divine land and the origins of the universes.

Zen's father was the creator of the universe, a Holy Being of the divine land. So, they wondered if this woman was also a Holy Being.

Chapter 2385 The Decipherment

Zen's words clearly suggested who Joy was. Letitia was an intelligent woman, and she understood that Joy was a senior.

She walked over to Joy and bowed to her. "Nice to meet you. Pardon me, but I'm unaware as to how to address you."

"Just call me Joy," smiled Joy.

"Alright. Good to see you, Joy," Letitia said sweetly.

Then Aura and Freya bowed to Joy.

"Zen, you haven't introduced them to me," said Joy while looking at Zen.

Zen gave her a smile and introduced his wives to Joy one by one.

Joy chuckled to herself as Zen introduced the women to her. Thinking of Laquisha's reaction on the Floating Island, she sighed in her heart. 'This guy is as good as his father in relationships.'

When Zen introduced Imogen to Joy, Imogen nodded coldly to her and said, "I'm Letitia's master, and you're a friend of Zen's father. I'm a senior to them too, just as you are, so there's no need for me to heed etiquette in front of you, right?"

Zen smiled weakly and said, "This is how Lady Yu always is."

Joy didn't mind Imogen's bluntness. After examining the women briefly, she said, "They haven't totally mastered the Godly Way, so they can't really enter the divine land, can they?"

"No, they can't," Zen said.

Among the three women, Aura was comparatively weaker, whereas Letitia and Freya were always neck and neck talent-wise.

However, back then, there were only about ten people in the entire universe whose Lotus Flowers bloomed fully and who had mastered the

Godly Way. Now, in such a short period, even though they lived in the fairy palace, it wouldn't be that easy for them to become proving godly warriors.

"That isn't easy to accomplish," Joy said. She paused for a moment and waved her hand. Three light green pills appeared in her hand. "These Enlightenment Pills will greatly enhance your talents. Consider them a gift from me since this is the first time that we have met. Please take them."

"Really? They can enhance talents?" Letitia and the other two women had a surprised expression on their faces.

"Yes," replied Joy, much to their delight.

The Enlightenment Pill was a better kind of seven times refined pill.

These pills were quite rare even in the rich clans on the Floating Islands. The materials required to refine them came from the Soul Wilderness.

The Holy Beings had many children. Thus they selected those who were distinctly talented.

Some of the Holy Beings' offspring had special bloodlines. Nonetheless, they were not quite talented as to master the Godly Way or acquire the Godly Tile, so they needed the Enlightenment Pills to improve their talents.

The thing was, the pill would only affect a person once.

The female disciples in the Purple Soul Hall cultivated the Purple Aura Godly Way, and overall, they were weaker in talent than the other disciples from the Floating Islands. Therefore, Joy had spent a lot of money getting a few Enlightenment Pills in case she needed any. As an act of generosity, she had gifted the pills to the three women.

"These Enlightenment Pills won't enable you to become the real talents of the rich clans on the Floating Islands, but they'll be enough for you to master the Godly Way," Joy said.

Laquisha and Nelly were two examples of the rich clans' talents.

"However, even if you master the Godly Way and have the Godly Tile, I'm afraid you still won't be able to enter the divine land. You'll have to come up with something else if you want to do so," added Joy.

Before Zen had acquired his Godly Tile, he had experienced the exchange of blood before he was able to sneak out of the universe and escape the punishment of the Ruling Slate.

If Letitia, Aura, and Freya became True Gods, they would break the Rule 833 of the Ruling Slate the moment they'd step out of the fairy palace, thus resulting in their punishment.

"If this pill can really help in understanding the Godly Way, I'd be really grateful to you. I'll leave everything behind and focus on learning the Godly Way," Letitia said with a smile.

Understanding Godly Way and becoming a True God

was something quite extraordinary for a person to achieve.

Even the Supreme Lords in the universe never had such an opportunity. With the pills, these women stood a fine chance. The idea of becoming a True God excited them.

"Welcome again to the fairy palace, Demi-holy Being," said Saul, who politely bowed to Joy.

Joy had been here before, and Saul remembered her.

Then Saul led everyone into the fairy palace.

Joy recognized the place as soon as she entered. It brought back many memories of her previous visit to the fairy palace.

As they entered the main hall, they heard someone screaming from the side hall. The scream was followed by a loud thud as if someone fell.

Letitia's expression changed. She rushed towards the side hall and said angrily, "I've told you a thousand times not to let Geoffrey do it anymore, but you won't listen!"

Immortal Book opened the door of the side hall and rushed in without even greeting Zen.

"Geoffrey? What's the matter?"

Zen had a concerned expression on his face as everyone hurried towards the side hall.

He saw white pieces of paper lying everywhere on the ground of the side hall, with palm-sized words written on them. A teenager dressed in white was lying in Letitia's arms. Zen gave a sigh of relief when he found out that the boy had fainted only.

Zen walked towards Geoffrey and put a hand on his forehead. Wisps of soul power slowly seeped into Geoffrey's mind.

When he touched the boy's soul, a trace of shock appeared on Zen's face. It had been only two years since he last saw his son. Was the boy's soul this powerful already?

Zen was a little baffled.

Zen's soul had first reached the Jasper Fighting Soul Realm, then the Silver Fighting Soul Realm and later, the Gold Fighting Soul Realm. At last, he cultivated the True God Soul, and he had slowly made a breakthrough in his soul level.

Geoffrey hadn't gone through such processes as his father had. Of course, he hadn't reached Zen's level either, yet his soul seemed to be quite strong!

"His soul is exhausted. He will be fine after some rest," Zen said to Letitia.

Letitia appeared dissatisfied as she listened to Zen. Her beautiful eyes were burning in rage as she snapped at Immortal Book, "You did this to him! You asked him to immerse himself in these Sanskrit words every day. Sooner or later, you'll kill him!"

Letitia's love for her son knew no bounds. She didn't want to see Geoffrey get hurt, not even in the slightest, let alone take unnecessary risks.

Joy was quietly pacing in the side hall, her face wearing a surprised look. "This boy can decipher Sanskrit?"

Immortal Book then greeted Joy. During Joy's first visit, she had borrowed Bromley's books in the library, and he was an acquaintance of hers. Immortal Book laughed and said, "Don't underestimate the boy! Master has left behind a great deal of Sanskrit words, and this kid has deciphered about thirty percent of them."

"What?" asked Joy in amazement.

For so many divine eras, a large number of golden Sanskrit words had been passed down across the divine land, and a portion of the golden Sanskrit words was deciphered, but it turned out to be worthless.

Genuine rare Sanskrit words were collected by wealthy clans on the Floating Islands. Some of them were collected by the Holy Beings. They were so rare no one had seen a printed version.

It was extremely difficult to decipher those rare Sanskrit words. Up to now, few of them had been deciphered completely. Deciphering Sanskrit required extremely rich experience. Sometimes, the decrypted Sanskrit content made no sense at all.

Bromley was quite fond of travelling in the chaos. Due to Holy Jay, the Sanskrit he had collected was of great value. One deciphered chapter of his collection would already mean a great deal. But the kid lying in front of Joy had deciphered thirty percent of it. Joy couldn't believe her ears.

How could she not be surprised?

When she looked at the words translated by Geoffrey, she froze.

"Is this... the Truth of Godly Way?" she stammered.

Chapter 2386 Sea Of Truth

As a Demi-holy Being in the divine land, regardless of strength or horizon, Joy was at the top level. Not many things could shock her to such an extent.

A look of curiosity appeared on Zen's face as he asked, "Truth of Godly Way? What is it, exactly?"

Joy didn't reply to Zen's question. Her gaze swept over the handwriting and the strange look in her eyes became more obvious. What was more, there was even a glimmer of excitement shining in her eyes.

After a brief moment, she said, "Read the words, please."

"What? Read them?" Zen asked, confused.

Immortal Book beside them giggled aloud and said, "It's difficult to read such words. The young master can't read them, so I'm afraid that it's even less likely for the master to..."

Despite hearing the words with his own ears, Zen was unconvinced.

Was Immortal Book trying to say that, in his heart, Geoffrey had surpassed his father?

"Then I'll give it a try!" Zen interrupted.

He looked at the white papers, which were lined up in a row, and scanned the words with his eyes.

These words were what Geoffrey had previously deciphered from the golden Sanskrit words. They had been written by using a writing brush. If one were to look at each word separately, they'd almost appear as nothing more than good works of calligraphy.

As Zen scanned the words one by one and rearranged their order in his mind, a faint sense of discomfort rose in his heart and as his eyes widened, his pupils dilated slightly too.

"These words!"

He was too stunned to complete his sentence.

"Read!" Joy smiled peacefully as she urged Zen along.

Zen squinted his eyes a little and he began to read the words aloud.

"The nature of the cultivation method is to reach eternity with strong will. The natural laws couldn't be comprehended through common methods. If..."

Surprisingly enough, these sentences weren't unintelligible to Zen.

As he followed his thoughts in order to read the words aloud, a subtle feeling washed over him.

This feeling was similar to what Zen had felt back when he was cultivating the Godly Ways. There were certain mysterious and complex meanings hidden amongst the words, but their meaning was actually more complicated than that of the Godly Ways themselves.

At first, Zen didn't have too much difficulty speaking the words.

However, as time went on, he felt more and more stressed with every word that escaped his mouth.

Once he'd read over one hundred words, he felt his tongue going numb. Once he'd gotten through two hundred words, his tongue started flicking and he spoke with a lisp, as if he was drunk. His head began to feel dizzy. After five hundred words, he could feel the very depths of his soul shaking.

Joy did nothing but look at Zen react and smile.

When Zen had finished reading out eight hundred words, he had a faint hallucination.

He felt as though he had been placed in a sea of fire or as if he was standing on ice and snow without wearing any clothes, running forward as he grinded his teeth together.

With every step he took, his entire body suffered great pain!

The pain wasn't caused by a specific soul attack or even a physical injury. It was instead caused by some kind of spiritual oppression.

Zen clearly felt that the distance he had crossed was very short. He had only taken a few small steps, and the road ahead appeared endless. It was the end though, that attracted him so much. He felt as though he was obliged to cross all that distance in order to reach the end, no matter the price he had to pay.

When he had read out nine hundred words, his teeth clenched shut, and he felt a rumbling sound in his head, as if something had hit his soul. He suddenly felt dizzy and took a few steps back before he could find his balance again. He stared at the words in complete and utter disbelief.

"Master, you've already proven how amazing you are by reading nine hundred words on your first attempt," Immortal Book said with a smiling tone. "But now, the young master can read one thousand and two hundred words. And he's constantly writing them out as he reads," he added.

"What? How is that even possible?" Zen's eyes widened in awe.

Hearing what Immortal Book had just said, Joy equally felt quite shocked once more. "Do you mean to say that the kid can read one thousand and two hundred of these words?"

Immortal Book chuckled and said, "It's one thousand, two hundred and thirty-six words, to be exact. In fact, the young master just recently set this record!"

As it turned out, over the past few years, Geoffrey had been deciphering the golden Sanskrit words.

The Sanskrit words' content left by Bromley was very rich.

According to general speculation, these golden Sanskrit words originated from extraordinary creatures.

No matter what kind of creature or race, they had to have a very complex culture. The golden Sanskrit didn't necessary record all cultivation methods, and a lot of other factors were equally taken into consideration.

The golden Sanskrit words that Geoffrey had deciphered in the past talked about a vast, boundless, blue lake situated in the chaos.

The golden Sanskrit words Geoffrey deciphered afterward were even more outrageous. Among them, a few strange recipes and a couple funny adventure travel notes were included.

These golden Sanskrit words weren't very valuable. The only thing they were useful for was increasing knowledge about extraordinary creatures.

The six golden Sanskrit words hanging on the side hall's wall appeared at the same time. When Geoffrey deciphered the words, he discovered something strange. These six golden Sanskrit words contained six thousand and four hundred words in total. The content didn't make much sense, especially if one looked at each word separately. Upon connecting them together though, he felt they held a special truth.

And it was this truth that had piqued Geoffrey's and the others' interest.

In the beginning, Letitia and the other women also tried to read such words, but they couldn't hold on for more than sixty of them.

Only Geoffrey persevered and read 300 words in his first attempt, but from the 300th word onward, the pressure he faced increased greatly. If he continued to comprehend the meaning of these words, he would pass out in an instant.

Letitia pitied her son, and she even quarreled with him, completely preventing him from studying these strange words.

Saul and Immortal Book, on the other hand, were on Geoffrey's side and they encouraged him to continue deciphering.

With his repeated attempts, Geoffrey had gradually mastered quite a few of the rules. Now, he was even able to read a word at the same time as he wrote one. As he kept advancing through the words, he eventually covered over a thousand and two hundred. It was safe to say that he really was a persistent boy!

"How could this be... I do feel that Geoffrey's soul is indeed much stronger than that of any ordinary person. That said, it's impossible for him to have achieved such a thing!"

Zen just couldn't seem to understand.

Upon noticing that Zen was in complete disbelief, Joy smiled and said, "Because the Truth of Godly Way doesn't test whether your soul is strong or not. And what it does to you isn't to help cultivate your soul either. It's helping you understand your own way of cultivation."

"What do you mean, my own way?" Zen was stunned.

A look of anticipation took over Joy's face, and her voice became clear and melodious. "Way is the path. In the universes, all warriors hope to attain the peak of martial arts and reach the end of such. Once you've reached the end of martial arts, you will reach the end of that path."

As they listened to Joy speak, Letitia, Freya and the other girls fell silent.

Currently, they were only at the Soul Sea Realm. There was still a long way to go before they could even think about reaching the end of the martial arts path.

Whether in the universe or in the divine land, the end of martial arts was the level of world lords. This was also the proving godly warriors' level.

After reaching this level, if the warrior wanted to step further, they had to master the Godly Ways and become True Gods.

"What awaits us after the end of the Godly Ways?" Joy asked Zen out of the blue, fixing her gaze on him.

"Holy Beings," Zen answered flatly.

Joy refused his answer, shaking her head from side to side. "No," she said firmly.

"Who is more powerful than a Holy Being?" she asked anew. Zen's face filled even more with confusion.

Through the clues he had obtained in the past, Zen was aware that other, more advanced creatures existed within the chaos.

However, as Holy Jay had said, he himself didn't even know these creatures' forms. To put it simply, he didn't know whether extraordinary creatures were humans or ghosts. Having never seen them himself in fact, he didn't even know if they truly existed.

Holy Jay had studied the golden Sanskrit deeply, and presumably, he had a more profound understanding of it than Joy. It was only normal for his prediction to be more reliable.

Moreover, even Holy Bromley's adventure indicated that the whole of the chaos was most likely empty.

Zen's knowledge was confined within this wide and extensive divine land. Never had he allowed himself to imagine that, in this world, someone would be even stronger than a Holy Being.

"The end of the Godly Ways is a boundless ocean." Joy's eyes grew darker. "The ocean is filled with a perfect understanding of Godly ways, which is otherwise called the Sea of Truth."

Chapter 2387 The Full Text

"The end of the Godly Ways is an endless ocean..."

Zen was taken aback when he heard this. His gaze fell on Geoffrey's writing.

When he read the words in his mind, he indeed had a very wonderful feeling.

This feeling consumed him such that his soul couldn't bear it any more. Was that the so-called Truth of Godly Way?

"So you mean, there are many kinds of Truths of Godly Ways? Similar to the Godly Ways?" Zen repeated.

Joy shook her head. "Actually, it's the opposite," she replied.

The divine land had been in existence for countless years.

The Holy Beings had refined their Godly Ways to the hilt and built their own universes. After that, they began to explore the chaos outside the divine land, hoping to achieve a bigger breakthrough.

Some Holy Beings had traveled through the chaos and found that it was empty.

It was a boundless place where only grayish brown chaos could be seen. No strange civilization was to be found there.

Some persistent Holy Beings wandered around in the chaos for hundreds of divine eras, but still found nothing. Despite traveling significant distances, in the end, they had to return disappointed.

They failed in the exploration of space, and in the exploration of Godly Ways too.

A warrior reached the end of the Godly Way only when their Godly Way reached the consummation. At the end of the Godly Way lay an endless ocean. All Holy Beings and consummate True Gods had spent lots of time and energy exploring this ocean, but they weren't able to gain any insights from it.

Therefore, the Godly Ways in the divine land had begun to develop all sorts of bizarre theurgies beyond ways, and warriors now practiced the double Godly Tile and mixed Godly Ways.

Apart from these, no other notable breakthroughs had been made.

"Later on, Armand Yan, the Demi-holy Being of the Yan Clan, received two golden Sanskrit words completely by accident. These two words were extremely rare. And the Yan Clan had spent a great deal of time and paid a high price trying to decode them. Finally, they were able to decipher the words and comprehend the Truth of Godly Way," Joy said. "But nobody knew how this piece of news was leaked. The Yan Clan was destroyed because of this."

"The Yan Clan had a Demi-holy Being, and yet it was destroyed?" Zen gasped in disbelief.

Joy explained, "Actually, the Truth of Godly Way recorded in the two golden Sanskrit words that Armand Yan deciphered might be incomplete, but it would also create quite a stir in the entire divine land. After all, the Truth of Godly Way was enough to make the Holy Beings take a step forward in the Godly Way. The Yan Clan didn't possess a Holy Being, and Armand Yan was just a Demi-holy Being. So it was not a difficult task to destroy the Yan Clan."

"Then, who destroyed the Yan Clan?" Zen asked.

"The Dongfang Clan, the Leng Clan and the Fang Clan," answered Joy.

"My guess was right!" Zen commented narrowing his eyes.

After Joy finished speaking, she studied the handwriting again, and a faint excitement appeared in her soft eyes. "I don't know how many mind methods of Truth of Godly Way exist in the divine land now, but only five are known to the public, and these five are incomplete! I wonder if this mind method of Truth of Godly Way is complete. If so, its value will be incalculable!"

The Holy Beings stood atop the divine land, but who wouldn't want to advance further when they had reached this level?

After they crossed the Godly Way, they suddenly lost their reference and couldn't go any further. It was as if they had fallen into an ocean. No matter how hard they tried to swim, they were unable to go ahead. How could the Holy Beings ignore the Truth of Godly Way, which could help them progress further?

Even an incomplete mind method of Truth of Godly Way was enough for the Holy Beings to kill an entire clan.

No one knew what would happen if a complete mind method of Truth of Godly Way appeared.

However, Geoffrey had only written about a thousand words. Joy didn't know if this mind method of Truth of Godly Way was a complete one or not.

"These six golden Sanskrit words contain a total of 9, 673 characters in total. I've deciphered them one by one. Naturally it is a complete mind method," said a slightly childish voice.

"My dear Geoffrey woke up!"

Only then did Letitia notice that the young man in her arms had opened his eyes.

"Geoffrey!"

Zen called, beaming with joy.

Geoffrey got up, bowed respectfully to Zen and replied, "Father!"

The sixteen-year-old boy had grown to seven feet, and was not much shorter than Zen.

He had overcome his stubbornness and had become very calm and composed. Under Letitia's tutelage, he was now an educated, reasonable and responsible young man. He had seldom spent time with Zen as a child, so he had an indifferent attitude towards his father, which would only increase with the passage of time. However, right now he was quite happy to see his father again.

Joy sized up the boy and remarked with a smile, "Zen, your son is much more valuable than you."

Her comment brought smiles on the faces of everyone, including Letitia and Imogen.

What Joy said was right as this was a complete mind method of Truth of Godly Way.

After all, Zen wasn't strong enough to change the situation. If this complete mind method of Truth of Godly Way were to leak out, it would cause a mess in the entire divine land!

"Who are you, girl?" Geoffrey suddenly asked, as his gaze fell on Joy.

In terms of seniority, Joy could be considered Geoffrey's grandfather's peer, and in terms of age, she could be considered his ancestor.

Zen suddenly found it funny when he heard how Geoffrey addressed Joy. He laughed and said, "Don't be rude, Geoffrey. You should call her..." He wanted tell his son to call her "Grandma," but on second thought, he felt like something was wrong, as Geoffrey's age was almost the same as Kelsey's, who called her "Aunt Joy."

But if Geoffrey referred to her as his aunt, then it was very weird too.

"Never mind," Joy said waving off the debate. "You can call me Master Joy. Hey, little genius, can you write down the complete mind method of the Truth of Godly Way?"

As someone who had been trapped in the fairy palace since childhood with rarely any opportunities to go out, Geoffrey, of course, enjoyed the compliments.

Although he didn't know her cultivation base, he knew that she was not an ordinary person. He nodded, picked up his writing brush, and walked towards the white papers on the floor.

"Do you want to take a rest first, Geoffrey?" Letitia asked.

"Mom, you know these words. As long as you don't read them or think about them, you'll be fine," the boy assured his mother casually.

When Geoffrey had deciphered the golden Sanskrit words for the first time, he had uncovered the secrets hidden in them. It wouldn't be a problem if he didn't read these words together. But once these words were read together, he would become dizzy.

This was the reason why Geoffrey would only decipher a single golden Sanskrit word at a time. This way, he would not feel the pressure.

Geoffrey studied the white paper with a look of concentration on his face. He held a brush in his hand and began to write something down.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

No one spoke as they watched Geoffrey. The young man in white was still writing with quick and smooth movements.

About an hour later, he had written down many words!

Zen was gratified to see his son's achievement.

After Geoffrey had written down all of them, Joy couldn't resist the temptation any longer. She looked at Zen and asked, "Can I see the mind method of Truth of Godly Way written by your son?"

Before Zen could answer, Geoffrey pursed his mouth and said in a disgruntled manner, "It was me who wrote this mind method. Master Joy, you should ask me!"

When she saw the look on his face, Joy smiled. "Okay. Can I have a look at it, Geoffrey?" she requested.

"Of course you can! I'm not so narrow-minded," said Geoffrey, shrugging his shoulders. "But you will have to give me something if you want to get something from me."

"Hey!" Zen was at a loss whether to laugh or to be angry.

Chapter 2388 Spar With Lavender

Geoffrey's expression spelled mischief.

Looking at the kid made Zen's heart sigh. Compared to Geoffrey's carefree life now, when Zen was sixteen years old, the responsibilities he carried weighed so heavily on his shoulders.

It was also the pressure put on by his father that made the burden so much as he moved on.

Zen assumed that Geoffrey was not an integral part in his father's plan, so Zen hoped that he could grow up happily.

"Um?" Joy's smile became wider. "What do you want? If I have what you want, I will give it to you."

"I want a spear!" Geoffrey said excitedly.

Zen scrunched his nose..

"A spear?"

Letitia smiled lightly. "Geoffrey is really obsessed with practicing spear techniques. He often goes to the training tower to spar with Lavender."

"He can spar with Lavender?" That was new.

In the past, Zen had never seen Geoffrey ever show any talent or inclination in martial arts. Even now, his cultivation had just reached the Internal Elixir Realm. There was still a long way to go before he could reach the Life and Death Realm and form his Soul Sea.

In the past, Zen didn't have much resources. He had to rely on himself for everything.

However, Letitia and the rest of his family had already made preparations before they entered the fairy palace. These resources in the fairy palace were also at their disposal, so they didn't need to worry about it any longer

Geoffrey's cultivation speed was rather slow.

Letitia smiled at him again. "It's just a spar."

"Even if it's only a spar, how could he spar with Lavender?" Zen asked, eyes trained at Geoffrey.

While Lavender's spear technique was not complicated, it was extremely terrifying. He found it hard to imagine how the two sparred with each other.

"Dad, you're always underestimating me!" Geoffrey scowled and glared at Zen. "If it isn't for the fact that Aunt Lavender's spear is too good, I might have been able to win against her. I've even asked Livingston to make a few spears for me, but they are still not as good as the one Aunt Lavender has!"

Zen raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

The Saint Killing Spear Lavender wielded was the sacred object of the Demon Night.

No matter how excellent the spears refined by Livingston were, it would still be difficult for them to match Lavender's Saint Killing Spear. Geoffrey crossed his arms and huffed but said no more.

Beside them, Joy cleared her throat. "I don't use weapons. I have some spears, but..."

As she spoke, she gently waved her hand, and seven spears appeared. With a flick of her wrist, purple mist curled around them and lifted the spears in the air.

Demi-holy Beings were usually very rich and owned many treasures. The spears Joy had were all quality supreme primordial weapons, and even the aura coming off of their tips was very strong.

Although Letitia, Imogen, Aura and Freya didn't use spears, all of them looked fervently at the floating weapons. The four of them hoped Geoffrey would choose a good spear.

"I'm afraid that the weight of these spears is not what Geoffrey can handle," added Joy.

Things in the divine land were about ten times heavier than things in the universes. Proving godly warriors in the divine land could barely use these spears, so it was doubtful that Geoffrey who was merely at the Internal Elixir Realm could.

Then Joy waved her hand again and a crystal blue spear appeared in front of everyone. She nudged the spear lightly and it slowly flew towards Geoffrey. "This Space Spear weighs nothing at all so Geoffrey should be able to use it. However, because it doesn't weigh anything, you wouldn't feel anything when you hold it. It will take quite some time to get used to it!"

Looking at the long spear slowly approaching him, Geoffrey grabbed it in his hand.

Swoosh!

With a wave of his hand, the light long spear swung like a windmill, and as the tip of the spear moved, it almost tore the surrounding space apart.

"Okay! Deal! Now you can have a look at my Truth of Godly Way!" With a smile, Geoffrey jogged out of the side hall with his spear.

"I'm going to Aunt Lavender's place." As Joy was going to check the Truth of Godly Way, all the other people left the side hall.

"By the way, where would Geoffrey go to spar with Lavender on spear art? Why haven't I seen her?"

asked Zen after a while. This time after Zen returned, he felt strange that he hadn't seen Lavender.

"She's cultivating in the training tower," Letitia replied, glancing at Zen.

Whether it was Aura, Letitia, or Lavender, they all had their own temperament. All of them had been waiting for Zen to return, and their relationship was harmonious.

But some minor conflicts were still unavoidable. It was impossible for them to get along with each other like best friends all the time.

However, Freya was an exception and had a very good relationship with Imogen, Letitia, and Aura.

Even Geoffrey was closest to Freya.

As for Lavender, she was a low-key kind of woman in the fairy palace.

She spent most of her time in the training tower. Occasionally, she would come out to exchange a few words with others, only to ask whether Zen had returned before returning to the training tower.

Geoffrey had always been very curious about Lavender. By chance, he had barged into the training tower and saw Lavender brandishing her spear like a cyan dragon surging out of the sea. Driven by curiosity, he developed a little interest in the weapon. As a result, although he had no interest in martial arts, he began to practice spears.

As soon as Zen opened the door of the training tower, a whistling sound met his ears.

"Aunt Lavender, I got a good spear today. It won't be damaged if I spar with you!"

Zen watched Geoffrey wave the Space Spear vigorously and run to the other side.

Over there, a tall and slim figure waved the Saint Killing Spear and took a turn. In an instant, her spear had blocked Geoffrey's spear in the air. The two spears collided with each other several times as the two sparred, causing metallic sound that echoed on the first floor of the training tower.

"How is Geoffrey's spear skill?"

Letitia secretly grabbed Zen's arm with her fair-skinned hand and laughed.

"His understanding of spear intent is not bad." Zen nodded.

Even as Lavender significantly lowered her cultivation level when sparring with Geoffrey, and she could still suppress Geoffrey just by using martial skills, all of Geoffrey's moves were praiseworthy and far beyond Zen's expectations.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

As the spears collided, Geoffrey felt very proud. "This spear won't be destroyed! Ha-ha! This spear should be more powerful than Aunt Lavender's spear!"

Although Geoffrey was just a child, and his cultivation was nothing remarkable, Lavender took everything she did seriously. As she focused on sparring with Geoffrey, she paid no attention to the door at all. "How could it be that Livingston's weapon refining skills have improved so fast?" she asked curiously. "This spear... was not refined by him, was it?"

Livingston had made several spears for Geoffrey in the past but Geoffrey was unable to protect the spears with his life vitality. All of them broke shortly after Geoffrey used them against Lavender.

As Geoffrey casually thrust his spear into the air, it made a whistling noise as if the air was being pierced through!

This was the divine land and even Lavender couldn't have achieved this. However, Geoffrey did that easily. The spear in his hand was by no means an ordinary weapon. It was even much stronger than the Saint Killing Spear in Lavender's hand.

"No way can he make such a weapon," snorted Geoffrey.. "Master Joy gave it to me! Hahaha!"

Lavender was taken aback. "Joy? Someone came to the fairy palace?"

"Yes," Geoffrey nodded. "My father brought her!"

Hearing this, Lavender looked towards the door subconsciously. She was not in the mood to spar with Geoffrey anymore.

As if on cue, Lavender caught sight of Zen by the door.

At this moment, Geoffrey had already hit out with his spear and it was too late for him to take it back.

Lavender pursed her lips. Without looking, she flipped her hand and grabbed the tip of the Space Spear. With a pull, the Space Spear flew away from Geoffrey's hand. It shot towards one side and nailed itself on the wall with a clang.

"Aunt Lavender, you're cheating..." Geoffrey's words fell on deaf ears as

Lavender charged at Zen at full speed.

Chapter 2389 The Fallen Divine City

Wind blew through Lavender's gossamer hair as she ran to Zen at an extremely fast speed. When she was finally a meter away from him, she flung her slender and delicate body against his muscular chest quite hard that it pushed him out of the training tower.

The impact of their collision even threw off Letitia's hand that grasped his arm.

At that moment, everyone looked at them with varying expressions.

For instance, Aura covered her mouth in surprise at Lavender's openness.

Geoffrey's jaws dropped as he stared blankly at the scene outside the door.

And Letitia frowned deeply before looking fully angry. She quickly went into the training tower and slammed the door with a bang. Then, she turned to Geoffrey and shouted, "What are you looking at! It's not a sight a child should see!"

"It just happened right before my eyes! I cannot choose not to look at it!" refuted Geoffrey as he pursed his lips. "What's more, I'm already sixteen years old..."

The young Geoffrey had grown up in the Cloud Hall, where he had a few playmates during his childhood.

Later on, Zen had been worried about his families' safety, so he took Geoffrey in to the fairy palace, where the young boy's life had changed dramatically.

Although he kept himself busy with deciphering the Sanskrit words and practicing the spear, he was still young and energetic, especially when he reached the age of puberty when his blood ran hot often. He was curious about everything in the world and hoped to take a trip outside the fairy palace.

He had mentioned it to his mother several times, but Letitia rejected him with the excuse that he was too young.

In reality, Geoffrey couldn't leave the fairy palace as their living conditions didn't allow it.

If the enchanted barrier of the fairy palace was opened, all of them would have to hide in the training tower. Otherwise, they would break into life vitality and disappear in this world.

That was the secondary creatures' limitation. It was impossible to get rid of it if one did not have powerful theurgies. Even Zen still had to comprehend Godly Ways to secretly enter the divine land. And so, there was no way that Geoffrey could go to the divine land.

Moreover, returning to the Evolutionary Universe definitely wasn't easy.

Now that the fairy palace's transmission node was tied to Zen's mountain token, if they wanted to enter the Evolutionary Universe, they had to go over a vast distance and find the entrance to the Evolutionary Universe themselves before they could enter it.

That was why the moment Letitia and the others entered the fairy palace was equivalent to them setting foot on an isolated island. If they left the lone island, none of them would be able to survive.

The Demon Night didn't have so much etiquette as the humans did, so Lavender wasn't as reserved as most human women.

She missed Zen, so she expressed her feelings to him in her own way.

For example, she hugged him unabashedly and now they were like a pair of entangled octopuses. Yet, she didn't care about the others staring.

On the other hand, Aura's and Freya's cheeks were the color of beets, and they immediately looked away.

"Clank! Clank! Clank..."

Livingston, who always stayed in the weapon refining workshop, strangely left the weapon refining workshop today. The light on his metal head flashed when he sensed that Zen had returned to the fairy palace.

He wanted to talk to Zen, but when he saw the scene, he quietly retreated back to the weapon refining workshop.

Similarly, Imogen, who stood not far away, was as livid as Letitia when she saw the pair in a very close position. "No matter how much she misses him, she shouldn't have behaved like that in the broad daylight. This is too preposterous!" she muttered.

"I don't want this body anymore," Lavender whispered in Zen's ear and tightly grabbed his arm.

Zen was stunned for a moment, then he understood what Lavender meant. He slowly sat up, held her in his arms, and smiled. "What are you talking about?"

"This body is a nuisance to me. I don't want it anymore," Lavender complained.

In the past, Lavender had been attached to Zen's body in the form of a remnant soul in his sword spirit. Since she had been with him for so long, she too had experienced numerous hardships and challenges.

The first time she had separated from him was hard for her as she wasn't used to it; but this time she had been away from him for so long…

She had worked so hard just to get the chance to enter the divine land.

She had been cultivating in the training tower like mad for the past two years so she could get an opportunity.

Her cultivation was at the level of a world lord, and the martial arts she mainly cultivated were about killing. She wanted to master Murdering Godly Way with her own comprehension.

She however, lacked some of the preliminary requirements, so it was quite hard for her to step into her desired Godly Way.

Furthermore, she still couldn't leave the fairy palace even if she really condensed her Godly Tile. The Ruling Slate would've punished her if she ever left, because she was only a secondary creature.

It was hard for Lavender to accept her situation.

"How can it be a nuisance, you silly girl?" Zen gently flicked Lavender's forehead with his finger.

Lavender's demonic red eyes looked serious as she said, "It's meaningful only when I stay with you. A soul is enough for me. I have to find a way to get rid of my physical body!"

The girl didn't seem to be lying, but Zen quickly said, "No, you can't do that. More importantly, you'll still be a secondary creature even if you only have your soul left. Even if you hide in my body, I'm afraid you will still break apart..."

"Then you teach me a Godly Way so that I can enter the divine land and keep you company. Or, what if you never leave again, just stay in the fairy palace..." Her mind was simple and she blurted out whatever was inside it, just like a child.

When Zen saw her innocent face, his body surged with want and he suddenly felt impulsive.

Then again, he could restrain his desires because he had a strong state of mind. But since he had now finally returned to the fairy palace, he had completely relaxed himself.

The only thing was, they were in broad daylight and they weren't the only people in the fairy palace. They still had to behave properly.

For the next few days, Joy didn't leave the side hall and kept comprehending the Truth of Godly Way that Geoffrey had decoded.

It might take a mere split second, years, or even several divine eras for a Demi-holy Being to comprehend something. Such a thing was quite common. In addition, Zen also told everyone not to disturb her.

He as well, was quite interested in the Truth of Godly Way.

However, he just came back so he wasn't in a hurry. Besides, it wouldn't be a problem if he asked Geoffrey to write another one for him.

During this period of time, Zen lived his life to the fullest. He guided Geoffrey in practicing martial arts every morning, and whenever the younger boy had questions, he patiently answered them. On top of that, Geoffrey had also showed him some of the contents of the Golden Sanskrit words that he had deciphered over the past few years.

The contents of those golden Sanskrit words were about all kinds of strange things. The most valuable one among them was undoubtedly the complete passage about the Truth of Godly Way. The contents in other passages gave Zen a general idea of extraordinary creatures.

Before, it was virtually impossible to imagine what the extraordinary creatures were like. There was no way for anyone to hypothesize about their shapes or state of existence.

Yet according to the contents of the Golden Sanskrit words, he discovered that those extraordinary creatures were not as mysterious as he had imagined. There were halls and complex social relationships in their world. They would also die; there were also powerful warriors among them, and they also revered those who were more powerful than them.

Geoffrey and Zen also exchanged ideas and discoursed. Although the young boy didn't have a high cultivation level yet, he had gained plenty of knowledge from the library. He was broad-minded and intelligent. It was even likely that many True Gods who had lived for so many divine eras couldn't compare to him in that regard.

And at night, Zen spent his time wonderfully with his wives and enjoyed the land of warmth and tenderness.

On the first day, he had offended Letitia, and she didn't talk to him for a full day. She was full of jealousy, and it took him a long time to make her laugh through tears.

Meanwhile, things brewed differently in the east of the divine land.

Dozens of people dressed in jet black cloaks swiftly moved forward across the endless desert.

It turned out that all those cloaked beings were mid-rank True Gods.

The one at the helm had a long sword that hung from his back. He was tall and moved in a steady pace.

Under his lead, the group of True Gods soon found a crater that was over ten million feet deep in the desert.

One by one, the True Gods in black cloaks slid down the crater. After all of them were in, they were surprised to see where they ended up.

"It's the Jade Bone Divine City."

"The entire Jade Bone Divine City had been destroyed. What on earth has happened?"

The leader of their group stepped forward and lifted his cloak's hood to reveal a heroic-looking face. He glanced indifferently at the ruins in front of him and coldly ordered, "Let's find the slate first."

Then, he took the lead and went forward.

Chapter 2390 Eat The Slate

Occasionally, there were disputes between the powerful clans in the divine land, but rarely did they ever turn into a large-scale war.

Wealthy clans on the Time Sea meant to maintain the stability of the entire divine land.

The divine land had a large number of divine cities, most of them having been controlled by the first and second-tier clans—they usually belonged to those wealthy clans on the Floating Islands.

So the various wealthy clans on the Floating Islands actually took control of ninety percent of the divine cities through these first and second-tier clans.

The Jade Bone Divine City trapped in the crater was a medium-sized divine city. Protecting it was a Hundred Commandments Slate. The Jade Bone Divine City was originally controlled by the He Clan, a second-tier clan.

But it had to pay its dues to the Ru Clan, a first-tier clan, in divine might coins.

The Ru Clan was situated near the Ray Tree.

And this was in the eastern part of the divine land.

The sun rose in the east, rising right above the Ray Tree every day.

As one of the four great divine trees in the divine land, this tree was over trillions of years old, having experienced countless changes over time.

Now, it was occupied by the Dongfang Clan.

Relying on the Ray Tree, the Dongfang Clan managed to gain control over hundreds of regions, hundreds of thousands of divine cities, countless divine citizens, proving godly warriors, True Gods, and so on.

Some of the first-tier clans that had Demi-holy Beings were to submit themselves wholly to the Dongfang Clan's rule.

No one dared offend it.

A Jade Bone Divine City was nothing to the Dongfang Clan, but the entire divine city suddenly disappeared. Such a strange matter had drawn the Dongfang's attention.

And this was why a team was exploring it.

"Be careful. Let's observe the surroundings first," one of the mid-rank True Gods in the team said cautiously, examining the environment.

"That's right, who knows what kind of power had caused this divine city to collapse?"

Even if a divine city were to collapse, it would be impossible for all those True Gods to perish. Although most of them couldn't fly, even with a collapse, injury was nearly impossible.

But an eerie silence now washed over the Jade Bone Divine City.

The sunlight coming in from outside the crater was a thin veil that covered the divine city. One couldn't clearly see the entire city in this light. In fact, it grew even stranger and more mysterious.

"Stop observing. We need to hurry up!" the young man said as he turned around, flashing a brilliant smile.

But someone in the team was still unhappy—another mid-rank True God took off his hood and said with a long face, "Lowell, you can't disobey the orders of the higher authority. This is your first task and yet, you want to act without any authorization. It seems you do not fear punishment."

Lowell, the mid-rank True God, turned his head and smiled. With a shake of his head, he said, "I'm not afraid." In a flash, he dragged his black cloak, turned into a black shadow and leapt into the air, entering a crack in the city wall of the Jade Bone Divine City with ease.

"Shall we follow him?"

"Lowell is a bit strange."

"Leave him alone. After we get back, we must report his bad behavior."

The other mid-rank True Gods hesitated momentarily outside the city wall before jumping onto it and entering the Jade Bone Divine City. But they could no longer find Lowell's figure.

After he entered the city, the smile on his face was wiped off and replaced with a look of vigilance and seriousness.

Whoosh!

He sprang up and jumped onto a building before putting up his index finger and squinting as he looked into the distance.

The range of slates' influence spread out in circles.

So almost all the slates were placed in the center of the divine cities. Most of the divine cities were designed in circular shapes, making the best use of the coverage of slates.

"Let me see. There's enough distance,"

he murmured to himself as he did his measuring.

Then, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small fire starter.

It was unique in shape, made of a kind of yellow metal instead of the usual wood.

"Come on!"

A flame lit up from Lowell's hand on top of the fire starter.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

This metal-like fire starter began burning as it turned into a strange green light.

The moment he lit up the fire starter, Lowell turned into a gust of wind, rushing towards the center of the Jade Bone Divine City.

Along the way, he jumped up and down dexterously.

Crack!

Crack!

After rushing out, the things in the city began moving.

If one looked carefully, they would've seen that on the wall, the cracks were densely packed with countless black and red scutigers.

Even the faint light reflected on them showed the colorful colors of all their shells. The poison within each was a fatal threat to even the True Gods.

It was clear that the black and red scutigers were eager to rush over and devour Lowell completely.

But they seemed to be extremely wary of the fire starter in Lowell's hand—they all dodged instead of rushing head-first.

In a few seconds, Lowell arrived at the center of the divine city at full speed.

He leapt up and stepped onto the pavilion in the middle, giving one of the walls a heavy slap and shattering it to pieces.

Behind the wall was a well where countless black and red scutigers were gathered.

Lowell gently tossed the fire starter into the well before jumping in.

Rustle! Rustle! Rustle!

The black and red scutigers scurried away in all directions, disappearing from sight in the blink of an eye.

A cyan slate then appeared at the bottom of the well.

Bang!

And Lowell stood firmly at the bottom of the well. When he looked at the slate, a hint of joy sparked in his eyes.

The Ten Commandments Slate, the Hundred Commandments Slate, and the Thousand Commandments Slate were all very special weapons. So long as one adjusted the rules on the slate for their own protection, they could resist the enemy with just the slate's strength. But after most people came into possession of these slates, they would hand them over to their clans and build a divine city with them.

Only the divine city could earn the divine might coins endlessly—it was actually quite a waste to use the slates as weapons.

When Lowell found the slate, he didn't pull it out of the ground. The joy in his eyes then gradually shifted, twisting into a look of hunger and greed—he grabbed the slate and started eating it.

All the slates in the divine land were of unknown origin.

No clues about these slates had ever appeared in the translations of the golden Sanskrit words.

And these couldn't be refined nor cut.

In the past countless divine eras, even a piece of Ten Commandments Slate hadn't been destroyed.

But when Lowell bit on the slate, he unexpectedly bit into it piece by piece and swallowed each chunk.

The fire starter went out and the black and red scutigers were crawling towards him now. Seeing this, Lowell lit up another fire starter before he continued eating the Hundred Commandments Slate.

"Ah!"

A series of screams rang out in the Jade Bone Divine City.

Right when the mid-rank True Gods entered the divine city, they were attacked by the black and red scutigers.

The scutigers' poison was truly terrible. Once bitten by them, even a mid-rank True God could die within seconds.

In the blink of an eye, over twenty mid-rank True Gods were poisoned to death.

Numerous scutigers formed a sea in black and red, blocking all the retreat roads.

The only path left was the one Lowell had created with the fire starter. And so the remaining True Gods had no choice but to charge towards the center of the city aimlessly.

...

Only one of the mid-rank True Gods managed to get rid of the scutigers—he rushed to the central pavilion of the divine city and passed through the wall.

When he lowered his head, something incredible came into view.

"Lowell, what… what are you eating?"

Half of the Hundred Commandments Slate had already been gobbled up. Lowell raised his head rather cryptically and smiled as he said, "The slate! Do you want some?"

"Who the hell are you?" The mid-rank True God seemed to have sensed something off.

"Who am I? Let's say I tell you. Then what? What can you do? You can't go back now anyway…" Lowell merely shook his head and continued gnawing on the slate.

The mid-rank True God felt some kind of pain in his back followed by a powerful numbness. In the next moment, his entire body lost consciousness before he was covered by a dense pack of scutigers.

Chapter 2391 Limited Justice

In just a short while, Lowell was able to completely devour the piece of slate. He then clasped his hands and stood up.

A trace of helplessness appeared in his eyes as he looked at the mid-rank True God's corpse.

All of this went totally against nature.

However, since he had chosen this road, his belief had now become stronger and there was no way he was going to change. Everything he did went towards his goal. Anything or anyone that stood in his way would be eliminated.

"From a whole point of view, you... died for this battered boat," he murmured.

Just as he was about to leave, a very small and very weak voice spoke from behind him.

"Help, help me..."

The sound made Lowell frown.

He turned around and noticed a tiny hole on the wall. It seemed the sound was coming from there.

"A high-level breath-restraining technique? Or are you using a special treasure that helps you restrain your breath?"

There was no way he would miss a living person on the other side of the wall. The only explanation for this was that the person's hiding skill was exceptional and ingenious.

A strong killing intent appeared within Lowell's eyes as he lightly patted the wall.

His touch was light but it was enough to make the stone collapse.

A compartment was revealed behind the wall, as high as half a person. A girl, around fifteen to sixteen years of age, was curled up inside.

The girl was covered with tulle and she held onto her legs for warmth. Her entire body was littered with bruises and dust but she was surprisingly pretty. However, despite her beauty, her eyes looked dead and she looked more like an abandoned doll than a person.

"This layer of tulle..."

Lowell reached down and took off the tulle that covered her. "It is a very rare treasure. It might not be possible for even a first-tier clan to own it..."

"Help me, please..."

the girl pleaded again.

"Did you see that?" Lowell stared at the girl and asked.

The girl quickly shook her head. "I didn't see anything!"

Hearing this, Lowell smiled. "You're lying. I can't save you. Goodbye."

Leaving the girl there, Lowell leapt up and climbed onto the patio, disappearing before her eyes.

His disappearance crushed any hope that remained in that young girl's heart. She wrapped her arms around her and squeezed her body tight. Her mouth visibly trembled, afraid that she might cry out loud because of helplessness.

She should've never asked that man for help.

He could eat the Hundred Commandments Slate but he did not even have the heart to save others. That cloaked man could've been saved by him had he wanted to.

He even took away her precious tulle which meant that her breath would no longer be shielded from the horrible insects.

"Rustling, rustling, rustling..."

The rustling sounds from above made her heart beat a mile.

They moved towards her bit by bit, like the many legs of oncoming death.

"My bodyguard is dead, and so are the others. It seems I am fated to die as well..."

she murmured to herself.

Just three days ago, her family was still together. She was the apple of her parents' eyes and had servants at her every beck and call. Now she was all alone, and she was about to die.

"Rustling..."

Black and red scutigers emerged from the wall and slowly crawled towards her, entering through the hole Lowell had made earlier.

She closed her eyes, trying to calm herself. Perhaps death wouldn't be so bad.

Just as she was about to resign herself to her fate, the unthinkable happened.

"Click! Click..."

Something small dropped at the foot of the wall.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

When she opened her eyes, she saw a bright flame, similar to fireworks, erupting in small explosions in front of her.

"Rustling..."

Because of the fire starter, all the scutigers had scattered, running wildly in all directions and disappearing in the blink of an eye.

The sight of such wondrous flame stunned her and she couldn't help but look at it in a daze.

"Boom, boom..."

There was a small explosion as Lowell appeared in front of her again. He only sighed before offering his hand to her.

"You... you came back to save me?"

she muttered in surprise.

"Why? Do you want to die now?" he asked her.

"But I saw..." The sight of Lowell devouring the Hundred Commandments Slate shocked her. Who was this incredible person that could eat this rigid slate was what she thought.

"You're honest," Lowell said, pulling her up and gently putting her onto his back. He then kicked the fire starter up and caught it with his mouth.

Soon afterward, the scenery became a blur and the two of them shuttled out of this fallen city at an extremely fast speed. Her slender legs merely swayed at the crook of his arms.

"What's your name?" Lowell asked, with the fire starter still in his mouth.

"My name is Iris Dongfang," she answered.

Her answer shocked him and Lowell couldn't help but slow down. "Are you from the main Dongfang Clan? Or from a branch family?"

The main Dongfang Clan, much like the Han Clan, had also moved to the Floating Island.

However, the situation of the two clans remained somewhat different.

The Dongfang Clan relied on the Ray Tree, and had many branches.

The main Dongfang Clan led by Nicholas was indeed bigger than those branches. After the main clan entered the Floating Island though, the branch on the Ray Tree soon grew wealthy and influential, with three Holy Beings that served as their foundation of power stronger than other great clans.

"A branch..." Iris Dongfang murmured.

Lowell's eyes narrowed in regret and a killing intent surged in his heart.

He initially thought that this girl belonged to the He Clan but, to his surprise, she was actually from the Dongfang Clan.

He shouldn't have saved her. He needed to kill her.

They had left Jade Bone Divine City. Just as they came to the edge of the crater, Lowell saw the need to put Iris Dongfang down.

As the girl had sensed what was about to happen, a trace of sadness once again appeared on her face. "You want to kill me, don't you?" she asked Lowell, looking at him straight in the eye.

"Yes," he replied emotionlessly.

Had she been from a small clan then he might've been able to save her.

However, she was a member of the Dongfang Clan which completely changed everything.

A look of grief crossed over Iris Dongfang's beautiful features and she could only let her eyes speak for her as she looked at Lowell sadly. He put his hand on her forehead and all she could feel was the coldness of his fingers.

"I can swear by my inner demon...

I will always follow what you say.

I won't resist or disclose your secret. Please,"

she continued pleading with him.

Lowell practiced the Justice Godly Way and was someone who pursued the idea of justice supremacy, but the concept of justice itself was split between absolute and limited. Even in the debate over the Godly Ways, there was no right conclusion.

Limited justice would dictate he kill her for the greater good of more people.

However, according to absolute justice, there was absolutely no reason for him to kill her.

Lowell looked at her eyes as he battled himself internally.

She did not say anything and merely looked back at him pitifully.

"Alas..."

Lowell heaved a sigh. "Be with me from now on. Swear by your inner demon and I will not kill you."

Iris Dongfang nodded and smiled up at him like a child in relief.

Chapter 2392 The Truth Boat

The air on the Floating Islands became subtle and solemn after the Astronomical Transit Day.

Not many True Gods witnessed Nicholas's angry face in person. But the things that happened on Astronomical Transit Day were quickly spread among the various Floating Islands.

"The anonymous man's identity was finally revealed. It's Mike's son!"

"It's quite bold of him to come here. He even bypassed the Jiang Clan's supervision, and directly came to the divine land!"

"What's more, he took away the jade seal from the hands of many consummate True Gods. It's said that the jade seal is a fourth-grade supreme treasure of belief."

"Is there something going on between him and Estelle? She silenced the whole divine land for him."

"Not to mention that the lives of those consummate True Gods are at his disposal, and he's just a low-rank True God. That's quite impressive!"

Most of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands had a stable relationship.

The numerous True Gods worked hard day and night, shuttling back and forth in the forbidden lands and the Floating Islands.

The news of the incident quickly spread through the rest of the Floating Islands like wildfire, because not only it involved Zen, but the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan was caught up in it as well.

Thus, things were really on edge. Everyone was curious as to how Nicholas would react, and how the Han Clan would deal with the matter, and whether the consummate True Gods which were taken by Zen, would return safely or not.

If Zen really killed those True Gods, then things were about to go south.

A while later, Rachelle, Troy, Alfredo and others finally came back.

As soon as Alfredo stepped foot on the Han Clan's Floating Island, he was summoned by the Holy Emperor.

The next day, after the three girls of the Han Clan had walked into the main hall of the Purple Soul Hall, the female disciples of the Purple Soul Hall entered the wide hall as well.

The disciples were also aware of rumors that were going around.

Initially, they didn't quite believe that the rumors were true, but after they heard certain undeniable things, and when they noticed that Joy was gone, they concluded that Joy had run away with Thad.

Joy was the sole reason the Purple Soul Hall existed, and her being a Demi-holy Being strengthened the Purple Soul Hall.

Since Joy had offended Nicholas, it was a mere dream for her to return to the Floating Island. The disciples of the Purple Soul Hall were uncertain of their future and lived in great fear.

In a long velvet dress, Laquisha looked blankly at the door of the Purple Soul Hall.

Aleyna and Kelsey appeared distraught. They both clutched Laquisha's hands tightly.

Soon after, the disciples were all gathered.

A while later, Alfredo appeared on the highest throne of the Purple Soul Hall and announced in a calm voice, "Since the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan betrayed the clan, all thirty thousand of her disciples are also being regarded as traitors. As of today, the Purple Soul Hall has been dissolved and is being incorporated into the Holy Emperor City. All the female disciples of the Purple Soul Hall are expelled from the Floating Island. They must leave immediately."

The female disciples of the Purple Soul Hall remained silent when they heard the shocking news.

Alfredo gave them a cold look and then disappeared.

After his departure, a sob was heard in the hall, followed by the cry of other female disciples. Soon, tens of thousands of the female disciples broke down, crying.

Mae, who was among the crowd, looked sad. Her heart was full of guilt and remorse.

If she hadn't brought Thad to the Floating Island, nothing would have happened, and Joy wouldn't have left.

But on second thought, with or without Thad, the Purple Soul Hall still would have been dissolved.

She clenched her fists as her eyes burned with rage.

"Our master didn't betray the Han Clan!"

Madam Moon in the corner shouted in a piercing voice.

"Indeed, she didn't!"

"How could she possibly be unfaithful to the Han Clan? I mean, she's the Demi-holy Being of the clan!"

"Even if they want us to leave, they can't slander our master like that!"

Some female disciples were quite angry, yet they couldn't find a target on whom they could vent their anger. Finally, they locked their eyes on Laquisha.

Since the three sisters were from the direct line of the Han Clan, they ultimately became the disciples' target.

Looking at their enraged faces, Laquisha raised her hand, demanding them to calm down, but her efforts were in vain. Some female disciples were so furious that they even started insulting Laquisha and her family.

Seeing that the situation was slipping out of Laquisha's hands, Madam Moon said loudly, "Everyone, be quiet. Let's see what the princess has to say!"

Although everyone in the Purple Soul Hall was afraid of Madam Moon, they knew that her loyalties lay with the Purple Soul Hall and Joy. Thus, they settled down.

When the hall quieted down, Laquisha said gently, "You are right, Joy didn't betray us."

All the female disciples were shocked to hear this.

"Rather, the Han Clan has betrayed her," continued Laquisha in a low voice.

If the Han Clan really had any pride or nerve, it would have fought Nicholas with all its might.

However, her father's obsequiousness towards the Dongfang Clan had let Laquisha down thoroughly.

"Such a clan doesn't deserve disciples like you. Since you are all expelled, I'll go with you as well!" Laquisha went on.

Aleyna and Kelsey weren't sure what was happening, as they listened to Laquisha.

All of them were the direct children of the Han Clan. How could they just leave?

The female disciples of the Purple Soul Hall were in awe.

As the princess, and one of the strongest talents of the Han Clan, would she willingly abandon her clan?

Laquisha had this idea the moment she saw Joy escape with Zen.

She had kept it to herself until today.

"Sister..."

"Laquisha..."

Kelsey and Aleyna looked at her in pure astonishment.

After the Purple Soul Hall was dismissed, all the female disciples packed up and left.

Laquisha did the deeds.

Aleyna, Kelsey, and Laquisha also disguised themselves, attempting to sneak out of the Floating Island with the rest of the female disciples.

Unfortunately, before they could leave the Floating Island, they were intercepted by the people of the Han Clan.

They were prohibited to leave the island and were strictly guarded all the time.

In the side hall of the fairy palace, the hemline of Joy's light purple dress fluttered even when there was no wind.

She recited the words repetitively.

As a Demi-holy Being, she could imprint these ten thousand words in her mind at a glance, but when the next thought came to her, the words in her mind would vanish, and she couldn't remember them anymore.

If she wanted to memorize the Truth of Godly Way, she could only utter the words one by one, and as long as she could hang on for more words, she could retain more of them.

It was not easy even for a Demi-holy Being to completely learn the Truth of Godly Way in a short time.

On the first day, she could recite only 1, 700 words.

The next day, she could enumerate 3, 200 words.

Things became more complicated as she went on.

The more words she accumulated, the more difficult it was for her to recite.

It was not difficult to recite the words, but rather to comprehend the true meaning of the mind method.

In the void sea, at the end of the Godly Ways, the Truth of Godly Way was like a small boat that would lead her to the other shore. The process of understanding the Truth of Godly Way was the process of climbing onto that boat.

By the fifteenth day, she was able to recite about 4, 700 words in one go, almost half of the Truth of Godly Way.

After she finished reading the words, her eyes sparkled with excitement and her face beamed with delight.

She felt as if she had caught a slight opportunity, got the key point, and held one side of the boat.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2393 Truth Of Cultivation Nature

"The 3, 000 Godly Ways have their own rules and are very different," Joy recited.

"But in the end, they all follow the natural course.

It's called the Truth of Cultivation Nature."

As she murmured these words, a realization hit her.

Her slender fingers moved, causing strength source and streaks of purple aura to flow out of her body and fill the side hall.

In the divine land, Joy was an absolute authority on the Purple Aura Godly Way.

It was the perfect Godly Way to make an array.

When the predecessors of the Purple Aura Godly Way had cultivated it, they had nurtured all kinds of living beings using the purple aura and then set up all kinds of arrays.

Then, with Mike's help, Joy had tried to spread their ideas to the world.

The Four Swords Change in the Gods Killing Sword Array was the foundation.

The Thirty-Two Swords Change was a little more complicated and fierce.

The Ninety-Six Swords Change, which had the maximum power, was the final and perfect form of the Gods Killing Sword Array. The variables and killing intent in it were all extremely horrible.

In addition to the sword arrays, Joy also had other arrays like the Beasts and Dragons Array, the Bird Dream Array, and the Purple Spirit Strife Array under her belt.

In order to maximize the power of the Purple Aura Godly Way, Joy had been working hard to build an even larger array by trying to perfectly match the Purple Aura Godly Way with the strength source.

It was a massive project as there would be a lot more variables involved than in the previous arrays.

Even for her, it would be an extremely difficult task to build such an array.

Therefore, she hadn't made much progress even though she'd been working on it for a long time.

"It's difficult if one is obsessed. If you are too eager, you will only be stuck. If you spend too much time thinking, you will only have empty thoughts..." she continued reciting.

"No obsession, no eagerness, no empty thoughts...

Only then will you reach self-realization."

Joy was no longer controlling the purple aura, nor was she shaping the strength source. She just let them float on their own in the side hall.

As she recited the words, a strange idea popped into her mind.

Invisible strength and purple aura were slowly flowing through the side hall. Sometimes, the purple aura enveloped the strength, and other times, the strength pushed the purple aura away.

Like the clouds in the sky, the purple aura sometimes turned into galloping horses, and sometimes into gods and ghosts—all sorts of strange and bizarre figures.

"Although the arrays are mysterious, they emerge from the mind.

When it comes to mystery, what in this world can be compared to the mystery of nature?"

Hiss! Hiss!

At this moment, the purple aura and the strength source began to blend with each other and lose shape as they slowly circled around Joy.

"This is also an array..."

As Joy watched this scene, her eyes lit up with excitement.

Even though the array didn't seem to have a shape, it would be full of killing intent after a little change. If she poured more strength source and more purple aura into it, the power of this array would be unimaginable.

"The name of this array..." Joy frowned after pondering over it for a while. It seemed that the formless array had suddenly lost its killing intent. It turned into a mess and had no natural rhythm at all.

She patted her own forehead and shook her head with a smile. "This is the will of nature. If I impose a name on it, it will have a form and a restraint, and it will even lose its nature..."

Then, she dispersed the purple aura and the strength source and gently put aside the Truth of Godly Way deciphered by Geoffrey before opening the door of the side hall.

Half a month had passed.

When she opened the door, a ray of morning light shot in. The world that she saw was no longer the same as before. The trees, sun, and the fish in the pond all contained a natural law and a sense of truth now.

Only handmade structures like the pavilions, the terraces, and the towers looked dull.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

In the pavilion beside the pond, dressed in white clothing, Geoffrey was practicing with a spear.

Geoffrey and the spear were both ordinary, but Joy was nevertheless surprised when she saw him thrust his spear into the air.

Joy thought that although Geoffrey was good at the art of spear fighting, he wasn't excellent yet. However, there was a faint trace of Truth of

Cultivation Nature in his movements, and it was this wisp of Truth of Cultivation Nature that made Geoffrey's spear fighting extraordinary.

'That makes sense. He has deciphered the Truth of Godly Way and can recite over a thousand words of it. So, he partly understands that Truth of Cultivation Nature. This kid is only 16 years old. Although his cultivation base is not that high, he can understand a little bit of the Truth of Godly Way. In the future when he grows up, he might become even more powerful than his father...' Joy marveled inwardly.

As she approached him, she saw that his face was red with anger. With a curious look, she asked, "Geoffrey, where's your father?"

"He's sleeping!"

Then, Geoffrey continued to wave his spear, which whistled like a wheel.

He had thought that the fairy palace would become more lively following his father's return.

However, on the contrary, his mother along with Aunt Lavender and Aunt Aura all followed his father around and didn't bother to talk to him anymore.

Lavender, in particular, didn't even practice spear fighting with him these days.

"He is still sleeping?"

Joy raised her head and looked at the sky. Although it was morning, the sun was already shining high in the sky. It was not that early in the day.

Understanding why Geoffrey looked so angry, Joy smiled helplessly.

Zen had just returned to the fairy palace and reunited with his several beautiful wives again, so naturally, he hadn't had a good rest last night.

But as a True God, his energy was almost inexhaustible. It was odd that he was still unable to get up.

'Young people indeed have no restraint...'

With a sigh, Joy jumped onto the platform, wiggled her waist, and smiled. "Let me keep you company to practice!"

"How will you do that? You don't even have a weapon," he said, looking at her in confusion.

"Come on, just attack me," she said flatly.

Without any more hesitation, Geoffrey thrust his long spear at her like a viper.

Considering Geoffrey's current cultivation base, the spear fighting skills that he displayed were quite impressive.

Yet a few months ago, Lavender hadn't even wanted to waste her time practicing with him. After all, when a world lord fought with an Internal Elixir Realm warrior, it was not like the difference between an adult and a child; it was simply the difference between human and dust. They were incomparable.

Therefore, in the beginning, every time Lavender had attacked, she had casually knocked his spear away before gently knocking him down.

But ever since Geoffrey had deciphered the six golden Sanskrit words, the situation had been different.

The first time Geoffrey had managed to hurt Lavender with his spear, she had been caught off guard.

Although she had always suppressed her cultivation to the Internal Elixir Realm, she had still been shocked.

After that, Lavender had begun to take this "little opponent" seriously and had spared no effort while sparring with him.

In the beginning, she had still been able to suppress Geoffrey with her moves.

However, as Geoffrey deciphered more and more words of the Truth of Godly Way, his understanding became more and more profound, and he was able to have an even battle with Lavender now.

At the thrust of his spear, Joy turned around.

She didn't move very fast or think much about it. Her body was as gentle as the wind, so she naturally avoided the spear.

"What?"

Geoffrey sensed a trace of the Truth of Godly Way emitting from Joy, but hers was much more profound than his.

"Again!"

Geoffrey knew that sparring with an opponent like this would benefit him a lot.

He had a slight knowledge of the Truth of Godly Way, but he was able to comprehend it even more now from Joy's skills.

An Internal Elixir Realm secondary creature sparring with a Demi-holy Being was indeed a rare scene.

"Godly Ways follow the natural course; the understanding of them demands perseverance. All Godly Ways follow the natural course.

There is no other way to comprehend the Godly Ways."

As Geoffrey thrust his spear, he became more enlightened and then tried to recite the Truth of Godly Way. Hearing his recitation, Joy smiled and started to recite it too.

Chapter 2394 Visitors

They were in one of the fairy palace's chambers.

Lavender leaned her face against Zen's chest as she breathed evenly and slowly. She had fallen asleep.

On the opposing side, Letitia was equally curled up under Zen's arm, sleeping deep like a baby.

With their cultivation levels, they generally didn't need sleep in order to replenish their energy. For most of the year, they could simply sit cross-legged for a short while to maintain their full energy.

That said, these past days were different.

Sometimes, sleep wasn't just sleep. In fact, it could have a special meaning.

Zen moved his arm slightly, and Lavender immediately opened her eyes. She looked up at Zen with her red eyes, like a vigilant kitten. She was on her guard.

Letitia, on his other side, also woke up. The moment her soul fully awakened, the ridiculous scene of the three of them having a passionate night replayed in her mind. Her face couldn't help but redden and she was very embarrassed. "Zen, yesterday, I..."

As she noticed Letitia's hesitation, Lavender intentionally said indifferently, "What's done is done. There's no need to feel ashamed."

Letitia's expression looked everything but natural as she listened to Lavender speak. Her mouth opened, but she didn't know what to say. Instead, she grabbed the blanket and whipped it over herself in order to better cover her body.

"Lavender," Zen murmured as he gently patted her head.

Lavender quickly revealed a complacent smile.

"Get up, or Geoffrey will complain again," Zen said as he smiled bitterly.

Once Zen had gotten dressed and peered out, he was met with the sound of a spear whooshing through the air.

As Zen walked out and turned the corner, he came face to face with Geoffrey and his spear, who was charging and jabbing at Joy relentlessly.

"Has Joy finished her closed-door cultivation, yet?" Zen's eyes lit up and opened wide.

As Zen looked closer at Joy's bodily movement skill, a very special feeling crept over him.

Her body moved around in an elegant manner. She seemed to change position gracefully, as though she was dancing without giving it any thought. As she fluttered around Geoffrey's long spear, Zen couldn't help himself but think that she resembled a butterfly. The scene was very harmonious, to say the least.

"It seems that the Truth of Godly Way has provided her with great benefit," Zen said.

Before long, Letitia walked over. When she saw Geoffrey making an attack at Joy while muttering something, she raised her eyebrows in surprise. She was always worried that Geoffrey would get hurt.

Luckily, Joy and Geoffrey only sparred with each other for a short while. When Joy noticed Zen, she flicked her spear away and, without a moment's hesitation, she walked over to him.

"Congratulations, Joy! You have comprehended the Truth of Godly Way!" Zen said cheerfully, a toothy grin spread on his face.

She glanced at Zen, shook her head and said, "Not yet. I've only comprehended half of the Sanskrit passage on the Truth of Godly Way, actually. But you really seemed to have a good time after returning to the fairy palace, huh?"

Letitia couldn't help but overhear the conversation and was immediately embarrassed.

Zen's grin faded a little. He knew that Joy was going to lecture him as the elder she was.

At that very moment though, a loud vibration sound suddenly came from outside the fairy palace!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It sounded as if countless huge animals were running crazily outside.

Zen's expression changed in a flash. He followed Joy's gaze and looked toward the fairy palace's main entrance.

"Master! It seems that several ferocious beasts are coming our way!" Saul informed Zen hastily.

Zen narrowed his eyes and said, "Well, go have a look!"

Zen was still calm as he was very confident that the fairy palace built by his master wouldn't be easily invaded.

First of all, the layer of enchanted barrier was almost unbreakable. So much so, in fact, that it could even split the fairy palace from the divine land, ensuring that the people within it wouldn't be turned into life vitality!

The beasts in the Swirl Forest were ferocious, sure, but they couldn't enter the fairy palace. Zen had no doubt about it.

Instead of waiting for Saul, Zen took the lead and rushed out of the fairy palace. He stood in front of the light pink enchanted barrier.

The huge trees in the Swirl Forest snapped repeatedly as they fell down to the ground one by one. The sound of messy, uneven footsteps rushed in, as if there were thousands of troops galloping in the forest.

"What the hell is that?" Letitia asked as she followed closely behind Zen, looking a little nervous.

She had stayed in the fairy palace for so long now, and she would only occasionally look at the divine land through the enchanted barrier. From time to time, she'd see a few beasts with horrible auras, but those beasts didn't dare approach the enchanted barrier. The fairy palace was like a safe retreat away from the world.

"I don't know. It's probably the beasts out in the Swirl Forest!" Zen said with a frown.

What Zen was worried about weren't the beasts.

Right now was a sensitive time for Zen and Joy. They couldn't let anyone in the divine land discover where they were.

If Nicholas and the others found out that they were hiding out in this fairy palace, the situation would become even more troublesome.

Bang!

The tree trunk closest to the edge of the enchanted barrier exploded into hundreds of tiny wooden pieces.

He saw two people emerge from the tree trunk. They immediately rushed toward the fairy palace at a very fast speed.

Behind them was a large group of huge apes! They were being chased!

Each huge ape measured at least seven thousand feet, and looked like a moving mountain. Every time they stomped the ground, a footstep-crater was left behind. The apes were so heavy their movements felt like earthquakes. Their bodies were huge and yet their movements so agile. They ragingly ran after the two people at a mad pace, using both their hands and feet.

The person in front had long hair and a wide face. As he dashed forward crazily, he yelled, "Fuck! Why the hell are there so many apes? I said that we should have gone to the fairy palace first! That way we would've avoided running into such big problems!"

Behind the first person in line was a boy.

The boy sat on a cyan ox's back, which was also galloping insanely.

"Those golden haired creatures have caught up to us," the boy said calmly. As he spoke, he also stood up on the cyan ox and lifted the fishing rod in his hand. His eyes narrowed slightly, flashing a murderous look.

Whoosh!

At that moment, a few golden lights suddenly flashed from the crowd of the huge apes.

Several golden small apes jumped down from the giant apes' backs and began pouncing on the two people.

In comparison to the apes, which were like seven or eight thousand feet high mountains, the golden apes were only small in comparison. Despite that, the four golden apes were still over 30 feet tall, much taller than the boy and the man with long hair!

"Humph!"

The boy snorted coldly, and he swung the rod in his hand with all his might!

Swish, swish, swish!

A light golden fishing line was immediately cast out!

Puff, puff, puff!

Of the four golden apes that pounced toward them, three of the beasts were seriously injured. Blood gushed from their bodies, forming puddles the size of lakes around their feet.

With the boy's strength, upon casting the fishing line, he caused ultimate injury. He was so powerful that even if a consummate True God was hit by his attack, they'd be seriously injured. As the golden fishing line sliced at the apes, it left cuts on their bodies.

Despite their injuries, one of the golden apes relied on its strong instinct to avoid the fishing line thrown out by the boy and rushed toward him instead.

It was then that the golden ape stretched out its fluffy big hand to catch the boy. The boy suddenly yet calmly blurted out, "Go."

The boy on the cyan ox immediately disappeared.

"Hey! Wait for me!"

As the long haired man saw the boy use the spatial transference and appear in front of him, his face was full of indignation. As he jumped up, he also disappeared from his spot.

As they continuously flashed using the spatial transference in order to move forward, the two of them got closer and closer to the fairy palace's enchanted barrier!

"Is... Is that... Gus?"

Zen said, who had been standing behind the enchanted barrier, with his eyes wide open. The two individuals were moving so quickly that it was hard to tell.

Zen didn't know Hallet, though.

He had once fought with Augustus on the True Path. He had a deep impression of Gus, and thus he recognized him in a single glance.

Joy, who was standing beside Zen, smiled and said, "Yeah, that's Hallet and Augustus!"

"Can they even come inside? Should I open the enchanted barrier for them?" As he watched the scene before him, Zen immediately became anxious.

Before opening the enchanted barrier, Zen had to send everyone in the fairy palace to the training tower. Otherwise, when the space in the fairy place was connected to the space outside, Letitia, Lavender, and the rest would turn into life vitality and disappear.

Chapter 2395 Teach Zen A Lesson

Now, looking at their momentum, Zen was very conflicted.

Back then, when Estelle left the fairy palace, the enchanted barrier failed to stop her.

However, Zen had no idea whether she escaped because she had broken the enchanted barrier or perhaps she had a secret method to go through it.

If a consummate True God could tear open the enchanted barrier, they could easily connect the space of the divine land with that of the fairy palace which would cause some grave consequences.

As he worried about what could happen, Saul came out to console him, "Master, don't worry. They can enter this enchanted barrier freely."

Hearing Saul's words calmed down Zen, allowing him to focus on other things.

His family resided in the fairy palace. They were the most important people to him. Naturally, he could not allow any accidents to happen.

As the two men gradually approached the enchanted barrier, their speed did not decrease at all.

Gus, who was rushing in the front, suddenly flipped his hand and a small token appeared in his hand.

A wind token!

Zen saw the token immediately and gave it a good look.

The eight tokens-- of water, fire, thunder, wind, mountain, valley, earth, and heaven--all had different uses and advantages. Among them, the wind token was the first token Zen had obtained, and the only use of this token seemed to be to dodge the two huge puppets in the fairy palace, so that he could enter the fairy palace safely.

After Zen obtained the recognition of Saul, the wind token didn't have much use to him anymore. Moreover, he had already managed to enter the fairy palace several times by passing through the space node in the valley of the Eastern Region. Later, after he got the mountain token, he could then eventually return to the fairy palace directly.

He never would have guessed that the wind token would have such use.

As soon as Gus took out his token, he headed straight towards the enchanted barrier. As the indestructible enchanted barrier slightly fluctuated, it somehow engulfed Gus' body entirely.

At the same time, the boy riding the cyan ox also raised a wind token and entered through the enchanted barrier in a similar manner.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Just then, the apes that chased after them arrived and left big gaping holes on the ground outside the enchanted barrier.

Among them, several golden apes looked quite indignant. They pounded hard on their chests and showed their teeth to the two people at the other side of the enchanted barrier, trying to provoke them.

"Wow... These damn apes are really hard to deal with." The long haired man gasped.

"Gus, Hal, long time no see," said Saul, greeting them with smiles.

Gus was the shortened version of Augustus, while Hal was the nickname of Hallet. Quite familiar with them, Saul addressed them with their nicknames to show friendliness.

After Augustus and Hallet greeted Saul, they never lost their focus on Zen. Then they looked at Joy who was beside Zen, and then they saw Letitia, Lavender behind him. Not far away, Freya and Aura also heard the news and rushed over to see it for themselves.

"Isn't this Zen? Shouldn't you have gone to the Everest Spirit Mountain? Why are you in the fairy palace? This... You are the Demi-holy Being of the Han clan!" Augustus' widened his eyes at the sight of the legendary Zen. He was no stranger to Zen's rising fame and success.

Hallet was also stunned, trying to keep his jaw from dropping.

After they heard Harold's words from the Floating Island, they began to act.

They left the Floating Island of the Gu Clan with no clue what had happened in the Time Sea. All things considered, the last person they thought they'd meet was Zen in the fairy palace.

"Long time no see!" Joy nodded at them.

She also knew Hallet and Augustus quite exceptionally.

"Augustus and Hallet, nice to meet you!" Zen cupped his hands and greeted them with good intentions.

Although he had heard of them long ago, this was the first time the three had ever gathered in person.

After the short greeting, Zen casually invited them inside to have a friendly chat.

"Wait," Augustus suddenly waved his hand and took a look at Zen with fierceness in his eyes. "Zen! I remember I said before that after you went to the divine land, I would spar with you!"

Hearing this, Hallet curled his lips. He knew Gus' personality: always ready to get what he wanted without ever caring about the appropriateness or the occasion.

However, Hallet didn't stop him. Augustus was rash, but he also knew when to stop. For some reason, Hallet was also curious about Zen's strength, and if he was worthy enough to be entrusted with the entire fairy palace.

But before Zen could even answer, Augustus' body disappeared in a flash and reappeared right behind Zen.

The clone left in the True Path by Augustus was not that powerful.

Now, he was fighting Zen with his level of a consummate True God!

"Phew!"

As soon as Augustus appeared behind Zen, he flipped his hand and brought down his arm without any hesitation.

In the Time Sea, Zen had relied on the jade seal to suppress all of the consummate True Gods, but he was only a low-rank True God who had proven a Godly Way recently. The gap between his strength and the strength of a consummate True God was enormous. He had no idea how he could avoid this upcoming attack.

Before he could react, Augustus' hand had hit Zen's back with a huge pounding force.

"Bang!"

With the huge force against him, Zen's entire body involuntarily fell forward.

Seeing that he was about to fall, he put his hands on the ground, did a somersault, and then stood firmly onto the ground like nothing had happened, "Gus, now is not a good time to spar."

However, it was as if Augustus didn't hear a thing. He gritted his teeth and laughed sinisterly. "You didn't give me a chance to talk last time!"

On the True Path, Zen was afraid that Augustus would counterattack, so he cut off the body Augustus had left on the True Path. It was not until the body which was formed by Dark and Light energies only had half part left that Zen allowed Augustus to speak. Ever since then, Augustus had borne a deep "grudge" against Zen which was not going away anytime soon.

All he wanted to do was teach Zen a lesson.

Once he finished speaking, Augustus disappeared once again.

"Bang!"

A punch to Zen's stomach sent him flying backwards and against a wall.

But before Zen could even land on the ground, Augustus flashed and actually appeared under Zen. He then threw a forceful uppercut that sent Zen on another whirlwind of pain.

"Bang! Bang! Bang..."

Augustus' body constantly flashed in the air. Zen was like a ball in the air, thrown by him back and forth, without any strength or willpower to fight back.

"Zen seems to have nothing special," said Hallet with a chuckle as he looked at Zen in the air. "He seems to only be good at sustaining beatings."

"Hey! Stop it! Who do you think you are! How could you beat him as soon as you met each other? That's just immature." Seeing things unfold so quickly, Letitia felt very sad for Zen who was being made into a ball.

On the other hand, Lavender didn't say a thing. Although she couldn't tell how powerful the two were, she didn't feel that Augustus bore any ill attention. Despite how it seemed, she could tell that his attacks were well controlled and not intended to harm Zen.

"Bang! Bang! Bang..."

As Zen was hit back and forth like this, he began to feel a little nauseated.

It was a good thing that he had the Redemption Armor, so he wasn't hurt by Augustus' attacks.

But despite this, he was not at all pleased to be fooled around in such manner.

However, he couldn't even see Augustus considering his speedy movement. How could he fight back?

'He's at the back!' Zen thought.

As he struggled in midair, he turned around and tried to grab Augustus by the neck.

He was thinking of all the things he'd do to Gus when he finally captured him.

Lucky for him, Zen was right. However, Augustus began to float away from Zen and appeared above him. He was about to stomp on Zen!

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

Because he was so dizzy and tired of this game, Zen had no choice but to use Eight Smoky Melodies. He floated like a piece of paper.

"Does it work? Remember this is the cultivation method I recommended for you!" Augustus let out a loud laugh, trying to stomp onto Zen's body with no mercy.

But the moment his foot collided with Zen's body, he felt something wrong. He saw a trace of incomprehensible truth from Zen, and his face began to show fear instead of excitement.

With that trace of truth, together with the bodily movement skills of the Eight Smoky Melodies, Zen dodged Augustus' foot with no extra movements. Just then, he stretched out and gripped Augustus' leg firmly. "Gus." He smiled. "I guess it's my turn now!"

Chapter 2396 Truth Of Dark And Light Chaos

Still in the air, Zen sent Augustus spiraling down with a roll of his body.

He had been preparing for this for a long time. Therefore the power of his strikes should never be underestimated.

Caught off guard, Augustus wasn't even able to react to this surprise attack.

Bang!

Quietly, Augustus just lay in a huge pit, eyes staring out in awe at what just happened.

Just then, Zen landed steadily at the edge of the pit. A faint smile appeared on his face, and a hint of excitement flashed from his eyes.

When he used the Eight Smoky Melodies a few moments before, Zen discovered that he could fuse the Truth of Godly Way into this particular skill.

Although Zen had been considering the use of the Truth of Godly Way recently, he wasn't in a hurry to totally grasp it as the side hall was occupied by Joy. Thus, his understanding of the Truth of Godly Way was still very shallow, and it didn't even amount to Geoffrey's understanding of it.

However, the principle of the Eight Smoky Melodies was free to be used. So while employing it, Zen managed to fuse the Truth of Godly Way as if it were an instinct already.

Unlike Joy who had understood half of the Truth of Godly Way, Zen had no idea that the Truth of Godly Way had to follow the natural course.

Now that he was fully aware and capable of harnessing this great power, it excited him to have a new skill.

At the beginning, Letitia had been very angry with the sparring, but seeing Zen smash Gus into the ground left a smile on her face. 'Serves you right, ' she thought to herself.

"This is... The Truth of Godly Way! Where in the world did you learn it?" Hallet's eyes were full of disbelief.

On the other hand, Augustus was just about to ask the same thing but he was frozen in shock. He opened his mouth to speak but closed it soon after so he didn't look too stupid.

Although his original plan was to pull punches to let Zen have a counterattack, he was a consummate True God, anyway.

Originally he wanted to teach Zen a lesson, but it turned out that it was the other way around. It was too embarrassing for Augustus.

He didn't care about Zen. To him, Zen was a young boy from the universe. Even if he had inherited the fairy palace, he was a mere newcomer to the divine land. Would he even be so lucky to already have the opportunity to learn the Truth of Godly Way? This was unfair!

The Truth of Godly Way was considered such a rare thing in the divine land. Even the Holy Beings rarely had the chance to learn about it, not to mention the consummate True Gods.

In fact, both Augustus and Hallet had already learned about the Truth of Godly Way years ago.

Back then, Holy Jay had handed a golden Sanskrit word to Bromley. Then, Bromley spent much time prying into its deepest secrets, and eventually obtained an abridged cultivation method from it. This came to be Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, something that Bromley cultivated himself.

This particular cultivation method was translated from the Sanskrit, but it was only a small portion found at the middle of the entire text.

But Bromley, with his remarkable skill and talent, had already arranged an array of Eight Diagrams to calculate it. With the help of Mike's calculation abilities, he managed to complete the entirety of the text soon enough.

The Truth of Godly Way was so refined that a single mistake in wording would affect it altogether, causing it to lose its power.

This particular Truth of Godly Way, revised intricately by Bromley, was certainly not the real Truth of Godly Way. However, it was extremely powerful and had to be used with caution.

The Godly Ways that were cultivated by Hallet and Augustus were all passed down from Bromley. They benefited a lot as they cultivated the Truth of Godly Way revised by their talented, skillful master.

Though the two disciples were completely pleased with it already, Bromley still had a few doubts and worries. "This Truth of Godly Way is just a small paper boat that has been patched by me," he warned. "You might sail a distance in the boundless ocean, but it will sink one day. It's impossible to cross the great ocean in this way."

Hallet's and Augustus' cultivation bases were at the consummation of True God Realm. With this, the great ocean beyond the Godly Ways was something they had to consider after becoming Holy Beings, so they didn't think too much about it in the present. It was already very lucky for them to get the Truth of Godly Way from their master.

With the help of their makeshift Truth of Godly Way, they were basically invincible in the Arena of Legends. Barely anyone could match their strengths and power.

The two of them grew very proud of their Truth of Godly Way.

On the other hand, Zen had only been to the divine land for a few years. They were puzzled with his ability to know the new Truth of Godly Way.

Zen didn't answer their question. He shrugged and said with an awkward smile, "Well, let's just head out to the palace first, shall we?"

Augustus climbed up from the pit, still embarrassed and infuriated. He paid attention to Hallet's expression and casually asked, "Why don't we spar again?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Hallet glared at him in annoyance, "That's enough!" He rolled his eyes, completely done with Augustus' attitude.

After Hallet had snapped, Augustus decided to just keep quiet and obediently follow behind him.

On their way into the fairy palace, Hallet asked Zen why he stayed in the fairy palace instead of going to the Everest Spirit Mountain.

Zen, not wanting to make it a big deal, kept it short and explained what had happened after he entered the Floating Island.

"What! You're the anonymous guy everyone's talking about?!"

Gus just listened, bewildered as Zen told them about his consecutive wins in the Arena of Legends. His voice was as loud as thunderclaps, echoing in the square of the fairy palace.

Hallet, with an angry look in his eyes, said, "Don't mind this idiot. Just continue."

"After I received Harold's message, I decided to go and visit the Everest Spirit Mountain, but the Astronomical Transit Day came before that and I was invited by the Sun Blind race. In the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Rachelle and others..." Zen continued.

As he told them about the jade seal, Augustus proclaimed loudly once again, "You snatched that jade seal from Rachelle! What a good job!"

It was obviously sarcastic, and Hallet couldn't stand Augustus anymore. He pointed to the direction of the weapon refining workshop where Livingston was doing a hard day's work.

"What's that? An iron man? A puppet? Shit! What a weak puppet..."

Hiss!

As Augustus remained distracted, an invisible fish line shot from Hallet's fishing rod and tied up Augustus' legs. As he brandished the fishing rod lightly, Augustus circled into the air and was dropped into the pond nearby.

Hallet let out a small chuckle and turned back to Zen. "Go on with your story please."

Looking over his shoulder, Zen felt a little sorry for Augustus, but continued on with his story nonetheless.

He explained to them how he had managed to escape.

When he mentioned Estelle's use of the Scepter of Gods' Silence, Hallet stopped in his tracks. "So... it was because of you."

Since the entire divine land had been silenced by the power of the scepter, no one had escaped the influence including Hallet and Augustus. After that, they realized the fact that Estelle had been released from the dungeon.

"But, if I may ask, where did you learn the Truth of Godly Way?" Hallet'd been waiting to ask that question since he saw Zen use it the first time.

He knew how difficult it was to get the Truth of Godly Way, so he was really curious as to how Zen was able to get it.

Even though many of the golden Sanskrit words had already been discovered, only a few of them were deciphered correctly, while only a handful were considered valuable.

"I think I should be thanking my son for this," Zen said with a proud smile.

Hearing this, Hallet's eyes grew wider and he was struck with confusion.

Although he didn't say anything about it, he already knew that Zen had moved his family here when he saw the several beautiful women residing in the fairy palace. Zen had the right to do this, so no one really bothered him for doing so.

But did the Truth of Godly Way have anything to do with Zen's son?

A few minutes later, Zen led Hallet into the side hall. He pointed at the golden Sanskrit words hanging on the wall and said, "The Truth of Godly Way was deciphered by my son from the golden Sanskrit words left by our master," he explained. "I actually didn't know this until I returned to the fairy palace."

Hearing this, Hallet's jaw dropped and he let out a little gasp. His gaze fell on Geoffrey who was not too far away from them. "He is only 16 years old," Hallet processed. "How was he able to decipher the golden Sanskrit words?"

Joy smiled softly. She had felt the same way earlier. She said, "Why not ask him to write a translation for you?"

She neatly tucked away what Geoffrey translated for her, not wanting to share it with the rest.

On the sidelines, Geoffrey grew quite curious about Hallet all along the way as he watched him riding his ox and throwing Augustus into the pond.

His attention immediately perked up as he heard them speaking about him.

"Kid, do you mind writing another translation of the golden Sanskrit words for me?" Hallet asked politely.

A faint smile appeared on Geoffrey's face. He looked quite shy and hesitant, but he responded, "Of course I can. It's not that hard, but..." He stopped for a while and eventually smiled, "Is there any benefits for me to do that?"

Chapter 2397 More Than A Thousand Puppets

For Geoffrey, it wasn't difficult to decipher the six golden Sanskrit words.

He studied the boy and the long-haired man in front of him. The both of them looked sharp and extraordinary, and Geoffrey knew for a fact that they were the two other disciples of his father's master, so he really didn't mind wringing them for some treasures.

"No problem!" Without hesitation, Hallet drew a palm-sized bottle gourd from his space ring and showed it to Geoffrey.

It was a purple-golden color and had two green leaves by the end of its vine.

"What does it do?" Geoffrey asked curiously. He was very excited to see the bottle gourd, but he tried his best to appear nonchalant.

"This is called the Purple-golden Creating Gourd. It has a world inside it, and it can make you double the result with half the effort when you are cultivating," said Hallet. "Since you can't leave the fairy palace, you must be very bored. The world within the Purple-golden Creating Gourd is much larger than a great world and there are countless secondary creatures in it. Moreover, there is a large lake in the Purple-golden Creating Gourd filled with erosive water. If you drive the Purple-golden Creating Gourd to absorb an ordinary low-rank True God into it, they would be incinerated in an instant! More importantly, you can use this Purple-golden Creating Gourd without refining it."

Geoffrey was sold.

He truly was bored staying in the fairy palace all the time. He was young and he wanted to wander around and explore the world around him. He lived a very comfortable life, yes, but staying in the fairy palace was just as boring as being in prison.

Although Geoffrey wanted the Purple-golden Creating Gourd badly, he schooled his face to not show his excitement. "This Purple-golden

Creating Gourd is very common. Do you have any other treasures?"

But Hallet was a smart man.

When he heard this, he put the gourd back into his space ring and sniffed, "Forget it! It's okay if you don't like it."

Geoffrey's eyes widened. "No, please don't! Deal!" Then his eyes fell on Augustus, who just struggled to his feet. "But there are two of you. You're the only one who can see my translation."

Hallet turned to Augustus and smirked. "You have a lot of scrap metals, don't you? Pick one for this little boy."

"I don't accept scrap metals!" Geoffrey huffed.

"Don't listen to him. They are not scrap metals!"

Augustus said unhappily before giving Geoffrey a toothy grin. "Well, I'm also very generous. I'll give you a puppet for combat!"

Swoosh!

As soon as he patted his pocket, a brown light flashed and a ten feet tall humanoid puppet appeared in front of them.

The puppet's bronze body glinted under the light. It looked like it had been aged for a long time and its body gave off the feeling of extreme power.

"This puppet looks amazing!"

It looked amazing, indeed. Even Zen felt a bit jealous as soon as he saw it. He wanted one too.

"Bromley has mastered the best puppet techniques, and his disciple has mastered them as well!" exclaimed Joy excitedly, admiration swimming in her eyes.

Bromley was a miracle in the eyes of many Holy Beings. He was almost omnipotent in pill and weapon refining, and he had no difficulty in doing pretty much anything. Plus, his attainments in puppet refining were also profound.

Augustus' heart swelled when he heard her praise. "Master Joy, one doesn't need to become its master to use it. Its combat strength is equivalent to a mid-rank True God's. I have many other powerful puppets. Do you want to see them?"

"Really?" Joy asked with great interest.

"Please don't, please don't..." Hallet interrupted when he heard Augustus' offer, but it was too late.

When Augustus patted his pocket again, streaks of light shot out of it.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Puppets of different shapes filled the side hall one by one, and more puppets appeared in the yard in front of the main hall of the fairy palace. There were more than a thousand puppets surrounding them.

"Not again..." Hallet muttered helplessly.

"These puppets are so powerful!" Letitia's eyes widened in shock.

Even Lavender, who was a world lord, was shocked at the sight of the powerful puppets.

Each of these seemingly silly puppets was intimidating and could easily tear her apart.

She couldn't help but admire Hallet, Augustus and the woman called Joy. They were all extremely powerful warriors!

Augustus lazily patted a blue-golden puppet warrior by its side. "This puppet is called Laird. Even if it meets a consummate True God, it has the power to fight. It has super speed..."

In the beginning, Zen and others were also flabbergasted upon hearing that. Augustus' puppet techniques were indeed supreme in the divine land. As he took out all the puppets, even some consummate True Gods would find it hard to deal with them.

But soon after, they understood why Hallet was trying to stop Augustus.

This guy seemed to be in a state of intoxication after he released the puppets. He introduced the puppets one after the other in detail!

If Augustus were to introduce all of the puppets in detail, it'd be two days before he finished.

"Enough!"

Hallet shouted, unable to bear it anymore. "Put these puppets away!"

Whoosh!

He lifted the fishing rod in his hand, and an invisible line spread a terrible wave.

Knowing well that his words fell on deaf ears, Hallet got ready to fight Augustus again.

Augustus, on the other hand, looked at the puppets sadly. It had been a long time since he had the opportunity to show his puppets to others. How he wished he could show off in front of Zen!

Scowling at Hallet, Augustus reluctantly patted his waist. In an instant, all the puppets turned into streaks of light and returned to their place in his pocket.

Now, the space around them was empty save for the one puppet beside Geoffrey.

Geoffrey touched the puppet beside him carefully. "Master Augustus, you say the puppet is more powerful than a mid-rank True God. Won't it defeat my father if I control the puppet?"

"Defeat your father?" Augustus glanced at Zen and smiled wryly.

It was true that with this battle puppet, one could defeat an ordinary mid-rank True God. However, the previous fight between him and Zen had already made Augustus realize that Zen was by no means an ordinary mid-rank True God.

In Augustus' eyes, even a top-rank True God would be unable to defeat Zen now.

Geoffrey, however, didn't think too much about the answer. He liked the two gifts from Augustus and Hallet very much.

Fulfilling his part of the agreement, Geoffrey took out his pen, unfolded a piece of soft white paper, and began to translate the six Golden Sanskrit words.

To a certain extent, Augustus and Hallet kept suspecting Zen's words.

It was hard for them to believe that the little boy before them could decipher the group of Golden Sanskrit words that even their master couldn't crack. It also didn't help that what he deciphered was a mind method of Truth of Godly Way.

But then again, seeing is believing.

So when Geoffrey started writing the words one after the other, they recited them.

In no more than twenty words, the two of them changed colors and felt a streak of the Truth of Godly Way slowly pressing down on their souls.

This was how they felt when they cultivated the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos given by their master.

However, in the opening chapter of the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, the Truth of Godly Way was not very strong, and it was far from being as powerful as that contained in the words written down by Geoffrey.

Chapter 2398 Non-combat Zone

Originally, the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos was written by Bromley by using backstepping based on his own knowledge and experience.

He had deciphered the middle part of the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos according to some golden Sanskrit words.

But since not every word of this part was a hundred percent correct, the Truth of Godly Way contained within it was greatly weakened.

On the other hand, the Truth of Cultivation Nature, which Geoffrey previously deciphered, was a complete text. With his natural talent for interpreting great texts, the power of the Truth of Cultivation Nature that he had cracked was horrifying.

Now, as if bewitched, Hallet and Augustus continued to read the words written by Geoffrey one by one, and their eyes hung onto the tip of Geoffrey's brush, not willing to stop at all.

Letitia's face was filled with a mixture of pride and relief when she saw this.

Before, when Immortal Book had talked about the value of the golden Sanskrit words and about Geoffrey's great talent in deciphering them, Letitia had had her doubts.

Although she had been happy to hear those words, she had wondered if Immortal Book was overestimating her son or playing up his abilities.

After all, Geoffrey was still a little boy. Even if he was talented, how could he have made such exaggerated achievements all of a sudden?

Not to mention that in her eyes, True Gods like Hallet and Augustus were far superior.

Even if she thought that Supreme Lords were extremely powerful, they were nobodies when compared to the True Gods. So, this situation hadn't made sense to her at all.

When Zen had come back to the fairy palace with Joy, Letitia had noticed the two of them paying a lot of attention to the words on the paper deciphered by Geoffrey.

After that, when she had been in bed with him, she had asked him how powerful Joy was.

Zen had told her that there were countless True Gods in the divine land and yet Joy was someone that all the True Gods looked up to.

But this woman, whom all the True Gods admired, had been reading something written by Geoffrey for half a month. How could Letitia not be proud of her son?

Now, another two disciples of Zen's master had suddenly shown up at the fairy palace. The two warriors were strange but the power they exuded didn't seem to be much less than Joy's. And these warriors were also stunned by the words written by Geoffrey.

It seemed that Immortal Book hadn't been talking nonsense after all—the mind method of this Truth of Godly Way was more important than Zen himself.

'But for me, my child and my husband are the most important, ' Letitia thought as she looked at Zen and Geoffrey in silence.

A short while later, Geoffrey had written a thousand more words.

Soon, both Hallet and Augustus met a bottleneck just like Zen had.

They found the words increasingly difficult to recite as the Truth of Godly Way hidden in them was constantly impacting their souls.

Hallet, who had excellent talent and a refined cultivation base, had already read more than 1, 400 words.

He looked like a man who was able to persevere and complete any task. However, one of his greatest strengths was knowing when to advance and when to retreat. He knew that comprehending the Truth of Godly Way wasn't something that could be forced, so he paused.

Augustus, on the other hand, continued reading those words with clenched teeth and a pained expression on his face.

Shocked by the look on Augustus's face, Geoffrey stopped for a moment. He glanced at Augustus with concern, and then continued.

Unexpectedly, while Augustus continued reading the words, the soul pressure he was exuding gradually increased. His long and messy hair began to flutter in the wind, and a word was about to appear between his eyebrows. It seemed that he had lost control over himself.

If the full soul pressure of a consummate True God was fully activated, Letitia, Geoffrey, Lavender, and the several others present wouldn't be able to resist it.

Zen and Joy looked at each other, worried.

Joy prepared herself to protect everyone. But before she could take a step, Hallet murmured, "This idiot has lost his mind again!"

As he spoke, he waved the fishing rod in his hand and gave a sharp tap on the word on Augustus' forehead. It seemed that he was used to using more violent means.

Bang! A loud sound resonated through the side hall.

The impact of the fishing rod knocked Augustus to the floor, and he passed out. Then, Hallet dragged him out of the hall.

The next day, Augustus silently sat next to Hallet, his forehead still red and swollen. Depression was written all over his face.

"Zen, according to our master's instruction, once you enter the Everest Spirit Mountain, we have to return to the Swirl Forest and try to find a way to become the controllers of this forbidden area," said Hallet, fixing his eyes on Zen. He held the fishing rod with one hand, trying to catch the huge goldfish in the pond.

"Well, things didn't go smoothly," Zen said.

To begin with, Joy had never been a part of Mike's plan as he hadn't wanted her to get involved in this matter. He had only hoped that she could help Zen while he was in the divine land. However, he hadn't expected things to develop the way they did in the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Contrary to Mike's plan, Zen hadn't been able to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain and he'd had to return to the fairy palace with Joy.

"I don't know what Holy Mike has planned next. What about you?" asked Hallet.

Zen shook his head and his shoulders drooped in dejection. He didn't know his father's arrangements either.

It was said that spectators saw the most of the game. Zen was the leading man of Mike's arrangements, and yet he knew the least.

This had happened all the time during his time in the Evolutionary Universe. Zen had known less about his father's plan than even Rocher.

He had thought that things would change in the divine land. But even though he now had some sort of guidance, he still felt like a headless chicken dashing around.

Perhaps things hadn't gone according to plan was because his father didn't have as much control over the divine land as he had over the universe. Whatever it was, Zen had been unable to smoothly enter the Everest Spirit Mountain.

"With all due respect, although Holy Mike is miraculous and his Evolution Godly Way is amazing, he can't accurately predict every single thing that occurs in the divine land. There are countless variables, after all," said Hallet without any hesitation. He had a thorough understanding of the current situation. "Judging by the date you entered the divine land, I think his plan was logical and reasonable. It was right around the time when the True Gods were fighting over the rankings of the Floating Islands and the Time Sea Forbidden Land was about to open."

Just then, his fishing rod shook slightly before drooping down at the end. A fish was hooked.

Hallet gently flicked the fishing rod and a big carp flew out of the water. Then, with another flick of his fishing rod, he threw the carp back into the pond. After that, he added, "If I were Harold, waiting for you in the Everest Spirit Mountain, I would definitely take you somewhere important.

I would take you to a place that was either holding or about to hold an activity. Considering that, it's not that hard to guess Holy Mike's plan. Harold is supposed to take you to... the Sunrest Tree."

"The Sunrest Tree?" Zen asked with a bewildered expression on his face.

"The Sunrest Tree is located in the west of the divine land; it is the place where the sun falls. It is the stronghold of the Sword Clan and the debate venue," Hallet explained. "There are still two years left before a new round of debate over the Godly Ways will begin. If I'm not wrong, Harold is supposed to take you to participate in it."

A smile spread across Hallet's face at this moment. "Maybe Harold has some Truth of Godly Way to teach you."

"But your father made a mistake. You didn't go to Everest Spirit Mountain. And what is more surprising is that the Truth of Godly Way decoded by your son is probably more powerful than what your father has prepared for you!" Augustus couldn't help chipping in after keeping silent for a while.

"Shut up," Hallet warned coldly.

Augustus fell into silence again. Apparently, Hallet always had a way to deal with Augustus.

Anyway, Zen wasn't disheartened by Augustus' words as he was still pondering over what Hallet had just told him.

All he knew was that there were four divine trees in the divine land and that the Dongfang Clan had occupied the Ray Tree.

The Sword Clan, which ranked second among the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, also possessed one of the divine trees—the Sunrest Tree.

"So you're saying that Harold will definitely go to the Sunrest Tree?" Zen asked.

"I think so," answered Hallet.

What Zen cared about was not Harold, but Yan.

"It doesn't make sense. Let's say Harold takes me to the Sunrest Tree, what if Nicholas comes there too?" Zen asked again.

A trace of disdain appeared in Augustus' eyes, as if he was ridiculing Zen's ignorance. He opened his mouth to say something, but after a stern glance from Hallet, he quickly closed it again.

"It's very simple. The Sunrest Tree is the Non-combat Zone," said Hallet in a calm voice.

Chapter 2399 The Girl On The Back Of A Bull

In the four corners of the divine land stood the four divine trees, all in different positions.

The Ray Tree helped strengthen the Dongfang Clan, which ranked first and enjoyed long lasting prosperity courtesy of the Ray Tree.

The Sunrest Tree was located in the west of the divine land, where the Sword Clan lived. Their Floating Island was ranked second in the Time Sea.

Three forces occupied the Hidden Tree, namely the Moon Sect, the War God Hall, and the Mysterious Soul Building. They worked together to form the Moon Clan, whose Floating Island ranked third.

Those top three clans were known as the most powerful above the Time Sea, and it was virtually impossible for an ordinary clan to overthrow them. Those three clans relied on the three divine trees in the divine land, which was why their resources were far richer and more abundant than those of the ordinary clans.

As for the Lofty Tree in the north of the divine land, it was a divine tree that changed constantly.

The Lofty Tree changed every once in a while—sometimes it was a place of ice and snow, and sometimes it was a hell of flames. It was certainly not a suitable place for races to live in.

As of the current divine era, the Lofty Tree gave off a strong sense of death, so its surrounding area was devoid of life as well.

Zen was stunned upon hearing Hallet's words. "Non-combat Zone? What do you mean by that?" he asked in disbelief.

He knew that there were four divine trees in the divine land, but they all stood near the edges. He had never been to those places yet.

"There is a miraculous thing in the area of the Sunrest Tree. When this thing is activated, no one is allowed to fight within the area," Hallet answered.

"No one is allowed to fight within the area?" Zen was confused. "Will I be punished if I fight someone else?"

Battles were not allowed in many areas in the divine land. The stone slabs would punish anyone who offended the rule. Such a thing was rather common.

"It's not like what you think. It's impossible to fight in the Non-combat Zone. If you enter the Non-combat Zone, you will be infected by a strange atmosphere and you will not be able to fight with others," Hallet said with a smile.

"Not even Holy Beings are exempted?" "Right, even Holy Beings are not exempted," Hallet nodded.

"I'm aware that you don't understand that feeling right now, but you will know when you are in the zone."

"The Non-combat Zone is quite unique." True to Hallet's analysis, the time when Zen had entered the divine land was very important.

His father would definitely have things planned. If he based his speculations on the timeline, then he would absolutely participate in the debate over the Godly Ways next.

He wondered whether Harold and Yan would go to the Non-combat Zone.

The Everest Spirit Mountain was a vast land.

The mountain range was ten thousand miles high, spreading around one circle after another. A tall, impossibly huge mountain stood in the middle of the mountain range.

That humongous mountain was the famous Everest Spirit Mountain.

Generally speaking, low-rank True Gods could only explore the surrounding mountains around the Everest Spirit Mountain most of the time.

At that moment, a patch of a green ancient forest in the middle of the mountain range shook violently.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

But that was not all.

Three figures suddenly shot out of the ancient forest and dashed down the mountain.

"You guys run! I'll guard the rear!" said a mid-rank True God with a large saber in his hand.

He was heavily wounded, and blood had stained the pristine white of his robe. He was more than exhausted that he now relied on his extremely strong willpower.

"No! Let's run together!" another mid-rank True God yelled back.

A small avalanche of dirt rolled along the slopes as the three mid-rank True Gods ran down the mountain ridge.

Just then, the ground seemed to quake with thunderous footsteps.

About eight fierce bulls came out of the woods and headed straight for them!

The red-eyed bulls were thickly muscled, and their sharp horns emitted wisps of black flames.

Despite their huge bodies, the bulls were quite agile on the rocky mountain slope. They even rushed towards the mid-rank True Gods in a swift and nimble manner.

Those bulls were classified as third-grade beasts in the Everest Spirit Mountain—the Brutal Bulls. They were found all over the Everest Spirit Mountain. They were hot tempered, rough and thick-skinned, and had a strong hatred for others. Very few True Gods were willing to go near these Brutal Bulls.

Those three men were the True Gods of the Bai Clan, one of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands.

They had lost contact with their clan members while they explored the Everest Spirit Mountain, and their encounter with the bulls was not the first time they had been in danger.

They never expected to come across the Brutal Bulls, and they had no choice but to run away as they were no match for those beasts.

After the three of them had run dozens of miles on the uneven mountain ridge, their leader suddenly halted.

"What are you doing?" one of the True Gods questioned. "There is no way ahead of us," he answered.

There in front of them, was a deep and huge canyon. "Good heavens…"

If the canyon was in some ordinary mountain range, then it would be nothing to the three mid-rank True Gods.

It was true that the mid-rank True Gods couldn't fly, but those True Gods from powerful clans had their own means.

They weren't afraid of heights that were even hundreds of thousands of feet.

The canyon in the forbidden area of the Everest Spirit Mountain, however, had water flowing from the unknown. Anyone who fell into the water would never return. If the three of them jumped, then they would surely die!

Boom! Boom!

It wasn't long before the Brutal Bulls finally caught up to them.

The bulls' footprints left traces of black flames as they continued to press forward towards the three mid-rank True Gods of the Bai Clan.

"Brother, what should we do?"

"Shall we jump into the water?"

"No! If we jump, we'll be dead for sure. We should fight against these Brutal Bulls. Maybe one of us can escape!"

With those words, the three of them all brought out their best weapons to fight for their lives. Red filled their eyes as they prepared to really fight for their lives.

After a while, things slightly changed. The group of Brutal Bulls now walked towards them slowly instead. The beasts occasionally glared at them with their fiery red eyes, but they didn't attack.

The three mid-rank True Gods finally cooled down. They looked at each other in confusion. They had no idea what was happening.

"What happened?"

"Why didn't they attack us?"

"The Brutal Bulls are not intelligent creatures, and they also don't have wisdom. Something is wrong..."

At that point, a clear, commanding voice cut through the air.

"Hi, which clan are you from?"

A light pink cloth shoe gently tapped on a hard surface. Lush fabric of a dress fluttered gently in the air. In front of them stood a girl who seemed to be at the age of seventeen or eighteen. She stood on the back of a bull with her tiptoes, and looked down at the True Gods with piqued interest.

"Who...who are you?"

The three mid-rank True Gods from the Bai Clan stared at the girl on the back of the bull, their faces full of vigilance.

Although the girl was truly beautiful and her innocent face shone brightly with a kind smile that was definitely far from being harmful, her sudden appearance at a dangerous circumstance seemed strange.

It looked like those Brutal Bulls were under her control. "Answer me, which clan are you from?" the girl asked indifferently and stared at the three men.

Left with no other choice because of their precarious situation, the three True Gods had to answer. The mid-rank True God who took the lead mustered his courage and answered, "We are from the Bai Clan. The Bai Clan is a powerful clan above the Time Sea. My name is Lange Bai. This is my junior brother, Jarred Bai. That is my another junior brother—"

"Wait! I didn't ask your names..."

The young girl didn't expect that the mid-rank True God would actually introduce themselves. Her eyebrows were furrowed and she looked a little helpless, but nonetheless charming. She was incomparably beautiful.

"I just want to know something from you. If you can answer me honestly, I will protect you from being in danger until you leave the Everest Spirit Mountain safely," the girl added.

Upon hearing what she said, the three mid-rank True Gods lit up with hope.

Although they didn't know who she was, she could protect them until they left because they saw how she calmed down the Brutal Bulls.

"What is it then? If I know it, I will tell you everything!" said Lange Bai as he bowed to her respectfully.

"Has anything happened in the Floating Islands after their rankings have been determined?" As she spoke, her eyes flashed with a strange light.

Chapter 2400 Inquire About The Situation

"Has anything happened on the Floating Islands after their rankings were determined?"

Lange echoed the girl's question as he was stunned after hearing it.

Almost everyone who was able to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain was a True God from one of the Floating Islands.

However, it seemed that this girl didn't know much about the Floating Islands, which meant that she must have been staying in the Everest Spirit Mountain for a long time.

And those who had been staying in the Everest Spirit Mountain for a long time could only be... The answer was clear in Lange's mind.

Right now, the Everest Spirit Mountain was under Harold's control. In other words, this girl was on Harold's side.

The girl noticed the change in Lange's expression and immediately knew what was on his mind.

Standing on the back of the Brutal Bull, she said in a cold voice, "Don't try to guess my identity. Just answer me!"

"Something big did happen not long ago!" Lange answered immediately as he couldn't afford to offend her. "It's related to the Luo Clan!"

Lange knew that this girl was a member of the Luo Clan, so he understood what she was asking. Besides, there was only one big thing that had happened on the Floating Islands recently. In fact, he felt a bit relieved because it was not hard to guess what the girl wanted to know.

There was no enmity between the Bai Clan and the Luo Clan. As long as they honestly answered the girl's questions, their lives would likely be spared.

"The Luo Clan?"

Just as he had expected, a tinge of anxiety appeared in the girl's eyes. It seemed that she really cared about the Luo Clan.

"People say that a son of Mike was smuggled into the divine land from the universe and that he infiltrated the Han Clan's Floating Island. Then, he turned into an anonymous man and set terrifying records in the Arena of Legends," Lange explained.

After the Astronomical Transit Day celebration, the True Gods had spread this news to the public, so it was not a secret anymore.

At this, the girl's face was full of undisguised concern.

She had been waiting for her brother all this time.

She had even asked Harold to pass on a message to Zen, hoping that he could come to the Everest Spirit Mountain.

According to the rules, Zen should have been able to enter the Cloud Dragon Ravine after the rankings of the Floating Islands were determined. However, nearly a month had passed after the rankings were determined, and yet he still hadn't arrived!

She had the feeling that something must have gone wrong.

But as she had been staying away from the Floating Islands, she had had no way of knowing what was happening there.

She had only been able to speculate the possible outcomes on her own. For example, if Zen's identity had been exposed to the public, he might have been secretly killed by a big clan like the Mu Clan or the Dongfang Clan. Ordinary True Gods wouldn't even know about such a matter if it happened.

After days of constantly worrying about her brother, she had finally decided to trap a few True Gods of the Bai Clan here.

However, she had never expected that a True God of the Bai Clan would willingly spit out everything she wanted to know.

"What happened then?" she asked cautiously.

"After that, he was invited to attend the Astronomical Transit Day celebration, where he was almost killed by Rachelle Mu," said Lange.

The girl's heart skipped a beat at his words.

"It's said that the consummate True God of the Dongfang Clan stopped Rachelle from killing him. Then, he managed to snatch a precious treasure from a group of consummate True Gods before leaving the Time Sea Forbidden Land," Lange continued with a puzzled look on his face.

The truth was, many True Gods from the Floating Islands had found this rumor downright ridiculous.

It was simply unbelievable for a low-rank True God to have snatched a treasure from a group of consummate True Gods. As for what had happened in the jade seal, only the consummate True Gods knew the truth, but they could never spread that information. As a result, the ordinary True Gods didn't know anything about it.

"And then?" the girl asked again.

She had always known what would happen to her brother if his true identity had been exposed.

The Holy Beings of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands would never let go of him.

"Then, Estelle Shi, the controller of the Soul Wilderness, exerted her great skill to help him. The Demi-holy Being from the Han Clan helped him escape the hands of the Holy Emperor of the Dongfang Clan by taking him through space," said Lange with a shrug.

Many people had seen this particular scene, so that was one thing they had no doubt about.

"So he has escaped."

Hearing the news, the girl finally calmed down. She took a deep breath, and a peaceful smile appeared on her face.

"Can you let us go now?" asked Lange.

The girl nodded. Then, three Brutal Bulls slowly walked toward the three True Gods.

The mid-rank True Gods of the Bai Clan became nervous when they saw the three Brutal Bulls. They were afraid that the girl wanted to kill them to prevent them from divulging her identity.

However, the girl said in a soft voice, "These Brutal Bulls will take you to the entrance."

As soon as she finished speaking, she jumped in the air like a fairy and danced in a circle before falling into the canyon behind the three True Gods. Her clothes fluttered around her as she fell.

When she was just a hundred feet away from the surface of the water at the bottom of the canyon, she suddenly stopped falling.

Then, she flew in the direction of the Everest Spirit Mountain like a nightingale.

In the south of the Everest Spirit Mountain were many wide stone houses.

The number of these stone houses had gradually increased until they had formed a small village in the forbidden land.

When the girl reached the village, she gently set her feet down onto the ground.

"Yan! You're back!" shouted a three-year-old boy from the village.

The other kids all became excited too. "Yan is back!"

Yan smiled and greeted them before hurrying to the largest stone house.

"Harold!"

When she opened the door, she realized that there were other people in the stone house. After a split-second of hesitation, she stood straight with her hands clasped behind her back and greeted respectfully, "Uncle Bryson, Uncle Ken."

"Yan, you are back!"

"How dare Harold send you to inquire about the news alone! I was going to look for you!"

Yan's uncles said, looking flustered.

Their appearances were exactly the same as those of her uncles back in C County of the Eastern Region of the Evolutionary Universe.

So naturally, when Harold had brought Yan to the Everest Spirit Mountain for the first time, she had been frightened upon seeing her two uncles. She had been cold toward them for a long time because they had been bad to her and Zen in the Evolutionary Universe.

However, she had later gotten to know that her father had just created clones of her two uncles when he had set up the Eastern Region and even given them the same names.

Of course, her two uncles in the Everest Spirit Mountain had no idea what had happened in the Luo Clan of the Eastern Region.

It could be said that the two of them had been made to be bad guys by their elder brother Mike. When they had first met their young niece, they had been puzzled about her looming hostility toward them. After Yan had explained the situation, they couldn't help but laugh. After all, it was typical of Mike to be so unkind.

"Yan is as talented and capable as Zen. The only thing she lacks is experience," said Harold in an indifferent tone. "It's better for her to do something by herself."

"Yes!" Yan said unhappily to her two uncles. "You can't worry too much about me. Otherwise, I will never grow up!"

Bryson and Ken could do nothing but shake their heads with a smile. Then Bryson asked, "What about the information you went to inquire?"

"Something happened to my brother," Yan said calmly. "Rachelle Mu figured out his identity."

"What?"

"How is he now?"

The facial expressions of Bryson and Ken changed.

At the same time, a trace of concern also appeared on Harold's face. However, Yan didn't look upset, so he knew that Zen's condition couldn't be too bad.

"He was rescued by Joy Han," Yan replied.

Hearing this, they were all relieved.

Then, Yan told them about everything she had heard.

With a worried expression, she added, "I wonder where my brother is now."

Her wish to be reunited with her brother had been so close to coming true. She had never expected that things would go wrong, so she naturally felt rather disappointed now.

Chapter 2401 Sudden Comprehension

Zen's failure to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain only further complicated the situation. Harold needed to make another deduction.

With a sigh, he had Yan reveal everything she had collected down to the smallest detail.

"The treasure that the consummate True Gods scramble for in the forbidden land must be a supreme treasure of belief."

"The supreme treasure of belief in the Time Sea… my goodness! The supreme treasure of belief in the second level is already very powerful."

Both Bryson and Ken were utterly shocked to have gotten the news—Zen managed to rob the treasure in the forbidden land from the very hands of consummate True Gods.

Even Harold looked surprised. "With Zen's strength, it's almost impossible for him to grab a treasure from the hands of the consummate True Gods. Perhaps he chanced upon a great opportunity."

With a noncommittal expression, Yan raised her head and said, "My brother is always the best, of course!"

Seeing Yan's adorable yet proud face, Bryson smiled. "Okay, it's true. In your eyes, your brother is indeed the best."

These words made Harold smile too before he sat cross-legged on the ground with his fingers rolling in the air.

Wisps of gray aura began wreathing around his right hand—it was the Faith Energy triggered by the Evolution Godly Way.

The prediction of this Godly Way was quite different from the general prediction of fate.

All sorts of prediction skills hoped to see through mysteries and get right to the truth.

It was a fairly useful move in most universes as their fate rarely changed so much. The Holy Beings who built the universes would have left some flaws, after all. Sometimes, they even gave out hints deliberately, letting the people infer the truth of the afterlife to some extent.

But the divine land was much closer than the universes—it was almost impossible to infer its future through a few flaws.

But the Evolution Godly Way's prediction did not solely rely on the divine land.

During the prediction, Harold would integrate all the possible changes into the Evolution Godly Way.

He was to create a temporary world with the help of the Evolution Godly Way. Then, he would step back and watch all the changes unfold in the world until he got the end result.

For instance, if there was a bird with an egg about to hatch, then out of that egg would surely be a baby bird. Such was the way to presuppose a reason before getting a result.

When Harold ad Rachelle faced each other in battle, Harold had thought about Rachelle's character, her use of the Murdering Godly Way, and the fact that consummate True Gods could teleport themselves. With that method, he could figure out which direction she might attack.

When it came to this process, the greater the number of variables and people involved, the more difficult things were to predict.

"Zen, Joy, Nicholas, Rachelle, the supreme treasure of belief…"

As Harold brandished his slender fingers, wisps of gray aura began transforming into certain shapes.

In the eyes of Yan, Bryson, and Ken, the gray aura seemed to be turning into translucent human shapes.

"The fairy palace…"

"Phew!"

In a second, the cloud of gray aura turned into a small fairy palace, one that Bromley built.

"Augustus."

"Hallet."

Hearing Harold's muttering, Ken asked in confusion, "What does it have to do with the two warriors of the Gu Clan?"

After a moment of thought, Bryson said, "They should have also made their moves by now. They want to control the Swirl Forest, so there's a high chance that they will meet Zen in the fairy palace!"

Hiss!

Turning over his hand, Harold crushed the fairy palace within the aura into nothing. Wearing a faint smile on his face, he continued, "Joy is an outsider. She doesn't know about our plan. As powerful as Augustus is, he has a problem in the head. Only Hallet knows our plan and considering his abilities, it's not too difficult for him to guess what we need to do next. Zen may go to the Non-combat Zone."

"But we'll have to wait for two or three years for the debate over the Godly Ways, won't we?" Yan raised her concern, looking discontented.

"You can't wait any longer?" Harold asked with an amused smile.

"That will be another few years. I've been waiting for so long," Yan said, the anger in her voice surfacing.

Even though the time flow rate in the universe was much faster than that in the divine land, Yan had left Zen while she was in the Central Region.

The several decades were equal to six years if calculated by divine land's time flow rate.

"Two years. There are still two years left. We will definitely see him by then," Harold added with a faint smile. "But I'm afraid that Zen won't have time to comprehend the passage his father left behind."

"I can do it!" Yan chimed in with a smile. "I will surpass my brother! He doesn't need to attend the debate. I can do it myself!"

The others smiled and shook their heads seeing Yan's confidence.

Of course, they didn't doubt her at all—this debate was probably going to be the most wonderful in all of history.

Meanwhile, in the fairy palace…

Zen, Hallet, and Augustus sat in the side hall, reciting the Truth of Cultivation Nature as written by Geoffrey.

It was not so easy understanding the Truth of Godly Way.

With Joy's talent, she could recite 2, 500 words within the first ten days.

But on the eleventh day, enlightenment suddenly struck her, allowing her to comprehend nearly half of the Truth of Godly Way in the next four days.

At this point, she knew she couldn't take another step further.

"To meet the will of the world, to meet the desire of the world…"

Meanwhile, Zen had managed to recite 2, 700 words of the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

Hallet and Augustus, of course, were unwilling to lag behind. Within seven days, Hallet recited 3, 000 words, even much faster than Joy did.

But he was a reasonable enough person to know when to stop—he didn't push himself when exhaustion washed over.

So occasionally, he would push open the door of the side hall, pull out his fishing rod, and situate himself by the pond, so he could fish in peace. For a few hours, he would sit there, lost in thought.

As for Augustus...

Plop!

Clenching his teeth as he recited in silence, Augustus suddenly fell to the ground and passed out completely.

"Idiot," Hallet sneered when he took a look at Augustus before going back to reciting.

Though Augustus' talent was a little higher than Hallet's, he recited without taking any breaks, not knowing when he should've stopped. In just three days, he managed to recite 2, 500 words—an achievement even more stunning than Joy's.

Nevertheless, the Truth of Cultivation Nature had to be comprehended slowly and smoothly. Rushing to quick results never brought any good.

So after barely making it to 2, 600 words, Augustus reached his limit and fainted.

But after continuous dizziness, he could clearly utter the Truth of Cultivation Nature word per word, increasing his comprehension speed remarkably. Within a short time, he managed to recite 3, 500 words.

Witnessing the scene, both Zen and Hallet were rather surprised.

"Maybe it's natural for him to do what he pleases." Hallet couldn't help but curl his mouth helplessly—he was used to seeing Augustus in such a state, having known that the latter's talent bested his own.

"Well, it's easy to merely recite the words," he said with a click of his tongue before continuing to recite.

And because he took the lead, he showed some disdain for Hallet's and Zen's progress.

"What kind of expression are you wearing?" Hallet asked in a querulous voice.

Zen turned to Augustus' triumphant expression and shook his head helplessly before focusing on his reciting once again.

But after reciting 2, 800 words, he seemed to have encountered some kind of bottleneck as well. His soul began trembling more and more severely, making it difficult for him to go on.

"The Truth of Cultivation Nature is a natural understanding. It is not created by the later generations but is a natural existence."

When he managed to memorize 2, 850 words, an idea suddenly came to his mind.

At that point, he felt that he had caught an important window of opportunity.

When the others practiced the Truth of Cultivation Nature, they used their minds. But behind the method, the truth lay in nature's real will—something that could be comprehended by using any means.

"Something unknown exists before the birth of heaven and earth. It holds no specific shape—its nature is profound and subtle and its voice cannot be heard. I can only blame it on nature." Zen raised his head as something sparked in his eyes. "I see!"

Chapter 2402 Getting Beaten

It was as if a light bulb switched itself on inside Zen's mind.

The Truth of Godly Way was extremely complicated to begin with.

One had to continually recite it in order to uncover the truth and engrave it deeply into the soul.

If one was unable to handle the Truth of Godly Way, they would naturally not be able to recite it thus making it impossible to memorize the ten thousand words by rote. Only by comprehending the meaning would one be able to truly recite and memorize it.

The more words, the more insights one could get on the Truth of Godly Way, and the more the soul was influenced.

Memorization was no easy feat. Even an outstanding consummate True God like Augustus couldn't take the pressure of the Truth Godly Way and passed out quite frequently.

The moment Zen attained enlightenment, all that unbearable pressure quickly disappeared.

Reciting the Truth of Cultivation Nature after that was so easy and as he did so, Zen felt as if his soul entered a strange world.

It was as if he was within a desolate ocean.

Specks of crystal light were scattered on the surface of an endless, blue sea.

As he took a step, an illusory boat appeared beneath his feet. There was a sense of safety that rose in his heart as he boarded the boat that would help him cross the boundless sea.

In the side hall, everyone stared at Zen in a daze.

Augustus was very fidgety in his anxiousness while Hallet tried his best to calm his mind.

Zen's pupils had lost all their luster.

He was staring blankly at the text on the Truth of Cultivation Nature, reciting it slowly and constantly, "If we don't sit in meditation, don't get jealous of the general things, don't...."

"This guy... has recited three thousand words!" Augustus exclaimed.

After breaking through the bottleneck, Augustus had been able to recite three thousand and five hundred words. He was greatly ahead in the comprehension of the Truth of Cultivation Nature compared to Hallet and Zen.

"No. I can't let this guy surpass me. He is just a low-rank True God..." Not willing to get beaten, Augustus also began to recite out loud.

The comprehension of the Truth of Godly Way required full devotion of both mind and body. Augustus had to give it his all and could not afford to be distracted.

The more anxious he was, the harder it would be for him. Unfortunately, he had already been quite buzzed with excitement early on.

A few moments later, he felt dizzy as the pressure his soul had to bear doubled. He had to stop or risk being unwell.

As for Zen...

The young man seemed to have forgotten the world around him.

He could only feel himself and the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

As Zen continued reciting, the boat underneath his feet grew larger and sturdier.

"Four thousand words..." Hallet's eyebrows twitched.

Augustus was rendered speechless.

His greatest pride was his unparalleled talent. It was main reason why he became one of Bromley's disciples after all.

Previously, Augustus thought Zen was qualified to also become Bromley's disciple solely because of his special physique. The young man, after all, was only a secondary creature. The gap between him and Zen was simply enormous in his opinion.

It was only now that Augustus realized that Zen's talent was actually way above his!

Another five minutes passed...

"Four thousand and five hundred words," Hallet remarked in wonder. "I wonder where his limit is?"

"Joy said her limit was 4900 words which is already half the passage of the Truth of Godly Way. Perhaps his limit will be about the same," Augustus murmured. It was only a bit more than his own limit. Augustus thought that maybe he would still be able to catch up.

Meanwhile, Zen continued reciting the passage at moderate speed.

At that moment, he saw an illusion appear before his very eyes.

The boat had gotten bigger. A mast, rail, and paddle appeared one after the other and integrated themselves onto the vessel.

Everything looked harmonious as the Truth Boat slowly came together.

"Four thousand and seven-hundred words," Hallet said with a smile. He was glad to see the depressed expression on Gus' face. Getting beaten every once in a while was good. It should remind him that there was always someone better than him.

Augustus scoffed with disdain. "What's so special about it? I'm pretty sure he won't be able to pass 4900 words. I'll catch up to him soon enough!"

"Four thousand and eight hundred words..."

"Four thousand and nine hundred words..."

Hallet, like Augustus, also thought that Zen would reach his limit at 4900 words.

That amount was originally considered as a pass and the vast majority of cultivators of the Truth of Godly Way would get stuck at this milestone. The only way to get past it was through more years of cultivation.

At this moment, a trace of nervousness and slight anticipation flashed in Hallet's and Augustus' eyes. Both listened attentively to Zen's voice to know if their assumptions would be correct.

To their surprise, the young man retained his speed and continued reciting in a low voice.

"Five... five thousand words already..." Hallet couldn't help but murmur in amazement.

"This guy! Ah..." Augustus also cried out, not quite believing it either.

His talent had initially been the best out of all of his master's disciples'. His master even said at one point that Augustus' talent could be ranked in the top three among the consummate True Gods in the Floating Islands. It was rare to see a man with such amazing talent in the divine land.

He also did what he could to help Zen in his cultivation since they were both fellow disciples, however, the talent Zen displayed was a bit hard to swallow for him.

After a short while...

"Six thousand words," Hallet announced calmly but the light in his eyes glistened. "Our master does have an eye for talent. We can never hope to be his match in this aspect. I wonder what he would think if he knew about Zen's performance."

Augustus merely stared at Zen in a daze, completely numb to everything.

"Seven thousand words..."

"Eight thousand words..."

Zen had now reached a higher level.

A faint, white luster now radiated off his body.

This luster was pure and seemed to merge with everything.

After reciting eight thousand words, Zen finally stopped and closed his eyes. He was still cross-legged and now appeared to be in meditation.

"It won't be long until he fully comprehends the Truth of Cultivation Nature... He is just a low-rank True God but his talent is already so extraordinary," Hallet could only sigh.

Augustus stared at Zen meditating and couldn't help himself. "He's cheating! His son cheated and he is cheating too!"

When Geoffrey completely deciphered the Truth of Godly Way, Augustus thought it was definitely ridiculous. Those golden Sanskrit words had been left behind by their master and there was no way a mere boy like Geoffrey would be able to decipher them. Augustus just simply refused to believe it.

But now, right in front of him, Zen had actually comprehended the Truth of Cultivation Nature to such an extent. It was a tough pill for Augustus to swallow.

At that moment, a loud noise came from outside the side hall. It was Geoffrey who came in with the puppet Augustus had given him.

This puppet made him quite happy and he took it with him everywhere he went around the fairy palace.

"Hush!" Hallet signaled to Geoffrey. Zen was in his meditative state and he didn't want anyone to disturb him.

"Where's my father?" Geoffrey asked. His eyes swept the entire room but he didn't see him.

Augustus pointed at Zen. "There! Can't you see?"

Zen sat upright on the floor but under the influence of the Truth of Cultivation Nature, he could appear as a chair or even a pillar in this room.

If one did not look closely, then it would be difficult to notice his existence.

This was the natural magic of the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2403 The Other Shore Realm

Geoffrey turned his head and gazed at Zen for a long time before he separated him from the surrounding scenery.

It felt surreal.

Zen was not hiding himself; he was just standing there without any disguise.

"Daddy, why did you become a pillar?"

Geoffrey asked curiously.

"He seems to have turned into a chair," Augustus laughed.

Hallet said calmly, "This is the work of Truth of Cultivation Nature. It's a wonderful state. It's quite hard to describe such a state. No wonder that skeleton can turn the Sunrest Tree region into a non-fight place. The Truth of Godly Way can reach the origin of life."

Zen's eyes flashed as all his thoughts vanished, and the Truth of Godly Way that was emitting from his body completely disappeared.

"Skeleton? What skeleton?" Zen asked curiously.

Hallet smiled, "Don't you know why the debate over the Godly Ways happens? Or you don't know the reason why Holy Mike wanted you to join the debate?"

Zen shook his head.

He had been used to this for so many years.

It seemed as if the people around him knew the truth, and only he was in a state of ignorance.

Every time he asked, they would always shake their heads mysteriously and keep him in the dark. This infuriated Zen.

Therefore, Zen stopped asking the people. He hoped that he'd find out the truth, sooner or later.

"Are you talking about the argument that arises due to the Godly Ways?" Zen said after pondering for a while.

Hallet nodded, "You're right!"

The divine land was an independent existence in the chaos. It was like an isolated island!

As more and more True Gods obtained a permanent lifespan, people started thinking about this world, such as exploration in the space, research in the field of Godly Ways, and so on.

However, it was extremely difficult to go further after they had reached the end of Godly Way.

Except for a few people who had gotten some pages of the Truth of Godly Way, others weren't able to advance any further.

Some Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, and the consummate True Gods were able to comprehend that there was indeed a vast world after the Godly Way, the Sea of Truth.

The True Gods pondered over the ways which could help them cross the Sea of Truth.

The purpose of the debate over the Godly Ways was to solve those problems that were passed down in the past countless divine eras.

Every time the debate was held, True Gods from all areas of the divine land would participate. Some people would bring all kinds of golden Sanskrit words with them.

During the debate, the True Gods would share their views and opinions about the world, express their speculations and their novel comprehension about the Godly Ways, argue with each other, and even criticize one another as the debate became heated.

Their ultimate goal was to find a breakthrough for the Godly Way.

Hearing Hallet's words, Zen enquired, "What does that have to do with the skeleton?"

Hallet said with a slight smile, "As the Sunrest Tree grew, it got attached to the skeleton. It became a place of non-fight because the Truth of Godly Way emitted from the skeleton makes sure that nobody is able to fight when they are there. Not even Holy Beings."

"Can the Truth of Godly Way possessed by a skeleton do that?" Zen was dumbfounded. His jaw dropped.

Hallet nodded.

"How powerful is that skeleton? How come its Truth of Godly Way is so terrifying?" Zen asked in shock.

Some Godly Ways could also make a warrior acquire a very strong and unique aura.

For example, Great Dominance Technique.

The True God who mastered the Great Dominance Technique dominated the area they were in. Everyone who was affected by the Great Dominance Technique would succumb to the wishes of the True God who cultivated it.

The owner of the skeleton on the Sunrest Tree had died many years ago, but not even a Holy Being could cause any harm to it, while it was attached to the tree.

Considering this, when the owner was alive, he or she would have been so powerful.

Hallet smiled and replied, "It's just a guess, but I've already defined the cultivation base of the owner of the skeleton. I'm afraid that that person had already taken the Truth Boat and crossed the boundless Sea of Truth before death."

"Crossed the Sea of Truth?" A trace of yearning appeared in Zen's eyes.

Although he had chanted eight thousand words of Truth of Godly Way and comprehended eighty percent of this mind method, he hadn't set off in the Sea of Truth yet.

"Yes, that person crossed the Sea of Truth and was able to reach the other shore," said Hallet indifferently. "It was a powerful Other Shore Realm warrior."

"Other Shore Realm!" Zen's eyes gleamed with excitement. "Was it an extraordinary creature?"

Hallet shook his head. "It's not certain yet. But for many divine eras, the Sword Clan has worshipped it as a sacred item. Even they might not be able to find out the origin of this skeleton. That's why they called for the entire divine land to debate over the Godly Ways. The Sword Clan is probably the group that is most interested in the Truth of Godly Way."

Zen nodded, "I wasn't aware of that."

"This time, the debate might be different from the previous ones, especially for you. The Truth of Godly Way Geoffrey deciphered is just too timely for you," Hallet said lightly.

"Are you and Gus not going?" Zen enquired.

Embarrassed, Augustus curled up and didn't say anything.

"That's not my concern. My aim is to help that idiot control the Swirl Forest," Hallet said, pointing at Augustus who wasn't far away.

Augustus looked irritated. "Stop calling me idiot!"

Hallet ignored him.

"Control the Swirl Forest? Just the two of you?" Zen asked in surprise.

Zen had no knowledge of how to control a forbidden land, let alone the Swirl Forest which was a sixth-grade forbidden land. Without the help of Holy Beings, it would be an uphill task for Hallet and Augustus to control the forbidden land, no matter how powerful of a duo they were.

"It's indeed quite difficult," said Hallet, shrugging his shoulders. "But our master had already thought of a way to deal with it." He pointed to the ground of the fairy palace.

"Are you referring to the thing that is buried underground? Is it enough to help you control the Swirl Forest?"

Zen suddenly recalled how he had attracted a herd of fierce beasts from the Swirl Forest, when he removed the enchanted barrier of the fairy palace. It seemed as if there was something under the fairy palace that strongly attracted the beasts towards it.

"You know about it?" Hearing this, Hallet was shocked.

"Yes, Saul told me," Zen confirmed, "but what's buried underneath?"

Zen's curiosity was piqued.

"Well, you will know about it when it is time," Hallet said with a chuckle, with no intention of unveiling the mystery.

Zen rolled his eyes and dropped the topic. He continued to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way, preparing for the debate over the Godly Ways which would take place in two years.

After playing with Augustus' puppet for a while, Geoffrey got bored and entered the gourd that Hallet gave him.

A huge world existed inside the gourd, filled with all sorts of things, including martial arts and inheritance. Geoffrey occasionally jumped out of the gourd to inform Letitia that he was safe. Most of the time, he was wandering in the world of the gourd.

This gourd was an extremely valuable treasure for cultivation. In the next two years, his cultivation base had increased rapidly. It had only taken him four months to reach the Virtual Tribulation Realm from Internal Elixir Realm, and another six months to reach the Life and Death Realm. His cultivation base was catching up to Letitia's!

Joy had been out once during these two years to inquire about news on the Floating Islands. When she heard about the Purple Soul Hall being dissolved, she was distraught. After all, it was her fruit of painstaking efforts. She had gone all out to make things better, but in the end, all her efforts were in vain after she got injured.

However, Joy was very pleased with what Hallet had to say.

During these two years, Hallet and Augustus would occasionally stay inside the fairy palace to learn the Truth of Godly Way, but mostly, they went in and out of the fairy palace, busying with something else. Every time they entered the fairy palace, Hallet would have one more light golden fish line on his fish rod. He would tie the fish line to the pavilion in the fairy palace, and then would leave with Augustus.

The other end of the fish line was tied somewhere in the Swirl Forest. When Zen asked its exact location, Augustus would only give a goofy grin. Frustrated, Zen simply stopped asking.

To the True Gods, two years was as short as the blink of an eye.

Snow was swirling in the west of the divine land.

With the cold winter wind howling, the most magnificent debate over Godly Ways was about to commence in the Sunrest Tree. Most of the True Gods anticipated that this year's debate would prove as fruitless as the previous ones. But suddenly, things took an unexpected turn.

Chapter 2404 Embarking On A Journey

This time the winter was so cold and intense that the snow engulfed almost half the divine land, with the Time Sea located in the center.

It was the biggest snow of this divine era.

The entire Swirl Forest was covered with thick, soft snow. The huge trees, towering at a thousand feet high, also looked majestic as they were cloaked in white.

All the women, including Letitia, Lavender and Aura, stood at the entrance gate of the fairy palace. They had assembled to say their farewells to Zen.

"Zen..."

There were too many things that Letitia wanted to say, but all of a sudden she became speechless. She just kept looking at Zen.

She was well aware that Zen had many priorities and obligations to fulfill. Hence, she was treasuring every second she spent with him. Despite her dread over their separation day, she knew she must be strong in order to motivate Zen to fulfill what he was destined for.

"This time, I won't be gone for long." Zen smiled ruefully.

Letitia nodded sadly while saying, "This time, Aura and I will enter the training tower together."

Previously, with their existing talents and skills, they had very limited chances of becoming proving godly warriors.

Once in the tower, it was difficult to gauge the time that passed by. It was way too arduous to pass the seemingly long years within the tower, before they reunited with Zen.

Now with Joy's help, if they practiced rigorously at the training tower, they would still have a good chance of becoming proving godly warriors.

Their next step was to exchange their blood and avoid the punishment of the Ruling Slate.

"It's time to go," said Joy who stood at a distance.

"Yes. We should leave now."

Zen nodded with a trace of sadness in his eyes. Abruptly he turned around and left.

He was fully prepared for the debate over the Godly Ways.

From time to time, he would take out Geoffrey from the gourd when he required his help to decipher those golden Sanskrit words.

Although Geoffrey kind of flinched when his father asked for his help, he patiently deciphered many contents.

Once, when Geoffrey was in a candid mood, he actually told Zen that he had fallen in love with someone, who was said to be a princess of a divine kingdom within the gourd.

The world inside the gourd was considered as the secondary world, along with the secondary creatures that lived in it.

Under the protection of the enchanted barrier at the fairy palace, Geoffrey could even bring the creatures from the gourd into the fairy palace.

Zen didn't really care about what Geoffrey did within the gourd.

Geoffrey was a responsible grown-up, so he had the right to take control of his own business.

However, Letitia objected strongly to Geoffrey's doings, and once she had even sealed off the gourd to stop Geoffrey from re-entering it.

But under her boy's insistence, she had no choice but to give the gourd back to him.

These days, Geoffrey had been in the gourd to enjoy himself.

When Zen and Joy walked towards the light curtain, they heard a voice from behind.

"Father!"

Geoffrey appeared at the gate of the fairy palace with a smile, holding the gourd in his hand.

"You brat! Come here."

Zen turned around and patted him on the head.

Geoffrey lowered his head, chuckled, and said, "The divine textures I've deciphered for you are amazing. Please don't disappoint me!"

Looking at the tired expression on his face, Zen shook his head. The little guy had been living in a favorable environment since he was a child, and hence his upbringing and temperament were way different than Zen's.

After saying goodbye to Geoffrey, Zen held the wind token and passed through the enchanted barrier of the fairy palace along with Joy.

Then Joy put a hand on Zen's shoulder and said in a commanding voice, "Transfer!"

Zen felt that everything around him crumbled and disappeared.

When performing the spatial transference, the Holy Beings could move a hundred times farther than the consummate True Gods, but they still found it difficult to travel across more than half of the divine land in a short period of time.

Joy and Zen headed towards the west as their bodies kept flashing.

As they traveled westward, the depth of the snow grew deeper and deeper.

If this was the situation in the world of the mortals, not many would have survived this climate.

However, in the divine land, even the low grass and trees were not afraid of this biting cold at all.

Soon, three days had already passed.

Dozens of low-rank True Gods were moving forward across the vast snowfield.

These True Gods had traveled from far off places. They had crossed mountains and rivers, as well as countless cities. They even spent hundreds of divine might coins. In fact, they actually spent almost everything they had.

Some True Gods would start their journey a few years ahead of time in order to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways after they had gotten a fair amount of understanding of the golden Sanskrit words or even a few words of the Truth of Godly Way.

Anyway, time was hardly of any essence for a True God. A journey ahead of time would save a lot of money for the use of the transmission arrays between the divine cities.

"We are finally here. Ahead of us is the Non-combat Zone," said a topless True God, peering into the distance. The moment the snowflakes made contact with his body, they would immediately transform into water and even start boiling.

"Yeah. I don't know why, but I feel that this debate over the Godly Ways won't be like before. There is going to be a lot of intensity this time," a strong man, who was leading the pack, mumbled, as he stared ahead.

At the edge of the Non-combat Zone, there was a clear boundary, that ran across. Once they crossed the threshold, they would step into the area of the Sword Clan.

"What do you mean it would be different?" one of the True Gods asked him with curiosity.

The so-called leader continued to look at the snow not far away and said, "The Sword Clan holds the debate over the Godly Ways with the hope that all of the True Gods and Holy Beings will be able to make a greater breakthrough on the Godly Way. However, in the past, the Sword Clan took a very casual attitude in the matter. But this time, they seemed to be more involved and active. They have released a variety of pretty rare treasures, and even a Truth of Godly Way of two hundred words."

"This is indeed a bit strange," another True God echoed.

While the True Gods were still engaged in their discussion, suddenly two figures emerged out of the snow line in front of them.

They were easily floating around without any external help.

"Top-rank True Gods!"

The True Gods below trembled slightly as they sighted the two figures.

Somehow, they felt a little anxious, even though the Non-combat Zone was right ahead of them.

"Whoosh!"

The two figures, one who was clad in black and the other in white, came towards them instantly.

The black cloaked figure looked down at them and laughed. "Welcome to the Non-combat Zone, everyone! You must have traveled thousands of miles!"

The strongest warrior who was leading the group, was a mid-rank True God. The rest of the warriors were all low-rank True Gods.

He bowed to the two people above him, and asked, "May I ask if I am addressing the members of the Sword Clan?"

"Members of the Sword Clan?" The man in black grinned, "Well yes. You can say that."

"My name is Darrel Xiao. We are extremely honored to meet the people of the Sword Clan," the strong man said politely. "We have been traveling since two years ago, to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways held by the Sword Clan."

"The debate over the Godly Ways is set up for the entire world, and everyone is more than welcome to participate in it. But if you want to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways this year, you will have to pay for the entry," the man in black said bluntly. "Hand over all the divine might coins and all the golden Sanskrit words, that are in your possession. Only then will the path to the Non-combat Zone be opened for you."

Darrel Xiao and those low-rank True Gods had been feeling bad for a long time. Everyone could enter the Non-combat Zone. The sudden appearance of these two top-rank True Gods was already strange. Their feelings were right.

"As the top-rank True Gods, you two are the best in the divine land. To rob us, it's very demeaning at your end," Darrel Xiao said bitterly, with a heavy heart.

All they wanted to do was to take part in the debate over the Godly Ways and gain some insights. They had spent time and money just to arrive here. It was a very unfortunate situation that they should encounter such heartless souls.

"Don't waste time engaging in a conversation with them. Just finish them!" said the man in white impatiently.

The man in black shrugged his shoulders and said to Darrel Xiao, "Did you hear that? My younger brother doesn't have much patience. If you speak one more word, we won't be left with much option."

Everyone was dismayed hearing these words. Looking at their destination not far away, they sighed helplessly in their hearts. The Non-combat Zone was only a few dozen miles away. Even the Holy Beings couldn't do anything to them once they entered. It was really an undeserved catastrophe for them to be blocked by these two men.

Realizing that they couldn't escape this, these True Gods sighed and took out their divine might coins, to hand over.

Suddenly, not far away two more figures appeared in the snowfield.

Each of them wore a cloak.

They were Zen and Joy.

The spatial transference was not allowed in the Non-combat Zone, so Joy planned to leave after Zen entered it.

Hence, before she reached the zone, she would try everything to hide her own cultivation base to avoid unnecessary attention.

Chapter 2405 In The Wind

The wealthy clans on the Floating Islands would also participate in the debate over the Godly Ways.

But Joy had once mentioned that those from wealthy clans on the Floating Islands didn't have to travel a long way like the ordinary True Gods to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways. They just needed to go to the Floating Island of the Sword Clan and pay a certain number of divine might coins before they could use the transmission channels of the Sword Clan.

The boundary of the Non-combat Zone was vast and wide. The place that Joy had brought Zen to was remote. The possibility of encountering warriors of wealthy clans on the Floating Islands was close to none. Moreover, they would be safe once they entered this Non-Combat Zone.

The two top-rank True Gods, one dressed in black and one in white, were familiar with this area. They were fellow disciples. The one in black was called Andreas Lai, and the one in white was called Jordi Fan.

Since this place was in the middle of nowhere, the members of the Sword Clan rarely patrolled it for inspection. On the contrary, many True Gods often entered Non-combat Zone through this path.

The two top-rank True Gods had predicted this would happen. So every time the debate over the Godly Ways started, they would rob the True Gods of divine might coins or golden Sanskrit words.

Divine might coins were hard currency in the divine land and were preferred by the two top-rank True Gods even though golden Sanskrit words could also be sold during the debate over the Godly Ways. If they were lucky enough to obtain rare golden Sanskrit words, they could then sell them at a high price.

Over the years, they had gained a lot through these robberies.

"I've come all this way to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways with these Sanskrit words. You can keep the divine might coins, but could you spare these Sanskrit words?"

One of the low-rank True Gods took out what looked like ten divine might coins. This was all the money he had.

"Ha-ha!" Andreas Lai grinned coldly as he grabbed the Sanskrit words. "These are only copies of Sanskrit words and they are cheap. I won't take them even if you give them to me for free!" With these words, a bright fire flickered in Andreas Lai's hand and burned the papers down before anyone could react.

"Aaahh!"

the low-rank True God screamed in pain as he saw this, his face contorted in grief.

He was aware that the copies of these Sanskrit words were cheap, but he had his own understanding of them.

"You are a group of idiots! You're foolish to expect that luck would be on your side. Let me tell you, you just want to be a tiny part of the debate over the Godly Ways, and that is a waste of time!" Andreas Lai said disdainfully as he looked up and off into the distance.

"Eh?" a confused sound escaped his lips as he watched two more low-rank True Gods making their way over to them.

They were Zen and Joy. Andreas Lai was about to nudge Jordi Fan and make him stop them when his eyes fell on Joy, who was wearing a cloak.

Although Joy was fully covered, her graceful, pretty face looked all the more pure and gorgeous in the land of snow and ice.

So beautiful was she that Andreas Lai couldn't take his eyes off of her. His heart began thumping within his chest as he began to imagine the kind of exquisite body that must be under the cloak.

"Jordi, keep an eye on these people. I'll stop them," Andreas Lai said, an obscene smile taking over his face as he flew forward.

Zen and Joy had seen a group of True Gods in the distance quite a while ago, but they didn't know what they were doing.

"A top-rank True God is flying over. Are they from the Sword Clan?" Zen's eyes narrowed under the cloak.

Joy shook her head and said, "The Sword Clan has many rules and they wear uniforms. They don't seem like Sword Clan members. They are probably elites from the surrounding areas."

"Stop!" Andreas Lai called out to them, rushing over like the wind. He floated in the air as he looked down at the two low-rank True Gods. As a top-rank True God, he had a superiority complex that was clearly writ large on his face.

His eyes were glued to Joy. The more he looked at her, the more wildly his heart beat. He envied Zen for his good fortune of having such a beautiful lady by his side. He laughed and asked, "Are you coming to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways held by the Sword Clan?"

Zen and Joy were smart.

Noticing Andreas Lai's brazen gazes and looking at the group of people nearby who were handing in the divine might coins, they already knew what was happening.

"Yes," Zen replied with a smile.

Zen's innocent smile made him even prouder, for some reason. It looked to him that the young man hadn't seen much of the world. A man like him was the easiest to deal with.

"Good. It's a rule here that if you want to cross that line safely, you should hand over all your divine might coins and Sanskrit words first," Andreas Lai said, pointing to the snow line. Crossing the snow line would mean that one was entering the Non-combat Zone.

He looked closely at Zen and Joy. To his disappointment, there was no change in their expressions.

Zen looked pointedly at Andreas Lai and smiled faintly, "What if we refuse to give you anything?"

"Refuse?" Andreas Lai chuckled. "That's fine. But the beauty who's behind you could stay with my brother and me to give us company. Only about three to five years. You look poor and I don't think you have many divine might coins, so that's okay."

At this, Joy lowered her cloak and shook off the snowflakes that had fallen on her long eyelashes.

She looked delicate and attractive, which excited Andreas Lai even more.

Zen reached out a hand and a mound of divine might coins appeared in his hand. He smiled innocently at Andreas Lai, hoping to come across as naive and harmless. "Would these be enough?" he asked.

Two years ago, Zen had accumulated a massive amount of divine might coins in his journey to the Time Sea Forbidden Land. Even the forbidden areas in his inner world were constantly producing divine might coins. His wealth might not be comparable to those of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, but he was already far wealthier than first tier clans.

He had casually brought out five hundred divine might coins to show Andreas Lai.

"Wh-what?"

Andreas Lai stuttered in surprise.

He hadn't expected Zen to be so rich. Ordinary low-rank True Gods couldn't offer so many divine might coins. Could it be that this man was a young master from some second tier clan?

At this thought, Andreas Lai was even more excited. He laughed as he stared at Zen. "I thought it would be enough to have that beauty. I didn't expect to meet a fat sheep! Give me all your belongings. I can make sure that you won't suffer in your death."

There was no consistency between what he was saying and the glimmer in his eyes. He looked like he was ready to kill.

He couldn't figure out where Zen came from. But he believed that it would be better for him to kill a young man such as Zen, who obviously had a powerful background, in order to avoid revenge in the future.

Zen heaved as he flipped his palm. All the divine might coins were instantly transferred into his space ring. And as his aura changed, he smiled, as if he was being forced to do something he didn't want to do.

But Joy still watched, a deadpan look on her face, as if Andreas Lai didn't exist at all.

Andreas Lai now felt a faint sense of impending danger, but he did not pay much attention to it. After all, he believed he could deal with two low-rank True Gods easily.

"I offered you the chance," Zen said as a warning.

His voice had barely faded away when

he suddenly emitted a faint aura.

He then disappeared before Andreas Lai.

Although his opponent was a top-rank True God, Zen had no intention of showing him the slightest bit of mercy.

Before he had comprehended the Truth of Godly Way, he might not have been able to defeat a powerful top-rank True God like Soren. But he was now confident that facing any top-rank True God outside the Floating Islands would not lead to his defeat.

Thanks to his cultivation of the past two years, Zen's comprehension of the Truth of Godly Way had risen to a new level. What was more, his Godly Tile had become more and more stable, and his strength had steadily improved as well. Zen was no longer who he was before when facing those top-rank True Gods.

"Disappeared?"

Andreas Lai was stunned. He couldn't think of the kind of concealment skill Zen had used that had enabled him to disappear in such a manner from before his eyes! Even if his perception was not slow, it was difficult to find any clues.

Joy suddenly raised her head. As a breeze swept by, she said with a gentle smile, "No, he hasn't disappeared."

"Hasn't disappeared?" he repeated, panicking. "Then where is he?" Andreas Lai could barely maintain his calm now that he had realized that Zen was only a low-rank True God. The gap in their cultivation levels was so huge that Zen should technically not be a threat to him.

Joy looked up, where there was nothing visible, and a hint of admiration appeared in her eyes.

"In the wind," she said lightly.

A cold wind swept towards Andreas Lai, howling as it came.

Chapter 2406 Kill Two Top-rank True Gods

Andreas didn't understand what Joy was saying at all.

When he felt a gush of wind on his face, he sensed that something was wrong, but he couldn't figure out what it was. After all, the wind howled all the time in this ice and snow.

But when he saw Zen again, he realized that the distance between him and Zen had reduced to less than a foot.

Feeling Zen's strong and dangerous presence at such a close distance overwhelmed Andreas. Instead of counterattacking, he chose to shoot up into the sky.

At any time, life came above everything. This was what most of the True Gods who roamed the divine land would have chosen to do if they had been in such a situation.

However, Zen had come too close to Andreas to let him escape so easily.

In a split second, Zen's hand reached out as fast as lightning and grabbed one of Andreas's legs before he could completely rise into the sky.

A gut-wrenching pain shot up Andreas' leg, making him feel so dizzy that he lost his balance.

Bang!

Even though he'd been about to fall anyway, he was suddenly smashed down by a strong force. The thick snow cushioned his fall but the strong impact nevertheless made his blood surge.

"This guy... Is he really just a low-rank True God?"

Lying on the ground, Andreas gulped. Fear was written all over his face.

Not far away, the trembling True Gods all turned their heads when they heard the sound. When they saw the low-rank True God smashing Andreas to the ground, they all widened their eyes in shock.

Darrel and the others had thought that the two low-rank True Gods would be no match for the two top-rank True Gods, just like themselves. However, not only had that young man fought back, he had also knocked down a top-rank True God in just one move, leaving him no strength to fight back.

"Damn it..."

Looking at his fellow apprentice, who had been pathetically knocked down, Jordi's expression changed again.

He didn't know where the young man had come from, so he looked at Joy insidiously. Having made up his mind, he left the group of True Gods behind and suddenly turned into a light, rushing toward Joy.

As he shot toward her, a steel claw appeared in his hand.

He believed that the safest approach was to subdue the woman first.

With his fast speed, it only took him a blink of an eye to cross such a short distance.

But the moment he left the group of True Gods behind, Joy frowned slightly under her cloak, watching him.

Except for Nicholas, nobody else had fought with her for many years. In fact, she hadn't fought with anyone in this divine era.

She raised her hand slightly under the cloak and pointed at the man in white.

An invisible force quietly began to condense... Before Jordi could reach her, the force condensed into a sword inside his body.

Just like Andreas, Jordi, who had charged ferociously at Joy, didn't realize how his opponent had attacked. He only felt a sharp pain shooting up his body.

His internal organs and his inner world, which had reached the peak level, were completely destroyed by Joy's invisible sword.

Dong!

As Jordi fell to the ground, he spat out a mouthful of blood. His eyes were wide open in horror.

The seemingly charming beauty in front of him had turned out to be a ferocious monster.

In a panic, he even crawled away on his hands and knees.

Joy looked at the scene with utter indifference.

Killing a top-rank True God who was not from a rich and powerful clan above the Time Sea was as easy as killing an ant to her; it was simple but meaningless. If the idiot hadn't charged at her, she wouldn't even have bothered to make a move.

On the contrary, she would have preferred to see how Zen dealt with the two top-rank True Gods. Unfortunately, she would now only be able to watch him deal with one of them.

With a flick of her slender finger, the sword that had stirred in Jordi's body shot out and stabbed into his mind along his neck. It crushed his soul completely and, at the same time, lifted his skull.

Splash...

Fresh blood gushed out and spread all over the snow. The scene was appalling.

At the same time, Joy withdrew her lily-white hand back into her cloak as if she was feeling cold.

Watching this, Andreas was flabbergasted.

As soon as he had seen Jordi make a move, he had known what was on Jordi's mind. Since the man was difficult to deal with, Jordi had wanted to start with the woman.

But now, after the unfathomable way in which she had killed Jordi, it seemed that this beautiful lady was countless times more terrible than this young man!

Zen glanced at Andreas, whose face was deathly pale, and shook his head slightly. "Why couldn't you have just taken the divine might coins so that everyone could be happy?"

Andreas was also regretful, but at this time, his only thought was to escape.

He suddenly turned over and leaped into the air, shooting off in one direction.

However, after flying for four or five thousand feet, he realized that something was wrong. He was suddenly feeling weak and dizzy...

When he turned his head to take a look, fear gripped him.

A long trail of blood splattered behind him, and blood continued to gush out of his leg.

As a top-rank True God coming from the grassroots level, although his cultivation and strength were pretty good, there was a huge gap between his knowledge and the knowledge of the disciples from large clans on the Floating Islands. He hadn't had the chance to cultivate a theurgy beyond way, so he didn't realize that he had been hit by Zen's Blood Breaking Bite.

The more he moved, the more blood he would lose.

However, he didn't dare to stay in the vicinity after seeing Joy's ruthless way of killing. He continued to shoot away at a high speed while trying to stop the bleeding.

But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't heal the little wound on his leg at all. It was as if there was a fiend that was constantly sucking the blood out of his body and spitting it out!

Only then did he understand what this wound meant.

As more and more blood gushed out of his body, he made up his mind and slashed with his sword.

"Phew!"

He had cut off his wounded left leg.

After observing his body for a few seconds, he realized with a sigh of relief that this method had worked. It was fortunate for him that Zen had used the Blood Breaking Bite on his leg. If Zen had used it on his head, he couldn't have solved the problem by chopping his head off.

Dragging his severed leg along with him, Andreas continued speeding into the distance.

"Should I go after him?" Zen asked.

"Don't waste any more time," Joy said while shaking her head. As she narrowed her eyes, wisps of purple light condensed into a monster covered with spikes.

After the monster took shape, it waved its sharp front paws, dug in the snow for a while, and quickly dived into it.

The only indicator that it was traveling was the rapidly moving bulge underneath the blanket of snow. The monster was racing in the direction which Andreas had escaped in.

"Let's go." After releasing the monster, Joy walked forward, leaving footprints behind in the snow.

Zen followed her without so much as a glance back.

Darrel and the other True Gods stood rooted to the spot, stunned by what they had seen.

Two top-rank True Gods who had won hundreds of battles hadn't been able to fight back at all against these two strangers. What was even more bewildering was that the aura of the monster that the beauty in the cloak had casually created using the Purple Aura Godly Way was much more terrifying than the aura of any top-rank True God.

However, that woman was only a low-rank True God herself!

The scene in front of them was completely beyond their ability to comprehend.

Although they were in a daze, when Zen and Joy walked past them, the group of True Gods, led by Darrel, bowed to them and watched them leave while holding their breaths.

Chapter 2407 Sunrest Tree Region

It was not until Zen and Joy had departed that the respectful expression that Darrel and other True Gods had on their faces faded away.

The several True Gods glanced at the bodies of the two top-rank True Gods, threw each other a concerned look, and then rushed over to their corpses.

They had handed over all their wealth to these top-rank True Gods, and now they would certainly take their things back. Furthermore, they decided to make a profit out of these two top-rank True Gods.

The two top-rank True Gods had accumulated a great deal of wealth. If the True Gods were to rob them, they'd all become rich.

Soon the belongings and the space rings on the two top-rank True Gods in black and white had all been emptied. Then all the things they had gathered were distributed by Darrel, the mid-rank True God and the leader of the group.

"Where did the two low-rank True Gods come from? They didn't even care about the wealth these two top-rank True Gods had?" One of the low-rank True Gods said with a puzzled look.

"Well, since they are able to kill these two top-rank True Gods with ease, then why should they care about such immaterial things? Didn't you see that the young man didn't even bother to make a move initially? He causally took out several hundred divine might coins to pass by. Didn't you see that?" Darrel sighed, "These two top-rank True Gods were quite ignorant to notice what was going on. I think the two low-rank True Gods were most likely from the Floating Islands."

"Do you mean they were from those rich clans on the Floating Islands?" another low-rank True God asked with widened eyes.

"But even a low-rank True God of some rich clan on the Floating Island wouldn't be able to kill these two top-rank True Gods so easily, right?" Another elder True God shook his head.

To the vast majority of the True Gods in the divine land, the rich clans on the Floating Islands above the Time Sea were all legendary existences. The True Gods hailing from those rich clans were all elites.

It was not strange for a low-rank True God to challenge a mid-rank True God. However, for a low-rank True God to kill a top-rank True God effortlessly, it was simply mind-boggling.

On the border of the Non-combat Zone...

"The Non-combat Zone will suppress warriors with the Truth of Godly Way of that skeleton. The higher one's cultivation is, the greater the suppression one would suffer. If I enter the Sword Clan, I will be discovered." Joy, who was hiding under her cloak, whispered, "I can only leave you here."

The difficulty in suppressing a Holy Being and a True God was quite dissimilar.

Zen smiled faintly and said, "You can also participate in the debate over the Godly Ways."

She shook her head slightly. "I have to help Bromley's two disciples. Your father tricked me again."

At first, Zen thought that Joy's involvement was a mere accident. But if one pondered carefully, then it could prove otherwise. It was perilous for Zen to enter the Floating Islands in the first place, and Joy was the only person who could assist Zen in escaping. Thus, her involvement perhaps was also a part of Mike's plan.

Of course, Joy was happy to be involved.

Now, Hallet wished to take control of the Swirl Forest, but he was wary that the Holy Beings would be alerted of his actions. According to the plan, Joy would return to the fairy palace and would temporarily take Letitia and the rest into her Purple Power World. Then she would continue to help Hallet and Augustus.

"Okay." Zen nodded. Then he turned around and crossed the boundary line of the Non-combat Zone.

The moment he crossed the boundary, an invisible aura enveloped him.

After he went to the divine land, he found that the aura emitted by most of the True Gods was stable and lasting. After all, the lifespan of many True Gods could reach several divine eras, and in some cases, even dozens of divine eras. Their lifespan was far greater than that of the secondary creatures.

When he felt the aura in this Non-combat Zone, he finally realized what eternity really was.

The vicissitudes the aura contained were like an invisible arrow that started from the beginning of time and pointed all the way to the end of time. It felt as if all the forms of annihilation in the world could not destroy this aura.

"Is this the aura from the skeleton? It's quite shocking."

Just like all the True Gods who had stepped into this land before, the first time he felt this aura, he was in awe.

Joy smiled at Zen, who just stood there feeling the aura. She tightened her cloak and disappeared on the spot.

The Sunrest Tree Region that the Non-combat Zone covered was a large region in the divine land. Even for the True Gods, it was a vast place.

After Zen got used to the aura, he continued to move on under his cloak.

The road Joy had chosen for him was quite remote and desolate. Along the way, he rarely saw any one. Occasionally, he met some True Gods, but they all lowered their gaze and rushed forward. They were very cautious, showing no intention of talking to him.

After travelling for more than half a month, Zen saw a huge shadow indistinctly appear in the bluish sky.

The shadow looked like a giant beast with an enormous body. No one could tell where its body ended.

"Is that the Sunrest Tree?"

Zen's eyes flashed.

He had heard that Sunrest Tree was not very tall, and it was the only tree of the four divine trees that had grown horizontally. Like the banyans, it would take root once with water and would continue to grow throughout the sea in the Sunrest Tree Region. It wouldn't stop expanding until the sea was completely covered by it.

As he moved forward, he got closer and closer to the Sunset Tree, and the gigantic shadow started to appear distinctly in front of him.

He noticed that the number of True Gods along the way was beginning to increase as well.

Most of these True Gods traveled in groups of three or five.

He even witnessed a group that had over a hundred people, all wearing similar clothes, and were marching forward in an organized way. They appeared to be trained disciples from some clan.

After walking for more than a month, Zen finally heard the sound of waves.

It grew clearer as he moved closer to the tree.

Then he saw the thick root of the Sunrest Tree in the distance. It resembled the feet of an enormous beast that lay on the sea. It formed a very wide pathway that extended to the shore.

A towering divine city was built on the seashore. Inside the city, a slender building shot into the sky, like a giant sword that was pointed upwards. In addition to this, the buildings crisscrossed within the divine city were almost of the same design.

Therefore, looking from a distance, it seemed as if there were countless swords inside the divine city. The scenery was breath-taking.

"It lives up to the name of the Sword Clan." When Zen saw the divine city, a smile appeared on his face. This city was a true depiction of how its people had endorsed the sword culture.

"Thud!"

"Thud!"

A few True Gods carrying a long sword on their backs suddenly knelt towards the divine city. They bowed down in the snow, wiped the snow off their bodies, then continued forward.

After taking a few steps, they knelt again and kowtowed before they continued their journey.

The Sunrest Tree Region was a holy place of pilgrimage in the eyes of the True Gods who cultivated swordsmanship. Their devotion was not towards the Sunrest Tree, but rather towards the Sword Clan.

When Zen arrived at the divine city, he witnessed a row of guards dressed in black and white standing at the city gate.

They stood in a line, with a serious expression on their faces. An aura of awe-inspiring righteousness was emerging from them.

If someone evil encountered them, they would feel extremely uncomfortable under the influence of such righteous aura.

For most of the cities in the divine land, anyone who wanted to enter these cities needed to pay some divine might coins. However, this divine city did not have such a tradition. All the True Gods that came to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways only needed to present a piece of Sanskrit word to enter the city for free. If it was only a copy, it could work as well.

It wasn't difficult to acquire a copy of a Sanskrit word.

"Hey, young man, do you have some Sanskrit words with you? You can't enter without Sanskrit words!" On the side of the road to the city gate, a mustached low-rank True God waved at Zen. He took out a pile of white paper. The Sanskrit words on the paper were the copied version of the original text. They were even decorated with a layer of gold powder, glowing with a golden light. "One divine might coin for one piece,"

Zen glanced at them and then shook his head.

The structure of those Sanskrit words was quite simple, and the information contained in them was insufficient. Thus, they weren't of much use.

"How about two? One divine might coin and I'll give you two pieces." Seeing Zen's lack of interest, the low-rank True God tried harder to make a sale. "These Sanskrit words are out-of-print versions. As long as you comprehend them, you will benefit a great deal from them!"

Chapter 2408 An Original

Zen didn't bother to talk to him.

However, the low-rank True God remained persistent. He even ran in front of Zen just to stand in his way. He wouldn't let Zen go as long as he didn't purchase anything.

It was forbidden to fight in the Non-combat Zone, so people here didn't worry that others might make a move when they were angered.

To take advantage of the said rule, this low-rank True God pestered passers-by at the gate of the divine city and made good profit out of it. Although many True Gods who came by to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways prepared their own Sanskrit words themselves, there were always some True Gods who would be tricked by him.

"Don't miss this opportunity! Once you master and comprehend this Sanskrit word, you will be able to make a splash in this debate over the Godly Ways!" The low-rank True God walked alongside him, observing Zen's unreadable expression. He then took out another pile of paper and said, "If you are not interested in those Sanskrit words, how about these? These are purple-gold Sanskrit words, so rare and so useful. The price would be a divine might coin for one word. Actually, it's already a losing business at such a price... "

When Zen heard purple-gold Sanskrit words, he felt a little bit uneasy. He shifted his gaze at the paper, not knowing if he should laugh or cry.

It turned out that the so-called purple-gold Sanskrit words were pieces made by coating a layer of purple-gold powder on the common Sanskrit words.

The True Gods entering the city burst out laughing when they saw the purple-golden Sanskrit words.

However, this didn't faze the pestering low-rank True God at all. He was determined!

Zen had no choice but to stop in his tracks. He looked at the True God indifferently, and then took a golden Sanskrit word in his hand, saying, "This Sanskrit word is very simple to decode. The meaning it conveys can be summarized into roughly forty six words. Generally, it describes a plant in the chaos. The fruit of the plant is very sweet, and it can quench people's thirst after taking it."

After he finished speaking, he stuffed the golden Sanskrit word back into the hands of the low-rank True God, and then he snatched a purple gold Sanskrit word from the low-rank True God. "This Sanskrit word is so laughable. I think it might just be a poem of a certain race... These two Sanskrit words are meaningless. Now can you please leave me be?"

Hearing Zen's words, the low-rank True God was shocked and very much hurt. The other True Gods were also skeptical about what he had just explained so carefully.

Even simple Sanskrit words would not be that easy to decode.

There were probably thousands of interpretations of this one Sanskrit word in the divine land. But because the deconstruction of a certain Sanskrit word was completely different than the rest, and there wasn't really a lasting consensus on it. Many True Gods had their own interpretations.

As for the powerful warriors of the divine land, their eyes were sharper and their interpretations were more accurate. However, this was never to be shared among the ordinary True Gods.

Zen confidently explained the meaning of the two Sanskrit words, and as he spoke so confidently, this drew people's attention. People began to listen in, wondering what he was saying.

However, most of the True Gods felt that what Zen said was only something he had made up randomly.

"Eh?"

Just then, an old man in white who stood on top of the city wall, frowned as he stared at Zen with a particular sharpness in his eyes.

"This boy's explanation seems to be very in line with the understanding of Master Loren!" He jolted in surprise.

Beside the old man in white was a young man with a dignified bearing. "I remember that Master Loren has interpreted that Sanskrit word." He explained, "According to his theory, the Sanskrit word indeed talks about a tree, but Master Loren only said that there was a magical fruit on the tree and he didn't mention what this fruit could be used for. Then here comes this random guy, saying that the fruit could quench thirst…"

In the eyes of the many True Gods, extraordinary creatures were above them, beyond whatever they knew. How could they feel thirsty?

"As we heard, the first half of his explanation is the same with Master Loren's interpretation," the old man said. "And the second Sanskrit word, as he mentioned, was a poem. I remember that Master Loren said it was a cultivation method of some sort."

The young man chuckled. "Yes, it's true," he acknowledged. "Because of Master Loren's words, many people worked hard to study it, trying to comprehend some theurgy, but in the end, they ended up with nothing. I kind of agree with this guy. Maybe it's just a meaningless poem, but everyone still takes it as a treasure." He tried to process what was happening. "I'll find an opportunity to know him."

"Let's wait," the old man shook his head. "If we acquaint ourselves with him too early, we won't be able to see his true strength. If he really has some abilities, he is bound to stand out. It's not late to get in touch with him then."

After all, Zen had forced his son to decode a lot of Sanskrit words in the fairy palace. He knew what he was talking about.

The two Sanskrit words in the hands of the young man were the most inconspicuous kind. However, in order to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways, Zen had memorized many Sanskrit texts.

To be honest, Zen was a bit confused.

Geoffrey, who was from the great world, knew and understood very little of the universes or the divine land.

It was typically difficult for a Holy Being to comprehend the meaning of these Sanskrit words, but for some reason, it was like second nature to Geoffrey.

For a time, Zen wanted to release a wisp of his spiritual sense to enter Geoffrey's mind. Zen believed that there were valuable secrets hidden in Geoffrey's soul that he wanted to explore.

However, Geoffrey would rather die than be probed by Zen. One time, he even ran crying to Letitia, claiming that his father wanted to invade his privacy. Zen took this as a sign to step back and let his son be.

As Geoffrey drooped his head, Zen noticed a trace of cunning looks in Geoffrey's eyes. He felt absolutely positive that there were things his son had been keeping from him.

Hence, the low-rank True God was baffled by Zen's explanation. Grasping the two Sanskrit words in his hand, he stared at Zen and said blankly, "You..." He pointed at Zen. "Is it true what you were saying?"

Zen rolled his eyes and walked towards the gate.

The True Gods who were at the gate lined up in an orderly fashion and presented their Sanskrit words to the guards one by one.

Eventually, it became Zen's turn. With a slight shake of his finger, a piece of emerald green paper appeared in his hand. There was a faint Sanskrit word engraved on the paper, which emanated a faint aura to show its privilege and specialty.

"It's an original!"

"Look, this guy actually has an original Sanskrit word!"

"Where did you get it?"

The eyes of the guards and the True Gods around lit up when they saw the glowing piece of paper in Zen's hand.

There were countless Sanskrit words circulating in the divine land.

After a Sanskrit word came out, it led to a boom of production as millions or tens of millions copies were made, circulated, and consumed.

But usually, there would only be one original out of the millions and millions.

There were even some Sanskrit words that only had copies left in this world.

Most True Gods might have never seen an authentic Sanskrit word in their lives, but Zen had one just in the palm of his hands.

The authentic Sanskrit words referred to the originals. Some of the Sanskrit words were engraved on the stone tablets, some were engraved on the walls, and some occasionally appeared in the air, too.

There also existed Sanskrit words that appeared on some special places. For example, the "Grand Weapon Refining Method" Zen had been practicing was engraved directly on his body...

Zen made it a point to properly prepare since he had come to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways. This Sanskrit word was not particularly important, unlike what everyone was thinking. He had not expected that a Sanskrit word he had casually taken out would attract such astonishing gazes of the crowd. But for some reason, the place became silent and everyone's eyes were tightly fixed on the emerald green paper in his hand.

When the low-rank True God who had previously peddled Sanskrit words to Zen saw the original in Zen's hand, his jaw dropped.

On the city wall, the two True Gods, namely the old man and the young man, were dumbfounded as well. How could this be?

"This guy... Where did he come from? How could he have an original?" questioned the young man, still in deep thought.

The old man in white had a complex expression on his face. Back then, he had tried every means to gain approval of Master Loren to have a look at an original Sanskrit word, but Master Loren had been very careful about doing so. He only allowed him to take a glance for a few seconds, then never again.

Whoever had an original Sanskrit word would probably keep it in secret and tuck it away somewhere safe.

A copy might be the work that had been modified on the basis of the original, while the original was the most accurate. This was another factor why the originals were deemed very precious.

Seeing Zen take it out as if it were nothing important, the young man was very curious. At the same time, he wondered if Zen could possibly have a lot more than that one piece in his hand.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

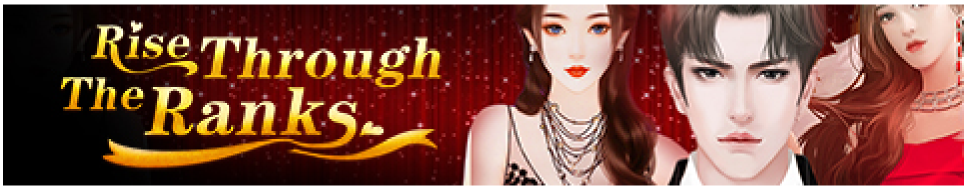

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

44

Content

Chapter 2409 Seven Sanskrit Words Of Lorena River
Chapter 2410 Getting Ripped Off
Chapter 2411 Purchasing
Chapter 2412 Screening
Chapter 2413 Jump The Queue
Chapter 2414 Sword Hunting
Chapter 2415 The Skill
Chapter 2416 Zen's Limit
Chapter 2417 Accidental Injury
Chapter 2418 A Faint Light
Chapter 2419 Second Round Of Screening
Chapter 2420 The Killing Zone
Chapter 2421 Zen's Identity
Chapter 2422 Black Beetles
Chapter 2423 Ivan And Clifford
Chapter 2424 The Twelve Abridged Truths of Godly Ways
Chapter 2425 Return Mikail's Skeleton
Chapter 2426 The Captain Of The Ship
Chapter 2427 A Fight For Authority
Chapter 2428 Enoch Nanlong
Chapter 2429 Marsh Sword
Chapter 2430 Truth Of Goodwill And Malice
Chapter 2431 Preparations
Chapter 2432 Bickering
Chapter 2433 Duke Dongfang
Chapter 2434 The Rotten Odor
Chapter 2435 Fanged Cicadas
Chapter 2436 Annihilate
Chapter 2437 Entangled In The Whirlpools
Chapter 2438 Sunrest Wood Spring
Chapter 2439 Being Cold Blooded
Chapter 2440 A Slight Change
Chapter 2441 Arrival
Chapter 2442 Get Used To It

Chapter 2443 Fear And Malice
Chapter 2444 The Avatars
Chapter 2445 An Avatar Of The First Class
Chapter 2446 The Truth Of Holy Words
Chapter 2447 Multiple Antennae Snake
Chapter 2448 The Giant Thunder Rhinoceros
Chapter 2449 The Sky And Thunder Breaking Necklace
Chapter 2450 The Fearful Incarnations
Chapter 2451 Snake Spirit
Chapter 2452 Dangerous
Chapter 2453 Antennae
Chapter 2454 Killing The Snake Spirit
Chapter 2455 The Destroying Light
Chapter 2456 An Accident
Chapter 2457 Ways-blending Strike
Chapter 2458 Repel The Enemy
Chapter 2459 Wall Of Avatars
Chapter 2460 Unreasonable
Chapter 2461 In A Fix
Chapter 2462 We Exist Because Of Them
Chapter 2463 The Source World
Chapter 2464 The Passable Path

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2409 Seven Sanskrit Words Of Lorena River

The guards stared starry-eyed at the original Sanskrit word in Zen's hand for eight impossibly long seconds.

Coming to his senses, one guard looked at Zen with the utmost respect. He pointed at the paper in Zen's hand. "Can I make a copy, sir?"

The paper didn't record sensitive information so Zen nodded.

The guard, not expecting Zen to be so kind, was overjoyed. He quickly took out a pale yellow stone tablet from his space ring and thanked Zen profusely.

On the back of the stone tablet was a simple divine texture.

If a person aimed the blank side of this stone tablet at another person, after activating the divine texture, they would be able to copy the other person's appearance.

And not only that. If one aimed the stone tablet at a mountain, they would be able to make a copy of the mountain's appearance.

The stone tablet was convenient like that, and many True Gods kept a few stone tablets in their space rings in case they needed to copy some good golden Sanskrit words.

The guard aimed the stone tablet at the emerald green paper. A wave of energy came from his hand and the divine texture on the stone tablet began to glow. At the same time, a Sanskrit word identical to the one on the paper appeared on the blank side of the stone tablet.

"Eh, what's this? It's very interesting." Curiosity appeared on Zen's face when he saw the stone tablet. He had never seen such a thing before.

"This is a duplicating stone tablet," the guard laughed good naturedly. "It's just an ordinary item in our Sunrest Tree Region. I can give you some if you want."

The guard then reached out his hand, and a stack of pale yellow stone tablets appeared in his palm.

This kind of stone came from the sea below the Sunrest Tree. The True Gods took the stones in the bottom of the sea, cut them into thin pieces, and drew divine textures on them, enabling them to achieve such a strange ability.

However, the duplicating stone tablets could only be kept for a period of time. About two years after a duplicating stone tablet was drawn from the sea of the Sunrest Tree Region, it would be completely useless.

This was why the duplicating stone tablets were not spread everywhere in the divine land, and Zen had never seen them before.

Zen smiled and took the pile of duplicating stone tablets from the guard. He studied the tablets briefly and thanked the guard, about to enter the city.

However, before he could take one step, he saw the other guards and dozens of True Gods looking at him eagerly.

They all had pitiful looks in their eyes. Even if they didn't speak, it wasn't hard to figure out what they wanted. All of them wanted to copy his original Sanskrit word.

Most True Gods had never seen an original Sanskrit word their whole lives.

This was a once in a blue moon opportunity, and Zen was very generous and willing to let the guards make the copy. They'd be fools to let such an opportunity go to waste.

In fact, even the old man and the young man standing on the city wall, at this moment, had the impulse to run down to copy the original Sanskrit word.

"Well, you can copy his Sanskrit word," Zen said with a pout before he bowed his head and left.

He had attracted so many people in such a short time. If he allowed them all to make copies from his original, he might not be able to enter the city within the day!

The city of the Sword Clan was very peaceful.

Perhaps it was because this was the Non-combat Zone, that the True Gods in this place were less hostile and did not easily get into disputes. And even if there was a really big conflict, the most they could do was glare at each other. At most, they could only teach the other party a lesson with their words.

In this way, the True Gods of the Sunrest Tree Region could spend more time on cultivation and comprehension, and were more secluded than warriors in the other lands.

Because the debate over the Godly Ways was about to begin, the city streets were crowded with True Gods from the divine land.

Sanskrit words were originally commodities that had been widely circulated in the divine land. In each divine city, there were people interpreting and trading in Sanskrit words.

Zen had seen this before when he was in the ancestral land of the Han Clan.

Now, almost all of these sellers had come to the Sunrest Tree Region. It was very lively.

Along the way, there were True Gods arranging a pile of golden Sanskrit words with different shapes on both sides of the road. Some common golden Sanskrit words were randomly placed on the ground, while some rare ones were covered by exquisite transparent jade tablets. In order to prevent people from copying the words, the surfaces of the jade tablets were blurred.

Meanwhile, a great variety of golden Sanskrit words attracted Zen's interest.

Most of the contents of the golden Sanskrit words were worthless. There were times that after countless years of studying them, one's efforts would only be in vain. Therefore, even if a True God possessed some rare Sanskrit words, they wouldn't spend a lot of time and energy in studying them.

But this wasn't a problem for Geoffrey.

In fact, cracking Sanskrit words was as easy as eating and drinking water for him, so Zen wanted to buy some Sanskrit words for his son to figure out.

If some Sanskrit words contained the Truth of Godly Way, or even some peculiar and precious contents, it would be a great luck for Zen.

Zen's eyes swept along the stalls as he thought about this.

Unbeknownst to him, the old man in white and the young man had quietly followed behind him.

"He looks like he wants to buy some Sanskrit words," the young man observed, a weird expression on his face.

It was obvious that Zen was not an ordinary person, so it baffled them as to why he'd be interested in the common Sanskrit words.

The old man also shook his head. "I can't figure him out. Perhaps he wants to find some rare Sanskrit words by chance?"

"By chance? Are you kidding me, old man? You know what things these guys have. The Sanskrit words in their hands are rare, yes, but they're almost impossible to crack. They're practically worthless!" The young man smiled disdainfully.

"Indeed. It's impossible for us to crack them, but maybe this young man can..."

Soon enough, they had found that they had guessed right.

Zen suddenly stopped at a stall managed by a middle-aged guy

with long facial hair and dark skin.

Apart from humans, there were also many other races in the divine land. However, after the members of these races became True Gods, their features would be no different from ordinary people's unless they deliberately kept their own characteristics.

The store owner lowered his head and squinted his beady eyes. He looked lifeless, but there was no mistaking the shrewd look in his eyes.

A row of exquisite brocade boxes were placed in front of Zen. The surface of the boxes revealed seven vague golden Sanskrit words.

'These golden Sanskrit words...'

When Zen noticed a Sanskrit word in front of him, his heart skipped a beat.

Zen had seen this word once.

To be exact, he had seen half of this golden Sanskrit word in the fairy palace.

His son had told him that that golden Sanskrit word should be a kind of Truth of Godly Way.

However, because there was only half of the golden Sanskrit word, the Truth of Godly Way Geoffrey had cracked was incomplete.

But now, Zen had actually found the other half of golden Sanskrit word!

More importantly, the mind method of Truth of Godly Way that Zen had cultivated was from a group of six golden Sanskrit words, and the seven golden Sanskrit words in front of the middle-aged man looked like they were a group too.

'Is this also a complete set of Truth of Godly Way?' Zen's heart thumped wildly in his chest. His fingers drummed against his thigh, barely able to contain the excitement.

Not far away, the young man and the old man in white saw the irrepressible excitement on Zen's face, and a strange expression appeared on their faces.

"I don't understand this guy..."

"He knows so much about Sanskrit words, but why doesn't he know anything about the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River?"

The Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River were the group of seven Sanskrit words on the stall.

The first time the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River had appeared was in the 17th divine era, on the side of the famous Lorena River, on the west side of the divine land. And with its appearance came great chaos in the divine land.

Chapter 2410 Getting Ripped Off

In the divine land, any group of Sanskrit words was considered to be of extraordinary value.

The water of the Lorena River flowed endlessly, having existed in the divine land for years beyond count.

In the 17th divine era, after tens of thousands of years had passed, heavy rain suddenly fell upon the Bright Mortal Region where the Lorena River was.

Because of this heavy rain, a section of the Lorena River collapsed.

An enormous black rock then appeared in the section, seven golden Sanskrit words engraved on its surface.

And such was the origin of the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River.

The news got around fast, attracting the attention of many forces in the divine land. Even the powerful clans on the Floating Islands showed strong interest.

The first force to receive the news was the Bai Clan. They ranked 18th that year and didn't hesitate to make a move.

Its territory included the Bright Mortal Region.

Although the Bai Clan ordered a complete news blackout at an impressive speed, copies of the seven Sanskrit words still managed to slip through.

Many powerful clans had spent a large sum of money purchasing all these copies. In spite of the efforts of the Bai Clan to block the copies from getting leaked, it was already impossible for them to completely eradicate them at that point.

One copy was enough to replicate a thousand times over, after all.

The Bai Clan was utterly furious about it, but it was impossible to trace it all back to who made the first copy.

When the powerful warriors of the divine land got their hands on the copies, they wasted no time and started deciphering the seven Sanskrit words right away. But when they began studying, the True Gods, the consummate True Gods, and the Holy Beings in the divine land discovered the great difficulty in deciphering the Sanskrit words.

Although some rare Sanskrit words were unusually strange, there was always someone out there who could interpret some of them here and there. After being passed on from generation to generation, the True Gods' understanding of the Sanskrit words was slowly growing.

But the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River were simply too complicated in comparison to ordinary Sanskrit words. Warriors could barely find any window of opportunity to fully interpret them.

And this problem troubled the people in the divine land all the way until the present time.

Most of the True Gods interested in Sanskrit words had, at one point, tried solving the problem. It was already a shame that no one had managed to interpret the words up until now. Great fortune would come to anyone who could do it.

A wise man would, at a glance, know that the group of seven golden Sanskrit words were indeed the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River. Even if the Sanskrit words were blurred by the middle-aged man, to the young man and the old man in white, the words were recognizable in an instant.

In their eyes, Zen shouldn't have been interested in the famously unsolvable problem at all.

But to everyone's surprise, Zen actually showed a strong interest in the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River. From his excited expression, he probably thought he had happened upon a great treasure that was locked up for good.

The two of them were left disappointed and speechless.

Where on earth did the guy come from? Though he seemed to know nothing about Sanskrit words, he could somehow speak in such an accurate comprehension as casually as ever.

The young man had a glimmer of hope, thinking Zen would play a trick on the stall owner.

"Hey, are you going to sell these seven Sanskrit words?" Zen asked, squinting at the man.

The thing about Sanskrit words was that, if you had no means to decipher them, they were practically worthless, save for using them as decorative pieces.

According to Zen's current understanding, there were very few Sanskrit words in the divine land that could be cracked completely. Now, he was wondering how to haggle for the Sanskrit words at a low price.

The middle-aged man, the old man in white, and the young man all had a similar thought.

The people in the divine land unaware of the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River were usually all newbies who had only just entered the martial world. The stall owner thought he had found another target to rip off.

The middle-aged man raised his head and opened his eyes a little wider, throwing a faint glance at Zen. He smiled coldly and said, "My seven Sanskrit words aren't easy to get your hands on, but because I have them here with me, I'll sell them only to someone who knows their true value!"

"Name your price," Zen simply said, unwilling to waste any time on him.

The other stretched out his hand and proudly said, "Five thousand divine might coins!"

Upon hearing what the middle-aged man said, the vendors around widened their eyes in surprise.

All of them stared at Zen in silence as if he was some idiot that had wandered into town having a strong interest in the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River.

If it weren't for the industry's rule that forbade them from competing with each other, they'd all be happy having sent the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River to Zen for only five divine might coins.

But at the same time, they were secretly cursing the middle-aged man for his stupidity. The young man was merely a low-rank True God, and they all doubted he even had five thousand divine might coins on him. It was stupid, they figured, to offer such a high price for them.

The middle-aged man was sure Zen couldn't afford it; he just wanted to see Zen's reaction.

Normally, a newbie would sulk in disappointment upon hearing the price, and then bargain with the seller for a lower price, which the middle-aged man was expecting.

But Zen's expression made the middle-aged man's heart race.

'He's hesitating? How is that possible?

Can he actually afford to pay five thousand divine might coins?' the man thought to himself as he watched Zen carefully and calmly, not letting his expression betray his true feelings.

The old man in white and the young man were still on the sidelines, continuing to watch the scene unfold.

"Looks like he really wants to buy the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River."

"The seller's offer didn't scare him away. Just how rich is this guy?"

Finally, Zen frowned slightly before giving a small smile. "Isn't the price a little too high?"

The other assessed Zen's reaction and said lazily, "The price is difficult to set. For those who know their worth, these seven Sanskrit words are priceless. These people would be willing to buy them for five hundred thousand divine might coins. For those who don't know their worth, they wouldn't even buy them for five measly coins."

And he was right.

But only those who could decipher the words could ever hope to know their value.

Five thousand divine might coins weren't even worth mentioning to Zen. With his current status, ordinary clans were incomparable to him in terms of wealth. And there was also the fact that the divine might coins were produced continuously in his inner world.

"They're just too expensive," Zen said, shaking his head.

"You may leave, then," said the seller calmly. And if Zen was really to leave, he was ready to offer a lower price. The man almost grinned from ear to ear. He would've been happy to sell the words at the price of a hundred divine might coins, let alone five thousand.

But of course, he had no clue he was to encounter a truly rich man today.

Pursing his lips, Zen sighed and finally gave in. "Okay. Five thousand."

The middle-aged man's eyes shot wide open when he saw the mass of black divine might coins pouring from Zen's hand. His heart started racing wildly as he was worried about how unrealistic the situation seemed.

Even the rest of the crowd had their mouths hanging open as they stared blankly at Zen. The divine might coins were flowing out in waves.

"Huh?" The old man clad in white couldn't stay calm any longer.

He exchanged a glance with the young man, and just as the stall owner was about to reach for the pile of coins, the two of them rushed over like a gust of wind.

"Wait!" The old man in white stopped Zen.

And the young man glared at the middle-aged man maliciously.

The sudden appearance of the two had Zen puzzled.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked in confusion.

"The seven Sanskrit words aren't worth such a price. If you really need them, I can give them to you for free!" The old man smiled as he gave the offer.

Hearing this, the seller grew anxious, worried he would lose his chance to get the five thousand divine might coins. "Don't you know the rules? How could you stop him? We made a deal!"

To that, the young man only sneered. "Rules? My clan set the very rules of the Famous Sword Divine City. If you want to stay here, don't you dare mention the rules to me!"

His declaration had the middle-aged man stumped. He looked the young man up and down and suddenly realized something, so he kept his mouth shut.

Chapter 2411 Purchasing

Silence hung in the air like a thick curtain, and none of the vendors dared to speak.

Although it was impossible to fight in the Non-combat Zone, the Sword Clan that dominated the place was still highly influential.

On the young man's chest was a black and white striped pattern, one of the unique symbols of the Sword Clan. It was known that the members of their clan enjoyed absolute privilege in all the divine cities in the Sunrest Tree Region.

When the young man saw that the middle-aged man didn't say anything anymore, he picked up the divine might coins on the ground. He turned around and his previously cold face was now alight with warmth.

"You want to give the words to me for free?" Zen asked dumbfounded. He couldn't deny that he was quite stunned.

Now, he had considered the thought that the Sanskrit words might be fake.

Then again, with his wealth he didn't care too much about it.

Even though the seven unique Sanskrit words might be fake, they were still of great value. The old man even generously offered them as gifts to Zen, which greatly puzzled him.

"Yes, we can give them to you for free because there are many copies of the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River all throughout the divine land. They are not secrets, so they're actually worthless," said the young man with a smile.

Upon hearing those words, Zen understood. Yet, he saw only the pitiful and pathetic look of the old man whose eyes were full of regret, when he casually stole a glance at him. He smiled and grabbed a handful of divine might coins and said, "As you said, these Sanskrit words are priceless in the eyes of certain people. Surely, they can be sold at five thousand divine might coins. But these two men have made it clear today. Can you sell them to me at one hundred divine might coins?"

The middle-aged man looked hopeless. He was going to be rich so quickly, but now all his hopes were washed away.

When Zen willingly offered one hundred divine might coins, however, he was quite surprised. A hundred divine might coins was a lot of money, even to many True Gods. Furthermore, the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River weren't even worth that much.

"What?" the young man and the old man exclaimed in shock.

They had already said that they would give the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River to Zen for free.

Yet here he was, still willing to spend a hundred divine might coins. Did he really have that much money to burn?

It was true that the price Zen offered was a little unbelievable, but it wasn't enough to make them feel sorry for him. Besides, he had insisted himself, so they wouldn't stop him.

"Yes, sure!" the middle-aged man hastily said and nodded excitedly.

He quickly took the divine might coins from Zen, folded the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River and gave them to him, afraid that Zen would suddenly change his mind.

The other vendors around them were quite envious in the beginning, as the sight of five thousand divine might coins was even enough to make a few True Gods fight for it.

Then, they felt a little bit better when the young man stopped the deal.

Now that Zen had offered a hundred divine might coins, they were envious of the middle-aged vendor again.

At that moment, they all viewed Zen in a different light.

At first, they thought that Zen was too young to know much about life, but now they realized that he was actually a rich, young man who didn't care too much about how many divine might coins he had spent. If he went to their stalls, they would surely make a fortune.

After Zen put away the remaining divine might coins, the young man took the opportunity to ask, "Friend, since you have come to the Famous Sword Divine City of my clan, would you like to go to my place for a chat?"

Suddenly, the vendors began to yell loudly.

"Look at these Witchcraft Golden Sanskrit Words! They are from the Witchcraft Region and were created by nature."

"These are Three-eye Golden Sanskrit Words. They come as a set of three."

"..."

It was known that a complicated faction had formed when the Sanskrit words were passed down to the world.

According to some of the characteristics on the surfaces of the Sanskrit words, there were countless famous schools and interpretations.

Although the names were confusing and the people who really knew how to read Sanskrit words did not like to talk about them, it was a way for the low-rank True Gods to make a living.

As a secondary creature that came from the universe, Zen felt it quite amused to see these True Gods, who had unlimited lifespans, sell things like vendors.

Truly, the rules of the divine land had created a completely different society.

He also knew that those vendors only did so for their own sake.

He had indeed just entered the Famous Sword Divine City, so he had to choose some Sanskrit words to bring back.

He glanced smilingly at the young man and said, "Okay, but I have to choose some Sanskrit words first."

Once again, the young man and the old man looked at Zen weakly. There were many copies of Sanskrit words on the street, Sanskrit words that nobody could explain or analyze, and famous Sanskrit words. None of them was good.

But since Zen had wished, the young man and the old man had to accompany him.

Back then, the two of them never bothered to look at the True Gods who sold Sanskrit words in the Famous Sword Divine City. Now was their time to do so when they had to go with Zen to buy Sanskrit words.

Zen didn't have a deep understanding of Sanskrit words, and his brief knowledge of them was completely from Geoffrey.

They proceeded with their travel and he had chosen some Sanskrit words along the way, which were peculiar in shape or pleasing to the eye.

The young man and the old man in white looked at each other and shook their heads while they went on. Zen was obviously a complete beginner to Sanskrit words, but how to explain what they saw at the city gate?

"Look at this Pear Blossom Sanskrit Word. It costs two hundred divine might coins," said a vendor with an outstretched hand.

The young man smiled and said, "We have this.

We'll give it to you for free later."

The vendor looked down in embarrassment, but didn't say anything.

"This is the Dragon Body Sanskrit. The strokes of the Sanskrit word are crossed forward and backward, like flying dragons in the sky. The price is one hundred and fifty... "

"We also have this. It's worthless. I'll also give it to you later!" The young man chuckled.

As they moved along, the young man and the old man finally introduced themselves to Zen.

The old man in white was called Marley Mo, and the young man's name was Hayden Mo.

The most shocking thing Zen learned about them was that Hayden was the lord of the Famous Sword Divine City. According to him, the city had a new lord, which was him--but he would still be under observation for a period of time before he could really take over the city.

They walked for a bit more and Zen had selected almost twenty Sanskrit words. Hayden had stopped him every time, so he spent nothing. Hayden said that he would give Zen the copies of the Sanskrit words, which were of far better quality than what the vendors sold.

Soon enough, Zen was invited to the highest sword shaped building in the Famous Sword Divine City.

The hall had horizontal and vertical features, while the sword-shaped ornaments were filled with killing intent. Generally speaking, sword culture had great importance in the Sunrest Tree Region.

"These are the Sanskrit words you chose just now," Hayden said as a waiter placed a pile of Sanskrit words on the desk in front of Zen.

The Sanskrit words in the pile were also copies, like Hayden had said, but they were far superior in condition compared to those sold on the street. Every Sanskrit word was plated with a golden frame, and a pure glaze covered its surface. It looked like it was a piece of art.

At that point, Zen took the Sanskrit words without hesitation.

Then he heard Hayden ask, "Why did you come to the Sunrest Tree Region at this time? Did you come for the debate over the Godly Ways?"

"Of course," was Zen's response.

In reality, Zen didn't really come for the debate.

He came because according to Hallet's presumption, Harold would bring Yan to this place.

The only thing was, the Sunrest Tree Region was a large region in the divine land, and there were several cities like the Famous Sword Divine City in it. Thus, he didn't know exactly where to look for Harold and Yan.

"That's great," Hayden said with a smile. "This debate is also very, very important to our Sword Clan."

He emphasized "very" twice in a row, which made Zen feel strange.

Hayden noticed that Zen looked confused as he spoke. Therefore, he asked, "Is it your first time to take part in the debate? Do you know how this debate goes?"

Chapter 2412 Screening

Before coming to the Sunrest Tree Region, Hallet had already informed Zen about the detailed procedures of the debate over Godly Ways.

The number of True Gods who wanted to participate was huge.

Not a lot of people had the opportunity to come to the Sunrest Tree Region because it was relatively far.

However, there were still a few strong-minded True Gods who were willing to travel thousands of miles and spend all their money just to participate in the debate.

This was despite the fact that they might not even qualify.

Nearly ninety percent of True Gods would stop in a divine city and did not have the qualifications of climbing the Sunrest Tree.

Try as they might, their climb would be marred with countless tests from the Sword Clan.

In the end, only a few hundred would be deemed worthy and have the privilege of participating in the debate. Those who managed to get all the way to the end were mostly from powerful clans.

Only a few ordinary True Gods could really talk about the Godly Ways in the center of the Sunrest Tree.

Incredibly large and mighty, the Sunrest Tree grew countless branches that took root in the sea, eighty-seven of which extended all the way to the shore.

Beside each of these eighty-seven roots were eighty-seven divine cities that the Sword Clan built. One of them was the Famous Sword Divine City.

These divine cities would serve as the bases for the temporary selection of candidates during the debates. It was there that they deliberated over those with the most potential to be sent to the Sunrest Tree.

This was also one of the main tasks of every city lord.

Hayden had just taken office as acting lord of the Famous Sword Divine City and was eager to consolidate his position through achievements.

He hoped to find around one or two qualified True Gods to participate in the debate.

However, this was easier said than done.

The number of truly knowledgeable ordinary True Gods was very few. Among those recommended by the eighty-seven divine cities, only around fifty to sixty managed to participate. The rate was actually less than one in each divine city!

The Famous Sword Divine City was relatively remote and Hayden decided to personally participate in the selection this time.

What he didn't expect was Zen's unusual behaviour back when he observed with Marley at the city gate.

The young man actually had the original of a golden Sanskrit word and was even able to actually convey the meanings of the two words sold by the gate accurately.

But the moment Zen entered the city, he started acting like a rookie, which confused Hayden greatly.

"I've gotten a general picture," Zen replied.

"Since you came for the debate, then you should have come prepared. I was quite impressed by your comments at the city gate, but why is it that you do not know any common Sanskrit words? Do you truly not know any?"

There were numerous Sanskrit words that were well renowned by anyone, and everyone but Zen didn't seem to know any of them, not even the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River. This confused Hayden and Marley greatly.

Zen only smiled. "In my opinion, Sanskrit word is something that comes from extraordinary creatures. We can't pretend to know what we don't know; however, the True Gods in the divine land forcibly interpret the Sanskrit words in their own ways and even divide them into different classes. Do they really understand these Sanskrit words?"

His question stumped Marley.

Across from them, Hayden suddenly clapped and had a huge grin on his face. "Not bad! Such opinion is very stirring! We should not have made up so many strange names for Sanskrit words. It is really a mistake!"

Zen's comments were actually what most great masters who studied Sanskrit words had observed.

These masters had profound opinions about Sanskrit words and even had experience in deciphering them but they were exceedingly rare. They were often disdainful of sects and addresses set by ordinary True Gods.

Neither Hayden nor Marley knew that

when Zen had just become a nature creature, he had already seen golden Sanskrit words.

He did not study these words systematically, like what the True Gods did in the divine land.

Bromley left behind a lot of opinions about Sanskrit words but Zen did not have the time to digest them. Instead, he spent more time on his cultivation.

Geoffrey, who was only in his teens, had begun to decipher those Sanskrit words instead. He gave Zen an illusion that deciphering them was not such a difficult task.

It was only after he arrived at the Famous Sword Divine City that Zen realized that it wasn't easy at all. It was only because his son was so talented.

Before he even figured out what was going on, Hayden and Marley already treated him as a master.

With Hayden's invitation, Zen was made to spend the night at his house.

The next day, Hayden personally led him to the west gate.

The Famous Sword Divine City's west gate was located at the edge of the sea. Once one got out of the gate, he would be able to step on the very stem of the Sunrest Tree.

This gate was normally closed.

Only the disciples of the Sword Clan were qualified enough to enter.

Once the debate began, all divine cities would go through the first round of screening. Those who passed would then be able to climb up the Sunrest Tree.

When Hayden brought Zen to the gate, they saw a long queue!

Countless True Gods lined up, all waiting for the screening of the Famous Sword Divine City. There were so many people that over a hundred guards were needed to maintain order.

"So many True Gods," Zen murmured, a bit stunned at the extremely long line.

The queue of True Gods started from the west gate and went dozens of miles long. He wondered just how long it would take to screen them all.

Hayden was used to this scene but upon seeing the astonishment on Zen's face, he felt the need to explain. "The first round of screening for the debate will last at least half a year. This amount is actually quite small. There are bound to be more people as time goes on until the line reaches the outer part of the city."

His words rendered Zen almost speechless.

"So you mean to say that it will take a few months for these people to be screened?" Zen asked.

Hayden laughed. "Not just a few months. The True Gods in the front came here and lined up two or three years ago. The first ones had already lined up as soon as the last debate came to an end. That would make it around more than ten years."

It was preposterous!

"There's nothing we can do. Some guys aren't even here for the debate at all. They seize seats and sell to the True Gods who may need it. Those in the front can easily get hundreds of divine might coins upon selling their seats to disciples of powerful clans," Hayden said helplessly.

Many True Gods worked hard but did not earn as many divine might coins as they would've liked.

Time, however, wasn't that valuable to them. Since they could still cultivate while queuing up here, then they simply did so.

Noticing the look on Zen's face, Hayden quickly gave him a reassuring smile. "Relax. I personally recommend you, so there is no need to line up behind all these people."

With that, he quickly took Zen past the queue.

Three True Gods, dressed in white robes, sat upright in front of the west gate. Engraved on the ground was a very strange circular array.

This array was around 100 feet in diameter and its lines were made of long swords, piled up together but leaving a path in the middle.

Some strange power emanated from this array.

One of the three white-robed True Gods waved his hand at the first True God in the queue, motioning him to enter.

The True God momentarily paused before taking a deep breath and then stepping into the array.

As he stepped into the array, all the swords began to vibrate and his body began to tremble.

However, after taking the first step, he seemed to be unable to take another one.

Realizing this, the True God opened his eyes and had a look of fear on his face. He quickly retreated from the array and collapsed on the ground, looking very awkward.

Chapter 2413 Jump The Queue

Looking at the True God's behavior, all the other True Gods present around burst into laughter.

He was thoroughly embarrassed, when he saw their reaction. Glaring at them, he quickly walked away.

He waited for a long time, but in the end, he took only a step forward. At this rate, no one would ever be happy.

Zen's gaze was fixed at the array made of long swords on the ground. He looked at it for a while, but did not find anything special about it.

He knew that the debate over the Godly Ways in the Sword Clan must have something to do with the Truth of Godly Way. But when he looked at the exhibition of the swords, he didn't feel any Truth of Godly Way.

After the first True God left in a haste, another young man appeared in front of the line.

The young man was wearing a purple and golden robe with works of embroidery. Across his waist, there was a beast identification tag. Zen guessed the tag must be some sort of identification mark of a powerful clan.

He waved at the three white robed True Gods with pure disdain. "Is it my turn?" he asked in an indifferent tone

"Please step forward."

One of the three men waved his hand.

The young man proudly sauntered forward. The moment he stepped into the array, the long swords began to vibrate again.

Generally speaking, most of the confident people possessed real skills.

It was evident that the young man's performance was far better than the earlier True God. He took a step forward, closed his eyes and walked back and forth in the array, as if he was casually wandering.

Buzz!

He had hardly taken a couple of steps when one of the long swords floated upwards and slowly flew towards him.

At the same time, Zen instantly felt a unique aura emanate from that sword.

"What is it about the aura? It is definitely getting stronger."

Zen wondered as he raised his eyebrows slightly.

Ever since the time he entered the Non-combat Zone, he had been constantly oppressed by an irresistible aura.

According to Hallet, this aura should be the Truth of Godly Way from the skeleton on the Sunrest Tree.

If the Sword Clan wanted to conduct a test, they would choose to use the Truth of Godly Way. But till now, Zen hadn't seen any clues.

As soon as the sword floated up, Zen felt that the original Truth of Godly Way that emitted from the array of swords had become stronger. Now he was dead sure about it.

"So the test is about the understanding of the Truth of Godly Way!" Zen was astonished with this revelation.

As far as he knew, the Truth of Godly Way couldn't be reached by any ordinary True Gods. Only a few disciples of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands had the eligibility to reach the Truth of Godly Way.

Hayden was slightly stunned hearing Zen's words. He excitedly looked at Zen as he asked, "You've heard of the Truth of Godly Way?"

Many True Gods intently studied Sanskrit words in the divine land because the Sanskrit words could be seen everywhere. They all assumed that by finding some clues from the Sanskrit words, their fortunes would change overnight, or they might be put in important positions.

But the vast majority of them didn't know that the True Gods and even the Holy Beings in the powerful clans were only concerned about a very small number of the golden Sanskrit words that recorded the Truth of Godly Way.

The ordinary True Gods didn't know what Truth of Godly Way was, nor could they imagine what the world looked like at the end of the Godly Ways. Hence for the True Gods, the so-called debate over the Godly Ways had become a great event about Sanskrit words.

"Yes." Zen nodded as he continued to stare at the array.

"These True Gods have no idea of the Truth of Godly Way. The reality is that we, the Sword Clan, use those Truth Spiritual Swords only to test the alignment between True Gods and the truth," Hayden said as he shook his head.

"The Truth Spiritual Swords?" Zen looked at those long swords, and his eyes flickered slightly. When one of them floated up, he realized that it was truly extraordinary.

"Yes. Earlier, all of these Truth Spiritual Swords used to be supreme primordial weapons," said Hayden. "However, after we forged these supreme primordial weapons, we didn't completely condense the primordial energy in them. Instead, we put them into the core of the Sunrest Tree for many divine eras."

The Truth Spiritual Swords weren't a secret in the Sword Clan. Everyone was aware of them. After all, only the Sword Clan could make such kind of spiritual swords. So naturally, Hayden did not feel the need to withhold any information from Zen.

The Truth Spiritual Swords absorbed the Truth of Godly Way that came out from the skeleton through several divine eras.

After being dealt with the secret techniques of the Sword Clan, the Truth Spiritual Swords would be able to sense the alignment between ordinary martial artists and the Truth of Godly Way.

If one could drive at least three Truth Spiritual Swords to float up, they would be qualified to open the west gate and climb to the Sunrest Tree.

"That's why even if a person can drive the Truth Spiritual Swords, it doesn't mean that they have the ability to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way. It's only a test of alignment," Hayden said with a laugh. "The test of the understanding of the Truth of Godly Way is difficult even for the disciples of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. How can it be conducted for these True Gods?"

Zen nodded. He was beginning to get the picture.

If any True God could get the Truth of Godly Way, then where was the challenge to surpass the Godly Ways?

At that moment, another Truth Spiritual Sword floated in the sword array and its tip was pointed at the young man.

"There are two Truth Spiritual Swords now," Hayden said as a matter of fact. "Looks like he will be able to climb onto the Sunrest Tree."

Just as what Hayden had expected, two more Truth Spiritual Swords floated up. The four Truth Spiritual Swords circled around the young man slowly, following him until he passed the path in the middle of the array.

"Excellent!"

"Rufus, the eldest son of the Wang Clan, successfully passed the test!"

"I really admire his talents and his confidence! He will definitely be able to mount the Sunrest Tree."

"Congratulations!"

Rufus turned his head grandly, as he soaked in the admiration. Although his eyes were full of excitement, he tried his best to look casual about his achievement. With a faint curve forming at the corners of his mouth, he said, "Brother, as we have agreed, if I pass the test, everyone will be rewarded."

It turned out that the True God who stood at the front of the line was Rufus's brother, Rudolf. Upon hearing Rufus's words, Rudolf smiled, turned around and said, "And I will fulfill that agreement!" Saying this, he flapped his waist, and the divine might coins were hurled towards the group.

"Wow! What rewards!" "Definitely the Wang Clan is mighty rich!"

"There are so many divine might coins!"

Everyone was scrambling and shoving among themselves to get the maximum coins.

Rudolf continued to hurl the coins towards the True Gods. Within a short time, he had already distributed three to four hundred divine might coins.

"The two members of the Wang Clan are really generous." Hayden looked at them with complete disdain.

The Wang Clan was a first-tier clan in the Sunrest Tree Region and was a powerful clan attached to the Sword Clan.

Rufus and Rudolf were from the direct line of the Wang Clan, so they naturally inherited vast fortunes.

They did not want to wait in line to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways. They had spent a large sum of divine might coins, so they claimed the first two seats in the queue.

Now that Rufus had passed the test, they began celebrating by distributing the divine might coins.

Seeing this, Zen just smiled and then asked, "At what level are the True Gods if they can drive four Truth Spiritual Swords?"

"What level? They just barely scrape through the test," Hayden said in a disdainful tone. "There are totally 23 Truth Spiritual Swords in this array. I could drive six of them when I was thirteen, and I've already driven nine this year. Come with me."

As he spoke, Hayden led Zen towards the array.

After Rudolf distributed the divine might coins, it was his turn to take the test.

"Rudolf, if you pass the test, you should also celebrate by distributing divine might coins!"

"Rudolf, you will surely pass the test!"

The True Gods all began to shower their flattery on Rudolf, with the hope that they would get more divine might coins.

Rudolf grinned back at them saying, "Sure, no problem!"

However, as he walked towards the array, Hayden walked past him and stood in front of him. He said indifferently, "A distinguished guest wants to take the test first. Wait till he finishes!"

"A distinguished guest? What do you mean by that?"

Stunned, Rudolf glanced at Zen who was standing behind Hayden. Then he knew who the distinguished guest was.

Both of the brothers stood there, sulking at the sudden turn of the event. Staring at Hayden, Rudolf said, "We spent a lot of divine might coins in getting the first two seats. Even if you are a member of the Sword Clan, you just cannot allow someone to randomly jump the queue!"

Chapter 2414 Sword Hunting

The Wang Clan was a vassal force of the Sword Clan in the Sunrest Tree Region.

As one of the first-tier clans, the Wang Clan was quite famous and enjoyed a good reputation among the rest of the clans. For so many divine eras, they had been closely related to the Sword Clan.

Rudolf's face darkened as he saw a young man of the Sword Clan jumping the queue with another person beside him.

Not far away, Rufus said, "Isn't it inappropriate for a member of the Sword Clan to do so?"

Noticing Hayden's clothes, both Rudolf and Rufus deduced that he belonged to the Sword Clan. However, they weren't sure who he was.

After all, Hayden had recently taken over the position of the city lord, so only a few people were aware of it.

"Rufus is right!"

"Although the debate over the Godly Ways is presided over by the Sword Clan, you still have to be fair!"

"I have been waiting in the line for a year and a half. Why should that person jump the queue?"

The True Gods standing in the line appeared quite irritated.

Hearing them complain, Hayden sneered, "Why? As the lord of the Famous Sword Divine City, I have the privilege to do so. If you don't accept this, then you can complain about it to the elders of your clan."

"Are you the city lord?"

"Since when did you become the lord of the Famous Sword Divine City?"

Rufus and Rudolf had a confused expression on their faces.

"He actually is the lord of the Famous Sword Divine City!"

"At such a young age, he is able to rule a divine city!"

The True Gods standing in the line were dumbstruck. Some of them covered their faces and hurried back to the queue, fearing that they would be noticed by the young city lord.

Seeing everyone speechless, Hayden snorted and waved his hand at the three white robed True Gods guarding the array.

They nodded as if to greet Hayden. Then, Hayden turned to Zen and said with a smile, "Now it's your turn."

"Okay."

With that, Zen walked towards the array.

The array was quite ingenious. When the Truth Spiritual Swords floated up, Zen sensed a tinge of power that spread out.

But as he entered the array, the situation was different.

With a sudden whoosh, an illusion obstructed Zen's view, and he couldn't help but close his eyes.

As the circular array changed its form, a long, narrow path appeared in front of him, and countless swords emerged from both sides of the path.

"So many long swords?"

Zen's eyes were glittering with excitement. Then he started treading along the long path.

He had only taken two steps.

With a whooshing sound, the long swords on both sides of the path went for him.

"What's happening?"

A look of surprise appeared on Zen's face. He whirled his body continuously to avoid the long swords.

Although Zen had portrayed some extraordinary bodily movement skills, he was still unable to dodge the numerous swords completely.

The swords lunged towards him.

Some of them pierced through his body.

All of this felt like an illusion to Zen. His body quickly recovered after it was penetrated by the long swords. However, the pain was incomparably real, and he couldn't help but grimace.

Outside the array, Rufus and Rudolf both gloated when they saw Zen wearing a painful expression on his face.

"Ha-ha! He's said to be a distinguished guest, but he can't even find a Truth Spiritual Sword. He's quite worthless!"

"He's not even qualified to serve me. City Lord, just look what your guest is doing. What a shame!"

Rufus and Rudolf said sarcastically.

However, Hayden appeared quite calm.

He didn't inform Zen intentionally about how to pass the array or the basic rules, and therefore Zen wasn't able to deal with the situation with as much ease as Rufus did.

He let this happen as he wanted to test Zen's real potential.

If Zen couldn't get through the test, or if he had great difficulty and was barely qualified, he knew that he had to move on from Zen.

In the illusion, Zen's body was still slashed by the long swords.

'The first True God had a painful look and trembled all over as he was unable to avoid these swords.

It's quite impossible for me to avoid these swords due to their density. Rufus must have a trick, or else he should have been unable to avoid them as well, '

Zen thought to himself.

He was sure that he'd be able to dodge the swords with the help of the Truth of Cultivation Nature and Eight Smoky Melodies, but he didn't want to do so right now.

"The first sword lifted by Rufus...

All the swords look the same.

Hayden said that the Truth of Godly Way contained in the Truth Spiritual Swords is a little stronger than that of the Non-combat Zone.

I see. He's testing me!"

Zen's eyes gleamed with excitement.

He didn't try to dodge the swords, but rather let them penetrate his body.

It was painful to be sliced by these swords, but it wasn't something Zen couldn't bear.

After his body was stabbed through by dozens of swords, Zen's gaze slightly narrowed. "It's you!"

A cracking sound was heard.

Zen reached out and, in an instant, grabbed one of the countless long swords.

This was the Truth Spiritual Sword!

At the same time, one of the twenty-three Truth Spiritual Swords in the array suddenly buzzed and began to float. Its tip slowly started to spin towards Zen.

"He has caught the first sword and mastered the principle. It won't take him long to catch the rest of the swords, right?" Hayden said with a smile.

"He only acquired the first sword. It's nothing out of the ordinary."

"He's so slow. I would have caught the third Truth Spiritual Sword till now."

Rufus and Rudolf mocked Zen.

They were unaware that Zen was sent into the array by Hayden before he could even figure out the basic rules.

After he obtained the first Truth Spiritual Sword, all the swords disappeared in an instant.

"Sure enough."

A victorious smile appeared on Zen's face as he grabbed the Truth Spiritual Sword and continued to move forward.

The principle of this array used by the Sword Clan was not complex. It was to create countless illusory long swords. The Truth of Godly Way contained in these swords was the same, coming from the momentum of the Non-combat Zone.

However, twenty three of them had been nurtured by the core of the Sunrest Tree, and therefore the Truth of Godly Way present in them was a bit more.

Those who were sensitive to the Truth of Godly Way could easily differentiate between the twenty-three real swords and the fake ones.

"It feels strange."

Zen felt something wasn't right after acquiring the first Truth Spiritual Sword.

The Truth Spiritual Sword in his hand continued to vibrate violently, as if it was whining and wanted to break away from Zen's hand.

Hayden, the three True Gods in white, and the two brothers of the Wang Clan noticed it as well.

"What's wrong with this Truth Spiritual Sword?"

"It seems like it wants to struggle to free itself from that man!"

"This has never happened!"

Hayden frowned. He couldn't comprehend what was going on. The Truth Spiritual Sword circling around Zen seemed to be resisting him.

"It's something out of the ordinary!"

Zen tightly gripped his Truth Spiritual Sword, giving it no chance to escape. He continued to walk forward.

He had only taken a few steps when he was attacked by more Truth Spiritual Swords.

This time, Zen knew how to react. He lowered his body, and with a flash, he had discerned the subtle differences in the swords with his keen senses. Then he stretched out his hand as fast as lightning and grabbed the second sword easily. Again, the dense swords disappeared.

However, this sword also tried to break free of Zen.

But Zen didn't pay any heed to it.

He clutched the sword under his arm and dashed forward.

A few seconds later, the third Truth Spiritual Sword appeared in his hand, and at the same time, a fork appeared in front of him, which was the way out of the array.

Chapter 2415 The Skill

Hayden had told Zen that catching three Truth Spiritual Swords meant that he had passed the test.

And now, there was a fork in the path.

Previously, after Rufus had caught four Truth Spiritual Swords, he had known that he couldn't catch the fifth one and had voluntarily withdrawn.

"Should I go out?"

Zen hesitated for a while. He didn't need to prove anything here.

But the test might determine how far he would go on the Sunrest Tree, although Hayden hadn't told him clearly.

Yan's face appeared in his mind.

If Harold brought her into the Non-combat Zone, would she enter the core of the Sunrest Tree just like the disciples of powerful clans, or climb up through a divine city, step by step?

As he thought this, Zen smiled and continued on his way.

He had barely taken a step forward when more swords rose from both sides of the path and attacked him.

Zen remained calm.

Before he knew it, more swords came stabbing at him.

Zen frowned. As he walked further and further along the path, the pain that the long swords brought to him seemed to intensify.

This meant that the rest of the path would get more difficult with each stretch.

The pain was unbearable, and directly affected the soul with the power of the array.

After being stabbed several times, Zen's body leaned sideways, his eyes fixed on one particular long sword. With a gentle flick of his hand, he grabbed a Truth Spiritual Sword from among the swords.

"It has been a painful experience, trying to get the fourth sword. And Hayden, only a mid-rank True God, had actually obtained nine Truth Spiritual Swords."

Zen looked at the path that extended into the distance, and saw the numerous swords on both sides. He knew that even if his ability to endure pain was extremely great, he would not be able to withstand it in the end.

Outside the array...

"He has gotten the fourth sword," said Hayden, as he looked at Zen in the array with a smile on his face.

He had deliberately not made the rules clear.

He hadn't given Zen the chance to stay in contact with others, nor had he allowed him to understand the rules.

In fact, the result of taking three swords was the same as taking twenty-three ones.

This was only a simple test, and the first round was only to make sure that most of the weak True Gods remained outside the Sunrest Tree.

If Zen had known it beforehand, he would have left the array once he had obtained the third sword.

"You're a person who likes challenges. However, getting swords like this won't last long," Hayden said, his voice low as he stared at Zen. He was expecting something from him.

The two young masters from the Wang Clan were getting angrier by the minute as they watched the four Truth Spiritual Swords floating beside Zen.

"He has gotten only four swords and his speed is too slow. It's not a big deal!" said Rudolf in a cold voice.

But although Zen was slow, he did not choose to give up.

Everyone watched Zen stop for a while.

And then, he suddenly took a step forward and a step backward.

He had captured one of the Truth Spiritual Swords in the array!

"The fifth sword!"

The three True Gods in white robes, who were in charge of the array, were stunned. They all looked at Hayden.

"He has found the secret. I didn't teach him that," Hayden said excitedly. "He is such a shrewd guy!"

Others might not know much about it, but Hayden knew it best.

If one bore the pain forcibly in order to get the Truth Spiritual Swords, his soul wouldn't be able to bear the pain when he got to the sixth or the seventh sword. He would faint and be kicked out of the array like the first True God who had failed.

There was a method that one had to figure out in order to catch more Truth Spiritual Swords.

Back then, Hayden had had to go through a lot of tests in the array before he had gradually found out what the method was. But now, it seemed that Zen already figured it out in a short period of time.

Inside the array, Zen rushed forward.

He had observed the path closely and had found that it had a gap, a blind spot between the fourth sword and the fifth sword.

This blind spot was narrow. But if Zen stood sideways in there, the long swords that were being shot from both sides of the path wouldn't be able to touch him.

So after he had rushed into the area containing the fifth sword, he did not stop. Instead, he continued to run wild along the path and hid himself in the blind spot that connected the fifth and the sixth swords. He then quickly locked the Truth Spiritual Sword among the flying swords and found a way to return to the path, while grabbing the fifth Truth Spiritual Sword from the rain of swords.

He walked back and forth on the path, but people outside the array only saw him take two steps forward and one step backward before he obtained a Truth Spiritual Sword.

"Once again!"

Now that he knew the method, Zen no longer had any scruples.

The True Gods outside the array saw Zen move two steps forward and then a step back. And then, a Truth Spiritual Sword was buzzing into the air.

His speed was amazing, to say the least.

He had soon got seven swords.

Eight!

Nine!

The three white-robed True Gods in charge of the array would usually test tens of thousands of True Gods a day.

Among such a large number of True Gods being tested, there were always a number of amazingly talented people, and the three were now immune to this fact.

But the more Truth Spiritual Swords the True Gods got, the slower their speed was.

On the contrary, Zen's speed was increasing in an abnormal manner.

What was more, the Truth Spiritual Swords weren't following Zen willingly in the illusion. Zen was holding them under his arms and they were wriggling, wanting to break free.

"Why are these Truth Spiritual Swords rejecting him so strongly?"

"That can't be true. The Truth Spiritual Swords don't have their own consciousness. They just have a little more Truth of Godly Way than ordinary treasures."

"Could it be that different kinds of Truth of Godly Way repel each other? In other words, has this person practiced another kind of Truth of Godly Way? I've heard about this!"

A True God in a white robe came to this conclusion.

"That's impossible. You think too highly of him," another white-robed True God said, denying this theory unhesitatingly. "For the Truth Spiritual Swords to repel him, he has to cultivate another Truth of Godly Way to an extremely high level."

There were very few True Gods in the divine land who were qualified enough to cultivate the Truth of Godly Way.

A few True Gods of humble birth had cultivated the Truth of Godly Way by chance, but they usually knew just a few words. It was rare for even True Gods from powerful clans on the Floating Islands to cultivate the Truth of Godly Way to a certain level.

"I have no idea either," another white-robed True God said, his eyes fixed on the array. "The man has gotten the fourteenth Truth Spiritual Sword! The city lord must be overjoyed."

The fourteen Truth Spiritual Swords formed a fan and circled slowly around Zen as they groaned. It sounded like a bunch of swords groaning mournfully.

Chapter 2416 Zen's Limit

Hayden's face lit up in excitement and anticipation.

The very moment that Zen had entered the city, he could already sense that Zen was an extraordinary person.

Yet he had never expected that Zen would collect the fourteen Truth Spiritual Swords with such ease.

He had good knowledge of the arrangement of the Truth Spiritual Swords.

It was reasonably easy to get the first three Truth Spiritual Swords, but the fourth to ninth ones were quite tricky to obtain.

As for the tenth to seventeenth Truth Spiritual Swords, the difficulty was a whole different level altogether!

The last time Hayden had attempted to collect them, he had gotten hit simultaneously by three long swords while going for the tenth Truth Spiritual Sword. Then he had blacked out and gotten kicked out of the array.

His personal best as of today was still only nine Truth Spiritual Swords.

Zen had already obtained fourteen Swords, and it didn't seem hard for him to get seventeen.

Among the eighty-seven divine cities in the Sunrest Tree Region, very few True Gods were able to grab seventeen Truth Spiritual Swords.

'This guy... He would be perfect to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways!

If he could participate in the debate, then my authority as the new city lord would be guaranteed and I would be able to ask my uncle for some rewards.'

As Hayden was lost in his thoughts, Marley walked up to him and asked, "How's it going?"

Marley had been busy with some personal affairs, thus the late arrival. He too was very curious about the performance of the young True God who had just arrived the day before.

"See for yourself!" Hayden pointed at the direction of the array happily.

Marley had expected Zen's performance to be above average. At the very least, he should be able to pass the test of the array. But if Zen couldn't even get the qualification to get onto the Sunrest Wood, then he would have to admit that he had overestimated Zen.

As his eyes followed the direction of Hayden's finger, the expression on his face froze.

He saw Zen taking two steps forward and one step backward before a Truth Spiritual Sword floated up and joined the other swords which fanned out and spiraled around him.

"What? He managed to grab so many?" Marley shouted with disbelief when he finally got over his shock. He started counting, "One, two, three..."

"Fifteen now. Don't bother counting. The kid still seems to feel no pressure at all," Hayden cut him off.

"If he can do it so effortlessly, does that mean... Is it possible? Do you think he can grab seventeen swords?" Marley asked.

A delighted smile spread across Hayden's lips as he replied, "I think so. I bet seventeen is his limit."

"That's good," Marley said with a short laugh. The scene in front of him was indeed something out of his expectations. He initially thought that Zen would be able to grab nine Truth Spiritual Swords at most as Hayden did. He had never expected that Zen could make it to this point.

"But what's wrong with the Truth Spiritual Swords? Why do they keep ringing like that?" Marley suddenly noticed the oddity and asked Hayden.

Hayden shrugged. "Who knows? Maybe he used some special skills that we don't know."

While their discussion was going on, Zen kept moving forward and backward, and soon two more swords floated up and swirled around him.

Which made it a grand total of seventeen now!

Seeing this, the other True Gods in queue all gasped in surprise.

"I really didn't expect this low-rank True God to be so extraordinary. He looks like an ordinary man, but in such a short period of time, he has already grabbed seventeen Truth Spiritual Swords!"

"He's amazing! Is he qualified to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways?"

"I've heard that only less than two hundred True Gods in the eighty-seven cities of the Sword Clan could grab seventeen swords. About fifty of them are qualified to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways and compete against the geniuses from the large clans on the Floating Islands. This guy has at least 25 percent of probability to participate in the debate!"

For most True Gods, their chances of participating in the debate over the Godly Ways were too slim. Most of them had just come to try their luck. Just having the opportunity to discuss about Sanskrit words or enter the Sunrest Tree was good enough for them.

They really envied Zen's unexpected performance.

As for the two brothers of the Wang Clan who had taunted Zen earlier, they were now rendered speechless, unable to believe their eyes.

They now understood that this man coming with the city lord was nowhere on the same level as them.

"Seventeen is his limit," Hayden concluded with a smile, even though he had expected nothing less.

Marley stroked his beard thoughtfully and chuckled. "I wonder if this boy could even go further. Do you think it's possible for him to grab all the Truth Spiritual Swords?"

Hayden glanced at him incredulously and replied in a mild tone, "You're kidding right? You know this array as well as I do. After the seventeenth sword, the long swords along the road are added with the power of Red Fire Thunder. Although it won't harm the soul, it's very difficult to bear that sort of pain even for a consummate True God."

"Hey, I was just joking. Never mind!" Marley said, giving two short laughs.

In the history of the Famous Sword Divine City, there had only been three True Gods that had managed to grab more than seventeen swords.

Two of them had made it to eighteen, and the last one had managed to get twenty.

The True God who had grabbed twenty swords was a member of the Sword Clan. It was said that he had grown up in another clan and suddenly became an outstanding figure after he returned to his clan. He was now at consummation of True God Realm.

Up to that point, no one had been able to grab all twenty-three swords.

"If this guy doesn't want to give up and keeps going for the eighteenth sword, he will have to suffer a lot," Hayden said with a smile.

Even as the two men were talking, Zen kept on moving forward.

As he was halfway along the path, he noticed something rather odd.

Amongst the rain of swords along the road, there were flashes of red lightning, and the speed of these swords seemed to be boosted even more compared to the previous ones.

Puff!

Before he could reach the blind spot ahead, he was hit by a Truth Spiritual Sword.

Crack!

As he was penetrated by the long sword, Zen felt an unbearable pain in his soul. In a flash, he felt that his head was about to explode. The pain almost reached the depths of his soul, and was absolutely unbearable.

His strong willpower seemed to disappear in the face of such pain.

Even so, Zen fought through the intense pain and struggled towards the blind spot. His body shook uncontrollably.

"What the hell is that?"

After making sure that his soul was unhurt, Zen took a closer look at the red swords and couldn't help but shout.

Hayden and Marley observed Zen's trembling body and smiled at each other in anticipation.

After a long while, the pain deep in his soul slowly disappeared. Then he looked back at the Truth Spiritual Swords with an intense look.

He had planned to grab all the Truth Spiritual Swords with the same speedy method, but he finally realized that it would be no easy feat.

If he got stabbed by the swords another three times, he would definitely black out.

"Should I give up?" he wondered.

He knew that he had done well enough and had far exceeded the requirements of entering the Sunrest Wood.

But as he looked at the Truth Spiritual Swords shuttling back and forth, he was overcome by his stubbornness.

Chapter 2417 Accidental Injury

With Zen's current speed, it was impossible to completely dodge the rain of swords coming straight at him.

If he used the jade seal, however, he'd be capable of dodging the rain of swords with ease. After all, those bugs could devour an entire period of time in which Zen was invincible.

It was only natural that Zen wasn't quite so willing to make use of the jade seal that easily.

Another technique that he could rely on in this moment was the Truth of Cultivation Nature, of course.

Originally, he didn't want to use the Truth of Godly Way now.

Needless to say, having come this far, he definitely wasn't going to give up this early.

As soon as this thought came to his mind, Zen began to make his move. Less than a second later, a tiny strand of Truth of Godly Way began slowly circling around his body.

The Truth of Godly Way wasn't a cultivation method, but a deep understanding of the Godly Way instead.

If the Truth of Godly Way was combined with any other cultivation method, it would thus have a very magical and unique effect.

In fact, Zen had already tested this himself before.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!" Zen roared at once.

After summoning just a hint of Truth of Godly Way, Zen flew backward with might.

Right then, he looked like he had no bones in his body whatsoever, as if he were a slowly flowing liquid!

Even though the flying swords were coming at him extremely fast and were densely packed, they did not form an inescapable wall, after all.

Directly from the rain of the swords, Zen penetrated out in a very weird gesture.

On the one hand, if someone were to stand within the magic array at this very moment, they'd see that Zen's body had contorted, like a fried dough twist, in a completely inhuman shape.

On the other hand though, in the eyes of people outside the magic array, there was nothing unusual with this scene.

"I can see it!"

A satisfied smile appeared on Zen's face as he shouted aloud. He identified the Truth Spiritual Sword from the rain of swords and removed it immediately.

Now that Zen had already used the Truth of Godly Way, he no longer hesitated when doing so again.

He didn't even search for a place to avoid the rain of swords. After fusing the Truth of Godly Way with the Eight Smoky Melodies, he resembled a fish swimming through water, freely shuttling through the rain of swords. Thanks to the combination of techniques, his speed of grabbing the Truth Spiritual Swords had increased ten-fold, at least.

Hayden and Marley were pretty convinced that Zen would only be capable of retrieving seventeen Truth Spiritual Swords. More so, they were ready to watch him suffer.

Hence, they did nothing but wait patiently.

From where they were standing, they noticed a strange wave coming from Zen's body in the magic array. Before they even had the time to think about what this wave was, Zen took a step back, and under the buzzing of the few Truth Spiritual Swords on the ground, they floated upward.

"What? No way! He grabbed the eighteenth one! He must really be suffering great pain with his strong will," Hayden exclaimed in astonishment.

Marley wanted to agree with Hayden. He opened his mouth to speak but didn't have the time to utter a single word.

Suddenly, the nineteenth Truth Spiritual Sword flew high into the air.

"What?" Hayden didn't have the chance to finish his sentence, either.

The twentieth Truth Spiritual Sword went flying into the air.

Hayden said nothing more. Simply put, he was at a loss for words.

Marley also looked at Zen solemnly, although he had a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

Before this all started, he had said jokingly that Zen might be capable of grabbing twenty-three Truth Spiritual Swords, but he wasn't serious. Would Zen really succeed?

The three white-robed True Gods in charge of the magic array also widened their eyes. Looking at this strange scene that played out before them, they too, couldn't find the words to speak aloud. They could only watch the Truth Spiritual Swords flying upward, one after the next!

Although the place had been a little too noisy before, it was now too quiet.

Many others equally stared at the scene, unable to pull their eyes away, knowing that they were probably witnessing a miracle.

The twenty-first one...

The twenty-second one...

And the twenty-third one!

Buzz!

Looking at the Truth Spiritual Swords, Hayden couldn't help the bad feeling that came over him.

As it appeared, after Zen had taken out the eighteenth Truth Spiritual Sword, they began vibrating more frequently, as if they were trying to get away from Zen. He had them under a tight control though; thus, the swords only swirled around him.

When Zen obtained the twenty-third Truth Spiritual Sword, he had reached the end of the road.

With a thick bundle of long swords in hand, Zen stepped off the road with a grin plastered on his face.

The moment he strode off the road, the Truth Spiritual Swords he held onto disappeared in the blink of an eye.

These Truth Spiritual Swords were only illusory. The real swords were actually circling around Zen.

When the illusory Truth Spiritual Swords disappeared, they were actually completely liberated from Zen's control.

The real Truth Spiritual Swords circling around Zen were in a hurry to get rid of him too, and right now, they were flying in every direction in an attempt to flee.

"Get down! Danger!"

Hayden shouted out loud before the Truth Spiritual Swords flew outward and caused any harm.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The twenty-three Truth Spiritual Swords circling Zen now recklessly rushed in all directions.

All of these Truth Spiritual Swords were considered supreme primordial weapons. There were a total of eighty-seven divine cities with two thousand and one Truth Spiritual Swords in all. Together, they could form the Sword Clan's Sword Singing Array, which was known as an extremely powerful sword array.

It was only during the period of debate over the Godly Ways that the Sword Clan would distribute such swords. They would assign three True Gods in white robes to establish the temporary magic array in order to test the True Gods.

When these Truth Spiritual Swords shot out, the speed and power they contained weren't slight.

Hayden was both smart and quick enough to notice something was wrong. He warned the others ahead of time.

Most of the True Gods bent their bodies completely in half, and a few of them even rolled on the ground.

Even the three True Gods in white robes, who were in charge of the magic array, didn't care about their image right now. Not in the least. Fortunately for them, they had been sitting on the ground. All they had to do was lie on the ground as soon as the warning was heard.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The Truth Spiritual Swords scattered, and in a split second, most of them were nailed to the buildings on both sides of the street.

Buzz!

One of the Truth Spiritual Swords was nailed to the west entrance's thick wooden gate, and the sword's blade shook continuously.

"Aaaargh!"

As they screeched at the top of their lungs, two True Gods were stabbed by the swords.

One of these two True Gods was Rufus Wang, who was the closest to Zen.

From his position on his stomach, Hayden glanced at the True Gods who had been stabbed, and he let out a sigh of relief. Neither of them was hit in their vital parts.

As soon as he let out his sigh of relief, he noticed Rufus Wang, who was lying on the ground, rolling over. He shrank himself into a ball, screaming madly, his face distorted and he looked to be in an extremely horrible state.

"Brother!" Rudolf Wang, Rufus Wang's younger brother, didn't expect his brother to be in such pain. He hurried over and glared at Zen before he began to check on his brother.

"It's the Red Fire Thunder..." A helpless expression appeared on Hayden's face.

The eighteenth to twenty-third Truth Spiritual Swords had the nature with the illusory swords in the magic array. In other words, this meant that they possessed the Red Fire Thunder. Touching the sword in the magic array was alright, but now that the sword had hit Rufus Wang, it had released the Red Fire Thunder.

Now that the Red Fire Thunder had penetrated into his body, Rufus Wang would undoubtedly have a hard time.

Zen, on the other hand, stood at the edge of the magic array, still a little stunned.

As soon as he came out, he saw the Truth Spiritual Swords shooting out, and he felt as though he was at a loss.

When he came to his senses, the first thing he noticed were the two True Gods lying on the ground.

Chapter 2418 A Faint Light

As he lay on the ground, Rufus convulsed for a long period of time before he came back to his senses.

Fortunately for him, the Red Fire Thunder hadn't hurt him severely, but the pain it caused was enough for him to remember it for a lifetime.

As he watched the scene, Rudolf only grew more and more furious. Their Wang Clan was one of the first-tier clans in the Sunrest Tree Region. They had never suffered such loss before.

He had the burning desire to argue with Zen, but was stopped by Hayden.

"This is our fault. If you really want to blame it, then you can only blame the array for its omission," Hayden said, keeping his calm.

Faced with the Famous Sword Divine City's acting leader, Rudolf was helpless. He could do nothing but glare at Zen angrily before turning his head in the opposite direction.

After dealing with the two brothers of the Wang Clan, Hayden said to Zen with a smile, "Congratulations! You're the first True God to get all the Truth Spiritual Swords in the history of the Famous Sword Divine City."

"Do you actually have a reward for me?" Zen asked flatly, as he stared at Hayden.

"Ha-ha!" A look of triumph appeared on Hayden's face. "Of course, you won't receive any true reward. All this means that you'll be capable of walking further on the Sunrest Tree. What's more, I'll be your recommender and thus issue a letter of recommendation in your name. I believe that the elders of Sword Clan will pay special attention to you."

Zen wasn't disappointed to hear such a statement.

In his current situation, it was only normal that he wanted to seize every opportunity he possibly could.

"Can I get onto the Sunrest Tree right now?" Zen looked at the west gate in the opposite direction, not far away.

Nodding his head, Hayden made way for Zen and stepped aside. "Of course, please, just head that way!"

Rumble!

A True God in a white robe opened the west gate for him at once.

Zen nodded at Hayden and Marley before walking off toward the west gate.

"City Lord, don't mind if I ask, but why didn't you investigate his background and identity?" A look of confusion appeared on Marley's face as he watched Zen's gradually receding figure.

Listening to Marley, Hayden smiled slightly. Then he said, "Such a fellow is destined to be somebody. I'd bet that he is most likely the son of a Holy Being. Or at the very least, a Demi-holy Being's son."

"A Holy Being's or a Demi-holy Being's son?" Marley felt somewhat puzzled. "If so, why didn't he come here through our Floating Island, then? It would have saved him a lot of trouble arriving here through our Sword Clan's Floating Island."

"It's hard to say." Hayden shook his head and speculated, "Not all Holy Beings are on the Floating Islands. Perhaps he has his own unspeakable reasons. After the screening is over, I'll naturally have to go investigate him."

Zen crossed the Famous Sword Divine City's gate.

As he did so, a wide coastline appeared in front of him. A few unrecognizable sea birds inhabited the beach. Probably because there was a lack of natural enemies here, these birds weren't afraid of humans. When they saw Zen, they didn't move an inch.

A root, at least ten thousand feet wide, extended toward the sea. The root was like a giant beast's claw, paving its way to the sky.

After observing the scene for a while, Zen strode over to the root.

The moment Zen stepped just before the root, he felt an extremely thick life energy was over him. It was so great that it could accommodate almost everything and even affect all the creatures on the tree.

The root was over hundreds of thousands of miles long, and it reached so far off into the distance that no one could see its end.

"I need to speed myself up..."

Zen murmured to himself. He decided to run forward as fast as his legs could carry him.

When Zen touched the huge Sunrest Tree, a gentle vibration passed through his feet.

The rhythmic vibrations continued advancing. It was as if they were stretching out through a vein in a human body and toward a sub-branch of the tree. After turning a corner, the vibrations converged onto one of the tree's branches.

The vibrations continued to spread through the branch and finally arrived at the Sunrest Tree's trunk.

Within no more than three seconds, the vibrations had spread over 70 million miles.

In the middle of the tree trunk, a ten thousand feet wide hole could be seen. Deep in the hole, a skeleton whose hand was holding a gray sword was sitting.

A faint light suddenly appeared in the skeleton's hollow eyes as soon as the vibrations reached the hole.

The light only existed for a very brief moment before disappearing completely.

The Sword Casting Divine City was one hundred and thirty thousand miles away in distance from the Famous Sword Divine City.

In front of the magic array used to screen the True Gods, the True Gods had also lined up into a long line. Moreover, thanks to the convenience of transportation in the Sword Casting Divine City, it was needless to say that there were more True Gods in this place!

Today though, most of these True Gods had fear painted all over their faces.

A girl in purple was standing in the magic array. She was the one taking part in the test.

The girl stood on tiptoe and slowly moved forward in the magic array. Her body shifted in an extremely agile manner, and the sixteen Truth Spiritual Swords could be seen floating beside her.

She was indeed very eye-catching. Notably thanks to her attractive figure as well as appearance, any man couldn't help but try to catch a second glance.

That said, the True Gods didn't fear her. To the contrary, in fact, it was the young man standing by the magic array that had them all feeling slightly terrified.

"Don't you think it's unreasonable for a consummate True God to bring someone to join the selection?"

"The girl is really something! She managed to collect sixteen Truth Spiritual Swords!"

"Shush! Do you even know who he is?"

"It's been said that his name is Harold Yu, the controller of the Everest Spirit Mountain!"

As he stared at Yan in the magic array, Harold sighed with emotion in his heart.

Over the past several years, she had developed greatly, and her excellent performance was beyond his wildest expectations.

It didn't take long for Yan to obtain seventeen Truth Spiritual Swords.

With a graceful and confident smile on her face, she walked out of the magic array.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The seventeen Truth Spiritual Swords that were circling her slowly came back to their positions.

"I have succeeded the examination!"

Yan exclaimed with a relaxed face as she jumped next to Harold.

"Do you still have a little strength left in you?" Harold asked, with a slight smile curling at his lips.

Yan thought for a while, pouted her lips and said, "Well, I should be capable of obtaining the rest of the swords as well, but to do that, I'll surely suffer to no end."

As she spoke, the True Gods who were still waiting in line fell speechless.

Harold responded with nothing more than a brief smile; he knew what Yan had said was true.

"Harold, you told me that my brother would come!" Yan said seriously and accusingly, as she stared at Harold.

Upon hearing her words, Harold turned his head back to look at the slowly opening gate. At that very moment, the Sunrest Tree appeared in front of him. "He will. Maybe he's already on the Sunrest Tree," he replied.

"Then I must hurry up!"

Yan dashed over to the gate like an agile rabbit, without a second's hesitation.

Despite her confidence, a hint of worry revealed itself on Harold's face.

Zen didn't go to the Everest Spirit Mountain, which disturbed Harold's overall plan.

Now that he was unable to give Zen what was left by Mike, he placed all the pressure on Yan.

Just like playing chess, one false move would lead to a series of problems. In particular, Mike's situation wasn't an optimistic one, and Harold couldn't allow any mistakes to be made.

Even if Harold could calculate everything with his Evolution Godly Way, no clues were uncovered.

'This time, no mistake is allowed to be made during the debate over Godly Ways held by the Sword Clan!' he thought to himself determinedly.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2419 Second Round Of Screening

Zen had been running for so long that he couldn't remember how many miles he had covered on this root.

The root cut right smack in the middle of a large sea. At time, glimmers of the other roots could be seen faintly in the distance.

As he continued his way deeper and deeper along the root, the surrounding scenery became paler and paler.

On his way, he occasionally met a few True Gods. They wasted no more time than that of glancing at each other before rushing forward in a hurry.

Seven days later, things began to change.

The root, at least ten thousand feet wide, now gathered on a wider branch.

More and more members of the Sword Clan gathered here on this branch.

Every hundred miles or so, Zen would meet one or two True Gods of the Sword Clan.

The True Gods of Sword Clan sat upright on the branch's edge, while stabbing their long swords into it. They closed their eyes as if they were comprehending something.

'Could this be the Sword Clan members' unique way of cultivating?' he wondered to himself.

While running, Zen eyed the Sword Clan's True Gods closely.

All of them appeared to be in a meditative state, indifferent to everything around them. Most importantly, no one paid any attention to Zen whatsoever.

Four more days of journey passed.

It was only then that Zen saw a wider branch.

'It's no wonder that the Non-combat Zone is called the Sunrest Tree Region. The Sunrest Tree alone is extremely huge, if not boundless. I've been running for more than ten days at such a high speed, but I still can't seem to reach the tree's trunk, ' he thought.

This time, the length of the branch was even longer—at least twice as long, in fact. It had taken him nearly half a month to continue travelling incredibly fast along this branch.

A month later, Zen finally arrived at the end of the branch.

Surprisingly, what appeared in front of him was a brown plain.

Moreover, countless sword-shaped buildings stood on the surface of the brown plain. The plain appeared endless.

'Just how huge is this Sunrest Tree anyway?' Zen thought to himself.

He was suddenly faced with the idea that his imagination simply wouldn't suffice.

After running for over a month, he finally got close to the Sunrest Tree's trunk. Alas, his objective! That said, the trunk was equally huge and boundless beyond imagination, just like the rest before.

Two Sword Clan members in white robes were standing not far ahead. Both of them were top-rank True Gods.

A few True Gods were standing in line, waiting for something from the two Sword Clan members. They had expectant looks on their faces.

Just like Zen, it had taken these True Gods more than a month to reach this place after passing the first round of screening.

As Zen took notice of what was going on, he also quietly followed behind these True Gods in a line.

After waiting in line for a while, it was finally Zen's turn.

One of the two members glanced at Zen before taking out a yellow sword-shaped token. He handed it to Zen. "Anyone who enters our land requires this token. If you abandon or lose the token, it will automatically come to our senses and we will drive you away at once. Always remember that!"

This place was the Sword Clan's core, and the True Gods participating in the debate concerning the Godly Ways came from the entire divine land. With both good and bad mixed together, the Sword Clan had no choice but to be much more strict.

Once Zen had obtained the token, the Sword Clan member pointed to a wide building in the distance and said, "True Gods are gathered there, waiting for our Sword Clan members to receive you."

Zen nodded and walked straight to the wide building. As he strut forward, he looked around.

There was no information engraved on this token, aside from a simple number. The number that Zen had obtained from this token was 9, 400.

'Only less than ten thousand True Gods have passed the first round?' he wondered as he furrowed his brow.

A long queue of warriors in front of the Famous Sword Divine City's gate emerged in Zen's mind.

As long as one obtained three Truth Spiritual Swords, they would successfully pass the first round. That said, he didn't expect that the chances of passing the first round were still so low.

He had left the Famous Sword Divine City for more than a month, though. Presumably, more True Gods had also passed the first round of screening, and they were still travelling day and night along the tree branches.

Holding the token, Zen entered the wide building and quickly noticed that the hall was densely packed with many True Gods, either sitting or standing around.

The moment he stepped inside, the True Gods' gazes quietly swept past Zen.

It was safe to say that there was no such thing as a low-rank True God who could pass the second round of screening.

Although the first round of screening had nothing to do with cultivation, the more talented one was, the more chances they had of passing.

Ninety percent of the people in the hall, if not more, had the cultivation base of a top-rank True God.

Therefore, when they looked at Zen, most of them were rather surprised.

Zen clearly knew what these people were thinking of him. Ignoring their gazes, he found a corner in the hall and leaned against it, waiting quietly.

It wasn't long after he pressed his back against the wall that a voice came over and said, "Hey, brat! How in the hell did you pass the first round of screening?"

The person speaking was a man with dark skin. He narrowed his eyes and looked at Zen with interest. Zen was, after all, the only low-rank True God in this entire hall.

"With a little luck," Zen replied concisely.

"Ha-ha! I'm afraid it's more than luck," replied the dark-skinned man, with a laugh. "Tell me, how many swords did you snatch?"

"No comment." Zen shook his head, disregarding the man's question.

Hearing Zen's tough words, the dark-skinned man revealed an unpleasant expression. He pulled a long face and immediately said, "The first round of screening can eliminate 99% of participants. The second round can eliminate another 99% too. Though you might have been lucky once, I'm afraid you won't ever be as lucky in the second round!"

Zen did nothing more than shrug his shoulders and didn't even offer him the satisfaction of a final comment.

Almost ten hours had passed, and yet, the members of the Sword Clan had never come as expected.

Fortunately, these True Gods were people of great patience. They could only hear a few faint sounds from time to time. Most of them simply closed their eyes and turned a deaf ear to everything around them.

Outside the hall, the True Gods who had recently obtained their tokens walked in one after another.

Although the hall was very spacious, it became rather compact as the thousands of warriors accumulated inside.

A little more than twenty hours later, an old man in a white robe finally appeared on the other side of the hall.

The moment he appeared, he caught everyone's attention. The hall fell silent aside from a few whispers.

"A consummate True God!" someone hushed under their breath.

"It's a Sword Clan's consummate True God!" someone else whispered.

"Wow!"

There were very few True Gods who would ever reach such level of consummation in the divine land.

Even in the first-tier clans, not many of them actually had a consummate True God.

The Sword Clan was still the second-ranked clan among the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. It wasn't strange that a consummate True God had appeared here in the Sunrest Tree Region.

"Thank you all for walking thousands of miles or more in order to come to our Sunrest Tree Region. Sorry to keep you waiting for me," the old man said as he cupped his hands toward the crowd.

The consummate True God spoke in a courteous manner, which made the group of True Gods feel flattered and comfortable.

"Since you were capable of passing the first round of the Sword Clan's selection, you are very sensitive to Truth Spiritual Swords," the old man continued. "But our Sword Clan only has a few places vacant, and thus by convention, we must hold the second round of screening! If any of you can pass the second round of screening, then you will be considered indispensable at this year's debate over the Godly Ways!"

When the True Gods present heard the old man's words, their eyes suddenly lit up and opened wide. Their mood equally perked up.

Most of these True Gods were elites from the first or second-tier clans.

If they could join the debate over the Godly Ways, they would be capable of competing with the major clans' elites. Additionally, it was more likely that they would comprehend a hint of the Truth of Godly Way.

This was an opportunity no True God could ignore.

Chapter 2420 The Killing Zone

There were only few True Gods in the divine land that had the chance to see the Truth of Godly Way.

However, it didn't stop the many legends of the Truth of Godly Way.

The most interested were the True Gods who came to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways and passed the first round of screening.

There were various reasons why these True Gods, who were all originally extremely talented people, still made no breakthroughs in their cultivation.

It took a lot of resources to consummate a True God and it was extremely difficult even for the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. If they didn't have other chances, they might never be able to become consummate True Gods.

The ethereal Truth of Godly Way was their life saver.

If one could fully understand a Truth of Godly Way, they would be able to cross the Godly Way and reach the other shore. It was the complete comprehension of the ultimate mysteries of the world.

Various rumors had spread among the True Gods.

Later on, many opinions were formed about the Truth of Godly Way.

Through sheer coincidence, there had been a few True Gods who managed to decipher one or two sentences of the abridged versions of the Truth of Godly Way. They all claimed that they were enchanted and felt wonderful as they read.

But a few words were nothing but a glance at the end of the Godly Ways. It wasn't any help but was a deadly temptation.

A solid proof of the Truth of Godly Way was the Non-combat Zone, a special existence in the Sunrest Tree Region.

Neither the Holy Beings nor the consummate True Gods could afford to ignore the Truth of Godly Way contained within.

The Sword Clan took advantage of the True Gods' intense yearning for the place to hold a debate over the Godly Ways every few years.

Many True Gods who studied Sanskrit words would participate in the debate, but most of them couldn't pass the first round of screening.

Even more candidates were eliminated in the second round.

There were over ten thousand True Gods in the hall but only a few of them were able to pass.

"There's still one thing that I have to remind you. There will be some dirty tricks in the second round of screening and certain dangers will be present. The True Gods who have participated in the debates before should know that," the Sword Clan's elder said flatly.

The hearts of the True Gods felt cold at the words.

Although they were at the Non-combat Zone, it didn't mean absolute safety.

The Sword Clan had occupied the Sunrest Tree for a long time, so their study of the Non-combat Zone was deeper than the outside world imagined.

Many True Gods had died in the previous debates.

Zen raised his eyebrows and thought, 'We can't fight in the Non-combat Zone but that doesn't mean we can't kill each other.'

For example, when he held some Truth Spiritual Swords in the Famous Sword Divine City, they still managed to badly hurt Rufus.

'In this case, the Truth of Godly Way in the Non-combat Zone is to suppress killing intent. That's to say, it's impossible for me to deliberately kill someone unless I get rid of the Truth of Godly Way in the Non-combat Zone. But that doesn't mean that I really can't kill them.'

While Zen carefully studied the situation, the old man of the Sword Clan spoke again, "Everyone, please follow me."

He led the way out the hall.

The True Gods closely followed after him.

The dark-skinned man walked in front of Zen and turned back to smile at him. "It seems like you're a newcomer to the debate. Bill Sword's not joking. You may die if you're careless in the second round. It's not too late for you to withdraw!"

His voice boomed as he tried to frighten Zen.

The man had participated in the debate seven times and had been to the second round five times. He could be considered as an old friend of the Sword Clan, but he wasn't able to seriously participate in the debate all the time. It was a heavy weight in his heart as it was such a loss.

Newcomers without a high cultivation level, like Zen, were hammered down and doing that made the weight in his heart lighter.

Contrary to what the man expected, Zen didn't care about his words at all. He just asked, "Bill Sword? This consummate True God of the Sword Clan should have the surname Mo, right?"

"Well, most of the members of the Sword Clan are surnamed Mo, but those who have made great contributions to the Sword Clan, those that have become consummate True Gods, and some of the core members of the Sword Clan all have unique titles. For example, this old man is titled Bill Sword," the dark-skinned man explained.

"Oh... I see. Thank you," Zen said with a smile.

"Cut the crap! Let me tell you, if you don't quit at the second round of screening, you'll definitely die." The man was even angrier when he realized that Zen was distracting him.

Zen rolled his eyes and ignored him again.

"Bill Sword..."

Zen was lost in thought.

There was a skeleton of a consummate True God of the Sword Clan in the jade seal that Zen had taken.

The owner of the skeleton was Mikail Sword.

If he could find the opportunity, Zen would definitely return Mikail's dead body to the Sword Clan.

The dark-skinned man didn't know what Zen was thinking about.

Even if he was being ignored, the man kept muttering by Zen's ear and no one understood why he was especially pressuring Zen.

"Stop talking crap!"

Zen frowned and rebuked loudly.

The crowd quieted down as they all suddenly stopped and looked at Zen and the man.

Even Bill, who was leading the way, turned around to frown at them and said, "Please keep quiet."

Zen shrugged his shoulders and didn't say anything more.

But the man felt quite embarrassed.

If it had been outside of the Non-combat Zone, he would have killed Zen immediately. But the moment his killing intention formed, it had instantly dissipated due to the invisible force from the Non-combat Zone.

In the end, he could only glare at Zen without saying anything.

They followed a downward path under Bill's lead and they stopped at a dark entrance.

As he stood at the entrance, Bill said, "This is where the Sword Clan cultivates. It's well known that we built the Non-combat Zone because we cherish lives but no one knows that we can also sacrifice lives. This is the Killing Zone."

The Truth of Godly Way that enveloped the whole Non-combat Zone was exceptionally extreme.

The True Gods couldn't even fight with each other in areas covered by that aura.

But the opposite side of the Non-combat Zone was the Killing Zone.

Chapter 2421 Zen's Identity

The Sword Clan was a relatively peaceful race in the divine land.

At the very least, they rarely caused any disputes in the divine land.

Despite the fact they were the second-ranked clan, they had no use for violence. They were very devout in their belief of kindness.

They expected every member to cultivate his or her mind to not kill indiscriminately or be bloodthirsty. Therefore, the clansmen were extremely humble and righteous. beings.

However, those who knew the Sword Clan knew of the terrifying strength hidden behind the humble exterior.

"It's not uncommon for members of the Sword Clan to die when they cultivate in the Killing Zone. You must not force yourselves. If you cannot hold on, crush the Sword Card in your hands, and our clan members will rescue you." Bill glanced at the crowd and waved his hand, adding, "Remember, in the Killing Zone your killing intents will be ignited, but you cannot kill each other. If you attempt to do so, the Sword Clan will not be kind. Does everyone understand?"

Paying little heed to the warning, the large group of True Gods charged into the Killing Zone.

The dark-skinned man glared coldly at Zen before entering.

Zen walked unhurriedly to the back of the queue.

As Bill watched them enter the zone, an emerald bird spiraled down from the sky toward him.

A small jade slip hung from its feet.

Bill stretched out his hand, and the bird perched atop his wrinkled finger.

"Tweet, tweet, tweet!"

it chirped.

A look of doubt appeared on Bill's face as he unbuttoned the jade slip. "Hayden's letter? The kid has just taken office as the lord of the Famous Sword Divine City and no longer caused any trouble. He has been quiet for the past few days. What could the letter be about?"

"Clank!"

Bill crushed the jade slip in his palm, and a flash of thought flew out.

"How could this be? Someone in the Famous Sword Divine City has got twenty-three swords?"

It was rare for someone of the Sword Clan to be able to get twenty-three swords.

"His name is Zen Luo. Zen Luo..."

Bill murmured the name several times.

"I'm sure I've heard this name somewhere before..."

Bill's eyes popped open in surprise moments later.

"The man who holds the number 9400 Sword Card!

Zen, the one who had caused trouble to the Floating Islands several years ago!"

As one of the seven elders and a consummate True God in the Sword Clan, Bill had seldom done business on the Floating Island. Instead, he resided in the Sunrest Tree.

The story from the Floating Island, however, had spread out to his domain. Significant happenings such as that even reached as far as where he was.

The name jogged Bill's memory of when the Floating Islands were re-ranked.

It told of an anonymous warrior, the Time Sea Forbidden Land, and the jade seal.

Mikail, one of the seven elders of the Sword Clan, had died in the jade seal.

In response to Mikhail's death, two of Bill's comrades had asked of Zen's location in their rage.

When a member of the Sword Clan died outside of their own land, the body should be taken back to the Sword Clan and buried, no matter the distance in between.

It was impossible to bury a member of the Sword Clan in other places, especially a consummate True God like Mikail in this instance.

They only heard from Zen that Mikhail died. How could the Sword Clan allow one of their elders to die casually?

Glancing at the dark entrance, Bill felt the impulse to rip Zen out and demand an answer.

He had to restrain himself though.

Unlike the past debates over the Godly Ways, this time the situation of the Sword Clan was the most important.

The moment Zen stepped into the Killing Zone, there was a strong change of the momentum.

Actually, the moment Zen had entered the Non-combat zone, he had felt a great momentum radiating from it. It was so irresistible that the True Gods would be unable to gather the slightest amount of killing intent.

Even when he entered the Killing Zone, the momentum still existed, but it wasn't what he had expected it to be. The momentum was encouraging him to release his killing intent, not suppress it!

A nearly overwhelming desire to fight ignited in Zen's blood.

"What a massive difference!"

Zen's eyes narrowed.

Under the influence of this momentum, there was a faint impulse in the back of Zen's mind.

He wanted to burn his life and use his strongest strength.

"Is this the other side of the Truth of Godly Way?"

This feeling was slightly similar to what Zen had felt when he performed the Emotion Closing Godly Way, but in reality they were completely different.

It seemed to be similar to the Murdering Godly Way, but there was still a difference.

The Truth of Godly Way was infused with two kinds of opposite power, which was very eerie.

While pondering these thoughts, Zen walked slowly down the steps into the tree hole.

The tree hole was inside the main stem of the Sunrest Tree.

The surface of the Sunrest Tree's main stem was very large, so the inner world must be too big to imagine. Could it be that the whole core of the Sunrest Tree was the Killing Zone?

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

The True Gods ran along the wide tree hole as quickly as possible, distancing themselves from one another.

After walking a long distance, Zen sped up.

The first part of the journey went unchanged.

As they traveled deeper into the hole, vines inched out of the wooden surface.

"Be careful! Don't get tangled up in those vines!"

"They are the spiritual roots of the Sunrest Tree. Don't try to destroy them if you get caught!"

Just as a True God gave out the warning, a swishing sound cut through the air.

The huge hole was like the belly of a monster. All the vines waved in time with each other, and swept towards the True Gods all at once.

If the creatures in the divine land were to be ranked, the four great divine trees would be the top creatures in the divine land.

Among the four great divine trees, three wouldn't attack any living beings on their own, especially the Sunrest Tree.

If warriors cultivated on the Sunrest Tree, they'd be able to feel its strong life energy. Under its nourishment, the warriors could promote their cultivation speed immensely.

Because of this, Zen watched many of the Sword Clan members stab their swords into the tree to cultivate.

But as this was the Killing Zone, some parts of the Sunrest Tree were affected by the Truth of Godly Way. This area was extremely dangerous.

Countless vines spread at an incredible speed, and almost instantaneously a majority of the True Gods were ensnared.

"Whish! Whish!"

A scream caught Zen's attention.

A short distance from Zen, a top-rank True God's feet were tightly wrapped up in the vines. Suddenly, seven to eight vines curled around him so tightly that no matter how hard he tried, he could not escape.

The more the top-rank True God struggled, the stronger the vines became. In no time, a crunching sound came from him. The vines had snapped his bones.

"Crack!"

Now desperate, the top-rank True God had no choice but to break the Sword Card. He did not dare move anymore. Realizing their prey was still, the vines stopped moving and didn't get any tighter.

Zen frowned at the scene before him, but the sound of rustling overhead caught his attention. Several vines, like the tentacles of an octopus, formed a complicated net and came at him from different directions.

Chapter 2422 Black Beetles

The vicious vines attacked all the True Gods, including Zen.

The vines attacked like nimble snakes, wreathing and slithering towards Zen.

"Whoosh!".

Zen couldn't fly and escape like the top-rank True Gods, so he could rely only on his agile body to keep away from them.

Seeing the vines approach him rapidly, he twisted himself and shot towards the side of the cave.

But the vines seemed to have eyes as they quickly changed their direction and followed Zen. They twisted and overlapped with each other to form a net and completely block Zen's escape.

"Swish! Swish!"

At the same time, another seven or eight vines extended from the ground below and obstructed Zen's exit from all sides.

"Like I said, low-rank True Gods such as yourself, come here looking for death," sneered the dark-skinned man as he floated above.

In the Killing Zone, there was no restraint and the top-rank True Gods naturally had a better advantage.

Their strength was not only far greater than that of the average mid-rank and low-rank True Gods, but they could even fly freely.

That was why, in the second round of screening, almost ninety percent of the candidates were top-rank True Gods and a very meagre number formed the mid-rank True Gods.

Zen was the only low-rank True God among them. Everyone was already astounded to witness this.

Zen barely flinched even after hearing the man's words. With a single tap of his toe, he transformed into a sharp arrow and shot forward.

"Why throw yourself into the net so soon? Losing already?"

The man smirked, as he thought that Zen had given up.

The vines, as the spiritual roots of the Sunrest Tree, were impossible to destroy. From what the man witnessed in the many debates that he took part in, those who were trapped by the vines were all knocked out, and were powerless to cut the vines by themselves.

Sometime back, a True God who was trapped by these vines did not crumb the Sword Card to seek the help of the Sword Clan. In the end, he was strangled to death by the vines!

Therefore, once the True Gods were trapped by the vines, they would immediately crumb their Sword Cards and quit the second round of screening. That was the only way to escape one's death.

There would be other chances to take part in the debate over the Godly Ways, but they had only one life. One's life was more important than winning rounds.

The moment the net made of the vines engulfed Zen, his figure suddenly became blurry. At the same time, a unique aura was spreading out of his body.

"Whoosh!"

Then the dark-skinned man saw Zen's body suddenly become formless. His body transformed into a blob of mass and oozed out through the gaps!

After the entire mass seeped out, Zen's body returned back to normal. He turned and looked at the man hovering above, with a smile. Once again he tapped his toe, and altering into light, shot towards the depths of the Killing Zone.

"What's this technique? I have never seen it performed by a low-rank True God!" The man's eyes widened.

The other top-rank True Gods around saw this scene and were completely appalled at the sight.

"Looks like some kind of soft body technique of a certain clan," a top-rank True God said.

"As far as I know, the soft body technique can definitely soften the body and transform it into various shapes. But it takes tremendous time to prepare, so it's impossible for anyone to do so as soon as he wishes," another top-rank True God said with a strange expression. "Maybe he has cultivated some theurgy beyond way."

At that moment, they could clearly sense a special aura emanating from Zen.

It was the aura emitted by the Truth of Cultivation Nature, but they couldn't tell what it was with their limited experience and knowledge.

The dark-skinned man continued to stare at Zen with cool eyes. Affected by the atmosphere in the Killing Zone, he had an extremely strong urge to kill.

However, he was well aware of the rules of the Sword Clan. Bill had already warned them that if they fought here, the consequences could be severe.

If he had the chance, he would definitely kill Zen.

With this thought, the dark-skinned man followed Zen.

"Swish! Swish!"

As soon as Zen landed on the ground, countless vines would spring around him.

He tapped the ground lightly with his toe, and once again, he transformed into a beam of light and jumped out.

As he leaped in this way, his speed was faster than those of the top-rank True Gods flying in the air.

Some top-rank True Gods were accidentally trapped by the vines. They immediately broke their Sword Cards and gave up.

About a thousand True Gods were eliminated in the first stage. Only half the members were left now.

"This level is not so difficult after all." Zen sprinted forward as he could feel his killing intent.

The killing aura that Zen had used in the universe was an external object. It was formed from the most resentful curses of the dying souls.

The Murdering Godly Way was just a simple thought or intent about murder.

However, the aura in this Killing Zone could force the living beings to form an irresistible killing intention.

For example, Zen considered these vines as very annoying. He knew clearly that he could not destroy the vines that spread out from the Sunrest Tree, but he still had an impulse to slash off those vines.

'No combat vs. killing. The Truth of Godly Way of the Sunrest Tree Region has such extreme sides.'

Just as Zen was thinking about it, he heard the crackling ahead.

"Rumble..."

"Hurry up! Watch out for these bugs!"

Zen had already easily passed through the area full of vines.

But the path ahead was even more dangerous.

Vines were no longer sprouting out from both sides of the large hole.

Instead on the wall, there were many round holes of different sizes.

As the True Gods rushed into this area, black beetles started emerging from the holes.

The black beetles were covered with an outer layer of thick black shell, and a pair of sharp pincers like tentacles atop their heads. They were about the same size as ordinary adults and they even looked harmless.

However, under the aura of the Killing Zone, thousands pairs of compound eyes emitted bright red lights and charged towards the numerous True Gods.

"Go to hell!"

Not far ahead of Zen, a top-rank True God was covered in a layer of lightning.

This top-rank True God was practicing the Thunderstorm Godly Way. His body was covered by numerous beams of thunderstorms. With his hair standing up, he looked like an angry god of thunder.

The lightning snakes rushed towards the black beetles one after another and exploded on their shells.

However, these beetles seemed to be completely unharmed by the lightning effect. Instead, they spread out their wings, turned into black lights, and rushed towards the top-rank True God at an alarming speed!

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

Even though that top-rank True God had transformed into lightening and moved extremely fast, he still couldn't escape from the attacks of the dozens of black beetles as they swarmed up.

"Puff!"

Through their tentacles, they jabbed into the body of that top-rank True God and pinned him to one side of the tree hole.

In a moment of desperation, the True God broke the Sword Card in his hand.

Perhaps it was because those black beetles were very dangerous, the reaction of the Sword Clan was extremely fast. Suddenly a gap appeared at the top of wall. A light from outside the tree hole quietly shone on the True God.

All of the black beetles had been very aggressive a moment ago and wanted to kill the True God, but now they simply walked away from him.

Chapter 2423 Ivan And Clifford

Zen flashed a satisfied smile when he saw the light appear from the top of the wall.

'It turns out that this is how the Sword Clan saves people, ' he thought.

It made sense. The Sword Clan wouldn't send people to save the fighters in the Killing Zone. If too many top-rank True Gods were in danger, the Sword Clan wouldn't be able to save all of them.

Despite that, the Sword Clan had devised a simple method to save them.

They directly pierced the wall above the head of the contender who was in danger and released the aura from the Non-combat Zone. Once the aura had surrounded the injured True God, those beetles wouldn't be able to attack again.

There was a loud noise when the top of the cave was broken through. Then a member of the Sword Clan jumped down from above and seized the top-rank True God before leaving in the same fashion.

That True God had been lucky, but not all of them could be saved.

Just as Bill said, there was a risk of dying in the Killing Zone.

A black beetle popped out from his side when a top-rank True God flew in the air. Then, the beetle's sharp horn pierced through his head and nailed him to the wall of the cave.

The man fell silently on the ground despite the pain. Of course, he also didn't have a chance to break the Sword Card before he was killed.

All of the True Gods who saw the scene felt a chill run down their spine. Therefore, they were left with no other choice but to move even faster and outrun the beetles as fast as they could.

"These beetles are really troublesome," Zen muttered.

Just then, his gaze froze slightly as he ran forward.

According to the information he got, he would be able to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways after he passed the second round of screening.

If everything went according to what Hallet had said, Harold would definitely be present in the debate venue with Yan!

He actually wasn't interested in the debate over the Godly Ways, but he had to go through this round of screening because he wanted to see Yan.

Swoosh!

Once again, he turned into a beam of light and sped away.

Buzz…

When he had run over ten miles, he heard a humming sound above his head.

A breeze flew over his head when he sharply turned around almost on reflex.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

More than ten black light beams suddenly flew towards him!

Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!

At the same time, there were several knocking sounds as the beetles' sharp horns were nailed to the cave wall.

Those black beetles had hit the wall instead of Zen, but they dislodged themselves from the wall and chased him again!

Buzz...

As soon as he caught sight of the beetles getting even closer, he turned over. The power within his body surged out and unleashed flashes of fist radiance.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Yet even if he had used nearly fifty percent of his strength source, he still failed to kill the black beetles!

Fortunately, the tremendous force still shook all of the beetles quite violently.

With the help of the reactive force from his attack, he quickly ran away and his body performed a series of movements fluidly like it was water. At that point, the black beetles could do nothing to him.

Needless to say, his liquid-like movements caught the attention of several top-rank True Gods.

Meanwhile, something else had happened outside the Killing Zone.

Under the quiet sky was a long and thin branch that stretched out from the top of the tree trunk.

The branch bent continuously like a bamboo reed, until it was coiled into a pure, natural platform.

There on the platform stood Bill, who was looking down.

The Killing Zone was a long and narrow path that was specially opened up for the members of the Sword Clan to cultivate, which extended hundreds of miles within the Sunrest Tree.

The members of the Sword Clan also stood on the platform where Bill was and observed the entire expanse of the Killing Zone using their clan's method.

On the other hand, there were over ten thousand Sword Clan members scattered on the surface of the Sunrest Tree below the platform on standby.

If anyone broke the Sword Card and sent out a signal for help, the Sword Clan members would cut through the surface of the tree as fast as they could and save the True Gods inside it.

Bill's gaze had been focused on Zen and Zen only.

To be honest, he thought that it was such an experience to watch a low-rank True God progress in the Killing Zone.

The Killing Zone where Zen was wasn't the only one of its kind, though. The Sword Clan had created over a hundred similar Killing Zones within the Sunrest Tree.

Some of them, however, were empty and were not considered as dangerous. Those Killing Zones were used by Sword Clan members who wanted to comprehend the other side of the Truth of Godly Way.

Some Killing Zones were very dangerous.

Within the enormous tree trunk lived some of the most extraordinary monsters one could ever see.

Although the Sword Clan had occupied the Sunrest Tree for so many years, the truth was that their understanding of the Sunrest Tree was not as clear as the outsiders thought they were.

There were still some mysterious beasts that lived in the body of the Sunrest Tree to date, and there were some highly dangerous Killing Zones that not even consummate True Gods would dare to enter.

The Killing Zone that was used for screening was usually used for the cultivation of the top-rank True Gods.

It was chosen for that purpose because it was close to the surface of the Sunrest Tree. If the participants were in danger, they just had to move fast enough to break their Sword Cards to be rescued.

But the low-rank and mid-rank True Gods considered it a hazardous place.

"No wonder he can stir up trouble in the Floating Islands. He is so powerful that I'm afraid the best disciple of our Sword Clan is far inferior to him!" Bill exclaimed. If he had doubted the rumors before, now he understood that there was nothing exaggerated about Zen's performance in the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Just then, two greyish-white figures appeared from a nearby distance. They suddenly appeared in front of Bill in the blink of an eye.

It turned out that those two figures were also consummate True Gods.

One of them was a middle-aged man in his forties with a thick but neat moustache, and he looked rather amicable. He was Clifford Sword, one of the elders of the Sword Clan.

The other one was an old man with a sinister appearance and an indifferent expression. He was also one of the elders of the Sword Clan, and his name was Ivan Sword.

"Has the second round of screening begun?" Clifford Sword asked with a smile as he stepped on the round platform. Ivan Sword, however, did not feel the same cheeriness.

"Humph! It's stupid to place hope on these warriors!" he said coldly. "This is just the first group of True Gods participating in the second round of screening.

This time, the number of True Gods who will join the second round will be several times more than those of the previous ones. I believe that there will be more elites who will pass the screening test," Bill said happily.

"It won't change even if the number of elites is a hundred times larger. The elites from a group of trash are still trash," Ivan Sword spat out.

Even if he was ill-tempered, Bill seemed to be familiar with his attitude and did not look bothered at all.

"Is there any warrior with better performance within the first group of ten thousand True Gods?" Ivan Sword still asked despite his disdain.

Bill shook his head as if he was in frustration. "No. None of them performed well."

"I knew it! They are all garbage!" Ivan Sword sniggered.

Bill's lips curved up into a playful smile. "But I've found an interesting little fellow among them!" he announced.

It was known that only a handful of people were able to attract Bill's interest.

Therefore, Clifford Sword and Ivan Sword immediately perked up and asked almost simultaneously, "Who is that?"

Chapter 2424 The Twelve Abridged Truths of Godly Ways

Bill's eyes scanned the Killing Zone before he pointed at the distance.

In turn, Clifford's and Ivan's eyes flickered with a unique light.

Then they had a panoramic view of the Killing Zone inside the tree trunk.

Even if Bill didn't pinpoint exactly who, they were still able to spot Zen quickly.

"A low-rank True God?"

It wasn't hard to differentiate Zen from the numerous True Gods, since he was the only one with the lowest cultivation level among them.

"Ha-ha, yes you are right." Bill gently smiled.

For a long time, both Clifford and Ivan only watched Zen on the battlefield.

His body moved as if it was one with the wind. Every time the black beetles got close to him, the light of his fist flashed brightly and the black beetles were easily smashed like delicate shells.

"This young man's strength is not bad," Clifford praised. "He's an outstanding low-rank True God and must be one of the top disciples of the powerful clans," Ivan said simply.

Any other clan would've been surprised to see a low-rank True God like Zen in the Killing Zone. Clifford and Ivan, however, weren't just from any other clan.

They were from the Sword Clan, the second-ranked clan among the Floating Islands.

Thus, they were no strangers to all kinds of talents.

A smile stretched across Bill's lips. "Is he on the level of a top disciple from a powerful clan? Does our clan have any low-rank True God that can defeat him?"

"I don't think some of our low-rank True Gods are any weaker than him," Ivan said proudly.

Clifford observed the fight for a while and shook his head. "I don't agree. This guy apparently has suppressed his ability. Our low-rank True Gods may not be on par with him," he commented.

"Hahaha!" Bill laughed upon hearing both of their words.

"Do you know who he is?" he asked with a mysterious look.

In turn, Clifford suddenly became extra curious. "Who is he?" "If I'm not mistaken, the skeleton of Mikail is still in his hands," Bill said with a trace of sadness that faintly weighed his face down.

It was known that the seven elders of the Sword Clan were second only to their clan's Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings, and they all enjoyed a healthy relationship with one another.

Therefore, they considered it a great loss if one of them died.

Both Clifford and Ivan were immersed in their thoughts after they heard what Bill said.

Suddenly, Ivan's eyes lit up in realization as he said, "He's Zen Luo!"

"The anonymous man in the Arena of Legends!" Clifford exclaimed as well. Bill just flashed them another gentle smile.

"Continue watching. The situation is more complicated than you have imagined."

"Complicated?" Clifford and Ivan asked in confusion.

Although the Sword Clan and Zen weren't exactly on bad terms, the clan knew Zen very well because of Mikail's death.

That was a matter that the clan still had to investigate.

They knew that Zen was unusually powerful and that he had taken the jade seal from the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Still, they didn't know what Bill meant by "complicated."

Meanwhile, Zen didn't know that three consummate True Gods from the Sword Clan were watching him. He was surrounded again.

After all, he was an easier target because he couldn't fly, unlike the top-rank True Gods.

In addition, another wave of black beetles quickly replaced the ones who were smashed into bits.

The black beetles decided to fight to their last breaths after such an aggravating outcome. Not long after, an even larger number of black beetles chased after Zen.

All the other True Gods who saw what happened scrambled to get away. They didn't know why Zen attracted so many black beetles.

"My goodness! He's going to be seized to death!" Clifford shouted.

A slight frown tugged at the corners of Ivan's lips. Since Mikail's skeleton was still in Zen's hands, they clearly couldn't let him die.

If he did die, however…

The jade seal would fall into the hands of the Sword Clan!

The Sword Clan had always despised doing such things, but if Zen were to die accidentally, the situation would be different.

After all, the Sword Clan couldn't just ignore a supreme treasure of belief like the jade seal.

"I can't believe he still doesn't want to crush the Sword Card," Ivan said in disbelief. He saw that Zen's body had floated, but the young warrior in the Killing Zone didn't have the slightest intention of giving up.

On the other hand, Bill still looked quite relaxed. "You'll know if you continue to see it!" he chimed.

As soon as he finished speaking, something strange occurred.

Zen's body began to transform into a vague figure.

Furthermore, his body emitted a strange aura.

Under the influence of that aura, he twisted around and jumped out of the swarm of black beetles in a rather peculiar manner.

Clifford's and Ivan's jaws dropped in shock.

"What?!"

Of course, they clearly felt Zen's special aura.

They were consummate True Gods who could sense even the smallest auras just like what Zen released, unlike ordinary True Gods.

"That aura he unleashed… Is it some kind of a Truth of Godly Way?" Clifford asked, although he was unsure. However, Bill nodded and stroked his beard pensively.

"Yes! If my eyes serve me right, it is the Truth of Cultivation Nature. The Twelve Abridged Truths of Godly Ways has a simple record of it. According to the book, it is very much like..."

The Twelve Abridged Truths of Godly Ways was a work of an old master of the Sword Clan.

It was a collection of what the Sword Clan had accumulated in the debates over the Godly Ways over the past years, and the summary of the twelve kinds of Truth of Godly Way that had been discovered in the divine land.

But since they were abridged, it meant that they were incomplete. The explanations written inside it were mostly just speculations, but to be fair, it wasn't easy to summarize the twelve kinds of Truth of Godly Way.

"The Truth of Cultivation Nature..." Clifford muttered. "I wonder what level he is in now. Since he came here to take part in the debate, will this debate really turn out like what you said before?" he asked.

"Yes, almost." Bill nodded, then continued, "It's time to unveil this debate."

"Alas… For so many years, many True Gods in the divine land have already been accustomed to such a peaceful and stable life. Sometimes, I really hope that this kind of life can continue!" Clifford sighed wistfully.

"Dream on! If we can't think of a way, the ship will sink sooner or later. Then, we will die together!" Ivan chuckled coldly.

"I know. I just haven't accepted it. If the Mountain of Holy Beings descends next time, I still have the chance to become a Holy Being!" Clifford lamented with regret.

"So many Demi-holy Beings are expecting the mountain. Even if it really comes, I'm afraid you won't be able to get a chance," Ivan sneered.

"I'm not afraid of those Demi-holy Beings!" The two of them continued to bicker as they watched Zen.

Zen had walked further into the Killing Zone in just a few seconds.

He had passed the second stage, and now he had entered the third stage.

Back in the first stage, about ten percent of the True Gods had quit by crumbing their Sword Cards.

The number increased to fifty percent in the second stage. About four hundred top-rank True Gods died in the Killing Zone and became food for those black beetles.

The Killing Zone was divided into only five stages.

Ninety percent of the True Gods would be eliminated in the first four.

Then, only three to five contenders would be really able to pass the fifth stage.

As the fight progressed, Bill, Clifford, and Ivan were still in talks about whether Zen could pass the test.

As for Zen, he kept moving forward under their watchful gazes. Six hours later, he finally stepped out of the Killing Zone.

Chapter 2425 Return Mikail's Skeleton

The dark-skinned man who had been following Zen all this time also had an outstanding performance.

With his knowledge and experience, it was possible that he could pass the fifth stage of the Killing Zone.

Unfortunately, he still lagged behind Zen in the fourth stage.

All of a sudden, huge, blood red lizards began to crawl out from the cracks in the fourth stage. They spewed out large amounts of venom in random moments. Although the tree hole in the Killing Zone was very wide, the venom swept through it like a storm.

Zen, however, was not afraid of the venom.

The dark-skinned man, on the other hand, had no other choice but to hide.

He got hit by a little bit of venom and lay paralyzed on the ground. As he lay there, the venomous lizards slowly crawled towards him.

Zen took this opportunity to turn around and use his strength source to form an invisible sharp sword, slicing the Sword Card beside the man into pieces.

Luckily, the man found safety after he was enveloped by the light falling from the top of the tree hole. A fierce, bright light flashed in his eyes as he watched Zen leave so gracefully.

Along with Zen, there were four True Gods who managed to pass the fifth stage.

Among them were three top-rank True Gods.

Being able to pass the second round of screening gave them a chance to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways.

Therefore, once they left the Killing Zone, they were in high spirits. This was a chance that many True Gods didn't even have the opportunity to see.

But as usual, Zen remained calm.

Just then, three gray lights shot over from somewhere nearby. They were the three consummate True Gods of the Sword Clan: Bill, Ivan and Clifford.

"Hello, elders!"

The three top-rank True Gods were extremely flattered seeing the three consummate True Gods of the Sword Clan at the same time.

But for some reason, the three consummate True Gods didn't look at them at all. Instead, they all were hooked on Zen.

"You are Zen Luo, right?" Bill asked Zen, giving him a good, hard stare.

"Yes."

Zen's heart sank in the slightest, but he nodded calmly anyway.

He didn't use his alias when he came to the Sword Clan this time.

This was because the Non-combat Zone was not as dangerous as he had thought for it to be.

Perhaps the Sword Clan had their own ways to kill, such as using the Killing Zone to cover the Non-combat Zone.

However, True Gods, other than those of the Sword Clan, did not have the ability or right to do so.

Just as what Hallet had told him, the Sword Clan was a grey area. Now they were neither friends nor foes, but looking at it in the long run, it was hard to say.

"Well done," said Bill. "You're a mere low-rank True God, yet you passed the Killing Zone test. Your strength is indeed powerful enough to change the rankings of the Floating Islands. Will you come with me, please?" He had an appreciative smile on his face, very genuine and kind-looking.

Hearing this brought the three top-rank True Gods to shock. How could this guy alter the Floating Islands' rankings?

There were many Floating Islands in the divine land.

But as an elder of the Sword Clan, Bill meant the Floating Islands of powerful clans above the Time Sea.

Who was to say that Zen had this kind of power? He was just a low-rank True God!

In the fifth stage, the three top-rank True Gods were shocked at Zen's existence, but later when Zen displayed his powerful strength, they respected him. In fact, one of them wouldn't even have passed if it weren't for Zen's help.

Then Bill, Clifford and Ivan were about to leave with Zen.

The three top-rank True Gods grew anxious. One of them immediately stepped forward, made a bow and said, "Dear elders, I wonder what the Sword Clan will do after we pass the Killing Zone."

Bill turned his head and looked at him with a blank stare. "Just wait," he said, impatiently. "Later, somebody will come to arrange for you."

The three top-rank True Gods were very disappointed, because even if they won the opportunity to take part in the debate over the Godly Ways, they had to just wait there. At the same time, they began to discuss the origin of Zen.

After Zen was brought into a hall of the Sword Clan, Bill turned his head and stared at Zen. "Oh, I don't need to introduce myself, do I?"

"Master Bill," Zen greeted, cupping his hands.

Bill nodded and smiled, and then pointed to the two people beside him and said, "This is Clifford, and this is Ivan."

"Hello, Master Clifford, Master Ivan." Zen nodded at the both, with a smile.

"So, let's get straight to the point. You have Mikail's corpse, don't you?" Ivan, being the impatient one, just wanted to get things over with. He wanted to confirm it as soon as possible, lest Bill make a mistake.

After Zen left the Time Sea Forbidden Land, he left a promise that if he had the chance, he would return Mikail's corpse.

The other two were staring at Zen eagerly, wanting to know what happened.

"Yes." Zen nodded. "The corpse of Master Mikail is indeed in my hands. As the saying goes, one has to revert to their origin, just as fallen leaves return to the roots. I'll give his corpse back to you now."

After finishing speaking, Zen reached out to get the jade seal and take out Mikail's skeleton.

But just as he was about to do so, Ivan stopped him. "Wait a minute." He still looked gloomy. "Can you tell me how Mikail died?"

Killing a consummate True God was not an easy task. Even in the extremely dangerous second and third stages of the Time Sea Forbidden Land, none of the consummate True Gods had died. However, Mikail died in a small, harmless jade seal. They still couldn't find a reason or explanation for how that happened.

Earlier, through other channels, they learned that almost everyone in the jade seal was killed by Zen. They even thought Zen killed Mikail in the first place, because he controlled the jade seal.

Looking at the skeptical gazes of the men in front of him, Zen shook his head and said, "Actually, I have to say I couldn't get the jade seal without Master Mikail's help."

Then, Zen explained what had happened before he met Mikail.

Once he finished, he waved his hand and a colorful ray of light flashed on the ground before him. He took a step onto it.

Back in the world of the jade seal, Zen flashed and arrived at a corner of the desert.

Mikail's skeleton, which was stabbed by the Spear of Time, was lying alone in the windy, gloomy desert.

He reached out his hand and with a light wave, the skeleton flew right over with him. He then took the skeleton back to the Sword Clan through the time path.

"Is this... Is this Mikail's skeleton?" The faces of Clifford and Bill fell to the ground. They were speechless at the sight of the corpse.

Ivan took a deep breath. The surface of the skeleton was covered with spots and cracks, as if Mikail died many years ago.

Given Mikail's cultivation, his corpse would have undergone a long period of time before it gradually became decadent. Why did it look so rotten after only a few years?

"Yes, he was hit by a Spear of Time," said Zen. "I entered the world of the jade seal a little later than Master Mikail, and when I met him, he had become what he is now." Zen wanted to be as honest as possible. Seeing that Ivan was indistinctly doubtful, he continued on to explain, "If you don't believe me, you can try to inquire about Troy's injury. He was also unexpectedly stabbed by a Spear of Time. When I met Master Mikail, I took three Space-striking Rings from his hand. If it weren't for these rings, I wouldn't have gotten this jade seal in the first place."

The three consummate True Gods looked at Mikail's right hand. As the highest honor of the Sword Clan, the Space-striking Ring was indeed something that they had to take with them all the time. As Zen had said, the rings were gone from Mikail's fingers.

Chapter 2426 The Captain Of The Ship

The three elders no longer doubted Zen.

"Mikail wandered all over the divine land and did many good deeds. He unexpectedly died in a supreme treasure of belief," Bill lamented.

All three of them looked extremely aggrieved.

The Sword Clan had a good reputation due to their benevolence.

It was rare for the members of their clan to get into conflict with others. They were upstanding and helped whenever they could, especially if someone was being bullied.

Back when Mikail was stabbed by the Spear of Time and was at the edge of death, he still reminded Zen to be careful with his residual consciousness. This did not benefit Mikail but helped Zen avoid the danger.

He was truly benevolent.

"Thank you for bringing back Mikail's bones," Clifford told Zen with sincerity.

"I should really be thanking Master Mikail," Zen replied.

After Ivan carefully collected the skeleton, Zen said, "I'd like to ask for your help."

Bill looked at Zen. "What can we do for you?"

"Harold Yu, a consummate True God of my clan, is also participating in the debate over Godly Ways. I don't know where he is right now, but if you manage to hear any news about him, can you tell me?" Zen asked.

Bill, Clifford, and Ivan looked at each other and smiled.

"It's no big deal. No matter which city he appears in, we will inform you immediately," Bill affirmed with a nod.

As he spoke, an emerald bird flew over them. It circled the beams and landed on his hand.

Clasped between the bird's feet was a jade slip that Bill took and crushed.

The moment the jade slip was pulverized, a wisp of consciousness immediately poured into his mind.

He was taken aback for a moment before laughing out loud. "What a coincidence! It's a letter from the Sword Casting Divine City."

Zen's heart skipped a beat. "Harold has already passed the first round of screening with a girl. That girl managed to obtain seventeen swords in the first round," Bill announced.

"What?"

Zen exclaimed, his eyes flashing with a brilliant light.

According to Hallet, Harold must participate in the debate.

However, this wasn't an assured thing.

This piece of news excited him!

"Given Harold's speed, he should've already arrived. Let me take you there."

Zen was quick to accept the offer. Together with the three consummate True Gods, Zen left the hall and headed straight to the edge of the main stem.

They soon arrived at the entrance of the Killing Zone.

Upon arrival, Zen saw the top-rank True Gods entering the Killing Zone one after the other.

On one side of the entrance was a burly figure wearing a white robe.

The sight of this burly man could only make Zen sigh.

His lifelong ideal had been to climb to the pinnacle of the martial arts.

Back then, the Life and Death Realm already seemed so high.

Then, when he met this man, he knew better. In fact, this burly man completely changed Zen's perspective in less than three seconds.

With just a small portion of his power, he would already be able to kill Zen.

Such a powerful and incredible individual had shocked Zen at that time. He had the motivation to advance forward because this man took Yan with him.

Until he became a True God, Zen could stand in front of this man.

Harold felt the auras of the three consummate True Gods of the Sword Clan. He turned to look and his gaze immediately fell upon Zen. There was no trace of shock on his face, only a warm smile as if he had already anticipated this.

"Harold! Welcome! Our Sunrest Tree Region is greatly honored by your gracious presence!"

Bill, Clifford, and Ivan greeted with clasped hands as they bowed to Harold.

Harold also bowed, acknowledging their politeness.

The Luo Clan had no dispute with the Sword Clan, and they even used to be on good terms.

However, when the Luo Clan fought with the Mu Clan, the Sword Clan remained silent. Nobody knew why but it was probably due to various reasons.

After the initial greetings, the three from the Sword Clan figured that Harold might need to talk to Zen privately, so they left of their own accord.

Once they left, Harold turned to Zen with a faint smile.

Zen didn't know why but at that moment, he didn't know what to say and just remained silent.

It was like a pause, a short moment of silence. Finally, Zen broke it with a question. "Where is my sister?"

Harold retained his faint smile. "She's in the second round of screening."

Zen frowned. "Will she be in danger?"

Harold shook his head. "Yan's talent is at the same level as yours. She's already become a top-rank True God and is one step away from becoming a consummate True God. Do you really think she'll be in any danger?" Harold asked with a smile.

Old memories flashed through Zen's mind. "You're right," he said after a while but he truly just didn't know what else to say.

"You must have a lot of questions," Harold remarked.

He was correct. Zen did have a lot of questions.

It was precisely because of this reason that Zen found himself unable to ask even a single one.

The young man was deep in thought and it was only after a while did he look up at the entrance of the Killing Zone. "Why do you want Yan to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways?"

No matter what kind of agreement Mike and Harold had, Zen felt subconsciously responsible for it. He would've preferred it if they left Yan out of it and let him take the risk instead.

"I know I shouldn't have let Yan get involved but you did not go to the Everest Spirit Mountain. This was the only alternative plan I could think of," Harold said.

"What is the purpose of this debate? Don't tell me that it's to discuss the highest level of the Godly Ways," Zen asked once again.

On the surface, this debate held by the Sword Clan was to study the limits of the Godly Ways, decipher Sanskrit words, argue about the meanings of the Godly Ways, and discuss the Truth of Godly Way.

These were what attracted countless True Gods in participating.

However, these things were impossible to solve. Not even Holy Beings would be able to do so.

So what exactly was the true purpose for this event?

Harold was quiet for a moment but there was a decisive look in his eyes when he opened his mouth again to speak. "You're right. There is another purpose. The true goal of the Sword Clan is to obtain that skeleton," Harold replied frankly.

Zen's eyes flashed. "You mean that skeleton of the powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm?"

"It seems Hallet already told you about this," Harold remarked appreciatively.

"It might also be Joy," Zen said but he couldn't deny the excitement in his eyes. At least what he knew was beyond Harold's expectations.

Hearing this, Harold merely shook his head. "Women aren't interested in these things at all."

With that, he reached out and cast a faint light curtain over him and Zen. There were just some things that weren't for other people's ears, even the Sword Clan's.

"What is the identity of that skeleton?" Zen asked.

Harold pointed to the sky. "The captain of the ship," he said, his finger also dropping and pointing to the ground. "The captain of the entire divine land."

Chapter 2427 A Fight For Authority

Back when Zen was in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Jay told him something interesting.

According to Holy Jay, the divine land was constantly falling and there would eventually come a day when it would crash.

Zen knew this but felt that it wasn't such a danger for him to worry about, so he didn't think about it that much.

Harold's words made him remember what Holy Jay told him and he immediately connected the two things.

"You compare the divine land to a ship?"

Harold laughed at Zen's remark and shook his head. "No, the divine land is a ship by nature, but since it was built, it has traveled through the chaos for countless years. The skeleton used to be the captain of this ship."

Zen frowned. "If he was the captain, then why did he die? Why did a powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm die?" he asked.

"It's true that warriors at the Other Shore Realm are very powerful but they can be killed by another warrior at the same level," Harold answered.

"In other words, there's more than one powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm here in the divine land?" Zen asked, his eyes widening in surprise.

Harold only nodded in response.

"Then, what's the point of obtaining the skeleton?" Zen kept his tirade of questions going.

This time, Harold did not give a direct answer. He first stared at Zen for a moment before speaking. "What exactly are we fighting for with the Dongfang Clan?"

"I wanted to ask you the same thing," Zen answered with a bit of sass.

He initially thought that his father had gotten into a feud with Nicholas and offended half of the members of Hall of Holy Beings, thus ending up in such a situation.

Harold shook his head. "What do you think? Do you have any ideas on why exactly we're fighting them?"

Zen shrugged, not knowing how to answer this question.

"On the surface, we are at an absolute disadvantage," Harold explained. "Holy Jay is not very powerful, Holy Bromley has since disappeared in the chaos, and my master is on the verge of death. Everything seems as if it's against us, but that's not really the case."

Zen remained quiet and listened carefully.

"Estelle is on our side, as you know, and she has the authority to silence the entire divine land. I control the Everest Spirit Mountain, which means we have authority over all rivers and seas. The Swirl Forest is restrained by Holy Bromley's fairy palace, so no one else has the authority to control it except Hallet and Augustus..."

Halfway through, Harold laughed. "What we are actually fighting for is the authority to control this ship. From the beginning to the end, my master and Nicholas fought over authority!"

The fact shocked Zen greatly.

He never expected the divine land to be a ship.

Moreover, the Holy Beings all fought against one another to control it!

"In terms of authority, the Ruling Slate should be the highest, right?" Zen asked.

According to what he previously learned, the Ruling Slate was the one that set almost all rules in the divine land and it was always held above all others.

"That's true but the use of the Ruling Slate is limited. If one wants to make strong and advantageous rules, the divine might coins one needs may not be attainable. The purpose of Nicholas building an alliance with a few other powerful clans is to accumulate more divine might coins and control all authority with the help of the Ruling Slate."

However, the Soul Wilderness was in Estelle's hands and the Everest Spirit Mountain in Harold's.

The only way to obtain a large number of divine might coins was to enter the Swirl Forest and the Abyss Demon Region.

If the Swirl Forest was under Hallet and Augustus's jurisdiction, the only choice left would be the Abyss Demon Region.

However, the Abyss Demon Region was a dangerous place. A consummate True God could die there if they weren't careful enough. It was far more dangerous than the other three forbidden lands.

"Nicholas can't get divine might coins fast enough," Harold continued.

"So the main purpose of this debate over the Godly Ways is to obtain the authority over the divine land?" Zen asked.

"Yes, you've got it! According to Holy Jay's speculation, the divine land is already in an urgent state. The Sword Clan has held numerous debates over the past divine eras but is unable to gain anything. There is no more room for error this time," Harold explained.

With that, Zen's mind felt much clearer.

According to Harold, the skeleton's position was already confirmed at the center of the Sunrest Tree's trunk.

However, this skeleton was able to use the Sunrest Tree to release strong Truth of Godly Way, making it resistant to all living beings.

The Sword Clan tried many times to get close but failed every single time.

Moreover, due to the Truth of Godly Way in the Non-combat Zone, the stronger one's cultivation base was, the stronger the resistance one would suffer. That meant it was even harder for the Holy Beings to enter the zone.

With constant exploration, the Sword Clan eventually figured out that if they truly wanted to approach the skeleton, then they needed to have a deeper understanding of the Truth of Godly Way.

However, there was nobody in the divine land who had such wisdom. If those Holy Beings had such an understanding then they would've already become powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm.

It was then that the Sword Clan came up with the idea of a debate. They gathered all True Gods in the divine land and hoped that someone would one day approach the captain of the ship. Whether that person was from the Dongfang Clan or another powerful one wasn't important.

From this point of view, the Sword Clan's goal was similar to Holy Jay's.

Holy Jay also looked for True Gods with the capacity to save the divine land. Zen didn't know if he sent any disciples to participate in this debate.

"You should've gone to the Everest Spirit Mountain as arranged, but unfortunately..." Harold trailed off and shook his head. "Anyway, we have to count on Yan in this debate."

"Is it because I don't cultivate any Truth of Godly Way?" Zen asked with a smile.

Harold replied with a nod.

Zen could only shrug. "Such a pity."

Soon after, Harold glanced past the enchanted barrier. "Look, Yan has passed."

Harold then removed the enchanted barrier and walked with Zen towards the exit of the Killing Zone. Zen's face was obviously lit up with joy at the result.

The difficulty of the Killing Zone was obvious to all.

Only two of the ten thousand top-rank True Gods passed the second round of screening. Yan was one of those two.

She looked a bit tired after going through such an intense battle.

In fact, there was no joy on her face as she walked out.

Just like her brother, she didn't really have much interest in participating in the debate.

Not long after she came out of the Killing Zone, a thin figure appeared in front of her.

When she raised her head, light suddenly flashed in her crystal-like eyes in astonishment.

Chapter 2428 Enoch Nanlong

Harold had promised Yan time and time again that she'd definitely see Zen in the Non-combat Zone.

It was no wonder why Yan's heart was filled with expectation.

What she hadn't expected though, was for her brother to appear in front of her in the way he did.

After having gone through the second round of screening, she was a little tired and unmotivated.

The second she saw Zen, all the fatigue, dissatisfaction, and worries in her heart had disappeared in an instant.

Once they went their separate ways in the Central Region, Yan entered the divine land with Harold.

According to the time flow rate in the universe, Zen had been separated from his sister for several decades now.

Contrastingly however, according to the time flow rate in the divine land, the two had only been away from one another for a few years.

It was in fact in these last few years that Yan had finally understood what a secondary creature and a universe meant. She had greatly matured.

In the universe, a supreme world was even larger than one thousand great worlds combined as one.

A great world and the Central Region were nothing more than a drop of water in the bucket.

In this point of view, Yan and her brother could be considered insignificant specks of dust on the drop.

No matter how insignificant they were, they couldn't simply be ignored. What happened instead was that they were so tiny that they couldn't be noticed and were less taken seriously by others at all.

As soon as Harold took notice of her, Yan was directly brought from the Central Region to the divine land.

As for her brother, he still resembled the almost invisible dust.

Despite that, he constantly struggled throughout the universe, steadily becoming stronger and stronger, growing sturdily and barbarously, and experiencing countless trials and tribulations between life and death. Alongside the unimaginable difficulty, he finally stood before her.

She had waited too long for this day to come true.

"Whoosh!"

Yan's tiptoes tapped together lightly, and her light body slid toward Zen. She threw herself into his arms and snuggled her face into the crook of his shoulder.

Tears gushed out from the corners of Yan's eyes, instantly wetting Zen's robe.

Yan kept sobbing, but couldn't manage to utter a single word.

Zen gently patted her on the head and comforted her in a soft voice, "It isn't easy for me to come here. You know that. Why are you crying?"

As she heard his voice, Yan cried even harder. She stammered, "I, I don't know."

"Silly girl," Zen said, coaxing her with a smile.

Yan shook her head gently and replied, "No, I'm not silly. From now on, I'll be your protector!"

Her words amused Zen.

Harold was standing not far off and watched the scene, his hands on his back. There was a sense of relief on his face.

From the moment Zen and Yan were born, he had known that this would happen.

In fact, it was the most important part of his master's plan. At least, it was going well for the time being.

If his master could see Zen and his sister's reunion in the divine land, he'd be very happy, wouldn't he?

Standing beside Zen and his sister was a top-rank True God.

Although he wasn't the disciple of a powerful clan, he was still an outstanding warrior among the first-tier clans in the divine land.

This True God was lucky enough to pass the second round of screening, which made him feel ecstatic.

During the screenings for the debate over the Godly Ways however, the True God hadn't been overtly impressed.

The strange monsters in the Killing Zone didn't have much of an effect on him.

Yan's deadly strikes, on the other hand, had really riled him up!

In the fifth stage of the Killing Zone, this top-rank True God had come face to face with four crises.

Every time, he had been saved by this young girl.

Notably when faced with a tree dragon, the girl had given off a terrifying aura.

With both an extremely beautiful figure and posture, she sliced the tree dragon into two halves.

Her hair fluttered in the wind, and on her stunning face, a pair of eyes revealed a murderous look. The scene had been deeply imprinted in the top-rank True God's mind.

Such an extraordinary girl was hard to find, even in the entire divine land.

It took less than a split second and he had already developed a strong obsession for her.

He thought that he was born into a rich family with great talents. Perhaps only the most extraordinary top-rank True Gods from other powerful clans could outshine him.

No matter where this girl came from, it was simply impossible that she had been born into a powerful clan. Thus, he assumed that he just might have a chance.

Moments after passing the second round of screening, he had the intention of introducing himself and at the same time, requesting her name.

He didn't have the chance to say anything, though.

He watched her, from a short distance. Without hesitating, she immediately jumped into the arms of a low-rank True God.

As he watched, his mind went completely blank.

He couldn't believe his own eyes. What had he just seen? Why had she done that?

It was ridiculous!

As he was feeling depressed, he eavesdropped on the conversation between the two.

It was at that very moment that he understood that the low-rank True God was her brother.

The two were siblings, but the girl's cultivation base was much higher than that of her brother.

After he learned this, the depressed look on his face disappeared. He smiled with complaisance instead.

Although Zen's cultivation base wasn't considered very high as a low-rank True God, he just might become his future brother-in-law. Thus, he had to curry favor with Zen.

For a while, he wandered around before finally finding his opportunity.

He gradually moved closer and bowed toward Yan and Zen.

As they noticed him, Zen frowned and asked, "What's up? Need something?"

Zen had just noticed this top-rank True God now, but he couldn't understand why he kept circling around them, which was becoming annoying.

The top-rank True God had a smile plastered on his face and said politely, "Your sister saved my life many times in the Killing Zone. I have to repay her kindness. Let me introduce myself. I'm Enoch Nanlong. My father is a Demi-holy Being. His name is Iverson Nanlong."

The Nanlong Clan was an outstanding first-tier clan in the south of the divine land and it had one of the greatest reputations of all.

If he was given a few more divine eras, Iverson would successfully become a Holy Being and would eventually build a Floating Island above the Time Sea.

Therefore, standing before Zen and his sister, Enoch felt very confident. Of course, introductions were still mandatory.

However, Zen and Yan were both estranged here in the divine land.

This was the first time that Yan had left the Everest Spirit Mountain after entering the divine land. She knew only little about the powerhouses and the forces of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. Aside from that, she knew nothing about the divine land.

When Zen had arrived in the divine land, it hadn't been long since he had gained a superficial understanding of the forces through cursory observation, and he had never heard of the Nanlong Clan. However, as Enoch had said, his father was a Demi-holy Being, and thus, Zen had to show his respect, at the very least.

"You're welcome," Zen replied faintly before grasping onto his sister's arm and dragging Yan away.

Instead, Yan turned her head and smiled back at Enoch. "Don't be so stupid next time. That way, you won't need my help!"

Enoch stood his ground and stared at Yan's bright smile.

As he stood, the two approached a consummate True God.

'That consummate True God is probably an elder of their clan. The two of them shouldn't be from a clan with no mark, ' Enoch thought to himself.

No matter what, Yan had already successfully passed the second round of screening.

Her brother was merely a low-rank True God and he therefore wouldn't join the debate over the Godly Ways.

Enoch thought he'd still have a chance of meeting with Yan face to face in the debate.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2429 Marsh Sword

The Sunrest Tree was the largest out of the four divine trees. Standing tall and glorious with its massive trunk, its top was easily as large as a quaint region in the divine land.

It was so humongous that the Sword Clan managed to build sixteen divine cities around the top of its trunk, a testament to its powerful size.

The Orchid Sword Divine City, the divine city where Zen participated in the second round of screening, was located on the edge of the tree trunk. He couldn't help but admire the Sunrest Tree for its otherworldly appearance. He was not a stranger to beautiful, mysterious places, but the Sunrest Tree was arguably one of the most astonishing places he'd been to. It was simply unbelievable.

Originally, after the screening, Zen should be with Enoch and the other True Gods who had passed, so they could move to the Sword Clan's ancestral land—the Heavenly Sword Divine City—together to participate in the debate over the Godly Ways, but the plans had changed.

With the sudden arrival of Harold, both Zen and Yan were permitted to go to the Heavenly Sword Divine City ahead of the other participants, because, as per the rules of the Sword Clan, all the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands were given the permission to send several disciples to join the debate without undergoing the screening process.

Being fortunate enough as their Floating Island did not fall into the Time Sea, the Luo Clan was still a big clan, so Zen and Yan could join the debate directly.

Zen soon found himself entering a palace of the Sword Clan. It was a grand and exquisite palace located in the north of the Heavenly Sword Divine City.

He lifted his gaze and studied the long historic walls with admiration.

They were filled with a series of breathtaking frescoes he'd never seen before.

The frescoes showed various pictures of a True God wielding his sword in refined but mysterious ways. Each image was different than the last, and Zen found himself immensely absorbed in studying every intricate detail he could lay his eyes on.

"This kind of swordsmanship is powerful and daunting in the divine land. But here, in this place, it's just a mural?"

Zen mumbled with a sigh, unable to pry his eyes away.

Yan sat on the steps nearby, her hands supporting her head, as she stared at her brother, who was still lost in his own world.

Meanwhile, Harold, who was standing behind Zen, said in a flat voice, "The Sword Clan is called the Sword Clan because their style of swordsmanship is unique. They have spent a lot of time and effort practicing sword skills, and no one else has ever managed to challenge them since. It's a pity that they are still too pedantic, though." He couldn't help but shake his head at the thought.

Zen blinked, turning to him. "Pedantic? What do you mean?" he asked, curious.

With a faint smile on his face, Harold answered, "The Sword Clan requires its members to be merciful. They even have the Theory on Moral Spirit to back that up. See, they are pedantic to the core!"

Zen furrowed his brows, unable to agree with him.

All the Sword Clan members that he had come into contact with were righteous and kind. That alone was rare in the divine land.

"I don't understand what you mean, Harold," Zen said, perplexed, a soft frown marring his face.

With a sigh, Harold flicked his gaze to the frescoes and said, "The Sword Clan has developed well in the Non-combat Zone. However, because of their good and righteous nature, they're not as prosperous as the Dongfang Clan. Their good will and gentle heart are no doubt their sole weaknesses."

"Does that really mean that they are indeed inferior?" Zen asked, doubtful.

"Perhaps you've misunderstood me," Harold responded. "The Sword Clan members are all kind and merciful indeed. Back then, your father hoped to join hands with them, but they refused. If only they had accepted his offer, then for sure the divine land wouldn't have fallen into such a crisis. Up until now, I am still trying to convince the Sword Clan to cooperate with us, but all this push and pull are leading us nowhere. The price we have paid is much higher than before, and the chances are even slimmer now!"

Hearing that, Zen was even more confused now.

But he could vaguely tell from Harold's words that when his father was still competing against the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, the Sword Clan could've had chosen to stand beside him.

With their strength and prowess, they possessed the qualification to fight against the alliance of the wealthy clans.

However, the Sword Clan members ultimately chose to look the other way and stay neutral because of their core values.

No wonder Harold would always flare with anger every time the topic would come up.

"Harold, did you manage to force the Sword Clan to help us?" Zen asked, intrigued.

Harold nodded his head. Narrowing his eyes, he added, "Yes. To put it more precisely, I didn't force the Sword Clan to do anything, but the situation at hand forced them to do so. Now, the Sword Clan is swimming in anxiety." As he spoke, he threw several glances at the door of the palace and sneered.

"It seems they are even more anxious than I thought. That old man, Marsh, is already here."

As soon as he said that, the door of the palace slammed open, creating a reverberating sound.

Two rows of Sword Clan members marched into the palace.

Between the two squads, an old man made his way over to them, his gait slow and steady.

Zen immediately took note of his immense aura. The old man had a look that could make an entire world cower in fear.

His body was average at best, nothing spectacular or different, and yet there was a huge universe hidden within it where countless secondary creatures lived and thrived.

Realization crashed over him like an avalanche of snow. 'He is a Holy Being!' Zen thought, his eyes flashing with recognition.

This old man was a Holy Being of the Sword Clan. Zen couldn't be mistaken. He'd seen him before outside the Time Sea Forbidden Land, and he could distinctively remember the old man asking him about the whereabouts of Mikail.

"It is quite rude for Mike's disciple to call me an old man. You should know it is a grave offense to disrespect a Holy Being," the old man said in a stony voice, throwing a displeased look at Harold.

Zen and Yan bowed to the Holy Being in respect, making the connection. This man was Marsh Sword, the one Harold mentioned earlier.

Unlike the siblings, Harold made no move to show his courtesies to Marsh Sword. Instead, he snorted. "You have a pair of sharp ears," he commented.

Despite the rude behavior, Marsh Sword remained calm.

He glanced at Zen with deep, assessing eyes before he deemed him unimportant and shifted his attention to Yan.

"Is this your hope?"

Intimidated by his presence and attention, Yan blushed beet red and fought the urge to hide behind Zen.

However, she was already aware of the heavy burden placed on her shoulders and pushed down her fear. She stood her ground, squared her shoulders, and raised her chin as a gesture of confidence.

"Yes, she is," Harold confirmed, nodding his head.

Marsh Sword assessed Yan with probing eyes for what felt like an eternity before he summoned a long sword out of thin air.

Dropping into a fighting stance, he went straight to Yan.

It was virtually impossible for one to harbor and summon killing intent in the Non-combat Zone.

But this was still the Sword Clan's territory, and none of them knew what kind of power and method this Holy Being had. They were blind to his abilities.

When Zen saw his attack, his face darkened and the urge to protect Yan surged in his chest like hot fire. He was about to step forward and defend her when Harold placed a hand on his shoulder, keeping him in place.
"Don't worry. He won't hurt Yan," Harold reassured.

Knowing that Harold would never do anything to put Yan in grave danger, Zen stepped aside.

Meanwhile, Yan stood still in shock, looking on at Marsh Sword with rounded eyes.

Puff!

After a split second, Yan's eyes shone just as a white mist began to leak out of her.

Wisps of air formed and went around her body like a protective shell.

Then an invisible aura spread out of her, extending outward into the hall.

"The Truth of Godly Way?"

Zen had a startling realization when he felt and noticed the aura coming out of his sister.

This was not an attack meant to harm Yan. Instead, Marsh Sword was using this battle to gauge and test Yan's Truth of Godly Way.

If he would be honest, he himself had no inkling as to what kind of Truth of Godly Way his sister had cultivated.

Fortunately, he was very proficient in the Truth of Cultivation Nature, so he focused on Yan to feel and distinguish her Truth of Godly Way.

As he tried to get a read on her power, he came to an understanding that his sister had also mastered the Truth of Godly Way to a much deeper level.

One step, two steps, three steps...

With each passing second, Marsh Sword was getting closer and closer, his blade glinting in the air.

Swoosh!

While he was still a good distance away from Yan, everyone in the hall heard the sound of cloth tearing apart. A sound so distinctive and loud despite the commotion.

There was no physical contact made, and yet it felt as if he managed to pierce through Yan's aura.

Despite the brunt of his force, Yan remained collected and closed her eyes. She cast her head low and recited something in her head.

As she finished the words in silence, her aura intensified and became more aggressive, effectively slowing down Marsh Sword's advances.

In the end, the tip of his sword stopped inches from her forehead. Sensing that the fight had concluded, Marsh Sword then stepped backward, setting his weapon aside. The blade disappeared in the blink of an eye.

He nodded and looked at Harold, saying, "She is not bad, I'd admit, but she hasn't reached the level that you have promised."

Chapter 2430 Truth Of Goodwill And Malice

As if he had expected how Marsh would react, Harold let out a long sigh. "She wasn't the one we planned on sending to join the debate over the Godly Ways. Now she is our only choice, though."

Marsh smiled bitterly and looked over at Zen. "He should be the original one, right?"

"Yes, that's right!" Harold replied with a single nod.

Marsh took a moment to look Zen up and down.

Zen had left a deep impression on Marsh back at the Astronomical Transit Day celebration.

He could tell that Nicholas had really wanted to accept Zen as his personal disciple before Zen's true identity had been revealed. Things changed greatly when that was announced.

It came down to the fact that Zen was Mike's son. Mike and Nicholas were deadly enemies.

Of course, at that time, Marsh was terribly shocked to discover Zen's identity too.

"If it were him, I'm afraid the odds would've been higher now. But as it stands, we have no other choice but to do as you say." A look of regret appeared on Marsh's face.

"With all due respect, may I ask you something?" Zen suddenly asked, without warning.

"Please, go ahead." Marsh accepted as he nodded his head.

"Why have no consummate True Gods joined in the debate? And what about Demi-holy Beings and Holy Beings? Can't you acquire the heritage on your own?" Zen asked.

Upon hearing Zen speak, both Marsh and Harold shook their heads with a bitter expression on their faces.

It was then that Marsh explained, "The debate is only popular among the True Gods from the grassroots in the divine land. Our ultimate goal is to obtain the skeleton's inheritance as well as the ability to control the entire divine land."

The Sword Clan was the first to know the skeleton's secret in the divine land.

It wasn't long after this clan had occupied the Sunrest Tree that they discovered its absolute uniqueness.

It was a rule to all that nobody was allowed to attack in the area where the Sunrest Tree was located—otherwise known as the Non-combat Zone.

If one were to peel the surface of the tree and go inside, a totally opposing area could be found. This area was known as the Sword Clan's Killing Zone.

In fact, the so-called Non-combat Zone and Killing Zone each spread outside their respective areas.

The Truth of Godly Way that emitted from the skeleton was the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

One could be blessed with goodwill at any moment.

And in the next, they could be rained on in malice.

It was said that both goodwill and malice were based on nothing more than a single thought. It wasn't surprising that there were two kinds of completely contrasting auras inside and outside the Sunrest Tree.

Up until now, the Sword Clan had only opened up a few Killing Zones within the Sunrest Tree.

Some Killing Zones were still in good standing. Although they were still dangerous, the Sword Clan had their own counterattack methods.

When it was dangerous, the outer layer of the Sunrest Tree would be opened and the Truth of Goodwill would be introduced into it in order to deal with the Truth of Malice.

Zen had witnessed this scene before, notably in the Killing Zone when taking part in the second round of screening.

It was during the sixtieth divine era that a crater as wide as two hundred miles had appeared on the surface of the Sunrest Tree.

Once the crater had made its place known, a giant worm began to emerge. The worm was at least ten thousand miles long.

As the giant worm fully emerged from the tree, it hastily burst out a high number of malice. This worm could even resist the goodwill outside the Sunrest Tree!

While this giant worm's huge body swept across the area, two divine cities of the Sword Clan were razed to the ground.

Despite the fact that the giant worm was absolutely enormous, it wasn't considered a ferocious beast to the Sword Clan.

The Sword Clan had a strong foundation, after all. Additionally, at that time, the Sword Clan had three great Holy Beings, including Marsh.

That said though, it didn't seem to matter who was part of their clan. The three Holy Beings as well as several consummate True Gods could do nothing but watch the giant worm destroy their beloved cities.

The Holy Beings couldn't kill the giant worm directly due to the Truth of Goodwill that enveloped the Non-combat Zone.

It didn't take long before Marsh came up with his own, unintelligible idea.

He waved his sword swiftly and the fire he unleashed turned into a flame cage. The fiery cage trapped the huge worm.

For the simple reason that Marsh had no intentions of killing the giant worm, he therefore wouldn't be affected by the Truth of Goodwill.

Forced by the flames that Marsh had released, the giant worm began to desperately and helplessly search for its way out. Marsh deliberately freed an opening in the fire and led the giant worm forward on the Sunrest Tree.

Guiding the huge worm carefully along the way, Marsh finally led the legless beast to one of the Sunset Tree's Killing Zones.

As soon as the giant worm entered the Killing Zone, Marsh and the other two Holy Beings of Sword Clan entered immediately behind it.

Without the Truth of Goodwill's constraint, the three Holy Beings took turns performing their actions one after another. The trio eventually killed the giant worm.

After dissolving the tribulation, the Sword Clan began exploring the ravenous crater left behind by the giant worm earlier.

They had never imagined that the crater would be so deep. It dug down from the top of the tree trunk and extended for 300 million feet.

In other words, the distance almost traveled from the top of the Sunrest Tree to the deep ocean located underneath it.

More notably, the tree's trunk was hollow and there was something else hiding within.

As they continued their exploration, the Sword Clan finally discovered the skeleton. They felt an intense aura radiating from it.

"In the beginning, we didn't know this skeleton's true identity," Marsh said to Zen.

Zen and Yan, who were both standing next to him, listened with keen interest.

Not many people were informed about the Sword Clan's secret history. Today, however, Marsh described it in detail.

"I don't understand. Then, how did you know the skeleton's identity?" Yan asked with a wary smile.

Equally smiling, Marsh turned to look at Harold. As it appeared, it was Harold who was destined to answer this question.

With a serious look on his face, Harold answered, "Your father discovered it. Or, your father and Holy Jay discovered it together, if you prefer. They found a special Sanskrit word. After cracking its code, they realized that the divine land itself was in fact a ship. The captain of the ship was located in the Sunrest Tree."

As Zen heard this coming from Harold's mouth, he couldn't help himself but interrupt, "It seems that the biggest conflict between my father and Nicholas was caused by this, right?"

"Yes, or at least, this is one of the reasons," said Harold, nodding his head.

"Since you've found the skeleton, then why didn't you just take it away?" Zen asked, confused.

A wry smile appeared on Marsh's face. "It's the skeleton of a warrior at the Other Shore Realm. Do you think it'll be just as easy to collect it? It is still unknown how this warrior at the Other Shore Realm died in the Sunrest Tree. What we know for sure though, is that he had a set of powerful restrictions within it. Even a Holy Being is as weak as an ant in front of such powerful restrictions. I speak from experience—I died because of the restrictions."

"What?! No way? You died?" Zen felt immediately stunned with surprise. "Aren't Holy Beings immortal?"

"You're right, we are. If the universe in the body is still present, then the Holy Being won't die. I wouldn't be here standing in front of you and talking to you had I died completely," said Marsh with a sarcastic smile. "When I died, I was only half dead. Just like your father, Mike. Thanks to the existence of the universe I created, I was capable of coming back to life."

"Since such a set of powerful restrictions are present and even a Holy Being would be killed, wouldn't ordinary True Gods be courting death if they entered such an area?" Zen asked again.

With a faint smile, Harold waved his hand at Zen and shook his head. "In fact, now that's where you're wrong. It's not that we're going to take away the skeleton's inheritance. To the contrary, it's the skeleton who is looking for the person suitable for its inheritance."

Chapter 2431 Preparations

The Sword Clan had occupied the Sunrest Tree but they didn't know the existence of the skeleton.

It would take them a long time to explore the Sunrest Tree to find the skeleton at the bottom.

Who knew how long it would take? Maybe ten or ten thousand divine eras or maybe they would never find it!

The True Gods and Holy Beings had ridden themselves of the shackles of time and become eternal creatures, but if the divine land was destroyed, all eternal beings would probably vanish in an instant!

A giant, intimidating worm suddenly emerged from the Sunrest Tree and was killed by the Holy Beings. It was very puzzling.

But by decoding the Sanskrit words, Mike and Holy Jay soon unraveled the mystery.

The giant worm was designed to allow the Sword Clan, living on the Sunrest Tree, to discover the existence of the skeleton.

When they figured out the intention of the skeleton, they learned that the inheritor whom the skeleton was looking for could only be a True God.

Moreover, this True God must have an extraordinary ability to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way.

However, the races in the divine land did not understand the Truth of Godly Way too well.

The Sword Clan thought it about long and hard before they began to hold debates over the Godly Ways.

They had to find a way to test the True Gods' comprehension of the Truth of Godly Way.

The only way for them to test the sagacious perception of the True Gods was by using the Truth Spiritual Swords. This test was actually a last-ditch attempt.

"It's a pity that the Sword Clan has wasted so much time." Harold's tone was slightly accusatory.

After all, a divine era lasted quite long.

Although the Sword Clan claimed to hold the debates over the Godly Ways over the divine eras, they had selfish motives for the inheritance of the skeleton.

They didn't want an outsider to obtain the inheritance of the skeleton.

However, the members of the Sword Clan had tried their luck countless times. None of their True Gods was qualified to obtain the inheritance of the skeleton.

The members of the Sword Clan still did what they wanted until the last debate.

On the surface of it, all of the True Gods in the divine lands could participate in the debate over the Godly Ways, and the Sword Clan welcomed all sorts of talents from various powerful clans.

But the fact of the matter was that they were hostile to the candidates.

They felt that if they couldn't get the inheritance of the skeleton, then no one else should either!

Until now, Harold had helped them understand the importance of the inheritance.

If it went on like this, everyone was sure to be doomed.

Sensing Harold's reproach, Marsh shot a wry smile and said, "As a Holy Being of the Sword Clan, I am naturally concerned about the interests of my clan. How can I let such a valuable inheritance fall into the hands of an outsider?"

However, Harold was unmoved by his words. "From the perspective of chaos, we are all sailing on the same ship," he remarked dryly.

"So this time, we will go all out to help Mike's daughter get the inheritance," proclaimed Marsh with a smile. He prided himself on being a veteran, but, as a Holy Being, he was short-sighted.

Yan smiled confidently. "Don't worry. I won't let you down this time!"

"I hope so." Marsh nodded.

Seeing Yan so confident, Zen sighed to himself.

With her incredible talent, she might soon become a consummate True God.

Both Harold and Marsh had high hopes for her. As her brother, he obviously ought to go all out to assist her in obtaining that inheritance.

The trajectory of the sun in the divine land was very peculiar.

The huge fireball that was enough to burn everything rose up from the Ray Tree, and flew at an extremely high speed in the sky of the divine land.

It was able to travel across hundreds of small regions within just two hours and it could cross the entire divine land and reach the edge of the Sunrest Tree in the west within 24 hours.

If one stood atop the Heavenly Sword Divine City and looked to the west, he would see that the western side of the sky was bloody red, and the bright red light shone like a sharp knife. Even the True Gods' eyes would pain at the sight of it.

It was said that every time the sun set in the west, the roots and the stems of the Sunrest Tree would be burnt to ashes.

Thankfully, countless new roots and stems would grow each time and the roots would anchor themselves firmly in the sea again.

This process would repeat every day.

This mysterious phenomenon had existed ever since the divine land was built.

One after another, the top-rank True Gods, who passed the second round of screening, got selected.

Judging from the number of the True Gods participating in this debate over the Godly Ways, it was evident that many True Gods were already aware of the significance of this debate.

In the last few debates, about 50 to 60 top-rank True Gods of humble birth were selected.

But this time, the shortlisted figure was over a hundred!

In addition to these True Gods of humble birth, members of powerful clans had also arrived on the Floating Island of the Sword Clan one after another.

They could reach the Heavenly Sword Divine City in a very short period of time using the transmission array in the Floating Island of the Sword Clan.

"Zen, is it true? Do I really have a nephew?" Yan asked, staring at Zen expectantly with her big eyes. It seemed that she was quite interested in this topic.

"Of course!" replied Zen happily.

"Well..." Yan said with her head tilted to one side, "I wonder what gift I should buy for my nephew."

Zen pursed his lips. He knew that his son was greedy when it came to gifts and would never refuse one. He was worried that Yan would also get blackmailed by his mischievous son.

"Oh, I wanted Hallet to take me to the Swirl Forest, but he said it was too risky. Moreover, I have been trying to cultivate the Truth of Godly Way." Yan shook her head in disappointment as she wasn't able to see her young nephew.

In fact, Harold had kept the Truth of Godly Way for Zen in the Everest Spirit Mountain.

However, Zen never showed up. So Yan had to carry the heavy load on her shoulders.

After Yan inquired about her nephew, her interest was quickly diverted to her sisters-in-law.

"Zen, how many sisters-in-law do I have now?"

"And which one do you like best?"

"Oh, wait, which one do you think is the prettiest?"

"Well... Am I prettier than them?"

Yan's bombardment of questions made Zen see stars. He didn't know how to answer them all.

By the time Zen answered her questions briefly, other members of the Sword Clan came.

Many True Gods had gathered in the main hall located in the center of the Heavenly Sword Divine City.

Elites from various powerful clans and the selected top-rank True Gods of humble birth all gathered here.

There was a buzz in the air. Most of the top-rank True Gods showed a hint of excitement.

Zen and Yan also stepped into this spacious main hall led by Harold.

The moment this trio entered, many eyes turned to them. The noise level in the hall suddenly went down.

A majority of the True Gods in this hall knew too much about Harold. Of course, they had also heard a lot about Zen.

Enoch and some top-rank True Gods were engaged in an excited conversation at one end of the hall but when he saw Yan, his eyes lit up. "Look! That's the extraordinary girl I'm talking about! I don't know which first-tier clan she's from. If it weren't for her, I probably wouldn't be able to pass the second round of screening. I'll go and say hello to her. Haha!"

Enoch didn't sense the change in the atmosphere in the hall and walked straight to Yan.

Chapter 2432 Bickering

The seats of all the True Gods in the hall were already pre-arranged.

The Holy Beings of other wealthy clans on the Floating Islands weren't welcome in the Sunrest Tree Region.

So those who sent the elite disciples to join the debate over the Godly Ways were all consummate True Gods of wealthy clans.

All the warriors gathered on the stairs of the hall were the disciples of wealthy clans—they were made up of about two hundred top-rank True Gods and even some consummate True Gods.

Over a hundred top-rank True Gods with humble backgrounds stood at the foot of the stairs.

Majority of the hundred top-rank True Gods came from the first-tier clans, many of which had consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings—they were also powerful forces in the divine land.

But in the eyes of the Floating Islands' disciples, they were merely warriors from grassroots.

"Nice to meet you two again!" Enoch greeted Zen and Yan with a hearty smile.

Zen returned his greeting with a nod while his eyes were fixed on the stairs.

There were too many familiar faces there.

Troy, Rachelle, Alfredo…

When Enoch noticed where Zen's gaze was, he assumed Zen was ready to run up the stairs so he quickly said, "Our seats are at the foot of the stairs. The seats on the stairs are for disciples from the Floating Islands. We—"

But before he could finish his sentence, a clear, sharp voice resounded in their ears.

"Wow! Guess who's here? He's been hiding away for two years. Tell me, why didn't you just hide for a lifetime like a coward?"

It was Rachelle speaking, clad in a light red dress. As a consummate True God, she couldn't participate in the debate. But she still came over through the Floating Island.

Although in that dress, she didn't seem as valiant and heroic as she used to be, it made her look more feminine.

But the top-rank True Gods in the hall more or less knew of her short temper. They took quick, discreet glances at her before averting their eyes.

After three people entered the hall, they didn't expect Rachelle to scold one of them coldly right off the bat. They all wondered who had the nerve to provoke the Mu Clan and its consummate True God.

Even Enoch was shocked when he turned around and saw Rachelle walking gracefully down the stairs.

Though he didn't know Rachelle personally, he had overheard people gossiping about her and realized that she was the famous figure.

With a long face, Enoch asked in a low voice, "How exactly did you offend the Mu Clan?"

"That's none of your business," Zen responded calmly.

When Enoch opened his mouth, no words seemed to escape. While he felt embarrassed about shrinking back, he knew better than to offend the people on the stairs. If he didn't handle the situation properly, he would probably cause great trouble for his clan. He had no choice but to step aside obediently.

Carefully, Zen examined Rachelle. Without saying a word, he reached his hand out to her face as if he were holding something in his hand.

The move made the onlookers feel somewhat inexplicable.

But Troy, Walton, and Shahn knew what the gesture meant.

The words Zen had said as he raised Rachelle's chin in the past were probably the greatest humiliation she had ever suffered in her life.

Though she had failed a number of times against Harold in the Arena of Legends, she had never been so livid.

When Zen released her from the world within the jade seal, Rachelle managed to recover after a long period of depression.

"How dare you!"

Blood gushed from the vessels in her neck.

Her extremely beautiful face then began to twist.

Strong killing intent grew in her heart, but under the influence of the Truth of Goodwill in the Non-combat Zone, her killing intent quickly dissipated.

The process was truly difficult for her to bear.

"So what does it mean?"

"How could a move irritate her so much?"

The top-rank True Gods of both the wealthy and grassroots clans whispered among themselves, wondering why Rachelle would be so affected by a seemingly insignificant gesture.

Enoch was one of them. In his eyes, Zen was a mere low-rank True God as week as an ant before Rachelle.

How could such a gesture provoke her so?

Although the disciples of the Floating Islands had more or less heard of things happening in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, no else was aware of what had happened in the world within the jade seal. They only knew that Zen had controlled the jade seal and defeated all the consummate True Gods somehow.

After what seemed like forever in the heavy silence, Rachelle finally calmed down.

She then raised her head and sneered coldly. "Sooner or later, you will fall into my hands! Then, I will make you useless and imprison you with my silly sister. I will torture you bit by bit in front of her until she understands what reality means."

"Nelly? She has been imprisoned?" Zen frowned at the news.

Rachelle only snorted in response.

Behind the facade, she knew not to dare irritate Zen with the matter. In her eyes, it was the shame of the Mu Clan—she couldn't let others know.

Nelly had truly disappointed her with what she had done in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. And when she knew what was on Nelly's mind, Rachelle grew even more furious.

She personally ordered her to be locked up and until now, she hadn't let Nelly out of her cell.

But Nelly was just as stubborn as her sister, unwilling to yield to her even after such a long time.

Rachelle's gaze slowly shifted to Harold as she coldly said, "Your plan is good but unfortunately, this time, you're doomed to fall to defeat. I don't know if there's a good end for you in this situation."

On the other end, Harold looked as calm as still water.

Before Harold took control of the Everest Spirit Moutain, he had already become the top warrior among the consummate True Gods.

Among the consummate True Gods of the Floating Islands, the only person qualified to fight him was Troy.

Harold could control the Everest Spirit Mountain completely, enhancing his strength to another level. All this time, he had managed to distance himself from the consummate True Gods and now, he could fight against Holy Beings.

"I will be defeated, you say?" Harold sneered. "How many times have you lost to me? I've lost count. Do you remember?"

The look in Rachelle's eyes darkened at his words. She seemed to have remembered something before she returned the sneer. "Then I hope you can succeed this time." With the last word, she turned around and went back to her seat.

On the stairs, the top-rank True Gods from the Floating Islands, including the Mu Clan, the Dongfang Clan, the Tang Clan, and the Fang Clan, all cast hostile glares at Zen, Yan, and Harold.

Yan followed Zen quietly.

She was no longer the ignorant girl she used to be. She knew that her brother had almost died at the hands of this woman and that the latter must have already made adequate preparations. Yan knew not to underestimate her.

Harold led Zen and Yan to the stairs where they seated themselves on spots belonging to the Luo Clan. Yan leaned over and whispered, "Zen, I'm afraid they will aim at you during the debate over the Godly Ways."

To that, Zen only nodded and smiled. "Of course they will."

It wasn't the first time he had been targeted, after all. He was used to it.

"I will protect you, Zen," Yan said seriously. "Now that I am strong enough, you can follow me into the Killing Zone. If anyone dares to hurt you, I will kill them all."

Her expression was stern and unmoving.

When Zen saw the serious expression on Yan's fair and gentle face, his heart ached for her. If he had a choice, he would rather let Yan live quietly in the fairy palace instead of fighting alongside him.

Chapter 2433 Duke Dongfang

Since Zen entered the hall, the atmosphere seemed to fall quiet.

Most of the top-rank True Gods in the hall had taken part in the debates over the Godly Ways before and didn't seem to find any particular difference in this debate.

But some of those in the know had guessed something had changed when Harold appeared.

Perhaps this debate truly differed from the rest.

The subtle atmosphere dragged on for a while until Marsh led the members of the Sword Clan into the hall.

Wearing a faint smile, he entered the hall and let his gaze fall on Troy.

"I'm sorry," he said. "This time, the seats our Sword Clan can give the Floating Islands have been reduced to half."

"What?"

The top-rank True Gods were dumbfounded.

The expressions of the consummate True Gods suddenly changed as well.

A particularly sharp glint flashed in Troy's eyes as though he was trying to see into Marsh's mind.

"According to our arrangement, the Sword Clan has always given each Floating Island six seats to take part in the debate. Why did you reduce the seats by half this time?" Troy's tone was cold.

Because he was a calm and thorough man, he wouldn't utter words that could wage war against Zen and Harold as Rachelle did in her rage. All he wanted to do was get to the bottom of it.

He was well aware of what this debate meant, after all.

In this situation, if the Dongfang Clan couldn't get what they wanted, neither could Harold.

So naturally, the top-rank True Gods he brought along were the most powerful in his clan.

The goal of these top-rank True Gods wasn't to obtain the inheritance of the skeleton but to eliminate all the candidates who could possibly do so.

Certainly, Zen was one of them.

Marsh grinned as he glanced at Troy. "Are you kidding me? When did our clan make such an arrangement with you? How about the Tang Clan? Or the Mu Clan?"

Marsh was asking more aggressively now, rendering the consummate True Gods speechless.

Indeed, the Sword Clan hadn't made any such agreement with the powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

All the True Gods in the divine land had the qualifications to participate in this debate and the Sword Clan had always welcomed them warmly. So long as they could pass two tests, it was enough.

But later on, the Sword Clan somehow gave the powerful clans on the Floating Islands numerous seats in what seemed like an abrupt decision.

Each Floating Island had six seats—the six candidates had no need to take the tests.

The Sword Clan offered the six seats on their own prerogative in the first place. But clearly, as time passed, the powerful clans took it for granted.

It would seem that they had forgotten how the seats were originally offered up by the Sword Clan voluntarily. It was no wonder the Sword Clan could refuse to offer seats without any explanation.

"To be honest, I could easily refuse you all the seats and drive you lot out of here," Marsh responded with a cold smile.

To that, Troy, Rachelle, and the others frowned.

The people of the Sword Clan were known to be rather easygoing. Even their Holy Beings hadn't had a fall-out with the consummate True Gods.

From Marsh's statement, everyone understood that the Sword Clan had already made their choice, standing by Harold's side.

When Rachelle was about to talk back, Troy pulled her back and shook his head in warning.

When left at a disadvantage, people just had to yield. Even if Rachelle argued on the basis of reason, it would have been no use. If they crossed a line and offended Marsh, they would be completely deprived of seats and fall into deep trouble.

So with that, the seats for each Floating Island were reduced to half. But they still had many top-rank True Gods in the game—at the very least, they stood a chance.

"Well, at least we still have three seats," Troy replied dejectedly.

"Well then."

Taking a look at the True Gods in the hall, Marsh projected his voice as he said, "Since you've come here to participate in the debate, you must have known that the Killing Zone is the most dangerous place. What will protect you in there is not your strength, but the Truth of Godly Way. If all you know are a few words of the Truth of Godly Way, you might as well quit now. Don't curse me when you are in the face of imminent death!"

"No one quits, right?" After a pause, Marsh asked again.

Although almost none of the True Gods was willing to give up such a hard-won opportunity, the Sword Clan would ask them every time as a matter of course.

With that, Marsh waved his hand and gave the order. "Let's go!"

And so they left the hall one after another and soon arrived at the square at the gate of the hall.

Marsh stepped out and clapped his hands.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Flying was supposed to be forbidden on the Sunrest Tree.

But that rule was particularly for outsiders.

The Sunrest Tree was so large that it could take the Sword Clan's members ten to fifteen days to run an entire lap, and it would take half a year to run from one side to the other.

The Sword Clan used a special kind of flying sword.

As soon as Marsh clapped his hands, many flying swords came flying down.

"Each of you, go and pick one flying sword. They don't need to recognize you as their masters—you can control them by infusing your spiritual sense into them," Marsh explained calmly.

Yan glanced at the swords and merely jumped up to one of them.

Meanwhile, Zen walked over to one and injected some spiritual sense into it.

"Buzz!"

He felt the flying sword's blade quiver slightly before flying off gently.

About half of the top-rank True Gods from the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands were staying.

And it was only reasonable—since Marsh didn't prepare enough flying swords, the extra True Gods couldn't go.

Seeing what Marsh had done, Troy became clear that Marsh had long been scheming with Harold.

"Duke!" Troy shouted all of a sudden.

A man in front of him, about thirty years old with gray hair, turned to him.

He was Duke Dongfang, Troy's younger brother.

But Nicholas had picked him out in particular.

It was only natural—Duke was an outstanding top-rank True God.

It could be said that below the consummate True Gods, Duke was ranked first.

His goal was to kill all those brought in by Harold.

And to be exact, these people meant Yan and Zen.

Troy didn't know for sure who was to get the inheritance of the skeleton under Harold's arrangement, so in this case, it was safer to kill them both.

Whether or not Duke could kill Zen and Yan in the end, he would end up dead.

This was perhaps the last time Troy could ever see his brother.

"Don't worry." Duke's eyes quietly swept over Zen and his sister. No contempt laced his eyes as he firmly stepped on a flying sword.

When all the True Gods stood on their swords, Marsh stepped on one himself and shot forward. "Follow me!"

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

Zen and the others stood on the swords as well as they spiraled upward, flying out of the Heavenly Sword Divine City behind Marsh.

As soon as Zen and Yan flew off, Harold turned around and left.

Chapter 2434 The Rotten Odor

The Sunrest Tree's trunk was too wide that it almost blocked everyone's view.

When they looked at it, they couldn't see where it ended. After a while, the crowd moved on the flying swords as if they were flying over an ordinary plain.

The only difference was that the ground below was not a prairie, nor a desert, but the greyish-brown surface of the Sunrest Tree.

Although the Heavenly Sword Divine City was the core city of the Sword Clan, it was not located in the center of the Sunrest Tree, but rather in the northern part.

Everyone had been moving south for a while now. About twenty five minutes later, they came across a large crack.

It was just a single crack in the entirety of the Sunrest Tree, but it looked more like a huge canyon.

Marsh slightly adjusted the direction of his long sword and flew along the crack.

The other True Gods followed suit and trailed closely behind him.

The crack became increasingly wider as they advanced forward and more cracks appeared.

The cracks crossed one another and eventually formed one large gap. Suddenly, something clicked in Zen's brain.

It seemed that the gap was like a "wound" on the Sunrest Tree. Did it came from that giant worm?

The gap was hundreds of miles wide. Even if all of them stood on the flying swords as they looked down, they couldn't see the bottom.

Marsh stopped in the middle of the gap after a few minutes. What he said next proved Zen's guess.

"We've arrived at our destination. I can only send you until here. Next, you will enter a big hole with a height of 300 million feet. It will be dangerous if you walk forward all the way. Those who want to give up now can go back!" he announced flatly.

None of the True Gods on the flying swords said anything. Only the whistles of the wind were heard.

No one would give up at this stage.

On one side of the group was Yan, who stood upright on her flying sword, looking too excited.

On the other hand, Duke and the top-rank True Gods from the rich and powerful clans such as the Mu Clan, the Tang Clan and the Fang Clan, all cast mischievous look at Zen and Yan.

"All of you can start now," Marsh said. Then he looked at Yan and Zen through the crowd and whispered with a smile, "Good luck to you."

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

One by one, the flying swords circled around and swooped downwards into the crack.

Marsh watched the True Gods slowly become smaller and smaller, until they became small black dots and eventually disappeared in the huge gap.

He waited for a while, and then twelve flying swords quickly flew towards him from another direction!

The people on the twelve swords were all dressed in white. They were clearly the disciples from the Sword Clan, and all of them were top-rank True Gods.

"Master Marsh," the top-rank True God at the helm said as he knelt down on one knee on the long sword.

The sword didn't shake at all. It turned out that this True God had fully mastered the sword skill.

"Master Marsh," the other True Gods echoed their leader and knelt down as well.

"Please rise," Marsh said with a wave of his hand.

"The disciples of each clan have left. Now it's your turn. You are the best disciples of our Sword Clan. Don't let me down," he continued.

"We will try our best," the top-rank True God at the helm assured.

"Reinhard, if you can obtain the inheritance, you should try your best. It might be our last chance," said Marsh. "If you can't get it, you should help Zen and Yan with all your might! You should be careful about the members of the alliance of the Floating Islands, especially the people from the Dongfang Clan..."

"We'll keep that in mind!" the True Gods answered in unison. After that, Marsh raised his hand and a stream of blood lashed out.

It turned into many red blood swords that emitted rays of evil, red light.

One could tell that they were the evil swords even at a glance.

The Sword Clan was known for their great respect for swordsmanship, which was why they despised using swords in evil ways and rarely used evil swords.

Therefore, all the True Gods were shocked to see the scarlet swords.

"The twelve Calamity Swords are given to you now, but you can only use them in critical moments. You know the consequences of using these swords," Marsh stressed a little worriedly.

The Calamity Swords were invented by a talented consummate True God of the Sword Clan thirty divine eras ago. As a result, the Sword Clan exiled that young talent, sealed all the Calamity Swords, and forbade anyone from using them.

Such a sword was too dangerous. Anyone who was to use it would definitely die. They would be tortured to death by all kinds of calamities. It was too inhumane.

The sword, however, could greatly enhance one's strength in a short amount of time.

Marsh knew that this was his last chance, so he had to bring out the Calamity Swords and let the top-rank True Gods use them.

When each of the top-rank True Gods claimed their Calamity Sword, they knew very well that accepting the weapon meant becoming the death warriors of the Sword Clan. There was nothing they could do but grieve in silence.

"Go ahead," said Marsh as he turned his head away and did not look back.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

A gust of wind blew as the twelve top-rank True Gods of the Sword Clan dove into the gap as well.

"The swordsmen try their best to do what's good for the people.

They are truly honorable..." Marsh's voice floated with the wind and whispered in the ears of the disciples of the Sword Clan.

Meanwhile, Zen's surroundings immediately darkened when he entered the gap.

He was about ten thousand feet in the crack, where the Truth of Goodwill outside could no longer be transmitted. The place where he stood was filled with the Truth of Malice.

"We are in the Killing Zone!"

At that moment, he felt the blood in his body boil and his strong fighting spirit itched to come out.

"Yes, we are," Yan said with a slight nod.

She on the other hand closed her eyes for a moment, and then opened them.

Her orbs shone with a light purple luster.

The pale purple light however, illuminated her beautiful face in a rather strange way.

The other True Gods became more vigilant when they entered the Killing Zone. They walked on the flying swords and slowly rotated downwards, as they simultaneously spread out their own soul power and carefully observed their surroundings.

If they had been in great danger in the Killing Zone that was located near the surface of the Sunrest Tree, then it was even more perilous now that they were at the Sunrest Tree's core.

There was nothing but silence in the dark space.

Not even air existed inside it.

Suddenly, a loud voice cut through the quiet air.

"Look, a giant worm!" one of them exclaimed and pointed to the wall.

There in front of them was a huge, grotesque worm!

It had a very large and long body that extended until who knew where.

The straight cave was already quite wide, but the huge worm's fat and swollen appendage almost took up half the cave's space.

"This giant worm is sleeping," whispered a True God. "Don't worry. This kind of giant worm has never woken up.

They are growing, but also perishing in their deep sleep," another True God chimed in.

However, they came across another giant worm after a short while.

Then, more and more giant worms appeared as they moved downwards.

Thirty thousand feet...

One hundred thousand feet...

Five hundred thousand feet...

Rows upon rows of giant worms slept soundly. They wondered how many giant worms were asleep in the vertical tree cave, which looked more like an abyss.

A pungent, rotten odor assaulted their noses as soon as they descended to seven hundred thousand feet.

Although they didn't know where the smell came from, they had a faint feeling that something was wrong.

Chapter 2435 Fanged Cicadas

The deeper they dove in, the stronger the stinky smell got.

Yan looked around with vigilance. "Brother, it's dangerous below. You should slow down," she reminded Zen in a low voice.

With that, she gently tapped with her tiptoes and moved her sword downwards.

By doing so, she could quickly block and defend Zen if any danger arose suddenly.

Zen, however, looked speechless at Yan's actions. Was he that weak in his sister's eyes?

After they descended for another five thousand feet, they finally found the source of the rotten smell.

"Oh my God! It's a dead giant worm!"

"It's rotting, so that's where the smell came from!"

Those giant worms had a green colored body and they normally looked like cabbageworms, only tens of millions of times larger.

The dead giant worm in front of them, however, had turned greyish-brown. Its hard shell was severely damaged and was covered with numerous holes of various sizes.

"How did this giant worm die?" some of them asked curiously.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

At that moment, their musings were interrupted by a swishing sound that came from above them.

It turned out to be the members of the Sword Clan that came at a later time.

As their leader, Reinhard, arrived, he looked around until his gaze rested on Zen and Yan. His lips curved into a faint smile and nodded at Zen.

Zen didn't know about Marsh's plan, but he knew that the Sword Clan had decided to cooperate with Harold this time, so he nodded in response.

"This is a larva of its kind. They usually take dozens of divine eras to mature, and they never move while they're still larvae," Reinhard explained as he eyed the dead worm with a frown. He added, "This larva… It wasn't able to resist the other creatures that must've paralyzed it.

Some of its flesh and blood had been eaten, and its body began to rot after it died..." "What creatures?" a True God asked warily.

"Fanged Cicadas," Reinhard replied in a calm voice.

"Cicadas? Aren't all cicadas very noisy? Can't the Fanged Cicadas make any noise?" another True God asked. Generally speaking, most species of cicadas in the divine land were quite strong.

Their most lasting impression on people, however, were their noisy sounds.

It was especially true for the type of cicadas whose most powerful method was their suicide attacks.

Those fist-sized creatures would detonate their own bodies, which caused sound waves that could shatter everything into smithereens within a hundred mile radius.

If even a single cicada of such kind was put into a universe, its power would be enough to destroy an entire supreme world.

Now, many of them doubted Reinhard's words because the place was too quiet, without any signs of cicadas.

"You're right," Reinhard stated. He knew that many of them would hesitate to believe what he said. Thus, he patiently reminded them, "The Fanged

Cicadas can't make a sound, but they are more troublesome than other ferocious bugs. Even the members of our Sword Clan are only able to protect ourselves. Everyone, please be careful..."

Suddenly, the dead, rotting body of the giant worm emitted a light explosive sound the moment he finished speaking.

Everyone was already nervous in such an environment, and Reinhard's words made them even more alert.

They couldn't deny that the abrupt sound frightened all of them.

Just then, one small part of the giant worm's body exploded and released a fluid-like, brownish-yellow stench.

"It's just corpse miasma, nothing to be afraid of!" laughed an old man with a dark face.

Corpses usually emitted a stinky, dark colored fluid and odor after being left alone for a long time. The dead worm's organs were already filled with miasma after they rotted. Furthermore, it was so huge, so it was normal for its body to break because of the pressure.

Just as the old man finished his words, a beam of black light flashed in the darkness at an astonishing speed.

"Phew! Crack!"

The old man trembled slightly, and then his arms drooped to his sides. There was a round hole on his forehead where blood bubbled out.

"Hahaha!" the old man laughed all of a sudden.

Then, his body began to sway unsteadily on his flying sword.

Whoosh!

At the same time, the others felt an extremely powerful energy that came from his belly — it was a sign of suicide explosion!

It was known that a top-rank True God possessed an already perfect and immensely spacious inner world. Therefore, it would unleash an unimaginably enormous amount of power if it exploded.

After the black light shot into the old man's head, everything including the explosion of his belly, happened in just a blink of an eye. Nobody had the time to stop it.

"Hurry up! Get away from him!"

"This guy is going to explode himself!"

The other True Gods wasted no time as they immediately fled and plunged downward.

Some of the top-rank True Gods even abandoned their flying swords. Flying was not prohibited in the Killing Zone, so flying on the swords was actually unnecessary for them.

Puff!

Just as the man was about to explode, someone rushed over to the man and ripped his head off!

After the old man's head was torn away from his body, the violent energy in his elixir field slowly dissipated, and his suicide explosion was stopped.

The headless body gently keeled over the flying sword, before it finally fell into the endless abyss.

Only then did everyone clearly see the face of the man who had stopped the disaster. It was Duke, the top-rank True God from the Dongfang Clan!

"Once the Fanged Cicadas have entered your brains, they can eat up your souls very quickly and control your bodies. After that, they would detonate your elixir fields straight," Duke explained to the crowd and finally looked at Zen. "If the Fanged Cicadas parasitized anyone of you, don't blame me if I have to kill you mercilessly," he added.

Duke secretly thought that it would be best if such a thing happened to Zen or Yan, so he would have a reason to kill them.

Everyone looked miserable upon hearing Duke's words.

No one wanted to become a headless corpse like the old man.

The Fanged Cicadas, however, moved so fast that they barely had time to react. Even though the giant worm was still a larva, it was tens of thousands or even millions of feet long. It was too dangerous to continue downward!

A frown made its way to Reinhard's face as well.

He knew he had to be more careful about Duke. Since Duke was a top-rank True God from the Dongfang Clan, the True Gods of the other large clans on the Floating Islands might obey his words without question. Duke had moved so fast just now that Reinhard was even wary of his strength.

At that point, everyone heard another light explosive sound.

Almost all of the top-rank True Gods breathed quickly at the same time. Everyone's nerves were on edge.

Phew!

Another beam of jet black light flashed in the air!

Swish!

This time, Reinhard had seen it clearly.

He already launched an attack while the black light was still in the air.

He slashed with his sword so fast that his movements looked almost blurry.

A sword slash had three steps: unsheathing the sword, slashing the sword, and then returning the sword to the sheath.

When Reinhard did it, it was so fluid that all three steps looked like only one step.

The rest of them heard a crisp sound as soon as he returned his sword to its sheath. He had cut the black light in the air into two with his sword.

When Duke, who was still holding the old man's head, saw Reinhard's sword slash, his eyes were filled with caution.

Chapter 2436 Annihilate

Reinhard's sword strike was way too fast.

Not even a top-rank True God would've been able to avoid it.

"These Fanged Cicadas aren't very scary. So long as they don't get into our heads, then we'll be fine," Reinhard said. "Everyone! Follow me."

With that, he lightly stomped on the sword under his feet and shot down vertically.

Reinhard's orders from Marsh were to protect Zen and his sister, but to him, if these two siblings couldn't manage to get through here, then protecting them wasn't going to be of any use.

The dangers they would face were grave, and there was no way they'd be able to approach the skeleton if they were too weak.

To him, it was better for them to pin their hopes on the members of their own clan.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The remaining eleven disciples of the Sword Clan followed Reinhard and also swooped down.

Enoch and the other top-rank True Gods saw Reinhard courageously wielding his sword. The sight painted a very reliable and valiant image of Reinhard in their hearts, and they naturally followed after him, confident that he would be able to protect all of them.

Yan had a smile on her face, seemingly unaffected by Reinhard's attack. "Let's go, Zen," she told her brother. "Just hide behind me no matter what happens."

Zen could only smile back and follow his sister down.

As they fell, their speed also increased. Some even opted to kick the flying swords under their feet away and just delved into the free-fall.

The Fanged Cicadas lurked in the larva's body. Whenever a creature passed by, a black blur would suddenly jump out which turned out to be a Fanged Cicada.

Reinhard was in the front. He held his scabbard with one hand and the hilt of his sword in the other.

Crack!

There were numerous cracking noises as the larva's skin crumpled.

Reinhard lightly moved his right hand and let out a sharp sword light that immediately cut the cicada in half.

There weren't that many Fanged Cicadas in the beginning. One or two would come out every thousand feet or so.

However, as they went farther down, more and more Fanged Cicadas shot out of the larva's body. Reinhard's sword wielding got even faster in order to keep up. A few Fanged Cicadas would escape every once in a while but the other Sword Clan disciples took care of it.

Seeing the fierceness of the Sword Clan members, the other top-rank True Gods felt relieved.

"This place is not dangerous at all."

"Those Fanged Cicadas only move fast. As long as we stay alert, we can kill them too."

"Eh? Did the Fanged Cicadas disappear just now?"

a top-rank True God exclaimed. Reinhard seemed to have also stopped wielding his sword.

Zen's brows were creased as he looked at the larva that hung on the cave wall.

Its body was more than a hundred thousand feet long.

Since it was dead, then it's flesh should've already been eaten up by the Fanged Cicadas. There should be Fanged Cicadas crawling all over the larva's body, and there was no way they could've just disappeared just like that.

He didn't know it, but Reinhard was thinking the same thing.

It wasn't Reinhard's first time here, and the Fanged Cicadas didn't just make their home here. These creatures were scattered all over the Sunrest Tree.

The Fanged Cicadas already lived here way before the Sword Clan came.

There was a system in the way these Fanged Cicadas hunted. If they went after a large beast, they would kill its soul and then gradually invade its body. The flesh would then serve as both food and a place for them to multiply.

They also had their different groups. Fanged Cicadas of one group would often go head-to-head with another group in order to fight for dominance over a creature's body.

It wasn't until they had devoured their prey's flesh entirely that the Fanged Cicadas would leave.

This larva next to them was huge. It had also been dead for a long time judging from its state. Something didn't feel entirely right.

Reinhard went down tens of thousands of feet more.

It was then that he heard a cracking sound.

The sound caused Reinhard to look at the larva with apprehension.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Numerous tears appeared on the larva's outer skin as an army of black cicadas crawled out and lay in wait for the warriors.

It was only then that everyone clearly saw the appearances of these Fanged Cicadas.

Circles of red lines adorned the back shell of the creature where a pair of wings, as sharp as two blades, hid. On its head were a pair of awls, similar to sharp thorns, that served as their teeth.

These Fanged Cicadas simply stood there, motionless and not attacking.

Many top-rank True Gods paled at the sight. There were just too many of them!

Even Reinhard's face darkened and he finally remembered something.

"The king of the Fanged Cicadas has been born. We should all pray!" he announced.

A regular Fanged Cicada wasn't very intelligent which made it easy to deal with.

However, this wasn't the case with the king, which was highly intelligent and could very well command a swarm effectively against enemies.

The situation they were in right now proved to be more dangerous than what they initially thought.

The Sword Clan had killed many Fanged Cicada kings in the past, but it always entailed sacrificing a lot of their disciples' lives.

There was no way for Reinhard to have expected a Fanged Cicada king in this year's debate over Godly Ways.

As soon as he finished speaking, more Fanged Cicadas emerged from the larva's skin. They stayed put, not daring to attack the warriors just yet.

"Charge down!"

Swoosh! Swoosh!

With Reinhard's command, everyone moved down at full speed.

At the same time, the Fanged Cicadas also made their move, turning into black streaks as they shot towards the top-rank True Gods.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Each Fanged Cicada was a deadly killer.

A swarm merely looked like a collection of thousands of black lines that swiftly charged towards them.

"Watch out!"

Crack!

The top-rank True God who shouted to warn the others was the first to fall as a small hole appeared in his forehead.

Boom!

His elixir field flashed blue before his entire body burst into a huge fireball.

Unfortunately, nobody could afford to pay any attention to this top-rank True God.

It was every man for himself in the utter chaos and all the True Gods could only watch out for their own backs as they dived down.

The purple light in Yan's eyes grew brighter. As a top-rank True God, she had the ability to fly and had no need for the flying sword. She quickly kicked it under her feet and grabbed Zen's hand.

"They are coming!"

In an instant, sixty to seventy streaks of black light appeared not too far away from them.

Zen was very much ready to fight against these Fanged Cicadas.

These creatures were fast but it wouldn't be terribly difficult to kill them.

He never expected that his sister would only need to utter a single word to deal with all of them.

"Annihilate!"

Then, something strange happened.

Just as she spoke, the Fanged Cicadas heading towards them all fell to the ground, as if they had suddenly died in mid-air.

While this happened, Zen did not feel even the slightest fluctuation of energy.

Chapter 2437 Entangled In The Whirlpools

"Does this theurgy allow one to launch an attack by merely speaking?"

Zen asked, astonishment written all over his face.

He was aware of Yan possessing a Purple Power Body.

However, he didn't know much regarding what skills she practiced.

When he asked Yan about this, she simply hummed and avoided giving him any definite reply.

She had been extremely vague with her answers, even when Zen asked her about their mother.

It seemed he couldn't see through his sister anymore.

When Yan launched her attack by speaking, Zen expected some energy fluctuation. However, there was none at all.

For example, when one practiced the Great Dominance Technique, it was possible to activate it just by speaking. However, this could only be done through a special method of mixing the Godly Way and mental attacks. It was still a certain kind of mental attack.

Yan's method was formidable. Her word was 'annihilate' and it had been enough to cause all these Fanged Cicadas to immediately drop dead.

Zen could only look at his sister's back, lost in his thoughts.

"Boom!"

"Bang!"

Nobody else noticed what Yan had just done, except Zen of course.

The entire situation was just too chaotic.

More and more top-rank True Gods fell prey to the Fanged Cicadas and were exploding left and right.

The explosions were also a hazard to the other nearby True Gods. Once injured, they were immediately the next target for the Fanged Cicadas.

However, those who died were the top-rank True Gods of the first-tier clans.

All the rich and powerful clans on the Floating Islands had prepared their disciples extensively for this competition.

Thus, in the face of such a sudden crisis, they naturally had a couple of tricks up their sleeves.

Duke, for one, summoned a group of palm-sized birds from his chest.

These birds flew all around him. Any Fanged Cicada that ventured too close would get swallowed up by the birds.

Meanwhile, the three top-rank True Gods of the Bai Clan were arranged in a triangle, surrounded by sharp rays of light.

This sharp light kept the Fanged Cicadas away.

Although the True Gods of those first-tier clans would've also been prepared, their inheritances were most likely weaker than that of the rich clans on the Floating Islands.

It was unavoidable that, despite trying their very best, some of the top-rank True Gods ended up perishing under the onslaught of the Fanged Cicadas. Their heads were all pierced and their cinnabar fields exploded.

"Boom... Boom!"

The speed at which everyone fell had gotten faster but the explosions were also getting more and more numerous.

"Hold on, guys!"

Reinhard shouted as he waved his sword.

Each slash released dozens of silver light that cut through hundreds of Fanged Cicadas in one fell swoop.

However, more Fanged Cicadas took the place of their fallen brethren.

"Puff!"

Reinhard heard a muffled sound and couldn't help but whip his head towards the direction he heard it from.

"Lorenzo!"

Lorenzo Mo of the Sword Clan couldn't answer to his call. He simply trembled as a small, bloody hole appeared in the middle of his forehead.

Without wasting any time, Reinhard immediately slashed towards Lorenzo's direction.

Before he could explode, a wisp of silver light from Reinhard's sword cut his head off from his body.

The Sword Clan had finally lost its first disciple.

"How could this be?"

Reinhard's heart sank. Lorenzo Mo was not weak yet he perished in such a crisis. He and Reinhard were not from the same branch but shared a good relationship with each other.

His death greatly upset Reinhard.

The beginning of the debate over the Godly Ways was usually smooth. This great crisis truly caught everyone by surprise. Were they to die here so early into the competition?

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Try as they might, the number of Fanged Cicadas only seemed to increase as they ventured farther down.

The swarm was like a storm cloud that quickly shot towards the True Gods.

Reinhard's sword might be fast but it would be impossible for him to kill all these Fanged Cicadas. He wasn't entirely impervious to these creatures.

He could only despair, unable to see any hope in this situation.

It was then that Yan appeared.

The sight of her and her brother alive comforted Reinhard. "They're alright."

He initially thought that these Fanged Cicadas was a test for these two. He didn't expect them to actually be capable in handling themselves so smartly in such a crisis.

"Hide behind me! Stop!" Reinhard howled.

However, to his surprise, Yan simply ignored him. She moved lithely in the air, her soft hair fluttering in the wind as she flew.

Yan put her long fingers to her mouth and uttered a single word.

"Entangle."

This time, Zen still didn't make a move.

He allowed his sister to go on ahead but also kept an eye out to his surroundings. Once a Fanged Cicada came near, he would act immediately.

As he defended himself, he also observed Yan secretly.

"She utters a word but the voice has no emotion in it. It's as if she's not the one speaking..." he murmured.

The moment Yan spoke, tiny whirlpools appeared in the air.

There was one whirlpool...

There were one hundred whirlpools...

Over one thousand...

Tens of thousands of whirlpools...

These whirlpools were only the size of a fist but emitted a very strong gravitational force that sucked the Fanged Cicadas in.

Yan merely floated there as the whirlpools continued to appear around everyone.

The previously innumerable Fanged Cicadas started to dwindle as they were sucked in.

The sight of these miraculous whirlpools caught the top-rank True Gods in surprise. They absolutely had no idea where these came from!

"It's her!"

"It's the woman below!"

They all exclaimed, pointing at Yan.

There was no evidence of energy fluctuation around her, but they were able to confirm that it was her that created these whirlpools.

"This woman... Wow, she's so powerful. She's already saved me five times!"

Enoch announced. He had been quite frightened before but was now very excited at Yan's appearance.

"You..."

Reinhard looked at Yan with a complicated expression on his face.

He didn't believe her theurgy was powerful but it was extremely unbelievable.

It was only then that he finally understood. The Sword Clan must have thought it through before assigning the task of inheritance to Zen and Yan. Marsh wasn't a fool after all.

The strength of these two was absolutely beyond his imagination.

As they descended, more and more whirlpools appeared. They did not kill the Fanged Cicadas but still rendered the creatures immobile.

This lasted for five minutes more.

After this time, they finally saw the rotten worm's tail, which meant that they finally got rid of all those damned Fanged Cicadas.

Chapter 2438 Sunrest Wood Spring

All the top-rank True Gods began to slow down as they fell.

Enoch and the other top-rank True Gods breathed a collective sigh of relief.

They had really been out of luck this time and hadn't expected to face such a crisis when they had just entered the cave at the center of Sunrest Wood.

"I really narrowly escaped death!"

"I was so close to death. One of the Fanged Cicadas scratched my forehead."

"How many people have died?"

The top-rank True Gods all looked relieved.

"There were forty-seven explosions in all. Including the one whose head was tore off by Duke, a total of forty-eight people have died," a top-rank True God said calmly.

Not all top-rank True Gods were panicking.

Some of them had gone through some unimaginable trials and tribulations. They were indifferent to questions of life and death, and had even taken the time to memorize these matters, despite how dangerous the situation was.

Zen glanced at the top-rank True God, surprised that he had counted the number of the people who had died.

Forty-eight people had indeed died, including forty-three disciples of the first-tier clans and five belonging to the rich clans on the Floating Islands.

This top-rank True God was very thin, inconspicuous in his appearance and eyes brimming with a radiant vigor. Zen didn't know which clan he belonged to and hadn't noticed him before.

Reinhard turned his sword and in a matter of mere moments, turned into a ray of white light. He then came up to Yan and bowed to her. "Thank you. If it weren't for you, more people would have died."

Reinhard was certain that

Yan was the most important person in the Luo Clan.

According to Reinhard's estimation, if Yan didn't make a move, at least half the members of the Sword Clan would die when faced with so many Fanged Cicadas attacking. Even Reinhard might die!

All of them relied on Yan's protection when they passed through the section of the road that had the largest number of Fanged Cicadas.

"You're welcome," Yan replied rather indifferently.

Reinhard didn't care about Yan's attitude. Marsh had chosen them and the twelve top-rank True Gods of the Sword Clan had made up their minds to be death warriors.

He turned around and said to the remaining ten disciples of the Sword Clan through his life vitality, "The next task is to protect Yan. You can give up on protecting the others, but if anyone wants to hurt Yan, you must try your best to rescue her!"

The members of the Sword Clan understood that, and were thinking on similar lines as Reinhard.

"What about Zen?" a disciple of the Sword Clan asked through his life vitality.

Reinhard glanced at Zen, who was standing behind Yan, and then said with a smile, "This guy has a good reputation in the Time Sea and has even played tricks on a group of consummate True Gods. But he is just a low-rank True God. So don't take him too seriously."

It wasn't that Reinhard underestimated Zen.

Zen had once taken away the jade seal from the hands of a group of consummate True Gods, which had, at one time, been truly inconceivable.

However, everyone believed that Zen was successful just by lucky coincidence. It was definitely not a demonstration of strength, and any consummate True God could easily kill him.

Even the top-rank True Gods weren't taking Zen seriously.

On the other hand, Duke and the top-rank True Gods from the alliance of the rich clans had different intentions.

Duke's lips moved, and it was obvious that he was also giving orders. He would occasionally look at Yan, a trace of fear in his eyes.

"Yan, you are so amazing!"

Zen praised once everyone began to descend.

Yan's stoic expression was suddenly replaced by a brilliant, proud smile. "I'm far more talented than you think!"

Zen was very curious about her theurgy that she could launch the attack merely through speaking. But he knew that this was not the right time to discuss it, so he didn't persist.

After they passed through the rotten worm, the vertical hole in the tree was restored to peace.

Everyone descended at a steady speed.

All of them were extra-vigilant after the battle.

"Drip, drip..."

As they continued to fall, they suddenly heard the sound of dripping water.

"What the hell is that?"

someone mumbled.

They were now a little worried and scared, wary of anything that was odd and remotely terrifying.

However, as Reinhard glanced down, his expression morphed into one of surprise.

"It's the Sunrest Wood Spring! I hadn't expected the Sunrest Wood Spring to really appear here!"

At this, the other top-rank True Gods were surprised, eyes bulging out of their sockets.

The Sunrest Wood Spring was born in the middle of the Sunrest Tree. It was so rare, even in the Sword Clan, that it usually took one hundred years to obtain a potful of Sunrest Wood Spring.

Once the Sunrest Wood Spring was released into the inner world, it could benefit all the living beings there. What was more, it was a favorite of all pill refiners and weapon refiners. It could be argued that the Sunrest Wood Spring was the magical water.

This was why the Sunrest Wood Spring in the divine land was exorbitantly priced.

Someone from the Sword Clan had also speculated that there might be a large amount of the Sunrest Wood Spring within the trunk of the Sunrest Tree.

But during the debates over the Godly Ways in the past, there was no True God who had discovered the Sunrest Wood Spring.

The dripping sound of water continued to reach their ears.

As the crowd descended, they saw many small protruding platforms around the cave wall, on which a number of hollows were nestled. These hollows were filled with dark green sap.

Every time a drop of Sunrest Wood Spring fell, the sap rippled lightly.

"That's a lot!"

"Why has so much Sunrest Wood Spring

appeared so suddenly?"

Some True Gods became excited and rushed forward.

The disciples of the Sword Clan frowned.

The Sunrest Wood Spring was extremely precious to the Sword Clan and there was so much of it here! They were of the opinion that all of it should belong to the Sword Clan.

At the debate venue, however, if someone from the Sword Clan were to try to stop those excited True Gods, it would lead to an immediate dispute.

In a flash, Zen moved so that he was standing at the edge of a platform.

Zen had seen the Sunrest Wood Spring before.

In the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, Holy Drew had used a pot of Sunrest Wood Spring to forge his body.

Zen was unable to move at the time, but he could see that Holy Drew was obviously unwilling to use the Sunrest Wood Spring.

The Sunrest Wood Spring was very valuable to Holy Drew. He knew that it must cost a fortune.

After Zen had broken through and become a low-rank True God, his cultivation base had stopped increasing.

The other True Gods had begun to expand their inner worlds after forming the Godly Tiles.

Simultaneously, the clouds were transformed from the life vitality sea in the inner world and gathered into the Godly Tiles throughout the day and night. As long as one kept making breakthroughs in the Godly Way, it would be natural for them to create a Godly Tile of a mid-rank True God.

But things always became complicated when it came to Zen.

The chaotic energy could not be gathered into the Godly Tile.

He wondered if he had to look for the brown mud as he continued to advance.

Now, he even couldn't figure out the use of the divine might coin.

He had heard that it could greatly benefit the creatures in the inner world if one drank the Sunrest Wood Spring directly. So he would try it too.

But as he stood up, a harsh voice sounded around him. "Get away from here! This is my place!"

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2439 Being Cold Blooded

Over twenty platforms, all of different sizes, filled the Sunrest Wood Spring.

Zen reacted almost instantly. As soon as he had alighted, he landed on one of the largest of the platforms. Naturally, this attracted the attention of the others present.

Only one of them spoke, however. It was Brendan Tang, a top-rank True God of the Tang Clan.

He was intimidating to behold. Standing over 2.5 meters tall and with skin of deep bronze, he was in the top thirty among the top-rank True Gods in the Arena of Legends. His strength could not be overstated.

The Tang Clan, including the branch of the clan Brendan Tang belonged to, was famous for their mastery of weapon refining.

Thus, he valued the Sunrest Wood Spring even more than the other True Gods did.

Brendan Tang was a little slow to react, however. As he saw these guys starting to occupy the platforms, he began feeling anxious.

When his eyes swept the platforms, he realized that Zen was standing on the biggest one, and he was overwhelmed with outrage.

"What a fool!"

Seeing that Brendan Tang was about to give Zen a hard time, Duke swore quietly in his mind.

Before the debate over the Godly Ways, those consummate True Gods of the alliance of wealthy clans, and the True Gods that accompanied them, had conspired together.

And they had concluded that it was not the time to make a move yet.

Even though the Dongfang Clan was the leader of the union of wealthy clans, Duke himself was just a top-rank True God.

Donne Tang and Gage Tang from the Tang Clan were doing fine.

An impulsive man like Brendan Tang, however, would probably not want to join Duke.

"Your place?"

Zen glanced at Brendan Tang with total indifference.

Yan, who had been hovering just behind Zen, quietly leaned against his shoulder. A trace of ridicule appeared on her face as she sneered, "You asked Zen to get away? Do you want to flirt with death?"

Brendan Tang's face darkened at her words. Although Yan had displayed her use of a special method, and had been successful at trapping all the Fanged Cicadas, he couldn't quite gauge her real strength. In fact, he might not have to be afraid of her and Zen!

But he was not confident enough to fight the two alone.

He raised his head and shouted, "Gage Tang, Donne Tang! Are you here to watch a show?"

Two other people not far away suddenly shot towards him.

The middle-aged man with a flushed face was Gage Tang; the rather handsome young man was Donne Tang.

"Who is the one flirting with death, then?" Having summoned the two members of the Tang Clan, Brendan Tang felt more confident. He smiled sardonically at Yan.

Though Brendan Tang felt confident, he was visibly not completely at ease. Gage Tang and Donne Tang, on the other hand, looked much calmer.

"Brendan, the Sunrest Wood Spring is indeed valuable. But it still isn't all that important!" Gage Tang said.

"That's right. We have more important things to do." What Donne Tang said was not an understatement.

Their most important goal was to prevent the others from obtaining the skeleton in the debate venue.

Whether they themselves could manage to obtain the skeleton was not so important. What was crucial was that no one else managed to get their hands on it, especially not anyone from the Luo Clan.

However, Brendan Tang was stubborn. He felt like Donne Tang and Gage Tang were trying to sabotage his glory. This made him resent them.

"There is no bigger a coward than you in the whole Tang Clan," he swore angrily, deciding that he would fight Zen on his own. He thought that if he did it himself, Donne Tang and Gage Tang would not stand by watching the battle.

Besides, once Zen and Yan entered the fight, the True Gods of the Dongfang Clan and the Fang Clan would most likely join in.

After all, it was best to kill Zen and Yan first.

Judging from his behavior, one would think Brendan Tang was a fool. However, that was far from the truth. He had taken all these aspects into consideration.

He had made one mistake, however. He had underestimated Yan.

Just as Brendan Tang finished his sentence, a smile appeared on Yan's face. The purple light in her eyes was like a snake's flickering tongue, like a dancing purple flame.

This purple light was extremely dangerous.

"If you are not a coward, then go ahead," Yan said. Her expression was indecipherable.

"Oh?" Of course, the hot-headed Brendan Tang couldn't tolerate Yan's provocation. He prepared to make his move.

Then a single word escaped Yan's mouth.

"Break."

Brendan Tang stretched out his enormous arm, and a shadow of a large hammer formed slowly in his hand.

The hammer must have been his life's treasure.

When the hammer shadow was only half formed, Brendan Tang suddenly felt a warm sensation coming from his neck.

For a moment, he felt strange and light headed. Then, his entire body seemed to break in two at the point just below his neck. That feeling of warmth had been the feeling of blood gushing out from the breaking point.

The bones of the top-rank True Gods were unusually dense.

Even a fracture of a small finger bone would emit a deafening sound. They were comparable to the supreme primordial weapon without any rank.

Consequently, it was verging on impossible to cut through the neck of a top-rank True God.

It was testament to Yan's power that, with a single word, she had managed to sever Brendan Tang's head. Everyone, including Zen, was shocked.

Zen had never thought that Yan would attack him like this without warning.

With a weapon in hand, Zen was almost certain he could slice off Brendan Tang's head himself.

However, the technique that Yan had used was completely incomprehensible to him.

How did his neck break?

"Brendan!"

"Brendan!"

Gage's and Donne's faces, previously calm, were now twisted in horror.

Seeing that Brendan Tang had been beheaded, Gage Tang immediately ran downwards and grabbed his body.

At the same time, Donne Tang held onto his head.

Beheading was not immediately fatal to a True God, but if the head and the body were allowed to stay separated for too long, the physical body and the inner world would be affected.

"No need to save him," Yan said gently, her expression cold. She pointed at Brendan Tang's head.

"Kill," she uttered, her voice calm and quiet.

As she spoke, Brendan Tang's face suddenly lost all vitality, his eyes still wide open and filled with fear.

All the life energy vanished at once. He was dead.

"What?"

"You!"

Both Gage Tang and Donne Tang had fallen into a panic.

Reinhard, who stood by with the crowd, looked on with incredulity, still reeling from witnessing Yan make her lethal move.

With only two words, Yan had killed a top-rank True God. Not only was this girl too powerful, she had no reservations about using her powers, and did so ruthlessly.

Duke, not far away, remained calm. The faces of other clans' True Gods darkened. They knew they could not complete their task with Yan present. She was too strong.

Yan's face was calm.

However, there was coldness in her eyes flashing purple light.

She slowly sat down on the edge of the platform and looked at the True Gods present. "No matter what your goal is, if you provoke Zen, you will come to the same end as this guy," she said nonchalantly.

Enoch stared at Yan, and his heart sank.

The girl had looked gentle and adorable. He hadn't expected that she would be so ruthless and cold blooded when someone provoked her or Zen.

Even Zen himself did not expect Yan's reaction to be so intense.

Chapter 2440 A Slight Change

Yan could be considered a cold and powerful goddess that dominated both life and death.

As she sat next to Zen however, her fingers trembled, just enough for Zen to take notice.

Upon perceiving this trivial detail, Zen smiled and whispered through his chaotic energy, "Yan, if you're a little nervous, don't force yourself. I can handle it on my own."

Yan hadn't experienced too much slaughter in her lifetime; at least, not yet. This was probably her first experience of killing a True God and therefore, it was only inevitable that she felt a little uncomfortable.

It was perhaps because of Harold's teachings that Yan had behaved in such a way.

All in all, it was clearly really hard for her.

"I'm not nervous at all," Yan replied in a matter-of-fact tone, equally through her life vitality. "Zen, you'd better absorb the Sunrest Wood Spring. I don't need it."

As he looked at her serious expression, Zen smiled.

He immediately put his hands directly into the cool spring.

The Sunrest Wood Spring was the Sunrest Tree's essence, which was so powerful that it could literally melt anything it came into contact with.

As soon as Zen immersed his hands into it, the green liquid automatically began gathering around his fingers, palms and wrists.

Visibly, the Sunrest Wood Spring on the platform was gradually being absorbed by Zen.

Zen didn't spread the spring into his body however, but placed it instead into his cinnabar field along the meridians.

Duke, on his behalf, occupied a different platform.

On the edge of the platform stood two other top-rank True Gods from the Dongfang Clan.

One of them was named Gino Dongfang, and the other, Wesley Dongfang.

This time, the three True Gods of the Dongfang Clan were very carefully hand-selected by Troy.

"Duke, the Sunrest Wood Spring..." murmured Wesley, a young teenage warrior standing beside him.

"Don't leave it to me. You can absorb it by yourselves." Duke shook his head as he replied. He didn't care about the Sunrest Wood Spring in the least.

As he looked over at Yan, Duke felt very preoccupied. Gino, through his life vitality, secretly asked, "Duke, are you still worried about Yan? What kind of strength was she using? It doesn't seem to be any Godly Way, and even no internal momentum fluctuated. It's really strange!"

Despite the questioning, Duke just shook his head and said, "No. I'm not worried about Yan."

"What do you mean? You aren't worried about her?" Gino was stunned for a brief moment. He rolled his eyes and asked, "In that case, you must be worried about the members of the Sword Clan, right?"

This time, the Sword Clan had suddenly reduced the seats for wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, and the number of their people doubled. This was equivalent to announcing their position. Their purpose was to help Zen and his sister obtain the skeleton's inheritance!

Obviously, Reinhard, the head of the group, wasn't to be trifled with.

"No, I'm not," Duke stated, as he continued to shake his head.

"Tell me then, who the hell are you worried about?" Gino looked puzzled. He knew that Duke was resourceful. Although he was only a top-rank True God, he was highly valued in the Dongfang Clan. Naturally, he was much more far-sighted than ordinary True Gods. He turned to glance at Zen, who was slowly absorbing the Sunrest Wood Spring and asked, "Are you perhaps worried about Zen?"

"This time, I can't deny you. You're right." Duke squinted his eyes.

As he took in Duke's response, Gino couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Duke, Zen is said to be extremely powerful, but his cultivation level is very low. Do we really have to be afraid of him?"

Wesley, who had also been absorbing the Sunrest Wood Spring, raised his head and said thinly, "It's amazing that he could defeat the low-rank True Gods when he was just a proving godly warrior. Now that he has become a low-rank True God, he is probably just as powerful as the best mid-rank True Gods, at most.

You know, like the top two among the mid-rank True Gods on the Jade Wall of Legends!"

Wesley genuinely thought highly of Zen.

Duke only nodded stiffly. "And yet, he hasn't taken a single action since he's entered the tree hole."

"With such a powerful sister at his side, he simply doesn't need to do anything." Wesley shook his head and went back to absorb the Sunrest Wood Spring again.

Duke was already well aware of everything they said, but he still felt that something was off, something was wrong.

Moments ago, when he watched Brendan take action, he hadn't stopped him, because he wanted to test Zen's current strength with Brendan's help.

However, before Zen even had the chance to respond in any way, Brendan had been killed by Yan.

Now, the two Tang Clan men were still staring at both Zen and Yan with red-rimmed eyes. They dared not beat Yan because of her powerful strength.

"Gage, Donne, come here, both of you," said Duke through life vitality.

Gage and Donne immediately turned their heads to look at Duke.

"If you want to take your revenge, you have to be patient," said Duke calmly.

Although the members of the alliance had the same goal, not a single one of them took the lead. Even Duke could do nothing more but command Wesley and Gino.

In this very moment, Duke realized that he had to unite these people as one.

Everywhere in Zen's inner world, a green rain was gently falling.

The big, beautiful raindrops fell around the World Tree.

Out of the blue, another massive continent began to form itself around the life tree. As it began to absorb the raindrops, the entire tree shook rapidly.

Rumble!

"That was quick!"

Originally, the World Tree was more than ten thousand feet high.

Now though, it grew at visibly high speeds.

All of its branches began to extend, and the trunk also began to swell in size. As the roots buried deep in the ground continuously wriggled, the ground surrounding them began to ripple and crack.

In the blink of an eye, the World Tree had grown from approximate ten thousand feet to over one hundred thousand feet high, and the number of the roots buried deep underground increased ten-fold!

"What? What's going on?"

As the World Tree expanded and swelled, Zen could clearly feel his inner world starting to do the same.

Whoosh!

Zen's avatar suddenly flashed and instantly arrived at the edge of his inner world.

He gazed into the distance, a touch of bewilderment in his eyes. With a flick of his finger, a thin line brushed past the edge where he stood.

There were a total of ten thousand and eight hundred golden Sanskrit words around his inner world. These golden Sanskrit words were equally spaced, with an exact distance of thirteen thousand miles between each one.

The thin line drawn by Zen, however, went sixteen inches further.

The distance between each golden Sanskrit word was sixteen inches longer.

"My inner world has expanded," Zen concluded aloud.

As his inner world continued to expand, the Sanskrit words surrounding it equally distanced themselves even more.

The scope of this expansion was very small, and thus, Zen hadn't felt anything different at all. That said though, he had confirmed it anyway.

"The Sunrest Wood Spring is just the Sunrest Tree's life essence. Why can it expand my inner world?"

Zen felt utterly confused.

The world in his cinnabar field was completely different from those of ordinary people. It was understandable that Zen had to grope how to break through to the next cultivation level by himself.

All of this had risen from his meager attempt to absorb the Sunrest Wood Spring into his body. He hadn't expected that there would really be such a change in his inner world.

Chapter 2441 Arrival

However, the Sunrest Wood Spring was much too rare.

Even in the Sword Clan, it was highly possible there wasn't much of it.

Just moments ago, Zen had absorbed at least a dozen pots of Sunrest Wood Spring. Even the Sword Clan would take more than a thousand years to accumulate so much Sunrest Wood Spring.

Despite such, the whole of his inner world had only expanded by very little.

In fact, it was unrealistic to rely on this kind of spring water in order to expand one's inner world.

After Zen withdrew his incarnation from his inner world, he once again stepped on the flying sword without hesitation. Together with Yan by his side, he continued his journey downward, along with the other True Gods.

As they continued working their way down, the quantity of giant bugs that buzzed around them gradually decreased, eventually disappearing completely.

The surrounding area was totally barren without any vitality, but the Truth of Malice released from the Killing Zone grew more and more intense!

Many people's eyes were red with anger, and there was a strong sense of murder filling the space, as if they would jump on one another and fight to the deaths at the slightest disagreement, especially Gage and Donne.

These two in particular, were a little out of control due to their enmity with Yan. It appeared as though they wanted to get into a fight with her, but after Duke obliged each of them to swallow a pill, they ultimately restrained themselves.

After confirming their safety, a few of the True Gods sat upright on their flying swords. Here, they rested with their eyes closed, all while keeping a certain speed as they descended.

"Look! Down there! I can see plenty of circles on the cave wall below!" Yan stated as she pointed vigorously in the direction she was looking into.

Zen equally looked over to where Yan was pointing and indeed, he too saw the white circles on the wide cave wall.

"Huh. What are they?" Zen asked in a curious tone.

"Those are the annual rings," Yan replied frankly, with a smile.

She not only was powerful, but also knew more than Zen.

Or in other words, before they'd gone to the Sunrest Tree, Harold had taught Yan plenty of important information.

"Are they the Sunrest Tree's annual rings?" Zen asked anew.

"Yes. A single branch will appear on the Sunrest Tree every divine era, and at the same time, the trunk will grow another annual ring. These huge annual rings define the Sunrest Tree's age," Yan explained seriously.

The True Gods standing not far away also felt surprised as they listened to Yan's explanation.

After all, the truth remained that not everyone had the right to enter here. Although the information wasn't necessarily important, it was completely impossible to spread outside this area.

The four great divine trees were the divine land's foundation, and they were born very early. Many inferred to the birth of the divine trees as the time where the divine land was created.

"Yan, you just know so much! Full of useful information!" Zen said with a smile.

As she heard her brother's praise, Yan tilted her head upward and said proudly, "Of course I am!"

Everyone continued to descend along the annual rings. They moved in a line.

It took an entire two days and two nights.

It was only then that Reinhard warned everyone to slow down, as they had nearly reached the bottom of the Sunrest Tree.

Beneath the sudden warning, all True Gods felt slightly shocked and anxious.

Everyone had kept a very high speed as they dived down from the top of the Sunrest Tree.

It was primordial that they avoided slowing down. In the case that they did, chances were that they'd fall directly to the bottom and the crash would probably be strong enough to shatter their bodies into pieces upon impact!

Fortunately for them, Reinhard had warned them in advance.

Everyone slowed down now and began to descend at a very gradual pace. It took less than an hour before they finally saw the true bottom.

"And we're here!"

"Yep! Actually, this is the debate venue!"

"It's so difficult..."

As Zen touched the bottom, he accidentally knocked the flying sword with his foot. The flying sword spun once and fell directly into his hand.

Not too long ago, Zen's Great Weighty Sword had been damaged in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. These flying swords provided by the Sword Clan, though ordinary, were high-quality supreme primordial weapons. Thus, Zen could temporarily use one of the swords as his weapon.

"Now that you've arrived at the debate venue, you must follow us. You're forbidden from walking around," Reinhard called out to everyone.

"Humph. It's said that the Other Shore Realm warrior's great legacy is hidden in the debate venue. Your Sword Clan hasn't found it after so many years. Do you really think we'll find anything just by following you?" a top-rank True God from the Bai Clan asked, as he sneered at Reinhard.

Seconds later, another two members of the Bai Clan echoed, "That's right. Perhaps the Sword Clan can't reach it by themselves and thus misled others during every debate over the Godly Ways. All these years, no one has ever been capable of discovering such a legacy."

Like the Han Clan, the Bai Clan also wasn't part of the alliance of Floating Islands, and they didn't have much to do with the Sword Clan, either.

The three members from the Bai Clan had received word that they had only come here specifically for the purpose of obtaining the latter legacy.

Upon hearing what they had to say, Reinhard laughed grimly. "If that's the case, you can do as you please."

"Ah! Let's go!"

The three True Gods of the Bai Clan shouted coldly in agreement before hurrying off in a different direction.

At the bottom of the Sunrest Tree, the messy tree roots formed numerous layers and holes. The environment here was complicated, and in the blink of an eye, the Bai Clan's three True Gods had completely disappeared from sight.

"If you still plan on acting alone, you can choose to leave now," Reinhard said to the remaining crowd, indifferently.

The top-rank True Gods present were otherwise the strongest group of people in the divine land.

Following Reinhard's comment, one group of two warriors, and one group of three warriors chose to leave.

What Reinhard had been hoping for the most was that Duke would take his men away, though.

That said, Duke, and the True Gods from the powerful clans, such as the Tang Clan, the Leng Clan, the Mu Clan, as well as the Fang Clan, didn't budge an inch. In fact, it even appeared that they wanted to follow them.

"You're just so crafty." Reinhard glanced back at Duke and noticed the slight irony in his eyes. He turned his head away at once.

"You're so childish!" said Duke, his voice lowered.

His biggest goal this time was not inheriting any specific heritage, but to prevent anyone from obtaining any of it at all. It was only normal that he wouldn't go hurrying off to explore the debate venue.

Reinhard took the lead and chose a direction, bringing over one hundred warriors forward along with him.

The bottom of the tree was filled with the roots with all kinds of distorted shapes. Furthermore, a few plants with peculiar forms grew in the darkness and the wet places down here.

Purr...

Purr...

It only took a few moments before a strange scream could be heard coming from not too far away.

A True God looked into the direction where the voice was coming from, and he quickly noticed a bunch of pale yellow Ganoderma lucidum.

In fact, from what he could see, there were nearly twenty Ganoderma lucidums and they were all neatly arranged in a row, which looked very attractive, to say the least.

"Can you believe it? The Ganoderma lucidums look supernatural!"

"They are absolutely not ordinary beings!"

Enoch and several other True Gods were a bit intrigued by the Ganoderma lucidums. Before the others knew what was happening, they rushed forward and picked them.

As he watched them do so, Reinhard only turned his head and asked, "Solomon?"

"Yes?" replied Solomon questioningly, who was standing behind Reinhard and taking a step forward. A long sword shot outward as fast as lightning.

Crack!

The lightning was completely fused with the sword light, or perhaps, it was completely integrated into it! It appeared as though the two had now become one.

In an instant, the sword light shot out at a distance of over a thousand feet. It immediately pierced through the Ganoderma lucidums.

Crack, crack, crack...

Surrounded by bright blue lightning, the twenty or so Ganoderma lucidums started twisting crazily as they screamed out in torturous shrills.

Before long, the Ganoderma lucidums equally changed into groups of ferocious ghost shapes, standing there and contorting wildly.

Chapter 2442 Get Used To It

Multiple clouds of dark green miasmas floated around the twisted ghosts.

The miasmas flashed with phosphorescence and were highly toxic.

"This is the Soul Corroding Ganoderma, one of the most dangerous things ever. Even a consummate True God couldn't pick it. Are you sure you want to?" Reinhard asked.

The warriors' faces turned pale at the sight of the ferocious monsters and at Reinhard's words.

"The poisonous miasmas are about to float over. Stay here if you want to die," Reinhard said and led the Sword Clan disciples forward.

The other True Gods followed them as soon as they left.

Duke and his friends also looked sullen when they saw the Soul Corroding Ganodermas.

All the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands had gathered some information about the debate venue. But they were not as familiar with it as the Sword Clan was.

If they weren't careful enough in such a dangerous place, they would most likely be killed. And if Reinhard wanted to do something bad to them, it would be difficult for them to defend themselves against him.

"There is a fork in the road. We need to go right!"

A massive root loomed ahead of the crowd, dividing the path into two. To the right was a narrow cave.

The moment Reinhard finished speaking, he swooped into this cave.

The others had no choice but to follow him in. Zen and Yan also squeezed into the cave.

They traveled through this cave for a while before they came upon an open space.

Their surrounding environment now changed drastically.

The wet, soft ground turned into a mottled stone road. There were still a lot of huge roots around them, through which they could indistinctly see some walls. But these walls were riddled with holes, having been unable to withstand the erosion that the tree roots were causing.

They walked along the mottled stone road for a while, and with time, the road became wider and wider. A faint layer of mist prevented all the True Gods from looking ahead.

'The bottom of the Sunrest Tree is so wide!'

Zen thought to himself. He hadn't expected the debate venue to be so vast.

But the top of the Sunrest Tree was so huge that he couldn't see its edges. So it wasn't surprising that its trunk was so wide and the bottom covered such a huge space.

After they had walked a few miles, an arc appeared on the stone path. It extended from end to end, blocking the path of the True Gods.

Reinhard turned his head to look at the crowd and said, "This line is one of the most powerful restrictions in the debate venue. And it depends on your comprehension about the Truth of Godly Way. How far you can go and whether you can live or not depend on your own ability. You can wait here if you don't comprehend any Truth of Godly Way."

'The comprehension of Truth of Godly Way!'

Zen thought, his eyes flashing.

Since the Sword Clan regarded this place as the debate venue, it was impossible for warriors to conquer it with their own strength, just like they had done in the forbidden areas.

Did one have to rely on the comprehension of Truth of Godly Way in the end?

But there were different ways of using the Truth of Godly Way. For example, the Truth of Cultivation Nature was completely different from the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos.

And the Truth of Goodwill and Malice was yet another.

Zen wondered why the skeleton had set up the debate venue like this.

"Zen, please wait here," Yan said, blinking her eyes. "I will go ahead on the remaining path."

Harold had already shared some news with Yan before she came to the Sword Clan. It was obvious that she thought her brother wasn't qualified enough to continue to fight in the debate venue.

"Why can't I go in?" Zen asked with an amused smile.

Yan thought for a while and then whispered, "Because we need a very deep understanding of Truth of Godly Way. Or you could get hurt easily."

"A very deep understanding? How deeply will I need to understand the Truth of Godly Way?" Zen asked again.

"Um..."

Yan was at a loss for words.

No one had obtained the skeleton's inheritance in the debate venue.

All those who had previously entered the place had failed.

Even Yan did not have enough confidence. What if the skeleton demanded a warrior having a complete comprehension of a Truth of Godly Way?

"I've learned a lot about the Truth of Godly Way in the fairy palace," Zen said suddenly, smiling at Yan. "Maybe my comprehension of Truth of Godly Way is not as deep as yours, but I don't think there should be a problem for me to enter it."

He was pretty confident as he spoke, but he was still curious.

There was more than one Truth of Godly Way. If one mastered a Truth of Godly Way, could they be recognized by another Truth of Godly Way? Zen didn't think so.

"Zen, have you also cultivated a Truth of Godly Way?" Yan looked at Zen, doubt marring her face.

Zen nodded and said, "Don't worry. I won't be reckless."

Seeing that Zen was determined to enter this place, Yan knew that she couldn't stop him now.

She could do nothing but sigh. "Stick close by me. I will try my best to protect you," she said to Zen.

"Yes!" Zen nodded with a smile.

Reinhard and the other True Gods had already crossed the line.

Zen and Yan also moved forward to cross the line.

The moment he crossed the threshold, Zen immediately felt a complex aura surround him.

A strong rhythm hummed within it, as if two different auras had come together and intertwined.

'A combination of the Truth of Goodwill and the Truth of Malice is suddenly so beautiful!' Zen thought, slightly stunned.

The Truth of Malice was causing Zen's killing intent to surge. In the next moment, the Truth of Goodwill destroyed all malicious intentions.

It was a wonderfully complex feeling when these two different aspects of the Truth of Godly Way were repeating this process.

At the beginning, nobody was used to seeing this. Some True Gods had become so uncomfortable that they were beginning to turn red at the effort of keeping it together. They were being greatly influenced by the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, suffering severe headaches and violent mood swings. And if they didn't get used to it quickly, their willpower would be destroyed beyond repair.

Yan was the first one to get used to it.

And that was because she didn't need time to get used to it.

When the Truth of Malice came at her, the purple light in her eyes bloomed.

As the Truth of Goodwill came to her, the purple light in her eyes began to dissipate.

"Zen, can you get used to it?" Yan turned to look at Zen.

Zen closed his eyes and felt the intense fluctuation in his mind.

'Truth of Cultivation Nature...

All the Godly Ways originated from nature...'

The Truth of Goodwill and Malice would allow one to turn their idea into the Truth of Goodwill and the Truth of Malice.

Faced with the constantly changing Truth of Goodwill and Truth of Malice that affected his state of mind, Zen also activated the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

He did not resist this. Instead, he acted according to his will, and obeyed it as it came.

By the time he opened his eyes again, he had returned to normalcy.

"How did you get used to it so soon?" Yan asked, astonished. Her eyes were shimmering with curiosity.

It wasn't easy to adapt once the Truth of Goodwill and the Truth of Malice had come together. She hadn't expected her brother to follow her so easily.

Chapter 2443 Fear And Malice

It took five minutes for Reinhard, who was very familiar with this place, to adapt to the environment.

Naturally, the others took much longer.

Some of the grassroots True Gods had indeed cultivated a few Truths of Godly Ways before coming here.

However, the Truths of Godly Ways spreading around the divine land were not complete. They only consisted of a few dozen words or so. What was worse, some of them were wrongly translated. So, these warriors who had cultivated the Truths of Godly Ways before didn't have much of an advantage here.

Aside from them, there were warriors who had poor perception. For those warriors, it was impossible to adapt to this constantly changing Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

One by one, they sat down cross-legged as they tried to adapt to or even fight against this unfamiliar environment.

However, there was no way to wipe out the aura of the Truth of Godly Way. Otherwise, it would be impossible for the Non-combat Zone to forbid a Holy Being from attacking others.

"Aargh!"

A top-rank True God suddenly vomited and staggered out of the thin line.

Bang!

Another top-rank True God fell to the ground, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as he fainted.

At first, it was the True Gods of the first-tier clans who decided to quit. Later, even some disciples from the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands chose to quit too.

In order to enter the debate venue, one must have a certain degree of comprehension of any Truth of Godly Way, or else they would find it difficult to move even a step.

The True Gods who dared to enter the debate venue in the end were more or less prepared.

About an hour later, nearly seventy percent of the True Gods adapted to the venue's aura, including Enoch.

As for the remaining thirty percent, they could do nothing but wait outside the thin line.

"Now that you have adapted to the Truth of Godly Way here, follow me," Reinhard said indifferently, but he couldn't stop his gaze from falling on Zen from time to time.

Zen's performance was a small blow to him.

Reinhard had gotten used to the aura in the debate venue within five minutes—a record time for him.

Naturally, the disciples of the Sword Clan had an advantage in the debate venue.

Since the Sunrest Tree Region was their home, they had had a lot of practice in adapting to the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

The Sword Clan had dug a big hole in the Sunrest Tree, and the disciples of the Sword Clan practiced by quickly entering and exiting the hole. One moment, they would be in the Non-combat Zone, and the next, they would return to the Killing Zone. As they moved in and out repeatedly, they could imitate the environment in the debate venue where the aura constantly fluctuated between the Truth of Goodwill and the Truth of Malice.

As the most hardworking disciple in the Sword Clan, Reinhard had set a record of ten minutes to adapt to the aura in the debate venue.

This time, he had made even greater progress. He had adapted to the aura in just half the time it had previously taken him; obviously, this was something that he could be very proud of. He had thought that he was the first person to get used to the aura in the debate venue and that no one could even come close to being as fast as him.

But when he opened his eyes, he saw Zen and Yan talking and laughing as if no one was around.

Yan was different; she had been recommended by Harold, after all. All the members of the Sword Clan attached great importance to her.

Her brother, however, was merely a low-rank True God. He had never shown any skill or talent before. How could he get used to the aura so fast? Thinking about it frustrated Reinhard.

These siblings were too powerful to imagine!

Reinhard helplessly led the way as he wondered what Zen's powerful performance could mean for all of them.

"Duke, when do you plan to do it? It will get more and more troublesome as we go deeper," Wesley said using his life vitality as they were walking forward.

Duke frowned and shook his head. "Just wait. It's not the right time."

"Actually, we have the advantage in numbers, so it's not too early to attack now," Wesley said.

There were only 11 members in the Sword Clan; even if they counted the brother and sister of the Luo Clan, there were only 13 people they would have to face.

Relying on Duke's influence, the top-rank True Gods of the wealthy clans would swarm up; they had a great chance of winning.

"No!" Duke shook his head and rejected Wesley's suggestion. "I will arrange it myself."

Seeing how stubborn and determined Duke was, Wesley sighed and gave up trying to convince him.

Guided by Reinhard, the crowd moved thirty miles, and the mist in front of them became thicker and thicker.

Whoosh!

A huge shadow flashed through the mist.

"There is a monster!" someone exclaimed.

"I saw it too. It seems to have a pair of wings."

"No, what I saw is a monster with a long pair of horns."

However, what Zen saw was a human figure.

When he heard the words of the other True Gods, his eyes flashed with a trace of confusion. 'It is definitely a human figure, there's no mistake. But it seems that everyone is seeing something different. What's going on?' he wondered.

Many of the True Gods became nervous. The shadow hiding in the deep mist brought them great fear.

It was said that even Holy Beings would die here in the debate venue if they were careless. Compared to them, these top-rank True Gods were as insignificant as ants, and they would be trampled to death if they were not careful.

"Don't panic." Seeing the nervous expressions on their faces, Reinhard smiled indifferently. "The things you see in the mist are formed by your malicious thoughts. They are also the things you fear the most in the depths of your hearts."

"Are they illusory things?" Zen could not help but ask. He had a vague feeling that there was something wrong with the figure he saw.

"No, they are not. The strong Truth of Malice in the debate venue will bring what you fear the most into being. So at this stage, we have to deal with our own malice. Only by defeating our own malice and destroying our fear can we pass through this stage," Reinhard explained.

Hearing this, many people turned pale.

"How is that possible?"

"Bring what we fear the most into being?"

"I don't think we can pass through this stage."

Most of the True Gods looked terrified.

Everyone had a fear, and they also considered it the evilest existence.

If a boy was bitten by a dog, he would be most afraid of dogs.

Then, if he came to the debate venue, he would see a dog in the mist.

However, the top-rank True Gods present here had all participated in countless battles, and were elite warriors in the divine land.

It was no surprise that the things that these top-rank True Gods feared the most were all rare and terrifying. Hearing Reinhard's words, Wesley and Gino gulped in fear.

They were obviously afraid of whatever they were seeing in the mist.

However, to their surprise, Duke had a smile on his face. "Duke, what are you looking at?" Wesley asked.

Duke took a long look at Wesley and then said, "For the past few years, I wasn't living in our clan. Do you know where I was?"

"I don't know. Weren't you cultivating in seclusion?" Curiosity was written all over Wesley's face.

Until a few years ago, Duke had often fought in the Arena of Legends and had once even ranked first among the top-rank True Gods.

But suddenly, he had disappeared without a trace, and his points had been cleared up. Even the disciples of the Dongfang Clan didn't know where he had gone, but they had all assumed that he had gone to cultivate in seclusion. After all, it was common for warriors to do that.

It was only after the opening of the debate venue that Duke had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. None of the disciples of Dongfang clan had been expecting it.

"No." Duke shook his head. "All these years, I was in the Abyss Demon Region."

Chapter 2444 The Avatars

It was not a coincidence that the Dongfang Clan had sent Duke there. It was a calculated move.

This was not the first debate, neither was it the first time the True Gods of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands had participated in the said debate. It had all happened previously.

For the alliance of the wealthy clans, they only needed to prevent anyone from obtaining the inheritance of the skeleton.

The easiest way to achieve this was to place a ferocious beast that no one could defeat in the debate venue.

Contrary to accustomed belief, Duke had not gone to the Abyss Demon Region to gain experience. Instead, under the leadership of the consummate True Gods, he had undergone the most fearsome experience.

The fear was rooted deep in his heart. Right after, he was sent to participate in the debate.

Under the influence of the debate venue, the seed of fear began to sprout in him bit by bit, threatening to spread on his insides.

"My God! What is in the mist?" With his eyes wide like a pair of saucers, Wesley stared at Duke in dismay.

Duke shook his head helplessly and laughed, sharp bitterness resonating in the sound. "We are all going to die," he said quietly.

"What?! How dare you bring me here? I quit!" Wesley sputtered, his mouth twisting. Disbelief etched his features.

Although he knew that the debate venue was rife with danger, he felt it was incredibly insensitive of Duke to bring him and the others here, since it was apparent that all of them were about to die. Duke had effectively thrown them into the beast's den.

"Our clan has kept the wisps of your souls before we came here," Duke continued earnestly. "The reason why our clan cultivates us is that they hope we can repay them someday in the future. The debate this time is of utmost importance, so we have to take it seriously."

As Wesley listened to this, his eyes twitched.

"It's not so simple to defeat the fears in our hearts."

"That's correct. Usually, what we fear the most is stronger than ourselves."

"I have been wondering why no one has stepped into this debate venue for so many years. It turns out that this is simply a dead end!"

Many people began to regret coming here.

Not everyone was able to pluck up their courage to face the worst fears in their heart.

"It's only that you must face them. Of course you cannot defeat them," Reinhard said with a faint smile. "The courage in your hearts will support you through thick and thin!"

"What do you mean?" someone asked.

Reinhard pointed at the ground.

Only then did the rest of them see the complicated lines on the ground, forming one unique array after another. The designs were a sight to behold.

"Use the Truth of Godly Way that you have comprehended to summon the powerful avatars. This is what the debate venue gives you," Reinhard said.

"Powerful avatars?"

"It can be done merely through one's imagination?"

"The deeper our understanding of the Truth of Godly Way, the more powerful the avatars would be. Am I correct?"

Contemplating on this, the True Gods seemed to sense a glimmer of hope once again.

"Is it possible to summon an avatar of anything I imagine?" Zen asked curiously.

Reinhard shook his head. "No, it is just the same as fear. The avatar is the thing you rely the most on in your subconsciousness; it's something that gives you the strongest sense of security."

"I see." Zen nodded.

Driven by curiosity, they walked over to the center of the arrays.

Yan smiled at Zen before flying over gracefully. Soon she was occupying an array.

Buzz!

Zen sensed Yan emanate a soft aura. He could not tell what kind of Truth of Godly Way she was practicing, but the momentum she exuded was undoubtedly remarkable, which meant that Yan had a deep understanding of it.

Little by little, streaks of purple light gathered and lit up beneath Yan's feet.

The light seemed to leap from one point to another before slowly transforming into a human shape.

'The person that Yan most trusts and gives her a sense of security should be Harold, ' Zen thought to himself. It was very likely that the avatar Yan summoned was Harold.

When Zen saw the avatar's appearance and clothes, however, he was so taken aback that he retreated a few steps.

He did not expect Yan's avatar to be himself!

The purple avatar was not the present Zen, however, but the one back in Central Region.

Compared to the present Zen, the avatar looked younger, the expression in its eyes more naive.

This had been the impression of Zen in Yan's heart back then.

In terms of strength, Harold was far more powerful than Zen in Yan's eyes.

However, ever since Yan had entered the divine land, she did not encounter any great crisis. Perhaps it was because she hid in the Everest Spirit Mountain and stayed in an absolutely safe state. Therefore, she did not need to depend on Harold and seek out his help.

When she had been in the Central Region, however, she had suffered much hardship. Her brother had been her only hope.

Zen seemed to be the only person she could rely on most then.

"It's really my brother," Yan said with a smile and looked over to Zen. "I wonder who is more powerful. Is it you, or my avatar? Do you want to compete with it?"

With a long nameless sword in its hand, Yan's avatar looked young and energetic, its eyes exceedingly sharp. Although it was only at the Internal Elixir Realm, its strength was not conditional on its cultivation level because it was an avatar.

As soon as Yan finished her words, the avatar wielded its sword at Zen.

"Stop it," Zen said, smiling slowly.

By this point, many True Gods too had summoned their own avatars.

"Hey! Somehow your avatar is a black wolf!"

"Why is it a wolf? I was thinking of the Holy Emperor of my clan!"

"Why is my avatar a sword?"

The elements that many people relied on were not necessarily the most powerful existences.

Rather, they were the ones that they relied on at their most vulnerable time.

The first True God had been saved by a black wolf, which had left a deep impression in his mind. Now unconsciously, he had summoned its avatar in the shape of black wolf.

The strength of the avatar was dependent on one's understanding of the Truth of Godly Way.

Even if one's avatar was a Holy Being, the avatar could not be as strong as the Holy Being himself.

"It's my turn," Zen said as he stepped into an array.

'The stronger the Truth of Godly Way, the stronger the avatar. This rule must have been set by the skeleton intentionally.' Zen closed his eyes and fell into deep thought.

Obviously, the skeleton set such a barrier in order to choose the right one to inherit its legacy.

The person must be utterly sensitive to the Truth of Godly Way.

However, the kind of Truth of Godly Way they cultivated was not important.

What was the purpose of the skeleton?

As Zen pondered on the answer, he began to recite the Truth of Godly Way slowly in his head.

The Truth of Cultivation Nature began to revolve and Zen emitted an extraordinarily unique aura.

In the divine land, the True Gods did not comprehend many Truths of Godly Ways.

Most of the True Gods present had comprehended less than ten percent of a Truth of Godly Way.

Reinhard, Duke, Tyrone Mu, and Ellis Fang all had comprehended a little more because of the inheritance of their clans. However, they too could only reach twenty percent of the criteria.

It was not that they did not want to comprehend more, but they were unable to find a complete text of the Truth of Godly Way in the divine land.

What Zen had received, however, was a complete one.

He had not fully comprehended the Truth of Cultivation Nature and was unable to recite the last part no matter how hard he tried, but he still managed to comprehend almost ninety percent of it.

As he employed the Truth of Godly Way, a natural aura converted into specks of light and occupied the array underneath his feet, intermingling with the designs.

That aura was so intense that it attracted the attention of the others as Zen employed it.

Chapter 2445 An Avatar Of The First Class

The light began to condense and quickly transformed into a dark shadow.

As Zen watched, his curiosity grew. He wanted to know who he trusted most.

He hadn't been with Yan for a long time, and he was not the most powerful being in her opinion.

However, Yan subconsciously trusted Zen the most so her avatar had taken his form.

So, who would be the person he trusted the most? Who would the shadow transform into?

As the light continued to condense, it finally turned into a slender, tall red figure.

It stood before Zen with a long spear in its hand.

When he was able to see the figure clearly, he was stunned. How could it be Lavender?

The red avatar shone with a blazing light, and it looked like bright blood spilled over its body. Once it had taken its full shape, it outshone the others.

"Zen, isn't this your sword spirit?"

Yan craned her neck to study the tall and slender girl.

The last time Zen had been with Yan, they were in the Ethereal Spirit Sect. But then she had been taken away by Harold, and he hadn't seen her since.

At that time, Lavender had woken up, and had become his powerful support, but he didn't summon her in the Ethereal Spirit Sect.

Because of that, Yan had always thought that Lavender was just Zen's sword spirit. She'd never considered that Lavender was the queen of the Demon Night race.

Zen himself did not expect that Lavender was the person he trusted the most. He had expected it to be his father.

He thought carefully for a moment. Realization dawned on him as he remembered that his father had only appeared twice when he was in dire need of him.

Once his father helped him resist the Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation, and the other time was when he fought against the energy soul of Murphy.

However, when he was in the Lower World, Lavender had accompanied him on many perilous escapades.

All the way from the Tower of Sin to the Divine Kingdom Continent.

Now that he really thought about it, Lavender was indeed one of the people he had relied on the most during that time.

The strange look in Yan's eyes became more prominent. "Zen, why do you trust your sword spirit so much?"

She tilted her head and looked at Lavender with a curious expression.

"It's a long story. She belongs to a special race. She was not a pure sword spirit. When I have time in the future, I will tell you what happened," said Zen with a smile.

While the two of them were discussing Lavender's appearance, everyone around them stared at Zen's avatar with a dull expression on their faces.

Reinhard was among them.

"What the hell is his avatar?"

"Why is it so much more solid than ours?"

"It's almost completely different from all of ours."

Many of them were murmuring questions under their breaths, each one mirroring questions Reinhard was only thinking. The deeper their understanding of the Truths of Godly Ways, the more powerful the avatars formed in the array.

The Sword Clan had a detailed study of the array textures here.

Powerful avatars didn't have much to do with the type of Truth of Godly Way that the True Gods cultivated, because the avatars were not created by the True Gods themselves. The avatars were actually created by the array textures.

The array textures would perceive the extent to which the True Gods had comprehended the Truth of Godly Way and give them avatars accordingly.

The Sword Clan had even ranked the strength of the avatars into different classes.

There were four classes in total, and each class was then further divided into three levels.

Long ago, a handful of Holy Beings had broken into the debate venue.

After entering, they had also been overcome with fear.

They were strong, but their fear was much stronger. Marsh had been killed by the vicious monster that had formed in response to his fear.

Since then, the Holy Beings had become more careful, and began to search for the mystery inside the debate venue.

Their search led them to the discovery of unimpressive array textures on the ground. But when they had begun to study them, avatars had started to form.

Without a doubt, their comprehension of the Truths of Godly Ways at that time was far beyond that of these top-rank True Gods now gathered.

The avatar that Marsh had summoned was the most powerful. It was the top level of the second class.

"Reinhard, that man..." someone started to say, but was interrupted.

"What are the classes of the avatars summoned by Zen and his sister?"

"Zen's avatar seems to be more powerful than his sister's. What's the class of his avatar?"

"Didn't you say that the core object of our protection is Yan?"

The disciples of the Sword Clan whispered their questions to Reinhard, at a loss for what to do.

Reinhard stared at Yan's avatar and then at Zen's.

His sharp eyes reflected his puzzled feelings.

He did not care about the images of the avatars. The strength of the avatars had nothing to do with their images after all.

The moment Yan summoned her avatar, Reinhard had been ecstatic.

The girl that Harold brought was truly extraordinary. Yan's avatar was in the low level of the second class.

This meant that Yan was able to comprehend more than fifty percent of a certain Truth of Godly Way.

As far as Reinhard knew, only the avatars summoned by the Holy Beings fell into the second class.

The avatars summoned by the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan were all in the second class. Marsh's avatar was in the top level, and the others were in the low level.

However, the consummate True Gods and the Holy Beings were not welcome in the debate venue. Even if they had powerful avatars, it would still be difficult for them to enter deep into the debate venue. If they were lucky enough to defeat the incarnations of their fears, there would still be even more powerful restrictions to face.

So one could imagine how shocked Reinhard was when he saw the avatar Yan had summoned.

He had once thought that this debate would be the last one in history. After all, as long as the chosen one got the inheritance of that skeleton, there would be no need to hold the debate again.

Reinhard firmly believed the chosen one should be Yan.

But now he wasn't sure. He would have never imagined that the avatar Zen could summon would be stronger than Yan's.

It still boggled his mind.

"That avatar of Zen's is at least in the middle level of the first class. It may even be at the top level of the first class!" Reinhard relayed the information to the members of the Sword Clan using life vitality.

Solomon and the others were standing to the side with looks of disbelief on their faces.

"The middle level of the first class? Possibly the top level of the first class? It's impossible! You mean that Zen has learned a nearly complete text of the Truth of Godly Way?"

They all knew that to summon such an avatar, the summoner had to comprehend ninety percent of a certain Truth of Godly Way.

It was hard to believe that Zen had the power of comprehending so much.

From what the disciples of the Sword Clan knew, there was no way to get a complete text of the Truth of Godly Way in the divine land.

Who could possibly decipher all the Sanskrit words needed to learn so much?

They had been studying Sanskrit words ever since the debate was held. No person with that skill had been discovered up to now.

The disciples of the Sword Clan had the most right to comment on this. They had spent the longest time studying Sanskrit words, and knew a great deal about them.

"I do not know why," Reinhard said in a low voice. As his face relaxed into a neutral expression, he went on, "But it's a good thing after all. A great deal of good news! Solomon, deploy the Eye of Perception."

"Isn't it too early for that?" Solomon questioned.

"We must inform Holy Marsh of the news as soon as possible," Reinhard answered.

Solomon nodded, stretched out his fingers, and gently flicked them towards the ground. A small seed buried itself in the ground.

In the Heavenly Sword Divine City at the top of the Sunrest Tree, Marsh's eyes fluttered and he smiled. "The seed of the Eye of Perception has been buried. Harold, you can see the scene below using the perception technique I taught you."

The Sword Clan's perception technique was only a small trick derived from the Cyan Wood Godly Way. With Harold's talent, he could use it skillfully in an instant.

Chapter 2446 The Truth Of Holy Words

"They have planted the seed of the Eye of Perception, which means that they have managed to summon avatars in the debate venue," Marsh continued. "If Yan has really understood more than half of the Truth of Holy Words, she may be able to summon an avatar of the second class."

The old man next to Marsh spoke when he heard those words, "In the past, we summoned avatars of the second class but we failed to resist the manifestations of our fears. Although four of us worked together to force our way in, we triggered a restriction and had to retreat. Yan has an avatar of the second class but she may not be able to resist the incarnations of fears."

The old man was another Holy Being of the Sword Clan, Gibson Sword.

A helpless look passed through Harold's face. "That's all I can do."

Because Zen had gone the wrong way, he tried his best.

In fact, Yan did a good job.

Even if the Truth of Holy Words left by Harold's master was incomplete, since she mastered ninety-nine percent of it, she could be called perfect.

Even Zen couldn't have done better.

It was all up to luck whether they could pass or not.

Harold was very clear that although the beings of the divine land all called themselves gods, no one was a real god. It was impossible for them to control their fate.

"First, let's use the perception technique to see what happens."

The Sunrest Tree could block the mind.

Therefore, even Holy Beings couldn't have an all-encompassing view.

If they wanted to detect movements in the Sunrest Tree, they needed to use the perception technique of the Sword Clan.

As Marsh's eyes flashed, the scene of the debate venue at the bottom of the Sunrest Tree entered his eyes.

A strange expression appeared on his face as he was stunned by the scene that he saw.

It was rare to see such an expression on a Holy Being's face.

"What's wrong?" Gibson asked curiously.

Marsh glanced at Harold meaningfully. "Take a look."

Harold didn't understand Marsh but he hurriedly performed the technique so that he could see if something happened to Yan.

His eyes flashed and then he saw the situation in the debate venue.

"What? Yan's avatar is Zen!" Harold's eyes snapped wide open.

Gibson mirrored his expression. "Harold, didn't you say that Zen didn't enter the Everest Spirit Mountain and didn't learn the Truth of Holy Words?"

"That's true," Harold confirmed as he stared at Zen.

"Then, what's going on?" Gibson questioned.

"Hahaha..." Marsh laughed. "Don't ask Harold. He only has half of the Truth of Holy Words. Yan has almost fully mastered it so she has summoned an avatar of the second class. Harold, you didn't teach the Truth of Godly Way that Zen uses, right?"

"Yes," said Harold with a bemused expression.

"His avatar is in the top level of the first class. This means that he must have comprehended more than ninety percent of the Truth of Godly Way that he cultivates!" Marsh's eyes lit up as excitement uncontrollably surged in his heart. "I really don't know how he did that! Does he have a complete text of the Truth of Godly Way?"

"A complete text?" Since Harold wasn't a member of the Sword Clan, he had no idea how they classified avatars and so he was shocked when he heard Marsh's words.

Since Zen hid in the fairy palace for the past two years, was that where he got the Truth of Godly Way? It passed through Harold's mind but he didn't say it out loud.

There were some things that were too important to share even though the Sword Clan was cooperating with him right now. It was impossible for him to tell them his speculations.

"He has a good chance!" Marsh was too excited to closely question Harold.

Even though Marsh thought Yan was most likely to acquire the inheritance, the chance was still not very high. It was just an estimated thirty percent possibility.

After all, Harold had clearly said that he hadn't imparted the Truth of Godly Way to Zen and so, Marsh didn't test him.

However, after Zen and Yan arrived at the debate venue, the situation changed so much that it was completely beyond all of their expectations.

In the debate venue, Duke, Gino, Wesley, and the True Gods of the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands all had long faces.

Duke tried his best to display the Truth of Godly Way in the hopes of condensing a more powerful avatar.

Even though the incarnation of fear he set in the mist was strong enough to attack all the top-rank True Gods, he still needed a strong avatar to assist him. The avatar was the most powerful weapon that the debate venue gave him and he would kill the others with it when necessary.

It took him a long time to condense his avatar and when he finally opened his eyes, he didn't even get to observe his avatar before his gaze was drawn to Zen's avatar that was emitting a dazzling blood red light!

"Zen's avatar!"

Duke didn't know the avatar's class.

Normally, his avatar would be considered good but next to Zen's avatar, it was like a firefly against the sun. They were on completely different levels!

"How could this be?"

"Zen's avatar is actually stronger than his sister's!"

"…"

It made Duke grit his teeth and whisper, "It doesn't matter. I don't believe he can break through with that avatar!"

The True Gods present condensed their own avatars one by one.

Some of the avatars were in strange shapes and sizes, but the majority of them were human shaped.

"Let's go!"

At the signal, Lavender, his avatar, quickly stepped in front of him.

"Charge!"

"Whoosh!"

Lavender threw the long spear in its hand and it immediately turned into a red light that rushed out!

It was as easy as controlling his own arm for Zen to manipulate the avatar because of his powerful soul force.

When he saw the current Lavender, Zen couldn't help but think of the time when she was his sword spirit. The resemblance was uncanny but the avatar was even stronger!

"All of the avatars have been condensed. It's time to go," Reinhard smiled as he spoke. "Zen, Yan, your avatars are the strongest. Please follow me."

Taking the lead once again, Reinhard headed towards the mist. Zen and Yan followed closely behind him with the other True Gods behind them.

Even when they obtained powerful avatars, the faint shadows flickering in the thick mist still weighed heavily in their minds.

They trudged forwards for miles and plunged deeper into the mist.

They looked around their surroundings and found that everything was hazy.

They all knew that the incarnations of their fears were hidden in the mist.

Chapter 2447 Multiple Antennae Snake

"Stop."

Reinhard, who was leading the way, suddenly stopped and looked at his side.

Surprised, the rest still followed his order and stopped walking. Wondering at what he just felt, they followed his gaze.

There was nothing in the heavy mist. It was so quiet that they could hear each other breathing. The air felt heavy.

They had been down this road for some time now. Previously, they could still see some huge shadows in the mist.

But at this moment, all of the shadows had disappeared, as if they had all retreated to the depths of the mist. Staring at the darkness surrounding them, the True Gods were unable to question what was causing the delay.

"Why are we stopping here?"

"There seems to be nothing around us!"

"I couldn't see anything too."

The other True Gods looked at each other in dismay. They thought it was a bad call. They were in the middle of nowhere.

Frowning, Reinhard sighed. Was his perception wrong?

Keeping this in mind, he flicked his fingers.

Crack!

The sound of unsheathing a sword came from his sleeve.

Shooting out from his sleeve, the tiny sword circled in front of his eyes.

It was a short sword, almost like a dagger, only a hand long. Its body shone dimly against the mist. The exquisite detail on its grip and blade made it look like a work of art.

"Heed my command and detect any dangers around us. I command you to ring once you find any!"

Buzz!

The ringing sound of the tiny sword in front of Reinhard surprised everyone.

But just like a compass, the pointed end of the blade did not stop in one direction. Instead it continuously swayed in the air, as if trying to find a target.

The group were all startled by the sound and had their eyes locked onto the piece of metal floating and swaying mid-air. After a while, it stopped and pointed downwards.

"Underground?"

Furrowing his brows, Reinhard uttered loud enough for everyone to hear. The members of the Sword Clan exchanged confused glances with each other.

This tiny sword was the Sword Clan's treasure, the Tribulation Exterminating Sword, which could tell the direction of dangers to a certain extent. And based from experience, it was never wrong.

'Could they really have gone deep into the ground?'

Pondering to himself, Zen's eyes flashed with confusion. Voicing out his concern, he finally asked, "Are the incarnations of fear intelligent?"

This was a very important problem.

Ordinary incarnations were easy to deal with. Even though some were really powerful, they were lacking intelligence, making them easy to deal with. Being such a mechanical and stupid opponent, they had many flaws and weaknesses.

However, an opponent with intelligence and skills would require a lot of energy and stamina to defeat.

Intelligent enemies were good at hiding their shortcomings and employing their strongest abilities. They could trick their opponents into thinking they were weak, and strike when they least expected it.

"Yes! More than their physical bodies, they would have corresponding wisdom and their original memories!" Reinhard replied.

"What? What do you mean by having the memories of the original bodies?" Stunned, Zen clarified.

Nodding his head, Reinhard answered with a wry smile, "Very miraculous, isn't it?"

"But how is this even possible?" It didn't make sense. Zen tried hard to grasp what Reinhard was explaining.

"That is indeed possible. If what you fear is a certain creature in the divine land, then all the memories of this creature, including its temper, disposition and habits, will all be recreated. It would be exactly the same as its original version. Our Sword Clan has long confirmed this fact," Reinhard explained calmly.

Seeing the incredulous expression on Zen's face, he continued, "You should know that the debate venue was set up by an Other Shore Realm master. The creatures at the Other Shore Realm are far stronger than us. Their skills and intelligence are far beyond our imagination!"

"You are right,"

Zen agreed.

It was true that he was clueless on what the capabilities of the warriors at the Other Shore Realm were.

They must have surpassed the Holy Beings.

Thinking about it, Zen realized that it was very likely that they were extraordinary creatures. If that was the case, it made sense that the skeleton was able to set such an unimaginable spell.

He was about to nod his head to agree with Reinhard when suddenly...

Crack!

The sound came from underground, calling everyone's attention.

At the same time, the tiny sword, which was floating in front of Reinhard, suddenly swerved into a certain direction!

"Be ready. Something is coming! Its position is..." Reinhard advised, following the tiny sword, "At the back! From below!" Reinhard shouted in a hurry.

Although his warning came beforehand, many of the True Gods were still in a maze as he only gave a rough position.

"Oh no! Hurry but watch your step!"

"It's coming from underground! Come and help Gage out!"

The sound was getting louder every second. Everyone's eyes darted towards its direction, and they found that Gage Tang had been pulled down, with only half of his body exposed on the ground.

Despite his desperate struggle, something unknown quickly pulled him back underground. His voice faded as fast as he disappeared into the hole.

"Humph!"

Standing from afar, Duke saw this scene and quickly made his earthy yellow avatar rush out with his mind.

The avatar, carrying a saber, lowered its body slightly. In a flash, it brandished a crescent shaped saber light, slashing it directly on the ground.

The avatar Duke created was a Holy Being from the Dongfang Clan.

Puff!

A big hole appeared on the ground instantly.

Half of Gage's body had been buried in the earth. To everyone's astonishment, the slash made by the avatar cut off the lower part of Gage's body, just a little under his abdomen, without any hesitation!

"Duke! Why did you attack Gage?" Donne shouted furiously. He couldn't believe his eyes.

Quickly pulling Gage out from the ground, he saw that half of his body, including his legs and haunch, were cut off by the avatar controlled by Duke, making Donne even angrier.

"What?" Duke asked coldly. "I didn't damage his elixir field or soul. Losing his legs is better than being dragged away to the unknown."

As a True God, he knew that Gage could regenerate the other parts of his body as long as his elixir field and soul were not destroyed.

Rushing over to where they stood, Reinhard raised his long sword toward the ground and picked up something in the soil. A wriggling thing that looked more like an antenna from the unknown creature had been cut off when the avatar controlled by Duke earlier saved Gage.

"What creature is this? Has anyone seen anything like this before?" Reinhard asked, raising the antenna for everyone to see.

He knew that the creatures that appeared in the mist were all created from their fears. Someone among them should be able to recognize it.

Looking at the antenna, all the True Gods shook their heads.

He held it higher with his sword, allowing Enoch to take a better look at it. The latter's face immediately turned pale as he asked cautiously, "Could, could it be a Multiple Antennae Snake?"

"How could it be?"

"Isn't the Multiple Antennae Snake an ancient beast? It had been extinct completely. Who the hell has seen it before?"

The other True Gods all shouted doubtfully.

After a short while, Enoch took a deep breath and replied, "I, I think I had seen it before."

His statement triggered everyone's doubts.

Seeing that nobody was willing to believe him, Enoch continued, "I've been wondering about it since I saw many antennae in the mist earlier. My clan has a secret cultivation place left behind from the ancient times. After it was restored by my father, the children of our clan are able to practice there. This secret place enables us to see the Multiple Antennae Snake from the ancient times. I was lucky since I saw it once when I was still very young. After that day, I had nightmares about it for three full years."

After hearing his explanation, the other True Gods' expressions all became restless.

"Damn it! Why would your father repair an ancient relic? We'll all die here because of you!"

"The Multiple Antennae Snake is an ancient beast. If what you're saying is true, we will be in great trouble!"

"Based from the records of the ancient books, the Multiple Antennae Snake is indeed good at crawling underground. Noting that the earth here is soft soil made of the accumulated bark and tree roots of countless years, it's very suitable for it to move around."

Upon hearing all this, many True Gods stared fiercely at Enoch.

But it wasn't his fault. Everyone had his or her own fear. Enoch had been clear that he had seen the Multiple Antennae Snake when he was very young, and he had almost forgotten about it when he reached adulthood. However, this kind of memory was usually deeply hidden in everyone's mind, and the debate venue had finally awaken it.

Chapter 2448 The Giant Thunder Rhinoceros

No one knew what powerful incarnations of fears were waiting for them, apart from the Multiple Antennae Snake—Enoch's incarnation of fear.

Although each of the True Gods had used the Truth of Godly Way to create a powerful avatar, these avatars did little to give them a sense of security.

"Reinhard, I think we should just quit now, before it's too late,"

asked one of the disciples of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands. He was not the only one with that thought; many other True Gods had made up their mind to retreat.

It was not that these True Gods were cowards. In fact, their resolve had not waivered since the start.

After all, a True God who was qualified to participate in the debate would be of the top talents of the divine land. This sort of qualification wasn't easy to obtain, and was certainly not for the fearful or timid. No one was willing to give up so easily.

The one who succeeded in gaining true ownership of the inheritance of the skeleton would be bestowed with a great honor, for themselves and for their clan.

These True Gods were the hopes of their clans.

But now, their situation was desperate.

The Multiple Antennae Snake was a famous ferocious beast in the remote ages and was recorded in many ancient books.

But there was more. It seemed as though encountering the legendary beast was not the only fear in the hearts of the True Gods. And no one could guess what those fears were.

Usually, even the chance of winning was one in a million, these True Gods would take that chance and fight for the inheritance.

Now, however, it seemed that the odds were completely against them. It was as if they knew that defeat was inevitable and certain. That fighting was an exercise in futility.

Reinhard, however, looked disgusted. He took a long look at the True Gods who had just expressed their desire to quit, and laughed. "You can go back now."

"Really? Then what are we waiting for?"

"We'll retreat!"

"We can go back along the same route. Everybody, as long as we work together—"

"I haven't finished," said Reinhard. He did not shout, but his deep voice exuded a menacing authority that made everyone fall silent at once. "If you want to quit, you can go back by yourselves, and never show your faces among us again. None of our Sword Clan members will quit. Besides, the incarnations of fears have already been in the mist. I'm afraid you will die a much more miserable death on the way back. As for your choice, it's up to you." With these words, he raised his hand, still grasping the trembling Tribulation Exterminating Sword. It was constantly vibrating in all directions—east, west, south and north. This only meant one thing: the incarnations of fears had surrounded them completely.

Everyone was silent as they stared at the Tribulation Exterminating Sword in Reinhard's hand.

Obviously, Reinhard was the backbone of the team. Without him, there was no doubt that they were unlikely to survive for long if they chose to go back by themselves.

"Let's go. Maybe we will still have a chance of survival if we move forward," Reinhard said. looking at Zen and Yan. "Our Sword Clan has participated in the debate countless times, but no one has an avatar as powerful as yours, Zen. The situation is not as bad as you might think."

Hearing his words, the crowd locked their eyes on Zen and his avatar again.

They knew Zen's avatar was extraordinary, but they couldn't even begin to fathom how powerful it was.

Reinhard grasped the Tribulation Exterminating Sword firmly in his hand and led the members of the Sword Clan forward.

Zen and Yan followed without a word.

Enoch kept throwing furtive glances at the True Gods, afraid that they would take their anger out on him and beat him, so he shuffled forward sheepishly, catching up with Zen and Yan.

In the team, there was a short True God whose eyes were no larger than two soya beans, black and glistening. He stared at the mist in the distance with his bean-sized eyes. As he observed, a hint of a smile formed at the corners of his lips.

This True God was rather inconspicuous. No one paid attention to him. If he were to suddenly disappear, no one would even notice.

When the group had fallen from the top of the Sunrest Tree, he had correctly told the others the number of True Gods who had died because of the explosion of their elixir fields.

His avatar, too, was very good, only a tad weaker than the one summoned by Reinhard. If this had been a debate like the ones before, he would have surely attracted attention. But this time, he was overshadowed by Yan and Zen. Nobody noticed him.

The other True Gods, though very conflicted, knew that death was almost certain if they split from the group and retreated. The only rational choice was to bite the bullet and go ahead.

Duke took a milky white pill out of his pocket and threw it to Gage. His eyes on Enoch's back, he sneered, "I didn't expect that a Multiple Antennae Snake would appear. The world is so big and full of wonders! But even the Multiple Antennae Snake is nothing compared with that thing that is waiting for them!"

Even in the midst of the mist, Reinhard still knew the way.

The debate venue was an open and curved space. The farther they walked in one direction, the narrower it became.

Although the Tribulation Exterminating Sword in Reinhard's hand was trembling fiercely, the journey went on smoothly, contrary to their expectations.

However, this lack of obstacles was not calming to the True Gods. They were all experienced warriors, and they knew very well that this kind of calm was abnormal. Could it be a trap?

After they walked over a hundred miles, the Tribulation Exterminating Sword in Reinhard's hand suddenly pointed straight ahead.

"Watch out! There must be something in front of us!"

Reinhard yelled.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Over ten of the True Gods' avatars quickly moved to the front.

These avatars could not be destroyed, and the Sword Clan disciples were trained sufficiently to be able to manipulate their own avatars to rush forward, obeying them at their first command.

Roar!

A tall figure suddenly burst out of the thick mist in front of them.

It was a giant white rhinoceros!

The most eye-catching part of the giant rhinoceros was its huge horn. Above the horn, the purple lightning turned into numerous concentric thunder rings that continued rotating hypnotically. Each time it took a step, its claw left a lightning footprint on the ground. It was as fast as a thunderbolt.

No one know where the giant rhinoceros had been hiding before it emerged. All of a sudden, it rolled out like a landslide, accompanied by the continuous cracking of the thunder rings on its horn.

"Go away!"

Reinhard barked.

In an instant, the Sword Clan disciples in front divided into two groups, standing on either side.

"It's the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros!"

"It's a fifth-grade ferocious beast of the Everest Spirit Mountain!"

"Whose incarnation of fear is this?"

"I don't care! What does it matter whose incarnation it is? Run! Don't fight this thing head on. If it gets angry, it can pierce a hole in a mountain!"

As soon as the disciples of the Sword Clan had moved away, the True Gods quickly made way for the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros.

The Giant Thunder Rhinoceros was indeed fierce.

However, despite its brute strength and temperament, it was not very intelligent. It was famous for being impulsive and hot-headed. On one occasion, when a True God had provoked a Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, it had run through hundreds of mountains in the Everest Spirit Mountain to chase after that True God.

"Let's go. Don't fight the rhinoceros head on," Zen said.

Although Zen also wanted to test the power of his avatar, judging by the size and speed of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, he realized it was not the occasion to do so.

Yan, however, did not follow Zen. She simply smiled, standing still.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked curiously.

"Have you forgotten how long I have been in the Everest Spirit Mountain? A long time, I tell you. I know how to deal with it. I know the right way," Yan said calmly.

Although Yan rarely fought with the True Gods or got involved in life or death battles, she had been trained extensively in the Everest Spirit Mountain.

After Harold had taken control of the Everest Spirit Mountain, Yan was able to move freely in the forbidden area.

She had no concern for the Black Mountain Ghost Monkey or the Heavenly Eye Snake. She knew their weaknesses well.

Of course, the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros was no exception.

Even though the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros was fierce and terrifying, Yan understood that it had a weak spot, just like all the other monsters.

"Why are you still here? Keep away from it!"

Reinhard had moved a long distance away by now. But then, he noticed that Zen and Yan hadn't followed. Not only had they not moved an inch, but they were also standing dangerously close to the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros.

'Facing a mountain-like Giant Thunder Rhinoceros on her own? Just with her tiny body? Seriously?' he thought.

By the time his thoughts had trailed off, the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros had already crossed the short distance between itself and Yan. The giant beast and the petite girl now stood face to face.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2449 The Sky And Thunder Breaking Necklace

The presence of Harold guaranteed the safety of Yan, who had been receiving much training over the past few years.

Although this kind of training was nowhere near the battles of life and death, it was still necessary to train Yan and make her a formidable warrior.

Facing the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, when most of the top-rank True Gods chose to run away, Yan was able to deal with it calmly because of her many years in training.

Zen stood behind his sister without ever moving.

Since Yan was so confident, he knew he had no power to stop her anyway.

But he always made sure to keep an eye on the situation. If he found anything wrong, he would save her without hesitation.

As the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros inched closer and closer, Yan and her avatar suddenly separated from each other, and they stood at either side, ready to fight.

Because of this, the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros began to charge toward Zen instead.

"Huh? Yan? What is going on?"

Looking at the angry Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, Zen was stunned to see it coming after him. He thought Yan was deliberately asking him to deal with it.

Whoosh!

As Yan and her avatar moved to either side, her avatar suddenly waved its sword towards the giant horn of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros.

"How dare her avatar attack the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros's horn!"

"What a fool! She's trying to die, right?"

"Well, I have never seen anyone attack the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros's horn."

The most solid part of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros was its horn.

The thunder rings on the horn were powerful, and the horn itself was extremely strong. Actually, it was considered a top-grade material for weapon refining in the Everest Spirit Mountain.

However, no one ever wanted to harvest the horn because it drove the creature mad. No one wanted to deal with a mad Giant Thunder Rhinoceros.

So even the consummate True Gods would avoid the horn when they faced the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros. But for some reason, Yan had enough confidence and motivation to attack the horn deliberately.

Clang!

After a ringing sound, the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros stopped in its tracks and its eyes flushed with redness. It roared and rushed towards Yan's avatar desperately.

The avatar of Yan was on the right, while Yan herself was on the left.

As the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros twisted its neck and dashed towards the avatar, Yan kicked the ground lightly and gently lifted off the ground, floating into the air.

Whoosh!

Within the next moment, she stood securely on the creature's neck.

Seeing Yan's bold action, many True Gods were stunned. Was she really confident enough to do this?

They had never seen anyone who dared approach a Giant Thunder Rhinoceros this way. Everyone was always too afraid.

In history, the most common way to deal with the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros was to let a True God with unusually fast speed lead the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, and then a group of True Gods would come and attack the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros together.

Being approached by the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros just meant a death sentence.

Instead of dodging the creature, Yan placed herself on top of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros. To others, it looked like she just wanted to die.

Roar! Roar! Roar!

The Giant Thunder Rhinoceros shook its head crazily, trying to get the girl off its back so it could devour her.

However, the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros's neck was short and thick. No matter how hard it resisted, it was unable to attack Yan.

The True Gods were terrified by this scene, hoping for Yan to just retreat and save herself.

Zen was also very nervous as he watched his sister. Although he believed Yan had the ability to subdue the beast, he was still very worried when seeing her climb up the beast's neck.

The Giant Thunder Rhinoceros wriggled continuously, but failed to throw Yan off its back. Just then, the thunder rings on its horn began to flash rays of light.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

It began to emit a rare purple thunder from every pore of its body.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Just before the purple thunder bloomed, the necklace hanging on Yan's chest began to flicker.

Just then, all of the purple thunder that the creature excreted was absorbed by the necklace.

Her necklace was able to absorb all lightning and thunder energy from the rhinoceros! This sort of precious treasure was extremely rare.

"Is this some thunder arrester?"

"It can absorb the thunder of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros completely. Is this a supreme treasure of belief?!"

"There's no way this can be an ordinary supreme primordial weapon!"

"No wonder she could come so close to the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros."

The once unimpressive necklace immediately drew everyone's attention.

Then, Yan circled around the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros's neck, with a purple light flashing vigorously in her hand.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, her eyes revealing a trace of sadness and pity.

Even though she received training in the Everest Spirit Mountain, Yan rarely killed the creatures there. Through the ability given to her by Harold, she even communicated with the ferocious beasts and treated them as her own friends.

Everyone else feared the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, but deep inside, she felt sorry for it. She didn't have the heart to hurt it.

A word came out of her mouth.

"Strengthen!"

As the purple light condensed, it gradually formed into a purple thorn.

Puff!

She stabbed the thorn into the bottom of the ear of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros.

Just as the thorn was inside the creature halfway through, a dazzling lightning burst out from the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros.

Boom!

The lightning instantly engulfed not only the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, but Yan as well.

"Yan!"

Zen took two steps forward.

As the lightning continued to surge outward, even he was unable to charge in. All he could do was wait.

The lightning lasted for about twenty seconds before it stopped completely.

When Zen saw it clearly, he let out a sigh of relief.

The furious Giant Thunder Rhinoceros dropped to the ground, lifeless. There was a small hole in the bottom of its ear, and the bloodstains around it had been dried up by the lightning.

Yan stood on the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, looking helpless.

"She is so powerful."

"It only took her a few seconds to kill the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros. Even a consummate True God wouldn't have been able to do that."

"Four years ago, I entered the Everest Spirit Mountain with three consummate True Gods of my clan. We attempted to get the Giant Thunder

Rhinoceros's horn, and it took us nearly an hour to kill it!"

Although many True Gods knew Yan to be an extraordinary girl, they felt that she had learned some special abilities and she wasn't strong without them.

Only now did they realize that this girl was not as simple as they imagined.

After a few moments, Yan floated gently and landed in front of Zen. There was purple lightning constantly flowing back and forth in the necklace around her neck, as if the lightning that erupted from the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros had been absorbed by the necklace around her.

"Yan, you are so powerful. You killed it so easily," Zen exclaimed. Now he was convinced by the strength of his sister.

"Actually, I didn't kill it," Yan said calmly. "I just pierced the thunder container in the middle of its neck, letting it kill itself by explosion. If Harold didn't give me the necklace, I probably wouldn't have been able to do that at all."

The lightning power of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros was extremely powerful. If it burst out, people standing near it wouldn't have stood a chance.

However, that necklace was indeed a supreme treasure of belief from the Everest Spirit Mountain—the Sky and Thunder Breaking Necklace. Although it was only a first-grade treasure, it had very strong powers to absorb thunder. Apart from a few particular types of lightning in the divine land, all the other lightning could be all absorbed by it in an instant.

In addition to the necklace, Yan also knew well about the habits and weaknesses of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros because of her previous training experience. All these things considered, that was why Yan made it seem so easy to kill the creature.

Chapter 2450 The Fearful Incarnations

In the eerie depths of the mist, a black fog rose and swirled around slowly, containing endless resentment.

The resentment floated towards a huge black figure and merged with it as if controlled by an invisible force.

"You will die soon. The devils will arrive in the night. You will all be crushed, just like the insects you are. All of you have to obey me!"

These scary incarnations had a memory but no intellect.

Some lower level incarnations, such as the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, were capable of remembering stuff, but they were stupid. Naturally, they attacked the True Gods recklessly.

However, there were some intelligent creatures too and they operated differently.

These powerful incarnations didn't know how they had come there, but there were some powerhouses in the forbidden area. So conflicts among them were inevitable.

The circling black figure was one such powerful ghost. He was the evil god of the Soul Wilderness!

"Ha-ha! Even an evil god can talk crazy. How will you withstand my lightning?"

"Sizz, sizz."

The person who spoke was covered in lightning and soft thunder echoed around him.

The man did not have a solid physical form. His body was made up entirely of lightning, and a thunder ball hovered over him.

If the True Gods saw this person, they would probably shriek out loud. Atlas, who had wreaked havoc in the divine land several divine eras ago, had revived.

Atlas had cultivated a special theurgy beyond the Thunderstorm Godly Way. He transformed himself into lighting. Although he had only reached the consummation of True God Realm in the form of thunder, he had the abilities of an immortal!

Taking advantage of this ability, Atlas committed many sins in the divine land. He harassed several powerful clans on the Floating Islands and several consummate True Gods chased him, but nobody could subdue him.

In his modified form, he was no longer a living being, but rather a force of nature with the intelligence of man.

As long as lightning existed, he would survive easily.

According to legend, a Holy Being finally took action against him and banished him into the chaos.

Atlas was unable to absorb the energy in the chaos, and he died in the end because the thunder was exhausted!

Up until now, no one knew how Atlas had managed to comprehend this sort of theurgy. Some said that he must have fused several types of Godly Ways in order to possess this kind of theurgy, while others said that he must have obtained an inheritance from ancient times.

Currently, a strikingly similar villain had appeared in the debate venue. Nobody knew whose fear had created it.

"I am unafraid of lightning!"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Saying so, the evil god of the Soul Wilderness stretched out his ghostly hands, which looked like vicious claws, and tried to grab Atlas.

"Ha-ha. No matter how powerful you are, you are just a ghost. Let me test whether or not you are truly fearless!"

With a wild laugh, Atlas turned into a bolt of lightning and shot towards his opponent.

The two incarnations were actually going head to head with each other!

"You are just an insignificant bug. How will you defeat me?"

It was just as the evil god of the Soul Wilderness proclaimed that he didn't seem to be afraid of lightning or thunder.

A black circle appeared between the slender hands, which looked like claws. It was actually trying to trap Atlas inside!

"I don't think your thunder incarnation is powerful! I will kill you quickly. Ha-ha! Keep struggling!"

Atlas was desperately shuttling left and right in the black circle. It seemed impossible for him to come out of it at all.

However, at the same time it was also proving to be challenging for the evil god of the Soul Wilderness to kill Atlas.

While the two of them were engaged in the fierce battle, a heavy muffled sound could be heard, as if it was the sound of approaching footsteps.

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

The footsteps sounded three times and a huge monster emerged from the depths of the mist. He was already close.

Both the evil god of the Soul Wilderness and Atlas raised their heads at the same time.

A huge red foot appeared in the air. It had sharp toes, about ten feet long, and the entire foot was a thousand feet long!

Thump!

The foot came down directly on the evil god of the Soul Wilderness and Atlas.

However, the main bodies of the evil god of the Soul Wilderness and Atlas were not physical entities.

The evil god of the Soul Wilderness turned into a black mist and flew out of the cracks, regaining his original shape.

At the same time, Atlas also turned into a bolt of lightning and shot off. His face turned pale as he looked at the gigantic monster above his head.

The colossal monster suddenly bent down, his huge head descending from the layers of mist and finally coming into view.

The evil god of the Soul Wilderness was over a hundred feet in height, but compared to the giant monster, he was more like a tiny insect!

"Who, who are you?"

The evil god of the Soul Wilderness didn't dare refer to the huge monster as a bug.

"Ha-ha. I don't like dirty souls." The huge monster's face revealed a nasty smile. He then extended a finger and gently pointed it at the evil god of the Soul Wilderness.

"Clap!"

A red lightning struck the evil god of the Soul Wilderness mercilessly.

The red lightning contained infinite power. The evil god of the Soul Wilderness didn't stand a chance! He couldn't even struggle or flee before being instantly killed.

Atlas, who was standing beside him, didn't dare to move a muscle. He stammered, "You... you are the fiend in the abyss?"

Many unimaginably ferocious creatures lived in the depths of the Abyss Demon Region.

There were ghosts, evil spirits and Abyss Demons.

However, it was the fiends that truly governed the Abyss Demon Region!

"Ha-ha, you're right! You should surrender to me, explore the whole world, and report back to me!" said the fiend lightly.

The fiends in the abyss belonged to a very intelligent race.

Even though they were unable to leave the Abyss Demon Region, they were stronger than Holy Beings when it came to using and researching various energies.

Therefore, even the Holy Beings did not have the guts to go to the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region because these fiends would use powerful methods to bury them.

"I will surrender to you!"

Atlas didn't dare to resist. He thought that the fiend had the power to kill him. Such a mighty being had abilities which were far beyond what Atlas could imagine.

"Go forth and explore the mist. I want to know who brought me here. I, Edmond, won't listen to anyone!" the fiend murmured.

Clap!

In a flash, Atlas turned into a streak of lightning and shot off in the distance.

Just as he left, a woman strolled out of the heavy mist.

The woman's hair, like gorgeous black satin, was thousands of feet long and trailed behind her on the ground, shining like black pearls.

Her gorgeous eyelids shone with a purple glow and underneath those gorgeous eyelids were a pair of coquettish red eyes.

A strange feeling overcame the fiend as he watched the woman sauntering towards him.

He looked down at her and asked, "Who are you?"

She glanced at him indifferently and walked past him slowly and gracefully.

Chapter 2451 Snake Spirit

As a fiend that had been living in the abyss ever since his earliest memory, Edmond was not one to let anyone dismiss his capabilities.

His instincts told him that this woman wasn't someone to be trifled with, but he still raised his humongous fist and slammed it heavily in front of the woman.

Bang!

The thunderous blow made a significant dent on the ground in front of the woman.

A current of strong wind was stirred up by the punch, and this wind blew the woman's long hair into the air, flying like thin ribbons that were a thousand feet long.

"Answer my question!" Edmond said coldly, still waiting for the woman's response.

A faint smile played on the woman's lips as she told him, "You don't even know what you are. I am under no obligation to answer you."

"What do you mean?" Edmond asked in a rumbling voice.

In the world of fiends, they understood almost everything that went on.

But he suddenly appeared in this world of mist for no apparent reason, and he was prevented from leaving by a powerful force that restricted his body.

As much as he wanted to leave this place, he realized that it was beyond his ability. He also felt an intensely murderous intent in his heart.

The murderous intent wasn't of his own will, but it kept persuading him to kill some creatures. He felt the will deep in his soul, and he couldn't do anything to resist it.

It made Edmond feel miserable.

"Get out of here," the woman told him coldly.

"Go to hell!"

Edmond raised his fist again and directly smashed it straight down on the woman.

The woman tilted her head upward slightly, as if to meet the fist that was slamming down on her.

A single strand of her hair fluttered in the wind gently.

Her hair was as soft as a swan's feather, but as the strand of hair floated upward, it was fortified with great strength and force as it was pulled tight.

Puff!

In a flash, the hair strand lightly grazed Edmond's gigantic arm.

Plop!

Edmond's arm was cut in half. It fell from the sky and crashed on the ground, creating a huge crater.

Blood spurted from his arm where it was detached, spraying everywhere like a crimson shower.

Fizz!

The scarlet blood melted and corroded everything in a crazy manner.

Fiend's blood was highly corrosive to everything it came in contact with.

Blood spurted everywhere, falling in all directions around the woman. Miraculously, not a drop fell upon her. It was not clear whether it was a coincidence or she had a special ability that enabled her to avoid being splattered.

"You!" Edmond shouted, full of rage.

But the woman already left and walked into the mist without a backwards look.

A look of confusion was also written on her face.

"This place... It was created by the will of good and evil --Truth of Goodwill and Malice. That should be in the Sunrest Wood. Everything here was created by the captain of the ship, whose fear created me?"

During the past several years, she had shown herself only to very few people.

Since she was already here, she thought it might be a good idea to meet the captain.

At the same time, happening on the other side...

"Good job!"

Reinhard cheered Yan as they stared at the fallen form of the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros on the ground. "The incarnations of fears are not as strong as we thought!"

Actually, only Reinhard knew how strong the incarnations of fears were. The Giant Thunder Rhinoceros was probably the least powerful among them.

But he was also sure that if these True Gods stopped resisting, the pressure on their group would be even greater and there would be a decreased chance that they would be able to pass through the debate venue.

Reinhard realized that his companions needed to hear words of encouragement to help them face the next challenges.

Yan's excellently executed moves did help those True Gods get back the confidence.

He was glad that they were not alone to face the incarnations of fears. They had many powerful people who were part of the team, and he would need to rely on them to help them overcome the hardest part of their journey.

"Everyone, you have seen for yourselves that these incarnations of fears are not as terrifying as you think. You can also rely on the avatars of those you trust the most. The avatars made from the Truth of Godly Way are not only indestructible, but also much stronger than yourselves," Reinhard told them, in hopes of further boosting their morale.

"That's right! The fears we have deep in our hearts are not that strong!"

"This is also a way to train your will. If you can overcome your own fears, it will also be a great boost to your will."

...

While everyone was distracted with cheering each other up, they heard a rustling sound nearby.

Buzz!

Reinhard's Tribulation Exterminating Sword suddenly trembled and pointed suddenly to the direction of the sound.

"Look out!"

Reinhard's expression darkened into a scowl as everyone looked in the same direction.

Hiss! Hiss!

A small snake suddenly appeared in front of them, apparently materializing from the mist.

Everyone's faces turned from serious and wary to amused and relieved after they saw the little snake clearly.

It was actually an ordinary flower snake, and it was very common in the divine land. As even an ordinary divine citizen could kill it, it couldn't be considered a fierce beast.

"Is this also an incarnation of fear?"

"Hahaha, who will be afraid of such a little snake?"

"How could someone be afraid of this..."

"Whose incarnation of fear is it? Admit it quickly!"

The True Gods only laughed.

"That should be... It's me, I think."

A raven-haired young man stepped forward, his expression unreadable.

The young man's name was Burke Liu and he was from the Liu Clan.

"Burke? Seriously? How could you be afraid of a tiny snake?"

"Anyway, you are a top-rank True God. How..."

Whoosh!

One of the True Gods shot out an intense ray of light that chopped up the snake into several pieces. Most of the True Gods laughed mockingly at Burke.

Only Reinhard sensed that something was wrong. He stared at Burke and asked, "Are you sure that your fear is this little snake?"

Staring confusedly at the mist before him, Burke muttered, "Well, it might not actually be my fear. What I am afraid of should be... Snake Spirit. The Snake Spirit can form a sea of snakes. This little one is probably only one of them..."

He seemed to fall into a miserable reminiscence of the past as he spoke.

He remembered as his father's life was taken by the sea of snakes.

"Snake Spirit!"

It was just at that moment that Reinhard realized why Burke looked so upset at the sight of the little snake.

As soon as he finished talking, the True Gods all heard waves of hissing coming from all directions from the surrounding mist.

Buzz!

Reinhard's Tribulation Exterminating Sword was spinning crazily at a furious speed.

"It's a huge group of snakes," Zen stated as he tried to make out the snake shadows that were steadily shining in the mist.

"No... It's the snake sea!" Fear was evidently written all over Burke's facial expression and body language.

In a blink of an eye, countless snakes simultaneously rushed out of the mist.

There were snakes of different types and sizes, ranging from palm-sized snakes to gigantic snakes, and even variously colored venomous snakes!

Some snakes were ones that were ordinarily found in the divine land, but there were also a number of snakes that came from the forbidden lands.

"Everyone, fly to the sky!" Reinhard ordered, "Make sure you find that Snake Spirit. Otherwise, we'll all be drowned in an endless sea of snakes."

Swish! Swish! Swish!

At the same time as the True Gods launched themselves into the sky, long and thin shadows also shot upwards.

It seemed that there were also countless flying snakes congregating from all directions.

"Kill these snakes!"

"It's just some little snakes. What are you afraid of?"

"Right, we True Gods are not afraid of any poison."

The True Gods began their counterattack.

Zen suddenly came up with an idea, and Lavender immediately rushed towards the sea of snakes. As she slashed her long spear gently, a thin arc-shaped spear light spread outwards quickly. In a flash, more than a thousand of the snakes were cut in half.

'It's not that hard, ' Zen thought to himself.

The other True Gods had also found out that the snakes were significantly easy to kill. They didn't have a hard time eliminating them so they were off-guard.

They soon realized that it was all just an illusion.

Suddenly, a dark shadow estimated to be as high as thirty feet materialized from deep within the mist. As the shadow approached closer, they discovered that it was a great mass of wriggling, writhing snakes entangled altogether.

This was the real snake sea.

Chapter 2452 Dangerous

If it was a group of ordinary snakes, no matter how many they were, they wouldn't pose much of a threat to these True Gods.

Even if they somehow got stuck in a sea of those snakes, it wouldn't be much of a threat.

These True Gods were so skilled that any number of snakes would be crushed to smithereens before they could even move an inch in their direction.

"So what? They are just snakes. Burn them to death!"

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

One of the disciples of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands took out a black fire dragon.

The fire dragon charged into the sea of snakes, and then proceeded to fall and roll. The tens of thousands of writhing snakes were immediately burned to ashes.

"Wind Demon, fulfill my command!"

A light green shadow was formed in the hands of another top-rank True God. It was the Wind Demon. Once the shadow had condensed itself, it immediately turned into a strong wind and tunneled into the sea of snakes, cutting them to pieces.

Under attacks from all sides, the snakes were unable to rise from the sea. The threat had been constrained.

Even the flying snakes from the sky were instantly killed.

"Haha! These snakes are not that dangerous. Even in large numbers, they are easily restrained. Why should we be afraid of them?"

"Hey, Burke, why are you scared of these snakes?"

"These snakes are easily killed."

Many of the True Gods really didn't give the snakes much thought.

"It's not what you think," said Burke quietly. "They might not be much of a threat now, but they will grow stronger and stronger with time!"

"And how strong can they get, exactly?" someone scoffed disdainfully.

There was, indeed, a small number of Snake Spirits remaining in the divine land. The vast majority of the True Gods had never seen or heard of them, so they didn't know how dangerous they were.

"They are unimaginably strong. If we can't drive the Snake Spirit out, they will grow strong and large enough to swallow even the consummate True Gods whole!" said Reinhard, his voice somber. With a wave of his hand, dazzling sword lights spread in all directions. The flying snakes in the sky were then immediately cut into smithereens, and the fragments were scattered in the wind.

As soon as he had finished, someone spoke, "The situation is indeed different. These snakes have grown stronger! Look there, those are level-one ferocious beasts in Forbidden Land of Fallen Leaves."

There were many kinds of snakes in the divine land, and the difference in strength between them was considerable. Ordinary divine citizens could kill the weakest snakes, but some of the powerful snakes were recorded in ancient legends and could even fight against Holy Beings.

However, the most powerful snakes were reclusive beasts. They tended to lurk out of sight, and thus were rarely seen.

Reinhard had heard the legend of the Snake Spirit.

The Snake Spirit was a very special creature. In fact, it was not a creature at all. It was the embodiment of a snake curse cast in the ancient times.

When a Snake Spirit appeared, it could summon an enormous number of its snake underlings, forming a legion large enough to devour all the creatures around it, leaving nothing alive.

Reinhard had read the ancient books about the Snake Spirit in the Sword Clan. According to those stories, the Snake Spirit had appeared three times so far, and each time it had appeared, it had caused enormous devastation, destroying entire divine cities.

It had completely demolished two divine cities with the Thousand Commandments Slate, and another one with the Hundred Commandments Slate.

The slates protecting the divine cities were extremely powerful, and there were many top-rank True Gods living there. One of the divine cities that had been destroyed by the Snake Spirit had been guarded by a consummate True God, and it had, nevertheless, succumbed. The True Gods within the city were all devoured by the innumerable snakes.

The snakes they had encountered just now had been the weak type, so killing them had been easy.

Now, however, they faced level-one ferocious beasts from a forbidden land. Although they weren't the most powerful beasts of their kind, they were not as weak as the ones that had preceded them, and killing them would not be that easy.

Furthermore, they would soon evolve into ferocious beasts of even higher levels.

"If we stay here, we will surely die! We have to leave as soon as possible! The only way we can stop more snakes emerging is by finding and killing the Snake Spirit! If you want to survive, you must follow me!" Reinhard announced, a trace of desperation in his voice.

Then he and his avatar took the lead, deliberately and quickly moving forward.

Reinhard and his avatar brandished their swords at the same time. The sword lights quickly created an illusory world, and countless rays of sword radiation escaped from it, forming a whirlwind that moved forward, unstoppable.

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

The whirlwind scattered the snakes, creating an enormous gap in the middle of the sea.

"Let's go!"

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Zen and Yan followed Reinhard without hesitation.

Seeing this, the other True Gods did the same.

Some True Gods were a little hesitant at first. However, looking upon the boundless sea of snakes, they realized the seriousness of the situation and decided to follow Reinhard and the others.

"Zen, Yan, help me open the way. I will look for the Snake Spirit!" Reinhard commanded.

Zen nodded. "You can count on me!"

Then, Lavender's long spear shot through the air, as fast as a bolt of lightning. All the snakes that were caught in it were minced into pieces. For a moment, the smell of blood and burning flesh filled the air.

Reinhard's Tribulation Exterminating Sword was still swirling at a high speed.

There were way too many snakes in this place, so the Tribulation Exterminating Sword aimed randomly.

"Sword orders cannot be disobeyed. You don't need to report to me if you meet the weak type of snakes. But tell me immediately if you see any strong ones!"

Reinhard's goal, of course, was to exterminate all these countless little snakes. However, he could only let the Tribulation Exterminating Sword ignore these low-level ferocious beasts for now, in order to concentrate on finding the more powerful Snake Spirit.

Suddenly, he noticed that the Tribulation Exterminating Sword had become slow to react and no longer seemed to be responding to the sea of snakes.

After making a few circles, the sword let out a light roar, and then pointed sharply to the front left.

"In front, and to the left! Here it is!"

Reinhard gripped the Tribulation Exterminating Sword tightly in his hands, and the sword emitted a ray of blue light. "I've locked it. Charge!"

"Yes!"

Lavender, who had been the first to rush forward, suddenly changed her direction, now running in the direction pointed at by the Tribulation Exterminating Sword.

But right at this moment, the sea of snakes began to change again.

The green snakes disappeared, and smaller, bright red snakes took their place.

"Red Phosphorus Snakes! They are level two ferocious beasts! They are extremely venomous and can even spit toxic fire!"

"In just five minutes, the snakes have evolved into level two ferocious beasts!"

"If we delay even a second longer, will they turn into level three or four ferocious beasts?"

The top-rank True Gods didn't feel particularly threatened in the face of the green snakes. After all, it was difficult for low-level ferocious beasts to hurt them.

However, the Red Phosphorus Snakes were much more difficult to deal with than the green snakes, especially as there were so many of them!

It was not until then that the True Gods realized that what Reinhard said was absolutely right. In order to survive, they had to find out the Snake Spirit and kill it as soon as they could!

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

The Red Phosphorus Snakes came in great numbers. They reared their horrifying heads, opened their mouths and spat out corrosive, toxic fires.

The toxic fire emitted by a single Red Phosphorus Snake was not threatening at all. It was, after all, quite small.

However, the amount of fire that this enormous number of Red Phosphorus Snakes could emit was dangerous, if not lethal.

"The Parting Water Enchanted Barrier!"

"The Enchanted Barrier of Five Elements!"

"Light of the Shield!"

The True Gods present each used their own means to block the poisonous fires.

Zen didn't seem afraid of these Red Phosphorus Snakes at all. He had rushed to the front, taking the lead.

He had no care for either poison or fire. It was no threat to him.

These Red Phosphorus Snakes were level two ferocious beasts. Zen had killed a huge number of them effortlessly, with an air of being completely at ease, as though he were chopping vegetables, not killing countless venomous creatures. However, the speed with which he was moving was too slow to be efficient.

"We can't go on like this!" Still maintaining control over the Tribulation Exterminating Sword, Reinhard yelled, "The Snake Spirit is fleeing. I'm afraid we can't catch up! We only have fifteen minutes."

The snakes would evolve every five minutes.

They didn't know what kind of snake would come next, but they were sure that it would be a level three beast. And after another five minutes, level four beasts would come.

If the Snake Spirit managed to fill this vast land with level five beasts, even the consummate True Gods would face certain death.

Chapter 2453 Antennae

If the group of True Gods were to fight together, they could definitely resist the troublesome snakes that surrounded them.

As they advanced while fighting, their speed was slow.

"What should we do?" The whole debate venue was swarming with enemies.

Zen's eyebrows were scrunched together. The situation was getting ugly really fast. Each one of their fears had a physical manifestation, and the Snake Spirit and other powerful existences they met around the debate venue were just a few of them.

Meanwhile, the Multiple Antennae Snake that attacked them before was nowhere to be seen now.

None of them knew where it was hiding but all of them were on guard for a surprise attack.

"Zen, Yan, let's rush out and kill the Snake Spirit," said Reinhard, stepping up to the occasion.

"The others, hold your ground."

Zen let out an affirmative grunt. Now was not the time to hesitate.

Just then a soft squeaky voice spoke from Zen's left, halting his steps. "Can you bring me with you?"

It was the short True God whose eyes were like two soybeans.

While the other True Gods didn't pay this person much attention, Zen had quietly watched him along the way.

The soybean-eyed guy was not from a Floating Island and he kept a low profile but he had a deep understanding of the Truth of Godly Way. Plus, his avatar was much stronger than those of other disciples from the Floating Islands.

Reinhard hesitated but Zen nodded his head. "Alright."

Since Zen had agreed, Reinhard didn't say anything else. He looked back to the others. "Disciples of the Sword Clan, set the Soaring Sky Sword Array!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Aye!"

After a chorus of affirmative noises, Solomon and the other disciples began to arrange the array.

It wasn't the most critical moment yet. The disciples of the Sword Clan still had a trump card, namely the Calamity Swords given by Marsh. They'd wait for the moment they stared death in the face before they used the Calamity Swords.

"Let's go!"

And without delay, Reinhard, Zen, Yan, and the soybean-eyed guy sprinted ahead.

Among the four of them, Yan, Reinhard, and the soybean-eyed guy could fly with no problem, but Zen had to resort to the flying sword given by the Sword Clan.

"You have incredible talent, Zen. Why are you still a low-rank True God?" Reinhard couldn't help himself from asking.

In his opinion, it was not difficult for the disciples of the wealthy clans like Yan and Zen to improve their cultivation base. They might meet some restrictions on the way to becoming consummate True Gods, but it shouldn't be difficult for them to become top-rank True Gods.

Moreover, even if Zen's talent was not high enough to make him a top-rank True God, it should still be easy for him to get pills and opportunities that could help him become a mid-rank or even a top-rank True God.

"It's a long story," Zen answered with a bitter smile.

His cultivation base had been far inferior to that of his sister.

It wasn't that he didn't want to advance to a higher level. It was just that the situation couldn't be helped at the moment.

However, with the small divine land in his body, he had not fallen behind in terms of strength improvement. Although he was only a low-rank True God, when he encountered ordinary top-rank True Gods, he wasn't inferior in the slightest.

"The snakes are coming again!"

The Red Phosphorus Snakes surged in waves, coming down towards the four people.

Reinhard attacked first.

"Wind Splitting Sky!"

Previously, his sword moved so fast that the True Gods present didn't even notice the movement until his opponent was sliced in two.

But now, his movement was oddly sluggish.

He unsheathed the long sword in his hand and swung it towards the Red Phosphorus Snakes.

"Chop!"

With this sword strike, the fabric of space was instantly shattered, forming a black space crack.

A hurricane arose from both sides of the space crack as he swung his sword. Under the sweep of the hurricane, those Red Phosphorus Snakes were sucked into the crack.

"So powerful!" Zen exclaimed in great surprise, eyes impossibly wide.

Although Duke and Reinhard had shown some powerful skills before, Zen had been pretty sure he could defeat them.

But now it seemed that as the strongest top-rank True God of the Sword Clan, Reinhard was not to be underestimated.

This group of top-rank True Gods were the top existences in the divine land. They were probably more powerful than Soren and the others in the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

The space in the divine land was extremely stable.

And the crack mended in an instant even after Reinhard's mighty attack.

Nonetheless, a path had been cleared and the four men transformed into streaks of light and shot out of the place before the snakes closed in.

"The Snake Spirit is still fleeing, but we're faster than it," said Reinhard. Ahead of them, the Tribulation Exterminating Sword constantly changed its direction. "According to the historical records, the Snake Spirit isn't powerful. It's not difficult to kill it."

The snake curse was the Snake Spirit's curse. The Snake Spirit was a special curse itself, and strictly speaking, it was not considered a creature.

As the four of them sprinted, Zen's eyes narrowed. Through the thick fog, he saw a jasper snake shadow. It was a small translucent snake with a shape different from other snakes. Reinhard's Tribulation Exterminating Sword was pointing at it.

"I have found the Snake Spirit!" Zen pointed to the distance and everyone's gazes followed his finger.

"Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!"

Just then, a large number of snakes gushed out from beside the little Snake Spirit.

Now another five minutes had passed, and just as they had guessed, the level three fierce beasts, Three-Element Snakes were surging out. Their front ends were red, the middle parts were black, and the tails were purple. They had three deadly poisons in their bodies, making them several times stronger than the Red Phosphorus Snakes.

"Another five minutes has passed. I wonder if they can block these Three-Element Snakes. Let's kill the Snake Spirit first!"

Reinhard then charged at the Snake Spirit.

However, the Snake Spirit, sensing danger, darted and went underground.

"You can't escape!"

Reinhard brandished his sword.

"Crack!"

At once, the soft ground cracked open, revealing the Snake Spirit.

"Go to hell!"

Reinhard didn't hesitate or show mercy. He had to kill the Snake Spirit as soon as possible, or all of them would die.

But just as Reinhard was about to make the final blow, a huge antenna filled with fist-sized suckers suddenly erupted from the ground, held on to his ankle, and dragged him below.

"Holy crap!"

"Damn it!"

Yan, Zen, and the soybean-eyed guy looked on with gaping mouths and pale faces.

Then more than ten huge antennae suddenly extended from the ground and surrounded them.

They didn't expect that at this critical moment, the long lost Multiple Antennae Snake would reappear!

Chapter 2454 Killing The Snake Spirit

It was known that a Multiple Antennae Snake was much stronger than a Snake Spirit.

Yet no matter how powerful a Multiple Antennae Snake was, it was still alone. It couldn't possibly kill everyone in front of it.

On the other hand, the Snake Spirit was on a whole different level—it could summon almost everything related to snakes in the divine land.

If it was still alive, it could even summon a large number of Multiple Antennae Snakes.

Perhaps, the reason the Multiple Antennae Snake was there was to protect the Snake Spirit.

"I'll go kill that Snake Spirit, and you go save Reinhard," Zen said.

There was no time to hesitate in such a crucial moment. They based most of their decisions on instinct as even one second of hesitation could land them in a desperate situation.

"Whoosh!"

A gust of wind blew as Zen flew towards the little snake on his flying sword.

In turn, the snake's antennae flailed wildly when it saw Zen, then prepared to pounce and bind him.

Just a few moments ago, the antennae had caught Reinhard off-guard. There was no way Zen would make the same mistake.

He was still rushing forward on his flying sword and did not intend to make any move, when a red figure suddenly jumped up behind him.

Meanwhile, the long spear circled around Lavender's waist like mad, so that it almost looked like it was a dancing wheel.

Zen did not evaluate the avatar's strength.

After all, he didn't have enough spare time to test it in the debate venue. Besides, Lavender's attack was extremely powerful that even he himself could not resist. She was undoubtedly his greatest ally in the debate venue.

The red spear turned in a few moments, and then all the tentacles were ground into shreds of flesh.

The ground shook as Zen immediately ran over to it without hesitation!

The small jasper snake continued to drill a hole into the ground as it simultaneously summoned numerous Three-Element Snakes, which surrounded him.

In response, he ran straight towards them without second thoughts.

All the Three-Element Snakes that collided with him were smashed into smithereens.

If a Three-Element Snake exploded, it released three kinds of deadly venom at the same time. Other True Gods normally avoided touching the venom at all costs, but Zen did not care.

In just the blink of an eye, he had already traversed a distance of a thousand feet.

"Hiss..."

The small jasper snake was clearly provoked when it saw Zen charge at it. Then, it wriggled and hissed constantly in a strange fashion, as if it was speaking in some kind of language.

Soon enough, it summoned new snakes every time it began to speak in the snake language. All the Three-Element Snakes disappeared in a second and were replaced by tons of pythons that were as thick as tree trunks. Thy turned out to be the fourth-grade fierce beasts, Death Bringers!

It was no question that the sea of the Three-Element Snakes was already more than terrifying.

Among the more than one hundred True Gods that stayed put, six of them had been bitten and two of them had died after the venom had entered their elixir fields.

If the sea of Three-Element Snakes had continued to attack, more people might have died.

When the Three-Element Snakes disappeared, things seemed to get better until the fourth-grade fierce beasts, Death Bringers showed up. Now they were about to attack, and there might be even worse damages!

Even though Solomon and the others had formed a sword array that faced the snake sea, they didn't look too hopeful.

Everyone would die if Reinhard and Zen failed. Not to mention, they were still quite far from the end of the debate venue.

"Hold on!"

"We must have faith in Reinhard!"

"Swish, swish, swish!"

Huge rays of sword radiance in the shape of a crescent spread out everywhere and in the blink of an eye, they had killed hundreds of thousands of Three-Element Snakes. Yet, more Three-Element Snakes had formed a sea of snakes that surged like the tide. There were too many of them to kill!

Just as their group was about to give in to exhaustion, the snake shadows in the mist changed once again.

The snake sea the Three-Element Snakes had formed disappeared.

"Death Bringers!"

"Fourth-grade fierce beasts!"

"Did Reinhard and the others fail?"

The True Gods felt like they could cry a river when they looked at the awfully dense mass of Death Bringers.

They all knew that the debate venue was a dangerous place, but this was just too much for them.

The Death Bringer was known for its fierceness, ferocity, and overpowering strength. They usually moved alone in the Swirl Forest, but even so, it was already hard enough to fight one of them. Its huge body was strong enough to crush even a True God.

Now, there were tens of thousands of Death Bringers.

Then again, such was a unique feature of the debate venue.

If all True Gods had very weak fear incarnations—say, such unintelligent fierce beasts as the Giant Thunder Rhinoceros, then it would be easy for them to enter the debate venue.

In fact, the Sword Clan had done a test to see if it would succeed.

They sent some innocent, kind-hearted disciples of the Sword Clan, who barely saw the outside world, to enter the debate venue.

These disciples came from a simple background, and logically speaking, they did not find anything particular to be afraid of. The Sword Clan, however, quickly discovered that they were too naive.

The fear in their hearts was from their subconsciousness. Those disciples from the Sword Clan might appear to be simple but in fact, they were more likely to have an unexplainable fear incarnation. Some of those fears were strong enough to be truly incomprehensible, and that they had intangible means of killing to the point that they directly killed two consummate True Gods of the Sword Clan!

Now, the True Gods were all scared looking at the Snake Spirit and the numerous Death Bringers in front of them.

On the contrary, Duke appeared to be quite relaxed. It seemed that the preparations he had made weren't needed after all.

"Swish!"

The huge, overly thick and massive Death Bringers swarmed around Zen until dozens of them were completely wrapped around him, all in a span of three seconds. He was already invisible under the pile of thick snakes, but more Death Bringers tangled around him and formed a python tower.

If one python was already horrifying to even see, how much more dozens of them?

Not too far away was the small jasper snake, who watched the whole scene with its malicious, beady eyes that seemed to smile. The vicious creature was clearly a clever and wise being.

Yet, it didn't feel complacent for too long.

Blood suddenly spurted out from the middle of the python tower, followed by a massive force that exploded and flew straight towards the small jasper snake!

"Die!" shouted a faint voice from the python tower.

After Reinhard found the Snake Spirit, Zen quickly fixed his spiritual sense on it.

Although he was trapped in the heap of Death Bringers, the distance was short enough for him to use the Four Swords Change of Gods Killing Sword Array.

He then summoned the Buddha Emperor Sword.

Finally, it was shot directly at the small jasper snake.

The moment he finished speaking, the Buddha Emperor Sword had already cut it in half!

The Snake Spirit wasn't that strong, but its upper half still tried to drill into the ground with a tenacious momentum despite being cut in half.

"You want to escape? You're dreaming," Zen sneered.

The Buddha Emperor Sword circled around the Snake Spirit, before it cut its body into thin pieces.

When it finally died, the Death Bringers that surrounded Zen and the other millions of Death Bringers in the mist disappeared as well.

Chapter 2455 The Destroying Light

Solomon led all the other disciples out to fight against the Death Bringers.

But the group of top-rank True Gods was by no means on the same level as these horrifying opponents.

Under the snake sea's impact by the Death Bringers, the enchanted barriers and the magic arrays arranged by all sorts of magic weapons were as fragile as eggs,. Not even the True Gods could resist in such a situation.

Everyone continued shrinking back and drawing together, ready to retreat.

Under such a defeat, the True Gods were dispersed by the Death Bringers and were most likely to die very soon.

"Just die here?"

"I can't accept that!"

"There are hundreds of thousands of fourth-grade beasts. You're not even qualified to fight with your full strength..."

"Move back! Move back! Ah..."

All the True Gods seemed full of despair—more and more of them were swept away by the Death Bringers, disappearing in the vast sea of snakes. There was no doubt that they would perish in the end.

Many of the True Gods merely gave up resisting and remained still as they waited for death.

But amidst the chaos, the Death Bringers suddenly disappeared in an instant.

At that moment, the place quieted down. Only some True Gods failed to recover from the shock. Somewhat blurry roars resounded and they quickly realized what had happened.

"Unbelievable! They disappeared!"

"All of them are gone!"

"Oh my God!"

"They made it!"

"The Snake Spirit has been killed."

In their excitement, the survivors began cheering.

If the Snake Spirit hadn't been killed, probably everyone would've died within half a minute.

But in the middle of the cheer, the ground began to shake.

Zen rushed ahead and killed the small jasper snake in a series of swift movements.

Even the avatar under his control failed to make a move, having arrived a moment too late.

And after killing the snake, Zen did not linger.

He returned promptly with his avatar.

Meanwhile, Yan and the guy with soybean-like eyes were busy rescuing Reinhard.

Yan's strength had already far exceeded Zen's imagination and he had no choice but to allow her to take the risk and face the Multiple Antennae Snake. As her brother, he was still reluctant to put her in harm's way, but it was a necessity.

Clatter...

Zen heard some kind of friction on the ground when he returned to a certain distance.

Then, the earth shook violently.

"Bang!"

The ground began to rise like a mountain growing from earth.

In several snaps, the ground shattered as it continued rising, followed by an enormous monster.

"Multiple Antennae Snake!"

When Zen raised his head, his face sank.

It looked nothing like a snake—it was more like a strange, ferocious creature.

Its body was covered with long, thin, flexible tentacles. Like a huge sphere, eyes covered its surface.

"Yan! Reinhard!"

Zen's eyes flashed—he found Yan and the other two underneath the Multiple Antennae Snake.

Though Zen didn't know what magic weapon he used as defense, Reinhard looked fine. He appeared like a hedgehog, the sword light ceaselessly shooting at him from all directions.

Yan and the soybean-eyed guy shuttled back and forth among countless tentacles. It seemed that they managed to skillfully resist the attacks.

The Multiple Antennae Snake was not as powerful as they had imagined. Although its tentacles were indeed very fast, it wasn't very difficult for them to deal with them once they seized good windows of opportunity.

"Hooo..."

All the eyes on the snake's body widened at the same time.

They began to follow a red light until a peculiar set of blood Sanskrit words formed within the eyes.

As an ancient beast, the Multiple Antennae Snake had many unsolved mysteries.

When he noticed the words, Zen suddenly called out, "Yan! Run away! Don't push it!"

As he roared, he rushed over quickly.

When Yan, Reinhard, and the soybean-eyed guy realized something was off, they began retreating.

Buzz...

The rays of red light spurted from the eyes in all directions.

They began penetrating the soft layer of earth at the bottom of the Sunrest Tree before spreading to both sides and passing through the layers of mist, all the way to the edge of the debate venue.

An enchanted barrier, shaped like an eggshell, appeared in the thin camber line at the edge. It blocked out the red light immediately, keeping the light within.

And so the light shot up and through the mist, arriving at a height of over a hundred thousand feet and finally landing on another enchanted barrier shaped like a beehive.

"Let's go!"

Seeing the rays of red light spread to the infinite distance, Reinhard was shocked speechless.

Regardless of what the light was, its power was unimaginable if it could penetrate the mist and reach so far away.

Initially, Reinhard found that the Multiple Antennae Snake was not as powerful as he had originally thought. After getting rid of the trouble with Yan's help, he wanted to kill the snake with the other two. Now, he realized how naive his plan actually was.

Fortunately, the three of them were still very close to the snake. As its body began spinning, the rays of light continued moving, but the gap in the middle remained for their escape.

With careful dodges, the three quickly shuttled away and headed straight for Zen.

But the fear incarnations who were far away weren't so lucky.

The fear incarnations kept a certain distance from each other as they all had their own memories. Even with the impulse to kill their "prey", they were all more fixated on finding a way to escape the damned place. And as for the True Gods, they figured they could let other fear incarnations deal with them.

When some of the fear incarnations were stabbed by the light, their flesh and bodies disappeared until they were nothing but a pile of bones, falling to the ground.

Buzz...

A ray of red light shot towards the fiend called Edmond.

It then happened to hit Edmond's body.

Though Edmond's figure was enormous, the flesh on his body was turned to nothing by the light.

"The destroying light?" In spite of the situation, Edmond's expression didn't seem to change too much. 'Even the Multiple Antennae Snake exists here. This place seems so interesting... I'm quite curious now.'

A white shadow emerged from the surface of Edmond's huge body as it shook. After the shadow covered the body, the red light couldn't penetrate it in the slightest.

Instead, the lights continued to wander around until one of them went directly into the depths of the debate venue.

The woman with long hair had made it to a huge iron bridge. She seemed to have figured she was going to get hit by one of the lights one way or another, so she turned around and rotated her finger a few times in the air before stepping onto the iron bridge, as calm as a rock.

When the red light shot towards her, it strangely changed direction, reflecting at another angle.

Chapter 2456 An Accident

"Buzz!"

The head of the Multiple Antennae Snake was still spinning as its red light shone on its surroundings.

"Zen! Let's go!"

When she rushed over, Yan called out to Zen right away.

With a nod, Zen somersaulted with his flying sword and joined the team that was ready to flee.

The four of them fidgeted around in the cracks of the red light and constantly dodged them.

"Down there!"

Zen yelled out the warning.

They all dodged to two sides swiftly.

A beam of red light, much like sword radiance extending to an endless distance, shot upward from below.

"Left!"

Just as they avoided the light, another one swept towards them from the other side.

So they sank down and dodged it once again.

Never did they expect dozens of antennae to suddenly emerge from the ground at this time—one of the antennae managed to wrap around Yan.

In spite of being trapped, Yan didn't seem anxious—she barely even struggled. With a slight flash of purple light in her eyes, she uttered, "Break."

Poof!

The antennae surrounding her were broken in an instant.

When she uttered the word 'break, ' it was as though a person had cut off the antennae swiftly.

"Yan, look up! Watch out!"

Although Yan acted quickly and the antennae had grabbed her for a mere moment, two red lights fell from above her head.

Zen's eyes almost fell out of their sockets upon witnessing the scene.

On the flying sword, Zen immediately halted and turned back.

Reinhard's face changed dramatically as well. To him, everyone there could perish—everyone but Zen and Yan. Nothing could happen to them!

But who could ever resist the powerful light that burst from the Multiple Antennae Snake's eyes?

"Zen, don't go there yourself! Use your avatar to block the red lights!"

After keeping quiet all the while, the guy with soybean-like eyes suddenly called out to him.

Their avatars fell behind. Yan had been blocked for a moment, so now the avatars were catching up to them.

What the soybean-eyed guy said had startled both Zen and Reinhard.

Avatars condensed in the arrays couldn't die in the debate venue unless their owners did.

Conveying their plans to the avatars, the latter jumped up to rush over to Yan's side.

Luckily, Yan was quick to react. She controlled her avatar and had it hug herself before the other avatars made it to her side and wrapped their arms around her one after another.

The four avatars held Yan in a tight embrace until the two red lights fell and enveloped the place where Yan just was.

"The constant light!"

Zen's brows twitched as he stared at the Multiple Antennae Snake from a distance.

Just now, Zen had made the absolute worst plan—if Yan truly perished under the red lights, he could hopefully use the jade seal to save her life.

But it could erase only nine seconds of time.

Under the continuous light, even if he erased nine seconds, he wouldn't be able to change the result.

All he could do now was place his hopes on the avatars.

"Buzz!"

The snake attacked them vigorously, aiming for Yan, and the two red lights shone on her relentlessly.

"Avatars!"

"They haven't disintegrated yet!"

"I hope Yan will survive this!"

The three of them looked up, their eyes flashing.

After a moment, the red lights were finally gone.

The moment the four avatars dispersed, Zen took a nervous look at Yan.

"Whoosh!"

When Yan's figure descended, Zen's heart skipped a beat.

He had no clue what would happen to Yan under the lights but seeing Yan fall already felt like the weight of the world.

A heavy sense of guilt rose in Zen's heart. Just as he rushed over, Yan flew straight towards him and smiled when she saw the look on his face. "Zen, I'm fine!"

"You scared me!" Zen was stunned before a look of relief crossed his face—he had forgotten just how naughty Yan was.

She stuck out her tongue in response, realizing that she had gone too far with her joke. Looking at her brother's pale face, she regretted the prank.

Just when she was about to offer an apology…

"Clap!"

A thick flash of lightning suddenly appeared within the depths of the mist.

It was incredibly fast.

Both Zen and Reinhard could see the light in their periphery when a voice of thunder resounded in their ears.

Yan, standing only a few feet away from Zen, suddenly disappeared right in front of him.

Zen, Reinhard, and the soybean-eyed guy were left shocked.

Not far away, a man surrounded by thunder was floating in the air.

He was much like a human-shaped thunder spirit, and a round thunder ball wrapped around him.

On the other hand, Yan had already passed out from the thunder with her hands clasped against her chest and her eyes shut. Her long, black hair and slender legs hung loosely.

"Haha! This woman has a special smell, indeed. My master will like her." He laughed wildly as he sized up the others. "It's rather strange… I'm naturally disgusted at the very sight of you. It would seem that I have a desire to kill you all. What's going on?

But I still feel like something's wrong. If I kill you, I will probably disappear.

This place is so weird."

Edmond had asked Atlas to explore the debate venue where he saw many fear incarnations together with a large group of top-rank True Gods.

But thanks to his cleverness, he had already sensed the strangeness of the place—he remembered very clearly that he had died, so his revival was nothing short of abnormal. He didn't kill anyone—he merely passed there when he sensed Yan's special aura. He wanted to take her away to give her to Edmond.

At the sight of Yan with her eyes tightly shut, Zen's face darkened.

"A consummate True God!"

Both Reinhard's and the soybean-eyed guy's hearts sank.

The fear incarnations in the debate venue were all too powerful to deal with.

If the Snake Spirit alone couldn't be killed soon, it would kill everyone in sight.

When the Multiple Antennae Snake appeared, all anyone could do was escape.

And now a consummate True God had appeared.

"Put her down," Zen said with a voice like a growl.

There was invincible dignity in his voice—a strong intention to kill began boiling within him, making him tremble all over.

"What? You're just a low-rank True God. Your cultivation base should be the lowest among the group." Atlas gave Zen an indifferent glance, fully intending to ignore him.

Chapter 2457 Ways-blending Strike

"Let her go!"

Zen shouted, his entire aura going icy cold.

He had undergone so much hardship and exerted unimaginable effort in trying to find his sister. He travelled through the great world, the Upper World, and even the divine land. It was only recently that he was finally able to reunite with his sister.

There was no way he was letting Yan get kidnapped ever again.

Buzz!

The Sword Clan's flying sword rotated and fell onto Zen's hand.

There was no longer any hesitation on his face.

"You are so childish! Go to hell!"

Atlas felt Zen's remarkable momentum but did not feel the least bit afraid.

His opponent was a mere low-rank True God and there was no way he was going to take him seriously.

Crack!

Atlas raised his hand and gathered bolts of lightning in his hand.

He was the incarnation of thunder and already had a consummate understanding of the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

There was nothing special about his bolts. However, they were extremely powerful.

Fuzz!

The bolts in his hand condensed into a sharp, thunderbolt awl.

"It's so powerful!" Reinhard exclaimed. "Even Master Ivan wouldn't be able to defeat him with the Thunderbolt Sword. Who exactly is this guy? Whose incarnation of fear is he?"

There was a big gap between the consummate True Gods.

Atlas himself was destined to be the top existence among warriors who reached consummation of True God Realm.

In the past, any wealthy clans on the Floating Islands already sent several consummate True Gods after him but none succeeded in bringing him down. Only a Holy Being managed to succeed in sending him into chaos.

Bang!

The thunderbolt awl in Atlas's hand came straight for Zen.

Zen fiercely waved his sword in the face of such a powerful thunderbolt awl.

The moment he sent out that strike, all emotion disappeared from his bloodshot eyes.

In the past, this sword skill of his, taught to him by Supreme Lord Sword, was called the Gods-intimidating Strike.

But he was a True God now.

It wasn't really appropriate to call it by its old name anymore.

During the two years he spent in the fairy palace, Zen continued to practice and hone his sword will.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way released under the state of the Ripping Consciousness was terrifying, but it was far from enough.

Two years ago, in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Zen saw that faint figure merged three thousand Godly Ways together inside the Divine Time Temple.

After fusing the three thousand Godly Ways, the energy he obtained was indeed extremely powerful.

Unfortunately, when Zen himself practiced it, he found that the fierce energy was uncontrollable and could lead to him exploding if he wasn't careful enough.

However, after cultivating the Truth of Cultivation Nature, Zen finally found the key to wielding such power.

Nature must be allowed to take its course.

Three thousand Godly Ways were used to utilize three thousand kinds of energy.

These energies were complex, as were the Godly Ways. Even the energies contained within the Godly Ways themselves could combine or restrict each other. The Five Elements Godly Way, for example, was originally the combination of five contradictory energies.

But to combine all three thousand?

It was impossible!

However, despite being so different, the Godly Ways, in fact, all led to the same destination.

When Zen used the Truth of Cultivation Nature and combined it with three hundred kinds of Godly Ways, he did not interfere and simply let all of them run their course.

Some Godly Ways were devoured.

Others merged with each other.

Most collided until finally merging and finding a suitable state.

It was only after careful trials that all three hundred became one.

The result was a very complicated energy.

Zen had no idea whether this kind of energy had ever appeared in the divine land but he definitely knew he made the right choice.

The instructions from the Divine Time Temple were certainly correct.

He had never really used this method before.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way was considered a forbidden way. Using it at will could get him into trouble and there was no way he'd be able to use it in the Sword Clan.

However, seeing Yan get taken away again made something snap inside of him.

Therefore, he went all out with this strike.

As this method was the blending of all the Godly Ways, Zen came up with a name.

"Emotion Closing--Ways-blending Strike!"

The surface of the Sword Clan's flying sword glowed a magnificent color.

The merging of the Godly Ways eliminated all wild energy and transformed it into pure power.

Thus, Zen swung his sword.

Crack!

As the tip of his sword touched the thunderbolt awl, a loud explosion was heard.

Fizz! Fizz!

Needless to say, the thunderbolt awl was completely annihilated by Zen's Ways-blending Strike.

The moment the light disappeared, so did the thunderbolt awl.

"What? This is..."

Atlas originally thought his thunderbolt awl would've been more than enough to kill Zen.

There was no way he would take any of the top-rank True Gods seriously, much less Zen.

However, he would think more, compared with the ordinary incarnations of fears.

He hadn't attacked before because he wanted to find the secret in this mist-filled world.

Since this low-rank True God wanted to die though, then he had no choice.

Atlas threw a thunderbolt awl containing sixty-percent of his power. To his surprise, however, it was easily destroyed by a low-rank True God.

What the hell was going on?

Reinhard and the guy with soybean-like eyes were stunned.

The appearance of a consummate True God made both of them feel powerless.

If the top-rank True Gods cooperated with their avatars then it was possible for them to deal with the Multiple Antennae Snake.

However, a mature consummate True God was a different story.

That thunderbolt awl was enough to end Zen.

That meant Yan was going to be taken away again.

Such an outcome would have led to the failure of the entire mission.

Even Reinhard saw no hope.

However, the entire situation was turned around by Zen.

Who would've thought that this young man would easily dissolve a consummate True God's attack?

Moreover, the strike he used to counter Atlas's thunderbolt awl wasn't anything he'd ever heard of before.

As he and the soybean-eyed guy were still comprehending what just happened, Zen was already on his second strike.

"Ways-blending Strike!

Die!"

He swung his sword once again, directing it towards Atlas as it shone with a dazzling light.

Chapter 2458 Repel The Enemy

A ray of sword light, one thousand feet long, appeared.

Zen had been trying so hard in the fairy palace's training tower.

If the Godly Ways, which were over three hundred, weren't fused and drawn out from the inner world, then they could cause severe internal injury.

The Truth of Cultivation Nature could be used to integrate them smoothly and make the "Ways-blending Energy" become very obedient.

However, despite already being obedient, it was still difficult to tame.

Controlling the Ways-blending Energy after being extracted from the inner world was still difficult because it was very thick.

He tried using the Emotion Closing Godly Way but it was still to no avail.

Fortunately, Zen managed to stumble upon the key to his problem soon.

Back in the Divine Time Temple, Zen saw a huge figure send out a hundred-thousand strikes in just thirteen moves.

Comprehending the mysteries of that amazing master was impossible to do in just a short amount of time.

However, he remembered comparing notes with Rocher when they were still in the universe.

It was through these battles that Zen comprehended a certain extent of the Beginning Swordsmanship, up to the preliminary level.

He wasn't too sure if the Beginning Swordsmanship was the exact same technique practiced by the giant shadow in the Divine Time Temple. Rocher's abilities were limited, after all. What he could concur was that the Beginning Swordsmanship was definitely related to it.

So after fusing the momentum with the swordsmanship, Zen launched his strike once again.

The power that burst out from him shook the entire training tower and startled Saul, Joy, and even Zen himself.

Bromley had put a lot of effort into building the fairy palace after all. It was so solid that even a consummate True God wouldn't destroy it.

"Whoosh!"

As the sword light extended, it transformed into a large, new moon and slashed away at the consummate True God.

The sword light disturbed and cut the flow of the air.

It was so fast that Zen did not even have any time to react.

Reinhard and the guy with soybean-like eyes only saw Zen waving the sword.

In just a flash, a long, narrow cut appeared on his opponent's body. It started from his shoulder down to his torso, avoiding Yan entirely.

It was only then that they felt the wind on their faces, caused by the sword light.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Reinhard and the soybean-eyed guy avoided this.

"This... This strike is much more powerful than the previous one. It feels like my face is being skinned off by a sharp knife..." the soybean-eyed guy murmured, summoning a light barrier as protection.

Reinhard, on the other hand, merely stood still with his eyes wide open.

He just found it incredible how Zen's first attack diffused the consummate True God's thunderbolt awl.

Zen was the anonymous man who had powerful strength, that much had been established. However, it was still inconceivable for them to witness him resisting a consummate True God's attack.

As for the second sword strike...

Swords were the Sword Clan's honor.

It was through swords that made the Sword Clan stronger. Through swords, they were able to occupy the Sunrest Tree and became the second greatest clan in the entirety of the divine land.

Swords were the Sword Clan's foundation.

They were considered as the authority in terms of swordsmanship.

A Godly Way belonging to swordsmanship did not exist but the Sword Clan was able to go around this and merge all Godly Ways with their techniques.

Using the Elementary Fire Godly Way, they were able to create a theurgy beyond it—the Flame Dancing Sword.

Through the Thunderstorm Godly Way, they were able to create the Thunderbolt Sword.

Through their understanding of the Parting Water Godly Way, they also created the Raging Inquiry Sword.

And so on...

A sword tablet existed in the Heavenly Sword Divine City.

Each time a Sword Clan master created a new, powerful theurgy, a sword would appear on the sword tablet.

The swords represented powerful and astonishing theurgies.

During the course of the divine eras, sixty-three swords were inserted into the sword tablet.

Reinhard often gazed at this tablet at sunset, admiring this representation of the Sword Clan's painstaking efforts over the years.

He often thought that his clan had gone far and beyond in the way of swordsmanship and that there was no way the other clans could ever catch up.

If the time ever came for when he finally became a consummate True God, Reinhard would make it his goal to insert his own sword into the tablet.

One more sword was equivalent to advancing further in the way of swordsmanship.

Such an achievement was considered the greatest honor for a Sword Clan member.

However, Reinhard's conviction was inevitably shaken after he witnessed Zen's strike.

Strictly speaking, the strike Zen performed just now had the same power as Reinhard's Instant Sword.

His technique relied on agility. Each move of the Instant Sword required exerting the most powerful force behind each slash but the key was in its speedy delivery.

Zen's pursuit of the sword was different. Instead of speed, it was simplicity.

When two different pursuits reached a certain level, they eventually converged and shared the same goal.

The extremely simple method also brought with it unparalleled speed.

Zen, a low-rank True God, performed a strike that made Reinhard feel as if his whole life had been meaningless.

The young man wasn't his enemy but Reinhard still felt gutted by his display of superior skill.

Reinhard was someone who climbed the mountain of swordsmanship with enthusiasm but the sudden discovery of someone that was of a higher, seemingly unreachable level dealt a great blow to his pride.

"Mike's son is so strong and powerful," he couldn't help but exclaim.

When the Luo Clan was destroyed, Reinhard merely turned up his nose condescendingly at them.

However, it seemed the dispute between the Luo Clan and the Dongfang Clan wasn't as unreasonable as he first thought. It might have very well involved powers far above the rich and powerful clans.

"Sizz, sizz..."

Atlas' body had been cut in half.

An ordinary blade couldn't have injured his thunderbolt body at all.

Facing against several consummate True Gods was something he could easily handle with ease.

He even considered himself as an indestructible existence sometimes, much like a Holy Being.

It wasn't until he was in his most desperate moment that he realized his vulnerability. In the end, he was eroded to death by the air of chaotic energy.

He had been reborn for no reason.

He had initially wanted to grasp this opportunity of having been reborn.

However, he never expected that he would be ended like this by a low-rank True God.

"Has everything changed?" he murmured in confusion.

Half of his body fell down with Yan.

The other half turned once again into a complete human body although the light of the thunderbolt was noticeably dimmer.

Dying always made people cherish their life even more. After realizing that his life was threatened, Atlas knew that fighting was futile and opted to run away instead.

"Crack!"

There was a loud noise as he turned himself into a bolt of lightning and fled at a much faster rate than when he came.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2459 Wall Of Avatars

After launching that sword attack, Zen gasped for breath.

The Ways-blending Energy was very thick, and forcing it out with the Emotion Closing Godly Way had taken a huge toll on all his meridians.

At this moment, the Godly Tile in his body dimmed down.

Every time Zen had used the Ways-blending Strike in the fairy palace, he had needed to rest for a period of time.

Moreover, he had always restricted himself, never daring to release the full energy of the Godly Ways.

But when Zen had seen the consummate True God take his sister away, he had been ready to risk everything.

He had swung his sword without hesitation, pushing himself to the limit.

Now, even the smallest movement made him feel like his meridians were on fire. The pain came in waves; every time he thought that the worst was over, he felt another jolt of unbearable pain.

Fortunately, his attack had been enough to startle the consummate True God, who quickly retreated.

Despite the pain he was in, Zen gritted his teeth and rushed to Yan.

Every inch of the consummate True God's body was covered by thunder; a single touch would turn a person into ashes.

Zen didn't know whether Yan had gotten injured while being held by the consummate True God, so he was very worried about her.

When he finally reached her, he felt a little relieved after seeing the Sky and Thunder Breaking Necklace hanging on Yan's chest. Electric current crackled on the surface of the necklace, but it didn't touch Yan at all.

He had forgotten that this necklace Yan wore could resist all kinds of thunder attacks.

However, he was still a little worried. He put his hand on Yan's forehead and released a wisp of spiritual sense so that he could check Yan's soul, which could have been damaged by thunder despite the necklace she was wearing.

But just as his spiritual sense was about to invade Yan's brain, a powerful force burst out from Yan's brain and blocked his spiritual sense.

"What?"

A puzzled expression appeared on Zen's face, but then he smiled.

It seemed that Harold had prepared Yan well for the debate. He had not only given Yan a necklace that protected her from thunder attacks, but he had also given her a treasure to protect her soul.

After a while, Yan opened her eyes. When she saw Zen, a trace of apology appeared on her face. "Zen, I was careless just now..."

"Your opponent was a consummate True God. It was not your fault," Zen said as he stared into her eyes.

"If I'd been careful, even a consummate True God wouldn't have been able to do anything to me," Yan said, pouting her lips.

The consummate True God had turned himself into thunder all of a sudden and shot toward her, giving her no time to react. As a result, she had fainted.

At this moment...

Rumble...

The Multiple Antennae Snake in the distance began to move again.

Just now, the snake had been continuously releasing red lights in all directions, but it had stopped after the consummate True God had descended. Perhaps it had needed a break.

But now, another red Sanskrit word flashed in one of its eyes. It was about to launch the next wave of attack.

"Get out of here first!" Reinhard urged, noticing the snake.

Zen nodded and lifted Yan onto his back.

Then, he ran toward the distance along with Reinhard and the guy with soybean-like eyes.

To ensure their safety, each of them manipulated their avatars to protect them from behind.

Although the Multiple Antennae Snake was powerful, its huge body slowed it down. Therefore, it was not difficult for them to dodge its red lights. Moreover, their avatars gave them additional protection, ensuring a smooth retreat.

As Reinhard ran, he still kept stealing glances at Zen. He regretted that he hadn't planted the seed of the Eye of Perception just now.

If Marsh and the others had seen what had happened just now, they might have been able to figure out the origin of Zen's sword strike.

After a while, Reinhard decided to directly ask him what was on his mind. "Zen, the sword attack you just used contained the Emotion Closing Godly Way, right?"

Zen was shocked to hear that.

He had been careful not to use the Emotion Closing Godly Way even in the Time Sea, because it was forbidden in the divine land.

Although he had never learned why it was forbidden, he had always been worried about using it. However, he had no choice just now.

"Yes. Is there a problem?" Zen casually raised an eyebrow.

With a bitter smile, Reinhard answered, "No. I'm just a little envious."

"Why do you envy me?" Zen asked curiously.

Reinhard looked at the thick mist in front of him as a sharp look flashed in his eyes. "Everyone in the Sword Clan knows that even though the sword skill can be combined with any Godly Way, there is no Godly Way that is more compatible with it than the Emotion Closing Godly Way. But since the Emotion Closing Godly Way is forbidden, it's a great disadvantage for the Sword Clan."

"The Sword Clan is not allowed to practice the Emotion Closing Godly Way?" Zen asked curiously.

"Yes. Even so, someone practiced it before," Reinhard murmured.

"What happened to that person?" Zen asked.

"He was expelled from the Sword Clan and chased away by other wealthy clans." Reinhard's face turned red with rage as he spoke.

"The Sword Clan has to follow the rules set by all the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands," the soybean-eyed guy suddenly interjected. Then, he looked at Zen, and said, "Perhaps you can change that rule."

Without a doubt, the Sword Clan didn't want to expel that warrior from their clan at all, nor did they bear to see that he was chased by other wealthy clans.

However, just as the soybean-eyed guy said, the Sword Clan had no choice in the matter.

"Well, why did those wealthy clans set this strange rule? The Emotion Closing Godly Way is not a ruthless, evil way. Why is it forbidden?" Zen wondered aloud.

After a few moments of silence, Reinhard answered, "That's an agreement among the Holy Beings. How could I know?"

"I don't know much about it either. I just heard that the Emotion Closing Godly Way is related to the Mountain of Holy Beings. Later on, the Holy Beings prohibited the cultivation of the Emotion Closing Godly Way," the soybean-eyed guy said.

"It's related to the Mountain of Holy Beings?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

He didn't care about the ban now.

Anyway, he was just a stowaway in the divine land and his identity had already been exposed. He didn't have anything holding him back.

"I don't know the specific reason, though." The soybean-eyed guy shuddered, poker-faced. Then he looked up at the sky and said, "It's coming!"

As a red light descended from the sky, they quickly flashed to the other side to avoid it.

After they traveled some distance in the mist, a human wall suddenly appeared in front of them.

They were stunned for a moment, but then they all burst into laughter.

The red lights shot out by the Multiple Antennae Snake extended to almost every corner of the debate venue. This place was no exception.

In order to resist the red lights, all the True Gods had summoned their avatars and made them link arms and climb on top of one another to form an indestructible wall.

This was a very practical method indeed. As long as this wall of avatars was placed here, the red lights wouldn't be able to hurt the True Gods at all, no matter how powerful they were.

Chapter 2460 Unreasonable

The top-rank True Gods were scared to death.

Many True Gods had been killed by the numerous Three-Element Snakes and Death Bringers.

They finally managed to ward off the sea of snakes. Everyone was still high on the joy of surviving the disaster.

Nobody had expected the red rays of light to burst out of the heavy mist again.

These rays of light moved at a high speed, and there was no time for anyone to dodge them.

By the time they realized what was happening, the rays had enveloped more than ten top-rank True Gods within them. The flesh and bones of the top-rank True Gods were like ice on a hot summer day, melting quickly and turning into a pool of liquid.

Fortunately, there were a few top-rank True Gods who knew it was better to be cautious.

When one of these True Gods saw what was happening, he used his avatar such that it stood protectively before him.

Others soon followed suit.

There were some people with huge avatars, such as the True God of Zhao Clan, whose avatar was a massive elephant.

But some avatars were tiny. A True God simply had a long sword as his avatar and it couldn't block him at all.

As the red rays of light swept around, the True Gods decided to bring all the avatars together to block the light. This way, they finally managed to completely block the red light.

"Reinhard! Are you okay?" Solomon exclaimed.

The disciples of the Sword Clan were excited.

They had gone through enough despair and now, were thankful that they had been lucky enough to survive.

"Did you kill the Snake Spirit?"

"What is going on with these rays?"

One after the other, the True Gods began to ask questions.

Zen didn't have the patience to answer them. With Yan on his back, He walked behind the wall made of the avatars and carefully put her down.

He didn't expect to see her stand the moment he put her down. It looked like she wasn't hurt at all.

"Thank you, Zen, for carrying me all the way here," Yan smiled.

Zen was relieved at how lively she sounded but he pretended to be unhappy. "Looks like you are doing just fine!"

"Don't be angry, Zen," Yan said, shaking Zen's arm on seeing that he was unhappy. "It's just that you haven't carried me for a long time."

She had been so relieved lying on Zen's back, as if every danger and tribulation were far away from her.

This trust bloomed from the bottom of her heart and could never be erased.

Even Harold, who was much stronger than Zen, was incapable of making her feel this way.

"You're still a naughty child!"

Zen tapped her forehead and said with a smile. "We're even now. I am not angry anymore."

When Yan was a kid, Zen used this method to teach her a lesson, and would make her cry every time he did it.

As Zen turned around, he could feel his chest tighten.

Probably, in the Luo Clan, Yan was the one whose pursuit was the simplest. She only hoped for the whole family to be reunited.

For other clans, this wish could not be simpler.

But it had become difficult for the Luo Clan to fulfill such a wish.

'No matter how difficult this task is, I will complete it! Our family will eventually reunite!' Zen thought to himself.

"What? You encountered the Multiple Antennae Snake again while dealing with the Snake Spirit?"

"These rays of red light have been released by the Multiple Antennae Snake!"

Reinhard's reply shocked the crowd yet again.

Until now, more than two hundred of them had perished, leaving them with only a hundred warriors and great losses.

They might just be the next to die.

They did not have the ability to struggle against the powerful incarnations of their fears.

"Other than the Multiple Antennae Snake, we also encountered a consummate True God who could turn himself into thunder. Do you know who he is?" Reinhard asked.

The incarnations of their fears hadn't appeared out of nowhere. The consummate True God must have left a deep impression on someone among them.

"What? A consummate True God?"

"Oh my God!"

"This task is just impossible!"

A grey-haired old man said, horrified, "A man of thunder? I think I know him. Are you talking about Atlas?"

"Atlas?"

"This man had fought against the entire divine land in the past. He was a badass!"

"I've seen his history! Atlas cultivated the Thunderstorm Godly Way. He could really turn himself into lightning and thunder and could never be killed."

Atlas fighting against the whole divine land was a part of history and had taken place many divine eras ago.

It was so long ago that they found it difficult to recall at the drop of a hat.

As soon as the old man mentioned him, Reinhard also clapped his hands and said, "Yes! I hadn't thought of him!"

The old man laughed bitterly and said, "I was still young at that time. Atlas killed 3, 300 people of our Shan Clan. I didn't expect this place to make me experience the horrible man a second time."

The old man had lived through many divine eras.

The passage of such a long time had not been enough to erase the fear in his heart. One could only imagine the extent of the damage that Atlas had caused him.

He looked doubtfully at the gathering and then shook his head. "That's impossible! No way! How can you survive an encounter with Atlas?"

At this, the other top-rank True Gods also looked at Reinhard and Zen in confusion.

It was already rather impossible to believe that the four of them had successfully killed the Snake Spirit.

They had then come across the Multiple Antennae Snake, and the attacks from a consummate True God. Despite all this, they had returned safe and sound.

It was nothing short of a miracle.

"Yes. I've heard of Atlas too. The gap between a consummate True God and a top-rank True God is simply too big."

"It was said that Atlas was so much stronger than a normal consummate True God. But in the end, the Holy Beings had exiled him.

That was how he disappeared."

Reinhard smiled bitterly at these confused voices. He looked meaningfully at Zen, but didn't know how to explain it.

'Shall I tell them the truth? That Zen forced Atlas to retreat just using a sword strike? They won't believe it!'

Reinhard wouldn't have believed it either if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes.

Duke, Gage, Donne, Tyrone, Ellis, and all others from the alliance of wealthy clans remained silent.

Duke's face was etched a perpetual sneer.

It didn't make any difference whether Reinhard was telling the truth or not.

It had been far beyond Duke's expectations when they had managed to kill the Snake Spirit.

Even if the four warriors had the strength to escape from a consummate True God, they would finally have to face a fiend.

Long story short, after Duke followed them into the debate venue, every warrior here would die.

Just as the True Gods had begun to doubt Reinhard's words, Zen looked at the thick white mist in the distance and said to the True Gods, "Don't you think the design of the debate venue is unreasonable?"

Chapter 2461 In A Fix

Reinhard was completely confused. He asked, "What do you mean by that, Zen?"

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

At that moment, two rays of red light shot through the mist and beamed on the wall, constructed by avatars.

The Multiple Antennae Snake still refused to give up.

Looking at that wall, Zen said, "The mystery behind the debate venue is no longer a secret for you guys. I am aware that most of the people came for the inheritance of that skeleton."

He paused for a moment and then continued, "Let me rephrase it. The debate venue was designed by the skeleton, who wanted to choose a successor for himself. Am I right?"

Tyrone of the Mu Clan sneered, "You are talking plain nonsense. Everyone knows that."

Zen just smiled indifferently. Tyrone's attitude hardly bothered him. "If that is the case, then the skeleton had completely lost his senses. Otherwise he wouldn't have set up such a debate venue."

Hearing this, Yan couldn't help giggling, On the other hand, most people were still clueless about what Zen meant.

But the guy with soybean-like eyes nodded and said, "That's true. Since the intention behind creating this debate venue was to pick up a successor, it was impossible for the skeleton to design an unbreakable dead end!"

The Truth of Goodwill and Malice permeated in the debate venue.

As per Reinhard's explanation, the debate venue used the Truth of Goodwill to test the True Gods' comprehension of the Truth of Godly Way, and everyone would be in possession of a powerful avatar.

The Truth of Malice would detect what those True Gods feared the most and create incarnations of their fears.

It sounded normal.

But then, the avatars were weaker than the incarnations of fears, and the True Gods were unable to bring their power into play.

In other words, the avatars were useless to fight with these powerful incarnations of fears.

Facing the Snake Spirit, all the avatars were trying their best to kill the group of snakes, but they still lost a considerable number of True Gods.

"In the debate venue, neither a consummate True God nor a Holy Being can pass the skeleton's test. As for top-rank True Gods... I believe everyone present should be able to represent the top-rank True Gods in the divine land. Even so, it's still impossible for us to even move a single step. It clearly means that the skeleton doesn't want to find a suitable successor after all," Zen said.

Duke exclaimed with a mocking smile, "In that case, let's all retreat now!"

"You're right. Retreat is the only option we have right now. If we continue to fight at the debate venue, we will end up dead!" Wesley echoed.

For the alliance of wealthy clans, their goal was to ruin this debate.

It would be perfect if the two siblings of Luo Clan were killed here. On the other hand, it was a good choice to let everyone return home.

In this way, they didn't need to sacrifice their own lives to get Zen and Yan killed.

After the people from the Dongfang Clan took the lead to incite them to quit, the people from the Tang Clan, the Fang Clan, the Mu Clan, and the Leng Clan all followed suit.

Earlier, a few True Gods had also revealed their intention of going back, but they were held down by Reinhard.

Now that everyone had encountered such a huge disaster, they wanted to quit even more.

"I agree. There is no point in continuing when there is no hope."

"It's not too late to go back now."

"If we keep moving forward, I'm afraid we will face our end soon!"

Except for the soybean-eyed guy, Yan, Zen and those from the Sword Clan, almost all the other True Gods seconded Duke and wanted to leave the debate venue.

Reinhard was anxious when the situation turned its table. 'Clever of Duke to turn the tide in his favor!' he thought to himself.

A few True Gods had wanted to go back earlier, but Duke didn't say anything at that time.

When the time was right and everyone's courage was wiped out, Duke made the suggestion and automatically it got the approval from many True Gods.

But for Zen, Yan and the Sword Clan, they had no other choice but to keep moving forward.

"Go back?"

Zen glared at Duke and said, "The road to go back is always there. You can choose to leave this very minute. And this option is also available for the members of the Floating Islands. Your presence here is hardly of any help. And I have to be on my guard against you."

Zen had always been the enemy of the alliance of wealthy clans, and there was no way that the members of the alliance would let him go. He was well aware that both he and Yan were on their hit list. Hence he openly offended them all.

"What do you mean? And how dare you talk to us in such a manner!"

Duke's face darkened and his aura began to spread.

"For the sake of repeating myself, you can go back instead of merely creating a nuisance here!"

Zen said with a cold sneer.

He hardly finished speaking, when the True Gods from the alliance of wealthy clans, including Gino, Wesley, Tyrone, Ellis, Gage and Donne, stepped forward. They all displayed their weapons and unleashed their auras.

Zen's words were so demeaning that it almost brought upon a war on them.

Reinhard was astonished with Zen's erratic behavior. He could not understand the reason Zen chose this moment to provoke them. But despite his inhibitions, he always stood by Zen.

Whoosh!

As soon as the sword was pulled out, it radiated with absolute brilliance.

"Form the array!" he ordered the members of the Sword Clan.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Solomon and the disciples of the Sword Clan immediately stepped forward and stood before Zen, to protect him.

Yan's head tilted to one side slightly, and her eyes had a murderous look. Her eyes shone a dangerous purple light. She had very striking features, making her look beautiful from any angle.

As for the soybean-eyed guy, he too stood beside Zen. A sword appeared in his hand.

"Zen, why did you instigate them? Is this time for a war?" Reinhard asked him using his life vitality.

Zen ignored his question as he said to the crowd, "I am sure that these avatars are not just used to defend against the enemies. They must be more powerful than what we see. There should be some secret in the debate venue that is yet to be exposed. Knowing more would help us fight against those incarnations of fears!"

"So what? Where to find out the secret? At any rate we will be dead long before that! Can we just give up and go back? Right now, we really don't care about the inheritance of that skeleton!" a True God exclaimed in a desperate tone.

"You can always leave, if you chose to," Zen said, shrugging his shoulders.

Hearing Zen's words, the true God turned to Duke and asked, "In that case, would you please take us away?"

Anyone who looked keenly, could clearly see the situation.

The warriors in the debate venue were divided into two groups.

One was led by Zen and Reinhard, and the other was the group of people from the alliance of wealthy clans, led by Duke.

Those grassroots True Gods, and the other True Gods from neutral Floating Islands did not dare to leave alone. After all, if they left by themselves, they would probably encounter greater danger.

But if Duke took the lead to turn back and leave the debate venue, they would gladly be willing to follow.

"Yes Duke, we are willing to take your side and go back with you," said a True God from a neutral Floating Island.

"Why bother yourself, by trying to bring some sense to them? If they wish to court death, they are free to do so at their own will."

This time, it was Duke's turn to be in a dilemma.

His sole purpose of coming to the debate venue was to prevent Zen and the others from obtaining the inheritance of the skeleton.

How could he leave the debate venue before his mission was completed?

According to the rules of the debate venue, the fiend that had never appeared in the mist had existed because of his fear. Once he left the debate venue, the fiend would also disappear.

This was a result that he could not accept.

Zen looked at Duke calmly with a smile on his face, waiting for what he had to say.

Chapter 2462 We Exist Because Of Them

Duke just stood still there, saying nothing.

How could he leave before completing his task?

But he could not tell the others what was playing on his mind.

He had just encouraged them to return together. Now, he himself was refusing to leave. This put him in an embarrassing position.

He glared at Zen, as a killing intention surged in his heart.

"How about we kill them now?"

Wesley asked Duke using his life vitality.

In Wesley's opinion, they had an advantage right now.

Duke was more powerful than any ordinary top-rank True God. Tyrone and Ellis were not weak either, and the members of the alliance of the wealthy clans would be on their side.

Wesley thought that they could solve the problem swiftly.

'Now?'

Duke thought to himself with a hint of apprehension. He had hoped to find a suitable opportunity.

However, while being under siege from the sea of snakes, Yan and her brother chased the Snake Spirit and ran away, while Duke and the others got trapped by the sea of snakes.

More importantly, he had got a very dangerous feeling from Yan from the very beginning. The sword array of the eleven people from the Sword Clan should not be underestimated either. What was more, Zen had a powerful avatar.

"No, this is not the right time," Duke answered telepathically.

The safest way would be to lure out the fiend, and then the fiend was strong enough to kill everyone present there.

This thought brought a smile to Duke's face and he suddenly changed his attitude. "In fact, Zen, you are right. There must be some secrets in the debate venue. Now that we are here, it will be disgraceful to return like this!"

As he spoke, he began to retract the aura that had been spreading out.

"Duke! What are you doing?"

"Are you afraid of them?"

"Zen is so arrogant. Let's take him on together. It won't be difficult for us to kill him."

The True Gods from the alliance of wealthy clans were now burning with rage.

Although they entered the debate venue with Duke, he hadn't let them in on his plan.

After all, not every True God had the courage to sacrifice their own life. If they knew that everyone in the debate venue was sure to die, how many would have actually come?

"We still have a chance to go back right now."

"Duke, didn't you want to quit just now?

Then why did you change your mind?"

Those grassroots True Gods were also very disappointed with Duke.

Zen seized this opportunity to add fuel to the fire. He asked, "Do you wish to return with a man who goes back on his words so frivolously? Besides, do you think he is on your side? So naive!"

Duke was incensed at Zen's accusations.

How could Zen humiliate him like this?

He had no choice but to tolerate it, so he gritted his teeth while he fumed inside. 'Zen, let's wait and watch. When you see that fiend, you'll know how stupid your choice is!'

After the Multiple Antennae Snake had stopped releasing the red light, they continued to advance further.

This time, they didn't follow the original route given by Reinhard, but instead, they decided to change their direction as per Zen's suggestion.

At the beginning, when this troop was led by Reinhard, they headed towards the end of the debate venue according to the established route. The wedge-shaped path was not complicated.

The new leader of this team was Zen.

And his goal was to explore the debate venue instead of going straight to the end.

"Zen, are you sure that there are some mysteries that we don't know about in the debate venue?" Reinhard asked feeling uncertain.

The amazing thing was that he himself was not sure about it.

"I'm not sure,"

Zen replied and laughed. Reinhard was speechless.

Zen immediately added, "But I do feel that if we walk forward directly, there's no chance of obtaining the inheritance at all!"

"Are you afraid of the Multiple Antennae Snake?" Reinhard asked again.

The Multiple Antennae Snake was powerful, but it was not like they didn't have any solution for it.

As for Atlas, half of his body had been cut off by Zen's sword. He was seriously injured. Normally, the debate venue would not be as challenging as they thought, so they might still have a chance.

"By the way, did you hear what Atlas said before?" Zen asked suddenly.

"No. What did he say?" Reinhard was so nervous back then that he hadn't heard what Atlas said.

"He took my sister away to present her to his master," Zen replied.

"He has a master?" Reinhard exclaimed in shock.

It was hard to believe that Atlas, a vicious man, would bow to anyone.

If there was an existence that could be regarded a master by this savage creature, they were doomed as there was no way they could fight such a character.

"It's not Atlas alone that made me come to this conclusion. So I think that there must be some mysteries in the debate venue. As for whether or not we can find out, it entirely depends on our luck," Zen said lightly.

This was how Zen's mind worked after he was born in the universe.

As the old saying went, "Man proposes but God disposes."

Since he couldn't remedy the current situation, he had to find another way.

'If I can't do anything about it, I will try my best so that I have no regret!'

Although the debate venue was inside the Sword Clan's territory, the clan's Holy Beings had only explored this place twice. They were powerful enough by themselves, and did not need to rely on the avatars formed by the Truth of Goodwill, so the Holy Beings would ignore the avatars.

Therefore, Zen naturally assumed that the key to solving this problem was with the avatars.

As Zen was leading the Sword Clan members, Duke and his group followed him helplessly, while the grassroots True Gods were even more helpless.

Crack!

Lightning flashed, followed by the rumble of thunder.

Atlas appeared in front of Edmond out of nowhere.

There was a giant cyan bird in Edmond's enormous hand.

It was the famous Nether Hawk in the Swirl Forest. The Nether Hawk was not as fierce as it appeared, but it flew very fast.

It could track down some True Gods by following them for days and nights. It was very difficult to get rid of this bird.

It was said that the Nether Hawk could release a powerful death intent while tracing a True God. A black smoke would encircle the True God.

In the beginning, it would not cause any damage to the True God, but if the black smoke lasted for three days or so, no matter how strong the True God was, they would die without any resistance.

Therefore, if a True God was being targeted by a Nether Hawk, they would certainly kill it, or else, they would be the one to be killed.

Currently, there was a strong black smoke rising from the shoulder of Edmond, the fiend, but this Nether Hawk might not have the chance to kill him. He just pinched the Nether Hawk slightly and it let out a bitter cry. Then Edmond popped the bird into his mouth and began chewing it.

"Ugh, it tastes awful!"

Edmond said with a frown.

The Abyss Demon Region was an unimaginably terrifying place in the divine land, and yet it was much better than this damned place!

After swallowing the Nether Hawk, Edmond remarked, "You seem to be injured."

Atlas nodded respectfully and replied forlornly, "I was hurt by a low-rank True God."

"A low-rank True God?" Edmond was surprised. "Tell me, what have you found?"

"This place is indeed very strange. All my killing intentions are aimed at a group of top-rank True Gods in this damned place!" Atlas had a dubious look on his face. "I feel we exist because of them!"

Chapter 2463 The Source World

"We exist because of them," Edmond said as he glanced at the mist in the distance. "That's the truth. We were created by a strange method with the only purpose of killing those True Gods."

"In other words, it's safe to say that all this is nothing more than a basic trial for top-rank True Gods. Then, we..." Atlas suddenly frowned and stopped speaking.

"Creating a creature that has all the memories is something even a Holy Being can't do." Edmond thought for a brief moment before continuing, "I'm not interested in those guys. Take me to find the Multiple Antennae Snake so I can swallow it. After that, we'll find a way to leave this place!"

Once Edmond and Atlas gained their chance of rebirth, their ultimate goal was to obtain absolute freedom and never to be controlled by others again.

What they didn't know though, was that their efforts were in vain.

At the end of the debate venue, on the huge iron bridge, a woman with long hair could be seen strolling.

Every hair of hers was glowing with a strange luster and it poured toward the bottom of the bridge, all while slowly floating with the gentle wind.

So far, in all its existence, no one had ever crossed the iron bridge.

The Holy Beings of the Sword Clan had made it through the debate venue twice, and yet, they were still blocked by the iron bridge.

Generally speaking, as an incarnation of fear, this woman wasn't qualified to cross the iron bridge, either.

Despite all that, there she was, walking along the iron bridge, completely safe and sound.

After she crossed over the iron bridge, she disappeared into a small cave.

The cave wall, on the other hand, was full of observant, curious eyes. As she entered, all the eyes swiveled and rolled in her direction.

She kept an indifferent look on her face and moved along.

She stopped, and at her feet, a deep well appeared. The aura that it exuded was extremely strong. So much so, in fact, that one could presume that the aura throughout the Non-combat Zone was flowing out of this well.

Without a moment's hesitation, the woman jumped down into the well.

Thump!

She landed loudly on her two feet. The well was only about a hundred feet in height, and she reached the bottom in an instant.

At the bottom of the well, a skeleton held a long sword. He had maintained his sitting posture all this time.

"Harper," the long haired woman called out in a low voice.

The skeleton sat still on the ground. He was motionless and had no reaction whatsoever. He was just a pile of bones.

"Are you really dead?" The long haired woman asked, staring at the skeleton.

"A powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm holds a detached attitude to the past as well as to the future. You aren't easy to kill off. Stop pretending. Just say something!" the long haired woman frowned as she spoke even louder now.

The skeleton though, still remained motionless.

The long haired woman couldn't help but curl the bones at the skeleton's sternum. She did so with a slight flick of her hair. Her only intentions now were to drag the skeleton out.

When she yanked, the chances were that the skeleton would be pulled to pieces.

Buzz...

All of a sudden, a faint yellow light flashed through the skeleton's hollow eyes. What was more, the bones that made his body began to creak and crack.

A pair of skinny bone hands quickly grasped the wisp of hair. The skeleton opened his mouth slightly, from which came an ethereal voice. "Don't pull me. Stop! My old bones can't be yanked in such a violent way!"

"Why didn't you just answer me earlier, then?" The long haired woman asked expressionlessly and rather annoyed. As soon as she finished speaking, the wisp of black hair quickly withdrew and returned to her head. She then immediately asked, "Whose fear incarnation am I?"

The long haired woman hadn't shown up for many, many divine eras now.

She was so direct with the skeleton because becoming a fear incarnation was in fact extremely rare.

The skeleton was silent for a moment, and then replied coldly, "You're quite a smart individual. You should be capable of figuring that out on your own, right?"

The long haired woman lowered her head to look at the ground, and remained silent for a short while. Then, she nodded.

It had been a long time since she appeared in the divine land.

Only a select few people knew of her existence there.

She'd met the young man a few years ago through the eye of a Spiritual Crow in an underground world.

"Am I really that scary?" The long haired woman questioned, resentfully.

The skeleton smiled faintly and then said, "Of course you aren't scary! That said though, if I were to see a woman who looks exactly like my sister, I'm afraid to say that I'd definitely feel shocked."

"Sister!?"

the long haired woman exclaimed as she frowned anew.

The skeleton nodded his skull up and down. "Both he and his sister have come. You're their mother. Why don't you go meet them? Why have you come here to meet me instead?"

The skeleton pointed out toward the distance.

The wall on the opposing side of the deep well began to move and spread out like ripples.

On the screen, Zen could be seen leading a group of people through the mist.

"He's very intelligent. He's already discovered the method for breaking through the debate venue. Perhaps he really can obtain all of my inheritance." The skeleton's words revealed a hint of appreciation.

The long haired woman said nothing but fixed her eyes on the screen. A tinge of sadness washed over her and settled in her eyes. "I... I didn't even spend an entire day with them."

"The situation at the time didn't allow you to do so. It's not your fault. Back in the day, I truly thought Mike had acted rashly when he placed Zen and Yan in his inner world. Now though, I can admit that I may have been wrong," the skeleton said flatly. "Mike has made something impossible possible. That said, he's also had to pay a heavy price for the latter."

Hearing what the skeleton was saying, the long haired woman showed a relaxed face and smiled faintly. "Although you have been an Other Shore Realm powerhouse and have reached a higher level of life, you might not be smarter than my husband. He's still much more far-sighted than you are!"

"Far-sighted? So what? Who cares?" The skeleton shook his skull. "It's too late. It's too late for Zen and Yan to obtain my inheritance. We have been falling for too long now. We've arrived in the depth of pure chaos. The ship has already been targeted by the Out-of-Land Fiends."

"The Out-of-Land Fiends? What do you mean by that?" The woman with long hair frowned as she asked her question.

"Well, I've never seen them myself before. The chaos is just too huge. There aren't many records of the Out-of-Land Fiends in the Source World, but I've already noticed their existence," the skeleton replied. "And even without the existence of the Out-of-Land Fiends, you still wouldn't have any chances at winning!"

"Ah. I believe them," the long haired woman said calmly as she kept her composure.

"I hope so. But I'm afraid it's hard to say whether or not Zen and Yan will get through this. They have made the right decision, but the fiend has equally made the same choice." The skeleton pointed to the picture displayed on the well wall.

As she listened to him speak, the long haired woman felt utterly shocked.

Earlier, she had felt suspicious about whether she was the fear incarnation that Zen had created.

Now though, she'd confirmed that both Zen and Yan were located in the debate venue.

How could they even fight against the fiend?

She felt extremely anxious about protecting her children.

"I should have killed him right away!"

The long haired woman wore a murderous look on her face. In a flash, she jumped out of the deep well and quickly crossed back over the iron bridge.

Chapter 2464 The Passable Path

As soon as the long-haired woman left, the skeleton returned to his original, motionless state.

He gripped his long sword in his hand and went back to staring at the scene on the well wall with empty eyes.

"They haven't given up. They really are a persistent family." The skeleton let out a long, final sigh. "Although there's only a very slight chance, I'd actually like to see them succeed. I'll grant them with this opportunity..."

The debate venue and the entire Non-combat Zone were completely under the skeleton's control.

Although Zen had inferred that something was wrong in the debate venue, he still had high hopes that he'd figure the mystery out.

However, he didn't know that the mystery was controlled by the skeleton!

The skeleton could give his heritage to anyone, as long as such was as he desired.

That said though, if he didn't agree, then no one could pass through the debate venue.

The mist was heavy and white.

Zen, with both his feet on the flying sword, rushed forward.

Reinhard followed right behind him, anxiously.

This situation was now completely out of his control. He no longer had any idea what to do.

According to Reinhard's initial plan, he was supposed to be the one escorting Zen and his sister through the debate venue.

After seeing Zen's avatar, Reinhard was very hopeful about the debate over the Godly Ways.

He had never expected that the incarnations of fears he encountered in the debate venue this time would be the most powerful ones he'd ever seen.

What would they encounter under Zen's lead?

Howl!

A roar rang out loudly from the mist.

Suddenly, a huge shadow was rushing out toward them as fast it possibly could.

"Giant ape!" someone screamed.

"It's the Giant Mountain Ape that is hiding in the Swirl Forest..."

"It's only a fifth-level beast. It might not even be too difficult to deal with it..."

All the same, the fact remained that it was very difficult for one top-rank True God to fight against a fifth-level beast.

However, there were more than a hundred top-rank True Gods gathered together now, and each of them was ready for combat. For them, dealing with such a ferocious beast was as simple as pie.

"Attack!" Zen shouted at the top of his lungs.

A bright burst of light flashed in his eyes.

He quickly circled around in the sky on his flying sword!

Howl!

As it grew more and more annoyed, the Giant Mountain Ape waved its thousand-foot long arm, in an attempt to pinch Zen flat between its finger and thumb.

This wasn't Zen's first time facing the Giant Mountain Ape.

Once before, he had been besieged by the giant apes in the fairy palace.

In fact, those giant apes had really put him under great pressure at the time. He still remembered it as if it happened yesterday.

Now though, things had changed. He was much stronger than before. Although he was only a low-rank True God, his strength was extremely powerful!

Whoosh!

Zen, who was still standing on the flying sword, rolled slightly, like a nimble swallow. He passed through the Giant Mountain Ape's huge palm.

With a somersault, Zen flipped over and kicked the flying sword toward the ape's arm.

As the flying sword pierced the Giant Mountain Ape's skin in an instant, Zen grasped the sword's handle and ran upward along the ape's arm.

The sharp flying sword, dragged by Zen and his ultimate force, immediately caused a huge gash in the giant ape's long arm!

Blood poured out like a waterfall.

Howl!

The Giant Mountain Ape went berserk in pain, screaming and yelling at the top of its lungs.

It stretched its other hand and tried to grab Zen, but with every attempt, it failed anew.

Zen ran all the way up and jumped directly onto the Giant Mountain Ape's shoulder!

The Giant Mountain Ape turned around in a split-second. It bared its teeth, unexpectedly about to bite Zen!

"Humph!"

Zen's eyes flashed again, even brighter this time.

The strength source surged, and two invisible swords shot out. Both of them dug directly into the Giant Mountain Ape's eyes.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

The Giant Mountain Ape's two enormous pupils burst open at once.

With another curdling howl, the Giant Mountain Ape covered its eyes with its hands and rolled on the ground in pain.

It was at that exact moment that Yan's graceful figure floated over.

She got close to the Giant Mountain Ape's head, seemingly reciting something.

A purple light flashed in her black pupils at once, and a ring shadow shrouded the Giant Mountain Ape's head.

A few seconds later, she began to shout out loudly.

"Entangle! Explode! Exterminate!"

Buzz! Buzz!

As the circular ring spun around and around, a peculiar white swirl immediately wrapped around the Giant Mountain Ape's head.

It was then that Zen felt a strange force bursting outward from the Giant Mountain Ape's skull.

The Giant Mountain Ape had infinite strength as well as a very strong life energy.

Even though half of its head had been blown up, it still just wouldn't give in. It only became even more ferocious, instead.

Its hair stood on end like spikes, and a tremendous power seemed to radiate out from its body in endless rays.

It was at that very moment that things took a turn, however.

It was as if an incredible invisible force had swept completely over them.

The Giant Mountain Ape died suddenly and became nothing more than a heap on the ground.

As he watched the scene play out before him, Zen sighed to himself and his heart sank. Yan's approach had been truly unreasonable.

Now, he understood.

The word 'entangle' was only to fix the Giant Mountain Ape's head without hurting it.

And the word 'explode' would cause a violent explosion at a fixed place, which was in Giant Mountain Ape's head. In other words, like a ticking bomb, the ape's head had exploded to bits.

Although these two methods were considered strange and uncommon, both were still acceptable.

On the other hand, the word 'exterminate' could have killed the Giant Mountain Ape immediately. Wasn't it too overbearing? The question was reasonable.

"Is it possible to kill any living creature through the use of the 'exterminate' word trick?" Zen asked curiously.

Yan smiled faintly. "Of course not. I can only launch the attack under certain, specific conditions. Otherwise, the attack would be of no avail."

"Under certain, specific conditions, huh? What conditions?" Zen asked, more eagerly this time.

Yan blinked and said, "Only when the soul has become weak to a specific extent."

The Giant Mountain Ape had a strong body, of course, but its soul wasn't particularly powerful. Despite that, Yan was still unable to destroy it.

After she used the word 'explode' in order to damage its brain and severely hurt its soul, the 'exterminate' word gave way to its full effect.

If she ever faced a few creatures with weak souls, she would be capable of uttering the word 'exterminate' to kill them off with ease.

"In other words, it's a kind of soul attack. Am I right?" Zen asked, using his curious tone once again.

"Yes, you are. Harold has said that if my soul is strong enough, I can almost kill all living creatures, even Holy Beings, through uttering a single word." Yan smiled with confidence. "Of course, my soul can't be strong to that extent. Not yet, at least."

Such a theurgy made Zen admire her so much, and Yan's ability had genuinely been beyond his wildest imagination.

As for the other top-rank True Gods standing behind them, they were all stunned, their eyes wide as they stared at Zen and Yan.

Reinhard was holding his scabbard in his hand so tightly that his knuckles were turning white. His face was pale with embarrassment.

He had planned to summon the disciples of the Sword Clan to attack the Giant Mountain Ape together, but to his surprise, Zen and his sister had killed it on their own. They did so with ease and in approximately ten seconds. Reinhard even had an illusion and was left wondering whether or not it was a fifth-level beast.

Upon facing Zen and his sister, the beast had been too weak.

After killing the Giant Mountain Ape, the team continued marching forward without hesitating.

On their way, they encountered two more fear incarnations. However, these two fear incarnations were not as powerful as the ape they had defeated not long ago. Beneath Zen and his sister's lead, who appeared totally unbeatable, the others simply had no chance of fighting back.

After having walked for dozens of miles, everyone began noticing at once that the mist in front of them was becoming very strange.

The thick white mist dispersed at once from both sides and suddenly formed a passable path!

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Kanzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

45

Content

Chapter 2465 A Cyan Stone Tablet
Chapter 2466 Height
Chapter 2467 Breakthrough
Chapter 2468 Energy-extracting Needles
Chapter 2469 The Sword Array
Chapter 2470 Be Overtaken
Chapter 2471 A Glimmer Of Hope
Chapter 2472 Carve The Name
Chapter 2473 Footsteps
Chapter 2474 The Mad Duke
Chapter 2475 Determination
Chapter 2476 Shadow Of Snake Goddess
Chapter 2477 Sword Light
Chapter 2478 Got Serious
Chapter 2479 A Nobler Being
Chapter 2480 Mother
Chapter 2481 Precious Memory
Chapter 2482 Poor Duke
Chapter 2483 Nine Li People
Chapter 2484 Responsibility
Chapter 2485 Bloodline
Chapter 2486 The Past
Chapter 2487 Resolution
Chapter 2488 The Sun-resisting Umbrella
Chapter 2489 The Ancient Sword
Chapter 2490 Dispute
Chapter 2491 A Sudden Change
Chapter 2492 Change Harper's Mind
Chapter 2493 Departure
Chapter 2494 The Results
Chapter 2495 Dealing Method
Chapter 2496 The Sun Essence Flames
Chapter 2497 Whirlpool
Chapter 2498 The Creatures In The Sun
Chapter 2499 Palace
Chapter 2500 Looking Down At The Divine Land

Chapter 2501 Control
Chapter 2502 The Red Light Band
Chapter 2503 The Out-of-Land Fiends
Chapter 2504 Control The Shadow Bearing Sword
Chapter 2505 Battle In Mind
Chapter 2506 Fusion
Chapter 2507 Writing The Rule
Chapter 2508 Murphy Was Released
Chapter 2509 Look For His Mom
Chapter 2510 The Underground
Chapter 2511 Meeting Lorena Again
Chapter 2512 The Origin Of Spiritual Darkness
Chapter 2513 Mike's Ambition
Chapter 2514 Breakthrough
Chapter 2515 Hamish Hu
Chapter 2516 Approaching
Chapter 2517 Face The Danger
Chapter 2518 Perish Together
Chapter 2519 Leaving The Divine Land
Chapter 2520 Wild Bone

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 2465 A Cyan Stone Tablet

It was obvious that a power separated the mist, almost straight down the middle, providing them with a path.

The path that had appeared out of the blue was abnormal, however.

When the crowd saw this scene, their eyes flashed with reason.

Reinhard, a warrior from the Sword Clan, was clearly the most familiar with the debate venue.

But he never heard that there was such a path in the debate venue.

"Is this a trap?" Reinhard asked, wanting to proceed cautiously.

Zen just shrugged his shoulders carelessly and walked forward with his sister by his side.

One way or another, it was useless overthinking things. They simply had no other choice.

Reinhard watched their receding figures for a moment with a bitter smile plastered on his face. It appeared as though Zen and Yan didn't have any psychological burden whatsoever.

"Reinhard, are we really going in there, too?" Solomon asked, worriedly.

Reinhard only nodded firmly and led the Sword Clan disciples forward at a brisk pace.

As for the True Gods of humble origins, as well as the members of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, they also chose to catch up, although they had hesitated for a good while.

Because there was no longer any mist obstructing their view, everything in front of them became clear as day. They could see very far off into the distance, without anything blocking the way.

After about 20 miles of marching, deep marks began to appear on the ground. These marks seemed to outline strange arrays in certain shapes.

"These arrays... These arrays are very similar to those where the avatars were summoned! Don't you think?" Reinhard was amazed and excited as he spoke.

He quickly jumped into an array in an attempt to activate it.

However, the array didn't respond, not in the least.

"Why isn't it activating?" Reinhard questioned aloud, now feeling quite confused.

Zen took a careful look at these marks which continued spreading far off into the distance. So much so, in fact, that Zen couldn't see where they ended.

"Maybe these marks are different from what we imagine." Zen offered his hypothesis lightly, moving briskly along the marks that extended endlessly.

Reinhard glanced over at Solomon and ordered, "Plant the Eye of Perception. Do it now!"

There was necessary information that needed to be seen by the Sword Clan leaders.

Upon noticing the strange marks as well, the other True Gods revealed an expectant look as they picked up their pace in order to catch up with Zen and the others.

As for Duke and the rest, they looked at one another and unanimously chose to follow the group, too.

Unwittingly, Zen seemed to have led them to an unusual, outlandish place.

The marks on the ground continued to spread until they reached the very end.

"Look! Over here! There's a stone tablet!"

Zen's eyes flashed with excitement as he saw the towering cyan stone tablet.

What was more, on the cyan stone tablet, a circle of strange Sanskrit words were neatly drawn.

"What unique Sanskrit words!"

"I'm going to copy them!"

"..."

The True Gods who could participate in the debate had studied plenty of Sanskrit words in their time.

As they indulged in their discovery of such unique Sanskrit words in this place, they felt as though they had just fallen upon the greatest of treasures. How could any of them be willing to bypass this opportunity?

Even Zen had taken out a few of his duplicating stone tablets from his space ring that he'd received in the Famous Sword Divine City. He, too, began to copy the Sanskrit words on the stone tablet.

While everyone was busy copying the Sanskrit words in a haste, Yan was the only one who appeared bored, and certainly, with nothing to do.

She walked directly over to the stone tablet and looked upward. A faint smile appeared on her face. "Zen, come and have a look at this!"

Zen activated the duplicating stone tablets in his hand and aimed them at the Sanskrit words. It wasn't before long that the duplicating stone tablets began to display the same Sanskrit words.

As he heard Yan call out to him, he responded and reluctantly walked over to her.

Looking up in the direction Yan was pointing, Zen was suddenly shocked to his very core. "This..." he uttered.

It turned out that behind the huge stone tablet were carved a series of large, impressive words.

The words were vigorous and elegant, of course, but they equally contained the Non-combat Zone's special aura.

"If you want my inheritance, please leave your name on the top of the stone tablet. The most outstanding warrior will be the winner!"

This wasn't necessarily the golden opportunity Zen had been looking, nor hoping for.

He'd imagined that the Other Shore Realm powerhouse's inheritance had to be located at the end of the debate venue.

At least, this was what the Holy Beings were led to believe at the time.

For this reason, it took them a great deal of energy to get through the debate venue. At last, they were stopped by the iron bridge.

From the very beginning to the very end, they hadn't received anything. Absolutely nothing.

Zen, on his behalf, had also been misled.

At first, he also figured that the end of the debate venue was this trip's main objective.

However, on the way, Zen found that the setup of the debate venue was much too unreasonable. Thus, he proceeded without a plan in an attempt to find other golden opportunities. Perhaps this place could provide him with even more powerful weapons.

It had never occurred to him though, that a path would suddenly appear in the mist, guiding them straight to this place.

The more he took the time to observe this location, the more he realized that they were probably standing right in the middle of the Other Shore Realm powerhouse's inheritance place.

It was simply unbelievable! Zen felt astonished in every way.

Of course, Zen didn't know that five minutes ago, a wedge-shaped space had appeared in front of the skeleton in the deep well. The skeleton gently drew a line in the air with his white, bony finger. Only when the skeleton performed this action did Zen see the path without the mist.

In other words, the mist covering the path had originally been created by the skeleton who equally controlled it.

While a few of the True Gods were still busy copying the Sanskrit words, the others had taken notice of Zen's excited expression. They all quickly bypassed the stone tablet and looked upward, too.

"Ah!" Reinhard saw the words and he exclaimed, "This... This is..."

Reinhard couldn't believe his own eyes at the very sight of these words.

It had never occurred to him, either. After having endured such difficult times, was it really possible that they had fallen upon the inheritance in such an easy, effortless manner? He couldn't believe it. In fact, no one could.

After seeing the stone tablet, Solomon immediately planted the Eye of Perception.

In the Heavenly Sword Divine City, Harold and Marsh watched remotely and were also filled with disbelief.

"Isn't the inheritance at the end of the debate venue? I don't understand what's going on there!"

Although Marsh had tried his best to cross the iron bridge in his turn, he had ultimately failed.

It was in this very moment that he realized he might have been going in the wrong direction the entire time.

However, Harold shook his head and answered, "That's not necessarily true. Perhaps the ship's captain doesn't want any other men to obtain the inheritance. Have you thought of that?"

Taking the mist that had disappeared into consideration, it wasn't difficult to have come to such a conclusion.

As he was reminded of the latter, Marsh only nodded. That said, an incredulous look in his eyes remained. "Are you trying to say that the captain of the ship takes the inheritance out on purpose? And what's his purpose?"

"He specifically wants to hand it over to either Zen or Yan," Harold answered.

As he listened to Harold's response, Marsh fell speechless.

"If I want to obtain the inheritance, then I have to leave my name on the top of the stone tablet. That's easy! A piece of cake!"

Someone else had taken the lead.

A top-rank True God of humble origin was the first to rush up. He shot at the top of the cyan stone tablet with might.

However, his speed suddenly became incomparably slow.

A powerful aura emitted itself from the huge words spread at the top of the cyan stone tablet and pressed down on the top-rank True God.

One hundred feet...

Two hundred feet...

Three hundred feet...

As the True God continued to rise, the pressure only became greater and greater. He could barely endure it anymore.

Thump!

When the True God reached a height of approximately four hundred feet, he stopped abruptly, seemingly having crashed into an invisible wall.

He fell down like a stone thrown into a pool at once.

He didn't reach the top of the cyan stone tablet. There was no way for him to mark his name. It was completely impossible.

As the other True Gods watched the scene, they naturally followed suit, but most of them equally stopped at the four-hundred-foot mark.

Anywhere above that, it was as though they were stopped by an invisible wall of irreproachable strength.

"Let me try!"

Wesley shouted.

His body turned into a cyan light, and a pair of illusory cyan wings suddenly spiraled out and spread around him.

He flapped his wings a couple times before flying upward with precision and skill.

Just as Wesley was about to reach four hundred feet in height, his body began trembling violently. He lost control of himself!

"Humph!" he grunted.

He flapped his wings once more. This time, he broke through the invisible wall and flew all the way up.

Chapter 2466 Height

According to the words on the cyan stone tablet, the inheritance would go to the warrior whose name was inscribed at the top of the tablet. Only the most excellent would be rewarded.

And there was no set limit to prove that one was excellent.

The higher the position of the inscription, the better.

Although Wesley was not very old, he was still a rare talent in the Dongfang Clan.

After breaking through four hundred feet, he did not abruptly leave his name, but continued to rush upward.

"The Truth of Goodwill and Malice is really powerful," Wesley said excitedly. "But our Dongfang Clan's skill is also good!"

Besides the Truth of Godly Way, Wesley activated a secret cultivation method, causing a vast force to burst out of his body.

It was this force that made him accelerate into the sky.

Five hundred feet...

Six hundred feet...

Seven hundred feet...

When he broke through seven hundred feet in the air and raised his head, he was able to see the top of the cyan stone tablet.

The entire cyan stone tablet looked to be about a thousand feet in height.

If he managed to leave his name at the height of a thousand feet, he would definitely be able to obtain the inheritance.

But after crossing seven hundred feet, he felt the space around him become viscous, as if he was flying through thick, heavy oil, instead of air, and he felt like he was being dragged down by countless hands.

"I've reached the limit..."

Seven hundred and twenty feet.

A small snake-like knife appeared in Wesley's hand.

The knife hurtled toward the tablet, followed by a few crisp sounds.

To Wesley's surprise, the material of the cyan stone tablet was soft. It was not hard at all to carve his name into it.

Soon, a few letters appeared on the cyan stone tablet, spelling out "Wesley."

Whoosh!

As soon as his name was inscribed, Wesley fell and landed on the ground.

Looking up at his name on the tablet, Wesley smiled and said, "Duke, it's not that hard to carve words on the tablet."

Duke nodded excitedly.

The True Gods had originally been worried that it would be extremely difficult to carve words on the stone tablet, but Wesley's words dispelled their misgivings.

Now, all of them were eager to try their hand at getting the inheritance.

Many had come to the debate venue before and gone home with empty hands.

Moreover, most of them had gone through all kinds of hardships and almost lost their lives.

Anyone who reached this point alive was either powerful or extremely lucky.

Now that this great chance had appeared for them, they all wanted to make the most of it.

After all, they were all only one step away from obtaining the inheritance in the debate venue. For countless years, no one else had come even close to this point.

"Let me do it!"

Reinhard was losing his patience.

Although Marsh had given the order that the Luo siblings were to be the biggest protagonists in the debate venue, who wouldn't want to be the master of the world?

Being from the Sword Clan, Reinhard believed that his clan would want him to gain the inheritance of the debate venue regardless of Marsh's orders.

Reinhard was clear that he didn't have much hope, but he didn't want to give up without even trying.

His eyes flashed with a bright light. Then, the next moment, he lifted the long sword in his hand and shot upward.

Whoosh!

He pierced through the air like a sharp arrow.

"Well done!"

"Reinhard! Bro! Go for it!"

The members of the Sword Clan looked up at Reinhard in admiration. After all, Reinhard was the central figure of their group.

And by the looks of it, he was twice as fast as Wesley.

In the blink of an eye, he had reached a height of four hundred feet.

Seeing this, the facial expressions of Duke, Wesley, Tyrone, and Ellis darkened slightly.

At this moment, everyone was secretly calculating their next move.

Also, they were hoping that Reinhard wouldn't be able to beat Wesley's record.

However, Reinhard became even more determined after breaking through four hundred feet.

Whoosh!

He continued to rise up, but now, he traveled at a stable speed that was neither fast nor slow.

Five hundred feet, six hundred feet, seven hundred feet...

Just like Wesley, Reinhard slowed down after breaking through seven hundred feet.

"What a strong pressure!"

Reinhard gritted his teeth and his face became extremely twisted.

He held the long sword in his hand and bit his lips hard.

"Come on!"

With that yell, a sharp force burst out from his body.

It was the Sword Clan's Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

In terms of the comprehension of the Truth of Godly Way, Reinhard was especially outstanding. In fact, even some of the consummate True Gods in the Sword Clan were inferior to him.

When he activated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, it looked to everyone like he had lost his vitality.

It gave them the strange illusion that he was not a flesh and blood body anymore, but a sword.

"Eh?"

Zen watched Reinhard with great interest.

In order to activate the Emotion Closing Godly Way fully, Zen had cultivated to the state of Ripping Consciousness.

But Ripping Consciousness did not completely eliminate his consciousness.

Reinhard, on the other hand, seemed to have somehow turned himself into a cold weapon.

"It is no wonder that he's so angry when talking about the Emotion Closing Godly Way. If he merges the Emotion Closing Godly Way with his own cultivation method, it will immediately be brought to a terrifying level..."

Whoosh!

After activating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, Reinhard rushed upward again.

Seven hundred and twenty feet...

Seven hundred and thirty feet...

Seven hundred and forty feet...

Seeing Reinhard surpassing him, Wesley's face darkened and his eyes gleamed with killing intent.

Now that he had been surpassed, it meant that he had no chance of getting the inheritance.

The disciples of the Sword Clan cheered. Although Reinhard was superior to just two of the True Gods present, the height he had reached said otherwise. What was more, he didn't seem to have any intention of slowing down.

"It's not enough!"

Reinhard gritted his teeth.

Faint traces of sword textures appeared on his face.

All the momentum in his inner world surged madly like a flood.

"Flaming sword!"

Splash!

The blood-red sword textures on his face seemed to be burnt, and he shot up with newfound energy.

Seven hundred and eighty feet...

Seven hundred and ninety feet...

Eight hundred feet!

At this point, Reinhard turned over in the air, and the sword in his hand vibrated to form a beautiful shape.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The long sword sparked against the cyan stone tablet.

The word "Reinhard" was carved on the stone tablet and then he fell down.

His name was inscribed eighty feet higher than Wesley's.

Even though Wesley was annoyed, he had no objections. After all, he knew the difficulty of surpassing any distance above seven hundred feet.

Reinhard was indeed stronger than him.

As the skeleton in the well stared at the scene on the wall, a glimmer of light flashed in his hollow eyes.

"I didn't expect that there would be such a talent among the younger generation of the Sword Clan. He left his name at eight hundred feet. Very good!"

Being adjacent to the Sword Clan, the skeleton had witnessed the early growth of the Sword Clan.

During that period, he had even silently given some help to the Sword Clan through the Sunrest Tree.

It was just that he had never thought of leaving his inheritance to this clan.

Chapter 2467 Breakthrough

Deep in the skeleton's heart, he knew that he would eventually be destroyed with the destruction of this world.

He had been prepared for it ever since he had left the Source World.

His inheritance would disappear subsequently.

This ship carried both hope and destruction.

What he was pursuing was now meaningless.

He watched them struggle and fight in vain, striving for every opportunity.

In this way, a one in a trillion chance could be turned into two in a trillion.

He had once thought it ridiculous. Sure, the probability was doubled, but two in a trillion was still smaller than a grain of sand on the seashore.

However, with these minuscule chances, they had made it to the debate venue.

The skeleton finally understood what the long-haired woman had said; even a one in a trillion chance could mean a lot.

They had transformed that one in a trillion chance into one in a hundred thousand.

Because of that, a faint hope blossomed in his dead grey heart.

After Reinhard carved his name at a height of eight hundred feet, the other True Gods also gave it a try.

"Six hundred and sixty feet!"

"Five hundred and twenty feet..."

"Five hundred and seventy feet..."

It could be seen from this that the strength of the True Gods of the Floating Islands was higher than that of the grassroots True Gods.

Most of the True Gods of the Floating Islands could break through a height of six hundred feet, while the grassroots True Gods, with the exception of a few, reached only a height of five hundred feet. Occasionally, some of them could break through the height of six hundred feet.

Although the vast majority of people could not reach the terrific height of eight hundred feet, their hopes weren't extinguished.

And Wesley also tried it a second time.

This time, he used all his strength, but he only got ten feet higher—seven hundred and thirty feet. That was his real limit.

And as soon as he reached that height, he fell down, not having the strength to even carve his name.

"Brother, it's my turn," Yan said to Zen with a smile.

Zen nodded. Yan stepped off the ground lightly and rose up at a steady speed.

Most of the True Gods kicked off the ground with maximum force and shot upward at the beginning so that they could break the obstruction of four hundred feet to the highest extent.

But Yan didn't plan to follow them. Instead, she floated slowly like a butterfly.

When she reached a height of four hundred feet, her body twisted slightly to the side, as if she was dodging the invisible barrier.

The True Gods below had no idea how she managed to avoid that barrier.

After crossing four hundred feet, she glanced up and gently said a word.

"Speed."

After she activated the Truth of Holy Words, her speed suddenly soared.

She was rising extremely fast now.

Whoosh!

Without any hesitation, she advanced upward at top speed.

Reinhard watched Yan with an unreadable expression on his face.

Although his mission was to protect Yan, he was also competing with her right now.

Deep inside, he didn't want Yan to surpass him.

But considering the overall situation, Reinhard hoped that Yan could climb as high as possible.

After all, some of the prominent True Gods from the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, such as Duke and Tyrone, had not tried their hand yet. If Reinhard was surpassed by these people, he would be very upset.

But Reinhard could never have imagined the result...

After reaching seven hundred feet, although her speed had dropped a little, Yan was still unstoppable.

"She moves up so easily!"

"She will break through eight hundred feet, right?"

"Alas! We've all come here in vain..."

The True Gods who had already carved their names didn't care. After all, Reinhard had made an insurmountable record before Yan had risen up.

But there were still some True Gods who hadn't taken part yet. If Yan were to reach a terrifying height, they might have no need to try.

By now, Yan's figure had effortlessly risen to a height of eight hundred feet.

But after passing eight hundred feet, she seemed to face a stronger pressure.

Everyone clearly saw her swaying around like a leaf caught in the violent wind.

However, her pretty face was full of determination.

'I am going to reach the highest point.' This was the only thought in Yan's mind.

Eight hundred and ten feet...

Eight hundred and twenty feet...

Although she was shaking, she reached the height of eight hundred and eighty feet before floating there without rising or falling.

"She stopped?"

"How could she be able to stop and float there?"

After reaching a certain height, many of the True Gods hadn't even had the strength to carve their names.

However, Yan was able to hover in the air and she still seemed to have strength left.

This scene was simply unbelievable in the eyes of the True Gods.

"Is she really that powerful?"

"Unbelievable..."

"But I think she is in great pain too."

Zen looked at his sister, his eyes filled with concern.

Although he did not want Yan to push herself too hard, he knew that she hoped to prove herself with this. It could be considered her obsessiveness.

"Well done! Harold, it seems that she can reach the height of nine hundred feet," Gibson Sword said with a smile as he stared at Yan.

After watching Reinhard reach the height of eight hundred feet, as the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan, Marsh and Gibson had both been relieved.

If Reinhard got the inheritance of the skeleton, it would be a great fortune for the Sword Clan.

And since then, no one had been able to surpass Reinhard. The two Holy Beings had been a little proud in front of Harold.

But as soon as Yan had started to try, she had left Reinhard's name far behind without any suspense.

Gibson admired her performance, but in his heart, he was a little disappointed.

"I told you, Yan will definitely be able to obtain the inheritance," said Harold with certainty.

Marsh rolled his eyes. "You did, but Zen hasn't had his turn yet. Maybe her brother will get the inheritance."

"He can't fly," answered Harold.

Hearing such an answer, the two Holy Beings were left speechless.

It did make sense.

The top-rank True Gods could fly without anything, but Zen could only fly with his flying sword.

It might not be much of a disadvantage for him during battles, but in this case, it would have a huge impact on his abilities.

After all, he would constantly have to split his focus between rising up and driving the flying sword under his feet.

Just as they were talking, the purple light in Yan's eyes suddenly brightened.

She lowered her head and murmured to herself.

A ring appeared under her feet.

"Break! Speed! Strength!"

Buzz!

As the circular ring began to spin, her body suddenly shot up.

As she climbed, everyone heard a harsh grating sound around her body.

One could only imagine how much resistance she had to face.

Even so, Yan broke through the barrier and reached a height of nine hundred and twenty feet!

As she pointed at the cyan stone tablet with her finger, its surface sank.

A huge "Yan" appeared on the stone tablet, and then she rolled down.

Chapter 2468 Energy-extracting Needles

Everyone fell into silence when they looked at the graceful strokes of Yan's name carved onto the stone tablet at a height of 920 feet.

Some of the True Gods didn't want to accept the result and planned to try a second or even third time, even though they knew deep in their hearts that Yan's record was unbreakable.

They looked at Yan's slender and weak figure and couldn't believe that she could have done this.

"I'm afraid no one can climb higher than that," the guy with soybean-like eyes raised his head and declared.

"Yan, you were great!" Zen also praised her.

Yan looked up at the word she had engraved and smiled. "Brother, aren't you going to do it?"

Zen glanced at the group Duke was in, and then shook his head. "There's no hurry."

Since Yan had occupied the first place, Zen was not in a hurry to mark his name on the cyan stone tablet.

Moreover, no one from the alliance of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands had tried yet. To make sure that he won, Zen decided to be the last one to do it.

"Then let me do it," said the soybean-eyed guy with a faint smile.

As soon as he finished his sentence, a cyan cyclone appeared beneath his feet. As the cyclone circled around, his body spun faster and faster, and a spiraled mass of power began to rapidly rise.

Four more True Gods also began to climb the cyan stone tablet at the same time.

Duke squinted as he looked at the top of the stone tablet.

He couldn't help but feel irritated when he saw the name "Yan" inscribed on it.

"Duke, what should we do?" Tyrone asked.

Tyrone was a warrior of the Mu Clan and had been cultivated by Rachelle.

He had entered the debate venue for the sole purpose of helping Rachelle take revenge.

According to Rachelle's instructions, Yan was not important. Regardless of whether Zen had a chance to obtain the inheritance of the debate venue, his priority was to kill Zen!

However, the strength shown by Yan and the disciples of the Sword Clan had made Duke become very cautious.

That was why he had warned everyone in his party not to act rashly.

Tyrone had also realized that he might not be able to defeat Yan, so he was controlling himself with all his might.

Now that the inheritance of the debate venue had been found and Yan was about to get it, he became anxious.

"Help me," said Duke, staring at the stone tablet.

"How can I help you?" Tyrone was confused. "Do you want us to fight together?"

"Fight? No." Duke shook his head. "Help me beat Yan's record!"

The truth was, he was very conflicted.

He had clearly seen the shadow of the fiend named Edmond in the mist. He was sure that he must be in the debate venue, but he hadn't seen him again along the way.

Now, everyone was trying to mark their names on the cyan stone tablet, but the fiend still hadn't appeared.

'Zen and Yan getting the inheritance?

Not on my watch, ' Duke thought to himself.

He had found himself in an unexpected situation. Under these circumstances, he could only fight against it with his own ability.

With a slight wave of his hand, seven Phoenix-head Golden Needles appeared on his palm, and a Dragon-head Silver Needle appeared on his other palm.

"Energy-extracting Needles!"

Seeing the needles in Duke's hands, Tyrone frowned.

"This is the only way," Duke said through life vitality.

The other members of the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands all pulled a long face.

Energy-extracting Needles were unique secret weapons of the Dongfang Clan. Using a Phoenix-head Golden Needle, a warrior could draw out another warrior's energy and use it as their own.

But the process would have a great impact on the elixir field, inner world, and Godly Tile of the warrior whose energy was extracted.

The Dongfang Clan members only used this method when they absolutely had to.

"I don't think it's necessary yet," Tyrone said, shaking his head.

"Duke, maybe you can surpass Yan?" agreed Ellis.

No one wanted to be pricked by those needles.

Duke shook his head. "Don't you all see? Zen hasn't made a move yet."

"Zen Luo?"

"The guy is not even a top-rank True God. He can't even fly. It's impossible for him to mark his name on the cyan stone tablet, right?"

"I think so too. Duke, if you surpass Yan, you'll win!"

Hearing these words, Duke smiled bitterly. "It's not that easy to surpass 920 feet. Besides, I think Zen hasn't made a move yet because he is confident that he can jump higher than Yan."

Seeing that the others didn't believe him, he had no choice but to continue. "If you really want me to break through the height of 920 feet, you'd better use the Energy-extracting Needles. If I get the inheritance, you'll all enjoy better treatment in your clans!"

A look of interest suddenly appeared on all their faces.

Duke was right; if they really obtained the inheritance of the debate venue, they would be able to establish their status within their clans.

It was worth opening themselves up to the damage of the Energy-extracting Needles.

Duke seized the opportunity and sent the seven Phoenix-head Golden Needles toward the seven True Gods.

Meanwhile, he pointed the Dragon-head Silver Needle toward his chest and patted it slightly. In an instant, the needle pierced through his chest, leaving behind only a small and exquisite dragon head.

Tyrone gazed at the Phoenix-head Golden Needle in front of him for a while before making up his mind.

With a deep breath, he let the Phoenix-head Golden Needle pierce into his chest.

The others were also hesitating, but when they saw what Tyrone did, they put their worries behind.

The moment they stabbed the Phoenix-head Golden Needle into their chest, a small whirlpool began spinning in each of their bodies, constantly devouring their blood and energy, and even the life vitality and momentum in the inner world of their body.

At the same time, there was a reverse whirlpool in Duke's chest.

As strength flowed into his body, he felt as if his body was being inflated.

It was impossible for the seven Phoenix-head Golden Needles to transfer all of the energy of the seven True Gods to Duke. But his power doubled in a short time after his energy was combined with the seven top-rank True Gods' energies.

By this time, the soybean-eyed guy had already reached the top of the cyan stone tablet.

"850 feet!"

"That guy isn't from a Floating Island either. I didn't expect him to be so powerful!"

"Although he is not as strong as Yan, he is ranked the second..."

The soybean-eyed guy stopped and wrote "Jay" on the stone tablet.

The others didn't care much about the word, but Zen's eyelids twitched when he saw it.

'Did Holy Jay send him?' Zen wondered.

When he had been in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, he had heard that Holy Jay was looking for a True God who could save the divine land. Obviously, in the eyes of Holy Jay, Zen was only one of the candidates.

For some reason, Zen couldn't shake off his suspicions.

When the engraving was done, the soybean-eyed guy descended to the ground with a sour face. He was not satisfied with the height the word was at.

Then he turned his head and looked at Zen. "Zen, we look to you now."

Chapter 2469 The Sword Array

Right now, most of the True Gods had their names on the cyan stone tablet.

The lowest name was just above four hundred feet while the highest one, Yan's name, rested at nine hundred and twenty feet.

Some of the True Gods had tried a few times. One of the ones from the Floating Islands had even tried more than ten times, but his best result was just six hundred and fifty feet high.

In the end, this disciple of the wealthy clan had given up and resigned himself to watching other people's good performances with a sigh.

As soon as Zen walked out with his flying sword, Duke immediately followed behind.

Reinhard pulled a long face as he watched Duke step out.

It wasn't prohibited for several True Gods to climb up at the same time in front of the cyan stone tablet.

However, it was obvious that Duke, as the leader of the alliance of wealthy clans in the debate venue, had waited for the best chance to take his turn.

When Zen was finally ready to give it a go, Duke moved close to him, putting Reinhard on high alert.

"Duke, if you want to leave your name on the stone tablet, you can wait for Zen to carve his name first. There is no need to go up together," Reinhard said without the least bit of politeness as he stared at Duke.

"Why do I have to wait for him?" Duke sneered.

He had restrained himself from fighting or making any moves this whole time, but that didn't mean he was afraid of Reinhard. He had just been waiting for the opportune moment to strike.

"If you have a problem waiting, you can go first." Reinhard stretched out his hand, gesturing for Duke to go ahead, and then he winked at Zen.

Of course, Zen knew what Reinhard meant.

Duke had purposefully been waiting for this moment to make a move. Obviously, he was plotting something.

Reinhard's words naturally displeased Duke, who laughed and said, "I have the freedom to give it a go whenever I want to. Why should I listen to you?"

No matter what, he was going to follow Zen.

He opened his mouth to spit out a retort, but before he could do that, Zen waved his hand gently and said, "It's okay, Reinhard." Then, with a glance at Duke, he said, "Since someone likes to follow me, just let him do it!"

As soon as he finished his sentence, Zen slightly turned over his palm and pressed the flying sword down with a finger.

In an instant, his body flashed and landed firmly on the flying sword!

Whoosh!

With a thrilling noise, Zen shot into the sky.

Seeing Zen set off, Duke also jumped and climbed up rapidly behind Zen!

But when he left the ground, the eyes of Tyrone, Ellis, Gino, and Wesley also flashed.

The True Gods from the alliance of the rich and powerful clans all received a telepathic message which was transmitted by Duke through his life vitality. The message said, "If I fight with Zen on the stone tablet, you should immediately attack as well!"

This was indeed the best course of action.

In an ideal world, Duke would be able to surpass Yan and Zen with his own strength and the Energy-extracting Needles.

He would obtain the inheritance on behalf of the Dongfang Clan. As for Yan and Zen, their lives would not be that important.

But if he couldn't surpass these two people, he would definitely fight them!

By then, the disciples from the alliance of the rich and powerful clans, including the Dongfang Clan, the Tang Clan, the Leng Clan, the Fang Clan, and the Mu Clan, would fight together with him.

When Reinhard noticed the True Gods exchanging glances with one another, he sneered.

"Disciples of the Sword Clan, make the array!"

Puzzled expressions appeared on the faces of the disciples of the Sword Clan, but they still quickly followed Reinhard's order and made the sword array

Reinhard was much more decisive than Duke.

Since Duke's goal was to stop the debate over the Godly Ways, fighting at this moment was their only chance.

Although none of the True Gods from the wealthy clans had made a move, Reinhard wanted to be on guard and ready to fight.

"Reinhard, why are you arranging the sword array?" Tyrone asked coldly. He hadn't expected Reinhard to react so quickly.

Reinhard lazily looked at Tyrone. "Just for fun. Can't I do that?"

As Tyrone rolled his eyes at Reinhard, he suddenly felt the whirlpool in his body quiver.

He looked up and saw that Duke had crossed the invisible barrier that appeared at the height of four hundred feet.

Duke had been able to break through the barrier by relying on his strength alone. Now, he had gathered the cultivation bases of seven top-rank True Gods, so he had crashed directly into the invisible barrier without any hesitation.

"Why has Duke's aura suddenly become so strong?"

"I faintly feel the consummate aura from him. But it's impossible for him to break through to become a consummate True God in the debate venue, right?"

"Yes. And yet, the aura spreading from him is already far beyond the scope of a top-rank True God!"

Duke felt energy surging endlessly through his body and emerging from his chest. At this time, he had a great impulse to grab and tear Zen into pieces directly!

Compared to Duke, Zen moved at a slower speed. By the time he passed four hundred feet, breaking the barrier was a piece of cake for him.

He went through it smoothly and easily.

"What? How did he break the invisible wall at four hundred feet?"

"It seems like he didn't touch it at all!"

"Is it possible that Duke smashed the wall when he crossed this height?"

"That's impossible. That's just an invisible force wall. Even if it was smashed, it would recover soon!"

Everyone was confused.

After Zen reached four hundred feet, he continued to ascend unhurriedly as he stood on the flying sword.

As for Duke, he had reached a height of six hundred feet in the blink of an eye, but suddenly, his speed fell drastically.

The distance between him and Zen also shortened rapidly.

"You don't have to wait for me, you know," Zen said with a faint smile.

Duke sneered at Zen. "When did I wait for you?"

"If you can surpass me, everyone will be safe. And if you can't, you will attack me, right?" Zen said lightly.

Hearing this, Duke was a little shocked. It was exactly what he had been thinking.

But even if Zen had guessed his plan, so what? Unless Zen chose to give up now, the outcome would not change!

"Humph!" Duke snorted coldly, and the momentum inside his body suddenly burst out, causing his speed to increase threefold.

In the blink of an eye, he left Zen far behind him. Soon, he crossed seven hundred feet and went straight for eight hundred feet.

Zen still looked calm and unhurried. He was slowly climbing on the flying sword with a faint smile on his face.

In the Heavenly Sword Divine City, a trace of tension appeared on Harold's face.

"I didn't expect that Duke would have a set of Energy-extracting Needles!" Gibson said flatly.

Taking a deep sigh, Marsh said, "There are not many Energy-extracting Needles left in the Dongfang Clan. What if Duke surpasses Yan?"

After Solomon had set the Eye of Perception, strong warriors could see details that weren't obvious to the naked eye.

Therefore, they had all watched with a long face as Duke quietly distributed the gold and silver needles.

"Even with a set of Energy-extracting Needles, Duke can only double his strength, at the most. I don't think he can reverse the situation by taking advantage of the needles," said Harold with a frown.

However, Harold's tone was uncertain.

Chapter 2470 Be Overtaken

Once Duke attained a height of 800 feet, his speed also suddenly decreased greatly.

After all, among the over one hundred top-rank True Gods present here, only Yan, Reinhard and the guy with soybean-like eyes had been capable of reaching such heights.

"Humph, go on!"

He mustered all his strength. The Dragon-head Silver Needle that pierced his chest now shone with brilliant, bright light.

The whirlpool in his body spun faster and faster. It was dizzying.

Under the cyan stone tablet, each of the seven people, including Tyrone and Ellis, took one pill and sat cross-legged on the ground.

When Yan and Reinhard saw them, their eyes flashed with excitement.

Although they weren't sure why the seven men acted in such a way, it was clear to them that they had used some kind of method in order to help Duke.

"Zen..." Yan muttered.

She raised her head and looked at Zen in the air above her, her face filled with worry.

Once Duke had reached 800 feet in height, his speed slowed down, sure, but he continued to climb upward at a steady rate.

Despite seeing Duke push forward, Zen had almost stopped after reaching 750 feet.

If Duke broke the record left by Yan using his real strength, there were high chances that they'd lose absolutely everything!

This was the last thing that the Sword Clan and Harold wanted to see happen, of course.

Although Yan rarely took the big picture into consideration, nor did Harold really ever allow her to make the final decision, she knew the seriousness of the situation.

'If Duke really overtakes me and my brother fails, I'll just keep trying, ' Yan thought to herself.

Sensing Yan's nervousness, Reinhard said lightly, "Don't worry. There's still a little chance that Duke won't overtake you." He was trying to be encouraging.

"Okay!" Yan nodded in reply.

860 feet...

870 feet...

He reached 880 feet!

Duke grasped onto and climbed up the cyan stone tablet.

As the daredevil of his clan, he had his back to the wall. He was more loyal than anyone else, and he was more aware of death than anyone else, too.

What he wanted though, was to be alive and see his clan's ambitions and dreams become a reality in the world.

He wanted to overtake Yan and obtain the inheritance for himself.

In this way, he would be capable of saving his life and become one of the clan's masters in the future!

What was more, he'd even have chances of becoming a Holy Being.

How could he give up on such a chance? Such an opportunity?

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Once Duke had climbed to a height of 890 feet, the pressure from the cyan stone tablet immediately doubled. He could feel it relentlessly.

When the terrifying pressure covered his entire body, he felt like a moth facing the wind. It was as if he could be blown down and away at any moment!

"Gosh! Just calm down!"

Duke kept his balance, as well as his cool.

What he faced next was something he hadn't expected to fall upon. A giant gap separated him from his current height at 890 feet and the height he needed to get to, which was 900 feet.

He finally understood why Yan had reached a height of 920 feet in a single breath after gathering as much of her strength as she possibly could. It was almost impossible for anyone to keep steady at this height.

"Zen stopped at 700 feet. Clearly, he just has an unearned reputation. If I overtake Yan by reaching a height above her 920 feet... Then everything is mine. Everything!"

Duke's eyes bulged. The blood streaks in his pupils spread quickly and the whirlpool in his body picked up even more speed.

At the same time, Tyrone and the other six people's faces turned paler and paler. Their breathing had slowed, and apparently, it had become labored as well.

Among them, one of the True Gods who was a little weaker than the rest, suddenly got older in an instant. His face was covered with wrinkles and dark spots.

That was why they were reluctant to use the Energy-extracting Needles.

As soon as they inserted the Phoenix-head Golden Needles into their bodies, it equaled the same as giving their lives to Duke.

Duke was extracting their cultivation base at high speeds, and they quickly swallowed and absorbed the pills like they hadn't cost any money. Despite doing so, stopping the negative effects of the Energy-extracting Needles was very difficult, if not impossible.

"Up!"

Duke suddenly dashed upward and successfully climbed another twenty feet higher.

Now, he was 910 feet high. He had only 10 feet left to go before reaching Yan.

"Only 10 feet away," Yan clenched her fists as she mumbled, a nervous look on her face.

"Duke, come on! You can do it!"

"You're only ten feet away from the record that girl has set!"

"If you make it just a little further, then the inheritance of the debate venue will be ours! Go!"

The members of the alliance of wealthy clans were getting more and more excited. They couldn't help but egg Duke on.

They didn't expect that they would eventually put an end to the debate, which had lasted for countless years now.

Even if they didn't obtain the inheritance, in their hearts, they still felt proud.

Reinhard, on the other hand, was red with anger.

His eyes were fixed on Tyrone and the others, who were sitting not far away.

Duke must have used his magical means in order to gain such powerful strength. It made sense to conclude that these seven people had to be the key!

"He who strikes first gains the advantage," said Solomon quietly through his life vitality.

Reinhard wasn't the only one who had seen the key. Solomon had also figured out their reason, too.

Both the Sword Clan and the Luo Clan had already made up their minds. There was no way they were going back now!

If they chose to start a fight first and succeeded in killing those seven men, they'd have much higher chances of stopping Duke.

"Okay." Reinhard nodded in agreement.

Although the disciples of the Sword Clan were benevolent, they were by no means considered soft-hearted people.

Once Reinhard noticed the problem, he didn't hesitate at all.

Despite that, the alliance of wealthy clans was also very quick to react.

Wesley and Gino kept a close eye on the Sword Clan disciples. Never did they let them get out of their sight.

It was at that moment that Reinhard took a single step forward.

Wesley sneered and clapped his hands loudly. A red disk shot out expectantly.

"The Star Disk!"

On the other side, Gino casually waved his hand and a disk also appeared from behind him.

"The Jade Disk!"

On each of these two disks was an extremely powerful array.

Even in the Dongfang Clan, the two disks were considered rare and precious treasures.

In order to win in such a debate, the Dongfang Clan gave Wesley and Gino the two disks without hesitating in the least. It was obvious how badly they wanted to win this.

Wesley and Gino weren't the only ones to take action, in fact.

The True Gods of the union of wealthy clans, such as the Leng Clan, the Mu Clan, and the Tang Clan had also been preparing to make their respective moves.

"If you want to fight, go ahead. We're ready and waiting!" Wesley sneered, his nose raised in the air.

Although Duke was afraid of Yan and Reinhard, they still had a few advantages, thanks to the union of wealthy clans.

Whether in strength or in quantity, never had they feared the Sword Clan before.

As for the other True Gods of humble origins as well as the other members of the wealthy clans, they just quietly retreated to the side. They didn't want to get involved for no reason.

Yan's tiptoe tapped on the ground a few times and she immediately floated three feet above the floor below her. With a flick of her finger, she asked quietly, "Do you really want to fight against them?"

Reinhard felt kind of hesitant.

Just as he was thinking about whether to fight or not, everyone heard Solomon shout out loudly. Duke on the cyan stone tablet had finally broken Yan's record! Unbelievable!

As Yan, the soybean-eyed guy and the others saw that Duke had climbed above Yan's name, their hearts sank deep.

Now, their last and final hope was Zen. It was only normal that everyone was depending on him alone.

However, Zen had barely made his way over the 700-foot mark. He was slowly but steadily making his way upward. It was a question of waiting and seeing whether he could reach 800 feet or not.

They weren't the only ones feeling utterly nervous at this time.

Harold, Marsh and Gibson were shocked to their core. They held their bodies stiff as boards.

Chapter 2471 A Glimmer Of Hope

As far as Harold was concerned, Yan was their best shot of winning in the debate.

Marsh didn't know the Luo Clan's real background, but since Harold only focused on Yan, he, along with Gibson, paid attention to only Yan too.

When it came to Zen, they all thought that the avatar that he had summoned was indeed quite amazing.

This meant that Zen had a deep understanding of some kind of Truth of Godly Way.

But that alone couldn't make up for how much he was lagging behind the others in terms of cultivation base.

Just like Harold had said, Zen couldn't even fly on his own. How could he make a record with the help of the flying sword of the Sword Clan?

Therefore, the three of them hadn't taken Zen into consideration at all.

When Yan had marked her name at a height of 920 feet, Harold and the others had all breathed a sigh of relief. They had been sure that Yan would get the inheritance.

But now, their hope was destroyed!

Duke had easily broken Yan's record with a set of Energy-extracting Needles.

"What should we do?" Gibson asked as he impatiently paced up and down the place.

If the Dongfang Clan really got their hands on the inheritance in the debate venue, how could the Sword Clan shelter themselves in the future?

This would have a far-reaching impact on the structure and hierarchy, and even the future, of the divine land.

They could not accept such a result!

"I wonder what the inheritance of that powerful man at the Other Shore Realm is. Whatever it is, we can't let the Dongfang Clan directly take control of the Sunrest Tree," Marsh said with a bitter smile. If that happened, it was very likely that the Sword Clan would be expelled from the Non-combat Zone.

Staring at the cyan stone tablet with a stiff face, Harold said, "There's still hope. There is still a glimmer of hope!"

In front of the stone tablet, Zen continued to climb up with the help of the flying sword.

The young man who had been led all the way here from the universe by Harold had not given up.

Even if he was only a low-rank True God who couldn't even fly using his own abilities, he was still the seed that Mike had sown.

He had sprouted and grown into a strong sapling.

With a little bit of water, he would have grown into a towering tree by now!

Unfortunately, Zen hadn't been able to enter the Everest Spirit Mountain according to plan, so he had lost the chance to be watered.

And yet, here he was, still going. Perhaps he could really perform a miracle.

"Look, my brother has begun to climb up!" Yan exclaimed, staring up at Zen. "Come on, brother!"

Reinhard raised his head as well and saw Zen accelerate little by little. His angry face was filled with strong expectations.

There was something he knew that Harold and the others didn't.

When they had gone to kill the Snake Spirit, Reinhard hadn't set the Eye of Perception, so Harold hadn't seen the power of Zen's sword.

In Reinhard's opinion, it was unbelievable that Zen had been able to kill a consummate True God with his sword attack.

How could such an incredible guy only climb up to 700 feet on the cyan stone tablet? Reinhard would never believe it.

"This pressure is actually formed by the will of the debate." As he stood still on the flying sword, his mind was as calm as water.

Since he had stopped, everyone thought that he had reached his limit after crossing 700 feet.

But the truth was, Zen wanted to figure out the structure of this pressure clearly.

"However, the Truth of Goodwill and the Truth of Malice are completely mixed together.

It seems that every kind of Truth of Godly Way has its own use. So what is the use of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice?"

The Truth of Godly Way was not a kind of theurgy, but a major insight into the chaos.

In other words, it was more like a foundation.

Only after a solid foundation had been laid would the boat of truth be condensed and cross the boundless Sea of Truth and reach the shore.

The foundation of each kind of truth was different.

For example, Zen's Truth of Cultivation Nature worked by following the law of everything in nature.

Therefore, it was easy for the Truth of Cultivation Nature to be integrated into the various theurgies and cultivation methods that Zen practiced.

But the Truth of Holy Words that Yan practiced was different.

Unlike the Truth of Cultivation Nature, the Truth of Holy Words couldn't be integrated into other theurgies. Presumably, one needed to cultivate a special theurgy to achieve the effect of the Truth of Holy Words.

Nobody, not even Zen, knew what theurgy Yan had cultivated.

"I will climb using the Truth of Cultivation Nature." Zen decided, narrowing his eyes.

So far, he had been climbing up in a straight line, but now, he suddenly floated in a strange arc.

Then, he began to swing forward and back.

Although the Truth of Goodwill and the Truth of Malice were mixed well together, there was still a small gap between them.

The rhythm of Zen's swinging corresponded to the rhythm of alternation of the Truth of Goodwill and the Truth of Malice.

"What's Zen doing?"

"What an ungraceful posture."

"He seems to be dancing!"

The True Gods below had a strange expression on their faces.

After all, Zen swaying in the air while standing on the flying sword really was a strange scene.

Yan blinked and pursed her lips. With a faint smile on her face, she said, "It seems that my brother has grasped some important knowledge."

'It's indeed much easier, ' Zen thought with a smile on his face.

Now that he was swinging his body in rhythm with the alternating pressure, the pressure acting against him had been reduced by more than half.

Zen had been floating at a height of 700 feet for a long time, but after he began swaying, he reached 800 feet, then 850 feet...

Some of the True Gods watching below gasped in surprise.

After all, Zen was only a low-rank True God, and he even had to take the help of the Sword Clan's flying sword to fly.

Achieving a height of 850 feet itself was incredible!

The skeleton in the deep well stared closely at the picture on the well wall.

"It took him almost no time to get used to the rhythm of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice!

He is as smart as his mother.

I haven't seen such a smart man in a long time. Even in the Source World, he would be considered highly gifted," the skeleton exclaimed. "But he won't be able to reach 900 feet with the rhythm alone. He must be taking advantage of the Truth of Cultivation Nature."

Just as the skeleton thought, after 850 feet, Zen's swing range and his speed both increased.

He looked like a phantom that was flashing back and forth.

"860 feet."

"870 feet."

"Oh no! I'm getting faster and faster!"

Zen was using the Truth of Cultivation Nature to move along the rhythm of the pressure.

But although his body could bear the pressure, the flying sword under his feet began to vibrate violently.

Crack! Crack!

Faint cracks appeared on the sword blade.

If he continued to climb against the pressure, the flying sword would probably be shattered into pieces!

"Go!"

There was a sharp look in Zen's eyes.

At the same time, Duke, who had overtaken Yan, finally reached his limit.

He was 940 feet high.

But just when he was about to carve his name into the stone tablet, he saw Zen climb up quickly.

There was determination in Duke's bloodshot eyes.

Chapter 2472 Carve The Name

The height of nine hundred and forty feet had already exceeded Yan's height for twenty feet.

Even as Yan attempted another round, she couldn't go beyond this. Duke was thinking that the height was safe for now.

However, he had no idea that Zen would rush up in such a short amount of time.

"Alright then!"

Duke stretched out his hand and scratched, leaving a "Duke" on the cyan stone tablet.

Then he lifted his body into the air and shouted, "Do it! Now!"

His hands morphed into claws and then he rushed towards Zen from above him.

He would make sure to put a stop to Zen no matter what.

At the foot of the cyan stone tablet, disciples of the wealthy clans and the Sword Clan were found to be at a stalemate. They sat quietly, watching Duke and Zen closely.

Just then, Duke announced that everyone could take action as well.

Among the members of the alliance of the wealthy clans, except the seven men with the Phoenix-head Golden Needles in their bodies, the rest of the True Gods took action.

"You, get out of here!"

A sinister smile plastered across Duke's face, and a destructive energy began to erupt from him.

"Destructive Godly Way!

Sinking star in the ocean!"

Before climbing up the cyan stone tablet, Duke had so many ideas and plans running through his mind.

If Zen wasn't strong enough, Duke thought it best to ignore him.

However, if this guy's height slightly threatened him, he would definitely make a move.

Though Zen and Duke were both suppressed by the Truth of Godly Way, Duke had already carved his name which gave him a noticeable advantage.

He would win in any way.

"Brother! Damn!"

Yan grew nervous at the sight of his brother in war with someone so powerful.

Reinhard had led Sword Clan's disciples to form the sword array, ready to fight against the True Gods from the wealthy clans, but Yan was not in the mood to fight.

At this moment, Duke seemed to transform himself into a star and directly launched himself at Zen. He smirked, giving off a face full of pride.

Now that Zen was under such a strong pressure, and he had no way to dodge, he was having a hard time resisting the attack in any way.

Everything was going well for Duke.

However, Zen was still wearing an indifferent face, and his clear eyes were filled with some sort of calmness despite the situation.

Seeing Zen's calm expression, Duke's heart skipped a beat.

And even from that calmness, there was a faint trace of contempt for Duke.

He shouldn't have been so calm.

'Did I miss something?

Impossible!'

However, when Duke approached Zen, he smiled back and waved his right hand at the same time.

Within seconds, a small black snake emerged from the palm of his right hand.

Duke was stunned to see the creature slither up.

"The jade seal!"

Duke hadn't been invited to the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Two years ago, he wasn't even on the Floating Island to begin with, so naturally he was not invited.

However, before he came to the debate venue, he had heard about the jade seal, and couldn't believe that this supreme treasure of belief actually fell into Zen's hands.

He also noticed that along the way, he had never seen Zen use it. He almost forgot it.

Bang!

The next moment, Duke bumped into Zen.

'I hit him?'

Duke was overjoyed.

Right there and then, Zen didn't resist at all and was knocked down by him.

However, the impact only lasted around three seconds.

Right after, the whole scene disappeared!

Just like that, Duke descended from nine hundred and forty feet down to eight hundred and fifty feet.

As for Zen, he managed to reach around nine hundred feet instead.

"No!"

Duke turned over and tried to extract his strength, rushing up there again.

Originally, he aimed to rush downwards with his accelerated speed. Now, under the pressure of the debate venue, it was extremely difficult for him to forcefully turn his body.

"No way!"

All of a sudden, Duke activated the Dragon-head Silver Needle across his chest.

The whirlpool in his body ended up devouring the cultivation of the other seven people very intensely.

Puff!

Puff!

Puff!

At the foot of the cyan stone tablet, the seven top-rank True Gods sitting on the ground looked ghastly pale, spitting out blood from their mouths.

"Duke! You..."

Tyrone gritted his teeth, and fell down to the ground.

The other True Gods did exactly the same.

They couldn't stand the fierce extracting - it was too much for them.

Eventually, Duke managed to reach eight hundred and forty feet and stopped in the air.

But this only lasted for a short amount of time. Tyrone and the others fainted, so without the help of the Energy-extracting Needles, he had no way to maintain the height.

Just then, Duke looked up at Zen, his eyes filled with despair, and fell involuntarily.

"What did he do?"

asked Yan, with a face full of surprise and concern.

She couldn't believe that she just saw Duke hit her brother.

However, her brother abruptly passed by Duke. Yan could not understand this strange and bizarre scene.

"Soaring Sky Sword Array!"

Swish! Swish! Swish!

As everyone already knew, the Soaring Sky Sword Array was something very powerful and respected. This time, it just blocked the attack from the True Gods of the wealthy clans.

"Well, since that's the case." With a sudden flash of purple light in her eyes, Yan joined the fight.

Harold, Marsh and Gibson were all holding their breath as they saw Zen's confrontation with Duke.

It had been years since they had ever been so worried of the outcome of a fight.

They didn't expect for this to be so intense and hectic.

But eventually, their expressions lightened and they found themselves cheering.

"Bravo!" Marsh praised.

"Right! The jade seal is in Zen's hand! I think I'm too old to remember this, hahaha..." Gibson roared with laughter.

With a deep sigh, Harold added, "Let's see how Zen can defend himself from Duke!"

"Nine hundred and ten feet!"

Now, Zen had made great efforts to advance over his opponent.

He just needed to surpass Duke, even if by an inch if he could.

However, at this time, the crisp sound of "click" came from the flying sword under his feet again.

"It's finally going to break," he whispered to himself.

The flying sword seemed to be covered with cracks so it was most likely to be broken into pieces anytime soon.

"Strength source..."

Zen had to let go of all of his fortune for a single throw.

Bang!

Just like that, the strength source exploded and it slammed on the flying sword.

Whoosh!

Zen began to spurt upwards.

Nine hundred and forty feet...

Nine hundred and fifty feet...

Nine hundred and sixty feet...

"Now, it is the time!"

Zen's gaze froze as an invisible flying sword materialized before his very eyes.

The flying sword moved on the cyan stone tablet, and a huge "Zen" was finally engraved on it.

Whoosh!

Then, Zen's body floated and he fell down.

Duke's heart broke at the sight of Zen's name.

As soon as their eyes met, Duke's face flashed with a certain fierceness and anger.

In the end, this was the result of Duke's little trick. There was only one thought left in his heart: to kill this guy at any cost.

Chapter 2473 Footsteps

Looking at the fury in Duke's eyes, how could Zen not understand?

As he fell, a sneer appeared on his face and the four swords of the Gods Killing Sword Array materialized next to him.

He had spent most of his time comprehending and using the Truth of Godly Way during the two years of cultivation.

He then found that the Truth of Cultivation Nature was a lot different from the other Truths of Godly Ways.

The Truth of Cultivation Nature was practically compatible with any theurgy, including the Gods Killing Sword Array.

The four invisible long swords then flew and shot towards Duke.

In this way, he had already made a small breakthrough in Joy's Gods Killing Sword Array.

However, Joy had also felt that the Gods Killing Sword Array used with the Truth of Cultivation Nature was more powerful and had fewer flaws.

After figuring out this, Joy was also working hard on the potential of the Gods Killing Sword Array.

According to her, he might be able to create an array with more changes.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

All four swords shot down

as Duke drew a long sword with a wide blade.

However, just as he brandished the long sword, the leading Buddha Emperor Sword struck towards him.

Bang!

The Buddha Emperor Sword collided with Duke's blade.

Even though Duke was a top-rank True God, he was still unable to resist the killing power of the Buddha Emperor Sword. The long sword almost flew out of his hand.

He stepped back in an attempt to retreat but he suddenly felt shackles on the lower part of his body.

"Long Vine Sword!"

The four swords were controlled by the Truth of Godly Way and all of them moved and worked together seamlessly.

That was the terrifying nature of the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

It made everything natural and harmonious.

"Heavenly Tooth Sword!"

Puff!

The Heavenly Tooth Sword suddenly hacked at Duke's neck.

But Duke leaned back and managed to avoid a horrible gash in his throat. The attack didn't leave him unscathed though, and he now had a shallow cut on his neck.

After taking continuous blows, Duke finally broke free from the Long Vine Sword and quickly scurried backwards.

In just a few minutes, Duke had already suffered so much.

"Do you really think of yourself as my opponent?"

Duke asked with a trace of arrogance, his previous hesitation and forbearance disappearing within a second.

Now that Duke decided to go all out, he could take any risk.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

An ugly cut on Duke's wrist caught Zen's attention.

Meanwhile, a handful of bright red blood spurted from the wound.

It was dripping blood, but before any of it could fall on the ground, it converged in the air and condensed into a long narrow sword.

"A blood sword?" Zen's face was calm as he raised his eyebrows.

The whole sword was made of Duke's blood.

Such a method looked mysterious but it might not be too powerful.

"Blood Cursing Sword!"

Streaks of red light shot out of the blood sword.

The blood sword was burning.

...

The price of using the Blood Cursing Sword was a high and horrible one. It burned the blood essence and cursed one's body bringing irreparable damage.

Zen snorted.

The four airborne swords circled and attacked Duke once again.

With a little stir of Duke's long sword, the nauseating stench of blood met everyone's noses.

Splash!

Zen's eyes twitched as he watched

the four swords dissipate after touching the blood sword.

It looked like Duke was stronger than he thought.

But it didn't matter.

From the beginning, the means used by Duke all came at a great price.

For one thing, it was almost impossible for Duke to climb to the height of nine hundred and twenty feet by his own strength, and had only made it with the Energy-extracting Needles, Tyrone, Ellis, and the True Gods of the alliance of wealthy clans.

All of them had lost their fighting power and were now lying motionless on the ground.

Under the crazy flame of the blood sword in front of him, Zen grinned a sinister smile. "The blood essence is burning wildly."

"Don't worry, I shall kill you before my blood essence is totally burnt out!" With that, Duke rushed towards Zen.

At this point, Zen had no need to fight him head on.

Seeing Duke rushing over, Zen touched the ground with the tip of his toe and hurried backward.

"Coward!"

Duke was not afraid of fighting Zen but he was afraid that Zen would run off without a fight.

Just as Zen had said, the Blood Cursing Sword was indeed powerful. Any living being that was cut by the blood sword would collapse no matter how powerful that person's body was.

The blood sword, after all, was an extremely powerful "curse".

Even if Zen's four swords weren't living creatures, they weren't exempt from the blood sword's effects.

"Coward? If I don't retreat now, I'll be a reckless man." Zen replied simply.

He wasn't a three-year-old kid. If Duke hoped to get under his skin with his taunting, then he was too naive.

It went on like that, with Zen constantly blocking Duke's attacks. If one of the swords was crushed by Duke, Zen merely condensed it out again.

A steady stream of swords were condensed by Zen, constantly circling around Duke. The distance between the two could never close.

Meanwhile, Duke thought of how it would be had he led the members of the alliance to attack. Their chances of winning wouldn't be as small as it was now.

After all, Tyrone and the others were not much weaker than Duke.

After all, there were only two powerful people in the Sword Clan, Reinhard and Yan.

But the top figures of the alliance of the wealthy clans were all sucked up by Duke with the Energy-extracting Needles, so their fighting capacity was naturally greatly reduced.

To everyone's surprise, the disciples of the Sword Clan cooperated so well with each other and even had the upper hand.

Of course, Yan's attack was also very crucial.

Although Yan didn't want to fight those wealthy clans' disciples face to face, the theurgy she cultivated was extremely powerful. Once she used it, she would definitely take one opponent's life.

All she needed was to cast one spell, "Die".

Five minutes passed.

Zen was fleeing backward, calm and cool as ever.

However, the look on Duke's face had darkened, and the red flame on the blood sword in his hand was becoming dimmer and dimmer.

Just as Zen guessed, the method of burning the blood essence wouldn't last long.

Duke was getting weaker and weaker, and he finally stopped and panted with the blood sword clenched tightly in his fist. He looked at Zen, feeling desperate.

Zen still looked at Duke indifferently and said, "You should give up. You have done enough for your Dongfang Clan."

"Give up..." Duke spat bitterly.

It shouldn't have been like this.

Before setting out, Duke had heard about Zen from Rachelle.

She said that they probably wouldn't be able to kill Zen and at that time, Duke did not understand.

But now, he finally did.

Just at this moment, a loud sound of footsteps suddenly came from the distance, and a huge figure appeared in the mist.

Looking at the figure, Duke suddenly smiled.

Chapter 2474 The Mad Duke

"Thump!"

"Thump!"

The crunch of gravel echoed too loudly in the mist, as if it came from a gigantic creature.

The footsteps became increasingly louder and indeed, a gigantic creature was slowly approaching.

On the other hand, the True Gods were so excited when they found the cyan stone tablet that they let down their guard for a little bit.

After all, the most important thing was to get the inheritance of the powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm. Anything other than that was of no account.

Both Reinhard and Duke thought so, until…

The True Gods suddenly stopped in their tracks when they heard the loud footsteps, turned around and looked at the mist in the distance.

"Hahaha!" Duke laughed wildly. "Finally he's coming! Finally!"

Zen turned around as well to look at the giant shadow within the mist. "What do you mean?" he asked dimly.

"It's the fiend! The fiend in the abyss!" Duke announced madly. "I don't need to give up. Ha-ha! I'm just waiting to get killed!

You and I, all of us will die!" "Is this fiend the incarnation of your fear?" asked Zen.

"Yes," Duke bellowed. "All of you were doomed to fail the moment I entered the debate venue! All of you are doomed to die!"

Then, instead of moving backward, Duke rushed headfirst towards the huge shadow from the mist that slowly approached them.

"What? Why is there a fiend here?"

"Based from what Duke said, he has predicted it ever since he entered the debate venue."

"In other words, he knows what he's afraid of. This fiend is the incarnation of fear that he summoned!"

The chatters became louder as some disciples of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands theorized among themselves while staring at Duke in the distance with gritted teeth.

"If he wants to die, he can do that himself. Why should he get us all killed?"

"Duke has gone too far!"

"That is a fiend in the abyss. Some of them are as powerful as the Holy Beings!"

Generally speaking, True Gods were able to fight against some incarnations of fear like the Snake Spirit and the Multiple Antennae Snake that had appeared before.

They, however, could not fight against a fiend.

Tyrone and the other six who had recovered their consciousness sat cross legged in meditation. All of them had sustained serious internal injuries when the Energy-extracting Needles erratically extracted their cultivation bases.

Even their inner worlds weren't spared in the process.

To add further salt into their wounds, they heard Duke's words which made them so angry that they almost fainted.

"The Dongfang Clan has gone too far!"

"Do they actually mean to tell us that the moment we entered the debate venue, we were going to die?!"

"I don't want to die like this!"

Tyrone and the other six were known as the elites of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, and the strongest among the top-rank True Gods. Aside from that, they themselves also thought that they were the backbone of the powerful clans, the ones with a promising future.

Therefore, they thought that it was absolutely preposterous for them to die with Duke just like that!

The repetitive sounds of a gentle metallic clang rang throughout the area when the members of the Sword Clan also put down their swords.

Then, Reinhard's sharp gaze landed on the huge shadow in the dense mist.

"The Dongfang Clan is so ruthless," said Solomon with a thin, wan smile.

"Is it worth it to sacrifice Duke and the others to prevent us from obtaining the inheritance of the debate venue?" Reinhard murmured. Judging from Marsh's attitude, both the Sword Clan and the Luo Clan attached great importance to the debate.

Reinhard knew that there must still be some other reasons.

Yet after he saw the Dongfang Clan's arrangements, he realized that the debate was probably more important than what he had imagined.

Yan glanced coldly at the distance and said, "Whoever marks their name on the cyan stone tablet can obtain the inheritance. Now, we have all carved our names and my brother's name is on top…

But why don't we see any movement?"

She thought that they could leave the place right away if Zen was qualified to obtain the inheritance. Perhaps, they could even save their lives this way.

Nothing covered the stone tablet, however. There was no array.

Yan's words served as a reminder for Reinhard.

The reason they could find the place before was that Zen had proposed to change directions. Soon enough, the mist in the area disappeared and was replaced by a path. They walked down the path and finally found the cyan stone tablet.

They proceeded to do what they had seen on the stone tablet, but why were there still no signs of the inheritance?

As a matter of fact, it was already too late to think about that now.

Meanwhile, the footsteps continued to get closer until the soft ground began to shake.

"Hurry up! Edmond! Kill us!

Kill us all!" Duke ran and roared on top of his lungs.

It wasn't long before the figure in the mist eventually became clear.

There in front of everyone, stood Edmond in his massive glory.

Atlas, who had turned into lightning, appeared beside Edmond.

He floated below Edmond and graced the True Gods with one of his iciest smiles.

"You..." Edmond muttered when he saw Duke on the ground.

He immediately felt that he had seen Duke before.

However, his thought process had become so complicated that it was hard for him to recall a certain person from the past.

"Oh, I remember. I-I've seen you before," Edmond said nonchalantly. "You were the weakest one among the hunters in the Abyss Demon Region."

"Yes, of course you've seen me before. I created you, the incarnation of my fear!" Duke cackled.

Edmond slightly bent on one leg and stretched out his huge hand. "You are like nothing.

You did not create me," he responded and raised his huge middle finger at Duke.

Just then, a loud, muffled sound filled the air.

"Bang!"

Duke bounced away as if lightning had hit him. His body flew thousands of feet away like a kite without a string, before it crashed deep into the ground. No one knew if he was dead or alive.

Edmond knew that his own existence was related to those True Gods.

But he was more aware of the fact that none of those True Gods could have possibly created him.

Zen, who had witnessed the whole scene, was shocked.

"He's so powerful!"

Indeed, Edmond could be compared to the Demi-holy Beings, and even the Holy Beings in terms of strength.

He carelessly flicked the mad Duke's body away, when Atlas had noticed Zen nearby.

"Master, it's that powerful man who could cut off my thunder-like body!" he exclaimed.

In turn, Edmond looked at where Atlas was looking and saw Zen. Zen suddenly felt an invisible pressure had surrounded him, and then the air around him became thick and balmy.

"This powerful man you say? Haha..."

As soon as he was done speaking, he stomped on Zen's head.

Even though Edmond had a tremendous size and he looked like he moved slowly, he actually had an immensely fast speed!

Zen was greatly surprised, but he swiftly used his bodily movement skill and retreated.

"The Eight Smoky Melodies!"

The Eight Smoky Melodies had become more powerful after it was fused with the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

As for Edmond, he stepped down with his overly large foot, which created a strong wind pressure. Zen quickly took advantage of the wind and dodged even faster.

"Thump!"

Edmond stepped away from the ground where his large footprint was, but there was no sign of his target.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2475 Determination

"En?"

Edmond threw an indifferent glance at Zen who was floating like a leaf, surprise written all over his face. "What a wonderful bodily movement skill! It's interesting how he can use the momentum in such a way."

In terms of bodily movement skill alone, the Eight Smoky Melodies was nothing in the divine land.

It wasn't a theurgy of the Godly Way, after all.

But when it was infused with the Truth of Godly Way, it was a whole new game—Edmond was shocked.

While in his eyes, the top-rank True Gods were rather insignificant, one of them had managed to wiggle his way out from under his feet.

"Huh!"

At the thought, Edmond's lips curled into a faint smile.

Then, he rose up, his huge body towering his surroundings.

His leap was somehow mountainous as he slammed his fist right at Zen.

Even if Zen fled extremely quickly, he still couldn't get rid of the giant on his tail.

Looking at the huge figure above his head, Zen smiled bitterly—all he could do was to use the Eight Smoky Melodies again.

Boom!

With a giant, mountain-like body taking heavy steps, the whole debate venue shook.

Even the bottom of the Sunrest Tree trembled slightly.

The fiend's body came down with a loud sound and a hurricane swept over the mist, turning it into a mess.

Zen was like a mosquito, flying wildly around the hurricane.

From the way things looked, Edmond wasn't going all out in this fight against Zen. Instead, he was somehow mocking the man, trying to catch Zen with his bare hands like he would a bug.

When Yan saw her brother in trouble, she spun and flew towards him without hesitation.

"Run!"

"No one is a match for him!"

"We should've already left this place long ago!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The top-rank True Gods present, regardless of the disciples of the wealthy clans or the grassroots, were all frightened and they ran away in all directions.

The True Gods of the alliance of wealthy clans started to hate the Dongfang Clan more—how could they be willing to risk their lives to help them? In the end, they scattered.

"What should we do?"

Solomon was anxious as he asked, seeing Zen in a life and death situation.

The disciples of the wealthy clans were all gone.

Even the grassroots True Gods had already run away.

Now, only the Sword Clan's disciples, Yan, and the guy with soybean-like eyes remained.

But there was another one—Enoch's stay took them by surprise.

All the while, he had seemed like nothing more than a coward, but he showed no signs of running away.

"Err... Shall we leave now?" whispered one of the disciples of the Sword Clan.

"I think so. He's a real fiend! We cannot fight him on equal ground," another Sword Clan disciple said in resignation.

It would've been a lie to say that they held no fear in their hearts—after becoming a True God, everyone cherished their lives dearly.

Hearing that, Reinhard looked around indifferently as he said, "As members of the Sword Clan, you should know more about the meaning of the Calamity Sword like I do!"

...

In the Sword Clan, the Calamity Sword was known to all as a forbidden weapon.

Although it was an extremely rare and powerful sword, no one there wanted to claim it.

For its use, one had to pay with their own life—such was the price of this weapon.

Once a member of the Sword Clan wielded this sword, they were marked as the sacrificed man.

"For countless divine eras, anyone of our Sword Clan to receive the Calamity Sword has ended up dead." "Now that Zen has engraved his name on the top of the stone tablet," Reinhard said calmly. "Are you planning to go back like this with the Calamity Sword?"

Compared to the other wealthy clans on the Floating Islands, the Sword Clan's rules were not particularly strict.

No harsh restrictions were placed upon their disciples.

So even if they fled with the Calamity Sword, they probably wouldn't have received much punishment—perhaps, they wouldn't have even been punished at all.

But the Sword Clan put great importance to reputation and some of their disciples were more likely to die than to taint their names.

Reinhard's words shocked all the members of the clan.

"If you want to go, you may leave now," Reinhard said as a matter of fact.

To that, everyone remained silent, and no one took a move.

"In that case," Reinhard waved his hand forward. A red blood sword then appeared in his hand—it lashed on the ground with a swishing sound. "Do you have the courage to follow me?"

The Calamity Sword was rather similar to the Blood Cursing Sword formed by Duke's blood essence.

But the Blood Cursing Sword was employed by one's own blood essence—although it would be harmful to one's own body, it would only burn up to a certain limit and stop before it could become detrimental to one's life.

But such was not the case with the Calamity Sword. Taking it out meant sacrificing oneself.

Whizzing! Whizzing! Whizzing!

With Reinhard taking the lead, Solomon and the other disciples drew their Calamity Swords.

For a moment, Reinhard looked at the sword in his hand with a feeling of loneliness. Finally, he made up his mind and the Calamity Sword began ringing.

"Ah! Ah!!!"

It sounded like a baby's scream—it was terrifying.

Reinhard's white and delicate face flushed with excitement—his skin grew with strange lines of blood as a wicked aura filled his eyes.

Solomon and the other disciples started looking the same.

"Soaring Sky Sword Array! Ready! Go!"

Whoosh!

Reinhard was the first to rush toward Edmond.

The others of the Sword Clan also rushed to the fiend in formation.

Only two people were left at the bottom of the stone tablet, Enoch and the soybean-eyed guy.

Looking into the distance indifferently, the soybean-eyed guy took out a small square package from his space ring that held two rough double-edged swords. He asked Enoch, "Why haven't you left?"

Almost all the True Gods left immediately. The soybean-eyed guy was still surprised to see that Enoch had stayed.

His face turned pale—he was clearly terrified. But in spite of his fear, he said in a low voice, "There is more than one enemy in the debate venue. I'm afraid running away rashly will lead me to a dead end."

With one hand grasping a double-edged sword, the soybean-eyed guy smiled. "Staying here is also a dead end."

But Enoch shook his head. "Not necessarily."

The enemy before them was truly terrifying—Enoch had already heard all sorts of inconceivable rumors about the Abyss Demon Region.

But he had a hunch that staying there gave him a purpose that was yet to be revealed.

"Well, I'd like to think so."

With a gentle smile, the soybean-eyed guy floated away showing no trace of fear in his expression.

"Let's see how you escape this time!"

A series of rough curses came from Edmond's throat.

Having failed to land a hit to Zen for quite a while, Edmond had finally lost his patience.

Blood-red lightning burst from his hand. It formed a whirlpool, completely restricting Zen within.

He saw no window of escape as he watched Edmond's giant hand come towards him.

"Damn!"

Zen narrowed his eyes at the hand. He had nowhere to hide and all he could do now was withstand the blow.

But right at this moment, a dazzling purple light suddenly flashed behind him.

Yan's eyes were full of determination. When she crossed her hands, a purple shadow surrounded her.

Chapter 2476 Shadow Of Snake Goddess

The purple shadow rapidly extended after fully enveloping Yan.

Now restrained, Yan put her hands over her chest and recited something softly.

The shadow continued expanding.

A hundred feet, a thousand feet, ten thousand feet…

In the blink of an eye, the shadow turned into a colossal creature.

While it had the slender figure of a woman, the ends of its arms had no hands but instead, two slender whips.

Its head was akin to an eagle's with a sharp, beak-like mouth.

And Yan was completely embedded right in the middle of it all.

"What...what is this?"

Enoch was completely dumbfounded at the sight of the huge monster.

Never had he heard of such a thing in the divine land.

After Yan entered the Everest Spirit Mountain, Harold had told her that there was a powerful monster hidden in her heart.

He said that it would make her slowly lose her mind, devour her own soul, and eventually, completely replace her.

Until now, Yan had no clue what he was talking about.

As she heard of it, she never realized what its existence meant.

Harold said that it was a sort of talent and ability of her race.

Everyone from this race had to face the monster within from the moment they were born.

If one could control the monster, they would have far more powerful abilities than the other race members. If not, then one would simply die young.

When Yan was in the Lower World, she had never discovered the monster herself.

She hardly even believed what Harold told her.

It wasn't until Harold woke up the monster in Yan's heart that she discovered its existence and understood her own uniqueness.

She wasn't primarily concerned for herself, but for her brother.

Harold revealed to her that while they shared the same parents, they belonged to two different races.

As a result, Zen didn't carry such a monster in his heart.

Under Harold's guidance, Yan continued fighting off the monster.

There was a time when she had been in an unfavorable situation, and it was with Harold's help that she managed to survive it.

But while Yan currently had the upper hand, she still found it difficult to control the monster. If she released the monster in her heart rashly, it was likely to make a sudden counterattack.

But seeing her brother stuck in a crisis, Yan lost all sense of reason.

She released the monster in her heart without a hint of hesitation.

"No!" Harold yelled.

Bang!

Witnessing the scene, Harold punched the beam at the side of the building in frustration, making the entire structure tremble.

"Is the shadow she's wrapped in the legendary shadow of Snake Goddess?"

"Wow, it's the first time I've ever seen it. How special!"

Marsh and Gibson were filled with astonishment.

The people of the divine land had little knowledge about the chaos.

Only by the Sanskrit words did they find out about the extraordinary creatures.

But the information they got from Sanskrit words just wasn't quite as comprehensive as other resources.

The two Holy Beings had heard about Mike's son and daughter in the past.

"Yes. She's not qualified to control the shadow of Snake Goddess now. She's digging her own grave by releasing the shadow. If her soul is devoured, the consequences will be unimaginable." Harold was both worried and helpless about the situation.

Originally, it was a great surprise to find out that Zen had surpassed Duke and registered his name on the cyan stone tablet.

Having done this, Zen was sure to obtain the inheritance of the skeleton.

But an unexpected fiend arrived and blocked his path.

As soon as they saw Duke's crazy behaviors, Harold, Marsh, and Gibson immediately understood what the Dongfang Clan was planning.

Marsh felt truly regretful.

If only they had known earlier, they could've made sure not to give the alliance of the wealthy clans a place in the debate venue.

For the moment, the Sword Clan had not completely broken up with the alliance of wealthy clans. It was inappropriate to shut them out directly, so he only reduced their places to half.

Never did it occur to them that the Dongfang Clan had been planning something in the background—they had the audacity to release a fiend into the debate venue.

Everyone's hope turned to dust when the enemy appeared.

"Facing this opponent, she would die even without risking the shadow. She did the right thing," said Marsh.

It was better to play all your cards than idle away and escape, after all.

Even the lowly cricket and ant could cling to life, let alone human beings or True Gods.

The so-called True Gods, consummate True Gods, Demi-holy Beings, and Holy Beings could acquire eternal lifetimes, but this did not mean that they were all-powerful.

Just like ordinary mortals, they followed the law of the jungle, and they possessed endless desires and fought for justice or profit.

Wrapped in the purple shadow, Yan was completely engulfed by the purple light. She whipped her eyes around and waved her hands.

The huge shadow did the same thing and waved its enormous arms.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

But unlike Yan's own arms, those of the shadow acted as two sharp whips.

They were brandished and whipped into the air, creating a large black crack.

Even the space in the divine land couldn't stand the two whips. One could only imagine just how terrifying the attack was.

But Edmond, of course, didn't take any True God seriously.

After all, he didn't even bother to slaughter such a top-rank True God in the Abyss Demon Region.

Once upon an age, an Abyss Demon used the Portal of Summoning to get Edmond onto the first stage of the Abyss Demon Region.

Such was an important trial organized by the alliance of wealthy clans.

The Abyss Demon Region was indeed terrifying, but the monsters on the first stage weren't supposed to be too strong. It was a useful venue for the disciples from the wealthy clans to temper themselves and accumulate some divine might coins.

So after preparing them, many wealthy clans would send their disciples into the Abyss Demon Region every once in a while.

But never did they expect to encounter Edmond on the very first stage.

For the disciples of the alliance of the wealthy clans, Edmond's arrival was a complete nightmare.

In less than half a minute, he had killed over 500 True Gods, including 76 top-rank True Gods and 470 mid-rank True Gods.

Because of Edmond's appearance, the wealthy clans were more cautious about training in the Abyss Demon Region. The large-scale training must absolutely be accompanied by consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings.

In Edmond's eyes, these True Gods were simply too weak to even bother killing.

But Zen was his first encounter in this place. A special aura filled Zen's bodily movement skill. Edmond couldn't catch him and had to use his full strength just to tie Zen up.

When he sighed at the strange man, a top-rank True God suddenly formed a strange shadow.

Its power was far stronger than Edmond had expected.

"Have the young fellows from the divine land become so powerful?"

When the two whips came right at him, Edmond was left with no choice but to stretch out his hands and clasp them together, preparing to grip the whips in his hands.

"Humph!"

Upon witnessing the scene, Yan snorted.

Splash!

When Edmond grabbed the two whips, his face changed immediately.

A powerful, tearing force was transmitted. His hands became as fragile as pieces of paper, instantly reduced to brittle pieces of blood.

Chapter 2477 Sword Light

The fiends in the Abyss Demon Region absorbed countless evil intentions which made their bodies extremely powerful.

A fiend was the evilest yet most perfect creature ever imagined.

Countless divine eras had strengthened these creatures and refined their bones, blood, and flesh.

Through the power of imagination, they became evil and extremely powerful creatures.

The fiend race represented fear and annihilation. The Faith Energy in the divine land did not turn into momentum but constantly gathered in the forbidden areas.

It was in the Abyss Demon Region that all negative Faith Energy gathered.

However, such a powerful fiend was unable to resist the shadow summoned by a top-rank True God.

Trapped in the blood-red lightning, Zen could only gaze wide-eyed at the scene in front of him.

It was only then that he understood what Yan said when they encountered Atlas. She told him that if she was careful enough, then there would be no need for her to fear a consummate True God.

If Atlas hadn't come out of nowhere, Yan would've dealt with him swiftly.

Furious at the scene, Reinhard and the Sword Clan members all drew their Calamity Swords.

However, eleven people with Calamity Swords were still no match for Edmond.

It was clear for Reinhard and the others that they were only courting death.

Under such circumstances, however, they did not really have a choice.

Just before they attacked though, Yan had gone ahead and shocked all of them.

Reinhard was wild with joy.

He didn't know just what kind of method Yan used, but perhaps it was possible for her to forge a miracle and kill this fiend.

Yan had effectively given hope to these Sword Clan disciples.

"Soul Killing Sword Strike! Kill him!"

Reinhard yelled.

He stood at the helm with the other Sword Clan disciples behind him, lined up in two rows with their Calamity Swords drawn.

Each disciple had a resolute expression on their faces.

Streaks of crimson light connected them.

In order to fight against a powerful fiend like Edmond, Reinhard had no qualms in using their most powerful attack—the Soul Killing Sword Strike of the Soaring Sword Sky Array.

Edmond's hands had been skinned and revealed bones.

At that moment, eleven disciples' sword array converged and turned into one huge sword shadow aimed towards him.

The Calamity Swords emitted rays of red light and contained invincible power. Everything was poured into this attack.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

The eleven charged forward and went through Edmond's huge body.

A wound, as wide as ten feet, opened in Edmond's belly as the huge sword shadow pierced through him.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The fiend retreated a few steps back from the force.

Meanwhile, Yan waved the two slender whips and struck Edmond as she controlled the huge shadow.

Each time he was whipped, blood poured down his wounds. Several deep marks were left on his body.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Duke had passed out in the huge pit.

He woke up after hearing loud sounds.

'Edmond, that fiend, he should've already killed all of them, right?' he thought to himself.

He stood up unsteadily. The finger strike Edmond shot seriously injured him, and he lost almost all of his fighting power.

It took him a great deal to climb back up from the pit. Just as he did so, he witnessed the huge sword shadow pierce Edmond's back.

Reinhard controlled the Soaring Sky Sword Array and made another cut upon Edmond's body.

"What?"

To say Duke was shocked was an understatement.

He saw Yan floating in the air, controlling a huge shadow that caused damage to Edmond.

This was completely different from what he had imagined.

Edmond was an invincible force in the Abyss Demon Region. Not even three Demi-holy Beings had been enough to bring him down.

Yet here was Yan and a few Sword Clan disciples, beating the heck out of him.

How was this possible?

How could this be?

Duke's state of mind shook violently.

He had put all his hopes upon this fiend.

If it turned out that not even Edmond could stop the Luo siblings, then there was nothing else he could ever hope to do.

Truth be told, even Edmond was surprised at this turn of events.

Still though, the attacks of Yan and the Sword Clan disciples were fierce, but did not cause him any serious harm.

A fiend had stellar regeneration skills after all.

After a while of being pelted with attacks, Edmond let out a ferocious laugh and his eyes flashed red.

"Very good! You've succeeded in infuriating me!"

His voice fell and his huge body suddenly became extremely agile.

He charged straight towards Yan.

Boom!

There was a loud explosion as Edmond tackled the huge shadow she controlled, forcing it a few steps back.

At that moment, Reinhard turned into a huge sword shadow and rushed towards him!

"Fuck off!"

Edmond turned around and directly smashed his huge fist towards the sword shadow.

His flesh had already been shattered by Yan's whips so his fist was merely red bone.

Boom!

There was another loud bang!

A soft wave appeared on the sword shadow's surface.

All the Sword Clan disciples had been hit by a great force.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Blood spurted out their mouths all at the same time, including Reinhard.

The attack was shared by the eleven disciples, but it was still difficult for them to bear the attack.

However, the punch wasn't enough to destroy the array, so Edmond raised his fist once again.

One more punch and the Soaring Sky Sword Array would certainly be torn into pieces; those who formed it would die instantly.

This scene gave Duke hope.

It seemed he hadn't failed just yet.

"Yes! This is the power of a fiend. Show them more of your power!" Duke laughed.

At that moment, Marsh and Gibson in the Heavenly Sword Divine City closed their eyes at the same time.

The twelve disciples of the Sword Clan, including Reinhard, were all selected carefully, As a top-rank True God, Reinhard was granted the surname "Sword" and was an outstanding figure in his clan.

Only a consummate True God was qualified to bear such a surname.

The two Holy Beings knew their disciples would die after using their Calamity Swords, and they couldn't bear to see such a scene.

Just as Edmond's punch was about to land on the sword array, a majestic aura suddenly rose!

An incomparable blazing sword light shot out from where it rose.

This sword light seemed to have the capacity to cut through both heaven and earth. Nothing in the vast divine land could resist it.

Swiss!

A faint wind blew.

Edmond suddenly felt his right shoulder become lighter.

Boom!

His huge right arm was cut off and hit the ground hard.

Chapter 2478 Got Serious

Zen stood not far away, holding his light green sword with an expressionless look on his face. He panted, staring at Edmond.

The long sword he held was just an ordinary supreme primordial weapon and could not bear the energy of the Ways-blending Strike.

As soon as he brandished the sword light, the entire blade became riddled with holes.

When Yan and the Sword Clan's disciples attacked Edmond, the lightning cage that trapped Zen disappeared.

However, he couldn't use the Ways-blending Strike continuously.

He had already launched two strikes in a row against Atlas earlier, in order to save Yan.

Both his body and Godly Tile had been pushed to the limit.

The few hours of rest he got was far from enough for him to recover.

His legs trembled in exhaustion.

He was very much like the damaged sword he wielded.

The energy he exerted after merging the Godly Ways was too powerful and could destroy all his meridians even if he merged it with the Truth of Godly Way.

"It's this strike. It's this strike..."

Atlas hid far away and only looked at him from a distance.

He had already learned his lesson from Zen's strike.

Before, Atlas did not offer Edmond a hand because this strike had great influence on him. Moreover, he yielded to Edmond because he wasn't powerful enough.

If this group of top-rank True Gods managed to miraculously kill Edmond then Atlas was willing to sit on the sidelines and wait for a chance to benefit from it.

As a result, he tried his best to stay away.

"This strike..."

Duke had a stunned expression on his face.

As the anonymous man, Zen's achievements in the Arena of Legends were truly amazing.

His record of consecutive wins earned him quite the stellar reputation.

A talent like him was rare even in the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands. Nobody could compare to Zen when it came to his achievement, not even the Holy Beings.

However, it was still going to be impossible for him to unleash such a terrifying sword strike.

It wasn't reasonable.

The strike just now was powerful enough to kill a consummate True God.

They were also witnesses to how Yan directly attacked Edmond after forming a shadow

'What kind of powerful figures are these Luo siblings?' Duke couldn't help but wonder in his heart.

No wonder both Troy and Rachelle were relentless in reminding him that Zen must never be underestimated.

Duke had been initially indifferent. It was only now that he realized what they meant.

Reinhard's face was red with excitement.

"You should've seen this, Master Marsh," he murmured to himself.

However, the ones most shocked about this turn of events were the two people that were on the top of the Sunrest Tree, the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan.

The Sword Clan's greatest pursuit was the ultimate swordsmanship.

In the entire divine land, it was the four Holy Beings of the Sword Clan that were considered the best in swordsmanship.

Gibson and Marsh were two of the four Holy Beings.

"That is... Emotion Closing Godly Way?"

Gibson's eyes flashed with a strong light.

Witnessing the sword strike made them curious.

"The Emotion Closing Godly Way is extraordinary, but... it's impossible for it to be so powerful," Marsh murmured.

There were many methods that affected the power of Zen's strike.

In terms of cultivation base, he was only a low-rank True God.

His weapon was also only an ordinary supreme primordial weapon.

...

The Emotion Closing Godly Way was also powerful, but not to the extent they had just witnessed.

The two old men could only look at Harold in shock.

To their surprise, there was not much change in Harold's face.

He already knew that the power of the Godly Ways could be integrated and also the fact that his master's Infinity Ruler was in Zen's possession.

Zen had already been in the divine land for quite a significant amount of time and he believed it wouldn't be too difficult for him to learn how to wield the Infinity Ruler. But to Harold, Zen just should not have been able to merge the Godly Ways for the time being.

The young man's performance surprised Harold immensely, however, he was more concerned about how the siblings could get past their current predicament.

"That's the merging energy of the Godly Ways. It's literally hundreds of Godly Ways merged into one," Harold explained lightly.

There was nothing else to hide. Besides, if they really got the inheritance, then the Sword Clan would completely side with the Luo Clan.

"Hundreds of Godly Ways? He's comprehended so many?" Marsh asked, his eyes flashing with a strange luster.

"Zen used different types of Godly Ways in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. It was extremely puzzling to me back then. I never expected him to actually be able to use hundreds of different types. Merging them must've been quite a task too," Gibson sighed.

The divine land was always filled with extraordinary talents who cultivated two or three types of Godly Ways, however, merging them wasn't easy.

In fact, only a few ever succeeded.

They even had comprehended the theurgies beyond ways after merging the Godly Ways.

However, only a few True Gods had the qualifications to practice the merging of the Godly Ways.

Both Gibson and Marsh knew this.

Yet here was Zen who apparently merged hundreds of different kinds of Godly Ways.

"I don't know," Harold remarked. "I'm more concerned about whether they can leave the debate venue alive."

He wasn't in the mood to discuss the complexities of merging Godly Ways. He simply widened his eyes and used his perception to watch everything in the debate venue. Energy continuously flowed in one of his hands as he calculated the possibilities.

Edmond was suffering and was also one arm less because of Zen.

Yan also showed great strength and the eleven disciples of Sword Clan could still be considered strong, however, the chance of winning against the enemy remained at zero.

With his arm cut off, Edmond became silent.

He grabbed his arm and docked it back to his shoulder. Countless flesh burst out from the wound and regenerated around the site.

Countless red lightning also poured out from his body and wrapped around him.

Edmond had a really bad temper but he had no energy to rage right now.

He was silent and calm.

There was no way he could regard this group as mere ants. It was time he treated them as serious opponents.

Fizz! Fizz!

Countless red lightning leaked out from his skin.

He then took a step forward.

The next second, he suddenly vanished.

...

Before he had a chance to react, Edmond already appeared above Zen.

The fiend was wrapped in infinite red lightning and Zen felt as if the area around him was enveloped by an unattainable mountain.

"Die!"

Edmond's eyes exuded a surging killing intent.

He should've ended this boring game earlier.

Chapter 2479 A Nobler Being

Edmond was all charged up and determined to catch Zen all by himself.

The scene resembled some human trying to catch a fly with his bare hands.

What had started as a playful confrontation, had now turned into a frustrating conflict. Immediately, within ten thousand feet, the area was engulfed by infinite blood red lightning.

When Atlas in the distance saw the scene unravel, he could not help but shiver. "That guy is a rare talent in the divine land. I'm afraid that he will face his end soon."

"No!"

Yan screamed.

Edmond attacked so fast that Yan didn't have any time to react.

Her eyes were wide open as she looked at the circle of red lightning. She was smoldering with anger.

With the whistling of the wind, her body suddenly flew in the air, and the huge shadow of Snake Goddess followed her.

They dashed towards Edmond regardless of the consequences.

"You?"

Seeing that Yan and the shadow were rushing towards him, Edmond waved his huge hand.

He threw a punch in the air that transformed into a huge fist shadow.

Now the fight erupted between the fist and the shadow of Snake Goddess.

"Boom!"

The shadow of Snake Goddess endured the blow, and its surface began to glow brightly.

Yan was still finding it difficult to control the shadow of Snake Goddess, although it was only in its primary form.

As Harold had said earlier, even though the power of the shadow of Snake Goddess was extraordinary, it did not really belong to the divine land.

However, no matter how extraordinary it was, the shadow of Snake Goddess that Yan controlled was equivalent to an infant. It was not strong enough to beat a fiend.

The light on the surface of the shadow of Snake Goddess flickered for a while and then started to fade. Suddenly, purple light started gathering to Yan's chest.

The purple light in her eyes began to flicker rapidly and she looked very painful. Suddenly her body fell down from midair.

And the counterattack had already begun.

Unreconciled, Yan looked at the sea of red lightning and said in a low tone, "Zen, I'm sorry that I failed to protect you."

At this moment, Yan was feeling completely helpless at the turn of fate.

"Bam!"

Yan fell to the ground, and the shadow was still shrinking towards her chest.

As it kept shrinking, Yan's mind was gradually being devoured.

After it completely devoured, it would have the upper hand and have control over Yan's physical body.

From that moment on, Yan would completely be another kind of creature.

That was why, at the Everest Spirit Mountain, Harold had told Yan to refrain from summoning the shadow of Snake Goddess.

Lying sprawled on the ground, Yan was strangely calm. Her mouth kept twitching, as she looked at the lightning.

"What a pity not to see you now, Zen," she murmured.

When Enoch, who was standing under the cyan stone tablet, saw this scene, he sighed, "Such a miserable end of an amazing pair of brother and sister. At this rate, there is no way even I can escape."

In spite of this situation, he didn't regret his choice, even for a moment.

Even if he ran along the lines of the mist, it would be difficult for him to escape death.

How many of the True Gods who had fled away could safely leave the debate venue?

At this moment, everyone thought that Zen was going to die.

All of a sudden, one could see a figure running amidst the blood red lightning.

Yan's eyes blinked and a trace of confusion appeared on her face, but the figure became clearer, as it got closer. When she recognized the figure, her eyes widened in amazement.

A golden light shone from Zen's body.

"The Promise of Absolute Beginning!"

Even Edmond had a look of surprise.

The Promise of Absolute Beginning could ignore the erosion of all the energy in the divine land.

As an illusion created by the negative Faith Energy in the divine land, Edmond was comparatively stronger, but he still couldn't hurt Zen, because the power he used was still from the divine land.

"Whoosh!"

When Zen rushed out, he used all his strength and ran towards Yan.

At the same time, an idea was forming in his mind.

He called out to Lavender, who swung her long spear and jumped on Edmond's body at an extremely fast speed.

Compared to Edmond's huge body, Lavender's body was as small as a flea.

But size just didn't matter, as Lavender, quick as lightning, jumped up in front of Edmond and thrust out the spear in her hand.

"Splat!"

Before Edmond could react, the spear pierced through his eyes.

"Let's go!"

Zen picked up Yan from the ground.

He didn't have time to choose the direction, but just kept running wildly.

Reinhard hollered a command, "All members of the Sword Clan, try to cover them!"

Reinhard and the others' sacrifice was worth it if Zen and Yan could be saved.

Led by Reinhard, the disciples of the Sword Clan transformed into a huge sword again and charged at Edmond.

"Go away!"

Edmond was bloody with the spear hit and fuming with rage.

He flicked off Lavender and sent her flying.

But when the members of the Sword Clan came over, he didn't even spare them a glance. Instead, he merely disappeared.

Since he could perform the spatial transference in the debate venue, there was no way the two ant-like figures could escape.

Zen carried Yan and barely flew for ten miles, when Edmond's figure loomed in front of them like an unbreakable mountain.

"You're even more tenacious than the Dead Soul Worm in the Abyss Demon Region," Edmond said, looking coldly at Zen.

Holding Yan in his arms, Zen began to retreat, as his heart sank.

It was not easy to fight with a fiend who was as strong as a Demi-holy Being.

He had two Promises of Absolute Beginning left. But Yan was unable to resist the blood red lightning. Was this their end?

"Zen," Yan called out, her lips bloodless. She braced herself up and reached out to stroke Zen's face. "You've tried your best. Don't struggle anymore."

"Don't be silly!" Zen was furiously thinking of a way as he kept retreating.

Unlike Yan, he had earlier experienced similar situations. And never had he given up on any kind of situation before.

"Yan is right." Duke's voice came faintly from behind Zen. "Your struggle is meaningless. To meet death is your final destination!"

Having known that he could not escape death, Duke followed Zen fearlessly.

Zen glanced at him indifferently and sneered, "You are like a maggot yourself. Do you think that everyone in the world is like you?"

Hearing Zen's words, Edmond smiled and said, "Your so-called Gods are similar to maggots in my eyes!"

"Did you hear that?" Duke mocked. "Who do you think you are? Why do you pretend to be nobler than me? Haha..."

The wild laughter was very harsh, and Zen's face was ashen.

Duke continued to laugh, looking at Zen's predicament.

Suddenly, a soft female voice could be heard from the thick mist.

"Why? Because he is my son"

As soon as these words were spoken, a slender figure slowly walked out of the mist.

Chapter 2480 Mother

Up to a moment ago, everything had been quiet, shrouded in a silence as thick as the mist itself. The voice that had, so suddenly, come from the fog rang loud and clear, cutting through the stillness.

Zen, Duke and Edmond

all turned towards the source of the voice.

"The long-haired woman!"

Edmond's face darkened immediately.

He had encountered this mysterious woman after he had suddenly appeared here, seemingly at random.

He was wise enough to know the type of people he couldn't afford to provoke, and this woman was undoubtedly one of them.

The last time they had met, she had broken his arm, and then left without a word. They had never met again since then.

Edmond even suspected that she possessed the knowledge of how one could exit in this strange world.

But not for a moment had he thought that she would appear here once again.

Duke, too, was stunned when he heard the woman's voice.

"What the hell does she mean by 'son'?"

As his eyes examined the woman's face, realization dawned on him.

"They look exactly the same!"

The woman's hair, which was over a thousand feet long, trailed on the ground as she walked slowly in their direction. She had a mesmerizing aura, and was stunningly beautiful.

And yet, one detail about her appearance was deeply disturbing.

She looked exactly like Yan!

Her son. The brother and sister...

A possibility suddenly occurred to Duke. "Is this woman Yan and Zen's mother?"

How could she be here, of all places? How could such a coincidence be possible?

Duke felt that he was crazy enough to have agreed to the plan arranged by his clan. Now, however, he understood that plan was ridiculous, because this world was even more bizarre than he had ever expected.

Harold had nearly given up on the hope that someone would come and help Zen.

Although Zen's performance had, so far, exceeded his expectations again and again, he believed that Zen had finally met his match in Edmond, and was doomed to die.

This was a desperate situation, and the results were not difficult to predict, especially for an intelligent, experienced man like Harold.

His master had entrusted the protection of Yan and Zen to him, but he had failed to save them from this tragic situation. His heart sunk in his chest with great shame and defeat.

Although he had tried his best to restrain himself, his face could not help but show his inner turmoil.

He had been standing there for a while, wallowing in guilt and self-pity, when suddenly, he caught a glimpse of the long-haired woman through the Eye of Perception. Immediately, he emerged from his trance, trembling from shock.

"It's Master's wife! It's impossible! How could she be there?" With disbelief etched on his face, Harold became visibly excited.

Gibson and Marsh stared blankly at the woman with long hair, also in shock.

"It's her!"

"She's Mike's wife! Why is she in the debate venue?"

Gibson and Marsh were both aware of what had happened in the past, but they knew very little about this woman from the Nine Li race: that she was Mike's wife, and

that she could never come to the debate venue to save her son and daughter. It was inconceivable for her to appear here!

Harold was the first to figure it out.

He clapped his hands and said, "I know! It's an incarnation of fear! She must be the incarnation of someone's fear! That's the only possible explanation!"

"An incarnation of fear? That makes sense!" Gibson's eyes flashed with realization.

"But she had been absent from the divine land for countless divine eras. It's impossible for these young warriors to have ever seen her in their lifetimes. How could she have become the incarnation of their fear?" said Marsh. Although he knew that Harold's idea made sense, something still didn't add up in his mind.

Harold shook his head. "I don't know. Perhaps it was the result of some bizarre coincidence. Perhaps, she became someone's fear by chance... or in some other indirect way... Fate, this is really an arrangement of fate!" he finally exclaimed.

Indeed, incarnations of fear were not simple products of the imagination. They had wills of their own, and their embodiments could move freely.

Although her strength had been greatly weakened in this place, Harold believed that she was still strong enough to be able to easily defeat a fiend.

A profound sense of relief washed over him.

Zen, however, continued to ogle at this long-haired woman, dumbfounded.

He had seen a vague outline of a figure when he had just entered the debate venue.

And it turned out that this was the woman he had seen!

Back then, after he had killed the monster in the underground of the Tie Clan, he had obtained a piece of mud and a small eyeball.

Through that eyeball, he had seen this woman's head!

The head bore a striking resemblance to Yan.

Her face had remained imprinted in his mind since then.

'Has she become the incarnation of my fear...?

Is this the way she has appeared here in the debate venue?

And she is my mother? Unbelievable!'

The thoughts in Zen's mind were in a turmoil.

Yan strained to lift up her head, as she lay in Zen's arms, and looked at the woman.

Although she was very weak, a glimmer of pale light flashed in her eyes when she saw this woman, whose face so resembled her. "Mother... Are you really my mother?"

As the long-haired woman stared at Zen and Yan, a touch of warmth, so fleeting Zen thought he might have imagined it, seemed to flicker in her demonic red eyes.

Unbelievable as it was, the woman nodded, looking directly at Yan.

"Whoosh!"

Fast as lightning, she swooped down over Zen and Yan, and reached out her hand to touch Yan's forehead.

Zen, however, still on high alert, held Yan tightly and recoiled, all the while staring at the long-haired woman warily.

He was not as quick to trust the woman as Yan seemed to be in her weakened state.

Just because this woman looked a lot like Yan, that didn't mean she was necessarily her mother. Anything was possible in this place.

Zen had never met his mother. In his imagination, however, she was a gentle and kind woman. That was the image his mind conjured up when he thought of her from time to time.

This woman before him, to the contrary, had a strong evil aura around her, so strong it was almost palpable. She didn't look like a good person at all, and was totally different from what he imagined his mother to be.

This underground world was full of mysteries and he had seen many an incomprehensible thing already. This could be just another one of them, and that thought filled Zen's heart with fear to the brim.

How could he let this woman approach Yan without knowing who she was and what her true intentions were?

When the woman saw Zen flinch away from her like that, a hint of sadness and desperation flooded her eyes. Yet, she continued to stare at Yan. And then, she spoke at last. "Yan is not mature yet. If she activates the shadow of Snake Goddess, she will hurt herself and may even lose her mind. This is fatal! I can save her!"

Zen's heart skipped a beat. He wanted to believe the woman. He wanted to believe that there was a chance for Yan, whose life force was weakening with every passing moment.

"The shadow of Snake Goddess? You mean the purple shadow?" Zen asked, desperation in his voice. He didn't have long to make a decision.

The woman nodded. "Yes," she whispered.

Zen knew what he had to do. If he wanted to save Yan, he had to act fast. This was his last chance, risky as it was.

The powerful fiend was still there, hiding in the mist. Did this woman plan to save Yan right here?

"But that guy is still here..." Zen said.

The woman, however, did not seem to think much of Edmond. She treated him with complete indifference, as if he were a piece of dirt on her shoe, not a mountain-sized fiend.

Upon hearing her alleged son's words, she frowned, but then smiled soon after. "You are right. Wasn't it because of this guy that Yan had to use the shadow of Snake Goddess? Then..."

"Buzz!"

Her extremely long hair suddenly lit up with a hellish red light. Then, each hair on her head suddenly turned sharp and malleable as a fencing sword. With the mass of knife-like hair circling her head like a cobra's hood, she charged towards Edmond.

"Woman, you..."

Edmond's eyes widened in fear. He desperately tried to use the spatial transference, but it was to no avail. It was already too late.

Her hair, already a thousand feet long, now started elongating infinitely, and wrapped itself around Edmond, who stood tens of thousands of feet tall.

A loud ripping noise tore through the foggy air.

Her hair, now a thousand knives, tightened around Edmond, and began cutting into his flesh.

It was not long before he was completely shredded into pieces.

Chapter 2481 Precious Memory

Reinhard and the other True Gods were so far away from the woman that they didn't hear her.

Edmond had used spatial transference to dodge the sword strike from the Soaring Sky Sword Array. Reinhard then manipulated the sword array to fly back towards him again.

When he was midair, he spotted the woman with long hair.

"Another incarnation of fear!"

"The aura that this woman is giving off is more terrifying than that of the fiend!"

"I'm doomed!"

The disciples of the Sword Clan, including Reinhard, were ashen-faced.

The huge sword shadow also came to a halt. It looked like they had nothing to do but wait for death.

But what happened next was beyond their wildest expectations.

They didn't know what the long-haired woman had said to Zen, but she floated towards Edmond and before anyone could react, smashed his body into smithereens.

"What is going on?!"

Reinhard was dumbfounded. So were the disciples of the Sword Clan.

The long-haired woman had actually cut Edmond into pieces!

This sudden change was hard for them to accept. A powerful fiend as Edmond had amounted to nothing, just as fragile as a piece of paper before this woman.

"No!"

Edmond had only been able to utter one word before he was killed, a trace of panic appearing on his huge face.

Boom!

His mountain-like body was cut open, and his body began to collapse.

His flesh and bones began to fall and disintegrate.

His corrosive blood spurted in all directions like a fountain.

Zen retreated quickly with Yan in his arms, avoiding the rain of flesh and blood.

Duke was also confused.

But he managed to escape, given that he still had the desire to survive deep in his heart.

The long-haired woman floated in the air, letting the rain of blood and flesh fall around her. But not a single drop of blood splashed on her.

At this scene, Atlas, who was hiding in the distance, began to shiver.

This woman was so much more powerful than he was!

The only thing he could now do was run away.

With a crack, he turned into a flash of lightning and disappeared into the mist.

The woman cast a casual glance in his direction. She didn't intend to chase after him.

All incarnations of fears in the debate venue would disappear after the end of the debate, including her. So no matter where Atlas was hiding, chasing him would be futile.

She didn't care about the life or death of these incarnations of fears.

She had killed Edmond because Yan had been affected by the shadow of Snake Goddess because of him. Killing him had simply been an act to release her anger.

She would have been okay with leaving Edmond alone if he hadn't done what he did.

The long-haired woman floated over to Zen as she descended. She looked at Yan with concern in her eyes and said softly, "Let her down."

Although Zen still had some doubts about her, he did as she said. After all, this woman had killed Edmond.

Moreover, he didn't seem to have any other way to save Yan.

Zen obediently lowered Yan on the ground.

The long-haired woman pressed her hand to Yan's forehead.

A ray of red light spread along her slender fingers.

And a ray of purple light emerged on Yan's forehead. She was about to resist the red light.

Although the two lights were of different colors, the auras they were emitting were similar.

Still, the purple light that Yan was releasing was weaker. After the brief tangle, the purple light retreated quickly, allowing the red light to enter Yan's brain without resistance.

"Umm..."

Yan groaned and began to tremble.

Her breath, that had begun to pick up, quieted down gradually, as if she had fallen into a deep sleep.

The long-haired woman, thinking that what she had done wasn't enough, gestured with her fingers, spreading a soft, yellow light into Yan. It looked like she was comforting Yan's soul.

Zen looked at Yan and the long-haired woman, a strange feeling coming over him.

They looked almost the same, like twins. She was Yan's and his mother.

After the treatment, the woman caressed Yan's face affectionately.

She then stood up slowly and took a deep breath.

The beautiful eyes looked at Zen again.

She was so excited to see her son and daughter, but she didn't know how to express herself.

"Mother" was a strange word to Zen. He hadn't expected to meet her under such circumstances.

He didn't even know his mother's name and surname!

She walked hesitantly towards him.

Her shiny black hair spread on both sides of her like satin, surrounding her like a sheet of rain.

"Can I hug you?" the long-haired woman asked.

Zen was about to refuse, but paused when he saw her expression. Moments later, he found himself nodding.

The long-haired woman walked up to him and took him into her arms. Choking with sobs, she said, "I've been waiting for this day for so long. I didn't expect to meet you here of all places."

She was just an incarnation of fear.

Her real body wouldn't save this memory, but this incarnation inherited all the memories of her real body, including all her emotions and self-awareness.

"Why have you been waiting for this day? Yan and I are..."

If the passage of time in the divine land were to be considered, Zen had only been born a few years ago.

"You and your sister had been placed in the Evolutionary Universe a long time ago. It's just that your father arranged for you to grow up in this grand era," the long-haired woman said softly.

Mike had been experimenting with the previous grand eras in the Evolutionary Universe. And when this grand era had arrived, the two hopeful seeds of Zen and Yan were finally nurtured and began to grow healthily.

The long-haired woman shook her head. "It seems that your father's arrangements are not necessarily correct. It's because you're lucky. If I hadn't become your incarnation of fear and landed in the debate venue, I'm afraid you and Yan would have been killed."

She looked like a decisive woman, one who knew what she was talking about.

She couldn't bear to put Zen and Yan in such dangerous situations. Going by her words, she seemed to be dissatisfied with Mike's and Harold's arrangements.

With Zen, she was like an ordinary mother who had been wronged.

She behaved strangely with Zen, but he still felt a sense of familiarity from the bottom of his heart when he heard her voice.

"It's been a long time, but it has also passed so fast! You arrived in the divine land in the blink of an eye, and are already strong enough to be on your own," she said, relieved. And then, she raised a finger. "I don't want to forget what happened here. You have to help me keep this memory. Return it to me when you see me again."

A gentle light burst out of her fingertip. It continued to condense and formed a small cocoon of light that hit Zen squarely between his eyebrows.

Chapter 2482 Poor Duke

The cocoon of light instantly entered directly between Zen's eyebrows, and immediately disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

After being planted with the cocoon of light, Zen had an unexplainable strange feeling in the pit of his heart. The bizarre feeling touched him to his very core.

Back then, he had also been planted with a petal by Estelle. This time, he was planted with a cocoon of light.

Would the cocoon of light really record all his actions?

As the long-haired woman retracted her hands and smiled, he quickly felt a sense of relief wash over him.

'Perhaps this is how a family feels, ' he thought to himself.

"Let's go. I'll take you to get Harper's inheritance," stated the long-haired woman as she took Yan in her arms.

It was then that Reinhard and the Sword Clan disciples suddenly rushed over.

Despite the fact that the long-haired woman had killed Edmond not long ago, Reinhard was still worried about Zen and Yan. He couldn't help it.

In his eyes, any kind of incarnation of fear was an enemy. The long-haired woman gave people a weird, indescribable feeling. Could she be a fiend that had the capacity to bewitch people?

"Zen, tell me, who is she? Do you know?" Reinhard asked, his voice shaking with nerves.

His reaction was completely understandable.

One couldn't forget that Edmond had been killed with just one single move on her behalf.

Even if every single one of them joined together and fought back, there still wouldn't be any point. But how could Reinhard ever feel at ease if he didn't figure it out.

Since having activated the Calamity Sword, he was doomed to his death. That said, he still had hopes that Yan and Zen could escape the disaster and obtain the skeleton's inheritance.

"She..."

Zen stuttered as he hesitated for a moment, unsure of how exactly to answer his question.

The long-haired woman bit her lips and stared at Zen with her demonic red eyes, a hint of expectation clearly visible on her face.

Of course she hoped that Zen would admit that she was his mother! Wasn't it only normal for her to feel that way?

When Zen's eyes met those of the long-haired woman, his heart skipped a beat and he immediately said, "She's my mother."

As she heard him respond, the long-haired woman narrowed her eyes and smiled.

"Your...your mother?! What?!" Reinhard was stunned. He couldn't believe what he'd just heard.

The disciples of the Sword Clan looked at each other in disbelief. They couldn't believe it either.

It was really unimaginable. After all, the incarnations of fears here in the debate venue were all extremely horrible and had unique appearances.

How could Zen have met his mother here?

No matter how coincidental it appeared, it was simply too outlandish for it actually be a coincidence.

'No. Perhaps she's still a fiend capable of bewitching others. Maybe this woman is from the Soul Wilderness, and there are indeed a few powerful creatures who have such capacities!' Reinhard pondered silently.

As he noticed the confusion and disbelief on Reinhard's face, Zen couldn't restrain himself from explaining further. "In fact, it shouldn't be hard to understand that my mother had also become my fear for a certain period. At that time though, I didn't know she is my mother."

It was then that Reinhard and the other Sword Clan members realized what was going on. Despite understanding, they were at a loss on whether they should laugh or cry.

The Dongfang Clan was willing to sacrifice their disciple, Duke, who summoned a fiend to kill both Zen and Yan.

Zen, on his belalf, was considered even stranger, as he had just called out his own mother.

Deep inside himself, Reinhard sighed heavily. 'The members of the Luo Clan, aside from Yan of course, all seem to be a little weird, ' he thought.

"Oh, I see. That's good," Reinhard said flatly with a forced smile. "Congratulations! You must be capable of obtaining the inheritance now."

Although the Sword Clan disciples had completed their mission, their lives would soon come to an end.

The blood lines on Reinhard's and other Sword Clan disciples' Calamity Swords became shorter and shorter, little by little. Now, only an approximate one fifth of the blood lines remained at the top of the sword tips.

By the time the blood lines became completely extinct, their lives would be over. It was as simple as that.

It was only inevitable that the other ten Sword Clan disciples also became depressed when they realized this.

Moments ago, in order to fight to the death, they had recklessly used their Calamity Swords. The time to suffer now came.

They had prepared themselves mentally for this event. However, life and death were two very different things, and neither were easy to face.

"What's wrong with you guys?"

Looking at Reinhard's and the Sword Clan disciples' facial expressions, Zen was somewhat baffled. He indeed couldn't believe his own two eyes.

In their hands, he stared blankly at the long swords. Then again, these eleven people from the Sword Clan had just demonstrated their powerful strength. It was so incredible, in fact, that they had actually caused damage to Edmond twice. Could it have something to do with the swords in their hands?

As the long-haired woman saw what Zen was looking at, she smiled faintly. She immediately handed the sleeping Yan over to her son.

Once Zen had his sister firmly in his grasp, the woman immediately walked toward Reinhard and grabbed the Calamity Sword in his hand. She said indifferently, "Your swords are formed by tides of misfortune. Once the red lines dissipate, you'll face three crises and three calamities. However, the vast majority of people can't even survive through the first crisis. And if, by chance, you do survive the first crisis, then there will be a second, and a third. Followed still by three calamities. Let's face it. You'll surely die."

"What? I don't understand!" Zen's eyes parted slightly. 'They sacrificed their lives to protect me and Yan?!' he wondered, in complete disbelief.

With a bitter smile, Reinhard yanked his Calamity Sword back from the woman. "Before using the Calamity Swords, we were already well aware of the consequences. This is our fate. And I'm afraid that isn't anything we can change."

The other Sword Clan disciples equally lowered their heads with grief etched on their faces.

Once a Calamity Sword was used, redeeming it was completely impossible, even for a Holy Being. Its official use was acknowledged by the Sword Clan.

"I remember the Calamity Swords were created by a talent from your Sword Clan. They are actually Misfortune Swords that come from the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Although the three crises and three calamities are unshakable, they can still be shifted over to someone else," the long-haired woman stated.

"What do you mean they can be shifted over to someone else?"

Reinhard's heart was pounding fast and hard in his chest.

Of course, he had no idea where Zen's mother had come from. What he did know though, was that someone like her probably held a few unbelievable abilities that even certain Holy Beings didn't possess.

"Did you say they could be transferred?" someone asked.

"Are you saying we still have the chance to live?"

"This is impossible! Even Master Marsh would be unable to do that!"

The Sword Clan disciples suddenly looked hopeful, and the group suddenly appeared more energetic.

"Who will we transfer the three crises and three calamities to, though?" Solomon asked at once. He was already thinking ahead.

As they heard him speak, everyone fell silent.

Who in their right mind would be willing to sacrifice themselves to suffer the three crises and three calamities of others?

Zen, however, turned on his heel and gazed at someone standing not too far off.

The others also looked in the same direction.

In the distance, they could see Duke, who didn't seem to have returned from his state of great shock.

At the moment, he was in a daze. With his hair down, he didn't have the visual quality of a top-rank True God whatsoever.

He stared blankly at the flesh and bones piled up on the ground with a face full of grief. It was almost as if Edmond was his masterpiece, and that someone had actually dared break it.

"Duke!" someone called out excitedly.

"We can transfer the three crises and three calamities to him!"

"Yes! Bring him here!" another agreed.

The Sword Clan disciples looked at Duke as if they had just seen their life-saver.

Duke was indeed still stuck in a stupor. It took him a good moment before noticing the Sword Clan disciples rushing toward him. He was startled back to his senses, and his only desire was to run away as fast as he could.

However, he was been hit by Edmond once earlier and had been seriously injured.

The Sword Clan disciples' Calamity Swords were still powerful enough to deal with him. Did Duke really think he'd get away now?

It wasn't before long that the Sword Clan members tied Duke and carried him to the woman with long hair.

Reinhard still felt a little worried. "Can the three crises and three calamities of every single one of us really be shifted over onto one person? One person alone?"

"Yes, they can. You'll individually have to stab the swords into his body. However, you'll have to do so without killing him," the long-haired woman replied indifferently.

The Sword Clan disciples looked at Duke with malicious eyes.

"What...what do you want from me? What do you want to do to me?!" Duke shouted fearfully.

"Don't worry. Our swordsmanship is excellent. We won't kill you. It'll only hurt a little!" Reinhard laughed.

Chapter 2483 Nine Li People

If it weren't for Duke, they never would have been put in such a difficult position. So they did not hesitate at all.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Everyone stabbed Duke's body with the Calamity Swords one after another.

The swordsmanship of the disciples from the Sword Clan was brilliant. The Calamity Swords had pierced through Duke's body, but they had avoided his vital parts, and he did not even bleed much.

Duke had also tried his best to retaliate during this period of time.

The only way he could resist this attack was to self-destruct. But just as the idea popped into his head, the woman with long hair discovered his intention.

He felt a slight pain in his belly, and a thin hair penetrated through his cinnabar field. Instantly Duke lost contact with his cinnabar field and was unable to end his own life.

The eleven Calamity Swords had pierced Duke's body, making him look like a hedgehog.

He couldn't understand what these people wanted to do and had given up resistance despairingly.

That was when the long haired woman waved her hands gently and cast a spell, from which a strange aura burst out.

"This aura..." Zen's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

He had felt the same aura when he faced the Luck-devouring Snake Tribulation.

Zen's faith in destiny was steadfast at the very beginning.

However, Rocher's words made him doubt the destiny later.

When he found out that everything was his father's arrangement, he rejected the destiny. It turned out that his life was pre-arranged by his father.

"The so-called misfortune is just a special energy, right? Or is it that the three crises and three calamities are actually a counterattack from the Calamity Swords?" Zen couldn't help but ask.

Unexpectedly, she shook her head and said, "No, this is the punishment of the previous luck."

"Does luck really exist?" he asked.

The spell in the long haired woman's hand was constantly changing. The aura gushed into the eleven swords, which was going to divert the three crises and three calamities to Duke.

At the same time, she answered Zen's question in seriousness, "Of course, it exists! This is an authority in the divine land."

"Really? This is an authority?" Zen was stunned.

The long haired woman gazed at her son with tenderness. "Of course this is an authority. If you have enough divine might coins, you can change your luck on the Ruling Slate. It's not very difficult. The real trouble is..."

She pointed at the Calamity Swords and continued, "The Calamity Sword, which is formed by the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, can take your luck to a higher level. Therefore, even the Holy Beings of the divine land can't do anything about it."

"A higher level you say? Mother. Do you mean the extraordinary creatures?" Zen was stumped by all the things he was learning from his mother.

Whenever she heard Zen refer to her as 'mother', there would be undisguised happiness on her face.

"You could say that, but the Calamity Sword is not complete. If a warrior at the Other Shore Realm released the Misfortune Sword, then it wouldn't be so easy to transfer the consequences," replied the long haired woman.

Now Zen got a lot of clarity on the matter.

No matter how talented the disciple of the Sword Clan, who created the Calamity Sword, was, the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent comprehended by him wasn't complete. The Calamity Sword wasn't so difficult to resist.

However, the Truth of Godly Way was passed down from the extraordinary creatures, which came from the boundless chaos outside the divine land.

The creatures in the divine land had no solution to this. Even the Holy Beings could not break it.

So if his mother could make it, did it mean that she was from outside the divine land?

Or, did it mean that she also had the strength of the Other Shore Realm?

And if she was so powerful, why was she hiding in the underground world?

Zen's heart was riddled with doubts.

'My mother shouldn't have anything to hide from me, I should really ask her about these things, ' Zen thought to himself.

However, he felt that his questions could wait until she transferred the misfortune of the Calamity Swords.

Zen saw that she had crossed her hands and her fingers were continuously bouncing on the eleven Calamity Swords.

Buzz!

The Calamity Swords were roaring and Duke's face revealed a look of extreme pain.

The invisible power flowed into Duke's body like a tidal wave.

However, a few seconds later...

The invisible force vanished.

Meanwhile, the center of Duke's forehead had already turned dark. There was an indescribable and unclear energy hidden in that dark spot.

"You all can pull out your swords now," the long haired woman said casually.

To be honest, she didn't care about the lives of anyone here. Duke or Reinhard meant nothing to her.

She only cared about Zen's emotional state.

If the disciples of the Sword Clan died, she was worried that Zen would blame himself for it. As his mother, she would not hesitate to help him.

By the time Reinhard and the others drew out their Calamity Swords, the blood red light had completely disappeared and at the same time, they felt relaxed, and the invisible pressure that was attached to them disappeared.

They all looked at her in amazement.

In the Sword Clan, it was widely-known fact that there was no solution to the Calamity Sword.

The four Holy Beings of the Sword Clan were unsuccessful in breaking it, but the long haired woman broke it with relative ease.

Not only were their lives saved, but they also completed their task smoothly. Now, they were overjoyed.

"Let's go."

Without so much as glancing at them, she turned around and left with Zen in tow.

The disciples of the Sword Clan were indeed happy, but they also felt a sense of alienation from the long haired woman, as if she was not willing to build a rapport with them.

They couldn't address this issue with her so they just trailed behind her thousand feet long hair and didn't dare to get too close to her.

They had left Duke alone.

"How come they let me off so easily?"

Duke stared dumbly at the group of people walking away. He still could not believe his eyes.

After they left, Duke felt that something was amiss. It seemed that an invisible ghost was approaching.

...

Soon Zen and the others heard Duke's gut-wrenching shrieks echoing in the distance.

So awful were the screams that even at a distance, it was terrifying.

Hearing the cry, Zen, Reinhard and Solomon turned around and saw a cloud of black smoke enveloping Duke.

No one could fathom what kind of torture he might have suffered in that vicious black smoke.

Zen showed no mercy towards Duke because he had almost killed him and Yan.

As he walked by his mother's side, he suddenly thought of a weird question. He turned to her and asked, "Mother, I don't know your name yet."

It was indeed strange that he didn't even know his mother's name.

"My surname is Li..." She shook her head and smiled wryly, "Actually, Li is not a surname. Have you heard of the phrase 'Nine Li people'?"

"Of course I've heard of it," he replied.

In the universe, they referred to those mortals as Nine Li people.

In the divine land, Nine Li people meant divine citizens.

"In fact, the Nine Li people has been collectively used to describe people in the world, without anyone bothering to investigate the real meaning behind it. It is a race in the wider world outside the divine land. And I am a member of the Nine Li people," she said softly to Zen.

Chapter 2484 Responsibility

"I have never heard that 'Nine Li people' has such a meaning," Zen muttered, his eyes glinting slyly.

She nodded and said, "And my name is Lorena."

One would not call each other XX Li among the Nine Li people.

But in the divine land, people who knew her name still called her Lorena Li.

"Lorena?" Zen was stunned before he recovered enough to say, "Isn't there a river in the divine land called Lorena River?"

Zen didn't understand the divine land fully, but he had obtained a set of the Seven Sanskrit Words of Lorena River in the Famous Sword Divine City. He knew that the Lorena River was an ancient river in the divine land, and also the longest.

Lorena smiled, "Because that river was named after me."

"The river was named after Mother!" Zen was speechless.

Lorena's face softened at Zen's expression. "Zen, do you have anything else you want to ask me?"

"Yes!" Zen said, his tone suddenly serious.

Even now, a lot of things were still a mystery to Zen.

He wanted to know everything.

"Why did you hide underground, Mother?" Zen asked.

Lorena stared off into the distance, a sudden gloom crossing her. "To avoid someone, of course," she said.

"You mean the Holy Beings of the alliance? Nicholas?" Zen asked, frowning.

Lorena smiled as she answered him. "Nicholas is half of the reason. As for the other Holy Beings, they are nothing."

"Really? Nicholas is only half of the reason?" Zen said, shocked yet again.

But when he thought about it, he remembered that his mother, in her current state, had been able to kill Edmond, who was as strong as a Demi-Holy Being, pretty easily.

The Holy Beings might actually mean nothing to his mother.

"Since the divine land was created, I've only ever considered two people to be geniuses. One was your father, and the other, was Nicholas," Lorena said, smiling at Zen. "Both of them can effortlessly reach the Other Shore Realm using their abilities. In the past, Nicholas could cross the Sea of Truth and he should, by now, have one foot on the Other Shore Realm."

Zen's eyes flashed at this.

One foot on the Other Shore Realm!

No wonder Nicholas held such high position in the divine land and had already cultivated to such a level.

It was said that the skeleton of the master at the Other Shore Realm of the debate venue was so powerful that just the Truth of Godly Way that his bones emitted was extremely powerful. So what would happen if a really strong warrior at the Other Shore Realm arrived? How terrifying would it be?

"It's a pity that your father was so impulsive in the past," said Lorena, who looked like she was missing Mike. "He is so much more talented than Nicholas. If he hadn't died, he might have reached the Other Shore Realm by now."

Zen fell silent.

It was an established fact that his father had died.

Fortunately, the Evolutionary Universe was still intact and Zen had a chance to bring his father back to life.

Mother, on the other hand, had been hiding deep underground and never showed up.

There was also only one head left.

He was their son. How could he tolerate this?

Zen's shoulders slumped as he watched Yan sleeping soundly in his arms.

Only then did Zen understand why Wynn, Master Feng, and Rocher hadn't told him the truth when he had been in the Evolutionary Universe. Even when he had seen Harold and Yan in the divine land, they had hidden the truth from him.

Things were about to become really tough for him.

"I'm sorry," Lorena said.

Zen looked at his mother, doubt clouding his eyes.

"This is a heavy burden. I haven't been a good mother," Lorena said, her head bowing with guilt.

She was a sensitive person and she knew what was going through Zen's mind at the moment.

No one wanted their children to go through such difficult times just to save themselves.

Zen's eyebrows went up at this. He looked at Lorena and said, "How can I bear to stand myself if I cannot save my parents when they are in trouble?"

Lorena was stunned at the bite in Zen's voice and the seriousness etched on his face.

She looked intently at him for a long time before saying in a gratified tone, "My Zen. You've really grown up!"

She smiled sweetly at Zen and her smile made her look years younger. Her appearance and mentality was such; she didn't look like a mother.

The two walked side by side. Zen no longer pursued the topic, afraid that his mother would blame herself again.

But he had to know something that was of utmost importance to him.

"Mother, there's still something that I'm curious about," he said.

"What is it?" Lorena asked.

Zen thought for a moment before saying, "The day I entered the underground cave of the Tie Clan, what was the monster that looked like a huge chunk of mud?"

He was stuck in being a low-rank True God, and even though he had done everything he could, he was still unable to improve his cultivation base.

The only thing that could enable him to condense the Godly Tile was the mud, which meant that all his hopes rested on it.

"It's not mud, Zen. It's a Spiritual Darkness," answered Lorena. "Why do you ask this?"

"That's called Spiritual Darkness? My cultivation stopped at the level of the low-rank True God. Back then, I had finally managed to condense the Godly Tile using the Spiritual Darkness. But now, I just can't seem to improve my cultivation. I wonder if this is the problem," Zen answered honestly.

"You used the Spiritual Darkness to condense the Godly Tile?" Lorena asked, shocked.

Zen nodded, "Yes. Because of the Primal Chaos Technique given by my master, my inner world..."

"Primal Chaos Technique?! They really dare!" Lorena said angrily, her voice rising with each word.

Even Reinhard and the others, who were thousands of feet away behind them, heard her and looked at her strangely.

"What's wrong?" Zen looked curiously at his mother, unable to understand the reason behind her vehement reaction.

"And you created the inner world, absorbed the Spiritual Darkness, and successfully condensed the Godly Tile?!" Lorena said excitedly.

"Yes," Zen nodded again.

"How many Sanskrit words have you formed in your inner world?" Lorena persisted in her questions.

"1080 golden Sanskrit words," replied Zen.

"1080!"

Lorena stared at Zen, shocked. "Bromley was so crazy that he dared give you the Primal Chaos Technique! You also dared cultivate it, and you have mastered it!"

Zen pursed his lips and said, "It is truly painful to cultivate this."

He had once been tortured so much that he could not help feeling pain dart through him at the thought of it.

"The Primal Chaos Technique that Bromley created is actually a special method that had never appeared before. I didn't expect it to really work. What's more, it's the Thousand Sanskrit Land! Did your father even think of that?" Lorena wondered, still looking confused.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2485 Bloodline

"The Thousand Sanskrit Land?"

Zen was stunned, realizing that he had asked the right person the right question.

Even Bromley and Mike hadn't been able to answer this question. They had, after all, worked out the Primal Chaos Technique by themselves, but hadn't known how far it would go.

Lorena nodded and stared at her son as if he was some strange creature.

"They stumbled across the right way pretty unexpectedly.

I used to think that all hope was lost. Maybe this is a turn for the better.

This is the will of the Chaos Ancient God! The Chaos Ancient God is helping us!" Lorena exclaimed excitedly.

Lorena had been pleasant before, but now she seemed so happy that she had completely immersed herself in her thoughts.

Seeing that his mother had zoned out, Zen waved his hands in front of her, trying to bring her back to the present.

At this, Lorena came back to her senses. She was embarrassed to have lost her manner before Zen.

"Mother, what happened? What is the Thousand Sanskrit Land?" Zen asked curiously.

Once Lorena had calmed down, she said, "Zen, do you know what the divine land is?"

"A ship?" Zen replied, his answer a question.

Lorena nodded and said, "It looks like Harold has told you that. The divine land is a big world, but it's also a ship. Do you know the purpose of this ship?"

Zen had no idea.

He only knew that the ship was constantly falling.

According to Holy Jay's explanation, the divine land would finally crash.

And with the crash of such a huge world, perhaps all the creatures in the divine land were destined to die.

After all, nobody else except the Holy Beings could resist the chaotic energy that swarmed into the divine land.

"I don't know," Zen said, shaking his head.

Lorena sighed and explained, "The divine land used to be a ship that embodied the hope of the Nine Li people. It's a ship that was used to flee."

"Flee?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

"Yes." Lorena nodded. "The Nine Li race was a big race that enjoyed a long history in the Source World, but was defeated by the Yellow Emperor. Countless people were slaughtered. In order to continue our race, in our desperation, we had to create the divine land and enter the endless chaos."

Lorena's face reflected the grief and indignation she felt at the mention of these things.

The Nine Li race was prosperous, with nine tribes and one hundred thousand Nine Li Guards among its population. They were powerful enough to dominate the Source World.

However, the race had declined while Lorena had still been young, and the race leader had been repressed. In the end, they had had no choice but to make an unwise decision.

"The divine land is a ship and it was used as a means of escape!" Zen was stunned upon hearing this.

It turned out that the extraordinary creatures in the depths of the chaos also had different sides and fought and killed each other.

Zen thought for a moment before asking, "That's not right. Since the Nine Li people managed to escape, why aren't there many of them in the divine land?"

Such a huge race had escaped using a large ship that was the divine land. It had probably taken away tens of thousands of its people.

But Zen had been in the divine land for a long time. He knew that there were some strange races and countless True Gods in the divine land. But he had never heard of the Nine Li race.

If there was, then his mother was probably the only one belonging to it.

Lorena smiled. "There are two people here, aren't there?"

"Two?" Zen was stunned.

"You and I." Lorena laughed. "The Nine Li race is divided into nine tribes, each with different bloodlines. And you have the most authentic bloodline of Chiyou among the nine tribes."

Only then did Zen understand what his mother had meant to say.

Since he was a descendant of the Nine Li race, he was a Nine Li man. What was more, he had inherited Lorena's bloodline.

But he still felt that something was wrong. He suddenly looked at Yan in his arms and asked, "If I'm a Nine Li man, what about Yan?"

Since he and Yan were both Lorena's children, why hadn't Lorena taken Yan into consideration?

"No, she is not one of us," said Lorena.

"You mean Yan isn't your biological daughter?" Zen asked carefully, a little nervous.

Lorena unexpectedly smiled at this and said, "I certainly did not mean that. Yan is indeed your sister, but her bloodline is special. This is also related to me in some ways. But she has a different bloodline."

"Ah!" Zen said, relief and understanding crossing his features.

"In the beginning, there were many Nine Li people in the divine land," Lorena said as she looked at Zen. "You may not have heard of the Nine Li race, but you should have heard of another race."

Zen pondered for a moment before the mysterious race his mother was hinting at appeared in his mind as an obvious answer.

"The Sacred race!" Zen blurted out.

"Yes," Lorena said, almost whispering.

The first time Zen had seen the Sacred race was in Holy Bromley's fairy palace.

At the time, he had had a great interest in this perfect race.

Later, when Murphy had launched a war in the universe, the Sacred race from the Murphy Universe had arrived, ready to battle. He had known at the time that the said Sacred race was not the real one. It had merely been a result of Murphy's imagination.

He had later discovered the fact that the real Sacred race came from the divine land.

In the very beginning of the divine land, it was this mysterious race that had ruled it.

The Sacred race was the first to study the Godly Way Tablets. It was the most powerful race, and was one that had Holy Beings.

Since the Sacred race was so powerful and had obvious advantages, other races had had no chance to rise.

But according to some ancient books of the divine land, this mysterious and powerful race had suddenly disappeared overnight.

This had become somewhat of a strange mystery in the divine land.

There was an answer to this mystery, one that was in the hands of a very small number of people, and one they had never made public.

Zen suddenly thought of the legends of people who had comprehended the Godly Ways in the remote ages, and asked, "Was it necessary for the Sacred race to comprehend the Godly Ways? Shouldn't they all be extraordinary, powerful creatures?"

Lorena shook her head. "Even though the Nine Li people were very strong, there were still quite a number of weaklings among the tribes. Some people were still young, and their strength was similar to that of the divine citizens in the divine land. The head of our race had left three thousand Godly Ways on the ship of hope. We had to pass them on."

Zen's brow cleared as he felt enlightened by his mother's explanation.

It turned out that the three thousand Godly Ways had all been created by the head of the Nine Li people.

"Then why did the Sacred race disappear?" Zen asked.

"Because of the pursuing troops," Lorena replied. "The Yellow Emperor had to kill us to spare himself the trouble that was bound to emerge later. He couldn't allow the tribe with the purest bloodline of the Nine Li race to escape. He had sent Yellow Emperor Guards to chase after us. Even though we tried our best to resist, one of the Yellow Emperor Guards managed to use the Blood Splitting Technique."

Lorena seemed to travel back to the ancient times through her thoughts.

"The Blood Splitting Technique is extremely vicious. It's a way of killing everyone within a radius. With just a few drops of blood of just one of us, he could kill all our people within a certain range. He did his best and used the Blood Splitting Technique, and turned all our people in the divine land into blood foams, causing them to explode.

That's why later generations of the divine land think that the Sacred race disappeared overnight. It was because they all had died!"

Lorena looked sad. Zen's question had drawn her into a painful memory.

Chapter 2486 The Past

The war that had taken place that year had been brutal.

But what hurt Lorena the most was watching the members of her race turn into blood before her very eyes.

And all this was because they shared the same bloodline!

At the time, she had shouted at the Yellow Emperor Guard who had unleashed the Blood Splitting Technique with all her strength and screamed questions at him, asking him why so many innocent Nine Li people had been involved.

The Guard had given her a very realistic answer.

"You're guilty if you have Chiyou's bloodline."

She had been ignorant at the time, but she later realized that one was guilty if they were weak. Not if they had Chiyou's bloodline.

In that war, almost all Nine Li people were killed.

The Nine Li Guard, who had guarded this ship, had also paid a heavy price.

Only thanks to Harper's protection had Lorena been saved.

The Yellow Emperor Guards, who had chased after the Nine Li race, had had an absolute advantage in strength.

But the remaining Nine Li people relied on the divine land and blocked the pursuit of the Yellow Emperor Guards.

She then came to know Mike, who had been very young at the time.

Mike was not from the Source World, but a divine citizen born in the divine land.

She had never seen such a confident man, nor had she seen such talent.

Maybe because she had seen countless people of her race turned into blood, she had a natural adoration of the strong. It was also at that time that she fell in love with Mike.

When Zen's father, Mike, knew that she was from the Sacred race and legends of the Nine Li people, he became very interested in her.

Lorena continued to narrate, Zen listening attentively.

"Since you have already blocked the chase of the Yellow Emperor Guards, why are you still hiding?" Zen asked curiously.

The Nine Li race in the divine land had suffered a heavy blow.

Even so, the strong masters of the Nine Li race survivors had an absolute ruling power in the divine land.

There was no need for these Holy Beings to rule the divine land.

"Those Yellow Emperor Guards are still alive. Harper activated the Mixed Element Seal in the divine land," Lorena said, laughing a cold laugh that sent chills down Zen's spine. "But this battle has never stopped. It lasted until today. Your father wanted to help me and the Nine Li race. He was a man of great self-confidence. At the time, he was always in the limelight and held favor in the Hall of Holy Beings. Even Nicholas always took his side."

"What? Even Nicholas?" Zen said, a strange look crossing his face.

As far as Zen knew, Nicholas and Murphy were his father's sworn enemies, which meant that they were also his sworn enemies.

The knowledge that Nicholas and his father had been on the same side came as a bit of unexpected news to Zen. It was almost unbelievable!

"Yes," Lorena replied with a nod.

But if he thought about it, it wasn't strange at all.

After the Nine Li race had been exterminated, the only hope they could have relied on was the help of the creatures born in the divine land.

These creatures had experienced countless divine eras. With the help of the resources in the divine land, they had slowly become stronger, almost replacing the Sacred race, namely the Nine Li race.

They obtained the Godly Tile, successfully became True Gods, and reached consummation. Through the Mountain of Holy Beings, they became Holy Beings and then entered the Time Sea, becoming a powerful force that could not be underestimated.

"Then why did-" Zen began, but stopped, unable to figure it out.

Lorena smiled wryly. "The Mixed Element Seals have sealed the Yellow Emperor Guards for many divine eras. But to them, breaking these seals only takes a little time, and we know time isn't that precious. As long as they are alive, they will eventually remove the seals. One day."

"This is a hidden danger that must be eliminated," Zen said, nodding emphatically. "So my father wanted to kill the Yellow Emperor Guards!"

It made sense.

The Yellow Emperor Guards that his mother had mentioned were here to hunt down the Nine Li people.

If the Guards, who were sealed at the moment, woke up, the entire divine land would suffer!

As the actual leader of the Hall of Holy Beings, Nicholas had had no choice but to consider the divine land. And since Mike had made this request, he would obviously receive the support of all the Holy Beings.

After all, the Holy Beings regarded themselves as rulers of the divine land. How could they tolerate such a hidden danger to their beloved divine land?

"Yes," said Lorena. "But a lot of things happened towards the end. Nicholas betrayed us at the last minute."

"But why?" Zen asked, his curiosity rising to a new level.

He knew that Nicholas had ended up killing his father and that his father was kept alive depending on the Evolutionary Universe.

But Nicholas had had no reason to do that.

Lorena looked uneasy. Zen frowned and continued to try and get an answer from his mother.

Finally, Lorena said in a low whisper, "It's because of... me..."

At her words, Zen looked at his mother's youthful appearance and was silent for a long time, the truth dawning upon him.

Nicholas was a conceited man.

The Dongfang Clan was the largest group in the divine land.

Before Nicholas appeared, when the Dongfang Clan had occupied the Ray Tree, there had been one Holy Being and several Demi-Holy Beings in the clan.

Despite that, the Dongfang Clan hadn't managed to take the lead in the divine land.

It was not until Nicholas had appeared that the Dongfang Clan began to take control of the Time Sea.

Later, after Nicholas established the Hall of Holy Beings all on his own, it joined hands with other great clans, and became even more powerful.

Even when Mike had appeared out of nowhere and led the unknown Luo Clan into the Time Sea, it still didn't cause Nicholas to feel discontented or threatened.

There had been arguments and conflicts of interests among these powerful clans, such as the distribution of divine might coins and disputes about each clan's territories. But there had never been any hatred between the clans.

At the time, the Hall of Holy Beings had remained in harmony. After all, the Holy Beings had reached the peak of the world, and their lifespan was infinitely long.

They had plenty of time to study Sanskrit words, explore the unknown chaos and various forbidden lands.

As for women, the Holy Beings who were infinitely immortal could have as many as they wanted. Stunning, elegant, charming, or pure women were no matter.

If he wanted, a Holy Being could have thirty thousand or three hundred thousand women, akin to an emperor's imperial harem.

So it was hard to imagine two Holy Beings fighting over a woman.

Nicholas had been attracted to Lorena the moment she had appeared.

Especially because Lorena was unique in the divine land.

Zen had never thought that his mother had been the cause of the dispute between his father and Nicholas.

At the time, Nicholas hadn't spoken his mind. He had just watched coldly as Lorena and Mike became a couple.

They had been about to join hands to destroy the sealed Yellow Emperor Guards when Nicholas turned on Mike and attacked him. Not only had he hurt Mike, he even opened one of the seals and released a Yellow Emperor Guard.

Because of this, Lorena had gotten hurt and lost her physical body.

And now, she could only use the Spiritual Darkness to replace her body.

"So basically, Nicholas betrayed you and then sided with the Yellow Emperor Guards, right?" Zen confirmed, his eyebrows knitting. "But Mother, you said that the goal of the Yellow Emperor Guards was to kill all the Nine Li people and destroy the divine land. Was this a disadvantage to Nicholas as well?"

"What if the Yellow Emperor Guards gave him great benefits? He could have climbed to higher levels after sacrificing the divine land. Gone to the Source World even? He has been mad," Lorena said lightly.

But there was one more important thing that she was not telling her son. Once the divine land crashed, she would not be able to hide underground.

And then, Nicholas could find her without difficulty.

Chapter 2487 Resolution

As Lorena spoke about the grudges from the last generation, all sorts of feelings welled up in Zen's mind.

If only the Holy Beings could work together and kill the Yellow Emperor Guards, then perhaps everything would be just fine.

No one could have expected Lorena to make an already bad situation worse, though.

It was no wonder people always attributed the fall of a country to Helen of Troy.

That said, it wasn't Lorena's fault.

After all, Nicholas' ambition wasn't only to target Lorena. What was more, he had no desire of being trapped in the divine land.

"Where is the Yellow Emperor Guard released by Nicholas?" Zen asked again, more adamantly this time.

Either a Nine Li Guard or a Yellow Emperor Guard should be an Other Shore Realm warrior and more so, they had to be of Harper's rank.

It just didn't make sense that such a powerful warrior had never appeared in the divine land before.

With Nicholas' personality and such a powerful support, he might have already destroyed the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan, and unified the divine land. How could he even tolerate the existence of these independent wealthy clans?

"He's hiding in the dark," said Lorena, her eyes revealing a sudden, deep light. "I hid in the depths of the ground to avoid being chased by the Yellow Emperor Guard. That time, he also sneaked into the ground to hunt me down. However, I beat him back instead."

"Mother, is your strength really equivalent to that of the Yellow Emperor Guard?" A strange expression could now be seen on Zen's face.

The strength that Lorena displayed was extremely powerful. So much so, that it could kill a fiend like Edmond—that wasn't to be denied.

That said however, there should still be a considerable gap in strength between her and the Yellow Emperor Guard.

"I defeated him with the help of the Spiritual Darknesses and the Malicious Monsters around me. Moreover, among all the Yellow Emperor Guards, a few of them were very powerful, but certain others were considerably weak. The guard released by Nicholas was the weakest one among them, actually," she explained.

"So, that's how it is, huh?" Zen finally understood what was going on.

The monsters hiding in the stones under the ground were indeed very powerful, enough to protect his mother.

"The Yellow Emperor Guard might have no way of dealing with you, but he can kill other Holy Beings aside from Nicholas. Wouldn't it be better to only leave the Dongfang Clan behind? After all, Nicholas is his ally. Or he could have completely controlled the forbidden areas with his own ability," Zen said.

"Although our Nine Li race was destroyed, not everyone is dead. We still have a chance of fighting against them!" she said. "Besides, your father told me before he left that he had arranged everything. He even asked me to wait for him until he came back!"

At the mention of Mike, a gleam of light flashed in her eyes. Zen saw it right away.

As he looked at his mother's expression, Zen sighed silently to himself and his heart sank a little. Although his mother was dissatisfied with his father's arrangement, she still trusted him.

"But it wasn't until today when I saw you that I realized your father's real ambition wasn't just to solve the crisis in the divine land," she said.

Finally, the conversation was coming full circle and making its way back to Zen.

"I don't understand." Zen blinked a few times, his expression blank.

She smiled and said, "When I was born, the Nine Li race had already fallen into depression. However, it was still one of the most powerful races in the Source World. Not many people, of all the tens of thousands of civilians, were capable of creating the Sanskrit land before reaching the Other Shore Realm. Even if there were, they could only create the Ten Sanskrit Land or Hundred Sanskrit Land. In fact, only a mere ten people could create a Thousand Sanskrit Land."

"Only ten people in all?"

Zen wasn't exactly sure what that meant.

His mother smiled, "Yes, the top warrior among these ten people is Chiyou, the leader of our Nine Li race. As for the other nine, they are the heads of the nine tribes of our Nine Li race."

Zen's eyebrows shot upwards as he heard this.

Chiyou was the man who had passed the Beginning Swordsmanship to Rocher, and was also the phantom that Zen had seen in the Divine Time Temple. He was the supreme master who created the divine land as well as the one who built this giant ship.

"I even think your father himself didn't actually expect you to create the Thousand Sanskrit Land. Even with Bromley's Primal Chaos Technique, no matter how talented you were, you could only create a small divine land. However, creating a Thousand Sanskrit Land was utterly impossible," she said.

The Primal Chaos Technique had its merits, of course. Its user cultivated the chaotic energy, and even the user's inner world was in total chaos.

The Sanskrit words in Zen's inner world couldn't have come out of nowhere, either.

Back in the universe, Zen had invited Mike's energy soul into his inner world. When Mike observed the a thousand and eighty Sanskrit words, he was greatly shocked, too. He couldn't figure out where the Sanskrit words had even come from.

"Think about it. Your grandfather's blood hasn't completely shown on me. It should be completely inherited by you," said she, now staring at Zen.

"My grandfather?" Zen was stunned once more. "Who's my grandfather? I've never heard of him before."

She smiled, "What a silly boy! I am Chiyou's daughter, and you are my son. Now tell me, who is your grandpa?"

Zen heard, but he looked as though he was deaf.

He was completely lost for words.

He had never imagined that his life story would be so complicated!

Every time he thought that he had discovered the truth and figured everything out, he was surprised out of his mind time and time again when new information was revealed.

While in the universe, he randomly discovered that his father had actually created that place.

And after he'd arrived at the divine land, he found out that it was in fact built by his grandfather.

All this, everything he was learning, was all unbelievable!

Zen kept silent for a long time. Before he could utter a single word, she walked up to him quickly and held his face in her hands. "Although my father told me that the hopes of the Nine Li race were in this ship before we fled from the Source World, I knew very well that we didn't have any way out without the support of the Source World.

And that's what I've always thought before meeting you, Zen. Now, the only hope that could support my life is to see your father again!

Also, I finally understand what my father meant.

He was right. I did see hope.

And that hope was you, Zen! It is you!"

His mother was talking loudly, in a trembling voice. Obviously, she was very excited.

It was in that exact moment that things began to change.

Zen's mood also took a subtle turn.

A blazing flame suddenly ignited in his heart, burning all the pressure out.

For this woman, for his mother, he was more willing than ever to move forward.

Staring at her with his firm eyes, Zen replied, "Mother, trust me, I won't let you down."

She nodded confidently, with a serene smile plastered on her face.

It was then that a voice rang out expectantly. "Mother, I won't let you down either!"

Yan had come to herself, out of nowhere.

"Yan, were you eavesdropping this entire time?" Zen pursed his lips helplessly as he waited an answer.

Their mother smiled, "I knew she'd woken up."

Yan made a silly face and turned around in order to hold her mother in her arms tightly.

The two of them didn't look like mother and daughter at all. They looked so much alike, in fact, that they could be mistaken for twins, only with opposite temperaments.

Chapter 2488 The Sun-resisting Umbrella

Compared to Zen's complex thoughts, Yan was much simpler.

Unlike the awkwardness between Zen and Lorena, Yan and Lorena were much more familiar with each other.

In fact, Zen still had some doubts about Yan.

He and Yan were siblings, and yet their blood powers were different. That made Zen confused.

Based on the uniquely shaped and powerful shadow that Yan had released, it seemed like his mother also possessed that.

This was very likely because of Yan's blood power.

Zen didn't press further.

He knew enough.

The three reached the foot of the cyan stone tablet.

Right behind the stone tablet was Enoch, who was hiding there. He hurriedly scurried away from Lorena with terror written on his face.

Lorena walked to the cyan stone tablet and gently stroked it for a moment.

Buzz!

The Sanskrit words carved on the cyan stone tablet faintly began to flicker with color.

Rumble...

The stone tablet began to violently tremble.

"Because my father didn't come here, there isn't actually a controller in the divine land," Lorena said.

Chiyou created this world and made it a ship that would go far in the chaos. He didn't come with the ship himself because he stayed in the Source World to lead the clansmen's fight against their enemies.

Even though it was called a ship, it wasn't an accurate description. After all, the divine land was a big world.

In order to give the Nine Li people better opportunities to cultivate, Chiyou mustered all his cultivation into the divine land.

Because there weren't enough warriors to manage the divine land, he left several blank slates.

The slates were all blank in the beginning.

Using divine might coins, the Nine Li people could write rules on the slates.

In fact, it was exercising one's right of control.

The entire divine land would have been controlled by the Nine Li race, who began calling themselves the Sacred race, if it weren't for the Yellow Emperor Guards.

There would be no divine citizens or wealthy clans. All Holy Beings would be of the Nine Li race.

"But Father gave Harper the authority to control this ship as he's the most loyal warrior to my father," Lorena added.

"So Harper's the captain of the ship."

"Yes." Lorena nodded.

"Is Master Harper still alive?" Zen asked.

It was suspicious that a dead warrior at the Other Shore Realm could give out such a powerful Truth of Godly Way, and so Zen couldn't stop himself from asking.

"Yes, he is."

Doubt colored Zen's voice. "Since Master Harper is still alive, why doesn't he save the divine land?

You just said that he's the most loyal person to your father. It is impossible for him to just watch when the divine land is about to be destroyed, isn't it?"

"He's not dead, but he can't control the direction of the ship right now. Someone needs to take the responsibility from him," Lorena explained tiredly.

It was the first thing Harold should do—obtaining the inheritance of the debate venue.

If the divine land kept falling, everyone would go with it. The first step for them was to change the direction of the ship.

Of course, Harper was aware of that.

Using just about all his life, Harper created the debate venue to pick out someone to take over his responsibility.

So many divine eras passed that Harper began losing hope when no suitable candidates appeared.

He was pessimistic as Lorena.

Any more struggle was meaningless in Harper's eyes since the Nine Li race was finished.

If Lorena wasn't Zen's incarnation of fear, the debate would have been futile again.

Crack!

Because of the constant vibration of the cyan stone tablet, a crack appeared in the middle.

With a slender finger, Lorena gently touched the crack on the cyan stone tablet.

Bang!

The stone tablet, which was a thousand feet high, immediately split apart and fell to the sides.

An oiled paper umbrella appeared in the center of the stone tablet.

"The Sun-resisting Umbrella is the inheritance of the debate venue," was what Zen's mother said.

The moment the Sun-resisting Umbrella appeared, Reinhard, the soybean-eyed guy, and the others, were all focused on the umbrella.

They didn't expect that the most important thing in the debate venue was hidden inside the tablet.

"This is what our Sword Clan wanted to get for years!"

"It's right in the middle of the stone tablet!"

"If I knew, I would have just destroyed the stone tablet."

"You can't open the stone tablet by yourselves. Zen, go get the umbrella," Lorena said flatly.

"Yes!"

Zen nodded.

The umbrella floated about three hundred feet in the air.

Even if Zen couldn't fly, he just jumped up and reached out his hand. He grabbed the umbrella in his hand and dragged it down easily.

"How could one change the direction of the divine land with this umbrella?" A strange expression appeared on Zen's face.

There seemed to be nothing special about the umbrella.

"It's not what you think," said Lorena with a smile. "Unfurl it."

At his mother's suggestion, Zen unfurled the Sun-resisting Umbrella.

"Yes!"

The moment the Sun-resisting Umbrella was unfurled, a golden light shield appeared around Zen's body.

The light shield was like an enchanted barrier but Zen didn't know how strong it was.

"The enchanted barrier of the Sun-resisting Umbrella can protect you from being burned by the fire of the sun," Lorena explained.

"This light shield can resist the fire of the sun?" Zen was shocked.

There was a great sun hanging in the divine land.

The sun rose from the Ray Tree in the east and disappeared to the edge of the Sunrest Tree Region in the west.

No matter how many divine eras had passed, there had never been an exception.

The power of the sun could burn everything, and even the Holy Beings never got too close.

Zen didn't expect that the paper umbrella could withstand its power.

"This umbrella can take you into the sun. In the Heavenly Wheel Hall, you would be the new captain of the divine land who can change the direction of this ship," she said.

"Enter the sun?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

"My brother's going to be roasted!" Yan said with a laugh.

Lorena had a general idea of what Zen was thinking. "Even if you practiced the Grand Weapon Refining Method and forged your body to be able to resist fire, you still won't be able to take the heat. However, you'll be safe as long as you take this umbrella. You can treat the umbrella as a key to open the door in the sun. But before that, I'll take you to meet Harper."

She turned her head and glanced at the others. Her voice was cold when she spoke. "You may leave. I will send Zen and Yan back later."

Chapter 2489 The Ancient Sword

Reinhard, Enoch and the other True Gods nodded at Lorena's words.

Although they had gained nothing from the debate venue, they still survived.

Notably, Reinhard and the other ten disciples of the Sword Clan survived too. They initially thought they were doomed, but lucky for them, they were given a second chance.

What was important was that they had accomplished a very difficult task in this journey.

The members of the Sword Clan, including Reinhard, would certainly be rewarded and put in important positions someday.

"Well, I guess we're leaving now," Reinhard said as he cupped his hands towards Zen and Yan.

Zen nodded with a smile.

With that, Reinhard led the group and went deep into the mist.

After they left, Lorena stared at her son and daughter, her black hair twirling behind her.

As these strands of hair intertwined around Yan and Zen, the two of them were soon wrapped in Lorena's hair.

"I'll take you there."

As soon as Lorena's voice fell, Zen felt the hair wrap around his body in a strong, hugging motion.

And just like that, he was lifted from the ground and dragged into the air in a forward motion.

He noticed that Lorena's beautiful hair emitted a delicate fragrance.

The scent was very quite strange to Zen, but he felt a sense of intimacy, which calmed him down nonetheless.

Maybe this was just the manifestation of their connection in the bloodline.

In the Heavenly Sword Divine City, Harold, Gibson and Marsh all looked very pleased to see Lorena carry Zen and Yan away.

The area within the Eye of Perception was limited. After Lorena, Zen and Yan left, they couldn't track them down anymore.

"I didn't expect that the umbrella was inside the debate venue, not on the other side of the iron bridge. We were misled." Marsh let out a laugh.

Gibson nodded in response, saying, "Now that Zen has got the Sun-resisting Umbrella, shall we move onto our next step, Harold?"

When they explored the debate venue, their goal was to reach the very end of it. They wanted to cross the iron bridge, but they were never able to succeed.

With a brief "Hmm," Harold added, "Why don't we wait until Zen comes out?"

Although the three of them didn't even participate in the debate, they found themselves more nervous than those who actually competed in it.

Out of all of them, Harold was the most anxious. When he saw the fiend, Edmond, his mood fell to the bottom.

He still couldn't figure out any possibility of breaking up the current situation.

However, there seemed to be an impossible turning point. The sudden appearance of Lorena saved Zen and Yan.

Even if he was as composed as ever, Harold couldn't help but let out a scream.

It was a miracle.

At this point, it seemed that Lorena wanted to benefit from the warrior at the Other Shore Realm.

Lorena kept flying in the thick mist for five minutes.

Through the thick hair, Zen could see the huge chains hanging before him.

It seemed to be parts of a huge iron bridge.

Without any hesitation, Lorena crossed the iron bridge and entered a gloomy-looking cave.

Whoosh!

Soon, Zen and Yan kept falling, and eventually landed into a deep well.

"A skeleton!"

Yan saw a skeleton sitting in the middle of the well, her eyebrows and upper lip quivering in nervousness. She couldn't help but grab Zen's hand.

"Don't be afraid," comforted Lorena.

An odd, hollow laughter came from the skeleton's mouth, and a pair of empty eyes emitted a faint yellow light. He said in a very subtle voice, "Little girl, I was like this countless years ago. What I lack is only blood, flesh and skin. There is no difference between us."

Seeing this scene, Yan grew even more afraid as she tightly grabbed Zen's hand.

On the other side, Lorena looked at the skeleton with her right eyebrow up. "Harper," she called out. "Even though you have been cursed with the Blood and Flesh Decaying Curse, you can create a body in a short time, can't you?"

"Of course," the skeleton nodded.

Then the pale yellow light began to fluctuate around him.

The energy meridians from his bones were formed, connecting his organs in his ribs once again. Skin began to appear all throughout his body.

In less than thirty seconds, the skeleton had completely disappeared, replaced by an old man with a face full of wrinkles.

Naturally, Yan felt much more comfortable with this.

Suddenly, the old man spoke out. "When I first entered here, I had to condense my body's skin every day. However, I have been cursed with the Blood and Flesh Decaying Curse, and my body began to decay. It would be cracked all over and rotten in a stinking smell. Every time it would rot, I'd find a way to condense it again. The pain is unbearable, but I have gone through it millions of times over and over again!"

Zen gasped. 'This Blood and Flesh Decaying Curse is so vicious, ' he thought.

"I thought it through later. The skin means nothing to me. Though I'm mostly just bones, I feel better than most people in the world. That's when I stopped condensing the skin for myself," Harper explained, with a calmed look across his face.

"I...I'm sorry!" Yan thought that her performance might have caused Harper to be a little disturbed.

Unexpectedly, Harper waved his hand and said, "You don't need to apologize. It's me who should apologize. I don't care about my skin, but I know that it's always impolite to greet people like this."

"Master Harper, you are a wise man," responded Zen. "There are countless heroes, but not many people can see this through in the same way you do."

Staring at Zen, Harper laughed, turned to Lorena and said, "Lorena, Mike's son is much more easy-going than his father!"

Lorena smiled upon hearing this. "Harper, have you heard the conversation between Zen and me in the debate venue?"

"What did you say? I didn't hear you." Harper shook his head vigorously. By the sound of it, it seemed that the bones in his body were too old to withstand such sharp shake. There were very intense cracking sounds when he shook his head.

"Do you want to play dumb, Harper?" Lorena was not happy.

Noticing her expression, Harper said helplessly, "My inheritance is just that Sun-resisting Umbrella! Now that you've got the umbrella, you can leave now. I have a short cut. Do you need me to give you a ride?"

"Are you seriously unwilling to face up to the reality, Harper?" Lorena stared at Harper and asked.

After a long while of silence, Harper jolted up and said, "He has the Thousand Sanskrit Land. I'm so jealous! But even so, we still have a slim chance of winning."

"Old bastard! If you already lost all of your persistence and courage, then what's the use of cultivating your soul to such a state?" she spat in return, voice as cold as ice.

Zen and Yan felt rattled as they heard their mother calling names.

Giving Zen and Yan a meaningful look, Harper smiled bitterly. "I don't have many treasures with me. Just tell me what you want, Lorena!"

Lorena smiled, glad that he made a concession as she looked at something behind Harper.

There seemed to be a long bronze sword inserted there, tucked away very secretively.

This long sword had existed for countless years. Before this, it had been held in Harper's arms. After he had condensed his skin, he had inserted the sword behind his back.

Chapter 2490 Dispute

Noticing that Lorena took a fancy to his sword, Harper narrowed his eyes and held the ancient sword tighter in his arms.

"Mike already got the Soaring Snake Sword, and now you want to take my sword too? No way!" Harper yelled.

Lorena looked at him innocently. "I didn't say I wanted this sword."

Harper breathed a sigh of relief but what Lorena said next made him nervous again.

"However, the Shadow Bearing Sword is a perfect match with Truth of Goodwill and Malice. If you pass the Truth of Goodwill and Malice on to Zen and give this sword to him, it will be great."

"Bullshit! Don't even think about taking my sword!"

The mere thought of Lorena wanting his sword was enough to set him off.

Zen and Yan also looked at each other helplessly. They wouldn't be able to get a word in this conversation at all.

"Harper," said Lorena seriously. "Have you ever thought that we will return to the Source World one day?"

"Duh, of course I have," said Harper, rolling his eyes.

To ordinary people, the divine land was extremely large. It was an entire world.

There were many True Gods and most of them didn't care about anything outside the divine land. They only knew the divine land their whole lives.

They only knew its countless regions and divine cities.

But, Harper and Lorena were from the Source World.

They knew that the Source World was the center of the chaos and that the divine land was created by Chiyou. It could form an entire circulatory system as well as produce many inconceivable creatures. But so what? No matter how perfect the divine land was, it was just a ship.

Harper had dreamed of going back to the Source World.

He even regretted getting on the ship. He'd much rather die in the Source World than live in the divine land.

"Father said our hope would be born on this ship one day," said Lorena.

"Then the hope should be born into the Nine Li race. But every one of them was killed," Harper retorted.

All of the Nine Li people were descendants of Nine Li race's nine tribes, and among them were Chiyou's descendants. They hoped that one day a child would be born from the Nine Li race and would have the purest bloodline of Chiyou. They had been working in the depths of chaos and shouldered the burden of rebuilding the Nine Li race.

This plan had its merits. Even if the Nine Li race in the Source World was exterminated, the fire of hope could still be preserved in the divine land.

But with the pursuit of the Yellow Emperor Guards, their hope was completely lost.

The Nine Li race, which was also called the Sacred race, was slaughtered.

For years, Harper had lived in despair.

Even though he had created the debate venue, it was only a try in despair. He just didn't want to see the divine land crash.

As for returning to the Source World?

It hurt but he knew that that day would never come.

"Isn't Zen a member of the Nine Li race?" Lorena asked.

Harper was stunned by her question.

Chiyou's blood ran pure in Zen's veins. The moment he touched the Sunrest Tree, Harper had noticed it.

But so what if he had the purest Chiyou's blood?

Harper once had this kind of blood before.

"Him? He can only be counted as half a member of Nine Li race at best. Have you forgotten that his father is not a member of our race?" Harper retorted.

Now he was making trouble out of nothing.

Lorena stared at Harper for quite a while. Her face darkened. "This ship could have carried the hope of our race, but now you have chosen to turn a blind eye to it. My father made a mistake in choosing you as the captain of this ship!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she turned to Zen. "Zen, Yan, let's go! Coming here was useless."

As she spoke, her long hair floated in the air and coiled around Zen and Yan.

But Harper was moved by her speech. He extended his arm and made a pressing motion. An invisible force came down from the top of the well and blocked Lorena.

"Maybe you are right," Harper said bitterly. "Maybe your father picked the wrong person. I'm not determined enough. But there were so many young men of the Nine Li race, nine leaders, and a hundred thousand Nine Li Guards, and yet they all failed. How can I possibly believe that a low-rank True God will succeed?"

"Zen has created the Thousand Sanskrit Land before he even reaches the Other Shore Realm," Lorena reminded him.

"So what?! Is a Thousand Sanskrit Land a remarkable feat for someone of Nine Li race? Lorena, you were little when you left the Source World and since then, you've spent most of your time in the divine land. You don't know what the Source World is like. There are some talents that you can't imagine," Harper said.

Lorena was silent.

She truly did know little about the Source World.

"However, as long as there's a glimmer of hope, even if it's a one in a trillion possibility, I'll try it," Harper suddenly said lightly, eyes glinting with hope and mild determination. "I'm afraid I am not as determined as you or that reckless Mike, though."

He then looked at Zen indifferently. "When your mother gave the Soaring Snake Sword to Mike, I didn't oppose that strongly. I wanted to see what tricks he was going to do with it. But I didn't expect that the Shadow Bearing Sword that has accompanied me my entire life could no longer stay with me."

He held the sword tightly in his hand, and the rest watched as his aura changed drastically.

He was like a dead tree that suddenly bore healthy green shoots, the rotten air around his body disappearing.

As he slowly raised the Shadow Bearing Sword, the Sunrest Tree and the Truth of Goodwill and Malice in the debate venue also changed.

The whole Non-combat Zone also changed dramatically.

Concurrently in the Famous Sword Divine City, some top-rank True Gods raised their heads and looked in the direction of the Sunrest Tree in the west.

"What's going on? Why did the aura suddenly change?"

"What a strong will!"

"What happened in the Sword Clan?"

Many True Gods thought the Non-combat Zone was a Sword Clan's arrangement.

Even in the Sword Clan, only a very small number of people knew the truth about the debate venue.

Hayden stood on the top of the tower and looked at the huge Sunrest Tree in the distance. Doubt filled his eyes. This was not normal.

Buzz...

Marley was also flabbergasted. "The aura from the Non-combat Zone is no longer useful! And it could no longer suppress the malice in one's mind. What happened to the Sunrest Tree?"

He also thought the Non-combat Zone was formed by the Sunrest Tree.

In the countless divine eras, the Non-combat Zone had never failed to suppress the killing intent even for a second. But that wasn't the case now.

Something was wrong.

Chapter 2491 A Sudden Change

In a palace of the Heavenly Sword Divine City, Rachelle was relentlessly pacing up and down the steps.

As someone who practiced the Murdering Godly Way and naturally had a killing intent in her heart, Rachelle often gave off a murderous aura.

However, after coming to the Sunrest Tree Region, she had been affected by the Truth of Goodwill; her killing intent wasn't able to gather while she was here.

She despised this feeling and it made her restless.

"Hey! Can you sit down?"

Shahn asked impatiently. He was starting to get annoyed after watching Rachelle walk around for such a long time.

They had sent the True Gods of their respective clans into the debate venue, but they had no way of knowing what was happening there right now.

They could only wait here for the result, so they were all anxious.

"I wonder whether Tyrone and the others have succeeded or not. I'm afraid it would still be too difficult to kill Zen," said Rachelle with a sigh, ignoring Shahn's words and continuing to pace up and down.

Walton sneered, "Although our warriors entering the debate venue have become smaller by half, they are still the top figures among the top-rank True Gods. Wouldn't it be a piece of cake for them to kill Zen, a low-rank True God?"

"Humph, that's so easy to say. It was not that we didn't have a chance to kill Zen in the Time Sea Forbidden Land. But who killed him? No one!" Rachelle said, staring at Walton. "How could you forget the humiliation you suffered within the jade seal so soon?"

Back when they were in the world inside the jade seal, the lives of so many consummate True Gods had been in Zen's hands.

Hearing what Rachelle said, Walton became silent.

Troy was sitting in a chair with two golden Buddha beads in his metal hand. The two beads were spinning in his hand, and each time they collided, they emitted a faint light.

Troy slowly said, "Don't worry. The two siblings of the Luo Clan will surely die in the debate venue."

A trace of doubt appeared on Rachelle's face. Troy had always been calm and collected. If he said that he was sure about something, then he must have a good reason. "How are you so sure?" she asked.

Shahn, Walton, and the consummate True Gods of the alliance of wealthy clans all looked at Troy.

"Because Duke will summon the most powerful incarnation of fear in the debate venue," Troy replied with a smile.

"The most powerful incarnation of fear? What is it?" Rachelle asked anxiously.

"As you know, Duke wasn't on the Floating Island for a few years. His points in the Arena of Legends have all been cleared up because of this," said Troy flatly.

Once upon a time, Duke had been well-known in the Floating Islands. He had ranked first among the top-rank True Gods in the Arena of Legends and had been known as the most qualified talent to become a consummate True God in these years.

At that time, all eyes had been on him.

However, a few years ago, he had suddenly vanished, and the Dongfang Clan had announced that he was cultivating in seclusion.

"Wasn't he cultivating in seclusion? Why wasn't he on the Floating Island?" Rachelle asked in confusion.

A smile appeared on Troy's face. "He didn't cultivate in seclusion. He entered the Abyss Demon Region instead."

"He entered the Abyss Demon Region?! Alone?" Shahn was shocked.

The Abyss Demon Region was a forbidden area. Normally, the Dongfang Clan would invite warriors from the alliance of the wealthy clans to explore the land together.

Even the first and second stages of the land were very dangerous. And ordinary True Gods could only explore the land in the company of consummate True Gods and top-rank True Gods.

"No. He was accompanied by several Demi-holy Beings of our Dongfang Clan," said Troy.

The other consummate True Gods became even more puzzled. Several Demi-holy Beings had accompanied a top-rank True God to enter the Abyss Demon Region? This was unheard of.

Demi-holy Beings were very powerful, so they could definitely advance to the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region. But it didn't make sense for them to have taken Duke along. At his cultivation base, he would have been nothing but a burden to them.

But while Walton, Shahn, and the others were staring at Troy in confusion, Rachelle had already figured out what he was saying. With her round eyes wide open, she said angrily, "If that's the case, why did you ask our Mu Clan to send three of our elites to court death?"

"What do you mean?" Walton was still in a daze.

Among the consummate True Gods, Walton was the dumbest one.

"That is to say, Duke will summon an invincible incarnation of fear to kill Zen," said Shahn calmly.

"Yeah, it's the fiend named Edmond," Troy said indifferently.

"A fiend?!"

When Walton heard this, his face contorted in anger. "Then Gage and Donne aren't coming back, are they?"

A fiend in the Abyss Demon Region was a monster that even these consummate True Gods couldn't deal with. That meant that everyone who had entered the debate venue would undoubtedly die.

The rest of the consummate True Gods had equally angry expressions on their faces.

Only the elites of each powerful clan had been sent to the debate venue. These elites were the ones who were supposed to become consummate True Gods in the future. They were the future hope of these clans.

It was too much to sacrifice their lives like this.

"Why didn't you tell us about your crazy plan?" a consummate True God complained with dissatisfaction.

If they had known about the plan before, they would have sent a few scapegoats instead of their elite warriors.

"If we had sent some scapegoats instead of our elite warriors, do you think the Sword Clan wouldn't have seen right through our plan? We had no other choice but to sacrifice them. Rachelle, your ultimate goal is to kill Zen, isn't it? That brat will become even more difficult to deal with after two years. You can't even deal with him yourself! You really think Tyrone and the others have a chance of killing him? Don't be naive," Troy explained.

Rachelle was silent.

Zen was truly a lucky person. She had a strong premonition that it would be impossible for her to kill him.

In the Time Sea Forbidden Land, she had tried to kill Zen so many times, but he had narrowly escaped from death each time.

The Dongfang Clan's plan was probably their best way of ensuring his death.

"As long as the Luo Clan doesn't get the inheritance in the debate venue this time, we will not have any worries. This sacrifice is worth it," added Troy.

As soon as he finished speaking, a unique aura spread out from the Sunrest Tree.

The calm expression on Troy's face was replaced by one of surprise and disbelief.

Buzz...

At this moment, Rachelle felt the invisible binds around her disappear; she was able to gather her killing intent again. "Has the Truth of Godly Way in the Non-combat Zone been removed?"

"No." Troy shook his head. "The Truth of Godly Way has been diverted. The Truth of Goodwill and Malice... The captain of the ship is making a move!"

"What...what does this mean?" Walton asked with a puzzled look.

Troy's face darkened. "If no one had succeeded in the debate venue, the captain wouldn't have made a move."

Troy knew no less about the debate venue than the Sword Clan. He knew that the debate venue was controlled by the Other Shore Realm warrior, but he didn't know how to succeed in the debate venue.

"You mean someone has gotten the inheritance of the debate venue? Is it one of our people?" Rachelle asked with concern.

Troy shook his head. "I'm not sure yet. We can only wait for them to come out."

Even Troy couldn't stand it anymore.

His goal was simple. He didn't want anyone to obtain the inheritance of the debate venue.

This result would have a great impact on the Dongfang Clan's next strategy to cope with the situation.

It had taken the Dongfang Clan a lot of effort to summon a fiend in the debate venue; there was no way things could have turned out this way.

That was why, so far, he had been absolutely confident that things would go according to the Dongfang Clan's plan. But now, things seemed to be developing in a direction beyond his control.

Chapter 2492 Change Harper's Mind

Tension filled the air.

"This is the aura of a real powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm!" Zen declared as he stared blankly at Harper.

Known as a powerful master, Harper's gaze alone could push anyone into fear or even submission.

He raised his sword, laid it flat slowly, and then pointed its tip towards Zen.

"Leave the masters in the Source World aside first. Some of the masters who hide in the divine land are more powerful than me. Are you brave enough to resist them? Or are you brave enough to resist me?"

There was no time for responses as the aura of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice immediately covered Zen.

It was known that the aura of a True God was so strong that it made people feel that it was actually real.

Harper's aura, however, was truly real.

Zen appeared as if he was wrapped in a crystalline layer of water. The layer of water looked deceptively soft, but it was quite strong.

For a moment he seemed to fall into the winter, but in the next, it looked like he sank to the depths of the roaring flames.

It went on for a while, and the two sensations alternately tortured the life out of Zen.

In reality, his current situation was a test.

Based on Harper's facial expression, he could tell that he really did not want to hand over the Shadow Bearing Sword to him.

Even if Chiyou was his grandfather, Harper still refused to give him the sword--at least for now.

It was because there was something that Harper still wanted to verify.

As for Zen, he couldn't do anything but do his best to resist Harper's powerful aura even if it was almost killing him.

His face quickly became white as a sheet while his soul trembled constantly. Even his heart was shaking.

Lorena and Yan didn't look too good either, especially Yan.

"Mother, Zen is just a low-rank True God. His soul isn't weaker than mine, but he can't resist such an aura," Yan said anxiously.

Since she was under Lorena's protection, she didn't have to undergo such a thing.

Yet, Lorena just frowned and said nothing.

It was true that she could help Zen make those requests, but she knew that there were some difficulties that he had to face by himself.

If he couldn't even pass this small test, then there was no point for her to help him too much.

After all, they were in a world where strength decided everything.

No matter how good the chance, the powerful the patron, and how strong the foundation, all of those were simply additional reinforcements.

Zen had to progress step by step with his own strength.

Therefore, Lorena coldly ignored Yan's worry and turned to Zen. 'Come on Zen, ' she thought.

"This man is so powerful! No wonder he has never taken the Holy Beings seriously.

His power really is one level stronger than that of the Holy Beings!

But… I'm sure I can make it through!" Zen choked out.

He suddenly closed his eyes and began to quietly activate the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

"The Truth of Cultivation Nature!"

Harper was a powerful man at the Other Shore Realm, so it was clear that his understanding of the Truth of Godly Way was not something that Zen could comprehend.

After all, he had used the Truth of Goodwill and Malice to cross the Sea of Truth and reached the other shore.

The only thing was, Zen hadn't completely grasped the Truth of Godly Way.

Nevertheless, it was impossible for Harper to use all the Truth of Godly Way to test Zen. He knew when to stop.

"The Truth of Cultivation Nature is to take advantage of the situation and conform to the changes in everything in a natural way."

In essence, the Truth of Goodwill and Malice was about the constant alternation of two kinds of auras. All that Zen had to do was follow the rhythm of the alternation.

He had once experienced such a feeling from the cyan stone tablet.

Still, the pressure at that time was far less powerful than it was now.

Of course, both situations were quite different. His goal on the cyan stone tablet was to climb to a greater height, while as for now he needed to resist. He continued to do so when something suddenly clicked in his brain.

"No, I shouldn't resist, but adapt."

The power of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice constantly poured into him like two completely different torrents.

In turn, he himself also changed with the torrents.

"Look! Zen's aura has become so unique!" Yan exclaimed as she stared at her brother in shock. Beside her was Lorena, who was equally surprised.

"He can adapt himself completely in such a short time!" she beamed with pride.

If Zen wasn't strong enough to resist the torrents, then he learned how to swim in them to avoid being drowned.

Like a baby in water, he learned how to tread the torrents after a bit of struggling.

Soon enough, he opened his eyes again.

He turned to Harper and gazed steadily at him.

"I have never lost my courage. I once fought powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm and the Supreme Lords in the universe. I even fought the Holy Beings in the divine land. You may be very powerful, but time will fill in the gap between us. And, I believe that..."

"You believe what?" Harper interjected.

There was a trace of admiration in his old eyes when he heard Zen's clear and determined words.

"I believe that it won't be too long," Zen finished with a smile.

At that moment, the aura around him immediately disappeared.

Harper looked at Lorena and smiled. "Amazing. You didn't teach Zen, but his heart is so strong. Mike has done a good job!" he applauded.

He had seen his fair share of miscreants in his long life.

Furthermore, he had more experience in the Nine Li race than Lorena.

Even in the Source World, there were only few young men who had such a strong will.

With a wave of his hand, Harper gently tossed the bronze long sword to Zen and asked, "I want to know how your father trained you."

Lorena's ears perked up as even she was quite interested in this question.

As both Zen and Yan were sent to the universe, Lorena did not know what had transpired there.

She only guessed that Zen would have all the resources from Mike.

Meanwhile, a heavy feeling washed over Zen as he took the Shadow Bearing Sword in Harper's hand. The sword was about as heavy as the Great Weighty Sword.

A gentle smile spread across his face. He had experienced so many transformations in his life, but he didn't answer.

"Zen has experienced a lot," Yan muttered solemnly as she looked at her brother. She was the one who understood Zen's struggles in the past the most.

After Harold had taken her to the divine land and when she had learned the truth, she also felt that her father had gone too far.

It could be said that Mike had used all kinds of methods to push Zen to the edge of life and death and to squeeze every inch of his strength and courage.

Lorena learned from Yan that Mike had organized a relentless family, where Zen was tormented. "My husband was too cruel! How could he treat his son like that?" she lamented.

"Ha-ha, Mike is really heartless!" Harper chuckled and sighed. "Because of such training, Zen's will is stronger than anyone else's. He is not only stronger than the members of the wealthy clans in the divine land, I'm afraid that even I am inferior to Zen in some ways."

Truly, will had nothing to do with strength.

The reason Harper had been slacking was that his mood had changed. After he lost his confidence, he became hopeless, simply watched the divine land fall apart and did not offer to help.

Now, the confident young man in front of him changed his mind.

Chapter 2493 Departure

Staring at the Shadow Bearing Sword in Zen's hand, Harper went on, "You seem to have cultivated more than ninety percent of the Truth of Cultivation Nature, and you have a good understanding of martial arts. However, the sword has been with me for many years, and it already has the spirituality. If you want to wield it, you must be well-versed with the Truth of Goodwill and Malice."

Zen nodded in reply.

There was nothing special about the long sword in Zen's hand except for its weight. It looked like an ordinary long sword.

It must be driven by the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

He bowed to Harper and said, "I hope you will give me some advice."

"It's not a big deal. The comprehension of the Truth of Godly Way depends on one's own abilities. You can only get as much of it based on your own understanding. The pursuit of the Truth of Cultivation Nature is natural. It could cooperate with almost any cultivation method, but the Truth of Goodwill and Malice is different,"

Harper said as he tapped his finger in the air.

Immediately, the scenery around the deep well began to change.

The streaks of time quickly intertwined on the wall of the well, leaving dense characters on it.

The words that appeared on the wall were, "You have a malice, then all the people in the world will be your enemy. You have a goodwill, then you will benefit the whole world."

"Is this the mind method of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice?"

Zen's eyes widened.

When he was reading the words quietly in his mind, an indescribable feeling of discomfort arose in his heart.

The words needed to be fully comprehended before he could absorb them bit by bit.

'However...' Zen thought to himself.

'Since Harper and Mother are from the Source World, they should be considered extraordinary creatures.

Can't an extraordinary creature use Sanskrit words directly?'

Buzz!

In no time, the words on the well wall flew down and gathered in front of Zen, forming a small scroll.

Zen picked up the scroll, and asked, "Master Harper, there's one more thing that I'm not sure of. Are you using the same language as ours? Don't the extraordinary creatures use Sanskrit?"

Every race had its own distinctive words and language.

The language and words of each race, much like the Demon Night race and other races, were different.

But the most essential culture was the human language and words.

Zen believed that these languages and words were transmitted from the divine land to the universe. When Mike built the Evolutionary Universe, he had transferred these cultures to the Evolutionary Universe.

For example, Zen had built his own inner world, so the languages and customs, and the languages that the Evil God and the others used were the same as that of the humans in the divine land.

Zen's question made Harper chuckle. "Sanskrit is not that easy to decipher even for us. Your mother knows that too."

Lorena nodded, adding, "Yes. The language we are using was created by a man called Cang Jie in the Source World. It is being used widely. The

Nine Li people have been living with these words, which have been transferred to the divine land. The words you have learned in the Evolutionary Universe have also been inherited from the Source World."

"I see." A look of surprise appeared on Zen's face.

He had always believed that the words they used commonly were from the divine land, but he never imagined that they might be inherited from the Source World.

"As for Sanskrit, that is derived from the words of the Chaos Ancient God," explained Lorena.

"That's weird! Is it difficult to decipher it even in the Source World? How could Geoffrey read Sanskrit so easily?" Zen asked curiously.

"What?" Harper's eyebrows suddenly shot up.

"Who is this Geoffrey? He can read Sanskrit? Seriously?" Lorena was so astonished by these facts that she was babbling now.

"Mother, Geoffrey is your grandson," Zen announced.

"My grandson?"

Lorena was beaming with pride. She didn't expect to hear that she had a grandson.

Harper asked anxiously, "Zen, did you say Geoffrey could easily understand Sanskrit?"

Harper stressed the word "easily".

Zen nodded, feeling a bit confused at his question.

Harper suddenly raised his hand, and a bright, golden word flashed in his palm, which was a Sanskrit word with a unique shape. "Do the Sanskrit words look like this?" he asked.

"That's correct," Zen nodded. "Geoffrey deciphered the Truth of Cultivation Nature from the Sanskrit words, otherwise, I couldn't have mastered the Truth of Cultivation Nature to such a high level."

Zen himself had also been curious about Geoffrey's rare talent.

Harper and Lorena looked at each other, their eyes full of concern.

"The words of the Chaos Ancient God can't be deciphered by ordinary people even in the Source World," said Lorena in a somber tone. "Only those who have the Ancient God Eyes have the ability to decipher Sanskrit. And those who have the Ancient God Eyes in the Source World are extremely rare."

"So does that mean Geoffrey has the Ancient God Eyes?" Zen blinked in disbelief.

Yan, who was standing beside them, smiled proudly and said, "Wow brother! Looks like my nephew is very powerful. I really must see him this time when we leave the debate venue."

"If you say that he can actually read the Sanskrit easily, he must have the Ancient God Eyes. It's the only explanation. Moreover, if he can decipher the Truth of Cultivation Nature, the level of his Ancient God Eyes won't be low," remarked Harper, his eyes growing wider in fascination. "One has the Thousand Sanskrit Land, one has the Ancient God Eyes and the other has the inheritance of the shadow of Snake Goddess. Why didn't these bloodlines emerge until now?"

"This is the will of the Chaos Ancient God. We will attain the final victory," said Lorena triumphantly.

"Maybe." Harper's eyes were full of expectation. "If the Thousand Sanskrit Land that Zen possesses can indeed grow and become stronger, it certainly has the ability to resolve the present crisis. However, cultivating the Thousand Sanskrit Land requires a large number of Spiritual Darknesses, and you will need your mother's advice on your cultivation method."

Lorena smiled faintly and said, "That's for sure. Zen, Yan, you'd better follow Harold's suggestion after leaving the debate venue. But you'd better come to me when you have the chance. Zen knows where I will be hiding."

"Alright," Zen agreed.

Lorena walked up to Zen and Yan and hugged them lovingly.

She was just an incarnation of fear and her real body did not know what had happened there. However, the light cocoon between Zen's eyebrows was recording everything, and Lorena would know when she met him again.

As a mother, this was a precious memory for Lorena.

"Well, since you have taken what you want, and even the things that you shouldn't take, it's time for you to leave," said Harper waving his hand.

"It's time to say goodbye," Lorena smiled wistfully and kissed Yan and Zen on their foreheads.

"Mother!"

Yan embraced Lorena tightly. Although it was the first time she had seen her mother, the blood tie was unbreakable.

Then, Lorena's body turned into little red dots and disappeared right before Yan's eyes.

Chapter 2494 The Results

Several figures rushed out from the enormous hole at the top of the Sunrest Tree.

The group was led by Tyrone, Ellis, and some others.

Because of Duke, they had all suffered major injuries.

But before Edmond appeared, they all scattered like roaches and managed to escape the debate venue by sheer luck.

Plop! Plop!

As soon as they fled from the hole, they landed on the surface of the Sunrest Tree, all of them panting with exhaustion.

"I thought I was going to die."

"Duke wanted to get himself killed. Fine, but he shouldn't have all of us die with him!"

"Hmph! I'm sure he's already turned to dust."

Now, Duke had replaced Zen as the man the top-rank True Gods hated the most.

After almost getting killed because of Duke, they managed to save their own lives, giving them a sense of narrow escape.

After taking a good rest at the edge of the hole, they flew towards the Heavenly Sword Divine City.

Soon after they left, Reinhard emerged from the hole with ten disciples of the Sword Clan behind him, the soybean-eyed guy and Enoch.

"We're back!"

After finally leaving the debate venue, the crowd wore huge smiles on their faces.

While the Sword Clan lost one of their members, they at least got to help Zen and Yan meet their goal. Their trip to the debate venue was a nearly perfect experience in hindsight.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

These people also shot toward the Heavenly Sword Divine City.

In the hall…

Marsh, Gibson, and Harold all looked quite relaxed.

They already knew the result, after all.

Although they weren't too sure what Zen and Yan would encounter with Lorena, they just assumed that she wouldn't do anything to harm her own children.

However…

Both Troy and Rachelle looked pissed off.

"I heard that the Sword Clan has some kind of technique that allows you to see the situation within the Sunrest Tree. You should already know what happened in the debate venue," Rachelle pressed.

But Marsh only grinned and said, "I have no time to watch the younger generation's movements. They all have to rely on their own skills to succeed. The one who dared to play a trick has already met his doom!"

Troy's eyes twitched as he heard this.

Marsh was suggesting that the Sword Clan had already known the Dongfang Clan's plot. Perhaps they had seen the fiend themselves.

In the beginning, Troy was most worried about Duke not being able to enter the debate venue. If he died before getting there, all the Dongfang Clan's preparations would have been for naught, but it was unlikely.

Since Duke had entered the venue and successfully summoned the fiend, the top-rank True Gods would undoubtedly perish, Troy figured.

But Harold's and Marsh's relaxed demeanor had Troy puzzled—did the top-rank True Gods actually defeat the fiend and pass the debate venue?

It was virtually impossible!

Not willing to wait any longer, he led the other consummate True Gods of the alliance of powerful clans to come here to ask about the situation. But Marsh didn't give any direct answers, of course.

At this moment, a sudden roar was heard from outside the door.

People started trickling in from the entrance.

"Tyrone!" With her sharp eyes, Rachelle spotted Tyrone, badly injured. "Those are serious wounds, aren't they?"

Pale and in pain, Tyrone stared at Troy with a look of grievance.

Noticing Harold's and the Sword Clan members' presence, Tyrone knew to be sensible about the situation. Instead of complaining about Duke and the Dongfang Clan, he said in a low voice, "I almost lost my life because of Duke!"

"How did he get you into trouble?" Troy asked anxiously.

"Forget it," Tyrone said, waving his hand. "I won't hold him accountable. He won't come back anyway."

"Duke is stronger than you. Since you have come back, he must've survived. Where is he?" Troy asked further, needing to know what really happened in the debate venue.

"We faced a fiend," Tyrone said, rolling his eyes and pouting.

The words had Troy somewhat relieved, but he feigned surprise in front of the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan. "A fiend? Then the others must have…"

"They're dead!" Tyrone interrupted him impatiently.

The answer put a pleased glint in Troy's eyes. No matter what happened in the Sunrest Tree, so long as the others were all gone, he could consider his goal achieved.

He cared nothing about the process, after all.

But he didn't know that Tyrone's words were practically nonsensical—when they saw the fiend, they all ran away, after all. They had no clue what really went down.

Harold and his group, however, had witnessed the whole thing. When they saw Troy pretend, they merely sneered and kept quiet.

Soon after Tyrone and his companions returned, another group of people, including Reinhard, appeared at the door.

Tyrone and Ellis seemed shocked out of their minds, as though they had seen real ghosts.

"You… You also ran away?" Tyrone stammered as he asked.

He and his companions had wrongly assumed that they were the only survivors—it was quite a slap to the face to find out that most of the members of the Sword Clan had managed to return as well.

Sensing the atmosphere in the hall, Reinhard offered a light smile. "We didn't run away."

But Tyrone wasn't convinced and coldly asked, "Oh really? You didn't run away? Tell me, then, how you could've possibly survived against that fiend?"

"It's quite simple, really," Reinhard replied, still smiling.

The same mysterious smile appeared on the faces of Enoch and the other Sword Clan members.

"How did you make it?" Tyrone looked at Reinhard hesitantly as he asked.

Even consummate True Gods were staring at Reinhard anxiously, eager to hear his answer.

Of course, they didn't care to hear how Reinhard survived, but they wanted to find out whether or not someone had obtained the debate's inheritance.

"Kill that fiend." Reinhard laughed.

Tyrone's expression suddenly changed at this news.

It brought a frown to Troy's face as well. "You killed the fiend? How? You're all merely top-rank True Gods."

Because the two Holy Beings of the Sword Clan were there, Reinhard wasn't the least bit afraid of Troy. He merely shrugged in response before leading the disciples of the Sword Clan up to the hall. As he walked, he said, "It wasn't us who killed the fiend, but he died indeed. Duke stirred up trouble and got himself killed. Believe it or not."

To this, the faces of Troy, Rachelle, Shahn, and Walton all grew dark.

It wasn't easy to tell if Reinhard was telling the truth or not. They could only exchange looks and read each other's eyes, assessing their worries.

Zen and his sister hadn't shown up yet, after all—the rest were hoping that the two would perish in the debate venue so that they wouldn't have to deal with the pair ever again.

But barely five minutes passed when…

Another two figures appeared at the door of the hall—they were none other than Zen and Yan.

After spending much time in the deep well, with Harper's help, they were covered in a layer of green liquid, allowing them to fly all the way up the Sunrest Tree. Because of this, they didn't lag too far behind Reinhard and the others.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2495 Dealing Method

All of a sudden, Zen appeared in the great hall with Yan, deflating all the hope that Troy, Rachelle and the others had had.

They glared at Zen as if they wanted to swallow him up.

A faint smile hung on Zen's face as he responded to Rachelle's gaze. "You're disappointed, aren't you?"

A murderous look appeared on Rachelle's face. Unfortunately, the debate venue had returned to normal, so her murderous intent was once again suppressed by the Truth of Goodwill.

"You've gotten the inheritance of the debate venue?" Troy asked while staring at Zen.

"Is it necessary for me to answer your question?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

Although he was just a low-rank True God, everything from the way he spoke to the way he behaved made it seem like he was on the same level as the consummate True Gods.

Troy couldn't help but take offense, but he took a deep breath, relaxing his expression before calmly replying with a question of his own. "Do you think that you've already won?"

"At least we've won the first step." Yan, who was standing beside her brother, raised her little face high, her eyes flashing with a sharp luster.

Troy smiled coldly and turned to look at Harold. "Let's hope that you're still this lucky next time." Then, turning to his allies, he said, "Let's go!"

Under his lead, Rachelle, Walton, all the consummate True Gods, and the top-rank True Gods from the alliance walked out of the hall.

When Troy reached the gate, Marsh suddenly called after him. "Say hello to Nicholas for me! Please forgive us for our poor reception!"

Troy turned to Marsh and nodded. "No problem, I will report it to him. Thanks for your 'meticulous' treatment." Then he left the hall in a huff.

Returning to the Time Sea from the Heavenly Sword Divine City was very convenient. One only needed to pass through the transmission array.

After the group of people in the alliance of the wealthy clans left, Marsh looked at the main entrance of the hall and said with a faint smile, "Nicholas is going to explode with anger this time."

Harold nodded. "Nicholas is not one to back down. I'm afraid that the Dongfang Clan will try to take revenge on the Sword Clan."

As the second ranked powerful clan in the divine land, the Sword Clan had been on good terms with the Dongfang Clan for many years and had never interfered with each other's business.

But this time, by supporting and protecting the Luo Clan, the Sword Clan had clearly taken a stand against the Dongfang Clan.

"Humph, if it weren't for Nicholas's crazy plan, our Sword Clan would never have provoked him. He wants to destroy the divine land? Humph! He should ask all the people in the divine land what they think," Gibson said coldly.

These Holy Beings of the divine land knew more or less about the dispute between the Luo Clan and the alliance of the wealthy clans.

Before, most of the wealthy clans had been indifferent to it.

After all, no one had been willing to offend the Dongfang Clan for the sake of the Luo Clan.

However, they had never expected that the dispute between the two could actually affect the fate of the entire divine land.

The Sword Clan had only recently found out from Harold how mad and unreasonable Nicholas had become.

He was actually ready to destroy the entire divine land just for his own ambitions.

Since it was a matter of life and death for the entire divine land, the Sword Clan, as the second ranked powerful clan in the divine land, had no choice but to take a stand and solve the problem.

"No matter what, we should be careful. Nicholas is an unpredictable man." A worried expression appeared on Marsh's face.

The Sword Clan had messed with the Dongfang Clan, which meant that they had messed with all the clans in the alliance.

And according to what Harold had said, there was a powerful man who was at the Other Shore Realm behind Nicholas.

"Don't worry, Master Marsh. No matter what, I don't think the Dongfang Clan will have the advantage," said Harold lightly. "The Moon Clan has already said they won't stand on the side of the Dongfang Clan. And if they learn about Nicholas's ambitions, they will probably make the same decision that you did."

The path that Nicholas had chosen was equivalent to standing against the entire divine land.

The Moon Clan had the same resources as the Sword Clan and it was the third ranked wealthy clan. The Moon Sect, the War God Hall, and the Mysterious Soul Building each had a Holy Being in charge, so the Moon Clan was also a force to be reckoned with.

At present, Harold's goal was very clear.

He was trying his best to rope in more powerful forces in the divine land to stand on his side so that he wouldn't find himself in a one-on-one fight.

"Let's wait and see." Marsh nodded.

People at the same level as them could see through the nature of things in a short time.

Since they couldn't predict Nicholas's next move now, they would just have to wait quietly and be prepared for anything that came their way.

"Our next step will be up to Zen," said Harold, staring at Zen.

"Entering the sun?" Zen asked.

"Right." Harold nodded.

After obtaining the Sun-resisting Umbrella, Zen had become the new captain of the divine land.

"When?" With a gleam in his eyes, Harold replied, "At dusk tomorrow."

"So soon?" Zen asked curiously.

A trace of a helpless smile appeared on Harold's face as he shook his head. "Actually, it is already very late. The speed at which the divine land is falling keeps increasing. At this rate, we'll reach a point where it will be too difficult to save the divine land even if we manage to change the direction."

If a huge object fell down, it would take a lot of time and effort to lift it back up.

And the divine land was like a ship that was unimaginably large. They were indeed running out of time.

"Okay!"

Zen nodded. He had learned a lot of things from his mother, so he had no doubts about Harold's arrangement.

Troy and the others returned to the Sword Clan's Floating Island through the transmission array.

All of them had sour expressions on their faces and kept silent.

They had suffered a crushing defeat this time.

After leaving the Sword Clan's Floating Island, Troy traveled through thick clouds and returned to the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, which was the first-ranked Floating Island on the Time Sea.

"Look! It's Master Troy!"

"Master Troy!"

"Troy, you're back!"

When Troy entered the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, all the members of the Dongfang Clan bowed respectfully to him.

But Troy just walked past them without saying a word. He was heading toward the East Hall on the Floating Island with a gloomy expression on his face.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Why hasn't Duke come back with him? They went to the Non-combat Zone together, right?"

"Did they fail?"

"So what if they failed? When have they ever succeeded in recent years? Why is he so upset?"

The disciples of the Dongfang Clan didn't know any details, but they knew that something was wrong from the look on Troy's face.

When Troy reached the entrance of the East Hall, he stopped and closed his eyes, revealing a trace of exhaustion on his face. It wasn't until minutes later that he entered.

Chapter 2496 The Sun Essence Flames

The East Hall was built with a particularly distinctive translucent glaze.

When one stepped on the ground, the impact triggered ripples, as though one was walking on a dense lake.

When Troy entered the hall, he walked along a long, thin corridor.

A small door waited at the end of the hall.

Behind the door, he saw a huge gray chair in front of him, Nicholas lying on his back atop it—he held a cup of diluted-blood-like wine in his hand. A sweet, charming smell from the liquid filled the hall.

Plop!

Before this sight, Troy knelt to the ground, saying nothing.

"I thought we were bound to win this time but I was mistaken," Nicholas said lightly.

"It's all my fault," Troy said, bowing his head.

Hearing that, Nicholas looked down at Troy and sneered. "You merely sent Duke to the debate venue. You couldn't even see the whole process, so you can't be blamed for that."

As the leader of the Dongfang Clan's group, Troy couldn't take any real part in the debate.

But he couldn't help but blame himself, not willing to accept the result.

The Dongfang Clan's plan was absolutely flawless from beginning to end.

Until now, Troy couldn't tell what went wrong—how could the candidates escape in the face of the fiend?

It was too disconcerting to him.

Looking at Troy with his head bowed, Nicholas stepped onto the ground and stood up, his burly figure rising from the chair. He poured the wine onto the ground and said calmly, "Harold may have known of our plan."

"I don't understand." Troy shook his head.

"The fear incarnations that the candidates summoned in the debate venue held their own memories—what if they summoned strong fear incarnations to serve them?" Nicholas asked.

Something clicked in Troy's head when he heard this.

"Although I don't know exactly who they summoned, that's the only explanation that makes sense," Nicholas continued. "The captain of the ship is standing opposite us. If he discovered Zen's identity and voluntarily gave him the inheritance, you couldn't stop him. So there's no need to blame yourself. It would be good if we succeeded but don't be too worried about the failure now. Get up."

"Yes, sir," Troy said as he stood up promptly.

Nicholas' words comforted him somehow.

The master at the Other Shore Realm was on Zen's side. If he wanted to give Zen his inheritance at the debate venue, who could stop him?

"But this time, the Sword Clan…" Troy started.

Nicholas stopped him with a sneer.

"The Sword Clan will take Harold's side sooner or later, but they're faster than I expected them to be. Since they can't wait, that's not on me. Some changes are bound to happen."

A full day in the divine land consisted of 24 hours.

In the early morning, the great ball of fire known as the sun would rise gradually from the east, illuminating every corner of the land.

Then, it flew past the divine land extremely quickly.

When the sun reached just above the Time Sea, it meant noontime in the divine land.

A few hours later, the sun would reach the far west above the Sunrest Tree, indicating dusk.

In the Heavenly Sword Divine City atop the Sunrest Tree within the Non-combat Zone…

Marsh, Gibson, Harold, and the others were looking up into the sky like statues.

Upon seeing the sun's afterglow, Marsh broke the silence. "It's time. I'll take you up."

Zen only nodded.

Then, he grabbed Zen's hand and with a flash, the two disappeared right before Harold's and Yan's eyes.

Though Harold could fly into the air with Zen, as a consummate True God, he couldn't move as far as Marsh could. The sun in itself was a fast-moving fireball and he couldn't afford to miss the perfect timing. They were left with no choice but to let Marsh take Zen to the sun.

Everything before Zen seemed to turn black before he was suddenly pulled up into the air.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

"What a strong gale!"

The wind roared past, blowing on his face like knives made of air. Even though he did have an extremely strong body, Zen could feel the gale leave thin white marks on his body.

Now, the sun above his head was several times larger in his sight.

"Once again!"

Pinpointing his position, Marsh continued to drag Zen through space.

After the second spatial transference, Zen was now several times closer to the sun.

When he looked down, he could see the entire Non-combat Zone.

It seemed like a small, semicircular pool with the huge Sunrest Tree in the middle like some kind of octopus. Everything seemed incomparably small to Zen from such a great height.

After Marsh moved with Zen through space for the third time, the burning flames turned into irregular sharp swords before falling from above.

These were the Sun Essence Flames.

The flames were divided into three layers. But even the outermost layer alone was enough to burn everything to the ground.

Ordinary True Gods wouldn't have been able to withstand it.

The two were still quite a long way from the sun. Though Marsh could withstand the flames, he was afraid that Zen couldn't—he created a halo in his hand, ready to cover Zen's body with it.

But right at this moment, Zen's body suddenly began glowing with tiny golden Sanskrit words—it seemed he was absorbing the Sun Essence Flames.

"You're refining your body with the flames?" Marsh was completely astonished. "You're absorbing them!"

He himself didn't dare to absorb the Sun Essence Flames for his own use. Even the Holy Beings couldn't tame the manic flames, but Zen was absorbing them continuously!

There was a legend in the divine land saying that there was a huge palace in the sun—anyone who lived there was qualified to control the divine land.

In an era when the divine citizens remained ignorant, only the most exceptional True Gods could become Holy Beings, and only a select few of them truly challenged the sun.

In the end, they were all burnt to ashes by the sun without exception. But because the Holy Beings could make themselves immortal through universes, they eventually recovered.

Since then, no one ever dared try to get close to the sun.

It was an absolute shock to Marsh to see Zen absorbing the Sun Essence Flames so freely.

Since Zen continued absorbing the flames, Marsh remained in the air, waiting for the other to absorb as much as he wanted to.

Chapter 2497 Whirlpool

Zen's entire body glowed golden from all the Sanskrit words written on his skin.

Marsh stood and waited patiently.

After five minutes, Zen's body slowly dimmed.

His outline became more distinct and the aura he exuded was more refined.

The scene intrigued Marsh. "Absorbing the preternatural fire can make you become stronger?"

From a Holy Being's perception, it was apparent at first glance that Zen's body was far mightier than an ordinary True God's.

For example, Zen's astonishing slash that he performed in the debate venue well proved his powerful strength.

If an ordinary low-rank True God made that move, their entire body would've collapsed before they even completed the strike.

However, Zen's body had no problems standing up against such a force.

The young man had shown so many incredible things that his incredibly tough physical body was often overshadowed and ignored.

"Yes," he replied to Marsh with a nod.

Marsh sighed, "I have never heard of such a magical method..."

Since Zen could adapt himself to the Sun Essence Flame in the outermost layer then he naturally would seize the opportunity to refine his body.

He still had no idea as to what extent his body could be cultivated with the Grand Weapon Refining Method.

Ever since entering the divine land, he found it really difficult to find suitable flames for his cultivation.

The answer, fortunately, came to him from his mother who told him that all cultivation methods related to Sanskrit were heritages left behind by the Chaos Ancient God. Thus, the Grand Weapon Refining Method's limit could very well go beyond the divine land.

Its limit could be further explored in the future.

Now Zen had to solve his problem.

"I'll teleport you once again but you'll have to rely on yourself afterward," Marsh told him.

He then carried Zen and zoomed off once again.

"Phew!"

In the blink of an eye, the two of them traveled several million feet!

They were high above and couldn't find any trace of the Sunrest Tree or the Non-combat Zone below.

All Zen could see was a white, oval shape on the ground. The white was no doubt snow that had covered the place for the past few months.

He noticed, however, that the circular sun had disappeared.

The distance between him and the sun had gotten too close so he could no longer see it fully. All he saw was a sea of fire!

Sizzle...

It was suspended above Zen's head vertically. The flames blazed and darted in all directions, painting a spectacular scene above him.

"Hoo, hoo, Hoo..."

Rays of Sun Essence Flame formed fiery red clouds that spiraled in the wind.

There was a hint of caution on Marsh's face as he faced the Sun Essence Flame.

He raised a hand and pointed it to the air.

Suddenly, an invisible sword intent shot out from his finger.

"Sea Subdue!"

"Splash..."

With his command, the aura of the area around them suddenly changed.

Zen heard the sound of surging waves amidst the flames.

There was a sense of desolation that stirred within him, feeling as if the sea had risen to meet him.

'This is the sword intent that Marsh has comprehended...

It isn't a theurgy nor a Godly Way. He just managed to cultivate the sword intent to such a terrifying level! So powerful...'

Zen couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

The sword intent served as a barrier against the fiery red clouds so they could no longer do any harm to Marsh or Zen.

In fact, they seemed to be drifting away from them in the waves of tide.

"I can only take you until here. I won't be able to withstand it if I continue going up," Marsh told him.

Zen nodded and took out a flying sword from his space ring.

Since he couldn't fly, he would have to rely on his flying sword for the rest of the way.

As he stepped onto the sword, Zen also took out the Sun-resisting Umbrella he had obtained from the debate venue.

The reason why Harper became the captain of the ship was because of this very umbrella.

It was only by using such an item that one could get close to the huge fireball that was the sun.

"Boom!"

As soon as he opened it, a bright yellow light curtain immediately enveloped him and the flying sword.

He knew he had to be careful now. It was going to be really bad if the flying sword, his only means of transportation, got melted off by the Sun Essence Flame.

"I'll be going now," he said.

Marsh nodded. "We're all counting on you."

With the Sun-resisting Umbrella on hand and the flying sword at his feet, Zen turned into a streak of light and rapidly flew away.

A lot of thoughts ran through Marsh's mind as he watched Zen's retreating figure.

Never had he thought that the fate of the entire divine land would rest on the shoulders of the younger generation.

Nor did he expect that the destroyed Luo Clan actually hid such powerful abilities.

He was still undecided on whether he should stand on the Luo Clan's side or not but the inborn sense of responsibility the Sword Clan had instilled in him obligated him to save the many lives that resided in the divine land.

Zen quickly flew past the fiery red clouds.

The light curtain of the Sun-resisting Umbrella protected him effectively.

He did not feel hot at all, in fact, it was rather cool.

It was indeed a magic weapon.

However, despite the fact that the Sun-resisting Umbrella proved itself to be very effective, he still did not dare take the Sun Essence Flame lightly.

The fiery red clouds could not harm him but they moved quickly and formed strong whirlpools.

If he wasn't careful, he could easily fall into these whirlpools and get sent careening towards god knew where.

After flying cautiously for more than an hour, Zen noticed more and more fire clouds surrounding him.

He was now close to the middle layer of the sun.

Not even Holy Beings would be able to bear the heat at this stage.

'The Sun Essence Flame here is probably a hundred times stronger than in the outer layer. If I lose the Sun-resisting Umbrella's protection here, I'd burn to ashes instantly!' he thought to himself.

He was also quite shocked by the fire clouds formed by the layers of the Sun Essence Flame.

Zen had no idea how the sun was formed and how it maintained such a powerful momentum despite burning in the sky for several divine eras.

It was at that point that he truly felt insignificant.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

A sharp, whooshing sound suddenly came from behind him.

When he turned, tens of thousands of Sun Essence Flame rays coalesced and now formed into a huge whirlpool.

"Damn!"

His expression changed and he immediately tried to fly to the other side.

However, the whirlpool was too large. Had Zen been a consummate True God or a Holy Being then he might've stood a chance.

Unfortunately, he was only a low-rank True God and he was merely relying on a flying sword to fly. It was impossible for him to escape.

"Swish, swish..."

At that moment, Zen felt that there was a great force pulling him, as if he was a mere leaf that was sucked in by the whirlpool. He lost control of his body and whirled around crazily.

Chapter 2498 The Creatures In The Sun

The whirlpool propelled Zen upwards at incredible speed.

Throughout the whole process, Zen stood precariously balanced on the flying sword, trying to remain standing as his hands tightly gripped the Sun-resisting Umbrella.

"The speed is too great!"

Now Zen's speed had far exceeded his flying speed, even when he tried his best. The whirlpool thrust him all the way upwards to the sun above.

The momentum built up for about five minutes as he was continually pushed higher into the air.

"Splash!"

In the raging sea of fire above his head, a huge flame wave was triggered and swept down towards him.

"I've finally arrived."

The Sun Essence Flames on the outermost and middle layers were merely the flames that left the sun's internal body.

The sea of fire above Zen was the innermost layer of the sun.

There was no time for Zen to think or even adjust his position to get a better stance on the flying sword. Holding the Sun-resisting Umbrella over his head, he plunged with tremendous force into the sea of fire.

When he opened his eyes, he saw that everything around him was crimson colored, as if he was inside a crimson sea.

The burning whirlpool couldn't resist the sea of fire, and gradually it was absorbed into the flames, until it became smaller and smaller, finally dissipating completely.

"The internal area of the sun is vast. I don't know where the hall that Harper mentioned is, so all I can do is slowly look for it."

Zen selected a direction at random and commanded the flying sword to slowly move ahead.

There was no magma in the sea of fire, but a kind of purplish red heat current ebbed and flowed like tides of the ocean. The heat current was very thick, almost becoming a burning liquid. It was probably the liquefied form of the Sun Essence Flames.

The energy contained in it was mind boggling. After all, even if the Holy Beings were to touch it, they would instantly perish!

As Zen continued to steer the flying sword across the fire sea, it was proving difficult for him to increase his speed.

He could only slowly fly while looking around.

He was probably only the second person to ever visit here, besides the captain of the ship.

In such a terrible environment, there could exist no other creatures. This was some relief to him at least, as he did not relish having to fight in such a hostile environment.

"Keep moving up!"

Zen didn't delay or dilly dally.

Two hours had already passed.

Four hours had now passed.

Finally, six hours had passed, and still his search revealed nothing!

He steered across the sea of fire for more than six hours in a row.

But all that he could see was an endless red sea of fire, and the heat shimmering vistas did not change at all.

Although the Sun-resisting Umbrella was quite capable of isolating him from all the flames outside, Zen felt bored already, and he even grew a little impatient as he had never before had to stay in such a boring place for such a long time.

"This fireball is probably the size of a full region. It will take several years for me to locate that hall at my current slow speed."

As he was hesitating, suddenly, an approaching sound could be heard closing in from behind.

Zen was startled as he turned around.

Outside the protective light curtain formed by the Sun-resisting Umbrella, a swarm of fist sized shapes were gathering together.

Under such high temperatures, he had been unable to release his spiritual sense, for once his spiritual sense left the light curtain, it would have been incinerated to ashes by the high temperatures raging beyond the light curtain. So Zen had not noticed that these small objects were approaching.

"What the hell are they? How can they survive in such a hellish environment?" Astonishment was etched all over Zen's face.

Everything, not to mention the Holy Beings, would be instantly cremated should they enter the sun. Ordinary fierce beasts and any other creatures would be destroyed here in the sun. What could these shapes be?

Zen had never even considered that there could be creatures existing here in the sun.

These fist sized objects appeared to be creatures with oval heads, and their left arms ended in large pincers. They each looked like an absurdly twisted kind of shrimp.

Despite being funny looking, they didn't seem at all afraid of the burning Sun Essence Flames.

Unfortunately, Zen did not dare to open the light curtain. Otherwise, he would really have wanted to reach through and grab a few of the strange shrimps and take them back with him.

The shells of these beasts, which could clearly resist the Sun Essence Flames must be made of incredibly hardy materials and would be quite rare.

But then again, considering that the shrimps were happily living here in the sea of fire, their temperature might be equal to that of the Sun Essence Flames. Even if Zen could catch them, he might lose a hand in the process of trying to touch them.

Following after Zen, the little shrimps snapped at the light curtain again and again with their pincers.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"

"These little creatures want to pierce through the light curtain and come inside?"

Zen frowned, as he realized this might not be the best idea.

If the light curtain was interrupted, he would be instantly burned into ashes and disappear forever.

"Go away! Shoo!"

Zen slapped against the light curtain, trying to dissuade his tiny pursuers.

"Thump!"

The light curtain vibrated heavily, and the strange shrimps scattered, but soon they rushed forward again and stuck to the light curtain with fierce determination as they punched the light curtain with their pincers.

Zen tried to drive the shrimps away a few times, but the shrimps soon discovered that Zen could only intimidate them, so they stopped fleeing. The number of these shrimps that gathered around Zen had increased, and now there was a whole swarm thumping at the light curtain.

"This is troublesome."

A wry smile momentarily flashed on Zen's face.

Soon after, the light curtain formed by the Sun-resisting Umbrella was covered by about four hundred shrimps, almost completely obscuring Zen's view ahead.

The strange shrimps were not powerful enough to break the light curtain, and therefore they didn't really pose a threat. However, Zen had already been moving slowly in the sun. Now his speed had slowed to a snail's pace due to the cumbersome shrimps.

Feeling annoyed, Zen suddenly shook the Sun-resisting Umbrella again.

The light curtain shook and bounced some shrimps off, but they didn't fear this and simply rose from the heat currents to stick to the curtain once more.

Zen was now becoming even more worried.

Just as he felt a sense of despair, through the gap between these strange shrimp bodies, he suddenly saw thin shadows darting towards him at incredible speeds.

"Fish? Fish are coming!"

Huge fish of six or seven feet long dashed towards him, their bodies curving as they swam.

These fish were almost an adult's height, and they soon began circling around Zen. They opened their mouths and grabbed the strange shrimps, swallowing them in one gulp.

"These strange shrimps are food for the fish." Zen was stunned to witness this weird drama.

It seemed that there were more than just these two kinds of creatures living in the sea of fire. At least it appeared to form a complete food chain!

The big fish had an excellent appetite. Soon, they had devoured all the shrimps that had been attached to the light curtain.

Perhaps it was because they were now interested in Zen that they didn't leave. Like the shrimps, they began to use their sharp mouths to bite the light curtain.

But soon, Zen suddenly became aware that the light above him had darkened.

At the same time, the big fish gathered around the light curtain all swished their tails and fled in all directions.

When Zen raised his head, he was confronted with the view of a gigantic whale, which was a few hundred thousand feet long arching above his head!

There were two dark green flames burning in the gigantic whale's eyes, and faint flames were spawning all over the outer layer of its skin.

As soon as the gigantic whale arrived, it opened its cavernous maw and swallowed the big fish whole.

The fish within an area of thousands of feet were sucked into its mouth with a maelstrom of force.

Zen was also within this area, and he was unable to escape. He felt a huge gravitational force passing through, and he was instantly being sucked into the body of the whale together with the big fish. Together, they sank into the darkness within the whale.

Chapter 2499 Palace

Even within the whale's belly, the swirling darkness was at a boiling high temperature.

Zen was unable to set aside the Sun-resisting Umbrella since he still needed its protection, so all that he could do was to stay put and watch what happened around him.

Fortunately, the protective light curtain from the Sun-resisting Umbrella was truly solid, although Zen and the curtain were being violently thrown about in the giant whale's body.

But as long as Zen held the Sun-resisting Umbrella tightly in his grasp, the protective curtain could not be broken!

Assured of this knowledge, Zen felt somewhat relieved.

"Splash..."

As soon as Zen managed to focus on examining the world within the whale, he became aware of a creepy feeling under his feet. The slow convulsive shivers felt like the peristalsis of some massive body part.

With the Sun-resisting Umbrella in his hand, he continued to roll head over heels into the depths of the whale's inner darkness. He realized that he might be travelling in the whale's esophagus.

When Zen finally managed to find some stability and rise to his knees, he saw a flickering cyan light up ahead!

"Cyan flame?"

Zen's attention was instantly roused.

At the same time, he saw some of the big fish being sucked into the cyan flame.

The gigantic whale had no teeth. Instead, it just swallowed both the fish and Zen whole into its stomach. As a result, and fortunately for Zen, they reached the whale's gut alive, and were not chomped into fish bait.

But when the fish tumbled into the cyan flame, their bodies began to twist madly as if they were in agony. The tenacious fish bodies rolled and bounced in the flame. Soon, Zen saw that these big fish were being burned alive by the flame. They began to sizzle and pop and soon melted little by little, leaving behind only fish bones and triangular heads.

As the burned fish corpses sank into the cyan flame's depths, even the bones gradually disintegrated.

"Is the cyan flame in the whale's body more powerful and intense than the Sun Essence Flame?" Zen was both surprised and awed.

These big fish had been merrily able to survive in the Sun Essence Flame. With such specially resilient bodies, they should not be afraid of any type of flame. However, they were actually consumed and turned into nothing by the cyan flame!

'No, this can't be right... The Sun Essence Flame is supposed to be the strongest fire in the divine land. The cyan flame, shouldn't be more powerful than that. The cyan flame is only equivalent to the gigantic whale's intestinal juices, and here it is used to digest the fire-resistant gigantic fish. The cyan flame might have evolved from this severe environment over countless divine eras!' Zen thought. Zen's face became somewhat fretful. "I wonder if this light curtain is strong enough to block the cyan flame..."

As if summoned, Zen felt another powerful peristalsis wave under his feet, which lifted him up once again, sending him falling toward the cyan flame's burning light.

Falling along with him there were dozens of big fish and numerous fist-sized shrimps.

"Splash..."

The liquid-like cyan flame burned so hot and it constantly fluctuated around Zen.

Soon the big fish and shrimps began sizzling all around Zen as they were melted and rapidly dissolved by the cyan flame. Zen looked at the light curtain, feeling somewhat nervous.

'Just hold on...'

Zen prayed fervently in his heart.

A few seconds later, the light curtain still didn't show any signs of failing. Zen heaved a sigh of relief.

What the hell kind of place was this?

Even powerful masters at the Other Shore Realm couldn't possibly have survived here without this Sun-resisting Umbrella for protection, let alone Holy Beings.

As he thought of this, a question popped into his mind.

It was only in a palace of the sun that the ship, called the divine land, could be controlled.

The Sun-resisting Umbrella was the key to gaining entrance to the palace. Without it, how could anyone possibly hope to control or steer the ship?

Neither Harper nor his mother had told him about this matter. For the time being, Zen couldn't find an answer to this dilemma. Perhaps the Yellow Emperor Guards had used some other method to affect the direction of the divine land's flight. After all, Harper had already lost his ability to enter the sun...

Zen allowed himself to become immersed in the puzzles and conjectures that raced in his mind as he waited patiently in the whale's stomach. From time to time, with a loud roar, loads of big fish, small fish, and more of the weird shrimps were quickly gulped into the whale's stomach and digested by the burning flame.

"This gigantic whale certainly has a huge stomach, and an appetite to match!" Zen sighed.

He had waited here in the roiling stomach for several hours now, and during this time, the gigantic whale had been constantly feeding, consuming more and more food…

After sighing, Zen began to become worried.

Since Zen was waiting here in the stomach where the food was being digested, he would probably be fully digested and excreted in the end.

This embarrassing way left no doubt that he would die then.

But the problem now was that the protection of the light curtain meant there was no way that the whale could digest him.

"Something that cannot be digested..."

Zen's eyes flashed as a brilliant thought occurred to him.

All living creatures would vomit if they swallowed something disagreeable that they couldn't digest. The foreign matter would then be expelled from their bodies.

Since that was the case…

Zen jumped up on the flying sword and shot upwards at best speed.

"Bang!"

He smashed heavily into the stomach wall over his head.

Evaluating this impact, Zen took advantage of the situation and continued to charge down!

"Come on!"

Inside the stomach's space, surrounded by the soft stomach walls, Zen jumped up and down and madly dashed back and forth, slamming into the stomach lining.

The cyan flame also danced around, following Zen. However, the flame was unable to break through the light curtain that was enveloping Zen, and it could not hurt him at all.

The gigantic whale was blissfully swimming in the sea of fire, devouring all creatures in its path with a loud noise.

This massive creature was the king of this sea of fire. Creatures at the top of the food chain had no enemies and knew no fear.

Today, it had eaten something strange, but it did not care. Anything that was swallowed into its stomach would eventually be digested.

But this time proved to be the exception.

The whale suddenly felt a pang of discomfort in its body, and intense pain in its stomach.

Even though it was not very intelligent, the gigantic whale instantly realized that it had eaten something not digestible, and it regretted having swallowed that strange creature…

Feeling the great pain, its huge body began twisting, and its stomach began to shrink violently!

Zen, who was still dashing around inside the whale's body, also sensed the change. The space around him began to contract rapidly!

"Okay, now's the time!"

Zen held the Sun-resisting Umbrella tightly in his hands while standing at the ready on the flying sword.

As soon as he readied his position in the air, he felt a tremendous force building under his feet, which violently shot him out.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

He tumbled about as if caught in a windstorm and quickly passed through the dark interior of the whale's esophagus and finally saw the light of the sea of fire ahead!

"I'm being chucked out!"

Zen quickly stabilized himself on the flying sword with a deft move of his tiptoes.

After spitting Zen out, the giant whale did not depart. Instead it stared at Zen with its big eyes.

Probably it wanted to make a mental note of what Zen looked like so that it would not make the mistake of swallowing such a strange thing again. Then the whale turned and dived down into the sea of fire with its massive tail sending out fiery ripples.

It was not until the whale had left that Zen heaved a sigh of relief, slowly wiping his sweaty hands on his clothes.

Zen had been an unwelcome tenant in the whale's stomach for several hours. He had no idea how far it had traveled with him inside, or even what distance it had covered in that time.

Just as he turned around to check his surroundings, Zen saw a faint structure rise from the heat waves, not far from his upper right.

"That is..."

Zen narrowed his eyes, his eyebrows raising in anticipation. His face suddenly beamed with joy.

There was a magnificent golden palace floating on the horizon!

Chapter 2500 Looking Down At The Divine Land

Zen continued to worry even after entering the sea of fire.

The sun looked like a tiny fireball from afar, but it was massive from within.

Zen had relied on a flying sword to wander in the sea of fire at a snail-like pace.

At this rate, it would take a long time to find the palace.

On the other hand, the whale was swimming at a speed that was many times faster than Zen's.

After he was sucked into the belly for several hours, the gigantic whale swam for quite a long distance and finally took him to his destination.

It was a blessing in disguise.

Zen's heart beat faster as he looked up at the towering golden palace.

But he did not hesitate. The flying sword under his feet moved upward and then towards the palace.

The palace looked to be nearby, given Zen's vantage point, but it took him close to an hour to get close to it.

"What a magnificent palace!"

Zen exclaimed as he stood at the door of the palace, looking up at it in awe.

The entire palace shone with a golden light. He didn't know what metal it was made of, but he was sure that it was definitely not gold. The soft metal would have long turned into liquid under the high temperatures surrounding it.

He then controlled the flying sword so that he floated into the palace through the open door.

The first part of the palace was also immersed in the sea of fire. But once he had moved forward for a distance, Zen noticed that several mysterious array textures had appeared on the ground.

A curtain of faint yellow light spread out of the textures, blocking the sea of flames.

'This light is almost the same as the light released by the Sun-resisting Umbrella!'

Zen thought, his eyebrows going up in surprise.

So when he approached the light curtain with the Sun-resisting Umbrella, the two light curtains connected to each other.

This allowed Zen to go in without resistance.

"That was easy!" Zen murmured in surprise.

The palace had used the light curtain to create large, safe space.

Zen stood in the palace, looking around as he carefully removed the Sun-resisting Umbrella. There was no burning sensation. That was how he knew that this place was safe.

Even so, Zen remained vigilant.

There were all kinds of creatures in the sea of fire. It was possible that there was something odd in the palace.

As he walked through the palace's huge corridor, he used his spiritual sense to gauge what was happening around him.

The palace looked luxurious but was empty from within.

He crossed the corridor, went through three rooms, and finally came to the center of the palace.

Seven interconnected rings were etched on the ground. And when he looked up, he saw that similar rings were present above him.

"Here it is!"

Zen smiled as he walked over and stepped on to the ring at the center.

Apart from being wary of the presence of a few ferocious creatures, he was not worried about this being a trap.

The sun was, after all, an extremely powerful barrier. And according to Harper, the Sun-resisting Umbrella was a key with which one could move easily through the sun. But without this key, not even a Holy Being could enter it.

Naturally, there was no need to set any other trap.

As soon as Zen stepped into the center, the seven rings beneath his feet began to glow.

With a telltale buzz, the ring at the center floated up to surround Zen's waist.

The other rings came over Zen's feet and hands, and two rings piled on top of his head.

"What are these?"

Zen muttered, puzzled. .

As the seven rings settled into place, the two rings above his head began to vibrate again.

Zen felt his soul connect closely with these rings.

All of a sudden, a white light exploded in his mind, flashing ominously like lightning.

When he opened his eyes again, he saw something floating before him.

"What's this?"

He looked curiously at the oval-shaped, gem-like thing floating in the air.

He stared at it for a long time, growing more surprised by the minute. He could hardly believe it.

"This is the divine land!"

Thanks to the rings, Zen's vision had seemed to become all-encompassing. He could actually see the entirety of the divine land.

The divine land itself was unimaginably vast, spanning tens of trillions of miles from its easternmost point to its westernmost.

Zen couldn't clearly see the details of the divine land. It was an oval shaped gem that emitted a white luster.

"It's so beautiful!"

Zen gasped as he stared at this scene, stunned.

After a long while, he turned to look at the other side.

Pieces of giant brown clouds floated around the gem. These clouds were about a hundred times larger than the divine land.

"The chaotic energy!"

Zen was familiar with the chaotic energy.

There was plenty of chaotic energy in his own inner world. Besides, he had once seen Bromley's tourist records in the fairy palace. The images Bromley had recorded were exactly the same as what was happening in front of him.

At the time, Zen didn't have an accurate concept of chaotic energy. All he knew was that the chaos was filled with a large mass of giant brown clouds. He didn't know how large these clouds were because there wasn't anything for comparison.

But now that he could see the divine land and compare the two, Zen knew how huge the clouds formed by the chaotic energy actually were.

He looked around for a while before returning his gaze to the divine land.

Zen looked down and noticed that there were still small black dots on the surface of the divine land.

There were not many, only about fifty to sixty of them.

"These dots look small, but they are actually huge. They are attached to the surface of the divine land. I think they are the universes of Holy Beings," Zen said to himself.

From where he was standing, he could see the Evolutionary Universe, but could not tell which Holy Beings the other universes belonged to.

Zen's gaze continued to travel down. It bypassed the divine land to finally find a grey world.

"Is that the bottom of the chaos?" Zen was shocked.

Harold, his mother, and Harper all had the same opinion about the divine land.

The divine land was falling rapidly.

And according to what Zen was seeing right now, it was true.

Under the divine land was a greyish white world, where the slender bones of beasts stood vertically like the fiends' teeth.

Each bone was as long as the entire divine land.

It was hard for Zen to imagine how huge these beasts had been when they were alive.

The bottom of the divine land was huge and was where bones were buried.

"What the hell is this place?"

Chapter 2501 Control

Zen was shocked even though he knew how enormous the chaos was.

But if a beast's bone was larger than the divine land, how huge must the giant beasts have been when alive?

Zen had also seen huge creatures in the universe.

For example, the Ancestral Dragon was thousands of miles long in its complete form.

A few of the giant beasts even reached ten thousand or even a hundred thousand miles in length.

But these giant beasts at the bottom of the chaos might be several hundred million miles long. How powerful might such creatures be?

How had they perished and fallen down to the bottom of the chaos?

Zen's gaze swept over the bones and saw that they were piled in disorder. They extended into far distance, and were blocked by the chaotic energy.

The number of giant beasts that had died there was probably far beyond Zen's imagination.

"I don't know what's hidden at the bottom of the chaos, but if the divine land—the 'ship' really falls down, the living beings in the divine land will surely be annihilated!"

If such a huge divine land smashed into the chaos, it would cause a huge vibration before disassembling.

The creatures of the divine land, on the other hand, could sense the ground cracking and the mountains collapsing.

And in this process, ninety percent of creatures would be destroyed, with only a portion of the powerful ones being able enough to survive.

Once the divine land broke, the chaotic energy would surge in madly.

The poison of the chaotic energy would destroy the remaining creatures, and in the end, only a few dozens of the Holy Beings would be able to survive.

Furthermore, once the divine land was broken, the universes attached to the divine land, which were also the inner worlds of Holy Beings, would also be affected. The universes would be destroyed.

Murphy and Nicholas would also probably be affected, but Zen had no idea how they would deal with the situation.

"At such a speed, the divine land will probably crash in less than ten years. No wonder Harold thinks that this is of such importance!"

Ten years was just a blink of an eye to the True Gods.

"But how can I control the direction of the divine land?" Zen pondered, frowning slightly.

Harper hadn't given Zen any advice. He had only told him that he would gain all the knowledge he needed once he entered the sun.

Since the divine land was also a ship, there was probably something like a helm that could control it.

But the rings were the only things that could be used in this palace.

He had worn these rings, but besides gaining a broader vision, he didn't seem to find anything special. Controlling the direction of the divine land wasn't even an option.

"There must be some secret to these rings!"

Four rings were around his hands and feet.

As he remembered this, Zen immediately closed his eyes.

His soul trembled, beginning to release his spiritual sense.

Like the tentacles of an octopus, the spiritual sense began to spread out towards the four rings.

When it touched the rings, they began to tremble, buzzing incessantly.

"They are absorbing my spiritual sense!" Zen exclaimed, shocked.

Simultaneously, he felt that the four rings seemed to have integrated with him.

The four rings seemed to have transformed into parts of his body, a fact that made him queasy.

"Is that so?"

Zen tried to move his arm, and lowered his right arm.

The moment he moved his arm, the front end of the divine land, which was over a trillion miles long, began to sink.

The divine land had been diving at a certain angle, and because of Zen's movement, it tilted even more greatly.

At the same time, all the living beings in the divine land felt the tremors caused by the tilting of the divine land.

The shock wasn't great, but it was obvious what had caused it.

In the Sunrest Tree Region, Yan stood on tiptoe at the edge of the tree as thick as an arm, looking up at the sky.

A few hours later, all traces of the sun disappeared from the edge of the Sunrest Tree Region and took her brother, Zen, to the other side of the chaos.

It was now night in the Sunrest Tree Region and they could only see the stars in the sky.

Although the Sun-resisting Umbrella was protecting her brother, Yan was still worried.

Even Holy Beings were prone to being burnt to ashes by the Sun Essence Flame in such a hot place. Her brother, on the other hand, was just a low-rank True God.

But in this moment, she suddenly felt a faint vibration spreading out of the tip of the tree.

She leaned forward, her body sliding onto a thin branch before she could control her movements.

"What is going on?"

Yan said, blinking in shock.

Harold appeared on the tree trunk behind her, a faint smile on his face.

"Harold, what was that power?" Yan asked curiously.

The tilt had been slight but it had been unusually smooth, which meant that the power had had an influence over a large range. It had influenced the entire Sunrest Tree, causing it to lean over.

"It was just the divine land tilting," Harold laughed. "It means Zen has succeeded!"

"Zen made it?" Yan asked, surprised.

Harold nodded and said, "But he seems to be going in the wrong direction."

Yan was facing west on the divine land. If the land tilted in this direction, it would fall faster.

"Why is he going in the wrong direction?" Yan asked curiously.

"Maybe... Maybe he is exploring at the moment," Harold answered.

The majority of the people in the divine land sensed this tilt, but most of them didn't take it seriously.

Only a very small number of people understood that just a moment ago, the divine land had tilted at a great angle. But since everyone was in the divine land, they hadn't felt it too clearly.

Some people were ecstatic and realized that someone was manipulating the direction of the divine land, in a bid to save the divine land.

But some of them looked sullen. They had plotted for a long time, but now, Zen's actions had destroyed their plans. They were furious and dejected.

Zen wasn't thinking all this as he was in the palace.

"Looks like these rings can control the direction of the divine land's flight!"

The front of the divine land had tilted dangerously when he had lowered his right hand.

So Zen gently lifted his right hand, and the ring that surrounded his right hand floated upwards.

This gesture caused the front of the divine land to lift and tilt upwards.

"It's done!"

Zen muttered excitedly.

But the moment he lifted his hand, Zen realized that something was wrong. The divine land had only risen upward on one side. The other side remained tilted.

He took some time figuring out the rules, and then slowly raised his left hand.

The divine land had changed its direction completely, but it still maintained its fall.

The divine land was, after all, a huge place and it had great inertia as it fell.

It was not easy to completely change the situation in such a short period of time. But if it kept going at the present pace, the crash could eventually be avoided.

Chapter 2502 The Red Light Band

Being able to change both the position and direction of the unimaginably enormous divine land was quite an incredible, unbelievable feat.

Zen, however, was extraordinary and he accomplished it quite easily, merely by relying on several rings.

Zen could only sigh with emotion and continue believing that the person who built the divine land had been ingenious enough to create such an exceptional method.

At that very moment, Zen had an overwhelming sense of accomplishment.

"But what power does the divine land rely on in order to fly within the chaos?" Zen wondered aloud.

Among these seven rings, two of them were above his head and would provide him with the vastest of views.

Four more small rings, located on both his hands and feet, controlled the position of the divine land during its flight.

The final ring encircled his waist.

This time, Zen released his spiritual sense without a moment's hesitation and infused it directly into the ring!

As soon as Zen was closely connected with the ring around his waist, he immediately felt four waves of immense energy fluctuations!

"These energy fluctuations are so terrifying..." he uttered to himself.

Such tremendous energy fluctuations were completely above Zen's level of understanding. Describing how powerful the four energy waves were was beyond words. Zen was slightly shocked.

And he clearly felt that these four forces came from the four corners of the divine land!

'The Ray Tree, Sunrest Tree, Hidden Tree, and the Lofty Tree!

I can summon the four great divine trees' power with this ring! These forces could drive the entire divine land into movement! So, that explains it... The four divine trees are like this ship's driving power. Or, perhaps they are the ship's paddles. They provide constant energy in order to make it possible for the divine land to travel within the chaos!' Zen thought.

The Dongfang Clan, Sword Clan, and the Moon Clan on the other hand, were a different story.

Although the three clans had respectively occupied the Ray Tree, Sunrest Tree and the Hidden Tree, they had only obtained some support of the divine trees, and thus, couldn't use divine trees' power themselves.

If one ever wanted to use the four divine trees, then they'd have to use the ring that was currently around his waist!

After all the pieces of the puzzle had come together and he had a thorough understanding of what had occurred, everything seemed to become simple and clear.

With the help of the ring around his waist, Zen released the four divine trees' energy all at once.

It only took a few brief seconds before four streams of intense energy suddenly spurted from the four corners of the divine land directly into the lower part of the chaos!

The four currents flowed in different colors. As they started to spurt, the falling speed of the divine land slowed down at a visible rate.

"What an incredibly powerful strength..." Zen couldn't help but state.

The four forces directly offset the divine land's falling inertia, causing it to halt in the chaos. At the same time, it rose very gradually!

"This is incredibly amazing!" Zen said excitedly.

He had officially accomplished the task that Harold had entrusted him with. A satisfied feeling washed over him.

All he needed to do now was wait patiently! The easiest part of it all.

However, Zen hadn't left the rings yet. He was still looking down at the divine land, watching attentively as it gradually rose.

A split-second later though, he suddenly perceived a red light flashing beneath him...

When mortals looked up at the stars in the universe, they only saw them as big as a needle's head because they were too far away. In reality though, the stars were countless times larger than what they had imagined.

Amongst the chaos, the distance had been magnified by at least a hundred thousand times, and could even be magnified a million times!

The red light was coming from the top of a beast's bone at the bottom of the chaos. Zen could see it easily now, with just a simple glance downward. The light was incredibly bright and shone radiantly.

Zen continued looking at the light curiously and he noticed a red light band spreading out from it. This red light band rapidly spread toward the divine land at an unimaginably fast speed!

"What is that? How can it be travelling so fast?"

Zen's eyes widened as he spoke aloud.

There was still a long distance dividing the divine land and the bottom of the chaos!

And yet, in less than five minutes, this red light had crossed an endless distance. It was quickly sweeping toward the divine land!

Zen couldn't figure out what this red light band was. That said, it didn't look like a good omen at all.

"Hurry up! Run!" Zen clenched his jaw and obeyed his own command.

Through the ring around his waist, he pushed on the four divine trees in order to make them unleash even more energy.

Unfortunately, for such a huge and unimaginable place like the divine land, increasing or decreasing speed was actually a very long process.

No matter how Zen activated the extra energy, the divine land continued creeping upward at a snail's pace.

And clearly, the speed at which the light band spread was much faster than that of the divine land!

Two hours later, Zen was still watching the scene play out before him, and the red light band finally circled the surface of the divine land. It was like a small snake that winded its way around the surface.

After another two hours had passed, the red light band had completely circled around the divine land.

Zen was helpless. He couldn't do anything at all except watch with his own two eyes.

Before he had adjusted the direction of the divine land, the divine land had been falling, and it probably had kept falling down for many divine eras.

Over all that period of time, he had never seen any red light band before.

He'd just adjusted the direction of the divine land in order to avoid it from crashing when the band of light suddenly appeared beneath him. It quickly entangled itself with the divine land.

Was it a coincidence?

"Someone doesn't want the divine land to leave, huh?..." Zen muttered to himself.

But what kind of creature could possibly exist at the bottom of all the chaos? What could be its purpose? What was it doing down there?

Was the person who released the light band on Nicholas' side? Or perhaps it was a powerful master of the Other Shore Realm who also supported Nicholas...

Zen made countless guesses in his mind. He was quick to come up with different ideas.

Originally, he had been immersed in the joy of completing his mission. As he noticed the scene though, he had immediately felt that his efforts might have been in vain.

All he could do however, was continue trying to activate the energy within the four divine trees, in an attempt to shake the red light band away.

As the divine land continued to rise, the light band straightened out. However, no matter how Zen erupted the energy from the four divine trees, or even used both his hands and feet to make the divine land move left, right, up, and down, he was unable to tear the red light band in half. All he succeeded in doing was ensuring that the divine land remained in its exact current position, floating amongst the chaos.

"All of this is going to cause a lot of trouble."

Zen looked and felt helpless.

In Zen's attempt to shake the band of light off, it had also caused a certain degree of chaos in the divine land.

After all, the violent shaking of the divine land was bound to still cause a great deal of trouble. Certain sources of water such as the great rivers and lakes poured ragingly, forming a torrent. Even a portion of the colorful sea water in the Time Sea surged outward!

Both the divine citizens and the True Gods were tingling with agitation. They couldn't help it.

Harold and Yan, who were both waiting in the Sunrest Tree, looked at each other in dismay.

"Why is the divine land trembling so violently? Are we having a quake?" Yan asked at once.

"I'm not sure, to be honest. It's strange, really," Harold said with a frown.

Though Harold had never left the divine land, he knew more things than quite a few Holy Beings, thanks to his master.

Without a doubt however, such a substantial shake in the divine land was absolutely abnormal! The only thought that crossed his mind was: what the hell Zen could have encountered when he was controlling the divine land?

After trying several times, Zen finally chose to give up. He was out of options.

When Zen took back his spiritual sense from the seven rings, they directed themselves back to the ground, inlaid just as they formerly had been.

Chapter 2503 The Out-of-Land Fiends

Zen chose to continue exploring the palace after jumping out of these rings.

Behind the main hall was another hall.

Zen pushed open the door and stepped inside, his expression shifting.

This hall was hundreds of times wider than the main hall with seven rings. It looked like it was anywhere between 30, 000 and 40, 000 feet high.

It was so huge that it could fit an ordinary-sized mountain within it!

In the middle of the hall stood a huge statue.

"Three heads and six arms?"

This three-headed statue almost reached the roof of the hall.

The three heads all had the same face, but with varied expressions. The one in the middle was angry, the one on the left was happy, and the one on the right was sad.

All six arms held different weapons:

a machete, a sword, an axe, a dagger, a hammer, and a crossbow.

"This is the Soaring Snake Sword!"

Zen's eyes widened at the realization.

The sword that the statue was holding was exactly the same as the one Rocher had used in the Illusion Battlefield.

"This must be Chiyou's statue!"

Zen understood now.

The figure of the man Zen had seen in the Divine Time Temple was that of Chiyou when he had created the divine land. He didn't have three heads or six arms.

This statue before him was perhaps another of Chiyou's incarnations.

Zen looked up at the statue for a while.

If what his mother had said was true, he was Chiyou's grandson.

A mighty warrior as Chiyou who had created the divine land had actually had to help his people escape! Just how powerful did his enemy have to be?

Zen shook his head.

He could hardly imagine such a confrontation.

It was also beyond Zen's imagination that the beast bones at the bottom of the chaos really existed outside the divine land.

After observing the statue for a while, Zen looked at the wall at the back of the hall.

The wall was about 40, 000 feet high and had words of a huge size inscribed on it.

"These words could only have been left by Chiyou," Zen concluded and then began to read the words on the wall.

His mother had told him that Chiyou himself didn't use Sanskrit words. The words engraved here on the wall were ordinary ones.

Zen could feel the injustice and humiliation Chiyou had felt radiating off the scribbles.

"I'm Chiyou, the leader of the Nine Li people, and a good enough warrior. But I've just suffered a big defeat. I was not willing to take my defeat lying down, so I made a ship to help tens of millions of my people leave. I hope they survive! And I hope the Chaos Ancient God helps the Nine Li people!"

The words left on the wall only endorsed what Zen's mother had said.

Chiyou had built the divine land as a retreat for the Nine Li people.

Unfortunately, not long after, the Nine Li people had been killed by the Yellow Emperor Guards.

How many Nine Li people still survived in the divine land, except himself, his mother, and Harper? How many Nine Li Guards were left? Zen wondered and sighed.

He swept around the hall one more time and when he didn't find anything that was special, he decided to leave.

Three days later, at dusk.

When the sun reached the top of the Sunrest Tree again, a figure holding an umbrella flew out of the rolling sea of fire on a flying sword.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

In the sky, Zen stepped on his flying sword and fell rapidly.

When he got out of the area that the Sun Essence Flames had covered, he took off the Sun-resisting Umbrella and put it away.

He fell for six hours before the Sunrest Tree finally appeared before him.

Zen turned the flying sword under his feet slightly into a different direction and began to speed away.

The divine land was simply too vast. Despite the fact that Zen continued to fly with the help of the flying sword, it took him several hours before he finally arrived over the Heavenly Sword Divine City. It was five o'clock in the morning when he laid eyes on the city.

He had barely reached the city when several guards of the Sword Clan rushed over to him.

"Who are you? Why are you breaking into the Heavenly Sword Divine City?" one of the guards shouted.

Flying was forbidden in the Heavenly Sword Divine City, as it was in a vast majority of the divine cities. Zen was so eager to enter the city that he had forgotten about this.

The guards didn't know who Zen was.

Zen was about to explain himself when Marsh materialized beside him.

"Master Marsh!"

"Master Marsh!"

Although the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan often stayed in the Heavenly Sword Divine City to guard the city, ordinary True Gods rarely had the chance to see them. That was why the guards were being so respectful towards Marsh.

"Don't be rude to an honored guest of the Sword Clan," Marsh said.

"Yes, sir!"

The guards bowed to him and retreated.

Marsh turned to Zen with a smile. "We've been waiting for you," he said. He then led Zen into the Heavenly Sword Divine City.

It wasn't long before Harold, Yan, and Gibson had gathered to welcome Zen.

"Zen, how are you?"

The only thing that Yan cared about was her brother and whether he had emerged unscathed or not.

"Don't worry. The Sun-resisting Umbrella protected me enough that the Sun Essence Flames didn't hurt me one bit," Zen said, smiling.

Yan heaved a sigh of relief and nodded.

"Zen, what is the situation now? Why did the divine land quake so terribly?" asked Harold, concerned.

"I succeeded in the beginning." Zen frowned. "It was pretty easy to control the movements of the divine land in that hall."

"And now?" Harold asked.

"A band of red light appeared at the bottom of the chaos, circling the divine land. I manipulated the divine land, trying to get rid of the band, but in the end, I could not. The divine land has stopped falling now but I just can't seem to get rid of the light band," Zen repeated what he had seen.

"You mean, the band of red light has bound the divine land?"

Harold asked, his eyebrows disappearing into his hairline.

Marsh and Gibson looked at each other, astonished.

As Holy Beings, they were well aware of the massive size of the divine land. Even the universes they had built were as tiny as ants on the surface of the divine land.

What kind of light band was strong enough to bind the entire divine land together?

How long was the band? What kind of powerful force could stop the divine land from falling?

It was unbelievable!

"Yes, absolutely. I had observed it for a long time. The band came from below the divine land, the bottom of the chaos," Zen said with certainty.

Harold's mouth dropped open in shock.

It was quite a sight to watch Harold drop out of his calm demeanor and look so shocked.

"Harold, do you have any idea about what's going on?" Marsh asked curiously.

Harold was silent for a while before he decided to speak. "My master told me many years ago that the legendary Source World isn't the only place where extraordinary creatures live. There are a large number of creatures at the bottom of the chaos that are despised by the Chaos Ancient God. They are known as the Out-of-Land Fiends in the Source World."

Chapter 2504 Control The Shadow Bearing Sword

Mike was a Holy Being, but his knowledge was no greater than that of other Holy Beings.

At the very beginning, all the creatures in the divine land, including the Holy Beings, had thought that they were the only creatures in the chaos, and that the divine land was the only world.

It was not until they found a large number of Sanskrit words that someone began to doubt this knowledge.

They had found clues related to the extraordinary creatures.

It was not until Mike had met Lorena that he realized that there existed a greater Source World in the chaos.

And the Source World was not the only world.

At the bottom of the chaos were a group of creatures that had been cursed by the Chaos Ancient God. They were called the Out-of-Land Fiends.

Harold had heard his master mention this before, which was why it had been easy for him to connect to the strange encounter that Zen had had in the sun.

"How strong are these Out-of-Land Fiends?" Marsh asked, concerned.

Since the Sword Clan had chosen to be on the side of justice and was ready to fight against the alliance of the rich and powerful clans on the Floating Islands, their situation would become more troublesome if other forces and powerful living beings became involved. This was the reason behind Marsh's concern.

Harold shook his head. "I don't know. The master didn't reveal much."

After all, everything that Mike knew about the lands outside the divine land, he knew from Lorena. But Lorena wasn't experienced when it came to the Source World, and neither had she seen the real Out-of-Land Fiends.

She only knew that there was indeed a group of creatures at the bottom of the chaos that had been cursed by the Chaos Ancient God.

However, if these creatures could release a band of red light that could wrap around the divine land, while allowing themselves to survive in the chaos, it only explained how powerful the Out-of-Land Fiends actually were.

"You mean to tell me there is no way to solve this problem?" Marsh asked.

Harold merely nodded.

Marsh smiled bitterly at this. Gibson, who had been standing silently beside him, said bluntly, "I feel like you tricked us into getting involved."

Harold smiled broadly at this and a moment later, continued, "I haven't tricked you. We've been on the same boat since the very beginning. And sooner or later, you will have to make a decision."

His logic was simple.

If they didn't help the Luo Clan, sooner or later, they would end up together. But if they worked together, there might be a chance of survival.

The choice was inevitable for the Sword Clan.

Both Gibson and Marsh agreed with Harold on this.

"We can put the Out-of-Land Fiends aside for now. At least, the divine land is no longer falling. Everything is still going on according to our original plan!" Harold said, attempting to lighten the mood.

The fight between the Luo Clan and the Dongfang Clan had lasted for many years.

By taking advantage of the crisis in the divine land, Harold had begun to pull other big clans like the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan over to his side.

During this period, the alliance of the rich and powerful clans on the Floating Islands didn't take any revenge on the Sword Clan, nor did they have any big move.

And Zen had been in no hurry to look for his mother.

It was urgent for him to absorb the Spiritual Daekness in order to reach a higher level of the True God Realm, but he still needed time to refine the Shadow Bearing Sword, which was why he chose to cultivate in seclusion.

A secret training room was arranged for Zen in the Heavenly Sword Divine City.

Zen sat up straight in the room. He reached out and a scroll appeared in his outstretched hand.

A mind method about the Truth of Goodwill and Malice was recorded on this scroll.

Zen was still at a relatively elementary level when it came to using the Truth of Godly Way.

For example, Zen could only fuse the Truth of Cultivation Nature with his other methods.

Of course, this was a different type of Truth of Godly Way and the Truth of Cultivation Nature seemed to be an auxiliary Truth of Godly Way.

On the other hand, Yan's Truth of Holy Words was different. She seemed to be able to utilize the theurgy within this skill after cultivating it.

Zen slowly unfolded the scroll, revealing the large words that Harper had written.

He read the words one by one, carefully.

Just like when he had cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature, each word wasn't special in itself. But when he strung them together and read them, this text of the Truth of Godly Way seemed to exert a lot of pressure on Zen.

"A evil thought would lead to a fight. As evil thoughts accumulated... A good will can lead to the right path..."

Everything went smoothly at first.

Perhaps it was because Zen had cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature that he managed to easily comprehend 3000 words in just six hours.

"This is much faster than when I cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature!"

A smile spread across his tired features. The cultivation of the Truth of Godly Way had consumed a great deal of his soul power.

What he didn't know was that in the well located in the depths of the Sunrest Tree, Harper was silently watching him.

The skin, flesh, and blood that he had condensed some time ago, had completely rotted again. He had once again become a skeleton.

Harper could easily observe anything that happened under the branches and leaves of the Sunrest Tree. And Zen was at the center of it all.

"Talent... Such talent is outrageous! He has comprehended a third of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice in six hours! He would be a legendary genius even in the Source World!" Talking to Lorena had already revealed to him the extent of Zen's talent. A warrior who had a Thousand Sanskrit Land was very obviously not ordinary. But he hadn't expected Zen to be this talented.

After all, it was difficult for even the powerful geniuses of the Source World to comprehend a text of the Truth of Godly Way in such a short time!

After all, it wasn't easy, becoming a powerful master of the Other Shore Realm.

"I knew the Out-of-Land Fiends were targeting the divine land, but I wasn't expecting them to make a move at this time!" Once Zen returned to the Sunrest Tree, Harper listened to Zen's report.

"But Lorena said that you were the hope. The fate of the entire Nine Li race rests on you. We are hoping that you could help us out of this predicament," Harper murmured.

"What? You want to try the Shadow Bearing Sword now? Oh, no, no. Your understanding of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice is still at the lower level. How can you control that sword?" Harper's hollow eyes flashed.

Zen was tired after cultivating the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. And now, he was fiddling with the Shadow Bearing Sword!

"I've tried this sword before. It's like an ordinary sword and has no life," Zen said, holding the heavy sword in one hand. "If I want to use this sword, I must rely on my comprehension of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice! I'll try again!"

Zen began to recite the Truth of Goodwill and Malice in his mind.

When he activated the Truth of Godly Way, he felt the sword in his hand begin to quiver.

"I was right!" Zen was filled with joy as he continued to activate the Truth of Godly Way.

After he activated the Truth of Goodwill and Malice to a certain extent, he suddenly felt a vague consciousness emanating from the long sword.

This consciousness seemed to wait for Zen to make a choice, but because it was too vague for him to tell what it was, he could only make a random choice.

But the moment Zen made his choice, he felt like he was being suppressed by the sword and that his whole body was no longer in his control!

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2505 Battle In Mind

Harper watched the scene in silence.

He was so anxious that he wanted to interfere, but soon, he gave up that thought and calmed down.

"The Shadow Bearing Sword is a godly sword...

Only a warrior who enters the Other Shore Realm can truly wield it.

If you want to use this godly sword, you need to fully comprehend the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. Otherwise, you will become the Shadow Bearing Sword's slave! But since your talent is so great...I wonder if you can break free from the Shadow Bearing Sword?"

Harper murmured as he watched the scene in front of him.

Lorena's persuasion had aroused a glimmer of hope in Harper's heart.

And this tiny ray of hope was Zen.

The worst thing in the world was hope turning into disappointment and despair.

But right now, Harper still had a chance of survival. When the time came, he would not hesitate to sacrifice everything he had, but he hoped that it all meant something because of Zen.

"Come on. Don't let me down! If you can really tame the Shadow Bearing Sword while being a low-rank True God, I, Harper, will definitely follow and serve you for the rest of my life," Harper added.

The color in Zen's eyes gradually dissipated.

A powerful spiritual sense burst out from the Shadow Bearing Sword, pouring into his mind in the blink of an eye and exploring his soul.

It was the soul of the Shadow Bearing Sword.

The Shadow Bearing Sword had accompanied Harper for countless years. It had been a part of many wars in the Source World. Under the infiltration of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, it had long formed its own consciousness.

To be the owner of the Shadow Bearing Sword, one had to get its consent.

One way to do this was to have a complete comprehension of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

Another method was to use another Truth of Godly Way to wipe out the marks in the Shadow Bearing Sword, but this was a much higher expectation of the sword holder. It was impossible to do unless the warrior was at the Other Shore Realm.

But right now, Zen felt stuck because he didn't fit either of these requirements.

After he activated the Shadow Bearing Sword with the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, its sword soul counterattacked immediately.

The moment the sword soul infiltrated his mind, it restrained his soul, causing it to fall into an endless abyss of darkness.

He couldn't feel the existence of his physical body anymore, and there was no connection between him and the outside world at all.

'What the hell is going on?'

Zen remained calm, but he also knew that he was in trouble.

Since the Shadow Bearing Sword was the sword of a powerful warrior in the Other Shore Realm, defeating it would definitely not be as simple as it looked.

In the darkness, Zen felt something approaching quickly.

Since he couldn't see anything, he quickly reversed his soul in a moment of desperation, trying to avoid whatever was coming.

However, his reflexes were too slow.

Fizz!

Zen felt something slash his soul.

The pain he felt was several times stronger than any physical pain he had encountered.

His soul trembled, but fortunately, the soul was not like a flesh body. When a soul was cut, it didn't bleed, and it was quick to heal. However, it would still bring harm to the owner of the soul.

'It's a sword, ' Zen exclaimed to himself.

Although he couldn't see, he had realized that it was a sword in soul form that had hurt him.

When he had just gotten this answer in his heart, he once again felt the sword approaching.

He wanted to dodge, but he had barely moved a finger when the sword slashed his soul once again.

The sword was too fast for him! He felt a violent wave of pain wash over his soul.

Although his soul had lost contact with his physical body, tiny beads of sweat trickled down his forehead.

'I didn't expect that there would be such a powerful soul hidden in the Shadow Bearing Sword...'

Zen felt that something was amiss.

Although his soul was far stronger than that of an ordinary True God, he was unable to counterattack in this darkness.

He could do nothing but let the sword soul stab him again and again.

If this continued, his soul would become weaker and weaker, and would be devoured by the sword soul sooner or later.

'Why didn't Harper warn me?'

Zen wondered sourly, feeling depressed.

The sword soul continued to fly and attack in the darkness.

No matter how Zen tried to escape from its attack, it always hit its target with full precision.

'It can't go on like this.'

At this moment, Zen suddenly gave up dodging and waited for the sword soul to get close to him.

No matter how powerful this sword soul was, he wouldn't allow it to slaughter him.

Whoosh!

As he felt the sword soul approaching him again in the darkness, his eyes became cold, and the surface of his soul suddenly formed golden beams of light.

Golden sword shadows began to constantly circle around the surface of his soul.

The golden light broke the darkness and shone on Zen, who finally saw a long, slender, and elegant sword in front of him.

But the sword was actually a sword soul, so its surface was twisted with ripples.

'That's the soul of the Shadow Bearing Sword.

Come on!'

Seeing the sword soul fiercely spin toward him, Zen shot the small golden swords on the surface of his soul toward it.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

A metallic sound resounded as the two collided with each other.

Zen's soul attack was very powerful, but the sword soul had been cultivated with the Truth of Godly Way, so it wouldn't be defeated that easily.

However, this time, Zen used his soul attack to attack the sword soul continuously. At the same time, he kept retreating in order to avoid the sword soul's attack.

The sword soul circled around Zen's mind and once again shot toward him. It seemed as if it wouldn't give up until it cut Zen's soul into pieces.

This sword was actually so troublesome.

Zen hadn't expected that the sword that his mother had helped him obtain would bring him a fatal disaster.

But when people were walking on the tightrope between life and death, a powerful force would burst out of them.

"Ripping Consciousness!"

At this moment, Zen finally used the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Although Zen had been using the Emotion Closing Godly Way in the swordsmanship a lot, the Emotion Closing Godly Way was actually related to the soul.

It could be said that the base of the Emotion Closing Godly Way was the soul.

Buzz!

The sword light on his body intensified.

As the sword soul approached him again, his soul emitted countless thick golden sword lights that surged toward the sword soul, forming a golden river.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sword soul was soon washed away by the river and drowned in the blink of an eye.

It was evident that the sword soul wanted to rush against the current, but it didn't take long for it to be carried away by the current instead.

Zen's eyes were expressionless as he looked at the sword relying on the golden light he had emitted.

This time, a cold soul and an expressionless sword soul confronted each other in Zen's mind.

After a short while, the sword soul moved and rushed toward Zen again.

Chapter 2506 Fusion

Zen stared coldly at the sword soul, and emotionally, he was in an absolutely calm state.

The sword soul didn't give Zen very much time. It only hovered in his mind for a few short seconds. Then, the sword blade rushed toward Zen with the intent of killing him.

"Come on!" Zen roared.

A light flashed in Zen's cold eyes at once, which were still as bright as stars.

In the end, the sword soul of the Shadow Bearing Sword was only a soul - not a real sword. Seeing as it was constantly being consumed, it would certainly eventually be subdued!

Therefore, Zen's soul once again shone brightly with an alluring golden light.

Zen sat quietly in a secret room. The Sword Clan, Harold, Yan were not capable of sensing the room's abnormality.

Only Harper silently observed the strangeness.

That said, Harper was still confused with what he was currently looking at.

Logically speaking, Zen simply couldn't conquer this sword with his current strength. In all honesty, it was more likely that he'd become a slave of the Shadow Bearing Sword!

On the other hand, Harper truly hoped that Zen could conquer this sword with his own strength and power. This was the only way that Zen could qualify to obtain his wholehearted assist.

Two hour had passed.

Zen was still sitting quietly on the secret room's floor.

The Shadow Bearing Sword had the Soul-isolating Seal, which could completely isolate Zen from the sword soul. Even Harper couldn't understand what was going on in Zen's mind.

Four hours had now passed...

Harper was getting more and more anxious.

If Zen really became the slave of the Shadow Bearing Sword, it wouldn't matter anymore whether or not Harper went for help. It would simply be too late, and Zen's soul would be destined to suffer irreversible injury.

Another hour passed, now making a total of five hours.

It was then that Harper could no longer ignore his feeling of confusion. One way or another, now was the time that the outcome should be decided.

Soul-level battles weren't like battles using martial arts skills, in which warriors fought each other for several rounds when their strength was approximately of the same level.

Many soul-level confrontations were usually decided on the spot, and there was no time for special exercises. But Zen had persisted for more than four hours, and the sword soul of the Shadow Bearing Sword was still in his mind. What were they doing?

"Never mind. I'd better interfere first..." Harper thought.

He waved his skeleton arm high up above his head.

A trace of invisible soul energy immediately swept through the deep well and quickly traveled through the Sunrest Tree.

It was true that Harper had been cursed and could no longer leave the Sunrest Tree. In several aspects, his fighting capacities had been greatly weakened. That said though, his soul had been the least affected of all...

In less than a split second, his soul energy had already reached the Heavenly Sword Divine City.

The moment this strand of soul energy wave flew into the city, Harold's, Marsh's and Gibson's expressions took a turn for the worse.

Even Yan, Reinhard and the many True Gods equally all felt it.

"Whose soul force is that? Does anyone know? Why is it so powerful?!" With a sudden bright flash, Harold left the palace, a look of vigilance wrinkling his features.

Gibson and Marsh also followed quickly behind. The two Holy Beings were now ready to fight!

This soul wave wasn't the most immense, but the energy gathered within it was another story. It was even stronger than that of a Holy Being!

As for the other True Gods, they were holding their breaths in anticipation.

All of a sudden, it was as if a giant beast - more powerful than a Holy Being - was stomping over in their direction. All the weak creatures faced undeniable fear in their hearts.

This soul wave appeared in the very center of the Heavenly Sword Divine City. After taking a short pause, it went on its way and headed toward the south of the city.

"Do you think the soul is coming toward Zen?" Harold asked.

His voice was high and shrill, his eyes rimmed with panic. The secret room that the Sword Clan had arranged for Zen was in the south of the city, and he was currently cultivating in seclusion there right now.

With another flash, his figure disappeared from where he was standing.

This time, when Harold reappeared, Marsh and Gibson had also made their way here.

The three of them looked at each other and looked down in unison. The mansion below was Zen's secret cultivation room, and that soul force had entered within! Their jaws were clenched with nerves.

"What should we do now?" one of the Holy Beings asked.

"Who released the soul force?" questioned another.

The two Holy Beings gazed at Harold as they waited for a response.

The soul was so powerful that even if they wanted to block it, they just didn't have the ability - not even the two of them combined.

"I don't feel hostility coming from this soul," Harold stated calmly.

If this soul really wanted to destroy Zen's soul, it would be as easy as crushing an ant. It would be over in seconds.

The three warriors could only pray that this soul force wouldn't harm Zen. Or at least, to a bare minimum.

Over in the secret practice room, Zen was still sitting in an upright, motionless position. His legs were crossed and he was meditating, completely immersed in the activity of his mind.

Just as the soul wave approached Zen and was moments away from entering his mind, Zen's eyes suddenly shot open.

when he came back to himself, the surface of the Shadow Bearing Sword in his hand flashed with a cyan light!

Buzz!

Originally, Zen had been sealed by the Soul-isolating Seal of the Shadow Bearing Sword and thus, he was unable to sense anything outside his own mind. It was only normal that he hadn't sensed the soul force sent by Harper.

Therefore, not even a second after opening his eyes, he grabbed the Shadow Bearing Sword with both his hands almost instinctively and launched a counterattack!

The cyan sword radiance flashed and slashed at Harper's soul force.

The strand of soul was caught off guard and in its confusion, Zen took his opportunity to slice it in half.

However, once it was halved, the soul didn't disappear as expected. Instead, it slowly turned into gray, wispy shadows. These shadows slowly took shape, and finally transformed into Harper's features.

"Master Harper!" Zen shouted, feeling stunned.

Now that he came to think of it, he had felt that the soul's aura was somewhat familiar. In Zen's defense however, when something suddenly broke into the secret practice room, anyone would choose to attack!

Harper's phantom floated in the practice room, looking down at Zen. Harper stared at him blankly, trying to hold back the surprise in his expression. It wasn't working for him much. "Did you really tame that Shadow Bearing Sword?"

"Yes." Zen nodded his head briskly.

"How is that possible? How did you succeed something like that?" Harper asked in a bewildered tone of voice.

Harper had thought of two ways to tame the sword. That said, with Zen's current cultivation, it was just an impossible accomplishment.

Zen blinked his eyes a few times and said, "At first, the sword soul was constantly attacking my mind... Then, it fused completely with my own soul after I cut it into pieces with my own two hands..." His voice trailed off.

As he listened to Zen, Harper fell silent for a long time before he slowly asked, "Is that all? Just that simple, hmm?"

"That's all," Zen said tightly. Zen pursed his lips and a little displeasure showed on his face.

How could he say that was simple? How could he be so degrading? Zen frowned.

Just like a maniac, the sword soul had attacked Zen continuously and ferociously without stopping.

Zen had clenched his jaw and grinded his teeth hard in order to continuously reactivate his soul force and fight back. He hadn't had an easy time whatsoever.

Zen didn't even know how he had endured the last few hours.

Fortunately, the light on the surface of the sword soul suddenly dimmed, and at last, it turned into a few pieces of soul fragments before finally integrating into Zen's soul. Only then did he completely get rid of the Soul-isolating Seal.

As he repeated what Harper had said in his mind, Zen felt a little helpless.

In the end, the Shadow Bearing Sword was so dangerous and Harper hadn't even warned him beforehand. If he had let his guard down even just a little earlier, he might have been the one devoured by the sword soul instead!

Chapter 2507 Writing The Rule

Harper showed a pleased look noticing Zen wearing a disgruntled expression.

His lips curved into a smile in a relaxed manner.

"Good, very good! Hahaha!"

His laughter lingered as the soul faded away.

As soon as Harold and Marsh sensed the disappearance of the soul waves, they immediately looked at Zen's training room with concern.

After a while, the door of the training room creaked open revealing Zen as he slowly walked out holding a sword on his hand.

"Zen, are you okay? What happened?" Harold asked in concern.

Surprise flickered across Zen's face as he saw two Holy Beings and Harold rushing over to him. Warmth filled him making him smile as he said, "An accident occurred during my time of cultivation."

"What's this sword?"

Gibson asked and stared at the long sword on Zen's hand.

The soul of the Shadow Bearing Sword was thoroughly refined after it had successfully fused with Zen.

As the two strongest Holy Beings in the Sword Clan, Marsh and Gibson had sharp eyes for the well-known swords in the world.

It could be said that eighty percent of the best swords in the entire divine land were from the Sword Clan.

They immediately recognized the extraordinary power of the Shadow Bearing Sword at a glance.

"The aura of this sword seems to be very similar to the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. It doesn't seem to belong to the divine land," Marsh observed and stated.

They were curious and didn't know where the sword came from. Because Zen had been brought to the well by Lorena in the debate venue, they had no knowledge about this sword.

Whoosh!

Zen stretched his arm as the Shadow Bearing Sword was slowly lifted up.

Merging with the fragments of the sword soul, he suddenly realized that his understanding of the sword had reached a new level.

He felt like the sword was already like his arm and it could be regarded as a part of his body now.

"This sword was given to me by the master of that soul a moment ago," Zen said flatly.

"Is it the sword of that powerful man at the Other Shore Realm?" Marsh asked with his eyes opened wide.

"Yes," Zen answered and nodded.

After merging with the sword soul, Zen had already figured out several theurgies about the Shadow Bearing Sword. But as he was still affected by the Truth of Goodwill in the debate venue, he was not able to activate them.

He was very much interested in how much power he could use from the Shadow Bearing Sword.

For him to do so, he still needed to cultivate his Truth of Goodwill and Malice. He decided to do all these things after leaving the debate venue.

Meanwhile in the sky above the Time Sea...

A figure was seen slowly coming out from a cave located at the top of a mountain.

After Murphy launched a direct attack on Mike's universe, he was punished by the Ruling Slate for his behavior in the mountain.

The punishment of the Ruling Slate was still not fixed, but there were certain rules that could be followed.

Some rules were to be taken seriously as they held a heavy weight of punishment. For instance, attacking the Floating Island of another wealthy clan without authorization. Someone who would violate this kind of rule, would in return easily lose their life. The Ruling Slate could directly erase that person's existence.

The Holy Beings were not afraid of these punishments.

For Holy Beings, losing a life could still be mended. After all, the meaning of becoming a Holy Being was this.

If a man killed thousands of disciples on a Floating Island after sacrificing his own life only and he could still recover his life in just a short time, it was a worthwhile deal.

Having such a leeway, the Ruling Slate made other rules to deal with the Holy Beings.

For Murphy's case, he was trapped in the mountain to reflect just like being sent to prison.

Some of the Holy Beings broke the rules of the Ruling Slate, and were punished for a divine era or even several divine eras.

There were more than one cave in the huge mountain, but hundreds of them.

Besides Murphy, there were another three Holy Beings being punished, including the famous Zakaria. The famous Jian Clan had long declined. The Jian Clan's Floating Island had fallen into the Time Sea resulting the whole Jian Clan losing its glory.

However, there was still hope for the Jian Clan. They only needed to wait for Zakaria to leave the huge mountain's cave. After Zakaria's release from the cave, the Jian Clan with a Holy Being could stage a comeback sooner or later.

Zakaria was punished to be in prison for ten divine eras, but only half a divine era had passed. It seemed like it would be a long time before he could be released.

Murphy attacking Mike's universe was an extremely serious matter.

According to the ninety third rule on the Ruling Slate, Murphy needed to spend at least three divine eras in prison.

Nicholas, however, was not patient enough to wait for such a long time.

If Murphy was really going to be released after three divine eras, the battle in the divine land would have already come to a close.

At this moment, lightning flashed and thunder rumbled in the mountain.

The thick lightning looked like several dragons, writhing and spiraling madly. It exploded, spreading an aura by which even a Holy Being would be overwhelmed.

In the midst of it all, a figure shot away and passed through the lightning.

That man was Nicholas.

On his shoulder was a huge ink brush.

The ink brush was as tall as a person. It looked like a huge broom.

The tip of the brush was embedded with emerald green hair. It was unknown what kind of fierce animals the emerald green hair was from as it emitted a gentle glow.

Nicholas had flown to the top of the mountain.

A giant slate stood on the top of the mountain. List of words were written densely on the slate.

These words represented the rules of the divine land.

The consequence of breaking these rules was very serious. From ancient times, there had been few people who could avoid the punishment of this slate.

As the days passed by, the number of people who could avoid certain punishments had increased.

An example involved the stowaways.

There had been many people in the past two to three years who sneaked into the divine land from the universe.

All of them had successfully avoided the punishment from the Ruling Slate.

Nicholas had sent someone to make a thorough investigation, but they didn't find any trace of a stowaway.

He suspected that those stowaways must come from the Evolutionary Universe, but he could do nothing about it when Harold had distracted the Jiang Clan.

In the end, he just ignored them.

After all, the stowaways from the universe were only a group of proving godly warriors. Would it even matter even if they became low-rank True Gods? Could they change the situation around?

But even if they could, there was no time left. He had no intention of wasting time arguing with Harold. The game should be over now.

"The ninety third rule..."

Swish!

Nicholas flew up. He held the ink brush with his fingers and squinted his eyes.

He patted slightly and a bag appeared on his waist.

Inside the bag was a Sumeru Space. The Sumeru Space was considered to be as large as a world.

There were countless divine might coins stored in this space.

The divine might coins of the Dongfang Clan had been collected and stored over the years. In addition, the alliance of the wealthy clans would also give half of their own divine might coins to Nicholas.

The amount of divine might coins of the Dongfang Clan was dozens of times more than that of any clan.

"The rules are destined to be written by me. Now you will never be able to fight against me," he said coldly.

Nicholas' eyes slowly emitted a faint light. The ink brush in his hand was already waving towards the Ruling Slate, aiming to change the ninety third rule.

Chapter 2508 Murphy Was Released

It would require a warrior's divine might coins to erase the characters on the Ruling Slate.

In the past, it had required many divine might coins to write these characters, and it would require an equivalent amount of divine might coins to erase these characters too.

The limitations and targets of each rule on the Ruling Slate were unique, so one had to consume differing amounts of divine might coins to either write or wipe out the characters on the Ruling Slate.

For example, the 93rd rule applied to the prohibition of the Holy Beings from attacking each other's universe directly. The restriction was not particularly strong, and it was not aimed at any one person directly. Therefore, not many divine might coins were required to write this rule.

Nicholas' brush constantly swiped across the rule on the huge slate.

The divine might coins stowed in his brocade bag disappeared one by one, and turned into a special kind of energy. He then applied his huge black brush to the slate.

The words "divine eras" in the 93rd rule started to blur and finally were erased completely from the stone plate.

After erasing the two words, Nicholas checked his brocade bag. As he had expected, it hadn't cost many divine might coins to erase the two words.

Of course, the total number of divine might coins that had been consumed was awe inspiring, even by the standards of some powerful clans on the Floating Islands. But Nicholas didn't care one way or the other.

Then he continued to wave the ink brush in his hand through the air and created a new word, "years," replacing the words, "divine eras."

According to the previous sentencing, Murphy had been supposed to be imprisoned for three whole divine eras. However, now after the rule had been revised, he only needed to face a prison penalty of three years.

As soon as Nicholas painted the new rule, the whole Ruling Slate glowed with a luminous mist, which meant that the new rule began to take effect.

At the same time, in the cave within the huge mountain, the invisible energy that bound the cave had disappeared.

The moment Murphy had become trapped within the cave, he was surrounded and suppressed by the invisible energy.

This energy could only affect him, and no one else would feel it.

Therefore, other warriors were permitted to enter the cave and visit Murphy at any time they wished, but Murphy was restrained from leaving.

"What? The invisible energy has disappeared!"

With a sudden gleam in his eyes, Murphy, whose hair had grown lank and was disheveled, rose to his feet.

A few moments later, a figure hovered over from the entrance of the cave. It was none other than Nicholas!

"Nicholas, what's happening?" A puzzled expression settled on Murphy's face.

"I revised the rule of the Ruling Slate," Nicholas replied with an indifferent shrug.

"What?!" Murphy exclaimed, utterly confused.

Although he had faced a lengthy imprisonment here, he was still somewhat aware of the goings on in the outside world. Whenever something momentous happened in the world beyond the cave, his daughter, Rachelle, would come and report to him.

He knew that the alliance of wealthy clans had lost in the debate venue. They had not only failed to stop Zen, but had also lost many warriors' lives in the process.

"Murphy, you have also sensed the shock that echoed across the divine land some time ago, right?" asked Nicholas.

Murphy nodded his head glumly.

"By all appearances, it would seem that the divine land won't crash any longer. So we have to take the initiative and do something about that," said Nicholas coldly.

"What do you have in mind, Nicholas?" A wicked gleam flashed across Murphy's eyes.

The wealthy clans, including the Leng Clan, the Mu Clan and the Tang Clan, had their own selfish reasons for joining the alliance of wealthy clans, which the Dongfang Clan had established.

If the divine land crashed, all of the creatures living in the divine land would be destroyed. Within the other wealthy clans, only the Holy Beings could survive the impact. Even their inner worlds would be destroyed in the crash.

But the warriors within the alliance of wealthy clans wouldn't perish.

Nicholas had already prepared a back-up plan to accommodate them.

He would not only remove the rule that limited the number of True Gods in a universe from the Ruling Slate, but he would also separate all of the universes from the divine land before its crash.

Those chosen Holy Beings, including Murphy, would lead their clansmen, following after Nicholas, and head to the Source World, which was much wider than the divine land.

"Help me seize control of the Abyss Demon Region," Nicholas ordered indifferently. "The power of the Abyss Demon Region is mighty enough to destroy the entire divine land."

"You want to control the Abyss Demon Region?!"

Murphy's eyebrows twitched.

For the Holy Beings, there weren't many places where they could not go in the divine land.

For example, places like the debate venue and the Time Sea might prove dangerous for Holy Beings to break into, but they could still survive.

However, controlling the Abyss Demon Region was a different task altogether.

The Abyss Demon Region was renowned as a sixth-grade forbidden area, but even the Holy Beings had failed to set foot on the first stage of the region.

"It's not possible to control the Abyss Demon Region." Murphy shook his head. "In that area, countless evil faith of the divine land has gathered for innumerable years. Can we really seize control of it?"

"He will help us," Nicholas confidently quipped up.

"That Yellow Emperor Guard?" Murphy questioned.

"Yes," answered Nicholas. "Time grows short. Even if we don't take action now, the Luo Clan will make its move sooner or later. Lorena... She will surely move on this soon too."

A helpless expression flooded Murphy's face at the mention of that name.

In his heart, Murphy admired Nicholas very much. No matter his talent, intelligence, willpower, and patience, Nicholas was an outstanding man whom few Holy Beings could compare with.

However, a great man like him still had a weakness for a certain woman.

That woman was from the Nine Li race and even had a son and a daughter with Mike, and yet Nicholas still couldn't get over her. Murphy didn't understand his weakness.

But since Nicholas had consented to do this, Murphy couldn't refute him.

The two of them were on the same side, and they had similar goals, not to mention that Nicholas never failed in his promises.

Zen had been cultivating his skills within the Sunrest Tree Region for less than half a month.

However, at this stage, Zen was only able to concentrate on the comprehension of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. He had not improved his cultivation significantly, and he was still a low-rank True God.

After Zen had almost grasped the Shadow Bearing Sword in his hand and felt the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, he, Harold, and Yan left the debate venue.

After Zen activated the token of mountain, he had directly returned to the fairy palace.

He had only been away from the fairy palace for a short period of time.

He hadn't expected that Lavender could rely on her own comprehension to prove the Godly Way within such a short time span.

However, Lavender was still unable to enter the divine land without permission. After she had become an ordinary creature, she would not be split apart by the divine land. However, if she entered the divine land, she would still be sensed by the Ruling Slate and would be punished by it.

But this time, they had Harold to accompany them. Once he had learned about Lavender's situation, he immediately assumed all the responsibility.

After all, it was Mike who had taught Harold how to change someone's blood. In turn, it was Harold who had ordered Wynn to enter the Evolutionary Universe and establish the Celestial Position race.

If Harold could help them change their blood and they could become True Gods in the future, they would then be able to walk freely in the divine land.

Making his way back to the fairy palace, Zen did not see Hallet or Augustus. Even Joy was nowhere to be found in the fairy palace.

Apparently, after she had sent Zen to the Non-combat Zone, Joy had quickly returned to the Swirl Forest and helped Hallet and Augustus to control the Swirl Forest. So far, they had not returned yet.

Besides, Bromley had already formulated his own plans on controlling the Swirl Forest. Therefore, Harold had no intention of interfering in that.

The most important thing for Zen to do now was to visit his mother and make a breakthrough in his own cultivation base.

Chapter 2509 Look For His Mom

Zen stayed in the fairy palace for three days.

During that time, Yan became acquainted with Letitia, Lavender, and the others one by one.

However, the person who interested Yan the most was her nephew.

Geoffrey was still exploring and cultivating in the bottle gourd, so Yan herself entered the bottle gourd to force him to get out.

With his personality, everyone expected Geoffrey to rip his aunt's head off as soon as they came out of the bottle gourd.

However, ever since then, Geoffrey was nothing but obedient to his aunt.

Just like her brother Zen, Yan was strict and merciless toward Geoffrey. In the world inside the bottle gourd, she had taught him a good lesson and made him obedient to her.

Three days later, just as Zen was about to leave with Harold, dim red light rose from the depths of the Swirl Forest.

It was clearly visible even from a distance.

The red light spiraled up like a tornado, containing a terrifying aura.

A moment later, they heard shrill howls.

"Judging from the volume of the voice, I can tell that it's coming from thirty thousand miles away from the fairy palace. That's the center of the Swirl Forest," explained Harold, frowning.

Zen's eyes flickered slightly. "Are Hallet and Augustus in trouble?"

"Perhaps they have met an obstacle," Harold answered, nodding his head.

"Do they need our help?" Zen asked.

Harold shook his head. "You're more important than them!"

"But they—" Zen said worriedly, but before he could finish his sentence, Harold interrupted him.

"Our master and their master have already taken the possibility of failure into consideration. It is not your concern."

A look of helplessness appeared on Zen's face. Harold's words were so stern that he couldn't argue.

However, not long after they heard the shrill howls, a bright white light shot toward the fairy palace. It was none other than Hallet.

Hallet always had the look of an immortal being around him, as if he was the person in the fairy painting. However, at this moment, his body was covered all over with bruises, half his ear was missing, and his hand was burned black.

It was not until he rushed into the fairy palace that he noticed Harold and Zen. Seeing them, he was slightly taken aback. "Long time no see, Harold." Then, he asked with concern, "How's it going?"

Of course, he was asking whether Zen had obtained the inheritance of the debate venue or not.

With a smile on his face, Harold answered, "It was very successful."

Hallet nodded. "That's good to hear."

"How about you?" Harold asked, pointing to the center of the Swirl Forest.

That crimson light was fading away. However, the fact that only Hallet was here worried them. Where was Augustus?

"It's so troublesome! Luckily, Joy helped us to stall the Swirl Bird. It seems to have evolved during these years. Master failed to predict that!" Then, Hallet shrugged his shoulders and added, "But it doesn't matter. I can deal with it!"

Harold was the first disciple of Mike, the master of the Luo Clan, and Hallet was the first disciple of Bromley, the master of the Gu Clan.

Both of them were top figures among the consummate True Gods. Although their masters had a good relationship with each other and belonged to the same side, Harold and Hallet couldn't help but compete against each other in terms of strength and ability.

Ever since Harold had taken control of the Everest Spirit Mountain, Hallet had been itching to prove his worth. Unfortunately, he had had to wait until Zen entered the divine land before coming to the Swirl Forest—this was a direct order from his master, Bromley.

Therefore, as soon as Zen had set foot on the divine land, Hallet had come to the Swirl Forest with Augustus.

"I can help you, but I have to take Zen somewhere first," Harold said.

However, Hallet waved his hand and said, "You'd better get your work done first. I don't need your help." Asking for Harold's help would mean that he was inferior to Harold—this was the last thing Hallet wanted anybody to think.

Then, Hallet went straight to the pill refining workshop.

It was not easy to obtain the control right of a sixth-grade forbidden area.

For example, Harold had gone to the Everest Spirit Mountain many years ago, but it was only recently that he had really taken control of the Everest Spirit Mountain.

"Let's go. He is stubborn," Harold said with a smile playing on his lips.

"Are you sure we are not going to help?" Zen asked with a frown.

"I will come back to help him after I take you there," Harold replied.

Zen finally felt at ease. His goal was to go to the Six-Burden Region to see his mother. When he arrived at the destination, all he needed to do was activate the token of mountain to send Harold back to the fairy palace. It wouldn't take him much time. Besides, Hallet didn't seem to be in a hurry.

If Zen were to go to the Six-Burden Region on his own, it would take him a long time to travel across one or two regions with his own speed. Moreover, he might face some unexpected troubles in the process.

After leaving Yan in the fairy palace and saying goodbye to Letitia, Lavender, and the rest, Zen and Harold left the Swirl Forest.

As a consummate True God, Harold could use spatial transference. The distance he could travel was much shorter than Marsh and Joy, but he could use spatial transference much more frequently. Zen felt as if his body was moving through space again and again, and each time, the scene before his eyes changed dramatically. He didn't know how much distance he had traveled.

About eight hours later, a large city appeared in front of Zen.

"This is the Six-Burden Divine City, the ancestral land of the Han Clan," said Harold. "Where is your mother?"

"To the west of the Six-Burden Divine City, the Tie Clan," replied Zen.

Swish!

After confirming the specific location, Harold carried out another spatial transference with Zen.

Back when Zen had just entered the divine land, it had taken him half a month to travel from the Six-Burden Divine City to the Tie Clan. But now, when they used spatial transference, they reached the Tie Clan in the blink of an eye.

After they arrived, Harold flicked his finger, producing a milky-white curtain of light that immediately enveloped the two of them.

Zen didn't want to disturb anyone here or attract too much attention to himself, and the light curtain helped by completely restraining both of their auras. After all, although the Tie Clan was only a third-tier clan, it had a mid-rank True God.

In mid-air, Zen distinguished the location and said, "Here it is!"

"Let's go down," said Harold as he led Zen down.

The moment the two of them touched the earth, it melted away beneath their feet. The two of them shot toward the ground like arrows and sank into it.

As he sank, Harold threw a white flag behind him.

The flag flew straight out of the ground and pierced it. A gust of wind blew, and the flag grew larger in the wind, forming a magic array.

This array flag was also a supreme treasure of the Luo Clan. No one but a consummate True God would be able to see it. And since there was almost no chance of any consummate True God getting close to this area, the array flag could protect this place from being discovered.

Soon after they dived into the ground, Zen and Harold bumped into a gangue layer.

An ordinary True God would find it hard to dig through the rocks, but for Harold, the gangue layer was as fragile as bean curd.

Chapter 2510 The Underground

Harold and Zen proceeded further down the layer of gangue, which was several thousand feet deep.

Suddenly a loud bang came from below. Something had blocked Harold's path.

"Should we continue digging even after we arrive at the flint layer?" asked Harold.

Flint was a translucent crystal, and it was a hundred times tougher than the gangue.

No matter how tough the flint was, it couldn't stop Harold.

"Wait a minute. It seems that this is the wrong direction," Zen said with a frown.

There was some reaction in his inner world the last time he went underground.

The brown mud, known as the Spiritual Darkness, seemed to have a strong attraction to Zen.

But this time around, even after going so deep into the underground, his inner world still didn't have any reaction, which meant that they had deviated in the opposite direction.

On the other hand, the last time, Zen had dug down in the territory of the Tie Clan, and finally escaped from the top of the cave, which led to a pond in the backyard of the Tie Clan.

At that time, Zen had come to the conclusion that the underground cave could change and move freely.

But his mother had asked him to look for her in the Six-Burden Region, so there must be no problem here.

"Let's go that way." Zen could only rely on his internal compass to find the direction by instinct.

Harold nodded. Instead of digging further in the layer of flint, he moved horizontally on the layer of gangue.

However, they had traveled horizontally on the layer of gangue for a long distance, but Zen's inner world still showed no reaction. In the end, they had no choice but to stop.

"Do you think your mother has left this place?" asked Harold with a frown.

Zen shook his head. "No, she said she would wait for me here. She won't leave before I find her."

"But don't forget that the woman you saw in the debate venue isn't really your mother," warned Harold.

The Lorena in the debate venue was just an incarnation of fear. She was merely a replica, not the real deal.

This meant that the real Lorena was clueless about the fact that her son was coming for her. She didn't have any memory of what happened in the debate venue either.

If Lorena chose to leave this place before Zen arrived, how would he ever find her?

"You are right," Zen said dejectedly. His eyebrows twitched.

It was next to impossible for him to find his mother here.

"No," Zen said with a smile. "Even if the woman I saw at the debate venue was an incarnation of fear or my mother's replica, she still had a complete memory. Since she told me to seek her out here, she had a strong reason to believe that her real self won't leave this place!"

"What you're saying does sound reasonable," said Harold, shrugging his shoulders. "In that case, let's go on."

With that, he took two steps backward, and a kind of ox-like strength burst out of his body. He clenched his fists and rushed toward the layer of flint beneath.

Boom!

It sounded like frying beans as the thick layer of flint under his feet cracked open.

In a short while, Zen could see that the layer of flint under his feet was turning into semi-transparent ash, and collapsing rapidly like quicksand.

'Such powerful strength!'

Zen was shocked inwardly.

Even if he used his prime strength source, there was no comparison between his strength and Harold's.

"Follow me," Harold nodded at Zen and jumped into the tunnel he had just created.

Zen followed him into the tunnel without hesitation.

The layer of flint was much thicker than the layer of gangue so they slid smoothly for five thousand feet along the narrow space.

When they stopped falling, they heard a dull sound from the tunnel wall. It sounded like something was going to come out of the wall.

"What's that?" Zen's eyes flashed as his senses were heightened.

They had been under the ground for a very long time, and they hadn't encountered anything. So this mysterious sound, which might indicate the presence of someone or something, was a welcome event for Zen.

Harold's fingers lightly drilled into the wall and he abruptly banged on the wall with one hand.

Bang!

The wall had collapsed.

And at the same time, a roar was heard by Zen and Harold.

A huge snake head suddenly popped out from the wall!

The snake opened its bloody mouth in an attempt to swallow the two of them in one gulp.

"Bah!" said Harold seeming completely unaffected by this dangerous snake. The blood vessels in his right arm emitted multicolored lights, which were the colors of his strength source. Infinite power gathered in his right arm.

Boom!

Even a casual, light punch of his had the power to shatter almost everything.

Before the huge snake head could snap its jaws shut, it had turned into dust from the impact of the deadly punch.

The punch shot through a long distance, and Zen couldn't see what was going on so far away. Presumably, the snake had turned to dust!

"An earthly snake actually dared to attack sneakily! But it is good at making holes in the ground. We can look for your mother in the holes it has made," suggested Harold.

The earthly snake was about twenty feet in diameter, and so was the cave in flint layer.

Zen and Harold entered the tunnels created by the earthly snake and continued onward, but they still hadn't found any clue.

They continued going further down the cave. It was hard to tell how far they had traveled.

Suddenly Zen felt that the ground under his feet had become soft.

"We have arrived at the layer of soft stones," explained Harold as he stepped on the new terrain.

Beneath the layer of gangue was the layer of flint, and below that was the layer of soft stones.

As the name suggested, the soft stone was not as hard as flint, but it was extremely malleable. It could not be penetrated by force alone.

Even Harold couldn't break it easily.

With all these obstacles, exploring the depths of the divine land was no mean feat! This was also the reason why Lorena chose to hide underground.

"We have reached the deep underground, haven't we?" Zen asked.

"You are right," said Harold. "If we go past these soft stones and keep moving further down, we will encounter the Lethal Fire Magma. The green magma can kill the Holy Beings."

"Really?" Zen asked in surprise.

Harold nodded. "That's the purest energy in the divine land, and also the foundation for maintaining the entire divine land. We can't continue anymore. Let's look for your mother somewhere else," he proposed.

Zen was reluctant to leave. The underground world was so large and finding a particular cave was like looking for a needle in a haystack. However, he had to follow Harold's orders or advice whatever you might term it.

Just as Zen was about to leave with Harold, he suddenly felt a hint of warmth coming from his inner world!

So he stopped immediately and looked around frantically.

His inner world was programmed to have such a reaction only when the mud was very close to him!

Chapter 2511 Meeting Lorena Again

"What's wrong?" Harold asked.

"There!"

Zen stretched out his arm and pointed at the grey soft stones in front of him. He moved and rushed towards the stones.

The moment he approached the stones, his inner world suddenly gave him a strong sense of hunger. It felt like the most delicious food was hidden behind those stones.

"It's here! I have felt it. The mud is right behind the stones," Zen stated with certainty.

Harold nodded in response.

He went in action but it was not easy for him to break those soft stones.

His muscles started to swell as his shoulders worked up doubling in volume within three seconds, and his arms were not in proportion to his stature.

The soft stones couldn't be easily broken with brute force.

"Crack!"

Harold thought of another way by abruptly inserting his fingers into the stones. He opened his arms to both sides, and a crack appeared on the layer of the soft stones.

Zen immediately saw a glimpse of a wide space through the crack.

Under the dim light, he even saw the round stone plate.

"It's that cave! It can really move under the ground!"

Zen's face was filled with excitement. He was about to step in the cave, but was stopped by Harold.

"Let me go in first," Harold said and made Zen halt his steps.

Harold thought that they might come across something strange in the depths of the ground. It was reasonable for him to ensure their safety by going in first.

He positioned himself in front and climbed through the crack, and Zen followed closely behind.

Entering the cave, Zen saw a brown thing running crazily not far away. It was about to enter another crack beside the cave.

"Don't let that thing get away!" Zen hurriedly urged.

The brown thing was the mud that Zen wanted, which was also the Spiritual Darkness that his mother mentioned.

"Of course not!"

Harold answered plainly. He effortlessly waved his hand in the air.

The Spiritual Darkness on the verge of escape froze on the spot. It kept squeaking with fear as it was suddenly grabbed by an invisible force. No matter how hard it struggled, it couldn't get rid of the invisible force.

Harold's hand which was stretched pulled back towards his chest, and the Spiritual Darkness immediately flew backwards falling in front of the two.

Right at the same time, something happened.

Once again, strange shadows with long hands and feet appeared in the walls around the cave.

"This cave is a trap!" After seeing those shadows, Harold became more vigilant.

Before, Zen had an encounter with those shadows but he swiftly ran away and avoided them before they came out of the stones.

What Harold said was reasonable. This cave was probably a trap set by his mother. If some people broke in, they wouldn't miss it. They would either run away or stay behind to fight against the strange shadows in the stones.

For another encounter, Zen was well prepared. The situation didn't give him a start and what was more, with the help of Harold, he didn't panic at all.

He moved fast and caught the Spiritual Darkness. His fingers ran down the mud on the body of the Spiritual Darkness, and soon found a bead. Grasping tight, he took the bead out.

He hurriedly said to the bead, "Mother, it's me. I'm Zen!"

The Spiritual Darkness was manipulated by Lorena and the bead was its center. Last time, it was through the bead that Zen was able to see his mother.

"Hurry up!" Harold persistently said, staring at the wall of the cave.

The figures in the wall became clearer and clearer. They exuded a strong aura and a strong sense of hostility.

In another space, Lorena suddenly opened her eyes.

"It's him. He's back!" A flash of light gleamed on her crimson eyes as she saw Zen again.

Last time, she had seen her son through the Spiritual Darkness, but before she could finish her words, the bead exploded.

She never thought that Zen would once again return to this cave.

Just as she was about to respond, she discovered a very familiar thing between Zen's eyebrows. It was a trace of her memory.

"When did I ever leave a memory between his eyebrows?" Lorena felt strange, but as a red light flashed in her eyes, the silver light between Zen's eyebrows instantly flew into the bead of the Spiritual Darkness and into her mind.

In this way, she had obtained the memory of the incarnation of fear.

She read the memory and suddenly came upon a realization. "It turned out that I asked him to come. Moreover, he has obtained the inheritance of the debate venue!"

"Splash!"

Lorena's head slowly rose from the big pot, and the Spiritual Darknesses quickly transformed into her body.

"You all stop!"

Hearing Lorena's command, the huge figures inside the walls immediately stopped moving forward and froze in the rocks.

"We made it. My mother has already known we're here," Zen said as he stared at the eye of the Spiritual Darkness.

Although he couldn't see her mother at the moment, he knew that she had absorbed the memory that the incarnation of fear left.

Harold nodded and said, "I'm glad to hear that!"

The truth was, he still kept thinking about what could be happening in the Swirl Forest.

Both Hallet and Augustus might be powerful, but he was still worried about them meeting some dangers in that forest. He hoped that Zen could meet his mother quickly for him to return back to the forest to help Hallet and Augustus.

Five minutes passed as they silently waited.

"Crack! Crack!"

Cracking sounds were suddenly heard from the left corner of the cave.

A crack appeared among the rocks. It looked like a monster with its mouth wide open.

"Whoosh!"

Right then, a figure with a long hair flashed by and firmly stood in front of Zen.

The figure in front of Zen was his mother, Lorena, whom he had met in the debate venue.

Meeting his mother in the debate venue was, however, different from this moment. What he saw before was only the incarnation of his mother, and in front of him right now was his real mother.

"Hello, Lorena,"

Harold greeted with a reverent bow.

Lorena glanced at Harold. "Thank you for bringing Zen here in person."

"It's my pleasure," Harold replied humbly.

Lorena nodded and turned to look at Zen, her son.

She had already absorbed all the memories of her incarnation. But for herself, it was the first time she really had contact with her son face to face.

She touched Zen's face, revealing an attractive smile on her face. "Zen, please follow me!"

"Yes, Mother," Zen resolutely answered and nodded.

Before leaving with his mother, Zen naturally would not forget to activate the mountain token.

The activated mountain token took Harold to the fairy palace in a flash. Zen put it away and walked towards the crack along with his mother.

Chapter 2512 The Origin Of Spiritual Darkness

Zen walked quietly behind Lorena as he scanned the cave up and down.

The cave seemed to be emitting a faint smell of blood, while there were several pieces of brown "mud" running around.

In addition, Zen also saw many huge heads that were embedded in the rows of rocks.

The eyes of these heads were closed, as if they were sleeping peacefully.

"Mom, what are these creatures? Why could they travel in the rocks?" Zen asked curiously.

After reuniting with Lorena in the debate venue, Zen didn't feel distant from his mother. Instead, he felt very secure and safe with his mother.

"These stone spirits were grown by me one by one. They are my bodyguards," Lorena replied with a smile.

"You grew them?" Zen asked, slightly stunned.

"Well, they are blessed by Chaos Ancient God to possess extreme powers. Even Harold may not be able to deal with them," said Lorena.

"No wonder," Zen exclaimed, his eyes flashing with a spark. These stone spirits had always made Zen feel great pressure. Just as his mother had said, because they had the ability to contend against Harold, they might be comparable to Holy Beings.

Underground, caves were connected one by one. Every time Lorena led Zen to the end of one of the caves, there would be a new one. The underground world was far more complicated than Zen had ever imagined.

Along the way, Zen had seen a large amount of Spiritual Darkness. His inner world was like a beast that was ready to move, urging him to devour the Spiritual Darkness. He took a lot of discipline to restrain his urges.

Soon after, Zen passed another cave and saw a large pot resting on the ground.

Zen had seen this huge pot through the Spiritual Darkness' eyeball. Back then, his mother only had a head left which was soaked in the pot.

Beneath the pot was a faint green flame swaying back and forth.

"Sit down," said Lorena while pointing her finger at a particular corner.

Zen nodded and followed his mother. He sat cross legged on the ground beside the large pot.

Lorena placed herself in front of Zen and stared at him with a happiness across her face.

She had fused the memories of her incarnation of fear, but it was the first time she had seen Zen herself, so she had a different feeling.

After a while, Lorena began to speak, "Your father is indeed courageous and resourceful. He dared to take a gamble and in the end, he was right. With my advice in the past, it would be impossible for you to create the Thousand Sanskrit Land."

Seeing Zen's confused expression, Lorena continued with her explanation, "At that time, I did not want to leave you and your sister to your father. You two have pure blood and are destined to be extraordinary. However, in the divine land, despite being extraordinary, you could become only a Holy Being at most. But for some reason, you have to surpass this limit."

What Lorena said puzzled Zen. This time, he wanted to seek help from his mother to break through his own cultivation level, but he couldn't seem to understand after what his mother explained. He asked, "But because I have practiced the Primal Chaos Technique, I have been stuck at the low-rank True God Realm. I'm even far inferior to a consummate True God now, not to mention a Holy Being..."

Lorena shook her head with a smile. At the same time, she said, "Vassals are always vassals. If one follows the road created by others, the road will come to its end eventually one day. Only when one creates his or her own road, can the person go further and have infinite possibilities!" Her smile was so wide at this point.

"Vassals? Mom, do you mean the Holy Beings are vassals?" Zen asked.

"Yes," responded Lorena. "Not only Holy Beings, all the creatures that cultivate life vitality in the divine land are vassals, while the creatures in the inner worlds of the Holy Beings are vassals of the vassals. Even if they pass the test in the Mountain of Holy Beings and become Holy Beings, they still need to attach their universes to the divine land."

Zen nodded in acknowledgement. Even though these Holy Beings had the magic power, he knew that they still couldn't leave the divine land no matter how hard they tried.

"But my inner world can't expand yet, and my cultivation has been stagnant," Zen said, furrowing his eyebrows in concern.

Hearing Zen's words, Lorena waved her hand gently, and a burst of noise rose from the surrounding. Many Spiritual Darknesses began to crawl over to them.

"All you need is the Spiritual Darkness, right?" Lorena asked, and gave a wink afterwards.

Zen looked at the numerous Spiritual Darknesses. The urge to devour them came back, and he swallowed hard. He nodded.

"You see." Lorena smiled helplessly and said, "The Primal Chaos Technique your master gave you is not complete. The incomplete cultivation method of course can't tell you how to obtain the Spiritual Darkness. In fact, Spiritual Darkness also exists in your inner world." She loved seeing her son in awe.

"My inner world also has the Spiritual Darkness?" Zen was stunned.

In that moment, Lorena unfolded her slender fingers and a dark brown divine might coin appeared in the center of her palm.

"Is that a divine might coin?" Zen stared at his mother. Did she just do that?

Just then, she gently tossed the divine might coin away, and the Spiritual Darknesses immediately pounced over like a group of hungry wolves fending for their lives.

The competition was fierce and brutal. Very soon, a Spiritual Darkness stood out and swallowed the divine might coin in whole.

"Is the Spiritual Darkness fed with divine might coins?" Zen asked in surprise.

Lorena shook her head, "No, actually. The Spiritual Darkness is made from divine might coins!"

In the earlier days of the divine land, the Nine Li race occupied the entire place. At that time, the divine might coins were used for only two things: to nurture the Spiritual Darkness for the cultivation purpose, and to write the rules of the divine land.

This was a generous benefit Chiyou managed to create for his people.

However, people cultivating with the Spiritual Darkness were not actually people from the divine land, but extraordinary creatures that had opened up the Sanskrit Land, and Lorena was one of them.

Later on, the Nine Li people had been almost all killed, and the True Gods of the divine land couldn't reach higher level to become extraordinary creatures. The divine might coins could only be used to modify the rules on the Ruling Slate.

After Lorena was done explaining, Zen gave off a bitter smile He had been exploring hard and was unable to break through in the end. He didn't expect that it was because the Primal Chaos Technique he learned was incomplete.

To put it simply, the Primal Chaos Technique only recorded the methods to open up a small divine land, but it did not record how to expand or cultivate it in the first place. Zen, on the other hand had relied on himself and accidentally reached what he was now.

However, Zen had been stuck in condensing his Godly Tile, and couldn't develop any further up until he discovered the mud.

"You have created the Thousand Sanskrit Land for a long time," pointed out Lorena. "Now I can help you break through your bottlenecks, but you still need to master the way to nurture the Spiritual Darkness." She looked at her son with a seriousness in her eyes. "Are you ready, Zen?"

Zen nodded.

With one point of her finger, the Spiritual Darknesses flocked towards Zen in a rapid pace.

Chapter 2513 Mike's Ambition

Ever since Zen's inner world had emitted a strong desire that constantly stimulated him, he had been looking forward to making a breakthrough for a long time.

His elixir field emitted a gentle light and he did not resist at all. Then, all the Spiritual Darknesses were completely absorbed.

It seemed that Lorena didn't consider Zen's endurance, or she didn't need to consider that at all.

"May I enter your inner world and take a look?" asked Lorena. A smile spread over Zen's face as he nodded.

At that moment, a figure that resembled Lorena's consciousness quickly floated into his inner world.

Beside her stood his avatar and together, they landed at the same time.

"Phew! Phew! Phew!"

Numerous Spiritual Darknesses kept squeaking and falling from the sky.

The Spiritual Darknesses did not have a higher form of intelligence and were completely under Lorena's control.

Although it was clear that they would be swallowed down, they still flew into Zen's inner world without hesitation.

"The strength source of the Nine Divine Stars is actually quite a lot," Lorena exclaimed as she glanced up at the sky. "If I'm not mistaken, some Holy Being helped you forge the Nine Divine Stars, right?"

"Yes, it's the strength source Holy Jay has given," said Zen.

Lorena smiled. "They are a bit unusual, aren't they? They actually gave the strength source directly to you."

She thought that it was simply crazy to forge Zen's inner world into what it was now.

She paused and gazed into the distance, only to see dozens of rays of light in the air.

"Is that the internal momentum of the Godly Ways?" Lorena's eyes narrowed. She wasted no time and immediately flew towards the rays of light.

As for Zen, he didn't say anything and simply followed his mother from behind.

When Lorena arrived above the Godly Tile that Zen had condensed, she saw that it emitted more than 300 rays of light.

Those rays of light contained the internal momentum of different Godly Ways, which were distributed throughout Zen's inner world.

"So many Godly Ways!" Lorena cried out in surprise. "There are at least three hundred Godly Ways! How? How is that possible? I don't understand!"

Meanwhile, Zen thought that his mother, an extraordinary creature, must've known more things than him.

Yet, why was she so surprised at what she saw?

"Mother, what's wrong?" he asked curiously. His mother was still transfixed at his Godly Tile with a confused look on her face.

"How could you absorb so many Godly Ways? It's... It's impossible!"

It was known that Chiyou had created the three thousand Godly Ways in the divine land.

They were made for the Nine Li people, not the True Gods or the Holy Beings in the divine land.

Now, it wasn't particularly hard for ordinary True Gods to cultivate one or two kinds of Godly Ways. The extremely talented True Gods could even cultivate three or five kinds of Godly Ways or combine two or three kinds of Godly Ways into new ones, all of which belonged exclusively to themselves.

Lorena had never heard of anyone who could absorb over three hundred Godly Ways like Zen.

"Father gave me a ruler, which is known as the Infinity Ruler," Zen answered honestly.

"The Infinity Ruler!"

Lorena couldn't help the chill that ran down her spine. She stared at her son and asked, "How could it be? How could the Infinity Ruler appear here? It can't possibly appear in the divine land!"

If she was surprised before, now she was in utter disbelief.

"But before I came to the divine land, my father had indeed given me the Infinity Ruler," replied Zen with utmost sincerity.

Lorena looked at her son's Godly Tile again and said, "I see. No wonder your father was so confident. Although he didn't know many things, he understood the simplest thing. He gave you the Infinity Ruler so that you can absorb the three thousand Godly Ways and get the Godly Way Guide. That way, your inner world will be more like the divine land. He wants you to gain control of the divine land! This is his ambition!"

Generally speaking, no one controlled the divine land, because the one who controlled it was Chiyou himself.

Those who were in charge of the forbidden lands, whether big or small, only had a certain authority. Their abilities might be very powerful in one aspect, but they were not qualified enough to rule the entire divine land.

However, anyone who could obtain the Godly Way Guide could create a small divine land and therefore, gain control of the divine land.

But there was a catch: it was not easy to practice Chiyou's three thousand Godly Ways.

No matter how talented one was, it was still something that was impossible to achieve.

That was why Lorena had never thought about those things.

Still, it never occurred to her that Mike had gotten the Infinity Ruler! Where did he get it?

"Seek control of the divine land?!" Zen was truly shocked to hear his mother's words. He had never thought that his father would have such an ambition. The problem was, even his mother didn't know about the Infinity Ruler. How did his father get it then?

It wasn't hard to use the Infinity Ruler to absorb the Godly Ways. As long as Zen was given enough time, he could absorb all the three thousand Godly Ways sooner or later.

As of now, he had absorbed one tenth of the Godly Ways. If a truly powerful being made him study the Godly Way Tablets continuously, it wouldn't be long before he made it.

Zen would be more than an almighty man if he really gained full control of the divine land. Not even the Holy Beings or the Yellow Emperor Guards would be able to fight against him.

"Hmmm… Mike must have some secrets that I don't know," Lorena hissed.

She had told him everything she knew when they had gotten married. She didn't expect Mike to hide some things from her, so she naturally felt slightly uncomfortable.

"Maybe my father got the Infinity Ruler much later," Zen tried to reason. Lorena's lips curved up into a small smile.

Although she was angry at her husband, she was happy that he and her son could do such a thing. "There will be a day when the truth comes out. Since you have expanded your inner world to such an extent, you must absorb these Spiritual Darknesses quickly!" she told her son.

Zen, however, didn't absorb all the Spiritual Darknesses as his mother instructed.

More than ninety percent of them fell into the chaotic sea and the waters began to surge.

He let the rest of the Spiritual Darknesses fall to the ground.

In turn, the Spiritual Darknesses dug holes and hid underground like rats.

If he wanted to cultivate more Spiritual Darknesses, he just needed to feed them with divine might coins continuously. He would have more Spiritual Darknesses in his inner world as long as he could get enough divine might coins.

He hoped that wouldn't be a problem since the forbidden lands in his inner world continuously produced divine might coins.

He didn't know the use of the divine might coins before. Now that the Spiritual Darknesses constantly divided and reproduced, he could easily get almost an infinite number of Spiritual Darknesses.

A large number of Spiritual Darknesses in the chaotic sea turned into numerous brown clouds which almost shrouded the entire sky of Zen's inner world. Soon enough, those brown clouds gathered towards Zen's Godly Tile.

Chapter 2514 Breakthrough

In the past, it took Zen much effort to get a complete Spiritual Darkness.

Now, looking at the gathering clouds, he was struck with surprise.

"Sword cloud, condense!"

Zen's eyes flashed and a faint sword shadow suddenly appeared within the surging clouds and fog.

It split into two, then four, and then finally, into eight parts.

As the shadow spread, it suddenly turned into countless sword shadows. Their collisions produced the crisp sound of metal scraping against metal, constantly colliding in Zen's inner world.

"Zen has cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way..."

Something seemed to click in Lorena's mind as her eyes glowed. "I see... Holy Jay must have discovered the inheritance of my father in the Mountain of Holy Beings. The Infinity Ruler has also been obtained from there!"

It hadn't been long since Holy Jay became a Holy Being, and Lorena wasn't aware of what happened after that.

But when she saw Zen practice the Emotion Closing Godly Way and absorb 3000 Godly Ways by means of the Infinity Ruler, she was almost certain that it was from her father's inheritance.

Such inheritance could've only been taken from the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The Godly Way Guide was one of her father's most powerful theurgies. But it couldn't be activated even after comprehending the three thousand Godly Ways. The only way one could use it was through the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

And this was why the other 2999 Godly Ways worked as auxiliaries, and the Emotion Closing Godly Way remained the most important.

Zen had gotten the Infinity Ruler and it was quite the major when it came to cultivating the Emotion Closing Godly Way—it had to be more than a mere coincidence. It was likely that he obtained the Infinity Ruler while receiving a lesson as well.

Putting together all the details, Lorena had a strong feeling about her speculations.

In the inner world, all the living creatures raised their heads to gaze upon the dense sword clouds.

This included the Evil God and all the various talents on the continent.

Although they didn't know how the sword clouds actually came into being, they knew that such an abnormality meant a great change in the world was nearing.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

All the brown sword clouds gathered at the center of the inner world, completely surrounding Zen's Godly Tile and gradually forming an enormous whirlpool.

It swirled rapidly, gathering within the Godly Tile.

Zen's Godly Tile continued expanding at great speed.

In the midst of it all, a wisp of dazzling light suddenly appeared on the surface of the Godly Tile crystal.

Not only did the main part of the Emotion Closing Godly Way expand, but the other variously colored parts of the Godly Tile also began expanding.

At this point, Zen was getting dizzy. He seemed to have comprehended hundreds of Godly Ways.

The Infinity Ruler could absorb all the Godly Ways' internal momentum.

And it was through the Infinity Ruler that Zen had absorbed Joy's Purple Aura Godly Way. But he had no way to fully display it apart from the basic control skill, Separate Controlling.

His cultivation level was still limited, after all.

There was no restriction to the Godly Tile when it came to the first three levels of the Godly Ways. It was the latter three levels that had requirements for the Godly Tile.

Although Zen had absorbed the Godly Ways, his low-rank True God status prevented him from using the latter three levels of the Godly Ways. But now that he had broken through the bottleneck and instantly understood hundreds of Godly Ways, he was possibly the most powerful being in the divine land.

"I have broken through," Zen said as his eyes flashed.

After the expansion of the Godly Tile, Zen's sudden comprehension immediately let him obtain a new level of understanding of the Godly Ways. It brought such a wonderful and relaxed feeling.

Just as Zen officially became a mid-rank True God...

his entire inner world began shaking.

"Rumble..."

A thousand and eighty golden Sanskrit words around his inner world released countless rays of golden light.

"My inner world is expanding once again!" Zen was utterly stunned.

A strong sense of tearing could be felt in his belly and Zen was trying his best to push it away.

Even though he was an incarnation in his inner world, he could still clearly sense everything in his body, no matter how subtle.

The continent in Zen's inner world began floating again. Huge waves were appearing in the chaotic sea, continuously changing directions.

The golden Sanskrit words kept pushing into the edge of the inner world.

Ten miles...

Thousands of miles...

Ten thousand miles...

A million miles...

In such a short period of time, Zen's inner world had expanded over ten times.

Seven continents lay in Zen's inner world, like seven small islands in the middle of the broad chaotic sea. The distance between each continent continued growing further.

Under the vibration of the inner world, a new continent rose from the chaotic sea and was formed.

Once it was complete, it turned out three times larger than the total area of the seven continents combined.

Though the chaotic sea was a place where living beings were born, these continents were the place where they grew and lived prosperously. Supposedly, in the near future, an even more brilliant kingdom was to appear on the continent to produce many more talents and strong warriors.

Having absorbed quite a number of Spiritual Darknesses, Zen finally made a breakthrough into becoming a mid-rank True God. But he wasn't stopping there.

His inner world's consciousness still longed for the Spiritual Darknesses, so naturally, Zen wasn't going to refuse the chance to absorb them all.

He was stuck being a low-rank True God for so long, after all. If there were enough Spiritual Darknesses for him to absorb, he would have broken through to the mid-rank True God much earlier.

"Mother, how many Spiritual Darknesses are there?" Zen asked.

With a smile, Lorena said, "Zen, you can just absorb them!"

Although Zen had consumed far more Spiritual Darknesses than others had when opening the Thousand Sanskrit Land, to Lorena, it wasn't anything special. After all, Zen only wanted to make a breakthrough and become a mid-rank True God or perhaps even a top-rank True God.

Hearing his mother's words, Zen heaved a sigh of relief.

In the cave, the Spiritual Darknesses were still gathering from all directions, rushing into Zen's inner world and falling into the chaotic sea.

The waters of the chaotic sea began boiling as more and more dark clouds and mist spread into the sky.

And so Zen made use of these elements as means to try and become a top-rank True God.

In the East Hall on a Floating Island…

Nicholas stood there along with Jeremiah, Murphy, Clark, and the others.

The Holy Beings gathering there belonged to the alliance of the rich and powerful clans led by the Dongfang Clan.

Nicholas had never had to endure anything. To him, only the weak had to endure all kinds of things in life.

The Sword Clan had offended the Dongfang Clan and he was dead-intent on counterattacking without hesitation.

"Ten divine eras ago, I said that the day would come sooner or later. Are you guys ready, now?" Nicholas' tone was cold.

"I obey all your command. I shall do anything you decide!" The Holy Being from the Liu Clan answered promptly.

Because they were considered rather weak among the rich and powerful clans, the Liu Clan was more than willing to suck up to and take advantage of the Dongfang Clan.

"Our Tang Clan supports you, of course. But can you ensure a smooth process?" Clark asked skeptically.

With a small smile, Nicholas was ready to answer.

But at this moment, a small voice suddenly came to his mind, changing his expression entirely. He abruptly screamed out, "Everyone, would you give me a moment of your time?"

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2515 Hamish Hu

Under the gaze of the Holy Beings, in the blink of an eye, Nicholas disappeared right before everyone's eyes.

Those present exchanged glances, none of them knowing what had just happened.

But Nicholas was the one who gathered the Holy Beings to discuss some important matters.

Why did he leave so suddenly?

Thirty thousand miles to the east of the Time Sea was the Silverwing Divine City.

Originally, it belonged to a second-tier clan in the divine land, but the Dongfang Clan forcibly expropriated it some divine eras ago.

How could a second-tier clan dare to go against a powerful clan above the Time Sea like the Dongfang Clan? They were forced to keep their resentments to themselves to avoid damaging trouble.

But the Dongfang Clan never attached much importance to the divine city. Although the Silverwing Divine City technically belonged to the Dongfang Clan, the city revenues still went straight to the second-tier clan.

Soon, Nicholas' figure appeared within the borders of the city.

But no one in the entire city knew of his existence—not even the city's no-fly ban had been triggered.

In a flash, his figure entered a building in the Silverwing Divine City.

A thin old man was in the building.

He was bent over at the waist, sorting out some materials.

"You old man… hurry up!" a mid-rank True God beside him berated.

They were in a well-known pill-refining workshop in the Silverwing Divine City, where the old man had dedicated many divine eras working hard.

Being too humble and honest of a worker, he was often bossed around by those around him.

But he was always diligent and efficient, in addition to being knowledgeable and requiring minimal salary—the pill-refining workshop was naturally glad to have him as an employee.

While many people treated him as someone insignificant, he had, in fact, long become indispensable.

"Whoosh!"

Just then, Nicholas entered the workshop.

The sudden appearance of the stranger was quite a surprise to the many True Gods there.

"Who are you? How dare you break in here! This is an important venue of our Qian Clan, welcome only to important people."

This Qian Clan was the second-tier clan in the Silverwing Divine City.

Although the city was primarily under the Dongfang Clan, in actuality, it was mostly controlled by the Qian Clan.

Because Nicholas hid his cultivation, the True Gods naturally didn't know who he was. And they certainly wouldn't be polite to a stranger who walked in unannounced.

But Nicholas merely ignored them all and walked towards the old man who was sorting out the medicinal materials. There was much respect in his demeanor toward the old man as he asked, "Master Hamish, why did you summon me?"

Anyone who knew Nicholas would've been shocked to see him speak to someone with this kind of reverence.

He was the leader of many Holy Beings and was considered to be the strongest in the divine land, after all. No one had ever seen him be so respectful towards others.

The old man didn't look up and continued letting his bony fingers move nimbly through a pile of herbs, picking out those of poor quality. In a low voice, he said, "I felt Lorena's existence. I know where she is now."

"What?"

Nicholas' voice trembled involuntarily as his eyes grew eager with excitement.

"Did you hear me? I'm talking to you! Who the hell are you? How dare you... " One of the mid-rank True Gods felt offended at Nicholas' dismissiveness—the stranger actually passed right by him just to talk to the old man.

"So annoying!"

Nicholas' face darkened before he stretched out his hand and gave it a gentle wave.

An invisible force engulfed the mid-rank True God.

Before he could even finish his words, numerous cracks started appearing on the surface of his body like he was turning into a weathered statue. The cracks didn't stop until he turned completely to dust and dissipated in the air.

The other True Gods in the pill refining workshop were dumbfounded at the scene—no one dared to move.

While the power Nicholas released was extremely strong, there wasn't any particular aura. Even the people outside the pill-refining workshop failed to notice anything. Just how powerful was this man that he could control his strength to such extent? they all wondered.

The True Gods present immediately drew a conclusion. No matter what level he was at, for him, taking their lives was as easy as crushing an ant.

All of a sudden, Hamish Hu looked up and pointed to the sky.

Specks of dust began to appear again—they continued gathering until they gradually formed legs, clothes, and hair.

And soon, the True God Nicholas had just turned to dust was whole once again—he looked at himself, completely unaware of what was going on.

"You're still as hot-tempered as you were before," the old man said indifferently.

But Nicholas cared nothing for the display. He only asked eagerly, "Where is Lorena?"

"She has been hiding underground—she used the nether power to create a separate space, so I failed to detect her existence before. The space she is in is not connected to the divine land whatsoever," said the old man calmly. "But I sensed it, somehow. She has probably exposed her location."

"Where is the place?" Nicholas pressed further.

He had no interest in how Lorena hid herself. He just wanted to find her.

"It's under the ancestral land of the Han Clan, about one hundred thousand miles off to the north of Six-Burden Divine City," said the old man.

"Thank you, Master Hamish!" With his hands clasped in gratitude, Nicholas was ready to leave.

Suddenly, the old man turned to him and said, "Remember your promise and do not break it."

Nicholas' eyes flashed with a glint as he smiled. "Of course I won't forget it!" Then, he turned and left without another word.

Behind him, Hamish Hu held a herb in his hand as a smile flashed across his face. "I hope you mean it!" he called out.

Nicholas had chosen to side with the Yellow Emperor Guards because of Lorena. But if he could get what he wanted, he probably wouldn't hesitate to betray the Yellow Emperor Guards—Hamish Hu knew Nicholas' personality well.

Only then did Hamish Hu notice that all the True Gods in the pill-refining room were staring at him in fear.

Never did they expect to see this obedient old man would be respected by such a strong cultivator!

And this man had a remarkable theurgy—the True God had already turned to ash, but he could easily bring him back with a simple wave of a finger. Just what method did he use?

"Don't you have better things to do than to stare at me? Mind your own business," said the old man lightly.

His voice seemed to be somehow laced with a powerful wave of soul power. In an instant, this power invaded all the minds of the True Gods, actively erasing a portion of their memories.

The True Gods were trembling as their eyes grew full of confusion.

But this trance lasted only momentarily before they came back to their senses—the scene they had just witnessed was completely erased from their minds.

The mid-rank True God who had been previously pulverized once again shouted at Hamish Hu, "You old bastard, how dare you slack off!"

Chapter 2516 Approaching

Nicholas performed the spatial transference once again in order to return to the East Hall.

The Holy Beings freely moved around in the divine land since they had the ability to reach their destination almost instantly, save for a few, specific places.

The Holy Being in the East Hall waited for a while and guessed where Nicholas might have gone. He unexpectedly came back within five minutes.

Nicholas was uncharacteristically joyful when he reappeared.

"What makes you so happy Nicholas?" Jeremiah asked curiously.

Everyone's gaze fell on Nicholas.

"Come with me!" he told everyone enthusiastically.

Clark frowned in confusion. "Where?"

"To the Six-Burden Region," Nicholas answered.

"The Six-Burden Region?"

"Isn't that the Han Clan's ancestral land?"

"Won't the Han Clan be alerted if we go to the Six-Burden Region?"

Despite the fact that they could literally move freely in the divine land, the Six-Burden Region was the Han Clan's territory and they needed to tell them first before going there.

"Shouldn't we tell Samuel first?" someone asked. The joy on Nicholas's face faded into disdain. "Ignore him! Just follow me."

Samuel, to Nicholas, was nothing more than a clown.

He didn't even consider the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan, let alone the Han Clan and Samuel.

"Buzz..."

As soon as he said these words, the energy around Nicholas fluctuated and he disappeared.

Since it was him who said so then the Holy Beings didn't really refute him. They all disappeared from the East Hall one by one.

A wave of space swept through the Six-Burden Divine City.

Nicholas suddenly appeared in mid-air.

As the Han Clan's ancestral land, the Six-Burden Divine City was much better protected than the Silverwing Divine City.

The moment Nicholas appeared, the ban above the city was immediately activated and the Thousand Commandments Slate within turned into several blue lightning snakes that shot straight towards him.

"Someone is trespassing into our Six-Burden Divine City!"

"Guards!"

"The opponent can fly. At least a top-rank True God!"

The True Gods of the Six-Burden Divine City were vigilant and immediately spotted a middle-aged man in the air.

This man's aura didn't seem to be strong but they couldn't exactly pinpoint his cultivation level.

"I can't figure out his cultivation level. Is he a consummate True God?"

"Hard to say. Maybe he uses some kind of cultivation method or has some kind of treasure that helps him hide his cultivation base?"

"The Thousand Commandments Slate will deal with whoever dares to break in!"

As soon as one of the True Gods said this, a harsh sound reverberated in their ears.

"Crack..."

A strong lightning snake had reached Nicholas and wrapped around him tightly.

"The lightning punishment from the Thousand Commandments Slate is very powerful. Even consummate True Gods will have difficulty resisting!"

"Even if he doesn't die, he's sure to suffer greatly."

"He must have so much free time. How dare he break into our Six-Burden Divine City? He's courting death!"

There was a hint of sympathy in the True Gods' eyes. This man was sure to die under the lightning punishment.

"Crack..."

However, just as they were anticipating the man's death, the blue light from the lightning snake suddenly dimmed.

The figure, however, remained intact.

This scene stunned them immensely!

"How could this be?"

"Who is that person?"

"The Thousand Commandments Slate didn't work on him?"

"No, the Thousand Commandments Slate is probably going to release a stronger punishment..."

"Crack!"

Thicker lightning snakes burst out from the Thousand Commandments Slate and headed straight towards the man.

Nicholas merely huffed at the sight of these snakes.

He stretched out his hands and appeared to grab something in midair.

There was a loud bang as a building in the middle of the city suddenly collapsed. From the rubble came a slate that flew towards Nicholas.

It was the Thousand Commandments Slate!

The True Gods' eyes almost popped out of their sockets at the sight.

Those who came from the Han Clan branches also had inconceivable expressions on their faces.

When the Thousand Commandments Slate was in front of him, Nicholas immediately threw a punch.

"Boom!"

The Thousand Commandments Slate was supposedly indestructible.

Thus, after getting punched by Nicholas, it didn't crumble but instead flew away until it was nothing but a black dot in the sky, disappearing into the horizon.

Silence fell upon the entire Six-Burden Divine City.

All the True Gods held their breaths.

This freak in mid-air could very well destroy the entire city. There was no way they could possibly defeat him.

With the slate smashed far away from the city, more Holy Beings began to show up around Nicholas.

"Swoosh..."

There were now more than a dozen figures above the Six-Burden Divine City now.

Unlike Nicholas, none of the Holy Beings bothered hiding their auras.

The air was thick in power as the aura of these Holy Beings intertwined and covered the entirety of the Six-Burden Divine City.

"Are these people... consummate True Gods?"

"No consummate True God can have such a horrible aura. These people are the Holy Beings!"

"Why are there so many of them?!"

Some True Gods lived their whole lives never seeing a single Holy Being.

The sight above them was truly unbelievable. They rubbed their eyes, some even checked the expression on other people's faces just to confirm if they were all seeing the same thing—there were indeed more than a dozen Holy Beings in front of them.

"Is there something here Nicholas?" one of the Holy Beings asked.

Nicholas narrowed his eyes and gazed at the distance. "One hundred thousand miles to the north."

He then took a step forward.

Once again, Nicholas suddenly disappeared.

The other Holy Beings had no idea what he was trying to do and simply followed him.

In a flash, all of them suddenly disappeared, leaving only the stunned True Gods in the Six-Burden Divine City.

Nicholas had launched the spatial transference once again and arrived above the Tie Clan. He swept his gaze and saw an array flag.

"This array flag must have been placed by someone who is at least a consummate True God," Jeremiah said. "It hasn't been here for too long. It seems to be guarding something underneath. What could it be?"

Nicholas smiled. "An extremely important thing."

As he said this, he immediately shot towards the array flag.

In the depths of the earth, Lorena, who was within the rock layers, suddenly opened her eyes.

She looked at Zen, who currently had his eyes closed as he tried to break through and become a top-rank True God, with indescribable fear.

Chapter 2517 Face The Danger

"How could this be..."

Since the moment Nicholas had crashed into the ground, Lorena had been on high alert.

Right now, Zen was leaping over hurdle after hurdle on his way to becoming a top-rank True God. She couldn't believe she had been complacent enough to have exposed herself like this, at this time.

'How could I have been so careless!' she thought.

The space she had created over the years with the help of the nether power was independent and separated from the outside world.

Indeed, the last time Zen had entered the underground, only one layer of the space had been connected to the outside.

However, now Harold and Zen were here, she had not separated the space from the outside at all.

The divine land was not just a very large ship. It was, in fact, enormous.

In Lorena's opinion, it was impossible for the enemies to monitor and police the entire divine land all the time.

But she was wrong. This was the complacence that had gotten her in trouble.

Zen, however, hadn't noticed any change in his mother.

There were other things on his mind. In his inner world, he was still concentrating on transforming the Spiritual Darkness to form his own Godly Tile...

The avatar that had formed from Lorena's thoughts was staring at Zen in silence. She was trying her utmost to keep calm on the surface, but in fact, her mind was in chaos.

'I, I must keep them out...' Lorena thought to herself.

The real Lorena, however, still in the cave, was ready to make her move.

She patted her hands gently, and a force began spreading out from them.

Cracks formed under her feet...

As the cracks spread quickly along the floor of the cave, the stones on its perimeter began to break too. Soon, the giant beasts that had been sealed within the stones for thousands of years were finally released, one by one.

The stone spirits climbed out of their stones, and slowly traipsed towards the entrance of another nearby cave.

The power of these spirits was great: they were not much weaker than Holy Beings.

But that was only true of their physical strength.

The reason why the Holy Beings were so invincible was that they had more than just physical strength.

Therefore, the stone spirits were still far from being on a par with the Holy Beings, or even Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods.

One could not rely on the stone spirits to defeat Holy Beings.

Nicholas dived, following the passages dug by Harold. A black fireball was spinning in his hand.

Whether it was ordinary soil, the gangue layer or the layer of flint, everything that encountered the fireball melted like ice and snow.

Thus, as Nicholas descended, the path ahead widened.

The other Holy Beings behind him just needed to follow him.

"It seems that someone has been here before us."

"I wonder what Nicholas is looking for underground..."

"I don't know, but what I do know is that there is nothing good in the depths of the underground of the divine land."

There was nothing special in the depths under the divine land. This was the common consensus among those in the divine land.

The creatures that were able to survive in the gangue layer were extremely rare, let alone those that could thrive in the layer of flint. As for the layer of soft stone, no living being in existence could adapt to it. It was completely uninhabitable.

Therefore, the large clans on the Floating Islands and the other True Gods rarely, if ever, explored the underground.

"We will soon pass the layer of flint, and after that comes the layer of soft stone. Will Nicholas continue to descend?" a Holy Being said, his voice tinged with worry.

The layer of soft stone was very thin, And just below it flowed the Lethal Fire Magma. Whoever broke the soft stone layer would come in contact with it, which was invariably fatal. Even Holy Beings would be consumed by it, sucked into its fiery depths, never to be seen again.

No one wanted to follow Nicholas and risk being swallowed by the Lethal Fire Magma.

"Dong!"

Nicholas was already standing on the layer of flint.

He stood there, hesitating for a moment, and then raised his right hand. Streaks of space fluctuations circled around his fingers.

Then, he tapped one of his fingers on the air in front of him.

The ripples of space spread in all directions, like chaotic scattered winds.

Even though the layer of flint was extremely hard, it was still vulnerable to being torn apart by the space fluctuations. Cracks began to appear in it, one after another.

Nicholas' eyes flickered. He let his eyes wonder for a while, until he fixed his gaze in one direction. A smile appeared on his face.

A cave had appeared behind one of the cracks.

Without hesitation, he walked towards that cave.

"There even is a cave here?"

The Holy Beings were shocked too. It turned out that Nicholas had come here just for the cave.

As Nicholas entered the cave, the other Holy Beings followed suit, apprehensive, but curious.

A surprise was in store for them inside the cave, however. As they approached the entrance of the cave, a group of stone spirits rushed out.

The stone spirits stood towering above them, their arms almost the same length as their bodies. Although they moved slowly and clumsily, their power was not to be underestimated.

Nicholas, however, did not seem surprised to see the stone spirits.

"Kill them," he said brazenly.

"I really didn't imagine that such strange things lived under the ground," said Clark with a laugh. He looked excited. He stepped out, and it seemed as though flames were dancing around his body.

As for the other Holy Beings, they also employed their own special skills.

None of the Holy Beings used weapons to fight against creatures of this level. They were not even near strong enough to merit the fear of the Holy Beings.

"Bang!"

"Crack..."

"Splash..."

Various kinds of energy erupted within the cave all at once.

Physically powerful as they were, the stone spirits could not withstand even a single blow from these Holy Beings.

Nicholas did not even bother to make a move. His figure flashed in the cave and he teleported himself forwards, completely ignoring the attack attempts from the stone spirits.

Arriving at the end of the cave, he carefully examined the traces on the wall.

"Here!"

As soon as he had touched the wall of the cave with his hand, an invisible space fluctuation tore it apart, giving way to another cave. Of course, this cave was also filled with stone spirits.

When Lorena had traveled through these caves with Zen, they had left cracks behind them. Most of those cracks had disappeared, but they had left behind traces and scars.

Following these traces, Nicholas moved forward in this new, complex cave. The Holy Beings that followed him had come to kill the stone spirits.

"They are coming too fast..."

Meanwhile, Lorena, who remained at the bottom of the cave, frowned.

With so many Holy Beings coming together, she would be overwhelmed by sheer numbers.

Although she still had an advantage in the divine land, now was not the time to use it.

Zen was still absorbing the Spiritual Darkness with his eyes closed. Oblivious, he didn't know how close his mother was to desperation, nor did he know that danger was approaching fast.

As time ticked by, her eyes filled more and more with despair.

Consumed with anguish, she realized that she had no choice but do the only thing she knew would work in this situation.

"Zen, I'm sorry..."

She stared at Zen with a complex expression on her face, sad but resolved. It seemed that she had made up her mind to take a gamble.

She raised her finger gently, and a small purple jade plate appeared in her hand. A purple circle of light shot out from the jade plate and completely enveloped Zen.

Lorena's movements were precise and extremely subtle. Zen, all his attention focused on his inner world and his avatar, didn't notice a thing.

A strong space fluctuation shot out from the purple circle of light shrouding Zen's body. Then, the fluctuation suddenly formed a whirlpool, and Zen disappeared into nothingness.

At the same time, Lorena stood up, a smile on her face, a beautiful, but sad and desperate smile. She reached out and gently flicked her fingers. The center of the cave cracked, and a stream of cyan magma poured out from it. It was the Lethal Fire Magma.

Chapter 2518 Perish Together

The Lethal Fire Magma could just burn down anything, but the big black pot floating above it looked intact.

Suddenly, Lorena jumped up and stood upright on the pot, looking outside of the cave.

Although the divine land was huge, it was still too small for the Holy Beings. They could easily reach the remotest corners of the land in a short span of time.

Lorena was well aware that as long as she went unnoticed, she was safe. Once she exposed herself, there would be no way out.

Although she had some tricks up her sleeve, her slowness might bring her down. She had no choice but to send Zen away.

"Phew!"

Soon a figure flew over. She realized that it was Nicholas.

When Nicholas saw Lorena standing on the pot, his astonished face lit up. "Lorena!" He exclaimed in delight.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Instantly, a dozen figures appeared behind Nicholas.

The Holy Beings were slightly stunned, seeing Lorena. That was when it struck them Nicholas' purpose.

It turned out that he came for this woman.

The Holy Beings started to talk in whispers.

Once they became Holy Beings, they controlled the universes, so much so that they could create lives and other objects prevailing in the universes, as per their liking.

For them, women were of little importance. That was why they were stunned that Nicholas could be so obsessed with a woman.

However, this woman was no ordinary one. She possessed a special status. If they caught her, probably many of their problems could be solved.

After all, it was a good sign for the alliance of wealthy clans.

Lorena glanced at Nicholas coldly and curled her lips. A cold smile appeared on her face as she said, "You've been looking for me for a long time. Am I right?"

Nicholas nodded in agreement.

For years he tried to locate Lorena, but was unsuccessful.

Hence, he came hastily, as soon as he got the news from Hamish.

"Your talents and skills are still a bit weak. Even if someone taught you those, there is still the Sea of Truth for you to cross," Lorena said lightly.

Nicholas smiled hearing her words. "I'm just a step away from it. Very soon I will cross the Sea of Truth and reach the Other Shore Realm!"

Clark, Murphy, Jeremiah and other Holy Beings were astonished at Nicholas' claim.

Although they were all loyal to Nicholas, they each had their own selfish motives. All of them vied for an equally strong personality.

More or less, they all had some abridged Truths of Godly Ways.

However, these abridged articles were not enough to master the Truths of Godly Ways, let alone cross the Sea of Truth.

Since ages, there had been no one who succeeded in becoming an expert of the Other Shore Realm.

It had always been a far reaching hope for the Holy Beings.

That was why they were all stunned when Nicholas claimed he was close to success.

Although Nicholas was now strong, he was still at par with other Holy Beings present. If he really reached the Other Shore Realm, they would have to look up to him in the future. It was something that they were really not looking forward to.

"That's wonderful! Congratulations!" Lorena said with a cold smile.

Even if Nicholas heard her sarcasm behind her compliment, he did not react to it. Instead, he said, "You can go back with me. After I reach the Other Shore Realm, I will take you back to the Source World."

"What did you say? Take me back to the Source World?" Lorena sneered at him. "And then what? Join the Yellow Emperor Guards?"

Nicholas' smile froze when he heard her words.

He was well aware about the dispute between the Nine Li people and the Yellow Emperor Guards.

Actually to be fair, so far his progress had been successful only because of the support of the Yellow Emperor Guards.

"What kind of person are you? Do you realize that you are merely a pawn for them?" Lorena countered him. Her hair which was a thousand feet long danced wildly in the wind.

Nicholas' eyes flashed for a second. He controlled himself and tried again to drive sense into her. "As far as I know, your race's day is over in the Source World, and your only hope of sanctuary in the divine land has long been destroyed. There is no need for you to be so stubborn."

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Several cracks appeared inside the cave, and soon Lethal Fire Magma popped out of each of them.

The Holy Beings were also equally stunned when they witnessed this explosion.

Although they wouldn't really die because of the existence of universes, they would have to pay a heavy price to recover.

Naturally, none of them wanted to be affected by the Lethal Fire Magma.

"None of the nine tribes of my race is willing to live in humiliation. Maybe this will be the last battle of my race, and nobody knows who will emerge as the winner. Maybe even I won't be alive to see that day, but whatever the consequences, we would never keep our dignity and pride at stake! Chaos Ancient God, please bless my race!"

Her voice turned cold and there was a coquettish and charming smile on her beautiful face.

She waved her hand, and a strong wave veered around her.

The Holy Beings became alarmed as they knew what was coming next.

"The space is locked by her."

"We can't move an inch!"

"What does she want from us?"

Lorena glanced at the Holy Beings and said lightly, "All of you are going to die with me!"

"Rumble!"

The cave started to collapse.

The Lethal Fire Magma poured in with force and surged in all directions.

Seeing this, the Holy Beings turned deadly pale.

"This woman really wants us to die with her!"

"Back off!"

"We can't! There is also Lethal Fire Magma behind us!"

Since Lorena moved the cave to the lowest layer, she had prepared for the worst.

At the moment, she locked the space within the cave and led the Lethal Fire Magma in to take the Holy Beings with her down to the bottom of hell.

She might not be able to truly kill these Holy Beings, but it would take them a long time to recover. That way, she could buy more time for Zen, Yan, and Harold.

Without any hesitation, Lorena tapped her tiptoe gently in the pot and jumped into the Lethal Fire Magma.

However, just as she was about to jump into the Lethal Fire Magma, Nicholas had rushed over towards her.

"Humph!" Lorena sneered coldly. Her hair shot towards Nicholas like arrows.

When Nicholas' hand touched the air, an invisible energy turned into a shield and protected him in front.

"Tuk-tuk."

Lorena's arrows were unable to penetrate the shield.

At that time, Nicholas reached out to grab her arm.

Lorena continued to smirk at Nicholas.

Suddenly her upper torso, barring her head, turned into brown mud, which clung to Nicholas' body like an octopus.

"If it weren't for you, my husband might have succeeded." Lorena, with only her head left, stared at Nicholas with hatred. "That is why I am going to kill you today!"

The mud flowed around Nicholas and towards his elixir field.

In the eyes of the True Gods of the divine land, the Holy Beings were indeed indestructible, unless their universes were destroyed.

But that didn't mean Lorena couldn't kill the Holy Beings.

In fact, she could cut off the connection between Holy Beings and their universes.

"You!"

Only then did Nicholas realize that he had fallen into a huge crisis.

Chapter 2519 Leaving The Divine Land

Zen had no idea what had happened inside the cave.

He sat cross-legged in the stable space and wholeheartedly continued to break through to the top-rank of the True God Realm.

A series of occurrences happened in his inner world.

The sword clouds rolled towards his Godly Tile.

Even though there was no more Spiritual Darkness entering his inner world, the brown clouds transformed by the Spiritual Darknesses were more than enough.

"It seems that Zen can successfully become a top-rank True God," Lorena said softly.

The events that happened in the cave were clear to the wisp of Lorena's soul but she didn't reveal anything not to disturb Zen's concentration.

A focused Zen placed all of his thoughts on that Godly Tile.

The breakthrough on becoming a top-rank True God had unexpectedly taken much longer time.

Before he knew it, two hours had passed.

With another roar in his inner world, the entire world once again expanded out.

"I made it!" Surprise filled Zen's face as he cried out in success.

As his inner world expanded, he felt that he had a much deeper comprehension about Godly Ways.

"Mother!"

Zen's avatar rushed towards Lorena.

"Congratulations, Zen." Lorena greeted him with a smile on her face, but was followed by an extremely complicated look on her eyes.

Zen sensed his mother's strange emotion and couldn't help but ask curiously, "Mother, what's wrong?"

The smile on Lorena's face gradually faded away, and she lightly explained, "I'll tell you, but don't panic. After all, this is not a dead end for you."

Zen was confused but still nodded in understanding.

"I have sent you to the chaos outside the divine land," Lorena bluntly said.

"What?!"

Zen's heart skipped a beat as he opened his eyes.

Only then did he realize that he was no longer in the cave, but was covered by a purple circle of light.

He was full of doubts as he once again closed his eyes, and placed his consciousness on his avatar. Back in his inner world, he stared at his mother and eagerly asked, "What happened?"

"The Holy Beings found me when you were breaking through," Lorena voiced out with bitterness.

Lorena was afraid of affecting his breakthrough so she didn't bring it up.

In order to make Zen understand the situation, she tried her best to explain the events that happened.

"What?!" Zen was given a shock and probed, "Who are those Holy Beings?"

"Nicholas and his people," Lorena answered.

This was probably the last name Zen wanted to hear.

Lorena continued, "I have no other choice but to send you out of the divine land. In the chaos, you will constantly fall, and you might encounter the Out-of-Land Fiends, but in the end, you still have a slim chance of survival. If you fall into the Holy Beings' hands, however, you will definitely die."

This was a quick decision she had to make.

"How can it be? Mother, how about you?" Zen's face was now crowded with anxiety.

Lorena didn't give out any response but simply said, "I'm counting on you to avenge me!"

Zen kept shaking his head. He couldn't believe what his mother just said. Did his mother mean that she was going to die?

His heart wrenched as panic was written all over his face. "That's impossible! They haven't found you for so many years. Why this time? It's impossible!"

How could he ever forgive himself if those Holy Beings had found his mother because of him?

At this moment, Zen was already in a state of complete turmoil. He was completely unable to remain calm as he used to be.

The wisp of Lorena's soul floated lightly as her hands held Zen's cheeks. Her extremely beautiful eyes stared at her own son's eyes. "Zen, you are already the last hope! Don't let me down!" she said gently.

It had only been less than a day that she had been together with her son, but they had to part in a life or death situation. This was too ridiculous!

Zen, on the other hand, didn't move but just stared at his mother. She kept on reminding and rambled about the method of cultivating the Spiritual Darkness and the origins of the Out-of-Land Fiends.

He was completely still, not a word came through.

Eventually, Lorena's soul became thin and slowly dissipated in Zen's sight.

Zen still didn't move on the same posture, staring blankly ahead.

He was on a trance for about five minutes until his avatar trembled and gradually scattered. He quickly opened his eyes and took out the token of mountain.

He would be able to return to the fairy palace as long as he activated the token of mountain whether he was in the universe or in the divine land.

He wanted to find Harold because Harold might have a solution. Zen planned to go underground again to save his mother.

However, the moment he tried to activate the mountain token, nothing happened.

Zen continuously tried to activate this token, but the mountain token showed no reaction, like an ordinary iron token. It no longer worked this time.

After trying a million times with no results, he was already full of anger making him throw the mountain token strongly.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The solid token flew around in the narrow space.

The mountain token could be used in both the divine land and the universe. It should also work with Bromley's omnipotent theurgy.

'Am I really in chaos?' Zen thought in a daze.

Taking a glimpse of the outside world was not possible from within the space. He couldn't even feel himself falling. He could only keep still as he sat with his legs crossed.

His inner world had expanded greatly after he became a top-rank True God but his current situation disturbed his mood to explore.

More than ten days had already passed since he stayed in the same position but the space which restrained him hadn't changed at all.

All of a sudden, he discovered that a crack had appeared in a corner in the space binding him.

"Swish! Swish!"

As soon as the crack appeared, thick brown mist poured in.

"Is this the chaotic energy?"

Zen's eyes flashed.

An ordinary True God, or even a consummate True God would think that the chaotic energy was extremely poisonous, but it wasn't the same case for Zen. It wasn't a threat to him because after all, his inner world was made up of the chaotic energy.

His mother didn't lie to him. She had indeed sent him out of the divine land.

Thinking carefully, he realized that his mother's choice at the last moment was right. If she had sent him to any place in the divine land, perhaps Nicholas could track him down instantly with the Holy Being's power.

The time he left the Time Sea and was taken away by Joy, Nicholas couldn't track his location. It was because of Estelle's action which he was grateful for.

Joy on the other hand, to prevent them from being caught up, still took Zen to move thousands of times in a short time.

His mother then could only send him out of the divine land. This was her only choice.

"Mother, I don't think you will definitely die this time!" A light flashed across Zen's eyes. "Maybe there's still a chance for everything, but the premise is that I must have enough strength!"

He had been down and depressed for ten days, but he finally became resolute as his mood was adjusted.

He observed as the crack in the space that fettered him gradually became wider. He could finally take a look at the situation outside.

Zen could see a huge oval-shaped gem floating above him.

He could almost recognize at a glance that it was the true form of the divine land. A red ribbon could be seen binding the gem.

He grasped and understood from his location that he was already quite far away from the divine land. He didn't know when he would fall at the bottom of the chaos.

Chapter 2520 Wild Bone

As he fell rapidly into the void, the bones of the beasts at the bottom of the chaos became larger and larger in Zen's eyes.

Cracks kept appearing in the purple light circle that enveloped Zen and eventually, it completely disappeared. It was as if Zen was sitting in a box without a lid as he fell down.

'It may take a long time for me to fall to the bottom at this speed, ' he thought.

The divine land itself was quite close to the bottom of the chaos. However, calculated in the measurement of the divine land, it still felt like quite a long distance for Zen.

A month later, Zen had finally reached the same height as those beast bones in the void.

But these enormous beast bones were incredibly tall!

Another ten days had passed slowly.

When he was about one hundred thousand feet away from the ground, Zen jumped out, flew in the air and began to float down like a leaf.

Zen was like a speck of dust in this mammoth world. He descended quietly without drawing any attention.

"So this is the bottom of the chaos!"

The ground under Zen's feet was like a vast bed of snow. The world in front of him was pristine white.

This whiteness was not due to snow; it was littered with skeletons. This was a wasteland of bones!

All kinds of bones were strewn everywhere: arms, ribs, lamellar bones as well as bones of various strange shapes.

Some of the bones were the size of a palm, while others were tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of feet long.

No matter how huge the bones were, they couldn't compare with the huge beast bones, which were as long as the divine land. They stood like many mountains in the distance that no one could conquer.

"These bones must have all come from extraordinary creatures." Zen bent down and picked up a piece of bone.

If the bodies of the True Gods dropped into the chaos, they would get corroded to nothingness by the chaotic energy. So these bones certainly didn't belong to the True Gods.

These bones might have been at the bottom of the chaos for countless years. They were actually all intact under the cover of the chaotic energy, so perhaps only the bodies of extraordinary creatures could have withstood the erosion of the chaotic energy.

But so many extraordinary creatures had died here.

Zen's gaze once again fell on the giant beast bones that shot up towards the sky in the distance. He could still see the red beam of light from where he stood.

Harold had said that the red beam of light belonged to the Out-of-Land Fiends, but he didn't know what kind of race they were.

While he was deep in thought, he suddenly heard a rustling sound.

He turned his head and saw seven or eight scantily-clad human-shaped creatures wandering among the bones.

"Humans?" Zen said aloud and frowned slightly.

They indeed looked like humans in appearance, but they were crawling on the ground on their hands and feet. Their empty eyes glistened with greed, and occasionally they bared their sharp white teeth.

Whoosh!

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

One of them hid under a large bulk of bone and jumped up like a nimble ape and raced towards Zen!

Zen was stunned with this sneak attack. He turned around and flailed out backwards, grabbing hold of the creature's head and twisted it gently.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

As a result, the creature's body was twisted into a pretzel by Zen.

"It is not a human being, but a humanoid beast."

As Zen spoke, he threw the pretzel-shaped corpse on the ground. A wise human wouldn't dare to attack him in haste. A human would have at least weighed the difference in strength between the two sides before advancing.

When the other humanoids saw this, the malicious light in their eyes immediately disappeared. They all fled in different directions on their hands and feet.

Zen didn't chase after them. It was pointless to kill these unintelligent creatures.

"The red beam of light at the top of the beast bone is draped around the entire divine land. Since I've fallen to the bottom of the chaos, I can go check it out myself!" After taking this decision, Zen flew forward.

It was just as he thought—the bottom of the chaos was indeed desolate.

For three days in a row, Zen encountered the unintelligent humanoids every now and then. These humanoids couldn't fly and lived like beasts on the wasteland of bones.

When they saw Zen flying overhead, they would occasionally look up and roar, as if they were expressing their displeasure.

On the fourth day, Zen saw over a hundred humanoids in scanty clothes scrambling on their hands and feet towards something.

"Eh?" His curiosity was piqued.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

He noticed a person sprinting in front of the humanoids.

It was a young man, who could be a real human being, wearing a pale yellow beast leather covering. He ran in a panic, taking any path he could without really thinking about what could be ahead of him.

Whoosh!

Zen, who was flying in a straight line, suddenly changed his direction and started descending in a spiral formation towards the young man.

The young man looked desperate.

He was lucky enough to find three wild bones! It seemed like a risk worth taking for the sake of three wild bones.

On the way back, his luck seemed to have run out and he encountered hundreds of Wights.

The young man believed that he would die here today. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that his savior would suddenly fall from the sky.

Astonished as he was, he didn't stop running. All he wanted now was to survive so he ran for his life.

But he heard a muffled sound behind him, and invisible fluctuations were surging in the air.

Bang, bang, bang!

The young man turned around and saw that seven or eight Wights were lying on the ground, their bodies twisted. They were dead.

Shocked by this scene, the remaining Wights halted mid-pursuit and then scattered helter skelter.

These Wights were not entirely stupid, but their IQ was very low. Seeing Zen kill their mates with ease, they knew that they could not afford to offend or take him on.

Seeing the crowd of Wights dispersing, the young man breathed a sigh of relief. He then turned to Zen and stared at him blankly.

When he saw Zen ambling over, he took out a wild bone from his waist, knelt down on the ground, and held it up above his head as an offering. He said loudly, "This is what I collected from the wilderness. Please accept it as a token of thanks, sir!"

At first, Zen was puzzled about the young man's actions.

But when he heard the boy speaking the same language as him, he became less wary.

Anyway, humans were present at the bottom of the chaos.

The language of the divine land was inherited from the Source World, so the creatures at the bottom of the chaos must surely have some connection with the Source World.

Zen's gaze was fixed on the wild bone. From its appearance, the bone was no different than an ordinary one, but he could sense extraordinary power radiating from the bone.

"What kind of a bone is this?" he asked.

A strange expression appeared on the young man's face, as if it was hard for him to fathom the fact that Zen didn't know about this bone.

But he still replied earnestly, "This is a wild bone, sir! I just dug it out of this wilderness."

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn't matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone's eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

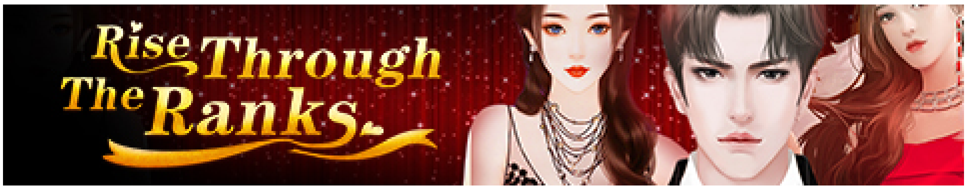

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
46

Content

Chapter 2521 The Tribe
Chapter 2522 The Wild God
Chapter 2523 A Spar
Chapter 2524 The Bloodline In The Wile Bones
Chapter 2525 Absorb
Chapter 2526 Collect The Wild Bones
Chapter 2527 A Piece Of Blood-red Wild Bone
Chapter 2528 Kill A Wild God
Chapter 2529 Showing Mercy
Chapter 2530 A Big Harvest
Chapter 2531 The List Of Blood Lineage
Chapter 2532 Strengthen Himself
Chapter 2533 The Falcon Caravan
Chapter 2534 The Fake Wild Bone
Chapter 2535 Identification
Chapter 2536 An Auction
Chapter 2537 Admission Token
Chapter 2538 Conflict Between The Tribes
Chapter 2539 Clean Up
Chapter 2540 The Giant's Power
Chapter 2541 The Curse Chain
Chapter 2542 The Warden Race
Chapter 2543 The Free Faction
Chapter 2544 A Stronghold
Chapter 2545 Grouping
Chapter 2546 Enter The Immemorial Wilderness
Chapter 2547 Different Methods
Chapter 2548 Trouble Caused By Greed
Chapter 2549 Romeo's Strength
Chapter 2550 A Plot
Chapter 2551 Ignored
Chapter 2552 Take Action In Person
Chapter 2553 Cooperation
Chapter 2554 Fully Loaded
Chapter 2555 Giacomo
Chapter 2556 Blood

Chapter 2557 Enter The Bone Tower
Chapter 2558 Grand Elder
Chapter 2559 Blood At The Sixth-grade
Chapter 2560 An Accident
Chapter 2561 Exiles
Chapter 2562 The Imperial-grade Bloodline
Chapter 2563 Overwhelming Salute
Chapter 2564 Discussion
Chapter 2565 An Opportunity To Break Out Of Prison
Chapter 2566 David
Chapter 2567 Body Tribulations
Chapter 2568 Herbert
Chapter 2569 Cave Of Wildness
Chapter 2570 Dispute Among The Same Race
Chapter 2571 The Gap
Chapter 2572 The Arrival Of The Body Tribulations
Chapter 2573 Bones Buried In The Ground
Chapter 2574 Brain Units
Chapter 2575 Decision
Chapter 2576 The Closed Cave Of Wildness

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 2521 The Tribe

The wild bone was plucked from the teenager's hand as Zen carefully studied it.

Even though the beast bones were untouched by the chaotic energy in this barren place, there wasn't anything special about them.

But the unique power in the wild bone was interesting.

But then again, even though this young man and the humanoids didn't have advanced cultivation, they seemed unafraid of the chaotic energy.

Would they also be considered as extraordinary creatures? Or Out-of-Land Fiends?

It wasn't the time to focus on that so Zen put away the bone. The teenager nimbly approached him. "Sir, since you can fly, can you take me away from here?"

Without hesitation, Zen grabbed the teenager's hand and flew. He needed to know about this strange place.

"Do you come here often to pick up wild bones?" Zen asked.

"Yes."

"This place is too dangerous for you," Zen softly said.

Even if the crawling humanoids were like ants to Zen, they could still easily kill this teenager.

It seemed like such a waste to get himself killed just to pick up wild bones.

The teenager faintly smiled. "I was careless this time and went too deep in the Immemorial Wilderness. I used to only pick up bones at the edge. But now more and more people come to pick up wild bones so I had to go deeper and try my luck!"

'So this place is called the Immemorial Wilderness...' Zen thought to himself. Out loud, what he said was, "There're many other people who get wild bones like you?"

"Of course! The wild bones are what we use to live on," the teenager replied without hesitation.

When he followed the gist of the teenager's words, Zen understood the general idea of the situation.

At the edge of the Immemorial Wilderness was a tribe and the teenager was a member.

The people absorbed the power within the wild bones to become strong.

The teenager had the same goal.

Even if the Immemorial Wilderness was vast, its edge had been searched for countless years and the wild bones were considerably hard to find there.

It was a great risk for the teenager to go deeper into the Immemorial Wilderness.

In Zen's eyes, the teenager couldn't have gotten far at all because of the strength of his legs.

The teenager instructed Zen to fly forth in the Immemorial Wilderness.

Eventually, the white of the wild bones was replaced by the dark soil of the edge.

There were fewer Wights in the outer corners of the Immemorial Wilderness just like the teenager said.

There were some humans digging through the bones in search of wild bones.

They flew for a bit more and finally exited the Immemorial Wilderness, greeted by a medium sized tribe.

"Here we are!" A sly light was in the teenager's eyes as he pointed at the tribe. "Sir, let's go down first!"

Zen accepted the teenager's suggestion.

It was too eye-catching if they flew into the tribe when the people here didn't know how to fly.

He must be more careful in this strange environment.

The Out-of-Land Fiends at the bottom of the chaos could bind the entire divine land. The true strongest at the bottom of the chaos was probably stronger than a Holy Being.

"Now that you're here, please come to my tribe and be my guest," the teenager said sincerely.

Zen nodded slightly and followed the teenager into the tribe.

Just as they crossed the mountain top and approached the entrance of the tribe, a large group of burly men unexpectedly rushed out.

Their hands were laden with sticks, iron forks, and stones, as aggressively they rushed towards Zen and the teenager.

"Bane! How dare you come back?"

"As I said, you, a bane, are forever not allowed to return!"

"Don't defend yourself. Get out!"

None of them even glanced at Zen; their target was the teenager.

With loud curses, the people rushed at them.

Some of those who came near held the sticks and iron forks, while others stayed back to throw huge stones at them.

"Help! Sir, these people are trying to kill me!" The teenager's whole body trembled as he hid behind Zen.

The act would have been perfect. From the teenager's expression and voice to his actions, it would be hard to deny that he was terrified if it wasn't for the lack of fear in his eyes.

It was hard to feign innocence and he obviously wanted to make use of Zen.

The teenager asked Zen to land earlier so that the people wouldn't know he could fly. That was why they dared to rush forward fearlessly.

It made Zen unhappy enough to frown.

Even if he didn't particularly like it, Zen gently raised his hand and had wisps of invisible strength source condense in front of the people approaching.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

All the stones aimed at them turned into powdered dust.

The sticks and iron forks in the people's hands disappeared from their hold.

"Sir, you're so powerful! They always bully me. Teach them a lesson!" The fake fear on the teenager's face completely disappeared and was replaced with excitement.

In just a moment, the expression of the people changed.

It wasn't within their expectation for a stranger to be so powerful and help the teenager.

"Who... Who are you?"

"Why are you helping this bane?"

a man with cropped hair asked as he stared at Zen.

Zen replied calmly, "I don't plan on helping him but you can talk calmly. There's no need to do this to a child."

It didn't have anything to do with him and Zen didn't like being used.

"A child?" The man laughed coldly. "Ever since he came to our tribe, misfortunes occurred every year. He's not a child but a living bane. He always brings bad luck!"

"Sir, this is our own issue," another person said.

"I'm not a bane!" The teenager forced his chin up despite the sadness in his face as he defended himself. "Zelda can prove it!"

"Humph! If Zelda didn't take you in out of kindness, we wouldn't have ended up like this. You can't go home!" the man with cropped hair said firmly.

From within the tribe, a woman slowly walked over and spoke in a cold, sweet voice, "Since you don't let Luther return home, I'll leave the tribe with him."

Chapter 2522 The Wild God

The woman wore a blouse and a skirt made out of coarse cloth.

Although she was dressed in shabby clothes, her astonishing beauty was unrivaled. On the face of it, this stunning woman seemed out of place in a humble tribe such as this.

Zen's gaze fell on the woman and comprehension dawned on him.

The woman's cultivation base was not obvious, but her body emitted a unique, magnetic aura.

It seemed as if she was a body refiner, but not entirely so.

Zen knew that she was no match for him, but she was obviously far stronger than most ordinary people.

What made Zen more intrigued, however, was that the aura she emitted was very similar to that of the wild bone in his hand.

"Zelda!"

The teenager's face lit up at the sight of the woman.

As the others heard Zelda's words, they were embarrassed.

Zelda held a very high position in the tribe. More importantly, each time an adversity knocked on their doors, she was the first to step up and chase it away.

If Zelda left, the tribe would probably die out when the next disaster came.

The conflicts between their tribe and the Macon Tribe were never-ending. Members often got involved in disputes. Each time, it was Zelda who acted as mediator and put an end to their mischief.

"Zelda, what if the Wights come again?"

"We don't know how to face them without you. The members of the Macon Tribe are waiting for a chance to pounce on us and make trouble!"

Zelda had an undisturbed expression on her face. "Didn't you say that these disasters are brought upon us by Luther? If I leave with Luther, no disaster will happen to you, correct? So what is there to worry about?"

"Well..." The man with cropped hair fell short of words, not knowing how to retort to this matter-of-fact statement.

Ever since Zelda had brought Luther back, the Wights often broke out from the Immemorial Wilderness to attack the tribe.

But truthfully, this had occurred before Luther was brought back too.

Seeing how the man was speechless, Zelda smiled coldly. She walked up to Luther, saying, "Let's go home."

The teenager, Luther, nodded and obediently followed her.

But Zelda turned her head and looked at Zen. "Did you save Luther?" she asked abruptly.

Zen stared back, nodding in reply.

Zelda, who had been sullen all this while, cracked a small, genuine smile. "Thank you. Would you like to come to my house?"

When Zen arrived at Zelda's house, he realized that the tribe was a lot poorer than he had initially imagined.

In the middle of Zelda's empty thatched hut was lit a fire. Dried meat hung on one corner of the wall. The walls had been patched up untidily and there were few belongings to be seen, a sign of squalor.

After boiling a pot of water, Zelda sat down on one side of the fire. She glanced at Zen. "You're a True God. You have your own inner world, right?"

Zen's eyebrows twitched in surprise at the astute observation.

"Yes," he admitted. "How did you know that?"

If one wanted to know someone else's cultivation base, one had to be at a certain level.

It would not be odd if Zelda was a low-rank True God, but Zen clearly could not sense any cultivation from her.

A speculative expression appeared on Zelda's face. She stared at Zen for a long while before smiling. "Where do you come from? It seems as if you know nothing."

Luther giggled beside her. "Zelda, I find it strange too. He asked a lot along the way. He seems to know nothing about the Immemorial Wilderness."

Luther appeared to be naive, but in fact he was a scheming one. He had long suspected Zen's origins.

"I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you that," Zen said, shaking his head.

When Zen had first entered the divine land, he had extracted a lot of information out of Wynn.

This time, however, he had been sent out by his mother and had landed here. He knew nothing of the world at the bottom of the chaos.

"Everyone has their secrets." Zelda did not comment on it further. After all, Zen had saved Luther. She owed him. She then continued, "The reason I can tell your cultivation level is that I am a Wild God myself."

"A Wild God?" Zen was slightly stunned. He had never heard of this title before in his life and never come across any Wild God on the divine land.

Zelda nodded. "There are few True Gods who practice the life vitality here, so I suspect that you are the son of a certain great force. But you have never been out, so you know nothing."

Normally, Zen would have been able to tell Zelda's cultivation base from a mere glance. She was a low-rank Wild God.

However, he had never before encountered any Wild God. He could only feel her exude a certain unique aura, which made it hard to pinpoint her cultivation base.

"Is the Wild God you said related to the wild bone?" Zen finally remembered the wild bone. After all, the aura that Zelda gave off was similar to the energy of the wild bone. He slowly fished out the wild bone from his pocket.

At the sight of the wild bone, Zelda's eyes lit up and she nodded. "Yes, the power of Wild Gods comes from the wild bones."

The Wild Gods practiced an entirely different cultivation system.

At the bottom of the chaos, all resources were scarce.

Creatures did not possess any resources to cultivate life vitality and it was even more inconceivable for them to create a small divine land like Zen.

However, this world was fair. The bones could be found at the bottom of the chaos

and covered an area as vast as the ocean itself. They were far too many to count.

Many of them were the forgotten remains of powerful men.

Over the centuries, these men had turned into wild bones, neither weathering nor decomposing.

The creatures at the bottom of the chaos absorbed the energy in the wild bones for cultivation. This way, their strength advanced rapidly. In the end, they became Wild Gods.

However, despite the huge number of wild bones, they existed to be used up one day.

Zelda's tribe made a living out of picking the wild bones. Every once in a while, strong warriors arrived to exchange their necessary supplies for a batch of the wild bones.

Of course, a part of the wild bones was left to Zelda for cultivation.

In the past half a year however, the number of wild bones dug out by the tribe had reduced significantly. So far, they had only accumulated less than twenty pieces.

If they sold all the wild bones, Zelda would not have any left for her own cultivation.

Luther was well aware that Zelda needed the extra wild bones to reach a higher level. Determined and sullen, he took a risk to go deeper into the Immemorial Wilderness. The more dangerous a site, the higher the probability of finding the wild bones.

However, he did not expect to be chased by a group of Wights after being lucky enough to dig out three wild bones. At long last, he was saved by Zen.

"I see."

Zen sighed in his heart, finally perceiving the situation.

These people had managed to establish a unique training system with the support of the ghastly wild bones. It was commendable.

Chapter 2523 A Spar

"One must be a body refiner of a higher level in order to become a Wild God. Your body doesn't seem strong enough."

Zelda had noticed that Zen knew nothing about it. So Zen decided to learn more by asking questions.

A body refiner needed to have a strong body.

And Zen could become a body refiner only if he cultivated his body to what seemed at the moment to be a terrifying level.

Even though Zelda exuded a strange power, her body wasn't strong enough.

Zelda glanced gently at Zen, obviously thinking that Zen had asked a very stupid question.

Luther smiled at this. He didn't know what kind of guy he had brought back with him. It looked like Zen didn't belong to this world. What was more, he seemed to have minimal to no common sense when it came to worldly things.

Fortunately for Zen, Zelda was patient. She turned to him and said, "If you don't know anything about the Wild God, you can follow me."

She then walked out of the thatched hut.

Zen followed her without hesitation.

In the ground outside the thatched hut, Zelda turned at her waist to look at Zen, smiled sweetly, and made to untie her clothes.

"What?" Zen was shocked, unable to understand what she wanted to do.

To his surprise, she cast off her thick clothes to reveal a brown bodysuit that hugged her body and outlined her exquisite figure.

The surface of this suit was lined rather strangely.

She let out a strong breath.

"Hooo..."

The breath left a visible light in its wake that was pale yellow in color.

Zen still looked at Zelda, confused and wondering why she was doing this.

Zen could feel a primitive energy surging through Zelda, touching almost every part of her body.

There were very few people in the divine land who could use power like this. Most of them used their life vitality on blades.

For example, if Zen used his strength source, his power wouldn't have spread all over his body like the way Zelda's power was flowing through her.

And then, Zelda said, "Grow!"

At this command, her body began to swell rapidly.

Zelda was only about four feet tall, but she quickly outgrew Zen.

Eight feet!

Ten feet!

Fifty feet!

One hundred feet!

The girl who had previously looked weak had instantly turned into a hill, and was now looking down at Zen.

The force in her body turned violent, and her temperament changed almost instantly. She seemed to have turned into a beast from the depths of the savage land.

"What is going on?" Zen exclaimed, shocked.

He had witnessed skills that changed the size of a person or thing in question. Some treasures or weapons could also do that.

There were also a few special theurgies that could do this. Creatures with a special blood power could make their bodies swell in a short time.

Zen's body would become larger even when he poured the strength source into his body.

But the method that Zelda had used was completely different from the other existing theurgies.

As her body swelled, every part of her body became larger, and her aura grew stronger to fit her huge form.

She had taken off her clothes because she knew that

when she grew larger, her clothes would strain against her growing bulk and be ripped apart.

The bodysuit she was wearing could expand along with her figure. It still clung to her.

"This is the power of the Wild God," she said, looking down at Zen.

At this moment, Zelda's fist was bigger than Zen's.

But the changes that were taking over her body and the increase in her size seemed to be beautifully harmonious.

Luther was accustomed to such scenes.

Zelda was the one who took care of every single trouble that they faced.

Zelda was the God of War and was responsible for guarding the tribe. Without her, the tribe would have long been destroyed.

And since Zelda was so powerful, no one in the tribe could defeat her. It was also because of this that every time the tribe wanted to chase Luther away, Zelda would stop them.

"Zelda, you can spar with him!" Luther chuckled.

Zelda's eyes flashed at this.

With her insight, she knew that Zen's strength was something. After all, he was a True God.

However, this was a world where most warriors cultivated to become Wild Gods, and cultivating to become a True God was just an auxiliary method.

"We can have a try," Zen said, smiling.

Zelda nodded. "Be ready then. I'll attack you soon. Also, you need to be very careful. I have great strength," she reminded him.

She then turned her body abruptly, causing a violent wind to sweep across the tribe's thatched huts.

"Hooo..."

Zelda's fist, which was about ten feet wide, came crashing down towards Zen.

Zen's eyebrows twitched as he saw her fist make its way towards him.

Zelda wasn't kidding. Her strength had indeed increased multi-fold once she had turned into a giant!

Zen stood still, his arms curved in front of him to protect his body.

The strength source in his body suddenly exploded with a bang.

His fist had collided with Zelda's huge one!

Zelda was of the opinion that people who focused on cultivating to become a True God were weak, which was why she had deliberately suppressed her own strength of the Wild God and only used about forty percent of it.

The young man, Zen, seemed to know nothing and his background seemed strange. But he had saved Luther and she thought that it would be inappropriate if she slammed him into pieces.

But when their fists collided, she could feel an immense power radiating from this young man, the force of which seemed so irresistible!

Once Zen had blocked Zelda's fist, he suddenly pulled back his elbow.

The strong force moved along his arm, and Zelda's huge body began to retreat.

Every time she took a step backward, the ground shook and a muffled sound could be heard.

Her body expanded in size to become dozens of times bigger, but she was still very agile. She took a few steps backwards before turning and steadying herself. She stared at Zen's gleaming eyes and said, "You have such a strong power!"

She was no longer looking down upon Zen and had become even more cautious.

This time, she unleashed ninety percent of her strength towards Zen's head.

The two collided again.

Zen stood still, the muscles on his arm bulging. He was blocking Zelda's punch with just one hand.

Luther's eyes bulged at the sight of this.

Zen hadn't even turned into a Wild God! Nor did he have the power of a Wild God. But he was using his own strength to resist Zelda's all-out blow. And this was confusing the heavens out of Luther!

Chapter 2524 The Bloodline In The Wile Bones

The two had never seen such a thing before, so they were confused, especially Zelda.

After all, she knew very well how powerful she herself was.

Over the past few years, she had relied on the wild bones to grow at a steady pace, and her talent would today ensure that she could fully take advantage of the power in the wild bones.

Only a very few Wild Gods that shared the same realm as her could actually surpass her.

Despite her obvious strength and power, the young man before her blocked her blow. An attack that contained nearly all her might in one single fist!

She was surprised by his reaction. Besides, he hadn't even become a Wild God yet. How terrifying would he be if he did become a Wild God? That was a scary thought.

Zelda withdrew her fist at once.

The faint yellow light on the surface of her body began flickering slightly before she began shrinking more and more.

It wasn't before long that she had returned to her original state.

She picked up her clothes and slowly walked toward Zen. In her eyes, a trace of awe and doubt could be seen.

'This guy just can't be a nobody! And yet, he's ignorant of both the Wild God and the world. What a strange man!' she thought to herself.

"Where..." she mumbled a little. "Where did you come from?" Zelda curiously asked.

"May I refuse to answer your question?" Zen retorted.

Zelda pursed her lips. She quickly came to the conclusion that Zen wouldn't tell her the truth easily, and thus, she asked him another question. "Tell me then, what's the purpose of your coming here?"

"My purpose?" Zen asked pensively.

His mother threw him down.

Over time and especially now, Zen had gradually come to understand his history and what he would eventually have to face.

If he had to have a purpose, then he indeed had one. "I want to become stronger!" he stated with confidence, his eyes shining eagerly.

Luther suddenly interrupted them, "It seems that your enemy is very powerful, am I right?"

"Why have you come to that conclusion?" Zen asked.

"Well, you're already so strong! And yet, you want to become stronger still. That's the only reason," said Luther with a shrug of his shoulders.

Zen didn't refute. After his mother had explained everything to him, he indeed realized that his opponents were truly formidable. Defeating Murphy and Nicholas was a near insurmountable problem. Moreover, they were not his only opponents throughout the divine land.

His only option was to become stronger. And what was more, doing so was quite urgent.

"In that case, you can cultivate and try your best at becoming a Wild God. I can even teach you the techniques," Zelda said indifferently, changing back into her rough clothes.

Zen raised his eyebrows slightly as a look of disagreement came over him. It was true, a part of him did want to become a Wild God.

When he looked down at the unimaginably enormous bones at the bottom of the chaos from above, Zen was deeply shocked.

At the debate venue, Yan had summoned a huge shadow of Snake Goddess. Zen vaguely guessed at the possibility that all creatures here in the chaos as well as in the Source World could, and probably would, become giant.

The techniques Zelda demonstrated only reinforced his belief that he had guessed correctly.

If the world at the bottom of the chaos was really focused on becoming a Wild God, then Zen was confident he'd find the cultivation method there.

That said, he wasn't necessarily familiar with this place, and the world was far more complicated than he'd ever imagined or faced before.

Zelda was from a small tribe, but she had such powerful strength. If Zen accidentally exposed something or provoked someone in this place, there was a real danger and risk that he'd die.

In the universe, he was generally protected by his father, and in the divine land, he had Harold as well as his mother. However, here, things were different. Here, he had nothing and no one.

"Thank you," Zen said, as he looked into her eyes with a smile.

"But there's still one important condition," Zelda mentioned, as a sly smile spread over her face.

"And what might that be?" Zen asked doubtfully.

"You have to teach Luther the life vitality cultivation technique," Zelda stated in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Zelda..." Luther was stunned by what he heard. His jaw dropped.

He'd had his fair share of bad luck from an early age, and all his meridians were sealed. For this reason, he was unable to cultivate and become a Wild God.

As a result, his talent could only be used on various, rather simple tricks.

It wasn't the first time Luther had entered the Immemorial Wilderness. He'd harvest every time he went inside it but because it was too dangerous, Zelda wouldn't allow him.

"Okay, fine. But I'll only teach him the cultivation technique and I won't accept any disciples," Zen agreed lightly.

As an exchange of services, Zen thought it was quite fair.

Generally speaking, body refining had never been very popular in the divine land.

After all, the three thousand Godly Ways were theurgies left behind for the Sacred race by Chiyou. Other than the Might Godly Way, other Godly Ways just didn't fit with body refiners.

The mainstream cultivation techniques for body refining were the Eight Path Platforms and the Nine Divine Stars.

However, the cultivation technique for becoming a Wild God created a whole other means. It was a completely new system.

"The Wild God Power contained in the wild bones is actually a kind of inheritance," Zelda explained.

"A kind of inheritance? What do you mean by that?" A puzzled expression appeared on Zen's face as he asked his question.

"Yes, an inheritance!" Zelda went on to explain, "These wild bones are left behind by the ancient strong. Despite enduring eons of development, the power within the bones has never disappeared. To the contrary, in fact, it has firmly condensed itself into the bones, hence eventually transforming into these wild bones. In other words, all of our power is passed down from our ancient masters!" Zelda raised her tone of voice a notch in excitement.

Only after hearing her explanation did Zen have a better understanding of it all.

There were countless bones gathered at the bottom of the chaos, many of which belonged to powerful masters. This was the reason why people here were capable of displaying such a unique cultivation technique.

"The wild bone you hold in your hand contains the Wild God Power, and you can absorb it," Zelda said. "Absorb it until the Wild God Power has completely infiltrated you as well as every part of your body!"

To infiltrate every part of his body...

Zen thought back to the time when he had just started practicing martial arts.

His ultimate goal then was to thoroughly remove all the impurities from his flesh body.

However, the method for using the wild bone was the exact opposite. He needed to completely infiltrate his body with the wild bone's power.

"Don't worry too much. It's the lowest grade wild bone, so you won't be resistant to it. Some powerful wild bones aren't so easy to absorb," Zelda added.

"Are you saying there are even stronger wild bones?" Zen asked curiously.

Taking on an indifferent expression, Zelda smiled and said, "Of course, there are many kinds of wild bones throughout the Immemorial Wilderness. Some of their owners were extremely powerful in their day! Even trillions of years after their death, the marks of power contained in their bones haven't disappeared. And chances are, they never will. The power hidden in this kind of wild bones is extremely strong, but that kind of power is only be passed down to the descendants. That is to say, those who absorb their power must have their blood."

"Must have their blood, you mean?" Zen's eyes flashed with curiosity.

Zelda nodded, only once. "Several years ago, I dug out two pieces of wild bones that contained Chiyou's bloodline. But I couldn't absorb the power found within them. I could only sell or trade them for ordinary wild bones..."

As she spoke, Zelda couldn't stop her expression from displaying a hint of disappointment. The power and impact were different from each other in the wild bones, but something like blood was predestined.

That said, Zelda exchanged the two wild bones for dozens of ordinary ones. These bones had laid her foundation and eventually helped her in becoming a Wild God. Now though, as she thought back, she still felt the loss simply wasn't worth the gain.

Chapter 2525 Absorb

"These are wild bones with Chiyou's bloodline..." Zen uttered as he raised his eyebrows slightly.

As Zen had learned from his mother, the Nine Li race was a huge race in the Source World, and there were also many warriors with Chiyou's bloodline.

The wild bones had been, presumably to say the least, left behind by the mighty masters of the Nine Li race.

However, Zen had no idea what could have happened in the chaos that caused so many bones to scatter here.

"Seeing as only those who have Chiyou's bloodline can absorb the power within the wild bones, why would someone even buy them?" Zen asked. He continued, "Could it be that there are also warriors with Chiyou's bloodline here?"

Zelda nodded her head. "Yes. It has been said that among the powerful warriors on the bone towers, a few of them do have the powerful bloodline!"

"There are actually people with Chiyou's bloodline here," Zen stated, almost to himself. His heart skipped a beat.

Only the Nine Li people could actually inherit Chiyou's bloodline.

Was it possible that the Nine Li people also existed among the Out-of-Land Fiends? Or, could they have used other lesser known methods to obtain Chiyou's bloodline?

If there were really Nine Li people here, they could possibly become one of his strong reinforcements...

Quite frankly, this was only the thought running through Zen's mind. He knew he couldn't act rashly before he completely figured out that crucial point.

"Let's just drop the subject for now. Don't you have a wild bone in your hand? I'll teach you the method for refining it now! Remember, you must keep it in your mind!" Zelda smiled honestly.

The methods for refining the wild bones were about the same, but not everyone could bear the Wild God Power.

In the Iron Tribe Zelda was from, she was the only one who could bear the power of Wild God Power.

"The power of a wild bone is owner-less. For this reason, extracting the power from the wild bones isn't difficult. What's truly difficult, is how much you can make use of such power," Zelda said seriously as she faced Zen, sitting with her legs crossed. In her hands, she too, held a wild bone.

Luther dug three wild bones out of the Immemorial Wilderness. One of them was given to Zen in order to repay him for saving his life, and the other two were given to Zelda.

"The method I use is called the Trickle Spring Method. I learned it from a master when I was still very young," said Zelda. As soon as her hands left the wild bone, the bone floated in front of her with ease.

Her hands moved around the wild bone as if she was stroking a baby, without really touching it.

"The key point of the Trickle Spring Method is to control the spiritual will in guiding the power to come out from the wild bone. It has to be slow at the beginning and gradually increase in speed in order to direct the power out from inside the bone... The spiritual will is similar to the force of a spring, causing the water to gush out at a constant speed."

As soon as she finished speaking, Zen felt a sudden and immediate change in the wild bone.

The Wild God Power, that had previously been firmly locked within the wild bone moved slightly before surging outward slowly, just like a spring water stream!

"Ah! So, that's how it is..." Zen nodded his head slightly in understanding.

As the Wild God Power came out, it slowly flowed in front of Zelda. With a flick of her finger, the streams of Wild God Power began to progressively seep into her body.

"While absorbing the Wild God Power, you need to pay attention to do it as fast as you possibly can. It's also important that you absorb it into your body in an even manner." Zelda was very proficient in the method she demonstrated. While she was absorbing the Wild God Power, she explained the key points to Zen.

A good thirty seconds later, Zelda had finished absorbing the totality of the Wild God Power.

After absorbing it all however, Zen discovered that a little Wild God Power constantly escaped from her body.

"These streams of Wild God Power... Why are they escaping from your body?" Zen asked curiously.

Zelda took this for granted and replied helplessly, "This is what I was telling you about - the difficulty of this method - and how much you can make actual use of it. I can only absorb thirty percent of the Wild God Power. For the remaining seventy percent, because I can't lock it into my body, it will ultimately be wasted."

In fact, any warrior that cultivated the Wild God Power would encounter the same problem.

"Only thirty percent?" Zen did never expect that such a high percentage of Wild God Power from the wild bone would go to waste. "Let me give it a try!"

"I'm afraid you'll waste this entire piece of precious bone the first time you give this method a try," Luther added, who was still standing beside them.

Wild bones were too rare for them to waste completely. The other felt that Zen was in quite a rush to absorb the Wild God Power, seeing as he had only watched Zelda demonstrate it once.

However, Zelda said, "It doesn't matter. I've wasted almost all the Wild God Power of a wild bone on my first attempt. One can only succeed by trying it out for themselves."

A smile curled at the corners of Zen's lips and he gently tossed the wild bone in his hand into the air.

The wild bone slowly rotated in front of him, and simultaneously, he extracted the power from it according to the Trickle Spring Method that Zelda had taught him just moments ago.

Clearly, this method was too easy for Zen.

As his fingers gently waved around the hovering bone, streams of Wild God Power were drawn out of it like threads reeling from cocoons! Zelda and Luther couldn't help but have the looks of amazement etched on their faces.

"Eh? Zen! How did you... How did you do it so quickly?" Zelda took a deep breath. Her eyes were wide open in shock.

When Zelda performed the method with her skillful techniques, the Wild God Power that had been extracted poured out like water gushing from a spring.

When Zen used the Trickle Spring Method to extract the Wild God Power, on the other hand, the Wild God Power burst out in the blink of an eye. Furthermore, every last drop of power in the wild bone was extracted by Zen!

Be it the Trickle Spring Method or other methods though, they all used spiritual will in order to extract the power from the wild bones.

Zen's soul was as strong as that of a consummate True God. Using his spiritual will to extract the Wild God Power was as simple as pie for him.

After he had finished extracting the Wild God Power, Zen sucked it directly into his body.

And following what Zelda had told him, Zen tried his best to let the Wild God Power distribute itself evenly throughout his body.

Zelda and Luther stared straight at Zen. Their breathing was shallow and they couldn't believe their own two eyes.

Zen, on the other hand, simply continued sitting there, doing what he was doing.

The three of them continued like this for a long time. Suddenly, Zelda, who had a look of completely incomprehension asked, "Where did the Wild God Power go, then?"

"I have absorbed it," Zen replied.

"Why isn't there any Wild God Power escaping from your body?!" she asked bewildered. Zelda was stunned.

Even after having cultivated the Wild God Power for so long, she could only make use of thirty percent of its power. And this was already a laudable feat. It wasn't anything to be scoffed at.

It was said that a few geniuses of certain great forces could make use of sixty or even seventy percent of the Wild God Power. But this was rare, and Zelda had never encountered such an individual.

That said, this was Zen's first time absorbing the Wild God Power and he'd actually absorbed all of it! What was more, not even a tiny bit of it was leaking out!

Despite her vast knowledge and experience, Zelda simply couldn't understand what she had just witnessed.

As for Zen himself, he only felt a little confused. A brief moment later, he'd understood how he had come to achieve something so unbelievable.

It was simple. Most creatures' physical bodies weren't flawless. More so, there were always certain loopholes that couldn't be detected. The life vitality one sucked in could leak out through those specific loopholes, and the same went for the Wild God Power.

Zen's body had been forged so many times that he already possessed a Flawless Divine Body from back when he was in the Evolutionary Universe.

Once the Wild God Power had entered Zen's body, escaping it was simply impossible.

Chapter 2526 Collect The Wild Bones

While Zelda and Luther looked at Zen as though he was a monster, Zen slowly stood up.

The Wild God Power was nothing like the strength source, life vitality, or the chaotic energy. All three of those powers could be used at will.

The Wild God Power, on the other hand, was completely a part of one's body.

As this thought flashed across Zen's mind, he immediately ignited the Wild God Power.

He felt his body shake violently and his muscles, bones and even veins began to swell at once. As the swelling increased, he felt an indescribable power surge throughout his body.

This was the first time that Zen had ever absorbed the Wild God Power. Seeing as he'd only absorbed a small piece of wild bone of the lowest level, he couldn't instantly turn into a two-hundred-foot giant like Zelda was capable of.

His body only stretched very little, and a brief moment later, he was a good inch taller.

Even so, all this had made Zen feel very excited.

"The Wild God Power is really very unique," Zen muttered. "It's nothing like I've ever experienced before." It was then that he noticed the surprise in Zelda's eyes and asked, "What's wrong?"

"You... You haven't answered my question yet," Zelda replied excitedly.

Zen was capable of absorbing all the Wild God Power. In fact, his efficiency was three times better than Zelda's.

In other words, when Zen refined a single piece of wild bone, it came out to the same as when Zelda refined three pieces. The gap was very wide.

How could Zen answer such a question? It was difficult and confusing to explain.

All he could do was shrug his shoulders and reply in a confused manner, "I don't know either."

Zelda stared at Zen's face suspiciously. Based on Zen's previous performance, it was clear that he knew nothing about this power, but once he began putting it into practice, the technique went far beyond the common sense she could comprehend.

Had she not seen it with her own two eyes, there was no way she would believe it now.

Ultimately, Zelda said, "Maybe you really are suitable for cultivating to become a Wild God."

Any time she had faced a problem that couldn't be explained, she always eventually put it down to talent.

Although she didn't want to compare herself with such a talented young man, she couldn't help but feel a sense of frustration right now.

Becoming a Wild God was more than having the capacity for absorbing a piece of wild bone.

The unsatisfied Zen quickly turned his eyes toward the Immemorial Wilderness.

Over the past few days, the people of the tribe came and went. They were busy collecting wild bones on the edge of the Immemorial Wilderness.

Even on the edge of the Immemorial Wilderness, they still had very high chances of being attacked by the Wights, which was actually very dangerous. Moreover, even if hundreds or thousands of people in the tribe went out collecting wild bones for an entire month, they'd only pick up two or three in total, and that was when they were lucky enough. Clearly, their method wasn't very efficient.

Just as Luther had said earlier, the deeper they went into the Immemorial Wilderness, the higher their chances were of finding the wild bones.

After all, it was safe to say that not many people even dared to go deep into the Immemorial Wilderness. If it weren't for Zen, Luther could have nearly lost his life.

However, these weren't problems for Zen whatsoever.

When he suggested entering the Immemorial Wilderness in order to search for the wild bones, Luther recommended himself immediately. He smiled cunningly and said, "The Immemorial Wilderness is so vast that you'll get lost if you aren't careful enough. Take me with you. I can be your guide."

Zen glanced at Luther, who had a convincing speech. Despite that, Zen knew Luther would be a burden in the Immemorial Wilderness. He gently waved his hand, and a scroll appeared in his hand. "Don't bother. Here, this is a method for cultivating life vitality. You can learn it by yourself first. If you have any questions, just ask me."

He extended the hand that held the scroll, giving it to Luther. As previously agreed, Zen would teach Luther how to cultivate life vitality.

Luther was unhappy because Zen had refused him, but on the other hand, Zelda had strictly forbidden him from going into the Immemorial Wilderness, much less allowing him to follow Zen.

Moments later, Zen entered the Immemorial Wilderness alone.

Recently, he had the chance to develop a general idea of what the world might resemble at the bottom of the chaos.

The real Out-of-Land Fiends lived in the tall and huge beast bones. Zelda and Luther called them 'bone towers', because they were literally as large as the divine land itself. Each bone tower was equally considered a strong force.

And within such strong forces, a few of the Wild Gods could transform into giants that were anywhere from a thousand to over ten thousand feet tall!

In comparison, Zelda was relatively weak among the Wild Gods.

'In order to enter a bone tower, I have to become a Wild God. Zelda is a Wild God, and even she still desires to become stronger. Why doesn't she just simply enter a bone tower then?' Zen wondered to himself.

As he flew above the Immemorial Wilderness, Zen continued guessing at different possibilities in his mind. Anyway, he'd always felt that Zelda and Luther had their own unspeakable secrets.

However, those secrets had nothing to do with him. After all, Zen couldn't even protect himself right now. What he hoped for was to become stronger and ultimately return to the divine land one day.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

He hastily flew all the way down the Immemorial Wilderness. Before long, Zen had reached its true depths.

Back when he had just fallen from the divine land, he had no idea about the existence of the wild bones. At the time, he only faintly felt that a mysterious aura appeared to be emitting from this wilderness filled with bones.

Only now did he realize that the aura he had felt back then was from the Wild God Power.

Only about an hour later, Zen landed with a thud.

His feet crunched over the numerous bones.

Due to the quantity, it was impossible to distinguish the regular bones from the wild ones with nothing but the naked eye.

Zen tried squinting his eyes a little, and the spiritual will in his mind immediately spread out, reaching dozens of miles around him.

"It's much easier to use the spiritual will when looking for wild bones." Although he was talking to himself, a smile appeared on his face.

Currently, he was sensing that the area held at least seven or eight wild bones.

Whoosh!

In a split second, Zen chose a direction and flew over. With a casual push, an invisible wave of force swept up layers and layers of bones.

Splash!

The bones surged like a thrashing white wave, and all the bones that were covered at the bottom suddenly rolled upward.

Zen's eyes flashed as he stretched out his hand quickly, and a piece of wild bone fell directly into his grasp. He tightened his fingers around the bone.

As soon as he obtained the first wild bone, he flew to the next location and repeated his technique. In this way, he had obtained all eight of the wild bones in the surrounding area.

It was obvious that Zen's method was much more efficient in finding the wild bones than that of ordinary people.

After obtaining the wild bones, Zen flew into the air once more and continued flying deeper into the Immemorial Wilderness. As he continued on his way, he used his spiritual will in order to search an area of at least a dozen miles around him.

After performing his technique several times, he had more than thirty wild bones in his hand. During this time, the ruckus he inevitably caused had also alarmed a few Wights.

As he attacked and killed a few of them, all the others left as quickly as they could. From that point on, no one dared attack him again.

In half a day's time, Zen had already traveled thousands of miles deep into the Immemorial Wilderness. His pace was unbelievable.

Just as his mind was off elsewhere, absorbed in collecting as many wild bones as he could, he suddenly heard an astonishing howl.

The howl contained an extremely powerful, ear-piercing force. As the sound spread, it actually lifted countless bones up off the ground, forming a tsunami of bones.

Zen looked in the direction from which the howl came. Tens of thousands of miles away, he was certain that he could see a huge skeleton shadow appearing and heading closer his way!

He was startled, and with reason.

Even from so far away, the skeleton shadow could still be seen quite clearly. No doubt about it, this huge skeleton must be at least a thousand miles tall.

Chapter 2527 A Piece Of Blood-red Wild Bone

The huge skeleton let out a chilling wail, and a giant appeared beside it instantly.

"That's a hominine giant!" Even though he was tens of thousands of miles away from the giant, Zen could still see it clearly and knew what it was. "This giant appeared so suddenly. How did it get to this size so quickly? Did it take advantage of the Wild God Power?"

Zen remembered that Zelda had told him that although she was already a Wild God, she was at the lowest level and could only grow to two hundred feet high.

The most powerful Wild God in the world, however, could potentially grow hundreds, even thousands of miles high.

One mile was equivalent to about five thousand feet.

The vastness of a thousand-mile tall giant was indescribable. What kind of power could such a giant be capable of unleashing?

Zen couldn't even begin to imagine.

Standing before this giant of a thousand miles tall, Zen seemed smaller than a speck of dust.

He had never expected that he would see such a creature in the Immemorial Wilderness. It was beyond what any legend could ever describe.

Soon after its appearance, the giant started to fight the skeleton.

A gigantic creature like this would let out a huge roar every time it collided with something. The collision and the giant's roar sent shock waves in all directions, which turned into massive, destructive storms.

Bones of different shapes and sizes were blown all over the Immemorial Wilderness.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh..."

Waves of cold windstorm rolled over the land, and the bones were swept forward towards Zen.

If ordinary humans were hit by these bones, they would probably lose half of their lives immediately, and could even die if they were not strong enough.

Zen, however, just stood there, letting the bones hit him, like a huge rock in a gushing river. His eyes remained firmly fixed on the battle between the two giant beings in the distance.

"Boom! Boom!"

Soon after, Zen saw the giant snap the huge skeleton in two along the waist. The giant had won.

Then, its job done, the giant seemed to evaporate, disappearing from Zen's sight.

"It should have become smaller again," Zen mumbled, standing buried almost up to his neck in the bones that were blown over.

He twisted his body and came out from the bone pile, his expression determined and full of yearning.

He had successfully sucked the Spiritual Darkness into his body. If he kept cultivating the way his mother had taught him, it would greatly improve his cultivation base.

If everything went to plan, he would, sooner or later, become a consummate True God.

However, by then, he might still not be able to fight against those Holy Beings.

In addition to those Holy Beings, Zen would also have to face the master of the Other Shore Realm at some point.

If he could cultivate the Wild God Power to the extreme, his strength would likely increase exponentially. This was the power that he desired!

Without further ado, Zen resumed his search for wild bones.

As the storm wreaked its havoc on the Immemorial Wilderness, the soil was torn up completely and the wild bones in the depths of the earth came to the surface. Zen suddenly found that it was much easier to search for wild bones.

"Three more wild bones to go..."

"Six pieces of wild bones are buried in this place, and one might need to dig as deep as two hundred feet to find them."

"Only one piece..."

Zen scoured the land, ploughing through the piles of bones like a hard-working little bee.

While he searched for the wild bones, someone would pass by him occasionally.

The aura these people emitted was very similar to Zelda's, but it felt much stronger than hers. Zen guessed they were high-level Wild Gods.

They didn't seem to pay much heed to Zen, simply throwing him curious glances before continuing on their way without so much as a word.

In just half a day, Zen had collected over eighty pieces of wild bones. About half of those pieces were of a relatively large size.

"Whoosh!"

Once again, he flew dozens of miles, continuing to activate his own soul force to search for bones as he did.

Everything within the area covered by his mind was forming into grayscale images, standing out clearly in his imagination.

"What?"

Zen had come across a triangle bone seven miles in front of him. It was tall as a man, and the bone exuded a strong Wild God Power.

"Wow! It's so huge!" Zen was rather surprised.

He knew he had not yet reached the center of the Immemorial Wilderness. God only knew how big it was and how long it would take him.

In order to stay on the safe side, Zen decided not to go too deep. If he encountered the thousand-mile high giant bones, they might be the death of him. With his current strength level, he had to be cautious.

Countless years ago, this area had been searched by many people, so only a few small wild bones remained. It was the first wild bone of this size that Zen had managed to find so far.

"Whoosh!"

Zen hovered over the ground, staring down into it.

"It's a thousand feet deep below..."

Zen didn't waver. Bowing his head, he dived downwards, into the thicket of bones.

Having reached the bottom, Zen sharply twisted his hands and grabbed the wild bone. It was tall as a person, and it was heavier than he had expected.

"It's so heavy!"

The nine stars in his inner world turned slightly, and power burst out of his arms. He grabbed the wild bone and bored his way back out of the thicket of bones.

Having reached the surface, Zen now took a close look at the bone.

"It's a blood-red wild bone..." A curious expression appeared on Zen's face.

The triangle wild bone should have been a shoulder blade. However, it looked different from the white, jade-like bones he had seen. The entirety of the wild bone emitted blood-red light, and it vibrated with a strong Wild God Power.

"I wonder how many ordinary wild bones this one is worth."

Zen's face lit up with joy as he went to store this wild bone with his space ring.

At this moment, a gust of wind swept past his ears. He turned his head and saw four figures in the air, moving rapidly towards him.

Zen frowned. This couldn't be a good sign.

The space ring in his hand flashed slightly, and the man-sized wild bone disappeared into it.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh..."

The four figures approaching Zen sped up, and soon stood in front of him.

The leader of the four was a thin and pale young man. He was followed by a young girl in a bright red robe, and the other two were dressed as guards.

"I swear I saw a large blood-red wild bone just now, but then it disappeared! Where is it?" the girl in red robe said, her eyes and voice cold as ice.

The young man's eyes immediately fell on the space ring in Zen's hand. "Well, it must have been hidden by this guy!" said the young man, looking Zen up and down, his eye arrogant and disdainful.

"No matter who you are," he continued in a threatening voice, "the wild bones dug up in this area belong to our Blue Sect. Hand it over!"

Hearing this, Zen raised his eyebrows. He had met this kind of fellow many times before.

Zen smiled coldly and replied, his voice calm, "The bones in the Immemorial Wilderness have no owner. Naturally, they belong to whoever finds them. Why should I hand it to you?"

The young man, however, didn't want to waste time arguing with Zen. He sneered, "Your life is nothing to me. I will say it again. Hand it to me and I'll let you go! If not, you die. It's that simple."

Chapter 2528 Kill A Wild God

The girl in bright red robe blinked her eyes repeatedly. "Well, you'd better take out the blood red wild bone obediently," she said. "My brother is kind-hearted and will spare your life!"

The young girl and the young man had realized that Zen seemed to be a True God, not a Wild God.

In this world, True Gods were not the mainstream. In order to obtain some theurgies, some Wild Gods might open up an inner world to cultivate, but they mainly cultivated Wild God Power. All the other cultivation methods they practiced were only auxiliary methods.

It was rare to see people like Zen, who only cultivated in the True God Realm.

So, they didn't take Zen's cultivation or strength seriously.

"Really?" Zen smiled faintly as he still held his temper.

He tried not to get himself into trouble in such a strange place.

Then he showed off a small smile. Just then, a powerful force was released from his legs, and his body immediately shot backwards.

"Phew!"

As he was moving backward, Zen flew at high speed on the Immemorial Wilderness.

The girl and the man were not expecting Zen to escape. All of them were stunned, and a trace of hostility appeared on the young man's face. "How dare he! Nobody has ever run away in front of me. What a joke..."

"Hoo, hoo, Hoo..."

Within seconds, the young man's body shone a bright yellow light, and his body began to increase in size very rapidly.

One hundred feet...

One thousand feet...

In the blink of an eye, he turned into a giant of five thousand feet tall. Right after growing so big, he rushed straight towards Zen.

Even though he was already so huge, he even became faster than Zen.

The girl looked towards the direction of Zen and sighed helplessly. "This guy is so stupid. If he has just taken out the wild bone, he could have survived. Now, he's annoyed my senior fellow apprentice. How in the world is he going to survive?"

Just like that, the girl flew upwards with the two guards behind her.

As Zen flew away with the young man tailed behind him, they were moving extremely fast, travelling a hundred miles within seconds.

The aura released by the young man behind Zen was already very intimidating, and when the Wights that were crawling on the ground felt this aura, their faces were all stained with fear. Almost all of them ran away.

"He's huge! How could he manage to move so quickly?" Zen frowned. To his surprise, he wasn't able to shake the guy off as quickly as he wanted.

And worse, the distance between them was growing closer and closer.

At first, Zen had been able to keep a distance of over ten miles from that young man, but now the young man had quietly reached behind him.

"It's useless to escape," the man behind him exclaimed in a cold voice. "You will die all the same. Why waste all your efforts?"

He flipped his palm and slapped at Zen's head.

The young man was several thousand feet tall, and compared to him, Zen was as small as a mosquito. How could Zen escape?

"Humph!"

Zen let out a fierce groan, a strong desire to kill beginning to flash in his eyes.

He was holding back to avoid any trouble, but he wasn't afraid of this man at all.

As Zen's figure flipped in the air, the Shadow Bearing Sword was unsheathed almost instantly.

"Clink!"

came a clear, melodious sound of a sword as he drew it out...

A ray of slender sword radiance shot out. The sword was emitting a cyan light shaped like a long arc, almost like a crescent moon.

For some reason, the young man wasn't threatened at all.

In this world of the Wild Gods, the only way to defeat the enemy was to possess a very strong, skillful physical body. For him, it was ridiculous for a fellow who only cultivated in the True God Realm to attack. Though he did have a feeling that the sword radiance was somewhat powerful, he was not on full alert.

For him, one slap could send the sword radiance into pieces and if that wasn't enough, then he'd just have to slap him again.

But this time, the young man found himself wrong.

When his palm came into contact with the sword light, a terrible pain rushed up through him.

His huge hand became weak as the sword's light devoured it. A huge crack began to form across his palm, and when half of the palm was directly cut off, it fell hard towards the ground.

"This is..." The young man could hardly believe his eyes.

Zen seemed like nothing to him, so how was his sword so terrifyingly powerful?

As the young man was in a daze, Zen had already rushed towards the sky.

He wasn't afraid, though. Zen ran away because he wanted to avoid a fight. However, now that he had made his move, he wouldn't let his opponent go.

Even if Zen wanted to let the other one go, the latter would think he was a coward and kept chasing him!

After a few moments, Zen flew up along the young man's arm, which was over a thousand feet long. He had managed to ascend so quickly, reaching to a height of more than four thousand feet.

Being so high up, he had no expressions in his eyes. As the Shadow Bearing Sword emitted a faint cyan light, an indescribable power began to condense right in the palm of his hand.

"Ways-blending Strike! Die!"

The moment he turned around, the Ways-blending Energy that had been building up in his inner world burst out in one go.

After all his years of practice, Zen's cultivation had been greatly improved and he had become a top-rank True God. Moreover, he had the Shadow Bearing Sword, and this made him somewhat unstoppable. He was more powerful than when he was at the debate venue.

That cyan crescent shaped sword light shot out with a powerful energy surging through. This strike was more than a hundred times more powerful than Zen's first strike, and it was released so quickly that it was impossible for his opponent to react.

As the young man was trying to regain his consciousness, the crescent shaped sword light quietly swept across his neck.

The young man stared blankly at Zen not far away, his huge body standing still...

Soon, his head, which was as huge as a mountain, slid sideways and rolled down from his neck.

"Boom!"

The man's head smashed against the ground, leaving a big crater against the surface...

The body, on the other hand, swayed back and forth before collapsing just the same.

In the air more than four thousand feet high, Zen was floating in the air, gasping for air as his chest rose and fell.

To his surprise, it was easier to get rid of the guy than he had expected.

For him, it was actually easier to kill a Wild God than to kill a True God, because the life force of a Wild God just came from their body.

If he was fighting a True God, losing a head wouldn't have been a fatal problem.

For a True God, the truly fatal injury was if their souls were destroyed, or if their elixir fields were broken. Because Wild Gods depended largely on their bodies, they'd immediately die as soon as they were physically harmed.

"Ah!"

At this moment, a scream echoed faintly from the distance: It was from the girl in red robe.

The girl and the two guards realized that they had overestimated the young man's strength, so they had followed him quietly as he battled Zen. In their eyes, the young man could kill Zen in the blink of an eye, and the latter probably wouldn't have the chance to escape.

Little did they know, the young man was fated to get beheaded by Zen, someone they thought to be weak.

They didn't even witness how the young man's neck was cut off.

Buzz...

As the body lay on the ground, Strong Wild God Power escaped it as it rapidly shrank down to normal size. Within a few seconds, it became the size of Zen once again.

"You, you, you..." The girl stared at Zen in fear, her face full of disbelief.

But the fright in her voice was not for Zen, but from seeing the young man's death. "You actually killed him! Do you have any idea who he is?!"

Chapter 2529 Showing Mercy

Zen's expression was surprisingly calm. "I don't care who he is. It's none of my business.

I only know that he was courting death!"

"How dare you!"

spat the girl in the red robe. Not once did she think about meeting a guy who feared nothing and no one.

"You're the one who's courting death!"

shouted one of her guards.

The Blue Sect was the overlord of this vast Immemorial Wilderness.

The young man Zen killed was the most talented disciple in the Blue Sect for nearly a hundred years. Just recently, he had been chosen as a personal disciple by the sect leader, but now he had died on a trip outside.

Thinking of their leader's cruel and violent nature, the guards worried about how they were going to explain all of this to him.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The two guards' bodies glowed a faint yellow light and their bodies began to grow in size.

They grew and grew until they were five thousand feet tall.

The two of them looked at Zen menacingly.

"Don't kill him. He killed my dear brother. We'll surely be punished when we return to the sect but if we take him back, my master might vent his anger on him instead of us," the red-clad woman said coldly.

She was also a personal disciple of the Blue Sect's leader. Like her late fellow disciple, she was very gifted, but her cultivation base was much weaker than his.

The two guards considered her words before shooting Zen malicious glares. "You brat! If you know what's best for you, you will surrender without a fuss!"

They already knew Zen's swordsmanship was very strange and powerful, however, they also believed that the young man died because he had underestimated Zen.

Now, both of them were going all out, leaving Zen no chance to win.

"Surrender?" Zen slightly raised the corner of his mouth and gently lifted the Shadow Bearing Sword in his hand. "Do you think that's possible?"

"Cut the crap! Just cripple him first," the other guard spat angrily.

Without hesitation, the two giants came at Zen like two mountains.

The girl stared intently at Zen. From the very beginning up to now, she had not found the slightest trace of panic on Zen's face. She wondered where his confidence came from. Perhaps he had powerful moves up his sleeve?

Just as the two guards rushed towards Zen, the surface of the Shadow Bearing Sword in Zen's hand suddenly flashed two colors.

One was cyan, and the other was gray. This was the Truth of Goodwill and Malice!

Although Zen hadn't completely mastered the Truth of Goodwill and Malice yet, he had merged with the soul of the Shadow Bearing Sword which was why he was able to use the sword's theurgies.

"Frenzy of Goodwill and Malice!"

This was a soul attack using the Shadow Bearing Sword.

Buzz!

The two guards felt as if their heads had been hit by a heavy hammer, and that their goodwill and malice were stimulated at the same time. Their thoughts were jumbled and their eyes were filled with confusion.

In a high-level battle such as this, sudden loss of consciousness was enough to determine the outcome!

Zen's body moved like lightning, the long sword in his hand gleaming with cyan light.

Puff! Puff!

Two muffled sounds were heard.

And the next thing they knew, two severed heads lay on the ground.

It was clear that their eyes were still filled with blankness, and their souls were still in chaos until they died completely.

Hiss!

The Wild God Power in their bodies then began to dissipate and their bodies quickly shrank to the size of a normal person.

The Shadow Bearing Sword still in his hand, Zen glanced indifferently at the girl in red.

The girl, still floating in the air, stared blankly at the two guards' corpses.

In just a short period of time, three people had already been killed.

And their opponent was only a True God.

Wasn't everyone who cultivated in the True God Realm very weak?

At the very least, she knew that very few people chose to cultivate in the True God Realm in the Blue Sect. Only a few talents would try to create an inner world, but that only served as an assisting method.

How could this man be so powerful?

Zen's performance had completely left her dumbfounded!

Then she understood why Zen had been so calm.

A chill ran up her spine. She was the only one left!

She was the weakest among the four, and she didn't think this man would let her leave unharmed.

Whoosh!

Zen floated over to her, light as a feather. He stopped a few feet from her, and the Shadow Bearing Sword in his hand was pointed at the center of her brows.

No matter which force these four people came from, he had to kill all of them to avoid any future troubles.

However, Zen was not someone who condoned killing. While this woman had been annoyingly sarcastic towards him, she never attacked. Zen frowned. He needed a reason to kill this woman. "Aren't you going to fight back?"

She trained her eyes on Zen's indifferent face, her jaw clenched tightly.

The sharp tip of the Shadow Bearing Sword had cut through the skin on her forehead.

Watching blood trickle down her beautiful face, Zen eventually sighed in resignation.

He withdrew the sword and put it into his space ring. With a flip in the air, he flew towards the other side of the Immemorial Wilderness.

When Zen's figure had completely disappeared, she let out a deep breath and slowly descended from the high sky. She fell on her knees, feeling weak and limp. She had just stared death in the face.

Zen knew that letting this woman go would bite him back in the future but he just couldn't bring himself to violate his own rules.

Besides, the Immemorial Wilderness was very vast. No matter how powerful her sect was, there was only a small chance of finding Zen.

Back in the tribe, Luther had been studying the cultivation method that Zen had given him.

This cultivation method, taken from the library of the fairy palace, was a very special theurgy

and Luther had been very unwilling to study it. After all, it was Zelda's idea that he should cultivate in the True God Realm.

However, with his meridians sealed, he couldn't cultivate to be a Wild God and this was the only option for him. Left with no choice, he began to study it.

And quite unexpectedly, he was attracted by this cultivation method.

The cultivation methods in the divine land were all inherited from Chiyou while the True God Realm was popular in the chaos. However, at the bottom of the chaos, due to the existence of the wild bones, the practice in the True God Realm was seen as inferior.

But this cultivation method that Zen had given him was created by Bromley himself and was naturally one of the best.

Luther's talent was extraordinary. And as he carefully read it, he felt as if a whole new world was opening for him.

Chapter 2530 A Big Harvest

"Zelda, who do you think is he?" asked Luther, who held the scroll in his hand. The air between them was quiet for a while.

"He doesn't seem to belong to our world," Zelda said lightly after a moment of thought.

"He doesn't belong to our world?" Confusion marred Luther's face and he asked, "Is there any other world?"

Zelda raised her head and looked at the foggy skies outside the thatched hut. "Yes, of course. It is said that our ancestors all came from the deep sky, an extremely high place. It is called the Source World. And we are the descendants of a group of people who have been exiled from that world," she answered.

She gazed at their surroundings, only to be greeted by the sight of thick brown clouds and mists—the chaotic energy once again.

"Is he… from the Source World?" Luther asked as his eyes glittered strangely.

A smile made its way to Zelda's lips. "I was just guessing! You should concentrate on your practice. Besides, Zen has such powerful techniques to become a True God. If you have the chance to return to your clan in the future, maybe you can defend yourself with your strength of a True God."

Luther pursed his lips and continued to study the scroll in his hand. The methods recorded in it made him itch to give it a try and want to create a Soul Sea of his own.

Just then, they heard a noise outside the thatched hut. Both of them instinctively looked outside at the same time, and saw Zen.

"You're back," said Zelda with a gentle smile on her face.

"How was your harvest? You haven't got any wild bones, have you?" Luther remarked. The hint of dissatisfaction on his face betrayed his attempt to keep cool. Although he was not a Wild God, he had rich experience in distinguishing the locations of wild bones. He thought that Zen would probably get nothing after he went to the Immemorial Wilderness.

When Zen saw how Luther looked at him, he didn't say anything and went straight into the thatched hut.

"The shape of a wild bone is similar to an ordinary skeleton. It's indeed difficult to find it. Hundreds of people in the tribe only find a few pieces by luck within a month. There's actually no need to worry," Zelda said slowly.

"I asked you to take me with you. No wonder you got no harvest," Luther complained with a pout.

As for Zen, he sat down cross-legged and smiled at the two. Then, he extended his hand and waved slightly.

A neat row of wild bones appeared in front of him!

Both Luther's and Zelda's jaws dropped in surprise, especially Luther's.

He ogled at Zen and the bones, and then counted, "One, two, three, four… Twelve! And these ones are extremely large!"

Back then, he had risked his life and had almost gotten himself killed in the Immemorial Wilderness, only to find three wild bones. He didn't expect that Zen could find so many wild bones in a day, which he honestly found a bit unacceptable.

Even Zelda, who had always been calm, eyed the wild bones with much eagerness as well.

Although the tribe had made a few pieces of wild bones every month, it was the whole tribe's property—which was why Zelda couldn't use them without permission. Thus, she had been running low of wild bones.

Luther had risked his life to get two pieces of wild bones for her. She did get mad at him for such a hazardous move, but it still made her very happy. After all, they were too precious to her.

While the two's shock hadn't wavered off yet, Zen gently waved his hand again and in front of them appeared another dozen wild bones.

"..."

"..."

Luther and Zelda couldn't even speak. Was it possible to be even more shocked than they were?

Without warning, Zen moved his hand again and another dozen wild bones appeared.

He kept waving his hand, and rows upon rows of wild bones were laid in front of their eyes.

If Zelda and Luther were immensely surprised at the beginning, now they felt almost numb with shock.

"There, there... there are eighty-nine pieces in total," Zelda whispered as she eyed the wild bones. They emitted a power that greatly attracted her to them.

Even Luther stared at Zen in a daze before he asked, "Did you search through the whole Immemorial Wilderness?"

The area where they stayed was the most barren spot in the Immemorial Wilderness. Numerous people had screened the area countless times, so there were only a few wild bones in the place.

Once the powerful Wild Gods had deemed it no longer worth searching for wild bones, it was the tribe people's turn to look in this place.

They were occasionally lucky enough to find one or two pieces of wild bones.

Zen, however, found almost a hundred wild bones in a day. It was simply unbelievable!

If those large sects knew about it, they would probably take the whole area back.

"How did you make it?" Zelda asked. Her shock, however only lasted for a while.

After all, she wasn't someone who was new and inexperienced.

She wouldn't have been impressed by tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of wild bones if she was back home, let alone less than one hundred wild bones. After all, it was really nothing to the truly powerful Wild Gods.

Then again, things would've been so different if a multitude of wild bones had been dug out of this barren land.

"I'm lucky," Zen smiled.

Luther rolled his eyes at him. "Only idiots believe in luck!" he snapped.

Perhaps he would be considered lucky if he had found two or three, or seven or eight wild bones. Yet, not even a child would believe that he found eighty-nine wild bones because of his good fortune.

Still, Zen didn't give them a further explanation. He gently pushed twelve wild bones and gave them to Zelda. "These wild bones are for you. You also need to practice," he said.

Although Zen also badly needed wild bones to cultivate, it wasn't too hard to find them. He had just arrived in their area and thanks to Zelda, he had a temporary shelter. Thus, he would like to share the wild bones with her.

"You... You're giving all of these to me?" Zelda asked excitedly. She did need wild bones to overcome her bottleneck, but she knew very well their value.

She would have been very happy already if Zen gave her two or three pieces.

She even thought that she didn't deserve to have twelve wild bones, but she also didn't want to refuse.

On one hand, Luther had originally planned to tease Zen and ask him to send some pieces of wild bones to Zelda. When he saw how generous Zen was, he felt too embarrassed to say anything else.

"Yes, I have a special wild bone that I'd like you to look at," Zen said.

Zelda was a little puzzled, and then asked again, "There's another piece of wild bone?"

The space ring on Zen's finger glowed once more. A triangular bone that was as tall as a man, landed on the ground with such a loud thud that the entire thatched hut trembled slightly.

There in front of them, stood the blood-red wild bone.

This time, Zelda was completely, utterly dumbfounded.

She was stunned to silence for a long while and when she finally came to her senses, she quickly urged, "Put it away! Hurry up!"

"What's wrong?" Zen asked curiously. He was quite confused, but nevertheless tucked the blood-red wild bone away into the space ring.

In turn, Zelda went to the thatched hut's entrance door and carefully scanned the outside. Then, she closed the door and said, "If someone else saw that wild bone, you will be in big trouble..."

It was true that the tribe people relied greatly on Zelda, but it didn't mean that they were a trustworthy bunch. If they ever knew that Zen had such a wild bone, they would be more than glad to sell the news to outsiders.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of

FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2531 The List Of Blood Lineage

After a few moments, Zelda finally decided to scan the blood-colored wild bone.

She slowly approached it, stretched out a slender hand and gently stroked the wild bone's surface.

Meanwhile, Zen didn't say anything about Zelda's actions. It seemed that she wanted to draw out the Wild God Power from the blood-colored wild bone.

She continued to stroke the wild bone's surface, until her fingers pressed more firmly against it.

Hiss...

At that moment, a wisp of blood red Wild God Power began to circle constantly around her fingertip.

Zen's brows shot up to his forehead in surprise. "That's a really insane Wild God Power!" he exclaimed.

Generally speaking, the Wild God Power in ordinary wild bones only contained a strange kind of energy, but no special emotions.

However, in this one, there was a violent aura hidden in the Wild God Power that was ready to burst at any moment.

There was a bare trace of gratitude on Zelda's face. She smiled, and let the wisp of Wild God Power sink between her hands.

The Wild God Power unfurled into the depths between her hands like a cloud of ink in water, transforming into a fascinating shape.

After a while, it finally stabilized and turned into a shadow of the blood wolf. The fierce wolf's head opened its ferocious mouth and emitted a strong, wild aura.

"What creature is that?" Zen asked curiously. A gentle sigh escaped Zelda's lips.

"As expected, it's the blood wild bone of the Spirit Wolf God," she explained.

"The Spirit Wolf God?" asked Zen. "Yes!"

Zelda's eyes shone with delight as she looked at the small blood-colored wolf shadow in her palm. "I never expected that there could be such a huge piece of blood wild bone in this barren area. The Spirit Wolf God is ranked 61st on the List of Blood Lineage, which is a very powerful bloodline."

She had dug out two pieces of egg-sized wild bones that contained Chiyou's bloodline way back before. Those wild bones were a hundred times more valuable than the ordinary ones because of Chiyou's blood inside them.

"It is said that a great clan in the Northern Leaning Bone Tower has inherited the blood of the Spirit Wolf God for generations. They have longed for the wild bones that contain the Spirit Wolf God's blood so much. You cannot absorb this blood wild bone, but if you sell it, you can buy at least 50 wild bones of the same size," Zelda said in a shaky voice. Zen could sense that she tried hard to calm herself down.

Fifty wild bones of a man's size was a huge fortune.

"Are you sure that I can't absorb it?" Zen asked in disbelief. She had told him that it was impossible for one to simply absorb a blood wild bone, unless their body also contained the same kind of blood.

A smile stretched on Zelda's face at Zen's words.

"You can try if you don't believe me."

Of course, Zen did not buy it as he preferred to absorb the wild bone himself than sell it.

With that thought in mind, he stretched out his hand and carefully touched the surface of the blood wild bone. Then, he used the Trickle

Spring Method that Zelda had taught him to extract the Wild God Power from it.

Hiss...

It didn't take long before the bone released a bloody streak of Wild God Power.

As soon as he saw the violent torrent of Wild God Power, he stretched a hand out and gently drew it in—he didn't know that it was unruly and seemed to have its own consciousness.

Yet, its consciousness was weak. It wouldn't resist him for too long.

After he had increased his mind pressure, he finally forced the Wild God Power into his own body.

Although the blood colored Wild God Power was indeed infused into his body, he soon found something strange.

His body could absorb the ordinary Wild God Power with some effort, but this Wild God Power was different. It constantly rejected his body every time he tried and refused to be absorbed.

After several failed attempts, he had to withdraw his mind pressure.

Soon enough, the untamable Wild God Power dissipated from his body.

"It really is impossible to absorb it," he said with a bitter smile.

Zelda just smiled faintly like she was used to it. "Of course it is. In this world, one's greatest advantage is their blood power. Those forces inside the bone towers all have immensely strong blood powers. They are born noble. We're no match for them," she said.

She did think that Zen was incredibly strong when he cultivated in the True God Realm, but he actually was still nothing compared to the real, powerful Wild Gods.

Zen didn't mind her words at all and said, "In that case, this blood wild bone can be only used in exchange for the ordinary wild bones."

Only if he had absorbed enough wild bones could he practice to become a Wild God, thereby improving his strength.

He put away his blood wild bone and asked once more, "By the way, what is the List of Blood Lineage you mentioned just now?"

Zelda was already used to his ignorance about worldly matters, so she duly explained, "The List of Blood Lineage is a list created by the powerful forces in the blood towers. It is arranged according to the power of the different kinds of blood."

"Do you know the rank of Chiyou's blood in the list?" Zen immediately asked the moment she finished.

As his mother said, Chiyou was one of the top warriors in the Source World, and the Nine Li race was once a well-known great force.

It seemed that the wild bones at the bottom of the chaos had descended from the Source World, which was why he naturally wanted to know the ranking of Chiyou's blood.

"In third place," Zelda answered quickly.

"In third place..."

"Yes. Chiyou's blood has a strong blood power, and even if the Yellow Emperor's blood is ranked second, they're actually not far off from each other. Their bloodlines have been in a feud for who knows how long," she added.

"The Yellow Emperor!" Zen exclaimed excitedly. He knew that the Nine Li race was not in good terms with the Yellow Emperor race.

The reason Chiyou had built the ship—the divine land—was so his people had a place to flee from the Yellow Emperor race.

However, the fight between the two races unexpectedly extended to the bottom of the chaos, a desolate place full of bones.

"Whose blood power is ranked first on the list?" he asked again. 'Who could possibly be greater than Chiyou and the Yellow Emperor?' he thought.

"The Snake Goddess's blood," Zelda whispered.

"The Snake Goddess's blood..."

Zen racked his brains for information and tried to remember.

Although he didn't know much about the Source World, he could get some information from where he was now.

Then again, his mother had never mentioned anything about the existence of the Snake Goddess race to him.

Was that race also one of the big races in the Source World?

He did have a faint memory of associating it from the shadow of Snake Goddess that Yan had summoned. Furthermore, his mother had said that Yan's blood was different from his. Could it be that Yan had the blood of the Snake Goddess race?

Still, it was only a guess.

Now that he knew everything that he wanted to know, he didn't ask any more questions. He sat cross-legged, practiced the Trickle Spring Method Zelda had taught to extract the Wild God Power from some of the ordinary wild bones, and integrated them into his own body.

Just like what had happened before, he did not miss anything when the Wild God Power was fully infused into his body.

A small smile made its way to Zelda's lips. She sat down beside him as well, and began to refine the wild bones Zen had given her.

Chapter 2532 Strengthen Himself

The night had passed and Zen had finished refining all the 77 wild bones.

With his Flawless Divine Body, he could absorb all the Wild God Power.

He was even three times more efficient than Zelda was.

The Wild God Power spread all over his body, directly increasing his strength.

The next morning, Zen left the thatched hut earlier than usual. Using only a slight thought, he activated the Wild God Power within his body.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

In an instant, his body expanded.

In the blink of an eye, he grew up from only eight feet tall to thirty feet.

He was far inferior to Zelda and the young man he killed in the Immemorial Wilderness

Zen realized that by refining the wild bones, his strength greatly increased.

As he stood there, he looked below—the thatched hut went up only to his knees.

"The Wild God Power… It is very powerful indeed!"

Excitement filled his eyes. This new body-refining skill was highly suitable for his body.

If he could absorb just enough Wild God Power to expand his body up to a thousand feet high, just how powerful would he become?

Zen had long anticipated the arrival of this day.

'It's only been a few days, but he's reached such a high level. What a talented man!'

From the entrance of the hut, Zelda observed Zen carefully. Though she had her own plan in mind, she knew she couldn't yet reveal it to Zen at this point.

While Zen was a generous person, it was impossible for him to risk his life for her and Luther's sake unless she could help him significantly. If he was worth trusting, she was considering the possibility of revealing her secret to him.

All the while, Luther had been reading the scroll Zen gave him.

Whenever he encountered problems beyond his understanding, he would consult Zen, who would then answer him patiently.

But Zen didn't stay within the tribe most of the time. He often visited the Immemorial Wilderness to continue searching for the wild bones.

Zen's method of finding the wild bones was truly efficient. All he needed to do was spread his mind before everything within a dozen miles fell unable to escape his eyes. He could easily see the wild bones hidden underground with ease.

But this luck of his was soon gone.

Even though the method was highly efficient, the wild bones in the Immemorial Wilderness were limited, especially in such a barren land.

For each of three consecutive days, Zen had only obtained eight pieces of wild bones.

While eight bones a day was a great enough deal for ordinary folk, for Zen, it was far too little.

So Zen intended to sell the blood wild bone he had found.

But Zelda urged Zen to wait more patiently.

The blood wild bone was very precious. If it was made known to the big forces, they would surely take action and send their people to rob him.

Instead of selling it right away, she suggested that after those who collected the wild bones arrived at the tribe, Zen should accompany them to the nearest city to sell.

Two days later, Zen spotted three people clad in black flying over. They were all Wild Gods.

In the blink of an eye, they arrived at the square in the tribe's center before walking toward Zelda's thatched hut.

"Iron Tribe, how many wild bones have you collected this month?" one of them called out, his voice spreading throughout the tribe.

For generations, members of the Iron Tribe had depended on wild bone collection as a livelihood. Only wild bones could be used to barter for their necessities.

Hearing his voice, the young and middle-aged men of the tribe stepped out of their thatched huts and surrounded the group.

Though the wild bones they had picked up were in Zelda's hands, they normally supervised her. They had to make sure she wasn't hiding any of the wild bones from the tribe.

Zelda followed suit and stepped out, approaching the man in the lead. "Good day, Riley. We've gathered a total of twenty-three pieces this month."

"Only twenty-three?" Contempt was written all over Riley's face.

Every single month, they had to visit the damned place to collect the wild bones. The tribes were so poor that they could only ever accumulate up to dozens in a month. It wasn't ever worth it for them to come here.

"The number of wild bones in this area has been decreasing. Our tribe can't go any deeper into the Immemorial Wilderness. We've already been working as hard as possible," Zelda replied in earnest.

Another man among the three smiled faintly and said, "Well, Riley, we should probably just let it go. Are you expecting them to be lucky enough to dig out hundreds or even thousands of wild bones in this damned place? That would be impossible! Let's hurry and take the wild bones. We have to hurry back before dark."

"Humph!" Riley snorted. "If you still only have twenty-something wild bones next month, we won't be coming here again. It's a waste of time."

Zelda could only smile helplessly as she handed the wild bones to Riley.

Riley pulled out a pouch and threw it to the ground. "There's your remuneration," he coldly said.

Then, they turned to leave.

Just then, Zelda suddenly called out, "Riley, hold on."

"What's the matter?" he looked back with a frown.

"My friend wants to sell something at your auction house. Can he go with you this time so you can recommend him to the auction house?" Zelda asked.

"Auction?" The request had Riley rather shocked. Normally, only extremely rare items were qualified for the auction. What could possibly be auctioned from this remote place? He couldn't believe they had found anything of real value.

"And what the hell would he sell?" Riley spat. "I doubt it'll be worth it."

Zelda pursed her lips in frustration and said, "Sorry, I can't reveal that right now. But could you please just take my friend with you?"

And she pointed to Zen, who was standing in front of the hut.

The Spirit Wolf God's blood wild bone was highly precious.

If the Wild Gods knew he had a piece of it, they never would've allowed him to even go to the auction house. They'd have killed him and the tribe right then and there just to get their hands on it.

Riley grabbed a quick glance at Zen. At that point, the latter had absorbed quite an amount of wild bones and could release the Wild God Power.

But he had only cultivated for a rather short time and hadn't yet absorbed enough wild bones in Riley's eyes. So to him, Zen was nothing more than another weakling. At this point, Riley was growing impatient. "I don't have any time to spare on him!"

With that, he was ready to leave again.

But Zelda rushed to him and put three pieces of wild bones into his hand. With a smile, she said, "Please accept them, Riley. We would really appreciate your kindness."

Zen had found these pieces, so the tribe members said nothing of it.

A strange look appeared on Riley's face when he examined the bones in his hand. He couldn't think of anything good Zen would have that Zelda thought was worth bribing him for.

But it was a good enough bribe. All Riley needed to do was let Zen tag along and recommend him to the auction house. It was a piece of cake.

With that, he smiled at Zen. "Hey, kid! You'd better catch up with us!"

Since Zelda had told him all he needed to know, Zen merely nodded at Riley indifferently. When the Wild Gods flew into the air, Zen floated gently, quietly following them close by.

Chapter 2533 The Falcon Caravan

Riley and his group flew at full speed.

"Hey Riley, can that brat even keep up with us?" one of them called out.

"Whether or not he can is his problem," Riley answered smugly.

Three wild bones were alright as a bribe, but not enough for him to go out of his way to take care of Zen—Riley was planning on ditching him.

Swoosh!

Riley deliberately sped up and the other two followed him closely.

"They think they can get rid of me? Ha!"

All the while, Zen had been following them at a moderate speed.

When the three sped up, the corners of Zen's mouth quirked up in amusement as he sped up after them.

After taking a quick glance at Zen behind him, Riley was surprised at what he found.

The young man was still steadily following them from about a hundred feet—he didn't even fall behind.

"Riley, he's not slow."

"Seems like he has recently started to cultivate the Wild God system?"

"I think he has cultivated the True God system. He has a high cultivation base, too. It's pretty strange."

The two behind Riley discussed.

But Riley merely laughed and said, "It doesn't matter what he has cultivated. You two, keep up!"

The Wild God Power flashed from Riley's body, strengthening his momentum remarkably. All of a sudden, he shot forward even faster.

The two behind him glanced at each other. All they could do was stimulate their own Wild God Power. If they wanted to follow Riley, they had no choice but to go all out.

Zen remained indifferent at the sight of the scene before him.

With his chaotic energy in his inner world slightly revolving, he easily kept up with the group.

After five minutes had passed, Riley was far in the lead, assuming that he had already gotten rid of Zen. But when he turned to check, his eyes widened in shock.

The guy was still following close behind them, maintaining the hundred-foot distance without breaking a sweat.

"What a strange guy…" Still, Riley refused to give up and continued moving forward at high speed.

"Slow down, Riley!"

"We can't keep up with you!"

The other two Wild Gods couldn't stand flying at such a high speed for too long. Even though their bodies were strengthened by the Wild God Power, making them far stronger than other people, their cultivation bases were still weaker than Riley's. After a while of going at top speed, they had maxed out their Wild God Power and needed to stop for a breather.

But Riley turned a deaf ear to his men, determined to get rid of Zen.

He released even stronger Wild God Power, raising his speed by another thirty percent—such was his limit.

Unable to keep up, the other two gave up altogether.

Seeing Riley shoot forward so far away, Zen merely chuckled. His body was light as a swallow, speeding away in the wind. He easily sped up by thirty percent as well.

In the blink of an eye, Zen passed Riley's men.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The strong wind Zen triggered was like a slap in the two guys' faces. They could only remain where they were and stare at him, dumbfounded.

"How could he follow Riley at full speed?"

"Is someone who cultivates the True God system really that powerful?"

In the eyes of the Wild Gods, the practice of the True God system was heresy. They had never seen such a strong True God, so Zen's speed had completely taken them off guard.

After about fifteen minutes of this chase, Riley himself couldn't stand it any longer.

When he looked back, he found Zen still hanging behind him from about a hundred feet. He looked absolutely calm and composed, not tired at all!

At this point, Riley had reached his absolute limit. He realized that it was impossible to fully get rid of Zen, so all he could do was slow down.

After that spectacle, Riley came to truly admire Zen. The guy was a mere newbie Wild God in his eyes, but his performance was nothing short of unfathomable.

On the way north, Zen spotted a vast area of grayish-brown soil.

He was aware that there was a considerable amount of area at the bottom of chaos covered by bones and skeletons. All such areas were referred to as the Immemorial Wilderness.

It was no place to live in. Only people from the lowest level of society, such as the Iron Tribe, would live on the edge of the Immemorial Wilderness to make a living out of collecting wild bones.

Many cities lay outside the Immemorial Wilderness.

And Riley was one of the stewards of the Falcon Caravan of the Sand Core City.

Zelda instructed Zen to never ask the Falcon Caravan to auction the blood wild bone for him.

This Falcon Caravan was a small trade group that held no real credibility. If Zen directly just pulled out the blood wild bone, he would only be attracting an endless pursuit of it.

According to Zelda, Zen was to gain qualification for the auction through Riley only.

After nearly a day and a half, a huge crater suddenly appeared before Zen's eyes. It was made up of a great amount of quicksand with a city sitting in the very center.

"No wonder it's called Sand Core City..." Zen murmured as he gazed down at the city.

When they arrived at the crater's center, Riley led them straight to the entrance.

"Zen, just follow me," Riley ordered indifferently.

Though the Sand Core City was a remote one, it was still under strict management—no one was allowed to fly into its territory. All arrivals had to land on the ground, subject to inspection by the guards at the entrance.

When Riley and his two men showed their tokens, the guards let them in.

But when Zen followed, one of the guards thrust out his long spear to Zen's chest. "Stop!"

"He's a guest of our Falcon Caravan," Riley said, handing another light-green token to Zen. Every warrior who entered the city required a special token. With that in hand, the guard stepped back and let Zen pass.

Zen then understood why Zelda had him follow Riley into the city. He couldn't have gotten in there on his own without stirring much trouble.

Upon entering the city, Riley led Zen straight to his base.

After Riley talked to some of the people, an old man wearing a silk kerchief stepped out.

He looked Zen up and down before asking, "Young man, do you have something you want to entrust us to auction?"

Everyone's eyes fell on Zen. They knew that Zen must have had something highly valuable, but neither he nor Zelda revealed anything.

"This is what I want to auction," Zen said, pulling out a large piece of wild bone.

It was black all over and as big as an adult's fist.

Both Riley and the old man were surprised at the sight.

Pure black blood wild bones were considered highly precious because of the various types of blood within them—they all ranked very high on the List of Blood Lineage. One of them was called the Heavenly Core Blood, ranking 19th; another was the Nether Luminous Blood, ranking 11th. Blood wild bones containing such kinds of blood held amazingly high value.

Undoubtedly, many people would flock to it at the auction.

Chapter 2534 The Fake Wild Bone

Zen flaunted the wild bone and then stashed it in his space ring. He smiled and said, "Does this qualify for an auction?"

Although the Falcon Caravan also held the occasional small auctions, its influence was not as vast as that of the large auction house in Sand Core City.

Some of the most rare and precious treasures were on offer at the auction house of the Sand Core City. However, these belonged to the powerful forces of the bone towers.

These impressive forces, which occupied the bone towers, were the creators of the world order. Normally, they would not covet something as small as Zen's blood wild bone.

In order to place the item on auction, Zen needed to obtain a qualification for auction from the Falcon Caravan.

The old man was puzzled by the bone.

Although he had merely glanced at the black wild bone, he had also sensed the Wild God Power within it.

This old man was a senior member in the Falcon Caravan. He had seen both the blood wild bones of the Heavenly Core Blood, and of the Nether Luminous Blood. The aura that emanated from them was completely different from the aura he had sensed from Zen's wild bone.

But the Wild God Power in Zen's black wild bone contained a powerful undertone and was rare indeed.

"Can I see the black wild bone again?" asked the old man.

"Well, I don't think that's a good idea." A look of vigilance settled on Zen's face.

Ordinary people who possessed such a precious treasure would not easily reveal it. The old man had probably understood Zen's concerns, for he grinned and took out a white bone card. Engraved on the surface was a lifelike falcon.

"This is an auction qualification card from our Falcon Caravan. With it, you can gain access to the auctions at the auction house here in Sand Core City," the old man explained, handing it to Zen.

It was the rule that no item could be auctioned without the bone card of a reputable trade group.

Zen accepted the bone card and thanked the old man. Then he left the Falcon Caravan at best speed.

A faint smile remained on the old man's face until Zen left.

However, as soon as Zen had left, the smile slid off from the old man's face, disappearing completely. "The origins of that kid's black wild bone is very special!"

"What makes it special?" asked Riley. He had also felt the unique aura of the wild bone. But he remained clueless as to the black wild bone's origins.

"It is neither the wild bone of the Heavenly Core Blood, nor that of the Nether Luminous Blood. That kind of wild bone has never appeared before. It may even be a rare ancient blood wild bone!" the old man mused.

Either way, the old man could feel the uncommon aura emanating from the wild bone, so he was certain it was no ordinary thing.

"Well..." Riley was surprised and at a loss for words.

The old man held a high position in the Falcon Caravan because he had an extraordinary ability to judge the value of things. If he said the black wild bone was a valuable thing, then he couldn't be wrong.

"So what should we do, Mr. Dou?" Riley asked.

"You take some men and go grab that black wild bone right away. You can kill that young man if he resists," the old man commanded in a cold voice.

"Kill him? Here in the city?" Riley was stunned.

Fighting was expressly prohibited in the Sand Core City, and no one was permitted to break the rule. It was a brazen act to kill someone here.

"Just be careful not to be seen. What comes after doesn't matter, even if the situation escalates, or the matter causes a stir," the old man said with a sneer.

After all, the Falcon Caravan had traded for many years in the Sand Core City, and they were powerful enough to deal with any trouble, which might be caused by this matter.

While strolling along the street at a leisurely pace after leaving the Falcon Caravan, Zen began to casually check the alleys behind him.

Zen wandered around aimlessly for a while, and his face soon became depressed. "Why haven't they made a move yet? The Falcon Caravan is too slow..."

A moment later, he noticed two figures appear behind him. They were furtively sneaking along in his wake, trying to get closer without being seen.

"Finally, they are hooked..." Zen smiled and then entered an empty alley that split off to the side of the main thoroughfare.

After he had walked deeper into the alley for a while, a masked man suddenly blocked his way.

Zen's expression changed, becoming alert as he tried to retreat, but another masked man had blocked his way out.

"Hey, guys. What do you want?" Zen asked seriously.

"Hand over that black wild bone, and I'll spare your life," the person in front of Zen said indifferently. There was no emotion in his cold voice, and the Wild God Power within his body had built to a state that could erupt at a moment's notice.

The same state of alertness seemed to be present in the man behind Zen. Both of them must be excellent and capable members of the Falcon Caravan.

"Who are you? Are you from the Falcon Caravan?" Zen looked surprised.

"Whether that's true or not, your question doesn't make any difference," the man in front of Zen said as he pointed at Zen with one finger. "There's no way for you to live unless you hand it over."

'This man is so presumptuous...' Zen thought.

He sighed in his heart, and then a pained look appeared on his face. "But it has cost me a lot of time and energy to obtain this wild bone..."

"There's no need to explain to me," the man stopped Zen from explaining. Having spoken, the two masked men edged closer and closer to Zen.

Seeing that they were prepared to make their move, Zen reluctantly took the black wild bone out of his space ring.

When the masked man in the lead saw the black wild bone, he ripped it from Zen's hand. After examining it for a while, he stared at Zen in confusion, and then burst into a strange laugh. "Strangely, I didn't expect you to relinquish it so judiciously!"

Then the two masked men quickly withdrew and moved into the warren of alleys around them.

After they had travelled through a few alleys, the man in the lead took off the mask from his face. It was Riley, who had previously led Zen into the city.

"This is the wild bone that Zen flaunted before. Its aura is indeed very unique. Take it back to Mr. Dou to extract the Wild God Power from it. Let's see what kind of blood wild bone this is..." Riley clenched the wild bone and observed it with excitement brewing in his eyes. If it was really worth so much money, then he made a substantial contribution to the Falcon Caravan this time, and his status would increase.

Not far away, Zen walked out of an alleyway with a faint smile hovering on his face.

He had expected this rash action from the Falcon Caravan.

The black wild bone that he had so easily handed over to the thieves was a fake one that Zen had forged in anticipation of their knavery.

The Wild God Power was a very pure power, which had been inherited from the owners of ancient bones, and it had accumulated over countless years.

This power was easy to absorb, but it was also easy to be altered!

While Zen was in the Iron Tribe, he had infused the Truth of Goodwill and Malice into a random wild bone, making it exude a unique aura. He had then blackened the surface with paint. Thus, he had quite easily created a unique wild bone.

Of course, this was not a special blood wild bone.

After convincing the Falcon Caravan's assessor earlier, Zen could now take the Falcon Caravan's bond card to the auction house for the real auction.

In order to protect all the trade groups, the auction house had adopted a system of anonymity. They only knew which trade group was attending an auction, and they did not care who actually owned the items on auction!

Therefore, Zen had now ensured his own safety, and he also made sure that the Spirit Wolf God's blood wild bone could be auctioned without any hiccups.

On this world, Zen had no friends or relatives, so he had to be extra cautious about everyone and everything. Fortunately, Zelda had given him some sound advice. Otherwise, it would have proven a huge problem to auction the blood wild bone.

Chapter 2535 Identification

It took Zen an entire day to get a general feel of the Sand Core City.

The Sand Core City was the only large city within a two-hundred-thousand-mile radius of where Zen had been. The force that controlled the city was the Mysterious Soul Sect, which was located in the Night Bone Tower.

The Mysterious Soul Sect was one of the largest sects for the ordinary Wild Gods.

The auction house in the Sand Core City was personally hosted by the steward of the Mysterious Soul Sect. The major business groups gave the treasures they had acquired to the auction house for selling.

But the auction was held only once a month, and there were three days left until the next one.

So Zen had to stay in Sand Core City and wait for the auction.

Only after having arrived at the Sand Core City did Zen realize that the value of the wild bones was not as high as he had previously thought.

Everyone here cultivated the Wild God system, and they used a great deal of the wild bones as they were the currency they used to trade.

It was no wonder that Riley of the Falcon Caravan was so restless in the Iron Tribe. As an ordinary steward of the Falcon Caravan, he got several pieces of wild bones per month as his salary. According to the order of the Falcon Caravan, he collected the wild bones. If he had only managed to collect a small number of wild bones, it was not worth him to come here.

The part of the Immemorial Wilderness where the Iron Tribe lived had been excavated so many times that it had become an exhausted mine. The members of the tribe could only make a living by picking up any leftovers they were lucky to find.

Although Zen had managed to collect what he had initially thought was a sizeable amount, all he had done was gather the leftovers. In this world, that was worth nothing. The situation was not completely bleak, however. He had been lucky enough to obtain the wild bone with the blood of the Spirit Wolf God.

"Now I understand how some people can grow their bodies to be thousands of miles tall. With enough wild bones, the Wild Gods can grow infinitely."

However, it was not easy to collect so many wild bones.

Ordinary people living in the Sand Core City got just one or two pieces of wild bone per month as their salaries. In a year, they could collect a total of twenty four wild bones at most.

Only by joining those great powers could they obtain more wild bones.

At this thought, a plan formed in Zen's mind.

Three days passed, and Zen took the bone card of the Falcon Caravan to the auction house.

Yet, Zen made sure to take precautions this time. He would not let carelessness thwart his plan. Before leaving, he changed his appearance using the disguise technique. He could not let the members of the Falcon Caravan recognize who he was.

Many people had been gathered in the auction house, and they all had the bone cards of major caravans which acted as qualifications for the auction.

Zen had been waiting in the auction house for a while when someone finally came out to meet him. It was a woman.

"Do you have any bone card of a caravan?" The woman's expression was cold and unwelcoming. Her complexion was pale, almost ashen, and her lips bloodless.

Zen nodded and took out the bone card of the Falcon Caravan to show her.

The woman did not seem impressed by it in the slightest. "The bone card of the Falcon Caravan?" she scoffed, one side of her lip curling into a disgusted sneer. "Where did you find that? Someone probably just gave it to you for free... The auction house is not interested in rubbish. Don't waste my time."

She was obviously not the type to make exceptions. She stood at the entrance, refusing to let Zen in, observing him with the disgust one might regard a piece of dirt on their shoes.

Her reaction was not unprecedented. As a caravan at the bottom of the society in the Sand Core City, the Falcon Caravan had a bad reputation. However, it was established very early in history and had occupied almost all the low markets around the city, so the auction house had no choice but to cooperate with it.

Zen was, thus, not irritated by her words. His expression remained calm. "How can you know the thing I am offering is rubbish? You don't even know what it is," he said softly.

The woman's expression shifted slightly. She seemed impressed, in spite of herself, by Zen's confidence and nerve. She smiled faintly. "Follow me then," she said with a sigh.

Zen followed her as she led the way.

Having passed the hall of the auction house, they walked about 100 feet along the wide corridor and entered a cubicle.

There were three middle-aged people sitting in the cubicle. As the treasure identification masters of the auction house, they were responsible for identifying all kinds of treasures to determine whether they were qualified to be sold in the auction house. They were also the ones to set the prices.

"Here we are," the woman said as she led Zen in, waving her hand.

Zen strode into the cubicle, the eyes of the masters following him closely.

The three of them had identified and priced countless treasures, but they also knew how to judge people. When they noticed Zen's cultivation level, they were all surprised.

"Well, that's interesting. You seem to have just begun to cultivate the Wild God system, but you have been a True God for a while now. Is that right?" one of the middle-aged men said curiously.

"It's really rare to see," said another master.

Zen smiled and said, "In the end, there are many paths one can take to reach the same goal. As long as I keep getting stronger, what difference does it make which system I use, the Wild God one or the True God one? I can cultivate either."

Hearing this, the three middle-aged men seemed rather taken aback.

Zen's perspective was very new to them.

Warriors who chose to cultivate the True God system were commonly regarded as divergent, rebellious even.

The reason was the quest to become a True God was a completely solitary one. They had to depend completely on themselves. The process to become a Wild God, however, could be made significantly easier and shorter if one managed to amass a large number of wild bones.

Needless to say, it was much more difficult to become True Gods in this world. There were no such shortcuts.

One of the three auction masters laughed. "Impressive," he said, narrowing his eyes as he observed Zen. "I have heard that consummate True Gods are extremely powerful. So far, however, no one has succeeded, in spite of all that power... If you succeed, you will become the very first one in all history to do so, won't you?"

Zen understood that this was a backhanded compliment. The master intended to make a fool of him.

Zen maintained his composure, however, and said nothing, smiling politely.

"Please show us what you want to auction," the woman urged, waving her hand impatiently.

The auction house of the Sand Core City held one single auction every month, so the house was always crowded. This woman had to take every one of the sellers into the auction house, so she was eager to move things along, not wanting to waste precious time on Zen.

"Well, what do you want to sell?" one of the masters asked.

"I want to sell a blood wild bone," said Zen with a deep breath.

"A blood wild bone?" The master who had answered looked incredulous. "The hierarchy of the blood wild bones is very complicated. The value is different for every rank. As you might already know, the blood of some wild bones is poor and ordinary people can't extract the Wild God Power from them. Such wild bones are less valuable than the ordinary ones. And even if the blood of the wild bones is good, we still have to judge their size, quantity and so on."

All this time, the fair-skinned woman continued to stare at Zen with relative indifference. She had been impressed by Zen's determination, but she knew that Zen's cultivation level was too low and that he held the bone card of the lowly Falcon Caravan. It was most likely that the wild bone he had was of poor blood, just as the master had said. Yet, he still wanted to sell it as a treasure at the auction house. He would make a fool of himself.

Zen nodded and raised his hand gently. A ray of blood red light shot out from his space ring.

At the same time, a violent aura spread through the cubicle.

"Boom!"

A blood colored wild bone, tall as a man, smashed on the ground, and the cubicle shook.

The three masters and the fair-skinned woman all stared at the wild bone, their mouths open in surprise.

There were many kinds of blood colored blood wild bones. They couldn't yet tell what blood Zen's wild bone belonged to, but the violent aura radiating from within it was undoubtedly a sign of extraordinary power.

Chapter 2536 An Auction

The blood wild bone required inheritance.

The unimaginably enormous bone towers at the bottom of the chaos almost fully belonged to the clans that had the same blood as that contained in the bones.

As a result, these forces occupied a large area of the Immemorial Wilderness. The number of wild bones they had accumulated in the past countless years was unimaginable to ordinary people.

But these clans didn't care about ordinary wild bones at all. The only wild bones that caught their eyes were bones of their own blood, and since these clans were rich, they often spent a lot of money on them.

Zen's wild bone, which was huge in size, was particularly enticing.

"What kind of blood is hidden in this piece of wild bone?" asked one of the middle-aged men.

With a calm look on his face, Zen replied, "You can see for yourself."

The middle-aged man immediately stood up and strode over to Zen, his eyes fixed on the blood wild bone.

With a few flicks of his fingers, he made a series of knocks on the surface of the wild bone.

Soon, a wave of blood-red Wild God Power appeared.

'The method he used to extract the Wild God Power is different from what Zelda used, ' Zen thought to himself.

Zelda had used the Trickle Spring Method. But even though Zen had no idea of what method this man was using, the result was the same.

The blood-red Wild God Power slowly spread out, circling around and turning into the shape of a wolf.

Looking at the little blood-red wolf, the three middle-aged men cried out in unison.

"The Spirit Wolf God!"

"Yes, that's it!"

"What a coincidence! Haha!"

Excitement appeared on the three middle-aged men's faces.

Zen couldn't understand what they meant, so he asked, "Why do you say it's a coincidence?"

"The Blood Wolf Clan in the Northern Leaning Bone Tower has been looking for the wild bones of the Spirit Wolf God, so the price of the wild bones of the Spirit Wolf God has risen greatly!" answered the middle-aged man.

Blood wild bones were comparatively rare, so people who dug them out would choose to hoard them until they could find a suitable opportunity to sell them later.

When some elders and masters of the Blood Wolf Clan started to buy the wild bones that contained their blood without restraint in order to break through the bottleneck, these blood wild bones would be sold at a high price.

"Oh, I see." Zen nodded slightly.

In fact, he was still a bit worried.

Zelda had warned him that if the Falcon Caravan set their eyes on this kind of blood wild bone, they would try to kill him for it.

On the other hand, an auction house in Sand Core City would not do such a thing.

The truth was, Zen did not have the strength to keep this blood wild bone. What if they really wanted to get their hands on it?

But as the three middle-aged men enthusiastically helped him estimate the base price of this wild bone, Zen realized that he was worrying too much.

A piece of blood wild bone was of great value, but the auction house belonged to a big force in the bone tower, so this piece of blood wild bone was not enough for them to take at the risk of damaging their reputation.

"Normally, one piece of wild bone of the Spirit Wolf God can be exchanged for 50 ordinary wild bones," said one of the three men. When he said one piece, he meant a fist-sized part, which was the average size of an ordinary wild bone. "But now, due to the Blood Wolf Clan, I guess that it can be exchanged for more than 65 ordinary ones!"

Zen's blood wild bone was as tall as a person and shaped like a triangle. The man measured it up, and then said, "Your blood-red wild bone can be dismantled into 200 fist-sized wild bones. The base price can be set at 12, 000 ordinary wild bones. What do you think?"

"12, 000?!" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

According to what Zelda had said, Zen had roughly calculated that his blood wild bone could be exchanged for about 10, 000 ordinary wild bones. He had never expected that these middle-aged men's valuation of it would be higher than hers.

Unexpectedly, the middle-aged man continued, "This is just the base price. If it is auctioned at the auction house, anything could happen; the final price may be far higher than this price."

Zen nodded, but then another doubt came to mind. "Since only members of the Blood Wolf Clan can absorb this kind of wild bone's power, why would other people bid for it?"

One of the middle-aged men was stunned by Zen's question and the naivety it betrayed.

Another one of the men grinned and explained, "It's useless for others to bid for it. They don't have the Spirit Wolf God's blood, and they simply can't absorb its power. However, the Blood Wolf Clan is willing to obtain the Spirit Wolf God's wild bone at any price, no matter how high it is. So obviously, anyone who buys that wild bone can make a sizeable profit off of it. But this is not something we can control or interfere in!"

Deals between two powerful clans involved many problems.

Even if an ordinary person found a blood wild bone, they could only sell it. Later, through a series of transactions, it would finally go to the big clans.

"I see." Zen nodded.

Then, he left the wild bone in the cubicle and followed the woman who had fair and clear skin.

Now, she was much politer. "Our auction house can arrange a lounge for you. You can wait for the result there or participate in the auction."

"Participate in the auction? No." Zen shook his head slightly.

The truth was, he couldn't participate even if he wanted to. He had absorbed almost all of the wild bones he had picked, so he had no wild bones left to buy things.

Seeming to have guessed what Zen was thinking, the woman smiled and said, "There is a rule in our auction house. If the blood wild bone of the Spirit Wolf God is sold out first, you can directly use the wild bones you will get to bid on the auction items. We can calculate the balance afterward."

"Okay," Zen said with a faint smile. "In that case, I want to see what valuable items are on auction today."

"I can arrange a seat for you," the woman said with a smile.

Soon after, Zen entered a wide hall.

It was still early, so there weren't many people in the hall. Zen found a seat in the corner of the hall and sat down before closing his eyes, waiting for the auction to start.

An hour later, people began to enter the hall one by one.

Those who could participate in the auction here were the most respected people in Sand Core City and their strength was much more powerful than the ordinary Wild Gods.

As Zen's gaze swept over these people, he noticed that about seven of them were exuding great Wild God Power. These people were much more powerful than the four people he had met in the Immemorial Wilderness.

Gradually, the hall became lively. Everyone talked loudly as they waited. Deciding to take this chance, Zen pricked up his ears and listened carefully.

"It is said that there will be several major items in this month's auction!"

"Hey! I heard that the Heaven Core Bone Tower and the Moon Orchid Bone Tower are fighting again!"

"On the eve of the war, the price of wild bone will soar. It's so pitiful for us..."

'The Heaven Core Bone Tower and the Moon Orchid Bone Tower...

Do great forces in this world also have wars among each other? It seems that wars happen frequently in this world, ' Zen thought to himself.

At this moment, an old man dressed in glorious clothes, his hair loose, came from the side of the hall and stood on the stage. With a quick glance, he said, "Everybody, welcome to the monthly auction at our Sand Core City!"

Chapter 2537 Admission Token

The old man's opening remarks finished signifying the start of the auction.

The weapon refining in this world was not very advanced. The first treasure presented was a red flame saber, the second treasure was a black long sword, and the third...

For every treasure shown, it would eventually cause a burst of surprise.

However, they were of no interest to Zen.

The weapons were far from being as good as the weapons of the divine land. Though some weapons might have fused the chaotic energy, the weapon refining methods used to forge these weapons were too inferior to make them qualified to be called supreme chaotic weapons.

Nevertheless, such low-level weapons still attracted many people to compete for them.

The auction was in an uproar selling about twenty weapons, until it reached the crucial time.

The old man cleared his throat and announced, "The following items will be the finales of this auction. For the first item, we have received it not long ago!"

All the people in the auction were holding their breath.

The old man clapped his hands and two strong men walked out from the back hall carrying a stretcher.

The stretcher was covered by a thick piece of cloth. Then from underneath, a wild and aggressive aura leaked out.

Zen smiled as he saw the cloth. It was the blood wild bone he was going to auction.

The two strong men put down the stretcher, and the old man gently held a part of the cloth as he suddenly lifted it off. He followed with another announcement, "The first most important treasure is a blood wild bone!"

The moment the blood wild bone as tall as a person appeared in front of the crowd, they immediately let out a cry.

"Such a huge piece of blood wild bone?"

"Whose blood is in this wild bone?"

"How could the owner find such a big piece now? That person must have taken a huge risk..."

Everyone in the auction hall went into a frenzied uproar. The atmosphere fired up.

The blood wild bones were much rarer than the ordinary wild bones, and a blood wild bone with such a huge size was most especially rare.

The old man observed everyone's reaction in silence. He gently gave a pat on the blood wild bone then a stream of Wild God Power had been drawn out.

"Buzz..."

The Wild God Power swept through the air and then turned into a blood red wolf shadow.

"Spirit Wolf God!"

"I was wondering just now if this was the wild bone of the Spirit Wolf God..."

"The Blood Wolf Clan is madly buying the wild bones. Who is so stupid to auction one here?"

The truth was that by selling it directly to the Blood Wolf Clan could the seller get the best profit.

Anyone who would buy the blood wild bone here would surely resell it to the Blood Wolf Clan.

Zen showed a helpless smile when he heard these statements.

It was his first time to come to this place, so he was rather unfamiliar with transactions of related situations and he even had no chance coming in contact with the so-called Blood Wolf Clan.

At this time, he was in an urgent need of wild bones for cultivation, which was the reason he must sell the blood wild bone as soon as possible.

"The starting bid is 12000 wild bones! Now please bid!" the old man flatly said as a start of the bidding.

Zen was not surprised as he had already known about the number of starting bid in advance.

He was a little worried that this starting bid might be a little too high that no one would bid for such amount.

His worry was rather baseless as he heard someone offer a bid right after the old man finished his words.

"Thirteen thousand wild bones..."

"Fourteen thousand..."

"Fifteen thousand..."

Zen's heartbeat rose with excitement as the price kept increasing.

It was already a huge number despite knowing that for the truly powerful Wild Gods, such amount of wild bones were nothing.

The bidding amount continued to rise until the bidding price reached eighteen thousand wild bones.

The reason why people bid for the blood wild bone was very simple. The Blood Wolf Clan would certainly offer a high price to buy it.

The bidders could sell it to the Blood Wolf Clan through their own channels and would definitely make a fortune. Most of them were much well aware of how much they could earn from transacting with the Blood

Wolf Clan wherein the price of eighteen thousand wild bones was already the limit. Offering a higher price than that couldn't provide them a profit.

Zen was rather satisfied with this result.

Regarding as what would be auctioned next, he had little interest.

Zen was about to leave but heard the old man speak, "For the second treasure of finales, I think you will be more interested. It is a great opportunity for everyone!"

Hearing this, he suppressed the urge to leave and focused his gaze back to the old man.

The old man slightly flipped his palm, and a light brown jade token appeared in his hand. He held the jade token and waved it in front of everyone. Then he said, "This is an Admission Token of Immemorial Wilderness."

"Admission Token?" The second treasure of finales made him slightly lift up his eyebrow.

He already knew that not all areas of the Immemorial Wilderness could be accessed freely during the times of his encounter with Zelda.

The part of the Immemorial Wilderness where the Iron Tribe lived was a barren land. In the center of that area still lay plenty of wild bones, but the place was too dangerous and wasn't worthwhile for people to take huge risks to explore. As a result, he and those 'scavengers' could come and leave that place freely.

In this world, there were plenty parts of Immemorial Wilderness with rich resources.

The number of the wild bones in those parts was far beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

But only warriors sent by various great forces were qualified to enter the Immemorial Wilderness. If ordinary people sneaked in to collect the wild bones, they would surely end with death.

The Admission Token was the token distributed by the large forces. Only with an Admission Token could one enter particular parts of the Immemorial Wilderness.

Having one could help people make a profit of total of hundreds of thousands of wild bones, or even more than one million wild bones

There were rarely any Admission Tokens that circulated on the market. They were not something ordinary people could easily attain.

It was a rare occasion that today, an Admission Token actually appeared in the auction house of Sand Core City. Everyone present gasped, holding their breaths.

"Why is there an Admission Token for auction?"

"If I have an Admission Token, I will dig the wild bones myself. Who would be willing to sell such thing out..."

"It must be fake, right?"

Doubt filled everyone's speculation. It seemed illogical for an Admission Token to appear here.

The old man had already anticipated that the token would cause a debate. He smiled and said, "This Admission Token is genuine, and the starting bid of this Admission Token is only five thousand wild bones!"

His next words once again gave everyone a start.

If the Admission Token was indeed real, anyone who got it would surely make a good deal.

"However, this Admission Token is the pass to enter the place beneath the Sky South Bone Tower." He continued to explain, "I'm sure some people know why the Admission Token is so cheap."

"The Immemorial Wilderness beneath the Sky South Bone Tower..."

"No wonder..."

"The Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race have been fighting there for countless years. No one knew how many people have died in that Immemorial Wilderness. Of course this Admission Token doesn't worth much!"

"Five thousand wild bones? Even if anyone gives me five thousand wild bones, I won't go there!"

For those who knew the origin of the Admission Token, they naturally backed off.

Zen, who had been silently listening to their words, suddenly had a strange light that flashed in his eyes.

Chapter 2538 Conflict Between The Tribes

Every centimeter of the Immemorial Wilderness was considered a vast gold mine.

Of course, these gold mines were reigned by the strong warriors.

A few of the big clans with noble bloodlines occupied many sections of Immemorial Wilderness with their powerful strength. By means of the numerous wild bones of the Immemorial Wilderness, they raised their own children here in order to make their clans the strongest and most prosperous.

And that was how the world developed.

As for the Immemorial Wilderness located beneath the Sky South Bone Tower, due to both the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race, no part had been capable of claiming it.

Up until now, the two clans had been fighting in that part of the Immemorial Wilderness incessantly.

However, after so many years of constant combat, the two clans felt that the struggle had become meaningless. Still though, neither of them were willing to give up the Immemorial Wilderness territory.

For this reason, the two great clans created plenty of 'Admission Tokens' in order to attract a few outsiders. The objective was to have them enter the place and collect the wild bones.

In the process of collecting wild bones, it could only be expected that violent conflicts would naturally erupt!

Countless Wild Gods had died during such ferocious conflicts.

However, they all knew that the greater the risk was, the greater the profit would be. Their reward was worth putting their lives on the line.

Many people were clear on the fact that obtaining an Admission Token such as this was easy. It was actually entering it that requested them to risk their lives.

The old man at the auction house had just recently set the floor price of the Admission Token at five thousand wild bones. His reasoning was obvious.

"One token only costs five thousand wild bones. Is anyone going to bid?" asked the old man, as casually as he could.

No one responded. The room fell silent.

The Admission Token costs five thousand wild bones, and it wasn't necessarily expensive, but the Wild Gods were hesitant about risking their lives just to enter that part of the Immemorial Wilderness.

Of course, if they could survive, they'd benefit from a huge profit. That said, the Wild Gods present just didn't have the courage and guts needed to take that kind of risk.

"Five thousand wild bones, calling twice. Do we have an offer yet?" the old man asked anew. Disappointment was starting to spread across his face.

"Five thousand wild bones, for the third time..." He cleared his throat.

If no one was willing to bid on it, the Immemorial Wilderness Admission Token would be considered an abortive auction item.

Right at that moment, a voice slowly came from the corner, "I'll spend the five thousand wild bones buying the token."

Everyone turned around and saw Zen very clearly, even though the corner where he was staying was a little dark.

"That guy..."

"Apparently, he just cultivated to be the Wild God not long ago!"

"With such little strength, how dare he accept the Admission Token..."

The onlookers had strange expressions on their faces.

Even that old man handling the auction was a little surprised. Out of kindness, he couldn't help but remind Zen kindly. "Young man, do you even know where this Admission Token will lead you?" he asked.

Zen nodded confidently. "Yes, I do," he replied.

The old man nodded slightly. "In that case, you can buy it for five thousand wild bones."

Zen had earlier learned from his mother that the Nine Li people in fact owned the Chiyou bloodline.

Although he wasn't yet clear on the relationship between the people at the bottom of the chaos and the Source World, according to the information he had recently obtained, he was already capable of starting to analyze the latter.

The Nine Li race must have had a grudge against the Yellow Emperor race. Otherwise, they simply wouldn't fight against them; there had to be a reason.

Although everyone said that the Admission Token was very dangerous and everyone appeared eager to avoid it, it was also Zen's only chance to get anywhere close to that large clan. Thus, he had no choice but to jump on this opportunity and go!

The old man had several more treasures to auction, but Zen didn't bother to stay.

After leaving the auction site, Zen paid the price for the auction item under the fair skinned woman's leadership. He handed over the five thousand wild bones. His original blood wild bone had been sold at the price of eighteen thousand wild bones, so he clearly had enough to purchase the Admission Token. In the end, he still had thirteen thousand wild bones left for himself.

Zen had to give five hundred wild bones to the auction house as a reward, and another five hundred wild bones were to be taken directly over to the Falcon Caravan.

In other words, Zen would actually be left with twelve thousand wild bones and an Admission Token.

With such a large sum of money, Zen became even more cautious. He knew he had to be careful and watch his back.

Zen had purposely stayed in the Sand Core City for a whole day, wanting to observe whether or not anyone was following him. He had even changed his appearance several times.

He stayed there for an entire day before leaving the Sand Core City. After regaining his own appearance, he began his journey back to the Iron Tribe.

He didn't immediately go to the Sky South Bone Tower.

After all, he still had so many wild bones to be absorbed. Instead, he decided to prepare well before he set out on his next adventure.

He had no friends or relatives in this world. Therefore, the only people he could trust were Zelda and Luther, and he still had to be on guard.

He spent one full day on his journey, and he once again was back in the Iron Tribe.

Once he was only a few dozen miles away from the tribe though, he suddenly saw several huge figures flashing in it.

As he noticed the scene, Zen felt somewhat confused.

Even though Zen was a few dozen miles away, he could still clearly see that Zelda had activated the Wild God Power. It was as if she was fighting against several giants! Was she in danger?

Whoosh!

Zen sped up and flew over to her.

Bang, bang, bang!

Zelda, who was over two hundred feet tall, was still a very agile warrior.

That said, she was the only one in a fight against the three Wild Gods. She clearly needed help.

Bang!

One of the Wild Gods hit her head extremely hard. The sound resonated throughout the space. She stepped back a few steps and turned over. After she steadied herself, two more Wild Gods rushed over to her, not giving her any chance to react.

"Zelda!"

Luther screamed as his face contorted with anxiety.

Luther, on his behalf, had only cultivated the True God system for a few days, and the soul sea in his body hadn't even been opened. He wasn't qualified to participate in a battle of such level.

"Just give up, Zelda. You have nothing to lose, even if the tribe is ultimately destroyed. You can take your brother to our Macon Tribe, instead," the Wild God in the lead shouted loudly.

The Macon Tribe was located to the south of the Iron Tribe. It was also a very simple and backward tribe. The tribe members also lived in the edge of the Immemorial Wilderness for the search of wild bones.

The two tribes were extremely poor. Despite that, their only mission was to fight for the remaining wild bones.

The Macon Tribe was slightly stronger than the Iron Tribe. Had it not been for Zelda, in fact, the Iron Tribe might have actually been conquered by the Macon Tribe.

Zelda didn't expect the Macon Tribe to hire two more powerful warriors to fight against her, forcing her out of the Iron Tribe.

Zelda and Luther had been living in seclusion in the Iron Tribe for quite some time now. If they were to leave at their own will, they would very likely be exposed. It was only normal that they weren't really willing to leave.

During the battle, it was Zelda who was at a clear disadvantage.

Bang!

Before Zelda could stand firm on her own two feet again, the two Wild Gods were already right in front of her, and one of them kicked her straight in the abdomen.

Boom!

Zelda stumbled and fell backwards. Her tall body, which reached high into the sky, smashed into the Iron Tribe, destroying a large area of the thatched hut.

"You are so stubborn and stupid. It seems that my only choice is to kill both of you!" the Wild God in the lead said, as he stepped onto Zelda's chest.

Simultaneously, he raised his right hand. In his palm, one could see Zelda's brother, Luther, struggling desperately.

As she saw what was going on, Zelda's heart quickly filled with despair.

Chapter 2539 Clean Up

After Zelda escaped to the Iron Tribe and managed to hide her identity, she smoothly took Luther there.

For Luther's sake, a lot of masters sacrificed themselves.

It wasn't within Zelda's expectations that Luther would be killed by these pariahs.

She couldn't accept it.

Even when she struggled, a powerful force crushed on her chest and firmly nailed her huge body to the ground.

"I gave you a chance," the Wild God said with his lips pulled in a hideous smile.

With every word he spoke, his palm tightened to crush Luther into a pool of blood.

In that moment, a figure flew over from the side of the Wild God.

"Crack!"

The sharp light of a silver sword flashed in everyone's eyes in an instant.

A thin line appeared on the arm that held Luther and half of it dropped to the ground.

"Boom!"

Luther had accepted the situation and had already closed his eyes to wait for his death.

The giant hand that held him loosened its grip and his eyes snapped open when he fell with it.

"Zen?"

Luther's eyes flashed.

Zelda grinned wide.

Right at the critical moment, the bizarre stranger actually came back.

"Who are you?!" the Wild God roared furiously as he clutched the stump of his arm.

The question made Zen's lips twitch as he hovered in the air. He didn't answer the question and turned into a flash of light again and shot over.

Since he already had an initial understanding of this world, Zen could now predict the consequences of his actions.

These were just Wild Gods who relied on the tribe to cultivate and they had no foundation. Killing them wouldn't bring any trouble.

Even if Zen didn't know much about Zelda and Luther, they were the first people he met in this world, and so he trusted them. In order to save Luther, he naturally wouldn't show any mercy.

"Whoosh!"

When another Wild God saw Zen transform into a beam of light that was incredibly fast and rushed over, he suddenly stretched out a big hand and plucked up Zen.

"How dare you be so arrogant? You can't even activate the shape of the Wild God!" The Wild God smugly laughed at Zen's face.

The booming laugh lasted for only a couple of seconds before blood spurted out his palm and dripped down his arm.

Each time more blood spurted, more of his arm would break into pieces.

The arm, which was almost sixty feet long, was cut into pieces as Zen brandished his long sword and kept on attacking.

As bloody lines reached up to the giant Wild God's shoulder, another crescent shaped sword light roared out and hit his neck.

Without looking back at the severed head of the Wild God that fell on the ground, Zen rushed to his next target.

It was a shock to the remaining Wild Gods and when they finally came to their senses, they turned around and ran.

Every step they took was so large that it spanned several hundred feet, but even at their fastest, they couldn't escape from Zen.

"Puff! Puff!"

With two dull thuds, the fleeing Wild Gods trembled until their skulls that were as huge as houses tumbled down their bodies. Eventually, their bodies turned back into normal size.

"Amazing! Zen's so powerful!" Luther's eyes gleamed with excitement.

A complicated expression was on Zelda's face as she arranged her messy hair and looked at Zen's small figure.

Even if Zen was powerful, Zelda thought that he was only slightly stronger than her.

But his astonishing actions changed her judgment.

Zen killed the Wild Gods as easy as flipping his palm. How powerful was he really?

"Are you okay?" Zen stood in front of Zelda, his face holding a trace of concern.

Zelda smiled and said, "We would have been in trouble if you didn't show up."

Zelda was very optimistic.

While they were fighting the Wild Gods, several houses of the Iron Tribe were destroyed and some people died.

It was an everyday fight in this wilderness and no one cared about the lives of these people.

Zelda wanted a home for her and her brother and so she chose to stay here.

After clearing up the mess, the people of the tribe held long spears and sticks, and went west. Zelda left the Iron Tribe with them.

There were only few old, very young, and badly injured members left in the Iron Tribe.

"Where are they going?" Zen asked curiously.

However, a repeat of a situation like this wouldn't astonish Luther. He flatly replied, "Plunder. We won this battle so they go to plunder the wild bones, women, food..." There was a contempt on his face. "What a barbaric way of living. It's hard for Zelda to have to do this with them."

A faint smile appeared on Zen's face as he listened to Luther's complaints. "You and your sister aren't barbarians?"

The words made Luther realize his slip of tongue and his mouth snapped shut immediately

Even if Zen saved their lives and helped Zelda a lot, they still found it hard to fully trust him.

It was clear to Zen that they must have their stories, but since they didn't tell, he wouldn't ask.

Half a day later, the people of the Iron Tribe returned one after another.

True to Luther's words, they stripped the Macon Tribe of everything, including food and women.

As for the wild bones, they were taken by Zelda.

"I thought the members of the Macon Tribe exchanged all their wild bones with the Falcon Caravan but they kept more than thirty." Zelda seemed very happy.

Thirty was a huge number of wild bones for Zen in the past.

But now, Zen had over ten thousand wild bones so he didn't care about Zelda's wild bones.

When Zelda noticed Zen's calm expression, she asked, "Have you sold the blood wild bone?"

"Yes."

It worried Zelda for Zen to sell the blood wild bone in the Sand Core City. The Falcon Caravan was just a small force in the city but it was still a giant monster that they didn't dare to provoke. If the whole process didn't go well, Zen probably wouldn't be able to return. She didn't expect that the blood wild bone would be auctioned off so smoothly.

"How much was it?"

It hit Zelda that the blood wild bone must be auctioned off at a high price and so her voice became a little excited.

"Thirteen thousand."

"Thirteen thousand? What a large sum!"

Zelda covered her mouth with her hand.

It was a puny number of wild bones in her previous clan.

But in this barren area of the Immemorial Wilderness, it was definitely a lot!

"I'll leave five hundred wild bones to you. After I refine and absorb the rest, I'll leave." Zen smiled softly.

It was thanks to Zelda that he got to know this world and so he'd give her the wild bones as a gift.

"You'll leave? Where do you want to go?"

Zelda appreciated the gift but she was more concerned about Zen's destination.

Chapter 2540 The Giant's Power

Zen had nothing to hide from Zelda.

As he reached out his hand, a jade token appeared in it.

"I got an Admission Token from the auction," Zen said quietly.

"An Admission Token? How is that possible?" A light flashed in Zelda's eyes.

Only the powerful forces had the authority to give out the Admission Tokens. It was not a task to be taken lightly, and thus it was entrusted only to those at the very top. These forces could obtain the fertile parts of the Immemorial Wilderness.

In addition, just one Admission Token could bring the owner a very large profit, so the price was terribly high. One could often be sold for the price of hundreds of thousands of wild bones.

Although Zen's blood wild bone turned out to be quite valuable, it was not even near valuable enough to be able to exchange it for an Admission Token.

However, Zelda only remained surprised for a moment. Staring at the Admission Token, she asked, "What are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to the part of Immemorial Wilderness beneath the Sky South Bone Tower," Zen replied.

"That place!" Zelda's frown deepened. "Do you not know the current situation in that part of the Immemorial Wilderness?" she asked, her voice apprehensive.

"Yes," Zen nodded. "I have been told about it."

"Then why are you going there?" Zelda exclaimed, puzzled. "If a person like you enters that place, you will be killed immediately, either by the Nine Li race or by the Yellow Emperor race!" she continued.

Zen's face remained serene.

As soon as that place was brought up, silence shrouded the auction house like an oppressive mist. Obviously, everyone wanted to avoid it. The risk was too great.

Now that Zen had left the divine land, he knew nothing about the situation there, even though he wanted to know.

In the face of such an opportunity, he was willing to take the risk.

Most importantly, there was Chiyou's blood in that part of the Immemorial Wilderness, and he wanted to find out more about their background.

"I must go," Zen replied firmly.

Seeing Zen's expression, Zelda knew she couldn't persuade him otherwise. She knew that a man like Zen wouldn't change his mind once he had set his heart on something.

Zen gave five hundred wild bones to Zelda, and then he began to refine the rest of them, working quickly, absorbing the Wild God Power.

Over ten thousand pieces of wild bones was a lot. Although the efficiency of Zelda's Trickle Spring Method was not bad, Zen could only absorb seven or eight hundred pieces of wild bones a day.

Over the course of half a month, Zen continued to tirelessly imbibe the Wild God Power, day and night.

After so many wild bones' power was absorbed, Zen's aura had gotten noticeably more powerful.

Watching Zen concentrated on extracting the Wild God Power in the distance, Zelda felt melancholy. The fewer bones remained, the closer Zen was to leave. The thought of this filled her with anxiety.

"Zelda, you look unhappy these days," Luther said, without making eye contact.

Zelda sighed and closed her eyes. "I think Zen is just someone that the fate sent to help us. He is just someone we can trust..." she said pensively.

"And yet...you are unsure?" Luther asked with a smile on his face.

"Yes," Zelda nodded, her face grim. "He gave us wild bones, taught you cultivation techniques and saved our lives. He has done enough. He is a trustworthy man, but when it comes to the rise and fall of our clan, I really dare not to..."

Luther stared at Zelda, who was obviously struggling in her mind. His eyes, usually naive, seemed suddenly deep and wise. "Zelda, what do we have to lose besides our own lives?"

"Although you try so hard to practice, how much have you really improved over the years?" Luther continued, "If just five hundred pieces of wild bones is a large sum to you, what would you say if I remind you that it's not uncommon to find fifty thousand or five hundred thousand pieces of wild bones in the bone tower..."

Zelda had dreamt that one day she and Luther could rely on themselves and be able to return to the bone tower with dignity.

That was why she had been working very hard on collecting wild bones and practicing.

As Luther couldn't cultivate to become a Wild God, she had asked Zen to teach him the cultivation techniques for True Gods.

But Luther had come to realize that no matter how talented he and Zelda were, they could never reach their goals without the advantage of the wild bones.

"So, don't hesitate, Zelda. That's our last resort, our last chance! Now the opportunity has presented itself, you should grab it!" Luther declared, a determined look on his face.

Hearing Luther speaking with such authority, Zelda was surprised. She looked at him with a pleasant smile and said, "Luther, you've grown up..."

Zelda had made up her mind. Now, she waited for an opportunity to speak out about it.

On the twentieth day, Zen had finally refined and absorbed the power of ten thousand pieces of wild bones.

There were still three thousand wild bones in his hand, and he wasn't in a hurry to completely refine them. After all, it was a long way to the Sky South Bone Tower. These wild bones could be used for cultivation, and could also be used as currency. He had to keep some just in case.

He had been using his mind to extract the Wild God Power for over twenty days and nights. Even though his soul was strong, he felt tired. Nevertheless, he still couldn't wait to go out of the Iron Tribe to test the result of his work.

The Wild God Power had been completely integrated into his own body, and this kind of power was more intuitive than the strength source.

Zen took a deep breath and muttered, "Get bigger!"

"Buzz!"

A pale yellow light began to radiate from the surface of his body.

Zen's body began to grow, faster and faster.

He was thirty feet tall...

A moment later, he was a hundred feet tall...

and later still, two hundred feet tall...

Zen looked down. The houses of the tribe were as big as his fist.

And his body continued to grow.

Now he was three hundred feet tall...

four hundred feet tall...

five hundred...

six hundred!

Zen had turned into a tall giant, and the houses of the Iron Tribe did not even come to the top of his ankles.

As for Zelda and Luther, they seemed as small as ants!

"The power..."

The Wild God Power stirred in his body and he had a sudden urge to eject it.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Zen took a huge step forward.

With each step, a crater formed in the ground.

After taking just about dozens of steps forward, Zen had walked far away from the tribe and reached the Immemorial Wilderness.

"The power..." he continued to muse, mesmerized.

Zen abruptly raised his hands, bent down and hit the ground.

"Boom!"

An immense force exited in his body, forming a faint wave in the air, which spread out, like ripples on a lake.

"Rumble..."

With this wave, the ground within a dozen mile radius of him began to shake violently. He had triggered a small earthquake just with a clap of his hands!

"Now I know the Wild God Power can't be compared with my strength source. But it's rising fast. I'm only six hundred feet high. How powerful will it be if I become a giant a thousand miles high?"

After a period of learning to control his newfound powers, Zen understood that the speed of cultivating the Wild God system depended on the quantity of the wild bones.

Moreover, Zen's body was special enough to have the capacity to absorb all of the Wild God Power in a bone.

If he managed to find enough wild bones, his strength would grow faster still. He would become invincible.

"It's time to leave..."

With this thought, Zen shrank his body back, and returned to the Iron Tribe.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2541 The Curse Chain

In the Iron Tribe...

Staring at Zen with mixed emotions, Zelda couldn't help feeling embarrassed. "Congratulations! It's only been a month but see how far you've come. You've already cultivated to such level."

Clearly, the five hundred wild bones that Zen gave Zelda also improved her cultivation by leaps and bounds during this period of time.

However, her utilization rate of the wild bones appeared to be far less than that of Zen's. Her absorbing five hundred wild bones would have been equivalent to Zen absorbing about a hundred and seventy, but getting the exact same effect.

Zelda could only grow up to two hundred-odd feet, but Zen already surpassed her as he could turn to a six hundred feet high Wild God.

How could she not be jealous of his fast improvement? Giving out a silent sigh, Zelda finally looked away.

"I think I was just lucky. If I didn't get that blood wild bone, I wouldn't have cultivated so fast." Zen smiled lightly, glancing back at her.

"You're so modest. Having luck on your side can also be an advantage," Zelda said with a determined look in her eyes, and then she asked, "Before you leave, can I ask you a favor?"

Looking at Zelda's face, Zen asked noncommittally, "What is it?"

He knew that Zelda's and Luther's background might be more complicated than he could imagine, but he did not have much time to care about such things right now.

"First, can you promise me that you will definitely help me?" Zelda asked with a sly smile.

"No," Zen refused without hesitation.

Zelda pursed her lips, probably anticipating Zen's answer even before he said it out loud. After a moment, she finally said, "But I think this will be a great opportunity for you. It can even help you escape the Light of Adjudication."

"Light of Adjudication?" Zen repeated. It was the first time that he had heard of that term. "What's that?" Zen asked curiously, looking back at her.

Zelda shook her head at his ignorance. "Now I really suspect that you're not from this world. It's so strange that you didn't even know about the Light of Adjudication."

Zen shrugged. He knew for a fact that he was indeed from another world, so he didn't defend himself.

"In this world, everyone is striving to enter the bone towers. Do you want to know why every force and every clan in this land want to occupy the bone towers?" Zelda asked, lowering down her volume as if it was a secret she was imparting.

Staring at her, Zen shook his head again.

"Because the Wild Gods outside the bone towers won't live for more than a thousand years." Standing up, Zelda looked at the boundless world outside the house. "All these people and living creatures outside the bone towers have a limited life span. It can never exceed a thousand years. Everyone outside the bone towers are pariahs, including you and me."

"A life span of only one thousand years? What do you mean by that?" Hearing that for the first time, Zen couldn't hide his curiosity. His brows furrowed as he tried to make sense of what Zelda just said.

Now that she mentioned it, Zen had indeed noticed that all the Wild Gods in the Sand Core City were not that old. And not just that, even the old people in the Sand Core City were only about seven or eight hundred years old.

While in the divine land, any True God that Zen had met had lived several divine eras.

In comparison, the Wild Gods in this world would be as young as babies.

Although he had been a little curious, he did not go deep into this question.

"Because the Light of Adjudication erupts every one thousand years, killing all living creatures in sight. Its light will spread over the world, and will make everything vanish," Zelda said faintly.

"The Light of Adjudication? Once every thousand years?" Zen was stunned hearing Zelda's explanation.

Zelda nodded. "To avoid it, one must reach those bone towers. It's the only safe place that can protect people from the Light of Adjudication."

"So people can only survive in the bone towers?" Raising his head, Zen looked into the great distance from where he stood and towards the direction of the bone towers.

They appeared to be hundreds or even billions of miles away in the horizon from where he was standing. Looking at them from such a distance, it was very obscure.

"Yes, all major forces fought to gain control of every bone tower," Zelda replied.

"It's true that the bone towers can save people's lives, but why don't you just choose to leave here?" Zen ended up asking.

So far, the strength of the Wild Gods that Zen had seen might be ordinary. For example, although Zelda was a low-rank Wild God, her true combat strength was about the same as that of a proving godly warrior.

However, when Zen saw those Wild Gods that were a thousand miles high, he assumed that they could be comparable to the consummate True Gods. In this world, it wouldn't surprise him if some Wild Gods who existed were even stronger than Holy Beings.

"That's not as easy as you think," Zelda said helplessly. "This world is a huge prison. Every living being born in this world is connected to the

Curse Chain. No matter how powerful they are, it's impossible for them to leave..."

"A huge prison..." Zen whispered.

Zen remembered how his mother talked about this world being a huge place of exile and how everyone had been cursed by the Chaos Ancient God.

What she said was about the same as the prison that Zelda was talking about. But he had never heard of the Curse Chain.

"What is the Curse Chain? You said every living being is linked to it, but I couldn't see it," Zen said. "If there is really such a thing, why have I not heard about it before?"

Smiling faintly, Zelda answered, "Everyone outside the bone towers are drifting through life. It's impossible for them to know about the existence of the Curse Chain. However, there's no escaping fate. As soon as the time limit of one thousand years expires, everyone will die. The next reincarnation will give birth to numerous pariahs once again..."

"Wait," Zen interrupted Zelda. "Do you mean that countless pariahs will be born every thousand years? How are they born into this world?"

In a thousand years, maybe it could produce some low-level creatures.

But for human beings and other large creatures, it would be impossible for them to appear again after just a short time.

These creatures might take hundreds to millions or even billions of years to reappear from the bottom of the chaos.

If the Light of Adjudication would kill all the people, then only those great powers and clans in the bone towers would survive.

Therefore, Zelda's words were untenable as Zen couldn't figure out how numerous pariahs could be born in the next incarnation.

"Have you ever seen the Wights crawling in the Immemorial Wilderness?" Zelda asked.

"You mean..." Zen had a speculation in his mind.

Zelda nodded. "Yes. All of the pariahs are developed from those Wights when they gain wisdom. Those Wights won't be killed by the Light of Adjudication."

In this world, the Wights were like zombies.

After the Light of Adjudication wiped out all the pariahs, a new group of Wights would gain wisdom and become the new pariahs.

A small number of these pariahs had strong talent, or sometimes, their children had good talent. If they were lucky, these talents might be able to attract the attention of some great forces, making them qualified to enter the bone towers. And the most important of it all, they would be able to extend their lives and escape the limitation of a thousand years' lifespan.

Hearing such a secret, Zen was dumbfounded. He didn't expect that the world was far more complicated than he had imagined.

By comparison, this place was countless times more cruel than the divine land.

"As for the Curse Chain, there are no more than thirty people in this world who could see it." Blinking her eyes, Zelda looked at Luther, who was a few feet away from where they were. "My brother is one of them."

Curling his lips, Luther asked, "Do you want to see it? I can help you."

Somehow, an ominous premonition arose from Zen's heart. "Am I also bound by the Curse Chain?" he immediately asked.

He was not from this world, so logically he wouldn't be bound by the Curse Chain, but this was a strange world and everything was possible.

Chapter 2542 The Warden Race

At first, Zen thought that there wasn't anything special about Luther except for the fact that he was smart.

Yet, Luther had fully mastered the cultivation method for life vitality that Zen had taught him. In fact, he could be ranked as a talent if he was in the divine land.

All in all, Zen didn't expect that Luther could have such a power.

Luther crossed his hands together and slowly separated them. Then, he put his index fingers and thumbs together.

A flash of unique energy burst out between his four fingers, which turned into a faint brown light curtain.

He looked through the light curtain with a faint smile on his face and said, "Of course you are bound by the Curse Chain as well."

In turn, Zen's eyebrows shot up as he moved forward and looked through Luther's hands.

Upon first glance, everything remained the same through the light curtain.

Just then, he noticed that there was something behind him. He looked at it more closely and soon enough, recognized it. His eyes lit up in surprise. "Is it the Curse Chain?"

The Curse Chain was composed of golden button-sized bugs.

The bugs' heads and tails each had a hook on them, which were connected to each other and formed a chain.

Zen wasn't the only one who owned the chain. Luther and Zelda also had it.

"How could this be?"

He had only been in the world he was now in for a short time, so he didn't know when the chain had bound him up.

Meanwhile, Luther went to the door of the thatched hut. He aimed his hands at the distance and told Zen, "Take a look again."

Zen looked into the distance through the light curtain again as instructed.

There, he saw millions of intertwined chains that swayed in the air and were scattered all the way to the distance.

"Every living being in this world has a chain like this, and you are no exception," Luther said flatly.

"Even the most powerful Wild Gods in this world can't get rid of these chains. They can only hide in the bone towers when the Light of Adjudication comes," Zelda added.

A bitter frown made its way to Zen's face.

He wanted to return to the divine land as soon as possible. He didn't expect that the Curse Chain at the bottom of the chaos had bound him.

"Has anyone tried to destroy the Curse Chain?" he asked. "Yes," Zelda replied.

"For example, I did," Luther muttered with a small smile.

His face suddenly looked mature, which did not really match his age.

Of course, Zen was naturally shocked. "But Zelda just said that even the most powerful Wild Gods can't do anything about it."

"Obviously they can't do anything. It's still impossible for them to break free from the Curse Chain no matter how strong they are," Luther said and shook his head.

"But our race made these Curse Chains." "Your race?" Zen asked incredulously.

Zelda nodded and explained, "In this world, we're more powerful than all the other races. Only a very few people know our existence, and they call us the Warden race."

Generally speaking, the chaos was an extremely vast world. No one knew how exactly big it was.

The Chaos Ancient God, however, had turned its entirety into a huge prison.

All those people the Chaos Ancient God had cursed were exiled there, and they could never leave the place forever.

In fact, ending up in such a prison was considered death penalty.

No matter how powerful the living creatures were, they wouldn't be able to resist the Light of Adjudication.

Both the powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm and the Wild Gods that were born and raised there would perish under the purification of the Light of Adjudication.

Such a thing had happened countless times ever since. It was the final resting place for numerous powerful living creatures that had died.

Of course, the Warden race was excluded.

They were different from the other races since they were born to manage the prison.

They had performed their duties well for a long time and they had never missed even one living creature.

One thousand years marked a cycle of reincarnation.

The cycle began when those living creatures the Chaos Ancient God had exiled came to the chaos and lived for a thousand years before they died.

Then, another cycle began.

"It's said that an accident happened eighty billion years ago," said Zelda.

The Warden race had existed for a very long time, but Luther and Zelda were still young. Thus, their knowledge of those things came from what they had heard.

"What accident?" Zen asked. "A Chaos Ancient God had died."

Zen had heard his mother mention the Chaos Ancient God before, but he couldn't actually imagine what it was.

She, however, had also said that even the people in the Source World looked up to the Chaos Ancient God.

Therefore, how could such a being die?

On the other hand, eighty billion years was too long and legends changed as they were passed down.

He couldn't believe that it was true.

"It's true." Luther broke into a grin and exclaimed, "His dead body is lying over there!"

He then pointed towards the horizon.

The space in the distance was littered with many huge bone towers.

Despite the remoteness, Zen saw those huge things clearly.

After all, the height of a bone tower was comparable to that of the divine land.

"You mean those bone towers are the bones of that Chaos Ancient God?" Zen asked in surprise. "Yes. There's nothing that can resist the Light of Adjudication because it is created by a Chaos Ancient God, but the skeleton of that Chaos Ancient God is not afraid of it," Zelda explained.

Zen couldn't believe what he just heard.

The prison's physical conditions did not change at all even when the huge dead body just came down.

After a few cycles of reincarnation however, some living creatures had discovered its use.

Those exiles were very clever. They hid in the dead body to avoid the purification of the Light of Adjudication for numerous cycles of reincarnation, and then eventually developed.

As more and more exiles came, the prison gradually became prosperous.

At the beginning, the exiles were all united and did not have any conflicts--after all, survival in the prison was more important than anything else.

All was well until the dead Chaos Ancient God's skeleton had begun to decompose with the passage of time, and the life energy contained within the skeleton had also flowed away. Only his bones that towered into the clouds were left behind, which were now the bone towers.

After that, the exiles constantly moved from place to place like nomads, but in the end, they could only hide inside the bone towers.

As time passed by, the living creatures in the chaos increased in number. In addition, the strong warriors became incomparably powerful because they took advantage of the wild bones. They began to fight for the bone towers because only the bone towers could protect their lives.

Consequently, the wars broke out among the clans as well because they wanted to occupy the bone towers and seize the wild bones.

The long fight lasted until today.

Chapter 2543 The Free Faction

The great forces and clans in the bone towers did not consider such things as secrets.

Yet, numerous pariahs in the Immemorial Wilderness, as well as the Wild Gods in the cities had no idea about it.

It wasn't until now that Zen had realized a major problem. "As you've said, the Light of Adjudication will purify the world every one thousand years. How many years are left before the next purification of the Light of Adjudication?" he asked.

Zelda blinked and calmly said, "There are still three years left."

"So that means, all the people outside of the bone towers will die if they don't make it inside the bone towers within three years?" "Yes," Zelda said and lowered her head.

"This is going to be troublesome."

At that moment, Zen's lips stretched into a wry smile. The Curse Chain had bound him and he was now stuck in this world.

He couldn't leave, let alone flee back to the divine land.

He had to go inside a bone tower if he wanted to survive.

If not even the powerful Wild Gods could resist the Light of Adjudication, then he most likely wouldn't escape from being purified as well.

"But how did you, members of the Warden race, end up here?" he asked Zelda with a frown. The Warden race, just as its name implied, was supposed to manage this huge prison.

Both Zelda and her brother, however, were extremely weak.

It simply didn't make sense.

"Because we chose to betray our race," she answered.

Since the Warden race had existed for a long time, they had a colorful history.

The Chaos Ancient God had created them and they inherited the huge prison and managed it. Moreover, they had to ensure the smooth operation of the Curse Chain and the Light of Adjudication.

All the races, with few exceptions, eventually doubted their own actions over the endless years.

After all, the Warden race managing the prison also meant that they were trapped inside it just like the exiles.

The Chaos Ancient God had also realized this problem. From time to time, he used his strong will to order the Warden race to do their duty.

Under the will of the Chaos Ancient God, the Warden race had to follow the order to guard the prison dutifully from generation to generation.

Eighty billion years ago, however, the Chaos Ancient God's will had disappeared after the corpse fell.

"Could it be that the owner of the corpse was the one who built the prison?" asked Zen. "No, it's not like that.

The elders of our Warden race assumed that the dead Chaos Ancient God might be a rival of our master, and our master might have been seriously injured, so he has no time to use his will," Zelda explained.

Still, it didn't matter if that was true or false.

Since the will of the Chaos Ancient God disappeared, the people of the Warden race had expressed different opinions. Eventually, they split into two factions: the conservative faction and the free faction.

The conservative faction still followed the will of the Chaos Ancient God and continued to run the prison.

The free faction, however, was tired of such endless days of duty and hoped to leave.

The conservative faction accused the free faction of betraying the Chaos Ancient God, while the free faction vowed to find a way out of the prison.

The two factions had secretly been in a fight for a long time and had exhausted almost all ways to beat the other.

"Did the members of the free faction lose everything in the end?" Zen asked again. "Yes," said Zelda as her eyes fell on Luther and a somber smile danced across her face.

"We're the last members of the free faction. I'm afraid we'll no longer exist in three years," she added.

The Warden race had always lived in a special place where they could avoid the purification of the Light of Adjudication. Once they left that place, the Light of Adjudication would purify them and they would die, just like the other races.

Zen couldn't help but sigh at Zelda's words. He didn't expect that she and her brother would've come from such a background.

He thought for a moment and then said, "Wait. Since you're planning to leave this world, why don't you ask the powerful clans and forces in the bone towers for help?"

It was already established that the free faction's goal was to leave the prison.

Meanwhile, the masters of the powerful forces and clans in the bone towers were also exiled in the same place.

They, too, wanted to escape from the prison.

If they both joined forces, then they would have no reason to lose to the conservative faction.

"Although we want to leave this prison, we don't want to conspire with those exiles. It is the legacy of the elders of our faction," Zelda said determinedly.

The people of the Warden race were the guards who were responsible for watching over the prison.

The exiles were the prisoners. Even if the guards wanted to escape from the prison, they wouldn't cooperate with the prisoners.

In fact, Zen could understand the free faction's reasons.

"Our elders regretted in the last moment, but it was too late," Zelda said. Her mood suddenly turned sour and her eyes were filled with resentment as she continued, "The free faction was almost annihilated. I escaped first, and then Luther also got away."

After they escaped, they hid themselves in the Iron Tribe.

"Aren't you going to join those exiles?" Zen asked. "Of course I am," Zelda said and she burned with strong hatred.

"For me, it doesn't matter anymore whether I can leave this damn place or not! I want revenge!" she roared.

Her bitterness came from the fact that their parents and the elders of the major clans were all killed.

"But the conservative faction has long set up an escape-proof net. We can't break it at all with our current strength," Luther said calmly. Once again, he looked too wise for his young age.

Luther couldn't become a Wild God, while Zelda's strength was weak.

Although she had been cultivating hard, there were too few resources. Furthermore, her cultivation level increased rather slowly because she didn't dare to enter the cities.

Now, the conservative faction only needed to ensure that the two of them couldn't enter any bone tower.

Three years later, all the creatures outside the bone towers would be purified except the exiles in the bone towers. Zelda and Luther undoubtedly wouldn't be able to escape either, so there was no need to worry about the future.

"I see. You want me to enter a bone tower and join the exiles inside?" Zen asked.

"Yes. I don't know where you're from, but you're bound by the Curse Chain. No matter how outstanding your talent or cultivation level is, you won't be able to escape the prison. I believe you'll make the right choice," Zelda encouraged.

"But it seems that I have no choice," Zen sighed and smiled tiredly. Zelda burst into laughter as well at his words.

The two siblings had stayed in the Iron Tribe for a very long time and were very careful not to cause any trouble.

This time, however, they were determined to go all out.

So they revealed almost all of their secrets to Zen, a young man from nowhere.

Then again, they had no choice. This was their last chance. As for Zen, he had truly won their trust with his performance.

Chapter 2544 A Stronghold

In the sky, Zen flew rapidly on his own.

He had originally wanted to leave with Zelda and Luther.

Zelda, however, refused his offer.

Approaching the bone towers carelessly could only lead to them being discovered by members of the conservative faction.

Therefore, Zen had to go there alone.

The Sand Core City was just a border city and didn't have any transmission arrays.

After passing through this city, Zen would enter another part of the Immemorial Wilderness.

This part of the Immemorial Wilderness was almost the same as Zen's first one. The wild bones in it had been exhausted after being collected. It was uninhabited.

"There are so many Wights!"

Zen remarked, looking down at the thousands of Wights that galloped along the barren wilderness.

People in this world had three different origins.

One was the Warden race created by the Chaos Ancient God.

Second were the exiles who were prisoners in this huge prison.

Last were the pariahs that lived outside the bone towers. They were evolved Wights who developed intelligence and could have the qualification of entering the bone towers if they were strong enough.

"All the strong warriors in this world are afraid of the Light of Adjudication except the unintelligent Wights. Where did they exactly come from?" he mumbled to himself, remembering that he forgot to ask about these creatures' origins.

The Immemorial Wilderness was vast and boundless. It took Zen almost half-a-month to cross it despite already flying at a very high speed.

Half-a-month later, Zen finally caught sight of another city.

Whoosh!

He unfolded a map.

Zen paid one wild bone to buy it from the Sand Core City. It was well-made and recorded the specific locations of cities and bone towers.

"The Sacred Bone City. There is a transmission array to Herren City! Herren City is also located on the same Immemorial Wilderness as the Sky South Bone Tower. This can be a shortcut!" Zen exclaimed, his eyes flashing with delight.

He put the map away and went straight to the Sacred Bone City.

Just like the Sand Core City, the Sacred Bone City was also on high alert. The guards blocked Zen's path upon sighting him.

"Friends, consider this as my little token of respect," he said, turning his palm over and giving the guards ten pieces of wild bones.

These guards' expenses were normally no more than three pieces of wild bones and ten was a fortune for them.

Given that Zen's cultivation base was ordinary, he didn't look like the type to make any waves so there was no reason for the guards to not let him pass.

Zen had no intention of staying in the Sacred Bone City at all. After inquiring about the transmission array's location, he immediately went straight to it.

The city was hundreds of millions of miles away from Herren City and cost Zen one hundred pieces of wild bones.

It was fortunate that he had a large number of wild bones with him and paying for his travel saved him a lot of trouble. It would no doubt take him several years to reach his destination if he flew. The Light of Adjudication would have arrived and Zen would still be flying. He wouldn't have entered the bone tower, let alone go back and pick up Zelda and Luther.

Since the transmission distance was quite far, it took him three days to travel through the transmission channel.

Three days later...

A prosperous city appeared before Zen.

As per his expectations, he figured that all cities in this world were bleak and primitive.

Other than the creatures living in the bone towers, the people here could only live for a thousand years which wasn't enough time to fully develop their cities.

However, Herren City was different.

This city was very close to the bone towers. Since the creatures in the bone towers avoided the Light of Adjudication, they could return to Herren City which meant that the light did not affect the process of the city's development.

"The divine land..."

Zen mumbled, raising his head to see the huge divine land hanging in the air.

The huge bone towers also felt closer now, as if they were only several miles away.

The towers stood quite high, almost the same as the length of the divine land. It would take countless years to climb to the top due to their sheer size.

"What are you doing? Don't block the way!" Someone urged from behind him.

Zen spared him an indifferent glance before quickly leaving.

He wandered around the city, inquiring here and there for some information. After a while, Zen finally got the location of the Sky South Bone Tower which was apparently several hundred-thousand miles away from the city.

After leaving Herren City, Zen flew southward for an entire day and night. Eventually, he saw a flagpole high up in the distance. Under the flagpole was a strange building, on top of which was a stone carving that stood more than a hundred feet high!

"A man with three heads and six arms!"

Zen remarked, his eyes flashing in excitement.

"This is Chiyou's statue!"

He had already seen the statue back in the palace inside the sun. The memory was still fresh in his mind.

Zen was already aware of the dangers in this part of the Immemorial Wilderness. It was a place of abundant resources but it also served as a battlefield between the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race which made it extremely dangerous.

"This should be a stronghold of the Nine Li race..."

Zen murmured, feeling a familiar comfort at seeing Chiyou's statue again. He landed at the building's gate with no hesitation.

However, the gates seemed to be closed shut.

People were gathered by the gates, some even leaned against the wall smugly.

There was a hint of mockery in their eyes as they saw Zen and found out his cultivation level.

"They are all very powerful..." Zen muttered to himself, looking at these people up and down. "They are much more powerful than the four Wild

Gods I fought in the Immemorial Wilderness. They also seem experienced and are absolutely resolute in killing."

Zen waited with them in front of the gate. Eventually, he couldn't help but turn to ask the man closest to him. "Why is the gate locked?"

The man had a narrow and long scar on his face. His mouth curled up at Zen's words. "What a foolish question! The gate hasn't been opened so it's locked. You just have to wait here."

"Why do I have to wait here?" Zen asked.

"Another foolish question! Aren't you here to enter the Immemorial Wilderness? How can you get in there without the Nine Li members' lead?" the man replied impatiently.

The man might have been very rude to him but Zen tried his best to be patient. "Isn't everyone with an Admission Token allowed to enter?"

"Oh my God!"

"What an ignorant boy!"

"He knows nothing at all!"

The people around him burst out laughing.

The man with the scar, however, looked curious. "How did you get the Admission Token? You know nothing at all. How did you have the guts to come here?"

"I bought it in an auction," he answered.

The people around him laughed even harder.

"So there really is someone who bought an Admission Token from an auction! How many wild bones did you spend?" the scarred man asked with a smile.

"What do you mean?" Zen asked.

"You can get as many Admission Tokens here as you like. I'm only afraid that you won't live to use it!" the man announced with a booming laugh.

Chapter 2545 Grouping

"What? We can get as many Admission Tokens as we want?" Zen asked in shock.

He spent 5, 000 wild bones in order to get his Admission Token, but it seemed he could have as many as he wanted for free here!

"The rule was revised last month though Admission Tokens were already very cheap before then," a woman with a ponytail informed him.

The Immemorial Wilderness beneath the Sky South Bone Tower was very prosperous.

Outlaws would willingly go inside, risking their necks just to collect wild bones. If they were able to come back alive, they were certain to have a great deal of wild bones with them.

After handing over a certain amount to the Nine Li race, they would still have a lot left for themselves.

Only with enough wild bones could one make rapid progress with their cultivation base.

However, things changed ever since the violent fight that transpired between the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race. The Immemorial Wilderness had gotten more dangerous. Bringing wild bones back had become a matter of life and death.

The risk was high and the outlaws knew they had to prepare themselves for death once they got their Admission Tokens. Over time, fewer and fewer people entered the Immemorial Wilderness.

Prices for Admission Tokens dropped and dropped until they were declared free-for-all.

Opportunistic merchants took advantage of this. Warriors in remote cities were not necessarily aware of the Admission Tokens' loss in value and bought them from exploitative merchants at a high price.

Sand Core City was one of these remote cities, and it was in an auction house that Zen found and bought his Admission Token.

It was only then that he realized how much he wasted to buy this worthless Admission Token.

However, he shook this off.

He had more important things to do than worry about 3, 000 wild bones.

"With your cultivation base, the chances of you surviving are pretty slim. It's not too late to back out," the woman said.

Not even the real outlaws dared to bet their lives in this Immemorial Wilderness.

The only ones who entered that place were either indifferent to the value of their lives or extremely confident of their powers.

A newbie like Zen was extremely rare.

"Thank you for your thoughts," he told her. "I've chosen to go to the Immemorial Wilderness and am more than prepared for it mentally."

Seeing the calm and determination on Zen's face, the woman didn't say anything else.

While they waited, a few Wild Gods had rushed in and appeared in front of the building.

Some of these Wild Gods were surprised at Zen's presence, but most of them looked indifferent. Zen's cultivation base had nothing to do with them.

An hour later, Zen heard a muffled sound from the door.

The door opened and a woman wearing an emerald robe emerged. She looked around with a cold look in her eyes. "Everyone, please take out your Admission Token for registration. Anyone who doesn't have one can receive it for free," she said.

After speaking, she quickly turned back and went back to where she came.

The Wild Gods all stepped forward and entered the building.

The pony-tailed woman also followed, but stayed back at the last second. She turned to look back and found Zen staring at the doorway with a blank look on his face. She smiled, thinking he was having second thoughts and now wasn't willing to go in. "If you're not prepared, it's better to go back. This is no place for children."

She knew he had just started cultivating the Wild God system and was most probably only fifty to sixty feet tall when he activated it. Zen was a mere child in her eyes.

Her words wounded Zen's pride a little bit. "Is that woman wearing an emerald robe a member of the Nine Li race?" he asked.

"Nine Li race?" His question stunned her momentarily. She quickly shook her head. "No, she's a mere steward of the Nine Li race's affiliated sect."

The Nine Li race was considered one of the top forces in the world and there were numerous sects attached to it.

No member of the Nine Li race should deal with such trivial matters as registration. That was what the stewards were for.

"A steward of an affiliated sect?" Zen murmured in disappointment.

"After registering your name, the Nine Li people will take you into the Immemorial Wilderness," she told him before going into the building without a second backward glance.

There was no ounce of hesitation in Zen's body. He also followed suit and went into the building.

Inside were hundreds of Wild Gods, gathered together for registration.

"I know most of you here are already experienced, but I will still have to tell you the rules. No hiding the wild bones you've collected. You must give us half of your haul. Anyone who dares disobey will be killed!" the steward announced.

'So I'll have to give up half the wild bones I collect, ' Zen thought to himself.

After all, the Admission Tokens were not given to them really for free. Otherwise, what would the point be of this race occupying this part of the Immemorial Wilderness?

"If you encounter anyone from the Yellow Emperor race, try your best to kill them!" she added.

This part of the Immemorial Wilderness might be a place of adventure, but to these Wild Gods, it was a battleground.

It was where the members of the Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race clashed and eliminated as many of their opponents as possible.

The Wild Gods with noble blood lineage were much stronger than ordinary Wild Gods. It was much harder to kill them.

From time to time, Wild Gods with noble blood lineage would be able to slaughter a group of ordinary Wild Gods.

This was the reason why this place was so dangerous.

The steward said a few more things before she began to group them.

Four people were grouped, forming a temporary team that went in together.

She called out the names one by one and those that were clustered together began evaluating the strength of their teammates.

Everyone hoped for capable allies, and none of them wanted to carry a burden with them.

"Amos, Hiram, Sarah and, Zen, you four make a team," the woman announced.

The scarred man, the pony-tailed woman, and another burly man stepped forward.

The three of them looked around to find out the identity of their last teammate. It was then that Zen finally walked out.

The scarred man's expression changed. He didn't expect to be teamed up with the newbie.

He turned to the steward. "I don't want to be teamed-up with this guy. Can I be reassigned?"

The other Wild Gods thought the same thing and even cast a few pitiful looks at Zen's teammates.

The steward merely gave the scarred man a cold smile. "Amos, this isn't your first time here. Do you not know the rules? You can't change teammates, not even if they're good for nothing!"

Chapter 2546 Enter The Immemorial Wilderness

Amos looked at Zen with disdain. Turning to the woman in emerald, he asked her with bitterness in his voice, "Can I give up now?"

"Your name has been registered on the list. If you give up, you will be blacklisted and will never be allowed to enter the Immemorial Wilderness again," the woman in emerald replied softly.

Hearing this, Amos felt his heart sink in desolation.

Sarah, the young lady with a ponytail, and the man with an almost military composure, Hiram, also looked on with downcast faces.

This was a matter of life and death. Who would dare to joke about it?

However, regret was a pointless emotion. All they could do was try to make the best of the current situation.

Yet, Amos was still unwilling to give up. He turned to Zen, staring at him with a vicious expression. "Man, I am giving you a chance to get away with your life. Now, get out of here!"

If Zen quit, there would be someone else to take his place.

However, if he left, he would be blacklisted and denied the Admission Token of the Nine Li race, and he would be forever barred from the Immemorial Wilderness.

Hiram and Sarah stared at Zen, hoping that he would back down in the face of these challenges.

They had underestimated Zen's resolve, of course. Zen looked Amos square in the eyes. "Why should I quit?" he asked pointedly.

"If you don't quit, don't blame me for being rude," said Amos, a sinister expression appearing on his face. "The Immemorial Wilderness is extremely dangerous. You will die there!"

"Every time you open your mouth, rubbish comes out," Zen said flatly.

Amos opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again, at loss for words. He knew nothing he said would sway Zen. He stayed silent, glaring at him.

"Well, Amos, forget it. Even if there are only three people in our group, the problem will not be too big. At most, we will be more careful," said Sarah, her voice soothing.

With a playful smile, Hiram said, "Relax. It won't be a big deal to take a loser with us."

Eventually, the two succeeded in stopping Amos.

After the Wild Gods had been divided into groups, they rested in the hall for a while.

About an hour later, they heard some noises coming from the innermost part of the hall. Then, someone announced, "Master Romeo has arrived!"

Soon, a young man, dressed all in white, entered, escorted by a crowd of women. He walked slowly, as if time was of no importance to him.

The young man in white looked no older than twenty years old, but the Wild God Power in his body was much greater than one would expect of a person his age. His aura was unique and mysterious, leaving a deep impression on everyone who encountered him.

An amiable smile on his face, the young man in white stopped. He looked around him. "Everyone, sorry to have kept you waiting. Please follow me to the Immemorial Wilderness. I hope that you won't waste this opportunity and do your best to collect as many wild bones as you can."

'That woman said someone from the Nine Li race will lead us to the Immemorial Wilderness. Is this man, Romeo, from the Nine Li race?' Zen thought.

His mother had told him that he had, too, inherited Chiyou's blood. It was the inheritance of a race, however, not an object, so it was hard to tell just by observation.

Having finished his announcement, Romeo headed out of the hall.

The Wild Gods who had been gathering in the hall followed him at once.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Romeo suddenly flew high into the air, and all the Wild Gods followed suit.

The stronghold of the Nine Li race was a little far from the Immemorial Wilderness. After they had been flying through the air for about an hour, piles of broken bones came into Zen's vision.

He knew what that meant. 'We are very close to the Immemorial Wilderness, ' he thought.

Squinting far into the distance, he saw a semicircle of silver light on the ground in front of him. The silver light curtain extended for tens of thousands of miles until it reached the end of his line of sight, seemingly covering the entire Immemorial Wilderness.

Romeo led the way, and soon he arrived in front of the light curtain. He took out a unique-looking disk, and gently flung it at the curtain like a frisbee. When it touched the silver light curtain, a crack appeared on the surface, as if it were made of glass.

"It seems that all the powerful forces in this world have used this method to build barriers against outsiders trying to gain access to the Immemorial Wilderness without permission."

Romeo went into the Immemorial Wilderness first, and the others followed after him.

After everyone had entered, Romeo collected the disk and said politely, "Now you can begin. I'll leave first."

The members of the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race needed to train and mature learning about life and death. The Immemorial Wilderness was an excellent training place for them.

As soon as he had finished speaking, Romeo turned into a streak of light and disappeared as the many Wild Gods looked on, star struck.

"Well, I must say that Romeo is quite impressive!"

"It's his birthright. He was born into the Nine Li race. Those who are not born into the Nine Li race cannot access that power. Even if we managed to find a wild bone with the blood of Chiyou, we would still be unable to absorb the Wild God Power it contains."

"Let's not mention the blood of Chiyou. Just give me a random kind of blood."

"No way!"

The blood was determined by destiny.

Ordinary people could not absorb the Wild God Power from the blood wild bone even if they had one. Zen, for instance, had dug out a wild bone of the Spirit Wolf God, but he was unable to absorb the Wild God Power from it.

After Romeo had left, the Wild Gods started to have discussions.

It was not their first time entering this place. Some of the experienced Wild Gods knew the terrain well, aware of what spots were safer and where to find more wild bones.

While they were discussing, Amos, Hiram and Sarah continued to ignore Zen.

After they had finished, however, Amos finally decided to spare him a glance. "Man, although we don't want to take you with us, since we are here now, you'd better be smart!" he said sheepishly. "Let me take you to a good place!"

As the Wild Gods left, one group after another, the four that made up Zen's group flew in their decided direction.

As he flew, Zen silently employed the power of his spiritual sense and sent it into the ground below him.

The moment his spiritual sense reached the ground, his eyes flashed.

He finally understood why these people were willing to risk their lives to enter the Immemorial Wilderness.

Having entered the Immemorial Wilderness himself, he sensed that hundreds of wild bones were hidden underneath the surface of the soil.

No wonder the Immemorial Wilderness of the Iron Tribe had been abandoned. Compared to this place, it was barren.

Now, Zen wanted to act on his own. Even if he picked up only the wild bones lying along the border, he would still manage to get a substantial number of them.

"There's no hurry. The deeper we go, the more wild bones there will be," said a voice in his head. Zen calmed down and continued to fly, following his group members.

After about eight miles of flight, Zen used his spiritual sense once again, this time to check if there were more wild bones under the ground. It made his heart ache to see so many go to waste.

"Right here!"

"Whoosh!"

Amos abruptly stopped flying, froze in the air and then descended.

After the four of them had landed, Amos looked around and said, "Let's look for the wild bones separately. But listen: don't go too far! This is a treasure land. It is relatively safe, and the wild bones are abundant. I've found plenty of wild bones here when I came before."

With these words, he cast a sidelong glance at Zen and rolled his eyes. "If you are afraid of death, stay here and don't cause any trouble."

Chapter 2547 Different Methods

After giving Zen a warning, Amos started looking for wild bones.

Sarah and Hiram followed suit.

These people all had different methods when it came to searching for wild bones. While Sarah held a small, round mirror in her hand, there was a slight fluctuation of Wild God Power from it. Through the object, she could identify the general direction of the wild bones.

But the precision of such a method was undoubtedly low. Even if she managed to determine the position, it took a long time to find the actual bone.

In contrast, Hiram's method was much more violent.

He pulled out his one thousand-foot long rake from his space ring and activated the Wild God Power in his body. Then he turned into a thousand-foot tall giant.

Wielding the rake, he pressed it into the ground and continued turning over the bones in the soil.

Deep furrows appeared on the plowed ground—the rake struck the bones and they were attached to it.

It was quite an efficient way to look for wild bones.

Meanwhile, Sarah and Amos gazed at Hiram's thousand-foot long rake with admiration.

He belonged to a large sect under the command of the Nine Li race. His rake was not something any ordinary Wild God could possess.

Since the other three had already started, Zen couldn't just sit by idly.

Compared to the other warriors' skills, his only reliance was his spiritual sense.

The others were not on the same level as Zen in terms of using spiritual sense.

After choosing an area, Zen, standing above the heap of bones, bowed his head and unfocused his eyes as an invisible spiritual sense spread from his figure.

He could then spot every piece of bone within a dozen miles—he saw their shapes, sizes, and properties.

"It's... It's..."

Zen's pupils contracted as he came upon a pleasant surprise.

He had already observed the place when he flew into the air.

The Immemorial Wilderness was indeed rich with wild bones. But he wasn't expecting them to be abundant in the area Amos chose, beyond his imagination.

Using his spiritual sense, he found that over a thousand wild bones were there, and within the depths of the ground, there was one over ten feet long!

Having come to the wilderness many times already, Amos and the others were rather experienced—they knew where they could gain many wild bones safely.

Whoosh!

Zen's figure flashed by as he extended a hand towards the ground.

An invisible force drilled into the ground along the cracks of the bones, including the wild bones.

Then, he lifted his hand.

Splash...

Dozens of wild bones shot towards his right hand and Zen merely pulled them all up.

Turning his right hand, he activated the space ring so the bones could go straight into it smoothly.

Both Sarah and Hiram often relied on their luck to dig out the wild bones. Zen's method was incomparably more precise and efficient.

In less than five minutes, Zen had dug up almost all the wild bones in the area. At last, he stopped at an open space.

"The ten-foot-long wild bone is buried ten thousand feet underground. If I want to dig it out, it'll cause a lot of noise and draw attention to myself."

Zen was looking quietly at Sarah, Hiram and Amos who were standing far away from him.

An invisible force suddenly formed a high-speed spinning spiral and started drilling down.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The high-speed spiral of the strength source instantly threw numerous bones into the air.

And in the blink of an eye, Zen had created a huge pit.

The loud noise immediately drew the others' attention.

Sarah shook her ponytail in surprise.

With a smile, Hiram focused on his own work and kept waving his long rake.

"What the hell is that guy doing?"

From nearby, Amos pulled a long face as he walked towards Zen.

On his shoulder was a small squirrel observing its surroundings. It was rather lovely, with golden hair and a talent for being very sensitive to the Wild God Power. Many people who looked for the wild bones tamed the squirrel and brought it along with them like Amos, who relied on the little creature to sniff out wild bones.

Splash...

More and more bones of all shapes and sizes were pushed from the pit and piled around it.

In less than three minutes, the pit had reached eighty feet deep.

"It's almost done!"

Zen stood at the very bottom of the pit and spread out his hands. His strength source entered over two thousand feet underground and quietly turned into an invisible ring of power, tightly clinging to the ten-foot-long wild bone.

"Rise!"

Dragging along the huge wild bone, Zen ascended slowly.

Numerous bones were pressed on the large one and it took Zen quite a lot of effort just to pull it up.

At this moment, Amos stood at the edge of the pit and looked down.

He was utterly dissatisfied about Zen making such a big move. In his eyes, Zen had no means of finding wild bones, so this could only make things worse.

This wilderness was extremely dangerous—if anyone was discovered by the Yellow Emperor race, it was likely to cause a calamity of death. He intended to warn Zen thoroughly about not messing around.

But confusion struck him when he looked down.

Zen seemed to be struggling to drag something up. The huge bones at the bottom of the pit were also pushed aside, as though an enormous monster was about to emerge.

"What the hell is going on?" Amos muttered, staring into the pit.

Soon, he realized what was going on—a huge bone peeked out from the bottom of the pit. Zen was pulling it up himself!

The larger the bone was, the more powerful its Wild God Power was.

As soon as Amos got a glimpse of it, he felt a great Wild God Power immediately.

"This is a wild bone, about ten feet long!" Amos' eyes gleamed with shock. "How is that possible? How did he find one?"

In the Immemorial Wilderness, the bones first found were generally on the earth's surface.

Some of them were huge and some were over ten thousand, or even a hundred thousand feet long.

But the huge wild bones had long been occupied by the powerful warriors of the bone towers. It was difficult for ordinary Wild Gods to search for any of them.

There were always some sort of huge wild bones hidden deep underground, waiting to be taken away.

It was difficult for ordinary Wild Gods to find such bones with ordinary methods. Both Amos' squirrel and Sarah's bronze mirror failed to sense anything that deep underground.

It was also impossible for Hiram to plow the entire Immemorial Wilderness thoroughly enough with his rake. The wild bone was about ten feet long.

It was equal to nearly three thousand wild bones.

At the thought, greed filled Amos' eyes.

Chapter 2548 Trouble Caused By Greed

In Amos' eyes, it didn't matter how Zen found the wild bone—all that mattered was Zen was the one person he could bully at will.

Zen pulled out the wild bone, activating the space ring in his hand.

Then, the huge wild bone entered the Sumeru Space.

Raising his head and throwing Amos a glance at the edge of the crater, Zen flew up from the bottom.

"You're a lucky man," Amos said as he stared back.

Zen smiled faintly in return. "It's truly luck."

The latter's expression made Amos frown—was Zen merely pretending to be calm or was he merely not as simple as he first seemed?

Amos was a cruel man and after coming to the Immemorial Wilderness so often, he had already seen many people who would pretend to be fragile.

But Zen wasn't hiding his cultivation—he was indeed a newly formed Wild God without any particularly strong strength for support.

To that thought, a ferocious expression surfaced on Amos' face. "It's not about luck. I brought you here. It only makes sense that I get a share of the wild bones you dig up—such is a rule I've made."

"A rule, you say?" Zen looked at Sarah and Hiram who were standing far in the distance. "Do you mean that you also have a share in their wild bones?"

That made Amos sneer. "You're different from them. Cut the crap! Now that I know you have a wild bone, you must give me a good share!"

Sarah and Hiram were about as strong as Amos, allowing them to refuse to share anything with him.

"Really? How many do you want?" Zen raised his eyebrows mockingly.

"I'll have ninety percent and you'll have ten percent of everything. You're far too weak to be using so many wild bones, anyway—they're wasted on you," Amos said, observing Zen's expression. He figured that a scared loser like Zen wouldn't dare to disobey him in spite of his courage.

In fact, according to the Nine Li race's rule, they were prohibited from any internal killings—such an act would receive severe punishment.

But the four were completely alone in the wilderness. Who else could've known if Sarah and Hiram kept silent?

Too many people had already died there—they themselves were killed by the Yellow Emperor race and by their own companions. People murdered and were murdered every day—no one would investigate the truth seriously.

"Not bad," Zen replied with a smile.

"Well, you're rather sensible." Thinking that Zen had already agreed, Amos smiled wider.

"I mean, your dream isn't half bad." Zen shrugged, ready to leave without giving Amos another look.

"You! You're courting death!" Amos shouted in his anger.

It wasn't until this moment that he finally realized Zen had no intention of sharing the wild bones with him whatsoever.

As soon as his voice fell, he rushed right at Zen without even activating the Wild God Power.

The moment he got close enough to Zen's back, the latter turned around and with a shiny light flashing in his dark eyes, Amos stared right at Zen.

"Bang!"

An intense pain suddenly struck Amos' mind, as though he was hit by an enormous stone—he felt like he could faint right then and there.

When he staggered back, a long sword appeared in Zen's grasp.

"Puff!"

He gasped as the sword cut through his neck.

The blade of the Shadow Bearing Sword was extremely thin and Zen had a great understanding of the human body's distribution of bones, blood, and veins in the neck.

Although the sword pierced Amos' neck in a terrifying image, it did not cause substantial damage.

"Uh..."

Amos didn't even dare to move or speak at this moment and merely stood there like a puppet, staring at Zen wide-eyed.

Never did he expect the man to be so fierce. Amos didn't dare to use the Wild God Power—if he grew bigger this instant, the sword would split his body into two.

With the sword in his calm grasp, Zen wore an indifferent yet gentle smile on his face as he asked, "So who is really courting death here?"

"Swoosh! Swoosh!"

Meanwhile, Sarah and Hiram rushed over to them.

When they saw the scene, their eyes went wide with shock.

No one was expecting Zen to take control of Amos with a single sword strike. The two were momentarily stunned at the thought.

"What's wrong?" Sarah asked.

"Zen, calm down. It's our destiny to be in the same group and take care of each other. The Nine Li race has made a rule to forbid us from killing each other." Hiram tried to smooth things over between Amos and Zen.

"Rule?" Zen glanced up at the pair indifferently. "Does he follow that rule? He just made up a rule that I must give him ninety percent of all the wild bones I find. Do you think that's reasonable?"

Hearing Zen's words, Sarah and Hiram looked at Amos in astonishment.

A ten-ninety deal?

That was too greedy, even for him.

Thinking that Zen was an easy target, he never thought the guy's counterattack would be so fierce—Zen had defeated him in a single sword strike.

"Well... Zen, I was greedy, but you are broad-minded. Please forgive me. I know that there are many wild bones in several other places. Friendliness itself is a source of wealth. We must dig out more of them together."

Because his life was clearly in Zen's hands, Amos tried to curry favor with the man.

People like Amos and Hiram came from the bottom of society—they obtained what they wanted by fighting fiercely and held no principles. In the face of those who were stronger than them, they easily gave in and shifted attitudes.

Zen smiled faintly as he stared at Amos. "No matter whether or not you mean what you say, if you dare to pick another fight with me, you will definitely die—I will not hesitate. If you don't believe me, you can always try provoking me, but this is your final chance. You'd better not act on impulse once I release you from this sword."

As soon as his words faded away, Sarah's, Hiram's, and Amos' expressions shifted.

Sarah and Hiram thought that Zen was only able to get Amos under his control because his attack came as a surprise. Even Amos thought the same.

If Zen let go of him, Amos would activate the Wild God Power and turn into a giant up to 8, 000 feet. Then, killing Zen would be as easy as squashing an ant.

Never did he expect Zen to be such an arrogant man, void of any fear of him.

"Whoosh!"

Zen's right hand suddenly shrank and the Shadow Bearing Sword was pulled from Amos' neck.

It was sharp, but it did not draw a single drop of blood.

The other touched the paper-thin scar on his neck and heaved a sigh of relief.

He gave Zen another look. Thinking of the man's warning, Amos couldn't help but shudder.

Zen was probably not as simple as he first seemed.

So then Amos decided to put up with the act to see what would happen. If he found that Zen was bluffing, then he'd make his move.

Zen, however, cared nothing about what was on Amos' mind—he wanted to dig for more wild bones instead of wasting time on Amos and the others.

Plenty of wild bones lay in the area, but Zen used his spiritual sense to search for them, pulling them to him with strength source. It was an extremely efficient method—wherever he walked, he took all the wild bones in the area for himself.

After observing him, Sarah and Hiram got a sense of what Zen was doing, making them even more curious about his origins.

In just about six hours, not many wild bones were left in the area—Zen had obtained almost every single one. Sarah then suggested they move to another spot.

Chapter 2549 Romeo's Strength

The sound of shoe soles roughly scraping the ground filled the area as the four of them had run for more than 300 miles in the wilderness, then they came to a halt.

"This is the place," said Sarah with a smile. "This area should be the place with the most abundant wild bones in the Immemorial Wilderness."

At that moment, the squirrel on Amos' shoulder let out a squeak.

Perhaps, it might've sensed the rich Wild God Power in the place.

In turn, Amos vigilantly scanned the whole place and said, "There are indeed a lot of wild bones here, but it's not safe here."

The area in the Immemorial Wilderness where they were in wasn't really small, but it was likely that they could still encounter people from the Yellow Emperor race.

The Wild Gods who came into this area in the Immemorial Wilderness all thought that their survival was their most important priority, not the number of wild bones they could get.

After all, the Admission Tokens to enter the place were not of much value, but everyone had only one life.

"It's not a big problem. This is not the core area of the Immemorial Wilderness. I doubt that the elites of the Yellow Emperor race would take the risk and come over," said Hiram. He, too, was interested in the huge amount of wild bones in the place.

Although they were all generally cautious and careful people, it was a huge risk for them to come to this area.

"Just be quick," Sarah said with a faint smile as she looked helplessly at Zen.

Everyone had been watching Zen dig up the wild bones for most of the time, up until now.

The number of wild bones he got alone was probably more than the total number of wild bones the three of them had dug up. It was safe to say that he had a really big advantage.

Yet, he didn't know much about this part of the Immemorial Wilderness. He simply began to search for the wild bones quietly by spreading out his spiritual will like a net that covered a radius of several dozen miles.

Meanwhile, eight thousand miles away from them was Romeo of the Nine Li race who floated in the air.

He was dressed in white and his calm exterior exuded a faint aura. He looked like a man who came from the scroll.

Surrounding him were the eight Wild Gods who had grown up to eight thousand feet high.

"I'm a little surprised. When did you guys have the guts to come to this core area of the Immemorial Wilderness to dig wild bones?" Romeo asked.

It was known that this specific area in the Immemorial Wilderness served as the training grounds for the Nine Li race and Yellow Emperor race.

The training for the core disciples of both sides included recklessly killing each other's unimportant Wild Gods, which was why all the unimportant Wild Gods tried their best to avoid Romeo and the likes of him when they dug wild bones.

It was also why very few Wild Gods went to the core area to search for wild bones--it was tantamount to death.

This time, however, Romeo was very surprised to encounter eight unimportant Wild Gods of the Yellow Emperor race.

The eight Wild Gods seemed to be well prepared. They didn't escape when they saw Romeo, but activated the Wild God Power in an attempt to fight back.

The Wild Gods looked fierce and ready to fight, and they didn't bother to hide the obvious greed in their eyes.

"Killing a disciple of the Nine Li race could get us a million wild bones!"

"And also a set of Yellow Emperor's blood!"

"Cut the crap. Let's get ready to fight!"

Romeo was surprised to hear them.

"There will always be brave men in search of great rewards," as the saying went. A million wild bones were not enough to make those Wild Gods take the risk.

To get a set of Yellow Emperor blood, however… The temptation was too great.

Cultivation in this world did not require too much talent, but it was the bloodline that made the big difference.

Those with special bloodlines were able to absorb the power in the wild bones that contained bloodlines and activate bloodline theurgy. In other words, Wild Gods with blood theurgy were much more powerful than ordinary Wild Gods.

Yet, bloodline was something that was assigned from birth--and countless people dreamed of changing their bloodlines.

Some great races could indeed transplant their bloodline to other Wild Gods, but they couldn't possibly transplant their bloodline randomly if they wanted to maintain the purity of their own bloodline.

For example, the Nine Li race had only offered their bloodline to about a dozen outsiders, and all of them had made great contribution to the Nine Li race.

Thus, the fact that Yellow Emperor race suddenly offered such a reward shocked Romeo greatly.

Just then, it seemed that eight huge mountains were about to surround Romeo as the Wild Gods ran straight towards him!

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

A violent gust of wind blew as their massive bodies rushed down to pounce on him.

In response, his eyes glittered and his smile faded away, only to be replaced by an icy glare.

He quickly swept past the Wild Gods like an agile fish and at the same time, a light green bamboo sword appeared in his hand.

"Nine Li Wild Body!"

"Phew!"

After he had activated the Wild God Power in his body, his figure began to expand until he quickly became a giant that was ten thousand feet high.

His giant's form however, was very different from that of ordinary Wild Gods.

Another huge head appeared above Romeo's head. The new head was a duplicate of Romeo's head but it looked ferocious and aggressive.

In addition, there were another two hands that appeared on his body!

Two heads and four hands!

It turned out to be the bloodline theurgy of the Nine Li race!

Generally speaking, one who had absorbed enough blood wild bones would be able to grow two additional heads and four additional arms.

When Romeo's body expanded, the bamboo sword in his hand turned into a huge sword that was eight thousand feet long as well!

At that point, his two heads began to speak at the same time. "You're...

courting death!" he said softly.

However, both of them had different voices.

The first one was calm and aloof, while the other seemed very angry. It sounded quite strange when the two of them spoke simultaneously.

"Whoosh!"

The moment Romeo turned into a giant Wild God, he stretched out two of his hands and dragged a Wild God towards him. Then, he stabbed the Wild God's head with the bamboo sword.

"Crack..."

The bamboo sword was so sharp that it completely penetrated the Wild God's head to his body!

But Romeo didn't stop there--he turned around and punched two more Wild Gods. Then, he twisted his body, pulled out the bamboo sword, and slashed at them.

"Phew!"

The green sword light swept through the space of tens of thousands of feet all around and along the necks of three Wild Gods.

Three giant heads rolled down the Wild Gods' bodies and hit the ground with a loud thud.

Romeo had brought his four arms and two heads into full play, which made it impossible for his opponents to dodge his attacks. The Wild Gods were about as huge as Romeo's form, but they actually couldn't fight back and only retreated.

In the blink of an eye, he had killed all the eight Wild Gods.

"You've overestimated yourselves!" Romeo's two heads said together.

He glanced at the eight corpses, which had now shrunken.

Yet, he also felt a little dubious. He wondered, why did the Yellow Emperor race offer such a reward for this group of trash to kill the warriors of the Nine Li race?

Are they going to wage an all-out war?

With that thought in mind, his eyes subconsciously drifted over to the tall, huge Sky South Bone Tower in the distance.

The Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race had been enemies for a long time. Romeo had heard from the elders of his race that even in the Source World, the two races were like water and fire as they could not tolerate each other.

Still, they lived in a world where they had to set aside their hatred in order to survive.

The fight that happened in this area in the Immemorial Wilderness was all for the Sky South Bone Tower. He wondered, was the Yellow Emperor race prepared to seize the Sky South Bone Tower?

Chapter 2550 A Plot

As Romeo lost himself in his thoughts, a small black dot suddenly flew in front of him.

The black dot grew bigger as it approached him. When it got closer, it turned into a giant over ten thousand feet in height.

This giant's Wild God Power was incomparably pure, and his body shone with a faint, golden light.

"The Wild Body of the Yellow Emperor."

At that moment, Romeo increased his guard. He held the bamboo sword in one hand and slightly leaned forward, prepared to attack at any time.

A layer of light golden color would wash over the bodies of the Wild Gods from the Yellow Emperor race when their blood was activated.

Thus, Romeo thought that the one who arrived must have the blood of the Yellow Emperor race.

"You've killed eight Wild Gods in an instant. You really are worthy of your reputation as a new talent of the Nine Li race." The man from the Yellow Emperor race laughed.

"If you want to challenge me, so be it. Why did you send your useless followers to fight me?" Romeo snorted.

The man's lips curved up into a grin. "I just wanted you to warm up.

Since I let you in, of course I won't let you leave the Immemorial Wilderness!" "What do you mean?" Romeo asked as his face darkened.

It was true that the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race had been fighting fiercely in the Immemorial Wilderness.

The only thing was, most of those who had died were the outsiders who came to collect wild bones. It didn't matter if they received the Admission Tokens of the Nine Li race or the Yellow Emperor race, because the core disciples of the two races eventually killed them as they were just collateral damage from the core disciples' cultivation.

The core disciples of the two races, however, rarely fought in real fights. They even deliberately avoided too many conflicts.

After all, most of the core disciples were cultivated by consuming a great amount of blood wild bones. The death of any core disciple would bring a great loss.

Just then, Romeo had a bad feeling about the man's words.

On the other hand, the man thought that Romeo wouldn't be able to live anymore. "It's very simple. We've been fighting for the Sky South Bone Tower so long.

It's time for our race to settle in," he said with a chuckle. "You think you can settle in if you kill me? It won't be that simple," Romeo sneered.

It couldn't be denied that the competition in their world was too fierce.

Moreover, the powerhouses of all the clans were present in the List of Blood Lineage.

Ranked first place was the Snake Goddess race, followed by the Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race, respectively. Aside from those three, there were other large races as well.

When shepherds quarreled, the wolf had a winning game, as the saying went. If the Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race really fought over the Sky South Bone Tower, the other races would most likely take advantage of the opportunity, and that was the last thing the two races wanted to happen.

Therefore, they really couldn't go all out to fight over the Sky South Bone Tower.

Besides, even if the Yellow Emperor race killed Romeo, they still wouldn't be able to settle in the Sky South Bone Tower either.

"Of course we can.

As long as we kill a few of the core disciples from the younger generation of your race, we will be able to win back the Sky South Bone Tower. Hahaha..." the man said and laughed. "What do you mean?" Romeo growled.

"Although you are a disciple of the Nine Li race, I'm afraid you don't know that our races have made a bet. Mid-rank Wild Gods will fight at the foot of the Sky South Bone Tower, and the winners will be able to settle in the tower. It's said that each race can dispatch five people to the match. Among the younger generation of your race, Chandler is ranked second, and Farhann is ranked fourth--but unfortunately, both of them are dead and can't participate in the match. You are ranked third, but you'd probably die too. Ha-ha!" The man cackled.

Suddenly, two more black dots approached them as the man laughed wildly.

The two black dots quickly increased in size and turned into two Wild Gods who were over ten thousand feet tall. Their bodies also sparkled with a golden light, which meant that they were also from Yellow Emperor race.

Now, Romeo couldn't help but be surprised at the man's words. He glared at him and asked, "Did you kill Farhann and Chandler?"

The most talented people from the younger generation of the Nine Li race were Elsa, Chandler, Romeo, Farhann, and Killian.

Chandler and Romeo were the closest ones among them, and they often trained in the Immemorial Wilderness.

If what the man had said was true, then he really did kill Chandler. That was something that Romeo had never expected.

At the same time, he understood what the man meant. As soon as the two races had made a bet, the Yellow Emperor race quickly killed the two out of the top five young warriors of the Nine Li race.

In that case, the Yellow Emperor race had gained the initiative. Of course, the fewer young talents the Nine Li race had, the Yellow Emperor race's chances of victory were greater.

Chandler and Farhann were dead, and now they targeted Romeo.

"How evil!" Romeo blurted out, and as soon as he realized that fact, the only thought in his mind was to escape.

"Whoosh!"

He immediately turned around and flew towards the other side of the Immemorial Wilderness.

The man just snickered and said, "Since you're here, there's no way that I'll let you run away."

As soon as he finished speaking, the three men from the Yellow Emperor race rushed to chase Romeo.

Somewhere far away, Zen was oblivious to what was happening in that area of Immemorial Wilderness.

He just wholeheartedly continued to dig the wild bones.

After a few hours, he had accumulated more than 30, 000 wild bones.

If he worked with such efficiency and went to the Immemorial Wilderness a few times a month, he could have several hundred thousand wild bones.

No wonder these people were willing to take the risk to enter this place. The efficiency of collecting wild bones in this way was countless times higher. Just by absorbing more than 30, 000 wild bones alone would be able to increase his body to a thousand feet high.

What if he came to collect wild bones for a month?

When Zen released his spiritual sense again, he felt something different and his heart beat slightly faster.

"What?"

He had clearly sensed that a wild bone underneath the ground gave off a special kind of power.

"It's a blood wild bone!"

He had seen a blood wild bone before and knew that the auras of different blood wild bones were different.

"Whoosh!"

He wasted no time and his body began to dig down in a flash.

The blood wild bone wasn't buried too deep. It was only about twenty feet underground.

It wasn't long before he was twenty feet deep. He carefully removed the skeletons and pulled out a piece of brown wild bone.

"The aura of this wild bone..."

The moment he touched it, he was hit with something familiar.

"Does it have Chiyou's blood?" he muttered. The mere thought of it quickly made him excited.

He had Chiyou's blood, but there were too few blood wild bones in the world. He didn't get the second one after he dug out one blood wild bone, let alone the one with Chiyou's blood.

Despite being thrilled for words, he gently moved his hand along the surface of the wild bone and used his spiritual sense to draw out a wisp of the Wild God Power.

"Swish!"

In turn, the wisp of the brown Wild God Power quietly transformed into the shape of three heads and six arms.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2551 Ignored

This wasn't the first time Zen had seen something with three heads and six arms.

The shadow formed by the stream of brown Wild God Power was obscure but Zen was certain that this wild bone contained Chiyou's bloodline.

Finding this wild bone was a good thing but Zen still had some concerns.

Back in the Evolutionary Universe, he changed his blood in order to avoid being punished by the Ruling Slate. He didn't know if doing so would also affect his absorption of the blood wild bone's power.

The only way to find out was to give it a try.

It was not suitable to refine the Wild God Power in the Immemorial Wilderness so Zen had to put away this blood wild bone in his space ring for the meantime.

At that moment, he heard a clamor of footsteps approaching.

Zen jumped from the hole and saw smoke billowing in the distance. At the same time, he saw countless Wights running away from the smoke.

These Wights were on all-fours and were currently rushing towards Zen at a surprisingly fast rate.

"These Wights... Are they crazy?"

Sarah exclaimed, her face filled with astonishment as she watched this scene.

The Wild Gods who often explored the Immemorial Wilderness knew of the large number of Wights that resided here.

Once, the entire population of Wights was wiped out by a great force. Not long after, a large number of Wights appeared in the Immemorial

Wilderness all over again. There was simply no way of getting rid of them.

The strangest thing was that nobody knew where these Wights came from.

Fortunately, the strength of these creatures was ordinary and not much of a threat against the Wild Gods.

However, seeing them rush over in such large numbers was strange. Something must be wrong.

"Get out of here, all of you!" Hiram shouted, waving his thousand-foot-long rake.

"Phew..."

The rake hit hundreds of Wights, turning them into broken corpses.

This bloody scene made Zen frown.

He did not feel any ill intent from these Wights. On the contrary, it seemed as if they were merely escaping from something.

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, a figure, ten thousand feet long, appeared in the smoke. The figure moved across the smoke and fell towards Zen.

It was a huge giant, equivalent to a huge mountain and it was about to crash down upon him!

Zen's eyes were wide open. He soared into the air and narrowly avoided the giant.

"Rumble..."

The giant smashed onto the ground and glided quite a distance, leaving a ditch that was a thousand feet deep in his wake.

"It is Romeo!"

Zen hovered in the sky and clearly saw the giant's features. It had two giant heads and four arms but the two faces were the same as Romeo's.

However, Romeo's huge body was currently covered in scars.

"Is it actually Romeo?" Sarah asked, eyes still filled with shock.

"Who has such a huge amount of strength to hurt Romeo?" Hiram mused, his eyes widened in astonishment.

Amos' face also darkened as he looked at the billowing smoke in the distance. He could make out three huge figures, each one over ten-thousand feet tall.

As the figures emerged from the smoke, they saw that they were three giants that glowed with golden light.

At that moment, Amos', Sarah's, and Hiram's faces all paled.

They had been digging for wild bones in this area for years and knew well enough that this golden light was a special bloodline theurgy of the Yellow Emperor race!

Amos had been so careful in avoiding these powerful warriors since they had already killed a countless number of Wild Gods.

Romeo was badly injured upon fighting all these three great opponents. If they were to get involved, they would definitely die!

"Give up, Romeo! You won't escape this Immemorial Wilderness this time," the middle-aged man at the helm announced.

Romeo was on the ground but he stood up and wiped the blood off the corner of his mouth. "Do you not fear the Nine Li race? Do you not fear us waging a war?"

The middle-aged man burst into laughter. "War? It seems you've overestimated yourself, Romeo! You're only one of the many mid-rank Wild Gods in the Nine Li race. Do you honestly think they'll wage a war because of you?"

The situation of the world right now was extremely delicate.

Aside from the Snake Goddess race, the Yellow Emperor race, and the Nine Li race, the Emperor Charm race was also eager to make its move.

The strong warriors of each race hid in the bone towers and rarely caused any commotion.

Romeo was indeed an outstanding warrior but his death was not enough to warrant a declaration of war from the Nine Li race.

Moreover, this area of the Immemorial Wilderness was the training ground for the Nine Li race's and the Yellow Emperor race's warriors. Dying here was very common.

When Romeo heard this, his eyes showed a trace of despair. It seemed he was fated to die here.

The middle-aged man's face was filled with confidence in his victory. He swept his gaze over Zen and the others.

Amos, Sarah, and Hiram all trembled in fear. They wanted to find an opportunity to run away and were unwilling to get involved in the dispute between the two races. Would they let them go?

Zen firmly stood in midair, pondering the situation.

He didn't know the Nine Li race's origin but he thought of the golden Chiyou statue in the palace of the sun and assumed that Romeo and he should belong to the same race.

If he saved Romeo, that meant getting the chance of probably joining the Nine Li race.

However, the strength of the three Wild Gods of the Yellow Emperor race was great and it would mean taking a great risk to fight them.

"Bilaal, you go and kill those irrelevant vermin. Tyreke and I will finish off Romeo," the middle-aged man instructed.

As soon as he said this, Amos, Sarah, and Hiram understood that they had been handed down their death sentences.

However, they weren't going to sit here and wait to get killed. The three of them quickly rose in size, turning into seven or eight thousand feet tall giants. They were going to go all out to fight for their lives.

Zen still hadn't activated his Wild God Power. He, instead, used chaotic energy to send Romeo, Sarah, Hiram, and Amos a voice message. "Romeo, try to delay those two men while I suppress Bilaal with soul force. The rest of you, work together and kill him. As long as we eliminate one of them, everything will be easier."

A strange expression appeared on everyone's face when they heard Zen's voice.

Most of the warriors in this world mainly cultivated Wild God Power, largely because of the environment they were in.

Because of this, all Wild Gods had one shortcoming: their souls weren't strong enough.

Fortunately, everyone's soul was about at the same level so it wasn't a determining factor in fighting against their opponents.

When Zen told them that he intended to suppress Bilaal with his soul force, they couldn't believe their ears.

However, there was no time to think about it.

The middle-aged man and Tyreke were already rushing towards Romeo. Without so much as a thought, Romeo chose to retreat.

At the same time, Bilaal also rushed towards Hiram like a strong beast, face red with excitement.

Zen, who still hadn't activated his Wild God Power, was ignored by Bilaal as if he was a mere mosquito.

Taking advantage of this, Zen flew high up into the air. He narrowed his eyes and two rays of light on the Shadow Bearing Sword began to flash. He sent a message through his chaotic energy once again. "Now is the time. Attack!"

Chapter 2552 Take Action In Person

Hiram, Sarah, and Amos could change into eight thousand feet tall giants and were regarded as mid-rank Wild Gods.

However, there was a huge difference between their strength and that of a Wild God with a bloodline.

They would be the ones to get killed.

Hiram was considered a brave warrior. He clenched his teeth and held onto his rake, standing still despite the oncoming attack of Bilaal from the Yellow Emperor race.

Amos looked as if he was prepared to fight to the death, but he actually kept a safe distance and was always prepared to turn tail if things went south.

Hiram didn't think much after hearing Zen's words. He opened his mouth and let out a roar, activating the Wild God Power in his body as he jumped up and slashed his rake towards Bilaal.

At the same time, Sarah's figure flashed past the other side, armed with a short sword.

Despite her weapon being a short sword, it should be considered that the one who wielded it was about eight thousand feet tall which made the sword more than a thousand feet long.

"Are you guys seriously resisting? Ha-ha!" Bilaal mocked.

The Yellow Emperor race regarded these Wild Gods as mere target practice. Bilaal thought of them as nothing more than dirt so he didn't really take them seriously.

His entire body flashed with golden light and he stretched out his thick, right hand to directly snatch Hiram's rake.

Zen's eyes flashed.

"Frenzy of Goodwill and Malice!"

As he shouted, his strong soul force activated the Shadow Bearing Sword. This soul attack with the Truth of Godly Way rushed towards Bilaal.

"Bang!"

Bilaal felt as if his head had been hit by a heavy hammer and was immediately dazed.

He was totally confused and ended up standing in place like a fool.

"I'll hit you to death!"

Hiram knew he had to take advantage of this and tried to also hit Bilaal. He didn't know how Zen did it but knew it was his opening.

The huge rake came smashing down towards Bilaal.

"Clang!"

The rake came crashing down on Bilaal's head with a crisp sound.

They saw how the golden light above him release bursts of glistening light waves that successfully blocked Hiram's extremely powerful attack.

"Go to hell!"

Sarah, who was at the side, also swung her short sword and struck it into Bilaal's rib.

"Crack!"

Unfortunately, the golden light around Bilaal served as impenetrable armor. The short sword, sharp as it was, failed to pierce Bilaal's body.

With a reluctant expression on her face, Sarah turned and once again stabbed the short sword towards Bilaal.

"Whizzing, whizzing..."

Her attacks were aimed at his vital parts but were blocked by the golden light each time.

Hiram had also taken this time to repeatedly smash Bilaal's head with his rake several times but he still couldn't break through the golden light.

On the other side, Romeo continued to dodge his pursuers. The sight of his allies unable to land a blow on Bilaal caused him great anxiety. He was initially surprised at Zen's abilities but it seemed that the other Wild Gods weren't even able to break Bilaal's Yellow Emperor Wild Body. This was truly a waste of opportunity.

Unfortunately, he was currently in a tight spot and couldn't help them kill Bilaal.

Zen's soul attack messed Bilaal's mind for a moment. He had to spend a few moments in a daze before regaining consciousness and, when he did, his huge face was immediately distorted in anger.

To think that he was a member of the Yellow Emperor race and yet was actually caught off-guard by these weak Wild Gods was laughable. If it weren't for the defensive power of his Yellow Emperor Wild Body, he would've already died.

"Swish!"

Bilaal reached out and took Hiram's rake with one hand and grabbed Sarah's neck with the other.

The Wild God Power burst out from his body as he lifted Sarah off the ground.

"You are just a woman. But you are very bold," he said with a vicious smile.

Sarah clawed at his hand, unable to say a word against him.

Seeing this, Zen's thin figure quietly floated in Bilaal's mind.

At that moment, an inaudible voice spoke to his ear. "Alas. They can't defeat you after attacking for so long. In the end, I have to take action in person..."

Bilaal frowned, only realizing then that Zen still hadn't activated the Wild God Power. The young man was merely floating around like a mosquito the entire time. Bilaal briefly wondered if it was he who released the soul attack.

It was then that a unique aura emerged.

"Bang!"

Another huge, invisible hammer hit his head, disorienting his soul.

Zen held the hilt of the Shadow Bearing Sword on one hand and cradled the blade with the other. The aura of hundreds of Godly Ways merged in his inner world once again.

"Ways-blending Strike!"

"Chop!"

Zen was a mere mosquito compared to Bilaal.

Despite the golden light produced by the Ways-blending Strike being a thousand feet long, it was only a mere thread compared to Bilaal's huge body.

However, just as this crescent-shaped thread touched the golden light around Bilaal, it suddenly let out a harsh noise.

"Sizz, sizz..."

The golden light around Bilaal grew brighter and flashed crazily, as if it was finally ready to collapse.

As the thin thread continued to cut forward, a crisp, smashing sound was heard. The golden light around Bilaal finally collapsed and the thread pierced through his neck.

Zen didn't even bother to check if his attack killed Bilaal or not and instead floated directly to Romeo.

He didn't really want to use the Ways-blending Strike in front of others which was the main reason why he hoped Hiram and Sarah could've been enough to help him kill Bilaal.

However, he didn't expect the gap between ordinary Wild Gods and a Wild God with a bloodline to be so big. Bilaal was already just standing there yet the two of them could do nothing. Zen had no choice but to intervene.

Noticing that the hand that grabbed her neck lost its strength, Sarah immediately struggled and threw Bilaal's arm off her. She retreated a few steps back and stared at her foe.

Hiram and Amos were also stunned.

Not long after, blood spilled out of Bilaal's neck. His huge head began to tilt until it eventually fell off cleanly from his torso. Only then did they realize that Zen had succeeded in what they failed to do. He didn't even turn into the form of a Wild God!

"Well, that guy doesn't depend on the Wild God Power at all," Hiram remarked excitedly.

Sarah was calmer now and couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. She looked at Zen with complex emotions. "I haven't heard of a True God that possesses such powerful strength!"

Amos couldn't help but gasp in surprise. It was only then that he realized that Zen stabbed the sword into his neck not because of his carelessness.

It was only because Zen showed him mercy that he was still alive and breathing.

Chapter 2553 Cooperation

Facing the overwhelming forces in the attack of both the middle-aged man and Tyreke of the Yellow Emperor race, Romeo was left with no choice but to retreat.

"Bang!"

Rallying the golden glow on the surface of his body, the middle-aged man delivered a stunning series of punches to Romeo's head.

"Bang, Bang, Bang..."

Romeo staggered back seven or eight steps in the onslaught, and with every step he took, a huge crater formed in the ground. The Immemorial Wilderness began to shake violently as cataclysmic forces were at work.

As soon as he had balanced his body, Tyreke charged in closely behind.

Fortunately, Romeo had four hands. He clasped the bamboo sword in one hand and swung it with tremendous force.

An emerald green sword radiance spewed forth to block Tyreke.

Tyreke knew fear at the sight of this emerald green sword light. This was probably the only force that could penetrate the Yellow Emperor Wild Body, so he tried his best to avoid it.

However, just as Tyreke was forced to back off, the middle-aged man stepped up again. As the two tag-teamed in attacking Romeo, he almost had no way to fight back and could only defend himself desperately.

He didn't even have a spare moment to glance at the battle that Zen was embroiled in.

Just now, Zen had used the soul attack to disrupt Bilaal's soul, which gave Romeo a glimmer of hope.

It was a pity that the combined strength of the other two Wild Gods had proven too weak. They were unable to even dent Bilaal's Yellow

Emperor Wild Body. His only glimmer of hope died in the instant that it had been ignited.

When Bilaal finished off those Wild Gods and joined forces with the middle-aged man and Tyreke to attack him, he would surely perish today.

Thinking of this, Romeo felt a pang of sorrow in his heart.

He was unwilling to face death here in this Immemorial Wilderness. If he could only get some more blood wild bones, then he could even have a chance to become the top warrior among the younger generation!

As despair set in, even his fighting spirit gradually began to weaken...

Seeing the middle-aged man rush at him again, he even had a brief urge to simply give up resistance.

Just then, a voice delivered by chaotic energy echoed into his ears again. "Romeo! I'll disturb these two's minds, and you take the chance to vanquish them!"

"What!"

Romeo's eyes flashed in surprise as he looked over and saw Zen who was several thousand feet away.

Zen still hadn't activated the Wild God Power. He hovered in the air like a small mosquito. He was utterly inconspicuous, but in Romeo's eyes, he had become a life-saving straw!

"Swish!"

Romeo clutched the sword tightly with renewed strength in one hand. Facing the violent attack of the middle-aged man, he swayed backward and placed one of his arms across his chest to block the attack.

"Bang!"

The punch from the middle-aged man landed on his shielding arm.

"Crack!"

The arm was immediately bent at a 90 degree angle. It had actually been broken by the sheer force of the middle-aged man's punch!

The biggest advantage of the Nine Li Wild Body was that it could grow spare limbs, and it had the potential to grow two more heads and four more arms. The flesh of the body was far more solid than that of ordinary Wild Gods, and it could rapidly heal after being injured due to its immense vitality.

In comparison, the Yellow Emperor Wild Body possessed extremely powerful defensive power.

Romeo, who had now lost an arm, spun up into the air. The bamboo sword swept out over a distance of over ten thousand feet, forming a huge, glittering arc in the air.

His sword swept down at Tyreke.

"Are you now going to risk your life? Unfortunately, your life is utterly worthless. It's a pity that none of you will leave here alive today." The middle-aged man laughed, a hollow and sinister sound.

As Romeo slashed down at Tyreke with his sword, it presented a good chance for the middle-aged man to counter-attack him. He had the ability to kill Romeo before Romeo's sword came into range of Tyreke.

Tyreke sneered coldly. This Romeo fellow seemed to have truly given up the fight. It was impossible that this clumsy attack could even scratch him.

But at the critical moment, both the middle-aged man and Tyreke suddenly sensed a violent flash of light expanding at the corners of their eyes.

They narrowed their eyes to look, and they saw Zen who was tiny as a mosquito.

Romeo's foes were stunned. Neither the middle-aged man nor Tyreke had even guessed that Zen was still alive.

After Bilaal had attacked the others, they had assumed he would succeed, and they didn't bother to check the result. As a member of the Yellow Emperor race, it should have been a piece of cake for Bilaal to finish off four mere Wild Gods.

The moment they focused in on Zen, they were still unaware that Bilaal had already died. Instead, they were stunned that Zen had even been able to escape from Bilaal.

However, just as this thought flashed through their minds, they saw that Zen had slightly raised his Shadow Bearing Sword and now held it horizontally.

"Buzz!"

The two-color sword radiance flashed outwards.

"Boom!"

Both the middle-aged man and Tyreke immediately felt intense agony as if their heads were being pounded at by a sledge hammer.

In particular, Tyreke instinctively clutched his head with both hands and roared crazily.

"Crack…"

Romeo's sword had already arched out towards Tyreke. If it weren't for the fact that they now suffered from Zen's soul attack, the middle-aged man could have easily blocked his blow, and Tyreke could have easily avoided the strike.

However, the whole fight script had been rewritten because of the soul attack!

Romeo's sword hacked savagely at the golden light on Tyreke's body, and the golden light immediately dimmed before being snuffed out as his body cracked into pieces.

After the first strike had banished the golden light, a second equally potent sword strike followed.

This time, the sword plunged into Tyreke's chest. As half of the sword buried into Tyreke's torso, Romeo lowered his body, lifted his sword, and instantly cut Tyreke's head in half!

After finishing off Tyreke, Romeo turned. Brandishing his sword, he slashed at the middle-aged man.

Although the middle-aged man had also suffered from Zen's soul attack, his consciousness had recovered much more swiftly than Tyreke did. In only a few seconds, his eyes had cleared once more.

The middle-aged man was shocked to see that Tyreke had been killed.

In this world, there were few Wild Gods who had mastered the soul attack, of course, except for the really powerful masters of the various other races. However, those masters were not born in this world at all!

This guy was then a completely new Wild God. Since the Wild God Power within his body wasn't very strong, then how could he have unleashed such a powerful soul attack?

Although the middle-aged man was both shocked and scared, his brain was swiftly racing as he considered his options.

As long as he could kill this guy, Romeo would still be no match for him!

He took a step to the right, and his mammoth sized body rolled in the air, heading straight for Zen.

"Watch out!"

Romeo called a warning to Zen as he saw the middle aged man's plan.

Zen floated serenely in the air and watched the middle-aged man's more than ten thousand feet tall body turn on him. It was like watching a huge mountain turning over.

However, Zen didn't look panicked at all. As the light of the Shadow Bearing Sword flashed again, a smile lit up his face.

"Buzz!"

The middle-aged man was once more hit by Zen's soul attack.

In agony, he lost his balance and fell heavily on the ground.

Romeo had gone through many battles, and there was no way that he would let such a good opportunity to kill his enemy slip by.

He launched upward, and clasped his sword with both hands, prepared to strike. Before the middle-aged man once more regained his consciousness, the bamboo sword in Romeo's hand had struck down at the middle-aged man's head.

"Phew!"

The bamboo sword instantly nailed the middle-aged man's head to the ground, cracking it open like a melon.

The middle-aged man's body struggled reflexively and then finally stopped twitching.

Romeo clutched the bamboo sword tightly, ready for more actions as the adrenalin coursed in his body, and he was still a little nervous.

After the middle-aged man's body sagged under its own weight, and it was clear that he had died, the Wild God Power in his body began to dissipate, and his mountainous body began to rapidly shrink.

Romeo pulled his sword free. His face bubbled with joy as he thought of how narrowly he had escaped from death. He looked over at Zen, who floated not far away.

Chapter 2554 Fully Loaded

Romeo had never imagined that he could narrowly escape death. What just happened was like a nightmare!

Zen's sudden appearance had helped reverse the end result especially for him at death's door.

He was still in disbelief as he felt that he hadn't gone back yet on his senses.

"Thank you!" Romeo faced Zen as he earnestly cupped his hands. "I, Romeo, will never forget that you have saved my life."

Zen only smiled faintly and uttered, "Even if I didn't make a move, after killing you, they would still come to kill me. It would count as I'm also saving myself. Don't take it to heart."

Romeo shook his head and said, "It's different! Without you, I couldn't have killed them."

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Sarah, Amos and Hiram immediately turned back to their original figure and rushed straight over.

"Sir, are you okay? You have defeated three Yellow Emperor members all by yourself. I bet that among the young generation of the Nine Li race, no one can defeat you... " Amos praised Romeo with a flattering expression on his face.

In his eyes, Romeo was a nobleman who was beyond his reach.

Going through the crisis together, he naturally would seize this opportunity to play up to Romeo. He was expecting that he might get the chance to enter a bone tower and even join the Nine Li race in the future!

Sarah and Hiram on the side both frowned upon hearing Amos' flattering words towards Romeo.

Anyone who wasn't blind could see and understand that the one who played the key role in winning the battle was Zen.

If it weren't for Zen's powerful soul attack, every single one of them would have turned into corpses, including Romeo.

Amos was the blind one, shamelessly talking nonsense just to flatter Romeo.

Romeo glanced at him indifferently. These Wild Gods were nothing important in his eyes, and he felt that this Amos was more like a clown.

In the midst of their fight, he had seen that Sarah and Hiram were the ones who had gone all out to fight back, but Amos was just standing far away. Obviously, he had no intention of taking action.

He had no expectations that these Wild Gods would save him. After all, they had Admission Tokens and their purpose of coming here was to collect wild bones, and they didn't have the obligation to save anyone from the Nine Li race. But deep in his heart, he had no good impression of this guy who did nothing but brazenly cosied up to him.

Romeo just glanced at him but didn't respond. As the core disciple of the Nine Li race, he was clear about the secret of the bone towers.

There were so many Wild Gods in this world. After three years, they would all die under the Light of Adjudication.

It was unfortunate that a vast majority of people had no idea that death was rapidly approaching.

"We can't stay in this area of Immemorial Wilderness any longer. The Yellow Emperor race has made a big move and this place is very dangerous. Will you leave with me?" Romeo asked as he stared at Zen.

He rather had a good impression on Zen, and he was a bit unwilling to let someone with such talent go.

He thought Zen was even qualified to enter a bone tower, and in determination would like to recommend him to the leaders.

However, Zen shook his head and replied, "I still have to dig out the wild bones first. I will come to you in the future."

He naturally wouldn't let go of such an opportunity to enter the Nine Li race. However, entering the Immemorial Wilderness was not an easy feat, and he had just dug out two pieces of blood wild bones.

He felt reluctant to leave right now.

"Dig the wild bones..." Romeo smiled and offered, "I can give you one million wild bones!"

A million wild bones was not a small amount for Romeo, but he could still afford it.

He didn't like the idea of owing others a favor. If Zen would be willing to accept the one million wild bones, he could at least repay him for saving his life.

"One million?" Zen raised his eyebrows at Romeo's offer.

He was tempted by such a large number of wild bones, but in the end, he still refused the generous offer.

He felt that the offer was much more than he could deserve. On the other hand, with his speed of digging the wild bones, it wouldn't be too difficult for him to accumulate a million pieces in this area of Immemorial Wilderness. More importantly, he really needed to get the blood wild bones.

Romeo was a bit disappointed hearing Zen's refusal.

But on second thought, with this guy's soul force, it wouldn't be very dangerous for him to dig here as long as he didn't encounter powerful Wild Gods who would attack him.

After all, this guy had the Admission Token of the Nine Li race. He then accepted Zen's refusal and didn't push further. He decided to go back first and report this to the elders of the race. Finding Zen would not be difficult if he wanted.

Before leaving, he took away belongings of the three Yellow Emperor members and handed over a few items to Zen. Lastly, he asked about Sarah's and Hiram's names then instructed, "For the wild bones you have dug out this time, you three don't have to hand in a portion of them to our Nine Li race. I'll tell this to the person in charge."

Half of the bones dug out in this part of the Immemorial Wilderness would be given to the Nine Li race. There were some people who were unwilling to let the Nine Li race have a share of their wild bones, and as a result, they were killed by the powerful warriors sent by the Nine Li race.

Now no one dared break the rule.

Sarah and Hiram felt overjoyed by Romeo's statement. A faint smile also appeared on Zen's face.

As for Amos, who was standing beside, had a very long face. Romeo had mentioned three names referring to Zen, Sarah and Hiram, but his name was not included.

Romeo didn't care about how Amos would feel.

After bidding goodbye to Zen, he rose up and flew rapidly to get out of the Immemorial Wilderness...

"Are you still going to dig wild bones here?" Zen asked as he looked at Sarah.

Sarah was in all honesty frightened. She had wanted to go back.

Romeo had already told them that they didn't need to hand in any wild bones to Nine Li race. It was indeed a great opportunity. After all, the wild bones she would finally get this time would be doubled compared to the past.

It would also be helpful having Zen around with his strength and ability. It was the most important as she felt safe and secure with him.

She had clearly seen that Zen had fully relied on his own abilities to kill Bilaal.

Romeo had also killed two Yellow Emperor Wild Gods, but he wouldn't have been successful without Zen's soul attack.

Even without Romeo, Zen might have killed all these Wild Gods all by himself.

Tagging along with a powerful warrior digging out the wild bones, she felt that she could do anything she wanted in this Immemorial Wilderness. She doubted that the Yellow Emperor race would send any more powerful people here just to kill them.

Among the four people, only Amos was depressed. Zen, Sarah and Hiram weren't much affected and began to busy themselves digging for wild bones.

The Admission Tokens issued by the Nine Li race had a time limit. They were only given a time limit of eighteen days with the Admission Tokens they had.

On the first day, Zen collected about ten thousand wild bones, and had also dug out two wild bones with Chiyou's bloodline. Much more that in the following days, he was still fortunate to have good luck on his side.

On the second day, although he didn't get any blood wild bone, he dug out a big wild bone which was over twenty feet tall! Sarah was green with envy with the turn of events.

On the third day, Zen dug out three blood wild bones. The three blood wild bones, however, were not the blood wild bones with Chiyou's bloodline.

The following days, collecting the wild bones had gone smoothly without distractions. Perhaps it was because the Yellow Emperor race was busily planning on seizing the Sky South Bone Tower, the Immemorial Wilderness was very peaceful during this period of time.

Eighteen days were already up. Zen had accumulated nearly two hundred thousand wild bones. In addition to that, he also obtained seven or eight kinds of blood wild bones, the total number of which added up to dozens.

Despite the total number of wild bones he got, he was a little upset that there were only four blood wild bones that contained Chiyou's bloodline.

At the same time, Sarah and Hiram had returned back fully loaded. But for Amos, perhaps he felt unhappy by not receiving the same treatment as the other three had, so he was depressed the whole time, making him leave the Immemorial Wilderness ahead of time.

Chapter 2555 Giacomo

After leaving the Immemorial Wilderness, Zen and the others returned to the stronghold.

According to the ordinances, these Wild Gods were obliged to have all of the wild bones they had found checked while the Nine Li race would take half of the wild bones. Only then were they permitted to leave.

The Nine Li race possessed a secret method to detect the amount of wild bones dug out by the Wild Gods. Even if they were to hide them in their space rings, they could not leave without the wild bones being detected. Every Wild God was required to hand over all of the wild bones they had obtained to the Nine Li race for inspection.

However, Zen and the two other Wild Gods with him didn't need to hand over half of their wild bones to the Nine Li race, yet they still needed to go through the inspection procedure.

"Master Romeo has informed us that you are to keep all your wild bones, and you are welcome to exchange the blood wild bones you have obtained for ordinary wild bones at market price here," the woman in emerald clothes said and smiled sweetly at Zen.

Perhaps it was because of Romeo's instructions that she was very polite and treated Zen with respect.

It was common practice here to exchange the blood wild bones for common wild bones at the market price. After all, the Wild Gods here didn't have any special blood lineage, therefore it was useless for them to keep any blood wild bones that they had found. Although it might not present the best deals to trade the blood wild bones at market price, it was convenient. Most of the Wild Gods chose to use this option.

Sarah and Hiram didn't have any quarrel with this arrangement, and they handed over the blood wild bones they had found. Then someone came in and took the blood wild bones away. The Nine Li race would give them a correspondent number of common wild bones after they had evaluated the blood wild bones.

"Exchange the blood wild bones at market price?" Zen frowned slightly as a suspicion formed in his mind.

The woman in emerald noticed Zen's apprehensiveness and said with a smile, "Yes, you won't lose out on the price."

"That is not the problem. One type of the blood wild bones I have dug out has proven very useful to me. I'm afraid I can't exchange those," Zen said.

The girl in emerald was now caught in a dilemma. Although Romeo had ordered special treatment be given to Zen, the rule was resolute. All kinds of blood wild bones the Wild Gods had gathered had to be handed over to the Nine Li race.

After all, most of the major races suffered a severe shortage of blood wild bones of their own bloodlines. Only in trading the blood wild bones with each other could they gain access to the blood wild bones they needed.

However, Zen didn't look like he could have any special bloodline in his body. The girl wondered what he wanted the blood wild bones for in the first place.

The girl in emerald considered this and said, "Can I see the blood wild bones you have dug out?"

Zen nodded and duly removed the collection of blood wild bones from his space ring.

"So many?"

The woman in emerald was aghast when she saw the impressive collection of blood wild bones now stacked on the table.

Meanwhile, Sarah, Hiram, and the servants around were all stunned at the sight of so many bones piled up on the table.

On the polished table top, there were an impressive variety of blood wild bones, and each emitted all kinds of light from cyan to brown, blood red and green…

There were over 80 blood wild bones in the collection! It was unheard of!

For ordinary Wild Gods entering the Immemorial Wilderness, the number of wild bones they could dig out in one visit ranged from 30, 000 to 60, 000. However, this part of Immemorial Wilderness was much more challenging than other parts of the Immemorial Wilderness. It required warriors to take greater risks, and the warriors would usually not dare to go into the highly dangerous core areas.

In considering blood wild bones, generally speaking, it was already quite a feat if a warrior could obtain four or five of them in one collection trip. However, even if a warrior was extremely lucky, they would never collect more than 10 pieces. But Zen had actually gathered near a hundred blood wild bones! That was an incredible feat and quite incomprehensible to every one present in the hall.

Even though Sarah and Hiram, who had been digging the wild bones together with Zen knew that Zen had an acute affinity to the wild bones, they hadn't expected that he could have dug out so many blood wild bones.

"Which kind of blood wild bones do you need to keep?" the girl in emerald asked in a subdued tone while staring at the blood wild bones lying on the table.

Zen reached out his hand and selected four pieces of brown wild bones from the collection. "I just need these four blood wild bones, then you can exchange the rest of them for ordinary wild bones."

Seeing the four blood wild bones Zen had chosen, the girl in emerald arched her beautiful eyebrows and said, "You can't take the wild bones with Chiyou's bloodline."

For the blood wild bones that contained the bloodline of other races, the Nine Li race only kept them for the purpose of trading with other races to obtain bones that contained Chiyou's bloodline. If Zen had really needed some blood wild bones containing bloodline of other races the girl might have made an exception for Zen and let him keep them. However, the blood wild bones with Chiyou's bloodline were treasures that they were determined to own.

Zen frowned. His biggest goal was to find the blood wild bones with Chiyou's bloodline, so how could he let anyone take them away now that he had?

"Zen, it's useless for you to claim these blood wild bones. Surely, you can't absorb the Wild God Power in them, can you?" Hiram, who stood beside Zen, couldn't help asking.

"Yes, it's completely useless for you to possess these blood wild bones, however, they are of vital importance to our race," the girl agreed.

Zen suddenly asked, "What if I can, in fact, absorb the Wild God Power in them?"

Hearing this, those gathered in the hall were stunned.

Some of them were completely overwhelmed by this statement, and they didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Only those of the Nine Li race were able to absorb the power contained in the brown blood wild bones. This was a common knowledge. It was preposterous for Zen to even suggest that he had this ability.

The girl in emerald smiled condescendingly and was about to speak when a voice suddenly sounded from the other side of the hall.

"If you can absorb the Wild God Power of those blood wild bones, the Nine Li race will reward you with another 50 pieces of blood wild bones," a silver haired middle-aged man walked forward and spoke into the silence.

The middle-aged man was quite dignified with his silver hair, and he was of medium height. His luminous eyes shone with sharp light, and no one dared to look him in the eye. What was even stranger was that the Wild God Power he emitted was an indistinct and elusive aura. It was as if his Wild God Power had transcended to another level!

Since coming to this world, Zen had met a lot of Wild Gods. Although their bodies were impressively strong, Zen had always felt confident that he could kill them with all his strength.

But the middle-aged man with silver hair was something new. He gave Zen an unfathomable feeling of the unknown.

When the lady in emerald saw the middle-aged man with silver hair, she was both shocked and awed. She made obeisance and greeted, "Sir, what an honor to see you here! Please forgive me for not personally welcoming you."

Giacomo waved his hand, and his eyes were also staring at Zen. He carefully sized Zen up from head to toe and said with a smile, "A man of wilderness has actually achieved status as a top-rank True God. I wonder what experiences you have faced to bring you to this achievement."

Those living in the bone towers would never refer to the Wild Gods outside the bone towers as "pariahs". After all, that would be too disrespectful, so he only called Zen "a man of wilderness".

Zen cupped his hands and asked, "Are you serious about the challenge that you laid down just now, sir?"

"Of course! But there is no need to try, for it is futile. You can't do it. Ha-ha-ha." Giacomo laughed heartily. "But you saved my nephew, Romeo, and he said you are extremely powerful. Now we of the Nine Li race are badly in need of talent. It's not difficult for us to give you one set of blood of our Nine Li race. Do you want to take it?"

Giacomo had come here specially for Zen.

This time, the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race had made a bet to determine ownership of the Sky South Bone Tower and this part of the Immemorial Wilderness.

However, while making the bet, the Yellow Emperor race had killed Chandler and Farhann of the Nine Li race.

These two men had both been powerful warriors of the younger generation of the Nine Li race. With the Nine Li race's loss of them, they would most probably now lose the bet.

Nine Li race was consumed with fury, but their opponent hadn't broken any rules. So the Nine Li race had no avenue to voice their complaints.

They could only blame themselves for not having been better prepared to prevent being tricked by their opponent.

After Romeo's return to the bone tower, he had recommended Zen to Giacomo. Without any hesitation, the latter had immediately rushed to the stronghold, hoping to find out whether Zen was as magically strong as Romeo had described.

Hearing Giacomo's offer, everyone present became tense, and greed burned in their eyes.

The face of the woman in emerald also became tinged with envy. Born into a large sect in the bone tower, she had an extraordinary background, but even she was not qualified to be gifted with a set of Chiyou's blood!

Chapter 2556 Blood

Blood transfusion was not an easy task. It was said that such a thing had to be done by powerhouses of the Nine Li race.

For most of the Wild Gods in the world, this was undoubtedly an opportunity to completely change their fate.

In the past, only a warrior from another race who made great contributions to the Nine Li race could earn such a privilege.

If it weren't for the pressure from the Yellow Emperor race, the Nine Li race wouldn't have decided to let Zen in.

As far as Giacomo was concerned, Zen was very lucky to have such a good chance that was only given once in a thousand years. So naturally, he believed that Zen would accept this chance with excitement.

However, Zen just gave a slight nod in response. "Of course I'm willing, but before that, I still hope to have a try. I want to know if I can directly absorb the Wild God Power in them."

Hearing Zen's words, Sarah, the woman in emerald, and the others stood still, staring at Zen with confusion on their faces.

'What a lucky reward! But why isn't Zen immediately accepting it?'

Giacomo himself frowned, feeling a little angry. In an affronted tone, he said, "Well, let me see if you can absorb the Wild God Power of our Nine Li race!"

Without saying anything more, Zen grabbed one of the blood wild bones with one hand.

The truth was that Zen himself was not sure if he could directly absorb the blood wild bone. After all, he had undergone the process of blood exchange, so he had no idea if his blood would be compatible with the blood of the wild bone.

"Master Giacomo, the wild bone would be wasted in this way..." the woman in emerald said worriedly.

If Zen extracted the Wild God Power from the wild bone and his body wasn't able to absorb it, then all the Wild God Power would dissipate.

It wasn't advisable at all to let Zen waste the blood wild bone just for the sake of an experiment.

"It doesn't matter!" Giacomo said as he waved his hand. He was too offended to think straight.

Ignoring the tense atmosphere around him, Zen gently moved his hand over the surface of the brown wild bone, and brown waves of Wild God Power burst out like spring water.

"Trickle Spring Method?" A trace of disdain appeared on everyone's face when they saw Zen's skill.

Although Zelda belonged to the Warden race, the method she had cultivated to become a Wild God was not inherited from this race. She had learned the Trickle Spring Method from other places, and it was a relatively clumsy method.

These people naturally looked down upon Zen when they saw him using such a clumsy tactic.

In particular, Giacomo's anger rose when he saw Zen using this method. He was afraid that the blood wild bone was going to be wasted, just like the woman in emerald had warned.

After Zen extracted the brown Wild God Power, he guided it to immerse in his own body.

The moment the Wild God Power was infused into his body, Zen felt a different power within.

This power contained a primitive restlessness that even affected Zen's mind. He had a strange feeling, like his heart was shrinking violently. It was almost as if the power was threatening to be released from the confines of his body.

However, Zen managed to contain it. Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Wisps of brown Wild God Power continuously entered his body, but they did not spread out at all.

In a short while, he managed to absorb all the Wild God Power in the blood wild bone as the people in the hall stared at him in stunned silence.

Even Giacomo was dumbfounded.

A warrior's flesh body would try to repel the Wild God Power if the blood of the wild bone didn't match theirs. Even if it was forcefully absorbed, by all logic, the flesh would reject it, causing it to dissipate into the air.

But somehow, Zen had absorbed all of it!

More importantly, the Wild God Power hadn't dissipated even a little bit.

Even Giacomo would waste about 30% of the Wild God Power when refining a wild bone. However, Zen had actually absorbed all of the Wild God Power into his body. This was even more surprising than the fact that he had managed to absorb the blood wild bone of the Nine Li race.

"Did you already know that you have Chiyou's blood? Who are your parents?" Giacomo asked in disbelief.

The only explanation that made sense was that Zen was born in the Nine Li race.

But the members of the Nine Li race were not allowed to breed with outsiders. There were no exceptions to this rule in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower.

But today, Zen, who must have the blood of the Nine Li race, had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. It was natural for Giacomo to feel confused.

"You don't know my parents." Zen smiled. "But it seems that you want to fulfill your promise."

Giacomo looked at Zen with a complicated expression on his face. After a long while, he said, "If I know where you come from, I will fulfill my promise, and those blood wild bones are yours. Take your things and go with me."

"I still want to dig the wild bones..." Zen said.

"No matter how many bones you need, I can give them to you. But you can't get any of the Admission Tokens,"

said Giacomo coldly.

Zen fell silent.

The woman in emerald was good at gauging people's minds. She knew that this was not a small matter, so she sent someone to exchange the other blood wild bones that Zen had. As for the remaining three wild bones of Chiyou's blood, she naturally didn't mention them.

After handling these matters, Zen bid goodbye to Sarah and the others, and left with Giacomo.

Looking at Zen's back as he left, Sarah and Hiram sighed. They hadn't expected that the one who had been with them for the past few days was actually from the Nine Li race.

But even if Zen was really from the Nine Li race, it was impossible to explain his strength. They had never seen anyone who had cultivated to become a True God be so powerful before.

High in the sky, Zen flew at high speed, following behind Giacomo.

"Master Giacomo, where are we going?" Zen asked.

"Just call me Giacomo."

"Giacomo," Zen echoed.

"I don't know who you are. But do you know how long you would live if you didn't come here at this time?" Giacomo asked deliberately.

Zen thought for a moment, and then smiled and said, "Maybe three years."

"So you know?" Giacomo raised his eyebrows.

Only a few people knew about the Light of Adjudication, and these people would go all out to fight and get into the bone tower to avoid the disaster that occurred once in a thousand years.

Zen nodded. "Yes. That's why I came here," he said frankly.

"Let me take you to the Sky Spirit Bone Tower. First, I want to know how pure your blood is. If it turns out that you are really from our Nine Li race, we will treat you well," said Giacomo.

Even though he had seen Zen suck the blood wild bone dry in front of his own eyes, it was still difficult for him to believe. After all, it made no sense at all.

Zen had mainly cultivated the True God system and he had strong mental power. Now, it turned out that he had Chiyou's blood running through his veins too. It was hard for Giacomo to imagine that these characteristics would appear in a foreign member he did not know.

"You want to know how pure my blood is?" Zen was a bit confused.

Giacomo looked at Zen calmly. "Our race has the noblest blood in the world. It has been passed onto us by our progenitor, Chiyou. However, the purity of each person's blood is different. We usually check the purity of a person's bloody the day they're born. Of course, you can't be exempted from this tradition either."

Chapter 2557 Enter The Bone Tower

Zen nodded and followed Giacomo in silence.

He had felt a strange sensation in his body while absorbing the blood wild bone, as if something in his body was going to come into being. Although this feeling was fleeting and felt like background noise to him, it still existed. He wondered what it meant.

Romeo was a member of Nine Li race. After activating his form of Wild God, he came to possess two heads and four hands. It was the Blood Wild Body of Nine Li race. Zen wondered if his own Wild God too would have two heads and four hands, now that he had absorbed enough blood wild bones.

Some time passed as they flew over, and Zen realized that Giacomo had taken him back to Herren City.

Herren City was large and had a huge number of guards. When Zen had come here for the first time, he had been cautious and alert, not daring to cross the guards in the slightest. He had no reason to invite trouble for himself.

Giacomo flew into Herren City with Zen behind him. Immediately as they entered, seven or eight streaks of light flew toward them.

Zen looked them up and down. These people, he assumed, were high-ranking figures of the city. Although they did not have the blood of the Nine Li race, their cultivation bases seemed very high to him.

"Master Giacomo!"

"Master Giacomo!"

They cupped their hands in unison and greeted Giacomo respectfully.

Herren City was under the management of Star Sect, a sect associated with Nine Li race. Giacomo was respected by the warriors of the race, and so naturally these people showed him deference.

Although they were utterly respectful toward Giacomo, their gazes fell on Zen from time to time.

Giacomo wanted to use the transmission array in Herren City, saying he had an urgent matter to deal with. The people assumed that it had something to do with the man behind him.

"Is the transmission array ready?" Giacomo asked them impatiently.

The leader of the group nodded. "Yes, it is. Please come this way, Master Giacomo!"

"Take me there," said Giacomo.

The leader waved his hand and the rest of the company retreated. He led the way and the three of them flew to the west of the city.

In a giant square in the west of the city, a huge transmission array had already been activated. It appeared like a delicate lotus leaf, slowly turning, a halo of soft pink light encircling it.

After landing from the skies, Giacomo and Zen walked straight to this very exquisite transmission array.

Buzz...

As the transmission array rotated, the soft light immediately blanketed Zen and Giacomo, taking them along its movement.

The scene before Zen seemed to waver before his eyes as they made the journey. At this moment, his speed had increased by a million, even ten million times. They had traveled a long distance in a relatively short time.

The principles of this particular transmission array were obviously different from those of the other arrays Zen had encountered before.

Before he knew it, a jade white wall appeared in front of Zen. It stood like a beast before him, blocking his way.

The wall was so high that Zen could not see where it ended.

"This wall is huge!"

Zen was a little stunned, but then soon realized that it was a bone tower.

This huge beast bone was about the same height as the divine land, perhaps a hundred trillion miles high. Although the beast bone was thin, the wall's width could have been a few trillion miles wide.

Now that he was standing right below the bone tower, in comparison he must be even smaller than the smallest of dust particles, which was why he could not see the top of the tower. It seemed to have disappeared among the clouds.

Staring at the giant bone tower, Zen was struck dumb for several moments.

"This is the Sky Spirit Bone Tower belonging to our Nine Li race." There was a prominent hint of pride in Giacomo's voice as he uttered these words.

Those able to occupy a bone tower were considered to be among the greatest races of this world.

Even if some races possessed special blood, they were likely to share a bone tower with the other races. In comparison, this Sky Spirit Bone Tower was the sole belonging of Nine Li race.

"I heard that these bone towers belong to the body of a Chaos Ancient God. How powerful was this Chaos Ancient God prior to his death?" Zen asked, finally recovering from his shock.

Given the enormous body of the Chaos Ancient God, he could have crushed the divine land with his giant feet in one go.

"That's not something we have given much thought to," Giacomo said lightly, glancing at Zen in surprise.

Many people knew that the bone towers had been the corpse of a Chaos Ancient God, but only a handful of them were curious about just how powerful the Chaos Ancient God was.

Zen nodded in reply. Slowly, he stepped forward and entered the Sky Spirit Bone Tower along with Giacomo.

Beneath the Sky Spirit Bone Tower was an enormous crack ten million feet high. As Zen walked into the crack at the bottom of the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, he was suddenly bound by a strange aura.

Covered by this aura, Zen felt a strange despondence settle in him.

At the same time, he heard a peculiar scream.

The voice seemed to be purring something to Zen and constantly shuttling around his ears. But when he listened carefully, he heard nothing. It was when he paid no heed to it that the voice sounded again. It seemed to come from the depths of his soul. The whole experience was baffling.

Giacomo noticed the change in Zen's expression and said, "Although the Chaos Ancient God is dead, his will is not going to dissipate anytime soon. Perhaps it will linger here for eternity. You will get used to it after a while."

Even if a True God died, the power of their physical body lasted for a long time. And the Chaos Ancient God was in a different league altogether.

Zen understood this, but he had another question. "Everyone in this world absorbs the power of the wild bones. Can the power in the Chaos Ancient God's bones be absorbed as well?"

Giacomo let out a hoot of laughter as he heard Zen's question. "Ha-h! Good idea. I'm afraid I will be invincible in this world if I absorb the Wild God Power of the bone towers. But it's a thought. Don't underestimate the Wild God Power of the bone towers! Even if you wield all your strength, you won't be able to destroy them the slightest bit. Even the most powerful warriors in Nine Li race fall flat."

These people had lived in the bone tower for a number of years, so this idea must have occurred to them as well.

For so many years, no one had been able to damage the bone tower in the slightest, not even create a crack on it.

Still, there were a few giant cracks in the bone tower. The Nine Li people lived inside these cracks, but they were not the ones to create them. These had existed from a long time ago.

It was speculated that the Chaos Ancient God had been seriously injured before he fell into this world, so the mottled cracks in the bone tower must have been left behind at that time.

If the corpse of the Chaos Ancient God was intact and devoid of cracks in his bones, then no one in this world could have hidden inside the bone towers.

It was a fact.

For instance, there was no crack in the Heavenly Wild Bone Tower, and no one had been able to dig out a crack in it either. No race was able to step in the Heavenly Wild Bone Tower. It was a worthless endeavor.

Zen and Giacomo flew in the air through the crack and the space ahead suddenly narrowed. It was so tapered that only one person could pass through.

However, after a period of time, the space widened again. What appeared in front of Zen was an area spanning three large cities. Several buildings occupied the space and many of the Wild Gods were hurriedly shuttling through it.

"Have we arrived?" Zen asked quietly.

Giacomo shook his head. "This is where the three affiliated sects of Nine Li race live. Our race resides at the top."

He pointed to the ceiling in the air. A wide crack could be seen above their heads. On the other side were a flight of steps that extended to a higher place.

The bone was extraordinarily firm. No one was able to carve the steps out, so they had to be built out of other materials.

Chapter 2558 Grand Elder

Giacomo and Zen flew to the top of the roof. Once they landed there, they climbed up the stairs.

Halfway up, Zen saw another Chiyou statue with three heads and three pairs of arms.

Giacomo took a step forward and respectfully bowed to the Chiyou statue. "This is the leader of our Nine Li race. Before you become a member of our race, you have to worship him with sincerity."

Although Giacomo had managed to smoothly bring Zen to the bone tower, it was extremely difficult for one to become qualified enough to enter the bone tower.

The Light of Adjudication, which appeared once every thousand years, could take away anybody's life. Those who knew about it were desperate to enter one of the bone towers because only the bone towers were able to resist the Light of Adjudication. There were even those who were willing to become guards of the Nine Li race's affiliated sects just so that they could enter the race's bone tower.

After all, entering a bone tower was the only way that could guarantee them a longer life.

As for going up this staircase and entering the Nine Li race's territory, that was the lifetime dream for many people.

It meant getting Chiyou's blood, which would open the door to countless possibilities.

Every member of the Nine Li race had the utmost respect for Chiyou. So before entering the Nine Li race's territory, they would worship the Chiyou statue first.

Now, Giacomo treated Zen as a member of the Nine Li race too. Although he couldn't understand how, Zen had managed to absorb the energy of the blood wild bone right in front of his eyes.

When Zen heard Giacomo's words, he didn't hesitate at all.

His mother had told him that Chiyou was his maternal grandfather, so he worshipped the statue like Giacomo did.

Then, the two of them continued on their way up. Soon, a large cave lit up by a raging firelight coming into view.

The cave was filled with countless huge palaces. This was the real territory of the Nine Li race.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

About seven people suddenly flew over from the cave.

The head of the group was tall and strong, and he had a bare torso and messy hair. Before he even landed in front of Zen and Giacomo, he said, "Giacomo, you want to give this boy the blood of our race?"

At the sight of this man, a touch of displeasure appeared on Giacomo's face. He coldly replied, "Yes. So what? Are you dissatisfied with what I'm going to do, Erik?"

No matter how united a race was, there were always internal disputes.

According to the Nine Li race's rules, Chiyou's blood could only be given to ten people every thousand years. Each drop of blood was incomparably precious.

Not all the members of the Nine Li race had pure Chiyou's blood. Even if one's parents were both members of the Nine Li race, it was possible that they didn't have Chiyou's blood. Therefore, there were always disputes among the Nine Li members over the precious blood.

Naturally, it was even more difficult for people who were not from the Nine Li race to get Chiyou's blood.

In the last 997 years, nine people had already gotten Chiyou's blood, which left just one more person who could have that chance. Therefore, all the people in the Nine Li race were trying to win the blood.

The man with long, disheveled hair was called Erik. His close friend was the leader of Blue Moon Sect, a subsidiary of the Nine Li race. So, for the sake of his friend, he was making every effort to get Chiyou's blood.

Until recently, he had thought that he could get Chiyou's blood for his friend for sure, but there had been a sudden change in the Nine Li race.

The deaths of Chandler and Farhann had caused a situation where no one among the young generation's geniuses was able to fight against the Yellow Emperor race.

Romeo, who had safely returned to the Nine Li race, had recommended Zen to the race.

Upon hearing about Zen's outstanding performance, the senior leaders of the Nine Li race had decided to test Zen first. If Zen was really as strong as Romeo had told them, they would give Chiyou's blood to Zen.

Giacomo had been ordered to bring Zen back, but he hadn't expected that Zen would already be able to refine the blood wild bone on his own. He didn't know how to proceed, so he had decided to bring Zen back first.

However, Erik didn't know about this sudden turn of events. Thinking that Zen had come to fight for Chiyou's blood, he felt annoyed from the bottom of his heart.

"I didn't dare to protest against the decision made by the Grand Elder. But I still doubt that he can pass the test." Glancing up and down at Zen, Erik chuckled. "I can tell that he has cultivated the True God system. Those of the wilderness are always so weird."

Although Zen had absorbed a wild bone with Chiyou's blood, it was too little power for Erik to notice.

Zen's eyebrows slightly furrowed when he heard what Erik said. He didn't appreciate how dismissive and sarcastic Erik was being.

But before he could reply with a cutting comment of his own, Giacomo smiled coldly and said, "Don't worry. He will pass the test without any problem. I believe Romeo. He is a good boy who never lies. But there is one thing that might disappoint you. Zen doesn't need to pass the test."

Erik's face darkened when he heard this. He asked, "What do you mean? Grand Elder wants to give the blood to him directly?"

"Haw haw." Looking at Erik's gloomy expression, Giacomo was secretly thrilled. Intentionally keeping the explanation to himself, he turned around and said to Zen, "Come with me! I will take you to meet the Grand Elder!"

Swish! Erik appeared in front of Giacomo and blocked his way. "Tell me! Otherwise, I won't let you leave!"

Giacomo stared at Erik coldly. "What? Do you want to fight with me?"

Erik scowled, but he stood firmly in front of Giacomo without any intention of letting them pass.

Zen couldn't help smiling. 'Giacomo is so naughty! Why didn't he just tell Erik the truth?'

While these two people stood off against each there, a figure floated over. "Giacomo, no matter who wants to join our Nine Li race, they must be tested by me first. Even if this child is as special as Romeo said, a test is inevitable. Didn't we reach that agreement at the beginning?"

The voice was as sweet and melodious as a beautiful song. Even without seeing her, anyone who heard her voice could tell that she must be extremely beautiful.

Zen turned his gaze to the direction where the sound came from and saw a bright figure not too far away, floating in the air.

It was a woman with snow-white skin and bare feet. She wasn't wearing any clothes, but her private parts were covered by pink silk cloth. Her silver hair was tied back in a bun, and her face was even more stunning. She blinked gently and looked Zen up and down.

The moment she appeared, the tense atmosphere suddenly eased.

Erik gave her a salute and said, "You are right, Grand Elder. I believe Giacomo wants to directly give this brat the blood!"

'This woman is the Grand Elder?' Zen wondered in shock.

After shooting a triumphant glance at Erik, Giacomo strode toward the Grand Elder and said, "I didn't mean it. I wanted to meet you, but not for the blood, because Zen doesn't need the blood at all!"

Not understanding the meaning of Giacomo's words, the Grand Elder replied, "If he really has the strength to fight against the young talents of Yellow Emperor race, then he must accept the blood of our race. After all, according to the gambling agreement, the one who fights for our race must be a member of our race. So what do you mean, Giacomo?"

"I mean that Zen is already a member of our race! Grand Elder, I wanted to come to you just to test the purity of his blood," Giacomo explained in a proud voice.

Chapter 2559 Blood At The Sixth-grade

Grand Elder, Erik as well as the rest of the crowd showed a puzzled expression.

Erik's face had darkened. He stared at Giacomo and asked, "Giacomo, do you know what you are talking about?"

A strange expression gradually appeared on the Grand Elder's delicate and white face. She also stared at Giacomo indifferently and asked, "Did you just say that Zen is originally a member of our race?"

Giacomo naturally knew that they wouldn't believe it. If he hadn't seen with his own eyes that Zen had absorbed a piece of blood wild bone, he wouldn't have believed it either.

There were over all seven thousand people who had Chiyou's bloodline, and all of them lived in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower. It was quite incredible learning that a stranger had the same bloodline like them.

"Yes, I saw it with my own eyes. He has absorbed a wild bone containing Chiyou's bloodline." Giacomo clarified, nodding his head.

Giacomo explained with such determination, but the rest still looked skeptical about it, especially Erik, who stared at him vigilantly and questioned, "Giacomo, are you playing some tricks?"

Giacomo felt unhappy about the way Erik questioned. He sneered and said, "Since you don't believe me, let Grand Elder assess Zen. I believe that Zen can pass the test. It's not bad for Zen to get an extra blood of our race!"

If Zen didn't have a need to transplant blood, the only remaining blood within one thousand years would naturally be given to Erik's friend.

Erik became silent upon hearing Giacomo's response. It was true that they were on bad terms, but if what he said was true, it would be an advantage for him.

"Stop arguing." The Grand Elder floated up gently and stopped in front of Zen, her attractive eyes staring at him. "Whether you have the blood of our Nine Li race, we can know it through a test at once. Erik, go and inform our clansmen to bring all the children of six years old or over. I'll take care of the preparation. Zen, you and our clansmen will participate in the blood purity test."

After she gave out further instructions, she smiled at Zen. Gently twisting her waist, she retreated into the distance.

A few moments passed.

About four to five hundred people of the Nine Li race had gathered in the square. The crowd were immersed in whispers and discussion.

"Why is the blood purity test advanced?"

"It is said that an outsider has our bloodline, so they moved it ahead of the schedule."

"How is that possible? Our race's blood is noble. How can an outsider have it?"

"Could his blood be stolen?"

"That's impossible. What do you think the blood is? Do you think you can steal it as you want?" "Even Grand Elder is unable to transplant blood..."

Zen and Giacomo were just standing on one side of the square and heard the words spoken. With an embarrassed smile on his face, Giacomo explained, "Our Nine Li race always takes our bloodline seriously, so they probably have enmity towards you. Please don't take it to heart."

Zen smiled. Of course, he wouldn't make a fuss with these people.

Everyone waited for a while, and a soft white flash flew over. The Grand Elder appeared in the center of the square. She spoke to everyone with a smile, "The blood purity test should have been held four months later. But we will get it earlier this time."

The blood purity test was specifically used to test the purity of blood. It was held every few years. The test was specially prepared for the children who had just grown up in the Nine Li race.

"Why must it be advanced?"

"My daughter just turned six years old yesterday. That's so unfair for her to participate in the blood purity test!"

"Yes, holding the blood purity test in advance for an outsider. Do you take him too seriously? What if he is lying?"

The Nine Li race generally believed that to test the blood purity at the right age of children growing up would increase the purity of the blood.

The purity of the blood was already set from the moment one was born. However, in order to seek greater benefits for their own children, the clansmen decided to appoint the blood purity test at the time the children reached six years of age.

The Grand Elder slowly stretched out her hand and gently waved at the crowd. The clansmen in the square immediately quieted down. They heard her lightly say, "If you don't want to participate in the blood purity test, you can leave. The ones who stay here will start now."

With a gentle clap of her hands, an oval array appeared in the center of the square. With the light in the array flickering, an oval jade floated up.

The jade was about the size of a washbasin, emitting a faint milky white light. There were no flaws on its surface, looking like a huge egg.

When the white jade fully appeared, the Grand Elder turned to Zen maintaining a faint smile, saying, "Zen, you can come over now."

Zen nodded. He took a step and was about to walk over but was suddenly interrupted.

A clansman unexpectedly emerged from the other side of the square and cried out, "Why do you ask an outsider to carry out the test first! My Jeffery and Frida have to take the test first!" As he spoke, a boy and a girl were brought forward each being carried on his arms.

At the sight of this, Zen stood still and casually shrugged his shoulders. He naturally would never fight with the children.

The Grand Elder shook her head slightly. These clansmen had always been very resistant to foreign people. She was a little helpless, but couldn't refute and say anything about it. She could only agree, "In that case, test Jeffery and Frida first."

Jeffery and Frida were twins of six years old. Being brought in front of the beautiful white jade, the two children were elated and couldn't help but circle around it.

The Grand Elder squatted in front of them and smiled sweetly. She reached out at Frida and gently grasped her hands.

"Grand Elder, why are you holding my hand?" Frida asked, blinking her big eyes.

"Because it will be a little painful," the Grand Elder explained. Her fingertip flashed a white light as thin as a needle and gently poked it on the tip of Frida's finger.

Several drops of blood flowed out from her fingertip.

Frida felt pain from her finger and was about to cry, but the Grand Elder already stretched out her arm gently touching her forehead. The pain immediately disappeared.

As for the drops of blood, they were guided in midair by the Grand Elder. The drops of blood had fused, and they fell towards the jade.

Bits of bright red blood blossomed on the jade's surface, and were swiftly absorbed by the jade in the blink of an eye.

"Buzz..."

The jade started to tremble. The pure white jade started to glow with red light, and was constantly turning fully red.

"It's already the third-grade!" "And the color is still changing!"

"It's the fourth-grade!"

"Maybe Frida's blood could be above the fifth-grade?"

"I've told you that the purity of Frida's blood is definitely great!" the clansman who had carried the two children in his arms before uttered in excitement.

A few seconds later, the color of the jade stopped changing and became stable.

The Grand Elder then announced flatly, "Frida's blood is at the top of sixth-grade, and will reach seventh-grade soon. Congratulations, Akshay!"

The purity of blood was divided into ten grades. The sixth-grade blood was considered as a top grade in the Nine Li race. In the future, the girl would surely be of great importance in her race.

Frida's father, Akshay, was naturally thrilled when he learned that her blood would reach the seventh-grade surely.

Chapter 2560 An Accident

Quickly moving, Akshay stepped forward and picked Frida up, throwing her in the air and letting out a cheer.

All over the square, the Nine Li members also started to cheer.

Talent was bestowed by the bloodline and the races had to maintain their power. That was why this world had a strong sense of racial crisis.

The result of the test proved that Frida was a worthy successor. It was a cause for a huge celebration since within this thousand years, only two people had the sixth grade blood, and Frida was the only one who had the quasi-seventh grade blood. Naturally, this was something worth celebrating!

The still dazed Frida had no idea on what was happening.

Then it was her brother's turn.

The method was the same as the Grand Elder pierced Jeffery's finger to get a few drops of blood and then threw them on the jade.

"Plop..."

"Buzz..."

As the blood was absorbed by the jade, it began to shake once more and its color began to turn red.

It was changing but it was very slow.

Akshay and all the other Nine Li members stared at the jade nervously.

"Jeffery's blood isn't good..."

"It's been so long but his blood is only at the second grade. I'm afraid it won't reach the third grade."

"Well... a dragon can have nine different sons, and brothers born of the same parents differ from each other; even purity of boy-girl twins' blood would greatly differ."

It took a few more moments but eventually, the Grand Elder announced, "Jeffery's blood is at the third grade."

Unlike earlier, Akshay silently stepped forward to pick up Jeffery and gently pat his back. Blood purity was largely decided by luck and no one could change it. It was already a great blessing from God to have Frida in his family.

After their turn, the rest of the people carried their children over to undergo the same test.

Most of the other children had blood that was third grade to fifth grade.

Third grade was average but fifth grade was outstanding.

Those who were graded as just the standard would feel depressed, while those who were graded outstanding would feel excited.

It was the normal situation for every blood purity test and the Grand Elder was used to seeing it, so she remained calm and composed.

When the test was almost over, the Grand Elder turned to Zen. "It's your turn!"

It made her very interested in whether Zen owned Chiyou's blood or not.

Slowly, Zen walked up to the oval jade and looked at it up and down. From what he saw, the jade would turn red after it absorbed blood and then turn milky white again after a while. The deeper the red color, the purer the blood was.

The problem was Zen had golden blood. Would the jade still work?

The Grand Elder smiled at him. "Give me your hand."

"Can I do it myself?" Zen asked.

The Grand Elder shook her head and grabbed Zen's arm. She condensed a milky white fine needle in her palm and shot it out towards Zen.

However, what happened next surprised the Grand Elder.

There was a clank and the light needle couldn't pierce Zen's finger!

"Eh?"

It wasn't within the Grand Elder's expectation that Zen was so strong that the needle wouldn't be able to break through his finger's skin! It made her stare at him in shock.

A trace of a helpless smile appeared on Zen's face. "I said that I could do it myself..."

Instead of answering him, the Grand Elder just condensed another needle that was several times more powerful than the one before.

"Ding!"

The needle still failed to pierce Zen's finger!

It was unbelievable! But the Grand Elder was still unconvinced after she stared at Zen for several seconds and condensed another needle that spiraled up from the white light. It emitted an astonishing power.

The light needle flew towards Zen's finger and it finally managed to pierce it.

"Plop! Plop! Plop..."

"Golden blood?" The Grand Elder was a little surprised.

Even Giacomo, Erik, and other Nine Li members who saw the golden blood felt strange because they had never seen blood of that color.

The Grand Elder didn't think too much and splashed the golden blood on the jade.

When it absorbed the golden blood, the jade gave a buzzing sound.

Eventually, the jade's color began to change...

"It's turning red!"

"Does this boy really have the blood of our Nine Li race?"

"But the color is changing so slowly. I really doubt that his blood could reach the second grade!"

All the Nine Li members began to gossip as they stared at the changing jade.

It excited Erik to see the jade changing color. "Hahaha... Giacomo, you're not bad! The boy you brought back really has our blood. It's a pity that his blood's only at the second grade. It's not that good..."

As long as it proved that Zen had Chiyou's blood then they didn't need to transplant blood into Zen. It was a good thing for Erik.

Instead of answering Erik, Giacomo frowned at the jade because he felt that this matter wasn't that simple.

After about half a minute, the surface of the jade was still glowing with a faint pink light.

"The blood of this man from the wilderness isn't good. Is it a son left behind by one of our clansmen?"

"A second grade blood is too ordinary..."

"He should feel content. It's good fortune for him that he could stay in a bone tower for the rest of his life!"

There was a hint of disappointment that flashed through the Grand Elder's eyes. She wasn't satisfied with the result but she still just smiled. "Congratulations. You do have the blood of our race but it's a pity that your grade is too low."

Zen wasn't too disappointed.

Even if his mother told him that he had the purest blood of the Nine Li race and that he was the most legitimate descendant of Chiyou, that didn't change the fact that his blood had been exchanged. Zen could accept this result.

As long as he could prove himself to the Nine Li race and stay then his goal was achieved.

Right when Zen nodded, the jade beside him suddenly let out a crisp sound.

All eyes turned to the jade.

A blood red crack appeared on the surface of the jade!

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

With every explosive sound, a new blood red fracture ruptured on the jade.

It took only a few more moments for the surface of the flawless white jade to be filled with bloody cracks.

"Buzz!"

The color of the jade started to quickly change as it shook.

The previous pale pink color gradually turned bright red and then became dark red, as if blood was bleeding from the jade's surface!

"Crack! Crack! Crack..."

Soon, the jade broke into pieces right in front of their eyes.

The noisy square suddenly fell silent as everyone was confused by the unexpected scene.

The jade was bestowed by a powerful master of the Nine Li race and endured years of blood purity tests. It was unanticipated that the jade would break into pieces today.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2561 Exiles

As she watched the scene play out before her, the Grand Elder felt confused.

The others didn't know much about the blood purity test. In fact, they only knew that the jade could test blood purity, but they understood nothing of the principle behind it.

The Grand Elder, on the other hand, did understand. She had been given the jade long ago by her own father.

This jade, named Blood Stone, was actually very weak, but it could activate the power hidden within the blood. If the hidden blood power was strong, then the stone's coloring would change.

Notably, the Blood Stone could do more than just test the Nine Li race's blood. It could equally test the blood of other races. The arrays arranged for the multiple tests were different and had their own respective colors.

The Grand Elder herself had blood at the top of the eighth grade—almost at the ninth, to be more specific. Once, she had dripped her blood on the Blood Stone, and the stone changed into a deep red hue!

She was her father's first-generation successor, and her blood's purity far surpassed that of other Nine Li members!

Now though, the Blood Stone had turned dark red, but it broke. What could this possibly mean?

"Zen, stay here. I'll be back soon." The Grand Elder took a long, meaningful look at him before reaching out her hand to gently touch the broken stone fragments. In the blink of an eye, all the pieces of Blood Stone fragments immediately collected in her hands.

Whoosh!

With a slight twist of her feminine waist, she quickly turned into a streak of white light, silently retreating off into the distance.

At that moment, one could hear many people discussing with low voices in the square. A quiet mumble rolled over the small crowd.

The Nine Li members weren't foolish though, and they understood Zen's special characteristics. Many warriors watched him incessantly with uneasy expressions on their faces.

"Hey brat! Tell me, how did you break the stone, huh?" Giacomo laughed mockingly.

The Blood Stone's color change could prove that Zen's blood was also at the ninth grade.

In all, only two people had ninth grade blood, and that was including the Grand Elder. It was extremely rare.

"I don't know either," Zen was also confused. He had no logical response.

The Grand Elder walked through the cave for a while before entering another small and narrow cavity. A short while later, she had reached the front of a jade wall.

She stood her ground steadily and called out in a low voice, "Father?"

"Adele? What's going on?" A faint voice replied from behind the jade wall. It sounded exhausted, but solemn.

"The Blood Stone has been broken," Adele, the Grand Elder, told her father faintly.

"It doesn't matter. The Blood Stone is extremely fragile. You may break it if you aren't careful enough. Besides, with so much wear and tear over so many years, I knew it'd break eventually. I'll make you a new one sometime soon," said the man in a light voice, clearly not taking the situation seriously.

Adele frowned and continued, "The Blood Stone broke, but not because someone dropped or smashed it."

"Oh! Really? How did it break, then?" the man asked in a more curious and eager tone.

"Today, Giacomo brought a warrior back from the wilderness. He told me that the warrior had our race's blood, so I prepared the blood purity test in advance. Unexpectedly, when the stranger's blood was in the process of being tested, the Blood Stone turned a deep, dark red and then broke suddenly..." Adele explained to her father what had happened during Zen's blood purity test.

"Are you telling me that the Blood Stone actually broke during the blood purity test?" Her father's voice was now flat and serious. "The blood of an outsider can shatter the Blood Stone!"

"And what does that mean, exactly?" Adele asked curiously, her eyes wide.

"It could only mean that the blood from the guy you tested is far beyond the tenth grade!" The voice didn't sound exhausted or flat anymore, but contained a trace of excitement. Her father was clearly trying to control his tone.

Adele was still puzzled as she asked for clarification. "Far beyond the tenth grade, you say? But Father, you've told me before that our Nine Li race's blood only has nine grades."

"Ha-ha! And that's true. As for our race members, there are only nine blood grades. The highest blood grade of the Nine Li members in this world can only be the ninth. The reason for such is because we are the exiles and our blood isn't very pure." Her father's voice revealed a hint of helplessness.

Their blood had been inherited over generations and generations, from their parents and ancestors.

Most of the Nine Li people's blood, at least in this world, had been inherited from several Nine Li exiles.

Adele's father was an exile from the Source World. Thus, Adele's blood was actually much purer than that of the other Nine Li members!

That said, if Adele married a member of the Nine Li race and had a child, her child's blood wouldn't be as pure as hers.

Although there was a chance that Adele's newborn child's blood might be better than hers, it was extremely slim. The baby would probably have a weaker blood line.

"The Blood Stone that I gave you can only test a warrior's blood up to the tenth grade, because no one in our race has blood that far surpasses the latter. I didn't expect that anyone would ever cause the Blood Stone to break. I must go see this warrior," the voice said in a factual tone.

Adele's eyebrows shot upward in surprise. "Father! Are you sure you want to come out of here?"

The man behind jade wall was silent for a brief moment, and then he smiled faintly. "I'm one of the exiles and I've been cursed by the Chaos Ancient God. I can only survive if I hide here, in the bone tower. Cultivating in seclusion is just an excuse I've made..."

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Cracks immediately appeared and spread on the surface of the jade wall. The whole jade wall rapidly collapsed, all at once.

A bony middle-aged man appeared behind the jade wall's rubble. His gaze seemed calm, but he looked rather exhausted. In certain ways, he looked like Adele.

As her eyes fell upon her father's appearance, Adele felt stunned.

It had been countless years since the last time Adele had actually seen her father.

Ever since she had been very young, she had known that her father was here, behind this jade wall.

That said, she could only ever hear her father's voice. Never could she see him, not even once. When her mother died, her father still refused to leave the cover of this jade wall.

The same rang true for the other exiles hiding within the bone tower. They had all sealed themselves inside the jade wall and rarely showed up anywhere, if at all.

There was once a time when the Nine Li race was in danger, and an exile had escaped the bone tower, taking immediate action.

Adele remembered that the exile had revealed an incredible power, breaking hundreds of members from the Yellow Emperor race into pieces in the blink of an eye and thus dissolving the Nine Li race's crisis.

In other words, all this meant that her father wasn't actually forbidden from leaving the jade wall... He was just unwilling to do so.

Adele took this matter to heart very seriously, all the time. After all, she had grown up and she still didn't even know what her father looked like.

Never had she expected that her father would leave his precious jade wall just because Zen had broken the Bloody Stone!

She was stunned and stared at her father's strange face. She couldn't believe what was happening.

A bitter smile appeared on the middle-aged man's face. He walked up to touch Adele's fair, soft cheek and said faintly, "It's not that I didn't want to leave the jade wall. As the exiles, we're suffering from Chaos Ancient God's curse at all times. Our only option is to curl up here, in this small, solitary space..."

"Oh..." Adele blinked her eyes. She wasn't sure what to believe. Although her father's appearance came off strange to her, his voice was very familiar.

After all, he was still her father, and he was trapped in this world without any way to escape. It wasn't before long that Adele caved and took her father to see Zen.

Chapter 2562 The Imperial-grade Bloodline

Zen was still waiting in the square.

The Nine Li people didn't leave either, and once word of the broken Blood Stone spread, even more of them had flocked to the square.

The Blood Stone was very important to the Nine Li race. After all, the purity of its people's blood was tested by it. When that was determined, each member would be cultivated according to their blood purity.

The purer their blood was, the more rewards they could receive and the more resources they could access.

"The Blood Stone is broken. How will we hold the blood purity test in the future?"

"Grand Elder will think of something, I'm sure."

"But where is she? Where has she been for so long?"

"Whoosh!"

Two beams of light suddenly burst from the depths of the cave.

Zen turned and saw Adele, followed closely by a middle-aged man.

At first, he thought nothing of him. Taking a closer look, however, Zen recoiled, and his eyes flashed.

The middle-aged man had hidden his cultivation base well, but Zen still sensed a strange aura emanating from him.

'Is this person an exile?' Zen thought to himself.

Almost immediately, Adele pointed at Zen and addressed the man with the peculiar aura. "Father, he is Zen Luo," she said loudly.

The square fell silent again. Even Giacomo couldn't help but take a few steps back.

Adele was the Grand Elder of the Nine Li race, but it was clear that she was not the strongest among its members.

The most powerful masters of the Nine Li race were reclusive, spending most of their time hiding in the bone towers, and the chances of crossing paths with one of them were slim.

No one knew how powerful those masters really were, but their secretive nature gave rise to many tales and legends. The most commonly told story was that one master had slaughtered hundreds of people of the Yellow Emperor race single-handedly.

After all, many people had witnessed that horrible scene and lived to tell the tale.

His eyes firmly fixed on Zen, the middle-aged man walked slowly towards him. After having scrutinized him for a while, he finally spoke. "If I am not wrong, you have already acquired the Truth of Godly Way," he said coldly.

As soon as these words had escaped the man's mouth, Zen's eyebrows shot up.

There were many people in this world who could determine Zen's cultivation base and identify him as a True God, but the middle-aged man was a step ahead. His vision was so sharp that he could tell Zen had actually cultivated the Truth of Godly Way.

"That's strange. If you have the blood of the Nine Li race, it should be very difficult for you to be taken in by other races, and bordering on impossible for you to learn the Truth of Godly Way from those powerful humans. Where did you cultivate the Truth of Godly Way? Do you even come from this world?"

Earlier, when the middle-aged man had heard Adele's words, he had already been very interested in Zen's origins. Now, he was completely overcome with curiosity. After all, the purity of Zen's blood was beyond his imagination.

He had seen with his own eyes that Zen had the aura of the Truth of Godly Way. That made it even more difficult to explain.

In this world, almost all living beings mainly focused on cultivating the Wild God system, relying on massive wild bones left over from the savage and wild times.

Some did choose to cultivate the True God system, but they were few and far between.

Under his guidance, Adele had opened up her inner world, and even condensed the Godly Tile, but she had not managed to go far along this path.

The reason was that it was too difficult to become True Gods in this world. In comparison, it was much easier to become Wild Gods, so the majority chose the latter.

To his surprise, Zen had begun to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way as a top-rank True God. It was impossible for him to have come this far unless those powerful humans had taught him in person.

'How shrewd this man is!'

Zen was rather shocked in his heart.

He hesitated, unsure how to react or answer.

To his surprise, he didn't need to answer. The middle-aged man had read his mind. "Our race is extremely united in the Source World," he said, his voice warm. "No matter where you have come from, as long as you do not harm us, we will treat you as family."

Zen was silent for a while. "Can I not answer your question now?" he asked at last.

"Sure," the middle-aged man replied with a smile. "But I need to test your blood purity again."

The middle-aged man already had a few theories about Zen's background, but he still wanted to test Zen's blood purity, to be absolutely sure.

"Okay," said Zen, nodding and reaching out his hand to the middle-aged man again.

The middle-aged man stretched out his hand and touched Zen's finger lightly. A drop of bright golden blood escaped from Zen's arm.

Zen had no idea about the method the man had used to extract his blood in this way.

When the middle-aged man saw the bright golden blood, his expression turned grave. Lightly, he flicked his hand.

"Ticktock!"

A drop of blood shot from his fingertip and immediately merged with Zen's golden blood droplet.

Then a small magic array emerged and covered the two men's blood, rotating in the air.

A few moments later, the magic array suddenly seemed to burst with unparalleled power.

It was as if there was a giant beast hiding inside that tiny blood drop. Then, the drop of red blood from the middle-aged man was completely devoured by Zen's golden blood drop.

The middle-aged man's expression had, until now, been serene and content. Now, however, his smile abruptly faded away.

His eyes seemed to blaze with light. He looked at Zen in disbelief and said excitedly, "Your, your blood..."

"Father, what's wrong?" asked Adele anxiously. She had never seen her father so excited.

Giacomo and the others were also baffled by his reaction.

After all, the middle-aged man, Adele's father, was a supreme existence in their race. They were lucky to have had the chance to see such a powerful man in their lifetimes.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked with a frown.

"How can you have an imperial-grade bloodline? How could it be possible?"

The middle-aged man couldn't control his excitement any longer. He suddenly shouted, "Bro! Leopold! Guess what I saw! Hahaha! I can't believe I found an imperial-grade bloodline! It's right here! Right in this cage!"

His voice carried, and was heard in a cave far away.

In the depths of that cave lived several exiles who had sealed themselves inside large jades and stayed there all the year round without making a sound.

"What? What is Ramzi talking about? The imperial-grade bloodline? Is it a dream?"

"There is the imperial-grade bloodline in this world? It's impossible."

"Let's go have a look."

"Clank! Clank! Clank!"

The jades broke into pieces.

The masters of the Nine Li race who had just broken their jade cages immediately transformed into beams of light and shot to the square.

In no time, several figures appeared above the square, all of them looking down at Zen with curious expressions.

The oldest among them asked, "Ramzi, are you sure this young man has the imperial-grade bloodline of our race? Or did you make a mistake?"

Chapter 2563 Overwhelming Salute

Ramzi looked at Zen with a complicated look on his face. In a daze, he said, "I was absolutely right. His blood is pure and powerful, and his drop of blood devoured mine completely just moments ago. Even my blood power can't resist his. Only the imperial-grade bloodline can do that!"

The Nine Li race was divided into nine tribes. That was how it got its name, in fact.

The nine tribes were each respectively called Beginning Yi, Square Yi, Yellow Yi, White Yi, Red Yi, Wind Yi, Mystery Yi, Sun Yi, and Field Yi.

In the past, when the Nine Li race was at its most prosperous period, each tribe was viewed as a behemoth in the Source World.

Ramzi was a descendant of Wind Yi.

Ramzi had given the Nine Li race in the bone tower a Blood Stone and thus defined their bloodlines, ranging from first to tenth-grade.

Admittedly, even the tenth-grade bloodlines weren't really considered a big deal in the Source World.

In point of fact, according to the Blood Stone, Ramzi's bloodline was at about grade thirteen.

Although testing his blood power using the Blood Stone had been quite difficult, the power contained within his blood hadn't been enough to break the stone. Not even crack it.

Therefore, when Adele had announced that the Blood Stone had been broken during Zen's blood test, it was only normal that he felt very surprised!

Only the Nine Li race's eighty-one mages had bloodlines of a higher grade than Ramzi's. Their bloodlines could be considered of the fourteenth grade.

That said, it didn't mean that their blood, despite being a higher grade, could devour Ramzi's easily.

He might not be the strongest in terms of strength among these exiles, but he did have the highest-grade blood power among them. And only imperial-grade bloodlines could devour his blood with ease.

After hearing Ramzi out, the old man stared at Zen for a brief moment before asking, "Kid, who are your parents?"

First and foremost, Zen didn't completely trust the Nine Li members. He was always wary of everyone and in his mind, he always held onto a few misgivings. Ultimately, he was worried that these warriors had been taken to the prison because they had betrayed their race or had committed a grave mistake.

However, upon entering the bone tower, he quickly noticed that the warriors here still treated Chiyou as their leader. Everyone who walked in would kneel down before him in worship.

Zen's worries gradually dissipated.

"My mother's name is Lorena," Zen stated in a low voice.

"Lorena? Is that right?" The old man asked in reply, completely lost in thought.

"It seems to me that there is no such person in Nine Li race by that name. Nor have I even ever heard of anyone in the royal family named Lorena. Leopold, have you heard of this name anywhere before?" asked another man.

Leopold was the youngest among the group. He had maintained his youthful appearance for countless years and among the Nine Li exiles, he was the last to be taken to this prison.

As he heard Zen speak, Leopold descended silently from midair where he was hovering, and knelt down on one knee in front of him.

The other exiles looked at one another, clearly confused by what was going on.

Even though Zen was of the imperial-grade bloodline, there was no reason for Leopold to be so courteous toward him. His behavior was unexpected.

"Leopold, what do you think you're doing?" Ramzi asked in bewilderment.

Leopold slowly looked up at Zen and said, "Before I was exiled, the royal family gave birth to a new female baby. The heavy rain fell on Jade Toad Mountain. The female baby was named Lorena. She is Grand Chieftain's youngest daughter. Grand Chieftain was so happy he ordered the nine tribes to celebrate the baby's birth for three consecutive months."

As they heard what Leopold had to say, everyone immediately felt stunned. They all stared blankly at Zen and everyone had fallen mysteriously silent.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Before long, every single one of the exiles floating in the air had descended and was kneeling down silently in front of Zen. They were all on one knee, as though they were proposing.

If this was all just because Zen had the imperial-grade bloodline, then it was clearly too much. He wasn't worthy of such behavior.

There was a great difference, though, if Zen was Chiyou's grandson.

Even Adele, the Grand Elder of the Nine Li race, knelt down without hesitation as soon as she saw her father doing so.

The elders, including Giacomo and Erik, all knelt down in front of Zen, too. They worshiped him and paid him their respects.

"Dad, who is that man? He must be important! Why does everyone kowtow to him?"

"Don't ask too many questions, my little boy. Just lower your head like everyone else."

The people around the square were all confused of course, but they all prostrated themselves on the ground without a word of disagreement. Now, only Zen could be seen standing throughout the entire square.

Zen felt very uncomfortable with their sudden, overwhelming salute. "This..." he began. "Everyone, just please stand up!" He raised his tone of voice.

As Zen exclaimed loudly, the oldest man among them slowly got to his feet and stared at Zen with a sad, indignant expression on his face. "Has our Nine Li race lost the battle?" he asked. "Why has the Grand Chieftain's grandchild also been exiled to this world?"

In his eyes, the Nine Li race's royal family were the pride and joy of the entire race. Among those children, the descendants of Chiyou, the Grand Chieftain, were respected the most.

Despite that, though, now, even the Grand Chieftain's grandson had been exiled into this world. One could imagine how difficult the Nine Li race's current situation really was!

Leopold spoke to Zen. "Before I was exiled, the Nine Li race had been in grave danger. It was even said that Grand Chieftain wanted to fight against Yellow Emperor in Gilt Town. But I was exiled before that. And I know nothing of what happened after that. Please, tell us. Inform us all."

Zen understood. They thought that he too, had been exiled to this world.

Zen froze and was silent for a moment as he realized that these people had misunderstood him. He then clarified, "I haven't been exiled into this world."

"What? You weren't exiled here?" The oldest man was surprised. "Then how did you get to this world?" he questioned.

The others looked at each other, puzzled expressions pulling at their features.

Other than being exiled, was there really any other way to enter this world?

This place was incredibly far from the Source World, and with Zen's cultivation base, it was even less possible for him to cross such a long distance.

In the crowd, someone's eyes lit up as the person asked, "Did you travel here with the ship above Torrent Bone Tower?"

The Wild Gods in the world had detected that ship a long time ago, at least. They were fully aware of its existence.

At the time of its discovery, they had noticed that the giant ship was landing at an extremely fast speed, and it was estimated that it would crash into the world in just a few years.

No one knew who had built the ship exactly, but all the races had been preparing for its crash. As soon as it did, they had the intentions of rushing up and plundering everything within.

The resources within this world were extremely rare. Other than relying on the wild bones for cultivation, nearly no other cultivation resources existed here.

Every race paid close attention to the ship and a detailed plan had been put together by the Nine Li race. They had determined the exact spot of the ship's landing, and they were always ready to go and collect a few benefits from it.

However, not long ago, an accident had occurred on the ship and it had soared up into the air, above the chaos, in a matter of seconds.

At that time, the Snake Goddess race, which was the most powerful race in this world, had bound the ship above the Torrent Bone Tower.

The oldest man and Ramzi, along with Leopold, all kept a close watch on Zen. It was highly possible that Zen had arrived here through the ship.

"Yes," Zen nodded in a simple reply. "My mother told me that the ship was created by Chiyou himself. I wasn't born in the Source World, but on that ship. As for the Source World's current situation, it's almost the same as what you have been led to believe. The Nine Li race has indeed been defeated, and for this reason, my grandfather made the ship so that the warriors could escape."

As Zen explained the truth, the exiles quickly changed the looks on their faces.

Chapter 2564 Discussion

"The Nine Li race really has been defeated..."

All of the exiles had a sad expression on their faces.

"If we've been defeated by the Yellow Emperor, where's the Grand Chieftain? And the eighty-one mages, and the many Nine Li Guards?"

The eldest man stared at Zen.

Zen shook his head. "I don't know. I only know that this ship carries the hope of the Nine Li race and that there are a lot of Nine Li members. This is a ship for escape."

"How could this happen?"

"It's impossible that the Nine Li race was defeated by the Yellow Emperor!"

"Brother, I want to go out and kill all the Yellow Emperor members!" One shouted in anger.

It wasn't the members of the Yellow Emperor race in this world who caused the destruction of the Nine Li race. The people in this world were only exiles cursed by the Chaos Ancient God. It was just that they were shocked by the news and couldn't suppress their anger.

"Don't be impulsive." The old man took a deep breath to calm himself. "Since it's the Grand Chieftain that created the ship, why is it falling?"

"Because this ship was hunted down by the Yellow Emperor Guards," Zen spoke softly. "The Nine Li members on the ship have all almost been cleanly killed off."

Since they were so angry, Zen didn't plan to tell them at first but because they asked, he could only tell them the truth.

"Yellow Emperor Guards!" Even though he was calm earlier, the old man was once again agitated. "It's my fault that I didn't wipe out those

Yellow Emperor Guards back then! I only ended about a hundred Yellow Emperor Guards..."

A hundred Yellow Emperor Guards?

The words shocked Zen.

Zen didn't know the number of Yellow Emperor Guards. There was a time that his mother mentioned that there were over a hundred thousand Nine Li Guards in the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor Guards should be about the same. This old man alone was able to kill over a hundred Yellow Emperor Guards. How strong was he?

"After the Nine Li people were slaughtered, the divine land was gradually occupied by the human race, and then..."

Previously, Zen didn't want to say anything. Since Zen had decided to trust these exiles, he would tell them everything.

Once Zen finished, everyone remained silent.

It was silent until Ramzi asked, "So you were the one who changed the ship's direction?"

"Yes."

Ramzi turned to the old man. "What should we do now?"

Everyone looked at the old man for guidance, he was the strongest of all the exiles as well as the strongest in the Nine Li race in this world.

Even in the Source World, he wasn't someone that could be ignored.

At the beginning, they had desperately hoped that the ship would fall off so that they could get a share of the ship, but now, they were worried about the ship's fate.

But the old man stared at Zen, his eyes filled with hesitation. In the end, he heaved a deep sigh.

The wrinkles on his face deepened and he looked much older in an instant.

"I'm old and it's fine for me to sacrifice my life for the Nine Li race, but... One can only enter this world and there's no way to get out. What can I do?" the old man sighed.

As long as there was a tiny bit of news coming from the Source World, the exiles would be very excited.

It had been many years since the last exile came and they had completely lost their means to learn about the Source World.

Even if they had no information, they were always worried about the safety of the Nine Li race.

The news Zen brought made them desperate but Zen, who was in front of them, let them see the chance to do something for the Nine Li race.

The problem was that this world was a huge prison... What could they do when they were trapped here?

The old man's words made their eyes dim even further.

"However, we have to let the Snake Goddess race release the ship and let it leave," Ramzi suddenly said.

"That's right! No matter how strong Snake Goddess race are, there's no way they could have their hands on the ship!" another exile resolutely spoke up.

In this world, the Snake Goddess race had absolute command.

Not only were they naturally powerful because of their bloodline, they also had a few extremely formidable exiles. They naturally dominated the world.

The old man interrupted them, "Have you thought of what Zen has in mind?"

Zen must have come up with his own ideas.

The group of excited exiles stared at Zen again. It was time for him to make a decision.

Zen swept his gaze through the crowd for a quiet moment before he faintly began to speak. "My mother had no choice but to send me out. When I first came to this world, I had only one thought and that was to become stronger and then... I will go back to kill them! I won't fight my way only to the divine land but all the way to the Source World too."

As soon as these words came out of his mouth, a hint of smile appeared on the exiles' faces.

It was arrogant for Zen to boast about his goals with his current strength, but he was a member of the Nine Li race and the grandson of Chiyou. If he didn't even have the guts to think like this, then their race would really be hopeless.

"With your bloodline, it won't be difficult for you to become strong in this world! But I'm afraid it's still impossible to return and kill them all. No one can leave here."

The majority of these exiles were powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm. How could they be willingly trapped in this world?

They tried almost every way and still, no one managed to leave the world. This was a one way world, one could only enter and there was no way for them to leave.

The old man had planned to say that Lorena shouldn't have sent Zen here. But on second thought, Lorena was the daughter of the Grand Chieftain, and he was in no place to blame her. Moreover, she had no other choice because she sent Zen here to save his life.

Other exiles also looked depressed.

At this moment, with just a blink of an eye, Zen used chaotic energy to send a voice message to the exiles' ears, "What if... I know how to get back?"

It puzzled Ramzi, the old man, Leopold and a few others why Zen had to be so secretive in giving his message.

"What do you mean?" the old man asked back secretly.

"Have you heard of the Warden race?"

Zelda had once told Zen that the Warden race were searching for her and her brother all over the world.

Since this Warden race ruled this prison, it was likely they had spies everywhere. Because he had just entered the Nine Li race and was unfamiliar with the situation, he had to be careful or it would be troublesome if there were people from the Warden race present.

Hearing Zen mention the Warden race, the exiles looked at each other again. "You've just entered this world. Why do you know the Warden race?" the old man asked doubtfully.

Very few people in this world knew the existence of the Light of Adjudication and the people who knew the mysterious Warden race were even rarer.

It hadn't even been a year since he came in this world and he had spent most of it in the wilderness outside the bone towers, so how could he know these things?

Chapter 2565 An Opportunity To Break Out Of Prison

The masters who were exiled here wouldn't yield easily.

Over the years, they had tried every means to leave this place, but they still couldn't get rid of the restraints on their bodies. It felt like they were doomed to just stay and wait for death to come, but they shouldn't be stuck with no choice.

As soon as Zen appeared, they saw a ray of light, a little hope to what they were trying to figure out. He was going to tell them a way to escape this world. It was something the exiles naturally thought was inconceivable.

If it weren't for Zen's special identity, they would have already driven him out and wouldn't give him the chance to speak. His presence stirred up the place, causing doubts and confusion.

"When I first entered this world, I encountered two members of the Warden race," Zen said calmly to the group of exiles.

Thinking for a moment, the oldest man said, "Though they are the managers of this world, the Warden race rarely appears. Even if they show up, they usually disguise themselves by using the phantom theurgy. This way, ordinary people won't notice their existence at all. Are you sure you have met them?"

The Warden race, as its name suggested, was the warden of the prison, making these exiles their prisoners. They were tasked to watch over and make sure no one would escape.

These prisoners did everything and would do unimaginable things in order to get out of this prison. If the people of the Warden race randomly appeared, they would be instantly torn into pieces by the exiles.

In fact, some exiles secretly investigated the lair of the Warden race, hoping this would give them a way out of prison, but got nothing.

The Warden race usually had regular visits planned. Every hundreds of years, they would secretly inspect the bone towers of each race, disguising as phantoms every time. That way, only the powerful exiles could perceive their arrival, and the rest remained clueless.

"Yes, I'm sure it was them." Zen nodded.

"How can you prove it?" the oldest man asked, looking at Zen.

"They showed me the Curse Chain," Zen replied. "And I saw it myself," he said in a sure tone.

Upon hearing this remark from Zen, all the exiles took a deep breath.

The biggest constraint in this prison was the Curse Chain. It was what had been holding them locked up in this world. Even the oldest man, who clearly had supreme strength, could not do anything to cut loose from this invisible Curse Chain.

Feeling confused, Leopold finally stepped up and asked, "I'm curious. Why did the Warden race contact you?"

As the manager of this world, the purpose of the Warden race was to ensure that no one could leave the prison. To date, Leopold had made countless attempts to communicate with them, but they had always been silent and non-responsive.

Hearing Leopold's doubts, the others were also unable to hide their confusion. They thought Zen was making up a story. They couldn't believe he would be lucky enough to see two wardens.

"Because of the disputes within the Warden race, some of them wanted to escape," Zen replied. "But getting out was never easy. The faction that tried to escape failed, leaving only a girl and her brother."

Since he mentioned it already, Zen ended up telling them everything about Zelda and Luther.

The exiles listened as Zen relayed all the information that he had gathered so far. After he finished, he looked around and found all of them standing still in silence. They were pondering over what Zen said, unable to hide its complexity with their own facial expressions.

At least, Zen's statement was logical, and it helped them verify something they had theories about in the past.

For example, Zelda told Zen that the Warden race was chasing them.

Within this 1, 000 years, the Warden race frequently visited the bone towers of the different races. In the past, they appeared once every two or three hundred years only, but for some reason, they had appeared more than a hundred times in the recent decades. Why?

Ramzi, Leopold and other masters had also speculated on the unusual action of the Warden race. They wondered if something had happened in this world. Otherwise, why would the wardens be wasting time doing these unnecessary rounds?

The masters were left to figure out a reason on their own. The Warden race was not expected to communicate with the exiles at all, so there was no way for them to figure out what had happened.

Now that Zen mentioned it, it seemed that the Warden race constantly visited the bone towers to look for this girl and her brother.

All the exiles wanted was to run away from this world. Some had actually tried everything they could think of, hoping they would succeed. However, it was totally impossible for them to escape the prison built by the Chaos Ancient God.

After a long while, the oldest man opened his mouth to break the silence. "If what Zen said is true, this is probably a great opportunity for us. Also, it is an opportunity we have never known before and never to occur again."

"Zen, you are indeed a descendant of the Grand Chieftain! A real son of heaven! You've met such a great opportunity," Ramzi exclaimed, unable to contain his excitement.

"Then, shall we bring the girl and her brother into our bone tower first?" one of the exiles suggested anxiously.

He knew that the siblings were being sought. If the Warden race found and took away Zelda and Luther, this rare opportunity would probably disappear.

Zen just observed and decided not to say anything. After all, these exiles were more familiar with their world than he was.

After thinking for a long time, the oldest man finally continued to ask Zen, "Are the girl and her brother in danger now?"

"They are staying in a tribe on the edge of the Immemorial Wilderness right now. So for the time being, they are safe," Zen assured him.

For many years, Zelda and Luther had stayed in the Iron Tribe, and Zen had just helped them eliminate the Macon Tribe. Zelda's status was very stable, so as long as there was no accident, they would be safe.

"That's good. There's still three years left before the Light of Adjudication comes. We still have time. Until the right time comes, let's not act rashly and alert the enemy." The oldest man made a decision. "I'll get in touch with the other races, such as the Snake Goddess race, the Flame race, and the Heavenly Joy race, so we can put our heads together and make the perfect plan."

He knew that leaving this world was not only the dream of the Nine Li race, but the dream of all the exiles. They would need all the help they could get if they wanted to succeed.

Once they knew the way out of this world, the Warden race wouldn't be able to stop them.

Adele, Giacomo, Erik and the others saw Zen and the masters quietly communicating with each other. Confused as to what important things they were plotting, they couldn't understand why they were talking so secretly and carefully.

At this moment, a person from the Nine Li race came.

"Grand Elder, some special envoys from the Yellow Emperor race come to ask for a meeting."

As soon as he finished with the announcement, he noticed that all of the powerful masters of his race had left the cave and come to the square.

Stunned, he remained standing there in a daze for a while, not knowing what just happened.

It was difficult for him to see any one of them in thousands of years. But today, for some strange reason, all of them appeared at the same time. Why?

Looking at the reporter, Adele asked, "They come for the Sky South Bone Tower, right?"

"Yes, they come to deliver a challenge in writing," the clansman answered.

"I knew they would not let go of this so easily." Adele's face was covered with a layer of cold air.

Upon hearing this, Giacomo and Erik also frowned.

The exiles would not deal with the affairs in the race by themselves. So as the Grand Elder, Adele was in charge of everything.

However, this time, after agreeing to sign the bet with the Yellow Emperor race, her race had lost two talented warriors and fell into a passive position. It was her mistake and it made her very angry.

"Let Adele deal with the matters of our race," the oldest man advised, watching her from afar.

Other than matters concerning their own lives, the exiles wouldn't participate in the fights between the Wild Gods. They naturally chose to avoid getting involved in these things whenever they could.

Chapter 2566 David

"Wait!" Adele abruptly cried out.

Ramzi looked at his daughter and asked, "What's wrong, Adele?"

Adele's beautiful eyes gazed at Zen, flashing with a hint of complexity.

Giacomo brought Zen back because of the extraordinary strength he had displayed before Romeo. He was deemed to be eligible in participating in the battle between the two races.

It was quite unexpected that Zen had the imperial-grade bloodline.

Would he still be suitable to join the battle?

"In the battle for the Sky South Bone Tower, Chandler and Farhann have been killed by Yellow Emperor race. Our chances of winning in the battle are very small. This time, I hope that Zen can fight the battle," Adele directly voiced out her intention.

Before Ramzi could say anything, the oldest man smiled faintly and stated, "If Zen wants to become stronger, cultivating the Wild God system in this world is a shortcut, and he can give full play to his blood power. He can fight as long as his safety is ensured."

The exiles were far-sighted.

Zen was just a top-rank True God, but it seemed that he had already comprehended two Truths of Godly Ways. His soul was far more powerful than that of an ordinary Wild God. Fighting against the mid-rank Wild Gods would not be too difficult for him with his strength.

Besides, he had enough time to absorb the blood wild bones in the Nine Li race.

A smile appeared on Adele's face as she heard the words from the oldest man. She nodded in understanding and said, "I see."

After the exiles departed, Adele gave out an order to summon the envoys of Yellow Emperor race.

Shortly, several beams of light flew from the sky.

A group of people showed themselves before them. The leader of the group had fair skin, dashing eyebrows and starry eyes. His face showed an expression full of pride.

He was only a mid-rank Wild God given his cultivation base, but he didn't appear nervous at all being in the territory of the Nine Li race.

He spotted Adele but didn't show any respect. He casually took out a jade page and gently flipped it towards Adele. He then muttered arrogantly, "Catch it. This is the letter of challenge of our race!"

"How dare you!"

"How dare you!"

Giacomo, Erik and the other clansmen burst into anger seeing how the young man acted arrogantly before Adele.

Adele wasn't affected at all. Her expression was as calm as usual. With a flick of her slender fingers, she took over the jade page. She glanced at it and said in an emotionless voice, "You've already decided the candidates. How confident you are!"

The young man smiled and said, "My race is the ruler of this world, so we are surely confident. We have designated five people to fight, but in my opinion, it's such a waste of time. I, David, alone will be enough."

"So you are David of the Yellow Emperor race," Erik spoke with a frown on his face.

A highly talented man had appeared in the Yellow Emperor race. It was said that the whole race used all their resources in order to train him.

"Interesting! Why did your race send you to deliver the letter of challenge?" Giacomo raised his eyebrows and asked meaningfully, "Aren't you afraid of death?"

The Nine Li race had suffered a great loss because of the bet the two race had made. The Yellow Emperor race killed Chandler and Farhann from their race, which left them in grim grievance.

Needless to say, the Nine Li race would take revenge by all means. It never occurred to them that the Yellow Emperor race dared to send David to deliver the letter of challenge.

"My father has said that you don't dare to hurt me," David said calmly.

"Oh really? I'll kill you right now." Erik's aura suddenly rose up. He was like a wild ancient beast ready to pounce on a human to feast on.

As an elder of the Nine Li race, Erik's strength was almost on par with that of Giacomo. He was considered to be capable of killing a mid-rank Wild God.

David felt the oppression from Erik's aura and couldn't help but take two steps back. Despite the pressure, he still had a faint smile and spoke without fear, "You can try!"

"Okay!" Erik was a man with a violent temper. How could he tolerate a young man who dared provoke him?

Seeing that he was about to attack, Adele stretched out her hand and stopped him. She said, "The Yellow Emperor race killed our people in the Immemorial Wilderness. According to our agreement, it was allowed. So if we kill him here, it will be unreasonable."

"But..." Erik couldn't accept to resign to calm down his annoyance.

Adele looked back at David and said, "I've received your letter of challenge. Three months later, my Nine Li race will accept the battle. You can leave now."

David looked at Adele with a look of disappointment. He purposely meant to provoke the Nine Li race as he came to deliver the letter of challenge on behalf of his race. He didn't expect that Adele would be so calm as if she didn't take their upcoming battle seriously. It left him a little disappointed.

Before leaving, David laughed and said, "I hope that the losers of your race don't disappoint me in the battle!"

Zen, who had been silent all the time, slightly frowned upon hearing David's arrogant words.

"Wait." Adele's indifferent voice rang out.

"What's wrong?" David turned around and asked.

"Clap!"

Everyone did not see how Adele made her move, but a clear five finger prints had already been left on David's face.

Adele raised her hand and spoke in a cold voice, "You are an envoy from the Yellow Emperor race, so I can't kill you. But you're rude to me and my people, so I have to teach you a lesson. Go back and learn how to behave yourself from your elders."

Adele was the Grand Elder of the Nine Li race, and so her strength was incredibly strong, being only second to that of the exiles in her race.

The force of her slap was indeed great. The five finger prints had become more prominent in an instant, and half of David's face had been swollen.

David expected a burst of pain. He touched his face and gently moistened his lips. "Grand Elder, you are right. I'll remember your lesson."

After finishing his words, he left resolutely straight ahead without looking back.

"What an arrogant guy!" Giacomo looked at their retreating backs sullenly.

"Let me kill him halfway!" Erik urged.

"No need for that. He did it on purpose. The Yellow Emperor race must have been prepared." Adele shook her head. "Rather than get angry with such a guy, it's better to prepare for the upcoming battle. We can't lose!"

She then turned to Zen and instructed, "You have to cultivate with Elsa, Romeo, and Killian these days. I will give you enough cultivation resources. Three months later, you will fight the battle on behalf of our Nine Li race."

Zen smiled and nodded.

The Nine Li race was one of the top three races in this world. They had stored a massive amount of wild bones, which was an unimaginable number for ordinary Wild Gods.

However in time, the blood wild bones of any great race were in short supply. They were distributed according to the clansmen's blood purity and the talent shown. Even so, the clansmen still got a small number of blood wild bones. A talent like Romeo could only obtain dozens of blood wild bones a year.

But the situation made things different. As Zen had the imperial-grade bloodline, all the restrictions of distributing the blood wild bones weren't taken into consideration anymore.

Chapter 2567 Body Tribulations

There were two particular sections that divided the Nine Li race.

The ordinary Nine Li members used the outer area as a residence, while the inner layer served as their venue for cultivation.

People who filled the place were the most outstanding warriors of the Nine Li race.

"Grow!"

On a spacious muster station by the side of a cultivation place, a figure of a young man could be seen growing by the minute.

In just a blink of an eye, that same man's body had increased hundreds of times bigger than it already was. In such a short time, he managed to grow up to about three to four hundred feet tall.

"Huh! Hey!"

With his now larger extremities, the boy began bellowing and kicking in the air. He then casually kicked up a stone lock on the side of the muster station.

Each stone lock was extremely heavy and was exceptionally tall like a mountain. When the young man finally seized the stone lock, his expression turned feral.

Loads of younger Nine Li members stared in awe as the figure hovered over them.

"Wow! Kiran never fails to impress!"

"Indeed. They say Kiran is to undergo the Body Tribulations. Once he's through with the process, he would be able to use the Nine Li Wild Body then."

"What a powerful sixth-grade bloodline..."

In the past thousands of years, Kiran was the second Wild God who possessed the sixth-grade blood in the Chiyou race.

Obtaining such a talent wasn't easy for the Nine Li race, that was why they trained him to the best of their abilities.

However, Kiran was too young to represent the Nine Li race during fights.

"Phew! Phew!"

Accompanied by Giacomo, Zen slowly walked towards Kiran who was playing with the stone lock. With a hint of admiration in his eyes, Zen said, "This kid sure is young, but he already has reached such a level. A young Nine Li talent, indeed."

Besides the exiles, the people Zen had seen since he entered the Nine Li race were also rather complex beings.

Even ordinary Nine Li warriors were stronger than Wild Gods in the outside, let alone someone with the likes of Erik and Giacomo. Their strength could altogether sweep through a city in one swift move.

"He still has a long way to go. We all know how hard it is to cultivate in the Wild God system," said Giacomo.

Zen only nodded in agreement.

Even if he had cultivated the Wild God Power as a shortcut, he knew quite well that it wasn't easy to succeed in this path.

With just one wave of the stone lock, Kiran's movement sped up. He went on like a madman until his body lost its balance.

"Eh? What's up with that? Ah! This boy…" Upon seeing that, Giacomo realized that something terrible was about to happen.

Despite the rapid progress that Kiran had made during his cultivation, it was inevitable that during the process when Wild Gods cultivated, their bodies would constantly expand.

It would take a certain time for them to adapt to such a drastic body size increase. After all, everyone's perception of size rooted in their experiences. Even activities like walking could become a challenge for some of the Wild Gods that had absorbed enough Wild God Power and had their body sizes doubled.

For Kiran, it was the same problem.

"Bang!"

Kiran dropped to the ground with a roaring thud.

Such an impact caused the entire muster station to shake.

Almost as if it was precisely calculated, the mountain-sized stone lock crashed into the other side where dozens of Nine Li younglings gathered.

Those kids didn't activate the Wild God Power in their bodies at that certain time. The weight of the stone lock could be unbearable for them. Upon impact, they all could turn into a puddle of meat paste.

"This doesn't look good!"

"Whoosh!"

At that moment, Giacomo had already conjured up the Wild God Power in his body. In just a short amount of time, his body doubled in size. Without second thoughts, he rushed towards the falling stone lock.

Despite the short distance between him and the stone lock, he was too late. It all happened too fast.

Dumbfounded by the events that unfolded before him, Kiran could only stare blankly at the moving stone as he sat on the bumpy ground. As he thought of the worst possibilities that could happen, he closed his eyes.

It was clear to Zen that the stone lock was getting closer and closer to the young Nine Li members, and he had also noticed that Giacomo wasn't able to catch up with it.

Zen stretched his arm and for a second, it looked like he was grabbing onto the air.

"Boom!"

It sounded like the stone lock had hit an invisible wall. It suddenly began to fall down vertically.

"Crack..."

Due to the collision, countless cracks began to appear on the surface of the stone lock. Finally, it broke into a heap of debris that quickly scattered all over the ground below.

Both Giacomo and Kiran stopped dead in their tracks. "What…," Giacomo couldn't even form a coherent sentence.

The young Nine Li members who initially thought they were doomed were now stunned by what they had just witnessed.

"Now that… That is pure and genuine strength." Giacomo's eyes glinted in surprise. With a hint of disbelief in his voice, he turned to Zen and said, "So you can actually use your power to such an extent, huh?"

In terms of power, the strength source that Zen had just used wasn't enough to catch Giacomo's attention. However, it was still impressive. If they were in the same realm, the power of a Wild God was still considered stronger than that of a True God.

The truth of the matter was, once the Wild God Power was completely fused into a cultivator's body, it was impossible to separate them. It was a pure body refining method, and extracting the power from the body was unachievable.

Zen could use the strength source of the Nine Divine Stars. Furthermore, he was able to comprehend the Power Shaping, the theurgy beyond way. He could control the invisible power as he pleased. That kind of control over colossal power left Giacomo in awe.

"I was aching to save those boys. Forgive me for that," Zen said.

With a gentle wave of his finger, the wall manifested by the strength source instantly dissipated.

"Uncle Giacomo, I'm sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen..." Kiran sounded frantic. If he killed more than a dozen of his fellowmen, it would have been unforgivable.

With furrowed eyebrows and a hard look, Giacomo retorted, "Don't make the same mistake again. Be more careful."

"I understand," Kiran blinked a few times and left with the other younglings.

Meanwhile, Giacomo wasn't able to get over the strength Zen had displayed.

They decided to advance for a while, walking past the muster station. As they made their way, tall warehouses began to appear one by one. Those things extended to a distance and there might have been a thousand of them.

Just as they approached the warehouses, Zen began to feel an intense Wild God Power radiating from those high buildings. "Are wild bones stored in these warehouses?" Zen asked.

"Yes, they are," Giacomo responded, nodding his head softly.

"That's a lot of wild bones!" Zen exclaimed, a little taken aback.

The warehouses that stood before him were probably thousands of feet high, just how many wild bones could be stored in them?

It surprised Zen to know that the resources owned by the Nine Li race were beyond his comprehension.

"There are just too many wild bones and they are not very meaningful for us Nine Li race," Giacomo said flatly. "After all, the Wild God Power that everyone can absorb is limited. We ultimately have to face the Body Tribulations once the amount of Wild God Power we have absorbed has reached a certain level. If we can't go through the Body Tribulations, our cultivation won't improve regardless of how many wild bones we have absorbed."

"Body Tribulations?" Zen was astounded. "What kind of tribulation is that?"

Of course, he had heard about the life and death tribulation, and Heavenly Tribulation. However, he wasn't familiar with anything like Body Tribulations.

The puzzled look on Giacomo's face surprised Zen beyond belief. He then asked in complete bewilderment, "Do you really not have the slightest idea of what the Body Tribulations are?"

Chapter 2568 Herbert

Zen was a stranger to this world.

He had learned most of what he knew about the Wild Gods from Zelda, as well as the method of absorbing the wild bones and extracting the Wild God Power. Moreover, he also knew about the blood wild bones in the Sand Core City.

However, he did not yet have a complete understanding of these things.

He only knew that he could increase his strength by devouring the wild bones and absorbing the Wild God Power therein.

If someone possessed the blood of a certain race, they could then exclusively absorb the blood wild bones of that race and obtain the talents contained within that blood.

That was the sum of Zen's knowledge on the matter.

"I just started to cultivate the Wild God system. As for the Body Tribulations that must be faced, I really don't know anything about them," Zen said, shaking his head.

Giacomo gazed at Zen for a long while and then his surprise gave way to a smile. "The Wild God system is not merely about body refining. If you practice in the extreme, you would be able to cross the shore and reach the Other Shore Realm. Actually, the Wild God system is also known as the Ancient God Cultivation Method."

"I can reach the Other Shore Realm through intense cultivation of the Wild God system?" Zen's eyes flashed at the promise.

Giacomo nodded. "Grand Elder instructed us in this."

Those powerful exiles had been forced to this world by the Chaos Ancient God. At the very beginning, they couldn't live for a thousand years. Whenever the Light of Adjudication came, the prisoners kept in the prison would be purified and emptied.

But after the bone towers appeared, the exiles found a way to survive, and they began to form their own races.

Gradually, this empty world had become lively, and the races had proliferated in their diversity.

At first, the exiles were inclined to encourage their clansmen to cultivate the True God system, but soon they discovered that this world wasn't suitable for cultivating this system.

It was easy for the exiles to extract life vitality from the chaotic energy, but for the warriors who had just started to practice, it proved extremely difficult, despite the fact that they were born as extraordinary creatures and were able to survive at the bottom of the chaos.

The strong warriors who had been exiled to this world by the Chaos Ancient God had not been weaklings in the Source World. The discovery was quickly made that there was a massive amount of wild bones here. The origin of these wild bones could even have dated back to the early stage of chaos, and the sheer number of these wild bones was unimaginable.

So these exiles thought of the body refining cultivation method that was passed down from ancient times, namely the Ancient God Cultivation Method.

"Why don't the warriors in the Source World practice this cultivation method?" Zen asked curiously.

Almost all the warriors that Zen had come into contact with were cultivating the True God system.

It seemed that even Harper had successfully cultivated the True God system and had therefore reached the Other Shore Realm.

"Well..."

Zen's question stumped Giacomo, who was at a loss for words.

Giacomo was born in this world. He was not from the Source World. These things had come down through a very long history, so it was naturally difficult for him to explain this in laymen's terms.

"There are no such cultivation resources in the Source World, so those warriors can only choose the Grand World Cultivation Method instead of the Ancient God Cultivation Method," an ancient voice suddenly said behind them.

Hearing the wizened voice, Zen and Giacomo both turned their heads and saw that the oldest man had appeared behind them.

Giacomo was about to bow respectfully when he saw the oldest man. The oldest man waved his hand and said, "Don't bother with the niceties. I'm here to see Zen."

"The Grand World Cultivation Method you said is the method to cultivate the True God system?" Zen asked, still puzzled.

"Yes, you're right," the oldest man replied with a smile.

Zen pondered over this for a while, and a strange expression settled on his face. "Does that then mean that the ancient gods also needed to cultivate with the wild bones? In other words, the Source World used to also contain a huge amount of wild bones then?"

"Yes, you're quite correct," the oldest man said, pleased at Zen's agile mind.

"After absorbing all of the wild bones in the Source World, those warriors then became the ancient gods. The newcomers didn't have the wild bones as cultivation sources. As a result, they ended up creating the Grand World Cultivation Method, namely the True God system. Am I right?" Zen asked, carefully expressing his train of thought.

"Yes, you're absolutely correct!" the oldest man exclaimed. "You're so smart to have understood that. You're indeed the grandson of the Grand Chieftain."

The oldest man sighed slightly and then added, "There was once a land of wilderness in the Source World. Like this world, there were also huge amounts of wild bones there, but all of them had been dug up and claimed."

Although the oldest man repeatedly confirmed what he had suspected, Zen's expression became more and more guarded. He then asked another question, "Where do the countless wild bones in the Source World and this world originally come from?"

"I knew you would ask this question." The oldest man had already expected it, so he replied lightly, "That involves the Chaos Ancient Gods, and that is also the ultimate question of the whole chaos. There are some talents that never show up among the populations in the Source World, and they have been seeking the answers to this question for countless years."

Zen frowned slightly. He had not expected that his casual question would have led to the divulging of such complicated things.

"The behavior of the Chaos Ancient Gods has always been unpredictable, especially that of Herbert. He was the one who built the prison and was said to be incomparably powerful, but every time he descended, he would bring about some unimaginable events. Sometimes he would surprise the warriors, and sometimes he would scare them." The oldest man sighed and continued, "The bones are said to be our backups. Our bones may be hidden somewhere in this world."

Zen blinked his eyes as an incomprehensible look settled on his face. This was too much for a mere warrior to understand, and all that he could comprehend was that the Chaos Ancient God who had built the prison was called Herbert.

Giacomo, who stood next to Zen, was also completely stunned by these revelations.

"Our backups?" Zen asked in bewilderment as the implications of this information struggled through his thoughts.

The oldest man nodded. "Yes, each Wight corresponds to a living creature within the chaos. Once a Wight dies, there will be one more skeleton added to the Immemorial Wilderness. However, these Wights are only our backups. It's impossible for you to know exactly which Wight is your backup."

"Then why did Herbert do all of this?" Zen asked.

"Why don't you go ask him?" the oldest man suggested with a smile.

Zen couldn't help but smile. These questions were truly not what he had expected from this conversation.

The oldest man looked around the warehouses and said, "It's extremely painful to cultivate using the Ancient God Cultivation Method. If we accept what was said in the ancient times, we can use our body strength to pass through the Sea of Truth and reach the Other Shore Realm, but no one living has succeeded in this world. Even in the Source World, other than the ancient gods, no one has ever succeeded. If you are willing to explore this method, then we, the Nine Li race, will do everything in our power to help you."

Zen's eyes flashed with insight when he heard the oldest man's words.

Currently, he lacked the strength for this task.

No matter how his father had planned his own growth in the past, Zen might not be able to take what would happen to him into consideration now. After all, he had met with too many accidents once he had stepped into the divine land.

Now an accident had again caused him to be sent to this world by his mother. Still, he would follow this path laid before him without hesitation.

Chapter 2569 Cave Of Wildness

If Zen's news was true and the exiles could leave this world, then the dispute between the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race would no longer matter.

The bone towers were fortresses, but who in their right mind would stay willingly in that damned place forever?

The oldest man among them wanted to make Zen stronger in hopes that he'd be able to take them back to the Source World one day.

"I'd face any obstacle and experience every pain if it means getting stronger!" Zen proclaimed.

The old man only smiled and turned to Giacomo. "Let Zen absorb the wild bones first. When the Body Tribulations arrive, give him ten shares of blood wild bones."

"Ten shares of blood wild bones?" Giacomo asked in disbelief. "Can he endure them?"

Ten shares of blood wild bones didn't mean just ten blood wild bones. Blood wild bones were very precious in the outside world as well as in the Nine Li race.

And because of the value they held, one would think that there was a scarcity of them. But in truth, if the blood wild bones were distributed according to the blood purity of Nine Li members, there would be enough for everyone and more. This was because very few could handle their power.

For instance, even though Romeo was a genius of the fifth-grade bloodline, he could only use two shares of blood wild bones.

It was also said that Adele only used three shares to undergo the Body Tribulations in the past. Otherwise, the burst of the Body Tribulations would be too powerful for her to withstand.

The old man looked at Zen and smiled. "His body is different from ours. I don't know how he cultivated this body, but it's so much stronger than an ordinary person's. He can withstand ten shares of the blood wild bones."

"I see,"

Giacomo nodded.

The old man was the most powerful warrior in the Nine Li race. His cultivation base was unfathomable and his insight was incomparable. Giacomo would be foolish not to trust his judgement.

"We'll all be watching," said the old man before his body melted into the shadows and disappeared from Zen's sight.

After that, Giacomo took Zen through the warehouses where Zen noticed several cracks that emitted Wild God Power.

Around each crack, more than ten people were busy extracting the Wild God Power from the wild bones.

However, none of them absorbed the Wild God Power.

Instead, they guided the flow of the Wild God Power into the cracks.

Zen was puzzled. What were they doing?

"This is the Cave of Wildness and Wild God Power can't escape from it," explained Giacomo after seeing Zen's expression. "Romeo, Elsa, and Killian are cultivating in the cave and they need a lot of Wild God Power. That's why these people are extracting the Wild God Power and injecting it into the cave."

"Really? That's amazing!" Zen exclaimed.

It was indeed not a difficult thing to extract the Wild God Power from the wild bones. Even an ordinary person could do it. There might be a slight difference in the methods, but these methods were all useful.

Zen didn't expect that the geniuses of Nine Li race had such privileges. They didn't even need to extract the Wild God Power from wild bones themselves.

When Zen and Giacomo were close enough, one of the men walked over to them and bowed his head in greeting. "Elder Giacomo!"

Giacomo nodded in regard. "Baldwin, I have new orders. Ask Doran to leave the cave."

Baldwin looked up with a start, unsure if he had heard right. He glanced at Zen before turning to Giacomo, conflicted. "I don't think it's appropriate to do this, Elder Giacomo. If we do, Elder Celia would surely get angry with us."

After Chandler's and Farhann's deaths, the Nine Li race had chosen two other men to fight for the race. One of them was Doran, whose mother was Elder Celia.

In this period of time, they invested all of the race's resources in these five young warriors.

This was why Doran was trying his best to cultivate. It was a great opportunity and he wanted to make everyone proud. But now Giacomo wanted him to pull out.

Giacomo's face darkened at Baldwin's words. "Do as I say!"

Nodding meekly, Baldwin said nothing more and walked away. He was curious about the young man standing beside Giacomo. He had never seen that man before, but he must be important if he was going to replace Doran.

Under Giacomo's command, Baldwin ordered the people to halt the extraction of Wild God Power before he entered the cave.

In the depths, a young man in black was sitting cross legged, continuously absorbing Wild God Power. It was Doran, and when he saw Baldwin coming in, he frowned. "Baldwin, what are you doing here?"

"Elder Giacomo asked you to leave the cave. You're being replaced by someone else."

"What?" Doran's face darkened as he stood abruptly. "Why?"

Baldwin shook his head. "You can ask Elder Giacomo in person."

The purity of Doran's blood was also fifth grade, but when it came to talent, he was slightly weaker than Romeo and others. He had never had a chance to prove himself.

Farhann and Chandler were dead, and it was his turn now to fight for the Nine Li race. He had been ecstatic when he was chosen to fight and he valued this rare opportunity greatly. They didn't expect him to just leave so calmly, did they?

Stomping out of the cave, Doran angrily marched straight to Giacomo.

"Giacomo, what are you doing?"

asked Doran, his teeth clenched and skin white with anger. His mother, Elder Celia, held a high position in the Nine Li race and was even stronger than Giacomo. He would have some manners when he met Giacomo in normal times, but at this moment, he was bearing a grudge and called Giacomo by his name.

"The plan has changed and someone else is to take your place inside the cave," Giacomo replied calmly. While he did not expect this level of anger from Doran, he was unfazed by it.

"Someone else? I know every member of the Nine Li race! Who else is more qualified than me?" Doran asked coldly before his gaze shifted to Zen. "Are you talking about him?"

"Yes," answered Giacomo. "I am."

"He's a member of our race?" Doran looked Zen up and down. He couldn't remember anyone like him in the Nine Li race.

Their argument immediately attracted the others' attention. Meanwhile, Romeo came out of another cave and noticed Zen standing not far away from him. A smile appeared on his face as he walked up to him. "Hi, Zen! You're here. Have you accepted the blood of our race already?"

After Romeo went back to the bone tower of the Nine Li race, he told the elders about Zen. According to the original plan, they would give Zen

Chiyou's blood so that he could be a member of their race.

The acquired blood was weaker than the blood born with, but Zen himself was powerful enough, which would make up for it.

However, getting the blood transfusion would take some time, and Romeo was curious why Zen was sent to the Cave of Wildness so soon.

"A foreigner with the blood transfusion wants to squeeze me out of the Cave of Wildness? Why?" Hearing Romeo's words, Doran became even more furious. Competing with Zen only smeared his reputation!

Chapter 2570 Dispute Among The Same Race

Even until now, Doran remained unconvinced. "Doran, our race has activated the Cave of Wildness to let us cultivate so we could enhance ourselves and win the battles against the Yellow Emperor race. Zen is much stronger than you," Romeo advised.

It was known that the Nine Li race rarely gave Chiyou's blood to a warrior of a foreign race. The only exception was when the race was facing a strong enemy.

Romeo was the one who recommended Zen to the race, but he himself didn't know that Zen was actually a member of his race.

However, Doran's face darkened.

"Stronger than me?" he scoffed.

After all, he was one of the most outstanding warriors in Nine Li race. He just might be a little weaker than the others such as Elsa and Romeo, and he admitted that he was inferior to them in both talent and bloodline.

On the other hand, Zen was only a warrior from the wilderness and Chiyou's blood was not inborn to him.

Doran was much more powerful than warriors of the same cultivation level from the wilderness. He could deal with five warriors of the same cultivation level from the wilderness at the same time.

On the contrary, Zen had a very weak Wild God Power in his body. He was clearly only a beginner in cultivating the Wild God system, and he didn't absorb much of the wild bones. Thus, Doran couldn't believe that Romeo said that Zen was stronger than him.

"Yes, you are right. He is stronger than you and maybe even me," Romeo answered seriously.

He had killed two of the enemies back in the battle in the Immemorial Wilderness, but this was all because of Zen. Otherwise, he wouldn't have had much chance of defeating anyone from Yellow Emperor race. More importantly, Zen had also defeated one of the enemies before he helped him.

Although Zen didn't say anything more, Romeo was sure that he might even be able to kill the three warriors from the Yellow Emperor race.

"Nonsense! I don't believe it! Hey, you!" Doran exclaimed as he pointed at Zen. "I won't leave the Cave of Wildness unless you can defeat me!"

Meanwhile, Zen felt rather helpless. He didn't expect to cause trouble even in just finding a training place.

Giacomo looked at Doran dimly. Even the prominent figures in the race who seldom appeared in front of the clansmen had to worship Zen. His bloodline was unprecedented. Even the Grand Elder was much inferior to him in terms of the purity of bloodline. What the hell was Doran doing to humiliate their race?

"How dare you!" he bellowed.

Suddenly, the Wild God Power hidden in his body became too overwhelming. It seemed that he would kill Doran any time.

'He is so powerful!' Zen thought.

He stood beside Giacomo so he naturally felt thrilled and pressured.

Generally speaking, the elders of the Nine Li race who practiced the Wild God system were also the most powerful ones in the world.

As for Zen, he had just entered this world and had recently seen a Wild God who stood thousands of miles tall in the Immemorial Wilderness. If he had the same cultivation base as Giacomo's, would he also become a giant of the same size?

Now, ordinary people would flinch in fear if they saw an enraged Giacomo.

Doran, however, was stubborn and arrogant since his mother was an elder of the race. He even dared to talk back. "Elder Giacomo, since you are partial to a foreign warrior, I won't be convinced even if you kill me! My mother will seek justice for me if you kill me!"

"Let me see how your mother will seek justice for you!" Giacomo sneered. With a murderous glint, he waved his hand and was about to kill Doran.

"Elder Giacomo!"

"Elder Giacomo!"

Both Romeo and Zen shouted and blocked Giacomo's way.

After all, they were of the same race. If Giacomo insisted on killing Doran, it would inevitably hurt the harmonious relationship among the clansmen.

Then again, Giacomo was an elder and a senior who clearly felt disrespected when a junior of the race didn't listen to him and even questioned his decision. He was in a dilemma, and he finally decided to kill Doran.

Just then, a voice interrupted the fight and said, "Giacomo, you are an elder. Don't bully a junior! Don't you think it's too much?"

They all turned their heads and saw a woman dressed in a yellow robe, who stood not too far away. Her face was covered with a thick layer of frost.

"Mother!" shouted Doran.

His face quickly lit up with joy at the sight of her.

The woman was Elder Celia of the Nine Li race, Doran's mother.

Elder Celia was a warrior with a cultivation level higher than Giacomo's. She had made many contributions to the race, and was highly protective of her son.

"Elder Celia, don't you know who this man next to me is? I was ordered to come here and arrange Zen to cultivate in the Cave of Wildness, but your son refused to accept my orders. How can I explain it to the Grand Elder?" Giacomo said coldly.

"That man? Isn't he just a foreign warrior from the wilderness?" Doran mocked. A smug smile was plastered on his face because of his mother's presence.

Elder Celia gazed at Zen and said, "I heard that even the Blood Stone can't measure out the purity of his blood. He is the grandson of the Grand Chieftain and has the imperial-grade bloodline. As a member of the Nine Li race, I'm willing to devote myself to the grandson of the Grand Chieftain."

After that, she respectfully bowed to Zen.

In turn, Romeo and Doran were dumbfounded, as well as Baldwin and others.

They had no idea what the imperial-grade bloodline was, but they knew the Grand Chieftain.

As the exiles of the Nine Li race multiplied, they also passed on the stories about the Source World to their descendants.

There were all kinds of legends about the Grand Chieftain and they were very familiar with them—they worshipped the Chiyou statue every time they went in and out of the Nine Li race's territory. To them, Chiyou was a spiritual totem. No one could dirty him and no one dared to do him dirty.

Now they were all extremely shocked when Elder Celia announced that Zen was the Grand Chieftain's grandson.

"What...what the hell is going on?" Romeo looked at Zen in confusion. He had thought that Zen needed to have a blood transfusion and that he shouldn't have come to the Cave of Wildness so soon, but he didn't expect that Zen himself had Chiyou's bloodline.

It was too coincidental and exaggerated to be believable.

"Mother, what do you mean?" Doran hissed in a low voice. If it wasn't his mother who had said Zen was the Grand Chieftain's grandson, he would never have believed it.

Elder Celia paid no attention to her son and continued, "However, we must win the battles against the Yellow Emperor race and take over the Sky South Bone Tower. The five warriors who will participate in the battles must be the elite members of our race. Zen's cultivation base is still low, and there are only three months left. I'm afraid he won't be able to take over my son's position in three months. Why don't we wait for three months and then let him cultivate in the Cave of Wildness?"

She was still partial to her son as evidenced by her words, which suggested that even if Zen had a pure bloodline and a high status, he was still weaker than her son.

"My mother is right. If he were to take over my position, I'm afraid he would be smashed into meat paste in one second," echoed Doran.

Giacomo couldn't help but shake his head. It really gave him a headache whenever he had to face the unreasonable mother and son duo.

At that moment, a smile tugged at the corners of Romeo's lips as he said, "We'll know whether he has the strength or not after a fight. Elder Giacomo, do you think it's a good idea to ask Zen and Doran to duel?"

Yet before Giacomo could say anything, Doran hastily said, "I agree. Zen, what do you think?"

Zen thought that even though they were all members of the same race, they were involved in so many conflicts. In the end, he could only nod helplessly and say, "I agree."

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2571 The Gap

A look of suspicion came over Elder Celia when she saw how Zen agreed with them so easily.

But she was well aware of her son's strength. Among the younger generation of the Nine Li race, save for Romeo, Elsa, and several other powerful warriors, no one was a match for Doran.

Giacomo didn't agree with Romeo's suggestion—he thought there was no real need to fight Doran.

But since Zen agreed so quickly, Giacomo had nothing left to say.

A vast wasteland lay on the other side of the Cave of Wildness. This temporary battle had immediately attracted the attention of many.

"Alas! Alas! Who is Doran fighting?" a woman with bangs asked curiously.

She definitely had yet to hit twenty years old and had a beautiful face framed by perfectly neat bangs. Her bright eyes stared at Zen who wasn't standing too far away.

"Elsa, you came out too?" Romeo took a glance at her.

Elsa was at the top of the mid-rank Wild Gods in the Nine Li race. While her blood wasn't all that pure, it had undergone some special change, making it very rare.

"I heard a ruckus from outside. Who is that young man? I've never seen him before," Elsa commented.

Romeo smiled faintly as he said, "I told you about him a few days ago. That's Zen—he saved my life."

"Oh, so that's him! How interesting. According to what you said, he is quite a magical one. Doesn't Doran have to lose this time?" she asked further.

"I guess so. We can't really know until the results later," Romeo answered with a shrug.

Under the crowd's gaze, Doran uttered the word 'grow', making his body expand rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, he had transformed into a giant that stood over ten thousand feet tall. Then, he said in a loud voice, "It's your turn, little guy!"

In Doran's eyes, Zen only had a fraction of the Wild God Power. Even if he activated it, he could only grow up to about a thousand feet tall—he was still the "little guy" before Doran.

But Zen had no intention to fight seriously, as he did not want to waste his time dealing with Doran.

"There's no need. To deal with you, I don't need to activate this Wild God Power..."

As he stood on the ground, Zen looked up and gazed upon Doran who stood as tall as a mountain.

"Really? Just have a try..."

With a sneer, Doran reached out to hit Zen. Give his size, killing Zen was all too easy.

But Zen stood still as his eyes lit up, and a powerful soul pressure then spread out.

Elder Celia focused her attention on Zen all the while. Seeing how calm he was, she wondered if he had any powerful backup or special trump card.

Never did she think that Zen would erupt with such a powerful flashing force.

Before Doran could land a hit on Zen, he suddenly felt like a hammer had hit his head. His face turned pale in an instant.

And then Doran fell to his knees with a heavy thud.

"You..." Doran roared, grinding his teeth as he dashed right at Zen.

But the moment he took action, his brain trembled once again. The violent vibrations of the soul made him dizzy and light-headed.

"Boom!"

This time, he fell to the ground.

As he lay on the ground, Doran still struggled to push himself back up. But his body began shaking once again and he fell straight to the ground, unable to move, before passing out completely.

"Haha!"

The scene made Elsa burst into laughter. She asked Romeo, "Are you sure this is a battle? What a big gap!"

Romeo only shrugged and said, "As far as I'm concerned, the two of them are by no means equal in strength. I believe Doran would only bring himself disgrace."

The True Gods of the divine land made a sneak attack using the soul force, but never did they rely on it completely. If the opponent had a soul defensive weapon, using the soul attack would be in vain, after all.

But the souls of the Wild Gods in this world were truly weak.

Zen could kill the Wild Gods on his level without so much as a scruple.

Wild Gods such as Doran could hardly resist such an attack.

"Is it okay now?"

Zen asked as he slowly walked over, staring at Elder Celia.

"It so happens that you have a very powerful soul force. But you've relied on this one method to defeat your opponent, which doesn't seem very fair," Elder Celia explained with a complicated look on her face.

Doran did not have the chance nor the strength to even defend himself, let alone fight back.

With a slight smile, Zen asked in return, "Are you saying that I cannot take advantage of my method in battle?"

Elder Celia was known to be a brave and chivalrous character. After a moment of thought, she said, "My son is not as powerful nor skillful enough to fight you. He should hand over his spot in the Cave of Wildness to you."

"If you had known that from the start, they didn't even need to fight," Giacomo chimed in, curling his lips.

The wall of the Cave of Wildness was covered with fine bone textures.

Zen gently stroked the surface as he said, "These bone textures are produced naturally on the bones of the Chaos Ancient God. It's rather strange that they can actually transfer the Wild God Power..."

Only a small space lay at the bottom of the cave—only a single person could fit. After entering it, Zen could feel a strong aura of Wild God Power.

It flowed along the bone textures and gradually made its way, gathering around Zen.

"How strong and dense!"

Above the cave were ten people continuously refining the wild bones, sending pure Wild God Power into the Cave of Wildness.

They were responsible for extracting the power of the wild bones and they were particularly skilled at it—they could extract ten times faster than Zen could.

It came as quite a surprise to Zen—the Wild God Power seemed to be alive, forming turbulences that gathered in Zen's body as they infiltrated and pervaded it.

The Wild God Power filled every inch of his bones, flesh, and hair.

Six days later...

Baldwin asked, "Elder Giacomo, Zen has absorbed nearly two million wild bones. Must he really continue?"

Such an amount was already absurdly great for a low-rank Wild God.

If other warriors absorbed twenty or thirty thousand pieces of wild bones, a sign of Body Tribulations would sure to come. But Zen merely continued absorbing the Wild God Power as though his body was a bottomless pit.

"Go on!" Giacomo smiled cunningly.

When the old man said that he would offer Zen ten shares of blood wild bones, he was worried that it would be too much for the boy. But now, it was made clear that his worries were totally unnecessary.

The guy's physical condition was insanely good.

Hearing what Giacomo said, Baldwin held no scruples any longer. Since Zen obviously had such a great appetite, Baldwin simply asked several more people to extract the power of wild bones for him.

Once again, a tremendous amount of wild bones were poured into the Cave of Wildness for Zen to absorb.

But after another six days, Zen had managed to absorb another two million more wild bones, showing no intention to stop in the slightest.

By now, Giacomo had grown a little impatient. Wild bones were nothing to the Nine Li race, but it was till surprising to them that Zen's absorption was rather excessive.

Chapter 2572 The Arrival Of The Body Tribulations

It was unknown to Zen how much Wild God Power his body could hold, and how much of it he needed to obtain before the Body Tribulations approached.

The Wild Gods were also divided into three ranks: top, mid, and low. The True Gods were also categorized according to that ranking.

As this kind of division was created by the exiles, it was only natural that they weren't extremely thorough. For one, the strength gap between low-rank Wild Gods was extreme. Zelda, along with the others who could grow hundreds of feet in size, were considered to be low-rank Wild Gods. But then, so were those who could turn their bodies three to four thousand feet taller.

Meanwhile, those who could grow up to more than eight thousand feet were regarded as mid-rank Wild Gods.

However, there was a threshold to the mid-rank Wild Gods. Once the first Body Tribulation had fallen and one didn't pass it, their body would collapse and it could be the end for them.

"Half a month has already passed, yet I still can absorb the Wild God Power!"

In the small cave was Zen. Stretching himself, he could clearly feel the changes in his body.

Strong forces that were hard to control immediately flew towards his body. If his spot in the Cave of Wildness wasn't so small, he would've tried activating the Wild God Power just to see his progress and what level he was able to reach.

Giacomo had reminded Zen to not activate the Wild God Power inside the Cave of Wildness beforehand.

If Wild Gods turned into giants in ordinary caves, they could disintegrate the entire place without trouble. However, the Cave of Wildness took shape naturally by the cracks of the bone tower. No matter how strong one's power was, he or she must not turn into a giant in such a cave.

That particular tragedy had already occurred to the Nine Li race. A Wild God had activated his power in the cave. In return, his body was squeezed to death between the cave walls.

While getting lost in his thoughts, Zen was also trying to suck up the pure Wild God Power.

"What?"

It stunned Zen that he was unable to absorb the pale yellow Wild God Power. Instead, it circled around the cave.

'Wait… Does this mean I've taken in enough power?' Zen thought to himself.

The people outside were all unaware of this sudden matter and just continued to pour the Wild God Power right into the cave.

"Hey! That's enough! I've absorbed enough!"

Zen's voice echoed out of the cave.

Upon hearing Zen's words, Baldwin was overjoyed. "That's enough for now. We don't need to refine more wild bones."

Although the Nine Li race had a lot of wild bones in their stash, they were for its people and the three sects that were under its control.

Zen alone had already consumed millions of wild bones. This was way higher than the consumption of ordinary people.

Elsa, who was considered a prodigy of the Nine Li race, had only absorbed 800 thousand wild bones. The number of wild bones Zen consumed was a shock to Baldwin and the others.

"Stay right there in the cave, Zen. I'll go right ahead and inform Elder Giacomo," said Baldwin.

After about five minutes, Giacomo flew over. He looked down from the crack on top of the cave and said to Zen, "You've actually stayed in the cave for half a month. You have a big appetite!"

Smiling back at Giacomo, Zen asked, "So when can I undergo the Body Tribulation?"

"Since you have absorbed enough Wild God Power, the Body Tribulation will come soon. Take the Tribulation Exterminating Pill given by Grand Elder." Giacomo then threw a shiny pill down to Zen.

Without delay, Zen reached for the pill and stuffed it into his mouth.

Refined by the exiles in the race, the Tribulation Exterminating Pill served as an aid for people who were about to go through the Body Tribulations.

The stronger the body was, the more terrifying the Body Tribulations could be. Since Zen had absorbed a substantial amount of Wild God Power, it was expected that the Body Tribulations he was about to undergo could be colossal. However, the Nine Li race had been well prepared for that.

Since the resources were scarce, refining the Tribulation Exterminating Pill wasn't that easy. Out of tens of thousands of people in the Nine Li race, only three were granted the pill. Zen was the fourth one.

As soon as Zen had swallowed the pill, it began to work its magic. Almost instantly, he felt his entire body shrink.

"Crack! Crack!"

It felt as if Zen's bones were being ceaselessly squeezed. His eyebrows furrowed at the strangeness of it all. Strange noises of bones rubbing against each other could be heard. It was a peculiar moment.

Even his internal organs, meridians, and his muscles that were as hard as steel also felt as if they were being crushed inside his body. His entire figure began to wiggle involuntarily.

"What's going on?" Zen asked. Despite his attempts to resist the shrinking force, the tremors all over his body refused to stop.

"The Body Tribulations have begun," Giacomo stated, a cautious look plastered all over his face.

He sat cross-legged right above the Cave of Wildness. As he shook a small golden brocade bag in his hand, a lot of blood wild bones rolled out from it.

When Baldwin and the others noticed how many blood wild bones were pouring out of Giacomo's bag, they went green with envy.

The ordinary wild bones didn't mean that much to the Nine Li people. After all, they had quite a vast part of Immemorial Wilderness under their watch, and there was no need for them to collect the wild bones in person.

However, there were not many blood wild bones around. Even the Nine Li people didn't have a lot of them.

"When you undergo the Body Tribulations, you have to absorb all the Wild God Power! Don't waste any of it!"

As he spoke, Giacomo stretched out his hand and reached for the blood wild bones. Wisps of Wild God Power streamed out of the blood wild bones and flowed into the Cave of Wildness.

"Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!"

At that moment, Zen was at a loss. He could not speak, his face was cold, all of his teeth were clattering, and his body was trembling violently.

"The biggest test during the Body Tribulations is absorbing the blood wild bones. As a reward, I shall grant a member of my race one share of blood wild bones. And you need ten of them. The more blood wild bones you obtain, the stronger the Nine Li Wild Body you'll have. However, the difficulty of undergoing the Body Tribulations will be doubled. This is one heavy test," said Giacomo.

As far as Giacomo could see, it was a rather hasty move to allow Zen to absorb ten shares of blood wild bones in one go. But the old man was a master in the Source World, and his foresight was unparalleled. Even so, he still felt a little worried.

"Boom!"

As soon as he finished talking, the sound of an explosion could be heard from inside the Cave of Wildness.

There was a crack on Zen's left chest, where a half-foot-long wound inside of his heart could be seen.

Golden blood sprayed out from the crack and splashed unto the walls of the cave.

During that time, Zen wasn't in the mood for absorbing the Wild God Power from the wild blood bones. Besides, the Wild God Power that was in his body had overfilled, and he was unable to absorb more.

Meanwhile, the Wild God Power released by Giacomo seemed to have a mind of its own as it forcefully drilled itself into the wound on Zen's chest.

Chapter 2573 Bones Buried In The Ground

Zen had absorbed one blood wild bone before and it gave him a strange feeling of something about to sprout.

Despite the strangeness of the sensation, there was no pain.

This time though, when the brown Wild God Power penetrated his wound and entered his body, Zen immediately felt a searing pain quite similar to a red-hot knife cutting through his flesh.

"Uh!"

he couldn't help but groan.

Both Giacomo and the old man had warned him of the Body Tribulations' unbearable pain so Zen was, fortunately, a bit prepared for what was coming.

He had already experienced all types of pain but was able to endure all of them.

The Body Tribulations were said to be terrifying but, in the end, the pain was merely physical - at least, that was what Zen thought.

Now that he was experiencing it, he realized that the pain affected his soul as well!

"Boom!"

Another wound appeared on Zen's back and the golden blood that streamed down from it turned into a blood arrow that hit the wall. At the same time, more Wild God Power squeezed in through his wounds.

"Szzz..."

All Zen could do was grit his teeth and take deep breaths.

As time went by, the number of wounds on his body increased.

Zen now looked as if he had been beaten terribly with his body almost covered from head to toe with wounds. Some were as long as two feet, others as small as two inches. Not a single place in his body remained unmarked and the Wild God Power in the blood wild bones continuously penetrated his bloodstream through each opening.

"The second batch of blood wild bones..." Giacomo took out another golden bag and emptied it of its contents. Dozens of fist-sized, brown wild bones rolled out.

Each share contained around two hundred pieces of blood wild bones which meant Zen was to consume two thousand from all ten shares altogether.

However, there were only about ten thousand blood wild bones in the whole of the Nine Li race's reserves. That meant Zen was about to consume one-tenth of the race's entire supply of blood wild bones.

The muscles in Zen's body were close to snapping when the Body Tribulations paused briefly.

It was a moment of relief and Zen chose to sit very still. Any slight movement would riddle his entire body with immense pain.

The relief lasted for a few seconds before another wave of violent pain washed over him again.

"Crack!"

There was a sickening crack as his rib broke unexpectedly...

Given Zen's cultivation level, his bones were even stronger than supreme primordial weapons.

Not even ordinary True Gods could break through his physical defenses, however, the Body Tribulations were an entirely different matter. Not even his bones were able to resist.

"Crack!"

There was another cracking sound as his shank bone also gave in and broke.

Soon enough, Zen's entire body was riddled with cracking noises, like internal firecrackers that brought intense pain each time something broke. Blood shot out from his wounds and formed a blood mist around him.

Never had Zen been so seriously injured. To go through the Body Tribulations was like going through hell itself and for the first time, Zen actually doubted if he could actually survive this!

As his bones broke one by one, his spine also found it hard to support his body. As a result, Zen, who had been sitting crossed-legged, fell on the floor. All of his bones were broken and he had no strength to even pull himself back up.

Meanwhile, the Wild God Power continued to penetrate into his broken bones, aggravating the pain he suffered.

On top of the Cave of Wildness, Giacomo watched this scene in silence.

The Body Tribulations were hellish but also proved to be a great opportunity.

If Zen couldn't survive this then his entire body would collapse and his cultivation would be gone.

However, if he managed to endure then he would be able to reshape himself and also obtain the Nine Li Wild Body.

Everything depended on his willpower!

"Your body is too strong. No wonder you were given ten shares of blood wild bones for the Body Tribulations..." Giacomo muttered as he refined the third batch of blood wild bones.

The 'Body Tribulations' was actually a general term. When one's corporeal body reached a certain level, it would disintegrate on its own. There would be five tribulations that would happen: Flesh Cracking Tribulation, Bones Breaking Tribulation, Meridians Breaking Tribulation, Blood Boiling Tribulation, and Marrow Damaging Tribulation. All in all, these were what constituted the Body Tribulations.

There was no way of intervening in this process. Unlike Heavenly Tribulations, Body Tribulations weren't something caused externally.

Judging from the sounds coming from below, Giacomo was sure that Zen was now undergoing the second tribulation.

Only after surviving all five tribulations could one rebuild their body - a new body infused of blood wild bones. It was only then that the cultivator would get to own the Nine Li Wild Body!

With all his bones broken, Zen sank to the ground motionlessly.

After his bones, it was his meridians that began to break down.

The pain was so insufferable. Zen thought he was going to die. However, he could do nothing but endure.

As he went through this painful process, Zen didn't notice his golden blood quietly integrating itself into the walls of the Cave of Wildness.

Etched onto the walls were exquisite bone patterns used by the Nine Li race to guide the Wild God Power.

At that moment, however, Zen's golden blood smeared across these bone patterns and penetrated into the small cracks.

The space under the cave remained part of the bone tower and the golden blood that flowed through the cracks made its way down to the bottom of the tower...

One hundred feet...

One thousand feet...

Ten thousand feet...

One hundred thousand feet...

Ten million feet...

The bone tower outside was just a small part of the beast's bone but about one-sixth of it was buried underground which was about forty million feet long.

As Zen's golden blood flowed down, it also infused itself onto the part of the bone buried underground. This was the vertebra of the Chaos Ancient God!

Half of the Chaos Ancient God's bones were buried underground and the bone towers that were exposed above ground were actually his ribs in the chest.

"Drip, drip, drip..."

As the golden blood dripped into the inner part of the vertebra, it converged and congealed into a palm-sized blood ball. This blood ball seemed sentient and rolled into the space within the bone. Then, it began to jump forward at high speed...

It was as if a special force pushed the blood ball forward at an unimaginably fast speed, crossing hundreds of millions of miles in just five minutes.

As the blood ball reached the end of the vertebra, it seeped into a huge skull.

This skull was so enormous, as if it opened its mouth, it could devour the entire divine land in one gulp if it wanted to. This was the skull of the Chaos Ancient God!

Chapter 2574 Brain Units

This huge skeleton had fallen into this world for eighty billion years.

Before the appearance of this Chaos Ancient God's skeleton, all the exiles in this world would be purified by the Light of Adjudication every one thousand years. Everyone, not a single soul were saved then.

But now, the presence of the Chaos Ancient God's skeleton provided them with shelters.

That was why all exiles, no matter how powerful they were, stood in awe at how marvelous it was.

It didn't matter if most of them knew that a large part of the skeleton was still buried underground. More importantly, they knew that the Chaos Ancient God's skull would be a perfect shield, when the time came.

But no one dared to dig it out. What was visible to their eyes already served a good purpose.

Even if the skeleton was already right in front of them, the exiles would never believe that the Chaos Ancient God had really died. Death was something they never imagined to dawn upon great beings.

A powerful creature like the Chaos Ancient God had far surpassed the level of a living being. Their mind couldn't possibly grasp what would have happened billions of years ago. Even the boundary between life and death seemed uncertain to a Chaos Ancient God.

Inside the huge skull was a world about the size of the divine land, but it wasn't a real world of common sense. By comparison, this world was equivalent to an ordinary human's mind, which was a world made of spirit.

After the Chaos Ancient God's consciousness had split, it formed a world of illusion. In this illusory world, thousands of brain units were created, each existing in a very special form. They could all think independently, even if there were no individual personalities in them.

The fusion of these brain units was equal to the soul of the Chaos Ancient God.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

The sound went on after a drop of Zen's blood was sent into the skull of the Chaos Ancient God, making it discoverable to one of the brain units.

If one would only use their eyes to interpret these things, a brain unit would just be a small ball of light emitting a green halo. However, this form was only a representation in the outside world. If anyone could merge into the Chaos Ancient God's mind, then the image of the brain units would become vivid and specific.

In fact, in this world inside the Chaos Ancient God's mind, the brain units also had their own aesthetic standard, their own language system, marriage, reproduction and social system. As complex as it seemed, all these were created by the Chaos Ancient God's own soul.

Buzz! The halo around the small green ball gently fluctuated, which was the special language of these brain units. Its consciousness started conveying some messages. "There's a new blood sample here. I need to report this to the brain masters."

Buzz!

All of a sudden, a green light flashed, making the ball disappear from its location.

For the brain units, in this huge world of mind, the speed of their movements mainly depended on how fast the thoughts of the Chaos Ancient God changed. Therefore, the moving speed of the brain units was almost indefinite, giving them the ability to cross hundreds of millions of miles in an instant.

Shortly after, the brain unit reappeared in the center of the mind world. A huge halo was inside this place, while many huge light balls hung from it. There were about a hundred huge light balls on the halo, also known as the brain masters.

Most of the time, the brain masters were in deep sleep. They couldn't be bothered with things of low importance.

Coincidentally, when the small light ball appeared, one of the brain masters came to its senses.

"No. 9527, what brought you here?"

The brain master shone with dim light and buzzed. It couldn't help asking with its consciousness when the new presence bothered its sleep.

Releasing its consciousness to communicate, the small light ball replied, "I found a new blood sample, which seems to belong to a Nine Li race member. Its smell is more fragrant than the previous ones. Do I need to observe its owner?"

"Give up, No. 9527. It's not realistic to count on these people." The brain master sighed and said, "We have already observed each of the exiles here secretly. Sadly, no one has met any of our qualifications and requirements, let alone the descendants of the exiles. There is little hope since the third truth was revised."

"But, sir, haven't you taught us not to give up at any time?" The small light ball hummed to contest, seeming unconvinced.

At this time, another brain master also started flashing its light, "Ha-ha, we just want you little guys to live a more interesting life in this world."

Expressing its anger, a trace of red light emerged on the surface of No. 9527. "You are the brain masters! How could you be like this? I strongly suggest that you test the blood sample that I find!"

"You'd better give up, No. 9527. Just embrace a happy life in this world. That's more interesting than exploring those boring stuff, right?" The brain master persuaded it, "Don't disturb me anymore. Go away. I'm sleepy."

After refusing its request, the light on the surface of these brain masters gradually dimmed, indicating that they fell asleep again.

The surface of the small light ball emitted a strong red light and it hummed continuously, trying to wake up the brain masters. It tried for a few minutes but to no avail, none of them responded to it.

"Fine. If that's the case, I will send the blood sample myself for testing!" The small light ball said angrily. It wasn't giving up just because it had been rejected by the brain masters.

Each of the brain units had different powers. The ordinary ones, like the small light ball, didn't have much power. If it had been like before, they wouldn't have the right to test the blood if at least one of the brain masters was awake, and they would have to rely on the brain masters to do the work.

But over the years, the brain masters were getting lazier and more relaxed. Sometimes, all the brain masters would be in deep sleep, not wanting to be disturbed.

At such moments, the small light balls were given the right to do more, working in place of the brain masters.

Under the brain unit's control, the drop of golden blood continued to fly through the huge skull, flying all the way to the center of the huge mouth of the Chaos Ancient God.

When the body of the Chaos Ancient God was still alive, there had been a huge tongue here. However, since his body had long decayed, all the flesh as well as his tongue had already disappeared.

Instead, there was a funnel-shaped spiral in the middle of the large mouth.

The small light ball was familiar with this spiral. In the past, the brain masters would get excited every time a new blood sample was collected in the bone towers. They then sent it to the spiral for inspection.

Each time, the brain masters would start as hopeful as one could imagine, but in the end, the results would always disappoint them.

After countless times of disappointment, the brain masters had completely given up, finally admitting defeat. They no longer held any hope for the creatures in this world.

Despite learning about this, the small light ball was different from the brain masters. The brain masters might have lived long enough to witness too much, making them lose interest in many things. As for the small light ball, the world was still young and it believed that miracles might come when you least expected it.

Whoosh!

The drop of golden blood was sent into the center of the huge mouth, rushing its way inside.

Tick tack!

Dropping on the tunnel-shaped spiral, it began to rotate slowly inside it.

The red glow on the surface of the light ball had dispersed. Its anger had now cooled down. Slowly, it started to emit the peaceful green light, focusing on observing the scene in front of it.

Truth be told, it was not as hopeful as it was supposed to be. Even though the golden blood was very special and fragrant, it believed that the brain masters had set too high a standard in the past. It was nearly impossible that anyone in this world could reach that standard.

Buzz!

The small light ball's attention was caught by the sound coming from the spiral. Under its silent gaze, the color in the center of the spiral suddenly changed.

"Blue?"

Its consciousness seemed confused with the results. The small light ball was stunned for a moment.

Over the years, every time a blood sample was sent into the spiral, the test result had always been the same. It had always been red.

This time, however, it came up with a different color, making it so surprised to even react immediately.

Chapter 2575 Decision

When light ball No. 9527 realized what had happened, it became extremely excited.

"Whoosh!"

In what seemed like less than a second, it was on the fly again, heading back to the center of the brain.

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!" "Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!"

No. 9527 was making noise as it circled the ring of light, injecting its idea into every brain master.

Reluctantly, the brain masters that had been sleeping finally woke up, some of them complaining as they arose.

"No. 9527, what in this world are you doing?"

"Haven't I told you that you guys can't disturb us?"

"Wait! What's that?"

A brain master had finally noticed the change in the spiral.

"Someone's blood has passed the test," No. 9527 said cheerfully. It spun around the ring of light, fast as a bullet. It then proceeded to convey its own consciousness to every brain master.

All the brain masters stared at the blue spiral together.

"Is it true?"

"I thought there was no hope, but..."

"Whose blood is this?"

The brain masters in the ring of light were all very excited at this news.

The brain world, which had been very quiet for many years, was now buzzing with enthusiasm. Countless streams of consciousness flowing through it, it gradually regained its previous vitality.

"This blood was collected from the sixth rib," No. 9527 said.

"The sixth rib is occupied by the Nine Li race. Is this person from the Nine Li race too?"

"Be sure to watch this person!"

"Absolutely!"

Unbeknownst to all, down in the underground world, the Chaos Ancient God was having the same thoughts.

At the entrance of the Cave of Wildness, Giacomo looked down worriedly.

"What sort of Body Tribulation is Zen undergoing now?"

Adele descended on one side and found, looking down, that Zen was unable to move at all.

"He has passed the Meridians Breaking Tribulation," said Giacomo after having thought for some time. "Next he will face the Blood Boiling Tribulation."

"How many shares of blood wild bones have been released?" Adele asked.

"This is the fifth share," answered Giacomo. "Grand Elder, please don't give him so many blood wild bones this time. After he gets through the Body Tribulations, he can absorb them again and slowly recover."

Giacomo was worried that Zen wouldn't pass the Body Tribulations. The more blood wild bones one absorbed during the process, the more severe the pain would be.

Adele frowned. Admittedly, she also felt a bit worried, especially after having seen Zen's current state. And yet, she shook her head.

"It's best to stick to the plan. After all, Zen is very different from us," Adele said in a reassuring voice.

On the day after Zen's blood test, he had secretly communicated with Adele's father and the others.

Out of sheer curiosity, she had once asked her father what they had talked using her life vitality.

But her father didn't tell her anything. He had just comforted her, telling her that he would let her know when it was time.

Adele understood that Zen's arrival might have caused a change in the Nine Li race. She didn't know what this change was exactly, but she was looking forward to finding out.

Just then, a muffled sound came from the Cave of Wildness, which was followed by a cloud of mist.

"It's the Blood Boiling Tribulation."

The Body Tribulations were composed of five tribulations. Now that Zen had gone through the Meridians Breaking Tribulation, his meridians had all been torn apart. Next came the fourth tribulation, the Blood Boiling Tribulation.

All the blood in his body became like boiling water, and it continued boiling.

The boiling blood flowed out of his wounds and turned into mists, spreading through and out of the Cave of Wildness.

The muscles on Zen's face were torn apart, and even the bones in his cheeks were broken. And yet, in spite of the unimaginable pain, his expression betrayed nothing. He lay on the ground like a corpse. No matter how much pain he was in, he showed no emotions.

But the pain in his soul was worse still.

Because Zen's soul was so strong and sensitive, it was excruciating, much worse than the pain in his body.

'All the ancient gods cultivated in this way. At that time, everyone was tortured in this way, ' Zen sighed in his mind. The price was too high. If he was not careful enough, his body could collapse, and he would die suffering.

It was much better to practice the Grand World Cultivation Method. There was still a risk, but all of it lay in the cinnabar field, so one wouldn't suffer so much.

"Crack!"

While Zen's blood was boiling, Giacomo kept injecting streams of Wild God Power into the Cave of Wildness from above the cave.

From the outside, they couldn't know how much trouble Zen had encountered. No matter how much pain he was in and how dangerous his situation was, he would have to face it all by himself. This was the terrifying part of the Body Tribulations.

"Whoosh!"

At this moment, an invisible consciousness crossed a trillion miles and quietly descended into the bone tower.

This invisible consciousness had come from the depths of the ground, released by one of the brain masters.

Even though the consciousness of the brain masters was unable to detect anything so far away, they had other methods.

After the brain master's consciousness had determined the location of the specimen, it slipped inconspicuously into the Cave of Wildness where Zen lay. A small seed grew from the bone crack on the wall opposite Zen's still figure. The seed was only about the size of a needle tip, but it began growing prolifically, and soon it had turned into a bean sized plant.

The bean then split in half, and a small eye appeared in the middle of it.

"I see him."

"It's this man."

"He is most definitely not an exile, and he is very young!"

In the brain world of the Chaos Ancient God, deep underground, the brain masters watched Zen through this small eye.

"He is undergoing the Body Tribulations."

"All the Wild Gods in this world want to pass the Body Tribulations. But after the third truth was changed, they would be unable to travel to the other shore through body cultivation."

"How could this guy pass the test?"

The brain masters were all confused.

So many talented exiles had come before Zen, but none of them could pass the test. This young man in front of them was most likely a descendant of the exiles of the Nine Li race. But even if his blood had somehow mutated, he couldn't become better than those exiles.

And yet, he had done it. Zen had passed the test. All the brain masters could do was observe him closely, searching for clues and hoping to find the answer.

"Everyone, listen to me, I have a suggestion," a brain master suddenly said. It had suddenly come up with an idea. These brain masters controlled the thoughts of the Chaos Ancient God, and they were all extremely intelligent. "Whatever the case, he has passed the test. Since he is undergoing the Body Tribulations, we can take this opportunity to pour some blood power into his body. What do you think?"

When undergoing the Body Tribulations, the warriors would be injected with the Wild God Power, which, in turn, contained the blood. If they succeeded, the Blood Wild Bodies would be activated.

This was a common practice.

The Chaos Ancient God knew this better than the exiles.

However, Zen's blood was not the same as that of the Chaos Ancient God.

Chapter 2576 The Closed Cave Of Wildness

"No. He's just a member of the Nine Li race. How can he bear the power of our blood?"

"Idiot! Is someone who can pass the test an ordinary person?"

"If he really can reach the other shore with his physical body and get what our master needs, then we would make great contributions. It wouldn't matter if we take the risk, right?"

The brain masters began their discussion.

In fact, these huge brain masters and the small brain units like No. 9527 represented the Chaos Ancient God. The consciousness of the Chaos Ancient God had already fallen asleep and these brain units maintained the operation of the brain.

The brain masters used their consciousness to communicate with each other and their conversation was over in a flash.

All of them took a vote and most of them decided to take the risk!

Their order was transmitted through the light ring.

While the flesh, bones, muscles, and even the veins of the huge Chaos Ancient God had degenerated, most of his blood marrow was hidden within the strong bones.

Even the most powerful exiles couldn't break the bones, and so, no one could suck the blood marrow of the Chaos Ancient God.

Just as ordered, the blood marrow in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower of the Nine Li race, also called the sixth rib, began to slowly flow.

Every bone tower was a shelter for the exiles.

It wasn't the exiles who made the cracks in the bone towers. They were left behind a long time ago and the exiles weren't capable of making them.

Most of the cracks in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower were at the bottom of the tower, so all the members of the Nine Li race lived there.

The cracks of the Torrent Bone Tower were mainly in the middle of the tower and the members of the Snake Goddess race could only stay there.

The top of the Sky Spirit Bone Tower wasn't damaged and the blood marrow was preserved well. A part of that blood marrow rapidly flowed through the cracks of the bone and headed straight to Zen's direction!

"The tenth share of blood wild bones! He should be fine. Instead of becoming weak, he'll become more powerful!"

Giacomo extracted the last blood wild bones and poured them into the Cave of Wildness. It was only then that he breathed out a deep sigh of relief.

Although he was worried about Zen, he came to the last tribulation. As long as Zen survived the Marrow Damaging Tribulation, his physical body would turn into the Nine Li Wild Body.

There was great expectation as Zen's blood reached the imperial grade. What level could his Nine Li Wild Body achieve?

"He can bear ten shares of blood wild bones. If I knew earlier, I would've given him a few more." Adele smiled faintly.

That made Giacomo roll his eyes and thought that Adele was too greedy. Even for Zen, ten shares of blood wild bones were the maximum, and if there was even just one more, his body might collapse.

At that moment, Adele suddenly looked up at the sky with a strange expression on her fair face.

"What's wrong? Grand Elder?" Giacomo asked.

"The bone tower is shaking," muttered Adele.

"What?" Giacomo was stunned. He focused on observing and quickly discovered that the ground was slightly shaking.

The bone towers were the biggest things in the world.

The length of each bone was as long as the divine land's length from east to west.

Even if the Wild Gods could turn into giants thousands of miles tall, they were incomparable to the bones that were all trillions of miles long.

Even more than that, the bone tower was so solid that no creatures including the exiles could shake it.

It should be almost impossible but the bone tower suddenly began to tremble and made Adele and Giacomo feel extremely perplexed!

"The wave caused by the tremor is getting stronger and is still moving." Adele squatted, her slender finger gently pressed on the ground. Her charming eyes stared forward. "And it's coming towards us!"

Even if his perception of the outside world was far less acute than hers, Giacomo could also sense that something unknown was heading straight for them.

"What the hell is going on?" Giacomo asked in confusion.

The bone tower was their shelter and it had always been a deathly still. In all their years, he had never encountered such a thing, so why did it suddenly become active today?

Adele snapped to attention as she suddenly realized something. "Take Zen out of the Cave of Wildness! The wave is aimed at him!"

Giacomo took a deep breath and was about to jump down the cave.

Right when he took action, the cracks of the Cave of Wildness beneath their feet suddenly closed up.

Zen was completely locked inside the cave.

The loud noise attracted many people's attention.

Elsa, Romeo, and the others all rushed out of other caves and stared in shock at the closed cave.

"Why is it closed?" With his eyes as big as two bells, Baldwin looked at the scene in disbelief.

His duty was to command people to extract and refine the Wild God Power and then infuse it into the Cave of Wildness. He was very familiar with these caves because they nurtured many talents of the Nine Li race for thousands of years

Although the Cave of Wildness was called a cave, it was actually made up of bone cracks of more than a hundred feet long. Why did this cave close? The other caves remained open except for the Cave of Wildness where Zen was.

"Rumble..."

The tremors continued to wrack through the bone tower.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Several figures swiftly gathered.

It was the Nine Li race's exiles who also sensed that power was constantly rushing to the cave.

"What happened?" Ramzi asked as he stared at his daughter.

"The Cave of Wildness closed..." Leopold gasped.

The oldest man stared at the closed cracks of the cave and his face had a dark frown. "I felt a unique power flowing in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower. The power is gathering in the Cave of Wildness!"

Everyone was puzzled when they heard the oldest man's words.

Was there any other power in the bone tower? They had never heard of it!

"Do you think the power in the bone tower is from the Chaos Ancient God?" Ramzi asked the old man.

The oldest man looked at the closed Cave of Wildness in uncertainty.

He just sensed that there was a power but even he didn't know whether the Chaos Ancient God was alive or not. A five-star Nine Li Guard like him couldn't figure out such a high level life.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

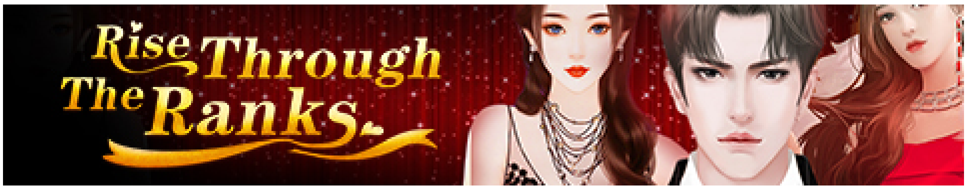

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

47

Content

Chapter 2577 Go All Out
Chapter 2578 A Turn For The Better
Chapter 2579 Set Off
Chapter 2580 Flying Sickle City
Chapter 2581 A Wild Weapon
Chapter 2582 Being Suppressed
Chapter 2583 Anger
Chapter 2584 The Gap In Strength
Chapter 2585 Forget Someone
Chapter 2586 Dodging
Chapter 2587 Ward Off
Chapter 2588 Fight Head On
Chapter 2589 Jerome's Defeat
Chapter 2590 David's Battle
Chapter 2591 Cultivating Dual Systems
Chapter 2592 The Truth of Void Destruction
Chapter 2593 Bounce Back
Chapter 2594 Intervene
Chapter 2595 Cheating
Chapter 2596 The Dubhe Secret
Chapter 2597 Going For The Kill
Chapter 2598 Draw The Bow
Chapter 2599 Exposure
Chapter 2600 Prove
Chapter 2601 Activate The Sky South Bone Tower
Chapter 2602 A Visit To Snake Goddess Race
Chapter 2603 Arrival
Chapter 2604 Persuade
Chapter 2605 The Reunion
Chapter 2606 The Agitated Exiles
Chapter 2607 The Black Shadows On The High Platform
Chapter 2608 Spark Yan
Chapter 2609 Consideration
Chapter 2610 Lorena's Head
Chapter 2611 Hide
Chapter 2612 The Guidance Of The Broken Sword

Chapter 2613 The Traveler
Chapter 2614 Looking For Her Husband
Chapter 2615 Agree To Help
Chapter 2616 The Soul Of The Forest
Chapter 2617 Missing
Chapter 2618 Teaching
Chapter 2619 Enter Zen's Body
Chapter 2620 The Truth Theurgy
Chapter 2621 Instructions
Chapter 2622 Storming The Torrent Bone Tower
Chapter 2623 Cold-blooded
Chapter 2624 The Superior's Strategy
Chapter 2625 Assassins
Chapter 2626 Killed
Chapter 2627 Purifying The World
Chapter 2628 The End Of The World
Chapter 2629 The Erasing Water
Chapter 2630 Heavy Sea Water
Chapter 2631 The Strength Equalizing Theurgy
Chapter 2632 Start The Strength Equalizing Theurgy

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2577 Go All Out

This was an unexpected turn of events for the Nine Li race.

"Will... Will Zen die in the Cave of Wildness?" whispered Baldwin.

The cracks were extremely firm. Forget Zen, even Wild Gods would be crushed into pieces no matter how powerful they were.

Although Baldwin's voice was low, the oldest man still heard it clearly. "No. The cracks in the upper part of the cave have been closed, but there are still cracks in the lower part. Zen is still alive. He will not die," he replied confidently.

But despite his words, everyone was still worried.

Inside the Cave of Wildness, Zen could clearly hear the sounds from outside.

Even though he couldn't move at all, he knew what was going on.

'Is the Cave of Wildness closed?' he wondered.

The bone towers belonged to the body of the Chaos Ancient God and could not be destroyed in the slightest. Who would even be able to close the cave?

Zen closed his eyes as he pondered over this question. At the same time, he slowly absorbed the tenth share of the Wild God Power.

As he absorbed the Wild God Power with Chiyou's blood, he heard a tinkling sound again.

"What is that sound?"

Slightly surprised, he released his spiritual sense to scan the small cave.

He couldn't see anything with his eyes, but everything around him was already mapped in his mind.

"Blood?"

He noticed trickles of blood flowing along the bone textures on the wall and converging in the middle before dripping toward the bottom of the cave. It reminded him of bugs crawling out of the walls.

Tick... Tick... Tick...

The smell of blood was overpowering and as thick as oil.

It was coming from the blood marrow in the bone tower.

In fact, in both the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race, the so-called blood transfusion was actually the transplantation of the blood power into the bodies of other Wild Gods.

However, the blood marrow came from the Chaos Ancient God.

Thick blood marrow dripped down, gradually filling the floor of the Cave of Wildness. In a few moments, Zen was completely soaked in blood marrow.

In his current state, he couldn't move or escape.

The blood marrow penetrated his skin, flesh, bones, tendons, and marrow along the wounds.

By right, as long as Zen got through the Marrow Damaging Tribulation, his body was supposed to be changed completely. At the same time, the Nine Li Wild Body would emerge in his brand new body.

However, as the blood marrow penetrated his body, he found that his body was beginning to crack again, and the power of this crack was ten times stronger than it had been moments ago.

In other words, the Body Tribulations would repeat.

"What the hell is going on?" Zen felt like weeping but he had run out of tears.

Outside the Cave of Wildness, however, the oldest man was not anxious at all. He was calmly walking around the closed cave.

The faces of some people, including Ramzi and Leopold, darkened.

On the other hand, Adele and Giacomo, although upset, were not as sad as the exiles.

Adele and the others were, after all, born in this world and they knew that Chiyou was a great man, but they had a natural sense of alienation from the Source World.

If anything happened to Zen, the worst outcome Adele could think of was the Nine Li race being defeated in the battle with the Yellow Emperor race. This would be a huge loss, but she would be able to accept it.

However, the oldest man, Ramzi, and Leopold knew something about the Source World through Zen, and they also knew about the situation in the divine land. They couldn't allow anything unexpected to happen because of Zen's identity.

He might be the only hope.

But now, a baffling accident had occurred.

As the blood marrow flowed into the Cave of Wildness, the life force in Zen's body suddenly changed dramatically.

Ramzi and Leopold turned to the oldest man. Ramzi said, "Look, Zen's life force has weakened a lot."

"His life force is fading away quickly," another exile said worriedly.

These exiles had a stronger perception than Zen. Even though the Cave of Wildness was closed, they were still able to use their spiritual senses, so they could observe the changes in Zen's body clearly.

Click!

The oldest man stepped on the cracks of the Cave of Wildness with an unyielding expression on his wrinkled face. "All of you get out of the way!" he said in a thundering voice.

"Are you trying to open the cave?" Ramzi asked.

"Zen can't die." The oldest man's eyes flashed with a hint of determination. "Get out of my way!"

Swoosh!

As he roared, he released a terrible soul pressure in all directions.

The oldest man was an outstanding five-star Nine Li Guard, and he was second only to the 81 mages. Without doubt, the power he was unleashing was too great for anyone to go up against.

All the exiles, Adele, Giacomo, and many Wild Gods scattered at his command.

Then, they saw the oldest man's body expand to a height of 30, 000 feet.

Ever since the exiles had come to this world, they had also practiced the Wild God system. The oldest man had grown to a height of 30, 000 feet because the most high cave here was only 30, 000 feet tall.

He leaned forward and bent over, holding the cave with his huge hands.

Buzz!

The strong Wild God Power in his body exploded in an instant.

At the same time, many blood lines appeared on his arms. These blood lines didn't emit the Wild God Power, but the aura of chaotic energy. It was a technique that could only be found in the Source World.

Everyone nervously watched the scene in front of them unfold. As the strongest person amongst the group of exiles, would the oldest man actually be able to destroy a small bone of the Chaos Ancient God if he went all out?

Rumble...

The blue veins on the oldest man's arms were exposed.

Although everyone was standing far away, they could feel slight tremors on the ground that were spreading out from the oldest man's hands; that was how much power he was unleashing.

"How powerful is he?" Elsa asked, sniffling.

This was the first time Elsa was seeing the oldest man unleash his powers, and she was completely taken aback.

His old and seemingly powerless hands now looked like they could tear everything apart.

"Their strength is different from ours. Their powers aren't based on the Wild God system, but on the True God system," Romeo explained calmly.

"No matter what kind of master he is, it's incredible that he's gained so much strength," said Elsa while shaking her head.

But after a few seconds, the Cave of Wildness still remained motionless in the oldest man's hands.

Spitting out a mouthful of stale air, the oldest man finally chose to stop. His wrinkled face looked even more haggard and his voice was a bit hoarse as he said, "I was too naive. I shouldn't have tried to break the bone of the Chaos Ancient God."

Chapter 2578 A Turn For The Better

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The old man's figure shrank rapidly, and he stared at the Cave of Wildness with deep and searching eyes.

He had thought that Zen's appearance was an opportunity, but it had turned out to be just a fleeting one. "Zen's life energy has disappeared," Ramzi murmured disappointedly.

At this moment, the exiles were completely unable to sense any life energy inside the Cave of Wildness. Zen's body was lying in the cave like a corpse.

"What the hell is going on? Why are the cracks in the Cave of Wildness suddenly closed? The Chaos Ancient God hasn't made any movement for countless years. Why is this suddenly happening?" Leopold asked with a sigh.

Although this huge skeleton had fallen here, no one actually believed that the Chaos Ancient God had really died.

Such an existence had already surpassed the conventional definition of life.

However, the Chaos Ancient God hadn't made a movement in countless years.

It couldn't be a coincidence that something like this had happened just after Zen had entered the bone tower.

As the old man repeated Leopold's questions to himself, he calmed down.

What did the Chaos Ancient God want to do?

It was not difficult for a powerful being like the Chaos Ancient God to kill Zen or even all the creatures in the bone tower.

So why was he aiming at Zen?

Looking up at the ceiling of the cave, the old man recalled the last recorded abnormal movement in the bone tower and suddenly thought of something.

"All of you can leave now. The Cave of Wildness is closed for the time being," he announced flatly.

The old man was the dominant elder of the Nine Li race, and as such, all the Nine Li people had to obey him unconditionally.

Now that the cracks in the cave had been sealed, no one was allowed to cultivate here for the time being.

Adele left with the Nine Li people. However, Ramzi, Leopold, and the other exiles remained behind.

The old man stepped onto the sealed crack in the Cave of Wildness, squatted down, and took in a deep breath. "I smell blood."

"Blood?" Ramzi echoed in confusion. He squatted down beside the old man and sniffed the sealed crack as well. "Is Zen submerged in blood? Where has the blood come from?"

"It must be from the bone tower," Leopold said affirmatively.

"Then...is it the blood of the Chaos Ancient God?" Ramzi's eyes suddenly brightened.

In the beginning, there had been cracks all over the huge bone tower, but by the time these exiles had come into the tower, the blood marrow had already disappeared from the cracks.

With his strength, the Chaos Ancient God could control every part of his body. It was only natural that he could, and would, hide his blood marrow. Why would he let an ordinary person get his blood?

"It's very possible," the old man replied with a bitter smile. "At a crucial moment when Zen is going through the Body Tribulations, the Chaos Ancient God has let his blood marrow submerge Zen. Is he trying to integrate his blood marrow with Zen's?"

Of course, they didn't know that the Chaos Ancient God had observed every living being in the world, including the old man himself. Every exile had been chosen by the brain masters of the Chaos Ancient God, but none of them was qualified.

"Ten shares of blood wild bones plus the blood marrow of the Chaos Ancient God... The Chaos Ancient God is giving Zen additional trouble!" A helpless expression appeared on Ramzi's face.

These exiles had all been hoping to possess the bloodline of the Chaos Ancient God.

It was said that all of the ancient gods' bloodlines contained the energy of origination. So far, no one had been able to obtain the energy of origination.

But no matter how precious the bloodline of the Chaos Ancient God was, it was not the right time to integrate his blood with Zen's. Zen was going through his Body Tribulations, and he could die because of this.

Zen had the purest Chiyou's blood, but it was definitely not a bad thing to have the blood of the Chaos Ancient God as well.

Even in the Source World, it was the dream of many powerful people to have the blood of a Chaos Ancient God.

However, giving Zen the blood of the Chaos Ancient God when he was going through the Body Tribulations would be fatal.

Even these exiles weren't confident that they could survive the integration of foreign blood with their own when they were going through the Body Tribulations, let alone Zen.

The old man stood silently in front of the Cave of Wildness like a sculpture.

The other exiles also waited quietly behind him. They did not dare to believe that a miracle would descend, but nevertheless, there was a glimmer of hope in their hearts.

After all, Zen was the grandson of the Grand Chieftain. If anyone could survive this, it was him. They refused to believe that Zen would simply die this way.

One day passed in the blink of an eye.

The Cave of Wildness was still deathly quiet. The exiles had used their spiritual sense numerous times to scan Zen's life energy, but every time, they sensed nothing.

After a few days, the exiles slowly started leaving one after another.

Finally, Leopold left, followed by Ramzi.

Only the old man remained where he was, silently guarding the cave.

Once he was all alone, the old man sighed and said, "Our Nine Li race is not the most powerful race in the Source World. Ever since the day we were born, we have been badly bullied and beaten, but none of us has complained. We have grown up in a land full of savage miasma and in an abyss of resentment. We are born soldiers. Even if there is only one left, we will not give up... If what you told me is true, I will fulfill your last wish as well..."

With these words, the old man turned around to leave.

But just then, he heard a sound coming from the inside of the Cave of Wildness.

It was barely audible, but the old man's senses were extremely sharp. At once, he sent his spiritual sense into the Cave of Wildness to check on Zen again.

Inside the cave, Zen was still lying lifelessly on the ground.

"Alas." The old man shook his head in disappointment. But just as he was about to withdraw his spiritual sense, an intense aura began emanating from Zen's body.

"He isn't dead!"

The old man's eyes flashed with excitement.

The breath of life was getting stronger and stronger. Even though the Cave of Wildness was sealed, the old man could detect the breath of life even without using his spiritual sense.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The blood marrow in the cave came to a rapid boil and began to flow into Zen's body.

When the last drop of blood marrow was infused into Zen's body, all the wounds in his body healed in an instant, and his broken bones were instantly reshaped. Even his meridians were connected again.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The originally sealed cracks in the Cave of Wildness opened slowly.

Whoosh!

Zen turned into a beam of light and shot out of the Cave of Wildness, floating in the air.

At this moment, he felt an unprecedented sense of relief. His corporeal body had been completely reborn!

"My body... Nine Li Wild Body!"

Zen felt that something was about to emerge from his body.

And indeed, his bones, flesh, and blood all underwent a marvelous transformation.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

In the blink of an eye, he became a giant ten thousand feet tall.

At the same time, two other heads and four other arms emerged from his body.

One of the heads had a vicious look on its face while the other one was smiling.

"Wow! The imperial-grade bloodline is so unique! He has three heads and six arms," the old man exclaimed in surprise and looked at Zen's enormous form with joy.

Chapter 2579 Set Off

Most of the people from the Nine Li race who had acquired the Nine Li Wild Body could only grow one additional head and two additional arms.

Warriors whose blood purity was at the fifth grade or above, however, had three heads and six arms when they activated their Wild Body, but they were far and few in between.

Other than the exiles, only about five people in the Nine Li race had such a Wild Body.

Moreover, except for the Grand Elder, who had ended up with three heads and six arms the very first time she had gone through the Body Tribulations, the other warriors had gotten only two heads and four arms after the first time they had gone through the Body Tribulations. It was only after their second time that they had ended up with three heads and six arms.

But since the purity of Zen's bloodline was far greater than that of ordinary people, it was no surprise that he had three heads and six arms after becoming a mid-rank Wild God.

'The brains in the two new heads are empty, and there is no soul. They are still controlled by my own soul...' Zen inferred.

Since it was his first time assuming the form of the Nine Li Wild Body, he was still trying to get used to the strange sensation of having three heads and six arms.

When he raised his two arms, all six arms rose up. And when he lowered his head, three heads lowered at the same time.

As he looked down with his three pairs of eyes, Zen realized that he had a wider vision and could see a lot more things around him.

"Interesting... I guess I'll need some time to get used to this. Eh? What's this?"

Suddenly, he discovered an odd structure in his body.

At the center of his ribs, in his chest, there was a diamond-shaped sclerite.

This sclerite was something that had appeared after he had reshaped his body, but since all his focus had been on his new heads and arms before, he was only noticing it now.

"What's this sclerite?"

Zen's spiritual sense swept over this sclerite but he couldn't recognize it.

After pondering over it for a while, he still couldn't figure out what it was. Was it possible that everyone who could form the Nine Li Wild Body would have this sclerite?

Finally, he made the Wild God Power dissipate. Once his body had shrunk back to its normal size, he flew over to the old man.

"How are you feeling now?" the old man asked.

"Very good," Zen said with a genuine smile. "It's just that the process of the Body Tribulations put me in so much pain that I almost died. Moreover, the Body Tribulations were a bit different from how you explained them. After the five tribulations, why did they occur once more?"

Before Zen had gone into the cave, Giacomo had explained to him in detail the precautions that he would have to take to undergo the Body Tribulations.

Zen had done as he was told and survived the first five Body Tribulations. However, he had been totally unprepared for the process to repeat again.

Hearing this, the old man looked at Zen with a complicated expression. "It seems that you don't know..."

Zen indeed did not know that his body had been infused with the blood of the Chaos Ancient God. "Don't know what?"

"When you were undergoing the Body Tribulations, you might have been infused with another bloodline," the old man explained.

"Another bloodline?" Zen looked down at his body, but he didn't feel like anything was unusual. "But I don't feel like anything's changed."

The old man studied Zen's appearance closely, but he didn't see anything strange either.

It was true that the bone marrow of the Chaos Ancient God was present in the Cave of Wildness. But as for how one would be different after infusing the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline, even the old man, who had wide knowledge, could not tell. What was more, it was only his deduction that Zen's blood had fused with the Chaos Ancient God's.

"You just finished the Body Tribulations, and need more consolidation. Let's talk about it later."

Soon, the news of Zen's resurgence spread throughout the whole Nine Li race.

The exiles were overjoyed. Adele once again arranged for Elsa and a few others to cultivate in preparation for the battle with the Yellow Emperor race.

Zen constantly absorbed Wild God Power in the following three months.

In addition to cultivating the Wild God system, Zen was also paying close attention to his inner world.

When Zen had gone to see his mother, she had injected a large number of Spiritual Darknesses into his inner world.

Zen had used most of them to strengthen his own Godly Tile, but there was still a considerable number of Spiritual Darknesses left.

These Spiritual Darknesses were like mice that lived in the underground in Zen's inner world.

As long as the Spiritual Darknesses didn't touch the chaotic sea, they wouldn't be gasified. They began to split and reproduce, and increased steadily in number.

Every once in a while, Zen drove these Spiritual Darknesses into the chaotic sea and made them turn into brown mist to strengthen his own Godly Tile. By doing this repeatedly, his cultivation improved day by day.

In this period of time, the old man occasionally came to the cultivating place to visit Zen. Every time he came, he asked Zen if he had noticed any special changes in his body.

And every time, Zen gave him a negative answer, though he was confused as to why the old man kept asking him this question.

The only thing that he found slightly strange was the sclerite in his chest.

When Zen absorbed the Wild God Power, this small diamond-shaped sclerite always guided most of the Wild God Power toward itself.

However, when Zen took a look inside the sclerite, he didn't find anything strange, so he just didn't take it seriously and ignored it.

Three months flew by.

It was finally time. Hundreds of Nine Li members swarmed out of the bottom of the bone tower.

"Elsa, Zen, Romeo, Monty, Yeoman—the five of you, come with me," Adele said flatly.

In front of Adele, there was a huge bone ship.

In this world, most materials were unusually rare. Bone, however, was almost inexhaustible. Bones never decayed even after countless years. They were also very tough and naturally suited for crafting certain things. For example, this huge ship, which was over ten thousand feet long, was built completely out of bone.

"Finally, this day has come," said Elsa with a smile. Then, she floated over to the bone ship.

Without a word, Zen, Romeo, and the others also jumped onto the bone ship.

In addition, several elders also set off with them for the war.

Now, there was no need for these elders to protect the bone tower of the Nine Li race. After all, as long as the exiles stayed in the bone tower, the other races wouldn't dare to attack it.

On the other hand, Ramzi, who was a little worried about Zen's safety, had hoped that one of the exiles could accompany him.

However, Ramzi's suggestion had been rejected by the Grand Elder. After all, the disputes between the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race were disputes of the descendants of the two parties; they had nothing to do with the exiles. If the exiles got involved, the situation would change, and it would most likely sow further discord between the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race.

Anyway, the exiles were all powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm. If there really was any danger, they could leave the bone tower and use Grand Teleportation to get there in an instant.

Crack...

The body of the huge bone ship creaked slightly before rising into the air and heading south.

Elsa, who was standing on the deck, sized Zen up with her beautiful eyes. Then, she asked with a smile, "Your name is Zen, right?"

Zen nodded slightly.

"I'm Elsa!" Then, she continued, "I heard that you died in the Cave of Wildness. How did you come back to life?"

"Elsa, what are you saying?!" Romeo, who was standing next to her, was flabbergasted. Then, turning to Zen, he quickly explained, "Zen, please don't mind. This is just how Elsa is."

Chapter 2580 Flying Sickle City

Looking at Romeo's nervous expression, Zen smiled faintly. "Why should I mind? Since she and I are peers, she doesn't have to pay too much attention to courtesy when she talks to me."

When Zen's blood purity had been checked, it had been confirmed that the blood of the Nine Li race was running through his veins, and thus, he had successfully become a member of the Nine Li race.

But in the eyes of the Nine Li people, he was different from them.

Whether it was the elders or the other members, they all sported an expression of awe when they looked at Zen.

After all, Zen had been identified as the grandson of the Grand Chieftain. The difference between his status and theirs could not disappear just because they were from the same bloodline.

Elsa, however, didn't treat Zen like he was superior to her. She wrinkled her delicate nose and asked Romeo curiously, "That's right. Why should he mind?"

"Fine." Romeo laughed as he tapped his forehead with his thumb.

Monty and Yeoman also came over to Zen after seeing how casual and easygoing he was.

After some conversation, the young people soon became familiar with one another.

Among these five people, Zen was definitely the strongest, followed by Elsa. Romeo was on par with Monty, and Yeoman was a little weaker than them. After all, he had only joined the team after Chandler's death. Before that, there had been no chance of him representing the Nine Li race.

As the huge bone ship soared across the sky at an extremely fast speed, it passed a large mass of brown clouds formed by chaotic energy.

There was nothing to prevent the chaotic energy from surging into the bone ship, but the Wild Gods didn't seem to be bothered by it. In fact, Elsa took a deep breath to revel in the freshness of these clouds.

As Zen watched this scene, he felt that his definition of life was going to change once again.

A considerable number of the people born in this world were just ordinary people. Even if they cultivated to become Wild Gods, they were still inferior to the True Gods of the divine land in terms of strength.

And yet, although only Holy Beings could resist chaotic energy in the divine land, no one in this world took it seriously. What fascinated Zen was that these people were not Other Shore Realm warriors or extraordinary creatures.

While Zen pondered over this, the bone ship rushed out of the clouds.

At that moment, a towering bone tower came into view.

"We've arrived at Sky South Bone Tower!" yelled Elsa, blinking her moon-like eyes. "I must get it back for our race this time!"

Over the years, the Nine Li race and Yellow Emperor race had constantly fought over the Sky South Bone Tower. After many vicious battles, both races had used up so many resources that they'd had to put their war over the bone tower on hold.

But now, the time had finally come to put an end to all of this.

Romeo, Monty, Yeoman, and the others became cautious. This battle was too important to them.

Compared to them, Zen looked relaxed.

Zen's goal was to leave this world. If he could take exiles with him and find a use for them, it would be even better. This bone tower was nothing to him, and he believed that the old man and the others must be of the same view.

'Just think of it as training, ' Zen said to himself.

As the bone ship approached the Sky South Bone Tower, a small soybean grew on top of the tower. As the bean turned over, it quickly turned into a big eye.

"I have eyes on Zen! I have eyes on Zen!" said No. 9527 as it looked at Zen through that eye from afar.

When Zen had been injected with the blood marrow, the brain masters had ordered No. 9527 to observe Zen carefully.

But No. 9527 could only observe Zen when Zen was around the bone towers. Soon after Zen had flown out of Sky Spirit Bone Tower in the bone ship, it had lost Zen's whereabouts. But now that Zen was near Sky South Bone Tower, it could track him again.

"Zen is going to that city. It is too far from here...

I need a bigger eye to see things more clearly."

Grmmm...

The eye soon grew from the size of a fist into a giant eye that was a thousand feet wide.

Nevertheless, the eye was embedded in a bone tower that was as wide as the divine land. In comparison, it was still as small as dust, so naturally, no one would notice it.

However, through this eye, No. 9527 could see everything in the city below, including what Zen was doing there.

The bone ship passed the bone tower and advanced to the other side. Soon, it landed in the center of the city.

This city was called Flying Sickle City. It was a neutral city.

However, although Flying Sickle City was known to be neutral, the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race had both placed their own forces in this city, and these affiliated sects fought amongst themselves, both openly and secretly.

The bone ship landed with a loud boom.

Adele and the other elders of the Nine Li race alighted the bone ship first, followed by Zen and the others.

Soon, about thirty Wild Gods rushed over, bowing respectfully toward Adele and the others.

"Greetings, Grand Elder!" they greeted in unison.

These Wild Gods belonged to the Nine Li race's sects. Therefore, they didn't dare to slight the Nine Li race's arrival.

Adele glanced at them and asked, "Have the Yellow Emperor members arrived?"

"Yes, they have. They are waiting in the city," the leader of the Wild Gods replied respectfully.

"Take us there," Adele said flatly.

"Yes, Grand Elder!"

The leader bowed and led the way with his men, followed by the others of the Nine Li race.

As these people flew over the city, they attracted the attention of everyone below. The people of Flying Sickle City knew that something big was about to happen here today.

In the middle of the city was a wide wasteland where countless broken bones had been buried.

On this deserted land stood the people of the Yellow Emperor race.

"Are the guys of the Nine Li race too afraid to fight?" a strong and tall man from the Yellow Emperor race said in a muffled voice.

"That's just what I want," said a handsome young man next to him.

This young man was David. Not long ago, he had given a challenge to the Nine Li race in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower. It had been only three months since then, but David's aura had changed again. Obviously, the

Yellow Emperor race had used a lot of resources on him in the past three months.

"That's impossible. If they don't fight, it means that they've given up the Sky South Bone Tower. Do you really think they will do that?" the lady dressed in blue beside David asked with a laugh.

Casting a glance at the lady in blue, David said indifferently, "Whether they do that or not has nothing to do with you guys. I can deal with them on my own. I don't know what the elders sent you here for!"

"You!"

"You!"

The strong man, the lady in blue, and the other two people all stared at him with rage when they heard this.

David was notorious in the Yellow Emperor race for his arrogance. He not only behaved that way toward outsiders, but also toward his own tribesmen.

Chapter 2581 A Wild Weapon

David might be incredibly annoying, but he was superior to the others in his level in terms of both talent and blood.

It was why the Yellow Emperor race treated him as a national treasure.

He never received any kind of punishment, even after offending the elders of his race. The exiles of his race did have a bias towards him, though.

On behalf of the Yellow Emperor race, the woman in blue, the burly man, and others were there to fight. They were not weak, but there was still a large gap between them and David.

Despite wanting to say something to David for his arrogance, they didn't. No matter how furious they were, they knew better than to speak against him.

"Look! They are approaching!"

someone called while pointing to the sky.

They watched a group of people fly from afar.

From the front of the group, Adele alighted on the ground with a toe first and then took several steps forward. Her brilliant eyes glared at the people of the Yellow Emperor race. "We, the Nine Li race, have come for battle," she said coldly.

A middle-aged man adorned in a golden robe walked out to greet her. His eyes were focused on Adele's face, and he couldn't help but laugh. "Long time no see, Grand Elder Adele. It seems you have become even more beautiful!"

He was Lancelot, Grand Elder of the Yellow Emperor race.

Adele scowled at his words. "Enough! Let us get down to business."

Ignoring her attitude, Lancelot smiled. "Of course. We have been fighting for so long that all of us wish to see it end. Once we confirm the ownership of the Sky South Bone Tower, we will fight no longer. I believe it is best if we all get along, right? My people do not cultivate very hard, so please show a little bit of mercy."

The Nine Li people rolled their eyes at his words.

It was the Yellow Emperor race that proposed to have a battle over the Sky South Bone Tower. The moment the Nine Li race had accepted their challenge, they had killed the outstanding disciples of the Nine Li race in the Immemorial Wilderness. Even before the two sides had fought, the Nine Li race suffered a great loss by their hand. It was obvious that the Yellow Emperor race had been well prepared for the battle. It was very hypocritical for them to speak in such a manner now.

The rules of this battle were simple. Both sides would send five mid-rank Wild Gods, and if all five of one side were defeated then they would lose.

Each side took a moment to prepare, and then they distanced themselves.

During the battle, the Wild Gods would turn into over-ten-thousand-foot tall giants, so they needed an immense amount of space.

In the wilderness a long way away, many people had gathered to watch the fight.

Once the ownership of the Sky South Bone Tower was determined, the Immemorial Wildernesses and cities around it would also belong to the winner.

The forces within the Flying Sickle City were concerned with what the result would be. It would, after all, affect their future survival.

There was a series of cracks that echoed in the silence.

David finished cracking his knuckles and then said, "Grand Elder, allow me to fight directly. I can handle all the five good-for-nothings of the Nine Li race!"

Lancelot glanced at him with a bland expression.

To have to be in the presence of such a conceited person was so tiresome. Lancelot, like the people of his race, did not like David.

However, David's talents were an asset. After having prepared for so many years, the Yellow Emperor race finally had the confidence to challenge the Nine Li race because they had David. With David to fight on behalf of their race, the Nine Li race wouldn't win. There would be no one they had to beat David.

"You will be the last to go," Lancelot instructed David. "Roy, you are the first."

David scowled at Lancelot. "What is the meaning of this? If you were not intending to have me fight in the beginning, I would have chosen to remain in the city and sleep!"

"If that is what you wish, be my guest. Leave." Lancelot made sure to keep a look of indifference on his face.

Lancelot knew David well though. David always wanted to best the others, and prove he was stronger and better. He would not leave, no matter how irritated he was now.

A hint of helplessness passed over David's face before disappearing.

If it were anyone else, they would have no choice but to be obedient and follow Lancelot's command. However, David was no ordinary person. In a fit of anger, he growled, "Fine. I will just sleep. I'm too lazy to go back though. I'll just sleep here."

He then turned over and lay on the ground, closing his eyes and dozing off.

"What is that man from the Yellow Emperor race doing?" asked someone from the Nine Li race.

"What's he doing by lying on the ground? Will he not be fighting?"

"What a strange man," someone else whispered.

The Nine Li people were utterly confused, and wondered what he could possibly be doing.

The Wild Gods in the distance whispered to one another, and some of them laughed.

The members of the Yellow Emperor race felt humiliated, and Lancelot's expression darkened with anger. However, he could do nothing about it, so he simply turned a blind eye.

Adele recognized that David was the man who delivered the letter of challenge the last time. She felt it was not so strange for a man like that to act in such a way.

"The first round will be Yeoman," Adele said softly.

"Of course Grand Elder!"

Yeoman saluted and then flew out.

He held an emerald green bamboo stick, and as he moved forward, the Wild God Power in his body activated.

In the blink of an eye, he grew 12, 000 feet and stood in front of the Nine Li people. The bamboo stick in his hand also elongated and became over ten thousand feet long.

"This green stick is made of the same material as Romeo's bamboo sword. Its size is also changeable." Zen's eyes flashed. "I almost forget that I don't have a weapon."

He should be able to turn into a giant now as well.

It was true that his Shadow Bearing Sword was powerful, but he had brought it down from the divine land.

Despite that he had merged with the soul of the Shadow Bearing Sword, he was still unable to unleash its full power, let alone change its size.

If he turned into a giant, he wouldn't be able to use the sword.

The Shadow Bearing Sword was only several feet long. It would be even smaller than a toothpick in a giant's hand. He couldn't stick his opponent with a toothpick now, could he?

Realizing his predicament, Zen called to Adele in a low voice, "Grand Elder?"

Adele turned to him. "Zen, what's wrong?"

"I need a weapon," Zen said, pointing at the bamboo stick in Yeoman's hand. "A weapon with a changeable size."

Adele ran a hand through her hair, and smiled in apology. "I apologize. I can't believe I forgot such an important thing."

When the people of the Nine Li race reached a higher level, they were awarded a weapon.

So many things had changed and happened after Zen had made the breakthrough that everyone had forgotten.

Upon hearing this, Giacomo who stood beside them said, "Zen, you have excellent swordsmanship, yes?"

Zen nodded.

A cyan light flashed and a long sword appeared in Giacomo's hand.

The sword was fashioned of bamboo, and emitted a dark green glow. It was of much better quality than Romeo's bamboo sword.

"This is my sword, made from wild bones and bamboo. It's called a wild weapon, and can change its size according to the change of its owner. Catch!"

Giacomo suddenly tossed the delicate bamboo sword to Zen.

"Thank you! I appreciate it."

Zen held the sword close to his face, and looked at it with a critical eye.

How Giacomo had used wild bones to refine such a miraculous weapon was beyond Zen's imagination. There were extremely talented warriors in this barren world.

"Bang!"

Unexpectedly, there was a violent explosion. It seemed the battle between Yeoman and Roy was over, and the winner was decided.

Chapter 2582 Being Suppressed

Yeoman fell heavily down onto the ground.

Roy, the member of the Yellow Emperor race, stood there like a God, his body shining with a bright golden light.

Without even using a weapon, Roy defeated Yeoman with his bare hands alone.

When Chandler and Farhann from the Nine Li race had been killed, Yeoman had been brought on as a substitute. Though he was also a mid-rank Wild God, his strength was weaker.

As they watched the action play out in front of them, Adele and the others couldn't help but frown.

Sure, they were all pretty convinced that Yeoman would lose. However they didn't expect that he'd be defeated so quickly. Both of the warriors were mid-rank Wild Gods, but the gap between Yeoman and his opponent was much too large.

Yeoman, who was sprawled flat on the ground, was feeling rather indignant and tried getting up.

Despite his attempt, Roy was quicker and his huge body jumped up. He then turned a somersault in the air and pounced directly on Yeoman.

Boom!

As a loud noise rang out, Roy pressed Yeoman tightly against the ground. As he did so, he stretched out his finger and pressed it down on Yeoman's forehead. If he put forth his strength at this moment, the head of Yeoman would be crushed. If he gave any strength to his current move, he'd crush Yeoman's head in an instant.

"The competition's final results are the most important. If you want to risk your life, I can simply do you the favor," said Roy in a cold, chilling voice.

At that precise moment, Adele's voice faintly floated over. "Yeoman, just admit defeat. Don't resist uselessly. There's no point!"

Seeing as Adele and Yeoman were members of the same race and shared the same blood, Adele had no desire for Yeoman to die.

On top of that, the Nine Li race only lost one battle. There would be other chances for them to triumph in battle later.

"I lost," Yeoman admitted unhappily.

"Ha-ha!" Roy laughed coldly. He stood up in a single motion and retreated to the Yellow Emperor race immediately.

Yeoman had equally transformed, removing the Wild God Power in his body and returned to his people.

"Grand Elder, I want to fight," Elsa stated in a serious tone, staring at Roy with her brows furrowed.

As she watched Yeoman suffer a crushing defeat, Elsa became furious. All she wanted to do now was to fight in order to win honor for her race. And more importantly, for Yeoman.

Adele blinked and shook her head, offering a negative response. "It's better to fight in turn. It's too early for you right now."

In Adele's mind, Elsa was the Nine Li race's trump card.

If she were to try fighting ahead of turn, she'd indeed be capable of defeating Roy. If and when she did however, the Yellow Emperor warriors would then take turns challenging her, one after the next.

If Elsa ended up being defeated, the results would be unpredictable, even if Zen was considered the Nine Li race's trump card, too.

"Monty! You go challenge him instead," Adele said in a flat and indifferent tone.

Monty wasn't very strong, either. After all, the members of the Nine Li race had placed their hopes on Zen, Elsa and Romeo with reason. More so, they could easily come to terms with the idea, if ever Yeoman and Monty were defeated.

"Yes, Grand Elder!" Monty replied without hesitating. "I won't let any of you down," he assured as he nodded his head.

Much like the others, Monty's position in the race wasn't very high. More so, his blood was only at the fourth grade.

That said, he was a sedate person. Throughout all his years, he had been a very hardworking warrior. He had spent much more energy and time on cultivation than many others ever had.

What he needed now was support from the members of his race, as well as more resources. In order to obtain the latter, the only thing he could do was to work even harder. He had to prove himself in this battle! He had no other choice.

Whoosh!

Monty flew up into the air. In a flash, he quickly turned into a giant with two heads and four arms. With a loud bang, he fell to the ground and the land surrounding him shook violently.

Lying on the ground, David opened his eyes and glanced at Monty who landed not too far away. Then he immediately turned around and closed his eyes once again, as if he didn't want to look at Monty anymore.

The Yellow Emperor race did nothing but ignore David's behavior, letting him continue doing whatever he was doing.

Roy, on his behalf, gave David a cold glance.

Although they were from the same race, Roy had a tendency of looking down on David, who came off pretty idle.

'So what if he's very powerful? I can handle my opponent on my own!'

As this thought crossed Roy's mind, he directed himself straight at Monty, his body flashing once again with golden light.

"There's no need for the Nine Li race to play such a trick here. You aren't qualified to participate in the battle. It's a pure waste of time. Let Romeo or Elsa fight instead!" Roy shouted out at Monty while walking toward him confidently.

On the Yellow Emperor race's list, Romeo and Elsa were two of the most important warriors. The others held no interest to them whatsoever.

Elsa, on her behalf, had been famous for a long time and was considered the Nine Li Race's number one talent. Her strength, of course, was second to none.

The reason why the Yellow Emperor race even paid attention to Romeo in the first place was because he had escaped from their chase on the Immemorial Wilderness.

Not only that, but Romeo had also killed three members of the Yellow Emperor race!

The Yellow Emperor race didn't yet have good reasons for getting back at Romeo, so they hadn't taken action against him. That didn't prevent the members of the Yellow Emperor race from paying special attention to Romeo, so much so that at times, they even concentrated more on him than they did to Elsa!

What they didn't know though, was that Zen had actually helped Romeo finish that particular feat at the time.

As for Zen, the Yellow Emperor race wasn't even aware of his existence. It went without saying that they equally didn't know a thing about his background.

Now though, Zen joined the battle alongside Elsa and Romeo. Because they had no idea who he was, they simply regarded him as a substitute, and didn't even glance at him twice.

By Roy's words, Monty wasn't angry at all. He replied calmly, "Whether I'm qualified or not isn't up to you. At least I'm in this battle ring now!"

"All right... If you say so..." The corners of Roy's mouth curled into a wicked smile no one had ever seen before.

Whoosh, whoosh...

His speed suddenly soared, and his huge body moved as light as the wind. In the blink of an eye, he was zooming toward Monty.

"How fast!" someone called out in amazement.

"Roy isn't very famous within the Yellow Emperor race, and he's the first one up to fight. But look at him now, he has such strength!"

"The Nine Li race has no such powerful warriors ready for battle. I'm afraid they will be completely defeated!"

Everyone watching the battle from a distance was discussing with one another in low voices, in order to avoid being overheard.

The Yellow Emperor race had competed with the Nine Li race several times before, and their strengths were evenly matched. This time, it was a whole different story. The gap between the two was huge.

As warriors of the Nine Li race began to notice the difference in strength, their expressions changed and they looked upset.

Bang!

Before Monty was capable of clearly seeing what had happened, his head was hit, the thud resonating loudly in his ears.

Roy stopped moving for a second and looked at Monty, a trace of contempt on his face. He then pursued his actions.

Boom! Boom! Boom...

He continued swinging heavy blows at Monty's head, which made the latter unable to fight back in any way, shape, or form.

If there was one thing to be said about Monty, it was that he was extremely tough. He was so tough in fact that he actually managed to hold on despite the beating. He didn't give in!

"That's really troublesome," Roy mumbled with a long, disbelieving face. He stretched out his finger without second thought.

With a snap, a ray of golden light burst out from his hand and quickly turned into a golden short blade. For a second time, he rushed at Monty without even thinking twice.

If he successfully launched this attack, Roy's second battle was soon going to come to an end.

As soon as Roy was no less than an arm away from Monty, Monty's eyes flashed a firm and serious glare. He howled loudly, grabbing onto Roy with one of his hands. With two of his other free hands, he clasped onto Roy's body, squeezing tightly.

When fighting an opponent at close distance, the Nine Li Wild Body became even stronger and more powerful. It was both extreme and breathtaking to watch.

Many of the Wild Gods were strong with more hands. Now that Monty bounded Roy, the result would be hard to predict.

Chapter 2583 Anger

A fierce battle had happened between the two men on the ground. Their powers matched up with each other's strength and agility. Soon, smoke billowed and covered everything in sight, blinding the spectators of the good fight scene below.

Though everyone wasn't able to watch clearly what was happening, they continued to hear loud noises coming from the two warriors.

Not long after, the smoke finally dissipated, and the two mountain-like giants revealed themselves.

Everyone's eyes focused on these two people.

One of them was Monty, whose two arms were now cut off. He had a huge wound on his neck, which was bleeding outwards. His huge pupils were even unfocused.

The other one, Roy, looked like he had a hard beating as well. Many bruises appeared all over his body. The golden light around him was getting dim. Apparently, he had suffered some serious injuries too.

"Bah! What a hard nut to crack!" Roy grumbled, as he saw the crowd watching them.

At the same time, Monty's body began to shrink rapidly, his Wild God Power disappearing quickly.

"Monty!"

Erik shouted from afar, his face darkened and his eyes clouded with concern. Rushing towards Monty, he tried lifting him up.

It was true that one's corporeal body had an unprecedented power after they cultivated the Wild God system, but once the Wild God was seriously injured, it would be difficult to repair the body. The world is fair, after all.

The wound in Monty's neck made him lose a lot of blood, directly taking away his life.

"How dare you kill him!" Erik exclaimed angrily, making his vigor and grand momentum emerge.

Monty was one of Erik's disciples and they shared a bond. Erik had trained Monty all these years, treating him like his own son. He never imagined that this battle would end up this bad. He didn't expect that Monty would die here today. Erik felt his heart shattering into a thousand pieces as his grief took over.

Even if Erik didn't reveal his Wild God body, his reaction still put a lot of pressure on Roy.

Wiping the blood off his face, Roy sneered, "He clearly couldn't match my strength, yet he wasn't willing to admit defeat. He was digging his own grave. If he had given up earlier, this wouldn't have happened. He forced me to kill him!"

"You..." Erik's emotions stirred up. Unable to restrain himself, he was actually about to kill Roy.

"In the battle ring, one's death is never the other's fault. One must accept that if they get killed—they only have themselves to blame for being inferior to their opponent. Are you going to bully a junior now, Erik?" a thin old man commented, his voice ringing as the cold breeze surrounded them. Erik turned to see who it was, and found an elder from the Yellow Emperor race approaching.

Witnessing what had happened to Monty, Adele was unable to hide her sorrow. She floated toward the battle ring as well.

Coming from another direction, Lancelot, the Grand Elder of the Yellow Emperor race, also flew to the center of the deserted land.

Having the Grand Elders of both sides approaching the center of the field caused tension to the crowd. The atmosphere became tensed.

For the past few years, the two races had many conflicts, but none of them was big enough to trigger an actual war.

"Since our warriors came to a duel, it is possible that one will get killed by the other. Adele, do you really think that we are just having a friendly duel?" Lancelot laughed, watching Adele's reaction.

Adele floated in the air, her beautiful eyes flashing with a complicated expression. "Erik, take the corpse of Monty back," she ordered.

"But..." Feeling annoyed, Erik was not planning to let Roy go that easily.

"They are right. In the battle ring, if one gets killed, they only have themselves to blame. Monty lost the duel, and that's it." Adele turned around, not wanting to say more.

Several elders of the Nine Li race, including Giacomo, were also indignant.

If the Grand Elder gave the order to fight the Yellow Emperor race, they would not hesitate to strike the other race at all and were willing to fight until only one was left standing.

However, since Adele's order was the law, they were unable to vent their anger.

"Adele, you are reasonable as always. This is what I admire you most." Lancelot laughed dryly.

Adele's eyes revealed a hint of coldness and sternness. "In the battle ring, if one is killed, they only have themselves to blame. This is not only applied to the members of our race, but to the members of your race too."

After making sure that everyone heard her decision, Adele left and never looked back.

Pressing her lips together, Elsa watched Erik carry Monty's lifeless body on his back.

As an innocent girl, Elsa probably couldn't accept the fact that Monty, who was alive a moment ago, was now a dead man. Tears started to fill her eyes.

Silence fell among the members of the Nine Li race.

Never did they expect that they would lose twice in a row, making them lose a member.

Standing still, Zen remained calm as he continued to observe his surroundings.

On the other hand, Romeo was close to losing his usual calmness. He bit his lips, his eyes red with rage. Turning towards Adele, he said, "Grand Elder, according to the order, is it my turn to fight now?"

"Yes," she nodded slightly.

"Great!" Romeo's handsome face revealed a trace of ferocity. Holding a light green bamboo sword in his hand, he slowly walked forward without any hesitation.

Roy, who just finished his turn, was also seriously injured in the battle with Monty. More than his weary body, he felt completely drained by now.

Although he had triumphantly killed Monty, he also lost his fighting power. According to the rules of this battle, the last match was actually considered a draw.

How could the price of a draw be equivalent to Monty's life? This was too much for the Nine Li members to accept.

Seeing that Romeo would fight in the third round, the Yellow Emperor race naturally wouldn't let Roy stay and fight. It would be like throwing him in a lion's den. Instead, they chose to nominate another player.

If they let Roy go and fight Romeo, who was fuming mad, he would instantly kill his opponent.

"Desmund, it's your turn now," Lancelot called out, not even looking towards Desmund's direction.

"Yes, Grand Elder!" Desmund, who had been waiting for a long time, bowed to Lancelot.

At this time, Lancelot whispered, "Be careful, Desmund. Romeo's very strong. He already killed three members of our race in the past. If you think you can't defeat him, you can directly admit defeat and save yourself."

A tinge of bitterness was revealed on Desmund's face.

After all, the person he was going to fight, Romeo, was no ordinary warrior. He had a lot of experience in battling, and some of his opponents might even be stronger than him.

Earlier, Roy had killed one of Romeo's companions, making him furious. Now, Desmund had to face an angry Romeo and survive. 'What a bad luck!' he thought to himself bitterly.

Romeo gave off his Wild God Power, and the momentum slowly rose. His body began to expand, his white robe making a loud noise of cloth being torn. The bamboo sword in his hand also began to expand.

Facing Desmund of the Yellow Emperor race, Romeo still showed his politeness. Slightly cupping his hands to the other man, he told his opponent indifferently, "Your elders have said that in the battle ring, if one is killed, they only have themselves to blame."

Nodding his head, Desmund blinked his eyes and asked, "Yes. So what?"

"Then you can only blame yourself..."

Romeo answered, striking Desmund as soon as he finished speaking.

He sprang to his feet like a wild ancient beast. Ready to kill.

His body stretched into tens of thousands of feet. As he jumped above the ground, he waved his bamboo sword in the air, drawing a flash of emerald green light in the air and emitting a resolute aura as he charged towards Desmund.

When Desmund saw Romeo go all out, he felt cowardly, perhaps because he wasn't prepared for a fierce fight.

Just like any other battle, a warrior would be put into a passive position when they were intimidated by their opponent.

Trying to be alert, Desmund turned over to avoid Romeo's strike.

Swoosh!

However, as soon as Romeo touched the ground, another emerald green sword light followed him.

Upon seeing this, Desmund gritted his teeth and took the chance to stab the blade he was holding towards Romeo's chest.

He was trying to force Romeo to retreat. After all, if Romeo wanted to kill him, he would be stabbed through by the blade too.

However, Romeo turned a blind eye to the blade. He didn't care about getting stabbed. Even if he had to fight to the death, he would still chop Desmund's head!

His reaction completely surprised Desmund. 'What? He doesn't seem to care about his life at all!'

Desmund cried inside. Taking his blade back, he retreated quickly to avoid his opponent's attack. He thought to himself, 'Why did Roy have to kill his opponent? Now the Nine Li members are fuming mad. And I don't think they would stop. This guy literally wants me dead! Damn!'

Chapter 2584 The Gap In Strength

Driven by rage, Romeo attacked with his greatest momentum. He went all out with every strike, showing no mercy to who he was going against.

Just then, the bamboo sword in his hand morphed into rays of green sword radiance and swept up intensely towards Desmund.

Desmund had escaped passively all the way. He wanted to fight back occasionally, which only invited even more ferocious suppression from Romeo.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

The bamboo sword, which seemed to be several thousand feet long, hit on the saber several times, leaving deafening clanging noises in the background.

As Desmund retreated, he warded off dozens of strikes in panic, and finally exposed a serious weakness.

Romeo's eyes began to twinkle. He noticed the weakness and swung his sword towards Desmund.

"Buzz..."

As he looked around and saw that there was no place to dodge, the golden light all over his body began to glow. He planned to withstand the blow with his Yellow Emperor Wild Body.

But when the seemingly harmless bamboo sword collided with his back, only then did he realize how naive he was.

"Phew!"

Within minutes, a sharp force burst from the bamboo sword, shattering the golden light on the surface of Desmund's body into pieces. Immediately after, he felt a chill go up his right arm, and just like that, his thousand-foot long arm was detached from his body.

With his arm cut off, the Wild God Power from the arm began to quickly dissipate. As it happened, the arm shrank so rapidly that people didn't know where it went.

"I admit defeat! I surrender!" Desmund shouted, desperate.

He tossed aside the saber and knelt down on the ground, a bang echoing from his heavy knees. Suddenly, two big holes appeared on the ground under his knees.

He was smart, and if he didn't admit defeat, he would probably be killed by Romeo like Monty.

But even though Desmund already admitted defeat, Romeo didn't plan to show any mercy to him.

As his blood boiled, all Romeo wanted to do was kill his enemy. But just as the sword came down towards Desmund's head, he found himself unable to move.

Just then, Giacomo, who managed to grow as big as Romeo, appeared behind him without him knowing. Giacomo gently clamped the sword between his two fingers.

"Come back," he gestured towards Romeo. "He has already admitted defeat. You've already won."

Although nobody would be held responsible for the life or death in the battle ring, Desmund had already knelt down and surrendered.

If Romeo were to take his life, it would ultimately lead to a horrible backlash from the Yellow Emperor race. As everyone knew, this was the last thing the Nine Li race would want to see.

Before setting off, Adele had received an order from her father, Ramzi.

"Try not to have conflict with the Yellow Emperor race," his father instructed. "Even if you lose, it wouldn't matter."

In the eyes of those exiles, the Sky South Bone Tower was no longer important. The most important thing was Zen.

After all, Zen knew the way out of the prison.

The real reason why they arranged Zen to go with Adele during battle was only to give him opportunity to practice.

Romeo gradually calmed down. He snorted at Desmund, who seemed to be trembling in fear. "You got lucky this time!"

Afterwards, he followed Giacomo back. At the same time, Desmund was able to retrieve his broken arm, and found himself returning to the place where the Yellow Emperor members gathered.

The third round ended with Romeo's victory.

Luckily for them, the Nine Li race finally saved their reputation with Romeo's performance.

While the warriors of the Yellow Emperor race all had cautious expressions on their faces.

"Romeo's strength is indeed... extraordinary," a black-faced elder pointed out.

Another elder seemed a little puzzled. "Romeo's strength is good, but in the Immemorial Wilderness, there is no way he could beat three Wild Gods all alone." He explained, "Even if he really defeated Bilaal and the other two Wild Gods with him, he wouldn't be able to kill all three of them. None of them were ever able to return, so this is absurd."

"There must be something else then, something we don't know," the black faced elder responded, frowning and looking down at the floor.

With a pitiful smile, Lancelot continued, "No matter if there are hidden facts, or he is as powerful as he presents himself to be, we shall resume with our original plan." He turned to Lisa and gave her a signal, "Lisa, you go to fight. If Lisa is defeated, Jerome will go."

Lisa Xia was Jerome Xia's young sister and they were only second to David in the Yellow Emperor race.

Before David rose up, Lisa Xia and Jerome Xia had always been the key disciples in the Yellow Emperor race. However, once David appeared, even Lisa Xia and Jerome Xia were overshadowed by him.

In the eyes of Lancelot, as long as David was there with them, the Yellow Emperor race had nothing to worry about.

The Yellow Emperor race was determined to take over the Sky South Bone Tower!

"Yes, sir!"

A woman in green bowed to Lancelot. This was Lisa Xia.

"Lisa, please be careful," Jerome whispered from behind her.

The fact that Desmund didn't even have the strength to fight back when fighting Romeo gave Jerome Xia the jitters. The last thing he wanted was to see his sister hurt.

"I know," she replied.

"If you find yourself no match for him, just throw in the towel," Jerome added.

"Sizz..."

David, who was previously sleeping on the ground, let out a howling laugh. "Jerome, you are such a coward, aren't you? What are you even thinking? Throwing in the towel even before the battle starts?"

"It's none of your business." snapped Jerome.

This wasn't new, though. A handful of people from the Yellow Emperor race didn't like David's arrogance. However, David was ridiculously strong, so they could only give in to him.

Jerome Xia, however, never acted nicely towards David.

David was used to this, and he never got angry about it. Instead, he chuckled and said, "I hope you won't ask me to save you in the end." After saying that, he turned over and continued his sleep on the ground.

In the fourth round, Romeo still represented the Nine Li race to fight.

In the past three months, Romeo's cultivation had improved a lot in the Cave of Wildness. But no matter how much he trained, there was still a very visible gap between his strength and Elsa's.

Strictly speaking, he was more powerful than Desmund, but the gaps in their strength weren't so remarkable. The only reason Desmund failed was because he panicked which led to his failure to resist Romeo's attacks...

While Lisa Xia's strength was far more powerful than that of Desmund.

Head on with Romeo's crazy attack, she drew back tactically, her parries steady and sure. For some reason, there was no trace of panic in her eyes.

As Romeo's desperate attacks drained all of his energy, Lisa Xia saw this as the perfect time to take initiative. The thin black sword in her hand was like a spiritual snake without bones as it formed a cage, firmly trapping Romeo within it.

To his surprise, Romeo was like a trapped beast, unable to get out of her trap no matter how hard he tried.

"Romeo is going to lose," Zen exclaimed as he watched the two giants fight. "He's not a match for the woman in green."

"Lisa! She's so powerful!" said Elsa, blinking her eyes multiple times. She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

When Adele, Giacomo, Erik saw the strength that Lisa Xia was displaying, their faces grew gloomy.

How could they have expected the Wild Gods in the young generation of the Yellow Emperor race would grow so quickly?

However, looking at the way they arranged their warriors to fight, it was obvious that Lisa Xia was not the strongest warrior they had. However, the strength she had shown had left Romeo far behind already.

Even Elsa could not surely take her down. Moreover, the Yellow Emperor race still had two warriors that hadn't fought yet. Could the Nine Li race only count on Zen? Adele thought.

In deep thought, Adele silently glanced at Zen who stood next to her. At this time, Giacomo's and Erik's gazes also fell flatly on Zen. It seemed as if the elders shared the same thought as they had bitter smiles plastered across their faces.

Chapter 2585 Forget Someone

There was a satisfied smirk on Lisa's face as she leisurely waved the black sword in her hand.

Generally speaking, the Wild Gods used crude and violent killing methods because they judged the distance and space in a complicated way.

In addition, it was much more difficult for a giant to slip the thread through the eye of the needle than an ordinary man.

Lisa, however, could control those things with absolute accuracy--and it was terrifying.

Her moves were always careful, precise, and perfect.

She could have killed Romeo several times, but her thin, black sword only scratched him slightly and left a minor wound.

Soon enough, the wounds on Romeo's body increased until blood had soaked most of his white clothes.

"You've already been defeated. Don't struggle anymore," said Lisa with pursed lips.

Yet, Romeo didn't listen to her and launched an even fiercer attack.

In turn, Lisa gently drew her black sword. The tips of her toes barely touched the ground as she drew a huge pit that was over a hundred feet large. Then, she jumped up while Romeo slashed out with his sword. The black sword flew down like a giant flying snake.

"Puff!"

The sword's blade pierced through Romeo's arm.

Suddenly, the bamboo sword flew and was nailed to the ground. Without the support of the Wild God Power, the thousand-foot-long bamboo sword quickly shrunk back into three feet.

At the same time, Lisa swung her sword towards Romeo's head. If she exerted more strength, he would be beheaded!

All the spectators from the Nine Li race held their breaths.

They had already lost Monty, and they wouldn't be able to accept it if Romeo died too.

Now, Romeo refused to give up. He didn't want to admit defeat even though he knew he was no match for Lisa.

"Surrender," Lisa insisted. She tilted her head to the side and after a while of thought, she continued, "If you're really mad at Roy, I apologize to you on behalf of him. He shouldn't have killed Monty by mistake."

The muscles on Romeo's face shuddered at her words.

It took him a short while to calm down. In the end, he sighed and said, "I admit that I have lost. I am too weak to avenge him. You don't have to apologize to me."

"Okay." Lisa nodded. She carefully backed a few steps, and then slowly walked away.

On the other hand, Romeo's eyes were unreadable as he watched her receding figure.

Lisa was neither arrogant nor rash. Even if she had the greater advantage, she was always on her guard and remained calm all the time. He was ashamed of his inferiority and was sincerely convinced by his defeat.

In this round, Romeo lost.

After result was declared, the people of the Yellow Emperor race felt relaxed.

For them, the next battle would just be a one-horse race.

The Nine Li race only had Elsa.

They guessed that Elsa's strength was about the same as Lisa's.

Furthermore, even if Lisa were to be defeated, they still had Jerome.

As for David, they just let him be since he was willing to make such a show of himself on the ground anyway.

He was currently sprawling on the ground with a frown across his face.

He thought after the Nine Li race had defeated Lisa and Jerome, his clansmen would come and beg him to fight. Then, he would fight reluctantly to save the desperate situation. Wasn't it a worthy try?

But to his disappointment, It seemed Lisa alone could defeat all the opponents.

Meanwhile, the people on the edge of the wilderness discussed the situation among themselves.

"The die is cast."

"The Yellow Emperor race should control the Sky South Bone Tower!" "Ha-ha, finally, we have driven out those bastards of the Nine Li race!

We will have a strong lead in the Flying Sickle City afterwards!"

The competition between the top powers often affected the fate of many people.

The results made some of them happy, and the others were sad. Those who rooted for the Nine Li race did not look too good. If the Yellow Emperor race had won this battle, they would probably not have a place to settle in the Flying Sickle City anymore.

After Romeo lost the game, it was Elsa's turn to fight.

This was a very crucial round, as most people viewed Elsa as the center of the Nine Li race.

If she was defeated, then the Nine Li race would've lost completely.

She and Lisa barely communicated. After a brief greeting, they immediately engaged in a fierce fight.

The purity of the blood naturally decreased as it was passed on from generation to generation, but there would be an occasional miracle.

For example, the blood in Elsa's body had mutated.

Her Nine Li Wild Body was covered with a special layer of blood lines.

Even the exiles couldn't explain why the change took place in her blood.

Due to the existence of these unique blood lines, Elsa had a considerable advantage in speed, which was the most important skill of the Wild Gods when they turned into giants.

Thus, Elsa quickly gained the upper hand when the two girls fought.

Even so, Lisa became much braver after her fight with Romeo. She wielded her black sword in all directions and formed an invincible wall, which firmly blocked Elsa outside.

In return, Elsa turned into a streak of blood light that constantly rushed towards Lisa's defense. Unfortunately, she failed and was forced to retreat.

As Lisa resisted Elsa's attacks even more, she advanced step by step until she had forced her opponent to a corner.

She had already set a net since the very beginning. It wasn't until Elsa had stepped into the net that she finally closed it.

It wasn't long before Elsa realized that she couldn't bring her superiority into play.

Therefore, she eventually stuck her tongue out and helplessly said, "I lost."

Lisa nodded. Without saying anything, she cautiously took a few steps backward before she quickly walked away.

Although Lisa had defeated the top talent of the younger generation of the Nine Li race, she remained as level-headed as ever.

The elders of the Yellow Emperor race had mixed feelings when they found that it was so easy for them to win.

"If we'd known that the younger generation of the Nine Li race were so weak, we wouldn't have played those tricks at the beginning."

"I didn't expect that the Nine Li race would get worse and worse as time went by."

They had planned so carefully for a very long time to go all out for the sake of the Sky South Bone Tower.

To their surprise, the Nine Li race was not strong enough to fight back.

"Adele, our race has won this battle. According to the agreement, your race should withdraw from the area of the Sky South Bone Tower," Lancelot said with a blazing smile on his face.

He was so happy not only because he would control the Sky South Bone Tower.

The highlight of the battle was that the younger generation of his race had defeated that of the Nine Li race. He had never imagined that the younger generation of the Nine Li race would be that weak.

Races needed to constantly produce their best, and the young people represented the future of their race. If such a thing continued, then the Nine Li race would eventually decline.

Adele just beamed at Lancelot's words, and then she said, "Grand Elder Lancelot, you have made a mistake."

"About what?" His face dimmed. Why hadn't Adele admitted her defeat?

There would be a huge trouble if the Nine Li race went back on their word and did not surrender the control of the Sky South Bone Tower. After all, the Yellow Emperor race did not want to wage a full war just because of it.

Moreover, even if the Yellow Emperor race did win the war, it would mean that they simply took advantage of the Nine Li race's struggles--and they didn't want to see the losses from the war.

Adele's beautiful eyes blinked and she looked coldly at Lancelot. "Have you forgotten that there's one person from our race who hasn't fought in battle?"

Chapter 2586 Dodging

When the elders of the Yellow Emperor race heard Adele's voice, they were all stunned.

As specified in the agreement, each race had sent five members to participate in the battle.

Since four of the five Nine Li warriors had been defeated, the Yellow Emperor race didn't take the remaining warrior of the Nine Li race seriously.

After all, even Elsa, the most powerful Nine Li warrior they knew, had been defeated by them. So, they had simply ignored their fifth opponent.

"I apologize for my negligence," said Lancelot. As long as the Nine Li race was willing to fulfill the agreement, there was nothing for him to worry about. "In that case, Lisa, fight again," he announced, his expression relaxed.

"As I have already told you, there're many losers among the Nine Li race, many more than those five. Even if fifty of them banded together, they would still be at a disadvantage. Honestly, I don't know what they are thinking, getting involved in this. With each battle they fight, they just bring more disgrace on themselves," said David, speaking slowly.

The members of the Yellow Emperor race responded with nothing but a chilling silence.

Her expression unchanging, Lisa slowly stepped out of the crowd again, the black sword in her hand. Without further ado, she transformed herself into a towering giant, a Wild God, and stood still, waiting for her foe.

"Zen, we are counting on you now!"

said Romeo, who was sitting on the ground, tending to his wounds.

Adele, Giacomo and the other elders also looked at Zen expectantly.

They didn't yet know how much potential Zen had.

Yet, as Romeo said, Zen had already successfully killed mid-rank Wild Gods in the Immemorial Wilderness.

And that was before Zen had undergone the Body Tribulations. Now he had the Nine Li Wild Body, his strength would have grown to an unimaginable degree. It would be unwise to underestimate him.

Zen nodded, gently stroking the emerald green long sword in his hand as he walked towards the center of the deserted land at a slow but determined pace.

"Grow," he muttered to himself as he walked. As soon as the word left his lips, he began to grow rapidly.

In what seemed like no time at all, his body had reached a height of more than ten thousand feet.

However, focused on the transformation, he had completely forgotten about the sword in his hand. As his body shot upwards, the sword slipped from between his fingers and fell.

This was the first time Zen had used a wild weapon. Giacomo had told him that the wild weapon would grow together with his body. However, what he hadn't told him was that in order for that to happen, he should have first transfused the Wild God Power into the sword.

Using a weapon and making it cooperate with one's body was as natural as eating food and drinking water for the Wild Gods. Giacomo must have assumed Zen knew the details.

Lisa, in the meantime, was still standing in front of Zen. She dithered for a while before realizing what had happened.

The Yellow Emperor warriors roared with laughter.

"Really? This guy can't even use a wild weapon?"

"What the hell was the Nine Li race thinking? Why did they send such a fellow to fight?"

"I bet they sent him as a joke."

"I bet Lisa can destroy that guy with just a flick of her little finger."

Zen's clumsiness confused many people. This was the kind of mistake a complete novice, who had never seen a wild weapon before, would make. Many concluded that Zen was just a clumsy Nine Li warrior.

Little did they know, it was indeed the first time Zen had used a wild weapon.

The Nine Li warriors' faces darkened as they saw Zen's sword fall. Although many of them had been looking forward to Zen's performance, they couldn't help but feel embarrassed to see their representative make such a simple mistake.

"I'm sorry," Zen said with a small smile, appearing completely unperturbed by the situation.

"It doesn't matter," Lisa said, shaking her head. She stared at Zen, a mixture of curiosity and anxiety in her eyes.

Calmly, Zen dispersed his Wild God Power and found the long green sword he had lost. Now, having learnt from his mistake, he siphoned the Power into the sword, and it grew with him.

"I'm ready," he declared.

Holding the sword in one hand, Zen turned to look at Lisa.

He hadn't yet activated the Nine Li Wild Body. He wanted to test Lisa's strength.

Lisa nodded, her fingers pinching the black sword one by one. "Since you're ready, then I'll start!" she said softly.

As soon as she had finished speaking, her eyes lit up, glowing with a sharp light.

"Swish!"

The long black sword, over 4, 000 feet long, suddenly swung towards Zen's face like a striking snake.

She had impressive control over her body despite how huge it was. She exerted just the right amount of strength to deal with Zen, not more, not less. She kept a perfect distance from him, neither too far nor too close. Her simple sword strike might have looked ordinary to a layperson, but in fact, it required skill and precision to master.

Many Wild Gods would have chosen to retreat if they saw their opponent use this sword strike, as the only way to avoid having one's face sliced in half was to step back.

However, it was a trap. If one stepped back, one would become stuck and be crushed by Lisa's next attacks coming unstoppable like a tidal wave.

This was Lisa's formidable power and control. She knew how to read her opponent and how to take advantage of the rhythm of the battle.

Everything she did had a reason, and she knew how to make the battle go her way.

In absolute terms, Elsa's strength was not inferior to Lisa's. But Elsa was no strategist. She could be careless, so she could fight, but she was no match for Lisa. It was no wonder she had lost. Her strength could not compensate for her predictability and lack of strategy.

But Zen was not Elsa.

"Phew!"

Zen refused to retreat.

Standing still, he slightly tilted his head to one side.

The black thin sword flew past his cheek, missing it by about a foot. This might seem like safe distance, but

both Zen and Lisa stood towering over ten thousand feet tall.

To a Wild God, a foot was no more than a hair's breadth.

Nevertheless, Zen had dodged Lisa's attack with enviable confidence. Calm and unflinching as Lisa seemed, she was, in spite of herself, impressed.

'How is that possible?

Is it out of sheer dumb luck?'

wondered Lisa in disbelief.

'The distance between us was so small...I would surely have chopped his head off with my sword if he had made the tiniest of mistakes. And yet, he didn't. He dodged it!'

A smile danced on Zen's face. Unlike Lisa, he was the embodiment of calm, inside and out.

Seeing that, Lisa seethed with fury, even though her face remained deadpan.

Her thin sword was immediately ricocheted and once again swung towards Zen's head.

This time, Zen threw back his head. The thin black sword swept across the air just above his head. Again, it was just a foot away, and the sword severed a few of the hairs on his head.

'This guy... He is not just relying on his luck!'

Lisa was shocked at this revelation. She had thought Zen's achievements were nothing more than a fluke.

She had the best proprioception and body control among her peers from the younger generation. She outperformed even her brother, Jerome.

But even she didn't have the level of command that Zen had.

Panic gripped her heart. She realized that the man in front of her was no ordinary person.

As her mind raced, the thin black sword danced even more quickly.

However, Zen didn't make a single step. He stayed rooted to the spot, leaning away from Lisa's advancing attacks. He resembled a birch tree, its flexible, strong trunk bending in the storm.

Far away in the distance, the elders of the Yellow Emperor race watched, and their eyes widened in surprise.

These elders had fought many battles and witnessed many more. They knew how strong Lisa was, and how difficult it was to dodge her attacks.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2587 Ward Off

Using dozens of forceful strikes in a row, Lisa pummeled Zen. The way he dodged every single one of them made her anxious.

She then took a few steps back and stomped on the hard ground in tiptoe, creating a pit that went three to four hundred feet deep. Clasped tightly in her hand was the thin black sword.

Upon seeing her make such a move, Lisa's brother couldn't help but frown slightly. "I can sense Lisa's uneasiness, but this time, let's see how this fellow would survive that one."

"Amorous Sword Net!" Lisa exclaimed.

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

The thin black sword looked and moved like a whip as it flew out of Lisa's hand.

In just a split second, streaks of what seemed like a bundle of black swords intertwined and formed a tangled net that swiftly enveloped Zen's head.

Since the net was fine-meshed, it was impossible for Zen to break free no matter what he did.

"How can Zen escape from this?" Elsa's eyes widened as she watched the scene with great concern.

The striking eyebrows that rested on Romeo's forehead trembled lightly at the view.

Previously, he was downright defeated by that exact move by Lisa. He was trapped in a cage formed by the black sword net and failed to break out no matter how much he struggled.

Seeing the massive black sword net charging towards him caused Zen's eyes to flicker while the corner of his mouth raised slightly.

The Wild Gods used martial skills to fight as well.

The weapons they used would become wild weapons that were way larger, and the Wild Gods themselves would also grow.

In terms of skills alone, Zen wasn't threatened by anyone at all.

"Swish!"

Zen raised his long sword and used it to hurl the sword net in another direction.

"Clank!"

A loud sound cut through the thick air.

Zen had successfully blocked one of the strips of the black sword radiance.

A huge hole appeared on the thin net.

Aware that it was just a casual sword strike from Zen, Lisa was stunned.

The swordsmanship she used had quite an unyielding demand with space. Once she performed it, it went on for a while, resembling a cage that could crush her opponents. The more they struggled, the deeper they fell.

However, that one she just exerted obviously wasn't perfection. There were a total of four flaws that could be seen on the net.

If her opponents managed to discover those flaws, they could break the entire sword net.

There was only one warrior who easily did such a thing, and that was David.

It was a surprise to her how Zen found the first flaw that quick. Was it just a mere coincidence, or could he really find them all out?

"Huh?"

David, who was just quietly watching the match as he lay on the ground, was now up on both feet.

"I didn't know that such a powerful man from the Nine Li ever existed." David's eyes widened, his curiosity growing by the minute.

Lancelot, along with the other elders from the Yellow Emperor race, couldn't quite put a finger on what just went down as well.

"Why would the Nine Li race hide such a powerful man from us?"

"This isn't right. If such a powerful warrior really existed in the Nine Li race, how come we know nothing about him?"

"Calm down, all of you. Lisa isn't going to lose."

Even if Lisa lost the match, they still had Jerome and David.

They could lose this round but would still be on an advantage, for Zen was the only warrior the Nine Li race had left.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Lisa flourished her black sword without pause. In the blink of an eye, the hole Zen had created earlier was remedied by the black sword radiance. It looked brand new once again.

At the same time, she also began to move rapidly around Zen.

The net spun as she moved. The changes of the net looked even more complicated than before, which meant that Zen had to work even harder to escape it.

However, such changes were nothing to Zen.

For him, any change at that point was just a deception. The methods that were used varied, but the principle was the same.

With a smile on his face, Zen waved his sword and speedily stabbed the net four times.

"Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank!"

With four shrill sounds, the sword net that was intricately set up by Lisa collapsed completely.

All the black sword radiance faded along with the net and the black sword quivered in her hand.

Lisa's heart sank as she realized that Zen had actually seen through all her tricks.

The method she used seemed like a child's play to Zen.

"That kind of swordsmanship is useless to me," he said.

Not taking a step forward, Zen just stood there.

He easily and perfectly dodged all of her attacks on him. The difference between the two of them was more evident.

Lisa could only purse her lips.

Giving up wasn't an option for her. Even if she knew that her skills didn't stand a chance against Zen, she still aimed to go all out on him.

While holding the black sword horizontally, Lisa bent her body and an ethereal spirit flashed in her eyes. After a moment of preparation, she swung her black sword.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Once again, the black sword turned into a long whip, and it rapidly spun around her like a tornado.

As the sword radiance circled her, it created a streak of sharp black radiance that headed straight for Zen.

"Not bad at all," Zen said, his eyes narrowed.

At the sight of that strike, both Elsa and Romeo held their breaths.

They thought that they had already seen the best of Lisa, so that killing tactic she had just displayed came off as a shock for them.

"Zen has to be careful. This strike can't be resisted by sheer force alone!" Romeo said, looking more concerned than ever.

"I don't think so. Zen doesn't seem to really care. Just look at him," Elsa retorted.

The moment Zen noticed the black sword radiance charging towards him, a light flashed in his eyes. He pointed his green sword at the black sword radiance.

This gesture from Zen caused Adele, Giacomo, and the other elders to feel uneasy.

The others were just as stunned. Was Zen seeking death?

Astonishment engulfed Lisa's eyes. She knew that Zen could resist the strike she just made, but what he was doing at that time was no more than a suicide act.

As soon as Zen's long sword touched the black sword radiance, he began twisting his arm.

The blade of his long sword slightly twisted as well, and the black radiance circled his sword as if it was being sucked into a whirlpool.

At the same time, he pulled his long sword instantly, and Lisa felt a massive force coming out of her hand.

Before she could even throw her sword away, she bumped into Zen.

Since Zen had placed his sword horizontally by his chest, Lisa would be cut in half should she bump into it.

"Lisa!"

Jerome yelled from a distance, desperation evident in his eyes.

As Lisa got closer to Zen's sword, her face turned pale. She knew what was coming. She knew she was going to die.

Just as she was about to hit the tip of the sword, Zen's other hand gently emerged. With a loud bang, Zen blocked Lisa's shoulder to avoid her from coming in contact with the blade.

Simultaneously, he lifted his emerald green sword and pointed it just a few inches away from the damp skin of her neck.

Lisa's mind went blank. She was dazed. Zen's low voice snapped her back to reality as he said, "You lost."

Chapter 2588 Fight Head On

Lisa stared at Zen, stunned.

In the way she saw it, since Roy killed Monty, it was only natural that Zen killed her too.

But fortunately for her, Zen showed mercy to her in the last moment.

"I admit defeat," choked Lisa.

Zen nodded and loosened his grip on her.

Seeing that Zen had spared his sister's life, Jerome, who was standing at a distance, breathed out a sigh of relief.

Then, both of them transformed, turned off their Wild God Power, and returned to their own races.

"Amazing, Zen! How did you break her sword net?" Romeo said excitedly as he bounded over to hug Zen.

The other members of the Nine Li race also looked eager to hear.

Out of previous several battles, only Romeo won a battle and sadly, one of their members also got killed. It was a crushing defeat!

If Zen had lost and the news spread out, the sects which relied on the Nine Li race would have most likely lost respect for the Nine Li race and left.

"With your strength, you'd have no trouble defeating everyone in the Yellow Emperor race," said Elsa, her big eyes crinkling happily.

Adele also smiled at him. "There are still two tough battles ahead. You can't let your guard down, especially when fighting David."

"Okay." Zen nodded.

When Zen won the sixth battle, the members of the Nine Li race felt their hearts burst with pride and they had trouble containing their excitement.

On the other hand, the atmosphere on the Yellow Emperor race's side was grey, dull, and depressing.

They didn't really care about losing this round, but the strength Zen had shown in the battlefield struck them with fear.

Lisa had fought with all her might and yet, she was easily defeated by Zen..

More importantly, Zen hadn't moved from his spot for the entirety of the battle.

It was obvious that Zen's strength was on a whole other level.

"Ha-ha! That guy is really something. I bet Jerome won't be able to defeat him. It's my turn, isn't it?" said David as he sat on the ground.

He was probably the most cheerful in the Yellow Emperor race.

If it weren't for Zen, he would be lying on the ground all day, which was why

he decided that he didn't dislike Zen at all.

Lancelot, however, was getting pissed off and David's jests only soured his mood even more. He threw David a dirty look and shouted, "Jerome!"

"I'm here!"

Jerome, who was comforting his sister, immediately answered.

"It's your turn now," barked Lancelot.

"Yes!" Jerome nodded.

"It's a waste of time to let him fight now. I still have to fight in the end..." David muttered under his breath.

"You may be disappointed," Jerome sneered.

David licked his lips and laughed grimly. He didn't say anything else.

Then, Jerome transformed into a giant ten thousand feet tall, with an eighty feet long broadsword in his hand.

When Zen appeared in front of him, he threw his sword into the ground and cupped his hands in front of him. "Thank you for sparing my sister's life!"

Zen was surprised by the unexpected display of humility. He shook his head. "As long as the result of the battle comes out, I will stop. There's no need to fight with her life. It's normal that I don't kill her. You don't need to thank me."

Jerome nodded as he reached for the broadsword. "But even in this case, I will still go all out!"

"I wouldn't expect any less," Zen said lightly.

"Ha..."

The moment Jerome pulled out the huge broadsword, his aura changed dramatically.

The Yellow Emperor Wild Body emitted a wisp of golden light which constantly circled the surface of his body. His broadsword also emitted a tyrannical aura.

Jerome's fighting style greatly differed from his sister's.

Upon seeing this, Zen raised his arm lightly and the green sword circled around his arm and pointed to Jerome.

Jerome stamped his foot lightly and a powerful force burst out.

"Bang!"

The ground under his feet bulged. Aided with the explosive force, Jerome came at Zen at an extremely fast speed.

Compared to Lisa, Jerome had a weaker sense of space. However, he had the upper hand on the use of the Wild God Power!

"Fast." Zen's eyebrows raised slightly.

Facing Jerome's attack, Zen held his sword horizontally with his right hand and rested his left hand on the tip of the sword.

"Bang!"

Jerome launched the domineering sword strike and hit Zen's long sword.

"Rumble..."

A strong force was produced by the impact

and caused two ditches, several hundred feet wide and tens of thousands of feet long, to appear on the ground where Zen was standing.

Without hesitation, Jerome stomped on the ground and leaped up like a giant ancient beast. His broadsword cut through the air, creating a bright silver radiance.

"Earth Splitting Slash!"

The power that Jerome burst out that instant was astounding.

Some of the Wild Gods watching in the distance were rendered speechless by the display of such power.

"Jerome is still as violent as before..."

"He has such formidable power!"

"Even though the brat from the Nine Li race defeated Lisa, it'll be difficult for him to defeat Jerome."

Even if Zen won against Lisa, these outsiders still thought he was only lucky to have defeated her.

"Such incredible strength..."

Zen looked at Jerome with indifference and the power within his body began to surge.

Up to now, he hadn't tried to use the full extent of his power.

The power of the Wild God was far greater than that of the True God.

In the divine land, the pure power did not have a huge effect. The True Gods all relied on the three thousand Godly Ways arranged in the divine land by Chiyou and

the use of the strength source was not exactly seen as important.

Zen had learned from the exiles that even in chaos, the Wild Gods didn't play an important part in the Source World.

The Other Shore Realm warriors in the Source World all used the Grand World Cultivation Method

because it was impossible for a cultivator to reach the Other Shore Realm while cultivating the Wild God system.

But now, Zen had become the mid-rank Wild God and his body was filled with a massive amount of the Wild God Power. Plus, he could now use the strength source of the Nine Divine Stars.

While the two were complementary to each other, the instant explosive power would be extremely terrifying!

"Zen, hurry up and dodge this strike!"

"It's too late!"

"Don't face it head on!"

The members of the Nine Li race got worried as they shouted.

Zen could easily dodge the blow and launch a counterattack, but he stood firmly, unmoving.

'Let's try something...'

Zen's eyes narrowed as he side stepped smoothly, his cool and precise movements making him look like a fierce tiger.

At the same time, the Wild God Power all over his body erupted!

"Whoosh..."

The emerald sword radiance cut through the sky and made a sharp whistling sound.

Zen had really planned to take that strike head on!

Chapter 2589 Jerome's Defeat

Jerome fell quickly from midair with unparalleled momentum in the blade.

He found that Zen wanted to fight fire with more fire—a strange look flashed in his eyes until he replaced it with a sneer at the corners of his mouth.

'If so, you are doomed to lose, ' he thought to himself.

Zen defeated his sister effortlessly, making Jerome a little more nervous than he initially was.

Lisa's ability to control wide spaces was quite a formidable one. After transforming herself into ten thousand feet tall, she could still control space perfectly while simultaneously manipulating her sword skillfully.

Such an ability could actually restrain Jerome's large-scale attack.

If Zen didn't fight him face to face and instead trapped him little by little as Lisa did, the likeliness of Jerome's defeat would've proved to be overwhelming.

But now that Zen was confronting toughness with toughness, Jerome had a feeling that his victory was in sight.

A few seconds later…

Jerome struck Zen's sword with the weight of insanely great power.

Clang!

The two forces converged.

'The strength of this guy…' Jerome thought.

He looked incredulously at Zen as he hacked his sword down.

The power from Zen's seemingly unremarkable green sword was no weaker than his own.

Clang!

The cracking sound quickly spread and the originally leveled deserted land was suddenly torn apart layer by layer until the skeletons that had been piling up finally shot out in all directions, much like sharp arrows.

After wielding the sword, Zen retreated about eight steps, creating eight giant footprints in the ground.

From where he was floating midair, Jerome was thrown tens of thousands of feet away. With a somersault, he managed to land on his feet and take several steps back to steady his balance.

Anyone with a discerning eye could see which of the two was stronger in this competition of strength.

Many people were aware of Jerome's great power and overbearing sword skills.

They figured that if Zen faced Jerome one on one, he, along with his sword, would be cut in half. But the scene before them had completely gone beyond their imagination.

"What? This man has forced Jerome back with his strength alone?"

"He has mastered sword skills to this extent. In this respect, he's definitely not Lisa's inferior and he is by no means weaker than Jerome."

"That's freaking powerful…"

The Wild Gods watching the fight from a distance were dumbfounded.

The sects following the Yellow Emperor race had thought that the latter would definitely take over the Sky South Bone Tower, but now, it seemed that the young man from the Nine Li race had the power to determine the final result—one could imagine the shift in their mood because of this unexpected factor.

"Haha! The Nine Li race is quite impressive!"

"This young man will definitely bring the Nine Li race's rank up high in the future!"

"I don't even know his name yet…"

Meanwhile, the Wild Gods who followed the Nine Li race were laughing heartily.

In the beginning, seeing how the disciples of the Nine Li race were defeated one after another by the Yellow Emperor race, they were rather dejected.

But just when they had almost lost all hope and begun pondering on where they would go after leaving the Flying Sickle City, Zen's current performance rekindled the flames of hope in their hearts.

"Impressive. I didn't expect you to be so powerful as well. Let's press on!"

Bright fires seemed to blaze in Jerome's eyes—his will to fight was highly aroused.

An even more powerful force burst from his body.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"

In the deserted land, he strode toward Zen.

This time, Jerome activated the Wild God Power completely—it emitted a bright golden light, making him appear like a walking sun, too dazzling to be stared at directly.

His broadsword grated against the ground, leaving a deep trace.

"Whoosh!"

"Heaven Breaking Slash!"

The sharp blade poured towards Zen from the ground to right in front of him.

He grew more cautious about Jerome's second attack.

It was without a doubt much more powerful than the first one.

But Zen had no intention of retreating.

With a single thought, the nine stars in his body began spinning.

This time, he intended to unleash the Wild God Power and the strength source at the same time.

The Wild God Power was based on the body, while the strength source relied on the inner world. As the two different forces worked simultaneously, Zen's body emitted an indescribable aura.

Adele, Giacomo, Erik, and the other elders in the distance turned visibly pale.

They were all satisfied with Zen's progress in the past three months. His performance was by no means inferior to that of any talent from their race.

With all the wild bones he had absorbed and his raw talent, Zen improved rapidly.

But somehow, the power that suddenly erupted from his body gave them an odd feeling.

It was a tremendous force.

It was impossible for Zen, a mid-rank Wild God, to use it unless he underwent the Body Tribulations again and became a top-rank Wild God.

But the scene before them was unfathomable.

Even Jerome was shocked at the scene.

The moment Zen unleashed this power, Jerome knew that he had already lost.

It was impossible for him to defeat such a powerful monster.

His strength was simply not on the same level as Zen's.

Like his sister, Jerome was a person who maintained his principles.

Even in inevitable defeat, he was a man of principle.

Jerome wouldn't stop so long as he still had moves to make.

"Boom!"

The earsplitting sound spread in all directions.

The moment the two fought, the stones and dust on the ground rose ten thousand feet high.

Even as the two stood ten thousand feet tall, the dust seemed to submerge them.

"Whoosh!"

As the dusk billowed, a huge figure flew back.

Soon, it passed through the dust and heavily hit the ground, spitting out a large mouthful of blood.

And this man was none other than Jerome.

To no one's surprise, he was defeated in the second fight of strength.

This time, his loss was completely unquestionable.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

Meanwhile, an enormous blade of seven to eight thousand feet in length swirled out from the dust rapidly until it was buried in the wasteland on Jerome's side.

Without the infusion of the Wild God Power, the broadsword entered the ground and quickly shrank back to its original state.

Everyone's eyes darted to and rested on Jerome for a moment until their gazes once again shifted to the billowing dust.

After the dust dissipated, Zen's body came into sight.

Half of his body stood in a large pit. With the green sword still in his grasp, he looked calmly at Jerome from a distance.

The latter stood slowly from the ground, wearing a complicated expression.

If Zen defeated him with some kind of trick, he wouldn't have been so embarrassed.

But Zen chose to fight him totally head-on and defeated him—Jerome had never felt so humiliated.

Nevertheless, he wasn't a narrow-minded man. After a moment of sulking, he got himself back up. In the world, there would always be someone out there who surpassed him—Jerome knew this to be true for everyone. He just had to admit that Zen was such a person.

Comforting himself in his heart, he let out a long breath. He then cupped his hands in the air, directed them at Zen and called out, "You have proven to be far superior in terms of skill. I'm willing to accept defeat. I have lost!"

Chapter 2590 David's Battle

A complicated expression was plastered all over Lancelot's face as he looked at Zen. The leader of the Yellow Emperor race himself was stunned.

Now that Jerome was defeated, David was all they had.

Lancelot had faith in David, but what if he lost as well?

It was a known fact that the Nine Li race was determined to have the Sky South Bone Tower back, but Lancelot couldn't let that happen.

Jerome walked back slowly, his shoulder hunched in defeat.

David opened his mouth just to spite Jerome.

"I've told you, Jerome, you against him is a total waste of time!"

Before, David was pretty anxious to fight, but now, he wasn't in a hurry at all and even managed to put up a calm face.

Jerome walked towards David just to glare at him.

The intensity of Jerome's stare worried his sister Lisa. She thought that if it went on longer, it could turn messy. She hurriedly came up to him and said, "Brother, please ignore him!"

"You're probably not his match either," Jerome calmly told David.

In response, David curled his lips and raised his eyebrows slightly. "Don't assume anything yet. I'm not as useless as you are," he said lazily.

"Zen hasn't even used his entire strength yet," Jerome warned him. "Are you forgetting that he's a member of the Nine Li race? He has yet to use his Nine Li Wild Body."

That was true. Zen didn't activate his Nine Li Wild Body during his last two battles.

That meant that he had not put his real strength in display yet.

Even during his match with Jerome, he only used the strength source from the Nine Divine Stars.

After all, one of Zen's real reasons for these fights was to hone his Wild God body.

Jerome's words made David rather unhappy.

By nature, he was fickle, and although Jerome's warning was in good intentions, it sounded harsh to David's conceited ears.

"Oooooh, that guy is so powerful! I'm so scared! I don't want to face him anymore! I'm just going to admit defeat! Ha!" David was quick to change his tone.

"You!" Jerome's face darkened.

There was a helpless expression on the faces of the elders from the Yellow Emperor race upon hearing such snide remarks from one of their warriors.

David was one thick-skinned, vengeful man.

When he asked to fight before, Lancelot refused him. Now that they needed his help, he was going to make them beg.

With knitted brows, Lancelot approached David and said lightly, "It's your turn to fight."

David pretended not to hear him.

"David, the Grand Elder is talking to you!" Jerome said.

However, David didn't budge.

Even as the Grand Elder, Lancelot knew he couldn't be too harsh to someone like David. Calmly, he said, "The Nine Li race is a force to behold. I didn't send you to fight because I was saving you for last. You are needed to defeat their strongest warrior. This Zen just appeared, and he is their last warrior. I had you on reserve for someone like him.

However, the strength of that kid is beyond my expectations. If you fight him, you may not match his abilities. If you refuse to do this, I will not force you." Lancelot carefully studied David's expression as he said those things.

The truth was, David was only reluctant to fight because of the argument they had before.

Fighting someone like Zen was a chance he wouldn't miss.

The Sky South Bone Tower was not David's concern. He wanted to fight Zen for himself.

Upon hearing Lancelot's words, he grew anxious.

However, he wasn't convinced that the Grand Elder was just going to give up easily. He narrowed his eyes and sneakily observed Lancelot.

Lancelot sighed and intended to admit defeat against the Nine Li race.

But before he could even open his mouth, David quickly stopped him. "Alright, I'm going to fight… Grand Elder."

A smile appeared across Lancelot's face. Even though David was quite troublesome, he was a simple-minded man. He was only pretending just to scare David, and as he had expected, he gave in.

Ultimately, strength had nothing to do with personality.

Despite his thoughtlessness, David possessed the talent and bloodline that were first-class in the Yellow Emperor race.

Not only was he skilled in the cultivation of becoming a Wild God, but he had also achieved great things in his journey of becoming a True God.

Elders like Lancelot and the exiles were closely related. They knew, of course, that a major part in the chaos was the cultivation of the True Gods which was also known as the Grand World Cultivation Method.

However, their world was not suitable for the cultivation of True Gods, so there were only a few people who had created inner worlds inside their bodies.

As time went by, most people had neglected the True God cultivation, and there were fewer and fewer warriors who cultivated for that purpose.

However, the exiles in the Yellow Emperor race believed that David was special. Not only did they cultivate him to become a Wild God, but they also exerted great efforts to help him open up an inner world in his body and become a True God.

David lived up to everyone's expectations and had done well in both aspects.

Because he had the favor of those exiles, he got away with disrespecting not only the elders but also Lancelot.

"Are you really willing to fight?" Lancelot asked, pretending to be astonished by David's decision.

"Yes, of course! I will win that bone tower for our race!" As he said those, David's finger pointed somewhere. He thought he was pointing at the tower, but it was just an empty lot. Realizing that, he looked around and finally moved his finger to where the tower actually was.

Lancelot couldn't help but roll his eyes.

He knew quite well that David didn't care about the Sky South Bone Tower, so he just played along.

"You are the hope of this race. Zen is a tough guy. Be careful, David," Lancelot sincerely said while patting his shoulder.

The final battle… Zen versus David.

At first, the Yellow Emperor race boasted such a victorious force. They were so sure about winning.

None of them thought Zen could win those two battles, let alone get a chance to face a warrior like David.

Before his power became known to them, Zen was just a nobody. David was the more popular warrior.

But before David's fame, it was Jerome and his sister Lisa who were regarded as the Yellow Emperor race's top two warriors. In the Immemorial Wilderness, people trembled in fear upon hearing their names.

After he rose to fame, David became the more eye-catching warrior. The attention he received was monumental.

"Finally! David has decided to fight!"

"He is going to end that boy from the Nine Li race for sure! Right?"

While the others bickered, David had already turned into a giant that was over ten thousand feet tall.

With heavy eyes and a nonchalant expression, he carefully scanned Zen that was right in front of him.

"Thank you so much," said David, grinning from ear to ear.

Zen's eyebrows instantly wrinkled at David's words. He had seen David once and had always thought he had a rather odd character. At that point, he had absolutely no idea why he thanked him. "For what?" Zen asked.

"If you didn't defeat Lisa and Jerome, the opportunity to fight might have not arrived for me and I would've come here for nothing," David said as he casually shrugged his shoulders.

Chapter 2591 Cultivating Dual Systems

Zen felt overwhelming disgust when he heard David's words.

This guy was a member of the Yellow Emperor race, but he hoped for the defeat of his own race members because of his selfish desire to fight in the arena himself.

"Are you sure you'll win against me?" Zen responded with scorn.

David blinked, and a tinge of evil crossed over his handsome features. "Yes, I'm one-hundred percent sure I can win against you," he said with a chuckle.

"Since you're so confident, then there's no point in talking. Let's fight!" Zen announced in a calm but powerful voice.

Seeing Zen's composure irked David.

To him, Zen should act a bit more nervous as if he was facing a formidable enemy. This lack of reaction from his opponent made David think that Zen wasn't exactly taking him seriously.

"Let me show you the reason why I'm so confident," David said in a cocky tone, taking a step back and spreading his hands.

Buzz...

Two sharp black knives appeared in David's hands.

The material that these knives were made of was exactly the same as Lisa's black sword and emitted a sharp power.

With the appearance of these knives, David's face suddenly became serious.

It was as if he had transformed into an entirely different person.

Whoosh!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In the blink of an eye, David suddenly rushed towards Zen in quick, but extremely strange steps.

He was so fast that the only thing people could see was his afterimage.

It was amazing how such a huge creature measuring ten thousand feet in height could move so fast!

A trace of vigilance appeared in Zen's eyes as he took two steps back and raised his emerald green sword defensively in front of him.

David was fast, but it was impossible for him to escape the spiritual sense that Zen suddenly released to track him.

With the use of spiritual sense, Zen would always be able to find David no matter where or how fast he went.

Whoosh!

David circled around Zen a dozen times before suddenly jumping and rushing towards him from behind.

However, Zen seemed to have grown a pair of eyes behind his head. He turned slightly and the long sword he carried swayed with him.

Clank! Clank!

With two clear sounds, David was forced back a couple of feet. "You have quick reflexes," he told Zen with a wild laugh. "I hope you can be as quick next time!"

"It's just an insignificant skill," Zen muttered lightly.

On the surface, David looked calm but deep inside he was truly surprised.

He could never imagine Zen being that fast. His opponent's reaction time put him above and beyond any of the foes he had ever faced before.

"I was just being polite. Don't overestimate yourself. Do you truly think that was the limit of my speed?" David laughed coldly. "I think it's time to show you what my real speed is!"

Just then, a strong stream of life vitality emanated from David's body.

The scene made Zen raise an eyebrow.

'He is also a top-rank True God?!'

After Zen came to this world, most of the people he met cultivated the Wild God system.

Adele, the Grand Elder of the Nine Li race, also cultivated the True God system and had her inner world, but she treated it as mere supplementary means.

According to the old man in the Nine Li race, the warriors of this world were not suited to the True God system, and not even the exiles asked their race members to cultivate it.

It was beyond Zen's expectations to find out that David was also a top-rank True God.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

David took a slight step and his huge body disappeared instantly.

Even if Zen tried to lock him down with his spiritual sense, it was still ineffective.

"What's this?"

Zen was slightly stunned.

He felt a strong sense of crisis suddenly well up from the bottom of his heart.

At that moment, almost as if on reflex, Zen lowered his head.

Clank!

There was a loud, clanging noise that rang out as iron and gold suddenly collided.

This sound was created by David's two blades hitting each other after failing to catch Zen off-guard.

Still failing to hit Zen, David quickly flew away, laughing as he did so. "Ha-ha! You are quite lucky! However, you can't rely on luck to save you forever!"

Swoosh! Swoosh!

With that, David once again vanished into thin air.

At this time, Zen pulled a long face.

David had been partly right that Zen had been quite lucky for dodging that blow.

Had Zen been a second too slow then he would've already been decapitated.

The key problem was that Zen couldn't quite figure out what kind of trick David was pulling to help his huge body disappear into thin air.

There were three thousand Godly Ways in the divine land and all True Gods explored and cultivated them. These three thousand Godly Ways formed the foundation of the cultivation of the True God system.

However, the three thousand Godly Ways had been created by Chiyou for the members of the Nine Li race.

The Godly Ways in the Source World were definitely much more than three thousand.

Right now, Zen had no clue what kind of Godly Way David cultivated.

However, that did not mean that he was entirely incapable of dealing with his opponent.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

Zen shouted, twisting his body as a warm stream flew out from his belly and white, cloud-like smoke surrounded him.

This scene confused both the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race.

Nearly a third of the audience had their own inner worlds, but not many of them cultivated the True God system deeply. It was simply impossible for them to see the Truth of Cultivation Nature Zen released just now.

The moment Zen activated his bodily movement skill, he suddenly felt a presence behind him.

Swish!

The two sharp knives appeared, silently dashing towards Zen once again.

Zen's body was tall, strong, and extremely agile with the help of both the Truth of Cultivation Nature and the Eight Smoky Melodies.

He wasn't conscious of the attack yet, but at that moment, his entire body retreated involuntarily.

Through his skills, Zen managed to unknowingly dodge David's strike.

David didn't laugh this time.

He felt something weird in this battle against Zen. He retreated a few steps back and kept a safe distance away from the young man, taking this as an opportunity to stare at him.

"Do you want to continue?" Zen asked flatly.

"Brat! Have you also cultivated the Truth of Godly Way?" David couldn't help but ask.

According to his master, only a few people among the True Gods could comprehend the Truth of Godly Way.

There were even fewer people as wise as David who could learn it in such a short period of time.

Given enough time and the right conditions, David was guaranteed to reach the Other Shore Realm.

This was where most of his confidence and arrogance came from.

He knew that he was different, and that no matter how hard the other Wild Gods cultivated, they would never be able to compare to him. Spending their entire lives training would only let them attain the Grand Elder's level, at most.

Meanwhile, David was fated to sit on the same couch as those powerful exiles.

This was the true strength David pursued!

All this time, he was confident that he was the only one who could comprehend the Truth of Godly Way.

After so many years, amongst everyone who cultivated the True God system, he was absolutely certain that he was the only one who comprehended it, save for the exiles of course. This was also the reason why the exiles paid so much attention to David in the first place.

He couldn't believe that he just felt the Truth of Cultivation Nature from Zen just now!

Chapter 2592 The Truth of Void Destruction

David had felt the Truth of Cultivation Nature from Zen but it was not because he had an understanding about it.

In the Yellow Emperor race, there were two exiles who had cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature. David naturally had a deep impression on it.

Just now, he had observed Zen and had felt the same aura coming from him.

David was not yet too sure, so he couldn't help but inquire about it cautiously.

"Is it strange?" Zen just smiled vaguely.

The smile he gave signified an affirmative answer.

David's eyes sparkled and his gaze on Zen changed again.

His first impression of Zen was that he was just a Wild God with extraordinary talent.

He prided himself as powerful enough and thought that there was still an insurmountable gap between his strength and Zen's.

What he witnessed had totally changed his own insight. He had already regarded Zen as a man in his league.

"It really surprises me. No wonder you could defeat Lisa and Jerome so easily," David complimented as he smacked his lips.

He had never thought that there would be another guy in this world who was as capable as him to cultivate the Truth of Godly Way.

"But you can't still beat me," David confidently stated.

"Buzz!"

The Yellow Emperor Wild Body of David released a dazzling golden light.

Once the Wild God Power was released from his body, there was another unique aura that followed.

"This aura is another kind of Truth of Godly Way." Zen felt the unique aura, and his eyes narrowed.

He had known five Truths of Godly Ways: the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, the Truth of Cultivation Nature, the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, and the Truth of Holy Words.

He had learned the Truth of Goodwill and Malice from Harper. He hadn't mastered it completely yet, but he was almost there. Besides, he had already mastered ninety-nine percent of the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

It was once said that twelve Truths of Godly Ways had appeared in the divine land. A book titled 'Twelve Abridged Truths of Godly Ways' had circulated among the people in the divine land. The book had provided them some insights and knowledge about the certain information.

As for how many kinds of Truths of Godly Ways there were in the Source World and the chaos, Zen had no idea.

Each Truth of Godly Way was a path to the other shore. The purpose alone had gathered countless number of people through painstaking effort to achieve that goal.

It was not just a method to become the True Gods and reach the other shore but also served as an extension of the Grand World Cultivation Method.

At this moment, the Truth of Godly Way that David emitted was a bit like the Space Godly Way. Zen guessed in his mind and didn't expect him to speak it out himself.

"The mind method that I learned from my master is the Truth of Void Destruction," David said, pointing the sharp knife in his right hand to Zen. "My master has sternly forbidden me to use these methods to cope with the enemy, so I've never displayed them in front of other people. You know, I didn't need them at all."

There were deep meanings in what David said.

Lisa and Jerome were situated in a distance. As they heard David's words, their expressions had changed several times.

During a previous battle, Jerome was defeated by David. David then became the most popular person in the Yellow Emperor race.

But Jerome was still not convinced. He believed that David just won by a neck, and there was only a narrow gap between them at that time.

He had continued to practice very hard, hoping to defeat David one day in the future.

Not until now did Jerome realize that David didn't even use his real strength during their fight, as confirmed by his words.

"But you are different." David smiled seriously. "I believe my master won't blame me."

As soon as he finished speaking, he flashed away and disappeared in front of everyone.

Zen wasn't able to detect him. In this case, he wasn't the only one.

Adele, Giacomo, and the powerful Wild Gods of the Yellow Emperor race like Lancelot also couldn't find David's location.

'The Truth of Void Destruction? With it, one can hide in the space of the chaos?'

Zen gazed at the now empty spot where David disappeared from and thought to himself.

He was no stranger to the Space Law since he had the Space Godly Way stored in his Infinity Ruler.

The only difference was that the Space Law was a law in the universe, and the Space Godly Way was a space law in the divine land.

Did that mean that the Truth of Void Destruction was a space law in the chaos?

"Whoosh!"

In a flash, the figure of David appeared on Zen's side and fiercely wielded his knife at him.

Zen had managed to avoid the attack in time and retreated. The Eight Smoky Melodies that had integrated the Truth of Cultivation Nature had helped him detect the sudden attack.

But this time, David came well prepared.

The moment he had thrust out his knife, spider-web-like cracks appeared on the blade. The cracks spread in a space and then broke into pieces.

"Splash!"

The space crunched rapidly and formed an absolute void.

The void then exuded an invisible force. It attracted everything surrounding, which was almost irresistible.

Zen, who just retreated, was suddenly pulled back.

"You can't escape this time!" David cried out with a smirk. He shot towards Zen with a sharp knife on his right hand.

Seeing that there was no room for him to dodge this time, Zen snorted. He immediately twisted the long sword in his hand. The sword directly swayed at David.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

David's sharp knife clashed against Zen's long sword. They attacked in close proximity to each other and continuously fought with their weapons.

Despite their huge bodies, they could still fight at a dazzling speed within a small range.

The people of the Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race were all dazed. It was difficult for them to tell who had the advantage. They only knew that in this level of battle, just with slight carelessness of anyone, the outcome and even life and death would be determined.

"Zen is not using his soul force," Romeo muttered as he quietly watched the scene.

"It seems that he doesn't go all out. He wants to take advantage of this opportunity to train himself," Elsa also stated with a complicated look.

They were also the talents in the Nine Li race, respected by countless people, and doted upon by their race.

But compared with Zen and David, they were hardly worth mentioning.

"There's something wrong with David's weapon." Adele's eyes were fixated on David's knife. A trace of worry gradually appeared on her face.

Adele's observation regarding David's knife had been, in fact, noticed by Zen.

Every time his long sword collided with David's sharp knife, he had noticed a faint white light spot, which quickly gathered in the middle of his knife and formed a bright white light ball.

Under the fierce collision of the two weapons, the white light ball was getting more and more eye-catching on the black knife.

The smile on David's face became more and more proud. He was rejoicing in his mind that Zen was slowly falling into the trap he had set up.

"Turn to the void!"

David laughed ferociously as the light ball released a blinding light. He then lifted up both of the two sharp knives in his hands.

At this moment, there seemed to be two suns rising brightly on the sky.

Zen quickly retreated seeing this change. Upon his retreat, a ray of light appeared on the Godly Tile in his inner world.

Chapter 2593 Bounce Back

Once David saw Zen retreat quickly, he could no longer hide the big smile on his face.

The more powerful his opponent was, the more excited he got.

The moment he knew that Zen was able to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way, he knew he would have fun defeating him.

For him, he only truly felt a sense of achievement when overcoming real challenges. In his eyes, Lisa, Jerome, Elsa, and Romeo were not worthy of his time and effort.

"Hoo!"

After the two sharp knives in his hands collided with each other, the two light balls merged into one.

The two sharp knives looked very similar to the black sword that Lisa used, but they were totally different.

Since David's master was an expert at refining weapons, he forged these wild weapons just for him. Moreover, the two wild weapons were modelled after the famous Dual Stream Saber of the Source World.

Both of the wild weapons were able to open up the void.

He could activate it whenever he made use of the Truth of Void Destruction.

When David and Zen launched their ferocious attacks against each other, their formidable powers didn't dissipate at all. They were instead kept inside the void by the two sharp knives.

But not long after, the powers were then released by David!

The surging power mixed with the Truth of Void Destruction formed a ball of energy that contained an extremely unstable wave of energy. Its strength was very devastating.

Even David had to be careful as he tried to control it!

"Whoosh!"

The blazing energy ball flew straight towards Zen.

"Will you still be able to resist it this time?"

In David's opinion, even if Zen displayed the Truth of Cultivation Nature, he merely mixed it with his body movements and was still unable to bring out its full potential.

But what David didn't know was that when it came to the Wild God, Zen was not as powerful as he was. After all, Zen was only able to practice the Wild God system for a short period of time. Although the Nine Li race trained him thoroughly, his foundations were still somewhat unstable.

But in terms of cultivating the True God system, David's understanding was clearly inferior to Zen's.

In fact, Zen had several methods he could use to break David's move.

For example, he could directly use the strength source to detonate the extremely unstable energy ball before it reached him.

However, when the energy ball was coming for Zen, an interesting idea occurred to him. As he quickly retreated, the light of the Godly Tile in his inner world flashed brightly.

At the same time, the grid of the Godly Tile engraved with the characters "Parting Water Godly Way" emitted a strong amount of internal momentum from the Godly Way.

"Parting Water Divine Mirror!"

As Zen waved his hand, streams of immense internal momentum from the Parting Water Godly Way rapidly gathered in his hand and turned into a light blue mirror.

The mirror then stayed right in front of him to shield him from the attack.

Seeing the mirror in front of Zen, David couldn't move for a second. He had a sinister grin written all over his face.

He didn't know what Zen wanted to do at first but he thought it was childish and ridiculous of him to use a mirror to block his attack.

People always ended up being hurt or killed if they acted too childish and silly. Many talents from the Nine Li race were defeated by David because of their naivety and stupid methods. It seemed to be too easy for him to kill them because of that.

As he thought about it, David watched his energy ball reach the mirror.

At that moment, everyone from the Nine Li race got extremely nervous. Elsa clenched her fists so hard that she almost pierced her palms with her sharp nails.

They weren't aware of Zen's methods either.

Although they all believed in Zen's strength and had faith that he had a reason for shielding himself with a mirror, they still couldn't help but worry the moment they saw it with their own eyes.

Even Adele was getting upset as she watched.

"Die!"

David shouted as the energy ball was about to hit.

However, things didn't go as he expected.

The energy ball bounced back towards David after gently touching the Parting Water Divine Mirror!

The energy ball was moving much faster after it bounced back.

'How is that possible?'

David looked at the energy ball in disbelief.

The energy ball got close to him in the blink of an eye. There was nothing David could do about it. He gritted his teeth as his huge body flashed. He tried to hide in the void as fast as he could.

"Break!"

Zen then raised his eyebrows slightly.

An invisible force was shot behind the energy ball.

The energy ball was unstable since the beginning, so it wasn't surprising when it exploded the moment Zen used his strength source to detonate it.

"Boom!"

A surge of violent energy began to frantically spread around.

At the same moment the energy ball exploded, the Truth of Void Destruction within it also continued to tear its surrounding space apart.

Zen was surprised to see the immense power of the energy ball.

The method of David was very rough but it was also very powerful.

The Space Law was very powerful in the universe while the Space Godly Way was one of the most powerful Godly Ways to ever exist in the divine land.

Therefore, the Truth of Void Destruction was considered to be one of the most powerful among all kinds of Truths of Godly Ways.

Unfortunately, even David himself was not able to fully control the energy ball.

After a short while, a figure staggered and fell out of the void that was not far away from Zen.

The figure was none other than David.

When the energy ball exploded, it tore its surrounding space apart. Even if David was able to hide inside the void, he wasn't completely safe from its impact.

At that moment, the golden light around David's body was much dimmer than before and his clothes were also visibly torn apart.

David's Yellow Emperor Wild Body was far stronger than any other ordinary race member. If Jerome or Lisa was attacked like that, they would have been severely injured if not completely torn into pieces.

The people of the Yellow Emperor race were all speechless.

Everyone had a grim look on their faces.

Lancelot was also silent and was still in shock.

In the eyes of Lancelot and the other elders of the Yellow Emperor race, they were still capable of winning even when everyone else had lost.

It was because they had faith that David could defeat anyone who dared to face him.

He had already surpassed the level of the Wild God. He was getting closer to the exiles and had almost reached the Other Shore Realm.

But as he battled Zen from an unknown background, David was at a disadvantage.

"What is that strange method..." David asked Zen as his teeth was gritting in anxiety.

Zen then withdrew his hand slightly as the internal momentum from the Parting Water Godly Way dissipated. The bright mirror had been broken and disappeared completely.

"It was just some silly trick," Zen answered lightly.

David's eyes were beaming with hate. "Of course it was some silly trick! If you think you can beat me with it, you are more ignorant than I thought! You must be dreaming!"

With that, he stretched out his arms and his huge body once again flew through the void as he headed straight towards Zen!

In addition to the Truth of Godly Way, David had another trump card up his sleeve.

In their world, the soul of the Wild Gods was regarded to be quite weak.

But there were always some Wild Gods who had more powerful souls and David was definitely one of them.

Several exiles had put great effort into helping him improve further. As a result, his soul was far stronger than an ordinary Wild God.

At that moment, David rushed towards Zen without any hesitation and with a light golden ring on the head of the soul in the depths of his mind. And at that same moment, the surface of the ring flashed as a strong soul force leaked out of his mind and headed straight for Zen!

Chapter 2594 Intervene

Usually, when a warrior used his soul to suppress his opponent, his soul would need to be much stronger than his opponent's.

Since Zen had stepped into this world, he discovered that the Wild Gods in this world rarely spent any time cultivating their souls.

Although the warrior's soul would naturally become strengthened over time, it was a lengthy process.

For example, since Giacomo, Adele, and the other elders of the Nine Li race, who had lived and battled all of their lives, had no increased cultivation on their souls, their souls, being inferior, could not measure up to Zen's.

Today, Zen hadn't planned on using his own soul power, as he could handle his opponents without resorting to this step.

However, he didn't expect that David would first resort to this method.

The latter was still emboldened and full of himself.

David believed that he would never lose in a soul battle against any of his peers.

Moreover, his master had gifted him with a Soul Ring. The Soul Ring not only protected his soul, but also strengthened his soul force, bolstering his potential. The Soul Ring was a precious soul weapon. If a ring bearer's opponent didn't possess a strong enough soul, he could crush that opponent with the Soul Ring.

"I'll shred your soul!" he shouted with a ferocious look gleaming in his eyes.

David had never before suffered such a devastating loss. Now he wanted to use this opportunity to kill Zen.

That soul pressure instantly attacked Zen's mind and went straight for his soul with a murderous intent.

Zen's soul quietly floated in his mind, and a smile crept onto his face when he saw David's soul pressure launching at him.

After his soul had been integrated with the Shadow Bearing Sword, Zen no longer needed to fear even the soul of a consummate True God.

The strength of David's soul was only at a level where he had barely touched the True God Soul. The gap between him and Zen was substantial. Moreover, the battle between souls was very similar to a physical battle. It was a competition of strength. If one's soul was strong, he was strong; otherwise, he was weak with a weak soul power. There were no coincidences.

As soon as David's soul attack encircled Zen's soul, it began to bite and claw crazily at Zen's soul.

In less than one second, David was left stunned.

His soul attack had not caused any harm to Zen. At the same time, he felt how the surface of Zen's soul began to twist as many glittering small golden arrows materialized.

Waves upon rippling waves of sharpened soul force was being emitted.

At this point, a look of horror finally appeared on David's face.

'How could this be?'

He had planned to deal with Zen within two steps—he would first distract Zen's mind with his soul attack, and then finish him with an attack on his physical body.

But when the first step was barely initiated, he was left dumbfounded. Zen's soul was utterly unshakable!

"Swish!"

David reacted with the speed of panic. He immediately withdrew his soul force from Zen's mind.

Yet, the moment he pulled back, Zen's face cracked into a smile.

"If you intend to humiliate yourself, I will help you," Zen said indifferently.

"Whoosh!"

An invisible soul pressure stretched forth from Zen's mind.

The soul pressure was frightening in its scope, and it rushed straight to David's mind.

These waves were a myriad of soul arrows that crashed onto David's brain, directly flooding to his soul.

David was now in a state of utter stupefaction. He had no idea how to counter Zen's soul attack.

However, as the soul arrows were about to penetrate David's soul, the Soul Ring over his head suddenly pulsed forth a circle of golden light that arched over David, firmly protecting him.

The sounds of clicking rang out as the arrows struck the golden light like a hail storm.

Countless soul arrows then altered their course, shooting up towards the Soul Ring.

Under the dizzying assault, the Soul Ring over David's head rapidly dimmed, and a visible crack quickly spread over its golden surface.

Once the Soul Ring was destroyed, David's soul would be left vulnerable, and the arrows would riddle through him like a sieve.

However, as the Soul Ring was being attacked, tens of millions of miles away from there, a middle-aged man's eyes snapped open.

He was sitting in meditation inside the Pyramid Bone Tower.

The Pyramid Bone Tower was the place of the Yellow Emperor race where they congregated for meetings.

This middle-aged man was David's master. He was one of the exiles who had created the Yellow Emperor race, the Yellow Emperor Guard, Tyler Di.

Usually, these exiles kept themselves aloof and would not meddle in these minor fights and squabbles.

Even should the members of the Yellow Emperor race be slaughtered, the exiles wouldn't be bothered as long as the enemy didn't come knocking at the bone tower.

Only if one race went too far and gained access to their opponent's bone tower, would these powerful exiles then make a move.

The Yellow Emperor race had once entered the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, but as a result, many of their Wild Gods were slaughtered by the Nine Li race. However, the exiles of the Yellow Emperor race didn't take revenge then. After all, it had been their race who broke the rule first.

Disputes among the various great races were exclusively limited to the Wild Gods, and did not involve the exiles. This was an unwritten rule as old as this very world.

The Soul Ring Tyler Di had given to David had been made of a part of his soul.

Even though it was a mere wisp of his soul, the Soul Ring could resist any soul attack from the Wild Gods of this world as their souls were too weak.

At this moment, Tyler Di unexpectedly realized that the Soul Ring was being attacked violently.

He might not have taken the attack seriously, but how could the Soul Ring not successfully block it?

If the Soul Ring failed and exploded, David's soul would in all likelihood be destroyed.

"Who is this attacker? Whose soul attack could be so powerful?" Tyler murmured in surprise.

He knew that the Yellow Emperor race had set their sights on the Sky South Bone Tower and had a battle with the Nine Li race.

It was Tyler Di's intention to take over lordship of the Sky South Bone Tower.

Although the Sky South Bone Tower wasn't large or significant, once they occupied this place, it could become an important outpost position for the Yellow Emperor race and open the door to further expansion.

Also, Lancelot had informed him that the Nine Li race had agreed to their challenge.

Tyler Di had been quite confident in David's strength. In his opinion, David was capable of winning the fight alone, if he went into battle, they could then claim the Sky South Bone Tower from their opponents.

How then was David's soul suddenly being suppressed by someone? 'Who is that guy?' Tyler Di wondered, his eyes flashing with shock as he realized an unknown entity had entered the game.

With a gentle flick of his hand, a space projection appeared in front of him.

Tyler Di, who had mainly cultivated the Truth of Void Destruction, had mastered an amazing control of space. He had become a legend for his skills among the Yellow Emperor Guards!

"Who is he? How has he cultivated his soul to such consummation at such a young age? No... He hasn't yet. Yet he has merged with the soul of a legendary weapon. Is it the Truth of Goodwill and Malice?" Noticing something strange reflected under Zen's soul pressure, Tyler Di became curious about him.

There were a limited number of people who had successfully cultivated the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

Those aged exiles of the Nine Li race had been secluded for eons, and there were quite a few disputes between the two races. Therefore Tyler Di knew much about the exiles of the Nine Li race.

None of them had ever cultivated the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

How did this man then cultivate this method, and to such a level of proficiency?

However, now was not the right time to spend his time contemplating this mystery. If he did not intervene in this matter, David would be vanquished today.

He had invested such deep hopes in David, and he couldn't bear those hopes being ruined so easily.

With a focused thought, he moved across a gap of thousands and thousands of miles and stood at the top of the Flying Sickle City.

Chapter 2595 Cheating

On the edge of the deserted land, a strange feeling came over the Wild Gods in the Flying Sickle City when they witnessed the scene.

To everyone's surprise, Zen and David remained still on the ground.

In the battle between the Wild Gods, they fought each other by turning their bodies into hundreds or even thousands of feet tall.

Never had they ever seen a soul battle.

So when they saw Zen and David standing motionless, they were dumbfounded, with no idea what the two were doing.

Even Elsa, Jerome, and Lisa watched the scene unfold with curiosity.

As the disciples of the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race, naturally, they were more experienced and knowledgeable than ordinary Wild Gods.

They had also trained their souls to a certain extent, after all.

But compared to the True Gods, the Wild Gods required little when it came to their souls, so their souls weren't as powerful. It was the first time they had seen such a soul battle.

"Just now, I felt David's soul grow very strong in an instant," Elsa said as she stared at David in the distance.

Romeo nodded lightly. "But it seems that Zen has repressed him—Zen won't lose to him in the soul battle."

After all, Zen's strong point was his soul.

And that was the very reason why Romeo led Zen into the Nine Li race.

But everyone seemed to have neglected this point after Zen's background and impressive skill were revealed.

At this point, David's head was full of regret.

To launch a soul attack through the Soul Ring was one of his greatest abilities.

No matter how powerful Zen was, so long as he couldn't resist David's soul attack, he would be easily defeated or even killed.

But never did David expect to meet a stronger counterattack from Zen after launching the soul attack.

It was made clear that Zen's soul was much stronger than his own.

The cracking resounded constantly.

More and more cracks formed on the Soul Ring—it looked like it could easily break at any time after being shot by the small soul arrows.

Once the Soul Ring broke, David was sure to die.

When he was at a loss, he suddenly felt a touch of warmth from the Soul Ring.

Somehow, the Soul Ring was repairing itself. Once it was stable, it emitted rings of golden light again.

"What's going on?"

Surprise came over David's expression.

But then he realized what happened.

It was Tyler, his master. As it turned out, Tyler was helping him from behind the scenes.

Tyler once said that the world was too desolate—it was difficult to find suitable materials to refine soul weapons.

But he promised David to refine a magic weapon that would protect his soul using a wisp of his own.

Although this piece had been condensed into a Soul Ring, in essence, it was still a part of Tyler's soul, meaning that he could still sense and manipulate it.

Seeing the Soul Ring's light grow brighter, Zen frowned.

"What a powerful magic soul weapon. But no… It's a little weird."

Under his constant attacks, the Soul Ring should've been broken long ago. But somehow, it had returned to its original state.

Even Zen could sense how the Soul Ring grew dozens of times stronger.

No matter how sharp his soul arrows were, hitting it was like an egg smashing against stone.

It was clear that this was not David's doing. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been suppressed by Zen's soul power from the beginning.

In the air above the Flying Sickle City was Tyler, hiding within the void. Assessing Zen's skill, he sighed in resignation.

"I've taught you all I know. I thought you would have no equal in this world, but incredibly enough, the Nine Li race happened upon such a powerful being. That's all I can do to help you. You need not compete with him on the soul level. You're not necessarily weaker than him. You can still activate your Dubhe Secret to defeat him."

Tyler had violated a taboo by taking action and helping David.

If the Nine Li race found out, Tyler would be in great trouble—he'd turn into a laughing stock.

His disciple was clearly no match for his opponent in the fighting court. As a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm in the Source World, he secretly helped his disciple. It was too embarrassing.

Since Tyler attached great importance to the Sky South Bone Tower, he couldn't simply let David admit defeat. However, all he could do was use such a trick to help David win.

Through the warm current coursing around his soul, David could sense Tyler's voice as it slithered into his mind.

His master's voice got him rather flustered and frightened, but he listened carefully.

As Tyler's disciple, he ran wild in the Yellow Emperor race—even the elders couldn't do anything to tame him.

Before Tyler, David behaved well and obediently.

To whatever his master said, he agreed without hesitation.

"Yes, Master! I originally wanted to take advantage of trickery to take Zen down. I'm sorry I was too impatient. If only I had displayed the Dubhe Secret, I wouldn't have fallen into such a state."

With that, David opened his eyes and shot two golden lights, staring at Zen from nearby.

After his soul attacks failed, Zen also decided to give up.

Though there was a feeling of doubt in his heart. He couldn't figure out why David's Soul Ring became so powerful in an instant.

But now was not the time to think about this.

"I didn't expect your soul to be so powerful," David said, looking at Zen hesitantly.

He had always been highly proud of himself, and he had every right to be so.

His master had once said that save for the exiles, he was the most outstanding in terms of both the blood and the talent in this world.

Even among the people of the Snake Goddess race, no one was better than him.

And it was true.

Since he was a child, he had never encountered anyone more powerful than him or anyone he couldn't overcome.

Jerome and Lisa had been very formidable in the past and yet David only used 40% of his strength to defeat Lisa and barely 60% of his strength to defeat Jerome.

Such strength was enough to put him above all the talents in the world.

But this strange fellow appeared out of nowhere and outshone him in terms of both the True God system and soul strength.

It was difficult for him to accept the fact—the frustration was like a sharp knife piercing his heart.

Only when he killed Zen could he ever pull out that knife, he believed.

"Do you think you can defeat me with such power?" David continued.

Now, the golden light on his body began to change.

The golden light that evenly covered his body seemed to come alive and begin flowing slowly.

In most of the Wild Gods' eyes, the Yellow Emperor Wild Body was supposed to condense a layer of golden light comparable to solid metal on the body.

Most of the members of the Yellow Emperor race could use the Yellow Emperor Wild Body to this extent only.

But as a member of the Yellow Emperor race, David's blood was included in the Dubhe Chamber, enabling him to activate the Dubhe Secret.

The exiles had been estranged from their clansmen in this world. Foe example, all these years, Ramzi had never seen his daughter, Adele.

As a result, very few of them were willing to take the Wild Gods as disciples.

But because of David's blood, Tyler was willing to accept him.

Chapter 2596 The Dubhe Secret

Just like the Nine Li race, the Yellow Emperor race also had various levels of blood purity.

However, it wasn't classified into different levels but rather into chambers.

The Yellow Emperor race had a total of nine chambers in the Source World.

The disciples of the Yellow Emperor race were segregated into different chambers as per the different degrees of blood purity.

The Dubhe Chamber was ranked first among the nine chambers.

The Dubhe Chamber was inferior to the imperial-grade bloodline of the Nine Li race, but it was also quite excellent.

Those who were part of the Dubhe Chamber could activate the Dubhe Secret in their blood.

The Dubhe Secret was David's most powerful trump card.

Wisps of golden light floated out and converged into a mysterious pamphlet.

This pamphlet was known as the Dubhe Pamphlet.

Very few people in the Yellow Emperor race were able to create the Dubhe Pamphlet, and each person's Dubhe Pamphlet was different.

If David was born in the Source World, he would be sent to the Dubhe Chamber and study his own pamphlet. It contained very strong and complicated power, which involved the origins and secrets of the Yellow Emperor race.

However, David couldn't examine it in this world.

He had scrutinized his pamphlet with the help of Tyler, and up to now, he had only mastered a small part of it.

After all, this was not the Source World and exiles had limited abilities.

Crack!

When the golden light flowed on to the Dubhe Pamphlet for a while, it turned into a black light and covered the surface of David's body.

Soon, David was entirely engulfed by the black light.

His physical figure, which was over ten thousand feet tall, emitted a black light. He looked very strange.

Not only were Zen and the Nine Li people looking at him weirdly, even the people of the Yellow Emperor race were staring at him curiously.

"Is this still Yellow Emperor Wild Body?"

"Is this black light the power of our blood?"

"It's so bizarre."

Some elders and disciples of the Yellow Emperor race were discussing in hushed tones.

One thing was certain: they felt that David's energy had increased greatly.

However, this force was too alien for them. They couldn't wrap their heads around it. It was as if David was no longer a member of their race.

"Indeed, that is the power of our race," Lancelot said as he regarded David in the distance. "However, this power is not something an ordinary member of our race can possess."

The fact that David had the Dubhe Secret was known to only the exiles and a few members of the Yellow Emperor race. Grand Elder Lancelot was one of them.

Lancelot still couldn't figure out why David, who was born in this world, had such strong blood.

"I've never used the Dubhe Secret in actual combat." David looked at the black light on his body and smiled at Zen. "You are the first opponent to see it!"

Swish!

He pointed the two knives at Zen again and said, "It's not your fault if you're defeated by me, so no hard feelings!"

Splash!

With a flip of his two sharp knives, two crossed rays of black blade radiance appeared. It was as if a big cross was drawn on the white rice paper with a brush made of top-grade wolf hair. The two beams of blade radiance spiraled over.

"The blade radiance is very powerful." Zen raised his eyebrows suddenly.

He didn't dare to go straight to their front; he floated slightly and managed to dodge them.

As David saw that Zen dodged the attack, a trace of disdain appeared on his face. Instead of using more force to suppress Zen, he remained calm and raised the two sharp knives again.

Clang!

The sharp knives crisscrossed, and two more rays of intertwined black blade radiance emerged.

The blade radiance was tens of thousands of feet long. It could extend to hundreds of thousands of feet when it shot out.

The Wild Gods of the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race stayed where they were.

But the Wild Gods from the Flying Sickle City had to move away to protect themselves.

Although they were standing at a safe distance, they couldn't help but worry about the terrible consequence if they were accidentally caught in combat.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Streaks of black blade radiance zoomed past.

On the other hand, David was strolling towards Zen at a leisurely pace instead of chasing him.

"Weren't you very strong earlier? You can't do anything now, can you?" David glanced at Zen, hoping that he would give him the satisfaction of watching him struggle and resist. He liked to feel superior to his opponents, but if the gap between him and his opponents was too great, he would get bored.

Whoosh!

As two beams of crossed blade radiance dashed towards him, Zen waved his hand again.

Buzz!

The Parting Water Divine Mirror was already set in front of him.

But the mirror didn't work this time.

When the two beams of crossed black blade radiance touched the mirror, it shattered into pieces.

Fortunately, Zen was extremely fast. When he saw the mirror breaking, he quickly retreated and rolled to the other side, making a huge crater on the ground in order to avoid the black radiance.

"I can't believe that you can't resist the blade radiance!" David laughed coldly. "I thought you could resist everything!"

David and Zen chased each other in the deserted land, and the two races fretted about them.

"What method has David used to boost his strength like this all of a sudden? Zen can do him no harm," said an elder of the Nine Li race worriedly.

"What exactly is the black blade radiance? It is really very powerful," asked Giacomo with a frown.

Originally, Zen had had the upper hand, but now he was unable to fight back. Naturally, they were anxious.

Adele had been studying Zen nervously, not saying a word.

Zen was a newcomer in the Nine Li race and did not display his full strength to her.

Since he was a True God, he must have his own unique skills but Adele didn't know if he could fight against David.

Poof!

Zen avoided another ray of crossed black blade radiance.

However, the black blade radiance swept past Zen's back dangerously close, leaving a bloody wound on his back.

He immediately felt a burning sensation.

After his body was rebuilt, its strength was further boosted. However, the attack of the black blade radiance left it weak and vulnerable.

"It's about time we end our battle," said David with a smug smile when he saw an injured Zen. "I can feel your fear, helplessness and unwillingness. These are emotions that paralyze weak people like you! If you are willing to kneel before me and beg me for mercy, I may consider sparing your life."

"Are you kidding me? You think I need you to spare my life?" Zen sneered.

David didn't care about Zen's attitude and spoke slowly, "How stubborn you are! Like the guy killed by Roy, you have to use your own life to finish the battle!"

As he spoke, he raised the two sharp knives again. This time, the black light on his body began to flicker violently. It looked like the end of the battle was close.

Hearing Roy's name, Romeo and the others were very sad. After all, Monty from the Nine Li race was the only one to be killed in this battle.

But now, they were even more worried about Zen.

Giacomo had planned to ask Zen to admit defeat directly. Zen had done his best anyway. They were convinced that Zen's skills were inferior to David's.

Whoosh!

However, Zen held his long emerald green sword horizontally across his chest, a faint smile appearing on his face. "We do need to end the battle, but I don't intend to use my life."

As soon as he finished speaking, the internal momentum within his body began to mix crazily.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2597 Going For The Kill

The fight between the two races, namely the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor was predicted to be at its end. Both sides knew that it was already the final showdown for the battle for the Sky South Bone Tower.

Back on the ongoing battle, it appeared that David had an absolute advantage.

Zen had no way to confront David who had activated the Dubhe Secret.

Every Nine Li warriors present who had been watching the fight had the same thought.

They saw how Zen had given all his best to suppress the opposing side. If he was really no match for David, they thought that he'd better admit defeat as soon as possible.

For Elsa, Romeo and some others, they had a deeper impression that Zen was considered to be more important than the Sky South Bone Tower.

Everyone was lost in their own thoughts and feelings about the fight going on, but at this moment, an extremely complex aura suddenly emitted from Zen's huge body.

Zen, all along, had always kept his hidden trump card. The complex aura that was just emitted from his body was the Ways-blending Strike.

When he first came to this world, he couldn't tell the strength of those Wild Gods. His action all this time, fighting with them several times, was to test the waters.

Even after entering the Nine Li race and cultivating in the Wild God system, he had never used the Ways-blending Strike.

"Buzz..."

The fused internal momentum began to rise in Zen's inner world. After escaping from his inner world, it circulated in his giant body.

The energy was afterwards attached to Zen's long sword. Like a brown flame, it slowly rolled, and swirled around the long sword.

"What kind of energy is this?"

"What an intimidating aura!" "Just a glance of it will make me feel depressed!"

"Is this Zen's trump card?"

Astonishment filled the people of the Nine Li race as they saw what happened. Perhaps, a flicker of hope lingered for victory.

It was an unexpected move for Zen to have such a trump card hidden up his sleeves.

David also noticed the brown energy lingering on Zen's long sword.

The momentum contained in the energy was so complex and powerful that he had never seen this before.

Facing a sudden and strange situation, there was no way for him to retreat. He was a proud man who never gave in.

The more powerful Zen seemed, the more intense the fighting intent in David's heart became.

"Swish, swish!"

David madly activated the blood power in his body. The black light grew more brilliant, and the aura he emitted was now even on par with Zen's!

Two powerful auras surged up into the sky and reverberated on this wild land...

The auras had spread for thousands of miles.

The people in the Flying Sickle City, even the people residing outside were also affected by the auras.

The expression of the ordinary people turned ghastly pale as their hearts thumped wildly.

Some of the Wild Gods also felt the pressure!

Tyler, who was hiding in the void, fixed his focus and eyed Zen's long sword.

"That power! This is the energy of the Godly Ways Great Unity! Although there are only a few hundred Godly Ways that are merged in the energy, it's already perfect. They have been merged using the Truth of Cultivation Nature." Tyler was truly surprised at this scene.

In the Source World, the exploration of strength source, soul power, life vitality, and chaotic energy was stuck at a bottleneck.

The powerful masters who reached the Other Shore Realm focused on the level of energy when exploring strength. Many powerful warriors hoped to unify all kinds of energy they had mastered. Mastering these various kinds of energy would, in turn, reveal the mysteries of the chaos.

The powerful masters, who were second only to the ancient gods, did figure out different kinds of Ways-blending Energy based on their own ideas.

They had only merged a part of the energies, but it was far from reaching the level of great unity.

They had learned a lot from the process of fusing different Godly Ways, and it helped them create their own schools. Each school held a different theory of fusing Godly Ways.

Above everything else, the Godly Ways Great Unity shouldn't have appeared in this world. Even more so, it shouldn't have appeared on a little boy.

Back to the battle, Zen and David continued their fierce fight.

"Sure enough, you didn't let me down!"

David cried out as his face turned red from excitement. He was very eager to face the life-and-death battle against Zen.

"Ahahah..."

Black light circled around his whole body, it soon spiraled up to gather around his two sharp knives.

Without any scruple, he activated his blood power to the extreme!

"Whoosh!" "Swoosh!"

He crossed the two knives in his hands and slashed. It immediately produced a beam of black blade radiance.

The black blade radiance was shaped like a death cross which spread to a width of tens of thousands of feet, heading straight for Zen!

Zen's eyes narrowed slightly facing David's attack. This time, he no longer had the slightest intention to dodge. He brandished the long sword in his hand.

"Ways-blending Strike!"

The sword emitted a light of thirty thousand feet long, and viciously spread out.

As the brown sword radiance came out, the light in the area stretching out a hundred miles had started to dim.

Hundreds of kinds of internal momentum were fused together in an extremely complex state and turned into an intensely violent energy. The energy was so overwhelming that it made the people who looked at it felt suffocated.

"Sizz!"

Zen's sword light instantly collided with the two black blade lights slashed out by David.

To everyone's surprise, the violent collision of the two powerful energies didn't cause too much noise.

After the collision, the two beams of black blade radiance quickly disappeared, as if they had been devoured by the sword radiance. David's two rays of black blade radiance were crushed by Zen's sword radiance like dry weed and soon dissipated into thin air.

The sword radiance's momentum didn't reduce and it even continued to go straight to David!

"He wins!"

Seeing the movements of the sword radiance, Adele raised her eyebrows.

A hint of joy appeared on the faces of the warriors of the Nine Li race. They were overjoyed about how things had progressed. In the end, Zen didn't let them down.

David had disbelief written all over his face. He opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but the speed at which the sword radiance moved was extremely fast towards him.

The sword radiance swiftly charged and in a blink of an eye, came straight at him!

He even forgot to go into the void to avoid Zen's sword radiance attack.

"Alas..."

Tyler, who had been hiding in the void, sighed faintly.

He had hoped that his disciple could defeat Zen, but upon catching a sight of the Ways-blending Strike, he knew that David would surely be defeated.

The Yellow Emperor race was determined to take over the Sky South Bone Tower.

"It's a foul play, but I have no choice. Don't blame me, boy," Tyler muttered. As this thought flashed through his mind, a strong will instantly appeared in the Soul Ring in David's mind.

David's movement halted for a quick second as his eyes lost their luster. His figure became unusually quick.

Facing the sword light, he retreated while at the same time waved the two sharp knives in his hands in an unusual quick motion!

"Cre-ka-rack!"

Every time the sharp blades clashed with Zen's sword radiance, they had weakened the sword radiance a bit.

David continued to slash about seventy times, and every strike landed on the anterior of the sword radiance. This technique of controlling with utmost precision had amazed everyone.

He retreated several hundred steps after the attack. The sword radiance seemed to be disintegrated by him!

"Whoosh!"

David, now whose eyes were lifeless, raised the two sharp knives in his hands and stepped forward. He traveled through space and rushed straight towards Zen.

Out of a sudden, it looked like he had become a completely different person.

Zen was shocked about the change in David's action. He abruptly rolled to the side out of reflex.

However, his speed was still a little slow.

The strike that came out from the void had already slid past Zen's shoulder, leaving a two thousand feet long trace of blood behind his back!

David who had succeeded in leaving a hit on Zen's body was not satisfied. Zen was still on the process of stabilizing himself, but another sharp knife had come at Zen's back. He was going for the kill!

Chapter 2598 Draw The Bow

The sudden and unexpected change stunned everyone who saw.

A series of attacks from David dazzled them and Zen was immediately cornered.

He knew he had no place to hide.

He moved his elixir field as soon as he could to create an invisible force.

The Buddha Emperor Sword which wasn't completely solidified yet rushed towards David.

"Bang!"

The Buddha Emperor Sword landed on his body and prevented him from moving.

As he saw an opening, Zen quickly distanced himself from David.

"What the... He shaped it with his strength source? How did he do it so easily? He really is full of tricks I haven't seen before."

Tyler was speechless. He didn't expect Zen to have so many tricks that were very unique and innovative.

However, he had no intentions of letting Zen go.

If he wanted to get rid of Zen who was more outstanding than David, he had to do it as soon as possible to make sure everything went as he planned.

So he continued manipulating David to go all out on Zen.

Under the constant pressure from David, all Zen could do was dodge his attacks.

But it seemed that David was always one step ahead of Zen and was able to take full advantage of his speed. Occasionally, he would use the Truth of Void Destruction to launch a sneak attack in the void.

While they were fighting, Zen moved as fast as he could because he knew he was in a dangerous situation.

On the top of the Sky South Bone Tower not far from the Flying Sickle City, a huge eye was watching everything that was happening in the Flying Sickle City.

No. 9527 didn't care about the ongoing fight between the Wild Gods at all.

In their master's eyes, these creatures were nothing but puny insects. Even the exiles were just larger insects.

The only person able to intrigue No. 9527 was Zen.

The brain masters asked No. 9527 to watch Zen closely and record his every move.

If possible, they wanted it to get as close to him as possible.

They knew that his own strength alone was not enough for helping himself cross the shore. He needed someone to guide him.

"It's just a duel. Why does the exile intervene in it?"

No. 9527 was confused because it usually had trouble understanding humans' intentions.

Tyler had already mastered the Truth of Void Destruction perfectly, which meant that no one was able to notice that he was hiding in the void.

However, no matter how powerful he was, he could not hide himself from No. 9527.

The latter's eye could see through the void. It could see every single move Tyler made.

It wouldn't usually intervene in ordinary duels. Taking advantage of such an opportunity, it was able to observe more carefully and meticulously.

Just now, Zen had already shown that he had the ability to combine the Godly Ways.

This surprised No. 9527. It was able to feel the aura from the great unity.

Though the aura wasn't much, it still took shape.

Both of the master and the brain masters explained that

the great unity ceased to exist because it was already extinct.

All the creatures that were lucky enough to feel the aura of the great unity had transformed into Chaos Ancient Gods and become a part of this world.

It was not going to work out the same way they expected.

Unfortunately, there were still a lot of creatures that dreamt of taking over the ultimate mystery in the chaos.

If No. 9527 could approach Zen, it would definitely tell him not to take the same path.

It could sense that the exile in the void had gone too far. When it noticed that Zen was in great danger, it became angrier and angrier.

It was really shameless for an exile to bully a junior that gravely, the same way those gigantic brain masters bullied No. 9527.

The brain masters already told No. 9527 to protect Zen as much as it could.

At that thought, it decided to make full use of its given authority.

The top of the Sky South Bone Tower began to tremble once again but the tower was so huge that no one was able to detect its movement.

A new seed solidified beside the eye as the bone tower continued to tremble.

The seed grew rapidly. Not long after, it blossomed and yielded a fruit.

There was a tight bone bow inside the fruit.

The bone bow was about three hundred feet wide and the arrow hanging on the bowstring was six hundred and twenty feet long.

The top of the Sky South Bone Tower was about 873.6 billion miles away from the Flying Sickle City.

It would take about 140 years for No. 9527 to successfully shoot the arrow into the Flying Sickle City with the help of the bowstring.

But there were some hollow patterns on the arrow, which were created by a very small portion of the Truth of Void Destruction from No. 9527.

However, even the smallest portion of the Truth of Void Destruction from a Chaos Ancient God was something beyond the exiles' imagination. If the arrow successfully passed through the void, it would definitely hit Tyler in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower of the Nine Li race...

"I think there is something strange about David," Ramzi said worriedly.

The exiles also observed Zen more closely.

The oldest man began to hesitate. He had also sensed that there was something wrong with David but he couldn't place what it was.

"Please save Zen right away. We have to admit our defeat in this battle. It is our best option. It's okay to give the Sky South Bone Tower to the Yellow Emperor race," said Leopold firmly.

The oldest man frowned. "I refuse to let Zen die but if I make a move now, the Yellow Emperor race will surely make fun of us."

"Nothing is more important than Zen's life right now," Ramzi continued.

"Of course," the oldest man replied as he nodded his head. "We should wait a while. If Zen is unable to keep fighting, I will take him back immediately."

Given the oldest man's power, it wouldn't be much trouble for him to get Zen back to the Sky Spirit Bone Tower in an instant.

Although they had already noticed some hints that there was something wrong with David, they still failed to notice that Tyler was hiding in the void.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

The two sharp knives of David flew violently and immediately went for Zen once again.

Under the control of Tyler, David was now much powerful than mid-rank True Gods.

Even the elders were surprised to see his improvement, but Zen was still able to deflect his attack with his long sword.

"You are starting to get into my nerves."

Tyler was getting a bit angry. After thinking about it for a while, he continued to control his puppet David. His attack became more and more ferocious after every strike.

Zen tried his best to calm down and deal with the enemy without losing his cool.

However, the gap between him and Tyler was so enormous that it couldn't be ignored. Under the endless suppression from David, Zen finally showed a flaw.

David then focused all his attacks on this flaw.

"Clang!"

A clear sound was heard.

Zen's legs were cut by the two sharp knives and he could no longer stand firmly. His long sword was suddenly thrown into the air before piercing the ground tens of thousands of feet away from them. It then shrank down to only several feet long.

David's eyes went totally blank as he slowly walked towards Zen, gripping his two sharp knives tightly.

"It's time to finally put an end to this fight," said David in a strange tone.

At the same time, No. 9527's consciousness appeared at the top of the Sky South Bone Tower. "You lose."

All of a sudden, the bow was drawn.

Chapter 2599 Exposure

Soon after the Chaos Ancient God's death, most of his powers and skills were distributed among the brain masters.

But the powers seemed to be wasted on those naive brain masters. They were only concerned with their inner beautiful dreams in the spiritual world and cared least about what was happening outside.

On the contrary, the brain units like No. 9527 showed keen interest in the outside world.

Sometimes the brain masters would assign their powers to the brain units like No. 9527 to fulfill certain tasks that seemed to take too much of their time.

Every once in a while, some undisciplined exiles would try to break into the Chaos Ancient God's skull, but they were easily eliminated by the small brain units.

Of course, like No. 9527, they too had borrowed the strength from the Chaos Ancient God.

"Swish!"

The arrow with a considerable length of about 620 feet disappeared the moment it left the bowstring.

According to the estimation of No. 9527, the arrow would find its target Tyler, who was hiding in the void, in a very short time.

But Tyler was very proficient in the Truth of Void Destruction. There was a chance of survival for him from the arrow.

However, No. 9527 didn't consider the probability that Tyler could even dodge the arrow. Tyler's life was like dust to it, and held little significance for it.

What was important was to refrain Tyler from killing Zen.

Tyler, who was hiding in the void, carefully controlled David and gradually forced Zen into a corner.

He felt like he was fighting Zen in person. He never imagined that Zen could be so stubborn. It took tremendous effort on his part to duel with Zen.

Tyler sighed as he felt sorry for Zen. After all, Zen was his opponent now.

Just as he was about to end Zen's life, he suddenly felt a tremor.

He solely focused on practicing the Truth of Void Destruction. Hence, he had a sharp sense of space, which was far more superior to other exiles.

Even though the wave of spatial fluctuation was tens of billions of miles away, he could still sense it. What was more, he knew it headed in his direction.

'It's a fluctuation that will come very soon. I think...'

His pupils dilated, as he thought about the fluctuation.

He barely had enough time to gauge the speed of the fluctuation. It was much faster than he had expected.

Terror crept through his spine, in turn freezing his mind and thoughts.

He didn't have time to think. Instinctively he twisted his body and activated the Truth of Void Destruction to eliminate the void that had helped him to hide.

As soon as the void was disposed of, he immediately bounced out and stumbled in the air for a long time before he could stop himself. He felt a bit giddy with the fall.

As soon as he was pushed out, a slender white form flew past him from behind.

The figure had reached the vertex of its speed. In the Flying Sickle City, except for Tyler, no one really saw it clearly.

Suddenly, the white figure flew into the void again and disappeared without a trace. Tyler could hardly make out its route.

Tyler looked towards the direction from where the white figure flew. Judging from the distance, he could tell that the white figure came from the high sky where there was only the Sky South Bone Tower.

Did this attack come from that tower?

While Tyler was lost in his thoughts, David, who was under his control, continued to stand motionless.

Zen took advantage of this opportunity to keep some distance away from David. He looked at Tyler in puzzlement. He didn't imagine that there was someone hiding in the void above him. Judging from Tyler's aura, he could tell that he was an exile.

Zen was not the only one to be puzzled. Everyone from the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race stared at Tyler with a strange expression.

It was an established rule that the exiles would not participate in the battles between the Wild Gods. And so far, all of them peacefully followed this rule.

Even the people of the Yellow Emperor race was shocked to see Tyler appear out of nowhere.

"Splash!"

Up above, a bright white vortex was rolling slowly.

Soon a figure floated out of the vortex. Before he could step out, an angry voice rang out. "The Yellow Emperor race has always been following the rules diligently. By hiding here, you have tarnished your race's image and put my clansman's life at stake! Tyler, I want to know how you will justify your actions!"

Ramzi bellowed those words as he walked out of the vortex. His face darkened as he glared at Tyler.

He had sensed there was something wrong with David, but the oldest man kept stopping him, so he didn't do anything to save Zen.

He knew that the oldest man wanted to see Zen's limits, but he didn't know that Zen could hardly resist David who was controlled by Tyler.

Tyler felt thoroughly embarrassed after being questioned by Ramzi.

He had been very confident that he would go undetected by the Nine Li race with the help of the Truth of Void Destruction.

However, someone had attacked him from the top of the Sky South Bone Tower. If he hadn't run fast, he would have been pierced through by that arrow.

Although he escaped the disaster, he exposed himself completely.

"I... I..." Tyler also realized that he had stepped over the line. However, his confidence came back as an idea formed in his head. With a smirk he replied, "I was just observing the fight. David is my disciple. I was concerned that something untoward might happen to him. What's wrong with that?"

Hearing Tyler's explanation, Lancelot and the other elders of the Yellow Emperor race were relieved.

They were not aware that David was completely under Tyler's control, like a puppet.

But the Nine Li race found out his true intentions. Things were getting very intense.

Tyler was left with no option but to deny it.

Ramzi sneered, "Watch the fight? Really? And is this the way to watch the fight? By hiding in a void?"

As he spoke, he pointed his finger at the top of the sky and infused a force of soul into David's brain.

David, who had been fuzzy in the brain, quickly sobered up. After he regained his strength, his body started shaking violently. He looked in surprise at Tyler. "Master? Why are you here? I feel so weird. It seemed that I was being manipulated by someone."

Hearing David speak, Lancelot sighed helplessly and rubbed his forehead. Although David was extremely talented, he could be real slow in observing the situation around him.

As for his master Tyler, the corners of his mouth twitched in nervousness.

Ramzi said, "Tyler, what else do you have to say?"

Frowning, Tyler looked at Ramzi and then at his disciple David. He cursed himself for his action.

If he had known that he would be exposed, he would have never interfered in the fight.

Even if they lost, at least, he would not put himself and his race in such a position.

At that moment, ripples appeared in the space behind Tyler, out of which a faint voice floated out. "Tyler's actions can be justified to his impulse. Ramzi, you don't have to be too hard because of this. You want the Sky South Bone Tower, right? We can give it to you."

"Give it to us? Is this a joke? We won the bet in a fair deal, so automatically the Sky South Bone Tower belongs to us. In what context do you mean that you will give it to us?" Ramzi asked coldly.

Chapter 2600 Prove

The exiles were imprisoned in this world and they were all aware of each other's existence.

Ramzi could tell from the voice that it was Spark Yan from the Yellow Emperor race who was speaking.

This person's status in the Yellow Emperor race was the same as that of the old man in the Nine Li race. He was one of the most powerful characters in this world.

However, this didn't intimidate Ramzi. He didn't back off.

The Yellow Emperor race only fought for the Sky South Bone Tower in these challenge matches, so it was amply clear that they didn't intend to start a war.

Moreover, the Light of Adjudication, which appeared once every one thousand years, was about to arrive. This was not the ideal time to have a big face-off.

Furthermore, even if the Yellow Emperor race really wanted to start a war, the Nine Li race would not fear its opponents.

Ramzi was pretty confident about this.

Ripples flashed in the space behind Tyler once more, and Spark's voice came through the ripples.

"So then... What do you want?"

It sounded like Spark wanted this to be over now.

Adele, Giacomo, and some others exchanged silent glances.

Admittedly, they were furious that Tyler had manipulated David during the battle. But strangely, Tyler had recklessly exposed himself, which gave the Nine Li race a chance to take advantage.

The Nine Li warriors knew exactly what that question meant and Ramzi was even clearer what he was going to do. He smiled faintly and said, "It's very simple. The Yellow Emperor race should take their hands off the cities within five million miles around the Sky South Bone Tower."

If they took their hands off, it meant that they would have to quit.

These large races would never publicly announce that they had occupied these cities. After all, the cities where the people of the wilderness gathered were not important enough to attract the attention of these large races. Those who controlled the cities were usually sects that belonged to the race that occupied the place.

What Ramzi meant was that the sects that belonged to the Yellow Emperor race should leave the area of five million miles around the Sky South Bone Tower!

When the warriors of the Yellow Emperor race heard this, they were furious!

For this generation, the Sky South Bone Tower had been shared equally by the two races. Even if the Yellow Emperor race gave up the Sky South Bone Tower, they would only lose one bone tower and four cities. If they were to retreat five million miles away...

This would have a great influence on the Yellow Emperor race.

"This is too much!"

"We can't agree!"

"It's impossible…"

The warriors of the Yellow Emperor race immediately heard a buzz.

Lancelot's face darkened. But since Tyler was here, as the Grand Elder, he had no say so he had to remain silent.

It was Tyler's fault that the matter had ended like this. If Tyler hadn't cheated in the fight, Yellow Emperor race would have lost only the Sky South Bone Tower and nothing more. Besides, the idea of having this challenge was also Tyler's. Unfortunately, his disciple failed and was defeated by Zen.

Lancelot looked at David in the distance and shook his head sadly. Although he didn't like David, he had to admit that David indeed had extraordinary strength.

If he were Tyler, he might have made the same choice.

Who would have thought that a boy in the Nine Li race would be even more powerful than David?

The ripples in the air were calm for a while. After a long time, the voice said, "Okay. As compensation, our Yellow Emperor race will leave the area of five million miles around the Sky South Bone Tower."

Ramzi was stunned that Spark agreed so quickly.

He had just made his demand casually and was ready for negotiations. But he didn't expect it to be so easy. The other party seemed unfazed by it.

This uncharacteristic behavior made him a little suspicious, but he couldn't figure out what Spark was thinking, so he simply replied, "That's good!"

"Spark! How can you agree to such an outrageous condition?" Tyler was a little incensed.

Although this predicament was caused by him, this agreement would cause a lot of losses to the Yellow Emperor race. Of course, Tyler was unhappy.

"We will discuss this after you come back," came Spark's voice.

Tyler was filled with helplessness. Looking at the Nine Li warriors, especially Zen, a strong hatred arose in him. But he could do nothing about it now.

Just as Tyler was about to leave, Lancelot, the Grand Elder of the Yellow Emperor race suddenly stopped him. "Wait!"

Glancing at Lancelot, Tyler asked, "What more do you want now?"

Lancelot's eyes fell on Zen in the distance, and he said, "For this battle, we required that the warriors participating in the fight should be the members of the two races. Zen is indeed powerful and he has defeated David, but he doesn't seem to have the bloodline of the Nine Li race."

If there was really such a talent disciple in the Nine Li race, it was impossible that they would not have heard of him in the Nine Li race before.

Previously, Lancelot had his doubts. More importantly, Zen hadn't displayed his Nine Li Wild Body!

Therefore, Lancelot suspected that the Nine Li race had borrowed Zen from another race who also had a noble bloodline. In that case, it was impossible for Zen to obtain a set of bloodline of the Nine Li race. If this was true, then Nine Li race would have violated the rules first and then this challenge would be dismissed.

The moment Tyler heard Lancelot's words, his eyes lit up. He had come in a hurry without catching this point.

"Yes! Let that boy prove that he is a Nine Li member!"

"I've never heard of such a person in the Immemorial Wilderness. It's impossible for him to just pop out of a rock!"

"This is true. Zen's background seems to be unknown."

The people of the Yellow Emperor race seemed to have got a life-saving straw. This was probably the only thing they could hold on at the moment to turn the tables.

But David was indifferent about the entire matter.

He didn't care about who would finally get the Sky South Bone Tower or where Zen was from. He only knew that he had been defeated by Zen.

The Yellow Emperor members began to make a ruckus, but the people of the Nine Li race were calm.

Zen did not come from the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, but he was a genuine Nine Li member.

A strange smile appeared on Adele's face when she heard Lancelot's words. She then said to Zen blandly, "Since Lancelot has doubts about your origin, you might want to clear his doubts."

Zen nodded slightly.

It was not difficult for him to transform into the Nine Li Wild Body. It was just that he had not got the chance to use it in these battles.

Lisa and Jerome didn't pose any threat to him. In fact, while going against David at the beginning, he was able to suppress him easily.

After David was manipulated by Tyler, Zen had no chance to transform into the Blood Wild Body.

With everyone's gaze on him, Zen activated his Nine LI Wild Body through his thought. The bones and meridians in his body were surging, and another two heads and two pairs of arms sprouted from his body. He quickly turned into a creature with three heads and six arms!

Three heads and six arms, and that too, all real!

Moreover, there were few mid-rank Wild Gods who could turn into this form with three heads and six arms. If Zen could also achieve it, it meant that his blood was pure and rare. Considering this, it was not strange that he could manage such a feat.

Seeing this, Tyler snorted and stepped into the air, disappearing right before everyone's eyes.

Lancelot cupped his hands towards Adele but had nothing else to say. He led the Yellow Emperor members and left.

As for the Wild Gods who were quietly watching in the distance, some were happy while others were worried. After all, today's battle had determined the division of power in the territory of the Sky South Bone Tower.

From now on, all the forces that were attached to the Yellow Emperor race would be removed and other people would replace them.

Chapter 2601 Activate The Sky South Bone Tower

After the Yellow Emperor race left, some managers from the Flying Sickle City came up to congratulate the Nine Li race.

Two of the managers belonged to the Yellow Emperor race's subsidiary sects, but they turned against them the first chance they got.

After all, the Yellow Emperor race wouldn't be able to take care of the subsidiary sects when they decided to withdraw. These people would probably need to plan their own lives in the future. People without external motivation would easily betray the Yellow Emperor race.

However, the people of the Nine Li race weren't in the mood to talk to them, so they dismissed them just after a few words.

There was no need for the Nine Li race to manage their cities as the race's three major subsidiary sects would take care of everything.

"The Sky South Bone Tower has been closed for 13, 000 years, and today, it's finally going to open. Adele, go ahead and open it with the others," Ramzi said to his daughter with a smile.

Adele nodded as she looked at her father with confusion. "Father, are you leaving so soon?"

"No." Ramzi shook his head before shifting his gaze toward the top of the Sky South Bone Tower. "I still have to check on something."

All of the Nine Li race's exiles were staring at this spot when Zen fought David, but none of them had noticed Tyler hiding in the void. The moment he fell out of the void, they sensed a strong force rushing towards him.

The force almost disappeared immediately. However, Ramzi could tell that it was the power that forced Tyler to come out of the void.

He had no idea who helped the Nine Li race at this critical moment, and whether friend or foe, he wanted to know who it was.

He had already felt the force was coming from somewhere extremely high. Judging from the direction and distance, it must be coming from the top of the Sky South Bone Tower.

"Okay."

Adele nodded slightly, a little displeased.

She was Ramzi's daughter, but she seldom saw her father in her whole life. And yet because of Zen, her father had appeared several times. The difference in his attitudes toward Zen and toward her was so great that she couldn't help but feel wronged..

Ramzi smiled knowingly seeing his daughter's expression.

"Do you still remember the stories I told you?" Adele heard her father speak using his life vitality. "Perhaps it wouldn't be long till we can go home."

Adele was stunned when she heard this.

Although she didn't see her father often in the past, she often heard his voice during her childhood.

Whenever she felt upset, she would always run to the big screen to ask her father for comfort, and Ramzi would tell her a lot of interesting stories.

And the stories he told were all set in the Source World.

She had heard a myriad of ancient legends, from the Snake Goddess creating the human beings to all sorts of strange theurgies.

And every time, she pestered her father to take her to the Source World.

As she grew up, she realized that the world they were in was a huge prison and her father was one of the prisoners, which meant that she and the other Wild Gods were the children of the prisoners.

Leaving the world was simply an impossible dream.

Adele did not feel disappointed about their inability to leave this world. After all, she was one of the aboriginals of this world. This was her birthplace.

However, after everything her father said, she felt her world turn upside down and she didn't know what to think or how to react.

"Father, what do you mean?" she asked, using her life vitality.

Ramzi smiled, "It's just a possibility. You'll know it one day."

Adele did not know about the news that Zen had given to the exiles, and Ramzi couldn't tell her just yet. Right now, he could only use it to comfort his daughter.

To be candid, most of the exiles weren't completely sold on Zen's news, but because they were desperate to leave this place, they would cling on to every little hope that came their way.

Ramzi then waved his hand and a vortex appeared in front of him. He stepped into it, leaving Adele in a daze.

It was not until Giacomo called her a few times that Adele came to her senses. She turned to the crowd and said, "Everyone, please follow me. We will open the Sky South Bone Tower!"

When the Sky South Bone Tower was opened, it would become the second stronghold of the Nine Li race.

If it had been in the past, it would have brought great joy to Adele. After all, it meant that her race had expanded by a lot. There were quite a few races with strong blood in them, and yet they could only stay in the same bone tower. The Nine Li race now had two bone towers, and very few races could possess two bone towers.

But just now her father had told her that they were going to leave this world.

She finally understood what her father had told her before they set out.

Her father had told her that the most important thing was not the outcome of the battle but that Zen remained unharmed. It seemed that her father and the others were planning something.

On the top of the Sky South Bone Tower, No. 9527 hummed, satisfied with the arrow it just shot.

It liked to sing when it was in a good mood, and it'd go as far as to call itself a soul singer. It was a fitting name in its opinion, as the song it sang could reach and intoxicate the soul.

However, those old-fashioned brain masters were not into it and it was often forbidden to sing in the spiritual world.

Just then, No. 9527 sensed something odd.

'The exile of the Nine Li race is here, ' it thought to himself.

Realizing this, No. 9527 went deep down into the bone tower.

Meanwhile, the huge eyeball and the bow it created suddenly turned into white bone powder.

The powder did not dissipate with the wind, but was quickly sucked into the bone tower. It didn't want to waste the Chaos Ancient God's bone powder.

After No. 9527 disappeared, Ramzi stepped out of the vortex at the top of the Sky South Bone Tower.

He wandered for a while before he released his spiritual sense, willing it to spread throughout the tower.

"Here!"

In a flash, he appeared at the other side of the Sky South Bone Tower.

With his keen mind, he could feel the aftereffect of the remnant soul. However, as he looked at the bone tower, he couldn't help but feel that something was off.

The fluctuation of the soul seemed to penetrate the inside of the bone tower.

Since he had lived in another bone tower for many years, he knew very well that the bones of the Chaos Ancient God were abnormally strong. No living being possessed the strength to break through them and sneak into them.

"Sure enough, the Chaos Ancient God is staring at Zen,"

Ramzi muttered, his brows furrowed together.

The Chaos Ancient God had infused his own blood into Zen's body when the latter was undergoing the Body Tribulations, which had almost killed Zen.

This time, the Chaos Ancient God personally forced Tyler out of the void.

Ramzi didn't know why a creature at such a level would target Zen.

After all, for countless years, the Chaos Ancient God hadn't made any movement, and it was because of him that the group of exiles were alive in this world.

From the looks of it, the Chaos Ancient God didn't hold any ill will towards Zen.

This was good news. With a sigh of relief, Ramzi stepped into the vortex once again.

Chapter 2602 A Visit To Snake Goddess Race

Thirteen thousand years ago, a ferocious battle between the Nine Li race and Yellow Emperor race took place. As a result of that debacle, the Sky South Bone Tower was shut down.

The two great races came to an agreement. Since the Sky South Bone Tower had been closed, they started to develop the Immemorial Wilderness right underneath it.

However, the tower was finally in the hands of the Nine Li race.

The members of the race failed to hide their excitement, especially Giacomo and Erik.

The honor of helping the Nine Li race possess another bone tower was comparable to that of the emperors of the mortals expanding territories.

Adele, however, seemed a little caught up in her own thoughts as she allowed her beautiful orbs to constantly glance at Zen.

The changes his arrival could cause the Nine Li race were unknown to her, but she was certain that her father's words had something to do with Zen.

Could he really lead the Nine Li race to leave this world?

Not long after, the bone boat slowly approached the center of the Sky South Bone Tower. There was a crack of a thousand feet long in the middle which served as an entrance for the boat.

The races were always competing for those cracks. Through them, an entire race could hide and avoid the Light of Adjudication every thousand years.

A huge red seal which was also hundreds of thousands of feet wide swirled around the crack.

The scarlet aura circled the seal, which meant that there was possible trouble to come for anyone who came near.

That seal was created by the exiles of both the Nine Li race and Yellow Emperor race. Once it was removed, the two races would be alerted.

"Grand Elder, it's time to remove the seal." Giacomo, who was standing next to the absent-minded Adele, felt her vibe and quietly nudged her.

That gesture snapped her back to reality. Embarrassed that he noticed, she could only smile at Giacomo while nodding her head softly.

Naturally, she was the one who could remove the seal of the Sky South Bone Tower. After all, she was the Grand Elder of the race.

In the presence of everyone, Adele began to grow and her body started to swell up.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Ten thousand feet...

A hundred thousand feet...

A million feet...

And four million feet!

The huge body she now possessed was a brutal view for Zen.

If one who had cultivated the Wild God system reached that kind of level, they became much powerful than a Holy Being in terms of pure strength.

When he had first come to this world, Zen had seen a giant who was hundreds of miles tall fighting in the Immemorial Wilderness. However, he surmised that Adele was even taller than that one.

'Just how many wild bones would it take for me to reach this level?' Zen thought.

The competition between the two races ended, and the next thing they were going to do was find a way out of this world. Zen didn't know what the old man would do, but he planned on absorbing as many wild bones as he could no matter what.

Everyone on the bone ship looked up at Adele.

She was violently slapping the seal.

Boom!

There was a sudden explosion, which caused the entire area to shake.

At the same time, the massive seal began to roll upwards.

Adele's wide palm was continuously slapping the seal as it kept on moving. When the entire seal was curled to a certain extent, it began to break into pieces.

It quickly dissipated and flew with the wind like dust.

Adele then deactivated her Wild God Power and returned to her normal size. Slowly, she walked back to the boat.

They proceeded to check inside the Sky South Bone Tower while the others stood guard.

They had planned to transfer several major sects attached to their race into the tower after occupying it. With such space, they could hold more warriors from the wilderness.

Together with Adele, Zen went back to the Sky Spirit Bone Tower.

They only had two years left before the coming of the Light of Adjudication.

Even if Zelda and Luther were already in a safe state, they still had a lot of things to do in those two years.

After all, a mere Nine Li race might not be able to protect the siblings.

If they couldn't enter a bone tower, they could be purified and turned into ashes along with everything after the Light of Adjudication.

Even someone like Zen wouldn't stand a chance against that kind of phenomenon.

In the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, Zen also made sure to spend all of his time absorbing the Wild God Power in the wild bones.

There certainly was a huge quantity of wild bones stored in the Nine Li race. Baldwin, who was in charge of the distribution of wild bones, was in awe when he saw how Zen absorbed them.

However, Baldwin didn't dare say anything. He had heard a lot of rumors about his fight against the Yellow Emperor race, and he sure didn't want to get himself involved in conflicts.

It was believed that the reason why the Nine Li race won the Sky South Bone Tower was because of Zen.

The contribution Elsa and Romeo had done was nothing compared to Zen's.

Even Doran, who had once fought Zen for the use of the Cave of Wildness, was now convinced of his power.

Six days later, the old man approached Zen ever so quietly.

He looked at the strong Wild God Power in Zen's body and said calmly, "If things go on like this, it won't be long before you can break through and become a top-rank Wild God."

Zen opened his eyes and smiled, "I'm just afraid that time is not enough."

"Cultivating the Wild God system is a shortcut, and time is not that big of a problem," the old man replied.

Zen only nodded in response.

The old man was right. Absorbing the Wild God Power from the wild bones was indeed a shortcut. It was undeniably faster than cultivating the Grand World Cultivation Method.

"There is one thing I don't understand however," Zen said.

"Please, go ahead," the old man coaxed him.

"When I faced David, I noticed that he activated the power of his bloodline. It seemed that the theurgy contained in the blood power of the Yellow Emperor race was very powerful. How come we don't have something like that in our race?" Zen asked.

If the Nine Li race's three heads and six arms equated to the Yellow Emperor race's golden light shield, then the theurgy that David used was something he possessed after his blood power had reached a certain level. That black light also posed a great threat to Zen.

The purity of Zen's bloodline was definitely not lesser than that of David's. However, Zen only got three heads and six arms after breaking through the Body Tribulations. He never got any bloodline theurgy, nor did he hear anyone speak of it.

The old man smiled and said, "Our bloodline is not inferior to theirs, I can assure you that. But you are a direct descendant of the Grand Chieftain. It's difficult for me to predict when you could activate the bloodline theurgy. However, I believe that sooner or later, you will."

In the past years, there had never been a warrior with the imperial-grade bloodline in the Nine Li race. Even the exiles didn't know much about the bloodline theurgy of their race. The old man didn't have the answer. Zen needed to figure that out by himself.

"Let's go. It's time," the old man said.

"Go where?" Zen asked, his eyebrows furrowed.

"To pay a visit to the Snake Goddess race."

Escaping the prison could be a challenge for the Nine Li race alone. But if they were to ally with the Snake Goddess race and summon the other races to help them, the chances of leaving could increase a great deal.

Furthermore, the Snake Goddess race had tied the divine land to the Torrent Bone Tower. They needed to solve that problem.

They needed to make accurate preparations before they could take action, and Zen was a vital part of it all.

Chapter 2603 Arrival

The oldest man took Zen and quietly disappeared in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower.

The Warden race had always been very mysterious. They had quietly visited this world. Only a few were aware of their existence, and even the exiles knew little about them.

It was the reason that, as much as possible, they must be cautious and careful in leaving the place.

The Torrent Bone Tower stood as the fourth rib of the Chaos Ancient God.

On the rib was a crack which was as long as tens of billions of miles. The crack had created a wide space inside the Torrent Bone Tower, and it was then known to be the most suitable bone tower.

Torrent Bone Tower had been occupied by the strongest race in this world. The Snake Goddess race, widely known and considered as the strongest race, naturally took control of the bone tower.

At the foot of the Torrent Bone Tower, there was the vast Immemorial Wildernesses.

For commoners to enter this part of the Immemorial Wildernesses, it was necessary to acquire the Admission Tokens from the disciples of the nine great sects of the Snake Goddess race. It would deem impossible for them to enter this place without the Admission Tokens.

No one had the guts and was brave enough to fight against the number one race in this world, which was the Snake Goddess race. Even joining the sects subordinate to the race was extremely difficult, let alone the main Snake Goddess race itself.

As a result, the Snake Goddess race had attracted countless outstanding talents in this world.

"Sizzle..."

Inside the void, the ripples spread out in circles.

Zen was already taken out of the space channel. In a short period of time, together with the oldest man, they had already traveled over 30 billion miles.

He took a look at the Torrent Bone Tower in the distance. A strange expression appeared on his face as he muttered, "It seems that there is still a long distance from the Torrent Bone Tower."

The Torrent Bone Tower looked close at hand. But the truth was, flying there would take so much time. It would take a longer time than expected.

The oldest man's face revealed a bitter smile as he said, "The Snake Goddess race has made a lot of rules. They don't allow outsiders to enter their bone tower at will."

The Snake Goddess race made a rule forbidding the other exiles to come to their bone tower by travelling through the void.

Their race was really the most powerful existence in this world so even the exiles had to obey their complicated rules.

Zen nodded and flew forward following the oldest man as they continued with their journey.

He looked around and noticed that the divine land was high up in the sky.

The divine land looked really huge. It was floating in the deep sky emitting a soft luster, like a piece of gem with a homogeneous structure. For Zen, this was actually the first time for him to be this close to the divine land ever since he came to this world.

At the center of the gem, there was a red band of light. The light appeared to be bounding the gem.

The band of light was coming out from the top of the Torrent Bone Tower. Zen noticed that a large portion of it was hidden inside the bone tower. Through the huge crack in the middle, he could even faintly see that the chain seemed to be emitting a scarlet light.

The Torrent Bone Tower was 700 to 800 billion miles high. The distance between the bone tower and the divine land was more than a trillion miles. The band of light that entangled around the divine land had an overall length of two to three trillion miles.

Zen didn't know what method the Snake Goddess race had used to make such a long band of light.

As he was caught on his own thought, a row of white dots suddenly appeared in front of him.

A group of Wild Gods in white armor flew over.

It was not until those Wild Gods came in front of him that he noticed that their armor was made of bones.

This world was so desolate that some necessities could only be made and crafted from inexhaustible bones.

"Stop!"

The leader of the group of Wild Gods shouted at the oldest man and Zen, waving the bone spear in his hand.

His tone had been very stern. He scrutinized the oldest man and eyed him up and down, and his expression had afterwards immediately turned solemn.

The powerhouses like the oldest man gave people an insurmountable sense of vicissitudes just by standing there silently. This kind of feeling was from his cultivation level, and even the blind knew that he was extraordinary.

The Wild God spoke with great respect, "This city is under the rule of the Snake Goddess race. May I ask your purpose in coming? I can deliver the message on behalf of you."

When the old man heard this, he only smiled faintly. "Don't bother. Or I will have to wait until very long. I can do it myself."

The process of delivering a message would surely take some time. Any message or information needed to be passed through levels. The Wild Gods could only deliver the message to the nearest city, and then the city would inform the sect. The message would then be finally passed by the sect to the Snake Goddess race.

The oldest man placed his hands behind his back, and stared at the Torrent Bone Tower. His lips moved a little.

The Wild Gods didn't know who the oldest man was looking for. They stayed there and didn't dare to leave.

Not long after, a rainbow like light spiraled and slowly appeared before him. In the circular rainbow, a figure emerged.

The rainbow like light was eventually blocking against the figure that only a silhouette could be seen, but it was clear that this person had a nice figure.

"Timotheus Jin, you never left the bone tower for so many years. What's the matter today? Why are you here?"

A soft voice was heard from the silhouette.

The voice pricked into Zen's ears, as if some sweet water was pouring into his ears, melting his soul.

"I come for something very important," Timotheus flatly answered.

'So the old man's name is Timotheus Jin, ' Zen thought in his heart.

"This world remains the same day after day and year after year. What else is so important apart from the odd bones? I guess that you have found a young guy with a good talent. So you want to marry him into our Snake Goddess race, right?"

A tinge of sadness could be felt coming from the sweet and soft voice.

The woman probably noticed Zen behind Timotheus, so she played a joke.

The exiles who were qualified to be imprisoned in this place weren't just nobody in the Source World, so they felt quite helpless to fall into such a position.

"Maybe such boring days will be gone forever." Timotheus smiled.

The woman in the rainbow was very smart. She knew what Timotheus meant. However, she did not have much interest in it. She just lazily said, "We have tried so many methods before. But have we ever succeeded?"

Timotheus kept his calm and spoke in a light tone, "If there is a slight possibility, are you willing to give up?"

The woman in the rainbow was silent for a moment before saying, "No!"

"That's right!" Timotheus laughed. "Let us go in!"

Soon after, the colorful vortex continued to spin. Timotheus and Zen entered it.

As for the Wild Gods who had stopped Timotheus and Zen just now, they were in a daze witnessing the scene.

"Hey!" One of the Wild Gods broke from his trance, patted the shoulder of their leader and cried out, "They have left!"

The leader of the Wild Gods then came back to his senses. He didn't know who that woman or Timotheus was, but no matter what the reason Timotheus came to the Snake Goddess race was, he couldn't have a hand in it.

He just shrugged his shoulders and led his men to leave in a hurry.

Chapter 2604 Persuade

Zen stepped into the passageway that seemed like a rainbow. A gentle fragrance went up his nose.

As far as he could see, a colorful world was right in front of him.

"Is this... the inside of the bone tower?" He was stunned by what he saw.

When Zen saw the interior of the Nine Li race's bone tower, he thought the place was simple and crude.

The Nine Li race had halls and houses within the caves that formed naturally inside the bone tower, and the materials that they used were very simple.

But in the vast cave of the Torrent Bone Tower were some emerald green plants. They were lined up in an orderly fashion and had light yellow flowers scattered around them. In the distance were mountains and waterfalls. Every structure inside seemed beautiful as if the place was from a fairytale.

"He-he, of course it is." A soft chuckle rang through his ears.

Not far from Zen was a tall woman who wore a long white dress and sat on a broad chair.

She had a pretty face and clear eyes that glistened with crystal lights.

Both her strength and reputation had exceeded those of the other exiles by a mile.

Even Timotheus who was known to be a five-star Nine Li Guard wouldn't stand a chance against this woman. It was because of her that the Snake Goddess race was able to secure the title of being the most powerful race in this world.

But the woman had also hidden her aura. At a glance, one would think that she was an ordinary woman who had no experience in any cultivation of marital arts.

As Zen observed the woman closely, the woman also looked at him.

"For so many years, the Nine Li race has not developed anything at all. Except for a few old freaks, the people of the younger generation are all disappointing. But this time around, you seem to have gotten your hands on a good disciple." The woman had sharp eyes and she immediately saw through Zen's cultivation with a quick glance.

She was well aware of how difficult it was to train a powerful top-rank True God in their world. The most vital thing was that Zen seemed to have been able to comprehend two types of Truths of Godly Ways.

Timotheus smiled out of embarrassment...

The development of the Nine Li race in their world was indeed not as good as that of the Yellow Emperor race and the Snake Goddess race. They used to completely rely on their group of exiles to become what they were.

"Well, if you are really interested in making alliances through marriage, we have a lot of good girls in our race that you might want to meet. I can arrange some meetings for the kids." The woman was very interested in Zen so she immediately began to dwell on the topic.

Zen couldn't help but show that he was quite embarrassed.

Timotheus smiled and said, "It all depends on their own decision but I honestly have something important to do here!"

The woman took her eyes off Zen and said, "Go ahead!"

Every exile was extremely eager to leave this world.

However, they always chose to give up after endless attempts.

How could anyone ever escape from the cage built by the Chaos Ancient God?

But even if their chances were very slim, they would still exert effort in trying and giving it their best.

"I'm afraid that we have to begin with Zen's background. Zen, you need to tell her this part," Timotheus told Zen through his life vitality.

The woman frowned slightly. She didn't know what was so important about the young man's origin that they needed to do it so secretly.

Zen nodded slightly as he said through his chaotic energy, "I didn't come from this world. I came from the divine land."

The woman was a bit confused. She tilted her head and frowned as she asked, "Where exactly is the divine land?"

"The world right above your head," Zen said.

Hearing this, the woman's face was filled with shock. "Did you come from that ship?"

In the woman's eyes, the world that was bound on the Torrent Bone Tower was a huge ship.

She didn't expect Zen to be from that place!

Zen nodded as a look of helplessness appeared on his face. "But this ship was bound by you. It cannot leave now..."

The woman still didn't understand so she continued to ask, "You said you came from that ship then why exactly are you a member of the Nine Li race now?" she asked as she stared at Timotheus with confusion.

Timotheus smiled bitterly before saying, "That ship was built by the Grand Chieftain of our race, Chiyou. Zen is his grandson."

The woman's eyebrows suddenly raised. She then looked at Zen more closely. A strange light flashed in her very eyes as her interest in Zen grew stronger.

"It sounds like a fantasy story." The woman laughed as she shook her head. She couldn't believe what they just told her.

Zen didn't care if she believed him or not. He continued, "This is not the most important thing right now. My top priority is to return to where I came from. So, the Snake Goddess race needs to release the ship!"

No one ever dared to speak to her with that tone.

The woman looked at Zen with interest and walked up towards him. Her beautiful eyes glared at him. "I've exerted great efforts to tie this ship up and now you're telling me it dares to break free. If I drag it into this world, I would be able to obtain a lot of resources. Do you really think I'll be willing to let it go?"

"Moreover... Even if you're really from that ship, do you think you can leave this world with your strength?" the woman added.

Even if what Timotheus and Zen had said was true, that the ship really belonged to the Nine Li race and that Zen was a direct descendant of Chiyou, the situation would change.

She wouldn't let go of the ship just because of what they tried to tell her.

Zen stared at the woman with a calm face and said, "That's why our Nine Li race is inviting you to leave this world with us. I believe that you will also make the wise choice!"

For the exiles, leaving this world had always been the most important thing. At the end of the day, everything else didn't matter.

"What a shameless boy! I cannot believe you have the audacity to make such remarks!" The woman's gaze went by Zen and fell on Timotheus. The more she listened, the more she felt that Zen's words were very absurd.

However, she knew Timotheus' character very well. As a five-star Nine Li Guard, he would never bring a liar to fool her.

"Please let Zen continue," Timotheus said as he waved his hand.

Zen didn't care about the woman's reaction and went on with what he was saying, "When I came into this world, I had an encounter with the Warden race."

"We see them every year. Those cowards recently came to our Torrent Bone Tower themselves. This is not surprising at all," the woman replied faintly.

"My experience with them was quite different," Zen said as he shook his head.

Zen told them in detail about his encounter with Zelda and Luther.

As Zen spoke, the woman's face gradually revealed a look of doubt. Once Zen was done speaking, the woman stared at Timotheus and said in a doubtful tone, "Timotheus, is this the opportunity you have mentioned before?"

Timotheus nodded and said, "Yes. Aren't you interested in this great opportunity at all?"

Zen stared at her as he waited for her answer.

The woman was the decision maker of the entire Snake Goddess race and her attitude determined everything.

After a moment of contemplation, a wide smile appeared on her beautiful face. "Although what you just told me sounds like a made-up story, I think I'll give it a shot."

Chapter 2605 The Reunion

For all the exiles, the worst fate was to be trapped here forever.

Time was cheap and they didn't mind using it just for a chance.

Even if it was just a made-up story, they would still try to verify it because that was much better than doing nothing in the bone tower!

Moreover, it was impossible that Timotheus especially brought Zen to deceive her.

It made Zen secretly heave a sigh of relief when he heard the woman's decision.

It was easier to persuade these exiles than he thought.

But Zen could understand. If he was trapped here for years, he wouldn't miss any opportunity to possibly get out.

"That's great." Zen smiled.

The woman calmly stared at Zen and said, "In fact, many years ago, I already knew that the prison built by the Chaos Ancient God is absolutely perfect and there exists no loopholes. Any efforts to escape are useless and the only way to possibly leave this world is in the hands of the Warden race. However, they won't say anything."

She shrugged her slender shoulders and helplessly smiled.

The Warden race were like ghosts who would quietly pass by. No one could get anything useful when they tried to communicate with them.

The woman had once set up an array to bewitch them, tried to tempt them with special offers, or even seduced them, but it was all in vain. After all kinds of attempts, the Snake Goddess race could only give up.

But Zen said that there was a conflict within the Warden race and that he even found two Warden members!

This made her realize that this opportunity was unique, therefore, important.

No wonder Timotheus made Zen so important and personally took him to her place.

After she paused to think, the woman asked, "Are the two from the Warden race you mentioned safe?"

"Yes, they should be safe."

"They can't enter a bone tower. Once the Light of Adjudication arrives, they'll definitely die. We must move faster." The woman's frown deepened.

If it weren't for the Light of Adjudication which happened only once for a thousand years, they would have still had a lot of time to make plans.

A lot of things happened only by chance and it only depended on luck whether they could grasp the opportunity before it flashed away.

"The less people who know about this, the better. I hope that top races like the Snake Goddess race, the Mysterious Oni race, the Star Deer race could join, but- not the Yellow Emperor race!" Timotheus suddenly spoke up, his voice grave.

The Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race had always been at odds with each other.

It was a battle deeply ingrained in their bones, so Timotheus was naturally unwilling to help them.

The woman smiled. "It's up to you. I don't care."

For all the fights between the Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race, the Snake Goddess race had always been neutral.

Later, the news was spread out by the Snake Goddess race and secretly traveled in the world at the bottom of the chaos.

If it was Timotheus who took Zen to persuade the large races, the effect wouldn't be as strong.

But it came from the woman, so the exiles from various races responded immediately without hesitation.

A month later...

At the edge of the Immemorial Wilderness...

Several warriors lowered their heads and searched the bones on the ground, hoping to find one or two wild bones among them.

Even though the wild bones in this part of the Immemorial Wilderness were almost all excavated, there were at least one or two that were still left.

At that moment, space fluctuations continuously spread throughout the sky.

From the fluctuations, some figures walked out and silently stood in the air.

These people were exiles from different bloodline races.

Jaws dropped to the ground as the warriors who were searching for wild bones looked up at the sky.

In their eyes, the most powerful beings were Wild Gods who could turn into giants thousands of feet high. They didn't know that there were people in this world who could travel through the void and could freely come and go.

In the nearby Iron Tribe...

Zelda made a mark on a bone card and calculated how long Zen had been gone.

It had been almost a year since Zen left and nobody knew what happened with him.

Due to the wild bones Zen left behind, Zelda improved a lot and could establish herself in the Iron Tribe.

It didn't stop the worries in her heart because if Zen failed to take her and Luther to a bone tower in two years, they would completely disappear from this world.

'It's difficult for ordinary person to join an ordinary sect but Zen... He won't let us down, ' she thought while staring at Luther who was silently cultivating through mediation.

Zelda suddenly felt an intense aura descending.

It felt like it was being emitted by dozens of powerful creatures.

For a moment, Zelda was startled and didn't know what happened. Even Luther's eyes snapped and stared at her sister in shock.

"Luther, stay here. I'll go out to have a look!"

She rushed out of the thatched hut right after she finished speaking.

How could Luther let his sister go alone? He had never experienced such an imposing aura which his sister wouldn't be able to resist. He followed her out immediately.

The members of the Iron Tribe panicked as well.

The tribe were rarely attacked by surrounding forces, let alone powerful sects. However, even a small force in the city could bring them disaster. The lives of these desolate people were as light as feathers.

"They're..."

Even Zelda couldn't stop from gaping when she saw the group of people in the sky.

They emitted a strong pressure even when they were just standing still but she couldn't tell their cultivation level. It could only mean that their cultivation level was beyond her comprehension.

Luther came close to whisper, "Zelda... who are they?"

"Why did you come out?" Zelda scolded her brother but kept her eyes firmly at the sky.

Luther smile bitterly. "Will I be safe if I hide in the hut?"

He was less worried than his sister because if it was meant to happen, then it would.

Another space fluctuation came as they were staring at the sky and Zen quietly emerged from it.

The fists at her sides tightly clenched and her jaw dropped when Zelda recognized that it was Zen.

Only one thought came in her mind, Zen succeeded even faster than she expected!

In the air...

The woman of the Snake Goddess race flatly asked, "Who are the two you talked about?"

Zen's gaze swept over the place, and he found Luther and Zelda who stood at the entrance to the tribe.

His body flashed and he arrived in front of Zelda in an instant. "We're ready!"

Chapter 2606 The Agitated Exiles

Zelda was from the Warden race. Although her cultivation level was not too high, her insight and knowledge were unmatched compared to most ordinary people.

She had not the slightest reason to panic.

She could easily see that Zen had brought over a number of exiles.

At first, she had expected Zen to join an esteemed force and gain a foothold within it before sneaking her and her brother into the bone tower for a while.

They would then have planned to escape once they avoided the Light of Adjudication.

Zelda was well aware that entering the bone tower was difficult. It was even more difficult to establish contact with the exiles.

What she did not expect was for Zen to not only come in contact with, but also gather so many exiles in such a short period of time.

She could see almost all of the exiles before her.

This was perhaps their most unusual act over millions of years.

With careful planning and scrutiny, they had adopted the best plan of action.

The exiles had never actually gone head to head with the Warden race, so they did not know their real strength.

After a round of discussions, Timotheus, Emily from the Snake Goddess race had come to a decision. With their utmost strength, they would take away Zelda and her brother, whom Zen had mentioned.

For the exiles, this rare opportunity was a godsend.

All this was only possible because what Zen claimed was true.

If Zen had cheated this group of exiles, however, his ending would have been certain.

"You... You have succeeded. I didn't expect you to get so many people here," said Zelda, staring at Zen in a daze.

Zen smiled pleasantly. "It's their decision. They think that it's impossible to avoid the Warden race while sneaking you and your brother into the bone tower, so it's better we confront the Warden race head on!"

Hearing this, Zelda tilted her head, seeming to be lost in thought. "You think so much."

As a matter of fact, what Zen said was highly possible.

Perhaps the Warden race was not powerful, but since they were assigned to manage the prison, it was not easy to fight them.

Whoosh!

A white figure flew down from the sky and plopped in front of Zelda.

It was the woman from the Snake Goddess race, the most powerful exile in this world.

Zen already knew her by the name Emily.

The members of the Snake Goddess race, the people of the other races, and even the exiles—all addressed her as Master Emily.

The Snake Goddess race had thousands of powerful masters in the Source World and she was one of the lot.

As Emily landed, Timotheus and the exiles of several other races followed suit.

Before hearing the news and going out in full force, the exiles had held back for a long time. They had nerves of steel, but now it was crunch time for them.

If it was proved that Zen or Zelda and her brother had lied to them, their plans would go up in flames, which would be disheartening for them.

Even Emily's beautiful face showed a trace of nervousness. She looked at Zelda and asked with some hesitation, "Can you prove that you come from the Warden race?"

"I can't prove it," Zelda replied.

As the exiles heard this, their faces dropped, as if all their hopes had been shattered in an instant.

"My brother can prove it however," Zelda continued.

Their eyes flew to Luther, who stood behind Zelda.

Seeing a large number of Other Shore Realm powerhouses staring at him, Luther fidgeted. He nodded to the crowd and said, "Yes, I can really prove it."

"Prove it to me then," Emily said calmly, an indelible sternness seeping into her voice.

Luther nodded again. He came to stand before Emily and put his index fingers and thumbs together, forming a frame with his hands. A pale brown light curtain manifested in the middle of the frame.

The light curtain depicted the scene of the chaos.

The eyes of the exiles suddenly lit up.

They were all great masters at the Other Shore Realm and had a far more comprehensive and deeper understanding of energy than the ordinary Wild Gods and True Gods. Through the energy released from the light curtain, they perceived something extraordinary.

As the light curtain slowly became clearer, Luther said to Emily, "Look, there are Curse Chains behind you."

Emily turned to the direction of the light curtain. Timotheus and the other exiles also came forward.

In the light curtain, they saw little golden insects linked together and extended into the distance.

Emily took a deep breath. "I have felt the existence of such a chain, but today is the first time I have witnessed it in person."

As an exile saw the Curse Chain through the light curtain created by Luther, a flash of golden red lightning escaped from his hand. The lightning turned into a jumping lightning blade. It carried a terrible power, as if it could destroy heaven and earth.

Crack!

He did not hang back from waving the lightning blade at the Curse Chain.

Unfortunately, the two kinds of energy did not interact. His lightning blade seemed to cut into the void. As for the light curtain, it seemed that the Curse Chain trapping the exile was motionless.

With a pitiful smile, Luther said, "It's impossible to cut off the Curse Chain in this manner."

The exile nodded listlessly. He too knew that the Curse Chain was not easy to cut off, but since he had encountered it for the first time, he could not help but want to have a try at it.

"Is there a way to cut it out?" Emily looked at Luther. Her features now looked much softer and her smile was a little more charming.

"Yes, there is." Luther blinked. Being the center of attention of so many powerful people at such a young age, he could not help but puff up his chest a little. "In the Warden race, about thirty people can break the Curse Chain, and I am one of them."

"Could you demonstrate it now?" Timotheus asked without pause.

Shrugging in an exaggerated manner, Luther replied, "To break the Curse Chain, one needs to reach a special place, and my cultivation isn't high enough right now."

"Cultivation? You are cultivating the True God system?" Emily frowned.

She did not sense the Wild God Power from Luther's body. At the same time, she felt that Luther was trying to condense the life vitality.

If he cultivated the Wild God system, it would become very simple. The wild bones, even the blood wild bones, were not worth much to the exiles, but it was a special feat to train a True God.

"Yes." Luther nodded. "But my progress has been slow."

After fleeing from the Warden race, Zelda and Luther had wandered from one place to another, enduring many hardships. Luther simply did not get many opportunities to cultivate.

After they had settled down in the Iron Tribe, however, Zen taught him a method to cultivate life vitality. But it was not suitable for him to cultivate life vitality in this world. Although he had a great talent for the martial arts, it was still a long way to go before he became a proving godly warrior, given his current cultivation base.

Timotheus and the other exiles turned to face Emily.

Emily pursed her lips, the soft light illuminating her face. "Although I have never accepted any disciple before, I'll do my level best to help Luther."

"That's very good. I'm afraid that no one here is more suitable for the task than you, Master Emily. After all, the Grand World Cultivation Method came from your race," Timotheus said with approval.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2607 The Black Shadows On The High Platform

The warriors with a Wild Body could not reach Other Shore Realm. The creatures in the Source World had been depressed for a long time, as

this meant that they had no way of reaching higher levels.

But at some point in that era, the Snake Goddess appeared. She then comprehended the Grand World Cultivation Method.

With the help of the chaotic energy, she created her inner world and gave birth to countless creatures in her inner world. She had thus created a big world and condensed a Godly Tile. With this method, she actually managed to reach the Other Shore Realm without relying on the Wild Body, which made the entire Source World surprised and overjoyed.

Since then, it was as if the people of the Source World had discovered a new continent. They continued to explore the Grand World Cultivation Method, contributing their own insights on the method and develop it.

Because the Snake Goddess had created an inner world and the numerous people inhabiting it, the legend that she was the one who created humans passed down from generation to generation.

Thus, the Snake Goddess was both the creator, and the greatest master of the Grand World Cultivation Method.

If Luther wanted to increase the level of his cultivation quickly, Emily would be the most suitable person to guide him.

A delighted smile appeared on Luther's face after he had heard Emily's words.

Zelda and Luther had been carrying hatred in their hearts for many years now. Their entire family, including their parents and their closest relatives, were all slaughtered by the conservatives of the Warden race.

They had fled all the way to this desolate place and hid here. The sorrow in their hearts was indescribable.

Now Luther felt like he would finally get a chance for revenge.

"Thank you, master," he said, preparing to kneel down before Emily.

Emily raised her eyebrows. Luther immediately froze in his move. "I don't recruit disciples," she said flatly. "You can follow me and practice. I don't have too much time. You need to learn quickly!"

In the eyes of the exiles, Luther had become their hope to leave this world.

No matter what Luther needed, they would give him at any cost. But since he hoped to improve his cultivation, he had to rely on himself. There was little the others could do to help him.

"I see," Luther said, eager to please Emily. She was his last chance.

"Don't be too hopeful," said Emily with the same flat tone. "If you can't meet my requirements, I will use a secret technique to forcefully raise your cultivation. But the price is not small. It may cost you your life. Know that."

A bitter smile formed on Luther's face as she said this.

These exiles were not to be messed with. They had nothing left to lose and would do anything to leave the world.

However, since Zelda and Luther had chosen this path themselves, they were already mentally prepared. They wouldn't hesitate to do anything, even if it meant tickling a sleeping dragon.

"I will bring Zelda and Luther to the Torrent Bone Tower," Emily said to the other exiles. "Everyone knows how important this opportunity is to us. Please be on the alert. If something strange happens, please report to me immediately!"

After that, Emily tapped her toes lightly on the ground.

Circles of ripples, like rainbows, spread out, wrapping themselves around Luther and Zelda.

Zelda also knew that she had no other choice. She waved her hand and said goodbye to Zen. Before Zen could react, the three of them disappeared into thin air.

The other exiles also left, using their own methods to travel through the void.

The people of the Iron Tribe remained, standing there with glazed eyes.

An invisible Curse Chain bound every one of the exiles by their backs.

Each Curse Chain extended all the way to the end of this world.

As they passed through the bone towers and the vast plains of the Immemorial Wilderness, they finally gathered in an area so impenetrably dark.

If Luther used his special ability to see through the solid blackness, he would have seen tens of millions of Curse Chains gathered together, as if there was a monster with infinite tentacles hidden in the darkness.

Having passed through the inky darkness, the Curse Chains were firmly affixed to a number of high platforms.

Occasionally, a new Curse Chain appeared on a high platform. Every time a new life was born in the wasteland, a new chain would appear to connect itself with the new creature.

On one of the rusty high platforms stood

two figures in flowing black robes.

The black robes were long, completely covering the bodies of the two unknown men. Their faces, too, were hidden by black hoods.

Any exile who saw them would immediately recognize them. They were Warden members.

Throughout the years, the Warden race had travelled widely among the bone towers, and they always appeared as cloaked, mysterious figures.

When others looked upon them, they saw only shadows. The exiles could see their real forms, but they were powerless to do anything to them.

"What a bold move! This group of exiles is getting more and more rambunctious," said one of the cloaked figures in a hoarse, low voice. His face remained concealed, but a single strand of bright purple hair peaked out from under the hood.

"They are lucky enough to have found the two traitors. But why do they all have to come out?" another one of them replied.

"This must have been Emily's idea. She's very smart," the purple-haired person said matter-of-factly. "She probably predicted that she wouldn't be able to hide the two traitors much longer, so she gathered all the exiles to force us to act."

"Do these prisoners really think they have great abilities? We can clean up this world if they take this too far. Raze it to the ground and none of them will survive." The other man sneered.

"It's not the time yet!" said the purple-haired person sternly. "Not to mention that it's not a good thing for us to clean up the world."

"Then what should we do?" asked the other figure, frustrated.

"As far as I know, not all the exiles are on her side. Take the Yellow Emperor race, for example. They are against her," said the purple haired person flatly.

"You want to use the Yellow Emperor race to fight against them? I know the strength of the Yellow Emperor race is not weak, but I'm afraid that they still won't be a match for the allied forces of those great races," the other man said, his voice doubtful.

In terms of strength, the Yellow Emperor race was only on par with the Nine Li race, but compared to the Snake Goddess race, they still had a lot of improvement to do.

Moreover, now that the Snake Goddess race had allied with more than eighty percent of the big races, the strength of the Yellow Emperor race paled in comparison. Even if they were strong, they would be overwhelmed by sheer numbers.

"Yes, the Yellow Emperor race is indeed too weak on its own. But think about it...do you really think the exiles that have joined the Snake Goddess race are really as united as they seem?" the purple-haired man asked, his voice arrogant.

"What do you mean?"

"If I give some of them the chance to leave this world, don't you think they would be tempted?" the man with purple hair replied casually.

The Warden race were in charge of many aspects of this prison. The purple-haired man, for instance, held the power to determine who could gain freedom.

Luther would have also become one of them if it hadn't been for the feud between the conservative faction and the free faction. The quarrel had stripped him not only of his family, but also of his power.

"For the exiles, freedom is the greatest treasure, their ultimate goal. I believe that they will not turn away such an opportunity," the purple haired man said slyly. "This prison has been too peaceful, dull almost, for a long time. It's time to find something for these restless good-for-nothings to do..."

Chapter 2608 Spark Yan

Just before the end of this thousand years came, all the forces in this world could hardly sit still.

The Northern Leaning Bone Tower was built on the ninth rib of the Chaos Ancient God.

Unlike other bone towers which rose vertically to the sky, the Northern Leaning Bone Tower was tilted towards the north by 60 degrees.

It was comparatively intact and there wasn't much space for people to hide in it.

However, in such a small and narrow bone tower, four races with bloodlines gathered together. One could imagine that the available space for these races to develop was very narrow.

The exiles of these races weren't powerful enough to compete against the top races so they had trouble obtaining new bone towers.

More than ten thousand years ago, the four races in the Northern Leaning Bone Tower attempted to enter the Sky South Bone Tower. They hoped that by means of a fair deal, the Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race would be kind enough to give them a portion of the space in the Sky South Bone Tower.

However, all of their propositions were immediately rejected by the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race.

As the number of disciples they had in their races increased, the interior of the Northern Leaning Bone Tower became more and more crowded.

Most of the time, the disciples from the four races had to live outside the bone tower. Only when the Light of Adjudication arrived would they enter the bone tower to hide temporarily. This only occurred once every thousand years.

In the past few years, the disciples of the four races always returned one after the other and it made the Northern Leaning Bone Tower even more crowded.

In the depths of the Northern Leaning Bone Tower, on a scarlet golden pillar, the patterns of a wolf, a lion, a crane, and an ape were carved.

They were sigils of the four great races, namely the Spirit Wolf God race, the Heavenly Lion race, the Hiding Crane race, and the Silent Ape race.

Beneath the golden pillar was an exile dressed in gray that walked around the area. He asked in a very flat tone, "Everyone, do you know what happened in the past days?"

Beside him stood eight exiles who were the mainstay of the four races.

They were being left behind in terms of strength among the exiles and could not compete against the exiles from the top races, but they were much stronger than the top Wild Gods.

"Word has reached me that the Snake Goddess race is doing something unusual. They've decided to join forces with the Nine Li race, the Mysterious Oni race, and the Star Deer race. I am worried about what they're planning to do," an exile with red hair replied.

"These races aren't normally in good terms with one another. Why are they suddenly working together?" another exile asked.

"Except from trying to get out of this world, what else could be worthy of their attention?"

The exile dressed in gray nodded and sighed, "Right. It has been said that they have found a way to escape from this world. Unfortunately, they have no plans of taking us with them."

"Is there really a way to get out of this prison? They must be out of their minds!" the exile with red hair said with resentment.

Although they hadn't had any hostility with the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race, they were still furious about the news.

After all, all of them were imprisoned in this world and would all grab the chance to leave if they ever came across one. Now, they felt like they had been abandoned after hearing about what the Snake Goddess race was doing.

"Yes, they are being too naive. We have tried and tried again, but we failed every single time. This time, their failure is probably inevitable as well," another exile echoed.

The gray clothed exile said, "But it is said that they have found two traitors from the Warden race who are offering to help them."

"Is that true?"

"That is impossible!"

"The people of the Warden race never really show themselves. Could this rumor be true?"

The exiles were all caught off guard by what they just heard.

They just couldn't believe any of it.

At the same time, they were a little disappointed. After all, they were willing to join them if they had asked but the Snake Goddess race completely disregarded them.

"Well, maybe this time it's actually true," the gray clothed exile said as he sighed deeply.

The Snake Goddess race surely made a significant gesture this time, which meant they had no intentions of hiding anything. The actions of Master Emily could also be regarded as a declaration of war against the Warden race.

"Are we really not being given a chance to join them?"

"We can help if they would let us!"

"…"

While the exiles were busy discussing amongst themselves, a dark figure floated over the Northern Leaning Bone Tower and caught their attention.

"I think it might be someone from the Warden race," one of the exiles said with a grim face.

All the exiles weren't friendly towards such black figures.

In the past few years, the Warden race started visiting the bone towers more frequently. They would appear at least twice a year.

Unexpectedly, they came today.

Generally, after the quick visit, the members of the Warden race would leave as soon as they could. They wouldn't say even a word or show their real faces.

But this time, the Warden member floated towards the exiles and hovered right in front of them.

All of the exiles raised their heads as their faces were revealed to be full of doubt. They didn't know what the dark figure wanted to do.

Moments later, the dark figure began to speak and what he said touched the hearts of the exiles.

"The exiles who are imprisoned here, do you want to gain a chance to leave this world?"

At the same time, in the Pyramid Bone Tower where the Yellow Emperor race lived...

A pyramid-like bone mountain had been formed due to the terrain. They had decided to name it the Pyramid Bone Tower because of this.

At the top of the mountain sat a young man.

Based on his appearance, he looked younger than thirty but there was a sense of vicissitudes in his slightly opened eyes.

He was known to be the most powerful exile of the Yellow Emperor race, Spark Yan.

A black figure floated right in front of him and asked him in a low voice, "Do you want the chance to get out of this place?"

Spark seemed calm but his heart was racing uncontrollably.

He already made himself clear about what happened with the Nine Li race and the Snake Goddess race. His race had always been on bad terms with the Nine Li race in this world and in the Source World. Now that the Nine Li race had found a chance to escape from the prison, of course they wouldn't bother to include his race in their plans.

However, he wasn't about to give up. With his character, no matter how strong the Snake Goddess race was, he and his people wouldn't just stand by and watch. Either all the races would be able to escape or they would all be trapped here eternally.

Little did he expect that someone from the Warden race would show up and communicate with him for the first time in years.

"A chance to leave this place..." Spark silently stared at the black figure floating in front of him as if he was trying to see through it. He then said, "Of course I do. But what is the price?"

Chapter 2609 Consideration

The figure in black replied, "It's very simple. You only have to kill two people."

"You mean the siblings?" Spark asked, the corners of his mouth lifting.

"Yes," the figure in black said, nodding.

The Yellow Emperor race had an information system that was much more advanced than those of other races. That was how Spark knew about what went on within the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race.

What was more, the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race didn't hide what they were doing, which made it easy for him to find information.

Spark looked at the black figure in front of him with great interest and said, "So you really are scared. I can tell that the siblings are very important, so you have no choice but to kill them."

After a short silence, the black figure answered, "Yes."

The exiles were very intelligent. They often only needed a few details to see the truth. It was difficult to deceive them.

So the figure in black had no choice but to admit the truth.

Spark's lips curled. "I'm afraid this price is too high for me. After all, the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race are trying their best to protect the siblings. It's going to be very difficult to kill them. The Nine Li race may be displeased if I choose to join them, but I can still do that if I pay a certain price,"

he said as he stared at the figure.

Although he couldn't see the expression on the figure's face, he could guess what he was thinking.

"You are indeed qualified to join them. But if you do so, it will still be impossible for you to leave this world," the figure said. "I know you're testing me, but I'm telling you that even if they find us through the siblings and try to cut off the Curse Chains, we'll destroy this world. And then, none of you will survive, even if you hide inside the bone towers."

Spark's eyebrows went up at this.

He was trying to gauge whether the black figure was telling the truth or lying.

He would absolutely not join the Snake Goddess race if the Warden race was capable of doing this. He didn't want to die with that group of people!

But if it turned out to be a lie...

This was a hard choice!

Then again, any choice he made would be easier than leaving this world.

Sensing Spark's hesitation, the figure in black continued, "We will help you if you agree to help us. Moreover, I believe there are many exiles, besides us, who are willing to follow you."

The Snake Goddess race had only invited the larger, higher ranked races.

But there existed a number of lower ranked, smaller races in addition to these. Although the smaller races weren't that powerful, they had a lot of exiles, and they could be a strong force if they were to come together and cooperate.

Besides, the Warden race would stand behind them.

The Warden race would probably choose not to directly participate in the battle. But the world was under their control and they would definitely be of great help.

Spark hesitated for a long time before answering firmly, a glimmer of determination in his eyes, "Okay, I agree."

He wouldn't have hesitated if he were facing just the Nine Li race. But since they had allied themselves with the Snake Goddess race and other races, he was being prudent.

It was a great chance and he had to seize it.

The Warden race was persuading exiles in other bone towers and hidden places of this world.

In the beginning, the Warden race had found it difficult to persuade them. After all, no one dared fight against the top ranked large races.

That was why the exiles were ambiguous in their responses. They wanted to join the Snake Goddess race, and that was the only option they could see in that moment.

But since the Yellow Emperor race had agreed, exiles with relatively weaker strength had responded quickly. After all, the Yellow Emperor race would take the lead, and they were okay with following.

In the Snake Goddess race...

At the center of the large square that was supported by six edges, the bands of pale red light intertwined to form a complex pattern.

Luther was hanging upside down at the center of this pattern, his eyes closed.

Above him loomed a huge shadow of Snake Goddess, holding him in its hands.

Emily and Timotheus had come to an agreement.

They had set the time to two years in the future, which was when the Light of Adjudication would arrive.

Emily was responsible for forging Luther's inner world and enhancing his strength.

And she had to do it before that time came!

As the huge shadow of Snake Goddess began to glow, a strong energy gathered in Luther's belly.

The energy was so violent that if a fragile belly were to remain under its impact, it would, sooner or later, be torn to pieces.

Luther was calm, his eyes closed. But as the energy was throbbing through him, his eyes flew open and his handsome face contorted with pain. His hands flailed around.

Emily looked at Luther approvingly. Luther's talent was much better than she had imagined.

"Luther!"

Zelda was worried about her brother.

"Don't worry. Nothing will happen to him with Master Emily here," a Wild God from the Snake Goddess race comforted Zelda.

"But general cultivation methods aren't so painful," Zelda said, frowning.

The people of the Warden race also cultivated the True God system. Back then, Zelda hadn't had a chance to cultivate it, but from what she had heard and seen, she knew that it wouldn't be painful to create the Soul Sea.

"Because there is not enough time," the Wild God said, eyes flickering. She stared admiringly at Luther. "Master Emily directly helps Luther establish a world, so he will naturally feel a lot of pain. It's a welcome opportunity for many core disciples in our race."

The Wild Gods of the Snake Goddess race rarely received such treatment. Many of them were now looking at Luther with blatant envy.

Zelda was relieved at the Wild God's words.

The Wild God continued, "Master Emily has told me that I can transplant the blood of our race into you if you want. I can also give you wild bones and blood wild bones, so you can cultivate well during this time."

"Transplant the blood of your race into me?" Zelda was surprised.

She had lived in the Immemorial Wilderness, so she knew how precious the blood was.

One blood wild bone alone could be used in exchange for numerous resources, many of which were unimaginable. But one must have the corresponding blood to devour the blood wild bones.

Blood was naturally rarer than blood wild bones. What was more, she could now get the blood of the Snake Goddess race, the most powerful blood in this world!

Despite this, she still refused after careful consideration.

She wanted to become stronger, and although her free faction had betrayed the Warden race, she still needed to preserve her own blood.

But since the Snake Goddess race was offering her a massive amount of wild bones, she wouldn't refuse the offer.

Chapter 2610 Lorena's Head

After bringing Zelda and Luther to the Snake Goddess race, Zen had completed his mission. He felt relieved that he was able to get it done without any issues.

Whether or not he could leave this world and return to the divine land would be decided after the Light of Adjudication came. For now, the Snake Goddess race would be responsible for increasing Luther's cultivation base.

Since his work was done, Zen had to return to the Sky Spirit Bone Tower to cultivate in seclusion. He needed to improve on a lot of things and prepare while he had time.

He could imagine that it wouldn't be easy for him to leave this world. He had to go through a fierce battle with the Warden race and survive.

Moreover, after returning to the divine land, he would be required to face those Holy Beings too. Therefore, he had to improve his cultivation urgently. Zen took a deep breath as he thought how busy he would be from now on.

Since the Nine Li race and the Snake Goddess race had joined hands, the Nine Li race started to have a more active atmosphere.

Although the Wild Gods who were born and raised in this world were not urgent to leave, they were yearning for the further and larger Source World. With the help and leadership of the exiles, almost all the members of the Nine Li race sped up their cultivation.

The colorful waves in the Time Sea rolled and foamed, with countless fragments rolling within.

White clouds flew above the water, and from a very special angle, the light bounced off the Time Sea, reflecting colors against these clouds.

The waves sparkled a prism of colors as light struck its surface. Deep in the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, a towering structure could be noticed.

The pale golden palace stood in the middle of the island.

By the looks of it, one could tell that the structure had only been recently built. Although it only covered a small area, it appeared particularly exquisite.

Seeing its magnificent craftsmanship, any master in weapon refining would probably be amazed.

A special kind of gold, usually used to make the top-grade weapons, was used to build this palace. A layer of emerald green rhomboid jades decorated its surface. It was believed that this kind of jade was able to attract the vitality between heaven and earth by nature. For the same reason, some True Gods liked to make beads with these jades and placed them in their houses, hoping they could continuously attract the vitality hundreds of miles around them.

Being completely wrapped with such jades, the palace appeared so luxurious.

Even the powerful clans on the Floating Islands would not waste the jades by using them as elaborate decorations for their homes.

In the center of the palace was a metal box. A brown liquid boiled on the top of the box, though no heat came from it.

As seen from afar, a burly figure appeared at the main entrance of the palace. It was Nicholas.

He was known as the ruler of this land, holding the highest post in the eyes of the Dongfang Clan and even in front of the Holy Beings from various powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

The expression in his eyes was enough to cause fear on countless people. Of course, he could also kill countless people with just a glance.

But every time he stepped into this palace, darkness took over his handsome face.

Slowly walking towards the glazed box, Nicholas reached out to stroke the box gently. The patterns on the surface of the box began to flash with a faint glow under his touch, brown liquid boiling more violently every second.

Soon, a mass of silk like hair came out of the liquid. Having its own consciousness, the hair slowly twisted and wound in all directions.

After a short while, a head slowly floated up from the box.

It had an unparalleled face. The pretty face had her eyes closed and remained motionless.

Seeing this face, the malicious and insidious expression on Nicholas' face disappeared completely. Love filled his eyes as he stared at it.

If anyone saw his expression, they would surely sigh in their heart. After all, such a hero had never shown his love in front of others. He was always seen as a tough personality.

"Lorena..."

Nicholas called softly.

The head dismissed his call. Her eyes remained closed as if she hadn't heard Nicholas at all.

"If you don't like the body I made for you, I will try to find your body back," Nicholas said in a thoughtful tone.

During this period, he had tried every means to help Lorena find the perfect body she could use.

Being a powerful being, it was easy for him to get all the rare items in the world.

So far, someone from the North Sea offered a pure feminine body, and someone from a little known Sky Region presented a phoenix's body. Moreover, Nicholas had also gotten a blood condensation puppet…

Even if he didn't use them for her body, they could be used to make the clones.

But Lorena never looked at them. She wasn't interested in any of the bodies he had found.

Nicholas knew that Lorena loathed these bodies. As a matter of fact, he wasn't surprised by her reaction at all. After all, they were from the divine land. How could she possibly take a fancy to these options?

All she wanted was only her original body.

Upon hearing Nicholas' offer, Lorena finally opened her eyes slowly, a hint of surprise reflecting in her beautiful eyes.

"My body has been destroyed. How can you possibly recover it?" Lorena asked, not wanting to believe him.

When Nicholas saw Lorena's expression, a faint smile appeared on his face and his eyes became deep. "Your body has been destroyed, but it hasn't been destroyed in the Time Sea."

"Are you planning on entering the Time Sea?" Lorena arched her beautiful brows, feeling confused about Nicholas' statement.

Nicholas nodded slightly. He was indeed planning to do so.

Lorena sneered, "There are plenty of time fragments in the Time Sea, and those fragments are broken spaces. Entering it to find me in the past is like looking for a needle in a haystack."

Feeling hopeful, Nicholas answered, "If there is no difficulty in my pursuit, I will gain nothing."

It was true that locating a specific space and time was much more difficult than looking for a needle in a haystack.

Ever since the divine land was built, the Time Sea had slowly expanded, making it harder to explore.

Every period of time in the space would turn into a colorful piece, falling into the Time Sea. These fragments of time scattered in the water.

If Nicholas wanted to find Lorena's body, the only way to do it was to find it in the Time Sea. He would need to jump into the past and hope he was lucky. Unfortunately, even with his status, it was impossible to clear up the mess of these fragments.

Lorena stared at Nicholas. Her expression appeared to be a little complicated.

It was common for the young to say such ambitious words. However, hearing it from a person who had lived for countless divine eras as the number one Holy Being in the divine land, it sounded really strange.

At last, Lorena sneered and closed her eyes. She had not decided yet whether or not she would believe in Nicholas' ability to recover her body.

Seeing Lorena's attitude, Nicholas didn't get annoyed at all. He watched as she let her head slowly bury into the brown liquid again.

"Rumble..."

Soon, the brown liquid began to boil again, drowning the head back until it was gone.

As soon as she disappeared, Nicholas gave a bitter smile and decided to leave the palace.

He had been busy recently. Despite his hectic schedule, he wanted to find a perfect body for Lorena, and at the same time to handle all kinds of things as the ruler of this land.

Soon after, he reached the Cyan Shadow Hall on the Floating Island of his clan.

As the clan leader, he came to observe the new excellent disciples of his clan. These were the disciples who made names for themselves recently. Some of them were chosen from the Ray Tree, while some were extremely excellent in the arena.

Stepping into the Cyan Shadow Hall, his previous helpless and sad expression disappeared quietly, replaced by an aura of arrogance bursting out from his body.

Chapter 2611 Hide

In the Cyan Shadow Hall stood over a hundred True Gods.

About half of them were disciples from this Floating Island.

While the other half came from the Dongfang Clan who resided at the Ray Tree.

Compared with other powerful clans on the Floating Islands, the Dongfang Clan had an especially strong foundation and their recommended disciples couldn't be ignored. In other words, even if the Dongfang Clan didn't rely on the Floating Island, they could still cultivate outstanding young warriors who were comparable to the disciples from the Floating Island!

When Nicholas made his presence, all the disciples of the Dongfang Clan had great reverence on their faces.

They knew that this burly middle-aged man was the leader of the Dongfang Clan and the most powerful Holy Being in the divine land!

But perhaps the title of the most powerful Holy Being wasn't completely right.

After all, the Holy Beings wouldn't fight with each other easily. Some Holy Beings would hold back their strength and they might even be more powerful than Nicholas.

But on the surface, most of the True Gods thought that Nicholas was the strongest!

"Greetings! Holy Nicholas!"

The young warriors in the hall all bowed.

"That our Dongfang Clan can stand on the top of the Floating Islands is not because of me alone, but all the elites present here. You are the future of our Dongfang Clan." Nicholas looked down at the crowd and nodded.

"According to the rules of our clan, we will reward the best disciples every once in a while. This time, I will personally reward the best disciples."

All the young warriors' eyes lit up in great interest.

Everyone present recently had the best performance. They either had abundant harvest in the forbidden areas, or made a great contribution to their clan, or showed astonishing abilities and strong potential in the Arena of Legends.

The reward would be presented by the master of the clan this time so they were all especially excited.

On the side of the hall, a Demi-holy Being from the Dongfang Clan quietly walked to Nicholas' side and whispered something in his ears.

Just as Nicholas was listening, his eyes fell to a corner of the hall.

Others also noticed Nicholas' gaze and they secretly followed his eyes.

There at the corner stood a young man in white.

Eventually, Nicholas spoke with a smile, "The Ray Tree is a place with many talents. It's a great honor for our Dongfang Clan to have such a young outer elite. Your name's Lowell, right?"

Murmurs broke out when everyone in the hall heard Nicholas' words.

"Lowell? He's Lowell?"

"I didn't expect Lowell to be a disciple of our Dongfang Clan on the Floating Island, and he's an outer disciple..."

"I was wondering which clan he came from..."

They didn't think that someone who had firmly taken the first place among the top-rank True Gods in the Arena of Legends would be at the corner. It was even said that he was going to challenge consummate True Gods who were on a higher level than him!

But no one knew which clan this guy belonged to.

Some people who didn't even know the truth managed to guess that Lowell was the anonymous man.

Now that he suddenly appeared on the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island and joined them in the hall, it startled all the disciples.

Admiration, envy, and even hatred. The disciples looked at Lowell with varying emotions. After all, in order to climb to the top, Lowell defeated some of the present disciples from the Dongfang Clan.

Lowell cupped his hands toward Nicholas. "Yes!"

"Good!" Nicholas said approvingly. "You have been able to win all the way without a single defeat so far. Through the divine eras, you are one of the best."

As he spoke, an imperceptible trace of gloom appeared in Nicholas' eyes.

No Holy Being in the past had ever reached Lowell's record of twenty-nine consecutive wins.

But when it came to record of consecutive wins, it was inevitable for Nicholas to think of the anonymous man, Zen!

Last time in the underground world, Lorena sent Zen away with some theurgy.

It upset Nicholas that he didn't find Zen anywhere in the divine land because he was a man who would never give up easily.

He had deep hatred towards Zen and he wanted to eliminate him. His intense hatred came from the mere fact that Zen was the son of Mike and Lorena and this was what depressed him most. How could he tolerate his existence?

As a man, no matter how generous he was, he was doomed to be narrow-minded in this situation!

"I hope you can put forth more effort and set a record of the most consecutive wins."

With that, Nicholas reached out and clenched his hand. Two rays of light, one cyan and the other yellow, slowly spiraled up from his hand and turned into two swords.

The disciples who saw the two swords began to whisper to each other.

"They're the Cyan Yellow Double Swords."

"The cyan sword represents the five spirits and the yellow sword represents the half moon. How could the master give those to an outsider like him?!"

"This isn't right. Lowell doesn't even use double swords. Why would the master give him such a reward?"

The Cyan Yellow Double Swords slowly floated in the hands of Nicholas. His eyes fell on the woman next to Lowell.

Even when just standing in her three colored dress, she looked like a pure beauty filled with vigor and vitality.

"Iris Dongfang, you're Winthrop's daughter, right? Send my regards to your father. Your branch trained such an excellent female warrior. Very good! This pair of Cyan Yellow Double Swords are rewarded to you two." Nicholas smiled faintly.

Iris was the girl Lowell had saved before.

She followed him ever since.

But she became too reliant on him and couldn't live without him even when she had the chance to return to the Dongfang Clan.

In Iris' eyes, Lowell was always so mysterious.

It was because of that mystery that she was attracted enough to ignore everything. Up till now, she still couldn't see through him.

Although there were dangers in introducing a mysterious stranger into the Dongfang Clan, Lowell must have his reasons to suddenly require to join the Dongfang Clan. Nevertheless, she still willingly helped Lowell hide everything, such as the fact that he could appallingly eat the slate.

For others, it looked like Lowell was able to enter the Floating Island by playing up to Iris and if they got married, he would be a member of the Dongfang Clan.

But Iris knew that it was the other way around. In fact, she was subservient to him.

"Kids, take the swords and show your gratitude to the master!" the Demi-Holy Being urged.

A gentle smile was on Lowell's lips as he cupped his hands and Iris followed his action.

"Thanks, Holy Nicholas!"

"Thanks, Holy Nicholas!"

Nicholas flicked his finger and the pair of Cyan Yellow Double Swords shot towards them.

Chapter 2612 The Guidance Of The Broken Sword

To be honest, Nicholas really treasured Lowell's extraordinary talent.

So when he had heard that Lowell joined the Dongfang Clan for Iris, he rewarded them the Cyan Yellow Double Swords, with the obvious intention of drawing Lowell over to his side.

After he had rewarded them the two swords, he also continued to reward other outstanding disciples.

Meanwhile, Rocher tucked the sword into his space ring and stood quietly in a corner. Then, his eyes scanned Nicholas.

This was Rocher's first time to see his target.

If he were to be asked about first impressions, then he honestly found it hard to dislike this middle-aged man with a fair-skinned face.

Yet, he was fated to be this man's enemy. It could never be changed no matter what happened.

It was because of that very reason Mike had created him…

And so, his first step in going undercover in the Dongfang Clan was to take advantage of Iris.

In any case, he could gather more resources in this place and more importantly, he could gain the trust of the Dongfang Clan, or even Nicholas.

Once Nicholas had given the rewards, he left with the Demi-holy Being.

Chatter between the young talents quickly filled the Cyan Shadow Hall after the elders left.

These young True Gods usually fought in the Arena of Legends, went into closed door cultivation, or traveled through the forbidden lands all day long. They rarely had the chance to get together.

It was true that they were all outstanding, but they were also very arrogant. They all tended to compare with each other when they were together.

Currently, all of them cast hostile looks on Rocher and Iris.

After all, they were in the Dongfang Clan. How could they possibly allow an outsider to get the best reward?

At that moment, something clicked in Rocher's mind. "Let's go," he said to Iris with a smile.

Iris simply nodded and got ready to leave with him.

It was also her first time to enter the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan. Truth be told, she felt out of place. If it wasn't for Lowell, then she might have never gone to the place in her whole life, even if she was eligible to enter the Floating Island.

Just then, they heard a highly sarcastic voice that said, "I didn't expect that a sub-branch of our clan could decline to this extent! They failed to find any young talents among themselves so they had to sell a woman to befriend an outsider! It's so humiliating for our Dongfang Clan! Such a shame!"

A frown tugged Iris' lips down.

It was known that the Dongfang Clan had many branches, and the competition among them was quite tough.

Although Iris's branch was just a sub-branch, they still had a Demi-holy Being who guarded them. They did not fail as that person said.

That person was clearly trying to offend them on purpose.

She also knew that the person's words weren't for her, but for Lowell. However, she didn't want him to get involved in a fight just for her sake.

"Let's go!" she said and took Rocher's hand. She intended for them to leave, when…

Suddenly, Rocher stood still and refused to go.

Instead, he turned around and said in a loud voice, "If you want to trouble me, you can just come straight to me. Why did you have to mock a member of your own clan? You are being ridiculous by playing this kind of trick!"

When he was done speaking, his words were followed by a series of claps.

A man slowly walked out of the crowd. He wore a golden crown and a jade pendant, which made him look distinguished.

All the other people who saw that man quickly began to wait for a good show.

That man was born and raised in the Floating Island, and his father was a Holy Being of the Dongfang Clan.

Although he had very outstanding talent, his name had never appeared on the Jade Wall of Legends. It was said that it was because his father didn't allow him to enter the Arena of Legends.

"I heard that you have performed outstandingly in the Arena of Legends. Now, you seem to at least have the guts to challenge me — so let's go straight to the point. I'll be very glad to spar with you," the man said as a tinge of arrogance flashed across his eyes.

The corners of Rocher's lips curled up. He was always down to accept such a challenge. Simply put, he wouldn't miss any chance to train and improve himself.

The scene in the Heavenly Dragon Region of the divine land looked like it came out of a wild fantasy.

A huge mountain called the Thunderstorm Mountain stood out against a backdrop of a balmy sky.

Bolts of golden lightning had constantly flashed at the top of the mountain range for countless years.

It was so dangerous that even a True God had to be very careful while walking in the Thunderstorm Mountain. It was certainly not fun to get struck by the golden lightning in the sky, and possibly die in misery.

Generally speaking, a top-rank True God with powerful strength was able to walk in the mountain alone.

On the other hand, the mid-rank and low-rank True Gods would have to form a team and employ all kinds of ways to protect themselves from the powerful lightning.

This day, however, a low-rank True God traveled alone in the Thunderstorm Mountain.

He didn't have company, nor any protective gear other than a broken sword.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

With a flash of golden light, the thunder rumbled with a deafening sound.

The True God raised his head. A sliver of fear was evident in his eyes.

"Are you sure that I have to go into the mountain alone? I think it's better for me to wait and form a team with other True Gods. What do you think?" he muttered helplessly.

"Team up with others? Ha-ha! Your cultivation base is too low, and everyone will just look down upon you. Who would want you to join them? Moreover, we are going to find the secret treasure in the mountain. Do you plan to share it with others? You are the weakest among all the Godly Geniuses, the least talented and the most cowardly one! If you don't cultivate harder, you won't even be qualified to watch from the sidelines in the future!" his sword mocked.

This low-rank True God was Lone, the Otherworldly Swordsman. He had sneaked into the divine land not long ago after he became a True God.

The first thing he did after he entered the divine land was take the secret treasure in the Thunderstorm Mountain, which was a treasure the former owner of the broken sword had left behind.

Although what the broken sword said was true, Lone still felt somewhat indignant.

Anyway, he can't deny the fact that he had only stood out among the geniuses in the Evolutionary Universe with the help of the broken sword.

Even after he had entered the divine land, he had to rely on this sword to guide him.

It was safe to say that the broken sword had given him everything he had.

"I'm not a coward!" he retorted. He boosted his speed, turned into a beam of light, and flew down the undulating mountain road.

Crack! Crack!

Once he had set foot on the Thunderstorm Mountain, the golden lightning in the sky kept striking at him as if it had finally found a target.

Luckily, he cleverly used his special bodily movement skill which enabled him to move quickly like a loach in the water and avoid all the thunder strikes.

Some True Gods in the Thunderstorm Mountain noticed Lone, and they all looked at him curiously.

"Look, a low-rank True God came on his own!"

"He really wants death!"

"This boy is quite flexible. He has barely avoided the thunder at the outer area of the mountain, but if he enters the inner area, he would die thousands of times..."

Chapter 2613 The Traveler

Luckily, the broken sword that Lone possessed was already familiar with the Thunderstorm Mountain.

He had managed to resist all of the attacks at the periphery of the mountain range using his own strength.

After he had successfully entered the inner circle of the Thunderstorm Mountain, the golden thunder had become stronger and faster. Lone's current strength level was not enough to let him cross this place.

However, the broken sword was well prepared for this journey.

The Thunderstorm Mountain had an ancient history.

It used to be the ancestral property of a large clan in the divine land. This clan also had Holy Beings, and they had been above the Time Sea dozens of divine eras ago. They had become a powerful clan above the Time Sea, and were famed across the divine land at that time.

Unfortunately, their honor and fame did not last too long.

This clan was sidelined by the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. As its foundation was not solid, the alliance of the powerful clans managed to quickly drown its Floating Island in the Time Sea. Naturally, the ancestral land was also affected and the members of this clan were exterminated.

Now Lone's sword was to guide him to obtain all the inheritances of this clan.

The broken sword carried this hatred within it.

But it was just a sword, and there was no way for it to take revenge.

Years later, when Mike obtained this broken sword, he allowed it to choose a swordsman in the Evolutionary Universe for itself. In the end, the sword pinned its hopes on Lone.

Lone was just a Godly Genius, so it was impossible for him to help the sword take revenge. However, the sword's goal was consistent with Mike's so the only reason it assisted Lone was to help itself!

Lone entered the inner circle and a strange blue rune flashed on the blade of the sword. When the rune flew into Lone's mind, a blue path appeared in his eyes.

The blue path winding through the mountain extended a long distance.

When Lone followed this path, he discovered that all the golden thunderbolts seemed to be paying special attention to him, and each and every one carefully avoided him.

No matter how intense the thunderbolts on both sides of the path were, not one of them hit him! It was as if he had invisible halo of protection around him.

He entered the inner circle of the Thunderstorm Mountain with ease and reached the end of the path, where there was an unremarkable cliff.

Many True Gods had passed by this cliff but they didn't notice anything unusual about it.

The history of the Thunderstorm Mountain was spread far and wide in the divine land. Many True Gods hoped to dig out some relics, gain benefits from the ancestral land of the noble clan, and perhaps even chance upon some forgotten valuable inheritance.

But they had found nothing over the years.

That was because they didn't have the extraordinary broken sword.

When Lone casually brandished the broken sword, he opened the door to the great clan's ancestral land.

Soon his figure disappeared from the cliff.

Many shocking things had happened in the divine land during these years.

On the face of it, the entire divine land looked calm and peaceful, but in fact, there were many crises going on in it.

During this period of unrest, the Ruling Slate shook constantly and the 833rd rule recorded on the Ruling Slate had been triggered several times.

In the past, the Jiang Clan would have reacted strongly to this kind of thing.

After all, it was the Jiang Clan that was responsible for guiding warriors to the divine land and managing the entrance between each universe and the divine land.

But after Harold issued the warning, this clan became silent, turning a deaf ear to complaints in such matters.

They knew clearly that the Evolutionary Universe was the root cause of such things, but in such a delicate situation, the Jiang Clan chose to be silent.

Three Holy Beings from the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands had died and the universe built by the Holy Being of the Liu Clan had collapsed completely. They were in a state of crisis.

However, two of the three Holy Beings who had died could be resurrected, while the Holy Being of the Liu Clan could not be brought back from the dead because of the collapse of his universe.

So the legend that the Holy Beings were immortal was proved wrong again. And this time, the effect was far more shocking.

The only way to kill a Holy Being was to destroy their universe!

However, someone had succeeded in severing the connection between the Holy Being and his universe, thereby easily killing the Holy Being. This method had never been used or even heard of before.

Soon the news spread among the great clans on the Floating Islands. It was said that Nicholas had found a woman in the ancestral land of the Han Clan, and that this woman caused the Lethal Fire Magma to erupt from the ground and take the lives of three Holy Beings. It was this woman who had the theurgy that caused one of the Holy Beings to die, and, at the same time, cut the connection between the Holy Being and the universe, which caused the collapse of the universe.

It was on this day that the Ruling Slate trembled again.

In the Cyan Demon Region, far away from the Time Sea, a woman in a light blue cotton dress fell out of the transmission channel and landed with a heavy thud on the grass.

"Ouch!"

She felt a sharp pain upon impact with the ground. Standing up, she looked around the desolate place sadly.

"Where am I?"

She tried scanning her new environment, confusion replacing the sorrow on her face.

Before she successfully stole into this place, Wynn had informed her that it would be easy for her to find the fairy palace.

Zen might be waiting for her in the fairy palace and she was looking forward to seeing him.

But there was no fairy palace in sight.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

While she was trying to get her bearings, a ray of light appeared in the distance.

Eight burly men rushed over to her.

Most of the men were proving godly warriors. One of the two men in the lead was a low-rank True God, and the other was a mid-rank True God.

It was indeed very rare to see a mid-rank True God in such a remote place.

"What is a woman doing here?"

"Ha-ha! This must be arranged by the fate for our master!"

"Let's take her back and hand her over to our master!"

The men got very excited when they saw the woman. They surrounded her immediately.

Amazingly, the woman was not frightened at all. Instead, she just stared at the men blankly and asked, "What place is this?"

"This is the Cyan Demon Region," answered the mid-rank True God who was leading the team.

"The Cyan Demon Region?"

The woman repeated and appeared more confused than before.

She vaguely recalled that the fairy palace was located in the Swirl Forest. After she entered the divine land, she had to go into the Swirl Forest before she could find the fairy palace.

"Where is the Swirl Forest?" the woman asked the hulks around her.

"Swirl Forest? Ha-ha! It's not far from here, but it's not a place you can enter," the mid-rank True God laughed wickedly as his gaze wantonly swept over her.

The Swirl Forest kept expanding much like other forbidden lands.

Now, almost three quarters of the Cyan Demon Region had been swallowed up by the forest. All clans, large and small, which once lived in the Cyan Demon Region, had already moved away, and the ones gathered in the Cyan Demon Region were all notorious gangsters of the divine land.

"Why can't I enter it?" the woman asked curiously.

Seeing the woman's puzzled expression, the mid-rank True God laughed in a sinister way. "If you want to know the reason, just follow us!"

If it was another woman in this situation, she would definitely be very vigilant. No woman would go away with strangers in an unknown land.

However, this woman was different. After she thought for a moment, she blinked her pure and elegant eyes, nodded without hesitation and said, "Okay, let's go!"

Chapter 2614 Looking For Her Husband

Upon hearing the woman's response, those strong men burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter.

It didn't take them much effort to deceive this woman into coming with them. They thought she was a weirdo who wasn't cautious at all.

"Come with me then," the mid-rank True God said, leading the way.

The other proving godly warriors and the low-rank True God followed suit. The woman walked forward, surrounded by all those warriors.

It seemed as if she was being held hostage, but the woman didn't see anything wrong with what was going on.

The Cyan Demon Region territory was sparsely populated. After the city was abandoned, its ruins became a home for extremely tall and huge plants from the Swirl Forest.

Normally, weeds could only grow up to the knee, but over there, they towered the entire place and almost reached the skies and the sun.

On several occasions, they would hear strange bestial noises from the depths of the forest, which scared them.

Finally, the woman came to her senses. She murmured, "Er...where are you taking me?"

"To meet our leader!" the mid-rank True God answered with a mocking laugh.

His words made her rather unhappy. "I'm not here to meet your leader. I'm going to the Swirl Forest."

"I know. Our leader knows where you can find it," the mid-rank True God explained.

As much as possible, the mid-rank True God didn't want any trouble. He tried his best not to get himself into conflict with that woman. The less trouble, the better. If she just followed him, then it would be much easier for all of them.

If she did something stupid, then he would be forced to take action.

"Okay,"

the woman responded. However, she had this look on her face. 'Something's not right, ' she thought.

Unfortunately, she was a little naive.

Back when she was still in the universe, she had a master who protected her even if she could crush countless warriors in the Illusion Battlefield using her own strength.

However, in the divine land, she didn't have as much control as before.

Even before she managed to sneak into the divine land, her master and fellow disciples had already given her tons of suggestions and words of advice. Those obviously didn't help because she was still confused and clueless.

Not long after, a broken wall with a height of over a thousand feet appeared before them. It was a large city before, and now it had become a nest of this group of people.

As the woman continued to follow them across the city wall, the mid-rank True God shouted, "Leader, I've found you a beautiful woman. Would you believe me if I told you that she's a low-rank True God? I don't even know where she's from!" Then he laughed as if he just said the funniest thing.

As he kept on laughing, a few people began to appear from behind the broken bricks.

All of them were men. Most of them were proving godly warriors, while a few others were low-rank True Gods.

"A woman in the Cyan Demon Region? Unbelievable!"

"Her origin is unknown!"

"I haven't seen a woman for hundreds of years. Damn it!"

All of them gave her lustful stares.

Despite so, they all knew that she belonged to their leader. They could only look at her.

The woman winced when she realized what was actually going on. She was tricked by a bunch of bad guys.

As the woman grew frightened, the Godly Tile in her inner world began to flash intensely.

She was naive, but that didn't mean she was a fool. If she was, there was no way she could prove the Godly Way in such a short time like she had done.

Swish!

The purple light that emerged from her body immediately turned into four purple swords that circled in front of her.

The four swords rolled around, and within a radius of about a thousand feet, sand and stones flew in all directions. The proving godly warriors who had been standing behind her saw the situation go wrong, and they all scrambled to keep a certain distance from her.

The Gods Killing Sword Array formed by those four purple swords released a dangerous aura that alerted everyone.

The proving godly warriors couldn't help but panic.

Even the mid-rank True God had a hint of fear in his eyes.

He didn't expect such a foolish woman to possess that kind of strength.

It wasn't her strength that scared him. No matter how strapping she was, she was not a match for their leader.

It was impossible for any ordinary clan to train such a powerful low-rank True God. He was starting to think that she had some strong background.

The people in that place wouldn't survive anywhere else. If they offended any great force, it wouldn't take much time for their entire population to be wiped out.

Boom!

From a distance, a large and heavy stone board that was once on the ground instantly sprung up. Then, it flew through the air and smashed against the woman's head.

The woman nibbled lightly at her crimson-colored lips.

The sword before her vibrated.

The crowd didn't know how she did it. The enormous stone board smashed into pieces right in front of her.

Behind the pile of rubble appeared a short top-rank True God.

The man looked rather unpleasant. His eyes were shaped like bells, and his eyebrows resembled worms. He had what looked like sausages for his lips. He was very funny-looking.

"Well done! This woman is good! I wonder how she tastes like!" The top-rank True God laughed pretty hard.

The woman was in no mood to laugh at the funny-looking guy.

With just her strength, how could she put up a fight against a top-rank True God?

But she had no choice. After all, there was no one she could rely on.

With a face painted with desperation, she formed a profound sword tactic using her fingers. All of a sudden, the four purple swords charged towards the top-rank True God.

The fatal move of the Gods Killing Sword Array sure was something else.

Even some mid-rank True Gods in the divine land would find it difficult to withstand the power of the woman's four swords.

To her surprise, the top-rank True God opened his mouth which was filled with long white teeth. In the blink of an eye, he swallowed all of the swords.

He used the Heaven Devouring Technique. By practicing such skill, he could swallow almost anything he wanted to.

The top-rank True God rubbed his belly and laughed mockingly. "The internal momentum coming from the Purple Aura Godly Way is delicious! Chick, why did you come to the Cyan Demon Region?"

The woman immediately sank into despair.

She couldn't help but resent herself for being too weak. She only went there to see her husband in the Swirl Forest. She thought the people who resided closest to the forest could help her, but she was wrong.

She never thought it to be such a weird place.

If she didn't leave soon, she could die.

There was bitterness written all over her face. With a hint of sadness in her voice, she said, "I intend to enter the Swirl Forest to find my husband."

The Swirl Forest was a forbidden area of the divine land. Only members of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands were qualified to explore it. That woman just said that her husband was inside the Swirl Forest.

The rest burst into laughter.

All of them laughed except the top-rank True God. He opened his mouth and asked, "Your husband? Which part of the Swirl Forest is he staying at?"

Chapter 2615 Agree To Help

The top-rank True God was none other than Wayne, the Big Mouth whom Zen had released from the dungeon of the fairy palace.

He and Master Evil were known for their very bad reputation in the divine land. After Master Evil was released, he had been anxious to call back his original followers and relive his past glory. Thus, he naturally hurried back to the Vast Sky Region.

On the other hand, Wayne had stayed in the Cyan Demon Region and gathered a group of outlaws in the region to form his own force.

The Cyan Demon Region was barren, but he was very happy these days.

Therefore, it wasn't a coincidence for him to meet the woman there.

He had been imprisoned in the fairy palace for so long, and he knew that the only habitable place in the Swirl Forest was the fairy palace.

So when he heard the woman in front of him say so, his heart skipped a beat.

"I don't know. I only know there is a fairy palace in the Swirl Forest," the woman replied, her lips pressed into a thin line.

"Is there a fairy palace in the forbidden area?"

"The Swirl Forest is full of fierce beasts. Who could possibly build a fairy palace there?"

"Hahaha..."

Once again, the malicious men around them burst into laughter.

Although those men knew that the woman belonged to their leader, it was okay for them to mock her before their leader had his way with her.

When Wayne heard those words, he was sure that she was Zen's woman.

Before Zen had released them from the dungeon, both Wayne and Master Evil had taken an oath by their inner demons that they would be loyal to Zen forever.

Of course, it did not mean that Wayne couldn't eat this woman. After all, his oath was that he must be loyal to Zen, not the people around him.

Yet, he didn't dare to do so.

He knew very well how truly powerful Zen was.

Zen was the son of Holy Mike and the disciple of Holy Bromley.

If Wayne really ate this woman and Zen found out, he would surely end up in misery.

Besides, he was highly ferocious, but not ungrateful.

It was because of Zen that he had gotten to leave that damned dungeon which had imprisoned him for several divine eras.

If he could send the woman to the fairy palace and return her to Zen, then Zen would be grateful to him. Perhaps, Zen would even thank him by saying that the oath was no longer valid.

With that thought in mind, he grinned and asked, "Is the man in the fairy palace you mentioned called Zen Luo?"

The woman, who had been very desperate, suddenly looked stunned and nodded. Her watery eyes stared at his ugly face in a daze.

"Leader, is there really such a person?" asked the mid-rank True God.

Wayne nodded and said, "That man…helped me before." "Really?"

The woman, who had looked like she was going to end, was now filled with excitement.

She had never thought that things would turn around this time.

"I can take you to the Swirl Forest, but this forest is a forbidden area of the divine land. I can't guarantee if I can enter there.

I can only take you to try our luck," said Wayne.

What he said was true. There had been weird changes in the Swirl Forest recently, while an abnormal phenomenon had transpired in the entire Cyan Demon Region for several days.

The Swirl Forest was a forbidden area and one could exit it from any area, but they could only enter from the entrance. Once the entrance was sealed, they could only enter it through the Floating Islands.

So he was unable to bring this woman inside.

Then again, given that Holy Bromley was so powerful and the fairy palace was in the forest, they could always take a chance.

The woman was overjoyed to hear his words.

Meanwhile, Wayne's followers were utterly speechless. They had never thought that the woman who appeared out of nowhere had something to do with their leader.

Deep in the Swirl Forest was a beautiful emerald green lake.

It was like a gem that was embedded in the center of the forest.

In the middle of the gem-like lake floated a golden "bobber," which exuded a strong, medicinal scent that attracted many fierce beasts.

There was something in the lake that played with the bobber and caused it to rise and fall constantly.

In addition, there was a transparent fish line connected to the bobber.

The fish line extended all the way to the bank of the lake, to the jungle, and extended over 10, 000 miles all the way to the fairy palace.

Today, Letitia and the others all stayed in the training tower and couldn't leave it.

The entire fairy palace was filled with intense blood, and its strong and tangy odor permeated everywhere.

The square in front of the fairy palace was littered with broken wings, birds' bones, apes' broken arms which were several thousand feet long, broken skulls, and even crushed brains that were scattered all over the place.

Anyone with a weak mind would vomit at the disgusting scene.

In the center of the square was Harold, who had taken off his shirt.

He was handsome and had a well-defined body, but now all his muscles were swollen. The blood that flowed in his blood vessels was of various colors.

An extremely powerful and tyrannical force circulated in his body like mad and emitted an incomparably strong aura.

"I've got rid of this batch of beasts," he said in a voice that reached the fairy palace, as he clenched his fists.

At the pavilion in the fairy palace was Hallet, who held a fish rod in his hand. He quietly gazed into the distance, but he couldn't hide his nervousness. "We can't disturb the thing in the lake, and don't disturb Augustus. Not even a single move. Master Joy, keep on sending those beasts to the fairy palace!" he commanded.

The last time they tried to gain control of the Swirl Forest had failed.

After Harold took Yan to the fairy palace, Hallet changed the plan, in which Harold played an extremely important role.

A woman who was over 10, 000 miles away from the fairy palace stood on her tiptoes on the top of a tree. She was none other than Joy.

From her point of view, she could see tens of thousands of beasts that all rushed towards the lake from all directions.

Those fierce creatures were the most powerful creatures in the Swirl Forest.

There were blood and even golden apes, and a flock of Swirl Birds thousands of feet long that flew in the sky, which the consummate True Gods found difficult to deal with.

Of course, she had arranged everything beforehand.

She had created the Purple Sky Land, which had completely isolated the entire lake from the outside.

The exit of the Purple Sky Land was connected to the fairy palace.

"All right!"

Joy answered and nodded. At that point, waves of purple light spread out everywhere.

The light waves immediately enveloped numerous vicious creatures in the Purple Sky Land

A few seconds later, an overwhelming amount of beasts were moved to the huge square of the fairy palace in an instant.

All the beasts that charged towards the lake were now taken into the fairy palace for Harold to kill.

Harold would also rely on the fairy palace's own array. After all, he was the one who had been the most pressured. Moreover, he had already killed countless vicious beasts in the past few days.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

The power in his body suddenly erupted, and he killed all those beasts in the blink of an eye. It was as easy as crushing dry weeds!

Chapter 2616 The Soul Of The Forest

Pop! Pop! Pop!

The vicious beasts couldn't resist Harold's fist at all.

They had encountered such an attack after passing through the Purple Sky Land. Without any time to even react, they had all turned into a pool of blood mist.

Weaker fierce beasts had been torn apart only by Harold's air waves.

But even consummate True Gods found it difficult to deal with such beasts.

In the octagonal pavilion, the scene took Hallet's breath away.

"This guy… What a strong freak!"

Back then, Harold was indeed also very powerful, but the gap between him and Hallet wasn't all that wide.

If Hallet encountered Harold in the Arena of Legends, there would've been a 40% chance of Hallet's victory.

But now, the strength that Harold displayed had put a great distance between him and Hallet—there was no doubt that it was all because of the Everest Spirit Mountain.

'After Harold took control of the mountain, his strength has improved remarkably. I wonder about Gus' future progress.' While Hallet was lost in thought, he felt a sudden tremble from the fishing rod in his hand.

His round eyes flashed as his expression changed. "Gus, the fishing rod is shaking! Attention!"

The rod was over 10, 000 miles long, but Hallet could still feel its subtle vibration.

In the lake over 10, 000 miles away, the bobber swayed intensely.

Augustus held his breath in the void above it.

It had been several days and nights since he settled there.

The creature they intended to capture was highly alert, sensitive to every little sound and movement around it. Once it sensed any such movement, it would curl up deep within the lake.

But now, it finally swallowed the bait.

Augustus was still rather nervous—if it ran away again, they'd probably lose any chance of finding it again.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

The undulation in the water grew more and more violent, indicating the restlessness of the creature there.

In the fairy palace, Hallet suddenly stood up and raised his arm like a lotus root, tugging hard on the fishing rod. Simultaneously, he said to Augustus through his life vitality, "It is time!"

Swish!

As he pulled the rod, his strength was transmitted over 10, 000 miles away into the lake.

Swoosh!

The bobber floated up the lake's surface and was pulled out of the water along with a little yellow creature.

It was only about the size of a single palm and as round as a calabash. Two little dots lay in the center of the calabash, like the eyes of a human, with small limbs around the body—it looked like a small, underdeveloped person.

The creature was the soul of the Swirl Forest, the key to controlling the forest.

In the innermost part of the Swirl Forest, the lake and the lairs of several fierce animals lay there.

Once anyone got close to the lake, the nearby creatures would be alerted.

Dealing with these beasts was no easy thing—once any movement was detected, the soul of the forest would hide deep within the lake, making it impossible to even see, let alone catch.

Attempts to obtain this creature usually ended in failure.

But this time, Joy alone had managed to stop all the fierce creatures from entering the woods.

No matter how loud the sounds around the lake were, they were completely blocked out by the Purple Sky Land.

"It's time!"

At this moment, Augustus turned deadly serious.

Hallet had poured great effort into getting this one opportunity—if he messed it up, it would have all been in vain.

The moment Augustus left the void, his hands intertwined as they reached for the soul of the forest.

"Whoosh!"

He moved extremely fast—when the soul of the forest noticed his presence, it had already been gripped tightly in his hands.

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"

The little creature cried out in panic as it struggled to squirm out of Augustus' grasp.

A layer of pale yellow membrane seeped out its surface, making it so slippery that it slid right out of Augustus' hands.

"You're still trying to escape?"

Augustus' face darkened as he squeezed into the void, making a circular space crack appear.

By then, he had already completely closed the space around the soul of the forest.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

The soul of the forest began screaming wildly in its struggle.

Then, the entire Swirl Forest came to life.

The trees that towered tens of thousands of feet tall swayed wildly and the eyes of every ferocious beast and bug turned red as blood.

They rushed to the lake in a frenzy to save the soul of the forest.

But because of the Purple Sky Land, all the beasts were sent to the fairy palace for Harold to deal with—he was under greater pressure now.

Even the water in the lake seemed to have its own consciousness—it turned into a pile of sharp water swords and rushed toward Augustus.

"Humph!"

Augustus grunted, allowing the swords to stab him as he once again reached out to hold the soul of the forest tighter in his hands.

Meanwhile, he instantly shot dozens of complex fingerprints from his hands.

A special pattern was formed in the void after each fingerprint was made.

The more fingerprints there were, the stronger the impact was on the creature.

When Augustus finished shooting the fingerprints, the soul of the forest finally gave up its struggle.

A smile then replaced Augustus' grave expression. He sat in the air, crossing one leg over the other, and placed the soul of the forest in front of his elixir field.

"Buzz..."

A soft light shot into the sky from the lake's center.

After a while, the entire Swirl Forest fell into silence once again.

The originally aggressive beasts calmed down as well and turned around to leave the scene.

Atop the tree, Joy sighed in relief. It was indeed no easy thing to control a forbidden land.

Standing in a pool of blood in the fairy palace, Harold gasped for breath. The huge square was filled with the acrid smell of blood—the liquid had reached up to his knees. One could only imagine how many beasts he had killed there.

"It's over. Saul, let Yan, Geoffrey, and the others come out," Hallet sighed heavily in relief.

At long last, they had fulfilled the heavy task their master had charged them with.

After being locked up for so long, Geoffrey, Letitia, Yan, Lavender, and the others finally left the training tower.

But the moment they stepped out, the bloody scene before them frightened them.

"So many beasts were killed!" Geoffrey exclaimed, wide-eyed in surprise.

Lavender inhaled the air—she had missed the taste of blood after killing. "Did you succeed?"

Hallet nodded once and pointed to the air.

A faint halo of light appeared in the void. Within it was Augustus' body resting quietly.

After being integrated with the soul of the forest, his temperament had undergone a great change. His long black eyebrows were also stained and now a light golden color.

But Augustus was wearing a strange expression as he said to Hallet, "I saw the Big Mouth we met in the dungeon. Didn't Zen release him? Why did he come to the Swirl Forest? It looks like he's with a woman."

After controlling the Swirl Forest, Augustus could feel every single thing in the forest—he had found Wayne and Margaret at the edge of the forest.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2617 Missing

In fact, Margaret and Letitia had both met Augustus before.

At that time, Zen had battled against the incarnation of Augustus while passing the True Path.

However, Augustus' attentions had then been focused on Zen, so he hadn't even given Margaret a thought.

Augustus knew without a doubt that there were several important people locked up in the dungeon of the fairy palace, especially Wayne who had left a deep impression on Augustus before.

Therefore, Augustus was able to instantly recognize him.

They finally arrived at the land transitioning into the Swirl Forest, and a flash of pale golden light effused the big trees inside the Swirl Forest.

It was this living, writhing golden light that repulsed all others from taking a step forward.

Even though Wayne was a top-rank True God, he was also unable to enter into the forest.

"What transpired just now?"

Just before Augustus began to merge with the forest soul, the entire Swirl Forest emanated waves of anger.

Wayne had never witnessed such a scene. He was stunned, and his big mouth gaped wipe open.

Margaret couldn't comprehend what was happening.

She was a bit familiar with the lore of the Swirl Forest. However, she still questioned, "Is there really no way to enter?"

"No way! All of the forbidden areas have only one way in. Now, this entrance is shut to us, and it is impossible even for a consummate True

God to enter it by force!" Wayne said firmly, "Unless you have the means to enter the Floating Island of a powerful clan and use the transmission array on the Floating Island!"

"The Floating Island of a powerful clan? What's that? Can I join this powerful clan on the Floating Island?" Margaret wondered aloud, blinking her eyes.

Wayne became somewhat impatient upon hearing Margaret's musings. This woman seemed to be ignorant about everything. Given the complexity of this situation, it might take him forever to explain this to her.

It didn't even matter whether she was qualified to join a powerful clan or not. If she really wanted to do it, taking her out of the Cyan Demon Region and getting her to the Time Sea would be a great challenge to Wayne.

He felt a sense of regret then. He hadn't expected his men to bring Zen's woman back and give her to him. Already this had caused him a lot of grief.

As Wayne became somewhat morose, there was a sudden change in the Swirl Forest.

An invisible force ebbed out of the fairy palace inside the Swirl Forest.

Crash, crash, crash...

Instantly, the trees groaned and tumbled over to either side with a suddenly spray of leaves.

A path had appeared through the undergrowth!

The path extended tens of thousands of miles from the fairy palace to the very edge of the Swirl Forest.

And a kind of tunnel had suddenly appeared within the layer of golden light that enveloped the edge of the Swirl Forest.

Margaret looked at the gap with a puzzled expression and then doubted, "Are you sure we can't enter the Swirl Forest?"

Wayne was also staring in dumbfounded silence at this bizarre scene.

As a top-rank True God, he was destined to run a third-tier clan. Therefore, he knew the laws governing the forbidden areas well.

This scene was completely beyond his knowledge. He looked at the scene with eyes wide as saucers.

After a long while, he said, "It seems that someone wants us to enter."

"Is it my husband, Zen, who has invited us in?" Margaret's eyes narrowed, and a challenging smirk had appeared on her face. "I wonder why he hasn't come to pick me up himself?"

Wayne rolled his eyes and sneered, "Your husband is not capable of that!"

Wayne had just succeeded in leaving the confines of the fairy palace. He believed that no matter how talented Zen was, he lacked the might to progress to such a level of achievement.

"Without any doubt, it is my husband!"

Margaret wasn't at all perturbed by Wayne's words. She shrugged and advanced into the new pathway without any hesitation.

Wayne reluctantly followed her as he worried about Margaret's safety. The beasts in the Swirl Forest were extraordinarily ferocious, and there were some extremely powerful monsters that dwelt in the forest and that even he couldn't oppose.

As the two of them trudged along the path, they didn't meet any ferocious beasts at all along the way!

However, the tunnel stretching from here to the fairy palace was thousands of miles in length. Considering Margaret's slow pace, it would probably take a few months to reach their destination!

After walking slowly along with Margaret for one hour, Wayne finally grew impatient, and grabbing Margaret, he flew along the path...

Not long after, Margaret's eyes suddenly lit up as she happily chirped, "Look, the fairy palace is here!"

Of course, Wayne knew this instantly. He had been a prisoner within this fairy palace for so many divine eras. So even if the fairy palace should turn into ash, he could recognize it still.

But why was there suddenly such abundant vitality in the fairy palace?

Wayne could smell a strong metallic tang of spilled blood before he had even drawn close to the fairy palace.

When they entered the fairy palace, they were all shocked by many wild beast corpses piled up on the ground.

However, Saul had already begun clearing them up.

Harold, having recovered his original manifestation, was waiting in the fairy palace along with Yan and the others.

Once Lavender saw Margaret, she folded her arms over her chest with a smile, saying, "It's indeed her."

However, when Margaret saw these familiar faces she did not show any surprise at all. Although there were other strangers also standing in the fairy palace, she did not even notice their cultivation bases. She expressed her only concern, "Where is my husband? Why don't I see him here?"

Hearing this question, Harold suddenly flashed a look tinged with bitterness in his eyes. He replied in a low voice, "Let Yan answer that..."

Hearing that, everyone grew pensive and could not help but feel upset in their hearts.

In Harold's and Hallet's eyes, Zen was pre-eminent and irreplaceable.

If others died, it would be a small matter. However, if Zen died, they would face immense problems and have many things that could not be achieved in the future. That would really throw a spanner in the works.

In the past, after sending Zen into the depths of the ground, Harold had left. As he had sensed that the array flag arranged on the Tie Clan's territory had been destroyed, he immediately feared that something terrible had happened!

The array flag was a precious treasure of the Luo Clan. Even a consummate True God could not obliterate it so easily.

In other words, since Harold's departure, a Holy Being had dived to the ground!

It was then that Harold began to have misgivings.

Later, he had heard chatter among the powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

Three Holy Beings had died, and one universe had collapsed. It was said that Nicholas had captured someone underground.

As for Zen, there was no sign of him anywhere.

This was an unacceptable result to Harold and those others in the fairy palace.

While they were still in the dark about what happened, they could only bear the news of this shocking result. All that they could do was to work harder and harder according to their original plan. There was no time to morn or lament as they shouldered the heavy burden.

Therefore, everyone was in a bad mood recently. Margaret's unwitting question had stirred up everyone's regrets, and they felt the loss again as their hearts sank.

"My brother is missing," Yan whispered sadly to Margaret, who she had never met.

Margaret's eyebrows immediately furrowed in fear as her face became a pale lavender. "Missing? What do you mean?"

Lavender noticed Margaret's expression and sadly shook her head.

Letitia blinked her eyes, fighting the tears that threatened there, and her long eyelashes fluttered.

They knew Margaret all too well, and she might not restrain her emotions.

Only Joy, who stood to the side, was watching Margaret with great interest.

She had detected an astonishing quality in Margaret. This woman had successfully cultivated the Purple Aura Godly Way, and her Purple Power Body was most unique. Naturally, Joy was intrigued.

Harold had revealed some of Mike's plan to Joy, including some insight about the Godly Geniuses who had great talents.

Margaret must be one of the so-called Godly Geniuses, but what Joy hadn't expected was that Margaret was also Zen's wife.

Chapter 2618 Teaching

The leader of the fairy palace right now wasn't Hallet, nor was it Augustus.

It was, instead, the charismatic Harold.

After Mike died and Bromley left the divine land, it was he who planned and put everything into place.

He was calm in the face of Margaret's relentless questioning. "Zen is indeed missing but we are currently working hard in tracing him."

"Why is he missing?! You... What did you do to him? How did you treat him?" Margaret might look obedient but she quickly grew hysterical if she got angry. She wouldn't be able to distinguish between friend and foe once she got into one of her moods.

Her temper also made her blind to whether or not the person in front of her was weaker or much stronger than her.

Joy, however, was quite intrigued by Margaret's temper. She slowly walked up to the young woman and talked to her in a soft, calming tone, "The fate will bless Zen. He'll be fine."

"How would you know?!" Margaret shot back with a gloomy face.

Augustus couldn't help but roll his eyes. He wasn't as well-mannered as Hallet and Harold so he wasn't averse to arguing with a hysterical woman. "You know what? Nobody knows if he's fine because nobody knows where he is!"

Margaret got even angrier when she heard this. Her eyes were suddenly filled with killing intent and a purple mist started to swirl around her body.

In the blink of an eye, four long swords appeared beside her and were directly aimed towards Augustus.

"Hey! How dare you?!" Augustus yelled with an exaggerated expression on his face. Given Margaret's cultivation base, she was only showing off her incompetence in front of an expert. Augustus intended to severely make fun of her.

However, Joy stood in front of Margaret and gently hooked her fingers.

The four swords that were on their way to Augustus lost direction and circled around Joy instead.

This sudden change in trajectory and movement filled Margaret with shock upon realizing that she had lost control over the purple mist.

What was more interesting was how the four swords quickly dispersed around Joy into purple mist and began transforming into different shapes like dragons, strange birds, and exotic beasts. Joy was now fully in control and could do whatever she wanted.

Margaret's eyes couldn't help but widen in amazement as she stared at this scene.

In the Evolutionary Universe, she had been considered as the authority on the Purple Aura Godly Way. Not even her master had the same level of awareness she did.

Margaret never truly cared about how powerful she was but she had always been aware of the difficulty others had when it came to surpassing her in the Purple Aura Godly Way.

Thus, she never expected that this woman in front of her could take control of her swords and even manipulate the purple mist to such an extent.

"Why can you use the Purple Aura Godly Way... No, how can you control it to such an extent?" Margaret asked. She knew how powerful she was and also just how difficult it must've been for Joy to have seized the control of the purple mist from her.

Joy simply smiled. "Would you like to learn it?"

Any ordinary person would've recognized this as a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and naturally would've agreed.

However, Margaret wasn't like any ordinary person. She quickly shook her head. "No."

Lavender, Letitia, and the others expected this answer and could only shake their heads in regret.

Unlike them, however, Joy was a bit shocked at Margaret's rejection. "Why?"

"You may not care about Zen's wellbeing but he is my husband! I care very much whether he's dead or alive. I must find him!"

With these words, Margaret quickly turned to Wayne. "Let's go!"

Her orders startled Wayne.

He hadn't stopped trembling ever since he returned to the fairy palace and firmly hid himself behind Margaret.

Who were these people?

There were three consummate True Gods and a Demi-holy Being in front of him. Wayne knew that any one of them could easily kill him if they wanted to.

He had a faint memory of Augustus tricking him in prison before. Wayne was very careful lest he annoyed them and got sentenced to the dungeon all over again.

"The divine land is so large! Even if we leave the Swirl Forest, we still won't be able to find Zen!" he reasoned bitterly.

"Even if we can't find him, we still need to try!" Margaret declared determinedly.

The young woman's expression was resolute but Joy couldn't help but shake her head. "Don't put him on the spot. It's impossible for you to find Zen right now. If you stay here, you have a chance of reuniting with him but if you leave, you might never get to see him ever again."

She said this not just as an empty threat to Margaret.

The young woman was already extremely lucky to have found the fairy palace.

Given her personality, she would most certainly just die without a trace if she traveled the divine land.

"You mean Zen will come back?" she asked.

Joy nodded.

"I think so. As long as you are patient."

Joy once dreamed of more warriors learning the Purple Aura Godly Way. Unfortunately, nobody in the Han Clan was able to develop it. In the end, her Purple Soul Hall was dismissed.

Margaret was most probably arranged by Mike to be her disciple. She wouldn't miss the opportunity to impart her wisdom to this young lady.

With her temper quenched, Margaret finally agreed to stay in the fairy palace.

As for Wayne, he quickly said his farewells in fear of the two men from the Gu Clan taking him back to the dungeon.

The divine land was now in a temporarily stable state.

Nicholas, who originally planned to conquer the Abyss Demon Region, gave up on this idea for the meantime.

Rocher, who had successfully snuck inside the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island, chose not to enter the forbidden areas to fight. He would leave the Time Sea once in a while. Divine cities would collapse every now and then and the stone tablets they housed would mysteriously disappear.

Lone had opened that door and set his foot down upon a new path of fate.

In the Evolutionary Universe, Wynn helped the Godly Geniuses steal out one after another and also activated the 833rd rule continuously. Given the extraordinary talents of these Godly Geniuses, they too forged their own paths upon entering the divine land.

Some of their paths were clear and straight, while others deviated slightly.

This deviation brought unexpected adventure but also great danger. Some advanced sharply but others ended up getting killed.

"Eight hundred thousand wild bones!"

Over one hundred Wild Gods helped Zen extract the Wild God Power and inject it into the Cave of Wildness.

"Gnash..."

Under the immense pressure of his bones tangled together, Zen's bone membrane continuously made this nasty, rasping sound.

The pain intensified even more!

It was even more difficult for Zen now as he tried to become a top-rank Wild God.

Once one reached this peak, it was said that there would be no more bottlenecks. A warrior's body had the potential to grow infinitely as long as they devoured enough wild bones.

This was the reason why Adele and several others managed to reach astonishing heights of three to four million feet.

However, none of them were able to break through to the Other Shore Realm. This was a dilemma they had to face since the rules that matched the Wild Gods in the whole chaos were no more.

Chapter 2619 Enter Zen's Body

While Zen was trying to break through to become a top-rank Wild God, No. 9527 was still up in the bone tower, carefully observing Zen.

It had found himself conflicted, wondering about how to best approach Zen.

No. 9527 didn't have much authority. From the very beginning, the task the brain masters had given to it was merely to keep an eye on Zen and ensure that he remained alive.

And it had performed its duty well so far.

But now, the task had changed.

The brain masters had ordered the brain units to pay close attention to this world's movements.

The brain masters also knew perfectly well what had happened a few days ago.

They were aware that the prisoners had dared to plan an escape from this world. They were incensed to hear such divergent ideas, and had since been on high alert.

The brain masters, however, were not interested in the idea of leaving this place.

After all, their top master was still sleeping. If they left, it would immediately wake him up. He would, however, never allow this world to become a prison to him.

The problem was that Zen's departure would cause trouble.

After having waited for so many years, they were finally lucky enough to find a suitable guy. If they let him go, the sleeping master would wake up and find out, and all the brain masters would be doomed.

Thus, those fat brain masters were extremely worried about Zen and his intentions.

Frustratingly, they couldn't interfere with Zen or do anything to control him.

They had considered imprisoning Zen in this world, but after careful consideration, this turned out to be an unrealistic strategy. If what was said was true and he really had the ability to leave, their plan would be thwarted. It was too risky when the stakes were so high.

The brain masters had been discussing this for a few days in the spiritual world.

Usually, the brain masters could always make their judgments in an instant, as it was so effortless for them to communicate with each other.

It was testament to how complicated this issue was that it took the brain masters a good few days to discuss it, in spite of the high speed at which they were able to communicate. Finally, they had come to an agreement. They would allow No. 9527 to approach Zen.

When it received this command, No. 9527 felt both great honor and great sadness.

It was a great honor, because it had been entrusted with such an important task, which meant it would be granted higher authority since it was sort of the top master's substitute now. Evidently, its status and importance surpassed that of those brain masters it resented so much.

At the same time, it was also a poignant moment for it. Despite feeling incredibly humbled by the trust of the master, it was sad to leave the spiritual world.

It was its homeland, the only place where it had relatives and friends.

At the moment, however, it had more pressing concerns on its mind. It was overcome with the kind of nervousness one felt before a first date. 'When we meet for the first time, how should I greet him? Would he be scared? Or maybe he wouldn't care...' it thought, pacing around.

While No. 9527 was planning its approach, Zen's bones started to break apart again. He had begun his quest to become a top-rank Wild God.

"It is now..."

With no time to hesitate, No. 9527 flew over the top of the cave at lightning speed. It could move freely and quickly in the bone tower.

"Whoosh!"

It did not take it long to enter the Cave of Wildness through the caves inside the bone tower. Landing on the ground, it rushed towards the sclerite shining in Zen's chest.

When undergoing the Body Tribulations, Zen focused all his senses on his own body.

He felt the sclerite on his chest shift, but he didn't notice that a wisp of soul had got in.

This time around, the Body Tribulations were much easier than the first time he had endured them. After all, Zen already had some experience in dealing with them.

Soon...

The power of millions of wild bones, including fifty shares of blood wild bones, had been completely absorbed by Zen.

Zen, once again, lay paralyzed in the Cave of Wildness.

Even after the Body Tribulations were over, Zen couldn't move for some time. He could only wait in silence for his physical body to slowly recover enough to be able to move.

As he lay, the silence was suddenly broken by a voice, a voice from within Zen's own head.

"Hello?"

The sound had come so suddenly, out of the heavy silence, that it startled Zen.

He first thought that this was a voice message sent through the life vitality, but soon he realized that it was not. It was coming from the consciousness!

"Who is that?"

Zen's soul replied in his mind, his breath quickening from anxiety. After all, no one wanted to become possessed.

Even though many things had entered his body over the years, it was not something he desired or welcomed, especially not when it was of an unknown nature.

Zen didn't expect that the situation would become too complicated this time.

"My name is No. 9527," No. 9527 answered Zen.

"Who are you?"

By now, Zen had deduced that the sound was coming from the sclerite in his chest.

Zen had always been very curious and confused about the origins of this sclerite. However, he had more important things to worry about than the provenance of a bone fragment. He would never have guessed, however, that it would be able to speak.

"I just told you, didn't I? I'm No. 9527!" it replied, its voice puzzled.

Zen had asked it the same question twice.

Although it had observed the behavior of groups of Wild Gods countless times, it still couldn't fully understand them. After all, it had been born in the spiritual world. Although it had its own consciousness, it didn't have much experience in dealing with people.

It was not a human soul...

Zen made a decision quickly.

As Zen had already had some experience with these uninvited guests that entered his body, he knew what to ask. "Where did you come from?" he continued.

"The spiritual world, the spiritual world the master has built. The world is buried deep underground," No. 9527 tried to explain clumsily.

"Who is the master?" Zen asked patiently.

"Master?" No. 9527 thought for a while and finally gave the answer that Zen was looking for. "The master is the Chaos Ancient God you always refer to."

"The Chaos Ancient God!" Zen was shocked. "The Chaos Ancient God you mentioned is this bone tower?" he asked hurriedly.

"Yes," No. 9527 answered.

Zen was silent for a while. He had never expected that this sclerite would have a connection with the Chaos Ancient God.

There were so many Wild Gods and exiles in this world. Why would the Chaos Ancient God choose him?

After thinking for a while, Zen asked again, "Then why did you enter my body? What is this sclerite?"

"Because the brain masters ordered me to do so," answered No. 9527 simply.

This answer confused Zen. He wasn't completely sure he had grasped what the brain masters were.

Only after a long and tedious conversation had Zen gradually understood what was going on.

The first time he underwent the tribulations, he had actually been infused with the bloodline of the Chaos Ancient God. Timotheus had known about this, even though he didn't tell Zen.

For some reason he didn't yet know, the brain masters that No. 9527 mentioned chose him and ordered No. 9527 to enter his body.

It had explained that its goal was to help Zen reach the Other Shore Realm with the cultivation method of the Chaos Ancient God.

The old man, Adele's father, had also mentioned this matter before, and this had put a glimmer of hope in Zen's heart. Perhaps, if he took advantage of this shortcut, Zen could reach the Other Shore Realm with his physical body.

Now, this so-called No. 9527, who was a strand of Chaos Ancient God's soul, was repeating its own thoughts back at him.

Zen couldn't help but feel puzzled. "But I could reach the Other Shore by crossing the Sea of Truth using the Grand World Cultivation Method. What difference does it make if I use my physical body to reach the Other Shore?"

"It makes all the difference," No. 9527 replied. "Using the Grand World Cultivation Method to reach the Other Shore, you can't take anything with you. But if you use your physical body to reach the Other Shore Realm, you can take back some important things of value from the Other Shore. There is a great difference between these two methods."

This explanation stunned Zen.

In Zen's mind, the Other Shore was a realm. Like the Sea of Truth, it should be a concept that people could only think vaguely about. It only existed in creatures' imagination, and thus was not real.

But according to this guy's explanation, this did not seem to be the case. The truth was very different from what Zen had anticipated.

Chapter 2620 The Truth Theurgy

"Then, what do you want me to bring back from the other shore?"

Zen continued to ask.

"We can't tell you," No. 9527 answered stiffly.

'This guy is so stubborn even though it is asking for help.'

Zen curled his lips. "If you don't answer me, I'll drive you out."

"You're not strong enough," No. 9527 responded. "Although your soul power far surpasses that of others at the same level, it's far from enough to expel me."

Its answer was straightforward enough, which made Zen lose his interest in trying to get an answer.

He really didn't have any good way to deal with it, since the opponent was after all a strand of the soul of the Chaos Ancient God.

The wound on his body caused by the Body Tribulations was in no time healed quickly.

After making sure that his condition was back to normal, he stretched his limbs for a while. Afterwards, he immediately left the Cave of Wildness.

"Have you succeeded this time?"

Baldwin asked as soon as he spotted Zen. He was standing above the Cave of Wildness.

He was greeted by a nod and saw a smile on Zen's face. He knew that Zen had been successful.

He had sent over a hundred people in order to help him undergo a breakthrough and become the top-rank Wild God.

He was well aware and certain about Zen's ability and sufficiency in absorbing the Wild God Power.

It could be said that Zen's body was like a black hole, easily absorbing almost all the Wild God Power without missing a single drop.

The Wild God Power that he obtained was far beyond that of the ordinary Wild God.

Zen was truly qualified to have succeeded on just the first time, but Baldwin could not help but sigh.

He was held responsible and in charge of maintaining the Cave of Wildness distributing the wild bones to his race members. He had met and had various encounters with many talents in his race.

But it was the first time for him to meet a guy like Zen. He knew that this might be their last encounter.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Zen lightly stood on his tiptoe and flew away.

"Grow!"

Zen spoke an order.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

A powerful aura was suddenly emitted from Zen's body, and his body began to swell in the blink of an eye.

One thousand feet...

Five thousand feet...

Ten thousand feet...

If someone's body could reach a height of eight thousand to ten thousand feet, they could be considered the mid-rank Wild God. Before, Zen had been able to make his body reach the height of ten thousand feet.

"Go on!"

Zen felt that the Wild God Power in his body was still very powerful. Exerting his full strength, his body followed the order as it continued to grow and swell.

Fifteen thousand feet...

Twenty thousand feet...

Thirty thousand feet!

His body continued to grow until his head almost reached the top of the cave. At the same time, the Wild God Power in his body was almost exhausted reaching its limit.

"It reaches the limit," Zen said calmly. The result was what he had expected.

At the same time, a thought flashed on his mind and three heads and six arms appeared on his physical body.

He wanted to test if he would activate the bloodline theurgy after becoming the top-rank Wild God. Exploring it for a while, he did not feel anything unusual.

'It seems like it's not easy to activate the bloodline theurgy in the Wild God Power, ' Zen thought to himself.

Just as he was immersed on this thought, No. 9527's consciousness once again sprung out to his mind. "The bloodline theurgy? You already have a one, don't you?"

"You are peeping into my soul!" Zen was a little annoyed.

"Isn't that normal?" Noticing Zen's anger, No. 9527 felt a bit surprised.

In the spiritual world of the Chaos Ancient God, the minds of all the brain units were exposed to each other. In other words, everyone was clear about everyone's thought. There was no need to hide something since they were accustomed to this.

"Nonsense," Zen couldn't help but retort. After a pause, he came to a realization and asked, "What did you say just now? Bloodline theurgy?"

"You just blamed me for peeping at your soul." No. 9527 had no idea why Zen's thought had changed so quickly.

"What we are talking about now is the bloodline theurgy!" Zen fiercely corrected it.

"Okay," No. 9527 responded. "When you first experienced the Body Tribulations, you obtained the inheritance of the Chaos Ancient God's blood, so you have already obtained the bloodline theurgy."

"The inheritance of the Chaos Ancient God's blood?" The information certainly shocked him.

The oldest man had known about it, but he didn't tell Zen or spread to the public.

Zen was after all the grandson of the Grand Chieftain, and the Wild Gods had deeply valued the purity of their blood.

"As you said, it is the blood transplant. The sclerite in your chest you just mentioned is formed because of the blood," No. 9527 added.

"The blood of the Chaos Ancient God has been planted in my body." Zen never expected this. He thought for a while and then asked, "What is the bloodline theurgy?"

No. 9527 smiled and explained, "This bloodline theurgy comes from the early stage of chaos. Although you have this theurgy, whether you can use it or control it depends on how much you can master!"

As soon as these words were spoken, Zen suddenly felt the sclerite in his chest begin to heat up, and the temperature also rose higher and higher.

He soon felt a burning sensation, as if a flame was constantly jumping in his chest.

Strange textures in no time were revealed on the diamond-shaped sclerite. The textures turned into a large net and projected into Zen's mind. Afterwards, it slowly surrounded his soul.

"What's this?"

Being enveloped by the circular net, he felt as if he had lost contact with his physical body and his soul was trapped in the net.

The Wild Gods who were watching outside the cave saw that Zen had involuntarily taken two steps back. His huge body fell on the ground, causing a loud bang.

"What happened to Zen?"

Baldwin was caught off guard as he asked.

Many Wild Gods panicked.

They had held high regards towards Zen attaining a great achievement in the Nine Li race, and his status in the race was incomparably high.

The scene had indeed surprised them as he passed out right after becoming a top-rank Wild God.

"Go and inform Grand Elder!" Baldwin abruptly gave out an order.

Zen was oblivious to what was happening outside as he was still immersed in his own mind. No. 9527 continued to explain, "The Chaos Ancient God was lucky to observe the energy of the Godly Ways Great Unity in the early stage of chaos. Thus, he comprehended a truth which was in his use. That theurgy is the truth theurgy! It could control all the rules in chaos from the beginning to the end, in an unbreakable way!"

The voice of No. 9527 sounded in his own mind. It sounded very illusory when the voice was isolated by the net.

The more No. 9527 explained, the more he was astonished.

It was superior to all rules, which could not be broken from the beginning to the end.

What an incredible theurgy!

The energy of the Godly Ways Great Unity?

Zen had once cultivated the Ways-blending Strike which used to merge all of the three thousand Godly Ways in one. But what was the Godly

Ways Great Unity? It even made the Chaos Ancient God come up with a truth!

"Buzz..."

The huge net began to spin, turning into a round ball and enveloping Zen's soul.

Then a strange picture, appearing on the inner wall of the ball, unfolded slowly right before Zen's vision.

"Golden Sanskrit words?"

Zen was once more stunned looking at the golden words that had appeared in the inner wall of the huge ball

His only concern was that he couldn't understand it.

Chapter 2621 Instructions

Except for Geoffrey, Zen hadn't seen anyone else who could read Sanskrit so well, not even his own mother.

Of course, Zen couldn't either.

He had no knowledge of Sanskrit whatsoever, and the golden Sanskrit words were incomprehensible to him.

While Zen was puzzling over the text, the speed at which the golden Sanskrit words spun became faster and faster. Soon they spun so fast that they resembled a rotating bowl of golden juice, splashing around and forming strange images in the air.

These images only existed for a moment before they disappeared without a trace, like mirages.

About hundreds of images had appeared and disappeared in the course of three seconds.

"What are these images?"

Zen stared at the changing images, trying to understand.

This time, No. 9527 just kept silent.

Zen hadn't been chosen by the master for nothing. Surely, he must have extraordinary abilities. So No. 9527 knew to keep its thoughts to itself and let Zen take the lead.

And if Zen couldn't comprehend the images, it would only prove that the master had chosen wrong.

Zen furrowed his eyebrows as he stared at the constantly changing images in front of him. He was lost in deep thought.

Although this No. 9527 fellow's origin was suspicious, Zen did not think it was a liar. He believed that the bloodline theurgy No. 9527 had mentioned could be found in these images.

How much insight he could get all depended on his ability to decode the images.

Since Zen had reached the True God Realm, his understanding of the various theurgies and cultivation methods had improved significantly.

He had discovered that even the three thousand Godly Ways were just different kinds of energy that could be expressed by various different methods.

The Wild God Power, too, was just another form of energy. What made it different, however, was that it depended more on inheritance, because the power of Wild Gods came not from themselves, but from the energy that had been extracted from the countless wild bones, which was known as the Wild God Power.

After a moment of silence, a ray of light appeared in Zen's eyes.

"These images are instructions! They show me how to use energy!"

Zen concluded.

Hearing Zen's conclusion, No. 9527 felt relieved and impressed. 'This guy...' it thought, smiling to itself. 'It took him no time to figure that out!' it gushed in his mind.

Despite being only a small brain unit, No. 9527 acted like a vessel for the memory of its master. It had little authority, but that did not reflect its value. It, after all, had been chosen to represent the Chaos Ancient God.

Truth was the most basic component of chaos, and it was not easy to grasp it.

Even if one managed to learn what they perceived to be the truth, what they had actually understood was but a tiny fraction of the entire truth. And yet, they would still benefit greatly from it.

After Zen had realized what these images meant, his mind suddenly became clear. Now he knew the direction in which he should think, instead of being lost in the middle of a four-way street, not knowing which path to choose.

Soon, he descended completely into meditation.

Inside the cave, Zen's huge body lay motionless on the ground.

Adele floated above Zen's head. Her eyes flashed with a faint glow, and her nervous expression gradually calmed down as she observed him.

He looked as if he had fallen into the deep sleep of a meditation state.

Adele naturally couldn't figure out why he was in such a state, but as long as he was safe, it didn't matter.

However, Adele hadn't thought that Zen would remain lying there for over ten days.

In fact, he remained there for over half a month.

With the new moon, Zen's huge body suddenly trembled, and the light ball surrounding his soul suddenly shattered into smithereens. A dark green light constantly flickered from his chest, emitting an intimidating aura.

The aura was so strong that even the airtight bone tower couldn't resist. It shook violently.

Meanwhile, in the depths of the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, Timotheus, Ramzi, and many other exiles all opened their eyes simultaneously, disbelief all over their faces.

This was the second time Zen had endured the Body Tribulations, so they knew it wouldn't be a challenge for him. Naturally, they did not deem the situation worthy of their attention. However, they had not expected Zen to change so drastically after becoming a top-rank Wild God.

"What happened?"

"Even I must admit...I am afraid of this aura!"

"Is it some kind of Truth of Godly Way?"

The exiles had relied on the boat of the truth to reach the Other Shore Realm.

Their understanding of energy, and how to use it to their advantage, had reached a new level, far beyond that of ordinary creatures.

Honestly speaking, the energy Zen gave out was not so powerful itself, far from enough to frighten them. The only thing that could explain their reaction was that the energy was of a nature they had, hitherto, never seen. And the unknown can be, at times, much more frightening than the powerful.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Several exiles appeared before Zen in a synchronized fashion.

Staring at Zen below them, their expressions were hard to decipher.

"What kind of energy is that?" Ramzi asked, staring at the green light radiating from Zen's chest.

Timotheus shook his head. "I don't know," he said pensively. "But I am sure this energy is not the bloodline theurgy of our Nine Li race..."

Then, something occurred to him. "Could it be..."

He trailed off into silence, but Ramzi, Leopold and the others knew what he was thinking. Their expressions looked lost, buried deep in thought.

Zen hadn't displayed this ability before, but now, after he had just gone through the Body Tribulations another time and become a top-rank Wild God, he was able to finally display it. Zen had, furthermore, absorbed the bloodline of the Chaos Ancient God.

The most likely explanation was clear to them. Zen had activated the bloodline theurgy of the Chaos Ancient God.

"Timotheus, have you heard of anyone who has managed to gain the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline theurgy?" Ramzi asked through his life vitality.

Timotheus shook his head. "No..."

Among those in the Source World, the Chaos Ancient God was an existence that all races looked up to.

Although there had been countless talents that had appeared in the Source World throughout the years, they had still been unable to reach the level of the Chaos Ancient God, mostly due to the limitations of times.

Of course, it might have well been because the level of the exiles had not been high enough, or because the top figures in the Source World were not like what they had imagined.

While the exiles pondered over these questions, Zen suddenly opened his eyes.

Exhaling deeply, he rolled over to get onto his feet. Although he tried to keep himself calm, the excitement in his eyes was obvious.

"Master Timotheus, Master Ramzi, Master Leopold..." he whispered fervently.

Zen spread his arms, making the Wild God Power dissipate. After shrinking back into his normal size, he flew up to them, cupping his hands.

"Congratulations on breaking through again. It seems like you have gained a lot. I'm curious, what was that energy just now, the one coming from your chest?" Timotheus said with a smile.

Zen did not have any reservations concerning Timotheus and the others.

After all, they were of the same race as him, and they had known each other for so long. He knew they could be trusted.

Zen stretched out his hand towards Timotheus and opened his palm. An emerald green light lit up like a flame, dancing in the palm of his hand. It circled around, and formed a small emerald green block. "Is this the energy that you asked about?"

Chapter 2622 Storming The Torrent Bone Tower

The green block looked quite ordinary, nothing special.

However, there was a hint of excitement in the eyes of Timotheus and the others.

"Is this the inheritance from the Chaos Ancient God?" asked Timotheus with his greedy eyes shining.

Zen raised his eyebrows slightly and asked, "Did you know about it, Master Timotheus?"

Timotheus nodded and said, "I already guessed it when you went through the Body Tribulations last time, but I didn't think you would be able to obtain the inheritance in such a short period of time. It's remarkable."

Timotheus didn't continue. Even Ramzi and his companions tried their best to suppress their curiosity.

This was Zen's secret, and they were being rude by prying.

The exiles had no idea about the Chaos Ancient God's purpose, but it was not a bad thing for the Nine Li race.

In fact, it was a blessing in their eyes.

After Timotheus and the others left, Zen asked for a quiet place to continue his research on that energy.

"You're very talented to be able to grasp a Truth Crystal in just half a month," No. 9527 commented. "But don't get too excited yet. A complete truth is like a towering tree, and what you have mastered is only the smallest root. You can't display its power yet."

Zen nodded. Although the square Truth Crystal was indeed mysterious, it was not so powerful as Zen's own energy to fuse the Godly Ways.

"Don't worry, I will teach you how to use the Truth Crystal," No. 9527 added.

The Truth Crystal was the bloodline theurgy of the Chaos Ancient God. After he observed the Godly Ways Great Unity, he had comprehended his truth himself, and then integrated it into his bloodline.

Using this Truth Crystal, or the bloodline theurgy, was very important. Next, Zen would continue to cultivate tirelessly.

The time for the arrival of the Light of Adjudication was drawing near.

The atmosphere in the bone tower grew intense. When the Light of Adjudication finally came, all the Wild Gods in the world, except the major races inside the bone towers, would be obliterated.

According to past experience, most of the Wild Gods would experience the Light of Adjudication without even knowing.

They would only have a few seconds left by the time they realized that the Light of Adjudication had arrived. Then they would see themselves, their peers, even their brothers and sisters turn into dust in the dazzling light. They would even see themselves turn into dust and disappear from this world.

Some of the Wild Gods who knew the truth tried desperately to dash into the bone towers as fast as they could. Generally speaking, the Wild Gods would never reveal the news of the Light of Adjudication arriving because that meant having one more opponent to compete with for entering the bone tower. It significantly diminished their chances. So none of the Wild Gods were foolish enough to divulge this information.

However, something changed not long before the arrival of the Light of Adjudication this time.

A nasty piece of gossip suddenly began to spread everywhere crazily, especially in those remote cities. As it was a very juicy and shocking piece of information, it spread rapidly.

Before the Light of Adjudication had fallen on this world, the members of the various big races had managed to return to the bone towers, and they didn't notice it at the very beginning.

The gossip spread across all the cities like wildfire.

All the Wild Gods knew of the existence of the Light of Adjudication, as well as the fate of those being eliminated, and the fact that the bone towers was their shelter. Everyone was in a state of panic.

In the Towering City, hundreds of thousands of Wild Gods had gathered close to the Snake Goddess race's Torrent Bone Tower. The Wild Gods were seething and filled with righteous indignation.

A sturdy middle-aged man looked down at the people on the city wall and shouted, "The big races are hiding in the bone towers to seek refuge, and so is our city lord. Only we 'lowly people' are waiting for death here. Why should we? Who wants to wait for death?"

"Not me!"

"Me neither!"

"No one wants to wait for death!"

Hundreds of thousands of Wild Gods answered in an enraged chorus.

The middle-aged man continued, "But our strength is far inferior to that of the people of the Snake Goddess race. If we attack the bone tower, we will surely be killed. But in the end, a small number of people will be able to break into the bone tower, so that a few of us can survive! Will you take a chance?"

"We will die anyway. Why don't we give it a try?"

"Yes, we're bound to die if we stay here! If we get lucky and are able to break through to the bone tower, we might have a chance to save our lives!"

"..."

The only thought that occupied the minds of the Wild Gods right now was survival. They certainly knew that it was not easy to deal with the large race in the bone tower.

However, once they knew that they would definitely die, all of their scruples and fears had vanished. Now their survival instincts had kicked in. When they were not even afraid of death, how could they be afraid of the big races?

"Then what are you waiting for?" the middle-aged man roared again.

"Charge!"

"Force your way into the Torrent Bone Tower and make them take us in!"

"I'm going in even if I have to kill!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Hundreds of thousands of Wild Gods rushed toward the bone tower in a mad frenzy.

As the middle-aged man gazed at the tide of people rushing to the Torrent Bone Tower in the distance, a smug smile appeared on his face. He leaned against the wall, and muttered, "According to our agreement, your Yellow Emperor race has to take me in."

Not far away, in the darkness of the city wall, a thin young man strolled outside. He was none other than Roy, a member of the Yellow Emperor race.

Roy was entrusted with the duty of spreading the news of the Light of Adjudication in the Towering City.

Naturally, he'd better not show up. So he had found this middle-aged man who had a high reputation in the city.

Roy had promised this middle-aged man that he would be able to join the Yellow Emperor race and seek refuge in their bone tower if he instigated the Wild Gods to charge into the Torrent Bone Tower.

His strategy had been a success.

"Sorry, our Yellow Emperor race's bone tower will not be able to contain so many people," Roy said with an evil grin.

The man's face darkened. He stared at Roy and snapped, "But you promised me!"

"So what?" Roy said lightly, "You can also storm into the Torrent Bone Tower with them. Maybe you'll have a chance to live!"

"You, you…traitor! I'll fight it out with you!"

The middle-aged man flew into a rage and began to activate the Wild God Power within his body to fight his backstabbing opponent.

But before he could begin to swell up, Roy had already turned into a streak of light and flown past him.

The middle-aged man's eyes widened in surprise and his body stiffened.

At the same time, blood gushed out from Roy's fingertips.

Thud!

The middle-aged man fell to the ground, and Roy gently shook his right hand to clean off the blood stains on it. He looked at the middle-aged man's corpse and said, "Why did you force me to do that? As a lowly person in the wilderness, you should accept your death by the Light of Adjudication."

Then, Roy disappeared into the darkness again.

Such things happened often in all big cities.

All the cities and the Wild Gods within the territory of the Snake Goddess race were encouraged by the Yellow Emperor race. For the first time, ten million Wild Gods rushed towards the Torrent Bone Tower.

Chapter 2623 Cold-blooded

This kind of situation not only happened in the territory of the Snake Goddess race.

There were countless Wild Gods in the Nine Li race, Star Deer race and other main races that were instigated by the Yellow Emperor race.

However, for the Yellow Emperor race, the Snake Goddess race was their ultimate goal.

Under the Torrent Bone Tower, about ten million people had activated the Wild God Power. They transformed themselves into figures of a few thousand or tens of thousands of feet high. They all piled up and formed into a layer of wall, blocking the entrance of the bone tower completely.

At the entrance of the Torrent Bone Tower, six elders from the Snake Goddess race were fiercely guarding the place.

"How could this be even possible? Who has spread the news of Light of Adjudication?" an old woman with a hunch back exclaimed angrily.

Previously, before the Light of Adjudication descended, a small number of Wild Gods would try to break into the bone towers, but it would be dozens or hundreds of people at the most. Depending on the situation, the Snake Goddess race would either selectively chose a part of them to let them stay or mercilessly just kill them all.

But this time, things were different. All the Wild Gods in the territory of the Snake Goddess race were present.

Now the situation became more complicated.

Even though the Torrent Bone Tower was considerably large, it was difficult to accommodate so many Wild Gods!

"Someone is deliberately spreading the news. We are yet to make out the intentions for the attempt," an astonished female elder commented.

"What can be their purpose?" asked another woman coolly.

The former lady snorted coldly. "Isn't it clear? Their reason could be the two people from the Warden race."

The Snake Goddess race had accepted those two people, fully aware of the consequences that they would have to face. It was as good as announcing a war on the Warden race.

However, they assumed that the real confrontation would come only after the Light of Adjudication descended. They never expected that they would use such tricks before that!

"That cannot be possible. The Warden race obviously doesn't have so many people. Is it even possible for them to instigate so many people in such a short time?" the enchanting female elder commented with a tinge of doubt.

Besides, the Warden race rarely revealed themselves to others. They were always mysterious, so it would be difficult for them to convince so many people in a short time.

As the elders continued to speculate, a circle of light, resembling a rainbow appeared behind them. Emily's voice faintly floated over. "This is not the deed done by the Warden race."

"Master!"

"Master!"

The female elders bowed down to Emily with reverence.

Emily nodded slightly and looked at the dense crowd of Wild Gods with a puzzled look.

"If it is not the Warden race who instigated these people, who did it?" the old lady asked.

The crystal light in Emily's eyes flashed. With a sneer she said, "Not all the races were invited by us. For example, the Yellow Emperor race is excluded."

"Master, do you mean to say that this is the doing of the Yellow Emperor race?" the old lady asked in bafflement.

The other elders present were equally stunned with Emily's claim. The elder with a cool expression asked, "Is the Yellow Emperor race trying to court death?"

The Snake Goddess race was the most powerful race in this world, and no race dared to provoke them so far. Even the Yellow Emperor race was no match for the Snake Goddess race. That was why all the elders were shocked at this revelation. The consequences of provoking the Snake Goddess race could be imagined.

"The Nine Li race doesn't allow the Yellow Emperor race to join our escape plan. Under this situation, if the Warden race gives them an olive branch, what will you do if you were in their place?" Emily asked.

These elders immediately understood what happened.

This was actually a counter attack from the Warden race, but they used the Yellow Emperor race as their pawn.

"In fact, not only the Yellow Emperor race, but even some small races who did not join us, are likely to help the Warden race. Their ultimate goal is the two people from the Warden race."

While speaking, Emily had a gleam in her eyes. "Zen is right. I have been looking forward to the Warden race's counterattack!"

The elders were bewildered hearing Emily's comment.

The old lady asked, "Why do you say that, master?"

Emily asked, "If Luther and Zelda are on our side, but the Warden race do nothing about it, what do you think the reason can be?"

The old lady thought for a while, then her eyes suddenly lit up. "It means that Luther and Zelda are of little significance for them!"

"Yes. If they did nothing, it must mean that Luther and Zelda are hardly of any help for us to leave this world. Hence the Warden race wouldn't care about them at all. That is the most terrible situation to be in."

As Emily spoke, she gently stepped forward and continued, "But now that the Warden race have allied with the Yellow Emperor race, along with the smaller races, it must mean that they are now afraid. At the same time, it also means that Luther and Zelda have the ability to help us leave this world!"

"Then how do we deal with these Wild Gods?" the old lady asked.

Emily shook her head and said, "It's very likely that the Yellow Emperor race have arranged certain people to lurk among these Wild Gods. Their ultimate goal is to enter the bone tower. And we can't let them achieve that."

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..."

Every time Emily moved about, a rainbow hued ripple would spread from the tip of her feet, producing a faint buzzing sound.

At the same time as the ripples spread, her body also doubled in size.

By merely taking a few dozen steps, she became a humongous Wild God, towering at five million feet tall. She looked down at the dense crowds of the Wild Gods and spoke in a cold and clear voice, "Everyone should immediately leave our Torrent Bone Tower as soon as possible. Otherwise, it will be your doomsday!"

The old lady and several other female elders were shocked at Emily's words. They looked at each other and took a deep breath. It was clearly evident that Emily was on a bloodbath mission.

They were well aware that Emily had the potential and strength to kill so many Wild Gods, but they didn't expect her to really do so. There were over ten million warriors in this place!

These several elders were born and grew up in this world after all.

Although they regarded the Wild Gods as people of wilderness, it was still difficult for them to kill ten million living creatures.

Emily and Timotheus, who were powerful warriors among the exiles, had already regarded ordinary creatures as weeds. In order to leave here, they wouldn't hesitate even if they were to kill ten times the number of people present.

Until now, the Wild Gods who gathered, had a sliver of hope that the Snake Goddess race would be benevolent and allow them to stay in the Torrent Bone Tower. That was why, they didn't rush into the tower immediately.

But now when they heard Emily speak, their hearts sank.

"We belong to the territory of the Snake Goddess race!"

"How can you bear to watch us die?"

"I would rather be killed by you than be cleansed by the Light of Adjudication."

These people knew their fate, but who would be willing to accept it?

Sounds of begging, shouting, and roaring reverberated in the air. The whole place was in chaos.

There were rage and disappointment among the people. Everyone present were torn between emotions.

Nobody knew who took the lead, but suddenly some of them rushed towards the entrance of the Torrent Bone Tower, and more Wild Gods followed.

All the Wild Gods united as a force and dashed towards the Torrent Bone Tower behind Emily like a torrent.

Witnessing the changing scene down below, Emily slightly shook her head and sighed, "Don't blame me for being cold-blooded then."

Chapter 2624 The Superior's Strategy

People in higher positions were, generally speaking, usually more apathetic.

Despite that, it didn't go to say that such warriors were cruel and bloodthirsty individuals, but compelled by certain circumstances, they were obliged to make important decisions.

Emily had never been considered ruthless or barbaric, but right now, she didn't hesitate in the least.

Buzz...

She suddenly and forcefully pointed at the crowd.

Not far ahead of her, a beam of colorful light had begun to make its appearance. As it became brighter and brighter, the colorful light resembled a colorful little snake, slithering in the air. Its head slowly began chasing its tail, until it was connected end to end, forming a ring.

The beam of light gained speed until it was spinning extremely fast. As it spun at the highest of speeds, it emitted a horrifying aura.

A few Wild Gods halted and froze as they felt the horrifying aura creep over them, fear etched on their faces.

"What kind of method is that? I'm afraid it's even more powerful than the Light of Adjudication itself!"

"If someone were to be strangled by the ring of light, they would definitely die!"

Before long, these fearful voices were drowned out by others who were more confident in their words.

"We have so many warriors here. She might not even dare kill us!"

"You're right. She can't kill us all, that's for sure."

"Don't be afraid. Let's charge together at once!"

The Wild Gods' eyes had turned red with emotion. They knew very well that their only chance of survival was entering the bone tower. The desire and will to live had already completely suppressed the fear they felt in their hearts.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

One after the next, the Wild Gods rushed forward without stopping. On the contrary, they picked up as much speed as they possibly could.

"I don't dare kill anyone?" A faint smile could be seen on Emily's face. Her right hand made a grab at the ring of light and then gave a slight twist.

Crash, crash...

In an instant, the ring of light suddenly began to emit a forceful suction.

So much so, in fact, that the suction was too strong to resist.

It didn't matter anymore whether the Wild Gods were several thousand feet high, or even tens of thousands of feet, they only felt a terrifying suction take over them. Even when unleashing their strongest power, they still couldn't manage to break free. They felt themselves gradually being absorbed by the suction and they couldn't help it in the least.

Crack! Crack! Crack...

Once the Wild Gods, who were as tall as mountains, had been sucked into the ring of light, their previously intact bodies were shattered into pieces in the blink of an eye. They didn't even have the time to scream before dying, and if they did utter a heartrending cry, their voices were all sucked in by the ring.

"How terrifyingly horrible!"

"Let's leave! Go! Hurry the hell up..."

"What a cruel, disgusting method! She really does intend to kill every single one of us!"

"No, I don't want to give up! I..."

When the Wild Gods ahead saw what was going on, they began speaking to one another, turning pale with regret. But it was already too late.

For the Wild Gods trailing behind, there remained a glimmer of hope in their hearts. They kept running forward. They didn't know that this path led directly to death.

From afar, the huge ring of light could be described as a death god, repeatedly cutting off the Wild Gods' lives. The Wild Gods were all acting like terrified moths, darting into the flames. The moment they had decided to storm the Torrent Bone Tower, their fate had already been determined.

The elders of the Snake Goddess race just stood there, motionlessly. Even their expressions appeared frozen in place.

Although these warriors could only blame themselves for storming the Torrent Bone Tower, they were still living under the Snake Goddess race's control. They therefore had several connection with the sects belonging to this race.

Now, their leader, Emily, had made a move. They knew she would slaughter a million, or ten million Wild Gods. Their hearts were, without a doubt, very heavy.

In spite of how they were feeling, they also knew that their leader had no other choice. At this juncture, the slightest mercy toward these people was in turn, being cruel to themselves as well as the Snake Goddess race.

Tens of thousands of miles away from the Torrent Bone Tower, Roy was hiding beneath a sand, covered by a light brown cloth. The cloth could restrain his breath completely.

The exiles' senses were just too powerful. Even though he was far away from them, he knew that he had to be very cautious.

"It's unbelievable that she's trying to kill them all. What a bold and resolute woman, I must say!" Staring at the huge ring, Roy couldn't help the expression of fear on his face. It seemed that their Yellow Emperor race's plan would fall through. He wondered what the exiles of his race thought of the current situation.

On the mountain located in the Yellow Emperor race's Pyramid Bone Tower, several exiles stood in the air, while Spark, who was dressed in black, sat at its peak.

"Emily is so brutal... Does she really intend on killing everyone down there?" asked one of the Yellow Emperor race's exiles, with a melancholic expression.

At first, the exiles had believed that their actions would work. At the very least, they had succeeded in instigating a ton of Wild Gods to attack the Torrent Bone Tower. Now though, their efforts seemed more like an egg smashing stone, having no effect whatsoever.

Spark smiled casually and said, "Don't worry. She won't kill everyone."

"And why is that, Spark? How do you know such a thing?" asked another exile.

Spark held two black beads in his hand. The bead's surface was smooth and shiny. If one looked at it carefully, it was like staring into a living creature's pupil. When the two beads were rolling in his hand, Spark replied, "Just put yourself in her shoes. As a leader of the Snake Goddess race, Emily would come off as too cruel if she slaughtered millions of people. In order to balance her image among her race, what do you think she'll have to do?"

One of the exiles thought for a moment and then said, "She'll spare the lives of a few Wild Gods and even save their lives."

Spark agreed flatly, "Yes, she won't kill all of the Wild Gods, but will instead save a few of them in order to demonstrate her kindness. It's the superior's strategy."

Several of the other surrounding exiles were suddenly enlightened by his explanation.

"In other words, if I understand correctly, we should arrange our assassins within the last batch of the Wild Gods. Is that right?" another exile asked.

"Correct," Spark nodded.

"But even if our assassins succeed in entering the Torrent Bone Tower, they still won't have the chance to make a move." An exile expressed his worry as he frowned at the others.

Even if the Snake Goddess race brought a few of the Wild Gods to the bone tower, she would order her people to watch over them like hawks. It was almost impossible for the assassins hiding within the group to escape, nor would they have the chance to kill the siblings. It was difficult to even find them.

"Of course not," agreed Spark with a calm look on his face.

"Then tell us, Spark, what's your real purpose?"

These exiles were quickly confused by Spark's words. In their eyes, what Spark planned was useless. However, as smart as he was, they knew he would never do such a thing as waste his time.

"Just watch for yourself, and you'll see," said Spark, a confident expression taking over his handsome face.

...

The ring of light summoned by Emily had, up to this point, successfully killed more than nine million Wild Gods at the foot of the Torrent Bone Tower.

These Wild Gods didn't even leave their corpses. Instead, they were immediately ground into dust and disappeared from this world.

At last, when there were about twenty or thirty thousand Wild Gods remaining outside the bone tower, the ring of light, which symbolized death, finally stopped rotating.

Chapter 2625 Assassins

The Wild Gods thought that they would definitely die. But out of a sudden, the suction force had immediately disappeared. They all felt as if their lives had been spared, and they quickly retreated.

A narrow escape from death! For a moment, the Wild Gods had shared the same thought as they felt lucky evading certain life and death situation.

Emily's voice faintly came through, "We Snake Goddess race take charge of the Torrent Bone Tower. But we are not heartless people who would like to see you die. It's just that the space inside the tower is limited, and it's impossible to save so many people's lives in this world. You... You can hide in Torrent Bone Tower temporarily!"

The tens of thousands of Wild Gods were already scared to death that all of them were in panic running for their lives.

Although they would also die outside the bone tower, they could live a few more days outside. It was their instinct to make such a choice.

However, when they were running for their lives, they suddenly heard Emily's words. All the figures that were running suddenly halted and their faces were filled with disbelief.

Looks of hesitation and doubt had gradually showed on each one's faces.

"Is she lying to us?"

"Don't be fooled by her. She is lying. When we come back, she's gonna kill us!"

"Humph, she has killed almost ten million people in a short time. If she really wants to kill us, it won't take too much efforts for her. You are not qualified to make her fool us..."

The people discussed and came upon an agreement with the idea.

If it weren't for the exile of the Snake Goddess race who had stopped, the remaining twenty thousand or thirty thousand people might have already been killed. There was no need for such a powerful master to cheat on them.

Their faces gradually appeared overjoyed in ecstasy realizing this.

It was beyond their expectation that they would be invited by the Snake Goddess race to temporarily take shelter inside the bone tower.

Among ten million warriors, twenty or thirty thousand people entered the Torrent Bone Tower. They were very lucky.

But unbeknownst the crowd, two people quietly exchanged glances.

These two men were the assassins arranged by Spark.

As Spark had ordered, they hid and blended among the last group of Wild Gods.

The situation moments ago had made them feel desperate. They were unable to break free from the circle of light, and in the end, they would be both shattered into pieces like the others.

The two assassins had dared sneak into the Torrent Bone Tower and were given the mission to assassinate Zelda and Luther. Spark in return had promised them that their family would be ensured to be given a good life. As assassins, they were naturally prepared to sacrifice themselves.

But this time, their sacrifice would be deemed unworthy if they died before they could even enter the Torrent Bone Tower.

To their surprise, Spark truly had superb foresight as Emily really stopped!

"Master Emily, are you really going to let them in?" An old lady had a look of deep worry on her face as she asked.

"You have a gentle heart, master. But you really don't have to care about these pariahs, to avoid any unnecessary troubles in the future." another elder advised.

Emily smiled faintly. "It's enough. There's no need to kill everyone. It won't be a big problem even if I let these Wild Gods enter the Torrent Bone Tower. You just need to strengthen the security. Just don't let these people walk around in the bone tower casually."

She had just killed almost ten million people, but now she was praised as 'having a gentle heart'. This was the reason why she spared the lives of the remaining twenty or thirty thousand people.

Being too cruel and bloodthirsty didn't seem to be appropriate for the leader of the Snake Goddess race.

Under the gaze of the Snake Goddess members, more than twenty thousand Wild Gods entered the bone tower in order.

The two assassins sent by Spark were both included mixed up with the Wild Gods.

A separate area in the bone tower had been arranged and prepared for the Wild Gods to temporarily stay for the meantime.

The two assassins had been discreetly observing the interior of the Torrent Bone Tower as they followed the crowd.

A group of Snake Goddess members stood on the high platform. They were held responsible for monitoring the Wild Gods.

After everyone had entered, an elder of the Snake Goddess race floated above and coldly announced, "You guys must have known your current situation very well. It's your great honor that our Torrent Bone Tower is willing to accept you. I hope you can live through this period of time in peace until the Light of Adjudication is over. Anyone who dares to have unusual movements will be killed!"

The Wild Gods were silent as they listened to the words of the elder.

How could they dare do anything else? They had already been lucky to keep their lives and much more had been provided a shelter. They were already satisfied. Everyone sat and listened in peace without objections.

With everything that needed to be announced and reminded were said, the elder of the Snake Goddess race left. The two assassins were in deep thought as they looked at each other.

When Spark gave them the task, they were both confused.

Even if they managed to sneak into the bone tower, it would be difficult finding the right timing and opportunity to kill Zelda and Luther. It was almost impossible to kill them under the watchful eyes of the exiles.

Despite how difficult it was, they must execute the task given to them as soon as they spotted even a tiny chance to take action. They could only do as what Spark had ordered!

After an hour had passed, one of the assassins suddenly made a gesture. His fellow assassin nodded with an expression showing that they were ready and would risk everything to accomplish their task.

"Go!"

The first assassin suddenly cried out and activated his Wild God Power. He transformed into the size of twenty thousand feet tall and rushed towards the depth of the cave!

"Go to hell!"

Several Snake Goddess members' faces darkened. They quickly activated the Wild God Power and chased after the first assassin.

The first assassin attracted most of the people's attention, and the second assassin just silently followed.

The latter suddenly burst forth with an astonishing speed and rushed to another direction. In front of the assassin's forehead gathered a mass of black aura.

The black aura was given to him by the Warden race. Through this black aura, he could detect the location of both Luther and Zelda.

He could sense that Luther and Zelda were not far from where he was. It was only dozens of miles away. As long as they were killed, everything would be over!

In the blink of an eye, the second assassin had already rushed over a dozen miles.

Meanwhile, dozens of miles away, a figure was seated on a cyan stone platform and attentively cultivating.

It was Luther. He had already successfully reached the mid-rank True God Realm in such a short period of time. As days passed by, he had surely made fast progress.

All this should be attributed to Emily.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo..."

His concentration was suddenly interrupted by a deafening whistling sound of wind. Just at the right time, he sensed and saw a Wild God rushing towards him from afar!

"The bloodline mark?" The sudden intrusion made him alert as his eyebrows jumped up.

Because of the black aura on his forehead, which was also the bloodline mark that Luther had referred to, the assassin could now clearly detect Luther's existence. Luther on the other hand, could as well sense the black aura being emitted from the figure coming straight towards him.

In an instant, he realized that the Wild God was coming at him for an attack!

The assassin's speed was extremely fast. Even if the other Snake Goddess members realized what was happening, it was already too late to stop him.

Just as the assassin was about a few miles away from Luther, a rainbow like light flashed out and shot towards him.

Facing a sudden attack, the assassin's huge body had no time to dodge since he had been keeping a high-speed in running. Having no time to analyze what had happened, his body was already split into half.

Emily's figure quietly appeared in front of Luther. She frowned and looked at the assassin.

"That's nothing impressive!"

Although she knew that Spark would play tricks, she had the feeling that it was not so simple...

Chapter 2626 Killed

Luther walked up to Emily and looked around at the body that she had cut in two. He then said sorrowfully, "This man had the bloodline mark. He could find me as long as he was within a certain radius of me. The Warden race has started!"

The bloodline mark seemed to have a comparatively small range of perception. Luther and Zelda couldn't have escaped the hunt of the Warden race otherwise.

Emily glanced at Luther before saying, "It's not just the Warden race."

"Did any other great races join them?" Luther asked, grinning. He was quite optimistic.

"Don't worry," Emily said, grinning back at him. "I will keep you safe."

It was at this moment that several elders and some of the exiles of the Snake Goddess race arrived at the scene. Luther's sister, Zelda, was the last to arrive.

Everyone knew how important Luther was. And now that Luther had been attacked, nervousness crept up on all of them.

But they were even more nervous because of Emily, whose eyes roved over them. And it was her who brought the hidden dangers in the crowd.

"Master Emily, should we bring Luther to a more secluded place?" an elder asked.

Zelda shook her head. "I felt the bloodline mark too. As long as we are in this bone tower, there's no point hiding him."

At the worried faces of the crowd, Emily smiled and said, "Don't worry. Both the Yellow Emperor race and the Warden race only dare act in the dark. Now that I'm here, there's nothing they can do!"

Emily was the strongest exile in this world. Only Spark of the Yellow Emperor race and Timotheus of the Nine Li race could come close to even being second to her. She was confident about her own strength.

Everyone nodded. There was no point in hiding him if Emily couldn't protect him.

But a space vortex appeared behind them, and Timotheus emerged from it.

During other times, exiles weren't allowed to enter the bone tower of the Snake Goddess race without permission. But these times were different. Top-ranking races were now looking after each other, according to their agreement. So they weren't bothered about the rules.

The moment he appeared, Timotheus's face darkened as he saw the assassin's body. "Emily, are you all right here?"

The Sky Spirit Bone Tower was also under siege by the Wild Gods. Timotheus was worried about the Snake Goddess race, once he had dealt with the Wild Gods.

Emily smiled and replied, "Just some ants. They have been taken care of."

Timotheus nodded and then sneered, "Spark is so stupid to have used such a naive trick!"

The space around the crowd began to fluctuate again.

The exiles of the Star Deer race, the Fire Melting race, and the Southern Dipper race appeared in quick succession. Like Timotheus, they expressed their concerns with Luther and Zelda.

Some of them were ready to give up their bone towers and clansmen, if it meant that Luther and Zelda didn't die.

It was pretty obvious how important Luther and Zelda were to them.

But when they learned about what had happened, they were all relieved.

"Spark has always been cunning. But this time, his idea was so, so bad!"

"The Warden race takes Luther and Zelda very seriously. It looks like we are likely to succeed this time!"

"We will set out once the Light of Adjudication is over."

In this pleasantly hopeful atmosphere, Levi Zhuang, one of the Star Deer race's exiles, took two steps towards Luther. "They have attacked for the first time, and I'm sure they will do it a second time. We'd better be careful. How about I use my theurgy to create a small piece of land to protect Luther?" he said.

Emily and Timotheus frowned and looked at each other.

Emily shook her head and said, "Why bother? It's unnecessary."

"Really?"

Levi Zhuang had barely finished talking when there was a sudden flash of black light in his eyes.

Whoosh!

He suddenly stretched out his arms, extending them towards Luther.

"What are you doing?"

"Levi Zhuang! How dare you!"

"Stop it!"

The exiles belonging to the other races were all shocked.

As an exile, Levi Zhuang could move at an amazingly fast speed.

People like the elders of the Snake Goddess race couldn't react.

Neither could Luther.

Levi Zhuang was faster than lightning. In the blink of an eye, he had grasped Luther's head in his hand and with a gentle pull, separated it from Luther's body. Levi Zhuang crushed Luther's head in his hands and before long, it had become a mass of blood.

Luther was dead.

Levi Zhuang laughed and floated in the air, distancing himself from the other exiles.

Emily and Timotheus were frozen to their spots as they stared at Levi Zhuang.

"I'm sorry, Emily, Timotheus," Levi Zhuang said with a wry smile, holding Luther's mutilated head in one hand. "There are only a limited number of people who can leave this world, and I want to fight for one!"

Emily stared coldly at him, fury enveloping her every nerve. "If we make it, you can leave too. Why do you still fight for the Warden race?"

Levi Zhuang waved the head in his hand and said, "Because you are doomed to fail. I don't think you can succeed! It turns out I'm right. You've already failed. I'm going to trade his head for a place to leave. Why wouldn't I do this?"

Spark hadn't expected the assassins of the Wild Gods to finish the task. The only reason he had tried so hard was to create a reasonable opportunity for other exiles to visit the Torrent Bone Tower.

And before that, Spark had given Levi Zhuang his promise.

As long as Levi Zhuang killed that young man, the Warden race would let him go. He hesitated for a while before he had made his decision, choosing to betray his companions.

The two assassins had used the Warden race's bloodline mark to determine Luther's location. Levi Zhuang had then taken the opportunity to visit the Snake Goddess race and when they'd relaxed their guard, had killed Luther. This method was direct, but effective.

Emily sighed and shook her head. "You're wrong. You had the chance to leave with us..."

At these words, Levi Zhuang was suddenly uneasy. He gripped the head tightly and said, "Luther's already dead. Do you still have the chance?"

Timotheus grinned and said, "You should be the one to die."

As he spoke, the blood on the head in Levi Zhuang's hand turned into wisps of black mists, and wrapped around him like little snakes.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2627 Purifying The World

An exile as talented as Levi could travel a hundred million miles away in an instant.

His talent didn't matter right now, though. As soon as the small, black, snake-like mists twined around his body, they held him firmly in place.

"That, now that, is the Spiritual Snake Parasite! Emily, you..."

Levi glanced at Emily nervously and confusedly.

The Spiritual Snake Parasite was an extremely powerful technique. When performed by Emily in particular, it was even more impressive. When intertwined by the latter, even the Other Shore Realm master couldn't escape.

The problem was that when Emily would use the Spiritual Snake Parasite on Luther, he would be bound to death. Could this mean that she had the intention of sacrificing him since the very beginning?

How could she single him out? How did she choose to sacrifice Luther? Levi simply couldn't figure it out. It was incomprehensible.

"Do you find it strange?" A smile finally spread across Emily's lips, brightening her already beautiful face.

"Were you truly willing to kill Luther?" Levi asked, as he continued struggling to get free.

"Why wouldn't I?" Emily's smile widened and she clapped her hands together at once.

Not too far away, a figure could be seen slowly floating over to them. As the figure approached, they could see that it was Luther, equally wearing a smile on his face.

As he looked at the approaching young man, Levi frowned and shook his head simultaneously. "It's impossible. They used the bloodline mark to confirm him... The one I killed couldn't have been a fake!"

"And who said he was a fake?" Emily clapped her hands loudly again.

Several other youths crept out from the other side where they had been hiding. They moved very slowly. They all had the exact same appearance, manner, and even cultivation base. They were all Luther.

As the many Luther-copies walked gradually forward, Emily continued, "The moment I took him into the bone tower, I knew that there would be traitors. It's just that I couldn't be wary of everyone, and thus, I just let you expose yourselves instead... You did kill Luther himself, but I have a dozen of him!"

Levi's jaw clenched and trembled as she spoke.

"It isn't difficult for our Snake Goddess race to create the same bloodline, the same appearance, and even the same memories. Aren't I right?" Emily went on speaking, the smile on her lips never disappearing.

Levi remained silent for a short while. No matter what, he had failed.

As the realization that he couldn't escape death washed over him, his eyes suddenly lit up with two flame clouds.

Sizzle! Sizzle...

Deep-gold blazing flames rose on the surface of his entire body.

The scorching temperature from the fire quickly spread out, causing the temperature of the entire cave to rise rapidly.

Ultimately understanding that there was no possible escape, Levi was determined to give it his all.

The other elders of the Snake Goddess race had all retreated. Emily sneered, "Is resisting really worthwhile at this point?"

With no warning whatsoever, a dazzling light shot out from her fingertips and enveloped Levi completely.

Among all the exiles, Levi was definitely not the weakest, but he had no chance of fighting back now.

When Timotheus noticed what was going on, he too, felt secretly shocked.

Despite the fact that he knew he had the capacity to kill Levi, he was also well aware that doing so wouldn't be the easiest of tasks. Although Levi knew Emily was more powerful than him, he hadn't expected that after all these years, Emily's strength would have become so unfathomable.

Hoo, hoo, hoo!

The light wrapped tightly around Levi suddenly swelled before beginning to contract rapidly and dramatically.

When the light couldn't become any smaller, a screech sounded loudly and Levi disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

The fact that Emily had just killed a master of the Other Shore Realm so easily shocked the exiles of other races. As they watched, their pupils dilated vaguely, and fear could be seen in their eyes.

"Even now, I still can't completely trust all of you," Emily uttered, looking around at the remaining exiles. "I hope you can seize the opportunity this time around. If you choose to turn to the other side, that's your right, but I believe you'd regret such a decision."

As she finished speaking, she took two light steps forward. A rainbow appeared in front of her and she climbed into it immediately.

"Well, Levi betrayed us and he thus deserved it!"

"Just moments ago, I still thought that Luther was really dead. I've never been so startled..."

"Same here..."

Confronted by Levi's death, the exiles on scene sighed loudly, shaking their heads in remorse.

"Everybody, we'd better stay in our own bone tower, and don't pull any stupid tricks. Let's wait until the Light of Adjudication is over. To avoid suspicion..." Timotheus said to the crowd.

Even he exclaimed that it was a wise choice to have come to the Snake Goddess race to persuade this race to join him.

It was likely that protecting Luther with the Nine Li race alone was going to be a difficult feat.

At that, all the exiles left the Torrent Bone Tower, ready to receive the Light of Adjudication.

Inside the Pyramid Bone Tower, Spark still sat on the mountain's peak.

Now, there was no expression on his calm face.

By contrast, the other exiles of the Yellow Emperor race all wore dark, somber expressions.

"I thought it'd be easy for Levi to succeed at such a short distance. I didn't expect that Emily would be even more cunning!"

"She is absolutely formidable! Today, we've succeeded in completely offending the Snake Goddess race. If they come looking for trouble after the Light of Adjudication, that will really be a cause for concern!"

"Spark, tell us, what do you think we should do?"

Although these exiles had firmly and devotedly followed Spark, they were still afraid of the Snake Goddess race and Emily, and with reason.

As he heard the question being asked, Spark raised his eyebrows slightly. "Looking for trouble? They are too busy escaping the world to come looking for us."

After hearing what Spark had to say, the other exiles still didn't change their sullen expressions.

At that exact moment though, the man sporting a black robe from the Warden race appeared at the top of the mountain again.

The black-robed man looked down upon Spark and stated flatly, "You failed."

Spark simply blinked his eyes and answered, "It's perfectly normal. Emily is a very vigilant person. In fact, it would be strange if I succeeded easily."

"What's your next move going to be, then?" the black-robed man questioned.

In terms of the strategy for assassinating Luther, the Warden race wasn't much helpful. All they did was plant a bloodline mark in the assassins' mind. They weren't prepared for the dozen Luther replicates that Emily had created.

"We'll discuss that after the Light of Adjudication is over," said Spark, with a gleam of danger in his eyes. "That said, you'll have to give me more authority and help. Otherwise, it'll be difficult to deal with that crazy woman on my own."

Emily was extremely powerful. Clearly, even Spark was afraid of facing such a woman without immediate backup.

"Okay," the black-robed man answered in a faint voice, "I just hope you won't disappoint me."

At that, he slowly disappeared.

Three days later, a milky white light slowly rose from the east of the world. It gradually made its way toward the west.

The light contained the Power of Purification, which was almost infinite. Its power would purify all living creatures, except for the unintelligent Wights.

No matter if one flew to the top of the world or hid in the deepest underground cave, escaping the fate of being purified was completely impossible.

Aside from those who hid in the bone towers, the other creatures could hide nowhere but accept their situation, waiting for the purification to come to them.

Chapter 2628 The End Of The World

The cities that used to be noisy were now completely silent.

The creatures outside the bone towers had lived in the cities for a thousand years before being wiped out by the Light of Adjudication.

Nobody knew how many cycles of reincarnation the world had experienced.

All the races living in the bone towers were accustomed to such scenes and results.

Previous experience dictated that the Wights would slowly and steadily become intelligent, and then, under the guidance of the races, step into the empty cities, cultivating the Wild God system. Among them, a very small number of excellent warriors could enter the bone towers.

But this time, the situation was completely different.

The exiles in the bone towers were eager to take action.

The shared goal of the big races led by the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race, was to defeat the Warden race and escape from this world.

The races that were led by the Yellow Emperor race also wanted to escape from this world, but their goal was to stop the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race.

There was an irreconcilable conflict between the two forces.

Both sides were clear about the fact that the new cycle of reincarnation that would happen in the next thousand years was destined to be different from those in the past.

In the Sky Spirit Bone Tower

All the members of the Nine Li race had gathered in the square.

Timotheus stood before them, outwardly calm but excited from within.

"As members of our race, you must have a clear understanding of our race's background," he said, his voice loud and clear. "Ramzi, Leopold, ...and I came from a wider world, the Source World. It is our hometown. I've wanted to leave this world the moment I entered it, but I never had the chance. But now, there is an opportunity."

The members of the Nine Li race started at Timotheus' words.

Apart from Zen and the exiles, all of the Wild Gods were born in this world.

There probably were a few Wild Gods who were interested in the outside of this world. But there were many who weren't. They had grown up in the bone tower. They were aboriginals and spent their days in a carefree languor.

"I know that some of you don't want to leave this world," Timotheus continued. "I won't force you to follow me. If you are willing to stay, you can stay in the bone tower."

The Wild Gods who didn't want to leave didn't relax at this.

The reason why the Nine Li race could be a leading race in this world was that these exiles were extremely powerful. If they left this world, the rest of the Wild Gods could not maintain the glory of the race.

Before long, they would lose control of the Sky Spirit Bone Tower and be expelled or worse, killed, by the exiles of other races.

So even though they were unwilling to leave, they were still determined to follow Timotheus and the exiles.

"I'll give you six hours to think about it. Those who want to leave should pack your stuff. We will meet outside the Sky Spirit Bone Tower in six hours." With that, Timotheus flew towards the exit of the Sky Spirit Bone Tower.

Along with him were several exiles, elders, and executives of the race. Zen was one of them.

"Yes! The purified air is so different, so fresh, so sweet!"

Elsa said, taking a deep breath.

Zen smiled faintly. "Isn't it the same?"

But Elsa shook her head. "No, it's different! The Light of Adjudication not only purified all living creatures, but also all the dirt in the world."

Zen also sniffed like she had done, but he didn't find anything different.

But Elsa's words got Zen thinking.

Why had the Chaos Ancient God built this prison? Why had he placed Timotheus, Ramzi, and all the other warriors here?

Timotheus had once told Zen that the skeletons in this world were copies of everyone alive. But no matter how much he speculated, Zen couldn't seem to understand why the Chaos Ancient God had built this prison.

Other members of the race walked out of the bone tower.

A vast majority of the race members were well aware of the situation they were in. They could only follow the exiles of their own race. Only a small number of them refused to leave because they believed that the Sky Spirit Bone Tower was their home and they refused to follow the exiles out.

When all the members of the race had made and shared their choices, a number of huge bone ships rose slowly into the air. Adele, Giacomo, and other elders directed the members towards the north in an orderly manner.

This world was very small for the exiles, but it was still too large for the Wild Gods. This meant that it would take a long time for such a large number of people to migrate. Timotheus and Emily had agreed to assemble under the Starry Spirit Bone Tower in the north.

Simultaneously, the members of the Snake Goddess race also started to move towards the Starry Spirit Bone Tower.

The Starry Spirit Bone Tower was located in the territory of the Star Deer race.

Although Levi of the Star Deer race had tried to kill Luther and had in turn been killed by Emily, the other exiles of this race didn't involve themselves. They were still willing to follow up with the Snake Goddess race.

The exiles of the Southern Dipper race, Fire Melting race, and the other races also began to move towards the Starry Spirit Bone Tower.

About three months later, more than ten races and hundreds of thousands of people had finally gathered under the Starry Spirit Bone Tower.

"Zen!"

Zelda called out, her beautiful eyes narrowed as she spotted Zen in the crowd.

Zelda had entered the Snake Goddess race and absorbed the Wild God Power of massive wild bones, and in the process, had improved a lot in cultivation. She was now a mid-rank Wild God.

She was dressed in a long yellow dress, making her features stand out even more. Her temperament had undergone a great change.

Luther, who was beside her, also looked completely different.

Zen didn't know what kind of a method Emily had used to improve Luther's cultivation and make him a top-rank True God in such a short period of time.

Even Zen marveled at the speed at which Luther had improved. But this didn't mean Luther was more talented than Zen. It only meant that Emily was able enough that she could efficiently train Luther.

After a short reunion, they began to move again.

No one knew where the Warden race was located, apart from Luther and Zelda who led the way.

Hundreds of thousands of people were still moving north.

A few months later, they arrived at the northernmost part in the world.

The land was deserted, devoid of any living creatures.

Since there was no Immemorial Wilderness here, there was no Wight in this place.

In fact, before this, many exiles had already explored this place, but to no avail.

So when Zelda and Luther led them here, the exiles were confused. It was hard for them to imagine that the lair of the Warden race was hidden here.

They continued to move, and half a month later, they came upon a serrated area. A dark void lay beyond it—the end of the world.

Chapter 2629 The Erasing Water

No one had ever charted out the entirety of this world's expanse.

The prison in which they were incarcerated only took up a very small area at the bottom of the chaos.

The exiles only needed to pass through the serrated area and they would be able to leave this world.

A number of exiles had already tried this, including Emily and Timotheus.

Considering their strength, it would have been an easy task for them to make it through the serrated area, as the prison didn't actually use real walls to keep them inside. What really stopped one from leaving was the Curse Chain.

So far, no one had been able to break free from the Curse Chain yet. The chain would have pulled them back immediately even if they thought they had been successful in escaping from this world.

The exiles knew that Luther was the only one that had the ability to destroy the Curse Chain. They looked to him for guidance in getting out of this world.

As she gazed upon the serrated area, Emily asked curiously, "Is the Warden race's lair not located in this world?"

Luther only looked ahead and nodded in response. He drew a circle in the air as he extended his hand.

Suddenly, they saw a unique scene appear inside the circle.

The Curse Chains binding hundreds of thousands of people were entangled with each other in a great mass that extended beyond the serrated area into the darkness.

The chains made a tortuous path that twisted and turned.

"Can we find the lair of the Warden race along that path?" When Emily saw the path clearly, she raised her eyebrows slightly.

The other exiles expectantly directed their gazes towards Luther.

In turn, Luther looked towards Zelda.

Actually, he still hadn't reached a deeper understanding of his own race's secrets. His sister was the one he depended on for this type of matter.

Zelda nodded in acknowledgment and confirmed, "Yes, we can find them by following this path, but I think they've been well-prepared."

"We've been well-prepared, too," Emily sneered.

Almost all of the exiles had cold smiles on their faces, and several of them even clenched their fists in their intense desire to finally get their revenge on the Warden race.

After being imprisoned for eons by the damned Warden race, it was understandable why the exiles all bore a grudge against the said race. Now that they finally had an opportunity to make the Warden race pay, they could barely hold back their glee.

"Then, please follow us," Zelda said with a smile.

At the head of the group were Luther and Zelda; Emily, Timotheus, Zen, and the other exiles followed closely behind.

The hundreds of thousands of Wild Gods had no other choice but to stay outside.

Just like in other cases where the situations were less than favorable for them, the Wild Gods chose to wait outside to see what would happen.

As they traveled along the path, Zen noticed that the ambient light around them was growing dimmer and dimmer. Gradually, all of them were enveloped by a dark grey light.

After about two hours, the group had already traveled more than a hundred miles when they caught sight of the vast sprawling horizon in front of them.

"Is this our destination?" Zen's eyes slightly widened and his eyebrows raised.

The other exiles' eyes also flashed with excitement and anticipation.

Previously, they could only see the existence of the Curse Chains through Luther's ability. But after they went through the path together, it seemed that all of them gained the ability to see the Curse Chains by themselves and they no longer needed Luther's assistance.

All the creatures in this world were connected to the Curse Chains that were floating in the air in front of them, probably reaching tens of millions or even hundreds of millions. The number of Curse Chains was so great that they seemed to cover the sky and sun, extending as far as their eyes could see.

Large platforms were located some distance away, and all the Curse Chains were attached to them.

"We've finally found this damned place, haha..." One of the exiles, someone from the Fire Melting race, was apparently unable to contain his excitement. "All I need to do is break the Curse Chain on my body, right?"

Right after speaking, he stepped up into the air and summoned a spiral of flame that swirled around his whole body—it seemed that he used the spatial transference for this ability.

"Please don't!"

When she saw what he was about to do, Zelda attempted to halt the man by shouting out loud.

But it was too late.

In an instant, a mass of black liquid came out from the same space channel that the exile had created earlier. The black liquid engulfed him as soon as it came in contact with him.

No one present knew the nature of this black liquid; all they saw was that it had wrapped the man tightly as it engulfed him completely.

"Quintin!"

The other exiles from the Fire Melting race were shocked at the scene that unfolded in front of them.

A short old man came forward and waved his hand. A white jade ruler appeared in his hand. He immediately pointed the jade ruler towards Quintin Qin, and a tremendous burst of energy was released from the jade ruler.

The old man obviously wanted to help liberate Quintin Qin from the clutches of the black liquid.

But the black liquid was not budged by the white jade ruler. In retaliation, it spread quickly over the white jade ruler, intending to devour the ruler together with the old man who wielded it.

The old man was left with no choice but to accept that he couldn't save Quintin Qin. He gritted his teeth hard and let go of the white jade ruler.

In the blink of an eye, Quintin Qin and the white jade ruler had been completely engulfed by the black liquid. Just like that, they had disappeared without a trace in front of everyone.

The exiles had just witnessed one of them be obliterated in front of their very eyes.

Being a member of the Fire Melting race, he had been considered at the middle rank among the exiles. They hadn't expected that he wouldn't be able to put up even a bit of resistance against the black liquid.

No one was able to speak for a time; they could do nothing but stare at the spot where Quintin Qin had been just a few moments ago.

"They already knew we would come, and they must have set several traps waiting for us. We can't act rashly!" Zelda told the exiles, a worried frown on her face.

A sliver of fear could be detected behind Emily's eyes as she stated, "If my eyes didn't deceive me, this black liquid is the Erasing Water. They actually filled the space with the Erasing Water. How wicked they are!"

Timotheus agreed. "It is indeed the Erasing Water. It can only exist in the space channel. We have no cause to panic as long as we are careful not to tear space apart. Everything will be fine!"

Even after Timotheus reassured them, everyone's spirits were still down.

It had not been an easy task for the exiles to reach this place. The two sides hadn't had a direct confrontation yet, but one of them had already died out of the blue. This trip would most probably be more challenging than what they had expected.

Since the start of their journey, Zen kept his silence as he followed the group quietly.

Although he had already made great progress, he knew he still wasn't powerful enough as compared to these exiles.

At the moment, he knew he wouldn't be able to be of much help yet, so he could only wait and see.

"Master Timotheus is right," Zelda nodded in affirmation. "Everyone, follow me. Even though they have set many traps, they are not as powerful as you think. Just be careful and don't be so reckless!"

With Zelda in the lead, the group of a hundred people made their way forward in the dark world.

Right at that moment, there was a group of more than thirty people standing on an elevated platform deep in the world's recesses.

They were not members of the Warden race, but another group of exiles from the bone towers.

They were apparently led by no other than Spark of the Yellow Emperor race.

"Hey, this proves that this place is indeed powerful. Quintin hadn't been able to resist it and it became the end for him. In the past, I was his defeated opponent!" one of the exiles said with a laugh.

With a grim expression on his face, Spark shook his head and said, "Don't be too careless. I'm afraid it's not as easy as you think."

Chapter 2630 Heavy Sea Water

"Spark, what else you're worried about?" A bearded exile uttered, "We have all seen the means the Warden race set up. We are far more superior than them. I am sure even 10 Emilys would stand no chance against us!"

Hearing this, Spark smiled faintly. "You're right, but don't forget that the girl and her brother are in the hands of Emily, and they know this place like the back of their hand. The Warden race could not be feeling really confident, otherwise why would they lure us here to fight them?"

"You have a point there..." The bearded man nodded.

The other exiles were also silent.

Aside from Spark and the exiles from the Yellow Emperor race who belonged to the first tier, the twenty-plus exiles were slightly weaker.

If they were to engage in direct combat with Emily, there was no doubt that these warriors would lose.

In order to leave the world, they had no choice but to let themselves be used by the Warden race. The result of the battle was equally important to them.

As Zelda led the way, Emily, Timotheus, and their group started picking up speed.

There was no attractive scenery in this dark space. The grey color seemed to be designed to make people feel depressed and hopeless. Fortunately, the exiles had strong minds, and all of them looked very calm.

However, the elders of various races and the elite Wild Gods were all on edge. At the very slightest of sounds, they would become very vigilant. Long term vigilance would cause them to quickly get tired.

Only Emily and the others who walked ahead leading the way could make them feel slightly relaxed.

After they had walked for a hundred miles, they started hearing the faint sound of water. It sounded like ocean waves constantly rolling. Oddly enough, there was no water in sight at all.

Hearing this odd noise, Zelda stopped immediately.

"What's wrong?" Emily asked as she stepped forward.

"It's the Heavy Sea Water," said Zelda with a frown.

"What is the Heavy Sea Water?" Emily asked.

Just as Emily asked, a series of slender bubbles suddenly appeared on the ground in the distance, moving towards them at an alarming speed.

"Be careful! They are manipulating the Heavy Sea Water to attack us!" Zelda couldn't keep up a calm facade and stepped back quickly.

Splash!

The bubbles on the ground rapidly flew into the air, which turned out to be slender water arrows!

At first, the water arrows didn't seem like much to worry about, but as they got closer, everyone could see clearly that each of them was about seven hundred thousand feet long and incomparably huge. Inside each of the arrows, the light blue water swirled violently, forming a sharp arrowhead, which contained a power that would scare anyone!

"Retreat!"

Emily shouted.

The others could retreat, but she could not.

Facing those huge water arrows, Emily stretched out her hand and gently patted. A radiant wristband appeared on her arm.

She shook the wristband lightly, and a curtain of colorful light, like an unfolded umbrella, manifested in front of her!

"Puff..."

The first water arrow hit the light curtain, and the light curtain gently swayed. Then, the water arrow spread out.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

Then, more water arrows hit the light curtain, generating a huge impact force.

Emily raised her right hand high to steady the light curtain and said lightly, "Everyone, follow me and continue to move on!"

These water arrows smashed into the colorful light curtain and kept on making loud explosions. Even Zen was shocked when he saw this scene. With his current cultivation base, it was very difficult for him to block a water arrow. However, when Emily was in front of them, she managed to resist all the attacks...

This woman was too powerful.

Everyone gathered behind Emily and went on.

However, these huge arrows kept hitting them relentlessly, with no signs of slowing down. As a result, their marching speed decreased too. The progress of the warriors was extremely slow.

After moving slowly for one hour, they had only travelled about four miles. This space was not large, but at their current speed, it would take them a long time to navigate their way through.

"We can't keep going on like this," Emily said with a frown. "Zelda, where did these arrows come from?"

Zelda looked into the distance and said with a frown, "The Heavy Sea Water is being shot by the heavy water crossbow. I don't know who is controlling it, but they must have hidden somewhere to snipe us..."

"Is that so?" Emily lowered her head and thought for a while. Then she looked at Timotheus and said, "Please do me a favor. Thank you."

Timotheus immediately understood what she was referring to. He nodded slightly and said, "Ramzi, Leopold, come with me!"

The three of them were the strongest among the exiles of the Nine Li race. In this situation, those other races had gone all out to attack them without showing any mercy.

Without hesitation, the three of them rushed out of the light curtain and turned into three beams of light. They dexterously shuttled through the huge water arrows and soon disappeared from everyone's sight.

The others were still hiding behind Emily. Under the current circumstances, there was not much that they could do to help. They could only wait passively, including Zen.

After a while, there were suddenly several beams of bright light rising into the sky in the distance.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The earth started shaking.

A hint of worry flashed on the faces of several elders from the Nine Li race.

It was obvious that the three exiles of the Nine Li race were fighting with someone, most likely from the Warden race. It was natural for them to be worried about their safety, especially Adele.

After all, her father was one of them.

The intense roar lasted for a period of time before it quieted down, and the water arrows that were shot from afar also disappeared.

Not long after, three beams of light flew over from afar. Everyone was relieved to see the three exiles of the Nine Li race return safely.

Timotheus was in the lead, and he carried one man in his hand!

"Bang!"

After he arrived at the front of the crowd, he threw the man down casually, tossing him down in front of everyone.

As the exiles looked down, confused expressions appeared on their faces.

"Is that Burt?"

"Isn't he Burt from the Four-image race?"

"What is he doing here?"

The Four-image race was a small race with its bloodline. In this race, there were only two exiles, one of whom was Burt. They all recognized the man lying in front of them immediately.

Timotheus stared at the man and said, "Apart from him, those who released the water arrows just now also included one member from the Earth Fiend race, and one member from the Nine Eyes race. The two of them have been killed by me. It seems that these small races have entered this place before us."

Emily frowned. "So, Spark is also here?"

In her eyes, the exiles from those small races were not a big threat to her, but the strength of Spark still made Emily scared, especially when he was lurking somewhere to launch attacks.

Chapter 2631 The Strength Equalizing Theurgy

Burt, who was now curled up on the ground, let out a sudden, strangled laugh.

Emily frowned at him. "What are you laughing at?" she barked.

"Spark has come! Of course he's come!" he said, his eyes glowing as he stared at her.

"So what?" she said, sneeringly. "He is no match for me. But I hadn't expected you exiles to be so stupid as to follow the Yellow Emperor race!"

The Yellow Emperor race was the second strongest in this world, but was still quite inferior to the Snake Goddess race.

There was almost no match for Emily in this world. Timotheus and Spark might be her opponents, but they were still inferior to her.

"Or what? You think nothing of us!" Burt roared ferociously at Emily's words. "You big races always oppress us, step by step. You have the chance to escape now, but did you consider us? Did you count us? To be honest, I don't think the Warden race will really let us leave after we kill you. But since we can't leave, neither can you guys!"

The exiles were taken aback at how fiercely Burt was reacting.

Over the past few years, the smaller races and their exiles had been oppressed to no end.

Since it was the group of exiles who supported the development of a race, it was obvious that they were immensely strong. Although many of the small races chose to form allies, they still couldn't fight against the large races that were way stronger than them, especially top-rank races like the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race.

When the small races were oppressed, their exiles could only make their clansmen retreat. They couldn't change the fact that they had to endure what they were going through. And as time passed, the exiles became full of resentment towards the large races.

They had lived in the same world in the past.

Now that exiles like Burt had heard the news of the Snake Goddess race finding a way to escape from this world, the resentment they had accumulated over the years finally erupted.

Just as Burt had predicted, since they were unable to leave, the large races of this world couldn't leave either.

They were like a group of people stuck in a well and struggling to climb out. Those at the top were on the verge of escaping. But the people below them were so desperate that they did everything they could to hinder them.

"Cut the crap. Kill him and move on!" an exile of the Fire Melting race exclaimed. He walked up to Burt, his hand burning with a terrifying-looking fire.

Emily sighed and turned around.

In this world, they fought more fiercely against each other because of the lack of resources, and there wasn't anything they could do about it.

"Fire!"

The blazing flames quickly wrapped around Burt.

Burt roared vicious curses through the flames. "You will die here. All of you will die here. No one will escape!"

But just as the flames began to engulf Burt and drown him out, a kind of great energy emerged from his body. He had chosen to blow himself up!

The power that the explosion of this powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm radiated was terrifying. Even though Burt was among the weakest of the exiles, the power of his self-explosion was still not to be underestimated. Even the remaining power that spread rapidly out was enough to pose a fatal threat to the Wild Gods.

There was, however, a galaxy of talents. Burt's body turned into a huge ball of light and began to expand in all directions.

As Ramzi of the Nine Li race flashed past, a pale yellow talisman appeared in his hand. With a pat, the tentacles formed by the pale yellow lights enveloped the spreading light ball.

Once tentacles had completely shrouded the light ball, the energy that it contained was blocked.

'What a powerful method!'

Zen sighed inwardly.

The exiles of the Nine Li race, except Timotheus, had never demonstrated what they were capable of. But the method that Ramzi had just showed was impressive, especially since it could offset the self-explosion of a powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm. Zen admired him for his strength.

A few seconds later, the energy produced by Burt's self-explosion reached its peak and then began to rapidly fade away. At last, under the power of the yellow talisman, it disappeared.

"It's just the Soul Sealing Truth. It's not worth sighing about," No. 9527, who had been silent all this time, suddenly spoke up at Zen's sigh.

"The Soul Sealing Truth?"

Zen's eyes narrowed.

Once Ramzi had released the talisman, Zen had felt a strong force of seal within it. He hadn't expected it to be another Truth of Godly Way.

"That's right. My master has said that the Truth of Godly Way gained through the Grand World Cultivation Method is undoubtedly powerful, but it can't be compared with the truth. They think they have reached the other shore, but this is not true,"

No. 9527 said disdainfully. It wasn't in the mood to hide its feelings.

"You mean, they haven't reached the other shore in the real sense?" Zen said, aware that he was just on the brink of being rendered speechless at No. 9527's comment. Instead, he retorted, "Even if they haven't reached the other shore, they are far stronger than me now. That is why I haven't offered any help yet."

Once they had entered this space, Emily and Timotheus had led the way. Zen, and even the elders of the various races could only hide behind the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

The weakest warrior at the Other Shore Realm was not someone the Wild Gods could fight.

No. 9527 was not convinced. "It's because they are on a higher cultivation level than you. Wait and watch. The Warden race will finally use the Strength Equalizing Theurgy that Herbert passed on. By then, these powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm will definitely be stunned, and will have to rely on your Falling Star Palm."

Once Zen learned the Truth Crystal of the Chaos Ancient God, No. 9527 taught him the methods of using it.

The methods of using the Truth Crystal were broad and profound. Zen could not master some of them at his present stage. But the Falling Star Palm was the Chaos Ancient God's most basic theurgy.

Although Zen had mastered it to some extent, he had never used it in front of others.

The Truth Crystal itself was not so powerful in Zen's opinion. It couldn't be as frightening as it was made out to be. Zen thought it was far weaker than the Ways-blending Energy.

"The Strength Equalizing Theurgy? What is it?"

Zen froze, almost forgetting that No. 9527, a wisp of the soul of the Chaos Ancient God, knew this world better than anyone.

But he didn't ask about it before, nor did No. 9527 mention it.

"Herbert was the Chaos Ancient God who pursued the equality of all living beings. He comprehended the Strength Equalizing Theurgy from the Godly Ways Great Unity. He built this prison, although his body isn't here. It isn't strange for the Warden race to use the Strength Equalizing Theurgy when they have to, is it?" No. 9527 explained patiently.

Chapter 2632 Start The Strength Equalizing Theurgy

Zen frowned slightly at these words.

He was not satisfied with the power of the Falling Star Palm, but that didn't mean that he underestimated the truth theurgy.

According to what No. 9527 had said, the truth should be comprehended from the fusion of Godly Ways. This kind of energy might be related to the nature of the entire chaos.

Although Zen had condensed out the Truth Crystal, he hadn't mastered its essence completely. It had formed quickly because of his bloodline.

On the contrary, the Warden race must be quite powerful.

They believed in Herbert and carried out his orders to control the world. They must have learned many tricks from him.

If so, how would Emily and Timotheus deal with it?

"Can I really go up against the Strength Equalizing Theurgy with my Falling Star Palm?" Zen asked, still not convinced. He still couldn't understand how a theurgy that did not meet actual combat requirements could be used to fight against a powerful theurgy like Herbert's.

"You'll know when the time comes," No. 9527 replied.

Since it spoke with confidence, Zen nodded and didn't ask any more questions. He followed the crowd in silence.

With the formidable strength of the exiles and Zelda herself at the helm, the team had become unstoppable.

Although exiles from a few small races had repeatedly attempted to assassinate the team members, the team had easily dealt with them and even killed some of those exiles.

In three days, the team covered tens of thousands of miles in this space.

When the once-distant high platforms finally came into view, many of the team members' eyes lit up in excitement.

After all, the expedition they had embarked on was a large one, but it had gone smoothly so far. Ever since they had entered this space, they had lost only one companion, Quintin; they had traveled the rest of the distance without meeting any great difficulty.

But Emily, Timotheus, and a few other people were not as optimistic.

The journey had gone far too smoothly for their taste; they couldn't help but find it abnormal.

Moreover, they were not only fighting against Spark, but also against the exiles of the small races. Besides, their real opponent was the Warden race.

And so far, the Warden race had not shown up or made any moves.

This was the biggest worry.

"Zelda, does the Warden race live here?" Emily asked, looking at the tall platforms.

"Yes," Zelda replied. She was very familiar with the place where she was born. Then, she added, "These tall platforms are the towers of captivity. They're used to imprison all the living beings in the world. There are 200, 000 of them in total."

Every tower of captivity was connected to countless Curse Chains, and all the living beings in the world were trapped on the tall platforms.

"Can we destroy these tall platforms?" Emily asked curiously.

Zelda shook her head. "These tall platforms were created by the Chaos Ancient God. You can't destroy them."

But Leopold, a member of the Nine Li race, didn't believe her. He smiled faintly and said, "Let me have a try!"

Zelda didn't stop him because she thought that there was no harm in him trying.

Whoosh!

Leopold abruptly lifted himself up off the ground and clenched his fist. Soon, a black spiral of light began to circle his fist.

Although the energy swirling in the spiral was extremely powerful, it had been completely contained without any energy leaking.

With a loud roar, Leopold threw a punch.

The black spiral turned into a black fist shadow, shooting toward one of the tall platforms.

When the spiral touched the tall platform, it burst into pieces.

Bang!

With a loud rumble, the energy, which had been condensed to the maximum limit, exploded.

If this had happened in the outside world, the earth would have been shaking by now. The mere presence of that force would have been enough to create a hurricane capable of tearing mountains apart.

But here, aside from that loud noise, there was no indication that such a power had even existed.

"My power...it was absorbed?" There was a hint of surprise on Leopold's face.

However, Emily and Timotheus looked just as indifferent as before. They knew that they couldn't resist the power of the Chaos Ancient God and that anything could happen here.

Emily was very clear that the people they actually relied on were Zelda and Luther.

"Let's go. We have to enter the center of these tall platforms," said Zelda.

After seeing Leopold's failed attempt to destroy one of the tall platforms, the rest of the team walked silently into the platforms from below one after another.

Deep in these tall platforms, Spark stood impatiently, his face darkening.

The black light was like a venomous snake that kept shooting out and coming back.

He had lost half the exiles around him, and they had all been killed by Emily, Timotheus, and the others.

It had to be said that the exiles from these small races were too weak. Even though they relied on the means of the Warden race, they were still far from capable enough to fight against Emily and the others.

"Spark, what should we do now?" asked one of the exiles.

Other than the exiles from the Yellow Emperor race, the exiles from the small races were all depressed.

They had wanted to use their own strength to make those big races stay in this world, but only when they had actually faced the big races had they understood how weak they were. The gap between their strengths was so big that they were unable to make up for it.

"It's almost done," said Spark flatly.

Hearing that, the exiles cluelessly looked at one another; they didn't know what Spark meant.

As Spark turned around and looked at the central area of the high platforms, a black jade pendant appeared in his hand. With a slight pinch of his fingers, he broke the jade pendant into pieces.

When the jade pendant broke, a disc with a diameter of more than ten thousand feet appeared thousands of miles away from this place.

And on the disc stood hundreds of people in black cloaks.

In the center of this disc was an old man with a stoop.

This old man was so skinny that his face looked like a skull. He was a member of the Warden race and the leader of the conservative faction.

"Unexpectedly, the two little kids have brought them here anyway..." the old man murmured.

His voice was as small as an insect's, but it clearly reached everyone's ears.

"Spark and his companions are good for nothing. They can't stop them at all," commented a purple-haired young man standing beside the old man.

The old man chuckled. "There is indeed a big gap between them in strength. Ever since Emily found the two survivors, I knew this day would come."

"Master, should we start the Strength Equalizing Theurgy now?" A crisp female voice came from a black cloak.

The old man gave a long sigh, and something unreadable flashed in his eyes. Then, finally making up his mind, he nodded slightly.

At this moment, the huge disc under these cloaked people's feet began to slowly spin...

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

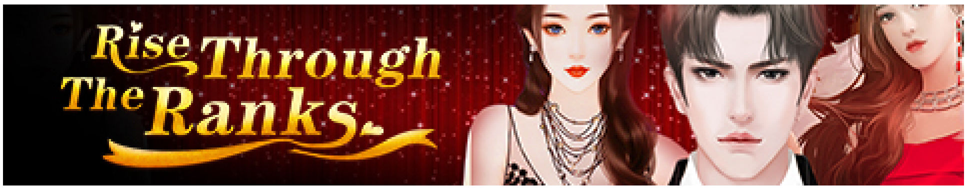

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

48

Content

Chapter 2633 Weakened
Chapter 2634 The Wights
Chapter 2635 Killing
Chapter 2636 Exhausted
Chapter 2637 Conversation
Chapter 2638 Sneak Attack
Chapter 2639 Run Towards His Enemy
Chapter 2640 A Fierce Battle
Chapter 2641 Astonishing End
Chapter 2642 Stealth
Chapter 2643 The Encounter
Chapter 2644 Abandon
Chapter 2645 Chasing
Chapter 2646 Seek Death
Chapter 2647 The Tomb Keeper
Chapter 2648 You Can't Pass
Chapter 2649 Chaotic Battle
Chapter 2650 Chase
Chapter 2651 Joint Attack From Brother And Sister
Chapter 2652 One Against Three
Chapter 2653 The Falling Star Palm
Chapter 2654 Kill Them
Chapter 2655 The Final Resistance
Chapter 2656 Right Or Wrong
Chapter 2657 Pierced In The Chest
Chapter 2658 Interrogation
Chapter 2659 Deactivate The Strength Equalizing Theurgy
Chapter 2660 Irritated
Chapter 2661 The Human Sovereign
Chapter 2662 Jealousy
Chapter 2663 Finale Hero
Chapter 2664 The Eight Diagrams Chart
Chapter 2665 Nothingness In One
Chapter 2666 Breakthrough
Chapter 2667 Start The Journey
Chapter 2668 The Heavenly Mirror Shield

Chapter 2669 Chiyou's Efforts
Chapter 2670 Zen's Request
Chapter 2671 The Great Inertia
Chapter 2672 Judgment
Chapter 2673 The Real Godly Way Tablet
Chapter 2674 Getting Close
Chapter 2675 Guidance
Chapter 2676 What A Coincidence
Chapter 2677 Passing On The Message
Chapter 2678 Thunder Materialization
Chapter 2679 Take The Credit
Chapter 2680 Encirclement
Chapter 2681 Attack
Chapter 2682 Taking The Opportunity To Absorb
Chapter 2683 Warning
Chapter 2684 Escape Successfully
Chapter 2685 Sneaking Into The Divine Land
Chapter 2686 Enthusiastic
Chapter 2687 A Good Talk
Chapter 2688 Anger

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2633 Weakened

As the watchers of this world, it was safe to say that the Warden race's strength wasn't the highest.

Their only duty was to maintain the world's operation. Most of the time, they didn't even need to show up in person.

The space Herbert had opened for them was enough to ensure their safety, and they only needed to cast their shadows when they patrolled the world. No matter how strong the exiles were, they couldn't do anything to them.

If it weren't for the conflicts between the Warden race's conservative faction and the free faction, neither the Snake Goddess nor the Nine Li race could have found this place.

As the disk slowly rotated, a light blue texture suddenly appeared on its surface and gradually spread until it was completely covered.

"I had always thought that when the Light of Adjudication came, all the survivors of the free faction would have been dead. I never figured trouble would arise at the last moment. This is our Warden race's fate..." the old man said before letting out a hefty sigh.

"The free faction disobeyed our master's will and we firmly believe that they will fail," the woman under the cloak said once again.

"The meaning of our Warden race's existence is to maintain the world's operation. We can't fail..." another voice spoke out.

Many conflicts in the world were caused by situations that weren't necessarily black or white.

The free faction wanted nothing more than to pursue their goal, while the conservative faction followed Herbert's orders. The exiles wanted to escape this world, and Zen wanted to return to the divine land.

Click!

Once the disk had spun to a certain extent, a crisp sound suddenly rang out.

At that very moment, the light blue texture was now covering the entire disk. If one was to look down from the sky above, they'd see that this texture formed the exact shape of a three-eyed monkey!

Buzz...

As this faint blue light continued floating, it gradually rose from the disk. It turned into a light blue shadow in the image of a three-eyes monkey.

"Greetings, Master!"

All of the Warden race's members standing on the disk suddenly knelt to the ground.

The old man looked solemn and devout. Although the other people were covered beneath their black robes, one could easily assume that they were wearing the same expression as the old man.

They knew that Herbert wasn't actually in this world. The master had left a long time ago and no one knew when he'd be back, but in their hearts, the master was still a sacred being.

Creak!

All of a sudden, the three-eyed monkey opened its big mouth and let out a shrill scream. The overwhelming howl spread for miles.

Along with the howl, countless spots of light spurted out from the three-eyed monkey's open mouth. The light spots spread in all directions.

As these light spots swept past the warriors on the disk, they shot into their bodies.

Even the old man, standing directly in the middle of the disk, was unable to avoid them completely.

Out of nowhere, he was hit by a blue light dot and his body trembled violently. He quickly reached out and clenched his fists, smiling helplessly. "My strength has weakened so much..."

The young man with purple hair also stretched his body and said, "I feel unprecedentedly powerless, like a useless mortal and no less..."

"I feel it too, and I definitely don't like it," said a woman under a cloak.

The old man smiled faintly. "Who, in their right mind, would like this? If we fight Emily and the others head on, we will definitely lose. At least now, we're all at the same level, and we have the weapons provided by our master."

The peculiar light dots started spreading out from the disk, and then circled around, moving far and wide.

It wasn't before long that the light spots began to spread to where Spark was. They hit him as well as the other exiles.

Spark's body suddenly trembled, and his eyes opened wide with incredible emotion.

He felt his soul, strength, and body begin to weaken rapidly. He could no longer feel the Other Shore, and even the connection with his inner world had been broken! He had no idea what was going on.

"This, this is..." Spark stuttered in a trembling voice.

The other exiles were in the exact same state as Spark. Each and every one of their faces displayed a trace of trembling fear.

After all, they had nearly lost every ounce of strength and power they had!

The Warden race had once told Spark that if his joint attack with the exiles of small races failed, then the Warden race would be forced to take action. The fact that the Warden race would even dare use such a method had never crossed his mind.

"What kind of theurgy is it, anyway? What's their purpose in suppressing our power to such an extent?" an exile from a small race asked in confusion.

An exile from the Yellow Emperor race thought for a moment, and a smile appeared on his face before he offered a response. "Our strength has been suppressed..." he began. "So Emily and the others with her would suffer the same as us!"

Spark's and other exiles' eyes suddenly lit up with excitement when they heard this. They immediately realized the Warden race's intention of doing so.

The blue light dots were still spreading. The energy seemed very soft, even harmless, but in fact, it was irresistible.

Beneath the high platforms, Emily still walked in front, followed by the others behind her.

It was then that a piercing roar suddenly pierced everyone's ears.

"Look! Over there! What's that?"

Someone in the crowd had noticed the blue dots before anyone else.

Emily's gaze swept across the blue light spots. She raised her eyebrows, tapped her toes on the ground, and her body quickly retreated backwards.

However, these light dots spread at an extremely fast speed. Even Emily wasn't capable of dodging them without using spatial transference.

As soon as the light spots penetrated her body, she let out a muffled groan and her legs went weak. She nearly fell to her knees.

Everyone around her was experiencing the same thing she was.

As the light spots continued touching them, they could feel their strength escaping them vigorously. The degree at which their power weakened was far beyond their imagination.

"What the hell is going on here?"

"I've never felt so weak in all my life before!"

"……"

Timotheus's, Leopold's, Ramzi's and the many other exiles' faces darkened at once. They didn't understand what was going on and felt furious.

"Is... is this the Strength Equalizing Theurgy that you've mentioned before?"

Zen stood still and asked No. 9527 after he felt the change occurring in his body.

As the light dots entered his body, he immediately felt like he had lost everything.

His previously indestructible body now became extremely fragile, no different from that of a basic mortal.

As No. 9527 had mentioned something about the Strength Equalizing Theurgy to him before, Zen thus wasn't surprised.

"Yes, when this specific truth theurgy is activated, all the creatures in the space are weakened to the same level. Look at Emily, her strength is at the same level as yours now..." No. 9527 replied.

As he heard this response, Zen smiled bitterly. "This isn't good news."

The exiles of the large races were the most important figures and more so, everyone relied on them. If Emily, Timotheus and the other powerful warriors' strength had suddenly plummeted, then it was safe to say that this was a disaster.

Chapter 2634 The Wights

Emily glared down at her hands and an unprecedented grave expression was displayed on her face.

"How is this even possible?" she asked, feeling totally dazed.

Luther, who was standing beside her, was also incredibly confused. Back when the conservative faction fought with the free faction, he had been too young and therefore, he didn't know much about the many situations that occurred in the Warden race.

With a wave of his hands, Timotheus focused on his cinnabar field and took a deep breath, trying to forcefully activate the energy within his inner world.

Yet, even as his face turned bright red with concentration, his cinnabar field still had no reaction whatsoever.

Many of the other exiles attempted on their own behalf, in various ways. Whether they used the soul power, the pure strength, or even tried to feel the Other Shore, the results simply disappointed them.

Ultimately, everyone focused their eyes on Zelda.

Looking in the direction from which the scream came, she said flatly, "That is the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. They've finally activated it..."

"And what exactly do you mean by that?" Emily asked with a sullen expression. "Can they weaken our strength directly?"

If the Warden race had such a method, then they wouldn't need to be afraid of anyone. In their current state, they could only let themselves be slaughtered. If Spark attacked them now, he could kill everyone in the blink of an eye!

In other words, this theurgy was simply too domineering and unreasonable.

"It has done much more than only weaken our strength." Zelda added, "But theirs, too. Every single creature's strength has been dulled down to the same level. This is the so-called Strength Equalizing Theurgy."

Emily paused for a brief moment, and then a bitter smile appeared on her beautiful face. "Really?" she asked, surprised.

Zelda nodded in response.

In other words, the exiles, the elders of the various races as well as the elites among the Wild Gods all had the exact same strength level. Right now, no one was actually much stronger than a basic, ordinary mortal.

"We're still in big trouble," said one of the exiles from the Star Deer race. And he was right.

"Now that we have come to this stage, there is no turning back. If the Strength Equalizing Theurgy is really like what Zelda said and it can affect everyone, then they won't be stronger than us, but we'll still have to be prepared," said Emily.

Emily quickly accepted this fact. She gently patted the jade bracelet on her wrist. She could still use the Sumeru Space, she thought to herself.

The jade bracelet flashed with light, and a ring of glowing rays suddenly appeared in her hand.

Clang!

As soon as the ring appeared, it slipped out from Emily's hand and hit the ground with a loud clang.

Emily frowned and tried to pick the ring back up, but she was unable to do so. It wouldn't move in the least!

It was obvious to her now that her strength wasn't much higher than that of a mortal. The Palm Sky Ring was a well-known magic weapon in the Source World. Although it was a relatively light weapon, its weight was probably comparable to that of an entire mountain range.

With nothing but a mortal's strength, lifting a mountain range was impossible - simply unheard of.

Other exiles equally tried their weapons. However, the high-level magic weapons were all very heavy. Although they could easily use them in the past, now they had become a pile of waste.

In the end, they realized that they could only use a few more practical weapons.

Emily took out a sharp black saber instead. This saber was a weapon she used in the early ages, and she hadn't used it for many years. Her cultivation base had still been very low back then, and she had thus kept this black saber as a souvenir. Now, it came in handy.

Timotheus, on his behalf, found a saber with a strange shape, while Ramzi found a grey spear to use. They were all ordinary weapons.

A few exiles had no suitable weapons and they had to borrow weapons from each other.

Zen searched in his space ring for a while hopefully, but found nothing useful.

In order to enter the divine land, he had to leave the weapons he obtained in the universe in the Celestial Position. After all, once he entered the divine land, everything in the universe would be turned into life vitality.

For Zen too, his weapons obtained in the divine land were very heavy all of a sudden.

Out of the blue, Zelda pulled out several weapons, as if by magic, for the crowd to select.

Zelda was familiar with the Warden race and knew that they would activate the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. For this reason, during the two years she spent in the Torrent Bone Tower, she had collected quite a number of scrap metals. While she did so, a few of the Snake Goddess members felt Zelda's behavior very strange.

It was only now that they realized that Zelda had already expected it, long before them.

Zen picked through the pile of weapons before finally choosing a long sword and a flying knife as thin as a cicada's wings.

Just as they were preparing, a roar suddenly sounded from the depths of darkness on the high platforms.

"Awoooo..."

Previously, the exiles' spiritual will could cover a very vast area. Nothing within hundreds of miles could escape their detection.

However, their souls had now been greatly weakened. Their detection capacities were null, and it was as if they were blind.

When they heard the roar, everyone looked toward the voice's direction, but because of their cultivation loss, even their eyesight had been greatly weakened. They couldn't see clearly, and definitely not far enough!

"Awoooo..."

The screeching voice sounded once more. A figure slowly walked out from the shadows. Its pace was unsteady and its movement bizarre.

Only when the figure had completely walked out from the darkness did they clearly see who was standing there.

"It's only a Wight," an exile from the Fire Melting race stated disdainfully.

Wights were simply too common in this world. They were weak, and were easily considered the lowest level creatures here. The more powerful Wild Gods didn't bother to deal with these fellows that wandered the Immemorial Wilderness, and it was even less likely for a group of powerful warriors in this world to take them seriously.

"Did you say only a Wight?! Have you forgotten your current strength, by any chance?" another exile refuted.

It was only then that the Fire Melting race exile suddenly remembered what Zelda had said. If everyone had equal strength after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was activated, then the strength of this Wight would be on par with his. He hadn't thought of that earlier. As this thought settled within the group, everyone felt a little unsettled.

"Besides... There's always more than just one Wight," said Emily, biting her lips and frowning.

"Woo! Woo! Woo! Woo..."

From within the cracks beneath the high platforms, Wights slowly staggered out one by one. The number of Wights here was really quite high!

The unintelligent zombie-like creatures could tear up any targets that came anywhere close to them!

"Wights don't have wisdom or weapons. We still have the advantage. Everyone, don't be discouraged." Although Emily understood the meaning of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, and more so that her strength wasn't enough for her to take charge as chief, she still stood in front of the group without hesitating in the least.

The Wights staggered forward for a good distance. When they realized that a pile of food had miraculously appeared in front of them, the Wight at the helm suddenly let out a howl. It instinctively pounced toward the group, and the others followed quickly behind.

Chapter 2635 Killing

The Wight approached them menacingly, crawling on its hands and feet.

In the past, it didn't seem to be moving very fast, and didn't seem like a threat in the eyes of Emily and the rest of the group.

But now, it was clear that its speed wasn't that slow after all!

"Awooo!"

The Wight howled and rushed towards Emily.

Emily stood straight, with her annular saber gripped tightly in her hand. The moment the Wight rushed to her, she suddenly stomped the ground, and her body rolled towards the Wight. She slammed the saber right on the Wight's head!

The annular saber was actually ring shaped, with sharp blades lying both on the inside and outside.

After successfully positioning the annular saber on the Wight's head, Emily twisted it in one quick motion, breaking the Wight's neck. Its head fell to the ground and rolled for a while before coming to a stop.

Emily's action was fast and it was all over within a blink of an eye. When the other exiles and the Wild Gods saw the scene, they couldn't help but applaud.

Emily was very powerful. Even though her strength had greatly diminished and became ordinary like everyone else, her previous experience was still substantial, and her strength was undeniable.

However, as she chopped off the Wight's head, a large amount of blood spurted from its neck. Even though she tried her best to avoid the stream of blood, it was difficult to dodge and her white clothes were now tainted with the blood.

Initially, the group of exiles had felt cornered and hopeless when they saw the group of Wights. But after hearing Emily's words and seeing her kill a Wight so easily, their confidence began to return.

Even if they lost their cultivation base, strength and soul forces, they still had their rich experience and years of practice of powerful martial skills!

"Such Wights without wisdom are nothing! Everybody, go and kill them! Charge!"

Timotheus roared as he rushed forward, bearing his saber on his shoulder.

"Dragon Saber Skill!"

With a twist of his saber, Timotheus cut a Wight's stomach like a dragon streaking through the sun. Then just as quickly, he pulled out the saber and spun it with both hands, making the saber twirl and spin. "Ching, ching, ching!" The heads of three Wights flew off simultaneously.

The Dragon Saber Skill was not only amazing and powerful, and it was also a joy to watch.

"Is this saber skill also inherited from the Source World?" Zen was fascinated by the saber skill. He didn't expect that these exiles not only had the strong cultivation base, but also cultivated the powerful basic martial arts.

Besides Timotheus, Ramzi was also good at the spear skill. He controlled and brandished his spear so well that it was like his spear was an extension of his own hand, and the Wights couldn't get within thirty feet from him.

More and more Wights kept surging out from the darkness like a non-stop tidal wave.

The group of exiles all displayed astonishing martial arts techniques. They were like an indestructible dam, firmly blocking these Wights in front of them.

But not much later, Zen heard a scream from behind.

It turned out that the Wights had been quietly sneaking up from behind them as well.

Unfortunately, everyone's attention had been solely focused on the front. By the time they had realized what had happened, a large group of Wights had already surrounded them from behind.

An unlucky Wild God from the Snake Goddess race failed to escape, and fell to the ground after being attacked by four Wights, all of which were biting hard everywhere they could reach.

"Aimee!"

Emily screamed as she turned around and saw the situation. Anxiety was written across her face.

Aimee was an elite disciple of the Snake Goddess race. Her strength had become more and more astonishing in the past few years. In Emily's eyes, she was a very promising protege.

Watching a disciple from her own race falling made Emily grow more and more anxious. But she had a number of Wights in front of her that she had to deal with. How was she going to help Aimee?

Just at the right moment, a thin stream of light shot out.

"Poof!"

With a muffled sound, it landed neatly in the forehead of the Wight that was directly on Aimee.

At the same time, a figure came running towards her direction. A few rays of sharp sword light shot out from the figure's hands, and almost immediately, holes appeared in the Wights' chests and necks and started oozing blood. Slowly, they fell off Aimee's body too.

"Get up. You're safe now," Zen called as he reached out his hand to Aimee, who was still lying on the ground.

After the Wights' attack, Aimee's body was covered with wounds, but none of them were serious enough to be life-threatening. She was just in a very uncomfortable position.

Aimee was still too stunned after the attack and being rescued by Zen, so she didn't get up immediately.

"Zen?"

From where she was standing, Emily was equally surprised to see this scene.

Although the Wild Gods in this world had practiced martial arts, most of them practiced the skills to make preparation for their huge physical bodies. Those Wild Gods were not good at physical fights.

Emily knew Zen had come from a different world, but she didn't expect his swordsmanship to be so fantastic.

After Zen had ensured Aimee's safety, he pulled out the thin flying knife, and with a wave of his arm, he rushed towards the Wights again.

'Most of these Wights are crawling. Although their speed is very fast, their necks are exposed...'

With this thought in his mind, Zen's long sword swirled in the air as it swept past the bodies of these Wights!

Although the weapons prepared by Zelda were ordinary, the sword that Zen used was also very sharp and handy for use.

"Shing, shing, shing..."

The sword cut through the necks of the Wights easily and left behind a trail of blood on them.

Before those fierce Wights could move any further, their heads drooped and they fell to the ground, screaming. Their bodies were paralyzed, and all they could do was to lie there waiting for death to greet them as the blood drained from their bodies.

The efficiency of Zen's method was surprisingly impressive.

Although there were a lot of Wights coming from behind, he rushed into them alone, with only his sword as company. In just a minute, there were about eighty Wights writhing on the ground after being attacked by Zen.

He alone had managed to block almost half of the Wights that had ambushed them from behind!

Some of the other exiles had noticed Zen's brilliant method. Previously, they had used a variety of methods to kill the Wights. They either penetrated their hearts, or smashed their heads, which was not very effective.

But now, watching Zen's technique of killing them simply by slicing their necks, they were given new hope. Everyone immediately saw the astonishing efficiency and began following suit.

In less than five minutes, the group of warriors had slaughtered about four thousand Wights!

"Woo, woo, woo..."

Frighteningly, the number of the Wights did not seem to decrease, but kept increasing!

"Help!"

An elder from the Star Deer race suddenly yelled.

The elder was being dragged into a large group of Wights. In the blink of an eye, he had already disappeared into their midst, with no sign of him at all. The others could only hear his repeated calls for help, which grew weaker and weaker before disappearing all together.

"Ahhh!"

At the same time, another Wild God was also dragged away.

More and more warriors were getting injured or killed, which upset the others and made them even easier targets.

"Crack!"

Emily heavily cut the saber down and broke the neck of a Wight.

As the blood splashed, her charming face turned into a determined, fierce expression. "This is not going to work out. We can't do this forever!"

She walked around and called, "Timotheus, Ramzi, Lydia..." As she spoke, her gaze fell on Zen who was fighting in the distance. In the same breath she continued, "And Zen! All of you! Come here! Let's move forward together and kill those Wights!"

Chapter 2636 Exhausted

After entering this world, Emily and the other powerful masters with her had served as the main force.

She had never even thought that Zen could be someone who could help. After all, the gap between their cultivation was huge, and it was impossible for him to catch up to her. Therefore, Zen, together with the other elders, and the Wild Gods were all weaker people who needed her protection.

At first, Emily only considered letting the many exiles, Luther, and Zelda enter this world. After all, in the eyes of the exiles, anyone else was just a burden!

But after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy took effect, the strength Zen had displayed was no weaker than that of those exiles and even on par to that of Emily and Timotheus.

Now that they were in dire need of warriors to help clear the path, Emily had naturally let Zen join them.

"Okay!"

Zen didn't hesitate at all. With a flash, he moved up from behind.

In the face of the Wights that were constantly advancing like a tide, they would all eventually die of exhaustion if they remained trapped here. Now, they could only pull together and fight their way out.

After that, Emily ordered two exiles from the bigger races to bring up the rearguard, and the group began to make headway!

"Heavenly Light Spear!"

Now Ramzi blazed the way for the others, and the silver gray spear was like lightning, launching more than ten strikes in an instant.

"Aoo..."

More than ten Wights howled in pain and fell writhing to the ground.

Immediately after, two exiles of the Snake Goddess race rushed up to take the lead. One of them wielded more than ten short swords, and the other one brandished a blade of a strange configuration. With their ferocious attacks, tens of Wights were quickly butchered.

Then came Timotheus, Leopold, and the others...

The exiles took turns to attack and slowly forged a path to escape.

Those who came behind them walked on the path of bodies as they trod over Wight corpses to move forward!

Zen did not hesitate or relent in his attacks, and he fought fiercely.

Although he couldn't use the Ways-blending Energy in his inner world, his swordsmanship had been perfected while cultivating in the universe.

Now, his body had risen in the air, and the long sword in his hand struck down at the backs of those Wights that blocked their path in quick succession.

After the attacks continued for a while, both he and Emily rushed to the front line.

"Aoo..."

Emily who was in the front was facing down a group of Wights that had advanced to surround her. Her eyes flashed, and as she tapped her toes on the ground, she let out a wild shout and attacked.

"Swish!"

With a sudden twist of the saber, she broke all these Wights' necks.

But this time, she had ignored a Wight to her side. The Wight quietly approached, opened its big mouth, and moved to bite Emily's white neck!

Under the impact of Strength Equalizing Theurgy, even Emily would be a mess of flesh and blood if she was bitten!

Her expression changed, knowing that there was no way to avoid it, and she closed her eyes as she waited for the inevitable fangs to close in on her flesh.

"Bang!"

However, as the Wight's mouth was only two inches away from her neck, the blade of a flying knife as thin as a cicada's wings, suddenly pierced into the Wight's forehead, knocking it to the ground where it lay twitching.

A faint smile of relief appeared on Emily's face when she saw the Wight slowly falling down. She had never thought that she would be saved by a young man who was only at the True God Realm.

Then she yanked out the flying knife from the Wight's body using the saber in her hand, and tossed it back to Zen with a slight nod of her head.

Both of them kept silent and continued to battle forward!

Although the number of Wights didn't decrease, they were dumb beasts, and they continued to charge forward without any other thought.

As for the exiles and Wild Gods, they had initially panicked at the beginning, but now they had quickly calmed down, resolutely advancing with the group.

They were becoming more and more skilled to fight against these Wights. At first, they had suffered losses, and six of them had died. Later, some of the Wild Gods had been injured, but now no one had perished.

Everyone fought valiantly as they surged forward. They advanced in this way for dozens of miles.

The number of Wights facing them had slowly begun to decrease. At the beginning, the Wights had just flocked towards them like a mindless wave of death. Later, with the group's tenacious efforts, there were only a few of the Wights standing. And in the end, they were all butchered. Now no one obstructed their way.

At this point, everyone slowed their pace and eventually stopped moving forward.

It wasn't that they didn't want to continue their advance. It was just that the Strength Equalizing Theurgy had affected them and drained them in every aspect, until even their physical strength was greatly lessened. As they had continued fighting to gain ground against the Wights, most of them had completely depleted their strength.

When the group members saw that the Wights were no more, their tensed nerves suddenly relaxed, and they quickly collapsed to the ground. They didn't even want to move their fingers again!

Even those who had mastered skills in preserving their strengths began to gasp heavily for air.

And Timotheus, Emily, and the other warriors were no exception.

Emily was covered in splatters of Wight blood and other smaller bits of Wight bodies. She lifted a corner of her dress and wrung it, producing a gush of blood from the soaked fabric…

While she was wringing the blood out of her dress, her gaze quietly settled on Zen, who was calmly sitting opposite to her. A surprised expression had formed on her face.

After the Strength Equalizing Theurgy had taken effect on everyone, their strengths became about the same. Now many exiles were utterly exhausted, but only Zen looked calm and relaxed.

"You... Aren't you tired?" Emily asked, both curious and surprised.

"I'm fine," Zen replied with a smile.

He had killed a number of Wights more than those that Emily had slain. It was likely that he had killed the most Wights from the whole group! He should have been exhausted.

But Zen was using a special kind of swordsmanship. The sword skills he had practiced were distilled to their simplest form. He used the most economical movement to get the best effect. Every time he had brandished the sword, it had consumed only a little bit of physical strength, and therefore, he looked less tired than the others!

"Let's take a breather," Emily said lightly. "For now we certainly don't have to move on."

These once powerful exiles now had to rest like the ordinary mortals. Otherwise, the energy they had consumed would become irreparably lost.

In many of the exiles' eyes, this was an absurd thing. After all, the physical energy that had been expended was not nearly as much as a billionth of the physical strength they had possessed before. However, they all had to consider that the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was domineering, and their massive strengths had been reduced to that of mere mortals now.

"Okay. I'll be the lookout." Zen nodded.

Emily nodded vaguely and settled against a corner. She leaned back against the pillars at the base of the high platform and closed her eyes helplessly. She couldn't remember when last she had closed her eyes to sleep. It might even have been many tens of thousands of years ago.

Perhaps she was too tired, for she drifted off to sleep in a few seconds.

As for the other exiles and Wild Gods, they were also soon snoring in a bone-weary sleep.

Zen plunged his long sword into the ground and swept his gaze over these warriors. A smile spread over his face. It was indeed strange that the mighty exiles had run out of energy!

Now that everyone had fallen asleep, Zen sat cross legged and quietly began to meditate, circulating his bloodline theurgy.

When they had fought the Wights just now, No. 9527 had urged him continuously to activate the bloodline theurgy and use the Falling Star Palm to vanquish the enemy...

The Strength Equalizing Theurgy was also a truth theurgy.

No one could resist an attack that used the truth theurgy.

All the souls, their physical bodies, the life vitality from inside their inner worlds, and the Wild God Power were made equal, to the same level as that of mortals.

Even all the visual acuity and physical strength of the creatures were made equal.

However, No. 9527 had told Zen that only the truth theurgy could not be affected.

Chapter 2637 Conversation

Throughout the whole chaos, the low-level power would be suppressed by the high-level power.

Those who had been known to hold the supreme power were the Chaos Ancient Gods.

So, when the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was activated, it had the power to suppress everything.

The exiles took pride in their own strength and were powerful, but they were not much stronger than the mortals now. Even the power they had obtained from the Other Shore couldn't contend against the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

On the other hand, it was not the same case for Zen. His bloodline theurgy was also a truth theurgy, which could avoid the suppression of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

Zen finally understood what No. 9527 meant after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was activated.

Although his bloodline theurgy didn't contain much power, the power was at the high level.

"Buzz..."

An extremely slight chirp resounded from Zen's body.

A trace of green light eventually appeared and danced gently on his palm. This green light slowly bounced up and quickly turned into a small green cube.

For now, he had no idea what kind of ability was hidden in the blood's truth theurgy. With the guidance of No. 9527, he could make use of the theurgy—Falling Star Palm.

He flipped his palm slightly, and the small green cube slowly spread out merging into his palm. His entire palm suddenly was completely dyed green. His gaze then looked at a distance as his fingers slightly clenched.

The green light in his hand had already dissipated before he employed the Falling Star Palm.

Zen didn't want to attract too much noise.

Since the Warden race had activated the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, there must be some other means. Before the Warden race used those methods, Zen wouldn't easily expose his own means.

"Hoo..."

"Hoo..."

Right now, the exiles and Wild Gods were still in deep sleep engrossed in their own dreams, and some were even snoring.

They hadn't slept so soundly for a long time.

After a peaceful time of rest, ten hours had already passed.

Emily was the first one to wake up. Perhaps due to a good sleep, she habitually became vigilant and almost reflexively jumped up.

Not once in her thought that she would sleep soundly like this, such this was unimaginable in the past.

When Emily saw that Zen was still up and on guard, she let out a sigh of relief and asked, "How long has it been?"

"About ten hours," Zen answered.

"I'm sorry. I didn't expect that I would fall asleep for so long." Emily looked at the exiles who were sleeping randomly. She forced a smile and said, "It seems that everyone is like this."

Everyone's strength and ability were almost the same, but there were still small differences.

One difference was with Emily's recovery speed. Her speed in recovering was much faster, which helped her in waking up earlier than the rest.

"Don't you need to rest?" Emily glanced at Zen.

"I'm not sleepy," Zen answered as he shook his head.

He originally thought that the reason he wasn't that tired compared to them was because he had consumed less physical energy. But the moment he activated the bloodline theurgy, he noticed that it sustained him more energy.

Analyzing the situation, he found out that he could keep such a good state because of the blood of the Chaos Ancient God.

Emily stared at Zen with a surprised expression.

When Timotheus brought over and introduced Zen, it had subconsciously sparked a hint of curiosity to her.

She saw that Zen was just a True God. It was true that his talent had astonished her, but his strength was not something special in her eyes.

She had led a group of people to break into this world, and never even noticed the young man. There was nothing special that he did after all.

She had not expected that after the attack of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, Zen's ability eventually had been displayed which had truly surprised her.

After the exiles' strength had been equalized, they could still be stronger than the Wild Gods relying on their powerful resources. However, Zen was only a True God.

Emily's curiosity had grown as she continued to observe him.

She took two steps forward and folded her dress stained with blood. She sat next to Zen and asked, "You also seem to want to leave this world, right?"

The exiles had longed to leave this place, but many of the Wild Gods were not willing to leave this place. After all, this was their hometown. If they left the massive wild bones, they would even find it extremely difficult to cultivate!

Zen sat still and looked at the huge platforms far away. He smiled faintly and said, "Of course."

It had already been a few years when he left the divine land. Probably a lot had changed as he knew nothing about the current situation.

He was deeply worried since the situation in the divine land was not really good when he left.

Would his mother be captured by Nicholas? Would she die along with those Holy Beings?

What about Yan, Lavender and Letitia in the fairy palace? Zen couldn't help but be concerned about those who were left behind, the people who were close to his heart.

As soon as Emily brought up the question, his heart was once filled with worry and longing. A hint of sadness had appeared in his eyes.

"It looks like there are important people in the ship," Emily uttered.

Emily had already planned to gather all the power of the exiles from the Snake Goddess race and would forcefully pull down the ship.

"Of course." Zen nodded. "All of my family are there, and so are my enemies."

Emily was well aware about the origin of the divine land and the grudge between Chiyou and the Yellow Emperor. However, after she was imprisoned in this prison, she did not know what happened to the Source World afterwards.

She now knew that the Nine Li race had weakened and it even forced Chiyou to build a ship. The ship would then help their race flee from the Source World.

"Your enemies must be Yellow Emperor's men, or namely the Yellow Emperor Guards, right?" Emily once again inquired.

In this world, the Yellow Emperor race and the Snake Goddess race were considered to just be in simple states. Both races were complicated in the Source World.

"Yes. Everything that had happened was because of those Yellow Emperor Guards," Zen stated.

The Yellow Emperor Guards also supported Nicholas. Zen never had an encounter with the Yellow Emperor Guards before, but the reason why the divine land would be reduced to its current level now was because of them.

If he were to return to the divine land, he would face them sooner or later.

"If we can leave this world, I will help you kill them all," Emily said with a smile.

She wasn't clear about the strength of the Yellow Emperor Guards but she was confident in offering a helping hand.

"Are you willing to meddle in this matter?" Zen asked curiously.

Zen had never been to the Source World before, but he knew that the competition between these great races was full of various interests.

If he could really leave this world, he naturally hoped that Timotheus, Ramzi, Leopold and the other strong warriors from the Nine Li race would come back to the divine land with him. He didn't expect that Emily would offer to stand by him.

"Why not?" Emily kept the smile on her face as her eyes flashed. "As long as I can leave this world..."

With the current situation for the exiles, there would be no room for retreat.

Chapter 2638 Sneak Attack

Initially, Emily was confident that she could defeat anyone who blocked her as she tried to leave this world.

To her, she saw the Warden race as hidden bugs, unable to be seen.

But now that they were right in front of her, they had to prepare for their deaths.

What she didn't expect was that the Warden race would activate the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. As her strength weakened, she had no idea if she could leave the world.

She grew anxious.

"Don't worry." Zen slowly stood up. "Luck has always been on my side. I don't think it'll fail me just yet."

To her surprise, Zen seemed to be frighteningly confident. Soon enough, her worried face was replaced by a faint smile. This young man was so interesting, she thought.

At this moment, the other exiles and Wild Gods also woke up one after another.

After a brief rest, they continued forward.

In the depths of the platforms, Spark and a few others walked along another road in silence.

After the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was completely exerted, their strength rapidly diminished as well. This brought many inconveniences that the people weren't used to.

Luckily, the Warden race had arranged everything beforehand. All they had to do was follow as Spark had instructed.

"They are as weak as we are now, so are the arrogant Emily," Spark whispered. "And we have the help of these Wights. I believe you know what to do next..."

Lined up and ready, each of these exiles held a jet black bow in their hands.

These were the most common bows, used by mortals. The bowstrings had been tightened, and the black arrows were also in place. The heads of the arrows glowed with a faint black light.

Though they seemed intimidating, these bows posed no threat in the eyes of the exiles. In the past, even they were shot by a thousand or more arrows, they never got hurt.

But right now, they were lethal.

"Got it," one of the exiles responded, a sinister smile spreading across his face.

For a few of them, leaving the world might not be that important now. In fact, they would be very happy if they could kill Emily and the others.

Spark then fished out a cloth bag and took out some black, pungent medicine cakes.

"You know, those Wights can't even distinguish friends from foes, and they literally eat anything that moves," he explained as he gave out the medicine cakes. "Take these cakes and your bodies would give off the same smell, and then none of them will approach you."

Though this was an underrated trick, it was important to make do of what they could after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy affected everyone.

Without hesitation, the exiles took the medicine cakes from Spark and swallowed them whole.

They all had the hardest time keeping them down, but they all knew it was necessary.

After everyone got ready, Spark said, "They are almost here. Tyler, you lead three people to A position, which is in the southwest. And Falkner, you go to B position, which is in the northeast..."

All the high platforms were strategically arranged according to the positions of the Ten Heavenly Stems and Twelve Earthly Branches.

Between these high platforms, there were a large number of Wights that were imprisoned there. They would let them out after Emily and her companions entered.

Tyler immediately led several people and quickly snuck into the shadows.

Between the two high platforms in the southwest, thousands of Wights were locked behind the thick bars.

Those Wights imprisoned inside resembled sculptures, standing motionlessly without any trace of life force on their bodies. Though Tyler and the rest had seen a lot in the world, they were still very bothered by the scene.

"Tyler, what do you think that has happened to these Wights?" one of them muttered.

They had all seen Wights before, but they never knew their origins or purposes. They had always been mysterious creatures altogether.

Seeing them right there, in between alive and dead, bothered the exiles to their stomachs.

Seeing the motionless Wights, Tyler shook his head.

Even if they reached the Other Shore, they still couldn't seem to understand why the Chaos Ancient God would do this. It was something beyond their understanding.

"No matter what, be quiet now and be ready," Tyler said in a low voice. "This move would decide the victor and loser. If we succeed, we will have the chance to leave this world for good."

As they lurked, they did their best to remain as silent as possible.

An hour had passed and they began to hear faint footsteps from afar.

Turning to the direction where the sound came from, Tyler and the others saw figures coming towards them.

"They are coming," Tyler said in a low voice.

At this moment, a clicking sound began to come from the fences beneath the tall platforms.

The fences began to move, retracting into the ground. At the same time, all the sculpture-like Wights had become alive right there. They let out screams and rushed towards Tyler and the rest.

Seeing this, one of the exiles was discouraged. He lifted the bow in his hand, ready to shoot and kill. Seeing this, Tyler rushed over to put his hand on the gear of the bow and stopped him. "Don't move!"

As the Wights approached, they roared and suddenly rushed the opposite direction. It seemed that the smelly medicine worked.

Tyler and the others let out a huge sigh of relief.

However, on the other side, "They are coming again!"

When Zen, Emily and the others saw the Wights rushing over, they still remained composed.

Everyone raised their weapons, ready for battle against the group of Wights.

Because they had enough rest, everyone was pumping with adrenaline and energy. These Wights could hardly get close to them as they were quickly killed by the exiles.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!..."

As everything became hectic, Emily was like a deft spirit, walking among the Wights. She used the saber as a prop, and it looked like she was dancing as she killed them one by one.

Not far away, Zen's killing was no less efficient than hers. The two of them took the lead, killing off more than half of the Wights on their own.

However, just as they were crazily killing, behind a high platform, several bows had already been quietly raised.

Tyler, who ended up hiding in the darkness, aimed at Emily in the front, while the other three had locked their own targets.

As soon as Tyler gave the order, everyone released their arrows in synchronization, "Swish, swish, swish..."

Several black arrows shot out, like black rain pouring out from the darkness.

Chapter 2639 Run Towards His Enemy

Four arrows shot from the darkness, three of which flew towards Emily and one aimed for Zen.

The exiles, however, were well-aware that the large races originally targeted Luther who was in the crowd, and not Emily.

Yet, Luther was surrounded by several Wild Gods who formed a barricade around him. He was tightly guarded, which left little room for the enemy to attack.

Therefore, the enemies had set their sights on Emily when they started to move.

Perhaps, the exiles from the small races did not harbor a deep hatred towards Emily. Maybe they simply wanted to eliminate the most powerful person in the world with their own hands when the chance came.

On the other hand, Tyler's target was Zen, who was next to Emily.

Not long ago, Zen, who had suddenly appeared when the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race had competed for the Sky South Bone Tower, had made Tyler's disciple David suffer too much. He later returned to the Pyramid Bone Tower, never to rise again.

That was why Tyler deeply loathed Zen.

Then, Zen displayed his mighty strength after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was performed, which caused Tyler to be more fearful of him. Thus, he obviously wouldn't let go of the opportunity to kill his enemy.

"Puff!"

Zen lifted his long sword and went straight for a Wight's neck. Then, he stepped on its back and jumped high into the air.

At that moment, he caught a glimpse of a few black rays of light from afar, and all of them flew at a high speed.

"Watch out! There are hidden arrows being shot!" he warned Emily.

He then reflexively twisted his body in the air and brandished his long sword at the same time. There was a crisp sound when the arrow that was aimed at him bounced away.

Meanwhile, Emily had also noticed the three sharp arrows that were aimed at her when Zen shouted.

Her sensibility had been greatly reduced when the Strength Equalizing Theurgy worked. Thus, she had only noticed the arrows when they were just about eight feet away from her.

Her face darkened. She knew that she couldn't dodge, so she stretched out her hand and grabbed the Wight nearest to her. She quickly pulled it and the Wight blocked her in front.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!"

There were three muffled sounds—two arrows had stabbed the Wight's body, and one pierced through Emily's collarbone.

A small stream of blood flowed from Emily's neck as she groaned in pain. She immediately cut the Wight's throat with her saber, and then hurriedly retreated.

"Damn it! She is so quick!" said Tyler in shock. His hands quickly fumbled for another black arrow and quickly tightened the bowstring.

The first round of assassination was very important. After all, the enemy had no idea about it, and thus they were not on high alert. That was why Spark assigned Tyler, one of the important people in their race, to lead the group.

It never occurred to Spark that the four of them didn't do any significant harm to the enemy except slightly hurt Emily.

Although the first round of arrows didn't kill anyone, all of them panicked when they saw that Emily was injured.

"There are more hidden arrows being shot!"

"Left front!"

"Leave, now!"

It was originally already quite difficult for them to fight against the Wights, and even more so if they still had to watch out for the hidden arrows. The pressure would just naturally increase, which was why they began to retreat.

"Don't panic! I'll deal with those guys!" Zen shouted.

After that, he swiftly jumped up once again and rushed forward alone!

The dense pack of Wights ahead made Zen's figure look a bit strange. He constantly jumped from left to right and progressed in a rather weird path. It was the Sword Step, which he hadn't used for a long time.

The Sword Step was just a kind of bodily movement skill that didn't need to be activated by life vitality. Of course, it could be played freely even with the restriction of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. Each of his steps was three feet and three inches which was as long as a sword, but it was changeable and complicated.

The brainless Wights rushed towards Zen, but they never got shorter than two inches away from him. He had passed by hundreds of the Wights in a row, but they never even touched his clothes.

In the darkness, Tyler grimaced when he saw Zen had gotten closer to them.

"Keep shooting!"

The four men tightened their bowstrings and after he had given the order, fired the second round of arrows at Zen without hesitation.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish!"

Four beams of black light came and whistled in the air, all headed straight for Zen.

Zen, however, moved along with the group of Wights at such a constant, high speed. How could they possibly shoot him?

"Poof! Poof! Poof! Poof!"

The air was filled with four shrill sounds, all from the four arrows that had hit some of the Wights instead.

By that time, Zen was already about seven hundred feet away. He was now only one thousand feet away from where Tyler and his companions were hiding.

"That's quick!"

"This guy's bodily movement skill is really amazing!"

"How could he cultivate an ordinary martial arts skill to such a degree? Does he know the Strength Equalizing Theurgy and did he prepare for this?"

Now, the situation of the Wild Gods and the exiles was chaotic. They were afraid that no one could deal with the arrows being fired in the dark because Emily had been hurt. In the end, they chose to retreat.

Tyler never expected that Zen could move so nimbly that he could freely traverse through the crowd of Wights, and left the archers with nothing to deal with.

Generally speaking, all the exiles were proficient in martial arts.

Yet even in the Source World, ordinary martial arts were just the transitional product before the practice of the Grand World Cultivation Method. Only a small number of people, such as Emily, Timotheus, and Ramzi, were highly skilled in these martial arts.

What they did not know was that there was no True God in the universes. Everyone got into the Godly Way through practicing martial arts, and practicing martial arts was the basis of their cultivation.

Mike could have forcefully raised Zen's cultivation base, but he didn't. Instead, he had created many training opportunities that pushed Zen to his limits in his inner world, and that made him who he was now.

No one was sure if Mike had foreseen it, but at that moment, the martial arts that Zen had been cultivating did play an important role.

Therefore, the Wild Gods and the exiles were so excited to see Zen in action. It greatly boosted their spirits.

"Everyone, stay in your formations. Don't panic," Emily ordered. She had already pulled out the arrow from her collarbone, but had to bear the sharp pain. Her eyes glowed strangely as she watched Zen's figure shuttle through the Wights.

She had always led her team, and even the powerful Timotheus listened to her command.

However, she didn't expect that Zen unconsciously played the dominant role now.

"Shoot again!" Tyler yelled with gritted teeth as he abruptly waved his hand.

Things had now gotten out of hand and it made him boil in anger.

According to the original plan, they would never lose as long as those Wights caught up with Emily and her companions, while they attacked them with sharp arrows.

He never thought that the inconspicuous youth called Zen would come to them alone!

"Poof! Poof! Poof! Poof!"

They shot four arrows simultaneously once more, but none of them even managed to hurt a hair of Zen.

"I'm going to kill him with my own hands," Tyler yelled with a murderous look, and then drew out a saber from his waist.

Chapter 2640 A Fierce Battle

Before Tyler could even draw out his saber, Zen had already passed the Wights. He raised his sword and rushed into the shadows.

When Zen charged in at first, he had attracted a large group of Wights. The fragrance of medicine emitted by Tyler and the others scared those creatures, so they never followed them.

That very moment Zen came through, a beam of blade light slashed towards him.

All of a sudden, Zen realized something and placed his long sword horizontally right in front of him.

"Clang!"

The collision of the sword and the saber sent Zen a few steps backward.

When his eyes had already adapted to the darkness, he finally saw the person before him clearly.

Zen raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Tyler? So, we meet again."

Indeed, Zen had faced that man before.

When the Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race fought against each other, that exile controlled David as he battled against Zen. Later, he was forced out of the void by that arrow shot by No. 9527. At that particular time, he was in a helpless state.

Back then, there was a huge gap between Zen and Tyler in terms of strength, which was very difficult to narrow out. After all, Tyler had already reached the Other Shore Realm.

Tyler nonchalantly stared at Zen.

Not long ago, he could easily kill Zen with just a wave of his hand. Now that everyone became equal due to the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, Zen had become Tyler's strong opponent, which displeased him a great deal.

With an untamed smile, he told Zen, "You're only a True God. How dare you assume that you're my match?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he immediately swung his saber towards Zen.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

Along with those three crisp sounds, Zen himself had retreated three steps backward.

Tyler's saber skill was very powerful. In the Source World, he successfully became an outstanding warrior from an ordinary man by doing it step by step. He went through a lot of fatal battles and had survived countless dangers.

When he became an Other Shore Realm warrior, Tyler managed to restrain his behavior for many years while imprisoned in that world, seldom taking action.

The current situation had awakened his ferocity. When he wielded and flourished his saber, he only meant to attack violently and did not just defend himself.

Although there were many flaws in his body, Zen didn't have time to attack them as he had to dodge the saber first.

If he prioritized attacking Tyler first, he could be split in half.

"This saber skill..."

Zen was stunned. He could only temporarily avoid Tyler's attacks.

With each and every strike, Tyler became more aggressive. He didn't plan on giving Zen a break.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

Tyler put more force in every fatal attack he made.

Zen's steps were steady, and his long sword acted as a shield that blocked Tyler's every pounce.

He rushed in to prevent those people from secretly releasing arrows. As long as Emily, Timotheus, and the others killed the Wights, they could come and help him.

As long as Zen held on, his goal could be achieved.

However, he didn't expect Tyler to have such a quick temper and was just charging towards him nonstop.

"You... go to hell!"

With gritted teeth, Tyler pulled Zen's sword away and marched towards him.

That move put him in danger. In that case, Zen could easily chop him in half using his sword. But if Zen chose to do such a thing, he could potentially be smashed into pieces.

After all, Zen's body was not made out of steel.

When he realized that Tyler's saber was about to hit him, Zen's eyes flashed. He suddenly moved at a rapid speed. To avoid the attack, he almost pressed himself against the blade. As a result, his clothes were ripped apart.

As he tried to dodge the attack, Zen raised his arm and pointed his elbow unto Tyler's face.

Tyler's attack was savage, but his face had actually crashed against Zen's elbow.

With a loud crack, Tyler's nose broke, blood gushing out of it and his mouth. The pain made him curl up into a ball.

With an ordinary expression plastered on his face, Zen took his chance and gently swung his long sword to stab Tyler.

However, three exiles also charged towards Zen.

They weren't able to keep up with both Zen and Tyler at first, but now that Tyler had stopped, they found their chance to meddle in.

"Ding! Ding!"

Suddenly, Zen's long sword bent and swept across in a rather relaxed manner. The sword tip pointed somewhere else with precision while he struggled to use it to dodge the attacks.

Then, the three exiles' weapons were blocked and pushed away by Zen's long sword.

That shocked the three exiles. They didn't expect that Zen had such skillful swordsmanship. They grew very afraid.

Unfortunately, they had no choice but to save Tyler, who was their mainstay.

Right after the three of them were taken aback, they prepared for another attack. That time, Zen's eyes went dark. If he was going to kill Tyler, then he needed to kill those three first.

As that thought entered his mind, the long sword in his hand began to move faster. Facing the exile who used an axe on him, he gently lifted his sword and slashed it towards him, right along the axe helve.

Realizing that his hands were about to be cut off by the sword, the exile became so terrified that he threw his weapon away. Zen took his chance and pointed the sword tip at the man's face.

Upon witnessing the scene, the other two exiles tried their best to stop Zen's strike to save their companion.

However, Zen then withdrew his sword. It was just a fake attack. Instead, he went for the exile who held a dagger.

"Puff!"

The long sword flashed with a short sword light, which swept past the exile's throat and cut off his entire neck. Thick blood flowed out of the wound.

"What a cunning boy!"

The two other exiles, holding the axe and the sword, had a distressed look on their faces. It seemed as if they were grieving.

Although the three of them came from different races, they took care of one another in that world and had become close friends. They had a wonderful relationship over the years and treated each other like blood brothers.

Now that one of them was badly hurt, they grew very angry.

If only the exile's cultivation base was still high like before, such an injury was nothing. However, their bodies weren't stronger than that of mortals now, so that wound was enough to kill him.

"Aaaargh!"

The remaining two exiles let out a roar and immediately pounded towards Zen.

At the same time, Tyler, who had recovered, wiped the blood off his face and also rushed towards Zen with his saber clutched tightly in his hand. The three exiles put their lives at risk fighting a True God.

Facing three bold guys, Zen felt more pressure. If he kept retreating, he would be in so much danger.

Then, they heard the sound of footsteps not far away.

Zen had been facing the four men by himself for such a long time. After a while, Timotheus managed to lead a group of people to head towards Zen.

Chapter 2641 Astonishing End

As Timotheus led Leopold, Ramzi and the others, they didn't rush to the back of the tall platforms immediately.

They had already attracted enough attention from most of the Wights.

For them, Zen's safety was their top most priority. And for that, they had to eliminate the Wights that surrounded them first. After all, they didn't know that Tyler and the others had eaten the medicine cakes. Hence, the Wights would not be following them towards the shadow behind the tall platforms.

Behind the huge columns of the tall platforms, Tyler's face twitched slightly.

He realized that their only means to escape was by killing Zen.

Tyler definitely did not want to die a pitiful death like other exiles from the smaller races.

With this definite thought, his attack became even more aggressive.

"The hell with you!"

With a determined effort, Tyler brought down the blade, with all his strength.

Instinctively, Zen raised his sword to block the attack in front of him.

By now, everyone's physical strength had weakened almost to the same level. Despite putting in his entire effort, he was no match for Tyler's attack.

"Bang!"

With a cracking sound, the long sword in Zen's hand flew out.

"Now is the time!"

Although the other two exiles had pledged their lives, they remained unsuccessful in defeating Zen. That was why, until now, they were getting extremely anxious.

Tables changed for them, when unexpectedly, the sword in Zen's hand was chopped away by Tyler with one swoop of the blade. As they witnessed the scene unravel before them, they quickly approached him with a delightful expression.

Soon an axe and a sharp sword went sailing towards Zen.

With the saber in his hand, Tyler followed the two exiles, displaying a vicious smile. His plan was to cut off Zen's head as soon as he was hit by the sword.

Even though Zen continued to dodge them at a remarkable speed, it was difficult to fight with bare hands.

Suddenly, Zen had a faint smile while staring at Tyler, as he slowly raised one of his hands.

"Death knocks at your door, but I applaud your courage to pretend to be strong," Tyler sneered.

No one, including the exiles, could resist the power of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. Tyler was puzzled with Zen's sudden change in behavior.

Just as the axe was about to chop Zen's head, Zen's palm suddenly glowed with a dazzling green light.

"Buzz..."

The energy was buzzing with heightened power.

A small green cube formed in the blink of an eye and quickly injected into Zen's hand.

Now Zen possessed a green right hand.

He tried to grab the axe that was hurled at him.

Even though it was merely an ordinary weapon, because of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, whoever was hit by the axe would be immediately split into two. Moreover, the exile had put in all his efforts to slash Zen with the axe.

But Zen suddenly twisted his right hand and easily grabbed the axe.

The exile who held the other end of the axe was stunned. He grabbed the handle of the axe and tried to furiously pull it back. However, the axe hardly budged, as if it was embedded in a rock.

"Whose turn is it to die now?"

Zen smirked as he slightly applied pressure on the axe.

The axe was made of pure iron, but with Zen's slight pressure, it completely lost its form.

Tyler and the other exile with a sword were completely baffled at the ongoing scene.

Although their senses had been weakened, they were on high alert. They knew that Zen had used some kind of powerful energy to counterattack.

Even the powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm had been subjected to the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. Then how could Zen escape its power?

For a moment, they thought that their eyes played some tricks.

But soon they realized that what they witnessed was for real. In fact they could feel the strength emitting from Zen's right hand.

As the exile continued to be in a daze, Zen grabbed the axe and hacked the exile furiously.

"Bang!"

The handle of the axe, which had an arm's thickness, smashed into the exile. There was no way he could withstand such a force.

Immediately his skull cracked open, as his brains oozed out. He simply collapsed and died on the spot.

Since Zen had chosen to use the theurgy, he decided to go on full throttle and mercilessly wipe out his opponents.

"Bang!"

He continued to violently wave the axe.

The exile who held the sword came to his senses. As he turned to avoid the axe, he was whacked down with the axe handle. He faced a similar end as that of his team mate.

Now, Tyler was the only one left.

"How did you manage to do it? Does the Strength Equalizing Theurgy not work on you? How is that even remotely possible?" Tyler said in a trembling voice, but maintained calm composure on the outside.

"Of course it has its effects on me," Zen said as he gently kneaded the axe with his right hand. The axe that was made of fine iron was being shaped like a soft dough, transforming its shape under his constant kneading. "But I know of a way to dodge its effects."

It was for this purpose that he had broken the rule made by the Chaos Ancient God.

Tyler had no difficulty in believing Zen. It was proof enough to watch Zen's hand continue to glow.

He gritted his teeth and mustering all his strength, threw his saber at Zen and ran away.

"Clang!"

Zen raised the handle of the axe and easily fended off the saber.

Watching Tyler run away, he raised his right hand.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

As the huge axe was constantly waved, the air around crackled. Suddenly, Zen hurled the axe towards Tyler.

Since he had already released the power of the Truth Crystal, there was no way he could spare Tyler.

The axe sped up in the air and in the blink of an eye, caught up with Tyler.

At the right moment, Tyler ducked his head and the axe flew over him.

Tyler was relieved to escape from the axe. He had maintained a distance from Zen, so that he could escape, if need be.

But his relief was short lived as he instantly heard a howling sound.

"Something is not right."

A cold dread crept over him.

The next moment he was stabbed by a thin flying knife. It resembled the wing of a cicada.

Still at a distance, Zen slowly put down his right hand and shook it slightly. He slowly walked towards Tyler, as the green light on the surface of his arm disappeared.

At the same time, Timotheus and the others also got rid of the Wights.

"Go help Zen!"

Timotheus hollered to the others. He sped up and rushed to the back of the high platforms.

But when they arrived, they were stunned by what unfolded before them.

Zen was pulling out the flying knife from Tyler's back when he heard footsteps behind him. He faintly smiled as he heard their gasps.

"That is Tyler! You killed all of them alone?" Leopold couldn't believe what he saw.

They were all members of the large races and knew that it would not be easy to deal with Tyler, especially under the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

But Zen defied all their beliefs, as he rushed over alone and killed the four exiles. This was definitely not what they had expected.

Chapter 2642 Stealth

Zen wiped the blood on the flying knife and gave Leopold a nod.

Leopold, on the other hand, could only stare at Zen with wide-eyed shock. "How in the world did you make it?"

Everyone was at the same level of strength. Even if Zen was an expert in martial arts, it would still take him a considerably long time to kill them.

Moreover, those people were healthy, strong men. They might not be a match for Zen but they could still give him a tough time or even escape.

Timotheus and the others were also puzzled.

It was not difficult to kill a Wight with no intelligence.

However, they had no chance in winning against four exiles on their own. Not even Timotheus was confident he could kill them.

Zen merely shrugged. "They were weaker than I expected."

He wasn't in the mood to explain.

The others were clearly unsatisfied with his simple reply but couldn't really say anything.

Besides, the more powerful Zen was, the more beneficial it would be for them in the end.

With that, Zen picked up his sword and collected the crossbows Tyler and his companions left behind.

The crossbows were normal weapons but proved themselves quite useful.

As he tidied up the mess, the group of people who disposed of the Wights slowly caught up with them.

Emily was at the helm. Her eyes immediately fell on Tyler's body and she raised her eyebrows in intrigue.

The exiles that she, Timotheus and the others had killed were not that strong and came from small races. Tyler, however, was different. He was someone important in the Yellow Emperor race and was far stronger than ordinary exiles. Seeing him dead like this was shocking.

"You're so efficient! Did Zen rush in without getting hurt?" she asked, looking at Zen and noticing that he was completely unharmed. She truly thought he had been a bit too impulsive and couldn't help but stare at him with concern.

Timotheus and the others could only grin helplessly. "We did nothing. By the time we arrived, Zen had already killed them."

"What?!" Emily exclaimed yet her eyes visibly twinkled.

The exiles of the Fire Melting race, the Star Deer race, and the other big races could only stare at Zen with amazement.

Zen only smiled at Emily but refused to explain anything. He simply pointed at the corpses on the ground. "These people must have taken some type of special medicine that gives off fragrance. The Wights don't dare approach them because of it."

The Wights had given them a lot of trouble ever since the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was activated.

There was still the strong fragrance that emanated from the corpses and they could take advantage of it at this critical moment.

It was then that Emily saw that look in Zen's eyes as if he had a hidden trump card she didn't know about.

However, whatever this trump card might be, Zen had no intention of talking about it. Emily smiled to herself and decided to shift the topic to the corpses. "In that case, maybe we can use these corpses to avoid those Wights?" she suggested.

"Yes!" Zen nodded affirmatively. "When our enemies hid behind the high platforms, we became like sitting ducks as they launched their attack. We can't move forward like this."

Their enemies released a massive horde of Wights that charged at them earlier, leaving them no choice but to go on the defensive.

Had Zen not been there and rushed forward, many of their people might have ended up dead.

It was not good to proceed with this threat over their heads.

"Then what do you think we should do?" an old man from the Fire Melting race grunted.

Emily had been leading them all this time so they naturally looked up to her as their leader. She was the strongest in terms of cultivation base and thus had the ability to make others follow.

They were a bit uncomfortable with the fact that she seemed to listen to Zen's advice.

The young man no doubt proved himself when he killed the four exiles on his own but his low cultivation base made a few people somewhat wary.

"We can divide ourselves into two," Zen replied.

"Divide into two? How?" one of the exiles asked.

Zen smiled. "I will make a group, comprised of myself, and you will be the other group."

Some of them could only look at him in confusion.

It was Emily who eventually understood what he meant, but she frowned at the suggestion. "Won't that be dangerous? You're gonna be all alone. I can go with you."

Even after the activation of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, Emily and her group remained unafraid of Spark. They had strength in numbers after all. They were all now equal in strength.

The problem though was that their enemies had the advantage of being in the dark and their group was too conspicuous in the light. If they went on like this, it was only going to be a matter of time before their enemies overwhelmed them.

Zen made this suggestion so as to hide himself as well.

Emily was naturally worried about him.

"That's right. It'll be too dangerous to go alone. Shall I, Ramzi, and Emily join you?" Timotheus suggested.

However, Zen shook his head. "You guys are too eye-catching. They'll immediately notice if you guys leave the group. I'll be the most secure on my own."

Also, Zen had the precedent to kill Tyler and the other three. Despite his idea being so dangerous, Timotheus and the others had no choice but to agree with his plan.

Countless roads crisscrossed underneath the dense platforms.

The group went on ahead while Zen disappeared to go off on his own.

He passed through the darkness on one side of the platforms, thousands of feet away from the group.

Taking their past experiences into consideration, everyone maintained their silence and vigilance. They were always on guard against any arrow that might suddenly be shot out of the darkness.

As Emily led the crowd through a ten-mile journey, a murmur suddenly came from behind a tall platform.

"They are here, still led by Emily..."

"Tyler and the three haven't returned yet. Did they fail?"

"Maybe he did and couldn't escape? So we must run if we can't defeat them."

According to Spark's plan, different teams comprised of four people would attack Emily and her group with crossbows. Once they had launched their attack, they were to immediately run back and gather at the rear to prepare for the next round.

If successful, this plan could effectively eliminate Emily and her team.

However, Tyler and his companions didn't escape which made this team that hid behind the pillars feel restless.

"Don't think too much about it. Release the Wights!" one of them ordered.

With a crack, the fences between two high platforms suddenly disappeared.

The Wights that had been trapped beforehand suddenly rushed forward like a tidal wave while the four men team set up their bows and arrows.

Just as they took their aim, a flash of green light suddenly blinded them.

"Ah! Where did this light come from?!" one of them murmured in confusion, turning his head to look for the source.

He came face to face with Zen who stood not that far away from them.

His right hand glowed green from which he held a flying knife as thin as a cicada's wing. What was most unsettling was the way his eyes seemed to shine in the darkness.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2643 The Encounter

"Who are you?"

The exile wasn't expecting anyone to arrive first. It happened so fast that he couldn't even tell who Zen was.

But the moment he finished speaking, the flying knife had already pierced his forehead.

Bang!

Before the exile fell to the ground, Zen had pulled out his long sword and held it forward.

The other three exiles reacted fast.

But with Zen using the bloodline theurgy, they had no chance of defeating him even during a head-on battle. And Zen was attacking them in a rather unique manner—they had no means to resist the attacks.

Every single one of them could hardly manage to resist. In the end, they were all killed under Zen's hands.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Emily had ordered the group to kill the Wights.

Because everyone grew more and more proficient in dealing with the Wights, the latter no longer posed as a great threat.

About five minutes later, the last Wight was slain by Timotheus' saber.

Timotheus, Emily, and the others observed the elevated platforms from a distance.

Zen's figure appeared at the very back of the platforms. He gestured to the others with his thumb and smiled easily before disappearing into the darkness.

"This guy..." The scene left Timotheus dumbfounded.

Originally, he didn't think that bringing Zen into this world would make such a difference.

The rest of the exiles were stunned speechless—it was such a strange thing. So many of them had died under Zen, a mere True God.

But Emily chuckled and called out, "Everyone, move on!"

After another ten miles, the Wights stood in their way once again.

From the shadows, Zen emerged and merely killed the lurking men again using thunderous methods. Everyone moved forward smoothly after that.

On the way, the exiles from the great races and the Wild Gods seemed to grow in their admiration.

None of them could figure out what particular method Zen had used to easily wipe out their opponents.

In spite of the mystery, they also found themselves fortunate to have Zen on their team. Otherwise, they didn't know how many of them would perish.

And so the group continued moving forward.

Three days later, they finally stepped out of the densely packed high platforms. Before them was a wall that stood over ten feet high.

"We're finally here," Zelda said, taking a step ahead and looking into the distance.

Luther's eyes lit up.

It was the Warden race's gathering place, Zelda and Luther's hometown.

Growing up, Luther had spent much of his time there. After going through disputes, slaughter, and exploration, he had finally returned. His heart was filled with mixed emotions.

"There are people on the wall!" one of the Wild Gods shouted.

Everyone then looked towards the wall and found several figures emerging one after another.

"It's Spark," Emily announced as murderous intent flashed in her beautiful eyes.

In the past, powerful exiles like Timotheus and Spark submitted only to her.

But this time, as she planned to leave the world, Spark had decided to stir up trouble for the Snake Goddess race.

This time, she was also injured because of this person.

If it weren't for the fact that she was in a hurry to leave the world, she might have already led the Snake Goddess warriors to destroy the Yellow Emperor race.

Atop the wall, Spark stood tall and examined the people in the distance indifferently.

Now, he was full of doubts.

None of Spark's exiles had returned.

Indeed, Tyler had been defeated... But what about the others? Did they all fail?

The conditions the Warden race had created gave them a great advantage. Just what method did Emily have up her sleeves to kill the warriors so quietly?

All of Spark's former confidence was now destroyed.

Emily led the group to the bottom of the city wall.

The two sides were several thousand feet apart as they stared at each other in heavy silence.

"Spark, we meet again!" Timotheus announced with a grin.

Spark merely threw him an indifferent glance and snorted. "Timotheus? You have no right to open your mouth here!"

The words greatly displeased Ramzi, Leopold, and the members of the Nine Li race. One could see their brows furrow in anger.

Just when Ramzi was ready to retort, Timotheus stopped him with a shrug and mocking smile. "You're merely a trapped beast that has lost control over its limbs. You've got nothing but your mouth to use!"

Paying no mind to Timotheus, Spark turned to Emily and said, "They want to make a deal with you."

And by 'they', Spark meant the Warden race.

Because the group of warriors had arrived smoothly, people figured that it was because of Emily's ability.

This struck fear within Spark and the Warden race.

With her hands behind her back, Emily smiled faintly and asked, "What kind of deal?"

"You can lead the members of the Snake Goddess race and leave this place," Spark said.

To that, the large races' exiles and Wild Gods widened their eyes in surprise.

Though everyone had finally arrived at the core area of this world, they hadn't really directly fought the Warden race just yet. At this point, no one could yet determine the winner.

Spark's offer was rather tempting.

In the silence, everyone's eyes were fixed on Emily. If she actually agreed to it, what were they going to do?

"It's too late. If you said that before I found this world, there might have been a chance. I'm not stupid enough to say 'yes' now." Emily smiled smugly. "They want the Snake Goddess race to leave—they're already afraid."

"Afraid? Why?" Spark sneered.

"Judging from Zelda's and Luther's strength, the Warden race isn't all that strong."

They already had their inklings about the Warden race's strength, but Zelda's and Luther's appearance had confirmed them.

Before Spark answered, a figure clad in black popped up from the city wall. A woman's voice resounded, "You are right. The cultivation base of the members of our Warden race is indeed inferior to yours. But don't forget, you're not the Other Shore Realm warrior—you're just as ordinary as the mortal under the influence of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. Our Warden race has received the master's privilege. We can break through the limit of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy."

The woman in the black robe stepped out of the shadows and revealed herself as a member of the Warden race.

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat while they were hearing these words.

If the Warden race was truly capable of breaking through the limits, all the rest would be in deep trouble.

Before the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was activated, they were strong, but after being equalized, their strength faded away. No matter how weak the Warden race was, they were still True Gods. And a single True God was enough to defeat them all.

"Don't listen to this bullshit. It's impossible for them to completely break from the restrictions of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy," Zelda announced, walking out from the crowd.

Chapter 2644 Abandon

Zelda looked up at the black figure perching on the city wall. Her pretty face remained calm, but the hatred in her eyes was obvious.

She and Luther had suffered too much. Luther was young at the time, and she had had to take on most of the difficulties.

She had been devastated to lose her parents.

She could do nothing but watch her uncle and his family being crushed by the huge millstone.

The three brothers who had saved her were shot down by arrows.

And the past flashed before her eyes again with the swiftness of a viper.

She had her reasons to want revenge but she had to try to suppress the hatred that filled her heart.

She had become excited at having found the right person - Zen, which resulted in her trying every possible means to ask him to help her.

Zelda knew that Zen was a person of integrity, or she would have considered offering him everything she had, including her own body.

As she waited, fear overcame her. She was afraid that Zen would go back on his word.

She hadn't expected everything to go so smoothly.

So step by step, she stepped into this space, and finally returned to her hometown. Now it was time for her to exact her revenge.

"Aunt Sandy! You weren't expecting us to meet again like this, were you?" Zelda smiled, thoroughly enjoying herself.

The Warden race wasn't too big. Even if the free faction and the conservative faction had become enemies, they could still build up a kind of seniority with each other. That was why Zelda addressed the dark figure as Aunt Sandy.

But that didn't mean Zelda regarded her as a respected elder.

Sandy stared at Zelda for a while before muttering, "I wasn't expecting this. I never thought that your free faction would go this far and choose to lure these outsiders in to kill our race."

Zelda made to retort, but Luther's voice interrupted her from behind.

"You think we have gone too far?" Luther walked up to Zelda as he spoke to Sandy, "I don't know what gave you that idea. I only know that you killed my parents. So we have no choice. We are going to avenge them!"

Ever since he could remember, he had had no sense of belonging to the Warden race. Instead, he harbored bitter hatred towards the race. So whatever he did, he never felt that he had gone too far.

Sandy looked at Luther. He was more important than Zelda, since he had the ability to cut off the Curse Chains.

"Just for revenge? You are the chain breaker of the Warden race but don't even know your own mission! How do you even know what hatred is?" Sandy said, her voice full of pity.

"Your so-called mission is only the will of the Chaos Ancient God. We, on the other hand, always yearn for freedom. There is no need to argue thus," Zelda said.

There were many disputes between the free faction and the conservative faction. So it didn't really matter who was to blame right now.

"You are right. It is unnecessary," Sandy said. But no longer had she agreed than she let out another screeching order. "Kill the man called Luther!"

Spark waved a hand and at his signal, the men on the city wall took out black crossbows, aimed at Luther, and released the arrows.

The distance between them wasn't huge, which was why they were employing the crossbows - to ensure that power and precision were at their peaks.

Sandy knew how important Luther was to them. So did Emily and the others.

They also knew that Spark was cunning and that they had to constantly be on guard against him.

"Get out of the way!"

Emily grabbed Luther and pushed him to the ground, falling with him.

The clicking sounds grew closer.

The sharp arrows fell with multiple clinks behind them.

"You think only you can shoot?" Timotheus sneered.

The men behind him braced themselves.

Each of them had a black crossbow in their hands.

With a collective twang, they let go of their bowstrings.

The radiance of more than twenty black arrows turned into black raindrops and shot towards the city wall.

The two men beside Spark couldn't escape the attack.

They let out strangled screams and fell off the wall.

Spark watched in horror as he hid behind the city wall. He had managed to dodge the attack but threw himself to the floor of the parapet.

Sandy, however, stood still, letting the arrows rain down on her cloak.

No one knew what her cloak was made of.

The arrows couldn't penetrate it and began to fall off it.

Sandy sneered.

"What should we do now?" Spark asked.

"Take your people to the outside of the city wall and stop them," Sandy said coldly.

"My people? I don't have many followers,"

Spark said with a bitter smile.

Many of the exiles who had followed him had died. And two more had been killed just now.

He now had only two exiles of the Yellow Emperor race left with him. How could they stop the hundreds of people that Emily was leading against them? Moreover, under the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, their strength was almost the same. Even Spark didn't have the confidence to deal with those Wild Gods.

"Then go to hell. You are good-for-nothings anyway. I had originally wanted you to fight against each other but it looks like you are completely useless. They are easily torturing you one by one," Sandy said savagely and retreated.

Spark stood still, his heart sinking.

It was at this moment that he realized that the Warden race had completely used him.

He was usually very smart, making it difficult for others to use him like this. But at the moment, he had been eager to leave this world, and had thought of obstructing the Nine Li race and the Snake Goddess race. That was why he had willingly agreed to work with the Warden race.

He hadn't expected to be abandoned so easily.

"You!"

As he looked at Sandy's retreating back, his eyes filled with resentment.

"Spark, what should we do now? Stop them outside?" one of the exiles of the Yellow Emperor race asked him.

They had followed Spark all the way here, but they had never thought they would find themselves in such a situation.

"Forget it! Let's go!"

There was a gleam in Spark's eyes.

He had led the Yellow Emperor race for so many years, which obviously meant that he was a remarkable man.

And now that he had been abandoned, how could he continue to work for the Warden race? So he made a prompt decision and led his two clansmen to the other side. But he vowed that he would not let the Warden race go so easily.

Chapter 2645 Chasing

Generally speaking, the wall around where the Warden race had gathered was only ten feet high.

It was built as such because their race never thought that they would be invaded. Besides, their city wall was only a form.

When Spark and the two exiles escaped, a man climbed over the low city wall!

Spark recognized the man on the city wall as the Nine Li race member who had fought David before. Even Tyler had failed to defeat him at that time.

The man, who was actually Zen, met Spark's gaze. He smiled a bit then jumped down.

Instead of chasing after Spark, however, he went straight to Sandy!

"Whoosh!"

A swishing sound came from Sandy and her billowing cloak. Although she couldn't fly, she was extremely light and moved rapidly along the street.

On the other side was Zen who continuously jumped up and down along the high and low houses. He took advantage of the topography and ran much faster than Sandy.

Soon enough, Sandy heard footsteps from her right.

She looked around confusedly and saw Zen, who wasn't far away from her.

"I'm sorry. Someone wants you to stay," Zen said softly with a smile.

"Really?" she sneered.

She didn't know where he came from, but if he was able to catch up with her, then it only meant one thing.

He was very powerful.

Even then, she didn't panic.

The Warden race couldn't completely get rid of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy just like what Zelda had said, but the Chaos Ancient God had bestowed them with something that could help them in this situation.

"Swish!"

At that moment, she ran forward and gently tugged at the belt on her waist.

The cloak which was previously wrapped tightly around her began to split from the top to the bottom. Her long, white hair flowed freely as well.

The people of the Warden race always wore that cloak, and rarely took it off in the presence of others. They only removed it when they were engaged in a fight.

Sandy's cloak revealed her flexible figure. Her lips moved slightly. Then a blue beam of light flashed from her elbows and a unique type of energy began to form.

"The fluctuation of the energy..." Zen muttered.

He now looked seriously at Sandy as he moved along with her on the roof.

It was known that all the exiles had become mortals, or beings just slightly stronger than mortals under the influence of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

Despite that, a member of the Warden race could actually unleash an unimaginably great amount of power with an ordinary physical body.

"But you are just daydreaming," Sandy whispered. With a wave of her hand, the blue energy accumulated some more and soon turned into two sharp blades.

She held her blades proudly and grinned at Zen. Suddenly, her body twisted!

"Swish!"

A blue ring of light flew towards Zen!

"Hoo, hoo, Hoo..."

The ring of light moved at an extremely fast speed. In a moment of desperation, Zen turned over and rolled down from the roof. He stretched his arms on the ground to support himself until he could stand steadily.

Meanwhile, the house behind him collapsed when the ring of light cut through it.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

The ring of light didn't stop. After one broken house, it went straight and destroyed dozens of houses!

If it weren't for the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, its power would be nothing. Any of the Wild Gods could easily destroy their place.

Yet, it was astonishing that Sandy could reach such an extent after she just launched a sword strike.

"Whoosh, whoosh!" The wind blew as Sandy gently waved the two sharp blades and sneered at Zen.

Although she couldn't kill him right now, she still felt a bit complacent. "Are you still going to chase me? If you leave now, I can give you a chance and spare your life," said she.

On the other hand, Zen stopped looking at the damaged houses and turned to her. "I don't need your chance," he answered with a smile.

Hearing his words, her face burned red with anger. She waved her sharp blades and rushed towards Zen.

Since she had originally intended to kill Zen anyway, she would do it as fast as she could. She just had to finish him before that group of intruders surrounded her, or she would be in great trouble.

"Buzz..."

She wielded the blades in the air and they turned into two, huge crescents, which chopped at Zen from both sides.

Because she attacked him with such a formidable move, he performed the Sword Step and gently twisted his body to dodge the blades.

"Those are very exquisite movements, but how long can you dodge?" Sandy snickered.

Just then, the blue light that glowed around her hands shot towards Zen. After that, all her strikes became fiercer and faster!

Zen kept a tight grip on his sword with one hand as he dodged the attacks.

He maintained a distance of about four feet from Sandy all throughout. With his nimble bodily movement skill, he shuttled through Sandy's light blades.

Anyone who would watch them would be worried about Zen. After all, even the smallest mistake could get him cut into pieces. However, Zen even seemed to be happy.

On the contrary, Sandy became restless after having launched dozens of strikes. The man was more difficult to deal with than she had expected!

If Zen's reinforcements arrived, then she would not be able to leave!

She couldn't help but hiss at the thought of it. The two blue sharp blades intertwined with each other and she pushed Zen with the blades, forcing him to retreat.

However, she suddenly stopped.

The corners of her lips twitched slightly. Then the two blades quickly changed their direction and charged towards Zen's shoulders.

If she could hit him, then his shoulders would be amputated.

At that point, however, he raised his head and smiled at her as he held a long sword across his chest.

His smile confused her. In reality, what he actually planned to do was to use an ordinary long sword to block her two sharp blades, which she thought was silly, because her sharp blades could cut his sword and his body into pieces.

This young man should know about that well because he had always refused to use his sword to touch her sharp blades. Therefore, why did he resist the attack in such a stupid way this time?

They just fought for a short while, and she didn't have time to think about his behavior which puzzled her.

As soon as she cut towards Zen with her two sharp blades, Zen's arm quietly released a little green Truth Crystal. Then, a green beam of light quickly spread along his arm and covered his long sword.

"Clang!"

There was a loud, crashing sound from the collision, but the scene that Sandy had anticipated did not happen.

Zen, however, had discovered her flaws while she was confused.

Chapter 2646 Seek Death

"Phew!"

Zen's long sword blocked Sandy's two sharp blades. The sword drew back and immediately twisted towards her neck.

Fear crept up in Sandy's face. She never expected that Zen could block her attack with a weapon that was made of common iron.

It was impossible for such a weapon to dodge her attack just like that. The only thing that could've possibly allowed him to do that was the green light wrapped around it. 'How could he utilize that kind of power?' she wondered.

This unknown skill surprised her to a great extent. She knew she wasn't Zen's match. How else was she going to deal with him?

The power of Zen's sword that was coming straight for her meant death. Sandy had no other choice but to retreat. In the end, she managed to avoid the sword, but she lost her balance and fell straight on the ground.

Just as she struggled to get back on her feet, Zen's long sword was already pointed on her snow-white neck, while the green light around it had disappeared.

"Don't move, or I'll cut your neck," Zen said with a sly smile on his face. "Don't ask me how I did it either."

Sandy could only glare at Zen, her chest heaving, and her thoughts wavering.

She finally understood why Spark was unable to stop those intruders.

Under the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, only the Warden race was able to break the restrictions of the theurgy. Sandy's double blades were grace from the master.

But Zen seemed to have also broken the restrictions of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

She didn't have time to think about how he did it first. If these people could all break through the restrictions, it meant Spark's men weren't their enemies.

Even if the Warden race and Spark had planned it for a long time, the people they sent out to attack would not return.

From a distance, a bunch of rapid, disorderly footsteps could be heard along with some murmurs of curse words.

"Damn it! Spark sure is quick!"

"I wonder if Zen has caught up with that woman. If we can catch her, things would be a lot easier!"

"I'm a little worried about Zen's safety."

Beneath the city wall, Zen had had a brief talk with Emily and others.

The situation was clear. Spark and the others with him were no longer a threat to them. All they had to face was the Warden race -- their real enemy.

There was a saying that went, "Know the enemy as you know yourself." At that time, no one had any idea how to deal with their nemesis.

Although Zelda knew a little about the Warden race, it just wasn't enough.

The Warden race sent Sandy in hopes to convince Emily, along with the entire Snake Goddess race, to surrender.

If they caught that woman and forced her to tell them the secrets about the Warden race, they could be at an advantage.

So, Timotheus led several people to go after Spark, while Zen took the initiative to chase after Sandy.

However, under the cover of several exiles, Spark had escaped successfully. That was why everyone rushed back.

They didn't think Zen would actually catch the woman. After all, they knew that the Warden race wasn't so easy to be up against.

Surprisingly, just as soon as they crossed the street, they noticed Zen pressing his long sword on the skin of Sandy's neck.

Emily raised her eyebrows slightly. She knew she was right.

She had long suspected that Zen had some extremely powerful methods that he just never showed.

That was the exact reason why Emily trusted Zen to chase the woman by himself.

It didn't matter much if Zen wasn't able to catch her.

But as expected, Zen had once again delivered.

"Got her! Ha!" One of the exiles couldn't help but laugh.

Seeing this scene, the others began to ponder about the events that had occurred along the way. They always thought of Zen as someone outrageous.

After all, it was Zen who helped all the people get through in the end.

They all felt lucky and grateful that they had Zen at that moment. If it wasn't for him, Emily might also have the ability to bring them here, but more people would've died.

Sandy leaned on the ground. Upon seeing Zelda among the crowd with a smile on her face, she whispered, "For the sake of my master... You bugs. You keep dreaming to leave this world."

A determined look replaced the anger on her face.

Immediately, she hit herself against Zen's long sword.

Zen was quick to act. With a slight shake of his sword, only the blunt side of it hit Sandy's skin, which left a straight blood mark on her neck.

But if Zen didn't kill her, she had ways to force him to do so.

Since she was already in between life and death, she didn't have any more qualms. Some sort of blue textures had appeared on her arms, and the two sharp blades had condensed again. She brandished her weapons and pulled Zen into an embrace.

"If you don't kill me, then let's die together!" Strange lights flashed in her eyes.

The two sharp blades were too close to Zen. He had no other choice.

He frowned, then reluctantly moved forward with his sword.

The bright silver sword penetrated her chest.

Despite so, Sandy managed to push her two sharp blades forward. Before they could even touch his skin, Zen had already nailed her to the ground. The two sharp blades gleamed with blue light for the last time before they broke into pieces.

The people who were able to see everything froze in their tracks. They never expected such a thing to happen. The smiles on their faces faded away.

"Splash!"

Zen pulled out the sword from her swelling chest, and blood immediately gushed out. His face was filled with regret.

"I didn't expect her to be so tenacious," said Emily, pursing her thin lips.

"She wanted to die. I had no choice," Zen replied, with a hint of helplessness in his voice.

"You did well," Emily reassured.

An exile from the Fire Melting race nodded in agreement. "Yes. Now, we have finally killed a member of the Warden race."

The way this group of exiles talked to Zen changed. Before, they were condescending towards him, but at that moment, they treated him as an equal.

Emily bent down to study the textures that had appeared on Sandy's arms. "Zelda, are these razor blades bestowed upon her by the Chaos Ancient God?"

Stepping forward, Zelda was a little shocked by what she had seen. After all, the woman who had died right before her very eyes was a member of the Warden race, and they shared the same bloodline.

However, when she remembered the time when her family was killed, her heart grew cold again. "Yes," she replied. "After the Strength Equalizing Theurgy has been activated, the master of our race will grant us grace to help us get rid of the limitations of such theurgy."

"The grace for every one is the ability to condense a pair of sharp blades?" Zen asked, still fixated on Sandy's corpse.

If that was the case, then things would become easier.

Those blades were sharp indeed, but the Warden race weren't as difficult to deal with as they thought they would be.

"No, it isn't," Zelda shook her head. She knew why Zen was asking such a question. "Everyone's grace is different. Some are strong, and some are weak."

Chapter 2647 The Tomb Keeper

Emily, Timotheus, and the others frowned when they heard the news.

It was very troublesome for all of them.

But it was relatively better than they initially expected.

At the very least, the Warden race was also restricted by the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. They wouldn't be able to go beyond their limits without the grace of the Chaos Ancient God.

If the Strength Equalizing Theurgy didn't work on the Warden race, then all of them might end up being slaughtered by the race without any room to fight back.

"Since they have the grace of the Chaos Ancient God, does that mean you and Luther can obtain it as well?" Zen asked out of curiosity.

Zelda nodded. "Hypothetically yes, but the place where we can obtain the grace isn't here. We have to go to the foot of the Pray Tablet, but it's difficult to get close to it because it is in the deepest part of our base."

"Either way, we would still have to give it a shot," Zen said with a smile.

Zelda nodded. "We're on the way there. If we get the chance to approach the Pray Tablet, I'll pray to the Chaos Ancient God for his grace."

At the core of their base.

A bunch of Life Lamps emitted steady lights around the huge disc.

Many powerful practitioners preferred not to make the Life Lamps because the Life Lamps had the tendency to expose some flaws. However, under the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, these flaws didn't exist anymore.

As a result, the Warden race had already prepared their Life Lamps and arranged them accordingly around the disc.

"Boom!"

One of the Life Lamps suddenly made a faint sound. The bean sized flame in the middle of the lamp dimmed as it shook a few times before finally going out.

"Did Sandy's Life Lamp just go out?"

"Who could've possible killed her?"

"She was always very cautious. For some reason, she was unable to escape safely. Those people..."

Most of the members of the Warden race were gathered on the open space on the opposite side.

At the front of the open space were about seven or eight people sitting cross legged on the stairs. At the top of the stairs was a member of the Warden race. He was the old man who rotated the round disc to activate the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

Staring at the fading Life Lamp, the old man couldn't help but feel a bit sad.

As he looked at the clansmen who were discussing, the old man said, "The opponents are quite stronger than we imagined."

"Stronger? No matter how strong they really are, they are still a group of mortals. How can they be so frightening?"

A man in a black robe stood up from the crowd.

Although he was covered in a black robe, he was obviously a tall and strong man just by looking at his body and listening to his voice.

"What are you afraid of? Send us to fight! We are not afraid of the Snake Goddess race and we will fight them to the death if we have to," a second man in a black robe added.

The old man still hesitated.

He didn't think that the people being led by Spark could be so weak. After thinking for a while, he attributed the matter to Emily and sent Sandy. He was planning to eliminate the Snake Goddess race and wipe out the exiles from the other big races.

However, it seemed that this plan was already bound to fail.

"Thanks to the grace of our master, we can kill those people with ease as if we are merely killing chickens and dogs!" A third man in a black robe stood up.

Many clansmen began to shout at the same time.

After a short while, the old man finally made up his mind.

"You are right. We shouldn't fear them at all." The old man slowly stood up. "Now that they have entered our city, we have no other choice. All of us have been blessed by the grace of our master and we owe it all to him. We cannot fail him. We must win this battle no matter what."

The old man's words were received by the crowd with a huge round of applause.

"Arvin!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Bonnie!"

"Here, sir!"

"Bergen!"

"At your service, sir!"

"…"

The old man made arrangements as planned.

Almost half of the people left immediately.

The old man then said to the black robed man with purple hair who was standing on the stairs, "Come with me. We shall go to see the tomb keeper."

When he heard those words, the black robed man with purple hair trembled slightly and asked, "Why do we need to see him?"

"Just in case," the old man replied.

The black robed man with purple hair seemed very reluctant as he firmly said, "We won't fail in this battle!"

"What will happen if we do?" the old man asked.

The black robed man with purple hair couldn't say anything so he simply nodded instead.

The old man then came down from the steps and walked in another direction with the black robed man with purple hair.

After passing through an empty area, they were greeted by a low mountain. At the back of the mountain were some tombstones.

The Warden race couldn't discover the secrets to an eternal life. In other words, their master refused to give them the gift of eternal life.

Thousands of clansmen had been buried under those tombstones.

Some of the tombstones were so old that the words written on them could no longer be read.

The old man was far from being young as well. After four loops of reincarnation, which could be four thousand years later, he would also take his eternal slumber in this place.

Every time he passed by the cemetery, the old man couldn't help but take deep breaths and think about what was ahead of him.

After passing the tombstones, they finally reached the foot of the mountain behind.

At the foot of the mountain was a tombstone that was a hundred feet high. The tombstone was empty. No one knew exactly why it was there, nor did they know who was buried under it.

A dirty young man was lying in front of the tombstone.

The young man had been living underneath the tombstone for countless years, yet his image had never changed. His personality was rather odd and he liked talking nonsense. He also rarely communicated with the Warden race.

In the past, the people of the Warden race found trouble with the young man. They once gathered over a hundred members to surround him.

But the power of the young man made them realize that they could not provoke him no matter how hard they tried. He was way stronger than any exile in this world.

Fortunately for them, he was not bloodthirsty at all. He only taught them a valuable lesson during the conflict and then immediately let them go.

Since then, no one from the Warden race ever dared to provoke him again.

The Warden race had a lot of speculations about the person's real identity but they never reached a clear conclusion.

Actually, he wasn't really a tomb keeper but since he had been staying in front of the tombstone for so long, the Warden race decided to call him that way.

In the old man's mind, there must be a reason why their master brought the man there.

Now that the Warden race had reached its most critical moment, the old man hoped that he would be willing to give them the support they needed.

The old man and the black-robed man with purple hair walked towards the foot of the tombstone but they didn't see the young man right away.

As the two of them scratched their heads in confusion, they saw the young man sitting on top of the tombstone. He was looking down at them as he chuckled and said, "You have used the Strength Equalizing Theurgy of the old monster. It seems that you are in a lot of trouble."

Chapter 2648 You Can't Pass

The old man raised his head and clasped his hands together as he replied with sincerity, "You're right. Our race is indeed facing a crucial enemy invasion."

The young man that stood on top of the tombstone chuckled.

"By enemies, you mean the exiles in this world, right?" "Yes," the old man nodded.

"You came to ask for my help. Is that right?"

the young man asked again.

The old man sighed to himself and could only nod in response.

That young man might have looked crazy, but his strength sure was immeasurably compelling. Most importantly, he didn't get imprisoned in that world like the exiles.

Instead, he just showed up in the space where the Warden race resided. The old man had no clue why his master arranged such an encounter. The young man had been their neighbor for countless years. Maybe he wanted to help them for that reason.

"The old monster's Strength Equalizing Theurgy is really powerful. Even I am affected by it, so I am no different than any ordinary warrior now.

My assistance might not make any difference," the young man smiled, shaking his head.

Upon hearing his words, a complicated expression crept up on the old man's face. All of a sudden, he bent his legs and knelt before the young man.

"I ask you to please help our race," the old man said. The man with purple hair immediately grew anxious when he saw their leader kneel. "Sir!" he called out.

Since the man had already mentioned about his cultivation base being weakened due to the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, he wondered why their leader still had to beg him like that. However, the old man's gesture didn't change the expression on the young man's face.

He then jumped off the tombstone and walked straight to the old man as he clicked his tongue in annoyance, "I made a bet with Herbert in the past, which is why I've been imprisoned in this world for trillions of years. Up to this day, I still couldn't figure it out."

Hearing his words, both the old man and the man with purple hair were taken aback. They were surprised to know that he was also a prisoner of that world.

In that case, he was an enemy of the Warden race. If he were to offer his help, it only meant that he was doing it for the selfish reason of escaping. After making such judgment, the old man and the man with purple hair grew in fear. The tomb keeper noticed the change in their expressions. He turned to them and said with a faint smile, "I've lived next to you for a long time. I've seen things. I can say that your conservative faction is indeed loyal and responsible to your duties. Unfortunately, you are unaware that Herbert doesn't care so much about this place."

"What are you trying to say?" the old man slowly stood up and asked with great concern. That got involved with the disputes among the conservative and the free factions.

When the free faction wanted to leave that world in the past, they didn't fight against the conservative faction. Instead, they had an intense debate that lasted for many years.

The most principal opinion of the free faction was that their master had given up on them and their world, making their race expendable.

As for the conservative faction, they insisted that their master would return to their world sooner or later and that they should stick to their task.

The old man had insisted on carrying out his task until now.

"There isn't just one prison," the tomb keeper shrugged his shoulders. "Herbert built sixty to seventy of these at the bottom of the chaos, and he repeated the process but failed each time. This one you've been guarding is just one of his failures. Do you understand?"

"A failure? Why is it a failure? No one has ever escaped from here since the very beginning!" The old man demanded in a serious but quivering voice.

He had spent his whole life guarding this place, only to be told that it was just a failure. That was unacceptable, not to mention that the Warden race had spent countless years in that place.

Who could accept such a harsh truth?

The tomb keeper maintained his lazy smile. Looking at the old man's distressed face, he couldn't help but sigh. "The Chaos Ancient Gods have already become significant figures of the entire chaos," he said. "Do you really think Herbert was bored enough to arrange such a prison and capture some insignificant people? Do the exiles have such values?"

Even powerful people like Emily and Timotheus didn't have the qualification to be taken seriously by the Chaos Ancient Gods.

Compared to the Chaos Ancient Gods, the exiles were nothing.

That was why the young man's words rendered the old man speechless.

He knew he was right.

If their supreme master was one of the most powerful beings in the chaos, then why did he have to imprison the exiles in that place?

For the Warden race to question their master's intention was disrespectful, so they never wondered about such matters in the past.

"Our master... Why did he create this world? Why? Why did he create us?" The old man struggled to ask.

The free faction had raised such a question countless times in the past. He understood their standpoint at that very moment.

With a faint smile on his face, the tomb keeper said, "You don't need to know that anymore. Your master has given up on you, so you don't have to be too hard on yourself anymore. If the exiles want to leave, you can let them go. It's not bad for things to end this way."

"Nonsense!" The man with purple hair finally shouted after holding back for a while.

The old man added, "Guarding this prison is the responsibility of our race. That is the reason why we were created. Even if our master turned his back on us, we won't give up. If you don't want to help us, then we shall take our leave."

The old man bowed in respect to the tomb keeper then turned around to depart.

The man with purple hair followed close behind. In his opinion, their leader made an unnecessary move by asking for the young man's help. There was no reason for them to ask assistance from a freak like him.

As they began to walk away from the tomb, the young man said, "Although your determination bores me, I appreciate persistent people like you."

As he spoke, he stretched himself which made cracking noises. "I've stayed here for too long. This tablet didn't do me any good. I think I'd like to get some good exercise now."

His statement stopped the old man in his tracks. He turned back around and looked straight at the tomb keeper. His dim eyes lit up with excitement. "Are you going to help us?"

On the other side, however, Emily, Zen, and others also stopped their steps.

A man in a black robe stood before them. Blue butterflies danced around him.

Although those butterflies were extremely beautiful, they contained deadly power.

"You can't pass," the man in the black robe said flatly.

More black-robed men began to appear on the roofs and both sides of the street.

Some of the Wild Gods and exiles could not help but take several steps back. That was the first time that they had to fight against the Warden race, and they were very frightened.

Chapter 2649 Chaotic Battle

Zelda and Luther came back to the center of the group, protected by the others encircling them.

After all, they were the two most important people here. They needed the extra protection, for the Warden race might take them as their first targets.

Zen, who was walking in the front of the group, narrowed his eyes and asked, "What if we're determined to pass through?"

The man wearing a black robe raised his hand gently, and all the butterflies surrounding him began to flutter violently, forming a pair of wings and floating behind the man. "The ball is still in your court. This is your last chance. Leave Luther and Zelda behind or you will all die!"

"There's no way!" Zelda's voice was heard ringing out from the back.

The others didn't utter a single word. They knew that by coming this far, retreating wasn't an option.

"Oh, really?" The man in the black robe sneered and waved his hand, with more intensity this time. He slowly removed the black robe attached to his body and revealed his looks.

Beneath the robe was a strong young man with a shockingly obvious scar on his nose.

As the young man removed his cloak, the other men on the roofs, equally in black robes, took theirs off too. For the Warden race, this was their battle signal.

"Seeing as you aren't seizing your final chance, you'll just have to die along with these two miserable people."

Swish!

As soon as he finished speaking, the butterflies behind the young man fluttered in disorder, rushing directly at the group in a giant wave.

"You're dealing with the enemies on both sides!"

At that, Zen took the group's lead in charging the group forward.

These men in black robes all had blue energy, which was gifted to them by the Chaos Ancient God.

According to what Zelda had said, everyone would receive different benefits from the Chaos Ancient God. Now, it seemed that the dense clutter of butterflies in front of them were their greatest threat. Moreover, it was impossible for them to get too close and therefore, Zen took it upon himself to make the first move!

"Shoot!"

Emily ordered as she focused her attention.

The exiles pointed their bows and arrows at the warriors standing on both sides of the path. In seconds, they were ready to shoot them.

Swish, swish, swish...

As the arrows shot out one after the next, the Warden race's warriors all lowered their bodies at once.

With a series of deafening thuds, the arrows hit the roof tiles viciously.

"There's no way we're retreating! If we don't fight, we'll die. Come on! Let's go!"

Emily said in a clear, confident voice.

Of course, she knew that most of the Wild Gods and even a few of the exiles were feeling scared. It was up to her to motivate them.

The members of the Warden race fought desperately, while Emily's group had the only goal of escaping this world as soon as they could.

This contradiction, however, simply couldn't be reconciled. In the current moment, no one had any other choice but to give the battle everything they had and go all out.

All Emily could truly do was to encourage them to fight, even if this meant risking their lives.

As she called out to the group she led, Emily lifted the annular saber, stepped gently on the ground with her tiptoe, and made a leap onto a roof with an extremely beautiful posture.

Emily had been shot in the collarbone before, but her injury wasn't serious.

As she faced the Warden race straight on, she dared not to take them carelessly. She could only lead the other warriors to fight together alongside her!

"Master Emily is right! There is no way to retreat now! We should follow her!"

a Wild God from the Snake Goddess race said loudly, following Emily onto the roof.

The moment the Wild God had reached the top, a man in a black robe sneered and gently clasped his hands together. The blue light appeared immediately, and a huge axe came into view out of nowhere. The weapon slashed down toward her head.

"Die!" the cloaked man yelled.

Puff...

The axe formed by the blue energy was nearly invincible. One thing for certain, the weapon was absolutely terrifying.

Besides, now the Wild God was nothing more than an ordinary person. Without any time to react, she was sliced in half, blood splattering all over the ground.

"Claudia!"

As they watched the scene from a distance, the members of the Snake Goddess race were stunned silent. When they realized what had happened, they were immediately overwhelmed with grief.

"Kill them!" a warrior hurled.

"Let's fight!

Let's fight with them..." another called out.

The warriors of the Snake Goddess race quickly became sad and indignant.

As for the others, although they had earlier shown their timidity, after seeing Claudia's miserable state, they finally understood what "no going back" actually meant!

The only way to survive this battle now was to risk their own lives and fight for the good of their entire race.

They were in a dangerous situation. They felt as though they were standing on a single-log bridge and below them was an infinite abyss. Crossing over the abyss was only possible once their enemies had been killed.

"Kill!"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

More people precipitated to the roof tops, climbing fiercely up both sides.

The sound of arrows shooting and whizzing through the air could be heard, and rays of blue light began shining from the roofs.

Swish, swish, swish...

Within seconds, countless butterflies flew upward, like flowers sprouting high into the skies.

A strapping man from the Warden race raised his hands and they suddenly turned into sharp claws. He pointed them directly at Zen.

At that very moment, all the butterflies transformed into a huge cage and shot toward Zen at once. Their only objective was to envelop him.

Zen was running at an extremely fast speed. Just as the cage was about to trap him, he suddenly changed directions with a few very awkward steps. His entire body nearly leaned straight into the ground.

Using his waist's strength, he only staggered a little before steadying himself. As he did so, Zen succeeded in completely avoiding the cage.

Swish!

The long sword shook slightly in Zen's hand before he stabbed it toward the strapping man before him.

The man was taken aback with surprise. No one would have guessed that Zen was so flexible.

That said, the man had no intentions of retreating before Zen. The butterflies that had turned into a cage quickly transformed once again, but this time, into a curtain in order to block the man from the front all while moving toward Zen.

Facing the curtain made of the butterflies, Zen felt that he suddenly had no choice but to retreat.

He moved a few steps horizontally, trying to find a gap in order to get closer to the butterflies. However, the butterflies were incredibly nimble. When Zen had finally found a little space and tried to attack, the butterflies moved and protected the man instead.

Zen tried to attack eight times in a row and circled around the strapping man three times. Several times, when his long sword was only a foot away from the strapping man, the butterflies surged over at the last second. Alas, Zen decided he had no choice but to give up.

"Is that your only skill?"

The strapping man grinned coldly. At that, he flicked his fingers and the blue butterflies flew around him in disorder. They began to spread in all directions!

If only the butterflies could maintain a certain rule or pattern... At least then Zen could easily avoid them.

Now that all the butterflies were moving in an irregular way though, it was much too difficult for Zen to dodge. He could only move cautiously among them. He had to be very carefully when doing so because the winged insects were in fact very dangerous.

It was a pity that Zen couldn't use the Eight Smoky Melodies in his current situation. If he could use it, then these butterflies wouldn't be capable of touching him at all, not even if he closed his eyes.

Puff!

Zen kept moving backward, all while the strapping man manipulated the butterflies to continue approaching him.

Constantly dodging, Zen suddenly felt a sharp pain run up his right leg. A blue butterfly had skimmed across his outer leg, leaving a mark as thick as a thumb.

Due to his injury, Zen began to move more slowly, and countless butterflies gathered around him.

"Go to hell!" the strapping man shouted at Zen in a ferocious voice.

From Zen's point of view, he could only expect to be bitten and seriously injured by these raging butterflies within the next three seconds.

Chapter 2650 Chase

After the butterflies had fully enveloped Zen, the strapping man looked away arrogantly.

His name was Arvin and he was one of the Warden race's strongest warriors.

The battle with the invaders was led by him, Bonnie and Bergen.

The original plan had actually been slightly different. Berge and Bonnie would lead their clansmen to outflank the intruders from the left and right and cut off their retreat. Afterwards, Bonnie was to control the azure blue Trapping Butterflies to finish them off.

However, just when the two sides started to fight, Zen had rushed up alone to stop Arvin, which interrupted their plan.

After being sure that Zen was going to die, Arvin turned his thoughts to the situation ahead. He shouldn't have wasted his time on this young man.

But just as he turned his eyes away, a green light flashed in the corner of his eyes.

Zen's Truth Crystal turned the sword green again.

Facing the approaching butterflies, Zen narrowed his eyes and gently shook the long sword in his hand.

"Crack!"

The green sword tip touched a butterfly. With a crisp sound, the azure blue butterfly exploded and disappeared.

After killing the first butterfly, Zen drew back his long sword and continued hitting the other butterflies, moving on to the next target as soon as he had killed one.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

In the blink of an eye, all the butterflies that were charging at Zen were blown up by his sword.

When the barrier of butterflies formed a crack, Zen rushed out, heading straight towards Arvin.

"What the..."

Arvin was stunned by the sight in front of him.

In the blink of an eye, Zen's long sword had come straight towards his face.

Arvin's reaction was equally fast.

He swiftly took a few steps back, dodging the sword with lightning fast reflexes.

"Swish!"

Zen's sword still managed to graze him on the forehead, leaving a shallow wound that trickled blood.

There was no way Zen was going to let go of this opportunity.

Since he missed his target at the first try, he immediately thrust out his sword again.

When Arvin looked at Zen's sword radiance, fear appeared in his eyes. This was a life and death situation. If he allowed himself to let his guard down, he could get killed by Zen's sword.

He gritted his teeth and waved both of his hands. A string of butterflies flew out from his fingers, flashing blue light.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Zen had no choice but to use his sword to blow up these butterflies. Because of this, he had to slow down his speed in chasing after Arvin, which gave Arvin some breathing space.

In spite of this, Zen was still in hot pursuit after Arvin.

The two soon reached the middle of the street.

It was the site where the people of the Warden race were fighting against the exiles and Wild Gods.

"Pew!"

A black light roared and pierced the leg of a member of the Warden race.

The man in black robe rolled down the roof and fell to the ground.

"Go, go!"

A few Wild Gods rushed forward.

With a long halberd in his hand, the Wild God in the lead jumped up and nailed the falling man to the ground.

The rest of the Wild Gods held all kinds of weapons in their hands and attacked the man mercilessly.

In just a flash, the black robed man of the Warden race was dismembered into pieces.

On the other side of the roof, just as three exiles jumped up and barely had time to stand firmly on their feet, three blue lights flashed in front of them.

The three flying knives made from the azure blue energy all stabbed into their chests simultaneously.

In the near distance, the eyes of a brown haired woman were cold, with azure blue flying knives in her hand fanned out neatly.

"Shatter!"

the woman said.

The flying knives lodged in the three exiles' chests cracked into countless tiny pieces, spreading out from their chests.

These pieces were said to be invincible. In an instant, they had seriously injured the internal organs of the three exiles.

The cold-eyed woman was Bonnie Lou from the Warden race.

She was heartbroken seeing the people of her race die one after another. It was difficult for her to accept such a tragic scene.

The Warden race lived a peaceful life in this space and was in harmony with the rest of the world.

The only battle in their history was a civil war between the free faction and the conservative faction, but it was nowhere as miserable as the battle currently raging in front of her eyes. After all, this battle was related to the life and death of the Warden race.

Just as Bonnie was about to attack again, she suddenly heard a gust of wind.

The look on her face changed immediately. She lowered her head and turned around.

"Swoosh!".

A saber passed behind her. If her response had been a bit slower, she would have been trapped by the saber, and her body would probably have gotten split into two.

After successfully avoiding the saber, she waved the blue flying knives out of her hand.

Emily stood right behind Bonnie, her eyes deadly calm. She twisted her body slightly and tried to get through the gap between the flying knives to kill Bonnie.

Emily had rich combat experience. Even if she lost her cultivation base, she could still use the conditions to her advantage. She wasn't going to give Bonnie a chance to escape.

However, as the flying knives shot out, Bonnie opened her mouth and cried, "Shatter!"

All the flying knives immediately broke into countless blue fragments, blocking Emily's path.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Bonnie quickly distanced herself from Emily.

"You are Emily from the Snake Goddess race," Bonnie said, staring at Emily coldly.

The people of the Warden race often disguised themselves when they came to inspect the bone towers, and they were quite familiar with the exiles. Bonnie had never thought that Emily would attack her in secret.

"What a pity." Emily smiled faintly. The saber, which was stained with blood, spun slightly in her hand. She had just killed six black-robed people.

"Humph!"

Bonnie raised her hand. The blue light continuously condensed and turned into tiny flying knives once again.

Even though she had the grace of the Chaos Ancient God, she was still under great pressure to face Emily. However, it did not mean that she wasn't confident that she could kill Emily.

Just as the two were in a stalemate and planning their next moves, a series of strange cracking sounds suddenly came from below and distracted them. They both looked towards the noises.

"Zen!"

Emily saw that Zen was chasing after Arvin with a long sword in his hand.

More oddly, the long sword in Zen's hand was glowing with a strange energy, which blasted through the butterflies easily.

"Brother!"

Bonnie's face grew pale with worry as she took in the scene.

She had thought that Arvin could get rid of Zen quickly, and then come to her aid as soon as possible.

She didn't expect that Zen would get this close to Arvin. She was now worried that her brother might be killed by him.

Without a second thought, Bonnie turned around and threw several flying knives at Emily.

Under the cover of the broken pieces of the flying knives, Bonnie jumped down from the roof and headed towards Arvin.

Chapter 2651 Joint Attack From Brother And Sister

After the fragments of the flying knives scattered in all directions, Emily took a few steps back as her eyes stared blankly at Zen.

She always had a feeling that Zen had special methods she didn't know about.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to kill the exiles sent by Spark so easily.

But what Emily didn't expect was that Zen could break the restrictions of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy!

The green energy was not very powerful but when Emily took a quick glance at it, she immediately felt that it was indeed quite mysterious.

She really had a hard time seeing through him.

After a short pause, she saw that Bonnie was rushing down. She lightly tapped her toe as she prepared herself to jump down from the roof. She didn't want to let Bonnie mess up the situation.

But just as Emily jumped up, a blue long whip immediately came after her!

"Phew!"

The long whip was very sharp. Its slash created a deep cut on the roof and immediately rushed towards Emily.

She frowned as she saw it coming.

Of course, she was unable to use her mortal body to withstand the impact. All she could do was to abruptly twist and stay put on the roof.

"I am your opponent. Ha-ha!" another man in a black robe with a blue long whip in his hand blocked Emily's way.

Zen's speed at brandishing his sword became faster and faster as he struck his targets more precisely every time.

Although Arvin summoned a lot of butterflies in a ridiculous manner, it was all in vain. As soon as the butterflies were condensed, they were immediately destroyed by the tip of Zen's sword. His precision with every strike was truly astonishing.

It was as if his sword was a part of his hand. He used it with finesse and he could do whatever he wanted with it.

'What an amazing display of swordsmanship! How could someone like you exist?'

Arvin thought to himself.

In his opinion, there were only a few leaders from the exiles that he shouldn't mess and those were Timotheus and Emily and the like.

They were very powerful but they were nothing under the influence of Strength Equalizing Theurgy. On the other hand, they knew they were destined to stop the intruders with all that they had. After all, they were lucky enough to receive the grace of their master.

But now a brat suddenly popped out, and no one understood what kind of method he used to surpass the restrictions of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. They didn't know what in the hell was going on.

Arvin had a lot of questions running through his head but he didn't have the chance to ask. All he wanted was to survive!

Seeing that Zen was getting closer and closer to him, he couldn't think of a better way to stop him.

The brat's sword was like a black hole that violently sucked him. He couldn't get rid of it no matter how hard he tried.

"Phew!"

Zen was finally in front of Arvin. He then raised his sword to strike. As he struck with his sword, the emerald green sword radiance appeared.

"Die!"

Zen was so close to Arvin that there was no way for him to avoid his strike. Arvin's heart sank as he realized that he was about to lose his precious life. As he waited for his inevitable death with his eyes closed- Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, three whistling sounds echoed through his ears.

Three blue flying knives flew past his head and ears and went straight for Zen!

Zen wasn't willing to let go of his opportunity to kill Arvin.

He saw the three flying knives coming towards him but he didn't want to give in.

"Ding!"

Zen slashed across the flying knives with his long sword. After he broke the first flying knife, the long sword immediately went for Arvin's head.

But the other two flying knives cracked at that moment and

countless tiny blue fragments scattered all over the place.

If Zen didn't dodge, he would have been severely injured by the densely packed fragments!

"Damn it!"

In the end, Zen had no other choice but to draw back his sword and step back to prevent the fragments from hurting him.

Arvin was finally able to get out of Zen's hot pursuit. With a bit of luck, he managed to escape his death.

Puff! Puff!

Arvin was very exhausted, his heart beating fast as he gasped for air.

"Arvin, are you feeling alright?"

Bonnie came up to Arvin and stood beside him.

"I'm alright. If it wasn't for your help, I would have been dead by now," said Arvin. He was ecstatic that he had a narrow escape from death.

"What happened to him? The green energy on his sword... Where is it coming from?" Bonnie looked at Zen who wasn't very far from them and her eyes were immediately filled with confusion.

Her brother's "Trapping Butterflies" and her "Cracking Knives" were both graces from their master. Only with these graces could they be qualified to ignore the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

The young man in front of them was extremely unfamiliar, and she thought maybe he wasn't well known in the bone towers. How could he have the ability to ignore the restrictions of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy?

"I am not sure either. Maybe there is something wrong with the Strength Equalizing Theurgy..." Arvin didn't believe what came out of his own mouth.

The Strength Equalizing Theurgy was given by the master, someone who was undoubtedly extremely powerful. It was impossible for the master to commit such silly mistakes.

"None of it matters, we just need to kill him together!" A murderous look appeared in Bonnie's eyes.

The Warden race was starting to gain an advantage in the fierce battle between the two parties. The other party had lost more Wild Gods and exiles than the Warden race.

But what they had to solve as soon as possible were the elites among the intruders.

At first, Bonnie decided that Emily was her target. However, when she saw that her brother was in danger, she had to focus on the young man who was standing right in front of her.

Zen placed his long sword horizontally on his chest. When he heard the conversation between the two, a faint light appeared in his eyes.

Endless cries and screams echoed through their surroundings.

Some of the Wild Gods and exiles were still being murdered by the Warden race...

Although Zen was not familiar with those people, they were his comrades and they had fought with him throughout their way. He also knew that he had to finish his battle as soon as possible!

"Let's go!"

Bonnie shouted as she sent blue flying knives towards Zen.

At the same time, countless butterflies flew out of Arvin's hand. As they fluttered in the air, they immediately followed the path left by the flying knives.

The moment Zen saw the joint attack from the brother and sister, he immediately moved his feet slightly to sweep his body to the side like a ghost. After circling around them, he found an opening and rushed towards his two opponents.

Arvin and Bonnie executed their attacks perfectly. The two of them unhurriedly kept a proper distance from each other and at the same time, they also formed a two-pronged attack.

If Zen rushed towards Arvin, he would be vulnerable to an attack from Bonnie. If he rushed towards Bonnie, he would be vulnerable to an attack from Arvin.

As they came closer and closer, the two were able to surround Zen!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

He then brandished his long sword as rays of green light formed a protective shield around him. When he saw that he was surrounded by Bonnie and Arvin, he couldn't think of any way to escape.

Bonnie waved his arms constantly to bombard Zen with more flying knives. She glanced up and said with a smile, "Bergen, your timing is perfect! Help us kill this brat right now!"

The battle between Zen and the two siblings was starting to attract other people's attention.

After all, both Bonnie and Arvin were the core figures of the Warden race. But now Bergen was about to join the fight. He knew he had to help them.

The Warden members couldn't believe what they were seeing! Even Emily didn't deserve them sending so many people to deal with her after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was activated. Where did this talented swordsman come from?

A lot of the warriors who were busy fighting stopped at that moment to see who Zen was.

Chapter 2652 One Against Three

On the other side of the roof, there stood a thin young man. He was Bergen Bai, the one whom Bonnie had called out earlier.

In his left hand, he was carrying something like a terrifying trophy—Becker Cao's head.

As one of the exiles in the Fire Melting race, Becker Cao had been as significant in his race as Emily was in the Snake Goddess race, or as Timotheus was in the Nine Li race. Even if the Strength Equalizing Theurgy had worked, he was unquestionably powerful.

But somehow, he had not only been defeated but decapitated by Bergen Bai.

In his right hand, Bergen was holding a thick heavy sword. The blue light on the surface of the sword constantly sparkled, emitting a terrifying energy fluctuation.

Right now, he was going up against four exiles, including the valiant Leopold and Ramzi from the Nine Li race.

Now that they had racked up several wounds on their bodies, both Leopold and Ramzi looked at Bergen with vigilance and caution. The once unknown Bergen had now become a formidable enemy in their eyes.

After all, the strength Bergen had displayed far exceeded that of the others in black robes.

Becker Cao had even been killed just because he had underestimated his enemy.

Even as Bergen fought with Leopold and Ramzi, he managed to slay more than ten Wild Gods and five or six exiles.

During the fight, when he noticed the stir around Zen, he promptly withdrew from the battle and rushed toward the other side.

"Really? Bonnie, are you asking me for help?" Bergen asked as he looked down from the roof.

Among the younger generation of the Warden race, Bonnie and Arvin were the most popular ones.

However, in terms of strength, there was a big gap between them and Bergen.

The only reason Bergen wasn't popular was because he was remote and arrogant, and not very well-liked within his race.

Most importantly, the Lou Clan was the largest clan in the Warden race, and it was from this clan that the race would choose a leader.

Because of this, the relationship between Bergen and the siblings had always been strained.

"Cut the crap! Don't you know what time it is now? Don't you see that he is different from the others?" Bonnie yelled sternly.

Right now, the Warden race was fighting a life-and-death battle. How could Bergen joke around their usual rivalry at a time like this?

Bergen took another look at Zen. When he saw the green light constantly flowing on Zen's arm, a hint of surprise flashed in his eyes. "Well, this is interesting. This guy has actually overcome the Strength Equalizing Theurgy!"

Then, with a cold chuckle, he casually tossed aside the head in his hand and jumped down. As he jumped, the heavy sword in his hand emitted a blue light, forming a wide arc in the air, right toward Zen's head.

Zen, who was already busy trying to fend off attacks from Bonnie and Arvin, groaned inwardly.

Now that Bergen had joined the battle, he would be under a lot more pressure than before.

As he looked at Bergen's sword heading toward him, his body suddenly shrank. At the same time, he cut off Arvin's butterflies and Bonnie's flying knives, and then summoned all his strength and poured it into his blade.

Crack!

His long sword curved up, colliding with Bergen's heavy sword.

Channeling the descent power, Bergen used his sword to hack from top to bottom. It was a formidable blow!

Zen raised his long sword and put most of his strength into it. Once his sword touched Bergen's, it became heavier and heavier, cushioning most of the force from Bergen's sword.

As soon as Bergen landed, Zen's long sword became crooked. Zen used this force to push Bergen aside by a few steps, buying himself a few seconds to breathe.

"Zen! What a great swordsmanship!"

Everyone around them couldn't help but marvel at this scene.

If there was no Strength Equalizing Theurgy, what Zen had just done would have been nothing in the eyes of these exiles.

But now, they all thought that Zen's skill was amazing.

"Let's help Zen!"

"How can we let Zen single-handedly take on three of them?"

"Let's stop that brother and sister!"

How could they allow Zen to face three people alone?

But the moment they made a move, several black-robed men from the Warden race rushed up to stop them.

Bergen, who had been cleverly forced back by Zen's sword, also looked up at Zen with surprise.

"I told you not to be careless. This guy is not easy to deal with!" Arvin muttered.

"Really?"

Bergen asked casually before rushing toward Zen again with the heavy sword on his shoulder.

In terms of martial arts skills, Bergen was not as good as Zen.

However, he had Bonnie and Arvin fighting alongside him; they could trap Zen like a huge net.

Zen would have to tear through this big net first in order to deal with Bergen's sword. In the few seconds after he had managed to force Bergen back a few steps, he had somehow found himself trapped!

Seeing this, Leopold, Ramzi, and the exiles from the other races burned with anxiety.

They didn't know how Zen had surpassed the limits of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, but they knew that he might be the only one who could confront the Warden race head-on.

Even the powerful Leopold and Ramzi were afraid of the blue energy.

After all, the weapons they were using were ordinary and would immediately shatter on contact with the blue energy. There was no way they could get around that disadvantage.

Even Emily, who was not far away, felt the same way. Since the Warden race had the Chaos Ancient God's blessing, they had a great advantage in the contest of strength.

Zen was the only one who could resist their enemies head-on by relying on the green light!

He was their only hope right now.

They all badly wanted to help him out of the tough spot that he was in, but they themselves were busy trying to fight off the black-robed men.

Both Arvin and Bonnie became calmer. Bonnie's flying knives suddenly turned into a few streaks of light and shot toward Zen's weak points in an almost fatal attack.

And although the speed of the butterflies that Arvin had summoned was slow, there were still a large number of them. The trajectory of their flying was unpredictable and hard to guard against.

As for Bergen, Arvin and Bonnie had deliberately left just enough of a gap for him to pass through, and from time to time, he would launch a fatal strike at Zen.

Zen slowly retreated while he warded off their attacks, but at last, he was forced into a corner.

"It's close," Bergen said flatly.

At this moment, he no longer looked down on his opponent.

Bergen was confident that he would be able to defeat even the most powerful of exiles, but this guy in front of him was able to block attacks from the three of them combined.

It was obvious to him that if he fought Zen one-on-one, he would be no match for him.

Hearing Bergen's words, Bonnie stretched out both of her hands. Under the condensation of the blue light, more than a dozen flying knives materialized and turned into streaks of light that shot toward Zen.

Arvin's eyes flashed as well. His blue butterflies fluttered faster and faster, forming a small storm that flew straight toward Zen.

The brother and sister were trying their best to take down their opponent.

At the same time, a blue light began to circle the heavy sword in Bergen's hand as he rushed toward Zen.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2653 The Falling Star Palm

Bergen injected everything that he had into his sword attack.

Now that Zen had nowhere to escape, his only option was to deflect the attack as much as he could. His survival was not guaranteed at all.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Zen tried his best to deal with the attacks from Arvin and his sister Bonnie at the same time.

Although he seemed calm, he was under a lot of pressure.

Seeing that Bergen was approaching with a heavy sword, Zen swung his long sword up and down as fast as he could. After he cut countless butterflies and flying knives, he began to swing the long sword sideways.

The tip of his sword went straight towards Bergen's heavy sword.

Zen's swordsmanship was still ingenious but the enemy he was facing then was not just any other warrior from the Lower World of the universe.

Bergen ignored Zen's sword and went straight for his body.

"Bang!"

As soon as Zen's long sword touched the heavy sword, he immediately felt a huge crushing force. He reached out his hand but couldn't hold it any longer. His long sword unexpectedly flew out of his hand and stuck on the ground not far away.

Seeing that Zen no longer had his weapon, Bergen no longer hesitated and immediately raised his heavy sword up high to prepare for a strike.

At that moment, on the other side of the roof was Emily rushing over as fast as she could.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Azure blue whip shadows constantly exploded behind Emily.

Seeing that Zen was being driven into a dead end, she gritted her teeth and bypassed the man in black who tried to stop her. She wanted to help Zen as much as she could.

Emily was like a swift swallow. She jumped in the air as her extremely soft body tightened like a bow. As her body stretched further, the saber in her hand shot towards Bergen.

At the same time on the back side of the street, Timotheus ran wildly with his saber on his shoulder.

According to their previous agreement, Timotheus' main responsibilities were to protect Zelda and Luther. So once the battle with the Warden race began, he immediately escorted the two to safety.

Just like Emily, Timotheus couldn't bear to see Zen die in that place.

He rushed over and threw out the saber in his hand.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The broad saber flew over the heads of the people who were in the middle of a fight before it headed straight for Bergen.

"Oh?"

Bergen's eyes blinked as a subtle grin appeared on the corner of his mouth.

He raised his hand as he gently waved it backwards.

The annular saber that Emily threw at him was broken into two parts in a flash.

After he cut off the annular saber, his heavy sword took the chance and was able to hit the huge saber that Timotheus threw hard at him.

"Clang!"

The saber was cut in half as it fell down.

Such ordinary weapons weren't strong enough to resist the energy attached to his heavy sword at all. It was all thanks to the grace given by the Chaos Ancient God.

"You are defeating nothing but the air!"

After saying this, Bergen turned around to face Zen once again.

He felt like an executioner who could take Zen's life away if he wanted to. He knew the exiles couldn't do anything to stop him at all.

But then again, it was Timotheus of the Nine Li race and Emily of the Snake Goddess race that just tried to rescue Zen from him.

They were probably the two most powerful exiles in this world. Since they were so worried about Zen's safety, he must really be of great importance.

"Now, you will die. No one can save you anymore," Bergen said calmly.

"Whoosh!"

On the surface of the heavy sword in his hand were rings of blue light. It seemed that he turned the heavy sword into a long spear and then threw it directly at Zen.

If anyone got stabbed by his spear, they were sure to die within seconds. Their bodies would be crushed into tiny pieces by its energy.

"If you don't make a move right now, you won't stand a chance,"

reminded No. 9527 on the sclerite at Zen's chest. It couldn't stand it anymore.

After Zen condensed the Truth Crystal with the help of No. 9527, he was able to master the most rudimentary move of the Truth Crystal, which was known as the Falling Star Palm.

To be more precise, the Falling Star Palm was not really its most rudimentary move.

To directly melt the Truth Crystal and infuse it into his arm and sword like what Zen did before was the most basic way.

Therefore, No. 9527 felt somewhat dissatisfied, wondering why Zen did that.

But Zen had his own considerations.

He had no idea how powerful the Warden race was. If he could deal with them with the power of the Truth Crystal alone, he wouldn't want to use his trump cards in order to postpone the revelation of his Falling Star Palm.

Moreover, the energy of the Truth Crystal and his martial arts skills were enough all the time.

But now, Zen knew that he had no other choice. He couldn't hold back anymore.

He raised his head as a square Truth Crystal appeared. It emitted a dark green light in his palm.

As he concentrated his mind, the Truth Crystal began to rotate slowly.

"The Falling Star Palm!"

"Buzz..."

In an instant, the Truth Crystal began to rotate rapidly.

At the same time, an identical vortex also appeared above everyone's heads. However, the vortex was ten times larger and an emerald green light could be seen on it.

"Swish!"

The light in the vortex shone brighter and with a gentle stroke of Zen's hand, it began to fall down.

Since the Warden race received the grace of Herbert, they used it superficially.

Just like what Zen had done before, they had merely turned this energy into a weapon.

It was the original intention of Herbert all along because the azure blue light summoned by the Warden race couldn't be transformed into any other shape.

Sandy's two sharp blades, Arvin's Trapping Butterflies, and Bonnie's flying knives were some of the best examples.

Perhaps in Herbert's opinion, the Warden race stood a chance against invaders because of their master's grace.

The only person who was capable of changing the shape of the blue energy was Bergen with his heavy sword.

However, the number of changes he could do was also limited. Only to a certain extent could he control the energy. He couldn't control it at will or activate and use it in a theurgy.

But Zen had displayed a theurgy.

In order to master the Falling Star Palm, Zen had to spend a lot of time studying it.

However, the final power that it produced was a bit of a disappointment to him.

According to what No. 9527 had said, if its master revealed the Falling Star Palm, thousands of stars would fall. Every star would be so powerful that it could destroy the world within minutes.

However, it was currently impossible for Zen to accumulate so many Truth Crystals and use the technique.

A small ray of light wouldn't be enough to kill an ordinary Wild God so it was not ideal at all. That was why Zen chose not to show it to anyone yet.

However, after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy had been used, they all became mortals. The Falling Star Palm was the only theurgy he could actually show.

At that moment, the power of what was once proved useless suddenly became extremely terrifying.

The shining star immediately lit up everyone's face.

Chapter 2654 Kill Them

As he realized that his saber had been cut straight off, Timotheus' heart sank.

Zen's identity was of great importance to the Nine Li race.

For this reason, Timotheus didn't want Zen to take too much risk. Hence, he was more willing to protect him.

In spite of his will, after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy had been activated, Zen's performance was outstanding, and persuading him had become a difficult - if not impossible - task.

Fortunately for all the warriors involved, Zen had truly displayed his extraordinary talents and he led everyone safely into the city.

Now that they had faced the Warden race, they found themselves trapped in another desperate situation. Had he known what was to come, never would he have brought Zen to this place.

Just when Timotheus was at a complete loss and felt like nothing could get any worse, a whirlpool suddenly appeared in the sky above.

"This theurgy..." he uttered.

The ray of star light reflected itself in Timotheus' old eyes, now shining with a green hue.

After Emily threw her annular saber out, she jumped up into the air and hooked her arm onto a beam of the roof, hanging herself in midair.

As she performed this movement, she was very anxious, without a doubt.

Although she was extremely powerful, her special skills and theurgies didn't work to her advantage now.

'You must rely on yourself, Zen, ' Emily thought to herself.

She believed in miracles, because the mere process of her growing up was a miracle in and of itself. She knew that Zen could perform his own kind of miracle.

And she was right. His results truly didn't disappoint her. Beneath the light, she smiled slightly.

Bergen hadn't imagined that Zen would apply this theurgy whatsoever.

To the contrary, he'd thought that his sword strike would kill Zen directly, seeing as he was standing no more than a foot away from him. The starlight had instead smashed his heavy sword to pieces.

Bang!

As soon as the starlight hit Bergen's heavy sword, the vast amount of blue energy spread quickly and the sword broke in an instant.

Bergen's right hand that held the heavy sword also let out a crisp snapping sound. He hadn't had any time to withdraw his hand from the sword hilt. Under the great pressure from the huge force, his arm broke.

Once the starlight had effectively smashed the heavy sword, it crashed to the ground, forming a black crater the size of a watermelon. The deep, dark crater appeared bottomless.

As he watched what was going on, Bergen fell into a daze. Adrenaline rushed through him to such an extent that he completely forgot the pain from the broken bone in his arm.

"Who do you think is going to come save you now?"

Zen stared at Bergen coldly and smiled, raising his right hand above his head again.

Another Truth Crystal was condensed and began rotating. It quickly picked up speed.

Simultaneously, a second green whirlpool appeared in the sky, and a little star was produced from the latter.

Realizing that the situation wasn't good, Bergen didn't hesitate a second more and retreated quickly.

Despite his quick act, it was already too late. The star began falling fast.

If they hadn't been deprived of their cultivation by the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, they would have been able to dodge the falling star. With his physical body's current state though, it was simply impossible for Bergen to escape.

Bang!

The starlight smashed down onto him and crushed half of his shoulder. By the time it had fallen to the ground and exploded, it had devoured his entire body.

Bergen died on the spot.

Arvin and Bonnie weren't far away. Both of their faces were full of panic at the scene that played out before them. Furthermore, their undulating chests indicated their great unease.

Sure, they were always on bad terms with Bergen, but they were still very sad to see Bergen die in such a miserable manner.

More importantly, even Bergen had been killed by Zen! Who was ever going to stop Zen now?

For their race, there was just no way back now.

Arvin and Bonnie were leaders. Even if they knew that they were no match for Zen, they still couldn't retreat or run away. They had no choice but to show themselves confidence.

"Arvin!"

Determination flashed in Bonnie's eyes. She wasn't ready or willing to give up!

Arvin nodded back in response.

Before the battle had even begun, they had already made up their minds that they would fight to the end. It didn't matter if they had to risk their lives or even die.

Even now, the Warden race still had chances of pulling through. As long as they could kill Zen in front of them, they were willing to risk their lives in order to perish together along with him.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Arvin and Bonnie began running in circles around Zen, while pushing the blue energy to its extreme.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Bonnie was now running at full speed. The flying knives drew thin white lines in the air as they came straight for Zen.

Zen had just recently broken away from the cage that they had created. How could he possibly repeat the same mistake?

Out of the blue, he jumped to the right and charged toward Bonnie.

"Bonnie!"

Also watching what was happening, Arvin was in great shock. As he rushed over to Bonnie, he controlled the butterflies in order to make them surround Zen once again.

Zen quickly ran over to the long sword inserted by the roadside and picked it up.

As the green light flashed, Zen quickly bombed the butterflies outward, and the distance separating him and Bonnie quickly decreased.

Gritting her teeth, Bonnie became ruthless. Instead of retreating, she confronted Zen with might.

"Shatter!"

She charged toward Zen and the flying knives in her hand exploded at the same time. They formed a jumble of fragments that covered him in an instant.

If Zen were to be hit by one of these fragments, his whole body would be beaten to pieces.

Arvin, who crept in from behind Zen, also summoned a large number of butterflies, once again forming a siege.

This time, Zen didn't hesitate at all, not even for a split second. He stopped straight in his tracks as he reached out his hand and flicked it.

Phew!

A starlight zipped toward Arvin.

Arvin had witnessed the green starlight's power before. When he saw Zen casually moving his hand in this way, his heart skipped a beat and he immediately jumped backward. He knew what was coming.

Fortunately for him, he succeeded in avoiding the falling starlight.

Despite such, just as he avoided the starlight, a flying knife as thin as a cicada's wing zoomed straight at him, slicing through the air with grace.

Before Arvin could even land back on the ground, his neck was cut by the flying knife. Blood began spurting from his neck, and he knelt down, covering his wound with both his hands and rolling on the ground. To a mortal's body, this kind of injury was generally fatal.

"Arvin!"

Bonnie cried, her young face twisting in sadness. Her pain was obvious to all.

In a heartfelt rage, Bonnie rushed toward Zen with two flying knives in her hands. She was ready to take her revenge!

She, of course, was no match for Zen, especially not in such a close combat.

Zen waved his sword in the air several times, causing the flying knives in Bonnie's hand to break into pieces. At last, he stabbed his sword directly between her eyebrows.

"I'm sorry," he spat as he performed his final attack.

Bonnie was courting her death. In both Bonnie's and Arvin's eyes, Zen saw nothing but helplessness.

Zen's goal was opposite to theirs, and thus, his only resort was to kill them both. There was no right or wrong in this battle.

Once Zen had killed Bonnie, Arvin and Bergen all in a row, the Warden race's situation changed drastically.

These three warriors were the leaders of the three Warden race' teams. As they died one after the next in such quick succession, the Warden race's morale had greatly decreased. No one was willing to fight anymore.

It didn't take long before the people wearing black robes fled in disarray. A few of them were even killed in all the chaos.

The few of them who struggled really hard were quickly surrounded and killed.

After a while, the area quieted down once more, leaving nothing but a strong, disheartening smell of blood.

Chapter 2655 The Final Resistance

Emily bent down and ripped a piece of cloth from a corpse. She bound it around her shoulder wound.

Moments ago, she had been hit by an arrow and a serrated wound was left bleeding on her shoulder.

In the past, she would have been capable of recovering from this kind of injury in the blink of an eye. In fact, there wasn't any need to deal with such a basic gash.

Now, on the other hand, such a wound could easily lead to her death!

After dressing her wound, Emily jumped down from the roof top.

The other exiles as well as the surviving Wild Gods also moved in order to gather around Zen.

Zelda and Luther, who were still under protection, both followed quickly behind, too.

The battle just now was too violent.

At least three quarters of Wild Gods had died, while nearly half of the exiles had been executed.

That said, an approximate two hundred members of the Warden race had also been killed!

In the pits of their stomachs, everyone had the feeling of having survived a disaster. Their expressions quickly changed as they glanced toward Zen again.

If Zen hadn't fought Bonnie, Arvin and Bergen of the Warden race on his own, the battle's results would have been hard to determine.

After all, one couldn't forget that Bergen alone had the capacities to fight against several exiles of high power, including Ramzi and Leopold.

Furthermore, Zen had blocked Arvin from the very beginning. If Arvin really employed all of his strength and cooperated with the other men in black robes, it was highly possible that the situation would become worse.

By that time, all members of Zen's group would have been dead.

Clap!

Emily patted Zen on the shoulder heavily and said with a smile, "Although I've probably guessed quite a bit, I wouldn't have expected this little guy to hide his skill so well!"

Zen could somehow employ such a powerful theurgy under the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, which was unbelievable.

Timotheus followed the others and looked as though he was lost deep in his thoughts. With a wry smile, he said, "Even I couldn't discover that, not to mention you, Emily."

In fact, Timotheus had already figured it all out.

The Strength Equalizing Theurgy was created by the Chaos Ancient God. The rule he had set simply couldn't be violated by a nobody like Zen.

Zen, on his behalf, had such powerful might because of his blood.

His theurgy was most likely the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline theurgy. Thus, he could easily break another Chaos Ancient God's rule and get rid of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy's restriction.

This was something that Timotheus had understood and he wasn't willing to discuss the matter.

Timotheus was pleased to note that Zen had the capacities to lead them all forward. He felt very content.

So much so, in fact, that he even felt no matter how bad the situation for the Nine Li race was in the Source World, as long as Zen was present, they still had a glimmer of hope. If he could leave this place, he'd try his best to follow and support Zen.

Many of the warriors had been seriously injured in this last battle, and more than ten of them had lost their arms or legs.

The badly injured warriors who were unable to fight had no choice but to stay where they were. At least for now.

If they could at least get rid of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, those who had lost their limbs would have the capacity to grow them back in a very short period of time.

Emily and a few of the other warriors were also injured, but nothing too serious. They could take a little ordinary medicine for treatment in order to heal from their wounds. The treatment effects were naturally very ordinary, and for this reason, they chose not to move forward immediately, but to recuperate instead.

"Arvin, Bonnie, and Bergen are the backbone of the conservative faction. The rest of them won't make a move on their own, and they will definitely guard the Equality Altar. There's no need to be afraid," Zelda encouraged, looking into Zen's eyes. She continued, "And best of all, we still have Zen!"

At the very beginning of it all, Zelda had only hoped that Zen would help her get revenge by taking advantage of the exiles.

Zen becoming a killer had never once crossed her mind.

Unbelievably, these powerful exiles were pinning their hopes on Zen.

"It seems that we've nearly succeeded!" an exile shouted.

"Do you think we can finally go back to the Source World?"

"We must be sure to thank Zen this time!"

The eyes of the exiles lit up, and their hope had been sparked. Success was at the tip of their fingers. Inevitably, they felt a little excited.

As Zelda looked at the corpses lying on the ground in all directions, a hint of sadness appeared in her eyes.

She was the one who had caused this war. She was, to say the least, the traitor of the Warden race.

The disputes between the conservative faction and the free faction were something she had never wanted to see, or ever be a part of.

However, as she thought of her parents who had been murdered, the sadness in her eyes gradually faded away. Perhaps she had been destined to suffer through this all.

After resting for an entire day, the group continued moving forward together.

In fact, the location where they fought with the Warden race was very close to the Equality Altar. Approximately an eight-mile distance was a breeze to walk.

Just as Zelda had predicted, the Warden race had lost the courage to take the initiative in attacking.

The lack was so present that they didn't even send warriors out to investigate the battle. There was simply no need.

The Equality Altar Zelda had mentioned was the disk located in the center of the square.

All around the Equality Altar, more than half of the arranged Life Lamps had gone out. When the Warden race's members noticed the extinguished Life Lamps, they looked grieved.

"Bergen, Bonnie..."

The leader of the Warden race murmured in a low voice, as he stood in front of the extinguished Life Lamps. He closed his eyes sadly.

The extinguishing of any respective Life Lamp represented the death of a member. If so many Life Lamps were currently extinguished, it meant that most of the people they'd sent out were now dead.

These warriors were the Warden race's elites. Their death could only mean that the Warden race had suffered a crushing defeat.

"Master! We are still alive!" a voice shouted from behind.

A man in a black robe pulled back his cloak and revealed his grey hair. He was very old.

"Yes, we are! And we can still fight against them! Under the Strength Equalizing Theurgy's effect, our strength won't be any weaker than Bergen's! We have nothing to lose." Another old man also took off his black robe and stepped forward, showing himself.

All the race members present were either the old, weak, sick or disabled people from the conservative faction. With the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, everyone would be equal, no matter how weak they were. They would thus have the same ability as the strong, and the only thing that would come into play would be their experience and martial art skills.

"You're right... I hadn't considered this option..." The leader of the Warden race nodded, struggled to open his eyes fully, clenched his jaw and said, "We can still join the fight!"

With those words, he walked forward from the shadows of the Equality Altar.

Not far off in the distance, the tomb keeper sat against a wall in a lazy manner.

"Have you failed?"

the tomb keeper asked casually.

The leader of the Warden race nodded and replied, "Yes."

The tomb keeper tilted his head and thought for a brief moment. "The so-called Strength Equalizing Theurgy couldn't actually equalize all warriors' strength, as you have the grace from Herbert. But they still defeated you. The exiles aren't as simple as you think."

"I know. And they'll be here soon. Sir, do you think you can help me with that?" the leader of the Warden race asked, while cupping his hands pleadingly.

Prior to now, he could place his hope on Bergen and the others. Currently though, the tomb keeper seemed to be his best option.

The tomb keeper nodded lightly. "I have agreed and thus, I will certainly make my move. But don't expect me to risk my life for you."

Chapter 2656 Right Or Wrong

As for the tomb keeper, the battle of the Warden race had nothing to do with him.

He was just a bystander at most.

And considering his position and real strength, the Warden race had no right to ask him to fight on their behalf.

He had been imprisoned here for a long time and had failed to explore the secret of the tombstone and win the bet. His days here had been a downright bore.

As such, he accepted the invitation of the old head of the Warden race just because he wanted something to do.

Even if all the people of the Warden race died miserable deaths in front of him, he would not be sad in the slightest.

"Got it." The head of the Warden race nodded.

Although he knew how powerful the tomb keeper was, he was also clear that he could not pin all his hopes on an outsider who had nothing to lose.

At this moment, he was exhausted, both physically and mentally.

He thought that it was perhaps time for him to put the battle between his race and the invaders to an end.

Six hours later...

Zen and his companions were slowly walking along a dark road.

The air around them was filled with a strange color. Led by Zelda, they turned a corner and saw a disk with a blue light flashing in the distance.

"That is the Equality Altar," said Zelda as she looked at it.

Beside the Equality Altar was a light blue stone tablet.

This stone tablet was none other than the Pray Tablet that she had mentioned earlier. The grace that the Warden race enjoyed befell from it.

If Zelda and Luther managed to get closer to the Pray Tablet, they would also be able to enjoy the grace of Herbert.

"Will the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy disappear if we destroy the Equality Altar?" Zen asked.

Hearing his question, all the other exiles immediately pricked up their ears, waiting for an answer.

This was what they were most concerned about.

If it weren't for the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, any one of them, even the weakest one, could defeat the Warden race at will.

Having their strength equalized had made all of them feel deep discomfort as they itched to fight with their true power.

After all, all of the exiles were powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm, but many of them had been killed by the Warden race. How could they tolerate such an insult?

"Yes," Zelda confirmed with a nod.

Anyway, although the Equality Altar was close at hand, the rest of the Warden race would be guarding it desperately, so it would definitely not be easy to destroy.

After they walked another half a mile, they came face to face with people in black robes who continuously spilled out the sides of the square, forming a barrier and effectively blocking their way.

An old man stepped out from the barrier, holding a crooked black crutch in his hand.

At the end of his crutch was a blue light that continuously flashed.

"Sir..."

Zelda came to a halt.

Zen and the others also stopped behind her.

"Zelda..." The leader of the Warden race looked at her with a complicated expression in his eyes.

The Warden race didn't have many members, so they were all familiar with one another. Like a small tribe, they had carefully managed this world by relying on one another.

Before the conservative faction and the free faction broke up, Zelda had been very popular among the elders.

Back then, even the leader of the Warden race had taken good care of her.

However, when the disputes between the two factions had become more and more complicated, the situation had gone out of control and the factions had gradually gone to the point of being dead enemies.

"I'm sorry," Zelda said, lowering her head.

She had no choice but to take revenge, but at the same time, she also felt guilty. This ambivalence had been torturing her ever since she entered this world.

Luther, on the other hand, was much luckier.

After all, he wasn't nearly as acquainted with the Warden race. Since they had made him and his sister wander from place to place, he had just taken them as his enemies.

"You don't have to apologize," the leader of the Warden race said calmly. "I've thought about it a lot. Maybe you were right back then; maybe our persistence was just a joke."

Only after the conversation with the tomb keeper had him realized that the prison they were in was not unique.

Moreover, it did seem that their master had given up this place.

Initially, it had been hard for him to accept what the mad guy had said, but on second thought, he had realized that it made sense.

If their master really cared about this place, why hadn't he just killed all these intruders with his power?

And if he really had abandoned this place, what was the point of the Warden race's persistence?

So, the decision of the free faction had been right all along.

"Sir..."

Zelda was surprised.

She had never expected that the old man would say such things.

"But since we have come this far, we don't want to give up," the leader of the Warden race continued resolutely. "Maybe we, the insignificant wardens, are destined to be like this. Even though our master has already abandoned us, we still have to sacrifice our most humble lives for his sake." The old man looked at Zelda, and then at Luther, who was standing behind her. With a complicated smile, he said, "If you win, you must live on. You will be the last remaining bloodline of our Warden race."

The leader of the Warden race knew that their race was not a great race; it was far inferior to the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race.

However, he still hoped to see their bloodline continue. In the future, this would perhaps be the last trace of their race's existence in this world.

"All the members of the Warden race, listen to me. You are not allowed to attack Zelda and Luther," the leader of the Warden race then ordered the clansmen behind him.

"Why?" The cloaked man with purple hair stepped forward. He didn't understand why the leader was issuing such an order. How could they hope to win a fight if they couldn't attack two of their opponents?

"Do as I say," the leader of the Warden race said calmly.

The man hesitated for a while, but in the end, he chose to be silent. In the Warden race, the old man's word was final.

Then, the old man raised his crutch with his wrinkled hands. As the blue light on his crutch continued to flash, all the people in black robes behind him also raised their weapons.

Tears fell from Zelda's eyes as she began sobbing. She could no longer tell what was right and what was wrong. She only felt sorry for the fate of her own race.

When Zen saw this scene, his expression became rather complicated.

The truth was, he didn't want to attack these people.

But just as the old man had said, they had already come this far; how could they choose to retreat at this stage?

The old man hit the ground heavily with his crutch, and at once, the people in black robes charged forward.

Zen was supposed to give an order in response, but he kept silent, still hesitating.

Emily glanced at Zen and slightly shook her head. It seemed that Zen was still too young.

Therefore, she gently waved her hand and ordered, "Fight!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The exiles also charged forward at once.

On the other side of the Equality Altar, the tomb keeper slowly walked over and shook his head at the scene in front of him.

Then, he took out two inconspicuous black knives from behind him. When he held them in his hands, there was a dramatic change in his temperament.

The cynical look on his face disappeared, replaced by fierceness as he slowly swaggered forward.

Chapter 2657 Pierced In The Chest

A series of bangs, cracks, whooshes sounded. . .

The clanging sounds of the swords colliding with each other, the crackling sound of bones being broken, and the squelching of blood as a body was pieced by a sharp weapon - all these sounds rang out from time to time.

Lives were like weeds, being ruthlessly uprooted and cast aside.

The tomb keeper walked over briskly. He had a sharp gaze and looked relaxed.

For him, this battle was a spicy deviation from his long years of boring cultivation.

He had promised to help the Warden race, but he had to choose his opponents carefully.

Just ahead of him, Emily took a step forward.

The annular saber in her hand circled around and shot towards a man in a black robe.

Emily had made an ingenious move. Not only did it allow her to avoid the sword shadow that the man in the black robe had thrown at her, she had also feigned an attack, goading the other party into making a wrong judgment.

The man in the black robe didn't know how to dodge and panicked.

The annular saber whizzed past his neck.

Before his blood could leave a mark on the saber, the man in the black robe had already fallen backwards.

Bergen had cut in half the annular saber that she had previously used in order to save Zen. Emily had had to get a new one.

"Annular saber? The Snake Goddess race?"

The eyes of the tomb keeper widened as he saw the saber in Emily's hand.

This type of weapon was unique and very few people were actually good at using it. As the tomb keeper recollected, only a few women in the Snake Goddess race were ever any good at using this kind of weapon.

The most famous of all annular sabers in the Snake Goddess race as well as in the Source World was called the Soul Conquering Ring.

But Emily's trick had attracted his attention.

Without a second thought, the tomb keeper chose Emily as his opponent.

He stepped onto the ground and went straight up to Emily.

Once Emily had killed the man in the black robe, she looked up, her beautiful eyes narrowed, and locked onto her second goal. A voice sounded just as she turned around.

"You can be my opponent," the tomb keeper said with a smile.

Emily looked askance at him.

All the Warden members were dressed in black. Even under their black robes, their clothes were of a color that remained distinct.

The tomb keeper's clothes were completely different.

Before Emily could respond, the tomb keeper rushed towards her, two daggers held aloft in his hands.

Emily didn't hesitate.

She turned the saber in her hand and brought it crashing down to the tomb keeper's face.

She had used the perfect speed and strength in launching the strike.

Ordinary people would have been forced to retreat in the face of such a strike, while Emily would close in and throw in deadly blows one after another. Once she forced her opponent to reveal a flaw in their defense, another deadly strike would find its way to them.

But she hadn't expected the tomb keeper's strength!

The tomb keeper had no intention of backing down and met Emily's attack head on.

He turned the two daggers into an angle that managed to block Emily's attack. .

The saber slid down along the length of the daggers, spraying sparks as it went.

The moment the daggers twisted, Emily felt a strange force coming over her. She could hardly hold the saber in her hand and before long, it flew out of her hand.

Emily retreated in a moment of desperation. Fear spread within her as she sized her opponent up once again.

Everyone now had the same level of strength once the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was activated. The Chaos Ancient God had proffered special treatment to the Warden race. This meant that everyone else had to fend for themselves and find a way to utilize their strengths to win their fights.

This man had only used two unremarkable daggers and he had still been able to perfectly utilize his strength. Emily knew dealing with him was going to be tricky.

"You are not a member of the Warden race?" Emily asked, frowning.

"Who says I am?" the tomb keeper said, smiling.

"Why did you help them?" Emily persisted.

The tomb keeper shrugged and answered her, "Maybe because we've been neighbors for so long that I felt obliged to do it."

That was all the explanation he offered.

He then charged at Emily again, brandishing the two daggers.

The tomb keeper wasn't very flexible. His movements looked rigid and clumsy, but he knew how to control his strength perfectly.

Every time his daggers touched Emily's saber, the force affected Emily, making it difficult for Emily to hold on to the saber.

So she kept retreating, constantly adjusting, and constantly trying her best to adapt to his attacks.

The tomb keeper still had that jerky smile on his face, but it didn't reach his eyes.

It wasn't until he had attacked her dozens of times in a row that Emily finally, completely adapted to his strength.

But just as Emily attempted to counterattack, the tomb keeper suddenly changed his move.

With a flip of both daggers, he sent one of them into the edge of the saber, and the other hit it hard with its sharp blade.

The force pierced the saber and hit Emily's hand.

Emily felt her hand numb, the saber finally flying out of her hand.

The tomb keeper did not stop. He stabbed at Emily with the dagger in his left hand.

Having lost her weapon, Emily had no choice but to grab the dagger.

It cut open her palm, blood gushing out in rivulets.

"Ha-ha!" The tomb keeper laughed, and pushed the other dagger into Emily's chest.

The dagger, which was several inches long, passed clear through Emily's body.

Only the hilt and the top of the dagger could be seen on either side.

Just at this moment, a blade came at him from the side.

It carved a crooked path in the air, and was headed at the tomb keeper's right arm.

"This swordsmanship..."

The tomb keeper frowned.

He couldn't even see the direction this sword momentum was coming from. And this unremarkable sword strike had now forced him to retreat.

The dagger remained in Emily's body.

Emily covered her chest with one hand, her face pale with the pain.

Zen stood in front of Emily, a long sword in hand and said, "Don't pull out the dagger! Hold on a minute!"

Such an injury as hers would have been undoubtedly fatal to an ordinary person.

But for a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm, the wound was minor, provided the Strength Equalizing Theurgy ended.

The question was: Could Emily hold on until then?

The tomb keeper took a few steps backwards and looked at Zen with interest. "Here's someone else who looks more interesting-"

Zen raised his sword and rushed at the tomb keeper before he could finish talking. .

With a whooshing sound, the dozens of strikes that Zen had launched made their way over to the tomb keeper.

When Zen's sword collided with the man's dagger, he could also feel a twisted force emanating from it.

It was as if this force was pulling the long sword away from him. He felt like he could hardly hold the sword in his hands.

The tomb keeper retreated before he was able to stabilize himself.

Zen's swordsmanship was ingenious, but it was quite easy for the tomb keeper to see through it.

Dozens of strikes later, his eyes flashed. He had found a way to break Zen's swordsmanship!

He waved the dagger rapidly so that it spun like a flower. .

As the flower hit Zen's sword, Zen finally felt his right hand weaken, and his long sword forced out of his hand.

The tomb keeper only smiled, and seemed to take it as a matter of course. He waved his dagger at Zen, but in this moment, he sensed that something was wrong.

"This is..."

He suddenly looked up to find that in a whirlpool in the air, a speck of green starlight was rapidly descending onto his head!

Chapter 2658 Interrogation

The tomb keeper was startled by the sudden falling starlight.

He hadn't thought that the fellow in front of him would be able to activate the theurgy at this time.

Without time to think about anything, he abruptly gritted his teeth and rolled away.

Bang!

The starlight almost grazed his scalp as it fell and left a big crater in the ground.

The tomb keeper looked up at Zen with a strange expression on his face.

"The truth theurgy? Where did you cultivate it?"

As one of the most powerful masters in the Source World, he knew that the truth theurgy was very rare.

A cultivator could use the Grand World Cultivation Method to comprehend the Godly Way. When they reached the top level of the Godly Way, they could master the Truth of Godly Way, and then get to the Other Shore...

Only those with great talent and perseverance would finally be able to succeed.

As for how long they could move forward after arriving at the Other Shore, that would depend on their own abilities.

However, it was impossible for anyone to comprehend the truth on their own; this was a widely-accepted fact in the Source World.

So now, seeing Zen use the truth theurgy was a great surprise to the tomb keeper.

However, Zen just ignored him.

He was surprised to know that the tomb keeper was able to see through his bloodline theurgy, but he didn't want to waste his time on such trifles.

He knew that the best course of action would be to finish the battle as soon as possible.

Whoosh...

As the Truth Crystal rotated, another green star fell down.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Zen turned around and picked up his long sword from the ground. A beam of green light enveloped the sword as he rushed toward the tomb keeper.

At the same time, Emily was kneeling on the ground and breathing deeply with her hand pressed to her chest.

As blood flowed along the edge of the blade, she felt her consciousness blurring away.

A sense of crisis flooded her. Was she going to die here today?

In the current state that she was in, she would not be able to hold on for a long time.

'That guy is so determined...' She stared blankly at Zen in the distance, feeling a little touched in her heart.

No one had moved her this much in a long time.

As the fierce battle raged on, more and more warriors fell to the ground, never to get back up again.

The sound of their miserable cries and the smell of blood filled the air.

To a certain extent, wars among warriors who had mortal bodies were more cruel and bloody than those among the mighty masters.

On the other side, the purple-haired man from the Warden race leaped off the roof in pursuit of an exile.

The exile was seriously injured and spilling a trail of blood behind him as he ran.

After a moment, he stumbled and let out a heavy gasp, almost unable to catch his breath.

Whoosh!

The purple-haired man stopped and, with the blue saber in his hand, slashed at the exile.

"Die!"

He hated these invaders with a passion.

If it weren't for them, he would have likely become the new leader of the Warden race after the current one died.

The exile had exhausted his strength, so he could only roll on the ground to avoid the attack. However, it was too late for him to get up.

Crack!

The purple-haired man raised the saber once more and swung down.

This time, he hit his target; the exile's head flew off his body.

Then, the man turned around to return to the battlefield.

He had come a long way from the battlefield in order to hunt down this exile.

But just as he jumped up and climbed onto the roof, a black rope suddenly appeared in front of his neck!

Before he could react, the rope was pulled back at a very fast speed.

His instincts told him to cut off the rope with the saber in his hand.

However, he had barely lifted his right arm when he felt it go cold. In a split-second, it was neatly cut off from below his elbow.

"Who?"

As soon as he spoke, he felt his left arm and his legs go cold as well.

All his limbs had been cut off!

The chill lasted for a few seconds before he felt an unbearable pain shoot through his body.

The severe pain made his face turn completely scarlet, and the muscles on his face constantly twisted around.

At this moment, a man walked out of the dark corner.

When the purple-haired man turned to his direction, a look of surprise came over his face. "Spark!"

The Warden race had planned to use Spark's power to fight against Emily, but the result had not been satisfying, so they had chosen to give up.

However, the purple-haired man hadn't expected that Spark would escape the disaster and appear here at this time.

With a sharp knife in his hand, Spark looked down at the man with purple hair and said with a sneer, "I'm the one who has always schemed against others. I didn't expect you to play a trick on me this time..."

"Ha-ha. You are also prisoners in this world. How can our Warden race let you go?" the purple-haired man said snidely, bearing the sharp pain.

"You are right. We've been in different positions from the beginning, so we should not cooperate." Spark nodded and pointed the knife in his hand at the purple-haired man. "Tell me how to remove the Strength Equalizing Theurgy."

The purple-haired man sneered, "Do you think I'll tell you?"

Spark shrugged. Without any hesitation, he stabbed the sharp knife into the belly of the purple-haired man. Then, he slowly slid the knife to the left, making a small cut. "If you can't help me remove the Strength

Equalizing Theurgy in five minutes, you will bleed to death. Whether you die or stay alive is up to you."

Then, Spark stepped back and leaned against the wall with an indifferent expression on his face.

With all his limbs gone, the man with purple hair was unable to move or stop his bleeding. If he continued like this, he would definitely die.

The only way to save himself was to terminate the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

But right now, the Warden race still had the strength to fight against the invaders. However, if he did as Spark said and stopped the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, Emily alone would be able to defeat their whole race!

Drip, drip, drip...

As the sound of blood dripping reached the man's ear, a hint of panic appeared on his face.

Sensing his anxiety, Spark smiled. "The only person who can save you is yourself."

The man with purple hair had a fierce struggle in his heart. He was not afraid of death, but he was unwilling to die silently like this.

After about thirty seconds, he said, "There are two solutions. The first one is to reset the Equality Altar to the original state, and the other is to destroy the Equality Altar."

"Which way is faster?" Spark asked.

"The first one! It's not that easy to destroy the Equality Altar. With your current ability, you wouldn't be able to destroy it even after several days and nights!"

"Tell me the way to reset it then," Spark said calmly.

Soon, Spark left the corner and wiped away the blood on his sharp knife.

There was a fierce battle going on not far away. He sneered in that direction and then walked in another direction.

Now that all of the warriors of the Warden race had been sent out to fight, there was no one guarding the Equality Altar.

It was not easy to destroy the Equality Altar, and only a few members of the Warden race knew how to reset it, so it was meaningless to guard the Equality Altar now.

At this time, Spark quietly appeared on the other side of the square and quickly strode to the Equality Altar.

Chapter 2659 Deactivate The Strength Equalizing Theurgy

"Swish!"

Zen slashed the sword in front of him with practiced ease, leaving a barely noticeable mark on the wall.

The house groaned, and a second later, collapsed with a deafening sound.

Unfortunately, as fierce as Zen's sword was, it was unable to hurt the tomb keeper.

Zen weighed the sword in his hand, face solemn.

Everyone became ordinary under the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, and in theory, Zen would be mostly unrivaled under this condition.

However, he didn't expect the tomb keeper's body to be this tough. Even if he utilized the Truth Crystal, he still couldn't do anything to the tomb keeper and it was frustrating him to no end.

"Let's make a deal," said the tomb keeper as he dexterously spun the dagger in his hand. "If I defeat you, you'll tell me how you cultivated the truth theurgy. What do you think?"

The sudden proposal puzzled Zen.

He thought the tomb keeper would be on the Warden race's side but judging from his attitude, it looked like he didn't really care much whether the race lived or died.

"I have no time for such nonsense." Zen extended his arm and with a slight turn of the Truth Crystal in his palm, starlight shone down the tomb keeper.

Not a second after, Zen darted towards the tomb keeper, his sword enveloped in a green light.

Swish!

The tomb keeper took half a step back, as cool and indifferent as ever.

This was how he moved, calculated and precise.

He didn't blink once as the starlight hit his body.

And as Zen's sword came at him, he merely tilted his head, narrowly missing a gash on the neck.

His movements looked like dancing. Any carelessness would lead him to death.

He moved leisurely, as if he was waltzing and not fighting to the death. It irked Zen but he guessed it would be good for him if the tomb keeper made a wrong step.

If it weren't for the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, Zen could easily claim victory by using the Eight Smoky Melodies.

The tomb keeper, however, only had his experience to rely on. 'He must have perfect perception of energy, ' thought Zen.

Watching his opponent's fluid body movement secretly frightened Zen, prompting him to make fiercer and stronger attacks.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Three beams of starlight fell on the tomb keeper's head.

His body twisted slightly, barely dodging the light beams. He lifted his dagger and hacked at Zen.

Whoosh!

Zen had thrust his long sword just in time, stabbing at the tomb keeper multiple times.

He aimed his strikes where the vital organs would be but the tomb keeper remained unharmed.

Even though Zen's sword strikes were random, the tomb keeper could still make accurate judgments.

"You don't want to tell me, huh? Looks like I have no choice but to force it out of you!"

the tomb keeper said as he constantly dodged Zen's attacks.

"Swish!"

Zen swung his sword at the tomb keeper

but the body of the tomb keeper was like a willow, avoiding Zen's attacks with ease.

The tomb keeper then came forward and hit Zen's wrist with his dagger's hilt.

"Clang!"

Zen's sword fell on the ground.

Having lost his weapon, Zen gritted his teeth and once again summoned a beam of starlight, smashing it down the tomb keeper.

The tomb keeper's eyes gleamed as he quickly moved behind Zen.

He grabbed Zen's neck and pushed him forward, right below the falling starlight. "Say it," he said.

Seeing that the starlight was about to hit Zen's head, the tomb keeper suddenly pulled him back.

Cold sweat rolled down Zen's forehead.

Just now, his life had been entirely under the control of the tomb keeper. If the tomb keeper hadn't pulled him back, he most likely would have been killed by his own starlight.

However, Zen did not intend to give up.

As soon as he was upright, he turned around and pushed his elbow towards the tomb keeper's face.

The tomb keeper's mouth curled in growing annoyance. He maneuvered his body to dodge Zen's elbow as his hands snaked up Zen's shoulders.

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

Zen's arms were dislocated and drooped feebly with two crisp sounds.

"Still want to do this?" the tomb keeper asked again.

"Phew!"

Zen raised his leg and kicked towards the tomb keeper.

"Crack! Crack!"

The tomb keeper avoided the kick and with a light tap, dislocated Zen's legs as well. Zen's knees buckled and he fell face-first on the ground.

Zen lay down, gasping for breath. He was helpless.

Never had he been defeated by someone with the same strength as him.

It had almost been impossible for Emily to defeat him under the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

But the tomb keeper dominated him easily.

"Actually, I can guess even if you don't say it," said the tomb keeper, as he looked down at Zen. "You learned the truth theurgy from Othniel. I went to see him when he just came to this world, but he didn't talk to me."

"Othniel?" Zen's eyes widened.

No. 9527 had never called its master by his name. It looked like its master was called Othniel.

"Countless top figures in the Source World scrambled for the truth theurgy, and they went to great lengths to obtain it. Some of them even had the delusion to create the Godly Ways Great Unity, but in the end, they still got nothing. But why did he choose you?" Curiosity and annoyance laced the tomb keeper's voice.

The tomb keeper had visited Othniel in the hope that he could learn the truth theurgy, only to be disappointed.

In fact, the reason why the tomb keeper stayed here was that he wanted to obtain the Truth Godly Way. It was why he made that bet with Herbert.

In the eyes of the tomb keeper, as a top-rank True God, Zen was indeed outstanding enough.

However, he had seen many True Gods as outstanding as Zen. There were, after all, too many powerful True Gods in the Source World.

And if he was being honest, Zen wasn't anywhere near the top ten.

But why was it that Zen got the truth theurgy without much effort when he had spent countless hours and energy trying to learn it, only to fail every time?

"Tell me why he chose you," the tomb keeper continued, his eyes never straying from Zen.

Zen only turned his head aside.

"I have a way to make you speak," the tomb keeper said.

But just as the tomb keeper pressed on Zen harder, a loud whirring sound suddenly came from far away.

When the tomb keeper heard this, he looked up at the Equality Altar and frowned.

Why did the Warden race deactivate the Strength Equalizing Theurgy now? Were they playing with death?

It was already difficult to fight against the intruders under the effect of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy. Just imagine how it would be with the Strength Equalizing Theurgy gone.

As the Equality Altar rotated slowly, it emitted dots of orange light which began to spread in all directions.

Activating the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was a process that moved from inside to outside and from slow to fast.

Deactivating it was the same.

Spark, who was standing in the center of the Equality Altar, was the first to be infiltrated by the orange light.

When his cultivation base was restored, a sinister smile appeared on his face.

At this moment, the group of people not far from the altar were just a group of ants for him.

Realizing it was his chance, he shouted, "All of you! Go to hell!"

His voice echoed in the sky.

Chapter 2660 Irritated

It would take the Equality Altar some time to remove the Strength Equalizing Theurgy completely.

It took about nine seconds for the orange dots to disperse from the Equality Altar and spread to Emily and the others.

But those nine seconds were enough for Spark.

Now that the constraint on his body had been cast off and he finally regained his strength, the power began to disperse.

If an Other Shore Realm warrior went out to fight, it wouldn't be a challenge to kill countless mortals.

Spark let out a roar of fury as his body started to swell up, eventually turning into a giant that was four million feet tall.

"Crack!"

Eight flashes of dragon-shaped lightning furiously circled him.

Spark felt immense joy as he thought of those men dying in his hands.

"Emily, Timotheus, all the exiles, and the Warden race members, you all should go to hell!"

Without any hesitation, Spark reached out his hand and tapped the air. The eight flashes of dragon-shaped lightning circled each other, and then poured towards the warriors who were busy fighting.

At that moment, everyone was confused.

The leader of the Warden race with a walking stick and a bent body let out a faint sigh.

A huge wave of helplessness struck him.

He didn't want to think about how Spark would manage to break the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

The Warden race was on the verge of falling down. Even if the tomb keeper had defeated two of the most powerful intruders, it didn't help ease the situation.

The leader also couldn't ask the tomb keeper to do more for them.

They were running out of options. Doing anything at all was useless.

The massive power had intimidated even Emily, Timotheus, and the other exiles. When they saw Spark, their eyes were filled with nothing but resentment.

Letting Spark escape before was a terrible idea. No one had thought he would do such a thing.

The eight flashes of dragon-shaped lightning had approached in just a blink of an eye. With the explosive sound of lightning, everyone's eardrums were shattered, and their ears began to bleed.

After all, they were just mere mortals. That kind of power was more than enough to wipe them all out.

A bitter smile crept up on Zen's face as he witnessed the scene from the ground.

He never thought everyone would just die after fighting for so long.

The tomb keeper stood beside Zen, looking at the gruesome view with his mouth slightly open.

He also never expected such a thing to happen.

"Damn it. I was careless!"

If only there was no Strength Equalizing Theurgy, Spark would've been easier to take down. He didn't even take all the exiles seriously, not to mention Spark.

At that time, orange light spots still fluttered slowly from a distance.

Without his cultivation base, the dragon-shaped lightning could directly devour him.

The tomb keeper wasn't any ordinary Other Shore Realm warrior.

He was one of the few most powerful warriors in the Source World.

The Strength Equalizing Theurgy belonged to the truth theurgy. Although it had suppressed him a lot, he still had a way to hold out against it.

At that crucial moment of life and death, the tomb keeper grew serious.

"Come on!"

he shouted.

Blood textures then spread on his face like bright clouds.

At the same time, blue veins began to emerge on the surfaces of his body. He struggled for a little bit, and then...

Buzz...

Streaks of blue light leaked out of his body.

When Zen, who was still on the ground, noticed the changes happening with the tomb keeper, his eyes widened.

It was those blue lights that affected everyone's cultivation base.

The blue dots might represent the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

That fellow was actually able to resist that theurgy and had managed to force the blue dots out of his body.

The Strength Equalizing Theurgy was arranged by the Chaos Ancient God.

Only then did Zen realize how powerful the tomb keeper really was.

It didn't surprise him why he lost to the tomb keeper.

After all the blue light dots were forced out, the tomb keeper's aura also drastically changed.

At that moment, the eight flashes of dragon-shaped lightning glided over.

The waves caused by the lightning gushed over, and the houses on both sides of the road began to collapse.

The exiles and the members of the Warden race were directly annihilated by the dragon-shaped lightning. The attack left no room for resistance or avoidance.

The lightning continued to extend all the way to the front of the tomb keeper. He slightly stretched out his hand and pointed a finger to the ground.

Zen didn't feel any kind of special energy being used by the tomb keeper.

However, the eight flashes of dragon-shaped lightning failed to move further.

An invisible shield stood in front of the tomb keeper.

Those bolts of lightning followed the direction where the tomb keeper's finger was pointed. All of them went straight to the ground.

'Is he able to control others' powers?' Zen thought, obviously dumbfounded by what he had just witnessed.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The eight bolts of lightning continued to descend, causing a huge, deep crater in the ground.

Zen flopped himself on the edge of the huge crater as if he was lying on the side of a cliff.

Spark was filled with confidence when he launched this attack.

He believed that no one was going to resist such power even if he used only a little bit of it.

However, something groundbreaking had occurred.

Someone not only blocked his attack but also took his strength away.

How was that possible?

Even though Emily regained her strength, she couldn't do something like that.

Spark narrowed his eyes and glared at the tomb keeper.

"Who are you?" Spark asked.

His voice was loud, but only the tomb keeper could hear it as everyone else's eardrums had been shattered.

"What makes you think you have the right to know that?" the tomb keeper said casually, raising his arm to point mockingly at Spark.

At that very moment, he was more displeased than before.

He helped the Warden race with the battle and even fought Zen. He was very relaxed amidst all those events.

To him, those were just a touch of spice for his boring life.

However, Spark suddenly broke the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, forcing the tomb keeper to break free from restraint of this theurgy by himself.

Even for the tomb keeper, putting up a fight against the Chaos Ancient God wasn't going to be a walk in the park. He would have to pay a huge price if he did such a thing.

That annoyed the tomb keeper to a great extent. He had wasted so much over a nobody like Spark.

All he wanted was to tear Spark into pieces.

When the tomb keeper smacked the air, an invisible hand struck Spark pretty hard.

All of a sudden, Spark felt an uncontrollable force crushing his body that stood four million feet high. The sound of his bones cracking was as loud as thunderclaps.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Spark's huge head was crushed flat even before he could get rid of the Wild God body.

His huge body collapsed, resembling a mountain that was caving in.

After his spiritual soul was obliterated, the Wild God Power began to quickly evaporate. His huge body continued to shrink into pieces until all of it disappeared right before everyone's very eyes.

It wasn't until then that the orange dots slowly drifted into everyone's body.

Chapter 2661 The Human Sovereign

Emily was already exhausted and reached her limit.

She started losing her strength because of the excessive loss of blood, and her face paled just like a piece of paper.

She felt like she was at the gate of death, and her spirit would leave her any time now.

She had no recollection at all about what had happened. She only knew that this time, she had to rely on her remaining willpower to hold on.

In the midst of her struggle, the orange light suddenly shot into her body.

Her originally suppressed cultivation was quickly restored.

In the blink of an eye, the almost exhausted power of life was powered up and became full!

Her weakened body had been instantly energized exponentially as her haggard breath had recovered.

She didn't need to use any theurgy. She could recover in a short period of time by just depending on her powerful physical body and blood.

The dagger, which was stabbed on her chest, drew itself out of the wound under the wriggling of her muscles.

The wound was then completely healed without a scar, leaving only a flawless skin.

At the same time Emily began to recover, the other severely injured exiles had also been healed.

Powerful auras spread out and pervaded the space.

The black robed men of the Warden race were not excluded and had also restored their own cultivation.

Of all the members of their race, no one had ever reached the Other Shore Realm. As a result, compared to Emily and the other exiles, their auras were comparably small.

The surroundings were still. Emily and the rest did not make a move.

Everyone turned their gazes to Zen.

An extremely powerful monster was standing beside him.

The tomb keeper could get rid of the power of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy by himself. With just a single slap, he could easily kill Spark of the Yellow Emperor race.

Both Emily and Timotheus were in awe looking at such a powerful man.

If by chance, the tomb keeper would fight along the Warden race's side, they would surely have no chance of survival at all.

But at the thought, Emily didn't feel anxious. The tomb keeper was obviously not, in a chance, under the control of the Warden race.

His power alone could defeat all the exiles. It just showed that the Warden race didn't have a hold on him. If the Warden race could really order him around, then they wouldn't need to activate the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

Zen, who was no longer suppressed by the Strength Equalizing Theurgy, slowly stood up from the ground.

When the tomb keeper displayed such powerful strength, the battle between them and the tomb keeper seemed to be of no importance.

After everyone's normal condition had been restored, they waited for the instructions of the tomb keeper.

"Click! Click!"

The head of the Warden race threw away his walking stick and quickly walked up to the tomb keeper, making a bow with his hands clasped.

The scene of the tomb keeper's act just now greatly shocked the Warden race.

"Our race has been your neighbor for so many years. Please drive these exiles away for the sake of our master!"

The head of the Warden race knew in his heart that the tomb keeper would be a bigger help as the last life-saving straw for their race.

Hearing his words, Emily and the rest of the exiles were stunned.

Once the tomb keeper was persuaded to join hands with the Warden race, they would surely lose everything.

"Sir, I was the leader of the Rose Sect in the Pear Hill, and I'm not willing to be imprisoned here. If I can return to the Pear Hill, I will remember the favor," Emily interjected and said.

The tomb keeper looked at Emily and spoke in a cold voice, "You are from the Pear Hill? Hahaha..."

His weird laughter made Emily's blood freeze.

The crowd that just heard his words and laughter stood still and felt nervous.

In the Source World, There were countless powerful masters.

Since the ancient times, a lot of people had been born with indescribable talents. Due to this, powerful forces had been established.

Among the powerful forces that had been established was the Snake Goddess race, which was one of the strongest races in the Source World. If the tomb keeper had a grudge against the Snake Goddess race, Emily's words might have an adverse effect.

She certainly knew how to weigh the pros and cons.

But the tomb keeper had helped the Warden race after the Strength Equalizing Theurgy was activated.

And if he agreed to help the Warden race this time, they might have no chance to survive being on the losing end.

The tomb keeper had stared at Emily for a while, and his face slowly darkened. It was as if some unforgettable memories had been stirred up and haunted him. He uttered, "Not to mention that you're just an insignificant sect leader of the Pear Hill, even if the Snake Goddess feels grateful to me, I, as her brother, will not accept!"

"Brother?"

Did the Snake Goddess have a brother? Zen's expression turned strange as he heard the tomb keeper's words.

Not just Zen, but Emily, Timotheus and other exiles were once again given a start by the sudden revelation.

It had never occurred to them that they would meet the Snake Goddess's brother in this place.

Emily stared in disbelief at the tomb keeper and stammered, "You... You are the Human Sovereign, Fuxi*!"

(*TN: Fuxi is a culture hero in Chinese legend and mythology.)

The existence of the Human Sovereign Fuxi in the Source World was extraordinary, and he held a high position. Every exile was aware and had heard of his name.

The tomb keeper snorted and acquiesced in Emily's guess.

"Master Fuxi, the Snake Goddess has been depressed since your disappearance. We have never seen her smile over the past countless years. I didn't expect that you were trapped, no stayed, here," Emily humbly said.

This prison had served as a trap for the exiled but it was not the same case for the tomb keeper. For her, Fuxi couldn't be trapped in this place.

A glimmer of light showed in Fuxi's eyes as he asked, "Really?"

"Of course. Before I was exiled, we held a party in the Pear Hill but the Snake Goddess didn't appear. It was said that it was also because of you," Emily responded.

As the leader of the Rose Sect, Emily enjoyed a high position in the Pear Hill, so she knew some secrets.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi were originally brother and sister, but later they became husband and wife.

But for some unknown reason, Fuxi suddenly left in anger and eventually disappeared from the Source World.

The Snake Goddess had tried her means to look for him, but failed several times.

Unbeknownst to everyone, he had already left the Source World and hid at the bottom of the chaos, stayed and never went out for so many years.

Fuxi heard Emily's words and had a complex expression on his face. He let out a long sigh.

He, after all, still cared about his sister.

He looked back at the head of the Warden race and said, "As I told you, this world is a failure, and Herbert has abandoned it. I helped you as we agreed. You have lost. Let them go, and I will protect your race."

The head of the Warden race already knew that Fuxi could not be on their side as he listened to his conversation with Emily. It was a great honor that he was still willing to protect their race. The head had no other choice but to accept.

Fuxi, after speaking his statement, swiftly grabbed Zen and ordered, "Follow me!" Immediately after, he and Zen flew backwards.

Seeing this scene, Timotheus panicked and shouted, "Master Fuxi..."

But Fuxi just ignored him. In the blink of an eye, the two disappeared from everyone's sight.

Emily saw how anxious Timotheus was and comforted him, "Don't worry. Zen will be fine."

Fuxi's intention on taking Zen away was still unclear, but she knew that he had no reason to harm him.

She shrugged the thought aside and kept her focus on what was important at this moment. Now that they had already won the battle, it was time to cut off the Curse Chains on their bodies.

Chapter 2662 Jealousy

Zen skimmed through a row of low houses and saw a mountain from a distance.

He saw that a row of black tombstones stood, lined up along the said mountain.

After they flew over these tombstones, one singular tombstone stood out as it was tall and placed at the back.

Just as Zen was wondering who was buried under this tombstone, Fuxi threw him down randomly. To his surprise, Zen fell to the ground.

One foot close to the ground, Zen merely tapped his toe and stood steadily beneath the tombstone.

Just then, Fuxi flashed and appeared right beside Zen.

Zen took a long, intent look at the tombstone. There were no inscribed words or carvings on it, so he didn't know who was buried here.

"Why did you take me here?" Zen asked.

With a calm expression on his face, Fuxi looked like an ordinary person without anything unusual.

No one would have guessed that he had killed Spark, an Other Shore Realm warrior so easily.

Fuxi didn't answer Zen's question and instead, lightly tapped on the tombstone.

Just as his hand stopped tapping, gold threads slowly spread out at the bottom of the tombstone. These gold threads climbed up and soon spread all over the tombstone.

Looking at the threads, Zen couldn't seem to understand them.

"I have stayed here for a very long time, about 30 billion years," said Fuxi, staring at the fine, majestic lines. "Even for me, 30 billion years is not a short time. I have wasted all my time here."

"You are not trapped here, aren't you?" Zen asked, puzzled. "You could have left as you wished. Why didn't you leave?"

All Zen knew was that the man in front of him, Fuxi, was very powerful. Besides, he was the brother of Snake Goddess. Because of this, he had the notion that no one could imprison him no matter how bad they wanted to.

This guy chose to stay, and yet he was complaining that he had wasted his time here. Zen shook his head in bewilderment.

"Leave?"

Fuxi's eyes flashed with a golden light, and his hand had already placed on Zen's shoulder.

Crackle!

Just then, an intense force began to drop on Zen's shoulder, which sent his bones shattering.

Right before the pain began to take over his body, Fuxi's hand flashed bright light and Zen's broken shoulder was back to normal again.

"Do you know what will happen if I leave?" Fuxi asked coldly.

Zen pursed his lips and said, "No, I don't know."

"Aren't you curious?" the man asked again.

"Frankly, no, I am not," replied Zen with a shrug.

Fuxi was rendered speechless at his response. The guts this guy had were unbelievable.

On Zen's behalf, he wanted nothing but to cut off the Curse Chain and leave this prison.

Whether Fuxi wanted to stay or not had nothing to do with him.

Fuxi was angry. "It seems that you know nothing about it. It didn't make sense at all. Why would Othniel choose you? Why!?"

Hearing this, Zen rolled his eyes in annoyance. He didn't know that such a question bothered Fuxi for so long.

But even though Fuxi seemed to care so much, Zen didn't give a damn about the bloodline of the Chaos Ancient God.

As everyone knew, the truth theurgy was too complicated to be understood, but its power was not so extraordinary. The only time when one could show its use was after the activation of the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

But now that Zen wanted to return to the divine land, it was impossible for the Warden race to use the Strength Equalizing Theurgy in the divine land.

Considering his current state and everything that had happened, the truth theurgy was nothing to him.

"For your information, I have no idea why he even chose me in the first place," Zen sassed. "Can I leave now?"

"Of course not!" As he spoke, Fuxi slammed his palm hard against the tombstone, and the gold threads that emerged from it began to tremble crazily.

Fuxi had just patted Zen's shoulder casually, and the force that erupted from that slap made his bones turn into pieces.

But this tombstone seemed to be made from some special material, and it still stood firmly after being slapped by Fuxi.

"I made a bet with Herbert," Fuxi expressed as he gritted his teeth. "If I can't discover the secret on this tombstone, I will never leave this world. I want Herbert to approve of me and finally give me his blood. This is my only hope!"

Now it all made sense. The main reason why Fuxi had stayed here for the past 30 billion years was to acquire the truth theurgy of the Chaos Ancient God.

In Fuxi's opinion, it was impossible to obtain the truth theurgy through mediation. The only way to obtain it was to have the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline.

Though Herbert gave him hope, Fuxi remained unable to solve the mystery. As for Othniel, he did not pay attention to Fuxi at all.

Fuxi was such a powerful character. He had pursued the truth theurgy hard but failed. Yet here was Zen, who gained it so easily.

How could he not be angry? How could he be not jealous of Zen?

"The mystery of this tombstone should come down to the understanding of the Godly Ways Great Unity," Fuxi declared. "Hence, I will take advantage of your Truth Crystal to solve the mystery by backstepping. You are not allowed to leave until I do so. Now you can show me the Truth Crystal." He was cold and harsh, unwavering to anything that stood before him and his goal.

With his talent, only a handful of things could ever faze him.

The reason why he was unable to discover the mystery hidden in the tombstone was because of the restriction of the Godly Ways Great Unity. Because of this, he assumed that using Zen's Truth Crystal could solve it, especially because the crystal had been obtained by the Chaos Ancient God from the Godly Ways Great Unity.

Zen was slightly shocked to hear this.

This guy had been meditating here for 30 billion years, but he had not yet figured out the mystery of the tombstone.

'If he can't master it, will I have to stay here for countless years, too?' he thought to himself.

"What if you still can't comprehend it?" Zen just had to ask.

"Then I guess you'll be stuck with me for a while," Fuxi sneered.

'No way!'

Zen's face flushed with anxiousness and concern.

But even though he wanted to retaliate so bad, Zen had no choice but to obey to the powerful Fuxi.

However, at the same moment, No. 9527's consciousness suddenly came out from the sclerite in Zen's chest. "Fuxi, don't waste your time. We will never ever choose you."

After No. 9527 had sneaked into Zen's body, it wasn't planning on directly communicating with anyone. However, it chose to talk to Fuxi this time.

As soon as Fuxi sensed the words coming out of Zen's mind, his body suddenly trembled. He stared at Zen's chest and asked, "You are... You are Othniel!"

"No, I am not," No. 9527 beckoned back. "I am a mere fragment of his soul."

"A part of his soul?" Fuxi's eyes flickered in confusion.

"Give up now. I advise you not to make things difficult for Zen. After all, he was handpicked by our master. Keeping him here would anger the master, and he would surely make you suffer," No. 9527 continued.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2663 Finale Hero

The area was filled with No. 9527's calm but slightly threatening voice.

Fuxi wasn't afraid of Othniel's soul fragment, but of Othniel himself.

But, No. 9527 represented Othniel in this situation.

The thought of it made Fuxi cautious.

Furthermore, he didn't expect that Othniel had left a strand of his soul in Zen's body, which only showed that he thought of Zen as highly important to him.

"I once visited Othniel, but why did he refuse me? Am I really not qualified?" Fuxi said as he stared at Zen.

He had long wanted to master a truth theurgy.

He knew that he was strong and intelligent enough in every way.

Yet, neither Herbert nor Othniel took him as a disciple. Herbert even posed a problem for him, which made him feel very bothered.

"Are you tired of this cycle of reincarnation? Compared to the numerous creatures in the chaos, you have always been the most dazzling one. You are already very lucky!" No. 9527 countered.

There was silence for a while before Fuxi shouted in anger, "Of course I am tired of it! I am tired of the endless cycles of reincarnation. Everyone will die and be born again and again. What's the point of living in this way?"

"This is exactly the point, as my master once said," replied No. 9527.

"Bullshit! I'm afraid your master has been also tired of such a way, or why did he choose this guy?" Fuxi complained and pointed accusingly at Zen. When Zen saw Fuxi was annoyed, he subconsciously dodged.

He didn't want Fuxi to kill him in a fit of rage.

It was because of that very matter that Fuxi had a dispute with the Snake Goddess, and left. He was stubborn, and wouldn't change his mind once he'd decided.

"Maybe you're right. My master also gets tired. But I don't know the reason why he didn't choose you. Since he has chosen Zen now, you shouldn't make things difficult for him," No. 9527 said.

Fuxi couldn't help his eyelids twitch in irritation. He stared viciously at Zen, before he jumped about like a possessed man and declared, "Only I can succeed! I am the chosen one! I will be the Finale Hero! Zen is not qualified!"

He had obviously gone a bit dotty, so No. 9527 and Zen just kept quiet.

After a long while, Fuxi finally calmed down.

He glanced coldly at Zen and said, "You can leave now."

"Well...

Are you okay?" Zen asked. For some reason, he suddenly felt pity for Fuxi. Both of them had different goals.

For Zen, what Fuxi pursued was worthless.

Fuxi had done so much but he couldn't get what he wanted, which was really pathetic.

One of Fuxi's hands rested on the tombstone. He waved at Zen with the other and said, "You have no right to care about me."

Since when did he need a True God to care about him?

And so, Zen just shrugged and turned around, ready to leave.

At that moment, he heard Fuxi say, "Wait a minute."

He turned around and looked at Fuxi in confusion. He didn't know what the other man wanted to do.

"You mainly practice the Truth of Cultivation Nature, but you haven't become a consummate True God?" Fuxi asked.

Zen nodded.

Until now, he was still a top-rank True God, and hadn't become a consummate one yet.

Perhaps, it had something to do with the Infinity Ruler in his mind.

His Godly Tile was too complex and had already absorbed hundreds of kinds of Godly Ways in the divine land. Because of this, it was difficult for him to improve his cultivation level, and therefore he had not yet become a consummate True God.

"You're strange," said Fuxi as he stared at Zen up and down.

Generally speaking, it wasn't difficult for a talented True God to reach the consummation level in the Source World--but it was extremely hard to comprehend the Truths of Godly Ways.

Zen seemed to be the opposite.

Fuxi had felt several kinds of Truths of Godly Ways from Zen, and he could tell that the Truth of Cultivation Nature seemed to be complete. He was even qualified to cross the Sea of Truth.

That was why he felt strange that Zen was different from other True Gods.

He even wondered if Othniel chose Zen because of this.

"May I have a look at your Godly Tile?" he asked. "I'm afraid not," Zen said with a shake of his head.

Although Fuxi didn't look hostile, Zen did not want to show him everything.

When Fuxi noticed that Zen had become more vigilant, he just smiled.

"I also cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature in the past, and thus reached the Other Shore Realm. I can help you break through the current shackles and give you some advice," he continued.

At that point, Zen's eyes flashed at his words.

It was true that Othniel had transplanted his blood into Zen, but this didn't help him in his cultivation.

Of course, Fuxi was incredibly strong. If he gave Zen some advice…

As soon as Fuxi saw that Zen became less stiff, he smiled and pointed at his belly.

Zen had felt his belly heat up. Before he could stop Fuxi, the man had released a strand of his soul into his inner world.

"Your Godly Tile..."

He was taken aback when he first saw Zen's Godly Tile, but it was quickly replaced with laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" Zen asked with a frown. "Idiot! I thought you were special, but it turns out that you are not.

Did Othniel think you could merge the Godly Ways successfully?" Fuxi chuckled. He immediately noticed that something was off with Zen's Godly Tile as soon as the strand of his soul entered Zen's inner world.

It was known that the Godly Tile was the crystallization of a certain amount of energy.

Most of the True Gods usually cultivated only one energy.

Only a very few talented ones could master two or three kinds of energy.

Such was true in both the divine land and the Source World.

Still, there were many reckless people in the world.

They knew that it was impossible to comprehend the truth theurgies because they came from the energy of the Godly Ways Great Unity at the dawn of chaos.

That was the only chance to obtain the truth theurgies. Other than that, they could only rely on the blood transplantation of the Chaos Ancient Gods.

However, it was even harder to have the blood of Chaos Ancient Gods. Fuxi had tried for so long, but he still couldn't get it.

Therefore, they blended the energy of the Godly Ways in order to artificially create the Godly Ways Great Unity, and get the truth theurgies.

They had expected a good outcome, but no one had actually succeeded.

The Godly Tile that was formed from that way was not complete.

As time passed by, the method was eventually abandoned.

That was why the moment Fuxi saw that kind of Godly Tile on Zen, he thought that it was ridiculous.

"It's not the reason why my master chose Zen. Of course, he knows that the merging of Godly Ways won't work," No. 9527 retorted.

Fuxi nodded at its words. His lips curved into a smile. He became much more comfortable and said to Zen, "Although you have mastered many Godly Ways, I can still help you become a consummate True God. Choose a Godly Way yourself."

Chapter 2664 The Eight Diagrams Chart

A look of puzzlement appeared on Zen's face. "Do you also have 3, 000 Godly Ways?" he asked.

Fuxi had laughed at Zen for his stupid behavior of integrating the Godly Ways just now.

And then, he told Zen that he could choose any Godly Way as he liked.

Did that mean that Fuxi also cultivated the 3, 000 Godly Ways?

Chiyou was supposedly the creator of the 3, 000 Godly Ways so how could he know them?

There was a touch of embarrassment on Fuxi's face. "I don't know all the 3, 000 Godly Ways but I've mastered seventy to eighty percent. After Chiyou created them, I also tried to integrate them."

The Grand World Cultivation Method was created by the Snake Goddess, which attributed the creation of life and people to her.

Before Chiyou's creation of the 3, 000 Godly Ways, people generally practiced some kind of energy to the extreme and used it to create their inner worlds.

At that time, Chiyou strove to merge all the energy in the Source World in order to pursue the Godly Ways Great Unity.

However, the different types of energy weren't arranged under categories. With his wit and remarkable talent, Chiyou managed to gather all of them and listed 3, 000 Godly Ways.

These Godly Ways were classified according to subject, which enthused people everywhere to integrate them.

Those born in ancient times sought the truth theurgies and tried to integrate the Godly Ways.

However, they found out that this did not work.

Fuxi laughed now but he was most probably crazy for it back then, judging from his strong thirst for the truth theurgy.

Among the 3, 000 Godly Ways Chiyou created, Fuxi was able to master 2, 630. Moreover, according to what he said, about 300 Godly Ways were essentially same as others. The Parting Water Godly Way and the Mysterious Ice Godly Way, for example, were different in energy performance but derived from the same energy.

Fuxi worked really hard but got nothing in the end when he failed to gather all the energy. To say he was disappointed was an understatement.

Thus, he began to laugh at those who tried to do the same thing. It was impossible to combine the 3, 000 Godly Ways and transform them into the energy of the Godly Ways Great Unity as far as he was concerned.

When he saw Zen having absorbed several hundred Godly Ways, Fuxi couldn't help himself and teased the young man.

Zen, of course, had no idea of all this or what was going through Fuxi's mind. "I choose the Emotion Closing Godly Way," he told him.

He had previously used the Spiritual Darkness to refine his Godly Tile but he hadn't really made any progress in exploring the Godly Ways. Now that he was slated to return to the divine land, he was eager to improve his cultivation by breaking through a Godly Way.

Fuxi nodded at his answer. "Okay."

He had explored Zen's inner world just now and found the young man's main part of the Godly Tile to be the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Zen's choice didn't really come as a surprise for him.

With a gentle pat, a grayish-white sheet appeared over their heads.

Zen looked up and saw huge Eight Diagrams on the sheet along with countless grey and white lights. There was a mysterious aura that emanated from it as it spun.

"What's this?" he asked curiously.

"This is the Eight Diagrams Chart," Fuxi answered smugly.

The fact that Fuxi possessed eight ancient treasures was already well-known: the Dragon River Painting, the Nine Halls Diagram, the Cyan Divination Herb, the Phoenix Zither, the Demons Refining Calabash, the Eight Diagrams Chart, the Heaven and Earth Dagger, and the Book of Longevity. Each treasure was enough to attract the attention and interest of countless masters on its own.

"What's the use?" Zen asked.

"You'll know in a minute," Fuxi answered before pointing his finger upwards. The Eight Diagrams Chart suddenly moved and enveloped Zen entirely.

As the sheet covered him, Zen felt his entire body tremble. His soul had been cut off from all perception and he found himself falling into a monochrome world.

The sight of a dumbstruck Zen made Fuxi smile. "You are lucky to have me use the Eight Diagrams Chart to help you break through."

As soon as he said this, Fuxi immediately fell into a trance and closed his emotions. He pressed his index and middle fingers together before lightly snapping towards the Eight Diagrams Chart.

"Whoosh!"

A burst of sword energy immediately flew towards it!

After that, Fuxi took a few steps back and leaned onto the tombstone.

There was a reason why he willingly helped this young man.

Zen had been chosen by Othniel as an agent and would no doubt make a difference in the future.

Although Fuxi did not have the ability to see the future, he could make a few assumptions.

He had sworn himself to be the Finale Hero, and for that, he paid a huge price. Zen might very well prove to be an asset and help him in the future.

Meanwhile, Zen was floating in that grey and white world.

Inside this strange place, Zen realized that all his thoughts had slowed down.

The Eight Diagrams Chart continued to lazily rotate above him, making him feel sleepy.

This environment felt very calming and he felt as if he could think more clearly here.

"What a strange feeling.

If I cultivate under such a state, I will most probably make rapid progress.

This magic weapon of Fuxi is pretty good."

Zen did not really know the origins of this Eight Diagrams Chart but it must be of great value.

The serene, peaceful state was broken, however, upon the arrival of a disturbance above him.

This disturbance came in the form of sword energy and Zen's eyes flashed as he caught sight of it.

"The sword energy is amazing! The Emotion Closing Godly Way contained in it is so pure. I can't see through it."

Although he had made great attainments in the Emotion Closing Godly Way, he still hadn't reached the level of a consummate True God.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way within the sword energy in front of him was extremely mysterious. There was no way Zen could see through it!

It also moved very slowly.

The moment the sword energy burst through the Eight Diagrams Chart, it split into two rays. Upon a second collision, it further split into four and continued on and on.

"The Emotion Closing Godly Way gets weaker with each collision." A glint flashed in Zen's eyes.

Four rays.

Eight rays.

Sixteen rays.

Zen raised his eyebrows when the sword energy reached 128 rays.

"The Ripping Consciousness?"

At that point, Zen could finally see the Emotion Closing Godly Way within the sword energy.

Just as he figured it out, the 128 rays began to merge once again.

Chapter 2665 Nothingness In One

The rays of sword energy merged at a very slow speed like when they got split just now.

There were 128 rays of sword energy which merged into 64 rays. In addition, the Emotion Closing Godly Way contained in them became stronger.

Lastly, the mysteries of the Emotion Closing Godly Way finally revealed themselves during the fusion process.

"I got it...

This Eight Diagrams Chart can continuously decompose the Emotion Closing Godly Way and reveal its innermost essence to me!

What an ingenious method!"

Yet, Zen thought that it still couldn't compare to the Infinity Ruler.

After all, the Infinity Ruler could hold all the energies that belonged to the three thousand Godly Ways. It was only that Zen's cultivation was limited, so he could not fully display them.

According to what Fuxi and the Chaos Ancient God had said, it wouldn't work to merge the Godly Ways.

Despite that, Zen refused to give up.

Chiyou had passed down the Infinity Ruler to his mother, Lorena, who then gave it to his father, Mike, who had lastly chosen to give it to him, Zen.

There must be a reason why such a thing happened.

Besides, even if he couldn't make it in the end, the power of the Ways-blending Energy alone would be of great help to him at this current time. Thus, he had no reason to give up.

After he thought about it for a while, he stared at the sword energy intently and concentrated on comprehending it.

Meanwhile, things had changed on the other side.

The people of the Warden race had retreated to one side of the Equality Altar.

Since Fuxi had spoken, the powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm present didn't make things difficult for them anymore.

Anyway, all they wanted to do was leave. A long as the Warden race didn't stop them, then they would have nothing more to worry about.

As for the Warden race, they were now aware that the situation was hopeless. They would only bring about their own destruction if they persisted.

Moreover, Fuxi had already told them that even Herbert had given up. From there, it proved that the free faction was right, and it was indeed unnecessary for the conservative faction to push through.

Just then, the leader of the Warden race slowly approached Luther and unwrapped the bag on his back.

The bag contained thirteen blue short swords.

There were only a few people in the Warden race who were qualified to use those short swords, and Luther was one of them.

He held a short sword in one hand and turned around. He nodded at Emily, then said, "Master! I'm ready!"

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Emily's lips. She restrained her excitement, grabbed Luther, and disappeared.

She searched all the way through the Curse Chain behind her and soon arrived at the top of a high platform. The Curse Chain that bound Emily was tied to this high platform.

After a while, Luther didn't hesitate too much and proceeded to extract the life vitality in his body and poured it into the short sword.

As the blue light on the surface of the short sword glowed increasingly brighter, he brandished the blade and slashed at the Curse Chain...

"Ding..."

There was a small, ringing sound.

Then, the short sword cut a small, golden bug into pieces.

The Curse Chain seemed to be formed from numerous golden bugs that were connected to each other. Yet, that was only what it looked like.

In fact, the entire chain behind Emily was only a bug.

When Luther shattered that one bug, he had shattered all of the other bugs--which meant that the entire Curse Chain broke into pieces at the same time!

"Finally!

It's now broken," Emily exclaimed in relief.

She had been once so desperate, that she thought that she could never leave this world.

This damned world had shackled her for too long!

Up until now, she still didn't know Herbert's purpose. Even Fuxi didn't give a complete explanation.

However, those things didn't matter now. The important thing was that she could leave and go back to the Source World!

"Thank you, Luther," Emily said lightly. She was now visibly relaxed. Even though the space was narrow, she still felt free as a bird that flew high in the sky.

"You are my master. It's what I should do for you." He chuckled.

"All the disciples of our Rose Sect are female. You'd be the only exception if we accept you," she said with pursed lips.

She had originally refused to admit him as her disciple, and did not intend to accept him. She had only taught him to help him become a True God in the quickest time possible.

Now, she was in a good mood and thus decided to announce that she had formally accepted him as her disciple.

After Emily finished speaking, she grabbed Luther and disappeared from the high platform. They both returned to the Equality Altar.

Next, it was Timotheus' turn to take Luther to search for the Curse Chain that bound him. The other exiles from different races looked anxious as they waited for their turns.

Although they also knew that their turn would come sooner or later, it was such an important thing to them. How could they possibly restrain their eagerness?

The Curse Chains of the exiles present had been cut off by Luther. Next, it was the Wild Gods' turns...

About half a day later, the Curse Chains that bound everyone present had been broken.

"Now, there's only Zen left," said Emily as she gazed at the hill.

However, Timotheus looked worried. "I don't know what Zen is doing. He hasn't returned yet," he muttered.

Although Emily didn't think that Fuxi would hurt Zen, no one actually knew what crazy thing he could do since he had been trapped for so long.

"Let's wait a bit more," she answered. She didn't dare to disturb them.

On the other hand, the rays of sword energy continued to merge in the Eight Diagrams Chart.

The 128 rays of sword energy that had merged into 64 now fused to 32.

Zen continued to deduce as the sword energy merged some more.

"The sixty-four streams of sword energy still contain Ripping Consciousness, but the state of forgetting myself is much more advanced...

Forgetting myself...

Myself...

In the thirty-two streams of sword energy, I can feel something that has surpassed the notion of the state of forgetting myself."

"……"

It was like a circular cycle. The streams of sword energy continued to merge and split over and over…

At that point, the thoughts in his mind became much clearer.

When those streams of sword energy finally merged into one, a strange light suddenly flashed in Zen's eyes.

"In essence, the Ripping Consciousness is still to negate the self consciousness. But in subconsciousness, one still can't get rid of their own consciousness...

The streams of sword energy ranging from the 64th stream of sword energy to the 16th stream of sword energy, form the Formless State!

While the streams of sword energy ranging from the 8th stream of sword energy to the last one, form the state of Nothingness In One!

In essence, the Emotion Closing Godly Way is a kind of virtual energy!"

"Swish!"

It was at that moment when Zen clearly saw what the sword energy had revealed.

Furthermore, his understanding of the Emotion Closing Godly Way had broken several bottlenecks in a row!

"Buzz..."

Such an amount of enlightenment caused him to fall into some kind of magical state.

In addition, the golden light that surrounded his soul was now quite dazzling!

Still, he did not forget himself nor did he turn into an emotionless, statue-like being. He was simply in a state of nothingness.

When Fuxi saw Zen who was in such a state, his eyes twitched slightly as he leaned more on the tombstone.

It was true that Zen had help from the Eight Diagrams Chart, but the speed of Zen's comprehension of the Emotion Closing Godly Way still surprised him a little.

Chapter 2666 Breakthrough

Fuxi wasn't someone who could get shocked easily.

The divine land, after all, was just a world created in the chaos by Chiyou.

The Source World remained as the main world of the whole chaos.

There were just too many amazingly powerful people who had done unbelievable things there since ancient times.

Fuxi pressed on the Eight Diagrams Chart with his finger. The sheet that had formerly covered Zen's head suddenly returned to his hand.

With the sheet no more, Zen slowly opened his eyes and turned to Fuxi.

He had just comprehended the Emotion Closing Godly Way but he wasn't about to leave just yet. Instead, Zen chose to remain cross-legged by Fuxi's side.

His incarnation was currently condensing in his inner world...

Below the continent of Zen's inner world, tens of thousands of Spiritual Darknesses shuttled through numerous, small, weaving caves.

These Spiritual Darknesses had grown in number and were now divided into different forces.

Occasionally, they would even fight each other for territory.

Zen's arrival did not attract the attention of anyone in his inner world. However, as a thought came to his mind, a force suddenly grasped the Spiritual Darknesses. They were suddenly pulled out of the complicated caves they resided in and unceremoniously thrown into the chaotic sea.

"Plop! Plop! Plop!"

As soon as they hit the brown water, it immediately began to boil.

Huge clouds then rose from the surface of the sea.

Zen stared at these clouds and his entire temperament suddenly changed.

He had already cut-off all his emotions since he was in the state of Ripping Consciousness.

His eyes might look energetic but there was no vigor in them.

He was like a stone carving, or perhaps a frozen iceberg that had been submerged under the still oceans for thousands of years.

With the change of his consciousness, the brown clouds began to emanate the aura of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, turning into sword clouds.

These sword clouds were infinitely fiercer than the ones Zen had made before.

Once the Spiritual Darknesses turned into sword clouds, Zen would then be able to use them in condensing his Godly Tile.

He was previously trapped in his own comprehension of the Emotion Closing Godly Way which prevented him from reaching the consummate level. However, the situation was now different.

"It's not enough!"

he exclaimed. There was an evident frown on his face and the light in his eyes once again shone.

"Formless State!"

His aura changed once again. Zen had now lost any form at this point.

"Nothingness In One!"

His aura surged in strength before gradually becoming weaker until it faded away.

At that moment, he had completely comprehended the state of Nothingness In One.

The world no longer existed for Zen, and to the world, Zen also did not exist.

As his aura changed, so did the momentum from the sword clouds. The force that burst out had now actually doubled.

The amount of the sword momentum was dozens of times higher than when Zen was in the Ripping Consciousness state.

Countless sword shadows circled the clouds as if a hidden sword kingdom hid there.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

An idea flashed through his mind and all the clouds rolled towards the Godly Tile and entered.

Without the Infinity Ruler, Zen could keep on comprehending the Emotion Closing Godly Way, use the Spiritual Darknesses to wash his Godly Tile and help him reach the higher cultivation base.

Ever since Zen activated the Infinity Ruler, he absorbed way too many Godly Ways and was led astray to some extent. He had gotten absorbed in blending the Godly Ways which led to the slow progress in his cultivation base.

Now everything was back on track.

This was also one of the reasons why Mike arranged for him to cultivate the Emotion Closing Godly Way. He needed to rely on a main part of the Godly Tile in order to become a consummate True God.

As Zen concentrated on flushing the Godly Tile, he felt a sudden space fluctuation by his side.

A figure suddenly appeared!

The sight of this figure made him raise his eyebrows. "Evil God?"

After leaving the divine land, Zen had gotten too caught up with his affairs to take care of the people in his inner world.

He could not help but look at Evil God in surprise. "You have proved the Godly Way!"

"Creator," the Evil God muttered as he bowed to Zen. His stance indicated respect but there was a noticeable gloom on his face. "My two grandsons and I have become True Gods... Moreover, I have comprehended all the Godly Ways arranged by you. However, my cultivation base is limited, and I can only comprehend twenty to thirty percent of them..."

There was a noticeable sadness in his tone. Zen had promised to let him be free but ended up disappearing for countless years!

"You've comprehended hundreds of Godly Ways?" Zen repeated in shock.

He had initially absorbed hundreds of Godly Ways by means of the Infinity Ruler but never expected the Evil God to comprehend them. Zen was indeed impressed by his talent.

However, this did not mean that Zen's comprehension was inferior.

After all, the gap in the time flow rate was huge between the two places. Zen had only spent a few years in the prison created by the Chaos Ancient God after leaving the divine land.

The time flow rate within his inner world was much faster. The Evil God was incomparably strong and invincible in the inner world. He also spent most of his time focusing on cultivation. Thus, his cultivation speed was much faster.

"Yes!" the Evil God affirmed. "Creator, when will you let me go out of this world?"

Zen gave him a faint smile. "I have had a lot to deal with these past few years and have not given you a chance to go out. It won't be too long now though!"

He had no intention of explaining the divine land and the outside world to the Evil God right now.

It would be quite difficult for the Evil God to understand the structure of the outside world by mere description. He would only be able to do so after he entered the divine land.

Fortunately, Zen's reply was enough to satisfy the Evil God.

He could really do nothing else but wait. He had already waited for so long, so what was a few more years?

During their conversation, the sword clouds had already merged into Zen's Godly Tile.

"Rumble..."

There was a thunderous sound that came from afar.

It was then that a sharp light burst out from the Godly Tile and soared into the sky!

The Evil God was clever and immediately realized that Zen had just made a breakthrough in his cultivation base. He cupped his hands and bowed. "Congratulations Creator! Your cultivation base has reached a new level!"

Only when Zen's own cultivation was promoted could the creatures in his inner world also be qualified to reach a higher level. Seeing his Creator prosper filled the Evil God with joy, and perhaps it could be said that he was even happier than Zen himself.

Chapter 2667 Start The Journey

The Evil God was restrained by his very own cultivation base.

Although he had dabbled in such Godly Ways, he could only ever manage to master twenty to thirty percent of each of them because he was a low-rank True God.

Now that Zen had broken through as a consummate True God, the Evil God could also just as likely improve his cultivation base and comprehend more Godly Ways.

Surprise came over Zen.

He had learned quite a lot from Fuxi's Eight Diagrams Chart. If he hadn't, it would've taken much more time before he could become a consummate True God.

But the most important fact remained—Zen was unique amongst the other consummate True Gods.

With the Infinity Ruler's help, Zen managed to quickly absorb nearly all the Godly Ways he had witnessed with his own eyes. Once fully absorbed, they were wholly owned.

Similar to the Evil God's situation, his cultivation base was also limited in the past.

Now that he had become a consummate True God, he could also use the consummate level of the other Godly Ways.

When the light shooting up into the sky slowly dissipated, his Godly Tile began spinning slowly as his inner world rapidly expanded.

As more continents rose out of the chaotic sea, the water seemed to broaden tenfold—the distance between the Sanskrit words constraining his inner world also expanded.

Soon after the scene, Zen slowly opened his eyes.

Still sitting cross-legged, he extended his arm and a long sword appeared in his grasp.

Zen wouldn't dream of taking out his Shadow Bearing Sword in front of Fuxi. Although the latter showed no hostility and had even helped him break through, Zen couldn't bring himself to trust Fuxi so soon.

Buzz...

With a slight shake of the long sword, a wisp of sword intent slowly spiraled up the blade.

Simultaneously, Zen was once again immersed in the state of Nothingness In One. His sword was producing some kind of matchless energy.

Just as Zen was about to slice through the air, a finger stopped the sword.

This finger acted as a black hole—as soon as it touched the sword, the built-up energy had vanished without a trace.

"Don't destroy my mountain," Fuxi simply said.

Zen had intended to use his sword to test the power of the consummation level of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. When Fuxi stopped him, he smiled.

And then Zen stood up to lightly bow to Fuxi. "Thank you for your help. I'm deeply grateful."

But Fuxi seemed down for some reason. With a wave of his hand, he leaned against the tombstone and closed his eyes shut.

Not wanting to stay any longer, after expressing his gratitude, Zen turned to leave.

It wasn't until Zen had rushed off that Fuxi opened his eyes to take a peek at the figure vanishing in the distance. "He has inherited Chiyou's 3, 000 Godly Ways and opened up the Thousand Sanskrit Land. Now, he's been chosen by a Chaos Ancient God. I wonder what Chiyou is feeling if he does know about it."

With his broad vision, Fuxi could pick up several clues in a single glance. But he wasn't particularly interested in questioning the details any further and Zen wasn't willing to tell him, anyway.

He was well aware of Zen's origins and had figured out that Zen was an important asset to the Nine Li race.

After all, very few members of the great races in the Source World could dream of opening up the Thousand Sanskrit Land.

In the distance, Zen climbed over the low mountain and returned to the Equality Altar.

Many exiles were waiting for him there.

"Zen!"

When Timotheus, Ramzi and the others saw a figure arrive, their eyes lit up.

"Did Fuxi cause you any trouble?" Timotheus asked in concern.

Their greatest worry, of course, was Zen's safety. So long as he was alright, they figured everything would turn out fine.

But if something happened to Zen, they had no other way to deal with Fuxi.

"You've become a consummate True God?" Ramzi's eyes lit up.

With a smile, Zen nodded. "Yes, Master Fuxi has helped me a lot."

Without the help of the Eight Diagrams Chart, Zen would have needed to explore the Emotion Closing Godly Way little by little—reaching the consummation of True God Realm would've seemed far out of sight and reach.

"Congratulations, Zen. Luther will help you cut off the Curse Chain," Emily said with a smile nearby.

Luther stepped out alongside her with a short sword in his hand.

When he cut off Zen's Curse Chain, all those lucky enough to have stepped into this space sighed in relief.

But the world didn't consist of only the people there—there was also quite a number of Wild Gods.

It was a huge project that cost much time cutting off the Curse Chains of hundreds of thousands of people.

But they were the descendants of exiles, with exiles' blood flowing through their bodies—they wouldn't be left behind.

After Zen was cut loose, he and the others returned to the bone tower first.

Each great race left one or two exiles behind to help Luther cut off the Curse Chains.

A few days later at the foot of the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, several exiles of the Fire Melting race came to say goodbye.

After situating over ten thousand Wild Gods of their race into their inner worlds, they flew deep into the sky.

The chaos was too vast for anyone to even imagine.

Even the powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm found that it would be a long and difficult path to tread as they returned to the Source World.

But it didn't matter—everyone was eager to return as soon as possible.

The Fire Melting race was followed by the Star Deer race, the Mysterious Oni race etc.

Not all the Wild Gods chose to leave.

Some of them were born and raised in this world—they did not want to leave with their races' exiles.

Though well aware that they'd soon face a difficult time without the exiles protecting them, they stubbornly refused to leave.

And so the exiles didn't force them to come along.

A month later

Swish!

A ray of sword radiance which was ten thousand feet long shot from the Shadow Bearing Sword.

When the sword radiance was released, its power had covered hundreds of miles outward.

There was a certain decisive power from this radiance as though it could cut everything between heaven and earth.

Clap!

The sword radiance rushed forward rapidly and cut through the back of the Sky Spirit Bone Tower.

In spite of the radiance being extremely sharp, it was still unable to leave any trace on the bone tower.

But Zen was quite satisfied with the strike.

"After I achieved the consummation of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, this sword strike has become five times more powerful than the Ways-blending Strike.

In this case, I'm sure the power of the Ways-blending Strike can be increased even further. I can't use it now, unfortunately."

After Zen's cultivation base was improved, he had to merge the energy once again because it wasn't yet perfect.

At the time, Zen hadn't yet been able to employ the theurgies at the consummation level of other Godly Ways.

Over the past month, Zen had continuously made progress in his sword strike. Meanwhile, he had been using the Truth of Cultivation Nature to re-merge the Godly Ways.

But combining the consummation-level theurgies into one was undoubtedly a much more difficult task—doing so would take a long time.

Just then, Zen saw several beams of light suddenly flash in the sky. They came rapidly from a distance, the one in the lead pulling a long, colorful ribbon of light.

Zen's eyes lit up at the sight. The Snake Goddess race was also ready.

Emily had already agreed to go into the divine land with Timotheus and the others to assist him. At long last, it was finally time for their journey to begin.

Chapter 2668 The Heavenly Mirror Shield

In the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, ahead of the long queue of the Nine Li race's Wild Gods, there was an oval-shaped transmission door.

This transmission door led to Timotheus's inner world.

Timotheus had already created a separate continent in his inner world.

And on that continent, he had created a huge bone tower.

After all, it was not easy for these Wild Gods to leave the bone tower, so he wanted to protect their emotions and put them at ease as much as possible.

Even so, there were still many Wild Gods who chose to stay.

These Wild Gods were standing on the other side of the cave, silently watching the great migration of their people with a myriad of emotions on their faces.

The bad news was that with the departure of the exiles, the Wild Gods would lose their main source of protection.

But on the bright side, the exiles of the other races were also leaving. This meant that the remaining Wild Gods, with their bloodlines, would still be qualified to dominate this world.

Most of the Wild Gods had already entered Timotheus' inner world, and the exiles were saying goodbye to the rest of the Wild Gods who had chosen to stay behind.

After all, the exiles and their race members had a deep relationship. Before they left, the exiles gave the Wild Gods a lot of extremely powerful magic weapons and left behind a large number of cultivation resources.

Once it was all over, the remaining Wild Gods left the Sky Spirit Bone Tower and gathered with Emily and the others.

Back when the exiles had just cut off their curses, Emily and Timotheus had warned all of them not to think about taking that ship.

Naturally, the exiles had listened to Emily and Timotheus. Besides, the ship had originally been under the control of the Snake Goddess race.

At this moment, Zen, Timotheus, and Leopold all looked toward the north, where the Torrent Bone Tower was located.

Even from a long distance, they could see a faint yellow light floating in the sky. That tiny dot was the divine land.

Although it was barely visible to the naked eye, it filled Zen with a sense of excitement. He had been longing for the day he could finally return to the divine land.

On the other hand, Timotheus, Leopold, and the others had complicated emotions.

As members of the Nine Li race, they were astonished and unable to accept the fact that their race had been defeated and destroyed by the Yellow Emperor.

Now, the divine land was their only hope, so they had to support Zen and do their best for their race.

"Let's go," said Emily lightly.

The exiles of the two big races led Zen down to the Torrent Bone Tower after performing the Grand Teleportation technique several times.

At the top of the Torrent Bone Tower, a ribbon of blood-red light extended upward, firmly binding the divine land.

"After we arrive at the divine land, I'll release the shadow of Snake Goddess," said Emily.

The ribbon of light was formed by the shadow of Snake Goddess.

They hadn't released the shadow yet because Zen had repaired the power of the divine land. Once this ribbon of blood-red light was unfastened, the divine land, with no force to bind it any longer, would fly upward, leaving the bottom of the chaos. If that happened, it wouldn't be easy to get it back.

Without exchanging too many words, everyone began to move upward with the Grand Teleportation technique.

This bone tower was trillions of feet high. It would take years for Zen and some of the others to climb it on their own.

But with the help of the masters at the Other Shore Realm, they reached the top of the bone tower in a few hours.

The divine land, which, from a distance, had been the size of an egg, now looked very large. It was like a giant gem that stood out in the sky, emitting a beautiful aura of magic.

But the group didn't stop there. They passed the top of the Torrent Bone Tower and continued to move through space, shuttling, moving, and shuttling...

A few days later, they arrived at the left side of the divine land.

Compared to the vast divine land, their bodies were smaller than specks of dust.

Emily and the others were shocked when they faced the giant land at such a close range.

"It was made by the Lord of Weapons! What a great ship!" Emily couldn't help marveling out loud.

When Timotheus, Leopold, and the others heard this, a triumphant expression appeared on their faces.

The mighty warriors of the Source World all had their own methods and contributions, but it was clear that Chiyou deserved his title of "Lord of Weapons".

This ship was the last hope of the Nine Li race. Presumably, it would have taken Chiyou a lot of effort to create the divine land in the chaos.

"Grand Chieftain's work is marvelous, of course," Timotheus said with an excited laugh. "Let's go in."

Then, he took a step forward in mid-air and prepared to perform the Grand Teleportation technique so that he could move into the void and enter the divine land.

But just as he slid into the void, there was a muffled bang.

The next moment, he was flung out of the void, and his face was full of astonishment.

An unreadable expression flashed through Emily's eyes when she saw this scene. "Does this ship have a space barrier that seals it off from the surrounding space?"

Timotheus, who looked embarrassed, smoothed his beard and said, "Perhaps. Grand Chieftain would have definitely put some protective measures in place."

"How could this be? It was all right when I left..." A strange look flashed in Zen's eyes.

He had been directly sent out of the divine land by his mother. But at that time, he had not encountered any space barrier.

Ramzi cast an indifferent look at Zen and said, "You belong to the divine land, so it's easy for you to get in and out of it. However, the rest of us are naturally excluded by the divine land."

"There's still something wrong," Zen uttered, shaking his head. "If that was the case, why can those Yellow Emperor Guards enter the divine land?"

With a faint smile on her face, Emily tapped the tip of her toe and floated forward. "They must have spent a great deal of effort in figuring out how to enter the divine land. Perhaps they found a method to destroy the outer wall of the divine land."

As she spoke these words, a fierceness filled her eyes and several colorful spots of light flashed between her pale fingers.

Each colorful spot of light contained an extremely terrifying amount of energy.

They whirled around, producing a cone-shaped spiral.

"Go!"

With a slight flick of her slender finger, Emily shot the cone-shaped spiral toward the outer wall of the divine land.

Buzz...

Bang!

The cone-shaped spiral spun fast against the outer wall of the divine land before it exploded, emitting a dazzling ball of light that everyone watched with bated breath.

But soon, the ball of light faded off without a trace, and the expressions of the warriors at the Other Shore Realm changed drastically.

The outer wall of the divine land was still emitting a faint yellow light, and in the middle of the light loomed a triangular shadow that seemed to be the shield.

With the protection of this shield shadow, the outer wall of the divine land had stood firmly against Emily's powerful attack.

A bitter smile appeared on Emily's face. "The work of the Lord of Weapons is too extraordinary..."

Emily was the strongest among these warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

If even she was unable to break through the outer wall of the divine land, it would be impossible for the rest of them. Their expressions froze in disbelief.

"It's the Heavenly Mirror Shield. I didn't expect Grand Chieftain to integrate it into the divine land. We're in trouble now," said Leopold, frowning as he looked at the fading shield shadow.

Chapter 2669 Chiyou's Efforts

The Heavenly Mirror Shield was not made nor created by Chiyou, but was rather obtained by him from the ancient relic.

Chiyou rarely used the shield ever since he became the Lord of Weapons. It was the reason why he handed it over to Kaden.

Ramzi had seen Kaden use the Heavenly Mirror Shield before. The moment he recognized the triangular shadow of the shield, it had confirmed his thought.

"The Heavenly Mirror Shield can cover even the heaven and earth with the formless power. It is not easy to break it," Leopold uttered.

What Leopold said made Timotheus raise his eyebrows slightly. He spoke, "Let me have a try. Everyone, step back!"

Ramzi put his hand on Zen's shoulder, and all the Other Shore Realm warriors quickly retreated.

After Timotheus was given space, he opened his palms and a golden broadsword appeared.

"Grow!"

As soon as he gave out the order, his figure began to grow and swell. It didn't take much time before he turned into a giant of millions of feet tall in an instant.

He carried the broadsword on his shoulder, his white hair and long beard were fluttering. As his aura spread out, it gave off such a huge pressure!

Ramzi waved his hand and helped Zen block that aura. Otherwise, Zen would have been inflicted and injured under this aura.

Timotheus let out a shout, holding the golden broadsword.

The broadsword was slashed out, then followed by thin line appearing.

The seemingly unremarkable strike contained an extremely mysterious Truth of Godly Way. That thin line contained certain energy of the chaos.

"So powerful..."

Zen took a secret glance at Emily beside him.

After Zen fell into the world below, he had never seen Emily and Timotheus employ their real strength.

He had no idea about their true ability. After all, the exiles of the Snake Goddess race, the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race never had an encounter fighting against each other.

He saw how Emily had easily defeated all the exiles in the space where the Warden race lived. And afterwards, everyone was suppressed by the Strength Equalizing Theurgy.

Through these circumstances, they still didn't have the chance to display their full strength.

Now that he was looking at the sight of Timotheus's terrible strike, he was shocked with fear.

When the thin line created by the broadsword touched the outer wall of the divine land, a triangular shield shadow appeared for the second time.

However, this shield shadow was countless times larger than the previous one!

"Crack!"

A deep muffled sound was heard in the air.

Just then, the thin line which was created by the broadsword had collided with the outer wall of the divine land.

The collision was exactly the same as the attack Emily had launched. There was no trace left on it.

Leopold let out a breath. "The defenses of the divine land are not a threat to us. What's troublesome is the Heavenly Mirror Shield..."

After Emily and Timotheus had a try, they finally stopped the idea of destroying the wall violently.

But they knew they had to enter the divine land.

Ramzi, several Other Shore Realm warriors of the Snake Goddess race, and the others had also tried using their own techniques.

In order to break the space barrier which blocked the Grand Teleportation, Ramzi made use of the Space Breaking Rune.

Another Other Shore Realm warrior of the Snake Goddess race burst out the poisonous liquid to corrode the Heavenly Mirror Shield but was unsuccessful in the end.

No matter what kind of method and strategy they used, the end result was still a failure. For now, they were at a loss on what to do.

"I didn't expect that we wouldn't even be able to get in a ship," an exile of the Nine Li race said and bitterly laughed.

"You can't say that. After all, this ship is too important to our Nine Li race. Even the Heavenly Mirror Shield can be integrated into this ship. I think Grand Chieftain has bet everything on this ship," Timotheus said in a low voice.

Timotheus had once doubted a little about Zen's words.

He didn't believe that the powerful Nine Li race was destroyed, and that the Grand Chieftain who was so formidable was defeated.

Now that he stood in front of the divine land, the last doubt in his heart disappeared. If the Grand Chieftain was not in the bad situation, he wouldn't have had the reason to put all of his energy into building such a ship—the divine land.

"Everyone, have a rest. Since those Yellow Emperor Guards have a way to enter, we can also find a way." Emily smiled faintly and urged everyone to take a rest.

They were not discouraged.

The divine land was so large. They didn't believe that a single Heavenly Mirror Shield would be able to protect it all the time, and they thought they would be able to find out a way to enter it. There must be a way they could, in time, break through it.

Emily turned to look at Zen and asked, "Zen, do you know what weakness the divine land has?"

"The weakness..." Emily's question made him be lost in thought.

In fact, he didn't know much about the divine land. He had been there before but wasn't able to explore further. He didn't have the chance to see the entire place.

He thought deeper. In the sun, he had indeed observed the entire divine land at a special viewing angle.

Not long after, Zen's eyes lit up at a sudden realization.

"Up there!"

Zen's gaze turned up towards the outer wall of the divine land.

"The top? What's on it?" Leopold asked curiously following Zen's gaze.

"Now that the divine land has merged with the Heavenly Mirror Shield, I'm afraid that the entire divine land would be under the protection of the Heavenly Mirror Shield. Is there any weakness on the top of the divine land?"

"The universes built by the Holy Beings are right above. Perhaps we can enter the divine land through those universes," Zen suggested.

He was not completely sure, but he believed that it was better than nothing.

Emily nodded and urged, "Let's go up to have a look!"

After discussing, these Other Shore Realm warriors led the crowd to move up again.

A day had already passed.

They finally arrived at the top of the divine land.

Compared to the bottom and both sides of the divine land, the top of the divine land was not flat.

Right in the center at the top, there were many huge protuberant items. It was as if many huge balls were buried in the divine land and only small parts of the balls were exposed.

"What are these?" Emily had a strange expression on her face.

"Universes," Zen simply stated.

"What is the universe?" Timotheus asked in amazement.

"It's the Holy Being's inner world," Zen said with a puzzled look. These Other Shore Realm warriors didn't even know this so he could only explain, "The top masters in the divine land attach the inner worlds to the divine land. Their strength is much stronger than those consummate True Gods!"

Hearing Zen's explanation, some of the powerful Other Shore Realm warriors were still confused.

Emily seemed to have understood. She smiled and said, "Lord of Weapons has really put a lot of effort into it. Such Holy Beings are even able to create the lager inner worlds with the support of this ship, and they are more powerful than the consummate True Gods. Those Holy Beings almost reach the Other Shore Realm, right?"

Zen nodded.

A Holy Being might not be as strong as Yellow Emperor Guards, but they were much stronger than a consummate True God and not much weaker than an ordinary Other Shore Realm warrior.

More importantly, they had the ability of immortality. They would live forever and would not die as long as the universes still existed. They had more advantages compared to the Other Shore Realm warriors!

Just as they approached the protruding universes, Ramzi felt something strange in the distance. He slightly turned his head, pointed to the upper left side and asked, "Look, what's that?"

Upon reaching the top of the divine land, they had already been completely freed from the prison below.

They could see that above them was a large area of energy clouds formed by the chaotic energy. These Chaotic Clouds didn't look big in appearance, but in fact, each of them was as large as billions of divine lands.

And at the tip of the tail of the Chaotic Cloud closest to the divine land, there was a cyan light dot that was rapidly moving.

Behind the cyan light dot, there were a few black dots following closely!

Chapter 2670 Zen's Request

In the vast chaos, one could see everything that was happening.

They looked at the distance as if they were stargazing. The view was as far as it could get.

Emily looked at it for a while as she said flatly, "Maybe it's the plankton within the chaos. They are too far away from us. We shouldn't mind them at all."

Even with their unparalleled flying speed, it would still take several years for them to reach the black dots.

"Are there also living creatures within the chaos?" Zen asked, taking the opportunity to know more about the subject.

"Of course. The chaos may seem empty but that is only because of its ridiculous size. There are actually many creatures living inside it!" Emily said with a smile.

Zen stared at the light dots that flew in the far distance as he also looked at the boundless brown Chaotic Clouds. The expression on his face made it seem as if he was lost in his thoughts.

His master went inside the chaos a few years ago and they had never heard of him since. He wondered whether his master would be powerful enough to protect himself from the powerful creatures within the chaos.

But then again, maybe his master already returned to the divine land while he was away.

Zen couldn't help but get anxious as he thought of it. He didn't know how everything was doing in the fairy palace since he hadn't been around for so long. What worried him the most was his mother and all he wished for was her safety.

As he was thinking about all of it, he followed Emily and the others in approaching the giant bumps.

Some of the exiles didn't hesitate too much and immediately used their theurgies again as they hoped to break through the outer wall of the divine land. If they succeeded, they would be able to enter the divine land through the universes.

To their surprise, their efforts didn't pay off and the Heavenly Mirror Shield was still there!

After their attempt failed, Leopold concluded, "I don't think the Heavenly Mirror Shield is something we can break. If we continue to rely on brute force, I'm afraid we won't be able to enter the divine land at all!"

"If even you can't enter the divine land, then it would be impossible for the Yellow Emperor Guards to enter," Zen said with a disappointed tone.

Hearing this, Timotheus narrowed his eyes as he said in a serious tone, "What if the Yellow Emperor Guards are actually stronger than us?"

"Maybe, but I highly doubt it," Zen said as he blinked his eyes.

"You do have great confidence in us," Emily said with a faint smile. "If we still fail to break the Heavenly Mirror Shield, I'm afraid there's only one other way. You might say it's a stupid way, but I can assure you that we will be able to enter the divine land. I think... The Yellow Emperor Guards actually used the same method to enter the divine land back then!"

A look of suspicion appeared on Zen's face as he heard her words. Ramzi's eyes flashed as he said, "You mean we're going to break through the space barrier?"

Timotheus also nodded, "The space barrier around the divine land is quite thick. It might take us a long time to break through it."

"How long are we talking about?" Zen asked again.

"Maybe about half a year? Two years? Maybe even five... It's difficult to say how long it will take. After all, the space barrier was set up by Chiyou and could only be broken bit by bit. This method may be quite inefficient but is undoubtedly effective," Emily replied.

"I don't have that much time. I don't know if my mother is safe as we speak. There are too many variables in those years!" Zen shook his head as his face was filled with disappointment.

They were so close to getting in the divine land but he learnt that it would take them a few more years to get inside. It was quite difficult for him to accept it.

Timotheus, Ramzi, Leopold, and the other Nine Li members bowed their heads in silence.

They had a different stance from the Snake Goddess race being led by Emily.

Emily helped Zen in returning the favor of helping them escape the world they were trapped in, while it was an obligation for Timotheus and the others from the Nine Li race to help Zen as much as they could.

They also knew that Zen's mother, Lorena, was the daughter of the Grand Chieftain and the princess of their Nine Li race!

Looking at the faces of Timotheus and the rest of the Nine Li members, Zen realized that his tone might have been a bit too harsh. They were probably more anxious than he was.

It made no sense to blame them the way he did.

Zen thought for a while and said, "Since the space barrier is preventing you from entering, how about you let me in first?"

Emily had said before that the people who were born in the divine land could come and go freely without being blocked by the space barrier.

This was true as Zen and some Holy Beings had done it themselves before.

"It shouldn't be difficult to send you in," Ramzi said with a worried expression on his face. "But I'm afraid that with your current strength, you might have trouble handling the Yellow Emperor Guards!"

"Yes. Perhaps it would be a terrible idea to let you in alone," added Leopold.

Timotheus nodded and said, "No way we'll let you enter by yourself!"

They were still worried about Zen's safety.

After entering the divine land, Zen had to face the consummate True Gods, the Holy Beings, and some powerful masters of the Other Shore Realm!

In their heads, letting Zen enter by himself was a death wish. They surely would not agree.

Zen pursed his lips as he took a deep breath. He then said slowly, "My father mainly cultivates the Evolution Godly Way. He has been plotting for many years his revenge against the Holy Beings and the Yellow Emperor Guards. If calculated by the time of the universe, he spent a total of thirty to forty billion years on the plan, which was equivalent to more than ten grand eras.

You're not part of my father's plan," Zen continued as he gazed at them with his determined eyes. "I choose to believe my father."

Zen's words were very straightforward.

In Mike's plan to fight Nicholas and the Yellow Emperor Guards, the exiles who were at the bottom of the chaos were not included.

Even without them, Zen still had faith in his father's arrangement and strategy!

Timotheus and Leopold discreetly exchanged glances with each other.

In their opinion, no matter what happened in the divine land, as long as they could enter the divine land, they could exterminate anyone and put an end to everything!

But Zen was too important and they had no plans of letting him die before his time.

So Timotheus and his companions were committed to controlling Zen first and releasing him once they were done with everything.

While they were hesitating, Emily walked towards Zen. With a light tap of her slender finger, a small oil lamp appeared.

After she swayed the oil lamp in front of Zen's forehead, he immediately felt a mysterious connection to the little oil lamp. A faint green light then appeared inside the oil lamp.

"This is your Life Lamp. If you die, the light inside your Life Lamp will be extinguished and we will know about it immediately," Emily said softly. "I will help you enter the divine land."

"Emily!"

"Master Emily!"

"You know how important Zen is to our Nine Li race!"

Timotheus and Ramzi both had indignant expressions on their faces. They thought that Emily was pushing Zen into a fire pit.

"Of course I am fully aware." Emily turned around and smiled. "But don't forget that this is Zen's own decision. If he really is the hope of the Nine Li race, then you should choose to believe in him or the Nine Li race would lose all their hope!"

Timotheus and his companions couldn't say anything in return.

If they were to think that the Nine Li race could rise again, it wouldn't be enough to simply rely on the Other Shore Realm warriors like Timotheus and the few others.

The most important thing was for Zen to grow up. It was indeed meaningless to protect him at all times.

Seeing that Timotheus and others did not speak at all, Emily's beautiful eyes flashed as she pointed downwards. An immense force of space spread out to form a round space channel in front of Emily.

This space channel stretched over millions of miles. It passed through a universe and was able to reach the internal space of the divine land.

While she was building the space channel, on a Floating Island above the Time Sea, Murphy was sitting on the lotus throne and was recuperating with his eyes closed. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and shock was written all over his face. "Who is that? Who dares to break through my universe and disturb me?"

Chapter 2671 The Great Inertia

The space channel that Emily created shot towards the Murphy Universe from above.

It went straight down and pierced through the entire Murphy Universe.

As the controller of the Murphy Universe, Murphy had a very keen perception of his own universe. He could clearly detect the fluctuations happening within the Space Law.

As a Holy Being, he was able to build such a long space channel but he was unable to build such a stable one.

Moreover, this space channel came from the periphery of the Murphy Universe which was also outside the divine land.

Who created this space channel?

With this thought, Murphy turned into an incarnation and appeared in his universe to investigate further.

Right in front of his eyes was an invisible space channel penetrating downwards.

"The space channel is trying to enter the divine land through the Murphy Universe." Murphy's face revealed a look of pondering as he sneered, "No matter who you are, it's absolutely impossible for you to pass through the Murphy Universe without my permission! I will crush your space channel to pieces!"

He then pinched the space channel.

Everyone was a god in their own inner worlds. They were invincible, omniscient, and omnipotent.

As he pinched, the invisible space channel immediately broke down and collapsed.

At the same time, Emily who was at the top of the divine land frowned and snorted, "It seems like a so-called Holy Being saw what I was doing and destroyed my space channel."

"Like Zen said, since the universes are the inner worlds of Holy Beings, we need to bypass them," a powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm advised.

They could easily bypass these universes and create other space channels.

Emily raised her chin as she said arrogantly, "No!"

As soon as she was done speaking, she gently waved her hand and a ray of colorful light slowly spread in her pupils.

An aggressive stream of the Truth of Godly Way began to spread out.

'It's the Truth of Void Destruction, ' Zen thought.

The Truth of Void Destruction possessed some powers from the Space Law. Those powers weren't complete but there was no doubt that the understanding of space inside the Truth of Void Destruction was much deeper than inside the Space Godly Way.

Zen already sensed the same Truth of Godly Way before from David of the Yellow Emperor race and his master Tyler.

"Buzz..."

An even more powerful space wave began to gather in Emily's hand. She then slightly pointed downwards.

Another space channel was created.

Meanwhile in the Murphy Universe, Murphy looked up the collapsing space channel with a faint smile on his face.

If anyone wanted to create a space channel through his universe, they had to ask him first.

However, just as the space channel in front of him was collapsing, another one was quickly formed on the same spot. In an instant, it pierced through the Murphy Universe and extended all the way to the divine land.

"Another space channel?" His face darkened. Like he did earlier, he landed another hard pinch on the space channel.

But this time, his pinch wasn't enough to destroy it.

The space channel could be detected easily but it was like a mirage. It didn't seem real at all. He couldn't even touch it, which meant that he couldn't destroy it.

"What is happening?" A strange expression appeared on Murphy's face.

There was a space channel built inside his universe but he was unable to destroy it. How could that be possible?

Unwilling to admit defeat, he tried several times to use his theurgies. However, no matter how hard he tried, the space channel didn't budge at all.

By then, he was more confused than he was before. What was happening was completely beyond his comprehension.

"Who created this space channel?"

As a Holy Being, Murphy had the qualifications to leave the divine land and investigate what was going on. He could go outside and locate its source.

But he decided to just give up without even trying.

No matter who the other party was, he knew he couldn't risk offending them. He had to report the incident to Nicholas as soon as he could.

The new space channel that Emily created extended downwards before dividing itself into thirteen paths.

Although she forcibly created the space channel as a way to vent her anger, she still had to consider Zen's safety.

If Zen's location was spotted, he could be in big trouble.

The thirteen paths were then scattered in various places of the divine land, which meant Zen could randomly enter the divine land through any of them. By doing this, it would be much more difficult for their enemies to track him.

"These are some talismans. As a consummate True God, you shouldn't have any trouble activating them. You can use them when your life is in danger." There were three pale yellow talismans in Ramzi's hand, and on the surface of each talisman, lightning constantly flashed.

"This is the Devil's Blood Pill. As long as your soul isn't destroyed, you can easily reconstruct your body with this." Leopold gave Zen a red pill.

"Well..." said Timotheus.

Seeing this, Emily couldn't help but curl her lips. She was about to say something but ultimately decided to keep her mouth shut.

After all, they were all kindhearted and were just afraid that something bad would happen to Zen.

Unfortunately, some of them were not as far sighted as Emily. Zen would never have a smooth journey now and in the future. At present, Timotheus and his fellows still had clear advantages in strength that could be of great help to Zen.

But what would happen when they returned to the Source World?

In the Source World where there were tons of powerhouses, Emily was just a nobody. She couldn't protect Zen no matter how much she wanted to.

Zen did not reject any of their kindness.

After he was done with his preparations, he cupped his hands and said goodbye to each and every one of them. "I appreciate everything that you did for me. If you ever manage to get through the space barrier yourselves, I hope we can all meet again."

He then turned around and stepped into the space channel. His figure disappeared in front of them within seconds.

Unlike Timotheus, Zen didn't encounter the space barrier in the space channel.

The space channel created by Emily was very stable and the speed at which he traveled was also extremely fast.

Only six hours later, Zen had already crossed the Murphy Universe and was able to enter one of the thirteen paths.

Twenty four hours later, Zen felt his body becoming heavier as the speed of his fall suddenly increased.

"Whoosh!"

The great inertia took a huge toll on Zen as he crashed down on the ground hard like a falling boulder.

"Get up!"

Zen roared as he tried to fly in the air.

But the inertia was too strong and he couldn't reverse any of it to fly. The inertia was like an invisible big hand that was pressing him down on the ground.

Seeing that he was getting closer and closer to the ground, Zen was afraid that he would be seriously injured once he reached the surface. He was also worried that it could cause unwanted movement.

Zen's eyes flashed as he suddenly disappeared.

He had reached the consummation of the True God Realm, which meant that he could then use the Grand Teleportation without being restricted by the Space Law.

He then tried to move himself to a higher position.

Even after doing so, the great inertia still refused to stop and he continued to fall.

"One more time!"

As he was about to hit the ground again, he teleported himself to a higher place but continued falling from there.

After doing this for more than ten times, the great inertia finally weakened until it fully disappeared.

He then regained his balance as he slowly descended to a low mountain top.

Chapter 2672 Judgment

On the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, a space wave appeared as Murphy came out of the void.

In the Time Sea, only Holy Beings were allowed to use the spatial transference freely.

However, the Holy Beings didn't like doing it very often. There must be something very important that Murphy had to come to the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan.

When the two guards of the Dongfang Clan saw Murphy approaching, they immediately went up to him and bowed.

"I'm looking for Holy Nicholas. I have something very important to discuss with him. You'd better hurry up and find him for me," said Murphy anxiously.

The two guards looked at each other with embarrassment on their faces.

One of them said, "Holy Nicholas is currently at the back hall. He told us not to disturb him no matter what happens."

"The back hall! He has always been in the back hall! Only one thing is certain. He will be ruined by that woman sooner or later!" Anger was written all over his face.

Nicholas' character had been getting stranger over the past years.

Originally, under the leadership of the union of the wealthy clans above the Time Sea, they were supposed to take control of the Abyss Demon Region but that wasn't the case anymore.

Each time the Holy Beings visited, Nicholas was either in the back hall or exploring the Time Sea to find the woman's body.

According to how some Holy Beings like Murphy saw it, the union of the wealthy clans had gained an absolute advantage and taken full control of the situation.

However, there were already three forbidden lands out of four that were being controlled by outsiders.

The Everest Spirit Mountain was under the control of Mike's first disciple, while Bromley's second disciple had control over the Swirl Forest.

As for the Soul Wilderness, Estelle saved Zen's life last time. It was safe to assume that she was on Mike's side.

Although Mike was dead in some sense, his strategy was still far-reaching, which always put Murphy in a constant state of fear. He was afraid that there were always some big troubles waiting for him.

The two guards were so afraid that they turned pale when they heard Murphy's words.

"Holy Murphy, calm down."

"We're sure that Holy Nicholas will come out soon."

The two guards were afraid that Nicholas would be disturbed by Murphy. If Nicholas took out his anger on them, they would have to suffer a lot.

However, Murphy completely ignored them.

Seething in anger, he took a deep breath and said loudly, "Holy Nicholas, I have important matters to discuss with you. Would you please come out now?"

His voice was so long and loud that it echoed through the halls.

Inside the exquisite and luxurious back hall, a plate of orange sandalwood was slowly burning. A ray of purplish blue smoke rose and emitted a refreshing fragrance.

The fragrance lingered in people's noses to appease their souls. It made them feel fresh, energized, and stable.

The sandalwood was the famous Lofty Tree sandalwood from the North Sea. It was extracted from resins on the knots found at the top of the Lofty Tree. It was known to be an extremely precious treasure in the divine land and it had always been difficult to find even for the powerful clans.

Especially, in the current divine era, the Lofty Tree emitted a strong sense of death that turned the range of 33 million miles into a death land, making the Lofty Tree sandalwood even harder to find.

Nicholas sat in the hall as he stared at the glazed box not far away.

It had been a long time since Lorena's last response.

It was all his fault.

He had been constantly exploring the Time Sea for the past few years but was still unable to locate her body.

There were too many fragments in the Time Sea. All the moments from the past divine eras had become time fragments in the sea.

Without a doubt, it was very difficult for Nicholas.

At that moment, he began to hear Murphy's loud voice coming from afar.

The sound waves of his voice caused the wisp of the purplish blue smoke from the Lofty Tree sandalwood to shake.

Nicholas frowned slightly as he disappeared from the hall in a flash.

After he left, Lorena's head rose slowly from the glazed box as she opened her eyes slightly.

A hint of emotion could be seen in her slightly sad yet beautiful eyes.

Although she had been asleep for the past few years, she still paid attention to even the slightest hint of movement.

She knew that the voice she heard was from Murphy.

What happened? Why was Murphy so anxious?

Did Harold finally make a move?

Or had Zen finally returned?

A bitter smile appeared on Lorena's face the moment she thought of her son.

At that time, kicking Zen out of the divine land was a risk she had to take. She knew it was the only choice left.

The chaos was also filled with different booby traps.

Although Zen was not afraid of the possible corrosion from the chaotic energy, his cultivation was still too weak. His chances of surviving were very slim.

Return? She didn't think it was possible.

Lorena let out a soft sigh of disappointment as she slowly sank into the brown solution.

With a wave of space, Nicholas showed up right in front of Murphy. He asked with a smile on his face, "Murphy, what brings you here?"

An angry expression appeared on Murphy's face as he said, "A powerful master has visited the divine land."

"A powerful master? What are you talking about?" Hearing his words, Nicholas raised his eyebrows. "What kind of master? Are you talking about Bromley?"

It was known that the Holy Beings rarely left the divine land. Bromley was the only one who constantly wandered outside.

Bromley was on Mike's side.

If Bromley had returned, Murphy should be more vigilant.

"If Bromley was here, it would be a lot of fun." Murphy said with a gloomy face, "Someone created a space channel just outside the divine land. The construction of the space channel was quite complex. Even when I personally attacked it in the Murphy Universe, I was still unable to destroy it."

"What? How could that be possible?"

His words caused Nicholas to worry.

In their own universes, the Holy Beings were omnipotent and would never fight others in their universes.

If Murphy couldn't destroy the space channel in his own universe, then the creator must be very skilled.

However, Nicholas soon calmed down. He narrowed his eyes and said, "It's said that there is a space barrier just outside the divine land. Even if the outsiders create space channels, they will still be unable to enter. It's not easy to open the barrier in a short period of time."

"But the Yellow Emperor Guards were able to come in," Murphy said.

Nicholas released a faint smile as he continued, "It took them twenty years to open the space barrier."

"That means we only have 20 years left." Murphy raised his eyebrows.

Twenty years was just a mere snap of their fingers when it came to the Holy Beings.

The crisis was imminent. How could they possibly know how powerful the intruder was?

"Apart from that, the space channel has been created to pierce its way to the divine land. It's more likely that someone has been sent here. In order to avoid being discovered by me, they divided the space channel into thirteen paths and scattered them in thirteen regions," Murphy muttered.

"Thirteen paths," said Nicholas with a pensive look on his face. "Who could they have possibly sent here? We can also assume that this intruder is someone from the divine land."

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2673 The Real Godly Way Tablet

The divine land was huge, so even with that clue, it was impossible to guess who the person that was sent to the divine land would be.

Nicholas then asked, "Did you make a record of the thirteen regions?"

"Oh yes, of course! I even noted down the areas that the thirteen space channels are linked to in the thirteen regions," Murphy replied.

"Well done." Nicholas nodded approvingly before turning to a guard beside him and asked, "Did Lowell come back?"

The guard put his hands together in respect and replied, "Lowell has returned, and Troy has also returned from the forbidden area!"

"Ask them to come to the Goldenrain Hall and tell them I need them," said Nicholas.

"Yes, sir!"

After receiving the instruction from Nicholas, the guard transformed into a ray of light and flew away.

"The areas in the thirteen regions are too large. I need to send my people to investigate too! If they did send someone in, then this person's cultivation level could not be that of a Demi-holy Being or a Holy Being. We still have the chance to find the person and find out the truth. And I need to tell this to Clark and the others immediately! " Once he had finished speaking, he flew into the void and returned to his Floating Island.

If it was a Holy Being or a Demi-holy Being that wanted to return to the divine land, there was no need for them to create a space channel and send him or her into a large region.

Based on this logic, Nicholas and Murphy speculated that this person's cultivation should be at the True God Realm.

At the same time, it still didn't make sense. How could a True God born in the divine land run into the chaos without being corroded to death? And now the person was being sent back again. This matter was very strange, so they had to investigate.

Meanwhile, in the Goldenrain Hall, Troy stood straight. He lowered his head and observed his iron hand which gleamed with silver light.

A few moments later, he heard the sound of footsteps coming from outside the Goldenrain Hall.

A handsome young man walked in slowly.

At the sight of the young man, Troy's face darkened. "What? You are still alive?!"

The young man was Rocher.

Rocher had now achieved a high position in the Dongfang Clan.

Now, Nicholas was slack in exploring the Abyss Demon Region. The alliance of the rich and powerful clans on the Floating Islands could only choose the Abyss Demon Region among the four great forbidden areas.

Therefore, the exploration of the Abyss Demon Region could only be handed over to these warriors of the younger generation.

Rocher had done many meritorious deeds in the Abyss Demon Region. After he reached the consummation of True God Realm, he had even discovered a special secret land on the second stage of the Abyss Demon Region.

Rocher was now held in high esteem by Nicholas.

"Don't worry. I won't die before you do." Rocher raised his eyebrows and smiled confidently at Troy.

In the Dongfang Clan, Troy was the best warrior, second only to Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings.

The gap of strength between him and the other consummate True Gods of the Dongfang Clan was too huge that all of them were no match for him. When the Mountain of Holy Beings descended next time, Troy would definitely compete to become a Holy Being, and the Dongfang Clan would definitely give him their full support.

However, the appearance of Lowell, whose true identity was Rocher, made him feel slightly threatened.

In recent years, Nicholas had summoned Lowell many times. The first time he summoned Lowell, he had given him the Cyan Yellow Double Swords. Later, when Lowell married Iris, Nicholas even granted him the Ray Token, which symbolized that Lowell had been formally recognized as the core figure of the Dongfang Clan!

Besides that, the resources of the Dongfang Clan also were in Lowell's favor, and his cultivation had improved by leaps and bounds!

When he was still a top-rank True God, he had already been unstoppable. Now that he had entered the consummation of True God Realm, it made Troy feel uneasy.

Feeling that his position was threatened, Troy began to go against Lowell in every aspect.

He had secretly investigated Lowell and found little about his origin. Every time this guy returned from the forbidden area, he would quietly leave the Time Sea and disappear for a period of time. During this period of time, there was usually one or a few divine cites that had gotten destroyed, and the slates that protected those divine cities had disappeared mysteriously.

Troy had once reported his observations to Nicholas and the other elders of the Dongfang Clan.

But because Lowell's performance was too perfect, Troy's suspicions were not taken seriously.

On the contrary, some of them even warned him, "The Dongfang Clan is in need of talents now. Don't be jealous of other talents. Lowell may be an outsider, but he has married Iris now. So we should treat him as a clansman."

They thought that he was just being jealous of Lowell and wanted to bring him down! This made him very upset.

He had lost the trust of the elders because of this man. How could he be nice to him when they met?

Just as the two men were staring at each other, Nicholas' figure appeared in the Goldenrain Hall.

"Greetings, Holy Nicholas!" Rocher saluted.

"Greetings, Uncle Nicolas!" Troy cupped his hands towards Nicholas, but his eyes were still fixed on Lowell, with an unfriendly expression on his face.

"The two of you need to get ready as soon as possible, and take your people to investigate someone," said Nicholas lightly, ignoring the tense atmosphere in front of him.

"What's going on?"

Troy and Rocher were puzzled.

There were beings in the divine land that the Holy Beings were unable to track down?

"There is an uninvited guest from outside that does not belong here. This person may appear in one of the thirteen big regions." Nicholas continued, "Your task is to find that person."

Both Rocher and Troy were stunned to hear this.

"From the outside? Does that mean..." Troy's mind began to race, totally forgetting about his annoyance with Lowell.

Those who were able to enter the divine land and get through the chaos had to be at least beings with the cultivation of Holy Beings. He and Rocher were only consummate True Gods. If they were to search for someone like that, they were not searching for a person, but courting death.

Nicholas saw the look on Troy's face and told them, "The person is only a True God, a consummate True God at most."

But these words only made Rocher and Troy even more confused.

Could a True God return from the chaos unscathed? What the hell was going on?

However, they controlled their faces carefully and did not reveal their inner thoughts. Since Nicholas had given the order, there was nothing they could do except follow his wishes.

After receiving the order, they looked at each other briefly before leaving the Goldenrain Hall.

Zen had originally planned to activate the mountain token as soon as he landed and leave immediately.

After all, the space channel went through the Murphy's Murphy Universe, and it was very likely to cause trouble...

However, Zen was attracted by a strong stream of internal momentum from afar.

"This stream of internal momentum doesn't seem to come from a True God." Zen found it very odd.

Curious, Zen rose to the air and flew forward.

After crossing two mountains, Zen saw a tall stone tablet at the foot of the mountain.

"That is... a Godly Way Tablet!"

A gleam flashed in Zen's eyes as he floated in the air.

He knew that there were three thousand Godly Way Tablets in the divine land, which recorded each individual Godly Way, namely, the three thousand unique skills that Chiyou had mastered.

He had seen the imitations of these Godly Way Tablets in the ancestral land of the Han Clan.

By taking advantage of the Infinity Ruler in his mind, he was able to swiftly comprehend the internal momentum in a Godly Way Tablet and copy it to the Infinity Ruler.

The internal momentum, obtained either from the True Gods or from the imitations, might be incomplete...

While the most complete internal momentum of Godly Ways must come from the real Godly Way Tablets.

Chapter 2674 Getting Close

It was the first real Godly Way Tablet that Zen had ever seen, and it made his curiosity perk up.

Since he wasn't in a hurry to leave, he flew down the mountain ravine.

On the huge cyan Godly Way Tablet, there were flashes of blue lightning that extended along it and spread into the surrounding ground like little snakes.

Not a blade of grass grew within tens of thousands of feet around the cyan Godly Way Tablet.

In exchange, there were tens of thousands of people sitting around it to stare.

All of them came to get more insight into the internal momentum of the tablet and improve.

While most of the people were very far, there was a few people dared to come within ten thousand feet of the Godly Way Tablet.

The closer they were to the Godly Way Tablet, the greater the pressure of the internal momentum.

If proving godly warriors came too close to a Godly Way Tablet, they would be like moths flying into flames and be swallowed by the internal momentum. Zen had experienced it when he was in the Consulting God Hall of the Han Clan.

Zen flew down and quietly landed on the ground. He slowly walked towards the Godly Way Tablet after he hid his cultivation level.

"It turns out to be the Thunderstorm Godly Way..." A flash appeared in his eyes as he approached the tablet.

It was an extremely common Godly Way in the divine land, and even Zen had seen several True Gods use it.

Zen had recorded the Godly Way using his Infinity Ruler, which should be almost perfect.

But since his father had given him the Infinity Ruler for a reason, he still wanted to verify the Godly Way again. If it was possible, Zen would definitely visit all the Godly Way Tablets in the divine land.

"Hey! Stop!"

When Zen was still over ten miles away from the Godly Way Tablet, three top-rank True Gods flew over from the distance.

The three suddenly appeared and blocked Zen from going further.

A cold and arrogant expression appeared on the face of the True God in the lead as he stared at Zen. "Do you also want to learn from the Godly Way Tablet?"

There was a pause as Zen looked them up and down before he nodded and answered, "Yes, I also want to learn from the Godly Way Tablet."

"This Godly Way Tablet belongs to our Fang Clan. If you want to learn from it, you have to pay twenty divine might coins and serve our clan for two hundred years!" the lead True God said coolly.

His words made Zen frown.

If the Godly Way Tablet was owned by the Fang Clan, then the large region was theirs too.

Time was worthless to most of the True Gods in the divine land; two hundred years was very short.

In order to comprehend a Godly Way to a higher level, spending two hundred years was nothing.

That being said, twenty divine might coins wasn't a big deal to Zen, but he couldn't afford to waste time.

His visible hesitation made the True God snort. "If you don't want to pay and serve our clan, get out of here!"

Because Zen didn't want to cause any trouble, he smiled and came closer to him to whisper, "I don't want to serve your clan, but I can offer more divine might coins. What do you think?"

Those words made the three top-rank True Gods' eyes lit up.

The True Gods that came all the way to the Godly Way Tablet were all from poor families, because if they were from a strong family, their mighty warriors would have just gotten a copy and taught their fellow clan members the complete Godly Way.

Two hundred years didn't matter to those from poor families, but having to pay twenty divine might coins made their hearts ache.

Now that Zen was willing to pay more coins, they were more than happy to accept.

"Of course you can. If you don't want to serve, you need to pay an extra fifty divine might coins. So seventy coins in total." The lead laughed at him.

Normally, an extra twenty divine might coins was enough if one didn't want to serve the Fang Clan, but of course they were charging too much.

It was Zen's idea so they naturally expected to be able to rip him off. The three of them could share the extra thirty divine might coins.

"Okay." Twenty or fifty or seventy meant nothing to Zen.

Even the powerful clans on the Floating Islands were far inferior to him with his current collection of divine might coins.

Carelessly waving his hand, Zen handed over seventy divine might coins.

The leader greedily took the coins and waved him off. "You can go!"

Zen cupped his hands and walked through the crowd towards the Godly Way Tablet.

Once he was far enough away, the three top-rank True Gods quickly divided up the divine might coins.

"That guy easily took out seventy divine might coins. You should have given a higher price!"

"That's right! He must have a lot with him!"

In their greedy eyes, Zen was obviously a money tree.

Even the leader regretfully followed Zen's back with his eyes. If he knew that Zen was that generous, he would have offered two hundred divine might coins as the price. A chance like this wasn't common!

"He's alone without any support. When he leaves, we can follow and kill him." There was nothing but murder on his face.

"That's a good idea." Another True God laughed as he rubbed his hands together.

Although the three of them kept their voices down, Zen could still hear them clearly for his eyes and ears far exceeded a normal True God's.

It seemed that some idiots, even if they became True Gods, would inevitably die of greed.

However, Zen had no time to worry about them.

The internal momentum of this Godly Way Tablet was much more powerful than that of the imitation in the ancestral land of the Han Clan.

Crack!

When Zen was less than ten thousand feet away from the Godly Way Tablet, dazzling arcs of lightning shot out from the barren land and spread along his legs.

It horrified the proving godly warriors and even the low-rank True Gods present to see it.

Only those with an extraordinary understanding of the Thunderstorm Godly Way dared to enter the range of ten thousand feet; most of them were top-rank True Gods, and some were even consummate True Gods.

Because Zen hid his true cultivation level, he was now a bold low-rank True God in their eyes.

"He's simply courting death!"

"I think he can only move forward for a few hundred feet!"

"Doing that is still extremely difficult..."

Others were shocked to see his actions, but Zen was walking as leisurely as he would in his courtyard.

The closer he got to the Godly Way Tablet, the more lightning bolts extended to him.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, he had already traveled four thousand feet. Thunder snakes, each as thick as an arm, emerged and enveloped Zen in many layers.

The three top-rank True Gods, tens of thousands of feet away, suddenly had a bad feeling.

Even they could only get four or five thousand feet away from the Godly Way Tablet to study the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

This guy was just a low-rank True God, yet he was now four thousand feet away from the tablet and seemed like he had no intention of stopping.

As the stewards of the Fang Clan, the three of them had to consider Zen's background and identity.

Chapter 2675 Guidance

Only a few top-rank True Gods were within the radius of ten thousand feet around the tablet.

They were all surrounded by lightning snakes, just like Zen was.

The top-rank True Gods had a deep understanding of the Thunderstorm Godly Way. They were comprehending here so that they could get a chance to master the consummate theurgy of the Thunderstorm Godly Way and become consummate True Gods.

But within the numerous divine eras that had passed, only a few among the large number of top-rank True Gods had succeeded in becoming consummate True Gods.

Zen was still some distance away from the Godly Way Tablet when an old man, who was sitting on the ground, spoke to him, "Young man, although you are talented and aren't afraid of the pressure of the internal momentum, you have to comprehend the Godly Way step by step. You are just a low-rank True God. You don't have to be so close to it."

Zen smiled and bowed to the old man. "Thank you for your kind reminder. But I have a different purpose of getting close to the Godly Way Tablet."

The old man didn't talk but his eyes were filled with doubt.

Zen came to a standstill when he was a hundred feet away from the Godly Way Tablet.

The entire Godly Way Tablet was roaring.

Huge lightning dragons circled madly around Zen, roaring as they made to tear him apart.

But Zen remained steady as before, standing there unhesitating in the face of the danger.

This distance between him and the Godly Way Tablet was enough for him to start taking action.

Now that he was facing the Godly Way Tablet of the Thunderstorm Godly Way, Zen activated the Infinity Ruler in his mind. .

The edge of the Infinity Ruler flashed in Zen's mind.

Simultaneously, two golden circles of light appeared around Zen's pupils.

"Absorb the Thunderstorm Godly Way again!"

Buzz...

The Infinity Ruler continued to vibrate. Once the Thunderstorm Godly Way had been absorbed, the lightning sign on the scale of the ruler became rounder and fuller.

The Godly Ways that Zen had absorbed from the consummate True Gods were consummate.

When Zen had been in the Consulting God Hall, he had absorbed the Purple Aura Godly Way from the Godly Way Tablet that Joy had created.

But she hadn't comprehended the consummate theurgy, the Purple Sky Land of the Purple Aura Godly Way, when she had made the Godly Way Tablet. So Zen's Purple Aura Godly Way remained incomplete.

On the other hand, if he absorbed the Godly Way from a low-rank True God, he could own the theurgies, but only with the first two levels.

Now that he was facing the Godly Way Tablet of the Thunderstorm Godly Way, his Thunderstorm Godly Way had become consummate. Zen could now freely utilize the first three levels, the last three levels, and even the consummate level of the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

Once the mark on the Infinity Ruler was full, the Godly Tile of the Thunderstorm Godly Way in Zen's inner world became near-consummate. The light that reflected through the Godly Tile also began to become complete.

Zen stood there like a fool, attracting a number of surprised gazes from behind him.

Everyone was whispering to each other, irrespective of whether they were top-rank True Gods, low-rank True Gods, or proving godly warriors.

They didn't know what Zen wanted to do and the kind of strength that he had.

After a long while, a satisfied smile appeared on Zen's face.

He made to remove the pair of golden pupils when something strange happened.

A pattern in the shape of a triangle appeared at the center of the Godly Way Tablet. At its core was a small eye.

An arc of light suddenly shot out of the eye and shot straight into Zen's mind, passing through his soul, and connecting with the Infinity Ruler.

The beam of light might have pierced Zen's soul, but he barely felt it.

He felt a slight pain, like a needle pricking him, and a miracle revealed itself in his mind.

"What's this?"

Zen exclaimed in disbelief.

Many black Godly Way Tablets emerged in his mind.

"The locations of the three thousand Godly Way Tablets?"

The three thousand Godly Way Tablets were scattered in the divine land, each separated by a certain distance. The tips of these Godly Way Tablets were all linked to the arc-shaped light.

But now, the other two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine Godly Way Tablets were blacked out while only the Godly Way Tablet of the Thunderstorm Godly Way before Zen was lit up.

"This is the guidance!" Zen's eyes brightened. "Is the Infinity Ruler going to lead me to light up all the Godly Way Tablets?"

Since the locations of most of the Godly Way Tablets in the divine land had been recorded, it was now easy to find them.

But the locations of a few of the Godly Way Tablets were strictly secret.

"This Godly Way Tablet of the Earth Godly Way is located in the Lofty Tree. Since it has turned into a dead land, ordinary people cannot get close.

This is the Godly Way Tablet of the Evolution Godly Way. My father was the first person to fully comprehend it and mark it with his name.

The Godly Way Tablet of the Emotion Closing Godly Way? Why has it been thrown into the Time Sea? Has someone transferred it to the Time Sea, or..."

Zen continued to observe it all with great interest.

He had long planned to absorb all the three thousand Godly Ways, but he had never had this opportunity before.

But now, with the Infinity Ruler's guidance, Zen was even more determined to do that. He wanted to know what would happen after he absorbed all the three thousand Godly Ways.

Zen turned to look at the True Gods behind him.

Their gazes were still locked on Zen, so they didn't notice the triangle and eye on the Godly Way Tablet.

And when Zen stopped using his golden eyes, the triangle and eye disappeared as well.

He smiled as he left the Godly Way Tablet.

It wasn't easy to light up three thousand Godly Way Tablets. He had finally returned to the divine land and he had to return to the fairy palace first.

When Zen stepped out of the thunder pool, the three top-rank True Gods of the Fang Clan looked at him warily.

Zen's smile was actually scaring the three top-rank True Gods.

Zen had been able to go up to a distance of one hundred feet from the Godly Way Tablet, which had taken them by surprise.

Only a consummate True God was qualified to do that.

Before Zen did that, these three True Gods had been plotting to kill him. But now, this idea had already vanished. It was obvious that this young man was powerful.

When Zen was about to leave, tens of consummate True Gods from the powerful clans on the Floating Islands arrived at the large regions through the transmission arrays.

They had received an order to check the space channels of the thirteen regions.

These space channels were marked and were located in the thirteen regions. The consummate True Gods could look for the exact locations of the marks.

"The space channel marked in the Square Sky Region is very close to the Fang Clan's Square Sky City. It seems to be next to the Godly Way Tablet of the Thunderstorm Godly Way," Shahn said, staring off into the distance.

"There are thirteen space channels. Who knows which channel that person has walked out of? Moreover, that person might leave even before we get there. If that happens, tracking down that warrior will be like looking for a needle in a haystack!" Rachelle retorted beside Shahn.

Chapter 2676 What A Coincidence

Rachelle had difficulty comprehending the task. It just didn't make sense.

But since Murphy had personally given the order, she had no choice but to follow the instruction.

"It must be an extremely important clue, so we have to chase after that True God," Shahn replied blandly. "The chief of our clan said that the Dongfang Clan is going to seal off these thirteen regions."

"Seal off the thirteen regions?" Rachelle was slightly surprised.

The area of a region was not small, and even the Holy Beings could not fully seal them off unless with the help of some treasures.

For example, the Dongfang Clan used the Ray Tree, and the Sword Clan used the Sunrest Tree to block the Space Law of a region.

After the sealing, the Grand Teleportation and construction of a transmission channel would be prohibited.

Seeing the expression on Rachelle's face, Shahn said lightly, "They are going to use the Ruling Slate again!"

"They have to seal off the thirteen regions just to hunt down a True God?" Rachelle said with a gleam in her eyes. "Who the hell is this True God?"

Shahn shrugged. "I have no idea, but the chief of my clan looked furious. The True God must be very important, I bet."

They continued talking for a while before flying to the air to begin their mission.

At the exact same time, Nicholas was standing in front of the Ruling Slate with his writing brush in hand and started to write a new rule swiftly and without hesitation.

According to the rules of the Hall of Holy Beings, the revisions of the rules on the Ruling Slate must be approved by all the Holy Beings of the hall.

However, at the moment, the Hall of Holy Beings existed in name only.

The Sword Clan and the Moon Clan were silent. The Holy Beings of these two clans had rarely appeared in the Hall of Holy Beings. Now the hall was ruled by the voice of Nicholas alone.

So he used the Ruling Slate at will as if it was his personal object.

"Buzz..."

As soon as Nicholas finished writing, a golden light flashed on the rule, which meant that it had come into force.

Sealing off the thirteen regions wasn't a very overbearing rule. It wouldn't consume a lot of divine might coins.

But Nicholas' face was pale.

The cultivation level of the outsiders in the divine land had exceeded his expectations. This worried him greatly.

The very first step they had to take was to find out who had been sent to the divine land, so it was very necessary to write this rule.

"Sir, if you would like, you can join our Square Sky City. My clan welcomes all kinds of talents." The top-rank True God knew that Zen was very strong, so he had already dispelled the evil intentions in his heart, and followed Zen with a warm smile.

After absorbing the energy from the Godly Way, Zen had planned to find a secret place and use the mountain token to return to the fairy palace. He hadn't expected the True God to follow him.

"I'm not interested," Zen said coldly, thinking about how to get rid of him.

"Our clan is considered as one of the powerful clans in the entire divine land, and our Floating Island is also ranked top above the Time Sea. You know, it's hard to get an opportunity like this..." The True God was being very patient. He kept on following Zen, trying to persuade him.

"I told you, I'm not interested. I'm warning you for the last time. Leave me alone, or there will be severe consequences." Zen lost his patience and his eyes had turned cold, with a murderous look on his face.

The hostile look on Zen's face was terrifying and made the True God tremble with fear. He gave an awkward smile and finally stopped, following Zen's footsteps with only his eyes.

Right at that moment, two beams of light shot towards him from the sky.

"Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The two were none other than Shahn and Rachelle.

"Two consummate True Gods?"

The True God looked back and his heart trembled.

Although he had a high status in the Fang Clan, he was not eligible to enter the Floating Island, so he didn't know Shahn Fang.

But he knew that no matter who these newcomers were, it would be wise not to offend them.

"Who is in charge of this place?" Shahn's majestic voice rang out as he remained floating in the air.

The True God looked up at Shahn in the air and said respectfully, "It is me. I'm in charge of this Godly Way Tablet. If I may, could I please ask your name?"

"I'm Shahn Fang," Shahn replied, and then he asked, "Have there been any stranger here today?"

As soon as Shahn announced his name, there was a buzz around the Godly Way Tablet.

The masters of the Fang Clan were well-known in the Square Sky Region. Although Shahn was not a Holy Being, he was the most powerful consummate True God of the Fang Clan, so he had a great reputation in the Square Sky Region. The crowd regarded him with reverence.

Shahn seemed to enjoy the attention. A self-satisfied smile appeared on his face.

"Stranger?" The True God was slightly stunned. He could not help turning his head to look at Zen, who was quickly walking away.

There had only been one stranger there today.

At the same time, Rachelle stared at Zen's receding back with sharp eyes.

She had felt that something was not right, but she didn't pay much attention to Zen because he had concealed his strength.

"You! Stop!" Rachelle's cold voice floated over.

However, the moment she spoke, Zen had already jumped up and flew forward.

Zen sighed in his heart. What an unlucky coincidence. He had chosen a space channel randomly, and he still ended up meeting Rachelle and Shahn.

Of course, he didn't know that the Floating Islands had already responded as soon as he had arrived.

Without hesitation, he soared into the sky and flew forward.

Rachelle and Shahn stared at each other. Zen refused to stop and tried to flee.

"Chase him!"

The duo's faces darkened. They transformed into two beams of light and chased after Zen, leaving the top-rank True God in a daze.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

Zen had stopped hiding his cultivation level and moved forward as fast as he could.

Behind him, Rachelle and Shahn were hot on his trail.

The three flew at an extremely fast speed. Within seconds, they had flown past dozens of mountains.

Although the three of them had reached the consummation of True God Realm, Zen was still a beginner, so he couldn't go as fast as he wanted to. The distance between them was beginning to lessen.

"It can't go on like this."

Zen frowned. An aura of the Space Law spread out in front of him. He decided to try to use the Grand Teleportation technique.

However, when he was about to drill into the space channel, a flash of weird lightning appeared in the sky and shot down.

"Bang!"

The lightning shattered the space channel built by Zen.

Zen was also affected by this lightning and let out a muffled snort. There was nothing he could do but resist the lightning, so his flying speed was greatly reduced.

Seizing this opportunity, Rachelle and Shahn cornered Zen.

"The entire space of the Square Sky Region has been blocked, but you still tried to use the Grand Teleportation technique." Rachelle stood in front of Zen to block his way. When she finally saw Zen's face, she arched her beautiful eyebrows in shock. "What a small world. Who would have thought that the True God we are hunting down is you?"

Chapter 2677 Passing On The Message

It had been almost ten years since they had met in the Sunrest Tree last time.

But Rachelle had never forgotten Zen.

Whenever she remembered Zen's face, the humiliation of her defeat in his hands replayed in her mind.

It was because she was incredibly competitive that she couldn't accept such a failure. The shame of being insulted by a low-rank True God would be something she would never forget for the rest of her life!

The hatred grew in her heart until it turned into her inner demon.

"You have stepped into the consummation of True God Realm!" It was a shock to Rachelle when she saw that Zen had improved so much in his cultivation.

She could only watch helplessly as he rapidly improved from a low-rank True God and became a consummate True God in just ten years. It was hard for her to accept it.

"It's... It's impossible!"

There was also clear disbelief on Shahn's shocked face.

They were top figures in powerful clans on the Floating Islands, and they had seen many extraordinary talents in the divine land.

Some talents improved their cultivation with great speed.

With the support of rich resources on a Floating Island, it usually took only ten years for a warrior to become a top-rank True God from a low-rank True God.

There were quite many people who achieved that. The Fang Clan and the Mu Clan had a couple of such talents, to say the least.

However, it was astonishing and hard for Shahn and Rachelle to accept that a low-rank True God reached the consummation of True God Realm in just ten years.

Reaching the consummation of True God Realm was a million times harder than reaching the common True God Realm!

There were plenty of True Gods in the divine land and the top-rank True Gods among them was many. However, the number of consummate True Gods was few and far between, just a little more than the number of Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings.

For example, the top-rank True Gods around the Godly Way Tablet only wanted to enter the consummation of True God Realm.

These top-rank True Gods were only a step away from reaching the consummation of True God Realm, but this step was like a vast chasm. The majority of them would never cross this gap their whole lives!

There was a saying in the divine land that went, "One step to become a consummate True God, a half more to become a Holy Being."

The strength of a consummate True God was just a little inferior to a Demi-holy Being. They all had the qualifications to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings and compete for the opportunity to become a Holy Being.

There were many examples of consummate True Gods successfully becoming Holy Beings in the history of the divine land.

Even if Zen had extraordinary talents, he still needed to get through the two bottlenecks in the Emotion Closing Godly Way: the Formless State and the Nothingness In One. He wouldn't have reached the consummation of True God Realm if it hadn't been for Fuxi's help.

More importantly, Zen had been focusing wholeheartedly on the study of merging Goldly Ways and he had made no progress in the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

It was hard to say how long it would have taken him to reach the consummation of True God Realm if he hadn't met Fuxi...

Fortunately, the time Zen spent on comprehending the Emotion Closing Godly Way was greatly shortened by taking advantage of the Eight Diagrams Chart with Fuxi's help.

"Are you surprised?" Zen stared at Rachelle indifferently.

"Yes, I am." Rachelle stared at Zen's smiling face and felt the indescribable rage blaze in her heart as she kept her voice calm. "If it weren't for the difference in our stands, I would admire my sister who found you special long ago. With only ten years of time, you stepped into the consummation of True God Realm. Such a genius indeed hasn't existed before and probably would never be seen again in this world,"

she said as she stretched out her hands.

Two scarlet runes appeared on the wrists of her arms and then two short scarlet swords "grew" out from her arms.

"What a pity!" Rachel sneered and the killing intent in her eyes became darker.

A palm sized cyan disc surrounded by cyan twigs appeared in Shahn's hand behind Zen.

The twigs started to burn as he placed his hand on the disc...

While the twigs were burning, in the Sea Vessel Region...

Walton and two other consummate True Gods flew towards their destination at a high speed.

Walton noticed that there was something strange in his space ring and when he tapped it, a cyan disc similar to Shahn's appeared in his hand. The twigs on his cyan disc were also burning.

"So soon?" It made Walton's eyes widen.

"What's up, Walton?" another consummate True God from the Tang Clan asked.

"It's the Square Sky Region." Walton stared at the disc as he replied, "Rachelle and Shahn have found the target. Let's go back!"

All the consummate True Gods had gone out to search for the target and thirteen cyan discs were distributed to the groups heading to thirteen different regions.

The twigs intertwined around the cyan discs were picked up from the Ray Tree and they were all collected from the same branch.

Whoever found the target would set the cyan disc ablaze.

There were something special about the twigs on the Ray Tree. As long as the twigs were from the same branch, no matter how far apart they were, when one burned, the others would also be on fire!

So after the twigs on Shahn's cyan disc were set on fire, the twigs on the other twelve cyan discs started to burn.

According to the location of fire burning on the disc, they would be able to know who had found the target!

In the Magic Door Region...

Rocher stood on a hilltop and looked at the disc in his hand.

"Lowell, what's going on?"

Behind him were two consummate True Gods of the Dongfang Clan.

Over the past few years, Rocher had made a lot of extraordinary achievements in the Dongfang Clan, especially in the Abyss Demon Region where he saved people from dire situations many times.

Therefore, although Rocher was a junior, he had a high prestige.

"It's in the northwest," Rocher said as he stared at the direction the twigs burned. "The Square Sky Region! Let's go!"

With that, Rocher darted towards the Square Sky Region with the two consummate True Gods at full speed.

Rocher was also very curious about this mission.

Who was so powerful that the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands made such a big move to find him? They even used the Ruling Slate to seal the space of the thirteen big regions.

He had a vague hunch that something would happen...

The Flying Bell Region...

The Yellow Dragon Region...

The Cloud Peak Region...

All the scattered consummate True Gods in the thirteen large regions received the message and rushed towards the Square Sky Region.

The space of the large regions was sealed by the Ruling Slate so they were also limited by the rule like Zen.

It was impossible to travel through transmission arrays nor could they use Grand Teleportation.

Any move that would trigger the Space Law would be punished by the Ruling Slate.

They could only move to another region at their fastest speed and teleport from there. When they arrived in the neighboring region of Square Sky Region, they would enter the Square Sky Region from there.

"Whoosh!"

Rachelle transformed into a flash of bloody radiance as she swung her two blood red short swords and dashed towards Zen.

Zen was well prepared to face her attack.

He leaned back and his long sword came into his hand, a long streak of light shooting out!

"Crack!"

There was a loud sound.

The streak of light Zen slashed out landed on Rachelle's short sword. After refraction, it came down from the height of ten thousand feet in the sky.

"Rumble..."

In an instant, the unremarkable streak of light split a mountain range below right in the middle.

"Phew!"

After he launched the strike, Zen stabilized himself and quickly ran without any intention of continuing the fight!

Chapter 2678 Thunder Materialization

There was a difference in terms of strength between the consummate True Gods.

In their clans, Rachelle and Shahn were considered as the top figures among the consummate True Gods.

With his current cultivation base, Zen wasn't threatened at all.

Just as he had arrived at the divine land, he was immediately chased down by the powerful clans. That was too coincidental.

After thinking about it carefully, he came up with a rough idea.

Since Emily's space channel was built on top of the divine land and had penetrated through a universe, a particular Holy Being must have been alerted.

Zen didn't know who exactly was alerted, but he assumed that it was a Holy Being that belonged to the union of the powerful clans since Rachelle and Shahn had been sent.

He didn't know what kind of power he was about to face. If Holy Beings and Demi-holy beings got involved, then he would be in big trouble.

At that moment, he chose to retreat first.

Now that the other party had used the Ruling Slate to seal off thirteen regions, he had to quickly move to an unsealed region. As long as the token of mountain was activated, he could escape and return to the fairy palace.

"You want to leave?"

Rachelle stomped the ground in tiptoe, immediately transforming into a ray of blood-red light that quickly flew over.

Shahn followed closely, a bright silver sword appearing in his hand.

"Swish!"

Rachelle's two swords that chased after Zen suddenly collided against each other.

A deathly aura flowed out of those two blood swords, while a beam of cross-shaped blood radiance charged towards Zen.

Each consummate True God had mastered a certain Godly Way. The power in Rachelle's cross-shaped blood radiance was controlled, but its malevolence was undeniable.

Zen, who was running right in front of them, didn't even look back.

"The Thunderstorm Godly Way!"

The Godly Tile in his inner world flashed, and a beam of thunder burst out from it.

"Crack!"

The thunder struck down his elixir field and pierced through his back.

In just a short time, the thumb-sized thunder condensed and formed a pair of huge thunder wings that were about a thousand feet long.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

The two wings that were flapping on Zen's back enwrapped Rachelle's blood radiance.

Flashes of powerful thunder discharged from the wings and hit and crushed the blood radiance instantly.

Then the wings flapped once again.

"Crack!"

Zen turned into a bolt of lightning and sped away.

"This is…" Rachelle was dumbfounded.

"It's the consummate level theurgy of the Thunderstorm Godly Way -- Thunder Materialization!" Even Shahn himself was stunned. "Did he reach the consummation of the True God Realm with the help of the Thunderstorm Godly Way Tablet which is under the watch of my clan? Damn it! This can't be!"

Shahn, who was never known to use such words, couldn't help himself.

They had at least accepted the fact that Zen reached the consummation of True God Realm in ten years.

That was not threatening though. If the other consummate True Gods of the union of the powerful clans came in time, they could easily put an end to Zen.

However, as soon as Shahn and Rachelle arrived in the Square Sky Region, they saw that Zen was right beside the Thunderstorm Godly Way Tablet.

According to their elders, Zen had been there for a short while. How could he have used the tablet to step into the consummation level?

It was unacceptable.

"No. According to the information I have, he mainly cultivates the Emotion Closing Godly Way," Rachelle said with a long face. "He could only reach the consummation of True God Realm with the Emotion Closing Godly Way."

"But he just presented the Thunder Materialization!" Shahn exclaimed.

"Have you forgotten how strange he is? He can even use my clan's Blood Breaking Bite and your clan's Parting Water Divine Mirror," Rachelle said, shaking her head in frustration.

"You mean to say that as he is a consummate True God now, he can use all the other consummate level theurgies?" Shahn asked rather loudly.

After he said that, they glanced at each other with shock in both their eyes.

It was a harsh realization.

At that moment, they didn't know how to solve their problem.

"Let's just keep on following him and inform others to surround him. We can't let him slip this time. He must die!" Rachelle said through gritted teeth.

With that, she left, rage glinting in her eyes.

With a helpless expression on his face, Shahn had no other choice but to follow suit. He thought to himself, 'We never intend to let him go. On the other hand, he has let us go before.'

Back when Joy had taken Zen to escape from the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Zen released all the consummate True Gods who were imprisoned in the jade seal.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Three beams of light flew over at a very high speed, occasionally passing by a divine city.

It was stated on the slates that flying was prohibited. Since they had violated such a rule, the slates attacked them.

However, even before the slates were activated, the three of them had already flown past the divine cities without a trace, leaving many True Gods in the cities in awe.

Day and night, from dusk until dawn.

The view before Zen was endless mountains that looked as if they were waves in the sea.

From a distance, a clear boundary had appeared.

'Almost there. I hope the other side of the Square Sky Region hasn't been sealed yet, ' Zen thought as he flapped his thunder wings.

The space channel was built by Emily, so Zen didn't know where the thirteen paths would lead to.

If the thirteen regions were connected, then it was trouble for Zen. That just meant that he had to go through several regions in order to escape.

When Rachelle and Shahn saw the direction that Zen had taken, they were overjoyed.

The west and the north of the Square Sky Region were adjacent to the Sea Vessel Region and the Snake Spirit Region respectively.

The area connecting the Sea Vessel Region and the Square Sky Region was very large. According to the direction that Zen had fled to, he would enter the Sea Vessel Region.

Unfortunately, the space in the Sea Vessel Region had also been sealed off, which meant that Zen was unable to escape. Moreover, Walton was there. Barring accidents, he had been waiting with his people there.

Five minutes later, Zen had finally crossed the border of the Square Sky Region.

The intersection of the two regions was very distinct. The Square Sky Region was covered with mountains, and at the end of it was the Sea Vessel Region which was surrounded by a vast sea.

The Sea Vessel Region looked like a carrier for holding water, and most of its areas were covered by water. That was why it was named that way.

When he entered that region, an idea came to his mind. He actually wanted to travel through space.

"Crack!"

A flash of lightning from the sky charged towards Zen.

Zen's face turned dark. He was on full alert. By flapping his wings, he dodged the lightning.

However, he could only watch the lightening destroy the space channel that he built.

The space of the Sea Vessel Region had also been sealed.

It meant that he could not escape by using the Grand Teleportation technique or return to the fairy place with the help of the token of mountain.

Chapter 2679 Take The Credit

Splash...

The sea water rolled out from the deep of the Sea Vessel Region and endlessly slapped the mountains around the edge of the Square Sky Region.

Wrapped in the huge pair of thunder wings, Zen stood in the air.

Rachelle kept a certain distance from Zen and looked down at him. "Several great regions around the Square Sky Region are sealed off. Even if you have wings today, it is still difficult to fly away!"

Upon hearing this, Zen frowned.

That was the last thing he wanted. Crossing a large region would take him a lot of time.

The longer he stayed there, the worse the situation could get for him.

Although Zen knew Rachelle was right, he could only smile coldly at her. "You stress that the surrounding regions are sealed off because you want me to stay here. To me, it doesn't seem that difficult to find the real exit."

As soon as Zen finished his words, the thunder wings on his back suddenly spread.

"Crack!"

The blue thunder radiance effused from those wings.

Rachelle and Shahn saw that Zen had turned into a beam of thick lightning and flew away.

Zen wasn't just randomly choosing a direction.

He flew along the dividing line between the Square Sky Region and the Sea Vessel Region.

That way, he could find the third large region through the shortest route. If he still couldn't employ the spatial transference in the third region, then he could only figure out other ways.

That was his best choice at present.

When both Rachelle and Shahn noticed the direction Zen had escaped to, they looked equally displeased.

If he followed the dividing line, it wasn't long before he could enter the Snake Spirit Region.

In that case, they were just letting Zen slip their hands again.

Not long after Zen had escaped, a huge water curtain suddenly appeared in the sea just right below him.

"Splash!"

The water curtain instantly exploded into thousands of water drops that covered Zen.

His eyebrows raised as he saw the situation. His pair of thunder wings flapped again. Just as he passed through the water drops, something strange happened.

All of the water drops suddenly changed course.

They all intertwined, forming a large net of water and once again enveloping Zen.

"Is this… the Parting Water Godly Way?"

Facing the huge water net, Zen twisted his body and his thunder wings began to whisk.

Such a move immediately broke the net into pieces, crystal drops of water splashing everywhere.

Shortly after the water drops scattered, they condensed again and turned into a new, larger net that instantly covered Zen's body.

At the same time, layers upon layers of water curtains began to appear in the sea. Those water curtains turned into more water drops, turning into larger nets that were continuously attaching themselves to Zen's body.

There was a strange energy in those nets. When that energy hit Zen, his body suddenly became dull.

"Ha! We got him! He will never escape my Magic Water Net!"

A figure slowly rose from the water and floated towards the top of the sea with a huge smile on his face.

At that same time, a huge mountain on the edge of the Square Sky Region cracked.

The center of the mountain kept on caving in. After the solid rocks broke, they all gathered together, forming layers of steps.

Walton carefully walked up the steps with his shield sword in one hand.

He stared at the huge water net suspended in the air, then raised his head and laughed, "Rachelle, Shahn... How useless you've been! Compared to my junior fellow disciple, you are far inferior!"

The man in blue who stood on top of the waves was called Diego Tang. He was Walton's junior fellow disciple and also happened to be one of the consummate True Gods in the Tang Clan.

Being a consummate True God, it went without saying that Diego Tang was immensely powerful. However, he was weaker compared to Shahn, Walton and Rachelle.

Both Rachelle and Shahn had chased Zen for quite a long time, but they never succeeded. As for Diego Tang, he caught Zen so easily.

He was a pride of the Tang Clan.

"Thank you for letting me have this chance! It's finally the Tang Clan's turn to take this guy away!" Diego Tang cupped his hands in front of Rachelle and Shahn, and then said, "Bryan, take action now!"

This time, there were three consummate True Gods sent by the Tang Clan to carry out the task. They were none other than Walton Tang, Diego Tang, and Bryan Tang.

Both Diego and Bryan Tang became consummate True Gods by means of the Parting Water Godly Way and were hiding at the bottom of the sea.

Worried that Rachelle and Shahn might get the chance to take Zen before they could, Diego had asked Bryan to make a move as soon as possible.

After Diego Tang spoke, a huge whirlpool suddenly appeared in the sea below.

At the same time, the sea area within a hundred miles suddenly went wild, all of the water rushing towards the whirlpool.

Then, an astonishing amount of power came out of the center of the whirlpool.

The insane suction power of the whirlpool allowed the seawater around to descend into it pretty quickly.

Not long after, Bryan popped out of the sea with a long blue bow in his hand.

As if it was made of water, the bow was also crystal clear. The long arrow that was pristinely placed on it was definitely made of water.

Ordinary water arrows couldn't hurt people.

But what Bryan Tang held in his hand was the Parting Water Bow, and it had the ability to make use of all the water in the surroundings.

His Parting Water Bow had absorbed all the seawater within a hundred miles, dropping the sea level by one hundred feet.

The highly condensed Parting Water Arrow also turned into a lethal weapon.

"Swish!"

Bryan Tang's fingers released the bowstring, allowing the arrow to leave.

The Parting Water Arrow that was extremely condensed at that time flew straight towards Zen at a high speed.

Three consummate True Gods from the Tang Clan had meddled into that battle. Even Rachelle didn't expect such a thing to happen.

Seeing the powerful arrow shooting in Zen's direction, she slightly narrowed her eyes. A bad feeling emerged in her heart as her expression also began to change. "Be careful! That guy isn't weak!"

In fact, both Rachelle and Shahn didn't intend on taking credit for the Tang Clan's hard work.

The two of them had followed Zen all the way without attacking him because they weren't so sure if they could actually beat him.

They planned to take action after meeting the other consummate True Gods.

However, they never expected that Walton would recklessly lurk out there along with two other consummate True Gods and just attack Zen.

"Boom!"

The Parting Water Arrow had broken through the water nets and was already heading straight for Zen.

Zen's gaze turned cold as he remained stuck in the water nets.

With no intention of avoiding the attack, Zen had a small black snake appearing on the palm of his right hand.

"Puff!"

The Parting Water Arrow hit Zen and actually pierced through his body.

"The arrow hit him?"

"He's either going to die or turn into a cripple this time!"

Bryan and Diego Tang beamed with excitement.

They thought it wouldn't be an easy mission as most of the warriors from powerful clans on the Floating Islands had been sent out to make a move. It was beyond their expectation that they would succeed during their first attack.

However, their excitement only lasted for six seconds.

They noticed that Zen's figure had ominously flashed and the wound pierced by the Parting Water Arrow had disappeared.

Within just nine seconds, Zen had used the jade seal to erase the wound.

The arrow that Bryan Tang had released destroyed the water nets which freed Zen.

"Crack!"

Zen flapped the thunder wings on his back, and then he turned into a thick thunderbolt that struck down from the sky.

The Shadow Bearing Sword in Zen's hand pressed against Bryan Tang's abdomen. He looked at Zen with unexpressive eyes and couldn't help but tremble.

At that moment, an indescribable feeling arose in Bryan Tang's mind.

He felt that the person in front of him was not a living being or object, but a presence of nothingness.

While Bryan was dazed by that feeling, Zen raised and swung his Shadow Bearing Sword.

Immediately, he cut Bryan Tang's cinnabar field and internal organs into pieces with the sword. At last, the soul that hid in Bryan's mind was also chopped into pieces.

"Swish!"

As the Shadow Bearing Sword cut through Bryan Tang, a sword radiance of several thousand feet long came out from his back which caused a huge wave. Then, it flew towards Diego Tang who stood from a distance.

Chapter 2680 Encirclement

It was true that Zen was strong, but Diego didn't expect that he'd not be hurt by the arrow at all.

To make matters even worse, Zen had used that same arrow to escape from his water net and killed Bryan with his sword as well!

How was that possible?

In panic, Diego pushed off the ground with his legs and quickly slid backwards on the sea.

Although he moved backward at an extremely fast speed, Zen followed him behind more quickly.

Before the sword radiance that Zen had unleashed caught up to Diego, Zen had transformed into a streak of lightning and ran towards him.

"Water Vortex Array!"

Diego uttered the command as he retreated and frantically waved his arms.

In turn, dozens of waterspouts rose from the sea and rushed towards Zen.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Despite the harsh water out to whip at Zen, he didn't even blink. He simply continued to wield his Shadow Bearing Sword.

The waterspouts that attacked him did not stand against the Shadow Bearing Sword at all. The sword sliced through them and they quickly fell apart one after the other.

"Puff!"

After he was done with the waterspouts, he quickly approached Diego and thrust his sword through his chest.

Then, he swung his long sword and pulled Diego towards his back.

At that moment, the sword radiance that he had previously released took over with a loud roar.

When Diego saw that the sword radiance was about to kill him, he gritted his teeth and a strange force flew out from his elixir field.

"Splash!"

His body suddenly turned into a transparent and shapeless thing, until it fully became a mass of water that flowed into the sea alongside the Shadow Bearing Sword.

It was the Shapeless Water, the consummate level theurgy of the Parting Water Godly Way.

This theurgy could instantly dissolve the body and merge it with water.

If given enough time, one could even use this theurgy to control the sea, summon the storms, and churn the waves.

Now, Diego had used it to run away out of desperation.

After all, this particular world had been sealed off, so he couldn't use the Grand Teleportation technique either.

They had blocked Zen's way, and also their own--but what they didn't know was that they would face such a powerful monster.

On the other hand, Zen was slightly surprised. He sneered and bent lightly, placing his palm on the surface of the seawater.

"The Elementary Fire Godly Way!"

"Boom!"

A raging fireball exploded under the sea and enveloped the waters around Zen.

In the blink of an eye, the fireball had cleared out the whole body of water.

Even Diego who had resorted to using the Shapeless Water had also evaporated.

As for Zen, he had freed himself from the water net, killed Bryan, and made Diego evaporate--all of which took him about six seconds.

His speed was otherworldly fast that people couldn't even react!

Walton, who stood and watched on top of the mountain, was utterly dumbfounded by what he saw.

Bryan and Diego certainly weren't weak, but Zen had killed them so quickly. Walton really found it hard to accept what had just happened.

"Gurgle..."

As soon as Zen had evaporated the water in a ten-mile radius, the sea from other areas surged continuously and filled the vacuum area under his feet.

"If you want death, just follow me. I don't mind taking your lives," Zen said coldly.

Rachelle, Shahn, and Walton froze with terror as they heard what he said.

Of course, Rachelle wasn't stupid and had been very cautious all this time. She never chose to fight Zen head on.

At that point, however, she clearly realized that Zen's strength was way beyond her expectations.

The man whom they had oppressed before had become invincible.

"Crack!"

Just then, Zen turned into a flash of lightning once again and flew forward.

With gritted teeth, Rachelle hissed, "Tell the other consummate True Gods who are on the way here not to act rashly. Let's continue to follow Zen!"

After that, she and Shahn turned into blood red lights once more and trailed Zen.

The thing was, it wasn't easy for Zen to defeat Rachelle since she was much stronger than Diego and Bryan.

"Zen! I will kill you today!" Walton roared to the sea surface. His eyes cast a determined glance at the direction the three had gone.

Then, he carried the huge sword shield and followed them in a fit of rage.

Meanwhile, puffs of air escaped quickly from Zen's lips as he galloped along the coastline between the two regions.

He didn't anticipate that the coastline was too long.

As he traversed through the coast, he saw two black dots in the distance.

"Two more consummate True Gods!"

Indeed, there were two grey-haired old men from the Leng Clan.

Unlike Diego and Bryan, they didn't attack immediately and instead, kept a certain distance when they saw Zen.

Soon enough, more and more consummate True Gods appeared.

They were from the Qin Clan, the Zhao Clan and the Leng Clan.

Truth be told, they were all shocked at the very start of their encounter with Zen.

At the same time, they wondered why Shahn sent a message to them with his life vitality to warn them not to make a move first.

That had made them even more curious.

Although Zen had reached the consummation of True God Realm, he didn't look so terrifying.

Still, the consummate True Gods didn't do anything--just like Shahn had said. They simply surrounded Zen, one after another.

On the contrary, Zen just watched them with cold eyes as he flew forward.

In the Snake Spirit Region, Rocher had reached the divine city located at the very edge through the transmission array.

After he had left the divine city with two consummate True Gods from the Dongfang Clan, he began to use the Grand Teleportation technique.

As of the moment, all the consummate True Gods headed towards the Sea Vessel Region. Of course, Rocher couldn't fall behind.

When Rocher arrived at the boundary of the Snake Spirit Region, he saw the mountains were on the left and the sea waves were on the right. Those two formed the boundary between the Square Sky Region and the Sea Vessel Region.

"Both the spaces of the Sea Vessel Region and the Square Sky Region have been sealed. Thus, we can't use the Grand Teleportation technique once we enter. If we go along this coastline, we should be able to block our target in the Sea Vessel Region," he said.

"I have an idea. Can we also ambush the target in the Snake Spirit Region?" a consummate True God from the Dongfang Clan asked.

Rocher shook his head and said, "After entering the Snake Spirit Region, our target can run away using the Grand Teleportation technique--as long as he has reached the consummation of True God Realm. If I'm not mistaken, he's indeed a consummate True God."

If the target was not a consummate True God, Rachelle and Shahn, who had sent the message, would've killed him already. They clearly wouldn't hold off until now.

Yet, Rocher was still a bit confused. If the target was just a consummate True God, then it shouldn't be too difficult for Rachelle and Shahn to deal with him with their power. Why did they delay it till now?

At that moment, three spatial fluctuations suddenly appeared in front of Rocher, and it wasn't long before three more consummate True Gods came.

A frown tugged at Rocher's lips at the sight of the group's leader. It was Troy.

The two of them hadn't been on the best terms for a long time. They looked at each other. Troy snorted coldly and took his people to enter the Sea Vessel Region without a word.

Chapter 2681 Attack

The normally tranquil sky was now littered with dozens of streams of life vitality that quietly fluctuated.

Meanwhile, the consummate True Gods who hovered around Zen conversed with each other through life vitality.

"What are we waiting for? We're only twenty thousand miles away from the Snake Spirit Region!"

"At his current speed, there's no doubt he'd be able to enter the Snake Spirit Region in five minutes. I'm afraid he would've escaped by then!"

"What are you worried about, Rachelle? There are so many of us fighting together. Even a Demi-holy Being cannot defeat us!"

Now, these consummate True Gods were really confused.

It was true that Zen might have a certain reputation, but he had just stepped into the consummation of True God Realm. Thus, why did both Rachelle and Shahn ask them to surround Zen and be on standby? Why were they worried if their opponent was a new consummate True God?

Generally speaking, the consummate True Gods from the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands regarded Troy as their leader.

If Troy wasn't present, they listened to Rachelle's command. They had always done so when they explored the forbidden lands over the past years.

Currently, however, those consummate True Gods began to doubt Rachelle's strategy.

"Do you want me to say it again?" Rachelle said icily. Her lips pressed into a thin line as she said, "Diego and Bryan joined forces to fight Zen, but the brat had killed them in the first round! If you want to die, then I won't stop you!"

Some of the consummate True Gods did not know that, and their mouths dropped at her words.

They glanced at Zen again, and subconsciously acted more cautiously.

Of course, Diego and Bryan certainly weren't weak among their peers. Moreover, most of the other consummate True Gods present weren't even confident enough to win against them. If so, how did Zen kill them so easily in one round?

They wouldn't have believed it if Rachelle hadn't personally said it.

Compared to the other consummate True Gods, Rachelle was more eager to kill Zen and she knew him better.

And, it was precisely because of that reason that she could restrain herself from doing so.

She had once missed the chance to kill him before and it made her depressed, but this time, she wanted to make sure that she would succeed.

"But we can't just watch him escape, right?" one consummate True God said with dissatisfaction. "Troy has entered the Sea Vessel Region.

Let's wait for him to decide," Rachelle answered coldly.

It was known that the Holy Beings from the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands considered Nicholas as the absolute ruler.

For the consummate True Gods, Troy played a similar role.

Rachelle, who wasn't fully assured that she could defeat Zen, pinned all her hopes on Troy.

The slight fluctuations of life vitality that surrounded Zen continued to exchange information.

Even though Zen couldn't know the content of their conversations, his lips tugged into a slight sneer.

'Maybe these guys are discussing how to deal with me?' he thought.

Right now, he had no other choice but to fight for his life.

It was also Emily's fault as she showed off her abilities and insisted on creating a space channel from the top of the divine land. Had she picked a different place, then he wouldn't have encountered so much trouble.

Just as he slipped further into his thoughts, his eyes lit up when he saw a tinge of light green appear in the distance. The seemingly endless coastline now came to an end!

"There's the junction of the three regions. The Square Sky Region and the Sea Vessel Region have been sealed. Maybe there's a way out in the third region!" he exclaimed.

With that, the wings on his back immediately flapped and his speed increased some more.

Just as he had sped up, several small black dots suddenly appeared in front of him.

The small black dots traveled towards him at an extremely fast pace!

"Several more consummate True Gods..." It wasn't long before he saw the face of the man who was at their helm, and he quickly frowned. "Troy?"

In turn, Troy just smirked and said, "Back then, I had given you a chance to stay alive a bit longer. I didn't expect that you would step into the consummation of True God Realm from a low-rank True God in just ten years! You must've had many lucky chances during those years. You are indeed, a very fortunate person! But do you think you still have any luck to escape from me this time?"

There was still a distance of a few hundred miles between the two of them, but Zen already heard Troy's deep voice clearly.

His iron hand glinted in the light with a silver sheen, then streams of a strange kind of power circled around it.

"You can try to know if I still have luck," Zen said faintly. Then, he moved like a lightning bolt. He was careful to maintain his immensely fast speed as he planned to force himself through.

Just as he was done speaking, his gaze fell on the people behind Troy. His heart pounded. There in the group, was Rocher!

Behind Troy, Rocher was also very confused.

He never expected that all this time, these consummate True Gods of the alliance of the powerful clans had been all out just to capture Zen!

Back then after he had entered the Floating Island, he had also secretly investigated the whereabouts of the other Godly Geniuses.

There were no news about the other Godly Geniuses except for Zen, who had gotten quite a reputation on the Floating Islands. His stories could be heard everywhere.

When he only had the cultivation of a proving godly warrior, he had winning streaks in the battles against warriors of higher levels. Then, he had kidnapped several consummate True Gods in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, and finally escaped with the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan...

The rumors about Zen also made him speechless.

Those rumors, however, had ceased ten years ago. Ever since then, he had gotten nothing else about Zen.

Therefore, he had been a little worried. Could it be that Zen had already died somewhere? Now they were here, he had never thought that he would meet Zen in such a situation. Zen was the target they wanted to arrest!

Worry flooded his face. How would Zen escape under such a predicament?

Furthermore, he couldn't help Zen with everyone watching. After all, he had worked so hard to enter the Dongfang Clan and through the years of his management, he had also gained Nicholas' trust. He had a more important task to complete.

When he saw that Zen was getting increasingly closer to Troy, he felt even more conflicted. Yet, his face looked as calm as water. No one could even notice that something bothered him.

While Rachelle also got closer to Zen, streams of violent aura spread from the blood red short swords in her hands, and half of the sky was painted a bright, bloody crimson.

As for Shahn, a sharp sword light appeared in his hand, which constantly swallowed and spat around the tip of his sword.

Walton looked absolutely murderous as his body unleashed a powerful aura, the sword shield hoisted on his shoulder.

All the consummate True Gods who surrounded Zen secretly gathered their momentum and waited.

…

"Attack!" Troy ordered.

Ribbons of highly powerful forces of Godly Ways suddenly erupted.

"Divine Five Elements Body!"

"Wind Ruin!"

"Sky Bury!"

"……"

Every single one of the consummate True Gods executed the Godly Ways they had comprehended to their fullest extent.

Any theurgy at the consummation level could have the power to destroy the heaven and earth when it was performed alone. What more if twenty or so consummate True Gods exhibited their theurgies, all at the same time?

"Rumble..."

In a split second, all the theurgies rushed simultaneously towards Zen!

The effect of the combined theurgies formed a blinding, massive energy flow that covered an expanse of a hundred thousand feet around Zen's whole body.

All the creatures within the hundred thousand-foot radius, even those with the cultivation of Demi-holy Beings, would barely survive.

The shockwave from the energy flow alone had drained the sea water within an area of ten thousand miles. In the Square Sky Region, the mountains that stretched thousands of miles had been shaking violently.

Chapter 2682 Taking The Opportunity To Absorb

When he saw the tremendous energy currents rushing towards him, Zen was suddenly struck with an idea.

These currents contained the internal momentum of the consummate stage.

Zen had planned to visit all the Godly Way Tablets but apparently, he couldn't do it any time soon.

Every theurgy at the consummate level was powerful and couldn't be underestimated since it might play an important role in the future. There was no way he was going to pass up this opportunity.

"Buzz..."

Two golden rings appeared at the edge of his pupils.

Over twenty light dots on the Infinity Ruler in his mind were also instantly ignited.

"The consummate level theurgy of the Five Elements Godly Way ..."

"The consummate level theurgy of the Spiritual Wind Godly Way..."

"The consummate level theurgy of the Earth Godly Way..."

"The consummate level theurgy of the Murdering Godly Way..."

The extremely consummate internal momentum formed marks on the Godly Tile in Zen's inner world through the Infinity Ruler.

"I don't have enough time..."

He absorbed the Godly Ways at a fast rate but he had only gone through half before the energy currents surrounded him.

"Divine Five Elements Body!"

Zen employed the theurgy belonging to the Five Elements Godly Way at the consummate level.

The Magnetic Sacred Mountain he had discovered in the Lower World also gathered the power of the five elements which made it really solid.

The Divine Five Elements Body mixed the Indestructible Metal Godly Way, the Earth Godly Way, the Parting Water Godly Way, the Elementary Fire Godly Way and the Cyan Wood Godly Way altogether. However, this combination was not like the one in the Magnetic Sacred Mountain. Instead, it was a theurgy produced through the comprehension of the Five Elements Godly Way.

Five colors burst forth on his skin, making his body extremely strong.

"Crack!"

Zen let the energy currents wash over him and he readily absorbed the internal momentum inside them...

The huge mass of energy currents shrank as Zen absorbed them, which made some of the consummate True Gods smile.

Some people mocked Rachelle in their minds. Despite being so powerful, she was still only a woman.

Zen was not powerful at all, and they surely didn't need to wait for Troy to deal with him.

It would surely be enough to kill him by having everyone attack at the same time.

"He's just a consummate True God. Why should so many people have to fight him together? Don't take him so seriously!"

"The Holy Beings ordered us to capture him, right? Now, he's sure to die!"

These consummate True Gods looked relaxed but Rachelle, Shahn, Walton, and Troy showed no expressions on their faces.

Since Zen was able to control the jade seal, it wouldn't be that easy to kill him.

Troy stared at the mass of energy currents with caution.

They had begun to decrease rapidly and left a huge smoke cloud behind as they disappeared.

"He's not dead yet," Troy muttered, sensing Zen's existence through the smoke. "By using the jade seal, he's able to erase time just for a tiny bit. During those few seconds, he's basically immortal. Not even a Holy Being would be able to do anything against him. However, what will he do after that? Would he still be able to dodge?"

Troy did not attack Zen with the others earlier. He was cunning and waited for the right time to do so.

"Indestructible Metal Hand!"

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

The iron hand rapidly swelled.

In the blink of an eye, it reached the size of a huge mountain and reached out to grab the smoke cloud.

Troy's behaviour made the other consummate True Gods curious.

Since Zen was trapped by the turbulent energy currents, it would be extremely hard for him to escape. In fact, they figured that these currents would be enough to cut him into pieces and kill him.

What was Troy's point in taking action?

As Troy's huge, iron hand was about to grab the smoke cloud, a huge fist suddenly appeared!

"Clang!"

There was a deafening thud as this huge fist suddenly crashed into Troy's palm.

It was as if two, huge mountains had bumped into each other.

Troy's Indestructible Metal Hand was the consummate theurgy comprehended from the Indestructible Metal Godly Way.

He refined his right hand for countless years and consumed countless of the Dongfang Clan's resources.

The power contained within his iron hand was so terrifying that even a Demi-holy Being would be cautious when faced against it.

He had already thought that Zen's jade seal would enable him to avoid most of the consummate True Gods' attacks. However, Zen was unable to dodge his attack.

His attack seemed to be enough to crush Zen into pieces.

However, the resistance that met his iron hand surprised Troy greatly.

Where did this huge fist come from?

Suddenly, the huge force transmitted back from his iron hand, which made him even more confused.

It was so powerful that he was driven backwards!

His iron hand was the size of a mountain but his body was not even six feet tall. The sight of Troy getting dragged away by his huge hand was a bit funny to look at.

However, nobody paid attention to him.

All the consummate True Gods' attention was focused on the smoke cloud that was now slowly fading away.

From the smoke emerged a huge silhouette.

Zen had activated the Wild God Power in his body and had transformed into a forty thousand feet tall giant. He merely looked down on the crowd from his place in the sky.

These consummate True Gods were mere ants compared to Zen in terms of size.

"What, what's this?"

"How did his body become so huge?"

"What a powerful force! How did he make it?"

"He is even stronger than a Holy Being in terms of physical strength."

Those present were dumbfounded at the sight of Zen's giant form.

The pressure of the Wild God Power emanated from Zen in waves and was felt by the consummate True Gods around him.

These consummate True Gods had never seen the Wild God Power before and mistook it as the power of pure strength. Even a Holy Being wouldn't normally be able to create such an imposing aura when activating the Nine Divine Stars.

Rocher couldn't help but raise his eyebrows. He was standing at a distance but was still extremely overwhelmed by this surprising scene.

He knew Zen was imaginative but he never thought he would actually be able to become a literal giant.

Never had he heard of such great theurgy. After Zen transformed into a giant, his strength increased greatly and such level of skill simply amazed Rocher.

'Where in the world did he cultivate such an ability?' Rocher thought to himself.

"Anyone who dares stop me will get killed immediately," Zen threatened coldly.

His manner of speaking was gentle but his tone was extremely serious. His voice was also terribly loud and it made the consummate True Gods' ears buzz.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2683 Warning

A pair of wings, made entirely out of thunder, burst out of Zen's back.

His wings were as wide as 200, 000 feet and covered half the sky.

Zen did not want to deal with these consummate True Gods.

The longer he dallied, the worse it would be for him.

He had visited the bottom of the chaos and greatly improved his strength with Fuxi's help.

However, it would be hard for him to escape and return to the fairy palace if he was surrounded by Demi-holy Beings and Holy Beings.

"Crack!"

There was a sharp vibration as Zen's wings flapped. He turned his body and seemed to be preparing to fly away.

Intimidated by his aura, nobody dared to stop him.

However, at that moment, Walton stepped forward. "Don't let him go! Even if he becomes bigger, he is still no match for us!"

Two consummate True Gods from the Tang Clan got killed. If they let Zen go, Walton wouldn't have the nerve to face Clark.

Unfortunately, Zen heard this and took a step forward.

He raised his hand, poised to slap Walton on the face.

Zen had been practicing the Wild God system for a long time now and could easily handle his gigantic body. Instead of being heavy and slow, he was incomparably flexible and fast.

There was no way Walton could dodge Zen's slap. All he could do was put the huge sword shield across his chest in hopes of protecting himself.

"Bang!"

The sword shield was a supreme primordial weapon in the divine land but Zen's slap reduced it to rubble.

A powerful force broke through the shield and hit Walton who was sent flying directly into a mountain.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

There was a series of explosions as his body crashed into the mountain's face.

Soon after, the entire mountain itself collapsed, and it wasn't the only one.

The border of the Square Sky Region was surrounded by mountains but they began to collapse one by one.

Over a hundred mountains were flattened!

Had it been another consummate True God that was hit by Zen's slap, then he or she would've died upon impact.

In a moment of desperation, Walton exercised the Earth Godly Way and transferred the force onto the mountains.

He was able to survive but he was sapped entirely of his strength. He couldn't even move his limbs as he lay on the broken stones.

The atmosphere was tense and very quiet after that.

Walton's strength was considered only inferior to that of Rachelle and Troy, even a little stronger than Shahn's.

Someone like him was slapped half to death by Zen. Anyone else who dared to step forward would end up getting killed by the terrifying giant in front of them.

The sea wind blew and flowing sea water poured in with the mountains' collapse.

Even Rachelle shut up.

Troy, on the other hand, flew over with his face extremely pale.

Zen's punch had also sent him flying hundreds of miles away.

His iron hand returned to its original size but it was littered with cracks, having been damaged by Zen's forceful fist.

He stared at Zen's huge body with complex emotions.

None of them was prepared for this round against this young man.

The alliance of the powerful clans sent out all their consummate True Gods, thinking that their target was a mere True God, a consummate True God at most.

Of course, it was true that Zen had just reached his breakthrough but it was also a fact that even the Demi-holy Beings would find it hard to compete with his current strength.

Even if they attacked at the same time, they'd only waste their forces and suffer numerous casualties.

Under their watchful eyes, Zen turned into a beam of light and flew away.

With their target having flown away, the consummate True Gods could only stand there and look at Troy helplessly.

"Follow him!" Troy ordered in frustration.

There was no other choice but to follow.

However, the consummate True Gods were careful to keep a large distance between them and Zen. If Zen changed his mind and decided to turn around, they'd hopefully still have the chance to escape.

They knew they couldn't defeat Zen so they would do the next best thing and run away.

Thus, a group of consummate True Gods hung behind Zen and looked as if they were escorting him rather than pursuing him.

Zen shot Rocher a glance as he passed him by before sending a secret message. "Rocher."

Rocher heard and immediately floated up front.

There was a subtle fluctuation that the other consummate True Gods might sense once the message was transmitted.

In order to avoid being detected, Rocher came up front so no one else would notice the fluctuations. It helped that he was bolder than anybody else.

Seeing Rocher follow behind Zen closely made the others think of him as fearless and willing to go against such a great power.

"Zen, your progress is shocking!" Rocher said through his life vitality as he lightly moved his lips.

"Which clan are you hiding in?" Zen asked.

"The Dongfang Clan," Rocher said.

Zen was slightly surprised with his answer.

Back in the Evolutionary Universe, Wynn told him that Rocher had his own fate.

He never expected Rocher to take a completely different path once he arrived in the divine land, even going as far as hiding in the Dongfang Clan.

Zen's heart skipped a beat when he thought of the Dongfang Clan.

On the day he met his mother underground, Zen used the Spiritual Darkness to cultivate himself. After his cultivation, his mother immediately sent him out of the divine land.

She told him that the Holy Beings had found her. Zen had no idea where she might be. Perhaps she was taken away by Nicholas?

"Have you ever heard of Lorena Li in the Dongfang Clan?" Zen asked.

"Lorena Li? I've never heard of her. Who is she?" Rocher answered.

Zen's heart sank at his answer.

What he feared most was the possibility that his mother might have died. He hoped that she was merely taken away by Nicholas. At least he would still have a chance to save her.

"She's my mother," Zen replied.

This surprised Rocher greatly. "Your mother?"

"Ten years ago, my mother sent me away for my safety. I was unwilling but I had no choice," Zen explained. "I'm afraid that she may have fallen into Nicholas' hands."

Rocher's eyes flashed. "I've been greatly valued by Nicholas in the past few years. I can go to any place in the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island, except for the back hall. I heard a Demi-holy Being of the clan complain about Nicholas being seduced by a woman and neglecting his duties these years."

Zen's eyes lit up at Rocher's message.

Chapter 2684 Escape Successfully

"Tell me more, please!" Zen said.

"It is said that Holy Nicholas is obsessed with a woman, the one in the back hall. Over the years, he has kept entering the Time Sea to look for her body. I wonder whether that woman is your mother," Rocher replied.

"Looking for her body?"

Zen's heart skipped a beat. Perhaps he could finally get closure. A wave of peace rolled over him.

In this case, this woman was very likely to be his mother. She had not died. She just needed her physical body, and Nicholas was helping her look for it.

Whatever the case was, she wasn't dead.

Rocher sensed the change in Zen's mood. "Is that woman your mother?" he asked.

"She must be," Zen replied.

This time, it was Rocher's turn to be surprised.

Zen's father, Mike, was Murphy's nemesis. Rocher had come to know the truth about their feud over the past years. Long ago, Murphy had launched the universe war on Nicholas' orders. Mike's real enemy was, in fact, the union of the powerful clans led by Nicholas.

But one question remained unanswered. Why was Nicholas so obsessed with Zen's mother, Lorena?

Rocher felt confused. He looked at Zen with a curious expression.

Now was not the time for lengthy storytelling, however. Rocher would have to remain in the dark for a little longer. Just several dozen miles ahead of Zen, the junction of three regions came into view. He had to concentrate on the task at hand for now. Once he was out of the Square

Sky Region and the Sea Vessel Region, he would attempt to escape using the Grand Teleportation technique.

Meanwhile, Troy was using his life vitality to communicate with the other consummate True Gods, "Everyone, once Zen enters the Snake Spirit Region, I am certain he will try to escape using the Grand Teleportation technique. The technique is not forbidden in the Snake Spirit Region. I want to try again!"

No one was willing to let Zen go.

"How are we going to stop him? He is much stronger than us. We should just be thankful that he hasn't tried to kill us yet," said a consummate True God helplessly.

The other consummate True Gods were similarly discouraged. It was a severe blow to these consummate True Gods that, despite coming from the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, a single man had the power to intimidate them. And yet, they cowered in fear at the sight of his unimaginably tall body.

Troy, the most confident of the group, just smirked. "Is he really so much stronger than us? He is huge, I'll give you that, but size isn't everything. If the space here were not sealed, would you still be afraid of him?" he asked slyly.

Upon hearing this, the eyes of the consummate True Gods lit up a little.

"That's right. He's very strong physically, but this strength is a crutch. He relies on it completely, and without it he would be very easy to defeat."

"If it were not for the sealed space, he would never have touched me!"

"Remember, he is just a consummate True God. He is not a Demi-holy Being."

The higher the cultivation level was, the lower the contribution of one's physical strength would be.

The Holy Beings would usually prefer to display and show off their theurgies. Brute strength was rarely used in a fight. The key reason was that it was difficult to pour power into the opponent's body.

Without doubt, Zen's Wild God Body was powerful, but once he entered the Snake Spirit Region, the threat would be greatly reduced. They wouldn't be so foolish to stand there and let Zen smash them to bits.

Moreover, the consummate True Gods would display the Grand Teleportation technique over and over again. Zen would definitely not be a match for them.

"But Zen will also use the Grand Teleportation technique after entering the Snake Spirit Region. It won't be easy to keep him here," Rachelle said.

"Well, that is why I have brought the Topsoil Bell here," said Troy with a smile.

The mention of the Topsoil Bell wiped all the desolation clear from the consummate True Gods' eyes. They looked excited.

The Topsoil Bell was a space treasure, one of its kind in the entire divine land.

As its name suggested, this bell was made out of topsoil, specifically, the topsoil at the foot of the Space Godly Way Tablet. This topsoil had accumulated there for countless years and had acquired its own intelligence under the influence of internal momentum. Therefore, the space treasure made out of it was extraordinary.

After the topsoil had been excavated, the Space Godly Way Tablet had been left hanging in the air. And thus, the topsoil became extinct, and a second bell of its kind could never be made again.

If they used the Topsoil Bell to envelop Zen, he wouldn't be able to use the Grand Teleportation technique. No matter how powerful he was, he would be exposed and vulnerable as a single lamb amidst a pack of wolves.

The bell changed everything, and this boosted the morale of the previously defeated and hopeless consummate True Gods.

Yet, unbeknownst to them, Rocher had overheard their communications using the life vitality and had alerted Zen to their plans.

"If they use the Topsoil Bell, they will violate the Space Law and suffer a severe punishment from the Ruling Slate, so Troy will use it after entering the Snake Spirit Region," Rocher whispered.

"I got it." Zen smiled coldly. Now, the Snake Spirit Region was only one step away, so he wouldn't be silly to wait for Troy to use the Topsoil Bell. Then he said to Rocher, "If you can find other Godly Geniuses, invite them to visit me at the fairy palace in the Swirl Forest. Rocher, see you later!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Zen turned around.

Without further ado, Zen's enormous hand, with a width of more than a thousand feet, hurtled towards Troy's face.

Troy, in the meantime, was busy, desperately trying to figure out the optimal time to summon the Topsoil Bell. The other consummate True Gods were also poised, ready to act on his command.

They had decided that once Zen's space was blocked by the Topsoil Bell, they would attack him.

None of them had imagined that Zen would move against Troy right then.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo..."

As Troy saw Zen's enormous hand moving towards him, his expression changed to one of horror and bewilderment.

He had just used nearly all of his strength to fight Zen, and his tank was nearly empty. His iron hand was on the verge of shattering. If he let Zen's hand hit him, the consequences could be fatal for him.

He did not even have the advantage of the Earth Godly Way because he did not cultivate it like Walton did. He couldn't transfer the power he bore to the ground.

"Whoosh!"

Gritting his teeth, Troy ducked.

Zen's huge palm missed the top of his head by a hair's breadth. The wind in the wake of the giant hand gushed over him, searing his scalp.

After Troy had dodged his slap, the enormous thunder wings on Zen's back flashed with light.

"Crack!"

It was too late. Zen had already stepped into the Snake Spirit Region. As he turned to smile triumphantly at everyone, his entire body began to shrink.

He had made sure to do it right this time. He employed the Grand Teleportation technique at the same time as his body shrank, not wasting a second. A space channel formed, and he disappeared in a flash.

"What are you doing? Go after him! Now!" yelled one of the consummate True Gods, pointing and shaking his hand wildly at the spot where Zen had stood a second ago.

"He is nothing but a consummate True God! You know he can't get far using the Grand Teleportation alone!" shouted another.

"There's still a chance to catch him!"

As soon as the shock wore off and they had come to their senses, the consummate True Gods moved into the Snake Spirit Region and began to display the Grand Teleportation technique themselves.

Their efforts, however, were in vain. Even though what they said was technically true, Zen was smart. When displaying the Grand Teleportation technique, he had held the mountain token in his hand. Thus, the moment he exited the space channel, he activated the mountain token, and it immediately created another space channel to the fairy palace.

Without hesitating for even a fraction of a second, Zen dived head first into the space channel.

Chapter 2685 Sneaking Into The Divine Land

The consummate True Gods in the Snake Spirit Region simultaneously used the Grand Teleportation technique and spread out their soul power, trying to find Zen.

But Zen was nowhere to be found.

The consummate True Gods searched for him for quite a while before gathering together again.

Troy was standing in the crowd, his face darkening with every passing second. He hadn't expected Zen to force him away at the last moment, leaving him no opportunity to attack him.

He looked doubtful. Everything was happening in a strange manner, as if Zen had known beforehand that he was going to use his Topsoil Bell.

Had someone among them revealed this to Zen?

Troy's gaze shifted to Lowell at this thought.

He had always been skeptical about Lowell's background and had even questioned Iris publicly.

But Iris was loyal to her husband and refused to tell Troy anything.

He still believed that if anyone were to betray them, it would most likely be Lowell.

In the fairy palace...

Saul, Harold, Hallet, and the others gathered in the square.

"Are you ready now?" Augustus asked as he stared at the center of the square where Lavender stood, carrying a long spear.

Her charming face looked nervous as she nodded.

Hallet snapped his fingers and the enchanted barrier that had protected the fairy palace suddenly disappeared, as if it had only been an illusion all along.

The moment the enchanted barrier disappeared, Lavender would enter the divine land.

The fairy palace wasn't exactly small, but it had been a stretch, having had to move around only within the confines of the palace throughout all these years.

Fortunately, after years of cultivation, Lavender had finally grasped a Godly Way and become a low-rank True God.

Grasping a Godly Way was probably not too difficult, but escaping the punishment of the Ruling Slate was in no way an easy task.

To help her, Harold had gone to the Everest Spirit Mountain before, and had sneaked into the Evolutionary Universe through the passageway there.

This had been risky for Harold. For if the Holy Beings had discovered his movements, he would have fallen into great trouble. However, during the past ten years that Zen had been absent, his wives had become more and more worried about him. They had constantly begged for Harold's help, and he had had no other choice but to help them.

Harold obtained the golden blood from Wynn after sneaking into the Evolutionary Universe.

Harold wanted to invite Wynn to return to the divine land since he had originally been a member of the divine land. But Wynn refused. In his current state, Wynn knew that he couldn't be of any help even if he returned to the divine land. He was more inclined to stay in the Evolutionary Universe and stand guard there.

Harold brought the golden blood to the fairy palace and a new hope to Lavender, Letitia, and Aura.

Before that, they couldn't have entered the divine land by normal means even if they had become True Gods and thus become ordinary creatures to avoid being turned into life vitality. They were still regarded as invaders and would eventually be punished by the Ruling Slate.

But the whole situation changed, now that the golden blood had come into the picture. This made the three women cultivate with a renewed diligence.

Lavender's strength had originally been far greater than Letitia's. But Letitia, who had been cultivating day and night in the training tower, quickly caught up with her and they reached the True God Realm at almost the same time.

Harold had removed the enchanted barrier today in order to help them sneak into the divine land.

Once the enchanted barrier was removed, light began to flash on the Ruling Slate in the Time Sea.

A blue lightning simultaneously streaked across the sky above the fairy palace, followed by a huge black print of a palm.

This was similar to the time when Zen had sneaked into the divine land.

Lavender's eyes narrowed in concentration once she saw the palm print above her. Without a word, she raised the long spear in her hand.

"Don't move. It can't find you," Harold warned.

Lavender pursed her lips and nodded once.

She was born to be a warrior and always wanted to fight back in the face of any threats.

But the energy in this black palm print was too terrifying. She could not see how the energy had been formed, and she knew that it was difficult to resist it by herself.

The palm print hovered in the air for a while.

Since Lavender's blood had changed, it was impossible for the palm print to sense Lavender's location.

A few moments later, the palm print turned into a black ball and exploded with a mighty blast.

Its pieces spread over the square, like a huge net covering the area.

In the past, Zen had been entangled by the net, and it had caused his communication with his inner world to be cut off. He had also not been able to use his chaotic energy for some time.

Lavender watched the huge net fall towards her and tried to avoid it. But she wasn't quick enough.

Fortunately, Harold grabbed Lavender's shoulder and pulled her to the side, causing the net to miss its target and fall to the ground.

"Okay! I didn't expect that the omnipotent Ruling Slate could be deceived like this! Holy Mike is really a genius!" Augustus said, grinning.

What most True Gods in the divine land feared most was not a Holy Being like Nicholas, but the Ruling Slate.

As long as one could afford enough divine might coins, they could control everything in the divine land through the Ruling Slate. It was much more powerful than a Holy Being.

Even if a Holy Being broke the rules of the Ruling Slate, they would have to obediently accept the punishment, which was why Augustus was greatly surprised to see Lavender evade the punishment of the Ruling Slate after her blood had been changed.

"I don't think Master came up with this idea. I think it was Holy Jay," Harold said.

Augustus shrugged and looked at the training tower. "Next one!" he said.

Letitia had only recently grasped the Mysterious Ice Godly Way. That was why they had decided to sneak into the divine land today.

Harold opened the gates of the training tower and let Letitia out.

Before this, Geoffrey, Aura, and Freya had taken their places on the second floor of the training tower so they wouldn't be affected.

Letitia had already triggered the Ruling Slate just when she walked out of the training tower.

Things happened in the same manner as Lavender had experienced before. After thunder exploded in the sky, a black palm print appeared, replacing the thunder. With Harold's help, she successfully deceived the Ruling Slate as well.

"Congratulations. You can both move around freely in the divine land from now on," Harold said, smiling.

Letitia smiled and nodded at him. "Thank you for your help," she said gratefully.

Lavender's eyes flashed with concern as she stared at Harold. "Can we leave the fairy palace now?" she asked.

Letitia looked nervous at Lavender's question.

In the past ten years, they had lost contact with Zen again, and they had become worried.

They had been apart from Zen in the past, but this time, things seemed different. He had disappeared almost suddenly the moment he had met his mother.

On the other hand, the information that Harold had collected through different channels, had made them even more worried.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" Augustus chuckled.

Harold nodded along and said, "The divine land is too vast. It will be impossible for you to find him if you go out now. You will also encounter a lot of danger if you go outside."

"But we can't just stay here doing nothing," Letitia said, frowning.

"Perhaps the best thing that we can do is wait patiently," Harold sighed. He had never thought that taking Zen to the Han Clan's ancestral land would attract the attention of the Holy Beings and cause such a predicament.

Chapter 2686 Enthusiastic

Lavender and Letitia looked at each other silently. Both of them were feeling a bit disappointed.

Neither of the girls were unreasonable people. They hadn't been to the divine land yet, but had a good general understanding of the place.

Since they had just recently become low-rank True Gods, it was still difficult for them to move around in a large region, not to mention to search for Zen in the divine land.

Right then, an indifferent voice said, "I don't care how long you're going to wait! I'm leaving today! With or without you!"

Margaret, dressed in blue, walked straight out of a door.

Joy followed closely behind Margaret. A helpless expression was etched on her delicate face.

In the past few years, Margaret had gradually become a mid-rank True God, and the process went off without a hitch.

Joy had tried her best to cultivate Margaret, very amazed with her great talent.

As the Purple Soul Hall's founder, Joy recruited plenty of women who possessed the Purple Power Bodies. However, in all her time, she had never met such a talented disciple.

Of course, Zen was an exception among them all. He was different from other people.

In Joy's eyes, Margaret was like a piece of jade that Mike had carefully prepared for her. It had also been very interesting for Joy to train Margaret in the fairy palace over the past few years.

She even believed that it wouldn't be long before Margaret became a consummate True God. Joy had so much faith in Margaret that she thought she might even become a Demi-holy Being in the future.

The only problem was that Margaret was extremely willful. Thus, Joy had to spend most of her time calming Margaret down.

Swish!

Augustus took a step forward and stood in front of Margaret. His shadow completely covered her.

He was tall, with a wicked smile on his face. "No one is stopping you. The fairy palace's gate is open. You can go anywhere you want!"

Margaret looked up at Augustus and met his glare, her eyes fuming with rage.

After having stayed in the fairy palace for a short period of time, she began to regret it. She was always clamoring to leave to find Zen.

It only happened once in the past that Augustus really allowed her to leave the fairy palace.

Despite that, she still couldn't find her way out of the large Swirl Forest.

The huge trees, tall grasses, streams, and rivers seemed to have grown their own feet. They changed positions at any given moment. From time to time, fierce giant apes would pass by, which scared Margaret to death. Never had she expected that after running away, she would once again find herself at the gate of the fairy palace.

Augustus had personally turned the place into a huge maze. He could change any route or path he desired, so how could Margaret ever possibly escape?

"Puff!"

The purple internal momentum dispersed outward from Margaret's body.

Whiz!

The four swords had besieged Augustus out of nowhere.

Annoyed, Margaret employed the Gods Killing Sword Array and the Buddha Emperor Sword came slashing at Augustus's head at once.

If a mid-rank True God was surrounded by the Gods Killing Sword Array, it would be difficult for them to escape. Even top-rank True Gods would be in a dangerous position.

However, Augustus was a top consummate True God and he equally controlled the Swirl Forest.

Therefore, it was safe to say that Margaret was no match for him.

Facing the Buddha Emperor Sword, Augustus gently grasped it, immobilizing the sword completely with a single hand.

Of course, there was no way Margaret was going to give up. In an instant, the Buddha Emperor Sword turned into a ball of purple light and escaped from his hand. Simultaneously, the other three swords began to move, slashing fatally forward.

Despite its intensity, the others were used to this kind of scene, so they didn't have any reaction.

And Joy was glad to see that they all kept their calm. In this case, there was a consummate True God who practiced the skill with Margaret, which was clearly a good thing for her, to say the least.

During the battle, a space fluctuation suddenly occurred at the front of the square, near the entrance of the fairy palace.

Lavender, Margaret, and Letitia didn't take any notice. Their cultivation was still in a low level.

But Joy, Saul and Hallet all looked toward the door at the exact same time.

As for Augustus, he, of course, sensed that something was off. He was integrated as one with the entire Swirl Forest, and could notice everything happening there as soon as it occurred.

The space fluctuation happened without the slightest warning. It seemed that someone had returned by activating the token of mountain.

Crack!

While Augustus was lost in thought, the Buddha Emperor Sword cracked him over the head.

Although the Buddha Emperor Sword formed from the purple light was powerful, it couldn't cause damage to Augustus's physical body, because he was extremely tough. Under this strike, Augustus didn't suffer any damage, but the Buddha Emperor Sword turned into a cloud of purple light...

Margaret suddenly noticed that everyone was paying attention to the fairy palace's entrance. She was slightly stunned and asked, "What's wrong? What's going on?"

As she turned her head around, she saw Zen appear at the door, dressed in cyan.

Ever since Margaret entered the fairy palace, any news she ever heard about Zen was bad. She had been worried about him, and she had reason for such.

Fortunately, she remained confident in Zen the entire time.

As long as she didn't see Zen's corpse, she wouldn't believe that he died! She would have to see it with her own eyes to believe it!

"Honey!"

Margaret was the first to rush over to the front door. As she moved, rays of purple light enveloped her body.

Bang!

Margaret slammed directly into Zen's open arms and tears began rolling down from her eyes, as if she had suffered a lot while staying in the fairy palace.

When the others noticed that Zen had returned, they had different expressions on their faces.

"Oh? In just ten years, your cultivation base has already reached the same level as mine. Ha-ha!" Augustus curled his lips and his face contorted into an expression of disbelief.

Among the three disciples Bromley had accepted, Augustus always believed that he was the most talented. As a result, he wanted to teach Zen a hard lesson upon meeting him for the first time. He, on his behalf, wouldn't be nice like Hallet.

In fact, he was also quite jealous of Zen's great talent. And more importantly, he was afraid that Zen would surpass him one day.

That said, it seemed that he had no reason to be worried from now on.

Zen had become a consummate True God over the last ten years, and he hadn't just surpassed Augustus.

No one else could ever make that kind of progress, especially not that fast, during so many divine eras.

When Harold, Hallet and Joy noticed Zen's cultivation base, they were also surprised. Their jaws dropped in awe.

According to their conjecture, it wouldn't be easy for Zen to become a consummate True God. It was possible that he could succeed in a few hundred years or even a thousand years, while to the divine land, such a period of time was considered short.

Where could Zen have been in the past ten years?

If the rumors spreading from the Floating Islands were true, Zen had no chances of survival.

Although Harold didn't say anything, he had suspected once before that Zen might have died under the Han Clan's ancestral land.

For this reason, he had already secretly searched for one of Zen's substitutes, Nathan.

Without a doubt, they had many questions in their minds, but since Margaret was hugging Zen like there was no one else around, it was improper for them to be disturbed right then.

Zen felt Margaret, who he held tightly in his arms, tremble slightly. He could sense that she was truly excited...

Compared to Letitia's reserved character and Lavender's absolute sincerity, Margaret's straightforward manner came off as much more enthusiastic.

It was also her fanatic temperament that made her so adorable, in his opinion. Zen couldn't push her away, but only wrap his arms around her and hold her even tighter instead.

Chapter 2687 A Good Talk

Ever since Zen disappeared, his wives were helplessly quite worried about him.

Seeing him return unharmed, they felt describable relief and could finally put their minds at rest.

"I finally reached the divine land, but you didn't wait for me in the fairy palace. I was devastated," Margaret blamed in a hurt tone, burying herself in Zen's arms.

Zen smiled. "But I'm back now, right?" he coaxed.

"Yes." Margaret nodded obediently. She suddenly raised her head and looked warily at Letitia and Lavender who were standing not too far away. "Listen, they came to the divine land earlier than me so they were able to spend more time with you in the past. As compensation, you'll have to accompany me for the next few days."

A bitter smile spread on Zen's face. Margaret was probably the only one who could pull off saying such capricious words.

Although Margaret was speaking in a low voice, Letitia and Lavender could still hear her pretty clearly.

Letitia frowned and was about to talk back in retaliation. Lavender, who was beside her, held her arm and shook her head in negation.

What Lavender hoped for was very simple. As long as Zen could safely return back to her, then everything would be fine. She didn't need to be jealous of Margaret over such a small, meaningless matter.

Harold and the others patiently waited for Zen to come to them, even though they had several important subjects to discuss with him.

The first five minutes ticked by.

Five minutes turned into ten.

Before long, an hour had passed.

An awkward atmosphere unwittingly broke out in the fairy palace. Letitia had been stopped by Lavender, and thus, she could only resentfully criticize Margaret in her heart for not being reasonable instead.

Augustus simply couldn't wait anymore.

In a flash, he had already arrived at Zen's side. "Hey, Margaret, this isn't the time for you to be all gooey over Zen! We've got business to take care of."

"That doesn't concern you!"

A moment ago, Margaret had resembled a docile lamb, but now her voice was cold as she glared at Augustus with resentful eyes, as if she wanted to kill him.

"You're not the only one who Zen has. He also has me, Hallet, Joy, his sister, as well as his son. You can't take up all of his time," Augustus said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Margaret raised her nose and said proudly, "I'm his wife! My time spent with him is perfectly justified!"

"But you are not his only wife," Augustus retorted, tightening his lips into a white line.

As he spoke, he mischievously looked over at Lavender and Letitia, who had crept a little closer in order not to miss a word.

Being mocked, Margaret felt a little embarrassed, and she reluctantly let go of Zen.

In the inner yard of the fairy palace, everyone was seated.

Saul was serving them cups of tea when a refreshing fragrance filled the air in the yard. Everyone seemed to smell it at once.

Their beverage was wild tea from the depths of the Swirl Forest, and it was made with amber tree dew. Both these products were once difficult to collect, but ever since Augustus controlled the Swirl Forest, it was no longer a problem.

"In ten years, you've reached the consummation of True God Realm. It's very difficult for us to have such resources here in the divine land," Harold said as soon as he sat down.

Everyone was thinking the same thing. The Floating Islands possessed the most resources in all the divine land, but it was virtually impossible for Zen to stay on any Floating Island. Was he hiding in some faraway hilly area or a second or third tier clan in the last ten years?

It was simply beyond their imagination that Zen, who had disappeared for ten years, had returned as a consummate True God. They didn't understand it in the least.

"I wouldn't be so quick to say that there aren't such resources in the divine land." Zen smiled and said, "You know, Rocher has also reached the consummation of True God Realm. And he didn't even need as much time as I did."

"Rocher?" Harold asked. After pausing for a second in order to gather his thoughts, he continued, "The way he became a consummate True God is completely different from yours. It doesn't count."

Generally speaking, Harold was clear on the role that every Godly Genius should play, and of course, he knew what kind of theurgies Rocher had.

"What's the difference, exactly?" Zen asked, as suspicion washed over his face.

"He has devoured many Commandments Slates and therefore, he can steadily improve his cultivation base without any hassle. That's the only reason he could reach the consummation of True God Realm in such a short period of time," Harold replied.

"Devour the Commandments Slates?" Zen repeated in a shocked tone.

"Well, let's just drop the subject now. Tell me, where did you go after you left the Han Clan's ancestral land?" This was one of the most important questions that were on the tips of everyone's tongue. They were all eager to hear the answer.

Zen paused for a suspenseful moment before saying, "I left the divine land."

"What?! What do you mean you left the divine land? Are you saying you went to the chaos?" Augustus' voice climbed a notch higher all of a sudden. He stood up from his chair as he spoke anxiously.

Even if he had controlled the Swirl Forest, and Harold the Everest Spirit Mountain, they didn't have the qualifications to leave the divine land. The chaotic energy would slowly erode their bodies until they were completely corroded. This was something that they couldn't resist, nor could they avoid it.

Only the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm or Holy Beings had the qualifications to roam through the chaos. Zen couldn't possibly have managed to do so.

"Sit down, Augustus." Hallet gave Augustus a ferocious glare as he ordered him around, and Augustus obeyed at once.

However, Harold wasn't quite so surprised. He knew that Zen had a special body and wasn't afraid of chaotic energy erosion, so he continued to question him. "Was it your mother who sent you out?"

"Yes." Zen nodded in reply. "Then, I fell all the way to the bottom of the chaos."

"It's been said that just outside the divine land, there's a mass of chaotic energy. Chaotic energy is everywhere, and it's both bleak and desolate. Did you absorb the chaotic energy and reach the consummation of True God Realm?" Augustus asked. The questions were relentless.

Although Augustus' words were very stupid, what he said wasn't wrong.

Most of the True Gods wouldn't care about what was outside the divine land in any way, but the consummate True Gods present had probably known about the chaotic world outside the divine land. After all, there were a few records about the chaos in the fairy palace's library, which had all been left by Bromley.

However, Zen shook his head. "The bottom of the chaos isn't desolate. There are living creatures there, and many of them are strong warriors," he mentioned.

"Huh? There are people at the bottom of the chaos? Do you know if they're extraordinary creatures?" With what he'd just heard, even Harold, who was usually quite composed, was rather surprised.

Hallet, who had been nothing more than a silent spectator until now, suddenly raised his brows. "There's a world at the bottom?" he asked in awe.

"That's right." Zen blinked. "It is a prison. There are many exiles inside the prison, and they are all from the Source World."

"What kind of place is the Source World?" Augustus asked curiously.

Hallet and Harold looked at one another, and then Harold said, "It's said that the Source World is the chaos' center. Since the exiles are locked up in the prison there, they are very powerful, aren't they?"

"Yes, they're all strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm." Zen nodded in agreement.

Disbelief registered in everyone's eyes, including Joy's.

At the same time, a sense of crisis dawned over the group.

The Yellow Emperor Guards who they were fighting against were at the Other Shore Realm. They didn't know if the exiles were friends or foes. If the exiles also had to get involved, the situation would become even more problematic.

Chapter 2688 Anger

Harold focused his gaze at Zen, and asked, "Are all these strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm locked up in this prison?"

Zen nodded and responded, "But soon, we broke the shackles of the prison so that they could leave."

"They have left?" Hallet on the side couldn't stay calm as he asked, "Will they enter the divine land?"

There was a pause for a few moments. Harold broke the silence and continued, "The key is the standpoint of these strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm."

Zen smiled faintly. "It was the masters at the Other Shore Realm who sent me back to the divine land this time. They are divided into many factions according to their respective origin. Among them, the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race are the most powerful."

Hallet, Augustus and Joy had no idea what Zen had just disclosed to them.

They knew little about the Source World. Only Hallet had some knowledge about the existence of the Source World.

Hearing the two race names from Zen, they were quite unfamiliar with them.

Just then, Harold suddenly stood up and stared at Zen, his face full of incredulity. "The Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race? Do the people of the Nine Li race know your blood?"

Zen nodded in response. "In order to join the Nine Li race, I had my blood tested in that world."

"What was their attitude?"

Upon hearing Zen's words, Harold had now fixated his eyes full of excitement at him, breaking his usually composed self.

Harold's reaction and expression had made Augustus' jaw drop. He had never seen him so excited before. He remembered that even when he took over the Swirl Forest, Harold still showed a calm appearance. This moment was a bit unexpected.

"They helped me a lot," Zen added.

With a sudden sigh of relief, Harold asked with uncontrollable joy, "Where are they now? How many of them are there?"

"Coupled with the members of the Snake Goddess race, I think there are thirteen of them. Originally, they planned to return to the divine land with me, but now there has been a problem. They are blocked outside the divine land, so they can't come in," Zen responded.

"They can't come in?" Harold was a little stunned. He didn't expect that the situation would be like this.

Zen gave a nod and continued, "Back then, Chiyou had spent a lot of effort in building up this divine land in order to protect his people. Even the top figures at the Other Shore Realm can't forcibly break it down, so they are blocked outside."

Both Joy and Hallet listened closely and now understood what was going on. After Zen came back from the bottom of the chaos, he had brought back many warriors at the Other Shore Realm. However, a sudden problem had occurred. They had been stopped outside the divine land.

"But you and the other Holy Beings can return after you go out. How do you explain that?" Hallet asked.

"Perhaps it is because the other Holy Beings and I were born within the divine land that we can go in and out freely," Zen replied.

Joy couldn't help but knit her eyebrows as she asked, "Then how did the Yellow Emperor Guards get in?"

Even though they didn't know much about the Source World, they knew that the biggest enemies were the Yellow Emperor Guards that were behind Nicholas. Logically speaking, the Yellow Emperor Guards were also outsiders.

"It's very simple. The Yellow Emperor Guards should have also been blocked by the divine land and spent a lot of time before they were able to enter the divine land," Zen clarified. "The warriors at the Other Shore Realm can enter, of course, but it will take them several years to build a space channel."

"Several years..." Harold lowered his head and was lost in thought.

The Godly Geniuses had come out of the Evolutionary Universe one at a time and had done some changes around. Estelle returned and took charge of the Soul Wilderness, Augustus ruled the Swirl Forest, Rocher sneaked into the Dongfang Clan, and Zen reached the consummation of True God Realm.

For him, what the Godly Geniuses had done after coming out of the Evolutionary Universe was considered to be small things. They took place step by step as expected, but they still wouldn't have a special impact on the whole situation.

However, Zen suddenly brought back a group of masters at the Other Shore Realm, which directly reversed the situation.

That was far beyond his own scheme.

Now, the situation had suddenly become very advantageous on their side. This change had naturally taken him by surprise.

"How many years will it take for them to enter the divine land?" Harold asked and stared back at Zen. He had acutely realized that the time was crucial.

Zen shook his head. "They as well have no idea. It may be one year or five years."

"Boom!"

There was a commotion in the Goldenrain Hall of the Dongfang Clan.

Nicholas made a slap in rage. The surface of the chair behind him was immediately covered with countless tiny cracks.

"Crack..."

With a burst of the sound that made people's flesh creep, the chair was completely annihilated by Nicholas' power. It was wiped out completely, not even leaving any dust from it.

"A bunch of shits!

Dozens of consummate True Gods from over ten powerful clans can't even catch a junior who has just reached the consummation of True God Realm! Shame on you!" Nicholas coldly snapped.

The Goldenrain Hall fell into silence.

As soon as the consummate True Gods returned to the Floating Islands, they were quickly summoned to the Goldenrain Hall.

Some Holy Beings such as Clark, Jeremiah and Murphy, who were located on the high platform of the Goldenrain Hall, pursed their lips in silence. They felt ashamed that their clans' consummate True Gods were lectured by Nicholas, but what he just said was right.

Troy, Rachelle, Walton, Shahn and Lowell who just recently rose to fame were all the top figures among the consummate True Gods.

Other than them, the other consummate True Gods were also extraordinary in their strength.

Nicholas had sent these people to search for a target. It was regarded that he attached great importance to the target. But he didn't expect that they would fail to accomplish the task. It was unfortunate that they returned unsuccessful.

As the leader of the consummate True Gods, Troy was unable to remain silent. He took a step forward and raised his head as he said, "Zen's strength has greatly increased. We are indeed not his match!"

"No matter how strong he is, can he be stronger than all of you?" Nicholas mocked, showing a look of disappointment.

Zen was, of course, their very important target. If others knew about their failure, they would certainly be laughed at.

The others would think that the so-called powerful clans were all completely jokes.

"Holy Nicholas, with all due respect," Rachelle cupped her hands and respectfully intercepted, "if the space was not sealed, we might catch him. But since the space was sealed, we couldn't use the Grand Teleportation technique. Even the Demi-holy Beings couldn't be sure of success."

"Rachelle! You don't have the right to speak!" Murphy right then scolded Rachelle. Of course, he didn't want her to bear Nicholas' anger.

However, Rachelle was obstinate. She resolutely rebutted, "What I said is true!"

Unexpectedly, Nicholas had suppressed his anger. "It has only been ten years. Has Zen really reached such a level?"

Troy cupped his hands and said, "It is indeed out of our expectation. I don't know where he learned the skills. He turned into a giant that was tens of thousands of feet tall. I tried my best to unleash the Indestructible Metal Hand, but the power was actually less than half of his."

Hearing Troy's experience of encounter with Zen, the Holy Beings present showed surprise on their faces.

They were very clear about his strength, and they had also met Zen before. At that time, he was just a low-rank True God, inexperienced and still very young.

It was really beyond their expectation. It was just ten years but they couldn't understand how Zen had become so powerful.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

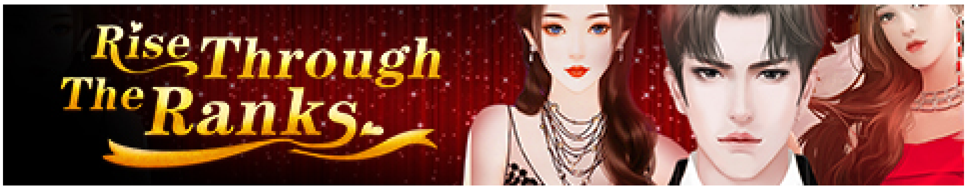

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

49

Content

Chapter 2689 Accepting The Task
Chapter 2690 Drill
Chapter 2691 A Conversation
Chapter 2692 Emily's Confidence
Chapter 2693 Got Together
Chapter 2694 Stone Mouse
Chapter 2695 Gregorio Yue
Chapter 2696 The Evil Ghost Region
Chapter 2697 Yellow Emperor Magatama
Chapter 2698 The Call
Chapter 2699 The Participation Of Samuel
Chapter 2700 Heading South
Chapter 2701 Mistaken For The Enemy
Chapter 2702 Unexpected Discovery (Part One)
Chapter 2703 Unexpected Discovery (Part Two)
Chapter 2704 Stepping In
Chapter 2705 Freedom
Chapter 2706 Detoxification Method
Chapter 2707 Arrival
Chapter 2708 Hiding
Chapter 2709 No Way Back
Chapter 2710 The Disappeared Space Law
Chapter 2711 The Lethal Fire Magma
Chapter 2712 A Dangerous Act
Chapter 2713 Stone Mouse
Chapter 2714 Burned To Death
Chapter 2715 The Hallucinatory Fragrance
Chapter 2716 Repeat The Same Fate
Chapter 2717 Memory Flames
Chapter 2718 Reading Memories
Chapter 2719 Kill It
Chapter 2720 Nine Statues
Chapter 2721 Contaminated Blood
Chapter 2722 Crow
Chapter 2723 The Test
Chapter 2724 Refining The Reincarnation Soul Weapon

Chapter 2725 Samuel's Secret
Chapter 2726 Find Out The Truth
Chapter 2727 The Abyss Demon Region
Chapter 2728 Shortcut
Chapter 2729 The Purple Mist
Chapter 2730 Tracking The Spiritual Sense
Chapter 2731 Staying Put
Chapter 2732 Speed
Chapter 2733 Calm Down
Chapter 2734 Difficult To Deal With
Chapter 2735 Fight For Survival
Chapter 2736 Narrow Escape
Chapter 2737 Revenge And Soul Suppressing Sword
Chapter 2738 Leave
Chapter 2739 Green Head
Chapter 2740 Questioning
Chapter 2741 Hooking
Chapter 2742 The Great Fiends
Chapter 2743 Strange Fish
Chapter 2744 Joining Zen

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

---

Chapter 2689 Accepting The Task

Some of the best resources in the divine land were present at the Floating Islands.

Through the forbidden areas' entrances on the Floating Islands, all sorts of resources were continuously sent to the divine land.

Hence it was no surprise, that over the years, whenever it came to the talents of the divine land, everyone had their eyes fixed on the Floating Islands.

"So far Mike has been doing really good. I wonder if he has any more tricks up his sleeves," Jeremiah commented.

"What is the use? He is already dead. No matter how powerful he is, it's useless to use any trump card now," Murphy said indifferently.

While the Holy Beings were busy in heated discussions, Troy said, "There is something strange that needs to be reported!"

"Go ahead," said Nicholas calmly, nodding in agreement.

"Although Zen's physical body was powerful, we still stood a chance to capture him. We could apply the Grand Teleportation technique, provided the space in the region was not blocked."

Nicholas was confused with Troy's words. He merely smiled and said, "You are blaming me for sealing off the regions?"

Earlier Nicholas had wasted the divine might coins, in order to write the rule on the Ruling Slate. This was done so that the target could not escape.

However, the consummate True Gods were also restrained by this rule. This shocked everyone.

"Of course not." Troy shook his head and added, "The space in the Snake Spirit Region wasn't blocked. My plan was to use the Topsoil Bell to lock Zen, thereby allowing everyone to fight together. By then, everyone could freely employ the Grand Teleportation technique except Zen. However, I was about to enter the Snake Spirit Region, when Zen attacked me suddenly. After stepping into the Snake Spirit Region, he ran away!"

"You mean to say that Zen saw through your scheme?" asked Nicholas.

Troy shook his head, "It's impossible that he identified my plan. He definitely was not aware that I had the possession of Topsoil Bell. Moreover, I informed others about my scheme through the life vitality, so there was no way he could hear anything."

Nicholas's eyes narrowed as he said, "So you mean someone informed him of your plan and that's how he successfully escaped!"

"Exactly! There is a spy among us!" Troy nodded and looked towards Rocher who was not far away.

Everyone followed his gaze and stared at Rocher. It was very clear to everyone that Troy strongly suspected Rocher.

However, Rocher seemed indifferent with the turn in situation. He responded calmly, "I've never met Zen before. I didn't even know that such a person existed. Merely by your speculations, you consider me a spy! That is a hasty conclusion you have arrived at!"

Nicholas also smiled slightly. "Troy, I am aware that you have your differences with Lowell. But that does not allow you to term Lowell a spy, after Zen attacked you."

Clark also laughed in agreement and said, "That's right. If there's a spy among the consummate True Gods, then everyone comes under the suspicion. Your conclusion is not reasonable!"

Troy just continued to glare at Rocher.

It was true that he did not have definite proof to suspect Rocher.

But going by his intuition, Troy still suspected Rocher strongly.

At the same, he could not prolong the accusation. Everyone was aware about the ongoing indifference between Rocher and him. So if he insisted, it would definitely go against him and not be the other way round. Besides, it might even leave an image that he took the available opportunity to eradicate his opponent.

Hence, he did not want to continue the discussion.

"Forget it. I never thought that the person that returned from outside of the divine land would actually be Zen. All of you may leave now," Nicholas said to the consummate True Gods, waving his hand.

The consummate True Gods felt relieved to be out of a sticky situation and quickly left the Goldenrain Hall.

After the consummate True Gods left, Nicholas said, "Zen's return is a very small matter to be concerned about. The people outside are the most troublesome!"

Hearing this, the Holy Beings gathered around and looked tense.

"The only ones who are able to roam freely in the chaos are the Holy Beings and Other Shore Realm warriors," Jeremiah concluded.

"Also don't forget the fact that Zen is with them," added Clark.

"Aargh! Don't mention that fellow!" Murphy looked disgusted just by hearing Zen's name.

Once he had come close in killing Zen. He had slashed the Evolutionary Universe with his sword, but he hardly could touch Zen.

At the gate of the Time Sea Forbidden Land, Nicholas too tried his attempt in killing Zen, but he was unsuccessful.

He managed to escape under the siege of dozens of consummate True Gods.

Now when Murphy heard others mention Zen, he felt very agitated.

"There is no need to talk about Zen surviving in the chaos, right now. There are other pressing matters at hand. We need to know who are outside the divine land and locate their positions," Nicholas said flatly.

"We will know when we go and have a look," Clark said.

Abelard Qin, the Holy Being of the Qin Clan, smiled and said, "Who is willing to take up the challenge and go? Are you ready to go?"

"Me? There is no way I will go!" Clark vehemently shook his head.

If there was a probability that the person outside was a Holy Being, then it could only mean that Bromley had come back.

Moreover, Murphy believed that the people outside the divine land built an indestructible space channel in the Murphy Universe.

And the one who owned such a method must be very powerful. Whether it was Bromley or someone else, anyone who dealt with it would surely be killed.

At this moment, a fragile looking old man walked into the Goldenrain Hall.

The old man looked quite harmless and as he walked, one could get a whiff of herbs from his body.

Some of the Holy Beings sniffed and realized that the herbs were cheap ones.

But they did not show any contempt for this old man, as they could not make out his cultivation base.

The old man slowly walked towards the center of the Goldenrain Hall. He respectfully cupped his hands in front of the Holy Beings and said with a smile, "Someone must definitely go out. Anyways with the support of the universes, you are immortal. Even if you are killed, you will be able to revive in a few years. Then what are you afraid of?"

"Master Hamish." Several Holy Beings such as Nicholas and Murphy exclaimed his name with reverence and bowed to the thin old man.

"Is he the famous Master Hamish?"

Abelard and the other several Holy Beings also cupped their hands and bowed.

The Holy Beings of the union of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands had heard stories about Hamish, but very few had seen him.

"You still haven't realized the gravity of our situation. Since they sent Zen back, they will definitely try and find other means to enter the divine land. In the past, we were unable to destroy the outer wall of the divine land, so they will face similar difficulty. However, sooner or later, they will try to break through the barrier. Back then, we spent twenty years on such a thing. If they manage to enter, how do you plan to fight against them?" Hamish asked earnestly.

Hearing Hamish explain, the Holy Beings looked very tense.

If even Hamish, who was an Other Shore Realm warrior, was afraid of the people from the foreign land, then the Holy Beings had no chance of not fearing at all.

Just as all the Holy Beings were silent, Hamlin, the Holy Being of the Zhao Clan said, "Well, I can give it a try! Let me go this time."

The Zhao Clan had just joined the elite clans on the Floating Islands. With Nicholas' help, the clan's Floating Island was flourishing, but its foundation was still unstable. Thus the members of the Zhao Clan needed to do something to prove their capability to Nicholas.

Seeing that no one was willing to accept the task, Hamlin had to give a shot.

Chapter 2690 Drill

Hamlin volunteered to go, surprising Nicholas quite a bit.

The other Holy Beings heaved a sigh of relief.

With their universes, Holy beings could not really be killed. But there were always unprecedented factors that led to accidents.

When Nicholas led people to chase after Lorena, some of the Holy Beings fell into the Lethal Fire Magma and perished. Lorena had somehow cut off the Holy Beings' connection to the universes for the time being, meaning that their deaths were absolute without any chance of them being reborn again.

Now, the people they were to face were those from the outer world. No one knew what sort of theurgy they had.

Going ahead meant taking great risks.

"If you're willing to go, that's good. I swear to ensure the safety of your universe!"

Nicholas said in a serious tone. Because Nicholas had promised to ensure Hamlin's universe's safety, that meant securing Hamlin's very life, as well as the position of the Zhao Clan above the Time Sea.

Hamlin smiled at that. "Holy Nicholas' words always count. I have no more worries!"

"The sooner we go, the better. Let's set off now," Hamish said flatly.

In spite of his calm demeanor, Hamish could feel the anxiety in his heart.

As a powerful master at the Other Shore Realm, Hamish had always believed that the Yellow Emperor Guards had full control of the overall situation.

So long as the Mixed Element Seal was removed, it meant the freedom of his many fellowmen—it wouldn't be long until they could take down the divine land.

But when he suddenly heard of the arrival of someone from the outside world, an ominous sense of foreboding filled his mind.

He was eager to confirm the people's strength and stand, so he needed to see for himself.

"The space channel they built has penetrated my Murphy Universe. I think they should be at the very top. Hamlin, you can reach there through my Murphy Universe. If you don't mind. I'll create a space channel first. Hamlin, Nicholas, and Master Hamish, follow me," Murphy suggested.

A universe could only accommodate three True Gods simultaneously. Such was the number Nicholas had set after modifying the rule on the Ruling Slate.

Because the Holy Beings, in essence, were also consummate True Gods, it was impossible for Murphy to invite all the Holy Beings in the Goldenrain Hall into the Murphy Universe—they'd trigger the Ruling Slate and be punished by it accordingly.

For now, he could only invite Nicholas, Hamlin, and Hamish into his Murphy Universe.

But as for Murphy himself, the creator of the universe, he wasn't limited by such a rule. .

Nicholas and Hamish exchanged nods. Then, Murphy reached out his hand and started using Grand Teleportation.

An invisible space fluctuation rose upward, instantly connecting him to the Murphy Universe.

Hamlin, Nicholas, and Hamish followed along the space fluctuation and also employed the Grand Teleportation. They went after Murphy into the Murphy Universe.

Atop the Murphy Universe was a light-green star.

To the pseudo-Sacred race in this universe, it was the largest and brightest star, a keeper of countless mysterious legends.

Many masters of the Murphy Universe dreamed of reaching this star.

But after reaching a certain height, they'd encounter an invisible "space wall". No matter how hard they tried, the wall prevented them from making it through.

For creatures in this world, the star was like a flower in the mirror—a moon in the water that they could see and aspire to obtain but never touch.

No one was aware that it was merely a temporary palace Murphy had built in his inner world.

Buzz...

As space fluctuated, Murphy had appeared in the palace on the star.

With a point of his finger…

A colorful bush of flowers bloomed in an instant, the faint fragrance spreading over the entire palace.

At this moment, Nicholas, Hamish, and Hamlin appeared before him.

"That space channel has been constructed in that direction." Murphy pointed.

Hamlin took his glance and nodded without a word.

A little deviation was acceptable to a Holy Being. Only a thought was necessary to use Grand Teleportation and cross the distance, after all.

Murphy, Hamish, and Nicholas each attached a wisp of their soul to Hamlin before he activated Grand Teleportation, took a step forward, and entered the space channel.

It was connected to the chaos outside the divine land.

Roaming about this chaos was an almost compulsory course for Holy Beings.

After the consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings became Holy Beings in the Mountain of Holy Beings, they developed an extreme curiosity for the world outside the divine land, as they had already reached the peak level in the divine land. If they wanted to reach a higher level, they could only seek chances outside of the divine land.

But most Holy Beings were met only with disappointment after traveling through chaos.

Save for the large space of chaos, there was nearly nothing else there. The majority of Holy Beings flew around the divine land a few times before accepting disappointment and returning to the divine land and working on their clans' development, making their Floating Islands notably powerful in the divine land.

This was Hamlin's second time out of the divine land.

When he stood atop it, his vision grew wide.

His view of the world from there was extremely vast—he saw nothing in the broad space. Where were the people he was looking for?

Standing still, he narrowed his eyes as his spiritual sense spread to all directions around him.

A thousand miles, ten thousand miles, a hundred thousand miles…

In another place atop the divine land…

Emily stood in the air as a colorful ring spun underneath her.

At the center of this colorful ring were high-speed spinning space waves—they formed an enormous spatial spiral, constantly drilling into the restriction barrier in space.

She had held this position for a long time.

Timotheus, Ramzi, Leopold, and the female warriors of the Snake Goddess race remained sitting cross-legged with their eyes shut.

Breaking through the restriction barrier was undoubtedly a time and energy-consuming act—they were prepared for the long haul.

"Master, you've been holding on for over half a month. We can take over," said a Snake Goddess warrior at the Other Shore Realm.

Emily only smiled faintly in return. "This is nothing. I will feel nothing even after doing this for a year or so."

"But we also..." The warrior trailed off, a strange look appearing on her expression.

Simultaneously, Timotheus, Ramzi, and Leopold opened their eyes.

They felt a faint wisp of spiritual sense spread over them.

"Who is spying on us?" Leopold said, knitting his brows.

"It's merely a consummate True God… No… this person is stronger than ordinary consummate True Gods," Timotheus added.

"Hmph. No matter who it is, we'll find out after I catch the person. Cecelia, take my place and continue working!" Emily sneered and disappeared from where she stood.

Cecelia, the powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm, then replaced Emily and continued drilling into the restriction barrier below.

Chapter 2691 A Conversation

Emily knew her current ability. It was just a piece of cake for her to find the target following the spiritual sense.

The moment she disappeared, she had already identified where the spiritual sense came from.

Meanwhile, Hamlin had discovered Emily and the others outside the divine land along his spiritual sense.

After locating their presence, he felt a wave of space above his head.

"Buzz!"

"What a quick response." Hamlin was absolutely shocked.

Emily suddenly appeared as she stood upright in midair. She looked down at Hamlin, and sneered, "You are a so-called Holy Being, right?"

She was obviously not being haughty towards him.

But the aura emanated from her body still made Hamlin under a lot of pressure.

He felt that the pressure was much stronger than that of Hamish.

Ordinary True Gods would simply think Emily was extraordinary, but Hamlin, as a Holy Being, was keenly aware that he couldn't afford to offend her.

"My name is Hamlin Zhao," he respectfully introduced himself. Both his hands were cupped, making him look rather humble.

He kept telling himself in his heart not to annoy the woman in front of him.

Emily glanced at him coldly. With a flick of her finger, a colorful ring enveloped Hamlin.

"Swoosh!"

Hamlin felt that the space around him was locked, as he was dragged into a space channel.

Meanwhile, inside the green star at the top of the Murphy Universe, Hamlin's companions had sensed something different.

Nicholas and Murphy looked extremely cautious. Through their souls on Hamlin, they sensed Emily's action.

"Master Hamish, do you know this woman?" Nicholas asked.

Both of them felt the same aura since their souls had been attached to Hamlin. The pressure given by Emily was too much!

"I don't know her," Hamish uttered, shaking his head. At this situation, he also felt very cautious. He, who was known to be an expert at the Other Shore Realm, felt burdened. "But this woman is very powerful."

The faces of Nicholas and Murphy immediately darkened as soon as they heard Hamish's comment.

"How strong is she?" Nicholas asked once more. He was not reconciled. "Even you are no match for her?"

A bitter smile appeared on Hamish's face. "Both of us are at the Other Shore Realm, but there is a huge gap in strength between us. That woman is obviously a top-level figure at the Other Shore Realm. As for me..." Hamish shook his head affirmatively. "I am far from being her match!"

Such a revelation far exceeded their expectations. The two looked at each other, and both had found surprise apparent in their eyes.

As they were immersed in a discussion, Emily had already dragged Hamlin out of the space channel.

Nicholas and the other two once again felt that something happened and couldn't help but take a deep breath.

They were surprised to see that more than ten strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm appeared.

A look of horror immediately spread across their faces. All of these warriors had an imposing manner and were not much weaker than Emily.

Timotheus sat on the ground and looked straight at Hamlin. "Tell me, why did you use your spiritual sense to spy on us?"

Standing among the crowd of warriors at the Other Shore Realm, Hamlin tried to calm himself down as he answered, "I didn't spy on you."

Hearing this, Timotheus, Emily and the others looked at each other and smiled lightly.

"As a True God, you can't lie to me. You're overestimating yourself," Emily stated. She walked slowly towards Hamlin. As she was close to him, her fingers slowly fell on his forehead. A cold sensation soon came into his mind.

In the eyes of Emily, Holy Beings who had their own universes were indeed much more powerful than consummate True Gods, but they were weaker than her.

Hamlin was a Holy Being but he found out that he was still too weak to resist.

As the colorful light on Emily's fingertips flashed, she gently pulled back. Three palm-sized colorful rings gradually floated in the air, in which there were three souls.

She had actually forcefully extracted the souls of Hamish, Nicholas and Murphy.

"Two Holy Beings, and one at the Other Shore Realm. You three are the people behind him. Am I right?" Emily lightly spoke to the three souls.

The three souls then began to change.

The soul in the front quickly turned into the appearance of Hamish. He made a fist salute and greeted politely, "You must come from the Source World, right? Sorry, I didn't come out to greet you. It's my fault."

"Sorry? You just sent a scapegoat because you didn't dare to come out," Emily spat in a cold voice.

Emily and Timotheus could clearly see through such a little trick at a glance.

Hamish admitted frankly, "I had no choice. I'm not powerful enough. I was afraid I'd be killed, so I had to be cautious. Please forgive me. But... What brings you here?"

Hamish, at the moment, still held a glimmer of hope in his heart. He was hoping that these people were not his enemies.

"What brings us here?" Emily had a faint smile on her face as she said, "Of course, we come to help Zen and eliminate all his enemies. I think you should be on his list too? Otherwise, you wouldn't have appeared in front of us furtively and inquired about our stand."

The hearts of Hamish, Nicholas and Murphy sank all of a sudden at Emily's words.

This was probably the last thing they wanted to hear.

Back in the Murphy Universe, Murphy spoke with a bitter smile, "Zen is so lucky to have so many powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm to help him."

Nicholas sighed as he took a deep breath.

Rachelle, at the time in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, had the chance to kill Zen. However, he had personally ordered Troy to stop her.

He had never expected that his own order would bring such a huge hidden trouble. It was truly incredible.

Hamish thought for a moment. He continued to control his soul, and made an offer. "We can give all that Zen can give to you, including the entire divine land. What do you think?"

The divine land contained Chiyou's painstaking efforts, and its own value was extraordinary.

The exiles at the bottom of the chaos had also made countless plans to lay their hands on the divine land. Because of Emily, they could only give up on this idea.

"Give me the divine land?" Emily was slightly stunned, and then looked at Timotheus with a meaningful smile.

Timotheus, Ramzi, Leopold of the Nine Li race burst into laughter. Their laughter gave Hamlin the creeps and made the three figures back in the Murphy Universe feel guilty.

Timotheus stood up. In the face of Hamish's soul, his eyes were filled with killing intent. He rebuked, "You're just an unknown Yellow Emperor Guard. How dare you hand over the divine land? Do you think that the divine land belongs to you as you live in it? Do you even know who built the divine land?"

Chapter 2692 Emily's Confidence

The Other Shore Realm was a cultivation realm, and it especially referred to the creatures that had stepped onto the Other Shore.

The strength of two Other Shore Realm warriors could be quite different.

Being a Yellow Emperor Guard, Hamish was considered a powerful person in the Source World.

But in Timotheus's and Emily's eyes, his ability was nothing.

Hamish felt strange about Timotheus' words—he stared at him and asked, "What do you mean?"

Emily smiled faintly and answered on Timotheus' behalf, "Chiyou built the divine land, and Timotheus, a member of the Nine Li race, is a five-star Nine Li Guard. Don't you find it too naive to think you can trade with the divine land?"

The words changed the faces of Hamish, Nicholas, and Murphy dramatically.

They didn't know how Zen managed to invite these mighty warriors.

Because they couldn't deal with the warriors, they intended to instead sacrifice their interest in the divine land to bribe them.

It was a last resort, but much to their surprise, the old man before them was a member of the Nine Li race and a Nine Li Guard.

Timotheus' face was solemn as he said in a deeply stern voice, "The divine land belongs to my clan. If you are smart enough to leave quickly, I will let you go without killing you."

Now, Timotheus and Emily had fully expressed their stands—there was no room to maneuver.

The wisps of souls of Murphy, Hamish, and Nicholas grew silent.

Even Hamlin felt dejected at the moment. It seemed that the people there were truly hostile and he feared for his own survival.

"What if we don't leave?" Hamish asked.

A glint flashed in Timotheus' eyes before he shook his burly body and picked up Hamlin into the air.

An irresistible force then enveloped Hamlin, containing immense power from the Other Shore Realm.

Having been bound by Emily, there was no way for Hamlin to resist Timotheus' attack.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Hamlin could feel the irresistible force pouring into every part of his body in an instant right as he exploded.

His bones began breaking.

Crack!

With an explosive sound, his body turned into fine powder.

"If you don't want to leave, this is what you will end up with," Timotheus announced grimly.

His blow killed Hamlin, a Holy Being, so easily.

But when Hamlin's body was completely crushed, a strange dot of light appeared in his belly. With a flash, the dot fled from the space atop the divine land.

"Huh?"

From beside them, Ramzi saw the dot flee as a strange color filled his expression. He moved to the back of the dot while rapidly making several palm marks in an attempt to stop it.

"Buzz..."

The palm marks turned into circles of dark-green runes—they continued covering the dot, but they failed to block it.

In spite of his attempts, Ramzi could only watch as the dot fled and entered the divine land.

If an ordinary True God's body was broken into pieces, their inner world directly collapsed, leaving their soul for death. In this case, their death became absolute.

But after a Holy Being built their own universe, it became one with the divine land. So long as the universe was intact, they wouldn't be totally dead.

There were only two methods to kill a Holy Being. One was to destroy them and their universe simultaneously, and the other was to break their connection to the universe while they were killed.

Ramzi was trying to cut off Hamlin's connection to his universe, but his attempts failed.

He didn't have enough power to deal with Chiyou's design.

The only person who was powerful enough to do so in the divine land was Lorena.

Such was why she had managed to kill several Holy Beings with the Lethal Fire Magma underground.

"Good, let's wait and see if this day will come," Hamish's soul said with a sinister smile before it exploded and dissipated into the colorful halo.

Meanwhile, Nicholas' and Murphy's souls burst as well.

Timotheus maintained his posture after crushing Hamlin. After gradually calming down, he said to Emily, "Since they sent someone to inquire about our stand, we could kill him directly. Why did you have to mention Zen?"

Ramzi flew back. A bitter smile appeared on his face as he said, "We shouldn't have sent Zen into the divine land through the space tunnel in the Holy Being's universe. They must have found us along this space tunnel—it puts Zen at an extreme disadvantage."

They still couldn't enter the divine land—once Zen was in danger, they'd be unable to help him.

Emily smiled faintly. "Since you've put so much of your hope in Zen, if he can't overcome even such difficulties, how do you expect him to return to the Source World?"

"Those are two different matters. Even if you want to train him, there's no need to have him directly face the masters at the Other Shore Realm," Timotheus returned.

"Clearly, they belong to the same matter. Moreover…" Emily looked down at the divine land under her feet. Colorful rays of light spread out in her view, her gaze reaching infinitely far.

It was as though she could see Zen in the divine land right at this moment like everything was in her control. "Moreover, since I could send Zen in, I can also get him out!"

Meanwhile, in the Swirl Forest, Zen was sitting still on an emerald green lake as he silently circulated the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

The internal momentum in his inner world collided fiercely.

Such was the greatest trouble brought by Ways-blending Energy.

It was no easy feat blending hundreds of Godly Ways perfectly.

Once one of the Godly Ways had changed, the original Ways-blending Energy became extremely unstable. One could imagine what a disaster would come about if unstable Ways-blending Energy burst in the inner world.

This time, however, Zen needed to integrate all the Ways-blending Energy once more after reaching the consummation of True God Realm.

"It's too troublesome. Each time you absorb one Godly Way, you need to integrate this again. It's too inefficient—it won't do you any good even after you merge all of them in the end. To achieve the Godly Ways Great

Unity is merely wishful thinking." No. 9527 conveyed its consciousness to Zen's mind. It had long despised the Ways-blending Energy.

"It remains important to me at this stage," Zen simply replied.

The power of mixing Ways-blending Energy and the Emotion Closing Godly way was not to be underestimated. In fact, it was enough to act as his trump card. All that mattered was that he believed his father's arrangement must have some sort of hidden meaning, so he had no intention of giving up.

Chapter 2693 Got Together

As Zen began to recite the Truth of Cultivation by heart, he allowed himself to be completely immersed in a natural state, both his body and soul extremely relaxed.

"Drip! Drip!"

He was so at ease that he could hear the sound of dew rolling off the leaves, the buzzing of the mosquitoes and flies, and the noise the grass made when it was swaying in the wind.

At the same time when he merged the Godly Ways, he had also made slight progress in the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

Zen had grasped ninety-nine percent of the Truth of Cultivation Nature before. If he could break through the last obstacle, then he could begin to cross the Sea of Truth.

The problem was, such an obstacle wasn't that easy to surpass. In fact, he had not yet succeeded since he left the divine land.

After an entire day…

A surge of extremely powerful energy emerged in the center of the green lake.

The energy waves continued to spread, causing the once calm lake to tremble and roll like boiling water.

Sensing that kind of change in the atmosphere, the creatures that surrounded the lake scattered in different directions.

"Buzz!"

As Zen gently flipped his hands, a ball of extremely thick energy slowly discharged from his cinnabar field.

The moment he drew out the ball of energy, the lake under his body sank.

"I have succeeded in merging the internal momentum again!" Zen exclaimed with a joyful look on his face.

After all, Zen had merged it once before. Compared to his previous experience, he felt that the difficulty in merging all kinds of internal momentum in his body had been greatly reduced.

Now that Zen had stepped into the consummation of True God Realm, the internal momentum released from the Godly Tile was purer and the Ways-blending Energy was more powerful.

"The Truth of Cultivation Nature has reached a new level as well. With just one more step, the Truth of Godly Way would reach the consummate level. I wonder how it feels like to cross the Sea of Truth," Zen muttered.

Just as Zen descended deep in thought, a water arrow suddenly sprung out from the lake under Zen, directly charging towards him.

"Phew!"

The water arrow moved extremely fast. At that moment, Zen was still circulating the Truth of Cultivation Nature, and he only slightly turned his head to the direction where the water arrow came from. It was as if he was looking backward, and had easily dodged it.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

More water arrows rose from the lake.

In just a blink of an eye, thousands of water arrows flew towards Zen.

Their power, however, wasn't strong. Once they hit Zen's body, they were still just water. His body swayed casually, like a willow dancing in the wind.

Even if those water arrows were as dense as the rain, they failed to wet Zen's clothes.

Zen dodged, and his eyes wandered around with a strange smile.

"Is it Margaret? Or Tia?"

Despite his powerful soul, he was unable to determine who was manipulating the water arrows.

Zen avoided the water arrows and sped away to the surface of the lake.

After circling the lake once, his eyes landed on the grass by the lakeside.

"Whoooooosh!"

In a flash, Zen was already on his way to the grass. A person was clutched in his arms as he did so.

Hearing the person scream, Zen looked down and was slightly stunned. "Yan?"

Her face was slightly red, and her mouth curved into a sullen pout. She then complained, "You've returned to the fairy palace but didn't even come to see me! Even if you don't want to see me, you should at least miss Geoffrey, right?"

Zen returned to the fairy palace a few days ago, but he hadn't stepped into the training tower yet.

Previously, when Lavender and Letitia snuck into the divine land, they had arranged all the others to go into the training tower. Taking this opportunity, they also chose to cultivate in seclusion.

Looking at Yan's angry face, Zen smiled faintly. "Of course, I miss you and Geoffrey. But I heard that you were all cultivating in seclusion, so I didn't want to intrude."

Yan couldn't stay mad at her brother. As she got up from the ground, she looked at Zen and said, "I didn't expect that you've really stepped into the consummation of the True God Realm. This time, you're way ahead of me!"

Originally, Yan's cultivation was far stronger than Zen's.

When Zen was still a proving godly warrior, Yan had already become a top-rank True God.

Over the past ten years, Zen had successfully stepped into the consummation of True God Realm, while Yan remained a top-rank True God.

Before Zen could even speak, Yan added, "But I also feel that my chance of reaching the consummation of True God Real is coming soon. I guess you won't be ahead of me for long!"

Yan's current situation was somehow similar to Zen's. She was in the last stage of the Truth of Holy Words, and once she reached the consummation of True God Realm, she was done with the last step and could sail across the sea to reach the Other Shore.

"You've always been smarter than me, so I know I'll soon fall right behind you," Zen said with a smile. Ever since they were young, he had always looked up to Yan's talent. "But what kind of theurgy did you use to hide just now? Why couldn't I detect you?"

Yan smiled and said, "It's Gus. He controls the entire Swirl Forest. He easily helped me hide the aura!"

"He controls the Swirl Forest and can hide people's aura?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

"It's not that strange. Harold can also do it in the Everest Spirit Mountain," said Yan, and she seemed to take it as a normal thing.

Yan had stayed in the Everest Spirit Mountain for a long time, so she knew what abilities the controllers of the forbidden areas usually possessed.

Back then, she could just freely come and go in the Everest Spirit Mountain and could even control all the beasts in it. It was all thanks to Harold.

"So that explains it." Zen nodded lightly.

Consummate True Gods that could control forbidden areas were indeed qualified to fight against Holy Beings.

"Let's go back! Geoffrey would be so happy to see you!" Yan exclaimed with excitement in her eyes.

After all, back in the fairy palace, not only Letitia and his other wives were there, but also Geoffrey, Freya, and Imogen.

When they heard that Zen had returned, they came out of the training tower.

In the fairy palace, Geoffrey stood in the hall dressed in a long pale purple robe, with a precious belt tied around his waist.

He had definitely matured.

He had a slight resemblance to Zen, but his temperament was softer. With smart eyes, Geoffrey looked at Zen.

"Geoffrey!"

Over the years, they seldom got together. Zen felt a little guilty about that.

Every time they reunited, he was always thrilled to see how his son had grown, which was always a surprise.

Back then, Geoffrey begged for a chance to wander around the divine land. After only ten years, he had followed Letitia's and Lavender's improvement and had already become a proving godly warrior.

Zen thought that it wasn't going to be long before Geoffrey could become a low-rank True God, especially with the guidance of consummate True Gods and a Demi-holy Being in the fairy palace, apart from his own extraordinary talent.

If Harold could help him change his blood, then he should be able to step into the divine land without needing the protection of the fairy palace.

"Daddy, how I've missed you after all these years! Do you miss me?" Geoffrey asked as he blinked his eyes. There was a hint of sadness in them.

Hearing his son's words, Zen even felt more guilty in his heart. He replied, "Of course, I do!"

"Have you brought home a gift for me this time?" Geoffrey chuckled. The sadness in his eyes went away and was soon replaced by a cunning and greedy look.

Chapter 2694 Stone Mouse

Fiery anger burned in Letitia's eyes as she glared at Geoffrey and scolded, "Geoffrey, I've told you countless times! You can't be impolite to others, most especially your father!"

"Well, since he's my father and he hasn't seen me in a long time, then he should give me a gift," Geoffrey retorted with a smile.

His face twisted into a serious expression for about nine seconds, before it lapsed into a lazy grimace.

"That's right. A father is always generous to his son. Zen's harvest was definitely abundant this time, so he must have something good to give his little man," a voice suddenly interjected. There in the distance was Augustus, who walked forward and winked at Geoffrey.

However, a frown stretched upon Letitia's lips. "Gus, don't mess around!" she said in annoyance.

Over the years, Augustus and Geoffrey had gotten on well with each other.

Augustus, however, wasn't as smart as Geoffrey, as the latter had taken many of his treasures by using various tricks.

One of those treasures was even handed down from Bromley. That treasure was extremely important to Augustus, but Geoffrey had taken it away.

When Hallet knew about the issue, he reprimanded Augustus and took the treasure back from Geoffrey.

That incident was still embedded in Augustus' mind, and it made him immensely upset. Yet just now, he helped Geoffrey ask Zen for a gift!

"Geoffrey is picky. He doesn't like common things, so Zen, you can't give him something ordinary," he added.

"Father, don't listen to Uncle Augustus' nonsense. I'll accept whatever you will give me," Geoffrey shot back with another smile.

Although he said so, everybody understood what he meant.

Letitia couldn't help but sigh at his words.

On the other hand, Zen didn't mind as he knew very well what Geoffrey was like. "Indeed, I shouldn't be so stingy," he answered with a grin.

Once he was done speaking, he pointed with his finger, and his space ring glowed faintly. Moments later, a golden snake swam out of it.

Meanwhile, the other people in the hall watched as Geoffrey asked his father for a gift, curious about what Zen would take out.

As soon as the little golden snake appeared, everyone's eyes were immediately glued onto it.

"Zen, what kind of treasure is that?" asked Joy in surprise. On the contrary, Augustus suddenly felt a chill that ran down his spine.

His eyes stared directly at the snake, not once leaving it.

It was true that he was extremely talented, but he would probably be considered inferior to Hallet if he ever left the Swirl Forest.

It was because he had wasted a great deal of his time and talent on some unorthodox skills, such as the puppet manipulating techniques.

In addition, he had also been forced to give Geoffrey numerous puppets in the past few years.

That was why he felt a powerful attraction towards the snake the moment he saw it!

"Zen! That is a puppet snake!" he exclaimed excitedly.

Everyone was surprised when he lay prone on the ground out of the blue and stared intently at the puppet snake.

In terms of craftsmanship, it was a rather ordinary puppet snake.

Even Augustus himself could make a puppet that looked similar to a real person.

Yet judging from the aura contained in the small, golden snake's body, it was safe to say that it was something that was beyond his knowledge and understanding.

"This is a puppet," Zen said and nodded.

Augustus carefully touched the little golden snake and muttered, "This is not the gold with a cold light, nor jade gold. I've never seen this kind of material before, and it shouldn't exist in the divine land. What's more, this little snake's eyes are so strange... Where did you get this little golden snake?"

"It's true that this small snake is not from the divine land. It was given to me by a master outside of it," Zen answered with a small smile.

Before Zen came back to the divine land, Ramzi, Timotheus, and the others had been worried about him. Thus, they gave him some weapons which could help him in times of need.

Ramzi gave Zen three thunder talismans, Leopold gave him a pill, and Timotheus gave him the golden snake.

"It's beautiful! How powerful is this little thing?" Augustus asked again.

To that, Zen blinked and shook his head. "I haven't tried it yet, but I think it can deal with a consummate True God."

After all, it was a life-saving object Timotheus had given to him. He had never used it and perhaps, it could be more powerful than he had imagined. Now he thought that it was a good idea to give it to Geoffrey as a protective weapon.

When Letitia heard his words, her expression quickly changed and she said, "You should keep such a treasure for defense. You don't have to give it to Geoffrey. It's too..."

Before she could even finish, Augustus began to bargain with Geoffrey and did not pay her words any attention.

"Geoffrey, can you give this little golden snake to me? I'll give you ten puppets in exchange!"

"No way!"

"Twenty puppets!"

"No!"

"I can also help you make whatever you want. I can help you make..."

"No!"

"Can you lend me the snake to study?

Just for two days!"

As for Zen, he could only smile helplessly as the two bargained with each other.

Just then, his lips curved down into a frown. His consciousness entered the space ring, in which there was a mouse corpse whose fur emitted a faint glow.

The mouse corpse belonged to the Stone Mouse that Zen had encountered back when he had just entered the divine land.

Master Evil had kept the Stone Mouse, but the creature had unexpectedly swallowed him and as a result, he had lost his body.

After that, the Stone Mouse tried to devour Zen's cinnabar field, only to be poisoned to death after it swallowed the chaotic energy in Zen's inner world.

According to Master Evil, this one-of-a-kind true spirit once helped a True God to become a Holy Being and could be reincarnated. With the help of the mouse corpse, one could find the reincarnation of the Stone Mouse. The Stone Mouse was valuable, even if it was dead.

Then again, Zen had gotten many divine might coins later on, so he hadn't sold the mouse corpse.

What he didn't expect was that the mouse corpse had some changes today. It meant that the new Stone Mouse was just born somewhere in the divine land.

With that thought, he awakened Master Evil deep in his mind.

"What's wrong, Zen? Have you found a body for me?"

Master Evil had been sealed for a long time, so he was still in a daze after he woke up.

"No," Zen replied. It was true that he did not have a chance to find a body suitable for Master Evil at the bottom of the chaos over the years. "But there is something strange about the mouse corpse," he continued.

"That Stone Mouse? Has it been reincarnated?" Master Evil was slightly stunned, and his eyes were immediately filled with excitement.

Zen nodded in response. Then, he raised his hand, and the grey Stone Mouse's corpse fell out of the space ring.

Opposite of him were Augustus and Geoffrey, the former still pleading for the golden snake. When he saw the mouse corpse, however, he asked, "Zen, what's that?"

Chapter 2695 Gregorio Yue

Joy looked at the mouse corpse closely. It looked familiar but she couldn't quite remember where she had seen it.

Meanwhile, Zen had no intention to directly answer Augustus's question, but instead, he threw him a question of his own. "Gus, do you still have some puppets? The ones that can transform?"

He was considering giving Master Evil a puppet he could use for the meantime.

It would be impossible to cultivate with a puppet's body but the puppet made by Augustus would no doubt be powerful since he inherited his skills from Bromley.

Zen's question stunned Augustus. "What kind of puppet do you want? Do you want to use it to become a mouse or a snake?"

"I want it to become a human being!" Zen answered, his voice tinged with impatience.

Instead of clarifying things, Zen's answer simply confused Augustus even more. "Are you going to use it yourself?" he asked. He had a number of puppets but it wouldn't be of much use to Zen given his current strength.

"A friend, a mid-rank True God, will use it. He has lost his body and is just in his soul form right now," Zen explained.

"I see. Alright, I got it," he answered.

After a short while, a human-shaped puppet appeared in the middle of the hall.

The puppet was about ten feet high and looked very powerful. It had eight swords in its back and was covered from its neck down to its arms with countless traps and arrays.

Zen quickly scanned the puppet from head to toe and sensed several strands of internal momentum emanating from it.

"This is my masterpiece. It's strong enough to help defeat a top-rank True God and fast enough to run away from a consummate True God," Augustus said, beaming with pride at his work.

"It kinda looks a bit weird. Don't you have any that looks more normal? It would be better if the puppet looks as normal as Saul," Zen said.

Saul's body looked very real, having been made by Bromley's skilled hands.

Zen's request had Augustus rolling his eyes. He stretched out his hands and patted the puppet lightly.

The puppet then began to morph. Its ten-foot-tall body shrank until it was as tall as a normal person.

Its traps and arrays were also now skillfully hidden.

"Is this enough?" Augustus asked. He gestured at the now normal-sized puppet. "Even its appearance can change!"

True enough, the puppet's face also began to change. One minute, it looked like a young man and the next, it became a wrinkled, old man.

"Master Evil, how about we use this puppet as your body for the time being?" Zen asked in his mind.

Master Evil simply stared at the puppet in astonishment.

After cultivating to such a level, Master Evil did not regard a physical body as anything important.

The puppet could not improve his cultivation base, but it had the power to defeat a top-rank True God and escape from a consummate True God.

Such strength wasn't something Master Evil could imagine. Many mid-rank True Gods could only hope to reach such a level of power.

"Okay! Of course it's good!" Master Evil agreed immediately.

Zen smiled and nodded to Augustus. "Not bad."

He approached the puppet and was just about to move Master Evil's soul into it when Augustus stopped him.

"What are you doing?" Zen asked.

Augustus did not answer and looked at Geoffrey who was standing not too far away from him. Right now, Geoffrey was thinking about how to control the little golden snake but noticed Augustus staring at him. He quickly put the snake into his space ring and avoided Augustus's gaze.

"The value of that little golden snake is far beyond that of my puppet. I just hope you can let me study it for a bit," Augustus told Zen.

The reason why he did whatever Zen asked was mostly because of that snake.

His puppet-making and controlling skills had reached their zenith and were almost on par with Bromley's.

However, there were still some extraordinary skills within the small, golden snake. Augustus couldn't figure out what these skills were and hoped to study the snake to find out.

He also knew Geoffrey's character very well.

With the snake in his hands, there was no way that he was going to give it to anybody else. Thus, Augustus could only turn to Zen for help.

Zen turned to look at Geoffrey, but before he could even speak, Geoffrey was already on the defensive. "I'm not going to give it to you."

"Geoffrey, since you're under the protection of the uncles and aunts in the fairy palace, that little snake is useless to you right now. Why don't you lend it to Gus for a while?" Letitia, his mother, said to him in a soft voice.

This boy had been thoroughly spoiled by both Letitia and Imogen, but perhaps he could be persuaded by Letitia.

It wasn't easy. It took quite a bit of convincing for Geoffrey to finally relent and throw the golden snake to Augustus.

Satisfied with having obtained a precious treasure, Augustus patted the puppet beside him with a smile. "This puppet is yours, Zen. May I ask though? Who are you going to help make a body?"

"You know him," Zen said with a faint smile.

"I know him?" Augustus thought for a while but couldn't come up with anyone.

However, Zen didn't speak anymore. He approached the puppet and released Master Evil's soul from his mind.

"Whoosh!"

Master Evil's soul took on the form of a faint ray of gray light that instantly injected itself into the puppet.

Soon after, the puppet's face changed. The bridge of its nose rose and became aquiline. It grew grey hair and possessed sharp eyes—it looked very much like a ferocious old man.

Augustus pointed at the puppet in astonishment. "You! You are... Master Evil?"

"Augustus from the Gu Clan..."

Master Evil acknowledged. He and Wayne suffered a lot in the prison due to Augustus's torture methods at the time.

Despite knowing that Augustus wouldn't do anything to him now, he still couldn't help but throw a cold look at the man.

"You have just been released by Zen, right? Why was your physical body destroyed?" Augustus asked curiously.

"Well, this matter has something to do with the Stone Mouse," Master Evil said, staring at the Stone Mouse's corpse on the ground.

"Stone Mouse? You mean this mouse?!"

Joy exclaimed in shock. She was still trying to figure out the mouse corpse's origin when she heard what Master Evil said.

She finally got an idea when she heard the name Master Evil used to call the mouse.

Even Augustus was shocked and his gaze wandered onto the dead mouse.

"Joy, have you heard of the story of the Stone Mouse?" Zen asked.

Joy nodded. "It's a one-of-a-kind true spirit, very famous. I have heard of it. In the past, Gregorio Yue of the Yue Clan became a Holy Being with the help of this Stone Mouse. It is said that this mouse keeps the secret of reincarnation of the entire divine land."

Zen's eyebrows rose. "The secret of the reincarnation?"

Back in the universe, he heard of something related to reincarnation. Some living beings were able to experience rebirth and carry the memories of their previous lives.

However, none of these legends had ever been confirmed.

"The Stone Mouse was very famous in the past. It kept Holy Gregorio company all the time and was said to be even more powerful than a Holy Being. The Yue Clan was also very powerful since it was the only great clan that was qualified to compete with Nicholas," Joy told them.

Chapter 2696 The Evil Ghost Region

Doubt was written all over Zen's face. "The powerful Yue Clan?

I've never heard of the Yue Clan in the Time Sea," he said.

He had come to know a lot about the history of the powerful clans back when he had been in the Floating Island.

During his time there, he had never heard of the Yue Clan. He felt unfamiliar when he first heard the name.

"Because Nicholas killed them," Harold interjected as he pushed the door open, his eyes transfixed on the mouse's corpse. "Most of the younger generation from the powerful clans don't know about the glory of the Yue Clan in the past, or a man named Gregorio Yue."

Beside Zen, Joy nodded and said, "Right. At that time, Gregorio was powerful enough to challenge Nicholas. Later on, Nicholas was forced to fight him, and subsequently destroyed his universe. After he was killed, his clan's Floating Island sank into the Time Sea. Since then, Nicholas has made a rule that whoever is surnamed Yue is not allowed to enter the Time Sea, which is why there are no True Gods with the surname Yue among the powerful clans."

Naturally, Zen was shocked but he asked, "Nicholas is such an arrogant man. Was he actually so afraid of a surname? He's made a mountain out of a molehill."

All the clans had very few Holy Beings even when trillions of years had passed. Why was Nicholas afraid that the Yue Clan would have another Holy Being? Such a thing was almost impossible.

"Perhaps he was making a mountain out of a molehill, but perhaps he was not," said Harold with a faint smile, and then added, "Because there is a rumor that Gregorio hasn't died."

"I've heard about that rumor too," Joy said and nodded as well.

"Isn't that strange? Last time I checked, the Holy Beings will die once their universes are destroyed," Zen said in surprise.

The reason why Holy Beings were able to stay alive was that they relied on their universes. Since Gregorio's universe had been destroyed, how could he survive?

"Generally speaking, it's true but Gregorio's case is somewhat different. His spiritual beast is the unique Stone Mouse in the divine land, which has died many times and has been reborn many times," said Harold with a grin.

Zen's brows slightly shot upwards as he asked, "So you think that Gregorio has been reborn, just like the Stone Mouse?"

"Well… Yes," Harold answered.

Truth be told, they didn't live in the same era as Gregorio did.

Yet although Nicholas had banned everything related to the Yue Clan, he couldn't affect the other Holy Beings.

Things about the Yue Clan in the past had been recorded and passed down from generation to generation.

For example, Joy knew about the existence of the Yue Clan in an important book. The book contained drawn pictures of the Stone Mouse, which was why she was familiar with the mouse's corpse.

"What? How come there are so many hidden stories behind this mouse?" Master Evil exclaimed. How did he not know about such things?

He knew the origin of the Stone Mouse, but he had no idea that Gregorio was behind that mouse.

"But you said the Stone Mouse was as powerful as a Holy Being. Back in the cave of the Vast Sky Region, it was just as strong as a mid-rank True God," Zen said in confusion.

With a flick of Harold's finger, the mouse's corpse on the ground floated towards his hand.

The corpse shimmered with a faint, orange light.

"The Stone Mouse and Gregorio died together in the past. After the mouse was reborn, it was as strong as a Demi-holy Being. After Nicholas killed it, it was weakened again until it was just like a consummate True God. Later, it was said that it was reborn in a first-tier clan. After it underwent multiple deaths, it is now as powerful as a mid-rank True God," Harold explained.

Some internal momentum spread out of his hand as he spoke, which merged with the orange light from the Stone Mouse. The two combined together and formed a unique image in his head.

After a short while, light flashed across his eyes. He turned to the main entrance of the hall and said, "The Evil Ghost Region in the south."

"The Evil Ghost Region?" Zen thought for a moment, and then said, "It's said that the Abyss Demon Region is linked to the Evil Ghost Region."

Harold nodded. "The reborn Stone Mouse is on the edge of the junction of the Evil Ghost Region and the Abyss Demon Region, which is very strange. Why was it reborn in that place?" he wondered.

The Abyss Demon Region and the Time Sea Forbidden Land were the most mysterious among the numerous forbidden lands in the divine land.

Yet because the Time Sea Forbidden Land was located in the center of the Time Sea, the vast majority of divine citizens didn't know that such a forbidden land existed within their territory.

The situation in the Abyss Demon Region, however, was different.

The Abyss Demon Region had gathered the resentment of almost all the living beings in the divine land, and there were even many different legends about it.

Over the years, the Abyss Demon Region had expanded quite fast, until it had occupied three other regions. Furthermore, it was still expanding at a high speed.

After a few moments, Harold returned the Stone Mouse to Zen.

In turn, Zen also released a strand of internal momentum and merged it with the orange light just like what Harold did. Then, an illusionary picture appeared in his mind.

In the image, his consciousness seemed to have traveled through most of the places in the divine land and entered the Evil Ghost Region.

In the depths of the bleak plain was a huge crack.

The crack stretched long, and the Abyss Demon Region was located at its end. The Abyss Demon Region was an abyss that spanned several regions.

Dark green smoke rose from the depths of the abyss and blocked all the views of the Abyss Demon Region. The divine citizens outside were unable to see the depths of the abyss, and because of this, the Abyss Demon Region appeared terrifyingly mysterious.

Soon enough, he opened his eyes and said, "I want to go to the Evil Ghost Region."

"Is it too dangerous to go out now?" a voice from his side chimed in.

It was Letitia, who had been sitting quietly beside him. She felt uneasy when she heard that Zen planned to leave.

She didn't know much about the divine land, only that her husband had quite a lot of enemies there. The last time he left, there had been no news of him for ten years. She was afraid that one day, he would really disappear.

"The powerful clans can't enter the Soul Wilderness, the Everest Spirit Mountain, and the Swirl Forest right now, so they'll probably go to the Abyss Demon Region." Joy fretted as well.

"I think Zen can make a trip to the Evil Ghost Region," Harold opined with a small smile and then continued, "He would have no problems protecting himself with his current strength. Moreover, although it is adjacent to the Abyss Demon Region, its entrance is in the Red Lotus Region, which is very far away from the Evil Ghost Region."

There was usually only one entrance to each forbidden land.

There was no way to enter the Abyss Demon Region from the Evil Ghost Region, and the transmission arrays of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands were also connected to the entrance of the Red Lotus Region.

Besides, Zen had the mountain token in his hand. Even if the opponent found any trace of him, he would be able to return to the fairy palace immediately by using the mountain token.

When Letitia heard that Harold was in favor of Zen going to the Evil Ghost Region, she could only lower her head and fidget with the hem of her clothes. Her eyes were filled with loneliness.

Now, she was no longer the mighty leader of the Cloud Hall that she used to be. She had already fallen too far behind Zen. She couldn't stand the comparisons with him anymore.

Most of the time, she could only choose to be silent in order to avoid being a hindrance to him.

Chapter 2697 Yellow Emperor Magatama

In the northern side of the divine land...

After passing through the Dark Rise Mountain and crossing the north boundary, one would reach the North Star Region.

Once a very prosperous and big region, the North Star Region produced many strong warriors. It was a place with many outstanding talents.

But in the recent several divine eras, it had become a dead zone.

The death aura emitted by the Lofty Tree killed all the living beings in the North Star Region. Due to its lack of use and maintenance, it slowly collapsed.

In the midst of the surging death aura, Hamish quietly descended.

As soon as he landed, the death aura gathered from all directions like a hyena that just found its meal.

"Hmph!"

Suddenly, Hamish's body shook slightly, and an invisible force spread out from his body. The deathly aura that had gathered together then began to disperse.

He then looked into the distance. The Lofty Tree, which was as high as three hundred and thirty thousand miles was partly visible from where he stood.

After locating the tree's position, Hamish activated the Grand Teleportation and moved towards it.

After a while…

Hamish appeared on the biggest branch right at the center of the Lofty Tree.

Countless dark red silk threads spread throughout that branch and wrapped four giant crimson spheres.

Inside each sphere was a faint shadow of a person.

"Hamish, has something happened in the divine land recently?" a cold voice from one of the spheres said.

Hamish gently cupped his hands towards each sphere and replied, "This time, we are certainly in trouble."

"Trouble? That Harper has been cursed and is trapped in the Sunset Tree. That woman named Lorena is on the verge of dying. She only has a head left. What kind of trouble can't you solve in the divine land?" A daunting voice came from another sphere.

"Yes, you're the only Other Shore Realm warrior left in this vast divine land. You manage the entire divine land by yourself. And still, you caused us trouble? You're such a waste!" A scornful speech was heard from another sphere.

The red spheres were the Mixed Element Seals that Harper had cast.

All the Mixed Element Seals relied on the Lofty Tree. They needed the life force they got from the tree to maintain the spell of the seals.

Therefore, the Mixed Element Seals were difficult to break. They had managed to seal the Yellow Emperor Guards to this day.

The three people who spoke were Zavier Pu, Salim Hou, and Lorcan Zha. They all were two-star Yellow Emperor Guards, and their strength was higher than that of Hamish.

Back then, because Hamish was still slightly weaker, the Mixed Element Seal that bound him was also weaker, which made him possible to break the seal and escape.

Those three Yellow Emperor Guards had been trapped there for so many divine eras. It went without saying that they were very miserable.

Every time they saw Hamish, they always felt jealous. They could only mock him and wished that they could switch place with him.

Hamish only ignored them. Instead, he cupped his hands towards the biggest sphere and said, "Leyton…"

"Just say it. What happened in the divine land?" A calm voice was heard from the largest sphere.

The Yellow Emperor Guard who was sealed in that specific sphere was Leyton Pang. He was the leader of the group of Yellow Emperor Guards, and also the only three-star Yellow Emperor Guard.

"Some people from the outside are coming," Hamish replied with caution.

"People from the outside?" Astonishment was evident in Leyton Pang's voice.

Meanwhile, Zavier Pu, Salim Hou, and Lorcan Zha couldn't keep their calm upon hearing Hamish's words.

"People from the outside, huh? How strong are they?"

"Where are they from?"

"How many are there? Have you checked them out yourself?"

If it was just another kind of crisis that broke out in the divine land, then it wouldn't be a big problem.

With their strength, they could solve it. But if strong warriors from the outside got involved, it was a different story.

"All of you, shut up!" Leyton Pang reproached.

The other three Yellow Emperor Guards immediately fell silent. The silence in the surroundings was deafening.

"Hamish, you can go on," said Leyton Pang.

"There's more than a dozen people and one of them is a five-star Nine Li Guard," Hamish said flatly.

That revelation caused the Other Shore Realm warriors within the four spheres to stay quiet.

After a long while, Leyton Pang spoke again, "How did this happen?"

Hamish looked distressed. "According to your plan, the simplest way is to let the divine land crash so that these Mixed Element Seals are destroyed once and for all. But it was stopped by Lorena's son. He has been gone for ten years, and now, he has returned and brought a group of Other Shore Realm warriors from the outside!"

"The outside? The world of chaos is vast! How could he have possibly met other warriors at the Other Shore Realm? And a Nine Li Guard? Such bad luck!" muttered Zavier Pu.

"What a coincidence!" Hamish shook his head. "And these people are trying to open a space channel."

Leyton Pang said with a bitter smile, "We did the same thing back then. It seems like they will be able to enter the divine land in a few years' time."

"What should we do now?" Salim Hou couldn't help but ask.

The four of them were powerful masters at the Other Shore Realm, but a Nine Li Guard also wasn't someone to be underestimated.

The divine land originally belonged to Chiyou. Once those people from the outside barged in, the Yellow Emperor Guards could only imagine how bad they would all end.

"I've already told them to prepare a backup plan," Hamish said blandly.

The first plan was to destroy the divine land. Once it had crashed, the Mixed Element Seals could not rely on the Lofty Tree anymore, and they would eventually collapse.

The second plan was to find a way to take control of the Abyss Demon Region and forcefully tear up the Mixed Element Seals using the power of that region.

That plan was rather complicated. After all, a forbidden area like the Abyss Demon Region wasn't that easy to be controlled.

"Take control of the Abyss Demon Region… Do those Holy Beings have the confidence to accomplish this task?" asked Leyton Pang.

Hamish thought for a while before he answered, "Right now, Nicholas has almost ruled the Time Sea. With so many Holy Beings doing the job together, the chances of success are high."

Zavier Pu heaved a deep sigh and said, "Even if the seals are removed, I'm afraid that it will not help. We don't stand a chance against the five-star Nine Li Guard."

Hearing his words, everyone fell silent, even including Leyton Pang.

Indeed, even if the Mixed Element Seals were removed, the five Yellow Emperor Guards wouldn't be able to do anything but escape.

Even the strongest among them, Leyton Pang, was only a three-star Yellow Emperor Guard. The gap in terms of strength was a stretch.

After a while, Leyton Pang stated flatly, "We still have a chance."

"How?" Hamish asked curiously.

"Use my Yellow Emperor Magatama to turn to chaos for help. We can gather the nearest Yellow Emperor Guards to come and help," he replied.

A strange expression crept on Hamish's face upon hearing Leyton Pang's suggestion.

The Yellow Emperor Magatama was a necessary token for all of the Yellow Emperor Guards. Through its power, they could summon each other in times of need.

However, it only usually happened in the Source World.

Using the Yellow Emperor Magatama to gather the other Yellow Emperor Guards in the vast chaos?

The possibility of its success was so little that it was practically insignificant in the matter.

Chapter 2698 The Call

"Leyton, right now, the divine land has almost hit the bottom. It's extremely desolate even compared with the chaos," Zavier said with a giggle. "It's completely meaningless to use the Yellow Emperor Magatama."

Leyton didn't take his words and didn't listen but instead, he said to Hamish, "Do as I say. Don't miss any chance."

Hamish was considered to be the weakest among the five Yellow Emperor Guards. The rest had more or less alienated him, but Leyton had always taken good care of him.

Now that Leyton tasked him something important, he nodded and said, "I will do as you ordered."

When he was on his trip to the Lofty Tree in the north, some people on the Time Sea had already begun to move.

Most of the True Gods of the alliance of powerful clans had been exploring the Abyss Demon Region during the past ten years, so they had a further understanding and knowledge about it.

However, their actions were at the expense of the lives of their peers.

There were countless talented elites in the powerful clans, but it was a fat price to pay. They would be torn apart by the monsters lurking around the Abyss Demon Region if they weren't careful enough.

Many True Gods of humble birth grumbled and were discontented with this current situation.

In the past, the members of the alliance of powerful clans could freely go to the Everest Spirit Mountain and the Swirl Forest. These two forbidden lands were extremely dangerous, but they could get countless divine might coins while ensuring their safety in the places that they were familiar with.

But more than ten years ago, Harold appeared. He suddenly came forward and forbade them to go to the Everest Spirit Mountain.

The worst thing that happened was, just few years ago, the Swirl Forest was sealed.

The purpose for sealing the Swirl Forest remained a mystery to them. They didn't even know who had ruled it.

As a result, they could only go to the Abyss Demon Region, and the risks there were known to increase exponentially.

Despite the risks, as long as they were careful enough and didn't enter the second stage of the Abyss Demon Region, they would still get a lot of treasures. After all, the Abyss Demon Region was the biggest forbidden land.

But now, it was said that even the Abyss Demon Region had also been sealed.

"Have all the transmission channels leading to the Abyss Demon Region been closed?"

"Why is the Abyss Demon Region also sealed? Could it be that someone has taken control of it?"

"Come on! It's simply impossible for anyone to control the Abyss Demon Region. You know, those fiends at the bottom can even devour the Holy Beings."

A heated discussion arose as numerous True Gods gathered in front of the transmission arrays of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. Each one of them had spoken their own thoughts about it.

Even the guards who were guarding the transmission arrays thought that it was unreasonable.

But this was the order of the Holy Beings. They didn't have the capability to disobey such an order.

Meanwhile in the Goldenrain Hall, all the Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans had gathered.

There were also many consummate True Gods.

Nicholas had an unprecedented sense of crisis. It started the moment he saw the powerful masters outside the divine land in the Murphy Universe.

There were two reasons for him to reach his current position. One was because of his talents and efforts, and the other was that he had the support of Hamish. The only thing he could do now was to try his best to take control of the Abyss Demon Region, remove the Mixed Element Seals of the remaining Yellow Emperor Guards, and then use some methods like the Ruling Slate. Perhaps, he still had a chance in this way.

"Everyone, you should have known why I summoned you here," Nicholas spoke, as the crowd's attention was turned to him. "There are four forbidden lands, but three of them are not under our control. We can't let the last one fall into the hands of Harold and his fellows! I hope that one of you can become the ruler of the Abyss Demon Region."

As soon as Nicholas finished his last words, the eyes of many consummate True Gods present suddenly lit up.

Starting from the time when one became a top-rank True God, it was as difficult as crossing a natural chasm to reach a higher level in cultivation.

The chance of becoming a Demi-holy Being or even a Holy Being could only be found by accident. It was deemed to be almost impossible.

If they were able to obtain the opportunity to control the Abyss Demon Region, they would probably improve their cultivation greatly and become comparable to Holy Beings.

For this opportunity, who would miss it?

Nicholas, at the end of his words, had his eyes fallen on Lowell and Troy.

In the past, the best person in Nicholas's heart was Troy. However, Lowell's performance in recent years really shocked him. His opinion about the position eventually got swayed precariously between the two.

"You have already been to the Abyss Demon Region before. I think you should be very clear about how dangerous it is. We will set out in half a month. You can make preparations during this period of time," Nicholas reminded and gave further instructions.

As soon as he finished speaking, a faint voice suddenly resounded from outside of the Floating Island.

"Holy Nicholas, since you have something important to discuss, why don't you invite me? Haha..." Samuel didn't dare to set foot on the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan. He could only float outside and send his voice in.

Murphy, Jeremiah and the rest of the Holy Beings knitted their brows upon hearing his voice.

With a sneer, Clark said, "This guy wants to take a share again. He should know he's not welcome since we didn't invite him. But he still comes here in person!"

Nicholas, on the other hand, had no reason to shut the door on Samuel. After all, Samuel was a Holy Being. He still spoke in a polite manner, "I'm so sorry, Samuel. Suddenly the incident happened, and I forgot to invite you. Please come inside."

Right after, the space fluctuated and Samuel had come out of the space channel.

Behind him, there were consummate True Gods of the Han Clan, including Alfredo.

"What a surprise, Samuel. It has only been about ten years, yet your daughters and son have stepped into the consummation of True God Realm!" Jeremiah's gaze focused on the two girls behind Alfredo with amazement. There was an unbelievable expression on his face.

Nicholas, and even the other Holy Beings, showed a little astonishment on their faces.

The two daughters were Laquisha and Aleyna, and the son was Pascal.

The three of them had followed Alfredo with a stiff, indifferent and blank expression showing on their faces.

Ten years ago, Pascal, Laquisha and Aleyna had been ranked first or second among their peers in the Arena of Legends.

Of all the disciples of powerful clans on the Floating Islands, they were considered the most gifted people.

Reaching the consummation of True God Realm was undeniably not an easy thing to achieve.

Only a few had made it. Zen was one who had been successful in a span of ten years, which quite surprised other consummate True Gods. And now, there came three consummate True Gods of the Han Clan!

When was it so easy to cultivate consummate True Gods?

Samuel cupped one hand in the other and said respectfully, "I'm glad that my daughters and son have made great achievements in martial arts. Now that you are going to conquer the Abyss Demon Region, I'd like to ask for an opportunity. Would you give me this opportunity, Holy Nicholas?"

Before Nicholas could utter a response, Jeremiah shook his head and said, "I'm afraid we can't trust you."

Samuel had planned to unite with the Leng Clan by marriage. He wanted to join the alliance of powerful clans through this way.

But because of Zen's appearance, Langston of the Leng Clan had a big conflict with Laquisha. The result was that their marriage was cancelled.

This time, Langston had just become a top-rank True God, while the two daughters of the Han Clan had reached the consummation of True God Realm. This turn of events had quite upset him.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2699 The Participation Of Samuel

This time, Nicholas was determined to gain control of the entire Abyss Demon Region. He had already gathered so many Holy Beings and consummate True Gods for this purpose.

Inviting the Han Clan was already unnecessary considering the clan's ambiguous attitude and stand in the whole matter.

Laquisha floated to the front of a high platform and stared at Jeremiah. "Uncle Jeremiah, it was my fault for destroying the engagement, but to be honest, Langston's talent is too poor and he isn't really a good match for me!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she quickly retreated and flew towards the consummate True Gods below. She held onto the arm of one of them and leaned into his shoulder. She looked up at Jeremiah and gave him a smile. "Uncle Jeremiah, don't you think this consummate True God and I are well-matched?"

This consummate True God was Cedric Leng and was also Jeremiah's most excellent son.

Cedric couldn't help but freeze when Laquisha leaned onto his shoulder.

It was extremely rare for a girl to become a consummate True God, even among the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. When Joy and Estelle broke through and became consummate True Gods, they had a lot of trouble fending off countless pursuers who professed their love for them.

Later on, Rachelle also reached the consummation of True God Realm.

However, it was already well-known that Rachelle was very ambitious. She had no intention of finding a man and showed disdain for married life.

Laquisha, on the other hand, was both beautiful and elegant enough to make people fall in love with her at first sight.

Her curly hair smelled so good and Cedric couldn't help but feel an immediate attraction towards her.

Jeremiah was quite surprised at Laquisha's actions. "I have said that if the Leng Clan and the Han Clan were to forge an alliance, then the best way to do it was through marriage. I was willing to go for such an arrangement before but the current circumstances are not ideal for a wedding right now. We are slated to go to the Abyss Demon Region in half a month and I don't think we'll have enough time."

Samuel and Jeremiah had made an agreement for Laquisha and Langston's marriage in order to forge an alliance between their clans.

With this marriage, the Han Clan would automatically join the alliance of the powerful clans as per the rules.

The Liu Clan and Xie Clan also made use of this strategy in order to join the alliance in the past.

"Since we don't have the time, we can discuss the marriage first. It can be held after our return from the Abyss Demon Region. What do you think, Jeremiah?" Samuel asked.

Many of the consummate True Gods showed a trace of contempt upon hearing Samuel's words.

Samuel would let his daughter marry some random man just so he could enter the Abyss Demon Region. Such a way of doing things was disgusting.

Jeremiah retained his polite smile. "I don't care so long as you keep your promise. However, whether your clan can join the alliance or not depends entirely on Nicholas..."

Ultimately, Nicholas was the leader of the alliance of the powerful clans and the decision of accepting the Han Clan or not lay in his hands.

Nicholas simply looked at Samuel indifferently.

When the Han Clan entered the Time Sea, they immediately made a lot of achievements.

At that time, Nicholas tried to build a good relationship with Samuel in order to convince him to join the alliance of powerful clans.

However, Samuel refused his invitation with no second glances. He wasn't someone who was willing to condescend to others.

Ever since then, Nicholas tried his best to suppress the Han Clan though he did not necessarily do anything cruel to them.

In the last few decades though, Samuel's attitude considerably changed which made Nicholas doubtful and wary. His wariness caused him to hesitate in allowing the Han Clan to join the alliance of the powerful clans.

"It's going to be a long journey for us this time. If the Han Clan can make a contribution to our alliance, then it wouldn't be too bad," Nicholas said with a smile.

Samuel practically beamed and cupped his hands towards Nicholas. "Thank you. Our Han Clan will wholeheartedly devote ourselves to the alliance."

What he said made the consummate True Gods despise him even more.

Different clans had different levels of power. It was just a fact that some clans were stronger than the others, in the end though, all of them were still equal. Even Nicholas, who was the leader of the alliance, held no superiority over the other Holy Beings.

Samuel saying that they would devote themselves wholeheartedly to the alliance was only because he wanted to be overly flattering.

"Wait a minute, Samuel," Clark said. "Your elder daughter's marriage has been arranged but your younger daughter has also reached the age of marriage. Why not consider my son as an in-law?"

The one Clark referring to was Walton.

Not long ago, Walton had withstood a punch from Zen. Most of his power had gotten dissolved into the ground and he sustained several serious injuries.

Fortunately, he gradually recovered after being treated for a long time.

Hearing his father's words, Walton quickly cast a glance at Aleyna from the Han Clan.

She was only a young girl ten years ago but had now grown up to become quite a beautiful lady. Her charm differed from that of Laquisha since Aleyna seemed to have a sweet, lively personality.

Samuel's eyes flashed upon hearing Clark's sudden request. "That would be up to my daughter," he said with a smile on his face.

"I agree," Aleyna responded indifferently as soon as Samuel finished speaking.

She didn't even look at Walton. It was as if this marriage had nothing to do with her.

This attitude of her made Clark quite suspicious. However, he kept it to himself in the meantime.

"We can discuss it after we return from the Abyss Demon Region. What do you think, Clark?" Samuel asked.

"That's great!" Clark agreed with a smile. He'd take this time to observe things before they formalized anything.

Rocher returned to his residence after leaving Goldenrain Hall.

He lived in a small, separate, white jade palace which was a luxury since most True Gods were eager to have such a place on the Floating Island.

He opened the door and was suddenly greeted by a tight hug from behind him. A woman in plain clothes had rushed over and held him tightly.

"What's wrong, Iris?" he asked, gently stroking the woman's arms which wrapped around his waist.

"Can I go with you?" Iris asked.

Her soft voice stunned Rocher but a trace of determination appeared in his eyes. "Iris, you remember our rule."

Iris was not allowed to interfere with his affairs.

She had kept this promise for years. After entering the Floating Island, Iris would merely stay in the palace and did not go anywhere.

No one exactly knew where Rocher went and what he did, much less Iris.

After a moment's silence, a trace of sadness appeared on the young woman's face.

"Don't be willful," Rocher said, getting her arms off him before turning around with a smile.

Iris stared at him and shook her head. "But you promised me that you would take me with you forever. I'm scared that you might not return this time!"

"How come?" Rocher asked with a laugh, rubbing Iris's nose.

However, there was no hint of humor on her face. She trusted her gut feeling on this matter very much. "Even if I know you will do something bad to our Dongfang Clan, I don't care. You can't leave me alone!"

Rocher's heart skipped a beat and a trace of panic appeared on his originally calm face.

Chapter 2700 Heading South

Iris had always done and accomplished what Rocher asked her to do throughout all the years that passed.

But she was not completely blind.

From the time Rocher entered the Floating Island and until he rose in fame, she had always felt that her husband had a plan.

She might not be clear about his true standpoint or intention, but that didn't mean that she couldn't figure it out.

"Dongfang is only my last name... I only have you in my eyes. You are my everything and know that I will always stand behind you," Iris said firmly.

Rocher stared at his wife, looking pained and conflicted.

He had always been determined and had never doubted his belief.

But now, his perspective seemed to crumble and he began to doubt his motives.

The woman standing in front of him was the wife he had always been with. But he was working for a Holy Being he had never even seen before.

The boundary between right and wrong in his heart started to blur. Maybe it was a better choice to stay in the Dongfang Clan and work for Nicholas?

Rocher shook his head and threw such unrealistic idea out of his mind.

"Only the Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, and consummate True Gods are allowed to go to the Abyss Demon Region," Rocher uttered softly.

The transmission gates leading to the Abyss Demon Region were already sealed, so no other True God was allowed to enter.

"If you go and ask for the permission of Holy Nicholas, he will make an exception," Iris still urged.

Rocher still shook his head and explained, "The Abyss Demon Region is too dangerous. I can't protect you!"

"But..." Iris still wished to strive for the chance to go with her husband.

However, Rocher wasn't willing. He swiftly pulled her into his arms and whispered, "Let's drop it. I will definitely come back!"

In his eyes, the situation had not progressed to that stage.

The Godly Geniuses weren't gathered yet, and Harold had not personally made his move.

For the meantime, he only needed to follow his plan. If there was a chance, it would be best if he could take control of the Abyss Demon Region. He had hoped that he could get rid of the fate of death by taking advantage of the Abyss Demon Region!

At the outermost part of the Swirl Forest...

A one thousand-foot long black python was moving rapidly.

It soon wrapped its body around a thick trunk. Preparing for a move, it suddenly opened its mouth, and rushed towards another figure. It was Zen!

Zen was well aware of the black python's movement but he just stood still, showing no intention of making a move.

As the python was getting closer to where he was, a thunderous sound instantly came from not too far away.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A puppet of two meters high had rushed over to attack against the black python.

Two extraordinary long swords were seen to be embedded in the puppet's hands. Lightning arcs continuously circled around its arms until they reached the swords.

"Phew! Phew!"

The python was instantly hit by the two long swords, its body immediately reeked of burning.

The puppet rolled over with the help of the two long swords and chopped on its opponent's body.

"Dong!"

The ten foot-wide body of the python was cut off.

Its head and its broken body rolled wildly, creating deep ditches on the ground.

"Click, click..."

The puppet then put away the two swords on its back. Its arms began to contract, and its height rapidly shrank. In no time, it turned into an old man with a fierce look on his face.

The puppet was no other than Master Evil!

"How do you feel?" Zen asked with a smile.

"Haha!" Master Evil laughed, a hint of complacency could be heard along his laughter.

He naturally felt extremely good at this moment.

He had been using the puppet as his body for a period of time. The longer he used it, the more amazing he felt it was.

He was only a warrior from the Vast Sky Region, while the puppet, which was created by Augustus, was not to be underestimated even in the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. He even felt that it was difficult to fully exploit the potential of the puppet with his own ability.

"Ahead is the Cyan Demon Region. Are you sure you don't want to follow me to the Evil Ghost Region?" Zen asked.

Master Evil thought for a while and shook his head firmly.

Back then, he had accidentally obtained the unhatched Stone Mouse and had been interested about its story and the legend circulating about it. Now that he knew the origin and secret of the Stone Mouse, he gave up the idea of getting it.

Such a thing was not what he deserved to obtain. Even if Zen was kind enough to share some benefits with him, probably he still wouldn't have the luck to enjoy them.

"I won't go to the Evil Ghost Region. Isn't Wayne in the Cyan Demon Region? Hah-ha! I'm going to meet him!" Master Evil said in laughter.

Master Evil and Wayne had both been imprisoned in the dungeon for a very long time, which bonded them to become friends.

He thought that his strength this time was already far more powerful than that of Wayne. The body of the puppet was also enough to show off in front of that guy, so he planned to meet with him.

Most importantly, the Cyan Demon Region's location was near the Swirl Forest. If something awful would really happen in the divine land, he might still be able to flee back to the Swirl Forest where he could take shelter. This was his plan for the incoming occurrences in the near future.

After the talk, they both walked out of the Swirl Forest. Zen parted with Master Evil. He then activated the Grand Teleportation and headed to the south.

Before leaving the fairy palace, he had spent a lot of time and effort persuading Letitia to stay in the palace. It was deemed worthwhile since Letitia had looked better than before.

After persuading Letitia to stay, he had trouble with Margaret who was more difficult to deal with. She was persistent to follow, and talking to her gave him a lot of headache.

She had never even given him a chance to say anything as she insisted on going along with him to the Evil Ghost Region.

Margaret was a Godly Genius, a critical figure to complete his father's plan. Although her current strength was not weak, it was better for her to stay in the fairy palace and cultivate with Joy.

It took much time with persuasion, and eventually, Zen finally made her agree to stay in the fairy palace.

Lavender and Aura on the other hand didn't say much, but he knew that they were disappointed. However, he was not qualified to enjoy life with his wives because of the current situation. He only hoped that they could understand him.

Both Harold and Hallet had already left the fairy palace before Zen did.

The Godly Geniuses who sneaked into the divine land were scattered throughout the land.

Harold's goal was to find the Godly Geniuses back from the vast divine land.

On behalf of the Gu Clan, Hallet went to meet the Moon Clan in the Hidden Tree.

The Sword Clan already had an agreement to ally with Harold and although they didn't completely go against the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, they had made their attitudes clear.

And now, the only task remaining to accomplish was to know the attitude of the Moon Clan.

After using the Grand Teleportation several times, Zen quickly crossed the Cyan Demon Region.

Next to the Cyan Demon Region was the Wind Wood Region.

He swiftly entered the Wind Wood Region. Looking around, he noticed that the place was covered with lush greenery.

The whole world was full of vitality. The plants he saw around were so lush that it was beyond his imagination.

"What a strong life force...

So that's how it is. There are two Godly Way Tablets in the middle of the Wind Wood Region. They are the Life Godly Way Tablet and Cyan Wood Godly Way Tablet.

The area covered by the internal momentum of these two Godly Way Tablets is not very large, but it is enough to affect the entire environment of the region..." Zen muttered to himself as he scanned the area.

Without hesitation, he directly moved towards the two Godly Way Tablets.

It was not an easy thing to collect the Godly Way Tablets of the three thousand Godly Ways. During his journey to the south, he had seen a lot of Godly Way Tablets in the large regions along the way.

As he headed to the south, he naturally wouldn't miss the opportunity to absorb the internal momentum in the Godly Way Tablets.

Chapter 2701 Mistaken For The Enemy

The Godly Way Tablets had always been regarded as cultivation resources in the divine land.

And apart from a tiny number of the three thousand Godly Way Tablets, the rest of them were controlled by all sorts of forces.

The Thunderstorm Godly Way Tablet was under the control of the Fang Clan, which had a powerful Floating Island above the Time Sea. No outsiders dared object to this.

But a few Godly Way Tablets were occupied by some first tier and even second tier clans.

Other clans were envious of the profit that the Godly Way Tablets had brought. It would obviously cause disputes. Wars, even.

A few hours later...

The jungle that had seemed so endless to Zen disappeared suddenly, replaced by a mysterious grassland.

Lush green grass grew at an incredible speed, and then withered and turned yellow just as quickly. And then, from the dead grass, new grass continued to sprout, and the cycle repeated over and over again.

The entire expanse of this grassland constantly turned from green to yellow, and yellow to green in a circle.

"Ordinary grass usually flourishes and withers once every year. But the grass here flourishes and withers so quickly!" Zen muttered as he stared at the grassland.

This looked magical, but on second thought, Zen understood the meaning of all this.

This place derived its power from the Life Godly Way Tablet. The grass grew faster than normal since it was driven by the life force. This was also why it reached the end of its life ahead of time and withered rapidly.

Not long after he walked along the grassland, a huge cyan-colored stone tablet appeared in the distance.

This powerful life force was so strong that it was showing its effect on Zen even from such a distance.

On the other side of this first stone tablet, stood another huge stone tablet. It was the Cyan Wood Godly Way Tablet, and on the other side of this Cyan Wood Godly Way Tablet stood a row of lush trees.

These two Godly Way Tablets were only a thousand feet apart.

Zen wasn't surprised. The Infinity Ruler had created a scene that lingered in his mind, in which the two Godly Way Tablets were close to each other.

Zen had previously thought that if these two Godly Way Tablets were to have people guarding them, he would give them some divine might coins to get closer.

And then once he finished absorbing the two Godly Ways, he could make a quick exit.

But Zen looked surprised as he got near to the Godly Way Tablets.

There was not a single True God around these two Godly Way Tablets.

Previously, there had been quite a few True Gods around the Thunderstorm Godly Way Tablet, and the Fang Clan had specially sent people to guard it.

There were many martial artists practicing the Life Godly Way and the Cyan Wood Godly Way in the divine land. It was hard to believe that no one had come to comprehend them. It seemed almost illogical.

But a voice rang out just as Zen approached the Godly Way Tablets.

"Outsiders are not allowed to approach the Godly Way Tablets. Get out of here if you don't want to die!"

Zen frowned.

The sound emanated from the ground, but there was no True God lurking there.

Thanks to Zen's powerful soul, even consummate True Gods could not escape his detection. And this warning seemed strange to Zen.

Zen did not heed this warning. Instead, he continued to approach the Godly Way Tablets.

"One more step and you will die!"

The warning rang out again.

Zen stared at the green grass below him. He muttered, "It looks like someone is using the grass to send these messages."

The actual person who was speaking these warnings wasn't hiding here. They were only using the Vegetation Voice Transmission, a theurgy of the Cyan Wood Godly Way, to transmit their voice through the vegetation around Zen. It was only a small trick.

"I am just observing the Godly Way Tablets. I will do nothing harmful," Zen replied.

He then approached the Godly Way Tablets calmly.

To his surprise, the moment he took a step forward, he felt a wave emerging and rolling off the ground.

Rumble...

Long wooden sticks with sharp thorns on them popped out of the soil and came zooming towards Zen one after the other.

The thorns on these long wooden sticks glowed with a faint green light.

They looked toxic.

Zen's body became a flash as he dodged these thorny sticks with ease.

He wasn't afraid of these sticks, nor of the poison on the thorns. But the fact that whoever was attacking was doing so without investigating still made him furious.

"I said I just wanted to observe the Godly Way Tablets. If you still want to attack me, don't blame me for retaliating!"

Zen had barely finished talking when more thorny sticks broke through the earth and came straight for him.

His eyes flashed as he twisted his body and threw himself at these sticks.

He suddenly fell, cutting through the air.

Crack!

The thorny sticks hadn't caused any harm to Zen when they had touched him.

Instead, they had all broken clean, and Zen parted through the broken pieces to fall.

The moment Zen landed, a powerful force poured into the ground.

The soil here was soft, and Zen's force had now created a huge crater a thousand feet wide. The ground around it seemed to ripple, spreading with each passing minute.

And then, the entire place seemed to sink into silence.

Zen glanced at the Godly Way Tablets and walked forward again.

This time, he saw that there were a number of cyan arrows flying towards him from the distant forest.

"Go to hell!"

Zen said, finally somewhat annoyed.

In a flash, Zen moved to the front of the jungle.

As he pulled out his sword, it formed a sword radiance that was ten thousand feet wide. It shot forward with a mighty rumble.

The sword light cut off tens of thousands of towering trees as it flew.

It traveled for miles around, causing a countless number of towering trees to collapse. It looked like a complete mess!

Screams emerged from the mess that these fallen trees had created, with people constantly flying past them.

These people were fast, and they used the Wood Invisible Theurgy of the Cyan Wood Godly Way to blend in with the trees. But they still couldn't escape Zen's perception.

Zen glanced over the forest with his spiritual sense and was surprised. Thousands of True Gods were hidden in there. It looked like it was a big clan.

Zen didn't want to kill too many people and commit a sin for no reason. He only wanted to teach these guys a little lesson.

But just as he turned around to approach the Godly Way Tablets, a voice from the jungle sounded out. "The warrior sent by the Mo Clan is too powerful! Let's fight it out with all our might! Form the Cyan Tree Array to suppress him!"

The moment the voice had faded away, bits of cyan light shot up into the sky. The True Gods hiding in the forest had collectively released their internal momentum.

These streams of internal momentum connected with each other and formed a mysterious array.

The forest was now integrated into one whole with the connection of the internal momentum and had now turned into a huge beast.

Zen was finally a little flustered, now that he was facing the pressure of the surging internal momentum. According to what he had heard, it seemed that he had been mistaken for the enemy that the Mo Clan had sent here.

Zen was not afraid of the Cyan Tree Array. But he knew that once the opponents formed an array, it meant trouble for him.

Chapter 2702 Unexpected Discovery (Part One)

Gusts of air whistled past the nine top-rank True Gods who stood in the air in the center of the forest.

Various streams of internal momentum that were deep or shallow gathered from all directions and closely connected with the nine top-rank True Gods.

Their clan thrived for many generations and had long inhabited the Wind Wood Region.

During the remote ages, it was considered a big clan and it even had two Demi-holy Beings.

But when the time came to compete for the qualification to become a Holy Being, the two Demi-holy Beings of their clan perished in the Mountain of Holy Beings along with many others.

Ever since those deaths, everyone couldn't help but notice that their clan began to decline...

It got even worse when the only consummate True God the clan had died in the last divine era. Their clan declined faster.

It was bad enough that they lost the protection of their consummate True God, and now, they were about to lose even the two Godly Way Tablets they relied on for a living.

Many clans coveted the Godly Way Tablets but none wanted it more than the Mo Clan, a second tier from the Wind Wood Region. They attacked the clan time and time again and came back stronger each time.

Even though their clan no longer had the same power they wielded before, the Demi-holy Beings left them with the Cyan Tree Array. If thousands of people from their large clan cooperated at once, they could even put up a decent fight against a consummate True God!

Even though they used to be so confident about their ability to defend the Godly Way Tablets, their anxiety shot up when they heard that the Mo Clan went to the Soft Light Region and brought back a powerful master to help them. They all banded together and lurked in advance to wait for the arrival of their new formidable enemy.

It was just coincidence that Zen broke in when they were terrified and ready to snap at the slightest tension. All of them mistook him for the powerful master sent by the Mo Clan.

The nine top-rank True Gods rushed to form the array and they hurried even more when they felt a space fluctuation coming towards them.

All their faces were scrunched up in concentration when the expression of the True God at the helm changed. "Damn it!"

As soon as the words left the old man's lips, Zen's figure appeared in front of them faster than their eyes could follow.

"Move the wood!"

"Magic wood!"

"Condense..."

Although the nine top-rank True Gods moved quickly and did their best to move faster, Zen was even quicker than their best.

The Cyan Tree Array was far from finished when Zen rushed like a ghost in front of the old man.

"Bang!"

Zen only lightly smacked the old man's shoulder and yet the old man felt like there was a burning fire in his throat. The world spun into a blur around him before he shakily dropped to the ground.

The Cyan Tree Array wavered and flickered with the loss of the old man who headed the others. How would the array be formed without him?

The other top-rank True Gods gave everything they had as they scampered to save the collapsing array.

Zen didn't give them the chance to regroup.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang...

It was only because that Zen knew they mistook him for someone else that he wouldn't kill them. He wasn't that merciless but neither was he charitable enough to not strike back when attacked.

Zen moved swiftly in quick flashes and smashed the top-rank True Gods into the ground one after another.

When the last top-rank True God dropped to his knees, the entire array finally collapsed.

Blood dripped past the lips of the nine True Gods as they shook while lying on the ground, all of them desperately glaring at Zen.

The old man turned deathly pale as he roamed his eyes through all the fallen True Gods and knew that it was all over. "Mo Clan... How could a second tier clan manage to ask help from such a powerful master? This is the heavens' will that our Cyan Tree Clan will die today!"

Even though they called themselves the Cyan Tree Clan, they were actually formed by various big clans. Their combined clan prospered because of the two Godly Way Tablets, and even the two Demi-holy Beings specialized in cultivating Cyan Wood Godly Way.

The other True Gods stayed silent as they stared at Zen.

It was meaningless even if they screamed their throats hoarse and fought to the death in front of such a powerful master.

"I don't know anything about the Mo Clan." Zen kept his eyes on the old man as he spoke and tried to put as much sincerity as he could in his words.

The old man's face crumpled as shock filled him.

When no one moved despite of his explanation, Zen added, "I'm just a passer-by. I just wanted to comprehend the Godly Ways on these tablets. You started the fight so I had to fight back."

As the words finally sunk in, the nine top-rank True Gods' jaws dropped as they stared at Zen in a mix of astonishment, shock, and confusion.

There were very few consummate True Gods in the divine land and since the Mo Clan spread the word that they had a powerful master to help them in their attack, it was natural that they assumed that Zen was the master when he happened to appear here.

"You... you... Are you really not sent by the Mo Clan?" The old man's eyes wavered and he looked as if he wanted to cry.

"I'm not."

The nonchalant reply had the True Gods of the Cyan Tree Clan let out a sigh of relief despite their sad faces.

Even if they tried their best, they still wouldn't be able to deal with the Mo Clan. Now that all of them had spent their energy in fighting Zen, how would they handle the powerful master when he or she came?

Chapter 2703 Unexpected Discovery (Part Two)

The old man thought for a moment and his eyes lit up as they settled on Zen. "Friend... no... Sir! Our Cyan Tree Clan have an enemy that would attack us. I can hand over all the savings of our clan over the years to you and I hope that you'll help us resist our enemy!"

Zen's brows furrowed at the words.

He just wanted to absorb the complete internal momentum and light up the Godly Way Tablets in his mind. He didn't plan to stay for a long time.

If, for example, he agreed and got involved in the fight between the two clans, he didn't know how long the conflict would last and how long he would be delayed in his journey.

"Are the two Godly Way Tablets controlled by your clan?" Zen directed his question to the old man.

"Yes! We've controlled these two Godly Way Tablets for many divine eras-"

Before the old man could finish speaking, Zen took out a hundred divine might coins and hurriedly handed them over with a shake of his head. "I-I'm sorry... but... but I just wanted to use the two Godly Way Tablets for a while. I can't do anything else."

Once the divine might coins were in the old man's hands, Zen's figure flashed and appeared between the two Godly Way Tablets in the next blink.

The old man held the divine might coins close to his chest with a bitter and disappointed face. They didn't need divine might coins but a powerful master who could protect them.

There was nothing else the old man could do but helplessly take out a healing pill and bitterly swallow it down. "Everyone, please heal yourself as soon as possible. Since this person wasn't sent by the Mo Clan, we may still have a chance to fight!"

The rest of the top-rank True Gods dragged themselves up from the ground, wiping away their blood, and began to heal themselves.

They were lucky that Zen held back his strength in the fight and only bumped against them with controlled brute force so that their injuries wouldn't be serious.

"Whoosh!"

Across from them on the other side, Zen settled down in front of the Life Godly Way Tablet.

As the Infinity Ruler in his mind glowed, the golden pupils of his eyes began to absorb the complete internal momentum of the Life Godly Way, On the other side of the grassland, over a thousand True Gods appeared and rushed over. They all suddenly darted to the Godly Way Tablets.

Zen turned back and let his gaze sweep over the group he knew to be from the Mo Clan.

Zen didn't want to get involved in the fight between the two clans when he didn't know who was in the right or in the wrong. He just turned away and ignored them to focus on absorbing the internal momentum.

"Old man! We suggest you give up the Godly Way Tablets as soon as possible. This is for your own good. If you don't have the strength but still want to keep them as yours, that's just biting off more than you can chew!" The man who led the Mo Clan and wore golden armor while carrying a black spear on his shoulder had a booming voice, but his mocking laughter was even louder.

Hallam Mo was the current master of the Mo Clan and viewed the two Godly Way Tablets as an important step so that he could achieve his grand ambitions of leading the Mo Clan to rise to power.

He made sure to prepare well this time!

The words barely left his mouth when he noticed Zen and his eyes narrowed in on him immediately.

A consummate True God!

The one thousand aggressive True Gods from the Mo Clan suddenly hesitated when they noticed where their leader was looking.

"Hallam! You said they only had nine top-rank True Gods, so I agreed to help. I don't want to fight a consummate True God." A sullen man clad in black spoke from behind Hallam Mo.

Although Lathrop He was also a consummate True God, he wasn't from the Floating Island of a powerful clan.

His strength was far inferior to other consummate True Gods who came from powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

There were few consummate True Gods in the divine land so Lathrop He could still do whatever he wanted in the divine land even if he was weaker than the others.

The Mo Clan had already paid a heavy price to ask him to fight but he wasn't willing to make an enemy of another consummate True God.

The surprised Hallam Mo looked at Zen in doubt and noticed that he was focused on comprehending the Godly Way Tablets. Hallam Mo's eyes lit up in glee as he spoke, "Don't worry. That isn't someone the Cyan Tree Clan hired. We only need to deal with the members of the Cyan Tree Clan!"

"That's fine but I have to warn you. If that young man interferes, I will immediately leave!" Lathrop He flatly spoke his reminder.

"Okay, okay..." Hallam Mo nervously agreed as he looked at Zen.

"That's good!"

Lathrop He sneered and then clapped his hands to make an invisible stream of internal momentum spread out.

Behind him, thirteen top-rank True Gods flew up in the air.

These top-rank True Gods were like puppets with emotionless eyes that stared at nothing and saw nothing, but they were all real humans.

At that moment, Zen had already completely absorbed the internal momentum of the Life Godly Way and was about to start on the internal momentum of the Cyan Wood Godly Way.

But he paused in his actions as he was attracted by Lathrop He's internal momentum.

"Great Dominance Technique?" Zen's eyebrows rose.

When Zen swept his gaze across the crowd, his eyes darkened and his expression hardened as he fixed his focus on one of them.

Chapter 2704 Stepping In

Zen found his gaze drawn to a woman in cyan among the thirteen top-rank True Gods.

Although it had been several years since he had last seen Lucille from the Evolutionary Universe, Zen thought that this woman bore an uncanny resemblance to her.

However, there were so many True Gods in the divine land that there were bound to be people who looked like each other. So, instead of making a move, he decided to observe them quietly.

Swish, swish, swish...

Under Lathrop's orders, the array formed by the thirteen top-rank True Gods quickly changed.

On the surface, the array seemed to be in disorder, but in fact, there was a profound meaning hidden in it. It seemed that Lathrop not only was proficient in the Great Dominance Technique but also had made great achievements in mastering arrays.

In the forest, the old man of the Cyan Tree Clan called on the other eight top-rank True Gods to form the Cyan Tree Array again.

Bitterness filled the old man's eyes.

He had known as soon as he had seen Lathrop that this was a doomsday scenario for the Cyan Tree Clan.

Although the Cyan Tree Array was said to be able to resist the attacks of consummate True Gods, it wasn't as strong as it had once been. Moreover, Zen had greatly weakened the Cyan Tree Array by breaking it earlier.

But even so, the Cyan Tree Clan still chose to put up a strong fight.

When Lathrop saw internal momentum circulating in the forest, disdain filled his eyes.

"What they are doing is useless. Form Thirteenfold Poison Array. Break their array!" he ordered with a sneer.

Swish!

In an instant, the bodies of the thirteen top-rank True Gods in Lathrop's control began emitting black poison miasma into the air.

Waves of sweet smell wafted off of their bodies. It was obvious that the black miasma was extremely toxic.

Lathrop didn't belong to any of the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands. He was both righteous and evil. After all, if one wanted to become stronger without the support of the rich clans, using cruel means to achieve it was inevitable.

The Thirteenfold Poison Array required thirteen top-rank True Gods who were soaked in Phoenix Crown Blood, a kind of deadly poison from the divine land to make thirteen poisonous people. When they were faced with the enemy, they would release poisonous miasma to hinder and hurt the enemy.

Even the trees and the grass died instantly upon contact with such poisonous people. Lathrop himself didn't dare to touch them.

What was more amazing was that although the Phoenix Crown Blood was extremely poisonous, it could greatly enhance a warrior's strength after the poison mixed with their blood.

However, this increase in strength would not last long. The Phoenix Crown Blood would constantly corrode the True Gods' blood vessels and invade their inner worlds. Within half a year, the True Gods' inner worlds would be destroyed, rendering them quite useless.

So, every now and then, Lathrop had to capture more top-rank True Gods to be his puppets.

Zen stared firmly at the woman who looked like Lucille.

The poisonous miasma wafting from her body was so thick that it almost covered her completely. Since the True Gods relied on their internal momentum to emit the poison miasma, Zen had a stroke of enlightenment after a moment's observation.

'Five Elements Godly Way!' Zen exclaimed to himself.

Now that he had discovered this new piece of information, he was sure of the woman's identity.

Back in the Evolutionary Universe, Lucille had practiced the Five Elements Godly Way.

Originally, Zen had not wanted to get involved in the conflict between the Mo Clan and the Cyan Tree Clan, but now, it seemed that he had to do something.

Zen stood up ponderously as he weighed his next course of action.

Although Lathrop was insufferably arrogant in front of the members of the Cyan Tree Clan, most of his attention was focused on Zen. In fact, Zen was the only person that he was really wary of here.

Now, when he saw Zen get up, the malice on his face suddenly disappeared, replaced instead by a hesitant expression. "I have a deep grudge against the Cyan Tree Clan. Please don't intervene in our affairs. After I defeat the Cyan Tree Clan, I will reward you with anything you ask that is within my power. What do you think?"

Zen looked at him blankly and said indifferently, "Whatever enmity you have with the Cyan Tree Clan, it has nothing to do with me."

A sense of relief filled Lathrop's heart as soon as he heard this.

However, Zen immediately added, "But there may be some enmity between you and me!"

"What?" Lathrop's face slightly hardened. He didn't know what Zen meant.

But before he could even think about how to respond, Zen disappeared right before his eyes!

Lathrop had started at a grassroots level and slowly worked his way toward becoming a consummate True God.

He had been in so many moments of crisis that the moment he saw Zen disappear, he knew that he was about to be attacked.

Swish!

As he had expected, the very next moment, Zen appeared beside him and reached out to grab his head.

Zen's physical strength alone was enough to crush Lathrop into pieces.

However, Lathrop was quick to react. He timely activated Grand Teleportation, narrowly missing Zen's hand.

Then, he reappeared among the thirteen puppets.

Here, shrouded by the thirteen puppets' poisonous miasma, he had some sort of protection against Zen. "I have never met you. What hatred do you harbor toward me?" he asked indignantly.

But Zen didn't care to explain. "If I say there is enmity, then there sure is," he said nonchalantly.

He knew that if he revealed the reason he was going up against Lathrop, Lathrop would gain an edge over him. After all, the lives of the puppets were in Lathrop's hands, and they had no way of resisting his control.

Crack!

With that, the pair of thunder wings on Zen's back suddenly spread out.

In an instant, he transformed into a streak of lightning and shot toward Lathrop.

The Cyan Tree Clan was astonished at the scene in front of them. Until now, they had been terrified that they would perish at Lathrop's hands. Judging by Zen's previous attitude, they hadn't even dared to expect him to help them out.

And anyway, Zen was neither relative nor friend to them. They had only wished that he wouldn't make things worse for them.

But to their surprise, Zen had started fighting against Lathrop!

These desperate people now had a glimmer of hope in their hearts.

The look on Lathrop's face turned cold when he saw Zen coming toward him despite everything.

Swish, swish, swish...

The poisonous miasma on the thirteen venomous human bodies took the shape of tentacles and swept toward Zen.

Even a consummate True God wouldn't be able to do anything in the face of the poisonous miasma. Lathrop was sure that this could, at the very least, make Zen back off.

But to his surprise, Zen didn't retreat at all; instead, he walked straight into the poisonous miasma!

When Lathrop saw that Zen remained completely unaffected by the poisonous miasma, his face darkened.

At this rate, he would definitely be defeated, because the Thirteenfold Poison Array was already his best trick up his sleeve. But he decided to take a risk instead of fleeing.

With gritted teeth, he abruptly clasped his hands together and then held up his palm.

The poisonous miasma of the thirteen venomous people gathered in his palm. Mixed with the thirteen people's internal momentum, the poison palm was really powerful!

Seeing that Lathrop was choosing to fight him instead of retreating, Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

He was pleasantly surprised by that.

Without hesitation, he struck back with his palm.

Although his attack seemed ordinary, the power contained in it was terrifying. Very few consummate True Gods would be able to withstand it. Unfortunately for Lathrop, he wasn't one of those few.

Chapter 2705 Freedom

Bang!

The moment Zen's palm met Lathrop's, the poisonous miasma on the latter's palm disintegrated.

The great force spread along Lathrop's arm, turning it into powder...

Although Lathrop had known that he couldn't defeat Zen, he hadn't expected that the gap between them would be so huge.

He had once seized an opportunity to compete with a consummate True God of a powerful clan on the Floating Island. Although he had lost, he had not suffered a crushing defeat like this.

Zen's palm strike was beyond anything he could have imagined.

While Lathrop stood frozen in shock, Zen quickly shifted forward and struck Lathrop's belly with his other hand.

Sometimes, it could be very difficult for a consummate True God to kill another consummate True God. Even if their strengths varied, both of them would be able to move in the blink of an eye.

Zen was worried that if he let Lathrop escape now, it would be troublesome to chase him through the space channel. Although he was sure that he could catch Lathrop no matter what, it would still be a waste of his time. As such, it was infinitely better for him to not give Lathrop the chance to even think about his next move at all.

The force of this strike seemed to be gentle, but it was enough to destroy Lathrop's inner world.

Crack!

With a crisp sound, Lathrop's inner world shattered into pieces.

He had cultivated the Great Dominance Technique, which didn't have a combat power as good as other skills. However, the structure of his inner world was extremely perfect. Now, as it disintegrated, trillions of secondary creatures died.

Bang!

Zen struck him once again with his palm, this time sending him flying back right into the tablet of the Life Godly Way.

The Godly Way Tablets in the divine land were said to be incomparably sturdy. Now, Lathrop had proof that that was true.

When his physical body hit the Godly Way Tablet, all the bones in his body broke. He sat on the ground, paralyzed.

However, something miraculous happened then:

the tablet of the Life Godly Way released a strong and powerful life force that infiltrated Lathrop's body.

His wounds healed in the blink of an eye, and even his arm, which had been smashed into powder by Zen, instantly recovered.

However, his inner world seemed to be gone for good.

The master of the Mo Clan, who was not far away, watched these events unfold with a racing heart.

Zen and Lathrop were both consummate True Gods, so how could the gap between them be so large? Lathrop hadn't been able to resist Zen's attacks at all...

The members of the Cyan Tree Clan were equally shocked at the scene in front of them.

Zen stepping forward to fight Lathrop had already made them wild with joy. They had never thought that he could easily defeat Lathrop with just two palm strikes, as if Lathrop was just a top-rank True God.

Who on earth was this mysterious young man?

Losing one's inner world meant losing one's cultivation base. Although Lathrop's soul was still powerful, without the support of the internal momentum, he was unable to use the Great Dominance Technique anymore.

Plop, plop...

The thirteen poisonous warriors who had been manipulated by Lathrop all dropped down from the sky like flies.

Lathrop remained on the ground near the Godly Way Tablet without making any attempt to flee.

He was seriously injured, so it was impossible for him to escape from Zen's hands anyway. However, he stared at Zen with ferocious eyes.

He still couldn't understand why Zen had attacked him like this.

Now that the poisonous warriors had been freed, some of them gradually returned to their senses and rose up from the ground, feeling confused.

"Where am I?"

"What's wrong with me? Why am I here?"

"It's that man!"

These top-rank True Gods seemed to be clueless about where they were or what they were doing, but all of them couldn't help shuddering when they saw Lathrop.

The miserable experience of being captured by Lathrop and refined into a poisonous warrior was still vivid in their mind. However, everything that had happened since then was a blank to them.

Lucille was the last one to wake up.

She didn't know the other Godly Geniuses' situations, but she was sure that she was the most unlucky one among them.

Just after she had succeeded in sneaking into the divine land, she had almost been caught by a giant hand that had appeared in the sky suddenly. Although she had narrowly escaped, she had unexpectedly gotten involved in a clan's internal strife and had been chased.

Fortunately, she had managed to get rid of the people chasing her, and then joined the Wisteria Clan in the Grace Region, which was a powerful first-tier clan in the divine land.

Taking advantage of her outstanding talent, she had quickly gained a foothold in the Wisteria Clan, and for a time, she had attracted the attention of a consummate True God in the Wisteria Clan and gotten preferential treatment.

Over just a short period of time, she had become a top-rank True God as everyone had expected.

However, one day, when she had been going about her business, she had encountered Lathrop, who had taken her away and refined her into a poisonous warrior. She could not remember anything that had happened since then.

As soon as she opened her eyes and saw Lathrop, fear filled her face.

But then, she saw a familiar figure standing next to her.

"Zen?"

It had been years since she saw Zen last time. Moreover, his temperament had changed greatly after he had stepped into the consummation of True God Realm. He was so different that she almost didn't dare to recognize him!

Zen smiled at Lucille.

"Are you really Zen?" she asked again, still not able to believe it.

Zen smiled. "Yes, I'm indeed Zen."

For a moment, Lucille was stunned, but then tears welled up in her eyes, and she bit her lips to keep the tears from falling.

Even though Lucille was an ace talent in the divine land, she had never experienced such hardships before entering the divine land.

Even before being refined into a poisonous person, she had thought that she would die soon.

In fact, she had never expected to see Zen again.

Now that he was in front of her, she was so excited that she rushed to him without hesitation.

But just when she was a step away from him, she suddenly stopped.

Judging by how careful Lathrop had been when refining her and the other poisonous warriors, she guessed that she would possibly hurt Zen if she touched him while being covered with deadly poison.

However, Zen gently pulled her into his arms without any scruples.

The past few years had been rough on Lucille. Although she was a strong-minded person, she couldn't help but burst out crying like a child at this moment.

When Lathrop, who was leaning against the Godly Way Tablet, saw this scene, the corner of his eyes couldn't help twitching.

"So the enmity between us is all because of this little girl?" Lathrop asked.

In his eyes, these top-rank True Gods were just puppets who would be replaced within a year or so.

There were only a few consummate True Gods in the divine land, but there was no shortage of ordinary True Gods here. It was a piece of cake for him to capture such True Gods and refine them into poisonous warriors. He had never taken them seriously or even thought of them as sentient beings.

"Yes. Does it surprise you?" Zen asked in reply.

A bitter smile appeared on Lathrop's face. "It's really unexpected..."

"How should I deal with him?" Ignoring Lathrop, Zen turned to ask for Lucille's advice.

"Kill him!"

Lucille said coldly. She had become much calmer after seeing Lathrop sitting helplessly on the ground.

"Kill this vicious guy!"

"You'd better draw out his soul for refining!"

The other top-rank True Gods who had been refined into poisonous warriors also chimed in, their voices filled with anger and resentment.

"Okay!"

Suddenly appearing above Lathrop, Zen looked down at him and said, "I don't have much interest in extracting and refining your soul, but I'm proficient in certain methods of torturing a soul. If you cooperate with me and hand over the method of detoxification, then I'll grant you a less painful death."

Chapter 2706 Detoxification Method

Hearing Zen mentioning the detoxification method, the poisonous people were shocked.

Their resentment for Lathrop temporarily blinded them to their own problems, and they had forgotten that they had been turned into poisonous people by him.

However, they were not worried about the toxins in their bodies, at least not yet.

They had suffered burns and erosion on their skin from contact with the Phoenix Crown Blood, some worse than others, but the toxins in their bodies were easy to remove.

However, the Phoenix Crown Blood had entered their elixir fields along their meridians and begun to invade their inner worlds. This was the most pressing issue.

"Yes! Detoxification!"

"My inner world is about to collapse!"

"We can't kill him. Our life depends on him; only he can reverse what he has done. Ask him to give us some antidotes..."

These top-rank True Gods' desire to live was still strong.

If they were rendered unable to cultivate anymore, the only solution would likely be to give up their elixir fields.

This, however, was the last resort, as without their ability to cultivate, their cultivation base would be completely lost, and they would be completely useless in the divine land. It was a fate worse than death for some.

Now Lathrop's face was bloodless, pale as untrodden snow.

After he had lost his elixir field, he couldn't even explode the inner world in his body to commit suicide.

No matter what, he was doomed to die. How he wished to end it quickly! He didn't want his soul to be tortured and used for the benefit of his enemies, who might use the soul-searching method to extract information from him.

All of a sudden, he raised his head, unbuttoned the space ring, and threw it at Zen. Hoarsely, he addressed Zen. His strength was dwindling. "Phoenix Crown Blood can be forced out of the body through the cultivation of the Energy-gathering Poison Skill," he said. "It's inside this space ring."

As he threw the ring, Lathrop wiped out the soul mark engraved in it.

The ring glowed with a red light, and suddenly, an ornately decorated booklet appeared in Zen's hand.

Puzzled, Zen opened the booklet and leafed through a few pages. Then, he nodded, and his furrowed brow became smooth. Now he knew that the Energy-gathering Poison Skill was a kind of reverse poison cultivation method, used to detoxify the True Gods who had practiced poison skills and become contaminated as a result.

Then, Lathrop's expression suddenly changed. Indeed, an idea had just come to the surface of the tumultuous sea of thoughts in his mind.

Less than a second later, an intense soul pressure came from the space ring in Zen's hand and rushed directly towards Zen's mind.

Lathrop's eyes suddenly glazed over, as if he had entered a trance.

He had given up his own body and flown away as a disembodied soul.

He hadn't played any tricks using the Energy-gathering Poison Skill. While Zen was busy examining whether the booklet was real or not, Lathrop had activated an offensive soul weapon in his own space ring.

After all, Lathrop was a consummate True God who cultivated the Great Dominance Technique. In terms of strength, many of the other consummate True Gods were superior to him, but his advantage was his soul, strong as a soul could be. Using a soul weapon to shake Zen's mind had been his only chance to escape!

Although he was now a mere soul, he had the ability to occupy a body shell. As long as he managed to stay alive in the divine land, he would still have a chance to become whole again.

Meanwhile, Zen was coming back to his senses. This was testament to how much he stood out from his lot. If any of the other consummate True Gods had been attacked by a soul weapon, they wouldn't have been able to come to their sense in such a short time.

But now, Zen's soul was even stronger than that of many Demi-holy Beings.

The powerful soul fluctuation had hit Zen's own soul, making him a little confused, but the effect was not much worse than that of a mild concussion.

In less than two seconds, Zen's eyes regained their vision, sharp as ever.

He raised his head and his eyes followed the path along which Lathrop's soul had fled. His eyes narrowed slightly, and a faint golden light appeared on the surface of his own soul.

Then, extremely cold soul pressure burst violently out from his eyes.

Swoosh...

Tens of thousands of soul arrows were all of a sudden tearing through the sky at lightning speed, all aiming at Lathrop's soul. Before anyone could blink, his soul was torn to pieces by the countless soul arrows.

The poisonous people, the Mo Clan and the Cyan Tree Clan could not see this with their eyes, but they could feel the immense soul pressure spreading through the sky with their spiritual sense.

The soul pressure emitted an extremely sharp intent. Even if they used their spiritual sense to detect it, their scalps would still go numb with terror.

Needless to say, Lathrop suffered an unenviable fate.

The members of the Cyan Tree Clan and the poisonous people were not so easy to scare, but

Hallam and the True Gods of the Mo Clan felt a chill creep up their spines.

Zen was proving himself to be virtually invincible. The Mo Clan members weren't sure whether they should stay or leave. They stood rooted to the spot, afraid that if they moved a muscle, this formidable young man would kill them. All the while the Mo Clan members trembled in fear, their leader was pondering an excuse to somehow disassociate himself from Lathrop.

Having killed Lathrop, Zen now returned to Lucille and threw the booklet to her.

The other poisonous True Gods followed the exchange closely.

Feeling their eyes on them, Zen smiled nonchalantly. "Give them a copy of this cultivation method. I think they really want it," he said with a wink.

"Alright," she said, nodding.

Then, Zen noticed something stir in his peripheral vision. Turning, he saw the old man of the Cyan Tree Clan leading his clansmen out of the forest and heading straight for Zen.

"Thank you for your help," said the old man with gratitude.

"I hadn't planned to make a move," Zen answered politely. "It's just that the guy was trying to kill my friend."

He glanced anxiously at Lucille.

The divine land wasn't the same as the Evolutionary Universe after all. Those Godly Geniuses couldn't be lucky forever. At some point, their luck would run cold and they would perish. Zen wondered how the other Godly Geniuses were now.

"Even so, meeting you has been the best thing that happened to our clan in ages," the old man said reverently. As he spoke, he took out a small jade box. Opening it carefully, he revealed an emerald-colored pill within. "I can see that your friend has been gravely poisoned. This pill is made from the internal momentum of Life Godly Way, and it takes an entire divine era to make just one such pill. It's the most precious treasure of our Cyan Tree Clan, and I want your friend to have it. Once you swallow it, you can get a new body and expel all poison. Please accept this humble gift to you," added the old man, and bowed his head as he extended the box to Zen.

Examining the emerald green pill for just a moment, Zen could tell it was authentic. It indeed contained a significant amount of extremely pure Life Law.

After taking over the pill, Zen threw it to Lucille.

Then he turned his head and looked at Hallam who was on the hillside. He said coldly, "I didn't want to participate in the disputes between the Mo clan and the Cyan Tree Clan, but that guy you hired tried to destroy my friend. It's a bad luck for your clan. The Mo Clan should move out of the Wind Wood Region from now on!"

A second-tier clan often occupied several divine cities and had a deep foundation in a region.

But now, Zen was asking the Mo Clan to move.

Hearing Zen's words, Hallam could only feel bitterness in his mouth. Fortunately for him, Zen was not a bloodthirsty person. Many other consummate True Gods would have chosen to kill Hallam if they had been in Zen's shoes.

Though reluctant and resentful, Hallam immediately consented. "Lathrop made poisonous people. He deserved his fate," he said, his throat tight. "Sir, you have rid this place of a villain. The Mo clan was blind and foolish to have associated with someone like him. We deserve the punishment and will move out of the Wind Wood Region immediately as you command."

Having concluded his thoughts, Hallam didn't dare to linger any longer. He turned and left, his people following close in his wake.

Chapter 2707 Arrival

The Cyan Tree Clan felt deeply indebted to Zen for driving away the Mo Clan. As a result, they zealously invited Zen to visit their clan.

Zen refused them firmly but politely.

His original intention was to completely absorb the internal momentum of the Godly Way Tablets, then leave as soon as he achieved his goal.

But he had met Lucille, and his natural instinct was to protect her.

The old man of the Cyan Tree Clan understood how Zen felt and did not pester him to go with them. He led his clansmen back into the forest after they had thanked Zen sincerely.

"I still want to comprehend the internal momentum inscribed on the Godly Way Tablets. Meanwhile, you can try to cultivate this Energy-gathering Poison Skill. I will send you back to the fairy palace right after I absorb the internal momentum," Zen told Lucille.

Lucille nodded her head a bit then sat down cross-legged.

As she looked on, the other twelve poisonous warriors started to excrete the poison as soon as they obtained the copies of Energy-gathering Poison Skill.

The Life Godly Way Tablet was very tranquil. Instead of attacking people with its internal momentum, it cured any living beings that approached it.

In contrast, the Cyan Wood Godly Way Tablet was more volatile in temperament, almost equally so with the Thunderstorm Godly Way Tablet. It had taken Zen a significant amount of time just to approach this Godly Way Tablet.

After five minutes, Zen had already finished the absorption of internal momentum from the Cyan Wood Godly Way Tablet and he returned to Lucille's side.

Lucille was in a state of meditation...

He noticed that she had expelled a large quantity of toxic miasma.

When the dark brown poisonous miasma had been excreted from her body, it immediately pooled into the ground surrounding her and formed a striking black circle.

The same phenomenon had also happened to the other poisoned people.

'It would be best if I send her back to the fairy palace directly...' An idea suddenly popped into Zen's mind.

It had not been long since he had left the fairy palace. If he returned now, it would not be easy for him to leave immediately.

Lucille had already been to the fairy palace once. If he sent her back, Augustus and Joy would be able to take care of her needs in the fairy palace.

The mountain token materialized in his hand the moment he thought of it. He immediately activated the token and pointed it at Lucille.

"Buzz..."

The disruption in space caused by the mountain token abruptly roused Lucille from her trance.

"Zen, you..." Lucille was surprised by this turn of events.

"I'll send you back to the fairy palace. Please don't resist," Zen told her softly.

"But I..." Lucille hesitated.

She had no time to think about the situation as she was suddenly sucked into the space channel and was transported directly to the fairy palace.

"This guy still hasn't changed even after so many years."

Lucille pouted all throughout the time that she was travelling in the space channel.

Although she knew that she would be safer in the fairy palace, she would have much preferred it if she traveled through the divine land with Zen. But as he had just sent her back without an explanation, she was naturally depressed.

After he had sent Lucille back to the fairy palace, Zen smiled as he glanced at the mountain token. He returned it into his space ring before proceeding forward.

He had passed through the Wind Wood Region, the Purple Light Region, the Bright Golden Region, and other small regions.

Zen had continuously used the Grand Teleportation skill to cross these regions without stopping.

A few people accidentally saw Zen appear out of nowhere, but he instantly disappeared under their astonished gazes. Some divine citizens who had previous experiences with similar phenomena pointed at the place where Zen disappeared, claiming that it was a theurgy that only consummate True Gods or warriors above that level could perform.

After he had passed through a number of small regions, Zen took a detour to several larger regions where there were Godly Way Tablets. It was a good opportunity to comprehend the internal momentum of the Godly Way Tablets along the way.

As he headed towards the south, he made sure that he was also able to absorb the internal momentum along the way.

He had found thirteen Godly Way Tablets in the span of the past twenty days. He considered it to be a good harvest in his journey.

It wasn't easy to collect the internal momentum of all the Godly Way Tablets.

Considering his cultivation at the consummation of True God Realm, the distance he traveled in the divine land using the Grand Teleportation skill was still too short for him. If he became a Demi-holy Being, or even a Holy Being, it wouldn't be a difficult task for him to visit the three thousand Godly Way Tablets scattered throughout the divine land.

After he had been traveling for a month, Zen had finally arrived at the Evil Ghost Region.

The Evil Ghost Region wasn't called the Evil Ghost Region in the early days.

Sixty divine eras ago, the Abyss Demon Region wasn't as large as it was now. The entire Abyss Demon Region had only annexed the Red Lotus Region.

As eons passed, the Abyss Demon Region's area grew larger and finally expanded into the territory of the Evil Ghost Region.

Even though the inside and outside of the forbidden area were very different from each other, the forbidden area considerably affected the outside world.

After the Abyss Demon Region had expanded to this area, all manner of fierce creatures continuously appeared. Even some living beings who were naturally mild and peaceful had become increasingly ferocious. This was how the area gained its name - the "Evil Ghost Region".

"Whoosh!"

Zen directly crossed the border of the neighboring large region into the area of the Evil Ghost Region.

As soon as he set foot into this area...

"Hahaha..."

Just a short distance above Zen's head, a monster with a human head and the body of an eagle laughed horribly. It opened its bloody maw wide and swooped upon Zen.

"Crack!"

Zen's eyes flashed, and a bolt of lightning streaked through the air and struck the human-headed eagle monster.

Only after he had already killed the monster did Zen realize that it might have been a bit inappropriate for him to do so.

After the last Grand Teleportation, he had landed in a large canyon. On both ends of this canyon were countless human-headed eagle-bodied monsters, squatting on either side of the canyon.

The resounding roar of the thunder echoed through the valley and immediately alarmed these monsters.

The valley was silent for only a few seconds, before all the human-headed eagle-bodied monsters spread their wings as one and rushed towards Zen.

The monsters screeched as one, their strange and horrible laughter resounding throughout the canyon.

"Hahaha..."

"Caw! Caw! Caw..."

Sensing that he was in trouble, Zen shook his head slightly. He activated the Grand Teleportation and disappeared from the canyon.

However, the Evil Ghost Region seemed to deserve its reputation.

As Zen moved to a new location, he met another kind of monster. This time, it was a kid of butterfly with a ghost face on its wings.

He had killed some of the butterflies with his Thunderstorm Godly Way, but eventually, he had no choice but to teleport again.

After a few unpleasant encounters, Zen finally reached the eastern area of the Evil Ghost Region. This was where the border of the Evil Ghost Region and the Abyss Demon Region was located.

"This is the Abyss Demon Region." As he floated in midair, Zen could only stare blankly at the scene before him.

There was a huge crater in front of him.

The deep crater seemed endless, its borders extending farther than the eyes could see. After all, the entire Abyss Demon Region had annexed several large regions.

This scene was familiar to Zen as he had seen it before through the Stone Mouse, but it shocked him more when he saw the scene with his own eyes.

Dark green smoke rose up from the bottom of the abyss, permeating everywhere.

Although the space in the forbidden area had been sealed, his nostrils were still invaded by the pungent smell of sulfur contained in the smoke...

"Rumble..."

The edge of the deep crater kept collapsing inwards.

The Abyss Demon Region was still expanding at an alarming rate, continuously eroding the land of the Evil Ghost Region. If it kept up such speed, it would completely engulf the Evil Ghost Region in a few divine eras.

Some people had even dared to predict that if the expansion of the Abyss Demon Region would continue uncontrollably, it would completely occupy the entire divine land.

Zen looked around him and found himself in a bit of a dilemma.

The corpse of the Stone Mouse only gave him a vague picture of the place. Logically speaking, he had already reached his destination, but where could he find the Stone Mouse after it was reincarnated?

Chapter 2708 Hiding

Zen walked along the edge of the crater for a while, but he didn't find anything special.

He then narrowed his eyes and, with his spiritual sense, searched the surrounding area within dozens of miles.

Except for the fact that when part of his spiritual sense expanded into the forbidden land, it hit an invisible wall and bounced back, he found nothing unusual.

After searching for a while more, he took out the Stone Mouse's corpse from his space ring.

Once the corpse was activated, the image appeared in his mind again.

As he mentally moved to the center of the image, he physically walked over to the same exact place that was in the center of the image.

"It's the same place," Zen said, feeling confused. Normally, when a rare creature like the Stone Mouse was born, it would make quite a scene. Traces of its birth would linger behind even if it wasn't physically present yet.

So why couldn't he see the slightest difference in this place? It looked like absolutely nothing out of the ordinary had happened here.

Had he come too late? Had the body of the reborn Stone Mouse already been taken away?

Just as he was wondering about this, a dozen beams of light crossed his spiritual sense.

"There are people coming."

Zen immediately retracted his spiritual sense and looked down.

Right below him, there was a crack that spread from the edge of the crater. He took a step forward and entered the crack.

"The Truth of Cultivation Nature! Hide!"

As he uttered these words, his breath and aura disappeared, and his physical form completely melted into his surroundings.

In the perception of others, he would look no different from a stone.

Not long after he had hidden in plain sight, more than a dozen people flew up to this area. One of the strong men sniffed the air and said, "The smell from the Abyss Demon Region is disgusting!"

"It's just the smell of sulfur. It's not a big deal. Did you notice a streak of spiritual sense just now?" another man said in a low voice.

"No."

"I didn't feel it, either."

"Can there be anyone else in this damn place? Leland, you are too sensitive!"

The rest of them didn't know what Leland was talking about.

"I sensed it, but it only lasted for a moment before disappearing... Was I just imagining it?" Leland murmured, more to himself than anyone else.

However, Zen, who was hiding in the crack, could clearly hear the whole conversation and was a little taken aback.

This Leland guy seemed to have really keen senses. Zen wondered what his cultivation base could be.

If these people were just top-rank True Gods, Zen would have nothing to worry about.

In fact, he was not even afraid of consummate True Gods unless they were from the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, because only they had Holy Beings to back them up.

However, the probability of him running into such a situation was very low.

"Well, let's not think too much about it. We should stick to our own business. Cameron Lu, where is the place you mentioned?" Leland continued in a low voice.

With a muffled voice, Cameron replied, "We're standing there! I set up a magic array to hide that cave."

A few dozen days ago, he had gone to the Evil Ghost Region to capture ghost rhinoceroses.

As their horns were an indispensable material for the refinement of many top-grade pills, they were extremely valuable and as such very popular among all the powerful clans and first and second-tier families.

In the current climate, the horns of a ghost rhinoceros could be sold for about twenty divine might coins.

It was not easy for a True God to earn divine might coins outside of venturing the forbidden lands. Killing ghost rhinoceroses and getting their horns was one of the best ways to earn coins.

But as the number of True Gods hunting ghost rhinoceroses had increased, there were fewer and fewer ghost rhinoceroses in the Evil Ghost Region.

Last time, Cameron had not encountered any ghost rhinoceros at all, so he had ventured deeper and deeper into the Evil Ghost Region. But instead of finding a ghost rhinoceros, he had stumbled upon a strange phenomenon at the edge of the Abyss Demon Region.

After flying to this place, he had found a cave that had collapsed here.

He hadn't been able to figure out what was under the cave, but judging from that weird phenomenon, he was sure that something had turned up.

It could be a rare treasure or a rare beast.

As a top-rank True God with low strength, Cameron hadn't dared to explore the cave alone.

Therefore, he had set up a magic array to hide the cave instead.

Although he did not have outstanding combat abilities, he was extremely proficient in setting up arrays. His array had even managed to deceive Zen.

"It's just a magic array?"

Hearing what Cameron said, Zen pursed his lips. He couldn't believe that he had been careless enough to be fooled by a magic array.

At this point, he could not help but carefully poke his head out from a corner of the crack. As his eyes swept over those True Gods, he raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"One Demi-holy Being and two consummate True Gods!" Shock appeared in Zen's eyes.

In the divine land, there were very few Demi-holy Beings. Only a few of the first-tier clans had them.

Naturally, Zen had never imagined that he would meet a Demi-holy Being today.

Just as Zen was sizing them up, the purple-robed Demi-holy Being turned his head in Zen's direction as if he had sensed something.

His eyes, as sharp as swords, swept over the crack not far away.

But the crack was obviously empty.

Feeling that something was odd, the Demi-holy Being released his spiritual sense but found nothing.

"Leland, what's wrong with you today? Why are you so suspicious?" a middle-aged man in white asked with a smile.

The Demi-holy Being was Leland, the lord of a region.

Some of the first-tier clans were too weak to have a Floating Island in the Time Sea, so they could only expand their own territory and ultimately occupy the entire region.

But the powerful clans on the Floating Islands were dismissive of such clans.

For example, after the Han Clan had become a powerful clan with their own Floating Island, they hadn't intervened in the development of the regions under their rule. They did not completely control the regions, but gave a lot of resources to the families attached to them.

Knowing that it was impossible for him to become a Holy Being or make his clan a powerful one, Leland claimed to be the lord of the region he lived in.

"I keep feeling like someone is spying on us, but it seems that I'm just imagining things," Leland said. He did not expect that a consummate True God could be hiding right under his nose.

At this moment, Cameron walked three circles around an open space, and then he heavily struck the ground with his palms.

A dark magenta line quickly spread along the path Cameron had walked, forming a big circle on the ground. Until now, everything inside this circle had been condensed by the magic array. Now that Cameron had withdrawn the magic array, a large cave appeared.

Leland stared at the entrance of the cave for a moment, and then he entered it.

Without any hesitation, the two consummate True Gods and over ten top-rank True Gods followed him into the cave.

After a while, Zen slowly climbed out of the crack and frowned. "The cave must have been built for the Stone Mouse. Unexpectedly, they have found it ahead of me. What's more troublesome is that one of them is a Demi-holy Being!"

After waiting at the entrance of the cave for a while, Zen quietly slipped inside.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2709 No Way Back

The cave was only just formed, so its stones and soil were still soft.

A slight touch could make it collapse.

While Zen had used the Truth of Cultivation Nature to keep himself hidden, if Leland was alerted, he'd be easily exposed.

So Zen moved slowly and cautiously on his way down.

"Leland, there are two paths."

The cave mostly went straight up and down save for the fork in the road ahead.

From where he was positioned, Zen could clearly hear the conversation happening below.

"They're not two caves. I've already checked with my spiritual sense—the one on the left is a dead end. We should turn right," Leland explained.

"Okay."

And so the group pressed on to the right and continued falling.

Soon after, Zen also came to the same spot.

Not wanting to go through the trouble of using his spiritual sense to identify the next paths, he decided to follow behind the group.

Without much hesitation, he fell through the right cave as well.

The cave grew darker and darker the deeper he fell.

The smell of sulfur also grew more pungent.

"The smell of sulfur is too strong…" one of the top-rank True Gods complained.

"Do you think this will lead all the way to the Abyss Demon Region?" another man muttered.

"Maybe. The cave is incredibly deep, after all."

The Abyss Demon Region was nothing short of a nightmare to the people of the divine land.

It was common for powerhouses from the powerful clans on the Floating Islands to perish there—Nicholas had even ordered all the best True Gods out as a precaution.

If the cave truly did lead to the Abyss Demon Region, they'd be in deep trouble.

"Haha! We could gain a lot if this place really leads there," Leland said aloud.

"You're right. We'll have found another entrance to the Abyss Demon Region," said another man.

The only known entrance to the Abyss Demon Region was located in the depths of the Red Lotus Region, a place occupied by powerful clans.

Even as a Demi-holy Being, Leland had no right to enter the Abyss Demon Region.

The only way to do so was to seek the help of powerful clans and use their space channels.

No one could go through without the clans' assistance.

Zen hadn't expected the cave to go so deep.

But he was patient enough.

He was different from the people below, after all. They were only drawn to the abnormal phenomenon that occurred after the Stone Mouse's reincarnation—they did not actually know what was really going on.

On the other hand, Zen was well aware of it.

After about 15 minutes, the tunnel below grew wider.

As he descended, he accidentally rubbed against the cave's wall. He winced, worrying that the stone would loosen to rubble and roll down to the people below, alerting them of his presence.

But to his surprise, the wall was rather soft.

"So this is the layer of soft stones?" Zen muttered to himself in shock.

He went all the way down with the group, not knowing how far he had gone—he had probably already passed the layers of gangue and flint, he thought.

'Underneath the layer of soft stones is Lethal Fire Magma. It can burn even Holy Beings, ' Zen thought to himself, remembering to stay vigilant.

As he thought about it, the discussion from below seemed to grow busier.

"We have reached the layer of soft stones. Shall we head back?"

"We can't resist the Lethal Fire Magma."

Some wanted to head back, afraid of the danger awaiting them if they pressed on.

"We've already made it this far. Jalen, you're a consumate True God. How could you be so cowardly?" one of them chided in a low voice.

"Right. We're almost at the very end, only one step away. If we return now, all our efforts will be wasted," Leland added.

Jalen said nothing and frowned.

But just then, a gust of hot wind blew past them from further within the cave.

"Waah..."

The hot wind seemed to whistle along the tunnel.

"Where is that coming from?"

"Let's go down and have a look!"

Getting a strange feeling from the hot wind, the group hastened their steps.

"Waah..."

The wind reached Zen and swept past him.

"This smell…" he said, sniffing the air.

Apart from the thick odor of sulfur, there was also some kind of faint fishy, sweet smell in the wind. He couldn't put his finger on what it was.

Then, out of the blue, a scream came from below.

"Watch out!"

"There are creatures coming out of the walls!"

"The legendary Earth Ghosts!"

"What the hell? How could we run into them here?"

Panicked voices grew louder.

Zen rushed to a corner to keep himself out of sight before popping his head out to take a peek.

Four-horned black snakes as thick as his arm emerged from the walls of soft stones.

It was known that the layer of soft stones was the hardest layer of earth in the divine land. Even the top-rank True Gods couldn't hope to break it, and it would also take consummate True Gods a lot of effort to destroy it.

These creatures slithering out of the walls were by no means ordinary.

In the history of the divine land, the Earth Ghosts were recorded.

They were known to be the only creature that could crawl freely through the layer of soft stones. Because they lived in the depths of the earth, not much else was truly known about them.

Because most of the True Gods who had witnessed these creatures were already dead, the Earth Ghosts remained a mystery.

But Zen knew better than to act rashly—he wasn't the Earth Ghosts' target, after all.

He figured he wouldn't leave his hiding spot unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!"

The Earth Ghosts bowed as they kept their tails within the walls, slipping out their tongues. They didn't seem to be in a hurry to attack.

"What are they doing?"

"Doesn't look like they mean to harm us…"

"We... We'd better go back!" A rather lanky top-rank True God began sobbing.

Jalen agreed and firmly said, "We still have time to leave. These Earth Ghosts may be protecting something, but no matter what it is, we're too weak to get past them. We can just sell this information to the powerful clans and leave them to explore."

But just as he finished his words, the entire cave began shaking. The path they came from was completely closed off from the vibrations.

From a corner in the cave, Zen had no choice but to jump out.

If he didn't, he would've been completely trapped in the layer of soft stones.

At he showed himself, he exchanged glances with the group and smiled, looking rather embarrassed.

Chapter 2710 The Disappeared Space Law

Leland's group was high alert to the four-legged Earth Ghosts around them.

But when the cave shut them in from above, they were surprised to see a person jump out before them.

Taking a closer look, the stranger turned out to be a consummate True God. How strange, they thought.

"Who are you? How dare you follow us?" Leland snapped, glaring at Zen.

As a Demi-holy Being, Leland had cultivated his soul to the Soul of Light—his voice was laced with soul pressure, bearing right down on Zen.

He wasn't expecting Zen to be seriously harmed from it, but he was hoping to at least make the man dizzy.

But Zen only remained still, giving no response.

The eerie reaction had made Leland kind of scared.

If they were still on the ground, Leland would have taken action without hesitation.

But they were now in a dangerous place. The walls were densely covered with four-legged Earth Ghosts. And Zen looked like no ordinary person—it didn't seem wise for Leland to make the first move.

While they were traveling, Leland had been aware of some kind of presence in the cave—he could sense that someone was following them, but wrote the feeling off as an illusion.

"I'm not following you. You only happened to be a step ahead of me," Zen replied calmly.

"You're lying! I discovered this cave myself a long time ago. I've used a magic array to cover it up—you're obviously following us." Cameron, a top-rank True God accused him coldly.

With that, Leland and the other True Gods turned hostile.

But Zen merely shrugged, not caring to defend himself.

He was well aware that the cave had something to do with the Stone Mouse.

Harold and he had found the abnormal phenomena there first.

But he didn't think it necessary to mention that fact to these people.

"Leave him alone. The cave has sealed us in. We'd better find a way out of here first!" Jalen exclaimed, keeping a careful eye on the Earth Ghosts.

After the cave sealed them in, the Earth Ghosts began moving.

After a long moment of examining Zen, Leland turned toward the depths of the cave, unwilling to leave just yet.

The situation seemed too complicated. He wasn't going to break out into a violent fight with Zen who just came out of nowhere. Choosing to prioritize their safety, he sighed and said, "You're right. We have to leave. Let's take a minute and figure something out."

In the divine land, the consummate True Gods and Holy Beings rarely displayed the Grand Teleportation technique while going downward in the underground—it was too risky.

The underground of the divine land was full of Lethal Fire Magma. If they miscalculated their distances while going downward, they'd fall right into the magma and be completely devoured.

But it was a rather simple task to move upward from the earth's bottom. They could reach the earth's surface once they displayed the Grand Teleportation technique, after all.

One Demi-holy Being and two consummate True Gods were powerful enough to bring along ten other people.

When Leland was ready to leave, Jalen heaved a sigh of relief. With his mind, he intended to build a space channel.

But at this moment, something strange happened.

No fluctuation of space was triggered.

"I can't use the Grand Teleportation technique!" Stress came over Jalen as he kept trying and failing.

The other top-rank True Gods grew nervous and turned to Leland—he was a Demi-holy Being. If anyone could save them, it would've been him.

When Leland stretched his hand out and gave it a wave, no space fluctuation happened either.

"Impossible…" Leland muttered to himself, looking grave.

The Space Law might have been prohibited in some places in the divine land.

The Grand Teleportation technique was useless on the Time Sea and the Sunrest Tree, for instance.

But the Space Law was prohibited on the Time Sea because of the Ruling Slate's restrictions, and only the consummate True Gods were forbidden—the Demi-holy Beings and Holy Beings were still allowed to do so.

In the Sword Clan, Harper had used the Sunrest Tree to transform the entire region into the Non-combat Zone, prohibiting the use of the Grand Teleportation technique.

While the Space Law had been prohibited, that didn't make it ineffective.

But in the cave, Leland and Jalen couldn't activate the Space Law at all. It didn't seem that the Space Law existed in this cave.

It was unbelievable—as far as any of them knew, there shouldn't have been such a place in the divine land.

At this very moment, the densely packed four-legged Earth Ghosts that clung to the cave's walls crawled towards them.

"Hiss..."

In the face of these Earth Ghosts, a cold light flashed in Leland's eyes before five-colored internal momentum spread from his hands.

At the sight of the internal momentum, Zen slightly raised his brows. "It's the Five Elements Godly Way. As a Demi-holy Being, his internal momentum is really steady."

Two strands of five-colored internal momentum met, producing a huge killing force.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Hundreds of four-legged Earth Ghosts that were rushing ahead were suddenly kneaded together by the killing force and turned into a huge black mass.

If a group of True Gods were kneaded by this force, they would easily be done for.

But after another while of kneading, the Earth Ghosts bumped heavily against the cave wall. They scattered but remained intact. They rolled along the ground before charging at the group once again.

"Hiss..."

Everyone turned pale at the scene.

Since even the Demi-holy Being was no match for these demons, the rest figured there was no hope for them.

"Let's go! We have to run further down!" Leland called the others to him, waving his arm in urgency.

With no way out, they had no choice but to move forward.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Jalen and Cameron were the first to run down.

Seeing that the group of True Gods had led the escape, Zen took a step forward and followed closely behind them.

But as soon as he rushed over, dozens of four-legged Earth Ghosts pounced on him.

"The Eight Smoky Melodies!"

With a thought, Zen's body became light enough to float naturally as he drilled through the cracks between the demons.

"Ah!"

"Damn it!"

Just then, the two top-rank True Gods before Zen were surrounded by the Earth Ghosts, including Cameron who set up the magic array earlier.

Soon, they were bitten off into pieces—it was a horrible sight.

"Help!" Cameron snarled furiously.

The other one was already dead—half of his head had been feasted on by the four-legged Earth Ghosts. There was no chance of his survival.

While Cameron cried out for help, all the other top-rank True Gods were busy running for their lives. How could they even think about running back to their deaths?

Leland, Jalen, and the rest didn't have the slightest intention of helping him.

Hearing Cameron's shrill cries, Zen furrowed his brows as he floated in front of the struggling man. He gathered the force in his palm and laid a heavy blow on Cameron's chest.

"Puff!"

The force entered Cameron's body without hurting him.

As he shuddered, the force spread out from his body, dispelling all the four-legged Earth Ghosts that were attacking him.

With that, Zen grabbed him and fled.

Chapter 2711 The Lethal Fire Magma

The four-legged Earth Ghosts had terribly bitten Cameron.

Half of his chest, neck, and arm were all gnawed off.

When it all happened, he thought he was doomed.

He also thought that Zen had intended to kill him when he saw his palm coming for him. After all, he had been rude to him before.

It was beyond his expectations that Zen could shake off the four-legged Earth Ghosts in just one forceful swing of his hand.

"You… You…" Cameron stared at Zen for a while.

While Zen was rushing forward, he waved his right hand and threw a light green pill right into Cameron's mouth.

As soon as the pill melted in his mouth, the deep wounds on his body healed quickly. His skin and flesh regenerated.

He was quite grateful to Zen.

He didn't expect that some seemingly wicked stranger would save him from potential death.

As he looked at Leland and the other True Gods running in front of him, a sense of disgust suddenly emerged in his heart.

Upon discovering the abnormal phenomenon in this place, he immediately reported it to Leland.

Leland had promised him a reward if he could find something valuable inside the cave. When he was in deep trouble, however, his companions did nothing to save him.

"Hiss…"

The four-legged Earth Ghosts moved at an unusual speed on the cave walls. Even if Zen flew through the cave, he was unable to get rid of them.

"Look! There are a lot of Earth Ghosts behind!"

Cameron told Zen with a terrified face as he heard more hisses from hundreds of black Earth Ghosts that were pouncing on them from behind.

Zen no longer needed to hide himself. He could feel and see around him through his spiritual sense without even looking back.

"The Gods Killing Sword Array!"

Four invisible force fluctuations spread out, which immediately turned into four invisible swords that hovered around rapidly.

"Power Shaping? Are you a consummate True God who mainly cultivates the Might Godly Way?"

Cameron's eyes were wide in shock upon noticing the strong force fluctuations. He had been in the Evil Ghost Region all year round and was well-informed, but Power Shaping was very rare. He had heard of it but had never actually seen it.

The Earth Ghosts that were chasing them were easily swayed away by the swords.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!"

The four-legged Earth Ghosts boasted infinite power and thick skins, so it was difficult even for consummate True Gods to kill them, but not for Zen.

With loud shrieks, the four-legged Earth Ghosts smashed onto the cave walls formed by soft stones. Immediately, the soft stones swallowed their black bodies.

One of those creatures' talents was that they could easily walk through the layer of soft stones.

In no time, a large group of four-legged Earth Ghosts appeared right above Zen.

"Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!"

They began to climb on top of each other and formed a huge net using their own bodies.

"They're going to block our way!" Cameron said in horror.

"These monsters are smart," Zen muttered as his eyes flashed.

"Thunder Materialization!"

"Crack!"

A pair of huge thunder wings popped out of Zen's back. His speed had swiftly doubled.

Cameron felt as if he was flying high above the sky. Before the huge net created by those creatures even closed in on them, Zen had already sped away with him.

"Is this the consummate level theurgy of the Thunderstorm Godly Way?"

Cameron was baffled. He thought to himself, 'I was wrong. This guy mainly cultivates the Thunderstorm Godly Way, doesn't he?'

Zen sped up and approached the team ahead.

Leland took the lead.

As long as the four-legged Earth Ghosts stood in his way, he waved his hands and easily swept the black monsters using five-colored internal momentum.

"We can't keep on descending!" Jelan, who followed closely behind Leland, said with a worried face.

An anxious consummate True God also said, "If we stop, they will tear us into pieces. What should we do?"

"No matter how deep this cave is, there will be an end. I'm not going to die here today," Leland stated flatly.

"Crack!"

Suddenly, they heard a thunderous explosion behind them.

Their spiritual senses charged back and they were all surprised to see the pair of thunder wings that Zen had.

"That guy actually saved Cameron?"

"Just leave him alone."

However, just as Zen had caught up with them, many more four-legged Earth Ghosts appeared from both sides of the cave.

The creatures didn't go after them and just glared at them from a distance with their round eyes.

It was a little strange.

Leland was slightly fixated at that scene. Then, on the corner of his eyes, he saw holes the size of a fist appear on the wall of the cave. Inside those holes were rays of dark green light being released.

He had doubts in his mind, but as he realized what was happening, his expression changed. "Everyone, be careful! Stay away from those holes!" Leland cried out.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

As soon as he finished his words, green magma suddenly gushed out from the holes where the four-legged Earth Ghosts came out of.

"It's Lethal Fire Magma!"

Failing to defeat them, the four-legged Earth Ghosts drilled holes through the layer of soft stones so they could draw out the Lethal Fire Magma.

The magma underground was worse than the water in the Time Sea. They could turn even the Holy Beings into ashes. How could they get past it?

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

Three top-rank True Gods who were unable to dodge were immediately cut through by a stream of Lethal Fire Magma.

The Lethal Fire Magma resembled sharp arrows and left fist-sized holes on their chests.

Such injuries were not fatal to the top-rank True Gods.

But around the holes on their chests, there was still some Lethal Fire Magma left.

They looked at each other with horror in their eyes.

"Help! Help! Who can help me?" one of the True Gods frantically wailed.

"Pull the Lethal Fire Magma out of your body!" someone shouted.

But no one dared to help them.

The presence of the Lethal Fire Magma could undoubtedly cause death.

"Boom!"

The small bit of Lethal Fire Magma that remained on their bodies instantly ignited, turning into balls of green flames that quickly enveloped the three top-rank True Gods.

In just a split second, they all vanished.

Their bodies, souls and inner worlds had been burnt to nothingness, turning into green streams of Lethal Fire Magma, and flowing into the gaps between the soft stones on the ground. .

If there was anything in the world that could resist the power of the Lethal Fire Magma, it must be the layer of soft stones.

Chapter 2712 A Dangerous Act

Everyone gasped in astonishment upon witnessing the tragic end of the three top-rank True Gods in the Lethal Fire Magma.

Even Leland looked a bit scared.

As a Demi-holy Being, Leland could protect himself so long as he did not venture into the forbidden areas.

Those four-legged Earth Ghosts were powerful but they did not really pose any big threat to him.

However, the Lethal Fire Magma was different. Any sort of contact with the magma would be enough to burn him to death...

"Drip, drip, drip..."

The viscous, molten liquid rushed out of the layer of soft stones and erupted through the cracks on the ground.

A scorching aura emanated from the earth.

Everyone moved to higher ground and some even chose to float in the air.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

More Earth Ghosts emerged from the layer of soft stones, creating more holes on the wall.

Each hole created emitted a faint, green light.

This was enough to tell everyone present that another wave of Lethal Fire Magma was soon to erupt into the cave!

"We're doomed! It's all over! We're doomed!" One of the top-rank True Gods despaired.

"Let's fight them to death!"

"How? Can you resist magma?"

Everyone was at a loss, even Zen could only look around with a frown.

Was this really how all would end? No way!

He never expected things to end up like this.

Zen's eyes flashed and he stretched out his hand, using it to sweep through the ground.

"Sizz, sizz..."

This layer of soft stones was extremely tough. Back then, it took Harold quite a lot of strength to break through it.

Thus, Zen saw it fit to go all out. He pulled out a pillar of soft stone which was as high as a person. After that, he stretched out his hand and activated the Power Shaping.

He pointed his finger towards the pillar and cut away on the soft stone.

Crack! Crack! Crack...

Zen's finger served as a kind of carving knife that cut through the stone and shaped it like a piece of meat.

Everyone's eyes lit up when they saw what Zen was doing.

"That's right! This layer of soft stones can resist the Lethal Fire Magma. We can use the stone as a shield," Jalen exclaimed with joy.

"What a powerful strength! And he can even shape things at will!" Leland couldn't help but remark in awe.

If he went all out, he too could tear the soft stone into pieces but he couldn't do it with the same finesse that Zen showed just now.

With a mere eight strikes, Zen successfully cut the stone into nine pieces before patting down the sides.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

The hard and strong stone pieces immediately shot towards the crowd.

Zen did not care about these other people but this cave was too unpredictable. It would be impossible for him to simply rely on himself to escape unscathed.

Cameron received one of the stone pieces and felt his arms immediately strain from the weight. He never expected it to be so heavy! Just how much strength did Zen exert to cut into this stone?

When all stone pieces had been distributed, the densely-packed holes began to spurt out streams of Lethal Fire Magma!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh...

These spurts of molten lava gushed out on all sides!

"Everyone come together! Each person should block a side!"

Leland ordered, carrying a stone piece to block his left side.

Meanwhile, Jalen rushed towards Leland and blocked his right side with his own stone piece.

The others followed suit, pairing up to block the flow of lava from all sides.

"Sizz, sizz..."

There was a sick, sizzling sound as Lethal Fire Magma poured out and splashed onto the stone pieces.

The top-rank True Gods gripped the stone pieces with their life, their hands even trembling slightly as they waited for the lava flow to subside.

Just one touch of this Lethal Fire Magma could kill them! Of course, these True Gods would be nervous.

Zen lifted his own stone piece and leaned against Cameron. Unlike everyone's rigid faces, Zen looked rather calm.

The more dangerous the situation, the more composed one should be. There was a better chance of surviving a crisis if one kept a level head.

"Everyone, move at a constant speed and pass this place!" Zen ordered with a firm but calm voice.

"He's right! Jalen and I will lead the way!" Leland affirmed.

Thus, these nine people advanced as they floated in mid-air.

All the while, Lethal Fire Magma continued to spurt and splash in all directions. They had to be extremely careful or the molten liquid would reach the people behind the stone pieces and burn them instantly.

Due to their cautiousness, their speed reverted to that of a snail's.

With such a slow and easy target, the four-legged Earth Ghosts that crawled on the cave walls couldn't help themselves and flew into a frenzy.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

After the first four-legged Earth Ghost took a move, the others followed and pounced on everyone again!

"Bang!"

There was a loud noise and a four-legged Earth Ghost slammed onto a shield.

The top-rank True God who held the said shield panicked and he dropped the stone piece almost instantly.

With the shield gone, the Lethal Fire Magma spurted and splashed toward everyone.

"Damn it!"

Zen cursed when he saw what happened.

It wasn't just him. Leland, Jalen, and the other True Gods felt shocked and extremely frustrated at what happened.

It was already extremely hard to advance while lifting the stone pieces but what were they going to do now that magma showered over them?

To panic now would most probably mean death!

In a moment of desperation, Zen shouted, "Everyone! Place the stone shields outward and gather in the middle. Don't panic!"

His words contained strong soul force that struck into everyone's minds.

Even Leland felt some kind of pain coming from his soul.

However, it was under this pain that everyone forgot their fears and no longer panicked. All of them got in formation and formed a circle.

Unfortunately, there were still a few who surrendered to their fears. One consummate True God screamed and threw away the stone piece he had before rushing towards another direction.

Zen simply ignored this foolish consummate True God and jumped with the stone piece in his hand.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

The stone piece spun in the air and blocked the falling Lethal Fire Magma drops, preventing any from falling onto everyone's heads.

As for that one guy who rushed out, his agility couldn't save him and ended up bumping into a few four-legged Earth Ghosts. It was then that a stream of Lethal Fire Magma swept through him with a nasty sizzle.

"Sizzle!"

They watched as dark green flames immediately engulfed the consummate True God's body.

He quickly turned into a puddle of green fluid that dripped onto the ground.

"Tobias!"

"Why did you rush out like that!"

"……"

This horrendous sight filled everyone with grief but it also served as an important lesson for them to keep their heads in this extremely pressured situation.

Some others had wanted to rush out and flee from instinct.

It was only because of Zen's soul attack that they forgot about this urge and maintained their formation.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The situation had somewhat stabilized but the four-legged Earth Ghosts remained a problem.

They continued to clash and smash against the stone pieces everyone held for protection.

However, Zen, Leland, and Jalen countered with their own attacks and drove the four-legged Earth Ghosts away.

These creatures were thick-skinned but not even them could resist the heat of the Lethal Fire Magma. Some of the four-legged Earth Ghosts bounced off the stone pieces and came into contact with magma, turning into puddles of green fluid instantly.

Chapter 2713 Stone Mouse

There were only eight people left. Each of them carried a soft stone piece with great care as they moved forward on the road.

The four-legged Earth Ghosts lived there all year round, so they were very familiar with the surrounding terrain.

But with the joint efforts of Zen, Jalen, and Leland, they never got the chance to approach.

Moreover, the Earth Ghosts were also afraid to die. At that point, streams of Lethal Fire Magma were shooting out everywhere in the cave. If they weren't careful enough, they could be burned to death.

Over a hundred of them had already been burnt before the attacks stopped.

They just kept creeping through the layer of soft stones, creating more and more holes to draw out more Lethal Fire Magma.

After an hour of moving forward against the magma, the group finally found an open space.

"Look! We're safe after we walk past the space ahead!" Jalen joyfully said.

It was a huge cave ahead. The four-legged Earth Ghosts had drilled holes on the wall while relying on the pressure generated by the Lethal Fire Magma.

There wasn't enough pressure in the open space, and the Lethal Fire Magma would also no longer be a threat to them.

As they approached the open space, the creatures stopped digging holes as expected.

They even stopped coming after the group and just hid under the layer of soft stones.

Leland then turned to Zen and saluted. "Thank you for saving us."

If it weren't for Zen, they all could've died.

Even Leland wasn't so sure how he could avoid the Lethal Fire Magma without help.

He gave up on the idea of killing Zen. Whether Zen came all by himself or followed them, he did a great job in saving their lives.

Zen nodded his head and said, "In situations like that, we need to look out for one another. I took action not just to save you, but myself as well."

Leland couldn't help the smile on his face as he nodded.

Given his cultivation base, Zen was a man of a broad viewpoint.

During countless years of exploration, many people had died of selfishness and distrust. Even if Zen didn't know them at all, he saved them, which was enough to prove his insight and vision.

When they went to the open area and looked ahead, they got a little uneasy once again.

"Plop! Plop! Plop!"

Beneath the large cave were many huge, deep pools.

Instead of water, there was Lethal Fire Magma inside each pool.

The auras released by the pools were blazing, causing people to feel hot on the face.

Everyone thought twice if they should move on or not.

Without much hesitation, Zen, who was still carrying a soft stone, lightly tapped his toe and flew up.

Others followed suit.

The soft stone was as tall as a person, and it was not very convenient to fly with it, but no one chose to throw it away.

After all, the soft stone could save their lives with its ability to resist the Lethal Fire Magma.

"Plop! Plop! Plop!"

Hot bubbles continuously came out of the pools, as if a giant beast was going to emerge from underneath.

Despite knowing that there was no living being in the Lethal Fire Magma, they still couldn't help but be shaken up as each bubble popped out.

As he flew, Zen peered through the pools and observed the Lethal Fire Magma silently.

Just like its name, the Lethal Fire Magma was a kind of magma that contained deathly flames.

In a flash, Zen quietly activated the Infinity Ruler in his mind.

The golden circles in his eyes flickered slightly, but the Infinity Ruler did not respond at all.

There was no trace of internal momentum in the flames, which meant that they were probably not formed by the Elementary Fire Godly Way.

'How strange…'

Zen thought to himself.

His flesh body could resist all kinds of flames except for the Lethal Fire Magma.

After they walked about ten miles in the spacious cave, thunders struck from ahead.

"Splash!"

A stream of Lethal Fire Magma suddenly belched from the pools. It washed against the top of the cave and splashed everywhere.

Although the layer of soft stones at the top of the cave could resist the Lethal Fire Magma, the latter had scoured out several pits day by day.

Witnessing that scene, everyone stopped in their tracks again.

"Is this a fountain?"

"How can we get past this?"

They all realized that there was an even more terrifying place in the divine land in addition to the forbidden lands.

"Splash!"

The Lethal Fire Magma in the pools kept boiling, spurting out and bumping into each other in the air.

After watching it in silence for a while, Zen finally said, "The Lethal Fire Magma erupts intermittently. If we know when exactly to move, it wouldn't be that hard to pass it."

Leland nodded in agreement and said, "We need to figure out the right timing."

It was easier said than done. One wrong step and they were doomed. They were under a great deal of pressure.

Zen slowly spread out his spiritual sense and closed his eyes.

There were over a thousand deep pools before them. Some erupted in unison, while others erupted once after a long while.

Zen mentally took note of the rhythm of each eruption.

After about an hour, Zen slowly opened his eyes and said, "Let's go together. Trust me!"

Cameron was the first to follow Zen.

At that time, he trusted Zen more than Jalen and Leland.

It was Zen, a stranger, who didn't leave him alone at such a crucial time.

The others didn't say anything. They just marched forward through gritted teeth.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Zen flew out while everyone else followed closely behind him.

After flying for about a thousand feet, Zen said, "Stop!"

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

They all stayed still in the air.

"Splash!"

About seven pools around them erupted in unison, and only the one under their feet remained calm.

When the eruption was over, bubbles began to emerge from the deep pool below them.

"Plop! Plop! Plop!"

Zen's eyes flashed as he yelled, "Now!"

At that moment, no one questioned Zen as they all flew with him without hesitation.

Just as they had glided past it, the pool erupted.

They were all in shock, but were also secretly admiring the way Zen had led them to safety with his correct calculations.

They kept moving forward while alternately stopping, and they encountered no trouble.

About two hours later, they all had finally flown past the deep pools. A small black altar appeared on the side of the cave wall not far away.

A stone was pristinely placed on the altar.

It was a grey mouse that was intricately and beautifully crafted.

Zen's heart skipped a few beats as he saw it.

He knew very well that the mouse was not carved, but had grown naturally. It was the reincarnation of the Stone Mouse.

Suddenly, Zen started to smell something fishy and sweet once again.

Chapter 2714 Burned To Death

Zen drew a breath and felt the smell seemed so familiar.

Before he entered the cave, he had smelled something strange from the gust of the hot wind.

And unexpectedly at this moment, it appeared once again which made him deeply doubt.

Leland on the side had his eyes flash a glimmer of light upon seeing the Stone Mouse.

He had no further knowledge about what it was but he knew that it was definitely not an ordinary thing.

He had taken a great risk to come all the way down here. No matter what, he would definitely take the Stone Mouse as his own!

He looked at the seven people present around him and contemplated. Among them, Jalen was no match against him.

The only person he was wary of was Zen. Although Zen was only a consummate True God, he had a variety of methods. He was definitely not as simple as he looked.

Leland had once speculated that Zen likely came from a large clan on the Floating Island.

He was caught in his own thought not realizing that at this moment, the others were as well concluding their own plans!

Especially Jalen!

He previously made a scene and clamored to go back, but after catching sight of the Stone Mouse, he had the same intention just like Leland. His eyes were filled with greed.

Seeing that Leland hadn't made a move yet, he narrowed his eyes and decided to move first!

"Whoosh!"

It was to no one's expectation to see Jalen suddenly rushing to the Stone Mouse. He was fast enough and in no time, he had grabbed it in his hand.

"Jalen! Do you want to die?"

Leland shouted being caught off guard by Jalen's action, his face hardened.

He had the same thought and wanted to get the Stone Mouse, but he was still rational.

The path for them to go back was already blocked and they couldn't use Grand Teleportation. So what if he obtained any treasure?

The first thing that mattered was that he still couldn't leave.

Rushing out to obtain it first wasn't of importance as he was worrying about such problem in the first place.

"Hahaha, this thing..." Jalen just laughed it off. He gripped the Stone Mouse and grinned, but was frozen in an instant. He lowered his gaze and looked at his hand. It was empty as there was nothing. He asked in surprise, "What's going on?"

Everyone looked over.

An incredible scene appeared as if by magic.

The Stone Mouse that should have been in Jalen's hands vanished and once again appeared on the altar!

They couldn't believe their eyes. Zen frowned at what happened.

He witnessed how the Stone Mouse quickly vanished from Jalen's hand and returned to the altar. There was even no space fluctuation at all.

It was logically impossible.

Leland also felt that something was wrong. "This thing... is weird!"

As he finished speaking, he strode towards the Stone Mouse and swung his hand in an action to grab it. He took two steps back but it felt light in his hand. Under the gazes of the crowd, the Stone Mouse disappeared.

No one, even him who just grabbed it, had ever witnessed how the Stone Mouse suddenly disappeared!

After Leland's action, the other top-rank True Gods walked forward and also tried to do the same.

After much deliberation, they found out that the Stone Mouse was unable to leave the altar more than three feet. Going further than three feet away, it would then automatically return to its original position.

They had tried every means like stuffing it into their space ring and some had even placed it into their inner world. But in the end, it was still ineffective whatever they did or wherever they tried to hide it. Once it moved over three feet, it would still return to the altar.

"It's so strange!"

"The Space Law doesn't work here. How did this thing achieve that?"

"This is so strange!"

Everyone was stumped as nobody knew what to do next.

Zen was the only one who didn't take to try to grab it. After a while, he finally asked, "Everyone, don't you feel that the sweet and fishy smell is getting stronger?"

At Zen's words, they all sniffed in the air.

"Yes, what a weird fragrance..."

"I have smelled it when we just entered the cave!"

"Where does the scent come from?"

It was not until then that everyone turned to focus their attention on the scent.

The smell filled their nostrils and was gradually getting stronger.

As they were still wondering, Zen felt that his soul was slightly itchy.

Cracking sounds were suddenly heard.

Zen whipped his head and saw countless snake-shaped cracks spreading rapidly on the cave walls on both sides.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Not only the two sides of the cave, but the same sound resounded from under their feet.

The cave made of layers of soft stones was crumbling?

Splash!

It wasn't a big deal that the layers of the soft stones cracked, but there were numerous steams of Lethal Fire Magma running out of the cracks!

"Damn it!"

Zen's expression changed drastically, and the others were all as pale as paper.

They felt grieved that they had previously exhausted themselves in order to survive the dangerous situations.

Now that the world around them was collapsing and the Lethal Fire Magma was coming at them like a vast ocean, how could they avoid it?

"Retreat! Retreat!"

"How?"

"I just became a top-rank True God. I never thought that I will die today in this strange place!"

Those top-rank True Gods all wailed miserably.

It was only Zen, Leland, and Jalen who kept their calm.

They used almost all of their skills, trying to avoid the broken stones and the Lethal Fire Magma that was surging towards them.

"Dong!"

Zen floated in the air and lifted the stone piece. He used it to block the Lethal Fire Magma that showered above his head.

Turning over his body, he effortlessly kicked away a mountain-sized broken stone.

He had already activated his strength to the limit and in turn, his muscles bulged. Growing to the size of the Wild God Body would be possible if it weren't for the limit of the space. It restricted him from doing so.

But even if he tried his best, the scene he saw after kicking the stone away made his heart sink.

He was fully concentrated on his own fight that he wasn't aware of what had been happening to his companions. The flows of Lethal Fire Magma formed a torrent and completely drowned everyone, including Leland and Jalen. They weren't even given the time to scream before they were covered by it.

A sudden realization came as he was the only one left!

"Why is this happening, then?"

The Lethal Fire Magma had almost occupied every corner of the cave, so there was no chance to avoid it.

He became alert as it was quickly rushing towards him. He activated a golden pattern on his chest!

"Promise of Absolute Beginning!"

The Promise of Absolute Beginning was the promise made after the divine land was created.

He deducted that this promise should be made by Chiyou personally, which was used to block the attacks from any internal momentum in the divine land.

The Promise of Absolute Beginning was not invincible even if it was activated. It could not block the soul attacks or power attacks.

The Lethal Fire Magma was not produced by internal momentum. He took the chance even though he was not sure whether it would work or not.

"Buzz..."

A burst of golden light enveloped his body.

Right after, he was completely submerged in the Lethal Fire Magma!

"It worked!"

Zen's heart skipped a beat.

The golden light that covered him had isolated and prevented the Lethal Fire Magma from making any damage to his body.

But there was a time limit on the effect of the Promise of Absolute Beginning.

It could only last for nine seconds after it was activated.

Using the protection of the Promise of Absolute Beginning, he exerted himself to swim in the Lethal Fire Magma. He had to escape in a short time as soon as possible!

Three seconds passed...

Six seconds...

Nine seconds...

The time was already on the limit as the golden light around his body quickly dimmed. He tried squirming away from the Lethal Fire Magma but he felt that it was endless and was unable to break away from it.

"The last Promise of Absolute Beginning!"

he cried out as a last resort. He had already activated the Promise of Absolute Beginning once when he faced Edmond.

Now he had activated the last one...

This time, he had another chance and there were only nine seconds left for him!

Buzz...

Zen struggled and continued to swim. The golden light shone brightly for the second time, enveloping his body.

However, his attempt was once again futile. It felt as if he was swimming in the deep sea and couldn't move to the surface of the sea at all. The last nine seconds had already passed, and the golden light on his body finally disappeared.

He was entirely enveloped by the Lethal Fire Magma!

"I won't be lucky this time?" A bitter and complex feeling rose in Zen's heart.

"Sizz, sizz..."

He felt the burning sensation on his skin until he felt it deeper inside his body.

He looked at his hands which had been quickly burned to ashes.

The Lethal Fire Magma burned him from outside to inside...

It burned his skin, flesh, meridians, bones, viscera, and at last the inner world and the soul.

Chapter 2715 The Hallucinatory Fragrance

Nobody could escape from the erosion of the Lethal Fire Magma.

At the final moment, Zen's mind went totally blank.

He was already being pummeled into darkness, even before he could recall the hits and misses of his life.

One thing was clear. If his soul diminished, that was the end of his time in the world. There was no returning back.

There were many legends revolving around death in the divine land. One such was that if a person died, he or she was destined for hell, namely the Abyss Demon Region.

It was said that the Abyss Demon Region had eighteen layers, filled with fiends and monsters. Almost all of the incarnations of fears would automatically reveal themselves in the Abyss Demon Region.

'Harold said that the Stone Mouse knows the secret of reincarnation, ' Zen thought.

'Then, Gregorio, who is supposed to die, is still alive.

If that is the case, then the Abyss Demon Region may be the place of reincarnation.

Then it shouldn't be a coincidence that the body of Stone Mouse showed up on the edge of the Abyss Demon Region.'

'Wait! Why am I still thinking? Am I not dead?'

If one's soul was completely destroyed, he or she would lose the ability to think.

As soon as this realization dawned on him, a glimmer of hope lit up in his heart.

But despite the hope, he could hardly move his limbs, nor speak, see or even smell. Except for the small strand of consciousness, he seemed to sense nothing at all.

Suddenly, a thought communicated with him.

"Zen, are you okay?"

"Is that you, No. 9527?" Zen was more than happy to communicate with No. 9527. "How are you coping?"

Technically, if Zen's body was eroded, the sclerite on his chest and No. 9527 should have been burnt.

He didn't expect that No. 9527 could even communicate with him so freely.

"Of course I'm fine. What should I be otherwise?" No. 9527 answered in astonishment.

Its answer left Zen even more baffled. He said, "My body has been burnt to ashes. The sclerite where you are in should have been burnt as well."

There was no way Zen could save himself, even if he used two Promises of Absolute Beginning.

Once he entered that cave, it would be the end.

No. 9527 was silent for a while before chuckling. "The sclerite is not burnt."

"What? How?" Zen was stunned.

"Neither the sclerite nor your body has been burnt," No. 9527 replied.

Zen's mind went blank as he listened to these words. He then asked, "Then what is wrong with me now? I cannot move or feel!"

"You have been deprived of your senses. Currently, you are lying on the ground," said No. 9527.

"…"

Nothing that No.9527 said made any sense to Zen.

He clearly remembered being devoured by the Lethal Fire Magma. Then how could No. 9527 say that he was alright?

"What the hell is going on? Could you explain it? Can you help me?" Zen asked.

Although No. 9527 was an insignificant brain unit, it was still a strand of the Chaos Ancient God's soul. Therefore, it had a much wider range of knowledge than Zen.

"I myself am to be blamed for landing in this situation. Even I was deluded by the Hallucinatory Fragrance at the beginning," No. 9527 answered. "I could sense something was not right until I smelled it again. By then it was too late. You was already taken to this damned place!"

"The Hallucinatory Fragrance? This damned place? What are you talking about?" Zen still looked confused.

"In reality, nothing exists in this cave. The four legged Earth Ghosts and the Lethal Fire Magma are merely illusions," No. 9527 said. "You simply have been affected by the Hallucinatory Fragrance."

Zen could vividly remember the scene now. As soon as he stepped into the layer of soft stones, he could smell a sweet and intense fragrance.

The first Hallucinatory Fragrance had thrown everyone into a dangerous situation.

And the second one formed a situation of death that they could not escape from.

"…" Zen remained silent for a while, and then he asked, "Do you mean to say that all this is not real?"

"Not really. The Stone Mouse is true," No. 9527 said. "If I'm not wrong, it should lead you to the Reincarnation Land."

"The Reincarnation Land?" Zen asked curiously.

After thinking for a moment, No. 9527 said, "Your inner world is not yet complete and it's completely normal if you don't know much about it. Some people in the Source World would create a door for the living beings inside their inner worlds, which is known as the chance of reincarnation."

"Reincarnation that includes the restoration of memories of the previous life?" Zen asked.

"Yes," No. 9527 said after thinking for a moment. "I guess that the Stone Mouse was for the Nine Li race, but after their members were killed in the divine land, it fell into the hands of someone else."

"Is it Gregorio?"

Before he had set out, Zen heard about this person from Harold and Joy.

He thought for a while and then said, "But now the Stone Mouse has been reincarnated again and Gregorio has nothing to do with it. Then, why did we enter this illusion?"

"I don't know," No. 9527 admitted. It was equally puzzled with this fact. It added, "It is most likely that this is someone else's doing. Somebody might have got the possession of the Stone Mouse and clearly did not want anybody else to gain the benefits of reincarnation."

"But that somebody did not succeed in stopping me. I entered the Reincarnation Land. Didn't I?" Zen asked hopefully.

"Partly that is true. But you seem to have lost all your senses and are hardly able to move. I am afraid you haven't fully succeeded. I guess you fell into the Reincarnation Land by some abnormal means, so your six senses are suppressed," No. 9527 said with a slight smile.

Zen thought for a while and felt that No. 9527 had a reasonable explanation.

He was like a dead man now.

"What about the others?" Zen enquired.

"They are lying on the ground, just like you," No. 9527 said, looking around. Both Leland and Jalen lay on the ground motionless, like corpses.

It thought for a while and said, "Maybe I can pass on my sense of the surroundings to you. Let me try."

As soon as it finished speaking, Zen could feel its consciousness.

When his soul was connected with No. 9527's consciousness, he could clearly see the surrounding environment in his mind.

It was a dark world that possessed nothing.

But not far away, Zen could see a small altar, on which the statue of the Stone Mouse was placed.

This altar seemed different from the one he had seen before. There were tiny wisps of cyan smoke that slowly floated around it.

Zen thought for a while and then asked, "No. 9527, is it possible for you to control my body? I want to have a closer look at the altar."

Zen had a strong feeling that the key to the current problem was located on the altar of the Stone Mouse. But since he was detached from his senses, he couldn't do anything.

No. 9527 didn't seem to have any problem in doing so.

"Let me try." Without much hesitation, No. 9527 poured its own consciousness into Zen's mind.

After a while, Zen was able to get up. But he still felt unsteady.

As soon as he got himself into upright position, he lost his balance and fell to the ground.

"I'm sorry. It's my first time to take control of a human body," No. 9527 said apologetically.

Again Zen slowly got up and groping in the darkness, he unsteadily walked towards the altar.

Chapter 2716 Repeat The Same Fate

Just as Zen stood up and had taken several steps, a huge figure suddenly appeared not far away.

The figure was discreetly moving slowly in the darkness, but No. 9527 still had sensitively noticed it.

It didn't take a while before two small dark-green spots emerged from the darkness. It turned out to be a mouse as tall as a man.

"What a big mouse!" Zen cried out in surprise looking at the figure that suddenly appeared.

As he was currently manipulated by No. 9527, he abruptly stopped and stood still.

The mouse lightly crawled over drawing close to a top-rank True God. Once in a close distance, it held him up and dragged him into the darkness.

Since all his senses were sealed off, the True God had no idea what was happening with his body.

Even if the big mouse chewed him up, he would still not know.

What a pity to die like this!

Once targeted by the big mouse, Zen would probably suffer the same fate.

His corporeal body was still much stronger than the other True Gods' bodies. It was even sturdier than Leland's body that perhaps it would be possible that the big mouse could not chew him, and he might have a chance to survive.

However, it was still obviously unrealistic to pin hope on this.

"This mouse is not intelligent. It won't eat you for the time being," No. 9527 comforted Zen as it sensed the latter's worry.

In the meantime, it still continued to control Zen's body with a slow movement.

"Do you know where this mouse comes from?" Zen asked curiously.

"It must be arranged by the person who has occupied the Stone Mouse. The Hallucinatory Fragrance can only make the illusion, and can't kill people. After these persons' six senses are sealed, they can only be eaten by the big mouse," No. 9527 continued to guess.

"Most likely..."

No. 9527's inference might reasonably explain some of the problems.

According to the changes around the place, it was not an easy thing to guess what had actually happened.

While moving and taking a few steps, they noticed that in the distance, there were a few dark-green lights emitting in the darkness for the second time.

"They are coming!" No. 9527 cried.

Zen's body once again stiffened. He had no other choice but to stand still.

For now, his location was very close to the altar.

From the darkness, another group of three big mice slowly emerged. Two of them did not hesitate to move forward and grabbed the bodies of two top-rank True Gods on the ground.

The third big mouse had unfortunately walked slowly towards Zen!

"This is too bad..."

A bitter smile appeared on Zen's face as he asked, "Can you run now, No. 9527?"

"Even if we try to run away, I'm afraid we can't escape from this big mouse..." No. 9527 answered helplessly.

It could only barely control Zen's body, far from being as flexible as Zen himself. It might be able to do it only if Zen allowed it to deprive his soul and totally occupy his body.

With no other options left, Zen and No. 9527 just stared at the big mouse quietly moving on the ground to where they were located.

But after walking a distance near his body's location, the big mouse abruptly turned its head and stared at the consummate True God called Jalen.

It turned around without warning and walked towards Jalen.

Seeing this, Zen and No. 9527 heaved a sigh of relief.

It was, after all, a creature without intelligence.

They silently watched as the big mouse dragged Jalen into the darkness. After making sure that it was safe to move, Zen finally quickened his pace.

Not long after, he quickly stepped on the altar.

No. 9527 unleashed its spiritual sense and looked around.

Except for the smoke, it did not sense anything unusual.

"What should we do now?" Zen asked.

"Take the Stone Mouse's corpse out," No. 9527 replied and instructed.

Zen did not have much information, and he could only rely on the mouse's corpse.

Every time the Stone Mouse was reincarnated, people used the dead body of its previous life to find the new one. The dead body should be the main key. They would probably find further information from it.

"But how can I take it now..." Zen felt perplexed and asked.

It would not be easy for him to take out the dead mouse from his space ring.

There was only Zen's soul mark on his space ring, so No. 9527 was not able to take it out.

After thinking for a while, No. 9527 raised Zen's right hand at his forehead and said, "Release your spiritual sense, and open the soul mark on your space ring..."

"Release my spiritual sense?"

Zen's six senses had been sealed off, and now he felt as if he had been locked up in a dark box. Without the help of No. 9527, he could not even tell direction.

He had no other choice but to give it a try.

Zen's soul emitted a burst of golden light.

Driven by the enormous soul pressure, his spiritual sense became abnormally powerful.

With his actions, he was actually breaking through the layer of restriction.

Buzz...

His soul constantly trembled as he forced his spiritual sense to rush out of his mind in order to communicate with his space ring.

He tried a couple of times but no matter how hard he tried, the space ring did not move at all.

It appeared that the restriction which was set by using the Hallucinatory Fragrance was exceptionally powerful. The restriction could even work for Zen and Leland who was a Demi-holy Being. Therefore, it was not something an ordinary True God could achieve.

"It's useless," Zen dejectedly resigned with a bitter smile.

"Try again," No. 9527 replied blandly.

Zen nodded, and his expression once again became extremely serious.

Buzz...

As the golden light around Zen's body became brighter, the invisible soul pressure spurted out of his mind.

"Emotion Closing Godly Way!"

He had no other choice but to perform the Emotion Closing Godly Way. This time, it was not used for a sword move, but to open his space ring.

Under his full strength, a wisp of soul pressure broke through the restriction!

Once the soul pressure had broken down the restriction, he instantly poured his spiritual sense into the space ring and tried to pull the Stone Mouse's corpse out of it!

Thump!

The Stone Mouse's corpse was flung on the altar violently.

Their attention turned and fixated their gaze on the dead mouse.

This corpse, as before, emitted a faint glow. However, it made no other movement.

"Looks like... it didn't work," Zen muttered.

"Not really. Look!" No. 9527 sent all the scenes it felt to Zen.

The Stone Mouse's corpse would not rot at all, because after all, it was a magical creature.

After the mouse's corpse landed on the altar, its soft hair started to fall off bit by bit. Its body gradually started to rot.

Then in the blink of an eye, the dead body had turned into a pile of bones.

The white bones immediately decayed as cracks appeared. Soon after, the bones finally turned into a pile of dust and sank into the altar.

The altar had then begun to rotate in a slow motion.

After it rotated for three and a half circles, a faint orange light straight away emerged from its center.

Swish! Swish...

At this moment, Zen suddenly felt that the restriction currently sealing his six senses disappeared.

He felt dizzy for a moment but he slowly felt that his senses of touch, smell and hearing were all back!

Just as his control on his body was back, the Stone Mouse on the altar also came back to life. Without any warning, it threw itself at him.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Hatred was evident filling its bean-sized eyes.

It aimed at Zen's cinnabar field.

Zen had once been bitten by a Stone Mouse when he just entered the divine land.

At that time, the Stone Mouse had successfully gotten into his body. But it had struggled being eroded to death by Zen's chaotic energy.

Even if the memories of its previous life flashed to mind, instead of learning from it, the Stone Mouse seemed to undergo and experience the same fate as soon as it had just been reincarnated.

Chapter 2717 Memory Flames

After its last revival, the Stone Mouse had been at the mid rank of the True God Realm.

Back then, even Master Evil couldn't be a match for it, and his body had been effortlessly destroyed by the powerful creature.

After another rebirth, the Stone Mouse's cultivation level descended once again, and it was now at the low rank of the True God Realm.

Another different thing was that Zen, who had been a proving godly warrior back then, was now a consummate True God.

As soon as the Stone Mouse approached him, Zen reached out in one swift motion and caught the mouse in his hand.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

The Stone Mouse struggled desperately in Zen's hand, its body rolling up and snapping at Zen's fingers.

One of the Stone Mouse's theurgies was that it could move freely through everything. Back then, Zen's body was already strong, but it still couldn't resist the mouse.

If Zen's finger was bitten by the Stone Mouse, it would be torn off without difficulty.

Of course, Zen would not allow such a thing to happen. There was no way he would risk any part of his body; not even a single finger.

He caught the mouse by its tail and shook it slightly. Before its mouth could reach his fingers, he swung it to the other direction, away from his flesh.

No matter how hard it struggled, it couldn't do anything but swing whichever way Zen wanted it to, like a puppet with strings attached to its limbs.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

After a few more attempts, the Stone Mouse finally gave up and started screeching in despair.

With its scream permeating the air and echoing off the invisible walls around them, seemingly a call for help, rustling sounds suddenly came from all directions in the darkness in response.

Countless green spots of light appeared from the haze of black, followed by the shadows of numerous huge mice.

"These big mice, strictly speaking, are not the same type of creature as you, right?" Zen asked with a knowing smile, looking at those huge mice.

Since the Stone Mouse was a one-of-a-kind true spirit, it was a unique existence and, naturally, it was impossible to have a companion of the same kind.

However, it seemed to at least have the power to summon these big mice.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

The huge mice, seemingly stupid at first, all started squeaking after they saw Zen at the altar.

Their eyes shone bright red when they saw the Stone Mouse in his hand.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

All mice were nimble and quick despite their large size. The speed at which they moved was nothing short of amazing, and it didn't take long for them to approach Zen.

Facing these huge mice, lightning flashed through Zen's eyes.

Crack!

A bolt of lightning sparked in front of him and hit the first mouse. It swiftly leaped to a nearby mouse, and then to another mouse.

In the blink of an eye, the lightning had leaped a hundred times through the group of mice, eliminating them one by one.

With no resistance to the power of lightning, the mice quivered and dropped dead.

Soon, over one hundred mice were lying on the ground, motionless, and the smell of burnt fur smothered Zen.

He slowly lifted the Stone Mouse and calmly said, "I know you have the memory of your previous life after every reincarnation. You are very intelligent, so you must understand what I'm saying. I only want to know who set the restriction here."

Dangling in the air, the Stone Mouse stared at Zen with its small eyes. It seemed that it didn't want to reply to him.

"Even if you don't tell me, I know it must be Gregorio," Zen continued in a collected voice. "Those who got you before him were not able to set such a powerful restriction. As for those after him... I think they must have been eaten by the huge mice. The problem is, who has Gregorio been incarnated as?"

Zen guessed that there were people who had obtained the Stone Mouse before Gregorio in the past.

But they failed to know about the secret of reincarnation, at least not at Gregorio's level.

As for those who got the Stone Mouse after Gregorio, they must've all been eaten up by those huge mice, just like Jalen and others.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! The Stone Mouse kept squeaking, as if it was unable to communicate with Zen at all.

Zen looked into its small eyes and sneered. "Playing dumb? Okay."

He laid it on the altar and pressed on it. "It seems that as long as your corpse is thrown on the altar, you will be reincarnated immediately, and I don't need to wait for a long time. Am I right? Do you want me to try this theory again?" he threatened.

After speaking, he pressed one finger on its tail, summoning lightning arcs on his other hand at the same time.

The lightning arcs contained his power of consummate Thunderstorm Godly Way, which meant they were extremely powerful and almost invincible.

The Stone Mouse's eyes widened in fear when it sensed its destructive power.

Zen's guess was correct.

If it died on the altar, it could be reincarnated immediately.

The Stone Mouse was an immortal creature as long as it was within the divine land. It was a very special existence!

But even if it could be reincarnated infinitely, it would hate to taste the feeling of being killed again and again! The agony of dying surely wasn't something it would like to experience repeatedly.

"Stop! This is the Reincarnation Land! Up until now, there are only four people who have been reincarnated successfully in the divine land. You can check it yourself. Why do you have to torture me like this?" the Stone Mouse suddenly answered in a sharp voice.

Its eyes were full of contempt, having to heed Zen's warning against its will.

But although its voice was harsh and strange, Zen understood all of its words.

"Four people have been reincarnated successfully?" Zen repeated, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, sir." the Stone Mouse said, sighing in resignation.

"Take me there," Zen ordered.

Reluctant as it was, the Stone Mouse had no other choice but to obey Zen's words.

It didn't expect that Zen would be able to get rid of the restriction set by Gregorio, let alone massacre the huge mice that came to its rescue.

If this place was not discovered by Zen by accident, it would have waited here quietly for its master. The man had promised that he would definitely find it again!

There was not only one way to enter the Reincarnation Land, as the Abyss Demon Region was another way, albeit a treacherous path to take.

But despite its difficulty and danger, the Stone Mouse firmly believed that its master would definitely find it again one day!

With the mouse's guidance, Zen left the altar and walked into the darkness.

After he advanced several thousand feet, a row of low stairs appeared in front of him. He slowly climbed up the steps, and after two to three hundred steps, he felt a powerful aura emanating ahead.

The aura was quite similar to that of a soul, yet Zen knew it was impossible for one's soul to be so powerful.

"What's on the steps?" Zen asked curiously.

"You'll know it when you reach the end," the Stone Mouse said.

It didn't take long for Zen to finally get to the top of the stairs. As he looked down, he saw millions of orbs floating in the void in front of him. His eyes shone with wonder. The orbs created a huge ocean of light.

Even the stars all over the sky paled in comparison to this magnificent sight before him.

"What is this?" Zen asked with his mouth slightly open, taken aback by the sheer beauty of the lights.

"They are Memory Flames," No. 9527 explained to him before Zen could force the mouse to answer. "The first condition for reincarnation is to get your Memory Flame. The Stone Mouse is technically the manager here, the one that makes sure everything is as it should be. This is why even though it died, its cultivation and memory would never disappear.

Anyone who wants to be reincarnated needs its help to find their Memory Flames."

Chapter 2718 Reading Memories

Every living being throughout the entire divine land would eventually produce a Memory Flame.

For centuries and centuries, countless living beings had been born into the divine land.

Thus, the quantity of Memory Flames was absolutely unimaginable.

There were so many in fact, that they formed an ocean of flames, floating in front of Zen.

As soon as No. 9527 had finished explaining, a Memory Flame drifted towards Zen.

"Is a Memory Flame equivalent to a soul?" Zen asked curiously.

The theory of reincarnation was very mysterious and unheard of. Zen, on his behalf, was naturally very interested in knowing more.

According to his current understanding, a reincarnation was the rebirth of one's soul, and that was why the memory of the previous life remained.

"No," No. 9527 stated. "Your soul is only your memory's carrier. The Memory Flame is unique proof of a living being, which records a creature's entire life."

"The soul would only be the carrier?" Zen mumbled his question, deeply lost in his thoughts.

Another Memory Flame, a purple one this time, hovered over to Zen. He stretched out his hand and touched it gently with his fingertips.

The Memory Flame had no tactile impression. His fingers brushed up against nothingness, as if it were just a weak spot of light.

As he touched the Memory Flame, a strange feeling quickly spread from Zen's finger, all the way up to his mind.

Buzz!

In a split second, his mind was pulled into the Memory Flame and lost within.

Countless pictures suddenly flashed in Zen's mind one after the next, like a speeding slide show.

It was actually a child's memory being displayed!

The child was born into the Lie Clan.

Three thousand Lie Clan children were sent to cultivate under a Godly Way Tablet, and this child was amongst them.

The child's name was Rohan, and he was only four years old back when he was sent for cultivation. However, his talent in the Elementary Fire Godly Way field was unparalleled. Clearly, age wasn't a factor, at least not in this case.

At the tender and young age of four, he had already become a proving godly warrior and was capable of obtaining the qualification for cultivating under the Elementary Fire Godly Way Tablet.

Needless to say, this child was considered a Lie Clan treasure. He was very precious.

"In one thousand years no less, our clan will definitely be welcoming a new Demi-holy Being!"

"Our clan should recommend him to the Fang Clan and give him permission to cultivate on the Floating Island!"

"Perhaps, with Rohan's help, of course, we'll be crowned as one of the more powerful clans on the Floating Islands!"

The Lie Clan elders had high hopes for Rohan's future. And they had every reason to have such aspirations.

Numerous pictures in the Memory Flame continued flashing in Zen's mind.

Zen could understand all kinds of different emotions felt by this child throughout his lifetime, from his pride to fear, sorrow to happiness...

And even the child's comprehension of the Elementary Fire Godly Way!

"Such a comprehension is incredibly helpful when it comes to cultivation," Zen muttered to himself, as his heart skipped a beat.

A warrior's cultivation was based on constant, deliberate comprehension. The Memory Flame had recorded Rohan's unique perception of the Elementary Fire Godly Way. Feeling it all in this way, through his entire body, was almost equal to cultivating the Godly Way by oneself!

In fact, the effect was even better than most people's self-cultivation!

After all, it was safe to say that the majority of the warriors in the divine land were mediocre. Only very few talents like Rohan existed here.

Although this kind of experience wasn't necessarily of much use to Zen, to other True Gods, it was simply a source of unimaginable cultivation resources.

If it were possible for anyone else to come here and regularly read the Memory Flames in order to inherit experience about cultivation through memories, their cultivation base would improve greatly with half the effort.

Every single Memory Flame contained a warrior's complete and rich experience about cultivation. This place was completely loaded with Memory Flames!

If one could make full use of the Memory Flames, their cultivation speed would improve to a never-before-seen level, their powers horribly strong. A proving godly warrior might even be capable of becoming a top rank True God or even attaining the consummation of True God Realm in a short time.

"The Elementary Fire Godly Way," Zen said at once. "The crux is the fire's flexibility. Everyone and anyone who cultivates this Godly Way should remain calm and concentrated..." he continued.

Just as Zen was trying to pry deeper into Rohan's cultivation memory, the continuous images from the child's memory suddenly stopped without warning!

The very last image that Zen saw was a white saber cutting Rohan's neck.

"Dad, I've been murdered by... My uncle!" This was the last message Rohan had sent out using his soul power before he died and these were the very last words Zen heard Rohan speak.

Buzz!

When Zen was finished reading the child's memories, Rohan's Memory Flame slowly drifted away, bobbing up and down into the distance.

He sighed in pity as he stared at the Memory Flame. He just couldn't take his eyes off it.

Rohan was obviously a great talent, one of a kind even. He had died so young though, he wasn't even ten.

The little boy had been savagely murdered by his uncle, which was the result of the Lie Clan disputes.

From the Memory Flame however, Zen didn't feel any resentment coming from the child. After all, Rohan was only a gifted and innocent child. Despite being killed by his own uncle, the little boy didn't appear resentful.

Zen couldn't help but wonder what had happened to the Lie Clan after such a passing.

What Zen didn't know was that the Lie Clan actually used to be a first-tier clan with a strong population in the northern part of the divine land. That, however, didn't last.

Certain warriors would even say that the Lie Clan was only inferior to the largest clans of the Floating Islands.

The Lie Clan had two Demi-holy Beings guarding them, and at the time, it might have been one of the most powerful clans, with the possibility of owning a Floating Island in the more recent divine eras.

Rohan's tragedy had triggered a series of strife in the clan instead, sending them spindling down a different turn of events.

Their clan leader had been assassinated, and all clan members of one main branch had equally been killed. In the end, both Demi-holy Beings ended up fighting against each other, raising hell. Both of them were wounded greatly in the battle and still hadn't regained their full strength back.

Slowly but surely, Rohan's Memory Flame drifted further and further away from Zen.

Zen stuck out his finger in order to touch another Memory Flame.

Buzz!

Zen knew what to expect this time around. The second his finger connected with the flame, his mind was immediately absorbed whole.

This Memory Flame belonged to a divine citizen in a remote mountain village. There wasn't anything special to be discovered in this person's memory.

This divine citizen had never left the mountain he called home in his entire life. He hadn't even entered a divine City. Ultimately, he found himself involved in a war among the clans and died.

Zen was highly concentrated on reading the memories. He wasn't paying attention to anything else going on around him.

As his mind was lost in yet another Memory Flame, a cunning glint hastily flashed in the Stone Mouse's eyes.

The Stone Mouse looked off into the distance.

Different people's Memory Flames were divided into different levels.

The longer a person lived, the more they remembered, and thus, the brighter their Memory Flames would be.

A few True Gods lived for dozens of divine eras, and their memories were countless times larger than those of an ordinary warrior. Such a True God had lived and experienced so much more.

Beneath the Stone Mouse's control, certain bright Memory Flames out in the ocean of countless light spots slowly moved toward Zen!

Zen, of course, didn't take any notice because he was still reading the Memory Flames surrounding him.

Generally speaking, most people's memories were very boring and had no interest to him whatsoever.

After all, the majority of the people living in the divine land were ordinary divine citizens. They had led an ordinary and peaceful life, and had never practiced cultivation at all. What they wanted, and what they had obtained, was a stable and carefree life.

Without the Godly Ways' power, they had no infinite longevity. After their lifespans reached their ends, they quietly died in a corner of the divine land without saying a word or bothering anyone.

"This Memory Flame's owner died in the Soul Wilderness!" Zen stated to himself in surprise.

The Memory Flame that he inadvertently fell upon was from a consummate True God of the Mu Clan.

This man had explored the Soul Wilderness a whole fifteen divine eras ago. Back then, Estelle hadn't controlled the Soul Wilderness yet.

The man eventually died in a fierce competition within the forbidden land.

The moment Zen snapped out from the Memory Flame, the Stone Mouse's eyes were quick to gleam with cunningness.

At the same time, No. 9527's consciousness sent him a message, "Zen! Watch out!"

In the ocean of Memory Flames, countless bright Memory Flames were gathered into a river. Out of nowhere, the river flow began to speed up and it was headed directly for Zen!

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2719 Kill It

The Memory Flames surrounded Zen on all sides. They were, however, essentially harmless. They were disembodied entities, but they were not souls. They were the engravings, the marks that etched themselves onto souls to record one's life.

Zen knew he didn't need to take any precautions against these intangible entities.

However, every Memory Flame contained a countless number of memories, and memories were powerful things.

These particular Memory Flames moved like waves, and were chosen personally by the Stone Mouse.

When the Memory Flames washed towards Zen, all the memories they contained entered his soul at once.

In the span of less than a second, dozens of images flooded his soul and his mind, all at the same time.

Desire, power, medicine refinement, remote mountains, the sky...

All kinds of scenes, involving work, daily life, thoughts and feelings, were surging through his soul wildly.

Zen's soul was unable to absorb all of these memories in such a short time, and he felt like his head was about to explode.

The surface of his soul had already started to crack.

If another person had been overwhelmed like this by the Memory Flames, their soul would have broken down very quickly.

As Zen was being attacked by the Memory Flames, the Stone Mouse left and rushed down the steps.

"How careless of you..." whispered No. 9527 in Zen's mind.

As much as it wanted to leave Zen to his own devices, the situation was dire and No. 9527 had no choice but to manipulate Zen again.

Then, under No. 9527's control, Zen kicked his legs violently and his whole body rolled backwards.

"Bang, bang, Bang..."

He rolled until he reached the steps, and then proceeded to tumble down them.

The Memory Flames that had rushed towards Zen couldn't reach the steps. They continued to circle just above the steps before slowly returning to the sea of Memory Flame.

Zen, meanwhile, having tumbled all the way downwards, rolled to a stop at the foot of the stairs.

For a moment, he kept still, lying on the ground and staring blankly at the ceiling as the massive torrent of memories continued to flash across his mind.

"Zen, are you okay?" No. 9527 shouted anxiously.

As the minutes went by, Zen gradually regained his normal senses.

"I'm ok. It's nothing. But it was so dangerous just now. I was complacent, again."

Zen's face betrayed his shaken state. He had not expected the Memory Flames to have so much power.

"That damn mouse..."

Zen immediately stood up and rose into the air. Floating in mid-air, he stretched out his hand and gave it a flick.

A small fire ball rolled right out of his outstretched palm.

The little fireball was flung into the air, and as it flew, it burned like a comet, growing larger and larger as it hurtled through space.

"Splash!"

As it continued to burn and gather speed, the fireball turned blue, emitting heat and light so intense. It made the darkness around them bright as day.

Now that the region was bathed in light, they could see that they were standing amidst the ruins of a palace.

Pillars, arches, and the remains of a mote surrounded them. In front of them stood a crumbling old staircase leading to what used to be three altars.

The altar in the middle, the largest of the three, must have been the place where the Stone Mouse had been reincarnated. A level above the three altars was a huge metal door.

On either side of it stood a statue with three heads and six arms. It was a statue that Zen was very familiar with.

"Isn't that Chiyou's statue?" Zen rolled his eyes in surprise. He knew perfectly well what the statue was.

However, Zen had more urgent problems to deal with than stare at a door. He had to find that irksome mouse first.

Now, the Stone Mouse only had the strength of a low-rank True God. A being with that level of strength like the Stone Mouse could run away when Zen was attacked by the Memory Flames. However, it wouldn't get far.

Zen's gaze swept the area, and surely, he located the figure of the Stone Mouse, scurrying away hastily, not far away from where he stood.

"Crack!"

Zen flapped the wings on his back and rose into the air. Before long, he had caught up with the fleeing Stone Mouse.

Seeing that Zen was pursuing it, the Stone Mouse rolled on the ground, its eyes turning bright red. A mirage formed above the mouse, which then rushed towards Zen like a ghost.

This illusion was a secret method used to control one's soul.

Zen already had experience with this particular weapon. While following Leland and his group, Zen had been hit by it after having been too careless.

But now, Zen would not let down his guard, not for a second. Even if the Stone Mouse used the Hallucinatory Fragrance to attack him, it would be a vain effort.

"Hoo!"

Zen dodged the illusion with ease, and flicked his finger as he did so.

"Crack!"

He raised a thunder whip and lashed at the Stone Mouse.

The immense power of the thunder whip blasted the Stone Mouse straight up into the air!

"Squeak, squeak, squeak... Please don't kill me..." pleaded the Stone Mouse in a strange voice.

Zen, however, disregarded these pleas. He did not hesitate, maintaining his assault. He knew how manipulative this little creature could be.

"Clap!"

"Clap!"

"Clap!"

Zen didn't stop until he had given the mouse over a dozen lashes.

The Stone Mouse's body had turned black after having being hit by the thunder and lightning. The air was heavy with the stench of singed hair and flesh.

Zen walked over to the Stone Mouse and poked it. Obviously dead, it did not respond. Then, Zen picked up the corpse of the Stone Mouse, walked determinedly to the altar and slammed the mouse onto it.

"Buzz..."

Just like the last time, the dead body of the Stone Mouse immediately decayed, as if time had been sped up. The ashes spread across the surface and dissolved into the altar.

However, after a few seconds, a wind stirred the surface of the altar, and lifted the ashes into the air. Soon, like a phoenix, the Stone Mouse was reborn.

Zen had guessed right.

In theory, the Stone Mouse was essentially immortal.

However, after each resurrection, the mouse's cultivation base seemed to fall a little. Now, it was the same level as a proving godly warrior's cultivation base.

"Squeak! Don't kill me!" begged the mouse again.

Realizing what Zen intended to do, it resorted to begging for mercy.

Zen pointed his finger at the Stone Mouse. "I am not interested in killing you. But you leave me no choice! Every time we meet, you try to kill me!"

The Stone Mouse had already fooled him once with the illusion in the past. Zen wouldn't allow that to happen again.

If it weren't for No. 9527, Zen could have been torn apart by those big mice.

The Stone Mouse had also manipulated those Memory Flames, which had nearly made Zen's soul collapse. Zen knew he couldn't trust anything it said.

Zen didn't care if he had to kill this mouse a hundred times over.

Now, however, seeing the cold determination in Zen's eyes, the Stone Mouse suddenly became meek and deferential. It squeaked sheepishly for a while and then looked at Zen with big, pleading eyes. "I was just following my master's orders! He wants to control the entire Reincarnation Land and won't stand for anyone else to occupy it!"

"Isn't your master Gregorio?" Zen asked.

"Yes! I must warn you that you will never be able to kill me!" squeaked the mouse shakily. "My master will come back soon! You will be the one who is dead by then. I will even erase your Memory Flame, so that you can never be reincarnated!" The Stone Mouse spoke as if it were trying to convince itself of being in control more than it was trying to threaten Zen.

Zen could see right through the mouse's pretense. He smiled. "And what if I manage to take control of the Reincarnation Land?" scoffed Zen condescendingly.

"Squeak... You?" the Stone Mouse said with a disbelieving sneer. "Even my master is not qualified, let alone you!" it exclaimed, its voice becoming more high-pitched with every word.

Zen was suddenly curious. "What qualifications do I need?" he asked, frowning.

"The Reincarnation Land was established specially for the Nine Li race to be reincarnated. If you want to control this place, the blood of the Nine Li race must flow through your veins!" the Stone Mouse answered desperately.

Hearing this, Zen was slightly stunned, but a small, triumphant smile lifted the edges of his lips.

At the same time, No. 9527 spoke, "It's almost the same as what I guessed. The divine land was opened by Chiyou, so he naturally wanted to use it for the reincarnation of his people. But at some point, something must have gone wrong. That must be why Gregorio has owned the Stone Mouse. This little mouse does not serve the Nine Li race. It also acknowledges Gregorio as its owner and follows him loyally of its own will."

"You might be right..." Zen said to No. 9527 in agreement, his mind immersed deep in thought.

Chapter 2720 Nine Statues

Zen glanced at the two altars beside him, then he looked at the Stone Mouse and asked, "Why is there nothing on those two altars?"

The Stone Mouse squeaked and replied, "The Jade Scale Butterfly and the Flame Blood Vulture are supposed to be on the two altars. They have the same mission as me, but they have never been reincarnated in all these years."

"Flame Blood Vulture..."

Zen had come across this name when he had read through the ancient books on the Floating Island of the Han clan.

But the record in the ancient books about the Flame Blood Vulture was not very clear. It only mentioned that the Flaming Blood Vulture was something that had appeared in the extremely ancient remote ages.

As for the Jade Scale Butterfly, he had never heard of it!

The Stone Mouse had to have its corpse thrown back on the altar if it wanted to be reincarnated. It was very likely that these two unique true spirits had died in some corner of the divine land and no one had ever discovered them.

Zen glanced at the door again. "Does one have to enter that door to gain control over this Reincarnation Land?"

"That's right! Anyone who wants to rule this Reincarnation Land can only do so by entering that door first!" answered the Stone Mouse obediently.

Back then, the owner of the Stone Mouse had entered the door, but he had not been acknowledged. It was not because he was not strong enough, but because of the problem of the bloodline.

But in Zen's case, the Stone Mouse actually wanted him to enter. If he could be killed inside, it would be perfect!

"In that case, please get some rest first," Zen said faintly.

"Rest?" The Stone Mouse was stunned by his suggestion.

Just as it was recovering from the shock, Zen lightly patted its head wickedly.

The Stone Mouse's cultivation was equal to that of a proving godly warrior. How could it resist Zen at all?

A stream of power poured into the Stone Mouse's head and it exploded immediately. It was dead again.

Zen didn't throw its corpse back to the altar this time, but put it in his space ring.

The Stone Mouse was still very loyal to Gregorio, so Zen would be uneasy if he just left it outside. No one knew what kind of trouble it would make if it was left unsupervised.

After trapping the Stone Mouse in his ring, Zen walked past the three altars and headed straight for the huge door.

Upon reaching the top of the stairs, Zen flicked his finger.

A fire ball was produced, which shot into the air and exploded again.

Boom!

The enormous door was illuminated as bright as the sun under the light of the explosion.

"What a mammoth door!" exclaimed Zen as he looked up at it.

He had noticed from afar that the door was huge, but it was only after he got close did he discover just how high it really was. It was unlike anything he had ever imagined.

It was over a hundred thousand feet high from the ground—tall enough for a mighty mountain to be stuffed within it!

Zen placed his hands on the huge door and took a momentary pause to prepare himself. Then he began to slowly activate his strength!

"Break open!"

His physical strength was unleashed and it circulated and gushed forth into Zen's hands, transferring over to the huge door.

When he pushed the door with all his might, the sculpture with three heads and six arms on the gate began to glow.

Chiyou's lifelike eyes shone with a deep red luster, as if two gems were embedded in his sockets.

However, the door remained motionless!

"The door is so heavy!" Zen's eyes narrowed.

Zen's physical strength was more powerful than that of an ordinary consummate True God, or about the same as that of a Demi-Holy Being. But even so he was still unable to push the door open.

"Strength source!"

His eyes flashed, and the power in his inner world surged and coursed through his veins.

"Open!"

With a dull roar, a ginormous force was released from his arms.

On the door, the red light that was emitting from Chioyou's eyes became brighter, but the obstinate door still did not budge!

"That's so weird!" Zen was staring at the door with his eyes wide open in disbelief.

The strength source in his inner world, coupled with his physical strength, would make his overall strength on par with that of a Holy Being.

Gregorio had been able to push this door open back then, so there was no reason for Zen to fail. Naturally, he couldn't figure out why it was so difficult for him.

"If my guess is correct, Chiyou's eyes on this door should be the Limit Stone. So it doesn't need too much power to push it away," No. 9527 suddenly said.

"Limit Stone? What do you mean?" Zen asked.

No. 9527 smiled and said, "The Limit Stone is just a small trick to detect your maximum strength. It needs you to exert your strength to its maximum limit. Even if your strength is not too great, you can still push open the door. The purpose of the giant door is not to block you outside, but merely to observe your maximum power."

"Really?" Zen had a skeptic expression.

He did feel the pair of eyes watching him closely when he pushed the door. Could it be true? Did the Limit Stone really have such an ability?

Clearly, some things in the Source World were truly beyond Zen's imagination.

Zen didn't waste any more time pondering over it.

He softly whispered, "Grow!"

Swish swash!

Zen's figure began to increase!

Back when the Nine Li race left the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, they had distributed the wild bones in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower.

Leaving a part of the wild bones for the Nine Li people in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower to use, the remaining, which was a sizable chunk, was distributed to those who left.

Zen had also obtained a considerable number of wild bones during the distribution.

After he returned to the divine land, Zen would absorb the wild bones whenever he had time, and his cultivation at the level of Wild God was also slowly increasing.

In the blink of an eye, Zen's figure had soared up to sixty thousand feet high!

Although this gate was over a hundred thousand feet high, it looked almost the same with Zen in terms of size...

Thump! Thump!

Zen pounded on the door with his two huge hands, one left and one right.

The turbulent force thrust forward as he unleashed all his strength!

In addition to the Wild God Power, the force in his inner world was also activated at the same time.

Zen had gone all out for it; he had pushed all his strength to the limit!

"Open!"

Zen shouted exhaling heavily.

However, his roar was like a clap of thunder which spread quickly across the world.

This roar had even stirred up the Memory Flames in the distance. The originally calm Memory Flames began to float in the sea.

At this moment, the red light in Chiyou's eyes vanished.

And then it flashed again. This time it started emitting a dark green luster.

Click!

The gears shifted and a jarring sound rang out, followed by

a rumble!

The two gates began to open inwards with a groan.

When the door opened just a crack, Zen stopped pushing.

He shoved the door a smidge just enough to get in, so there was no need to open the door fully.

The slit in the entryway was now over one hundred feet wide. His Wild God Body was too large to enter but after returning to his normal size, it would be wide enough for him to get in.

Swish!

After Zen withdrew the Wild God Power, he slipped in through the crack.

When he walked in the door, a billowing cloud of dust rose up instantly, obstructing his vision.

As the door had been closed for too long, a thick layer of dust had settled everywhere.

"Spiritual wind! Blow!"

Zen spat gently, looking at the blanket of dust.

His breath turned into a hurricane that flew past the world inside the door. All the dust inside was quickly swept away.

As the dust dissipated, nine colossal statues slowly appeared in front of Zen.

Chapter 2721 Contaminated Blood

The first statue took Chiyou's shape.

Zen was very well familiar with it since he had witnessed the same occurrence a couple of times. But it was the first time he had seen the other eight statues.

The eight statues differed in shape.

For instance, the second statue's head was like a bull's. A pair of horns almost took up half of its head. On its back was a double headed axe, making its appearance look fearless.

The third statue's head was like an eagle's. It had wings on its back and a pair of three-pronged spears on its hands.

The fourth statue...

"These eight people's statues are listed beside Chiyou's. Are they the leaders of the nine tribes of the Nine Li race?" Zen muttered and questioned.

The Nine Li race had nine tribes, hence its name. Chiyou was the head of nine tribes, so he was called the Grand Chieftain.

"Yes, you are right," No. 9527 replied.

Zen's eyes flashed as he heard this answer. "How do you know that?"

"Of course I know. My master was very observant in the Source World. After all, the Nine Li race was well-known. How could I not know? But you, Chiyou's descendant, know nothing." No. 9527 laughed.

Zen felt a little embarrassed. Since he didn't grow up in the Source World, he rarely knew anything about it.

"Look at that guy who looks like a bull. His name is Harvey Li. The bull head is not his original appearance, but just a mask. He is so powerful and reckless that he doesn't listen to anybody except Chiyou. The one who looks like an eagle is called Ambrose Li, and the following ones are..."

Zen silently memorized the names of the eight people in his heart as he listened to all the information being said. After thinking for a moment, he asked, "But why are the leaders of the Nine Li tribes here?"

"I don't know. I am a wisp of my master's soul, not Chiyou's. I can't have a full guess of what is in his mind," No. 9527 responded.

Hearing its response, Zen smiled.

No. 9527 had been following Zen for a short time. It appeared to be dull at the very beginning, but the current it already learned and had gained its own personality.

The nine statues were lined up in a row, and right in the middle was a dark passage.

Zen took a step and moved along the passage. Just as he passed Chiyou's statue, the entire hall started to vibrate.

"Rumble..."

The eyes on the statues had suddenly begun to glow.

Faint yellow small balls appeared at the same time above the statues' heads. They were rotating flexibly, emitting great power.

The formidable power was spread and he was instantly enveloped by it. His face showed a vigilant look and he took two steps back.

Just as he was forced to move back, he noticed a human shaped gray shadow that appeared in the center of the hall.

It stood upright in the center as its neck, which was formed by the gray shadow, quickly stretched out until it reached him. As soon as it was right in front of him, a dry voice rang out from the depths of the hall.

"Whoever enters the Reincarnation Hall can choose one of the secret theurgies before leaving."

Zen stared at the grey human figure in front of him and asked, "Who are you?"

"I... I'm the soul guarding the Reincarnation Hall," the shadow responded.

"I see..." Zen went silent and thought for a while.

"It's almost the same as those weapon spirits," No. 9527 explained. "It can be considered as a soul, the same as the weapon spirits. It has been living for a long time, so it is quite difficult to communicate with it."

The underlying meaning behind No.9527's words was that it itself was much more capable and stronger than this kind of soul.

Zen couldn't help but smile and asked, "What are the secret theurgies?"

"Look." The shadow's arm stretched out all the way to the top of the nine statues. Its finger pointed at the rotating small balls as it revealed, "These are the secret theurgies. They can be used once, and they will be triggered at critical moments."

They sounded like some magic weapons for life saving.

Zen's gaze swept past the small balls and found that there was no small ball on the seventh statue. "Why is the small ball on that statue gone?"

"It has been picked by someone," the soul answered back.

"Do you mean Gregorio Yue?" Zen asked to confirm his thought.

"Yes, he said his name was Gregorio Yue," the soul answered automatically.

'It seems that the Stone Mouse didn't lie to me about this, ' Zen thought in his mind, but his real target was more than that.

He didn't know what these secret theurgies were, but he had had many ways to save his life.

"What if I want to control the Reincarnation Land?" Zen bluntly asked.

The soul became silent for a few seconds after his straightforward question.

It took a while before the silence was broken as the entire hall began to shake again.

"Rumble..."

Something constantly surged on the ground, and a loud roar was heard from afar.

The floor, which was paved with thick cubic stones, unceasingly quaked. The cubic stones continued to rise and fall. The thing in the distance made a movement and in a flash moved in front of Zen.

It was a square container the size of a cubic stone on the ground.

At the edge of the delicate container was a groove where a golden red sharp knife was placed.

The knife was shining with sharp light. It simply signified that it was by no means an ordinary weapon.

"The Reincarnation Hall is an important place of the divine land. The person in charge needs to have the blood of the Nine Li race. If you want to try it, you need to have your blood tested," the soul spoke in a faint voice.

What the soul said had made Zen slightly raise his eyebrows.

Chiyou surely had made a well thought plan.

This place was in charge of and was responsible for the reincarnation secret of the entire divine land, so it couldn't be controlled by the outsiders.

Gregorio was the first person to get the Stone Mouse. He was eager to rule the Reincarnation Land, but was unfortunately stuck in the last step. He was not even from the Nine Li race, so he was doomed to fail.

The people from the Nine Li race had long perished in the divine land. Even if Gregorio was a Holy Being, it was difficult for him to find the blood of the Nine Li race.

Zen made up his mind and naturally wouldn't miss such a good chance. Without hesitation, he picked up the knife.

"Swish!"

The knife was so sharp that it could easily cut Zen's finger even if his body was firm.

"Tinkle!"

A drop of golden blood dropped into the container and kept rolling at the bottom.

It rolled for a long time before it dispersed and disappeared at the bottom of the container.

For a short while, there was a pause.

The soul spoke, "You are a member of our Nine Li race, but your blood has been contaminated."

Hearing this, Zen frowned. "How could my blood be contaminated?"

Back in the universe, Zen's blood had been replaced by a golden one. But despite the blood transfusion, his blood was still pure. As the soul of the hall mentioned that his blood had been tainted, he felt dejected. Why?

"It's because my master's blood has blended with yours," No. 9527 reminded.

A sudden realization came to mind as he remembered that in the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, his body was injected with the blood of the Chaos Ancient God. It was during the time when he activated the Blood Wild Body.

It all made sense. The blood in his body now was not pure.

Chapter 2722 Crow

Zen stared at the soul of the hall and continued his questions, "Will my tainted blood still be qualified to control the Incarnation Hall?"

"Yes," the soul replied. "If you pass the test, you are still qualified to control the Reincarnation Hall, but you cannot use the Reincarnation Soul Weapon."

"The Reincarnation Soul Weapon?" Zen asked, his gaze narrowing. "What is it used for?"

"The Reincarnation Soul Weapon can wake the Memory Flame of any creature in all their lives," the soul answered.

"Wake the Memory Flame? What do you mean?"

Zen was confused at the soul's words and couldn't make head nor tail of them.

"Yes. It can wake the Memory Flame of any creature in all their lives," it repeated.

But Zen was still at a loss. No. 9527 spoke up, "I see. The divine land has used the rule of endless reincarnation. It looks like Chiyou has placed great hopes on the divine land."

"Endless reincarnation? What's this?" Zen said, surprised yet again. He was realizing that he had encountered an alien domain of knowledge.

"When one creates a world, there are two kinds of reincarnation rules. The first is the one-time reincarnation rule, under which one can only inherit the memories of the previous life, and each living creature has only one chance of reincarnation," No. 9527 continued to explain. "After this chance of reincarnation is used, the Memory Flame will disappear completely."

"What about endless reincarnation?" Zen asked.

"Under the rule of endless reincarnation, a Memory Flame is born every time one dies. All creatures can retrieve the Memory Flame of any of their previous lives," No. 9527 said, smiling faintly. "So in theory, creatures who are qualified to have the endless reincarnation will never die."

"Really?" Zen said, surprised.

"Of course," No. 9527 said. "The rule of endless reincarnation applies to any perfect worlds that the powerful masters have built in the Source World."

Once the most powerful extraordinary creatures had created grand worlds in the chaos, they would then continuously select talents in the grand worlds.

Many geniuses with powerful talents would probably die before they were fully grown.

However, with endless reincarnation, the talents that died could be reincarnated for unlimited times. Every reincarnation was a process of accumulating, a very complicated system behind it. Every death was a process of cultivation and with the accumulation of numerous reincarnations, these talents would eventually stand out one day.

The benefits of endless reincarnation were pretty obvious.

But it was not easy to build a perfect world with endless reincarnation. Many powerful masters had tried and failed.

And it hadn't been easy for Chiyou to have achieved this in the divine land.

"So you mean to say that all the dead people in the divine land can retrieve their Memory Flames? And... The Nine Li race is no exception?" Zen's body began to tremble.

Zen did not know the tens of thousands of Nine Li people who had died, but they still belonged to the same race as him. If he could revive them...

"Theoretically speaking, yes," No. 9527 answered. "But according to the soul of the hall, the key seems to be the 'Reincarnation Soul Weapon'. And you, who have an impure bloodline, cannot use the soul weapon."

Pure bloodline!

The only person Zen knew who had pure Nine Li blood was his mother.

If he retrieved the soul weapon and gave it to his mother, then they could revive all the Nine Li members!

At this thought, Zen became even more excited.

He hadn't expected a mere Stone Mouse to lead to so many things.

Excited as he was, Zen asked, "What kind of reincarnation rule does the Source World follow?"

"The Source World?" No. 9527 smiled. "The rule the Source World follows is the same as that of the chaos. No one can break that cold rigid rule. When one's soul is destroyed, their memory will also disappear. And no one can be reincarnated in this truth. If one dies, then they die eternally!"

Zen nodded silently. He had finally begun to figure out the so-called reincarnation mystery.

The reincarnation was not as complicated as Zen had thought it to be.

It was only that all the memories one had saved from birth till death would be copied by the divine land, which then became the Memory Flame.

Once a living creature died, if the Memory Flame returned to the soul of a certain creature, it would be considered a successful case of reincarnation.

Chiyou had created a perfect Reincarnation Land, but it had not been used by the Nine Li race.

Or it could also be that the Yellow Emperor Guards had launched an all-out attack on the divine land before the Nine Li race could find this place, causing the Nine Li race to lose any chance of reincarnation.

If one Nine Li member with a pure bloodline controlled the Reincarnation Soul Weapon, all the members of the Nine Li race could be reincarnated successfully.

Zen and No. 9527 were communicating with each other through their consciousness. The hall soul had been waiting for a long time by now.

"Are you going to take the test, young man?" The voice of the hall soul sounded again. There was no trace of impatience in the voice.

Zen's eyes flashed. "Yes! Of course!"

"Very well. Follow me." The hall soul turned around and walked away. Its figure floated in the air like smoke.

Zen also floated up and followed closely behind the soul.

Zen and the hall soul passed the huge statues, and finally reached the end of the Reincarnation Hall.

There stood a grey wall, underneath which was a golden bronze door. The door opened automatically when Zen walked towards it.

"Get in, young man. And let me remind you. This is a cruel test and you may die as you undergo it. But according to the rules, I will give you a chance to be reincarnated," the hall soul said.

Zen nodded, smiling.

He didn't want to be reincarnated, which meant that he would have to start everything all over again.

According to No. 9527, the Memory Flame worked to record a creature's past in the divine land.

If that was the case, the Memory Flame that belonged to him might only record his memories in the divine land, and every other memory he had in the universe would probably be wiped out.

But no matter what would happen, he was determined to take the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

Zen stepped inside the golden bronze door without hesitation.

It was dark inside.

"Bang!"

Once the bronze door had closed behind him, a beam of light appeared in the distance, like dawn on the horizon, rising quickly.

The entire place lit up in the blink of an eye, accompanied by a thunderous sound that shook the ground.

"I had wanted to leave a wisp of soul in the divine land to protect my people, but the Yellow Emperor is skilled in tracing souls. It's easy for him to locate the divine land through my soul. So I gave up that idea. In this test, I will represent myself as a Magical Crow. So if you happen to chance upon a Magical Crow, know that it's me!"

Zen looked in the direction from which the voice had sounded, a strange expression taking its place on his face. The voice was coming from a crow with curly fur.

Chapter 2723 The Test

"Quack! Quack!"

The Magical Crow croaked as it stood on a golden branch. Noticing Zen's gaze, it said, "Don't you hear me? I represent the Grand Chieftain. As a member of the Nine Li race, you should kneel down to show your respect!"

Zen's eyebrows creased as he asked, "Even a member of imperial lineage has to kneel?"

"You have imperial-grade bloodline?"

The Magical Crow was taken aback by Zen's words. It suddenly let out a weird scream and fell down from the golden branch.

It flapped its wings and flew back to the branch. After staring at Zen for a long time, it pecked at the branch.

"Boom!"

A cubic stone carrying a container on it rose from the branch.

It appeared that it was the vessel used to test Zen's blood just now.

"You really have the imperial-grade bloodline. Has the Nine Li race reduced to such a point? Is it necessary for the royal family to personally control the reincarnation? Besides, you keep me waiting too long, don't you?" The Magical Crow continued to flutter its wings while crying out in surprise.

It seemed that it had been locked up here for too long a time.

In other words, it had never left since Chiyou placed it here.

Just like the hall soul, it had been waiting for someone from the Nine Li race to rule the Reincarnation Hall. However, the time it took for them to wait had already been too long.

"All the Nine Li people in the divine land have been killed," Zen revealed in response.

"All of them have been killed? It's impossible!"

The Magical Crow fluttered its black wings and let out a strange scream. Its expression showed a look of disbelief.

"That's true. They were killed by the Yellow Emperor Guards," Zen continued.

"How could this happen?" the Magical Crow mumbled. It constantly jumped up and down on the golden branch.

Zen at this time didn't bother to continue to talk to the bird, and asked directly, "Can we start the test now?"

"What's the hurry?" the Magical Crow complained.

It was already enjoying having its finger in every pie, but the current situation reminded it of its duty. It had to preside over the test.

Urged by Zen, it flew away from the golden branch and floated to the top of the space. Making a move, it spread its black wings and a string of golden light flashed down from the back of its wings.

The test had begun. At this point, the space inside the door was slowly changing into a different world.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Flags waved in the distance, and loud drums were heard being loudly struck.

One million generals and soldiers appeared and were standing side by side. Their eyes were looking at Zen as if they were facing a formidable enemy.

"Mortals?" Zen's eyes flashed.

The generals and soldiers were just mortals. Their number was indeed large but no matter how many they were, they were nothing to him as he considered them as ants.

Given Zen's strength, they were even weaker than ants.

Such a test was beyond his expectation.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

the generals shouted and gave the command.

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"

The war horns sounded.

The army of mortals marched and rushed towards Zen like raging waves on the sea.

Zen raised his hand gently when they were still a few miles away.

"Whoosh!"

A lightning bolt was shot out. The lightning flashed past the crowd four or five times, and the army of a million people had collapsed.

One against a million. He was sure outnumbered but it was certainly a piece of cake for him to defeat them.

He fought back with ease but he was still bothered in confusion.

According to the Magical Crow's words, the test had been personally organized by Chiyou. It couldn't be so simple.

Just as Zen was puzzled, faint dots of light appeared in the bodies of the one million mortals that had been struck to death by the lightning bolt.

"The Memory Flames?"

he muttered and recognized them at a glance.

Just as the Memory Flames left the bodies of the mortals who had been killed, their bodies also disappeared.

At this time, he was facing a million Memory Flames. It was the same number of people he had just killed.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The Memory Flames flocked towards Zen.

Seeing so many of them, he felt a little nervous. He had already encountered and had been attacked by Memory Flames outside the Reincarnation Hall.

The result of the fight wasn't good. They had almost destroyed his soul.

It happened in a flash that the Memory Flames totally engulfed Zen's brain and sank into his soul.

"These Memory Flames are not as powerful as I think."

He was not overpowered but he was actually absorbing them.

Although the number of Memory Flames was not small, their owners were only mortals.

The life spans of the mortals were limited. They only lived until they reached over thirty to fifty years of age, so they didn't have many memories. They were different from the True Gods in the divine land whose memories lasted several divine eras.

Even so, he was still in trouble. The Memory Flames still had inserted a lot of messy memories in his mind.

Zen shook his head and tried to forget the memories imparted on his brain.

"Quack! Quack!"

The Magical Crow in the sky cawed as it glanced at Zen and said, "The second wave!"

"Swish!"

With a wave of its wings, another ray of golden light fell.

The whole world changed for the second time.

A stretching and undulating mountain appeared in front of Zen. On the mountain stood ten thousand warriors at the Soul Sea Realm.

"Ten thousand warriors at the Soul Sea Realm?" He grasped the current situation as he prepared for another fight.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

All of the Soul Sea Realm cultivators soared in the air and swooped down from the mountain.

They had already been able to create their Soul Seas, and their strength had already undergone a qualitative leap.

The strength of ten thousand powerful warriors at the Soul Sea Realm couldn't be easily underestimated.

In the face of such an attack, Zen narrowed his eyes slightly and an invisible force condensed into a flying sword.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

The invisible flying sword swept past the sky at a lightning speed.

The warriors in turn could not resist the attack at all. They would die as soon as their bodies were touched by the invisible flying sword.

They had managed to launch various attacks on Zen but he was calm and didn't avoid every bit of them. He just let them attack, but it appeared that their attacks didn't hurt him at all.

After a short while, he had killed all the warriors.

The same scene that happened to the mortals took place once again.

Memory Flames erupted from the bodies of the dead warriors.

However this time, the flames were much brighter than those of the mortals.

After all, a warrior at the Soul Sea Realm could live for tens of thousands of years, so the memories recorded in the Memory Flames were far more than those of a mortal. The Memory Flames of ten thousand warriors at the Soul Sea Realm were much more powerful than those of the mortals.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

With so many Memory Flames entering his mind, Zen felt a little pressure.

But he could still handle it with ease.

"The third wave! Quack! Quack!"

The voice of Magical Crow resounded, and the world in front of him changed for the third time.

This time, True Gods appeared in front of him.

He looked around and there were 1, 000 low-rank True Gods.

Zen was under increasing pressure in the face of the attacks of 1, 000 low-rank True Gods.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

In the blink of an eye, he was surrounded by the low-rank True Gods.

Then all sorts of internal momentum surged up.

"These low-rank True Gods cultivate different kinds of Godly Ways." Zen's expression was complicated as his eyes flashed.

The 1, 000 low-rank True Gods cultivated 1, 000 kinds of Godly Ways.

Chapter 2724 Refining The Reincarnation Soul Weapon

Since each of the low-rank True Gods had only comprehended the first two levels of a Godly Way, their internal momentum was not complete.

However, Zen couldn't contain his excitement.

The internal momentum of Godly Ways from these low-rank True Gods couldn't light up the Godly Way Tablets in Zen's mind. However, it could light up the scales on the Infinity Ruler.

"The Infinity Ruler!"

The edge of Zen's eyes began to flicker with a faint golden light.

Trying hard to absorb the internal momentum, Zen failed.

"Why can't I absorb the internal momentum of these low-rank True Gods?" Zen wondered, narrowing his eyes.

This place might be a huge illusion, and for some reason, it seemed like the Infinity Ruler was unable to absorb the internal momentum in the illusion.

Zen tried hard to think about this, while the low-rank True Gods started displaying all kinds of theurgies.

In fact, the joint power of a thousand low-rank True Gods was undoubtedly extraordinary. Focusing on dealing with them, Zen dared not let his guard down. He might appear to be outnumbered but his skills would have things in his favor.

Five minutes later, Zen finally killed every low-rank True God who attacked him.

It was a test which was indeed very difficult for ordinary consummate True Gods to accomplish.

Bearing the impact of the Memory Flames would make them under great pressure.

Even the most powerful consummate True Gods, like Troy and Rachelle, would find it difficult. Death would dawn upon them if they were not cautious enough.

But it was another story for Zen. He didn't find any difficulty in the task at all.

The more rounds he experienced, the more relaxed Zen became.

In the last round, he was able to take out three consummate True Gods on his own in just a minute.

"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

After Zen passed the last test, the Magical Crow fluttered its wings and jumped down from the sky towards him.

"With imperial-grade bloodline, you are really so powerful," the Magical Crow said in a sharp voice.

Zen smiled faintly and then asked, "After passing the test, can I rule the Reincarnation Land?"

"Come with me."

Flying to the other side of the space, the Magical Crow flapped its wings and circled along the edge.

On the edge of the space appeared some straight lines, which were connected to each other to form a small pyramid. In the middle of the pyramid, there was a small eye.

"Whoosh!"

After the pyramid appeared, it flew straight towards Zen and floated in front of him.

"What's this?" It was the first time that he had seen this fist-sized pyramid.

"The Reincarnation Soul Weapon. You will be able to rule the Reincarnation Land if you refine it," the Magical Crow screeched.

The Magical Crow's answer confused Zen so he clarified, "Can I refine the Reincarnation Soul Weapon? But the hall soul said that I couldn't use it."

"The Reincarnation Soul Weapon is of great importance. Since your blood isn't pure, you can't use it. But if you can refine it, you will be able to control the Reincarnation Land," the Magical Crow replied.

The Reincarnation Soul Weapon could make the creatures of the entire divine land reincarnate and trace their memories back to any lifetime.

Chiyou had set up so many restrictions for safety.

Even if the outsiders, like Gregorio, had gotten the Stone Mouse, they would not be able to take the test.

Even if they took the Reincarnation Soul Weapon and took control of the Reincarnation Land, people with impure blood, like Zen, wouldn't be able to reincarnate all the creatures in the divine land.

Nodding his head, Zen stared at the Magical Crow and asked, "You've been here for so many years. Do you want to go out with me?"

In Zen's opinion, the Magical Crow, as Chiyou's pet, could do something for the Nine Li race.

"Quack! Quack!"

Hearing Zen's words, the Magical Crow said in a serious tone, "On behalf of the Grand Chieftain, I have to test all the arrivals here, so I cannot leave at will. If..."

Zen rolled his eyes at the Magical Crow's long speech. It was obvious that it had known about the crisis in the divine land, so it hid here as a coward.

Zen simply grabbed the Reincarnation Soul Weapon, turned around and left. He should find a quiet place to refine the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

"Rumble..."

When Zen returned from the Reincarnation Hall, the huge door opened with a gentle push.

After opening the door, Zen condensed a fire bead, illuminating the Reincarnation Land as if it was in daylight.

Zen took a look and saw that Leland and the others were still lying on the ground.

Since he already killed the big mice, they wouldn't have any other danger, so Zen decided to just let them take a rest.

He sat cross-legged, putting the Reincarnation Soul Weapon in front of his belly.

The process of refining the Reincarnation Soul Weapon was somewhat special. The first step was still to prove his blood.

Zen made a small cut on his finger, and a drop of golden blood dripped into the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

The blood spread out from the triangular top and flowed along the lines on the surface of the pyramid.

But no matter how the blood flowed, it failed to flow into the eye of the pyramid.

This was one of the disadvantages of the impure blood. Otherwise, controlling the Reincarnation Soul Weapon would be so easy.

Putting his two thumbs on his temples, Zen closed his eyes slowly.

In no time, a wisp of his soul quietly came out from his forehead and circled around in the air before entering the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

"Buzz!"

The moment Zen's soul entered the Reincarnation Soul Weapon, his body shook and he opened his eyes in a flash, looking surprised.

Soon his body was connected with the Reincarnation Soul Weapon and thus with the Reincarnation Land.

"This is..." Suddenly, a number appeared in Zen's mind. "The number of Memory Flames is actually 77 million quadrillion!"

One thousand billion was a trillion, and one thousand trillion was a quadrillion.

77 million quadrillion...

There were actually so many Memory Flames in the divine land!

Subconsciously looking at the sea of Memory Flames, Zen confirmed the number of Memory Flames was beyond his imagination.

"That is because of the rule of reincarnation. The creatures will leave Memory Flames every time they die. Just imagine how many creatures have been born in so many years! The total number is simply unimaginable."

"So what's Gregorio's identity after his recent reincarnation?"

Zen began to carefully search among the Memory Flames.

When he had found Gregorio, his eyes flashed. Then, he jumped up and flew over onto the opposite step.

In the face of the sea of Memory Flames, a thought flashed in Zen's mind. In the depths of the sea, an extremely bright Memory Flame rapidly danced.

The Memory Flames of Holy Beings were far brighter than those of ordinary people. This pale yellow Memory Flame belonged to Gregorio.

In the sea of Memory Flames, there were not many such bright Memory Flames.

Without much hesitation, Zen began to read the memories in the Memory Flame.

After he controlled the Reincarnation Land, he could search any Memory Flame.

Theoretically speaking, all the creatures in the divine land were unable to keep secrets from Zen.

A moment later, retreating from the Memory Flame, Zen murmured, "It's actually him! I'm afraid that even Nicholas doesn't expect that after Gregorio was reincarnated, he gave himself a different surname and has become a Holy Being again."

Chapter 2725 Samuel's Secret

Gregorio and Nicholas were sworn enemies.

Zen understood the grudge as he learned that Nicholas was the person behind the whole Yue Clan's destruction. Zen could feel the hatred emitted from the depth of Gregorio's soul in his Memory Flame.

It was not only the Yue Clan that was destroyed, but even their Floating Island was involved. It also fell into the Time Sea.

Gregorio died but had gradually found a way to be successfully reincarnated. He learned about the Stone Mouse and relied on it to gain life.

As he took a second chance to live, he dare not use his former name. He changed his name into Samuel Han.

Nicholas on the other hand had always been watchful and cautious, but some things were certainly inevitable. He couldn't have imagined that Samuel was the reincarnation of Gregorio!

'But the Stone Mouse has said that besides Gregorio, there are three other people who have been reincarnated. Who are they?' Zen thought and pondered.

The Jade Scale Butterfly and the Flame Blood Vulture had never appeared and the only one who could be reincarnated endless times in the divine land was Samuel.

So were the other three people someone Samuel knew? Did they get reincarnated with the help of Samuel?

To get a deeper understanding, Zen once again looked at the sea of Memory Flames.

The Memory Flames of the creatures in the divine land appeared simultaneously when their memories were formed and were stored there.

Normally, he should be able to find the Memory Flame of Samuel. Through searching his memory, he should be able to know the answer.

Zen closed his eyes and continued to search using the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

After some time of searching, he opened his eyes with a trace of doubt on his face. "Why can't I find Samuel's Memory Flame?"

Since Samuel had the Stone Mouse, he might have done some trick.

At the thought of this, Zen went back to the altar. He took out the Stone Mouse's corpse, and threw it back to the altar.

He watched as the corpse came back to life again.

"Squeak squeak squeak... You said you would not kill me!" The Stone Mouse cried out with a pitiful look on its face.

Zen stared at it coldly and said, "I knew Gregorio's true identity."

When the Stone Mouse heard Zen's words, its bean sized eyes widened as it stared at him. It asked in a panic, "How, how did you know that?"

It thought for a while, then a hint of panic appeared in its eyes, "Have you passed the test?"

"Of course I have," Zen responded with a smile.

"It's... it's impossible. Only my master has the qualification, you You are not qualified!" the Stone Mouse screamed in disbelief.

It had grown deep feelings of attachment to Gregorio, its master.

According to the rule, the theurgy of Stone Mouse could only be used by itself, but it rebelled and did not follow that rule. Instead, it even used some secret method to integrate its own theurgy with Gregorio.

As a result, Gregorio could directly search the Memory Flames without the use of the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

Of course...

Even the Stone Mouse itself couldn't search the Memory Flames freely like Zen could do. Thus, Gregorio could not randomly search the Memory Flames of any people he wanted.

"If I am not qualified, then Gregorio is even more unqualified," Zen said coldly. "He is not a Nine Li member, so how could he have the pure Chiyou's blood?"

"Pure Chiyou's blood! My master said that he would bring it when he came to the Reincarnation Land again!" the Stone Mouse cried out in frustration.

Perhaps because the Stone Mouse was exasperated, it lost its head and in rage it pounced on Zen again.

Unfortunately, its current cultivation was only at the Spirit Transformation Realm. It was not even a proving godly warrior. With a light pinch from Zen, it was unable to move.

Zen's eyebrows furrowed at the words.

He thought back and realized that he had never been close to Samuel. But he noticed that this Holy Being had tried to get close to Nicholas, almost at all costs.

In the divine land, besides Zen who had Chiyou's blood, his mother also had it.

Harold had once informed him that his mother, Lorena was likely to have fallen into the hands of Nicholas. Would Samuel target his mother?

Zen felt that it was even more necessary for him to go on investigating.

"Who are the other three people that have been reincarnated?" Zen continued to ask.

"I won't tell you. If you have the ability, just kill me!" the Stone Mouse continued to scream, refusing to tell him the answer.

"Do you really think that I can't kill you? It's not difficult for me to find your Memory Flame." Zen sneered. "If I erase all the Memory Flame of your previous lives, will you still have the ability to be reincarnated? Even if you get reincarnated, you are no longer yourself, right?"

The Stone Mouse's body trembled hearing Zen's threat.

The soul was just a container. If it lost all the previous memories, how could it prove that it was still itself?

Thinking of the promise made by its master, the Stone Mouse compromised in the end and agreed.

Gregorio would certainly come back, and then he would kill this brat!

Feeling defeated, it spoke, "The other three are not important. They are just his children after he got reincarnated!"

"Three children?" Zen was slightly surprised and asked, "Who are they?"

"Pascal, Aleyna, and Laquisha..." the Stone Mouse replied obediently.

"Aleyna and Laquisha? Did they die?" Zen continued to ask.

The Stone Mouse replied after thinking for a while, "Die... Not exactly. In fact, Gregorio just took their Memory Flames out in these few years and poured other people's Memory Flames to fill the gap!"

"I'll check it myself!"

Zen muttered and carried the Stone Mouse. He then leaped to the top of the stairs. He reached out his hand and at the same time pinched gently.

In the sea of Memory Flames, three Memory Flames floated gently towards Zen.

"Is Laquisha's Memory Flame light purple?" Zen thought that Laquisha had died, and he was so sad that he couldn't even bear to read her memory.

As his fingertips touched the light purple Memory Flame, he was quickly immersed in the memory of Laquisha.

Gradually, he came to learn more things.

Since young, Laquisha had shown astonishing talent. She had grown strong with the use of the destructive theurgy -the purple preternatural flame.

Although she enjoyed a high position in the Han Clan, she had been lonely. When she went to the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land, she was still a loner.

At that time, she met Zen and he was almost clear about what happened to her later. She had originally planned to make use of him. But later on, she had discovered a lot of things and had been sent back to the divine land.

After returning to the divine land, she had actually been missing him every day.

Once, she secretly went to the Jiang Clan and through it, tried to sneak into the Evolutionary Universe.

There were strict restrictions for True Gods to enter a universe. Furthermore, with the intervention of Harold, the Jiang Clan had already lost the control of the Evolutionary Universe. She was not aware of it so how could she make it?

This girl was so naive.

Zen smiled bitterly as he read this piece of memory.

He continued to read. She had once again met Zen on the Floating Island of the Han Clan. In the end, they had later explored the Time Sea Forbidden Land...

These events happened not long ago, but they were replayed from the perspective of Laquisha. Reading her memory on her perspective gave him a strange feeling.

After the journey, Joy had taken away Zen from the Time Sea. Laquisha, Aleyna and Pascal began to cultivate in seclusion under Samuel's requirement.

The problem started to happen at this period of time.

Chapter 2726 Find Out The Truth

At this time, the Han Clan began to dissolve the Purple Soul Hall because of Joy's disappearance.

In order to prove his innocence to Nicholas, Samuel drove everyone from the Purple Soul Hall out of the Han Clan's Floating Island.

The children of the Han Clan, especially Laquisha, quarreled with Samuel over it and tried their best to stop it, but to no avail.

Soon after that, Samuel requested Pascal, Aleyna, and Laquisha to cultivate in seclusion. The two girls were initially resistant to this but eventually agreed.

But right before they left, Samuel said something puzzling; he stated that during their cultivation, he would help them reach the consummation of True God Realm.

Reaching the consummation of True God Realm was not something that could be decided or learned, even by the members of powerful clans on Floating Islands. It had to be decided by fate.

Even the Dongfang Clan would not dare to say that they could cultivate three consummate True Gods through a short-term closed-door cultivation.

Moreover, at that time, Aleyna was only a proving godly warrior and Laquisha was only a low-rank True God. It was impossible to even think that they could reach the consummation of True God Realm in such a short period of time.

Anyway, the three of them started cultivating in seclusion, and everything went fine for the first few days...until something strange happened.

The last scene in Laquisha's memory was the sight of Samuel appearing in front of her and reaching out his hand toward her forehead.

Before she could scream, her memory came to an abrupt end.

Buzz...

Zen stared at the Memory Flame that danced gently in his hand with a complicated expression in his eyes.

It seemed that to some extent, Laquisha was dead.

As long as someone was alive, their Memory Flame would constantly be updated.

With every second that passed in the Divine Land, a memory would be accumulated in one's Memory Flame.

Regardless of whether a moment revolved around pain, despair, boring cultivation, or an important event in one's life, like weddings or funerals, it would all be added to the Memory Flame in real time.

So in the Reincarnation Land, when no new memories were added to a Memory Flame, it could be said that the owner of that Memory Flame was dead. By this logic, Laquisha, Aleyna, and Pascal were all dead as their Memory Flames hadn't been updated for a long time.

'I wonder what's going on with Laquisha and the other two now, ' Zen wondered with a frown.

Since Laquisha's Memory Flame had stopped updating, he could not find out what had happened to her.

Suddenly, a name popped into Zen's mind. "Kelsey! She has a good relationship with Aleyna and Laquisha. She must know what happened to them!"

With that thought, Zen continued to search the sea of Memory Flames and soon spotted Kelsey's Memory Flame.

With a flick of his finger, the light pink Memory Flame shot toward him.

Zen immediately grabbed hold of it and started to view Kelsey's memories.

He skipped the parts about Kelsey's childhood and directly went to her memories of the last few years.

He had thought he would be able to find out some important information from Kelsey, but he was left disappointed.

Kelsey had also been in seclusion for the past few years and hadn't come out yet.

It seemed that she had more likely been put under house arrest than sent to cultivate in seclusion. She didn't know what had happened to her two sisters at all.

Standing at the top of the stairs, Zen looked at the boundless sea of Memory Flames as he paced back and forth.

Samuel had hidden his Memory Flame, and Pascal ended similar like Laquisha. Then, who else in the Han Clan could help Zen find out the truth?

At this moment, several extremely bright dots flashed in the distance in the sea of Memory Flames.

Most of the light spots in this sea of 77 million quadrillion Memory Flames were very dim.

The Memory Flames of those who had become True Gods were slightly bright. The Memory Flames of those who had reached the consummation of True God Realm were glowing, while the Memory Flames of the Holy Beings dazzled like stars.

It was not that the brightness of a Memory Flame was decided by one's cultivation; it was decided by the length of one's lifetime and the richness of their memories.

The people that had the longest lives might not necessarily be Holy Beings, but in general, Holy Beings had a long lifespan.

So, the Memory Flames that emitted the brightest lights mostly belonged to Holy Beings.

"Nicholas!"

Zen's heart skipped a beat.

Although he didn't know whether Nicholas knew any information regarding Laquisha's situation, he could find some information about his mother and even about the recent actions of the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. This was an opportunity he couldn't miss.

Without any further ado, Zen carefully searched the sea of Memory Flames.

Soon, a dazzling golden Memory Flame started to move in the sea of Memory Flames.

'This is Nicholas's Memory Flame!'

Zen stared at the golden light dot and began to view the memories in it...

It turned out that even before Nicholas was born, the Dongfang Clan was already a very powerful clan.

So, Nicholas faced great competition in the Dongfang Clan, but relying on his solid foundation, he made great contributions to his clan...

Zen naturally wanted to learn each and every single detail about his opponent, but there was just too much information to absorb.

Nicholas had so many divine eras' worth of memories in his Memory Flame that it was impossible for Zen to look at all of them in detail. He quickly fast-forwarded to the part of the Memory Flame which contained memories from the recent decades. What he was most concerned about was the news about his mother.

Soon, Zen saw the memories about his journey to the Silverwing Divine City.

"A powerful master at the Other Shore Realm, Master Hamish! Is this man a Yellow Emperor Guard?"

This was the first time Zen had seen a Yellow Emperor Guard in the Divine Land. He hadn't expected a powerful master at the Other Shore Realm to assort medicinal materials in the Silverwing Divine City!

Soon after, Zen saw Nicholas leading the Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans deep underground to search for Lorena.

By the time that had happened, Zen had already been thrown out of the Divine Land by Lorena and had fallen toward the bottom of the chaos.

"Indeed, my mother was taken away by Nicholas!"

Hatred filled Zen's face.

Just when he had finally been reunited with his mother and started to believe that everything was going to change for the better, Nicholas and Hamish had ruined everything!

As Zen continued to watch Nicholas's memories, he was surprised by what he saw.

Nicholas built a delicate palace for his mother and protected her carefully.

In front of his mother, this man was no longer the overbearing Holy Being that he usually was. He even promised to her that he would find her a body in the Time Sea.

'It seems that my mother is not in danger for the time being, ' Zen thought to himself in relief.

Zen got a general idea of what was happening next with Nicholas.

Then, after learning about Zen's return, Nicholas decided to go with Murphy to the Murphy Universe to test Emily, Timotheus, and others.

It was obvious that Nicholas was already feeling a sense of crisis. He summoned the leaders of the alliance of the rich and powerful clans on the Floating Islands to Goldenrain Hall for a meeting.

From Nicholas's Memory Flame, Zen was able to learn what had happened in Goldenrain Hall.

In Goldenrain Hall, he finally saw Laquisha, Aleyna, and Pascal, who had returned from their cultivation in seclusion.

They had really reached the consummation of True God Realm as Samuel had told them they would.

However, Zen's heart ached when he saw Laquisha.

She was no longer the Laquisha that he knew.

The bodies of Samuel's three children seemed to have become containers that held other people's Memory Flames.

Previously, Zen had discovered that by absorbing the memories in a person's Memory Flame, one could obtain a massive amount of cultivation experience in a minimal time and improve their cultivation level at an unimaginable speed.

However, for Zen, that had purely been a hypothesis. He had never imagined that someone would actually do it!

'Samuel... In order to avenge himself, he has done everything he can, and he has even sacrificed his own children!' Zen sighed.

Chapter 2727 The Abyss Demon Region

Zen had seen Gregorio's Memory Flame before and knew that there was great hatred between Gregorio and Nicholas.

After being reincarnated, Gregorio could have begun a new life, but in order to take revenge, he had given up everything without any hesitation.

A person like that was probably more terrifying than Nicholas.

Buzz...

Zen didn't leave Nicholas's Memory Flame until he finished viewing everything, right down to the last drop of his memories. A strange look appeared on Zen's face then.

It seemed that Nicholas hadn't wanted to leave Lorena while going to the Abyss Demon Region with the alliance of the powerful clans, so he had taken her along as well.

'If my mother is in the Abyss Demon Region, what should I do?'

After viewing the Memory Flames of two Holy Beings, Zen felt a little tired. He shook his head slightly, trying to forget the trivial memories.

After descending the stairs, Zen walked up to Leland and the others.

These people should not have entered the Reincarnation Land along with him.

They had almost paid the price of their lives. They should definitely gain something.

Using the Memory Flame to cultivate was a good method. As long as they didn't destroy their own Memory Flame and were careful enough not to shatter their soul, their cultivation base would be further improved.

Now, it was time to wake them up.

Billowing smoke rose up, blotting out the sky and covering the sun.

However, the Abyss Demon Region was not dark.

Crimson magma was flowing between the numerous cracks in the ground, shrouding the whole area in heat and reddish light.

In addition to the light and heat, the magma gave off a pungent smell of sulfur.

Of course, anyone who stayed in the Abyss Demon Region for a long time would get used to this strange and unwelcoming environment, even the smell.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

A black fish leaped out of the magma.

Fish like this, without flesh or blood, could only be found in the Abyss Demon Region. The only thing covering the fish's bones was a thin layer of black skin.

Thanks to the special property of its skin, it could survive in the horrible high temperature of magma.

Just as the black fish fell back down into the magma, a thin line flew over and hooked onto the fish.

With a slight tug of the line, the fish was lifted up.

"The body of this fish is very special. Its skin can be used to make a fire-resisting shield," a consummate True God from the Fang Clan said as he reached out for the black fish at the end of the line.

However, as soon as his fingers touched the fish, he screamed and threw it up in the air. The fish was burning hot, just like magma! Thinking quickly, he pointed his space ring at the fish and stowed it away.

Over ten years ago, the rich clans on the Floating Islands had barely known anything about the Abyss Demon Region.

At that time, they had been free to go on adventures in the other three forbidden areas.

After these forbidden areas were closed, however, the alliance of the rich clans had been forced to go to the Abyss Demon Region.

Right now, whether they wanted to or not, they knew more about the Abyss Demon Region than before.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

Just then, the magma underneath began to bubble up again.

"Stan, it seems that another black fish is going to come out," one of them said.

Stan Fang simply smiled. Then, with a gentle pinch of his finger, he once again threw out the thin thread.

Whoosh!

The thread shot out straight toward the magma.

Splash...

At the same time, something jumped out of the magma.

Unlike what Stan had thought, it was not the fish, but a black hand!

The thread fell straight into the grasp of the huge hand, which closed its fingers around the thread and pulled it down hard.

It all happened so quickly that Stan was pulled forward before he could react.

"Stan!"

the consummate True God next to him yelled in concern.

Reacting quickly, he raised his hand, sending a beam of blade light straight down toward the thread that the giant hand was pulling Stan with.

Bang!

The blade light cut the thread into two pieces.

But by then, Stan Fang had fallen into the huge hand's grasp and was being dragged down into the magma.

"Oh no! Stan is being dragged down!" the consummate True God shouted.

A split second later, a flash of light appeared in the distance, where the Holy Beings and the Demi-holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans were resting.

As soon as he heard the consummate True God shouting for help, the Demi-holy Being of the Fang Clan turned around and flew away.

He glanced around and, noticing the fluctuation on the surface of the magma, furrowed his brows.

Then, he jumped down from midair and slapped his hand on the ground!

Clap!

With a ringing sound, a wave of cold air rushed out of his body and spread out at an incredible speed.

The crimson magma froze in an instant. It turned pitch black before quickly being covered with a layer of white frost!

Leaping over to the layer of frozen magma, the Demi-holy Being punched down.

Crack, crack, crack...

As the magma began to crack, the Demi-holy Being grabbed two frozen pieces from the ground:

Stan Fang and the huge hand that had dragged him down.

Then, the Demi-holy Being lifted Stan's tough body and threw it on the ground; immediately, the ice around him cracked.

Next, he stepped on the huge hand, which was fragile with cold, instantly turning it to powder.

He had no interest whatsoever in killing the owner of the hand under the magma. It would just be a waste of his energy.

After absorbing the chilly air in Stan Fang's body, he started to scold him, "Your cultivation base is very high, but how could you be so careless? You have brought disgrace on our Fang Clan!"

The hand which had pulled Stan Fang into the magma belonged to a Lava Giant. If Stan had been just a little more careful, the Lava Giant wouldn't have posed any threat to him.

"I'm so sorry..." Stan Fang knew that he had indeed been too careless.

Without responding, the Demi-holy Being of the Fang Clan took a step forward before turning into a flash of light and returning to his resting spot.

At that spot, Nicholas and the other Holy Beings were currently looking at Rocher.

Sitting with his legs crossed, Rocher said lightly, "In the secret land on the second stage, there is an exit which leads to the third stage. I'm sure this is a shortcut. Taking this path will save us at least a month!"

When the Holy Beings heard this, their faces lit up.

Sure, a month was not a long period of time for them.

However, in the Abyss Demon Region, an accident could occur in the span of mere seconds, so the less time they spent here, the better.

Naturally, everyone was willing to take this shortcut.

"Why didn't you report it to your clan before?" Troy questioned.

Rocher glanced at him indifferently and replied, "I've never tested this path, and I've already reported the secret land in the second stage. Have you ever been there?"

In the last year, Rocher had discovered and explored the secret land in the second stage of the Abyss Demon Region.

In fact, on the side of the secret land was a path to the third stage.

However, Rocher had not stayed long after stepping into the third stage. It was too dangerous for him to wander around the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region alone.

"Well, it's not a big deal," said Nicholas drily. "Just follow the path Lowell described!"

Chapter 2728 Shortcut

Since Nicholas had made a decision, no one dared to object.

They were having a brief break when the smoke in the distance suddenly rolled up. There was a faint flicker of fire in the thick smoke, accompanied by low growls.

The billowing smoke and the noise attracted everyone's attention.

"Demon Region Fire Spirits. There seems to be a large number of them approaching," one of them said.

The faces of some of the consummate True Gods turned pale.

Demon Region Fire Spirits were special creatures born in fire. They were known to wander in groups and leave destruction in their wakes.

In the Abyss Demon Region, the coming of the Demon Region Fire Spirits was the same as a disaster.

Naturally, any True Gods and even consummate True Gods who saw this scene would quickly escape and find a safe place to hide.

If they were not quick enough, even consummate True Gods would die in the smoke.

"Let me deal with them!"

Samuel, who had been silent for a while, stood up immediately.

"Creatures born in the fire of the Abyss Demon Region? I like it! Leave them to me, Samuel. Ha-ha!"

Clark said. As he spoke, he leaped up and flew toward the sky.

In mid-air, he stretched out his hands and released flames from his cinnabar field.

These flames rolled together into a door of fire.

Sizzle...

All of a sudden, three fiery dragons that were a hundred thousand feet long charged out of the door.

These dragons were all different in appearance, but each of them emitted a strong aura.

All these fiery dragons had been raised by Clark for many years using the Elementary Fire Godly Way, and each of them was as strong as a Demi-holy Being. More importantly, they were all from the unceasing fire that Clark had created.

Even if such a fiery dragon was killed, it could still be reborn in his inner world.

From this point of view, it was similar to Holy Beings' reliance on their universes to live forever.

Clatter...

The three dragons flew straight into the billowing smoke, splitting it into three parts.

Although the Demon Region Fire Spirits were powerful, they mostly relied on their numbers.

When faced with the three dragons, they had no way of fighting them.

Instead, they were engulfed by the dragons.

Woo! Woo! Woo!

As the flames in the smoke swirled frantically, shrill screams could be heard all around.

Five minutes later...

The flames and the smoke had disappeared, and only the three fiery dragons remained hovering in the air.

After swallowing a massive number of Demon Region Fire Spirits, their bodies had become even larger!

"Return,"

Clark commanded calmly.

The three fiery dragons raised their heads and roared at the sky. Then, after stretching their bodies, they flew back toward Clark's inner world.

"The three Holy Fiery Dragons you've refined are getting stronger and stronger. Congratulations!" Samuel didn't miss the opportunity to flatter Clark.

Patting his belly with a smile, Clark said, "You have a sharp eye. With consistent training, these Holy Fiery Dragons will be able to contend against a Holy Being within half a divine era!"

"Maybe even one Holy Fiery Dragon will be enough to resist a Holy Being in the future!" Samuel added eagerly.

"Ah, that might be too much for a Holy Fiery Dragon," Clark said with a laugh.

The cultivation of Godly Ways had limits.

After one reached the consummation of True God Realm, the space for improvement to reach higher realms was not great.

That was why some very powerful consummate True Gods had the ability to fight against Demi-holy Beings.

In reality, a Demi-holy Being or a Holy Being was still at the consummation of the True God Realm.

No matter how powerful a Holy Fiery Dragon was, it would be impossible for it to fight a Holy Being. Samuel's flattery was too much.

None of the Holy Beings spoke, but in their hearts, they disdained Samuel.

After Clark dealt with the Demon Region Fire Spirits, the alliance of powerful clans resumed their journey.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Everyone soared to the sky and flew forward.

Along the way, there were all sorts of ferocious beasts living in the Abyss Demon Region.

These creatures were usually very fierce; countless True Gods, and even some consummate True Gods, had died at their hands.

A Rock Scorpion Lion leaped out of its cave after sensing some movement in the sky. Standing on the top of the brown rock mountain, it raised its head and let out a loud roar.

But the moment the roar sounded, an incomparably large iceberg suddenly fell from the sky without warning!

The iceberg was too fast for the Rock Scorpion Lion to dodge; it could only cry out like a kitten before being flattened under the iceberg. Its body was completely torn apart under the pressure.

After seeing a creature as strong as the Rock Scorpion Lion die a pathetic death like this, the other creatures in the second stage of the Abyss Demon Region could only choose to hide or avoid these strangers from the divine land.

More than twenty Holy Beings, forty Demi-holy Beings, and a hundred consummate True Gods were flying through the second stage.

The Abyss Demon Region was just too large.

Even though this group of people moved extremely fast, it took them three days to reach their destination:

a sea of lava where no one could see the bottom.

But at the edge of the sea of lava seemed to be an invisible wall that was blocking the flow of lava.

When the lava reached this invisible wall, it bent and flowed down instead of continuing to flow horizontally.

From the distance, the edge of the lava sea looked like stairs. And in fact, the Abyss Demon Region was indeed layer upon layer that stretched downward into the deep ground.

When they arrived, everyone looked at Rocher.

"Lowell, where is the shortcut you mentioned?" asked Nicholas.

"It should be around here!"

Rocher slowly descended from the air.

He flew around the lava sea with his eyes sweeping over every inch.

Last time, when Rocher had been chasing a vicious creature, he had accidentally discovered the secret here...

The lava formed surging waves as it flowed, and these waves, in turn, formed vortexes.

But all the vortexes disappeared after barely even spinning—with the exception of one, which always stayed in the same place.

It didn't take long for Rocher to find this vortex.

Swish!

He held his sword with one hand and stretched his body, the light in his eyes getting brighter.

"Hiya!"

With a cry, he stabbed at the vortex with his sword.

Splash...

The vortex was split by an invisible sword momentum, and a hole appeared in the lava sea.

Strangely enough, the lava around the hole didn't merge, which made it possible for a tunnel to be formed. There was stable Space Law being emitted from the tunnel.

When Nicholas saw the tunnel, a look of surprise came over his face. "This path was deliberately left here," he noted.

Jeremiah nodded and said, "It might have been built by some fiend to serve as a shortcut for them to go up from the bottom."

"Very good! Good job, Lowell!" Nicholas flashed a satisfied smile at Rocher.

Rocher put away his longsword, clasped his hands toward Nicholas, and retreated to the side.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2729 The Purple Mist

The Space Law was ineffective in the Abyss Demon Region.

Everyone seemed aware of it, but no one was able to explain the reason behind it.

It didn't matter if they were Demi-holy Beings or Holy Beings. Nobody could use the Grand Teleportation technique in this place.

Looking at the space channel, they wondered how it was even created.

Without thinking twice, Nicholas rushed into the space channel first.

Following him, the other Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods also went into it one after the other.

The members of the Han Clan ended up being the last ones to enter.

'I never expected that this young man from the Dongfang Clan would also find this shortcut. Anyway, if they want to take this path, I'm afraid they will have to pay a bigger price!' Samuel thought to himself.

As a matter of fact, Rocher was not the first one to discover this shortcut.

A long time ago, Samuel had used the same shortcut to escape from the Abyss Demon Region.

It would be safe to assume that among all the Holy Beings in the divine land, Samuel probably knew the ways around the Abyss Demon Region the most.

Looking at the others, he ordered flatly, "Let's go inside."

Floating behind him, Pascal, Laquisha and Aleyna reflected indifference on their faces.

Alfredo, the leader of the Han Clan, decided to stay on the Floating Island instead of joining them in the trip to the Abyss Demon Region.

"Yes!" The three responded in unison.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Turning into four beams of light, they flew straight into the space channel.

The group of over one hundred powerful warriors flew all the way through the long space channel.

Being built in a very peculiar way, strange lights flickered around the long channel, as different colors were carried out by the shadows.

Even the Holy Beings could not decipher the power resonated inside this channel.

"If the Space Law can't be employed in the Abyss Demon Region, then how did this space channel come into being?" Zeke, the Holy Being of the Fang Clan, asked with much curiosity.

"The great fiends are very intelligent. Lurking in the depths of this forbidden land for so many years, they always end up coming up with these unimaginable methods," Jeremiah replied.

Deeply immersed in the internal momentum of the space channel, Murphy suddenly spoke his mind, "Is it possible that some fiends have reached the Other Shore Realm?"

Tracing back to his old memories, Murphy could still clearly remember how Emily built the space channel.

Her actions penetrated through the Murphy Universe with unimaginable power. Murphy was almost omnipotent inside his own universe, and yet he could do nothing to the space channel.

Hearing Murphy's question, Nicholas smiled faintly and shook his head. "The Other Shore Realm? It's not that easy. If that's the case, I will definitely not ask you to follow me into the Abyss Demon Region. No matter how powerful and intelligent the great fiends are, they are still creatures in this forbidden land only. They are born with huge limitations, so it's impossible for them to reach the Other Shore Realm.

Murphy, are you frightened by the Other Shore Realm warriors coming from outside the divine land?"

All creatures in the forbidden land were only illusions, essentially the same as the divine might coins, and were created by the Faith Energy.

The fear in the hearts of the divine citizens constantly appeared in more and more complicated forms.

Over the countless years, they had imagined all sorts of creatures related to bloodiness, strength, intelligence and cruelty, which was how the fiends were created.

To a certain extent, such creatures were even more perfect than the Holy Beings of the divine land. However, no matter how powerful they were, that did not change the fact that they were only illusions stuck in the forbidden land. If they decided to leave, they would disappear without a trace.

The only exception was probably Edmond's appearance in the debate venue.

With Edmond appearing as an incarnation of fear, they considered it a very rare case.

"Yes, that's true. The group of Other Shore Realm warriors that came with Zen is a big hidden trouble for us all," Murphy admitted automatically.

Many other Holy Beings who heard him also darkened their faces.

Thinking that those Other Shore Realm warriors were like swords hanging above their heads, they worried they might fall and take their lives in a few years or decades.

"Don't worry, Master Hamish will find a way out," said Nicholas. "Moreover, if I manage to control the Abyss Demon Region this time, we might have the ability to win against them!"

Rocher, who was not far away, quietly listened and was surprised with how the conversations of the Holy Beings were going.

He hadn't thought that Zen would bring a group of Other Shore Realm masters back to the divine land.

But it sounded that even the Holy Beings felt threatened and terrified by this fact.

Although he was greatly surprised, he tried to keep an emotionless facade.

Anyway, Rocher found this a very good news, and highly advantageous.

In the past, Rocher had always been willing to sacrifice his life to fulfill Mike's plan.

However, one's state of mind could always change as time went by. After going through so many things, he became more and more reluctant to leave this world and began to doubt his mission.

'If the Other Shore Realm masters take actions, there's a chance they can change my predetermined fate.' With that in mind, a small hope started to grow in his heart.

Six hours later, they had travelled the entire space channel.

And in a few more seconds, they reached the end of the channel.

The moment they stepped out, they were engulfed in a thick purple mist.

The mist was so dense that one could hardly see anything within a hundred feet radius.

Feeling puzzled, Nicholas couldn't help asking, "Lowell, where are we?"

Looking around, a cautious look appeared on Rocher's face. "I don't recall seeing a purple mist when I passed through this channel last time."

"It doesn't seem to be a mist," Murphy commented. Stretching out his hand, he was able to actually grasp the 'mist' in his hand. 'Strange, ' he thought. Loosening his grip, he felt the mist slide down his hand like a handful of sand.

"They are a bunch of small bugs!" A consummate True God exclaimed, staring at the 'mist.'

Hearing his conclusion, the rest also stared at the mist and observed.

And he was right!

What initially appeared as a dense purple mist was actually a group of very small bugs. These bugs were much smaller than the grains of sand, and they looked like a mist when they gathered together.

"How disgusting! Let me burn them up!"

Letting out a sneer, Clark waved his hand and flapped out a flame.

In the blink of an eye, the flame quickly spread out, covering the range of tens of millions of feet above their heads, as if it could burn a hole in the sky.

Normally, all bugs and insects were afraid of all kinds of flames. Clark's idea was to burn these small bugs to ashes in an instant.

However, to his surprise, not a single one of them was burnt to death.

The blazing flames continued to spread in the air, but the purple mist around them had not decreased at all.

"What? How can these bugs survive my flames? That's weird!" Clark exclaimed, his eyes widened in surprise.

If these weak little bugs were not even afraid of the flames of a Holy Being, that could only mean they were immune to all types of flames.

"I am unable to spread out my spiritual sense," shouted a Demi-holy Being, panicking.

His concern raising panic among the others, they also tried to release their spiritual sense. Samuel watched them from where he was, the corners of his mouth curling up into a smile.

As their spiritual sense started to spread, the quiet purple mist suddenly started to roll crazily.

Chapter 2730 Tracking The Spiritual Sense

The purple bugs originally had outspread throughout a large range of the area, but not one had showed any signs of attack.

However for this instant, all the bugs went crazy.

Likened to wolves that had smelled blood, they swarmed towards the living creatures below.

"It's itchy! These bugs are biting me!"

"It hurts!"

A consummate True God was immediately surrounded by countless small bugs which made him look like as if he was wrapped up by thick purple mist.

He struggled madly and repeatedly rolled on the ground.

"Damn bugs! I'll shatter you into dead meat!"

A stream of strong internal momentum had then suddenly surged from the consummate True God's body.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The consummate True God seemed to have already lost his mind. The streaks of lightning were like violent dragons shooting towards the people around him.

The people noticed the sudden change and all had scattered away to avoid the lightning.

"Keanu! Are you insane?"

A Demi-holy Being from the Leng Clan scolded as he blocked a streak of lightning with his hand.

The man who just went berserk was a consummate True God from the Leng Clan and his name was Keanu Leng.

However, Keanu Leng looked as though he was indifferent to the people around him and still continued to activate his internal momentum crazily. It made things difficult for the Demi-holy Being of the Leng Clan to get close to him.

The small purple bugs could even resist the flames from Clark, so they naturally wouldn't be affected by Keanu Leng's lightning attack at all!

A few seconds passed as the current situation seemed to get worse.

Jeremiah, the Holy Being of the Leng Clan, couldn't patiently tolerate it and was about to attack but stopped. Keanu Leng, who kept on rolling on the ground, had also stopped his movement.

The purple bugs, that forcefully attached themselves to his body, had all flown into the sky.

Astonishment was written all over their faces when they saw how Keanu Leng looked like after every bug was cleared.

His body was still intact, but it was evident that there was a big hole on the top of his head. It showed signs that it was bitten by the little bugs.

The bugs had actually gotten into his head and ate up his soul!

Keanu Leng was after all a consummate True God. Even if his soul was swallowed up, his body still continued to emit a strong life force. His inner world was still automatically running.

However, everyone knew that his body now had become nothing but a soulless shell.

He was not the only one who was attacked. Other five consummate True Gods and three Demi-holy Beings were also attacked by the purple small bugs.

During the attack, a Demi-holy Being of the Liu Clan soared into the sky and tried to fight off and get rid of the purple bugs. However, as he flew away, he attracted more purple bugs to come at him.

After a long while, he was not able to fight them off but fell from the air and crashed to the ground with a loud bang.

Similar to how Keanu Leng lost his life, there was also a big round hole at the top of the head of the Demi-holy Being from the Liu Clan. His soul was also swallowed up by the purple bugs, leaving only a soulless shell.

Nine people, including three Demi-holy Beings, lost their lives in the blink of an eye.

Everyone's heart was in a mess. They felt nervous and in panic.

God knew what kind of creatures these bugs were. Even the Holy Beings were unable to kill them, so were they doomed to be unable to get out alive today?

Some people had already fixated their gazes on the space channel. If they came back from the space channel, they might have a chance to survive.

"Don't panic! These purple bugs won't attack us on their own initiative!"

Nicholas spoke in a calm tone.

At the most critical moment, what he said had calmed everyone down.

"Yes! These purple bugs only attacked some specific people, not all of us! " Murphy echoed.

"Don't do anything before everything is made clear! These bugs are indeed very strange," Clark added, sweat was clearly seen on his ruddy face.

This place was worthy of being called the Abyss Demon Region...

If they were not alert and careful enough, even Holy Beings could do nothing but await for their tragic fate.

Everyone kept silent with their lips tightly shut.

They didn't even dare utter a single word and just looked straight at Nicholas in silence. They were afraid that their voice would attract the purple bugs.

Nicholas narrowed his eyes as he looked down at the 'living dead' sprawled on the ground. He bowed his head and was lost in his own thought.

Rocher suddenly spoke up, "These little bugs don't have much wisdom. Just now, the Holy Being of the Tang Clan used fire to burn them, but they didn't attack that Holy Being of the Tang Clan."

"We all know that. Do you think we need you to tell us?" Troy who was just beside him interjected with a sneer.

Rocher ignored him and continued, "But the reason why these bugs launched attacks was because of a remark of the Demi-holy Being from the Liu Clan."

"A remark?" Nicholas thought for a while, and his eyes suddenly lit up. "Keaton has just shouted 'I am unable to spread out my spiritual sense!'"

Keaton Liu was one of the group of people who just lost their lives and died. He was a Demi-holy Being of the Liu Clan.

The situation was chaotic just now.

Every one of them had struggled to keep their lives and many had ignored this detail.

Hearing Rocher's words, many people remembered what happened.

"That's right! When he said that he couldn't spread out his spiritual sense, I also planned to release my spiritual sense..." one of the Demi-holy Beings echoed.

Rocher nodded in agreement and said, "Perhaps these bugs locate their targets by tracking the spiritual sense. If I'm not wrong, the nine people who have been killed have just released their spiritual sense!"

Hearing Rocher's words, the Holy Beings could not help but nod as they took note of that important detail.

Rocher's deduction was very reasonable. Otherwise, these bugs wouldn't have specially attacked just certain people.

Some people even sweated on their back. If they had released their spiritual sense a moment ago, they would have been dead now. Their bodies would be among the dead bodies on the ground.

However, this was only a guess. Their lives were still in danger. If it was not confirmed, they would not dare to act rashly.

Samuel looked towards Lowell with a hint of appreciation in his eyes.

It was said that Lowell was not from the Dongfang Clan, but an outsider.

There were only few people who could reach the consummation of True God Realm relying on their own talent. Lowell was really smart...

Among all the people present, only Samuel had come into contact with these Soul Devouring Bugs.

The Soul Devouring Bugs were unafraid of any attacks from internal momentum. Be it Thunderstorm Godly Way or Elementary Fire Godly Way, they could not cause any substantial harm to the bugs and they wouldn't be affected at all.

The bugs only had one weakness. Their perception was very weak as they just floated around a certain area aimlessly all year round.

But once they sensed the spiritual sense released by someone, they would rush towards their target like mosquitoes that had smelled blood. They would not stop until they ate up the soul of their target.

"We can check whether it is really like what Lowell has said." After saying that, Samuel smiled at Rocher.

Nicholas looked over at Samuel and asked, "How do you plan to prove it?"

Samuel moved quickly and got close to the transmission channel. He glanced at the purple Soul Devouring Bugs currently flying in the air. With a flash of his eyes, an extremely powerful stream of spiritual sense spread out in all directions.

No sooner had he released his spiritual sense than it was swallowed by these small bugs. He did it swiftly in a short time so that his spiritual sense couldn't spread far in this purple mist.

Like what had happened before, the purple mist started to surge crazily and sweep towards Samuel.

The moment he released his spiritual sense, he had already hidden in the space channel.

Chapter 2731 Staying Put

Once Samuel hid in the space channel, all the Soul Devouring Bugs lost their target almost immediately.

They crashed into each other, entangled into a thick purple mist, and floated in a frenzy at the entrance of the space channel.

It took a long time for them to leave.

"It is just as Lowell predicted."

"It looks like we can't release any spiritual sense in this place."

"The purple bugs won't harm us as long as we don't release our spiritual senses."

People were relieved as they watched the bugs leave.

Samuel emerged from the space channel after a while.

By this time, the purple bugs had forgotten who their target was and left him alone.

It was obvious that these Soul Devouring Bugs were unintelligent and had a pretty useless memory.

"Thank you so much, Samuel!" said Nicholas gratefully.

Samuel laughed and nodded. "Don't mention it. We must fight at our best together in the Abyss Demon Region."

"That's right. We grossly underestimated this forbidden land before. And now, it looks like we can't survive if we don't work together," Zeke echoed.

Samuel was smiling but his mind was elsewhere.

Logic dictated that the Soul Devouring Bugs wouldn't appear at the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region.

These strange little bugs usually presented themselves at the core of the fourth stage.

There was a special kind of moss in the fourth stage called the Death Tundra that contained a kind of strong soul power called the soul moss. These Soul Devouring Bugs then ate the soul moss.

The appearance of such a large number of Soul Devouring Bugs at the third stage meant that there must be people who were unleashing their spiritual senses to attract these bugs.

Only the fiends in the Abyss Demon Region could probably do this.

They should have noticed the movement of these Holy Beings.

The fiends didn't allow anyone else to control the Abyss Demon Region, and they wouldn't sit still and wait for death.

This was probably the first wave of attacks that they had planned, or perhaps they were merely flying a kite.

The True Gods were unable to release their spiritual senses. To them, it was like a mortal losing his or her eyes.

What was more, the entire area was covered in the purple mist, blotting out the sky and covering the sun. It had also blocked the True Gods' ability to see through their spiritual senses.

"Don't fly too fast and too high. A height of one hundred feet is okay. Let's go through the purple mist together," Nicholas shouted a command.

The others nodded, composed themselves, and flew up to join him in silence.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

And then, the group of over a hundred people flew forward in silence.

The warriors from the divine land had reached the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region before and had found that it had been the limit beyond which they couldn't proceed.

A few Holy Beings had descended here before, but they didn't use the space channel that Rocher mentioned. But the moment they had landed, they had been fiercely attacked, leaving them with no choice but to retreat.

That was why many consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings were feeling uncertain. They were not alone, though. Even a few Holy Beings shared this emotion with them.

The only thing that could bring any calm to the Holy Beings was that they could revive themselves with the help of their own universes. Even if they died in the Abyss Demon Region, as long as their universes were not destroyed, they could come back. This was why they weren't too worried about coming here with Nicholas.

They had been flying in the purple mist for more than two hours now.

Even though they deliberately slowed down, they had still traveled over a hundred thousand miles. But they still hadn't escaped the purple mist.

"Something seems to be wrong, Nicholas. Why are there so many bugs?" Murphy said, worried.

Nicholas frowned as he looked at the mist and said, "You're right. There really is something wrong."

No matter how many bugs there were, it should be impossible for them to spread over such a wide area.

Usually, once the warriors had unleashed their spiritual senses, they could immediately tell where they were and what was around them.

Now no one could release the spiritual sense and no one could tell where they were. All they could do was fly ahead.

"I've entered the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region before but have never seen a purple mist as this. Nicholas, do you think the mist is the work of the fiends?" Jeremiah said after he had pondered over everything for a while.

It was easy for them to understand, given that they were smart Holy Beings.

They had made such a big move this time in the forbidden land, and the fiends wouldn't just stay calm.

"I think so," Nicholas said thoughtfully, nodding at Jeremiah's words. He narrowed his eyes dangerously.

The fiends were powerful, but he would rather face them directly than deal with them in such a tricky array.

If the purple mist was truly a conspiracy of the fiends, he must find a way to lure them out.

At this thought, Nicholas said, "We've been flying for a long time. Let's have a rest here."

"Rest now?"

"It's too dangerous to rest within the purple mist."

"Do as Holy Nicholas says. He must have a plan."

Some consummate True Gods murmured to themselves.

They had immense reserves of physical strength, so they could fly like this for a few years. But now that Nicholas was suggesting rest, they were quite confused.

Still, no one dared disobey Nicholas.

So they descended from midair.

Rachelle, Troy, and Shahn gathered together, tensed.

This damned place was beyond their power. If they hadn't been careful enough, they would have been killed first as they were consummate True Gods.

However, the Holy Beings could not control the forbidden lands. It was a great risk, but they were unwilling to give up.

All they could do was wait. And as long as they didn't release their spiritual senses, they would be safe against the purple bugs.

Two hours passed.

Four hours.

Twenty hours.

Everyone stood still in their places.

They were bored after such a long period of meditation. It was a test of patience for these strong warriors.

On the other side of the Abyss Demon Region...

A red-skinned creature squatted on a rock in the middle of the surging lava lake.

He was only half as tall as the average person and had an ugly mouth, not unlike that of a strange monkey.

Though he didn't look like other fiends that were physically strong, he was a more intelligent fiend.

"The Soul Devouring Bugs might leave if they don't move for a long time," the fiend said, his eyebrows furrowed.

Even the fiends could not command the Soul Devouring Bugs.

It had taken them a lot of effort to get the Soul Devouring Bugs here from the fourth stage.

If the Soul Devouring Bugs failed to find the soul food for a long time, they would all dissipate and return to the Death Tundra.

"How cunning they are!" the fiend sighed and raised an arm. "We can't wait any longer. Let's attack!" he said sharply.

Chapter 2732 Speed

On the fiend's arm, there was a skull that had obviously belonged to a True God.

It wasn't known how it had been refined, but its surface was shining with a strange luster.

Cluck, cluck, cluck…

As the skull's lower jaw moved, the voice of the fiend came out through the skull's mouth.

On the other side of the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region, there was a humongous pile of corpses.

At the very top of the pile sat another fiend, devouring the corpses with his sharp teeth.

These corpses actually didn't belong to any living beings. They were nothing but fantasies that were naturally produced in the Abyss Demon Region.

Some of these corpse even had the ability to attack as a whole. They would squirm around, trying to swallow any creature that dared to approach them.

This particular corpse pile had originally been 30, 000 feet high.

However, the fiend, which was only two feet tall, like a dwarf, had devoured more than half of the pile in five minutes.

The huge corpse pile kept wriggling as the corpses at the bottom stretched their limbs to carry the pile forward. However, the corpses at the top were not able to get rid of the fiend; countless corpses were letting out horrifying screams.

"Take it easy. It's not easy to get to the top, you know. I haven't eaten such delicious corpses in a long time," said the fiend to the skull on his arm as he chewed. As he spoke, blood dribbled down his chin.

"Yummy..." Then, after a while, the fiend said, "Wrath and Envy haven't come up yet. I'm afraid we can't do it alone."

The Abyss Demon Region, which was formed by all the negative Faith Energies, had once been an extremely chaotic world.

It had been dominated by seven negative emotions of all the creatures in the divine land:

Gluttony, Greed, Sloth, Pride, Lust, Envy, and Wrath.

All of the monsters in the Abyss Demon Region were under the control of these emotions. There was no trust and no rules, only the law of the jungle.

If it weren't for the rise of the fiends, the chaos might have lasted forever.

However, the fiends had ended all of this.

The fiends were a special race born in the Abyss Demon Region; they possessed unparalleled wisdom.

Even so, in the beginning, they had also been affected by the seven negative emotions and had fought within themselves for years. They had attacked one another and suffered countless casualties.

But eventually, a particularly clever fiend had found a method to control these seven negative emotions.

Not only had he gained full control over the seven negative emotions, but he had also turned these emotions into seven fiends that served the fiend race.

The fiend on the lava lake was named Pride.

As for the fiend that was currently devouring the corpses, he was Gluttony. He had been eating continuously since the day he was born, but he had never been able to fill his stomach.

"Master didn't ask us to kill those idiots. He just asked us to find out their motive. In fact, if the seven of us join together, we could easily kill them in the third stage," Pride said with disdain.

As these two fiends were talking, a languid voice joined in the conversation. "We don't have to be in such a hurry. Since they can't get out of the encirclement of the Soul Devouring Bugs, we can wait a little longer."

This voice belonged to the fiend called Sloth. Ever since entering the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region, he had been sleeping next to the magma lake.

With the billowing heat coming of the waves of magma, he felt very comfortable here.

"If we stay here longer, the Soul Devouring Bugs will run away. Aren't you afraid of our master?" Pride asked.

Hearing his words, the other fiends suddenly straightened up with a serious look on their faces.

They knew the consequences they would have to face if they could not complete their task. The punishment from their master would be harsh, or unbearable, even.

"Then let's get started." Sloth climbed up from the ground. Compared to the other fiends, his movements were immeasurably slow.

But after he started to walk, his speed suddenly reached a horrifying level.

Then, in the blink of an eye, he disappeared.

The other four fiends also rushed into the purple mist at the same speed.

Rocher clasped his hands together and quietly stared at the thick purple mist.

When the purple mist on his head had rolled over a hundred times, he was finally certain. "The purple mist is slowly dissipating."

Rocher was the first one to confirm this. Soon, Jeremiah added, "Yes, the number of small bugs has also decreased."

They were alert to even the subtlest of changes.

"It seems that Nicholas' judgment was correct." Clark chuckled.

To conquer the Abyss Demon Region, relying on one's own strength alone wouldn't be enough. Every step they took would have to be careful and calculated. And if these strange little bugs left on their own, it would be all the better for them.

Nicholas sat there motionlessly, staring straight ahead. A hint of seriousness could be seen in his eyes. Then, he slowly raised his hand.

Everyone stared at him in confusion.

Just like them, Nicholas couldn't release his spiritual sense. What could he see in the dense purple mist that they couldn't?

Just then, Nicholas suddenly grabbed the air in front of him.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo..."

A black shadow of a hand emerged from Nicholas' right arm and grabbed the air in the same way as him.

"Argh!"

The crowd shifted forward to take a closer look at the thing that had let out a scream.

It was a monster that was less than two feet tall and looked like a dwarf.

This dwarf wriggled and screamed hysterically in Nicholas' black hand shadow.

"What's this?"

Everyone was stunned. This little monster seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

And yet, Nicholas had noticed it.

Nicholas firmly grasped the little monster in his hand, shook his head, and said, "I don't know. It moves very fast, even faster than me!"

"Faster than you?" The Holy Beings were slightly shocked.

"And there seems to be more than one," Nicholas added, turning his head to the other side.

Samuel followed his gaze and abruptly grabbed the air behind Laquisha before flicking his fingers.

Puff!

Samuel's fingers held so much power that the little monster that had charged at Laquisha at full speed flew backward like it weighed nothing.

Seeing this, Nicholas was surprised.

He took a deep look at Samuel.

Chapter 2733 Calm Down

The little monsters' advancing speed had already reached an unimaginable level. They couldn't be seen with the naked eye.

If the warriors didn't use their spiritual sense, locating the little monsters was completely impossible.

Clark couldn't locate the monsters, nor could Murphy or any other Holy Being in fact, let alone the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods.

And nor could Nicholas.

Despite that, Nicholas had used other methods to perceive the little monsters' movements first, thus allowing him to catch one of them rather easily.

How had Samuel managed to know their movements, though?

Nicholas couldn't help but think this over, feeling surprised and confused at the same time.

He knew that he didn't have the time to ponder over such a question right now. The little monsters were too difficult to deal with!

"Aaaaargh!"

One of the little monsters was struggling violently within the huge black palm created by Nicholas.

It didn't matter how hard he fought back. Seeing as he had been captured by Nicholas, there was little chance of him escaping.

Puff!

In a split second, Nicholas had tightened his grip noticeably.

Less than a moment later, the huge black palm reacted, erupting with a powerful force and grabbing the little monster even tighter.

Beneath such indescribable force, the little monster's body was already distorted to an unrecognizable state.

He continued howling like crazy and agitating himself from left to right. He didn't appear hurt in the least!

"This creature's life energy is incredibly tenacious. What on earth are they, anyway?" exclaimed a Holy Being, unable to withhold his surprise.

Nicholas shook his head and said, "I don't know, either. But I agree, they really are very special..."

"Damn it! Let go of me right now, or you'll regret it!" The little monster suddenly threatened, screaming at the top of his lungs.

As Nicholas heard the monster yell, he smiled faintly. "You can't even protect yourself properly. How will you ever make me regret anything?"

As soon as he finished speaking though, an odd sensation washed over him and he turned his head in the opposing direction.

A second little monster was rushing over to him!

This little monster was equally unimaginably rapid. Lightning speed. To make matters worse, he was carrying a ten feet long broadsword in his hand, which didn't match his two feet height whatsoever.

When the others finally noticed the little monster, his broadsword was only inches away from Nicholas.

Had it been anyone else, avoiding the weapon would have been impossible.

However, Nicholas looked like a prophet who had predicted everything in advance. He only gently lowered his head, and the broadsword flew narrowly above his skull, missing him by only a few inches.

The little monster disappeared just as fast as he had come, leaving behind a gust of cold wind that chilled everyone to the bone.

Although Nicholas had successfully avoided this sudden attack, another little monster soon appeared at his side.

This little monster had a large mouth, a gaping hole that was even larger than his own body. The second he came into view, he was already chomping at the huge black palm.

The huge black palm created by Nicholas dissipated quickly. The little monster with the scary huge mouth quickly rescued the one that had been captured and once again disappeared from everyone's sight, leaving no trace behind.

"We'll never capture them all because they move way too fast!"

"We'd better leave the purple mist as soon as possible... Things are getting dangerous here."

"If we stay, we're giving ourselves up at their mercy. That's just not something we can afford."

The Holy Beings, the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods were all on full alert. Their eyes were peeled and their senses keen.

No matter how cautious they were, defending themselves from the speedy little monsters was an unbelievable challenge.

If only they could use their spiritual sense in order to sense their enemies' positions and predict their movements in advance. At least then, they'd still have a fighting chance.

This simply wasn't the case. No one, among everyone present, had the power to fight back except Nicholas.

Nicholas kept his calm. He spoke loudly in order to encourage the others, "Everyone, please stay as close to me as you can. These little creatures might not be as powerful as you're all imagining."

As the others listened to him speak, they reacted at once, moving quickly toward his back.

Right now, they had no other choice but to rely on Nicholas's power. On their own, they were practically useless.

Nicholas barely had the time to finish speaking!

Whoosh!

A high-pitched roar rang out loudly in everyone's ears. At the same time, they felt a strong gust of wind nipping at their faces.

As they squinted their eyes in an attempt to get a better look, they quickly noticed that one of the little monsters was standing just a few feet in front of them. In his hands, he grasped a human's head!

"Oh! My dear brother!"

Shocked, Jeremiah turned around on his heel, only to see that the Demi-holy Being of the Leng Clan had already become a headless corpse. The head in the little monster's hands was his.

Fear and disbelief were written all over the dead man's face. How could this have happened?

As a Demi-holy Being, he hadn't yet demonstrated his true strength, but he had been killed unexpectedly. The sight was hard for Jeremiah, as well as for everyone else. How could they accept that he was dead?

"Who said we aren't powerful? Ha-ha!"

The little monster grinned and then gently tossed his hands forward. The Demi-holy Being's head rolled out from his palms, teetering on his fingertips. The head was about to hit the ground.

From that position, another little monster appeared and opened his large mouth, swallowing the Leng Clan's Demi-holy Being's head whole. He then patted his belly aggressively in front of them, letting out a series of strange chuckles.

"Ha-ha! He-he!

Delicious! What a treat!"

Nobody had expected that a Demi-holy Being would die in such a cruel way, especially not now, at the hands of a tiny monster.

"Go to hell!" Jeremiah yelled.

He couldn't stand it anymore.

As he jumped upward suddenly, his hands suddenly clasped together, and a dazzling blue light bloomed from them.

A brief moment later, a long spear with a chilling aura quietly appeared in his hands.

Every one of these Holy Beings had the ability to destroy both the heaven and earth. In such a weird place, they simply couldn't release their spiritual sense, and thus, their movements were greatly restricted.

Just as Jeremiah was about to unleash a full-blown attack regardless of the obvious dangers, a huge black palm suddenly appeared behind him.

The black palm grabbed onto Jeremiah at once and pulled him down from the air. With a loud bang, he was smashed to the ground.

Simultaneously, the little monster carrying the broadsword flashed from where Jeremiah had been hovering seconds ago.

Who had created the ominous black palm? Nicholas, of course!

If he hadn't dragged Jeremiah back down to the ground, then he would've been killed as well.

"Calm down!" warned Nicholas, in a loud voice, making sure he was heard.

Jeremiah was too furious seeing his brother die before his own two eyes, but he had never thought that he'd nearly lose his own life because of it.

"Speed is the most important thing for these little creatures. Once the purple mist dissipates, they won't be so scary and intimidating anymore," reminded Murphy.

Jeremiah nodded and gently waved his hand in the air.

A burst of chilling, cold wind spread around him, forming a milky white circle of light!

Whoosh!

In an instant, the circle of light was throbbing, pushing its way out from Jeremiah.

In the blink of an eye, everything within a thousand miles was frozen by the chilling power. It was overwhelmingly cold and icy.

He'd also figured out their tactic. Since they were unable to capture the little monsters, they only needed to stay in their positions and defend themselves adequately.

As soon as Jeremiah would use his icy enchanted barrier, the little monsters' speed would decrease greatly.

Perhaps with the intention to provoke, the five little monsters hidden in the purple mist flew towards them at once, even after Jeremiah had frozen everything within a thousand miles.

As they noticed what was happening, Nicholas's and Samuel's eyes lit up with caution.

This time, Samuel seemed to remember something out of the blue. He cast an indifferent glance at Nicholas and chose not to attack instead.

On his behalf, Nicholas quickly extended his hands and formed two huge black palms which slapped violently in all directions!

Chapter 2734 Difficult To Deal With

The speed of the little fiends was extremely fast as they moved.

But Nicholas was quick to react.

It seemed that he could always foresee any impending attack and was ready to block it precisely!

He clapped his hands as two black palm shadows clapped five times in an instant.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!..."

The fiends currently moving at a high speed were all thrown away by the great force. Some of them were even thrown a hundred miles away.

The other little fiends crashed into the rocks and in turn had created a crater as deep as ten thousand feet. Some were smashed into the lava lake which had caused a lava tide that was tens of thousands of feet high.

If it was a consummate True God that was hit by Nicholas' palms, the person would have been smashed to pieces.

Even if it was a Demi-holy Being or a Holy Being, the result would not be inferior to the damage inflicted to a consummate True God. They would have been seriously injured!

However, these little fiends were completely unharmed.

A little fiend crawled out of the messy gravel, his sharp eyes looking ahead.

Emerging from the mist, waves of internal momentum slowly spread out...

Although other Holy Beings could not make such powerful attack like Nicholas, they could set up various enchanted barriers like what Jeremiah did.

The purple mist would eventually dissipate, and they just needed to hold on to survive past it.

"There is a very powerful guy who can locate us, but how did he do it?" a little fiend voiced out with a strange expression.

"I'll give it another shot. I almost cut his head off just now!" another fiend carrying the heavy broadsword on his hand gave a suggestion. This fiend was called 'Greed'.

"It's no use. I think that guy could predict what we will do in advance. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so accurate in his attack," a little fiend named 'Pride' remarked as he shook his head.

In terms of speed alone, the speed of the little fiends was among the fastest in the divine land.

The Holy Beings who cultivated Spiritual Wind Godly Way couldn't even be their match.

However, the powerful masters in the divine land could use their spiritual sense to locate their opponents. And in order to reach them, they would use the Grand Teleportation.

The little fiends would only have a difficulty in dealing with a Holy Being if it was in other places. But the Space Law in the Abyss Demon Region was ineffective. The warriors couldn't make use of their spiritual sense, so they were at the mercy of the little fiends.

"Caw, caw. You, the most lewd guy, why don't you induce them?" the little fiend called 'Pride' yelled.

"You are the most lewd guy!" Hearing the words, one of the little fiends felt unhappy. This little fiend represented 'Lust'. He had a special talent, which was to lead the target to an illusory world and make them indulged in lust and dream.

For the little fiend to perform his special talent, he needed the help of a certain method.

The Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings were people with strong wills. Under such a circumstance, it was impossible for 'Lust' to perform his skills.

Just as the five fiends were talking, a cold voice rang out, "You are all a group of waste! It is such a waste for the master to have raised you for so many years!"

"Wrath comes, ha-ha!"

"If you are not a waste, you go ahead!"

"They are the Holy Beings of the divine land. They are the most powerful existences. Even the master is very serious this time!"

the little fiends shouted one after another.

"Humph! You all come with me... "

Just as the last word was spoken, the fiend named 'Wrath' rushed into the purple mist.

"Whoosh!"

It only took a few seconds for him to cover the distance of several hundred miles.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

The moment Wrath rushed to the Holy Beings, he had immediately triggered the lightning trap that was set by a Demi-holy Being.

A series of lightning fiercely flashed, but not even a single streak of lightning had been able to touch him.

After Wrath passed through the lightning trap, waves of cold air instantly surrounded him. The cold air quickly condensed on the surface of his body, trying to freeze him in place.

However, as he moved at a supersonic speed and even before the cold air could condense into ice, it was shattered by Wrath.

"They are coming again!"

"Watch out, everybody!"

"Consummate True Gods stand in the middle!"

Seeing that the enchanted barriers and the traps were triggered, everyone became alerted that the little fiends were coming again.

The consummate True Gods knew that they had no ability to fight back when faced with the little fiends whose speed was super fast. The Holy Beings could only protect them in the middle to avoid meaningless casualties.

Nicholas' expression was still as calm as water.

If these fiends only relied on their fast speed, he could definitely cope with them.

"They are coming!"

He stood still as his eyes were narrowed.

As he had already predicted his opponents' move, he raised his hand and slashed in the air!

In midair not far from where he was standing, a black palm shadow also hacked down from the sky.

"Bang!"

This strike precisely landed on Wrath, just as he had calculated.

The two-foot long body of Wrath had crashed directly into the ground. After a while, no sound was heard.

The Holy Beings who had been watching the scene looked at each other, wondering what the little fiend was doing.

As they were caught in confusion to what was happening, the ground started to crack.

A huge claw stretched out from the ground.

"It's painful..."

Wrath cried out as he rose from the ground. He was originally only two feet high, but now he had turned into ten feet tall.

"He has grown!"

The change on the little fiend had made Nicholas slightly frown.

Unlike the rest of the little fiends, this little fiend didn't take the advantage of his fast speed to rush toward them, but had approached them briskly.

Every one of the Holy Beings were already feeling vexed because of the previous attacks. And now, there was this little fiend which could be served as a live target. They certainly would not let go of this opportunity.

"Da! Da! Da!"

A red circle of light appeared on the fiend's head.

Countless flame spears materialized from the halo of light and directly shot towards the little fiend.

The power of the internal momentum contained in each of the flame spears was completely concentrated without any leak of heat.

The strike was activated by Clark.

At the same time the attack was released, a few warriors from the group had also moved to attack. They were Murphy, Jeremiah and other six or seven Holy Beings.

With so many Holy Beings attacking together, the power burst out was beyond imagination.

All the attacks were currently poured on to the little fiend.

When Rachelle, Troy, Shahn and some others had witnessed the scene, they were greatly shocked.

They had only entered the Abyss Demon Region not long ago, but these strange looking little fiends were simply too difficult to deal with. They had actually caused a group of Holy Beings to feel so frustrated...

If they reached the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region and faced those truly powerful fiends, what kind of predicament would they even encounter?

The attacks had continued for some time.

Nicholas gently waved his hand, and then Clark and the rest had also stopped attacking when they noticed the order.

A great sense of pressure came out from the burning flame before it dissipated.

As the smoke cleared, it was evident that Wrath was not hurt at all! Instead, he turned into a huge being that was over ten thousand feet tall, appearing in front of everyone.

"Ha ha ha, I like this kind of power!" the huge fiend spoke with a twisted smile on his face.

Different from the other little fiends, the more painful Wrath felt, the more furious he was. The more he was driven by fury, his strength and body would constantly grow larger.

Chapter 2735 Fight For Survival

Looking upset, the Holy Beings had worried expressions on their faces.

"What should we do now?" Clark and the other Holy Beings also looked quite worried.

Nicholas' gaze became a little serious all of a sudden.

He raised his head to look up at the sky, and his eyes flashed a gleam as he said through his life vitality, "Murphy and I will fight this monster. The rest of you, fly upwards. Clark, Jeremiah, Zeke, listen to me!"

The purple mist above them had become very thin. Most of the fine bugs had already dissipated, forming a huge opening on top of their heads.

As long as they could escape from this purple mist, they would face a turning point.

Nicholas was not the type who would get panicky, even in such desperate situation.

He only planned to use his own abilities to the maximum, leaving its outcome to fate.

"Okay!"

Murphy nodded, trusting his order.

"But how can we deal with such a huge monster?" Clark couldn't help asking.

"These fiends can move at such a great speed because of their flexible figures. If this monster will still maintain his previous speed after he has become so huge, it's not a shame that we will all die here," Nicholas answered with a faint smile.

As soon as he finished talking, they heard the strange sound. Whoosh!

Like a mountain in the air, the huge body of the fiend called 'Wrath' jumped up, pressing down towards the crowd.

"Everyone, let's fly upwards!"

Clark shouted, making sure everyone heard him.

The consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings were already prepared.

As advised, they all flew upwards at the same time.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Clark and the other Holy Beings flew a little slower, needing to stay behind of those consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings to assist them.

Just as Nicholas suspected, after the little monster transformed to be ten thousand feet high, his speed suddenly dropped.

"His speed is his only advantage." Nicholas squinted his eyes and gently raised his hand. "Such a huge transformation may result to a great disadvantage. Murphy, Attack!"

Murphy nodded.

Streaks of internal momentum immediately erupted from his body.

It contained a very profound comprehension, belonging to the Earth Godly Way.

With a gentle stamp, Murphy connected himself to the earth.

A strange scene appeared, as everyone watched in awe.

The surface of the uneven ground within a radius of a thousand miles started to soften.

The rocks started to melt, transforming into soft mud. The holes of different heights constantly collapsed, filling the space with mud.

A huge mud pool formed on the ground, covering the same thousand mile radius.

At the same time, Murphy flew up like a ghost, rushing towards the fiend called 'Wrath'.

Nicholas' eyes flashed a bit. Through his life vitality, he ordered, "Jeremiah, attack from the bottom left side. Clark, there is a little monster rushing over from bottom."

The Holy Beings didn't notice the movements of the other little fiends.

However, they did not hesitate to fight, following Nicholas' suggestions.

As Clark flew upward, he suddenly threw a punch.

Condensed by flames, a fist shadow rushed downwards.

A small shadow suddenly flew past below. It was one of the little fiends.

In terms of strength, Clark and Nicholas were almost alike.

Especially the power of this punch was extremely horrible.

Bang!

The fist-shaped flames began to spread, forming a strong impact force.

With a great howl, the little fiend was smashed to the ground.

Since the ground below was now a soft puddle of mud, the little fiend was like a stone thrown into the water, crashing into the depth of the ground.

The other fiends were probably in the same situation.

When Nicholas accurately announced their positions, they ended up being beaten down by Jeremiah, Zeke and the other Holy Beings.

However, one fiend became an exception.

Successfully avoiding the attack of the Holy Beings, he entered the crowd through the gap.

Puff!

A consummate True God felt something moving in front of his eyes and a sharp pain came from his belly.

Looking down, a big hole appeared on his body and his cinnabar field was torn apart.

Apparently, the little fiend was not done yet. After smashing the cinnabar field of the consummate True God, he headed for his next goal.

Everyone could only see the little fiend when he stopped. Once he moved, he would disappear in front of the naked eye.

Crack!

With a crisp sound, the head of another consummate True God was cut off. The headless corpse spurted a lot of blood before it fell down.

The head had already fallen into the mouth of the little fiend.

Gee!

The little fiend enjoyed his 'food' for a while, and suddenly turned to stare at Rocher with his sharp eyes.

Noticing that the little fiend was gazing at him, Rocher turned over and flew upward sideways.

Being a consummate True God and with a high cultivation base, Rocher moved swiftly, even surpassing the speed of some Demi-holy Beings.

However, compared to these little fiends, he was not fast enough.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, the little fiend appeared in front of Rocher.

The others were also unable to capture the movements of the little fiend, but from Rocher's reaction, they already knew Rocher was his next chosen target.

They felt a bit glad to see that. There was also a hint of delight on Troy's face.

The little fiend was about to bite Rocher's neck at an irresistible speed.

At that moment, Rocher's eyes flashed with a faint white light and a unique aura came from his entire body.

Being affected by the aura of an irresistible will, the little fiend suddenly found himself unable to bite Rocher no matter how hard he tried.

"Fuck off!"

Just as the little fiend got stunned, Rocher knocked at his face with one knee, making him fall down.

In a blink of an eye, Rocher and the little fiend did not reveal any incredible skills to each other.

Meanwhile, the Holy Beings, the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods around them had been stunned.

They initially thought that Rocher would be killed like the two consummate True Gods who died earlier. However, not only did he manage to stay alive, he was also able to dodge the attack of the little fiend and smash him.

"Um?"

The little fiend that Rocher had knocked down was also confused.

The fiend felt extremely unhappy, being affected by that formidable will. Out of fury, he turned in the air and rushed towards Rocher again.

Seeing this, Rocher frowned.

Unless really necessary, he wouldn't want to expose his ability to others, most especially, not in front of these Holy Beings.

Chapter 2736 Narrow Escape

Rocher had been travelling the Abyss Demon Region for years and naturally knew how dangerous this place was.

However, the presence of so many Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings assured him, Rachelle and the other consummate True Gods that this exploration wasn't going to be as dangerous or difficult.

Who would've thought they'd be stuck in such a situation?

As the little fiend prepared to rush towards him, Rocher immediately waved his hand.

A long purple sword appeared, looking extremely sharp and intimidating.

Its sword intent increased and a sword light shot towards the little fiend.

However, just as he was about to get hit, the little fiend suddenly disappeared!

He reappeared near him and his big mouth was wide-open, aiming to devour Rocher's long sword.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Three, large, vicious bites.

That was all it took for the purple sword, given to Rocher by Nicholas, to get devoured by the little fiend.

After the sword, the little fiend wasn't satisfied and aimed for Rocher's head.

However, as he got near him, that irresistible will was transmitted over again!

Despite wanting to bite Rocher's head, the little fiend couldn't seem to do it.

He immediately hung his head down in despair.

Why couldn't him bite this young man's head off?

At the same time...

Nicholas, who was below the crowd, had gotten near enough and was right above the huge fiend's head.

He gathered a powerful force in his hands and pushed.

Two, black palm shadows appeared in the air and ruthlessly pushed the fiend down.

"Get out!"

"Bang!"

There was a shocking, explosive sound.

This huge fiend, called 'Wrath', was immediately smashed onto the soft mud below.

However, Nicholas wasn't yet done.

Not pleased with his handiwork, he patted the ground a few more times.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Each slap was a tremendous force that had to be endured by the fiend.

At the same time, the fiend became bigger and bigger, almost as if he was going to expand indefinitely.

However, his huge body soon got stuck in the soft mud and sank deeper each time.

It was impossible to kill this little fiend and Nicholas did not really have any intention to do so. All he needed to do was to trap these little creatures and escape as fast as they could from this purple mist.

As he pressed this fiend, effectively trapping him in the mud, Nicholas did not forget to send out a message to the Holy Beings through his life vitality.

He told them of the direction the other little fiends came from. This information was no doubt going to be valuable to the others.

Without Nicholas, many Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings might end up getting eaten.

After fully burying the fiend in the ground, Nicholas and Murphy exchanged glances.

With a flip of his hand, Murphy took out a jade rune.

He shot the internal momentum into this rune before smashing it heavily on the ground!

"Boom!"

There was a loud explosion and the entire earth began to shake!

The ground that surrounded them within a thousand-mile radius was merely soft quagmire.

However, in just a blink of an eye, it turned into hard, solid ground.

This was the power of the Earth Spirit Seal.

It was a theurgy beyond the Earth Godly Way Murphy had comprehended.

As the earth solidified, all the power would evenly spread out.

Once sealed, even a Holy Being would find it difficult to escape.

"Rumble..."

Despite his efforts to contain the fiend, however, a huge crack suddenly appeared on the ground.

"This thing is very extraordinary," Murphy exclaimed.

"Let's go!"

Nicholas immediately shot up towards the sky!

The Holy Beings had already flown at quite a high altitude but they still couldn't get rid of the purple mist. As Nicholas flew, he launched several palm strikes in the air.

Bang! Bang! Bang...

Two, huge, black hands appeared and hit several fiends as he flew.

The little fiend Rocher fought had chosen to give up on him and was now on the process of looking for his next goal.

However, Nicholas was already on the move and immediately shot down this little fiend with his black palm shadow.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief and sped up.

The purple mist was thankfully not that thick and they were able to escape after a while.

"The third stage of the Abyss Demon Region is so dangerous..."

Zen muttered, holding Rocher's Memory Flame in his hand.

The memories within this flame were updated on time. Zen could retrieve anyone's Memory Flame and read their latest thoughts.

This was on a whole other level of mind-reading!

He was greatly relieved when he saw Rocher escape to safety with the other Holy Beings.

Meanwhile...

the top-rank True Gods sat cross-legged on the stairs.

Memory Flames floated in front of them.

The Reincarnation Land was not something they could control or even get involved in. However, since they were already here, then they were determined to at least bring something back with them.

With Zen's help, they were able to acquire some consummate True Gods' Memory Flames.

These flames recorded precious comprehension that one could witness, feel, and understand.

After mastering the comprehension within these flames, they could break through and finally become consummate True Gods! However, the possibilities did not stop there.

These Memory Flames had been stored here for countless years, which meant that there were countless comprehension techniques that were now available to them. So long as they withstood the flames, they could have endless experience in cultivation to comprehend.

This was infinitely more precious than any rare treasure.

These Memory Flames could help them a lot!

Leland, however, was less enthusiastic about it.

He was already a Demi-holy Being, after all.

If he wanted to become a Holy Being, all he needed to do was to pass through the Mountain of Holy Beings.

It was meaningless for him to comprehend other people's cultivating experience. Instead of being entranced by the Memory Flames, he was more concerned with what he could find behind that huge door.

Zen did not stop him.

Leland did not have the Nine Li blood, so he wasn't able to pass the test arranged by the hall soul after entering the Reincarnation Hall. Getting the Latent Theurgy now solely depended on his own ability.

Now, Zen's main agenda was finding out a way to get out of here.

They had entered this place through a cave at the edge of the Evil Ghost Region.

However, some parts of the cave merely existed as an illusion.

There seemed to be only one exit in the entire Reincarnation Land and it connected directly to the Abyss Demon Region.

Chapter 2737 Revenge And Soul Suppressing Sword

After thinking about it for a while, Zen decided to ask the Magical Crow.

Since the Magical Crow had stayed in the Reincarnation Land for a long time, it probably knew other ways to leave this place.

This time when Zen pushed open the door, he wasn't met with any obstacles. Instead, the door opened just a crack with a gentle push.

However, the moment he entered, he heard a ear-piercing rumbling sound.

The internal momentum of the Five Elements Godly Way had circulated and transformed into a five elements array with Leland inside it.

To get a Latent Theurgy, Leland had to pass the test of the hall soul.

Zen stood still and observed him for a while, and then he took a detour on the other side of the hall.

Perhaps it was because Zen had obtained the Reincarnation Soul Weapon, the hall soul didn't stop him.

After entering through the small door behind the hall, Zen found himself face to face with the Magical Crow again.

"Why have you come back?" the Magical Crow asked in a strange voice.

"Is there any other way to leave the Reincarnation Land?" Zen asked.

The reason why Zen had come to the Reincarnation Land was to find out the truth about the Stone Mouse.

Now, through Rocher's memories, he knew that the alliance of the powerful clans had reached the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region. Naturally, he wanted to avoid them.

The Magical Crow, however, didn't know why Zen had asked this question. "The Reincarnation Land is connected to the Abyss Demon Region. The way out of here is naturally through the Abyss Demon Region. What other way do you want to know?"

"We came here from a cave in the Evil Ghost Region. Can we leave through that cave?" Zen asked.

After some thought, the Magical Crow shook its head. "You came here through a one-way transmission array created by three Reincarnation Spirits. That road is irreversible..."

"In other words, I can only leave through the Abyss Demon Region?" Zen smiled bitterly.

"Yes!" Then, the Magical Crow added, "Anyway, with your strength, it won't be difficult for you to leave the Abyss Demon Region."

'It won't be difficult?' Zen repeated to himself in his mind, smiling helplessly at the crow's words.

The Magical Crow must have been trapped here for too long.

The forbidden area in the Abyss Demon Region had expanded numerous times in the past countless years, and the vicious beasts within it had also become stronger and stronger under the baptism of the Faith Energy.

Just now, Zen had seen the savage scene in Rocher's memories.

Just a few fiends could wreak utter chaos. If it hadn't been for Nicholas, the entire group might have been annihilated completely.

Moreover, there were many fiends in the abyss that were even stronger than Edmond.

Zen blinked his eyes decisively at the Magical Crow. "Since it won't be difficult, can you send me out?"

"Caw! Caw!"

Hearing this, the crow suddenly withdrew its wings and crouched down on the golden branch, perched motionlessly as if it had become a sculpture.

No matter what Zen said, the Magical Crow did not answer.

Finally, Zen shook his head in surrender and turned around to leave. It seemed that he could only discuss this with Leland.

But just then, the Magical Crow suddenly spoke again, "The man outside can take one of the Latent Theurgies. The rest are yours!"

Hearing this, Zen turned his head and shot a smile at the Magical Crow. Then, he walked out through the small door.

Even if the Magical Crow hadn't mentioned it, Zen would have taken a Latent Theurgy anyway.

If a warrior wanted to break into the Abyss Demon Region, the more treasures they had, the better. Moreover, the Latent Theurgies had been left by Chiyou, so they would definitely be extraordinary.

In the Reincarnation Hall, Leland was tired and gasping for breath.

The several rounds of test he had been put through were something that even he, a Demi-holy Being, found difficult to deal with.

He had exhausted almost all of his strength trying to pass them.

"Can I choose a Latent Theurgy?" asked Leland.

He sensed a mysterious power from the spheres. Each sphere seemed to hold a different power, so he wanted to choose the one he felt the most connection with.

Unfortunately, the hall soul replied mechanically, "You are not qualified to choose one. I will make a Latent Theurgy for you."

Then, the hall soul's arm lengthened until it reached the top of a statue and pointed at a sphere.

Buzz!

The sphere the hall soul was pointing at shook and flew around in the air before finally stopping above Leland's head.

Leland sized up the sphere and asked, "What's the power of this Latent Theurgy?"

"You can find that out with your own spiritual sense," the hall soul replied.

Hearing this, Leland released his spiritual sense and sent it into the sphere.

Leland seemed to detect something, and then a dejected expression appeared on his face.

Zen, who had been observing the whole scene, curiously walked over to Leland and asked, "What's wrong?"

Leland smiled bitterly. "This Latent Theurgy is revenge!"

"Revenge?" Zen was slightly stunned. He had never heard of revenge being a power before.

"Only if I die and my cultivation vanishes will this Latent Theurgy come into effect and release Fission Thunder Spirit to help me take revenge," Leland explained.

Although Zen and Leland didn't know what Fission Thunder Spirit was, the power of the Latent Theurgy couldn't be underestimated.

The problem, however, was that this theurgy wouldn't work until Leland died. Even though it would help him to take revenge, it wouldn't mean much, especially to Leland.

"That's how all the Latent Theurgies are. They're very powerful, but they'll only work when certain requirements are met," the hall soul added nonchalantly, not caring about Leland's feelings.

"Got it," Leland said gloomily.

Zen smiled and turned to the hall soul. "That crow said that all the other Latent Theurgies are mine now."

Hearing this, Leland stared blankly at Zen.

He had broken his back just to get one Latent Theurgy, and it had turned out to be an almost useless one as it would only work when he died. Now Zen was taking away all the other Latent Theurgies?

How was that even possible? As far as he knew, Zen hadn't been put through even a single test.

However, what happened next made him realize that Zen was telling the truth.

The hall soul floated in the air silently for a while, and then nodded. "I know."

Then its arm lengthened again and pointed at the spheres above the remaining seven statues.

Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz!

Seven pale yellow spheres floated slowly toward Zen and hovered over his head.

Each of the nine statues in the Reincarnation Hall had a Latent Theurgy. Gregorio had taken one and Leland had taken another, so there were only seven Latent Theurgies left.

Curious about these Latent Theurgies, Zen raised his head and injected his spiritual sense into one of the spheres.

In the blink of an eye, Zen had already comprehended the function of this Latent Theurgy.

'Killing Intent Counterattack! When someone shows their killing intention to me, this theurgy will summon the Soul Suppressing Sword to launch a counterattack.'

Through his spiritual sense, Zen faintly sensed a soul sword sealed within this sphere.

Though the Soul Suppressing Sword was sealed in the sphere, Zen could feel its terrifying power.

Chapter 2738 Leave

"The Latent Theurgy is quite aggressive in nature. As long as it feels the massive killing intent from my opponent, it will counterattack without hesitation,"

Zen muttered to himself in his mind.

No. 9527 had however countered and added, "It's nothing. In the Source World, there are some more powerful Latent Theurgies."

"Are there also Latent Theurgies in the Source World?" Zen asked curiously.

"Of course. When some powerful masters protect the juniors of their clans, they would naturally grant these juniors those Latent Theurgies. Some Latent Theurgies will be triggered even just because you have taken a few glances at someone. Such Latent Theurgies are so outrageous," No. 9527 informed him.

"Even a few glances will make one be punished." It was absurd and hearing about it made Zen speechless.

Latent Theurgies were in actual fact similar to protective treasures. Only given the difference that they were more active and could start automatically when certain conditions were met.

A sudden thought came to him about the 'Killing Intent Counterattack', the first Latent Theurgy. It instantly aroused his curiosity.

At that moment, he released another wisp of spiritual sense to explore the next Latent Theurgy.

"Life For The Dead.."

He realized that it seemed to be the same as the 'Revenge' that Leland had obtained. This Latent Theurgy would only be activated once he lost his life.

In the situation where he would breathe his last, this Latent Theurgy would still keep him alive and maintain his current fighting power for a period of time before he actually died completely.

"This Latent Theurgy is the same as the Reincarnation Theurgy in the Life Godly Way," Zen stated with a nod.

The consummate level theurgy of the Life Godly Way was the Reincarnation Theurgy. For the consummate True Gods who cultivated Life Godly Way, the moment they died, their life could be prolonged by creating another body.

However, there was a deterrent condition in activating it. The time for the prolonged lifespan was limited, and they would completely die when the time ran out.

"The next, Wind Cloud Escape..."

Zen's eyes lit up when he saw the third Latent Theurgy.

The Wind Cloud Escape could be advantageous for him during the time he would be in a danger of death. It could force him to teleport for a distance which was a good way to save his life.

But thinking about it, the Space Law was ineffective in the Abyss Demon Region. He wondered if this 'Wind Cloud Escape' could still work in the Abyss Demon Region.

"The fourth one is the 'Exhausting Power'. Once I unleash my full strength, it will work and give me even stronger power!"

"The fifth one..."

"Unfortunately, these Latent Theurgies can only be used once."

After he checked all of the Latent Theurgies, Zen gave out a sigh full of emotion.

Almost all of the Latent Theurgies had extraordinary effects. Once activated, they would cause a great turn of the situation.

Gaining and having a total of seven Latent Theurgies above his head made him extremely secured. It was as if his strength had suddenly increased by several times in a short period of time!

Meanwhile, Leland on the side dazedly watched everything that transpired for quite a while.

He was feeling resentful and was very jealous, but he knew to himself that it was impossible to snatch them away from Zen.

He was rather grateful because if it weren't for Zen, he would probably still be lying on the ground like a corpse. After all, it was Zen who had saved everyone.

Moreover, the Latent Theurgies were not something one could snatch.

After examining all of the Latent Theurgies, Zen stared at Leland and said, "There's only one way to leave this place. It's through the Abyss Demon Region."

Leland was at the moment caught up on a daze. He was all along focused on the ways to get the Latent Theurgy, and had placed the thought on how to leave the place on the back of his mind.

He suddenly heard Zen's words bringing up the topic. It made his eyes twitch and he couldn't help but cry out, "What! What about the cave?"

"That cave is only a one-way transmission channel," Zen responded in pursed lips.

"The Abyss Demon Region..." Leland was all along aware of how horrible the Abyss Demon Region was and the dangers that awaited for everyone who dared enter the place. He was not a member of a Floating Island but he had paid a certain price to acquire a chance for entry using his identity as a Demi-holy Being. He then asked, "Which stage are we going to be in?"

He thought that as long as it was within the first three stages, he could well accept it.

Zen shook his head. "I don't know, but we must be in the very deep place..."

Leland fell into silence.

If the Reincarnation Land was located at the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region, the chances of them going back would be very small.

After thinking for a while, Leland couldn't make up his mind and suggested in the end, "Ask those guys..."

His suggestion simply implied about the top-rank Gods who were still focused on their cultivation.

The top-rank True Gods currently were just greedily devouring the Memory Flames, and hadn't considered about the problem at all.

Moreover, in their eyes, this should be something of Leland's concern.

Both Zen and Leland gradually made a move. They swiftly left the Reincarnation Hall and descended on the steps.

Zen moved his finger lightly. Right after, the Memory Flames floating in the middle of these powerful top-rank True Gods' brows had then entered the sea of the Memory Flames.

As a result, every top-rank True God's concentration was disturbed as they opened their eyes and looked at them in confusion.

"What happened?" Cameron asked as he gave Zen a strange look.

Zen briefly explained the current problem to everyone.

Zen's explanation startled the top-rank True Gods as they immediately realized the seriousness of the problem. They were trapped underneath the Abyss Demon Region!

"Oh my god! We can't leave at all..." a top-rank True God among them cried out with a mournful look on his face.

It was a known fact that the Abyss Demon Region was a forbidden place to the True Gods.

Even the True Gods of powerful clans on the Floating Islands would be considered courting death if they dared enter the place.

"I won't go," one of the top-rank True Gods responded quickly. "If I choose to leave, I will end up turning into these things."

He pointed at the light dots as he spoke.

The moment they died, they would only have their Memory Flames left.

"Give me more time and I can comprehend the consummate level theurgy. By then, perhaps I can leave this place," said another top-rank True God.

There was a leeway to leave. If they could succeed in becoming a consummate True God, the chances of being able to safely get out of the Abyss Demon Region would greatly increase.

Cameron spoke with a bitter smile, "Yes, he's right. With our current cultivation, if we go out now, it would be no different from courting death."

Zen listened and nodded. "You can stay if you want. But I will leave this place. Whoever wants to leave the Reincarnation Land with me has to make the decision now."

Hearing this, some top-rank True Gods began to ponder.

Choosing to still stay was not a good solution and indeed a risk.

They pondered that even though their lifespan was unlimited, it was still impossible for them to live in this damned place all the time!

After some time, some people finally made their decision. Three top-rank True Gods chose to leave together with Zen.

As for Leland, he also chose to leave with Zen. He was also afraid of the Abyss Demon Region, but he was after all a Demi-holy Being and had always been confident of his strength.

The group who chose to leave were already decided. There were Zen, Leland and three top-rank True Gods. Zen did not choose to go immediately as they carefully set a plan. It made them stay for a period of time in the place for a while.

It was not until three days later that the group were already set and ready to leave.

They went on their journey and reached the other end of the Reincarnation Land. There was a pitch dark valley.

As they walked through the valley, they felt as if they were walking through a cave. There were no light cast around and the surroundings were indeed engulfed in darkness.

It didn't matter as they continued to move. They were always on guard but at that moment, they felt no danger in the Reincarnation Land.

Five minutes later, they finally arrived at the end of the valley.

A naturally formed stone arch bridge appeared in front of them. Beneath it, the turbulent lava was rolling and surging. They realized that it was a huge lava river.

It seemed dangerous but they paid no attention to the lava below. Their gaze was focused on the other end of the stone arch bridge.

They gradually continued and easily passed through the stone arch bridge. They successfully left the Reincarnation Land as they were ready now to enter the Abyss Demon Region.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2739 Green Head

As they stood on the stone arch bridge and looked at the place they were supposed to enter, the three top-rank True Gods seemed hesitant.

They knew that once they set foot in that dangerous place, they would have just a slim chance of survival.

"It's not too late to turn around from here," Zen said, smiling lightly.

He wasn't going to force these people to follow him into the Abyss Demon Region.

He knew that apart from Leland, all the top-rank True Gods were only going to be a burden to him most times.

"We've made our choices. No regrets," a top-rank True God said firmly.

Every one of them had their own reasons for leaving here.

"Let's go," Zen said.

The five of them left the stone arch bridge.

Leland's soul began to vibrate the moment they passed the bridge.

A strong spiritual sense spread out in all directions.

The Demi-Holy Being's spiritual sense covered quite a large radius. He could immediately discover any danger the moment it came into existence.

The others looked over at Leland, feeling his spiritual sense, and understood his actions.

"This area is huge and empty. Everyone hide your aura and move forward carefully," Leland warned.

The others nodded, trying their best to hide their auras and glided quietly along the ground. There were rivers of lava all around this area, the dark red lava illuminating their faces.

There was indeed nothing unusual about this area, nor were there any vicious beasts, just as Leland had said.

Zen used the Reincarnation Soul Weapon to link to the Reincarnation Land. He wanted to observe the movements of the alliance of powerful clans from the Floating Islands.

The Stone Mouse had said that Gregorio would definitely come back to the Reincarnation Land. It was also highly possible that Samuel would take advantage of this opportunity to return to the Reincarnation Land.

Zen would be in real trouble if Samuel were to bring Nicholas here.

He didn't stand a chance of winning against the large group of Holy Beings all by himself, which was one of the reasons why Zen wanted to leave.

Otherwise, he would have spent more time reading the Memory Flames.

After all, there were still many questions that Zen hadn't gotten the answers to yet.

But fortunately for Zen, he now had the Reincarnation Soul Weapon and even if he wasn't there, he could control the Reincarnation Land and read the Memory Flames.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

These five people flew silently for hundreds of miles in just about an hour.

Along the way, they encountered more and more lava rivers below them. These lava rivers converged into a huge, wider lava sea.

The shore of the lava sea was a beach that had green sand.

After a brief discussion, they decided to cross the lava sea.

They had only just made their decision but Leland turned around and his expression shifted.

Zen was confused at the change in Leland. So he released his spiritual sense to scan the edges of the lava sea.

Zen didn't notice anything out of the ordinary along the endless coast.

After they had left the Reincarnation Land, what they had witnessed made them think that the Abyss Demon Region did not live up to its name.

They had thought that the Abyss Demon Region was filled with all sorts of vicious beasts. Instead, all they had encountered was emptiness.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked.

Leland was confused. "There is something on the beach that's keeping an eye on us!"

"What is it?"

"Where is it?"

The three top-rank True Gods became nervous.

"I didn't find anything of the sort," Zen said, shaking his head.

"That feeling just occurred to me. I wonder why though." Leland thought for a while before turning back to the others and saying, "Forget it. We'd better hurry up."

According to Leland, the most important thing that they had to do right now was to confirm their position and then rise up, stage by stage, to leave.

However, the Abyss Demon Region spanned several regions and was simply too vast.

As they were about to set off again, the sand under one of the top-rank True Gods' feet began to move.

It spiraled crazily, forming a powerful force that sucked down the top-rank True God.

Zen's reaction was lightning fast.

He stretched out a hand and grabbed the shoulder of the top-rank True God.

This suction force was beyond Zen's expectation. It was so strong that he couldn't hold on to the top-rank True God's shoulder and ended up tearing a piece of cloth off the True God's shirt before he was pulled into the ground.

"Down there!"

"Get out of here!"

The other two top-rank True Gods were shocked at this and immediately rose up into the air.

Zen and Leland were still calm.

At their levels of strength, it wouldn't be dangerous as long as they didn't encounter the fiends in the abyss.

Zen and Leland looked at each other, Leland taking the lead in making a move.

He waved his hands. .

Having been pushed apart by an invisible force, the green sand rolled apart.

A ditch that seemed to be a thousand feet deep appeared on the beach.

Multiple green tentacles wriggled on both sides of the ditch, the top-rank True God caught in one of them.

It looked like there was a huge octopus hiding beneath the beach.

Whoosh!

Without hesitation, Zen flew towards the top-rank True God.

As he did so, the tentacles swept towards Zen from both sides of the ditch. ·

"Break!"

A golden red whip appeared in Leland's hand.

He waved the long whip around.

Many colorful shadows of the whip extended from its end.

Leland had practiced the Five Elements Godly Way for many years and his mastery of it was great. He had even comprehended three theurgies beyond way on his own.

The power of his attack couldn't be underestimated.

The great number of whip shadows almost shrouded Zen and had cut the tentacles off before they could touch him.

The tentacle that gripped the top-rank True God recoiled rapidly.

Before Zen had arrived, the tentacle had managed to pull down the top-rank True God deeper into the sand.

Zen frowned and punched the dust heap beside the ditch.

Zen's power was so powerful, it stirred up a large area of sand, the beach rolling down to one side like sandy waves.

Zen had managed to completely overturn the surface of the beach.

The beast that had been hiding in the beach finally revealed itself.

There were over a thousand green tentacles scattered across the beach, and at the convergence of these was a huge head.

The head was triangular in shape and had an ugly-looking, hateful human face.

And as they watched, it was about to stuff the top-rank True God who was trapped in one of its tentacles into its large mouth.

The top-rank True God smelled the unpleasant odor and was filled with despair.

But before the beast could swallow the True God, a sword light flashed across the beach.

Crack!

The thousand tentacles that were connected to the head were all mutilated.

The giant head let out an ear-splitting shriek of pain and turned to burrow back into the sand.

Chapter 2740 Questioning

The top-rank True God broke free from the ripped tentacle and quickly fled.

"You want to escape?"

Seeing the huge head sink rapidly into the sand, Zen lifted his sword to strike again.

Although what he was going up against was a ferocious beast in the Abyss Demon Region, it was not a very powerful one.

It would not be difficult to kill it.

Just as Zen was about to end its life with his sword attack, Leland suddenly shouted, "Zen, don't kill it! It's intelligent!"

Although Leland's words fell short of conveying the complete meaning of what he wanted to say, Zen understood his thoughts in an instant.

Ever since leaving the Reincarnation Land, they had moved forward by instinct, completely unaware of where they were.

If they were lucky, they would be able to leave this place and ascend to an upper stage of the Abyss Demon Region.

But if they were unlucky and broke into the lair of some powerful beasts, they would be in real trouble. What they needed the most now was some information.

And if this beast was really intelligent like Leland claimed, they would be able to get some information from it.

Its huge triangular head was spinning madly, rapidly digging a big hole into the sand.

However, its huge size affected its speed as it moved in the sand.

Zen gently floated over to the beast, and then grabbed the tentacles on the back of its head with his hands and pulled it out.

Bang!

He kicked hard on the lower part of its head.

The head flew, drawing a steep arc in the air before landing on the beach.

"Wow, wow, wow, wow..."

Its big mouth screamed as it rolled around in pain.

Then, determined to flee, it began to spin again.

However, Leland had already followed it to the beach. He gently stomped on the sand, infusing it with a stream of internal momentum.

The sand immediately turned solid and hard, like a slate, with a colorful glow on its surface.

The head continued to spin in an attempt to drill into the ground but to no avail. At last, it gave up.

After Zen landed next to Leland, Leland stared at the head and said, "If I'm not wrong, this must be the Western Sea Monster."

"What's that?" Zen had never seen such a strange thing before.

"It is from an ancient legend on the western sea. It is said that this monster wanders the depths of the western sea. Anyone who is caught by its tentacles will be dragged into the depths of the sea," Leland explained.

Hearing this, Zen smiled; he finally understood what this beast was. "It seems that it is only a legend, and not one that many people know about."

Strictly speaking, the Abyss Demon Region didn't exist in the first place. Everything within it was imagined by the divine citizens.

Perhaps it was because of that ancient legend, which must have been spread by word of mouth, that the Western Sea Monster had sprung into existence in the Abyss Demon Region.

"Yes." Leland nodded. "The legend of the Western Sea Monster is only spread near the western sea. I was born there, so of course I know it."

Since this beast received only a little Faith Energy from the few people who knew about it, it was very weak.

But according to the legend, it was a cunning and intelligent monster. That was why Leland had asked Zen not to kill it.

With a light tap of his toe, Zen leaped up into the air and hovered above the Western Sea Monster. "Which stage of the Abyss Demon Region is this and where is the exit?"

He didn't want to talk too much with this ugly thing.

"Wow, wow, wow, wow..."

The head opened its mouth and made a series of strange sounds, as if it didn't understand human language.

However, Zen's expression did not change at all. He pointed the long sword in his hand at it and said, "Speak human language or you'll die immediately."

Splash...

Rolling sword intent circled around Zen's long sword. With just a light shake of his hand, he could shatter the head into pieces.

The Western Sea Monster felt Zen's killing intent and finally opened its mouth. In an extremely rough and strange voice, it shouted, "Don't, don't kill me. I tell you!"

Zen and Leland looked at each other and smiled. Leland's judgment was right.

"Spit it out," Zen said flatly.

"I don't know much either! I'm just their food! This is the breeding zone!" the Western Sea Monster shouted pathetically.

"Food? Breeding Zone?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

"Yes, we are just the food of the fiends! Every once in a while, the fiends will come here, dig us out, and take us away," the Western Sea Monster explained with a helpless expression on its face.

The fiends thoroughly controlled the Abyss Demon Region. With their intelligence, their race had already surpassed the general definition of "forbidden area beasts."

This was also the reason why the fiends were able to contend with the Holy Beings.

And this breeding zone was merely a pasture of the fiends. In the lava lake and this endless beach, there were many beasts that they kept as food.

The Western Sea Monster was one of them.

"Which stage of the Abyss Demon Region are we in?" Leland prodded. This was what he was most concerned about.

"The sixth stage," the Western Sea Monster replied honestly.

When the five people present heard the answer, their hearts all sank.

Although they didn't know how many stages there were in the Abyss Demon Region, this answer was far beyond their expectations.

"The sixth stage... It seems that we can't get out," Leland murmured with a bitter smile on his face.

He even suspected that the sixth stage was the lowest stage of the Abyss Demon Region!

"If we really can't leave, we can still return to the Reincarnation Land."

"If we meet the legendary fiends, there is no chance for us to leave this place alive..."

The three top-rank True Gods couldn't stay calm anymore.

Zen frowned and looked at the Western Sea Monster. "Is there any way to go to the fifth stage?"

"I... I don't know," the Western Sea Monster said with a mournful look on its huge face." I really don't know. I've had enough of this place, but I can't go anywhere. In the end, I can only be the food of the fiends!"

Compared to the divine land, the environment in the forbidden areas was menacing.

Even if not for the looming threat of the fiends, the ferocious beasts would fight among themselves; this was something they couldn't avoid.

After all, it was impossible for these creatures to escape into the divine land. Being illusions, they would disappear into thin air if they put a foot outside the forbidden area.

"Since that's the case, there's no need for you to exist," Zen said as he raised his long sword, ready to kill the beast.

In his eyes, these beasts didn't deserve his mercy.

"Wait, wait!" the head said anxiously in an attempt to get Zen to spare its life. "I've heard there's a fellow in the sea who would know the way out!"

"In the lava sea?"

Standing on the huge head, Zen looked at the dark red lava sea and asked, "How can we find that guy?"

Chapter 2741 Hooking

The Western Sea Monster hesitated for a moment before saying, "That guy lives in lava. It's one of the fiends' most favorite food, but it's too flexible. Usually, my body is used to hook it up..."

"Hook it with your body?" Zen blinked his eyes a few times as his gaze swept back and forth across the beach.

"Yes," the monster answered honestly. Although it was far from human, its features were very natural. Now, the monster's expression took on a look of grievance.

In this area, the monster was considered a kind of low-level beast.

It might be one of the fiends' food, but its biggest function was to lure that thing in the sea.

"Well then, in that case, we can catch it. What do you think?" said Leland.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait, actually..." The monster said, unexpectedly.

"And why should we wait, exactly?" Zen asked, his brows furrowed.

"Not long ago, that thing was eaten by a fiend. I don't know whether it has been reborn now," the monster said with a light grin.

Every single beast in the forbidden area would appear, over and over again.

This was very similar to the divine might coins, which would appear at the same place time and time again, even after being taking away. The forbidden area was maintained by the Faith Energy, which explained the phenomenon.

The monster, however, was obviously much luckier than the thing in the lava sea. That was a given.

It was safe to say that the monster wasn't quite popular with the fiends. As for the thing in the lava sea though, if it had been reborn, then it would surely be captured and swallowed by the fiends once again.

In fact, the number of times that thing had been reincarnated was actually unknown.

After he listened to the monster, Zen said, "I think that thing might have been revived. I can also give it a try!"

At that, Zen reached both his arms upward and pulled at the air, as if he were tugging on a rope.

With a little trembling and shaking of the surroundings, one of the tentacles buried deep within the sand began to emerge. Zen was pulling it out!

As soon as he grasped the tentacle with his two hands, he shook it briskly. The tentacle shook in the air in a violent whacking motion, before smashing onto the lava sea's surface.

The lava was scalding, and yet, the tentacle was capable of withstanding it with ease.

It only took a few seconds before the enormous tentacle began to sink into the lava sea, slowly disappearing until there was nothing left of it at all.

As Leland watched, he smiled and decided to draw a tentacle out of the beach himself.

Just as Zen had done a few moments ago, he threw the giant tentacle into the boiling hot lava.

The three top-rank True Gods descended slowly from above. They waited motionlessly.

All three of them were afraid of the monster. They weren't doing anything other than floating to one side. They didn't dare land on the beach.

"Take your time hooking that thing... Can't I just leave now?" the monster asked impatiently.

"Tell me, what do you think?" Zen retorted in a flat tone of voice, indifferently glancing at the monster.

The monster stopped talking at once.

Seeing as it was a beast of the forbidden area, this monster could be reborn infinitely.

Every time it died though, it did have a consequence. It would weaken its own cultivation base.

The measurement of the beasts' cultivation base in the forbidden area was quite different from that in the divine land. The cultivation base was measured according to the amount of their own Faith Energy.

Once the beast died, all the Faith Energy that it had accumulated before would become invalid, and it would have to collect Faith Energy all over again. Such wasn't any easy task at all.

It was for this reason that the beasts in this area all lived a miserable, gloomy fate. They could only be reborn over and over again, living at the bottom of the food chain.

Here, only very few fierce beasts could ever climb up to the top of the food chain.

Of course, even if the beasts did make their way to the top, they'd be killed by the fiends immediately.

The fiends were the most powerful monsters in the entire Abyss Demon Region, and they never let anyone forget it.

Two tentacles were silently immersed deep in the sea of lava, no longer making any sound.

Zen held onto one of them as tightly as he could and stood there like a statue.

As he stood, he took the opportunity to read Rocher's Memory Flame through the Reincarnation Soul Weapon once again. Maybe something would come up this time.

'Those Holy Beings are so powerful. After they left the purple mist, they quickly defeated the little fiends... Are they really going to step into the fourth stage that quickly?' Zen asked himself these questions silently.

Moments ago, when Nicholas had led the Holy Beings out of the purple mist, those little fiends still hung on tight. They just wouldn't let them go!

As soon as the Soul Devouring Bugs dispersed, the Holy Beings were also capable of using and spreading their spiritual sense at will.

In other words, they could use the spiritual sense in order to find the location of the little fiends, causing their high moving speeds to no longer be their greatest advantage any longer!

Nicholas simply didn't need to take action in person.

At that point, even the Demi-holy Beings and the top consummate True Gods would have the strength to fight these little fiends off!

After two of the little fiends were captured, Clark actually created a fire array. He placed the two little fiends into the array and burned them to nothingness.

The other little fiends were well aware that these people were powerful. Thus, they chose to hide out in the purple mist and follow the Soul Devouring Bugs in retreat.

Sure, the little fiends could be reborn infinitely, but they weren't stupid enough to serve their heads up on a silver platter! They wouldn't ask for their death.

As the little monsters retreated, the members of the alliance of powerful clans didn't encounter any formidable attacks on the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region any more and quickly rushed to the entrance to the fourth stage...

If the thick smoke in the air above the Abyss Demon Region could completely disperse, they'd be capable of discovering that the entire Abyss Demon Region was like a huge terraced field.

The outermost circle was the highest, and the center was the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region.

Around a huge altar at the bottom, there were several white jade skulls neatly placed.

On the skulls could be seen a few special lines, and they looked quite artistic!

Clearly, this was the fiends' unique craftsmanship.

Within the fiend race, the True Gods' skulls were undeniably valuable and worthy.

That said, it didn't mean that the skulls had any actual use for the fiend race. The fiends only took them as treasures, and placed them in their bedrooms for appreciation, almost like the trophies.

Splash!

Right smack in the middle of the altar was a small round hole.

Out of nowhere, a surge of dark red blood began gushing out of the tiny hole. The blood spread along the lines of the altar and poured into the skulls.

Once these skulls were completely injected with blood, their sunken eye sockets immediately glowed with an eerie red light.

Before long, all the sockets on the skulls were glowing.

Once countless red dots could be seen throughout, a pool of blood began to flood the center of the altar! What the hell was going on?

The blood quickly condensed and suddenly formed into the shape of a human baby.

The baby started to grow from the size of a thumb to the size of a fist. Two small horns suddenly appeared on its head, and its skin turned dark red. Obviously, this was the exact appearance of the previous little fiend who had died not long ago.

"Damn it! The Holy Beings have burned me! They're digging their own grave!"

The little fiend hadn't even grown up yet, and an incredible rage had already appeared on his still slightly childish face.

As soon as he finished speaking, a huge fist suddenly descended from above the altar!

Boom!

The fist punched the altar straight on, and caught the little fiend between the two, making him turn into a cutlet.

A loud, gloomy voice was next to sound out, "Luring the Soul Devouring Bugs into the third stage was not easy, but you've wasted such a great opportunity. What a group of waste!"

Chapter 2742 The Great Fiends

Amidst the thick mist above the altar stood a huge figure.

When the figure slowly retracted his fist, the flat body of the little fiend twisted and resumed his original shape.

"Master, please forgive me!"

the little fiend cried in fear, dropping to his knees on the altar.

At this moment, another mass of blood appeared next to the little fiend. The blood rapidly coagulated and took the shape of another little fiend.

The two little fiends had been refined to death by Clark after being captured by the Holy Beings, so they had been revived at the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region, which was a lot faster than running back from the third stage.

However, the little fiends actually hadn't wanted to come back at all.

Since their mission had failed, the ones who returned first would have to bear the brunt of their master's anger.

"Master, you can't blame us for that. We failed because Wrath came too late. The Soul Devouring Bugs had already started to disperse by then. And after the Holy Beings rushed out of the area covered by the Soul Devouring Bugs, we were no match for them at all..."

Bang!

The little fiend which had just appeared tried to defend himself, but he was met with a huge fist in response.

The two little fiends were smashed into pieces of meat.

However, this heavy punch was not at all a punishment for the little fiends.

They could not feel pain — at least not in the physical sense.

What the two little fiends feared was that their master would give them other punishments. The fiends had numerous methods of torture. Some of these methods were so sophisticated that they could be called art.

In fact, putting aside their ugly appearances, the fiends had an excellent talent for art.

"Forget it. It was only a test. They are the strongest warriors in the divine land. It's impossible for you to stop them," the huge figure in the mist said indifferently.

"If you knew it was an impossible task, why did you assign it to us?" one of the little fiends muttered in complaint.

Just like the monsters in the Abyss Demon Region had sprung into existence from the negative emotions of the divine citizens, the little fiends had sprung into existence from the negative emotions of the fiend race. They all had extremely terrible personalities and could rarely control their tempers.

"Do you want to be the food of the Ghost Dog?" the loud voice from the mist shouted coldly.

The little fiend immediately shut up.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With thunderous footsteps, the huge figure walked into the depth of the mist and left.

On the right side of the altar, there was a flat, thousand-foot-wide road.

The road was paved with square stones that were closely packed together, and on the surface of each square stone, extremely complicated patterns were engraved.

These patterns were all connected to each other, forming a beautiful painting on the surface of the road.

It was hard to imagine that the fiends, which represented chaos and destruction, would decorate their habitats to such a point.

At the end of the road stood a great hall which was ten thousand feet high. It was supported by 66 stone pillars, all of which had sculptures of different shapes.

Compared to the divine land, the Abyss Demon Region didn't have many resources. The materials that had been used to build this great hall were definitely not on par with the materials that wealthy clans on the Floating Islands used.

Nevertheless, in terms of aesthetics, this great hall was more exquisite and magnificent than any structure built by the True Gods.

The huge figure walked along the road all the way to the door of the great hall. The mist covering his body slowly dispersed, revealing his true appearance.

He was a great fiend who stood at a formidable height of six thousand feet.

He had a ferocious face and dark red skin. The huge muscles in his body contained a natural explosive force.

Over the generations, the imagination of the divine citizens, namely the Faith Energy, had created, in the name of fiends, deadly monsters with terrifying power.

All kinds of shiny pendants were hanging from different parts of this great fiend's body. Some of these pendants were in the shape of a hexagon, some of them were in the shape of a triangle, and many others had complicated shapes.

Bang!

The fiend pushed the door open. Then, he said indifferently, "Gallio, those guys have already reached the fourth stage."

There was a large round table in the center of the great hall.

Three other great fiends were sitting at the table having their meals.

On top of the round table were a few creatures that were as tall as humans.

These creatures had two arms and three legs. They were running quickly around the round table, carrying food back and forth.

These creatures were called the fiend servants. They were also a kind of creature created by the fiends, and their duty was to serve the great fiends.

Crack!

The great fiend sitting on the right side of the round table pooped some red berries into his mouth.

These berries came from a kind of tree growing in the abyss. The fiends were very fond of them because the freshly-picked berries exuded the sweet taste of blood.

The smell of blood pervaded the hall as Gallio chewed on the berries. Some of the fiend servants had a greedy glint in their eyes, but they continued to work hard to serve the great fiends.

"Are we afraid of them, Stuart?" Gallio asked casually after swallowing the berries, wiping his big and sharp fingers with great care.

"Of course not," replied Stuart, the red-skinned great fiend.

Gallio smiled lightly. "Then what do we have to worry about?"

All creatures in the Abyss Demon Region could be reborn infinitely, and the fiends were no exception.

However, with every death, their accumulated Faith Energy would decrease and their power would be weakened.

Anyway, the status of the fiends was so stable that such things would have little effect on them.

"I think this is an opportunity for us. We can't always be restricted to the Abyss Demon Region," said Stuart with a look of yearning on his face. "We have thought about this for so many years, and now, finally, we have such a chance. Even if it's a little risky, why don't we take advantage of it?"

The creatures in the forbidden land were fortunate enough to be born strong.

However, it was their misfortune that, regardless of whether they were a strong great fiend or a weak fox, all of them were not real existences and were only illusions!

After the great fiends had become the rulers of the Abyss Demon Region, they had begun to think about how to leave this damned place.

Their goal was to conquer the entire divine land.

However, as creatures of fantasy, they would vanish into thin air the moment they stepped out of the forbidden land. This was an inexorable law that even the most powerful fiends could not overcome.

Still, the intelligent fiends had eventually managed to find a small loophole that would make it possible for them to leave the forbidden land and enter the divine land.

All of a sudden, Gallio burst into laughter.

The two other great fiends sitting with him laughed as well.

"Why are you all laughing?" Stuart asked with a frown.

"Just before you came, we took a vote on whether we should take such a risk. The result was 1 to 2. I lost," Gallio said with a smile. "I thought you would be on my side!"

Chapter 2743 Strange Fish

The fiend race could not be counted as a race with countless members. There were only less than a thousand fiends in the entire Abyss Demon Region.

The four fiends in the huge hall were the actual commanders of the fiend race.

If there was a big decision to make, the four fiends would vote for it.

"There is no way I would back you," Stuart said sternly.

His gaze traveled past Gallio and was fixated on a giant mural behind him.

The mural had a depiction of an old man, holding a book. Countless fiends were surrounding this divine citizen.

Right below these fiends were a myriad of True Gods in the divine land.

Just like the divine citizens, the fiends also had their respective faith.

And their belief rested on the ordinary old man, named Roberto Wang, in the divine land.

During his entire lifespan, he hardly achieved any milestones. By the end of his time, he was only a proving godly warrior.

Since he did not break through to the True God Realm, he could not live in the divine land forever.

In short, he was nothing more than a negligible existence in the divine land.

If it weren't for his mundane lifespan, Roberto Wang could not have had such a drastic effect on others.

In all fairness, Roberto Wang had a very mediocre talent in cultivation.

He could only become a proving godly warrior. That was his limit. He did not possess the required talents or capacity to become a low-rank True God.

As time went by, Roberto Wang's lifespan also gradually drew to an end.

But in his last days, he suddenly began to form different legends.

In the meantime, the Sacred race had been wiped off. And the newly born divine citizens were still getting used to their new surroundings.

Slowly, the legends that he made, began to spread everywhere.

The most popular and widespread of these legends was of the fiend race.

This race did not possess a specific surname. Hence, they were named like Gallio, Stuart etc.

But despite this, they possessed a high intellect.

Apart from that, they were physically well built and had a strong addiction to killing.

They lived in the Abyss Demon Region, among all the other evil creatures of the divine land.

Soon Roberto Wang's random stories were passed through word of mouth, by countless divine citizens. And then the Abyss Demon Region emerged.

So in a way, Roberto Wang did create the fiend race.

Therefore, in the eyes of those fiends, his status was naturally extraordinary, despite being only a proving godly warrior.

"Well, since the three of you are of the same opinion, I will not object anymore," Gallio smiled and gently snapped his fingers.

Three fiend servants carried a huge silver plate and gently placed it in front of Gallio.

"Help yourself to this delectable meal, Stuart!" Gallio said as he placed the silver plate at the other side of the round table.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Atop the silver plate was a lid that was trembling continuously, giving the impression of a live creature inside.

Stuart gave a small smile as he walked towards the round table.

Soon fiend servants entered, carrying a huge wine glass, filled with surging magma.

Stuart lifted the lid off the silver plate, wherein lay a very grotesque looking fish.

"You damned fiends! You will go extinct one day!

You have never emerged from the dark Abyss Demon Region nor seen daylight all your lives. What a pitiful life you lead! You even think you are strong...

I..."

As soon as the lid was taken off, the fish rattled out innumerable curses.

But Stuart didn't seem to be angry at all.

This was not the first time, the fiend race had seen or eaten this fish. They had devoured this fish, countless number of times. The latter did not have the strength to challenge the former, so it always cursed them with the most vicious words.

For the fiend race, they had heard plenty of it and were hardly affected.

No matter how repulsive the fish looked, its taste was ten times more delicious. It was soft like butter and simply melted in one's mouth.

Stuart picked up the wine glass and poured the magma into the plate.

Buzz...

Immediately the fish created an enchanted barrier to block the magma from outside.

Stuart outstretched his little finger and lightly jabbed at the enchanted barrier.

Pop!

The enchanted barrier was like a soap bubble that was destroyed instantly.

Soon the boiling magma engulfed the fish with a sizzling sound. The fish started screaming as the magma touched its body. In an instant, the howling died.

Stuart sniffed the fragrance and said intoxicatedly, "I want something even more pleasant to go with this fantastic meal!"

Another fiend immediately clapped his hands.

A dozen human girls quickly emerged from the depths of the hall.

Their porcelain skin was soft and their features were quite striking. They were measly covered with a translucent chiffon cloth.

When the titillating music floated around, they started swaying as if they were drugged.

In reality, they were all top-rank True Gods and some were even members of the big clans on the Floating Islands.

They were captured by the fiend race, as they were travelling through the Abyss Demon Region.

They were held as captives, with no choice whatsoever.

After a torturous period, they were soon numbed from the humiliation. They could barely feel and sense anything.

Admiring the beautiful music and dance of the girls, these fiends soon began to enjoy themselves.

Soon after Stuart devoured the fish, it was reborn in the sea of lava in the Abyss Demon Region.

Buzz...

At the moment of its birth, the strange fish had already launched an enchanted barrier once again.

"Damn you Roberto Wang! You created those scum and heartless fiends!" the strange fish cursed fiercely.

The creatures that were born in the Abyss Demon Region were not kind ones. After all, this was where the dark side of all the divine citizens had gathered.

The strange fish was constantly eaten by the fiend race over and over again. It had heard a lot of secrets of the fiend race on the dining table. Therefore it knew this race very well and knew it better than any other creatures.

After the enchanted barrier was launched, the strange fish swam in the sea of lava continuously.

Vaguely, it could see a tentacle approaching.

'Wow! They are going to catch me so soon! Are these beasts so hungry?'

The fish was somewhat confused with this situation.

Normally, each time it was eaten, it would be released and left alone for a good period of time.

As a unique ferocious beast, it was an extremely high-level food in the fiend race, which was not something that ordinary fiends could enjoy.

'How can this be possible?

Again? I'm going to be eaten one more time? Isn't that too soon?

Why can't they leave me alone?'

The strange fish resisted that tentacle.

But in the eyes of the strange fish, the tentacle was so tempting, just like the fish itself was so tempting to the fiends.

Anyway, it would be eaten sooner or later, and it could still enjoy the meal before being eaten!

'Come on!'

After a fierce struggle within the fish, it gave in to the temptation and finally bit the tentacle.

At the same time, Zen felt the tentacle hanging from his hand suddenly turned heavy. A smile appeared on his face. "Finally it took the bait!"

Saying that, Zen heaved the tentacle from the sea of lave.

Chapter 2744 Joining Zen

With an almighty splash, the strange fish was dragged out of the sea of lava and towards the shore.

'This doesn't seem right.'

The fish seemed to think, confused.

It usually didn't get dragged ashore until it almost finished eating the tentacle.

After all, it couldn't escape if the fiends were so intent on catching it.

The fish usually didn't resist. Since there was something it wanted to eat, it chose to satisfy its appetite first.

The fiend who came to catch the fish was usually very patient and would let it have its last lunch.

But this time, it had barely taken a bite when it was dragged up to the shore. How anxious these guys were!

"So soon?"

The Western Sea Monster was also surprised.

Leland smiled and threw away the tentacle in his hand.

It seemed to him that Zen was indeed luckier than him.

The strange fish landed directly on the beach with a plop. It looked around with its strange eyes, and the first thing it saw was the Western Sea Monster.

Its eyes widened in humor. "Western Sea Monster! You? Ha-ha! How did you find the courage to climb out of the sand? You're usually so gutless!"

As it spoke, the strange fish began to sense that something was wrong.

Beside the Western Sea Monster stood several humans.

"Humans? Human True Gods? How could they be here?" the strange fish screamed, its eyes filled with disbelief.

This area was dominated by the fiend race.

It looked like the only reason the human race would appear here would be if they were being controlled by the fiend race. It could be that the fiends ate people.

The strange fish had a vague recollection of the fiends doing something like that before.

Perhaps because the human race was similar to the fiend race, the fiends had been very interested in everything that the humans did or had.

The human flesh was one of them.

But they found it difficult to eat people.

After all, although this fish was rare and was one of a kind at the moment, it would be reborn after being eaten.

It had been eaten hundreds of thousands of times.

It was a kind of food that was inexhaustible.

And the fiends had to go to the upper stages of the Abyss Demon Region to capture the humans.

The True Gods that dared step into the Abyss Demon Region weren't like the strange fish. They were few in number and if they were captured, they could only be eaten once.

This was why the fiends wanted to raise human beings here, akin to animal farming.

They would let the human True Gods give birth to babies on their own because once their numbers multiplied, they could eat them as they wanted.

This was a beautiful wish, but the True Gods that had entered the Abyss Demon Region were members of the large clans.

They were ambitious and arrogant. They couldn't even think of being raised like animals!

They'd rather commit suicide than allow their children to be eaten by fiends.

The fiend race could do nothing else but give up on this idea. They only kept a few human women, and asked them to serve the great fiends.

The fiend race treated these human women well, even advising them on their cultivation and giving them a glimmer of hope that one day, the masters of the divine land would enter the Abyss Demon Region to rescue them.

There were also some human women who caused chaos at critical moments, and chose to explode.

So now, when the strange fish saw that the True Gods of the human race were here, its surprise was evident in the way its eyes bulged and almost popped out.

"I don't know. Ask them why they are here!" the Western Sea Monster said helplessly.

The monster and the strange fish were fellow sufferers. The only difference between them was that the monster wasn't as popular as the strange fish. They could not tell if it was fortunate for it or not.

The strange fish stared at Zen for a while before making a request. "Will you let me eat this Western Sea Monster? Every time I try, I only could eat its tentacles. I'm a little tired of it. I want to eat its head."

"You!" The Western Sea Monster glared at it.

Zen smiled and said, "I want to know how to get out of here. The Western Sea Monster told us you are familiar with this place."

"Get out of here?" The strange fish stared at Zen, as if it didn't understand what Zen was saying.

"Yes," Zen said, nodding.

"That's impossible!" The strange fish chuckled. "I don't know how you got in, but it's impossible to return from the sixth stage!"

At its words, Zen's and Leland's faces darkened. "Tell us more about it," Zen said.

The strange fish looked at the Western Sea Monster again and said, "You let me eat this guy, and I will tell you all about it!"

"I'll eat you first!" the Western Sea Monster yelled, unable to stand it anymore.

It was furious.

Before it could do anything, Zen had kicked at it and it landed on the beach over a thousand feet away.

Zen waved his hand.

He drew a number of tentacles from the sand of the beach and dropped them in front of the strange fish.

"Eat them and tell me everything you know. If we get out of here, I will consider taking you with me," he said.

The strange fish laughed bitterly and said, "But how will you take me? I can't leave the Abyss Demon Region!"

Like the fiends, the strange fish was also an illusory creature. They disappeared once they left the forbidden area.

"The Abyss Demon Region is so huge, you can hide somewhere and get rid of your present fate," Zen said.

Although the fiend race was the top race in the Abyss Demon Region, they couldn't actually control the whole Abyss Demon Region. Only a True God could be a controller of this forbidden area; even the Holy Beings couldn't control it.

The strange fish rolled its eyes.

It had had this thought of hiding before, and it knew that hiding was better than being eaten here again and again.

But given its limited abilities, it was near impossible for it to escape.

The human True Gods standing before it seemed to be strong enough, which had it believing that there might be a possibility, however small, of its escape.

On the other hand, if it failed, it would only be eaten again by fiends. It knew its fate was miserable and nothing that happened would be worse than the things it had undergone so far.

"Okay! I'll show you the way out!" The strange fish agreed after thinking for a while.

Zen smiled and pointed at the tentacles, "Have them."

The strange fish, no longer fearful, opened its mouth and gulped down the tentacles.

But as it ate, it still looked at the Western Sea Monster in the distance.

The Western Sea Monster knew that the fish wouldn't give up easily. So it turned and went down the beach. Zen didn't stop it this time. In any case, its goal had been achieved. And now, the key lay in this strange fish.

The strange fish gobbled down all the tentacles quickly. It was not until it finished eating that it said, "Right now, the great fiends are planning to leave the Abyss Demon Region. But they seem to have encountered some difficult enemies. This is an opportunity for us. If you had arrived before this, you wouldn't have been able to leave this place."

"Leave the Abyss Demon Region?" Shock registered on Zen's face.

It looked like the strange fish knew a lot, just as the Western Sea Fish had said.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Kanzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

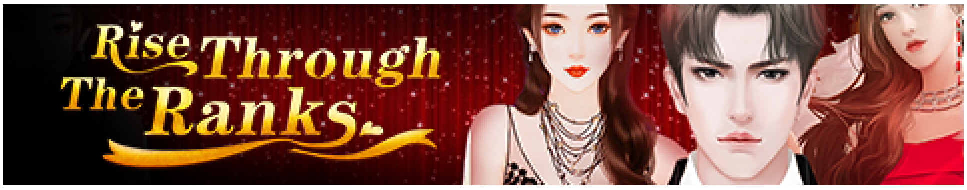

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

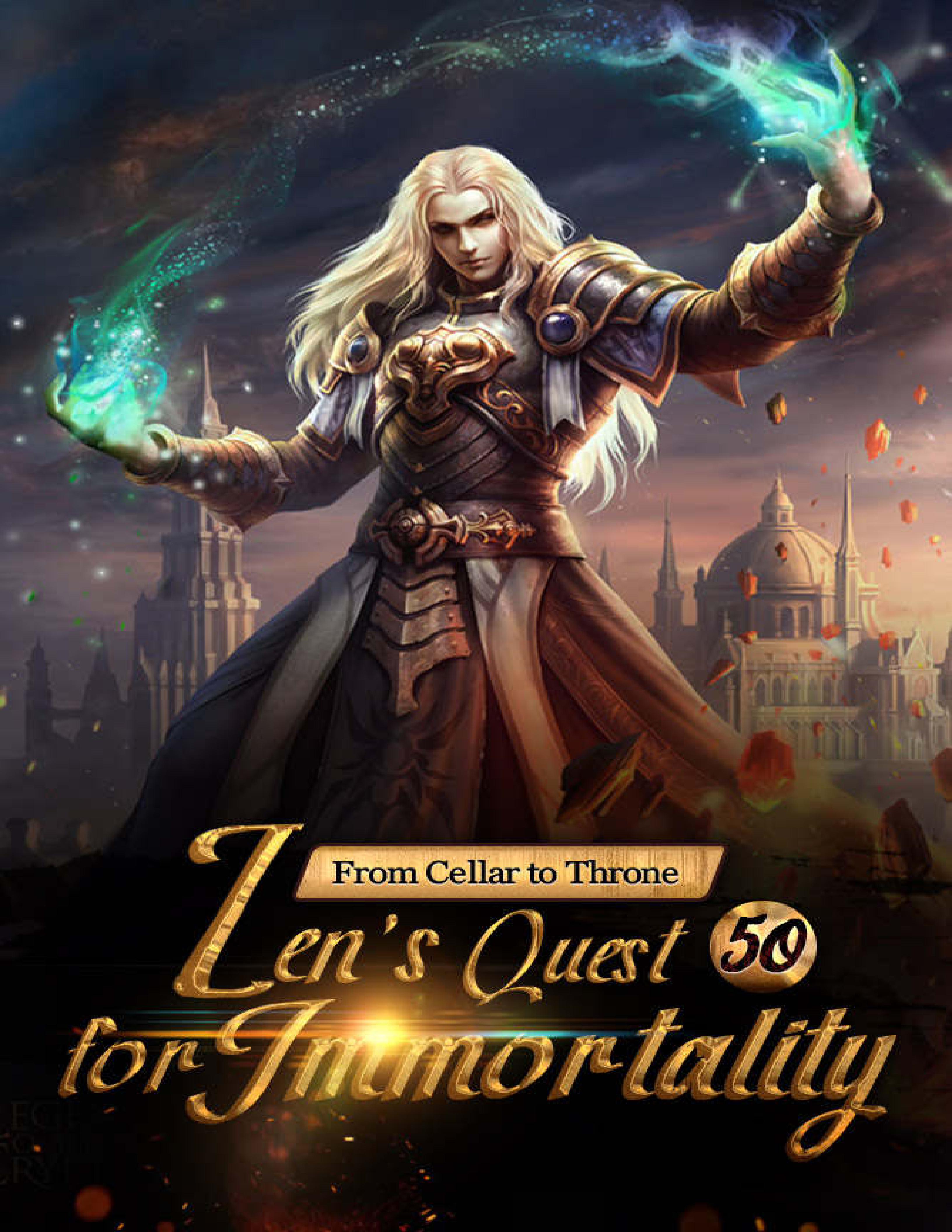

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

50

Content

Chapter 2745 A Pass
Chapter 2746 Finish Off
Chapter 2747 Pulverize Me
Chapter 2748 The Desperation Plain
Chapter 2749 Predicament
Chapter 2750 Escape During The Chaos
Chapter 2751 Unable To Escape
Chapter 2752 Pursuers
Chapter 2753 The Black Water Area
Chapter 2754 The Truth
Chapter 2755 Zen's Arrogance
Chapter 2756 My Reliance
Chapter 2757 Black Eyes
Chapter 2758 Plan To Kill Zen
Chapter 2759 Instant Kill
Chapter 2760 Help
Chapter 2761 Going Into The Water
Chapter 2762 Under The Black Water
Chapter 2763 The Way Of Survival Under Water
Chapter 2764 Use The Sea of Meditation
Chapter 2765 Scorching Gold
Chapter 2766 The Devil
Chapter 2767 Losing Protection
Chapter 2768 Where To Go
Chapter 2769 A Phantom
Chapter 2770 So Real
Chapter 2771 The Infinite Ice Palace
Chapter 2772 Explosion
Chapter 2773 Suspicion
Chapter 2774 The Beasts Courting Death
Chapter 2775 No Longer Powerful
Chapter 2776 A Cold Voice
Chapter 2777 Meet Your Death
Chapter 2778 Reluctant Self-explosions

Chapter 2779 No Way Back
Chapter 2780 The Deadly Light Column
Chapter 2781 The Resentment
Chapter 2782 Purpose
Chapter 2783 The Black Mist
Chapter 2784 Cloning
Chapter 2785 Dark Light Torrents
Chapter 2786 Clones
Chapter 2787 True Demon Body
Chapter 2788 Taking Actions
Chapter 2789 In The Ice Coffin
Chapter 2790 The Frozen Power
Chapter 2791 Demon Ice Sculpture
Chapter 2792 The Corpses
Chapter 2793 Ice Volcano
Chapter 2794 Yield
Chapter 2795 The Power Of Cold Air
Chapter 2796 The Explosive Crystals
Chapter 2797 Cold Fiends
Chapter 2798 The Bottom
Chapter 2799 Fighting Those Cold Fiends
Chapter 2800 Suspicion

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2745 A Pass

"Yes! I was right there! So I heard it clearly!" The strange fish spoke in a firm tone, "I don't know what method they have come up with. They actually are planning to leave this damned place!"

Its eyes suddenly showed signs of yearning to leave this place.

Having such a sense and intellect, any creature would not be willing to stay longer at this place.

"But it's impossible for the creatures of the forbidden area to leave the place," Leland contradicted. He thought that for them to be able to run away, it was beyond belief.

It was a known fact. Every living being throughout the divine land was aware of this common knowledge. Otherwise, every beast in the forbidden area would have already fled and scattered all over the world.

"I don't have any idea either. Those big fiends are surely planning this," the strange fish answered.

Zen, on the other hand, couldn't be bothered anymore by this and shook his head. He candidly asked, "I don't want to talk about it at the moment. We must leave now. Can you show me the way?"

In response to Zen's question, the strange fish's body twisted on the ground. From under its torso, slender legs instantly extended. One by one, about thirty pair of legs stretched out as its entire body was completely supported to stand on the ground.

"Come with me!"

The fish's slender legs twitched and swung in the air.

In a while, it began to move and run at an extremely fast speed on the ground!

"Let's go." Zen gave a nod, and in a flash moved following behind the strange fish.

The next moment, Leland and the other three top-rank True Gods also moved in an instant. Their figures turned into streaks of light as they tagged along.

The speed of the fish, as its legs moved back and forth, was extremely fast, but compared to Zen and the others, it was still slower.

They continued to advance forward for quite a distance alongside the long coastline. Zen became a little impatient noticing the fish's speed and couldn't help but offer, "I will carry you now as we fly. You can just show me the way."

Although the physique of the strange fish was not small, supporting its weight wouldn't be a burden to him.

"I'm not used to it. Moreover, the exit of this pasture isn't very far, and it only takes at most an hour to get there." The strange fish turned down the offer. Naturally, it wasn't willing to be carried on the way by Zen.

Since it wasn't willing, Zen just shrugged his shoulders and continued to speed up.

On the way, he was caught in his own thought and examined Rocher's memory again. What he saw made him frown slightly.

He saw and witnessed how Nicholas and the others got rid of the little fiends. As a result, their speed to move forward had significantly increased!

This time, he had actually crossed the fourth stage and entered the fifth stage of the Abyss Demon Region. Throughout their path, they never had met with any hurdles or obstructions.

This wasn't surprising at all.

The Holy Beings were, after all, considered to be the strongest in the divine land.

The Abyss Demon Region had always been warned against as it was extremely dangerous. But Holy Beings' strength was powerful enough to survive it.

Since their group wasn't blocked by any fiends again, they would surely defeat all of the other beasts that dared be an interference.

Zen was still contemplating such a situation and realized that this was not good news.

Provided that there was only one way to return to the fifth stage from the sixth stage of the Abyss Demon Region, the chances of meeting these people would be high.

He came out from his thoughts and realized that the strange fish had already been leading the way for about an hour.

The strange fish abruptly halted upon reaching the other side of the sea of lava. Zen, Leland and the other three top-rank True Gods also slowed down. Looking around, they noticed that there were two huge flaming mountains in front of them.

The scorching flame on the flaming mountains had been burning all year round. One could feel the extremely high temperature even if they were dozens of miles away.

"We have arrived at the pass!" the strange fish announced, staring at the flaming mountains.

Zen, Leland and the rest of the group slowly descended in order to avoid being exposed.

Zen raised his gaze, looked into the distance and asked, "Are there fiends guarding this place?"

"Yes!" The strange fish fixated its gaze at the pass and murmured, "There are a great number of them!"

A feeling of grievance once again built up within it. The experience wasn't something new and the strange fish was extremely unwilling to be swallowed up over and over again. It had already been prepared for countless escape plans before.

But by ill luck, it had failed every time.

The strange fish, as a result of not being successful in its attempt to escape, had turned into a scrumptious food to the fiends guarding the area.

"This is only the fiends' pasture. Is it so important?" Zen asked.

A strange laughter came out from the strange fish's mouth as it heard Zen's words. It spoke in an aggrieved tone, "The fiends like eating so much. Food is very important to them..."

The fiends paid great attention to the fields of culture, art, and most importantly food.

They were not allowed to get involved in anything outside the divine land, so they would naturally do their best to make good use of everything that would benefit them in the Abyss Demon Region.

Zen shook his head. He once had an encounter with a fiend, and it was the fiend named Edmond. The experience surely had opened his eyes to something new and it was different from every encounter he had with other races. He didn't know nor understand the characteristics of this fiend race.

"But since there are powerful warriors invading, the fiends guarding the pass should decrease in number, so I say this is a chance," the strange fish added, as a blue light flashed in its eyes.

"Come closer and take back your spiritual sense. Don't let it spread out," Zen urged everyone.

In silence, they walked towards the two flaming mountains, at the same time holding their own breath.

After covering a distance of ten miles, they finally found that on one side of the flaming mountains, perched a huge pointed building.

Looking over at the building for a while, Leland asked, "We just rush over like this?"

"Of course not!" The strange fish opposed immediately after hearing the question.

"What's wrong?" Leland felt puzzled at the sudden outburst.

"As long as we don't kill these fiends, they can quickly gather more companions." The strange fish's face revealed a hint of caution. "If we attract a great fiend to come over here, I will surely be eaten. However, it's hard to say what will happen to you."

Zen and Leland looked cautious by the strange fish's warning, starting to be on their guard.

The strange fish turned its gaze towards the two. It knew that the two of them were the strongest among the five humans, and asked, "Are you sure you can kill the ordinary fiends?"

Assessing the capability of the fiends, it could be said that their strength differed by levels.

Holy Beings were known to be powerful but the top fiends held much strength and could overpower them. As the top ferocious beasts of the Abyss Demon Region, the fiends rarely died. Thus almost every fiend had accumulated a lot of Faith Energy. Even the strength of ordinary fiends was no different from that of the consummate True Gods.

"We have to try our best," Leland encouraged.

He was a Demi-holy Being but he did not come from a powerful clan on the Floating Island. He was not even in a high position. In terms of real strength, he was no match for Troy and Rachelle.

"In that case, I have to be the bait this time, and you attack them from behind. What do you think?" the strange fish suggested with an awkward smile.

The truth was that this suggestion would just be considered an adventure without danger.

But it was a different case for both Zen and Leland. Not knowing what the strange fish had in mind, they were feeling under pressure as this was their only chance. Every action needed to be carefully planned out.

"Okay," Zen agreed after a while.

Back then, the fiend called Edmond was extremely strong among the fiends.

But Zen's current strength was strong enough to subdue him. Moreover, the fiends that were guarding the pass shouldn't be stronger than Edmond...

After further vigilant discussion, the strange fish made its move.

Both Zen and Leland positioned themselves along the low-lying path on the side, and carefully walked matching its pace.

As for the other three top-rank True Gods, they could only stay in place and wait. They would only follow after Zen and Leland had succeeded.

Back to the strange fish, it was already near its destination.

Chapter 2746 Finish Off

The fiends that were guarding the pasture had little else to do.

They always made sure that the ferocious beasts weren't able to escape the pasture. They also needed to capture enough fresh food and handed it over when they were ordered to.

The strange fish was already familiar with the fiend race as it had been in the presence of this race for countless years past.

At the same time that Nicholas led an army of Holy Beings into the Abyss Demon Region, the fiends had also begun to send their own members.

There were originally twelve fiends who were stationed at the pasture. When eight of them were dispatched to the other stages, only four fiends remained to guard this place.

"Here I go! Let me see how you plan to escape!"

Inside a room at the top of the building, two fiends faced each other on opposite sides of a big board. Both of them looked excited as they played the game of Go.

The game of Go was complicated, but the fiends' intelligence level allowed them to keep up with the game-play.

Almost all of the fiends had unparalleled skills that they had mastered in playing Go. They were very proficient at playing Go and they were very fond of playing it.

One of the fiends had thought about his move for a long time before he finally moved a piece on the board.

"You made a mistake, idiot!" a fiend beside him, who was watching the game, sneered.

The fiend who played his move in the game glared murderously at the fiend who mocked him, then said, "There exists a saying among True Gods: A true gentleman keeps his silence while watching a game..."

Before he finished his statement, his eyes glanced towards the door. A smile was slyly revealed on his face. "Haha, it seems that we would be eating something scrumptious today!"

The other fiends directed their gaze to the same direction he was looking at; they also caught sight of the strange fish outside the house!

In the divine land, there was a legend passed down from generation to generation about the strange fish.

In the legend, it had been described as being extremely delicious. Many True Gods in the divine land who believed in the legend wanted to capture the strange fish in the northern sea.

Because of this legend, the strange fish came into existence in the Abyss Demon Region and became a delicacy for the fiends.

However, this delicacy wasn't enjoyed by just any random fiend. Only the powerful fiends had been offered with this strange fish for them to partake of. Ordinary fiends had only dreamt of having a share.

But an opportunity had presented itself at that moment!

When the other three fiends caught sight of the strange fish, greed was very evident in the way they looked at it hungrily.

"This guy arrived just in time; it must have heard something from the dining table. Otherwise, it wouldn't have planned to escape now!" A fiend smirked.

Each of the four fiends glanced at the others, then quickly rushed out of the building hoping to get to the strange fish first.

The strange fish was swaggering. Not the slightest fear was evident upon its expression or movements even when the fiends pounced on it.

It stepped backward a few times and a bit to the right, so it became easier for Zen and Leland to make their move!

"Huh, it's my turn to taste it," the fiend who was running in the lead shouted.

"Cut the crap! Haven't you tasted it when the strange fish tried to escape two divine eras ago? I have never taken a bite!" the fiend who was in second place shouted angrily.

"It belongs to whoever catches it first!" said another fiend.

The fiend who was in the last place said nothing, in apparent agreement of the said rule.

As their group gradually got closer and closer to the strange fish, the fish also increased its speed and gravitated towards the low-lying area on one side.

"Hey, men... Can I have a word with all of you?" the strange fish spoke suddenly after having retreated for a bit of distance.

However, the fiends were like ravenous wolves that just came down from the mountain. Who in their right minds would talk nonsense with their food? Besides, they needed to compete with each other to see who could get the chance to eat this food.

When it realized that the fiends wouldn't be stopped in their tracks, the strange fish's eyes finally showed a hint of surprise and a bit of fear. It shouted, "Why don't you make your move?!"

If the fish was really devoured by the fiends, then this would be the end of the fish's adventure. Naturally, the fish would have done anything to prevent that from happening.

Because of its exclamation, strange expressions appeared in the eyes of the four fiends.

Did this strange fish call out to someone who would help it?

Were the beasts in the pasture planning an uprising against the fiends?

As the fiends were wondering about these things, two figures suddenly attacked from the low-lying area!

Whoosh!

The long sword in Zen's grasp gleamed a bright silver as it swung in a great arc.

During Zen and Edmond's last encounter, Zen had barely held his ground. The magnitude of the fiend's strength had left a distinct impression on him.

This time, he was the one who initiated the attack. He poured all this strength and did not hold back!

"Hu...Human?"

The front-most fiend was surprised and dumbfounded.

The fiends had an extensive imagination but never did it enter their expectations that a True God of the human race would show himself in front of them...

However, his shock was short-lived. The gleaming silver sword flashed momentarily as it arced towards the fiend's neck, before the huge head toppled down from his torso.

As he made his move simultaneously, Leland was secretly astonished at the way Zen struck his opponent.

He concluded that he wouldn't have been able to resist that sword attack even if he had transformed into the Divine Five Elements Body!

However, this wasn't the time to admire Zen's abilities. Leland quickly extended his arm and a powerful stream of the five elements internal momentum spread out.

"Five Elements Subdue!"

Not to be outdone by Zen, Leland also went all-out in his attack.

A colorful beam of light suddenly shone down from the sky. Under this beam of light, an intense pressure bore down on an area of several ten thousand feet around.

"Bang!"

Everyone in this area had to bear great pressure.

The ground suddenly cracked and immediately turned into dust...

Even the fiends were affected by the great pressure and were unable to escape from the colorful light's effects.

Zen couldn't waste such a good chance to finish off all of them.

With a quick somersault, he slashed out suddenly with his long sword.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh

Three bright rays of radiance from the silver sword shot towards the fiends' faces, catching them unaware.

The sword radiance went through the heads of two of the fiends who failed to dodge it; it killed them instantly.

The last fiend, however, had quick reflexes and managed to dodge the sword radiance beam. Even under the pressure exerted by the five colored light, he still avoided Zen's sword and retreated rapidly!

"Damn human!" the fiend cursed at him and raised his arm in a fist.

On his arm was a tiny and exquisite skull.

"Stop him! He's going to call for reinforcements of the other fiends!" the strange fish raised its voice in a roar and shouted loudly. As it had hidden in the low-lying area, it saw everything that went on.

Zen froze in concentration, then thunder wings instantly materialized on his back!

"Boom!"

With a crisp crack of lightning, Zen suddenly appeared at the fiend's side. He slashed his sword downwards directly onto the fiend's head.

But it was too late. The tiny skull on the fiend's arm had already lit up and glowed with a malicious light. The fiend roared, "Pasture, humans..."

"Phew!"

Zen struck the fiend's head with his long sword and almost split the fiend into two.

After he dealt the killing blow, Zen drew his sword and quickly thrust it at the skull.

"Bang!"

Zen's sword pierced the core of the skull and immediately tore it into pieces.

With the combined power of Zen and Leland, they had eliminated all four fiends without hassle. They had finished the job quickly and cleanly.

However, their faces had unreadable expressions. The last fiend had already sent out the call for reinforcement!

"We need to get out of this place as soon as possible. It will still take some time for the other fiends to get here!"

The strange fish felt excitement running through its veins. It did not expect that the two humans were such powerful beings. This might really be an opportunity for it to escape alive!

Chapter 2747 Pulverize Me

"Da! Da! Da!"

The strange fish moved its legs madly as it ran along the road between the two flaming mountains, completely disregarding the fact that there could be danger ahead.

Zen couldn't help but shake his head when he saw this scene. They all continued to follow closely behind the fish.

However, just after they had crossed a hundred miles, a sharp cry erupted from the peak of the mountains on both sides.

Enormous birds with wings as wide as a thousand feet flew over the mountains, covering the sun and the rest of the sky.

The Abyss Demon Region was always dimly lit, but these giant birds had caused the mountain roads below to fall into almost pitch darkness.

"Oh, so fast!"

The strange fish was still running excitedly without even noticing the giant birds above its head.

But a few moments later, it came to a stop. At the end of the mountain road stood a fiend that was three thousand feet tall. The strange fish turned around and looked at Zen and the others with innocent eyes.

'This stupid fish...'

Zen cursed the fish in his heart. If it weren't for the fact that they needed the strange fish to guide the way for them, he would have killed it.

As the giant birds in the sky continued circling the mountains, seemingly having no intention of attacking, the fiend blocking the mountain path said, "Humans, you... are from the Reincarnation Land?"

This gigantic fiend who was over a thousand feet high, had a ferocious face, and he was giving off a dreadful and gloomy aura.

Compared to the four fiends that guarded the pasture, this fiend was much more powerful and superior in terms of strength and status.

On the other side of the pasture was a dead end; there was no other entrance there. And these five humans seemed to have emerged out of nowhere. So, there was only one explanation—they had come here from the Reincarnation Land.

Several years ago, a similar event had occurred. A Holy Being had run away from the pasture, killed a lot of fiends, and finally managed to escape the Abyss Demon Region.

"So what?" Zen sneered arrogantly.

Leland stared at the giant birds above them. There were also some tall figures behind these giant birds. It was obvious that some fiends were controlling these giant birds.

"My name is Begaus and I'm the commander of the sixth stage," the fiend said, introducing himself. "Our fiend race isn't as cruel as you think. If you're willing to come with me, I'll spare your lives.."

Although Zen was a consummate True God and Leland was a Demi-holy Being, Begaus didn't take them seriously.

The fiends' army had already gathered in the sixth stage to attack the Holy Beings.

After receiving the news from the guard of the pasture, Begaus had rushed over with a group of fiends. But now, as he looked at these humans, he was confident that he wouldn't even need the strong team that he had behind him; he could kill them all by himself.

The three top-rank True Gods behind Zen were frightened to death after seeing the grand scene in front of them.

Even with Zen and Leland around, all their hope for survival dissipated. If they could really escape death as long as they surrendered, they would be more than willing to do it.

"I believe that it's very easy for you to make a choice," Begaus said, smiling at Zen with a trace of sincerity on his ferocious face. As long as the humans were willing to obediently serve the fiends, they were all very welcome to stay.

Zen looked up at the mountain-like fiend in front of him and smiled faintly. "You also have two choices."

"What?" Begaus was taken aback.

"Go away, or die," Zen said calmly.

At once, rage appeared on Begaus's face. "Go to hell!"

He pulled out a bone whip that was five thousand feet long and flicked it toward Zen.

The bone whip looked like a huge dragon as it unfurled along the mountain road.

"Ah!"

With a fearful shriek, the strange fish swayed its long slender legs and fled to the side.

However, when the end of the bone whip smashed on the ground, the strong gust of wind from the impact flung the fish away, causing it to crash into the mountain.

Swaying dizzily, the strange fish turned around and saw Zen pressed under the huge bone whip. It couldn't help but sigh in disappointment. "Is it over? Alas... "

Begaus was holding the whip in his hand, his eyes filled with pride. His whip was extremely powerful. Just one lash was enough to smash a human consummate True God into pieces.

However, before he could let out a triumphant laugh, he saw a movement at the end of his whip.

"Not dead? You still want to get up?" Begaus' eyes widened slightly in surprise, and he decided to wave the bone whip again.

But he had barely raised his arm when he felt a huge force coming from the bone whip.

Swish...

All of a sudden, the bone whip slipped out of his hand unexpectedly.

With just one forceful tug at the end of the bone whip, Zen managed to pull it away from Begaus.

Swoosh!

Zen suddenly raised the bone whip and, at the same time, shouted, "Move aside, Leland!"

The moment Begaus had struck Zen with his whip, Leland had reacted.

His skin had become colorful and he had soared into the air, killing the giant birds and the fiends controlling them.

The strength of these giant birds and these fiends was similar to that of ordinary consummate True Gods. However, since there were so many of them, Leland was having a hard time dealing with them.

When he heard Zen's warning, he turned over and let himself fall to the ground.

At the same time, the huge bone whip arced across the air at an incredible speed.

Whoosh!

With a sharp whistling sound, it smashed into the remaining birds.

Crack, crack, crack...

Crisp sounds indicated the shattering of bones of both the giant birds and the fiends on their backs. The feathers of the birds fell down slowly like snowflakes.

Begaus' face darkened immediately.

Until now, his attention had been fully focused on the Demi-holy Being. That was why he had decided to finish the consummate True God first. As for the several top-rank True Gods, he knew that they posed no threat.

However, it seemed that his calculations had been wrong. The strength of the consummate True God was far beyond anything he had witnessed from a human! This man posed a much greater threat than the Demi-holy Being who was with him.

At this rate, Begaus knew that all his warriors would be killed by this mysterious human in just a matter of seconds.

Wisps of faint red light flickered on the rough skin on Begaus' body.

Bang, bang, bang...

He was so large that he rushed over to the humans with just a few menacing steps.

Leland knew that as the Demi-holy Being in the group, he should be the one to stop Begaus. However, Begaus' strong aura and his mountain-like figure were so overwhelming that Leland hesitated. In the end, he said, "Zen, be careful!"

"I'll pulverize you!" Begaus growled, reaching Zen in the blink of an eye.

Gathering thousands of pounds of force at his foot, he brought it down toward Zen's head.

The fiends in the Abyss Demon Region were good at using raw power to solve everything. Since it was impossible for everyone to use Grand Teleportation, their huge size had become a natural advantage.

Seeing the huge foot coming down at him, Zen narrowed his eyes and sneered. "You? Pulverize me?"

Then, he spat out a simple word:

"Grow!"

Before Begaus' foot could touch him, he had grown to a height of four thousand feet.

His physical form had surpassed Begaus' in an instant, and it was still continuing to grow rapidly.

Chapter 2748 The Desperation Plain

Begaus was unable to compete against Zen, who was even taller.

A shocked expression covering his features, he looked up at Zen, whose figure was increasing exponentially.

The fiend's colossal figure had been the greatest advantage in his arsenal.

Now, for the first time, Begaus felt tiny and helpless like a leaf in the wind.

In the blink of an eye, Zen had grown to become a giant who was fifty thousand feet tall.

His huge body cast a giant shadow over the ground. The mountains before Zen were like small bumps. Their might was meaningless.

"What's this?"

Leland sputtered, staring at Zen's giant body.

Compared to Zen, he was as small as an ant. Zen's size shook him to the core.

The three top-rank True Gods in the corner were also dumbfounded as to how this was possible. They were clueless about what had happened.

"Now who is to be pulverized?" Zen sneered.

Thud! Thud!

Begaus took a deep breath and suddenly turned around, retreating in a hurry.

Stomp!

When Zen stepped, the earth around cracked. The crack spread and extended several thousand feet. Magma flowed out from it.

Begaus thought he was lucky to dodge Zen's attack.

But deep inside, he felt helpless.

The fiend race attached great importance to any intruders. The strongest of their warriors had assembled on the sixth stage.

As the leader of the sixth stage, Begaus was powerful and held high status. He had himself volunteer to confront the trouble and go all out to solve it.

However, he had never expected to face this monster!

Was this person still a human being? How could his stature be so great?

He managed to dodge when Zen tried to trample him for the first time, but he failed to do so the second time.

Stomp!

When Zen stepped on Begaus's head with his foot, the latter's vision blurred. The disturbing and violent sound of a crack was heard.

Begaus was stunned for a while and realized that his bones were broken. He fainted in a flash.

After Zen crushed Begaus, he reached out, his hand slapping at something around him.

His hands were like two enormous doors and the previously giant birds were as tiny as flies in front of him.

As Zen hit them, the giant birds and the fiends were flung backward, decimated by one swoop of his hand.

After a short while, Zen had killed almost all the beasts. Sharp cries escaped from the remaining two giant birds. They flapped their wings and escaped.

Zen looked into the distance, finally dispersing the Wild God Power.

"Poo!"

His body continued to shrink to the size of a normal person.

Leland was perturbed at what he saw when he looked at Zen again.

How could the size of Zen's body instantly bloat to tens of thousands of feet?

As a Demi-holy Being, Leland had never heard of such a theurgy...

Begaus had great strength. Leland would have found it difficult to defeat him.

But now, Zen had trampled Begaus to death. If Leland had not witnessed it with his very own eyes, he would have found the piece of information unbelievable.

Zen's expression did not change a bit. He said to the strange fish, "How far is it now?"

The strange fish looked at Zen with fear in its eyes.

Although it didn't care about its own life or death, any creature always had a natural fear of the mightier ones.

"The Desperation Plain should be before us. It's not so far away now. Once we pass through the plain, we will reach the exit to the fifth stage. As long as we move fast, we can escape!"

His reverence for Zen only lasted for a moment. The strange fish was thrilled once again.

On the Desperation Plain, waves of black death aura surged around Zen. The spirit of death could swallow everything.

If a healthy divine citizen were to reside on the Desperation Plain, their life energy would drain out of their body in a span of two days. They would turn into a corpse and lie there forever.

Even the fiend race was not particularly fond of the Desperation Plain, although the aura of death posed no threat to them.

This time, however, almost four hundred fiends had inhabited the place, ready to take action at any moment.

In addition to these fiends, there were thousands of Abyss Demons in the place.

The Desperation Plain was the only path to the sixth stage of the Abyss Demon Region from the fifth stage. This time, the Holy Beings had launched an attack. The fiend race did not have any other choice but to send out the little fiends to test them. The resistance hadn't been large-scale.

The fiend race did not seem willing to capitulate. They tried to block the Holy Beings on the Desperation Plain.

"Aah!"

Two loud sounds followed.

The two giant birds flapped their wings hastily, coming into view from another direction. They landed on the Desperation Plain.

A fiend walked up to the two birds and communicated with them in a strange language. His expression changed.

"Something has gone wrong on Begaus's side," he then reported to the fiend commander. "There has been an accident."

"An accident? On the pasture?" asked the fiend commander doubtfully.

"Begaus has been killed. The humans on the pasture appear to be very powerful," the fiend said.

The fiend commander frowned.

He had thought that the creatures creating mischief on the pasture were insignificant human warriors, so he had directed Begaus to deal with them.

But it seemed that the strength of the human warriors went far beyond his assumptions.

"Begaus is useless. I will go and deal with them myself!" another fiend said lightly.

The fiend commander shook his head. "There's no need. If they want to leave here, they have to pass through the Desperation Plain first. Our garrison is stationed here. No one can pass through the Desperation Plain without going through us first. Master Gallio is coming soon, so we can wait here."

Right now, they would rather let the human warriors come to them than seek them out themselves.

As soon as the fiend commander finished speaking, black smoke billowed over from behind the Desperation Plain.

Hearing the faint sound, the fiends turned their heads.

As the black smoke circled around them and dissipated, Gallio's giant body stepped out.

Thud! Thud! Thus!

The fiends fell prostrate on the ground.

The four great fiends, including Gallio and Stuart, held great status in the fiend race.

They got their high status not by relying on their own strength. In their legends, these four fiends were renowned, which was why they were able to possess more Faith Energy and become the superiors of the fiend race.

Standing there, Gallio looked into the distance and saw a huge door of space.

"Generals and soldiers, today, your enemies are the Holy Beings of the divine land," Gallio said coolly. "You are to live forever. But if you were to die today, you will become stronger in the future! Those seemingly powerful humans are only the stepping stones for us to enter the divine land!"

The fiends were not afraid of death, because in their minds, they had no concept of life and death. For them, death was only a loss in their cultivation bases.

What truly excited them, however, was setting foot into the divine land.

"Yes! Bravo!"

Hundreds of fiends roared. Their loud cries echoed on the Desperation Plain.

Chapter 2749 Predicament

A deafening roar came from the Desperation Plain and echoed throughout the surroundings.

Zen, who had been flying at a constant speed, froze in midair when he heard this powerful sound. His face darkened immediately.

Leland and the other three top-rank True Gods also looked grim.

"Why did you stop? The Desperation Plain is right ahead of us!" the strange fish said, continuing to rush forward.

Zen reached out and slapped the air in front of him. At once, a big lone hand popped out of nowhere and grabbed the fish, dragging it back.

"Why did you grab me? The exit is right ahead of us..." the strange fish complained as it struggled in the big hand.

Zen didn't bother to explain. With a slight movement of his finger, the big hand turned into a large net, trapping the strange fish within it. Then, he slowly floated toward a high mountain in front of him, followed by Leland and the others.

After reaching the top of the mountain, Zen and the others carefully craned their heads to look at the scene below.

"Oh my God! So many fiends!"

"Are they waiting for us?"

"We're doomed..."

the top-rank True Gods cried in fear.

"Do you think we're such a big threat that so many fiends would have gathered here to deal with us?" Leland sneered at them in response.

There were hundreds of fiends waiting in the Desperation Plain. Aside from them, there was also a large number of ferocious beasts with relatively strong auras.

In particular, there was a huge fiend standing at the end of the Desperation Plain which had such a strong aura that it struck fear into Leland's heart. Even Holy Beings would be fearful of such a powerful fiend. Leland knew that there was no way that all these fiends had come here just to deal with them.

"But who on earth is here that all these fiends are on high alert and ready for combat?" Leland muttered.

Zen glanced down at the Desperation Plain, and then stared at the other side, where there was a huge space door.

"The space door will lead to the fifth stage?" Zen asked the strange fish.

The strange fish was now tied up by Zen. It couldn't run around like it usually did, so it settled for nodding passively. "Yes! That's the door!"

Hearing this, Zen used the Reincarnation Soul Weapon once more to probe Rocher's memories.

A few moments later, a cautious look appeared on his face. "They... have entered this space channel."

"Who do you mean? Do you know who those fiends are waiting for?" Leland asked.

Zen nodded solemnly. "Nicholas... The alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands."

"What?!" Leland's eyes widened in surprise.

Of course he knew which powerful clans were part of the alliance. He had only been able to get into the forbidden areas before by building a good relationship with these powerful clans.

"They were in the fifth stage! Does Nicholas want to control the Abyss Demon Region?" Leland continued, excitement replacing the surprise in his eyes.

"Yes." Zen nodded slightly.

"Then we can be safe." Leland finally felt a little relieved.

The three top-rank True Gods also smiled when they heard this. Although it was impossible for them to make the acquaintance of the Holy Beings, the Holy Beings would at least, as fellow humans, help them and treat them as their peers, which was more than they could ever expect from the fiends even if the fiends chose to spare their lives.

"Sort of," Zen said hesitantly. "I can take the chance to leave when the situation is chaotic."

"Take the chance to leave?" Leland echoed in confusion. It sounded as if Zen wanted to avoid the Holy Beings for some reason.

"I have some conflict with them, so it won't be appropriate for me to meet them here," Zen said lightly.

Zen had planned to leave this place before the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands arrived. But now, it seemed that it was too late.

"You have some conflict with the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands?" There was a strange expression in Leland's eyes.

There was no one in the divine land who would dare to provoke the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands, not even members of the Moon Clan or the Sword Clan.

But Zen had just said in an indifferent voice that he had some conflict with them. Whatever it was, it could not be as simple a matter as he made it out to be.

Anyway, no matter how curious Leland was about the situation, he did not belong to any of the powerful clans, so naturally, he didn't want to get involved in such matters. At the moment, his only priority was to escape from this place.

However, right at this moment, Gallio, who was on the Desperation Plain, suddenly turned his head to look over.

"Crap!"

Zen, Leland, and the top-rank True Gods crouched down. Leland even released a stream of internal momentum and performed a special theurgy to conceal all their auras.

"What's wrong, sir?" a fiend commander asked.

"Why are humans there?" Gallio asked nonchalantly.

The fiend commander shifted his gaze to the mountain range on his right side, and then sneered.

"There has been a report about it. They are probably the small rats that came out from the Reincarnation Land."

"Crush those rats. I don't want to leave any room for accidents," Gallio said indifferently. "Yes, sir!"

Since Begaus hadn't killed them, the fiend commander had no choice but to get rid of them himself.

With a wave of his hand, a giant bird landed in front of him. He leaped up onto the bird and flew toward the mountain on the right.

In order to hide, Zen and the others had restrained their spiritual sense.

But when Zen heard the sound of the giant bird's wings flapping above them, he knew that they had been too late. He raised his head with a helpless smile on his face. "There's no need to hide. We've already been discovered."

Standing on the giant bird, the fiend commander looked down at Zen and the others. Then, in a thunderous voice, he roared, "No matter where you came from, there'll be a chance of survival for you if you surrender!"

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

As the commander spoke, he raised a halberd that was crackling with waves of faint red energy.

Feeling the power of that energy, Leland twitched his eyes in nervousness.

This fiend was much more powerful than Begaus, the one they had previously encountered.

The three top-rank True Gods also trembled in fear. They were not at all capable of going against a being this powerful.

Zen, however, remained calm. From the corner of his eyes, he glanced at the space door at the end of the Desperation Plain.

His best bet of getting out of this situation was to sneak away during the chaos when the two parties fought.

From Rocher's memories, Zen knew that the group of people led by Nicholas was very close to the exit of the space channel.

Seeing Zen and his group stay silent, the fiend commander let out a sinister laugh. "You want to waste my time? Then let me finish all of you off..."

However, before he could finish his sentence, there was a flash of dazzling light at the space door. Dozens of powerful auras suddenly burst out through the door. Nicholas had led all the members of the alliance to the sixth stage. The fiend commander naturally shifted his attention to them.

'Now, this is the right time!'

Zen's eyes flashed, and the Shadow Bearing Sword appeared in his hand. His body turned into a beam of light and shot toward the fiend commander.

The fiend commander was quick to react. Seeing that Zen still dared to make a move in this situation, he sneered and brought the halberd down on Zen's head.

Chapter 2750 Escape During The Chaos

Gallio did not pay heed to Zen and the people with him. He concentrated on the transmission door instead.

The moment Nicholas led the Holy Beings and the consummate True Gods to walk out of the transmission channel, Gallio's deep loud voice rang out. "Everyone! It's time to fight!"

Thousands of Abyss Demons dashed forward, their bodies flashing with golden lights that could protect them from the power of internal momentum.

The Abyss Demons weren't strong enough to fight the Holy Beings. They were even inferior to consummate True Gods.

But they had certain talents that were unique to them and which could prove to be extremely troublesome to deal with.

Nicholas had just stepped out of the transmission channel when he saw the advancing charge. His face hardened as his gaze fell on Gallio in the far distance.

"Consummate True Gods, you deal with these Abyss Demons!

Everyone else, kill the fiends!

Murphy, Jeremiah, Clark - follow me!"

The members of the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands were not always close to each other. But Murphy, Jeremiah, and Clark were ones whom Nicholas trusted most in the alliance.

At Nicholas's orders, the three Holy Beings leaped into air, turned into three streaks of light, and flew towards Gallio.

As they flew over the Desperation Plain, dozens of giant birds gathered in the sky, blocking their way from afar. But before the birds could do anything, they burst into flames and fell out of the sky, crying shrilly.

Clark looked rather indifferently at the giant birds. He knew that the birds couldn't have stopped them anyway.

Gallio stood there motionlessly, watching as the three Holy Beings rushed towards him.

Rachelle and a few other consummate True Gods had transformed into a streak of blood light and rushed toward the Desperation Plain.

But as she stepped into the Desperation Plain, she felt the life force within her body quickly consumed.

But at her current cultivation level, she was full of life force.

The rate that her life force was being consumed at the moment was not a big deal.

A crack sounded, and an Abyss Demon's body was cut in half.

With their levels of strength, the Abyss Demons were simply incapable of facing off against the consummate True Gods, but they didn't fear any kind of theurgy, which meant that they could only be dealt with one by one.

Troy strode forward. A casual pinch of his iron hand left an Abyss Demon beheaded in the blink of an eye.

The other consummate True Gods also began to take action.

The Demi-Holy Beings and the other Holy Beings merely ignored the Abyss Demons, since their goal was to kill the fiends.

Nicholas stood before Gallio, unmoving.

The difference in their sizes was so huge that it looked like a mosquito was facing off against an elephant.

But one was the most powerful warrior of the human race, while the other was the most powerful among the fiends.

Nicholas remained calm. "Let me control the Abyss Demon Region. You fiends can still spread your hegemony over this place."

Gallio glared at the four Holy Beings before him as if they were four little worms.

At Nicholas's words, Gallio grinned and said, "The Abyss Demon Region belongs to our friends in the first place. Do you think I will allow you to control this place?"

"I only need the power of the Abyss Demon Region. I won't interfere with anything else," Nicholas said.

Gallio chuckled as if he had heard a ridiculous joke. "The power here will always belong to the fiends. You human beings are nothing but ants!"

Nicholas smiled coldly at the huge fiend standing before him, and said, "Then I'll show you the power of us ants."

His voice had barely petered out when Nicholas acted on his word.

Streams of internal momentum buzzed and spread out of Nicholas's hand.

They formed runes which quickly gathered together and turned into a golden sword.

"This sword!"

Clark and Murphy froze.

Nicholas rarely used weapons and the power contained in this sword was terrifying. This sword had been formed by such a complicated internal momentum that even the two Holy Beings couldn't see through it.

"I'm not interested in seeing the power of ants! You can all die!"

Gallio flipped his hand and a huge black sphere appeared in it.

He sent it flying towards the heads of the Holy Beings.

Clark snorted contemptuously. The fire burned hot, crawled up his feet, and spread out all over his body. His body was now completely covered in fire.

"Indestructible Fire Body!"

Clark activated his Indestructible Fire Body and waved both his hands, shooting out a madly spinning fireball from them.

Murphy also drew out a black sword. A powerful internal momentum emanated from the sword, spreading in all directions. The internal momentum then charged ferociously at Gallio.

Once a Holy Being made a move, the momentum was overwhelming and had the power to destroy the world.

What was more, these Holy Beings were the strongest in the divine land.

"Boom!"

Clark's and Murphy's attacks converged, causing the collective energy to condense.

Even though the Space Law in the Abyss Demon Region was nonexistent, the surrounding space began to collapse at this moment.

On the Desperation Plain, the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands and the fiends were entangled in a fierce battle.

The fiend commander who had faced Zen had already been beheaded.

Leland looked at Zen in astonishment. He could not believe what he was seeing.

Strong streams of internal momentum and powerful auras came Leland's way but didn't affect him.

Zen had earlier stomped on Begaus and crushed him. Zen's abilities were amazing, and there was no doubt about it.

Even Leland couldn't defeat the fiend commander, whose strength was comparable to that of the peak-level Demi-Holy Beings. But now, Zen had killed him with just one sword strike!

The internal momentum contained in Zen's strike was complicated, as if it contained hundreds of Godly Ways. Leland couldn't believe his eyes.

"Let's go," Zen said as his gaze swept across the Desperation Plain.

While tangled in the chaos, he had noticed Rocher locked in a fierce battle against the Abyss Demons. .

'I'm sorry I can't accompany you to explore the Abyss Demon Region, ' Zen thought.

He released the strange fish. They then took a detour along the side of the Desperation Plain and flew towards the space door.

As the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands were engaged in the fierce fight, they hardly had any time to pay attention to Zen and his companions.

They soon arrived at the space door.

It was then that Rachelle, who had just killed several Abyss Demons, noticed Zen. Her beautiful eyes filled with disbelief.

"Zen? Why is he here?"

Zen had probably felt Rachelle's gaze on him. The moment Zen stepped into the space door, he turned and smiled at her.

Rachelle's heart sank. She wanted to stop him, but on second thought, she knew she was no match for him now. What was more, the elders of the clan were fighting fiercely with the fiends on the Desperation Plain.

This was an once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Rachelle didn't want to see Zen leave just like that.

Zen stepped into the space door, but nothing happened. It looked like the door had stopped working!

Chapter 2751 Unable To Escape

The tall space door didn't budge.

"How can this be?" Leland muttered gloomily.

The strange fish shuttled back and forth in the door of space, making rattling noises.

If the Space Law wasn't supporting the door, it would be just an ordinary door. How would it react when the strange fish shuttled back and forth like that?

"The fiend race has probably sealed the door of space," Zen said, frowning.

The alliance of the powerful clans had taken action, but the fiend race must have been preparing for this eventuality for a long time. The moment the Holy Beings entered the sixth stage, the fiends cut off their route of retreat.

Zen's route of retreat was also destroyed.

"What should we do? Can this door of space be reset?" Leland asked.

Zen looked at the door of space and saw that countless, complex array textures had gathered around the door frame.

The Space Law was prohibited in the Abyss Demon Region. It must have taken the fiend race a lot of effort to build a space channel like this. And now that they had cut it off, they couldn't recover it in such a short span of time.

"I'm afraid it can't," Zen said.

Leland and the several other True Gods weren't worrying as much. In fact, as long as the alliance of the powerful clans defeated the fiend race, they wouldn't find themselves in any kind of a dilemma.

But Zen was different.

No matter which side won the battle, he would not have the most ideal of endings.

Zen was deep in thought when Rachelle's clear voice rang out.

"Zen wants to escape from the Abyss Demon Region!"

Chaos reigned as the Holy Beings fought the fiends.

But Rachelle's voice, which was filled with life vitality, clearly reached the ears of everyone in the Desperation Plain.

Rachelle thought that it wasn't difficult to win the battle. Only one Holy Being or Demi-holy Being was enough to stop Zen. Zen was too crucial, even more crucial than the Abyss Demon Region. So she decided to spread the news of his presence at this critical moment.

"Zen? How could he be here?" Rocher was stunned.

Even the alliance of powerful clans had paid a heavy price to enter the Abyss Demon Region, resulting in the death of several Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods.

How could Zen explore the forbidden area alone?

Had Zen followed the Holy Beings all along? But this sounded even more impossible! The spiritual sense of the Holy Beings was very powerful. He couldn't have followed them for so long without being discovered.

But when Rocher turned to look, he was shocked to find Zen standing under the door of space.

Samuel turned to look, too, and his gaze fell on Zen, doubt shuttering his eyes.

Like Rocher, he was also puzzled at Zen's presence.

This confusion remained for just three seconds before a brilliant light flashed through his eyes.

Among the Holy Beings, only Samuel knew the secret of the Reincarnation Land.

Since Zen had not followed them into the Abyss Demon Region, he could only enter through a different entrance. That entrance was the Reincarnation Land.

After all, years ago, Samuel had also left through the Reincarnation Land.

'I've arranged everything in the Reincarnation Land. Even if Zen has found the Stone Mouse and entered it, he would definitely die. But how did he leave that place?' Samuel thought, with worry and killing intent in his heart. 'This guy has to die!'

"Go to hell!"

A gigantic fiend commander came smashing towards Samuel, an axe on his shoulder.

The fiend's skin shone with a chaotic red light.

His strength was close to that of a Demi-holy Being at the top level. But under the violent red light, he even had the power to fight a Holy Being.

Since they were matched in strength, the previous fight between Samuel and the fiend commander lasted for dozens of rounds.

Seeing that Samuel was distracted from the battle, the fiend commander used all his strength to kill Samuel with one blow.

But Samuel sensed the attack and

raised his hand to shield himself.

"Crack!"

So when the huge axe came crashing towards him, he managed to stop it with his bare hand.

The fiend commander was dumbfounded, his huge eyes filled with disbelief.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

A tiny crack appeared on the blade of the huge axe and spread throughout its length.

The huge axe shattered into pieces, having been blocked by Samuel.

"Buzz!"

Samuel's eyes narrowed as he pulled out his sword and flew to attack the fiend commander.

The fiend commander was smart and knew that the strength of this Holy Being was far beyond his imagination.

He now understood why this Holy Being hadn't taken him too seriously before.

As Samuel approached, the fiend, with the huge body, jumped up and flew into the air, wanting to escape.

But he was much slower than Samuel. He had only flown for a few seconds when he felt a chill emanating from his belly.

A voice rang out.

"One destructive sword attack can break heaven and earth!"

There was a hint of Truth of Godly Way hidden in this sword strike.

The fiend's body, which was four thousand feet tall, was now cut in half, leaving him no chance to fight back.

Samuel had made every effort to join the alliance of powerful clans, not just to help Nicholas take control of the Abyss Demon Region. What was more, if he performed so formidably all the time, Nicholas would be cautious about him.

He hadn't been trying his best when he had fought the fiend commander earlier.

But now, things were different. He had to catch Zen first!

Samuel had just turned to head straight for Zen when a mighty roar sounded from behind him.

A figure made its way over to him, shrouded in a bright, strong light.

At the same time, a huge pit appeared on the plain.

Nicholas was standing in the pit. He had just withstood Gallio's attack and his clothes were muddy and torn. But his eyes were full of fighting spirit.

He looked at Samuel and said, "Samuel, your strength is extraordinary, and it's difficult to deal with these fiend commanders. I need your help!"

The moment Nicholas finished talking, he turned into a gust of wind and headed for Gallio at the end of the Desperation Plain.

"Such a foxy guy!" Samuel muttered furiously.

He knew that Nicholas was alert to him. But now, Nicholas, Clark, and Murphy had to deal with Gallio without distractions. This meant it was a great opportunity for him.

However, it was obvious that Nicholas wanted Samuel to stay at the battlefield.

Seeing that Zen was already running towards the left side of the Desperation Plain, Samuel hesitated.

"Catch him!"

Laquisha, Aleyna, and Pascal were also fighting fiercely with the Abyss Demons. They seemed to be one when they worked together and so in tandem.

The three of them had just become consummate True Gods, but their powers were far beyond that of a consummate True God.

But now, the three of them stopped suddenly and stared at the place where Zen was running off. They looked at each other, a look of understanding passing between them. When they fixed their eyes on Zen, they jumped into the air at the same time, and rushed towards Zen at a great speed.

Chapter 2752 Pursuers

The Desperation Plain had become quite the chaotic place now.

The Holy Beings might have been currently fighting a fierce battle, but they had a great advantage in the overall situation.

In spite of the latter, they were clear on the fact that it wouldn't be as easy when it came to taking the Abyss Demon Region down.

Seeing as the fiends were willing to fight here, it was obligatory that they had their preparations made in order to meet contingencies.

Nicholas pinned down Gallio as he quietly observed the whole situation.

After Rachelle had given him a warning, Nicholas had equally discovered Zen.

When he noticed Zen, his mind was immediately filled with confusion and questions. 'This guy is simply too amazing! He could enter any damn place he desires!' he thought to himself, his heart sinking heavily.

He himself had led a group of Holy Beings into the sixth stage, and had experienced a lot of trouble in doing so. It had been quite the challenging task.

He just couldn't figure out how Zen, a mere consummate True God, had come here.

That wasn't to say that Nicholas thought Zen's arrival was a bad thing, though.

One of the main reasons Nicholas was in such a hurry to control the Abyss Demon Region was because he wanted to confront the people at the Other Shore Realm outside the divine land.

If he could catch Zen, then it would be an incredible benefit for him. At the very least, he could get to know the masters of the Other Shore Realm through Zen.

It had only taken a few quick seconds for these crazy thoughts to start relaying each other in his mind.

By moving his lips ever so slightly, he sent a message through his life vitality.

The Dongfang Clan, the Tang Clan and the Mu Clan each had a Demi-holy Being capable of receiving his message.

Upon reception, each of them looked at the north side of the Desperation Plain. They immediately jumped out of battle and flew in that direction.

"These guys are so powerful! Even fiends are no match! Can you believe it?

If only they could kill those fiends!

What a bitter situation this all is! Even Gallio is pressed and beaten by them. Ha-ha!"

The strange fish leaned on the side of the space door and from its position, watched the chaotic battle with interest.

Leland said nothing and kept a calm, casual look on his face.

A few of the Demi-holy Beings in the Desperation Plain were Leland's acquaintances. Although somewhat worried, he still had hope.

As long as the powerful alliance won, he knew he would eventually get through this hard period of time.

He was definitely concerned about Zen, however.

Looking intently in the direction Zen had fled, Leland saw at least seven or eight consummate True Gods chasing after him at a very fast pace. They appeared to be catching up to him, too.

All thus suggested that what Zen had said was true. He was indeed connected to the powerful alliance because otherwise, at such a critical moment, the alliance would never have sent warriors to follow him.

Nonetheless, Zen's strength was far beyond that of a normal consummate True God. In fact, the two didn't compare at all.

Even as a mighty Demi-holy Being, Leland would still be placed under great pressure when fighting Zen.

The strike where Zen had killed the fiend commander had stunned Leland in particular. So much so, in fact, that he was sure he wouldn't be capable of withstanding it. He was definitely terrified.

Even if these consummate True Gods were from powerful clans, they weren't necessarily up to par with Zen, nor could they be considered a match for battle.

"I really hope you can get out of here successfully, Zen."

He owed Zen a debt of gratitude. If it weren't for Zen, he would have died back in the Reincarnation Land.

Just as Leland was losing himself deeper and deeper in thought, three other figures unexpectedly appeared in that direction.

"Oh...Three Demi-holy Beings..."

Leland's eyes visibly narrowed at once.

"Jayden Dongfang, Mathew Mu and Raymond Tang!" he exclaimed.

Much like the consummate True Gods, the Demi-holy Beings had different levels of strength.

A top-level consummate True God, such as Troy, was not inferior to an ordinary Demi-holy Being when it came to strength.

A Demi-holy Being who wasn't a powerful clan member, like Leland, would never have the strength nor the skill to defeat Troy.

Jayden Dongfang, Mathew Mu and Raymond Tang were the most powerful Demi-holy Beings among all the powerful clans. It was safe to say that it was surprising to see this trio chasing after Zen.

Like Leland, they were also the Demi-holy Beings, but their strength, power and skill had much exceeded his. They were on two very separate levels.

"These impressive Demi-holy beings have equally come out... I'm afraid that Zen might be in danger!"

As Leland spoke these words, he couldn't help himself from sighing loudly.

Even though he wanted to help, he wasn't powerful enough, and desire alone just wouldn't be enough. He had no other choice but to sit still and silently hope that Zen could escape safely.

Seeing as Rachelle had reminded the Holy Beings of Zen's coming, Zen had made the ultimate decision to flee.

When it came down to it, Zen was certain that falling into the fiends' hands was probably better than getting caught by Nicholas.

Once he passed through the mountain range on the left side of the Desperation Plain, a huge sea of bubbling hot lava suddenly confronted him.

Left with no choice, Zen flew over the lava sea's surface without a moment's hesitation and launched his spiritual sense.

"They are chasing me!" he said to himself.

As soon as Zen spread his spiritual sense out, he sensed three new auras appear behind him.

He glanced back for less than a split second, just long enough to take notice that the auras were from three consummate True Gods.

"Just three consummate True Gods?" he asked. Zen squinted his eyes a little.

Upon returning to the divine land, Zen had immediately displayed his strength.

In other words, Nicholas should know that the consummate True Gods simply weren't powerful enough to catch him. Even thirty of them couldn't make it, let alone just three.

As soon as he made note of who they had sent, Zen wasn't in the mood to pay them any attention. He continued zooming over the lava sea with concentration.

On the right side of the Desperation Plain was located the fiend race's pasture. There, the fierce monsters present were basically their food.

Yet, what Zen didn't know was that on the left side was the famous Desperation Sea.

Not even a fiend would want to step foot into a damned place such as this one.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

As Zen was speeding forward, layers of ripples suddenly began to appear in the lava sea just inches below his feet.

As he noticed the additional movement in the lava sea, Zen frowned. Now, he sensed eight or nine powerful auras coming from the sea.

"Thunder Materialization!" he shouted with might.

Crack!

A huge pair of thunder wings materialized on Zen's back at once, and his speed increased tenfold.

While Zen was hurrying forward, several huge creatures suddenly appeared in the lava sea, completely blocking his way. Zen didn't know what to do or where to go!

Splash!

The boiling, orange-red lava splashed everywhere.

From the lava emerged several enormous, slender snake heads, each of which was as bright as freshly polished metal. Facing Zen head on, they all gave off a ferocious aura.

"No fucking way! Nine-head Snake living in the lava sea? This is impossible!"

Zen had no interest, nor did he have the time, to start guessing the Nine-head Snake's origin.

Just seconds before the snake heads had a chance to come at him with their gaping mouths and sharp fangs, Zen swung his sword in front of him several times.

Swish, swish, swish!

As his sword light continued to flash in the air, Zen had already spread his thunder wings and quickly raised himself off the lava, continuing to flee forward.

He had no time to fool around with such monsters.

"Grr! Ow!"

Without any forewarning, the Nine-head Snake in the lava raised skyward and began to howl vehemently. As it did so, it began to extend its huge heads infinitely and rushed directly toward Zen.

The snake heads inevitably moved even faster than Zen could. Three of them even got ahead of Zen, slithering in front of him in order to block his way.

"Damn it!" Zen said under his breath.

"Eight Smoky Melodies!

Truth of Cultivation Nature!" he called.

At that exact moment, Zen's body became extremely nimble. From the air, he shot himself outward in a strange way and swept past the snake heads.

The nine heads opened their mouths to attack but only bit Zen's shadow trailing behind him.

The Nine-head Snake's block a few moments ago had had its desired effect, though.

The pursuers behind Zen seemed to really be catching up now. At least, they were defintely even closer to him than before.

Zen turned around in order to avoid the Nine-head Snake's attacks when his gaze froze. Only then did he realize that two of the people who were apparently chasing him, or so he thought, were actually Laquisha and Aleyna!

Chapter 2753 The Black Water Area

Forming a special array, the three members of the Han Clan went into formation, with Laquisha in front, and Pascal and Aleyna standing on each of her sides.

All three of them moved exceptionally fast, approaching Zen quickly when he was stopped by the Nine-head Snake.

When he was still in the Reincarnation Land, Zen learned about Samuel's secret and that the Memory Flames of these three had been erased. Looking them now, he knew that they were not the same people he had known about.

Glancing at them, Zen had no intention to stop.

Now his enemies were only these three people from the Han Clan. If he hesitated a little longer, he would end up battling with not just the consummate True Gods, but also the Demi-holy and Holy Beings.

Though he wanted to help them to regain their original memories, he realized that now was not the right time to do that.

Zen smoothly evaded the nine huge heads of the snake like a feather and then escaped far away. Seeing him flee like a thief angered the Nine-head Snake.

And since it couldn't catch up with Zen's speed, it decided to release its anger on the approaching members of the Han Clan.

Roar! The huge creature let out an angry cry.

Facing the direction where Laquisha and the two others were fast approaching, the creature opened the mouths of all of its nine heads at the same time, spitting out some blood balls.

Leading the way, Laquisha's eyes flashed with a purple light, while a softer purple light suddenly flashed in the magic array they formed.

Aleyna's and Pascal's internal momentum was thoroughly gathered by this magic array, merging with Laquisha's.

"Purple fire sword!"

It was a magical joint-attack array which Samuel himself created.

After connecting their minds together and cooperating with the magic array, they found that their joined strength increased several times!

Seeing the blood balls spewed out by the Nine-head Snake flying towards them, Laquisha formed a purple fire sword in her hand and waved it gently.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Held in her hands, the sword quickly split into dozens of smaller swords floating in the air.

These smaller swords flew in all directions. Some swords penetrated the blood balls and burned them to ashes, while most of them directly attacked the Nine-head Snake.

With its huge body, the monster moved very slowly and was unable to dodge.

In a blink of an eye, the small swords that Laquisha released penetrated its entire body.

While each small sword was only palm-sized, the head of the Nine-head Snake was over a thousand feet long and dozens of feet wide. Looking with naked eyes, the small blades didn't appear to cause any injuries to its huge body.

Staring at the monster, Laquisha's eyes flashed a purple light again and ordered in a low voice, "Explode now!"

Boom!

All the swords stuck on the monster's body blew up at the same time, and blazing purple flames instantly spread from the necks of the nine huge heads.

It howled in pain, twisted and fell into the sea of lava right below it.

The ferocious purple flames kept burning violently even after they were mixed in the lava.

Everything went so fast. The next second, the Nine-head Snake was burnt to ashes, leaving only a trace of purple fire spread on the surface of the sea of lava.

'Looks like Laquisha's purple flame has become more powerful after she reached consummation of the True God Realm!'

Zen thought to himself. He looked back to observe the situation behind him as he rapidly fled away.

Knowing that the Nine-head Snake was not a very powerful creature, Zen could easily defeat it. However, in order to escape, he chose not to kill it. Instead, he left it behind to stop the three members of the Han Clan who were after him.

Unexpectedly, Laquisha killed it easily.

"Get him!"

Laquisha ordered indifferently, making a light flash in the middle of the magic array they formed. Increasing their speed to the extreme, they continued to chase on Zen.

As soon as the three members of Han Clan left, several people following them arrived at this place.

They were Rachelle, Troy and Shahn.

After their last crushing defeat, they realized the fact that they were no match for Zen now.

But they couldn't bear to see Zen run away just like that, knowing that the Demi-holy Beings of their clans would soon come to support them.

"Laquisha has just reached consummation of the True God Realm. How did she become so powerful?" Staring at the burning purple fire on the lava, Rachelle commented with astonishment, realizing that was the place where the Nine-head Snake had been killed.

"Those three is quite a strange bunch. They all changed a lot both in temperament and strength," said Troy with a serious expression.

Just then, three more figures flew towards them from behind. It turned out to be the three Demi-holy Beings: Jayden, Mathew and Raymond.

They came a little late, as they were sent here by Nicholas himself. But now they had caught up with the rest!

Zen continued to run, with several other groups of people chasing after him above the sea of lava.

The hot air continued to rise from the sea of lava and blow on his face.

Although he looked calm on the surface, he started to feel a little anxious.

Without the guidance of the strange fish, he felt lost and uneasy. If he strayed into the lairs of some powerful creatures, he would be in great trouble.

He also couldn't get rid of the people chasing after him.

The three members of the Han Clan followed very closely behind. There were several more powerful warriors a little behind them. Zen estimated that there were Demi-holy Beings.

Just as Zen was thinking about an escape plan, the seemingly endless sea of lava suddenly came to an end. He slowed down, seeing the black coastline in front of him.

At first, Zen felt a bit strange seeing the black coastline.

It was not until he got a little closer that he realized it was not a coastline, but the edge of a black water area.

The black 'coastline' appeared to be a dividing line between the two areas of liquid. On one side was the hot lava while the dark black water was on the other.

The boundary between them was very clear. One never interfered with the other.

"What the hell is this place?" Zen muttered, taking his time to look around.

He obviously found the vast black water ahead very weird.

Not seeing anything moving from where he stood, it seemed to be a death land.

If he had run into this kind of place another time and it wasn't necessary for him to enter, Zen would have chosen to take a detour.

But now, he was left with no choice.

As he hesitated for a little while, he could already hear a sharp whistling sound coming from behind him.

Whoosh!

A spiraling purple fire sword came straight for Zen. It was Laquisha, launching an attack across a distance of tens of thousands of feet.

Zen rolled in the air, easily dodging the fire sword. Spreading the lightning wings, he then entered the black water area ahead.

Without any hesitation, the three members of the Han Clan continued to chase after him.

Soon after, Jayden, Mathew, Raymond, Rachelle and the rest arrived. Their faces became serious when they saw the black space.

"What is this damned place? The water is so black, and I can see no signs of life," Jayden said with a frown.

After all, they were in the Abyss Demon Region. The forbidden land had a lot of dangerous places. Even if they had a high level of cultivation base, they still had to be very careful most of the time.

"It doesn't matter," Rachelle said, thinking about how far Zen would've been now. "We shouldn't let that brat escape from us."

"If you enter this place carelessly, you might end up dead sooner." After thinking for a while, Mathew added, "Rachel, why don't you guys go back first? We'll take care of the matter and chase after Zen!"

In the eyes of the Demi-holy Beings, Rachelle and the other young warriors had the opportunity to inherit the Abyss Demon Region. It would be a pity if they lost their lives here.

Moreover, they strongly believed that the three of them were enough to deal with Zen.

After coming up with a decision, the three Demi-holy Beings rushed into the black water area leaving the rest behind.

Chapter 2754 The Truth

The consummate True Gods were also unwilling to give up.

But they had no choice but to step down as their elders had given the order.

Moreover, Zen was far more powerful than them and they were no match for him.

In the end, Rachelle had no choice but to go back.

"Whoosh!"

A purple fire sword streaked across the black water and shot towards Zen explosively.

Laquisha was launching consecutive attacks on him.

Zen twisted his body abruptly but the purple fire sword still followed his movements.

As he lifted his body upwards, the purple fire sword brushed across the black water as it lost its target.

As the unearthly purple fire touched the black water, it immediately went out and disappeared.

"The black water..."

Zen watched the scene unfolding in front of his eyes and grew more cautious.

He knew perfectly well how deadly the unearthly purple fire from Laquisha was. It could burn almost everything.

Especially after Laquisha's cultivation base had improved greatly, it could not only burn the Nine-head Snake, but even light up the lava sea in the

Abyss Demon Region.

But yet it got put out after touching the black water.

What was that black water? How could it put out the fire?

Just as Zen was considering the question, a cold voice rang from behind him. "You have been to the Reincarnation Land, haven't you?"

asked Laquisha.

As Laquisha, Aleyna and Pascal had combined as one, they could fly faster than Zen, and the distance between them and Zen was gradually shortened.

"Yes. So what?" Zen replied coolly.

"What did you see in the Reincarnation Land?" asked Laquisha.

Zen turned his head and looked indifferently at Laquisha who was not far away. "Why should I tell you?"

"Oh?"

Laquisha's face hardened with a trace of coldness and she pinched her fingers together slightly.

Next to her, Aleyna and Pascal activated the huge array in the center at the same time.

"Whirl!"

The unearthly purple fire branched out like vines in the air and turned into a large purple fire array which shrouded Zen.

Zen's instinct was to dodge, but it happened too fast for him to do anything.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!"

With Zen trapped, Laquisha, Aleyna and Pascal separated from each other and stood on the three important positions of the purple fire array.

"Even top-level Demi-holy Beings can't get out of this Dragon Trapping Array with my preternatural purple fire," Laquisha sneered. "Now you have plenty of time to tell me."

The preternatural purple fire from Laquisha was so powerful that even Holy Beings had to dodge once it burned.

There was no doubt or denying that the three of them could use this preternatural purple fire array to trap Holy Beings.

The most important aspect of the Dragon Trapping Array was to lock up the space. Once the top-level Demi-holy Beings were trapped in it, they could not make use of the Grand Teleportation technique. Furthermore, the Grand Teleportation technique was forbidden in the Abyss Demon Region, which was to their advantage.

Zen stood still in the middle of the Dragon Trapping Array and remained calm. He examined the fire array closely and asked, "Is this Dragon Trapping Array created by Samuel? I have to say that it is really exquisite."

"Yes. So what?" There was a hint of pride on Laquisha's face.

Zen looked directly at Laquisha and continued, "You have controlled the three of them, so they can make such a mysterious array. And the person behind all this is you, Samuel. Am I right?"

Laquisha glared at Zen and said, "It has nothing to do with you."

"You have been a Holy Being for two lifetimes. You are a person with great luck. The divine land treats you well. But is it really worthwhile to sacrifice your children just for the sake of vengeance? Think about it," Zen said.

"What do you mean?" Laquisha's face darkened at his words.

"Do I need to spell it out for you? Holy Gregorio?" Zen couldn't help blurting out the truth.

What he said greatly stunned Laquisha, Aleyna, Pascal and Samuel on the Desperation Plain. They all wore exactly the same expressions of shock.

Zen's other deductions didn't matter at all to Samuel.

After all, people often wondered how his three children became consummate True Gods, but he didn't bother to explain to them.

But Zen had revealed his biggest secret. There was nothing he feared more than someone finding out his secret.

More than twenty years ago, he had regained his memories from his previous life. He had been trying to approach Nicholas since then.

However, Nicholas was very alert to the Han Clan, so he had never had a good chance.

He was determined to find a good time to take actions on this trip to the Abyss Demon Region. He was going to destroy the whole Dongfang Clan and even the whole union of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

But if Nicholas found out his true identity, the consequences were hugely undesirable.

"How did you know that? Did the Stone Mouse tell you?" Laquisha asked sullenly.

Zen replied with a shrug, "Yes, and no. It just told me its owner was Gregorio. I managed to figure out everything else by following Gregorio's memories."

"So that's how it is." Laquisha nodded slightly. A faint smile appeared on her gloomy face. "It really comes as a big surprise to learn that you have found out my identity, but unfortunately you'll have no chance to tell others about it. Go to hell!"

As soon as she finished her words, the purple flames roared in the Dragon Trapping Array around Zen.

Samuel was determined to kill Zen inside the array.

Staring at the blazing flames, Zen shook his head slightly and said, "It seems that you don't care much about Laquisha."

"What do you mean?" Laquisha frowned and asked.

"Hasn't Laquisha told you that her purple fire can burn everything except me?" Zen smirked.

"Don't be stubborn!"

Samuel refused to believe his words. On the Desperation Plain, he ordered Laquisha to activate the Dragon Trapping Array.

The flames from all directions swarmed towards Zen, completely engulfing him and burning crazily.

Even Holy Beings found it troublesome to deal with the unearthly purple fire condensed by Laquisha. Zen, however, was only at the consummation of True God Realm.

"Splash..."

Zen's body drifted slowly in the unearthly purple fire. When he came out, he was unharmed.

His body was shining with golden light, making him look like a Buddha statue plated with a layer of gold foil.

Despite being in two different locations, Samuel on the Desperation Plain and Laquisha standing right opposite Zen, both had the same reaction, which was to stare with wide eyes. They were dumbstruck by the impossible scene.

Only then did Samuel vaguely remember that Alfredo had once reported to him that Zen seemed to have a body that was unaffected by fire, but he hadn't taken it seriously as Zen was merely a low-rank True God at that time.

He had chosen to control Laquisha, Aleyna and Pascal because Laquisha had the unearthly purple fire.

He had made use of the power given to him by the Stone Mouse to urge the three of them to reach the consummation of True God Realm. After that, they could even kill the top-level Demi-holy Beings if they worked together with the help of Laquisha's unearthly purple fire.

But now they met this man who was unaffected by the unearthly purple fire at all, and their biggest advantage was gone.

"Swish!"

After rushing out the purple fire, Zen went straight to Laquisha.

Laquisha reacted quickly and only took a step back, while Pascal and Aleyna took a step further. The three of them used the Dragon Trapping Array to fight against Zen.

However, what made their array so powerful was the purple fire. Since it didn't work on Zen, they could do nothing to trap him.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2755 Zen's Arrogance

The wind rushed by making a soft whirring sound like a propeller blade.

Zen had flashed through several layers of fire curtains and stopped in front of Laquisha in the blink of an eye.

He stretched out his hand and, in a flash, got ahold of Laquisha's head.

"No. 9527! It's up to you!" This thought rolled around inside Zen's mind.

Both Laquisha and Aleyna were the puppets of Samuel, meaning that they were the products between the human and the puppet.

Their souls might still be intact, but their Memory Flames had disappeared.

They only had small fragments of the Memory Flames. The memories were chaotic at best, and there were only glimpses of different cultivations. What had made them who they were was gone. They had no more personality. They were mindless, lifeless puppets.

The only way to help them restore their memories was to force their Memory Flames back into their souls.

Before that could happen though, they had to be rid of the choppy memories in their souls and escape from Samuel's control at the same time.

Zen did not have the knowledge to perform any of that, so he had to hand that task off to No. 9527.

The moment Zen had taken hold of Laquisha's head, No. 9527 entered her mind.

Laquisha's soul was floating quietly, curled up into a ball.

Behind her soul there was a pale yellow worm crawling along her back. Its face reflected the image of Samuel.

"What's this?"

Samuel's face contorted into a scowl as he beheld the green ball of light, which was No. 9527, surprise flickering in his eyes.

Although he didn't know what it was exactly, he knew it was a threat to him. The surface of the parasite began to emit a soft, yellow light. When the light became almost too bright, it launched a soul attack at No. 9527.

"Go to hell!" Samuel yelled.

The light morphed into numerous soul thorns that spiraled towards the green ball of light.

No. 9527 might be the lowest level as a soul body, and not very powerful, but it was still a part of the Chaos Ancient God's soul. It was easy for it to block against Samuel's soul worm.

This attack with the yellow soul thorns was an extremely powerful move, which would be beyond the endurance of an ordinary consummate True God's soul.

As the thorns reached the surface of the green ball of light, they simply bounced off. They left no damage and the ball did not react at all.

There was a flash of light across the green ball's surface, and a light green tentacle formed in the center of the ball.

The tentacle wriggled and shook until it transformed into a blade. It slashed through the air towards the pale yellow worm.

There was a brief moment that stretched on for awhile before the worm split into two pieces and slipped from Laquisha's back. As a soul it wasn't dead, so it attempted to escape. No. 9527 was faster though, and shot out the tentacle to entangle the worm in a vice like hold.

Ignoring the struggle it put up, No. 9527 dragged the nasty thing into its own soul.

No. 9527 did not need to strengthen itself, and normally the owner and the brain masters would not allow it.

However, a field commander would sometimes have to decide against the king's orders. No. 9527 had gradually developed its own consciousness, so there were not so many restrictions on it anymore. There was simply no way it would pass up a chance to devour another soul.

Besides, killing the worm meant severing the connection between Laquisha and Samuel completely.

"It is done."

No. 9527 sent the thought to Zen.

It had only taken it three seconds to penetrate Laquisha's mind, and kill the yellow parasite.

Laquisha had lost consciousness by that point, and her head drooped forward with glassy eyes staring at nothing.

Zen held on to her arm for a moment, waiting for No. 9527's soul to return to him. When he felt the soul return, Zen held onto Laquisha and flashed away to catch Aleyna.

Once he had her in his grasp, No. 9527 repeated the process.

Aleyna's eyes had been blank with indifference, but the moment Samuel's control was gone, the indifference morphed into confusion.

She had been the same as Laquisha. Still with a soul but no the Memory Flame.

Zen and No. 9527 had released the two girls from underneath Samuel's control in quick succession. Only Pascal was left to be rescued.

Before Zen could make a move towards his next target, Pascal had fled in the opposite direction.

"How could he do that?" Samuel whispered on the Desperation Plain.

His face was dark and murderous.

The Dragon Trapping Array set up by the three members of the Han Clan was one of their trump cards, but it had been easily broken. How could he accept that failure?

The only thing he could do now was to make Pascal run away.

If he was rescued by Zen as well, Samuel wouldn't stand a chance.

As a Holy Being, Samuel was unable to inherit the Abyss Demon Region. Naturally, he didn't want to lose control of his last puppet for that reason.

Just as Samuel's worry skyrocketed thinking that Zen would catch up to Pascal, he caught sight of three others flying in the opposite direction of Pascal. His scowl darkened when he realized it was Jayden, Mathew and Raymond.

"It would be okay if Zen does not disclose his identity, but if he does, it will get ugly," Samuel muttered, a hint of gloom flashing in his eyes.

He might not be afraid of Nicholas, but he didn't think it was good timing.

He just hadn't gotten any real leverage yet.

Above the black waters, the three Demi-holy Beings—Jayden, Mathew and Raymond—passed by Pascal.

They glanced at him with a bored expression, and did nothing to stop him. They were not here for him after all. Their target was Zen.

"He has proved himself to be a consummate True God who can beat ten alone. He actually dared break into the sixth stage of the Abyss Demon Region. It's incredible!" Jayden said with a laugh.

It was easy for them to catch up to Zen, thanks to the three members from the Han Clan, who had tried to stop him.

Zen decided it best not to attempt to escape.

He did not want to have to go deeper into the black waters.

As long as the pursuers were only the Demi-Holy Beings, Zen felt he might have a chance if he fought them.

"If you find it so amazing, perhaps you could just leave," Zen replied faintly.

A faint light shone from Zen's cinnabar field as he spoke. He would put Aleyna and Laquisha in his inner world.

Once Zen took back their Memory Flames, they would be able to restore their original memories. For now they needed to be in a safe place.

"I think it would be best if you present your hands for capture," said Mathew coldly, as he took a step forward and stared hard at Zen.

The three Demi-holy Beings knew they were strong enough to deter people from retaliating.

All three of them, who were all top-level Demi-Holy Beings, were confident that they would win over a Holy Being let alone Zen. It was almost laughable seeing as Zen had only just reached the consummation of the True God Realm.

"You all want me to present my hands to you, and surrender to capture?" Zen shook his head. "I'm afraid you're not strong enough."

"How arrogant!"

How could anyone expect Raymond to accept that kind of arrogance from a consummate True God? The killing intent swelled in his chest to an unbearable level.

The moment Raymond revealed his killing intent, a ball suddenly appeared above Zen's head with a crackling sound.

With what sounded like a breath from the ball, a Soul Suppressing Sword formed, startling even the Demi-Holy Beings. In an instant it flew towards Raymond.

Unexpectedly, the first Latent Theurgy began to work.

Chapter 2756 My Reliance

Zen's head had contained seven Latent Theurgies all this while.

But after a while, these balls of theurgies were concealed so that no one could see them.

The first Latent Theurgy that was activated was the Killing Intent Counterattack.

This theurgy would work whenever someone became hostile towards him.

But even Zen couldn't help but shrink at the explosion that the Soul Suppressing Sword had sent through the ball. The mighty soul pressure had been released, causing his soul to stiffen.

However, this was only an aftereffect.

The Soul Suppressing Sword was then placed before Raymond, with Jayden and Mathew standing on either side of him.

The moment they faced the Soul Suppressing Sword, their sense of self diminished and they began to feel small, like ants. The enormous soul pressure was like an infinite giant, and they were too weak to resist or escape.

As a result, all three of them stood there like statues, until the Soul Suppressing Sword hit Raymond's head.

"Boom!"

A low muffled sound was heard.

Once the Soul Suppressing Sword had killed Raymond's soul, it disappeared into his head.

Raymond's eyes flashed, emitting two rays of dazzling golden light, before becoming dull and remote.

"Whoosh..."

Now that Raymond's body had lost its soul, it began to fall backwards into the black water.

Frightened at this sight, Jayden and Mathew didn't stop Raymond's body, and let him fall into the black water.

Pascal, who was still fleeing in the distance, turned around suddenly.

Samuel, standing on the Desperation Plain, sensed what had happened through Pascal. His face darkened in shock.

"What was that? How could it launch such a powerful soul attack?"

There was probably no one in the divine land who could resist a soul attack of this level. Even a warrior at the Other Shore Realm would die if he or she were to touch it.

Zen also looked regretful.

He had had a vague feeling that the Killing Intent Counterattack was a powerful weapon, but he hadn't expected the Soul Suppressing Sword to be so horrifying.

It could chop off souls belonging to Demi-holy Beings and even Holy Beings and warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

Using it to kill a Demi-holy Being of the Tang Clan was a waste of its potential.

"As its name suggests, the Killing Intent Counterattack will be triggered the moment it senses any killing intent. But why hadn't it been activated before?"

Zen was suspicious.

There had been many creatures that had probably wanted to kill him on the way here.

Laquisha and the fiends were just a few of them.

Why hadn't the Killing Intent Counterattack been activated when Zen had faced them? Why did the Soul Suppressing Sword choose to kill Raymond?

After all, the fiends had also wanted to kill him.

"It's because the fiends are not real living creatures, while Laquisha and her siblings are just puppets," No. 9527 explained patiently. "The Latent Theurgies are used to deal with special situations. They need a lot of conditions before they are triggered, especially the Killing Intent Counterattack. It won't kill an ant just because it wants to kill you. It needs to distinguish the targets."

Zen nodded.

He understood that in critical times, the Latent Theurgies could not only protect his life, but also have a reverse effect.

Now that he had used a Latent Theurgy, he only had six left.

Mathew's eyes narrowed as he stared at Zen.

They hadn't expected a Demi-holy Being to die before they could even take action.

Raymond's strength was on par with that of Jayden and Mathew.

If this was Zen's real strength, both of them should turn around and run away as far as possible.

"What's this theurgy?" Jayden asked, his throat tight and voice almost a whisper.

Zen, on the contrary, looked relaxed. He was satisfied with the power of the Soul Suppressing Sword. "Why should I tell you?"

"This is not one of your abilities," Mathew said, narrowing his eyes even further. "Even a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm wouldn't be able to do it. It is probably some kind of a one-time magic weapon!"

Zen hadn't used any magic weapon, but it looked to them that the Soul Suppressing Sword had shot out rather suddenly. Mathew, however, was close to the truth.

In a way, the Latent Theurgies were like one-time magic weapons, but the owner couldn't control when they were triggered and how they worked.

"What Mathew said is right. It's impossible for you to master such a theurgy. And now that you've used it once, you won't be able to use it for a second time. You can't escape death since you don't have any other reliance." Saying this, Jayden pulled out a snake spear from a contraption on his waist.

He had thought that if Zen didn't use any theurgy, he wouldn't pose a threat to him.

Mathew and Jayden were the most outstanding of the dozens of Demi-holy Beings on the Floating Islands. If they joined hands, they could definitely defeat Zen, who was merely a consummate True God.

"Raymond met with an awful death. I will take revenge for him!"

Mathew clenched his hand, causing beams of golden light to shoot out of his mouth. This golden light turned into incantations that were strangely shaped and merged and turned into a golden sword in his hand. This was the Invisible Incantation Sword, a theurgy beyond the Indestructible Metal Godly Way that Mathew had learned.

Zen stood proudly, his huge thunder wings emitted cracking sounds from time to time.

He smiled as he looked at the two Demi-holy Beings who were ready to fight, and said, "You were right. The theurgy can only be used once. But I have other weapons!" As he spoke, he lifted the Shadow Bearing Sword.

He had managed to greatly shock the two Demi-holy Beings with his words.

It would be a lie to say that they were not worried. They were afraid that Zen would use other frightening magic weapons and that they would certainly get killed.

After all, the experts of the Other Shore Realm had sent Zen to the divine land. Who knew what powerful magic weapons the experts had given him?

But Zen didn't move now that he had lifted the Shadow Bearing Sword.

"On what do you rely now?" Mathew asked angrily. He had a feeling that he had been fooled.

"I rely on myself!"

Zen had barely finished talking when the pair of thunder wings on his back stretched with a deafening sound.

With an almighty crack, Zen turned into a thunderbolt and shot towards Mathew, the Shadow Bearing Sword in his hand.

Mathew really doubted if Zen had any other secret weapon, or if he had anyone to help him remain calm.

At Zen's answer, he burst out into laughter. He didn't know how a consummate True God could defeat two top-level Demi-holy Beings.

But at the end of Zen's words, the Shadow Bearing Sword came hacking down on Mathew's head.

"Do you think you can defeat us alone?"

A trace of contempt appeared in Mathew's eyes. He raised his Invisible Incantation Sword to fend off Zen's Shadow Bearing Sword.

It was obvious that he was treating Zen's sword as some kind of a joke.

But the moment the two swords met, the Invisible Incantation Sword dissipated into hundreds of golden incantations.

Mathew was stunned, again.

He had expected everything, but he hadn't expected Zen to be able to destroy his Invisible Incantation Sword!

The Indestructible Metal Godly Way was known for its toughness and fierceness. The Invisible Incantation Sword was a theurgy that was derived from the consummation level of the Indestructible Metal Godly Way. It couldn't be destroyed so easily!

Chapter 2757 Black Eyes

Mathew was most proud of this sword. He was certain that among all of the divine land's treasures, it would rank in the top ten in terms of strength.

However, to Mathew's surprise, the moment it came into contact with the Shadow Bearing Sword, it disintegrated as if it was made of sand. 'What... is happening?' he thought bewildered. He could not believe what he was seeing.

His Invisible Incantation Sword vanished into thin air, while Zen's sword landed on the ground with so much force that it caused a mild tremor!

Mathew was unable to make use of the Grand Teleportation technique and being at such a close proximity to Zen, he was convinced that he would die.

In a battle between powerhouses, one wrong judgment could lead to an excruciating death. Zen needed to seize this unique opportunity to defeat his opponent.

When the Shadow Bearing Sword reached Mathew's head, Jayden's snake spear, which was not far away, zoomed towards Zen.

Jayden was quite surprised to see that Zen was actually about to defeat Mathew.

However, he couldn't just stand by and watch as Mathew was beheaded by Zen. He directly attacked Zen's face.

He did not intend to kill Zen, but he wanted to obstruct him!

Swish!

A pure and vigorous force shot out from the snake spear.

As the Demi-holy Being of the Dongfang Clan, Jayden was stronger than an ordinary Demi-holy Being!

In terms of fighting, the Demi-holy Beings of the Liu Clan and the Xie Clan might not be able to defeat him.

However, he was only a Demi-holy Being and not a Holy Being. So he could not build the universe or revive infinitely.

Zen's brows furrowed slightly when he faced the formidable attack from Jayden.

If he insisted on killing Mathew, it was likely that the snake spear would pierce his body and he would at least be seriously injured!

He abruptly twisted his body to deflect!

"Eight Smoky Melodies!"

Zen's body flew up and down like a piece of paper, pressing close to the snake spear. He finally swung his sword and slashed at Jayden.

"Perfect timing!"

With a loud growl, Jayden suddenly raised his snake spear.

Layers of internal momentum appeared on the snake spear, especially on its tip. A faint blood texture was also visible.

"Murdering Godly Way!"

"Flying Ghost Stab!"

An extremely strong killing intent spread out and surrounded Zen completely.

Then, Jayden's snake spear dashed towards Zen like a rocket. In the blink of an eye, the snake spear stabbed him nonstop and left a shadow every time.

It looked like a bunch of bloody flowers blooming in his hand!

But none of the spear strikes hurt Zen.

The Eight Smoky Melodies combined with the Truth of Cultivation Nature was a miraculous skill. Zen's body was able to dodge the snake spear every single time it was about to pierce him. He was saved in the nick of time, every time!

"Interesting!"

Zen's body movement skills were fantastic but his opponent was a top-level Demi-holy Being.

After the attack failed, Jayden figured out another way to deal with Zen.

He calmly and deliberately drew back his snake spear.

This time, his snake spear didn't stab Zen, but instead it jabbed all around with Zen in the center.

Zen's body movement skills were exquisite, but it was still only the ordinary Eight Smoky Melodies. And he had just fused it with the Truth of Godly Way, making it a bit magical.

But this body movement skill had a fatal disadvantage—it could only borrow the power of others to dodge!

Once Jayden figured out this disadvantage, he changed his tactic and began slashing with the snake spear around Zen, restricting his movements to a small radius!

"Mathew! This guy has nowhere to dodge. You can attack now!" Jayden said to Mathew, gesturing with his snake spear.

If it wasn't for Jayden's aid, Mathew might have been cut in half by Zen.

"Are you only relying on the incomparable power and unpredictable body movement skill?" A contemptuous smile appeared once again on Mathew's mouth. "Among the consummate True Gods, you are indeed outstanding! But how did you think you could defeat us only by these methods?"

So every time Jayden's snake spear came at Zen, his body trembled a bit, but it couldn't move out of Jayden's range of control.

Even as he was busy fighting, Zen replied defiantly, "Yes, so what?"

"Then you underestimate us..."

Mathew raised his arm again and the golden runes that were scattered everywhere swirled around again, clinging and condensing. They once again turned into the Invisible Incantation Sword.

As Mathew pointed at the golden sword with his finger, a stronger Godly Way internal momentum emanated from it and it vibrated!

Buzz!

A dazzling golden light burst forth, as if a star was born out of nowhere.

The dark water area lived up to its name. It was the darkest, gloomiest place ever, but at this moment, those areas within a radius of ten miles were illuminated as if it was daytime.

"I also possess powerful strength, and the difference between me and the Holy Beings is that the Holy Beings have an immortal body. However, in terms of strength only, few Holy Beings can defeat me!" Mathew proclaimed coldly.

The Holy Beings' bodies were connected with the universes to produce immortal bodies.

The Demi-holy Beings yearned for this ability all the time. No matter how powerful the Demi-holy Being was, there was only one chance for them to live. However, if a Holy Being was killed or died, they could be revived again.

Their abilities decided the value of their lives!

Buzz!

Mathew lifted his sword gently and the golden light shifted along the sword, as if the golden star on the sword was also under his control.

"If that's all you have to rely on, then go ahead and get killed," said Mathew indifferently.

Nicholas had ordered them to chase Zen.

If he could get caught alive, it would be great. But if they failed to do that, then they were given orders to directly kill him.

It was obvious that Mathew didn't want to leave Zen alive. He thrust his sword at Zen without hesitation.

"Golden Destruction Strike!"

Swish!

The blinding golden star light went straight for Zen.

"This sword attack is very powerful, but it can't kill me. Can I make such a judgment using the Latent Theurgy?"

At this moment, Zen was still chatting with No. 9527 at leisure.

In addition to the Killing Intent Counterattack, he also had another Latent Theurgy in his mind—the Wind Cloud Escape.

When he faced a death threat, this Latent Theurgy would move him to a safe distance to avoid danger.

Zen was also curious to know how the Latent Theurgy could distinguish between danger and safety. Could the Latent Theurgy really make its own judgments?

"I guess you can," No. 9527 replied. "It's not difficult for the Latent Theurgy to make it."

Now that the Wind Cloud Escape wasn't working, Zen naturally felt that even though the dazzling star light was powerful, he might be able to withstand it!

"Phew!"

Zen also raised his hand and held the Shadow Bearing Sword horizontally against his chest.

The emotion in his eyes disappeared in an instant, and a cold temperament arose between his eyebrows.

"Emotion Closing Godly Way!"

Just as Zen issued the command, a pair of dark eyes peeped out from under the dark water, observing all of this.

No matter how fierce the fight was, the eyes were abnormally calm, and remained indifferent to the entire affair.

However, when Zen employed the Emotion Closing Godly Way, the black eyes narrowed sharply in disbelief.

"Emotion Closing Godly Way... How can it be? Is this Godly Way already allowed in the divine land?"

Chapter 2758 Plan To Kill Zen

The black eyes continued to stare at Zen, as the man tried to gauge some clues from him.

Just then, Zen suddenly raised his long sword.

He was about to implement a simple yet powerful sword skill.

"The Gods-intimidating Strike!"

As Zen's understanding of the Emotion Closing Godly Way deepened, other different skills that he had combined in the swordsmanship also increased.

Powerful force, Ways-blending Energy, and more pure killing move were some of the skills that he had infused.

But the Gods-intimidating Strike continued to be the foundation of his sword skills.

At first, the man that was hiding in the black water looked mildly perplexed looking at Zen's sword.

Almost immediately, his eyes lit up after seeing the Gods-intimidating Strike. It seemed like all his doubts cleared up.

"Phew!"

The more Zen merged the Godly Ways perfectly, the more powerful the Ways-blending Energy became.

As Zen slashed his sword, there arose a faint ray of radiance that began to spread out.

Moreover, Mathew had every intention to kill Zen with his Golden Destruction Strike. He was determined to hack him into pieces this time.

No matter how powerful consummate True Gods were, they too had limited abilities. Mathew didn't expect that Zen would be able to resist his sword strike.

However, when the two rays of sword radiance clashed with each other, Mathew's confidence wavered a bit.

Zen was in no way an ordinary warrior at consummation of True God Realm. If Mathew, a top-level Demi-holy Being, was defeated by Zen, he would be thoroughly humiliated.

"Hiss..."

The two rays of sword radiance collided with such force that an ear piercing sound was created, enough to tear open one's eardrums.

At the same time, the point where the swords collided, red golden light spots appeared.

These light spots were shooting in all directions at an extremely fast speed. Some light spots fell on Jayden's body, leaving behind some nasty wounds.

Unable to withstand the violent shooting, Jayden gave up the idea of trapping Zen with his snake spear and started to retreat.

'Mathew's Golden Destruction Strike should be more than enough to kill Zen, ' he thought as he stepped back.

However, Mathew was finding it difficult to be so optimistic.

He stared at the golden and white sword radiance with a grim look on his face. It was going to be a tough challenge to bring down Zen.

Earlier, his Golden Destruction Strike had the upper hand. In the blink of an eye, it had swallowed one third of the white sword radiance.

However, halfway through the swallowing, the Golden Destruction Strike suddenly started to shrink in size. And the Gods-intimidating Strike that Zen had slashed out was getting vicious by the minute.

"Golden Destruction Strike is a unique skill of the Demi-holy Being of the Mu Clan. It is hard to overcome such a strong skill. In the divine land, however, what can be a match for the sword skill produced by the Emotion Closing Godly Way?"

The pair of eyes in the black water continued to watch the scene above the surface. Seeing the two rays of sword radiance intertwine with each other, the man had already made a decision.

And sure enough, in the blink of an eye, the sword radiance of the Golden Destruction Strike suddenly disappeared without a trace.

While the white sword radiance of the Gods-intimidating Strike went straight to Mathew.

"Humph!"

Mathew snorted coldly. He reluctantly admitted that he was inferior to Zen in such a fight.

All of a sudden, he swung the Invisible Incantation Sword once again.

The Golden Destruction Strike was one of Mathew's most powerful moves. But it consumed a lot of internal momentum. Even as a Demi-holy Being, he could at most perform only three strikes in a row. If he forced his cinnabar field to release more strikes, he would rapidly lose the internal momentum in his body. Thereby, it would need his life vitality to make up for it, which would in turn damage the foundation of his inner world.

'But my second strike should definitely kill him. After all, he is only a consummate True God. I am sure the strike he just made was his last attempt. It's impossible for him to make a second strike. No matter how talented he is, he can't escape death after all!' Mathew thought with amusement.

"Swish!"

The second Golden Destruction Strike shot out.

But as soon as the sword radiance materialized, Mathew's expression froze. He just couldn't believe what was happening in front of him.

"What the hell? No way this could be happening!"

Zen swung his Shadow Bearing Sword directly at Mathew.

Streaks of white sword radiance formed strands of silk threads as they floated in the air. They soon formed a complicated angle and slashed at Mathew.

In a lightning speed, Zen had produced seven or eight strikes.

"Retreat!"

Mathew's face twitched again, as a thought occurred to him.

Was this fellow really a consummate True God and not a Holy Being?

Zen had not left his name on the Mountain of Holy Beings, or else Mathew would have doubted that he was a Holy Being's disguise.

However, this question flashed through his mind only for a second. Now, he was furiously retreating back.

"Swish! Swish!"

The sword radiance had already swallowed his Golden Destruction Strike.

And he was about to be drowned by Zen's strikes.

Jayden, who stood not far away, put one hand on Mathew's shoulder and a snake spear flew out.

Every time the snake spear hit the air, a huge whirlpool would appear.

Jayden repeated the strike more than ten times, and soon a dozen huge whirlpools appeared between Zen and them.

Swirling at high speed, the whirlpools dispersed Zen's sword radiance across all directions.

Somehow, he successfully stopped Zen's attack.

But Zen had been determined to give his all in the fight and had no intention to spare the two Demi-holy Beings.

As he narrowed his eyes, thunder wings appeared on his back. As the wings flapped furiously, he rushed towards the two Demi-holy Beings.

On the Desperation Plain

Samuel bowed to Nicholas in the distance and said through his life vitality, "Nicholas, my son and daughters are in trouble. I have to go save them."

With these words, he flew to the left side of the Desperation Plain.

Nicholas continued to fight fiercely against Gallio.

So far, he had the upper hand, with the help from Murphy and Clark.

But the fiend's recovery was so remarkable that it soon became a seesaw battle.

Nicholas wanted to keep Samuel at the Desperation Plain, but Samuel had every right to save his children, so he couldn't stop him from leaving.

"Whoosh!"

After rushing out of the Desperation Plain, Samuel turned into a cyan light and rapidly flew towards the black water.

Pascal started to retreat, but did not run away. Samuel could find Zen quickly with Pascal's help.

He couldn't let out the secret of his identity.

Once Nicholas knew about it, it would be a catastrophe.

The safest way out was to kill Zen as fast as possible. That was why he quickly left the Desperation Plain, regardless of Nicholas' suspicion.

"If I were the leader of the union of powerful clans on the Floating Islands, I would surely treasure a talent like you. But it's a pity that I am not the leader and you already know too much!"

Samuel's eyes were full of killing intent.

He personally did not despise Zen. Furthermore, Zen's performance was outstanding. If Zen joined the Han Clan, he would certainly be put in an important position.

Now in order to make sure nothing would go wrong, Samuel had no option but to kill Zen.

Chapter 2759 Instant Kill

Despite Zen's aggressive attack, it took time for Mathew to be convinced he was inferior.

Zen might be good at practicing sword strikes, but would probably not be able to beat Mathew. What was more, Mathew had Jayden's help now, which meant that they could even defeat a Holy Being together.

Annoyed, Mathew had chosen to fight Zen again head-on.

But the result was cruel and not something that he had expected to happen. After his Invisible Incantation Sword had disappeared again, Zen had cut off his hand with one strike of his sword.

If Jayden hadn't pulled him on time, Zen might have cut him in half.

It was only then that Mathew began to believe that he was indeed no match for Zen.

Jayden, on the other hand, understood much more than Mathew did.

It was true that Mathew was more powerful than Jayden, but Jayden was much more far-sighted than Mathew.

Even as Zen was employing the Emotion Closing Godly Way, Jayden was planning to retreat.

According to him, the passageway from the sixth stage to the upper stage had already been closed, so even if Zen had a pair of wings, he still wouldn't be able to leave the Abyss Demon Region.

'It's not shameful that we didn't catch Zen. If Nicholas takes control of the Abyss Demon Region, it will be easy for us to kill him.

Why would we have to risk our lives to fight this guy?' Jayden thought.

But Mathew was a stubborn man. Now he wouldn't be able to deal with Zen, who was chasing him down.

"Golden Sword Condensation!"

Mathew yelled.

He was firm about the fact that he would fight. So what if he had only one arm? His eyes gleamed with fighting intent.

The Invisible Incantation Sword had blocked him several times now. But Zen uttered a single word, "Break."

The explosive power on the Shadow Bearing Sword suddenly increased tenfold.

The golden sword shattered and turned into golden runes again.

Zen was about to launch an attack when Jayden raised his snake spear and stabbed it at Zen yet again, from a different angle this time.

Zen was taken aback. It was true that he could kill Mathew with a sword strike. But if he did so, the snake spear would pierce his body and he'd either die or become seriously injured.

He knew that it was unwise for him to injure himself so badly in such a dangerous place as the Abyss Demon Region. He had to dodge Jayden's attack.

'He is still a Demi-holy Being!'

Zen thought.

Zen hadn't taken their strength seriously before this.

But he had come to realize that their visions and judgments were far from anything an ordinary consummate True God could match up to.

Zen took a step backwards just as Jayden charged at him with his snake spear, his eyes flashing dangerously.

Swish!

The snake spear began to spin at an incredible speed, a terrifying explosive force forming around it.

Zen was surprised to see Jayden launch the deadly attack after having restrained himself for so long.

But he knew he couldn't panic right now.

Zen had no intention of changing his mind.

But he raised the Shadow Bearing Sword in his hand so that it was horizontal in the air between him and Jayden.

He flicked the Shadow Bearing Sword, using seven moves in a row

to dispel Jayden's attack.

"Okay!"

The excitement in the eyes hidden in the dark water grew.

The owner of the eyes was not only pleased at Zen's swordsmanship, but also awed.

He had created the Gods-intimidating Strike, but it was not complete. Except for the most formidable sword strike, this sword skill still had many shortcomings.

And every one of Zen's moves was a perfect match. It looked like he was born for the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

The owner of the eyes within the dark water didn't know that the simple swordsmanship that Zen had cultivated was suitable to the Gods-intimidating Strike, which was why Zen had succeeded in cultivating the

Emotion Closing Godly Way. His achievement in swordsmanship had reached its peak after he watched and learned the Beginning Swordsmanship.

Jayden's series of fatal attacks didn't work on Zen, but he didn't regret using them on him. He pushed Zen back for a distance and then returned to Mathew so that they could run away. Zen merely clenched his teeth as he watched.

But at this moment, a ray of cyan light flashed in the distance.

"A Holy Being?" Jayden squinted, trying to see who had made an appearance. As he spotted the figure, astonishment and vigilance took their places on his face. "Samuel!"

Mathew laughed and said, "Great! A Holy Being is coming! He is the Holy Being of the Han Clan! I don't think you have the ability to survive a Holy Being's attack!"

Mathew had wanted to kill Zen as soon as possible. But he was not strong enough to defeat him. And now that a Holy Being had appeared, he was overjoyed and didn't seem like a Demi-holy Being at all.

However, Jayden was thinking differently.

Nicholas had allowed Samuel to enter the Abyss Demon Region, but he had always been skeptical of him.

Samuel had been arrogant before. After he had brought the Han Clan onto a Floating Island, he had turned down the generous invitation from the union of the powerful clans and hadn't even taken Nicholas seriously.

But his attitude had changed a lot over the past few decades, which made others suspicious of him.

Swish!

He was dozens of miles away, but Samuel had sent something towards them.

The cyan light swept across the fifty miles between them and shot towards Zen. It split the space between Zen and the two Demi-holy Beings, forcing Zen to retreat.

Zen's expression shifted into one of wariness as he watched the light split the space.

Zen knew he could win against a Demi-holy Being.

But he had no idea how to deal with a real Holy Being.

What was more, Samuel was also one of the strongest Holy Beings, which was why he had fought alone and made the Han Clan become one of the top ten powerful clans in the past.

It took Samuel only six seconds to reach Mathew and Jayden.

"Thank you for your help," Mathew said, bringing his hands together in respect and gratitude.

Everyone could call Samuel 'Holy Samuel' out of respect.

But Samuel was not in a high position in the alliance of powerful clans, which was why he wasn't qualified to be conferred that title.

Samuel fixed his gaze on Zen as he smiled and said to Mathew, "Who said I was helping you?"

Mathew was confused.

Jayden's brow furrowed as he thought for a little while, instinct telling him that something was wrong.

"What are you talking about?" Mathew asked.

Samuel said calmly, "I was worried that if Zen didn't kill you completely, wisps of your souls might escape and return. It would be a problem if that happened, wouldn't it?"

Jayden and Mathew were shocked at

Samuel's words.

They weren't stupid to not see that something bad was about to happen.

Seeing that the Demi-holy Beings were about to escape, Samuel clenched both his hands and sent two killing forces towards them.

Mathew had barely opened his mouth when the force struck him and he shattered into pieces.

"How dare you!" cried Jayden angrily, but before he could say anything else, his body also shattered into a thousand pieces.

Chapter 2760 Help

Large chunks of flesh fell from the sky, landing in the black water.

Neither of the two Demi-holy Beings had a chance of escaping. Both their bodies and souls had already been killed.

Samuel's hands maintained their previous posture as he stood above the black, flowing water, staring at Zen with an indifferent glare.

On the other hand, Zen's expression became rather gloomy all of a sudden.

Of course, he was well aware that Samuel wasn't weak. That said, the method used was far beyond any of his expectations.

Samuel had simply and casually released his strength, instantly killing two top-level Demi-holy Beings. It was absolutely incredible.

It was safe to say that he just might be as powerful as Nicholas.

"You shouldn't have revealed my identity." Samuel stared at Zen calmly as a trace of killing intent began to form in his eyes.

"Nicholas is my enemy, too. I'll eventually kill him sooner or later. You shouldn't have sacrificed your daughters." Zen stared back at Samuel angrily. His aura was by no means inferior to Samuel's.

Both of them had the same goal, to say the least.

Zen, on his behalf, wasn't going to stoop to his level and wouldn't cross the line. There was no way in hell he was going to achieve his goal by sacrificing Laquisha and Aleyna.

On the contrary however, Samuel resorted to every other possibly conceivable means.

"Are you trying to say I should place my hope in you?" The corners of Samuel's lips curled into a smirk and a look of mockery was quick to appear on his face.

Samuel appreciated Zen, but he was clear on the fact that expecting Zen to rise and kill Nicholas was nothing more than a daydream.

He himself had lived long enough to fulfill two lives. Thus, he knew that he couldn't trust anyone, at any time.

As he finished speaking, he stretched out his hand and grabbed at the air abruptly.

"Divine weapon!"

The space was immediately torn open by Samuel and the wide crack quickly began to condense itself, turning into a pitch black spear!

Samuel grabbed the black spear in his hand, pointed its tip at Zen and said, "Everything I've lost will be paid back by Nicholas, multiplied by ten or even a hundred times. As for you, I'd better kill you first. In the future, whether I can bring you back to life or not will depend solely on my mood."

As soon as he took notice of the black spear, Zen's expression changed at once.

Here, in the Abyss Demon Region, the Space Law was prohibited in every way, shape and form. Apart from the space channels built by the fiends, even a Holy Being was completely incapable of using the Grand Teleportation technique.

Despite such, Zen clearly sensed an extremely strong Space Law power emitting itself from Samuel's black spear.

"Your spear has developed beyond the Abyss Demon Region's restrictions," Zen stated flatly, as he furrowed his brow.

"Ha-ha! Like I've said before, you know absolutely nothing! Why would you even get involved in this matter?"

Phew!

Samuel launched his arm upward, his spear slicing through the air.

As he performed this action, a black light also shot out from around the spear's tip.

The black light gradually spread out in a narrow fan shape, zooming past Zen's ear and extending hundreds of thousands of feet away.

When the fan-shaped space had extended far enough, both sides shut together instantly, like a huge pair of scissors. The space transformed into a thin black line right before their eyes.

If Zen had been standing within the fan-shaped space, his head would have been sliced straight off.

"The Spear of Supreme Harmony should be at the top, even among the Abyss Demon Region's faith weapons," Samuel said as he looked at Zen's expression with satisfaction.

For a long time, Nicholas had outshone him greatly, and in many different ways. The younger generation of the Floating Islands' powerful clans simply didn't take him seriously anymore.

Now, he was trying his very best to get his dignity back, especially in front of Zen.

Faith weapon...

Zen's eyes flashed as these words met his ears.

Seeing the black spear had disobeyed the Abyss Demon Region's rules, Zen had come up with his own hypothesis, but in his heart, he didn't expect it to be true.

"In my previous life, I obtained this faith weapon in the Abyss Demon Region, and I equally successfully escaped from this place. In other words, it's safe to say that I really have great luck." A crazy look flashed on

Samuel's face, just long enough for Zen to notice it. "I need to control much more than just the Abyss Demon Region."

As he finished his sentence, he disappeared in the blink of an eye, the Spear of Supreme Harmony still in his hand.

"The Grand Teleportation!"

Secretly, Zen was feeling very shocked. No one else could use the Grand Teleportation, but Samuel, on the other hand, was using it with ease. This was all too much for Zen to accept at once!

Almost subconsciously, he sank deeply, in a sharp, straight line.

Whoosh!

In the open void, the Spear of Supreme Harmony suddenly thrust forward, sweeping past Zen's head and missing him by only a couple inches.

"I must say, I'm impressed by your quick response. Can you really avoid it every time, though?"

As soon as Samuel stepped out of the void, he stepped immediately into it again.

Before he could fully enter the void, the spear attempted to stab Zen in the face, catching him off guard by coming from another direction.

Such a method was actually rather mysterious.

Whoosh!

"The Eight Smoky Melodies!"

Unexpectedly, Zen's body became unusually flexible, like a malleable piece of paper, floating against the Spear of Supreme Harmony.

"What an interesting bodily movement skill. I've never seen anything like it before!"

Jayden could easily figure out a way to defeat Zen's bodily movement skill, not to mention Samuel.

As he turned his back to Zen, he tried stabbing him several times in a row once again. Each stab was futile, however.

Each stab did nothing more than break through the void and appear around Zen.

Buzz...

After twelve repetitive stabs, the spear's tip created several vertical and horizontal space cracks around Zen.

It only took a split second for these space cracks to form a square space cage, completely trapping Zen inside.

"Ha-ha! I wonder how you'll escape this time, huh?" Samuel laughed mockingly.

Trapped inside the cage's four walls, Zen didn't have any space to dodge anymore.

That said, it didn't mean he could do nothing.

In his hands, Samuel held the Spear of Supreme Harmony, and Zen had the jade seal, which could erase time.

Despite its power, the jade seal wasn't enough to help Zen escape from the cage at this point in time.

In fact, the jade seal could only erase a short period of time. If Samuel truly wanted to kill Zen, then he'd have to launch a complete saturation attack.

If he attacked Zen without stopping in a short period of time, he'd successfully take Zen's life. In such a case, it would be impossible for Zen to turn the tables, even if he did succeed in erasing time.

In spite of his unfortunate position, Zen still had the Wind Cloud Escape for use, one of the Latent Theurgies.

Although the Space Law was prohibited in the Abyss Demon Region, the Wind Cloud Escape remained an extraordinary theurgy. Zen genuinely believed that this technique would help him escape such a horrid place.

"But... Why isn't the Wind Cloud Escape triggered?" Zen mumbled, questioning himself.

As soon as Samuel thrust his spear out into the void, it headed directly for Zen in a dangerously straight line.

Phew!

Out of the blue, the once calm black water suddenly began to move, larger and larger waves crashing into each other.

A sharp, thin line broke the black water's silence and slashed upward.

Crack...

Click!

Without the slightest deviation, the thin line broke the space cage that was binding Zen immediately, and then landed directly on the Spear of Supreme Harmony.

The thin line was so incredibly powerful that for a few moments, Samuel felt unable to hold the spear in his own two hands.

"The Emotion Closing Godly Way?" Zen questioned.

For a while, he was utterly stunned. He was very familiar with the Emotion Closing Godly Way's internal momentum. He couldn't believe his own two eyes.

From within the line, Zen could feel the internal momentum hidden inside. This was true, even if his eyes were closed.

What was more, the internal momentum was simply perfect. There was no other way to describe it. Obviously, it had come from a very advanced stage.

Just like the black eyes' owner was shocked when he saw Zen use the Emotion Closing Godly Way, Zen was also extremely shocked right now.

As this emotion washed over him, someone came to his mind.

Sword Chen practiced the Gods-intimidating Strike as well as the Emotion Closing Godly Way. What was more, he had travelled to the Abyss Demon Region, but no one knew whether he was dead or alive.

Chapter 2761 Going Into The Water

Needless to say, Sword Chen was an extremely talented character in the Evolutionary Universe. Not many outranked him, and very few ever would.

Since he was capable of escaping to the Abyss Demon Region, it was safe to assume that his cultivation level couldn't have been very weak at the time.

Despite everything, at least he was a top-rank or even a consummate True God!

It didn't matter. The Abyss Demon Region was known to be very dangerous, and it didn't make any exceptions for anyone.

Even if he was a Demi-holy Being or Holy Being, he simply couldn't survive in the Abyss Demon Region, let alone the fact that he was merely a consummate True God at most.

After all, he had never been to the Mountain of Holy Beings. In other words, it was completely impossible for him to become a Holy Being through cultivating on his own. It would take much more than that.

One after the next, many ideas flashed through Zen's mind. He could see them, but he couldn't confirm any of them.

Swish, swish, swish...

In the blink of an eye, countless black, thin lines all came out from the deep, dark water at once.

The black thin lines moved at an extremely fast speed, like long, skinny hairs. They rolled toward Samuel and Zen, who were both surprised.

Anyone who was caught by the black thin lines would be cut straight in half.

Despite his fear, with the Spear of Supreme Harmony in his hands, Samuel dodged the black thin lines with ease.

The black thin lines had a single, very clear purpose: to force Samuel into backing up.

Zen stood still, utterly motionless, and yet, all the thin lines flew around him without even touching him.

"Come down now!"

As soon as Samuel was forced backward, a voice was suddenly transmitted into Zen's head through life vitality.

Without a moment's hesitation, Zen's body began to sink.

Although he had Latent Theurgies at his access, he would avoid their use as long as he possibly could.

Whoosh!

Zen had descended extremely quickly, but there was no way Samuel would let him off the hook that easily.

Once again, the Spear of Supreme Harmony in Samuel's hand slashed out violently. Swish, swish, swish, swish! The spear slashed through the air.

In the blink of an eye, the Spear of Supreme Harmony transformed itself into countless spear shadows that pierced straight into the void.

Zen glanced below him and he saw the spear shadows penetrating up toward him. He knew he was in a dangerous position.

At the same time, Samuel took a confident step forward, bypassed the black thin lines with a few side steps, and suddenly appeared directly above Zen.

He knew that Zen could use the Eight Smoky Melodies to perfectly dodge his spear attack, and therefore, for the entire round of attack, he never let his guard down - not even once.

While Zen attempted to walk out of the void, Samuel shot down the sky above.

An incredibly strong force suddenly pressed down on him from above, while underneath him, countless spear shadows from the Spear of Supreme Harmony were rushing upward.

Beneath such absurd pressure, even if Zen used the Eight Smoky Melodies, his body would still be pressed onto the spear's tip and the spear shadows would thus shoot through him.

"It doesn't matter if someone comes to your rescue now. If he helps you, he'll simply die too." A cold expression appeared on Samuel's face, as his lips curled into an unpleasant smile.

The attack that rose from beneath the black water took Samuel by absolute surprise.

Although it was quite a fierce attack, it still wasn't enough to frighten Samuel into backing out.

In fact, he thought to himself, after killing Zen, he just might fight with the fellow under the black water!

In spite of the strain being placed on him, Zen turned himself around and smiled faintly at Samuel above. "It seems that you have a bad memory."

Perhaps Samuel didn't think very highly of Zen, and he thus seemed to have forgotten what Zen was truly capable of.

As he noticed the calm expression on Zen's face, Samuel became suspicious. Could he really have forgotten certain details about Zen?

Even more importantly, the pair of black eyes out in the black water also appeared anxious all of a sudden. What was going on?

He had been hiding under the black water for so many years now. His strength had greatly advanced of course, and he had also mastered a few extremely powerful methods.

Under the current circumstances, however, he was unable to save Zen, even if he wanted to.

The only way he'd even come close to helping him was if Zen could descend into the black water.

The spear shadows were unbelievably dense though, and this caused a high risk for Zen. The spear could impale and heavily damage his body.

As the pair of black eyes and Samuel both stared Zen down, blood began to spurt from Zen's chest.

Within seconds, his legs, waist, head, and abdomen were equally bleeding freely.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Blood kept streaming down his body in pulses, following the rhythm of his heart.

Disappointment revealed itself in the pair of black eyes and something occurred to Samuel.

Every single wound that had appeared on Zen's body had disappeared in an instant. It was like an optical illusion that never really existed, and Samuel and the black eyes were only witnesses to the scene.

Phew!

Samuel waved his arm high in the air again and activated the Spear of Supreme Harmony at once, in an attempt to kill Zen.

It was just too late. Nothing could be done.

Plop!

Zen dove into the black water with a splash.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

By the time Zen was deep beneath the black water's surface, a countless number of spear shadows had landed on the water's surface.

Had it been any other ordinary area of water, the stabs from Samuel's spear would have been more than enough to cause raging waves that pierced all the way to the bottom.

In fact, dozens of stabs were more than enough to turn over an entire sea.

Each time his spear pierced into the black water, however, it was like a sticky glue, causing nothing more than a few faint, weak ripples.

As he continued to stab and press downward, a strange force spread into the black water. It was as if the force was fighting Samuel for the spear!

Every time he thrust his spear into the thick, glue-like water, the force coming from below would double.

With the last few stabs, the force seemed to have grown even stronger than Samuel's. He knew he couldn't continue in such a way.

Under such circumstances, Samuel had no choice but to give up stabbing into the black water. Otherwise, his Spear of Supreme Harmony would be taken away by the invisible force before he could even kill Zen.

That said, Zen now knew his secret, which would pose serious problems for the future.

Samuel hovered above the black water for a while, and then coldly shouted, "Don't ever let me see you in the Abyss Demon Region again! If you show up, I'll kill you. Trust me!"

Every inch of the black water suddenly looked like a tormenting dead pool of blackness.

If people were to use their spiritual sense in order to cover the black water with an area of hundreds of thousands of miles, they would find that the surface of the black water was absolutely calm and without any waves. It was extremely weird. Nothing of the sort had ever been seen in other places.

Probing deeper with the spiritual sense was therefore impossible.

No matter how strong the spiritual sense really was, the black water would swallow it whole as soon as it came into contact with its chillingly dangerous waves.

Samuel, on his behalf, had equally noticed the black water's problem. He had no desire to stay here any longer. He tossed the Spear of Supreme Harmony lightly.

Once the long black spear was well hidden in the void, Samuel retreated to the west of the black water.

In the black water, something strange was happening.

Zen felt himself being dragged downward, as though a hand had clasped tightly around his ankle.

At the same time, a dried voice sounded out from below him. "What's your name?" the voice asked.

Needless to say, both sides had already guessed at each other's identities.

Now, it was time to verify their hypothesis.

"My name is Zen Luo," Zen stated in a flat tone.

As he spoke his name aloud, the hand that held onto him suddenly trembled. The man's voice asked back, "Do you come from the Evolutionary Universe?"

Zen asked, a smile now plastered on his face, "Are you Sword Chen, the Killing Sword Mountain's master?"

Strictly speaking, Sword Chen was actually Zen's master. After all, he had learned the Gods-intimidating Strike from him.

For a short while, the man kept silent, and then burst out laughing. His laughter was full of life and joy, as though the depression that had overwhelmed him for countless years had finally disappeared with the snap of his fingers.

"It seems that after all these years, I've finally got something in return," the man mumbled.

Chapter 2762 Under The Black Water

Sword Chen sighed, suddenly sensing something. He talked to Zen through his life vitality, "Hide your aura! Something is coming!"

Heeding this instruction, Zen hid all his aura.

They floated in the black water, as motionlessly as they could.

Then Zen felt a wave emerge from the thick black water.

He knew that there was probably a huge monster swimming in the black water, swilling the water around and forming an undercurrent.

The mere manner in which the undercurrent reached Zen terrified him.

Zen's heart seemed to stop beating in that moment.

The hair on his back stood on end, and his mood began to fluctuate violently.

He had tried his best to restrain himself but fear had prodded his instincts.

And now, he was trying to gather all his strength and hit back.

At that moment, Sword Chen put a hand on Zen's shoulder.

A warm current flowed from his palm

and into Zen's shoulder, causing him to feel immediate relief.

Zen had the sudden feeling of returning home, as if he had, all this while, been in a cold, frozen land and then spring had made its appearance again. His fear had disappeared as well.

He had experienced this feeling before, when he had faced fear incarnations in the debate venue. But it hadn't been as strong as it was now.

The undercurrent disappeared after a while and the monster was also a significant distance away. It was only then that Sword Chen released Zen.

"What was that? Is there a monster in the black water?" Zen asked.

"No," replied Sword Chen.

"No?" Zen repeated, puzzled. He had clearly sensed a huge monster just moments ago.

And now, Sword Chen was saying that there was no ferocious monster here! What was Zen to make of this contradiction?

"Do you know what the black water is?" Sword Chen asked.

"No, I don't," Zen replied.

He only knew that the black water, like the Magnetic Sacred Mountain, was extremely complex.

It would weaken all kinds of energy that were poured into it.

Neither Laquisha's fire nor Samuel's spear worked in the black water.

"This is the Sea of Meditation," said Sword Chen.

"Sea of Meditation..."

To the west of the Desperation Plain was the Reincarnation Land. To the East was the black water. This must be the Sea of Meditation.

But the name didn't matter. Zen memorized it and waited for Sword Chen to give further explanation.

"That thing is not a ferocious monster. It is referred to as 'the unknown' in the Sea of Meditation," Sword Chen explained.

Zen was still confused. "What is 'the unknown'?"

Sword Chen smiled, knowing that Zen would ask this question, and continued, "Not all fears have forms. What we fear most is usually colorless and formless. It is just a concept. For example, when you suffer sleep paralysis, you feel that something is pressing down on your body, but in fact, there is nothing. What makes you scared is the unknown."

The Abyss Demon Region was a gathering of all the fears in the divine land.

Like other forbidden lands, all the monsters here had their sources and legends.

There were fiends, Abyss Demons, sea monsters, and all kinds of ferocious beasts.

They were truly illusory, formed by Faith Energy. However, the divine citizens fabricated them.

The fears didn't really exist in many cases.

As Sword Chen had said, some fears were formless.

Formless fears were also a kind of Faith Energy, and the creatures that were formed by this kind of Faith Energy could be found in the Sea of Meditation.

"So the unknown won't harm us? They'll only scare us?"

Zen's heart fluttered with fear.

He had experienced life and death. Even in the most desperate situations, he never was scared because he knew that fear was useless and would only push him into adversity.

But in the face of the unknown just now, Zen's fear was instinctively awakened, and he couldn't find a way to stop it.

Without Sword Chen's warmth, Zen would probably become desperate enough to attack the unknown.

"Scare us? Ha-ha!" Sword Chen chuckled mirthlessly and then asked Zen, "It is said in the divine land that fiends rule the Abyss Demon Region, right?"

"Isn't it true?" Zen asked back.

There was no doubt that the Abyss Demon Region was home to fiends.

"Even the most powerful fiends shiver with fear in the Sea of Meditation. They'd die here if they aren't careful enough. They can be reborn, but once they die, they will have to start all over again," said Sword Chen.

Zen's eyebrows went up at this information.

He suddenly felt that hiding in this damned place was not a good choice.

Fortunately, Sword Chen had been hiding here for a number of years, so he must be very familiar with the Sea of Meditation. He could probably ensure their safety to a certain extent.

Zen thought for a moment and asked, "Why do the fiends come here if this place is so dangerous?"

The fiends seemed to have lost interest in the Reincarnation Land since they couldn't enter it.

The Sea of Meditation was dangerous, making it impossible for the fiends to come to it.

"This is the cultivation place of fiends. If they want to be stronger, they must come here," Sword Chen answered.

"The cultivation place of fiends? Do the fiends still need to practice?" Zen became even more puzzled at this.

The monsters would become stronger and stronger as long as they stayed in the forbidden lands, because they had an inexhaustible source of Faith Energy there.

Another way of becoming stronger was to devour other beasts, a way in which they could get extra Faith Energy quickly.

"Of course, it's necessary," Sword Chen said, calming down. "If the fiends only relied on Faith Energy, they wouldn't have the strength they have now. They would have been just some obscure monsters. But in the Sea of Meditation, they can come in contact with the most wonderful ideas, some even beyond the limitation of the divine land."

Zen's heart skipped a beat at this.

He had heard the strange fish mention that the fiends were looking for a way to leave the Abyss Demon Region. This was impossible, because it violated the rules of the divine land.

And according to what Sword Chen was saying, did the fiends find the way out of the Abyss Demon Region through the Sea of Meditation?

The moment Sword Chen finished talking, Zen felt the pressure around him loosen and he stepped into a space he couldn't quite explain. The black water that had clung to his body peeled and flowed away from him like reeling silk from cocoons.

Chapter 2763 The Way Of Survival Under Water

Before, Zen had been shrouded by thick dark water that had completely blocked Sword Chen from his sight.

Now, after entering this space, he finally laid eyes on Sword Chen.

Covered in rags with messy hair and dirty skin, Sword Chen looked like a beggar.

He looked nothing like the man Zen had met in the Corridor of Emperor years ago.

The only thing the person in front of him and the Sword Chen he had met before had in common was the pair of sharp black eyes. They were like two obsidian gemstones shining with dark light.

"This might not be the first time for you to see me," Sword Chen surmised, turning around.

"Yes, I once saw you in the Corridor of Emperor in the Illusion Battlefield."

Sword Chen nodded his head slightly. The person Zen had encountered in the Corridor of Emperor was nothing more than a soul mark that the original Sword Chen had left there.

But the soul mark Sword Chen had left there hadn't been as competent as Augustus'. When the soul mark Augustus had left in the Fairy Place was activated, he had immediately learned about Zen's existence. Sword Chen, on the other hand, had had no knowledge of his encounter with Zen.

Now, staring at Zen, Sword Chen asked, "What's your relationship with Holy Mike?"

He already had a guess that he was more or less sure about, but he still wanted to confirm it.

"Mike is my father," Zen answered.

"It is just as I thought! So you didn't become my disciple in the Corridor of Emperor?" he asked calmly.

"Yes." Zen nodded. "I already became Holy Bromley's disciple before that."

"Ah, that makes sense. Among the ten Godly Geniuses, you are the most important one. Holy Bromley's fairy palace had been reserved for you..." Sword Chen muttered to himself.

When Sword Chen had still been a Supreme Lord, he hadn't known about the existence of the fairy palace.

By the time he had found out about the plan involving the Godly Geniuses, he had already come to the divine land.

Zen looked around the space they were in. It was a small sphere, and its outermost layer was still fluctuating. "So for the past few years, have you been living in the Sea of Meditation?"

With a bitter smile on his face, Sword Chen said, "To be more precise, I've been living in this small bubble. In the dark water, there are only four such bubbles... Anyone who lingers outside these bubbles will be swallowed up by the unknown sooner or later!"

"The unknown can't enter this bubble?" Zen asked.

Sword Chen nodded. "Not just the unknown; the fiends can't enter this bubble either. This bubble belongs only to me."

Back then, when Sword Chen had been running away from fierce beasts in the Abyss Demon Region, he had accidentally stumbled into the dark water.

The beasts that were chasing him were too powerful for him to fight against, so he had decided to continue fleeing by plunging into the dark water.

What he hadn't known at that time was that even those fierce beasts didn't dare to enter the dark water. In fact, the beasts had been so afraid of the dark water that they had given up on chasing Sword Chen altogether.

In the dark water, he had soon encountered the fear of the unknown.

The fear released by the unknown was too overpowering to resist.

Extreme fear brought out different reactions in different people.

Some people would be so frightened that they would stay in the same place like an ostrich.

Some people, like Zen, would be prepared for an all-out battle in the face of such extreme fear, trying to eliminate the source of the fear.

Sword Chen, however, had chosen to flee instead.

He had run about in the thick dark water, until, thanks to pure luck, he had finally escaped from the unknown after entering a bubble—

the very bubble that they were in now.

"Later, I got to know that these bubbles were built by fiends who had put a great deal of effort into this project. They needed to cultivate in the dark water, and without the protection of these bubbles, they would definitely die," Sword Chen elaborated while stretching out his hand and pointing to the edge of the bubble.

A stream of dark water was dragged into the bubble. Then, with a flick of his finger, he drove the stream of dark water out again. He shook his head and smiled bitterly. "Even after so long, I still don't know how the fiends made these bubbles. Their race is too intelligent..."

"Didn't any of the fiends come here and trouble you?" Zen asked curiously.

In the end, the dark water still belonged to the Abyss Demon Region. How could the fiends watch Sword Chen occupy their bubble and do nothing about it?

"Of course they did," Sword Chen said, shrugging. "Unfortunately for them, I refined this bubble. They can do nothing but curse me from outside."

These bubbles were a kind of space treasure with a special form.

After obtaining such waterproof treasures, the powerful fiends had decided to use the dark water as their cultivation place.

At that time, they had thought it unlikely for anyone else to enter the dark water, so they had left these bubbles unrefined.

By chance, Sword Chen had taken advantage of this loophole and made this bubble his own.

"There was a period of time when I was cursed incessantly, and I got so annoyed that I built a divine texture to resist the spiritual sense outside," said Sword Chen with a helpless smile on his face. "If it wasn't for this bubble that gave me a chance to survive, I'm afraid I would have been reincarnated."

"Reincarnated?" When Zen heard this, his eyes suddenly flashed with more curiosity. "You can get reincarnated?"

Sword Chen nodded, and with a flick of his hand, a streak of green light appeared on his palm.

It was a green butterfly!

Although Zen had never seen this butterfly before, he called out its name by instinct, "The Jade Scale Butterfly! I never expected that you would have it!"

"You have been to the Reincarnation Land?" asked Sword Chen.

"Yes, I entered the Abyss Demon Region through the Reincarnation Land," Zen explained.

In the Reincarnation Land, there were three altars.

When Zen had first seen them, he had been confused to note that there were no statues on two of the altars. He had wondered where the Jade Scale Butterfly and the Flame Blood Vulture could be in the divine land, but he had never expected that one of those things would be in Sword Chen's hands.

In this bubble, there were no other cultivation resources available to Sword Chen. However, his cultivation method was similar to Laquisha's. For the past few years, he had used the Jade Scale Butterfly to approach the Memory Flames and absorb the cultivation memory of the Memory Flames little by little. In this way, he had improved step by step and become a Demi-holy Being.

"You entered the Abyss Demon Region through the Reincarnation Land, but why were you hunted by Samuel and his group?" Sword Chen was a little confused.

Although he had the Jade Scale Butterfly, he could not use it to search the Memory Flames at will like Zen could do with his Reincarnation Soul Weapon, so he didn't know the recent happenings in the divine land.

Zen quickly filled him in about everything that was happening.

"Nicholas has joined forces with the powerful clans on the Floating Islands to conquer the Abyss Demon Region..." Sword Chen repeated. After thinking for a while, he narrowed his eyes and said with a cold smile, "It seems that the clever Nicholas can also be stupid sometimes. This might be an opportunity for us!"

Chapter 2764 Use The Sea of Meditation

"An opportunity? What do you mean?" Zen asked with a puzzled look on his face.

Sword Chen's eyes, however, were sparkling with excitement.

Swordsmen were always adamant. Once they made up their minds to do something, they wouldn't give up easily.

Sword Chen used to be heroic, but after he was corroded by the black water for so many years, not only had his body taken substantial damage, but he had also become more stubborn.

"An opportunity to control the Abyss Demon Region."

Then, Sword Chen raised his eyebrows and looked Zen up and down. "Now, we have the perfect opportunity and the perfect candidate. This is simply the arrangement of fate!"

As a Demi-holy Being, Sword Chen couldn't control the Abyss Demon Region. Even if he was given a chance, he still wouldn't be able to grasp it.

Zen, on the other hand, was merely a consummate True God, so he was the perfect candidate for this.

"Control the Abyss Demon Region..."

Zen chewed over the words with his mouth, his gaze narrowing slightly.

Many Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, and consummate True Gods from the union of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands, like Rocher and Rachelle, had come here this time.

The goal of the union was probably to make one of the members gain control over the Abyss Demon Region.

Zen had fought with Laquisha, Aleyna and Pascal just now. With the help of No. 9527, he had removed the restrictions on Laquisha and Aleyna. However, Pascal had escaped as fast as he could. Presumably, Samuel was trying to leave at least one behind to take control of the place.

The Abyss Demon Region was ranked first among the four forbidden lands. If Zen could control it, it would be a powerful card in his hands.

"But it's not that easy to grab control of the Abyss Demon Region from the hands of Nicholas and Samuel," Zen said, shaking his head.

Nicholas and Samuel had dozens of Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings to help them. It was impossible for Zen to fight against them face to face.

If not for the protection of the black water and Sword Chen, Zen would already have been on his way to death.

The only thing he could have used to escape was the Latent Theurgies, and even that might not have worked.

"Samuel and Nicholas are strong, of course. But we don't have to fight against them face to face," said Sword Chen. "Even if I have no choice but to confront them head-on, I might not lose!"

"Being trapped in the Sea of Meditation for so many years, you have indeed made great progress in your cultivation. Not many people in the divine land can fight against Samuel directly," Zen noted in slight awe.

Samuel was considered one of the most outstanding Holy Beings.

Although Zen had never seen his real strength, he assumed that Samuel was not weaker than Nicholas.

So naturally, it came as a surprise to Zen that Sword Chen, who was merely a Demi-holy Being, was strong enough to take on Samuel.

Sword Chen was only a secondary creature from the universe while Mike was only a Holy Being.

Sword Chen shook his head and said, "I'm only confident because we are in the Abyss Demon Region now. There's no way I can go up against Samuel outside the Abyss Demon Region."

"What do you mean?" Zen asked curiously.

"You have been to the Killing Sword Mountain. Do you know the cultivation method I used in the past?" Sword Chen asked.

Zen nodded. "You used the Killing Sword Mountain to gather malicious aura, with which you could suppress and abandon emotions."

Of course, the Emotion Closing Godly Way couldn't be cultivated in this way. It had just been Sword Chen's helpless move in the Evolutionary Universe, but it had been a very clever one.

Zen had gained a great deal from the Killing Sword Mountain, and it was also because of his trip to the Killing Sword Mountain that he had met Lavender.

"I improved my cultivation base with the help of the Jade Scale Butterfly and became a Demi-holy Being after creating my own land. But such strength was still not enough in the Abyss Demon Region," said Sword Chen. "Later, I thought of another way which was similar to the one I used with the Killing Sword Mountain."

To become Demi-holy Beings, consummate True Gods had to create their own lands which were fundamentally different from the inner worlds.

For example, Joy had built the Purple Sky Land using the Purple Aura Godly Way. Likewise, Sword Chen had built his own land.

Both the Purple Sky Land and Sword Chen's land could project a part of them into the divine land.

"A similar way? Did you build another Killing Sword Mountain here?" Zen couldn't make sense of it.

The malicious aura in the divine land was not that powerful. Apart from the Murdering Godly Way, it was useless for the other Godly Ways.

"That's impossible," said Sword Chen. "You can think of the Sea of Meditation as the Killing Sword Mountain. Since becoming a Demi-holy Being, I have refined 128 longswords. I have inserted them into the Sea of Meditation so that they can absorb the power in the whole sea for my own use."

The Killing Sword Mountain gathered and delivered the malicious aura by long swords.

There was a great amount of force of primitive fear hidden in the Sea of Meditation. Taking the Killing Sword Mountain as a reference, Sword Chen had used the force of primitive fear in the Sea of Meditation as malicious aura.

"I see." Zen's eyes flashed.

Before, he hadn't been able to understand what was happening. How could Sword Chen, who was merely a Demi-holy Being, block Samuel's spear?

The Emotion Closing Godly Way might be one of the reasons, but it turned out that the key reason was the Sea of Meditation.

"Young master, you also cultivate the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Although you haven't managed to build your own land, you can still use the power of the Sea of Meditation. I can help you with the sword array," said Sword Chen abruptly.

Zen was somewhat confused. Why was Sword Chen calling him "young master"?

He didn't know the relationship between his father and Sword Chen. He just wondered if Sword Chen was one of the Godly Geniuses, or maybe a Godly Genius of the last generation.

However, Zen had no time to worry about such trivial matters in the situation they were in, so he put them aside for the time being.

"I can also set up the sword array?" Zen's eyes lit up.

According to Sword Chen, Zen could only use the force of primitive fear in the Abyss Demon Region, but that itself would be enough.

Now, Zen couldn't leave this place as the road to the fifth stage was closed, so taking control of the Abyss Demon Region might be the only option he had.

Like Sword Chen had said, it was necessary to strengthen himself so that he could fight with the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

"Of course you can, young master," Sword Chen replied, nodding his head.

As he spoke, he took a step forward and stood at the center of the bubble.

With a gentle flick of his hand, a long table appeared horizontally in the bubble.

Then, with another wave of his hand, long swords of different styles and lengths appeared on the long table.

"But the quality of these long swords is poor, and I'm afraid they won't be able to withstand the corrosion from the Sea of Meditation." A hint of helplessness appeared on Sword Chen's face.

Although he had countless long swords in his own land, they could only be projected when he used the land. It was impossible to directly take them to the divine land. If he took any long swords out of his own land, they would be restored into life vitality.

The long swords that he had conjured up now were only ordinary swords from the divine land.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2765 Scorching Gold

As a swordsman, Sword Chen was obsessed with all kinds of swords.

However, he had been stuck in the Sea of Meditation for too long. Out of all the swords he had, only three of them were supreme primordial weapons.

Moreover, supreme primordial weapons could be classified into different levels of power; the three swords he had were the ordinary kind.

And aside from these three swords, all the swords he had were regular weapons in the divine land; even ordinary citizens could easily obtain them.

"These are all I have. I wonder if you have a spare sword?" Sword Chen asked, turning to Zen.

"Of course I do," Zen said with a smile.

Then, he went over to the long table and gently tapped the space ring in his hand.

Swords fell out of the space ring and scattered all over the table.

From the divine land to the prison at the bottom of the chaos, Zen had not been particular about collecting treasures along the way.

Whenever he did stumble upon a treasure, however, he would secretly stash it away in his space ring.

Every now and then, he would sort out all the items in his space ring and throw away whatever he didn't need, especially common items.

Therefore, almost all of the items he had accumulated in his space ring were rare and valuable.

Even though he had left some common supreme primordial weapons behind in the fairy palace, there were still quite a number of treasures in his space ring.

Clang, clang, clang...

Sword Chen's eyes widened as he watched the longswords tumble out of Zen's space ring one after the other.

"Supreme primordial weapons!"

"There are dozens of long swords, and all of them are supreme primordial weapons..."

"This brown sword seems to be a supreme chaotic weapon! What's the name of this sword?"

Looking at the excitement on Sword Chen's face, Zen shrugged sheepishly. "I don't remember..."

He had probably gotten this brown sword from the space ring of some Wild God, so naturally, he didn't know its name.

Moreover, he couldn't understand why a Demi-holy Being like Sword Chen was being this enthusiastic about a bunch of swords.

With Sword Chen's current strength, these swords should be no more than scraps of metal for him.

And Zen's line of thought was completely right, of course.

With Sword Chen's cultivation and strength, these swords were truly not worth his attention.

However, back when Sword Chen had entered the divine land, the Floating Island of the Luo Clan had been on the verge of collapsing, so he had been forced to flee into the Abyss Demon Region.

It was a pity for him that he hadn't had the time to gather all kinds of swords in the divine land.

So, being a sword fanatic, he couldn't help but feel excited at seeing all these swords after such a long time of being stuck in the Sea of Meditation.

So far, Zen had taken out more than 100 swords from his space ring and piled them up on the table. Moreover, Sword Chen had already mentioned that he had refined 128 longswords and inserted them in the Sea of Meditation.

"Are these enough?" Zen asked.

"Yes, of course!" Sword Chen touched one of these swords with his hand. It was a longsword that Zen had obtained from the Sword Clan. True to its name, the Sword Clan was obsessed with swordsmanship, and their extraordinary sword-refining skills immediately attracted Sword Chen's attention. "Can you give this sword to me?"

"Of course. Take anything you like," Zen urged.

Under the mop of disheveled hair, a childlike smile appeared on Sword Chen's face. For Zen, it was hard to digest that a sword practitioner could be this captivated by a sword.

"Do I have to refine all of them?" Zen asked, changing the subject.

Sword Chen nodded. "Let me help you refine these swords. When you insert them into the Sea of Meditation, you'll only need to activate them!"

As he spoke, he reached out and patted the long table.

Buzz...

All of the longswords jumped up from the table.

Sword Chen's right hand swiftly swept past them, leaving a mark the size of a thumb on the handle of each sword.

In less than half a minute, Sword Chen had finished the preparation work.

He then said to Zen, "Take these swords and follow me into the dark water."

"Do we still have to enter the dark water?" Zen frowned.

Although Zen had a general idea of the Sea of Meditation after Sword Chen's explanation, the force of primitive fear and the unknown hidden in the dark water still made Zen feel uncomfortable.

Noticing Zen's hesitant expression, Sword Chen laughed. "Don't worry. We are already in the depths of the Sea of Meditation."

"The depths of the Sea of Meditation? Won't there be the unknown here?" Zen asked curiously.

Sword Chen simply smiled. "In the Sea of Meditation, the unknown are all over the place," he answered mysteriously.

"Then what are we going to do?" Zen asked again.

"We will have to rely on this, of course," Sword Chen replied, taking out a triangular golden object.

As Sword Chen swept his fingers over the surface of the golden object, it started to burn with a dazzling golden light that spread to the whole bubble. The surface of Zen's and Sword Chen's bodies seemed to be coated with a layer of dazzling golden powder as well.

At the same time, Zen felt some warmth from the golden object.

"This warm current... I've felt it before," Zen said as he studied the golden object in Sword Chen's hand.

Sword Chen nodded. "Before, when your mind was suppressed by fear, I used the Scorching Gold to help you drive away the fear. We wouldn't need it if we were going to the upper part of the Sea of Meditation, but this time, we're going to set up the sword array in the depths of the sea, so we'll certainly need this thing."

The Scorching Gold was a magical object that had come into existence in the Sea of Meditation.

The bottom of the Sea of Meditation was filled with some extremely powerful unknown things that even the strongest fiends wouldn't be able to survive against.

Fortunately, the unknown feared the light that the Scorching Gold gave off.

As long as the light of the Scorching Gold didn't go out, it wouldn't be a problem for warriors who were under the protection of the light to roam the bottom of the sea.

"Follow me!"

Holding the Scorching Gold in his hand, Sword Chen stepped out of the bubble.

Zen quickly stretched out his hand and stroked the long table, recalling all the swords that had been refined by Sword Chen into his space ring.

Plop, plop...

Zen followed Sword Chen and sank into the thick dark water again.

Before, when Zen had descended, he hadn't been able to see anything.

But this time, he could see each and every detail; the Scorching Gold in Sword Chen's hand was emitting a golden light that illuminated the area ten feet around!

"Make sure that you are always under the cover of the golden light from the Scorching Gold. These unknown things are very sensitive and will slowly gather around you. The moment you are outside the golden light's protection, they will attack together!" Sword Chen warned him.

"Didn't you say that these unknown things have no forms? Then how do you know they will attack?" Zen asked.

After a few moments of silence, Sword Chen replied, "There was a time when I was chased by a fiend in the Sea of Meditation. After his Scorching

Gold burned out and the golden light disappeared, the unknown things came over..."

Every time Sword Chen recalled this incident, his heart would flutter with fear. There was no doubt that even the fiends would be extremely afraid of the unknown things.

As they were speaking, Zen suddenly felt a surge of power coming from beside him. Both of them turned their heads at the same time. It seemed that there were many huge things slowly approaching them from the distance...

Chapter 2766 The Devil

The light emitted by the Scorching Gold was extremely intense, but it couldn't spread far in the black water.

However, the force of primitive fear in the undercurrents had been dispelled by the golden light from the Scorching Gold, so Zen didn't feel uncomfortable at all.

Plop, plop, plop...

As they continued to swim downward in the black water, the turbulent undercurrents became stronger and stronger.

Some of these undercurrents surged toward Zen, intending to sweep him away from Sword Chen's side.

"Hurry up. These creatures are watching us greedily. If the undercurrents manage to sweep you away, you will lose your life," Sword Chen warned.

Zen nodded and followed closely after the Demi-holy Being.

From afar, it looked as if the two were moving forward in a dark forest under the light of the triangular bullion. If that light was extinguished, they would immediately be devoured by the menacing beasts.

Sword Chen's bubble was floating undisturbed in the middle of the Sea of Meditation.

The depth of the Sea of Meditation was far beyond Zen's expectation.

Although they weren't swimming slowly by any means, it took Zen an hour to finally feel the seabed under his feet.

Just as he did every time he ventured a new place, he released his spiritual sense and found a huge trench in front of him. He didn't know how far it extended.

"Here we are. You can stick the first sword there,"

Sword Chen said, pointing to one side of the trench.

Zen let his spiritual sense wander over to the place that Sword Chen was pointing at and soon found that a sharp sword was stabbed into the surface of the trench.

"Okay,"

he said before obediently taking out a long sword.

Following Sword Chen's example, he activated the mark at the bottom of the sword and then launched the sword fiercely toward the surface of the trench.

Rumble...

The black water was very viscous, and the water pressure at the bottom of the sea was extremely high.

Fortunately, with his strength, Zen was able to launch the sword with enough force. The long sword left a string of bubbles in its wake as it flew toward the trench.

Thump!

A moment later, a dull sound was heard.

Zen and Sword Chen both swept the area with their spiritual senses and found that half of the long sword was stabbed firmly into the trench. Sword Chen turned to Zen and gave him a thumbs up.

The long sword had already been refined by Sword Chen, so when Zen activated it and inserted it into the trench, it formed a subtle connection with Zen's mind.

Zen smiled as he threw his spiritual sense upward.

Before this, he hadn't released his spiritual sense into the rest of the sea because he had been afraid of the unknown creatures. But since Sword Chen did not stop him now, it meant that there was no longer any danger in releasing his spiritual sense.

"Eh?"

Zen thoroughly swept the area above him but couldn't find anything there. There was nothing but black water.

This was completely different from what he intuitively sensed.

He could clearly feel that many unknown creatures were following him and Sword Chen.

He could even tell that these unknown creatures were of different sizes and were floating back and forth overhead. Some of the bigger creatures were still tirelessly propelling the undercurrents at him, trying to roll him out of the area covered by the golden light of the Scorching Gold.

So why couldn't Zen detect them with his spiritual sense? It made no sense.

"As I told you before, we can't detect the existence of these unknown creatures because they are unknown fears. You can feel them, but you can't verify their existence," Sword Chen explained, easily guessing what Zen was wondering about.

"There is no way to verify their existence..."

Zen's eyes flashed with curiosity. He didn't know why the Sea of Meditation existed. Did it have special functions like the Reincarnation Land? Or was it just an extremely dangerous area that had formed without purpose?

After the first long sword was inserted, the triangular Scorching Gold, which was originally the size of a fist, had burned down to just over the size of a thumb.

As the area covered by the golden light shrank from ten feet to just a few feet, Zen clearly sensed the unknown creatures hiding in the black water were moving closer to them.

Sword Chen just indifferently took out another piece of Scorching Gold from his space ring and rubbed it gently.

As it began to glow, he threw another piece of Scorching Gold to Zen and said, "Take this and use it in case of need."

Zen nodded his head. After putting away the Scorching Gold, he walked along the trench to the left.

But he had barely taken two steps when he felt a powerful spiral current from the black water ahead.

Splash...

The stream of current spiraled toward him at an extremely fast speed.

By the time Zen came to his senses, the spiral current had wrapped his body, spinning him and sending him backward.

"Oh no!"

A tense expression appeared on Sword Chen's face.

If the spiral current managed to push Zen out of the area covered by the light of the Scorching Gold, he would die without a doubt.

Sword Chen immediately wiggled forward, getting himself trapped in the spiral current as well.

In this way, he was moving back in the water at the same speed as Zen, and Zen was always under the light of the Scorching Gold.

Splash...

After pushing Zen and Sword Chen back for more than ten miles, the power of the spiral current began to weaken and the two wrestled free from it.

"That current is so powerful. What is it?" Zen asked curiously.

He felt like almost all of his strength had been drained by that current. The viscosity of the black water made it difficult to release any sort of power, so Zen had only managed to exert a tiny portion of his power.

Even though he had tried his best to fight against the spiral current, he hadn't been able to escape from it.

"That current is also an unknown thing," Sword Chen said, looking off into the darkness with a solemn expression on his face. "But it is a very powerful one. The fiends call it the Devil. We are in trouble..."

"The Devil?"

Zen pondered over the name for a moment and then said, "Since it is also an unknown thing, it should also be afraid of the Scorching Gold, right?"

"Of course," said Sword Chen. "But it's so powerful that once it targets its prey, it will be difficult for the latter to escape from it even with the protection of the Scorching Gold!"

After finishing his sentence, he suddenly pulled Zen by his shoulder.

"Phew!"

Thanks to him, Zen had just barely dodged an extremely thin spiral current.

Otherwise, the current, which was not much thicker than the tip of a needle, might have pierced through Zen's head.

"See why I said it's powerful?" A bitter smile appeared on Sword Chen's face.

Chapter 2767 Losing Protection

Zen frowned. He got the feeling that the water current in the distance was constantly converging into tiny spirals.

These spirals were like thin, long needles that gathered together and shot towards Zen and Sword Chen.

"Let's go!"

they called out in unison, then turned around and waded through the dark water.

"Water Resisting Technique!"

The internal momentum inside Zen's body bloomed.

This skill enabled people to resist water and belonged to the Parting Water Godly Way. A smooth membrane of water formed on the surface of his body.

Zen found it difficult to employ this skill in the dark water but it still had the power to speed him up.

Sword Chen flew at a high speed, but the spirals formed by the water were faster.

Hundreds of tiny spirals of water currents followed them, forming a large net and enveloping both of them.

At this moment, Zen heard a baby's cry in the dark water.

"This cry!"

"That's the sound of the Devil's laughter. It sounds like the cry of a three-year-old child," Sword Chen said, looking serious.

The Sea of Meditation was vast.

Meeting the Devil was a rare event.

Sword Chen had hidden in the dark water for many years, and had only encountered the Devils twice.

When he had first met the Devil, he had escaped by sheer luck. When he had encountered the Devil the second time, the fiends had led the Devil away.

This was the first time that Zen had stepped into the Sea of Meditation, and he had already encountered a Devil.

It looked like his bad luck had reigned.

In the blink of an eye, the spirals had approached Zen and Sword Chen.

Both of them drew their swords in unison.

Splash, splash...

It was a characteristic of the dark water that any power unleashed in it would be greatly weakened.

Zen launched a sword attack and moments later, the dark water had suppressed the sword radiance, causing it to become weak and considerably slow down.

Zen frowned as he looked at the slowly-spreading sword radiance.

In contrast, the sword radiance that Sword Chen had created was much stronger than Zen's.

As he brandished the sword, it emitted an exquisite sword radiance.

Almost half the power that he controlled was from the force of primitive fear in the dark water.

When the sword radiance met the spiral water currents, they annihilated each other and produced a swarm of bubbles.

When the spiral water currents approached Zen, it took him three sword strikes to demolish eight of the spirals.

Sword Chen, on the other hand, launched twelve attacks.

Twelve thin lines spread out of his sword and brought down close to forty spiral currents.

Sword Chen and Zen worked together to break the cage that the spiral water had formed and escaped from one end.

"Keep moving!"

Sword Chen and Zen ran on the water bed, while the baby's cry continued to sound above their heads. The voice became hoarser and more annoying by the minute.

"It is ridiculous, isn't it? It is unable to prove the existence of such a creature, but it can use such a powerful skill!" Zen said, as they flew through the water.

"I have thought about this before," Sword Chen said, shaking his head.

These unknown creatures were, in essence, very different from other vicious creatures.

Although the fiends and other fierce beasts were not real creatures, they had also been formed by the Faith Energy that could be seen and touched in the Abyss Demon Region.

While there was no way to prove the existence of these unknown things, they were able to kill people and go on a rampage. Nothing made sense anymore!

"The fact that they can attack has proved their existence," Zen said as he looked up through the dark water.

"It's just that we can't find them."

Numerous spirals of water appeared again and enveloped both of them from above.

"On your left!"

A Devil had attacked them. Zen and Sword Chen retaliated back together.

Although they couldn't kill the Devil, all they had to do was to cut off the spiral currents.

Zen and Sword Chen waved their swords simultaneously to the left, cutting off dozens of spiral water flows coming at them.

"You mean that we just couldn't find them?" Sword Chen asked, confused.

Sword Chen had lived in the Sea of Meditation for many years to hide as well as to improve his cultivation.

Over these years, he had realized that the Sea of Meditation was a complex concept in itself.

After all, the fiends also attached great importance to this place.

And when he had encountered the Devil last time, he had found that the fiends paid quite a bit of attention to the Devil. They had even led the Devil away from Sword Chen, even though it had cost them a fellow fiend's life.

The fiends were selfish and would never spare Sword Chen's life.

They were willing to seize any opportunity to kill Sword Chen.

There probably was something wrong with the attitude of the fiends at the time.

"Yes," Zen said thoughtfully. "We just can't find a way to find them."

"Three thousand feet to your left. Stab the second sword there," Sword Chen said suddenly.

Having been chased by the Devil all this way, it turned out that they had arrived at the second position in the sword array that Sword Chen had arranged.

They were still in danger and they knew they wouldn't die fighting just one Devil.

With a gentle sweep of his spiritual sense, Zen found the place where Sword Chen had previously inserted the sword.

He threw out his long sword and it pierced the stone there.

"Let's stop here today. Let's go back to the bubble first," said Sword Chen.

Other unknown things would only cause a little bit of an interference to them at most.

But if they weren't careful enough, the Devil would probably chase and kill them, which was why it would be better for them to avoid it for the time being.

"Okay,"

Zen said, nodding, and they both moved upwards.

But the moment they changed direction, more howls rang out from above them.

This time, there were more and more strange screams, indicating the presence of multiple Devils above them.

Both of them paled.

"What should we..."

Zen wanted to ask.

But before he could do so, a number of spiral currents appeared in the dark water, flying downwards like raindrops.

It was strange to see rain in the water, but Zen and Sword Chen weren't interested in the wonder that it provided.

Swish, swish, swish...

The spiral water currents cut a path between Zen and Sword Chen, parting them from each other.

One of the spiral water currents hit Zen's arm.

He felt a sharp pain, and he bent down to see a tiny hole on his arm.

The water current had even penetrated into Zen's bones.

Under such great pressure, Zen had no choice but to keep retreating.

As he retreated this time, he stepped out from under the golden light of the Scorching Gold.

And now that Zen had lost the protection of the golden light, all the unknown things that had been lurking around him, surged towards him.

Chapter 2768 Where To Go

The force of primitive fear hidden in the undercurrents immediately engulfed Zen.

Even if Zen was unable to detect the unknown creatures with his spiritual sense, he could still feel them rapidly closing in on him.

Sword Chen had told him that even the most powerful fiends weren't a match for these unknown creatures, and that even a Holy Being would die when faced against them.

So there was no way that Zen would be able to fight against them, especially with his current strength!

As the unknown creatures moved around, a strong force of primitive fear passed along the undercurrents.

The whole time, Zen's heart kept beating wildly. He felt as if he had fallen into an ice cellar; it was difficult for him to move even an inch.

Moreover, Sword Chen was getting farther and farther away from him until the golden light in his hand completely disappeared, leaving Zen wrapped in endless darkness and fear.

Just then, when he had almost lost all hope, he remembered something. 'The Scorching Gold!'

Earlier, Sword Chen had handed a piece of Scorching Gold to Zen just in case. Now was the time to use it.

Zen immediately conjured up the triangular golden object in his hand.

Although his body was as stiff as a statue, he gritted his teeth and forced a strand of internal momentum out of his body and guided it into the Scorching Gold.

Fizz!

The moment the Scorching Gold was activated, it had a wonderful reaction with the power of his internal momentum.

A warm current instantly swept through his body, expelling the terrible force of primitive fear.

Splash!

Scared of the golden light, the unknown creatures that had gathered around him rapidly retreated in all directions.

If Zen's intuition was correct, the nearest unknown creature to him had been less than a foot away just now!

'How dangerous...' he thought to himself as he breathed a sigh of relief, tightening his grip on the Scorching Gold.

However, the golden light emitted by the Scorching Gold could only stop the unknown creatures from approaching, not drive them away altogether. The Devils hiding in the dark water were still lingering around as close as they could.

Waah!

With a strange sound that resembled a baby's cry, powerful spiral currents poured down from above him.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Zen jerked his head forward, and a great counterforce pushed him backward.

At the same time, he unleashed the Water Resisting Technique, and his speed suddenly increased, making him look like a dashing swordfish in the water.

Swish!

He successfully retreated before the spiral currents could sweep him away.

However, this was only a momentary relief; the water was pitch black, and Zen couldn't find a way out at all.

"What should I do now?"

In a moment of desperation, Zen transmitted his voice through chaotic energy.

There was not much distance between Zen and Sword Chen, so Sword Chen could still hear his voice.

"Move upward! I'll distract the Devils!"

This was the only instruction that Sword Chen gave to Zen.

At this moment, all he could do was to ask Zen to leave the depths of the dark water first. He would try to find him later after he escaped from the dangers.

This was the only option for them. They both had to save themselves for now.

Even Nicholas, who had been well-prepared, had still been troubled by the Soul Devouring Bugs and the little fiends.

After all, this was the Abyss Demon Region. And Zen and Sword Chen were in the Sea of Meditation, no less.

'Upward?' Zen thought to himself.

There were still many narrow spiral currents shooting down from above him.

Zen knew that a Devil was above him. And judging by the direction of the spiral currents, he could even guess the exact location of the Devil.

But what was the use of that?

The Devil was a named unknown creature, but it was actually a power of fear. Zen might be able to fight against other creatures, but he couldn't fight against fear itself.

"I have to go all out!"

In the blink of an eye, Zen made up his mind.

The spiral currents were indeed powerful. If they pierced through his body, it was likely that they could even destroy his soul.

Luckily, he still had a trump card up his sleeve. It was the Latent Theurgy, the Wind Cloud Escape. He believed that this would be enough to save his life even if he was in the jaws of death.

This was one of the reasons that he dared to go all out.

Swish!

With a twist of his body, Zen rushed upward vertically.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Numerous narrow currents quickly formed and shot down toward him.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

As Zen moved upward, he swung the Shadow Bearing Sword above his head, and streaks of sword radiance spurted out of the sword.

After repelling a few spiral currents, Zen managed to elude the first wave of attacks from the Devil.

For the first time in a while, he was overjoyed. It seemed that he still had a chance to escape.

As he swam rapidly, he predicted that the second wave of attacks would come from the parallel direction, or even from below.

But contrary to his expectations, many spiral currents gathered above his head once again.

It seemed that the Devil could move at a much faster speed than Zen had imagined. No matter how fast he was, the creature always remained above him.

'The second wave of attacks is coming!'

Zen abruptly twisted his body and launched several more strikes.

This time, however, he was not that lucky. The spiral currents that shot down were very narrow and dense, perfectly avoiding the sword radiance that Zen had unleashed.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Dozens of spiral currents instantly hit Zen's shoulders, arms, and legs.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Each spiral current directly penetrated his body, breaking all the bones in his limbs.

'The currents seem to be aiming for my limbs on purpose...'

Zen noted leisurely.

He was not that worried as he still had the Latent Theurgy up his sleeve.

'The Devil doesn't seem to have any intention of killing me...'

Just as Zen arrived at this conclusion, he heard the sound of water flowing and splashing above his head.

This time, a huge current was sweeping down toward him.

Unlike before, Zen couldn't just twist his body and escape from the approaching danger — all his limbs were broken. And even though Zen's physical recovery ability was amazing, it would still take some time for him to recover.

Splash!

A few moments later, he found himself caught up in the huge current.

The current didn't hurt him at all, but it continued to roll down, carrying him deeper into the water.

'Where is it taking me?' Zen wondered.

Gripping the Scorching Gold tightly in his hand, he quickly released his spiritual sense.

With his spiritual sense, he learned that he was four thousand feet from the bottom of the Sea of Meditation. He was now diving at a very fast speed.

'It couldn't be planning on letting me crash and die, right?' Zen was confused.

However, now that he had calmed down, he really wanted to see what the unknown creatures wanted to do to him.

At the speed the current was taking him, the distance of four thousand feet passed in almost the blink of an eye.

Just as Zen hit the seabed, he felt something soft on his shoulders. The seabed suddenly collapsed, and a large hole with a diameter of more than a thousand feet appeared!

Chapter 2769 A Phantom

Without the slightest pause, Zen was pulled into the large hole by the strong current.

After descending about ten thousand feet, he reached the bottom of the cave, which branched out in a horizontal direction.

Then, along with the traction of the current, he began to advance horizontally.

Splash...

The sound of black water surging into the cave could be heard clearly from behind, signaling that this cave had originally been a hollow and empty space without water.

Now that Zen had inadvertently opened the door to the cave by letting himself be swept up by the Devil, the cave was filling up with water.

But why had the Devil forced Zen into this cave in the first place?

"This cave..."

It was hard for Zen to imagine that there would be a separate cave under the Sea of Meditation. The Sea of Meditation was located in the Abyss Demon Region, just like the Reincarnation Land. Where could this cave possibly lead to?

Anyway, Zen thought that he would probably learn the answer in a short time.

However, the size of the cave turned out to be far greater than he had imagined.

Two hours later, he was still floating along the narrow cave with the Devil and the unknown creatures following closely behind.

Every time the spiral current that enveloped Zen became weak, the Devil would release another current to continue to propel Zen forward.

Although the size of the Scorching Gold that Sword Chen gave Zen was relatively large, it had been burning for quite a long time now.

Now, it was barely the size of a small stone, and the light it was emitting had become faint.

The unknown creatures behind him would probably swarm forward as soon as the light of the Scorching Gold went out.

'With these creatures, it seems that I won't be able to reach the destination, ' Zen thought with a helpless smile. So far in his adventures, Zen had almost never given up hope on survival. But this time, he really couldn't think of a way out.

As soon as the golden light emanated by the Scorching Gold disappeared completely, the unknown creatures pounced on Zen.

But just as he was about to be swallowed by them, he heard a sharp cry from the Devil. The next moment, all of the unknown creatures quieted down and quickly retreated.

It seemed that the unknown creatures were nothing but the Devil's soldiers that followed its orders.

'So the Devil really is taking me somewhere, ' Zen thought, his guess solidifying.

If the Devil really wanted to take Zen somewhere, it made sense that it would not allow the unknown creatures to swallow him.

However, Zen was quite surprised that the Devil could order the unknown creatures directly.

This meant at least a few things.

The Devil was a top unknown creature in the Sea of Meditation, and it was definitely intelligent. Of course, it was also possible that it was simply being manipulated by an intelligent creature that was more powerful than itself.

Anyway, now that Zen knew that the unknown creatures wouldn't devour him, he relaxed and lay flat in the current, allowing it to transport him to somewhere unknown.

A few hours passed.

He heard a few roars that became louder and louder.

Zen released his spiritual sense again to find out what was in front of him.

'Is the water becoming shallow ahead?' He was slightly stunned.

While he was pondering over this, he felt his body become light. Then, all of a sudden, he was propelled out of the black water by the spiral current. He flew a clear arc in the air before landing on dry ground.

There was still darkness all around him. Now, he seemed to be in another long and narrow cave, but one without water.

'Since there is no light here, I'll have to use my spiritual sense to explore the cave.'

But just before releasing his spiritual sense, Zen patted himself on the head. Then, he reached his hand out into the air and squeezed lightly.

A blazing flame appeared on his palm, immediately lighting up the surrounding space.

"Phew!" Zen was glad to be back on land.

Splash, splash...

With the light from the flame, Zen saw the waves of black water constantly rising and falling behind him.

There seemed to be creatures wriggling under the water—

no doubt the unknown creatures and the Devil.

The Devil had brought him to this damned place and then urged him to enter the depths of this cave.

A wry smile appeared on Zen's face.

He looked around but found nothing special. Then, he raised the flame in his hand and walked deeper into the cave.

Without the shackles of the black water, he felt much more relaxed. Being in the black water was nothing like being in a normal sea.

The pressure in the Sea of Meditation was just too strong. Zen could only exert twenty percent of his strength in the black water. Even Samuel had given up on chasing Zen after noticing the special quality of the black water.

The cave was very deep. After walking slowly for a while, Zen spread out his thunder wings and flew forward at a rapid speed.

Before long, a bronze gate appeared in front of him.

The carving of the gate was very exquisite, but what made it stand out was its surface, which reflected different light rays, forming peculiar patterns.

'Is this the base of the fiends?' Zen wondered inwardly with his eyebrows raised.

According to what Sword Chen had said, the fiends used the Sea of Meditation as their cultivation place, so it was reasonable to guess that this was their base.

However, according to Sword Chen again, the fiends were not absolutely safe in the Sea of Meditation; the only reason they cultivated there was to gain some special power.

If that was true, then the Sea of Meditation didn't belong to the fiends at all. And that must mean that there were more powerful monsters than the fiends.

Zen was shocked by his inference.

The fiends were already extraordinarily powerful. What could be stronger than them?

While Zen was deep in thought, the bronze gate in front of him suddenly made a big noise and shifted a little, leaving a small crack.

Looking at the thin crack, Zen took two steps back.

The unknown creatures in the black water had already been terrifying enough. Who knew what was waiting for him behind this gate?

As the crack got wider and wider, a figure appeared.

"Why not come in since you are already here?" the phantom asked.

'That's my voice!' Zen thought.

He raised his eyebrows in surprise and looked straight ahead. With the light from the flame, he was able to see the phantom's face clearly; it looked just like him!

"What a cheap illusion. Don't play such low tricks," Zen said coldly, staring at the phantom.

It was not difficult for even a True God to create an illusion incarnation.

For example, Zen could create an incarnation with water by using the Parting Water Godly Way, and it was very strong, far more powerful than the phantom in front of him.

"Do you really think it's just an illusion?"

The phantom in front of the door smiled faintly and stretched out a hand toward Zen before slightly flicking four of his fingers.

Swish, swish, swish!

The swords condensed by the forces from the four fingers shot toward Zen from different directions.

Chapter 2770 So Real

Zen could feel the auras of the four invisible swords even with his eyes closed.

They were definitely the four swords from the Gods Killing Sword Array.

The Buddha Emperor Sword fiercely attacked Zen head-on.

The other three swords circled in from the side, trying to surround Zen.

As someone who was very familiar with the Gods Killing Sword Array, there was no way Zen would allow himself to be trapped in it.

In the face of the Buddha Emperor Sword's attack, Zen didn't retreat, but instead moved forward.

When he was just a foot away from the Buddha Emperor Sword, he wiggled his body like a fish and brushed past the sword.

In this way, he easily left the four long swords behind.

Whoosh!

He tapped his foot lightly on the ground, and then dashed toward the phantom in front of the gate.

It was not surprising for an ordinary phantom to have the same face as his.

What was surprising, however, was that the phantom in front of him could use the Gods Killing Sword Array. This made Zen curious about what the phantom was.

Unexpectedly, the phantom standing in front of the gate just smiled at him and then took a few steps in the other direction.

As it moved, its voice reached Zen's ears.

"Follow me. You have no other choice."

Zen's face darkened when he heard these words.

Although he would be walking right into a trap, he had come too far to turn back now.

Besides, the only way out that he knew of was to go back through the black water, but the Devil and the unknown creatures were waiting for him there. He didn't know how to deal with them.

When he opened the door in front of him, a gust of cold air rushed past him.

In front of his eyes was a huge ice palace.

The whole palace had been built with huge ice blocks. The rich cold air turned into a milk-white mist as it rushed past Zen who was outside the bronze gate.

Before long, Zen's face was covered with a layer of frost.

Enveloped by the cold air, he felt like the blood in his body was about to freeze.

"The air is too cold!"

Zen stomped his foot lightly, and a wave of internal momentum spread out along the sole of his foot and turned into a flame.

"Phew!"

As the flame roared wildly, it forced all the cold air in and around Zen's body away.

Then, Zen looked up again and saw the phantom.

It was standing not far away with a provocative look on its face. Then, it floated ahead, going deeper into the strong chill air.

As soon as the phantom moved, Zen spread out the thunder wings on his back.

Crack!

Although he had no idea what was going on, he wanted to capture the phantom first.

By flying, he was able to easily narrow the distance of a few hundred feet between him and the phantom.

The moment he spotted the phantom in the milky white air, he stretched out his hand to grab it.

"Do you still think I'm a phantom?"

the phantom asked as it suddenly turned around and punched Zen in the palm.

Puff!

Even before the phantom's fist hit him, he felt the force that it carried.

"The power..."

Zen's eyes widened.

The phantom's power was actually comparable to his own. This was no ordinary phantom then.

Since he was thrown off guard, he couldn't adjust his body in time and found himself flying backward.

After flying more than a hundred feet back in the air, he exerted his power and pressed himself back on the ground.

Sizz...

His feet left two long and thin marks on the crystal-clear ice surface as he slid to a stop.

As for the phantom, it was still walking ahead with a faint smile on its face.

After the confrontation just now, Zen was a lot more cautious.

Few consummate True Gods had been able to compete with him in terms of strength. And after he had absorbed the Wild God Power, even Demi-holy Beings were far inferior to him.

Moreover, phantoms were much weaker than real beings.

Even phantoms created by the Parting Water Godly Way had only 40 to 50 percent of the strength of the real beings. As for phantoms created by the Grand Purple Aura Technique, there was a large number of them, but they didn't even have a thousandth of the strength of the real beings.

"Am I in an illusion now?" Zen asked No. 9527.

"No," No. 9527 answered.

Ever since he had accidentally fallen into an illusion in the Reincarnation Land, Zen had become vigilant.

The phantom in front of him didn't make sense at all, so the most logical conclusion was that he was in an illusion.

However, if this place was an illusion, No. 9527 would know.

"But there's something very strange about the phantom," added No. 9527.

"What is it?" Zen asked.

"It doesn't seem to be a phantom at all. It's just you," No. 9527 said in bewilderment.

Hearing this, Zen became more suspicious.

After hesitating for a few moments, Zen had no choice but to bite the bullet and follow the phantom.

The ice palace was very large and went on and on, just like the cave.

After passing through several layers of cold air and many gates for about an hour, the phantom leading the way finally stopped.

It turned around and said to Zen, "You can wait here."

"Why should I listen to you?" Zen raised his eyebrows.

The phantom smiled and gently flipped its hand. The space ring on its finger flashed and a long sword appeared in its hand.

"The Shadow Bearing Sword?"

An incredible expression appeared in Zen's eyes.

The phantom's Shadow Bearing Sword was the same as Zen's. What was more, the phantom's habits, mannerisms, and behavior were also exactly the same as Zen's.

"Because I'm you. You have to listen to yourself," the phantom said softly.

"A demonic trick!"

Perhaps everyone would react so disbelievingly if they came face to face with a being who looked exactly like them.

However, Zen was beginning to agree with what No. 9527 had said. It was likely that this phantom was him.

But how could there be an exact copy of him in the divine land?

Its martial arts, cultivation system, and everything else were the same as his. But even so, how could it have a Shadow Bearing Sword?

The one-of-a-kind sword had personally been given to Zen by Harper, so how could there be another one?

Swish!

With a flash of light, Zen's own Shadow Bearing Sword appeared in his hand, and a ray of sword radiance shot towards the phantom.

"Haha..."

The phantom chuckled and swung its Shadow Bearing Sword at the same time.

Clang!

The two swords collided with each other with a crisp sound.

"Even the internal momentum is the same!" Zen raised his eyebrows.

He cultivated plenty of Godly Ways, so the Ways-blending Energy contained in his Gods-intimidating Strike was very complicated. But the energy that the phantom's strike had released was the same.

It was obvious that the phantom even had the same Godly Tile that Zen had.

"As I said, I am you, and you are me. How can you defeat me?" The phantom laughed again.

Chapter 2771 The Infinite Ice Palace

"I can't defeat you?"

Zen frowned at the phantom.

Even though No. 9527 had said that there was something strange about the phantom in front of him, Zen didn't believe that it was really him.

The chillness of the air around him calmed him down quickly. After he thought for a moment, the corners of his mouth curved up into a sly smile.

"Since you say you're me, can you do this move?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Zen released the Wild God Power within his body, and his body began to grow at an alarming rate.

This ice palace was only about two hundred feet high. At the rate Zen's body was expanding, his head hit the ceiling of the palace in no time.

Bang!

A small crack appeared on the ceiling, which was made of ice crystals.

Cra-aa-ck!

That crack began to rapidly branch out to the entire ice palace.

This scene finally wiped the indifferent expression off the phantom's face.

Before this, it had been able to do everything that Zen could. Growing, however, was something that it couldn't do.

It squinted slightly, and suddenly, a soft voice came to its mind. "Stop him from destroying the ice palace!"

"Roger that!" the phantom replied in its mind with a mental nod.

Then, it took a step forward and suddenly leaped into the air.

Crackle!

A pair of thunder wings stretched out from its back.

At the same time, it lifted the Shadow Bearing Sword and made a strange spiral in the air. The emotion in its eyes disappeared completely. Its internal momentum and the sword intent in the Shadow Bearing Sword merged at an alarming pace. "Emotion Closing Godly Way! Gods-intimidating Strike!" it roared.

The huge ice palace was quickly crumbling under the pressure that Zen was putting on it.

By the time the phantom unleashed the Gods-intimidating Strike, Zen's body had grown to more than a thousand feet.

His legs had pierced through more than ten floors of the ice palace, and his head and shoulders had made a hole.

As he grew larger and larger, Zen's attention was still focused on the phantom.

Zen knew himself better than anyone else. As he watched the phantom leap up with the Shadow Bearing Sword, he could easily predict what it would do.

"You are merely a fake." Zen shouted coldly and waved his hand toward the phantom.

The crystal clear ice blocks cracked further due to the explosive sound of his voice.

Before the phantom could attack with its sword, it was slapped by Zen.

Bang!

Zen had thrust his hand forward with all his might, releasing both the Wild God Power and his strength source.

Even a Holy Being wouldn't be able to easily resist the power of such a slap!

Bang! Bang! Bang...

The phantom flew back like a kite off its string, smashing countless ice blocks directly into the depths of the ice palace.

"This guy's body is as strong as mine..."

Even though Zen had managed to slap the phantom away, he didn't relax at all.

He knew the secret of his physical body well, and the special part of the way to merge the Godly Ways. What kind of method had been used to conjure up this phantom that it could copy all of his attributes?

The only attributes that it didn't seem to have copied were No. 9527 and the Wild God Power.

"The Shadow Bearing Sword, the Ways-blending Energy, the strength source...

these things were all obtained in the universe or in the divine land." At this point, Zen seemed to figure out something. "The Wild God Power that I obtained outside the divine land was not copied."

That was to say, there was someone who could create an almost exact replica of all the living creatures in the divine land.

This conclusion made Zen's back sweat. It was a truly formidable skill.

"You might be right," No. 9527's voice sounded.

"Do you also think so?" Zen asked.

"Yes," No. 9527 replied. "Chiyou put the Reincarnation Land in the Abyss Demon Region because it is a very unique place that is different from the other forbidden lands. The Reincarnation Soul Weapon in the Reincarnation Land can reincarnate all the Memory Flames of the entire divine land. So how about the Sea of Meditation?"

The sixth stage of the Abyss Demon Region was divided into three parts. The one in the middle was the Desperation Plain, which was the only way to get to the seventh stage of the Abyss Demon Region. On the right side of the Desperation Plain was the Reincarnation Land, and on the left side was the Sea of Meditation.

There was no way that this sea filled with dark water was as simple as it looked.

Sword Chen probably had no idea about the real power or purpose of the Sea of Meditation.

Splash!

Zen's huge body was stuck in the ice palace. He made a slight movement, causing countless ice blocks to tumble down one after another.

"No matter what, I can still make a way!"

After choosing a direction, he leaned back, tilted slightly, and suddenly punched forward!

Boom! Bang!

The destructive force of Zen's punch was extremely terrifying. It had the power to make a hole that was dozens of miles in diameter.

He believed that no matter how huge this ice palace was, he could break through it.

However, when Zen looked at the huge hole that was smashed out in front of him, he could still see milky white air surging in the distance.

There was a trace of confusion on his face when he saw this scene.

Was this ice palace hundreds of miles deep? How could anyone build such a huge ice palace?

Swish! Swish...

Zen dispersed the Wild God Power in his body and once again launched the Thunder Materialization, flying along the huge hole at full speed.

In just a few seconds, he reached the end of this huge hole.

Zen stood on the floor beside broken ice sculptures, and his face was set.

He couldn't find the end of the ice palace at all. Behind the transparent wall, there were still layers of exquisite ice walls, as if they had no end and extended all the way to a place that he couldn't reach.

"What the hell is going on?" Zen immediately felt a throbbing in his head as he tried to wrap his mind around the situation.

The creatures in the dark water had brought him to a freakish place.

Even the knowledgeable No. 9527 couldn't see through it.

After all, its deduction was based on the experience of constructing a world.

And back when the masters at the Other Shore Realm had built worlds, things had been different. Chiyou's reason for building the Sea of Meditation or what power he had put in it was unknown.

Zen was still in a dilemma about how to proceed when a figure waddled over.

It was none other than the phantom that he had slapped away a while ago.

Although the phantom had been badly hurt, its recovery ability, just like Zen's, was amazing. Leaning against an ice column, it smiled faintly and said, "Since my master wants you to stay here, you'd better stay obediently in the ice palace. It's impossible for you to leave."

Chapter 2772 Explosion

"Your master?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly and then ventured a guess. "Were you created by the fiends?"

"The fiends?" The phantom shook its head and said, "Those fiends are working for my master. How can I be created by them?"

"So you were indeed created by someone?" Zen smiled.

The phantom laughed in response. "Don't think such tricks can get me to talk. It's true that I was created, but I have everything that you possess. Therefore, it won't be hard for me to take your place in the divine land."

Zen's face darkened when he heard this. So that was what this whole thing was about...

He had no idea who the so-called master mentioned by the phantom was.

And if Zen really died in the Abyss Demon Region, the guy in front of him was indeed very likely to replace him without anyone noticing.

Of course, Zen would not allow such a thing to happen. The killing intent once again appeared in his eyes.

"It's meaningless," the phantom continued. "Even if you own the Wild God Power and are stronger than me, you still won't be able to kill me. If my master wants to copy you, it won't take much effort. I advise you not to waste your energy.

Just wait here!"

Meanwhile, on the Desperation Plain, a Demi-holy Being from the Mu Clan tapped the ground with his toes.

Splash!

Wisps of golden light intertwined and formed a huge golden bow.

The Demi-holy Being suddenly bent his body and drew the golden bow.

Swish!

Rays of golden arrows began condensing on the bowstring.

The golden arrows were spread in the shape of a fan, and lay close together on the long bowstring of about ten feet.

Bang!

With an explosive sound from the bowstring, hundreds of rays of golden light shot into the sky.

Each dazzling golden light released a terrifying power. These golden arrows seemed to have eyes and an extraordinary accuracy.

In the sky, the giant birds were flying in the midst of the smoke, and every time they appeared, they would spit out thick lightning.

They were a major threat to the True Gods on the ground.

However, the golden arrows shot out by the Demi-holy Being turned into thin and long golden lines before piercing through the giant birds in the sky.

Screech...

The giant birds whined as they fell from the sky.

After the initial tension of the battle on the Desperation Plain, the Holy Beings were gaining ground.

There was indeed a great number of Abyss Demons, but none of them could beat the consummate True Gods. Moreover, this particular group of consummate True Gods from the union of the great clans were extremely powerful—almost invincible.

Even the fiends and their commanders were far from being a match for a Demi-holy Being, let alone a Holy Being.

Unleashing just half of the Holy Beings' strength would be enough to exterminate these fiends.

Nicholas, however, was under a lot of pressure as he faced off against Gallio.

As one of the four great fiends, Gallio had absorbed countless times more Faith Energy than ordinary fiends.

He was able to hold his ground even against Nicholas.

Clark, who had turned into a burning figure, was floating in the air and panting for breath. His body was completely shrouded in flames that had been dazzling and bright at first, but were becoming dimmer and dimmer by the second. However, his burly figure still exuded a sense of unyielding aggressiveness.

Murphy was in a bad condition, too. He was floating in the air, his hair loose and his eyes flashing with a dark green light. There was not a single part of his body that was fully intact.

In actuality, a Holy Being could heal their injuries in an instant, but Murphy had no time to care about them at the moment.

By contrast, Nicholas looked much better.

Facing Gallio with a smile on his face, he appeared indifferent as usual. He put one hand behind his back and shaped his other hand like an eagle claw.

"I won't kill you," said Nicholas coldly. "We can sit down and have a good talk."

Ferocious monsters in the forbidden lands were immortal creatures that would come back to life even if they died.

However, every time Gallio died, his strength would fall, and his status in the fiend race would be threatened. If that happened, there would come another fiend to replace him.

There was no doubt that Nicholas's offer was tempting.

Since none of the creatures were able to resist these Holy Beings, sitting down and talking with them was a much better option. After all, the goal of the Holy Beings was to take control of the Abyss Demon Region, not to eliminate the fiend race.

Gallio's huge body was already covered with shocking scars, and the bones of his left leg were exposed. Unable to support himself any longer, he got down on one knee.

However, there was no expression of pain on his face. When he heard Nicholas's offer, he laughed out aloud. If this were several divine eras ago, he might have agreed. "That's impossible now..."

"Why?" asked Nicholas.

Gallio shook his head. Instead of answering Nicholas's question, he shoved his hand hard into his chest.

Every fiend had a huge crystal hidden in their chest that contained all the Faith Energy that they had absorbed over time. The stronger a fiend was, the bigger the size of this crystal. Gallio's crystal, needless to say, was enormous.

"Demonic Crystal Explosion!"

The very next moment, Nicholas heard a sound that was similar to glass shattering.

A powerful energy was madly condensing in Gallio's body, and Nicholas keenly sensed that this energy was unstable.

"Retreat! Hurry up!"

he urged everyone at once.

Clark and Murphy immediately realized how grim the situation was.

"Let's go!"

"Retreat!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As the two Holy Beings retreated, they sent a message to everyone on the Desperation Plain with their life vitality.

Although the alliance of the great clans was about to win the battle, there were still many Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods who were fighting with all their effort. Just after they received the message from the two Holy Beings, they felt a vibration under their feet that was coming all the way from the other end of the Desperation Plain.

An extremely terrifying energy had exploded from Gallio's body.

The explosion turned into a mass of horrifying energy that rushed over from the end of the Desperation Plain.

Although Nicholas had asked Clark and Murphy to retreat, he was still standing firmly in front of the surging energy with his hands clasped together.

The dark and light energies, which were black and white respectively, spread out from his hands.

"Heaven and Earth Breaking!"

Crack! Crack! Crack...

The brown energy rushed toward Nicholas, but it only reached a few hundred feet before being blocked by an invisible wall.

At the moment, Nicholas was like a big dam standing at the end of the Desperation Plain, singlehandedly holding off all the energy waves that were coming from Gallio's exploded crystal.

Chapter 2773 Suspicion

Everyone was taken aback by what was happening before their eyes.

Having lived for countless years, the Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings present were particularly sensitive to the intensity of the energy that Gallio had released.

The energy waves caused by the explosion of the magic crystal were terrifying.

Even a dozen or so Holy Beings would not be able to stop the energy waves, let alone just one of them.

In terms of strength, these fiends were indeed way superior to the Holy Beings.

However, Nicholas still managed to singlehandedly block off the energy waves, once again showing his real strength to the other Holy Beings.

It was at this moment that Samuel returned to the Desperation Plain with Pascal.

He had already been wearing a long face the whole way back as he knew that letting Zen go would pose a threat to him in the future, but his face became even more sullen when he saw the amount of power Nicholas had.

Nevertheless, Nicholas could not completely destroy the energy waves; he was only holding them off for the time being.

Soon enough, the walls of the invisible dam began to collapse.

Fortunately, the others had retreated to a safe place by this time.

Splash...

The energy waves finally burst forth and spread out, devouring everything along the road. Even the death auras that haunted the Desperation Plain all day long, along with the faint whines, had disappeared.

Nicholas' face remained calm as usual, as if killing one of the great fiends hadn't satisfied him at all.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Clark put out the flames on his body and resumed his normal form. His original ruddy face had turned very pale, and he couldn't help but cough. He quickly took out a red pill from the Sumeru Space and put it into his mouth.

Although Nicholas was the one who had defeated Gallio, Clark and Murphy had also played a key role in their fight.

Gallio's power was much higher than a Holy Being's, so even Nicholas would not have been able to fight against him head-on alone.

Clark and Murphy had made a concerted effort to force Gallio to an impasse.

Nicholas conveyed an order and soon, the other Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, and consummate True Gods all gathered around.

Staring at them, Nicholas took out a pale green jade token. The center of the jade token was broken. With a flicker of his eyes, he said, "Jayden is dead."

Clark was shocked to hear these words. He quickly stretched out his hand and conjured up a flame-shaped token. The life symbol of Raymond, the Demi-holy Being of the Tang Clan, was attached to the flame-shaped token. Now, the light of the flame-shaped token had completely disappeared, which meant that Raymond was dead as well.

"Mathew has also been killed," Murphy chipped in dejectedly.

Their clansmen's hearts broke into pieces. These three Demi-holy Beings had been indispensable for the rich clans.

The three of them together would have been more than enough to defeat Zen, but now, unexpectedly, all of them had been killed.

"Let's avenge them later. Right now, we have to move on to the next stage," said Nicholas, holding back his sadness.

He always dealt with problems in order of importance and urgency.

Sure, killing Zen was important, but in his eyes, the main purpose of this trip was to take control of the Abyss Demon Region.

They had killed so many fiends just now, so what they needed to do next was to take advantage of the victory and chase after other fiends. Zen's matter could be put aside for the time being.

Under Nicholas' lead, the team headed toward the depths of the Desperation Plain again.

"Father, are you okay?"

Rachelle asked with concern as she looked at Murphy's pale and tired face.

"Yes, I'm fine."

Murphy was sitting cross-legged in the air. A faint green color glowed on the surface of his body, and his weakened breath rapidly grew stronger.

The battle on the Desperation Plain had gone far more smoothly than everyone had imagined.

"The fiends are just so-so."

"The fiend that was killed by Holy Nicholas should have been the most powerful one, right?"

"If that's all they are capable of, it seems that things will be much easier than we imagined."

Some of the consummate True Gods breathed a sigh of relief.

Back when they were in the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region, the consummate True Gods, as well as some of the Demi-holy Beings, had been apprehensive.

After all, they had just stepped into the Abyss Demon Region, but just a few weak fiends had beaten them black and blue.

To their surprise, however, fighting with the strongest fiend had been easier than they had thought.

"Don't you all see that something is wrong?" asked one of the Demi-holy Beings.

"What's wrong?"

"There were a lot of fiends on the Desperation Plain," said the Demi-holy Being. "If you were the leader of the fiends, would you have sent so many of your soldiers to battle at once?"

The fiends were an elite race and they didn't have many members.

However, many of them had been dispatched today to fight on the Desperation Plain.

Besides, if the fiends had really chosen to fight the union of the wealthy clans, they would have dispatched more of their great fiends instead of letting Gallio go alone.

If several of the stronger fiends had appeared here at the same time, the situation would not have been this simple to deal with.

Of course, Nicholas and the other Holy Beings had also thought of this.

They whispered among themselves as they led the way forward.

"A strong fiend led the team. Don't you think it is too weird? The fiends had no reason to do this. Are they having an internal conflict?" said Jeremiah, frowning.

"It's quite possible. Otherwise, why would the fiends send such a great gift to us?" Clark echoed in agreement.

If the fiends were really stupid enough to let the union of the wealthy clans defeat them little by little without fighting back, it would obviously be a good thing for the union.

However, Nicholas shook his head and said, "That's impossible."

"These fiends have gathered all the negative Faith Energies. It's normal for them to fight amongst themselves. Why is it impossible?" Murphy asked.

Nicholas squinted as he stared straight ahead. "Gallio died too calmly."

"The fiends are immortal. They will be reborn after death," refuted Clark.

Death was an ordinary thing for the beasts in the forbidden lands.

"It's not that. Gallio seemed to have foreseen his own death. If the fiends are having an internal conflict like Jeremiah said, it was unnecessary and dangerous for Gallio to take us on alone. Instead, he could have gained an advantage over the other fiends by joining hands with us," said Nicholas.

"Sounds reasonable," Samuel interrupted as he caught up with the Holy Beings.

The Holy Beings' faces turned slightly cold when they saw Samuel.

"Let's put this aside first. Samuel, you went to personally chase after Zen. I wonder what you've found," Nicholas said, looking straight at Samuel.

Samuel had sent Laquisha and her siblings to chase after Zen and then found an excuse to join them, directly going against Nicholas' order. Now, Nicholas was criticizing him for what he had done.

Chapter 2774 The Beasts Courting Death

Samuel had already expected that Nicholas would ask him such a question, so he merely smiled and said, "Do you know why I chased after Zen even though he didn't do anything to me?"

"Of course I don't know why," Nicholas said in an impatient tone, shaking his head with displeasure.

He had specially made an exception to allow Samuel to join the alliance of powerful clans and explore the Abyss Demon Region.

However, Samuel had run away from the Desperation Plain without obeying his words, so Nicholas was extremely dissatisfied with him.

Samuel answered calmly, "My two daughters became friends with Zen when they were on the Floating Island. Since they followed him just now, as their father, I couldn't turn a blind eye to that."

Nicholas and the other Holy Beings were also aware that Aleyna and Laquisha were acquainted with Zen, so Samuel's explanation sounded reasonable to them.

But it still didn't explain everything.

"I see. Where are your daughters? Did you see Jayden, Raymond and Mathew?" Nicholas asked.

A trace of worry appeared on Samuel's face. "I went all the way to the black water area but I only found my son, Pascal. Zen, my two daughters, and the three Demi-holy Beings were all gone. I asked Pascal what happened and he said that all of them dived into the dark water..." Samuel turned his head and shouted, "Pascal! Report everything you saw to Holy Nicholas. Don't hide anything!"

Pascal quickly walked out from the group of consummate True Gods and bowed to Nicholas. In a tone that showed that he had prepared his answer in advance, he quickly described what had happened in the dark water.

He repeated Samuel's words, and then told a made-up story that the three Demi-holy Beings had chased Zen into the dark water and that he didn't know whether they were alive or dead.

"Yes, there is an area of dark water on the other side of the Desperation Plain..."

Nicholas murmured as he pondered over Pascal's words. He believed everything he had just heard.

Anyway, since it seemed that three Demi-holy Beings had died in the dark water, Zen, who had fled into that place, would have a bad ending as well.

"Humph, let's ignore that brat for now. He has always been lucky, but this time, he won't be able to escape. Once we take control of the Abyss Demon Region, he won't be able to survive!" Murphy said, his eyes filled with hatred.

The truth was that Murphy blamed Zen for Mathew's death.

Seeing that Nicholas no longer blamed him, Samuel breathed a sigh of relief.

During the battle on the Desperation Plain, the alliance of powerful clans hadn't suffered a great loss. Apart from Jayden, Mathew, and Raymond, only two consummate True Gods from the alliance had been killed. The fiends had not been as menacing as the alliance had expected them to be.

After passing through the Desperation Plain, they found that there were still endless brown mountains on both sides.

There were round volcanic vents at the peak of some of the mountains, spurting flames.

Some strange birds were crouching on both sides of the mountain range, staring at the people flying by.

These birds looked weak and they didn't seem to pose any threat at all, but their cold stares made everyone feel uneasy.

"The way these birds are looking at us is so annoying! Burn!"

Feeling annoyed, Clark waved his hands at the strange birds on both sides.

Flames began to spread out on the mountains on both sides.

The birds quickly caught on fire, and in no time, their flesh and bones were burned to ashes.

The strange thing was that when some of the birds began burning, the other birds didn't try to escape. They just continued to stare at the crowd with a cold stare even as the flames spread toward them and completely devoured them.

"These birds are so strange..."

"Even if they are not afraid of death, how can they stay so still? They are not living creatures, right?"

"They must be alive!"

Everyone had always known that the environment of the Abyss Demon Region was very strange, but upon seeing this scene, they felt a deep discomfort.

Just then, a stranger scene greeted them.

The flames Clark had started only spread for a few miles and didn't manage to burn all the birds.

And the surviving birds began to fly toward the crowd one by one!

"Are these birds trying to court death?"

The outermost Demi-holy Being frowned. He drew his fingers together and lightly slashed through the air. A ray of sword light shot out from his fingertips into the sky and swiftly danced in the air.

Puff, puff, puff...

All the strange birds that were flying toward them were crushed to pieces by the Demi-holy Being, turning into a bloody rain as they fell to the ground.

"These strange birds just dug their own grave," said Clark while frowning.

Clark liked to conquer everything with absolute power. What he hated the most was things like this, when he couldn't see through a situation.

Nicholas raised his eyebrows slightly; something seemed to have occurred to him. "These strange birds were indeed courting death, just like Gallio and the fiends he led."

Murphy and the other Holy Beings also realized something after hearing Nicholas's words.

"You're right... I think that those fiends led by Gallio were indeed courting death!"

"That's true. Those fiends were far from as powerful as we thought!"

"Still, why did they want to die like that?"

The Holy Beings felt like they had almost grasped the string of a kite but let it go at the last moment; after hearing this question, they were left feeling confused once again.

After all, they were not monsters from the Abyss Demon Region, so they couldn't figure out the thought process of the beasts in this forbidden land.

After the strange birds were all killed, the surroundings finally became silent for a while, but this silence remained for less than three minutes.

After they had only walked for dozens of miles, the mountains on both sides suddenly began to shake.

Rumble...

Wisps of fire light spread out from the back of the mountain range like a continuous fire cloud.

A consummate True God with sharp eyes was the first to recognize the strange beast nearby. In a rather strange tone, he said, "The Flame War Horse... It is a kind of low-level monster. Are we really in the sixth stage of the Abyss Demon Region?"

It was very common for the Flame War Horses to be seen in the first stage of the Abyss Demon Region. The consummate True Gods had often slaughtered such beasts, and some people had even tamed them. However, these Flame War Horses couldn't be taken out of the Abyss Demon Region. Otherwise, they would be spotted on the Floating Islands of rich clans.

"Are they... courting death as well?" Clark's eyes widened in surprise.

Of course, he had no idea that the transmission gate at the entrance of the sixth stage had been recovered. There were massive monsters surging out of the transmission channel.

Leland and several top-rank True Gods were at a loss as they watched this scene.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage] to get latest updates and time limited free news of

FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2775 No Longer Powerful

Before, Leland and the several top-rank True Gods watched in awe as the fight on the Desperation Plain raged on.

He wasn't able to believe what he saw as Nicholas released a tremendous amount of power during the fight.

Despite being a Demi-holy Being, Leland's combat abilities were definitely lower than those of the consummate True Gods who were engaged in the fight.

He was acutely aware of this difference between their abilities; he had hoped that he wouldn't cross with any of them. After all, he just followed Zen to come here.

To his surprise, only one Demi-holy Being of the alliance of the powerful clans came over to check them out and asked a few questions. As quickly as they came, they left immediately, as if Leland and the top-rank True Gods with him were of no significance.

After the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands had left, Leland's group breathed a collective sigh of relief. But that didn't change the fact that they still had to find a way out of this place.

The strange fish had told them that the space door was connected to a space channel that led to the fifth stage. This path was the only way for them to leave this place.

Just as they were feeling hopeless, the space door began to tremble. Strong waves of Space Law rapidly radiated through the door, and a deep gash formed the space channel that appeared within the door frame.

Leland and the three top-rank True Gods were exhilarated when they saw the scene unfolding before them.

Overcome with excitement, the strange fish rushed headlong into the space door without a second thought.

But immediately after it entered the space channel and supposedly disappeared in front of everyone's gaze, the strange fish came rushing back.

"What's wrong?" asked Leland, his eyes wide in fear.

The strange fish had no time to answer. Countless fierce beasts came out from the space channel.

Leland's brows creased in a frown. He grabbed the strange fish and retreated to the side of the space door together with the other top-rank True Gods.

"These beasts have been transported from the upper stages of the Abyss Demon Region..." Leland's expression was grave as he said his observation.

He had already been to the Abyss Demon Region in the past, and it was easy for him to identify the origins of several fierce beasts.

Luckily, as if they were enchanted by something, these beasts went straight to the Desperation Plain. It seemed like they chased after the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands; they totally ignored Leland's group and didn't attack them.

"What's going on?"

"Are the fiends planning to use these beasts to deal with the Holy Beings?"

"It's useless even if they have large numbers. The outcome is not always decided by who has more troops..."

While the several top-rank True Gods discussed the situation among themselves, one of them excitedly exclaimed, "No matter what, these fierce beasts have all reached the sixth stage. Doesn't it mean that the upper stages are empty?"

"Yes! You're right! It would no longer be dangerous when we pass through the upper stages later," another top-rank True God affirmed.

Leland acknowledged them with a nod. But his mind was still reeling from what happened in front of them, so he asked the strange fish beside him, "Do you know what happened?"

The strange fish had been motionless and stunned ever since it came back from the space channel. After Leland asked the question, it suddenly cried out in a strange way. Its eyes had glazed over, then it unexpectedly stepped forward and joined the army of beasts without looking back.

Leland's face darkened, as did his mood. He was soon lost in thought.

He knew that the strange fish was desperate to leave this place...

From what they had witnessed, it looked like all of the fierce beasts in the Abyss Demon Region had been under the control of someone...

The Flame War Horses coming from both sides of the mountains were not a threat to the Holy Beings.

A Holy Being from the Fang Clan blew a small puff of air. A layer of frost first settled over the summits of the mountain range that stretched for dozens of miles, then the entire mountain range became covered in white. As for the Flame War Horses, the flames on their backs had been extinguished instantly, at the same moment that their bodies had been frozen where they stood.

Hundreds of thousands of Flame War horses had been frozen on the mountainside while they were in mid-gallop.

But behind the group of Flame War Horses were a group of Ghost Dogs that were barking wildly.

"Behind us! There are also beasts!"

"There are so many of them! Can it be possible that all the fierce beasts of the entire Abyss Demon Region have gathered here?"

"It's highly probable. Take a look at the Ghost-faced Scorpions. They are ferocious beasts found on the second stage of the Abyss Demon Region. But they actually appeared here!"

The consummate True Gods had also been dumbfounded when they saw the scenario in front of them.

Fortunately, these beasts were easy to deal with. Even if they had a large number, they posed no threat to the warriors from the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. They would only end up slaughtered in massacre.

At that point, anyone would have realized that these beasts were no more than war fodder.

"Crack..."

"Rumble..."

It had only taken three to five Demi-holy Beings to kill all manner of fierce beasts that rushed at them from all directions; the beasts hadn't been able to even come near them.

Everyone in the group maintained a steady pace as they advanced forward while killing the fierce beasts...

At the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region, there was a huge altar

where blood gushed like water splashing out from a fountain...

Crimson light beamed from the skeletons that surrounded the altar from all sides.

As the blood congealed constantly, it turned into a huge figure. It was a fiend that had just died.

The altar was not only the place for the little fiends to be reincarnated, the other dead fiends could also be reincarnated here!

"Dong!"

Wordlessly, the fiend launched himself off the altar.

As soon as the previous fiend left the altar, another mass of congealed blood formed itself into a figure...

All those fiends that had died on the Desperation Plain were brought back to life one by one.

Fiends who had fought on the Desperation Plain had greatly varied strength levels. The strength of ordinary fiends was inferior to that of the fiend commanders, and the strength of the fiend commanders was much weaker than that of Gallio.

If a fiend died once, all the accumulated Faith Energy in their bodies was used up, and they started all over again at the same level.

For example, fiend commanders who were already up to one or two thousand feet in height returned to a height of a hundred feet. Their strength returned to the level of an ordinary fiend after they had lost the Faith Energy; their power was greatly decreased compared to the level they had before they died.

"Bang Bang Bang..."

Fiends were continuously revived on the altar and they slowly made their way down, one by one.

The last mass of congealed blood kept scintillating, until it finally formed into a fiend that was over a hundred feet high again.

This figure became the center of attention; all fiends stared at it with a strange expression on their faces.

It was Gallio.

The longer a fiend stayed in the Abyss Demon Region and absorbed the Faith Energy, the more their power grew.

Gallio was considered to be one of the powerful fiends because he had the ability to absorb other people's Faith Energy, while his could not be absorbed by others!

Aside from Gallio, there were three other powerful fiends who had become progressively stronger over the years. The level of their strength was way beyond that of ordinary fiends, so they naturally became leaders.

But today, Gallio was actually killed...

The fiends whispered among each other.

"Shut up!" Gallio looked down upon the other lesser fiends and swept his gaze over the crowd. He spoke in an indifferent voice, "You wait here!"

The current Gallio was not the powerful Gallio that he used to be. His strength was no different from that of ordinary fiends!

But he still held a position of authority in the hearts of the fiends. All of the other fiends shut their mouths immediately.

Gallio descended the altar slowly and headed straight towards the Fiend Hall in the distance.

Chapter 2776 A Cold Voice

Gallio had been preoccupied with a lot of thoughts.

Once the big fiends died, they would lose all the Faith Energy they had gathered. Gallio had first-hand experience about losing everything by now.

Knowing he had prestige in the past, those damn little fiends were still respectful to Gallio.

Unsure if it was worth it, Gallio had been left with no choice but to gamble on it.

Undoubtedly, losing his strength made him feel humiliation.

Bang!

Hitting the door with his fist, Gallio broke it open.

The loud noise from the door was enough to call everyone's attention. Stuart and the other two big fiends in the hall immediately turned and found Gallio standing by the door.

As they saw that Gallio had become much smaller than before, the muscles on their faces twitched and they burst into laughter.

"Hahaha..."

"What a strange scene to behold! You have become so small!"

The room roared as everyone started laughing at the sight of Gallio.

Hiding in the corner, the little fiends also let out a shrill laughter.

"How could Master Gallio become so small?"

"But he is still bigger than us!"

"In size, but in terms of strength, he must be very weak, right?"

Those little fiends danced around the room. Unlike other fiends, they were vicious creatures refined by the fiend race through some special methods. They never relied on the Faith Energy to survive.

Therefore, their strength would not be weakened even after they got killed by Holy Beings.

"Phew!"

Pride sighed, flashing above Gallio's head.

Even though Gallio was now only more than a hundred feet high, he was still a colossal sight to these dwarf-like fiends.

However, in terms of strength, Pride was clearly more powerful than him now.

Gallio used to bully these seven little fiends in the past. So now that he became much smaller and weaker, they naturally made reprisals.

"Master Gallio, it appears that you've become sluggish,"

Pride teased from above.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh.

Seeing this, the other fiends also flew over and stood on Gallio's head.

"Get off me!" Gallio roared, wearing a long face.

"Haha, you are so weak now," another fiend exclaimed. "You no longer have the right to order us."

These little fiends were so dexterous that even the Holy Beings needed to use their spiritual senses to capture them. With Gallio's current status, he could do nothing to them.

Hearing the fiend's teasing words, Gallio became furious. "You damn guys! You are courting your death!"

Although Gallio was already fuming mad, the little fiends still did not restrain at all. They used to be afraid of the strong and powerful Gallio in the past, but after he got weaker, they realized he was no match for them now.

"Leave him alone!"

Stretching out his arms from beside the round table, Stuart gently waved towards Gallio's head.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With Stuart's flick, the little fiends shot like sharp arrows and fell on the wall on the side of the hall.

Gallio jumped up and stood on his chair.

He was too small to sit on that huge chair now. He could only lean against the back of the chair and warned, "It's your turn!"

Seeing how Gallio ended up, both Stuart and the other two big fiends had a subtle change in their expressions.

They all knew that in the Abyss Demon Region, strength meant everything.

The strongest could eat everything and obtain everything they wanted. This was the same reason why the four of them stood at the top of the food chain.

Suddenly falling from the top of the pyramid, Gallio felt a sharp pain in his heart.

"In order to leave the Abyss Demon Region, isn't it too much for us to pay such a price?" A hint of sadness reflected in Stuart's eyes.

"What do you mean? Do you want to go back on your words?" Gallio asked, his face showing a touch of sternness.

If the other three big fiends changed their minds, there was nothing that Gallio could do.

Though he was still one of the four big fiends, his identity fell short of the reality after he lost his strength.

"Actually, it's not bad to maintain the old order," answered another big fiend. "At the very least, we have plenty to eat and drink in the Abyss Demon Region."

"Can you ward off the Holy Beings?" Gallio howled. He was expecting they would say that.

"We can sit down and have a nice talk," Stuart said with a smile, but that did not come out funny.

Bang!

The sound came off as Gallio punched the big livid round table.

Given his current strength, Gallio could only make a small crack on the big table, making him feel quite powerless. At the same time, he felt that all the fiends had betrayed him.

If only Stuart had said that earlier, he wouldn't have used the "Demonic Crystal Explosion" to explode himself.

"Hahaha, Master Gallio is angry."

"Look at him. He looks like a clown!"

"It's useless to get angry if you're weak."

Gallio could hear how all those little fiends talked in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

After releasing his anger on the table, Gallio calmed down. He smiled at Stuart and the others before he said, "But don't forget, when we chose to take a risk, we agreed to cooperate with that woman. Do you think she will let it go easily?"

As the three big fiends realized what Gallio meant, a trace of fear initially registered on their faces.

"We can go back on our words," one of the big fiends answered calmly.

His name was Azazel. In terms of strength, Azazel was a bit stronger than Stuart and used to come next to Gallio, before Gallio lost his strength.

"Right." Stuart nodded. "Anyway, that woman can only live in the Sea of Meditation. How powerful can she be if she can't even prove her existence?"

In the Sea of Meditation, there were a lot of those domineering unknown creatures. The fiends did not dare to provoke them.

On the other hand, the fiends had always been the masters of the Abyss Demon Region.

Azazel's and Stuart's words made Gallio's heart sink.

This meant that his sacrifice would be meaningless. He would probably even lose his chair at the round table.

"That's unfair!" Gallio shouted, his voice sounding a little hoarse.

"Is there any fairness in our race? Hahaha..."

Hearing Stuart's question, Gallio was rendered speechless. Everyone in the room burst into laughter, including the little fiends on the wall, filling the hall with joy.

However, the next moment, the crowd stopped laughing.

A unique feeling spread through the hall.

As a wave of extreme fear started grabbing their hearts, even those little fiends on the wall became uneasy.

This familiar feeling could only exist in the Sea of Meditation. But now, they actually felt it in the hall!

"It's indeed unfair. Since you have chosen to cooperate with me, I won't give you a chance to back out now."

A cold female voice came from the middle of the round table, calling everyone's attention.

The smooth surface of the round table began to freeze. While the milky white frosty air continued to spread, many beautiful rectangular ice crystals formed on the table.

Soon, the temperature of the hall dropped sharply, making it like an extremely cold ice cellar.

Chapter 2777 Meet Your Death

In the furnace on the side of the hall, the blazing flames shrunk and were extinguished quickly. Even the ashes turned cold, leaving no trace of the warmth that once filled the hall.

Everyone stayed still, as if they were stuck in their positions. Some of the fiend servants hiding behind the fiends started trembling in fear.

Seeing how the place had been transformed, Stuart, Azazel and the other fiends looked sullen.

It was a familiar voice that they heard earlier.

It was the same voice that was hidden in the Sea of Meditation, taught the fiends to cultivate and made the fiend race develop to be powerful. Who would ever forget?

Under its guidance, the fiends learned how to control their emotions and completely take the seven emotions out of their bodies, turning them into the seven little fiends.

If not for this voice, the fiend race would not be able to make it this far.

For the same reason, the powerful fiends were able to stay in the Sea of Meditation to cultivate.

"Aren't you in the Sea of Meditation? How are you able to come out?" Stuart asked, clearly surprised to see their visitor.

The cold female voice replied, "When did I ever say that I can't leave the Sea of Meditation?"

Crack, crack, crack.

The sound filled the room as the ice on the smooth table grew thicker and thicker.

The fine ice crystals continuously gathered at the center of the table, rapidly growing like a plant.

Layer by layer, it grew until the ice crystals were about the same height as a person. Then, they transformed into a shape of a very attractive human figure.

Buzz!

With a beam of milky white light flashing, everyone was blinded for a while. As soon as the light started fading, the perfect body wrapped in a light blue cloak appeared before them.

Everyone was left speechless. The big fiends stared firmly at this body, including Gallio.

They initially thought she was like those unknown creatures who didn't have a body, and even could not prove their existence.

But today, her real body appeared right before their eyes.

The fiends yearned for the human civilization. They appreciated humans, so they imprisoned the female disciples of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

Coming from powerful clans, all those female disciples were originally gorgeous with unique temperament, and extremely outstanding in the entire divine land.

However, compared with this frosty, captivating body, they seemed very ordinary.

"Da!"

As the woman took a light step forward on the table, her white and tender toe tips gently touched the table, causing a huge hexagonal ice crystal to spread out from her foot. She then floated with her feet on the ice crystal.

"Who wanted to go back on their words just now?"

Floating in the air, she glanced at the several big fiends who stared back at her.

"Those guys and Stuart wanted to do that!"

Gallio jumped out and accused, not missing a beat.

Since these guys had betrayed him, Gallio would never care about their safety anymore even if they were all from the same race.

"I...I..."

Looking at the woman above the table, Stuart was a little flustered, but even under panic, he was able to secretly give a hint to those little fiends.

The woman was as small as an ant in comparison to Stuart's size, but he felt naturally nervous while facing her. He felt her eyes darted on him after Gallio had accused him of betrayal.

Before the woman could open her mouth to say something, a little fiend attached to the wall suddenly stepped on the round table. In a blink of an eye, he jumped on the edge of the round table again and rushed in front of the woman.

"Go to hell!"

the little fiend shouted with an evil smile.

Given his speed, no one was able to react!

However, as the little fiend approached the woman, it appeared that his movement started to get slower.

With every step he took, his speed was involuntarily cut down in half. By the time he was only twenty feet away from the woman, he floated in the air and moved at an extremely slow pace.

Looking at the ugly little fiend, the woman couldn't help showing a trace of disgust and contempt on her extremely beautiful face. She commented indifferently, "If the temperature is lowered to the extreme, all the movements will slow down. Since you don't want to stay outside, I guess you can go back now!"

She then stretched out a white finger and gently touched the little fiend's body.

Still floating in the air, the little fiend stopped moving. His small body began to expand rapidly to ten times its original size.

Puff!

With a sound of explosion, the little fiend immediately turned into beams of brown light, penetrating into the bodies of the other fiends present.

In a few moments, more rays of brown light rushed out of the Fiend Hall and penetrated into the bodies of the other fiends.

As soon as it was over, the woman cast a quick glance at the remaining six little fiends. They all restrained themselves and shivered together.

The rest of the little fiends knew that the little fiend called 'Pride' had truly died. This emotion was finally returned to the fiend race!

"At that time, I helped you release these emotions in order to make your fiend race grow stronger and end the chaos in the Abyss Demon Region," the woman said indifferently. "It seems that I did the right thing. You've led the entire Abyss Demon Region and led a very good life."

Staring back at Stuart, she continued, "It's a pity how you've forgotten that you're only the combination of the Faith Energy. None of you are real. To put it simply, you're just a group of illusory creatures!"

Although these fiends were powerful, they had never really come to this world. The traces they had left, their strength, and everything about them were just products of imagination.

"That's right. How can we be willing to stay in the Abyss Demon Region?" echoed Gallio.

"What if we are willing to be such illusory creatures?" asked Stuart, looking at the woman with a complicated expression.

A contemptuous smile appeared on the woman's cold face. She uttered, "The fierce beasts in the entire Abyss Demon Region have poured into the sixth stage and they are all going to be reborn. With that being said, they will be cutting off the Faith Energy in their own bodies at the same time. Do you think that you still have a choice?"

Stuart, Azazel and the other big fiends were all shocked with this news.

This woman had always guided them, but they thought that her guidance could only be confined within the Sea of Meditation.

They did not expect that this woman would be so powerful to control the fierce beasts of the entire Abyss Demon Region. Even the fiends couldn't do that. They could only subdue those intelligent vicious beasts but not control them.

"I will fulfill my promise. If I succeed, I will let you get out of the control of the Abyss Demon Region," the woman said calmly. Her eyes scanned the room for any violent reaction. "Now, should I kill you or should you go and meet your death before those Holy Beings?"

While they were hearing her limited options, the expressions on Stuart's and the other big fiends' faces immediately turned bitter.

Considering their sizes, these three big fiends were not unable to fight this woman.

It was just that they did not even have the courage to resist her head-on!

"Go ahead, Stuart. It is our original plan, isn't it?" Gallio finally spoke, beaming a gloating smile.

Chapter 2778 Reluctant Self-explosions

"But there will be tons of Faith Energy around. Can you really devour all of it?" Stuart questioned her, unwilling to give up.

Looking at him with cold eyes, the woman shook her head slightly and answered, "It's none of your business. Just do as I say."

The entire Abyss Demon Region was believed to be a negative Pool of Faith.

All dead beasts would release their extra Faith Energy.

Some of these Faith Energy would turn into divine might coins, while some would quietly nurture the entire Abyss Demon Region.

Therefore, over the years, the total amount of the Faith Energy in the Abyss Demon Region consistently increased. Although the rich clans had taken away divine might coins from the Abyss Demon Region, in comparison with the Faith Energy being replenished every year, it was just a negligible loss.

But this time, something strange happened in the Abyss Demon Region.

All the beasts, regardless whether they were powerful or weak, rushed to the Holy Beings one after another.

By committing suicide, they meant to willingly offer their Faith Energy. Instead of spreading in the Abyss Demon Region, their Faith Energy was collected by the woman.

After being stared at by the woman for a while, Stuart finally lowered his head and nodded helplessly. "Okay."

Gallio had led most of the fiends to offer their Faith Energy.

Currently, there were only a small number of fiends that still maintained their strength, and that included these three big fiends who possessed much Faith Energy.

"What do you think?" The woman tilted her head to stare at Azazel and another big fiend. Their eyes met hers, making them feel the cold stare of death.

Stuart had already given in to this woman, so there was no point for them to resist.

Moreover, they knew that this woman really had the ability to take them out of the Abyss Demon Region, so they nodded at the same time.

Meanwhile, another battle was starting between the lofty mountains on the sixth stage of the Abyss Demon Region.

Oink, oink, oink!

In the sky, countless two-winged fire bats rushed over in all directions. They swarmed around like bees.

"These fire bats are a bit concerning. Although they are not destructive to us, they have overwhelming explosive power. The explosion of a fire bat can cause injury even to Demi-holy Beings. And I can see there are hundreds of thousands of them around us now. We need to kill them on the periphery!" one of the Demi-holy Beings advised, feeling a bit scared upon seeing the two-winged fire bats.

The two-winged fire bats lurked in a lava cave on the second stage of the Abyss Demon Region. Although they often appeared in flocks, there were usually about a hundred of them. However, the lava cave was so deep that no one was willing to explore it. So seeing hundreds of thousands of them suddenly flying out in the open now was quite shocking.

"You can count on me!"

Zeke immediately confirmed, waving his hands as he jumped up in the air.

An enormous aura of soul pressure spread out from his body.

"The Great Dominance Technique!"

The soul pressure had no effect on all the members of the union of powerful clans, but it was quite effective when used to deal with the two-winged fire bats.

All of a sudden, each two-winged fire bat that was manipulated by Zeke's Great Dominance Technique turned around and hit the bat nearest to it.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The two-winged fire bats exploded, emitting a streak of dazzling light in the air, and creating a shock wave enough to shake the space around them.

As the Demi-holy Being explained earlier, the explosive power of the two-winged fire bats was terrifying.

Soon enough, more than a dozen fire bats nearby started exploding as well. The scene was too bloody to behold.

Although the other two-winged fire bats tried their best to avoid the shock waves caused by each explosion, they were soon manipulated by Zeke's Great Dominance Technique and exploded in quick succession.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The deafening explosions resounded in everyone's ears.

The crowd felt like they were watching fireworks, except there were no colorful display.

However, what the Holy Beings did not know was that the invisible and colorless Faith Energy left behind by each bat after it exploded was gathering just above the smoky air.

In addition to the two-winged fire bats above them, there were also all kinds of ferocious beasts running over on the ground.

The members of the union of powerful clans were still trapped here.

Of course, this was not a dilemma for the Holy Beings. After all, even if these beasts rushed from all directions, they were too weak for them to worry about. Even with their number, sometimes, it could still not be an advantage.

Thump!

A loud vibration suddenly sounded along with the explosions of the two-winged fire bats in the air.

Thump! Thump!

"Did you hear those footsteps?" Nicholas asked cautiously.

The other Holy Beings started to get serious. They did not believe that it would be so easy to deal with the fiends.

Soon, some huge figures appeared in front of Nicholas, causing his surprise.

"Three big fiends!" he warned the others.

"I'm afraid there will be another fierce battle!"

"Earlier, Nicholas went to great lengths to deal with Gallio. Now, three other big fiends appear out of nowhere."

Some consummate True Gods turned pale upon seeing the big fiends.

Even the Demi-holy Beings tried their best to maintain their calmness. Staying still, no one dared to start the attack.

However, the Holy Beings all wore an expectant look on their faces. After all, it was too boring to deal with the weak beasts in the Abyss Demon Region.

Their real opponents were only the big fiends.

Thump! Thump!

The three big fiends, including Stuart and Azazel, now stood in front of the members of the union of powerful clans.

However, compared to Gallio, they didn't seem interested to fight. Even Stuart, who was in the lead, seemed to avoid getting into a battle.

Nicholas and other Holy Beings could not help feeling curious, but they also became alert. They were afraid that the fiends would play tricks on them.

Just then, the Holy Beings were surprised when the fiends started something that they did not expect.

Looking at each other, the three big fiends smiled bitterly before stabbing their hands into their own chests all at the same time.

"They… What are they doing?"

"Are they trying to get themselves to explode?"

"Gallio did the same earlier. Why do they all try to explode themselves before we even have a fight?"

Countless thoughts flashed through the crowd's minds as they tried to make sense of it. No one knew what the fiends were doing.

Although they felt strange, almost everyone retreated as fast as they could, knowing that the power of these big fiends' self-explosions was too terrifying. If they happened to get caught in the explosions, they would probably be smashed into pieces.

Fortunately, the explosions this time gave them enough time to retreat and save themselves.

After the three big fiends' self-explosions, the impact that spread out was several times more terrifying than Gallio's.

The rolling mountains were crushed in a flash, having magma burst out from their bottoms like fiery dragons crazily brandishing the magma on the ground.

Although the members of the union of powerful clans had avoided the impact unharmed, they were dumbfounded, having no idea on what these three fiends were doing.

Chapter 2779 No Way Back

The self-destruction of the three big fiends blew open a huge hole.

The air from the bottom surged upwards and swirled with the hot air above the magma, creating whistling air currents.

"The three big fiends have blown themselves up."

"I can't believe it."

"I don't think any of the beasts remaining can fight against us, not for any reason they might have!"

The consummate True Gods and the Demi-holy Beings discussed the situation among themselves.

Rocher had also been dumbfounded as the scene unfolded in front of his eyes. An inkling of doubt made its way into his heart.

During their confrontation on the Desperation Plain earlier, the big fiend called Gallio had exploded into pieces, and they had been totally confused.

This was the fiends' home territory. Gallio could have escaped or even asked other fiends for help even though he couldn't defeat Nicholas.

If the four big fiends had joined forces and fought together, Nicholas and his companions wouldn't have had a chance to win against them.

The current situation had gotten unbelievably out of hand. The three big fiends that had just arrived had chosen to self-destruct.

'They... They must have been forced!'

The idea had come so suddenly into Rocher's mind.

But who had the power to force them to commit suicide? What had been the motive behind it?

If such a being, or even a certain force, had existed that had the power to command them to sacrifice themselves, it must have been extremely powerful.

"They were forced to explode,"

Nicholas confirmed when Rocher had come to this conclusion in his mind.

"Right." Murphy nodded slightly in agreement. "It was obvious that it was not their own will."

Nicholas narrowed his eyes and looked forward. "The bottom of the Abyss Demon Region is a huge trap. Something is definitely luring us into this trap, but its intention evades me."

The faces of Zeke, Clark, and the other Holy Beings darkened in foreboding.

All of them agreed with Nicholas.

They needed to be in control of the Abyss Demon Region during this trip. They had to push through this path even though they already knew that there was a trap set for them.

The only other choice that they had was to retreat and leave the Abyss Demon Region immediately. There were several of them that had thought about leaving, but they were afraid to voice it out directly.

After he took a deep breath, Murphy bravely suggested, "How about we give up for now?"

Nicholas' eyes had scintillated slowly as they turned a pensive color.

More than a few moments later, he shook his head and said, "Give up? We can't afford to give up now."

The masters that Zen had brought back with him had been waiting on standby outside the divine land, and they could have charged into the divine land at any given time.

It had been very difficult for Nicholas to rely for help on Yellow Emperor Guards like Hamish. If worse came to worst, he had to utilize the power of the divine land. He had almost reached his destination in the Abyss Demon Region.

It would have been preposterous to give up now for any possible reason!

"I don't care what awaits us ahead. Whatever it is, I will burn it!" Clark laughed when he heard Nicholas' words. "What are you afraid of?"

"You have a point. We are in the divine land, after all. The beasts would always be weaker than us!" Murphy's eyes lit up.

It had cost them a lot of their power to deal with a big fiend, but they still hadn't used their trump cards.

If they had been forced to use their full power, their collective strength would not have been something to underestimate.

"Nicholas, I'll always be by your side even if I have to risk my life!"

"At the worst case scenario, we can always rebuild our bodies in the universes!"

"…"

Since these three Holy Beings had already made up their minds, the other Holy Beings also took a stand for their positions regarding the matter. The Holy Beings had nothing to lose as they could not really be killed. The worst that could have happened was for them to return to the universes to rebuild their bodies.

However, the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods were hesitant.

The Holy Beings had not been afraid of death as they wouldn't have died anyway.

Based on their strength, Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods were much inferior to Holy Beings. If they had died, they wouldn't have had a way to be resurrected.

'If they already know it's a trap, why do they want us to join them?'

'Anyway, we can't offer much help now. We'd better leave.'

'Do they want us to die with them?'

These had been the thoughts that went through the minds of the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods. They didn't really want to go on, but none of them had dared to voice out their thoughts.

The Holy Beings had always been sensitive to things. They knew what the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods had thought even though they didn't speak out.

Nicholas looked back at the others and told them, "This trip is a very risky gamble. If we lose in our gamble, there is a high chance that we might die. You can't return to life if you die. If you want to back out now, you may choose to leave."

With those words, he had glanced at Troy and Rocher. He told them, "Troy, Lowell, I need you to go with me. Don't worry. I will protect you."

Troy and Rocher nodded in confirmation.

The forbidden lands could only be controlled by consummate True Gods. For Nicholas to succeed, he would have needed a consummate True God.

"Rachelle, come with me," Murphy said.

"Yes, Father," said Rachelle, as she took a step forward and into the air.

The other Holy Beings likewise had given their orders. Every one of them had to have a consummate True God as a companion.

"I'm afraid no one is able to leave,"

Samuel whispered to himself as he had been watching the thick fog rolling in the sky.

The thick fog had drifted over the Abyss Demon Region for innumerable years already. It was like a thick piece of cotton gauze that obstructed all the light in the sky.

Throughout the years, the thick fog had been unchanged. But then, it slowly began to swirl as it formed a huge whirlpool.

The center of the whirlpool had been directly above the Holy Beings' heads.

At the same time, a wave suddenly stirred up on the surface of the Sea of Meditation.

The surface of the black water had been as smooth as a mirror. The strength of the force did not matter; it would have just disappeared into the black water without any trace.

But at that moment, unseen tornadoes had forced the black water into the air and formed an amazing spectacle of a dragon siphoning water.

The black water had touched the gray fog, and similar to a drop of ink that dripped into rice paper, it had made a large area of the fog black. The sky of the Abyss Demon Region had considerably darkened a bit more.

"Buzz!"

A dazzling beam of light suddenly shot out from the fog and landed in an area not far from where everyone had stood.

After the three fiends had self-destructed, a large opening had been opened on the road in front of them. That opening was the entrance to the seventh stage of the Abyss Demon Region.

When the white column had struck down, the cold air rushed in. It had cut the space behind the group and blocked their way completely.

"Hmm. It seems that you are determined to win." Murphy had looked at the entrance to the seventh stage of the Abyss Demon Region as he spoke, a cold smile upon his lips.

It had been an undoubtedly arrogant challenge to them to have their route of retreat cut off in such a grand gesture!

"We will see who will laugh in the end," Nicholas said coldly.

He had immediately transformed into a streak of light, his hands behind his back, and shot forward.

The other members of the group had been really hesitant to go forward in this trip. But since their retreat had been cut off, they were left with no other choice but to follow Nicholas.

Chapter 2780 The Deadly Light Column

The seventh stage of the Abyss Demon Region was the lair of the fiends.

Originally, this had been the entire Abyss Demon Region, but as the years went on, the region had expanded all around this area.

When the white column of light fell down from the sky, the temperature of the fiends' lair suddenly decreased.

"Why is the temperature so low?"

"What happened?"

"What is that white light?"

Apart from the several big fiends, the rest of the fiends, including the fiend commanders, didn't know what had happened.

They were at a loss on seeing this abnormal phenomenon.

Crack, crack!

A huge crack suddenly appeared on the surface of the Fiend Hall which was ten thousand feet high.

Crack, crack...

It was as if a giant invisible hand was tearing apart the Fiend Hall.

The Fiend Hall was slashed into two in the blink of an eye!

Seeing this bizarre scene made the ferocious Ghost Dogs feel an inexplicable fear, so they began roaring and howling loudly in their cages, wanting to escape.

"Ah..."

Some of the human women who had been imprisoned in the Fiend Hall were free now. However, they had been here for so long that they had forgotten how to escape; instead, they hid in the corners, shrieking in fear.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

In front of the Fiend Hall, a thin and transparent tip popped out of the flat square.

As the square continued to crack, a transparent crystal palace rose out of the ground.

However, this crystal palace was like the tip of the iceberg. It was only the entrance of the underground palace.

Buzz...

As the palace rose from underground, cold air enveloped the surface of the fiends' lair, forming a thin layer of ice.

Whoosh...

A beautiful human woman walked out of the collapsed door of the Fiend Hall.

She set her feet on the thin layer of ice and glided to the front door of the palace.

A stream of milky-white cold air followed her as she moved. In the meantime, a crystal throne appeared. She gently sat down on the throne and looked into the distance.

When Nicholas rushed over from the gap and saw the dilapidated Fiend Hall, he frowned slightly and his eyes finally fell on the mysterious woman.

After seeing her sitting so confidently on the throne, he immediately guessed that the fiends were probably under this woman's control.

"Who are you?" he asked, staring intently at her.

"You're too slow. I've been waiting for such a long time. Even the great fiends like Gallio aren't that strong, and it couldn't have been that difficult to kill them. Are you really considered the strongest Holy Being in the divine land?" the woman mocked. Then, she leaned back against the ice throne and gently shook her delicate head with disdain in her beautiful eyes.

"If I used my full strength, I could have killed Gallio on my own," said Nicholas as he stared at the woman with a gleam in his eyes. "But why does any of that matter to you?"

The woman curled her lips and said in a cold but pleasant voice, "Of course it matters to me. You came to the Abyss Demon Region in order to control it, right?"

"Yes," answered Nicholas without any hesitation.

In his opinion, whether he was facing a ferocious monster or a human being, as long as he could keep his opponent satisfied, there was no need to fight!

"Do you know what is controlling the Abyss Demon Region?" the woman asked in a sweet voice, playing with a strand of her hair.

No one could answer this question.

Although Nicholas had plotted for a long time in order to control the Abyss Demon Region, he didn't even know what the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region was like.

Only after exploring the bottom of a forbidden area could one discover its secrets and control its weapon.

For example, everyone had learned about the scepter in the Soul Wilderness only after Estelle had found it.

Forget Nicholas, even the fiends hadn't known about it!

The woman's eyes revealed a trace of pity. "You don't even know this. How dare you think about controlling the Abyss Demon Region?"

"Humph! Nobody has ever been to this damned place before. It's our first time here, so it's natural for us to not know that!" Clark yelled as he glared at the woman.

Although the woman was gorgeous in appearance, she had an evil aura about her. With his temperament, Clark would normally have immediately smashed her with his bare hands. But now, he stayed still and followed what Nicholas had said.

"Haha..."

When the woman heard Clark's words, she gently pressed her legs together and pointed at Clark.

Buzz!

A bright white light shot down from the cloud in the sky.

The last time this beam of light had come down, it had been very far away from the Holy Beings. All they had been able to see was a flash of light, so they hadn't taken it seriously at all.

But now, the Holy Beings finally realized the amount of momentum contained in the light!

It was simply an irresistible force.

"I'm not afraid of you!"

Clark's eyes widened and he too began to fight fiercely.

A flame shot out from his chest and enveloped his whole body.

The burning heat surged around him so much that all the Holy Beings standing nearby had to dodge.

"The Sacred Twilight Flame!"

The flame that was coming out of Clark's chest consisted of three colors: red, purple, and black.

The three colors were mixed together, emitting an unparalleled aggressiveness.

The flames in the divine land were nurtured by the Elementary Fire Godly Way. As a result, they could form innumerable flames of various shapes, but in the end, all the flames had to submit to the tricolor flame.

Even Holy Beings like Zeke and Murphy had fear on their faces when they saw the tricolor Sacred Twilight Flame.

They had never expected Clark to secretly hide such a great theurgy.

Clark might be more proficient in the Elementary Fire Godly Way than anyone else.

When the Sacred Twilight Flame condensed, it spiraled into a vertical column of flame and shot straight into the falling column of light straightly.

However, just at that moment, Nicholas reached out to grab Clark!

When he reached out his hand to touch Clark, the Sacred Twilight Flame on Clark's chest was pushed away by a strange force. Then, Nicholas grasped Clark's clothes without any hindrance and pulled him abruptly to the side.

Buzz!

The falling column of light had completely eaten up the tricolor Sacred Twilight Flame without so much as slowing down.

Although Nicholas had pulled Clark away, it was too late; the light column grazed Clark's shoulder before hitting the ground.

With a gentle stroke of the light column, Clark's right arm disappeared.

The light column had quietly devoured both Clark's flame and his right arm.

They never expected such an inconspicuous attack was fatal.

As the woman observed this whole scene, her eyes were filled with ridicule, but she was still a little surprised. "Not bad. You are worthy of being the leader of these people after all. But do you know what's going to happen in a few seconds?"

Chapter 2781 The Resentment

Nicholas didn't reply to the woman. He just sneered and attacked.

Crack...

A black claw print shot out of his hand, penetrating the space between him and the woman.

The claw print seemed ordinary, but the power contained in it was extremely terrible. Any opponent, even a Holy Being, would have to go all out to defend against it, let alone counterattack.

However, the woman just raised her eyebrows lightly.

With a flick of her finger, another white light as thick as an arm fell from the sky and collided with the black claw print.

Puff!

The two forces collided with a muffled sound and then disappeared quickly.

Nicholas immediately furrowed his eyebrows, but the woman just smiled. She didn't take him seriously at all.

Just now, Clark had been at a disadvantage when fighting with the woman, so Nicholas hadn't wanted to let down his guard in this fight.

He had known that he couldn't hurt this woman seriously, but he had to save face, so when he had attacked her, he had used almost all of his strength. Nevertheless, she had easily avoided his attack. Her strength was beyond his expectation.

Although Nicholas had launched a surprise attack, the woman did not seem to be irritated.

The smile on her face was still warm, and she said softly, "It's not time to fight yet. Let's get back to the topic just now. Aren't you looking for the supreme treasure of belief to control the Abyss Demon Region?"

"Yes." There was a strange expression in Nicholas's eyes.

"I have it," the woman said coyly.

Hearing this, the Holy Beings present were taken aback.

Was this woman so powerful because she was in possession of the supreme treasure of belief that they wanted?

Everyone's eyes burned with desire, especially those of the consummate True Gods. If they managed to obtain the supreme treasure of belief, their strength and status would instantly be on a par with Nicholas's, and might even surpass his.

"If you are willing to hand over the supreme treasure of belief, we can cooperate," said Nicholas, casting a deep, significant glance at the woman. "I will satisfy you as much as I can in the divine land."

"Really?" the woman asked, her face revealing a trace of expectation.

Seeing her expression, Nicholas felt happy for the first time after he met her. He didn't know where this woman was from, but he had a bad feeling about her. But with his status and influence, maybe he could really convince her to hand over the supreme treasure of belief to him.

"Yes, you have my word." Nicholas nodded cautiously. "I am the most excellent one among all the Holy Beings. I'm afraid if I can't do something, no one can!"

"All right, help me wipe out all the divine citizens and all the True Gods in the divine land." The woman's eyes were full of ruthlessness and ferocity.

"What?!"

"She wants to kill all the divine citizens in the divine land? Is she crazy?"

"It is normal for a mad woman to say something like that, isn't it?"

After hearing the woman's request, many people began to whisper.

What she had asked for was too much! They would never do it even if they could.

Sure, the alliance of the wealthy clans wanted to dominate the divine land, but they were still members of the divine land. No matter how crazy they were, they would never do such a thing.

However, the woman had said those words in a completely serious tone. There was no chance that she had just been joking.

Nicholas's face froze. "I wonder what kind of feud you have with the divine citizens in the divine land," he said helplessly.

There was a wide range of divine citizens, including True Gods and Holy Beings.

Did this mean that the woman had enmity with all the people of the divine land?

"Because you don't deserve this world. You don't have the right..." The woman stopped herself before she finished. Then she changed the subject. "There's no point in talking anymore. The supreme treasure of belief is in my ice palace. If you want to take it, you'll have to go and get it. Let's see if you have the strength and luck."

With that, she rose from her throne of ice crystals, which shattered into pieces and turned into ice dregs as if on cue. Then, she stepped on these ice dregs and slowly opened the gate of the ice palace.

Before entering the ice palace, she suddenly said, "But you have no other choice!"

Then, she disappeared inside the ice palace.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The huge cloud above the Abyss Demon Region began spinning even more rapidly.

The black fog had already completely enveloped the sixth and seventh stages of the Abyss Demon Region. The entire region seemed to have fallen into eternal night.

Just then, a flame appeared on the wound on Clark's right shoulder.

As the flame continued to condense, it faintly turned into an arm.

While he was healing himself, he kept cursing the woman.

"Shall we go in?" Murphy asked Nicholas.

Nicholas nodded. "There is no other way. Of course we have to go in."

Then, he led the group toward the entrance of the ice palace.

Although everyone knew that they had no choice but to follow Nicholas, most of them were pulling long faces.

Who knew what exactly they would find in the ice palace?

The strength that the woman showed had been enough to frighten everyone. And now, they were entering her lair. They could only imagine the danger they were about to face.

Samuel was the only one who was as calm as usual.

Splash...

Most of the black water in the vast Sea of Meditation had been drawn out.

There was a big bubble floating on the surface of the black water. Sword Chen stood above this bubble, watching the strange movement in the sky.

'How could this be?

Half of the water in the Sea of Meditation has been drawn out. Does it have anything to do with Zen?' he wondered.

Sword Chen had helped Zen use the force of primitive fear in the Sea of Meditation, but they had been targeted by the Devils from the very beginning.

At first, Sword Chen had thought that it was a coincidence, but later, he had realized that they had been aiming for Zen.

There were a lot of unknown creatures in the Sea of Meditation, but most of them were not that powerful or intelligent. With the protection of the Scorching Gold, they didn't have to be afraid of the unknown creatures. The Devils, however, were a different matter. Whoever encountered them would be in great trouble.

However, the Devils were few and far between. Sword Chen had been wandering around in the Sea of Meditation for so many years, but he had seen them only a few times.

On the other hand, Zen had encountered a group of Devils almost as soon as he had entered the Sea of Meditation.

What a coincidence it was! Zen was really unlucky.

'Maybe Zen's blood attracts the attention of the unknown creatures. Wait, that can't be. What does Zen's blood have to do with the Abyss Demon Region?'

A myriad of thoughts had crowded Sword Chen's mind when he swam to the bottom of the sea to look for Zen repeatedly, but he couldn't find him.

If Zen really died in the Sea of Meditation, what should he do?

Looking at the madly rotating whirlpool in the distance, he gritted his teeth and finally made up his mind. With a light step on the bubble beneath his feet, he flew toward the center of the Abyss Demon Region.

Chapter 2782 Purpose

Sword Chen was naturally afraid of the big fiends but at this given critical moment, he could not care any less about such concern.

Through Zen's words, he had learned the true intention of Nicholas and his group.

He had been hidden in the Abyss Demon Region for so many years, but he didn't just live his life to survive. He also had great ambitions!

Even it meant that he had to face the threat of the Holy Beings and of the fiends, he didn't have the slightest hesitation at all.

"Whoosh!"

It was of no surprise that he faced no obstructions along the way...

After all, every fierce beasts in the entire Abyss Demon Region had been exterminated. Right after the fierce beasts released the superfluous Faith Energy, they had returned to their respective lairs and waited to get revived.

After travelling for some distance, it was not long before he saw the huge opening.

Noticing how the opening looked like made him gasp in astonishment. He couldn't believe his eyes!

What intense explosion could cause such a huge opening?

Without doubt, it was difficult for him to imagine the scene when the three fiends had self-detonated...

After observing the opening for a while, he leaped and flew directly to the seventh stage through it. It didn't take a long time before he was near the broken Fiend Hall. Getting closer, he suddenly caught a glimpse of a large group of fiends!

"These fiends..."

Seeing the fiends made his heart beat for a pause as he felt nervous. By reflex, he wanted to find a place to hide.

But as he looked at them closely, he noticed that the fiends he was looking at right now were different from the fiends he had encountered before. They were very short in size, only over a hundred feet tall.

Staying in the Abyss Demon Region for many years had made him gain more knowledge about the fiends. He learned that the powerful fiends usually had absorbed enough Faith Energy, making them constantly strengthen themselves, so their bodies were incomparably tall. Fiends at a powerful level were specially about six or seven thousand feet tall!

As Sword Chen showed himself to the fiends, their eyes immediately widened in alarm.

They had dared come over only after knowing that the members of the alliance of the rich and powerful clans on the Floating Islands had entered the ice palace.

They were very upset when they were forced to release the Faith Energy, as they were incompetent under that woman's oppression.

However in the end, they didn't choose to escape...

They had already turned in their Faith Energy and even if they were killed again, there would be no loss.

"Phew!"

Assessing that the situation was affirmative on his side, Sword Chen was no longer afraid. His figure flashed and stopped on the main entrance of the ice palace. He grabbed a fiend and asked, "Where are the Holy Beings?"

"Can't you see it yourself? They were lured in by that bitch!" the fiend answered impatiently.

At this moment, the fiends' emotion was in deep complication. They were unwilling to submit to this woman but on the other hand, if this woman could really succeed, they indeed had a chance to leave the Abyss Demon Region!

"Woman? Lured in?"

Sword Chen repeated as his face showed a trace of confusion.

Just when he arrived at the front of the ice palace, he had a strange feeling rising from his heart.

He threw the fiend away and walked straight to the main entrance, waving his hand at the same time as he took out a long sword.

This sword was the sword Zen had inserted into the Sea of Meditation. Since there was a subtle connection between Zen and the sword, he tried to use it to find out Zen's location and whether he was still alive.

He had never sensed any hint of Zen's existence when he was in the Sea of Meditation. But now, the sword gave out a ripple of reaction!

'Zen is in the ice palace? How did he leave the Sea of Meditation?'

His eyes lit up at the thought. Without hesitation, he pushed the door open and rushed in. He was faced against the cold air that came from within.

Splash...

Dozen layers of crystal clear ceilings were smashed with an extreme force. It was a hit by Zen's punch.

A huge hole was created and Zen swiftly went through it.

The ice palace wasn't a magic array, that was why the damaged walls and ceilings had not been repaired and restored by themselves. It was left as it was.

No matter how big the ice palace was, it still had an end. Zen believed that he would be able to leave as soon as he chose a direction and kept moving forward.

"Whoosh!"

The phantom behind him also had followed closely.

"You don't have to waste your time. I think you'd better obediently wait for my master to come," the phantom said to Zen.

Zen just ignored it and continued to dig down.

"Bang!"

"Clatter..."

Countless ice crystals scattered and fell down like flowers sent from the heavens.

Although he was busy with the digging, he still kept an eye over the phantom's action. When he noticed that it was once again coming closer, he quickly turned over and leaped into the air. He moved his arm as he threw a punch.

"Phew!"

The phantom received a punch and was immediately thrown thousands of feet away...

Despite that, Zen's punch still failed to hurt the phantom. Since he didn't use the Wild God Power, their strength was almost on the same level.

But his sole purpose for the hit was not to kill. He just wanted to distance himself from this phantom.

Not wasting any time, he turned around and continued to dig down. He had already gotten through many layers...

Underneath his feet, there was still the transparent ice palace layers upon layers, as if there was no end.

"I told you not to waste your energy." The phantom's voice suddenly sounded as it once again caught up with him.

Zen frowned. He stared at the phantom and asked, "Then tell me, who on earth is your master?"

"It's me..."

Just at the right time, a voice was heard from above.

Zen raised his head and saw a beautiful woman with fair skin sitting at the edge of the hole in the ceiling.

This large hole was the hole he had just created.

"Who are you?" He instantly asked unperturbed as he stared at the woman with a cold expression.

With a faint smile on her face, the woman jumped down from the ceiling.

"Da!"

With her slender legs slightly bending, she landed steadily beside the phantom in Zen's image.

"I am what I am..."

She answered as she hugged the phantom in Zen's image.

The phantom looked like it had completely submitted itself to the woman. Its arms stretched out as it gently stroked the woman's smooth and fair-skinned face.

To be honest, seeing a person who looked exactly the same as himself being so intimate with a totally strange woman, Zen felt a strange feeling rising in his heart.

He threw the strange emotion aside and asked, "Why did you lock me here?"

The woman raised her neck and seemed to enjoy the caress of the phantom in Zen's image. She narrowed her eyes and said indifferently, "Because you are the only Nine Li member I met in all these years! I was so lucky to meet you in the black water!"

So it turned out that it was really because of his bloodline.

Zen's speculation was the same as that of Sword Chen.

Sword Chen had stayed in the black water for so many years and everything was fine even with the unknown things around him. Then the moment he appeared, why did things suddenly change?

It was confirmed that it might have something to do with Zen's bloodline.

"Even if I'm a member of the Nine Li race, what's your purpose of trapping me here?" Zen still continued to ask.

The woman paused and brushed off the phantom's arm. She then walked slowly towards him.

A burning excitement couldn't be concealed in her eyes. As she approached Zen, she reached out her hand and gently rubbed his chest. She lowered her eyes and said, "After I get a real body, leave the Abyss Demon Region and cleanse the entire divine land, I will be able to carry on the bloodline of the Nine Li race with you. What do you think? Isn't my purpose wonderful?"

Chapter 2783 The Black Mist

Was this woman mad?

Zen stood still on the spot hearing her words which made him flabbergasted. "Cleanse the entire divine land? What do you want to get rid of?"

"All arrogant humans," the woman answered seriously.

"You mean you want to kill everyone?" Zen asked as he couldn't comprehend why was the woman thinking about such a plan.

The woman raised her head and stared at Zen's eyes. Her eyes flashed with a gleam as she said earnestly, "That's for sure! What do you think?"

Confirming that the woman was indeed serious, he tried his best to calm down.

He collected his thoughts about what the woman had said. She just mentioned that she wanted to find a way to own a real body, which meant that she herself had been relying on the Faith Energy. It also signified that she was a monster born in the Abyss Demon Region.

From what he had experienced in the Sea of Meditation, Zen believed that it was very likely that this woman was born in the Sea of Meditation. Was it possible that she was also an unknown fearful thing?

"Why do you want to kill all the humans?" he asked again.

The expression on the woman's face changed as a vicious light flashed once more. "Because the divine land belongs to our Nine Li race! How could we let these insects without our race's blood control the divine land? Our Nine Li race should have been the real Holy Beings in the divine land! But such positions have been occupied by those humble nobodies. They all should die!"

"But you are not a person of the Nine Li race, either. You also don't have Chiyou's blood," stated Zen.

It was only him and Lorena who really had the Nine Li race's blood in the divine land.

The woman in front of him wasn't even a real living creature, so naturally she was not considered as someone with the Nine Li race's blood.

The woman was unaffected by Zen's rebuttal and just smiled faintly. Her gaze continued to linger at Zen revealing a hint of passion, as if she was looking at her true love. "So it's really lucky for me to find you in the Sea of Meditation. Having you, I can own the Nine Li race's blood."

Zen sensed that the woman did not show any enmity towards him, but her gaze still made him feel creepy. Why would such a strange woman be born in the Sea of Meditation?

Just then, Zen suddenly felt a tremor under his feet.

"Bang!"

An explosive sound came from afar.

The sound was heard from far away, but it still spread out such heavy power. One could imagine that there must be some powerful masters in the upper part recklessly destroying the ice palace.

"What's that sound?" Zen was disturbed as he raised his head and looked into the distance.

The woman smiled and answered, "Those Holy Beings have entered the palace."

"How did they find this ice palace?" His eyebrows slightly raised as a look of vigilance appeared in his eyes.

The woman might not have some good intentions but she wouldn't kill Zen for the time being. However, the moment he would meet Nicholas, he could be in trouble!

She then indifferently glanced at Zen and confessed, "I let them in!"

"Let them in? Why?" Zen asked and wondered what the woman could be planning.

However, she didn't respond and simply said, "You wait here..."

For her, Zen had no decisive effect on what would happen next in her eyes. After all, the most important for her was the blood in his body.

Saying the words for Zen to stay, she slightly tapped the tip of her toes as her body had instantly passed through the ice and shot upward.

Meanwhile in the upper part of the ice palace, the Holy Beings had successfully entered the ice palace and decided to explore down after a period of bewilderment.

The woman had provided such useful information. And as she said that the supreme treasure of belief that could control the Abyss Demon Region was located at the ice palace, they didn't mind digging into the entire palace!

They had been digging for quite some time, and only then did they discover how huge the ice palace was.

After several Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods took turns to take action, Clark got impatient and wanted to have a try.

He put his feet on the crystal clear ice surface and suddenly punched downwards!

"Bang!"

Cold air was originally surrounding the area, but because of the hit, a scorching heat spread in all directions immediately dispelling it.

The ice walls surrounding Clark had dissolved quickly.

Following after, a circular fire column descended!

The ground and ceiling of the ice palace could not withstand such a blow. In an instant, massive white mist had arose!

It all happened in the blink of an eye, and a passage of about fifty to sixty thousand feet long was right away dug out by Clark!

The fire column continued to crack down and halted to a stop until it reached sixty thousand feet.

It wasn't because Clark had restrained himself a bit while giving that blow or he was exhausted. As long as his internal momentum was abundant, the fire column could extend indefinitely in theory.

He turned his gaze from the fire column. As he looked into the big hole, the expression on his face suddenly froze.

"That woman has blocked my fire below..."

During the previous encounter, he had lost his arm just after one round. Now seeing this woman, he was naturally full of fear.

"Let's go downwards!"

Without any hesitation, Nicholas jumped off the big hole dug out by Clark.

Despite knowing that the woman was quite powerful, Nicholas wouldn't flinch and back out.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Seeing his bold move, the others had followed suit and jumped off.

All along, the woman was just leisurely seated at the bottom. As she saw the Holy Beings flying down in the air, her lips curved up slightly. She stretched out her finger and knocked on an ice column beside her.

"Buzz..."

The black mist over the Abyss Demon Region rapidly moved downwards and drilled into the ice palace.

The first one who found the abnormal situation was Sword Chen.

He was the last one to enter the ice palace. Upon entering, he sensed Zen's location by the help of the sword that Zen had inserted in the Sea of Meditation.

It didn't took a long time before he finally determined Zen's sole position, and he suddenly got stunned. "The ice palace is so big."

He felt a bit relieved confirming Zen's presence. As long as he held the sword, he could always sense his location.

However, before he could go down two or three layers, a thick black mist had suddenly surged in from outside of the ice palace!

The black mist not only spread in the space of the palace, but also in the ice blocks. The crystal clear building suddenly corrupted and changed to black as charcoal.

"What kind of mist is this?"

Sword Chen was soon lost in the black mist.

As he sank into the black mist, a strong sense of fear rose from the bottom of his heart!

"The force of primitive fear?"

He halted going down as the surrounding area was gradually enveloped by darkness. The situation made him confused and alert at the same time. All of a sudden, he felt a gust of cold wind blowing from behind, as if a ghost was blowing on his back.

Without any second thought, he flew forward and at once, a small gold piece was taken out of his space ring.

The small gold piece was the 'Scorching Gold' that was used in the dark water.

The Scorching Gold released a ray of dazzling golden light. It eventually helped him scare the unknown things hiding in the darkness away.

Sword Chen breathed a sigh of relief as his sense of fear disappeared at that moment.

It seemed that after the dark water had been sucked into the sky, it had now spread down. This meant that the ice palace had also turned into another dark water area. It was fortunate that he had quite a few pieces of Scorching Gold on his hands. Otherwise, it would be troublesome.

Chapter 2784 Cloning

Sword Chen had wielded the Scorching Gold which emitted a radiant light, so he didn't worry about the unknown creatures that lurked in the black mist.

The others, on the contrary, weren't as lucky.

The black mist seeped in from everywhere and obstructed all the light sources. Everyone was enveloped by the darkness.

"It's so dark that I can't even see my own hand in front of me."

"What's this?"

"Something is in the darkness!"

Fear immediately gripped the consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings.

They all felt that there was something that circled around their group in the darkness. The chill of the ice palace did not help, as it was extreme to the point that their backs were wet with cold sweat.

"Disperse the black mist!"

one of the Demi-holy Beings yelled as a dazzling light flashed from his fingertip.

The dazzling light had usually blinded ordinary people were they in a place somewhere outside of the ice palace; here, it had no effect at all.

They only felt the white light flash for a moment before they were engulfed by the darkness again.

"Fire!"

a Holy Being growled.

This Holy Being was also a master of the Elementary Fire Godly Way. His skills were not as powerful as Clark's, but they were still not something to be trifled with.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

A torrent of flame shaped like a dragon shot into the air and shone with a bright yellow light.

Like the previous spell that cast a white light before, the yellow light also disappeared within a few seconds.

But although they weren't able to see the light, they still heard the sound of the flame as it burned. It meant that the flame had not been extinguished, but something had prevented the light from spreading.

The Holy Being was frustrated. It was clear that he still controlled the flame and that the flame was just somewhere close by, but why wasn't he able to see it? Not any one of them had figured it out.

Everyone present were already experienced fighters, but the fear of the unknown unnerved them and affected their sanity bit by bit.

"They're getting closer and closer!"

"Kill them!"

"Phew!"

A piercing scream split the darkness as a glimmer of a sword's blade sliced past. Someone had accidentally hurt one of their companions.

The group erupted in a state of utter chaos. If they hadn't been able to calm down, it was highly possible that they could have killed each other.

"Silence!"

Nicholas' voice suddenly boomed out of nowhere.

His voice had a trace of irresistible internal momentum, which was an effect of the Great Dominance Technique.

His natural authority usually gave him control over everything, so it wasn't often that he needed to use this method. But the current situation had spiraled completely out of control, which left him with no choice but to forcefully calm his companions down.

After his outburst, absolute silence followed.

The group's impending panic due to fear was suppressed by Nicholas' spiritual power. As their fear was dissipated, they finally calmed down.

The unknown creatures were still there, and still circled the group quietly in the shadows.

Nicholas knew that they were there, but he chose to simply ignore them.

"Follow me, and keep going down!" said Nicholas.

He was most certain that the woman had some ulterior motive in leading them into this place.

Even if the darkness of the ice palace was absolute, it was not her style to attack them when they were blinded.

Further more, they still were able to use their spiritual senses normally. Even though their sense of sight had been compromised, they could move freely using their spiritual senses.

With Nicholas leading them, everyone continued their downward flight.

When Clark's flame had been blocked by the woman, Nicholas had locked on to her using his spiritual sense.

His eyes had flashed momentarily with a murderous intent. He silently commanded the others using his life vitality, "If we catch up with the woman, let me capture and restrain her; you can do your worst to her!"

Actually, Nicholas had also been afraid of the woman and her abilities.

That didn't mean that he would be scared to go head to head with her in combat.

As soon as he increased his speed downward, his eyebrows creased in a frown. His spiritual sense detected that the woman was also descending after them.

Everyone had trouble adjusting their eyes in the dark surroundings.

On the other hand, the woman had been born in the black water. When she had submerged into the darkness, she was as comfortable as a fish in water.

"Go ahead, kids. I have enough Faith Energy for all of you. Remember their auras and absorb their power."

After she spoke, she took a deep breath and blew in the darkness.

A multitude of formless creatures swarmed in the darkness and swam rapidly into the opposite direction.

These were "the unknown" that Sword Chen had mentioned previously.

For the longest time, he had wanted to find out the true forms of these unknown creatures. He believed that they could be visible under the right conditions, but he had never really gotten a definite conclusion.

In truth, the unknown formless creatures really did not have a corporeal form, as their name suggested.

But given enough time, provided that they were in the black water, they had the ability to clone a complete object.

What Sword Chen was not aware of was that these formless creatures had already formed clones of him several times in the past, and these clones had been sent to another world in his place.

Furthermore, the formless creatures created complete copies of the things they had cloned, as opposed to creating phantoms. They had the ability to clone any creature in the divine land as long as they had been provided with a large amount of Faith Energy.

Not too long ago, the woman had "killed" all the fiends and countless fierce beasts in the Abyss Demon Region in order to collect all the Faith Energy they released. She had intended to use the massive amount of Faith Energy for the formless creatures to clone the group of Holy Beings.

The Abyss Demon Region's Faith Energy was negative, even though it had come from divine citizens and True Gods. In theory, the Faith Energy really belonged to Chiyou as the creator of the divine land.

Using the Faith Energy for cloning was considered as a form of creation from a certain perspective.

This had been the explanation for the woman's ability to make an exact clone of Zen.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Nicholas led the group as they had flown at an incredibly high speed.

Tens of thousands of feet was a distance that Holy Beings traveled in the blink of an eye. But the woman's speed was not something to underestimate. She had continuously escaped in the ice palace and she had kept almost neck-to-neck with Nicholas' speed.

As the distance he flew grew, Nicholas had felt increasingly afraid.

Besides him, everyone had also felt that they were surrounded on all sides by something invisible.

But when they reached out with their spiritual senses, they found nothing there.

The fear of the unknown had blossomed subtly from the bottom of their hearts and had threatened to overwhelm them bit by bit.

"It's just an artificial illusion. Just ignore it!" said Nicholas.

He had activated the Great Dominance Technique again. Everyone had calmed down as they heard his majestic voice in their minds, their fear suppressed once again.

During this process, the formless creatures that had been following them simultaneously changed their shapes quickly.

Only a few paces behind Nicholas, one of the formless creatures had already started to take on a human shape. In such a short period of time, it had cloned a complete face, and gradually cloned clothes, hair...

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2785 Dark Light Torrents

The woman weaved her way swiftly through the ice palace in the darkness.

The huge ice palace expanded to tens of thousands of floors under the ground. There were also countless of rooms and ice pillars that would certainly make one unfamiliar with the place get lost.

Such numbers of floors and rooms of the huge ice palace might be familiar to the woman, but it wasn't her who built it but someone else.

After discovering the ice palace at the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region, she wandered in it through the years, which was why it would be easy for her to find the right direction.

"Whoosh!"

She jumped up and slid along the side of the steps in front of her in spite of the dark surroundings. In an extremely high speed, she moved down to the bottom of the ice palace.

As she ran, she pressed her hands together to form a unique mark.

"Buzz..."

In a flash, an invisible Faith Energy shot down from the sky above the Abyss Demon Region and passed through the mark in her hands to the formless creatures.

Such a huge amount of Faith Energy had never been used by the woman before. This time served as the first time for her to do so.

The Faith Energy was different from the True Gods' momentum. The momentum produced in the True Gods' inner worlds was also considered the Faith Energy. However, their inner worlds were completely under their control, and each and every one of them could control the Faith Energy in their inner worlds freely.

The Faith Energy she used was owned by Chiyou, and belonged to the divine land. Therefore, for her to utilize and fully control it was naturally more difficult.

She had taken advantage of it to severely repress the Holy Beings such as Nicholas before luring the crowd into the ice palace.

The formless creatures were a great help to her.

It was not long before the Holy Being had become aware that something went wrong. Then she was being chased after.

Fortunately for her, she could also sense Nicholas' location.

Moreover, she was more familiar with the ice palace, which put her in a favorable condition. She could get rid of the Holy Beings in a short time.

It took some time for the formless creatures to clone those people, and during that time, it was not good for her to take actions.

"Bang!"

A large block of ice was pierced, and Nicholas rushed to the front.

"There are only two reasons why you are hiding yourself after luring us in. The first reason is that you want to lead us to a special place.

The second reason is that you can't fight now."

Once again, darkness had completely engulfed the ice palace. Screeches and grunts resounded as the unknown creatures crawled in every corner. They must have been brought here by the woman.

Nicholas had no idea what the woman was doing and intended to do, but he would never let go of any opportunity.

"Break!"

A spiral of black and white appeared in front of Nicholas.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

The spiral was spinning madly and helped him move downward twice as fast as he had been.

He was able to detect that his distance from the woman was only tens of thousands of feet.

For people having a similar cultivation base just like his, once they found the right direction, they could cover such a distance in the blink of an eye.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Every crumbled block of ice resounded as Nicholas asked, "Where do you want us to go?"

The woman, who was still concealed and hidden in the darkness, looked at the collapsed ice and showed an amazed smile on her face. She unhurriedly spoke, "Since you've followed me all the way, keep going. Why are you in such a hurry?"

Nicholas broke the last piece of ice and faced the direction of the woman.

He couldn't see anything in the darkness, but he could depend on his spiritual sense to observe his surroundings.

What the woman had said made him smile faintly and said, "I like the feeling of controlling everything. I don't know what you want to do, but I have a bad feeling." He pointed at the unknown creatures he sensed behind him and continued, "Either tell me the reason why you are doing this, or show me who you really are."

The woman was also made up of the Faith Energy, and she had accumulated the Faith Energy for countless years. Once she died, her cultivation would naturally be destroyed.

"Why are you so confident?" The woman sneered.

"Because you can't fight with me now," Nicholas scorned back and once again took action.

Two torrents were surrounding him, one black and the other white. The torrents around him formed a special mark of Eight Diagrams.

With a slight movement, strong internal momentum came out of his body and merged with a Truth of Godly Way at the same time.

"Dark Light Torrents!"

Following the order, the torrents of black and white rippled and flowed toward the direction of the woman.

The power of these two torrents wasn't too strong, but when they were slowly rolling, it was as if they had endless secrets hidden within. Whoever got struck would definitely die.

In the midst of the given attack, the woman was calm. She lightly touched the ice and flew backwards.

What Nicholas had guessed was right.

Right now, she still needed to provide Faith Energy for the formless creatures, so she really couldn't cope with his attack. But this didn't mean that she would only passively take the beating.

"Come on, kids!"

she whispered to urge the shadows in the dark as she stepped back.

Then a burst of baby's cry echoed in the ice palace.

The moment the ice palace was obscured with darkness, not only the formless creatures were able to come in, but the Devils also had actually infiltrated together with them.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Prowling in the dark, the Devils around her made black spiral ripples.

Every kind of energy could be transmitted in its own way. For instance, the internal momentum of the Elementary Fire Godly Way would turn out to be a flame if it was released in the most primitive way, and the internal momentum of the Parting Water Godly Way would be flowing water.

The force of primitive fear the Devils released was the black spiral ripples. As the ripples dived into the water, they would turn into sharp spiral currents.

"Rumble..."

An extremely weird sound burst out the moment the spiral ripples clashed with the Dark Light Torrents.

However, it was obvious that the Dark Light Torrents had the upper hand. The spiral ripples retreated continuously under their opponents' attack.

Gaining the upper hand, Nicholas didn't feel happy at all. He still looked grave

The Dark and Light energies he generated from the Truth of Godly Way were limited, but the black spiral ripples were constantly supplemented and had already formed a tall wall.

In the blink of an eye, the spiral ripples had counteracted all the Dark Light Torrents.

What were the creatures crying in the dark? How could they be so powerful?

"Thank you very much. Five minutes will be enough."

Looking at how things had progressed on her side, the woman smiled at the Devils in the darkness. Without giving Nicholas a spare look, she moved and continued to slide down the ice palace.

She put her hands together all the time, and the Faith Energy was continuously provided to the formless creatures through the mark on her hands.

It was almost complete. She could clearly feel that the shapes of the formless creatures were almost finalized. She just needed five more minutes until they would take their full shapes.

The clones being formed had the same strength and even the memories as the Holy Beings. Once complete, they would definitely acknowledge allegiance to her.

Her plan was a helpless choice.

However, she held her ground planning and trying for many years, just for this day.

Obtaining the supreme treasure of belief located at the bottom of the ice palace was definitely a hard task to do.

She had cloned Sword Chen in the Sea of Meditation for hundreds of thousands of times, but still failed to get the supreme treasure of belief.

This time, the invasion of the Holy Beings into the forbidden land had actually given her a golden opportunity.

It took her great efforts to lead the Holy Beings into the ice palace just to have the chance to clone them. She believed that this time, she would succeed.

Chapter 2786 Clones

Just after the woman got rid of Nicholas, a bright halo shot toward her from the side, cutting through seven to eight layers of ice in the process.

Pieces of ice flew and shrouded her head, causing her to turn her attention to the side.

Noticing the incoming halo, the woman frowned and tapped the ground lightly with her toes. The ice beneath her feet immediately cracked open. As she fell through the hole, she managed to avoid the halo.

"Alas! She was almost killed!"

"Nicholas said that she can't fight back now, so we must take this opportunity to kill her!"

"Leave it to me! I will shoot her to death!"

Although the woman had managed to avoid the halo, she had no time to rest; she felt some powerful internal momentum gathering overhead.

Even though the Holy Beings' methods were powerful enough to shock heaven and earth, she could deal with them.

However, it was really not convenient for her to fight back now. If the formless creatures were interrupted during the process of cloning, the Faith Energy that she had provided before would be wasted.

So now, she had to carefully protect the mark in her hands while dodging the attacks of the Holy Beings.

Buzz!

Zoom!

At that moment, a few crimson arrows shot toward her from above.

The arrows, which contained a strong killing intent, were Blood Boiling Arrows created by the Murdering Godly Way.

If ordinary people were hit by the arrow, their blood would boil and they would definitely die.

The woman once again tapped the ground lightly with her toes and turned her body, skillfully avoiding the arrows.

But after hearing Nicholas's order, the Holy Beings were not going to let her go that easily.

"Let me do it!"

a bold and wild voice said.

Then, a tricolor ball of fire burst forth.

Suppressed by the black mist, the ball of fire quickly sank into the darkness.

But the moment the ball of fire lit up, everyone knew that it must be from Clark.

Although the crowd could not see the flames, they knew from the heat they felt that the tricolor Sacred Twilight Flame was still burning.

The truth was, Clark was afraid of this woman as he had suffered a great loss to her before.

But now that she was just dodging everyone's attacks, it was the perfect chance for him to vent his anger. As a Holy Being who had been defeated, he would naturally return the favor.

Buzz!

As Clark swirled his right hand around, the tricolor Sacred Twilight Flame charged directly at the woman.

There was a slight shift in her expression, and then suddenly, the sound of long swords came roaring from the darkness behind her.

Swish, swish, swish...

Seven or eight rays of sword radiance formed a huge net whistling toward Clark.

Reacting quickly, Clark lowered his head and squeezed through the huge net formed by the sword radiance, after which the net suddenly snapped close. If he had gotten caught in the net, he would have been chopped into pieces.

"The Emotion Closing Godly Way? Is it Zen?"

Sensing the great power of the net formed by the sword radiance with his spiritual sense, Clark withdrew his fist and retreated.

A figure stood in front of him in the darkness.

'This man isn't Zen. It's the guy from the Sea of Meditation!'

thought Samuel, who had been silent all this while. His eyes gleamed as he recalled the scent of the sword radiance.

It was this guy who had saved Zen. Now that he had appeared here, where was Zen?

What Samuel did not know was that this dark figure was not the real Sword Chen, but another phantom that a formless creature had cloned for the woman.

This phantom had been staying in the ice palace for many years.

Now that the woman was in trouble, she had ordered it to come here as fast as it could.

The moment Clark stepped back, all the other Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings started to attack the woman as well.

"Water Rhyme Sword!"

"Shocking Thunder!"

"…"

Although the phantom had its own thoughts and personality, it was completely submissive to the woman.

With its cultivation base as a Demi-holy Being, fighting against so many Holy Beings was like a moth darting into the fire, but it did not intend to retreat. It gently pulled its sword, and all the swords inserted at the bottom of the Sea of Meditation began to vibrate madly.

Sword Chen could use the force of primitive fear, and so could this phantom.

Buzz!

The phantom activated its own strength to the maximum.

As it wildly waved the long sword in its hand, thick sharp rays of sword radiance slashed in all directions.

The internal momentum of the Emotion Closing Godly Way and the force of primitive fear maximized its strength. Now, it was powerful enough to fight against Holy Beings like Samuel.

With its sword radiance, it avoided the fatal attacks of several Holy Beings.

"Why is this guy so powerful? He's just a Demi-holy Being!"

"Even if he practices the forbidden Godly Way, he can't be so powerful."

"No matter how strong he is, he's on his own. Kill him!"

The Holy Beings present were quite surprised. They had not expected that a Demi-holy Being who had suddenly rushed out could be so strong.

However, no matter how powerful he was, he had to have his limits.

Even a man as powerful as Nicholas could not defeat so many Holy Beings at the same time.

Swish!

Rumble...

Buzz...

All sorts of attacks came down from the ice above into the darkness.

However, the phantom of Sword Chen was determined to protect the woman and did not plan to retreat. Standing on the broken ice, it fought back with all its strength.

The aftermath of the attacks of the Holy Beings destroyed the center of the ice palace, forming a hole of tens of thousands of feet wide.

The Holy Beings fought together and finally killed the phantom of Sword Chen.

"Now that we killed this Demi-holy Being, it's her turn to die," Zeke said coldly in the darkness.

"The woman hasn't run away," a Demi-holy Being remarked with curiosity.

Logically speaking, the woman should have tried her best to run away while the phantom of Sword Chen had been fighting off all the Holy Beings.

However, she remained at the same place she had been, standing still outside a broken ice layer beneath the hole. She gently put down her hands with a smile on her face. As she waved her hand, the formless creatures in the darkness began to gather behind her.

"That's too bad for her. Let's kill her!"

One of the Holy Beings attacked first. A streak of light swept across the darkness, heading for the woman with a whistling sound.

Clap!

With a crisp sound, another figure appeared behind the woman.

This person had a powerful aura and was emitting a unique Truth of Godly Way—the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos. All the people at the upper part of the ice palace were shocked to feel the aura. Obviously, it was Nicholas's aura.

The real Nicholas, however, was still dealing with the Devils. The force of primitive fear that the Devils used was far more powerful than he had expected it to be.

As he fought, he kept trying to think of a way to break through.

Since the Devils did not have concrete bodies, Nicholas racked his brains about how to hurt them.

At this moment, he sensed a familiar aura from below. It was his own aura.

Chapter 2787 True Demon Body

The woman clapped her hands.

As her magic unfolded, the black mist that lingered in the ice palace dispersed in all directions.

Like fishes swimming in space, the Devils which had been fighting with Nicholas quickly fled and disappeared.

Sizzle!

A flame was ignited from below.

The bright yellow light immediately shrouded its surrounding space.

The black mist only moved away a little and did not completely dissipate. Though shining brightly, the yellow light could only light up the space of tens of thousands of feet around it.

More figures walked out from behind the woman when the fire was lit up.

Besides Nicholas, Zeke, Murphy, and Clark were all among them.

All the Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands appeared to now be standing behind her!

That was the result she achieved by forcing so many fierce beasts and fiends to hand in their Faith Energy!

All the Holy Beings, the Demi-holy Beings, and the consummate True Gods watched in great shock.

"They are just phantoms!" one of the consummate True Gods said with contempt.

But no one took in his words.

Standing right next to the woman, Nicholas was emitting a very powerful aura.

If it was only a phantom, it would be impossible for him to have such a powerful aura. Also, Nicholas' aura was leaving the same pressure on people as before.

Flying over from the side of the ice layer, Nicholas floated in the air.

With doubt clouding his eyes, his gaze initially fell on that woman, and then to his phantom.

Before Nicholas could say anything, the woman spoke first and took him by surprise, "Do you still want to attack me?"

In order to give the formless things enough time to copy them, she could only suffer attacks passively. She knew that once the supply of Faith Energy was stopped, all her previous efforts would be wasted.

With her grumpy personality, how could she tolerate that?

"Go on!"

Swish!

Her clear voice echoed in the ice palace. The "Nicholas" standing next to her had already leaped towards the sky!

Splash!

Just like a bicolored dragon, two torrents in black and white entangled with each other and shot towards the real Nicholas in the air.

It was the Dark Light Torrents.

Seeing the two Dark Light Torrents, Nicholas was unable to hide the cautious look on his face.

Crossing his hands, he then condensed the Dark and Light energies.

Splash!

Another two Dark Light Torrents shot downward.

Phew!

The Dark Light Torrents released by the two Nicholas collided, but they didn't burst out a strong power. Instead, they intersected, forming an illusory black and white Eight Diagrams in the air before it completely disappeared.

As Nicholas witnessed this, his face became more serious.

"It's not a phantom," he said.

Smiling from beneath him, the other "Nicolas" smiled and replied, "Maybe not."

Even Nicholas felt weird when he heard his other self answer him like this. Still, he kept his composure and replied, "Is this why you led us into the ice palace?"

Blinking her eyes lightly, the woman answered, "This is just one of my purposes. Have I not told you that the supreme treasure of belief is in the ice palace? Since you're already here, your luck will determine whether you can get it or not."

Nicholas' eyes lit up upon hearing her words.

While they were busy with this discussion, the "Clark" next to the woman took out a fiery red seed from his space ring.

At the sight of the seed, the real Clark exclaimed in confusion, "This woman can even copy the items in my space ring?"

The Heart Fire Seed was a rare plant in the divine land.

Whoosh!

Not moving from his position beside the woman, the clone of Clark tossed down the Heart Fire Seed.

As the seed descended, a pattern of flame appeared on its surface. In an instant, the entire seed became fiery, turning itself into a huge ball of fire.

The dense ice layers melted instantly as soon as the fireball met their smooth surface, creating a path along the way as the seed came down.

The fire started clearing the black mist on its path, allowing the Holy Beings to see clearly what was down there.

After a short while, the Heart Fire Seed finally had fallen to the bottom of the ice palace.

"That supreme treasure of belief is at the bottom of the ice palace," the woman said with grin.

Hearing those words, the Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods couldn't help but look down. With their sharp vision, they could see clearly what was down there, even if it was hundreds of thousands of feet away.

"An ice coffin!"

"In that ice coffin is a little girl?" one of them asked.

"Is that a corpse? Does it have anything to do with the supreme treasure of belief?"

By now, the curious Holy Beings were all staring at the ice coffin below.

They could see a girl's corpse sealed in the ice coffin. She seemed to be sleeping. Looking at her, none of them could see anything special about this little girl.

Unlike the others, Samuel's eyebrows couldn't help but twitch violently when he saw the ice coffin.

His thoughts trailed back to the days when he was still Gregorio. That was the time when he had obtained the Spear of Supreme Harmony after breaking into a secret land on the fifth stage of the Abyss Demon Region. He clearly recalled seeing some mysterious patterns on the walls of that secret land. One of those pictures was of a square coffin, similar to the ice coffin below.

Those mysterious patterns also included the Spear of Supreme Harmony that he now possessed, so he deduced that those patterns would all be the supreme treasures of belief in the Abyss Demon Region.

Moreover, the picture of the coffin was placed above all the other pictures, leaving a deep impression on him. At that time, he inferred that the coffin had something to do with the supreme treasure of belief that controlled the Abyss Demon Region. Even though he got reincarnated and started another life cycle, Samuel still remembered everything instinctively.

"That's the supreme treasure of belief that controls the Abyss Demon Region," the woman said faintly. "If anyone's interested, you can try to get the True Demon Body."

The Holy Beings had been a little vigilant before, but after hearing her suggestion, traces of greed immediately reflected in their eyes.

"Do you mean that's the sixth level supreme treasure of belief in the Abyss Demon Region?"

"Whoever controls it will be able to control the power of the Abyss Demon Region."

"Wait, if the supreme treasure of belief has existed here for countless years, why have you not taken it yourself?" a Holy Being asked curiously, his eyes darting towards the woman.

The fact was, she was waiting for the Holy Beings to get down there to get the True Demon Body. When she heard the question, she fiddled with her bangs and admitted, "Of course, because I am not capable to get it. If I could do it myself, why else would I leave it to you?"

"Can you clarify on what you just said?" Zeke couldn't help asking.

Shaking her head, the woman sat on the edge of the ice layer and looked down at the ice coffin as she explained, "Whether you can get it or not depends on your abilities. I won't say anything else. I can only tell you that, of course, it's extremely difficult."

In the past, she had tried with Sword Chen's clones for countless times, but to no avail.

In order to increase her success rate, she had also worked hard to guide the real Sword Chen to insert his long swords into the Sea of Meditation, so as to absorb the force of primitive fear.

With this being said, Sword Chen didn't know about her existence, nor did he know that she had helped him secretly.

Chapter 2788 Taking Actions

The Holy Beings stared and observed the woman's expression, trying to find out whether she was telling the truth.

But in the end, they realized that they could only sense resentment coming from her. They couldn't detect any other disguised intentions no matter from which angle or point of view they checked.

"Shall we go down now?"

"What if it's a trap?"

"We have come this far, and I won't return even if it is a trap!"

Discussions of agreement and contradictions among the Holy Beings and the Demi-holy Beings began to arise. Although the consummate True Gods also tried to join the discussion, their opinions were almost ignored.

"Let's go down!"

Nicholas suddenly intervened, and halted the other Holy Beings just as they were discussing fiercely.

Ever since the beginning of their journey, he tried to avoid all of the unnecessary fights. No matter if it was the fiends or even the mysterious woman, he had been trying not to offend anyone trivial on the way.

Now that he had finally found the supreme treasure of belief that could control the Abyss Demon Region, he naturally wouldn't let the opportunity go.

He had his own observations and judging from the woman's actions, and he eventually figured something out.

The woman had stayed around for so many years but was not able to obtain the supreme treasure of belief. It surely proved that it was extremely difficult to do so.

He realized that the woman's main intention by leading the Holy Beings into the ice palace was to simply create their replicas.

It didn't matter what kind of method she had used to copy them. Her plan was to rely on the replicas of the Holy Beings to help her. Was her real target the True Demon Body too?

The Holy Beings stopped discussing upon hearing Nicholas making the decision. They did not dare say anything against him.

Nicholas plainly cast a meaningful glance at the woman and then jumped down.

The rest of the Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, and consummate True Gods also followed and jumped down from the above.

As the woman had removed the black mist covering the area below them, there had been no obstacles on their way down.

She continued to be seated on the edge of the ice as she looked down at the group's departure. With pursed lips, she reached out her arm and gently pressed the ice. Her whole body spread into the darkness silently. The replicas of the Holy Beings hidden behind her had also quietly flown away with her.

The black mist was powerful enough to block the energy waves as it shrouded the ice palace.

However, the vibration caused by the Holy Beings fighting was still scattered along the walls, pillars, and the ground of the ice palace spreading to all directions.

The vibration contained a very subtle ripple as it spread and had gradually reached Zen's location. He was able to perceive it as he was staying close to the ice.

"Some people are fighting," Zen muttered in the dark.

"I can also sense it," followed by the copied Zen just right across him.

Zen's complete replica was almost perfect, fully copying the same sensibility, which was the reason he was also capable to detect the vibration.

Hearing his words, Zen said, "Since you have copied everything of me, you should have the same memory as mine."

"Of course!" Zen's replica laughed in the darkness.

"Then why do you still have to be obedient to that woman?" Zen asked staring at the darkness despite of not seeing anything.

"Because I'm not the real you after all. I was created by her." Zen's replica responded as a matter of fact.

Zen shook his head in the dark. He knew that this was not the real reason and there was still a hidden intention behind the woman's action.

It was still a wonder how the woman had the ability to clone him and make a replica. Could she perform that skill freely?

Was it related to the Sea of Meditation? Then what was the purpose of the black mist covering the whole ice palace all of a sudden?

Just as Zen's mind was in a mess, a subtle sound suddenly came from above him!

Crack!

Zen's replica, who had been sitting opposite to him, suddenly stood up and jumped up. At the same time, he drew his sword and swiftly slashed upwards!

Whoosh!

A sharp sword radiance shot upwards.

Phew!

As the attack moved upwards, a strong internal momentum from above shot down as well. Another sword radiance descended against the attack.

Ding!

As the two beams of sword radiance clashed against each other, Zen's eyes suddenly flashed with realization. He immediately jumped up, and harshly shouted, "Stop!"

He moved in as fast as he could, and blocked the attacks from his replica and from Sword Chen coming from above.

Sword Chen was immediately taken aback by this weird scene in front of him.

He had been lurking in the Sea of Meditation for countless years, but had never met the mysterious woman in the past. He was never aware of what was going on in the ice palace.

Looking at the scene before him, astonishment was obvious on his face. He had been searching for Zen through his long sword inserted in the Sea of Meditation until this very moment he finally succeeded. He managed to find him but was taken aback only to see another Zen. He was looking at two figures of Zen.

"What the hell is going on?"

It was impossible for him to tell the difference between the two Zens.

He immediately used his spiritual sense to scan them, and found that their aura and appearance were all the same.

The only difference was that the Zen, who had attacked him, seemed to have been injured and his aura was a little weaker.

"He's just a replica," Zen spoke, pointing at his replica behind him.

"A replica?"

Sword Chen's eyes narrowed with confusion.

The replicas created by some powerful warriors could perfectly resemble the real people, but the real masters could usually discern the fake one at a glance. Sword Chen originally had the confidence to do so.

But he was proven wrong at this situation. He could not even see through this replica in front of him at all.

Just then...

His train of thought was broken as he suddenly sensed several powerful auras in the distance!

The black mist around them rolled away, and an illuminating flame lit up the space.

As the flame grew, several people emerged and walked out from it. The surroundings became clear as the darkness slowly dissipated. They looked at the figures closely as their visions became clear. They were Clark, Nicholas and other Holy Beings. At that point of realization, the looks on Zen's and Sword Chen's faces suddenly changed dramatically!

They realized that the encounter with the Holy Beings at this place had given them no way to escape.

Both of their faces darkened at the sight of the group who had emerged from the flame. The intense silence was then broken as a woman's silvery laughter sounded.

"Did I scare you?"

The mysterious woman asked as she slowly walked out from behind the Holy Beings, her gaze fixated at Zen.

Sword Chen was still in confusion and failed to figure out the situation, but the silence of the Holy Beings made him feel quite strange.

Zen frowned and observed the Holy Beings for a while before he asked, "Are these Holy Beings also replicas?"

"Uh-huh."

The woman made a leap and flew towards him.

Sword Chen was still on full alert. He pointed his sword at the woman.

For some reason, he had felt that this woman's aura was quite similar to that of the Sea of Meditation.

He was given a surprise as the woman was not afraid of his sword at all. She stretched out her slender fingers and gently brushed on the sword. Under the light of the flame, he found out that some black energies were wildly twirling on his sword!

"What a strong force of primitive fear!"

He cried out in exclamation staring at his long sword with an incredible look on his face.

He had carefully placed one hundred and twenty-eight long swords at the bottom of the Sea of Meditation. His strength could be increased greatly with the help of the force of primitive fear.

With this additional power, he was able to fight against Samuel as a Demi-holy Being.

Now when the woman gave a gentle stroke to his sword, the force of primitive fear that gathered on his sword was over ten times more than what he had collected!

Who the hell was this woman?

And what did Zen mean by saying those words just now? Could it be that the Holy Beings in front of them were also replicas created by her?

Chapter 2789 In The Ice Coffin

Seeing that Sword Chen didn't understand, the woman commented casually, "We have been neighbors for so many years. This is the first time we have seen each other..."

"Neighbors? Do you also live in the Sea of Meditation? Are you one of the Devils?" Sword Chen asked, staring at the woman totally dumbfounded.

He was of the opinion that only those Devils could control the force of primitive fear.

Hearing this, the woman smiled faintly. "Those Devils... are controlled by me!"

Saying so, she waved her hand.

The areas where the firelight couldn't reach were submerged in the dark mist. The Devils who were wandering in this dark mist immediately responded to her.

"Aoo... Aoo!"

The Devils cried like babies.

Sword Chen looked at the woman differently now. He asked seriously, "So, you are the master of the Sea of Meditation?"

"The master of the Sea of Meditation?" she repeated. She bowed her head, pondered for a while, and said lightly, "Sort of I guess."

She did not pay attention to the surprised look on Sword Chen's face, and gently floated over to Zen.

Sword Chen had already completed his mission according to her.

He had contributed greatly. She had already figured out the way through numerous experiments. This time, she was determined to succeed!

And after that, the most important thing to deal with was Zen.

"Why did you clone these Holy Beings?" Zen asked as he stared at the woman who was gliding towards him.

"Because they have immeasurable strength!" the woman remarked as she reached out to stroke Zen's face with her hand.

But Zen's body subconsciously leaned backwards gently and avoided her touch.

Surprisingly, the woman did not get annoyed. As Zen's phantom walked over, she sat on his shoulder and said, "Now the Holy Beings who have invaded the Abyss Demon Region are trying to control that supreme treasure of belief. If they succeed in doing so, the Abyss Demon Region will be under their control."

Zen frowned slightly when he heard this.

Since Nicholas had stepped into the Abyss Demon Region, he was naturally prepared for this.

Zen's current strength level made it difficult for him to stop them.

"So you will allow them to take control?" Zen asked in shock.

His gaze was fixed on the Holy Beings' clones.

The auras exuded by so many Holy Beings' clones standing together were extraordinary.

If this woman could stop Nicholas and his group with her extraordinary abilities, then it would be fantastic!

"Of course I won't," spat the woman with her eyes glinting fiercely. "The True Demon Body will always belong to me. These Holy Beings? They will all die here! It is a pity that they will still be reborn in the universes. However, sooner or later, I aim to destroy the universes of these Holy Beings!"

She did not only want to destroy the Holy Beings and their universes. What was more, she couldn't tolerate any of the divine citizens or True Gods in the divine land either!

Zen and Sword Chen exchanged a meaningful look when they heard this woman's words.

"So what are you going to do?" Zen said.

"Just...follow me." the woman restrained the fierce look in her eyes and tried to smile faintly at Zen.

"It seems that I have no choice, isn't it?" Zen asked again.

"Of course you don't have a choice!" the woman answered firmly.

Fleeing from this woman was not a possibility for Zen and Sword Chen.

Moreover, there were so many clones of Holy Beings with her!

At the bottom of the ice palace...

As they steadily approached the ice coffin, the chill became stronger and stronger.

But at this point they could still withstand the cold temperature.

Everyone stared at the ice coffin cautiously. They felt no soul energy from the girl sleeping in it, but the Holy Beings, whose senses were sharper, realized that something strange was happening in the ice coffin.

"Stop!"

Nicholas stopped when he was about sixty feet away from the ice coffin. All the other Holy Beings also hovered in the air cautiously.

"We have to find a way to open this coffin!"

"It won't be that easy. Do you think that woman is really so kind as to leave it to us?"

"But we can't waste time just standing around watching it without trying anything."

Some of the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods discussed various possibilities with each other while keeping an eye at the ice coffin.

Nicholas slowly closed his eyes, and then transformed his spiritual sense into a silk thread, and made it sweep across the ice coffin.

They didn't believe that everything would be so simple that all they had to do was just easily open the ice coffin and get the True Demon Body. Who knew what would pop out of the damned coffin?

When his spiritual sense spread across the coffin, his eyes suddenly flashed.

"What did you find?" Murphy, who was beside him, asked.

"Try to have a look yourself," said Nicholas, pointing at the transparent coffin.

Murphy then released his own spiritual sense too...

Not long after, he spoke with a strange expression, "This transparent coffin doesn't seem to exist at all!"

"It's just an illusory projection. The space under the coffin is a void," Nicholas said with a frown.

"It reminds me of the jade seal that Zen had taken," said Zeke suddenly.

"The jade seal is connected to a passage."

"Exactly! Maybe there's another world beneath this transparent coffin!"

"……"

Behind the Holy Beings, Rachelle, Shahn and the others recalled their encounters with the jade seal.

They remembered that they were so close to getting the jade seal, but strangely, somehow it fell into Zen's hands in the end. Even now when they thought of it, they were still unwilling to accept that fact.

After observing it for a while, Nicholas approached the ice coffin once more.

The closer he got to the ice coffin, the stranger he felt about the little girl lying in it!

When the ice coffin was only a few feet away from him, Nicholas suddenly reached out towards the ice coffin.

Buzz.

Just as he expected, the surface of the ice coffin was rippling like water. He had not touched anything substantial. There was nothing there. It was truly a lifelike projection.

However, a faint power of space came from below the illusory ice coffin.

Nicholas continued to explore but suddenly the little girl in the ice coffin opened her eyes. Her little face was full of anger.

Splash!

A burst of cold air circled the ice coffin. The chill could be felt deep in the bones now. Then, Nicholas suddenly disappeared in front of everyone's eyes.

The other Holy Beings were shell-shocked, especially the two Demi-holy Beings of the Dongfang Clan and Troy along with the others. They immediately rushed to the ice coffin.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

The moment they rushed to the ice coffin, they, too, disappeared in front of everyone.

"Let's go, too!"

Clark said and rushed toward the ice coffin too.

They were not sure whether there was any danger under the ice coffin, but since they had already reached this stage, and Nicholas had entered it too, no one wanted to retreat.

The Holy Beings from various rich clans on the Floating Islands led their own clans' Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods in.

Not long after the alliance of the rich clans on the Floating Islands entered...

Zen, Sword Chen, that woman and the many clones she controlled also arrived at the bottom of the ice palace.

The woman's eyes lightly swept over the girl in the ice coffin, and her face revealed a cold smile. "As they broke in without placating the True Demon Body, these Holy Beings are going to have a hard time!"

Chapter 2790 The Frozen Power

Zen stared at the girl in the coffin. Coldness drifted out of the ice coffin, his eyes constantly flashing.

"Is this the True Demon Body you talked about?" Zen asked.

The woman nodded and looked at the body in the coffin with expectation.

She had come this far. No one knew how she had tried every means and multiple times in order to get the body.

And now, this day had finally come. She paved countless ways and troubles just to get to this point.

She then slowly took a step as she approached the ice coffin. She stretched out her arm and reached out to explore what was inside.

But all of a sudden, her action was brought to a stop.

A blast of cold air instantly rose from the bottom of the ice coffin.

The girl inside had suddenly opened her eyes. Her face showed a trace of anger.

A black energy flashed from the woman's arm and dripped onto the top of the ice coffin. It was the force of primitive fear.

Other things could pierce the ice coffin, but pure energy was actually absorbed by it!

After the ice coffin absorbed the force of primitive fear, the anger on the girl's face gradually subsided, and was replaced by a serene expression.

"She can absorb the force of primitive fear?" Sword Chen asked in surprise as he stared at the ice coffin.

The woman smiled faintly and responded, "She can absorb all kinds of forces. It's just a gesture of affection for her."

Due to her experience and continuous great efforts, she had gotten a clear understanding of the characteristics of the True Demon Body.

She once had successfully entered the world of the ice coffin. At first being inexperienced in dealing with such situation, just like Nicholas, she was met with the fury of the True Demon Body.

It took her a long time to figure out the secret.

After stabilizing the girl's emotion, she threw a glance at the replicas of the Holy Beings. A thought occurred to her, and then the Holy Beings rushed towards the ice coffin and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

More than ten of the replicas had already entered the ice coffin. The woman made a satisfied expression as she grabbed Zen's arm and said, "It's our turn to go in now."

She wouldn't expect Zen and Sword Chen to help her get the True Demon Body, but she couldn't let Zen run away either. After all, she still wanted to use his most precious bloodline.

Naturally, Zen and Sword Chen did not resist.

They were well aware that this woman was not a kind person in their eyes.

At this moment, the woman was too strong and was not someone to be offended as they couldn't escape. They could only play it by ear for now.

Sword Chen himself wanted to grab the supreme treasure of belief before Nicholas. Thus, now it was not only a crisis, but also an opportunity for him!

They followed the woman as they moved towards the ice coffin.

The sky and the earth turned round, and the space shuttled.

"What?"

A surprised expression appeared on Zen's face as he stepped into the space passageway beneath the ice coffin.

From the universe to the divine land, Zen had experienced all sorts of strange space passageways. The time passageway built inside the jade seal was so far the most extreme experience for him.

But this time, he felt something more complicated.

He felt that he wasn't traveling through the space passageway, but that he was constantly getting smaller.

It felt like he was turning from a Wild God tens of thousands of feet tall into a person of a normal size.

If that was the case, it was supposed to only take an instant for him to shrink to his normal size. But this time, instead of shrinking quickly, the same feeling had been going on ever since he had entered the passageway. He wondered if it was an illusion.

The woman noticed Zen's expression and smiled. "What did you detect?"

"We're getting smaller," Zen straightaway remarked.

Sword Chen was shocked. "What? Getting smaller?"

"You're really an acute observer. How could you be able to perceive it in such a short time? I traveled through tens of thousands of times before I discovered this secret," the woman said retaining her smile, her eyes gleaming with appreciation.

There was no reference object in this space, and everyone was rapidly shrinking at the same time. Originally, it was supposed to be difficult to sense the change of their figures.

Zen observed the spinning void around him. He asked with a frown, "How small will we become?"

The woman thought for a while and answered, "Until we are as small as dust..."

As soon as she finished speaking, the previously crazily spinning void disappeared from Zen's sight.

It was abruptly stopped.

In a flash, a fit of wild whooshing sounds roared in his ears.

Huge ice crystals drew a curve in the air and rushed toward him.

Clap!

Zen punched out and the ice crystal floating closest to him immediately broke into countless pieces.

But as soon as he smashed one, more ice crystals came at him.

Only then did Zen realize that these huge ice crystals were snowflakes.

His figure now had shrunk to a size countless times smaller. Compared to his size, the insignificant snowflakes looked bigger and of twenty or thirty feet tall.

"Sacred Twilight Shield!"

A huge protective shield of three-colored flame appeared as Clark's voice was heard.

It instantly covered the replicas of the Holy Beings, Zen and Sword Chen underneath.

The three-colored Sacred Twilight Flame was one of Clark's most powerful martial arts skills.

The huge snowflakes continued to approach, but as soon as they touched the fire shield, they immediately turned into a mist!

Inside the Sacred Twilight Shield, warmth was overflowing!

Sword Chen was surely given a start as he witnessed the changes of events in mere seconds. He discreetly talked to Zen through his life vitality, "This woman is very strong, and now she even has so many Holy Beings to assist her. What if she really manages to control the Abyss Demon Region?"

"Let's keep our wits about us. I don't think she will succeed. Besides, Nicholas won't give up easily. And the replicas she created might not be stronger than the real Holy Beings," Zen responded.

Theoretically, this woman's replicas were almost flawless, but in fact, there was big difference between the strengths of a warrior and their replica.

One example was Zen's replica. It was much weaker than him.

From this point of view, she wasn't necessarily stronger than Nicholas and the other Holy Beings. They might have some skills that she could not clone.

"Let's hope so," replied Sword Chen.

The current situation was too complicated.

They knew that they could defeat neither Nicholas nor the woman. They could only hope that both Nicholas and the woman would suffer a loss!

They continued descending all the way from the sky, but the storm did not seem to stop.

Countless snowflakes constantly hit the Sacred Twilight Shield. And in turn, they broke every time and turned to wisps of mist. They became ice crystals at a very low temperature and drifted away with the wind.

It was five minutes later that they finally landed on a snow plain.

As soon as they landed, a violent roar came from the depths of the snow plain. A visible shock wave spread out right after.

The shock wave quickly spread over the snow land, like an invisible plow that plowed the snow on the ground. The whole area was slowly engulfed by a freezing coldness. The Sacred Twilight Shield protecting the group had even darkened instantly. The duplicated Clark turned pale at the sight.

'What a powerful chilly energy!'

Zen was also shocked. Even with the protection they had, it still penetrated through. As the cold air passed over his body, his blood seemed to freeze.

What made him more confused was that the chilly energy was not produced by the internal momentum of the Mysterious Ice Godly Way, but an indescribable power. He had never seen it before.

The woman looked into the depths of the snow plain and said lightly, "It seems like the True Demon Body is quite angry. To subside this anger, three or more Holy Beings will have to die. Huh, such bad luck for them..."

Chapter 2791 Demon Ice Sculpture

In theory, a Holy Being was also a True God. But their strength, insights and reactions were far better than those of Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods.

The alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands fought along the way. During the fight, they had lost many Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods, but none of the Holy Beings died.

Thus, the level of difficulty to kill a Holy Being could be imagined.

The woman had mentioned that to quell the anger of the True Demon Body, at least three Holy Beings were needed to be sacrificed. The thought gradually made Zen wonder what kind of dangerous situation would those Holy Beings face.

"It's not easy to kill a Holy Being. Are you sure of what you said?" Zen asked with a smile.

He might need to take advantage of the current situation to gather the secrets of this world of ice and snow. The more he would know about this world, the more chances there were for his survival. In the end, there might be a falling out between him and the woman at any point in time!

The woman's eyelashes flattered. She stared at Zen and spoke, "Of course I knew what I was saying. I'm so familiar with this place, and my judgments are always close to the fact. I remember that in my eight thousand and five hundredth attempt, I was able to deal with the True Demon Body's anger using Sword Chen's duplicate."

The alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands knew nothing about this world. As a result, they would pay a heavy price this time.

Her valuable experience was based on her repeated failures...

"Howl!"

Roars once again resounded from the distance.

Another wave of extremely cold energy spread out. The resounding roars were even louder this time as they got closer.

"Looks like they are heading in this direction. The Holy Beings are very smart. They knew that they had to retreat when they couldn't defeat their enemy," the woman spoke flatly after hearing the roaring sound.

She shifted her gaze and looked at the replica of a Holy Being.

The Holy Being clone perceived the gaze in understanding and nodded. He knelt down on one knee, and his one hand patted the ground gently!

"Boom!"

An extremely powerful energy shot into the ground as it gave an explosion underneath.

This Holy Being clone was skillful at controlling energy. The explosion he made was violent under the ground, but the effect was unseen on the surface. The ground had only trembled slightly!

"Okay, I'm done," the Holy Being clone informed after making the move.

A small hole had appeared in front of him. The hole was only wide enough for one person to pass through.

"You all get in, and I'll guard the rear!"

the woman then said to Zen and Sword Chen.

Zen nodded. Without hesitation, he took the lead in stepping into the small hole, his body falling down vertically.

It took more than a hundred feet before he finally landed on the ground. As his feet stepped on the ground, the area had turned bright in an instant.

The huge space underground he fell into was the space created by the explosion the Holy Being clone made. It was safe to say that more than a thousand people could fit into it.

Seeing that Zen got in without any danger, Sword Chen and the replicas of the other Holy Beings followed one after the other.

As everyone safely got in, the woman followed last but she did not descend directly. She still clung to the entrance of the small hole and looked up into the distance.

"Phew!"

A remarkable circle of white cold air that floated far away was quickly dispersed.

Looking over, she had a faint smile on her lips. She gestured a gentle pat on the snow with her fingers and the surrounding snow gathered into a lump. She then proceeded to let go of the entrance and land in the space created underground. The small hole then completely closed and disappeared.

She did everything in smooth order which made the group who were running over missed it in a beat.

Over a hundred people were dashing over on the surface of the snow-covered plain. They were the members of the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands!

"Damn it! What the hell is that? When my energy gets close to it, it disappears directly?" a Demi-holy Being cursed with an unbelievable look on his face.

As soon as he finished speaking...

He suddenly felt a chill creep through his spine.

His face darkened and he shockingly roared, "Heavenly Fire Prison!"

"Sizzle..."

A world of flames instantly spread out and shrouded him.

The Heavenly Fire Prison was this Demi-holy Being's unique skill and was also a peak level theurgy beyond the Elementary Fire Godly Way. He had relied on this theurgy to become a Demi-holy Being!

In terms of the understanding of Elementary Fire Godly Way, he was almost at par with Clark!

The blazing evil fire roared and burned in the Heavenly Fire Prison.

In the prison, there were countless creatures in the form of fire. If any of the prisoners was released, it could burn the whole world to ashes.

When the Demi-holy Being was enveloped by the fire prison, the chill inside his body was immediately dispelled.

But the Demi-holy Being was still upset.

Outside the Heavenly Fire Prison, a circle of cold air had enveloped the prison. The white mist contracted and quickly broke into the fire prison!

The big flames in the fire prison quickly quenched when they encountered the cold air. Countless fire creatures shouted and roared in the fire prison, as if the cold air was the most deadly poison and they would die when they touched it!

None of them could escape the cold air.

The range of the fire prison continued to shrink without any hint of stopping. It eventually made the hope in the Demi-holy Being's heart be shattered.

When the cold air hit him, he felt that the blood in his body was frozen and even the internal momentum inside him had lost its vitality and dissipated quickly.

"Phew!"

His effort to fight it off was completely naught, making him completely frozen. He became an iceman and fell down in an instant from the air!

"Crack!"

Just as his frozen body fell into the snow, a big foot stomped heavily on him.

As the foot stomped on him, the sound like that of tiles cracking was heard. His body naturally had become incredibly fragile under the low temperature after he was frozen. And just like that, his body had turned into powder.

It was unbelievable that another Demi-holy Being had died! They had now lost six Demi-holy Beings altogether.

The figure, who actually crushed the frozen Demi-holy Being, turned out to be a tall Demon Ice Sculpture.

The scenario was already expected by the woman but the situation of the alliance of powerful clans was even worse.

When they just broke into this world, it was calm and without danger.

Their group was led by Nicholas as they flew towards one direction.

They had not gone far when they encountered the Demon Ice Sculpture standing on the ice plain.

There were no energy fluctuations nor any aura from its body. It looked like an ordinary ice sculpture.

A Holy Being even got close to it just to observe.

They were too loose on their guard that to everyone's surprise, as soon as the Holy Being got close, a stream of white cold air spewed out from the mouth of the Demon Ice Sculpture. It happened too sudden.

The Holy Being was frozen in an instant. Then the Demon Ice Sculpture took the chance and slapped him.

"Crack..."

In mere seconds, a powerful figure had directly turned into ice pieces.

No one had expected that such a thing would happen. Nicholas hadn't expected it either!

The Holy Being was ranked in the middle among his peers. However, he was shattered into pieces merely by a slap, which shocked everyone.

The Demon Ice Sculpture didn't stop but let out a roar. It moved its gaze to the rest of the group and started to advance towards them.

Some Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings held their stance and counter attacked.

But no matter what method they used, it became useless once it got close to the Demon Ice Sculpture. Be it fire attack or thunder attack, the energy in their attacks would stop or slow down, and finally dissipate!

During the fight, they lost another two Holy Beings and four Demi-holy Beings. They were being frozen and crushed to ashes.

Realizing that they couldn't fight with the Demon Ice Sculpture head-on, they fled immediately.

In the process of the escape, another Holy Being died.

However, none of the consummate True Gods died. They knew that their strength was not strong enough and they tried not to bring trouble to the group the whole time. The reason why none of them had lost their lives was that they had already gone far away and run first to escape.

Chapter 2792 The Corpses

The crack sound made the hearts of the crowd in the front tremble violently.

This Demi-holy Being from the Li Clan was known to be one of the most powerful Demi-holy Beings. He had practiced the Elementary Fire Godly Way, which was able to suppress the chilly air.

However, the fire prison he built was unable to resist the attack in the slightest.

"Howl!"

"Bang, bang, bang..."

The Demon Ice Sculpture gave out a terrifying roar and chased after the group on the snowfield.

Everyone was already in panic as they just fled in all directions.

Just then, Nicholas' voice was heard.

"Everyone, calm down. This thing is not smart enough. Let's go left!"

Nicholas' voice slipped through everyone's ears carrying a faint gentle mood in it. They were currently being chased and attacked by the Demon Ice Sculpture in such a cold and snowy place, but hearing such a voice gave them a feeling like a spring breeze was kissing them.

They realized that this was also the trick of the Great Dominance Technique.

Normally, they would be very disgusted with it. After all, the Great Dominance Technique could bewitch people and no one wanted to be a spiritual slave.

But using the technique at the moment gave warmth in their hearts. It provided them the strength to pluck up courage. Their hearts already felt at ease from panic.

The snow falling from the sky was swaying. The snowflakes were so big that they almost blocked the sight in front of the crowd.

They were instructed to go left and looking ahead, they could faintly see two big snow mountains.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

As they were gradually calmed, they immediately turned around and flew towards the left direction.

"Ah..."

As they fled, another terrible scream was heard from behind. Everyone caught a sight of what happened.

"He is the Demi-holy Being of the Qin Clan."

"Leave him alone. Let's go! If we slow down a bit, everyone will die here!"

"…"

If it was in a different environment, Nicholas would usually act and think about a solution.

As the leader of the alliance of the powerful clans, he had to take the lead.

But the power of the Demon Ice Sculpture was so strange that it was completely beyond his cognition and surpassed their own strength.

He had also tried to attack the Demon Ice Sculpture, but he couldn't do anything to it just like other Holy Beings.

What he couldn't understand was that no matter what methods they used to attack the opponent, the energy contained within seemed to rapidly weaken and even disappear.

He could not figure out why.

The Demon Ice Sculpture didn't seem to have absorbed the energy, so he thought that it was largely attributed to the chilly air.

However, it was the best choice for them to leave now. He decided and guided everyone to run away immediately.

He didn't know if he could get rid of the Demon Ice Sculpture, but if they escaped to the snow mountains, he would be able to hinder it for the meantime.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Everyone flew as fast as they could. It was not long before they had apparently reached the side of a snow mountain.

As soon as they arrived, a consummate True God with sharp eyes shouted, "Look! Dead bodies! There are so many dead bodies!"

"Corpses?"

Nicholas' eyes froze as he heard the statement.

He turned around and looked closely to where the consummate True God had pointed, and sure it was true.

Dead bodies were scattered everywhere on the cold ground on the side of the snow mountain.

They noticed that the corpses wore the same clothes and they died in different gestures.

All the corpses were covered with a layer of transparent ice, and they were densely packed under the ice, forming a road.

The sudden appearance of so many strange corpses caused everyone to stop.

"Thump, thump, thump..."

They heard the footsteps of the Demon Ice Sculpture, which reminded them that it was still chasing after them.

"That huge ice sculpture is coming up!"

"Run! Leave these corpses alone!"

"Wait, it seems that the ice sculpture is unable to enter the snow mountain."

At a closer look, someone found out that the Demon Ice Sculpture seemed to slow down when it was close to the snow mountain.

The moment it reached the snow mountain, it began to pace to and fro. After it made a few turns, its figure retreated and went back to the snowfield.

Everyone, including Nicholas, breathed a sigh of relief at this scene.

They didn't know why the Demon Ice Sculpture left and stopped following them but it was undoubtedly the right choice to rush into the snow mountain.

After a short rest, the crowd turned their eyes once again to the corpses under the ice. The sudden appearance of so many corpses gave them another strange kind of feeling.

Nicholas descended from the sky and landed on the top of the ice. He scanned the faces of the corpses through the ice.

After he looked over a number of corpses, a hint of astonishment and hesitation flashed across his eyes.

"These corpses... They look exactly the same!"

Observing the change on Nicholas' expression, Clark, Murphy and the rest flew down and gathered around. They took a look and also found the same strange thing.

The appearances and clothes of the dead bodies were exactly the same.

The whole ice area along the way was full of this person's corpses. There were probably tens of thousands of corpses.

"This man looks familiar."

Murphy stared at the corpses for a long time. Suddenly his eyebrows raised as he said, "Oh, yes. I remember he was from the Luo Clan. He was the junior who cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way."

Sword Chen didn't stay on the Floating Island for a long time, but he had imprinted a good impression to everyone. He was after all the only one who practiced the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Murphy recognized him since he once had met him.

"This man cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way?"

Nicholas asked upon hearing Murphy's words. He suddenly thought of something.

He was reminded that in the ice palace, someone had saved the woman. That person was a Demi-holy Being who cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way. He recalled that his strength was quite impressive.

The person, who came out of nowhere, might be strong but in the end was killed by the Holy Beings.

They couldn't see anything in the darkness at that time, but with the help of their spiritual senses, they were able to remember all the features of the opponent.

Nicholas closed his eyes and released his spiritual sense to the ice.

His spiritual sense swept across the faces of these corpses and confirmed his thoughts. He opened his eyes and said, "He is the Demi-holy Being you killed in the ice palace."

"But why are there so many corpses?" Clark looked completely puzzled, with an incredible expression on his face.

Murphy narrowed his eyes and spoke, "There is only one explanation."

Nicholas looked at him and nodded. "Right. He was cloned. That woman's ability..."

He then raised his head and looked forward. The corpses spread out all the way, and laid out a path which extended to the top of the snow mountain. It looked weird but appeared magnificent at the same time.

"What is her purpose in cloning him for so many times?" Zeke who was standing not far away questioned.

Nicholas shook his head. He thought for a while and said, "Maybe she has the same purpose as us. She wants to get the True Demon Body with the help of these clones."

"Whatever. Let's go up the mountain first. We can always find the answer," Clark finally uttered and urged.

The group once again moved and ran towards the snow mountain top along the path formed by the corpses.

"Thump, thump, thump..."

The Demon Ice Sculpture, which had been chasing the Holy Beings, returned. Its steps were slow.

It moved step by step across the snowfield, leaving huge footprints on the thick snow.

After it went quite a far distance, the center of one of the huge footprints suddenly collapsed, and a black hole appeared.

"Whoosh!"

Figures flew out of the hole one after another.

The woman floated in the air, looked to the southwest and said, "That group of Holy Beings should start climbing the mountain now. We should speed up!"

Chapter 2793 Ice Volcano

"Mountain? There are even mountains in this world?" Zen asked, staring in the southwest direction.

"Of course there are," the woman replied lightly. "Actually, we are standing at the edge of this world."

From this spot, they couldn't see the whole world because they had turned into little figures and there were strong winds and heavy snow blocking their vision.

But this woman had come to this world numerous times, so she was more familiar with it than anyone else.

She did not hide anything from Zen, and instead treated him as if he was a close friend. She continued, "Although it has not been verified, it is close to the fact. In fact, we are right in the coffin containing the True Demon Body."

"We are in the coffin?" Zen was surprised and he exchanged a silent glance with Sword Chen.

Even the clones of the Holy Beings had puzzled looks on their faces.

These clones were as smart as the real Holy Beings and had their own thoughts. However, they would never take the initiative to ask questions no matter how confused they were, as they had absolutely submitted themselves to the woman.

"Well, do you remember seeing anything in the four corners of the coffin?" the woman asked in reply.

Sword Chen thought for a while and shook his head.

His attention had been completely focused on the girl in the coffin, so he had not noticed anything in the corners.

Zen, however, raised his eyebrows slightly and said, "I remember seeing the runes... Or perhaps they're more like special divine textures, but these divine textures seem to form the shape of a giant..." When he spoke of this, his eyes flashed with understanding. "Did those runes create the thing that chased Nicholas and his group?"

The woman smiled at Zen. "Well, it seems that you can guess everything."

Anyone who entered the coffin would randomly appear at one of the corners.

If they didn't comfort the little girl's body before they entered, the runes at the edges of the coffin would be activated and a huge Demon Ice Sculpture would be formed and sent to chase them.

"But how could a statue be able to hunt down so many Holy Beings?"

Zen was still puzzled.

There was no doubt that the Abyss Demon Region was dangerous, but those Holy Beings were supposed to be the strongest in the divine land. Almost all of them had powerful trump cards and mysterious survival methods up their sleeves.

This woman was powerful, but without the support of the clones, she was no match for the Holy Beings.

So how could a mere statue have such power?

"It would be impossible for the statue to do such a thing in other places... But the world in the ice coffin is very special," the woman said with a cautious look. "In this small ice coffin, it controls the flowing way of energy. Such a skill is enough to make it invincible!"

"Who is it? What's the flowing way?" Zen asked.

"It's the True Demon Body," the woman said with a faint smile. "All you need to know is that it can deal with any energy as it pleases..."

This woman could use the Faith Energy at will, and it was this skill that made her much stronger than even the great fiends.

Before the alliance of the rich clans had barged into the Abyss Demon Region, she had tried every means she could think of but still hadn't succeeded.

"Does the True Demon Body also have a mind of its own?" Sword Chen suddenly asked.

It was not rare to see a magic weapon with consciousness in the divine land. However, the True Demon Body took the form of a girl. If it did have consciousness, would it be considered a person?

"Yes, but its intelligence is of a very low level. For now, it just resists being possessed by others," the woman replied.

If the True Demon Body had a high intelligence, it would probably turn into the strongest ferocious beast in the Abyss Demon Region, surpassing her and the fiends...

While they were talking, Zen and the others crossed the vast snow plain. Now, a huge snow mountain stood in front of them.

The huge footprints left by the Demon Ice Sculpture had been visible a few moments ago, but they were now covered by heavy snow.

"What? What's that?"

When they passed the col at the foot of the snow mountain, a peculiar expression appeared on Zen's face.

Then, he and Sword Chen set themselves down on the ice.

When they saw what was underneath the ice, they were surprised.

The sight of so many dead bodies was scary, especially for Sword Chen...

"These corpses are me... These are also clones!" Sword Chen looked stunned.

Having seen the woman's tricks before, it didn't take long for Zen and Sword Chen to put two and two together.

However, it had never occurred to both of them that there would be so many corpses here.

"About 130, 000 corpses are buried here. And more than 30, 000 corpses were crushed so they couldn't be carried back," the woman explained as she descended.

Staring at the road made by the corpses, Sword Chen asked, "But why are they buried here?"

"It's just a record," the woman replied with a shrug.

As they spoke, there was suddenly a slight vibration underneath their feet; the whole snow mountain was shaking.

"It's starting! Let's go!" There was a smile on the woman's face.

In fact, she had the ability to hide this ice coffin in the first place.

However, she had just led those Holy Beings into the ice coffin. On one hand, she could use them to lead the way, and on the other hand, she could also let them die in this way.

Then, she led Zen and the others up the snow mountain.

The snow mountain was very steep, with a height of tens of millions of feet. However, with their speed, it would take Zen and the others only about three minutes to climb to the peak.

The moment Zen and the others set foot on the mountainside, the snow mountain shook again.

Rumble...

Due to the violent vibration, snow collapsed from the top of the mountain.

The woman thought for a little while, and then directed one of the Holy Beings' clones to step out. The clone slashed down with his sword.

Crack...

The collapsing snow split into two with a huge gap in the middle through which Zen and the others rushed up.

About three minutes later, Zen finally reached the top of the mountain.

He took a closer look and realized that there was a huge mouth in the center of the snow mountain's peak.

The snow mountain was actually like a huge volcano!

However, what erupted from the mouth of the snow mountain was not lava, but freezing air and massive chunks of ice. It was an ice volcano!

"Those people are in danger!"

As soon as Zen reached the top of the mountain, he saw about five Demi-holy Beings and more than ten consummate True Gods flying above the huge mouth.

When cold air shot out of the ice volcano, the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods didn't have any time to dodge. By the time the air around the mouth of the ice volcano cleared, they had completely disappeared from sight.

Completely frozen to ice by the cold air, they had fallen into the deep volcano.

Chapter 2794 Yield

The eruption of the ice volcano had taken more than ten lives!

Zen was shocked. He looked around but couldn't find anyone else. Had everyone succumbed to the chill?

Had Rocher also died?

"Where are the others?" Zen asked.

Although the cold air that was erupted from the ice volcano was horrifying, it only shot straight up into the sky and didn't spread in all directions.

"Duh duh..."

The woman slowly took a few steps forward and stopped at the edge of the mouth of the volcano. She pointed downward as she said, "Of course they are hiding there!"

Zen walked over to her and looked in the direction she was pointing. The edge of the volcano mouth was very smooth.

But there were huge grooves that were cut on the smooth walls of the volcano mouth.

These grooves seemed to have been made by knives or swords. Although they were not large, every groove was big enough for over a hundred people to hide.

Right now, Nicholas and the other Holy Beings, the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods were all huddled together in a groove.

Just now when they had climbed to the peak of the snow mountain, they had had no idea what was awaiting them. When they had looked around to check their surroundings, the snow mountain had suddenly trembled, and a cold stream of air had erupted from the bottom of the snow mountain!

Everyone who had been near Nicholas was lucky. They had instantly rushed into a groove on the wall of the ice volcano and avoided the attack of the cold white air.

However, some of the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods had not been so lucky. They had directly turned to ice and plunged to their deaths.

The faces of the crowd in the groove were pale. The Abyss Demon Region was truly the most dangerous place. Sometimes, life or death was decided in a split second.

As soon as Zen and the woman showed up, Nicholas spotted them.

"He is still alive!" There was a murderous look in Murphy's eyes.

Although it was sometimes hard for him to even protect himself in this dangerous place, he still had a mad desire to kill Zen.

Samuel's eyes also gleamed. He gently pressed the black ring on his thumb.

His Spear of Supreme Harmony was hidden in this black ring. He was confident that if he used the Spear of Supreme Harmony, he would be able to kill Zen. After all, only he could use the spear to activate Grand Teleportation!

However, he quickly suppressed the idea...

After all, he knew that they were in a critical situation now. Nothing good would come out of killing him now.

If Zen really revealed his identity now, he would probably choose to attack Nicholas immediately.

He had been suppressing this idea for so many years, but he had never found a suitable opportunity to do so.

Meanwhile, there was a complicated look in Rocher's eyes.

"Why is Zen with that woman? Is he also a clone?" Rocher naturally hoped that Zen would escape from the Abyss Demon Region safely.

In Rocher's eyes, this woman was not easy to deal with...

Everyone's attention lingered on Zen only for a moment. Right now, they were far more concerned about the crisis they were facing, as well as the whereabouts of the True Demon Body.

"You made us scout the way in the front while you followed behind like a lurking predator. What a great plan!" Nicholas said to the woman as cold air surged between them.

Even though the cold air had whizzed up from the bottom of the mountain with a piercing sound, Nicholas' words could still be heard clearly.

The woman looked down at Nicholas and sneered. "You came here all by yourselves. How can you blame it on me now? Even if I wasn't here, you would have still entered this place. Besides, I'm the one who cut these grooves. You should be thanking me, not blaming me. How awful!"

She was the one who had manipulated Sword Chen's clones to perform the strikes in order to create the grooves on the walls inside the volcano.

The ice volcano went down so deep that no one could see where it ended, and there were only small gaps between the bursts of chilly air that shot up to the sky.

It was wishful thinking to think that one could reach the bottom of the ice volcano by taking advantage of the intervals. Finally, the woman had come up with the idea of using grooves.

The grooves on the walls of the volcano could serve as a shelter to hide in when the volcano erupted. By hiding in these grooves, one could avoid the cold air.

"Thank you? Just because you created some holes on the wall? I could do it too!" Clark cursed. Standing in the depth of the groove, he threw a hard punch at the ground.

He had channeled quite a lot of power into the punch, too.

However, the ground didn't budge even a little!

"That's weird..."

There was a flicker of surprise and displeasure in Clark's expression.

After all, he was a dignified Holy Being. Even the famous mountains and great rivers in the divine land would have been shattered by his punch. Destroying mountains and rivers was a piece of cake for him.

However, in the ice volcano, nothing had happened after he had thrown the punch. He could not explain it. It was as if all his strength had been absorbed by the mountain wall!

Like the Demon Ice Sculpture, the ice mountain was not hurt at all. But then how had the woman cut these grooves?

"If it were that easy to break the ice here, I'd have already obtained the True Demon Body a long time ago. Why would I have waited for you to come?" The woman pursed her lips with a hint of derision.

She had racked her brains in order to figure out a way to reach the bottom of this ice volcano, and had finally chosen to create grooves on the walls! To accomplish it, more than 20, 000 of Sword Chen's clones had died...

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The sound of the chilly air blowing up from the bottom of the big volcano was getting louder and louder.

The woman looked at them carefully and reminded them, "The cold air erupting from the ice volcano will pause soon. You can take that chance to rush into the next groove below. There will be enough time for you to achieve that!"

By moving down from one groove to the next, one could reach the bottom of the volcano step by step.

"Why should we listen to you? It's too dangerous here. Let's go up!" Jeremiah said with a frown.

It was indeed too dangerous for them to stay in this narrow groove. And none of them wanted to move down and risk their lives.

When the chill air that was erupting paused a little, they would naturally return to the mouth of the ice volcano and make further plans.

Hearing this, the woman smiled faintly and said, "Too bad, you can only go down. I'm blocking all your ways of retreat..."

As she spoke, the over a dozen Holy Beings who had been standing behind the woman rose and floated toward the edge of the volcano mouth.

They began to gather their internal momentum, giving off an overwhelming aura.

"So you'd better go down now," the woman said with a beautiful smile.

Nicholas took a deep breath when he saw his clone.

The current situation was very dangerous, but it was even more unwise to fight with this woman at the volcano mouth. And fighting with those clones wasn't a good idea either.

Now, the only choice they had was to move downward.

Even Nicholas had to yield in such a situation.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage] to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2795 The Power Of Cold Air

The others, who were waiting at the groove, looked at Nicholas in anticipation, waiting for his decision.

Nicholas contemplated for a moment and then announced, "After the chill subsides, we will head to the next groove."

No sooner had the words left his mouth

than the cold air from the huge volcano stopped.

The wind caused by the cold air also disappeared without a trace. An eerie silence spread across them.

"Let's go!"

Nicholas shot a derisive glance at the woman above and rushed together with all the members of the union of powerful clans to the groove on the other side.

The groove was about three to four thousand feet away from them. Thanks to their incredible strength, they could reach it in the blink of an eye and in a single step.

"That's right." The woman raised the corners of her mouth slightly and said, "Let's also go down!"

Whoosh!

The woman floated ahead, and Zen and Sword Chen followed her closely, who in turn were followed by the clones of the Holy Beings.

Very soon, Zen set foot on the first groove of the volcano. The groove was exactly where Nicholas and the others had been previously.

However, there were no Demi-holy Beings or consummate True Gods in Zen's group. With just about 20 people, it wasn't very crowded here.

The cold air from the large cave in the center of the ice volcano only stopped for a split second.

As soon as Zen entered the groove, a terrifying roar erupted from below the cave.

Swish, swish, swish!

A milky white cold gust of wind erupted again from the bottom of the cave and rushed straight to the sky.

Most of the people from the alliance of the powerful clans were staring at the woman with pure animosity in their eyes.

"I would much rather fight with them than let her put us into a corner!"

"Right. Don't continue to go down. Let's go back up to kill them!"

"But if it weren't for her, we would have done the same thing, wouldn't we?" said one of the Demi-holy Beings.

The alliance of the powerful clans found the coffin and the snow mountain, so they would naturally explore its inner world.

If they wanted to reach the bottom of the cave, they had to move using the grooves on the cave wall.

Without the woman, they, too, would take the risk.

That was just how human mentality worked. If we were forced, we would be defiant, despite choosing the right path.

"No need to argue. Just continue going downwards," ordered Nicholas.

After Nicholas issued the command, the others had nothing to say.

Just then, the woman in the groove above stuck her head out again.

Despite her bright and seemingly cheerful smile, everyone could not help but feel nervous. It was as though she called the shots on whether or not they could live.

"A friendly reminder," the woman chimed sarcastically, pointing at the third groove on the wall of the cave, "these grooves are now very old. With the passage of time, some cold air has collected in them. So there might be some Cold Fiends in the grooves below. Be very careful!"

"Cold Fiends? Are they ferocious?" Clark asked gloomily.

The woman put her index finger on her lips and thought for a while. Then she said, "Think about it yourself. They should be strong. They can easily kill a few Holy Beings at least."

"Kill a few Holy Beings? What the hell are you talking about?"

"She is talking utter nonsense!"

"Just ignore her and keep moving!"

The members of the alliance of the powerful clans were sullen now.

Although they didn't want to believe what the woman said, they were scared deep down in their hearts.

"Believe it or not," the woman pouted mockingly.

The cold wind from the cave would blow for about five minutes and then stop.

Zen sat on the edge of the groove lost in thought, watching the rising cold air absentmindedly.

He was wondering what kind of energy the cold air possessed. Even the Holy Beings would be frozen immediately if they touched it.

Zen had also practiced the Ice Soul Flame of the Mysterious Ice Godly Way. However, compared to the cold air of this ice volcano, it was like a walk in the park.

Reflecting on this for a while, Zen wanted to give it a try.

He gently flipped his palm and an ice blue flame appeared in it.

After Zen's cultivation had improved, the Ice Soul Flame he had practiced before emitted a strong chill from his palm.

He gently pushed his palm forward.

The tiny, long Ice Soul Flame left the groove and collided with the rising cold air in the cave.

Crack!

A strange phenomenon took place.

The Ice Soul Flame froze instantly!

And the milky white cold air was transmitted to him through the Ice Soul Flame.

"This is bad!"

Zen was taken aback. He was about to withdraw his hand, but it was too late.

He felt that his right hand had become numb. He tried his best to summon the internal momentum to dispel the cold air, but failed miserably.

"The strength source!"

He could only utilize his strength source in desperation.

However, as the strength source started pouring into his arm, it also vanished instantly as if the invisible force was frozen too.

"How could this be?"

Zen's face darkened.

It all happened in seconds. When his facial expression changed, the cold air traveled up his arm and passed to one side of his shoulder.

Crack!

Just then, the woman gently moved her fingertips, and a sharp brown thin thread zipped towards Zen.

It swiftly sliced off the frozen Ice Soul Flame. So in effect, the bridge between the cold air outside and Zen was cut off.

But it was not that easy to get rid of the cold air outside. Once it came into contact with someone or something, it would take over.

So the flexible thread also froze in an instant, and the turbulent cold air wound up along its length.

When the cold air was about to reach the woman's fingertips, she flicked them lightly, and the thread broke off from her fingers and fell to the ground.

Crash!

The thread had become hard and brittle, so it made the sound of glass breaking upon impact. It was broken into pieces on the ground and cold air emitted from its remains.

"Don't do anything stupid again! It's very dangerous here. If anything goes wrong, even I can't protect you," warned the woman. She stared at Zen with a pleasant smile on her face. She didn't mean to reproach him.

He nodded slightly and shook his stiff right arm.

Only after the woman cut off the Ice Soul Flame was he able to regain sensation in his numb arm. If it wasn't for her, he would have been an ice sculpture.

"What kind of cold air is this? It is so powerful!" Zen asked overcome with curiosity.

The woman explained with a faint smile on her lips, "It's not cold air, but a way of energy flow. It's just the effect of the energy flowing."

"The way of energy flowing?" It was the second time that Zen had heard such words from the woman. He was puzzled.

The woman nodded and said, "Yes. That's why the True Demon Body is so strong!"

Chapter 2796 The Explosive Crystals

The woman had explained to Zen, but he still could not have a clear understanding about it all.

After all, her statement was just based on her own inference. She hadn't obtained the True Demon Body yet.

For the meantime, Zen didn't dare to try the cold air anymore. He could only watch the cold air gush upwards.

He came to a conclusion that maybe the whole place was covered with ice and snow because of the eruption of the ice volcano.

They stood still and waited. It was about five minutes later that the cold air in the cave began to weaken. Seeing the change, they became alert as it indicated the second interval.

The woman moved her legs and stepped at the edge of the groove. At the same time, the clones of the Holy Beings arranged their postures as if they were also ready to fight.

She did this to force every one of the alliance of the powerful clans to continue to go down. Moreover, she had to prevent the Holy Beings located below from going up to fight her.

"It's time to go down," the woman pronounced, looking at Nicholas and his group thousands of feet away.

"I don't need you to remind me," Nicholas responded in a cold voice.

The members of the alliance of powerful clans had already been prepared.

They were just waiting for the right timing to make a move. As soon as the cold air made a complete stop, everyone leaped and left the second groove. They straightaway flew to the third groove about six thousand feet away.

Nicholas was the first to arrive.

Looking around, he noticed that the third groove was deeper and wider than the second one.

As soon as he stepped on the ground, he maintained sharp vigilance. He was fully alert being reminded by the woman's warning that he might encounter trouble at the third groove.

He narrowed his eyes and saw that some faint yellow lights flashed at the end of the groove.

"Eggs? What kind of eggs are they?"

Clark's curious voice sounded behind him. He arrived shortly after Nicholas and followed behind. He also noticed the faint yellow lights.

Seven or eight things shaped like bird eggs clustered together.

The lights on the eggs were very steady at first, but Clark's loud voice made the lights brighter in an instant. A trace of bright red even faintly appeared at the very front end of the eggs, and a strong energy was forming within it.

Nicholas didn't know what kind of eggs they were, but he speculated out of instinct. He then immediately spoke and warned everyone with his life vitality, "Everyone, shut up. Land carefully, and don't make any sound."

The Holy Beings, the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods, who were still following behind, were a bit taken aback by the sudden warning as they had no idea what was going on.

But since Nicholas had given an order, they had to follow it.

As each of them arrived, they cautiously went in and landed without any noise just like how they were instructed to.

There were over a hundred people but the surrounding was deadly still despite their movement.

The sound of the cold air gushing upwards had already disappeared, and the whole ice volcano became so quiet that they could even hear a pin drop.

No one dared make a sound. Nicholas was observing closely until the bird eggs in the corner of the wall didn't have any reaction. He breathed a sigh of relief and opened his mouth slightly. He said through life vitality, "Just now, Clark's loud voice startled the eggs, but fortunately... We have to be careful."

"What the hell are they?" Jeremiah asked through life vitality, staring at the bird eggs.

They could not feel the breath of life from the eggs, but they sensed that faint energy was flowing within them.

Nicholas shook his head and said, "I don't know. We just need to stay here for about five minutes and then leave carefully."

He had always been on the lead dealing with the danger in the Abyss Demon Region. He was counted as the first person to come forward and protect everyone.

But there were still many things in this world that had already exceeded his abilities. For now, he could only try not to provoke these things.

Samuel's heart raced when he saw the bird eggs.

His judgment was similar to Nicholas'. The eggs might explode at any time they were stimulated.

If he made a way for the eggs to explode and then escaped with the help of the Spear of Supreme Harmony, perhaps he could kill Nicholas.

But after a careful consideration, it didn't take long before he dropped the idea.

The energy that was contained in the bird eggs was indeed powerful, but it might not be able to put Nicholas to death.

Moreover, he alone was probably unable to deal with the woman above. If there was really a chance to fight for the True Demon Body, his chances of getting it alone would be slim.

At this moment, he decided to continue to wait. He could only wait patiently for the right opportunity to make a move.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo..."

The cold air at the bottom of the ice volcano blew upwards once again.

With the sound disturbing the silence, the wind that was whistling past did not even stimulate the bird eggs.

The members of the alliance of the powerful clans could keep their breaths on purpose and make no sound, but the woman was different.

"Why is it so quiet?" the woman grumbled at the second groove. Her voice reached the others' ears. "Looks like there are no Cold Fiends at the third groove. I guess there are Explosive Crystals instead. I'm afraid that it's not about the death of some Holy Beings. If they explode, all of you will die."

All members of the alliance of the powerful clans felt astonished to hear what she just said.

Everyone's eyes turned to gaze at the bird eggs in the cave at the same time. The surface of each bird egg emitted a bright red color, and it was getting bigger and bigger.

Even the consummate True Gods could feel that the bird eggs might explode at any time.

All people's hearts were in their mouths.

"Shut up!" Clark suddenly roared.

He was smart enough to transmit his voice through life vitality.

Zen and Sword Chen felt that Clark's voice was like the thunder exploding in their ears. The roar of a Holy Being was enough to heavily injure the ordinary True Gods.

"I can shut up," the woman spoke back, unperturbed.

Hearing her answer, the Holy Beings showed a strange expression. When did this woman become open to persuasion?

Just then, a thunderous sound suddenly came from above.

"Boom!"

"Damn it! It's the Wood Divine Thunder!" a Holy Being instantly proclaimed in anger.

The woman did not speak, but asked one of the cloned Holy Beings to activate the Wood Divine Thunder of the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

The violent exploding sound was much louder than her voice as it spread from top to bottom.

The bright red color spread over until it reached the entire surface of the bird eggs at the depths of the groove.

The bird eggs reacted as terrible energy madly surged inside them.

Once the energy exploded in the small space, everyone present would surely die.

Samuel placed his finger over the space ring, ready to activate it at any time. He would never want to die with Nicholas in this place.

Nicholas shook his head slightly. He had no choice but to take action again.

He flipped his palm and a light green cloth bag appeared.

The surface of the cloth bag emitted the strong internal momentum of the Timing Godly Way.

"Whoosh!".

With a flash, he rushed to the bird eggs at an extremely fast speed. Once near, he enveloped the bird eggs using his cloth bag.

"Puff!"

Just as he had finished, a dull explosion sound was heard. The cloth bag was immediately swollen like a ball. It had actually gathered the explosive power of the Explosive Crystals.

Chapter 2797 Cold Fiends

The appearance of the bag had surely surprised everyone. The other Holy Beings had different expressions on their faces.

They had never expected that Nicholas would have such a magic weapon.

Judging from the internal momentum of Timing Godly Way spreading from the surface of the bag, they figured it was probably a supreme treasure of belief obtained from the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

They wondered when Nicholas got the treasure.

"Buzz..."

Being covered by the cloth bag, the Explosive Crystals constantly produced huge energy.

But no matter how the energy raged, it couldn't break free from the bag.

"I didn't expect that you have such a magic weapon!" Clark said as he laughed.

The entrance of the groove was already sealed by frosty air outside, and they couldn't use Grand Teleportation. It would be a death land if the Explosive Crystals exploded.

There would be no chance for them to dodge at all.

All the Holy Beings and the consummate True Gods were in despair and in panic.

At the most critical moment when they could surely lose their lives, Nicholas' action was truly unexpected. Their emotions were a mixture of surprise and relief at the same time. Everyone felt lucky of surviving the disaster.

Nicholas had been quick to throw the bag with its opening first on the ground to cover the Explosive Crystals. He was currently pressing it firmly on the ground preventing any energy from leaking out.

After proper calculations, he took a deep breath and lifted up the plump bag with a strong flip.

Everyone was attentive watching Nicholas' actions. They took two steps back as soon as he flipped the bag.

"The bag has been sealed, and time in the bag moves in endless cycle. These things can't really explode, unless I open the bag," Nicholas explained.

In truth, the bag wasn't obtained from the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

The Holy Beings would not be invited to the forbidden area on the Sun Blind race's island. They would allow consummate True Gods to get there at most. Even Demi-holy Beings were not allowed to enter.

Nicholas found it in a broken time fragment when he had helped Lorena look for her body.

Because of this, Nicholas had new speculations about the whole Time Sea.

The supreme treasures of belief could only be found in the forbidden areas, because only the forbidden areas could gather the Faith Energy of the entire divine land.

If that was the case, perhaps the entire Time Sea should be considered a huge forbidden area.

At the same time when Nicholas subdued the Explosive Crystals, there were several violent explosions coming from below the volcano mouth.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Explosive Crystals would appear in the grooves every once in a while.

The woman still had no idea of the reason why it was happening.

When she first explored the ice volcano mouth, she had suffered a great loss... She witnessed how Sword Chen's duplicate was shattered to pieces when the Explosive Crystals exploded.

Later when she explored, she naturally became more cautious of these powerful things.

Every time she stepped into the volcano mouth, she purposely made a huge noise and in turn triggered the Explosive Crystals that might exist in the grooves to explode.

Since it was the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands that led the way, she had forgotten her usual routine of entering the volcano mouth.

Now, she ordered a Holy Being duplicate to release Wood Divine Thunder, in order to trigger all the Explosive Crystals.

In her mind, she planned that if she could take this chance to get rid of the Holy Beings from the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands, it would be a good thing. After all, killing the Holy Beings was also a part in her plan.

"Hoo, hoo, Hoo..."

The energy burst out from the Explosive Crystals and the cold air blowing from the ice volcano were two extreme energy currents.

After the bright red energy burst out from the Explosive Crystals flew out of the grooves. It collided with the cold air, producing a series of cracking sound.

The sound was likened to pouring water into a frying pan...

As soon as the two kinds of energy reacted, it produced a wisp of light red mist. It violently surged up and rushed straight to the sky from the bottom of the ice volcano.

The dense mist and the cold air condensed into dark red snowflakes, floating slowly in the world of the ice coffin. It somewhat made an extremely beautiful scene to behold.

"These guys really have some skills,"

the woman remarked with a faint smile as she cast a glance at the third groove.

These Explosive Crystals were extremely unstable. The Wood Divine Thunder would definitely detonate all of them.

Her attention was focused on the third groove but no energy was released.

It only meant that the Holy Beings in that groove had used some tactic to seal up the Explosive Crystals.

She just gave a shrug and didn't care.

They might have gotten through this stage but there were still more dangerous situations awaiting them.

Moreover, she already gained perfect duplicates of the Holy Beings that followed obediently behind her. The stronger the Holy Beings performed, the stronger the duplicates would be.

"Whoosh!"

A signal came as the cold air that was constantly blowing had calmed down once more.

Nicholas's action greatly encouraged his group. Although this damned place was deemed dangerous, they learned that as long as Nicholas was with them, they would be able to get through safely.

Doing the same process, they immediately left the third groove and flew towards the fourth groove.

They knew that the previous sound of explosion from below had meant that the Explosive Crystals in other grooves should have all exploded.

When the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands entered the fourth groove, they were still very cautious.

One could never be too careful. No one wanted to die on the spot because of being careless. Their expression changed as if they looked like they were facing a formidable enemy.

According to what the woman had said, ferocious beasts named Cold Fiends were present at the grooves. If they encountered those beasts, it was inevitable to encounter a fierce fight.

"It's empty?"

"There is nothing inside the fourth groove?"

"Nothing? That's the best..."

Everyone felt relieved making sure that nothing around posed a threat. They cautiously entered the groove and found a position to stay. Once again, the cold air outside began to blow up.

As for Zen and the others with him, they had also stepped into the third groove...

Taking advantage of the intervals, the two groups of people descended from one groove to another. They could only descend for about four thousand feet in five minutes. Such a speed was not that fast.

The Holy Beings felt fortunate to have good luck along the way.

Except for the Explosive Crystals in the third groove, they actually did not encounter any threat on the following grooves.

About an hour later, the alliance of powerful clans finished a third of the full journey.

Everything changed at the eleventh groove...

Nicholas was the first to enter the groove and immediately felt a stream of cold air advancing towards him!

The temperature in the snow mountain was very low but the icy air in the groove was much lower.

Buzz...

Three translucent heads were floating in the depth of the groove. The heads looked ferocious, and cold air flowed out of their eyes.

"Watch out!"

Nicholas noticed these strange heads and reminded the people behind him at once.

But his warning came a little too late...

Three streams of milky white cold air were spewed out from the mouths of the three translucent heads.

The chilly air was the same as that emanated from the ice volcano, but each stream of cold air was only as thick as a finger.

Despite how it looked, it shouldn't be taken lightly. A slight touch of it would also lead to death!

Clark continued to follow closely behind Nicholas into the groove and upon hearing his warning, he reflexively rolled up. One of the three streams of cold air almost swept past him from his back!

Chapter 2798 The Bottom

When the cold air gently swept past his back, Clark felt like his back had lost all feeling.

But since he was a Holy Being who cultivated the Elementary Fire Godly Way, the cold air didn't actually manage to hurt him.

He had barely had to think about it before the internal momentum in his body had begun circulating madly, expelling all the chillness inside his body.

But while this stream of cold air didn't hit Clark, the one behind him wasn't so lucky.

That was Abelard, a Holy Being from the Qin Clan.

Before Abelard could react, a stream of cold air hit him squarely in the chest.

Even though he was one of the top Holy Beings, he didn't even have time to say anything; there was merely a stunned expression that froze on his face.

Whoosh, whoosh...

Abelard turned into an ice sculpture and plunged into the darkness like a stone.

The Holy Beings near him might have been able to stop him from falling, but they were all wary of this strange cold air. It was more like a cold poison without an antidote!

Nobody came to his rescue, and he soon disappeared in front of everyone's eyes.

They all held their breath as another two streams of cold air swept past them. Luckily, these streams passed without hitting or killing anyone.

Nevertheless, everyone in the alliance of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands began to panic over Abelard's sudden death.

After all, the Holy Being of the Qin Clan had been on par with Murphy, Jeremiah, and Clark, but he had died just like that in the blink of an eye. It was unbelievable!

No one dared to make a move in this situation.

However, the intervals between the eruptions of the ice volcano were very short.

Whooshing sounds began coming from below, meaning that the cold air at the bottom was about to erupt again. Whatever it was, they had to make a decision right now.

Most of them gritted their teeth and entered the next groove. At this point, it seemed like they would die either way, but they had a better chance of surviving if they stuck with Nicholas, who might be able to solve the threat in the grooves.

But a small group of people began to hesitate...

After all, the safer option of returning to the previous groove was too tempting.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Two consummate True Gods and two Demi-holy Beings made their decision and returned to the last groove.

However, as soon as they returned, their faces filled with regret.

During a moment of desperation, they had forgotten that if they went back, they would have to face that horrible woman...

Whoosh!

Cold air surged up and sealed all the grooves.

The two consummate True Gods and two Demi-holy Beings had no way back.

The woman glanced at them and said coldly, "Get out!"

The two Demi-holy Beings were from the Liu Clan and the Leng Clan.

Initially, they were flustered, but soon, they calmed down.

Although they could sense a trace of evil radiating from the woman's body, she didn't seem like a bloodthirsty person.

Maybe they could beg her to spare their lives.

"It was a critical situation just now. We will go down again when the next interval comes," the Demi-holy Being of the Liu Clan said, clasping his hands together to beg her.

The other three observed the woman's expression secretly.

If this woman chose to attack them, they would definitely not sit still, but it would be ideal if she was willing to spare their lives.

"Are you getting out of here yourselves or do you need me to send you out?" Her voice became colder.

The four men looked miserable. They knew that no matter how they answered this question, they would die.

Before the four men could beg for mercy, several forces came from behind the woman and attacked the four warriors.

The invisible forces which were activated by the clones of the Holy Beings could topple mountains and overturn seas.

How could the four of them resist these forces?

They were promptly pushed out of the groove, exposing them to the cold air. In an instant, the four of them turned into ice sculptures which fell down immediately.

Without having a chance of even struggling against the clones of the Holy Beings, they died instantaneously.

As Zen watched this scene, he frowned.

As if having noticed Zen's expression, the woman said, "Those who are not one of us are ants. You and I are both people of the Nine Li race. We shouldn't show mercy to ants."

Zen didn't say anything.

This woman had been born in the Abyss Demon Region. It was meaningless to reason with her.

In the groove below, three heads were smashed into pieces. The ground was covered with transparent fragments of their heads.

These heads belonged to the Cold Fiends that the woman had just mentioned.

They were not really powerful, but the cold air that they spewed out of their mouths was fatal!

The remaining members of the alliance looked deathly pale.

In the span of just a few seconds, Abelard, two Demi-holy Beings, and two consummate True Gods had died!

Although they hadn't seen the scene with their own eyes, they had known that the four were forced to their deaths.

"This woman is going too far!"

Clark said angrily through gritted teeth. He had been on good terms with Abelard, so he was more furious than the rest.

"Should we continue to go down? God knows what strange things we'll find below... " Zeke said.

Even the Holy Beings couldn't keep themselves safe in such a damned place!

"Yes, let's go on," Nicholas said firmly with a gleam in his eyes.

That woman was guarding the mouth of the volcano with a group of Holy Beings' clones. They had no choice but to move forward now.

Five minutes passed. When the interval came, Nicholas rushed out first again. "I will check whether there is any danger in the next groove. You can enter it after you get my message."

In fact, regardless of whether there was danger or not, everyone had to get in, because if they went back, they would have to face that woman, which would be like facing certain death.

The remaining two-thirds of the journey was far smoother.

There were only a few Cold Fiends and Explosive Crystals scattered in the grooves created by Sword Chen's clones.

All the Explosive Crystals had already exploded. And for the Cold Fiends, they weren't much of a threat as long as the members of the alliance were cautious and prepared. Every time, Nicholas was able to shatter the Cold Fiends the moment he found them.

Two hours later, the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands finally reached the last groove at the bottom of the ice volcano.

"Look! It looks like a huge hive!"

"There are so many Cold Fiends... I never imagined that the cold air was being spewed out of their mouths!"

"The sight of them packed together so densely is disgusting!"

The consummate True Gods stretched their necks to take a look at the scene below.

Perhaps it was because they had been so frustrated and frightened all the way that they felt a little excited after getting through the tough journey and finally reaching their destination.

There was a small mountain at the bottom of the ice volcano, and the surface of this mountain was covered with hexagonal grids. They wondered whether these grids were naturally formed or man-made.

Each hexagon was inlaid with a translucent Cold Fiend.

These Cold Fiends looked up at the sky and, with their mouths wide open, they unceasingly spat out cold air. As millions of Cold Fiends spat out cold air at the same time, they created the wondrous eruption of the ice volcano.

Chapter 2799 Fighting Those Cold Fiends

The Cold Fiends puffed for a while before their mouths and eyes slowly closed and gradually, they began to fall in a deep slumber.

The deadly chill surrounding the atmosphere came to a halt.

Everyone knew that this was the interval they were waiting for.

However, at this moment, Nicholas appeared to hesitate.

There was no way below!

"What should we do now?"

"Are we going to jump?"

"..."

Just as everyone had no idea on what to do next, the woman's voice was heard once again. "Keep going down!"

"Keep going down? How do we keep going down?" Clark asked, his face full of anger.

"The Cold Fiends' lair is unique inside. Just destroy it," the woman simply said, unaffected by his angry tone.

"Why don't you do it yourself?" Zeke snarled and was angry too.

Even though the Cold Fiends were quite weak, the chill they spewed out was irresistible. The Holy Beings still had to be on guard and careful.

And to make it worse, there were probably over a million Cold Fiends in this huge lair. Who would be brave enough to dare act rashly?

Because they used the time to exchange words with each other during the interval time, their chance to move had already passed. The Cold Fiends at once opened their eyes and big mouths, and continued to spit out cold air.

"Do as what I said in the next interval. Otherwise, don't blame me for being unkind," the woman demanded this time.

The Holy Beings and the Demi-holy Beings exchanged looks upon hearing her words and were urged to act.

They felt that the woman indeed had no sense.

On the other hand, the consummate True Gods were shrinking behind. Their faces were full of panic.

"We can't protect ourselves if we really offend so many Cold Fiends," Shahn refuted, and his expression had turned gloomy.

He noticed that the consummate True Gods had been trembling all the way.

Fortunately, the Holy Beings present were their elders and even their fathers. They were protecting them well from the dangers.

As a result, the consummate True Gods had fewer deaths than the Demi-holy Beings.

They feared that if they would really break into the Cold Fiends' lair as ordered by the woman, the Holy Beings would not be able to look after them. They would be left to tend for their selves. A great number of consummate True Gods would definitely perish if that event happened.

"What can that woman do with us if we just huddle up in the groove?" Walton wondered and voiced out.

"Haha..." Rachelle shook her head with a bitter smile, and commented, "Don't be that stupid, okay? That woman holds as many cards as we do. Moreover, she is located above. We will suffer if those Cold Fiends are disturbed by her. Wouldn't we die faster if we hid in this narrow groove?"

"Then what should we do..." Walton was enlightened and asked with his eyes wide open.

In the past, the consummate True Gods had thought that their elders were omnipotent. But when they arrived at this damned place, even the Holy Beings' strength appeared so weak.

Two consummate True Gods and a Demi-holy Being from the Qin Clan heard the words being spoken. Their faces immediately turned ghastly pale.

Abelard could be resurrected in the universe, but the process wouldn't be fast as they expected. It would still take much time.

Everyone stared at the cold air until five minutes had quickly passed.

The Cold Fiends once again closed their eyes and mouths, and another time for interval started.

"Since you haven't reached an agreement, I will give you a push..."

The woman's cold voice sounded, and then a golden flame floated down from above.

As soon as the flame fell on the Cold Fiends' lair, it suddenly burst forth.

Spark!

The flame bust and raged as it instantly engulfed the area covering a few hundred feet.

It didn't kill the Cold Fiends but the flame instead had only awakened all of them.

All of the Cold Fiends that had just fallen asleep quickly opened their eyes and rushed out of the hexagonal grids.

"Argh!"

they all roared in a low voice, in order to antagonize their enemy.

They acted like bees guarding the honey nests. Once intruders came, they would swarm up and attack as soon as possible, killing all potential enemies.

Countless Cold Fiends moved and flocked quickly forming a circle at the bottom.

Soon, they smelled a strange odor. They followed the smell and gathered in front of the groove. It was where the ally of great clans had stayed.

"Ahhh!"

Their heads produced strange sounds that summoned more companions.

In just a few seconds, more than a hundred thousand Cold Fiends had been gathered.

They piled up and made a wall. After they created a certain formation, their mouths slowly opened.

"We're doomed..." Shahn cried with a grieved expression.

The scene was too extreme to grasp as everyone was at a loss.

Just then, they suddenly felt a warm current coming from behind them.

Someone looked back and saw the figure of Nicholas holding a round bag.

This was exactly the same bag that he used for the Explosive Crystals. After absorbing the Explosive Crystals, the bag was put in his space ring.

However, the Explosive Crystals didn't disappear.

Time was on a loop and kept repeating inside the bag. The Explosive Crystals went through a constant cycle of explosions and recovery.

Nicholas acted and untied his bag. The powerful energy inside the bag was released following a straight line.

Swish!

The action had made everyone feel that their eardrums had burst.

The small amount of energy still made their hair burn.

As the energy of the Explosive Crystals was released, the over a hundred thousand Cold Fiends started to puff cold air at the same time.

"Buzz..."

Two kinds of opposing energy collided, the Explosive Crystals against the cold air from the Cold Fiends. The energy flow of the Explosive Crystals had in no time occupied the absolute upper hand.

In the blink of an eye, the cold air had disappeared completely the moment it met the red energy flow.

"Boom!"

The red energy bust forth without any damage from the cold air. It flowed as it hit the wall of the Cold Fiends in a fast speed.

It smashed the Cold Fiends to pieces.

"Bravo!"

"This is the power of the Explosive Crystals!"

"If Holy Nicholas had not used this bag to collect the Explosive Crystals, we would have died up there!"

Everyone had already witnessed and known that the Explosive Crystals were powerful.

It was still beyond their expectation that their power would be so amazing.

Unbeknownst to them as they rejoiced, Nicholas' attack had stirred something big. The attack that killed more than a hundred thousand Cold

Fiends at that time had spread all over the Cold Fiends' lair.

Under the vibration of their lair, the remaining Cold Fiends inside flew into the air. These creatures obviously started a higher level of vigilance.

"If we stay here, we'll definitely die. We have to rush out! Follow me! Let's not face those Cold Fiends head on!" Nicholas shouted and ordered.

He led the group and rushed out first in a flash.

The rest of the Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods quickly followed him.

The Cold Fiends flew around. Recognizing their target, they began to spit out cold air.

"Phew!"

"Phew!"

"Phew!"

The milky white cold air, like fatal light, was shot around above the lair.

There was chaos as all the people fled in anxiousness.

Nicholas was the fastest, hovering above the Cold Fiends' lair like an eagle.

His extraordinary movement caught the attention of most Cold Fiends.

The Cold Fiends flew over and puffed cold air behind Nicholas.

Nicholas, being alert, seemed to be able to foresee the path of the cold air in advance. He moved and dodged swiftly among the cold air, and unexpectedly led these Cold Fiends to fly up.

Chapter 2800 Suspicion

Zen, Sword Chen, and the woman were watching everything from above.

When the woman saw Nicholas flying to her, her eyes glittered.

Of course she knew why Nicholas was doing this. He wanted to lure the Cold Fiends here.

"Let's leave," the woman said as she glanced at Zen. "Be careful."

Her original plan had been to force the Holy Beings to break through the Cold Fiends' lair. By then, most of the Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings would have died. After that, she would have been able to lead the Holy Beings' clones to reap the spoils.

Unexpectedly, Nicholas was making a move against her first.

Even with her strength, she wouldn't be able to escape if the Cold Fiends blocked her way out of the groove.

So, she had to get out as soon as possible.

The only thought on her mind was escaping this place with Zen.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

She tapped the ground with her toes and shot forward.

The Holy Beings' clones followed suit.

"How dare you lure the Cold Fiends here!" the woman said coldly.

Nicholas merely sneered in response and hovered in the air. The many Cold Fiends behind him spat out cold air from their mouths, aiming at the woman.

Every Holy Being was a unique existence and a prestigious citizen of the divine land, but even among them, Nicholas was ranked first. How could he be controlled by the woman?

Before, he had only gone down step by step because he had been forced to do so. Along the way, he had had to bear the urge to fight back.

But now that he had found a chance to strike back, there was no way he would let it go.

The dense cold air turned into a large disordered net and enveloped the woman. There was almost no space to escape in the large net.

Nicholas had done a good job.

"Master, be careful!"

"Sacred Twilight Flame!"

"Wood Divine Thunder!"

The Holy Beings' clones were standing in a lower spot near Nicholas, so they were not affected by the cold air.

But when they saw that their master was in danger, they rushed to fight.

Splash...

Crack!

These clones were actually as intelligent as real beings and knew how potent the cold air was.

They gathered energy with their internal momentum to help the woman dispel the cold air.

However, the characteristics of the cold air were too complicated. Even the most powerful force would be reduced to almost nothing in front of it.

The moment all their forces came into contact with the cold air, they froze.

Whoosh!

The woman took this chance to retreat.

A ball of brown light quickly formed within her body as she drew out the force of primitive fear in the Sea of Meditation.

Soon, the light transformed into a brown shield that stood in front of her.

Swish, swish...

The surface of the shield froze because of the cold air around it.

The fact was, the force of primitive fear was a very powerful energy. Even Nicholas could be trapped by it.

Sword Chen, a Demi-holy Being, could also greatly enhance his strength by combining the Gods-intimidating Strike with the force of primitive fear, allowing him to fight even against Samuel.

However, the force of primitive fear wouldn't be able to withstand the cold air at all.

After the brown shield froze, a crack appeared on its surface and began to spread out. With a loud clang, the shield broke into pieces which scattered in all directions.

The Holy Beings below had to constantly dodge the fragments of the shield, because the cold air contained within the pieces was also fatal.

As soon as the shield broke, the woman lightly touched the air in front of her, and another shield appeared in an instant.

As shields constantly continued to appear and break, the woman seized the opportunity to retreat.

After using the Cold Fiends to fight the woman, Nicholas didn't stop. He circled along the wall of the cave, quickly approaching Zen.

"We were destined to meet again!"

Although Nicholas was also in danger, he wore a faint smile when he faced Zen.

This time, Zen had no chance of escaping.

Back in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, it had been very unwise on his part to let Zen and Joy slip through his hands.

However, it hadn't been something that he could anticipate. After all, he had not expected Estelle to take action at such a critical moment.

Either way, he had never imagined that Zen would come back with a group of powerhouses.

Now that Nicholas had finally gotten a chance, he would not show Zen any mercy.

"Go to hell!"

A black and white handprint condensed on Nicholas's palm.

The Truth of Dark and Light Chaos was more than enough to kill Zen, a mere consummate True God.

Killing Zen was the most important thing right now; Nicholas could think of a way to deal with the woman after that.

However, just as he was about to hit Zen's right side, Zen twisted his body in the air and dodged his palm skillfully.

"What?"

Nicholas looked a little stunned. Obviously, he hadn't expected this.

What was going on?

He didn't think that Zen had the ability to predict things, and yet, Zen seemed to have known what was in his mind and avoided his palm in advance.

Maybe it was just a coincidence.

His brain churned. Without stopping, he made another strike with his palm.

His second palm attack was erratic, so he thought that Zen definitely wouldn't be able to predict this attack.

However, Zen twisted his body again. With the same uncanny bodily movement skill, he easily avoided Nicholas's palm once more.

A trace of confusion finally appeared on Nicholas's face.

'Something's wrong. He seems to be able to read my mind.'

Such a strange thought suddenly popped into his mind.

But how could his soul be read by a consummate True God? How was Zen doing it?

Nicholas had his suspicions, but he didn't voice them out to Zen.

However, Zen himself volunteered the information. "If you want to know how I'm doing it, you can go ask Samuel!"

"What do you mean? Why should I ask him?" Nicholas's face darkened.

At the mention of Samuel's name, something occurred to him.

When they had been fighting against the little fiends in the third stage of the Abyss Demon Region, they had been unable to use their spiritual senses because of the Soul Devouring Bugs.

Therefore, no one had been able to see the movements of the little fiends—with the exception of two people: Nicholas and Samuel.

With the Eye of Perception, Nicholas could foretell the next few seconds of every moment, so he had known how those little fiends would attack them.

However, Samuel, who didn't have the Eye of Perception, had also seemed to be able to foretell everything.

Nicholas had had a strange feeling about it for quite some time. How had Samuel been able to see those little fiends?

Could it be that he could read Nicholas's mind?

If that was the case, he would be able to make decisions in advance by taking advantage of Nicholas's thoughts.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth Of the Prime Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of Martial Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and

trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

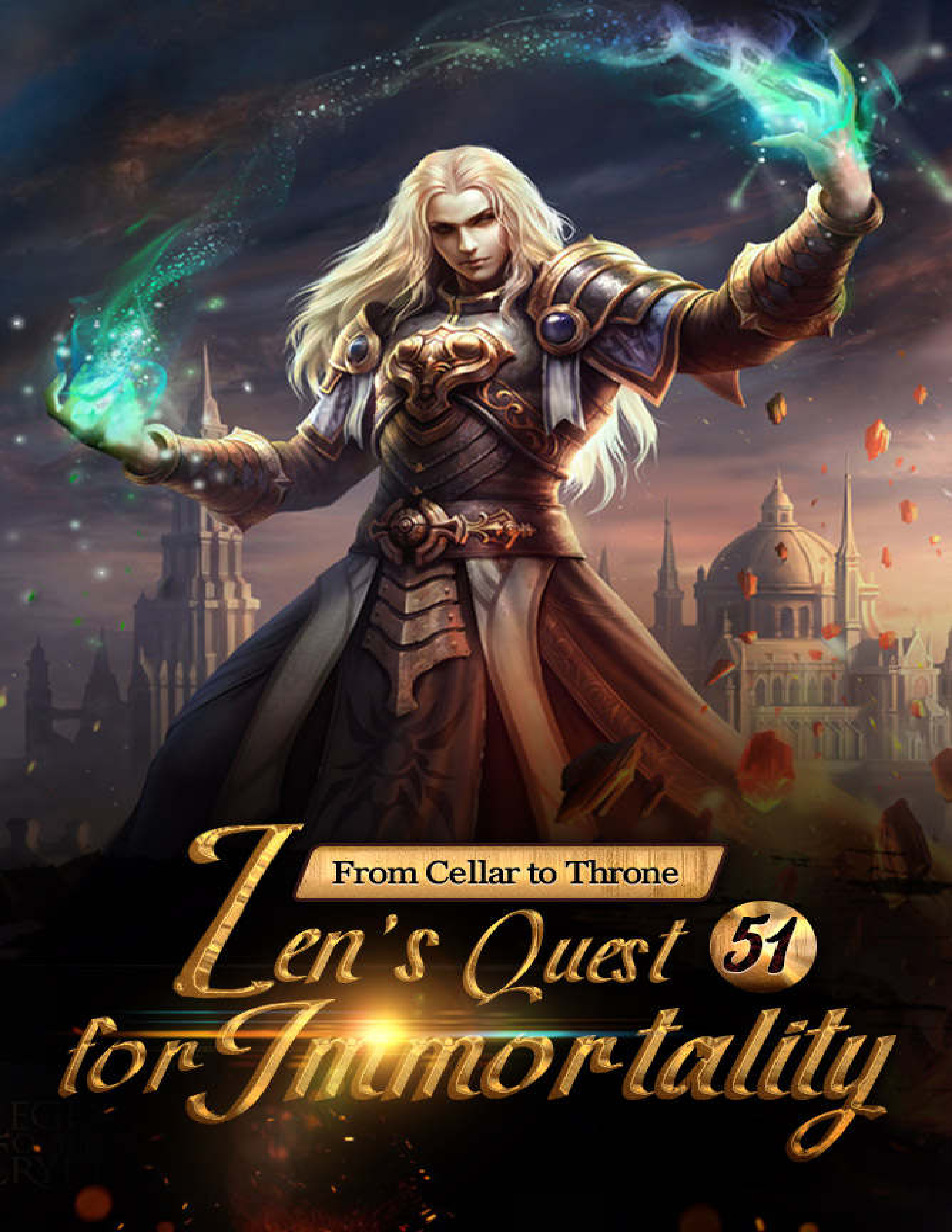

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

51

Content

- Chapter 2801 Under The Lair
- Chapter 2802 Two Light Balls
- Chapter 2803 Trying
- Chapter 2804 Cooperation
- Chapter 2805 Crack
- Chapter 2806 Food
- Chapter 2807 Trapped
- Chapter 2808 Tell The Truth
- Chapter 2809 The Spear Of Supreme Harmony
- Chapter 2810 Samuel's Ambition
- Chapter 2811 Slaughter
- Chapter 2812 A Sea Of Crimson Magma
- Chapter 2813 Drifting In The Sea
- Chapter 2814 The Broken Boat
- Chapter 2815 The Oneness Sky Palace
- Chapter 2816 Zen's Return
- Chapter 2817 Easier Than Expected
- Chapter 2818 The Opportunity
- Chapter 2819 Unable To Attack
- Chapter 2820 Fire Punch
- Chapter 2821 A New Path
- Chapter 2822 A Fight That Would Have Happened
- Chapter 2823 Dark Light Word Transformation
- Chapter 2824 Attacked By Shadows
- Chapter 2825 No Way To Escape
- Chapter 2826 Borrowing Strength
- Chapter 2827 The Dark And Light Destruction Sword
- Chapter 2828 The Rebellion
- Chapter 2829 Refine
- Chapter 2830 The Vortex That Pulled Everyone Inside
- Chapter 2831 Desperation
- Chapter 2832 Rachelle's Death
- Chapter 2833 Entering The Eight Diagrams
- Chapter 2834 Break The Balance

Chapter 2835 Falling Star Palm
Chapter 2836 Encounter
Chapter 2837 Reunion
Chapter 2838 Shake
Chapter 2839 The News Of Nicholas' Death
Chapter 2840 A Secret Cellar
Chapter 2841 An Unexpected Event At The Entrance
Chapter 2842 The One In Control
Chapter 2843 Pierson Dongfang
Chapter 2844 Breaking The Jade Harp Array
Chapter 2845 Mixed Feelings
Chapter 2846 Mike
Chapter 2847 Reunion
Chapter 2848 The Ring
Chapter 2849 Replacement
Chapter 2850 Taking Advantage Of Each Other
Chapter 2851 Go Back Home
Chapter 2852 Retrieve Memories
Chapter 2853 Plunder
Chapter 2854 Appease Samuel's Anger
Chapter 2855 Ignore
Chapter 2856 Clark's Fury

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2801 Under The Lair

There was not much time for Nicholas to ponder over Zen's words.

Nicholas had managed to bring hundreds of thousands of Cold Fiends up with him, but by now, they had scattered in all directions, and some of them were even heading downward.

Waves of cold air filled the space. If Nicholas stayed here a little longer, he would be shrouded by dozens or even hundreds of gusts of cold wind!

No matter what doubts or suspicions he had in his mind, he had to kill Zen while he still had the chance.

"Nonsense!"

As he approached Zen, he suddenly stretched out his hands.

Two strands of power, one black and one white, spiraled out of his body like two dragons. Soon, they turned into a torrent that rushed toward Zen.

The torrent covered a large distance in a matter of milliseconds.

Even if Zen had read Nicholas's Memory Flame and predicted his attack in advance, he still wouldn't have been able to escape this torrent; it was much faster than he was.

Splash!

As the torrent shot toward him, Zen's face slightly darkened.

Swish!

As he retreated, his long sword appeared in his hand, and his cold eyes filled with determination.

"Ways-blending Energy!"

Slash!

Right now, Zen had to go all out to fight Nicholas.

It was unfortunate that he couldn't turn into a Wild God and become tens of thousands of feet tall. The Cold Fiends were spitting cold air in all directions. If he became a giant at this place, he would soon be turned into a huge ice sculpture!

However, before he could strike with his sword, a slender figure suddenly fell from above and blocked him from the attack.

The mysterious woman had finally gotten rid of the Cold Fiends' fierce attacks.

Then, noticing that Zen was in danger, she had immediately come to his rescue without any hesitation. As she widened her eyes in anger, the force of primitive fear quickly condensed in her palm, turning into a long sword.

"Break!"

The energy on the surface of the long sword was surging frantically. The long sword acted like a tenacious rock located in the center of a river, splitting the turbulent Dark Light Torrents.

"You want to kill him? That's impossible as long as I'm here!"

the woman shouted at Nicholas, standing firmly behind the long sword.

Nicholas's face darkened slightly. The fatal blow that could have taken Zen's life had been intercepted by this woman!

Just as he was about to launch another attack, a powerful Truth of Dark and Light Chaos suddenly appeared below him.

Swish!

This time, a wave of Dark Light Torrents spiraled toward him. Of course, it had come from his own clone.

Nicholas's clone was almost as powerful as Nicholas himself. Since the former had spared no effort to attack him, Nicholas had to go all out to counterattack.

He had no choice but to unleash the Dark Light Torrents as well.

While the two Nicholases were fighting against each other, the woman said to Zen, "Let's go down!"

Whoosh!

She took Zen's hand and they plummeted down.

As she descended with Zen, seven of the Holy Beings' clones surrounded and protected them.

The woman's long black hair fluttered in the wind and gently stroked Zen's face.

Zen had always thought of this woman as a violent monster, but he was a little moved by her after she had protected him.

It seemed that his identity as a descendant of the Nine Li race was really very important to her.

Everyone at the bottom of the ice volcano was only focusing on two things: avoiding the drifting cold air and killing the Cold Fiends.

The Cold Fiends had very fragile bodies, but the cold air they emitted was extremely dangerous, making it very difficult to deal with them.

Clang!

A sharp sword radiance flashed and cut about eight of the Cold Fiends in half.

Rocher withdrew his sword and stomped on the volcano wall, dodging three gusts of cold wind that charged toward him.

At this moment, he saw the mysterious woman and Zen rushing down from above.

They were both in a situation that was out of their control. Zen and Rocher exchanged a glance with each other, and that was the only communication between them.

In the ongoing chaos, a lot of people died; they turned into ice sculptures and fell on the top of the lair, shattering into pieces.

"It was indeed my plan to take advantage of them to break into the lair, but I didn't expect so many of them to die. How stupid they are!" the woman commented, sighing with profound resignation.

According to her original plan, she would have deceived Nicholas and the others into invading the lair first, and then she would have led the cloned Holy Beings inside. But all of a sudden, Nicholas had ushered most of the Cold Fiends upward, throwing everyone into a melee.

Now, the woman reached out and grabbed at the lair.

Crack!

A gap that was over a hundred feet long appeared on the lair.

Then, the woman said, "The Cold Fiends here are continually reborn. Anyone who continues to fight here will definitely die. So if you still want to live, come with me."

Her voice was not loud, but everyone could hear her words clearly.

The Holy Beings, the Demi-holy Beings, and the consummate True Gods all looked down. Just as she had said, numerous Cold Fiends appeared, replacing the dead ones, and flew out of the hexagonal grids.

"That explains it! I was wondering why we couldn't kill the Cold Fiends when there were only a million of them!"

"These creatures can be reborn..."

The fact was, the Holy Beings and the Demi-holy Beings present were so powerful that they could kill thousands or even tens of thousands of Cold Fiends with just one attack.

But even though they had indeed killed many Cold Fiends, the number of their enemies had never seemed to decrease. Now, it all made sense.

As soon as the woman finished her words, the clones of the Holy Beings began to use their escape techniques and flew down to her.

Nicholas's clone also stopped battling Nicholas and moved downward.

"Let's go inside," the woman said as she pulled Zen into the crack in the lair.

The cloned Holy Beings followed closely behind them.

Of course, Sword Chen would not stay alone here. Seeing that Zen was being dragged into the lair by the woman, he also followed them inside.

People from the alliance of the powerful clans still continued to dodge the cold air, but most of them had stopped killing the Cold Fiends. Their eyes were all on Nicholas now.

Many of them just wanted to leave this damned place!

Too many people had died here already.

Many Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, and consummate True Gods had been killed.

Now that they had gotten rid of that woman, there was still a chance for them to go back.

Chapter 2802 Two Light Balls

Nobody knew what was hiding in the lair. But it was likely that once the alliance of the powerful clans entered, they would be killed.

It was not a big deal for the Holy Beings if they died, because it would not take long for them to be reborn. However, for the case of the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods, it would not be possible for them to come back to life.

"Let's go down."

Nicholas gave an order after thinking for a while.

According to the woman, the True Demon Body should be found in the lair. Now that he had come this far, it was even more impossible for him to give up.

Hearing Nicholas' words, the others were a little disappointed. They had no other choice but to go through the crack, thinking that they could at least temporarily avoid the Cold Fiends.

"The internal space is so vast. There are two beautiful stars."

Zen floated in the void and looked around. He never expected that there was a boundless void in the Cold Fiends' lair.

Two giant light balls floated in the center of the void. One was blazing red like the sun, and the other emitted a cool blue light, like a blue star.

"The first time I came in, I was also surprised," the woman said with a nod.

"This is not the first time you have been here?" Zen heard her and asked curiously.

"Of course not," the woman said with a small smile.

Since it was successful to use Sword Chen's clones to get to the bottom of the ice volcano, she could naturally break into the lair.

If Nicholas had obediently destroyed the Cold Fiends' lair just now, the alliance of the powerful clans wouldn't have suffered so many casualties.

"But I failed many times, even though it was just in front of me," the woman admitted.

She was currently referring to the True Demon Body.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

From the crack she had created, the clones of the Holy Beings came in one after another. The woman took a look at them and added, "There will be no more accidents this time."

Sword Chen went in after the group of Holy Beings' clones went forward.

Then the consummate True Gods, Demi-holy Beings, and Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans also came in.

A few members from the alliance of the powerful clans were killed in the Abyss Demon Region, but there were still over a hundred of them who persisted. They were able to keep their lives when they reached the ice volcano.

But right after they entered the ice volcano, the number of deaths had increased continuously.

Just as everyone who remained had entered, someone discreetly counted their number. He found out that there were just fifty people who were left.

Most of the younger generation had a straight face. The impact of the continuous death of Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings had given them considerable psychological pressure. They were surely given a blow even though they had reached the consummation of True God Realm.

A faint grudge against Nicholas had even arose in some people's hearts.

He was blamed since it was he who led all throughout and eventually took them to head for their doom.

But they just kept their hidden feelings in the back of their minds, and certainly didn't dare to speak them out.

The woman floated lightly in the air. She looked at Nicholas who just came in and asked, "Do you still want to fight? I won't refuse if you want."

The clones on her side were not injured and obviously not fewer compared to Nicholas' side. The combat power of the Holy Beings following her was probably even stronger.

The alliance of the powerful clans had some Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods, but even if they joined the fight, their efforts wouldn't really play a decisive role.

Looking at the woman's defiant eyes, Nicholas narrowed his eyes and said, "If you want to fight, we won't refuse either!"

His tone was unyielding, but everyone felt that he had rather compromised.

The members of the alliance of the powerful clans hearing his statement were finally relieved. They didn't want to risk their lives in this place anymore.

The woman's mouth curled up slightly. She turned around to look at Zen and said, "Let's go." She then pulled him and moved forward.

They traveled through the void for some time, and the two huge light balls in the distance became clearer as time went by.

"The cold air... It's indeed the cold air that the Cold Fiends spat out," Zen uttered in realization as he felt the coldness. "But this red light ball... Is it from the Explosive Crystals that exploded at the grooves?"

"You're right," the woman responded and smiled. "The red light ball is the energy of the Explosive Crystals. Look at the light ball carefully. What can you see?"

Zen gazed into the distance following what she said.

He saw that each of the two light balls had a figure curling up in it. The figure was very thin, and looked like a young girl that hadn't grown up yet. After observing closely, he immediately associated it with the corpse in the ice coffin.

"Is the True Demon Body here? Why are there two of them?" He asked in confusion.

The woman responded in a light tone, "It should only be one. They are just two forms of the True Demon Body."

"What do you mean?" He was more confused by what the woman disclosed.

"You'll know in a minute."

The woman abruptly stopped when she was in a distance of over ten thousand feet away from the two giant light balls.

From their location, it could be seen that the red light ball on the left brought blazing air and they felt as if they were roasted by roaring flames, while the cold air from the right one chilled them to the bone as if they were in a world of ice and snow.

The woman looked at the light balls and continued, "Actually, the True Demon Body itself is a kind of talent used to transform energy freely. The blue light ball contains cold air, which is the energy solidified by the True Demon Body."

Her voice was not loud, but since no sound could be heard in the void, even the members of the alliance of the powerful clans could hear her words clearly and precisely.

It also made them curious about the two giant light balls and they had noticed the girls inside. Now, everyone was listening to the woman's speech carefully.

"Energy solidification... Why is it so cold?" Zen continued to ask in puzzlement.

In his own view, energy solidification should be a form of energy shaping. An example was the strength source which was made into various shapes, or the purple aura which was transformed into various living creatures. These were the manifestations of energy solidification for his understanding.

The woman answered faintly, "It is not the energy solidification in your thought."

As she spoke, she stretched out her hand towards Zen. The brown energy condensed in her palm was the force of primitive fear.

Zen looked back at her in confusion. He wondered what kind of magic she was going to do.

"Buzz..."

The force of primitive fear suddenly began to spin in a violent manner.

Chapter 2803 Trying

The temperature kept increasing at a high speed!

"With the violent flow of all the energy, the temperature will rise," the woman said lightly.

Splash...

After the temperature reached a limit, the force of primitive fear unexpectedly turned into a light brown flame that bloomed in her hand.

Then, with a gentle pinch of her fingers, the brown energy and flame disappeared without a trace. "In the same way, if the energy stays completely still, the temperature will decrease and it will release absolute coldness."

"You mean the cold air?" Zen had already more or less figured this out.

The members of the alliance of powerful clans were also hit with the realization of what was happening around them. With a mixture of curiosity and excitement, they started to whisper amongst themselves.

"It can directly control the flow of the energy. What kind of ability is it?"

"If that's the case, then wouldn't the True Demon Body be able to freeze anything?"

"Didn't you feel it yourself?"

Just now, all of them had endured the cold air while being attacked by the Cold Fiends.

They knew just how strong the cold air was...

"Yes, it's the cold air," the woman said lightly, staring at Zen. "The True Demon Body is divided into two forms. One is the forward-flowing form, that is the red light ball... The other is the reverse-flowing form, that is the blue light ball. If we break these light balls, we can obtain the True Demon Body!"

Although the woman had casually said these words, Zen had a vague feeling that the two light balls wouldn't be so easy to break.

"If it were really so easy to do that, I think you would have already obtained the True Demon Body. Why did you wait for us to come?"

Clark said from behind.

The others immediately nodded their heads in agreement. This woman had stayed in the Abyss Demon Region for many years and knew much more about this place than they did. If she could easily break the light balls on her own, she wouldn't have waited until now to do it.

"You're right. I can't do it all by myself," the woman said with a faint smile. "The two energy light balls are dependent on the True Demon Body as well as on each other. Their energies are interchangeable. If the red light ball is attacked, all the energy in it will be solidified and sent to the blue light ball. If the blue light ball is attacked, all its energy will become more active and flow to the red light ball. For countless years, the energy has been bouncing back and forth between these two balls. If you came here just a year later, you would not see an ice palace at the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region; instead, you would see a fire palace! This ice coffin wouldn't be an ice coffin, but a fire coffin. Even this ice volcano would become a real volcano!"

The environment where the True Demon Body rested transformed once every ten years or so.

The ice palace had been maintained for nine years so far...

"A year later..." Zen murmured to himself.

Zen understood that the environment of the ice coffin depended on the flow of the energy.

The more active the energy was, the hotter the coffin would become. When the energy was stagnant, the place would become cold and snowy.

Now, the energy was slowly getting more active...

So, the blue light ball was far weaker than the red one.

"Everyone has to work together to change the energy flow," the woman said, staring at the red light ball. "Now, more than ninety percent of the energy has accumulated within the red light ball. So if we keep attacking the blue light ball, the True Demon Body will naturally transfer the energy to the red light ball. If we keep channeling energy to the red light ball, we will be able to make it swell and explode! "

"Isn't that a stupid method?"

"This light ball is only around tens of thousands of feet wide. Can't we just split it open?"

"After all, they are just two masses of energy..."

Some of the Demi-holy Beings and Holy Beings lowered their heads in discussion. They seemed to have formed a temporary alliance to discuss countermeasures.

After working together to break the light ball, they could then fight with each other for the True Demon Body.

Hearing these discussions, the woman raised her head slightly, revealing a look of contempt. "As great Holy Beings from the divine land, all of you have some extraordinary powers and skills. Just give it a try!"

"Okay. Let me have a try!"

Zeke, the Holy Being of the Fang Clan, said, stepping forward.

"Father, be careful," reminded Shahn.

He believed that the woman was not someone they could trust. She had told them a lot of things, but he was not sure if those things were true or made up.

What if Zeke's efforts ended up irritating the True Demon Body? Shahn personally felt that it was too much of a risk.

Zeke nodded slightly, and then stretched out his hands.

A huge shadow appeared in the void and slowly took the shape of an illusory ax. Although it didn't seem to exist in this realm, it was emitting a powerful aura.

"Zeke, did you get this ax in the Soul Wilderness? I've never seen you use it before!" Clark said.

The Holy Beings had obtained a lot of powerful weapons through the Floating Islands.

However, it was in the Soul Wilderness that Zeke had obtained this ax, the powerful, five-star supreme treasure of belief.

With a faint smile, Zeke pointed his finger at the huge illusory ax.

Everyone heard a wail of pain coming from the huge ax. A turbulent force surged out of it and immediately slashed at the blue light ball.

Hoo!

Bang!

The moment the huge ax made contact with the blue light ball, a cold light flashed on the ball's surface.

Splash...

The blue light ball redirected the force from the ax to the red light ball, where it turned into a flame.

As for the huge ax, it had frozen to ice.

Fortunately, as a supreme treasure of belief, the huge ax couldn't be destroyed. As Zeke gently waved his hand, the huge ax shrank and disappeared in front of everyone's eyes.

"The two light balls coordinate with each other and transfer their energy to each other. How can they be broken?" Zeke shook his head, admitting defeat.

"Let me give it a try!"

Clark shouted priggishly.

He wanted to have a try after watching Zeke take action.

The woman smiled faintly. "You can give it a try, but it's useless for you to do it alone. The only reason I didn't kill you before is because your Elementary Fire Godly Way is very important."

Chapter 2804 Cooperation

Clark's face immediately darkened upon hearing the woman's words. He turned his head and glared fiercely at her.

She was telling the truth.

The world of ice and snow was created by the True Demon Body. Clark might not be the strongest among the Holy Beings, but no one could parallel him in terms of controlling flames.

Before she came to the ice palace, she had gathered the extra Faith Energy of all the fierce beasts in the Abyss Demon Region. The Faith Energy was then used to forge the clones. If she used it to kill Clark, it would be enough to kill him more than ten times.

Meanwhile, Clark flew upwards several dozens of feet from the ground. With a light pat, flames of three colors were seen spreading over his head.

"Sizzle!"

The tri-colored flames instantly turned into a huge tri-colored fire cloud.

"Phew!"

A breath of air escaped Clark's mouth

The tri-colored fire cloud spiraled at a very high speed and rushed towards the blue light ball.

Just like the woman had said, the faster the energy flowed, the more powerful it would be. He was actually applying the same theory.

His tri-colored fire cloud sped swiftly and clashed against the blue light ball. As soon as his attack touched its edge, the flame within the red light ball began to roll, while the tri-colored fire cloud quickly froze and vanished.

He had already gone all out with his attack. However, the result was just like that. He rolled his eyes and then came down from the sky.

"This ice ball is not afraid of fire at all. It's useless!" Clark honestly stated.

With a faint smile, the woman remarked, "Judging from the reaction of the red light ball, we can learn that the energy it has just obtained is much more than the energy it has got from the strike of Zeke. Thus, it is useful."

The woman's statement made him breathe a sigh of relief. At least, he did better than Zeke.

"Now do you know why I gathered so many Holy Beings? If no one else wants to have a try, we can work together to break the light ball," the woman continued.

There were still over ten clones of Holy Beings that remained on her side. Added together with the real Holy Beings, the number of the combined group was all in all about thirty.

If they attacked the blue light ball at the same time, all the energy would rush to the red light ball. If the mustered energy was enough, their attack could definitely make it burst.

The woman was originally considered their enemy just now, but the next moment she suggested a cooperation. Her attitude had changed completely.

Some of them still held doubts upon hearing about the matter of cooperation. What if the woman played some tricks again and put everyone into disadvantageous situation?

The final say should still be decided by Nicholas.

"Of course, we can do that!"

Nicholas agreed without thinking too much.

The True Demon Body's ability of transforming energy had indeed aroused his interest.

He heard from the woman that the True Demon Body could stop and also activate any energy. If he could have a hand on this treasure, he would almost be invincible in the divine land!

"We'll do it over there. Then, you just follow my instructions and attack the blue light ball with our most powerful means," the woman instructed right after, feeling satisfied.

According to her original plan, the clones of the Holy Beings were the key.

At first, she did not intend to let the real Holy Beings enter the place.

However, she was not sure whether the over a dozen clones she created could make that red light ball burst.

In the end, she chose to cooperate. In addition, the strength and methods of the Holy Beings were indeed beyond her expectation.

Naturally, she still believed that the situation was under her control!

"Everyone, get ready!"

As everyone prepared themselves, the woman's eyes flashed with a brown light.

The force of primitive fear gushed out from her body. The brown energy continuously flowed out, quickly gathering into a long spear that extended to a length of a thousand feet!

Zen at this time was feeling uncomfortable. The force of primitive fear was not directly aimed at him but the power of fear had still affected him in a way.

In such case, he wasn't alone. The power had also affected the Holy Beings in the distance.

They tried their best to suppress the fear in their hearts, but the expressions on their faces were more or less unnatural.

"Buzz..."

The clones of the Holy Beings took out their magic weapons and started to gather momentum at the same time. Powerful streams of internal momentum had then spread out from their bodies.

When the real Holy Beings saw the magic weapons the clones had used, their faces displayed astonishment. They were completely shocked and confused at the same time.

When they obtained some very powerful supreme treasures of belief, most of them would usually hide them and rarely show their power in public.

Even in the alliance of powerful clans, they would not share such information. Only the closest subordinates of their own clans were made aware of it. Some supreme treasures of belief were discovered accidentally by the disciples of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands and were afterwards offered to the Holy Beings.

As they looked at the scene in front of them, they could only stand helplessly on the side and watch these 'fake' guys take out the supreme treasures of belief which were actually the same as theirs!

This woman's duplicating power was beyond their imagination.

Nicholas only glanced at the clones and had also started to release the dark and white Truth of Godly Way.

The Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, consummate True Gods of the alliance of powerful clans continuously activated the internal momentum in their bodies.

Lights of different colors spread out in this space, and streams of momentum surged crazily.

Zen and Sword Chen were also prepared to release their own power.

"Go ahead!"

As the woman gave the order, her slender fingers flicked lightly.

"Whoosh!"

The thousand-foot long spear she had suddenly flew towards the blue light ball.

"Crack!"

The long spear stabbed into the blue light ball as it made the surface of the light ball surge rapidly, and the flames in the red light ball on the other side spiraled crazily. There was a faint sign showing that it had expanded and swelled.

"Emotion Closing Godly Way..."

Zen's eyes showed no emotion. The Shadow Bearing Sword in his hand brandished a crescent shaped sword radiance.

"Swish, swish..."

The sword radiance stirred and whooshed away.

At the same time, Sword Chen followed with a move as he struck out streams of brown sword light.

They both had cultivated the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Sword Chen had relied on the force of primitive fear while Zen had relied on Ways-blending Energy.

"Boom..."

The others also gathered their momentum and aimed their power at the blue light ball.

Palm strikes, sword radiance, blade light, long arrows...

All sorts of colors and attacks in various forms rushed to the blue light ball.

The only important factor they had to pay attention to was to cut off their connection with the energy after releasing it.

Otherwise, the blue light ball's cold energy would be delivered back to them and worse would freeze their bodies!

Chapter 2805 Crack

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

The dozens of Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, and the consummate True Gods had joined forces to strike an attack. Even the powerful masters at the Other Shore Realm would have been shattered into tiny bits by this attack.

However, the blue light ball was still floating in the air motionlessly and without any damage. The attacks had been absorbed and were then transformed into the red light ball.

Red flames were formed and they roiled wildly with the red light ball like waves.

If one would look closely, a faint figure would be seen. One could see that a body of a girl was inside the ball, and was also rolling madly.

The red light ball had swollen up a little bit more.

"That's not enough! Everyone... Please do your best!" the woman ordered, raising her eyebrows at the scene.

The clones under her command were naturally obedient after hearing the order. They once again prepared for another attack.

Clark's clone acted first as he patted slightly on his waist and a small bronze wine cup flew up. His hand then stretched to take a hold of the cup and drank down whatever was in it.

As he emptied the contents of the cup, his face turned red and his aura had increased greatly.

The real Clark was all along watching the actions on the side. He saw and noticed the moment his clone took out the wine cup.

Seeing that his clone drank it without any hesitation, he couldn't help but shudder.

It was the 'Forbidden Fire Blood' that he had secretly refined. Although it could enhance one's power in a short time, it would have a negative influence on one's soul. And now, he actually saw his clone drink it down without even hesitating.

They were after all just clones. They cared about nothing and used different methods to enhance their strength at the woman's order.

Meanwhile, the alliance of powerful clans also heard the woman's order and went all out. They gave their best in their strikes but not to cross a line. They surely wouldn't enhance their strength by the way of harming their bodies.

"The second round of attack!"

All sorts of skills were exerted to attack the surface of the blue light ball.

"Rumble..."

A violent explosion resounded through the air.

The flame in the red light ball began to swell and expanded once again!

"Crack-"

A thin crack had finally appeared on the surface of the red ball.

Nicholas raised his eyebrows suddenly upon seeing the crack. Samuel's expression changed as a greedy light flashed across his eyes.

Both of them were on their own schemes. They didn't care about what the woman had planned. As long as there was a chance, they would seize it immediately!

The woman wasn't bothered by anything else as her focus was on the red light ball. A smile appeared on her face as soon as she saw the crack. Her estimation was right. With their joint efforts, they really made an opening on the light ball!

"There is a crack! It's cracking! Go on!"

The red light ball had already swelled to its limit and presumably the third round of attack would be enough to completely break it.

However, just as everyone was preparing for the third round of attack...

The raging flame inside the red light ball suddenly spread out towards both sides. A tender palm emerged and suddenly slapped on the surface of the light ball. At the same time, the girl's face was seen in the red flame. Her eyes were open staring through the light ball at the people outside.

"The girl woke up?"

"She has her own consciousness?"

"This thing... How strong is it?"

For the Holy Beings, they only considered the girl as a supreme treasure of belief. The scene had indeed surprised them as they didn't expect that she had gained her own consciousness.

Zen and Sword Chen had heard the woman once mentioned that this girl had awakened, but her intelligence was only at a low level...

The girl moved and clung close to the surface of the light ball, her fiery red eyes showing a trace of curiosity. She looked and transferred her gaze at one to another from time to time, seemingly innocent like a child of two or three years old. She appeared to be curious about everything, and on her lips plastered a faint smile.

"Bang!"

The third round of attack was not delayed as they continued to bombard the blue light ball again.

It didn't take long for several snaps to happen.

This time, cracks had quickly appeared on the surface of the red ball.

The red and blue light balls complemented each other. If one of them could not hold on, the other would also break!

The energy inside the red light ball was already on the verge of overflowing, and the blue light ball was unable to transform the energy anymore. It could only rely on itself to resist the attacks of the Holy Beings, and cracks also appeared on its surface!

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Everyone stopped on their attacks as they heard the sound. The two balls already had cracks on their surfaces and they continued to spread.

"It seems that we have succeeded..."

"They are still cracking."

"Should we... fight for the girl?"

The members of the alliance of powerful clans began to secretly examine the woman.

They were a bit afraid of this woman, but they were already at the end of their journey. With the True Demon Body being so close to them, no one would easily give in.

There might be a fierce battle in this place!

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The surface of the two light balls was full of cracks, and the fragments in the cracks began to fall slowly.

Without the binding force of the light balls, the cold energy and the flame energy nakedly floated in the air...

At this moment, no one dared to rush forward as they watched everything that was happening on full alert.

The cold energy and the flame were so deadly...

The True Demon Body could activate energy to the maximum. The red flame should be the most scorching flame in the divine land, and this time, its temperature had reached its limit. The cold energy also reached the limit of low temperature.

Despite the pressure, everyone was ready to make a move!

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, the blue and white cold energy began to intersect with the red flame. And they neutralized!

"Sizzle..."

A sharp sound was heard when the two forces converged.

Soon, the fusion of cold energy and the flame appeared to get smaller in size.

Two delicate figures floated quietly in the air. They were two identical girls.

They looked exactly the same from their appearances, but their auras differed greatly. The girl on the left blinked her eyes and looked around with a joyful smile on her face.

The girl on the right had a big pair of eyes, but there was no emotion in her blue eyes. If anyone met her eyes, it was as if they were looking at two lifeless cold pools. It would certainly make people feel chill in their spines.

After the two streams of deadly energy disappeared, there was silence again in the void.

The silence was soon disturbed as the girl on the left giggled. She looked at the crowd and asked, "Who are you?"

Hardly had her voice faded away, the woman had already rushed forward!

"Humph!"

Nicholas sneered and followed her in a flash.

"Whoosh!"

They were soon followed by Clark and Murphy.

Samuel looked tempted. The ability of the True Demon Body was so powerful that it was beyond imagination. For this opportunity, he naturally wouldn't let it go.

Chapter 2806 Food

But looking into the girls' eyes, he had a feeling that it wouldn't be easy to obtain the True Demon Body!

That was the reason why he didn't rush out immediately.

"Stop there!"

As the woman floated in the air, brown energy emerged from her body, turning into a huge net, which was tens of thousands of feet in size, and it devoured the path in front of Nicholas and the others.

Nicholas tore the net apart easily by twisting his arms slightly.

As soon as the huge net was ripped apart by Nicholas, Clark and Murphy quickly scampered through the hole in the net.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Following them were Zeke, Jeremiah and the other Holy Beings in rapid succession.

"The True Demon Body! It belongs to me!"

Clark shouted triumphantly as he lunged at the girl on the left side.

But as soon as he touched the girl's body, he let out a painful scream!

Boom!

All of a sudden, his body was consumed by a flame.

Most of the people present could not make sense of the scene unfolding before them. After all, Clark was able to turn his body into a flame while he used the Elementary Fire Godly Way. Moreover, as the top figure of the

Elementary Fire Godly Way, who else could be more proficient at controlling flames than him?

However, nobody noticed that Murphy, who was standing the closest to Clark, looked as if he had seen a ghost.

He dodged and quickly distanced himself from the girls.

'Damn it!'

Murphy cursed inwardly.

He had seen everything clearly. Clark had not used the Elementary Fire Godly Way. He had been swallowed up by the flame!

The Holy Being's body had been burned to ashes in the blink of an eye.

After Clark was burnt completely, the red flame finally disappeared!

"Clark! Did he get burnt to death?"

"The little girl..."

"This is not the supreme treasure of belief, is it? Is THIS the strongest creature in the Abyss Demon Region?"

When the red flame had vanished, they finally realized that Clark had indeed been burned to death!

The woman, who had been stopped by Nicholas, was also stunned when she saw this scene. "How could it be?" She was aware that the True Demon Body had its own wisdom and was able to attack on its own, but she didn't expect it to be so powerful!

Nicholas stared at the two girls and frowned. He was also panicking.

"What happened? The True Demon Body is too powerful. How will anyone ever be able to control it?" Zen was also stumped.

Sword Chen shook his head and said sadly, "Let's retreat for now and play it by ear!"

At this moment, the girl on the left smiled brightly at the crowd and gently waved at something or someone in the distance.

Swish!

The crack leading to the outside suddenly disappeared.

The faces of some Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods immediately darkened.

"Th- Thank you," said the girl with red eyes with a pronounced lisp.

Everyone fell silent.

The mysterious woman pursed her lips and seemed to be contemplating.

Nicholas was the only one who asked, "For what?"

"Thank you for bringing me sufficient food," the girl answered, managing to say it much more fluently than her first sentence.

It would only take a few seconds for creatures of this level to master a language.

Nicholas smiled softly and spoke in a kind tone, "If you go with me, we can offer you as much food as you like!"

Although he didn't know how to refine the True Demon Body, Nicholas had planned to deceive her into going with him anyway.

However, the little girl put on an innocent smile again and said, "It won't be that troublesome. All of you will be my food."

These guys floating in the air were nothing but food for the girls.

And who in their right mind could be bothered to cooperate with their food?

The girl stretched out a finger and lazily pointed at Nicholas from a distance.

The look on Nicholas's face changed dramatically. He retreated without hesitation.

He moved at such a fast speed that nobody else could keep up to him!

All of a sudden, a red light shone at the place where Nicholas had just been standing.

The red light quickly transformed into a blossoming red lotus in the air.

The red lotus was only the size of a palm, but its temperature was very high. Even though it was thousands of feet away, people could still feel the heat radiating from it.

"You moved so fast!"

The girl was astonished by Nicholas's pace.

She was born many years ago.

But she had always been in this ice coffin. In all these years, no one had spoken to her, and she did not know anything about the outside world.

The only people she had encountered in the past were the mysterious woman and Sword Chen.

The woman had gained control over the clones of Sword Chen in order to enter the ice coffin. She had been so cautious every time. She had never said a word even when she had come into the Cold Fiends' lair at the bottom of the ice volcano.

She was worried that the True Demon Body would develop intelligence.

Regardless, her fears had come true. She frowned as she stared at the two girls.

Now that the True Demon Body had developed its own intelligence, was all that planning in vain?

While the woman was deep in thought, the girl with the red eyes began to attack once again!

Whoosh!

She moved through the void at a very high speed.

However, Clark's death had put everyone else on high alert. As soon as the girl moved, the Holy Beings floating in the air immediately scattered in all directions in a state of panic.

"You are my food!

I need food!

Come back to me! I'm hungry!"

The red-eyed girl laughed wickedly as she lunged at Jeremiah.

"Why did you choose to come after me?"

A look of helplessness appeared on Jeremiah's face. A gust of cold air spread out from him, transforming into a large ice wall that blocked him from her.

Seizing the opportunity, he fled!

Boom!

The girl blinked her eyes when she saw this.

A red lotus appeared inside the ice wall. The ice wall quickly collapsed with a splash and turned into vapors thanks to the burning fire.

The girl's intellect was growing rapidly as she negotiated these obstacles.

Originally she had the intellect of a two- or three-year-old child. But after listening to these people's conversations, her intelligence grew as she picked up new information. So her brain was now equivalent to that of a four- or five-year-old child.

Chapter 2807 Trapped

"Stop!"

the girl shouted as she chased after Jeremiah.

Jeremiah heard the childish voice and felt annoyed.

He wondered why the girl had chosen to go after him among so many people.

It was indeed fortunate that she only had very little wisdom. Otherwise, with her ability, she could kill everyone in an instant.

At this moment, he was feeling frustrated. The girl kept chasing him. She wanted his life.

Whoosh, whoosh...

The girl was much faster than him. The distance between them quickly closed.

"Everyone, please help!"

Jeremiah cried out as he circled in the void. He then rushed towards the alliance of the rich and powerful clans.

The other warriors heard him, but they were all aware of the girl's strength.

They were all eager to avoid being attacked.

How would they possibly help him?

The red-eyed girl was persistent and continued to go after Jeremiah, not minding where the chase had led them.

She lifted her little hand and gently waved, and then red lotuses constantly bloomed behind Jeremiah as he fled.

Although the red lotuses didn't burn Jeremiah, the temperature they gave off was so unbearable that even the body of a Holy Being could not stand it.

Jeremiah was having a hard time to deal with them as his mind was troubled to find an escape.

"Jeremiah, come to me!" Nicholas urged.

Jeremiah was desperate for help at the moment, and as soon as he heard Nicholas' voice, he felt excited and rushed to him directly!

Nicholas then slightly clapped his hands.

His left hand turned into thin threads of white silk, and his right hand turned into thin threads of black silk.

This action indicated that he had already completely infused the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos into his own internal momentum.

Swish!

The filaments looked frail, but there was an indescribable mystery in them.

"I will trap the girl, and meanwhile, the other warriors can give it another try to attack her! This time, she might be subdued," Nicholas suggested.

The red light ball and the blue light ball were complementary to each other, and that was why they were so strong.

However, there was a limit to the energy within the light balls.

He had been looking for a way to defeat the girl for a while but was unsuccessful in the end. There seemed to be no means to subdue the girl's power.

He would have to adopt the previous method then!

The woman's eyes suddenly lit up at Nicholas' suggestion. She asked with a slight doubt in her eyes, "But can you trap the girl?"

She was still in doubt since they had clearly seen and witnessed what the girl could do. Just a moment ago, Clark was burnt to ashes just by a touch of the girl's body.

The woman assumed nothing in the divine land could stop the girl.

"How do you know if I don't give it a try?" Nicholas sounded determined.

Whoosh!

In a swift motion, Jeremiah was already on Nicholas' side.

The girl focused all her attention on Jeremiah. She didn't even hear Nicholas and the others talking about how to deal with her.

"Thank you, Nicholas. We count on you now!"

Jeremiah passed by Nicholas and heaved a deep sigh of relief.

Nicholas' face hardened slightly. The white and black threads extended quickly and intertwined to form a huge net of Eight Diagrams.

"Invisible energy, solid colors, dark and light mingling..." he mumbled.

In the Source World, the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos was a very powerful Truth of Godly Way.

As the girl approached, hot energy spread out and attacked the big Eight Diagrams net.

The Truth of Dark and Light Chaos had one characteristic similar to the two girls.

It was already known that the two girls were complementary to each other, as were the black threads and the white threads Nicholas created.

"Trap!"

He gave a shout.

The big net suddenly turned and encircled the girl with red eyes.

Just as the red-eyed girl was yet to be completely trapped, flames came out of the big net of Eight Diagrams and turned into red lotuses.

However, hardly had the red lotuses formed than they were drawn into the large net and quickly dissipated!

"Everybody, take action! I can't trap her for a long time!" Nicholas urged in a hurry.

The others had already been waiting and prepared for a long time. As soon as Nicholas gave the order, they shot their attacks on the trapped girl in the Eight Diagrams net.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Rumble...

Strong rays of light were cast down towards the girl, and she was instantly submerged by everyone's attacks.

Buzz...

As the attacks went on, a blue line streaked through space and reached the blue-eyed girl, who was floating in the air.

She and the red-eyed girl seemed to have two completely different personalities.

She had been gazing at the crowd with indifference, making no noise at all.

As the red-eyed girl was attacked, energy was being transferred and transmitted into the blue-eyed girl.

Coldness had grown in her blue eyes.

That woman's judgment was correct.

Just like the energy of the two light balls, the energy of the two girls could also move.

If one girl's energy was accumulated to a certain extent, it could also crush the girl.

Yet there was a precondition that the other girl did not know how to release energy.

It obviously wasn't going to happen here since the True Demon Body had acquired intelligence. Thus, when the chilly air in the blue-eyed girl's body was accumulated to a certain extent, she would instinctively vent it out.

She looked around with her blue eyes.

"The people there!"

The girl with blue eyes spoke, as she raised her hand slightly, traces of pure and extreme energy circling around her fingers.

The energy had been transformed from the attacks of the Holy Beings. After being transmitted to the body of the blue-eyed girl, it was enhanced, and the temperature was lowered to the extreme.

Wisps of chilling aura could be detected from the energy.

"Go away, all of you!"

The blue-eyed girl was raging at the moment. She didn't have the concept of "death" yet, and she just subconsciously wanted to vent her energy on them.

The freezing aura around her turned into ice flowers and spread out in the void at an incredible speed, producing clear and melodious sounds.

But her words were not heard as most of the people were focused on the girl with red eyes.

Zen didn't involve himself. He did not participate in attacking the red-eyed girl since so many people were already making a move. His action was not necessary at the moment.

Chapter 2808 Tell The Truth

Moreover, Zen never felt a strong hostility from the girl. Although she treated everyone like food, she spoke just like a child. Perhaps they could reason with her.

Zen also knew that it was impossible for these people to patiently communicate with these two girls.

After all, everyone wanted to have the True Demon Body. They would end up competing with each other overtly or covertly. Conflicts also arose between that woman and the powerful clans, and between Samuel and Nicholas.

Buzz!

Hearing that crisp chirping sound, Zen automatically turned to see the countless ice flowers moving towards them like fast growing weeds.

"Be careful!"

Shouting loudly, Zen started to retreat.

The joint attack just ended and those warriors were about to observe the situation of the girl with red eyes, and prepare for the second round.

Hearing Zen's warning, they all turned to see what was going on, their expressions drastically changing.

"That girl with the blue eyes is also taking action!"

"Damn it! Retreat!"

"Like the two light balls, the two girls are able to relay energy towards each other!"

The light balls didn't know how to release the energy, and the energy would finally crush them.

However, the girl knew that kind of thing.

The woman's face turned gloomy as she looked at the ice flowers coming towards them, but she had no choice but to retreat.

However, the woman and those duplicates of Holy Beings were near the right side of the girl with blue eyes. Three of the duplicates failed to dodge in time, directly getting pierced through by the ice flowers.

Soon, the surface of the three duplicates of Holy Beings was covered by a layer of frost and they were frozen to death.

As those people continued to retreat, the blue-eyed girl fluttered in the void like a ghost, chasing after the Holy Beings.

"You can't escape!"

the girl with red eyes warned, as she gently patted on the lotus flowers with her little hands, a smile appearing on her face.

As both girls acted at the same time, the blue line attracted everyone's attention again.

"The two girls rely on this thread to convey energy towards each other," Murphy concluded, staring at the thread.

"Find a way to cut this thread off," Zeke shouted.

Right after Zeke's order, Jeremiah waved his fist towards the blue thread.

Swish!

The Mysterious Ice Godly Way formed into a huge ice saber and slashed against the thread.

However, this blue thread was like an ethereal space channel. The ice saber crossed it, but no damage was made.

As they all knew, all the powers of Space Law had been suppressed in the Abyss Demon Region. Even the Holy Beings couldn't activate the Grand Teleportation technique, so they also couldn't break this thread.

Actually, they all saw it coming. After all, when the girl with red eyes was attacked, all kinds of strong energy surrounded her completely, which should have already broken the thread if it could be destroyed.

"The space here is not letting us tear it apart! We can't break their connection!"

"Unless someone can cut through space to break it."

The Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods constantly escaped in the void.

With a gleam shining in his eyes, Samuel couldn't help pinching the ring on his thumb.

He was sure that the Spear of Supreme Harmony could cut the blue thread.

In other words, the Spear of Supreme Harmony was the key to get the True Demon Body!

Those Holy Beings, such as Nicholas and Murphy, were too confident in their own strength.

They initially thought that with their cultivation base as Holy Beings, they could defeat everything and conquer the entire Abyss Demon Region. However, it never occurred to them that after they entered this void, they only reached a stalemate. Perhaps, it was Samuel's time to shine. At this stage, it seemed that only Samuel could get them out of this bad situation.

Ahhh!

The sound caught everyone's attention. Apparently, two consummate True Gods, who initially fled, slowed down and got trapped in the lotuses.

Their scream lasted for less than three seconds. Afterwards, they had already been burnt into ashes.

While Samuel was watching how the others were doing, a faint smile appeared on his face.

Now was not the time for him to make a move.

Even if he took action at this time, he couldn't win over both Nicholas and that woman.

It would be better to act after almost everyone died.

"Help me, Master." The call was too hard to dismiss.

Looking around, Samuel saw a Demi-holy Being from the Leng Clan was trapped in the ice flower.

It was actually meaningless to cry for help now, as he was already frozen in place at a blink of an eye.

The two girls continued to fly around the space faster than the Holy Beings, initially causing exhaustion and later on death.

Everyone's heart sank at the thought of it. Only Samuel felt relaxed. In his heart, he wanted those warriors to die quickly.

During that moment, Samuel sensed someone's eyes were set on him. He looked around and realized it was Zen, who was standing a thousand feet away.

Looking at Zen's reaction, he felt a little unhappy. Zen commented, "I remember that the Holy Being of the Han Clan used a faith weapon when he chased after me. He should have gained it from the Abyss Demon Region, right? He is even able to ignore the rules of the Abyss Demon

Region and use the Grand Teleportation technique. I wonder if he could also break off the connection between these two girls."

Hearing what Zen had said, Samuel scolded him angrily in his heart.

If that woman hadn't been protecting Zen all the time, Samuel would have found an opportunity to kill him.

"I don't know what you're talking about. We all know that the Abyss Demon Region can restrict the use of Space Law, and I've never used the Grand Teleportation technique here," Samuel answered in his defense.

"Ha-ha. In the area of dark water earlier, this Holy Being was using a very powerful spear, and I saw it myself," said Sword Chen.

The truth was that Zen's words might not be convincing.

But now that there were two of them supporting that claim, the situation was naturally a little different.

"Zen, are you serious about what you say?" the woman couldn't help asking, surprised.

Although this woman was in charge of the area of dark water, she had been busy dealing with the fiend race and the alliance of Floating Islands. Since she did not see the scene being discussed, she naturally knew nothing.

Chapter 2809 The Spear Of Supreme Harmony

"Absolutely," Zen replied flatly.

Samuel wanted to explain, but the woman had already manipulated the Holy Beings' clones to circle and surround him.

At the same time, the woman also commented, "Whatever your reason, now you have to cut off the connection between those two girls with the spear that Zen mentioned."

Her tone sounded like she was giving an order, telling Samuel that as long as he said "no", he would definitely suffer the consequences.

"Samuel, better do as she says," Nicholas suggested.

Zen had revealed some of Samuel's secrets to him before. It seemed like Samuel could check his memories. He had doubts about Samuel, but along the way, he had no time to investigate about it.

Choosing to believe Zen in this matter, even if the woman didn't plan to start a fight, Nicholas would force Samuel.

Hearing what the woman had said, the Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans all stared at Samuel. The woman led a group of Holy Beings' clones to surround him with a fiendish look.

"Nicholas, why do you prefer to trust a junior? Can't you see he's trying to put a wall between us? I don't have that spear!" Samuel retorted.

"We can just ask your clone whether you have the spear or not," Zen suggested with a smile.

Hearing his suggestion, the woman patted her forehead.

She was so anxious just now that she forgot about Samuel's clone.

Shifting her eyes to Samuel's clone, who was standing not far away from her, she watched carefully how the clone tapped his thumb. A light flashed from his space ring as the Spear of Supreme Harmony appeared in his hand.

The Spear of Supreme Harmony gave off the abstruse internal momentum of the Space Law, making the Holy Beings' eyes flash when they saw this scene.

The Abyss Demon Region had suppressed all of the Space Laws. This spear could have a powerful effect in this place.

"Hahaha, Samuel, you are really hiding something from me." Nicholas laughed coldly. "I didn't expect you to have such a powerful weapon in your possession," he added as coldness appeared in his eyes.

Although his lie was exposed, Samuel still remained calm and answered, "Nicholas, you have misunderstood. I gained the Spear of Supreme Harmony by chance."

"Since we are in trouble right now, please help us," Nicholas requested, squinting at Samuel.

Although Samuel's clone also had the Spear of Supreme Harmony with him, Nicholas was forcing Samuel to do it personally.

Obviously, if Samuel rejected, he would immediately need to fight Samuel.

"Sure," said Samuel as he bowed his head.

And then he quietly glanced over at Zen.

Noticing Samuel's bloodthirsty expression, Zen just smiled indifferently.

Zen didn't tell the truth about Samuel's real identity because he had taken the interests of the whole into account. If Samuel's identity was revealed now, Nicholas would sure want to fight with him immediately.

Now that their group was being hunted by two girls, Zen also didn't want to provoke an internal strife.

Fortunately, the void was boundless. The energy of the two girls, one red-eyed and one blue-eyed, seemed to be inexhaustible. At the moment, red lotuses and ice flowers covered hundreds of miles in the void.

The two girls distanced themselves from each other, a blue thin line connecting them.

As Samuel concentrated on activating the Spear of Supreme Harmony, he squinted and vanished into thin air.

With the use of this spear, he could choose to show up in any space at will, while the other Holy Beings needed to create, cross and leave the space channel when using the Grand Teleportation.

These three steps still took a while even though the Holy Beings seemed to only need an instant to display the Grand Teleportation.

Seeing that Samuel had disappeared, everyone looked in the distance, hoping he would cut the line off.

Whoosh!

However, Samuel didn't act like he was expected to.

Instead, he appeared in front of the red eyed girl.

"Little girl, you can't get your food, right?" Samuel asked her kindly.

Confused with Samuel's question, the girl stared back at him and answered, "They are all running. Are you willing to serve as my food?"

"No," Samuel said, shaking his head. "I just want to help you."

With that, he thrust his Spear of Supreme Harmony at the girl.

Swish!

He surely knew that he couldn't kill her, so that was not his intention.

The Spear of Supreme Harmony was a magic spear that could control space.

Piercing through the air, the spear created a big hole and swallowed the red eyed girl in the blink of an eye.

Swish!

The moment the red eyed girl got swallowed, another hole appeared beside Zen.

The red light glowed from the hole, Zen felt her hot breath coming at his face.

It turned out that Samuel had created a space channel, sending the red-eyed girl to Zen.

Splash!

Some red lotuses blossomed around the little girl, one after another.

Initially there were only ten red lotuses.

After a while, it blossomed to a hundred red lotuses.

Zen lost count as countless red lotuses blossomed in all directions.

"Run!"

After putting away his weapon, Sword Chen drew a thin line in the void and then flew backward at full speed.

Due to fear of being surrounded by the red lotuses, the Holy Beings' clones also used their methods to leave as soon as possible.

Zen, who was the nearest to the girl, ended up getting trapped in the red lotuses.

"Zen!"

the woman called out, her face full of fear at this scene.

She wanted to rush in to save Zen, but she was worried about the power of these red lotuses. Like the Explosive Crystals, these red lotuses emitted extremely powerful flames.

She was unable to resist the flames. Even if she rushed in, Zen would probably have already been burnt to ashes.

The scene had Sword Chen's face ghastly pale, while Rocher also looked worried.

But then he remembered that Zen's body was not afraid of fire. This girl's flames were so fierce that even Holy Beings couldn't resist them. He was unable to confirm whether or not Zen could withstand them.

Chapter 2810 Samuel's Ambition

The red lotuses that surrounded Zen quickly turned into a sea of fire.

Shining bright like the sun, its fiery light threatened to burn the eyes of anyone who would dare to take a glance at it.

Using one's spiritual sense wouldn't help, and it would also be burnt to ashes. It was impossible to find out whether Zen was fine.

"Samuel, why did you do that?"

Nicholas asked with a frown.

He wanted to kill Zen as soon as possible, but Samuel's abnormal behavior led him to doubt him as well.

"Nicholas, I just have a grudge against that guy," Samuel sneered. As he tightened his grip on the Spear of Supreme Harmony, a powerful force of Space Law began to spread out from his location.

Samuel had planned to take action after most of the members from the powerful clans on the Floating Islands died. However, since both that woman and Nicholas already forced him to fight, he had no other choice but to make a move against them.

"But..."

With that, Samuel stepped forward.

As the power of the Space Law emerged from the surface of the Spear of Supreme Harmony, he had already appeared behind the girl with the blue eyes.

Though these two girls had terrible means, they only had the intelligence of a four or five-year-old child after all.

Since Samuel had the formidable Spear of Supreme Harmony, both girls could not pose any threat to him at all. Instead, they became his most powerful weapons!

Secretly descending behind the girl with blue eyes, Samuel looked towards Nicholas with a sneer. "But I have a deeper grudge against you!"

With that, he once again stabbed the girl with blue eyes with the Spear of Supreme Harmony.

Swish!

The Spear of Supreme Harmony created a space channel, immediately devouring the blue-eyed girl afterwards.

The next moment, the girl with blue eyes was sent beside Nicholas.

A cold air spread out from her body, as countless ice flowers surrounded her, completely freezing all the energy around her.

Nicholas was slightly stunned upon hearing Samuel's resentful words. He was not expecting that from him.

Seeing Samuel stab the spear towards the girl with blue eyes, Nicholas seemed to have guessed his next move. Shocked, he turned into a ray of light and flew towards the distance.

However, even if Nicholas anticipated the attack and left in advance, one of the ice flowers still managed to touch his body.

Buzz!

Half of his body was frozen in an instant, making him stiff and unable to move.

Looking at the bright side, his situation was not as bad as the others. Jeremiah and two Demi-holy Beings were trapped in the ice flowers. They were frozen to death without making any sound.

Seeing Jeremiah turn into an ice sculpture, Nicholas looked extremely indignant.

His body suddenly trembled, spreading the internal momentum into his meridians and forcing the cold air out of his body. At the same time, he asked Samuel, "Why?"

His question made the others turn towards Samuel with puzzled looks in their faces.

Before entering the Abyss Demon Region, Samuel still flattered Nicholas all the time. They found it odd that his attitude suddenly changed. It seemed that his resentment came from a deeper grudge.

With his figure suddenly disappearing, Samuel appeared about one thousand feet above the girl with blue eyes, and stabbed her again with his long spear.

Swish!

The blue-eyed girl fell into the space channel again. As Samuel swung the Spear of Supreme Harmony fiercely, another space channel was opened out towards Nicholas, the cold air spurting out from it.

Seeing this, Nicholas could do nothing but step back again.

Knowing that Samuel wanted to deal with Nicholas only, the others decided to leave them alone.

"Do you still remember the Yue Clan that you pushed into the Time Sea? Do you still remember me, Gregorio Yue?" Samuel laughed coldly with deep resentment in his voice, making the people shudder with fear.

In fact, Samuel had never planned to reveal his real identity this early. He was waiting for a perfect opportunity.

However, as the alliance of powerful clans went deeper into the Abyss Demon Region, the situation became more complicated, apparently not meeting his expectation.

For example, he hadn't expected Zen to appear. To add up, the woman from the Sea of Meditation also messed up the situation.

Now, with the appearance of these two girls, he finally found a chance to control the overall situation.

"Gregorio? Who is that?"

Several young consummate True Gods got confused at that moment. The name didn't even ring a bell.

In addition, because of Nicholas' orders, the surname "Yue" had been banned in the Floating Islands.

Most of the consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings had lived for a long time. Hearing the name "Gregorio", they got shocked abruptly.

"No way!"

"The universe of Gregorio has been destroyed a long time ago. How can he still be alive?"

"Samuel is just talking nonsense!"

The Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings did not believe Samuel's words at all.

In the divine land, reincarnation was believed to only be a legend.

Only a few people knew the secret of the Stone Mouse. Also, no one else knew the existence of the Reincarnation Land, let alone stepped into it. Most of the True Gods had a consensus that the reincarnation didn't exist.

Having Gregorio reincarnated into Samuel was against their common sense.

Nicholas retreated for about ten thousand feet again. Looking at Samuel, he asked in a surprised tone, "Gregorio? That's impossible! I killed him in person in the past, and destroyed his universe. How could he still live in this world?"

Now that Samuel had nothing to hide, he laughed harder as he revealed, "Because my mouse can take control of the reincarnation! It helped me be reincarnated!"

"The Stone Mouse can really control reincarnation?" Nicholas asked, raising his eyebrows slightly.

It was believed that Gregorio's Stone Mouse was related with reincarnation. That Stone Mouse could be reborn, but Nicholas never imagined that it could help Gregorio be reincarnated with the Memory Flame.

"In other words, you have been reincarnated to the Han Clan and also become a Holy Being." Nicholas murmured, "But you didn't seem to realize that you are Gregorio before, right?"

Samuel was very arrogant when he just became a Holy Being. He had no intention of joining the alliance of powerful clans, and his attitude had changed only during these few decades.

Nicholas was puzzled about this fact.

"Yes, I really didn't realize it in the past," Samuel said and laughed coldly. "It is the Stone Mouse that has awakened my memory. Are you still feeling confused? I can tell you all about it, as I won't let you die without making sure you know everything."

Staring at Samuel, Nicholas said with a grin, "Are you so confident in killing me?"

The Spear of Supreme Harmony that Samuel was holding started trembling suddenly, its black shadow spreading out. The Spear of Supreme Harmony didn't just have the ability to activate the spatial transference. It contained great power too.

Samuel started to laugh coldly. "Killing you is just a starting point. After I inherit the True Demon Body, I will destroy all Floating Islands and universes. By then, no one in the entire divine land will be on par with me!"

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2811 Slaughter

"You dream on it!" A Demi-holy Being from the Qin Clan sneered in contempt.

Holy Beings could still be reborn even after they died in this place.

Once Samuel killed all the Holy Beings present, he would need to start wars in the universes after he returned to the Floating Island of Han Clan.

But regarding the launch of a universal war, a lot of restrictions had already been stated on the Ruling State.

It would not be so easy to destroy a universe. Otherwise, Nicholas would not have tolerated the existence of the Evolutionary Universe for so many years.

"Shut up!"

Samuel refuted as the long spear on his hand slightly trembled.

His spear had once again created a space channel. The space channel didn't suck the blue eyed girl in. This time, only some ice flowers were implicated.

Seeing Samuel's action, the Demi-holy Being was dumbfounded as the expression on his face changed drastically.

He in turn had subconsciously wanted to escape, but when he was just less than a thousand feet away, a space fluctuation came from behind him.

As the ice flowers were absorbed by the space channel, they were instantly made to be under the control of Samuel. He then used them to attack the Demi-holy Being, who was immediately frozen on the spot and was turned into an ice sculpture.

Nicholas was enraged along with Murphy and the others as a flicker of anger was shown in their eyes. If they let Samuel continue to gain the upper hand, sooner or later he would kill all the members in the alliance of powerful clans.

Their thoughts were proven right, because it was what Samuel had intended to do.

Meanwhile, back on the other side, the woman and Sword Chen were staring at the sea of fire.

The red lotuses were constantly taking shape and after releasing blazing flames, they would disappear. The woman looked more and more furious as it went on repeatedly.

She was originally born out of resentment. There was only one goal in her heart, which was to clean the divine land and then to marry Zen to carry forward the bloodline of the Nine Li race!

Because of what Samuel did, her plan could no longer succeed!

Sword Chen on the side felt the change in the woman's emotion, and he was a little worried. He wondered how terrible it would be if this woman went crazy.

She suddenly turned her head...

Far away, Samuel's Spear of Supreme Harmony in his hand was continuously moving in the air.

He created space channels one after another in the void, pulling out the ice flowers which kept attacking the people in the void.

As they were attacked, the members of the alliance of powerful clans fled in all directions. Each one tried to avoid being hit.

However, his Spear of Supreme Harmony was powerful. It could almost pierce the space that was infinitely far away. The others couldn't use the Grand Teleportation in the void, so how could they even escape?

Samuel was ruthless.

The woman observed and shifted her eyes away. Her gaze fell on Samuel's clone.

Samuel's clone was just motionlessly floating in the air with the Spear of Supreme Harmony in his hand, waiting for her orders.

"Send us there! I'm gonna kill him!" the woman then ordered, exasperated.

Sword Chen who was beside her was a little confused.

Now that Samuel and Nicholas were in a tangled melee, he thought that this should be a perfect opportunity for the woman to order the clones to attack the two girls so that she could control the True Demon Body.

As soon as the woman gave the order, the clone thrust his spear at her!

"Phew!"

An invisible space channel appeared to envelop her.

The space channel created was wide enough that it didn't just encircle her, but all the clones of Nicholas, Clark and the other Holy Beings.

"Die!"

"Go to hell!"

"Ha ha ha! The so-called geniuses of powerful clans on the Floating Islands, in my eyes, are just ants. Go to hell!"

Samuel slaughtered at will.

Being the target of the oppression, the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods were scurrying in all directions. They tried their hardest but their speed was no match against the Grand Teleportation.

He could build space channels as he wanted and could send the ice flowers of the blue eyed girl to anywhere!

Every time he struck with his spear, there would be a person being frozen into an ice sculpture...

"Run this way!"

Shahn yelled as he quickly flew in the air. He felt a space fluctuation behind Walton and Troy.

As soon as he uttered the words to remind them, a gust of ice flowers had swept toward them!

"I..."

Troy clenched his teeth in anger. His whole life's power had been fully gathered on his iron hand.

But the energy in the ice flowers was too powerful...

Even the internal momentum released by Holy Beings would soon quickly solidify and condense upon clashing against the energy from the ice flowers, not to mention that Troy was only a consummate True God.

Walton was already feeling impassioned. Deep in his heart, he was actually planning on going all out. He was already on the verge of destructing his inner world. Even so, he was still a step behind. As soon as the ice flowers touched him, he found that he couldn't use the internal momentum in his inner world and he quickly turned into an ice sculpture.

Shahn and Rachelle who stood not far away looked gloomy, but it didn't give them an excuse of stopping at all. They persisted in surviving, though they knew that if they were targeted by Samuel and were struck by him, they would have no chance of dodging.

The members of the alliance of powerful clans died one after another...

It was not long after only a few were left. Nicholas and the other Holy Beings who remained witnessed the scene in despair, their faces darkened even more.

Samuel didn't attack the Holy Beings yet. Instead, he kept on aiming at the consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings!

"Nicholas, how do you feel now?" Samuel eerily laughed and mocked. "Do you know how I felt when you killed the Stone Mouse, destroyed the Floating Island of our Yue Clan and destroyed my universe?" He wanted the Holy Beings to taste the pain he had suffered in the past!

"Come on, let's fight him, Nicholas!" Murphy exclaimed, gritting his teeth.

He looked over at her daughter, Rachelle who was standing far away. There were only a few people in the alliance of powerful clans that had remained. This time, he knew that Samuel would kill his daughter sooner or later.

Zeke who was beside them couldn't stand it anymore. He stretched out his hands and a long purple jade sword instantly appeared!

The long sword shone with an extremely sharp light, and unmistakably was also a supreme treasure of belief.

"Swish!"

With the purple jade sword in his hand, Zeke flew in a speed more than ten times faster. Even though he was far away from Samuel, he reached him in the blink of an eye.

The purple jade sword had turned into a huge sword shadow. He fiercely slashed it at Samuel!

"Will it work?"

Samuel shook his head.

With a slight shake of Spear of Supreme Harmony, he had already disappeared from the spot.

The huge sword shadow formed by Zeke's purple jade long sword missed its target. Things got worse when another space channel came towards him.

He gritted his teeth and was able to detect the danger. He acted fast and threw the purple jade sword upward!

Buzz...

Once the purple jade sword was out of his hand, it grew larger in the wind and turned into a huge sword. It had then blocked all the ice flowers above his head.

It gave him the time to rush to the other side and helped him escape successfully.

However, the purple jade sword thrown upwards was already covered with a layer of ice flowers. It was rendered useless now.

After Samuel disappeared from the spot, he reappeared in the space a thousand feet away.

With his current means, it was not difficult for him to eliminate Zeke. It was surely an easy feat for him, and the only person he was still wary of was Nicholas.

When he went through Nicholas's memory, he found out some secrets about time. One way or another, he was cautious of any movement from Nicholas.

Even after all of this, he noticed that Nicholas hadn't taken any serious move yet. He decided to just ignore him and continued slaughtering. He thought when he killed Troy too, Nicholas would be finally enraged.

However, as he was obsessed in killing, he completely ignored another person. He forgot about the woman.

As soon as he came out of the space, he felt a space fluctuation behind him. He looked back and saw the woman coming out of a space channel. He was caught off guard as she straight away pounced at him.

Chapter 2812 A Sea Of Crimson Magma

The woman charged towards Samuel. With the brown energy gathered in her hand that turned into a long saber, she slashed him in a flash.

The strike was quick and fierce, taking Samuel by surprise. It was too late when he realized that the blade had already pricked his skin.

The force of primitive fear took over Samuel in an instant, its effect stunning him in place.

During this critical moment, he gritted his teeth and activated the Spear of Supreme Harmony.

The spear carried him away, leaving a few streaks of blood flowing on the woman's long brown saber.

Buzz!

In the blink of an eye, Samuel was carried over ten thousand feet away from where he had been. Putting his finger on the wound, he tried to extract the force of primitive fear in his body. Staring at the woman, he shouted, "We are not enemies. Why did you attack me?"

Right now, the only thing he feared the most was his clone.

The Grand Teleportation could move the Holy Beings to any places as they wished, making it impossible for them to kill each other.

It was conceivable that Samuel, with the use of his Spear of Supreme Harmony, had gotten the edge on the others.

In the past, he couldn't resist so many Holy Beings, but now he was able to make the two girls his best weapons.

The only problem was, his clone also had a Spear of Supreme Harmony.

Staring coldly at Samuel from far away, the woman called out, "You shouldn't have killed Zen!"

"Zen?" Samuel was a little surprised. Although the woman had always protected Zen, he didn't think he was important. After thinking for a moment, he replied, "Zen is just another consummate True God. Why should I care if he dies?"

Just now, more than a dozen consummate True Gods were already killed by Samuel.

The woman couldn't hide the anger flashing on her face upon hearing Samuel's answer. "For you, he may just be an ordinary consummate True God, but for me, he is very important!"

The next second, Samuel's clone stretched out his arm, waving his Spear of Supreme Harmony.

From not so far away, an arc-shaped space channel was shrouded in ice flowers. With a thud sound, those fatal ice flowers spread along the space channel to cover Samuel.

Noticing that the situation was unfavorable for him, Samuel immediately activated the Spear of Supreme Harmony again, disappearing from his current position. As soon as he appeared again, he continued, "I control the secret of the reincarnation. If you give me enough time, I will be able to find Zen's Memory Flame. If you stop attacking me, I promise to bring him back to life."

Samuel was no longer fully confident that he would win, so he tried to sue for peace.

But the woman shook her head and replied, "What I want is Zen's blood, not his memories. Now that he's dead, the Nine Li race has no descendants."

The Nine Li race's blood...

A bitter taste rose from Samuel's throat as he didn't expect that this woman would care about it so much.

Nicholas' eyes flashed. Clasping his hands, he said in a clear voice, "You're wrong. There is still one descendant of the Nine Li race left in the divine land. Even if Zen is dead now, the Nine Li race still has another descendant."

"What do you mean?" The woman seemed confused. She turned her eyes to Nicholas, waiting for an explanation.

Nicholas answered, "A member of the Nine Li race is still alive."

"Who?" she asked again.

Pointing at Samuel, Nicholas suggested with a grin, "Let's work together to kill him before we discuss it. What do you think?"

He thought that this could be an opportunity.

But he couldn't tell this woman about Lorena.

Although he had treated Lorena with great respect in the past years, Lorena had always been cold to him.

This woman appeared to be so loyal to the Nine Li race. It was likely to bring more trouble if Nicholas told her about Lorena now.

The woman looked suspiciously at Nicholas. Although she did not completely trust him, she saw hope knock on her door. As she couldn't leave the Abyss Demon Region for so many years, perhaps there were some news that she did not know of. Maybe the situation of Nine Li race was not what she had imagined.

Anyway, she must kill Samuel.

Samuel's clone, who now stood behind her, brandished the Spear of Supreme Harmony in his hand, creating several space channels.

Some of these space channels directly enveloped the other Holy Beings' clones, while some were connected to the blue-eyed girl.

Seeing what was happening, Samuel's eyes froze. He then quickly thrust out the Spear of Supreme Harmony in his hand.

Swish!

Swish!

Swish!

He just made the space within dozens of miles in the void abnormally complicated.

Some space channels led directly to the ice flowers or the sea of fire, while some people were flying in others. Samuel, the woman and the Holy Beings' clones appeared every once in a while but then disappeared weirdly. Their movements were too swift for the naked eye to see.

Although the two sides hadn't fought yet, everyone had that strange feeling of an impending crisis.

Two Holy Beings' clones, who entered the space channel, fell into the sea of fire on the other side. After being wrapped by the red lotuses, they were finally burnt to ashes.

Now, it was Nicholas and his group's turn to watch the fight on the sidelines.

The sea of fire raged continuously.

Each of the red lotuses blossomed into blazing flames one after another.

The red-eyed girl floated in the flames, staring at the scene not far away with her big eyes.

Watching the scene drew all her curiosity.

She could see Zen's body bathed in a golden light.

The golden vortexes enveloped all the flames released by the red lotuses.

"Aren't you my food?"

the red-eyed girl asked.

In her perspective, all the things in this world could be converted into energy, which she could then accelerate to the extreme to make the beautiful red lotuses.

There shouldn't be any exception in the entire divine land. Also, she was born to do this.

However, before she left her "home", she saw an exception - this young man in front of her.

He was shining with golden light, unafraid of the red lotuses. Instead, he was eating them.

The red-eyed girl could not obtain external information. Since her intelligence was only made up from fragmented information, she made her strange judgment just by watching Zen.

"Why are you swallowing these red lotuses? Are we of the same kind?" she asked, confused.

Zen did not seem to hear her.

Being burnt by the fire, the Sanskrit words started a magical reaction again. He then found himself in the sea.

It was a sea of crimson magma.

The sea undulated in front of Zen, sending off mysterious auras. He stared at it and wondered, "These auras seem very similar to the Truth of Godly Way. But at the same time, they are quite different. Am I at the Sea of Truth?"

Zen shook his head.

Back when he was cultivating the Truth of Cultivation Nature, he could vaguely sense the existence of the Sea of Truth.

With that being said, he had a completely different perception of how the Sea of Truth would be like. It wasn't the same as the one right in front of him now.

Chapter 2813 Drifting In The Sea

But if it wasn't the Sea of Truth, then what was it?

In the void, Zen was still trapped by the red lotuses.

In the beginning, he thought it was his end. As he had seen that Clark was burnt by the flames released by red lotuses, there was no reason to believe he would survive.

He didn't expect that the golden Sanskrit words on his body lit up at an unprecedented speed.

But this time, the situation was slightly different from the usual.

As he continued to absorb the flames released by the red lotuses, his five senses suddenly disappeared.

He realized that he could no longer see or hear anything, as if his soul had completely left his body.

By the time he regained his consciousness, he was already in this crimson sea.

Splash!

He could hear the sound of his body as it plunged into the sea. Strangely, he felt no pain when he soaked in the magma sea.

But every time he tried to move, he felt an indescribable pain from inside his body.

"What the hell is this place?"

Wanting to leave the crimson sea and head for the sky, Zen tried to use his internal momentum.

Splash!

Jumping out of the water, he was determined to leave the sea.

Just then, he felt the magma sea pulled on him firmly, as if it had a life of its own.

"I can't get rid of it!"

Surprised, Zen's eyes widened. The magma turned into sticky glue, and he was stuck.

Plop!

After some standoff, Zen fell into the magma sea again.

Soon, he also discovered that he would stay afloat even if he didn't swim. There was a strange buoyant force keeping him on the surface, so he didn't have to make any efforts to swim his way above the water.

"Those brain masters were wrong. My master is always right. He has never made any mistake."

During that moment, Zen heard No. 9527 talking in his mind.

"No. 9527?"

Zen abruptly rolled around the sea.

He could feel a nauseous wave of pain breaking over him as long as he moved slightly on the sea.

Hearing No. 9527's voice, Zen was so excited that he forgot how his body ached. His body was now swollen, and he couldn't help but cry out.

"Where are you?" Zen asked again, hoping he would get a response.

He already realized that No. 9527's consciousness came from his deep brain, not from his chest.

"I'm still inside your body," No. 9527 answered.

"What has happened to me? Why did my soul leave my body?" Zen found a whole line of questions he needed to ask.

"No, it's not like that," No. 9527 replied. "It is more like your body that left."

"What? My body left? How could that be?" Zen's curiosity grew as that was not the answer he was expecting.

As far as he knew, one's soul could leave through acupoints. But now he was being told that his body was the one who left his soul. How was that even possible?

"It's just a metaphor," No. 9527 clarified.

"Where am I? Am I at the Sea of Truth?" Zen raised another question, confused.

"Yes, you are at the Sea of Truth," No. 9527 confirmed Zen's guess. "But this is not a normal Sea of Truth. It's likely that no one has stepped into this Sea of Truth for many years."

Splash, splash!

An ancient aura covered the crimson magma sea. Looking at the boundless Sea of Truth, Zen felt like he was as tiny as dust.

"Only those practicing the Ancient God Cultivation Method can step into this Sea of Truth, right?"

Figuring out what No. 9527 meant, Zen asked to confirm.

Timotheus once told him that the cultivation method of the ancient gods was about absorbing the wild bones and cultivating the Wild God system.

And the ancient gods could also cross the Sea of Truth and reach the Other Shore Realm.

"Yes," No. 9527 responded quickly.

"But there are so many warriors practicing the Wild God system at the bottom of the chaos. Even those powerhouses who have reached the Other Shore Realm also absorb the wild bones for body refining. How come none of the Wild Gods has been able to step into the Sea of Truth even after so many years?" Zen asked.

He previously asked Timotheus about it, but he didn't get an exact answer.

No. 9527 paused for a while, as if it was thinking. After a while, it replied, "The truth has been altered. As a result, it is impossible to enter the Sea of Truth just by absorbing the wild bones. However, my master said that you were an exception."

No. 9527's master, known as the Chaos Ancient God, had previously chosen numerous targets in the prison built by Herbert, but none of them had passed the test before.

Surprisingly, it was Zen, an outsider, who was able to pass the test in the end. They considered it a coincidence.

"Do you think it is because of my body refining skill?" Giving it a thought, Zen was personally curious to know why.

"I guess so," answered No. 9527 with a slight smile. "Although I'm a part of my master's soul, I really have no idea on what he thought exactly. But now it appears that his judgment is absolutely right. You've already taken the first step in the Sea of Truth."

No. 9527 explained everything so calmly, but Zen could hear the excitement coming from its voice now.

In No. 9527's perspective, Zen was still a nobody, but he had a special characteristic which made him different from any other persons.

Splash!

All of a sudden, Zen started hearing the sound of waves.

From where he was at, he could see an indistinct shadow of a small boat rowing on the Sea of Truth. A shadowy figure was standing on the head of the boat.

The boat emitted a strong Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, which Reinhard of the Sword Clan had used before, if Zen remembered it correctly.

"What kind of boat is that?" Zen asked, looking back.

"That is the Truth Boat that crosses the sea. I think it won't be long before you also take the same path," No. 9527 answered.

According to the Grand World Cultivation Method, Zen needed to reach the limit of Godly Way, grasp the Truth of Godly Way, make a Truth Boat, and cross the Sea of Truth.

Splash, splash, splash!

Several other Truth Boats appeared.

Their indistinct shadows all sailed on the Sea of Truth.

"Why are so many people crossing the Sea of Truth?" Astonishment was written all over Zen's face.

According to the information he got from Timotheus, Emily and the others, there were a lot of powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm in the Source World, which meant many people had crossed the Sea of Truth. However, Zen couldn't imagine that there would be more than ten people sailing on the Sea of Truth in such a short time.

After thinking about it for a while, No. 9527 concluded, "It's a bit strange. Maybe the disciples of some great force in the Source World are trying to reach the Other Shore Realm at the same time."

At that moment, one of the boats seemed to come a bit closer to where he was.

The shadow on the Truth Boat suddenly shouted, "Look! Look! I can see someone in the water!"

His loud voice was transmitted far away on the sea. Soon, the people on the other Truth Boats who heard him instantly turned their gazes at the same direction.

"There's someone floating in the Sea of Truth? Stop talking nonsense. Wait. What the..." Seeing Zen's figure in the sea, another man was stunned and was lost for words.

"Is he planning to cross the Sea of Truth with his physical body? I have never heard of anything like that. It's so..." the shadow on another Truth Boat commented in an incredible voice.

No. 9527 was right.

This group of people, currently sailing, were disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

This time, the Oneness Sky Palace opened the Sword Sky Road for its disciples to comprehend. Out of the 490, 000 inner disciples who embarked on the sky road, only sixteen had mastered the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, made their own Truth Boats and sailed towards the Other Shore.

They could not see each other's real appearances but could see each other's vague shadows and hear each other's voices as they sailed across the Sea of Truth. Unlike Zen's perception of the sea being a crimson magma, these disciples perceived the Sea of Truth as a brilliant sea of stars.

Chapter 2814 The Broken Boat

These sixteen disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace were known to be strong. They were the ones who stood out in the sky road.

It was the first time that their Souls of Light had left their bodies to wander in the Sea of Truth.

They had cultivated their souls into Souls of Light and had already built their Truth Boats, but it was not easy to sail on the Sea of Truth. Just the wind from the Sea of Truth alone would make many people's souls tremble.

Ten of the sixteen warriors' souls lay down on the boats without even raising their heads. The pressure was heavy and they could not stand the wind blowing from the Sea of Truth.

While the remaining six warriors appeared fearless and boldly stood at the bow of their boats. They were at the top among their group.

If they developed in the future, they would become the pride of the Oneness Sky Palace in the future.

"Stanley! Can you see clearly where this person comes from? He is floating still on the sea. Is he dead?" A girl's beautiful voice rang out from a boat.

Stanley Ming stared at the figure in the sea and frowned, his hands behind his back.

Hearing the question from the woman, he immediately shook his head. "It's impossible. The Sea of Truth can destroy any soul. Even if one's soul has reached the Soul of Light, their soul would be gone once it falls into the sea. If they are dead, then how can there be any corpses?"

Everyone entered the Sea of Truth in the form of soul. How could there be a corpse? Wasn't it absurd?

He wanted to see the features of the person in the sea, but he couldn't even clearly see his companions in the Sea of Truth. He could only recognize the girl through her voice. So it was a wishful thinking for him to make out the figure's appearance.

Zen floated in the Sea of Truth and did not say anything, but the people's conversations clearly reached his ears.

Looking at their perfect Truth Boats, Zen was a little envious. If he could fully grasp the Truth of Cultivation Nature, he assumed that he would also be able to create such a boat...

"Ha-ha, Sophia. If you want to know whether this guy is alive or not, why not just test it out?" a robust figure suggested as he laughed.

Hearing this, Sophia kept silent and did not respond. The robust man had an extraordinary background and enjoyed privileges in the Oneness Sky Palace. He had already been pestering her a lot these days.

Stanley Ming had a cautious look on his face. He said to the robust man, "Terence! Don't do anything stupid. Don't forget why we are here in the first place!"

Even in the Source World, crossing the Sea of Truth was not an easy task.

At this moment, they had just set out and taken the initial step. The closer they were to the Other Shore, the greater the challenges they would encounter.

Seeing that Terence Xi was going to mess around, Stanley Ming immediately gave out a warning in order to stop him from making any trouble.

However, Terence Xi wasn't taking his warning seriously. It was true that he was a warrior valued by the Oneness Sky Palace but Terence Xi was not any weaker than him when it came to talent. In addition, Terence Xi had a prominent family background which was far superior to his.

"Don't worry. There won't be any problem to test him!"

As he spoke, a triangular secret seal was formed above his robust figure!

Since he was now in the form of his soul, he could only use the soul attack.

The triangular secret seal hovered over the boat for a while and shot towards Zen who was in the Sea of Truth.

Seeing the daring move, Stanley Ming couldn't help but shake his head. This Terence Xi had always been so reckless. Their master had told them to be careful when they crossed the Sea of Truth and if they were careless, their souls might shatter.

Furthermore, their master gave each of the sixteen warriors an Illusion Breaking Rune. If the time came where they sensed that they were in danger, they could crush the Illusion Breaking Rune and retreat from the Sea of Truth.

Zen didn't mind the group of people on the boats and just floated on the sea quite at ease. He did not expect that someone would make trouble for him!

"Soul attack? Go to hell!"

Zen sensed the incoming attack and sneered. He raised his eyebrows slightly.

He had already detected that the group's cultivation base was only at the consummation of True God Realm at best, but their soul power would be considered outstanding if they were in the divine land. Their soul power was even on par with that of some Demi-holy Beings.

With his current soul level, the situation felt like a child's play. He wouldn't lose even he was to contend against Holy Beings' souls. How could the soul attack from the consummate True God possibly pose any threat to him?

He opened his eyes and a light gleamed in his eyes.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Soul arrows shot out one after another.

Duh duh duh...

The secret soul technique that Terence Xi cultivated was also one of the best. The triangular secret seal actually withstood Zen's soul attack!

It did hold out against the attack for a moment but the soul arrows released by Zen didn't stop like a river and constantly flew...

The triangular secret seal was able to withstand the attacks of dozens of soul arrows. But when hundreds of soul arrows shot at it constantly, it had suddenly split into pieces and scattered in the Sea of Truth, disappearing without a trace!

Looking at the scene, Stanley Ming and Sophia were shocked.

Not only was this guy in the Sea of Truth alive, but his soul attack was also so powerful?

Terence Xi looked at Zen's figure with a look of disbelief.

In terms of pure strength, he was not the strongest in the Oneness Sky Palace and slightly weaker than Stanley Ming. However, the soul technique he cultivated was not an ordinary method. Among the consummate True Gods, he had never encountered an opponent in this aspect!

He would always have the upper hand in a soul-level battle against his peers!

It was beyond his expectation that this time as he attacked, his secret seal was destroyed just like that?

Just as he was lost in his thought, he heard the loud shout from Sophia and Stanley Ming.

"That guy is approaching you!"

"Run! Terence!"

Only then did he saw that the figure made a move and swam in the sea. He was moving very fast and coming directly towards his Truth Boat!

He instantly paled as he looked over. He attempted to suppress the fear in his heart and sat cross legged, activating the Truth of Godly Way to drive his Truth Boat to go faster.

Zen was not lenient and was definitely irritated by the rash attack!

As he swam in the magma sea, he felt strong pain. Despite that, he just gritted his teeth and moved very fast, faster than the Truth Boats!

Although Terence Xi had made great effort to make his boat move faster, the driving power of the Truth Boat depended solely on his will. No matter how hard he tried, it was still not fast enough.

In the blink of an eye, Zen had caught up with him!

"Bang!"

Zen threw a punch towards his Truth Boat without a word of warning.

The Truth Boat was an illusion formed by relying on Truth of Godly Way. It was as fragile as glass in front of Zen's physical body. His punch had easily created a hole in the Truth Boat.

As a result, the small Truth Boat quickly tilted and fell towards the Sea of Truth.

Terence Xi on the boat was scared out of wits as he didn't know what to do. If the boat fell into the Sea of Truth, his Soul of Light would dissolve into nothingness. He would be done for!

He was still in panic until he heard Stanley Ming shout, "Hurry up! Crush the Illusion Breaking Rune!"

Hearing Stanley's words, he was immediately reminded about their way of escape in times of danger. He hurriedly brought out the Illusion Breaking

Rune he had and crushed it with all his might. Before completely falling into the Sea of Truth, he disappeared in front of Zen along with his boat.

Chapter 2815 The Oneness Sky Palace

A milky white bright moon hung over the top of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Looking down from the sky road above, one could see tens of thousands of mountains penetrating into the clouds.

Every mountain was likened to a towering sharp sword. On the tip of each mountain were significant words engraved on it.

Together, these words would be read as 'Truth of Eternal Sword Intent'.

Every year in the early spring, the inner disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace would have the opportunity to observe from the sky road above. It was the day they would study and comprehend the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

While they observed, the masters would give enlightenment and teach them about its main points.

The disciples depended on their abilities to grasp the teachings. Those with talent and great luck would be able to come out on top in this period of time.

Once an inner disciple had fully grasped the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, and at the same time had successfully stepped into the Sea of Truth, they would certainly get the attention of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Currently at this moment, over 400, 000 inner disciples were still trying their hardest to understand the words.

They were focused on their own ways to study the words as they persisted to hold on. Some were chanting and some stood with their eyes open wide.

"Plop!"

"Plop!"

Understanding the Truth of Godly Way by force would put a lot of pressure on the soul.

Although the inner disciples had become consummate True Gods and had the Soul of Light, they still couldn't bear the pressure of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. As a result, their bodies gave way as they rolled their eyes and fainted on the ground.

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

Some Taoist priests in cyan robes flew and came over. They carried the fainted inner disciples out of the ring.

At the front end of the sky road, there were sixteen inner disciples who were quietly seated.

They had successfully built their Truth Boats and sailed on the Sea of Truth. Unlike the over 400, 000 inner disciples, they had taken a big step forward.

They were considered as an inspiration as other inner disciples constantly looked at them from time to time, their eyes full of admiration.

"Alas. I have been here for 36 years. In the very first year when Stanley and Terence set foot on the sky road, they went to the Sea of Truth. But for us, it appears as distant as ever." A middle-aged man wearing a scarf sighed as he spoke.

"There are some people that we can't compare with. Stanley is talented, and Terence is out of the ordinary. We have to work harder," another man said helplessly.

"I wonder how far they can reach when they go to the sea for the first time. It will take at least three to five days..." Before the middle-aged man could finish his words, he heard a sudden plop. Terence, who was seated on the front, fell to the ground.

"What?"

Questions had arose. Many people were originally paying attention to Terence, and upon seeing this scene, they immediately screamed.

"What happened? Terence has failed?"

"He has just entered the Sea of Truth. It's impossible."

"Is there anything wrong?"

On the high platform behind the sky road, an old man with white beard also saw what happened. He frowned slightly, flew up, and landed beside Terence.

He slightly shook the horsetail whisk in his hand, and then he put his hand on Terence's chest. He closed his eyes and thought for a while. With a slight pull of his old finger, Terence screamed and woke up.

"You guys just entered the Sea of Truth. Why did you use the Illusion Breaking Rune? What happened?" the old man asked with concern.

He was the one who gave the Illusion Breaking Runes to the disciples before they went to the sea. It was a rule to follow in the Oneness Sky Palace.

It was already known that the journey to the Sea of Truth was not calm and peaceful. Sometimes they would encounter big storms or even maelstroms. If the disciples couldn't withdraw from the Sea of Truth in time before their Truth Boats were destroyed, their souls would be scattered into pieces as soon as they fell into the water.

The Illusion Breaking Rune would be needed at this time. If they crushed it, their souls would be pulled back to reality from the sea. At this critical moment, the Illusion Breaking Rune was a life-saving straw.

As soon as Terence woke up and saw the old man, he cried out in pain, "Master, we met a monster!"

The old man was slightly stunned. He asked, "What monster? Did you make a mistake?"

For a moment, he doubted. It was normal for some disciples who had just entered the Sea of Truth to have illusions because their souls couldn't withstand the pressure from the sea.

"Absolutely no!" Terence insisted in an angry tone.

"I saw him with my own eyes. He didn't have a Truth Boat. He just wandered in the Sea of Truth. I wanted to check his strength, but I didn't expect him to smash my Truth Boat. Therefore, I had no choice but to use the Illusion Breaking Rune," he continued and narrated what happened.

"He didn't have a Truth Boat?" The old man's eyes narrowed, and asked, "He just wandered in the Sea of Truth with his soul?"

"Yes!" Terence answered with certainty.

The old man paused for a moment before he spoke with a cold smile, "Terence, although you have a powerful background, it means nothing in the Oneness Sky Palace. I guide you in cultivation because you have outstanding talent. Why do you lie to me?"

Hearing what the old man said, Terence got anxious. "Master, I'm not lying to you! I'm not the only one who saw that man. Sophia and Stanley also saw him. If you don't believe me, you can ask them after they leave the Sea of Truth. If I tell a lie, I'm willing to receive any punishment from the Oneness Sky Palace!"

The old man was taken aback at how Terence acted in certainty. He was a little bit confused after hearing what he said.

It was indeed not an easy task to cross the Sea of Truth. He knew that it was a long and difficult process.

Why was the Sea of Truth so dangerous? It was because all the souls could be engulfed by it. Even the old man's soul was no exception. It was common sense, so he didn't trust Terence no matter what he said.

"Okay. Let's wait for their return."

Back in the Sea of Truth, Stanley and the others were still watching the scene, cursing Terence in their hearts.

If Zen vented his anger on them, he would destroy their Truth Boats.

It might be troublesome but since they had already mastered the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, it was not difficult for them to condense other Truth Boats.

None of them dared and wanted to provoke Zen, so they all kept their silence.

"I didn't make things difficult for you, but he gave me problems. I have every reason to smash his boat, right?" Zen flatly said as he turned his attention to the group. He was still soaked in the sea.

The group heard him but didn't respond. Stanley heaved a sigh of relief, and then hurriedly bowed to Zen. "Yes, sir. Terence shouldn't have been so reckless. His boat was smashed. He deserved it!"

"Right. Terence is usually a rude man. He deserved the punishment from you!" Sophia chimed in.

Although Zen could not see the faces of these people, he could roughly sense that they should also be consummate True Gods. Feeling their sincerity in treating him respectfully, he couldn't help a suppressed giggle.

No. 9527 told him a reminder to not expose himself. In order to do so, he didn't want to talk to them too much, so he waved his hand and said, "Okay, you can go now."

Hearing his words, Stanley and the others felt relieved as they were not to be implicated any more.

Every one of them hurriedly sat cross-legged and meditated. They urged their Truth Boats to move on the Sea of Truth. Their journey continued.

Chapter 2816 Zen's Return

Watching the Truth Boats leave, Zen began to swim slowly.

"Alas, unfortunately, the Sea of Truth cannot hide people. You will soon be found," No. 9527 declared, heaving a deep sigh.

"Why do I need to hide?" Zen asked curiously.

After staying in the Sea of Truth for a while, Zen had met over ten warriors, which meant there were many people crossing the Sea of Truth.

"You still don't know what it means to roam in the Sea of Truth with the physical body," No. 9527 explained. "It won't be long before people in the entire Source World start discussing about this matter. Fortunately, they can't trace who you are unless you tell them. Remember that, otherwise, you will have endless troubles."

Zen nodded slightly, acknowledging its advice.

Although he knew nothing about the Source World, he knew that the Nine Li race was in a dangerous situation. Since his identity was so sensitive, he must be very careful about divulging information.

Splash!

Looking out of the sea, he asked, "How wide is the Sea of Truth? Do you know how long it will take to get across?"

"How long?" No. 9527 repeated, thinking. "Travel time varies among people. Some might need several thousand years, or even over one million years, while some people might be able to cross the sea in just half a year. This is still a matter of talent and opportunity."

As a matter of fact, the Sea of Truth did not have a fixed width. For some people, it was probably impossible to cross it within their lifetime, but some people would be able to reach the Other Shore on the first try.

"What about me?" Zen queried.

"The Sea of Truth is divided into nine sections. I suggest that you try and see if you can make it through the first section," No. 9527 replied.

Zen nodded, his expression reflecting his hesitation. "But I'm afraid the time is not enough."

He did not forget that he was still in the void at the bottom of the ice coffin. Meanwhile, those Holy Beings were still fighting fiercely. If he spent too much time here, who knew what would happen in the void?

"Don't worry," No. 9527 said indifferently. "The time flow rate in the Sea of Truth is different from that of the outside world."

Generally speaking, the smaller the world was, the slower the time flow rate would be. This was one of the truths in the chaos.

For the same reason, time ran extremely slow in the chaos.

The time flow rate in the Sea of Truth was slower than that in the Source World. On the other hand, the time flow rate in the divine land was faster than that in the Sea of Truth and the Source World.

The time flow rate in the universe was extremely fast, while the time flow rate in a consummate True God's inner world was even faster.

The time flow rate within a Soul Sea Realm warrior's inner world was extremely fast and everything developed in a blink of eye.

Zen nodded, lowering his head to swim.

Waving his arms faster, he sped up. Galloping in the sea like a flying fish, he rapidly advanced, leaving behind a series of long and narrow ripples.

Soon, Zen was able to catch up with the boats that set out ahead of time.

When Stanley and the others saw Zen quickly catching up with them, they felt a little nervous. With no intention to attack them, Zen quickly approached the boats, finally leaving them at ease.

As her Truth Boat came closer to Zen, Sophia asked in a crisp voice, "Sir, why don't you have a Truth Boat?"

Zen heard the girl but ignored her. He continued to swim forward.

However, who would have thought that Sophia would actually push the Truth Boat forward? She came to him and asked, "How can your soul wander within the Sea of Truth?"

Sophia came from a great clan and enjoyed a high status. Even after she entered the Oneness Sky Palace, she was favored by the elders. Finding that Zen seemed to be a kind person, she kept following behind him.

"Sophia!" Seeing that Zen remained silent, Stanley shouted at her, "Don't disturb the master!"

Stanley knew that it was a taboo to pry into others' secrets.

This man swimming in the sea was indeed a kind person, but Stanley was afraid that Sophia would end up offending him. Moreover, Zen just ignored Sophia all the time.

After Sophia was called out for her behavior, she felt a little morose. To add to that, Zen started swimming faster than before, making her fall behind after following for a while.

Looking at Zen's figure shuttling through the sea, Sophia said to Stanley, "I don't think he is a master."

"No matter who he is, we should not provoke any conflicts. The less trouble the better!" Stanley had always been a diligent learner. Compared with the others, he was more aware of what it meant to swim in the Sea of Truth.

As Zen went further on the Sea of Truth, he felt that the magma around him became increasingly thick. Though the heat of the magma didn't cause him any trouble, the feeling of pain started striking him harder.

Several hours later, he started feeling numerous sharp thorns stabbing into his body whenever he moved.

He knew that the pain was not real. At least, his body wasn't hurt, but the feeling was enough to slow him down.

"It's getting more difficult to move forward," Zen said with a frown.

"You perform so well," No. 9527 announced with a faint smile. "Those guys behind you have almost given up."

Far behind Zen, he could see the Truth Boats slowly moving forward.

Sophia, Stanley and the others all gritted their teeth as the boats moved forward.

What tested them was not the thick magma sea, but the gusts of wind that could go deep into the soul and even blow away the boats. For most of them, it was their first time to step into the Sea of Truth, so they would have no choice but to leave after suffering for a few days.

After swimming another few miles ahead, Zen found a dividing band in front of him. After the magma crossed that band, it turned into dark red!

At this point, the pain that Zen felt on his body had reached an unbearable level.

He felt that his body went stiff. He had tried his best to activate all his strength, but his body was somewhat disobedient.

"Let's stop here," No. 9527 said. "Once you pass the first section, the pressure will multiply. Your body will not be able to withstand it. And you will end up dissipating like the Soul of Light."

Zen nodded. Floating on the surface of the sea, he stretched his body, hoping to ease the pressure his physical body had to bear.

After a moment, he asked breathlessly, "How can I leave the Sea of Truth?"

"I'll teach you," No. 9527 said with a grin.

It had been said that the Sea of Truth was really illusion. Perhaps there were some special skills required to leave it.

After a short while, Zen felt dizzy, his surrounding starting to spin a little. Once again, he saw himself in a sea of fire.

His vision regained its focus with the red-eyed girl floating in front of him, her innocent eyes set on him.

Chapter 2817 Easier Than Expected

As soon as he saw the girl with red eyes, Zen shrank back almost reflexively.

The girl, however, had a warm look on her face and inquired, "Are you awake?"

She had been talking to Zen for a while now, but he had not been responding at all. She naively thought that he had fallen asleep.

He was amused by her innocence and he almost laughed out loud.

But when he thought about how useful she would be to him, his heart skipped a beat.

In the black water area, Sword Chen had decided to obtain this supreme treasure of belief together with Zen. He had even helped Zen arrange the sword array and make use of the force of primitive fear in the black water.

But Zen had been unexpectedly brought to the ice palace by the mysterious woman.

And now, the True Demon Body was so close to him after the chaotic battle.

Wasn't it the right time to refine the True Demon Body?

"Yes, I'm awake now," replied Zen playing along.

Pleased by his answer, the red-eyed girl asked, "Are you my companion now?"

"Your companion?" Confusion flashed across Zen's eyes.

What he had been thinking about was how to refine the True Demon Body.

Back when he had obtained the jade seal in the Time Sea, there was no need to refine it. He had become its owner by merely touching it.

In fact, the process of refinement had begun from the moment Zen had entered the inner world of the jade seal. Everyone who had entered that world had an equal opportunity to obtain the recognition of the jade seal. Zen had made it before everyone else and so it became his.

Similarly, did this red-eyed girl seem to be seeking recognition from him too?

A smile appeared on Zen's face when this thought popped in his mind. He immediately said, "I'm not afraid of your flames! Do you think I'm your companion?"

The red-eyed girl widened her eyes and thought for a while before replying excitedly, "Yes! I think so!"

"And then?" Zen continued.

The girl tilted her head and thought some more. Finally, she said, "I have very few companions so I have to cherish every one of them."

Her eyes turned a darker shade of red as she spoke.

Zen was staring at the girl curiously. Suddenly, he had a strange feeling in his heart. He felt as though his eyes were intensely attracted to the girl. He was simply unable to look away!

Then he sensed an innocent soul, which was exactly like the girl's soul!

As soon as he felt it, realization dawned on him.

'Oh, now I understand.

Refining the True Demon Body is not as complicated as we thought!

We just need to get the girl's approval!' he thought to himself.

It was the True Demon Body's instinct to merge with the person it recognized.

However, after the warriors had entered this void, they had immediately started to fight with each other and all of them had shown a strong hostility towards the True Demon Body.

The girl might have treated the others as food, but her programming was very simple. As long as someone tried to guide and persuade her, it was not that difficult to obtain her approval.

However, in that complex situation, it was impossible for anyone to get this chance.

It wasn't until Zen was surrounded by the red lotuses and eventually had a chance to spend some alone time with the girl with red eyes that he discovered this.

Buzz!

Zen's mind was now connected to the girl's and he could feel two peculiar energies. One was from the girl with red eyes, which was able to activate any kind of energy in this world to the hilt.

The other energy was from the blue-eyed girl, which was able to bring any kind of energy in the world to a halt.

When both these peculiar energies surrounded Zen, he fell into a calm state. As both energies fused, he wondered whether he had gained the approval of the blue-eyed girl as well when he obtained that of the red-eyed girl.

Just then...

A sharp roar sounded out in the void!

Far away from Zen, a battle was taking place and Samuel was fuming with rage. His hands were on his chest.

Since the time the mysterious woman had joined the fight, he had been at a constant disadvantage.

He had been nearly invincible with the Spear of Supreme Harmony. Even Nicholas had to back off in the face of that spear.

However, the woman had also copied his Spear of Supreme Harmony. Add the strength of a dozen cloned Holy Beings and she became quite a formidable opponent. It was hard for Samuel to fight against this woman!

His carelessness had cost him dearly as he was stabbed in the chest by that woman!

He crushed a golden pill, which turned into a light golden mist, and was then absorbed by him.

Hiss!

New flesh began to regrow in the big hole in his chest and his wound started healing rapidly.

"I would advise you to stop resisting. That way, you can die a less painful death," the woman said coolly as she stared at Samuel.

Although there had been some unexpected situations along the way, she still believed that everything was under control. The only thing that was depressing her was that Zen had been killed by this fellow. She couldn't accept it, so she was hell-bent on killing Samuel first.

Apparently, Samuel was feeling no less dejected than her.

After he received the Stone Mouse's ability, he could read his enemies' Memory Flames at any time, and that was how he knew what Nicholas and the rest had been thinking.

But this woman, as well as the replicas she had created, had no Memory Flames at all!

As he could no longer read his enemies' memories, he was naturally at a disadvantage in the battle.

"Samuel, you are stewing in your own juice! After I return to the Floating Island, I will definitely wage a war in your universe. I hope your universe will be able to hold on for a few days!" Nicholas warned him.

He, along with the rest, was content to watch the fight from a distance. When he saw that Samuel was losing, he provoked him on purpose.

If Samuel was defeated in a universal war, it would be the end of him.

Maybe Samuel could be reincarnated and make another comeback one day, but before that, Nicholas would definitely solve the secret of reincarnation and kill him forever.

"Humph! If I am killed, do you think you'll have a chance to survive? Don't forget her purpose for coming here." Before Samuel could finish his sentence, a fluctuation in space appeared above him. The woman had already launched her attack again.

Samuel brandished the Spear of Supreme Harmony and disappeared immediately.

He had fought over a thousand rounds with that woman before.

He just kept fleeing into space. So it was never an easy feat to kill him.

However, Samuel hated to keep running like this.

If he missed even the slightest detail, he would be gravely injured by this woman. If it continued this way, he would be killed by this woman eventually.

He racked his brains for a solution to this deadlock.

Whoosh!

He used the Grand Teleportation technique once again and reappeared at the center of the void. His eyes followed a thin line in the void and he spotted the blue-eyed girl in an ice flower.

It seemed that the girl was confused by the numerous space channels he had been creating constantly. She stood blankly in the void without moving.

Seeing this, a bold idea slowly began to take shape in Samuel's mind.

Instead of wasting his time with that woman, why not try to refine this girl?

Samuel didn't know the method of refining, but he had no other choice. He believed that at least this was better than fleeing all the way.

At this point, he vanished once again before the woman could catch up with him.

Whoosh!

He reappeared at another spot and pricked the line that connected the two girls using his Spear of Supreme Harmony!

Chapter 2818 The Opportunity

Samuel was not certain that he would succeed, but he decided to give it a go.

The tip of the Spear of Supreme Harmony had suddenly disappeared, and in no time had integrated with the space.

"Whoosh!"

With a swift motion, it moved and as soon as it touched the thin line, the space was cut apart.

At this moment, the thin line looked to be dislocated.

However, Samuel was a bit dissatisfied with the result as he frowned.

Although it seemed that he had cut the blue thin line, the line was still intact.

"Not enough. Again."

He made further calculations on his attack. Since he had made up his mind, there would be no reason to give up.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

As he struck another series of attack, the tip of the Spear of Supreme Harmony had slashed the thin line dozens of times.

In the eyes of the crowd, the thin line had already been severely dislocated. The part being cut by Samuel was about ten feet away, which could be considered already close enough to damage it, but it didn't break.

"Crack!"

Samuel thrust out the Spear of Supreme Harmony dozens of times, his eyes widening with anger.

The long spear fiercely broke the void.

A huge hole with a width of ten feet instantly appeared in the void. The blue thin line drilled in from one side of the large hole, and then came out from another. The part in the middle had already disappeared.

The thin line swayed back and forth on both sides of the hole a few times before finally starting to roll back. Following that, it disappeared in everyone's eyes.

"Splash..."

Lying in the sea of fire, Zen was currently absorbing the energy from the two girls.

Because of Samuel's action, the blue thin line collapsed. One kind of energy had mysteriously disappeared.

"He has cut off the line!"

"Cut the line and then we can refine the True Demon Body?"

"It's a good chance!"

The consummate True Gods were full of fear that they would be killed by Samuel, so they fled a fair distance away from him. When they saw the change in the void, they were tempted and itched to have a go.

But they were still rational in the end. They dared not to go forward rashly as they knew how powerful the two girls were, and were even aware that they had to fight Samuel first.

Seeing that the thin line was cut off, Samuel was overjoyed.

But he was in for a surprise. As he narrowed his eyes, he saw that the girl with blue eyes was already gone.

"How dare you steal my thing!"

he bellowed and came upon a realization. He realized that the woman had used his clone to move the girl with blue eyes away.

"Whoosh!"

A chill suddenly emerged around the woman. Samuel's clone had brought the girl to her.

The girl stood blankly in the air, her deep blue eyes filled with anger.

She was currently in confusion as she was being brought into many space channels. She had no idea what was going on, but she immediately felt irritated and enraged when she realized that her connection with the red eyed girl was suddenly cut off.

"Why did you do this?" A childish but cold voice was heard.

"Splash..."

Ice flowers were rushing out of the blue eyed girl's body and began to rotate crazily.

'This is bad!'

the woman groaned inwardly.

In order to refine the True Demon Body, she speculated that the line had to be cut off. In turn, it was a mistake on her part.

It never occurred to her that the blue eyed girl would be infuriated.

Ice flowers circled frantically around the girl, as if she were a goddess of ice and snow, and any creature that approached her would be frozen and torn apart.

"Swish!"

Right before the girl's attack approached them, Samuel's clone acted fast and once again used the Spear of Supreme Harmony to create a space channel. He disappeared together with the woman.

But the other Holy Beings' clones were not that lucky.

The moment the ice flowers hit them, they were frozen and turned into human ice sculptures. The attack didn't stop as more ice flowers hit the ice sculptures. They were instantly crushed into pieces.

They died just like that and turned into Faith Energy which quickly vanished into the thin air in the void.

The Faith Energy had originally been extracted from many fiends and fierce beasts by the woman, and now it was returned to the Abyss Demon Region.

"Break you into pieces!"

The blue eyed girl's indifferent face had become ruthless and full of killing intent.

Samuel, along with members of the alliance of the powerful clans was eager for action, but seeing her powerful strength made them take a step back. Their hearts were beating wildly.

If they had rushed to her without thinking, they would have been turned into pieces of ice.

"Whoosh!"

The ice flowers were spinning faster and faster, and the impact range became wider. The blue light in the girl's eyes was getting brighter.

The turbulent cold air spread quickly in the void, as if a snowy storm was coming.

Looking at the ice flowers, some people felt deeply afraid that they would spread to the entire void. Would everyone be killed by the snowstorm?

They couldn't do anything as they waited in alert. The pressure in the air was growing intense but when the light in the girl's eyes reached a certain extent, it rapidly began to fade.

All the ice flowers disappeared at the same time.

The girl stood still as she looked at her own hands, and tilted her head slightly. Her face showed a thoughtful expression, as if she did not understand what just happened.

"She's running out of energy?"

"The two girls complement each other. The energy of the blue eyed girl is from the red eyed girl. Since the line has been cut off, her energy can't be replenished."

"Now, we can approach her!"

Some people from the crowd had understood what was going on, and a few of consummate True Gods began to gather around her.

Nicholas' eyes lit up at that moment. He turned into a streak of light and rushed away.

As the head of the Holy Beings, he didn't use all his strength after he was trapped in this place because Samuel had suppressed him.

He felt aggrieved as he knew that Samuel had the great advantage over the others due to the Spear of Supreme Harmony. And the worst was Samuel was able to pry into his memories, which had greatly limited himself.

He had endured for so long and did not make a serious move yet. He had been waiting and planning for the right time and opportunity.

Now that he had gotten the chance to refine the blue eyed girl, how could he let her fall into Samuel's hands?

He moved as fast as he could but yet was still a step behind. No matter how fast he went, he couldn't catch up with the woman and Samuel.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Samuel and his clone thrust out the Spear of Supreme Harmony almost at the same time, and two space channels enveloped the blue eyed girl.

"Crack!"

Under the collision of the two space channels, a serrated pattern appeared in the void and vanished without a trace.

"Humph!"

Samuel swung the Spear of Supreme Harmony to the air.

This time he made sure that he would be half a step ahead. He managed to envelop the blue eyed girl in the space channel and sent her into the void a few dozen miles away.

In the distance, Pascal was floating. He was still under Samuel's control and was waiting for the opportunity.

Seeing the girl come out of the void, Pascal stepped forward to hug her.

Just before he could lay a hand on the girl, a ray of extremely sharp sword radiance flew over from a thousand feet away.

If he didn't retreat in time, he would be cut in half by the sword radiance.

Chapter 2819 Unable To Attack

The man who launched the sword attack was Rocher.

The fight in the void was quite fierce. Rocher knew very well to himself that he couldn't directly fight with the Holy Beings. Although he had some secret weapon to rely on, he didn't get involved before.

Seeing that Samuel used his Spear of Supreme Harmony to slash and almost slaughter everyone, he chose to immediately stay away.

He fled a distance away and surprisingly noticed another person. It was Pascal.

Since the very beginning, Pascal had never gotten involved with the fights. He quietly stayed far away like a puppet.

Rocher observed him further, and an idea formed into his mind.

The truth was that the True Demon Body could only be inherited by a consummate True God. No matter how powerful Samuel was, it would be impossible for him to inherit the True Demon Body by himself.

As for the Han Clan, the only person they could rely on was Pascal.

Thinking of this, Rocher lurked and stayed near him.

The result of the fight was exactly the same as what he had expected. Samuel had successfully obtained the True Demon Body in the fight.

Rocher's plan all along was to precisely choose this timing to attack.

"Lowell?"

When Nicholas saw this scene, a touch of joy appeared on his face.

He didn't expect that Lowell was so vigilant that he had waited by Pascal's side in advance.

They knew that Pascal was not himself and was completely controlled by Samuel.

Seeing Rocher's sword radiance, Samuel frowned and had to dodge it. He immediately conveyed the idea to Pascal.

Pascal was quick to turn around and step back, managing to dodge the slash.

Rocher transformed into a beam of light and flew towards the girl with blue eyes, pulling her into his arms.

"Go to hell!"

Samuel cursed. His face turned cold when he saw Rocher's actions.

He stabbed the Spear of Supreme Harmony in his hand in the air.

"Swish!"

A space wave spread out.

He wanted to pull the blue eyed girl and Lowell over.

However, the woman was at the same time quick to act as well. When Samuel stabbed his spear out, she had also given instructions to his clone to do the same.

Two space waves rushed to Rocher.

"Crack!"

The two space waves collided against each other and were then neutralized.

Rocher knew that he was taking a huge risk, but he had no choice.

In the universe, he had to shoulder so many responsibilities. He felt pressured, which made him realize that his future was definitely not optimistic, opposite of what he was hoping for.

Since he was already caught up in such a situation, it was not possible to change his fate even though the alliance of the powerful clans had suffered a great loss because of Samuel.

Over the years, Rocher's state of mind had changed greatly.

He persisted until the end. Either for himself or for Iris, he could not die. He didn't want to die.

He only had one goal and that was to control the Abyss Demon Region. If he could do so, perhaps everything would take a favorable turn.

"How to refine this girl?"

The blue eyed girl had used up her energy and could not be refined through the red eyed girl.

But he had no idea what he should do to refine the supreme treasure of belief.

"Spiritual sense!"

Almost subconsciously, his spiritual sense had poured into the mind of the blue eyed girl. As soon as his spiritual sense was poured into her mind, he had sensed that panic and fear were hidden in the young soul of the girl.

"Don't be afraid. Calm down. I... I can protect you!"

Rocher tried to soothe the blue eyed girl.

He kept his focus, as a crisp sound rang out above his head.

The space channel created by Samuel was once again counter attacked and destroyed by the woman.

"You want to possess the True Demon Body as well. Are you going to let that brat get it?" Samuel quickly spoke, exasperated.

The woman sneered, "It's better than letting you get it!"

The clone beside her was prepared to attack as Samuel was about to thrust out his Spear of Supreme Harmony again.

He gritted his teeth in agitation that all his spear attacks had been completely destroyed by the clone. He once again made a move in caution. As the Spear of Supreme Harmony emitted a light, he disappeared from where he was and was about to teleport himself.

But the moment he disappeared, the clone thrust his spear into the air. The spear seemed to strike at nothing, but it was proven wrong as a zigzag space crack had suddenly appeared in the void. Soon, Samuel fell from the crack.

He glared at the woman as he realized that he couldn't teleport himself.

If the woman built a space channel, he would choose to destroy it too at the first time.

He suddenly remembered that Pascal was still under his control. He kept his guard against the woman and secretly gave out orders.

"Whoosh!"

Back to Rocher, he was entirely focused on refining the girl with blue eyes. Pascal had drawn back but he could have another chance to attack.

Pascal gave a murderous look, and a short silver sword appeared in his hand.

"Five Elements Cracking the Air!"

Pascal forcefully increased his strength. In terms of pure strength, there was a certain gap between him and the ordinary consummate True Gods.

But now that Samuel was controlling him, the situation was different.

The short sword in his hand showed the internal momentum of Five Elements and shot towards the vital parts of Rocher's body.

'The True Demon Body belongs to me. If you dare to snatch it, you have to pay with your life!' Samuel sneered in his heart as he watched Rocher's incoming doom.

Rocher had already wrapped his arms around the blue eyed girl.

The girl did not have a strong killing intention. She knew little about the world and would be scared at the mere rustle of leaves in the wind, so she counterattacked violently.

Moreover, she was powerful enough to cause terrible consequences.

"Don't worry. I mean no harm.

I will answer all your questions.

This world is very beautiful."

While comforting the blue eyed girl, Rocher was still aware of the attack behind him.

As Pascal's short sword was getting closer and closer to him, he frowned slightly and his eyes flashed a sharp light.

A milky white light rose from the surface of his body.

The short sword in Pascal's hand was already at a close distance to Rocher's body, but he strangely discovered that no matter how hard he tried, the sword could not stab Rocher. It seemed like there was an invisible barrier in between.

"What's going on?"

Samuel was flustered at the change of situation. He was still standing far away and had a puzzled look on his face.

At this moment, he had an illusion that Pascal was disobeying his order.

As his puppet, how could Pascal disobey his order?

"Kill him!"

Without any clue, Samuel urged further and gave the order in his mind.

Pascal had now used both hands to hold the short sword, and fiercely stabbed Rocher's back.

The short sword, which flickered with the five colored sword radiance, was already only half an inch away from Rocher. But then the tip of the sword desperately shook. In such a short distance, however, no matter how hard Pascal tried, he just couldn't give a blow. It was useless.

"Will you protect me?"

the blue eyed girl then spoke after Rocher had carefully soothed her.

She felt even more insecure than the red eyed girl.

"Of course I will," Rocher answered with a smile.

"That's great."

Just then, he felt that the blue eyed girl opened her heart to him and at the same time, a unique energy began to blend. A connection was quickly formed between him and the girl.

Chapter 2820 Fire Punch

Finally establishing a connection with the blue-eyed girl, Rocher immediately felt her sense of hunger.

He felt her thirst for power rapidly growing.

Since her connection with the red-eyed girl had been cut off, she was unable to replenish all the energy her body released earlier. Now she was extremely "hungry" for an energy source.

Feeling this emotion, Rocher released the internal momentum from his cinnabar field and passed it to the blue-eyed girl.

Buzz!

As a blue light flashed from the girl's eyes, the cold ice flowers started spreading out of her body. These ice flowers were transformed by Rocher's internal momentum.

Although there weren't many ice flowers that appeared, they were enough to cover both Rocher and her, protecting them from everyone's attack.

Pascal, who was controlled by Samuel, tried to stab them with his sword but failed. Seeing the ice flowers surrounding the girl again, he had to ask Pascal to retreat.

Rocher had fully taken control of the blue-eyed girl now. Only the red-eyed girl remained unaffected.

After the connection between the two girls had been broken, Samuel only needed to make the red-eyed girl release all her energy, and then he could refine her.

Shaking the Spear of Supreme Harmony to create a space channel to cover Pascal, Samuel drew him to his side, prompting him to look towards the red-eyed girl's direction. However, he was shocked to see what was happening.

It turned out that while Samuel and that woman fought over the blue-eyed girl, some people targeted the red-eyed girl instead, knowing the competition would have less complications.

However, the red-eyed girl was now covered by a large sea of red lotuses. No one could really confirm what the situation inside was, just by looking from the outside.

"The red-eyed girl's energy is now limited. As long as these red lotus flowers are consumed, we may be able to capture her,"

Rachelle, who was holding two short swords in her hands, commented. Her swords began to emit two rays of blood light.

Whoosh!

Both swords flew towards the sea of red lotuses.

Splash!

These two short swords that Rachelle possessed were also ranked at the top among the weapons in the divine land. However, as soon as they touched the red lotus flowers, they instantly melted.

The Murdering Godly Way's internal momentum contained in the short swords was then transformed into blazing flames by these red lotus flowers. The flames became very formidable at that moment.

"Rachelle, let me help you!"

Murphy shouted, as he came over to help.

The Mu Clan had already suffered great losses in the Abyss Demon Region.

Now that Lowell got the True Demon Body, he would be able to help the alliance of powerful clans retrieve some losses. Moreover, if he could help

Rachelle get another True Demon Body, it would be an even better ending for the alliance of powerful clans.

After all, the Holy Beings did not really die. They could always be reborn in the universes.

Of course, many of the consummate True Gods and the Demi-holy Beings died, but the combat power in this stage was of little importance. If the alliance of powerful clans could overcome this difficult situation with the help of two True Demon Bodies and dominate the divine land, they would be able to slowly cultivate new Demi-holy Beings and new consummate True Gods in the future. With that all set, even the other powerful clans would submit to them.

Buzz!

Murphy flew up, a black sword appearing in his hand.

Before Samuel could realize what happened, Murphy planned to take the True Demon Body out of the flames.

"Spirit Annihilating Sword!"

Murphy's long black sword was suddenly brandished. A ray of black light spread out of its blade, cutting towards the red lotus flowers.

When the sword's radiance touched the red lotus flowers, they began to devour each other.

By the time the sword's radiance was extinguished, the red lotus flowers became dimmer.

While Murphy was watching this scene, a faint smile appeared on his face. He knew that these red lotus flowers could turn all the energy into flames, and using any other methods to attack would only cause more trouble.

Like the red lotus, his Spirit Annihilating Sword needed to devour other energy for it to grow stronger. After these two forces had collided, half of the red fire had vanished.

Without thinking twice, he wielded the Spirit Annihilating Sword to launch a second strike.

However, a space channel pierced through the distant space like a flying bird after Murphy finished his attack, directly enveloping his sword strike.

The radiance of the Spirit Annihilating Sword was transferred to another void.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Samuel, his duplicate and the woman suddenly appeared around the red lotus flowers.

The blue-eyed girl had already been controlled by Rocher. If this woman wanted to leave the Abyss Demon Region, the red-eyed girl would be her last resort. Thus, she would definitely not allow anyone else to control her.

On the other hand, Samuel was also eager to get the True Demon Body.

Seeing these two people approaching, Rachelle and several other consummate True Gods looked scared. They decided to step back and hide behind Murphy.

"You and your daughter have no right to compete with me. Murphy, get out of my way!" Samuel said coldly.

But Murphy didn't give in to his request.

Samuel became awesome because his Spear of Supreme Harmony could break through space. Combined with the girls' ice flowers and red lotus flowers, it became invincible. With its power, other Holy Beings were unable to defeat him at all.

But the situation now was different. After the connection between the two girls had been cut off, the red lotus flowers became constantly weak. If this continued, the red lotus flowers produced by the red-eyed girl might disappear completely.

Even if Samuel relied on the Spear of Supreme Harmony, Murphy had the strength to fight against him. Moreover, Murphy knew that Nicholas would help and support him.

"You are the one who should get out of here." The woman smiled faintly. Flicking her fingertips, she turned the wisps of brown energy into many slender short swords.

At the same time, Samuel's duplicate stood behind her and thrust his spear, making a space channel appear and pierce towards Samuel. As a result, the short swords were sent over through the space channel.

Shocked, Samuel had no choice but to activate the Spear of Supreme Harmony and fight.

The two fought fiercely. Murphy felt pleased while watching. He jumped up and floated in the sky above the red lotus flowers, quickly extracting the internal momentum in his body.

Swish!

Swinging the Spirit Annihilating Sword, he launched another attack.

This time, the sword attack was more powerful than the previous one, as he was determined to annihilate all these red lotus flowers.

The sword shot from the top towards the bottom.

The blade cut through the red lotus flowers below, but suddenly a strange phenomenon appeared.

All of a sudden, the red lotus flowers gathered together and burned.

They all turned into bones. The flames then transformed into blood and flesh, forming a huge fist.

Bang!

The burning air surged up, instantly swallowing up the radiance released by Murphy's Spirit Annihilating Sword, and smashed against him at the same time.

"What's this?"

Murphy's eyes were filled with astonishment, as he knew that getting hit by this punch might cost him his life.

As he retreated, he employed many complicated techniques.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2821 A New Path

As Murphy had continuously fired out many complicated spells, the black sword that he held in his hand flashed once.

Not long after, a black crystal shield had been formed before Murphy's body.

"Bang!"

The shield had intercepted the huge fire fist that had been rapidly rushing towards Murphy. After a few moments, the crystal shield shattered and disappeared after it had merged with the fire.

The crystal shield had somehow reduced the flames' power, and the huge fire fist immediately shrunk to about a tenth of its original size.

Murphy had kept casting his spells with a dire expression on his face. After the first crystal shield had disappeared, the black sword in his hand flashed again, and instantly, another black crystal shield materialized in front of him.

"Bang!"

The second crystal shield had been smashed to pieces immediately as soon as it was formed.

The same thing happened to the third, fourth, fifth...

The crystal shields hadn't been able to withstand the impact of the fire fist at all, but at least they had been able to shrink the fire fist bit by bit every time they intercepted it.

Murphy had to condense these crystal shields; otherwise, he was the one who took damage.

His body wouldn't have been able to survive the impact if he had been directly hit by the fire fist. The only thing he had been able to do was give his full force in an attempt to put out the flames.

As the Spirit Annihilating Sword's power was used in such a way, it sapped a great deal of Murphy's energy.

More black crystal shields were released continuously, and the strain of this effort was evident on Murphy's face which had turned deathly pale.

When he was near his power's limit, he bit the tip of his tongue and spat a mouthful of blood essence onto the Spirit Annihilating Sword.

A dark aura briefly surrounded the surface of the Spirit Annihilating Sword. Murphy then hurled the sword downwards.

"Crack!"

The flames had been finally thoroughly extinguished.

Suddenly, in place of the fire fist, there appeared a giant golden fist that steadily grew at an alarming rate.

Murphy caught sight of it and his eyes widened in disbelief.

"Zen?"

All of the consummate True Gods, including Rachelle, had also been taken aback.

The power of the fiery red lotuses had been known to all of them. If Holy Beings had fallen into them, they would be reduced to dust in an instant regardless of how powerful they were.

Most people thought that Zen had already died when he fell into the red lotuses.

They had been blown out of their minds when he had appeared in such a manner.

"Splash!"

Murphy retreated as fast as he was able to.

However, there had been very little distance between him and Zen. After Zen had activated the Wild God Body, his corporeal body had grown up to 50, 000 to 60, 000 feet.

Murphy had done his best to retreat and stay out of Zen's way but he still had not been able to dodge Zen's mountain-like giant fist.

The moment that Murphy collided with Zen's huge fist, a brilliant golden light shone from the surface of the fist.

"Bang!"

The collision had produced a crisp reverberating sound, similar to that of a huge gong. A torrent of powerful energy forcibly flowed into his body.

It had been Murphy's instinctive reaction to remove this domineering force, but as soon as it had entered his body, it turned into multitudes of little snakes that wreaked havoc in his body. There had been no possible way to remove it.

If he hadn't been able to remove this force, it would have torn him apart.

In Murphy's desperation, the solution he had thought of was to lure the malicious force into his own inner world.

If it were Demi-holy Beings or consummate True Gods who had attempted to do this, it would have been an act of suicide. But Murphy's universe had attached itself to the divine land, and thus it was able to withstand the force.

"Bang!"

A huge explosion had opened a gap on the top of the Murphy Universe.

A golden ray of light transformed into a gleaming sword as it soared down from the skies. It traveled through space over hundreds of millions of miles in a flash. It crumbled the stars along the way into dust and then finally pierced a supreme world in the universe.

The supreme world had been cut into two halves before it began to implode. It still wasn't enough to dissipate the power of the domineering force. In the presence of this force, other nearby supreme worlds also collapsed one by one.

An infinite number of creatures had perished. The fake Sacred race that had invaded the Evolutionary Universe had suffered the greatest losses.

Even though a significant amount of the domineering force's power had already been dispersed into his own universe, Murphy's condition had not been improved.

His hair was ruffled and untidy, and cracks had appeared all over his body. He was in despair, and his breathing had become rapid and weak.

"Is that the Truth of Godly Way? Why? The Truth of Godly Way is from that guy's body. How is that possible?" Nicholas, even though he had been standing quite a distance away, wasn't able to hide the shocked expression on his face.

He had extensive knowledge of how the Truth of Godly Way worked, which served as the base to reach the Other Shore. Most of the Truths of Godly Ways depended on the cinnabar fields to help the souls reach the Other Shore.

But Zen's Truth of Godly Way originated from his body, which defied everything in Nicholas' previous experiences. If he hadn't witnessed it with his own two eyes, it would have been impossible for him to believe it.

Even Zen thought that there was something different within him.

He retracted his fist and looked closely at his hands, scrutinizing the smallest details.

He had noticed a few significant improvements in his body after it had been refined by the red lotuses.

"Buzz!"

When he had activated his power, a halo of faint golden light radiated from his fist.

"Is this also a Truth of Godly Way?" Zen had mused to himself as he looked wonderingly at the golden light.

It required the forging of a Truth Boat with the Truth of Godly Way if one wanted to reach the Other Shore. Zen, on the other hand, had been crossing the Sea of Truth using only his physical body, so the Truth of Godly Way had been completely integrated into his body.

It was definitely not the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

"Of course." Zen heard No. 9527's voice come from his chest. "You wouldn't have dared to dip your feet into the Sea of Truth if you hadn't already comprehended the Truth of Godly Way."

"Is it the Ancient God Cultivation Method that produces this kind of Truth of Godly Way?" Zen asked.

Over eons, the ancient gods had also only relied on their physical bodies to cross the Sea of Truth. There was a great probability that they had the same kind of Truth of Godly Way.

"You may say so, but it's not exactly right." After a bit of hesitation, No. 9527 continued, "The ancient gods learned the Truth of Powerful Holy Body. When the Wild Gods had cultivated to the maximum level, they were able to master the Truth of Powerful Holy Body, cross the Sea of Truth, and set their feet upon the Other Shore. Unfortunately, this method hasn't been effective recently. You now possess a unique Truth of Godly Way, different from the ancient gods."

Since there had been no way to learn the Truth of Powerful Holy Body, and even the Ancient God Cultivation Method had been of no use, it was eventually replaced by the Grand World Cultivation Method.

After Zen had achieved the refinement for turning his body into a weapon, he seemed to have triggered an alternative way for body refining. With the assistance of the Ancient God Cultivation Method, he had been able to open up a new path that bypassed the third truth which had been applied to the whole chaos.

After Zen consulted No. 9527 briefly, he stared at Murphy nearby and told him, "In the universe back then, you launched a sword attack on me. If it were not for Estelle, I would have died. Now, I reciprocated your sword attack with this punch!"

With a gargantuan body, Zen's voice had been quite loud. It spread through the expanse of space, and everyone heard it as though it was thunder.

Murphy floated quietly in the open space. Compared to Zen's gigantic body, it was as if he was only as small as an ant even though he was a Holy Being.

He was badly hurt both physically and mentally.

Chapter 2822 A Fight That Would Have Happened

Only about twenty years had passed since he attacked Zen with his sword strike in Mike's universe.

To the Holy Beings, twenty years were almost negligible in comparison to their long lives.

Zen, who had been considered as insignificant as ants by Murphy, had then grown to such a high level.

Finally meeting each other once again, the tables had turned. Zen's huge body now made Murphy as insignificant as ants, which was simply ironic.

"Father!"

Calling out with concern, Rachelle quickly flew upward and stood protectively before her father.

After Zen had returned to the divine land some time earlier, many consummate True Gods had witnessed Zen's great strength. At that time, Zen was already able to defeat the consummate True Gods with ease, and his strength was comparable to that of a Demi-holy Being.

And with his strength greatly improved once again, even Murphy wasn't able to withstand Zen's punch.

He was now so powerful that both the consummate True Gods and the Demi-holy Beings had to look up at him.

Apparently, Zen's control over the True Demon Body had upset the two other people present.

One of them was Samuel.

Knowing that he cut off the connection between the two girls, he believed that he was more deserving of the True Demon Body in the ice coffin.

Unexpectedly, he ended up with nothing. One of the girls was obtained by Lowell, while the other one belonged to Zen.

With this thought in mind, he was especially disgruntled at Zen's luck.

Witnessing how Zen was surrounded by red lotuses, everyone believed that he had been burnt to death. However, that was not the case. Samuel couldn't understand how he could have shown up again, safe and sound.

On the other hand, the woman was overwhelmed with mixed feelings as well.

Her goal was to obtain the True Demon Body. She had tried countless times, but in the end, all her efforts had turned out to be a paving stone for others.

Despite her failure, she felt pleased to learn that Zen was still alive. After all, she was born out of the resentment after the extinction of the Nine Li race. Knowing that Zen had survived, she was pleased that at least one descendant of the Nine Li race would remain.

Whoosh!

Stretching out his hand, Zen suddenly grabbed Murphy.

Surprised, Rachelle gritted her teeth and defended her father by standing before him.

But how would she be able to resist Zen now?

Puff!

A golden light appeared on Zen's huge palm as it collided with Rachelle, slapping her away. Rachelle spat out a mouthful of blood.

With Murphy gripped in his hand, Zen's gaze fell on Nicholas who was standing afar, a glint of anger flashing from his huge eyes.

After meeting Sword Chen in this place, Zen couldn't help seeing a glimmer of hope in getting a chance to take his mother back from Nicholas.

Through Nicholas's Memory Flame, it was very clear that Nicholas had brought Lorena with him to the Abyss Demon Region.

However, with Zen's previous standing, rescuing his mother would've been reckless and irresponsible. Zen had only been able to guarantee his own survival and his safe escape from the Abyss Demon Region.

The situation had changed now.

Merging with the True Demon Body, he had improved greatly. He would be capable of declaring war with Nicholas now.

"Give me my mother back," Zen ordered with a cold voice. "Otherwise, I'll crush him to death."

Hearing these words, Nicholas' eyebrows furrowed slightly.

"Your mother? What are you talking about? I don't know where she is now," Nicholas answered with a blank expression.

Zen sneered, "You are the head of the Holy Beings. Stop playing dumb! This is ridiculous! I know you have brought my mother with you to this place. Do you think it's only Samuel who can read your memories?"

Nicholas' face darkened immediately.

On top of his status and strength, he had always been proud of his astuteness and wisdom.

Learning that Zen was able to probe into his memories, and even his thoughts, he knew that he couldn't keep any secrets from both Zen and Samuel.

Of course, Nicholas didn't know how their actual skills worked. In fact, Samuel was only able to read the memories of those around him and his ability was greatly limited. On the other hand, since Zen possessed the Reincarnation Soul Weapon, he was able to read almost everyone's memories throughout the entire divine land.

"Release her, or I'll kill him," Zen threatened, waving his giant hand. Murphy had no power to resist him at all.

Sneering coldly, Nicholas responded, "Can you really kill him?"

The loss Nicholas had suffered in the Abyss Demon Region was something he could still afford.

After all, these Holy Beings did not really die. They could be reborn in their universes afterwards.

Hearing Nicholas' response, Zen knew what he had to do. The power in his hand surged without reservation. With a golden light flashing, he tightened his grip.

Puff!

Shortly after, Murphy's body transformed into a cloud of blood in Zen's hand.

It was the first time Zen killed a Holy Being, although everyone knew that Murphy wasn't really dead and he could be reborn.

After Murphy's body had exploded into dust, Zen took a wide step and headed straight towards Nicholas.

Buzz!

The red-eyed girl followed closely behind him. Standing close to Zen, her size seemed almost insignificant and unnoticeable when compared to Zen's.

Narrowing his eyes, Samuel stared at the red-eyed girl.

He could not reconcile himself to the fact that Zen got the True Demon Body. Although Zen seemed extremely strong now, his method of attack using merely physical strength still didn't scare Samuel off. He believed that having the Spear of Supreme Harmony in his possession was an advantage.

Having Zen and Nicholas fighting fiercely would be a pleasure.

Seeing that Zen, who was as huge as a mountain, was coming straight to him, Nicholas's eyes narrowed in concentration.

Whoosh!

From his palm, the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos began to swirl.

Creating a huge eight-diagram disc, it then floated above him.

Just as they were about to collide with each other, Zen's body suddenly halted.

Everyone watching was puzzled, seeing that Zen aggressively approached Nicholas. What would have made him stop all of a sudden?

Smiling, Nicholas said, "Sure enough, you can actually peep into my memories."

In fact, Nicholas had foreseen what would happen next. As the eight-diagram disc that he summoned was extremely sharp, it should destroy Zen's arm like a spiraling millstone.

However, Zen had already seen the same pictures from Nicholas' memory.

Theoretically speaking, they had already fought once in the past 'future'. Since Nicholas had predicted the result, and Zen could read his memory, he had to give up his attack knowing it would be a failure.

Therefore, this round of fight, which was supposed to have happened, would no longer be a reality.

Frowning slightly, Zen took another step. He chose to attack from the right this time. But halfway through his attack, he suddenly stopped again.

This signified a second round of a "could have been" that didn't come into reality.

With a complacent smile, Nicholas said, "Your body seemed to have been refined and enhanced, but you are underestimating me if you think you can defeat me with your physical strength!"

After all, Nicholas was the head of the Holy Beings.

In the Abyss Demon Region where the Grand Teleportation technique could not be used, the Spear of Supreme Harmony worked to Samuel's great advantage. In addition, the flames and ice created by the two girls had made it easier for him to kill members of the powerful clans.

Anyway, it still would not be easy for Samuel or Zen to kill Nicholas easily.

From the eyes of their spectators, the fight between Zen and Nicholas that did not happen was so bizarre. The only person who could understand their strange behavior was Samuel, since he was also able to read Nicholas' Memory Flame. Each time, he could see the pictures of their fight that didn't come into reality.

Chapter 2823 Dark Light Word Transformation

Rising up in the sky, Zen paced in the air in this void.

But every time he started to attack, he stopped after finishing only half of it.

Having fought with Nicholas for ten times in the future, Zen had also stopped an attack ten times in a row by now. Each time he kept seeing the scene of his future failure.

The Eight Diagrams condensed by Nicholas was like an indestructible millstone.

It was true that Zen's physical body had improved greatly and he could even travel through the Sea of Truth. However, it was still impossible for him to withstand the Eight Diagrams.

After thirteen attempts, Nicholas closed his eyes, making the light in them fade away.

Knowing that Zen could see through his memory, he no longer tried to see the scenes in the future.

Smiling faintly, Nicholas said, "Time is a very interesting thing. If I don't let you take a peek into the future, that makes it indefinite. You can attack me now."

The scene appearing in Nicholas' visions would surely happen. In other words, once Zen took action, he would definitely lose the fight.

But if he stopped looking into the future, the future would be unpredictable.

Even though Nicholas said so, Zen still didn't make a move. As he stood there and stared at Nicholas, a hint of hesitation reflected in his eyes.

"You dare not?" Nicholas teased with a faint smile.

He then raised his arm gently.

Truth of Dark and Light Chaos slowly flowed out from his hand.

Splash!

Constantly gathering above Nicholas, the black aura flowed clockwise, while the white one slowly flowed the other way. Since Zen refused to attack, Nicholas would make his move first.

In reality, Nicholas was only afraid of the True Demon Body, together with its demonic red lotuses and cold ice flowers.

He knew that the two forms of the True Demon Body were connected to each other, thus, their energy could be mutually transformed and never be exhausted. This made it invincible.

However, after the connection between the two had been cut off by Samuel, Nicholas was given a chance to display his power. Moreover, the other form of True Demon Body was now in Lowell's hands.

As the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos continuously flowed, the Eight Diagrams floated over Nicholas' head. It became larger and emitted an indescribable aura.

The moment everyone felt that aura, Samuel, the woman, Sword Chen, and the remaining Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods finally realized Nicholas' real strength.

Crack!

Raising his head, Nicholas looked at Zen. He stretched out his hand, slightly bending his middle finger, as if he was picking up the stars from the sky.

Even though his movements were gentle and slow, his intention to kill was extremely terrifying.

Swish!

As soon as his finger moved, the Eight Diagrams above his head suddenly shook, releasing a strange force across the void to directly attack Zen.

"How is this possible?!"

Like a mountain that collapsed, Zen's huge body suddenly trembled.

In astonishment, he retreated at a crazy speed.

"Phew!"

Though he was able to retreat in time, it was not enough for Zen to avoid the attack. A dent marked his chest with a fingerprint that was several hundred feet wide and three thousand feet long.

Despite having a huge and extremely tough body, he still suffered the attack.

If it had been any other Holy Beings, Nicholas would have smashed them into pieces and turned their souls into dust.

After forcing Zen to retreat, Nicholas decided to not chase him down. Smiling faintly, his gaze roamed around and fell onto Samuel, who was standing from a distance. "Do you think you can control everything as long as you can read my memory?"

Samuel's face slightly hardened upon hearing Nicholas' question. Holding the Spear of Supreme Harmony tightly, he answered coldly, "So what? I may not be your opponent outside, but see, what can you do to me here?"

He was able to travel through the space freely, so no matter how powerful Nicholas was, he could do nothing to him.

"I let you do what you wanted because I wanted to use you to break the connection between the two forms of the True Demon Body," Nicholas announced, and his aura continued to increase. "In fact, if you have submitted to me in your previous life, you would have become my right-hand man by now. Unfortunately, you've chosen a wrong path, and going further along this path will always result to a failure."

Splash!

As soon as Nicholas finished talking, the huge Eight Diagrams increased tenfold again.

It continued to swell at an incredible speed. At this rate, it would fully occupy the entire void soon.

As Nicholas' powerful aura dawned on them, everyone suddenly felt they were becoming extremely insignificant.

"The world of chaos is formless! Billions of mysteries are born in chaos. They can turn into Dark and Light energies as well as time."

Nicholas, who was floating in the void at this time, seemed to have changed into another person. The aura that he was emitting was unpredictable, as if everything in the world had existed because of him!

"Is this the strength of Other Shore Realm?" Retreating at a distance, Zen looked at this scene in surprise.

Stunned, Samuel asked, "You've stepped into the Other Shore Realm?"

Nicholas completely ignored Samuel's query. Looking up at the huge Eight Diagrams covering the entire void, he muttered, "I've been floating on the Sea of Truth in the past few years, and I've met countless extraordinary people on the sea. I have met the Half Page Book's descendant, the Magic Door Tower's elite disciples and many other talents... Even the few with the worst talent have already crossed the ninth section of the Sea of Truth and stepped onto the Other Shore.

I, Nicholas, is the most talented warrior in the divine land. I'm still unable to cross the last threshold and reach the Other Shore.

But I made a good friend on the Sea of Truth and he helped me a lot. After the Dark Light World Transformation has been passed to me, it enabled me to transform any world and make it for my own use."

As a matter of fact, it was not easy to cross the Sea of Truth, even for the geniuses in the Source World.

For example, Zen met several inner disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, but they were still stuck in the first section of the Sea of Truth, and even Zen had not really passed that part.

The further it went, the more challenging the journey was. There were some people whose Truth Boats were destroyed in the Sea of Truth and their Souls of light were shattered.

The ninth section of the Sea of Truth was the most difficult, which was why more than ninety percent of True Gods were stuck near the ninth section.

People who had reached the ninth section of the Sea of Truth were considered to be half step into the Other Shore Realm. However, there was a world of difference between them and the real masters at the Other Shore Realm.

As a rare genius in the divine land, Nicholas grabbed the opportunity to make friends with talents in the Source World.

The Dark Light World Transformation technique had been passed down to him from a friend.

However, using this method might also cause him a great harm. It would even affect his Truth Boat and delay him in crossing the Sea of Truth.

If he hadn't been forced to the corner, Nicholas wouldn't have used it.

Chapter 2824 Attacked By Shadows

The momentum of this place was almost palpable.

Samuel turned deadly pale when he felt the force of the momentum and bore its pressure.

He had endured his resentment for Nicholas for many years, right from the Floating Islands to the Abyss Demon Region, and even sacrificed his three children for it.

Now, he finally found the opportunity to seek revenge in this void.

Originally, he thought that he was invincible, so he didn't take Nicholas seriously. Instead, he regarded the woman as his biggest rival.

But now it looked like all his schemes and plots were turning out to be extremely ridiculous.

Nicholas' power was beyond his imagination.

Nicholas, who was floating in the sky, just glanced at him but he could feel that the whole world was full of disdain for him.

He had gone through great pains to be reincarnated and become a Holy Being again, but Nicholas never took him seriously.

Splash!

As the Eight Diagrams disk hovered in the void, Nicholas' eyes fell on Zen again. He said, "Before Mike's death, he managed to cultivate such an outstanding son. Within a hundred years, you have reached the consummation of True God Realm and have the strength to kill Holy Beings. Although it's miraculous, I'm not surprised. This is not Mike's contribution, but Lorena's."

Nicholas felt calmer after saying these words, but there was a trace of indescribable jealousy in his eyes.

If there was any special woman in the divine land, it must be Lorena.

Nicholas tried to cross the Sea of Truth and constantly communicated with the people in the Source World, so he had a general understanding of the structure and forces of the whole Source World. He was well aware about the importance of the Nine Li race in the Source World and Lorena's position in the race.

Lorena was without a doubt an excellent woman, so he had never forced her to do anything. He always took good care of her.

"But today, I will have to personally destroy this miracle," said Nicholas ruefully.

He wanted to free Lorena from all the shackles and give her enough time to forget everything.

"Phew!"

Nicholas raised his hand slightly and turned it over, and a black and white shadow spread out from behind of him.

The shadow suddenly soared to 60, 000 feet, about the same height as Zen's current huge body.

"I don't know how you became so gigantic, but I want to see who is more powerful."

As soon as Nicholas uttered these words, he went straight to Zen.

The Dark Light World Transformation was similar to the lands of Demi-holy Beings. But the Demi-holy Beings built their lands using all of their internal momentum, while the Dark Light World Transformation was built with the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos.

Whoosh!

At the moment, Nicholas was soaring rapidly. Even though there was a lot of distance to cover between him and Zen, he had arrived in front of him in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, the huge shadow stretched out its fist and dashed towards Zen.

It was known to all that strength and physical body were Zen's greatest allies. However, Nicholas chose to fight head on with strength. One could imagine just how confident he was of his own strength.

Zen blocked the shadow's punch with his strong arms.

All he felt was a strong force coming from the punch of the shadow.

The force did not emanate from Nicholas' strength source, but from this world. So it was unimaginably strong.

Bang!

A layer of mysterious golden light glowed on Zen's arms, and his huge body, which was larger than the mountains, retreated at a lightning speed.

Meanwhile, there was a sneer on Nicholas' face. He had planned to manipulate the shadow to chase Zen.

However, just as he took a step forward to proceed with his plan, something happened that made him narrow his eyes in confusion.

The shadow's punch failed to wipe out the golden light that was emitting from Zen's body. Instead, it entered the shadow and rapidly spread towards him.

"Interesting!"

Nicholas could also feel the overbearing power of this golden light.

Previously, Murphy was badly injured by Zen's punch because of the impact of the golden light. So now, Nicholas was cautious about it.

He turned his hands slightly and a stream of Dark Light Torrent gushed towards the golden light.

The golden light came from the Truth of Godly Way that Zen had refined with his physical body, while the Dark Light Torrent from Nicholas was formed by the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos.

Snap!

When the two collided, the golden light steadily gained the upper hand, and eroded the Dark Light Torrent completely.

Nicholas was taken aback by this turn of events.

It was now that he realized that he had underestimated Zen. His body shrank and quickly extracted itself from the huge shadow, leaving the golden light in the shadow.

The golden light enveloped the shadow from left to right and destroyed it in just a few seconds.

"Your strength is strong, but it's just so-so." Zen who was not far away smiled faintly.

The truth was that Zen himself was shocked by the power of the golden light. He didn't know what kind of Truth of Godly Way was contained in the golden light. It was certainly more powerful than the Truth of Cultivation Nature and the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos.

Nicholas snorted coldly and said, "You just destroyed a Dark and Light shadow. What if I summon more of it?"

Saying that he raised his hand again.

As the huge Eight Diagrams disk above everyone's head began to revolve, many large indistinct shadows began to appear around Zen.

The crowd was quite shocked when they saw this army of shadows appearing nonstop.

"I'm afraid each shadow's strength is even stronger than a Holy Being's!"

"If Holy Nicholas had chosen to use this power earlier, my father wouldn't have died."

"Humph, do you think such a powerful method comes without a price?"

The survivors debated and discussed carefully in the distance.

Bang!

Zen was not ready when a huge shadow appeared in front of him, so its enormous fist smashed his face.

Zen was thrown away by the blow as a golden light exploded.

However, this light was produced from the collision and it remained within the body of the shadow, while the domineering golden light quickly tore the latter into pieces.

Nicholas seemed unaffected by this.

The hefty shadow was torn apart, but even more appeared in its place.

Bang!

Bang!

Boom!

Just as Zen finished dealing with the shadows in front of him, a punch from another shadow had already landed on his back, sides, waist and head...

More than a dozen shadows were attacking him together at this point and Zen was beaten black and blue.

Seeing this, the woman and Sword Chen exchanged a worried look. No matter how strong Zen's body was, he would not be able to bear such a brutal attack if he was being beaten passively.

Chapter 2825 No Way To Escape

Zen's huge body was smashed and thrown into the air.

The others immediately retreated to the distance.

Regardless if they were hit by Zen's huge body or by the shadows, they would surely be killed.

Zen still didn't look hurt.

Even No. 9527 wasn't able to confirm the state of Zen's body right now. The golden light shone from the surface of his body, but No. 9527 also wasn't sure which kind of Truth of Godly Way it belonged to.

However, Zen had found a rule.

In the past, a trace of primordial energy was being produced when his weapon body was refined, and it actually was from the power of the weapon refiner during the process.

Now, as he continuously endured the attacks from the shadows, his physical body seemed to absorb a portion of the power and bounce some power back.

The golden light that radiated from his body seemed to be the power that bounced back.

"But I can't bounce all the power back."

The shadows seemed endless. It seemed that the only way to have Nicholas stop was for them to break Zen's physical body.

Initially, Zen could withstand these attacks, but after a while, he started to feel a slight pain. His physical body started to ache, and his Wild God body showed signs of instability.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The loud sound echoed as the shadows and his physical body collided.

Everyone was left dumbfounded.

Nicholas' endless shadows left them wide-eyed, as much as Zen's ability to withstand it with his extraordinary strength.

Comparing each shadow to a full blow from a Holy Being, Zen had so far received over a hundred blows from a Holy Being. However, he appeared to remain unharmed.

"Could it be because of the True Demon Body he has inherited?" Greedy expressions started reflecting on the spectators' faces.

"That's impossible! The True Demon Body only releases red lotus flowers and controls energy. Zen's physical body is extremely terrifying in the first place."

"How can he be so powerful? Isn't he just a consummate True God? What kind of Godly Way has he cultivated to such an extent?"

"Don't you remember? Zen had been engulfed by the red lotus flowers but he wasn't burnt to death. If you could survive the flames of red lotus flowers, you would have such a strong body too!"

Though some people couldn't figure out how Zen ended up so powerful, they were smart enough to figure out what happened just by observing.

Bang!

Another two huge shadows slammed into Zen's chest, as he was pushed forward and rolled over.

The shadows being controlled by Nicholas were extremely flexible, and even Zen had difficulty avoiding them. As the two shadows attacked him at the same time, he only felt a sharp pain in his chest.

Puff!

He spat out a large mouthful of blood, which then turned into golden raindrops fluttering in the air.

Zen took a deep breath.

"Wow!"

After he used up his Wild God Power, his figure shrank to normal size in the blink of an eye.

Seeing this, Nicholas felt satisfied.

The endless appearance of the shadows consumed most of his energy. However, they both tried to hold for as long as they could. Apparently, Zen couldn't hold for too long.

"You really have an amazing body. I take you seriously all the time. But now, you should go to hell!"

As soon as Nicholas finished his remark, one of the huge shadows stretched out and came towards Zen.

Earlier, Zen crushed Murphy in front of Nicholas, and now it was his turn.

Having dissipated the Wild God Power, Zen saw the giant hand reaching out to him, but it was too late for him to dodge.

"Zen!"

The voice sounded clear as Zen felt that a space wave came towards him, enveloping him afterwards.

He suddenly felt dizzy. His position had changed and he came to the woman.

"Are you all right?" the woman asked, staring at him.

She had never shifted her attention away from Zen from the start.

Seeing that he was in danger, she decided to use Samuel's duplicate to pull him over, helping him avoid the fatal attack.

Seeing that the shadow he was controlling failed, Nicholas quickly knew what just happened. Looking coldly towards that woman, he said, "You better mind your own business. When I take control of the Abyss Demon Region, I will vanish you in this world."

As a ferocious creature of the Abyss Demon Region, this woman was capable of reviving countless times. But the master of the Abyss Demon Region can control the fate of the monsters in it.

"I've already told you how important Zen is to me, so you shouldn't be surprised that I helped him. How can I be considered a busybody?" the woman uttered with a sneer.

"If that's the case, then die together!" Nicholas reached out to pinch in the air again.

This time, another huge shadow appeared beside the woman and tried to grab both Zen and her.

Seeing this, Samuel's duplicate, who was standing behind the woman, immediately acted and shook his spear, creating a space channel for them to enter.

The shadow ended up missing its target again.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, all three of them appeared on the other side of the void.

However, an illusory giant hand grabbed them the moment they appeared.

"Oh no! I completely forgot that he could see through the future." The expressions on both Zen's and the woman's faces changed drastically at the same time.

Nicholas could see the future. But since Zen could see through Nicholas' memory, he stopped using this method earlier.

However, when Nicholas made use of it this time, he predicted the location of the three people after employing the Grand Teleportation technique, giving him time to summon the giant shadow in advance. With this move, he made sure that they couldn't avoid his attack this time!

"Let me resist him," shouted the woman.

But it was too late. Zen had stood up already. With a loud sound, Zen stood in front of the shadowy giant hand, blocking it like an unbreakable pillar.

Puff!

Zen spat out another mouthful of blood. With his muscles and bones all trembling, his body ached under the great pressure.

After Zen's Wild God body was gone, his physical body was still able to emit some of his strength to generate the overbearing golden light. However, the golden light was very weak now, perhaps because he had already suffered a lot of attacks earlier. Clearly, it was difficult to destroy the huge shadow!

"Let's go!"

Raising his hand, Zen called out to the woman who was still in a daze.

As the woman nodded her head, Samuel's duplicate put the Spear of Supreme Harmony horizontally. The three disappeared from the huge palm again.

Buzz!

Just like earlier, Nicholas was able to figure out their movement, and a shadow had been condensed in advance, aiming at their position.

"You go ahead. I know a way to deal with this shadow," Zen suggested.

Even if Zen could peek into Nicholas' judgment, he couldn't tell the woman to dodge in advance, because telling her would mean a change in the "future". Nicholas would surely pick this up and make corresponding changes to his own attack.

Chapter 2826 Borrowing Strength

Upon hearing Zen's authoritative voice, the woman had no other choice but to create another space channel. She gritted her teeth while doing it.

In an instant, she, together with Samuel's clone, disappeared from Zen's side.

As the two of them disappeared, the big hand reappeared and swung at Zen, trying to take a hold of his head.

At that moment, Zen's eyes suddenly flashed bright red. It was as if they were made of rubies.

Buzz...

Slowly, the girl with red eyes and hair emerged and silently floated behind him.

He began to stretch out his hand, and as he did, a thin line of red lotuses appeared on his arm. Then, out of nowhere, they shot towards the direction of the big hand of the shadow.

The girl had already integrated with him, and they had started to partake in each other's energies.

Since the girl's energy hadn't been used up, Zen didn't need to use his internal momentum to produce the red lotuses.

The exact moment the red lotuses touched the shadow, an incredibly strong reaction took place.

Since the shadow that was summoned by Nicholas was also some kind of energy, the red lotuses were able to transform it into another type of energy. In the eyes of an untrained warrior, the shadow just caught on fire.

"Phew!"

In the blink of an eye, the shadow that was over 60, 000 feet tall started burning, upping the temperature around it into unfathomable levels. Everyone and everything near it was scrambling to flee to safety.

But due to a special method done by Nicholas, despite the giant shadow being tall, it didn't have too much energy. Because of that, its fiery threat only lasted for a couple of seconds and immediately disappeared.

After successfully defeating the giant shadow, Zen glanced over his shoulder. When he saw what was happening, his expression darkened.

It turned out that while he was battling the giant shadow, Nicholas had already summoned another one to deal with the woman.

"Phew!"

The moment the woman came out, a huge hand was already patting her head.

She had seen the power of the shadow before. As she could not avoid it, a fierce and determined look flashed across her eyes and she began gathering the force of primitive fear in the black water.

"Break it!"

With those words, she pointed upwards.

The force of primitive fear that surged out of her transformed itself into a brown spear that was over a thousand feet long and several dozen feet wide. As soon as it took its shape, it shot up towards the shadowy creature.

"Although your power is strangely potent, technique is garbage," Nicholas said in a mocking tone. "Utterly useless," he added, a look of great disdain on his face.

The woman, unfazed, possessed Samuel's clone. To Nicholas, she was starting to become a big trouble, as she flew around the area. 'Since I can't defeat Zen right now, I might as well kill this lady first, ' he thought.

Truly, the force of primitive fear was a kind of strong power. It was actually much stronger than the internal momentum of other Holy Beings. Unfortunately, the woman only used it by simply transforming its form. 'And that makes it virtually impossible to use against me, ' he thought, smirking.

Crack!

As the shadow's huge hand slapped the long brown spear that was coming towards it, a few cracks appeared in its palm. At the same time, however, the long brown spear was rapidly disintegrating.

The way the woman used the force of primitive fear was incredibly basic, not to mention weak and useless. Well, that was because she had paid all her attention to the True Demon Body all these years. She hadn't studied the force of primitive fear all that much.

Soon enough, the brown spear broke into pieces and dissolved into oblivion.

Without anything stopping it, the shadow launched its attack: it was going to squish the woman with its huge, bare hands.

Swish!

Samuel's clone, who was brandishing the Spear of Supreme Harmony, was about to launch a counter attack against the giant shadow when the woman suddenly exclaimed, "Let's go!"

"But..." Samuel's clone hesitated.

Even if they tried to escape once again, Nicholas would know where they were going to and then kill them. For him, it was meaningless to escape this void.

Despite thinking that, the clones obeyed the woman. Although entities like him had the same wisdom and mental capacity as real human beings, their behavior was still tethered to the woman. Because of this, clones like him were considered inferior to the Holy Beings themselves. That was the reason why the clones were all annihilated except him.

Although Samuel's clone was hesitating, he pulled out his spear and opened a space channel. Then he left with the woman through the channel.

Just as Samuel's clone had expected, the moment they came out of the space channel, a giant shadowy hand was waiting for them. This time, however, it was already so close that they had no room to dodge it.

Bang!

The woman and Samuel's clone were hit hard. The power of the shadow giant was immense. The two fell into the void, both of them bleeding from fresh injuries.

"Phew!"

Ordered by Nicholas, the huge shadow chased after them in order to hit them once again.

At that moment, many thin brown lines appeared out of nowhere.

They then became intertwined, forming a huge web, which blocked the new attack of huge palm.

Crack, crack, crack...

The palm impatiently swept over the thin brown lines to get them out of the way, but every time it did that, deep gashes appeared on it.

The lines slowed the speed of the palm incredibly, and so the woman and Samuel's clone managed to escape.

With a somersault, the woman was back on her feet. She narrowed her eyes and found that it was Sword Chen who helped her.

Sword Chen did not want to help the woman, but he could see that Samuel's clone and the Spear of Supreme Harmony were extremely important to defeat Nicholas. That was the reason why Nicholas wanted to kill the woman.

Because of that, at that critical moment, he had no choice but to help the woman.

Unfortunately, Sword Chen was not able to stop the giant shadow for good. It once again raised its hand and launched an attack towards the woman.

This time, however, she didn't dare to ask Samuel's clone to use the Grand Teleportation, which would only make her more passive.

But then she still was unable to withstand the attack against her. With a slight frown, her eyes became filled with dread and anxiety.

Just then, Sword Chen shouted, "Black water! Draw the force of primitive fear in the black water and give it to me!"

He had already inserted one hundred and twenty-eight long swords at the bottom of the black water but he could only use a small part of the force of primitive fear.

That was why he was trying his best to produce the most terrifying power of force of primitive fear. He had already managed to perfectly mix the force of primitive fear with the Emotion Closing Godly Way over the years.

If he could use all the force of primitive fear, he would be able to maximize its power.

Of course, the woman was also well aware of that.

After all, she had used over a hundred thousand Sword Chen's clones, and she had used the force of primitive fear to reinforce the strength of those clones.

So she did not hesitate when Sword Chen made the request.

More than one hundred vortexes suddenly appeared in the originally calm black water. The force of primitive fear contained in it was constantly poured into the one hundred and twenty-eight long swords of Sword Chen.

Chapter 2827 The Dark And Light Destruction Sword

By now, Sword Chen had acquired almost all the power in the black water.

It would be safe to assume that he was now the master of the black water, replacing the woman.

Buzz!

His eyes were devoid of any emotions as he looked around, gently flipping his long sword. The internal momentum of Emotion Closing Godly Way was mixed with a strong force of primitive fear.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

Swish!

Sword Chen thrust out his sword horizontally as he shouted.

As all of the force of primitive fear erupted, a ray of sword radiance spread out. With width stretching to tens of thousands of feet, it cut at the huge shadow at an incredible speed.

Its brown sword radiance swept past the shadow's arms and body before it moved forward in the void.

Feeling the power of the advancing sword radiance, all the Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods along the way were secretly frightened by this move.

Was this a sword strike from a Demi-holy Being?

For some reason, their experience during the trip to the Abyss Demon Region had greatly subverted their cognition about strength.

Sword Chen's sword had completely vanished the shadow now.

Watching from afar, Nicholas couldn't hide his disappointment. He didn't pay much attention to this man all this while. Looking at him now, Nicholas remembered how he looked exactly like the dead bodies buried at the foot of the snow mountain.

Why did this man suddenly appear out of nowhere? Why did it seem like he was able to fully borrow the woman's power?

"Well, it doesn't change anything." Nicholas still regarded these people as insignificant as ants. After Sword Chen had employed all his strength to his strike, Nicholas was sure he could no longer resist.

Stretching out his hand upward, Nicholas made another shadow appear to attack Sword Chen.

Sword Chen was now in the state of Emotion Closing. His face remained calm as he awaited the attack. Then, putting his sword horizontally, he started to launch the second strike.

The woman watched with a displeased expression. She couldn't always rely on Sword Chen. Although the black water was filled with massive force of primitive fear, she knew that it would eventually be used up.

Suddenly, the woman heard a voice message. "Send me to Nicholas' side. I'll deal with him!"

Turning her head, she found Zen from a distance, her eyes revealing a puzzled expression. She responded, "But he can see the future. Even if I send you there, he can discover you immediately. How can you deal with him?"

"That may not be the case," Zen answered, a smile lingering in his lips. "Just do as I say."

The woman was stunned upon hearing Zen's confident reply. However, she still followed his request, asking Samuel's clone to act immediately.

After being slapped by the shadow, Samuel's clone had been badly injured. However, being a Holy Being, he could control the Spear of Supreme Harmony at will.

As he pointed the Spear of Supreme Harmony at Zen, a space channel had covered Zen and sent him to Nicholas' side.

With his full concentration, Zen had activated the jade seal in his hand.

Driven by the jade seal, all the bugs started to move, erasing 9 seconds from the divine land.

On the other hand, Nicholas had also noticed the movements made by Samuel's clone. As he saw that he raised his spear horizontally, a strange expression flashed in his eyes even before he got shocked.

What happened? The future suddenly disappeared!

Since Zen had used the jade seal to erase the next few seconds, Nicholas went blind on what would happen.

However, the space channel had already been created, so Zen managed to appear behind Nicholas unnoticed.

Nicholas tried to respond quickly.

Having seen Zen use the jade seal before, he knew what Zen had done the moment the future had gone blank.

With the sound coming from behind him, Nicholas was prompted to turn around instinctively.

Swish, swish!

A line of red lotuses swept over his head.

Nicholas fell. The red lotuses followed him and quickly grew around him.

Seeing that he couldn't avoid them, Nicholas clenched his teeth and stretched out his hand. Soon, a cloth bag appeared. He opened it wide, spreading strong internal momentum and covering one end of the red lotuses.

It was true that the red lotuses could transform all the energies, but they could do nothing to time. After he was able to cover all the red lotuses at the forefront, they were bound by time and couldn't continue to extend down.

With the help of the bag, Nicholas managed to escape.

However, the red lotuses continued to grow fast and intertwine. Even though Nicholas' cloth bag had blocked the first few vines, the others were still able to quickly extend down, trapping him into a bigger cage.

"Humph!"

Nicholas originally thought that he was invincible, having employed the Dark Light World Transformation composed of three theurgies. The first one was called the Dark Light Shadow, which was powerful and extraordinary.

The Dark Light Shadow would have allowed him to get rid of his opponents, but he hadn't expected the crisis to come. In anger, he gently opened his hands, making the huge Eight Diagrams disk above the void spin again.

Each time he used one theurgy of the Dark Light World Transformation, he would get double damage. Since the Dark Light Shadow was unable to stop Zen, Nicholas tried to use the second theurgy.

"Dark and Light Destruction Sword!"

As the huge Eight Diagrams disk overhead slowly rotated, the aura that it emitted became weaker. Shortly after, a small Eight Diagrams disk appeared in Nicholas' hand.

It was the aura of the big Eight Diagrams disk but now gathered in the small one.

"Phew!"

On the basis of the Eight Diagrams disk, a long black and white sword formed.

Swish!

Lifting the black and white sword, Nicholas aimed it towards Zen.

The Dark and Light Destruction Sword could stop the reincarnation of life and death, giving full play to the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos. Even if the red lotuses could light all the energies, Nicholas was confident that his sword could cut them off.

Before Nicholas launched his attack, Zen's expression changed slightly. Being able to read Nicholas' memory, he saw that the red lotuses couldn't burn Nicholas' black and white sword. As Nicholas hacked his long sword down, he had cut off all the red lotuses, turning them into flames.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

In a few moments, what Zen saw really happened.

Waving his long two-colored sword, Nicholas cut off all the red lotuses, and then rushed to directly attack Zen.

"Now, let's see how you block my strike!" Nicholas said coldly.

He had paid a heavy price to get the sword. He was determined to get back at Zen.

The Dark and Light Destruction Sword could stop birth and death, destroying everything. No one, not even Zen, could resist his sword attack.

Right after Nicholas' banter, a crisp sound echoed.

Holding his long sword horizontally, Zen stood and blocked Nicholas' sword.

It was true that the Dark and Light Destruction Sword was powerful enough to chop the red lotuses off, but it could not damage the Shadow Bearing Sword that Harper had given to Zen.

Chapter 2828 The Rebellion

Seeing that Zen had blocked his Dark and Light Destruction Sword, Nicholas was a bit shocked.

When he came to his senses, the Dark and Light Destruction Sword suddenly twisted. Like a nimble little snake, it snuck away from Zen's Shadow Bearing Sword, stabbing his head.

Despite the attack, Zen looked calm. Lifting his Shadow Bearing Sword, he pushed away Nicholas' strike.

Bang, bang, bang!

They were already close to each other to fight.

Zen launched again, his strike appearing very decisively and skillfully, while Nicholas swung his sword lightly and constantly.

Although Nicholas could see through the future, Zen was using this to his advantage by observing his memory.

As they fought, their sword moves seemed to be set in advance. They appeared like long-time buddies who were practicing their sword skills together.

The people around them gaped as they watched, thinking they were really just sparring with each other.

Buzz!

Every time Zen waved his sword, its energy mixed with that of the red lotuses which coiled around the body of the Shadow Bearing Sword, making it even more powerful.

Although the Dark and Light Destruction Sword was extremely powerful, its black and white light trembled and then dimmed each time it collided with Zen's Shadow Bearing Sword.

If this continued, the Dark and Light Destruction Sword would collapse sooner or later.

Realizing this, Zen grew braver and more formidable.

Nicholas's eyebrows wrinkled slightly. He tried his best to keep a calm expression, though he was starting to worry. If this continued, his Dark and Light Destruction Sword would not be able to hold on.

The red lotuses were not very terrifying, but when they were combined with the internal momentum controlled by Zen, Nicholas found them difficult to resist.

'What the hell! How could he do that?'

When Zen knew what Nicholas was thinking, his attack was even more violent.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

He struck three times in a row. Even though Nicholas blocked the middle strike, the sword's radiance on both sides still spread out at an incredible speed.

Nicholas continued to retreat. At the same time, the light of the Dark and Light Destruction Sword continued to grow dimmer.

If the fight went on, he was bound to lose.

'It's...'

Being proud of his unique skill he had been using, Nicholas couldn't believe that it was not enough to defeat Zen.

Buzz!

Just then, Rocher and the blue-eyed girl finally finished their fusion.

When he raised his hand gently, some beautiful ice flowers started to surround his wrist, emitting a terrible cold air.

"The blue-eyed girl makes any energy still, putting it under a low temperature," Rocher murmured, staring at the ice flowers.

"Lowell! Help me!"

Nicholas' eyes lit up the moment he saw Rocher, who was also the Lowell that he knew.

Seeing the power of the burning of the red lotuses, the remaining Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods were all scared to death.

Since Rocher had merged with the blue-eyed girl, he might have the ability to defeat Zen.

Rocher turned around when he heard Nicholas' call, but he gazed back with a strange look in his eyes.

The woman was also anxious at the sight of this scene. Rocher accidentally mixed with the girl with blue eyes. If he teamed up with Nicholas, how could Zen defeat him?

On the other hand, Samuel was observing the fight between Nicholas and Zen silently. Since the woman was staring at him, it was difficult for him to find an opportunity. But once he found a chance, he would not hesitate to make his move.

Rocher floated towards the two warriors, gently shaking his right hand to reveal his right arm.

A golden bandage was wrapped around his arm, showing countless mysterious divine textures all over it.

These divine textures were engraved by someone Rocher hired in the divine land.

After he sneaked into the divine land, he had been all alone. Carrying the Soaring Snake Sword would probably make his identity exposed, especially after he entered the Dongfang Clan, so he had to seal the Soaring Snake Sword on his right arm.

Unwrapping the bandage on his right arm, a vast aura started to emit from it.

Although the aura emitted by the huge Eight Diagrams on the top of the void was strong, the vast aura from Rocher's arm didn't fall weak at all.

As the golden light flashed from his right arm, the Soaring Snake Sword appeared in Rocher's hand.

It shone as bright as the sun under the dazzling golden light.

"That sword!"

"I never knew Lowell possesses such a treasure!"

"Is that sword also a supreme treasure of belief?"

Some of the spectators were totally confused after sensing the power of Rocher's Soaring Snake Sword.

Although Nicholas valued Rocher highly, he was still just a famous consummate True God of the Dongfang Clan. In terms of the status, he was definitely inferior to Troy.

Where could he have gotten such a treasure?

Nicholas was shocked to see Rocher with the Soaring Snake Sword.

The Shadow Bearing Sword under Zen's care was already a very powerful match against his Dark and Light Destruction Sword. But the sword Rocher took out was actually more extraordinary.

Buzz!

Carrying the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand, Rocher flew over in the void and stood between them.

"Let's work together to kill this brat and split the True Demon Body from his body. When the two True Demon Bodies merge into one, you can have both of them!" Nicholas offered.

As Nicholas couldn't inherit the True Demon Body, he thought the most suitable candidate to get the True Demon Body would either be Troy or Lowell.

Lightly shaking the Soaring Snake Sword, Rocher pointed it at Zen.

Wisps of cold air rose from its surface as ice formed quietly.

Raising his eyebrows, Zen stared at Rocher.

If Rocher killed him now, he would indeed be able to inherit the complete True Demon Body. If he chose to turn traitor at this moment, the consequences would be unimaginable.

A faint smile appeared on Nicholas' face. He was about to move and join hands with Rocher.

But Rocher shifted and pointed his sword's tip at Nicholas.

The other people in the void, including Samuel and that woman, gasped.

Their faces were filled with confusion as they watched what had been happening.

Of course, everyone had a different mood.

"Lowell? Why is he pointing his sword at Nicholas?"

"Isn't he the consummate True God of the Dongfang Clan?"

"Troy has been skeptical of Lowell before, saying there is something wrong with his origin. I can't believe that his suspicions are right."

Rachelle was close to Troy, so she knew his doubts before. But the Dongfang Clan's affair was not something that others would casually ask about. Now Troy was dead, and there was indeed something wrong with Lowell.

"Lowell, what do you mean?"

Nicholas got gloomy upon seeing Rocher's action. He immediately thought of Troy.

He was previously approached by Troy as he was skeptical about Rocher's origin, but he didn't take it seriously. He thought that Troy just felt that his position was threatened by Rocher, so he was jealous of him. It was naturally for him to hate him.

The point was that in Nicholas' opinion, he was still able to suppress Rocher who had the strange background. After all, Rocher was only a consummate True God.

Even the Demi-holy Beings and Holy Beings would be controlled by him, let alone the consummate True Gods.

However, Nicholas was shocked as he hadn't expected that he would encounter such a matter.

Chapter 2829 Refine

Rocher was feeling slightly uneasy.

He replied, "We are in different positions."

"What did you say? Different positions?" Nicholas' eyes were full of disappointment. "I treated you so well!"

Rocher had entered the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan and received the resources and training of the clan. He had smoothly explored those forbidden lands with their help. And his marriage was granted by Nicholas himself.

Rocher shook his head and said, "I'm not Lowell. My name is Rocher Hua, and I am from the Evolutionary Universe."

Hearing his answer, Nicholas was slightly stunned. The expression in his eyes suddenly became fierce. At the same time, a self-mocking smile appeared on his face. "Evolutionary Universe! Were you also trained by Mike?"

"Yes," Rocher answered firmly.

"Hahaha."

Nicholas' laughter grew louder and louder and more sinister.

He was hugely frustrated. The reason for his distress was not Zen or Rocher, but Mike.

"Mike was really a cunning man. He died a long time ago, but he still managed to get back at me," muttered Nicholas.

His eyes flashed.

The Dark and Light Destruction Sword in his hand suddenly grew three feet longer and flew towards Rocher at an incredible speed.

"Watch out!"

Zen was taken aback. A flash of the fire lingered on the Shadow Bearing Sword and he also wielded his sword.

However, Rocher was very close to Nicholas. The latter's sneak attack gave no time to Zen to help Rocher out.

Rocher still maintained his calmness. A unique light flashed in his eyes, and an irresistible aura emitted from his body.

Under the aura's influence, no one was allowed to make a move on him.

If it was someone else, they wouldn't be able to stab Rocher.

However, Nicholas was not an ordinary person after all. His Soul of Light was very close to the Other Shore. It was far stronger than the ordinary Souls of Light.

The aura emanating from Rocher's body merely made Nicholas' movements a little slower, but the Dark and Light Destruction Sword continued to advance forward.

Thankfully, this slow pace gave Rocher enough time to react.

Buzz!

"Soaring Snake Sword!"

Ice flowers fluttered on the Soaring Snake Sword, and at the same time, some strange streaks of lightning burst forth.

Back in the universe, Rocher had not been able to unleash the full power of the Soaring Snake Sword.

However, now he had become stronger than before.

Bang!

When the Dark and Light Destruction Sword collided with the Soaring Snake Sword, Nicholas felt a chill emanating from his hand, as if he was being frozen.

Not only that, the beams of lightning rushed towards Nicholas. They were like the tusks of a giant beast that wanted to devour Nicholas.

"This is the punishment lightning of the Ruling Slate!"

When Nicholas' eyes fell on the lightning, it looked as if he had seen a ghost.

He was the one who had revised the largest number of rules among all the Holy Beings. Therefore, he was familiar with the punishment lightning of the Ruling Slate. No one could deflect it.

In the past, some Holy Beings had racked their brains to find a way to avoid the punishment lightning of the Ruling Slate, but no one had succeeded so far. Therefore, once the Ruling Slate summoned the punishment lightning, many Holy Beings had no option but to surrender.

Maybe the power of the punishment lightning unleashed by Rocher was not as powerful as that of the Ruling Slate, but the momentum was pretty much the same.

Left with no choice, Nicholas was forced to make a hasty retreat.

However, as soon as he retreated to the other side, Zen followed him closely.

Splash!

Zen's sword struck him hard.

Nicholas couldn't avoid it and had to raise his sword to block the attack.

Clang!

When the two swords collided, the light of the Dark and Light Destruction Sword was dimmed again to some extent. Nicholas continued to fall, in the process, distancing himself from Zen.

But Rocher had gone around the circle and once again tried to stab Nicholas with his sword from the other side.

Already Nicholas was finding it quite difficult to deal with Zen and now with Rocher joining the fight, he was under tremendous pressure.

Bang, bang, bang!

He fought with the two men with all his strength.

In terms of swordsmanship alone, Nicholas was much stronger than Zen and Rocher. After all, he had spent a lot of time practicing it and his lifespan was much longer than Zen's and Rocher's. Moreover, he had encountered all kinds of dangerous situations before. So he also had experience on his side.

But Zen and Rocher had extraordinary theurgies, and they had combined the abilities of the two girls. Now their power was so great that ordinary Holy Beings would be no match for them.

Nicholas could see the future but due to Zen's ability to read memories, it was difficult for him to use his skill.

Nicholas was in great danger right now.

The members of the alliance of powerful clans were very worried.

After all, they were trapped there, and their only hope was Nicholas. Now even he was in danger. How would they escape?

"Humph!"

Nicholas blocked Zen's sword which was coming at him. Suddenly a black light appeared in his palm and the next moment it zoomed to Rocher.

Whoosh!

The black light lashed out and knocked Rocher out.

Nicholas took the opportunity to retreat quickly. This was the only trick he could use to get rid of these two formidable foes.

But when he was a little far away, he suddenly sensed a force of space sweeping across and enveloping him.

The scene in front of him changed. Zen's sword was already poised to slash his head.

"Samuel! You!"

Nicholas was furious at this point.

He finally managed to distance himself from Zen and Rocher, but Samuel created a space channel and pushed him right back to Zen once again.

Samuel, on the other hand, was very proud of himself and was smiling triumphantly.

His goal was the True Demon Body too, but at this critical moment, he was more willing to hinder Nicholas.

The woman's eyes lit up when she saw what Samuel had done.

She couldn't join the battle with the trio now, but she could also use the Spear of Supreme Harmony to help Zen.

Crack, crack, crack!

Nicholas' Dark and Light Destruction Sword was getting dimmer and dimmer by the minute.

Zen's unrelenting and fierce attack caused the long black-and-white sword to finally disintegrate into black-and-white fragments that gathered in the huge Eight Diagrams disk above.

Zen's long sword was pointed at Nicholas, and Rocher was blocking his escape route.

"It's over," said Zen lightly.

Today he finally had the thrilling opportunity to kill his enemy but he was abnormally calm.

Nicholas stared at Zen. Although Zen was still a young man, he vaguely saw Mike's shadow in Zen.

"Is it over?" Nicholas heaved a sigh of relief quietly. It seemed that he had made up his mind. Suddenly, he laughed manically and said, "Good. It should be over!"

He waved his hands upward.

The Eight Diagrams disk above the void began to rotate once more.

"The heaven and earth form a furnace, and Dark and Light energies are charcoal. Everything is copper!" Nicholas folded his hands all of a sudden and shouted loudly, "I'm the craftsman! Refine!"

Splash!

The aura within the void suddenly became ten times stronger than before.

As the huge Eight Diagrams disk rotated like a millstone, it seemed as if it was going to refine everything within the void.

Chapter 2830 The Vortex That Pulled Everyone Inside

The Dark Light World Transformation was powerful.

But since it was harmful to one's soul, only a few people in the Source World would choose to practice this technique.

The first and second levels of this technique were still acceptable, since they only caused limited damage to the souls which could be healed after years of rest.

But its third level, namely the Furnace of Dark and Light, was regarded as a taboo method.

Using this method at the expense of one's own soul, they could use the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos that they had comprehended all at once.

In the Source World, it was a method used to refine weapons, and not a method to destroy your enemies.

In order to create peerless weapons, disciples were specially trained by some great forces on using the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos. Finally, they forced and tempted them to use the Furnace of Dark and Light.

Some powerful forces had once ordered over a hundred consummate True Gods to use the Furnace of Dark and Light in order to refine some tough materials, which then cost their own lives.

Whoosh!

As the eight-diagram disc rotated, the entire space began rotating along with it.

"It forces me to go along with it!" a consummate True God exclaimed, staring at the eight-diagram disc in a daze.

"Does Holy Nicholas intend to refine us too?" a Demi-holy Being with a long face queried.

"Yes, he wants to sacrifice us all! This is unfair!" Hearing this, terror appeared in Rachelle's eyes.

No one knew what price Nicholas would have to pay or whether he could be reborn since he employed this technique. Either way, she knew she was doomed to die, anyway.

Everyone within this space was pulled into the vortex without a choice.

At the center of the vortex was Nicholas.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Noticing how unfavorable the situation was for them, Zen and Rocher both thrust their swords at Nicholas.

However, it seemed too late. As soon as their swords penetrated through Nicholas' body, they collided with each other, making a clanging sound. At the same time, Nicholas' flesh seemed to have turned into nothingness.

Zen and Rocher both felt a strong pull, dragging them into Nicholas' body.

Rocher tried to pull out the Soaring Snake Sword with all his might, but to his surprise, it didn't move at all.

Seeing that Rocher was about to be sucked into Nicholas' body, Zen gritted his teeth, bursting out the power in his body and slamming the Shadow Bearing Sword into Rocher's sword!

Bang!

With his full strength, the Soaring Snake Sword was knocked out from Nicholas' body, while the Shadow Bearing Sword was snapped in half.

Even though Harper highly valued the Shadow Bearing Sword as a good weapon, it was not as solid as the Soaring Snake Sword. With Zen's great strength, it broke apart inside Nicholas' body. It was a pity that Zen still hadn't fully grasped the weapon yet.

There was no time to hesitate due to this urgent circumstance. Zen immediately abandoned the sword and fled backward together with Rocher, trying to resist the strong pull and escape.

Standing steady in the center, Nicholas flashed a crazy smile as he watched them struggling. He didn't attempt to catch them. Instead, he let out a hysterical laugh and said, "Just run, run! Where the hell can you run to?"

In Nicholas' opinion, there was no way these two could escape anyway. No matter how far they fled, they would eventually be pulled into the vortex.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Everyone in the void was spinning around with Nicholas as the center. The spinning speed was getting faster as time went on, trapping everyone in an invisible vortex.

"Run towards the edge!"

Aware that she couldn't just wait for death, Rachelle called out to the remaining people to try to escape.

The pull was still not difficult to resist. The moment they realized what they were supposed to do, everyone flew towards the edge of the vortex.

At first, they could still move swiftly.

However, after covering a certain distance, they started to feel the pull increasing.

"The pull is getting stronger!"

"I, I can't move anymore. What the hell is going on?"

One of the Demi-holy Beings was originally very far away from Nicholas. However, after he rushed over a hundred miles, he started to feel the space around him becoming impenetrable. Exerting his full strength with the hope to escape, he was surprised that he couldn't move another inch.

Soon, they realized that there was an invisible barrier at the edge of the huge vortex.

It didn't matter what method they tried to use. It was just impossible for them to break this invisible barrier.

"Zen, let's go!"

Seeing this, the woman ordered Samuel's clone to create a space channel. It was enough to cover Zen and Rocher at the same time. In a blink of an eye, they both reappeared by her side, and Sword Chen approached them as well.

As Samuel's clone brandished the Spear of Supreme Harmony, he set up a new space channel, connecting it to the outside of the vortex. The five of them then entered the space channel simultaneously.

Meanwhile, Samuel stared at Nicholas, a sullen look appearing in his eyes.

He was hoping that Nicholas and Zen would fight to death. However, Nicholas had let him down, leaving him no chance to hurt Zen at all.

Knowing that Nicholas would probably pay a huge price after he employed such a method, he doubted if Nicholas could even be reborn in his universe.

It seemed that this would be the end for this sworn enemy after all.

Still, Samuel didn't feel satisfied with the results.

Since this was his second chance to be a Holy Being, he believed that he should be the ruler of the divine land. He could not reconcile to let Zen and Rocher get the True Demon Body. However, he had no confidence to fight them, seeing that even Nicholas was no match for them. It seemed that he would have to wait for an opportunity.

Keeping this in mind, he brandished the Spear of Supreme Harmony unhurriedly and prepared to leave through the space channel.

"Samuel, can you please take me with you? I will absolutely express my gratitude after we return to the Floating Islands," a long-haired warrior begged Samuel.

He was a Demi-holy Being from the Bai Clan.

Seeing that everyone was trapped in this vortex, he knew that his strength wouldn't be enough to escape on his own. After witnessing how the woman took Zen and the others away, he decided to ask Samuel's help to leave together in the same way.

Samuel only snorted in reply. Technically, there was no reason why he needed to help this guy. As the internal momentum of the Space Godly Way emitted from his body, he immediately disappeared on the spot.

Moving along the space channel, he suddenly bumped into an invisible wall. With a muffled grunt, he stumbled out from the space channel.

The expression on his face changed dramatically as he looked around once.

Apparently, he failed to leave through the space channel. He was still inside the vortex!

Standing on the other side, the woman, Zen, Rocher and Sword Chen all had a terrible look on their faces.

"We can't escape through the space channel," the woman concluded with a frown.

Looking back at Nicholas from a distance, Sword Chen took a deep breath. "Are we really going to die here today?" he asked, sighing helplessly.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2831 Desperation

Staring at Nicholas, who was standing from a distance, Rocher murmured, "With Nicholas' cunning personality, he must have figured out a way to prevent us from escaping now that he performed this theurgy."

"We can't just stay still and wait for death to come," said Sword Chen.

Looking up in the sky, Zen noticed some changes on the eight-diagram disc. He observed it for a while before saying, "The eight-diagram disc is becoming smaller."

Upon hearing this, everyone looked up at the same direction.

Like a millstone, the huge eight-diagram disc still kept spinning, pulling everyone to have them rotate around Nicholas.

If it continued, they would eventually be pulled into the center of the vortex.

Suddenly, a blazing light appeared from the other side of the huge vortex, spreading out an extremely strong wave of space.

Even at a long distance, everyone felt the strong fluctuation of space.

After the light gradually dimmed, Samuel appeared from out of the blue.

His hand was trembling, as he held onto the Spear of Supreme Harmony. His face was ghastly pale.

Even though he had hit the barrier of the vortex with all his might, Samuel still couldn't break it.

The woman initially planned to have Samuel's clone to try it out. But having seen this, she couldn't help shaking her head. It would be useless and a waste of energy.

"Ha-ha! Samuel, do you think you can escape? Dream on!" Nicholas sneered, laughing hysterically.

Raising his hands in the air, he controlled the eight-diagram disc, speeding up its spin as the vortex' border shrank rapidly.

All members of the alliance of powerful clans, as well as Samuel, Zen and the rest tried hard to press themselves against the barrier. But no matter how hard they tried to escape, they were like small boats drawn to the center of the huge whirlpool.

The huge vortex, which was originally hundreds of miles wide, shrunk by half in just a few seconds.

"What should we do now? Are we really going to die here today?"

"Holy Nicholas, aren't we all members of the alliance? For the sake of our cooperation, please spare our lives!"

"Nicholas, we followed you obediently, but you want to sacrifice us? You don't deserve to be the head of the alliance!"

Most people who were members of the alliance were overwhelmed by despair.

They had followed Nicholas to the Abyss Demon Region hoping it would be beneficial to them, only to find out that he was leading them to their deaths. How could they accept such a cruel faith?

Despite the cries of the people, Nicholas' face remained expressionless as he turned a deaf ear to them.

He had always been incredibly famed and feared for his power. Now that he had sacrificed even himself, showing sympathy for these insignificant figures was the least of his concerns.

As Nicholas controlled the eight-diagram disc even harder, the huge vortex shrank faster.

Soon, its width shrank to a hundred miles.

Eighty miles...

Fifty miles...

Everyone became terrified as they ended up confined on a narrow space, spinning at a very high speed.

Although they initially fought against each other, they decided to disregard their differences. Right now, all they were thinking about was escaping from the Furnace of Dark and Light.

But if Samuel and the others had no way to escape, how would an ordinary Holy Being or Demi-holy Being be able to?

Still focused on the eight-diagram disc above them, Zen finally saw a glimmer of hope. Making sure that everyone would hear, he announced loudly, "We can't just sit still and wait for our death! If I'm not wrong, the eight-diagram disc above us is actually a huge magic array. We'll need to attack it with all our might. If we can destroy this array, I believe that the Furnace of Dark and Light will fall apart immediately!"

Hearing Zen's conclusion, everyone's eyes lit up with hope.

No one was sure if they would be able to destroy the eight-diagram disc, but it was worth a try.

"He's right! If we all work together, we'll find a way out of this mess." Samuel raised an eyebrow, a smile escaping from his lips.

Zen paid him an indifferent glance but said nothing in reply. Turning his hand over, a new long sword appeared on it.

Buzz!

As the Ways-blending Energy burst out from his body, numerous red lotuses started to grow around him.

The woman, Samuel's clone, Rocher and Sword Chen began to prepare their strongest attacks.

Samuel also followed their suit.

The members of the alliance of the powerful clans didn't give Zen a clear response. After all, they still had some scruples about Nicholas. However, they also made sure that they were ready to launch an attack.

Even Rachelle's eyes were flashing with visible killing intent. The short swords in each of her hands shone brightly with red light. Never did she expect that she would end up fighting on the same side as Zen.

But seeing that Nicholas didn't care about their safety, she didn't feel guilty about betraying him.

"Attack!"

Zen shouted, raising his long sword.

"Gods-intimidating Strike!"

A broad sword radiance shot out from it, heading straight for the eight-diagram disc.

The rest also followed seeing him starting an attack.

In order to escape and survive, they all went all out at the moment.

Sword radiance, blade radiance, palm strikes, flames, and lightning... All these attacks shot straight up into the sky, making gales.

Splash!

Boom!

Whoosh!

There were less than thirty survivors from the union of the powerful clans, three of which were Holy Beings and more than ten were Demi-holy Beings. When they exerted their strengths to the utmost, their joint power was earth-shattering, that even the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos from the eight-diagram disc seemed to pale in comparison.

Everyone looked up, focusing their eyes on the sky as their powers ran their course towards the eight-diagram disc.

The first attack to reach it was the sword radiance from Zen's Gods-intimidating Strike.

However, like a little stone thrown into a great lake, the sword radiance only created a few ripples, before disappearing into the spinning eight-diagram disc.

"It didn't work." Zen felt his heart sink in despair.

The others who were watching also revealed their disappointment.

Shortly after, a small crack suddenly appeared on the surface of the eight-diagram disc and quickly spread to its center.

During that time, the attacks launched by the other people also reached the eight-diagram disc, expanding the damage and increasing the cracks on the disc.

"Did we make it?" one asked, seeing the cracks spreading.

"It worked!" another giggled.

"The Furnace of Dark and Light is actually fragile!"

Their eyes lit up with hope and excitement.

Someone consumed pills, burnt their blood essence, and others even activated secret techniques. They launched the second round of attacks simultaneously.

With their joint attacks, the cracks on the eight-diagram disc became wider. Just as the cracks were about to spread to the edge of the eight-diagram disc, Nicholas suddenly sneered and said, "Ha-ha! How naive are you all!"

After that, the Dark and Light energies on the surface of the eight-diagram disc started to fuse together, mending the cracks quickly until they disappeared without a trace.

Everyone below were stunned and stopped their attacks in despair. They thought they finally found a way out, but it was just a misconception. Everyone felt desperate.

"It's no use."

"The Furnace of Dark and Light is a perfect combination of Dark and Light energies. It would be impossible for us to break it."

With all their hope gone, a deeper sense of despair overwhelmed them.

Just then, the scope of the huge vortex shrank again, making it less than ten miles wide now.

Chapter 2832 Rachelle's Death

The aura emitted by the Furnace of Dark and Light was originally scattered across a wide area.

But right now, the aura was getting more and more concentrated.

The Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, which was compressing, became denser, as if it was a real entity. The pressure exerted on everyone's head became greater.

The Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings could withstand it.

However, some of the consummate True Gods just couldn't bear it anymore.

Rachelle's face had turned deathly pale.

She took out a small jade pendant from her space ring and gently covered it with her hands. The pendant emitted a warm soul force.

The jade pendant was a gift from her father and it was used to save her life. The Soul of Light, which didn't belong to anybody, was inside the jade pendant.

After she placed the jade pendant on her forehead, the pressure of the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos decreased. She began to feel better.

But the jade pendant's soul power was limited. In about nine seconds, the surface of the jade pendant began to dim.

Although Rachelle could still rely on the soul weapon to protect herself from the pressure, the other consummate True Gods weren't so lucky.

A consummate True God from the Zhao Clan had his eyes wide open and he was gritting his teeth. He did not have a soul weapon, so he had to survive without any help.

When he reached his limit, he suddenly let out a cry. His eyes rolled backwards into his head and his soul was completely shattered.

"Hooo!"

He was unable to resist the gravity from the center of the whirlpool and floated towards Nicholas's body. He went inside Nicholas's body and merged with him.

"Ahhh!"

A consummate True God from the Fang Clan, too, couldn't stand the pressure anymore. He roared madly and rushed towards Nicholas's body as well.

He chose to commit a suicide explosion the moment he fused with Nicholas's body!

The inner world of the consummate True God was perfect so the power that emanated from the spontaneous explosion wasn't to be underestimated.

Bang!

Nicholas was covered in a dazzling light with a deafening thud.

However, what happened next was very bizarre. The blast wave that erupted accumulated inside Nicholas's body.

"Did it get absorbed by Nicholas?"

"He is capable of absorbing the blast wave produced by a self-explosion too."

"What is this amazing method that he's using?"

The crowd became even more desperate when they saw this scene.

Zen also frowned slightly. When the Shadow Bearing Sword broke just now, he surrendered it, and the sword disappeared. It should have been absorbed by Nicholas.

His Furnace of Dark and Light was able to refine everything. Then what would the furnace produce in the end?

Judging the situation, Nicholas's choice would definitely cause him to perish in the end. Even if he refined and produced something, he probably wouldn't be able to get it himself.

"I'll fight you for it!"

Another consummate True God couldn't stand it anymore. He took out a blood red saber, turned into a red light, and raced towards Nicholas.

But he, along with the saber, directly got absorbed into Nicholas's body and disappeared.

It was like his body was a black hole, swallowing everything that approached him.

As the enormous whirlpool continued to shrink, the aura of the Eight Diagrams became more and more overpowering.

Crack!

Eventually a fissure appeared on Rachelle's jade pendant. It was evident that the soul weapon had reached its limit.

Realizing that she was bound to die today, she felt a trace of despair and sadness.

In the last moments, her eyes finally fell upon Zen.

She wanted to kill Zen at first sight. Just before she was about to die, she suddenly felt a sense of relief, and realized that her hostility towards Zen was quite ridiculous.

For so many years, all the members of the Mu Clan bowed to the Dongfang Clan.

Her father had obeyed Nicholas all the time.

Although the Mu Clan had gained a lot, it was still just a vassal of the Dongfang Clan.

Rachelle was devoted to serving her clan wholeheartedly, and so she was firmly on the side of the alliance of powerful clans.

She didn't expect to end up in such a situation where she would get killed by Nicholas!

She was just a tool from the Mu Clan.

It was all so silly!

Her hatred towards Zen was even more hilarious.

If she put aside the hatred, she knew that Zen was a good person. His sister had a good eye for men. Now Rachelle was thinking that she probably shouldn't have grounded Nelly on the Floating Island.

Her heart was filled with regret so she flew towards Zen.

Zen's expression was wary when he saw Rachelle dashing towards him. Among all the consummate True Gods of the alliance of powerful clans, Rachelle was the one who wanted to kill him the most and the craziest one. Who knew what she would do at this moment?

"What are you doing?" Zen asked cautiously.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

"Can I ask you for one thing?" she managed to say in between catching her breath.

"What is it?" Zen asked flatly.

"If you... can leave here alive, can you take my sister away from the Floating Island please?" Rachelle begged.

Zen was surprised. He never expected Rachelle to say something like that in her last moments.

"Please! I have always been independent and never asked anyone for help in my life!" Rachelle said desperately.

There was a look of despair on her delicate face.

Zen had never seen her this way. Her pleas melted his heart.

He didn't know what had come over her...

"It looks like I can't leave either," Zen said with a wry smile.

"Promise me, please!" Rachelle implored anxiously.

She could already hear the sound of her soul cracking under the unbearable pressure. She wouldn't be able to hold on for too long...

Zen nodded slightly sympathetically.

The corners of Rachelle's lips raised slightly, and a small smile replaced the anxiousness on her beautiful face.

In terms of appearance, Rachelle was more beautiful than Nelly and she was energetic all the time. However, she was too domineering, and most men did not dare to look at her directly. Most of them treated her as a man.

After the faint smile, her eyes suddenly lost their glow. Her entire body was like a leaf floating in the air, sucked away by the gravity of the huge whirlpool. She got pulled into Nicholas and entered his body...

Rachelle was the last consummate True God to die.

The mammoth whirlpool shrank to a width of five miles.

Now it was the turn of the Demi-holy Beings who were still holding on for dear life!

"Who can save me?"

"Damn you, Nicholas! Go to hell!

"I don't want to be killed by him!"

Some Demi-holy Beings were wailing, some were silent, and some were thinking about a solution at this critical moment.

They were very powerful figures in the divine land. How could they accept this kind of a death?

Zen also shook his head. Of course, he was not willing to accept the result. However, the Eight Diagrams was like the True Demon Body. The dark energy and light energy were complementary to each other. How could any regular method break through it?

The True Demon Body...

Suddenly Zen thought of something and said, "Come out!"

Buzz!

The girl with the red eyes inside Zen's body came out and stared at him with her big eyes.

Chapter 2833 Entering The Eight Diagrams

Rocher was a little puzzled when he saw Zen summon the girl with red eyes.

Zen asked the red-eyed girl, "Can you establish a connection with the blue-eyed girl?"

"With whom? What connection?" asked the red-eyed girl innocently with a smile.

She had the intellect of a four-or five-year-old.

Zen knew how the girl's brain worked, but he didn't know how to explain things to her. So all he did was command Rocher, "Summon the blue-eyed girl!"

Rocher nodded. A blue light appeared and with that the girl left his body.

"A connection between you and her," Zen said, pointing at the new entrant to help the red-eyed girl understand what he was saying.

The girl with red eyes blinked and looked her blue-eyed counterpart.

The two girls looked identical, except their temperament and the color of their pupils.

"Connection..."

The red-eyed girl frowned trying to think hard, and then she said, "Do you mean this?"

As she spoke, a blue light flashed between her eyebrows.

Space was being emitted faintly through the light. Then the light turned into a thin thread, spreading to the blue-eyed girl. It was a blue thread!

It was a special spatial passageway, which could only be used to transmit energy between the two girls. It was their instinct and innate ability.

As soon as the blue-eyed girl saw the thin thread, her previously indifferent demeanor changed. She showed a trace of interest, and the middle of her eyebrows also emitted a ray of light. The two thin threads intertwined in the void.

When the thin threads met, Rocher and Zen also had a strange feeling, as if a layer of perception occurred in their minds, which allowed them to become aware of each other's existence.

"It's done!" Zen smiled.

By now, the woman and Sword Chen knew Zen's purpose. Once the two girls got connected, they were seemingly invincible. Earlier, she had created clones of the Holy Beings, but even when united, the clones could not hurt the girls.

Zen looked at the Eight Diagrams above and said, "Rocher, let's go up together!"

Warriors as powerful as Emily might be able to break the Eight Diagrams in the air using brute force. Some Other Shore Realm warriors, who were less powerful but proficient in breaking arrays, could probably break it too. After all, the furnace that Nicholas displayed might not be perfect.

But right now, none of the warriors present knew how to break the array. Zen also was unsure about it, so he followed his instinct and made a decision!

"Okay!"

Rocher replied confidently without any hesitation. He trusted Zen's judgment completely.

At this moment, there was no other choice but to take a risk.

Something peculiar started to happen to Nicholas' body as he stood still in the center of the huge whirlpool.

His arms, nails and hair turned into red crystals, and his entire body was covered with cracks.

The fragments of the cracked skin were also turning into crystals.

Phew!

One Demi-holy Being couldn't stand it anymore and flew into Nicholas. He, too, was crushed into pieces before getting absorbed into Nicholas' body.

Nicholas was refining everything that was close to him and, at the same time, he was glaring at Zen and Rocher who were standing far away.

When he saw that the two girls were once again connected, his face suddenly darkened.

He knew how powerful the two girls could be when they combined forces. It was extremely difficult to break the Furnace of Dark and Light, but it was not impossible!

With this thought in his mind, Nicholas started waving his shapeless hands. Countless red crystals fluttered along with his movements, and the Eight Diagrams above started to spin.

The Eight Diagrams shrank once more!

But the momentum and pressure inside the Eight Diagrams had the opposite effect—they were again increasing greatly!

"Argh!"

"I can't take it anymore! Please just let me die!"

Some of the Demi-holy Beings had lost their minds and were screaming in agony and flying around in the whirlpool.

It was a small area of less than two miles. There was no space for them to flee. One of the Demi-holy Beings dashed towards the woman.

Sword Chen was the first to react. The brown sword rays formed a large net and enveloped the Demi-holy Being inside and cut him up into pieces.

The rest of the Demi-holy Beings were all sucked into Nicholas' body. Their bodies, weapons, and their fancy clothes were all shredded apart and turned into crystals.

After the ten-odd Demi-holy Beings had been obliterated, only a few Holy Beings remained along with Samuel and Sword Chen and his group.

Even these handful survivors were struggling to make it.

It seemed that Samuel had activated some kind of a secret skill. His eyes were bleeding and his hair had gone from black to white.

Sword Chen was in a complete state of emotion closing. While there was no emotion in his eyes, his body was trembling violently.

Zen and Rocher stood beneath the Eight Diagrams and looked at the rapidly rotating Eight Diagrams, trying to gain confidence for what they were about to do.

No matter how many people attacked it, the Eight Diagrams couldn't be broken easily.

"Let's go in!" Zen ordered.

Now there was no time to hesitate or ponder over his fatal command.

If they didn't break the array, they would all die; and if they could destroy it, they would live.

Rocher nodded and the two of them entered the array boldly but cautiously.

The Eight Diagrams array was full of Dark and Light energies inside.

The moment he entered, Zen felt a magnetic force, which could tear him to pieces!

Luckily, since his body had just been refined by the red lotuses, it was infused with the Truth of Godly Way. After taking a portion of the power into his own body, he was able to barely hold on.

He was more worried about Rocher. After all, his body wasn't as strong as his.

He couldn't see how Rocher was dealing with the Dark and Light energies.

Zen was worrying about him when suddenly he felt a powerful surge of energy in his body. It gave him a start.

Almost instinctively, Zen decided to release this energy!

Hundreds of red lotuses surrounded his body, crazily extending outwards.

Rocher was in the same situation as Zen.

The overwhelming killing power in his body was transmitted to Zen, and as Zen transferred the surging power in his body to Rocher, thousands of ice flowers exploded everywhere!

"Is it done?"

The woman raised her head and looked up. She could see that in the spinning Eight Diagrams array, a ray of red light and a ray of blue light were rapidly rotating. These two lights must be Zen and Rocher!

Nicholas was also observing the two lights in the Eight Diagrams. He could clearly sense the existence of both Zen and Rocher.

Just like two stubborn stones in a torrent, Zen and Rocher helped each other to stop the circulation of Dark and Light energies, hoping to break the form of the Furnace of Dark and Light using pure brute force!

Chapter 2834 Break The Balance

"How can you break my furnace without finding the array eye? This... this cannot happen! No!"

At that moment, almost half of Nicholas' physical body had already been crystallized.

His legs and the lower half of his torso had already been transformed into countless small yet incredibly spiky red crystals, rendering them useless. The only things that made him look human were his upper torso and head, but the crystals were fast approaching them too.

Now that he had reached the last stage of refining, he definitely wouldn't allow Zen and Rocher to break the furnace.

"Keep shrinking! I don't think you can hold on!"

Nicholas' rage-filled eyes widened as he activated the internal momentum of the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos to its limit.

It seemed that he had put a fire in the furnace.

At that moment, the Eight Diagrams above him as well as the huge whirlpool below him once again shrank greatly.

The whole whirlpool was now only about three hundred feet wide!

The Eight Diagrams, on the other hand, was now looking incredibly different from how it looked when the battle started, and it started to move downward.

But as the whole Furnace of Dark and Light shrank, the power inside the Eight Diagrams was becoming greater than ever!

Buzz... buzz... buzz...

The killing power produced by the Dark and Light energies was transmitted to Zen and Rocher respectively.

The two warriors absorbed the strong power and transferred it to each other. A few moments later, they started condensing the red lotus flowers and ice flowers once again!

Unfortunately, the red lotus flowers and ice flowers they released were even assimilated to the Dark and Light energies, effectively being part of them.

One could say that the two auras of the Eight Diagrams were actively resisting the forces exerted by Zen and Rocher.

'It can't go on like this! We need a better plan!' Zen thought to himself, his mind racing to find a solution.

Since the two girls were connected to each other, Rocher understood what Zen was thinking.

"But the Eight Diagrams doesn't have an array eye, Zen. How will we be able to break it?" Rocher asked, also feeling a little anxious.

Zen did not answer back, but he continuously released the red lotus flowers, lost in thought as to what to do next.

Bromley had also cultivated the Dark and Light energies.

Zen had come into contact with such energies on the True Path. During that time, all of the enemies he encountered were all formed by the Dark and Light energies.

Because Bromley still hadn't finished cultivating the complete Truth of Dark and Light Chaos at that time, Hallet and Augustus were only able to master a part of it.

What shocked Zen the most was the Eight Diagrams Chart of Fuxi.

The Eight Diagrams Chart had the ability to make any technique evolve quickly and perfectly. It also helped Zen reach the consummation of the

Emotion Closing Godly Way in a short period of time.

Unfortunately, there was a huge gap between this Eight Diagrams and the Eight Diagrams Chart of Fuxi.

But what Zen didn't know was that

the Eight Diagrams and the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos were both created by Fuxi.

For the longest time, the Eight Diagrams Chart had been considered as the most precious treasure that came from the ancient divine era.

Although Nicholas was considered an incredible talent by many of his peers, he still had not been able to successfully reach the Other Shore Realm.

So while the furnace that he had sacrificed himself to create was powerful, it still had numerous fatal flaws.

Powerful warriors such as Emily and Timotheus could identify these flaws at a single glance.

'Eight Diagrams Chart... Eight Diagrams Chart... Eight Diagrams Chart...'

Zen chanted in his head as he tried to recall something.

The infinity gave birth to the supreme ultimate which then turned into two modes.

And those two modes represented the Dark and Light energies!

The Dark and Light energies had the ability to turn into four different images, but it was difficult to make one thing contain the other.

Currently, the two holes of the Eight Diagrams had the Dark and Light energies mixed with each other.

It should be difficult for Nicholas to cultivate the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos to the perfect level right now!

'There might be an opportunity there...' Zen thought.

"The two holes!" he suddenly shrieked out. Excitedly, he turned to Rocher and said, "Release the transformed energies into those two holes!"

"What? Why? What are you planning to do?" Rocher asked curiously.

"Just do what I say!" Zen replied, his tone urgent.

Rocher was taken aback by what was happening.

'What is this guy thinking?' he thought to himself.

But now that they were pressed for time, Rocher had no choice but to follow Zen without questioning him. 'As long as this works, I guess I really don't have to worry about anything at all!'

Soon enough, his body started floating towards the dark energy.

The people below saw that the Eight Diagrams started to rotate slowly and that the black and white colors were beginning to become integrated.

Both Zen and Rocher were also starting to rotate along with the Eight Diagrams. Zen was on the white light energy's side, while Rocher was on the dark energy's side.

After exerting incredible efforts, the two warriors soon found the two holes.

"Here it is!"

Zen proclaimed as he went into the black hole. With a wave of his hand, numerous red lotus flowers spread into the hole!

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

The moment the red lotus flowers flooded into the black hole, they started to be absorbed by it.

At the same time, Rocher was working on the other hole. He carefully released the ice flowers into the white hole, and just like the red lotuses inside the black hole, they were quickly absorbed.

"This seems to be useless, Zen!" Rocher shouted, visibly nervous.

Zen stared at the black hole in front of him and murmured, "The Eight Diagrams relies on these two holes in order to absorb energies and turn them into the Dark and Light energies. These two holes are the reasons why the balance of the Eight Diagrams is maintained."

Something flashed in Zen's mind. With eyes wide, he floated towards the other side of the Eight Diagrams.

The Eight Diagrams was only a few hundred feet in size. Zen adjusted his position and came to Rocher's side.

"What are you doing here?" Rocher asked, completely confused by what was happening.

"Let's put the energies inside this together," Zen replied, visibly excited. "That way maybe we can break the balance!"

"Do you know that for sure or are you guessing again?" Rocher asked again, skeptical about Zen's plan.

"I'm just guessing!" Zen replied, nodding.

And truly, this time around, Zen was right.

The Dark and Light energies were being converted in these two holes ceaselessly.

Previously, everyone joined hands to attack and cracked the Eight Diagrams a bit. However, as the Eight Diagrams spun crazily, the power of their attacks was distributed between these two holes and then turned into the

Dark and Light energies, becoming a part of the Eight Diagrams. Because of that, the crack or any damage that the Eight Diagrams sustained was quickly fixed.

If they wanted to break the balance, they should only attack one point of the Eight Diagrams.

Buzz...

Slowly, the red lotus flowers released by Zen and the ice flowers released by Rocher rushed into the white hole.

They were then transformed into Dark energies. Because of that, an imbalance was starting to occur: the Dark energies were more than the Light energies. "Finally!" Zen shouted, noticing that his plan was working.

From below, it seemed that the area of the white side on the Eight Diagrams was constantly decreasing, and the area of the black side was constantly increasing!

"You two..."

Nicholas looked confused and shocked.

He had no idea how Zen figured out the method to break the balance in such a short time.

'His method is undoubtedly effective!' he thought in disbelief.

After breaking the balance of the Furnace of Dark and Light, it became extremely difficult to control.

The entire Eight Diagrams even started to deflect.

"The Dark energies can turn into Light energies! Let me see how you can still break the balance!"

shouted Nicholas.

Now that he was at the last step of refining, how could he let them cause his failure?

The superfluous Dark energies started to flow towards the white hole.

Because of what was happening, in the eyes of Sword Chen and the others, the Eight Diagrams' shape was becoming more and more bizarre...

What Nicholas did was not normal, but he had no choice—he had to do that. Unconventional as it might have been, in the end, the balance was maintained.

But this time, Sword Chen had no strength to see what was happening above. The other Holy Beings also couldn't hold on any longer and they all fell into the center of the huge whirlpool. They were then absorbed by Nicholas and immediately turned into the red crystals.

Now, only Sword Chen, Samuel, the woman, and Samuel's clone were left in the huge whirlpool.

Apparently, Sword Chen had consumed almost all of his strength. Even if he tried his best to activate the Emotion Closing Godly Way, he would not be able to resist the increasing power from the Furnace of Dark and Light.

Chapter 2835 Falling Star Palm

Sword Chen didn't stop and continued to exert his strength. He wasn't alone as the others also struggled to give their all.

Samuel spared no effort but was also caught in a pickle at the moment.

He kept on activating the Spear of Supreme Harmony to create a new space channel. This weapon had helped decrease the damage he had taken by using the new space channels for him to hide.

As a result of creating multiple space channels, he disappeared and appeared from time to time like a shining star from the heavens.

Just like a drowning man struggling to keep himself afloat in the water as he gasped for air, he used his remaining strength to struggle on the edge of the vortex.

The woman had noticed the strategy Samuel tried to keep himself away from danger. She instantly gave an order to Samuel's clone and imitated what Samuel had done, following his actions to create space channels. She moved in a swift manner and then instantly concealed herself before grabbing Sword Chen inside for a chance to survive.

"Ha-ha! No more struggles! Both of you, come to me!"

Nicholas fiercely bellowed. He only had one head left and the flesh below his neck had already been refined into red crystals.

Exerting every bit of his remaining strength, he had managed to pull the eight-diagram disc.

It wouldn't be long before the Furnace of Dark and Light was completely absorbed into his body. Everything inside space which included the eight-diagram disc made from the Dark and Light energies, Zen, Rocher and even himself, would be refined!

"It didn't work," Rocher said anxiously.

Zen frowned as he looked at the situation and responded, "No, it worked. However, Nicholas managed to maintain the balance of the eight-diagram disc again. Our attacks were not strong enough. We must do better than this."

He believed that once their attacks had exceeded the range Nicholas could control, the furnace would break apart!

Rocher thought about the plan and agreed. A trace of determination appeared on his vigorous face, but he was still feeling a bit hesitant deep inside.

He was created for these moments.

He had evaluated carefully about their situation and hoped that someone else would save the day.

Maybe he didn't have to use that power?

This thought kept haunting him, preventing him from using his trump card. At the same time, Iris's face kept flashing in his mind.

Iris, his wife, was still on the Floating Island waiting for him to go back to her.

This thought finally helped him make up his mind.

He immediately composed himself as the hesitation in his mind gradually faded away.

A golden light then appeared on the surface of his body.

An imposing aura started to emit from him.

"Rocher? What are you doing?"

Zen asked, his face full of confusion.

Nicholas suddenly felt the change and was also stunned. He sensed that the special aura was coming out of Rocher.

He felt it was familiar and realized that Rocher had once used the skill in the Abyss Demon Region.

When he activated it earlier, even the little fiends couldn't lay a finger on him.

Nicholas felt strange about this before but he just shrugged it off. He didn't think too much about it and just thought of it as a special soul attack.

But as Rocher's aura became increasingly strong, he was proven wrong with his assumptions. He now felt threatened. He had indeed underestimated it.

"What's this?" Nicholas asked, showing a shocked expression.

Zen was worried.

Nicholas throughout had been trying his best to maintain the balance under Zen's and Rocher's attacks.

However, if one of them used a more powerful skill as Rocher just did, it was unlikely that Nicholas would stand a chance.

"Feel my power Nicholas! This will be your end!"

Rocher's face appeared calm and solemn as the golden light on his body shone brighter.

Buzz!

The golden light suddenly moved and started to gather towards the Soaring Snake Sword.

Zen observed what happened and couldn't help but stare at Rocher with a trace of suspicion in his eyes.

The golden light on Rocher's body started to fade away. It started to fade on his feet, and right after the golden light disappeared, his feet turned into stones!

Buzz!

There was a ripple of energy as it didn't stop there. His legs, knees and all the lower parts of his body turned to grayish stones. On the other hand, the golden light on his sword continued to shine brighter! The power within was terrifying!

"Damn it!

Stop now, Lowell!

I treated you nicely. How dare you intend to kill me?"

Nicholas shouted in despair.

He used the Dark energy to rush towards Rocher but, Rocher was now as solid as a massive rock, and he didn't even move an inch!

Buzz!

On Rocher's body, the golden light had almost faded away and bits of it slightly reflected. Two-thirds of his body had already turned into stones.

"It's about time..." Rocher spoke in a solemn voice and turned to face Zen, giving hint of a gentle smile. It was a bright one, but it contained a hint of regret that his fate had come to this.

'In fact, I don't want to die right now. Why should it be me instead of you?' he secretly thought to himself full of regret.

His fate was decided the very moment he was born into the universe, and he had no right to choose his destiny.

Both minds of Zen and Rocher were connected through the two girls, so Zen naturally felt the other's distress. His eyebrows instantly twitched as he realized what Rocher was trying to do!

Although he didn't know what kind of method Rocher was going to use, he sensed that it would be deadly once a strike from the sword was made.

Seeing that Rocher had lifted the Soaring Snake Sword, Zen acted quickly. He suddenly reached out and pressed his arm down.

"There's no time left. Why are you stopping me?" Rocher asked fretfully as he was stopped abruptly.

Seeing that Zen had stopped Rocher, Nicholas's eyes lit up with a glimmer of hope. "Well done! Stop him. Don't let him strike me! His sword attack will cost his own life. He will definitely die if he unleashes this strike!"

Hearing his words, Zen looked down at Nicholas. He sneered, "There's no need to kill you at the expense of his life!"

Zen made a quick movement which gave a trace of astonishment on Rocher's face. He didn't know why Zen had such confidence.

Not missing any second, Zen extended his arm. An incredibly strong power flowed in his hand and it quickly turned into a green light. As the light coagulated, it quickly formed into a square crystal!

"W-what's this?! How's it possible that there's such magnificent power in the world?"

As Nicholas observed the crystal, he was visibly surprised.

He had perfected the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos and even believed that he was the strongest throughout the entire divine land. He was the kind of person who never took anyone seriously other than the Yellow Emperor Guards.

In his eyes, Samuel was not even qualified to be regarded as a rival. Samuel was nothing without the Spear of Supreme Harmony!

But the two young warriors fighting him right now had shown great power beyond his imagination.

The golden light that Rocher summoned was incredibly surprising enough. On top of that, the square crystal that Zen materialized emitted an indescribable aura of mystery!

"This is the power that you can never understand!

It represents...

The truth of the entire chaos!"

Zen explained in a cold voice as the square crystal in his hand began to spin.

Simultaneously, a green vortex appeared above his head.

A special star could be seen in the center of the vortex. The star seemed irrelevant in size, but it couldn't be taken lightly by its appearance. In truth, nothing in the entire divine land could battle its great power!

It turned out that the power of the Furnace of Dark and Light fainted in comparison with the tiny star.

The three people struggling at the edge of the huge vortex — the woman, Sword Chen and Samuel were not subjected to its influence. They certainly felt its power as they showed different unbelievable expressions upon seeing the star.

Samuel revealed his astonishment and fear at the same time. The woman showed curiosity and Sword Chen beamed with pleasure and relief.

Everyone were all taken aback by the surprising turn of events. It was beyond their expectations.

Nobody would have expected that Zen still hid such a powerful skill up his sleeve!

Chapter 2836 Encounter

Whoosh!

The star grew for a short while and then plummeted towards the white hole.

After Zen returned to the divine land, there wasn't much time left for him to learn about the Falling Star Palm.

Although an immense amount of mysterious energy was contained in the Truth Crystal, it was not particularly powerful in terms of its strength.

But when it came to the energy of truth, it was impossible to transform it using only the Furnace of Dark and Light.

Even the Furnace of Dark and Light set up by Fuxi personally would also be the same case. Of course, if he took action, there might be other methods he could use to cope with the Falling Star Palm.

Bang!

The star exploded as soon as it fell into the white hole.

But the energy flow was swallowed up by the white hole so it disappeared without a trace.

It was as if it had never appeared in the first place.

In no time, beams of green energy suddenly gushed out from the black hole on the other side. The energy flow, like exploding fireworks, quickly filled up the entire Eight Diagrams disk.

"It's impossible!

I can refine anything with the help of my Furnace of Dark and Light, absolutely everything in the world!"

Nicholas' eyes were about to crack. He tried his best to control the Eight Diagrams disk and forcefully drew it down. At the same time, the whirlpool below started to shrink rapidly.

Sword Chen had fainted and was being propped up by the woman. Samuel had almost reached his limit, as there was a look of despair on his face.

Bang!

The Eight Diagrams disk could no longer maintain its shape. It started to collapse and explode at the last moment.

Nicholas calmed himself down. He was in deep thought. The unwillingness on his face disappeared and was replaced by calmness and coldness.

Shortly after, countless cracks appeared on his head, which then turned into red crystals.

At the moment of the explosion of the Eight Diagrams disk, the huge whirlpool that had shrunk to sixty to seventy feet also collapsed.

As soon as the fetters disappeared, the woman took Sword Chen and quickly retreated. Samuel clenched his teeth trying his best to hold on till the end. He used the Spear of Supreme Harmony to build a space channel and exited through it.

As for Zen and Rocher, the violent shock wave created by the Eight Diagrams disk propelled them dozens of miles away.

Although the shock wave was very strong, Rocher's body was covered by the golden light so he was unhurt.

Zen himself was so strong. He escaped without a scratch on his body. He drew a parabola in the void. As soon as his body stabilized, he rushed forward.

"Mother!"

Nicholas brought Lorena there.

By reading Nicholas' memories, Zen knew that he had hidden Lorena in a special small world.

But after the Furnace of Dark and Light was activated, it refined everything in the big whirlpool. Did Lorena and the small world get refined as well?

Whoosh!

Zen shot off towards the center of the whirlpool explosion.

A frosted red statue came into view. It was actually a woman's statue.

However, the statue didn't have a head.

"This statue..."

Zen's eyes narrowed slightly. He suddenly thought of something, and used the Reincarnation Soul Weapon again.

He and Rocher had to destroy the Eight Diagrams disk at that moment, so he didn't spend time reading Nicholas' memories.

Although Nicholas died, his Memory Flame was still alive. However, the Memory Flame was in a state of stagnation and didn't update any fresh memories anymore.

So when Zen saw Nicholas' last memory, he was astonished.

"I have failed in the end.

I knew you'd come to read my memory.

Since I used the Furnace of Dark and Light, I was prepared to sacrifice my own life. I knew that I would die, but as I am a Holy Being in the divine land, I would be reborn with the help of my universe. My soul would then occupy the treasure body again. That was my plan.

I thought if I could refine the True Demon Body into the treasure body, it might work. That was why I was willing to sacrifice myself. But in the end, you shattered my hopes. I have to say that it's decreed by fate, and I can't do anything to change it!

Lorena is sealed in the mysterious yellow world within the ring on the treasure body's finger. Although I have used the Furnace of Dark and Light, I can still protect the small world. I promised to help her find her body, but I failed. Although the treasure body can't refine the True Demon Body, it is the last gift I want to give her."

Zen's eyes searched the hand of the statue after he finished reading the last memory of Nicholas.

As predicted by him, there was a dark golden ring on the statue's finger.

"Mother..."

Nicholas' last words had got Zen excited.

He approached the statue with the intention of removing the ring.

However, just then, a space fluctuation appeared from the side and a figure popped out from it. It was Samuel!

Like Zen, Samuel could also read Nicholas' memory.

When he realized that the treasure body was extraordinary, he had the idea of grabbing it.

He knew he was no match for Zen, but he had the Spear of Supreme Harmony with which he could come and go as he pleased and Zen could do nothing to stop him.

Obviously Zen was stunned at this turn of events. A trace of anger was visible on his face.

"Get the hell out of here!"

Splash!

With a wave of his hand, he fired a red lotus at Samuel.

Just as the red lotus was about to reach Samuel, he snatched the treasure body and fled into the space channel.

Bang!

Another space channel came to him from afar, crisscrossing Samuel's space channel.

The two space channels collided and forced him out of his space channel. Now there was no escape.

Samuel staggered, his face darkened and he threw the treasure body into the air. This time, he used the Spear of Supreme Harmony to tear up the void and drill his way out of the Cold Fiends' lair.

The woman didn't mean to hunt him down. After all, his clone was in bad condition, and it was difficult for him to use the Spear of Supreme Harmony. But she had succeeded as Samuel left the treasure body behind.

Zen was in no mood to pursue Samuel anymore. He flew over to the treasure body to take off the dark golden ring from its finger.

There was a simple seal on the ring. Zen activated his spiritual sense and broke the seal with a bit of force.

When he removed the seal, an unexpected beam of bright red light shot out from it.

Lorena emerged from the little world with her long hair trailing behind her.

She had expected to see Nicholas upon coming out of her world, so she pulled a long face, but when she saw Zen, her expression froze and her eyes were filled with disbelief.

"Zen? Why are you here? Did Nicholas catch you?" Lorena sounded a bit worried. After all, the void didn't seem like a normal place.

She glanced around and was surprised to see the woman not too far away from her.

The woman covered her mouth with her hand and stared at Lorena with her beautiful eyes. She couldn't believe she would meet Lorena here of all places!

Chapter 2837 Reunion

Lorena stared at that woman for a while and her eyes turned glassy.

"Rosie..."

she called her name. There was so much she wanted to say, but she couldn't utter a single word.

As she gazed at the woman, Lorena felt as if she had been transported back to the early years of the war on the divine land...

At that time, Rosie was still an innocent girl. She didn't even care about the reason why the divine land came into being and why the Nine Li race had to leave the Source World.

She was so curious about everything in this new world.

Back then, the Time Sea was still a small lake. She liked the magnificent scenery of the lake. She asked people to build a pavilion by the lake.

Lorena knew at that time that the Nine Li race was in danger. She was filled with melancholy and only Rosie's innocent smile was able to ease her mind.

"Sister! How did you become like this?"

Rosie floated over, feeling heartbroken.

She wanted to hold Lorena in her arms, but all that was left of Lorena was her head so she didn't know how to hold her.

Zen was baffled when he heard the woman's words.

Could this woman be his mother's younger sister?

So that made her his aunt!

It was confusing at first for Zen but the more he thought about it the more it made sense. He was not surprised anymore.

After all, this woman had always maintained that she was a Nine Li member, and Nine Li people all had the same blood.

Lorena studied Rosie for a while and said, "You... You are not alive, are you?"

Although Rosie looked the same to common people, Lorena could still feel that she didn't have the aura of life. What she emitted was a strong Faith Energy.

The people of the divine land generally called this the aura of ferocious beasts.

Pressing her lips together, Rosie nodded at first. But then she shook her head firmly ad said, "I've never really died. One day, I'll fight all the way back to divine land and rebuild our Nine Li race!"

Lorena felt a little confused when she sensed Rosie's deep resentment and looked at Zen who was beside her.

"Mother, this is the Abyss Demon Region," Zen reminded her.

Zen's words dawned on Lorena.

She continued, "Rosie, is your deep resentment due to the disaster of our Nine Li race? Is it because of that you became a ferocious beast in the Abyss Demon Region?"

Lorena was still confused.

The forbidden areas were formed by divine citizens' Faith Energy, positive, negative or reverent... Various kinds of Faith Energy might appear in the forbidden areas. And they were the source of the "imagined" fierce beasts.

But how was it possible for Rosie to turn into a ferocious beast in the Abyss Demon Region just because of her resentment alone?

It didn't seem like a plausible theory.

"No." Rosie shook her head, and calmly said, "It was because the resentment of the entire Nine Li race was too deep that it turned into the black water. Now this black water has gathered all sorts of resentment of the Nine Li race. They all felt intense fear before their death... And these fears have gathered in the black water!"

"They?" Lorena raised her eyebrows slightly. "All the members of our Nine Li race are in the Abyss Demon Region?"

Rosie shook her head again. "They have all disappeared. In order to make my memory form a mark that never perishes, they sacrificed themselves..."

Back then, when Yellow Emperor Guards chased all the way to the divine land, they used the Blood Splitting Technique, turning all the people of the Nine Li race into a mass of blood. They had miserable deaths.

Numerous Nine Li members suffered from extreme pain and great fear before they died.

As the fear of all the Nine Li members gathered in the black water, it became the source of fear in the entire divine land.

In the beginning, the black water area was not so deep and unfathomable. However, as time went by, the imagination of fear from thousands of creatures in the divine land accumulated in the black water area until it reached its current size.

Fear was also a kind of Faith Energy, but it had its innate memory mark. For example, if someone was afraid of something, the fear only existed in that particular person.

Therefore, in the beginning, the force of the primitive fear in the black water consisted of the individual fears of the Nine Li race. Such fears had souls.

The Nine Li people who still had memories in the black water quickly understood their situation. In a short period of time, their souls would disappear, but the force of their fears within would remain in the black water.

Over time, the black water would slowly evolve and a variety of strange creatures would appear, such as "the Devils".

Some members of the Nine Li race realized what would happen and quickly made a decision. They selected a person who would "survive". In the end, Rosie was the chosen one.

Those wisps of soul power carried the resentment of the entire Nine Li race, and gathered within Rosie, making her the master of the black water.

In the following divine eras, she had been secretly operating the black water. She did not allow the Devils within the black water to have a consciousness and they could only be at the mercy of her command.

She had also tried to control the fiends, and even the entire Abyss Demon Region.

After several failed attempts, her gaze had fallen on the True Demon Body.

After listening to Rosie's monologue, Lorena had a strange look on her face and sighed, "You've suffered a lot. I didn't know that the Nine Li race had such a struggle at the last moment."

Rosie walked towards her and held up Lorena's head and pressed it against her forehead. She sobbed, "You have also suffered a lot. I'm so sad to see you look like this..."

It had been so many years since the two sisters parted. Now that they could reunite, it was under such tragic circumstances. It was a heart-breaking sight.

"But where am I? I was bound by Nicholas. Where is he?" Lorena looked around and her gaze stopped at the red transparent statue behind her.

The void was deathly quiet at this point.

"This is the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region," Zen explained. "Nicholas... might already be dead."

"Dead?" Lorena's eyes flashed in astonishment upon hearing his words.

"Yes, he wanted to refine all of us at the last moment, but Rocher and I destroyed the array set up by him," said Zen.

Thanks to her knowledge and experience, she knew that Nicholas was not invincible.

But it was hard to digest the fact that this handful of people had defeated Nicholas! It felt like a crazy fantasy. However, when she looked at her son's serious face, she had no reason not to believe him.

"Then, what's this statue?" Lorena asked.

This statue seemed to be made for her. It only had a woman's body without the head.

"This statue..." Zen was shocked. He didn't think that Nicholas would leave behind such a precious body for his mother.

Nicholas had wanted to refine a body for himself by taking advantage of his universe and his immortality. But he failed and knew that he couldn't escape death. He had a change of heart at the last moment and left this precious body for his mother.

"Mother, you can read his last memory by yourself," said Zen and gently flipped his hand. A small pyramid appeared in it. A tiny eye was carved into the pyramid.

He turned the pyramid so that the eye was facing Lorena's head. Then he asked her to inject her spiritual sense into it.

Lorena looked at the small pyramid. She was a bit puzzled but she poured a wisp of spiritual sense into it anyway.

A long time passed...

Lorena extracted her spiritual sense and sighed. Nobody knew what was going on in her head.

Chapter 2838 Shake

"He finally fulfilled his promise..."

Lorena murmured with a wry smile. She had never expected to be in such a situation.

Nicholas had refined almost everything, including himself...

She blinked and floated over to the body.

The moment Lorena's head touched the body, they were fused together.

"Buzz..."

A faint light enveloped her and the body.

As the light gradually dissipated, the color of the body changed.

The original red clothes were bright and new!

The exposed arms and legs were white and delicate and as smooth as jade.

This body didn't merge with the True Demon Body as Nicholas had wished, but he already had refined too many things.

He had refined the Holy Beings, Demi-holy Beings, Zen's Shadow Bearing Sword, various kinds of treasures and eventually even himself.

Lorena lifted her hands and studied them for a while. Then she held out her hands and a crimson light cone shot out from the tip of her slender fingers.

"The Blood Body?" Lorena was astounded.

This Blood Body was inherited from the Source World and she had not expected that Nicholas would refine and create it.

She reckoned that it might be the Yellow Emperor Guards who had taught this method to Nicholas.

But she was wrong. Nicholas had obtained the method to refine the Blood Body from the Sea of Truth and not from the Yellow Emperor Guards.

Swish!

With a flick of her finger, Lorena sent the crimson light cone towards the void in a dazzling momentum.

"Congratulations, Mother," Zen said with a smile.

Although this Blood Body was not her mother's original body, it was a pretty good body. Judging from the light cone that his mother shot out, the Blood Body was extraordinary and very powerful.

Lorena nodded. Her gaze once again fell on the pyramid in Zen's hand. "What is this? Why can it read people's memories?"

Lorena had come across certain methods of reading peoples' memories. She knew that there were some experts in the Source World who could secretly read memories.

Now Nicholas didn't exist anymore, but the pyramid could allow her to read his memory. She thought it was miraculous!

"This is the Reincarnation Soul Weapon. It should be controlled by our Nine Li race," Zen replied. "Those who have pure Nine Li blood can awaken the Memory Flames of all the people of Nine Li race."

"What?" Lorena was surprised to learn this.

Rosie, too, was shocked.

They had been staying in the divine land, but Chiyou had built this ship and did not reveal this magic to his descendants.

The divine land was the last hope of the Nine Li race. Chiyou's ultimate goal was that the Nine Li race would not get exterminated, and he also hoped that there would be a miracle in the divine land.

Therefore, Chiyou arranged the divine land as a deserted land to let his descendants stay in a relatively cruel environment, cultivate and grow...

If it weren't for the Yellow Emperor Guards, the numerous people in the divine land would all be members of the Nine Li race. There would also be disputes, power division and life-and-death struggles.

However, during the competition, there were still some super talents appearing from generation to generation.

It was a pity that the Nine Li race had been destroyed by the Yellow Emperor Guards. Chiyou had hidden many secrets in the divine land and left treasures for the Nine Li race to discover. But many of them had not yet been discovered.

For example, the Reincarnation Soul Weapon was one of the treasures. If one controlled it, it would be equivalent to taking control of the reincarnation. This meant that one would control everyone's fate in the divine land.

This treasure had the power to decide whether people died forever or could be reborn.

It was a really incredible ability.

"But if I want to take full control of the Reincarnation Soul Weapon, it needs the pure blood of the Nine Li race," Zen explained. "So, I have to hand this treasure over to you."

"Why?" Lorena felt confused. She didn't think there would be anything wrong with Zen's blood.

Zen shrugged and said casually, "My blood is not pure enough."

"Why is that?"

Lorena stared at Zen in surprise. Zen had told her some secrets to clear up some of her confusion. But she still had so many questions to ask him.

Back then, she had thrown him out of the divine land in order to save his life.

So how did Zen manage to return?

And why did he get involved in the Abyss Demon Region?

It was not easy to pollute the pure blood of the Nine Li race. So how did Zen's blood become impure?

"It's a long story..." Zen narrated everything that had happened after he had been thrown out of the divine land, including the episode with Timotheus, Emily and the others in detail.

Meanwhile, on the top of the divine land, an overwhelming amount of power was erupting from the space whirlpool.

Just one tenth of that power would be enough to instantly kill a Holy Being.

Whoosh!

After a while, Emily jumped out of the space whirlpool looking exhausted. She spoke through her life vitality, "It's your turn."

Right on cue, another Other Shore Realm warrior of the Snake Goddess race jumped into the whirlpool.

The space barrier outside the divine land was designed well. Even if they destroyed a part of the space barrier, it would slowly heal after a period of time like a beast's wound.

Therefore, it was important to constantly attack the space barrier. The Other Shore Realm warriors present took turns in attacking it, all day and night.

As soon as Emily landed on the ground, she felt a vibration under her feet.

Rumble!

The vibration was extremely loud, as if something was collapsing.

Not far away, Ramzi knelt down and pressed his ear to the ground. After a while, he said, "It seems that a collapse takes place in a huge space."

"Huge space..." Emily's eyes flashed. "Is this a universe that Zen had mentioned?"

Zen had revealed the divine land's internal structure once. It was not difficult for the Other Shore Realm warriors to understand that. The methods of building a universe and keeping Holy Beings immortal were also spread in the Source World.

"It might be a so-called Holy Being dying," Leopold said with a faint smile, looking disdainful.

After all, in their eyes, Holy Beings were only at the True God Realm, and they were simply not qualified to become their opponents.

As the Other Shore Realm warriors dissected it, heated discussions broke out on all Floating Islands.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

A muffled voice rang out from the sky and resounded through almost all of the regions in the divine land.

The Floating Islands were in the middle of the divine land, and people there could hear the explosion very clearly.

"A Holy Being's universe has collapsed!"

"Oh my God! Which Holy Being was so unlucky? There is no war taking place in the universe, isn't it?"

"Someone was actually able to cut off a Holy Being's connection with the universe? This has only happened once a few years ago."

At that time, Lorena had killed a few Holy Beings by using the Lethal Fire Magma. So what happened today reminded people in the powerful clans on the Floating Islands of that same event.

Chapter 2839 The News Of Nicholas' Death

On the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan.

The grand and beautiful gardens stretched around the exquisite palace. It was lush and divine that you could wander all afternoon and get lost in its secret nooks. The palace itself was full of grandeur and beautiful paintings and frescoes. From afar, a smoke of incense ascended slowly.

The booming sounds had Iris startled, making her stand up immediately.

Looking up at the sky, deep concern filled her eyes.

It had been a long time since the members of the alliance of the powerful clans had stepped into the Abyss Demon Region, leaving them with no news about them.

Hearing those booming sounds now delivered a piece of news back. Unfortunately, it was a bad one. It meant that some Holy Being had departed forever, and could never come back to life.

Was this Holy Being part of the alliance of the powerful clans?

If so, who was it?

Even the Holy Being couldn't escape death. Where could her husband be now?

Feeling ill at ease, Iris trotted back and forth in the palace. Clearly, she couldn't sit around and wait.

Making up her mind quickly, she walked out of the palace.

Meanwhile, in one of the other palaces of the Dongfang Clan

Several elders of the Dongfang Clan gathered to set up a magic array.

A huge chess board lay in the center of the magic array, while a big drum stood inside it.

As soon as the elders activated the magic array, the big drum thumped.

Every time there was a rumble in the sky, a drumbeat also echoed its booming noise.

On the chessboard, a small chess piece was jumping up and down.

The Holy Beings' universes were distributed in different directions. They used this method to determine which universe had collapsed, noting from which direction the voice came from.

"Da!"

The small piece would jump slightly on the chessboard each time the drum beat.

It had been moving to the upper right bit by bit.

Noticing the direction where the piece jumped, the elders of the Dongfang Clan couldn't hide the ominous look on their faces.

"Could it be..." one of the elders started to assume.

But before he could say his thoughts out loud, another old man interrupted him, "No way! No matter who that Holy Being is, it's not our Holy Emperor!"

"Absolutely! Our Holy Emperor has far more supernatural power than ordinary Holy Beings. How could he die so easily?" the third old man concluded, shaking his head.

However, as he was saying this, the small piece jumped all the way to the upper right.

Everyone's expression went gloomy.

"Perhaps, it's Woodruff of the Moon Clan," the fourth old man said.

"Right! It is most likely to be Woodruff!" another replied.

Situated in the westernmost area, Woodruff's universe was marked as the rightmost spot on the chess board. If the piece crossed the location of Nicholas' universe, then it must be Woodruff.

It was their last ray of hope.

But everyone knew how slim the chances were.

Woodruff hadn't gone to the Abyss Demon Region. Over the years, the entire Moon Clan including the War God Hall had remained low-key. Who could take his life now?

Their Holy Emperor, Nicholas, had led many Holy Beings to explore the Abyss Demon Region. In such a damned place, anything could happen.

At last, the piece reached its destination on the chess board, leaving it without any moves to the right.

As the sky rumbled again, the drum beat and the piece jumped from its position on the chess board and landed there again.

"Da! Da! Da!"

Seeing how the piece landed, two old men fell to the ground.

"What, what?" another middle-aged man mumbled, having no idea how to deal with this matter. The movements of the piece caught him by surprise.

Rushing out from the palace, a slightly younger True God roared wildly with his bad news, "The Holy Emperor is dead!"

"The Holy Emperor is dead!"

The True God went out and spread the news to every corner of the Floating Island, making sure not a single soul missed it.

Hearing the True God's cry, Iris felt her legs had gone weak and finally gave up as she slumped on the ground.

Of all the things she could imagine, this was probably the last thing she wanted to hear.

If even Nicholas didn't survive, then who could protect her husband?

"Really? So the Holy Emperor's universe was broken?"

"Why? He is so far the strongest man! How could he die?"

"It must be just a rumor! Nonsense!"

Even with the news being announced, most of the disciples of the Dongfang Clan chose not to believe this fact.

Being the leader of the alliance of the powerful clans, the Dongfang Clan had always been superior to the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan, and they had offended many people. Nicholas' death would definitely make the Dongfang Clan decline as well.

The Dongfang Clan still had great prestige on the Ray Tree.

However, Nicholas' successor couldn't be known anytime soon.

If any of the other powerful clans started attacking them in retaliation, they would be undoubtedly dead.

Nicholas' death was impossible to hide from the public.

In fact, as soon as the vibration of the broken universe was transmitted, everyone was made aware of what was going on. Calculating the direction of the broken universe, the various powerful clans quickly came to a conclusion.

"The Holy Being who died is from the Dongfang Clan."

"Hahaha! Thank goodness! That damned Nicholas is now dead!"

"What should we do now? Without the protection of the Dongfang Clan, what would happen to our status?"

The people's reaction were a combination of everything. Some rejoiced, some felt upset, and some took pleasure in Nicholas' death.

Meanwhile, Nicholas' universe was undergoing an unprecedented disaster.

Nicholas had run his universe very well.

Apparently, the other Holy Beings were not just afraid of his own strength. If he were to launch a war in a universe, then no one in the divine land would dare to meet his attack.

Three thousand three hundred races, numerous worlds, and countless stars.

There were countless talents among the secondary creatures. Some of them were not inferior to the outstanding warriors in the divine land, but they were unable to resist the collapsing crisis in the universe, even though their eyes were full of unwillingness and confusion.

After the stars fell and the supreme worlds collapsed, it all ended up with numerous casualties.

Watching helplessly, these secondary creatures could only feel devastated with what had occurred.

In the Swirl Forest.

Standing in the yard, Harold raised his head to look up at the sky.

Augustus, Hallet, Joy and the others were watching him from afar.

"Rumble!"

Clasping his fingers, he couldn't hide a thoughtful expression that flashed on his face.

His gesture would change each time he heard another roar, making him unfathomable.

After a long while, he finally saw it.

A glint flashed in his eyes as his conclusion was drawn.

"Who is it?" It was Hallet who spoke first.

With the universe collapsing, Hallet and Augustus were the most concerned about their own master Bromley.

Although they weren't sure as to where Bromley was, the fact that his universe was safe meant that he was also still alive.

A trace of doubt crossed Harold's eyes as if he suspected that he had miscalculated. Calculating by bending his fingers again, he commented, "The sounds are coming from the northwest. It is Nicholas' universe that collapsed."

"So Nicholas is dead?" Augustus asked, leaving his mouth wide open.

Hallet knew exactly what it meant. His eyes flashed with a dazzling light. "If his universe has collapsed, he can no longer come back to life!"

They still had the chance to revive Mike, Zen's father, because the Evolutionary Universe was still running smoothly.

Joy's mouth remained slightly open in shock after she heard the news.

Chapter 2840 A Secret Cellar

During this time, Hallet and Harold were all over the place.

They knew why Nicholas was planning a conquest of the Abyss Demon Region.

If Nicholas took control of the Abyss Demon Region, he might take some drastic actions when he returned to the Floating Island.

Everyone, including Hallet, Harold, and the other forces, saw this.

That was how Hallet convinced the Moon Clan.

The Moon Clan decided to side with the Sword Clan. If the Sword Clan were to fight against the alliance of the powerful clans, the Moon Clan would join them.

Harold, on the other hand, was trying to find the Godly Geniuses who were scattered in the divine land.

The divine land was so large, it wouldn't be easy to trace the Godly Geniuses.

Even with the help of the Evolutionary Fifty to predict their whereabouts, the range was too large. But that didn't mean there was no trace.

After all, the Godly Geniuses would break a rule of the slate if they tried to enter the divine land. And thanks to this, Harold would get an approximate time and area range of their coming.

The Godly Geniuses in the universe were secondary creatures, but in terms of talent, they were comparable to the talents of the divine land. They were all impressive, which was why he wouldn't need a lot of time to find them.

All preparations were carried out in an orderly way but they hadn't expected Nicholas to die so suddenly.

"Since Nicholas is now dead, does it mean that the alliance of the powerful clans has lost the battle in the Abyss Demon Region?" Hallet asked, frowning.

"If that's the case, then it's good news," Augustus said, giggling.

But Harold still looked conflicted. "I don't think Nicholas is who we need to worry about," he said.

The Dongfang Clan that Nicholas represented was no doubt powerful. But it was probably not invincible by a large margin.

The strength of several old geezers belonging to the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan couldn't be underestimated. These two great forces hadn't made a move for so many years and hadn't stepped out to fight against the alliance of the powerful clans. They were afraid of Nicholas, but also of the Yellow Emperor Guards standing behind him.

"What should we do next?" asked Hallet.

Harold thought about it for a while before replying, "Let's wait and see."

Everyone nodded, but it was obvious that they were worried about Zen.

It was a long way to the Evil Ghost Region, but with Zen's immense speed, he should have already returned. But they weren't able to find him now.

The Evil Ghost Region was near the Abyss Demon Region, but the latter's entrance was not in the Evil Ghost Region, so there was only a small chance that Zen was involved in whatever was going on there. However, they were still a little worried.

At the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region...

Samuel emerged from the coffin with a flash and turned to glare ferociously at it.

He had failed to get the True Demon Body. It would probably be a good idea to get the precious body refined by Nicholas at the last moment.

But that damned woman had unfortunately stopped him!

He waved the Spear of Supreme Harmony, causing a strong, spatial wave to shoot out of the tip of the spear at the coffin.

Samuel hadn't expected this strike to destroy the coffin.

After all, the coffin had been here for many years. He had attacked it just to vent his anger.

As far as he was concerned, the coffin was an illusion floating at the space entrance.

His spear should have penetrated the coffin but failed to hurt it.

But something unexpected happened in that moment.

His spear hit the coffin with a muffled thunk.

The sound shocked Samuel to the bone.

From what he had experienced, Samuel understood that the Holy Beings weren't as strong as they made it out to be and would be in danger of losing their lives if they lowered their guard here.

But now, the Spear of Supreme Harmony managed to push the coffin aside.

There was a dark entrance to a cellar beneath the coffin.

A row of orderly stairs extended downwards until they were engulfed in darkness. Samuel had no idea where they were heading to.

Samuel's heart skipped a beat as he realized that he had discovered a great secret.

"This coffin is floating in the air. Anyone who standing near it will be sucked into it. They cannot push it away. And although that woman is here all this time, it is impossible for her to push it away because the Space Law is prohibited in the Abyss Demon Region. But what's hidden under the coffin?"

Samuel was a cautious person, which was why he stood at the entrance, hesitating.

His eyes suddenly twinkled with a blue light that penetrated the darkness of the cellar. He seemed to see something in there that interested him greatly enough to make his mind up to enter the cellar.

Standing on the steps of the cellar, he stabbed the spear at the bottom of the coffin and pulled it back into place.

If the woman left the coffin and discovered this cellar, she would probably follow him. She was not weaker than him, and Zen and Rocher were difficult to deal with. But this way, he had a certain sense of relief.

Thinking thus, he walked towards the deep end of the cellar.

If Zen and the others were in the world covered with snow and ice in the coffin, they might be able to feel the shock of the entire coffin.

As Samuel had moved the coffin, the snow on the mountains crumbled and collapsed.

But since they were in the space beneath the ice volcano, they did not sense the changes outside.

Zen was still talking to his mother about what had happened at the bottom of the chaos.

He mentioned the grudges among the Wild Gods, the Yellow Emperor race, the Snake Goddess race, and the Nine Li race.

Everyone's eyes widened at this, including Lorena and Sword Chen.

Sword Chen had felt that his trip to the divine land had been strange, but compared to Zen's, it was just a drop in the bucket.

"So basically, the masters at the Other Shore Realm of the Snake Goddess race and our Nine Li race are outside the divine land, right?" Lorena asked.

Zen nodded and said, "But the space barrier is blocking them from coming in."

"Timotheus, a five-star Nine Li Guard," Lorena muttered. "I have never heard of this man!"

Rosie smiled and said, "We were young when we left the Source World. Our Nine Li race is full of talented people. The five-star Nine Li Guards are powerful, but we have gotten many of them in our race in the past. Timotheus must have left our race a long time ago, which is probably why you haven't heard of him."

Zen nodded. He knew that except for Leopold, no one else had heard of Lorena. His mother hadn't been born at the time.

"A five-star Nine Li Guard should be able to deal with Leyton," said Lorena.

The Nine Li race's mortal enemy was not Nicholas.

Nicholas had only released Hamish from his seal in order to fulfill his own ambitions.

The true enemy of the Nine Li race was the Yellow Emperor Guard Leyton who had performed the Blood Splitting Technique that had killed all the Nine Li people.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2841 An Unexpected Event At The Entrance

Zen's information ignited a spark of hope within Lorena and Rosie.

They knew it was difficult for the powerful masters to enter divine land, but it was only a matter of time before they succeeded in doing so.

The powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm would have broken the space barrier within ten years. By then, they would be able to sweep away everything.

The void was not meant for prolonged stays.

Zen gave a rough introduction of what happened outside the divine land. Afterwards, Rosie instructed Samuel's clone to crack through the void.

The Cold Fiends in the lair at the foot of the snow mountain had been reborn.

Rosie very well knew what lay at the bottom of the snow mountain. After breaking through the void, Samuel's clone built a space channel and sent them directly to the top of the snow mountain.

"What's wrong with the snow mountain?" Sword Chen observed something unusual while watching the snow mountain.

Rosie similarly felt strange. "Looks like an avalanche has struck. I don't think I've ever seen anything like this before."

The snow blanket on the mountain was gone, revealing the bare hilltop covered only with a thin layer of snow.

Rocher said, "The fight in the void must have been too fierce. Maybe that caused the snow to slide."

"But that's impossible!" Rosie exclaimed, shaking her head.

"The void at the bottom of the ice volcano is completely separated from the outside world. No amount of noise we made in the void can cause an avalanche."

"Maybe Samuel did this to vent his anger," guessed Sword Chen.

"That's a possibility," Rosie agreed with a nod.

After staying for a short while, Rosie flew the group up. They soon left the coffin and returned to the bottom of the massive ice palace.

Zen and Rocher left the coffin together; at the same time, the girl lying in the coffin disintegrated into specks of golden powder and vanished right before everyone's eyes.

The True Demon Body was taken away by Zen and Rocher.

Looking at the disappearing girl, Rosie felt a twinge of disappointment. "I have fought so hard for the True Demon Body, but you two ended up getting it."

Despite being a monster in the forbidden area, Rosie possessed her own memories and emotions.

Through the years, she had been coming and going into the coffin multitudes of times, even dying in it many times. Then, she revived again in the black water.

Considering her own inadequate strength, she supported the fiends and helped Sword Chen. She left no stone unturned in her quest to acquire the True Demon Body but ultimately failed, so her disappointment was definitely warranted.

Lorena looked at her sister with eyebrows raised. "If you don't have the True Demon Body, does that mean you can't leave the Abyss Demon Region?"

Rosie nodded but then shook her head. "Technically, I don't really need the True Demon Body to leave the Abyss Demon Region; I only have to control the forbidden land."

Upon uttering these words, she suddenly realized something.

The same realization simultaneously occurred to Sword Chen, who asked, "So, who is controlling the Abyss Demon Region now?"

Zen and Rocher also looked a bit bemused.

If the True Demon Body was a level-six supreme treasure of belief in the Abyss Demon Region, then they should by now have had the control of the region. However, the two girls showed no response.

Zen was a witness to how Augustus had absolute control over the Swirl Forest and everything in it. In fact, Augustus could be considered the ruler of the Swirl Forest.

Lorena, who had been lost in thought for a while, wondered aloud, "Is it because the True Demon Body is divided into two parts? If so, you can merge the two girls into one and let one of you control the Abyss Demon Region."

Zen and Rocher looked at each other and nodded.

They had no reason to take control of the True Demon Body. They could even send the two girls to Rosie if she so desired.

They summoned the girls and tried to separate them from their bodies.

They attempted this for a long while but failed every single time.

The two girls were also confused, as they did not know what Zen and Rocher were doing.

In particular, the girl with red eyes only snuggled into Zen's arms. She seemed to understand what Zen was saying, but when Zen asked her something, she would shake her head fervently and refuse to cooperate.

After all of the drama, Zen and Rocher had no choice but to give up.

Although Rosie was disappointed, she still said in a voice full of hope, "Although you can't do it now, that doesn't mean that you won't succeed in the future. If anyone of you manages to control the Abyss Demon Region someday, come back and get me out!"

She had been trapped here for many years. It had been so long, and she dreamed of returning.

"That's all we can do. Once we return, we'll figure out a way to get you out as soon as possible," Zen said with a nod.

Rosie then led Zen and the others out of the ice palace.

Before leaving, she took one last look at the coffin and found something odd. The coffin seemed to have moved a bit, but she did not know how and when the coffin's position changed. Even so, she did not dwell on it.

Outside the ice palace, the fiends remained guarding the seventh stage of the Abyss Demon Region.

At that point, the fiends did not cut the same figure of terror that they once did. After being killed once, they needed some time to accumulate the Faith Energy, so they were presently too weak to fight.

However, even if they were as strong as they used to be, none of them would dare to wage a war under Rosie's leadership.

Under their watchful gazes, Zen and the others went back from the seventh stage to the sixth.

The Abyss Demon Region was vast. Even if they proceeded on their way without a hitch, it would still take them considerable time to return to the entrance.

After three days, Rosie finally escorted Zen and the others to the entrance.

On their way back, she and Lorena reminisced about the past. At the moment of parting, they were somewhat reluctant to go their separate ways.

"Don't be afraid, Rosie. Trust me, you will leave here soon," Lorena consoled the other.

Rosie nodded her head, trying to hold on to Lorena's unshakable faith in her eventual escape.

Over the years, she had been resenting the Yellow Emperor Guards and exhausting every means to rebuild the Nine Li race.

With Lorena alive, Rosie knew that the other would play a pivotal role in the Nine Li race, so her resentment had gradually dissipated.

"Zen, you must figure out a way after you go back," Rosie addressed Zen with a smile. "I will await your news in the black water."

"Trust me, I won't let you down," Zen replied, waving his hand towards Rosie.

With a dark, sinister aura emanating from it, the gate of the Abyss Demon Region appeared like the rabid, gaping mouth of a particularly terrifying monster.

Dozens of transmission arrays were established outside the gate, which directly led to the Floating Islands.

In order to monopolize the forbidden lands, powerful shackles were laid out at the entryways. All people could only enter the forbidden lands through the Floating Islands.

"If we return, we have to enter a Floating Island from one of the transmission arrays," Rocher said. "However, there is another way: by breaking the restriction of the Abyss Demon Region." He continued, "With our current strength, that will not be too difficult for us to do, but it will take some time."

"Let's return through a Floating Island," Zen said faintly.

With so many Holy Beings dead, they feared no one with their strength.

Only the Yellow Emperor Guards could threaten them, but by reading Nicholas' memory, Zen knew that Hamish had already left the Floating Island.

Just as they had made their decision, an invisible wave suddenly struck, and a loud cracking sound was heard. "Crack!"

Suddenly, the ground at the gate of the Abyss Demon Region splintered.

The earth in the fractured ground morphed into a massive head that was about a hundred thousand feet high, dust and smoke suffocatingly filling the air around the gruesome sight. The monstrous head opened its bloody mouth and tried to swallow the group.

Rosie was stunned at the sight of the huge face. She looked over to her sister and companions and shouted, "Lorena! Everyone! You must leave quickly! I'll do what I can to block it!"

Chapter 2842 The One In Control

"Isn't that Samuel's face?" The moment Rocher saw the huge head, he was astonished.

In the blink of an eye, it had already rushed close behind Rosie, threatening to swallow her.

Rosie waved her arm and released the brown force of primitive fear, which turned into a huge pillar and blocked the jaws from snapping any further.

Although the head was made of mere soil, its power was way over the limit.

Crack!

An explosion rang out, as the pillar was snapped into two. Then the head took Rosie into its mouth.

"It's just a man made out of soil. Why should I be afraid of it?"

There was no way Lorena would watch her sister being swallowed.

She immediately jumped, as a red light sprang out from her hand and aimed at the head.

Phew!

The crimson light awl directly hit the middle of the head.

Boom!

The light awl made a dull noise when it collided with the head.

Suddenly a huge crack appeared in the head. Soon, half of the head was turned over, through which Rosie was able to escape.

The head stopped moving, but a creepy laugh rang out.

"Haha... Leave the True Demon Body here and I will let you go."

It was Samuel's voice.

"It is really Samuel!" Zen's eyes were wide with shock.

Lorena raised her eyebrows, as her sharp eyes gleamed. She sneered, "Do you think you can keep us with your little trick?"

"Can't I? Hahaha, let's find out!" Samuel roared with laughter.

Rumble...

The quiet Abyss Demon Region suddenly became alive.

As the rumbling sound continued, they were stunned to see huge heads spring up one after another.

The entrance to the Abyss Demon Region was through a vast plain. By now, thousands of huge heads had suddenly appeared.

These heads were squeezed together like large moving mountains, as they charged towards Zen and the others.

"This... This is truly astounding. What an incredible ability!" Rosie said, as she watched all this, agape; and then soon realized something. "I'm afraid the True Demon Body is not the key to controlling the Abyss Demon Region. That's why Zen and Rocher were not able to control it. Until now, the Abyss Demon Region may have been controlled by Samuel."

Zen's eyes flashed in confusion. "There is no way Samuel is able to control the Abyss Demon Region. I still remember that back then, Pascal... " Zen said as he trailed off.

When Nicholas employed Furnace of Dark and Light, Zen didn't really bother about Pascal. He had assumed that he was sucked into the furnace and died.

Rocher frowned and said, "Samuel secretly brought Pascal into his inner world. He could only use Pascal to control the Abyss Demon Region. That is why Samuel kept him alive."

Rumble...

Those heads rushed towards them. It sounded like herds of trampling elephants.

"They are merely earthen heads. They can't possibly hurt us," said Lorena. She had no intention of retreating.

She didn't want to leave her sister alone here. She planned to fight together as a team.

Since she wouldn't budge, Zen, Rocher and Sword Chen would not leave either.

"If the Abyss Demon Region is really under Samuel's control, then it is difficult to defeat him! I'm not going to die! Trust me! Sister, it is best that you leave as soon as possible,"

Rosie worriedly said.

But Lorena would not move. The red light in her hand constantly blinked and the light awl was held tightly in her hand. She was ready to hit those huge heads.

Rosie turned towards Samuel's replica. After receiving the orders from her, the replica pointed the spear horizontally and a space passageway appeared. Soon Lorena, Zen and the others were forcefully taken to the transmission array.

But Lorena had already made up her mind. She gritted her teeth and decided to charge again.

"Samuel can sever the connection between the two forms of True Demon Body. Even if Zen and Rocher are united, their strength won't be enough to bring down Samuel. Think about yourself. If not, consider for Zen. Do you want him to die with you?" Rosie demanded of Lorena.

Lorena was about to rush out, but she stopped in her tracks at her sister's words.

She had every doubt about Samuel's capabilities and talents. But judging from the current situation, she had to reluctantly agree that he controlled the Abyss Demon Region.

In fact, Samuel was yet to show his presence. Despite his absence, he was able to launch such a destructive attack. The situation would be unimaginable once he arrived.

"But..." Lorena was totally dismayed, after she weighed the situation.

She was reluctant to leave her sister alone to deal with Samuel.

"Don't forget that I am a monster now. There is no way I can die. I'll wait for you to come back," said Rosie calmly.

Standing on tiptoe, she flew towards the giant heads, and soon disappeared in their midst.

More heads were rushing towards the entrance.

"We should leave," said Sword Chen urgently.

They had to leave right away. That was the only choice they were left with. If they chose to stay, it would be evident to face death. The thing was, Rosie could come to life again after she died, but not the others.

Lorena clenched her fists, as a sense of helplessness overtook her.

Thinking of her son, she had no choice but to leave. She turned around and stepped into the transmission array.

Before those huge heads came charging at them, a power of space flashed through the transmission array and enveloped everyone, quickly sending them into the space passageway.

The moment they entered the space passageway, the heads managed to crush the transmission array.

In the past few days, the Dongfang Clan, the Mu Clan, the Tang Clan, the Leng Clan, the Fang Clan, and all the other powerful clans that belonged to the alliance, were sitting tight with tension.

The reason for their strain was that Nicholas' universe had been completely destroyed.

The guards guarding the transmission array were also restless.

If those rumors were to be believed, then their good days were coming to an end.

The worst outcome was evident. If the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan joined their forces together, they would be able to turn upside down all the Floating Islands that belonged to the alliance.

The clans' elders had also intimated the guards to pay close attention to the transmission arrays leading to the Abyss Demon Region.

Crack, crack...

A guard of the Tang Clan heard strange crackling sounds. He looked towards the source of the sounds and found that the sounds were coming from the transmission array leading to the Abyss Demon Region. Waves of space fluctuation spread out from the transmission array.

"It's from the Abyss Demon Region. They are coming back! Go and inform the elders! Quick!" the guard shouted loudly, immediately attracting everyone's attention.

However, the space fluctuation within this transmission array only lasted for a while before it shattered into pieces!

The guards and some of the disciples were stunned to see the scene.

The sound was not because someone had returned, but because the transmission array on the other end had been destroyed.

"What happened?"

"Someone has destroyed the transmission array on the other side!"

"So, Holy Emperor won't be coming back?"

This was not just happening to the Tang Clan. All the transmission arrays leading to the Abyss Demon Region on the Floating Islands were destroyed, including the clans outside the alliance of the rich and powerful clans. Even the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan were no exception.

Chapter 2843 Pierson Dongfang

The fact the transmission arrays were damaged was not much of an issue.

After all, the restrictions at the entrances of the forbidden lands were built by the wealthy clans on the Floating Islands. They would be able to rebuild the transmission arrays at any time. However, the destruction of the arrays delivered a bad news...

The Dongfang Clan's transmission array had also been destroyed.

In the moment the array had been damaged, the space passageway had separated as if an azure dragon had sliced through the sky.

At that time inside the passageway, several light spots were moving at incredibly high speed.

With the transmission array being destroyed, the passageway had been altered, and the path of the light spots deviated towards a square on the Floating Island of the Donfang Clan. Nothing was there to stop the projectiles from crashing directly into the center of the square.

The collision caused a massive boom to echo across the island, and shake the ground.

A large crater now consumed more than half the square.

The impact had caused the island to sink by twenty to thirty feet before slowly bouncing back into place.

All the guards had scrambled to get away in time to avoid being squashed.

It took a long moment for the guards to regain their senses and inch their way to the edge of the pit to gaze inside.

Amazingly, four people stood within the center of the crater.

The only person any of them recognized was Rocher.

Rocher had traveled to and from the forbidden lands under his false name Lowell for the past several years.

"Lowell? You're back!" one of the guards called.

"What happened in the forbidden land? How is the Holy Emperor?" someone else asked.

"Hurry up! Go get the elders of our clan!" another guard said, pushing the person next to him into motion.

The guard stumbled and made it a few steps before he realized there was no need to get the elders.

With the force of the impact, the elders had already been alerted and were flying towards the spectacle.

Among them, there were Demi-holy Beings, consummate True Gods, and a single Holy Being.

The Holy Being went by the name Pierson Dongfang. He stayed in the Ray Tree all year round. He had experienced much in life and was enjoying a mass amount of respect from the other clan members. He seldom moved about the island, though, so people rarely saw much of him over the years.

When the news of Nicholas's death had spread, the Dongfang Clan decided to ask Pierson Dongfang to take charge in clan matters again.

As the strongest clan, it was only normal for the Dongfang Clan to have a Holy Being to lead them.

Casting a glance at Lorena and the others, Pierson Dongfang asked, "Who are you? Why did you leave the Abyss Demon Region and trespass into the transmission array of our clan?"

Among the four people, there was a Demi-holy Being, two consummate True Gods, and a woman whose cultivation base Pierson Dongfang couldn't identify.

Despite Nicholas's death, the Dongfang Clan still held rule over this property. Especially now that Pierson Dongfang had emerged from his self-imposed seclusion and taken over as leader He simply had no reason to take these people seriously.

Lorena's face settled into a cold mask.

She could only think of Rosie in this moment.

She knew Rosie had spoken the truth when she'd told her she could not die.

But if the Abyss Demon Region was truly under Samuel's control, what kind of torture would she have to endure? Lorena didn't have the heart to imagine what she might suffer.

She had been in a decent mood from meeting Zen and obtaining the Blood Body, but now her mind had sunken into a pit of despair and anger. She didn't care for the questioning of this Pierson Dongfang character.

When none of them spoke, Pierson Dongfang scowled down at them. Before he could throw a tantrum at the lack of respect, someone else spoke.

"Lowell! You are back!" a middle-aged man beside Pierson Dongfang said in surprise.

"Winthrop, you know one of these...these people?" Pierson Dongfang asked.

Winthrop Dongfang was the eldest of a branch of the Dongfang Clan. He also happened to be Iris's father, Rocher's father-in-law.

Although Winthrop Dongfang had the cultivation base of a Demi-holy Being and was extremely powerful, he usually remained in the Ray Tree all year round and seldom came to the Floating Island just like Pierson Dongfang.

He had been invited this time for the same reason as Pierson Dongfang.

"Father-in-law," Rocher greeted, folding his hands one over the other and bowing his head in respect.

Winthrop Dongfang seemed pleased by the action.

Many of the clan members were strong warriors, so it had proven difficult for Winthrop Dongfang to find such an excellent match for his daughter. He lucked out with finding Rocher.

Over the past years, Lowell had risen rapidly to fame and gained great appreciation from Nicholas. He could be nearly as powerful as Troy already. Because of him, Winthrop Dongfang's influence in the Ray Tree Region had grown, and thanks to that, even other Dongfangs in his branch were much more respected.

Naturally, he was glad to see Lowell come back safely.

"Now that you've returned, tell us, how are the others of the alliance? What about our Holy Beings and other clan members? Where are they?" He then proceeded to list many names.

Listening to him patiently, Rocher waited for him to finish. When his father-in-law was finished, he calmly replied, "All members of the alliance were killed. Holy Nicholas died too. Some Holy Beings were forced back to the universes. The rest unfortunately all died."

"What?" The word was barely whispered. Winthrop Dongfang was astonished. He could barely find the words to express his shock.

Everyone else was dumbfounded by the news.

After the collapse of Nicholas' universe, they had expected the alliance to suffer a great loss.

They hadn't expected it to be so severe, though.

"Speak plainly, brat! How exactly did Holy Nicholas die? Why did he die, and yet you could come back unharmed?" Pierson Dongfang demanded.

Rocher might have joined the Dongfang Clan with a single purpose in mind, but he and Iris had become married and Winthrop Dongfang was very good to him.

For that reason he now found himself in a dilemma, so he just raised his eyebrows and chose to say nothing.

Zen could feel the pressure Rocher was being placed under.

It was not his fault, Zen knew.

Rocher had done enough and had sacrificed too much.

However, the truth would come to light sooner rather than later.

Zen spoke loudly and clearly. "He could come back because of his strength. Nicholas proved to not be strong enough, so he died. You have lived for many years. Do you not understand such a simple thing?"

As a well-known Holy Being, Pierson Dongfang felt properly chastised to be lectured by Zen, a mere consummate True God. He was on the verge of exploding with fury.

Winthrop Dongfang decided to bring the conversation back to the most important subject. "Lowell, how did Holy Nicholas die?"

Hearing the question, Pierson Dongfang reined in his anger and waited for the answer.

"Of course he was killed by Rocher and myself," Zen said with a faint smile.

The expressions of everyone present around the pit morphed into ones of confusion and disbelief.

There was simply no way what Zen said was true. They refused to believe it.

Zen was simply a consummate True God, and yet he dared to talk this nonsense on the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan. Everyone thought either he was an idiot, or he had some trick he relied on to be so arrogant. This made them curious beyond a doubt. What could Zen have that gave him the upper hand?

"Who the hell do you think you are to be so..."

Pierson Dongfang sputtered and finally lost his temper. He reached out one hand to grab Zen.

The moment he'd moved, though, Lorena moved to stand before Zen to protect him. She would not stand by as someone threatened her son in this way.

"You talk too much!"

She raised her hand and a crimson light awl shot from her palm and cut towards the old man with a harrowing shriek.

The sound made everyone's ears throb.

The crimson light awl might be only three inches long, but it was fierce. The aura it contained made the Holy Being feel a slight amount of fear.

Pierson Dongfang hadn't expected that someone from these four would dare to fight him and attempt to kill him.

It was too late for him to dodge the attack, though.

Gritting his teeth, he brought both hands before him and made to snatch the awl.

He grabbed at it six or seven times.

Each grab could only slow down the light awl little by little.

His face became increasingly stormy and the scowl pulled the corners of his lips down.

The power of the crimson light awl didn't seem to be weakening.

It kept coming for him as if it were death itself.

The overwhelming feeling of danger had Pierson Dongfang nearly use all of his internal momentum to summon a golden bell shadow to shield himself.

Dong!

The sound of the light awl hitting the bell reverberated through the ground and up everyone's feet.

The toll was so loud that people on Floating Islands nearby could hear it clearly.

An unmistakable cracking sound could be heard, and fissures began to crawl across the bell.

The bell had only slowed down the light awl for a short moment before the bell disintegrated and became fine powder on the ground.

With a pained grunt, the light awl burrowed through Pierson Dongfang's chest and burst out his back leaving a triangular hole behind.

With a single move, Lorena had nearly mortally wounded Pierson Dongfang.

Chapter 2844 Breaking The Jade Harp Array

The members of the Dongfang Clan were shocked.

Since Nicholas died, they had relied heavily on Pierson, but to their surprise, Pierson couldn't deflect a single blow from his opponent.

A Demi-holy Being from the Dongfang Clan frowned slightly. A small jade harp appeared in his hand.

He raised the jade harp and yelled, "Set an array!"

The jade harp trembled.

The entire Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan also started shaking.

The Dongfang Clan had been the most powerful clan in the divine land for years, so their island was well equipped.

It appeared to be the same as those of other clans, but the interior was woven with the branches of the Ray Tree. The branches were combined with the divine textures and formed a large array within the island.

Someone once said that the large array would never be used because no one dared to stir up trouble on the Dongfang Clan's island.

However, one could never predict what life had in store for you. A month ago, everyone in the divine land followed the Dongfang Clan's lead, and it held high status among all the clans. One month later however, it was in jeopardy.

Buzz!

As the Floating Island vibrated, rings of light spread across every inch of the island.

Almost every disciple of the Dongfang Clan saw the light. Some disciples who were far away from the scene had no idea what was going on, but they knew what the light meant and stepped into it without hesitation.

Plop, plop!

All the consummate and ordinary True Gods stepped into the rings of light and got down on one knee. At the same time, they offered the Faith Energy in their own inner worlds and started murmuring something.

"The Dongfang Clan enjoys everlasting prosperity. We control the sun..."

They were chanting the ancestral doctrine of the Dongfang Clan. As they occupied the Ray Tree, they were the first in the divine land to see the sun every day. Therefore, they claimed that the sun belonged to their clan.

The turbulent Faith Energy quickly passed through the rings of light under their feet and gathered on the jade harp which was in the Demi-holy Being's hand.

At this point, the jade harp erupted with terrifying power!

The shock wave of power spread out, radiating on the Floating Islands below.

Various clans, like the Han Clan, the Leng Clan and the Tang Clan, gathered and started whispering among themselves.

Everyone raised their heads to look up, their faces solemn with concern.

"It is so powerful!"

"It has to be from the Dongfang Clan! But what's going on? Are they facing a strong enemy? Who is so bold as to attack the most powerful clan?"

"Hey, don't forget Nicholas is dead now! If the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan want to wage a war, who in the Dongfang Clan can stop them?"

"But the Dongfang Clan is rich and powerful."

"So what? They are like abandoned puppies now."

The members of other powerful clans were gloating, except those who belonged to the alliance of powerful clans.

"This is the first time we are using the Smoky Sea Array after it was built," said the Demi-holy Being holding the jade harp. "If you surrender, I will remove the array. If you resist, I will show no mercy!"

Winthrop, who was also standing in a ring of light and offering the Faith Energy in his inner world, said, "Lowell, I don't know what happened to you in the Abyss Demon Region, but we don't need to go this far, as long as we clarify certain things."

Rocher finally decided to step forward and ignore his conflicting feelings.

He bowed to Winthrop and said, "I am sorry, Father-in-law. My real name is not Lowell. My name is Rocher Hua, and I am from the Evolutionary Universe."

Naturally, Winthrop was surprised.

As a matter of fact, he had also suspected Rocher's identity all this while.

The Dongfang Clan was quite conservative when it came to marriage. Most of the people married their clansmen, and very few married those from the outside. But Iris was determined to marry Lowell, and Winthrop could do nothing to convince her otherwise.

Who would have thought that Lowell was working for the sworn enemy of the Dongfang Clan?

"Your real name is Rocher? Hh... That guy... He just said that he and you killed our Holy Emperor together. Is that true?" Winthrop couldn't control the quiver in his voice.

Rocher pursed his lips and said seriously, "Yes."

"You bastard! You are talking nonsense. Since you don't regret it, I will turn you to dust!" The Demi-holy Being who held the jade harp finally made his move.

As the jade harp shook gently, the strings emitted multicolored lights, which looked like ripples on a lake. There was a unique charm and a strong killing intent hidden in them.

"Well, since you don't believe me, I will prove it to you!" Zen floated up in the air, sneering coldly. "When I stepped into the Time Sea, I thought that one day I would slaughter your clan's Floating Island! But circumstances change with the passage of time. Some old scores have been evened. I don't want to destroy the island anymore."

As he spoke, a long sword appeared magically in his hand.

Many red lotuses with devastating auras spilled out from the blade of the sword.

When the people from the Dongfang Clan saw the red lotuses, they blinked hard.

"How could he possess such terrifying power?"

"Is he really a consummate True God?"

"Even a Holy Being can't wield such power, right?"

Zen hovered in midair, holding the long sword in his hand. He had no intention of making a move.

"You arrogant jerk! Go to hell!" The Demi-holy Being began to play the strings.

The previously mild music suddenly became hurried, wild and full of killing intent.

The lights emitted from the strings turned into colorful swords and zoomed towards Zen ferociously.

But Zen appeared unfazed. He neither dodged nor defended himself, allowing them to attack him.

Boom, boom, boom!

The attack from the light was no less than a blow by a Holy Being.

The large array of the Dongfang Clan was set up based on the Ray Tree. And it was really effective and powerful.

But their opponent, Zen, was formidable.

Hundreds of light swords hit Zen's body, but he was unharmed.

"What the hell?" Winthrop and the others just stared at Zen floating nonchalantly in midair.

"This method can even kill Holy Beings. But why is it not working on him?"

"He seems completely unaffected by it."

"What a mighty fellow!"

The entire Dongfang Clan was dumbfounded.

Even the Demi-holy Being, who was playing the jade harp, was getting more and more vicious. He started playing the jade harp more and more quickly!

"I don't think you can block them all!" the Demi-holy Being roared.

Zen didn't pay attention to him but lowered his head and said to Rocher, "It's your turn!"

When the light swords attacked Zen, most of the energy was transferred to Rocher's body, leaving only golden halos on Zen's body.

Rocher nodded, pulled out his Soaring Snake Sword and got ready to defend.

When the first chill collected at the sword tip, Rocher turned the Soaring Snake Sword and suddenly jabbed it into the ground.

Countless ice flowers circled Rocher. Gradually, they all poured down along the Soaring Snake Sword and into the ground.

The ice flowers were able to solidify all kinds of energies. When a massive amount of ice flowers fell onto the ground, they instantly condensed and froze the branches of the Ray Tree distributed on the Floating Island.

The branches of the Ray Tree supported the Smoky Sea Array. If all the branches were frozen, the array would collapse just like that.

Before long, the power that had gathered on the jade harp disappeared without a trace.

Chapter 2845 Mixed Feelings

The rings of light that shimmered under the feet of the disciples on the Floating Island disappeared.

There was also a sudden chill coming from underground.

And just like that, the two consummate True Gods had broken the Sea Mist Array.

Several Demi-holy Beings were shocked at this development.

Pierson, who Lorena had seriously hurt, was also stunned.

He met these two formidable young warriors only a few days after he had reappeared in the public. A strange panic gripped his heart. This era seemed to no longer belong to those who were old.

A figure clad in green approached them from a distance.

It was none other than Iris.

She rushed over to them as soon as she heard the noise in the transmission array.

When she was on her way, the Demi-holy Being had activated the array. She had had to stop and contribute her Faith Energy to it.

The moment the array disappeared, she started to make her way to them again.

The first person she saw was Rocher.

"Lowell!"

Uncontrollable joy took hold of Iris's heart.

She had been restless these past days, and now, she finally had her husband back!

"Iris," Rocher uttered.

Iris was about to go straight to Rocher, but Winthrop stopped her. "Iris, do you know who Lowell is?"

Iris looked at her father and then at Rocher. A look of understanding crossed her face.

Rocher's identity must have been exposed.

Iris obviously knew that Rocher was not who he claimed to be.

When Rocher had carried her and run in that abandoned city, she could not help becoming infatuated with him. That was why she had helped him hide his identity so that he could successfully infiltrate the Dongfang Clan.

"I know," Iris replied calmly.

Winthrop looked equal parts shocked and disappointed. But he recovered enough to ask, "Do you know he has harmed our clan?"

Iris glanced at Rocher and nodded. "I... I know that too."

Iris hadn't known what Rocher was about to do, but she knew that he wasn't pretending to be a part of the Dongfang Clan for fun. She knew that he must have something important to deal with.

But Iris had made up her mind that no matter what happened, she would be on Rocher's side.

"You..." Winthrop stared at his daughter unhappily. "Do you know that he has killed Nicholas? If this news were to spread, everyone would only believe that my daughter is the cause for the Holy Emperor's death. It will bring disgrace on our clan!"

Iris was amazed at what Winthrop was saying.

In her eyes, no matter how powerful Rocher was, it was impossible for him to kill Nicholas.

She looked back at Rocher, confused. She hoped that he would deny what Winthrop was saying, but he only looked at her silently, and did not say anything.

So it was true!

Iris was feeling so many mixed emotions in this moment.

She had thought she would always forgive Rocher no matter what he did.

But this time, he had killed the Holy Emperor of the Dongfang Clan. Nicholas was God to the members of the Dongfang Clan and no one had dared disobey him.

Shock ran through Iris, blanking her mind to the point where

her knowledge of the workings of the Dongfang Clan didn't allow her to come to a decision.

Rocher looked at Iris beseechingly. He had foreseen what would happen the moment he had told Nicholas his identity.

Lorena sneered, "This girl looks pretty. How can she shame the Dongfang Clan? I think she has done that to save your Dongfang Clan!"

Winthrop glared at Lorena before saying, "I know I'm not powerful enough, but you can't humiliate me like that."

Lorena shook her head and said, "The hatred between our Luo Clan and the Dongfang Clan is such that the Luo Clan would do everything in their power to kill Nicholas and destroy all the members of the Dongfang Clan."

Winthrop, Pierson, and the others were startled at Lorena's words.

The Luo Clan members were capable of doing that if they made up their minds.

"We won't do that though for the sake of this little girl," Lorena said, blinking and flashing a smile at Iris.

She knew all about Rocher sneaking into the Dongfang Clan, and she also knew that he had done a lot for the Luo Clan, which was why she was now intervening on his behalf.

"So this means that the girl is the savior of the Dongfang Clan. Am I wrong?" Lorena said.

In fact, her words and logic were unreasonable.

But the truth was nothing more than a stepping stone of strength in the divine land.

The Dongfang Clan had lost its imposing aura and had no way of reasoning with Lorena.

They might probably get killed if they put Iris in an awkward situation. Lorena was, in fact, threatening them.

The members of the Dongfang Clan were silent. They knew they could not refute Lorena's words and didn't dare argue.

Lorena winked at Rocher.

Rocher walked up to Iris and took her hand.

Iris hesitated. She looked at her father and then Rocher, before finally deciding to leave with Rocher.

Lorena's eyes then fell on Pierson. "Another thing. I think you have to go with me to the Ray Tree."

"What kind of thing?"

Pierson said coldly. He just wanted to send this group of people away as soon as possible.

"My husband died, and you suppressed him in the Ray Tree. It is time to return him now," Lorena said equally coldly.

Zen's eyes flashed at his mother's words.

It had been a long time since he had entered the divine land, but he hadn't known his father's whereabouts until now. If his father had died, he would have been reincarnated in the Evolutionary Universe.

Pierson's eyes flashed, but he knew he had no strength to resist this woman. It was a while before he finally nodded.

He stood up and led the others to the other side of the square.

Half of the transmission arrays on the square were destroyed, and among the other half, the widest transmission array was the one that led to the Ray Tree.

Led by Pierson, Zen and his companions stepped into the transmission array.

After Zen and the others left, the members of the Dongfang Clan were relieved, thinking that they had gotten rid of them for the time being.

"Will they attack Pierson on the Ray Tree?"

"It's of no use relying on the Ray Tree. Pierson, with his strength, is no match for them."

"I'm afraid our Dongfang Clan will be in trouble this time. That woman said she won't destroy our clan. But the Luo Clan has a grudge against us. I don't think they will let us off."

The disciples of the Dongfang Clan were anxious and upset.

Chapter 2846 Mike

The Ray Tree was located in the easternmost area of the divine land.

The giant tree had twisted roots and gnarled branches, the longest root having penetrated several large regions.

The trunk of the tree extended to the sky, forming a huge cloud-like cover.

Standing above this cloud cover, one could see a vast sea of clouds in any direction. Compared to the Sunrest Tree, which was also known as the Non-combat Zone of the Sword Clan, the Ray Tree looked more charming and magnificent.

The Dongfang Divine City was built on the top of the cloud cover.

A cloud-capped tower stood at the center of the Dongfang Divine City.

A huge transmission array was built on the top of the tower, and was connected to the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan.

The qualifications that were needed to enter the Floating Island were few, but there were many disciples of the Dongfang Clan.

Every year, there would be a number of outstanding talents who wanted to enter the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan by climbing the tower.

To the members of the Dongfang Clan, entering the tower meant success.

Buzz.

The transmission array at the top of the tower began to glow.

And then, Pierson walked out.

Six consummate True Gods guarded two sides of the tower.

They played significant roles in the Dongfang Clan.

The news of Nicholas' death had not spread to the Ray Tree, which was located at quite a distance from the Floating Island. The only shortcut here was the transmission array. So it was easy enough to keep the news a secret from them.

But the principal members of the Dongfang Clan knew about it.

"Master Pierson, what are you doing here?"

the head of the guards asked, concerned. He had noticed the wound on Pierson's body.

Lorena, Zen and the others emerged one after the other.

"Who are they?" the head of the guards asked, surprised.

Pierson shook his head and said to him, "Nick, don't ask too many questions. Just show them the way."

Nick frowned at how weak Pierson looked and refused to lead them inside.

"Master Pierson, who are they? You know outsiders are not allowed to enter the Ray Tree!" Nick said coldly.

The Dongfang Clan had held a dominant position for so many years. How could they allow ordinary people to break into the Ray Tree?

It was hard to tell which cultivation base Lorena belonged to. Zen and Rocher were both consummate True Gods. Sword Chen, a Demi-holy Being, was the strongest among them.

Nick thought they were too weak to run wild on the Ray Tree.

That was why he firmly refused Pierson's request.

The six guards surrounded Zen and his companions with hostility.

Lorena frowned and said to Pierson, "Tell them to behave themselves. Don't force me to kill them."

She had been restraining herself ever since her return to the Floating Island.

And that was because Nicholas had fulfilled his promise by leaving the treasure body to her.

Otherwise, she would have killed all the members of the Dongfang Clan.

But now that she was in a hurry to see her husband, how could she waste time with these guards?

"Nick, don't meddle in this. Just lead us to the Prison Island," Pierson commanded anxiously.

But Nick was stubborn. He could tell there was something wrong with Pierson and looked at him more closely. "Master Pierson, as the guard of the transmission array, I will never allow people with unknown origins to break in. Even if Holy Nicholas were here, I would ask him..."

Nick had barely finished speaking when a ray of crimson light pierced through his head.

Before he could realize what was happening, he fell to the floor and rolled down the golden stairs of the tower with multiple clunks.

Lorena raised her hand. Several spooky-looking lights crackled at her fingertips.

The five remaining guards looked at Lorena, dumbfounded, their mouths wide open.

Pierson closed his eyes, pain etched on his face, and said, "I told you not to ask too many questions."

The people on the Ray Tree knew nothing of what had transpired on the Floating Island, and still thought themselves to be the most powerful. They didn't know that the Dongfang Clan had already declined.

Iris clenched Rocher's hand and bit her lip. Watching a member of her clan die had caused her to pale. She was under great pressure.

"Show me the way. One more word and I won't spare you," Lorena said coldly. She looked murderous.

At this, the guards finally realized that Pierson had brought back some people who were probably unparalleled.

They were quite confused.

Why had these people broken into the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan and forced Pierson to take them to the Ray Tree?

But since they were too weak to fight back, they could do nothing but obey Lorena and lead the way.

The fall of Nick's body from the tower had attracted the attention of many members of the Dongfang Clan. They looked at him sullenly and unfriendly but dared not say anything more.

The Ray Tree was so tall that if one were to jump from the top, it would take a few days for them to fall to the ground.

The Dongfang Clan had established many transmission arrays throughout the Ray Tree.

The guards led Zen and his group into the transmission array that led to the Prison Island, a place where the Dongfang Clan imprisoned important prisoners.

It sat at the bottom of the Ray Tree.

Some prisoners had betrayed the Dongfang Clan, and some had offended them.

A prison cell stood at the center of the Prison Island, which was rather strange.

It was, in fact, a half-dead person that was locked up in the cell.

Every time this half-dead man came close to dying, a large array in the prison would be activated. This array contained the Life Godly Way and would pour a little life force into the body of the half-dead man, making sure that he didn't die.

The people of the Dongfang Clan knew that this prisoner was the Holy Being of the Luo Clan.

Killing a Holy Being was a complicated business. Both of his body and universe had to be destroyed.

The Dongfang Clan could not destroy the Evolutionary Universe now, which was why Mike had been imprisoned here.

They would neither let him come back to life nor let him die, because once he died, he would soon be reborn in the Evolutionary Universe.

The Dongfang Clan was not the first to use this way of imprisoning a Holy Being.

Soon, the group, led by Pierson, arrived at the prison gate.

"Open the gate!" Pierson shouted.

The two guards standing at the gate were only mid-rank True Gods. They dared not disobey Pierson's orders. They hurriedly opened the gate

which creaked as it swung inwards.

The gate had not been opened for many years and a strong, indescribable smell of blood spread through the air.

Zen was the first to step inside, only to see a broken body lying at the center of a large emerald green array.

It was none other than his father, Mike Luo.

Chapter 2847 Reunion

Zen openly stared at the half-dead man for a moment and silently searched for the familiarity he had before, in his heart.

There were really times when Zen himself was totally confused.

Was his father the man in front of him? He tried hard, searching for his memories of him, but everything seemed blurry.

"Phew!"

Before Zen could do anything, Lorena had already taken a big stride towards Mike and wordlessly took him into her arms.

"Buzz..."

A sound reverberated at the moment she embraced Mike. The array around him reacted.

And an abnormally powerful force surged at Mike.

"It's soul suppression," exclaimed Sword Chen as he wrinkled his brows.

It was by no means easy to suppress a Holy Being, especially a powerful one like Mike.

A cold light flashed in Lorena's eyes. She was about to destroy the visible array in prison. There was a hint of impatience in her demeanor.

"No! No, don't do that. If you destroy the array, Mike will die immediately," Pierson hastily cautioned. He stood still at the gate, looking so anxious.

Apparently, it was the array that kept Mike alive all this time.

"What to do then?" Lorena countered back in a cold voice. She refused defeat in not knowing what they should do to bring him back to life.

"I will remove the soul suppression," suggested Pierson.

Then, he decisively sauntered towards the edge of the array. Wordlessly, he stretched out his hand into the array and started manipulating it.

"Buzz..."

With the sudden contact, the array on the ground created a quick flash, and the force suppressing Mike's soul gradually disappeared.

The instant the force swiftly dissipated, Mike's body soon started to shake violently, making them feel more anxious as moments went by.

After a short while, Mike finally woke up. With a blank look in his eyes, he merely stared at Lorena's face for a long time, not uttering a single word as his eyes were getting brighter and brighter. All the people surrounding him couldn't help waiting, with great anticipation mixed with anxiety.

"Lorena... Is it really you? Am I dreaming?"

A soft mumble came from Mike's throat, almost a whisper.

He had been imprisoned over the years, and his vital energy had been notably weak. Even his soul had decayed after being suppressed for such a long time.

"My dear..." Silent tears swiftly rolled down from Lorena's eyes. "No, you are not dreaming. Nicholas has been killed, and his universe has also collapsed."

A bright burst of light flashed in Mike's eyes, and instantly his voice became more powerful. "Really? Nicholas is dead? Who killed him?"

Although Lorena was crying, a gratified smile gently appeared on the corner of her mouth. She looked up at Zen who was beside the door of the prison and prompted, "It is your son, no, our son."

Almost exhausted, Mike tried hard raising his head and gazed at the entrance of the prison.

"Crack..."

He hadn't moved for many years. So the moment he raised his head, his back spine naturally made a series of strange sounds.

"Father..."

Zen called out earnestly. Excitement filled his mind.

At the first sight of Mike, he quite felt he was a stranger to him.

Staring at him, he couldn't link the man in front of him with his father.

In his impression, his father was full of vitality and had broad shoulders, unlike this man before him now.

As he observed Mike intently, the expression in the other's eyes finally reminded him of his father. Though he could vaguely recall it, there was a resemblance.

"Whoosh!"

Zen hurriedly strode over and quickly knelt on one knee in front of his father.

Like him, Mike also gazed at his son with a pleasant smile on his lips. He nodded slightly and said, "After we parted from each other when you were a child, it's not our first meeting."

"Right. I once saw you in the Evolutionary Universe," Zen shared.

Mike took a deep breath and replied, "Good. When Bromley proposed the idea, I had a bit doubt that you would make it, but it turns out that you have done better than I thought."

The plan that Mike, Bromley, and Holy Jay made was more like a desperate attempt than a hope. They really had no choice but to take the risk.

However, Zen's performance far exceeded the expectations of everyone. It was unmatched in comparison to anyone.

Even Harold hadn't thought that Zen would kill Nicholas in the Abyss Demon Region by accident.

Zen firmly held Mike's rough hand and blurted excitedly, "I never forget what you taught me when I was young."

Mike gently shook his head, and sympathetically said, "It's tough for you. I wish I could make you a carefree playboy on the Floating Island, just like those powerful clans. But you were born with countless adversity and tortures in your life. Don't blame me."

"How could I blame you?" Zen uttered in a voice soft with affection after becoming speechless for a moment when he heard how regretful his father was.

From the Eastern Region to here, Zen had indeed suffered a lot. Nonetheless, the trial was some excellent training. He was like a raw jade that finally turned into a sharp sword after all series of hardships he met along the way.

As the family of three gathered inside the prison, they couldn't help but reminisce about the past as they talked in a low voice. They all sighed with deep emotion.

Five minutes later, Mike suddenly urged, "Lorena, kill me."

Lorena was surprised at his unexpected request. "Why?"

"My body has already become decadent and it is hard to repair. Better to be reborn in the universe. In that case, I will be able to recover quickly," he explained reflectively, making an effort to sound reassuring.

In addition to that, there were still memories of his soul in the universe. He was going to find them bit by bit.

Lorena pursed her lips and hesitated. Her eyes danced with slight helplessness.

Although she fully knew that killing him was only for bringing him back to life, she couldn't bear to end his life with her own hands.

She immediately averted her gaze from Mike. She cast a glance at Zen, who, like her, was also hesitant.

"Let me do it, Master," suggested Sword Chen with a casual smile on his face as he hastily stepped forward. "At most, Harold will blame me."

Mike trained his gaze at Sword Chen and then towards Rocher, who was standing not far away. He nodded with a smile.

He was the one who created the two, so he was very familiar with them.

Soon after, without an ounce of hesitation, Sword Chen brandished his sword to slash the light that immediately broke the array in prison.

The broken array could no longer give Mike life energy. So he quickly lost his breath and died.

Lorena snapped back from her daze and carefully put Mike's body in the Sumeru Space. The dead body wasn't Mike any more. The real Mike would be reborn in the Evolutionary Universe, but she wouldn't just leave the dead body here.

After she had done putting away the dead body, she glanced at Pierson and stated coldly, "Zen, let's go!"

Pierson, on the other hand, finally felt relieved when Lorena and her companions started leaving.

He definitely feared that this group of fierce people would destroy the Ray Tree in a fit of anger after witnessing Mike's tragic plight.

At the same time, the bottom of the Abyss Demon Region was continually roaring.

"Rumble..."

Then a lofty palace rose from the ground like a fast-growing tree.

The fiends below were all ashen with fear, having no idea what was going on. They were all startled.

"That woman has left, hasn't she?" someone exclaimed.

"What about the others? Is there anyone still in the ice palace?" interjected by another.

"Who is it? How powerful this person is to build this palace in this way!"

All the fiends looked up and incessantly discussed among themselves.

Chapter 2848 The Ring

Pascal slowly climbed down the stairs in the center of the palace under the silent gaze of the fiends.

His body was shrouded in black mist.

The mist spiraled up and around him and gathered on his back, forming into two huge majestic wings!

The fiends, who were known to be fearless, now looked worried as they witnessed Pascal's power.

He walked down the stairs slowly and gracefully, shot an indifferent glance at the fiends, and ordered flatly, "Kneel before me!"

His short command contained absolute authority that nobody dared to defy.

The fiend race was extremely arrogant. Even though Rosie had been in the Abyss Demon Region for so many years, she never succeeded in making the fiends submit to her.

But now, with a simple order, Pascal had made all the fiends obediently kneel before him.

After the great fiends died, the others of their race scrambled for the position of the new ruler. During the relatively short period of struggle, they devoured many other beasts, which caused their bodies to grow big.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

They all fell on their knees with a thunderous boom.

Even the rebellious little fiends now lay motionless on the ground, in awe of their new master.

Pascal sat down on the broad steps regally.

Just then, another figure walked out from the back of the palace. It was his father, Samuel.

He looked around the palace and appeared satisfied.

Samuel turned back and shot a glance at his son, gesturing him to raise his right hand.

Pascal wore a red ring on the middle finger of his right hand. When Samuel stared at the ring, his eyes turned wild. He couldn't help but reach out to touch the ring.

But the moment he reached for the ring, his finger began melting.

The sharp pain snapped him back to his senses.

He had made the same mistake before as well.

As a Holy Being, he was not allowed to master the Abyss Demon Region. When he had discovered the ring from a cellar, he couldn't resist the temptation of touching the ring, and instantly his finger had started melting in the same way.

Luckily, as a Holy Being, he could heal such small wounds very easily.

He had to release Pascal from his inner world as he was left with no other choice.

He had saved Pascal by putting him in his inner world when Nicholas employed the Furnace of Dark and Light, which now left him the chance to control the Abyss Demon Region.

It was all fate. It meant that he was destined to rule the Abyss Demon Region. This thought pleased him greatly.

"Bring the woman here," ordered Samuel gruffly.

Pascal nodded his head stiffly. Soon the ring on his middle finger emitted a circle of bright red light.

And with that the entire Abyss Demon Region began to shake slightly.

The fiends kneeling on the ground all looked on curiously. In the far distance, it seemed that something was rapidly approaching.

There was a rumbling sound, and plumes of smoke billowed and spread into the air.

Soon, a huge head appeared in front of the fiends.

The head rolled all the way up to the palace, crushing some fiends en route. They were unable to move out of the way and could only watch in horror as the head rolled over them. Fortunately, their bodies were strong enough to bear the pain.

The head rolled to a halt in front of Pascal. Its mouth opened and spat out a person. It was Rosie.

Rosie, who was lying on the ground, appeared bedraggled and looked at Samuel sadly.

The fiends were a little surprised to see Rosie in such an awful state.

The fiend race was the strongest in the Abyss Demon Region. This woman was the only creature that they would not dare to offend. They never thought that even she was unable to escape Samuel's clutches.

Samuel hopped down the stairs and ambled towards Rosie.

He was about to speak when suddenly a fluctuation of space occurred near Rosie.

It was caused by Samuel's clone, who was flying in the air and trying to save Rosie.

Samuel turned his head and glanced at Pascal. The latter was quick to act! He raised his hand and with a flash of light from the ring, the space channel built by the Spear of Supreme Harmony disappeared immediately.

At the same time, Samuel's replica let out a howl of pain as his body contorted horribly, and the duplicate Spear of Supreme Harmony broke in half.

Crack! Crack!

The replica kept getting twisted and soon turned into strands of Faith Energy, which then vanished into thin air.

"You are such a stubborn woman. The entire Abyss Demon Region is under my control now. Even if you manage to escape from me, where will you hide? Are you expecting the black water to protect you? I hope not!" sneered Samuel disdainfully.

Rosie's eyelids trembled slightly. She averted her eyes and remained silent with a stubborn look on her face.

Samuel caught her chin and continued, "I know you can't be killed as a creature in the forbidden land, but I have thousands of ways of torturing you."

Before he could finish, a sharp brown thorn shot out from Rosie's fingertip all of a sudden!

If the thorn were to be stabbed on Samuel's head, it was lethal enough to pierce his soul to pieces!

However, the thorn stopped when it was near his chin.

Even though Rosie had summoned all her force of primitive fear, the thorn wouldn't budge.

Samuel shook his head and smiled indulgently. He said, "You are a good woman. Surrender to me!"

Just then...

Pascal activated the ring once more.

An invisible force befell Rosie's body.

She knelt in front of Samuel, unable to oppose.

However, her eyes flashed in defiance as she glowered at him. She looked furious, dangerous and beautiful all at once.

"Everything in the Abyss Demon Region belongs to me. You're great, especially with your magic of cloning. If you follow me, we can conquer the entire divine land together..." Samuel explained calmly.

"No way!" Rosie spat angrily. She jeered, "Even if you really control the Abyss Demon Region, it doesn't matter to me! Besides, the divine land is not as simple as you think..."

Samuel shook his head wearily and asked, "You are referring to the Other Shore Realm warriors, right?"

Rosie was astonished. "How did you know about that?" she asked.

Samuel pointed at his head and said, "All of Nicholas's memories exist here."

Thanks to Nicholas's memories, he already knew about the Yellow Emperor Guards and the Other Shore Realm warriors outside the divine land. He knew everything that Nicholas knew.

"You think you can just swoop in and take Nicholas's position? Hah! The Yellow Emperor Guards will not let you go easily," said Rosie.

Zen had briefed her about the situation of the entire divine land, so she knew that the Yellow Emperor Guards had been supporting Nicholas behind the scenes.

Samuel bent down and regarded Rosie with a weird smile. He suddenly laughed maniacally for a while before saying, "I didn't expect you to be so naive even after staying in the Abyss Demon Region for such a long time!"

Chapter 2849 Replacement

Rosie stared at Samuel's face, not knowing what he meant.

Just then, Pascal rose slowly and came over to stand next to Samuel.

That was when Rosie began to feel the space around her turning. After a moment, she had arrived at the gate of the Abyss Demon Region with Pascal and Samuel.

The gate was a complete mess, and all the transmission arrays had been destroyed.

The only thing that remained was the barrier set together by the many powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

The barrier was too solid and powerful for ordinary True Gods and even Demi-holy Beings to remove. However...

Pascal raised his hand slightly, and a torrent of power surged out of thin air before it charged toward the barrier.

Bang!

The barrier instantly disintegrated and the gate to the Abyss Demon Region was passable now.

"Let me show you how naive you are!"

Samuel said as he strode toward the gate.

After a cold glance at Rosie, Pascal ordered, "Follow us."

Much as she was eager to leave this place, as a ferocious beast, Rosie couldn't disobey Pascal, so she merely followed him toward the gate.

She was sure that the moment she stepped into the divine land, she would perish and then resurrect in the black waters.

As she was walking to the exit, however, a black light shot out from Pascal's ring.

The moment the light hit her body, it latched onto her and penetrated deep inside.

When she finally set foot in the divine land, she realized that she was still alive.

"What?"

she asked in amazement before stretching out her hands and looking down at her body with joy.

Many years ago, before the powerful clans on the Floating Islands had entered the Abyss Demon Region and set up transmission arrays and the barrier, she had tried going back to the divine land.

She still couldn't forget how, at that time, her body had immediately turned into ashes and disappeared.

Since then, returning to the divine land had been like a dream for her. It had been so close and yet so far.

She had never expected that now, years later, she would be able to return to the divine land, albeit in such a situation.

Even if she had been brought here by Samuel as a hostage, she was so happy that she couldn't hide it. In a fit of joy, she spread her arms and spun around.

Samuel gave her a cold look as he held out the Spear of Supreme Harmony, and an invisible spatial passageway enveloped the three of them. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared.

Even when the power of the Spear of Supreme Harmony had been suppressed in the Abyss Demon Region, Samuel had still been able to use it to activate Grand Teleportation. Now, in the divine land, it had become even more powerful.

With the Spear of Supreme Harmony, they could cross dozens of large regions every time.

This way, they headed all the way north.

Every time Rosie stepped out of the spatial passageway, she took a mental picture of the magnificent landscape she saw.

Even the most desolate desert was a beautiful scenery in her eyes.

The Abyss Demon Region was a huge prison that was filled with the odor of sulfur. She had stayed there for far too long.

"Why north?"

she couldn't help asking after they had moved north several times through Grand Teleportation.

"You'll know when we get there," said Samuel indifferently.

Soon, the three of them finally arrived at the northernmost region—Lofty Tree.

Miles of land around the towering tree were barren because of the rolling deathly energy which surrounded it. Anything that the energy touched would be instantly annihilated.

When the three of them stepped into the range of the deathly energy, a faint black circle of light appeared on their bodies. It was this circle of light that repelled the strong deathly energy and protected them.

"Lofty Tree..."

Rosie knew this place, but she didn't know why Samuel had brought her here.

After walking toward the tree for a while, Samuel employed Grand Teleportation again and brought them to the tree trunk.

Countless spiderwebs were hanging on the tree trunk, and there were four huge scarlet globes dangling inside them.

As soon as Samuel showed up at the trunk, a majestic voice came out of nowhere.

"Who are you? How dare you break in!"

According to Nicholas's memory, Four Yellow Emperor Guards were confined inside the Lofty Tree.

Some of the Holy Beings had already known about this for some time, but none of them had dared to come to this place.

Although the four Yellow Emperor Guards were sealed here, Hamish had already been released.

It was by no means a wise thing to be targeted by an Other Shore Realm warrior.

"I am Samuel Han," Samuel replied in a calm voice.

"What are you doing here?" one of the Yellow Emperor Guards asked.

"Nicholas is dead," Samuel answered.

Hamish was the one who had contacted the Holy Beings, but every once in a while, he would come back to report on the updates. What was more, it was the idea of the Yellow Emperor Guards to form the alliance of the powerful clans and unite the Holy Beings.

"What? Nicholas is dead?" another Yellow Emperor Guard said coldly. "How did he die?"

"I killed him," Samuel answered calmly.

"How dare you! You killed our warrior and even came to provoke us? Do you really think we can do nothing to you?" The faces of all the Yellow Emperor Guards contorted in anger.

"So, the alliance of the rich and powerful clans failed to conquer the Abyss Demon Region?" Another voice was heard. This one belonged to Leyton.

Leyton didn't care about whether Nicholas was alive or dead. All he cared about was who was in charge of the Abyss Demon Region.

When Rosie heard his voice, her brows shot up in shock.

This was a voice that she could never forget.

"It wasn't a total failure. Although the alliance has been completely destroyed, I'm in charge of the Abyss Demon Region now," Samuel replied.

Hearing what Samuel said, the Yellow Emperor Guards all fell silent.

"What are you here for?" Leyton asked slowly.

"I know everything Nicholas knew. That's how I know about your existence. Since I control the Abyss Demon Region now, I want to replace him!" Samuel said.

At the same time, Pascal stepped forward and pointed his ring at the globes. The ring emitted an indescribable power which the Yellow Emperor Guards were immediately attracted to.

Samuel was very confident that he could get what he wanted.

Although these guards had supported Nicholas, that didn't mean that they wouldn't abandon him.

To them, a man like Samuel, who had control over the Abyss Demon Region, would obviously be more useful than Nicholas.

"You are ambitious and powerful. Good." Leyton's faint voice was heard again.

Just then, Rosie sneered, "Yeah, ambitious and powerful. So what? You are doomed to fail. In another three to five years, when our Nine Li Guards break into the divine land, you will all die!"

"Shut up!"

Samuel barked. He hadn't anticipated that Rosie would speak.

Pascal turned to her. His eyes twinkled, and then Rosie could not speak anymore.

Leyton stared at Rosie in confusion for a long time before he realized who she was. "Ah, you were the little girl of the Nine Li race."

To employ the Blood Splitting Technique to kill the whole Nine Li race, one had to use their blood. The purer the blood was, the better.

That year, Leyton had slaughtered the whole Nine Li race with Rosie's blood.

Years had passed since then. If Rosie hadn't spoken up now, he would not have recognized her. However, she had recognized his voice as soon as she heard it.

Chapter 2850 Taking Advantage Of Each Other

It was very apparent that it was not an easy feat to employ and utilize the Blood Splitting Technique.

Back then, Leyton had adopted a forbidden weapon to be able to employ this grand evil magic of slaughter.

While on the other hand, the use of the Blood Splitting Technique had caused his cultivation level to decrease considerably. And due to that, Harper and the others had taken advantage of the rare and golden opportunity to seal the Yellow Emperor Guards.

Samuel, who was seriously afraid of being misunderstood by Leyton, kept silent for a while before he thoughtfully explained, "She is just a creature from the forbidden land..."

"I know it," declared Leyton flatly. He radiated a neutral attitude towards him.

Keenly observing Rosie, who stood next to Samuel, it was not hard for them to know what she had now become. After all, she did not have the life force of living beings, but only a manifestation of fear.

"But what she said is true. The Other Shore Realm warriors located outside the divine land might be very complicated to deal with," Samuel carefully added, silently hoping that he could possibly strike a good deal.

Based on his assessment, he was now clear that the Yellow Emperor Guards in front of him were not powerful enough to combat against the Other Shore Realm warriors outside.

In Nicholas's memories, Hamish had told him that what they only needed was powerful energy, and everything would be handled by them.

And this was why Nicholas had intended to control the Abyss Demon Region at all costs.

While they were conversing, Samuel couldn't help turning suspicious and cautious at the same time. Although he craved to replace Nicholas, he didn't trust the Yellow Emperor Guards as much as Nicholas did. He even openly mentioned the Other Shore Realm warriors on purpose, trying to sound them out.

"Well, you don't have to worry about this. If I use the forbidden weapon, even a five-star Yellow Emperor Guard won't be a match for me. Now that the Abyss Demon Region is under your control, they will be no threat at all if you choose to cooperate with me. Besides, we still have another plan," Leyton revealed calmly.

Samuel merely nodded in reply before he swiftly gazed around as if looking for something. Then he suddenly inquired, "Where is Master Hamish now? I should be able to help you remove the Mixed Element Seal."

"It seems that you know everything about us," countered Leyton. Like Samuel, he was also exercising caution.

"I told you, I have Nicholas's memories, and I know everything he knew," Samuel claimed rather proudly.

"We do need your help to remove the Mixed Element Seal, but I'm afraid not today. Hamish has something important to deal with at the moment. I think it would be best if you should go back to the Floating Island first so that you can take over Nicholas's heritage. Hamish will find you later if the need for your help arises," proposed Leyton, reflectively.

Hearing this, Samuel instinctively bowed to him and the other Yellow Emperor Guards. "You're right. I'll return to the Floating Island first and wait for Master Hamish to come."

With that, he didn't waste another second. He spun around and swiftly left with Rosie and Pascal behind him.

"Leyton, this guy is not a reliable man. He even dared to sound us out," blurted Zavier with much dissatisfaction as he stared at Samuel's retreating figure disdainfully.

After seeing the space fluctuation dissipated right after Samuel had left, Leyton fell silent for a while before he slowly explained, "Whether he's reliable or not, this man is useful for us, since he took the initiative to find us and seek our approval. Besides, the Abyss Demon Region is under his control now. For us, this could be the most all-embracing help."

Samuel's visit today was a mere tentative negotiation between the two parties, but it was totally inevitable that both of them would absolutely agree to cooperate with each other. Leyton understood this very well.

"Call Hamish over. We have to discuss something with him," ordered Leyton with slight urgency.

On the other side of the Lofty Tree, Hamish was found sitting cross-legged on a branch, with a semicircular jade pendant floating in front of him.

This jade pendant was none other than the Yellow Emperor Magatama.

Through it, the Yellow Emperor Guards could easily communicate with each other, even at a distance.

Just as Samuel had worried, Leyton and the rest indeed had no confidence to fight against the Other Shore Realm warriors outside the divine land.

In recent days, Hamish had always utilized the Yellow Emperor Magatama to send messages, hoping to find any other Yellow Emperor Guards.

However, the divine land had floated in the chaos for too long, so its location was now extremely remote. The possible chances of finding the other Yellow Emperor Guards were too small.

But even if there was very little hope, Hamish adamantly refused to give up. He had been activating the Yellow Emperor Magatama all the time, sending some messages to the outside.

At this moment, he abruptly heard Zavier summon him. He carefully put away the Yellow Emperor Magatama and immediately rushed toward the top of the Lofty Tree.

As soon as he got there, he was taken aback by the sudden news that Nicholas was already dead.

On top of that, he was even more shocked when he heard about Samuel's visit and his current control of the Abyss Demon Region.

"How could it be him who managed to control the forbidden land?" Hamish was bewildered and found it complicated to figure out.

"Now that he killed Nicholas, the other Holy Beings of the union won't surely agree to follow him. In that case, right after the Holy Beings are reborn some days later, you should go to the Floating Islands to calm them down," Leyton firmly ordered.

For the Yellow Emperor Guards, the Holy Beings of the union were also part of their force.

Maybe Samuel was not afraid of the Holy Beings, but the Yellow Emperor Guards would be reluctant to see them clashing against each other. It was something they didn't want to see.

"Ok, I will," Hamish solemnly replied with cupped hands.

On the other side, on their way back to the Floating Islands, Rosie couldn't contain it any longer and spoke to Samuel in a cold voice, "Do you really think they would accept you as a new Nicholas? They just want to take advantage of you!"

Holding the Spear of Supreme Harmony firmly in his hand, Samuel replied calmly, "Everyone in this world should take advantage of each other, right? The reason why I didn't kill you or destroy your cultivation is that I still want to take advantage of your power. My ability to control the Abyss Demon Region is the sole reason they want to cooperate with me. On the other hand, I want them to help me become the ruler of the divine land in Nicholas's place. With this, I take advantage of them, as well."

"Nonsense," Rosie countered, frowning.

She instinctively believed that after the Yellow Emperor Guards achieved their aim, it would be Samuel's end. She didn't say it out, anyway.

Samuel softly chuckled but didn't argue any further. He then took the two of them straight to the Floating Island instead.

At the same moment.

Zen, Lorena, and the others had returned to the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island from the Ray Tree.

Since Mike had been set free, Lorena was in a rather good mood. Her heart was in bliss at the mere thought of it.

She fully understood that it wouldn't be long before Mike returned with a new body. They only needed to wait patiently.

At this time, it suddenly occurred to Lorena that she hadn't visited the fairy palace yet.

And as a mother-in-law, she had never seen her daughters-in-law and grandson.

Maybe it was because she was in a good mood after she returned to the Floating Island, Lorena warned Pierson, who had accompanied them all the way with such respect. She thoughtfully said, "If I were you, I would have all the disciples of the clan removed from the Floating Island."

"But why?" Pierson inquired curiously.

Lorena followed the rest into the transmission array leading to the Swirl Forest. She calmly added, "Samuel is still alive. If I'm not wrong, his son has controlled the Abyss Demon Region."

"Really? But does it have anything to do with our clan?" The confusion was clearly evident in Pierson's eyes as he thought to himself, 'As far as I know, Samuel is also a member of the alliance.'

Fluctuations of space began to spread from the transmission array leading to the Swirl Forest, which were about to shroud them. At this time, Zen turned back and added, "Samuel has another name, and that's Gregorio Yue."

As soon as he finished speaking, the transmission array had been activated fully and enveloped Zen and the rest, who then completely disappeared from the spot, leaving no trace behind.

Pierson was briefly stunned for a moment. As he mumbled the name to himself, he suddenly seemed to recall something, and his face darkened immediately.

Inside the transmission channel, Iris still wondered what Gregorio stood for, so she gently asked Rocher in a low voice. After Rocher quietly explained for her, Iris's face turned ghastly pale.

If what Rocher said was true, she knew there was no way that her clan could be spared this time.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2851 Go Back Home

Seeing the expression on Iris' face, Rocher couldn't help holding her hand tightly.

After Nicholas had been defeated, the Dongfang Clan was bound to be in great trouble.

Rocher was able to clear his mind.

As far as he was aware, the Luo Clan had a deep grudge against the alliance of powerful clans.

Perhaps, Zen didn't bring about any turmoil on the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island for his mother's sake.

It was inappropriate for Zen to deal with these matters by himself. After Mike came out of the Evolutionary Universe, he might take action.

As a matter of fact, those who were able to become the Holy Beings had always been ambitious, powerful and decisive. That meant that Mike, who was one of them, might not be soft-hearted.

Now, Samuel might do such things even before he came back.

Soon, after they left the space channel, the main door of the Swirl Forest finally welcomed their arrival.

Being a regular visitor of the Swirl Forest, Zen had never entered from the front gate. Making a detour and passing through the Dongfang Clan's transmission array this time, they were able to get to the Swirl Forest.

After the Swirl Forest was controlled by Augustus, the other wealthy clans rarely explored it. Thick weeds and vines ran from one direction to the other, covering its gate now.

In the fairy palace, Augustus was able to see their arrival. A confused expression suddenly took over him.

"What's wrong now?" Hallet asked him flatly.

"Zen didn't use the token. He just came back from a Floating Island through a transmission array. He returns with a group of people this time," Augustus uttered curiously, not meeting Hallet's eyes.

"What?" Surprised, Hallet's eyes flashed.

Even though they had been worried about Zen's safety these past few days, nobody said anything about it.

Finally hearing about Zen's return, Hallet naturally got excited and asked, "Do you know who are with him?"

"I've never even seen those people," Augustus answered, curling his lip. "Wait, one of them looks familiar. It's the guy who fled to the Abyss Demon Region from the Luo Clan back then."

"Send Harold, Joy and the others here. And bring these people to the fairy palace," Hallet ordered.

Grinning, Augustus stretched out his finger to gently point at the Swirl Forest's entrance.

It created an invisible wave which then turned into a straight line and spread forward rapidly.

All the plants that grew on that straight line, including the towering trees and the weeds, then tilted to both sides, making room for a path which extended to where Zen and the rest were standing.

Rocher and Sword Chen still looked hesitant seeing the plants being cleared for them. On the other hand, Zen couldn't help laughing. "Looks like Gus is welcoming us. He even makes a path for us."

Having an open and convenient path, they were able to fly through it quickly.

Soon, they reached the gate of the fairy palace.

At the same time, Joy, Harold and the others were also waiting at the gate of the fairy palace. Margaret and Letitia were also excited to see who the visitors were.

Learning from Augustus that Zen also brought a woman back, Joy got a bit surprised, wondering who the woman would be. Augustus even exaggerated the woman's beauty, saying that she was extremely gorgeous and one of the most beautiful women in the divine land.

Letitia's and Margaret's faces lit up with hope earlier as Zen had returned, but now they began to get morose after hearing what Augustus said.

Seeing Zen and the others arrive, Joy immediately became nervous.

"What did I tell you? Wow, Zen is really amazing!" Augustus commented.

Most of the women seemed a bit stunned as they observed the newcomers, but their gazes all fell on Lorena eventually. Entertaining all kinds of thoughts, they started to guess Lorena's identity.

Since everyone was so busy, Harold got the chance to greet Lorena first. "She's my master's wife!" he exclaimed, bowing his head heavily towards Lorena.

"Um?" In the beginning, Augustus was hoping to make fun of Zen, but after he heard Harold, his face was filled with astonishment.

Confused, Letitia, Margaret and the others exchanged glances among each other. Who would have known that the woman they thought as Zen's lover was apparently his mother, their mother-in-law.

Walking towards Harold, Lorena helped him up as she gave him a complicated look. "Thank you."

Harold smiled shyly. "No worries. As long as I can help Master and you live safely, I'm willing to try my best."

Turning around, Harold said something through his life vitality.

Shortly after, another figure rushed out of the room. It was none other than Yan.

Gazing at her brother blankly for a moment, she then threw herself into Lorena.

Everyone in the fairy palace was wondering why Zen could bring back Lorena this time, but none of them was brave enough to drop the question.

Having mixed emotions, Lorena held Yan in her arms.

To date, this was the second time that she had met her daughter. She had happened to encounter both her son and daughter in the debate venue, but now they formally met each other for the first time.

Harold heavily patted on the shoulder of Sword Chen while he watched Lorena and her daughter from afar.

"Harold!" The voice sounded with much excitement from Sword Chen who finally saw Harold again.

As Mike's disciple, Sword Chen had stayed on the Floating Island of the Luo Clan for a very short time. And after he left for the Abyss Demon Region, no one had heard any news about him.

Harold once thought that Sword Chen died already. After all, even a Holy Being couldn't ensure their survival in the Abyss Demon Region.

"I haven't expected that you would be able to return from the Abyss Demon Region one day." Harold sighed.

"I owe it all to Zen," answered Sword Chen, pointing at Zen.

Surprised, Harold commented, "It seems that when Zen was out this time, he entered the Abyss Demon Region because of the Stone Mouse, right?"

Harold couldn't help worrying about Zen during that period.

However, no matter how he guessed, he wouldn't have thought that the Stone Mouse would lead Zen into the Abyss Demon Region. That was not even a coincidence but purely bad luck. He couldn't understand how Zen had been through all these terrible situations and managed to turn the tables in the end.

"Yes!" Sword Chen nodded.

He appeared to be excited to tell Harold what had happened during this period of time. However, before he could say anything, Harold gestured for him to "keep quiet". "Why don't we talk about how you survived in the Abyss Demon Region during those years? How did you cultivate yourself to be a Demi-holy Being?"

Right now, Sword Chen's cultivation base was higher than that of Harold.

Harold was confused about this point.

On the other hand, Zen came back with Lorena, making Margaret, Letitia and the other women feel bashful and embarrassed. Unsure on how to deal with the situation, they tried to behave themselves.

Still holding Yan in her arms, Lorena keenly perceived the emotions of everyone in the place. "Zen, are you ready to introduce your wives to me?" she asked, turning to Zen with a playful smile. She blinked at him to make him feel at ease.

Smiling, Zen nodded and suggested, "Let's go inside first."

They all went together inside the fairy palace.

While they made their way inside the palace, Joy and Lorena exchanged glances but no one spoke a word.

Everyone else were too busy to even notice it, except for Harold who forced a bitter smile as he went along.

Chapter 2852 Retrieve Memories

Harold was aware of the dynamics of Lorena and Joy's relationship.

Lorena was an arrogant person. She had quarreled with his master because of Joy. At one point, they couldn't tolerate each other!

Now that many years had passed, and everyone had gone through so much hardship, he assumed that they would have put aside all their past disputes.

Besides, Lorena was already a mother-in-law, so she wouldn't quarrel due to jealousy in front of her son.

After Lorena entered the hall, Letitia walked up to her with a cup of tea in her hand. She said with a slight blush, "Mother, please have some tea..."

Although these women had seen a lot, they felt strange to face their mother-in-law who suddenly popped up.

Lorena examined Letitia with a smile on her face and praised her good looks.

Zen then introduced Letitia, Margaret, Lavender and Aura to her one by one...

Every race had different customs. Lavender might not be aware of the concept of a mother-in-law, so Zen tried his best to explain to her.

Lorena was very happy to see Zen's wives and she chatted amicably with them.

Seeing that the women kept chatting nonstop, Harold and Hallet became increasingly anxious.

They were mostly concerned about how Zen had come back and how he managed to bring Lorena and Sword Chen back...

When there was a brief pause in the conversation, Harold took advantage and interrupted them. "Zen, what exactly happened in the Abyss Demon Region?" he inquired.

Harold unwittingly rescued Zen from his mother's non-stop questions. Otherwise, his mother would interrogate him more. He said immediately, "Well, let me start with the Stone Mouse. When I just arrived at Evil Ghost Region..."

Zen recounted everything including how he met Leland in the Evil Ghost Region and what happened on the Reincarnation Land later and how he encountered Sword Chen.

Rocher and Iris were seated on the other side of the hall. Rocher occasionally interjected the conversation, describing what he saw on the side of the alliance of the powerful clans.

When they heard that Zen had been dragged into the ice coffin and that he and Rocher had to face Nicholas, everyone was astounded!

Nobody really thought that there was so much hatred between Samuel and Nicholas, and, more surprisingly, that there was another Nine Li member in the Abyss Demon Region.

"Are you saying that Nicholas... was killed by you two?" Harold asked in disbelief.

Both Zen and Rocher nodded solemnly.

However, it was more accurate to say that his death was caused by the fact that his array was broken by them.

"Unbelievable! I don't think even our master expected that." Harold stood up abruptly. He continued with excitement etched on his face, "Since Nicholas is dead now, and other Holy Beings are still being revived, we can force the Dongfang Clan..."

His plan was to force the Dongfang Clan to release Mike's body!

Lorena said with a faint smile, "My husband has returned to the Evolutionary Universe. I think he will be revived shortly."

Hearing this, Harold said with a bitter smile, "All this should have been done by me, as I'm Master's eldest disciple. Now you have done everything and it makes me feel worthless..."

Hallet had been listening silently but now he suddenly spoke up, "Since Nicholas is dead, what we need to do next is to face the Yellow Emperor Guard..."

To his surprise, Zen shook his head and said, "I'm afraid the situation is not that simple. Although Nicholas is dead, Samuel seized the opportunities and took control of the Abyss Demon Region at last. He is no less ambitious than Nicholas."

Hearing this, Harold's and Hallet's expressions changed. However, Augustus chuckled and said, "That's not a problem. Since you have the ability to kill Nicholas, I think this Holy Being of the Han Clan won't pose too much of a threat ..."

Hallet looked at Augustus differently. They were concerned about the possible situations that might occur. After all, controlling the Abyss Demon Region meant that Samuel would be able to remove the Mixed Element Seals soon.

When Zen finished narrating his story, he suddenly remembered something important.

He put his hands to his cinnabar field and began to communicate with his inner world...

Buzz!

As Zen pointed with his finger, Laquisha and Aleyna appeared in front of everyone with a flash of light.

Joy was saddened when she saw them.

She walked up to the two girls and, sensing their auras, she asked, "Did they lose their souls?"

A dead body without a soul was just a zombie!

As an old friend of the two girls, her heart ached when she realized this.

Lorena also shot Zen a strange look.

Having been trapped in a world for a long time, she had never seen the two girls of the Han Clan.

"Samuel intended to use them to control the Abyss Demon Region. He used the Memory Flames to help them improve their cultivation, and, at the same time, he had taken away their own Memory Flames. They didn't lose their souls, but their memories have been completely erased," explained Zen.

"Samuel..." She repeated the name. Due to Zen's words, she already knew his real identity as well as the reason why his temper changed greatly. "Even if he has a deep, bitter hatred for Nicholas, he doesn't have to use this method for revenge. After all, they are his children. He is a beast without any human feelings whatsoever!"

Joy, who was a member of the Han Clan, felt sorry for what happened to the two girls. Samuel's ghastly actions sent a chill down her spine.

"It doesn't matter. Samuel has erased their memories, but my mother will be able to retrieve their memories. Mother, please use the Reincarnation Soul Weapon to help them," Zen requested.

She nodded willingly. Although she hadn't completely refined the Reincarnation Soul Weapon, she could still use its basic functions.

Standing up, Lorena closed her eyes and focused her mind. She connected to the sea of Memory Flames in the Reincarnation Land and soon found the girls' Memory Flames using the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

She gently brushed her fingers over the spot between Laquisha's and Aleyna's eyebrows turn by turn.

The Memory Flames shot back into Laquisha's and Aleyna's souls.

After a short while, the girls' eyelids fluttered and they opened their eyes slowly.

The moment Laquisha opened her eyes, she held her head and screamed, "Dad, what are you doing?"

It was moments later that Laquisha finally put her hands down and stared at the scene before her eyes.

Laquisha's memory had paused at the moment when Samuel replaced her Memory Flame. That was why she had such a terrified reaction.

Now that her Memory Flame was restored and her memory had reconnected to her soul, it continued where it left off.

Laquisha felt disoriented. She suddenly found herself in a strange place and she was surrounded by a bunch of strangers. No, there was one person she could recognize and that was Zen!

Despite the great confusion in her mind, she didn't immediately ask Zen for answers. Instead, she threw herself into his arms and began to sob softly.

As for Aleyna, she was completely at a loss because she didn't realize it when Samuel took away her Memory Flame. She strolled over to Joy and asked, "Aunt Joy, what happened? Where are we now?"

Chapter 2853 Plunder

Joy's heart ached. She took Aleyna into her arms to comfort her. It was unfortunate that Aleyna and her sister had such a father.

"Zen, Zen, my father..." Laquisha said, sniffling in Zen's arms.

"Don't worry. I know. I know everything," Zen interrupted in a soothing voice.

He had read Laquisha's memories, so he already knew what she was thinking.

Seeing this, Letitia, Margaret, and the others exchanged a meaningful look with one another.

Although Laquisha had guessed that her father had attacked her, she didn't know what had happened exactly.

Zen quickly gave Laquisha and Aleyna a full account of what had happened. After finally learning the ins and outs of the matter, the two women burst into tears again, heartbroken over how their father had treated them.

The mark that had been left on them had already been erased by Zen in the black water.

Samuel had no idea that his two daughters had returned to their normal state.

At this moment, he and Rosie arrived at the edge of the Time Sea.

Watching the waves formed by colorful time fragments, Rosie couldn't help but let out an appreciative sigh.

In the beginning, the Time Sea hadn't been so vast.

She used to live by the sea back then.

The ordinary True Gods who wanted to cross the boundless Time Sea had to rely on the ferrymen of the Sun Blind race.

Even the top-rank and consummate True Gods couldn't fly or use Grand Teleportation; however, Holy Beings could.

"Let's go!" Samuel said gruffly.

Whoosh!

Samuel, Pascal, and Rosie suddenly vanished into thin air.

The next moment, they found themselves in the Floating Island of the Han Clan.

The vast majority of the disciples of the Han Clan had no knowledge of Samuel's rebellious actions.

In recent days, the people of the Han Clan had been panicked and worried about the safety of their Holy Emperor, just like the disciples of the other powerful clans.

The moment Samuel appeared on the Floating Island, he let his aura spread out through the land to alert the disciples of the Han Clan.

Alfredo, who was practicing in a quiet room, immediately sensed Samuel's aura and rushed out of the room, his eyes lighting up in joy.

"All the disciples of the Han Clan, come here to see me!" Samuel's low voice was transmitted to each of the disciples.

In no time, all of them gathered in the center of the Floating Island.

The elders of the Han Clan, like Alfredo, came as well.

When they noticed the woman who was standing beside Samuel, their eyes flashed with surprise. It was obvious from her aura that she was a fierce being from the Abyss Demon Region. They wondered how their Holy Emperor had brought her out.

"Congratulations, Holy Emperor. You're finally back," greeted Alfredo with cupped hands.

He hadn't gone along with the alliance of the powerful clans to explore the Abyss Demon Region. When he had learned that Nicholas was dead, he had been overwhelmed with worry.

After all, Joy was gone, and he, being a mere consummate True God, simply couldn't take charge of the overall situation. Compared to the other powerful clans, the Han Clan was too weak. So naturally, he was happy to see their leader again.

Samuel smiled and said, "How is everything going in our clan?"

"Everything is fine," Alfredo replied with a smile.

"Good." Samuel glanced at the disciples and said, "All those on and above top-rank True God Realm, leave the Floating Island with me!"

A look of puzzlement appeared on the faces of all the disciples.

'Leave the Floating Island?'

'To where? We don't need to leave the Floating Island if the Holy Emperor wants to go to a forbidden land.'

'The transmission array of the Abyss Demon Region has been destroyed. Do we have to go to the Abyss Demon Region with the Holy Emperor?'

The disciples kept speculating in their minds.

Even Alfredo was confused.

After letting his words sink in, Samuel continued, "Come with me to plunder the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan!"

Hearing this, all the disciples were shocked.

Was Samuel out of mind?

He wanted to plunder the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan? What was he doing? Was he planning to fight against the alliance of the powerful clans? The Holy Emperor of the Dongfang Clan had died, but the other Holy Beings of the alliance might still be alive, so naturally, everyone was confused.

Alfredo was also stunned. He looked at Samuel with a serious look and asked, "Holy Emperor, what happened?"

"Nicholas is dead. We have control of the Abyss Demon Region," Samuel said lightly, as if it was no big deal.

As if on cue, Pascal raised his hand.

Streaks of black light spread out of the ring in his hand and slowly came together, forming two enormous wings.

Then, a terrifying amount of power poured out of them.

The light was so huge and bright that it was visible from the other Floating Islands as well. The people on the other Floating Islands all looked at the Floating Island of the Han Clan with horror on their faces.

In a pavilion of the Sword Clan, Gibson, one of the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan, abruptly opened his eyes. Then, with a flash, he leaped high up into the sky and looked over at what was happening.

Some of the elders of the Sword Clan also joined him in the air to watch the Floating Island of the Han Clan. They were all shocked by the terrifying amount of power.

"It's from the Han Clan," one of the elders said.

"What the hell could possess such terrifying power?" another one remarked.

Gibson shook his head with a serious expression and said, "Maybe it has something to do with the Abyss Demon Region."

Just like the people of the Sword Clan, the Holy Beings and Demi-holy Beings on the other Floating Islands were also afraid of the power that had been unleashed on the Floating Island of the Han Clan.

"From now on, the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, and even the entire Time Sea and the divine land all belong to our clan! Except for me, no one else in the divine land can dare to be a Holy Being!" Samuel declared excitedly.

As the power of the ring in Pascal's hand intensified, the disciples of the Han Clan watched in a mixture of shock and awe.

"Our clan dominates the divine land now?"

"We have surpassed the Dongfang Clan?"

"More than that. Although the Dongfang Clan was the leader of the alliance of powerful clans in the past, it didn't dominate the Time Sea or the divine land."

His words immediately had an effect on the disciples of the Han Clan;

they were now itching to go over to the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, which was the richest and most prosperous place in the Time Sea.

If Samuel was personally leading them to plunder it, it would be a great opportunity to make a fortune!

"Disciples of the Han Clan, follow me!"

Samuel said as he pointed at the sky with his finger and produced a space channel that led directly to the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan.

Then, he disappeared with Pascal and Rosie.

As for the disciples of the Han Clan, they were all overcome with greed and rushed into the space channel one after another. Although Samuel had only called for those on and above top-rank True God Realm to accompany him, none of them wanted to give up such a good opportunity.

Even the low-rank True Gods and proving godly warriors rushed in.

However, when they arrived at the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, they stopped, not daring to go any closer.

Sitting right in front of them was a Holy Being Pierson.

In addition to Pierson, there were two Demi-holy Beings, several consummate True Gods, and hundreds of top-rank True Gods.

All of them were dressed in black and had a look of determination on their faces. They reckoned themselves to be the daredevils of the Dongfang Clan.

Chapter 2854 Appease Samuel's Anger

Samuel was slightly shocked by the scene that greeted him when he appeared on the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island.

He immediately released his spiritual sense and found that the whole Floating Island was empty.

The majority of the Dongfang Clan's members were gone; only a few hundred people in front of him were left.

His face immediately darkened.

Only moments ago, he had incited the disciples of the Han Clan to plunder and destroy the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island.

He had never anticipated that the Dongfang Clan's members would leave without any trace as if they had foreseen his plot. His first fear was that a large amount of wealth of the Dongfang Clan would also have been taken away.

Before he could react, Pierson spoke, "Most of the disciples of our Dongfang Clan have gone back to the Ray Tree. Only 573 of us have remained behind. All the magic weapons, divine might coins, pills, arrays, and classics of the Dongfang Clan have been left behind as well. All our wealth and even the lives of 573 people here will be handed over to you. We only hope that you can let our Dongfang Clan off this time."

The headquarters of the Dongfang Clan was in the Ray Tree.

As long as the Ray Tree existed, the Dongfang Clan could be called a powerful clan even if its Floating Island was destroyed.

After all, the Dongfang Clan had some unknown and powerful warriors apart from Pierson.

While Pierson spoke, the rest of the warriors of the Dongfang Clan, including Winthrop, stared ahead with a calm expression on their faces.

They had become death warriors not to fight against Samuel, but to appease his anger with their lives.

Samuel looked at Pierson in surprise and sneered, "Do you think I will let off the Dongfang Clan just because a few hundred of you willingly hand over your lives? In the past, everyone on the Yue Clan's Floating Island was also slaughtered cruelly. Killing just a few hundred of you will not be enough for me to take revenge!"

When the Dongfang Clan's members heard this, their faces suddenly turned pale.

Pierson's eyes were filled with pain. Gritting his teeth, he suddenly knelt down in front of Samuel and hit his head against the cyan bricks so hard that he immediately smashed them. "Please forgive our Dongfang Clan's crimes!"

Pierson was a well-known and respected Holy Being in the divine land, but now, he was conceding to Samuel and throwing away all his dignity and self-respect in order to save the future of the Dongfang Clan.

The other disciples of the Dongfang Clan had bulging veins on their faces when they watched Pierson do that.

Until a month ago, the Dongfang Clan had been a noble and powerful clan. But now, Pierson, a Holy Being of their clan who had been living in seclusion, was kneeling down before Samuel! It was humiliating for their whole clan, but there was nothing they could do about it.

The hundreds of warriors who had remained behind were not afraid of death. For them, the continuity of the Dongfang Clan was far more important and worth sacrificing themselves for.

Bang, bang, bang...

One by one, the disciples of the Dongfang Clan lowered their heads, knelt down, and knocked their heads against the cyan bricks, which immediately cracked under the pressure.

However, Samuel continued to look indifferent as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening in front of him.

Rosie, however, couldn't stand to watch the scene any longer, so she said coldly, "Now that the Dongfang Clan has given up their Floating Island and offered these warriors as a sacrifice, can't you forgive them?"

Samuel glanced at Rosie and said with a sneer, "If the Yellow Emperor Guards kneel down in front of your Nine Li race, will you forgive them?"

The Nine Li race had deep enmity with the Yellow Emperor Guards, and they couldn't tolerate the fact that their race had been exterminated.

Rosie was stunned into silence for a few moments. Finally, she bit her lips and said, "That is a different situation..."

"Different? Ha-ha..." Samuel erupted into wild laughter. Then, he continued, "In my previous life, the Stone Mouse and I were as close as brothers. My wife and I loved each other very much. My son was a young talent, a promising man with unlimited prospects. Our Yue Clan had three thousand masters, and one hundred thousand disciples... And all of us were killed by Nicholas! How can such a hatred be wiped off by killing just a few hundred warriors? How can they expect a Floating Island to be enough to appease me? How can they ever think that I will forgive them? It is so silly to do that!"

Even the disciples of the Han Clan were stunned to hear these words.

During recent decades, it had often been said that Samuel's temperament had changed a lot, almost as if he had become another person. However, no one had known the reason for this, not even Alfredo.

But now, after hearing Samuel mention his previous life, they found that things were finally starting to make sense...

"His previous life, the Yue Clan? So our Holy Emperor is... Gregorio's reincarnation?"

At first, Alfredo found Samuel's words inconceivable, but then he recalled reading about Gregorio and the Stone Mouse in a book.

Although the Yue Clan had been destroyed, there were records of them in the classics. Soon, Alfredo understood what was happening.

In fact, after Zen and Master Evil had released the Stone Mouse, the mouse had awakened Samuel's memory of his previous life. The real Samuel was actually already "dead"; in his place was Gregorio.

Samuel's body was now just a vessel for Gregorio.

Pascal, Laquisha, and Aleyna actually didn't mean anything to him anymore. He just saw them as chess pieces to take revenge.

He wouldn't feel bad even if the whole Han Clan was destroyed.

Rosie, too, was rendered speechless by his speech.

Bang, bang, bang...

The Dongfang Clan's members remained kneeling down and kept hitting their heads against the ground.

All the while, more and more disciples of the Han Clan passed through the space channel and came to the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island.

So far, the only reason all the disciples of the Han Clan who had gathered here were waiting patiently was because they were afraid of Pierson and the others.

However, as more and more disciples appeared, they began to get impatient.

Suddenly, someone in the crowd shouted, "You old bastard, if you want to die, then just die as soon as possible.

After you die, you will not know whether the Dongfang Clan is destroyed or not."

"Yes, you don't have to worry about what happens after you die anyway!" another person in the crowd added.

The disciples of the Han Clan didn't care about the Dongfang Clan's fate at all.

They had enthusiastically followed Samuel here so that they could plunder this Floating Island. After all, Nicholas was dead, so they had no scruples. Besides, many of them thought that the Dongfang Clan should be exterminated.

Although a portion of the disciples from the Han Clan sympathized with the Dongfang Clan, they were unwilling to stand up for them. Even if they wanted to, they had no qualifications to do that.

Hearing the words of the disciples, Samuel said to Pierson, "If you ask for death, I will agree. But I will never let off the Dongfang Clan! Ha-ha!"

The Abyss Demon Region was already under his control, and now, he felt like the entire divine land was, too. When he would destroy the Ray Tree would depend on his mood.

As soon as he finished speaking, Pascal flew toward the Dongfang Clan's members with the pair of black wings spreading out behind him.

The wings exuded a terrifying momentum. As Pascal flew over the death warriors of the Dongfang Clan, all the flesh and blood in their bodies instantly collapsed and turned into powder.

Even Pierson and Winthrop were killed in that way.

Even at the last second, Pierson hadn't made any attempt to resist. He had just continued to kneel down on the ground.

Chapter 2855 Ignore

Killing a Holy Being was a very complicated process.

It was a different story, however, when Pierson was determined to die to protect the Ray Tree.

A few seconds after he died, dull thunder resounded from the sky.

It was the sound of a universe that was collapsing unto itself.

It was Pierson who destroyed his universe by himself.

Samuel looked up at the sky, as the dull thud of the collapsing universe sounded in his ears. He murmured with a mocking smirk, "This is the end of an ant. Even at the cost of his own life, he still couldn't get what he wanted."

Rosie glanced at him but opted to remain quiet.

After Pascal killed hundreds of people from the Dongfang Clan, the disciples of the Han Clan couldn't hold back any longer and rushed forward.

The Dongfang Clan had been in the leading position for many years. They were quite wealthy and had many rare treasures in their possession.

The disciples of the Han Clan didn't care about the animosity between Samuel and the Dongfang Clan. They rushed to the herbal garden as soon as they had the opportunity. They raided and snatched the pill formulas and the weapons of the Dongfang Clan like hungry locusts.

Rumble...

They were running everywhere and left a mess anywhere they went. Someone smashed open a hall in his impatience, and hundreds of people immediately rushed in.

Shouts and screams could be heard continuously. They plundered the place and even started to fight with each other.

The elegant buildings of the Dongfang Clan were soon destroyed. The whole Floating Island was ruined as well.

The truth was that Samuel could have taken over the whole Floating Island, but he wanted to vent his anger over the years, so he brought his people here.

This was why, when Samuel saw the ruins left by their plunder, he was filled with great satisfaction. With a pleased smile, he left with Rosie and Pascal.

Soon after, he appeared in the Hall of Holy Beings amidst the clouds.

"Holy Beings! Show yourselves!" Samuel's commanding voice echoed in the Hall of Holy Beings.

This was a place where Holy Beings gathered and communicated with each other.

As Samuel spoke, his voice reached the ears of the Holy Beings. They had been watching the drama unfold on their Floating Islands.

The Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans were all reborn in their universes, and the living ones were those who were unwilling to join the alliance.

They frowned at Samuel. They were torn between happiness and anger as they saw what he did.

In the past, they suffered a lot under the hands of the Dongfang Clan. Now, as they watched the Dongfang Clan be plundered, they were secretly overjoyed.

However, they were not very pleased by Samuel at that moment. How could he summon other Holy Beings in such an arrogant and disrespectful way? Did he take the Holy Beings as his subordinates?

The Hall of Holy Beings was different from the alliance of the powerful clans. Even Nicholas dared not order other Holy Beings when he was alive.

"Samuel, the Hall of Holy Beings is only for us to communicate with each other. How could you order us like that?"

"Samuel, what do you want to talk about today?"

"…"

The voices of some of the Holy Beings could be heard from the Hall of Holy Beings, but none of them showed up.

Samuel sneered, "Today, I'm going to rebuild the alliance of the powerful clans. I won't blame you if you don't want to show up, but you may have to move out of the Floating Islands!"

The Holy Beings frowned deeper when they heard his answer. Even Nicholas wouldn't dare to talk so arrogantly.

His attitude irked them, but some of them were afraid of his strength.

When the alliance of the powerful clans entered the Abyss Demon Region, no news could be obtained. Samuel returned unharmed, but Nicholas died. As soon as he came back, he took his people and plundered the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan. Some of the Holy Beings could not help but wonder how he easily overpowered the Dongfang Clan.

"What if we refuse?"

A dignified voice rang out. It was Woodruff from the War God Hall of the Moon Clan.

The Moon Clan and the Sword Clan were both as rich and powerful as the Dongfang Clan. Nicholas died, but the Holy Beings of the two clans didn't.

"Samuel, do you want to be our enemy?"

"Can you alone challenge all the powerful clans? Don't kid yourself!"

"I don't know what ace you've got in your sleeves, but do you want to start universe wars one after another?"

Led by Woodruff, the Holy Beings of the Bai Clan, the Jiang Clan, and other powerful clans all chipped in threateningly.

Nicholas died because the Furnace of Dark and Light collapsed.

On the other hand, Pierson destroyed his universe to kill himself because he knew that the Dongfang Clan could not defeat Samuel.

Samuel did not kill either of them directly.

To kill Holy Beings, one had to start a universe war. However, a universe war had many rules and restrictions.

Holy Beings could not participate in such wars directly.

In a universe war, only three True Gods were allowed to exist. This rule had been modified by Nicholas.

Even though Samuel's strength was great, the creatures in his universe weren't as strong as him. Even if he launched a universe war and killed a Holy Being, it would exhaust the creatures in his universe. There was no way that he had the strength to start a second war.

So the Holy Beings were not afraid of him at all. They ignored the proposal of rebuilding the alliance of the powerful clans.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Enormous clouds were blown into the Hall of Holy Beings. They turned into a dense fog, but otherwise, nothing was amiss. After the sarcastic remarks, the Holy Beings ignored Samuel, and there was quiet in the hall.

Samuel stood still, his eyes twitching in annoyance. A stormy expression had taken over his face.

His first plan was to rule the Time Sea, but now, he realized that he was too naive.

After a long silence, Samuel said angrily, "Before long, you will beg me to join the alliance of the powerful clans!"

After that, he led Rosie and Pascal out of the Hall of Holy Beings.

Meanwhile, in the center of the Evolutionary Universe, a peculiar view appeared.

A dark red ball of light emitted sun-like radiance. It attracted the attention of countless people in the Upper World.

All of them tried to guess the origin of the red light ball, but they couldn't think of anything.

Some Supreme Lords were curious about the light ball, as they traveled through the universe with their physical bodies. Their curiosity got the best of them, and they tried to approach it.

However, before they could get close to it, they felt a unique aura. The aura was very kind, but it could not be resisted. It stopped anyone from approaching the red light ball.

In a secret place of the Celestial Position race, Wynn looked at the scene in the sky. His face was bright with excitement.

"What the hell is this? Why are you so excited, Master Wynn?" Master Feng asked.

He had also tried to explore the secret of the light ball, but he failed. In the end, he returned to the Celestial Position race and asked Wynn for help.

He did not expect Wynn to be ecstatic at the sight of the light ball in the sky.

"My master! My master is reborn! My master finally comes back to life! We made it! Zen made it! He hasn't been in the divine land for long. How fast!" Wynn was so excited that he could not even speak clearly.

Master Feng tried to make sense of Wynn's words. He gasped when he realized what he meant.

Wasn't Wynn's master the owner of the Evolutionary Universe? Not long after Zen left, he had managed to save his father. What a surprise!

Chapter 2856 Clark's Fury

As its ruler, Mike influenced the Evolutionary Universe in almost all aspects.

In order to protect the Evolutionary Universe, he had to transform it entirely, causing a number of disasters across its span.

If Mike were to return, it would be a blessing for the hundreds of trillions of secondary creatures in the Evolutionary Universe.

"Tell the other Supreme Lords and world lords that they are not allowed to disturb my master!" Wynn commanded.

Master Feng pulled out a Roaring Token to follow Wynn's order.

"The light ball is where the master of the Evolutionary Universe is to be reborn. No one is allowed to approach it. If anyone disobeys..." Master Feng paused here, thought for a moment, and then smiled as he said, "You will have to face the consequences."

He knew that no one would dare to provoke the ruler and founder of the Evolutionary Universe.

When his voice resounded through the universe, the creatures within it began to whisper and murmur to each other, causing a loud hum. A few Supreme Lords, who knew the truth, also learned something from this news.

The colossal red light ball was continuously absorbing energy from the entire Evolutionary Universe.

No one could observe the change in the energy levels of the Evolutionary Universe, not even the Supreme Lords.

After all, Holy Beings had absolute authority over their universes.

The red light ball was an independent world.

At the center of this world, a human figure was coming into existence, quietly but surely.

This human figure was not yet a living being or even just a body. But it had abundant levels of vitality and the power of its soul was irresistible.

When the figure took a complete human shape, it would mean that Mike was finally reborn.

In the center of the Murphy Universe was also a dark red light ball.

Within this light ball was a complete human body; it belonged to Murphy, the Holy Being of the Mu Clan.

Murphy's body was complete, and his consciousness fully aroused.

It wouldn't be long before he emerged from the light ball.

Zen had killed Murphy in the Abyss Demon Region.

Murphy would never forget how Zen had controlled the True Demon Body.

"I wonder if Nicholas has killed Zen and gotten the True Demon Body," Murphy muttered to himself.

The light ball was isolated from the outside world. He didn't know what was happening outside, which meant that he had no idea of Nicholas' death.

At the speed which he was going, it would take him half a year to be reborn.

The rate at which time flowed in the Murphy Universe was ten times faster than that in the divine land. If time were to be calculated according to the way in the divine land, he would only need about twenty days to revive.

Other Holy Beings were also being reborn, just like Murphy. Clark, Zeke, and Jeremiah were absorbing the energy from their universes.

Half a month later, the red light ball that covered Clark dissipated.

He was the first Holy Being to be reborn.

A countless number of secondary creatures of his universe gathered at his feet.

They regarded him as the creator of the universe, and all the Supreme Lords and the world lords knelt before him, looking upon him with a pious expression.

It was not often that secondary creatures got the chance to get in touch with the creator, especially in a perfect universe like Clark's.

For them, the creator only existed in an illusory legend. But this time, they finally had the chance to see their creator's face.

But Clark ignored all the secondary creatures that were bowing to him in worship. He looked at them witheringly, snorted rather coldly, and disappeared from the universe.

The Supreme Lords and world lords froze, having no idea why the creator was so angry.

The truth, however, was that Clark was not angry with the secondary creatures.

He was angry because he had humiliated himself by being careless enough to have been burned to death by the red-eyed girl.

"Buzz..."

The moment he was reborn, he went back to the Floating Island of the Tang Clan.

"Where is Oscar? You better come here right now!" Clark roared angrily.

At Clark's angry voice, Oscar used the Grand Teleportation and appeared before him.

Oscar was a consummate True God, but he was much weaker than Walton and the others. This time, he had stayed on the Floating Island as the acting master.

"Holy Emperor! You have come back from the Abyss Demon Region! Congratulations, Holy Emperor!" Oscar said, a big smile on his face.

"Cut the crap! I was reborn in the universe!" Clark said furiously.

Oscar was surprised and realized what had happened.

Now that Nicholas was dead, many people on the Floating Islands speculated that maybe everyone belonging to the alliance of the powerful clans was wiped out. Now Clark's words had confirmed their conjecture.

But fortunately for the Tang Clan, Clark's universe hadn't collapsed.

"Tell me about what happened in the divine land recently. Has Holy Nicholas returned?" Clark asked.

Oscar folded his hands together and said, "Holy Nicholas' universe has collapsed. I'm afraid he's already dead."

"What?" Clark's eyes widened in disbelief. "What nonsense are you talking?"

He hadn't seen what the Furnace of Dark and Light had caused.

According to him, it didn't matter if Nicholas had truly been killed by Zen or Samuel. After all, Nicholas was a Holy Being and could be reborn.

But now Oscar was telling him that Nicholas was dead! How could he believe that?

At Clark's doubtful expression, Oscar hurried to explain, "I dare not talk nonsense. Holy Nicholas' universe really collapsed over a month ago."

"How is it possible? Who could kill Holy Nicholas without launching a universe war?" Clark said disbelievingly, shaking his head.

"Samuel returned later. He led his people to strip bare the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan," Oscar added.

"How dare he! How dare he plunder the Dongfang Clan!"

These news were like thunderbolts raining down on him from a clear sky, making him angrier and angrier by the minute. He didn't know what had happened after he died, but only Samuel had returned. So it was natural for him to blame Samuel for it.

He was about to impulsively set out to seek revenge.

But Oscar stopped him by saying, "Please don't think of revenge, Holy Emperor. Samuel must have nothing to fear since he has dared to plunder the Dongfang Clan. I'm afraid that you will suffer if you go alone. How about we wait for the other Holy Beings?"

Only Nicholas had died forever. The other Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans were being reborn as they spoke and it wouldn't be long.

Oscar's words calmed Clark down.

Clark had died before Samuel's true identity was exposed. That was why he didn't know that Samuel was actually Gregorio, or why Samuel dared to plunder the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan.

Although Nicholas had died, the other Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans hadn't.

But what gave Samuel the courage to fight the Holy Beings? Perhaps he had something to rely on.

Clark sighed. He was in no hurry. He could wait for the other Holy Beings to be reborn before he sought revenge.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and

trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

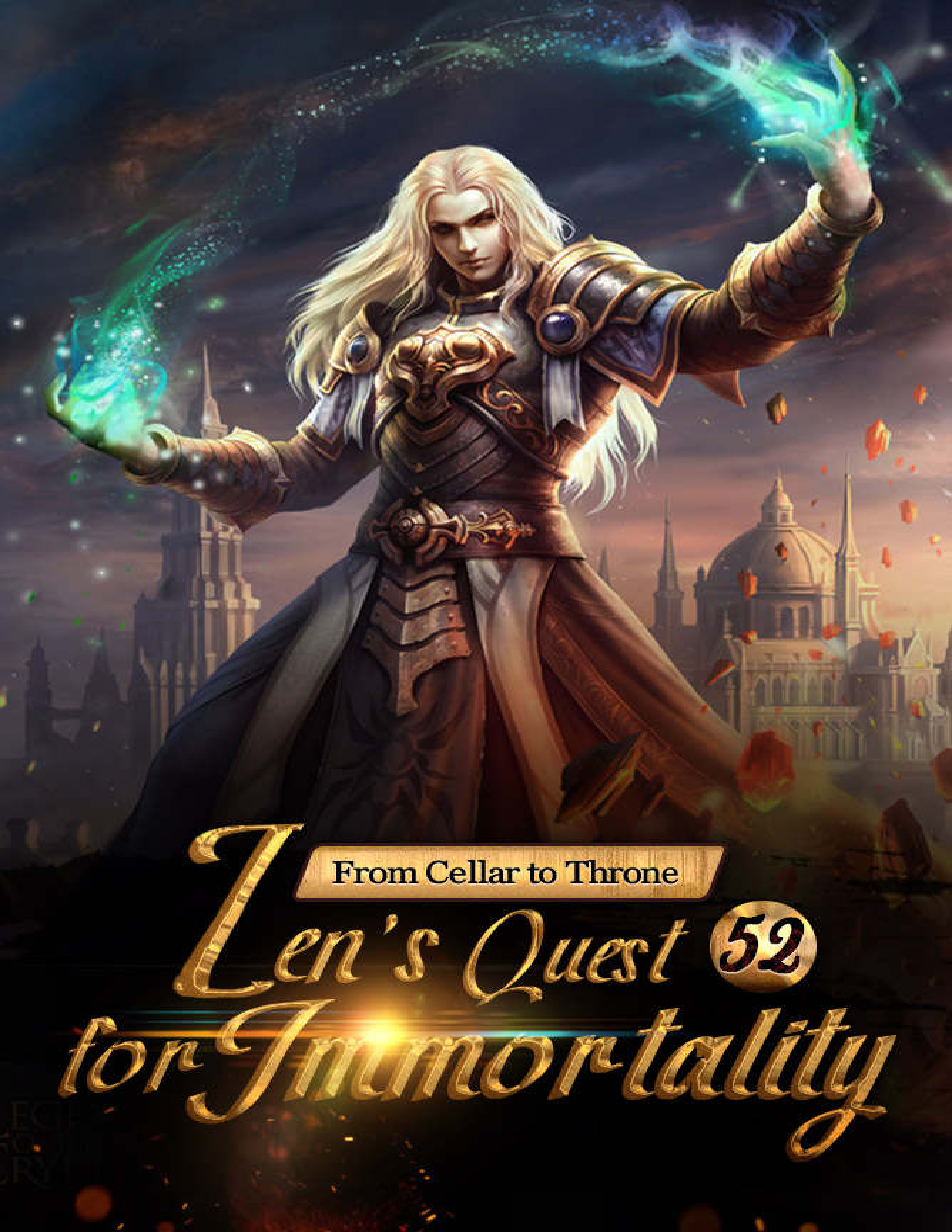

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

52

Content

Chapter 2857 The Use Of The Ring
Chapter 2858 Approval
Chapter 2859 Luck
Chapter 2860 Green-eyed Lorena
Chapter 2861 Breaking The Mixed Element Seal
Chapter 2862 The Princess
Chapter 2863 Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds
Chapter 2864 The Speculation
Chapter 2865 Order
Chapter 2866 An Easy Punishment
Chapter 2867 The Maze
Chapter 2868 The Choice Of The Moon Clan
Chapter 2869 Entering The Sea
Chapter 2870 The Legendary Man
Chapter 2871 Soul Pills
Chapter 2872 Using Physical Body
Chapter 2873 Robbery
Chapter 2874 A Stupid Way
Chapter 2875 Inquiry
Chapter 2876 Holding On
Chapter 2877 Crossing The First Line
Chapter 2878 Leaving
Chapter 2879 The Truth Theurgy
Chapter 2880 The Changes In The Divine Land
Chapter 2881 Illusion Godly Way
Chapter 2882 The Incomplete Godly Way
Chapter 2883 Collecting The Divine Might Coins
Chapter 2884 The Sea Cracking Skull
Chapter 2885 The Cao Clan
Chapter 2886 Meeting Nathan Again
Chapter 2887 Abandoning The City
Chapter 2888 The Mountain Of Holy Beings
Chapter 2889 The Ruler And The Will
Chapter 2890 The Death Of The Female Patriarch

Chapter 2891 Under The Mountain Of Holy Beings
Chapter 2892 Chaos Winged Beast
Chapter 2893 Communication
Chapter 2894 A Discussion
Chapter 2895 The Difficulty Of Blending The Godly Ways
Chapter 2896 The Sky Guard Pavilion
Chapter 2897 Mountain Power
Chapter 2898 Attack
Chapter 2899 Ask Estelle For Help
Chapter 2900 Danger Outside The Divine Land
Chapter 2901 The Preparation
Chapter 2902 A Fierce Battle Before The Gate
Chapter 2903 A Fleeting Chance
Chapter 2904 Entering The Mountain Of Holy Beings
Chapter 2905 Chasers
Chapter 2906 A Siege
Chapter 2907 The Confrontation
Chapter 2908 The Black Ball
Chapter 2909 Darkness
Chapter 2910 The Running Warriors
Chapter 2911 At a disadvantage
Chapter 2912 Sacrifice

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2857 The Use Of The Ring

In less than four hours after Clark came back to life, Zeke returned to the Fang Clan's Floating Island.

He learned about everything in quite the same way as Clark, but Zeke was a very cautious fellow. He wasn't as angry as Clark. Instead, he dug deeper to find more information about the Han Clan.

As the Holy Beings had died around the same time, the time it took for them to be revived would differ, but it wouldn't make too much of a difference.

Over the next two days, the Holy Beings were revived one after another.

The Holy Beings had gathered on the Floating Island of the Mu Clan as they were summoned by Murphy.

"What? Are you saying that Samuel is actually Gregorio?" Clark's eyes widened once more.

Murphy nodded and said, "You were already dead when it happened, so you didn't see it."

Zeke, who was next to him, added, "His spear was so powerful that it could destroy the space suppression of the forbidden area. He had an advantage in the forbidden area. We could do nothing to him..."

The only one who was able to stop Samuel at that time was Rosie's clone.

"Exactly how powerful is he?" Clark asked again, unable to fathom the recent developments.

Murphy thought about this for a while, and said, "Let me put it this way: he's a little stronger than us and slightly weaker than Nicholas."

However, the term "slightly weaker" was only applicable when Nicholas had not performed the Dark Light World Transformation. Once Nicholas sacrificed himself to perform the technique, he was so much stronger than all the other Holy Beings.

"If Samuel is only a little stronger, how did he dare to plunder the Floating Island of Dongfang Clan?" Clark sneered.

Jeremiah who was next to him chuckled as well. "It is said that Samuel even imitated Nicholas and gathered Holy Beings in the Hall of Holy Beings to form a new alliance of powerful clans. But his plan was ridiculed by some Holy Beings like Woodruff..."

"Hahaha!"

The Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans suddenly burst into uncontrollable laughter.

They were well aware of the Holy Beings' way of operating. Samuel had made a naive move. After all, it was very difficult to start a universe war. Murphy, who had done this once before, was certain of this fact.

"Samuel is back and Nicholas is dead, so was it him who captured the two girls in the end?" Murphy assumed.

After all, none of the Holy Beings present had survived, and they were not clear about who eventually took control of the Abyss Demon Region.

"So what?" Clark sneered and said, "This is not the Abyss Demon Region and the Space Law is not prohibited here. Do you think we are afraid of him? Hah! What a joke!"

"Clark is absolutely right! We should avenge Holy Nicholas' death!" Jeremiah advised calmly.

"If there is no other option, we will start a universe war!" another Holy Being chimed in enthusiastically.

It appeared that these Holy Beings were disgruntled on Nicholas's behalf, but in fact, they had selfish motives.

If everyone joined hands and succeeded in killing Samuel, they would be able to get the two girls and control the Abyss Demon Region. Once anyone gained control of the Abyss Demon Region, they would naturally replace Nicholas and become the new leader of the alliance of powerful clans. It was enough motivation for any ambitious warrior.

Once everyone agreed to this plan, all the Holy Beings moved in a flash and appeared in the air above the Floating Island of the Han Clan.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

The Holy Beings hovered in the air together, emitting a strong aura, which immediately alerted the disciples of the Han Clan of their arrival.

"So many Holy Beings have come to our island..."

"These are the Holy Beings from the alliance of powerful clans! Gosh! Our clan is going to be in big trouble!"

"They are surely here to avenge the Dongfang Clan!"

The disciples of the Han Clan were in a state of panic. Their Floating Island was not very big. If the Holy Beings made a move, there was literally no place for them to hide!

"Come out, Samuel!"

Clark was the first to roar at the Han Clan's Floating Island.

The other Holy Beings didn't speak, but released their auras silently. They were determined to flush out Samuel from wherever he was hiding!

After a short while, a space fluctuation appeared at the bottom of the Floating Island and Samuel and Pascal stepped out of the space channel.

Samuel looked at Clark, who was up in the air, and asked with a mocking smile, "Hello, Clark! Why are you so angry today?"

Flames began to glow on Clark's body and his robust body emitted a scorching aura. The disciples of the Han Clan felt as if summer had arrived early and soon all of them were drenched in sweat. Clark replied, "Nicholas is dead and you dared to plunder the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, so you are our enemy!"

Jeremiah, Murphy and other Holy Beings also took out their weapons and were ready for combat.

Their plan was to kill Samuel first and then start a universe war.

In the Abyss Demon Region, these Holy Beings did not have the Spear of Supreme Harmony, so they couldn't do any harm to Samuel.

But here in the divine land, the situation was different.

"You want to fight?" Samuel smirked as he narrowed his eyes. "Well, I'll show you what kind of power I have."

Next to him, Pascal lifted his right hand gently, and streams of black energy began to flow around him.

Samuel had also been pondering about the use of the ring recently.

The Swirl Forest, Everest Spirit Mountain, Soul Wilderness and the Abyss Demon Region were called the four great forbidden lands, but of these, the Abyss Demon Region was ranked first.

Rumor had it that anyone who controlled the energy of Abyss Demon Region would have the ability to destroy the divine land.

Samuel had been contemplating these days. He thought that the reason why those Holy Beings did not respect or fear him was because the strength he displayed was not superior enough.

When the black energy flowed around Pascal, the light gradually dimmed in the entire divine land.

"What's happening? The sun... The sun is getting diminished!"

"It's just morning. Why has it become so dark?"

"What the hell! I've been in the divine land for so many years, and I've never seen anything like this before."

The seasons changed as per their schedule and day and night alterations in the divine land were extremely stable. There was almost no deviation ever.

But today, a strange phenomenon was taking place, which caused the entire divine land to fall into darkness. This event raised many speculations among the divine citizens.

Pascal lifted his right hand and slowly floated off the ground with his father.

The black energy circling Pascal's body now emitted an even more terrifying aura.

This aura suppressed Clark's flames. The bright flames became as dim as a weak candle flame. It was almost unnoticeable now.

"What kind of power is this?" Clark's face turned pale.

Murphy's eyelids twitched. Maybe his guess was right. Maybe the Abyss Demon Region really fell into Samuel's hands. In that case, Zen and Rocher might be dead. Could it be true?

The tension between the two sides was growing and a battle was about to erupt. At this time, a faint figure quietly appeared behind Samuel.

"We are in the same boat. So why do we have to fight it out? Stop it, Samuel!"

As the voice rang out, an old man appeared in the air.

"Master Hamish!"

"Look! Master Hamish is here!"

"Oh, it's Master Hamish!"

When Murphy and the rest saw Hamish, their eyes lit up.

As members of the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands, these Holy Beings were, of course, well aware that Hamish was the real sponsor of the alliance.

Samuel's eyes narrowed slightly and the murderous look in his eyes disappeared. Pascal also covered the ring with his fingers, bringing all activity to a halt.

The dark skies quickly brightened again, and dazzling sunshine flooded the entire divine land once more.

Chapter 2858 Approval

The sudden appearance of Hamish had somewhat eased the tension on both sides, but Clark and the other Holy Beings still didn't want to let Samuel go.

After all, the Holy Beings could be reborn infinitely; even if they died during the fighting, they could be revived and engage in battle again.

"Master Hamish! You have no idea how ambitious this man is. He has robbed the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island right after he returned from the Abyss Demon Region. We can't just sit by and watch!"

"The alliance of powerful clans was established to let the clans depend on each other and have a mutually beneficial relationship. How, then, could we tolerate this man?"

"That's Gregorio, someone harboring a deep hatred against the Dongfang Clan."

As the Holy Beings discussed the matter among themselves, the situation became a little chaotic.

Hamish waved his hand at them, and everyone calmed down.

He looked down at the disciples of the Han Clan, reached out his hand, and conjured up a bright yellow ring of light.

The ring of light spread out and instantly encased Samuel, Pascal and the Holy Beings.

He didn't want irrelevant people to hear what he was about to say.

"Some of the hatred in this world should be laid to rest. In the past, Nicholas destroyed the Floating Island of the Yue Clan; now, Samuel has already taken his revenge on him. This way, the enmity between the two clans can cease. Besides, Samuel doesn't stir up trouble for the Ray Tree, so everyone can take a step back. What do you think?" Hamish smiled faintly.

Clark immediately realized that Hamish meant to resolve the dispute.

Murphy's and Jeremiah's eyes flashed. They wondered whether this Yellow Emperor Guard was going to support Samuel.

Why? Was it because Samuel was so powerful?

Samuel said nothing.

Even though Pierson had sacrificed himself for a compromise, Samuel had no plans of giving up until the entire Dongfang Clan was wiped out.

Every single member of the Dongfang Clan must be exterminated. He knew that better than anyone else.

He himself had been neglected by Nicholas in the past. After being reincarnated, he finally seized the chance to take his revenge.

However, hearing what Hamish said, Samuel thought it inappropriate for him to offer a retort and held his tongue.

Most importantly, he realized in the Hall of Holy Beings that despite having control over the absolute power, he would still have difficulty suppressing other powerful clans if no Holy Being followed him. However, if the Holy Beings such as Clark, Murphy, Jeremiah, and Zeke could help him, then the situation would be entirely different...

"Master Hamish, what do you mean?" Clark asked with a frown.

Hamish spoke calmly, "I've already made it clear: you need a leader to take charge of the alliance of the powerful clans."

"And Samuel is to be that leader? Impossible!" Jeremiah snorted derisively.

"That's what I'm saying!" Zeke agreed. "If he becomes the leader of the alliance, our Fang Clan will immediately quit."

Although the Holy Beings also pursued the absolute power, they remained loyal to Nicholas.

If the other Holy Beings stood behind Samuel after he had just destroyed the Dongfang Clan's Floating Island, it would only bring shame on their heads.

The corners of Hamish's mouth slightly curled up. "In this respect, I'm afraid you have no other choice."

The expressions on Murphy's and the others' faces changed slightly. They never expected that Hamish would be so determined to support Samuel.

Clark said angrily, "Master Hamish, do you think that's fair to Nicholas?"

Hamish only shook his head and replied, "This is my brother's decision. I believe that he will also break the Mixed Element Seal soon."

After all, Nicholas was only a pawn of the Yellow Emperor Guards: a figurehead and spokesman.

That pawn had already been dead, and Samuel, who was even more useful in comparison, was willing to be on their side. Leyton saw no reason to refuse him.

However, this decision disappointed all of the Holy Beings, who looked shocked after hearing these words.

Hamish was considered to be the weakest among the Yellow Emperor Guards.

If the more powerful Yellow Emperor Guards were released, what would happen? Would there be any force in the entire divine land that could contend with them?

Looking at the silent Holy Beings, Hamish said consolingly, "Everyone, don't worry. I'm sure that it won't be long before the entire divine land is under our control. We'll eliminate all of the other setbacks."

After a moment of silence, the Holy Beings finally decided to leave.

Even if they were not totally convinced, they could do nothing about it.

Looking at Murphy and the others who seemed depressed, Clark got dejected inwardly, thinking how unlucky they were to have such a matter happen to them.

After the Holy Beings had left, Hamish suddenly said to Samuel, "There. I have fulfilled my brother's promise to help you become the leader of the alliance of powerful clans."

Samuel shook his head. "I'm afraid I will only be a nominal leader."

"Of course they are not convinced for now because I am the only one who came today. Once my brother, Leyton, is here, they will have no choice but to accept," Hamish said flatly.

"But these Holy Beings have unparalleled understanding of the rules of the divine land and they are not afraid of death at all," Samuel said with a sigh.

Clark, in particular, seemed undaunted by anything; after he had experienced death thousands of times, dying was nothing to him anymore. Once he was involved in a universe war, Samuel's advantage would no longer exist. After all, it was the war of the creatures in the universes.

Hamish suddenly burst into a faint smile. "This is not a problem at all. My brother can directly kill a Holy Being. With that kind of power, no one in the divine land will dare to disobey him."

Samuel's eyes lit up. "Then... when will the Mixed Element Seal be broken?"

"Everything is ready," Hamish said lightly. "You need to go to the northernmost region again." His gaze fell on Pascal.

"That's great!" Samuel nodded.

When he came back to the Floating Island this time, Samuel failed to get the approval of other Holy Beings, thereby causing him some disappointment.

The next time he returned, he would release all of the Yellow Emperor Guards. By then, he would overthrow those stubborn beings.

When Samuel activated the ring earlier, the fairy palace in the Swirl Forest also fell into the darkness.

The people in the fairy palace were puzzled by this scene...

What type of sorcery could be used to cover the whole sky?

Even after speculating in the fairy palace for a long time, Harold could not come up with a satisfactory answer.

Recently, the fairy palace was inundated by an increasing number of people, who filled the palace with noise and excitement every day.

The Godly Geniuses who returned to the fairy palace included Rocher, Lucille who had been sent back by Zen, Kurt, and Lone. It was Harold who had found and brought back Kurt and Lone.

These several Godly Geniuses had been cultivating their skills day and night in the training tower. Upon coming out of the tower, they expressed their delight in seeing Zen and Rocher.

Among the Godly Geniuses in the fairy palace, Lucille was the unluckiest. She was captured to become a puppet, and thus her training time was delayed. As a result, her cultivation base was slightly weaker than those of the rest of the Godly Geniuses.

In the past, Lone was the weakest of the ten Godly Geniuses. Then, after having stepped into the divine land, he inherited the relics of a great clan's ancestral land. Afterwards, he managed to succeed in every endeavor, all the time. Now, he had reached the peak of top-rank True God Realm and was starting to train to become a consummate True God.

As for the remaining Godly Geniuses, it would still be difficult to find them even if Harold were to look for them in person. Even with his unparalleled skill in deduction, the search for the Godly Geniuses would be as difficult as looking for a needle in a haystack.

Fortunately, Mike would revive soon. By then, if Mike would look for them, he would definitely be able to track the location of the other Godly Geniuses.

Chapter 2859 Luck

Deep in the Swirl Forest, a ripple flowed on the surface of a pool.

Splash!

Laquisha emerged from the pool.

A pair of over one hundred-foot long tentacles closely followed Laquisha. The tentacles were covered with barbs, and each barb glinted with radiant light. Apparently, every one of them was laced with poison.

The two tentacles rushed at Laquisha at high speed. Laquisha dodged them as she continued to hover over the water, the tips of her toes constantly touching the surface of the water. She maneuvered her dodges smoothly and quickly like a dragonfly.

"Aunt Laquisha, watch out!"

Geoffrey shouted, who was standing beside the pool.

As this pair of tentacles were about to trap Laquisha, a purple light streamed right from Laquisha's eyes.

Sizzle!

A handful of purple preternatural flames spiraled out and wrapped her in.

The fierce beast in the water seemed terrified of the preternatural flames protecting Laquisha. It didn't dare to get close.

"Caw!"

The fierce beast let out a scream under the water. The water that was originally a pool of dark green turned into strong hue of blood red.

Then a semicircle head that resembled a pot cover popped out of the water. Beneath the "pot cover" were wedge-shaped teeth laced with poison. As its figure emerged from the surface of the water, its poisoned teeth shot at Laquisha covertly.

It was only when Laquisha noticed the poisoned teeth that her face revealed a trace of panic!

Although Laquisha was a consummate True God, she had reached such level of power because Samuel assisted her with the help of the Memory Flames. In terms of combat experience, Laquisha was far inferior to the other consummate True Gods.

The fierce beast under the water was called "Green Turbid Monster". Their number was few in the Swirl Forest but their strength was powerful. Only those at least at the consummation of True God Realm were able to fight against them.

When the poisonous teeth were about to hit Laquisha, space fluctuations appeared on the surface of her figure and she suddenly vanished. She had used the Grand Teleportation and appeared close to Geoffrey's side.

Splash!

The Green Turbid Monster was irritated at Laquisha. Its huge body left the water and rushed directly to the two.

"Caw!"

It screamed in fury which was piercing to the ears. Then, it whipped out its tentacles, lashing at everything that was close to their proximity.

At the very moment, a flash of crimson light streamed behind Geoffrey.

The crimson light shot towards the Green Turbid Monster.

It shot through the Green Turbid Monster's head without any sound, and pierced the huge tree at the other end of the pool, leaving an empty round hollow on the trunk.

Plop!

It was as if the huge beast's soul had been drained in an instant, and it fell into the water, creating layers of green ripples.

"Grandma, you're amazing!" Turning his head, Geoffrey looked at Lorena happily.

Lorena smiled faintly. "Well, you can go get the stuff in the pool now..."

Hearing Lorena's words, Geoffrey dived into the water without hesitation.

Watching the scene, Augustus who stood not far away shook his head and sighed, "Poor Green Turbid Monster, you've suffered a lot this time. When you're reborn again, I'll find you a better place..."

Over the years, Geoffrey's personality had become much more mature. However, Letitia and the others had pampered him too much, so his stubborn personality had not been worn off.

He had read some books about the Swirl Forest and claimed that there might be treasures where the Green Turbid Monster appeared.

Augustus, who controlled the Swirl Forest, knew that such a legend was completely nonsense.

In history, it was true that a disciple of some powerful clan on a Floating Island obtained a supreme treasure of belief after killing the Green Turbid Monster. But that was pure luck.

After knowing about the legend, Geoffrey had been pestering Augustus to take him to hunt treasures.

Being tricked by Geoffrey for so many times, how could Augustus fulfill his wish? He had been avoiding Geoffrey in the fairy palace recently.

But when the fairy palace started getting more visitors, one of whom was Geoffrey's grandmother, things started to change.

Geoffrey's grandmother, Lorena, gave the boy whatever he wanted, and with Laquisha joining the treasure hunt, Augustus could only lament over the miserable fate of the fierce beasts in the Swirl Forest.

"Plop! Plop! Plop!"

A series of bubbles appeared in the pool.

Lorena stared at the water, looking for Geoffrey's figure at the bottom of the pool. She was trying to make sure Geoffrey was safe from harm.

Despite being Zen's mother, she was never there during Zen's childhood nor his developing years. Therefore, she made a resolve to prioritize Geoffrey.

In a short while, the water surface split, and Geoffrey emerged.

"I told you there couldn't be any treasure..." Augustus stared at Geoffrey with a bored look, but as his eyes flashed, his gaze was fixed on Geoffrey's hand.

There was a green stone in his hand.

The stone shaped like an oval cobblestone. It exuded a strong energy force.

"Haha, I knew there must be treasures in this pool!" Geoffrey swam towards the bank, tossed the stone to Lorena and said, "Granny, take a look at that stone! What is it?"

Lorena examined the stone carefully, a hint of surprise evident in her eyes.

She pressed her hand on the stone, feeling the energy force within it. She closed her eyes and infused her spiritual sense into it. She then opened her eyes, smiled and remarked, "This can be considered as a second-level supreme treasure of belief."

Laquisha's eyes widened in awe and said, "Geoffrey is so lucky! A second-level supreme treasure of belief! It's even rare on the Floating Islands!"

Supreme treasures of belief were the essence of the forbidden lands. Regardless of the level a supreme treasure of belief possessed, every treasure bore a unique effect. Every powerful clan deemed them with great importance.

Augustus was speechless as he looked at the stone.

After he controlled the Swirl Forest, he had searched all over the forest and only found three first-level supreme treasures of belief, and one second-level supreme treasure of belief.

How was it so easy for the boy to find a supreme treasure of belief? Augustus couldn't help but spit in disdain, "That was just dumb luck..."

Right after he spoke, he suddenly felt a very unique aura spread out from several dozens of miles away.

A green vortex appeared in the sky. The peculiar energy it emitted immediately drew everyone's attention.

"That's where Zen cultivates... What method is it?" Augustus stared at the green vortex, and his eyelids twitched.

When Lorena saw the green vortex, her eyes widened.

It was this very green energy that broke the Furnace of Dark and Light in the Abyss Demon Region.

Although Zen had told them about everything after he left the divine land, he had never mentioned about this power.

Since he never mentioned anything about this, Lorena didn't ask further questions. But even with her knowledge and experience, she could not tell the origin of this power.

"Zen is cultivating. We better not disturb him," said Lorena calmly.

As soon as she finished speaking, a green star rushed out of the vortex and fell into the Swirl Forest.

"Boom!"

The ground trembled, and tremors spread miles away when the star hit the ground.

Zen stared at the huge crater in front of him and said to himself, "The power of the Falling Star Palm depends on the number of Truth Crystals. But my Truth Crystal was inherited from the Chaos Ancient God. What can I do to increase the number of Truth Crystals?"

He had defeated Nicholas in the Abyss Demon Region largely by relying on the Falling Star Palm.

Before that, he had thought that the power of the Falling Star Palm was not strong enough, so he hadn't used it. But now, it seemed that it was still necessary to strengthen this technique.

Chapter 2860 Green-eyed Lorena

"Condense more Truth Crystals?"

No. 9527 had not given any thought to this before.

Its master was the one in charge of the truth and was free to use it however he desired.

And as for the Truth Crystal, it was a unique technique that its master had acquired after having observed the energy of the Great Unity in the chaos for a long time.

Now its master's blood had fused with that of Zen, and now flowed as one.

Zen was the one who had been selected by its master, the only one who had the honor to be chosen to inherit the blood of its master.

No. 9527 was confident in the theurgies of truth energy, such as the Falling Star Palm. It could easily teach Zen how to use them, but it had never considered what to do in case he needed to increase the number of Truth Crystals.

"Hypothetically, the purer your blood, the more Truth Crystals you should be able to condense," pondered No. 9527 aloud. This proposition, even if it were correct, was of little use to Zen. The only way he could further purify his blood was by absorbing that of the Chaos Ancient God, a feat that was presently impossible. "Luckily, there is a simpler way," said No.9527 quickly, having noticed Zen's dissatisfied expression. "We would have to obtain and learn the truth rules that lie locked inside the crystal."

Zen's eyes brightened somewhat as he heard this proposal.

"The truth rules within the crystal..."

He lightly tapped the air with his finger, thereby condensing a Truth Crystal again.

Now, he was faced with a dilemma. He knew how to use the Truth Crystal but did not know why.

He could condense it, but lacked the knowledge about the nature of the strange energy it contained.

He recalled the way Nicholas had used the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, and noted that his method was unfamiliar to him. Frustratingly, Zen did not know the method by which the Furnace of Dark and Light could be created. Nevertheless, that did not signify that it was, necessarily, untraceable.

With enough time to cultivate the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, he would finally become able to destroy that furnace.

It was a testament to how complicated the energy of the Truth Crystal was that despite all his gifts and talents, Zen hadn't yet been able to master it.

Additionally, as it involved the topmost secret of the chaos, it was verging on impossible to use the Truth Crystal to obtain this knowledge.

Suddenly, No. 9527 threw up its arms, its eyes widening in realization. "I remember!" it yelled, almost making Zen jump. "I know of another way! If we cultivate the Ways-blending Energy and reproduce the energy of the Great Unity, we should be able to then cultivate all the truths within the chaos. Haha..." it trailed off, as if in disbelief at itself for not having thought of this earlier.

Zen, however, rolled his eyes in exasperation. He knew that No. 9527 was making a joke at his expense. It was nothing new, after all.

Indeed, all the clues pointed to one conclusion: it was near impossible to obtain more Truth Crystals in the short term. They had to come up with a long-term plan.

There must be a reason why the Chaos Ancient God left his blood to Zen. If the Truth Crystal could only be used in this way, it really didn't help Zen much.

Fortunately, Zen could keep using the Falling Star Palm to maximize its power.

If he succeeded in cultivating the Falling Star Palm to the fullest extent, he would be able to channel incredible power using nothing but one Truth Crystal. It had great potential: if he succeeded, this could become a signature move that rendered him invincible.

Having made his decision, he proceeded to melt the Truth Crystal and absorb its essence into his body.

Apart from the Falling Star Palm, Zen also needed to merge more of the Godly Ways together. That, however, was not yet possible, and all he could do was bide his time, waiting for his father to return.

Suddenly, he became aware of the sound of light footsteps behind him.

Turning to look, he saw that the grass had been parted, and amidst it, Laquisha appeared, clothed in rippling, ephemeral silk.

"It's time to go home now," she said, her lips curving up into a small smile.

Usually, no one disturbed Zen when he practiced here. He knew that Laquisha was not here for a trifle. There could only be one reason for her visit. "Has my father returned at last?" asked Zen breathlessly.

"Yes," replied Laquisha, nodding. "Your mother returned to the fairy palace with Geoffrey, and they asked me to tell you," she added.

"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go!" said Zen, full of anticipation.

Without further ado, Zen approached Laquisha, took her hand and together, they set off towards the fairy palace.

Augustus of the fairy palace was always exceedingly hospitable and generous. Even low-rank True Gods were able to travel freely in the Swirl Forest. The ordinary monsters there would not touch them if they happened to meet. As long as they didn't provoke them, the monsters would stay away, making it a very safe place.

Before long, Zen and Laquisha had arrived at the fairy palace.

As soon as they entered, they were greeted by a tall, heavy-set man of middle age. His eyes shone like two marbles, framed by a pair of ebony straight eyebrows. He gave off an air of wisdom and authority. It was Zen's father, Mike.

"Father!"

Zen greeted him with a broad smile.

As he observed his father, he couldn't believe that the man he now saw before him was the same man he had seen dying all that time ago.

The rebirth in the universe was equivalent to giving one a second chance at life. The dead would come back strong, and wiser than before.

When Zen had entered, Mike had been talking to Harold while Sword Chen, Hallet and the others stood watching them.

Mike's eyes lit up with joy as he saw Zen.

However, Zen noticed that something was off. "Father, where are my mother and sister?" he asked in a puzzled tone.

His mother and Joy should have been here, and even Yan had disappeared. This was indeed strange.

Just now, when Zen was about to open his mouth to speak, Sword Chen gave him a wink. However, it was too late.

Mike laughed sheepishly. "Your mother has not changed through all those years. Don't worry. I'll talk to her later," he said, looking rather embarrassed.

Although Mike's explanation might have seemed vague to an outsider, Zen understood perfectly what he meant.

Even though Lorena had gone through so much, she still wouldn't allow herself to like Joy.

After having returned to the fairy palace, Lorena hadn't made things difficult for Joy. Nevertheless, Joy refused to be outshone by her. Zen had felt the weight of their conflict on the atmosphere of the fairy palace.

As soon as Augustus sensed the arrival of Zen's father in the Swirl Forest, he alerted Lorena to it. Without delay, Lorena had proceeded to tell Laquisha to, in turn, inform Zen. After that, she returned to the fairy palace with Geoffrey.

However, as soon as she had entered the fairy palace, she had seen Joy crying in Mike's arms.

This scene made Lorena so angry that she turned right around and left, with Yan following in her wake.

"Not now?" Zen said with a sly smile.

"It doesn't matter," said Mike casually, waving his hand.

Harold, Sword Chen and the others were obviously struggling to keep their faces straight. They nodded to show their agreement with Mike, while holding back their laughter. Mike was their master, and thus it would be disrespectful to joke with him. It was a privilege that Zen, as his son, seemed to have.

In fact, Mike had something important to tell Zen, so he had chosen not to go after Lorena. It was imperative that he be there when Zen arrived. "I went back to the Floating Island after I had left the universe," he said to Zen. "The Holy Being of the Bai Clan let me know that the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan has been robbed by the Han Clan."

Zen and the others all raised their eyebrows in surprise. This was unexpected news. "I suspected that Samuel would take action, but I didn't expect him to be so quick," said Zen pensively.

"Really? Why were you suspicious of Samuel? What clue did he give that he might do something of the sort?" Mike asked, flabbergasted.

He had briefly spoken with Zen when they were in the Ray Tree. They had been in a great hurry at that time, however, so their exchange had been short and many details had remained unclarified.

Zen then recounted the details of the trip to the Abyss Demon Region to his father, not failing to mention Gregorio's miraculous reincarnation.

Mike remained quite surprised when he finally learned the truth. "Ian told me that Samuel had vowed to reestablish the alliance of powerful clans in the Hall of Holy Beings. The other Holy Beings, naturally, paid no heed to his words because of his lowly rank. To add insult to injury, he was humiliated by Woodruff. His plan had collapsed for the time being," Mike said with a frown.

"Reestablish the alliance of powerful clans..." repeated Zen thoughtfully.

Zen, Harold and Hallet all exchanged glances, wondering why Samuel had acted as he did.

Indeed, they would have to fight the Yellow Emperor Guards one day, and the alliance of the powerful clans had been originally established by them.

It was obvious what Samuel wanted.

Chapter 2861 Breaking The Mixed Element Seal

Harold pointed out the crux of the matter. "It is impossible for the Holy Beings to favor Samuel. Because the Holy Beings of the alliance will never let him go."

Nicholas had been operating in the Time Sea for years. To have survived for that long, he not only relied on his strength but also on mutual interest and prestige.

After the revival of the Holy Beings belonging to the alliance of the powerful clans, such as the Mu Clan and the Leng Clan, they would exact their revenge on Samuel.

However, Mike shook his head and said, "I'm afraid the situation is far different from what you thought. Those Holy Beings have come back to life before me. They allegedly gathered on the Floating Island of the Han Clan some days ago, but they didn't take any action."

Harold and Sword Chen raised their brows slightly in askance.

Zen said, "Only one person can suppress the anger of the Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans."

Mike nodded. As expected, Zen was quick to react.

At that moment, Harold also understood. "You mean that Yellow Emperor Guard?"

"They call him Master Hamish," Zen said.

Hallet inquired, "You mean to say that the Yellow Emperor Guards want to utilize Samuel?"

Mike nodded with a frown and said, "Nicholas is dead, so the Yellow Emperor Guards can't place their hope on him anymore. If, as you said, Samuel has taken control of the Abyss Demon Region, then the Yellow Emperor Guards will need him to remove the Mixed Element Seal. That is our biggest problem." He continued in a serious tone, "Hamish is the weakest among the Yellow Emperor Guards. The Mixed Element Seal that imprisoned him was not complete, so Nicholas could release him. If the other Yellow Emperor Guards are released by Samuel, the consequences will be disastrous."

Mike, Holy Jay, and Bromley had only taken Hamish into account when they formulated their plan.

Mike knew nothing about the other Yellow Emperor Guards; he only knew that their strength far surpassed that of Holy Beings and that as adversaries, they were invincible.

Noticing the dark look on Mike's face, Harold and Hallet glanced at each other. Then, Harold turned to Zen and said with a smile, "Haven't you told your father the news?"

"What news?" Mike asked, confused.

The way that Harold said it, the news seemed to be able to affect the whole situation, but was that even possible?

"I didn't have enough time to tell you in detail back in the prison on the Ray Tree. Back then, Mother and I were trapped underground..." Zen proceeded to tell his father what had transpired outside the divine land.

"You mean to say, the reinforcements of the Nine Li race are outside the divine land?" Mike had always been a calm man, but his raised voice at that moment betrayed his elation.

He knew exactly what it meant.

"That is correct," replied Zen.

"Good. That is good. Good."

Standing in the middle of the hall, Mike repeatedly murmured "good" and let out a long breath. He looked at his son with a meaningful look in his eyes.

He, Bromley, and Holy Jay had racked their brains to make a plan in the Evolutionary Universe. They had pinned their last shred of hope on Zen in order to resist Nicholas.

However, what actually happened was completely different from what they had foreseen when formulating their well thought-out plan.

After all, the whole situation was dynamic; any slight deviation could cause massive changes in the end result.

Even though Mike was good at planning, it was impossible for him to predict all potential scenarios and have everything under control.

What he did not count on was that Zen messed up the plan of the alliance because of a measly mouse. This unforeseen circumstance caused Nicholas' premature demise even before the growth of the other Godly Geniuses.

Neither did he expect Gregorio to be reborn and eventually replace Nicholas in controlling the Abyss Demon Region.

However, what surprised him the most was the fact that Zen had left the divine land and brought back those masters at the Other Shore Realm.

"We should go and meet up with them," said Mike, "but for now, I'm going to see your mother."

With those words, he left.

Zen and the others watched his receding back with smiles on their faces.

It would be difficult for him to solve the problem of Lorena and Joy.

On top of the Lofty Tree, Samuel and Hamish stood on a branch with their hands clasped behind their backs.

Below them, Pascal sat cross legged, black energy flowing around him continuously.

"Why is the Mixed Element Seal so powerful? Not even you can remove it. Who set such a powerful seal?" asked Samuel curiously.

He felt a sense of disquiet. Surely the one who was able to establish such a strong seal must have the ability to kill the Yellow Emperor Guards, right?

With a faint smile flirting with the corner of his mouth, Hamish explained, "The Mixed Element Seal is, of course, formidable. A man named Harper Yuan brought us here and activated the seal, but he did not fashion it by his own strength. The Mixed Element Seal had always been in the divine land, and he only activated it. As a matter of fact, the seal was designed by Chiyou himself, so it is extremely powerful."

"The seal was designed by Chiyou?" Samuel exclaimed in shock.

Nicholas learned about the Source World through Lorena, so Samuel also knew a few things about the subject.

For one, he knew that Chiyou created the divine land. Such a mighty being was simply beyond his imagination.

Hamish nodded. "My brother guessed that the only means to remove the Mixed Element Seal lay in the Abyss Demon Region. It appears that he was right."

In the past, he had tried every means to forcibly remove the Mixed Element Seal, but his efforts proved to be futile.

The black energy flowing at the tip of Pascal's finger rolled toward the sphere before him.

Gradually, the energy eroded the exterior of the sphere. It could only leave minute cracks each time, but the Mixed Element Seal would not be able to withstand the continuous damage for long.

In a day, a pit as thick as an arm had appeared in the center of the Mixed Element Seal.

After two days, the pit had become much deeper.

Three days later, the center of the Mixed Element Seal was incomplete, and the pit was all but touching the person inside.

Just then, Zavier said triumphantly from inside the Mixed Element Seal, "All right! Now, ask him to make way for me."

Samuel nodded. Pascal stopped, jumped slightly, and distanced himself from the sphere.

Soon after, they felt a strong, domineering aura emanate from the sphere.

It was as if a gigantic beast was struggling to get out of the seal.

"Crack!"

With a loud cracking sound, a fracture appeared in the center of the sphere that held Zavier captive.

After sounds of breaking

and several loud thuds, the Mixed Element Seal finally succumbed to Zavier's power. The eroded middle part of the seal completely shattered.

A solid figure emerged from the Mixed Element Seal and shot up at an incredible speed.

"Haha! After so long, I'm free at last!"

Zavier's wild laughter boomed through the sky with such strength that even the top of the Lofty Tree was swaying.

He had been suppressed while imprisoned for so many years. Now, he was full of excitement as he savored his long-awaited freedom.

Chapter 2862 The Princess

Zavier arched through the sky in a large circle before dashing towards the Lofty Tree.

Hamish and Zavier had completely different characters.

Hamish had rarely revealed his true strength in the presence of others over the years.

He had even disguised himself as an old man of True God Realm, hiding anonymously in a small divine city.

Even Nicholas only knew Hamish as a powerful master of the Other Shore Realm. But then he had had no concept of the power that the Other Shore Realm masters possessed. Hamish had always maintained a low profile.

Compared to Hamish, Zavier was at the extreme end of the spectrum.

"Crack!"

The moment he descended from the sky, he landed powerfully on the solid trunk of the Lofty Tree.

The North Star Region had already been reduced to a waste land, and the Lofty Tree had come to resemble a dead tree, though the core was still alive. Without that life-force, it would have been impossible to keep the Mixed Element Seal working.

It was no mean feat, even for a Holy Being, to break the strong main trunk.

But as Zavier stomped down on the desiccated trunk, a crack appeared and spread through the surface of the main trunk. It was as if the bole itself would break if he had exerted even a little more strength.

"What a strong aura!"

Sensing the aura emitting from Zavier, Samuel was both shocked and awed.

It was clearly the aura of the Truth of Godly Way.

The Holy Beings had always pursued the Truth of Godly Way. Even if they could only claim an abridged one, they still practiced it tirelessly.

Samuel had previously seen several different Truths of Godly Ways, but he had never before encountered such a powerful one...

"You, are excellent..." Zavier patted Samuel's shoulder and said, "You are also good. Better than that scumbag, Nicholas, at least."

Hearing the reproach of Nicholas, Hamish frowned slightly.

Hamish had been a staunch supporter of Nicholas for many years, so needless to say, he had felt close to Nicholas. Hearing Nicholas's name being tarnished by name-calling so soon after his death left Hamish feeling quite upset.

However, out of this group of Yellow Emperor Guards, Hamish was the weakest, and he held the lowest rank. It was improper for him to rebuke a superior or volunteer any comments.

Samuel smiled and said, "Holy Nicholas seemed to be the only one who had attained the consummation of Truth of Godly Way. He stood in the front rank among the Holy Beings. If Holy Nicholas is scum, then surely the rest of us lesser Holy Beings are much worse than that..."

Hamish could only glance in surprise at Samuel, understanding his intentions behind these words.

His words sounded quite modest, but in fact, he was telling the Yellow Emperor Guards that he hadn't even attained the complete Truth of Godly Way. He was asking for a reward.

Upon hearing the brave words, Zavier laughed and said, "The Truth of Godly Way that Nicholas mastered is the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, which Leyton had passed on to him. When his seal is removed, you can ask

Leyton to pass it to you. That's a minor thing. If you have enough time, you will eventually step into the Sea of Truth. But whether you can successfully cross it... that's hard to say..."

Hearing this news, Samuel was overjoyed at the opportunity.

In fact, Samuel was quite clear where Nicholas's Truth of Dark and Light Chaos came from.

However, what Leyton had given to Nicholas was a special Sanskrit word.

Leyton had taught a special method to Nicholas, which allowed him to channel the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos from the Sanskrit word.

Samuel had seen that Sanskrit word in his probing of Nicholas' memory, but he remained clueless to the meaning of it all. So it was unlikely that he would discern the meaning of Truth of Dark and Light Chaos from this Sanskrit word.

Now, Zavier had easily agreed to his request, but Leyton kept mum. So Samuel seized the chance and cupped his hands towards the Mixed Element Seal, which trapped Leyton and asked, "Master Leyton, would you kindly pass the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos to me?"

Leyton, who was in the sphere, replied flatly, "As Zavier has said, this is a minor thing."

Samuel's eyes twinkled with hope. He said, "We'd better remove the seal as soon as possible."

Soon afterwards, another black light emanated from Pascal's hand...

Leaving the divine land was proving not to be an easy feat for the True Gods.

Above the Time Sea, dozens of huge universes were scattered in the sky. It was a very dangerous journey for anyone to rashly barge into the Holy Beings' inner worlds.

Even if one made a substantial detour to avoid colliding with the universes in the sky, there was still a strong layer of Space Law at the top of the sky to contend with.

It was a challenge, even for top-rank True Gods, to break through this layer of Space Law…

Consummate True Gods and Demi-Holy Beings had the ability to break through it, but no one would dare do that.

Except for the Holy Beings, anyone else who dared to step outside the divine land would die. This was something that all the True Gods knew.

However, if Holy Beings wanted to leave the divine land, it was comparably quite easy. There were only two steps: enter their universe and leave their universe.

With the help of Mike, Zen, and Lorena returned to the Evolutionary Universe.

Calculated by the time of the Evolutionary Universe, he had already been gone for more than two hundred years. This was not a long time even for Soul Sea Realm warriors. Zen thought of his friends in the universe.

Seeing the expression on his son's face, Mike smiled and said, "You take me to see those Other Shore Realm masters first. Once we return, I'll take you to travel the universe."

Zen nodded, feeling somewhat more at ease. With a wave of his hand, Mike built a space channel that stretched to the top of the universe.

The three of them easily reached the top of the universe without any hiccups, and they stood at the zenith of the divine land.

At the summit of this huge plane, they were offered an unobstructed and magnificent vista. The massive distance between created a blurry view, and they didn't see the strong masters of the Other Shore Realm anywhere.

"That's the way!"

Zen didn't know much about the interior layout of the divine land, but he had previously observed the divine land from every angle.

After confirming the location of the Evolutionary Universe, it was easy to deduce where Timotheus and Emily were located.

Mike brought Zen and Lorena to teleport a few more times before they finally saw a huge vortex rising in the distance.

"That's the place," Zen said, narrowing his gaze.

"What a great power!" When Mike saw the huge whirlpool, his eyes flashed with interest. The power contained in the whirlpool was not within the scope of a Holy Being to create.

"Buzz..."

When the three of them used the Grand Teleportation again and stepped out the space channel, a faint voice sounded. "Last time, a reckless guy ran out and was killed. It seems that others haven't learned his lesson yet… Eh, Zen! What are you doing back here?"

The man speaking was Leopold.

Timotheus, Ramzi, and the others were slumped down or sitting cross legged, trying to replenish their exhausted strengths. When they heard Leopold's words, they dragged their tired eyes open with interest.

They quickly noticed Mike and Lorena, who were standing behind Zen.

Even though Mike was a Holy Being, he appeared no different from a consummate True God in their eyes.

But Lorena was a different matter. They instantly recognized her Blood Body at a glance. They knew without a doubt that this was not something from the divine land.

They were now confused. Who would be willing to sacrifice themselves and use the Furnace of Dark and Light in order to cultivate this precious body?

"Zen, who are these people?" Timotheus asked immediately.

"This is my father and mother," Zen said with a broad smile. "They wanted to see you."

As before, they ignored Zen's father completely. Instead, they all stared in awe at Lorena.

"Your mother? Then she must be..." Leopold was the first one to understand who she was.

Chapter 2863 Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds

The Jade Toad Mountain was a blessed place full of spiritual energy, and it was also the core area of the royal family of the Nine Li race.

Houses were built in a neat arrangement on the hillside.

Back then, during the monsoon season when buckets of rain had poured down from the sky, a light film had been activated. That film of light around the Jade Toad Mountain had protected all the people and houses from even a single drop of rain.

It was during this heavy downpour that Lorena was born.

The nine tribes of the Nine Li race had celebrated her birth for three months. Obviously, Chiyou, the Grand Chieftain, had loved his youngest daughter very much.

At that time, although there were many conflicts between the Nine Li race and the Yellow Emperor race, the overall situation had been stable.

As for Lorena, she had continued to win the hearts of everyone around her as she grew up.

Leopold had not yet been exiled at that time, so he had known of Lorena's existence as well.

However, he had not been a highly-ranked member of the Nine Li race, so he had never gotten the chance to meet her in person. This was the first time that he had ever seen her.

"Get up. You don't need to be so courteous to me. I'm afraid I'm no longer the honored princess," said Lorena indifferently.

Of course, she was happy that she had at least been reunited with her husband and her children.

The situation seemed to be turning around for the better.

However, all of the members of the Nine Li race in the divine land were gone, and she didn't know the situation of the Nine Li race in the Source World. What about the Grand Chieftain? And what about those Nine Li Guards?

She didn't dare to think about these matters at all.

Timotheus, Leopold, and the others slowly stood up. "No matter the situation, you will always be our princess," Timotheus said firmly.

Staring at the Nine Li Guards, Lorena forced a smile. No matter what it was, she felt grateful to them.

The truth was, these Nine Li Guards were so powerful that they could return to the Source World at any time and get a handsome reward by joining other major forces.

However, even though the influence of the Nine Li race was declining, they were still on Lorena's side, and loyal to the Nine Li race. Such loyalty was rare.

"Princess Lorena, right before I was exiled, the Yellow Emperor race was about to have a battle with our race in Gilt Town. I wonder how that turned out," Leopold said.

He had already heard from Zen that the Nine Li race had lost the battle, but he still wanted to hear the truth directly from Lorena, even if it brought back some bad memories for her.

"The battle in Gilt Town was a twist of our race's fate. Our race was defeated in that battle. Even my father was injured," Lorena replied with her head down.

"Grand Chieftain has always been much stronger than Yellow Emperor. And the Nine Li Guards are more powerful than the Yellow Emperor Guards. How was our race defeated?" Timotheus asked with a frown.

He had always thought that the Nine Li race was too powerful to be defeated by any other race in the Source World.

"You're right. But in Gilt Town, our Nine Li race didn't just have to face the Yellow Emperor race—they also had to face the Divine Farmer race." Lorena shook her head sadly.

"What?"

Timotheus's jaw dropped in shock. None of the Nine Li Guards could believe what they had just heard.

"The Divine Farmer race was situated in a remote place, and it never allied with or fought against other races. Moreover, it had a few conflicts with the Yellow Emperor race as well. So why did it choose to ally with the Yellow Emperor race?" Leopold murmured.

Although these people had been away from the Source World for so many years, they were still familiar with the conflicts among the big forces there.

The members of the Divine Farmer race were famous in the Source World for their kindness and righteousness. It didn't make sense for them to have attacked the Nine Li race.

Lorena shook her head helplessly. "I don't know either. My father didn't tell us the reason. He just asked us to leave the Source World."

"Even if Grand Chieftain created the divine land and asked you to leave, he must have sent guards to protect you. How were the Yellow Emperor Guards able to kill all of our warriors?" Ramzi said in disbelief. But after a nudge from Timotheus, he realized that he had overreacted. "I'm sorry. I'm not challenging Grand Chieftain's arrangement. Still, it didn't make sense."

"The divine land was protected by Harper," Lorena answered after mulling it over for a while.

Upon hearing this, Leopold couldn't help but butt in. "Harper? The three-star Nine Li Guard? He is too weak. I don't think he is qualified to protect you."

Ramzi and Timotheus had never heard of Harper, but Leopold knew him.

Harper was a smart but weak man. He was a relatively well-known military counselor in the Nine Li race, but in terms of fighting capacity, he was far from powerful.

Anyway, no matter how awful the situation in the Nine Li race had been, there should have been several strong warriors assigned to protect Lorena and the divine land.

After all, Lorena was Chiyou's beloved daughter. To protect her, it was reasonable to send even eighty-one mages, or five-star Nine Li Guards like Timotheus.

Leopold's words caught Lorena off guard, and she didn't know how to reply.

'That's true. Why did Father arrange things this way?' she wondered.

Just then, she felt a broad arm rest on her shoulder. She turned and saw Mike smiling at her. "If the aim was to save the Nine Li race's bloodline, the best way to do it would be to put all the people of the race inside the inner world of a mighty warrior and ask that warrior to run away, wouldn't it? It's the most convenient way. The chaos is so vast! How would Yellow Emperor be able to find that warrior? Aren't I right?"

Everyone, including Timotheus and Ramzi, was taken aback at Mike's words.

Until now, although the Nine Li Guards knew that this Holy Being was Lorena's husband, they hadn't paid any attention to him. They only had respect for Zen and Lorena. Mike's words, however, made too much sense for them to ignore.

"You are right," Timotheus admitted, nodding slowly.

It wouldn't be a problem at all for an Other Shore Realm warrior to keep all the members of the Nine Li race in their inner world.

"But Chiyou didn't do that, which means that he must have secretly released the divine land into the chaos. No one else knew about it," continued Mike.

"Even if he secretly released the divine land, he still could have sent mighty warriors to protect it," Leopold retorted.

"And then? Did he build the divine land only to save the Nine Li bloodline? Or so that the members of the Nine Li race can live there happily? If that was the case, Chiyou should have had a better choice," said Mike.

"You seem to know something," Timotheus commented, staring intently at Mike.

Ever since the Sacred race disappeared, the divine land had been occupied by the later-born divine citizens. Then, outstanding people like Nicholas, Mike, and Bromley had gradually come into being. However, they no longer belonged to the Nine Li race, and they didn't have Chiyou's blood.

The divine land was a huge relic for these people. They cultivated from a low-rank True God to a Holy Being, slowly exploring the various secrets of the divine land. Even if they hadn't found out everything about the divine land, they had their guesses.

The origin of the divine land and the disappearance of the Sacred race were all secrets that had been left behind in the ancient times and spawned various legends.

It was not until Lorena's appearance that these secrets had come to light.

It was only then that Mike had learned about the origin of the divine land, and that there was actually a wider space outside the divine land where Other Shore Realm warriors, who were stronger than even Holy Beings, existed.

However, there was still one question that puzzled Mike: what was Chiyou's purpose of creating the divine land?

"The most important things in the divine land aren't the Soaring Snake Sword, the forbidden areas, or even the divine land itself. The most important things are the two seeds and the Infinity Ruler," Mike said indifferently.

"Seeds? Infinity Ruler?"

The Nine Li Guards were confused.

"My father gave me these two seeds and the Infinity Ruler. These seeds are Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds. One of them stores the bloodline of our Nine Li race, while the other stores the bloodline of the Snake Goddess race. It's said that Snake Goddess personally gave the seed to my father," Lorena explained.

Then, she looked to the other side where Emily and the others from the Snake Goddess race were sitting.

Until now, they hadn't participated in the conversation at all since it was regarding an internal matter of the Nine Li race. But after hearing that one of the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds had been given by the Snake Goddess race, Emily opened her eyes.

Chapter 2864 The Speculation

The Blood-storing Seed was an intricate way to preserve blood.

There was a tricky conundrum that had arisen with every great clan in the Source World continuing their bloodlines.

Since the blood was passed down from generation to generation, over time it became diluted.

For example, Lorena was an esteemed member of the Nine Li race, while Mike was an outsider. So it was inevitable that their children's blood would be diluted.

However, this crisis was abridged by the Blood-storing Seed.

With the Blood-storing Seed, descendants of the clans would be able to ensure the purity of their blood.

However, there was a class system in play for the Blood-storing Seed. For common people, an ordinary Blood-storing Seed would suffice.

In the Source World, the One-Pattern and Two-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds were quite commonly and easily acquired, but the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed was more of a rarity and harder to find.

Therefore, when Emily heard Lorena mention the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed that had been given by the Snake Goddess, her ears instantly perked up. This meant that one of her children had been gifted with the blood of the Snake Goddess race. If the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed had really been made by the Snake Goddess herself, then this child had a chance of possessing the purest blood of the Snake Goddess race.

Of course, there was no doubt that Zen and Yan were Lorena and Mike's children. The Blood-storing Seed carried the blood, which was its special ability.

"The Blood-storing Seed of our race was used on Zen, right?" Timotheus asked, staring wide-eyed at Zen.

Mike nodded.

"Small wonder then that the Blood Stone broke into pieces." Leopold smiled woefully.

They had tested Zen's blood strenuously at the Sky Spirit Bone Tower, but they hadn't known its limit. They only knew the imperial-grade bloodline flowed in Zen's veins. Now it would appear that they had underestimated him.

"What is the Infinity Ruler?" Timotheus probed Mike.

"What is your view on the merging of Godly Ways?" Mike asked hesitantly.

"The merging of Godly Ways? You mean the theurgy that Zen has been cultivating? I don't know who instructed him to cultivate it, but I dare say it will prove a failure." Leopold shook his head disapprovingly.

Timotheus supported his opinion by saying, "That is a road to nowhere, and it will prove useless."

The others nodded in agreement. In the Source World, everyone knew this to be a truth.

Merging the Godly Ways was problematic, if not futile. After most of the True Gods had reached their consummation, they saw no point in wasting time by merging other Godly Ways. Instead, they invested their time in cultivating the Truth of Godly Way. This was how they attempted to reach the Other Shore as soon as possible.

"Would it surprise you if it was the Grand Chieftain who instructed my son to cultivate it?" Mike asked.

The Nine Li Guards were stunned by his revelation.

Leopold widened his eyes and said, "Even if it was by the Grand Chieftain's order, he must have been mistaken. He had also previously tried, and he had been forced to admit that he had failed."

It was no secret that Chiyou had once tried unsuccessfully to merge the Godly Ways, and many Nine Li members knew this.

"But I think that Chiyou had discovered a way to successfully merge the Godly Ways. I even think that your race is embroiled in this mess because of the merging of Godly Ways. As you just said, the Divine Farmer had no motivation to help the Yellow Emperor, yet despite this, he still helped the Yellow Emperor to defeat the Nine Li race. Perhaps someone opposed the Nine Li race's mastery of merging the Godly Ways. Hence, they asked the Yellow Emperor to join hands with the Divine Farmer. Chiyou never completely mastered the theurgy of merging the Godly Ways, so he built the divine land and gave the two seeds and the Infinity Ruler to Lorena," Mike related his guess.

"The Infinity Ruler..."

"The Infinity Ruler contains three thousand scales. Each scale represents a Godly Way, making it a convenient way for Zen to merge the Godly Ways," explained Mike.

"But surely that's just speculation," whispered Ramzi in awe.

With a faint smile hovering on his face, Mike said, "Such speculation offers a direction, but we still have to prove it. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, quite right," Emily confirmed. "If I were Chiyou and really had the means to recreate the Godly Ways Great Unity, I would also take the risk and might even ask the Snake Goddess to join me. But where is this person who has the other Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed now? May I see that person?"

Yan was Mike and Lorena's daughter. She had never had anything to do with the Snake Goddess race.

However, since Yan had inherited the Blood-storing Seed that had been personally made by the Snake Goddess, her blood was also an unusual anomaly in the Snake Goddess race, so Emily felt that to be of great importance to her.

"Yan is still in the divine land," said Lorena.

Emily nodded, her mind running off with different ideas, and she fell silent as she brooded.

"Do you think my father's assumption will prove correct?"

Zen, who had kept silent throughout this discussion, suddenly asked No. 9527 in the vaults of his mind.

When he had been outside the divine land, he had heard them mention many times that it was untenable for one to merge the Godly Ways, and the Great Unity would never be rebuilt, ever. No. 9527, Timotheus, and Fuxi had all said the same.

But Zen still had the notion of leaving things to chance. After all, this was the gift that his father gave him. What if he succeeded?

"It's not correct," answered No. 9527, immediately denying Mike's assumption. "It is a certainty that the Great Unity has only existed once ever since the chaos formed. If Chiyou could really rebuild the Great Unity, it would mean that the truths could be acquired through learning, which is simply impossible."

Zen pursed his lips and said, "What are the odds? Isn't there even a one-in-ten-thousand possibility?"

"Forget it. It's virtually impossible," No. 9527 replied, snorting derisively.

"Fine." Zen shrugged indifferently.

He still wasn't planning on giving up, despite No. 9527's conclusion.

He was determined to fill the three thousand scales marked on the Infinity Ruler.

Of course, no one was aware that Zen was talking with No. 9527. After hearing Emily's response, Timotheus and the others found it difficult to further doubt things. After all, Mike's assumption sounded somewhat reasonable.

"Zen once mentioned those Yellow Emperor Guards. What are they like now?" Timotheus asked.

The Nine Li Guards never busied themselves with the bizarre idea of Grand Chieftain. But they were concerned about the real threat. The Yellow Emperor Guards were potentially the biggest challenge in the divine land.

"Someone has taken control of the Abyss Demon Region. It won't be long before they break through the Mixed Element Seal," Lorena reported.

Timotheus' eyes flashed as he offered, "In that case, you must stay outside the divine land, and we'll protect you."

Emily agreed, "Right. Since you can't oppose the powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm, you can place your family members in a small world and bring them here. You can return once we are able to enter the divine land."

She longed to verify Yan's blood. Although she was in the dark about what the Snake Goddess thought, she felt obliged to verify it since Yan possessed their race's blood. Besides, she was willing to stay here because of Zen.

"I'm afraid that will not be possible," Mike said, shaking his head.

"Why not?" Timotheus asked, frowning. He felt this was the safest means available to them.

"Zen has a mission of his own now. The Mountain of Holy Beings is about to emerge," Mike explained.

Chapter 2865 Order

Timotheus kept his eyes on Zen as he thought for a while. "I implore you, at least let the princess stay here, under our protection," he finally said.

He didn't know how to sway Mike's mind, but knew that the least he could do was to ensure the safety of the princess.

Lorena, however, had made up her mind. "I will stay with my husband no matter what," she said firmly.

Timotheus had failed. The Nine Li Guards couldn't keep Lorena here against her will, and Mike, stubborn as a mule, was impossible to convince.

However, Mike had promised that in the event that he encountered an insurmountable danger in the divine land, he would immediately send Lorena and the others away to safety.

Even after all discussion had ended and Mike had left with his family, Timotheus remained rooted to the spot, his expression sulky and obviously disappointed.

Seeing his face, Emily smiled and reached out a hand to pat him on the back, reassuring him. "Sometimes you should just relinquish control and let things run their course. And it might even be what Chiyou planned from the start, right?"

"Perhaps you are right," Timotheus said, more to himself than to Emily, nodding. "Anyway, we have to hurry and move as fast as possible."

"The speed at which the space barrier recovers is much slower than we imagined. So we should be able to break through the space barrier a year earlier than we expected. At most, we will need three years," said Emily, pursing her lips.

Timotheus did not like the sound of that. "If the Yellow Emperor Guards manage to escape from the seal, the situation on this ship will change dramatically. Three years is too much time. We need a faster solution," Timotheus said, shaking his head.

"Let's go with what we know, rather than spend even more time thinking up a new plan. And think about it, not so long ago we thought it would take at least five years! Three years is a huge improvement, isn't it?" Emily said in an optimistic tone.

As soon as Emily had finished speaking, a figure emerged from the giant vortex before them. It was a warrior of the Other Shore Realm from the Snake Goddess race.

This warrior was obviously tired, having exerted a significant amount of Faith Energy.

"Now, it is my turn!" Timotheus exclaimed, and he charged forwards, into the mouth of the vortex.

The space barrier between the divine land and the chaos could, given enough time, regenerate on its own, so they had to move quickly before the window closed again. They would have to work in shifts, one working while the other rested. Otherwise, all their previous efforts would have been in vain.

Back in the divine land, on the Lofty Tree, the last of the orbs finally split open.

A beam of purple light shot out of it, stopping as it reached the top of the Lofty Tree.

The man who had emerged from the orb was wearing a purple robe, a golden ribbon tied around his waist. His skin glimmered faintly in the daylight, and his eyes were clear and piercing.

"Leyton!"

"You are free now!"

"Congratulations!"

The remaining Yellow Emperor Guards similarly congratulated their leader, one after another.

Leyton stood on the top of the tree, and as he gazed far across the land and towards the horizon, the corners of his mouth curved up into a smile.

After they had accidentally found themselves aboard this ship in the past, they had spent many years here. Now that they had been released from the seal, however, they all had mixed feelings.

Leyton was the last one to be released.

As all of the Mixed Element Seals had been removed, the entire Lofty Tree began trembling violently.

The strong sense of death in the North Star Region had completely disappeared. Signs of new life sprung up everywhere, and the bare branches of the Lofty Tree began to blossom, sprouting numerous little buds. If one observed the tree from a high point, they would be witness to a wondrous sight, seeing the tree transform from a barren stack of branches to a vibrant mass of blossoms.

After many years of barrenness, the North Star Region began to bloom with new life.

Not before long, the region would become home to a vast number of beings.

"Leyton, please let me destroy this cursed tree!" Zavier said through gritted teeth, his face full of anger as he saw the tree erupt with new life.

Having stayed trapped by this tree for so many long years, he resented its new life and beauty. He wished to see it gone, a pile of ashes.

"Don't be so irrational. What fool gets angry at a tree? Harper was the one who trapped you, not the tree! If you want revenge so badly, why not find

Harper and give him what he deserves?" Leyton chided. He seemed at ease and rational. "Haven't we already promised to help Samuel? Let's go to the Floating Islands first."

Hearing this, Samuel bowed to him in respect.

A day passed. By then, Samuel had returned to the Hall of Holy Beings once again.

Standing in front of the hall, Samuel called loudly, "All Holy Beings, present yourself in the Hall of Holy Beings as soon as possible!"

When his voice reached the other Holy Beings, they began to whisper amongst themselves disgruntledly.

"Here comes Samuel again!"

"It's only been a few days since the last time he came here to pester us. He must love embarrassing himself!"

"Does he think he is on par with Nicholas?"

Despite their complaints, however, a number of the Holy Beings heeded his command.

Even though Holy Beings of the alliance had little respect for Samuel, they did respect Hamish, and they knew that he was the one behind Samuel's actions. As much as they resented following Samuel, they wouldn't dare defy an Other Shore Realm warrior.

"Buzz!"

The first one of them to appear in the Hall of Holy Beings was Zeke.

As soon as he appeared, he saw the five people standing in a row behind Samuel, and his expression transformed immediately. In the face of this direct evidence, he could no longer deny that Samuel was the one who had liberated the Other Shore Realm warriors.

Murphy, Clark and other Holy Beings appeared shortly after Zeke in close succession.

Just like Zeke, their faces filled with shock upon seeing the row of powerful warriors of the Other Shore Realm standing behind Samuel.

Soon, all the Holy Beings from the alliance of the powerful clans had gathered in the Hall of Holy Beings.

Leyton took a casual glance at the Holy Beings who had just arrived and their abashed expressions. "Are these Holy Beings all members of the alliance?" he asked Samuel without taking his eyes off them.

"Yes, sir," Samuel said with a nod.

Leyton smiled, and a gentle aura spread out from him, blowing through the hall like a refreshing spring breeze. "You, followers of Nicholas and members of the alliance! You all helped us get rid of the Mixed Element Seals."

As he spoke, he flicked his fingers, shooting out a shower of golden lights which floated in the air before Clark, Murphy and the other Holy Beings.

The Holy Beings' already confused expressions became even more puzzled as they observed the golden lights suspended in the air before them.

Murphy took a small step forward, squinting at the light. "Is this a Sanskrit word?" he asked after a few seconds of staring at the light.

"This is the complete Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, transcribed for you to understand. All you have to do is inject your spiritual sense into it," Leyton replied.

The Holy Beings all remained wide-eyed, their expressions vapid. However, as the information finally sank in, their expressions transformed into those of realization. Subsequently, they proceeded to channel their spiritual sense into the golden lights before them. Once the task was complete, however, this previously confused crowd of Holy Beings erupted with tumultuous joy.

It was widely acknowledged that Nicholas's strength was far superior to that of any other Holy Being, as he was the only one who had mastered the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos. Although Nicholas had obtained many other advantages in the Sea of Truth, the other Holy Beings would definitely have a chance to become as powerful as him if they, too, gained entrance to the Sea of Truth.

Standing in the middle of the hall, Samuel furrowed his brows slightly. He didn't expect Leyton to be so generous as to provide those Holy Beings with the complete Truth of Godly Way.

However, Leyton's motives were not purely altruistic. He was aware that this was the most effective way to bribe the Holy Beings into convincing them to work for the alliance and remain loyal to it.

The Holy Beings all expressed their gratitude to Leyton, who waved his hand casually with an expression of feigned embarrassment. "Soon, we will be like a family, so you don't have to continue with all those ceremonies and formalities. But there is one other thing. Tell me, why aren't the other Holy Beings here? Surely you lot are not the only ones!" he said.

"Those other Holy Beings are not part of the alliance," Samuel explained. "It's not that easy to subdue them or order them around."

"Hm...I see..." said Leyton, scratching his chin.

A smile still lingered on Leyton's face, however. With a slight bounce, he jumped upward and stayed suspended in midair.

"Summon them to me," he directed Samuel.

Samuel understood the innate meaning of Leyton's words. "All Holy Beings, I order you to come to the Hall of Holy Beings immediately. Come now or suffer the consequences!"

"Really?" scoffed one of the Holy Beings. "I'd love to see those consequences. Bet they are terrifying!" the person continued, who turned out to be Gibson, his voice dripping with sarcasm. He had always been quick to mock Samuel in the past, and was not changing tack now.

He would soon regret his words, however. As soon as he had finished speaking, an overwhelmingly intense Truth of Godly Way spread, like an electric mist, from the Hall of Holy Beings and extended across all the Floating Islands.

The moment Gibson felt the Truth of Godly Way, the mocking smile slid off his face as if it were a block of butter on an icy ledge.

"It's the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent!" he exclaimed, gasping with surprise.

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent possessed by the Sword Clan was an incomplete version. This Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, however, was released by a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm. They were on completely different levels.

Chapter 2866 An Easy Punishment

The power of the aura was incomprehensible by the Holy Beings.

Besides Gibson, Woodruff, Ian and the other Holy Beings, who didn't belong to the alliance of the powerful clans, were all taken aback.

"Who is this guy?"

"As far as I know, Hamish who is the main sponsor of the alliance, doesn't practice the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent."

"Have the other Yellow Emperor Guards been released?"

The Holy Beings were astonished!

The Demi-holy Beings and True Gods could also feel the overwhelming pressure.

All the disciples of the powerful clans raised their heads to look at the sky. It felt like the ubiquitous aura was piercing through their chests with a kind of indescribable force.

Everyone present in the Hall of Holy Beings, including Clark and Murphy, sucked in their breaths when they felt Leyton's aura.

Leyton took two steps in the air and hovered above the middle hall, looking down at everyone.

Soon, he seemed to have spotted someone in the distance. With his fingers pressed together, he pointed downwards.

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent accumulated on his fingertips, turning into a bright white sword light, and hit the floor of the Hall of Holy Beings.

Boom!

The sword light immediately penetrated the floating Hall of Holy Beings, leaving a small round hole on the floor.

The sword light went straight through the Hall of Holy Beings, the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, and the Floating Island of the Sword Clan!

Bang!

The cyan tiles of a three-story building on the Floating Island of the Sword Clan were hit and they crumbled like a pack of cards. Then the sword light rushed towards Gibson.

By the time Gibson realized what happened, it was too late for him to teleport himself.

Before he could step into the space channel, the thin sword light went through his head all the way to his feet.

The sword light did not stop there. It rapidly impaled the Floating Island of the Sword Clan. Leaving a long trail in the air, it penetrated through the Floating Islands of the Tang Clan and the Leng Clan and landed in the Time Sea at a certain angle.

"Master Gibson!"

"Holy Emperor Gibson!"

"How are you? Are you okay?"

When the members of the Sword Clan rushed into the building, they saw that Gibson was standing motionless. He could not move at all!

The disciple standing in front touched Gibson and he fell to the ground with a thud. The group of disciples was stunned!

They could not hear the conversations in the Hall of Holy Beings. They could only feel the powerful aura. Nobody could figure out why Gibson had been killed on their Floating Island just like that.

"I have killed the Holy Being of the Sword Clan, but with the support of his universe, he can be brought back to life. This is just an easy punishment. The next time I attack, you will die once and for all," threatened Leyton.

Hearing his words, all the Holy Beings turned pale.

"He killed Gibson with a single move?"

"He has terrifying strength!"

"Gibson is one of the top five Holy Beings. He is powerful!"

"None of that matters. The important thing is that he can kill Holy Beings forever and they will not be able to revive!"

Holy Beings were not afraid of being killed because they would be reborn in less than two months, but what Leyton claimed to do had shocked them.

If he could really kill the Holy Beings and destroy their universes, then they would no longer be immortal, which was their greatest gift!

This brought back unpleasant memories of what happened several years ago to the Holy Beings.

At that time, Nicholas was leading the alliance of the powerful clans to capture Lorena. Several Holy Beings of the alliance were devoured by the Lethal Fire Magma. No one knew what Lorena had done to the Holy Beings at that time. They were unable to be reborn, and their universes collapsed too.

Sensing the fear of the Holy Beings present, Samuel put on a smug smile. He spoke once more, "Now it's time for you all to show up, right? Do you want me to send special invites to you all one by one?"

His warning had the desired effect and as soon as he finished speaking, the Holy Beings appeared in the hall.

They didn't take his words seriously before, but they didn't dare to disobey him seeing he had a powerhouse to support him.

Meanwhile, in the War God Hall of the Moon Clan, Woodruff was frowning and his face was gloomy.

Hallet had visited the Moon Clan before. He wanted to join hands with the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan to fight against the alliance of the powerful clans.

That was a smart move on his part, actually.

It didn't matter how powerful Nicholas was, united they could beat him.

The prospect of finishing Nicholas convinced the Moon Clan to join hands with the Sword Clan.

Once the battle with the alliance of the powerful clans started, the Moon Clan would fight without hesitation.

However, things had changed. Nicholas had actually died in the Abyss Demon Region, and now their new opponent was powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm.

Just then, someone appeared in the War God Hall with a flash.

Seeing the shadow, Woodruff cupped his hands and yelled, "Shall we go to the Hall of Holy Beings, brother?"

The person that Woodruff was addressing was Moon Li, the leader of the Moon Sect.

The Moon Clan was made up of three forces: the Moon Sect led by Moon Li, the War God Hall led by Woodruff and the Mysterious Soul Building led by Vanessa.

Among them, Vanessa was the only one who wasn't on the Floating Island. She was staying on the Hidden Tree in the south.

Moon's face darkened. It was natural for anyone who had to face such a powerhouse to feel defenseless.

"Yes. Let's see what Samuel and that powerhouse have in mind and then we can plan our strategy," said Moon.

"But we can't just surrender to Samuel this way! We..." Woodruff gritted his teeth.

"There's no need for us to fight Samuel. Let's find out their purpose first." A glint of smartness flashed in Moon's eyes.

The Moon Clan was ranked third among all the powerful clans above the Time Sea. The three Holy Beings of the Moon Clan believed that they were by no means weaker than Samuel, so they were unwilling to surrender, but right now they had no choice given the current situation.

"Let's go!"

Buzz, buzz!

The two of them stepped into the space channel and instantly appeared in the Hall of Holy Beings.

The moment Samuel saw Woodruff, his mouth twitched and he had a wicked smile. "Woodruff, you finally show up."

Woodruff stood there sullenly and did not speak.

"That day, you asked me what I relied on to challenge you. Is this powerful enough?" Samuel sneered and looked at him aggressively.

Woodruff was not used to being taunted like this.

He had always defied power. In fact he was the one who had the guts to oppose Nicholas. The War God Hall had never been afraid of war and death.

The blue veins on his forehead protruded. Just as he was about to refute, Moon stopped him. He cupped his hands and yelled out to Samuel, "Samuel, why do you summon us to the Hall of Holy Beings today?"

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2867 The Maze

The Moon Clan was led by the Moon Sect. Moon was the strongest among the three Holy Beings of the Moon Clan and was said to be ranked top three among all the Holy Beings. But normally, he seldom showed up in public, and the daily affairs of the Moon Clan were generally handled by Woodruff.

Compared to Woodruff, Moon kept a low profile as if he did not exist.

Samuel gave Moon an indifferent glance and didn't continue to embarrass Woodruff. He said loudly, "I'd like to discuss the reestablishment of the alliance of the powerful clans."

"The alliance of the powerful clans has been existing for a long time now, and we are aware that you are a member of the alliance. Now Holy Nicholas has died. If the Holy Beings of the alliance are willing to recognize you as their new leader, that will be a good thing. Congratulations, Samuel," said Moon in a respectful tone as he cupped his hands toward Samuel.

Samuel said with a slight smile, "In addition, I require all the powerful clans to join the alliance."

The Holy Beings outside the alliance frowned slightly when they heard this.

Samuel had mentioned it before, but they just treated it as a joke. They did not realize that Samuel would really force them to join the alliance.

However, with those powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm backing him up, it was another story.

Moon, on the other hand, calmly answered, "The purpose of the alliance is to unite the Holy Beings. Would it be too much to force all the Holy Beings to join it?"

Samuel's gaze swept over Woodruff and Marsh, one of the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan, and then said in a cold voice, "It's surely too much for those who don't want to join the alliance. As I have said before, there will only be one alliance of the powerful clans above the Time Sea in the future. If you don't want to join, you can leave the Time Sea."

The expression on Moon's face slightly froze at his words. He tried his best to stay composed after hearing Samuel's words.

Meanwhile, the other Holy Beings also looked gloomy.

Samuel was really rude and unreasonable. After he was in power, he became even more cruel and vicious than Nicholas, which made circumstances worse.

"It's a big deal to join the alliance of the powerful clans. There are many factions in my clan. I don't have the final say. I still have to discuss this matter with my advisers and constituents. Can I give you a reply another day?" Moon said. Under such a circumstance, he did not dare to refuse Samuel directly.

"Of course you can," Samuel responded as he looked at Marsh intensely.

Since Marsh came to the Hall of Holy Beings, he had had a long face. A Holy Being of the Sword Clan had just been killed, so he was furious. He did not know if he could handle his feelings well, but he composed himself.

"What's your reply, Marsh?" Samuel asked.

Marsh managed to squeeze out a smile on his face although it seemed like he was in pain. "The same as the Moon Clan. I have to go back to the Sunrest Tree. I'm afraid it will take some time before I give a reply."

Samuel looked around the other Holy Beings and said, "So all of you can't give me a reply today either?"

"I have to make an explanation to my clansmen," said one Holy Being.

"The elders of our clan are stubborn. I'm afraid I have to spend some time persuading them," said another.

"…"

Samuel sneered inwardly. He wanted to break the faces of these Holy Beings, but he kept calm.

Everyone knew that the Holy Beings were the core of their clans, and every word of them carried weight. Obviously, they made up an excuse to buy time as Moon did.

Samuel sneered, "Alright. I'll give you one month. I hope you won't let me down. Otherwise, you don't have anyone to blame except for yourselves."

The Holy Beings cupped their hands to Samuel and left the Hall of Holy Beings one by one.

Just as Marsh was about to leave, Samuel said, "Marsh, wait a minute."

Marsh asked in a long and wary face, "What's wrong?"

"Well, Master Leyton wants to talk to you," Samuel said with a faint smile.

Leyton looked down at Marsh and asked proudly, "The Non-combat Zone on the Sunrest Tree was built with the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, right?"

Marsh's heart sank at his words.

The Sword Clan didn't know the origin of the Non-combat Zone before. It was not until Harold's and Zen's appearances that they knew the secret.

Although Harper had never appeared in the Sword Clan, he had built the Non-combat Zone on the Sunrest Tree, which was considered the natural barrier and also one of the footholds of the Sword Clan. So his role was not underestimated.

"We don't know what the Truth of Goodwill and Malice is," said Marsh. Although he tried to lie, Leyton looked at him as if he really knew the truth.

Leyton laughed and said, "It's the Truth of Godly Way that Harper cultivates. I have confirmed that he has been hiding under the Sunrest Tree over the years. Please take me to him."

"It's... It's not appropriate. We the Sword Clan..." Marsh was trying to come up with an excuse to refuse Leyton.

But Leyton interrupted him. "Harper has trapped us for so many years, and we have to take revenge on him. I am not discussing with you. The Non-combat Zone can block the Holy Beings, but it can't block us. If you don't agree, I will not think twice to eliminate the Sword Clan from the divine land."

His voice was very calm but intimidating, as if the second largest clan in the divine land was only a small fly in his eyes.

Marsh gritted his teeth with worry. He had no excuse so he had no choice but to give in to Leyton's threat.

While the people on the Floating Islands were deterred by the danger, the fairy palace was enjoying a peaceful atmosphere.

After the trip out of the divine land, Mike was finally relieved.

He had thought previously about how to fight against the alliance of the powerful clans, but now, he had to think about how to spend the next few years safely.

"Father, you told Master Timotheus and the others that the Mountain of Holy Beings is about to emerge and I have my mission. What do you mean by this?" Zen asked intently.

At that time, what Mike said had totally confused him. He needed clarification.

Even if he became a Holy Being, his strength wouldn't change significantly. After all, their opponents were the Yellow Emperor Guards at the Other Shore Realm who were known for their strength.

"I don't know either," Mike answered with a smile.

A strange expression appeared on Zen's face when he heard his father's answer.

When Mike saw the confusion on Zen's face, he continued, "Even your mother doesn't know why your grandfather made this ship. I can only guess it. Do you still remember the maze on the True Path?"

Zen nodded quickly.

The last part of the True Path led Zen to enter an enormous maze that seemed like no one could ever get out of.

It took him four long months to leave the maze after countless desperately failed attempts. Since then, the maze was left in his mind magically.

Saul once told him that the maze was left by the Sacred race and that it was very important. It was copied by his master using his sharp memory. The real maze was many times larger than what Zen entered.

He had been in the divine land for so long but had never heard of the maze here.

Now that his father mentioned the Mountain of Holy Beings and the maze at the same time, Zen was thrilled. His eyes lit up as he asked, "Father, do you mean that the maze is in the Mountain of Holy Beings?"

Mike looked at Zen with appreciation and nodded. "Yes, it took your master a lot of effort to copy it."

Chapter 2868 The Choice Of The Moon Clan

"What's at the end of the maze?" Zen asked curiously.

Mike shook his head and said, "I don't know. I've never been to that maze."

"Dose Mother know anything about it?" Zen tried again.

Mike smiled and explained, "The Nine Li race doesn't have a thorough understanding of the divine land, so your mother doesn't know much about it either. But Bromley believes that the key to controlling the divine land lies in that maze."

Zen raised his eyebrows at that.

The divine land was independent ever since it was set free by Chiyou. If they could reign over the divine land in place of Chiyou, then neither the union of the powerful clans nor the Other Shore Realm enemies would be a problem for them anymore.

This sure clarified some things but Zen still couldn't figure out one thing.

A world in the universe would eventually develop its own will as time passed by.

The divine land had been out of Chiyou's control for a long time now but it didn't seem to have developed its own will yet. Zen couldn't fathom the reason behind this.

Zen was deep in thought when he suddenly heard Augustus's voice coming from the outer hall, "Some Holy Beings have come into the Swirl Forest."

"Holy Beings?" Mike's face darkened at this information.

"Who are these people?" Hallet asked.

"It's Moon from the Moon Sect and Woodruff from the War God Hall," Augustus replied.

Hearing this, Mike walked out quickly and ordered, "Let them in!"

Moon and Woodruff were surprised when they saw Mike. His revival from the universe was known only to the Holy Being of the Bai Clan, while the rest knew nothing about it.

However, they soon recovered from their confusion. After all, the Dongfang Clan had lost its past glory. Now, although the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan still remained above the Time Sea, the clan was doomed to decline. As a result, they could no longer imprison Mike.

"Long time no see, Moon and Woodruff," Mike greeted them amicably with a smile.

Moon saluted to him and said, "Congratulations! I didn't know that you've already returned. I am so glad to see you again!"

Back when the Luo Clan was in trouble, both the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan had chosen to be silent spectators instead of offering to help.

After all, at that time, the Dongfang Clan was quite prosperous, so the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan didn't have the resources to protect anybody other than themselves.

They were meeting Mike today after that episode, so there was a trace of apology in Moon's tone.

As for Mike, he didn't mind that too much. In fact, if he was the leader of the Moon Clan, he would have done the same.

"So what brings you here today?" Mike asked.

Moon looked at Hallet and sighed. "Some days ago, Hallet visited our clan to discuss an alliance. We had decided to wait and see the Sword Clan's attitude. But now, the situation seems to have changed."

Sensing that there was an undertone in his words, Mike asked, "What exactly happened on the Floating Islands?"

"Samuel has gone too far. He wants to rule over the entirety of the Time Sea! He is relentless in his pursuit." Woodruff said angrily before Moon could get a word out.

"The entire Time Sea?" Mike was confounded. "That's an impossible mission for him to undertake alone. Could it be that…"

"Samuel set all the Yellow Emperor Guards free," Moon explained with a sad sigh. "Having gained the support of those Yellow Emperor Guards, how could the other Holy Beings go against him?"

Zen, Hallet, Harold and the rest became gloomy.

"It all happened too soon, didn't it?" Harold frowned and said.

"Samuel has just taken control of the Abyss Demon Region, but he released the Yellow Emperor Guards so soon. We never expected it," Hallet commented, still appearing to be in a daze.

However, Zen was clear that since Samuel could gain access to all of Nicholas's memories, he would definitely replace him in a plot. It was not difficult for Samuel to do this in a short time. After all, he knew everything that Nicholas knew.

"One of the Yellow Emperor Guards, called Leyton, killed Gibson and said that he has the means to kill every Holy Being with no chance of them being reborn ever again," remarked Moon calmly.

He described what he had seen in the Hall of Holy Beings.

"Samuel required you to reply within a month? And all the Holy Beings have to join them? He..." Mike said bitterly.

"He has gone too far now!" Woodruff was furious!

"Then what do you plan to do about this?" Mike asked Moon with a look of determination in his eyes.

The Yellow Emperor Guards released from the Mixed Element Seals were merciless. This would mark a watershed in the divine land's history.

If the Holy Beings enlisted in the alliance, irrespective of being reluctant or willing, it would mean that they were against the Nine Li race and would become their potential opponents.

"I don't care what you think, Moon. I swear that our War God Hall will never join them!" Woodruff said firmly.

Seeing Woodruff incensed like this, Moon smiled wryly. "I didn't say that the Moon Clan will necessarily join them. We still have to discuss this with Vanessa, don't we?"

"She won't listen to you," Woodruff said shortly.

Vanessa was the head of the Mysterious Soul Building.

Moon looked calm on the surface, but he was under great pressure inside. Faced with a group of invincible opponents, surrendering seemed to be the only way for him. However, the Moon Clan was an alliance of three forces. They had agreed long ago not to join any more forces.

"To think of it, leaving the Time Sea doesn't seem to be a bad thing," Mike suddenly said.

Moon shook his head. "I don't think so. If Samuel could fully control the Time Sea, it would mean that we would also have to give up the entire divine land soon. In time, there will be no room for us to live. Moreover, I don't think that he will spare us if we don't obey him."

"If he doesn't let us go, we will prove to him that defeating us is no easy feat!" Woodruff said angrily.

Moon glanced at him indifferently and asked, "Do you think you're a match for those Yellow Emperor Guards?"

His words rendered Woodruff speechless.

Strength was everything in the divine land. Since Samuel was now backed by the Yellow Emperor Guards, the rest of the Holy Beings were destined to be slaughtered if they chose not to submit to him.

"Actually, we only need to wait for another three years. We'll see the results by then," Mike said suddenly.

"Three years?" Moon repeated in surprise. "Is it possible that you have figured out a way to deal with them?"

The Holy Beings of the alliance were aware of the Other Shore Realm warriors from outside the divine land, but the other large clans still didn't know of their existence.

Mike didn't get straight to the point and tell Moon everything. Instead, he said, "We do have a way of defeating them. As for what kind of method we will use, we won't be able to inform you until the intention of the Moon Clan is clear to us."

If the Moon Clan decided to join the alliance of the clans, they would also be treated as the enemy.

"Mike, don't worry. I have already made my decision. It's out of the question for me to join the alliance of the clans and to surrender to Samuel," Woodruff answered firmly.

Despite his sincerity, Mike still cupped his hands and said, "Please visit the Swirl Forest again after the Moon Clan makes a final decision. I'll give you the answer then."

Chapter 2869 Entering The Sea

The two Holy Beings of the Moon Clan were sent out of the fairy palace by Augustus.

Mike sighed. "I hope they make the right choice."

"I won't be surprised if they choose to submit to Samuel," said Harold.

Most Holy Beings would be open to compromise in order to maintain their status and influence in the divine land.

"But it may not be the best option," Mike said with a faint smile.

Under Zen's leadership, Mike had seen many Other Shore Realm warriors outside the divine land. He now understood the great gap between these two forces and hoped that the Moon Clan would make the best choice available.

"It looks like we also have to withdraw the disciples from the Floating Island of the Gu Clan," Hallet said, rather sadly. "But I don't know where Master is now."

Back then, Mike had been imprisoned by the Dongfang Clan and not long after that, Bromley had left the Floating Island.

Mike had returned safely but Bromley had disappeared without a trace.

Mike shook his head and laughed. "He is very interested in the chaos, and exploring the chaos takes too much time. Fortunately, there are not many people in the Gu Clan. Even the fairy palace can accommodate them. Members of the Luo Clan don't need to come over at the moment."

Now that the Yellow Emperor Guards were out in the open, there was no safe place in the entire divine land. The only places that could come close to blocking them were the forbidden areas, and even that might not be able to keep them away completely.

"I will arrange for inquiries to be made about the situation on the Floating Islands," Hallet said, nodding.

The entrance to the Swirl Forest was not completely closed to the Floating Islands, which meant that they could still get some information about the Floating Islands.

Geoffrey poked his head into the living room, smiled and said, "Grandpa, you promised me you would exchange something for the Truth of Godly Way."

Mike's worries disappeared the moment he lay eyes on his grandson. He flashed Geoffrey a smile and said, "That's for sure! It looks like I still need to rely on my grandson."

Geoffrey had learned that Joy had imparted the Truth of Cultivation Nature to Mike, and had immediately come up with an idea. After all, Geoffrey had deciphered the Truth of Godly Way, and he had the right to exercise his monopoly over it. And because of this, Geoffrey had worked out a 'deal' with Mike.

Zen had originally planned to leave the fairy palace and continue to absorb the Godly Ways from the Godly Way Tablets according to the pictures in his mind.

But with the appearance of the Yellow Emperor Guards, he had no choice but to put it off. They had to observe the situation on the Floating Islands until everything was stable.

During this period, Zen chose to cultivate in seclusion.

After he became a consummate True God, it meant that he had finally reached the end of the Godly Way.

He had mastered ninety-nine percent of the Truth of Cultivation Nature. The reason why he was cultivating in seclusion was to reach the perfect state of the Truth of Godly Way and create the Truth Boat.

"I entered the Sea of Truth last time with my physical body. What should I do if I want to enter again?" Zen asked No. 9527.

"I don't know," No. 9527 answered.

Zen was surprised. "How can you not know?" he asked desperately.

"According to the Ancient God Cultivation Method, one would enter the Sea of Truth through the Body Tribulations. But I don't know what you should do. Maybe you need to be grilled over fire," No. 9527 replied with a smile.

Zen's mouth twitched. No matter what, he had to break the shackles of the Truth of Godly Way.

Zen sat cross-legged, and the Truth of Cultivation Nature that Geoffrey had copied came into view. The words appeared before his eyes, one after the other.

At first, Zen didn't feel any pressure and recited quickly and smoothly. But as the words kept going past Zen's eyes, the pressure increased with every minute.

Zen's soul power had already far exceeded that of an ordinary consummate True God. He would be outstanding even in the Source World. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't read the last few words of the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

It was not because his soul power was weak. Zen wasn't about to faint, at least not at the moment.

In the Source World, the warrior cultivating the Truth of Godly Way usually created a space and showed the Truth of Godly Way through the environment. Many consummate True Gods usually gathered together to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way.

In that way, warriors could often practice and master it in a short time.

But since Zen wasn't in that position right now, he had to rely on his own efforts to make a breakthrough.

"River, with, clear, stop, nothing..."

Zen's teeth chattered as he recited the words.

His soul had entered an extreme state and it felt like there was an invisible high wall in front of him. He couldn't cross the wall, try as he might. So he resorted to using raw, brute force to cross it. This was an immense pressure on him.

When Zen had cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature, No. 9527 hadn't guided him or given him any advice.

In theory, the Truth of Godly Way was endless. There were only a few talents in the Source World who had figured out the method of cultivation, and others had just followed suit. Zen could only cross the tall wall before him alone to make a breakthrough.

But No. 9527 could see that Zen was trying to break through by using his soul.

This method was foolhardy. If someone else tried to do it, they would have already fainted countless times. This might even damage the Soul of Light. But if he managed to pass through it, it would greatly benefit him.

One day passed...

Two days passed...

Five days passed...

Zen was exhausted. The soul power was being consumed for a long time. He quickly swallowed several pills to replenish his soul power.

His efforts had yielded some good results. Only six words of the whole Truth of Cultivation Nature had not been read and comprehended. The picture of the Sea of Truth was clearly displayed before him. Zen had been to the Sea of Truth, but he had entered it with his physical body last time and the sea had looked different.

On the tenth day, Zen was able to recite two more words. Only four words remained.

On the fifteenth day, only two words had not been recited.

But by this time, Zen had consumed too much of his soul power and fell to the ground. Even if Zen had had strong soul power, it would still have been used up.

But the moment he woke up, he continued to recite the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

"Benevolent!"

On the twentieth day after he had begun to cultivate in seclusion, Zen gritted his teeth and spat out the last word of the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

Zen had finally merged his Soul of Light with the Truth of Godly Way.

The Truth of Cultivation Nature emitted from his body with a bang.

It wrapped Zen up in a blue picture. He found himself sitting on a boat floating in a sea of stars.

Everyone in the fairy palace felt the abnormal movement in the training tower.

The training tower that Bromley had built could block almost all fluctuations, but it could not block the aura of the Truth of Godly Way. Everyone's eyes were focused on the training tower.

"It looks like Zen has made a breakthrough," Augustus said, his lips curling, jealousy and disappointment lacing his voice.

Zen had cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature earlier than others, but he had been busy bustling about all these years, without much time to cultivate. Augustus on the other hand, had spent a lot of time comprehending the Truth of Cultivation Nature in the fairy palace, but had only mastered half of it. He found it more difficult to cultivate after he reached a higher level. He thought it might still take him a long time to reach the consummate level of the Truth of Godly Way.

Chapter 2870 The Legendary Man

"This is the Truth Boat!"

The boat formed by the Truth of Cultivation Nature was like a real object that could be touched.

Zen reached out and knocked on the railing. An audible echo sounded.

He knew that this was not in fact real. Even his own body was turned from the soul. The Truth Boat was probably something that was imagined in a certain method.

"This sea..."

The last time Zen had stepped into the Sea of Truth, he had seen a red sea. This time, however, the sea was blue.

The sea was emitting a vast aura, as if all the mysteries of the chaos were gathered within it.

With a ghostly howl, the sea before him rolled up suddenly and a gust of wind blew over.

Zen felt a chill run down his spine.

The chilly air blew into the Soul of Light, penetrating into it and causing Zen to shiver.

"No wonder one can cross the Sea of Truth only after turning their soul into a Soul of Light. If one's soul is not powerful enough, the wind will blow at it and smash it into pieces!"

Only now did Zen understand why it was so difficult for the people who had come before him to advance in the Sea of Truth.

The difficulty of passing the Sea of Truth with the soul was probably much higher than with the physical body.

A splash sounded from his left, like something had fallen into the flowing water.

A boat had appeared out of nowhere and fallen into the Sea of Truth.

Zen had experienced it and immediately understood that this person might have just comprehended the complete Truth of Godly Way as he had done.

But Zen had no interest in communicating with anyone. An idea flashed through his mind, and the boat at his feet began to move forward. As soon as his boat moved forward, the boat behind followed closely.

As he stood on the Truth Boat, Zen felt like he was in an ice cellar, his soul power being consumed even more than usual.

He slowed a little after he had traversed quite some distance. To his surprise, the boat behind him also slowed down.

Zen was confused, but a clear voice sounded from behind him. "Could you please move a little faster?"

At this, Zen smiled faintly and responded, "You can overtake me if you want to move faster. Why do you follow me?"

"My soul is not as strong as yours. I can save some soul power by following you," the voice said.

Although Zen couldn't see the warrior's face, he was somehow attracted to her pleasant voice. 'She must be a beautiful woman, ' he thought.

"Can you really save soul power by following me?" Zen asked curiously.

"Of course! The powerful warriors usually gather together to cross the Sea of Truth. It's more difficult to cross the sea alone. It is a coincidence that we met here and I'm glad about that," the woman said, with a smile in her voice. She was cottoning up to Zen in order to keep following him.

Zen smiled. He recalled that when he had first entered the Sea of Truth, all the boats were arranged in order.

"Okay," Zen said, agreeing to her following him.

He sat down and concentrated on driving the boat forward.

As he sped up, the boat behind him accelerated as well.

They had moved forward for a while when the warrior behind him asked, "Why are you crossing the Sea of Truth alone?"

"You are also alone, right?" Zen asked.

"I...I'm different," the woman replied.

"What's the difference?" Zen asked.

"I'm unique. Those guys don't deserve to be with me," the warrior said, a hint of pride in her voice.

Zen smiled as he said, "It doesn't matter if you are unique in this world. You still have to cross the sea like the others."

"But most people won't be able to reach the Other Shore in their whole lives. I am destined to reach the Other Shore!" she answered confidently.

"Really? Many congratulations!" Zen said sincerely.

He had a vague idea about who this woman was. She was probably a powerful warrior of some great force in the Source World, or an inheritor of a certain strong master.

He could tell from the aura of her soul that her soul power was on par with his. Hiding behind his boat was just a ruse to save her soul power.

The woman continued to follow Zen as they moved forward. She asked questions from time to time, wanting to figure out Zen's identity and background. Zen lied and made up an identity.

"Do you know that there was a freak in the Sea of Truth not long ago?" the woman asked.

"A freak?" Zen asked, taken aback.

"I don't really believe it, but they say there was a guy who didn't rely on the Truth Boat and swam naked in the Sea of Truth with the intention of crossing it. That's incredible, isn't it?" the woman said.

"Swim to that the Other Shore ." Zen's jaw dropped as he realized that the woman was talking about him.

Had this news spread throughout the Source World?

It was indeed shocking to see a guy use his physical body to swim in the Sea of Truth.

After the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace left the Sea of Truth, they immediately reported this to the elders of the palace.

But the Source World was vast and it took a long time for some rumors to spread through it. Once the senior members of the Oneness Sky Palace came to know about this, they ordered the disciples of the palace not to tell anyone about it. So the news of the strange swimmer had only been spread to a select few within a small range.

But the woman enjoyed a special status and had heard the news from her clan's elders, which was why she paid attention to it and accorded it some importance.

"Yes, isn't it horrible? The Sea of Truth can turn all Souls of Light into nothingness. That guy can actually swim freely in the sea. I wonder where he comes from," the woman continued to exclaim. "I don't think he is too far away. Within this period of time, I've spent two Soul Bamboos in order to break through the shackles and enter the Sea of Truth. Maybe I can meet that guy."

"It is indeed terrifying," Zen responded.

Only after one's soul entered the Sea of Truth would they understand that the Sea of Truth was dreadful. Their soul would be wiped out instantly if infected with the water of the Sea of Truth.

It was easy to guess how the others felt when they saw someone swimming almost casually in the Sea of Truth.

Zen and the woman chatted and as time passed, they traveled quite a long distance. They were close to the end of the first section of the Sea of Truth.

It was then that dozens of Truth Boats appeared on the other side of the sea.

They were not moving against the current, but heading straight for Zen and the woman.

Chapter 2871 Soul Pills

Since this group of people was sailing downwind, their speed was naturally incomparably fast. It was impossible for Zen and the woman to avoid them.

"We might be in trouble," the woman who was sailing behind Zen said with a faint smile.

Zen gazed at the Truth Boats and counted fifteen of them heading toward him.

Boats condensed by different Truths of Godly Ways emitted different auras.

For example, Zen's boat, which he had condensed with the Truth of Cultivation Nature, gave people a sense of peace and nature. The woman behind him, on the other hand, had used the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent to condense her boat. As her boat drifted on the sea, it gave off a sharp aura.

The auras of these fifteen boats were exactly the same, and there were some faint space fluctuations. Zen assumed that these people must be cultivating the Truth of Void Destruction.

And they all probably belonged to the same great force.

Just as Zen came to this conclusion, the fifteen boats spread out in the formation of a fan and blocked his way.

"Stop!" said a robust figure standing on the Truth Boat right at the front.

People wouldn't be able to see each other clearly in the Sea of Truth, but just from the vague figure of this person, Zen could tell that the person was very strong.

Splash...

Zen's Truth Boat slowly came to a stop. "What's up?" he asked calmly.

Just as the figure was about to answer, the woman behind Zen said, "No need to ask. They probably want to extort a few soul pills from us!"

"Soul pills?" Zen echoed curiously.

It sounded like something that could strengthen the soul. However, there was a big difference between the names of pills in the Source World and the divine land, so Zen was unable to tell the effect of these pills just by their name.

"Haven't you ever heard of soul pills? How did you even step into the Sea of Truth?" the woman asked, surprised by the confusion in Zen's voice.

"Stop playing dumb! If you want to pass, each of you has to hand over three soul pills. Otherwise, you will die in the Sea of Truth today," the head of the group said coldly in an unquestionable tone.

The woman behind Zen also assumed that he was playing dumb.

In the Source World, there were some pills that were specially used for souls, and the soul pill was one of them.

If one's soul was not strong enough while they were crossing the Sea of Truth, they would need to rely on soul pills at critical moments.

This was especially true when they broke through the nine lines in the Sea of Truth. Every line was an obstacle. A few soul pills could prove to be the trump card that one needed to break through these obstacles.

Such pills were common in the Source World, but the materials used for refining the soul pills were very precious. Moreover, there was a grand demand for soul pills as every disciple would be given a few by their respective clan when they went to cross the Sea of Truth. Therefore, soul pills were hard to obtain.

Bigger clans had abundant soul pills while smaller ones were usually short of them.

Thus, the disciples of these weaker clans had come up with ways to get their hands on soul pills. For example, they often united in groups in the Sea of Truth and relied on the advantage of number to plunder soul pills from others sailing on the sea.

If they came across disciples of the bigger clans, especially those who were sailing in big groups, they would naturally not make trouble for them.

Truth Boats which were sailing alone or in a small group of two or three, like Zen and the woman, were their targets.

"Hey! Don't get in a fight with these people. They are a team. Give them a few soul pills, and we will be safe!" the woman behind Zen urged him.

Zen was both angry and amused at her words. "First, I don't know what soul pills are and I really don't have them. Second, even if I had them, I wouldn't pay your share too."

The woman curled her lips in displeasure. "How could you be so heartless?"

"Cut the crap. You two should take out the soul pills as soon as possible. Then, I will let you go. Otherwise, you will die in the Sea of Truth. Ha-ha!" As the leader of the group spoke, he released his aura. It was obvious that he was preparing a soul attack.

The other fourteen people with him also began preparing for a soul attack.

Almost all of the warriors who were in the first section of the Sea of Truth had just stepped into the sea not long ago. In terms of soul power, they were all at about the same level. Zen's Soul of Light far exceeded that of consummate True Gods in the divine land. Even so, it would be difficult for him to deal with fifteen Souls of Light banded together.

As Zen faced the leader of the group, his expression slightly darkened. "Die in the Sea of Truth? What can you do to me if I just leave?"

Back in the Abyss Demon Region, Zen had stepped into the Sea of Truth with his physical body and smashed the boat of a warrior. Those warriors could temporarily leave the Sea of Truth and avoid falling into the sea.

"Ha-ha, we have plenty of time. If you think you won't come back to the Sea of Truth, go ahead. But you'll definitely come back...and when you do, we'll be waiting right here!" another warrior in the group sneered.

Of course, they weren't really going to stay here for the rest of their lives. However, most warriors in this situation would rather sacrifice some soul pills to buy peace, so they were confident that Zen would do the same. What they didn't know was that Zen really didn't have any soul pills with him.

"I really don't have any soul pills," Zen insisted honestly.

"You brat! You want to do this the hard way? Don't say I didn't warn you...

We just wanted to accumulate enough soul pills to make it through the first line. If you're not willing to hand them over, I'm afraid you have to pay with your life!"

The auras of the people blocking them soared.

Zen narrowed his eyes and a ray of golden light flashed in them. Although he was under the pressure of facing fifteen Souls of Light at the same time, he didn't want to back out.

After all, he knew that if he really was defeated, he could still leave the Sea of Truth immediately. He did not believe that these people would really stay here for the rest of their lives.

As the woman behind Zen watched the argument escalate, she became more and more anxious.

Until now, she had thought that Zen was only bargaining with these people; it had never occurred to her that he would really refuse to hand over what they were asking for.

'This is not worth getting into a fight for, ' the woman thought, sighing in her heart.

With her abilities, she could tear these people into pieces using her soul weapon.

But in her eyes, they were nothing but scum. It would be a total waste to use her soul weapon to deal with them. Finally, she sighed and said, "All right, everyone. Don't make a move. I'll give you the soul pills!"

As she spoke, she waved her hand, and six rays of brown light shot forward and landed on the boat of the head of the group.

When the brown light swept past Zen, he felt a strong soul force graze him. It seemed that the soul pill was indeed a precious pill that could nourish souls.

"You should have taken them out earlier. Well, at least one of you is sensible!"

The head of the group picked up the soul pills, sneered, and then turned around and rushed away. The others also followed him with a roar of laughter.

Once they were out of sight, the woman said, "You owe me three soul pills!"

"Are they really that useful in the Sea of Truth?" Zen asked.

"Of course they are. They are still of much use even after one reaches the Other Shore. Isn't there a saying? Soul pills are the currency of the Other Shore!" Then, the woman hesitated and continued, "You seem to... You really don't know anything about soul pills?"

It was impossible for cultivators in the Source World to not know what soul pills were, so she couldn't help but feel suspicious about Zen.

Chapter 2872 Using Physical Body

"I never heard about it before," Zen replied.

This made the woman even more curious. She asked, "Aren't you from the Source World?"

"No, I'm not," Zen retorted.

They couldn't see each other in the Sea of Truth. Zen had no reason to hide his identity from the woman since it'd be impossible for her to discover his origin.

"Let me guess. You're from the Green Sky Land? The Ghost Hunting race? No, that couldn't be. They are much taller than you," the woman continued to speculate.

Zen never intended to reveal his background. He had something else in mind.

These people were notorious for robbing others' soul pills on the Sea of Truth. Zen intended to follow their footsteps.

However, he couldn't do it alone.

If he wanted to enter the Sea of Truth with his body, his soul would have to leave the sea first.

The soul pills he robbed using his physical body wouldn't work on his soul.

He could work with the woman.

Upon realizing this, he couldn't get it off his mind. He gazed into the distance where fifteen boats sped off and turned into small black dots floating on the horizon.

The woman was still trying to figure out Zen's origin when he said, "Let's go after those people."

"But why? You want them to rob you again?" the woman asked in confusion.

"No. I'm going to find a way to return your soul pills," Zen replied.

"Return my soul pills? That'll be unnecessary," she said with a slight smile. Given her status, a few lost soul pills didn't matter much.

Zen continued, "Not just that. I'll get more soul pills but only if you help me. What do you say?"

This left the woman confused once more.

Not only was Zen from outside the Source World, but he was also poor. How would he be able to get the soul pills? Did he plan to rob them? By himself?

"Enlighten me. How do you plan on getting those soul pills?" The woman was intrigued.

"You will know," Zen uttered.

The woman asked no more questions. She sailed her Truth Boat and followed Zen from behind.

The two boats pushed forward against the Sea of Truth's waves.

As they moved forward further, the waves began to grow stronger.

A harsh wind from the north blew over and stung Zen's skin. However, he continued to stand at the nose of his boat and follow the fleet up ahead with calm.

"I heard that people from outside the Source World don't have the strongest souls. You seem different though. This is your first time entering the Sea of

Truth and yet you seem unperturbed crossing the first section," the woman admitted with curiosity.

"Maybe," Zen replied.

"We're drawing nearer to the first line now," she reminded him.

After they sailed a long distance, dense starlight and a cool chill soon enveloped the Sea of Truth.

"It's almost time," Zen said. "You continue following those guys. I'll be back."

"What? Where are you going?" the woman asked, stunned.

"Just wait for me. By the way, what's your name?" Zen asked her.

The woman hesitated a moment. "I... I'm Dora," she said hesitantly.

Obviously, she didn't give him her real name. The people sailing on the Sea of Truth were on alert.

"Dora,"

Zen repeated. He then asked No. 9527 to drag him out of the sea.

One way to quickly leave the Sea of Truth was by activating the Illusion Breaking Rune, but this method only existed in the Source World. Zen's solution to this was to get the assistance of No. 9527.

"Buzz..."

With a tremble, Zen and his boat disappeared before Dora's eyes.

Dora had no idea what he was up to, but she wanted to wait and see what happened next. Obediently, she continued following those guys and now drew nearer to the first line.

Zen began to mutter an incantation upon leaving the Sea of Truth.

Then, the girl with red eyes appeared beside him.

His last encounter with the Sea of Truth was when she refined his body with her flames.

He had tried to refine his body with fire numerous times before that. Why could he only get into the Sea of Truth at that time?

No. 9527 was just as clueless.

Even if No. 9527 possessed the Chaos Ancient God's memory, it wasn't wiser than the latter.

Now Zen wished to try again.

"Puff!"

The girl blinked and then red lotuses began to encircle Zen before covering him completely.

The training tower might not be able to bear her flames. But she, a born fire controller, could control the heat to avoid burning the tower to ashes.

The surface of Zen's body changed dramatically as the heat began to pour into him.

Golden vortexes swirled all around him as the red lotuses that wrapped him earlier transformed into a red sea of fire.

Zen quickly realized he had entered a unique state. He could sense that he could now enter the sea of fire with a step forward and return to reality with a step backward.

'There's no secret after all. Once my body reaches this state, I can freely step into the Sea of Truth, ' Zen thought to himself.

Phew!

With no hesitation, he fell into the sea of fire.

Once the Souls of Light stepped into the Sea of Truth, they felt a bitter cold. Zen, however, felt burning heat reminiscent of summer.

"Last time I crossed the first section, I have to swim downstream if I want to catch up with those guys."

Splash!

Zen spread out his arms before gracefully diving into the water and then jumping out of its surface, disguising himself as a nimble fish from a distance. His speed was so astonishing that he managed to cross the first line within just a few seconds.

"Look! A fish from the other side of the first line is swimming towards us!"

"Impossible. The two sides of the first line were two completely different worlds."

"I don't think that's a fish. I think that's...a person."

"What? How?"

A fish moving at that speed was more believable than a person.

The first line was an insurmountable bottleneck for almost all the consummate True Gods. They had never heard of someone going back after crossing it with great effort.

What was more shocking was that this person didn't sail a Truth Boat but swam in the sea, completely beyond reason for those on board. Those who wandered by the first line watched Zen leave with mouths agape.

Chapter 2873 Robbery

For the majority of people, the nine lines of the Sea of Truth proved to be enormous trials.

Those select few with enough skill and expertise were the only ones able to traverse them in a single expedition. For this matter, the disciples of the great forces were provided with soul pills and soul weapons. As a result, they came prepared for the first line challenge.

However, a majority of the challengers slowly wandered around the first line. Their souls needed to endure the trial of the wind first and acclimatize to it. It was because the Sea of Truth was known for its frigid temperature. Having done that, they cautiously approached the first line.

Elvis Cao was in a good mood. He happily hummed a tune while navigating the sea on his Truth Boat.

In the northern region of the Pastoral Continent, many forces finally offered their assistance. Because of this, more than ten warriors had triumphantly achieved the Truth of Godly Way.

Elvis knew that he almost had no prospect of winning if he tried to travel the Sea of Truth alone. Hence, he needed over ten people who were willing to participate in this quest. With this number, they could probably rival the disciples of the great forces.

For him, this was an incredibly good chance to rob others.

In the Source World, the Pastoral Continent was not considered great. As a matter of fact, it was almost insignificant. Its northern region was dreadfully bleak and deserted.

Fortunately, there was an exceptionally powerful Other Shore Realm warrior who appeared in the northern region of the Pastoral Continent. In the middle of the continent's largest mountain, the warrior left a Heavenly Space Inscription.

The Heavenly Space Inscription greatly helped people who wished to learn and develop the Truth of Void Destruction. They found that it became a whole lot easier to master it as they stood under the inscription. Therefore, the Heavenly Space Inscription enabled most of the warriors of the Pastoral Continent to step into the Sea of Truth.

The Cao Clan was one of the biggest clans living in the northern region of the Pastoral Continent. Elvis Cao was only able to procure two soul pills from the clan before he stepped into the Sea of Truth. He was one of the lucky few for some of the people who came with him did not even have one soul pill.

Among all of the people who joined this quest, Elvis was undoubtedly the best of them. It was only natural that he became their leader.

More than ten warriors usually banded together to plunder soul pills from those who journeyed through the sea alone.

The soul-level competition barely expended any energy from them. Even a talented member of the elite force would have a difficulty in fending off attacks from more than ten people. Despite what they did, Elvis only ever asked for three soul pills from each of their targets. Almost every single one of those people chose to relinquish their soul pills instead of fighting back. Anyway, three soul pills were only a small price to pay to avoid further inconveniences.

Within a short period of time, Elvis already plundered plenty of soul pills from lone travelers.

As soon as they gathered an adequate amount of soul pills for all of them, they decided it was time for them to take on the challenge of the first line.

"I don't know if you have noticed but that woman appears to follow us this entire time, Elvis! Do you think she's planning to retaliate?" the man who stood behind Elvis murmured.

There was a possibility that in their rage, someone who was robbed brought their comrades with them for revenge. Some of those lone travelers probably belonged to the great forces. It was clear that they had no chance of winning against Elvis and his men if they tried to retaliate on their own. Thus, they sought after their comrades who could easily be found around the first line.

"I am sure she will not attack us. If she is really out for revenge, we can leave the Sea of Truth for a while. These people's time is more important than ours. There is no way they will waste their days just waiting for us to return," Elvis replied nonchalantly. "And haven't you noticed that she is really a very powerful person? I have no idea what kind of soul weapon she possesses but I am sure it will not be difficult for her to overpower all of us."

"Are you serious? She can take on all of us? That is impossible!" another man exclaimed in surprise.

"For people like her, we are nothing but beggars. A few soul pills wouldn't mean much to her," Elvis answered with a sigh.

"Indeed. It is widely known that the northern region of the Pastoral Continent is terribly poor. Unlike other continents, we don't have any great forces we can count on. We only have ourselves," muttered another person.

"Yes, it's only fair that we rob them. They have too much, anyway. When I reach the Other Shore someday, I'll be sure to overcome them all!" Elvis declared callously. A malevolent expression shone in his eyes.

He was proud of his ambition. He knew that he could only advance further as long as he was zealous enough. Elvis desired to turn his ambition into power someday. This power could propel him forward and enable him to reach the Other Shore.

"I wonder where the other guy went. It's highly likely he left the Sea of Truth, right?" a member asked.

"That guy seemed like an incredibly stupid person. I am surprised he was able to enter the Sea of Truth. Fortunately for him, someone covered his share of soul pills," Elvis replied as he waved his hand hastily.

Anyone who wished to enter the Sea of Truth should know about the importance of soul pills. Those people who traveled the sea and had no idea about them were sure to fail in their attempts.

"Everyone, man your posts and get ready. We are nearing the first line. Approximately ten miles from it, the course of the wind will change and become even stronger..." Elvis ordered his team.

All of a sudden, someone yelled, "Elvis! There seems to be a fish heading towards us!"

"What did you say? A fish? Are you absolutely sure?" Elvis shouted right back. "There's no doubt the Sea of Truth hosts many creatures. But I am sure the first line is supposedly desolate..." He stopped abruptly in the middle of his sentence. It was because he saw what his man allegedly called fish.

There was a splashing noise.

As it came nearer, he realized that it was not a fish at all. It was actually a person. In a blink of an eye, the person leaped from the Sea of Truth and lunged towards their boats!

Dora was absentmindedly navigating her Truth Boat across the sea. Her mind was still working out the meaning behind what Zen told her.

Right after telling her that cryptic message, Zen just disappeared from her sight. She was completely perplexed about his actions.

"Maybe it's best if I stop here today," she said to herself.

For Dora, it was not a particularly challenging task to break through the first line at all. Nonetheless, she had no plan on crossing it now.

Aside from that, she also thought it was pointless to go after Elvis and his group.

She knew she had more than enough of those soul pills, anyway.

Silently, she started reciting the Illusion Breaking Rune. She was just about to leave the Sea of Truth when all of a sudden, she saw waves rising steadily from a distance.

"A fish? Is it really? Hmm... I'm wrong! It's a man!"

Out of nowhere, Dora remembered that particular rumor.

However, she thought it was absolutely preposterous. To her, it seemed highly unlikely. She would only believe it if she saw it herself.

This was truly astonishing. It was happening right before her very eyes. Someone was actually swimming across the freezing Sea of Truth!

With this scene unfolding, she immediately stopped reciting the Illusion Breaking Rune. Her eyes blazed with anticipation. She fixed them resolutely at the person swimming from the distance.

As the man swam effortlessly in the chilling and unfriendly territory, it seemed like he possessed such great power. With every stroke, he launched himself from the surface of the sea and soared about ten feet in the air. After falling back to the sea, he repeated the process with intense speed. It was a remarkably surprising sight to behold for he was more than ten times faster than the Truth Boats!

"I will definitely follow him when I have the chance. I need to find out how he does that. Grandma will reward me handsomely if I'm able to get this rare piece of information!" Dora's lips twisted into a sly smile.

Though he could not see their faces, Zen was able to recognize Elvis and his men quite easily.

Aside from the fifteen Truth Boats, the Truth of Void Destruction released from them was what gave away their position to Zen.

Splash! Splash!

After two more strokes on the ice-cold water surface, Zen landed firmly on the red sea in front of Elvis. "Don't waste my time and just surrender all your soul pills to me!" he said ruthlessly.

Chapter 2874 A Stupid Way

Stunned, Elvis was at a loss for words.

He just stood there, amazed as he could not explain why Zen was able to swim in the sea. All he knew was that Zen was an absolutely formidable powerhouse.

In his mind, he asked himself the most confusing question—why did such a strong warrior have to rob him of the soul pills? Thinking about it hard, Elvis was at his wits' end.

However, when he came back to his senses, he suddenly felt Zen's voice was familiar.

"E... Elvis, I think he's the man we met a while ago," someone from behind Elvis said as he reminded him.

"Wait, which man?" Elvis asked, dumbfounded.

"The one who didn't even know what the soul pill was. Remember the man whose boat was made from the Truth of Cultivation Nature? That's him," replied the man behind him.

It was not until this moment that Elvis was clear. Looking at Zen in the sea, he felt his heart quiver as he recognized him. Stammering, he said, "You, you are..."

But when Zen finally reached Elvis' boat, he spoke coldly, "Just as I said, don't talk nonsense. Give me all of your soul pills, and I will spare your lives! Otherwise, I'll smash your boats into smithereens!"

Just behind the group, Dora was also stunned to hear this on her Truth Boat.

Blinking, she recalled what Zen had told her.

As far as she could remember, Zen told her that he would return her soul pills and asked her to wait and follow the Truth Boats around.

As it turned out, he was the one who swam in the Sea of Truth.

"Does that mean that he has two identities in the Sea of Truth? But how is that even possible?"

At that point, Dora was excited, although she could not figure out why. She had thought that crossing the Sea of Truth was a boring journey, but she didn't expect that she would meet an interesting guy the moment she stepped into it.

'But he's so stupid. With the way he's doing it? I bet he won't be able to get the soul pills. However, I can help him if necessary, ' she suddenly thought to herself.

Meanwhile, Elvis and the rest of his group felt threatened by Zen's presence, so they kept silent for a while as they tried to figure out what to do.

To them, their soul pills were as precious and important as their lives, for they had risked everything just to obtain them. In fact, they were the guarantee for them to cross the Sea of Truth.

For a long time, they had wandered around the first section. It was actually quite worse than killing them if they were to give up the hard-to-obtain soul pills.

"Sir, we're sorry. It was our fault. How about I return six soul pills?" Elvis sounded shy, the complete opposite of what he was before.

He knew and sensed that a man like Zen would not be angry with him.

As for the soul pills, he thought that Zen would receive many of them all because he was able to swim in the Sea of Truth.

But to his surprise, Zen really didn't have any other way and option to get the soul pills.

Afterwards, he continued to threaten them by saying, "I don't want to repeat what I just said. How about this? Since there are fifteen of you in total, you offer me three soul pills each. Then, we will all pretend that nothing ever happened in here. Got that?"

If each of them gave him three soul pills, then he would have acquired forty-five ones in total.

Zen didn't know whether he would need a soul pill or not when crossing a line. However, there were a total of nine lines in the Sea of Truth that weren't so easy to cross. Hence, Zen thought that the more soul pills he had, the better.

At that moment, Elvis suddenly realized that he had no other choice.

However, it was not possible for him to give Zen the soul pills. After all, those were all the treasures that he and his group had acquired in the Sea of Truth.

"Since you are not willing to let us go, then we have no choice but to temporarily leave the Sea of Truth," Elvis said as he shrugged his shoulders. "Guys, activate the Illusion Breaking Rune!"

Zen immediately became anxious upon hearing what Elvis had just said to his team.

He had ignored the fact that the Souls of Light were free to retreat from the Sea of Truth.

If they had really left the Sea of Truth, then he wouldn't stay here either.

At this moment, Dora, who was behind the fifteen people, faintly smiled and said, "I have to do something now. The Bewitching Spell!"

After her voice trailed off, her chest emitted a streak of light which turned into a dark green necklace which was an obvious soul weapon.

"Buzz..."

The necklace gave off a unique soul force. The soul force spread out and immediately covered a radius of about several hundred feet around Dora. Meanwhile, Elvis and the other fourteen people soon found themselves mystified, unable to activate the Illusion Breaking Rune.

Zen decided to act on whatever was happening. All of a sudden, he threw a powerful punch in the water which smashed right into Elvis' Truth Boat.

Made from the Truth of Godly Way, the Truth Boat was extremely fragile, which was why it wasn't able to withstand Zen's punch. Upon impact, half of the board already collapsed, causing the whole boat to tilt forward, allowing the water from the Sea of Truth to gush into it.

"What, what..." Shocked to his core, Elvis was at a loss for words. As long as he was exposed to the water of the Sea of Truth, he would definitely die and his Soul of Light would be annihilated instantly.

As much as he wanted to save himself and the others, he couldn't activate the Illusion Breaking Rune due to the disturbance that Dora was causing.

Stepping back, with sadness written all over his face, he pleaded, "Sir, please, if you have a heart, let me go. I, I..."

"Just give him the soul pills. Then I will remove the Bewitching Spell, so that you can safely leave the Sea of Truth," Dora said faintly behind him.

Now that Elvis' boat was broken and not very useful, he had to beg Dora for mercy. Only after Dora stopped the Bewitching Spell could he get out of the Sea of Truth. After all, it wouldn't be too difficult for a man like him who had already built a Truth Boat to make another one.

"H...here you are. These are all the soul pills that I have! I won't keep any of them! Please take them! In fact, I will give you all of what I have!"

In the face of death, Elvis didn't hesitate at all. Afterwards, he took out all the soul pills and threw them to Zen.

Seeing that the soul pills were falling down, Zen knew that he had to act fast.

Turning around, he did a somersault and grabbed all of the soul pills that were falling from the wrecked boat.

As Dora saw this happen, her mouth gave a little smirk, and the dark green necklace around her neck dimmed and disappeared within her Soul of Light. And with that, she had removed the Bewitching Spell.

With most parts of Elvis' broken boat falling into the sea, he only had the stern to grab on so tightly while his body shuddered in fear.

But as soon as the Bewitching Spell vanished, he finally managed to activate the Illusion Breaking Rune.

"Buzz..."

Suddenly, his body and his boat shook violently right before they disappeared from the Sea of Truth.

As soon as he left, his companions also hurriedly activated the Illusion Breaking Rune and followed suit.

At that point, there were only Dora and Zen left in the sea.

Staring at the blurry figure in the sea, Dora smiled and asked, "So, was that how you planned to return my soul pills?"

Nodding his head, Zen threw the soul pills in his hands onto Dora's boat. "You and me, fifty-fifty. Wait for me here!"

As soon as he finished his words, he leaned back into the Sea of Truth and disappeared.

Meanwhile, Dora picked up the soul pills one by one patiently and counted them. Then she said helplessly, "There are only sixty soul pills after all this trouble. Alas, he is really..."

Just as Elvis had said, someone like Dora didn't care about a few soul pills. In her eyes, Elvis wasn't a thief.

She didn't take hundreds or thousands of soul pills seriously, not to mention a few or dozens of them. To her, Zen's actions were very interesting. He had incomparable abilities, but he had spent so much energy just for several dozen soul pills. The more she thought about it, the more curious she got about Zen's identity and origin.

Sighing in surprise, she never knew that she would see such an interesting person.

At that moment, she followed what Zen told her to do. Right in the middle of the sea, she floated and carefully put away the soul pills while quietly waiting for Zen to return.

Chapter 2875 Inquiry

Zen's Truth Boat sailed in a straight line in the Sea of Truth.

The closer he got to the first line, the stronger the wind became, and the colder the sea water was.

Moments later, he saw a small solitary boat bobbling up and down in the sea.

"You didn't leave," Zen said, smiling as he approached Dora's boat.

"Leave? Just for a few dozen soul pills?" Dora said, frowning.

"Ha-ha!"

Zen felt the dissatisfaction radiating off her.

He couldn't place an accurate estimate on the value of the soul pills, but they were of great importance to him now.

Dora was not angry with Zen. She had already guessed Zen's identity, albeit vaguely.

He was not from the Source World.

He knew only a little about the Sea of Truth and the Other Shore.

He hadn't even realized his own potential.

Even Dora didn't know what Zen could do.

But when the news had spread from the Oneness Sky Palace, she had seen the expression on her grandma's face.

She had never seen her grandma so surprised before.

And now that she had met Zen, she wouldn't miss this chance.

"Well, here you go!"

Saying this, she threw all the soul pills to Zen.

Zen took the pills, counted them, and said, "Sixty soul pills. As I said, I'll take half of these. Thirty are for you."

Zen knew that there was a fatal flaw in his plan. If they withdrew from the Sea of Truth, he wouldn't be able to do anything to them.

And if Dora hadn't stopped them from using the Illusion Breaking Rune, he wouldn't have obtained these soul pills.

Dora didn't refuse Zen.

Though she didn't care much for the soul pills, she was afraid he would bear a grudge if she rejected them.

Once the soul pills were divided, they continued to drive their Truth Boats forward on the Sea of Truth.

"You haven't told me your name yet," Dora asked.

Zen threw her a look but decided to be honest with her. "My name is Zen Luo," he said.

The Source World was an unknown field to him and he thought that no one had ever heard of him there.

"Zen Luo... Your surname is very rarely heard of," Dora muttered.

Zen was not surprised by Dora's reaction.

After the Nine Li race had disappeared from the divine land, the indigenous people's culture had become different from that of the Source World.

Their names and surnames were examples.

At this, an idea occurred to Zen. He thought for a while before asking, "Can I ask you something?"

"Go ahead," Dora said, nodding.

"Did anything important happen in the Source World during these past few years?" Zen asked.

After the divine land had left the Source World, it had become an isolated island, completely closed to the news of the Source World.

Zen had tried to read Nicholas' memories. Nicholas had been in the Sea of Truth for so long and had built up a group of contacts, so he must have known something about the Source World. It was quite possible that he had paved a way for himself in the Source World.

But the Memory Flames only recorded memories within the divine land. There were no records about what happened outside the divine land, making it impossible to investigate through them.

"Anything important?" Dora asked, surprised. "What do you mean by 'anything important'?"

The Source World was vast and full of all sorts of news. Dora didn't pay special attention to any particular tidbits.

Zen blinked. "I want to know how the Yellow Emperor race is doing."

He had wanted to be direct and ask about the Nine Li race, but he figured an indirect inquiry would be better, just to be safe.

"The Yellow Emperor race? What's that?" Dora had never heard of this race before.

The names of the Yellow Emperor race and the Nine Li race were used in the bone towers at the bottom of the chaos. There was another set of names in the Source World.

"Oh, I mean the Yellow Thearch. We call him the Yellow Emperor," Zen said sheepishly.

"Aha, you want to know about the Bear race!" Only then did Dora understand what Zen was talking about. But she was confused. "The Yellow Thearch has enjoyed a great reputation in the past few years. What's wrong? Why do you inquire about his race?" she asked.

A man like the Yellow Thearch was a legendary figure for many people in the Source World. Asking for information related to him was practically useless because of how much the people adored him.

"I'm just asking," Zen said, smiling what he hoped was a disarming smile. "Why does the Yellow Thearch have a great reputation?"

"You don't know? The Yellow Thearch, together with Divine Farmer, defeated the Nine Li race in Gilt Town, and killed his old enemy, Chiyou, in the Pearl Islet. After his race annexed the three islets of the Nine Li race, they prospered like never before," Dora said.

These were now legends and were spread throughout the Source World. Everyone knew these legends now.

"What? The Yellow Thearch killed Chiyou?" Zen asked again, stunned.

"I don't know whether he's dead or not. The people at his level are scheming. But the Nine Li race has been removed from the Source World." Dora shrugged. "The Nine Li race used to be a famous, powerful force. The eighty-one mages and so many of the Nine Li Guards were invincible. Even my grandma often sighs at their miserable ending."

Zen sighed inwardly.

He had wanted to help his mother find some information in the Sea of Truth, but he hadn't expected to find such bad news.

He had never met Chiyou before, but Chiyou was his grandfather, his mother's father.

"You seem unhappy," Dora said, staring at Zen and trying to figure him out.

After all, the Soul of Light was a soul and emotions were easily released through the breath of the soul.

Zen was taken aback at Dora's words and reined in his emotions almost immediately.

He didn't know which force Dora came from, nor did he know if she was an enemy or a friend. All he knew was that he shouldn't reveal his identity before he figured her out.

"I'm fine. We have reached the first line. Let's cross it!"

A line cut through the sea before them. The color of the Sea of Truth on the other side of this line turned from light blue to dark blue. Warriors crossing this line had to accept the fact that their Souls of Light would have to bear greater pressure.

Dora blinked. She was observant and was adept at judging people's moods.

She had clearly felt Zen's mood fluctuating, especially at the moment she had told him that Chiyou had been killed.

It was then that she realized that Zen hadn't intended to inquire about the Yellow Thearch. He had wanted to know about the Nine Li race.

'Is he from the Nine Li race?' Dora thought to herself.

Chapter 2876 Holding On

This was only a guess from Dora. She felt Zen's unwillingness to reveal his identity so she wouldn't probe any further.

Pressure soared with every inch closer to the first line.

Even Dora could feel the pressure ahead—forceful and burdensome.

Surprise became of her when she looked at Zen still standing on the boat, as though frozen solid.

Even with just a small pool of experience, it was clear Zen possessed strength enough to come here without the help of the soul pill!

As Zen rushed forward alone, the people who had been wandering around them also approached in their Truth Boats and followed closely behind Dora.

With the presence of a leader, the people who followed felt the pressure lighten on their shoulders. This was what they wanted.

Soon, the ten-odd Truth Boats lined up like a dragon, rushing towards the first line.

They were met with a shockingly powerful breeze of icy wind a thousand feet away from the first line.

It was said that the sea water across the line had caused the strong wind.

Phew! Whoosh! Each icy gust was stronger than the last, leaving a chilly sensation down everyone's spine.

The wind blew on Zen's Soul of Light so hard he felt as though it had pierced into his body like fine needles.

'To pass the Sea of Truth in the form of Soul of Light is indeed more difficult than to do it in the form of a corporeal body...'

Zen gritted his teeth, while enduring the cutting wind and the pressure.

But Zen was wrong. Crossing the Sea of Truth in the form of a corporeal body wasn't easier than to do that in the form of Soul of Light. It was more difficult for those who cultivated the Ancient God Cultivation Method to cross the Sea of Truth. Since time immemorial, many warriors had attempted to cross the first line but were met with the fate of a severed life. Countless people were burnt to ashes by the red sea.

However, Zen's corporeal body was unusually strong. His strength made it possible for him to safely break through the first line of Sea of Truth last time.

Those who followed them all took out some soul pills and swallowed them as soon as they reached a thousand feet from the first line.

In the blink of an eye, their Souls of Light were reinvigorated. Even with the whipping of the wind, their souls remained firm and unyielding.

Some people had to eat three or four pills in a row because one soul pill was not enough.

Yet others were not so fortunate. They didn't have any spare soul pills at hand. After taking the only one they had, they could only rely on their will power to get through.

At nine hundred feet away from the first line, Zen still had no intention of taking a soul pill. He knew how dangerous it was to go on without the pill. Still, he tested how long he could endure what seemed to be an insurmountable mountain.

When all that stood between them and the first line was a distance of eight hundred feet, some people could not hold on any longer.

A man shouted, "I...I can't take this anymore. I'm turning back now!" His voice was shaking just as much as his whole body was.

In an instant, he turned back his boat and left the fleet, sailing away from the first line as fast as he could.

It wasn't the first time for most of the followers to try to get past the first line. Most warriors had attempted many times before they finally made it. Others, whose odds weren't in their favor, died trying.

It wasn't long until seven hundred feet remained.

Zen's mouth was parched, his tongue scorched, and he felt a chill all over his body.

Naturally, anybody with a Soul of Light would not suffer from a dry mouth. Zen deduced this was an illusion caused by the powerful pressure.

Meanwhile, Dora didn't swallow the soul pill either. She continued to hold on without it.

In fact, it wasn't much of a challenge for her to cross the first line. Under the protection of her soul weapon, passing the first line came as a soft breeze.

She knew Zen intended to get through without the help of the soul pill. She wanted to know whether her Soul of Light was more powerful than his.

It was no surprise that she felt just as much pressure as Zen did. They both gritted their teeth and clenched their fists as they got closer to the first line.

By the time they were five hundred feet away, six people had given up and left the fleet.

Others, whose will power stayed kindled, continued taking soul pills to help them get through. Alas, this replenished power was quickly weakened under the pressure brought by the winds and the Sea of Truth.

"Argh!"

At this moment, a guy held his head and screamed painfully. Heads turned to him.

The man went mad under great pressure and his Truth Boat cracked.

"Use the Illusion Breaking Rune to get out of here!" someone urged him. By this time, it was evident in the man's face that all he wanted was the calmness of solid ground.

"Your mind has been invaded, and even your Truth Boat is broken!"

"Oh, no! He can't hear our voices now..."

The madman had no way to turn. He couldn't use the Illusion Breaking Rune to leave Sea of Truth.

Crack!

As the man's Truth Boat cracked and gave way, he sank into the Sea of Truth. Never to be seen again.

With a touch of the sea water, his Soul of Light vanished like a small ember dying in a raging snowstorm.

'We've lost another one to the Sea of Truth...'

Dora pursed her lips as she watched, her heart beating rapidly.

She had heard of the countless people who had died in their attempt to pass the Sea of Truth. Nonetheless, she felt different when she saw it with her own eyes, like all hope had just been lost.

Zen stood still at the bow of the boat with an unchanged expression.

He was aware of what had happened behind him. Still, he stayed unfazed because he had experienced too many disastrous things in his life. This was nothing different.

Cultivation was never easy. Embarking on the path of practicing martial arts, cultivating the Godly Way, and then reaching the Other Shore Realm...

Countless creatures died trying to make it to the next level.

The only difference was, the warriors in universes were secondary creatures. But they were living creatures too, possessing their own wisdom and souls. Was there any difference between them and these people from the divine land and those from the Source World?

The stronger the pressure Zen faced, the more determined he became.

His Soul of Light was strong like a rock. He stood firmly on the boat and wholeheartedly drove the boat against the waves!

Three hundred feet to go.

The dividing line in the distance was clearer to him than ever before.

'I'm still not going to take the soul pill!'

Dora thought, clenching her teeth. She was stubborn and determined to get past without it.

In the Source World, a maid hurriedly rushed out of the magnificent palace and shouted anxiously, "Oh, my God! Princess Dorothy... it seems that Princess Dorothy is suffering a great disaster!"

At the sound of her screams, three streams of light immediately shot towards the palace.

"Dorothy has just entered the Sea of Truth. No one within the first three lines can harm her, let alone the first line. What nonsense are you talking?" shouted a burly man who was visible in the first flash of golden light.

"Let's get inside first!" In the second golden light was the figure of a tall, beautiful woman.

The person in the last golden light said nothing and rushed directly into the palace.

When the three of them saw what was going on inside, their faces changed dramatically.

At the center of the palace sat a woman, cross-legged.

The woman was extremely beautiful and naturally gave off a stream of elegance. Her features were as perfect as if she had come from a painting. Her entire body was as flawless as a perfect piece of jade.

Just as the maid said, Dorothy didn't look good. Her body trembled, and her face looked extremely pale. She bit her lip so hard it was bleeding, and dark red blood flowed out from the corner of her mouth.

"What the hell is going on? Even though she is just breaking through the first line, she should have activated the Necklace of Mystic Soul to protect herself!" the strapping man said anxiously.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2877 Crossing The First Line

The tall and beautiful woman calmed down.

Dorothy was not a child anymore. She was very clear about the dangers that she could face on the Sea of Truth.

With Dorothy's ability, she could cross the first line of the Sea of Truth with just a soul pill, even if she didn't use the Necklace of Mystic Soul.

"I'll drag her back from the Sea of Truth!" As the strapping man spoke, a soul force burst out from his eyes and formed a soul ring that then began hovering over Dorothy's head.

With his ability, this man could indeed separate the Soul of Light from the Sea of Truth.

However, to employ such a secret soul technique would be a great test for him. At the same time, even though it would save Dorothy, it would hurt her soul.

Seeing that the man was about to use the secret soul technique, the woman suddenly reached out and gently tapped the soul ring, causing it to break down and disappear.

"What are you doing?" the man snapped.

The woman shook her head disapprovingly. "Dorothy has grown up. She's not a child anymore. Crossing the Sea of Truth is just a small training for her. We should believe in her."

"But she's in danger now!" the man replied anxiously.

At this, the woman smiled softly. "She will face a lot more life and death situations in the future. You won't be able to protect her every time.

Anyway, I have a feeling she will cross the first line. And if she really can't hold on, she'll leave the Sea of Truth."

The man frowned at first, but then he gradually calmed down, finding reason in her words.

Dorothy, Zen, and the others were only two hundred feet away from the first line.

There were only five Truth Boats following Zen, and Dora's was one of them.

'Crossing the Sea of Truth isn't as easy as I thought. There are nine lines in the Sea of Truth, and I'm only now crossing the first one...' Zen thought, taking a glance at the scene behind him.

As soon as he turned around, another one of the people behind him couldn't hold on anymore and his Truth Boat broke into pieces. But before he could sink, he quickly used the Illusion Breaking Rune and escaped from the Sea of Truth.

Now, there were only four boats left.

"The last one hundred feet!"

Dora couldn't bear it anymore.

In fact, she had already done a great job.

Zen had cultivated the Soul of Light for a long time, but Dora had only started cultivating hers after becoming a consummate True God. After that, she had quickly practiced the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent to reach the consummate level. Then, she had immediately stepped into the Sea of Truth.

Compared to her, Zen had a much deeper foundation.

Surrounded by the pressure of the strong wind and the chill of the Sea of Truth, Dora felt like her Soul of Light was as fragile as a piece of paper.

Soon enough, her Truth Boat began to shake and was about to fall apart.

With a sigh, she reluctantly took a soul pill.

The soul pill was also a body of soul. The moment it was integrated into her Soul of Light, it began to release a pure soul power.

The soul power that warmed her Soul of Light made Dora feel relieved, which immediately eased more than half of the pressure she was feeling.

She cast another glance at Zen, who was still standing at his boat's bow like an iron tower...

'This guy is really something else...' she thought to herself.

Before entering the Sea of Truth, she had done some research about it.

As far as she knew, only a few people could cross the first line just by using their Souls of Light. The most of the warriors needed more than one soul pill, and this was more often the case.

Naturally, she couldn't believe that a man from outside the Source World was able to resist the pressure with just his Soul of Light.

As the distance from the line grew smaller, Zen felt the pressure on him multiply.

His eyes flashed, and a golden light appeared on the surface of his soul. His gaze turned cold.

After he entered the state of emotion closing, he found that all the pressure was gone.

It didn't mean that the pressure had stopped or disappeared; Zen's mind had just completely blocked it so that he wouldn't feel it. In this state, he still needed to closely observe his Soul of Light. If the Soul of Light showed signs of breaking or if the Truth Boat wasn't able to hold on, he could only choose to swallow a soul pill or leave the Sea of Truth.

Fortunately, one hundred feet was a small distance, and in just a few seconds, the Truth Boat crossed the first line.

The moment Zen crossed the line, he felt like he left a cold snowfield and entered a warm room. All the pressure vanished.

"Hooo!"

Next, Dora also crossed the line, finally letting out a breath that she hadn't even realized she had been holding.

The other two warriors behind them crossed the line as well.

One of them was so exhausted that he had to lean against his Truth Boat for support. It was much more exhausting for one to control their soul power than to control the strength of their physical body. If the warrior did not handle the crossing of the line properly, it would cause damage to their Soul of Light.

Dora stretched her Soul of Light and activated her Truth Boat, and then she moved forward until she was drifting side by side with Zen. With a smile, she said, "You didn't use soul pills at all! That's really surprising."

She wanted to add that he must come from some great force, but in the end, she kept mum.

Since Zen had kept his background a secret, she knew that the polite thing to do would be to avoid that topic.

Zen returned from the state of emotion closing and said indifferently, "I don't know how difficult crossing the second line is going to be."

"Are you going to cross it now?" Dora pouted.

"Do I need to prepare for it?" Zen asked.

Dora nodded in response. "Of course! Don't you know the meaning of the Sea of Truth?"

"The meaning? I only know that the Sea of Truth is a way to the Other Shore." Zen shrugged.

For a moment, Dora was so surprised that she went speechless. Then, she retorted, "You have no knowledge of the Sea of Truth at all! The Sea of Truth is actually a huge place for soul cultivation."

"A place for soul cultivation?" These words triggered Zen's curiosity.

"That's right. As long as the Soul of Light enters the Sea of Truth, it will continuously grow stronger. As it becomes stronger, it will be able to go further in the Sea of Truth. Isn't this a process of cultivation?" Dora said.

"You're right. That's a good point." Zen nodded. While bearing the strong winds and the cold air in the Sea of Truth, the Soul of Light would grow stronger and stronger. "But one can only cultivate the soul in the Sea of Truth, right? How can I strengthen my cinnabar field and my physical body?"

According to No. 9527, no one in the Source World so far had been able to put their body into the Sea of Truth.

In other words, when one reached the end of the Godly Way through the Grand World Cultivation Method, their physical body's strength would not be able to increase. Similarly, Zen wanted to know how to reinforce the inner world.

"Haven't you ever met an Other Shore Realm warrior?" Dora asked.

"I have, but I know nothing about them," Zen replied honestly.

Emily, Timotheus, and Leopold were all very powerful, but Zen didn't know where their strength came from.

"Humph, when you reach the end of this sea, you will understand," Dora said.

Zen merely smiled at her in response, deciding to stop asking questions. If he really wanted to know more about the Other Shore Realm, he had a lot of ways to do it.

However, he was confident that he would eventually reach the Other Shore of the sea. Then, he would be able to find out what existed there on his own.

Chapter 2878 Leaving

After passing the first line, the color of the sea suddenly turned a deeper blue.

Many shining stars could be seen deep in the blue Sea of Truth, and the chillness that penetrated into the souls was emanated from the stars at the bottom of the sea.

The Truth Boats slowly trudged onward in twos and threes. These people had just crossed the first line; it would take some time for them to adjust and adapt to their new surroundings.

Two Truth Boats that had followed Zen to cross the first line quickly tried to catch up to him.

"Friend, thank you for your help just now!"

A husky voice shouted from one of the Truth Boats.

Zen had practically carried the group on his shoulders when he crossed the first line. While he did all the dirty work, the rest of the group had, more or less, taken advantage of his strength.

"Friend, it seems like you didn't consume any soul pills."

Another voice chirped from the other Truth Boat. Though his soul strength wasn't that weak, he had needed the help of the soul pill in order to cross the first line. Still, he had the leisure to observe Zen with the remaining strength he had. "I wonder where you're from. I'm from —"

"It's improper to ask such questions," Dora interrupted. "Don't you know the rule in the Sea of Truth? The one who takes the lead to cross the first line has the right to charge others soul pills. If you have soul pills left, show your gratitude now." There was a tinge of annoyance in her voice.

Zen remained silent. He hadn't been aware of this rule.

However, he wasn't going to refuse free soul pills!

Having a supply of soul pills would come in handy in the future.

While he was able to cross the first line without using the soul pills, he didn't know if the case would be the same for the second or third line. He realized now that the Sea of Truth was not as simple as he had thought.

"Ha-ha! Of course I didn't forget this rule," the man with the rough voice exclaimed. With a gentle wave of his hand, three soul pills flew towards Zen.

The other man gave Zen five soul pills.

It was obvious that they both wished to befriend Zen. Who was this powerful guy?

If they could just follow Zen, it would save them a lot of trouble in the future. However, the moment Zen received the soul pills, Dora steered her Truth Boat in between theirs and Zen's. "Alright, you're free to go now!"

Zen didn't try to stop Dora. Even though they couldn't see each other's faces in the Sea of Truth, Zen was wary to be around other people. He knew too little about the Source World. Saying the wrong thing might cause great trouble for the divine land.

When the two men saw that Zen wasn't defending them, they drifted off in another direction in a huff.

"You haven't answered my question yet. Are you going to go for the second line? If you want to give it a try, I can keep you company," Dora offered.

Zen pondered this for a while, but eventually shook his head.

He had been in the training tower for some time now. Even though the time flow rate was faster inside the training tower, a considerable amount of time had passed in the outside world as well. He didn't know what the current situation on the Floating Islands was.

Now that he had successfully entered the Sea of Truth, he had achieved his goal of closed-door cultivation. Now, it was necessary for him to exit to see if everything was still okay.

"To pass the entirety of the Sea of Truth isn't a day's work. I'll stop here for now," Zen said.

"I agree!"

Dora said with a smile. She too was itching to tell her grandma what transpired in the Sea of Truth!

"By the way, what is the Illusion Breaking Rune that is used to leave the Sea of Truth?" Zen asked sheepishly.

Up until now, he had to rely on No. 9527 to exit the Sea of Truth. Although No. 9527 lived inside his body, he didn't want to trouble it every time.

"How could you not know the Illusion Breaking Rune? How did you manage to leave just now?" Dora was puzzled. Although she was aware that Zen knew very little about this place, she was aghast that he didn't know the Illusion Breaking Rune.

Zen smiled but didn't respond. He couldn't admit to her that he was usually taken out of the Sea of Truth forcefully by No. 9527.

Suddenly, a sharp sword materialized between Dora's eyebrows and shot toward him.

It looked like some kind of soul attack, but Zen wasn't alarmed. He was sure that Dora didn't have anything against him, so he didn't even flinch.

When the sword reached Zen's eyebrows, he felt no pain. Instead, information seemed to flash before him; he now knew how to use the Illusion Breaking Rune.

Zen was somewhat stunned. 'It's interesting how Dora used a soul attack to send messages!'

Then, Zen focused on learning how to use the Illusion Breaking Rune.

He soon realized that theoretically, the spell was not complicated. The Illusion Breaking Rune was, as the name implied, meant to take someone out of an illusion. However, the Sea of Truth wasn't just any illusion. Zen wondered if the spell would work.

Once he understood what to do, he noticed there was a small soul mark hidden in the energy.

Before he could ask, Dora pleaded, "Please don't erase that soul mark!"

"What's this for?" Zen asked.

"I just want to be informed when you enter the Sea of Truth next time," she said guiltily. She was well aware that it was impolite to leave a mark on another person's soul.

Zen frowned slightly, feeling somewhat displeased.

To him, it wasn't that big of a deal if the soul mark was only to track his position inside the Sea of Truth. However, if it could locate him in the divine land, that would be troublesome.

"What do you think, No. 9527?" Zen queried after some thought.

"It's just an ordinary locating mark. It's impossible for her to find you across the chaos, at least not with her current ability," No. 9527 replied calmly.

"Well then..."

Zen shrugged. He figured it wouldn't do him much harm. "Fine then," he said to Dora. "I won't erase it."

After all, Dora knew much more about the Sea of Truth than he did. If she could tag along, she could possibly save him the trouble of navigating alone.

After promising to keep the soul mark, Zen proceeded to try to use the Illusion Breaking Rune.

It wasn't difficult for Zen to grasp the fundamentals of the Illusion Breaking Rune, and he successfully used it in his second attempt. It felt as though he had triggered something in the Sea of Truth, causing it to collapse in front of him. This was vastly different from being forcibly taken out by No. 9527.

Because Zen had left, Dora followed suit shortly thereafter and left the Sea of Truth.

Whoosh!

Dora blinked. She was back in the palace.

"Thank goodness! You're finally back!" Ademar shouted with excitement.

Although Dora's body had returned to normal after she crossed the first line, he had still been very worried about her. Seeing her come to her senses was such a relief to him.

"Am I that weak in your eyes?" Dora said with a pout.

Ademar turned red with embarrassment and let out a howl of laughter. The tall, beautiful woman beside him asked, "Dorothy, did you try to cross the first line with your own strength?"

Dorothy nodded wistfully. "I failed. I ended up using a soul pill."

The woman nodded as though her suspicions were confirmed. "Don't worry, there's no need to get ahead of yourself. Very few warriors at your age can cross the first line without the help of the soul pills."

Dorothy's eyes gleamed, and her lips turned up into a wide smile. "I happened to meet one today!"

Chapter 2879 The Truth Theurgy

"Really? Did you actually encounter such a person?" the woman asked, her beautiful face registering her surprise.

Ademar said, "It's not a big deal. The Sea of Truth is just the beginning. He can break through the first line most probably because he had stayed there for a long time. However, it is the first time that you entered the sea. If you had stayed in the Sea of Truth for longer, you would have been able to cross it without using a soul pill, as well."

Dorothy blinked her eyes in wonder and commented, "But it's also his first time to enter the Sea of Truth!"

"That's amazing, indeed." The beautiful woman, Felicity, nodded with a smile. "I wonder which clan he hails from, since he is even better than you."

She did not expect Dorothy to shake her head and say, "That's not all. Have you heard the rumor from the Oneness Sky Palace, Aunt Felicity?"

"What rumor?" Felicity asked.

"About that man who swam in the Sea of Truth," the other replied.

Felicity's eyes flashed, and she nodded, her expression becoming serious.

According to the rumor from the Oneness Sky Palace, someone succeeded in swimming in the Sea of Truth.

Outsiders knew nothing about it, but the rumor attracted considerable attention within such a small area.

Many people were skeptical about the rumor.

No matter how powerful a Soul of Light was, it would completely disappear once it fell into the Sea of Truth.

Since the ancient times, no one had disproved this rule, or at least none that they knew of.

However, the children of the Oneness Sky Palace were certain about what they saw. After all, many people had witnessed the scene.

Some people reasoned out that a mirage in the Sea of Truth might have deceived the kids into thinking that it was a real person.

But then, how could a mirage destroy a Truth Boat? The deduction didn't make sense.

"Dorothy, did you also see that person?" Felicity asked urgently.

Beside her, Ademar had his mouth wide open in shock. "You mean the guy who has passed the first line is able to go straight into the sea? If his Soul of Light could really enter the Sea of Truth and not melt, doesn't that mean that he could do whatever he wants in the sea?"

Souls of Light feared only a few things: cold air and the wind blowing on the Sea of Truth.

Since this being wasn't even afraid of the Sea of Truth, then cold air and the sea breeze posed no threat to him.

"Yes, it's him," Dorothy confirmed. "But the truth is a little different from the rumors. The one I have met was his Soul of Light."

"His Soul of Light?"

Felicity and Ademar were confused.

Dorothy's eyes also showed her puzzlement. "Actually, he appeard to have two forms: one is the Soul of Light, which also needs to rely on the Truth Boat like me. In that form, it is difficult for him to resist the wind and the chill. Therefore, when he rushed to break through the first line, he faced tremendous pressure. Meanwhile, his other form can enter the Sea of Truth, not as a Soul of Light, but as a corporeal body."

Zen's forms would have been quite unimaginable for Dorothy if she hadn't seen them with her own eyes. She formed such hypotheses based on her intuition.

Then she told them what she had seen on the Sea of Truth.

"Enter the Sea of Truth with his physical body?" Felicity's face showed her growing amazement and surprise. Her mind could not grasp what it meant to enter the Sea of Truth with one's physical body.

Ademar said, "I'm afraid we have to report this to the palace leader."

Just then, a wizened voice resounded from above the palace. "Dorothy has done an excellent job. It was believed that in the remote ages, warriors didn't rely on boats to cross the Sea of Truth. Those who reached the Other Shore using the Ancient God Cultivation Method didn't enter the sea with their souls, but with their corporeal bodies. Therefore, the ancient gods crossed the sea with their bodies instead of their Souls of Light. For some unknown reason, corporeal bodies couldn't enter the Sea of Truth starting at some point, and the ancient gods gradually declined. Eventually, the Grand World Cultivation Method appeared, and warriors began to cultivate Souls of Lights to cross the Sea of Truth and reach the Other Shore."

"Grandma!" Dorothy called out.

An old woman with a hunched back slowly entered the palace gate.

"Greetings, Madam!"

Felicity and Ademar offered their salutations to the old woman.

The palace leader nodded and said, "If Dorothy didn't see it with her own eyes, I would not have believed that someone could even try to reach the Other Shore with a physical body."

The palace leader had some knowledge of what had happened in the remote ages, but the real reason behind the failure of the warriors to reach the Other Shore using the Ancient God Cultivation Method was unknown to her.

"Did that person reveal his identity?" the palace leader asked.

Dorothy shook her head and said, "He is not of the Source World. He had no knowledge of the basics like soul pills or the Illusion Breaking Rune."

Despite its mysterious nature, the Illusion Breaking Rune was a basic soul skill in the Source World that should be mastered by everyone before entering the Sea of Truth.

"He is not from the Source World?" The eyes of the palace leader narrowed.

Small races and forces were scattered in the chaos outside the Source World. She would have to search within a broad area if she wanted to find where he came from.

"Yes. He once asked about the war between the Nine Li and the Bear races, and he was very concerned about Chiyou's life and death," Dorothy recalled.

"He cared about Chiyou's life and death? Is he a member of the Nine Li race?" Ademar blurted out.

Felicity rolled her eyes and said, "It's hard to make a conclusion just based on that."

The palace leader nodded in agreement. "Indeed, it is difficult to conclude anything with only this clue. If he really could enter the sea with his physical body, then Dorothy would gain a lot by following him. As for myself, I must go to the Floating Mountain to determine what it means to enter into the sea with one's physical body."

Dorothy was the apple of the eye of the whole palace, so everyone was hoping that she could make it out of the Sea of Truth alive and safe.

Dorothy tilted her head, lost in thought for a moment, and suddenly asked, "Grandma, do you have a truth theurgy of the Truth of Cultivation Nature?"

"What do you need it for?" the palace leader inquired with some confusion.

Dorothy had cultivated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent; naturally, she didn't need a truth theurgy of the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

"That person is practicing the Truth of Cultivation Nature," Dorothy replied. "I noticed that he didn't know anything in the Source World. If, by any chance, he doesn't have a truth theurgy, then I want to supply him with one."

The palace leader nodded slightly. "Although the warriors of our palace mainly cultivate the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, we still have several truth theurgies about other cultivation methods. I shall ask Ademar to bring one of them for you."

Dorothy's guess was correct. What she asked for was indeed something that Zen lacked.

After the Nine Li race was eliminated from the divine land, virtually no truth theurgy was left. Even if some of them had been preserved, no one could cultivate them

because of a precondition for its cultivation: a complete understanding of a Truth of Godly Way.

Actually, the Non-combat Zone, which Harper created using his Truth of Goodwill and Malice, had been a truth theurgy, and Nicholas' Dark Light World Transformation was another truth theurgy.

Back then, Nicholas had strived extremely hard to obtain this theurgy from the Sea of Truth.

After retreating from the Sea of Truth, Zen heaved a long sigh of relief.

True, he was able to withstand the sea's pressure, but that kind of pressure would have stayed with him for as long as he was within the sea.

Upon his retreat, the pressure bearing down on his Soul of Light totally dissipated, leaving him completely relaxed.

Chapter 2880 The Changes In The Divine Land

In the fairy place, Augustus looked at Zen from head to toe as if he was sizing up a stranger.

After Zen understood the full meaning of the Truth of Cultivation Nature, his Soul of Light had suddenly been enhanced. Moreover, he learned that the Sea of Truth was a place for cultivation which could greatly improve his soul up to a higher level.

After he left the Sea of Truth, Zen's temperament had also changed.

His eyes retained their sharpness, but his features looked very natural now.

"Hey, you finally came out, Zen!" Augustus uttered as he came closer to Zen.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Startled, Zen could not help but ask as he wondered if anything big happened during his training.

"Nothing. I just wanted to know if the Sea of Truth is interesting at all. So, is it?" Augustus grinned and asked.

But as a response, Zen only gave him a glare before walking straight towards the middle hall of the fairy palace.

Meanwhile, inside the middle hall, Mike was looking up at the ceiling with his hands clasped behind his back, showing a touch of sadness that drifted across his face.

Suddenly, there was a noise near the door. Mike turned his head to see what it was and saw his son standing at the door. Upon his seeing his son, the sadness in his face instantly vanished. "Zen, you've come out! Congratulations! You have mastered the complete Truth of Godly Way."

Back in his less stressful days, Mike also thought about the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

However, his cultivation progress was a tad bit slower than Zen's.

In the Source World, Holy Beings didn't exist, but he had lived countless times longer than Zen. Experiencing more things than Zen, he had a broader vision, which gave him an advantage over Zen with regards to the comprehension of the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

Of course, if Mike wanted to enter the Sea of Truth, he also needed some opportunities.

Somehow, even though the sadness on his face only lasted for a second, Zen keenly captured it. "Father, what happened? What choice did the Moon Clan make?"

Narrowing his eyes, Mike answered, "Word came from the Floating Islands that the Moon Clan had already left there."

"What? They have moved out of the Floating Island?" Upon hearing his response, Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

To which Mike replied by nodding his head.

Although the Luo Clan had no members in the Time Sea, it still wasn't too difficult to plant some informers in the area so that they could easily get and harvest news from there.

On the other hand, The Moon Clan was regarded as one of the most powerful and ancient clans in the Time Sea that it had been on the top three for countless years in a row.

But just a few days ago, the Moon Clan abandoned the Floating Island that they had been running for many years, causing all of their members on the island to retreat and relocate.

The news had shocked all of the constituents of the Time Sea.

Thus, the clans that ranked first and third had both left the Floating Islands. All the people of the Moon Clan had returned to the Hidden Tree.

"It only means that they've chosen us," Zen said monotonously.

All of a sudden, a trace of meaningful light seemed to flash across Mike's eyes as he said, "They didn't choose us. They just chose not to give in."

Anyhow, it was impossible for the Moon Clan to compete with the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

All this time, Mike didn't tell them the existence of the people of the Other Shore Realm outside the divine land, pressuring the Moon Clan into making such a choice.

However, Samuel didn't have it easy for making a clan that had been powerful for many years and the Holy Beings to submit.

"This should be good news for us," Zen said, blinking his eyes. "But why were you so worried a while ago?"

Sighing, Mike replied, "The Sword Clan told us that Harper was killed."

"Master Harper was killed?"

Upon hearing Mike's news, Zen could not help but freeze in disbelief.

Harper was a very important person to the divine land. Back then, he was the reason why Zen was able to change the direction of this ship of the divine land, avoiding the crash.

A trace of sadness appeared on Zen's face as he heard the news.

He had only met Harper once, but the latter gave him the Shadow Bearing Sword as a gift. Refined by Nicholas's Furnace of Dark and Light, the sword became a part of his mother's body.

"Back then, Harper performed the Mixed Element Seal to shut those Yellow Emperor Guards. As a result, the guards hated him to the core. And as soon as the guards freed themselves and broke the Mixed Element Seal, they all went to kill him. In fact, Harper posed no threat to them anymore," Mike said in a flat tone.

After being cursed, Harper turned into a skeleton and was unable to escape the deep well at all.

He might still have some hope to come back to life if the time came that the divine land returned to the Source World. But unfortunately, that day did not come, and he was left for dead.

"So, how is the Sword Clan now?" Zen asked again.

Just like the Moon Clan, the Sword Clan was faced with a similar fate as well.

"The Sword Clan also intends to withdraw from the Floating Island. I expect they will soon move all of their elites to the Everest Spirit Mountain," Mike responded.

"But is the Everest Spirit Mountain able to resist the Yellow Emperor Guards?" Zen asked as he frowned slightly.

Bitterly smiling, Mike replied, "This is also what I am worried about. The Everest Spirit Mountain is not the only one experiencing the problem, but also the Swirl Forest and the fairy palace. Harold has already gone to the Everest Spirit Mountain as he wants to form a space channel. If one of the forbidden areas is attacked by the Yellow Emperor Guards, then they could be transferred to another forbidden area through the space channel."

Just like how the outer wall of the divine land rejected outsiders, it would most probably be the same for the forbidden areas. This meant that the Yellow Emperor Guards would not be able to step into the forbidden areas normally, through the usual methods.

However, if these Yellow Emperor Guards were able to break through the outer wall of the divine land, then they might certainly be able to break through to the forbidden areas.

Therefore, Mike had prepared a few things. "Are you confident enough to cross the Sea of Truth?" asked Mike.

Although Mike had never been to the Sea of Truth, Lorena had given him a rough description of what the place looked like so that he could picture it in his head.

"I'm afraid that I can't make it in a short time," Zen answered as he shook his head.

The first line in the Sea of Truth alone had put him under great pressure, and it was only going to get harder.

"Even if you really set foot on the Other Shore, it would still be difficult for you to fight against the Yellow Emperor Guards. There's no need to worry about this," Mike said with a smile. "But now, I have to personally take you out."

"Where are we going?" Curious, Zen asked.

"I'm taking you to the divine land to integrate all the other Godly Ways," uttered Mike.

At that point, his greatest ambition was to use the Infinity Ruler to merge the three thousand Godly Ways together.

Accidentally, Zen cultivated the Primal Chaos Technique, resulting in the creation of his special inner world.

He had always believed that Chiyou must have meant something when he gave the Infinity Ruler to Lorena, but the secret of that meaning had never been uncovered.

Still unsure of his speculation, Mike felt that it was already a necessary step for him to help Zen fuse the three thousand Godly Ways.

Although Zen had already stepped into the Sea of Truth, he still did not cultivate the Truth of Void Destruction. With his current speed, it was too slow for him to absorb more than two thousand Godly Way Tablets throughout the divine land.

After all, Mike was a Holy Being, and his Grand Teleportation technique allowed him to cross dozens of big regions at a time, which was a hundred times wider than what Zen could do. Therefore, Zen was able to move very fast across the divine land with the help of his father.

Chapter 2881 Illusion Godly Way

From a bird's eye view, the backyard of the fairy palace appeared dotted with numerous neat, ornamental courtyards.

Since Zen had gained control over the palace, it had blossomed and bloomed with new life, and looked like a completely different place to the barren ruin it had resembled before.

Everyone noticed this transformation. Letitia and Aura, however, craved something other. The distant vision of the divine land enticed them with its mystery.

When Zen was away, they would spend their time studying in the library and practicing, cultivating their skills to learn more about the world beyond the palace.

And even when immersed in their studies, they daydreamed about the beautiful landscapes of the divine land.

"What happened to your promise? You told me you would show me the Time Sea..."

Letitia pleaded, lazily laying her pale leg across Zen's body, searching his eyes with her own. Despite having a significant cultivation base and superior physical strength, she felt intimacy with Zen exhausted her.

"Don't worry. You won't have to wait much longer," Zen answered with a smile, stroking her forehead with his fingers.

Sometimes, Zen caught himself thinking whether he was behaving selfishly by making his wives stay inside the fairy palace. He had reasoned that he was doing it for their safety, but now he doubted whether his motives were motivated more by his own desire.

Yet, he consoled himself with the fact that he had made that decision in the face of imminent danger to his father's life.

If something had happened to Zen's father, the entire Evolutionary Universe would have collapsed, and no living creature would have survived. He had made this decision as a last resort.

Before Zen had started cultivating in seclusion, Lavender had also expressed the desire to visit and see the Evolutionary Universe.

As the queen of the Demon Night, she naturally still cared about her people.

Zen had agreed to grant her wish.

Once he managed to master the three thousand Godly Ways, he would ask his father to help make it come true.

Mike, as the one who owned the Evolutionary Universe, was the most appropriate person to ask. After all, he had easy access to it.

However, despite Zen's attempts to reassure her, Letitia was not convinced. "Unlike the last time, your current problem isn't as simple, is it?" she asked with concern.

Zen had not, in fact, divulged all the details of the current situation in the divine land to his wives.

They had the best intentions and made the utmost effort to assist him, but their abilities left much to be desired. Thus, Zen decided it best to keep them in the dark about the full extent of the challenges he faced, as that information would do nothing but cause them to panic.

Unlike Zen, however, Augustus was not good at keeping secrets. Once he found something out, the entire palace would be gossiping about it in no time. No matter how many times Hallet asked him to keep quiet, he just could not keep his mouth shut.

Before Zen could answer, Letitia had already encircled him with her arms and said, "There's no need to answer me. I don't want to know..."

A day passed. Mike, with Zen in tow, had teleported to the Illusion Region, which lay 30 million miles east.

The last time Zen had decided to go on a mission to absorb Godly Ways, he had traveled south. Now, he journeyed towards the rising sun with the help of Mike.

So far, it had been an easy journey. Just two attempts at the Grand Teleportation technique got them to the Illusion Region.

"The Illusion Godly Way Tablet lies three hundred miles north of the central divine city," recited Zen.

Some navigators of the divine land had drawn maps that showed the locations of the Godly Way Tablets. However, these maps often contained errors, and all of them failed to record every one of the tablets.

Zen, however, was lucky to have received the guidance of the Infinity Ruler, thanks to which he had effectively constructed a complete and comprehensive map of the Godly Way Tablets in his head.

"Splendid!"

Mike exclaimed richly as he led Zen into the space channel.

As soon as they emerged from the space channel, they were met by the sight of an enormous tree, floating below them.

"What in the world is that?" Zen was rather baffled. From the information he had stored in his head, there should have been a Godly Way Tablet in the place of this huge tree.

Mike, however, responded with a smile. "It is an illusion. The Illusion Godly Way is not called that for no reason: its internal momentum can create extremely powerful mirages. The tablet is indeed here. It created this tree in the first place! If you look at it carefully, you will know!"

Zen's eyes narrowed at his father's words.

He did as instructed, and scrutinized the tree closely. Indeed, now that he concentrated his gaze on it, he noticed a pale rivulet of light running along the tree: the internal momentum.

"Go on," urged his father.

Zen gave a curt nod, and circled downwards, finally landing next to the tree.

There was a bizarrely random collection of objects lying around the tree, including a chair, some seedlings, and an odd-looking rock.

"These...are humans," Zen realized. These people hadn't mastered the Illusion Godly Way very well, so Zen could immediately see through their illusions.

As soon as he had landed on the ground, the two people masquerading as seedlings approached him. As they regained their human form, they asked Zen who he was and what he wanted. From his studies, Zen knew that if he truly wanted to understand the Illusion Godly Way, there was a price he had to pay.

Before the two could say anything else, Zen handed them a few divine might coins that he had prepared.

He had a large amount of Godly Ways to imbibe, and the time he had was limited. Thus, he didn't want to waste a second more than he needed to.

He had given the two men over a hundred divine might coins, which he gathered to be a more-than-sufficient amount.

The two men before him, who were both top-rank True Gods, looked at each other slyly. They decided to take advantage of Zen's generosity. "It takes a thousand divine might coins to observe the Illusion Godly Way Tablet!" one of them scoffed.

Zen frowned. He had paid them generously in order to end this affair quickly and unceremoniously, but it seemed like he had complicated the situation further.

A thick aura covered the air before Zen could do anything else.

The two top-rank True Gods' expressions shifted immediately from self-contented smugness to surprise, and then awe, as they sensed the aura and then looked up and noticed Mike.

The others who had disguised themselves as objects around the tree, observing the tablet, were also engulfed in this aura. However, their cultivation level was still weak, and their illusions would not hold. They all regained their human form, and looked up at Mike, trembling.

Seeing his father's actions, Zen smiled sheepishly.

Zen was humbled by him. His technique was indeed very effective, saving precious time that would have been wasted arguing with the two greedy top-rank True Gods.

This small central divine city wasn't connected to the rich clans on the Floating Islands. Even if these people were to try spreading the news of Zen and Mike's arrival, Zen and Mike would have already been long gone by the time the information reached the Floating Islands.

As Zen walked past the two True Gods, the light rings in his eyes began to glint.

The Infinity Ruler had begun absorbing the internal momentum of the Illusion Godly Way.

A few seconds later, another mark on the Infinity Ruler lit up, and another light glimmered on Zen's Godly Plate.

He had finally mastered the Illusion Godly Way.

Once the process was done, Zen didn't stay a second longer. Under the astonished gaze of the crowd, Mike swept Zen away.

Only then did the two top-rank True Gods, who had collected his divine might coins, dare to move.

The observers of the tablet began arguing amongst themselves. "Was that man in the sky a consummate True God?"

"He must be! His demeanor was surely that of a consummate True God. And that young man must be his son. He must be less than one hundred years old, and yet he has already become a top-rank True God. I wonder which first-tier clan he comes from... "

"But what does he need the Godly Way Tablet for? Was he able to comprehend the Illusion Godly Way in such a short time?"

"Hey, stop talking nonsense! That is impossible! Even if he was one of the talented sons of the rich clans on the Floating Islands, which I doubt he was anyway, there is no way he could fully comprehend the Illusion Godly Way in such a short time... "

Meanwhile, as the observers continued to speculate about Zen's and Mike's identities, the subjects of their debate had already reached the next Godly Way Tablet.

Chapter 2882 The Incomplete Godly Way

The Godly Way Tablets were distributed evenly in the divine land. Generally, one Godly Way Tablet existed in every region.

Occasionally, there were two, or even three, Godly Way Tablets in a particular region.

With Mike's help, it only took Zen five minutes to move from one Godly Way Tablet to another and absorb its internal momentum.

In two days and two nights, the two had flown across the divine land without stopping, and Zen had absorbed 150 Godly Way Tablets!

"The 151st Godly Way Tablet!"

Zen looked at the Godly Way Tablet in front of him with a hint of surprise in his eyes.

The Godly Way Tablets in the divine land were the painstaking fruits of Chiyou's labor. They couldn't be damaged. Theoretically, they were very difficult to destroy. But a part of this Godly Way Tablet was missing. Its surface was pitted, and there were cracks in the lower left corner.

People jostled against one another for other Godly Way Tablets, and the first-tier clans often fenced off these Godly Way Tablets in a bid to earn some profit.

But very few people showed interest in this dented Godly Way Tablet. Only a handful of people were gathered around it.

Seeing Zen's strange expression, an old man beside him commented, "It's a pity when there is a slight flaw in a white jade, but nothing in the world is flawless. The incomplete Godly Way, in my opinion, is the only right way. Can you tell the implications of this Godly Way Tablet, young man?"

"Incomplete Godly Way? What kind of theurgy does it possess?"

Zen's eyes flashed with excitement.

There were three thousand Godly Ways and not all could showcase great power.

Some of the Godly Ways were merely the insights into the world, and no powerful theurgy was created from their internal momentum.

This incomplete Godly Way was one such piece.

"Humph! This vast divine land is like a huge pot. The Holy Beings and consummate True Gods are nothing more than the ants in the pot. All of them have great aspirations and try every means to seek omnipotent skills, but they are too impatient to appreciate things that are incomplete," the old man remarked with a disdainful look.

Zen's eyebrows shot up when he heard this.

This old man was only a mid-rank True God, but clearly he had a thorough understanding of the matters of the divine land.

"If one manages to comprehend the incomplete Godly Way, he or she will be able to see the truth hidden in it. Warriors might not always pursue theurgies. It's said that after we reach the True God Realm, we can become immortal, but the question is, can the divine land really exist forever? The truth is that there is no such thing as being immortal in this world. It is just the will left behind by the ancestors." The old man advised Zen, "Young man, if you can cultivate the incomplete Godly Way patiently, you will benefit greatly in the future."

Mike concealed himself in the air. When he heard the old man, a smile appeared on his face.

In the divine land, people could live on forever. There were many extraordinary talents and some people didn't pursue strength or theurgies, but as they had lived for a long time, their insights and thoughts were no worse than those of the Holy Beings. Some of them, although they were not famous, were even more foresighted than the Holy Beings.

So it wasn't a bad thing that the old man was imparting his wisdom to Zen.

The old man's words enlightened Zen. He bowed to him and said, "Thank you for your teachings. It seems that each of the three thousand Godly Ways has its own use. This incomplete Godly Way Tablet is also valuable."

The old man was thrilled to hear Zen's compliment. "Right. It's more difficult to cultivate the incomplete Godly Ways compared to the other ones and you have to pay more. Young man, do you still want to choose the incomplete Godly Way?"

"That's precisely what I'm thinking," replied Zen.

"All right. You can observe the internal momentum of the incomplete Godly Way first. If you have any questions, feel free to ask me. Although my cultivation base is not as high as yours, I have been studying this for sixty divine eras. And I have learned a lot," said the old man.

Zen nodded and walked determinedly towards the incomplete Godly Way Tablet. At the same time, two golden rings of light began to glow in his eyes.

The internal momentum of the incomplete Godly Way quickly entered the Infinity Ruler in his mind. At the same time, a mark lit up on the Infinity Ruler.

Buzz!

Just as the mark lit up, one more Godly Way appeared in Zen's inner world.

Wisps of livid, gray auras were released from Zen's body. He had mastered the incomplete Godly Way.

The old man was standing one hundred feet away from Zen. His jaw dropped as he stared at Zen's back in disbelief.

The others around the Godly Way Tablet also looked at him with equal incredulity.

The reason why only a few people cultivated the incomplete Godly Way was that on the one hand, it was extremely difficult to comprehend; and on the other hand, it didn't have any powerful theurgy. This was merely a record of how beautiful the world was.

Over the years, only a few people who cultivated it had become mid-rank True Gods, and this old man was one of them.

Moreover, because of its incomplete nature, there was a rumor in the divine land that it was impossible to reach the consummation of True God Realm by cultivating it, because the incomplete was the opposite side of consummation.

But today, it only took seconds for a young man to master it.

In their eyes, Zen was even more terrifying than a monster! They couldn't believe their eyes.

"What? It's impossible! How is it possible to master the incomplete Godly Way? No way! Theoretically, it is just impossible!"

The old man looked befuddled.

He had just warned Zen that it was difficult to cultivate the incomplete Godly Way, but Zen had mastered it in a matter of seconds. Not only that, he also entered a realm that he could not understand!

The old man was on the verge of breaking down.

"The incomplete Godly Way does have a special beauty. It is impossible to develop a theurgy from it, but it will allow me to observe this world from a special perspective."

Zen was unaware of people's reaction as he was completely immersed in the charm of the incomplete Godly Way.

It was not until he came to his senses and saw the old man's astounded expression that he realized what had happened.

What he had done was simply too shocking. He had achieved the impossible.

He didn't walk away. Instead he strolled over to the old man with an apologetic look on his face and explained, "I didn't comprehend the Godly Way by depending on my own talent. It's not what you think. Please, don't dwell on it too much."

The method he had used to comprehend the Godly Ways with the Infinity Ruler was no different than cheating. Zen felt sorry that the old man misunderstood him.

Although Zen had offered an explanation, the old man was still rooted to the spot.

Looking at his stiff body, Zen felt helpless. There were still many Godly Ways that he needed to absorb, so he couldn't spend too much time here. More importantly, he couldn't reveal the secret of the Infinity Ruler to the kind old man.

At last, Zen shrugged his shoulders and flew off towards Mike who was in the sky.

Chapter 2883 Collecting The Divine Might Coins

After Zen left, the old man came back to his senses. He looked up at the sky and his eyes were filled with awe.

"Elder Hu, how did he do that?"

"He was able to master a Godly Way in only half a minute. Not even Holy Beings can do that!"

"Isn't it impossible to reach the consummation of the incomplete Godly Way?"

"I don't know." The old man shook his head, amused. "But now we know one thing: one could also reach the consummation of the incomplete Godly Way! This means we have to work extra hard to be on the same level."

The past few decades had been tumultuous for the entire divine land. It went through a drastic change unseen even in the last hundreds of divine eras. But plenty divine citizens and True Gods remained nonchalant. They did not seem to be affected by the changes. Instead, they continued minding their own business and pursuing their own path.

Up in the bright sky, Mike could be seen taking Zen by the hands and teleporting away.

Together they headed east, towards the direction of the Ray Tree.

The Ray Tree was the highest divine tree in the divine land. It was so tall that one could still distinguish it from several regions away.

The Dongfang Clan had withdrawn from the Floating Island following the death of Nicholas. Despite this, they were still worried. Any moment, Samuel could appear at the Ray Tree, still full of rage.

So they had put up a lot of measures to protect themselves. For one, they had asked their elite disciples to change names. They were also sent to faraway places. In general, their clan had been staying under the shadows trying not to call any attention to themselves.

Three days later...

As they approached the Ray Tree, Zen suddenly requested a change in direction. Instead, he asked his father to head north.

Throughout their trip, Zen had absorbed over a thousand kinds of internal momentum.

As soon as they stepped into the Heavenly Stellar Region, Mike's eyes flickered. "It seems that you have an old acquaintance in the Bright Night Region," he announced.

"An old acquaintance?" Zen's lips curled into a knowing smile. He knew exactly what his father was talking about. "Which Godly Genius is in the Bright Night Region?" he asked.

Harold hadn't found all the Godly Geniuses in the divine land. The Godly Geniuses that had gathered at the fairy palace were Margaret, Kurt, Lucille, and Lone.

Now, Mike's presence made things easier.

He could easily sense the existence of the Godly Geniuses no matter how far they were from him. After all, they were creatures of the Evolutionary Universe.

The changes in the Floating Islands prohibited Mike from taking them back to the fairy palace as soon as he returned. This time, when he took Zen to absorb the Godly Way Tablets all over the divine land, he could take the chance to find the rest Godly Geniuses and send them back to the fairy palace.

"It's Nathan," Mike said flatly.

"It's him."

Zen had always considered Nathan to be one of his strongest opponents. Even before their encounter, he'd been considered as the number one Godly Genius in the Evolutionary Universe.

For a moment, Zen thought of Nathan. He was curious to know as to how he'd been faring in the divide land. He was a talented man and he always stood out. It was unthinkable for him to remain unnoticed by the powerful clans on the Floating Islands all those years.

After absorbing the internal momentum in the Godly Way Tablet of the Bright Night Region, Zen and Mike had moved to the north of the region.

The Bai Clan, one of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands occupied the Bright Night Region, but it wasn't their ancestral land. The Bright Night City was such a large divine city that it had a Hundred Commandments Slate to guard it.

If it was an ordinary first or second tier clan that controlled the large region, Zen and Mike would not have any hesitation to take action. Probably they would have directly rushed into the divine city and taken Nathan away. Even if they were to trigger the Hundred Commandments Slate, it would be nothing big deal.

The divine land was vast enough for their visits to those regions to potentially remain unheard of. Even there was a small chance that the news spread out, by the time it would reach the Floating Islands, Zen might have already absorbed all the internal momentum of the three thousand Godly Ways.

However, they would try their best to avoid attracting any attention when they visited the regions that belonged to the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. The Bai Clan was a powerful clan. If they were alerted by their presence, the news would easily spread to the Floating Island of the Bai Clan.

Upon landing at the entrance of the divine city, the two made sure to hide their auras. They paid the required divine might coins as they entered the Bright Night City.

Right in the middle of the Floating Island of the Dongfang Clan, a pile of divine might coins stood like a small hill.

Alfredo wore dozens of space rings on his fingers.

These space rings all could hold a lot of things, and over a dozen of these space rings were now filled with divine might coins.

Soon enough, news got out that Leyton killed Gibson with only one swift strike, and all the powerful clans on the Floating Islands submitted to Samuel.

The rankings of the powerful clans were determined by the Arena of Legends. Although the rankings didn't change, the Han Clan was now the most powerful and had the most control over all the Floating Islands. Thus, all the powerful clans submitted themselves to the Han Clan.

This was something that Nicholas hadn't even achieved in the past!

Alfredo was the master of the Han Clan. The rise of the power of the Han Clan also made him the master of all the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. This placed him on a pedestal and earned him a lot of respect.

Alfredo felt a thrill inside him. He couldn't imagine Holy Beings bowing their heads at his mercy, when he was only a consummate True God.

Samuel found a quiet spot to cultivate in seclusion. He left Alfredo to collect the divine might coins alone.

At the beginning, Alfredo was a little nervous

Despite the excitement it gave him, he knew it wouldn't be easy to make the Holy Beings hand over the divine might coins.

All these years, the powerful clans had been pushing the disciples of the clans to go to the forbidden lands. This way, they would be able to train while collecting the divine might coins hidden in these areas.

There was a lot of power play on the Floating Islands. Everyone was trying to make or change the rule. It was important for every powerful clan to have rules on the Ruling Slate that worked to their own clan's advantage.

An exorbitant amount of divine might coins might allow one to change the rules. Unfortunately, most powerful clans did not have such a large amount.

Even Nicholas could only do so little with the rules. He couldn't afford to make any significant changes, which would cost him enormous amount of divine might coins.

It would only be possible if all powerful clans were willing to cooperate and gather all their divine might coins together. That way, they could collect enough to make an extremely powerful rule.

Alfredo also felt that something strange was up. Who were the Yellow Emperor Guards and Samuel dealing with to require such a powerful rule?

It was rumored that even the Other Shore Realm master in the Sword Clan who created the Non-combat Zone had been killed. Who was powerful enough to stand up against the Han Clan in the entire divine land now?

Though confused, Alfredo always took it seriously to accomplish every task given to him by Samuel.

Splash!

Suddenly, a consummate True God from the Liu Clan jumped off to the edge of the square and activated his space ring. As a result, black divine might coins poured out of the ring like water spilling over and piled up into a small hill on the ground.

The consummate True God and Alfredo exchanged glances. Then, the True God snorted and prepared to leave.

Alfredo ran after him and blocked his path. "Leander, do you have any complaints you want to air out on behalf of the Liu Clan?"

Leander Liu's expression changed immediately as he thought of all the rumors he heard these days. His sneer turned into a polite smile. "No," he said with a low voice. "We don't have any complaints."

"I'm glad to hear that," Alfredo responded with a nod.

With a huge sigh, Leander Liu left hurriedly.

The powerful clans held a lot of grudges against the Han Clan, but they were all too powerless compared to them. Most of them resorted to doing nothing.

Thus, the popularity of the powerful clans had decreased significantly. All the disciples of the powerful clans, together with the Holy Beings of the clans were like fish on the chopping block.

Chapter 2884 The Sea Cracking Skull

In a palace on the Floating Island of the Han Clan, Pascal sat cross-legged as he put the ring he was holding into his elixir field.

At the other end of the palace, Samuel was pacing restlessly to and fro.

Samuel had declared that he was cultivating in seclusion when in fact, it was Pascal who was in seclusion.

Leyton had given Samuel the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos, but he hadn't been able to practice it because of the ring in Pascal's hand.

At the moment, Pascal was completely under Samuel's control, which was why Samuel was able to use the ring's power as he wished. But the power he was able to wield was not all that the Abyss Demon Region had.

Pascal stood between Samuel and the ring, partially blocking Samuel's view as if a thick veil separated them.

"You can give the ring to me," Rosie said with a small smile from the corner she was sitting in as she watched Samuel's impatience rise.

Samuel stopped and glared at her.

"If you don't want to give it to me, you can give it to someone else. Alfredo, for example," Rosie said hurriedly.

Alfredo was also a consummate True God who had been loyal to the Han Clan, which made Rosie's suggestion all the more acceptable.

"That's impossible," Samuel said, shaking his head.

He didn't trust anyone except himself.

He had actually come up with a solution, which was to get back Pascal's Memory Flame.

But he knew what kind of person Pascal was. If Pascal were to know what he had done, he would never help him and would turn against him.

"You have no choice left in that case. When the Other Shore Realm warriors of the Nine Li race enter the divine land, you will all be dead. Enjoy yourself while you can," Rosie said glibly.

Samuel was irritated at her words.

She had gone too far.

He had known her capabilities, which was why he had taken her out of the Abyss Demon Region.

But her ability would cost a massive amount of the Faith Energy. During the battle between the Abyss Demon Region and the alliance of the powerful clans, she had almost exhausted the Faith Energy that had accumulated in the Abyss Demon Region for so many years. It would take a long time to accumulate enough Faith Energy before she could use the ability again, but it was already too late.

She meant nothing to him at the moment, but she ridiculed him all day and succeeded in distracting and irritating him.

"You! Shut up!" Samuel shouted angrily.

Rosie squared her shoulders and looked at Samuel, her eyes hardened and an indifferent smile on her face.

Samuel secretly ordered Pascal, who was sitting upright, to lift the ring up. Streaks of black lightning shot towards Rosie.

The black energy wrapped around Rosie's body, leaving scars on her snow-white skin.

Rosie groaned in pain, curling her body into itself. The pain was unbearable, but her eyes were still clear. She looked at Samuel mockingly, something that upset him even more.

Samuel snorted coldly before stepping into the void and disappearing from the palace.

The next moment, he had appeared in the Hall of Holy Beings.

At the center of the square in front of the Hall of Holy Beings lay a bone like no other.

The bone was in the shape of a strange fish's skull. More than 30 sharp teeth lined the giant mouth that was more than a thousand feet wide.

An ordinary person would, at first glance, feel the will emanating from the skull. The will contained a destructive power that no one could resist. If this were to be activated, it would destroy everything in this world.

No one knew how many hundred million years ago this strange fish died. But if it was emitting such a strong will even now, just how powerful did it have to be when it was alive? And who had killed it?

Every time he saw the strange fish's skull, Samuel was overcome with awe and would sigh at the wonderful power of the Source World.

He had learned from Leyton that this skull was known as the Sea Cracking Skull and was an exclusive forbidden weapon of the Yellow Emperor race.

They had used this forbidden weapon to slaughter all the members of the Nine Li race in the divine land.

Samuel might control the Abyss Demon Region, but he couldn't imagine the extent of such a magical power.

And one needed to pay a high price to activate this forbidden weapon.

Just as Samuel appeared in the Hall of Holy Beings, a transmission channel materialized in the sky.

It fell straight down and pierced the fish's mouth, bathing it in a blood light.

The space channel began to tremble and thousands of True Gods fell from it.

They were all living people.

Among them were divine citizens, low-rank True Gods, and powerful top-rank True Gods.

All of them were panicking, anxious and confused.

An irresistible force wrapped around them, immobilizing them and making it difficult for them to resist.

Five minutes ago, they were in a divine city at the northeast of the divine land.

Some of them were practicing hard, hoping to break through their own shackles and advance further in the Godly Way. As long as they had the confidence and infinite longevity, they could, one day, achieve success.

Some were working hard only for a few divine might coins and were hoping to seek greater benefits.

Then someone had appeared in the air above the divine city.

The Hundred Commandments Slate in the divine city had attacked the person at once, but he didn't seem to flinch. One wave of his big hand sent an unimaginable aura around the city, enveloping it. And then, everyone in the city had been pulled out by an invisible force and sucked into the space channel.

They had no idea about the catastrophe they were about to face.

A man fell into the fish's mouth and touched the blood light. He turned into a cloud of blood mist almost instantly and then disappeared completely.

The others paled at this sight.

"I don't want to die!"

"What's this?"

"Argh!"

Some resisted the force while others roared and clanked against it in desperation.

But it was all in vain. How could True Gods resist the power of the Other Shore Realm?

The blood light in the huge fish's mouth could devour over ten thousand people every three seconds.

It wasn't long before more than one hundred thousand people of a medium-sized divine city were devoured.

The space channel closed after a while.

The blood light in the fish's mouth had also receded, but dark blood burned in its empty eye sockets. One of its sharp teeth was also lined red.

Samuel passed the huge fish skull and bowed to Leyton who was behind it. "Congratulations, Master Leyton! There are more blood lines."

Leyton had told him before that only when the sharp teeth in the fish's mouth were full of blood lines could this weapon be activated. Now there were only four teeth with blood lines. He didn't know how many more people were to be devoured before this could be activated.

Chapter 2885 The Cao Clan

Leyton shook his head at Samuel and said, "It's far from enough. I'll ask Zavier to speed up and target the central divine cities."

An ordinary divine city only had about a hundred thousand people. But the central divine cities of the regions usually had more than a million or even millions of people in them.

Every time Zavier launched an attack, he could capture all the people of a divine city.

If this spread out, it would cause panic in the divine land. That was why he would be prepared with all possibilities before making a move to ensure that no one would be left alive.

But attacking the central divine cities wouldn't be that easy. The Thousand Commandments Slates could not hurt the warriors at the Other Shore Realm, but they would still cause him a lot of trouble.

"Drop it. Have you found a way to release the Abyss Demon Region?" Leyton asked.

Samuel sighed regretfully, "Not yet."

"How many divine might coins have you collected?" Leyton asked, carefully arranging his features into one devoid of expression.

"Alfredo is responsible for it. All the powerful clans are handing in the divine might coins. The quantity is quite large," Samuel answered honestly.

Leyton nodded. "Let's do this as soon as possible. We have the Sea Cracking Skull, but the powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm are too strong. We must be fully prepared even before they enter the divine land. If we survive this disaster, I will recommend your name for the Yellow

Emperor Guards when we return to the Source World. You will be a hero to our Bear race!"

Samuel was surprised at this. But he overcame his surprise quickly enough, saluted and said, "I will do my best!"

Even though the Yellow Emperor Guards had specifically chosen to attack the divine cities at the edge, they had caused panic on a small scale.

Every time Zavier launched an attack, a divine city would be emptied.

There were a few second and third-tier clans outside of the divine cities. When they reached the city gates, they discovered that the guards had all disappeared.

They entered the cities, only to find that all the people had disappeared as well.

This was strange, but it was happening across several large regions in the northeast of the divine land.

In the house of the Cao Clan in the Bright Night City, a melodious tune wafted out of the magnificent hall.

Several enchanting women, all low-rank True Gods, danced and sang in the hall. They were all pretty and their every movement was charming and enticing.

That was the internal momentum of the Enchantment Godly Way.

When cultivators reached the highest level of the Enchantment Godly Way, they would be capable of befogging people's minds.

But this was not the right way and its theurgy was not very powerful. Those who chose to cultivate the Enchantment Godly Way were mostly women. They wanted to make themselves more attractive and win the hearts of powerful masters.

"Nathan, your cultivation base has reached a higher level. You might successfully become a consummate True God without the help of the Bai Clan. You are really an extraordinary talent! Don't forget me when you reach a high position in the Bai Clan in the future!"

Nathan leaned against a large seat, slightly drunk.

The wine in the Bright Night City was produced using a special method. It could put even the top-rank True Gods in a state of dead drunkenness.

The one who was speaking to Nathan was the young master of the Cao Clan, Bruno Cao.

Bruno looked like a young man but he was not actually young. He had already lived through two divine eras.

But he still had to show some respect in front of Nathan.

The Cao Clan, as a second-tier clan, also had top-rank True Gods, although they weren't on par with Nathan.

Bruno felt that Nathan was extraordinary. This unknown fellow had already become a top-rank True God in just a few years, and at such a speed, even the elite members of the powerful clans on the Floating Islands couldn't compare with him. And now, he was on his way to becoming a consummate True God.

The Cao Clan had already reported the news. It wouldn't be long before the Bai Clan came to the Bright Night City to pick Nathan up.

Bruno hoped that Nathan could help him if he were to become highly valued by the Bai Clan in the future. His life would be made if he could enter the Floating Island with Nathan's help.

"I won't forget you if I join the Bai Clan," Nathan said, amused.

He had set his sights on the Floating Islands ever since he entered the divine land and got a general understanding of how the divine land worked.

Thanks to his own talent, his cultivation speed was quite fast. It had only taken him ten years to become a top-rank True God, which was enough for him to gain the favor of the powerful clans.

He was now tipsy. But Zen suddenly came to mind.

Where was Zen now? Had he become a True God? If he had, was he a low-rank True God or a mid-rank one?

Nathan wondered how Zen would react if he knew that he had the ability to join a powerful clan.

Nathan didn't have any enmity with Zen, but he felt that Zen was the one he had to surpass in his life.

When he had first entered the divine land, he had been at a loss for a while because the divine land, unlike the Evolutionary Universe, was a completely strange place to him.

But he wanted to surpass Zen, so he gritted his teeth and showed his talent, slowly attracting the attention of the Cao Clan. His status in the Bright Night City rose rapidly from then on.

Now, even the master of the Cao Clan showed respect whenever he saw Nathan, and Bruno, the young master of the Cao Clan, followed him everywhere.

"Report!"

Someone rushed into the hall, a look of panic on his face and his voice trembling.

The sound of his voice brought all the dancing women to a halt.

"What happened? Why are you in such a state?" Bruno asked, standing up, annoyed that he had disturbed Nathan and him.

"Since Master is in seclusion, I can only come to report to you. Something has happened in the Bright Moon City!" the man said, clearly horrified.

As a second-tier clan, the Cao Clan ruled three divine cities, one of which was the Bright Moon City.

Bruno frowned and asked, "The Bright Moon City is protected by the Hundred Commandments Slate. What could possibly happen?"

Most True Gods thought that the divine cities were extremely safe. Nothing could go wrong under normal circumstances.

"Everyone in the Bright Moon City is gone!" said the man, his eyes as wide as saucers.

Bruno was shocked. "What? What are you talking about? You must be mistaken!" he barked at the man.

"Impossible! I didn't go there alone. A total of twelve people, including me, searched for half a day in the Bright Moon City, but we didn't see a single person, not even the stewards of the Cao Clan!" the man said, his voice dripping seriousness.

"How could this happen?" Nathan exclaimed, realizing the gravity of the matter.

What kind of power had the ability to empty a divine city?

Moreover, the Cao Clan was a part of the Bai Clan and the Bright Night Region was under the protection of the Bai Clan. Who could have dared to do this so brazenly?

Chapter 2886 Meeting Nathan Again

Bruno couldn't quell his worries any longer. He finally stood up and announced, "I have to report this to my father. You should go and inform my uncles as well! Nathan, sorry for disturbing you. Please forgive me."

Nathan replied with a wave of his hand and said, "Never mind! We should pay attention to it. If there is anything I can help with, please let me know as soon as possible."

Bruno nodded in response and left hurriedly.

Nathan didn't stay back. He, too, walked out from the side door of the hall.

As the central divine city of the Bright Night Region, the Bright Night City was not a very big city, but it was quite special.

Three hundred miles away from the city was a mine, which produced unique stones that could gather light. These stones absorbed sunshine during the day and sparkled brightly at night.

These mineral resources didn't hold much use to a True God. However, they adorned the divine city like beautiful jewels. Even the rich clans on the Floating Islands would purchase some of them for decoration purposes.

The streets were all glowing with azure brilliance.

Nathan had grown steadily in the city. In the past few years, he had already built his own house here.

On his way home, he suddenly sensed an invisible aura.

He frowned slightly but continued moving quietly.

The news about the Bright Moon City was very strange, but Nathan subconsciously believed that the Bright Night City was still safe.

Anyone who wanted to fight him needed to be at least a consummate True God, but such people didn't have a reason to give him trouble.

'Am I being nervous unnecessarily?' Nathan thought to himself.

But as he continued moving ahead, he felt the invisible aura tracing him again.

The owner of the aura was purposely not disguising it. It was as if that person wanted Nathan to discover it.

With furrowed brows, Nathan sped up his pace.

But the problem was that no matter how fast he moved, he couldn't get rid of the aura. Every few seconds, the aura would catch up with him, making its presence felt.

Finally, Nathan rushed into an empty corner and grabbed his space ring in desperation.

The slate would be alerted in the divine city if a fight occurred, but it wasn't instantaneous. It required some time to be triggered. So he had to be on full alert.

Just then, another figure appeared with a flash out of nowhere.

The mysterious figure's arrival signaled Nathan's space ring to begin flashing light, and half of a green long spear emerged from it.

However, the stranger forcefully shoved the long spear back into Nathan's space ring with a gentle flick of his hand. At the same time, a voice rang out, "If you want to fight here, the slate will be alerted!"

Nathan took a closer look at the person and was surprised to discover that it was Zen. "Long time no see, Nathan!" said Zen with a smile.

"Zen? It's you!" Nathan was too stunned to speak for a while. "How did you manage to find me?" he asked after recovering from the shock.

To be honest, Nathan wasn't too happy to see Zen again.

Although he had let go of the past events that occurred in the Evolutionary Universe, he was reminded of the unhappy memories as soon as he saw Zen.

Still astonished at his sudden appearance, Nathan studied Zen up and down, and the surprise on his face was getting stronger and stronger. "You, you've already reached the consummation of True God Realm!"

And he could feel that Zen was mightier than an ordinary consummate True God!

Zen's aura was very special. Wherever he stood, he seemed to merge with the surrounding scenery. There was no sense of abruptness around him. Such a special aura could not be endowed by the power of Godly Ways.

Zen nodded and said, "It wasn't me who found you; it was my father. He can sense your existence wherever you are."

"Your father? Do you mean that..." Before Nathan could finish his sentence, another vague figure appeared not too far away from them. It was none other than Mike.

Mike had disguised his real strength, but, as a Holy Being, he had a special aura around him because of his universe.

More importantly, Mike was the owner of the Evolutionary Universe, and Nathan was a creature born in that universe. He was awestruck by this connection.

"I'm honored to see you in person, sir!" Nathan said respectfully, as he cupped his hands.

While he was in the universe, Nathan had been proud of his family background.

He was the son of one of the strongest Supreme Lords.

It was not until the end of the war with the Sacred race that Nathan learned about the existence of the divine land, the truth of the war and Zen's real identity.

"Come with us. Leave this city as there will be a lot of trouble in this divine city shortly," said Mike.

Zen and Mike had heard the words from the servant of the Cao Clan, outside which they had been hiding.

"What kind of trouble awaits this city?" Nathan asked worriedly.

Although Nathan's goal was to become a member of a rich clan above the Time Sea, he had lived in this city for many years and it still held a special place in his heart.

"It's very difficult to make all the people in a divine city vanish. A consummate True God wouldn't be able to do that. It would have to be at least a Holy Being who can do that," Mike explained flatly.

"A Holy Being?" Nathan was taken aback, but soon he realized that a Holy Being was already standing right in front of him.

Mike smiled and continued, "A Holy Being wouldn't be so bored as to slaughter ordinary divine citizens. Even if it was for cultivating some sort of Godly Way to hone one's killing intent, they wouldn't choose the divine cities in the Bright Night Region. After all, the divine cities here have the protection of the Bai Clan. If they couldn't handle it well, it might cause a skirmish between the powerful clans. The enemy might be even stronger than a Holy Being."

Mike already had some guesses in his mind.

He had heard from Lorena that the Yellow Emperor Guards had a secret weapon for which a lot of blood was required to activate.

Now that the Yellow Emperor Guards were set free, they would definitely use the secret weapon. This could be the reason behind the mysterious disappearance of people in the divine cities. Moreover, the Yellow Emperor Guards were not afraid of provoking the Bai Clan.

Nathan was even more confused now. "Aren't the Holy Beings the strongest warriors in the divine land? Who can be stronger than a Holy Being?"

Nathan's range of knowledge was quite different than Zen's.

He wasn't aware of the existence of the outside world, nor did he know about the existence of the Other Shore Realm warriors.

"It's hard to explain this to you. Anyway, we can't fight against such strong enemies at present. So we'd better leave as soon as possible," Zen urged.

To his surprise, Nathan thought for a moment before saying, "In that case, can I ask the Cao Clan to evacuate the people in the city? It will be a pity if they all die in vain."

After living in the divine land for years, Nathan's once arrogant nature had changed.

Zen and Mike exchanged a glance. They were a bit hesitant.

They would have to collect the Godly Ways all around the divine land and doing so might draw the Yellow Emperor Guards' attention, which was something they wanted to avoid.

"Perhaps they won't suspect us if the people in the city are evacuated. After all, the Cao Clan is already alerted because of the Bright Moon City, and it's reasonable that they would want to evacuate the city. You'd better do it fast if you want to help them," said Mike.

The Yellow Emperor Guards could appear any moment and it would be a disaster of epic proportions to encounter them here.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2887 Abandoning The City

Nathan shot out of his place like an arrow, while Zen and Mike waited where they were.

Nathan returned ten minutes later, folded his hands respectfully towards Mike, and said, "I've informed the Cao Clan, but I can't tell what decision they will take."

Mike nodded. "You did the right thing. It's a matter of life and death. The decision is theirs. You have done your part."

As the master of a universe, he knew everyone in his universe like the back of his hand. With just a single thought, he could know a person's life history, from the moment they were born to this present moment.

Nathan's talent was in no way inferior to Zen's or Rocher's. But there was a vast difference in the experiences and births of the three warriors.

Nathan had been loved and doted on by some Supreme Lords in the universe, causing him to become arrogant. But a series of trials and tribulations in the divine land led him to tone down his arrogant temperament.

Zen waved his hand and pulled out the mountain token. He smiled at Nathan as he drew out a space channel. "You go in first," he said.

"Me go in alone?" Nathan exclaimed, stunned.

Questions were bubbling up within him.

"Someone in the fairy palace will receive you. We have other things to do," Zen answered Nathan's unasked questions.

Once Nathan entered the space channel, Mike stretched out his hand to activate Grand Teleportation. Soon, he and Zen left Bright Night Region.

In a house of the Bright Night City, the master of the Cao Clan, who had stopped his seclusion, looked cautious. He was silent for a long time before he directed his question to everyone. "What do you think?"

A while ago, Nathan had burst in and asked all the members of the Cao Clan to retreat from the city, telling them that if they did not leave, a great disaster would befall them and that everyone would die.

"Dad, I believe Nathan," Bruno said. He admired Nathan, who had looked confident as he warned everyone. So Bruno chose to believe him even though he had not given a plausible reason for asking them to leave.

"Abandoning the city will have a great impact on our clan! We should request the Bai Clan to make a decision about this. We should believe that they will protect us well, and we need to let them stand up for us and deal with our mess in the Bright Moon City. I think even if our enemies are Holy Beings, they will have scruples while going against the Bai Clan!" an elder of the Cao Clan said.

"By the time the Bai Clan stands up for us, I'm afraid we'll all have been killed!" Bruno replied dryly.

They didn't know that the Bai Clan weren't in the position of saving even themselves right now. They had been forced to bow down to the Han Clan and had yielded to the Yellow Emperor Guards.

The master of the Cao Clan was silent for a long time before his eyes steeled and he said, "Bruno is right. I agree it is a big deal to leave the Bright Night City, even temporarily, but the loss is nothing compared to our lives. So I think it's time that every one of us must leave the city."

The moment the Cao Clan gave the order, Bright Night City, quietly soaked in night, erupted in noise.

Most people did not understand why the Cao Clan had ordered the evacuation of the divine city.

But the Cao Clan ruled the divine city and had the right to expel the divine citizens if they must.

The road leading out of the city was crammed with people, everyone hurrying to leave the city and make their way to this road from all directions.

Many people didn't stray far from the city. They waited outside the city walls.

It was not long after the city had been evacuated that a blue light suddenly appeared in the air above the city.

A sturdy figure appeared in the light. Zavier.

He was looking down rather impatiently.

His combat strength was only second to Leyton's, among all the Yellow Emperor Guards. But Leyton had assigned the dirty work to him.

Hamish's assignment was the easiest. He only needed to stay on the Floating Island to activate Yellow Emperor Magatama so that he could find any passing Yellow Emperor Guards. Zavier was furious at this "arrangement."

Leyton had just told him to buckle up with collecting blood. He had told him that he needed to collect blood regardless of the consequences and irrespective of whether or not it was a central divine city.

Zavier didn't think much about right and wrong since he was only following orders. He didn't need to travel around, trying to decide which cities to pick. He merely moved east from one city to the next after he had caught everyone in the city.

He waved and an ancient round mirror appeared in his hand. The surface of the mirror rippled.

He turned the mirror so it faced the city and muttered, "Collect!"

An azure space force spread out from the sky and shrouded the Bright Night City.

He had caught and collected people from tens of divine cities in a row. By now, he didn't bother investigating how many people there were in each city. He'd just catch them and send them to the Hall of Holy Beings.

But this time, he waited, but the mirror caught no one.

"What?"

The scene puzzled him for a moment, and then, he realized what was going on. 'Have these ants gotten the news and run away?' he thought, flabbergasted.

But Zavier didn't dwell on that. After all, there were more people in other divine cities, and it was easier to catch more people there.

But since he had started here, he couldn't leave empty-handed.

He looked around and his gaze fell on the people who were lingering outside the city.

So he turned the bronze mirror to face the people outside the city, with the intention of collecting them.

These people were not willing to leave the city, but they had to obey the Cao Clan's orders and leave. They were, however, hoping that they could return to the city when the order was revoked.

When they saw the blue light above the city, an ominous feeling rose from the bottom of their hearts.

"Run!"

Some of the True Gods fled as they spotted the blue light approaching them.

But they were far slower than Zavier.

The blue light released by the bronze mirror caught up with them and sucked them in.

They felt the space around them freeze as they were absorbed into the sky and into the bronze mirror.

Tens of thousands of people were taken away.

Outside the city, a large number of people were fleeing. Zavier couldn't be bothered to pay attention to them, and began to move towards the next city.

Tens of miles away from the city, the Cao Clan's people watched this scene, dumbfounded.

"What method was that? He captured them all with a bronze mirror!"

"That man's aura is strange. I can't figure out what kind of Godly Way he cultivates."

"He is a Holy Being, right? I wonder which clan's Holy Being he is."

The Cao Clan's members were relieved that they had survived a disaster and erupted in discussion.

Had it not been for the master of the Cao Clan who had made the prompt decision to abandon the city, the entire Cao Clan would have been sucked into the bronze mirror.

Most True Gods had lived for several divine eras but still hadn't gotten the chance to meet a Holy Being. To them, Holy Beings were strong and admirable.

"No, he is not a Holy Being. He is stronger than a Holy Being,"

Bruno said, slowly but with great certainty.

"Who can be stronger than a Holy Being?" Bruno's father stared at him in confusion. "And how do you know?"

Bruno smiled and replied, "Nathan told me about it."

Chapter 2888 The Mountain Of Holy Beings

"Nathan? How did he know? Do you know where he is now?" Confused, the master of the Cao Clan asked.

Shaking his head, Bruno replied, "I don't know. He said he would leave, and if we were meant to meet again, our paths would surely cross."

Right before Nathan left, he said something vaguely strange to Bruno using his life vitality as he tried his best in persuading him to leave the divine city.

When Nathan was trying to convince him, his voice was affirmative. Given what had happened in the Bright Night City, it seemed that he had already known in advance what would happen, but Bruno didn't know how he knew about it.

With this as proof, Bruno was convinced that Nathan was no ordinary person, for there was something quite odd about him.

While the people in the Bright Night City were surprised, Mike had taken Zen into another region very far off from where they were, more than ten million miles away.

There was a Godly Way Tablet in the region which was next to a large central divine city that hosted around over a million divine citizens.

Looking at the central divine city, Zen said, "Father, should we spread the news of the massacre?"

If the people in the divine cities were to be slaughtered at this rate, then the divine land would suffer great losses for sure.

Now, if Zen and his father were to spread the news, then at least in that way they could save many lives.

But Mike shook his head and said, "It's too risky. We don't even know where the Yellow Emperor Guards will appear. Even if we spread the news, it can't spread throughout the entire divine land in a short span of time and they can go somewhere else."

If the Yellow Emperor Guards discovered that the city was empty, then they would probably head to the north or south of the divine land.

"If you want to save the people of the divine land, then you have to kill the Yellow Emperor Guards," Mike said as he gently gave Zen's head a little pat. "Go."

Upon hearing the go signal, Zen nodded his head. Immediately, he drew an arc in the air and charged straight towards the Godly Way Tablet below.

The three thousand Godly Way Tablets were distributed evenly in the divine land.

It was such a wide and vast area that there was a small chance of meeting any of the Yellow Emperor Guards.

However, one thing that needed to be noted was the fact that there were several Godly Way Tablets located around the Time Sea. When Mike brought Zen there, he was already well prepared that if anything happened, he and Zen would immediately leave.

In the past month, the Godly Way Tablets in Zen's mind were continuously lit up one after another.

On the other hand, the Godly Ways also filled the marks on the Infinity Ruler. In Zen's inner world, the Godly Plate spread out a constant dazzling and magnificent luster.

While Zen absorbed the Godly Ways throughout the divine land, it seemed that there was someone even busier than him—the Evil God.

Now, Zen's inner world had become a complicated world where many sects with different strength existed. Every once in a while, new talents would appear and after comprehending a Godly Way, they would create an empire with the hopes of unifying the whole world.

However, they did not succeed all because of the Evil God.

In Zen's inner world, the Evil God was considered to be a legend.

Although he rarely showed himself in public, the elders of the large sects and influential forces would warn their younger generation not to provoke him in any manner.

Over the years, the Evil God had been very cranky.

For several times, Zen had promised him that he would leave his inner world, but after years of waiting, he was not able to hear any news from the matter.

Sometimes, the Evil God could feel the fluctuations and inconsistencies of the inner world's power, most especially when the Godly Plate and the nine stars shone brightly. Whenever that happened, he could obviously feel that someone had taken away the power, thinking that the person behind it must be Zen.

But now that Zen didn't show up, the Evil God was not able to do anything about it.

Thirty years ago, the Evil God wasn't able to stand it any longer. There was one time that he halved a continent in the inner world to vent his anger and lure him to appear, but even so, Zen remained concealed.

However, during this period of time, the Evil God was in a much lighter and joyous mood.

Having such great talent, he was able to cultivate one more Godly Way every time there was a new Godly Way added to the Godly Plate.

A while ago, he had completely understood and comprehended about four hundred Godly Ways in the Godly Plate. But according to the world's rules, he was still unable to reach the consummation of True God Realm.

But just recently, the Evil God felt such unexpected joy when he found out that the number of the Godly Ways in the Godly Plate had increased at an exponential speed.

At that time, he honestly did not know what it meant to absorb so many Godly Ways, nor did he understand how talented he was.

Not having anyone to compare himself with, he viewed that people outside this world were most probably like Zen who could master so many Godly Ways.

Meanwhile, in the north, Zen had landed in front of another Godly Way Tablet.

In his mind, there were already 2, 999 marks of Godly Ways lit up, with only one remaining Godly Way that was right in front of him.

'After absorbing 3, 000 Godly Ways, I will become a consummate True God who can take in everything in the world. However, I don't exactly know what will happen to me after I absorb this Godly Way to fill the Infinity Ruler, ' Zen thought to himself in an excited manner.

Suddenly, two golden rings of light twinkled in his eyes.

The strong internal momentum emitted from the Godly Way Tablet shot along the rings of light and rushed toward the Infinity Ruler.

On a small mark, there was a unique symbol indicating that the Godly Way was being absorbed.

"Buzz..."

The golden light in the mark instantaneously flew from one end of the Infinity Ruler to the other end.

Afterwards, the entire jade ruler seemed to come to life and circled in Zen's mind.

At that point, Mike knew that this was the last piece of the three thousand Godly Ways. Concerned, he could not help but descend and ask, "What do you feel? Are there any changes?"

Dazed, Zen stood still. Frowning, he said, "It seems that there is no change. The ruler just keeps spinning."

"It keeps spinning?" Mike asked as his eyes narrowed.

"It casually stops and points to the south!" Zen said as he moved his body to the southern direction. .

But no matter how Zen rotated his body, the ruler acted like a compass as it kept on pointing towards the south.

"The Time Sea?" Mike asked with astonishment.

At that moment, Zen was in the north by east and was pointing at the direction where the Time Sea was located.

Meanwhile, there was a faint vibration in the area.

It was not violent, but everyone in the divine land had noticed and felt it clearly.

Shaking slightly, the Floating Islands were not exempted from the vibration which did not come from underground. In fact, it seemed that the whole divine land was actually trembling.

"Wait, what's going on? Did another Holy Being die?" Zen looked up at the sky as he spoke.

In his mind, he thought that this vibration could only be caused by the collapse of the universe.

Surprised, Mike spoke, "No, no universe collapses in this way. In fact, the Mountain of Holy Beings is emerging as we speak!"

"The Mountain of Holy Beings is emerging? Didn't you say it would be some time before that happens?" Curious, Zen clarified.

"Well, it confuses me too." Mike looked at Zen in confusion. "Maybe it's because of the Infinity Ruler."

Chapter 2889 The Ruler And The Will

The Mountain of Holy Beings was emerging? Zen was slightly stunned.

Mike clenched his hand, around which cyan wisps of the internal momentum of the Evolution Godly Way, were constantly rotating.

It was extremely difficult to infer what was unknown. Even Mike couldn't predict the real intentions of the Infinity Ruler. He could only make an educated guess.

After the cyan wisps around his hand converged to a point, Mike said cautiously, "It should be because of the Infinity Ruler. It is pointing in the direction of the Mountain of Holy Beings. It seems that Bromley was worrying too much."

Bromley was the only one who had ever entered the maze in the Mountain of Holy Beings.

However, he had failed to figure out the secret of the maze, because he could not find his way out of it.

Even after leaving the Mountain of Holy Beings, Bromley had kept thinking of the maze, so much so that, with his amazing memory, he had copied the entire maze on the True Path.

"Do you mean that the Infinity Ruler isn't merely leading us to the Mountain of Holy Beings?" Zen asked.

Mike nodded. "It's very likely that it's leading us to the exit of the maze."

Zen's eyes burned with passion when he heard his father's words.

He didn't know what was waiting for him at the end of the maze, but it didn't stop him from making all kinds of conjectures. In his eyes, Chiyou wouldn't have given something useless to his mother.

In the north of the Time Sea in the middle of the divine land.

Under the constant vibration, the waves in the Time Sea turned turbulent.

All the Sun Blind people who were sailing in the Time Sea immediately ducked. They stretched out their hands and feet to stabilize their boats as much as possible and ensure that they wouldn't be overturned by the waves in the Time Sea.

Rumble...

There was an endless plain in the north of the Time Sea. Now, a crack appeared in the center of that plain.

It was noon, and the sunlight fell from the sky straight into the crack, from which silver radiance was reflected.

The vibration in the area became more and more intense, and it seemed as if a huge monster was about to spring out of the crack.

Rumble...

Finally, a pointed mountain peak shot out of the crack and rapidly rose. In no time, a huge silver mountain body was visible above the plain. The crack in the plain was expanding to accommodate the size of the mountain.

Five minutes later, the huge mountain was finally released from the crack, but it continued rising until it hovered several hundred feet above the ground.

The whole mountain was now floating in the air.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The Holy Beings of the powerful clans promptly left their Floating Islands. They flew over to the plain and, from high up in the sky, looked at the silver mountain below with surprise on their faces.

They were all completely at a loss for what was happening in front of them.

"The Mountain of Holy Beings appears in advance?" a Holy Being of the Bai Clan said in a daze.

"Just a short time earlier," Murphy said, gazing at the Mountain of Holy Beings.

"The Mountain of Holy Beings always appears on time. There has been no change in this for so many divine eras. Why has it come ahead of schedule this time?" said Zeke as he turned around to look at the Floating Islands.

The Mountain of Holy Beings had never been affected by things happening on the outside. It was common knowledge that the mountain was buried under the ground at the north of the Time Sea and would ascend every now and then to select new Holy Beings. Once they were selected, the mountain would return underground.

Once, a Holy Being had gone to the plain and dug the ground in an attempt to enter the mountain, but he had come to a miserable end. If it had not been for his universe, he would have died once and for all.

Since then, no one had ever dared to try and enter the Mountain of Holy Beings in an unconventional way.

"Are you saying it's because of the Yellow Emperor Guards?" Clark asked.

It had been a while since the Yellow Emperor Guards had entered the Time Sea, but no one knew what they were doing in the Hall of Holy Beings. However, even from afar, they could feel the strong malicious aura emitting from that place.

The Yellow Emperor Guards had overpowered all the Holy Beings and forced them to join the alliance of the powerful clans and submit to Samuel. Although the Holy Beings did not dare to disobey the Yellow Emperor Guards, they hadn't done any of these things wholeheartedly.

"That's the only reasonable explanation." Zeke was very sure about his guess.

The appearance of the Mountain of Holy Beings was always a significant event for the entire divine land.

The powerful clans weren't the only ones who concerned themselves with it.

There were a large number of first-tier clans in the divine land that had Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods among them.

Anyone who was selected to be a Holy Being by the Mountain of Holy Beings would possibly be able to lead his or her clan to join the Floating Islands. This was the ultimate dream of every clan.

Meanwhile, in the Hall of Holy Beings, Hamish, Zavier, Salim, and Lorcan were gathered.

Half of the over thirty teeth of the Sea Cracking Skull were shining with blood lights.

Every time Zavier attacked a central divine city, he could feed over a million people to the skull, which greatly increased the speed.

But this time, there was a surprisingly cautious expression on Leyton's face.

"Leyton, you're overthinking things! It's not a big deal that the Mountain of Holy Beings has appeared in advance. Don't think too much about it!" Zavier urged.

Leyton fixed his sparkling eyes on Hamish and said, "Hamish once tried to break into the Mountain of Holy Beings and explore the secrets in it, but in the end, he gained nothing."

Hamish made a bow of acknowledgment to Leyton. "Yes. I was seriously injured and had to spend many years healing my wounds. I'm afraid even you can't break into the Mountain of Holy Beings."

"Even the restriction in the outer layer of the divine land was unable to keep us out, but the Mountain of Holy Beings easily blocks us. The things hidden within the mountain are very likely to be the original will of world," Leyton said, squinting his eyes.

Everyone in the Source World cultivated the Grand World Cultivation Method, so they were familiar with secondary worlds.

The universes, the inner worlds, and the divine land that Chiyou had built using extraordinary theurgies needed to be ruled by will.

In normal cases, the rulers of the worlds would always exist. True Gods were usually the rulers of their own inner worlds. When they died, they would cease to be the rulers because their inner worlds would die along with them.

However, in this vast chaos, accidents often occurred.

For example, sometimes a ruler's soul would vanish but their body would remain. In that case, their inner world would still exist, but it would be left without a ruler.

This would give rise to two possibilities. One, if a strong being in the inner world noticed that the ruler had disappeared, they could then take the position of the ruler and even control the ruler's body. However, such a situation was rarely seen as the beings of an inner world were seldom that smart. It was very uncommon for beings to realize the death of their rulers.

The second possibility was the awakening of the will of the inner world.

The will would appear to replace the original ruler of the inner world.

Mike had been half-dead for so many years that his inner world was slowly beginning to awaken. However, his universe was already well-prepared. When the will was awakened, it would merge with Zen's body. Then, Zen would be an immortal in that universe and could calmly control it to resist all attacks for Mike.

Chapter 2890 The Death Of The Female Patriarch

When Murphy planted the ancient sorcerer race in the Evolutionary Universe, his purpose was very clear.

He wanted to control the will of the universe.

However, Mike was the master of the Evolutionary Universe. As Zen's father, he had made plans to protect Zen against any danger, from his birth even unto the future.

Thus, Murphy couldn't compete against Zen for the control over the will of the universe. Eventually, the Supreme Lords had won that battle.

"Leyton, let's just kill that woman! We're going to fight to the death anyway," Hamish suddenly said after a short silence.

Leyton squinted his eyes at him, a trace of cold light flashing quickly across his pupils. "I'm afraid this is the only path we can take. Let's go to the Sun Blind race!"

It had been a long time since the divine land separated from the Source World. As such, without influence from the Nine Li race, it would be easy for it to have its own will.

The divine land wasn't like a universe, but it was a well-developed place.

Once its will was born, it would be impossible to suppress it.

The Yellow Emperor Guards had realized this problem the moment they entered the divine land. But it was not until later that they found the means used by the Nine Li race.

Splash!

Splash!

The waves of the Time Sea gently lapped against the shore.

The time splinters in the seawater could tear apart everything in the sea, but it wouldn't tear apart its container.

For countless years, the Sun Blind race had lived a leisurely and relaxed life.

The life of their people was quite short. The oldest only lived for thousands of years, while some died as young as three-hundred years old.

That was very short compared with True Gods, who had a limitless lifespan. The lifespan of the Sun Blind race could be compared to a wildflower that bloomed in the morning, only to die later in the night.

However, people cherished things that were easily lost. They learned to cherish their life, short as it was.

Enjoying a limitless lifespan, the True Gods never stopped to think about how many years they wasted on a single thing. They lived like slaves chasing what they wanted. A residence in the divine city or hundreds of divine might coins could easily take a few divine eras out of their life.

In contrast, the members of the Sun Blind race cherished their current life more.

If there were few disciples of the Floating Islands that needed to use their boats, the Sun Blind race would usually find a beach. There, they would lie comfortably and bask in the sun.

In the woods, on the inner side of the island stood a wooden building. If someone walked into it, they would be able to hear the creaks that each step made on the wood.

The female patriarch of the Sun Blind race sat on the wooden building's terrace. Her white dress looked pristine and radiant, while her eyes were dull and emotionless.

Along the path to the woods, three tall and strong Sun Blind race members strode directly to the wooden building. When they saw the female patriarch, the leader of the group cupped his hands and said, "Patriarch! The Mountain of Holy Beings has appeared ahead of time, breaking the tradition. Do we...?"

"Yes," the female patriarch replied flatly, even before he finished speaking.

There was an ancient legend within the Sun Blind race that their mission would eventually come to an end.

That day would come along with the appearance of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The Sun Blind race was very concerned about this matter, and naturally, they had to ask their female patriarch about it.

"Have you chosen someone you think is ready? Is it Zen Luo, who took the Time Jade Seal?" another man asked.

The female patriarch smiled faintly, and a hint of gratification flashed in her eyes. "I asked you to guess, but you haven't seen it. Now, it seems that it is indeed him."

"Then, what should we do?" the man asked again.

The female patriarch shook her head and said, "I don't know either. You can choose to leave Time Sea to be an ordinary divine citizen or stay on the island."

"We were born here, and we grew up here. I don't think any member would want to leave," the man answered.

The female patriarch raised a finger lightly, tapped in the air, and a ray of bright light spread from it, forming a thin sword.

It was the Time Sword of Gods.

"Even the Holy Beings think that this sword could destroy everything, but time is too profound to control. Time has the mystery of chaos. I can't even kill Nicholas with this sword. If you stay here, I can't protect you." The female leader's voice sounded helpless as she spoke.

"Although our race doesn't have a long life, none of us is afraid of death!" the man declared passionately.

The female patriarch didn't respond. Instead, she stood up and took two steps back lightly. With a flourish, she slashed at the place where she had been standing. She flicked the blade of the long sword with her finger. The aura of time quietly spread in the air.

"Patriarch, why did you..." The man anxiously eyed the bright light in front of him.

The female patriarch gave a bitter smile and said, "Don't worry, you will know soon."

As soon as she finished speaking, a wave of space fluctuated suddenly on the terrace. It was followed by five figures that emerged from the light.

The man who led the team was Leyton!

He glanced at the female patriarch and asked flatly, "Are you the woman in charge of the Time Sea?"

The female patriarch nodded slightly.

"At that time, it was my order that stopped Nicholas and Hamish from killing you," said Leyton.

A mischievous smile appeared on the female patriarch's face. "So, should I thank you?"

With the Time Sword of Gods, the female patriarch could kill almost everything.

However, the sword had its flaws. The warriors in the divine land would not be able to fight against her, but that didn't mean Yellow Emperor Guards could not. Hamish had even told Nicholas how to dodge the sword.

That was why Nicholas had been able to subdue the female patriarch by himself.

"If you hand over the method of controlling the original will, I will spare your life. One day, if I return to the Source World, the Yellow Emperor race will have a great reward for you!" Leyton added.

"I survived that time not because you pitied me, but because you didn't dare to kill me. Would you dare to kill me now?" asked the female patriarch suddenly.

"There's nothing I won't do now!" Leyton threatened in a cold voice.

The patriarch held her head high. It was obvious that she wasn't frightened. She challenged him with a mocking smile. "Then do it!"

"You!" Leyton's face darkened in anger. However, he hesitated to hurt her.

He came here to force this woman to surrender. He was not planning to kill her, at all.

"You think we won't kill you, bitch?"

Zavier twitched behind him, about to make a move. However, Leyton stopped him. He ordered him angrily, "Stop!"

"You won't make a move, so I have to move first."

The female patriarch sighed as if she was getting bored. The moment she finished speaking, a powerful aura came from behind her.

Leyton was stunned. "Damn it! Stop her!"

The Yellow Emperor Guards responded quickly, but it was still too late.

Before they could come near her, she had already brandished her sword.

A bizarre, colorful sword radiance suddenly appeared behind her and tore her body apart. Even the Time Sword of Gods in her hand shattered at the same time, and it turned into colorful crystals.

Chapter 2891 Under The Mountain Of Holy Beings

Livid, Leyton wordlessly stared at the corpse of the female patriarch of the Sun Blind race.

With a sneer showing on his expressionless face, Zavier commented dryly, "Huh. Her method of committing suicide is pretty unique."

Hamish said in all seriousness, "The matriarch has taken her own life, which is equivalent to stopping suppressing the will of the divine land. It seems like she already knew who the successor is!"

The Time Sea and the Time Sea Forbidden Land existed for one reason: to hinder the awakening of the divine land's will.

Chiyou provided the Nine Li race with a ship, the divine land, for them to escape, but they would have been in trouble if the divine land's will had awakened.

The will of a world was usually volatile. All would be well if the will was kind; otherwise, if the will was evil and violent, it could easily kill all the creatures in the divine land.

The mission of the female patriarch of the Sun Blind race was to suppress the divine land's will and keep it in its initial state.

Back then, Nicholas and Hamish had every intention of killing and replacing the female patriarch.

However, the idea was rejected by Leyton.

Leyton was afraid that after the female patriarch's demise, the original will of the divine land would be liberated and have its won consciousness and conscience. By then, the divine land would no longer be under their control.

Given that the Yellow Emperor Guards were stronger than the natives of the divine land, they were very likely to become the first targets of the will.

Based on the same reasoning, the matriarch had actively been suppressing the original will of the divine land, while selecting her own target in the process.

In the Time Sea, the members of the Sun Blind race had previously attempted to verify Zen's abilities and potential, but the results they had gathered were inconclusive.

Afterwards, Zen seized the Time Jade Seal from many Holy Beings. Only then did the matriarch realize Zen's massive potential. Even then, she continued observing Zen's progress.

This time, the Mountain of Holy Beings was opened in advance, and the matriarch could finally verify this fact.

At that moment, she knew that her mission was over.

She was even surer that the Yellow Emperor Guards would not just stand by and would definitely attempt to stop her.

So, the matriarch took the most sensible method, which was to kill herself.

As a security measure, she even used the power of the Time Sword of Gods to commit suicide.

Lorcan walked over and picked up the crystals scattered on the ground. He shook his head slightly and said, "This treasure is of no value after it breaks..."

"This sword is not important. What really matters is who is her successor."

Leyton wondered aloud, his eyes trained on the three Sun Blind warriors.

Feeling Leyton's chilly regard, the three warriors trembled slightly.

"I am giving you nine seconds. Say it, or the entire Sun Blind race will die with you," Leyton said calmly.

To the Yellow Emperor Guards, the Sun Blind race's members were as inconsequential as ants. Besides, they knew various ways of extracting information from their targets by sifting through their memories.

"It's Zen Luo!"

the Sun Blind warrior in the lead cried out without hesitation.

Before she died, the matriarch did not make them promise to keep the successor's identity a secret; naturally, they were now under no obligation to do so.

"Zen Luo?" Leyton was a little confused.

"Ah, Lorena's son," Hamish uttered, not surprised to hear the answer. "He brought those Nine Li Guards to the divine land." Zen was the son of Lorena after all, so it made sense for him to assume control of the divine land. Hamish only wondered why the incident happened so suddenly and without a warning.

"Oh, him," said Leyton, nodding.

"Isn't that too easy?" Zavier commented gleefully. "Those critters have been hiding in the forbidden area. All we need to do is to smoke them out and get rid of them!" Touching his nose, he chuckled.

"But it's not that easy to enter the forbidden area," Hamish warned.

Salim, who was silent most of the time, squinted his eyes and commented, "In the past, we have opened and broken into a forbidden area. Although it was a bit troublesome, nobody could stop us!"

Several years after the divine land was opened, several Yellow Emperor Guards stormed in and attacked. At that time, many members of the Nine Li race elected to hide in the forbidden area, because powerful restrictions were in place within the forbidden area to deter outsiders.

However, with their combined forces, the Yellow Emperor Guards managed to tear open the forbidden area and kill many members of the Nine Li race.

"The area was only a second-level forbidden area at that time, and the divine land has evolved since then. These days, the forbidden areas are nothing like what they used to be," retorted Hamish.

"Hamish," Leyton replied, "what you said is reasonable, but we must do it! Don't forget that there is still someone who can help us!"

At that time, the Yellow Emperor Guards stepped into the divine land and became the mortal enemies of its people.

The current situation in the divine land was completely different. The Yellow Emperor Guards even controlled the Hall of Holy Beings, and there were so many Holy Beings that they could make use of.

"Lorcan, Salim, go and find Samuel as soon as possible. I want to see Zen's corpse before the Mountain of Holy Beings opens," ordered Leyton expressionlessly.

"What about me?" Zavier asked.

"Continue to collect blood for the Sea Cracking Skull," Leyton said.

Every single time, Zavier's mission ended up being the most complicated and the most difficult, but he did not dare to disobey Leyton. He only asked unhappily, "What about Hamish?"

"He still needs to search for the other Yellow Emperor Guards in the chaos."

The most pressing problem of the Yellow Emperor Guards was not Zen and his companions.

In their eyes, the Holy Beings and True Gods were nothing to be afraid of, and they would eliminate them sooner or later. They only needed to focus on the Other Shore Realm warriors outside the divine land.

However, the Mountain of Holy Beings had appeared ahead of time, which drew Leyton's focus back. He realized that the creatures hiding in the forbidden area might ruin their plans.

On the second day after the mountain's appearance, many Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods gathered from all directions.

However, after its appearance, the Mountain of Holy Beings did not open at once. It would still take a long time to open, but most warriors camped at the foot of the Mountain of Holy Beings in advance.

"Why did the Mountain of Holy Beings emerge two years in advance?" a woman inquired.

This woman was a consummate True God who led the Wen Clan in a northern region of the divine land.

"Who knows? Anyway, I've been waiting for this day for years! This time, I'm going to lead the Huang Clan to the Time Sea and own a Floating Island there after I become a Holy Being!" another man said with a fierce, determined expression on his face. He was the grand elder of the Huang Clan in a northwest region of the divine land.

"Haha." A scholar-like man dressed in a long robe jeered, "Only three warriors at most are qualified to become Holy Beings when the Mountain of Holy Beings appears each time. Sometimes, only one warrior is given the title. I'm afraid you might even be disqualified to fight." To add insult to injury, he made a small salute toward

the man, who harrumphed in displeasure. "If you're that leery of my strength, maybe we can fight now..."

When these people were gathered together, all kinds of exchanges and arguments were inevitable.

Leland stayed at the edge of the crowd, staring blankly at the Mountain of Holy Beings.

He was not counted among the top Demi-holy Beings, and it was extremely difficult for him to become a Holy Being. Even so, he would not give up this opportunity.

Looking at the Mountain of Holy Beings, he thought of Zen.

Zen was only a consummate True God, but his strength was formidable. He also seemed to carry a deep grudge toward the alliance of powerful clans. 'Will he come this time?' Leland thought to himself.

Chapter 2892 Chaos Winged Beast

Leland was surprised at the thought that crossed his mind. But he was soon smiling.

Even if Zen had obtained great opportunities in Reincarnation Land, it was highly possible that he wouldn't be able to leave the Abyss Demon Region alive facing the alliance of the powerful clans.

But he had a faint premonition that Zen wouldn't die that easily.

At this moment, a voice sounded close to them. "We, in fact, have a greater chance of becoming Holy Beings this time. I hear that the strength of the alliance of powerful clans has weakened considerably when they explored the Abyss Demon Region. All of them were almost killed. Holy Beings can be reincarnated, but the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods of the clans are now dead. Even Nicholas' universe has collapsed. The one that collapsed not long ago was his."

"Where did you get the news?"

"I have an old friend on a Floating Island. He told me. But keep this to yourselves. Don't spread this news.".

Leland's expression shifted to one of sadness at these words.

Now that he knew the news of these deaths, it seemed to him that Zen had died along with them.

Once the Mountain of Holy Beings had appeared, Zen and Mike returned to the fairy palace.

The Infinity Ruler in his mind changed direction according to Zen's position. But it always pointed towards the Time Sea in the middle of the divine land.

The Mountain of Holy Beings would be opened three months after it appeared.

This time around, Zen had gathered all the Godly Ways, and had also taken his time to fuse them together. So he chose to cultivate in seclusion immediately after their return to the fairy palace.

'The power of the Ways-blending Strike created by the fusion of more than three hundred Godly Ways is extraordinary. If the three thousand Godly Ways are fully integrated...' His eyes glinted with excitement at this thought.

But No. 9527 was ready with a buzzkill the moment the idea came to Zen's mind. "This method of Ways-blending Energy has been tried before."

"Is it powerful?" Zen asked.

"Of course! It's incredibly powerful but only to warriors at the True God Realm. This kind of power is ordinary to those at the Other Shore Realm. So what you should do now is cross the Sea of Truth and cultivate the truth theurgy," No. 9527 warned.

No. 9527 could hardly understand Zen's stubbornness. It had warned Zen the first time it had seen the Ways-blending Energy that it would not work.

But Zen had still continued to explore the Ways-blending Energy diligently.

The True Gods in the Source World did not know the extent of the Ways-blending Energy's power.

Once different kinds of selected internal momentum came together properly, it could display an extraordinary level of power. But it would take a lot of time to comprehend the three thousand different Godly Ways one by one.

Wouldn't it be easier to use this time to cross the Sea of Truth and reach the Other Shore Realm instead? According to them, studying the Ways-blending Theurgy was a complete waste of time.

But Zen was not born in the Source World. Many people had told him that he could achieve nothing on the path of blending the Godly Ways, but he still believed in Chiyou's arrangement and chose to try it this time.

Moreover, now that he possessed the Infinity Ruler, it was easy for him to comprehend a theurgy. Mastering the Ways-blending Energy could also increase his own strength. So why not?

Zen had calmed down after his conversation with No. 9527.

The light on the Godly Plate in his body flashed and began to extract the Faith Energy, which then turned into traces of internal momentum. And then, the internal momentum of various colors transformed into mist of different shapes and came together slowly, mixing together.

In the chaos...

The clouds formed by the chaotic energy began to flow, albeit slowly.

In fact, the speed of the flow of these clouds was not slow, but was outrageously fast to behold.

The speed at which they moved and spread out was a hundred times faster than that of a warrior at the Other Shore Realm.

Every cloud was unimaginably large. A single cloud was large enough that it could contain trillions of divine lands within it.

So seen from a distance, these clouds seemed to be still.

Within the clouds, several people stood on a cyan ship that was one thousand feet long. Its surface flashed with a pale cyan light as it flew at an amazing speed.

A huge beast ran ahead of the ship.

It looked like a mantis, four wings on its back and a number of fine barbs on its abdomen. Thin tentacles spread out on the top of its head. It looked strange and had hateful countenances.

Its body rippled under the cover of the chaotic energy.

It was a Chaos Winged Beast that lived in the chaos, considered rare and precious in the Source World. Its soul was especially priceless as it could be brought over to the Other Shore after it was refined.

In the Source World, anything that had anything to do with the Other Shore was precious, soul pills being a case in point.

In fact, the power of the soul pills was considered ordinary. There were a lot of elixirs that were better than soul pills, but a majority of them couldn't be carried to the Sea of Truth or the Other Shore. This made them far less valuable than soul pills. This was also why soul pills could become the currency of the Other Shore.

"The Chaos Winged Beast is running so fast! We've chased it for many years, and now we've come to the bottom of the chaos. I want to go back to the Source World. What the hell kind of place is this?" one of the men on the ship complained.

"So what? Once we catch the Chaos Winged Beast, our status in the Other Shore will be greatly enhanced. We will also receive a great reward when we return. Each of you can raise one star! The hardships we go through would pay off!"

The one who spoke was a young man dressed in a purple robe standing to the front of the ship.

This young man had sharp eyes and a special aura that surrounded him. He was obviously the leader of the group.

The moment he finished speaking, the Chaos Winged Beast suddenly let out a sound. The four giant wings on its back flashed with cyan light, and an irresistible space power spread out of them. These four giant wings contained the Truth of Void Destruction!

"Damn it. It's going to run away again. Hurry up!" a man on the flying ship shouted.

The flying ship followed the Chaos Winged Beast into the space channel.

They couldn't give up since they had chased after the Chaos Winged Beast for many years.

The moment the flying ship got into the space channel, a man on the ship had a strange look on his face and cried out, "Master Clement! My Yellow Emperor Magatama seems to be having a reaction!"

Clement glanced at this man in surprise. Someone standing beside him couldn't help but ridicule him, "Do you know how vast the chaos is? The Yellow Emperor Magatama's range of perception is limited. If you can encounter Yellow Emperor Guards here, my name is not Cosmo!"

Clement nodded in agreement.

Yellow Emperor Magatama could allow the Yellow Emperor Guards to communicate with each other.

Distance was not a problem in the Source World. But the Source World was only a drop in the ocean compared to the chaos. How could one meet Yellow Emperor Guards at the edge of such a chaos? Even Clement didn't believe what the man claimed.

Seeing that no one was going to believe him, the man patted his waist gently and pulled out the Yellow Emperor Magatama. "You better hear it for yourself then."

Then they heard an ear-piercing screech from the Yellow Emperor Magatama.

Chapter 2893 Communication

"Listen," Clement said, as he signaled everyone to keep quiet. "There might be a space crack in the clouds that is disturbing the Yellow Emperor Magatama."

Messages were usually sent to them through the space fluctuation from the Yellow Emperor Magatama. Through it, Clement got to know the consequences of a space crack: a violent wave would definitely disrupt the Yellow Emperor Magatama.

"That's right. Godfrey, you are too paranoid!" one of the others remarked.

Godfrey felt his heart sink. He didn't realize that was what people thought of him.

He started to put the Yellow Emperor Magatama away when, all of a sudden, it started making noise.

"Rustling, rustling... I am... And I'm at..."

Godfrey held the Yellow Emperor Magatama closely.

The rest of the group was staring in awe.

They stooped closer to listen closely.

"The divine land... Rustling, rustling..."

"It seems like someone's trying to reach us through the Yellow Emperor Magatama! They might be close by." Clement's eyebrows furrowed in deep thought.

"Which Yellow Emperor Guard came to this damned place?" a Yellow Emperor Guard asked.

"What is this divine land, anyway? Not once have I heard of it," said Godfrey.

The divine land was a name used by its residents to refer to their place, but it was a name unknown to outsiders. Thus, the warriors who weren't part of the divine land didn't understand it.

"Godfrey, try to communicate with the Yellow Emperor Guard," Clement ordered. "If we continue trying to chase the Chaos Winged Beast, then perhaps we can find that Yellow Emperor Guard. But he seems to have encountered some trouble."

At that point, they were nearing the bottom of the chaos where it was bleak and deserted.

It was not normal for a Yellow Emperor Guard to idle around in that area, so he assumed that the Yellow Emperor Guard must have encountered a huge trouble.

Because of this, they had to reconsider their options.

Godfrey replied with a curt nod. He brushed the surface of the Yellow Emperor Magatama with his finger. A green light beamed above the Yellow Emperor Magatama and it started to make noises.

Hamish wasn't feeling optimistic.

He knew they wouldn't have much luck at finding any Yellow Emperor Guards near the bottom of the chaos.

Hamish had attempted the same before the release of Leyton and others, but to no avail. After many years, he gave up.

This time, however, Leyton gave the command to go on the mission, so Hamish had to pick up the Yellow Emperor Magatama again.

Anyway, it wasn't difficult to activate it. It was much easier than collecting blood in the whole divine land.

The Yellow Emperor Magatama continued to give off the faint green light. "I'm Hamish," Hamish declared. "I'm in the divine land seeking the help of Yellow Emperor Guards."

Hamish repeated these words over and over again like a chant. He was starting to feel dumb and pointless.

Hamish recalled his days in the Silverwing Divine City. Back then, he had many divine citizens by his side.

Unfortunately, Hamish could not do anything at will after Leyton came out. He also didn't like to show off on the Floating Islands as Zavier did.

"Rustling, rustling..."

Hamish was starting to think his chant wasn't working, when suddenly the Yellow Emperor Magatama let out the rustling sound.

The sound was so faint that Hamish almost missed it.

Sometimes, it was only the space fluctuation being transmitted that was causing the Yellow Emperor Magatama to make those noises.

However, that time was different. The sound was nonstop and it was growing louder by the minute.

"What?"

Hamish stared at the Yellow Emperor Magatama with confusion.

"Rustling, rustling... I am... I..."

Hamish held the Yellow Emperor Magatama tightly and drew it closer to him. It was as if he was afraid that the sound would disappear.

The voices coming from the Yellow Emperor Magatama meant there were Yellow Emperor Guards nearby.

'We can finally get help!'

Hamish thought excitedly.

They received so much pressure from the Other Shore Realm warriors outside the divine land; finally, they were running into some luck with the reinforcements.

"Buzz..."

With a flick of his wrist and a wave of his hand, Hamish disappeared.

The next minute, he was in the Hall of Holy Beings calling out Leyton excitedly. "Leyton, I have great news about the Yellow Emperor Magatama. It finally reacted!"

Leyton manipulated the Sea Cracking Skull without distractions so that it would swallow the blood.

This task took a lot of control. Even he, as the owner of it, could easily be swallowed by it should he make the wrong move.

Because of his utmost focus, he barely heard Hamish's announcement.

After the Sea Cracking Skull finished the blood, Leyton looked up with concern. "Did it really react?" he asked. "Are there any Yellow Emperor Guards nearby?"

"Yes! Listen to this."

Hamish handed the Yellow Emperor Magatama over to Leyton.

Suddenly, the Yellow Emperor Magatama was quiet.

Leyton glared at Hamish with a look of skepticism. "I swear I heard it just now!" Hamish insisted.

Leyton smiled. "Perhaps you misheard?" he said with a chuckle.

He was doubtful from the beginning, anyway.

"It's impossible!" Hamish refuted.

Leyton opened his mouth to speak when the Yellow Emperor Magatama caught their attention. "I'm Godfrey," the voice coming from it said. "Rustling, rustling... Where are you?"

In the divine land, the top three powerful clans could be seen occupying a divine tree each.

The Sword Clan had occupied the Sunset Tree for over a hundred divine eras.

That clan was originally formed by many first-tier clans that used to be separate.

This all changed upon the arrival of a Holy Being. The first-tier clans had to be integrated, and the clans in the Sunrest Tree became a unified group known as the Sword Clan.

Thus, the Sword Clan owed its roots to the Sunrest Tree, and their protection to the Non-combat Zone.

Unfortunately, they had to give up the Sunrest Tree.

Samuel ordered all clans who didn't join the alliance of powerful clans to give up the Floating Islands.

The Sword Clan had no choice but to give up the Floating Island, completely aware of the consequences of their choice.

As soon as they disaffiliated from the Floating Island, they'd make themselves an enemy of the alliance of the powerful clans.

Not too long ago, the Yellow Emperor Guards killed Harper in front of the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan. As a result, the Truth of Goodwill and Malice disappeared along with the Non-combat Zone.

The Sword Clan members were sullen to have reached their last days in the Sunrest Tree.

The Holy Beings, the Demi-holy Beings, the consummate True Gods and a lot of disciples in the Sword Clan left the Sunrest Tree and entered the Everest Spirit Mountain, leaving only a few people in the Sunrest Tree.

They didn't want to submit to Samuel, and they also believed Mike.

And on the other side of the divine land, the Moon Clan in the Hidden Tree had also made the same choice. They were on the way to the Swirl Forest.

Chapter 2894 A Discussion

In the past, the Moon Clan and the Sword Clan could work together to fight against the Dongfang Clan.

But now, the Yellow Emperor Guards were much stronger than them, so they did not stand a chance to defeat them. They refused to make the same choice as other powerful clans, so the best option for them at this point was to retreat to the forbidden lands.

A month later, at the Swirl Forest.

Augustus was floating in the air. He gently brought his hands together and uttered, "Grow!"

Rumble!

On cue, giant trees rose one after another reaching out their leafy branches heavenwards.

These trees grew rapidly, and before long they were towering trees swaying in the breeze.

When the trees had grown to a certain height, the branches intertwined to form exquisite tree houses.

This was a very easy thing for Augustus to do.

Meanwhile, several Holy Beings were gathered in the fairy palace and an urgent discussion was underway.

"Sooner or later, the Yellow Emperor Guards will attack us. If we really can't oppose them, then I will willingly surrender. Ha-ha!" The one who was speaking was Vanessa, the leader of the Mysterious Soul Building.

She looked like a girl of just thirteen or fourteen. She had a delicate but intelligent face, full of irresistible charm. She was seated on the chair with her slender legs crossed gracefully.

"Vanessa, don't talk nonsense," reprimanded Moon.

They knew Vanessa was joking.

People who knew her well were fully aware of her personality—fiery and forthright!

She was not the strongest among the Holy Beings, but the universe she had created was perfect.

She had launched three universe battles and won every time. She had let the opponents go in two battles, and she had slaughtered a Holy Being by destroying his universe in the other battle.

Other Holy Beings might pay allegiance to the alliance of the powerful clans, but it would be a cold day in hell before she would surrender.

"Mike has finally returned after going through a lot of suffering. Zen has also killed Nicholas for revenge. Unexpectedly, Samuel has risen to power and released all the Yellow Emperor Guards. This is turning out to be a disaster," another person said from the other side of the hall.

The man, who had a pair of weird-looking horns on his forehead, was Holy Jay, the lord of the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

He had been cultivating in seclusion all these years and had never showed up in the divine land. When he heard of the turmoil in the divine land, he, too, was flabbergasted and had to abandon his hermitage and come to the divine land to find out what was happening.

The young man in the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land on whom he had placed great hopes didn't disappoint him. After all, he had contributed nearly one third of his strength source. Although it was a replenishable resource, it was quite a generous act for a Holy Being.

When he finished his closed-door cultivation, he entered the Swirl Forest with the Moon Clan.

"Don't worry. I will fight it out with them," Woodruff, who was beside Holy Jay, said self-assuredly.

Moon looked at Woodruff and asked, "How exactly do you intend to fight with them?"

"I..."

Woodruff was also aware of the difference between him and the powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm.

The Holy Beings had learned the Truth of Godly Way in varying degrees. It would be an extraordinary feat for anyone to reach the consummation of the Truth of Godly Way. The powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm were undoubtedly very powerful.

Mike said, "Since you've made your choice, I have something to say. Even if the forbidden land falls, we still have a place to retreat!"

The three Holy Beings of the Moon Clan were surprised to hear Mike's words. Moon knew that Mike wouldn't talk without thinking. His eyes lit up as he asked, "Mike, what are you talking about?"

Mike replied, "We can leave the divine land and make our home elsewhere."

"I'm afraid we can't do that. The Yellow Emperor Guards can still chase us and find us," Moon said sadly, shaking his head in disappointment at Mike's suggestion.

Mike said, "The Yellow Emperor Guards aren't invincible. We have powerful reinforcements outside the divine land, but they haven't yet broken the space barrier so they are unable to enter the divine land."

"Are these strong reinforcements you talk of also warriors at the Other Shore Realm?" Moon asked as he stood up.

The other Holy Beings' eyes lit up at this prospect as well.

Mike nodded his head in affirmation. "They are stronger than the Yellow Emperor Guards in the divine land."

The strength of the warriors at the Other Shore Realm was another level altogether.

Mike was very impressed by the almost invincible duo—Emily and Timotheus.

"In fact, this piece of information is known to the alliance of the powerful clans. And that was why Nicholas was so anxious to go to the Abyss Demon Region. Unfortunately, he has been replaced by Samuel," Mike continued.

"I see." Back then, Moon had been rather confused when the alliance of the powerful clans had rushed into the Abyss Demon Region. But now, he was finally seeing why.

He asked, "But how can you be so sure that they will protect us?"

"Because they are Nine Li Guards, people of our Nine Li race," Lorena said.

She had been standing quietly behind Mike listening to the entire exchange.

"That's great. We can leave the divine land with our people right now. When the warriors at the Other Shore Realm break the space barrier of the divine land, we can return," Vanessa said happily.

Mike shook his head and said, "No, we have something more important to do in the divine land."

"What is that?" Moon asked apprehensively.

"Let my son enter the Mountain of Holy Beings," answered Mike.

The Holy Beings exchanged stunned looks with one other.

"Mike, you have got to be kidding me!"

"Zen is in no hurry to become a Holy Being. Then why the rush?"

"And even if he does become a Holy Being, he can't change anything, right?"

The crowd couldn't fathom Mike's plan of action. It was meaningless to have one more Holy Being. Plus it was a huge risk to go into the Mountain of Holy Beings right now.

But Holy Jay knew the reason behind Mike's seemingly foolish decision. He also knew what it meant for the Mountain of Holy Beings to come in advance.

"This matter is very important to me and Zen," Mike answered flatly. "So when the Mountain of Holy Beings opens two months later, I hope you can help me."

"The Mountain of Holy Beings is located on the side of the Time Sea. At that time, I'm afraid that the security from the alliance of the powerful clans will be heavier. If the Yellow Emperor Guards were to stop him from entering the mountain, it would put him in a tough spot," said Moon, trying to make Mike see reason. He really couldn't understand why Zen had to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Holy Jay said with a small smile, "It seems that I have to go to the Soul Wilderness because we need Estelle's help. It's a pity that Bromley hasn't returned. When he does, things will be much easier."

While the Holy Beings were discussing among themselves, a strong wave of energy suddenly swept across from the training tower.

Bang!

There was an explosion and then a huge hole appeared in the tower.

The Holy Beings turned around to look at the source of the deafening sound and the violent energy.

Chapter 2895 The Difficulty Of Blending The Godly Ways

Blending the Godly Ways was an extremely difficult task.

Previously, Zen had had to put a lot of effort into blending three hundred Godly Ways. Naturally, blending three thousand Godly Ways would be a lot more difficult to achieve.

The Ways-blending Energy would spin out of his control if he failed to blend even one of the three thousand Godly Ways.

When that happened, the Ways-blending Energy would go wild, ready to explode at any moment.

Such explosions had occurred many times in Zen's inner world.

That was why Zen always chose to do this task in the waters at the edge of his inner world.

Even so, the aftermath of the explosions had still affected the surrounding continents.

Now, Zen was trying to blend about 2500 Godly Ways, which was the largest number of Godly Ways he had worked with until now. However, the Ways-blending Energy soon began to go wild.

As time went by, it became more and more unstable. If it exploded, half of his inner world would be destroyed.

Not wanting to risk it, Zen forcefully pulled the Ways-blending Energy out of his inner world.

The power of the explosion outside shocked Zen.

His master had spent a lot of time and effort building this training tower. Such places where the time flow rate could be permanently changed were very rare, even in the divine land.

Unfortunately, the explosion of Zen's Ways-blending Energy destroyed the walls of the tower in the blink of an eye.

Boom!

Colorful shards began to pop up around the hole caused by the explosion.

These colorful shards were actually fragments of time. Now that the walls of the tower had been smashed, exposing the tower to the outside world, time in the training tower was once again passing at the same speed as time in the outside world. These fragments of time were the residue of that change.

"What kind of energy is that? Is he blending several Godly Ways?" Moon asked with a look of surprise on his face.

During the explosion, he had clearly felt the internal momentum of some Godly Ways, but he had been unable to identify which Godly Ways they were.

It wasn't the first time he was seeing a warrior cultivate multiple Godly Ways. Some members of the Moon Clan cultivated multiple Godly Ways, including Moon himself. However, he hadn't spent much time blending them. For one thing, blending the Godly Ways was a very troublesome task. Besides, it would do nothing to improve his strength. He had always thought that the best course of action was to concentrate on mastering one specific Godly Way.

"Depends on what you mean by 'several.' Although I don't know the exact number, I gather that Zen blended over a thousand Godly Ways," said Mike with a proud smile on his face.

"Over one thousand?" For a moment, Moon was dumbfounded. Then, he asked in an incredulous tone, "Did you just say that Zen has mastered over a thousand Godly Ways? And he even managed to blend them?"

Generally speaking, a True God could master five or six Godly Ways at most, and even that was rare. Only the elites of the large clans on the Floating Islands would even choose to undertake such an arduous task.

It was almost impossible to see a warrior who had mastered more than eight Godly Ways across the entire divine land.

In fact, as far as Moon could remember, there had once been a consummate True God from a Floating Island who had grasped sixteen Godly Ways. But even he hadn't been able to blend all of them.

Therefore, it was, no doubt, a shock to hear that Zen had not only grasped over a thousand Godly Ways, but had even tried to blend them.

"You must be joking, Mike! The Godly Ways are very complicated, and the internal momentum of some Godly Ways restricts the internal momentum of the others. That's why it's very tough to blend even two or three Godly Ways, let alone over a thousand. Zen is only over a hundred years old, so he couldn't have had the time to comprehend so many Godly Ways," Woodruff said, laughing. He obviously didn't believe Mike's words.

However, Mike replied seriously, "I'm not kidding. In fact, my son hasn't only mastered a thousand Godly Ways, he has mastered all three thousand of them! It's just that he hasn't been able to successfully blend many of them yet."

Seeing that Mike was being serious, the other Holy Beings couldn't help but gasp in shock.

"No wonder this young boy was able to kill Nicholas," said Vanessa. Sitting cross-legged, she stared at Zen from a distance with a trace of fascination on her face.

Zen had mastered hundreds of Godly Ways when he had been on the Floating Island. Then, after observing Chiyou's shadow in the Divine Time Temple, he had comprehended how to blend Godly Ways.

Woodruff, who had also been present back then, hadn't been able to understand it at all.

Anyway, Moon, Woodruff, and the others were unanimously sure of one thing: there was nobody else in the divine land who had comprehended all three thousand Godly Ways.

There was a long silence before Moon said slowly, "The three thousand Godly Ways are the basis of the divine land. What will happen if Zen manages to merge all of them?"

The cultivation of the aboriginals in the divine land relied completely on the Godly Way Tablets, so it was not an exaggeration to say that the Godly Ways were the basis of the divine land.

A mysterious smile appeared on Mike's face. "Well, we still have to wait until the merging is finished. No one knows what will happen."

Although Mike trusted the members of the Moon Clan, some secrets, such as the existence of the Infinity Ruler, were of so much significance that he could not reveal them to anyone.

Besides, Mike himself wasn't completely sure about what would happen after the three thousand Godly Ways were merged; it was uncharted territory.

Zen's failure had destroyed only the second floor of the training tower, and the third floor remained unaffected.

The day that the Mountain of Holy Beings would open was getting closer and closer. Before that, Zen wanted to try his best to merge the Godly Ways.

He wasn't sure whether he would be able to fully merge the three thousand Godly Ways in time, but he did know that the more Godly Ways he merged, the more powerful his Ways-blending Energy would be.

So, after checking the damage that he had caused, Zen wasted no time and directly went to the third floor of the training tower.

In a huge cloud far away from the divine land...

Three huge blood runes appeared around the Chaos Winged Beast.

The blood runes sped up and closely chased the Chaos Winged Beast no matter how fast it moved in an attempt to escape.

On the flying ship behind the Chaos Winged Beast stood Clement, holding a large bell in his hand.

He suddenly hit the bell hard, and the blood runes circled once in the air before shooting three blood arrows at the same time!

Puff!

Although the blood arrows looked ordinary, they were extremely powerful. They directly pierced through the body of the Chaos Winged Beast, leaving six small holes in its body.

Bang!

He hit the bell once again, and another three blood arrows shot out.

The Chaos Winged Beast immediately howled in pain. As the sharp sound rang throughout the area, the Yellow Emperor Guards watched with joy on their faces.

"You did it, Master Clement!"

"After so many years, you finally managed to subdue this beast!"

"Congratulations! This is a huge credit!"

They all praised Clement, beaming with excitement.

The Chaos Winged Beast was highly valuable, which was why this group of Yellow Emperor Guards had been hunting it for countless years now.

It was not until today that they had finally succeeded.

While the others were shaking with excitement, Clement casually said, "Compared to the discovery of the divine land, the Chaos Winged Beast is nothing significant. I never imagined that Chiyou would have built a ship and sent it out of the Source World before his death. We didn't know about it for so many years."

Chapter 2896 The Sky Guard Pavilion

During the chase of the Chaos Winged Beast, Hamish's messages reached the flying ship one after another.

Clement already had a general understanding of the divine land, and he was sensitive to the news.

The capture of the Chaos Winged Beast was a sizable contribution to the Bear race, but Clement treated the achievement like it was nothing.

If he had known it would take so long to capture the Chaos Winged Beast, he wouldn't have gotten himself involved in the first place.

He was pleasantly surprised to luckily stumble upon the ship when he pursued the Chaos Winged Beast to the bottom of the chaos. If he managed to bring the divine land to the Source World, it would be a great honor to him, and he might get rewarded by the Yellow Thearch.

"Thud!"

Clement again knocked on the bell in his palm.

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

Three more blood arrows shot out from the blood runes.

The Chaos Winged Beast was familiar with the attacks of the blood runes. It executed a somersault in the air to avoid the three blood arrows.

However, the attack of the blood runes was not that easy to dodge.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

The body of the Chaos Winged Beast was riddled with holes, and one of the blood arrows pierced through its neck.

Strength all but gone, the beast could no longer lift its head, only flying with its head hanging and a low hiss of breath issuing from its mouth. Its flight speed had drastically slowed down. Evidently, the creature had no more energy left.

"Well then, I'll leave the rest to you." Clement glanced at the Chaos Winged Beast indifferently and then put away the bell.

Meanwhile, Godfrey remained in communication with the divine land.

With a flick of his wrist, a Yellow Emperor Magatama appeared in Clement's hand.

Compared to Godfrey's, Clement's Yellow Emperor Magatama was much more exquisite.

As he activated the Yellow Emperor Magatama, Clement said, "I'm Clement. Who's your leader?"

In the divine land, the intermittent sounds suddenly became clear, and Clement's voice finally reached Leyton and Hamish.

"Master Clement! It's Master Clement!"

Leyton's face registered pleased surprise, while Hamish beside him was confused. He had never heard of Clement before then.

However, upon seeing how excited Leyton was, Hamish surmised that Clement was no ordinary person, so he dared not to ask questions.

"I'm Leyton, a three-star Yellow Emperor Guard," Leyton said as self-introduction.

Clement continued, "If there aren't powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm in the divine land, why do you have to ask for help?"

In Clement's perspective, Leyton and the other Yellow Emperor Guards could have just brought the divine land back to the Source World secretly to get rewards. After all, the Yellow Emperor Guards also competed with each other fiercely.

Since they chose to ask for help, they must have come across some trouble.

Clement was a very cautious person. Although he was confident in his own power, anything could happen in the vast chaos, especially since the divine land was built by Chiyou. Although he had been nailed to death, Chiyou could still kill several warriors at the Other Shore Realm in the divine land with the ease of killing flies if he so desired. Clement wouldn't deliberately put himself in harm's way.

Leyton instantly understood what Clement meant. He said, "At first, we didn't need your help. However, another group of warriors at the Other Shore Realm suddenly appeared outside the divine land. There was a five-star Nine Li Guard among them."

"A five-star Nine Li Guard?" Clement asked, an eyebrow slightly raised.

Star rating was only a title, and no one knew when it became popular. The Bear race had the Yellow Emperor Guards, and the Nine Li race had the Nine Li Guards. The number of stars was nothing more than a reflection of one's contribution to the race.

However, a Nine Li Guard who could achieve five stars was undoubtedly powerful.

"How many people are there?" Clement continued with his questions.

"About a dozen people," Leyton responded with alacrity. "Word of mouth is, some of them belong to the Snake Goddess race."

Clement nodded. It didn't matter which race they belonged to; he could kill all of them if he wanted to.

Leyton was worried that Clement would refuse to help, so he said urgently, "Master Clement, those warriors at the Other Shore Realm are no match for you. If you go there, you can easily kill them."

"I see. I will track your positions," Clement said. The light on his Yellow Emperor Magatama disappeared.

Godfrey asked, "Are we going to the divine land?"

With hands clasped behind his back, Clement narrowed his eyes and said, "It may be difficult for me to deal with those extremely powerful five-star Nine Li Guards. However, the elite troops of the Nine Li race had been killed in Gilt Town, so those wandering outside the Source World are most likely not the core figures. Let's go!"

As he spoke, the Chaos Winged Beast in front of the flying ship suddenly erupted with a terrifying aura before it died.

The group of Yellow Emperor Guards tasked to kill the dying Chaos Winged Beast did succeed, but they didn't expect that its ultimate counterattack before death would be so brutal.

The originally shriveled, flat pairs of wings suddenly swelled. The Chaos Winged Beast was intelligent: it knew that it wouldn't survive, so it chose to take the Yellow Emperor Guards with it to their death.

The Yellow Emperor Guards revealed a trace of panic on their faces, and each one of them wanted to retreat.

Upon seeing this scene, Clement jumped up with a calm face, a golden light nestling in his hand.

"I have chased you for so long. Now I can end your life with my own hands."

The golden light transformed into a sharp, golden sword, which Clement used to sever the head of the Chaos Winged Beast. The latter was already gasping for its final breath; how could it possibly resist Clement's attack?

The sword readily pierced through the creature's swollen body, and a huge wound spread from its back to its head. Finally, it was dead.

In the divine land, Leyton's face registered a tinge of unabashed joy.

"Leyton, is Master Clement very strong? Is he a five-star Yellow Emperor Guard?" Awash with curiosity, Hamish started quizzing Leyton.

Leyton slightly smiled. "You know what? He was already a five-star Yellow Emperor Guard when we left. Not only that, he's a member of the Sky Guard Pavilion. Thankfully, I can rely on such a personality to help me out in times of crisis!"

Upon hearing the name of the Sky Guard Pavilion, Hamish was slightly shocked. With the large population of the Bear race, its members could not easily join the Yellow Emperor Guards, let alone the Sky Guard Pavilion. Thus, Hamish admired every member of the Sky Guard Pavilion. No wonder Leyton respected Clement so much.

"Your mission has been completed. Now, you can join Samuel and drive out the mice from the forbidden land with Salim and Lorcan," Leyton said with a faint smile.

Everything had been settled, so Leyton had nothing to worry about. The only thing that required constant vigilance on his part was the original will of the divine land.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2897 Mountain Power

The forbidden lands, which were the domains defined by the creator, were considered almost sacred and inviolable in the eyes of the people dwelling in the divine land. These lands remained indestructible.

However, in the eyes of the Yellow Emperor Guards, other than the Mountain of Holy Beings and the Ruling Slate, they could handle everything else with their bare strength alone.

Harold had destroyed the transmission arrays connecting other places and the Everest Spirit Mountain in advance.

After receiving Leyton's order, Samuel led the Holy Beings of the powerful clans to the Everest Spirit Mountain. Of course, his group included Hamish, Salim, and Lorcan.

The Holy Beings of the powerful clans seemed to hold a slight indifference in this whole affair. Primarily, they didn't want and never aspired to work for them. But when they joined the alliance, they were left with no choice but to reluctantly go with them as if it was part of their allegiance.

Equipped with such confidence, the three Yellow Emperor Guards and the Holy Beings found themselves at their mapped out destination half a day later. It was the region where the Everest Spirit Mountain rested.

This forbidden land was not as large as the Abyss Demon Region, as it only occupied half of the area of the region.

Standing on a barren mountain, the group unknowingly focused their gazes towards a light enchanted barrier. The space covered by that magical barrier belonged to the Everest Spirit Mountain.

"Even if we destroy the Everest Spirit Mountain, Harold wouldn't be waiting for us there. He will leave, and there is a chance that he would flee to the Swirl Forest," Samuel claimed in a tone full of certainty.

The other Holy Beings did not speak or react even though they heard his words distinctly. They kept a stiff upper lip.

Murphy and Clark also kept silent, giving off an impassive stance.

It looked like they were all still not entirely convinced. The Yellow Emperor Guards might feel that everything went smoothly at this moment, because to win them, they imparted to them the Truth of Dark and Light Chaos. But, it seemed that they fell short in their expectation, and they still needed to work harder to gain their full support.

For instance, the members of the former alliance of the powerful clans, like Murphy, had a real good relationship with Nicholas. How could they submit to their enemy Samuel? Likewise, other powerful clans held so much resentment in their hearts as they were forced to join the alliance. And there was no room for refusal.

"It doesn't matter. There are not many forbidden lands for them to hide. If we can destroy the Everest Spirit Mountain, we'll continue to head for the Swirl Forest," countered Hamish, reassuringly, after a moment of reflection. He seemed in a daze, but he was sharply looking at the enchanted barrier.

Previously, the Yellow Emperor Guards had suffered a lot when they pinned their hopes on the Sea Cracking Skull and the Ruling Slate. But now, after they contacted Clement, they had a sudden boost of confidence generously bursting from within.

And killing the people in the forbidden lands was no more than a casual task.

"Come on, everyone," Hamish ordered, gesturing with a flick of his hand.

His words didn't fall on deaf ears, after all. Under the command of the Yellow Emperor Guards, many Holy Beings began to attack the Everest Spirit Mountain in unison.

Even though they did not try their best, they were able to cause destructive damage with a wave of their hands at the very least. The ripples of internal momentum spread from the light enchanted barrier that separated the Everest Spirit Mountain from the divine land. The tremendous vibration reverberated incessantly.

While Samuel's group was hell-bent on creating destruction, on the top of the Everest Spirit Mountain, there seemed to have a sense of stillness.

Harold, who was dressed in his favorite white, was found to be sitting cross-legged, basking in tranquility.

He was savoring this moment down to the core, because ever since Mike returned, the burden on his shoulders was lifted, and he felt so much relaxed.

But it didn't take long before troubles came, and he was getting an eyeful of it.

"They really launch an attack,"

Harold mumbled, watching the north of the Everest Spirit Mountain.

He could feel it deep down the moment the Everest Spirit Mountain was attacked because he had integrated with the mountain.

At this juncture, a huge roar came, followed by a strong sense of vibration, like an earthquake.

"What's going on, Harold?"

And as if on cue, Marsh on the other side of the mountain top was seen flying towards Harold, wearing a grim face.

He couldn't believe his eyes with what he witnessed. The forbidden lands were known to be almost indestructible. But now, with such resounding loud noises produced, something grave indeed happened.

The Moon Clan was situated very close to the Swirl Forest. They had chosen this place after their departure from the Floating Island, while the Sword Clan decided to opt for the Everest Spirit Mountain.

"Some people are attacking the Everest Spirit Mountain," Harold sternly replied.

Marsh, who looked bewildered at the sudden turn of event, seemed to have something to come to his mind. Then he thoughtfully asked, "The Yellow Emperor Guards?"

"They haven't made a move yet," countered Harold beaming a smile. Crossing his arms on his chest, he went on, "It's those Holy Beings who are attacking."

"Then what should we do?" Marsh casually asked, frowning. His face was etched with worry.

"Get out of here," retorted Harold, curtly.

Harold then recalled that previously, Mike had ordered him to develop a transmission array that led to the Swirl Forest. So no matter which place was assaulted, they would immediately give up that place to flee to the other.

Soon after he finished talking, he flashed and quickly disappeared.

And at the next moment, he appeared on the edge of the Everest Spirit Mountain.

The sight of numerous Holy Beings of the powerful clans incessantly wreaking havoc by attacking the enchanted barrier of the Everest Spirit Mountain unfolded before him. When they sensed Harold's oppressive presence, they immediately stopped.

Glancing at Harold, Samuel spoke disdainfully, "Your strength is not powerful enough to fight against us. If you choose to surrender, I can persuade Master Hamish to spare most of you."

"Right now, it's indeed hard to fight against you, but who knows what will happen in the future?" Harold calmly pointed out.

"Whoosh!"

With his body sticking to the light enchanted barrier, Samuel threatened coldly, "But you have no future! It won't be long before all of you die!"

Harold also slowly attached himself to the light enchanted barrier, mimicking Samuel's move as if to taunt him. He stayed very close to Samuel, with his lips slightly open. He uttered something, but Samuel didn't hear a single word of it.

"What did you say?" Samuel demanded. The confusion was evident in his face.

"I said, you can have a try." Just as the words fell from his lips, he flexed his hand and deliberately threw a solid punch at Samuel.

Then his right arm started to swell wildly.

And simultaneously, the large Everest Spirit Mountain behind him gradually emitted an infinite luster. It glowed like a moon in an evening sky!

Countless cracks subsequently emerged on the surface of the mountain body. And not long after, the strength source that was flowing in every crack directly all gathered on Harold's right arm, shredding the sleeve covering his right arm in the blink of an eye.

In the divine land, the Everest Spirit Mountain symbolized the legend of power.

It was told that there was someone in the remote past who had been moving with the Everest Spirit Mountain on his back. But after arriving in the region where the mountain was located at present, he couldn't go any further and was pressed at the foot of the mountain. As time went by, the mountain absorbed his strength and became the symbol of power in the divine land.

In terms of pure combat power, it was very likely that Harold couldn't beat Samuel, because it was extremely tough to use the power of the Everest Spirit Mountain to fight.

After taking control of the Abyss Demon Region, Samuel didn't take the rulers of the other forbidden lands seriously as he only ignored them. He didn't think that there would be an unexpected attack from Harold, so he was caught unprepared.

"Buzz..."

The light enchanted barrier of the Everest Spirit Mountain had an attribute. It could block everything, but it wouldn't block its ruler.

Harold's punch had drawn almost half of the mountain power. Such a massive amount of strength source could mean several dozen times greater than that of a Holy Being. The second it gathered in Harold's fist, a 100-foot gravitational field was suddenly formed.

The space in the gravitational field collapsed toward his fist. Since he was caught off guard and unprepared, Samuel was pulled over by the power. His body clung to the light enchanted barrier in a sorry state.

It was too late for Samuel to realize what happened. He had been unable to display the Grand Teleportation to dodge Harold's punch. And at this crucial moment, he could only pull himself up.

"Bang!"

The punch struck him painfully hard in the chest!

Although he was a Holy Being, his body was as fragile as a piece of paper. It was nothing in front of such power. The punch directly smashed his half body into pieces.

Chapter 2898 Attack

Samuel dragged his broken body and hurriedly retreated. His eyes narrowed in hatred.

"How dare you launch a sneak attack on me?"

Harold's power was indeed tremendous. However, Samuel was confident that if they ever fought, they would be on par.

He was caught off guard, and that was the only reason Harold managed to land a hit.

The loss of more than half of the body was nothing to a Holy Being. Even if Harold had smashed his entire body to pieces, he would still be able to return to the universe and get revived.

Still, it was such a great shame for him to be defeated by Harold, and in front of so many people too!

Meanwhile, Harold looked on indifferently. He appeared bored and impassive, as he stood behind the light enchanted barrier.

"Let's fight together and destroy the Everest Spirit Mountain!"

roared Samuel angrily.

Murphy, Clark, and Zeke secretively exchanged glances. There were faint smiles on their faces. They were happy to see what happened, but they didn't want to be too obvious. It could offend the Yellow Emperor Guards.

Around them, many Holy Beings were attacking the light enchanted barrier of the Everest Spirit Mountain, but they were not making significant changes.

Various attacks bombarded the light enchanted barrier. It didn't seem to do anything, as the barrier only trembled slightly.

Harold could sense the state of the entire forbidden land. He watched them indifferently from behind the light enchanted barrier, watched as they kept on attacking with no significant effect. Their attacks were too weak, they wouldn't even shake the foundation of the Everest Spirit Mountain.

Before long, Samuel asked Pascal to take action.

Up to now, Samuel hadn't figured out the full potential of that ring. Even so, he could not underestimate the ability that it could display.

Pascal spread his two black wings, while wisps of black smoke swirled around. It quickly turned into sharp arrows that shot straight towards Harold.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Every black arrow hit the light enchanted barrier, but none of them caused much damage. The broken light arrows left minuscule black rings on the light enchanted barrier. On closer inspection, these rings were slowly corroding the barrier.

Since the power of the Abyss Demon Region could even tear apart the Mixed Element Seal, its power was naturally immense.

Harold frowned thoughtfully.

When he was connected with the Everest Spirit Mountain, his consciousness integrated with the consciousness of the mountain. Now, he could sense that the black energy had caused damage to the mountain, and this damage was irreversible. If this continued for a long time, the Everest Spirit Mountain would be torn apart sooner or later.

"We have watched this farce for a long time. Let's move," Hamish said to Salim and Lorcan, who were both standing behind him.

They didn't want to waste too much time there.

Salim and Lorcan nodded readily at the same time. At last, the three powerful masters at the Other Shore Realm finally decided to move.

When Harold saw this, he closed his eyes and sighed lightly. Finally, he turned and disappeared into thin air. A few moments later, he reappeared in the transmission array he had built.

Marsh and some other Holy Beings had arranged for all the members of the Sword Clan and the Luo Clan to enter the transmission array. Marsh was waiting beside the transmission array when he arrived. He smiled when he saw Harold and asked, "How is it going?"

"It would take some time before they could break through the Everest Spirit Mountain, but it's going faster than I expected," replied Harold.

"And even if we enter the Swirl Forest, I'm afraid..."

Marsh trailed off, worried. He thought that even if they retreated to the Swirl Forest, they still wouldn't be able to defeat the Yellow Emperor Guards.

"The master has a plan. Let's get there first, and then we'll discuss this," said Harold with a smile.

Without another word, Marsh walked into the transmission array and disappeared.

On the other hand, Harold didn't leave immediately. He wanted to buy more time for them, thus he needed to stir more trouble for these people.

According to Harold's speculations, even with the powerful strength of the Yellow Emperor Guards, it would still take a long time for them to break through the Everest Spirit Mountain. It would be extremely difficult for them to break through a sixth grade forbidden land within a month.

However, the power that Pascal displayed after he took control of the Abyss Demon Region was beyond his imagination. That power could easily suppress the enchanted barrier of the Everest Spirit Mountain.

As Harold sat beside the transmission array, his thoughts had gone back to the Everest Spirit Mountain.

Meanwhile, a slithering sound echoed deep within the Everest Spirit Mountain.

It was a huge snake, around one million feet long. It slithered out from a huge crack at the bottom of the mountain.

It was the Black Wind Snake. It could be found all year round in the Ghost Brook, at the bottom of the Everest Spirit Mountain. It was a dangerous beast in the eyes of the disciples from the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. Its power was comparable to the powerful beasts in the Abyss Demon Region.

All these years, Harold fed it enough Faith Energy so it would grow stronger. He was hoping that it would be useful in critical moments.

Only a master of a forbidden land was qualified to distribute the Faith Energy. This was why, for the past few years, it had been difficult for low-level fierce beasts in the Everest Spirit Mountain to obtain Faith Energy. Harold distributed most of the Faith Energy to powerful fierce beasts.

"Woo-oo-oo!"

The giant birds that were circling over the Everest Spirit Mountain all descended towards Harold. They circled him, as soldiers that were waiting for orders.

These giant birds were called Dream Birds, and they were powerful. Although they could not fight against Holy Beings, they were a force to be reckoned with.

As soon as Harold pointed at a direction with his finger, they immediately flew towards that direction.

In addition to the giant birds, there were also dozens of golden tigers, which were about a thousand feet high. Highly poisonous black geckos were also present. All kinds of ferocious beasts crawled all over the Everest Spirit Mountain.

Even if these beasts were killed, they could still be reborn. Now, it was time to release their power, and Harold would not hold back.

Three days later...

A violent vibration shook the Everest Spirit Mountain. The light enchanted barrier of the Everest Spirit Mountain was finally broken.

As soon as this transpired, Harold promptly stepped into the transmission array.

At the same time, under his control, the fierce beasts of the Everest Spirit Mountain fought with the Holy Beings and the Yellow Emperor Guards.

Even the Abyss Demon Region failed to resist the Holy Beings. It was even more difficult, now that there were powerful masters at the Other Shore Realm. The fierce beasts were at a distinct disadvantage. Soon enough, the beasts were torn to pieces and turned into streams of Faith Energy.

When Samuel got injured, he should have returned to the universe. That would have been the fastest way to repair his physical body. However, he let his hatred guide his actions. He dragged his broken body and fought his way into the Everest Spirit Mountain, instead.

He took Pascal and bypassed the ferocious beasts. They directly entered the Everest Spirit Mountain.

They used the Grand Teleportation hundreds of times in the Everest Spirit Mountain, but they found nothing. The only thing they found was a destroyed transmission array. Exasperated, Samuel poured his anger out on the Everest Spirit Mountain.

However, the Everest Spirit Mountain was so huge that Pascal barely made a dent even he had gone all out. He only managed to create a million-foot-long crack. This crack was insignificant compared to the huge Everest Spirit Mountain.

After he poured out his anger, he had no choice but to leave with the alliance of powerful clans.

"We'll go to the Swirl Forest now. I won't stop until I find out where he's hiding!" Samuel said angrily.

Hamish dissuaded him, "You'd better go back to the universe and rebuild your body first. You can recover in one or two days. It's not proper for you to just fly around like this with only half of your body."

Chapter 2899 Ask Estelle For Help

The arrival of the people from the Sword Clan and the Luo Clan made the fairy palace even more crowded.

Even Mike hadn't expected the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands to break through the Everest Spirit Mountain in just three days.

It meant that the Swirl Forest had become an extremely dangerous place to be in.

After a short discussion, the Holy Beings in the fairy palace finally persuaded Mike to let everyone retreat to the outside of the divine land.

While Holy Beings could freely enter and exit the divine land, the rest of the members of the Luo Clan, the Moon Clan, and the Sword Clan, even consummate True Gods like Harold and Augustus, could only hide in the inner worlds of the Holy Beings.

"They could break through the Everest Spirit Mountain, but they won't be able to break through my Swirl Forest. It's good at defending against all kinds of attacks. I..." Augustus interjected, dissatisfied with the direction in which the Holy Beings' discussion was going.

But before he could finish his words, Hallet hit him on his head, signaling for him to shut up.

"Even if we retreat, I still have one request," Mike said. "We need to get Zen to the Mountain of Holy Beings!"

They had already discussed this before, and all the other Holy Beings had ruled that it was unnecessary. However, Mike kept insisting on it.

The thing was, getting Zen to the Mountain of Holy Beings was a risky operation.

After all, the Mountain of Holy Beings was right next to the Time Sea. If the Yellow Emperor Guards managed to intercept them, they wouldn't have much chance of making it.

Mulling over this problem just gave everyone a headache, but Mike refused to back off.

"Well, you can leave the divine land first. I'll make a trip to the Soul Wilderness," Holy Jay said with a bitter smile. "Since Bromley is not here, I guess I'll have to be the mediator."

The reason why Estelle had been locked up in the fairy palace was because of a relationship with Bromley.

It was going to be really difficult to convince Estelle to help. If Bromley were here, it would be a small problem, but they had not seen Bromley for so many years.

"Well, thank you, Holy Jay. I believe this will work. Zen was the one who helped Estelle get out of the dungeon. After that, she made a move in the Evolutionary Universe and helped Zen block the strike from Murphy. She even silenced the divine land once to help Zen. Zen and Estelle have some connection by fate. For this reason, I hope she'll help us," said Mike.

Holy Jay nodded. Although Estelle was willful, she was a sensible woman.

She controlled the Soul Wilderness and enjoyed her life in that remote place. Moreover, she hadn't joined any forces, so it was almost impossible for the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands to take note of her. For now, Estelle was their best bet. If the Yellow Emperor Guards managed to take complete control of the divine land, however, things would change. After all, the Soul Wilderness was one of the four great forbidden lands.

After Samuel claimed his status, their choices were limited. They would either have to join the alliance of powerful clans or be killed. There would be no other option.

Once the discussion was over, everyone started to take action.

The next day, Holy Jay went to the Death Spirit Region alone.

With the existence of the Soul Wilderness, the whole Death Spirit Region was desolate. In the center of the Death Spirit Region was a large mountain range. The mountains were like ghosts that stretched unchecked. In the mountains, there was a stone arch, outside which there was a huge enchanted barrier. There were several transmission arrays that were arranged in this enchanted barrier.

However, these transmission arrays had already been destroyed.

As soon as Estelle had returned, she had erased the transmission arrays at the entrance of the Soul Wilderness and cut off the way to the Floating Islands.

However, the restrictions around the entrance hadn't been removed. If Holy Jay were to make a move, it would cost him a lot of time to break the restrictions. Obviously, he didn't have the patience to do all that.

Instead, he walked to the enchanted barrier of the Soul Wilderness, reached out his hand, and let a strong soul fluctuation seep into the enchanted barrier.

Since Estelle and the Soul Wilderness were connected, she would surely sense his presence. All that was left to see was whether she was willing to come out to help or not.

Holy Jay had no idea what she would choose to do.

His friend Bromley was arrogant, but so was Estelle. She was unrelentingly stubborn and could hold a grudge against something for her whole life. There was a good possibility that she would just ignore him completely.

Fortunately, his worries turned out to be nothing as a crack appeared in the enchanted barrier of the Soul Wilderness and he received Estelle's invitation.

As soon as he stepped into the Soul Wilderness, a gust of cold wind swept toward him. This cold wind contained various kinds of soul power. Ordinary True Gods would die in just a few seconds under the pressure of this wind, but it wasn't a problem for Holy Jay.

Sizz...

Wisps of brown aura entwined together and transformed into Estelle's features.

Estelle looked at Holy Jay and asked coldly, "What are you doing here?"

"I came here to ask you for help," Holy Jay said politely.

Among Holy Jay, Bromley, and Mike, Holy Jay was the one who had the best temper; that was the reason he had taken the initiative to come here.

Hearing that, Estelle fell into deep thought. Her thick eyelashes flickered as she asked, "Has Bromley come back?"

As Holy Jay looked at Estelle's expression, his heart skipped a beat. It seemed there was still hope that he could succeed in persuading Estelle to come out. At least she didn't really hate Bromley. He shook his head and said, "If Bromley came back, the first thing he would do is to come here to see you."

"Really? Would he dare to come?" Estelle raised her eyebrows and continued, "If he dares to take one step into the Soul Wilderness, I will kill him."

Holy Jay smiled helplessly. He knew that there was no use adding to this topic, so he chose to keep silent.

Estelle then asked, "If Bromley hasn't come back, what have you come here for?"

"It's because of Zen," said Holy Jay seriously.

"You mean that kid?" Surprise appeared on Estelle's face. "He released me from the dungeon, and I've helped him twice to return the favor."

"I want you to help him for the third time," Holy Jay said, cupping his hands.

Estelle went silent for a moment. She did not have any ill feelings toward Zen. When she had stayed in the Evolutionary Universe for a short period of time, she had learned something about the fate that Zen carried. However, after she had helped him in the Time Sea Forbidden Land, the petal that had been hidden between Zen's eyebrows had disappeared. Estelle had no idea what had happened to him after that.

Finally, she asked, "What do you want me to do? Has he rescued Mike?"

Noticing the hint of concern in Estelle's voice, Holy Jay was delighted. Estelle's attitude meant that it would be easy for the conversation to proceed.

Since she was not an outsider, Holy Jay did not want to hide anything from her, so he told her in detail about everything that had happened after Zen had stepped into the divine land. When Estelle heard all the unbelievable things that had happened to Zen, she was astonished.

Five minutes later...

With a faint smile, she said, "I knew that this guy would make a splash. He was able to confront Nicholas in such a short time! I didn't expect him to be able to do that. Bromley really has an eye for talent..."

Zen was Bromley's disciple.

If Estelle had never had those conflicts with Bromley, she might have become the wife of Zen's master.

"Yes, Bromley spotted him. And even Mike insisted that Zen become Bromley's disciple. That's why we need your help. On the day that the Mountain of Holy Beings opens, we need everything to go smoothly. We already have the support of a powerful master at the Other Shore Realm, but if we have your support too, we could be sure that nothing will go wrong," Holy Jay said cautiously.

"A powerful master at the Other Shore Realm? Who's this person?" Estelle asked in surprise.

Although she was living here remotely, she knew a lot about what was going on in the divine land. And as far as she knew, the only people at the Other Shore Realm who were in the divine land right now were the few Yellow Emperor Guards.

"It's someone from the Nine Li race. He has been in seclusion this whole time, but on the day that the Mountain of Holy Beings opens, he will also come out to help us," Holy Jay said seriously.

Chapter 2900 Danger Outside The Divine Land

Holy Jay told Estelle this because he was afraid that Estelle wouldn't dare to fight the Yellow Emperor Guards without strong support.

The warrior at the Other Shore Realm from the Nine Li race had been in seclusion for many years and had never appeared in front of anyone. Now, however, since he had been summoned by Lorena, he couldn't refuse.

Estelle thought for a moment before saying, "I will help you, but on one condition."

"What is that?" Holy Jay asked. He was prepared to do Estelle almost any favor in exchange for her help.

"You must get that man back for me," said Estelle resentfully.

At this, a smile appeared on Holy Jay's face. The man that Estelle was referring to was, of course, none other than Bromley.

"If we can successfully get through this crisis, Mike and I will do everything in our power to get Bromley back," Holy Jay said seriously. With that, they came to an agreement.

Meanwhile, in the depths of the Time Sea, a gigantic beast that was ten million feet tall was in deep slumber.

Each fragment of the Time Sea was a slice of the past of the divine land.

There were, of course, countless slices. Every second that ticked away turned into a fragment that sank into the Time Sea. Many of these fragments were meaningless.

For example, a bird flying over the divine land was a fragment, and so was a tree that had been broken.

But it was fragments of trivial things like these that made up the Time Sea.

Therefore, it had once been inferred that time and space could not be separated. However, no one from the divine land was able to comprehend this.

And it was because of the existence of so many fragments that it had been impossible for Nicholas to find Lorena's body.

It had been like looking for a needle in a haystack.

It was under all these fragments of time that the enormous ferocious beast slept peacefully. It was none other than the Emperor Resentment, the beast that the Sun Blind people were most afraid of.

It would wake up occasionally, but most of the time, it slept.

As its dozens of huge tentacles swayed with the waves, there was a sharp movement above it. On the head of the Emperor Resentment, a person sat up. There was a unique rune floating in front of him.

It was a space rune that could be used in the same way as the Yellow Emperor Magatama of the Yellow Emperor Guards. It allowed the Nine Li people to communicate with one another from a distance.

Although it could only transmit voices over a short distance and couldn't be compared to the Yellow Emperor Magatama, it was more than enough to facilitate the communication within the divine land.

"I'm not a coward. Although I might not be powerful enough, I will not hesitate to sacrifice my life for the Nine Li race. But I don't understand one thing. What makes the Mountain of Holy Beings so important?" the man, whose name was Leif, murmured to the space rune in front of him.

Although he was a powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm, he was much weaker than the Nine Li Guards, so he wasn't qualified to join them.

"It's my husband's idea," answered Lorena.

A trace of helplessness appeared on Leif's face. In the eyes of the Nine Li people, Mike didn't deserve Lorena. However, it was not Leif's place to comment on such things. He had no choice but to agree to Lorena's request. "I will wake up the Emperor Resentment and send it out of the Time Sea."

Previously, he had had to flee when facing Hamish. Now that he was going to face other Yellow Emperor Guards, who were even stronger than Hamish, he knew that he would not stand a chance, but he could not disobey Lorena's request either.

In just one day, the fairy palace became empty.

Everyone left resolutely this time, even Saul.

Moon, Marsh, Augustus, Mike, Harold, and Zen were left to guard the Swirl Forest.

In the open space of the forest, the internal momentum of the Evolution Godly Way formed a huge star plate.

Mike stood inside the star plate while Harold stood on the other side.

There were countless snow-white stars circling within the plate. Their trajectory seemed to be chaotic and disorderly, but in fact, they indicated the fate of the evolution.

Even though Harold and Zen had reached the consummation of the Evolution Godly Way, they still found it difficult to interpret the movement of the stars when they saw them rapidly flashing past. The Evolution Godly Way was, in itself, an unpredictable Godly Way. The speed at which the stars flew was too fast, leaving them no time to study them.

A glint flashed in Mike's eyes as he firmly stared at the star plate without blinking for fear of missing even a single detail.

"Fourteen bright stars lie in the Self Palace. The Money God Star goes downward, the Sheep Star and the Camel Star move right..."

The star plate could be used to foretell small events, but this time, Mike needed to foretell the fate of the entire divine land. Since the strong Yellow

Emperor Guards and the powerhouses outside the divine land were also involved, there were too many variables, so it was a hard task for him.

Buzz...

The star plate started to vibrate, and all the stars began to move ten times faster than before.

With his eyes wide open, Mike stared closely at the trajectory of the stars.

Finally, the stars were moving at such a rapid speed that the star plate could not withhold them and shattered with a loud bang. By this time, Mike and Harold were both sweating profusely.

"What did you see, master?" Harold asked.

"Danger is imminent." Mike frowned.

"Who will be in danger?" Harold asked, raising his eyebrow.

Mike looked at Zen with a strange expression and said, "It's not Zen. It seems that the danger comes from outside the divine land. It's strange."

As far as everyone was concerned, the most dangerous thing right now was undoubtedly Zen's entering the Mountain of Holy Beings. Surprisingly, this was not the result that Mike had predicted.

Instead, it seemed that something bad was about to happen outside the divine land.

Lorena had already taken the others to seek the protection of the powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm, so how could they be in any danger there?

The result had completely blindsided Mike and his group.

"I may have made a mistake since there are too many factors involved," Mike offered helplessly by way of explanation.

If he had used the Evolution Godly Way to predict the fate of the Evolutionary Universe, he would have gotten accurate results because almost all of the factors were under his control. In the divine land, however, many variables were out of his hand, so he wasn't able to arrive at an accurate prediction.

Nevertheless, he had wanted to give it a try since Zen was about to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings.

He didn't fully believe what he had seen, but he still had a hint of worry on his face. "Don't worry, Father. Emily and Timotheus both have extraordinary strength. They can protect my mother," Zen said comfortingly.

Mike nodded. "Of course."

Just then, Augustus' face lit up in surprise. "These Yellow Emperor Guards are quick. They have destroyed the Everest Spirit Mountain in less than three days and now, they're coming for us!"

Upon hearing this news, everyone continued to look calm. After all, this was something that they had already predicted.

Chapter 2901 The Preparation

Before the Swirl Forest was being invaded, Mike led the others away to safety.

For their sakes, he led them into the Evolutionary Universe.

Harold and Augustus stayed within the Evolutionary Universe, while Zen, Marsh, Moon, and Mike arrived at the outside of the divine land.

Even with Mike's prediction that "danger came from outside the divine land," it was the safest place before the Mountain of Holy Beings was opened. At the very least, the Yellow Emperor Guards wouldn't dare to leave the divine land to hunt them.

This pleased Timotheus and Emily. After all, they had instructed Mike to let Lorena and Zen stay with them during their last meeting.

A few days later, Samuel managed to finally break the Swirl Forest's restriction. However, this was the exact situation at the Everest Spirit Mountain all over again. Not a single person in the forest remained except for numerous fierce creatures.

This enraged Samuel so much that he soon began to destroy the entire fairy palace.

"I've told you that they definitely would escape in advance due to the strength of their reinforcements," Hamish reminded.

With disappointment twisting his features, Samuel stated, "They may have escaped to the outside of the divine land, but they can't take the universes with them. I'll change the rules of the Ruling Slate and destroy Mike's Evolutionary Universe!"

Countless universes hovered above the divine land. Everyone was prohibited from going against any of them unless they wished to receive a severe punishment from the Ruling Slate.

The Ruling Slate divided its rules into different levels with some rules added by the divine land's powerful warriors.

However, the rules which governed the universes existed since the Ruling Slate's inception was set up by none other than Chiyou.

To remove these rules was quite challenging. Even when Nicholas changed a single word in the rule regarding the universe wars, it cost him a lot of divine might coins.

If Samuel wished to eliminate that rule, then he'd have to sacrifice a hefty portion of his divine might coins.

Following Nicholas' death, the Han Clan forced the Floating Islands' other powerful clans to surrender their divine might coins. Left with no choice, the powerful clans forced their respective first-tier and second-tier clans to hand in their coins. It was safe to say that the Han Clan had robbed majority of the entire divine land.

Luckily, Samuel indeed had enough divine might coins to shut out that rule.

Hearing Samuel's words, the other Holy Beings looked confused.

It was these same rules on the Ruling Slate that somewhat hindered the Holy Beings from fighting each other to the death. If Samuel managed to eliminate this rule, then the Holy Beings would be free to kill each other, leading to the divine land's downfall.

"Don't even think about it! Those divine might coins your Han Clan looted belong to Leyton," Hamish warned coldly. "They're just Holy Beings. It's not a big problem for them to have fled. They're not worth these divine might coins."

They were still afraid of what would happen next in spite of Hamish being able to find strong reinforcements through the Yellow Emperor Magatama.

For example, the Nine Li Guards might break through the space barrier and enter the divine land ahead of time

Leyton's Sea Cracking Skull was ready for combat. With extra protection from the Ruling Slate's rules, their chances of winning increased. How could he allow Samuel to waste the divine might coins on some Holy Beings?

Seeing Samuel still unconvinced, Hamish patted him on the shoulder and said, "All right. Leyton has prepared everything. No one, including the Other Shore Realm warriors, can leave alive!"

Samuel raised his eyebrows upon hearing these words.

He fully knew that those Yellow Emperor Guards were terrified of people from beyond the divine land. To make up for it, they invested their time into various plans such as letting the Sea Cracking Skull consume blood, establishing an alliance with powerful clans, and creating new rules on the Ruling Slate.

But now, Samuel felt weird about Hamish's sudden confidence. He asked, "Has Leyton already come up with a plan against them? What is it?"

Hamish nodded with a smile. "Don't ask too many questions. There's nothing to fear. It won't be long!"

His reply calmed Samuel down.

He had intended to attack and occupy Soul Wilderness as well, but then he gave up on the idea.

Two months passed quickly.

During these days, more Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods went to the Mountain of Holy Beings.

"The Mountain of Holy Beings will open in three days!"

"It appears the rumor is true. The Floating Islands have yet to take action!"

"In that case, our chances of becoming Holy Beings have risen!"

The consummate True Gods and the Demi-holy Beings chatted while observing the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Although they got along with each other now, they would become rivals after entering the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Previously, many good friends, even brothers had fought for the chance to become a Holy Being.

At that moment, a few black dots flew over from not too far away.

"I see the consummate True God of the Bai Clan. Damn it, here they come!"

"Who says the wealthy clans won't fight for the chance to become Holy Beings?"

"There are fewer people this time."

The flying black dots quickly approached and then landed on the other side.

Most of the consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings of the alliance of wealthy clans led by Nicholas were slaughtered in the Abyss Demon Region. Only those who stayed on the Floating Islands survived, which was why only a few people from the wealthy clans were present.

The consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings normally portrayed quite dominant auras. Now, their silence and the sullen look plastered on their faces were a far cry from it.

Those coming from the powerful clans received the same order. Apart from scrambling for the Holy Being positions, they had another goal—to kill Rocher and Zen.

During the battle in the Abyss Demon Region, news regarding Rocher and Zen came from Holy Beings who returned alive. The pair were stronger than Demi-holy Beings and could even fight against a Holy Being. Any consummate True God or Demi-holy Being that crossed paths with them would be asking for death.

However, even their clans' Holy Beings didn't dare to disobey Samuel's order. How could they?

This left them feeling depressed.

However, the Holy Beings of their respective clans also informed them that the alliance of powerful clans was conjuring up a plan to stop the pair from reaching the Mountain of Holy Beings. If they succeeded, then there would be nothing to worry about anymore.

These three days seemed calm. In secret, however, all sorts of forces were quietly observing undetected.

In the Time Sea, Leif had already awakened the Emperor Resentment.

A thousand miles north of the Time Sea, Estelle and Holy Jay lurked deep within the mountains.

Outside the divine land, Emily brought Zen, Rocher and Sword Chen to the area of sky that hovered above the divine land's center.

Of course, Mike and the other Holy Beings were there as well.

All of them were prepared. Once the Mountain of Holy Beings opened, Holy Jay, who was observing the mountain, would inform Mike immediately.

Emily outstretched her arm and pointed her finger. Out of it burst the Truth of Void Destruction. A wide, fluctuating circle began to gently envelop the surface of the divine land.

While she could make a space channel with ease, it was unfortunately blocked by a barrier that prevented her from passing through.

Chapter 2902 A Fierce Battle Before The Gate

Holy Jay stood at the mountain peak, his eyes shifting as he looked around the vast expanse surrounding him.

He could see every single detail. Even a tiny change taking place a thousand miles away didn't escape his attention.

The silver light on the surface of the Mountain of Holy Beings intensified.

It looked like silver being melted and poured on it from above.

And then, from deep within the mountain, came the sure effects of vibrations taking hold.

A huge gate, about a thousand feet tall, appeared at the foot of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The appearance of the gate sent the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods into an excited tizzy.

"The gate is open!"

"Hurry up! I'd better be the first to enter!"

"Run!"

The moment people began scrambling towards the gate, a flame suddenly appeared before it.

The flame bloomed and turned into a fiery snake a thousand feet high, floating in front of the gate.

A Demi-holy Being rushed to the front, determined to get to the top this time. Since the fire snake had not yet filled the entire gate, he activated the Grand Teleportation and tried to rush in.

But he was too late. He had barely reached the gate when the fire snake managed to block every last corner, showering him with its fire.

The Demi-holy Being didn't have the chance to struggle or scream before he was burned to ashes and scattered in the wind.

"What kind of fire is this?"

"Why did it stop us from entering the Mountain of Holy Beings?"

Everyone was stunned.

The power contained in the fire was far beyond their imagination. Even Clark, who was the most proficient person of the Elementary Fire Godly Way, was unable to deal with the fire.

"Don't panic. We'll let you in when the time is right. But don't you dare try and break through the gate. If you do, you will end up just like him. Don't blame me for not warning you,"

Hamish sneered, standing before the door.

All the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods floated in the air in a daze, at a loss what to do.

"He is the Other Shore Realm warrior that stands behind the Han Clan," an insider whispered.

"A master like him is much stronger than a Holy Being."

"I don't know why he is blocking the gate. Is he going to stop us from becoming Holy Beings?"

Depression had caught hold of everyone, but they didn't dare say anything after learning of this person's cultivation base. They could only obey him and refrain from doing anything.

A thousand miles away, Holy Jay frowned as he saw this.

Even though they had predicted that enemies would stop Zen from entering the gate, it was indeed troublesome that a Yellow Emperor Guard was standing firmly at the entrance of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

At this moment, a sudden ripple of movements appeared at the northern end of the Time Sea.

A loud noise like a bang sounded as the surface of the sea beside the north shore descended, as if a gigantic beast had opened its mouth to swallow the sea water.

When the sea level had reached a certain level, it stopped and began to rise rapidly again.

Splash!

The colorful sea water poured out of the Time Sea, turning into a tsunami that was a hundred thousand feet high.

The Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods were not ignorant, but they were still stunned at what they saw.

Only Holy Beings could deal with the sea water of the Time Sea. Even if a Demi-holy Being were to as much as touch it, they would die in an instant.

"What is behind the tsunami?"

"It is the Emperor Resentment! The monster in the Time Sea—the Emperor Resentment!"

"Run! Our bodies will be torn to shreds if the water of the Time Sea touches us!"

These people were even more depressed.

The few months of wait had everyone itching to rush into the Mountain of Holy Beings. But now, a strong man at the Other Shore Realm was blocking their way. And then this huge tsunami was emerging from the Time Sea. What was happening!?

But since the tsunami was no more than a hundred thousand feet high, they had the chance to escape since they could easily move higher than that using the Grand Teleportation.

Everyone moved away from the approaching tsunami using the Grand Teleportation.

Hamish stood before the huge gate, his expression unchanging as he watched the tsunami coming towards him.

The water of the Time Sea couldn't tear a Holy Being apart, let alone him. Hamish was surprised to see a man standing on the Emperor Resentment, who was an Other Shore Realm warrior.

"I didn't expect a member of the Nine Li race to have been hiding in Time Sea! Zavier, it's time for you to fight!" Hamish was a bit surprised.

He had barely finished talking when the sea water of the Time Sea submerged him, along with a small part of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

But the water couldn't tear Hamish apart, nor could it affect the silver light on the mountain's surface.

Space fluctuated as Zavier's brazen laughter reverberated through it. "I wonder who the nameless Nine Li rat is! Fight me!"

Saying thus, Zavier turned into an arrow and shot towards the Emperor Resentment.

"Wooo!"

The Emperor Resentment let out a low growl. It lifted its tentacles and tried to grab Zavier.

Leif stood on the Emperor Resentment's head, a bronze dagger-axe in his hand. He had been in hiding for so many years that Lorena's call had filled him with daring. He had no intention of returning alive.

Zavier was incredibly fast. Although the Emperor Resentment's tentacles were flexible, they couldn't wrap themselves around him.

He was standing before Leif in the blink of an eye.

The bronze dagger-axe in Leif's hand began to boil.

He had been hiding in seclusion in the Time Sea for so many years that his strength had grown immensely during this time.

He made good use of this strength as he headed for Zavier, brandishing the bronze dagger-axe.

The Emperor Resentment, on the other hand, tried its best to attack Hamish and drive him away from the gate.

Although Hamish was the weakest of the Yellow Emperor Guards, his strength could not be ignored.

"You fucking beast! You are courting death!"

With a push of Hamish's hands, circles of blazing fire rings spread out around him.

Sizz...

The Emperor Resentment's skin was rough and thick, but the fire rings managed to scorch its tentacles.

"Woo... Woo..."

The Emperor Resentment let out a groan of pain and opened its big mouth, revealing its sharp teeth.

The beast roared and shot a thick, large poisonous blood arrow from its mouth towards Hamish. The arrow covered the entire gate, and if Hamish wanted to avoid it, he would have to leave his post at the gate.

Hamish, however, didn't budge. The poison blood arrow was only ten feet away when Salim's figure appeared beside him. "Defense!" Salim said.

An oval-shaped ball of light shrouded Hamish and Salim. This was the theurgy that came from the Truth of Holy Words, which Salim was proficient in.

The light ball easily blocked the poison blood arrow.

A thousand miles away, the tsunami caused by the Emperor Resentment had destroyed many villages along the way, including a small divine city. Except for a few top-rank True Gods, the others were all torn to pieces, falling into the cracks of time.

Holy Jay and Estelle floated in the air. He looked very worried.

Hamish was guarding the gate at all times, making it difficult for Holy Jay to find a way to send Zen in.

Chapter 2903 A Fleeting Chance

An orange scepter appeared in Estelle's hand. She gently said, "Do I need to take action?"

"Wait!"

Holy Jay said as he looked ahead.

He had only one chance; naturally, his judgment was crucial!

On the top of the divine land...

Mike pulled a long face.

Holy Jay told Mike what he saw.

According to their originally planned schedule, they would get the best opportunity when Leif took action. However, the Yellow Emperor Guards seemed to be more prepared than expected.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked as he stared at his father.

"Hamish is still blocking the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings," said Mike, frowning.

Zen thought for a moment and said, "I can head down there first."

Hamish's flames might be extremely terrifying, but Zen thought he could withstand them. As long as he got into the Mountain of Holy Beings, everything would be fine.

Mike shook his head and said, "It's not just Hamish who is blocking the gate; another Yellow Emperor Guard is also stationed there."

"It's impossible to find a perfect chance," Zen said earnestly. "This scene is exactly what we have predicted in our original plan. Besides, we still have

Estelle."

Zen also knew that although his father intended to send him to the Mountain of Holy Beings, he was still worried about him.

However, they had no other choice but to risk storming into the Mountain of Holy Beings. The perfect opportunity to do so was fleeting, so they could only take so many risks.

Mike didn't say anything because he believed in Holy Jay's judgment.

At the foot of the Mountain of Holy Beings, after its poisoned blood arrow was blocked by Salim, the Emperor Resentment stretched out its thick tentacles again towards the two Other Shore Realm warriors.

Its body also rushed toward them.

Seeing this, Salim said with a laugh, "This beast is stupid!" As he spoke, he once again unleashed the Truth of Holy Words. This time, he uttered two words, "Sword Strike!"

The invisible giant swords rotating at a high speed materialized in front of Salim.

The Emperor Resentment's tentacles and body were cut into pieces by the giant swords. Blood splashed like rain with mangled flesh flying everywhere.

Woo! Woo! Woo!

The Emperor Resentment became mad with rage and it hurled itself with all its might against the swords.

The power of the colossal creature was terrifying. Salim's theurgy was extremely remarkable, but the flesh that those swords severed from the Emperor Resentment was like nothing. Although the Emperor Resentment felt a sharp pain, it did not die.

"Boom!"

Finally, the Emperor Resentment's huge body hit the oval-shaped light ball which pressed against the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The light ball was extremely strong, but its defensive power was limited. The oval-shaped light ball made a sizzling sound while being squeezed between the Emperor Resentment and the Mountain of Holy Beings. Small cracks began to appear on its surface.

When Hamish suddenly saw the cracks, a worried look appeared on his face.

He was not afraid of this monster, but he had to admit that the Emperor Resentment was still too powerful. Given enough time to challenge the Emperor Resentment, he would be able to kill it in his unharmed state. No matter how powerful the Emperor Resentment was, it was hard for it to give play to its strength.

However, they had to guard the Mountain of Holy Beings now. If the light ball was broken, they would probably be crushed by the Emperor Resentment.

"Can you stand it?" Hamish asked worriedly.

Salim smiled bitterly. "I can't bear it, I'm about to..." Then his expression changed and he shouted, "Go!"

Crack!

The ball of light shattered, and the large body of the Emperor Resentment hurtled toward them.

The two powerful Other Shore Realm warriors reacted quickly. They employed the Grand Teleportation technique to escape the instant the light ball broke into pieces.

Crash!

The Emperor Resentment's huge body slammed against the side of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The Mountain of Holy Beings was so solid that the Other Shore Realm warriors could not shake it. Although the body of the Emperor Resentment was about as large as the mountain, the Mountain of Holy Beings did not budge an inch under such massive impact.

"They have finally left! Now's our chance!"

Overjoyed at this scene, Holy Jay immediately sent a message to Mike, who was currently outside the divine land.

When Mike informed Emily, the Truth of Void Destruction shot downwards from Emily's fingertip.

Buzz...

A space channel materialized, penetrating the outer layer of the divine land at a high speed, passing through a Holy Being's universe, and accurately ending up about a hundred feet away from the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The location and distance of the space channel had been carefully calculated and prepared beforehand, ensuring its accuracy.

"Go!"

Zen jumped into the space channel without hesitation.

Rocher and Sword Chen followed closely behind.

Instantaneously, the three of them disappeared into the space channel...

Just as Hamish and Salim were escaping using the Grand Teleportation technique, a space channel descended. Their expressions changed dramatically.

"It's a space channel!"

"It is the channel formed by the Truth of Void Destruction. The warriors outside the divine land are making their move!"

Leyton ordered Hamish and Salim to guard the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings and never abandon their posts. With the recent attack by the monster, they had to get out of the way.

They didn't expect the warriors from outside the divine land to take action after they were just forced by the Emperor Resentment to escape from the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Since the Emperor Resentment failed to hit the two warriors, it adjusted its direction and rushed towards them again. However, they no longer had any intentions of fighting the Emperor Resentment.

The two of them were about to use the Grand Teleportation technique to move to the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings and stand guard. At that moment, Holy Jay, who was located one thousand miles away, nodded at Estelle.

Estelle wielded her scepter without the slightest hesitation, and an invisible force field enclosed her. In the blink of an eye, the force field spread throughout the whole of the divine land, from the North Star Region to the South Dipper Region, and from the Floating Islands to the Time Sea. An eerie silence descended over the entire place.

In addition to sound, everyone's abilities were temporarily blocked. True Gods were unable to communicate with their inner worlds, and Holy Beings were unable to communicate with their universes.

Such a skill blocked nearly all of the strength of the whole divine land. Even the Other Shore Realm warriors were not immune to the power of the Scepter of Gods' Silence.

How could Hamish and Salim employ the Grand Teleportation technique?

Not only could they not make use of this technique, but their flying abilities were blocked. They both plummeted down from midair.

However, the Emperor Resentment's attack did not stop. It used its physical strength, so Estelle's spell could not seal it. A thick tentacle immediately hit the bodies of the two Yellow Emperor Guards.

There was no sound, and the only sight was that two warriors rolled in the air like broken kites, their strings of blood leaving traces behind them.

The two of them were not the only ones who were affected. The consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings, who all flew into the sky in order to avoid the Time Sea's tsunami, were now dropping rapidly.

As they fell down, their faces turned deathly pale.

They were not afraid of falling down from a height of over one hundred thousand feet. However, the colorful sea water created by the tsunami swirled ominously below them, and falling into the Time Sea meant a sure, inescapable death.

Chapter 2904 Entering The Mountain Of Holy Beings

Meanwhile, Zen, Rocher, and Sword Chen came out of the space channel as soon as the Scepter of Gods' Silence was activated.

Throughout the divine land, only the three of them, Estelle and Holy Jay were exempted from the effects of the Scepter of Gods' Silence.

Zen and his two companions didn't stop for a second as they hurriedly left the space channel and rushed towards the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings which was just a hundred feet away from them.

But just as they were about to go there, the Sea Cracking Skull in the Hall of Holy Beings above the Time Sea suddenly opened its mouth.

"What a good job! Your cooperation is so perfect, but it's such a pity..."

At that time, Leyton was standing at the top of the Hall of Holy Beings, waving his hand in the direction of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Upon activation of the Sea Cracking Skull, the entire divine land slightly vibrated, with a strong smell of blood coming right out of its mouth.

In fact, this vibration was quite similar to the one that happened when the Mountain of Holy Beings emerged, but in a weaker and less violent state.

The Scepter of Gods' Silence used the power of the entire divine land to repress all the living beings in its territory, but during this process, the Sea Cracking Skull had actually broken free.

"Phew!"

Flowing from the distance, the blood torrents rolled towards the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

If Zen, Rocher and Sword Chen forced their ways into the Mountain of Holy Beings, then they would definitely be washed away by the strong torrents.

Despite the fact that the gate was only about a hundred feet away, Rocher and Sword Chen could not help but hesitate upon seeing that the torrents kept rolling faster and faster by the second.

"Rush in!"

Zen roared as he ordered. They only had one chance, and there was no way back, so they had to quickly get inside as fast as they could.

Upon hearing Zen's command, Rocher and Sword Chen gnashed their teeth and sped up.

Suddenly, the Time Jade Seal in Zen's right hand appeared. But the moment he activated it, they were engulfed by the blood torrents.

As all of this was happening, Leyton was still standing at the top of the Hall of Holy Beings, looking indifferently at the Mountain of Holy Beings. Smiling, he said, "They should be dead..." Before he could finish his words, he felt time fluctuate right before his eyes.

From a distance, he clearly saw three ripples near the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings. These ripples, however, indicated that the three were able to pass through the gate, meaning that they were not devoured by the bloody torrents.

"Damn it! I should have considered that Zen has the ability to erase time!"

In fact, Leyton could still feel time being erased even when he was sealed in the Lofty Tree.

But just now, the power of the Scepter of Gods' Silence spread out and attracted all of his attention. He thought that after he broke the imprisonment of the Scepter of Gods' Silence, Zen and his companions would definitely die, which was the reason why he ignored Zen's jade seal.

Twitching his eyelids, he felt that he was being mocked. He stood still for a long period of time.

"Bang!"

The Hall of Holy Beings beneath his feet couldn't hold his strength anymore, and cracks spread out in front of the hall.

The consummate True Gods and the Demi-holy Beings who fell at high speeds were desperate as they were getting closer and closer to the colorful sea water. At that point, they already knew that death was knocking at the door.

Luckily, they had maintained quite a height before, and the Scepter of Gods' Silence only lasted for a few seconds.

Just when they were only about several hundred feet away from the sea surface, the effect of the Scepter of Gods' Silence had disappeared.

Without the restrictions of the Scepter of Gods' Silence, everyone felt that their powers were back. Being back to normal, some people hurried to stop in the air, while some used the Grand Teleportation to move upwards.

However, not everyone was lucky at that time. A consummate True God didn't maintain a height before he used the Grand Teleportation, making him fall into the sea. As a result, he was cut into pieces by the time fragments and later vanished in the sea.

On the other hand, Hamish and Salim were sent flying by the tentacles of the Emperor Resentment. After retreating dozens of miles in the air, they fell onto the ground, making two big and deep pits.

As soon as the effects of the Scepter of Gods' Silence had disappeared, the two immediately climbed out of the pits.

Salim, with a gloomy face, gritted his teeth and said, "I'm going to chop this foolish beast into pieces!"

"With that, I agree," replied Hamish coldly and angrily.

After finishing their words, they appeared on the Emperor Resentment's head in a flash.

Meanwhile, Leif knelt down on one knee on the other side of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Covered in bruises all over his body, he had one arm missing, while the other held a bronze dagger-axe with all the strength that he had left.

"It's really surprising. I didn't expect that a guy at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm could have such means," said Zavier, as he walked towards Leif.

Leif and Zavier had a huge difference when it came to their strength, but as they battled it out a while ago, Leif was able to hold Zavier back.

"Buzz!"

In the blink of an eye, Leif flipped his hand, and the bronze dagger-axe changed its direction, stabbing Zavier again.

"Now, you are like a spent arrow," sneered Zavier. He reached out his hand and grabbed the front end of the bronze dagger-axe. Pulling it slightly, he took it away from Leif's hand.

At this moment, Leif had used up his last strength and was not able to resist it anymore.

"You know what? I have always respected people with a strong fighting will. That is why I won't make you suffer when I kill you." At his words, he had raised the bronze dagger-axe high and struck Leif with a heavy thud.

Not long after Leif's death, the Emperor Resentment was unable to resist the attack of Salim and Hamish, letting out a long and sad screech.

"Hoo..."

Just then, its huge body swayed sideways and later fell onto the ground with a loud bang. With the intensity of the fall, it never got up again.

Meanwhile, a thousand miles away, Holy Jay saw this scene and let out a sigh. "Even the Holy Beings are afraid of the Emperor Resentment. But I didn't expect it to be killed by the Yellow Emperor Guards."

Estelle shook her head as her face looked sad.

In fact, she could only use the Scepter of Gods' Silence once in a period of time. If she could use it continuously, then she would probably be able to save Leif. He wouldn't be killed as long as he had the chance to move to the space channel on the top of the divine land.

"Let's go. This place is too dangerous. What you did just now will surely alert the Yellow Emperor Guards," Holy Jay explained.

Estelle nodded and soon left quietly using the Grand Teleportation from the top of the mountain.

This fierce battle did not last long.

Seeing that the battle was over, the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods turned their attention back to the Mountain of Holy Beings. They thought they could get in after such a long time.

However, just as they approached the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings, Hamish suddenly appeared in front of the gate again, blocking their way.

Plucking up his courage, one of the Demi-holy Beings asked, "Are we not allowed to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings?"

Although the Emperor Resentment had already been killed, Hamish still did not feel good at all. Coldly, he replied, "I will let you in, but not right now!"

Seeing that Hamish seemed to have a murderous intent, the crowd didn't dare to say anything. If this warrior at the Other Shore Realm vented his anger on them, then they would die with grief plastered on their faces.

Chapter 2905 Chasers

Leland was floating behind the crowd in silence, and his heart was filled with shock.

He had wondered whether Zen would come, but he heard from someone that all the people who went to the Abyss Demon Region had been killed, so he thought Zen died along with them.

He didn't expect that Zen would be here, alive and healthy, entering the Mountain of Holy Beings this way too.

The powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm knew that Zen would be coming, and that was why they'd been patiently waiting for him here.

However, even with the three powerhouses joining forces, they still couldn't stop Zen!

Who on earth was standing behind Zen and supporting him?

Leland had once thought that he was a prominent figure in the divine land after he became a Demi-holy Being, but now, he began to reconsider his thoughts about it. The divine land was far from the simple way it looked, and there were many things that he still didn't know about.

Not long after, a space wave appeared next to Hamish, and three people materialized out of it.

Leyton led the group, and his two companions were Samuel and Pascal.

"Leyton, I'm so sorry." Hamish bowed to Leyton, feeling quite ashamed.

Leyton had always been calm, and his demeanor was a sound, undisturbed lake. But right now he had a murky expression on his face. He sighed and said, "It's not your fault. They indeed have a lot of methods."

Samuel frowned and joined in, "I didn't expect Estelle to make a move this time."

"Forget it." Leyton waved his hand and directed his next words to the consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings in front of him. "You all know that the chance of being Holy Beings is too small. You won't improve your strength much even after you become Holy Beings. But you are all highly talented, otherwise you wouldn't have cultivated with limited resources to reach this level. You will have a chance to reach the Other Shore Realm in the future!"

Some people's eyes lit up with hope, while the others were still a little confused.

All the members of the powerful clans knew what it meant to reach the Other Shore Realm, but there were still many who didn't know.

"What's the Other Shore Realm?" someone from the crowd asked in a quiet voice.

"The warriors at the Other Shore Realm are the ones that manage to surpass the Holy Beings," Leyton explained with a smile. "The difference between them is like that between the True Gods and the divine citizens. We are warriors at the Other Shore Realm."

After hearing Leyton's explanation, everyone finally understood.

Some of the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods exclaimed with excitement. If they could be as powerful as Hamish and his group, then defeating the Holy Beings would be an easy feat!

"I can help you reach the Other Shore Realm," Leyton continued as everyone went silent to listen. "But there is one condition."

"What condition?" a red haired Demi-holy Being asked him eagerly.

"You have to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings and kill those three people there," said Leyton.

"Two consummate True Gods, and one Demi-holy Being?"

"If we join hands and fight together, it won't be difficult for us to defeat them!"

"Where are they from?"

The consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings who didn't know what lay ahead were quite excited.

They fought so fiercely for an opportunity to become Holy Beings. How much more struggle were they willing to be under for a chance to reach the Other Shore Realm?

Most of them could see hope, and it reflected with the determined fervor in their eyes.

Only a few of them stayed calm, including Alfredo and Leland.

Alfredo was well aware of what had happened in the Abyss Demon Region, so he knew pretty well how powerful Zen was. Leland was also there to witness Zen's strength. Even the alliance of the powerful clans could not kill Zen. How could a group of Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods probably defeat him? Weren't they being too naive?

However, Leyton had already given the order. Those who knew the truth kept their mouths shut and didn't dare to say anything.

After seeing the enthusiastic reaction of the group, Leyton was very satisfied. He said, "Good luck to all of you. Hamish, you can let them in now."

Hamish nodded and got out of the way with Salim.

The group hurriedly rushed into the gate and instantly disappeared, leaving only ripples behind them.

When everyone was finally inside, Leyton turned to Samuel and said, "I'm afraid these people may not be strong enough to kill them."

"Of course, they can't. Even I can't, let alone them," said Samuel. "It seems that Pascal has to fight in person. Even if he can't become a Holy Being, he can enter the Mountain of Holy Beings as a consummate True God. But..."

Samuel was a little hesitant to continue.

"But what?" Leyton asked.

"I sent my two daughters to hunt Zen in the black water, but Zen seemed to have used a very strange method to forcefully break the spiritual connection between me and my daughters," said Samuel cautiously. "If I only send Pascal into the mountain, Zen may destroy the spiritual connection between us, and things might get tricky."

"Don't overthink it. It's not a problem," Leyton reassured him with a smile.

Then he reached out and a small blood jade gourd suddenly appeared in his hand. "Hang this gourd around Pascal's neck. No matter what Zen does, it will be difficult for him to invade Pascal's mind."

The blood jade gourd exuded a mysterious aura. Samuel's eyes instantly lit up when he saw it. He repeatedly thanked Leyton and then took the jade gourd to his own hands before hanging it around Pascal's neck.

Pascal didn't waste time and he immediately leaped and flew into the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Zen felt himself sink into a strange silver light as he passed through the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The silver light shone brightly, and Zen couldn't see anything. He couldn't even feel the existence of Rocher and Sword Chen. He could only move on by feeling things around him.

A few moments had passed before Zen sensed the silver light had started to fade away, and then eventually he could see the road ahead. There was a large, silver valley right before him.

After entering the valley, he waited for a while until he saw Rocher and Sword Chen emerge from the silver light too.

"We're finally here," Rocher exclaimed excitedly.

"Lucky for us," Sword Chen said, evidently still in a state of shock.

Rushing into the Mountain of Holy Beings in front of the Yellow Emperor Guards, they took a considerable risk. Especially when the Yellow Emperor Guard had broken free from the power of the Scepter of Gods' Silence, they had almost fallen into despair.

"Those who enter the Mountain of Holy Beings first gain an advantage. Let's move quickly," Zen said.

The three of them flew forward along the valley without any hesitation.

Not long after Zen and the other two were gone, the other consummate True Gods and the Demi-holy Beings also reached the valley.

"Haha! I'm not so interested in being a Holy Being now," said a consummate True God, who was from the south of the divine land and was a famous figure.

"Indeed, if we can really reach the Other Shore Realm, then becoming Holy Beings means nothing to us," said a thin Demi-holy Being.

"But we can't underestimate the three people who managed to break in even with the Yellow Emperor Guards securing the entrance," somebody said watchfully.

It didn't matter though because they had already made their decisions. At least, in their eyes, killing Zen and the other two should be easier than fighting for a slight opportunity to become Holy Beings.

The group of people tirelessly chased after Zen and his companions along the valley. The last one to come out of the silver light was Pascal with an expressionless face.

Chapter 2906 A Siege

Zen, Rocher, and Sword Chen walked for more than a thousand miles along the valley. With each step, the road before them became broader and broader.

From the outside, the Mountain of Holy Beings looked like an ordinary mountain, but its interior was not soil.

The space was not cramped at all. Moreover, the silver light overhead gave them the feeling of walking under the sky, even if its color was a little strange.

As Zen walked forward, he scanned the surrounding environment.

Unlike everyone who would enter the mountain, his main concern was not the chance to become a Holy Being but rather finding the way out of the maze.

Before he had entered the mountain, Mike had told him all about what to expect inside the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The space within the Mountain of Holy Beings was vast, but it was not as complex as the other forbidden areas.

When Zen, Rocher, and Sword Chen finally came to the end of the valley, they saw an open plain in front of them. The plain looked vast and endless. In the distance, there was a line where the plain seemed to merge with the sky made of silver light.

Once the competition began, silver holy springs would appear in this plain. Anyone who could occupy one of the holy springs would become a Holy Being.

However, the number of holy springs that would appear was different each time. It could be two or three or more.

At the time when Mike had become a Holy Being, there had only been one holy spring. Therefore, Mike had beaten everyone else to become a Holy Being.

The rules were simple, but occupying a holy spring was not an easy task.

On one hand, warriors had to pass tests from the Mountain of Holy Beings itself; on the other hand, they had to compete with other warriors for the chance to occupy a holy spring.

"I don't see any silver holy springs." With a light tap on the ground, Rocher flew up into the air and looked over the entire plain, which was completely empty.

"Perhaps it's not the time yet," Sword Chen said unworriedly.

Zen took a few steps toward the plain. "My father said that a certain number of people must arrive before the silver holy springs appear."

Usually, when the Mountain of Holy Beings appeared, a whole crowd of warriors would swarm in. But this time, only the three of them had arrived at the plain. It was likely that there were not enough people to start.

Not long after Zen finished speaking, he felt a chaotic aura coming from behind him.

He turned his head and saw dozens of people coming slowly from the valley.

It had taken Zen less only seconds to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings from the spatial passageway, so he hadn't had time to pay attention to his competitors. Now that he looked around, he was surprised to see some acquaintances.

'Leland?' Zen's eyes flashed when he saw him.

Much to Zen's surprise, Leland seemed to have left the Abyss Demon Region all by himself.

He nodded his head lightly at Leland in the crowd. Leland opened his mouth slightly and, with his life vitality, said, "Zen, be careful. These people want to kill you."

At first, Zen was a little surprised to hear such a warning from Leland, but he soon realized what was happening.

The Yellow Emperor Guards would, of course, do everything they could to kill him. Since they were unable to enter the mountain themselves, they would definitely have sent some people to kill him.

As if on cue, a group of Demi-holy Beings approached Zen in silence. Although they were expressionless and had completely concealed their killing intent, Zen could see right through them.

These Demi-holy Beings were not from the large clans on the Floating Islands. In fact, they were even more arrogant and conceited than the ones who were, because they believed that the disciples from the large clans only relied on a large number of resources to become Demi-holy Beings. Everyone in this group was from a first-tier clan and had relied entirely on their own talent to become a Demi-holy Being. Naturally, they thought that both their strengths and talents were better than those of the Demi-holy Beings from the large clans.

When they were still a few hundred feet away from Zen, Zen suddenly smiled and said, "If you want to kill me, go ahead. You've been suppressing your killing intent for too long. I'm afraid you won't be able to bear it much longer."

Exposed by Zen's words, the group of Demi-holy Beings immediately felt flustered.

The leader of the group was a red-haired man. "Since you already know our intentions, you should die obediently so that we don't have to waste our energy!" he sneered.

Zen sighed exaggeratedly as if he was fed up with them. "If you stop now and give up this stupid thought, I'll spare your lives, and you can continue to strive for the chance to become Holy Beings."

"Spare our lives?" the man echoed in surprise. The rest of them were taken aback too.

In their eyes, Zen and his little group were completely cornered. But Zen still dared to be so arrogant!

The red-haired man laughed. "You are indeed very arrogant! Let me see how qualified you are to spare our lives, then."

"They are just two consummate True Gods and one Demi-holy Being!"

"We have more people and we are more powerful. Killing them is going to be a piece of cake!"

Led by the red-haired man, they all swarmed over.

Aside from this group, there were a few people who stayed behind to watch.

Alfredo and the others from the alliance of wealthy clans didn't move an inch.

They hadn't become consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings without being smart and talented. In their eyes, if the Yellow Emperor Guards were willing to go to such lengths to kill Zen and his two companions, the three of them must be hard nuts to crack.

Of course, the warriors who were charging at Zen and his companions were also smart and could have realized this if they had looked at this situation from an outsider's point of view. However, people always tended to overestimate themselves and underestimate others. They thought that no matter how powerful Zen and his companions were, they wouldn't stand a chance against tens of consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings.

Hearing what Zen said, Rocher and Sword Chen understood at once.

As they watched the group of warriors charge at them, they had a glint of coldness in their eyes.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Both of them drew their swords at almost the same time.

When Sword Chen unsheathed his sword, his lips curved up into the slightest hint of a smile.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

The sword threads that he created with the Emotion Closing Godly Way turned into a large golden net that flew out in front of him.

In the Abyss Demon Region, his strength was comparable to that of a top Holy Being, putting him on par with even Clark and Murphy. However, that was only because he could use the force of primitive fear when he was there. Outside the Abyss Demon Region, he couldn't borrow the power of the dark water.

Nevertheless, he was still strong enough to fight against ordinary Holy Beings by only using his Emotion Closing Godly Way.

"What a powerful move!"

Feeling the power hidden in the sword net, the Demi-holy Beings in the front moved their bodies lightly and avoided the attack. None of them dared to face the net head-on.

They were unable to use Grand Teleportation in the Mountain of Holy Beings, but their bodily movement skills alone were good enough for them to avoid the attack. Moreover, since they were on an open plain, they had more than enough space to dodge.

However, just as they dodged this net and prepared for a counterattack, they saw Rocher in front of them.

They hadn't expected Rocher to charge at them alone.

"Water Cloud Hacking!"

"Mountain-splitting Sword Strike!"

The Demi-holy Beings all made their moves without hesitation.

They didn't think that it was hard to deal with Rocher at all.

But just as their internal momentum turned into their respective theurgy, a strange aura suddenly came from Rocher, and the killing intent in their heart disappeared without a trace.

"I can't cut it down!"

"I can't do anything to him..."

"What kind of ability is this?"

They felt a sacred aura emitting from Rocher that rendered them powerless against him.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2907 The Confrontation

While the warriors remained confused as to why they couldn't attack Rocher, the sword in Rocher's hand turned into a ray of light that headed straight for the three Demi-holy Beings in the front.

These were highly experienced Demi-holy Beings.

Although Rocher's power took them by surprise, they all managed to react quickly.

"Gentle Wind Twining!"

From the body of a Demi-holy Being emerged a gently breeze.

Although harmless at first, countless thin gusts began to quickly coil like invisible ropes around Rocher's Soaring Snake Sword.

"The breeze..."

Rocher's eyes widened. Despite the sharpness of his sword, it failed to inflict damage on the unshapely breeze.

"I've stopped him!" the Demi-holy Being bellowed.

"We must trap him before he can make another move!"

Seeing this, other Demi-holy Beings followed suit.

The burning flames evolved into long threads that headed straight for Rocher. Not long after, the Life Godly Way morphed into vines that ensnared him.

Rocher's eyes slightly narrowed as he looked at these wise individuals.

Rocher was a consummate True God. He would've been unable to deal with several Demi-holy Beings if he hadn't gone to the Abyss Demon Region.

However, he was different now.

Before the Demi-holy Beings' attacks could reach him, tiny ice flowers appeared in front of him.

Once the threads of flames reached the ice flowers, the flames immediately disappeared and were replaced by ice.

The vines headed towards Rocher turned to ice as well.

The chilly air that ran along the vines turned the fierce flames into frosty ice flowers.

Even the gentle breezes couldn't escape being turned into ice—their outlines now visible due to the ice flowers floating in the air.

"What energy is this?"

"Is this the Mysterious Ice Godly Way?"

"Impossible! The Mysterious Ice Godly Way isn't that frightening. Back off!"

The Demi-holy Beings looked terrified.

Although a warning was sent out, Rocher's ice flowers were too fast. The three Demi-holy Beings that tried to trap Rocher had no time to retreat and were quickly attacked by the ice flowers.

Before any of them could respond, they were turned into ice sculptures—the look of shock so vivid on their frozen faces.

If the Demi-holy Beings met the same frozen fate at the hands of the Mysterious Ice Godly Way, they could break out of it. Rocher's ice flowers, however, weren't ordinary for if they made contact with the Demi-holy Beings, then the life would be instantly sucked out of them.

The crowd that wanted to fight Rocher stopped immediately.

Earlier, the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods were excited to challenge Rocher. Now, they looked at him with horror as if staring at a fiend.

With his sword in one hand, he gently raised the other to swirl a tiny ice flower. He then said, "I wonder if I have the qualifications to spare your lives."

No one spoke. They continued to stare at the ice flower in his hand. Never before had they witnessed a method such as this.

Even those who practiced the Mysterious Ice Godly Way to the consummation couldn't hold a candle to Rocher in terms of playing with ice.

They realized that they were no match for Rocher. If they made the rash decision to rush forward, they would die.

Alfredo and the others from the large clans on the Floating Islands were smart enough to not make a move. A serious look was plastered on all their faces.

'This guy's power is quite intimidating. I wonder if Zen is stronger than him, ' Alfredo thought to himself as he looked at Zen.

Zen stood quietly behind Rocher and Sword Chen. It appeared that he didn't intend on moving one inch.

Just as the two sides were about to reach a standstill, a terrifying aura suddenly burst from the valley depths as if millions of beasts were emerging out of the earth. A stench followed it and made everyone's head turn towards the source, hoping to suppress their fear.

Whoosh!

Everyone focused on the streak of black light that appeared.

It turned out to be a black spear that headed quickly for Rocher.

Zen's expression changed at the sight of the spear. He ordered, "Rocher, retreat!"

Rocher also sensed the black spear's power. With a light tap of his toes, he withdrew.

Boom!

The black spear pierced the exact spot where Rocher was standing earlier.

The spear was completely transformed by the Abyss Demon Region's energy, melting like a black candle upon piercing the ground. The resulting black puddle on the ground had wispy black auras that soared towards the sky with their faint miserable screams. The area had become purgatory.

A few moments later, a figure floated over from the valley.

It was a man with a pair of black wings on his back and a blood-red, gourd-shaped pendant on his chest. A hostile look was plastered over his normally handsome face.

"It's Pascal!"

"What's he doing here?"

"What is that power? What's going on?"

Whether it was Rocher's ice flowers or Pascal's black spear, neither of them could be controlled by normal consummate True Gods.

Not even Holy Beings were that strong.

This battle would be beyond their control—like a confrontation between two immortals.

Pascal flew over and gazed at Zen before addressing him. "Even the Yellow Emperor Guards couldn't stop you from entering the Mountain of Holy Beings. Mike is really hard to deal with. However, it's such a shame that all of you will have to die here today."

Zen stared at Pascal and retorted with a smile, "Whether we die today or not isn't for you to decide. That will be answered when we're done fighting. But before that, I'll have to admit that I do feel sorry for you—being turned into a puppet by your father and all."

Upon hearing this, all the bystanders looked at each other in shock and confusion.

"Pascal? A...puppet?"

"By his...father?"

Alfredo's brows furrowed and then raised abruptly.

He was already aware of the changes that Pascal, Laquisha, and Aleyna had undergone even before entering the Abyss Demon Region. What he wasn't aware of was how cruel Samuel could be to do such a thing to his children.

Pascal—or rather, Samuel in Pascal's body—was clearly irritated with the fact that Zen had exposed him in front of all those witnesses.

Just as Pascal was about to attack, Zen revealed, "I've restored Laquisha's and Aleyna's memories. They're both disappointed in you, Aleyna especially. She never thought her own father would be capable of such cruelty."

Even when the two girls stayed within the fairy palace, Zen could sense that they still had certain feelings toward the Han Clan.

Their father's poor treatment of them was unacceptable.

"Stop!"

Pascal interrupted him.

A fierce light shot out of his eyes and his black wings trembled as he began charging towards Zen.

Chapter 2908 The Black Ball

As Pascal charged at Zen, a black spear appeared in his hand.

Zen's expression had also turned serious.

Although Pascal was just a consummate True God, he had control over the Abyss Demon Region.

And the person behind him was none other than Samuel!

Whoosh!

Just as the black spear was about to stab him, Zen gently twisted his body and avoided Pascal's attack.

Ever since he had mastered the Truth of Cultivation Nature, his every move contained the Truth of Godly Way.

While avoiding the spear, Zen stretched out his arm and turned it over. Red lotus flowers rapidly blossomed and spread out from his arm.

The moment they appeared, the temperature everywhere within a radius of ten miles rose. The Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods immediately felt overwhelmed by the heat.

The red lotus flowers quickly spread and twined around the black spear.

If they could encircle Pascal's body, he would probably be burned to ashes in an instant.

Even a Holy Being like Clark, who was skilled in the Elementary Fire Godly Way, hadn't been able to escape these red lotus flowers. Even though Pascal controlled the Abyss Demon Region, his body hadn't been reinforced to a great extent. In Zen's eyes, there was no way Pascal could resist his attack.

However, Pascal shook his spear lightly, and the red lotus flowers twining around it cracked into pieces!

"Humph!" Pascal said gruffly.

Zen's eyes flashed with surprise. The red lotus flowers hadn't been able to transfer the black energy!

In the Abyss Demon Region, Zen's red lotus flowers and Rocher's ice flowers had been able to transfer almost all energy. But now, the red lotus flowers seemed to have no effect on Pascal's black energy.

After the red lotus flowers cracked, Pascal didn't stop. The tip of his spear drew an arc in the air and came straight toward Zen's face.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Zen suddenly turned his body and released hundreds of red lotus flowers that quickly shot forth and enveloped Pascal.

As long as they found a slight gap, they would be able to kill him.

However, at this moment, the ring in Pascal's hand flashed.

Buzz!

More black energy came out of Pascal's body and instantly transformed into a set of black armor that tightly covered him from head to toe, making it impossible for the hundreds of red lotus flowers to find a gap.

When Pascal shook his body, all the red lotus flowers cracked once again.

"You want to kill me in this way? How childish you are!" With a derisive laugh, Pascal waved his spear at Zen, shooting out a ring of black energy that fell over him.

Zen frowned slightly and rushed in another direction, trying to escape from the ring.

However, it was too late, as the ring transformed into a black ball, completely trapping Zen within it.

"Your movement technique is not bad, but there is no way to escape now." With a sneer, Pascal suddenly pinched the black ball in the air.

"Zen!"

"Stop!"

Both Sword Chen and Rocher took action at this moment.

Sword Chen's long sword slashed out. The threads of sword radiance formed a fine net that flew down toward Pascal and the black ball to envelop them both.

However, Pascal's black energy was extremely unique and was insusceptible to almost any other energy. In fact, Pascal didn't even dodge the attack. A harsh sound echoed through the area when the threads of sword radiance cut his body, but he didn't get hurt at all.

At the same time, Rocher shot a bunch of ice flowers at Pascal.

Both ice flowers and red lotus flowers had the same function. Although they weren't powerful on their own, they could transform anything they touched. One would solidify all other energy while the other would violently burn all other energy.

However, Pascal was not afraid of Zen's red lotus flowers nor Rocher's ice flowers!

Seeing this scene, Rocher couldn't help but feel anxious.

In the Abyss Demon Region, Zen and Rocher were able to fight together without fear of any Holy Being's tricks, because the ice flowers and the red lotus flowers were complementary and could transform any energy for the two of them to use.

Unfortunately, Pascal's black energy was able to resist any sort of transformation. Even if Zen and Rocher managed to establish a connection, it would be meaningless!

Buzz!

Powerful energy was released all of a sudden, filling the black ball.

The area covered by the ball was like hell, and any creature within it would be annihilated.

However, about nine seconds later, Zen stepped out of the other side of the ball, tainted with a faint aura of the Time Law.

He had had no other choice but to use the Time Jade Seal again.

Outside the Mountain of Holy Beings, Samuel was floating in the air with his legs crossed. He frowned when he saw the scene through Pascal's eyes.

It had been a huge mistake to let the Time Jade Seal fall into Zen's hands!

After wiping out a period of time, Zen had almost turned into an immortal being.

As Samuel moved his mouth slightly outside the Mountain of Holy Beings, Pascal said in a cold voice, "You might be able to get away this time, but the Time Jade Seal won't always be able to help you. Do you want to give it another try? Do you think you can still escape next time?"

As Pascal gently waved his right hand, another huge black ring appeared, this time with a diameter of five miles.

Buzz!

The ring trembled and fell downward.

"Retreat!"

"Don't let the ring cover you!"

"Is Pascal going to kill us too?"

Not far behind Pascal, there were ten warriors who were patiently watching the battle. However, they had never expected to get involved in it. By the time the black ring appeared, it was too late for them to escape!

As soon as the ring touched the ground, it transformed into a ball and trapped everyone within.

"I'll kill all of you this time," Pascal said coldly.

"Pascal! I'm part of the alliance of powerful clans. Why are you getting me involved in this?" shouted a Demi-holy Being.

Bang! Bang!

One of them used a theurgy to try to break the ball, but their strength was not on the same level as Pascal's. Even if they tried their best, it would still be impossible for them to break the ball.

"Go to hell, all of you!" With a murderous look in his eyes, Pascal pinched lightly with his right hand. When the black energy spread within the ball, everyone would be annihilated, including Zen.

Samuel was actually not a hardhearted man.

He had felt uneasy and ashamed after hearing the news that Laquisha and Aleyna had recovered their memories. Even if he was powerful and ambitious, he didn't know how to face his children in this situation.

As a result, even though Laquisha and Aleyna had recovered to their normal status, his resentment against Zen was still growing!

At this moment, a brown sword radiance suddenly came out and hit the inner wall of the ball. Then the long sword in Zen's hand broke into pieces and scattered on the ground.

Ever since his Shadow Bearing Sword was swallowed, Zen hadn't found a long sword that he could use.

Ordinary supreme primordial weapons couldn't bear the Ways-blending Energy at all. Thus, when he had tried to launch a strike with this long sword, its blade had immediately shattered.

Zen's sword radiance had merged more than 2, 500 Godly Ways, and this was the first time he had tried to use it against an enemy.

Chapter 2909 Darkness

The over two thousand and five hundred Godly Ways were completely integrated, which was close to Zen's limit.

When Zen finally released the Ways-blending Energy, it was stable enough to turn into sword radiance and rapidly charge forward.

When it hit the inner wall of the black sphere, however, it became disturbed and unsteady. The Ways-blending Energy, which was the perfect combination of various Godly Ways, exploded. It was as if a bright sun had suddenly shone across the sky and emitted an intense light, accompanied by a violent explosive sound.

Bang!

Although the black sphere was very stable and near unbreakable, it had its limits.

The moment when the Ways-blending Energy exploded, cracks began to appear on the surface of the sphere until it eventually collapsed, sending powerful shock waves throughout the area.

Rocher, Sword Chen, and the Demi-holy Beings who had been trapped inside the sphere were thrown out in all directions, like kites with their strings cut off.

Those outside the sphere, including Alfredo and Leland, were also physically blown away by the force.

However, none of them had heard the explosive sound as it had shattered their eardrums and rendered them deaf. Fortunately, such small injuries would heal very quickly, but for now, their sense of hearing was gone.

Only Zen and Pascal remained standing on the plain.

Pascal's body was still covered in the black armor, revealing only a pair of eyes under his black helmet. Astonishment filled his eyes as he looked at Zen.

Samuel had been willing to send Pascal to the Mountain of Holy Beings only because he was determined to take Zen's life. He didn't think it was a difficult task.

After all, he had seen all of Zen's tricks in the Abyss Demon Region and estimated his strength.

He was even aware of the power of the Time Jade Seal and the method Zen once used to remove the soul marks in his two daughters.

But now, it turned out that he had still underestimated Zen.

Zen's strength seemed to have increased greatly after his departure from the Abyss Demon Region.

"You are merely a hundred years old, and you spent most of your time in the secondary world. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed that someone could have become so powerful in such a short period of time!" Pascal said. "It's a pity that someone so talented like you is my enemy."

Zen took out another long sword from his space ring and said softly, "Our common enemy was Nicholas, and we had the chance to work together. Unfortunately, you seem determined to go down this dark road to replace him. You even sacrificed your own children for this cause. Mark my words, you will regret it."

"And what makes you think that?" Pascal smiled faintly.

"This!"

As soon as his voice fell, Zen stomped on the ground and charged at Pascal, leaving a series of ghost shadows in his wake.

As he moved, he quickly asked No. 9527 to help him erase Samuel's soul mark.

Pascal was only a puppet, after all. Once the soul mark was erased, he would be like a piece of treasure without an owner. And as for whether to move Pascal's Memory Flame back into his body, it could be decided later. The real Pascal's stance still remained to be seen.

However, Zen had briefly come in contact with him twice and thought him to be an honest man. He believed that Pascal would side with his two sisters, rather than with his tyrannical father.

The internal momentum in Zen's body was continuously surging into his long sword, giving it the power of lightning.

The sword was buzzing with so much energy that it seemed like it would shatter at any time!

Pascal's face darkened. For the first time, he decided to retreat. However, Zen was so fast that Pascal couldn't dodge his attack.

In a flash, Zen launched the Ways-blending Strike once again.

Another beam of light shone brightly in front of Pascal. The layer of black armor that covered him was extremely thick, but the force produced by the explosion of the Ways-blending Energy created a crack that tore the armor open from the middle.

"Now! It's the right time!" Zen told No. 9527 in his heart.

Whoosh, whoosh...

No. 9527 surged out of Zen's chest and headed straight for Pascal's mind.

However, just when it was halfway to Pascal, the blood jade necklace on Pascal's chest suddenly flashed, releasing beams of faint red light that blocked its way.

"Eh? This is Blood Soul Jade. Such a rare thing actually exists in the divine land!"

No matter how significant No. 9527 was, it was still just a soul fragment and couldn't go up against the Blood Soul Jade in such a short amount of time, anyway.

But it was confident that if it had enough time, it would be able to find the flaws in the barrier formed by the Blood Soul Jade and break through it.

Unfortunately, the opening it had now lasted only for a second. Now that the blood jade necklace was activated, Pascal's broken armor repaired itself, and the huge wings on Pascal's back flapped like huge scissors as they came toward Zen's head.

"Phew!"

With the sudden turn of events, Zen had no choice but to retreat. No. 9527 also returned back to his chest.

"Even you can't break it with your ability?" Zen asked with a frown.

"I can but I need more time..." No. 9527 said in an unhappy tone. "The Blood Soul Jade is rare even in the Source World. It can suppress my secret skill."

"Time..."

A bitter smile appeared on Zen's face. It would be difficult for him to buy more time.

Pascal rose up in the air again. At this moment, Samuel was glad that he had blocked Zen's attack. If it weren't for the necklace, his soul mark would have been erased.

"Some methods aren't for you to use," Pascal continued. "Ever since I gained control of the Abyss Demon Region, I have been trying to figure out the secrets within it. Unfortunately, that ring didn't give me any clues. What exactly is this energy? How should I use it? There are so many questions..."

The power of the Abyss Demon Region that Samuel had comprehended through Pascal was, after all, something that was second-hand. Although he had control of the Abyss Demon Region, he hadn't brought out its power.

"Fortunately, I have gained some new insight during this period of time. In fact, the role of the Abyss Demon Region should be to help destroy the divine land..."

Pascal said as he raised his hand.

Black aura swirled around his right hand and quickly turned into a pure black hole that devoured light.

At this moment, the entire divine land fell into darkness.

Even the originally dazzling sun died down to a small dot that shrunk and shrunk until it eventually disappeared.

The entire divine land was now shrouded in complete darkness.

No one in any part of the divine land was able to produce any light, not even if they lit torches or activated luminous stones. All the light had been taken away by Pascal.

Chapter 2910 The Running Warriors

The entire divine land was in a panic.

Darkness was not a big obstacle to a True God. When one's eyes were unable to see anything, they could use their spiritual sense to perceive instead.

However, this kind of darkness had never happened before. No one knew what this kind of darkness meant. Speculations ran rampant, and ignorance fueled the panic people felt.

"Is it doomsday?"

"Is the divine land about to be destroyed?"

"How long will this darkness last? Will it last forever?"

Most of the divine citizens from the remote mountain villages and the True Gods of the central divine cities gathered under the cover of darkness. They wondered, discussed, and guessed about the nature of the darkness.

Zen also couldn't see anything with his eyes. Even if he activated his magic vision, it still had no effect.

This was because Pascal blocked all the sources of light. If Zen wanted to see in the darkness with his magic vision, he still needed the help of faint beams of light.

At that moment he was trapped in darkness. With a deep inhale, he released his spiritual sense.

Rocher, Sword Chen, many Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods also released their spiritual sense.

All of a sudden, waves of soul force spread throughout the plain.

Meanwhile, Pascal held a black ball in his hand. It was releasing a very powerful aura.

This aura was very similar to the Destructive Godly Way's aura, albeit much, much stronger.

He raised the black ball high and said darkly, "It's over..."

Hardly had his voice faded away when Zen, Rocher and Sword Chen noticed that the same destructive aura was coming from above their heads. With a sweep of their spiritual sense, they realized that there was a black ball above each of their heads.

"Don't let them touch you!"

"Let's go!"

Rocher and Sword Chen promptly flew backward and away from the black balls.

Meanwhile, Zen jumped lightly from side to side. He turned into a sharp arrow and swiftly retreated.

Whoosh, whoosh.

Black spears shot down from each ball. As each spear touched the ground, they suddenly released terrifying energy and annihilated every area they touched.

Zen continued to run away, as the black spears fell like a violent storm around him. The areas he passed were destroyed upon contact with the spears.

Rocher and Sword Chen also dodged as Zen did. They couldn't stop for even a second, as their lives were on the line. The black balls above their heads followed their every move. They continuously produced black arrows that struck almost at their heels, as they hurried away.

"The areas he can affect are limited. We should separate!" Zen shouted in the darkness.

Rocher and Sword Chen immediately moved faster in response. Sword Chen dashed toward the side of the valley.

"Fleeing? Ha-ha!"

Pascal stood in the air with a mocking expression on his face. With no warnings, he spread the scope of his attack all over the plain. He watched in glee as the people panicked.

The other Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods had long realized that they could not participate in a battle of this level. For fear of being accidentally injured, they all retreated to the edge of the valley.

However, Pascal took one long look at them as if in deep thought. Suddenly, a wicked smile spread on his face.

Black balls appeared one by one over these warriors' heads!

"What's this?" Some of them noticed the black balls above their heads. They cried out in alarm when they realized that they were being targeted too.

"Run!" "This guy is insane!"

"Does this guy want to kill everyone?"

The Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods panicked, and they ran as fast as they could.

A consummate True God reacted just a bit slowly, and a black spear pierced him through the shoulder. A pained shout escaped him, as the spear nailed him to the ground. Suddenly, the black spear melted and oozed out of him. It left his body destroyed and lifeless.

Everyone realized the very real danger they were in and started to run away faster.

Of course, Alfredo and Leland were running as well.

Whoosh, whoosh.

Alfredo's face was full of grief and indignation as he ran. He drew an arc along the ground at an extremely fast speed and left the black spears behind him. When he approached Pascal, he roared at him, "Pas...Holy Emperor! Do you also want to kill me?"

An indifferent expression appeared on Pascal's face. He thought for a short moment, and then the black light ball above Alfredo's head disappeared.

Samuel didn't care about the lives of these people, but he decided not to kill Alfredo since he had been loyal to him all this time.

Alfredo heaved a sigh of relief when the black ball above him disappeared.

From afar, screams resounded constantly. More and more people were stabbed by long spears and killed.

"Holy Emperor, are you going to kill everyone?" Alfredo cupped his hands in front of Pascal.

Before this, Samuel had doubts about letting others know his control over Pascal, but now he didn't care about it anymore. Under Samuel's control, Pascal said indifferently, "After all of these warriors are killed, no one will compete against you for the title of Holy Being. Wouldn't you like that?"

When Alfredo heard that, his heart skipped a beat. He was displeased earlier because he was almost killed. But now, he didn't feel furious anymore. He put on a flattering smile on his face and said, "Thank you, Holy Emperor. If the Han Clan has one more Holy Being, our clan would be more powerful."

Pascal gave a faint smile and nodded his head.

Samuel had seen the strength of the Other Shore Realm warriors, and honestly, he did not take the Holy Beings seriously.

Leyton had said that the Holy Beings were just True Gods who owned the Rebirth Land, which was their universe and gave the Holy Beings more power. This made the Holy Beings much more powerful than the consummate True Gods. However, in essence, they still relied on the power of the Godly Way.

In this sense, only the Other Shore Realm warriors were the real masters.

"These warriors run here and there like rats, so how can you kill them?" Alfredo asked.

"Run? Didn't you notice?" Pascal raised an eyebrow at Alfredo. He only smirked when Alfredo looked confused, but he didn't elaborate.

When he realized he wouldn't get any answers, Alfredo spread his spiritual sense into the darkness again. He could feel the destructive aura everywhere in the plain.

It appeared that most of the long spears from the black balls didn't hit their targets. But as they melted, they spread in all directions rapidly, like ink over clear water.

The longer they spent running around, the more black energy spread throughout the whole plain.

Sooner or later, it would cover everything. By then, these people would have no way to escape.

Some warriors had stopped running by this time. They, too, had realized what was happening.

Zen circled the plain. When he came back, he found that the long spears behind him had blended into the ground, radiating an aura of destruction. This aura continued to spread. It wouldn't be long before the whole plain and valley were filled up with the aura!

"Rocher, we can't go on like this," Zen uttered worriedly.

Rocher, who was standing in the distance, agreed and said, "If we fly, we can dodge the black energy. However, after this place is filled with that energy, Samuel would definitely take further action. All the people in the Mountain of Holy Beings would be slaughtered!"

"We need to stop him before that happens," Zen said as he ran madly. "Pascal has a soul weapon. If I can break that, I can rid Pascal completely of Samuel's control."

When he heard this, Rocher raised his eyebrows in confusion.

Chapter 2911 At a disadvantage

"You've just torn his armor open!" Rocher exclaimed.

"It didn't last long," Zen said. "Besides, I didn't know that he had a secret soul weapon." He trusted No. 9527, and he believed that no secret soul weapon could block it in the divine land. The secret soul weapon Pascal had must have been given to him by the Yellow Emperor Guards. "I'll try again!" Zen said resolutely.

If they let Pascal continue to do what he was doing, everyone would definitely have no means to escape. Zen had no intention of sitting around waiting for his death.

After he finished speaking, Zen's body gently floated, and a pair of thunder wings suddenly extended and spread open behind him. With a loud crack, he hurtled toward his target. He already had Pascal's position locked in.

Seeing this, Rocher also quickened his pace and approached Pascal from the other side.

"Holy Emperor, Zen is coming..."

Using his spiritual sense, Alfredo identified a consummate True God hurtling toward him at breakneck speed. Even in the darkness, he recognized Zen.

"Hmmm. He already knows my location, huh..." Pascal sneered. He held the black sphere with one hand and conjured a spear with the other. At the same time, the huge wings behind him morphed from the original soft black feathers into sharp knives. "Step aside," he said to Alfredo.

Hearing his words, Alfredo immediately distanced himself from him.

The two warriors were so powerful that their strength far exceeded those of Holy Beings. Alfredo could never withstand any attack from them.

As Zen sped towards Pascal, the Ways-blending Energy frantically accumulated. The long sword in his hand kept trembling and whistling...

As the two warriors got closer, Zen suddenly waved his long arm.

Crack!

The sound of the long sword shattering into pieces resounded in the darkness.

Just before the long sword broke into pieces, a strong and violent beam of sword radiance rushed straight towards Pascal.

"Nice timing!"

Pascal had foreseen this strike from Zen, so he was fully prepared.

He suddenly shook his long black spear, and black energy continuously gathered at the tip of the spear. As he jerked forward, the whole spear totally turned into spear radiance and shot forward.

"Sky Crushing Stab!"

Buzz.

As a master of spears, Samuel had a superb understanding of spears.

He had calculated his spear strike precisely; it directly collided with the Ways-blending Strike that Zen had launched.

The two kinds of energy collided, and the Ways-blending Energy exploded once more.

At the time, all light in the entire divine land was gone. The collision of the two energies did not emit any light; instead, a thunder-like sound was heard, and a shock wave radiated from the point of impact.

A consummate True God and a Demi-holy Being who were somewhere close were thrown to the ground by the shock wave. Black spears rained down their heads, and they perished immediately after being pierced.

"Come on!"

Zen didn't stop for a second. After lashing out once, he reached out his hand and pulled another long sword out of his space ring.

Buzz...

He launched a second Ways-blending Strike.

The sword exploded into pieces and fell from his hand.

He reached out to draw another long sword and desperately channeled the Ways-blending Energy from within him. The third strike slashed out again.

As he launched three strikes in a row, Zen struggled to hold on.

Although his body harnessed an incredible amount of internal momentum, he needed to combine the power of more than two thousand Godly Ways to produce the Ways-blending Energy. At that point, the speed at which the Godly Ways merged was considerably slower than the rate that Zen's energy was consumed.

He had reached his limit after consecutively executing three Ways-blending Strikes.

Pascal was astounded as he felt two more beams of sword radiance coming straight at him.

He didn't expect that three powerful sword strikes could be launched instantaneously.

Zen's tricks couldn't possibly have been taught by the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm. The energy was the combined internal momentum of many Godly Ways.

God knew how this boy did it.

The sword radiance was too close, so it was too late for Pascal to dodge. The wings on his back suddenly extended and folded to totally enclose him.

This time, he actually intended to receive the attack!

Thwack!

Thwack!

The two beams of sword radiance directly hit the pair of black wings.

The Ways-blending Energy was extraordinarily powerful. After the Ways-blending Energy in the first strike burst out, the powerful impact forcefully wrenched the wings open.

The second sword radiance struck on Pascal's armor. The armor that had just been repaired was torn apart once again.

"This is my chance..."

In the darkness, Zen espied a blind spot on Pascal's body by using his spiritual sense. This spot was the area covered by the blood jade necklace. As a soul weapon, the blood jade necklace could not only deflect a soul attack but also destroy the spiritual sense used to detect it.

Zen quickly approached while taking out the fourth weapon. The moment Zen thrust the spear into that spot, a warning from No. 9527 resounded in his mind, "Be careful, Zen. It's a trap!"

Startled, Zen sharply turned around almost on reflex and felt an extremely powerful aura brush past him.

"What a sly kid!" Pascal's disappointed voice rang in the darkness.

The moment Zen tore his armor open, Pascal had taken the necklace off.

The blood jade necklace could cover a certain range, and Zen was virtually blind in the darkness. Since he solely relied on his spiritual sense for detection, he only intended to stab at the spot that his spiritual sense couldn't reach.

With Pascal's cunning misdirection, Zen would inevitably miss his target.

At that moment, Pascal had seized the chance to stab Zen from the other side with his long black spear.

Pascal was a dishonorable, devious person to have used such a method to mislead Zen. If not for No. 9527's reminder, the spear might have cut Zen's stomach open.

Zen dodged the spear, but he was placed in a difficult spot. Pascal had returned the blood jade necklace to its original place around his neck. The broken armor was regenerated, and his broken wings were repaired. He began to crazily attack Zen, who was now at a disadvantage.

A slight shake of his black wings sent black feathers, which were as sharp as knives, flying wildly toward Zen.

Worse, Zen also had to dodge the spears that were constantly dropping overhead and rays of spear radiance that Pascal occasionally shot out.

Even if Zen had activated the Truth of Cultivation Nature and utilized the Eight Smoky Melodies to the limit, he was still in danger.

Phew!

A feather grazed past behind Zen, leaving a deep furrow on his back. Even with Zen's immense physical strength, he was incapable of resisting that type of black energy.

As he registered the sharp pain in his back, Zen felt something cold touch his shoulder. His shoulder was pierced by a long spear...

Zen knew he was in big trouble and his heart sank. He couldn't elude Pascal's attacks.

His only consolation was that the black energy could not destroy his body like it did to the other people. But, if the attacks persisted, he would be torn to pieces by Pascal eventually.

Chapter 2912 Sacrifice

Swish!

Pascal flapped his wings again in the darkness.

Countless feathers, as sharp as knives, swept toward Zen.

Phew! Phew! Phew!

Zen's body jerked roughly in the air, and he let out a muffled groan.

This time, four feathers had hit him. Three of them grazed his shoulders and legs, and the other one pierced through his chest.

Sword Chen and Rocher stood not far away. They tensed and clenched their fists when they heard Zen's pained groan.

"Zen may not be able to hold on like this!" Sword Chen told Rocher through his life vitality.

It was understandable that Zen's life mattered so much to them. After all, even though they went to the Mountain of Holy Beings to become Holy Beings, protecting Zen had always been their priority.

As Sword Chen finished speaking, he thrust forward to dodge the spears falling from above his head. He brandished his long sword to create a sword net and shrouded Pascal.

Click... Click... Click...

His sword net could not destroy Pascal's armor. Pascal didn't even mind him. He just continued going after Zen.

"Your method is useless!"

Rocher exclaimed in frustration. He closed his eyes and felt what was happening in the darkness.

"What can we do? This is not the Abyss Demon Region!" Sword Chen said anxiously.

If he was in the Abyss Demon Region, he could use the force of primitive fear. However, even if Rosie lent all the force of primitive fear to him, it was still impossible to break Pascal's armor.

"The ice flowers of the girl can't transform the black energy. If it goes on like this, Zen will die." Rocher was also anxious. They were both worried, but they didn't know what to do next.

Another muffled sound came from the darkness. Through his spiritual sense, Rocher could tell that blood was bursting out of Zen's body.

"There's no other way. Let's pin Pascal down to buy some time for Zen," said Sword Chen.

"No," Rocher refused.

"What? Why?" Sword Chen was stunned. He was surprised that Rocher was not immediately on board with his plan.

After they came out of the Abyss Demon Region safely, his target, Nicholas, was dead. He also obtained a supreme treasure of belief. He thought that he accomplished his mission. And thus, he could continue his life and live happily with his wife, Iris.

But now, he saw the danger that Zen was in, and suddenly, he realized that his mission was not completed. It was just delayed.

His hand that held the Soaring Snake Sword was trembling slightly. Although he kept calm, there were still tiny beads of sweat on his forehead.

"Zen," he said through his life vitality, "could the Reincarnation Soul Weapon really bring people back to life?"

Zen had trouble defending himself from Pascal. He had used all his skills. No. 9527 had also warned him that he must distance himself from Pascal. Otherwise, he would be killed despite his strong body.

"The Reincarnation Soul Weapon can bring you back to life, and you will have your Memory Flame, but you will lose your cultivation. You have to start all over again. Why are you asking this?" Zen explained while he was fighting. His eyes widened when he guessed what Rocher was planning.

In turn, Rocher smiled wistfully. "That's good. Please take care of Iris for me. I hope this is not the last time that we say goodbye to each other."

"What? Don't!" Zen cried out.

Just then, Rocher raised his Soaring Snake Sword in the air.

The blade of the sword began to glow.

Just a few seconds ago, the valley was completely submerged in darkness. All of a sudden, a ray of luminous sword radiance broke through. It was like a candle that suddenly lit up the night. No matter how tiny it was, it instantly attracted everyone's attention.

"What skill is it?"

"How could that guy break the darkness?"

"What a unique aura!"

Some people that had been running turned their heads. They marveled at the sword light with awed expressions.

Pascal also slowed down in astonishment. He turned his head too, and he stared at the sword light with widened eyes. "How is this possible?"

The light extended from the tip of the sword to the hilt and then to Rocher's arm.

Under the brightness of the light, Rocher's arm and body were petrified.

The entire divine land had a total of more than three hundred thousand Ten Commandments Slates, over fifty thousand Hundred Commandments Slates, over eight thousand Thousand Commandments Slates, and one Ruling Slate. Although they were independent of each other, they formed a gigantic array which was one of the foundations of the divine land.

No one could lay a finger on the foundations of the divine land, not the Holy Beings or the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

Rocher was an exception. He inherited a part of Chiyou's legacy, which allowed him to devour the slates with the special power given by the Soaring Snake Sword.

He had devoured over three hundred slates over the years, and that was his limit. The power of the rules contained in the slates was too much for him to bear.

Chiyou didn't encourage the use of such power, because the price of releasing the power was one's own life. From the moment he devoured the first slate, he was destined to walk on a path of no return.

Buzz...

As the sword light blazed brighter and brighter, it turned into a small sun. It lit up the entire plain with a dazzling light.

The Soaring Snake Sword continued to extract Rocher's life energy. His shoulders, chest, neck, and even elixir field had turned into stones.

At this moment, Rocher and the Soaring Snake Sword had changed their positions. The sword seemed to come to life and was full of vitality, while Rocher had sacrificed his life to the sword. His energy was gradually weakening, and he slowly turned into a cold stone statue.

"Rocher!" Zen's eyes widened in shock. He called out in alarm, as Rocher died in front of him.

It was not until this moment that he finally understood why his father insisted on letting Rocher accompany him to the Mountain of Holy Beings. Perhaps, Mike didn't want Rocher to become a Holy Being. He made such an arrangement because he had predicted a disaster would happen in the mountain.

Splash!

Rocher, who was now a stone man, brandished the sword with all his strength.

His joints made a crisp sound, and his right arm was broken. He fell, like a bird with broken wings, out of the sky.

Crack!

The black ball that had floated above Rocher's head shot out black spears. They pierced through his body and made a cracking noise. Then, the black energy quickly annihilated his body.

The golden light, as bright as the sun, rushed straight toward Pascal.

At the sight of this, Pascal's face darkened.

Although he trusted the power of the Abyss Demon Region very much, the golden light in front of him had broken his limits. It had destroyed the strong darkness that he had cast.

As he faced the sword attack, he had to let go of Zen. He needed to go all out to deal with it, or else he could die.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and

trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

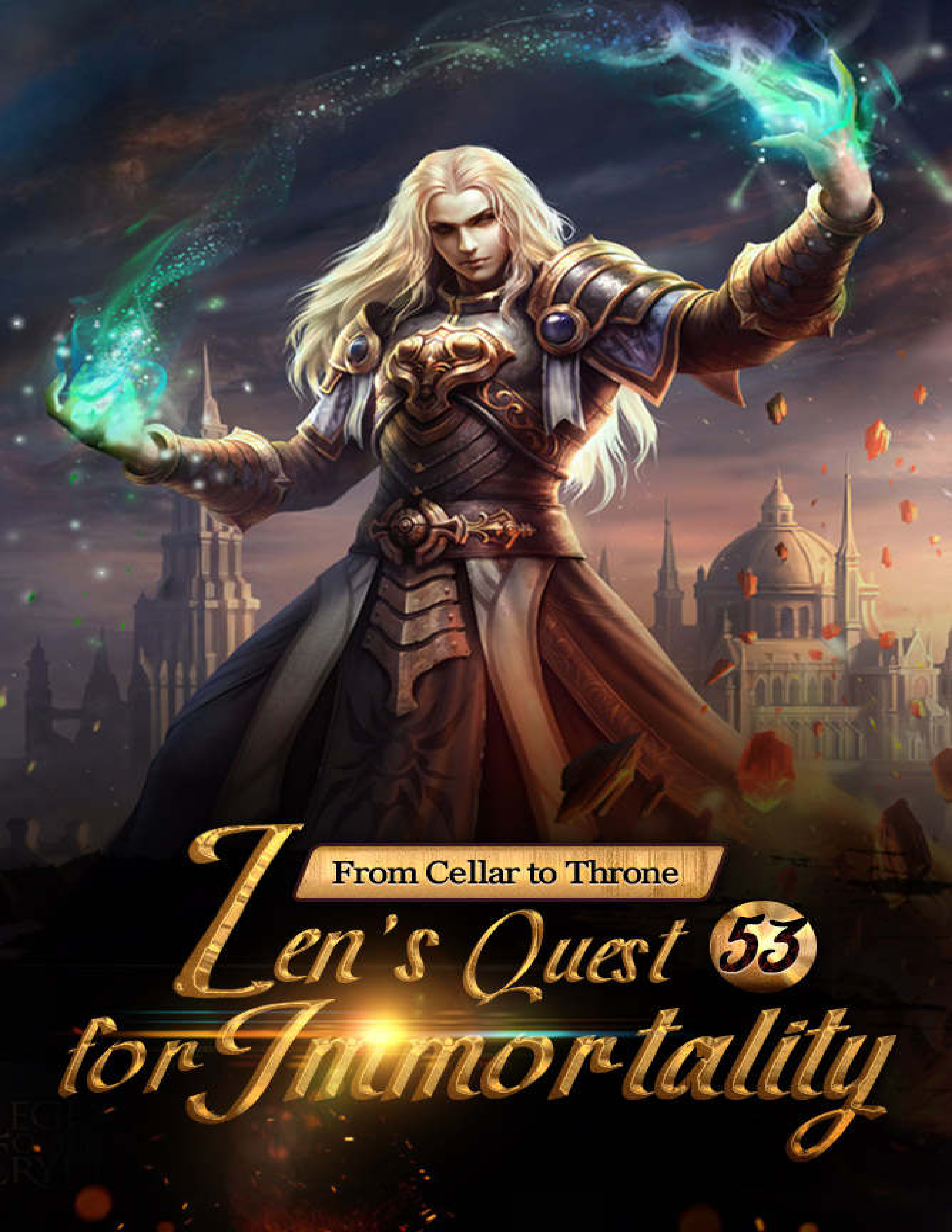

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

53

Content

Chapter 2913 Paying With Lives
Chapter 2914 The Holy Springs
Chapter 2915 Fight For The Holy Springs
Chapter 2916 Bathe In The Holy Spring
Chapter 2917 Giving Up The Holy Spring
Chapter 2918 The Maze
Chapter 2919 An Approaching Flying Ship
Chapter 2920 Searching For Space Fluctuations
Chapter 2921 A Surprise Attack
Chapter 2922 A Drop Of Blood
Chapter 2923 The Power Of Moonlight
Chapter 2924 Laughter In The Passageway
Chapter 2925 The End Of The Passageway
Chapter 2926 Original Will
Chapter 2927 Devour The Original Will
Chapter 2928 Zen's Power
Chapter 2929 The Power Of The Ruling Slate
Chapter 2930 The Strongest Thunder Punishment
Chapter 2931 Killing
Chapter 2932 A Desperate Battle
Chapter 2933 Extinguish The Memory Flame
Chapter 2934 The Other Shore Token
Chapter 2935 Meet Maha Again
Chapter 2936 The Trap
Chapter 2937 Protecting People
Chapter 2938 Devour
Chapter 2939 The Easiest Way
Chapter 2940 The Floating Island Of The Han Clan
Chapter 2941 Revising The Rules
Chapter 2942 A Way To Recover The Nine Li Race's Glory
Chapter 2943 Nelly
Chapter 2944 Reborn
Chapter 2945 Destined For Greatness
Chapter 2946 Return To The Cloud Hall

Chapter 2947 Old Friends
Chapter 2948 Time Flies
Chapter 2949 Hiding The Divine Land
Chapter 2950 The Huge Whirlpool At The Bottom
Chapter 2951 Absorbed By The Whirlpool
Chapter 2952 The Mysterious Meteor Tripod
Chapter 2953 The Wooden Puppet Soldiers
Chapter 2954 The Moving Statue
Chapter 2955 Finally Meet Again
Chapter 2956 A Secret Agreement
Chapter 2957 Fuxi's Yells
Chapter 2958 Preparation Before Leaving
Chapter 2959 Travelling Through The Chaos
Chapter 2960 A Terrifying Talent
Chapter 2961 Power
Chapter 2962 The Black Hole
Chapter 2963 The Sky Rending Rhinoceros
Chapter 2964 Its Purpose
Chapter 2965 The Shortcut
Chapter 2966 The Ring Of Chaos Clouds
Chapter 2967 Becoming A Holy Being
Chapter 2968 Exposed

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2913 Paying With Lives

Pascal waved a hand, causing a shallow whirlpool to appear within the black sphere in his right hand.

As he extracted the power of the Abyss Demon Region, the plain that had been illuminated by the sword light began to dim again.

But Pascal knew that he could only suppress the light and not the power of the sword light.

The energy in the black sphere surged as he pushed gently with his right hand.

It rippled like countless tangled black snakes and headed straight for the sword light.

Pascal thought Rocher's sword strike to be powerful, but the black energy would still absorb it.

But the moment the black energy met the sword radiance, something strange happened.

The golden sword light melted while the black energy kept extending. The golden light turned into something that resembled a spider's web and wrapped the black energy into its folds. It then moved towards Pascal at an incredible speed.

By the time Pascal realized what was happening, the golden energy had already spread all over his body, its beams looking like a knitted net as they covered him.

The black energy within the net had frozen, and was no longer under Pascal's control.

Crack!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"No!"

Pascal roared.

Samuel's voice boomed from outside the Mountain of Holy Beings at the same time. "That's impossible! I can control the Abyss Demon Region. How could its power be rendered useless so easily? And by a mere consummate True God!"

Pascal's black armor, along with his wings, cracked and fell apart, revealing his body. His face was filled with utter disbelief.

It was then that Zen pulled out a long sword and rushed towards Pascal.

Phew!

With a sound like that of a whistle, the blood jade necklace on Pascal's chest broke as the sword light flashed across it.

The blood jade necklace was only a soul weapon, and although it was given by a Yellow Emperor Guard, it had still been unable to withstand Zen's strike.

"Hurry up, now!"

Zen said. Before he could finish talking, No. 9527 had entered Pascal's mind.

Something that looked like a small bug lay at the back of Pascal's soul. It was the strand of soul from Samuel.

This was the third time that Samuel had encountered No. 9527's soul. The first two times, he had only felt pity that he lost control of Laquisha and Aleyna. After all, Laquisha and Aleyna weren't that important. But Pascal was different.

Now, Samuel enjoyed a status that was superior to others and had the strength to challenge Other Shore Realm warriors. All these were attributed to Pascal. Once Pascal was out of his control, Samuel would be forced to return to his original state.

"No! No! How dare you break my soul mark! Let me go!" Samuel's soul fragment roared.

No. 9527 didn't pay heed to him. To it, this Holy Being was no different from dust.

A cyan light flashed and the bug formed by Samuel's strand of soul turned to ashes.

Now that Pascal had lost the force that had been controlling him, his eyes rolled back into his head and he fell through the air.

Before Pascal could land on the ground, Zen gently pulled at him. In a matter of moments, Zen had put Pascal's owner-less body into a small world.

Buzz! Boom!

The moment Pascal had lost consciousness, the black spheres floating over everyone's heads in the Mountain of Holy Beings exploded and disappeared.

The darkness that enveloped the divine land was erased, and the divine land was filled with light again.

Outside the Mountain of Holy Beings...

Samuel's eyes seemed blank as he stared at the huge silver mountain before him.

He was smart. He knew exactly what it meant. If he lost Pascal, he lost everything.

Buzz!

Leyton stepped out of the void and asked, "Samuel, how is the battle going at the Mountain of Holy Beings? Did you kill Zen and the others?"

Samuel looked blankly at Leyton and whispered, "My soul mark... Zen has erased it..."

Leyton's face darkened at this. "Didn't I give you a blood jade necklace? Your soul mark was still erased? Despite that?"

"There was another person who broke Pascal's defense, and Zen took the chance to cut off the necklace," Samuel said, his voice weak.

Leyton's eyebrows twitched and his hands bunched into fists before he punched Samuel square in the face.

Samuel's body crashed to the ground, creating a large crater. "You're trash. What's the point of us having you here?" Leyton barked coldly.

The Yellow Emperor Guards and Samuel were only taking advantage of each other.

In theory, once Samuel had released the Yellow Emperor Guards, he became useless to them.

But Samuel controlled Pascal. With the power of the Abyss Demon Region at his disposal, his strength could not be ignored. This was why the Yellow Emperor Guards were still willing to support him after he had released them.

And now, Zen had even taken Pascal away, which meant that to Leyton, Samuel was nothing but trash.

Inside the Mountain of Holy Beings...

Sword Chen was floating in the air, his eyes fixed on an arm close by.

At one end of this arm was the Soaring Snake Sword. The entire arm was cyan gray in color and had completely turned into a stone. That was Rocher's right arm.

His body had been annihilated by the black energy, and this stone arm was his only limb that remained.

Some distance away, some Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods were staring at the long sword, a hint of greed in their eyes.

This sword was definitely not an ordinary weapon.

But no one dared rush forward and take the sword away, because Zen was already strolling towards it.

The fight between him and Pascal had shocked everyone present.

These two consummate True Gods, had shown strength that had completely surpassed that of Holy Beings.

And the warriors present knew that they could not match up to them.

Zen landed on the ground, and picked up the stone arm and the Soaring Snake Sword. Even now, Rocher's hand still gripped the sword handle tightly.

"My father is a little selfish," Zen murmured. Mike had predicted that this would happen when he had given the Soaring Snake Sword to Rocher. Mike knew Rocher would eventually sacrifice himself.

"With your talent, it will only take you a few decades to start over again and come back, and I will never let you die," Zen continued.

He then pulled the Soaring Snake Sword gently from Rocher's hand and put his broken arm into the space ring. He gazed calmly at the crowd and smiled before saying, "I know what the Yellow Emperor Guards have promised you."

At these words, the Soaring Snake Sword in Zen's hand shook and let out a clear, melodious sound.

Zen continued, trying to sound indifferent, "But Rocher will not die in vain. Eleven people have attacked him before and to them, I say, come out and offer your lives to the sword. This is what you have to pay for causing Rocher's death."

Many people's hearts skipped a beat at Zen's words.

In fact, when this group of people had rushed into the Mountain of Holy Beings, most of them had intended to kill Zen, Sword Chen, and Rocher.

Some had thought that their own strengths weren't powerful enough and had refrained from taking any action. Some others remained silent and decided to watch from the sidelines. Only a dozen people had attacked Rocher. Rocher had killed three of them and then, the remaining ten-odd people didn't dare make a move again.

Chapter 2914 The Holy Springs

Although these people had nothing to do with Rocher's death, Zen did not intend to let them get away this time.

They had picked their side; now, they had to pay a price.

After Zen finished speaking, the thunder wings on his back suddenly spread, and he charged toward the person closest to him.

"Run!"

Eleven people broke away from the crowd and ran toward the valley.

These people's hearts were full of regret because they allowed themselves to be fooled by Leyton. Zen was so powerful that attacking the three of them was simply courting death.

However, it was already too late for regrets.

A young Demi-holy Being who was at the back of the group had only run over a hundred feet when he felt a burning sensation above his head. As it turned out, a thin red lotus was coming at him.

"Spiritual Energy Gathering Shield!"

With a wave of his hand, a large cyan shield appeared over his head.

This huge shield, which had consumed nearly all of his internal momentum, could block the all-out blow from a Holy Being.

Unfortunately, his opponent now was Zen.

The moment the red lotus touched the huge shield, the energy of the whole cyan shield changed, and the shield transformed into a red lotus covering the young man.

Boom!

In the blink of an eye, the young Demi-holy Being was incinerated to ashes.

The remaining ten was stupefied at the sight.

That young man was a Demi-holy Being from a first-tier clan. He was among the top Demi-holy Beings from outside the Floating Islands.

Even so, he could not withstand the least of Zen's attacks. Thus, the others would definitely be slaughtered.

Zen did not stop after killing the first young Demi-holy Being. He flew toward the next target with his thunder wings.

When the second Demi-holy Being saw Zen coming straight at him, he panicked, shouting, "I don't know anything! I mean no harm..."

"You mean no harm now, but when you attacked us, this was not what you thought," Zen replied faintly.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

With one roll of the red lotus, the Demi-holy Being was also consumed.

When the remaining nine people saw this, their hearts sank. An old man gritted his teeth and said, "We won't be able to make it out alive this way! Let's join forces and fight him with all our might!"

These Demi-holy Beings were smart. They knew that they would die before reaching the end of the valley because they were still far from it and Zen killed fast. Since they would never survive anyway, it was worth a shot.

The nine Demi-holy Beings abruptly halted. Pressured by their debilitating fear, they all burst forth with surprising power, exerting all of their internal momentum and the most powerful skills.

With their cooperation, even the Holy Beings would have a hard time fending off their attack.

Any Holy Beings who had experienced the battle in the Abyss Demon Region would have shaken their heads at this scene. The joint attack might have worked on others, but not on Zen or Rocher.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

A cacophony of sounds rang out, and numerous thunderbolts and ice spears shot toward Zen at the same time.

These various theurgies maximized their internal momentum, but all were transformed into red lotuses before they reached Zen.

As Zen couldn't establish a connection with Rocher now, there could have been a way out of their predicament through their cooperation, because the energy that the red-eyed girl could absorb and transform was limited. However the joint forces of the nine Demi-holy Beings were not enough to reach her limit.

Splash!

All of the theurgies that came to attack Zen were transformed without ceasing until, finally, there were hundreds of red lotuses. With a gentle push of Zen's hand, the red lotuses hurtled through the valley, and the Demi-holy Beings blocking their path turned into ashes upon contact.

Upon seeing Zen's return, the other people on the plain remained silent.

Many of them had been tempted to make a move, but now they were secretly glad that they did not provoke Zen.

When Zen arrived at the plain, his gaze once again fell on Alfredo.

Under Zen's cold regard, Alfredo's body trembled violently.

He was a member of the Han Clan, and he held a grudge against Zen. It wasn't difficult for Zen to kill him now.

However, Zen only cast an indifferent glance at him without saying anything.

As Alfredo heaved a sigh of relief, he heard Zen's voice. "Your life was spared for Kelsey's sake. If you understood the situation, then you would leave the Han Clan with Kelsey immediately after leaving the Mountain of Holy Beings."

Alfredo had not given that course of action much thought, but after hearing what Zen said, he thought twice and quickly made a decision.

With Samuel being of no use, the Han Clan was met by a catastrophe.

Zen didn't say anything. He silently stared at the plain ahead, thinking about Rocher's reincarnation.

For such a secondary creature like Rocher, the Memory Flame in the divine land was incomplete.

It was not capable of restoring Rocher's memories in the Evolutionary Universe. What Zen could see were Rocher's memories after he had entered the divine land.

In other words, if Rocher was reborn, his memory would be incomplete.

Considering that his father, Mike, was the master of the Evolutionary Universe, Zen wondered whether it was possible for him to retrieve Rocher's lost memories.

At that point, Zen was incapable of doing this to the creatures in his inner world. He could easily know anything happened anywhere and at any point in time within his inner world, but he still couldn't extract creatures' memories.

However, his inner world wasn't as perfect as the universe. He hoped that his father could grant his friend's memories a complete recovery.

As Zen was lost in thought, Sword Chen approached him. With his eyes staring into the distance, he said, "Something has changed on the plain."

Zen looked into the distance and saw rays of light rising from the surface of the plain, emitting a vast expanse of silver light. In the depths of the plain, several silver ribbon-like things streamed up to the sky like fountains.

"The holy springs have appeared!"

"I didn't expect that there would be five holy springs this time!"

"How come there are so many of them?"

These Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods were still thinking of the chance to become a Holy Being.

Zen and Sword Chen were not the sort of men that they could challenge. If only one or two holy springs had appeared, their chances would have been nil because there was no way for them to succeed against Zen in battle.

However, everyone was surprised to witness five holy springs burst forth in the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Every holy spring meant an opportunity for someone to become a Holy Being, and Zen and Sword Chen only needed two of the springs. This meant that three holy springs were available for the rest of them to fight for.

"Let's go!"

Zen leaped slightly and flew toward one of the holy springs. Watching him, Sword Chen nodded and selected another holy spring a bit far away from Zen's.

The others consciously avoided the two holy springs that were selected and decided to fight with all their might for the other three holy springs.

Chapter 2915 Fight For The Holy Springs

Each time the Mountain of Holy Beings came, a disaster would dawn on the Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods.

In order to fight for a holy spring, everyone would spare no effort.

Anyone who would reach the consummation of True God Realm was by no means ordinary. As they knew that they only needed to go one step further to reach the peak of the world, the attraction was irresistible to them.

Flying his way to reach the holy spring, Zen could already see how it was getting closer to him.

Splash!

Like mercury, the shiny silver water came out of the holy spring. However, mercury was viscous, while the silver water flowed quickly.

Flowing down the ground, the silver water rushed to the center of the spring on a low terrain, quickly forming a silver pool.

Sauntering towards it, Zen was now a thousand feet away from the holy spring. Suddenly, the surface of the pool fluctuated.

Rumble!

Bubbles started to appear on top of the silver pool.

A few moments later, a silver head came out of the water, followed by neck, body and legs.

Soon, a complete human body rose from the spring water.

Leaving the pool, it rushed straight towards Zen.

"Is this the test of the holy spring?" Zen tried his best to remain calm.

He knew that to occupy a holy spring, one had to be ready to fight both the other challengers and the holy spring itself.

Seeing the silver man coming straight for him, Zen didn't even need to dodge. With a flick of his finger, a red lotus bloomed from his fingertip, immediately sweeping towards the silver man.

If the silver man was made of energy, the attack of the red lotus should do the trick.

Da!

With the red lotus wrapping all over its body, the silver man didn't seem worried. Stretching out its hand, it tore the red lotus off.

"It can't be transformed."

With this conclusion, Zen's eyes narrowed slightly. It seemed that the silver man's strength was coming from the body of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

The Mountain of Holy Beings had been here for countless years, but neither Holy Beings nor warriors at the Other Shore Realm were able to enter it. Maybe it was because it contained an unbeatable treasure, or it was an extremely powerful treasure on its own.

Seeing Zen was lost in his thoughts, the silver man jumped up and rushed towards Zen with a fist.

Phew!

The fist came at utmost speed that exceeded Zen's expectations, the space around it faintly showing signs of cracking.

Seeing the silver fist coming for him, Zen punched it without dodging.

He had extracted most of his strength, with a flash of nine stars in his body.

Bang!

A strange color flashed across Zen's eyes as he endured the attack, urging him to take a step back. He then flew backward.

In the battle requiring pure strength, he was actually at a disadvantage.

However, the impact had his fist glowing with a layer of golden light.

A stream of mysterious Truth of Godly Way was released by the golden light. Even No. 9527 couldn't explain where it came from. Although the impact was strong enough to send Zen flying, his golden light curled the silver man and sliced it into several pieces instantly like a high-speed sharp sword.

Splash!

The pieces of the silver man immediately turned into silver water and converged in the pool.

Standing still in the air, Zen clenched his numb fist.

As he approached the pool again, he could see two silver men crawling out of the water. Their bodies were embedded with a layer of armor, making them much stronger than the first one.

Like the first attacker, they rushed quickly towards Zen.

On the other side, Sword Chen looked cautious.

Although no one fought with him for the holy spring, he knew it wasn't easy to obtain it.

Just like Zen's case, a silver man climbed out from beneath the holy spring when he approached it. But this time, the silver man was holding a long silver sword in its hand.

The silver man was not as mighty as the one that Zen had encountered, but it had excellent swordsmanship.

Buzz!

As the silver man gently lifted its silver sword, a stream of silver sword radiance turned into a fine net and enveloped Sword Chen.

"The Emotion Closing Godly Way!"

Sword Chen's eyes narrowed slightly before they went dark. Slashing his long sword in the air, he created a sword net to cover the silver man.

The two sword nets collided.

Immediately cutting off each other, the well-arranged sword nets turned into messy sword threads.

The expression on Sword Chen's face changed slightly as he observed what happened. These messy sword threads were irregular, making it more difficult for him to dodge them.

Jumping to a somersault, he tried to dodge through the gaps in between, but one of the sword threads cut his body, leaving a long and narrow wound on his abdomen.

On the other hand, the silver man was directly cut by several sword threads. Half of its head rolled into the silver pool, while its whole body melted.

But before Sword Chen could let out a sigh of relief, another two silver men appeared from the pool, each holding a sword in their hands.

The situation was much more tragic around the other three holy springs.

Whenever the warriors approached the holy springs, a certain number of silver men appeared to face them.

If ten Demi-holy Beings approached a holy spring, then ten silver men would come out of it to meet them.

The appearance of the silver men was actually not much of a big problem. However, since the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods would fight each other for the holy springs, that added up to the problem.

Bang!

"Bro, please help me! If I succeed in becoming a Holy Being, I will never forget your kindness!" A middle-aged man emitted a freezing aura. In front of him, a huge ice wall was erected. Countless ice spikes released by the silver man flew over from the other side of the ice wall.

From a distance, a burly man sneered, "How about you help me become a Holy Being, and I will repay your kindness?"

After becoming Holy Beings, they would be able to join the powerful clans. In fact, this was the ultimate goal of most of the strong warriors in the divine land. No one was willing to give up so easily.

"No need to argue. You both can just go to hell. This holy spring belongs to me!" a Demi-holy Being from the Qin Clan answered.

By nature, the Demi-holy Beings of the great clans were more powerful than the ordinary ones, so they were more domineering.

The facial expressions of the first two warriors changed at those words. Quickly coming into an agreement, they gave up on getting close to the holy spring, and started moving towards the Demi-holy Being of the Qin Clan.

The fights continued around the three holy springs.

Some warriors died after being attacked by several others, while some had been injured and had to temporarily retreat to the side. After healing their wounds, they charged again to join the chaotic battle.

During the fight happening in the Mountain of Holy Beings, a flying ship rushed out swiftly from the huge chaos clouds.

Without the chaos clouds blocking their view, Clement and his group could see more clearly.

"At last, we finally get out of that mess," sighed Clement.

"Watch out. There is something ahead," warned Godfrey.

Narrowing his eyes, Clement stared at the gem-shaped thing floating in the air.

Chapter 2916 Bathe In The Holy Spring

From the viewpoint of the Yellow Emperor Guards, the divine land looked as if it was only a little bit larger than a grain of sand. But, nestled in the middle of a grayish brown, it remained a sight to behold.

"Look at that beauty!" Godfrey exclaimed as he stared at the vast divine land before him.

"Chiyou took a lot of efforts to create this world," Clement remarked nonchalantly. "Of course it won't be ordinary."

Another person assessed the distance between them and the divine land. "With the current speed of the Trumpet Flying Ship," he concluded, "we'd need roughly five days to reach it."

The vastness of the chaos was intense.

While the divine land was already at their line of sight, it would still take them a while to reach it.

"Everyone, get ready," Clement announced. "We may need to face fierce battles after five days. How many divine crystals do we have on this Trumpet Flying Ship?"

"Around three hundred," Godfrey reported. "That's enough for us to return."

"Use all these divine crystals to prepare the Slaughtering Moonlight Array," Clement ordered.

The Yellow Emperor Guards exchanged surprise glances. Godfrey was the one to say what was on everyone's minds. "If we consume all of the divine crystals," he started. "How are we going to go back? We don't need the Slaughtering Moonlight Array to kill those Other Shore Realm warriors, do we?"

Clement shook his head. "Do as what I said. Just to be on the safe side. I have the feeling that we'll have a tough battle ahead of us. Besides, if we successfully occupy the divine land, it would have the resources we need to return."

Even without the Trumpet Flying Ship, they could still return to the Source World. It would just take a longer time.

Meanwhile, in the Mountain of Holy Beings,.

Zen was rushing towards the silver water pool again.

This time, ten figures emerged from the water.

The ten silver men were of great power, yet they were unable to cause any substantial damage to Zen.

Golden light shot out of Zen's body and it tore the silver men into pieces.

It took several rounds for Zen to realize that the fighting strategy of the silver men in the holy spring was the same as that of the person who attacked them.

For one, the silver men used swords to attack Sword Chen just as what he did. And the Godly Way they used was exactly the same as Sword Chen's.

Zen relied on his fists and own strength to fight the silver men and, similarly, the silver men dealt with him only with brute force.

The other Demi-holy Beings and the consummate True Gods also knew this, but they did not hesitate to use their most powerful skills against these silver men.

They knew full well that their bodies weren't as tough as Zen's.

If they relied only on their fists and own strength to fight the silver men all at the same time, they would sure be shattered to pieces.

Zen, on the other hand, only relied on the golden light that contained Truth of Godly Way in the surface of his body. However, the silver men were unable to use the Truth of Godly Way which Zen's body generated.

With this technique, it was much easier for Zen to deal with them.

Zen was smart enough not to use a sword. The silver men could also blend the Godly Ways, even if they couldn't use the Truth of Godly Way that Zen employed. The three thousand Godly Ways existed in the divine land, after all.

He had the option of holding the Soaring Snake Sword and using the theurgy of blending the Godly Ways to combat the silver men, but that could put him in trouble. Even Zen couldn't resist the backlash of the Ways-blending Energy

Once more, he rushed to the silver pool and was thrown by the backlash of his attack that shattered his enemies to pieces. This went on over and over again.

Each time they disintegrated, the silver men would re-appear in more numbers in the next round. When they reached thirty and Zen was able to crush them once more, the water finally calmed down as the silver men were unable to regenerate.

"I did it!" Zen said triumphantly.

In the middle of the pool, silver water gushed out.

As far as Zen knew, he only needed to bathe in the holy spring.

Zen made his way to the middle of the holy spring.

Not far away, several consummate True Gods gave up the fight. They had already lost their arms, broken their legs, or were badly injured. They stared at the holy springs ahead of them in defeat.

They had to face powerful silver men and, potentially, sneak attacks from some Demi-holy Beings when they rushed for the chance to bathe in the holy springs. Unfortunately, they were too weak to continue.

If they weren't careful enough, they would end up dead!

"Haha!"

On the side of a holy spring, a Demi-holy Being could be seen fighting three silver men when something cold brushed past the Demi-holy Being's back.

It was an ice sword that cut across his head.

The Demi-holy Being's head flew to the sky as the ice sword shot a beam of cold light. As soon as the cold light hit the head, a fist landed on the head, and it immediately turned into shards of ice.

The one who made the attack was a consummate True God from the Leng Clan, Glendon Leng.

Glendon Leng was not well-known on the Floating Islands, but he had astounding power and strength. When the alliance of powerful clans on the Floating Islands explored the Abyss Demon Region not too long ago, he had explored the north of the divine land alone and conquered a second grade forbidden land, the Dream Ice Plain, where he found the ice sword, a second grade supreme treasure of belief!

"Glendon killed another person."

"He's already responsible for nine deaths!"

"How could it be so easy for a consummate True God to kill a Demi-holy Being? Glendon is so strong!"

"What's the big deal of it? No one would dare provoke the two that monopolized the holy springs over there, after all."

The two people the man referred to were Zen and Sword Chen.

The people who decided to sit by the sidelines and give up on the fight let out a collective sigh.

They wanted to become Holy Beings, but they were too weak and they were not ready to sacrifice their lives for nothing.

As soon as Glendon Leng was sure that the Demi-holy Being was dead, he snuck to the other Demi-Holy Being. It was Leland.

Leland was standing by the other side of the holy spring. His body lit with colorful lights as he moved steady towards the holy spring.

His speed of approaching the holy spring was rather fast as he now was faced with six silver men.

The moment Glendon Leng rushed over, he felt a chill.

Leland was trained to be more vigilant than ordinary Demi-holy Beings, thanks to his experience in the Abyss Demon Region. As soon as he felt the chill, he bent down.

Because of his quick response, the ice sword missed his scalp by a short distance.

Glendon Leng clenched his fist in frustration; he had failed to hit Leland with his sword strike. He breathed deeply and decided to strike again.

However, Leland was already floating backward and had avoided the second sword strike from Glendon Leng. At the same time, he quickly distanced himself from the holy spring.

Glendon Leng didn't chase after him. Leland wasn't his primary target anyway. His goal was to kill all the competitors so that he could bathe in the holy spring in peace.

Leland successfully retreated to a thousand feet away. He looked at the scene and smiled bitterly. 'These disciples of the powerful clans are too aggressive, ' he thought to himself.

Just then, Leland heard someone cry loudly close by.

"Look! Zen moved so fast. He has started bathing in the holy spring!"

"Another Holy Being is about to be born!"

"Holy crap! His strength has already surpassed that of a Holy Being! He deserves to gain the title of a Holy Being!"

People talked among themselves with eyes full of envy.

Then, the envy in their eyes disappeared as soon as they all realized something. "Something's wrong," someone finally said. "It seems like the holy spring failed to integrate into Zen's body. That's strange."

Chapter 2917 Giving Up The Holy Spring

Zen stood still inside the holy spring, letting his body gently soak in the silver spring water.

His attention was not on the spring water itself, but on why Chiyou had arranged such a test in the first place.

If the Yellow Emperor Guards hadn't killed anyone from the Nine Li race all those years ago, would the Nine Li people still have had to kill each other like this in order to become Holy Beings?

Anyone who had reached the consummation of True God Realm could be considered useful in the Nine Li race. They were the hopes for the future.

As soon as this thought came to his mind, Zen patted his head and realized that he had made a big mistake.

If the Nine Li people were still alive, they would have been a whole. In that case, this many people wouldn't be able to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings, and there wouldn't be such a cruel competition. The holy springs were only a test.

Splash...

After that realization, Zen continued to bathe in the holy spring, but he soon discovered something wrong.

Before entering the Mountain of Holy Beings, he had been told that all he needed to do was occupy a holy spring, which was not a difficult task for him.

Then, as he bathed in the holy spring, the spring water was supposed to enter his elixir field and merge with his inner world.

However, the spring water wasn't entering his body at all. It just gathered around his body and slid down his skin like ordinary spring water. He felt as if he was taking a bath!

"The spring water isn't entering my body. What's going on?" A strange expression appeared on Zen's face. "No. 9527, do you know what's going on?" he asked.

No. 9527 thought for a moment and then said, "The role of the Rebirth Land is to connect your life to it. The holy spring can help you build a Rebirth Land. Since it seems to be incompatible with you, it means that you can't connect your life to a Rebirth Land."

The explanation was quite easy to understand, but a helpless expression came over Zen's face. "There must be a reason!" he cried.

After thinking for a while, No. 9527 shook its head and said, "Who knows what the reason is? Maybe the holy spring doesn't like you."

Zen was rendered speechless. He pursed his lips with an expression of dismay.

'My father built the Evolutionary Universe. Why can't I build my own universe?'

Thinking of this, Zen sat down cross-legged and gently extended his hand to lead the spring water to his abdomen. He intended to forcefully drive the spring water into his inner world.

However, as soon as the silver spring water touched his elixir field, it flew back.

It seemed as if his inner world and the spring water were repelling each other.

"How could this be?" Zen frowned.

"Don't be sad. Although the Rebirth Land can give you the opportunity to be reborn, it comes at a price. You know what, I am much more interested in the original will of the Mountain of Holy Beings," said No. 9527.

Both No. 9527 and the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm seemed to have nothing but disdain for the Rebirth Land.

Despite what No. 9527 said, Zen continued to give it a try.

But to his disappointment, he was unable to merge with the spring water no matter how much he tried. This meant that he couldn't become a Holy Being at all!

If he hadn't experienced it himself, he wouldn't have believed that such a strange thing would happen to him.

His face turned sullen. Seeing Sword Chen still fighting with the silver men, he sighed in his heart. Then, his eyes swept over the others and spotted Leland.

A dozen people were still fighting for a holy spring, but Leland had already retreated.

He wasn't strong enough to fight against the others.

Zen thought for a moment, and then said to Leland through his chaotic energy, "Leland, come to my holy spring."

In fact, Leland and the others had been stealing glances at Zen all along with hopeful thoughts swirling inside their heads.

If Zen really couldn't merge with the holy spring, it would mean a chance for them.

The more time Zen took, the more the wheels had churned in their heads.

They had all wondered how they could get Zen to readily agree to hand the holy spring over to them.

Leland had also had such thoughts, but he had quickly dispelled them. Although he and Zen were old friends, their friendship was not that deep.

'Would Zen give away the holy spring to me? No, I'm afraid it's just wishful thinking, ' Leland thought to himself.

But just at this moment, Zen spoke to him through his chaotic energy, making his heart throb and his body tremble. He looked at Zen in disbelief. Even the voice that came from his own life vitality trembled as he asked, "You mean you want me to take up this holy spring?"

"That's right. It seems that I can't build my Rebirth Land. Come, if you will," Zen said, shrugging his shoulders.

Leland didn't know what the Rebirth Land meant. He only knew that Zen genuinely intended to give the holy spring to him.

For a while, he was unable to believe what was happening, but then he abruptly turned into a gust of wind and flew toward Zen.

When the others saw what Leland was doing, their eyes flashed with understanding and they sprang to action.

They didn't know what Leland had said to Zen, but they were confident that they could win Zen over too.

Some of them were much faster than Leland.

"Zen Luo, I have a third grade supreme treasure of belief at home. If you give me the holy spring, I will present the treasure to you in return. I will not retract my words. Believe me!"

"I have an amazing theurgy learned from my ancestors!"

These people were racking their brains to list the best things they had, trying their best to win Zen's favor.

When Leland heard these words, he was stunned.

He had nothing to offer Zen in exchange for the holy spring, so he stopped midway, afraid that Zen would change his mind and give the holy spring to someone else.

After the warriors had all finished speaking, Zen asked nonchalantly, "What are your treasures compared with the title of a Holy Being?"

One of them thought for a moment and replied, "They are nothing at all."

"So I'm not interested," Zen said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"But my supreme treasure of belief..."

"My..."

The group became anxious at once.

Who would be willing to give up such a good opportunity?

However, Zen's annoyance was rising. His face darkened, and a cold aura suddenly shot out from him. "I have given this holy spring to Leland. You all should leave. Otherwise, don't blame me for what happens next!"

Seeing that Zen was angry, the crowd went silent. They reluctantly left, casting longing glances at the holy spring.

Leland, on the other hand, felt very much indebted to Zen.

It had never occurred to him that the journey to the Abyss Demon Region could bring him the opportunity to be a Holy Being. In no time, his clan would join the powerful clans on the Floating Islands.

Without any hesitation, Leland rushed toward the holy spring, and Zen retreated.

However, Leland still had to face the test of the silver men. The moment he approached the holy spring, six silver men appeared in the pool just like before.

After Zen withdrew from the holy spring, he did not go to look for the maze.

After leaving the Abyss Demon Region, Sword Chen had been unable to use the force of primitive fear. With his current strength, he might not be able to go up against a group of Demi-holy Beings if they decided to besiege him. So, Zen intended to stay here until Sword Chen finished bathing in the holy spring.

Chapter 2918 The Maze

Occupying a holy spring was not an easy task.

In fact, it would not be easy for Sword Chen to rush into the spring even if there was nothing to interfere with him.

The stronger one was, the fiercer the holy spring's counterattack would be.

After four hours, he took a quick break and then resumed to attack the holy spring again.

Sword Chen was fortunate enough that no one dared to fight with him to compete for the holy spring, making him feel more relaxed.

Finally, after half a day of fighting, he passed the test of the holy spring.

All the fighting had hurt him badly, but after passing the test, he didn't mind the wounds at all.

To him, if he could make it and become a Holy Being, then all his efforts would not be in vain.

Meanwhile, cupping his hands joyfully at Zen, he walked towards the holy spring.

At that moment, the silver holy spring water suddenly poured out of the spring and started to wash his body.

While bathing in the holy spring, Zen noticed that the spring water couldn't penetrate his body, let alone enter his inner world.

However, this was a different case for Sword Chen as the silver water continuously merged into his body, flowing along his meridians and reuniting in his elixir field.

Not long after, he was transformed into a shiny "silver man."

Sword Chen shining with utmost luster attracted a lot of people's attention.

The holy spring water continued to gather, and a stream of silver water suddenly appeared on Sword Chen's head.

Whoosh!

Immediately, the silver water soared into the sky, which then vanished into thin air.

Meanwhile, a strong and sudden space fluctuation came from the divine land. Soon after, a thunder-like roar spread throughout the divine land.

This sound of thunder, however, resembled that of a collapsing universe.

But the people from the divine land had also made it clear that ever since the Mountain of Holy Beings had appeared, the sound could also mean that some Holy Being was creating their universe.

"Another warrior has become a Holy Being!"

"I wonder who it is this time."

"It's so fast that someone has become a Holy Being, much faster than the previous times. The Mountain of Holy Beings has not even been opened for one day, and yet that Holy Being's universe has already been built!"

Having felt the movement from their feet, the disciples in the Floating Islands were filled with envy. From that day forward, there would be another powerful clan that would rise above the Time Sea.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the divine land, Estelle raised her head and looked at the vast sky. Blinking her light brown eyes, she asked, "Who do you think has become a Holy Being?"

Thinking for a while, Holy Jay replied, "Zen, maybe."

Nodding, Estelle responded, "I hope that all of them can make it."

It would take a long time to construct a universe.

Crossing his legs, Sword Chen sat in the holy spring. The water continuously went into his elixir field, merging with his inner world and occasionally shooting from his head and into the sky.

On the other hand, in a certain sky of the divine land, a ball of silver light was rapidly expanding.

And this silver light was the core of the universe.

It took a long time for the core of the universe to mature, and that would take place after a Holy Being left the Mountain of Holy Beings. It usually took several thousand years for a Holy Being to consolidate their own cultivation.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Leland's test was also about to come to an end.

Sword Chen's big noise in becoming a Holy Being did not bother him at all, for it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and he should not screw it up.

With that, the fight for the remaining three holy springs also became very fiery.

Most of the weaker Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods had already withdrawn from the competition for the remaining three holy springs, but this didn't mean that they had really given up. If they had the chance, they would naturally seize the opportunity.

All the people who were left to contend for the three holy springs were elites among the Demi-holy Beings.

They not only had to be on guard against each other's sneak attack, but also had to face the test from the holy springs. With their progress naturally being very slow, it appeared that no one could make it in a short time.

Soon after, Leland finally passed the test of the holy spring and began to bathe in it.

Blinking his eyes, Zen looked towards the end of the plain. Lightly tapping his toes, he flew up, leaving the holy springs behind.

As soon as Zen left the place, some of the people in the area noticed what he was doing and cast a cunning and pitiful look at him.

"Aww, how could that be? Zen is so powerful and yet the holy spring doesn't approve him."

"What a pity that such a good opportunity is wasted!"

"He looks calm and indifferent. But I can tell that he must be pretending. Poor Zen. Deep inside, he must be crying."

Disappointed, Zen could not deny the sadness on his face that he was unable to become a Holy Being.

But after all, compared with the people from the divine land, he was a man of a broader outlook. And besides, No. 9527 didn't take this place seriously. So Zen wasn't that sad like the other people had assumed.

Ever since he entered the Mountain of Holy Beings, the Infinity Ruler in his mind kept on pointing to the end of the plain.

Zen didn't know how big this place was, so he flew in the direction that the Infinity Ruler directed him to. About an hour later, he finally saw silver mountains at the end of the plain.

Just like the entrance, there was also a valley at the end of the plain.

After entering the valley, Zen continued to go forward, but soon found that the valley was a dead end, and the entrance of a maze he imagined did not appear.

"How could this be? The Infinity Ruler led me to this place." Zen's brows creased slightly in confusion.

He moved a few steps, and the Infinity Ruler rolled lightly in his mind again. Afterwards, he looked at a silver mountain wall not far away.

The flickering light on the mountain wall was brighter than that on the surrounding walls. It was difficult to notice it without looking carefully.

"Is it here?"

Zen rushed towards the mountain wall without hesitation.

As soon as he came into contact with the mountain wall, silver light flashed in front of him and he was inside the mountain.

In front of him was a long and dark corridor.

"Wow, it is indeed the entrance of the maze." A helpless smile appeared on Zen's face.

The entrance to the maze had always been located in the Mountain of Holy Beings, and for so many divine eras, countless consummate True Gods and Demi-holy Beings had come into the Mountain of Holy Beings.

There must have been someone exploring the internal space of the Mountain of Holy Beings in curiosity, and someone must have found the valley that existed at the other end of the plain.

However, only Bromley had found the entrance to the maze. He must have entered the maze accidentally.

Observing the place for a short while, Zen continued to walk forward along the passageway of the maze.

After he turned two corners along the passageway, a familiar feeling came into being.

When he was at the end of the True Path, he passed through a similar maze which was created by Bromley. That maze was a copy of this one.

Back then, Bromley had walked through the maze for quite a while, but he found that he couldn't pass the maze, so he had no choice but to leave.

Zen, on the other hand, was different. Every time he took a turn in the maze, the Infinity Ruler in his mind would show him the right path. And if he faced two or three crossings, he could still make the right choice with the help of the Infinity Ruler.

After a couple of turns, Zen moved smoothly through the maze with the help of the Infinity Ruler.

Chapter 2919 An Approaching Flying Ship

The silence in the maze was deafening. Zen could not hear any other sounds aside from his own footsteps.

Zen initially started walking quickly. But after realizing how large the maze was, he lightly tapped the tip of his toe and flew away.

However, the terribly large maze was still beyond Zen's imagination. Even after travelling through it the entire day and night, he still could not see the exit.

The days seemed never ending inside the maze.

On the third day, Zen walked along a black passageway, hoping to reach the end. After turning a corner, he was surprised to notice that the passageway in front of him suddenly changed.

The walls on both sides of the passageway were shining with a colorful light.

"Er? The fragments of time?"

Zen couldn't help assuming, feeling an intense aura of the Time Law from the walls. It was exactly the same aura he felt from the Time Sea.

Tapping the fragments on the wall gently, he found nothing unusual.

However, as Zen continued to move forward, he faintly heard a soft breath near his ears.

Phew! Phew!

It appeared like someone was sleeping in the maze.

Moreover, the sound of breathing echoed in Zen's ears, making him think he was getting closer to this person's location.

Frowning slightly, Zen flew away along the passageway. He wanted to find out the source of the breathing.

After rushing tens of thousands of feet, he could still hear the breathing sound floating in his ears. It sounded like it was still by his side, even though he had already traveled so far.

Even with the strange feeling in his heart, he still bit the bullet and continued his way.

On the other hand, Emily sat on the top of the divine land and looked up at the vast chaos.

She had missed the days in the Source World a lot of times.

But after she had managed to flee from the prison, she got eaten up by depression.

After opening the barrier of the divine land, she should be able to return to the Source World. Looking afar, she wondered how the Rose Sect was doing right now.

If the leader of a sect went missing or dead, the sect members were expected to select a new leader.

If she returned to the Source World, the position of the sect leader would probably be lost.

But that was not something that made Emily worry. She was more concerned about her disciples and her clan members.

Gazing into the chaos, she saw a faint cyan light from a distance.

It was almost negligible from where she sat. However, the speed at which the cyan light was travelling stirred Emily's vigilance.

That thing was closing in too fast, and it was coming straight towards the divine land.

Standing up slowly, Emily called out a warning. "Something is coming!"

Seeing the cautious look on Emily's face, everyone was alerted.

There weren't many creatures wandering around in the chaos, but each of them was extremely powerful. Even a warrior at the Other Shore Realm had to be careful when facing them.

"How fast!" exclaimed Leopold, staring straight ahead.

A woman with black hair from the Snake Goddess race came to look as well. Stretching out her finger and putting it on her eyelid, she gently spit out a single word, "Reveal!"

One of her eyes flashed with a strange luster, while the other one started blinking. Soon, her face reflected a strange expression as she explained, "That's not a living creature."

"Then what is it?" Emily asked.

"A flying ship," the black-haired woman answered in a serious tone.

Everyone's expression changed slightly when they heard the words.

Flying ships were common in the Source World, but not in this place.

This was the place on the edge of chaos. Who would have been so bored to go to the edge of the chaos? Besides, the flying ship was very close to where they were. Judging by how it was swiftly moving, the people inside that ship must have marked the divine land as their target.

Walking over to where Emily was, Timotheus looked at her and asked, "What do you think?"

Shaking her head, Emily answered, "I don't know what their purpose is."

"No matter what that is, once they discover the divine land, the situation will be very troublesome," Timotheus commented with a frown.

Knowing the current situation of the Nine Li race, Timotheus and the others were certain they couldn't let anyone know about the existence of the divine land. Thus, Timotheus felt concerned. What if people from the Source World found about it?

Emily smiled faintly, "If their strength is ordinary, just let them come. It's not a big deal."

Timotheus nodded, confirming his agreement.

Lorena, Mike, Moon and the Holy Beings of the Sword Clan gathered together. Lorena was unable to hide her worried expression the entire time. "I don't know if Zen has succeeded in becoming a Holy Being."

On the other hand, Mike remained very calm. "As long as Zen is in the Mountain of Holy Beings, the biggest difficulty has been solved. It doesn't matter whether he can become a Holy Being or not, but..."

Remembering his prediction based on his Evolution Godly Way, he knew that there would be danger outside the divine land.

But there was nothing in the chaos except for them. He couldn't understand why his prediction suggested an upcoming danger.

All of a sudden, Timotheus approached and announced lightly, "We need to hide."

All the Holy Beings looked at him with a confused expression. "Why?" Lorena asked.

Cupping his hands, Timotheus faced Lorena and answered, "There is a flying ship coming towards the divine land. We can't tell if it's an enemy or a friend. You need to leave and stay away to be safe, Princess Lorena."

"A flying ship?" Lorena frowned upon hearing the news.

Mike's face darkened when he heard of this, realizing that it might have something to do with his prediction. Since it was not a good thing to have outsiders at this critical moment, he asked, "Where is it now?"

Timotheus pointed to afar, making everyone look in the same direction. They saw the cyan light approaching quickly.

"For your safety, Princess Lorena, please enter the small world I have prepared," Timotheus recommended.

However, Lorena declined, shaking her head mildly. "I won't go into the small world."

Timotheus tried to persuade her, but Lorena insisted on staying. In the end, he had to give up.

Though it was true that hiding in the small world, or their inner worlds, would guarantee their safety, they would know nothing about the outside world. In fact, it was not only Lorena who was reluctant to enter the small world, but also the other Holy Beings.

"If that will be the case, I'll have Ramzi make an array to hide us," said Timotheus.

The time flew slowly while they waited.

Four hours later, the Trumpet Flying Ship was very close to the divine land.

In front of Godfrey, a small jade plate floated in the air, and he was holding a light cyan crystal.

Known to contain an astonishing amount of energy, this crystal was so-called the divine crystal, and was widely used in the Source World.

After gently flipping the divine crystal, he placed it on the jade plate, allowing it to sink into the plate.

"The last divine crystal has been set," Godfrey reported.

"According to the Yellow Emperor Guards in the divine land, the Nine Li Guards are at the top of the divine land, but we haven't come across any of them yet," another Yellow Emperor Guard said.

Looking leisurely at the large divine land in front of him, Clement was in his best mood. In a light voice, he ordered, "First, activate the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. Then we will descend!"

Chapter 2920 Searching For Space Fluctuations

Following Clement's command, Godfrey gently pressed the jade plate in his hand.

A bright crescent appeared on the jade plate.

Soon after, an invisible wave spread out, covering a large area around them.

"The Slaughtering Moonlight Array has been activated," reported Godfrey.

Clement nodded leisurely. The flying ship floating in the sky slowly descended and finally landed on the peak point of the divine land.

Crack!

Clement jumped off the flying ship in relief and glanced around. The peak point of the divine land was actually flat, and everything within his sight was extremely desolate.

The Yellow Emperor Guard who jumped down right after him said, "The divine land is much larger than I imagined."

"Well, it's a world that Chiyou created, after all," Clement said flatly.

Then, he squatted down and lightly knocked on the ground.

After a few moments, he suddenly leaped up into the air, conjuring up a bright scarlet rune in his hand.

As he came back down, he slapped the scarlet rune hard on the ground.

Bang!

The moment the scarlet rune touched the ground, a ring of scarlet light spread out from the center of his palm with a dull buzzing noise.

The peak of the divine land trembled for a moment.

Buzz...

At that moment, a triangular shield quietly appeared on the surface of the divine land.

"What's this?" Clement asked, frowning and staring at the shield at his feet.

"What a powerful treasure! Master Clement, even you failed to break this with your full strength," Godfrey exclaimed. He couldn't believe his eyes.

The other Yellow Emperor Guards could sense the power of this shield, but they shook their heads in response to Clement's question. They didn't know the origin of this treasure either.

However, a relatively young Yellow Emperor Guard who was standing at the rear thought about it for a while before he said, "I heard that Chiyou had a supreme treasure—the Heavenly Mirror Shield. It is supposed to be in the shape of a triangle, and it is said that it can't be destroyed by any force in the world. Is this the Heavenly Mirror Shield?"

Clement looked at this Yellow Emperor Guard in surprise and asked, "Abbas, are you sure?"

The Yellow Emperor Guard named Abbas nodded. "This treasure is in the shape of a triangle, and we are in the world that Chiyou created. It can't just be a coincidence."

"No wonder Leyton said that we couldn't enter the divine land directly," Clement said with a frown. "He said that there was a barrier in the space channel too. I wonder if this barrier can block us."

After saying that, he took a casual step forward. As a trace of space wave materialized in front of him, he stepped into the space channel in an elegant manner.

Bang!

With a muffled sound, Clement staggered backward. He had been so confident that he had bumped into the space barrier without any precaution, making himself look awkward as he tried to regain his balance.

"Damn it! The space barrier!" he cursed angrily.

"It seems that it's not that easy to break through the space barrier of the divine land," said Abbas.

Clement took a deep breath to calm himself down, and then said, "Leyton said that it took them more than ten years to drill just a small crack in the space barrier. It will not be easy for us to break through the barrier in a short period of time. But those Nine Li Guards arrived here a long time ago. They must have been trying to break the space barrier day and night."

"If we can find them and kill them, we can just continue their work and break the space barrier. This will save us a lot of time," said Abbas. "The spot where they've been drilling must have strong space fluctuations. Although the uppermost part of the divine land is wide, it won't be difficult to find that spot."

Clement nodded approvingly and cast a satisfactory glance at Abbas.

Although Abbas was a mere one-star Yellow Emperor Guard whose cultivation base was the lowest among the group, he was the smartest one. Clement made a mental note to invest more resources in him and make him a powerful assistant in the future.

"What we need to do is just to observe the space fluctuation ahead. Let's go!"

The Yellow Emperor Guards returned to their flying ship. The ship maintained an alarmingly close distance from the surface of the divine land as it flew.

All the Yellow Emperor Guards released their spiritual senses as far as possible.

The further the spiritual senses spread, the slower they would be in reacting. However, since they were only trying to find space fluctuations, not people who were constantly on the move, the sensitivity of their spiritual senses was more than enough to do so.

Thirty thousand miles away, Ramzi had already set up an array.

It was called the Four-Spirit Hiding Array and it could hide everything from outsiders, including the breath of life and soul.

Even if someone stood face to face with them, they would not be able to sense the existence of anyone hiding inside the array.

The people of the Snake Goddess race, the Nine Li race, Lorena, and the Holy Beings of the divine land were all enveloped by the Four-Spirit Hiding Array.

"That flying ship is approaching us," Mike said, frowning.

"I don't know if they are enemies or friends. But if they are enemies, I will immediately enter the divine land," Vanessa said with a smile.

Moon rolled his eyes at her and said, "Since our Moon Clan has chosen this path, there is no reason for us to retreat just because we encounter difficulties. Although I might not be powerful enough, I will still try my best!"

Moon was very clear about the staggering amount of difference between a Holy Being and a warrior at the Other Shore Realm.

"They are coming this way! We'd better keep silent!" said a Holy Being of the Sword Clan.

Ramzi laughed. "My Four-Spirit Hiding Array can block everything, including sound. Whether they can discover us has nothing to do with the amount of noise we make. Even if you shout at them, they won't hear us."

But despite Ramzi's words, everyone couldn't help holding their breath when they saw the ship coming closer and closer.

It only took a moment for the Trumpet Flying Ship to cover a distance of 30, 000 miles at full speed.

Even though the Yellow Emperor Guards were driving the Trumpet Flying Ship slower than usual in order to observe the space fluctuations, they still arrived in less than half a minute.

Clement was sitting with his eyes closed as his spiritual sense spread out like thin threads, densely covering the entire area within a radius of thousands of miles.

Space in the chaos was the most stable, even more stable than it was in the Source World. Therefore, even the slightest trace of space fluctuation would be very eye-catching.

"Hm..."

Clement suddenly felt a faint space fluctuation, but it disappeared in a flash.

The moment he made a sound, Godfrey stopped the Trumpet Flying Ship. The others were trying to sense the space fluctuation too, but none of them had found anything.

"Master Clement, did you sense the space fluctuation?" asked Godfrey.

Clement looked to the left and pointed in that direction. "That way!"

"That way? I see nothing..."

"I didn't sense the space fluctuation either."

"Master Clement's spiritual sense is stronger than ours. Maybe he can see something we can't."

The Trumpet Flying Ship quickly turned and moved in the direction that Clement had pointed in.

When Ramzi saw the ship turn toward them, he clenched his fists, and a trace of tension finally appeared on his face.

Of course, they had already known that the space fluctuations were likely to reveal their position. But since they had worked so long to excavate the space barrier here, they couldn't give up. That was why Ramzi had specially set up another array to mask its position.

However, it was very difficult to completely cover up the space fluctuations.

Chapter 2921 A Surprise Attack

The Four-Spirit Hiding Array cast by Ramzi was able to hide the space fluctuation. However, slight fluctuations occasionally managed to escape from the array.

Ramzi could only hope that the people on the flying ship were so careless that they wouldn't notice the space fluctuation.

However, the flying ship paused and then flew towards them. He immediately realized that the warriors aboard had espied the fluctuation.

"They have sensed it. What should we do?" Ramzi asked.

"Let's see what their next move is," said Timotheus calmly.

He also had a bad feeling about what was happening, but he couldn't afford to panic because it would affect others.

Soon, the flying ship in the distance slowly approached. It flew past the Four-Spirit Hiding Array, almost touching it, and did not stop until it was one hundred feet away.

The Yellow Emperor Guards jumped down from the Trumpet Flying Ship.

"Looks like there is no space fluctuation..." One of the Yellow Emperor Guards looked around but did not sense any.

"That's impossible," spoke Clement flatly. "I felt the space fluctuation twice. It must be nearby. They must have used something to hide themselves so that the space fluctuation would seem faint..."

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly turned around and stared ahead. Just then, he felt another trace of space fluctuation.

Under the cover of the Four-Spirit Hiding Array, Emily quietly narrowed her eyes and whispered, "They must have noticed it."

"Where did they come from? I don't even know whether they are allies or enemies... If they are enemies, shall we take action first?" Leopold uttered coldly.

"They may be the Yellow Emperor Guards or helpers invited by the Yellow Emperor Guards in the divine land. For sure, they must be enemies," Emily responded.

Hearing Emily's judgment, Lorena blinked her eyes and asked, "How did you arrive at that conclusion?"

"Ramzi has hidden the space fluctuation very well. If the newcomers were the outsiders who didn't know anything about the divine land, they would probably try their best to break through the divine land immediately. If they failed to break the Heavenly Mirror Shield, they might probably, like us, try to break the space barrier. However, they are actually looking for the space fluctuation. Someone must have told them that we are breaking the space barrier, so they are looking for us!"

Just as Emily finished speaking, Clement stretched out and gently waved his hand. All at once, the array that Ramzi used for hiding the space barrier was broken. A strong space fluctuation spread out, forming a huge spiral floating up.

They could not stop digging the space barrier. As long as they stopped, the space barrier could quickly recover. Therefore, Timotheus and the others placed a treasure in the space barrier, letting it dig the space barrier for them.

"We found it! Wow! This hiding array is ingenious." A sneer appeared on Clement's face.

Abbas looked around and said, "Looks like they have sensed our arrival and have given up on this place."

"Master Clement, should we continue searching for those Nine Li Guards?" asked Godfrey.

Clement thought for a moment and shook his head. "They have been digging here for a long time, so it's not that easy for them to give up. We need to guard this place, and we can continue digging the space barrier. Once we break the space barrier, we will be able to enter the divine land before they do."

Although they had the Trumpet Flying Ship, the divine land was still too large. If the Nine Li Guards hid themselves on purpose, it would be difficult to find them.

However, it did not occur to Clement and Abbas that the subjects of their discussion did not go far and were instead hiding several hundred feet away...

The voices of Clement and his companions clearly carried over to the people hiding in the Four-Spirit Hiding Array. It was now evident to them that Clement and his men came here because of them.

"They are definitely Yellow Emperor Guards," Emily said with certainty.

"Since they came here for us, it doesn't matter whether they are Yellow Emperor Guards or not. We have the upper hand, thanks to Ramzi's array." Timotheus's eyes glinted with murderous intent.

With these words, Woodruff was filled with excitement. "Yes! Looks like we're going to fight."

"The strongest among them is the young man with grey hair. I can deal with him," Emily said, staring at Clement. "The rest of you can fight the others."

Emily was extremely decisive.

Clement's judgment was correct. They didn't need to look for Timotheus and the others; all they needed to do was to guard the space barrier.

Emily had also made the decision without hesitation.

Of course Clement wouldn't have expected that Emily and her team were going to kill them, so he gave the order leisurely, "Abbas, go into the space channel to check the situation. We should make haste to break the space barrier."

"Understood, Master Clement." Abbas nodded. As he was about to enter the space channel, the light of the Four-Spirit Hiding Array suddenly dimmed, and the aura hidden in it was instantaneously released.

As soon as Ramzi removed the Four-Spirit Hiding Array, colorful rings shot out from Emily's hand. The rings were interconnected from the largest to the smallest. At the front was an incomparably sharp spike.

Emily had sensed the young man with grey hair was extraordinary, so she spared no effort in trying to kill him.

The attack caught the Yellow Emperor Guards off-guard. They did not expect their quarry to be hiding close by all this time. When they felt the sudden raging aura, they were all stunned.

At that moment, Timotheus, Ramzi, Leopold, the rest of the Nine Li race and the Other Shore Realm warriors of the Snake Goddess race began to attack the Yellow Emperor Guards.

However, Clement was not an ordinary Other Shore Realm warrior. The moment he felt the aura, his eyes emitted a sharp light. He reached out his hand, and with a slight tap, a blood rune shot out into the air.

Boom!

When the blood rune exploded, it turned into a mass of black and red blood that blocked Emily's spike attack.

Swoosh!

The sharp spike speeding toward Clement immediately got sucked into the blood.

Then, the sharp spike and the colorful rings behind it weakened, losing their original speed and power. Clement quickly grabbed the weapons.

Clement easily foiled Emily's attack and defended himself against his enemy. However, the other Yellow Emperor Guards weren't so lucky.

The moment Timotheus made his appearance, he stealthily sneaked beside one of the Yellow Emperor Guards. In one sharp movement, he twisted his opponent's neck with his large hands.

By the time the Yellow Emperor Guard realized what happened to him, it was already too late. As Timotheus's hands flashed with a golden light, the half of the Yellow Emperor Guard's body had already turned into dust, and the warrior perished.

Ramzi, Leopold and the women of the Snake Goddess race joined hands and killed two other Yellow Emperor Guards.

After a short time, three Yellow Emperor Guards were killed. The other Yellow Emperor Guards quickly moved away.

Clement held his ground. His face a portrait of calm, he said sardonically, "I applaud your daring. What a surprise to find out that you've been hiding so close all along."

Chapter 2922 A Drop Of Blood

Emily's face slightly darkened.

She had used her full strength with that attack. Unexpectedly, Clement effortlessly resisted it.

He was probably stronger than her, but she couldn't stop now. She had already started this.

She had no choice but to fight, more so since this was a life-or-death battle. There was no turning back.

As soon as Clement finished speaking, she moved swiftly and disappeared from the spot. At the same time, she sent a message through her life vitality, "Timotheus, let's kill him together!"

A few moments later, she re-appeared beside Clement.

Clement was startled when he was engulfed by a colorful halo. It never occurred to him that Emily could use the colorful halo to trap him.

The space within the colorful halo had grown thick, and it became difficult to move. He struggled to escape with the Grand Teleportation but failed.

Timotheus took this time to move as well. A strong aura surged through his body. He jumped up, a golden hammer and a long golden awl in each hand. As he flew over Clement's head, a huge golden shadow appeared behind him. The shadow was like the legendary evil god. It released terrifying power and reeked of murderous aura.

Timotheus pointed the long golden awl to Clement, his face shadowed. He knocked it hard with the golden hammer in his right hand.

Dong!

The shadow emitted a vast amount of power, and this power gathered on the awl. It shot toward Clement, who was still struggling inside the halo.

This attack from Timotheus was so oppressive that even Emily, who had trapped Clement in the colorful halo, had to retreat. However, she didn't remove the colorful light halo. If she did that, Clement would easily use the Grand Teleportation to escape.

Whoosh!

The long golden awl turned into a dazzling golden light and shot towards Clement.

Although Timotheus and his group had successfully trapped him and killed three Yellow Emperor Guards, Clement still didn't take them seriously.

He had such a high opinion of himself. Since he joined the Sky Guard Pavilion, he had never taken the ordinary warriors at the Other Shore Realm seriously. He was truly confident this time, and he thought that he was well-prepared.

But he didn't expect his opponents to be this hungry for victory. They fought desperately, even from the very beginning.

He became angry and red-faced, ashamed that he was caught off-guard.

"Since you have a death wish, I'll give you what you want!"

After he said that, surprisingly, Clement stood still. His posture was relaxed, and he let the long golden awl hit him.

As the awl stabbed into his forehead, a drop of blood ejected from between his eyebrows.

When the awl met the blood, a metallic sound was heard. To everyone's surprise, the blood blocked Timotheus' deadly strike!

Boom!

Suddenly, a blood-red ball hidden on top of Clement's head broke open.

As the ball broke, Timotheus and Emily became ashen-faced. Their plan had failed, and it looked like Clement had something more powerful up his sleeve.

"The Latent Theurgy!"

The Latent Theurgy was commonly seen in the Source World. However, there was a huge gap between the powers it released. Its power depended heavily on the people that used it.

Just now, Clement displayed the Latent Theurgy and blocked Timotheus' all-out attack with a single drop of blood. It was incredible.

"Impressive.

You forced me to use the Latent Theurgy with only one blow!

This drop of Ethereal Spirit Blood is so precious to me. I wasn't planning on using it today."

The drop of blood released by the Latent Theurgy floated around Clement. It stopped right on his fingertip. It was difficult to imagine the terrible power it contained.

"Ethereal Spirit Blood?"

"He has a drop of Ethereal Spirit Blood?!"

Shock registered on Emily's and Timotheus' faces.

The Ethereal Spirit Blood was extremely rare in the Source World. Even the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm like Emily and Timotheus would find it extremely difficult to obtain even just a drop of it.

Someone was willing to give Clement the Latent Theurgy that was made from the Ethereal Spirit Blood. This meant that Clement's status was beyond their imagination. Either he was a very important person among the Yellow Emperor Guards, or he came from a very prominent family.

"Now that this drop of blood has been forced out, I will use it on you."

As Clement spoke, his voice was eerily calm. The drop of blood quietly extended in his hand and quickly grew. A mass of blood emerged and turned into a palm-sized ball, in which there was a row of sharp tusks.

"Kill him."

As he spoke, he gracefully pointed at Timotheus, and the blood ball rushed toward him. Then, Clement leisurely turned around, and a blood rune appeared. This blood rune turned into a blood sword in the blink of an eye, and with a flash, it appeared beside Emily and slashed at her head.

Clank!

Emily stretched out her fingers, and a colorful halo spread to block the chop of the blood sword.

However, it seemed that the blood sword could weaken anything. The moment it touched the colorful halo, the light of the halo dimmed.

Clement launched the second strike with no mercy, and Emily could only spread another colorful halo.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

After a few strikes, Clement still looked relaxed, but Emily was gasping for breath.

"I wonder why the Snake Goddess race works with the Nine Li race," Clement said while he was suppressing Emily.

He enjoyed the feeling of control that he had over the situation.

According to his plan, he would meet the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm outside the divine land. There, he would find out where they came from and which side they were on before he fought them. However, they did not give him the chance, which made him feel upset.

"What does it have to do with you?" Emily answered coldly.

She turned her hands slightly, and two colorful halos appeared at the same time. One of them blocked Clement's blood sword, and the other headed straight for Clement.

Clank! Clank!

Clement turned the blood sword around with his hand, and the blade of the sword passed the two colorful halos at the same time.

Right after he broke the halos, he smiled menacingly and stabbed toward Emily's chest. His actions were as smooth as water. "If you promise not to work with the Nine Li race, I'll spare the lives of your race. What do you think?"

The Snake Goddess race and the Bear race weren't enemies to each other in the Source World. Without a doubt, Clement had made a good offer.

But Emily knew clearly whom she should give her love and loyalty, and it wasn't to him. Since Zen had helped her once, she wouldn't fail him now. She shook her head and said, "Bad idea!" As she spoke, she swiftly tilted her body and avoided Clement's blood sword, a charming smile on her face.

Her body grew in an instant, and her white and petite fist turned into a huge fist. It was about a hundred feet high, and it easily smashed Clement.

The sudden burst of the Wild God Power was far beyond imagination. Clement was sent flying like a broken sack.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2923 The Power Of Moonlight

Clement had his back flat on the ground and his eyes towards Emily who was hovering over him. To Clement's surprise, she had transformed into a giant.

"Is that the body of a Wild God?"

Clement was sure of what it was. It was almost unbelievable for him, except he knew that Emily had the strength to transform into a giant in such a short period of time.

As far as he knew, the Ancient God Cultivation Method had completely disappeared from the Source World. And so it shocked him to witness it again in the divine land.

As soon as Emily had activated the body of Wild God, she immediately launched an attack. She towered over Clement who was looking like a tiny ant for her. She simply held her finger towards Clement, allowed it to emit circles of colorful light and, with great force, pressed Clement with it.

Unless Clement found a way to magically escape Emily's giant finger, he was as good as dead. In a moment of desperation, two blood runes suddenly emerged from his eyes.

In an instant, the power of the two runes covered Clement and his entire body was now covered in blood!

Bang!

The ground beneath them vibrated against the impact of Emily's huge finger. As it did, the Heavenly Mirror Shield appeared on the surface of the divine land.

The Heavenly Mirror Shield protected the divine land from the wrath of Emily's force. Otherwise, the divine land would have been shattered into pieces.

Any other powerful warrior of the Other Shore Realm would have had turned into a pool of blood with Emily's attack.

But Clement still had something up his sleeve. Instead of letting himself be shattered, he gave up his life force and turned himself into a corpse. This way, he turned into a dead man but with an almost invincible corpse.

Using this power came with many risks, of course. Each time he would use it, he had to actually kill himself and only a secret method could be used to bring himself back to life. He didn't use it unless he was desperate.

As Emily lifted her finger, she was astonished to see Clement's body in full form. She lifted her palm and, with all the rage she had, motioned towards Clement. Colorful lights covered her palm as she slapped with full force.

Bang!

Bang!

Boom!

Clement's corpse rolled on the ground and would occasionally become as thin as a sheet of paper under Emily's attack. His bones, meridians, and viscera were crushed under Emily's palm.

But, the moment Emily lifted her hand, his body would recover and remain whole.

"How dare you! Damn, woman! I'll show you..."

Bang!

Before Clement could finish his sentence, he was attacked by Emily's palm again.

As soon as his body recovered, he shouted, "Godfrey! What the hell are you doing now?"

The Yellow Emperor Guards, Nine Li Guards, and Snake Goddess race were fighting in a battle. Meanwhile, Godfrey was entangled by Lorena, Mike, Moon and other Holy Beings.

However, the gap of strength between a Holy Being and an Other Shore Realm warrior was too large. Although Godfrey's strength was only slightly stronger than Abbas's and ranked second to last among the Yellow Emperor Guards, he alone was enough to counter with all the Holy Beings! In the battle, he had managed to kill Marsh, the Holy Being from the Sword Clan.

"Fiery Soul Attack!"

Vanessa used a secret technique to launch a soul attack at Godfrey, making her eyes glow a fiery light.

The attack was strong. Any Holy Being would have been defeated, but Godfrey was not. He merely let out a triumphant laugh.

He was about to tease Vanessa when he heard Clement's furious roar in the distance. He turned to look at where it came from and was shocked to see Clement lying on the ground like a corpse. Godfrey's eyes widened as he realized Emily, who had assumed the form of a giant, was pressing Clement against the ground.

Godfrey left the scene abruptly and raised the jade plate in his hand.

Buzz!

The jade plate trembled and crescent moons appeared in the sky above the divine land one by one.

The crescent moons formed the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. The array was arranged by him as soon as they arrived at the surface of the divine land. Finally, the array revealed itself to everyone.

With the help of the divine crystals' power, the Slaughtering Moonlight Array covered an area of tens of thousands of miles.

Everyone felt the power of the crescent moons. Everyone raised their heads in acknowledgment. Even Emily was forced to stop the attacks and look at the sky.

"The Slaughtering Moonlight Array! They brought the powerful array with them!" Ramzi shouted in astonishment.

Ramzi was proficient in the runic arrays and had studied every array in the Source World. He knew that the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, while not the most powerful, was incredibly well-known in the Source World.

People from the Nine Li race and the Snake Goddess race looked at Ramzi in surprise.

"Shift the core of the array to me!" Clement commanded.

Godfrey spun the jade plate and all the crescent moons followed. They rotated in the sky and the beams of bright moonlight shot towards Clement.

A blood rune in Clement's hand broke apart and quickly turned into a blood sword. The surface of the sword shone with a layer of silver light as it reflected the moonlight. Clement grinned and glared at Emily with piercing stares as he slashed the sword at her.

As soon as he moved, the crescent moons flashed with a silver light.

Emily had no time to react. She tried to dodge but was already too late.

Next thing she knew, there was a violent tearing pain in her arm. As she glanced over, her right arm had been cut off from her body. As soon as the arm dropped to the ground, it shrunk to its original size. Blood spilled out from her amputated shoulder like a waterfall.

"Let's see if you can dodge this," Clement teased with a laugh. Once more, he felt invincible.

Just as Clement raised his silver sword, a figure clad in green rushed out from the side. It was an Other Shore Realm warrior from the Snake Goddess race.

"Isla! No!"

Emily exclaimed as she saw the woman in green.

Clement sneered and waved the silver sword once more. He wasn't aiming at Isla, but she was blocking his way, and so her body was torn apart from the middle and blood splashed all over the ground.

Isla and Emily were incredibly close. Isla had been shadowing Emily for countless years. Emily was devastated at the sight of Isla's broken body.

"Don't be sad. You'll join her soon," Clement said with a chuckle as he raised the silver sword up high.

With the power of the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, he now had everything under his control.

Ramzi gnashed his teeth at the sight of Clement. He took out a yellow talisman, patted it, and spurted a mouthful of blood.

Hiss!

His blood stained the talisman. It burned and erupted into flames. The flames flew towards the crescent moons in the sky.

At the same time, Clement slashed his sword at Emily.

Chapter 2924 Laughter In The Passageway

As Clement waved the silver blood sword gently, a silver moonlight suddenly appeared not far from Emily.

It was the silver moonlight that had cut off one of her arms and cut Isla in half.

However, against Clement's expectations, the silver moonlight only flashed for a second before it disappeared without a trace. It was so fast that it was impossible to perceive the power within it.

'What?'

Clement frowned. He carefully observed their surroundings and noticed Ramzi in the distance.

"I'm surprised to see someone among you is proficient in arrays. You can counteract the Slaughtering Moonlight! You are quite good," Clement said indifferently.

Ramzi ignored Clement's praise. He shouted, "Everyone, leave this place as soon as possible, or you will only get killed. P—" He cut himself off, aware that he had said too much. He almost revealed Lorena's identity. It would've been troublesome if they found out she was their princess. He then said, "People from the divine land! Return to the divine land and hide for a while!"

Holy Beings and Lorena would not be rejected by the divine land, so they could enter and leave as they desired.

Vanessa hurried towards the divine land almost without any hesitation when she heard that. She had mentioned earlier that if the opponents were too strong, she would retreat to the divine land immediately. After all, the gap between their strength and the Other Shore Realm warriors' was too great.

However, just as she employed the Grand Teleportation and built a space channel, a pool of silver moonlight suddenly spread out on the ground beneath her feet, blocking the space channel she had built.

"Even the space channel is blocked?"

Lorena, Mike, and the others frowned. They had no way to retreat.

At the sight of this, Godfrey chuckled. "You're stuck here, and you still want to run? How naive of you!"

The arrangement of the crescent moons in the sky was a little messy.

The burning talisman was still disturbing the entire array, but Ramzi was sure that it wouldn't last long. Once the Slaughtering Moonlight Array was restored to normal, everyone would probably be killed by Clement.

In the Mountain of Holy Beings, the breathing sound kept resounding in Zen's ears. As he continued to move forward in the maze, it grew louder and louder.

He had been hearing it for hours now.

Somehow, he had gradually gotten used to it.

The time fragments he saw grew slimmer as he traveled deeper into the slender and long alleys of the maze. The surrounding space had become dense and humid.

These fragments appeared as soft as mud. He reached out his hand in curiosity, and a sharp pain assaulted his fingertips. The pieces were like the seawater in the Time Sea that could cut anything that touched it. However, Zen's body was far stronger than a Holy Being's. He wasn't afraid of falling into the Time Sea, so he was not afraid of these soft fragments either.

'Maybe this is the seawater of the Time Sea. It has been solidified over time, ' Zen mused.

He was amazed that time could turn into something tangible like this.

Not long after, something else Zen saw confirmed his conjecture. The time fragments on the walls of the maze grew softer and softer. They eventually turned into the colorful seawater that was usually seen in Time Sea. However, the seawater seemed to completely ignore the rules of gravity. It had completely integrated into the wall and slowly flowed through it.

With the guidance of the Infinity Ruler, Zen went on for another five minutes, before he came upon an even stranger scene.

The Time Sea on the walls took another form. The fragments disappeared and were replaced by colorful walls as if someone had painted a rainbow on the walls. Only, this rainbow was slowly fluctuating.

'This is a complete space-time.' Zen marveled at the walls.

The reason why the Time Sea was extremely dangerous, was that it was full of fragments of time. However, the complete space-time was different.

The walls stood for complete space-times, so Zen was supposed to be able to freely enter and leave the space, just as how he had entered the world in the jade seal when he had been in the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Nonetheless, Zen blinked and decided to be discreet.

He didn't know where the complete space-times led to.

It would be a bigger trouble if he couldn't get back. 'I'd better follow the guidance of the Infinity Ruler, ' he thought.

Earlier, he had been surrounded by rhythmic breathing. Now, it had abruptly changed into childish laughter!

Soon after, a loud echo resounded from ahead. Zen sensed an astonishing fit of Time Law coming from the depths of the passageway. A colorful spiral occupied the entire passageway, headed straight for him.

As he realized the amazing power in this spiral, amazement flashed in Zen's eyes. There was a trace of fear as well.

'What's this?'

Zen eyed his surroundings. His first instinct was to dodge immediately.

However, both walls of the passageway were filled with complete space-times, and the huge spiral completely blocked the passageway. To escape, he would have to enter a space-time.

The spiral was already in front of Zen. His gaze froze for a second, but he didn't enter a space-time.

He didn't know what kind of world was inside these space-times, so he avoided them. He used the power of the Time Jade Seal to do this.

As the colorful spiral crushed Zen's physical body, he wiped out the time. This left him standing in his original place as if nothing had happened.

He accelerated his speed, but he had not reached far when the cackling laughter returned. At the same time, a rumbling sound rang again in the depths of the passageway. It sounded like another swirling power was rushing toward him.

'I'm afraid I'm in big trouble this time...' A wry smile appeared on Zen's face.

There was a limit in the use of the Time Jade Seal. He could only use it three times in a short period, or else, the huge bugs hidden in the world would become disobedient.

No matter how greedy the bugs were, they didn't want to eat if they were full. Although the number of the giant bugs was large, every time the jade seal was used, they were eating the entire world's time. So, there was no problem feeding them, regardless of the brevity of the process.

When they had devoured time several times in a row, they couldn't consume more.

But Zen had no other choice. Once again, he used the Time Jade Seal to avoid the spiral.

Out of the blue, the cackling laughter came back, just as he dodged for a second time.

Rumble!

The third spiral was on its way!

Zen clenched his right hand tightly. The Time Jade Seal could be used again, but he hesitated. This would be his last chance.

Chapter 2925 The End Of The Passageway

Zen had no idea how deep this passageway was, but he reckoned that he might have already reached the core area of the maze.

The spirals were surging toward him one after another from the path ahead. Even if he managed to dodge the spiral right in front of him, he would fail to avoid the next one.

In such a situation, the Time Jade Seal proved to be essential. Without it, Zen might have died many times.

Or, in other words, in the countless periods of time that he had erased with the Time Jade Seal, he had already been killed.

Now, he could only use the power of the Time Jade Seal once more in the near future, so he couldn't waste it casually.

As the next spiral surged toward him, Zen suddenly turned to his right and entered the space-time on the wall of the passageway.

The moment he stepped into the space, he felt like he had entered a different world altogether. This experience was nothing like how he had felt after entering the world inside the Time Jade Seal. A strong gust of wind blew on his face, carrying many grains of sand with it.

These grains of sand were actually colorful particles, each of which contained astonishing cutting power. When they hit Zen, his face contorted in pain.

He immediately brought his hands up to his face to protect himself. Then, he looked closely and discovered that he was in some sort of small desert formed by countless colorful grains of sand.

"The sand..."

He slowly crouched down and reached out to touch the sand. He immediately felt a sharp pain in his fingertips, like they had been pricked.

If he had not had a strong and sturdy body, he might have been hurt by these strange grains of sand.

'What is this weird place?' Zen wondered.

Just then, he heard a loud cry from the middle of the desert. The sound seemed to be coming from a baby.

As soon as Zen heard it, he associated it with the laughter and the breathing he had heard in the passageway. If there was really a baby in the desert, it was probably the same one that had been in the maze too.

Whoosh!

Zen leaped up and saw an astonishing scene in front of him.

In the middle of the desert was a low basin surrounded by a circular sand dune. There was a golden cross hovering in the air, beneath which a faint shadow of a baby could be seen.

The shadow of the baby emitted a powerful aura as it tried hard to fully materialize itself.

However, the sand rose up into colorful tornados and promptly swept away the shadow.

This chain of events kept repeating as if on loop. Every time the baby's body was about to materialize, the colorful tornados would roll towards it, immediately tearing its shadow into pieces.

"Waah!" came the baby's cry every time it disappeared.

However, it kept stubbornly putting itself together again while sobbing.

The speed at which it was materializing was getting faster and faster, while the speed of the colorful tornados was getting slower and slower.

"If it goes on like this, the baby will be able to completely materialize sooner or later," Zen commented as he watched the scene from midair.

Just as he had predicted, it wasn't long before the baby's shadow began to take on a solid shape. He could almost see its smooth skin. The golden cross floating above the baby's head slowly descended, almost touching its forehead.

But at this moment, a large crack suddenly appeared in the dark sky right above the basin. And from that crack, water from the Time Sea poured down like a heavy rain.

Most of the water hit the baby's body and completely destroyed it, while the extra water permeated into the desert sand.

Although the baby's shadow was destroyed, the cross above it did not disappear; instead, it remained floating in the center of the basin.

Zen was planning to observe the scene for a while longer, but the colorful tornados around the basin seemed to have discovered him, and they flew toward him at an incredible speed.

Although Zen was not afraid of the sand that was transformed by time, getting caught in the tornados would be a disaster.

Shocked, he quickly descended from the air without hesitation.

He was only a few inches away from the wall from which he had entered this space. The moment he passed through it, he found himself back in the passageway.

Zen took a deep breath of relief.

He gathered that the scene in the desert was a real story. But what did it all mean? Why was there a baby, and why had the water from the Time Sea rained down to destroy it?

Shortly after Zen returned to the passageway, he heard the strange giggle once again.

Bang!

From the depths of the passageway, another spiral suddenly flew straight toward him.

Since he knew that he could freely enter the space-time walls on both sides of the passageway, Zen didn't panic anymore.

This time, he deliberately chose the wall on his left to see what was happening in this specific space.

To his surprise, everything here was exactly the same as it had been in the space in the wall to his right. As soon as he entered, a gust of wind carrying colorful sand blew toward him. It was the same small desert, the same circular sand dune, the same golden cross above the basin, and the same shadow of a baby.

The scene that Zen had seen a few moments before played out in front of his eyes once again. The baby struggled and cried as it was swept away by the colorful tornados.

"Could it be the same space and the same period of time?"

Zen wondered. But when he observed the movement of the struggling baby's shadow, he immediately rejected his own guess.

Although it was the same shadow, the way the baby was struggling was completely different from before. This meant that this event must have happened more than once in the desert.

After struggling for a while, the baby's shadow was about to materialize completely. Zen subconsciously looked up at the dark sky above, knowing what was about to happen.

Just as he had guessed, a huge crack appeared in the sky. Water from the Time Sea fell from the sky and poured down on the baby.

Zen shook his head and returned to the passageway.

For the time being, he didn't know what this meant, but it didn't matter. The important thing was that he could use the space-times on both sides of the passageway to dodge the spirals, so he could still move forward following the instruction of the Infinity Ruler.

"Heh heh…"

As Zen moved along the passageway, the baby's laughter continued to sound in his ears.

When he encountered the spirals again, he unhurriedly entered the space-times on the walls. Once the spirals were gone, he once again returned to the passageway.

As he continued to move forward, Zen became more and more proficient in traveling between different spaces.

Although the baby's eerie laughter became increasingly frequent and more and more spirals came from the end of the passageway, they didn't affect Zen's speed.

As for the scene playing out in the spaces on both sides of the passageway, Zen couldn't be bothered to observe it again and again, because he had realized that it was almost the same every time.

An hour later, Zen suddenly heard a whistling sound coming from ahead.

As soon as he heard the whistling sound, a single colorful grain of sand was blown out from the end of the passageway and brushed past Zen's face. He immediately felt as if someone had cut his face with a sharp knife.

Was this passageway leading to the desert? Such an idea suddenly popped into Zen's mind.

Chapter 2926 Original Will

As Zen turned the corner of the passageway, he finally saw what awaited him at the end.

As he had expected, the passageway led to a desert made of colorful sand.

A gust of strong wind blew a thin layer of colorful sand into the passageway.

Without hesitation, Zen walked straight toward the desert. It was exactly the same as what he had seen in the space-times on both sides of the passageway.

But he clearly knew that those spaces had been windows into the past; the desert in front of him was the one that existed in the present.

The main difference he noticed was that the wind in this desert seemed to be much milder, and the tornadoes had disappeared altogether. Zen swept his eyes around for more clues and found that the sand dune in the center of the desert had collapsed.

'Did the baby manage to materialize and climb out of the basin?' Zen wondered, a trace of anxiety gripping him.

As if on cue, a chuckle rang out again. As he walked forward, Zen finally saw a gigantic baby on the other side of the sand dune.

The baby was playing with the sand on the ground, and the cross that had been hovering above the basin had landed on its head.

The baby inserted its hands into the sand and gently kneaded it before throwing the fistful of sand at Zen.

As this fistful of sand flew in the air, it turned into a colorful spiral.

Whoosh!

Fortunately, the spiral wasn't coming at Zen at full speed. He gently twisted his body and avoided the spiral.

The baby didn't seem to care at all and continued to giggle with an innocent look on its face.

Once again, it gathered the sand in its hands and threw it at Zen, and once again, Zen dodged the spiral.

As he moved, he suddenly found that the Infinity Ruler in his mind had turned in the opposite direction.

Now, the Infinity Ruler was pointing to the baby instead of some part of the maze.

'Is the Infinity Ruler guiding me toward the baby?' Zen wondered in confusion. His eyes twitched as he struggled to understand what this baby's existence meant.

As he was pondering over this, the baby suddenly got up on its feet and stood at a height of almost 400 feet.

Then, it ran toward Zen like a tower!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

As the baby ran, Zen felt a great rush of pressure approaching him.

Not knowing the baby's intentions, he immediately stepped back. The baby was not slow by any means, but fortunately, it was still slow enough for Zen to avoid.

But the moment he stepped back, the baby suddenly let out a cry of anguish.

"Waah..."

The cry contained a trace of anger, as if the baby was wondering why Zen refused to play with it.

The loud sound made Zen's body tremble unwillingly, and he felt as if there was a bell ringing in his ears. The baby's cry, which seemed to be akin to a magic spell, took away his ability to move. He could only watch helplessly as the baby ran over to him.

At this moment, he heard No. 9527's voice in his mind. "Don't you see? This baby is an original will. It wants to devour you."

"An original will? And it wants to devour me?!" Zen was slightly stunned.

The entire way, while he had been observing the changes in the passageway, No. 9527 had been making its own observations as well.

At first, No. 9527 had also been a bit puzzled by the scenes in the spaces on the walls of the passageway. However, after Zen had arrived at this desert at the end of the passageway, realization had set in.

"The truth is, when I followed you to the divine land, I couldn't figure out how the divine land managed to maintain its purity," No. 9527 said casually.

"Maintain its purity? What do you mean? Tell me quickly! That baby is rushing over," Zen said anxiously.

The baby looked innocent, but who knew what it was capable of?

Anyway, it was able to take away Zen's ability to move just by crying. If the time to fight came, Zen didn't know if he would be able to deal with the baby.

However, No. 9527 didn't seem to be in a hurry at all. "Don't panic. The original will is very simple and innocent. It doesn't have any strategies or ulterior motives. At most, it will just devour you and inherit your will."

"You think me being devoured is not a big deal?" Zen asked incredulously. He didn't know whether to cry or laugh in his heart, but the expression on his face remained blank. He now realized that he couldn't even control his facial muscles. "Are you telling me that this baby is the will of the divine land? I can't believe this!"

In fact, Zen had also pondered about the original will of the divine land. After all, the Evolutionary Universe also had its own will, but its will was controllable. However, he had never seen something similar in the divine land.

"Yes," No. 9527 said. "Generally speaking, when one creates a world and the world leaves their hands, it will have a will of its own. This is inevitable in the Grand World Cultivation Method. Since the divine land has been out of Chiyou's hands for such a long time, it should have had its own will all along. But it seems that Chiyou took advantage of the Time Sea to constantly suppress the divine land's own will. What you saw in the space-times on both walls of the passageway is how the divine land's will had been suppressed until now."

For countless years, this process had been repeated over and over again.

Every time the original will was condensed, the water of the Time Sea would pour down and tear it into pieces, restarting the process.

"But why has the divine land's will finally condensed now?" Zen asked.

No. 9527 shook its head. "I don't know. But it's obvious that the will has just been formed. It can't be long since it happened. There might have been an omission in a session. Or maybe the person who was responsible for overseeing the suppression of the original will died."

No. 9527's speculation was actually very close to the truth.

The person who was responsible for the suppression of the original will of the divine land was the leader of the Sun Blind race. Ever since she had taken over the Time Sea Forbidden Land, this had become her mission.

However, when she had learned that the Mountain of Holy Beings had appeared in advance, she had known that the Infinity Ruler had been activated and that her mission had come to an end. In order to avoid being threatened or put in a tough spot, she had ended her life very decisively.

"Anyway, it doesn't matter. The biggest problem now is how to deal with this baby," Zen said in his mind.

"Well...it's actually not a problem. This original will is very pure. It has just been born, so it doesn't have any thoughts or intentions of its own; that's why it has taken a baby's form. Even if the baby devours you, your memories will quickly affect it, and then it will become you. So it wouldn't matter even if you were devoured," No. 9527 said with a laugh.

"What? Are you kidding me? I don't want to be devoured!" Zen shouted in his mind.

Deep in his heart, he knew that No. 9527's words were reasonable. Even if he was swallowed by the baby, he would still be Zen, and the baby would be affected by his chaotic memories and eventually turn into him.

And yet, Zen felt a huge resistance to the concept of letting himself be swallowed by the baby.

Chapter 2927 Devour The Original Will

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The baby ran over to Zen, leaving huge footprints on the desert sand.

Although it looked adorable and innocent, Zen couldn't help but shiver as it approached him.

"Well, if you really don't want to be devoured by the baby, I can help you. To be honest, if we came here even two years after the original will was born, I wouldn't be able to do anything. Luckily for you, dealing with the original will in its infancy is a piece of cake for me," said No. 9527.

"You can resist the original will?" Zen asked curiously.

"How could that be possible? This is the will of the divine land. Even though it has just been born, it is impossible for me to contend against it. I am only going to guide it," No. 9527 said.

This only confused Zen further. "Guide it? How?"

"I will let it devour me, of course."

As soon as No. 9527 said these words, a pale green soul floated out from Zen's chest.

This soul was, in fact, only a small part of No. 9527, but it contained enough of its essence and its memories to do the job.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The baby was now only a few hundred feet away from Zen. The original will did not actually have a body. This was just the form it had taken.

In this form, it was extremely sensitive to soul power, so No. 9527's soul quickly attracted its attention.

Whoosh!

No. 9527's soul turned out to be very cooperative. After swirling around in the air for a while, it flew into the baby's mouth, and just like that, the baby swallowed the pale green soul.

The baby smacked its lips and looked at Zen hungrily. The soul was rather tasty and the baby wanted more.

However, just as it took a step toward Zen, its huge body suddenly trembled, and a trace of green gradually appeared in its originally pure eyes. Slowly, it swaggered toward Zen.

Realizing that he could move his body again, Zen asked in surprise, "What on earth did you do to the baby?"

It seemed that No. 9527 had successfully tamed the baby.

"It's simple. It swallowed part of my soul, so now, the original will is contaminated by me. However, there is only one will in the soul that it swallowed, and that is to let you devour it," No. 9527 explained indifferently.

When Zen heard this answer, he was speechless. Could the original will of the divine land be tamed that easily? He couldn't believe it.

No. 9527 understood what Zen was thinking and disdainfully explained, "I told you that you could just let the original will devour you. In the end, it would have still been you who survived. I just used another way, but the result will be the same."

Zen pursed his lips. No matter what No. 9527 said, he couldn't imagine allowing the baby to devour him.

As the baby got closer and closer, its body began to shrink rapidly. At last, it turned into the size of a palm and flew toward Zen.

Zen was still on high alert. Only after the original will entered his mind and showed no intention of attacking did he finally heave a sigh of relief. He was now sure that the original will had indeed intended to let itself be devoured by him. Zen no longer hesitated to suck it into his soul.

Fusing two different souls was an arduous task. Even if one managed to integrate another soul with theirs, there would be a big problem. There was always the risk that the foreign soul would try to expel or even crush the original soul into pieces. As the saying went, one country could not have two queens.

However, apart from the will of the fragment of No. 9527's soul, there were no other thoughts in the original will. It was very pure, so it was not difficult for Zen to devour it.

Nevertheless, devouring the original will of the divine land was not a task that could be completed instantly. After all, the divine land was large and powerful, and so was its will.

Four hours later, a cross quietly appeared in the space between Zen's eyebrows. Then, it disappeared, buried in his forehead.

Buzz...

As Zen opened his eyes, the Mountain of Holy Beings, which had been floating steadily in the air, shook violently.

Zen looked at his hands and then glanced at the world around him. He immediately felt like everything had changed. His understanding of the divine land had been greatly enhanced, and some abilities and knowledge that originally didn't belong to him had come to him.

This feeling of having control over everything was so peculiar that he could not get used to it.

As he looked down, a sudden thought flashed in his mind. The colorful desert suddenly sprang to life. Grains of sand quickly moved and arranged themselves in an orderly manner, just like soldiers.

Then, the desert itself disappeared and was replaced by a colorful staircase.

Zen climbed the staircase and made his way back to the passageway. Before, the maze had been full of twists and turns, and it had been impossible for him to proceed without the guidance of the Infinity Ruler. Now, however, the maze kept rearranging itself to show a straight path in front of Zen.

Nevertheless, the maze was still large, and the straight path seemed to stretch for thousands of miles. Zen took a deep breath and mentally prepared himself for the long walk ahead. When he took a single step forward, however, his figure vanished. The next moment, his figure appeared at the entrance of the maze, which was connected to the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Inside the Mountain of Holy Beings, the competition among the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods had come to the white-hot phase.

Two of the three holy springs were still empty.

It wasn't that they didn't want to continue challenging each other for the holy springs. But they had been fighting each other for so long that they were all like spent arrows. Every time someone tried to rush into the holy springs, they would encounter sneak attacks from their opponents. It was too much of a risk to take in such a weak state, so most of them chose to stay behind and watch.

All of them wanted to recover to their best health in the shortest time possible, so they were pouring pills into their mouths one by one, as if these pills were free.

By now, Zen had already passed through the plain and was heading straight for the holy springs.

Although he seemed to be moving leisurely, the distance he was covering was astonishing.

The Space Law seemed to have no effect on him. When he took ten steps, he covered the same distance that other people would only cover with a hundred steps. Usually, one would have to use the Grand Teleportation to achieve this effect. However, Zen wasn't using it. There wasn't even a trace of space fluctuation around him.

One of the competitors noticed Zen and his strange movements. "Everybody, look, Zen is here again!"

In view of Zen's terrifying power, no one dared to ignore him. They all stared at him in awe.

"Why has he come back here?"

"Is he planning to occupy a holy spring again?"

"Maybe he will try it again!"

These people immediately became nervous. They knew that even though Zen's attempt to bathe in the holy spring had failed, he would be unwilling to accept it.

And if Zen chose to forcibly occupy a holy spring, they wouldn't be able to do anything about it. After all, none of them was a match for him.

Zen hadn't planned to pay attention to these people at first. But when he heard what they said, he suddenly stopped.

Chapter 2928 Zen's Power

When Zen stopped in midair, the Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods watching him began to feel a little nervous.

Just now, Zen's movements had been so fast and strange that they hadn't been able to observe him clearly. Now that he was staying still, however, they noticed the dramatic change in him.

His aura seemed to be completely different now.

Although it was gentle, it also seemed to be almighty, as if Zen was the ruler of the world. The Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods suddenly had an urge to bow or even kneel to him.

Anyone who could cultivate enough to become a consummate True God or a Demi-holy Being was considered a top talent in the divine land. All of the people here fighting over the holy springs had the ambition and desire to break through to be a Holy Being. For this, they would even risk their lives.

They would indeed feel awe in the presence of a Holy Being or a warrior at the Other Shore Realm, but they might not submit to them easily.

However, the moment they saw Zen, they felt an involuntary urge to submit to him. It was so irrational that it took them by shock.

"You say I came back to occupy a holy spring?" Zen laughed. Then, he stretched out his hand and waved it, causing the entire area to tremble.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Under everyone's gaze, silver holy springs spurted from the plain one after another.

Soon, there were more than a hundred holy springs in front of them! These holy springs were arranged in a ring, like a magnificent fountain.

"What? Am I daydreaming?"

"So many holy springs!"

"Does this mean every one of us can become a Holy Being?"

The eyes of these Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods nearly popped out in surprise.

Never in their wildest dreams could they have imagined that Zen could create so many holy springs with just a wave of his hand. How had Zen done it?

But regardless of how confused or curious they were, they were much more eager to go ahead and occupy one of the several holy springs.

"We don't have to fight with each other anymore! Ha-ha, I can also become a Holy Being."

"I can do it too!"

"There are more than enough holy springs for all of us."

The truth was, none of these people actually wanted to fight with each other. It was just that the scarcity of the holy springs had pitted them against each other. At least this time, five holy springs had appeared, so the chances of them becoming Holy Beings had been relatively larger than in the past, when only one holy spring would appear. Back then, the competition had been much more fierce.

But now that so many holy springs had appeared, there was no need for competition at all.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Just as they all began to rush toward the holy springs, Zen waved his hand once again.

The holy springs withdrew into the ground just as quickly as they had appeared.

Everyone stopped in their tracks and turned to Zen, feeling like they had been given candies only to have them snatched back. They had no idea what was going on or what to say, but they all looked at Zen with pleading eyes.

"From now on, I will change the rules of the Mountain of Holy Beings," Zen announced calmly.

Then, he flew away toward the remote valley.

Everyone watched him in silence until his figure finally disappeared out of sight.

"What happened to Zen?"

"How can he change the rules of the Mountain of Holy Beings?"

"You saw what he did with the holy springs! I wonder what he's obtained from the Mountain of Holy Beings."

They were so shocked that they even forgot to fight over the remaining three holy springs.

Meanwhile, the Yellow Emperor Guards were busy taking care of a few things.

Even though Samuel's attempt to use Pascal to kill Zen had failed, the Yellow Emperor Guards still had some use for him. Samuel could use all his divine might coins to write a rule on the Ruling Slate.

Leyton had originally intended to use this rule to deal with the Nine Li Guards outside the divine land.

However, since Clement was here, he and his people could kill the Nine Li Guards; Leyton didn't need this rule to deal with them anymore. Instead, he decided to make Samuel write a rule targeting Zen.

He couldn't predict the consequences of Zen's entry into the Mountain of Holy Beings, so he had to make sure that Zen would die. Thus, he ordered Samuel to write an extremely strict rule to deal with Zen.

The harsher the rule, the more divine might coins it would consume. However, Samuel had plenty of divine might coins in his possession. Except for a small number of divine might coins which he couldn't summon here because of the distance, most of the divine might coins in the divine land had been brought to the Han Clan.

Samuel melted all these coins into ink and wrote down a rule to kill Zen on the Ruling Slate.

However, he soon ran into a complication. He had wanted Zen to perish in the Mountain of Holy Beings, but it was not until he began writing that he found that the rules on the Ruling Slate couldn't involve the Mountain of Holy Beings. Any rule involving the Mountain of Holy Beings would disappear from the Ruling Slate as soon as it was written.

In a fit of desperation, Samuel wrote the next best thing he could come up with. "As long as Zen steps into the divine land..." he began to write.

This was no longer a rule, but a curse.

If such a curse was aimed at a group, it would cost a huge number of divine might coins, perhaps more than the number of divine might coins that actually existed in the divine land. In that case, Samuel might not even be able to write a single word. After all, such a rule would destroy the balance of the entire divine land. Perhaps Chiyou had carefully designed the Ruling Slate with this in mind.

However, since Samuel's rule was aimed at Zen alone, the number of divine might coins required was just barely within the range of acceptance. He had to use up almost all of the divine might coins that the Han Clan had robbed recently to vaguely write down this rule.

After that, all they could do was wait. The moment Zen left the Mountain of Holy Beings, he would be killed by this rule, and then they would have no more worries.

Clement and his people had already gone to the outside of the divine land, and no one in the divine land could contend with them anymore. Everything was developing for the better.

The other Yellow Emperor Guards did not remain above the Time Sea.

Before Zen and the other two entered the Mountain of Holy Beings, Estelle had given them her support. She had silenced the whole divine land so that the three of them could enter the Mountain of Holy Beings. However, at the last moment, Leyton had used the Sea Cracking Skull to break Estelle's Scepter of Gods' Silence.

Enraged by the incident, Leyton had ordered Zavier and Salim to hunt Estelle down.

Every time Estelle used the Scepter of Gods' Silence, powerful energy waves would be generated, and then they would quickly dissipate. However, the traces that they left behind would linger for a long time. Such traces would go unnoticed by normal warriors, but they didn't escape Salim's eyes.

In addition, Salim was also able to find out her whereabouts through the space fluctuations produced when she used the Grand Teleportation. Thus, Salim and Zavier followed the space fluctuations all the way.

In the meantime, Estelle and Holy Jay were as careful as they could be. Ever since Zen successfully entered the Mountain of Holy Beings, Estelle and Holy Jay had used the Grand Teleportation more than a hundred times until they finally stopped in a small remote place, where they believed they would be safe.

Of course, leaving the divine land altogether would have been much safer, but they wanted to stay behind to observe whether Zen succeeded or not.

"Two universes shook, indicating that two of them have succeeded in becoming Holy Beings. But only two. Do you think something has gone wrong?" Estelle speculated.

Holy Jay had made the same observation, but he still said, "The competition in the Mountain of Holy Beings won't end so soon. It's useless for us to speculate about it. Let's just wait and see."

Just then, a space crack opened above this small town, and Zavier and Salim jumped out of it. They found Estelle and Holy Jay!

Chapter 2929 The Power Of The Ruling Slate

Estelle and Holy Jay looked up.

When they felt the auras of the newcomers, their eyes widened in shock.

Two Yellow Emperor Guards had arrived.

Estelle and Holy Jay had already witnessed the strength of these two guards before, so the moment they saw them, the only thought that came to their minds was to escape. They had traveled using Grand Teleportation several times before finally stopping at this remote place, and yet these two warriors at the Other Shore Realm had been able to follow them.

Obviously, they had some kind of secret tracking technique, so it didn't make sense to continue playing the game of cat and mouse with them in the divine land. Right now, the best place for Estelle and Holy Jay to go to was the latter's universe, the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land where Zen had cultivated before.

Holy Jay's universe was protected by the rules of the Ruling Slate, so even the Yellow Emperor Guards wouldn't dare to break in.

As Holy Jay gently waved his hand, ripples appeared in the space in front of him.

Just as Estelle and Holy Jay were about to step forward and disappear into the universe, Salim laughed coldly and said, "Seal!"

Crack...

All space within a thousand miles was immediately sealed.

The divine citizens and the rest of the creatures living there did not notice any change in the environment, but the ripples that had appeared in front of Estelle and Holy Jay disappeared without a trace.

"You want to escape right under our noses? No way!"

Zavier said, leisurely stretching his body. The power pouring out from his body was rapidly accumulating. Like a hidden leopard, he was ready to launch a fatal attack at any time.

Holy Jay and Estelle narrowed their eyes slightly. They had not expected the Yellow Emperor Guards to find them at all. If they had, they would have escaped to the universe or at least to the outside of the divine land as soon as Zen entered the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Salim also smiled faintly. "Anyone who attempts to attack the Yellow Emperor Guards will have to pay the price."

Then, along with Zavier, he slowly descended to the ground and strolled toward Holy Jay and Estelle. In their eyes, the Holy Being and the consummate True God in front of them were like lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

However, Holy Jay and Estelle didn't plan on waiting for death to come. Their minds were racing as they desperately tried to think of a way out of here.

Meanwhile, in the Mountain of Holy Beings, Zen finally arrived at the gate.

Without any pause, he took a small step forward and entered the silver passageway.

All the Holy Beings of the divine land were gathered around the mountain, eagerly waiting to find out which of the warriors who had entered the mountain had become Holy Beings and which of them hadn't. The result was very important to them.

However, they weren't expecting anyone to come out of the mountain any time soon. There was still a long time before the Mountain of Holy Beings would close, and normally, no one would retreat halfway.

But just then, ripples appeared on the surface of the gate under the Mountain of Holy Beings, and a figure stepped out from them.

"Is that Zen?" Clark frowned slightly.

"He didn't make it?" A look of surprise came over Murphy's face.

All the Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans had witnessed Zen's power before. They had thought that with his strength, he would definitely become a Holy Being.

And since he had managed to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings, they had no doubt that he would be able to occupy a holy spring. Murphy had even discussed this with his group.

"Since he has failed to become a Holy Being, I'm afraid he's going to have a miserable end," said Zeke.

The Yellow Emperor Guards also had their eyes fixed on the gate of the Mountain of Holy Beings. How could they let Zen go so easily?

What they did not know was that Leyton and Samuel had already come up with a thorough plan and wrote a rule on the Ruling Slate to kill Zen.

The moment Zen stepped out into the divine land, that rule was activated.

A golden light flashed through that eye-catching rule in the middle of the Ruling Slate, and even the mountain that bore the slate started to shake.

A powerful force began to gather.

Crack, crack, crack...

Azure blue lightning crackled and multiplied around the slate, almost covering it.

The power released by the terrifying lightning came down from the sky above the Time Sea and enveloped every Floating Island.

Overwhelmed by the power of the lightning, the Floating Islands of the powerful clans began to shake violently like boats on a stormy sea. Some of the people who were standing on the edge of the Floating Islands slipped and fell into the Time Sea.

Everyone else on the Floating Islands immediately fell to the ground as well, unable to keep their balance. Many of them tried to get up, but the massive pressure from the sky kept them pressed on the ground.

Fear appeared on their faces as they found themselves unable to resist the power.

"What the hell is this? Is it doomsday?"

"Who knows? I've been on this Floating Island for less than two years, and so many things have happened already. I shouldn't have come here!"

"Why... Why do I feel like our Floating Island is sinking?"

They all fretted about what was happening. The truth was, the Floating Islands were indeed sinking. The terrible pressure was pressing the Floating Islands down like a huge invisible hand.

For countless years, these islands had been floating in the air by virtue of the magic arrays set up by the powerful clans and their own buoyant force. But as the powerful pressure continued to press them down, they began sinking into the Time Sea.

The Floating Island of the Luo Clan was the first to begin sinking into the Time Sea.

After the last ranking of the Floating Islands was decided, the Floating Island of the Zhou Clan had fallen into the Time Sea.

The Luo Clan's Floating Island, which had been ranked just above the Zhou Clan's, was supposed to be safe until the next ranking.

However, this sudden pressure was pressing the bare Floating Island of the Luo Clan into the Time Sea now.

Like all the other Floating Islands that had sunk into the Time Sea before, the large Floating Island of the Luo Clan was quickly disintegrated and torn up in the sea before finally vanishing without a trace.

Once the Floating Island of the Luo Clan completely disappeared from sight, it seemed that the rest of the Floating Islands would follow. The Floating Islands of another two clans both looked to be in a precarious position.

These two Floating Islands were different from that of the Luo Clan. After all, the Floating Island of the Luo Clan had been completely empty, but these two islands were full of people.

Some of the True Gods were quick to react. As soon as they realized that something was wrong, they wanted to escape through the transmission arrays, but they couldn't move even a step under the huge pressure. In the end, only some of the guards guarding the transmission arrays managed to escape.

Noticing the severity of the situation, a Holy Being from one of the two clans appeared in worry.

In a flash, he appeared beneath his Floating Island.

At this moment, the base of the island was hovering only a few feet above the Time Sea. Half of the Holy Being's body was submerged in the sea, but he managed to support the Floating Island with his shoulders.

With his strength, the Floating Island slowly rose against the pressure.

Chapter 2930 The Strongest Thunder Punishment

The Holy Being had supported his clan's Floating Island just in time to prevent it from falling.

Afterward, the Holy Beings of other clans also supported their respective clans' Floating Islands. The warriors that took action included the Holy Beings of the Bai Clan, the Zhao Clan, the Li Clan, the Qin Clan, and the Mu Clan...

In fact, the Demi-holy Beings on the Floating Islands also could hold a Floating Island. Nonetheless, all of the Demi-holy Beings were fighting for the title of Holy Being in the Mountain of Holy Beings. Because of such circumstances, the Holy Beings could only do it in person.

However, not all Floating Islands had the Holy Beings at that moment. There were still some that needed some help.

The Dongfang Clan had already given up on their Floating Island due to the threat from Samuel. The whole Floating Island was already empty with no people.

With no Holy Being to support it, the Floating Island fell down under the enormous pressure...

Similarly, the Sword Clan and the Moon Clan did not submit to Samuel. As such, the disciples of the two clans had been taken away from the Floating Islands. Thus, there were no Holy Beings to support the Floating Islands of the two great clans.

Therefore, the top three Floating Islands had begun to haphazardly fall. It was a spectacle that was surprising yet depressing.

Amidst the falling process, the Floating Islands of the Sword Clan and the Dongfang Clan almost hit the Floating Island of the Tang Clan. Fortunately, while he was supporting the Tang Clan's Floating Island, Clark released tremendous power and pushed the island a little far away from the two falling islands. Thus, the Tang Clan's Floating Island wasn't hit and was left intact.

Inevitably, the three Floating Islands fell miserably into the Time Sea. Not a single trace was seen after their descent.

The Hall of Holy Beings still floated steadily in the air without any sign of decline. Leyton stood firmly on the ground of the Hall of Holy Beings as if he was stuck to it. It was only through this strong stance that Leyton managed to stop the Hall of Holy Beings from falling.

He looked at the azure light that gathered majestically above his head. His beautiful eyelids constantly twitched.

The Ruling Slate was suddenly activated, which indicated that Zen had finally left the Mountain of Holy Beings alive.

However, Leyton's face had no indication of delight nor happiness.

The power of the Ruling Slate represented the power of the divine land. When the power of the Ruling Slate was activated by the divine might coins, the results were far beyond Leyton's imagination. Even as a three-star Yellow Emperor Guard, Leyton was still a little afraid of the tremendous power it released.

Leyton couldn't help but wonder how great it would be if Zen was killed by the ruling power of the Ruling Slate.

If Zen truly had inherited the original will, he would be able to control the power of the rule without being afraid of it. Such a feat could make him even more dangerous.

Leyton couldn't imagine the consequences.

Crack, crack, crack...

Those bolts of azure lightning coiled together like countless dragons. As soon as they had gathered together, they shot towards the sky.

The pressure upon them suddenly disappeared without a trace. All the disciples felt their chests became relaxed.

When Leyton saw that the thunder of punishment was going straight to the Mountain of Holy Beings on the north of the Time Sea, a fierce light flashed across his eyes. Since the result would be decided soon, he reached out his hand and gently grabbed the Sea Cracking Skull that had been placed in the center of the Hall of Holy Beings. As a result, a strong smell of blood spread out.

Both he and the Sea Cracking Skull disappeared from where they were. Almost immediately, they appeared on the north of the Time Sea.

Additionally, Hamish and Lorcan also appeared there at the same time.

The three Yellow Emperor Guards looked cautiously at each other. Although they didn't say anything, they knew that the result would be inevitably determined soon. An intense atmosphere was felt between the three of them.

All they wanted was the death of Zen. If he could be killed, everything would finally be over.

As such, a small sense of expectation lingered in their hearts.

Perhaps Zen hadn't obtained the original will. The three of them were just too worried about that. They even let Samuel spend many divine might coins.

Additionally, maybe the original will of the divine land had a great restriction. Chiyou had chosen to suppress the original will at the very beginning. With his character, he was not even willing to see the birth of the original will. Even if the original will appeared, it would bring a great restriction. One would not simply be considered the master of the divine land even if they successfully merged with the original will.

The Holy Beings realized that the pressure had disappeared. Simultaneously, they followed the thunder of punishment after the Floating

Islands had been stabilized. Confused expressions painted their faces as they wondered who the target of the thunder of punishment was.

After he lost the trump card, Pascal, Samuel could only place his hopes on the Ruling Slate. If he could murder Zen, that could be a way to make amends for his mistakes. Additionally, he could even retain his position and earn Leyton's trust.

"Crack..."

The thunder of punishment coursed through the air with extreme haste. Even though the Time Sea was incredibly vast, a bolt of lightning crossed it in a blink of an eye.

However, the thunder of punishment unleashed by the Ruling Slate was very special. With its immense power, it was akin to an electric dragon that zapped anything in its path. With a speed that was neither too fast nor too slow, it traversed the Time Sea within thirty seconds.

Zen immediately noticed it as soon as the Ruling Slate was activated.

Accompanied with a serious face and formidable stance, he stood firmly at the foot of the Mountain of Holy Beings. Without any word, he patiently waited for the thunder of punishment to descend.

The moment the thunder of punishment appeared above the Mountain of Holy Beings, a dreadful pressure immediately fell from the sky. Several Holy Beings were shaken by the immense pressure they suddenly suffered.

"Why is the thunder punishment of the Ruling Slate descending? Is it here to punish Zen?"

"There shouldn't be such a powerful rule on the Ruling Slate! Is that even possible? How the hell did Zen even manage to activate the Ruling Slate?"

"Is it the Yellow Emperor Guards who did this?"

The inexplicable chain of events caused confusion among the Holy Beings. Even Murphy, Clark, and Jeremiah were also bewildered.

In fact, they could also think of the big amount of divine might coins that the Han Clan took away. Nonetheless, they were not allowed to get close to the Ruling Slate, so they weren't able to find out the new rule written on the Ruling Slate.

It was impossible for those Holy Beings to even think that Samuel had spent most of the divine might coins in the divine land just to write a rule targeted at Zen alone!

"Hooo!"

The enormous pressure disturbed the airflow and formed hurricane-like winds.

As his black hair fluttered in the wind, Zen looked indifferently at Leyton in the distance.

A strong smell of blood emanated from the huge Sea Cracking Skull beside Leyton. When he entered the Mountain of Holy Beings, Leyton might have broken Estelle's Scepter of Gods' Silence with the use of that thing.

Additionally, the blood of the divine citizens and True Gods that had been taken away before should have been absorbed by it.

When he saw that Leyton had such a complex expression, Zen slightly tilted his head and gently raised his hand. A rather warm smile was seen in Zen's lips.

The thunder that circled in the air finally came down. With the sudden surge of power, Zen simply raised his hand.

"Bang!"

The violent thunder poured down mercilessly onto Zen's body. With its powerful electricity, it easily tore his flesh bit by bit.

The azure blue light grew extremely brilliant. Even the Holy Beings and the Other Shore Realm warriors could not see Zen's figure with their eyes. Any spiritual sense they emitted was immediately torn to pieces before it reached the thunder and lightning.

"Rumble..."

The thunder continued to echo with an ominous sound. Each strike made the Holy Beings frown.

The power hidden in the Ruling Slate was simply incredible. Clark, who was observing in the distance, opened his mouth, but in the end, he couldn't utter a word. With a feeling of helplessness, he was overwhelmed by such a miserable sight.

He wanted to say that he himself couldn't survive the thunder punishment and would immediately die in just a blink of an eye.

Even the Other Shore Realm warriors such as Leyton and Hamish were shocked, not to mention a Holy Being like Clark. However, they also felt a little relieved.

Fortunately, they had supported and cultivated Nicholas before. Eventually, they had successfully controlled the Hall of Holy Beings.

If the powerful clans on the Floating Islands had teamed up and spent some divine might coins making a rule against the strong Other Shore Realm warriors, they would probably have been directly killed by the thunder of punishment.

Chapter 2931 Killing

The light of the thunder punishment lasted for five minutes. The blazing white light caused great discomfort in the eyes of the Holy Beings, and the constant roars were deafening.

Eventually, the fierce thunder punishment gradually subsided after five minutes.

The thunder light began to dim, and at last, it turned into a statue-like figure that was enveloped by thunder and lightning.

At the sight of the figure, Samuel clenched his fists and looked very nervous.

Leyton also looked cautious. He usually had a calm demeanor, but at the moment, he could feel his heart pounding.

Crack!

Flashes of lightning still cracked and sizzled on the surface of the figure, but they had become less now.

Slowly, as the lightning disappeared, Zen's figure was revealed.

All the Holy Beings present were shocked at this moment as if an incredible truth had been revealed.

"He is actually safe and sound," Murphy muttered to himself in disbelief.

Some Holy Beings were quick to react, as they understood what it meant.

Crack, crack, crack!

The remaining lightning collected in Zen's palm, and transformed into a pocket-sized lightning dragon circling his palm.

Zen gazed at the small dragon for a while and then raised his head. He looked at Leyton in the distance and asked, "Is this the result you want?"

Leyton stopped short in the air, his eyes twitching uncontrollably.

The Yellow Emperor Guards had been imprisoned for so many years, and had long hoped and prayed for the removal of the Mixed Element Seals.

But he never thought that he would have to face this consequence when he was finally free. How could he accept it?

"Act now! Kill him!" Leyton roared in anger.

His order could not be disobeyed, but the Holy Beings did not move as hesitation was written all over their faces.

Even the deathly thunder punishment couldn't kill Zen. If they chose to fight him, wouldn't that be like courting death?

The Holy Beings were hesitant and debating this internally when Hamish and Lorcan had rushed over.

They had a different stand from the Holy Beings. This was a life-or-death battle and they had no choice but to fight to the death.

With a pat of Leyton's hand the Sea Cracking Skull opened its mouth. Streaks of blood spurted out from its huge mouth.

When the three Yellow Emperor Guards attacked, an invisible force came from faraway.

The force of the power was such that the Holy Beings all fell down.

"Estelle?"

Zen was shocked when he felt the power.

Estelle seldom used the Scepter of Gods' Silence, so if she used it now, she must be in grave danger.

If she was still in the divine land, only the Yellow Emperor Guards could pose a threat to her.

There should be five Yellow Emperor Guards in total, but two were not present.

Immediately Zen knew what might have happened.

"It seems that we need to take a break for the time being." Zen smiled slightly at Leyton and the others, who were getting ready to make a move.

His body began to fade away slowly and then vanished on the spot.

After he integrated with the original will, he understood the entire divine land much better.

Everything in the divine land was clear to him now, and all the secrets were presented in front of him without restrictions.

He thought about where Estelle was, and her location appeared in his mind, as if it was something he would already know. This was the power of omniscience.

The divine land was like his inner world now.

Seeing Zavier flying towards her, Estelle fought with all her might and used the Scepter of Gods' Silence again in the small region.

However, the space had been locked and the power of the Scepter of Gods' Silence couldn't unlock it. Holy Jay couldn't use the Grand Teleportation to bring her into the Divine Refinement Forbidden Land.

Fortunately, they could fly in the air. As long as they fled from the sealed range of over a thousand miles, they would be safe.

Without hesitation, the two of them transformed into two beams of light and flew off.

Salim and Zavier were restricted by the scepter so they couldn't fly, but Zavier showed his astonishing physique at this moment.

The small region was interspersed with hills all over but Zavier ran as fast as a cheetah. On ground he was as fast as Estelle and Holy Jay who were flying.

"He's following us!" Estelle exclaimed, shocked at what she was seeing.

"We have to leave this area. Speed up, come on!" Holy Jay said calmly despite the rising panic in his heart.

However, the effect of the Scepter of Gods' Silence could only last for eighteen seconds at the most.

Although Holy Jay and Estelle had tried their best to escape, they still couldn't put enough distance between them in merely eighteen seconds.

The moment the effect of the Scepter of Gods' Silence stopped, a crazy look flashed in Zavier's eyes. He laughed maniacally and said, "Do you think you can flee from me? No way! Hahaha."

With that, he jumped, and the mountains under his feet crumbled to pieces. With one leap, he passed through space and appeared right before Estelle.

Salim also used the Grand Teleportation and waited at a higher spot. He didn't need to do anything in the current situation but if Estelle and Holy Jay tried to escape from this space, he could expand the area of the imprisonment.

Estelle and Holy Jay were in distress.

Being a Holy Being, Holy Jay could come back to life because his universe hadn't been destroyed, but Estelle couldn't. If she died, she would really die and never ever come back.

Whoosh!

A great force blew in. Zavier was just in front of her.

She closed her eyes and stopped struggling.

At this point, she suddenly felt a space fluctuation in front of her.

Bang!

There came a dull sound.

Boom!

Following that, there was a huge roar, as if something had smashed to the ground.

Estelle slowly opened her eyes and saw a thin figure with a big arm hovering over her. Strong veins bulged on the arm as the strength source in the veins flowed slowly.

There was a mixed emotion in her beautiful eyes. She could not help but call out, "Zen?"

Zen turned his head and smiled at her and Holy Jay. "That was so dangerous. If you hadn't used the Scepter of Gods' Silence, I wouldn't have known that you were in danger."

Holy Jay was relieved and he looked down.

Zen appeared and the power of his punch was extremely terrifying.

Zavier plummeted and smashed into a mountain. A huge crater appeared on the ground from the impact. However, he was still alive and he slowly climbed up from the crater.

"Thoo!"

He spat out a mouthful of blood and it instantly turned into an arrow and created a hole filled with blood on the firm gangue layer under the ground.

There was no fear on his face. On the contrary, a strong desire to fight rose inside him. A person like him was born to fight, and the more powerful his opponent was, the more determined he was to fight.

"Interesting. No one in the divine land can fight. Haha! I want to fight with you until the winner is decided!" Zavier laughed wickedly.

Special textures emerged all over his body, and his body expanded.

Zen looked down at him and shook his head dismissively. "I don't have the time to fight with you."

With a light tap of his finger, tiny streaks of lightning appeared and transformed into a small silver dragon. As his fingertip gently flipped down, the silver dragon emitted a dazzling light and turned into a huge thunder punishment, pouring towards Zavier who was still in the crater.

The next thing Zavier knew, he was being swallowed by the thunder punishment.

Chapter 2932 A Desperate Battle

Little by little, the thunder punishment started to disappear. It slowly reverted into a small lightning dragon. Ultimately, it returned to Zen.

The small dragon incinerated Zavier's body and instantly reduced it to a pile of ash.

After the onslaught of thunder punishment, the existing huge crater became even bigger. It spanned over tens of thousands feet deeper than before. Subsequently, Green Lethal Fire Magma began to overflow out of it.

As they watched the scene unfold before them, Estelle and Holy Jay were not able to stifle their gasps.

Nonetheless, Zen's expression remained inscrutable. He simply raised his head. Then, he looked at Salim, who stood on the other side.

Even after all that, Salim remained perplexed. He wondered how Zen could have gotten stronger in such a short span of time. He even killed Zavier in the blink of an eye! What in the world was that small but fearsome lightning dragon?

Salim was utterly stumped as he couldn't find the answers to these questions. As he locked eyes with Zen, he was overcome with a horrible realization. He would be slain too if he didn't run away now.

He knew he needed to use the Grand Teleportation in order to escape. But as soon as he did, Zen blinked.

Suddenly, Salim found himself at the center of an invisible wave. Then, he felt as though his power was immediately sealed. Before he knew it, he was hurtling down from the sky.

As she saw this happen, Estelle's eyes lit with undeniable awe and exhilaration.

She was accustomed to using this kind of power. Her Scepter of Gods' Silence manifested the same effect. However, she noticed that Zen was able to display the same kind of power without using the Scepter of Gods' Silence.

Zen's figure instantly disappeared as soon as he took a step in mid-air. Almost at once, he reappeared on the other side.

At that point, his arm had already become enlarged. The strength source rapidly flowed through his arm and accumulated in his fist.

Without a doubt, this punch was much more intense than the one Harold had in the Everest Spirit Mountain.

Bang!

As Salim hurtled down from the sky, Zen threw his punch upward. His fist successfully landed on his prey.

Boom!

Even though his punch only sounded like a heavy thud, it effectively obliterated and vanquished Salim.

Zen's figure slowly vanished from its spot as the scattered remains of flesh and blood began to rain down from the sky. He would not let himself get tainted with that filth. Once again, he reappeared next to Estelle and Holy Jay.

He looked at them and calmly smiled, "Let's go."

"Where do we go now?" Estelle inquired.

"The Mountain of Holy Beings. The divine land needs a little cleansing. There are some people who must be wiped out from it," Zen answered.

Estelle and Holy Jay caught each other's eyes and grinned. They already knew what he meant by that.

Zen activated the Grand Teleportation with a light tap of his finger. He proceeded to move towards the Mountain of Holy Beings. Estelle and Holy Jay followed closely behind.

No matter how far his destination was, Zen was always able to reach it in a single step. It was due to the fact that he had strongly bound himself to the divine land's will.

Zen had only been gone from the Mountain of Holy Beings for mere half a minute. Now, he was back with Estelle and Holy Jay.

The Holy Beings had absolutely no idea what just occurred. However, Leyton was wearing a rather sour look on his face. It was simply because he ordered Zavier and Salim to hunt down Estelle. So now that she returned safe and sound, he already knew something went wrong. "Where are Zavier and Salim?" he demanded.

"Both of them are dead," Zen replied.

Hearing his news left the Holy Beings utterly astounded.

The Yellow Emperor Guards were regarded as invincible beings in the divine land. Hamish, for instance, was known as the weakest of the Yellow Emperor Guards. Yet, he would still be able to decimate everyone in the divine land.

Be that as it might, Zen was still capable enough to kill two of the Yellow Emperor Guards in just a short period of time.

From the Holy Beings' point of view, it seemed that Zen's strength was now on a whole different level.

This knowledge opened a door with infinite possibilities for the Holy Beings. A couple of them were even delighted at this new information.

They found Zen rather unlikeable. On the other hand, there was no denying that they detested Samuel more than him. It was due to the fact that Samuel did plenty of atrocious and horrendous things to the Holy Beings. He was supported by the Yellow Emperor Guards in his horrible deeds. Because of this, the Holy Beings harbored a deep resentment and anger towards him.

They thought that through Zen's extraordinary strength, they could finally hold Samuel accountable for all his misdeeds. This time, they would actually be able to bestow punishment upon him.

Out of them all, Samuel was the only one who found this a bit worrying. Zen's arrival had sent a chill down his spine. He immediately thought of the punishment he would receive for his actions after Zen defeated Leyton and his men.

Leyton seemed to be concentrating hard. He narrowed his eyes and sighed. "I just made a single mistake. I did not imagine that this is how things would turn out."

"I will give you a short while, an opportunity, to just kill yourselves," Zen told them in a cool and impassive manner.

With that said, Leyton suddenly broke into a smile. He seemed confident as he replied, "The Yellow Emperor Guards will never yield. Not in the past, not in the future!"

Zen's eyes glinted dangerously at this statement. "Not in the future, huh? You are absolutely right. Because the Yellow Emperor Guards have no more future. I will annihilate all of you along with the Yellow Emperor with my own two hands."

As soon as they heard this, Leyton, Hamish, and Lorcan roared with laughter.

"Ha-ha! Don't make us laugh! You really think you are invincible just because you fused with the original will? It's certainly preposterous to think that someone who has not even reached the Other Shore Realm intends to take on all Yellow Emperor Guards." Leyton continued to laugh hysterically.

Zen's strength was not his own. It was a power he only borrowed from the divine land.

In the divine land, he was like in his inner world. He was definitely invincible here. However, his power and invulnerability were only confined within the divine land.

He would still be a consummate True God once he stepped outside the divine land. In actuality, his real power was immensely stronger than that of a normal consummate True God.

Even so, Zen would face a whole lot of challenges after going to the Source World. But he even threatened to eliminate all of the Yellow Emperor Guards. Because of this, the Yellow Emperor Guards only took his threats as downright foolishness.

Amidst all of Leyton's mockeries, Zen's expression remained calm and composed.

Honestly, it was true that he had not been able to reach the Other Shore Realm yet. In any case, he kept progressing and surpassing even his own expectations. He always worked hard to achieve the goals he had set for himself. He accomplished them all starting from the Eastern Region to the Evolutionary Universe and now, in the divine land. He had no intention of ever stopping. Reigning over the divine land was just the first step in his plans.

"Nothing stays the same. Change is inevitable," Zen stated as he smiled gently. "Naturally, you would not expect me, a creature from the universe of a Holy Being who was almost killed by Nicholas, to be able to end your lives."

"Let me tell you, the Source World you have pictured in your imagination is entirely different from the real one. The Nine Li race that your precious mother defended has already been decimated. The Source World is not the same as the divine land. It doesn't matter whether you reach that place or not. You are of no importance at all. How can you even think you can compete with us?" Leyton announced with such pride.

From the moment the members of the Bear race joined the Yellow Emperor Guards, they regarded it with high honor until the end of their lives.

Zen had no plans of arguing with Leyton any longer. He merely shook his head and told him, "Unfortunately, you would not live to see that day." While he spoke, he lightly flipped the tip of his finger. Instantaneously, the lightning dragon burst forth.

As soon as they saw that Zen made his move, Leyton, Hamish, and Lorcan simultaneously released their stunning momentum.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The mouth of the Sea Cracking Skull opened and closed multiple times. Consequently, blood started to gush from the sky.

Even though Leyton mocked and argued with Zen, he also considered and planned the different ways in which he could defeat him.

He knew that even if Zen had the power of thunder punishment under control, he was still capable of enduring it with all his might.

"Leave the lightning punishment to me!" Leyton bellowed while blood shadows charged from the Sea Cracking Skull. These blood shadows attempted to trap the thunder punishment within them by taking certain positions and arranging themselves around it.

Hamish and Lorcan were already flying in the sky. But in the blink of an eye, they appeared beside Zen.

Samuel had no other options left. With the Spear of Supreme Harmony in his hands, he opted to go all out and put his life on the line. He had already acknowledged the fact that Zen was way more powerful than him. With that, his only choice was to fight him head-on.

"Outside the divine land, my power might not have that much significance. But inside, it is boundless and way beyond what you can fathom," Zen whispered as he bowed his head. He was absolutely ignoring the three men rampaging towards him.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2933 Extinguish The Memory Flame

Blood red flames burst out from Hamish's eyes and shot towards Zen.

Rather than dodge the flames, Zen simply stood there, letting them hit him. As they dissipated, however, he emerged unscathed.

The Mountain of Holy Beings behind him glimmered with silver light.

Zen could transfer the attacks he received to the Mountain of Holy Beings, which could not be destroyed.

One of Zen's adversaries, Lorcan, was covered in silken threads of glimmering silver. Some of them hung from his hands. These threads looked soft, but they were sharp as steel. He tried to wrap Zen in those threads like a spider would catch its prey; however, Zen resisted them without making the slightest move.

As long as these Other Shore Realm warriors were not strong enough to take on the entire divine land and win, they could not hurt Zen there.

Suddenly, a thought flitted through Zen's mind. As it did, the power of the Everest Spirit Mountain that had gathered in his body began to flow rapidly through his veins, making them black and bulging. He shook with the great power within his body.

He tapped the air with his finger, emanating an invisible force that spread out, enveloping Lorcan and Hamish.

Even if Estelle could control the Soul Wilderness, she couldn't compete with Zen in the use of the Scepter of Gods' Silence.

Estelle's use of the Scepter of Gods' Silence was as crude as if it were a sledgehammer. She could only silence the entire divine land at once. Zen, on the other hand, could control the range of his power and use his techniques selectively.

The same applied to the Everest Spirit Mountain: Zen could milk every ounce of power from it, unlike Harold, who could only access a small fraction of it.

Once Lorcan and Hamish were silenced, the silver threads hanging off Lorcan suddenly disappeared, as did the flames on Hamish's body. They were so sucked of power that they collapsed onto the ground, unable to stay suspended in midair.

Zen instantaneously teleported to Hamish's side, and without further ado, he pushed through the thickened space around him and punched Hamish with his huge fist.

Boom!

Immediately, Hamish's body appeared to snap in half and hallow out, the hole becoming more and more pronounced as Zen's power rained down onto him. Almost in slow motion, his body began to disintegrate and soon turned into a cloud of blood red ash.

Zen wasted no time, however. While his right hand was busy destroying Hamish, his left hand produced a black ball, the manifestation of the power of the Abyss Demon Region.

With the slightest movement of his hand, the ball flew towards Lorcan, splitting the space around him and engulfing him whole.

If Lorcan hadn't been silenced by Zen, he might have been able to resist the black ball. But robbed as he was of all his power, unable even to fly, he couldn't perform any of the theurgies needed to fight the black ball. Gradually but surely, the black ball of energy consumed him.

Then, Samuel appeared in the sky above them, in complete silence, having used the Spear of Supreme Harmony.

Even a warrior like Hamish was unable to detect the sudden appearance of Samuel.

However, after Zen had fused with the will of the divine land, nothing in the divine land could escape Zen's attention.

The moment Samuel showed up, Zen raised his head and gave him an indifferent look.

That was enough to make Samuel's blood run cold. He tried to remain composed, although his hands trembled. He waved the Spear of Supreme Harmony.

He realized in his mind that a head-to-head battle with Zen was unavoidable.

The Spear of Supreme Harmony emitted an intense wave of Space Law, forming a space spiral, and hurled it towards Zen's face.

If this space spiral were to hit a Holy Being, it would probably bore a huge hole in their body. If it were to hit their head, it could go as far as destroy their soul.

Zen, however, did not flinch or even try to dodge the spiral. As before, the spiral flailed around him wildly, but failed to even scratch him.

On one side of the Mountain of Holy Beings, a series of spirals appeared in the silver light. The theurgy released by Samuel was completely absorbed by the mountain.

"Killing these Yellow Emperor Guards is very easy. But not nearly as easy as killing you, Samuel Han," said Zen, his expression and voice deadpan, as he raised his right hand.

Although Zen hadn't yet released any internal momentum, Samuel felt a chill overcome him like a wave. He recoiled instinctively, and retreated quickly, trying to put as much distance between himself and Zen.

Seeing Samuel's reaction, Zen smirked, and proceeded to stretch out his hand as if to grab something in the air.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Waves of deep rumbles began to sound in the divine land's sky. It was the sound of a universe collapsing.

All the blood seemed to drain from Samuel's face. "You...destroyed my universe?" he yelled, his voice and entire body shaking violently.

Zen nodded indifferently. "You shouldn't have even existed in the divine land in the first place," he said, his voice as cold as his expression. "The world will be much better off without you."

"You!" Samuel's face had gone a shade of dark puce. He was livid.

Rumble...

With the collapse of the universe, the elixir field of Samuel also began to disintegrate.

The destruction of the elixir field could not kill a True God, but they would lose all their power and become a regular human being, no longer able to cultivate.

This was different for Holy Beings, however, as they created universes which were then merged with themselves. As long as the universe was intact, its creator remained immortal. If the universe was destroyed, the Holy Being that created it would die with it.

Therefore, people in the Source World were not interested in something like the Rebirth Land. It was not easy to destroy a universe, and hence it could be seen as an advantage, a key to immortality. However, while it was not easy, it was also not impossible. Thus, the connection between the Holy Being and their universe was also a fatal flaw.

With several loud snapping noises, thousands of tiny cracks formed along the surface of Samuel's elixir field, and then penetrated through his body, scarring his abdomen, chest, neck and even the soul within his mind.

Samuel had no last words. But he gave Zen a final glare of hatred before he succumbed to his wounds and died.

Zen continued to look into Samuel's eyes emotionlessly. "You have a part of the Stone Mouse's theurgy," he said. "Also, you have hidden your Memory Flame. Did you really think I wouldn't find out?"

The muscles on Samuel's face, that had, too, begun to crack, twitched. His eyes filled with fear.

"Let me tell you what you did. You took your Memory Flame from the Reincarnation Land and hid it in the ancestral grave of the Yue Clan, thinking you could still be reincarnated if you died," said Zen slowly, twisting his hand in the air.

Immediately, an invisible space wave flew through the divine land like a spear, heading straight for a divine city.

The Yue Clan had once been the largest clan in the city and one of the large clans on the Floating Islands.

When Gregorio was killed, the city where the Yue Clan had been located became desolate and the ancestral land ended up being destroyed.

The alliance of the powerful clans had, thereafter, placed a ban on the Yun Clan. Even if the Thousand Commandments Slate remained in the city, no one would dare occupy it. Passersby would lament its destruction, but would not dare enter.

Then, a moss-covered tomb in the cave of one of the barren mountains behind the divine city suddenly shook.

Boom!

The lid of the ancient tomb had been flung open by an invisible force. A small brocade box shot out from inside and was quickly sucked into the space channel.

Chapter 2934 The Other Shore Token

The brocade box traveled two hundred billion miles and appeared in Zen's hand in the blink of an eye.

Crack!

The brocade box cracked open, revealing a bit of the Memory Flame.

Zen had obtained the Reincarnation Soul Weapon in the Reincarnation Land, but he wasn't able to read Samuel's memory at the time. He knew that Samuel must have done something to hide his Memory Flame, but he had no idea where the latter hid it.

But now Zen knew all about the divine land. He would immediately learn about the entire truth once a question popped out in his heart.

"I am not like Nicholas, who gave you the opportunity to return. Your memory will be gone along with you..." Zen said in a menacingly low voice.

The moment Samuel saw the brocade box, a terrified expression spread across his face.

He was not afraid of the destruction of the whole universe or even of his physical body. After all, as long as his Memory Flame still existed, he could return.

Back then, he knew that he would be invincible as long as he kept the Memory Flame intact.

He had extraordinary talent, and he had the experience being a Holy Being in two lifetimes. Even if he was killed, he could be reborn again and again.

Samuel had never expected Zen to find his Memory Flame so easily.

"How... How did you know that?" Samuel asked in a trembling voice, as the arrogance in his eyes slowly faded away.

"The divine land has no secrets from me," Zen replied.

"Let me go! Please! Give me a chance. I can ask both my daughters to stay with you and serve you if you want!" Samuel begged shakily.

He thought he was offering Zen a good deal but in truth, it would have been better if he didn't mention Laquisha and Aleyna. When he spoke of his daughters, Zen flew into a rage. With a flick of his finger, he immediately extinguished the green Memory Flame!

Even after the universe collapsed, and the body and soul were both destroyed, Samuel would not really die until his Memory Flame was put out.

Since he had these multiple layers of protection, normal people, or even the Yellow Emperor Guards, wouldn't succeed in trying to kill him.

Samuel's miserable end sent a chill down the spines of the Holy Beings.

In fact, Samuel's death was exactly what the Holy Beings were looking forward to witnessing. Even Clark and Murphy, who held a grudge against Zen, hoped for Samuel to be killed.

However, the fact that Zen was able to crash an entire universe with such ease was a big reason for worry for the Holy Beings. This meant that their fate was in Zen's hands. He could kill anyone he wanted!

Crack!

Leyton, who was not far away, was still struggling to deflect the thunder punishment.

Leyton had surprised Zen with his strength. He seemed to have used up all the blood in the Sea Cracking Skull and his body was dripping with blood at this point. The blood was able to pollute the thunder punishment.

Every time the thunder punishment hit him, the power of thunder and lightning weakened. A short while later, Leyton managed to completely destroy the thunder punishment.

But he had paid a price for his victory. He looked rather disheveled and was charred all over. He was gasping and his face had turned pale.

The Sea Cracking Skull was tossed on the ground and its surface was dry and filled with cracks. It was in a bad shape.

"You have withstood the thunder punishment. That's indeed very commendable, but it's a pity that your trump card seems to be broken," Zen observed.

Without the Sea Cracking Skull, Leyton wouldn't be able to overcome Estelle's Scepter of Gods' Silence, but Zen could use the power of the Soul Wilderness freely. In addition to that, considering Leyton's present state, he would be no match for Zen at all!

Leyton's face darkened as he glared at Zen.

In less than two hours, the four Yellow Emperor Guards who had been following him for so many years had all died. His heart was filled with misgivings.

"It's such a pity. If Master Clement had come to the divine land ahead of time, then he would have prevented you from entering the Mountain of Holy Beings," Leyton murmured.

Hearing this, Zen was taken aback. "Master Clement? Who is he?"

Seeing Zen's reaction, Leyton felt a tinge of hope. "He is a strong member of our Bear race, who has joined the Sky Guard Pavilion. It's likely that he might have already slaughtered all your friends outside the divine land. Ha-ha!"

Zen's expression changed suddenly.

He was aware of everything that went on in the divine land, but had no idea of what had happened outside.

Both his parents were outside the divine land, and Zen had taken it for granted that they were absolutely safe under the protection of Timotheus and Emily. But according to what Leyton said, there was actually another Yellow Emperor Guard, who had descended to the divine land. This was a major cause for concern for him.

While Zen was lost in thought, Leyton's eyes glittered with a hint of madness.

He suddenly came next to Zen in a flash.

Click, click, click!

Leyton was leaning against Zen's back and had tightly grabbed him by the waist.

"You can go ahead and kill me, but you have to pay the price with your life. Ha-ha!"

At the same time, several blood-red silk threads gushed out of Leyton's body, and bound him together with Zen. An indescribable aura erupted from his body.

Zen was too young after all. As he was distracted by what Leyton said, he actually got trapped by his opponent.

He activated the power of the Soul Wilderness with his mind, trying to block the power emanating from Leyton's body.

To his disappointment, the power of the Soul Wilderness had no effect. It failed to suppress Leyton's powerful aura.

"Zen, he is burning the Other Shore Token," No. 9527 reminded him.

"What the hell is the Other Shore Token?"

Zen, of course, had no idea what this was.

"It is the most important thing for the warriors at the Other Shore Realm; it's their source of strength. If they burn the Other Shore Token, they will be punished by the truth, so this guy will have a very miserable ending..." No. 9527 elaborated.

Leyton's eyes turned red. By this time his whole body seemed to have been soaked in blood. The force erupted by him had surpassed his own strength.

The power within his body began to surge wildly. Leyton was a thin man, but right now he had turned into a large person.

The Holy Beings, who were watching from not far away, sensed his power, and were petrified. They quickly fled the scene using the Grand Teleportation technique.

"Zen!"

"Zen!"

Unlike the others, Holy Jay and Estelle tried to fly towards Zen.

"Go away! Run!"

Zen warned them.

It was difficult for him to estimate how much power Leyton would unleash by burning the Other Shore Token. After all, he only learned about the Other Shore Token seconds ago.

With all this uncertainty, there was only one option left for Zen. He used the Grand Teleportation technique, and took Leyton, who was still expanding crazily, to the space channel and then moved deeper into the Time Sea.

Estelle and Holy Jay watched Zen disappear with Leyton, and the next moment, a dull roar broke forth from the Time Sea. The entire ground around the Time Sea began to shake violently and in the middle of the Time Sea, there appeared a mass of bright red blood.

Even the fragments of time could not devour all the blood, and a strong smell of blood permeated the skies.

Chapter 2935 Meet Maha Again

Zen slowly floated in the depths of the Time Sea.

Scarlet blood weaved and swirled among the waves. Strangely, the blood did not dissipate or dissolve into the water of the Time Sea, like oil to water.

At the moment when Leyton exploded, Zen saw a faint red triangular fragment that was burning with intensity.

"Is that triangular fragment his Other Shore Token?" Zen wondered aloud.

At the sight of the triangular fragment, Zen felt a completely different aura, the likes of which he had never experienced before.

"Yes," No. 9527 replied. "The power of warriors at the Other Shore Realm originates from such a token. You will find out what that means when you reach the Other Shore."

An incredible amount of power was released when the Other Shore Token was incinerated for Leyton to self-destruct, but it was naive of him to think that he could drag Zen to die with him.

To succeed in killing Zen within the confines of the divine land, one should have the ability to destroy the entire divine land. Zen had yet to meet an opponent who held that kind of power.

Zen pondered for a moment and suddenly recalled that Leyton had previously mentioned the Sky Guard Pavilion and Clement.

"Damn, something has happened outside the divine land!"

Zen was unable to tell if Leyton's words were true, but it was obvious that he had every confidence on that Clement.

If Timotheus and Emily could not deal with the situation, then the others would be placed in grave danger.

The Holy Beings would be fine; they could still be reborn even if they were killed. Unfortunately for his mother, she did not have a Rebirth Land.

"Buzz..."

Zen's body vibrated slightly and disappeared from the bottom of the Time Sea. In the next moment, he appeared in front of the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Estelle and Holy Jay had felt the tremors from the shore of the Time Sea. They were extremely worried about Zen's safety. When he appeared before their eyes safe and sound, both of them couldn't hold back their sigh of relief.

Zen glanced at the Holy Beings in the distance and remarked softly, "I want to investigate the situation in the outside world. Take care of the matters hereabouts."

Holy Jay frowned and said, "But your strength..."

"I will not leave the divine land," Zen rebutted the other's worried admonition with conviction.

Zen's cultivation was at the consummate True God Realm. In terms of physical might, he was slightly stronger than Holy Beings. Even so, all of his power was tied to the divine land. If he really left the divine land, he would not be able to fight against the masters at the Other Shore Realm.

"Please be careful," Estelle entreated with concern.

Zen nodded in acknowledgment and then disappeared again. In the blink of an eye, he materialized at the top of a universe. This particular universe was the one that Murphy had built.

In the past, Emily had elected to send Zen into the divine land through the Murphy Universe. Thus, Nicholas was able to sense the presence of Emily and her companions through the Murphy Universe.

"A green star?"

Zen's eyes flashed as he saw the lone star at the top of the Murphy Universe.

At that moment, four to five beams of light zipped past. The creatures in the Murphy Universe were probably the fake Sacred race who had invaded the Evolutionary Universe back then.

"Who dares to wander around the forbidden area?"

A loud, demanding voice reached Zen's ears even if the people who came up were still some distance away from him.

Zen was sure he had heard that voice before, even if the person's features were unclear to him. It sounded surprisingly familiar.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!"

As the distance between Zen and the group of people narrowed, Zen was able to take a good look at the speaker as they approached. He saw the features of the person at the helm and immediately placed a name with the voice.

"Maha?" Zen definitely did not expect to meet him here.

The mention of his name took the man called Maha by surprise. For some time, he cast a curious gaze on Zen's face in an attempt to recognize the other, and then a light of recognition flashed in his eyes. "You are... You're Zen!"

Once upon a time, in the Sunflower Water World, Maha had single-handedly challenged the ace talents and Godly Geniuses of the Evolutionary Universe, which had shocked the entire Evolutionary Universe. He even successfully defeated Nathan. Ultimately, however, he was slain by Zen.

Even so, Maha was the young master of the fake Sacred race, and his people had made preparations beforehand in case he died. After returning to the Murphy Universe, he once again obtained a powerful form.

However, after Maha was revived, the fake Sacred race had to retreat following a bitter defeat.

Thus, he had extremely limited knowledge about what happened to the Evolutionary Universe from that point onward.

That universe war had ended with the fall of the Murphy Universe. They had lost many Supreme Lords, leaving many vacancies for the position.

However, Maha was still not conferred with the position of a Supreme Lord. He continued to cultivate wholeheartedly in the hopes that one day, he could leave the Murphy Universe and step into the divine land.

Now, the Murphy Universe was in chaos. At the top of the Murphy Universe, a band of warriors at the Other Shore Realm were fighting. Although the Heavenly Mirror Shield separated everything, the movements of the masters at the Other Shore Realm made too much noise. Thunderous sounds often boomed throughout the universe.

Maha was on a mission to inspect this area. Coincidentally, he stumbled upon Zen, who was just passing by.

"Yes, it's me." Zen narrowed his eyes slightly.

To Zen, Maha did not leave a good first impression. Although it was Murphy who started the universe war and the secondary creatures of the fake Sacred race were nothing but his pawns, Maha had led the fake Sacred race to cause trouble in the Evolutionary Universe time and again.

However, Zen thought back to that time and found that some things did not bother him anymore. Now, Maha was of no consequence.

Maha's thoughts ran on a different thread. Back then, he had suffered a great shame when he was defeated and killed by Zen. Although time flowed faster in the universe, his defeat had happened only two hundred years ago. He had always harbored a deep grudge against Zen.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, Maha had his long spear pointed at Zen. A sneer appeared on his face as he said, "I don't know why you sneaked into the Murphy Universe, but since you're here, don't even think of making it out of here alive."

Zen's cultivation level was currently at the consummate True God Realm, but he kept his aura in check.

In the Murphy Universe, even the highest of Supreme Lords could only distinguish between low-rank and mid-rank True Gods. It was impossible for them to recognize Zen's cultivation level.

Maha himself thought that Zen had only used secret techniques to conceal his cultivation and that the latter was a mere world lord.

Besides, the Murphy Universe was his turf! Any altercation in the Murphy Universe would summon Holy Murphy at any time. Even if Zen was powerful, Maha sincerely doubted that he would be stronger than the Holy Being who had created this universe.

Thus, Maha feared nothing.

"It has been more than two hundred years, but you haven't changed at all..." Zen tutted and shook his head.

Back in the Evolutionary Universe, Zen was also considered as one of the top talents. However, it was not until he stepped into the divine land that he had realized just how insignificant he had been.

Maha's father was a Supreme Lord of the Murphy Universe, so Maha was naturally domineering and arrogant in his territory. However, failure to change after stepping into the divine land spelled big trouble and considerable loss for him.

Before Zen could finish his words, Maha suddenly shook the spear in his hand. The spear shot towards Zen, moving like a poisonous dragon.

As the spear was closing in on Zen, it only managed to move halfway to its target and no further. An invisible force had stopped it.

At that moment, Murphy appeared in front of Maha. He gently held the tip of his spear with two fingertips and flashed Maha a look of cold contempt. Then, he turned his head and smiled at Zen.

Chapter 2936 The Trap

Being the master of the Murphy Universe, Murphy clearly knew everything about it.

Zen's sudden appearance didn't get unnoticed.

However, Murphy decided to not say a word about it. Right now, he was not in the position to provoke someone as powerful as Zen. Being a wise man, Murphy dared not to offend Zen in any way.

Despite Murphy's attempt to keep the peace, he didn't expect that Zen would cross Maha's path. And without any warning, Maha actually dared to attack Zen.

Murphy didn't care whether or not Maha would live, but his fate was on Zen's hand. He didn't want to be in big trouble because of Maha's irrational acts.

"Holy... Holy Murphy!"

Maha stammered, seeing Murphy.

Everyone who followed behind Maha got surprised.

As the creator of the world, Holy Murphy was the owner of the universe. He basically made all the things in the Murphy Universe! With that being said, even the strongest Grand Supreme Lord was no match for Holy Murphy. He could easily smash him during a fight.

Most of the people in the Murphy Universe were not even aware of Holy Murphy's existence. A few people had a look of awe just by mentioning his name.

"Holy Murphy! This man belongs to the Evolutionary Universe. He just snuck into the Murphy Universe," Maha commented immediately.

"Shut up!"

Murphy shouted coldly, not wanting to hear another word.

Under Murphy's extreme reprimand, Maha looked morose. However, he was not stupid enough to talk back.

After scolding Maha, Murphy turned to Zen and said, "If you want to travel through the Murphy Universe, please communicate with me. I will do my best to help you."

"Does that mean I'll need to ask for your permission before I can enter the Murphy Universe?" Zen asked flatly.

Feeling the chill went down his spine, Murphy quickly replied, "No, that's not what I meant. You can travel the whole divine land freely. However, some people in this universe are still reckless and imprudent. Before you come here, I can wipe them out and make sure that you'll have a peaceful stay."

Zen indifferently glanced at Murphy. Knowing that Murphy couldn't escape, he decided to let his father deal with him. "I won't blame Maha this time," Zen said in a cold tone.

He then flew upwards.

There was an invisible barrier under the green star, just on the top of the divine land. Currently, only Murphy could pass through it. This barrier separated all the living beings from the star.

Seeing that Zen continuously flew upwards, Murphy hurriedly removed the invisible barrier.

When Maha watched from where he was, Murphy and Zen's conversation left him stiffened. He felt like he floated in the air and got struck by lightning.

He couldn't believe his ears.

He was Holy Murphy! A Holy Being! Holy Murphy was known to be one of the most powerful in the divine land.

Looking back two to three hundred years ago, Zen was only a world lord.

No matter how talented Zen was, he could not believe that he would become so powerful and influential in that span of time. The time flow rate in the divine land was much slower than that in the universe. Even though Zen entered the divine land just after the war, it had only been twenty to thirty years since he entered the divine land.

Maha was confused as to how Zen could be on a par with the Holy Being after only thirty years.

Right now, it even seemed that Zen was more superior to this Holy Being.

Maha couldn't deny that he saw a trace of fear in Murphy's eyes just now.

The recent discussion clearly represented how the weak bowed down to the superior.

This guy...

Maha was known as the young master, and no one in the Murphy Universe dared to provoke him. In fact, no one had surpassed him in terms of talent.

His father had spent two hundred years in helping him with transformation. With Maha's great talent, there was no doubt he could step into the divine land in a short time.

However, he got defeated and killed during the universe war, which was the greatest pity in his life. Since then, he had made countless promises to take revenge on Zen one day.

Therefore, when he saw Zen again, hatred immediately rose in his heart.

But seeing Murphy's attitude made him realize how different he was from Zen.

He completely believed that even if Zen killed him in front of Murphy, Murphy would keep his lips sealed.

Seeing that Maha was as light as floating dust in his eyes, Zen decided not to make a move.

On the other hand, the fact that Zen didn't bother to kill him became a greatest contempt, making Maha feel disappointed and depressed.

Of course, Zen wouldn't guess Maha's feelings. Such a fellow was indeed not qualified to distract him. Soon after passing over the green star, Zen finally arrived at the top of the universe.

Meanwhile, on the top of the divine land, after the Slaughtering Moonlight Array was activated, the Yellow Emperor Guards took an absolute upper position. The Holy Beings, including Marsh, Moon and Vanessa, were killed.

Fortunately, the Yellow Emperor Guards weren't aware that the Holy Beings could be reborn in their Rebirth Lands. That diminished any danger in the Holy Beings' lives.

With Emily and Timotheus standing in front, the rest of the people gathered together. Both warriors were wounded, and Emily even lost an arm.

If only Clement relied on his own strength, Emily and Timotheus could defeat him when they united. However, after making use of the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, Clement became much more powerful and terrifying.

Fortunately, Ramzi was proficient in the array.

He also arranged a small array that covered everyone inside during that moment.

He called it the Image Disrupting Array, which could disrupt the Slaughtering Moonlight Array to a certain extent.

Known to be much more powerful and magical than Ramzi's Image Disrupting Array, the Slaughtering Moonlight Array was driven with the divine crystals. Ramzi's array could only disturb the Slaughtering Moonlight Array's power at a critical moment, but it couldn't break the array.

"I have plenty of time to deal with you. I'll wait and see how long you can hold on," Clement said casually, clenching the blood sword in his hand.

Buzz!

As the blood sword trembled on Clement's shaking hand, a layer of silver frost covered its surface.

Whoosh!

Seeing what happened, Ramzi patted the yellow paper again. The paper burned and spread out along the Image Disrupting Array, causing the moons floating in the sky to be in disorder again.

All of a sudden, the silver moonlight on Clement's blood sword deflected and fell into the void.

With the Slaughtering Moonlight Array in a chaotic state, Clement also had difficulty in controlling its power. It was precisely the same reason how Emily and Timotheus were able to hold on.

However, resisting the Slaughtering Moonlight Array by means of one array was extremely difficult.

In fact, the Slaughtering Moonlight Array relied on the divine crystals to continuously release its power. As for Ramzi, he managed to hold on using his own strength. During these few days, he didn't even get a chance to close his eyes. His face reflected how lethargic and exhausted he had been.

Of course, being aware of that, Clement didn't worry at all.

He knew that before the Slaughtering Moonlight Array used up all the divine crystals, the Image Disrupting Array would definitely collapse. He only needed to constantly give enough pressure.

Therefore, while using the array, he also ordered the other Yellow Emperor Guards to continue in breaking the space barrier which led to the divine land.

With the combined power of the sword and the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, he became powerful enough to trap and kill everyone before him.

Chapter 2937 Protecting People

The several silver moons rapidly flipped in the air until the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, which had been disturbed by Ramzi, quickly fell back into position.

Once the messy silver moons returned to their quiet and orderly selves, Clement picked up his blood sword again.

Ramzi felt his eyesight drifting out of focus, but he braced himself and activated the Image Disrupting Array in an attempt to disturb the Slaughtering Moonlight Array once again.

However, at this moment, Clement secretly winked at the Yellow Emperor Guard who was on the other side and sent him a message through his life vitality. "It's your turn, Len."

The Yellow Emperor Guard called Len was really good at employing the soul attack.

However, his soul attack only worked on those who were unprepared, so he had yet to launch an attack during this battle.

For the past few days, Ramzi had maintained the Image Disrupting Array to combat the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. The slightest mistake or negligence on his part could lead to several deaths, so he had been on constant edge and under great pressure. Moreover, maintaining the Image Disrupting Array consumed a lot of soul power.

Clement had sensed that Ramzi's soul power was almost exhausted, so he thought that this was the perfect time for Len to launch an attack.

Puff!

The yellow paper produced by Ramzi exploded. The Image Disrupting Array he was maintaining also flashed a pale yellow luster. At this critical moment, a light green demonic statue suddenly appeared above Len's head.

The statue was strange-looking and had a mustache on its face. As soon as it appeared, it let out a sharp scream that cut through the air.

Woo, woo...

A powerful rush of soul pressure spread out along with its voice.

The faces of Emily, Timotheus, Leopold, and the other warriors at the Other Shore Realm all darkened. With their strength, they managed to resist the soul attack.

Mike and Lorena, however, felt as if their souls had been pricked by needles. The intense soul pain made their faces turn pale.

"Damn it! Quick, go and help Ramzi!"

"His soul power is exhausted. I'm afraid he can't hold on!"

Emily was the first to jump to action. With a flick of her hand, she conjured up a colorful necklace that could help the wearer resist the soul attack. Then, she slightly waved her hand and made the necklace fall over Ramzi's head and settle around his neck.

Unfortunately, it was too late. Ramzi was already like a spent arrow. Even without the soul attack, he couldn't hold on any longer. The moment the sharp voice spread into his soul, his eyes rolled to the back of his head and he passed out with a thud.

Puff, puff, puff...

The yellow paper dispersed around the Image Disrupting Array and soon the entire array disintegrated.

"Haha!"

Clement let out a chuckle and gently waved his silver blood sword.

Without the protection of Ramzi's Image Disrupting Array, no one could resist the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. When Clement brandished his blood sword, Emily narrowed her eyes, gritted her teeth, and grabbed Ramzi in the air before dragging him a foot away.

She didn't know whom Clement would attack, but since Ramzi was the only one who could disturb the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, she guessed that Clement would try to finish him off first.

Puff!

Just as she had guessed, Ramzi's legs were suddenly cut by an invisible force.

"It's useless to struggle. You can save him, but can you save yourself?" said Clement with a small smile. He hadn't expected that Emily would take action.

As he spoke, he waved his blood sword in the air once again.

Emily's eyes narrowed, and she swiftly dodged his attack.

Puff!

The Nine Li Guard next to her, however, didn't react as quickly. A wound appeared in the middle of his forehead and blood spurted out. The Nine Li Guard was cut in half and his eyes were filled with confusion and resentment as he fell to the ground.

"No!"

Leopold and Timotheus cried out simultaneously.

Emily quickly got up from the ground and glared at Clement with utter hatred.

Clement, on the other hand, continued to smile at Emily. "I didn't say I would kill you, but maybe next..."

"Let's just fight him head on!" shouted Leopold.

He couldn't stand it anymore. If they were going to be killed anyway, it was better to fight to the death.

Timotheus's eyes also flashed with fury. The remaining Nine Li Guards and the members of the Snake Goddess race were eager to fight.

"Fight me head on?" Clement still looked as relaxed as ever. "Have you forgotten that you are trapped by the Slaughtering Moonlight Array? How can you even think of fighting me?"

With that, he raised his blood sword, and the silver moons in the sky emitted a bright light.

As he shook the blood sword gently, an invisible force spread out.

Everyone felt like the situation was hopeless because they couldn't predict whom Clement would attack next. His attacks were simply irresistible.

Even Emily and Timotheus, who had extraordinary fighting skills, found it difficult to dodge his attacks.

Standing protectively in front of Lorena, Mike activated the Evolution Godly Way. The wheels in his head began churning.

It was a difficult task for him to speculate about the thoughts of a person who was stronger than him. Fortunately, there were not many people in the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, so there were very few variables to take into account.

Mike pushed the Evolution Godly Way to the limit and finally got the result the moment Clement brandished his sword.

With a determined look on his face, Mike turned around and jumped, knocking Lorena to the ground with him. Less than a split second later, an invisible force spiraled over their heads but soon disappeared silently.

"Impressive." A look of surprise could be seen on Clement's face. "You are merely a True God, but you can figure out what I'm thinking. That's very interesting. But can you really avoid my attack?"

"Princess!"

the Nine Li Guards all cried out at once.

They were more concerned about Lorena's safety than the others'.

Before Mike and Lorena could get up from the ground, Clement launched another strike and an invisible force swiftly shot toward them.

This time, the two of them had no way of dodging Clement's attack. Moreover, it was all happening in such a short time that no one could step in to help them. Even the Nine Li Guards who were running toward them had helpless looks on their faces.

Mike had no choice but to hold Lorena in his arms, his heart sinking into despair.

It was not a big deal for him to be killed by the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. After all, he could come back to life in his universe. Lorena, however, had no chance of coming back if she were to die.

But at this moment, the invisible force seemed to bump into something and made a crisp sound.

Everyone was stunned. So far, no one had been able to stop Clement's attacks, not even Emily and Timotheus.

Clement himself was taken aback, unable to figure out what was going on.

As he stared intently at Lorena and Mike, he saw a blue shadow of triangle shield gradually emerge in front of them. It was this shield that had blocked his strike.

"The Heavenly Mirror Shield?"

Timotheus, Emily, and Leopold were stunned.

Clement frowned in confusion. When he had led the Yellow Emperor Guards to the divine land, he had tried to break the outer layer of the divine land, only to be stopped by the Heavenly Mirror Shield.

But normally, the Heavenly Mirror Shield only protected the divine land. Why was it taking the initiative to protect people now?

Chapter 2938 Devour

The Heavenly Mirror Shield was one of the most precious treasures that Chiyou possessed. Ordinary warriors at the Other Shore Realm could not break it at all.

Soon after Clement realized this, he immediately swung his sword again, with an intention to kill Timotheus.

"Clang!"

The Heavenly Mirror Shield appeared again, shielding Timotheus. The shield blocked Clement's attack.

Mike was the first to realize what just happened.

As a Holy Being, Mike had known about the existence of the Heavenly Mirror Shield many years ago.

However, he was clueless about its origin, until Lorena told him.

The Heavenly Mirror Shield seemed to be omnipresent at the surface of the divine land. Whenever the divine land was attacked, whichever the side, the shield was always present to protect the divine land.

Some Holy Beings had closely studied the Heavenly Mirror Shield and even dreamt to possess it.

But till date, nobody had even come close to achieving their dream.

Only when the Heavenly Mirror Shield was activated, did Zen's name cross Mike's mind.

If Zen indeed had merged with the original will of the divine land, then everything in the divine land should be under his control!

"How could this be even possible?"

Even Clement appeared anxious. He didn't look as calm or confident as he was before.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

The silver moons in the Slaughtering Moonlight Array shot out beams with dazzling brilliance, as he constantly brandished his silver blood sword.

Cling! Cling! Cling! Cling! Cling!

No matter how hard he hacked at Ramzi who had lost his legs and fainted, or the members of the Snake Goddess race, the Heavenly Mirror Shield would always appear in time to block his fatal attacks.

Timotheus, Emily, Mike and Leopold continued to look at Clement coldly, as they remained mum.

"Who the hell is it?"

Clement roared. The bloody sword in his hand was still controlling the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. Soon it unleashed streams of invisible force towards the Nine Li Guards and the others.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

All the violent attacks were blocked by the Heavenly Mirror Shield.

His attacks went all in vain. Very soon, all of the divine crystals in the Slaughtering Moonlight Array were depleted.

Emily narrowed her eyes, as she stared at him. Soon her expression cleared and smiled. The poor guy seemed to be in utter distress.

"Who the hell are you? Get out! Coward! This is villainous behavior!" Clement roared again.

Not far away, Godfrey and the others, who were waiting for orders, also looked nervous.

At this moment, a piercing scream suddenly rang out from the space channel behind Clement.

The Yellow Emperor Guards turned their heads and looked over.

"Abbas?"

"What happened to him?"

When Clement was controlling the Slaughtering Moonlight Array to attack his enemy, he ordered Abbas to continue to dig up the space channel. The miserable scream from the space channel signaled that someone might have killed Abbas in the divine land.

The Yellow Emperor Guards became even more nervous. Clement looked fierce. Just as he was about to take action, Godfrey, who was not far away, suddenly slipped and began to fall. The surface of the divine land cracked, creating a huge gap. A powerful force seemed to drag Godfrey down!

Godfrey's face changed its expression. Just as he was about to fall into the crack, he immediately wanted to activate the Grand Teleportation to save himself from falling into the crack.

However, just as he was about to formulate his strength, the invisible force soon engulfed him. He immediately discovered that he had lost connection with his inner world. How could he possibly display the Grand Teleportation in this situation?

"Ah?"

Godfrey shrieked one last time, before the crack closed.

"Damn it!"

Until some moments ago, the situation was clearly in his hand. How did the tables change all of a sudden? Clement wondered.

Clement always considered every situation carefully before embarking on any kind of action. That was why, on his way to the divine land, he had communicated with Leyton, discussing everything in detail.

Throughout the inside and the outside of the divine land, the only obstacles were the Nine Li Guards and the warriors from the Snake Goddess race. He was confident that the Slaughtering Moonlight Array would wipe them all at once. But now, what was going on? What was that person in the divine land? How could he kill Godfrey and Abbas in an instant?

And most importantly, this person actually could control the Heavenly Mirror Shield!

When they saw the current situation unfold, the Yellow Emperor Guards all rose to the air. They were all afraid that even they would be dragged into the divine land again.

However, just as they were about to take action, a huge crack suddenly appeared on the surface of the divine land. The crack was thousands of miles long, like a monster's big mouth as it swept over in an attempt to swallow everyone.

As Clement saw this, his face suddenly changed. He yelled, "Get out of here!"

It was true that the divine land was important for Clement. However, he knew that when there is life, there is hope. If he reported this news back to his leader, he would also be valued. He had a premonition, that if he was trapped in the divine land, he would never be able to leave again.

However, the speed at which the crack came to devour them was beyond his expectation. In the blink of an eye, the Yellow Emperor Guards, Nine Li Guards, all the others, and the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, were all instantly devoured.

At this moment, all of them had fallen into the divine land. Or to be more precise, the Murphy Universe.

Right now, both the Heavenly Mirror Shield and the space barrier that separated the divine land from the outside world, were all under Zen's control.

Quickly, Clement and the other Yellow Emperor Guards used the Grand Teleportation, in an attempt to leave the divine land. The space channels that they created spread upward, and the Yellow Emperor Guards quickly entered inside the space channels.

"Dong, Dong, Dong..."

After a few seconds, these Yellow Emperor Guards stumbled out of the space channels. They all appeared to be in a very sorry state.

All of them had bumped into the space barrier.

If someone was trapped by the space barrier in the divine land, it was not so easy to leave. It would take several years to break the space barrier open. So now their mode of escape was completely blocked.

"Don't panic!"

Although Clement was at wit's end, he quickly adjusted his state of mind and managed to calm down the other Yellow Emperor Guards.

"It doesn't matter whether you panic or not." A voice lightly floated over.

Clement narrowed his eyes and found a young man floating in the void not far away from him. It was none other than Zen. But Clement did not recognize him.

"Who are you?" Clement asked coldly.

Although he was trapped in the divine land, he still had the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. Truth to be told, it was the only thing that bolstered his confidence.

But since this young man had dared to pull them into the divine land, he must have some kind of support system. In fact he must be the one who had controlled the Heavenly Mirror Shield.

"It doesn't matter who I am..." Zen slowly floated towards Clement and said, "What matters is that all of you are going to die here!"

Previously, Clement had lashed out at Lorena. The scene had greatly frightened Zen.

After all, his mother's life was threatened. If he had been one step late, he would have been parted from Lorena forever.

Although Zen managed to appear calm externally, his killing intent was madly surging in his heart.

When Clement heard this, he was stunned. The words came from a mere True God. It was ridiculous.

"It's you who will die today!"

Clement raised the bloody sword in his hand in a casual manner. As the silver moons of the Slaughtering Moonlight Array shone brightly, an invisible force slashed towards Zen's head.

"Watch out, Zen!" Lorena called out.

She knew that Zen never showed any kind of fear. Nevertheless, she was still worried about his safety.

The power of Slaughtering Moonlight Array was invincible. Even the body of a warrior at the Other Shore Realm could be shredded into pieces in an instant. Powerful warriors like Emily and Timotheus would be no exception to this danger.

However, the sword barely gave out a muffled sound when it struck Zen's body. His body was complete, but ripples appeared on the surface of the Mountain of Holy Beings beside the Time Sea, which was millions of miles away.

When Clement and the other Yellow Emperor Guards saw that Zen appeared unharmed, all their hearts sank.

Chapter 2939 The Easiest Way

All the Other Shore Realm warriors were surprised to see Zen resist Clement's sword strike.

After all, they had found out firsthand how terrifying the Slaughtering Moonlight Array could be.

Even the strongest warriors like Emily didn't have the strength to resist Clement's attacks. In fact, Emily had even turned into a Wild God, but Clement had still easily cut off one of her arms.

If Ramzi hadn't set up the array, this group of Other Shore Realm warriors might have been slaughtered by the enemy!

While Mike was watching this scene, a look of satisfaction spread across his face.

Even though Emily and the others had objected again and again, Mike had insisted on sending Zen to the Mountain of Holy Beings. Now, it was obvious that he made the correct choice.

If Emily and the others had left Zen and his companions to wait outside the divine land while they attempted to break the space barrier, the consequences would have been disastrous.

Clement and his men would probably have killed all of them.

"I don't believe it!"

Clement's eyes burned with fury.

Buzz...

All of the silver moons began shining over ten times brighter than before.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Clement madly waved his silver blood sword at Zen without any premeditation whatsoever.

His sword strikes were so incredibly fast that it was impossible for Zen to dodge.

Plop! Plop! Plop...

To his satisfaction, his sword managed to make contact with Zen's body with every strike.

As he attacked, the divine crystals in the Slaughtering Moonlight Array were being rapidly consumed.

The Slaughtering Moonlight Array was indeed powerful. Other Shore Realm warriors wouldn't be able to resist it even if they all joined hands. All Zen did, however, was to transfer the power that he absorbed with every strike on his physical body to the Mountain of Holy Beings, causing waves of silver light to roll over the surface of the mountain.

After hacking at Zen more than hundreds of times, Clement finally stopped for breath.

It had taken him a lot of energy to manipulate the Slaughtering Moonlight Array this way, and weariness was written all over his face.

Moreover, the divine crystals of the Slaughtering Moonlight Array were almost used up. The silver moons floating above had become dim, indicating that the array could disappear at any time.

Even after all those sword strikes on his body, Zen hadn't budged even a little bit.

Even those talents from the Sky Guard Pavilion wouldn't be able to withstand so many sword strikes!

"Master Clement, what should we do now?" one of the Yellow Emperor Guards asked secretly through his life vitality.

These Yellow Emperor Guards were starting to get anxious. Before going to the divine land, they had been very confident about their mission.

They thought that the people in the divine land, who were nothing more than ants, would be no match for them.

None of them had ever expected to face an invincible force like Zen.

If they had, they would have never followed Clement here.

Clement stared at Zen for a while before letting his gaze sweep over Timotheus, Emily, and the others.

The strength of those warriors was on par with his. Even if they were to take turns to fight Clement, he could barely have the upper hand.

However, he was now facing a boy who was stronger than all of them put together. Clement guessed that it would be impossible to fight this guy head-on. The most important thing now was to find a way to flee the divine land!

Fortunately, the divine land was vast. For now, they could temporarily hide in a corner of the divine land. Then, they could look for an opportunity to escape from the divine land altogether.

As soon as the thought flashed across his mind, Clement spoke to the other Yellow Emperor Guards through his life vitality, "This guy is too strong. We won't be able to fight him. Let's run for our lives and hide somewhere in the divine land. If we get a chance in the future, let's kill these fools one by one!"

Then, a trace of space fluctuation appeared around his body. He activated the Grand Teleportation technique and disappeared right in front of Zen's eyes.

The rest of the Yellow Emperor Guards had been hoping that Clement would come up with a good idea. Escaping was the last thing they had expected him to suggest. They all cursed him in their hearts, but they also knew that there was no other option now. They quickly started employing the Grand Teleportation technique to flee.

"You want to escape?" Emily's face darkened.

Timotheus and the others also glared at the Yellow Emperor Guards with a stern expression on their faces.

These people came from the same prison at the bottom of the chaos and had experienced life-threatening situations together. But now some of them had been seriously injured and many more had died miserably. How could Timotheus and the others let off these Yellow Emperor Guards?

Just as they were about to track down the Yellow Emperor Guards who used the Grand Teleportation technique to escape, Zen suddenly raised his hand. "There's no need to chase them. I have an easier way of dealing with them."

Emily blinked in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"Please follow me," Zen said with a faint smile.

With a gentle wave of his hand, wisps of space fluctuations gathered and a space channel appeared out of thin air. Zen stepped into the space channel first.

Emily hesitated for a moment, glancing into the distance. If they didn't track down the Yellow Emperor Guards right now, it would be almost impossible to find them later.

But since Zen was so confident, she decided to trust him.

Mike, Lorena, Emily, Timotheus, and the others all followed Zen into the space channel.

It was not until these people disappeared from the Murphy Universe that Murphy slowly floated up.

The scene he had just seen was terrifying.

Compared to the Other Shore Realm warriors such as Hamish and Leyton, this group of Other Shore Realm warriors seemed much more powerful, especially because of the formidable silver moons floating on top of the divine land.

One glance at the light emitted by those moons struck fear into Murphy's heart.

In fact, Murphy was not a coward by any means, and now that he had become a Holy Being, he was not even afraid of death.

However, the power of the Slaughtering Moonlight Array was so horrible that it was able to make him feel this way.

'No wonder Nicholas was determined to go to the Source World. One seems so powerful after becoming a Holy Being in this divine land, but in the eyes of an Other Shore Realm warrior, they are just as weak as an ant.'

Murphy let out a deep sigh.

He not only marveled at the strength of the Other Shore Realm warriors, but also worried about his own fate.

Then, his gaze landed on the Trumpet Flying Ship that the Yellow Emperor Guards had left behind.

Zen had drawn all the people and the Trumpet Flying Ship into the divine land. Now, the ship was flying on its own in the distance.

Meanwhile, just above the Time Sea, Emily, Timotheus, and the others were hovering in front of the Ruling Slate with puzzled expressions on their faces.

However, Lorena and Mike instantly understood why Zen had brought them here. "It takes a lot of divine might coins to modify the rules on the Ruling Slate. Can you modify them as you like?" Mike asked curiously with a hint of pride in his voice.

Zen nodded.

The rules on the Ruling Slate were aimed at all the living beings in the divine land. As long as enough divine might coins were used, they could be modified. Even an ordinary divine citizen could modify the rules.

Of course, they did not have the qualifications to enter this place in the first place.

Now that Zen had fused himself with the original will, the entire divine land was under his control.

It was just wishful thinking for Clement and his men to think that they could hide from him. No matter where they were, Zen would be able to find them with just a thought.

However, Zen knew that Emily, Timotheus, and the others must be exhausted after fighting for such a long time. Emily had even sustained a broken arm! Letting the rules on the Ruling Slate kill those Yellow Emperor Guards was the easiest way to deal with the situation.

'The existing rules on the Ruling Slate should be revised as well, ' Zen thought to himself, glancing at the Ruling Slate.

With a slight wave of his hand, he dispelled all the rules on the Ruling Slate.

All those rules had been written by the powerful clans on the Floating Islands. In order to write them, those clans had spent a lot of time and effort collecting the sufficient number of divine might coins. But now, Zen had easily erased those rules without a second thought.

If the Holy Beings of those clans saw how easily Zen erased those rules without a second thought, they would have burned with anger and frustration.

Then, Zen used his finger to gently write some new words on the Ruling Slate. Soon, a new rule appeared.

Chapter 2940 The Floating Island Of The Han Clan

"Kill all Yellow Emperor Guards in all regions of the divine land! Don't stop attacking them until they are all dead!"

In fact, the rules should be very precise especially if they were written on the Ruling Slate.

For example, just to be exactly clear, what did the 'Yellow Emperor Guards' mean?

Countless dwellers inhibited the divine land. What would happen if a certain normal divine citizen was called as a 'Yellow Emperor Guard'? Would the citizen be killed on the spot even though he or she was not a Yellow Emperor Guard?

However, it was still Zen's first time writing a rule. Without putting much thought into it, his rule appeared like he just described what he wanted to do.

After Zen finished writing the rule, a golden light flashed across the surface of the words, making the rule effective immediately.

Crack!

In an instant, the sky displayed blue streaks of lightning.

The lightning carried such powerful and extraordinary might that Emily was not able to help but let out a gasp of surprise.

"How could this slate have such terrifying power?" Leopold exclaimed in awe.

Calmly explaining, Timotheus spoke, "It was made by the Grand Chieftain. Of course it is by no means ordinary."

Moreover, the Ruling Slate's power was mightier than its previous attacks on Zen. At that time, the disciples of the large clans below were once again in trouble.

But after their last lesson, most of them had already realized that the Floating Islands were now the epicenter of the chaos. As a result, many of them had fled the area, only planning to return once the Time Sea regained its peace.

Seeing that the Floating Islands were on the verge of collapse, the Holy Beings all prepared to take action to protect them.

Meanwhile, Zen looked down at them. Afterwards, he waved his hand gently and all the Floating Islands became stabilized in the air.

The Ruling State unleashed great power, but the Floating Islands remained calm and unshaken. Given this scenario, the True Gods still had to suffer under the immense pressure. However, this also served as a training for them.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

All of a sudden, six streaks of lightning spiraled out one by one, heading in all directions of the divine land.

It was known that the Ruling Slate had a considerably high authority within the divine land. But in terms of influence, Zen was deemed to be superior to the Ruling Slate for he had merged with the original will.

Considering that Zen had already written down the rule that implemented the killing of the Yellow Emperor Guards, the Ruling Slate automatically located where they were hiding and launched several attacks towards them.

"It's done. The Ruling Slate will certainly kill them all," Zen smiled as he said to both Timotheus and Emily.

As a response, Emily nodded. "It seems that the power of this slate is indeed very strong. It has more than enough power to kill the other Yellow

Emperor Guards with just one bolt of thunder. However, I'm afraid that it won't be enough to kill Clement."

When Emily turned into a Wild God, she had used all of her strength. But unfortunately, her powers were still not enough to kill Clement.

Clement had prepared a set of powerful secret techniques, and there was no easy way to kill him.

"If one bolt of lightning cannot kill him, then send him tens, hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands. Once the rule on the Ruling Slate comes into effect, it will not stop attacking until the target is killed. The Ruling Slate is absolute and they will have no chance to escape death," Zen replied.

To avoid the punishment of the Ruling Slate, Zen had to exchange his blood in the Evolutionary Universe.

If he had used another method to sneak into the divine land, then he would have suffered endless punishment from the slate.

Smiling, Emily heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing Zen's detailed explanation.

Meanwhile, Zen turned his gaze to Ramzi who had been on a coma for a long while. During combat, Clement had mercilessly cut his legs. Leopold, on the other hand, saved him by carrying him on his back.

"How is Ramzi's condition now?" Zen asked as he furrowed his brows.

Leopold replied, "There's nothing to worry about. It's not a fatal injury. He just needs to have a good rest."

Zen nodded and said, "Then let me find a quiet place for you to rest." Glancing across the Floating Islands below, Zen finally said, "Let's go to the Floating Island of the Han Clan first."

The Floating Island of the Luo Clan had already fallen into the Time Sea. But for now, it was just an easy feat for Zen to build another Floating Island for the Luo Clan. After the internal strife and external trouble in the divine land had subsided, there were still a lot of things for him to deal with and this was not one of his priorities for now.

On the other hand, the Han Clan suddenly lost their leader ever since their Holy Emperor died. Now, Alfredo was fighting to become a Holy Being in the Mountain of Holy Beings with only a few elders of the clan remaining on the Floating Island.

Afraid of being implicated, many disciples of the Han Clan had no choice but to flee from the Floating Island and return to the Six-Burden Region.

As soon as Zen and the rest arrived in the area, the elders of the Han Clan all trembled in fear. During the past days when Samuel was in charge of the alliance, every member of the Han Clan had been quite arrogant on the Floating Islands.

But now that Samuel had been killed, most disciples thought that the entire clan would soon be doomed.

Meanwhile, Leopold and Timotheus found a secluded house where Ramzi could heal his wound, while Emily repaired her broken arm.

Compared to their wounds, Mike and Lorena were the ones who suffered the least during the war.

Under the nervous gaze of the elders of the Han Clan, Mike gently stretched out his hands and built a space channel with space fluctuations. This space channel was connected to a star in the Evolutionary Universe.

It wasn't long before...

Joy, Hallet, Harold, Aleyna, Laquisha, and others walked out from it one after another.

"It's Master Joy!"

"The Demi-holy Being of our clan!"

"And there's Princess Laquisha!"

Upon seeing these people, the elders of the Han Clan could not help but applaud in excitement.

At this moment, even a fool could see that today would be a watershed on the Time Sea's history.

If Joy stepped out for them now, then surely, the whole clan would survive the disaster!

"Eh, but why are we on the Floating Island of our clan?" Curious, Aleyna asked as she looked around with surprise.

Feeling the same thing, Laquisha also looked at Zen, bewildered.

"I can't find any other safe place for the time being except for here," smiling, Zen said.

When Harold, Joy, and the others saw that Zen was safe and sound, they roughly guessed what had happened in the divine land. During the past few days, they had been nothing but very worried as they hid and waited in the Evolutionary Universe.

However, just as they were about to ask what had happened, an elder of the Han Clan rushed up to Joy and cried, "Master Joy! I know that in the past, Holy Samuel treated you unfairly, and we had no way of helping you. But now that he's dead, can you please make the decisions for the Han Clan!"

Joy, Laquisha, and Aleyna were all taken aback upon hearing this elder's plea.

"Wait. Samuel... is dead?" puzzled, Joy asked.

"Yes! In fact, even his universe was destroyed," the elder said with tears starting to form in his eyes.

Meddling in the conversation, Zen added, "It was me who destroyed his universe."

Just before he killed Samuel, Zen still had some hesitations.

However, Samuel was not at all qualified to be a father. He had even tried to use his own daughters in exchange for his life right before he was killed. With this, Zen couldn't find any reason to forgive him.

Pursing her lips, Laquisha shook her head and said, "I know he deserved what happened to him."

"But what about my brother?" Aleyna asked. She knew that Pascal had been controlled by Samuel, and she was worried about his safety.

"Samuel asked him to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings and kill me, but I managed to remove Samuel's soul mark from him. In fact, he is here," Zen said as he gently waved his hand. In a blink of an eye, Pascal appeared in front of them out of the void. However, his soul had lost all memories and was reduced to nothing but a walking corpse now.

Zen turned to Lorena and said, "Mother, please help us and look for Pascal's Memory Flame."

Chapter 2941 Revising The Rules

Lorena nodded. With a flick of her finger, she took the Reincarnation Soul Weapon in her hand.

Her eyes closed and her eyelashes trembled as her consciousness began to roam the sea of Memory Flames.

With the ability of the Reincarnation Soul Weapon, she was able to find Pascal's Memory Flame pretty quickly.

Boom!

A Memory Flame, faint orange in color, drifted over the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

Laquisha and Aleyna stared nervously at the Memory Flame.

There was an old saying that the elder brother is like the father. Samuel had died, but it was nobody's fault but his own.

They needed support and though Joy could be that for them, she was not as close to them as Pascal was.

The Memory Flame floated towards Pascal's mind.

A long time later, Pascal slowly opened his eyes and looked at the people around him, confused.

"Laquisha, what happened to me?"

As he spoke, he felt the tips of his fingers tingling strangely. A surge of power emerged from the ring on his finger. His eyes widened at the strength of this power. This ring made him feel the existence of the Abyss Demon Region.

"What's this ring? What happened?" Pascal said, panicking. He couldn't help but want to throw the ring away from him.

Many things had happened after Pascal's Memory Flame was removed; it was a long story. Laquisha sighed and said, "Come here, brother. I'll tell you."

After Pascal and his sisters left, Iris burst out with the question she had kept down all this while, "Zen, how is Rocher now?"

Iris knew that the Mountain of Holy Beings was not closed and the competition to become Holy Beings was still going on.

What was more, Harold had told her that there was a high probability of Rocher becoming a Holy Being, and that she should not be worried about him.

But Iris could only imagine how fierce the competition would be and couldn't help but ask what was going on with Rocher at the moment.

Zen looked guilty at this question.

Iris's heart tightened at his expression and she pressed on before Zen could say anything, "What happened to him?"

"Rocher died in the Mountain of Holy Beings," Zen said gently.

Mike's expression turned serious. Rocher and Sword Chen were both from the Evolutionary Universe, and Mike had the ability to gauge their situation in an instant if he wanted to. So when Mike was trapped in the Slaughtering Moonlight Array outside the divine land, he had known that Rocher had died.

But Mike didn't know the details and had planned to ask Zen in detail later. Iris, however, concerned for Rocher, had stepped forward and unwittingly asked the question.

Iris's ruddy face paled, her eyes filling with tears. Her lips trembled as she fought to speak.

Over the years, she'd be extremely worried every time Rocher left her. But he had never let her down. With good luck, he had always returned safely, even when he had gone to the Abyss Demon Region.

But this time, her worries had finally come about.

As he saw Iris's sad face, Zen hurriedly said, "He died but we have his Memory Flame. We can reincarnate him in the divine land. With his talent, he can cultivate to become a top-rank True God in fifty years at most!"

Iris was stunned. There had been a deep sadness on her face just moments ago, but she now saw a glimmer of hope. "Rocher can be reincarnated?"

Zen nodded firmly. "My mother is in charge of the Reincarnation Land in the divine land. She can locate Rocher's body after his reincarnation, and can also get his memory back to him."

A matter of decades was short for a True God, which meant Iris could afford to wait.

"But I think Rocher's Memory Flame only contains his memory in the divine land. I'm not sure about the memory he had in the Evolutionary Universe." Zen turned to Mike as he spoke. "I wonder if Father can extract it from the universe."

All memories of a warrior in the divine land were stored in the Reincarnation Land. But the universe couldn't in any way compare to the divine land, which was why Zen was not sure about how memory worked in the universe and decided to ask Mike about it.

Mike thought for a moment before saying, "I still can't extract the memories of every living creature in the Evolutionary Universe. But if it were Rocher's memory alone, I think I can do it."

Zen let out a sigh of relief at his father's answer.

Rocher might have to start over to regain his cultivation, but he would be a divine citizen the moment he was reborn in the divine land. Moreover, with his memory that had been preserved, it would be easier for him to cultivate, especially since there were so many people who could help him. The situation was much better than he had expected.

Three days later, the Mountain of Holy Beings on the north bank of the Time Sea suddenly began to tremble.

Dozens of Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods emerged from the Mountain of Holy Beings.

These Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods looked a mix of dejected, regretful, and disappointed. The remaining three holy springs were occupied by the Leng Clan, Xie Clan, and the Bai Clan respectively.

Though they were disappointed, they were also relieved that they hadn't died.

As long as they were alive, there was still hope that they could become Holy Beings.

But for those Demi-holy Beings and consummate True Gods who had died here, there was obviously no hope at all.

As the Mountain of Holy Beings shook, it began to sink slowly into the underground.

And as it sank, a huge crater appeared in the ground. The sea water belonging to the Time Sea poured in from the other end of the crater.

In the countless years that the divine land had been in existence, the Mountain of Holy Beings had been enveloped by the sea water of the Time Sea, suppressing the divine land's original will. Although now its original will had been taken away, the Mountain of Holy Beings still had to continue bestowing the title of Holy Being.

After the Mountain of Holy Beings returned to its original place, a few rays of light burst from the sky above the divine land.

The rays of light headed straight towards the Hall of Holy Beings and it was not long before five figures appeared in the Hall of Holy Beings. The two people in the lead were Leland and Sword Chen.

When their inner worlds became Rebirth Lands, they could obtain some extra power from the divine land.

They were still just consummate True Gods in the eyes of the powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm. But they had a strength that was much more powerful than that of consummate True Gods.

These five people looked joyful because from then on, they could be considered top-level warriors in the divine land.

The new Holy Being of the Leng Clan, Cade Leng, beamed with joy. Now that he had become a Holy Being, he was on an equal footing with Jeremiah, the Holy Emperor of the Leng Clan.

It was now that a figure appeared quietly in the Hall of Holy Beings. It was none other than Zen.

Mike, Holy Jay, Lorena and others followed him into the Hall.

"Master!"

Sword Chen respectfully saluted Mike even though he had become a Holy Being.

Cade Leng and the other Holy Beings glanced at Zen coldly.

Zen had suppressed almost everyone on his own in the Mountain of Holy Beings. But truth was that he was still only a True God.

They were fearful of Zen's strength but they still thought they were at a level higher than Zen.

Zen, on the other hand, didn't even look at them. He walked onto the platform of the Hall of Holy Beings and said calmly, "Holy Beings! Please come together. Some rules need to be revised."

Chapter 2942 A Way To Recover The Nine Li Race's Glory

Every time new Holy Beings were born, it was customary for the existing Holy Beings to welcome them in the Hall of Holy Beings.

This was a ceremony of accepting new members into this circle, even though it consisted of only a dozen people.

However, this time, the situation was different. Too many things had happened in the divine land in recent days.

The alliance of the powerful clans had actually been established by the Yellow Emperor Guards. Before this, they had used every method they could to counter Zen. But now that Zen had defeated all the Yellow Emperor Guards on his own, no one in the entire divine land dared to go against him.

Moreover, the scene of Zen mercilessly killing Samuel had left a deep impression on the Holy Beings.

It seemed that Zen wasn't restricted by the Ruling Slate and could easily destroy his opponent's universe. It could be said that the fate of the Holy Beings was now in Zen's hands, which put them all in a terrible predicament.

If Zen really wanted to punish the Holy Beings of the alliance, what could they do?

"Revise all the rules? Is he being serious?"

"It's extremely difficult to revise every rule on the Ruling Slate. Does he really think he can do as he wishes?"

"Anyway, we'd better go to him now." The Holy Beings quickly talked among themselves and came to a decision.

Meanwhile, inside the Hall of Holy Beings stood Cade and the other new Holy Beings, all completely unaware of the events that had occurred after they had entered the Mountain of Holy Beings. They couldn't help but stare at Zen with an incredulous expression on their faces when they heard him summoning all the Holy Beings to him. 'Who does Zen think he is?' they wondered.

They were all aware that Zen was a great talent, but they didn't think that he was strong enough to command all the Holy Beings.

They didn't believe that Jeremiah, Clark, Murphy, and the others would obey Zen's words.

So naturally, what happened next came as an enormous shock to all of them.

All of the old Holy Beings began showing up one after another. As they appeared, they even greeted Zen with cupped hands.

'How did Zen make the Holy Beings submit to him?' Cade wondered in awe.

Once all the Holy Beings appeared, they all stared at Zen with an awkward expression.

They had not wanted to come to the Hall of Holy Beings to see Zen at all, but they had no choice.

All of them had caused Zen great trouble in the past. Now, if Zen wanted to settle the score with them, they would not be able to escape his wrath.

Zen's gaze swept past each of the faces of these Holy Beings before he finally said in an indifferent tone, "One of you is missing. Where is Murphy?"

"Murphy? It's been a few days since I last saw him," Clark said with a frown.

Over the past few days, the Holy Beings of the alliance of the powerful clans had often gathered together to discuss countermeasures, but none of them had seen Murphy.

As soon as Clark finished his words, however, a figure appeared out of thin air, outlined by a fluctuation of space. It was none other than Murphy.

When Murphy's eyes met Zen's, he braced himself and said, "Zen, I found something in the Murphy Universe that I think will be of great use to you."

Then, he took out a flying ship from his space ring. It was the Trumpet Flying Ship that the Yellow Emperor Guards had used.

Zen smiled knowingly. "Is a flying ship so complicated that you had to spend so many days studying it? Or did you consider using it to escape?"

When Murphy heard this, a hint of anxiety crossed his face. He immediately said, "The divine land is the basis for us Holy Beings. I don't have the slightest intention of fleeing!"

"It's a pity that you are a Holy Being, isn't it? Your inner world is integrated with the divine land, so you can't escape at all. If you were a consummate True God or a Demi-holy Being, I'm afraid that you would have already escaped. Isn't that right?" Zen asked.

Murphy gritted his teeth, but he did not dare to argue with Zen. After all, Zen was completely correct.

When Murphy had discovered the flying ship, he had indeed thought of escaping with it. The idea of using the Trumpet Flying Ship to flee to the Source World would have been a great one... if he hadn't been a Holy Being. His Rebirth Land, the Murphy Universe, endowed him with great power but also restricted him from leaving. After all, he couldn't just leave his universe at the mercy of Zen and others in the divine land.

After careful consideration, he had finally chosen to hand over the flying ship to Zen, hoping that this act could help him win Zen's favor at least.

What he did not know was that everything in the divine land was under Zen's control and that Zen already knew everything.

In the sky above the Time Sea, bursts of lightning appeared from time to time and shot out in all directions.

Whether they were hiding high up in the air or deep underground, nobody could escape the punishment of the Ruling Slate.

Three of the five Yellow Emperor Guards who had fled had already died. Only Clement and another one of the guards were still alive. The latter cast a strong enchanted barrier and struggled to survive, while Clement went into the depths of the ground and hid in the Lethal Fire Magma.

Anyway, both of them were at the end of their strength under the baptism of the lightning. In less than five days, they would definitely be killed by the lightning.

Zen knew each and every move of these Yellow Emperor Guards no matter where they were. So naturally, he also knew about the existence of the flying ship.

In fact, even if Murphy had decided to escape with the flying ship, Zen would have easily been able to stop him. It was lucky for Murphy that he had decided to come here instead.

Zen did not pursue this matter further. Instead, he said to all the Holy Beings, "Today, I've summoned all of you here because I want to revise the rules of the divine land."

"Revise the rules?"

"How can you change the rules on the Ruling Slate at will?"

"Are you sure?"

Filled with endless doubts, the Holy Beings burst into a heated discussion.

The rules not only restricted the power of the Holy Beings but also prevented them from killing each other.

"I've already erased all the rules on the Ruling Slate," Zen replied nonchalantly.

Upon hearing this, the Holy Beings widened their eyes in disbelief.

Cade and the other new Holy Beings were also stunned into silence.

The Ruling Slate was like a holy book of law for the Holy Beings. The rules on it could never be violated. How was it possible that Zen had erased all the rules?

"There won't be any powerful clans on the Floating Islands in the future. From now on, the only ones who can live on the Time Sea are the members of the Nine Li race," Zen announced.

His words didn't make sense to the Holy Beings at all.

They had heard about the legends of the Sacred race, of course.

But hadn't it been completely massacred in the past?

Ignoring their expressions of confusion, Zen continued, "I'm doing this so that the divine land can be returned to the people that it originally belonged to."

Lorena's biggest dream was to revive all the members of the Nine Li race.

Although countless years had passed since the deaths of the members of the Nine Li race, their Memory Flames still existed. Lorena knew that she could find all of them once she had complete control of the Reincarnation Soul Weapon.

The only remaining problem was the matter of the bloodline. After reincarnation, the members of the Nine Li race would have their past memories, but their bloodlines would no longer exist.

Of course, this problem could be solved by Timotheus and his companions.

In addition, Lorena had come up with a rather radical idea. As far as she was concerned, everything in the divine land belonged to the Nine Li race, including the divine citizens and the True Gods.

As such, she wanted to directly revive all the members of the Nine Li race by forcefully stuffing their Memory Flames into the minds of living people. After all, these people were reincarnations of the members of the Nine Li race.

However, Zen, Mike, and the others were all dead against that idea. Following Lorena's plan would be equivalent to killing all the living people in the divine land as their Memory Flames would be completely wiped out.

Finally, they had come up with another plan: to let the new-born lives in the divine land carry the old memories of the members of the Nine Li race.

Although this was a slow way to recover the Nine Li race's glory, the Nine Li race would be completely revived in a few hundred years or so without affecting the existing people in the divine land.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2943 Nelly

The Holy Beings fell silent at Zen's plan to recover the Nine Li race's glory.

No matter what stand they took, it was hard for them to wrap their minds around the situation.

If the Nine Li race actually returned to the divine land, they'd take up a lot of resources.

The powerful clans, as well as the other divine citizens residing in the divine land, would have to face keen competition. There was no way they could compete with the race that created this world!

Alas, they had no choice. None of them could object to Zen.

Moreover, what Zen said was actually reasonable. The divine land belonged to the Nine Li race. They were doing this only to return the divine land to its rightful owner.

Ian cleared his throat. "However, in the future, if the Nine Li race grows in strength, how can we possibly live in peace with them?"

"I will make new rules," Zen replied reassuringly. "In the future, warriors won't need to fight for the titles of Holy Beings with their lives at risk, but fight for the top places on the Jade Wall of Legends. Only the strongest ones will be allowed to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings."

The fight for the holy springs in the Mountain of Holy Beings was too tragic. There was too much loss of life. Zen's goal was to change this situation.

That was a good suggestion. The death of the consummate True Gods and the Demi-holy Beings had been a great loss for the powerful clans.

In fact, the Holy Beings had also discussed the possibility of fighting for the titles of Holy Beings according to the rankings on the Jade Wall of Legends.

However, the titles of the Holy Beings were a fatal temptation to the True Gods. Every time the Mountain of Holy Beings came, the powerful clans would fight intensely for the titles.

If Zen could end this dire situation, they would be pleased to agree.

"But the Sacred race... No. The Nine Li people are from the Source World. Those who carry the blood of the Nine Li race are surely stronger than us. How could we possibly compete with them?" a Holy Being of the Qin Clan asked worriedly.

Even though the Sacred race had been gone for countless divine eras, their power was no secret. The Holy Beings were fully aware of their strength, as told by the stories.

Before Zen could reply, Lorena sneered. "Do you mean that we, the Nine Li people, have to humor you just because we are outstanding? Maybe you need to be reminded as to who the true owner of the divine land is."

Lorena's eyes flashed with anger. Of course her approach was more aggressive than that of Zen; in her eyes, the divine land was the last home of the Nine Li race. After her people were slaughtered by Leyton, the divine citizens took their land.

The Holy Being of the Qin Clan opened his mouth as if to protest, but no words came out.

He had to admit that what Lorena said was rational. In addition, her race was strong.

"The divine land is not a peaceful place," Zen said after a while. "As you all know, its owner has deadly enemies who bring the Yellow Emperor Guards here. No one can guarantee that they won't attack us again, so we have to grow stronger together to resist them as a whole. We don't need to discuss the strife of different races."

It was said that, in war, the winners became rulers while the losers were reduced to bandits. This saying reigned throughout the chaos.

If the divine citizens didn't want to be eliminated, they had to force themselves to become stronger.

Zen had to unite all the people in the divine land. He didn't need to discuss this with the Holy Beings.

"Father, what should we do about the feud between you and Murphy?" Zen turned his gaze towards Murphy.

'Finally!' Murphy thought nervously, his heart pounding.

But since he chose not to run away, he turned to face Mike.

Lorena's eyes flashed coldly. She had no sympathy for the person who almost killed her husband.

Mike stared back at Murphy but kept silent for a few moments.

Back then, Bromley and Holy Jay had arranged various methods to deal with the universe war that Murphy started.

But Mike's true enemy was Nicholas. Murphy was but a pawn.

It was not that Mike hated Murphy. Actually, if it weren't for Nicholas, Mike wouldn't even bat an eyelash at Murphy.

"You almost destroyed my Evolutionary Universe, but at last you have lost the universe war. I know you just worked for Nicholas. Now, Nicholas is dead. Let's write off all our old scores. I won't kill you, but I will take your title as a Holy Being. What say you?" asked Mike, raising an eyebrow at Murphy.

Truth be told, the Rebirth Lands could be taken away. It was a bit troublesome, but with Zen's current strength, doing so would be a piece of cake.

Murphy trembled at Mike's words. Even the other Holy Beings felt sorry for him.

It was more painful to strip him of his title as a Holy Being than to kill him. After all, his current strength, power, and the rise of his clan were all thanks to his title as a Holy Being. If he lost the Murphy Universe, then he would be demoted to a consummate True God, which made him feel like he had lost everything he worked for.

However, ultimately, it was better than death. As long as he was still alive, he could wait for the next arrival of the Mountain of Holy Beings and become a Holy Being again.

Murphy pondered over his options for a while. It was no use. He knew he had no choice. "This is a light punishment. I'm willing to accept it."

After Murphy was stripped of his title as a Holy Being, Clark, Jeremiah and Zeke exchanged glances nervously.

As members of the alliance of powerful clans, they had attacked Zen both openly and secretly. It would be terrible if they were reduced to consummate True Gods as well.

Zen noticed the worried looks of these Holy Beings.

He would certainly punish the members of the former alliance of the powerful clans, but not today. "This meeting is adjourned. You may leave now." He turned to Murphy. "I have to go to the Floating Island of the Mu Clan."

Murphy's eyes widened in astonishment. "What are you going to do on my clan's Floating Island?"

"Take me to meet Nelly," said Zen. His gaze softened at the mention of Nelly's name.

Nelly was locked up by Rachelle because of him, so she should still be on the Floating Island of the Mu Clan.

Murphy submissively led Zen to the Floating Island of the Mu Clan.

The other Holy Beings returned to their respective Floating Islands. Mike, Lorena, and Sword Chen returned to the Han Clan's Floating Island.

The new Holy Beings, including Cade, left the meeting hall with mixed feelings bubbling up inside them.

In the past, they had regarded the Holy Beings as the top-level warriors; becoming Holy Beings had been their ultimate goal. But just now, they witnessed the older Holy Beings were all submissive to Zen.

They bitterly recalled how Murphy dared not even resist when his title as a Holy Being was taken away from him.

All of a sudden, their esteemed view of Holy Beings was shattered; they weren't as strong as they had imagined.

There was a cliff in the west of the Floating Island of the Mu Clan. Its surface was so smooth that people could observe their shadows on its surface clearly.

"Nelly is locked inside. It was Rachelle who ordered to lock her up," explained Murphy almost apologetically.

"Don't worry. I know."

Rachelle had told Zen in person, so he was well aware of the situation.

He walked along the cliff and passed a corner. Suddenly, a figure appeared before him.

Chapter 2944 Reborn

Throughout her years of captivity, Nelly concentrated all her attention on cultivation.

She wasn't too bad. In fact, she managed to become a top-rank True God.

Rachelle had previously forbidden anyone to release Nelly, which was why the latter knew very little regarding the outside world.

The Time Sea hadn't been peaceful in the past few days. The Floating Islands, including the one of the Mu Clan kept rising and falling, leading Nelly to speculate. Something serious must've happened in the divine land, for even the Floating Islands of the various powerful clans fluctuated so greatly that some of them almost fell into the Time Sea at one point.

Nelly's heart was full of worry. She couldn't help but think of Zen and wonder how he had been doing after years of not seeing him.

As these thoughts restlessly raced through her mind, she had an even harder time calming down and focusing on the cultivation.

However, she couldn't escape the binding force of the Gods Confining Jade unless she reached the consummation of the True God Realm.

She had nearly reached her cultivation limit to transform from a low-rank True God to a top-rank one during the past few years. Further improvement would require a rare opportunity for her to go past her bottleneck.

As she contemplated on this, she suddenly heard footsteps behind her.

"Who is it?"

Nelly turned towards the direction of the footsteps, her ponytail swaying along with her.

She was startled to see Zen appear in front of her. A look of bafflement and then relief washed over her as she exclaimed, "Zen! You're here!"

She blurted loudly before realizing that she was drawing too much attention. She immediately covered her mouth, her expression turning vigilant.

"What are you afraid of?" Zen asked her amusingly. He couldn't help but find Nelly's reaction quite endearing.

Lowering her voice, Nelly asked, "Did you sneak into the Mu Clan to take me away?"

This girl's imagination was wild. Zen chuckled before replying, "I'm taking you away but not in secret."

"But...what about my sister?" Nelly asked with concern.

She didn't understand Zen.

Did he plan on taking her away openly? This was the Floating Island of the Mu Clan!

"Don't worry. She won't stop us," Zen reassured her.

"How can you be so sure?" Nelly asked him.

"Rachelle is...dead. She was killed in the Abyss Demon Region," Zen confirmed.

At these words, Nelly's expression changed drastically.

Although they quarreled a lot, Rachelle and she were still sisters. She knew that she had good intentions when she imprisoned her here. It was for her own good.

Hearing the bad news from Zen was a hard pill to swallow.

"How could this happen?" Nelly asked as her question turned to sobs.

Zen sighed. He didn't want to see Nelly like this but she'd find out eventually. After a few moments, he explained to her how Rachelle died in the Furnace of Dark and Light.

Before her death, Zen knew Rachelle still cared about her sister. She asked him to release her, no matter the case.

Hearing these additional details further depressed Nelly. She leaned on Zen's shoulder and sobbed for quite a while. She began to fall into a pit of sorrow that left her unable to control herself.

It was reasonable to say that Rachelle brought this upon herself. Moreover, this woman tried to kill him on more than one occasion.

Nevertheless, Zen felt awful seeing Nelly so sad. He gently stroked her soft black hair and said, "I know it's probably too soon to say this, but...it wouldn't be impossible to bring Rachelle back to life."

Raising her head in an instant, Nelly stared at Zen in amazement with gleaming hope-filled eyes that were still rimmed red from crying.

"Zen," she began, "you mean to tell me that you can resurrect my sister from the dead?"

"Yes." Zen nodded in assurance.

Indeed it wasn't a difficult task for Zen to implant Rachelle's Memory Flame back into her body for the reincarnation.

Nelly grabbed Zen's arm suddenly and pleaded, "Please Zen! Do it! Bring my sister back to life!"

Nelly was well aware of the animosity that Zen and Rachelle had for each other. She nearly killed him in the Time Sea Forbidden Land.

Although she had no clue what happened later, she knew Rachelle too well. She would never let Zen go.

Zen's heart ached as he stared into Nelly's pale, pitiful face. He smiled before saying, "I can't revive her. She will be reincarnated and reborn but her memories of this life will remain."

Everything in the divine land was under Zen's control. He wouldn't fear a woman like Rachelle. He noticed a drastic improvement in her disposition towards him. For Nelly's sake, he agreed to the task.

The Ruling Slate relentlessly burst out lightning punishment without pause for an entire month before dying down.

Its stop meant that all the Yellow Emperor Guards hiding in the divine land were slaughtered. Then, Zen informed Leopold and the other Nine Li Guards of the locations where the Yellow Emperor Guards died.

They must have brought along quite a lot of things with them since they came from the Source World. Timotheus and the others took this seriously. They wouldn't want to have them buried deep in the divine land, so they immediately set out to take away whatever valuable goods remained on their corpses.

Clement's body was charred by the lightning punishment torment. His corpse's expression was distorted and you could tell just by looking at it that he was unwilling to die.

Eight months later...

South of the divine land, Zen and Iris appeared in the Formless Region. A central divine city lay beneath them which was guarded by a Thousand Commandments Slate.

"It's down there," Zen said.

Iris exclaimed, "Let's go then!"

Zen nodded in agreement as they began their descent into the central divine city.

The moment they entered the city, the Thousand Commandments Slate was triggered. Just as it was about to attack, a thought flashed in Zen's mind and the light on the Thousand Commandments Slate dissipated.

Zen could control a Ruling Slate. A mere Thousand Commandments Slate was no big deal.

After he managed to control the Thousand Commandments Slate, he appeared in the city lord's mansion with Iris.

As they entered, they heard a baby crying loudly from the backyard.

"You're sure it's him?" Iris asked.

"Yes," Zen replied with certainty.

Although he knew the newborn baby was Rocher's reincarnation, Zen still felt a strange feeling tugging at his heart.

"Who are you? How dare you trespass into the city lord's mansion!

How dare you!"

They had failed to slip past the guards undetected.

The leading clan that ruled the central divine city was the first tier Ye Clan. Its leader was Carlo Ye, a famous and powerful individual of the northern divine land.

The Ye Clan guards spotted some individuals sneaking into the mansion and immediately had them surrounded.

At this moment, Carlo Ye had been waiting at the door of the backyard for his wife to give birth to their child.

As he heard the shouts of the guards, Carlo Ye's face darkened and he came over quickly. Once he confirmed Zen's cultivation level, he was surprised. He asked in a deep voice, "Who are you? Why did you trespass into the Ye Clan's territory?"

Zen pondered on how to best answer his question. Without warning, Iris spoke up and said, "I've come for my husband!"

Carlo Ye was confused. He asked, "Who is your husband, exactly? Why have you come here to find him?"

"The newborn baby. He's my husband," Iris retorted.

Realizing the awkwardness of her words, her voice began to trail off.

Carlo Ye began to look at Iris as if she was a lunatic on the loose. She had a beautiful face, a noble temperament, and excellent cultivation. Was there anything wrong with her brain?

His son had just been born and this woman came out of nowhere claiming that the baby was her husband. This was strange, even in the divine land.

Chapter 2945 Destined For Greatness

Reincarnation was a little known topic to the people in the divine land.

Carlo wanted to drive Iris away, but Zen who was a consummate True God stood his ground in front of her.

He did all that with a look of impatience on his face. "What do you mean he's your husband? My son has just been born!" he snapped.

Iris tried to calm him down with an explanation but Zen interrupted her. "Sir," he said, "have you ever heard of reincarnation?"

Carlo shook his head. "You're not really taking reincarnation seriously, are you?" he asked with a skeptical look on his face.

"I understand if you don't take me seriously for now, but you'll know what I mean as soon as the baby grows up," Zen explained. "I just have one request—name him Rocher." As he spoke, he tapped the space ring with his finger. It flashed briefly and then a long sword appeared in his hand.

The Soaring Snake Sword meant death for Rocher. Now that Rocher was reborn, Mike would be unable to use the sword to control his fate again and Rocher was not fit to use it anymore.

The sword in Zen's hand was a top-level supreme primordial weapon. It wasn't the most powerful weapon around. It wasn't even more powerful than the supreme treasures of belief possessed by the Holy Beings. But it was very rare.

Its kind was rarely seen in the first and second-tier clans.

"This is for Rocher," said Zen, gesturing to offer the sword. He also took dozens of pills out and laid them on his palm.

At the sight of the pills, the bodyguards of the Ye Clan gasped. They weren't familiar with the pills, but the unique scent suggested that they were something extraordinary.

Even Carlo looked panicked at the sight of them.

The pills and the sword combined amounted to a value that was worth half of the Ye Clan's possessions. That was a lot considering that the Ye Clan was a first-tier clan. Carlo stammered through a response, "What did my son do to deserve this?!"

Zen's face had a knowing smile. "He once saved my life," he said. "These things are nothing compared to that. From here on out, he will be given enough resources for his cultivation every year. I hope that he can become a True God before he turns ten years old."

Carlo, for a moment, thought that Zen might be kidding. But the serious look on Zen's face said otherwise.

"By the way, is your clan under the jurisdiction of the Leng Clan?" Zen asked.

Carlo nodded.

"Alright. I'll have Jeremiah arrange protection to this divine city," Zen stated.

Zen referred to the Holy Emperor of the Leng Clan by his name. This made Carlo think that there was something more going on between them. Zen didn't ask anything from them except to name his son Rocher. It all sounded too good to be true.

"Are you sure you want to live here instead of returning to the Floating Island?" Zen asked, looking at Iris.

Iris firmly nodded with a smile. "I want to watch him grow up," she declared.

Zen didn't want to dictate Iris's decision, but he still told her some things that she needed to be concerned about. Before leaving, Zen turned to Carlo and said, "Take good care of Iris and Rocher. I promise that by the time Rocher is thirty, he would become a Holy Being. Your clan will be one of the greatest."

"Become a Holy Being?

And one of the greatest clans?"

Carlo was left in a trance.

The Ye Clan became a first-tier clan thanks to Carlo's leadership. However, he was only a top-rank True God, and had no qualifications to enter the Mountain of Holy Beings.

For him, it was unthinkable that his clan could become one of the great clans.

'Who is this guy? Where does he get the confidence to promise such big things?' he wondered.

Carlo turned to Iris to ask what was on his mind. "May I know your name, Miss?" he started.

"My name is Iris Dongfang," Iris answered with a gentle smile.

"Iris Dongfang." Carlo's eyes widened. "Dongfang? From the Dongfang Clan in the Ray Tree?"

Carlo knew of the Dongfang Clan as one of the most powerful clans in the divine land, but he didn't know about the destruction of the Dongfang Clan yet.

"Yes," Iris replied with a nod.

Carlo was quiet. He was trying to calculate his next move. "Who was that man? Does he really have the power to command the Holy Emperor of the Leng Clan?"

"His name is Zen Luo, a friend of my husband. I'm not sure if he can command the Holy Emperor of the Leng Clan, but he has driven all the powerful clans out of the Time Sea. Can I see Rocher?" Iris seemed disinterested. She only wanted to see Rocher.

'Could she be lying? Did that man drive the powerful clans out of the Time Sea?' Carlo thought, glancing at Iris. 'She doesn't look like a liar, ' he figured.

Carlo decided to investigate the truthfulness of Iris's claim himself. After half a month, though, all his doubts were set aside when Jeremiah personally came to the Ye Clan for Rocher Ye.

The Holy Emperor of the Leng Clan appeared quite sincere and he promised never to collect money from the Ye Clan forever. Besides, he promised that his clan would take in some True Gods of the Ye Clan every year.

All at one, the fate of this first-tier clan in a remote place was changed because of Rocher Ye.

The baby would grow strong in the Ye Clan. He had a bright future ahead of him. He was trained to be an outstanding legend.

Right in the middle of the Time Sea, a huge island was floating.

It was over ten thousand times larger than an ordinary Floating Island. It looked like it was the size of thousands of divine cities.

Zen never really got rid of other powerful clans' Floating Islands. Instead, he moved them to the outskirts of the Time Sea. The Holy Beings of the powerful clans no longer had the right to modify and control the Ruling Slate.

Soon, the emerging Floating Island would become the center of the entire divine land. It would attract talents from all over, including the newly born Nine Li people. These Nine Li people inherited memories and gifts from previous lives and practiced at an alarming speed. In the future, there would be a virtuous competition between the divine citizens and the Nine Li people.

As soon as he finished all these arrangements, Zen intended to take Nelly, Laquisha and Aleyna to the Evolutionary Universe.

Nelly had always wanted to see where Zen was born, but she didn't look excited at that moment. "Zen," she finally spoke up. "I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to get along with them."

She had known of the other women's existence.

"Don't worry about it," Zen said encouragingly. "You'll get along just fine." He patted Nelly's head gently.

Not far away, Laquisha glared at Zen. Trailing behind them, Aleyna yelled, "Zen, my brother-in-law, have you said that to every other woman you've had?"

Chapter 2946 Return To The Cloud Hall

Zen was lost for words after Aleyna's remark.

"At least he didn't say that to his first woman," Laquisha said as she nudged Aleyna's arm playfully with her elbow.

He sighed to himself and raised his hands as if surrendering to the girls. With a swift wave of his hands, he opened the passageway to the Evolutionary Universe out of thin air.

Before entering the Mountain of Holy Beings, Zen had sent Letitia, Margaret, and the others to the Evolutionary Universe. Even the Godly Geniuses were made to return back safely.

These Godly Geniuses held immense power and strength within them, power that could not be fathomed. They had become top-rank True Gods within a short amount of time. Their return to the Evolutionary Universe brought prosperity to their respective clans and forces.

Back in the days, Wynn was only a low-rank True God, yet he was so strong that he was almost invincible in the entire universe. The potential of the top-rank True Gods was beyond conjecture, even for the Supreme Lords.

However, Nathan and the other Godly Geniuses still felt a bit regretful. Their purpose of becoming Godly Geniuses was to help Mike, Zen's father. However, Mike's opponents were powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm. Even Mike couldn't fight against them, let alone these Godly Geniuses.

After opening the gateway to the Evolutionary Universe, Zen promptly reached out his hand. In the blink of an eye, they arrived at the Breaking Cloud World.

In the Breaking Cloud World, the members of the Celestial Position race had been waiting for them.

The first person to welcome them was Master Feng. He personally approached them and greeted them with humility. All the Supreme Lords of the universe were present too.

Zen's current visit to the Evolutionary Universe was different from his last. This time, he came with the intention of informing the Supreme Lords of his father's decision. Mike wanted to relieve them of their titles as the Supreme Lords for the purpose of providing them with a chance to enter the divine land. He wanted them to pursue higher levels of cultivation.

The Crown of Destiny was similar to the position of a Holy Being. Although the power of a Supreme Lord was far beyond that of a world lord, a Supreme Lord couldn't advance further.

Back then, to face the upcoming war against Murphy, Mike had to appoint the Crowns of Destiny on these warriors. Moreover, the path to the divine land was half closed. It was impossible to enter it, unless they were led by the Jiang Clan.

The only exception was Sword Chen. In contrast to the other Supreme Lords, he could sneak into the divine land at will due to his special Heavenly Destiny. The Heavenly Destiny distinguished him from others.

Now that the threats of the divine land no longer existed, Mike decided he no longer needed the Supreme Lords to work for him. He allowed them to return the Crowns of Destiny.

Upon receiving the news, the Supreme Lords' faces lit up with joy. They were now relieved of their duties.

They were important figures in the Evolutionary Universe.

However, for the Supreme Lords, higher cultivation meant pursuing their beliefs. They were always trying to reach a higher level. In the divine land, they could now do it freely.

The removal of their Crowns of Destiny meant they turned into world lords again. And if they went into the divine land, they would become mere divine citizens. Many crises and challenges awaited them with patient eyes.

Therefore, after Zen's announcement, half the Supreme Lords immediately handed over their Crowns of Destiny. They wanted to head to the divine land to become divine citizens.

Wynn had left the Evolutionary Universe, and Mike was trying to find a way to restore his inner world. Zen listened attentively to all the demands of the Supreme Lords, and promised to fulfill them. He then asked Master Feng to record them and report them back to Mike.

After those events, Zen and the others resided in the Breaking Cloud World. After three days, he took Lavender to the Demon Night race's territory, before they visited the Lower World.

Returning to the Central Region, he brought more people with him.

Originally Nelly had doubts she would cause a lot of disputes among Zen's women. However, everyone got along. Everyone except for Margaret, who had a dominating nature. Letitia, Lavender and the other ladies seemed to adjust to the environment after some rough experiences.

In contrast to all the other women, Letitia was most thrilled. She could not wait to return to the Central Region, her hometown. Her eyes were beaming with joy as she anticipated all the scenarios that could unfold at her return.

The Lower World and the Upper World shared the same time flow rate. However, the warriors residing in the Lower World had shorter life spans.

Time flew in the Evolutionary Universe. Several hundred years equated to a lifetime for many warriors.

Many third-grade and fourth-grade clans in the Cloudy City rose and fell in power. Various sects went through different changes in their ranks.

However, Cloud Hall remained the number one sect.

At this moment, Cloud Hall was the only eighth-grade sect in the Central Region. It stood tall as the most powerful sect, whilst the other sects followed behind.

The women followed after Zen obediently, and peered down at the floating stone that held Cloud Hall. They studied it in awe with their eyes widened, taking in the entire scenery.

"It's hard to imagine Zen received training in such a sect," Nelly exclaimed as she looked down at the Cloud Hall.

To Nelly, Laquisha and Aleyna, who were from the divine land, the creatures in the universe were all secondary creatures, so they were somewhat shocked by what they had seen.

However, the fate of the divine land was now in the hands of a secondary creature. Just the thought of it made their stomach turn.

It did not come as a surprise to Lavender, Letitia, Aura, and Margaret. They had watched Zen work hard to climb up the ranks. He had struggled to get this far with his strong will. Although he had to cross many hurdles to progress towards where he stood now, it proved fruitful in the end.

"Huh, what's that?"

Zen stood in his tracks as if he noticed something. He stood beside the women with a stern expression. He could sense a strong killing intent coming from the Cloud Hall.

Letitia, who was now at the True God Realm, could sense it too. She said with a frown, "The Cloud Hall is an eighth-grade sect. Who in the Central Region dares to be rude to the Cloud Hall?"

"Let's go have a look first," Zen smiled gently as he signaled the ladies to follow him to the Cloud Hall.

Within the walls of the Ice Palace, Lewis sat poised in his host seat. His eyes seemed to have lost the colors of the past. He emitted a haughty aura, his eyes gave out a cold expression and his face was stern.

Lewis had progressed in ranks and became the mightiest one among the Soul Sea Realm warriors. He was now strong and superior. It would not take long before he was rejected by the great world. He would fly to the Upper World soon after.

Lewis had visited the Upper World in the past with Zen and Patrick.

However, Patrick turned out lucky and was successful in getting chosen by the Blessed Buddha Land in the Upper World. On the other hand, Rocher and Zen went ahead to the divine land because of their talents and skills.

Upon returning to the Central Region, Lewis trained hard and spared no effort. He worked tirelessly and took over the position of the leader of the Cloud Hall.

It was the dream of many warriors to take charge of the eighth-grade sect, the Cloud Hall. Lewis proved himself worthy of being the leader. As a Soul Sea Realm warrior, however, he still had to fly to the Upper World in the end.

Cloud Hall was a big sect. But there was no one worthy of taking control over it in the future.

What was even more troublesome to Lewis was that the four divine kingdoms on the Divine Kingdom Continent would cause trouble at the critical moment of his ascension to the Upper World.

The former war kings and war emperors of the four divine kingdoms had already left this great world because the path to the Upper World had been fixed.

Now four warriors of the divine kingdoms, three war kings and one war emperor, gathered in the Ice Palace. They all stood before Lewis and raised their concerns about his ascension to the Upper World. A war king stepped up confidently and questioned him in an arrogant tone, "Master Lewis, although you can protect the Cloud Hall right now, haven't you ever thought about who would be able to do so after you ascend to the Upper World? By then, the eighth-grade sect will probably not live up to its name!"

"You're right." Lewis removed his hand from his chin and sat up. He leaned forward towards the four men. His expression turned cold as he glared at them. "How about this? I eliminate the source of trouble before I ascend by killing all the war kings and war emperors of the four divine kingdoms?"

The expressions of the four men slightly turned pale at his words.

With the disappearance of the Chaotic Ocean of Stars, there had been a period of time that the Central Region and the Divine Kingdom Continent had a good relationship with each other. They lived in harmony until recent years, the warriors on the Divine Kingdom Continent were restless. The conflict between the Central Region and the Divine Kingdom Continent continued and they could not come to a conclusion to end it.

Chapter 2947 Old Friends

The Divine Kingdom Continent was far more powerful than the Central Region in almost every way.

However, this had not always been the way. Hundreds of years ago, the Central Region could proudly claim Zen as their own. There had since been a series of shifts in power and Cloud Hall now was in the hands of Lewis.

Lewis was nowhere near as gifted as Rocher or Zen. He was not even greater than Patrick.

However, the resources of Cloud Hall made up for his short-comings. Furthermore, after his travel to the Upper World with Zen and Rocher, Lewis gained a great deal—more than he imagined he would.

With only Cloud Hall's vast resources and all he learned from the Upper World, Lewis had improved immensely. He had become much more than he was before, now possessing a strength unshakable in this great world.

He was capable of conquering the entire Divine Kingdom Continent on his own, should he so choose.

Because of this, the four from the Divine Kingdom Continent saw Lewis not just as intimidating, but as a man who meant the words he spoke, a man not to be trifled with.

The war king of the York Divine Kingdom thought for a moment and said, "Even if you did manage to kill all the war kings and war emperors of our four divine kingdoms, we have countless citizens, and many of them will become fine and powerful warriors. When next time the Divine Kingdom Continent battles with the Central Region, the Central Region would stand no chance of victory, you must see this. Let us be civil about this, we are neighbors after all. Why don't we both take a step back?"

"Take a step back? That savage land has been untamed for tens of millions of years, and now you claim it to belong to the Divine Kingdom Continent. Is this because your Divine Kingdom Continent is closer to the land, or because you believe yourself to be more handsome?" Lewis asked with a sneer.

"Because we're closer to the land," Callan, the war king of the Wind Divine Kingdom, replied foolishly.

Fredric, the war king of the York Divine Kingdom, glared angrily at Callan. Callan had been a fool since childhood and Fredric despised it. He knew that even in this most serious of situations, Callan would take the opportunity to act childish wherever he saw it.

The dispute between the four divine kingdoms and the Central Region was over the savage land.

Over the last few hundred years, the territories of the Central Region and the Divine Kingdom Continent had been entirely explored. The warriors of these two continents had almost simultaneously looked towards the savage land as their next frontier. All forces crossed the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and headed towards the land, hoping to make it theirs.

Although the land was indeed closer to the Divine Kingdom Continent, it still remained a lawless land where no one had any power or control. More and more warriors had gone to the land, and more and more conflicts arose. Warriors from the Central Region and the Divine Kingdom Continent clashed constantly.

Not long ago, a war broke out in the land. The warriors of the York Divine Kingdom and the Star Field Divine Kingdom had killed over a hundred warriors of the Ethereal Spirit Sect in the Central Region. The Ethereal Spirit Sect then turned to the Cloud Hall for help. Lewis responded by traversing through the Chaotic Ocean of Stars and to the Divine Kingdom Continent. He fiercely killed no less than thirteen warriors at the Life and Death Realm, shocking the entire continent.

Overtaken by grief and indignation, the three war kings and one war emperor of the Divine Kingdom Continent marched on the Central Region, searching for an explanation from Lewis, which resulted in the previous conversation.

"Ha-ha..."

"Ha-ha..."

"Lewis is hundreds of years old, yet still so amusing."

As Lewis' conversation with the four came to an end, out of nowhere laughter could be heard from above.

The entire room wore a collective frown as they spread their spiritual senses upwards. Lewis too was shocked. His face drew in a solemn expression as he reached out high with his spiritual sense to discover who had silenced this meeting.

The voice seemed so clearly in front of them, yet they could not detect it at all.

This could only mean one thing: the voice's owner was far stronger than any of them.

Lewis felt the voice to be quite familiar, but he just could not place it.

"You need not look for us. We are here."

In a corner, Zen and a group of women slowly appeared.

Lewis froze on seeing Zen and Letitia. But soon, pure joy washed over his face. "Master Letitia! Zen!" he exclaimed.

Lewis was the leader of Cloud Hall. However, seeing Letitia had thrown all that out the window. He lost all sense of decorum for his position, turning back to a disciple of the Cloud Hall all those several hundred years ago.

"Lewis..." Zen smiled and looked at the four from the Divine Kingdom Continent. "Callan, Randy, how have you been?"

Randy and Callan could not bring themselves to respond and just stood there dumbfounded. They had never imagined Zen would return after he had ascended to the Upper World several hundred years ago.

During the past hundreds of years, the powers of the divine kingdoms had changed a lot.

Randy had won over the crown prince and become the war emperor of the Harlen Divine Kingdom. Callan too had legally taken over the throne to become the new war king of the Wind Divine Kingdom.

"You...you... Are you really Zen?" Callan asked foolishly.

Zen nodded slightly.

The memories of Zen were unforgettable, and though the man in front of him definitely appeared to be the same man, he possessed a vastly different temperament.

The four could feel an extraordinary magical power emanating from Zen's eyes.

Although Zen did nothing to encourage any feeling in any of them, they all began feeling as insignificant as ants.

Randy was very excited too. Now that Zen was here, the dispute they'd been having could be resolved.

Zen had already risen to the Upper World when competition for the throne of the Harlen Divine Kingdom had begun. He had no effect on how that ended, but he had a far-reaching effect on Randy. Randy had been missing Zen all these years.

"Ten years ago, I said I would be really lucky if I got to see you after I descended to the Upper World. I didn't expect to see you back here," Randy muttered.

Naturally, he did not know that even if he flew to the Upper World, he would not be able to find Zen. After all, Zen had already gone to the divine land.

As fast as Zen appeared, the tense atmosphere enveloping the Ice Palace was dissipated.

Everyone was familiar with Zen, even intimidated by his strength, and the women standing behind him. This no doubt brought everyone down a peg, adding some humility to the scene.

They were unable to tell their cultivation level, be it Zen, Letitia, Margaret, or even Aura who possessed the lowest cultivation level. Although they hid their strength, the auras flowing from their movements still stunned everyone. After all, these were True Gods.

After some pleasantries, Zen turned the topic back to the reason for their gathering. "I heard that savage land caused your dispute?" Zen inquired.

Knowing Zen would ask of this matter, they detailed the dispute in an almost rehearsed fashion.

There was no right or wrong, only each continent's interests at play.

Before Zen could say anything, Letitia jumped in, "Although Cloud Hall doesn't attach any great importance to the savage land, it's unacceptable for the Divine Kingdom Continent to bully the Central Region and Cloud Hall."

Letitia harbored no desire to live in this world, but the Cloud Hall was her home. Her allegiance to where she grew up was undoubtable, so was her intent on protecting the sect and its disciples, and who could argue with her reasons for it.

Her words left the four from the Divine Kingdom Continent stunned.

Randy and Callan looked helplessly at Zen, hoping above all else that their old friend would react sensibly. Surely he could see this sort of view was unreasonable; it would give the Central Region an unfair advantage in occupying the savage land.

Chapter 2948 Time Flies

Zen considered the scene before him with mixed feelings. Given how far he had come, and how high he had risen, these conflicts seemed to him like the quarrels of children at playtime.

At this stage of his life, he could control all of the resources in the entire divine land, as well as those in the Evolutionary Universe or in the great world.

To the warriors of the great world, this savage land was a place full of treasures. Yet Zen knew the truth. If he so asked his father, Mike could make a thousand or ten thousand savage lands in the blink of an eye. It made their disputes, such as the one he faced now, seem quite petty.

However, looking at Letitia's serious expression, Zen knew he had to back her up. This was clearly important to her, and treating it lightly would just make her angry with him.

Concealing his indifference, he looked towards Randy and the rest. Solemnly, he said, "As for the matters regarding the savage land, you can make detailed rules. That land doesn't belong to either the Divine Kingdom Continent or the Central Region, but I hope that you can develop it together and live in peace..."

Randy and the others let out a sigh of relief when they heard Zen's words. But then, Zen added, "However, no matter what happens, the Divine Kingdom Continent absolutely cannot attack the Central Region or the Cloud Hall. This one time, I'll let it go. But if you dare attack the Central Region or Cloud Hall in the future, I will consider throwing the Divine Kingdom Continent into another great world."

Zen's pronouncement stunned his listeners.

They believed in Zen's power. Had he told them he could wipe out the entirety of the Divine Kingdom Continent, they would take his words as law. Indeed, they even believed each of the women behind him could just as easily wipe out the Divine Kingdom Continent too. But to throw the Divine Kingdom Continent into another great world? That was impossible.

Callan was still naive and asked, "Throw the Divine Kingdom Continent into another great world? How?"

Randy quickly intervened. He raised his hand to get Zen's attention and said, "We have heard your words, and we will remember. I, on behalf of the Divine Kingdom Continent, vow that we will not start any further conflict with the Central Region."

It was good that Zen's arrival had led to a quick solution to their troubles. Yet Lewis still looked unhappy.

Zen noticed Lewis' expression. "Lewis, aren't you satisfied with this result? Is anything wrong?"

Lewis sighed. "This result is fine. It's just that you and Master Letitia haven't come back for so many years. And now that you've finally returned, you still find me helpless, needing your assistance with this minor matter. It's humiliating for me."

Letitia and Zen caught each other's eyes, suppressing smiles. So, Lewis felt embarrassed.

This was something they both understood. After all, Lewis was supposed to be the head of the Cloud Hall. For Zen to come in and take over would make Lewis feel superfluous and inadequate.

Letitia gave him a consoling look. "Lewis, you have been in charge of the Cloud Hall for nearly two hundred years. That's even longer than me, and you've done more than I have done. Now, your task is to ascend to the Upper World, so you don't need to deal with these trivial matters by yourself."

In her turn, Letitia had taken charge of the Cloud Hall for almost twenty years. However, Lewis had been in charge of the sect ten times longer. He had been there for two centuries now.

Indeed, it had been so long that apart from a few elders in the Cloud Hall, probably no one would recognize Letitia as their former head.

Lewis looked heartened by Letitia's words. He smiled and said, "Speaking of ascending to the Upper World, I feel like..." He stopped talking, looking bewildered. "What's going on?" he asked, as his feet left the floor.

In confusion, the people in the Ice Palace all turned towards Lewis, watching what was happening.

Lewis was rising, waving his arms around to try and grab something that would anchor him to the floor. But he only grasped thin air. He continued to float towards the patio of the Ice Palace.

"He has been rejected by the power of the great world." In unison, everyone turned to look at Zen, who had spoken. He was watching Lewis with a smile.

Only Letitia could make sense of what was happening. She and Zen had both experienced the same thing. They had flown up to the Upper World in a similar way—the normal way.

Margaret, who had experienced something different, looked at Lewis with great curiosity. She herself had directly stepped into the Soul Sea Realm in the Purple Power World.

"Zen! What should I do? Why, of all times, would I begin to ascend to the Upper World at this exact moment?" Lewis, to his shame, felt like weeping. But he did not shed any tears.

Zen had finally returned after all these years, and Lewis looked forward to drinking with him. But that was no longer in his hands. The power of the great world was rejecting him right now. Not even Zen had been able to stop his own ascension to the Upper World after fusing with the great world's will. The great world would naturally kick Lewis out of the world after feeling that his power had exceeded its limit.

Zen couldn't bear to see the helpless look on Lewis' face. Reaching out, he grabbed him from the air.

"I'll stay at the Cloud Hall for a while. And for as long as I am here, I'll keep you in this world as well," he said.

After all, no matter how strong the repulsive force of this great world was, it couldn't be greater than Zen's own strength.

And so the news of their return spread quickly. After two hundred years, the sudden appearance of Zen, Letitia, and Margaret caused a stir throughout the Central Region.

The lifespan of a warrior at the Virtual Tribulation Realm could be up to a thousand years. And that of a warrior at the Life and Death Realm could be even longer.

The three leaders of the World Commercial Alliance had entered the Life and Death Realm. They were only four to five hundred years old. Upon receiving the news, they immediately rushed over, followed by the Ethereal Spirit Sect members. After all, Margaret was among those who had returned. Xander was still worried about his granddaughter.

Later on, some leaders of fourth and fifth-grade sects also came to see Zen. Although they didn't know him, his legend was widespread throughout the Central Region. The chance to meet him was an opportunity too great to miss.

Letitia realized how much she had missed all this. Her days in the Cloud Hall were among her best memories, and now, she felt that she was home at last.

Nelly and the other girls were curious about the great world. While they had their own inner worlds, where warriors also existed, they had never paid attention to them. With careful observation, they saw that a warrior with the lowest cultivation level also had a wonderful life.

In terms of strength, a secondary creature was incomparable to a divine citizen. But in terms of emotion, there was no difference between them. Indeed, it could even be said that the shorter, limited lifespans of the secondary creatures led them to place greater value on their time. They clearly cherished their lives and companions, and sought to make the most of every day, unlike many of the True Gods in the divine land.

In contrast to Zen's last visit, this time everyone seemed more relaxed.

After all, the last time he came back, he had the task of saving Mike. Now, however, the troubles in the divine land seemed to have been resolved. He realized that he was happy here. He didn't even consider returning to the divine land.

With his women, Zen traveled around the Central Region, enjoying themselves.

Naughty Aleyna suppressed her own cultivation base so she could take part in the Martial Arts Contest of World Commercial Alliance, to compete with some new geniuses of the Central Region.

And so she and the warriors in the Central Region fought in the same arena. The expected outcome greatly wounded the morale of the talented people in the Central Region. Zen berated Aleyna, but she was complacent.

At one point, Zen accompanied Aura back to the Eastern Region.

The Cloud Sect remained the same, but the Burning Sky Empire had changed. Under the new emperor's leadership, the Su Clan was now considered a fourth-grade clan, better than the Cloud Sect. Aura was very gratified by these developments.

Zen was indulgent in this matter. If Aura so wished, then he wouldn't prevent her from making the Burning Sky Empire as powerful as Cloud Hall.

Yet Aura did not interfere. After all, she had been gone for a long time.

The ages would change, and the empire would rise and fall, without need of any intervention. The empire's fate was in its own hands, and she thought it wouldn't be a good idea to force her own ideas on them.

At the same time, several geniuses in the Luo Clan of C County were showing extraordinary talents in the Cloud Sect. One of them became the emperor's son-in-law.

The Luo Clan had become a second-grade clan, and now stood on par with the seven great clans of the Burning Sky Empire.

The journey was pleasant for Zen, who found himself more relaxed than he had been in a while. Yet someone was still worried.

After three months, an unexpected voice suddenly spoke up.

"Zen, will you stay here for a lifetime?" It was No. 9527, who had been silent all this time.

Chapter 2949 Hiding The Divine Land

Three months in the universe were equal to ten days in the divine land, where time moved much more slowly.

Zen seemed to be content with everyday life in the universe, which worried No. 9527. If he decided to stay indefinitely, it would certainly fail the task that its master had given it. Eventually, it could no longer hide its anxiety, and decided to discuss the matter with Zen.

"It's not all bad here, you know," Zen simply replied.

He held up a cup of tea to his mouth. Wrapping a finger around its tiny handle, he sipped his drink carefully.

The taste of spiritual tea back in the Upper World was miles ahead of the fresh tea he was now drinking. And yet, Zen could not get enough of the slight bitterness that lingered on the tip of his tongue with every sip. It just seemed fitting as he looked around the Eastern Region, now flourishing at springtime.

No. 9527 scowled at Zen's calm demeanor, making no efforts to hide its disdain. As if to simultaneously remind and scold, it said, "In case you forgot, Zen, the divine land is unsafe. Chiyou made this ship so that the Nine Li people can revitalize the race."

Zen shrugged indifferently. "The Nine Li race will thrive again in no time. The old members of the race will all be reincarnated soon."

"Are you kidding me? The divine land has limited resources. There can only be a few Other Shore Realm warriors, and their strength wouldn't amount to anything in the Source World. Besides..." Zen tried to focus on the surrounding view as No. 9527 went into a frenzied sermon, furiously listing in points all the repercussions if he were to stay at the universe.

As he got tired of the seemingly never-ending lecture, Zen finally interrupted No. 9527. "All right, calm down. I was joking. You know I'm going to the Source World."

Zen could never forget the first time he had heard of what had happened to Chiyou. He died doing what he had been for a long time—fighting. The Yellow Emperor race, however, turned out to be his last opponent. More so than that, Zen accepted his mother Lorena's decision not to say anything regarding the matter, though he knew that she still had her own thoughts. After all, she would never allow the Nine Li race to forever hide within the chaos.

Like many things, however, it is always easier said than done. First of all, detailed preparation was needed for the trip to the Source World. Every action, turn, possibility—as much as possible, they must all be taken into account.

Their trip to the Evolutionary Universe was almost over when Zen released his restriction on Lewis. He told Lewis that he could go to the Celestial Position race after reaching the Upper World.

The Celestial Position race had fulfilled Mike's mission, and was now acting as Mike's agent in the Evolutionary Universe. And if Lewis did join the race, there was no doubt he'd eventually be able to enter the divine land.

Lewis was confident of his abilities and thrilled about the invitation. He felt even better when he heard that Rocher was reincarnated as an infant. Lewis then swore that he would enter the divine land and prove the Godly Way, all before Rocher came of age.

After sending Lewis off into the Upper World, Zen took a brief pause and reflected upon the brief journey. He then quietly left the Evolutionary Universe with his women.

The Trumpet Flying Ship, blending in with the serene skies, quietly floated above the Time Sea, near the Floating Island.

Everyone took their time to rest. By the time Emily's broken arm healed, most of the Other Shore Realm warriors had also recovered from their injuries.

Though its craftsmanship boasted sturdiness and fortitude, Emily touched it delicately, as if it were something incredibly precious. "Clement certainly came all the way to provide us with such a good gift."

Timotheus glanced at his surroundings, appraising the ship. "Yes, it would save us a great deal of time in our trip to the Source World."

The chaos was so huge that even a warrior at the Other Shore Realm would take a long time to go to the Source World.

Some warriors at the Other Shore Realm who had escaped prison along with Emily, Timotheus, and the others were, in fact, still fleeing in the chaos.

"If you fly toward the Source World as fast as you can, how long would it take to get there?" Zen asked suddenly.

Emily glanced towards Zen and immediately did the calculations in her head. "Well, if I fly at full speed, I need about ten thousand to twenty thousand years to get to the Source World."

Ten to twenty thousand years to get to the Source World?

Zen practically felt his jaw drop.

"Well, that estimate's actually ideal. Emily needs to rest for a while after flying long distances, especially at full speed. If we consider that, then it would definitely take longer," Leopold interjected. "The Trumpet Flying Ship's different, though. It runs through space countlessly faster than an ordinary warrior at the Other Shore Realm."

As soon as he finished speaking, Ramzi climbed down the Trumpet Flying Ship with a serious look on his face.

"How's it going?" Leopold asked as he saw Ramzi's expression.

"This ship needs divine crystals to fly, but I haven't found any," Ramzi replied sullenly.

Emily didn't look surprised. "The Slaughtering Moonlight Array is very powerful. They must have exhausted the supply of divine crystals when they activated the array."

Ramzi nodded and replied, "We can find another way to get divine crystals. More importantly, I found a tracking array in the ship, and it was activated."

The Other Shore Realm warriors immediately turned serious upon hearing this.

Leopold frowned. "I'm afraid that the tracking array will expose the divine land's location."

Zen also couldn't believe the news. He felt his heart quicken and skip a beat.

The divine land had already been disturbed by the sudden arrival of people led by Clement. If more Other Shore Realm warriors or even strong warriors of Bear race came, the divine land would suffer more than it presently had.

Ramzi shook his head. "It's not so bad. Although the tracking array is on, the Bear race only knows that Clement died here. They wouldn't know what exactly happened. The chaos is so huge, after all. Maybe they would think Clement and his men died of fierce beasts."

Timotheus turned to Zen. "But Clement was influential within the Bear race. His death would attract a lot of attention, and an investigation will be inevitable. The divine land certainly should not stay here."

Zen nodded. "Then I'll transfer the divine land to another location as soon as possible."

"We shouldn't waste time," Emily added. "Given the circumstances, we should hide the divine land from others as soon as possible."

In fact, the divine land was bigger and quicker than the Trumpet Flying Ship.

When Zen had first entered the sun, he had changed the entire divine land's flight trajectory, stopping it from falling towards the bottom of the chaos.

Back then, Emily had discovered the divine land. She had gathered the Other Shore Realm warriors of the Snake Goddess race and bound it to the bone tower. After she had released this restriction later, the divine land had gradually distanced itself from the bottom of the chaos. However, with no one to take charge, it moved extremely slowly.

Zen understood the seriousness of the matter. Without any hesitation, he disappeared on the spot.

Not a moment later, he appeared inside the sun.

This time, Zen did not need to use the Sun-resisting Umbrella Harper had given him. He had fused with the original will, and even the Sun Essence Flame in the sun's depths could not harm him.

Since this was the second time he was here, Zen easily crossed the palace and walked past the Chiyou statue. He was standing in front of the seven rings in no time.

Zen put his consciousness into the rings straight away. As he did so, each ring started to wrap around him—his neck, arms, legs, waist...

Bang!

Zen's head was suddenly filled with an image of the entire divine land.

As Zen gently lifted his hand, the once unshakeable divine land started to quiver and turn slowly to the other side.

Chapter 2950 The Huge Whirlpool At The Bottom

Something as enormous as the divine land could only start off at a very slow speed.

Much like a running elephant, it might start by spinning rather slowly, but if it were to start going faster, it would quickly gain excessive speed.

As Zen pushed the two rings on his wrists forward delicately and with precision, the entire divine land began to tremble even more violently.

Everyone across all the divine land could feel the intense vibration. However, the vast majority of people couldn't feel the divine land moving.

Rumble!

Zen had successfully turned the divine land's direction and it began moving forward amidst the chaos.

"Huh? Something isn't right at the bottom of the divine land!" he exclaimed loudly.

In that very moment, Zen felt a violent wave of energy coming from the bottom of the divine land. Its strength was undeniable.

After fusing with the original will, Zen was capable of feeling the entire divine land's existence. With such power, he quickly sensed that something was wrong with the divine land's bottom.

With his own two eyes, he could equally see that the Lethal Fire Magma was flowing down there.

"Does all of the divine land's driving force come from the Lethal Fire Magma?" he wondered aloud. Zen's eyes suddenly flashed fiercely.

The people of the divine land only knew that there was some kind of green liquid somewhere in the deepest depths of the divine land. In fact, this particular liquid was untouchable to all living things in the divine land. Even if a Holy Being were to touch it, they would definitely die, despite the power. There was no exception, for anyone.

In the past, Lorena had killed several Holy Beings by using the Lethal Fire Magma.

That said, nowhere was there any record of the Lethal Fire Magma's use or origin in all the divine land.

After all, in places like the Time Sea, Holy Beings had the capacity of exploring the area for themselves. Who would actually go that deep into the Lethal Fire Magma, however?

Rumble!

Zen pressed the rings on his wrists down this time, and the divine land began to move faster and faster. Below him, he also felt the Lethal Fire Magma at the bottom of the divine land gurgling and bubbling, becoming hotter and hotter and reaching boiling point.

"This speed should be good enough," Zen murmured to himself.

Even if the Bear race was well aware of Clement's and his companions' deaths, it would still take them a long time before sending warriors to investigate such a place.

And by then it would simply be too late. In other words, the divine land would have already reached an extremely high speed, flying away completely from this place.

The divine land had now officially been activated and it wasn't before long that it no longer needed Zen's control anymore.

After disengaging himself from the rings, Zen could still clearly feel the Lethal Fire Magma billowing at the bottom of the divine land through the original will.

"I don't think that the Lethal Fire Magma was born out of thin air. In order to drive such a huge divine land, Chiyou must have planted something in the depths of the divine land. I've fused with the original will and therefore, I should've known everything about the divine land. Why can't I find out the Lethal Fire Magma's origin?"

Once this curiosity arose, Zen found himself unable to restrain it.

In the hall, he sat upright and used the original will in order to spread his spiritual sense outward.

His spiritual sense crossed paths with the sun and headed down from the sky. It pierced through the soft soil, drilled into the rock stratum, travelled across the layer of gangue, the layer of flint and the layer of soft stone, until it ultimately reached the Lethal Fire Magma.

Prior to now, if his spiritual sense were to travel into the Lethal Fire Magma, it would have been immediately destroyed by the latter.

This time though, once Zen had fused with the original will, the Lethal Fire Magma's power was unable to eliminate Zen's spiritual sense any longer. He was now capable of penetrating it like never before.

His spiritual sense ran continually through the Lethal Fire Magma. It only took a few moments for Zen to find that the green liquid was almost everywhere at the bottom of the divine land and was overwhelmingly thick.

Under ground, the Lethal Fire Magma was like a huge ocean wrapped by the upper layer of soft stones. The ocean was almost as large as the divine land itself!

In such a vast green ocean, Zen wouldn't be surprised if any strange creatures were to appear or manifest themselves.

A brief moment later, Zen quickly found that he had overthought things a little too much.

It was safe to say that the Lethal Fire Magma was still a forbidden area to the living beings. Even in the Sun Essence Flame, fire spirits were still born and continued to evolve into strange creatures. However, there was no creature in the Lethal Fire Magma, none at all.

Plop! Plop!

As Zen's spiritual sense rapidly shuttled through the Lethal Fire Magma, he quickly found that the Lethal Fire Magma around him had become even more boiling, if that was even possible.

The thick green liquid was scalding hot, bubbling and boiling like a pot of water on a heated stove.

"The abnormal movements should come from up ahead!" Zen declared.

After determining the direction, he picked up speed. Soon after, an incredible scene came into view before his very eyes.

In the center of the Lethal Fire Magma was an enormous green whirlpool. It was something like he'd never seen before.

With the whirlpool now spinning at such high speed, it stirred the Lethal Fire Magma of the entire divine land. It was an unbelievable sight.

"Let me come in and have a look!" Zen couldn't contain his excitement.

Without hesitating, not even for a second, Zen injected his spiritual sense directly into the whirlpool, but it disappeared in an instant.

He lost contact with his own spiritual sense.

Zen felt slightly stunned and his face demonstrated his confused emotion.

Cutting off one's spiritual sense was actually pretty common. So much so, in fact, that even now, if Zen felt that a True God was spying on him, he'd have the capacity to turn his soul force into a sharp knife and forcefully cut off the other's spiritual sense.

To put it bluntly, the spiritual sense was nothing more than the extended range of one's soul. It actually contained only a relatively small strength of the soul power.

Zen simply couldn't restrain his curiosity and released yet another spiritual sense.

Now that he knew where the abnormal movements were coming from, he was rather quick this time around. In the blink of an eye, he found the whirlpool, but the situation was exactly the same as the time before. As soon as his spiritual sense was injected into it, it was immediately absorbed.

Zen gave up on the third attempt as he knew the result would probably be the same. He had to find another means.

After thinking for a while, Zen suddenly made a deduction. This whirlpool was probably related to the fact that he had activated the divine land.

As this thought lingered in his mind, he once again put the seven rings on his body. As he pulled the rings on his wrists back, the entire divine land slowly stopped spinning. It didn't take long before it was floating once again amidst the chaos, completely motionless.

On the Floating Island, Emily, Timotheus and the others naturally felt the halt of movement, and their faces displayed sudden expressions of confusion and bewilderment.

"Zen had just activated the divine land not long ago, why the hell is he stopping it now, completely out of the blue?" one of them questioned.

"Did you think he might have found something?" someone else asked.

As he stopped the divine land from moving, Zen injected his spiritual sense into the bottom of the divine land once more.

Just as he had guessed, the huge whirlpool in the Lethal Fire Magma disappeared, and the boiling Lethal Fire Magma gradually calmed down.

"It appears that this great whirlpool would be the divine land's power source. But what exactly is it?" Zen asked himself.

Although Zen proved his hypothesis, and it appeared to be correct, he was even more curious about this whirlpool than ever before.

A few seconds later, Zen started the divine land again and left the palace in the sun, returning to the Floating Island.

"Zen, tell me why you stopped the divine land just moments ago?" Timotheus asked in absolute confusion. He was afraid that Zen had encountered a few tough problems.

Zen thought for a moment before replying, "I found something strange at the bottom of the divine land, but my spiritual sense can't seem to enter it. I decide to go there myself instead."

"Huh? The bottom of the divine land?" Leopold raised his eyebrows slightly in curiosity as he asked his question.

They knew that the bottom of the divine land was full of Lethal Fire Magma. However, even the well-informed Leopold and Timotheus were incapable of determining its origin.

The warriors at the Other Shore Realm were capable of enduring the burning of the Lethal Fire Magma. That was why Clement had hidden himself in the Lethal Fire Magma in order to escape the punishment of thunder, but it also took a lot of effort to protect his body.

Chapter 2951 Absorbed By The Whirlpool

Zen told the others what he had seen with his spiritual sense at the bottom of the divine land.

This information spiked Leopold's and the others' interest. They couldn't help but want to know more.

Even in the Source World, few people would build such a large ship.

The Trumpet Flying Ship left behind by Clement was only fifty to sixty feet long. It was safe to assume that travelling through the chaos would consume plenty divine crystals.

For a huge ship like the divine land to be travelling in the chaos, the number of divine crystals it needed to consume was astronomical. Leopold and Ramzi had previously discussed this matter when they were outside the divine land. They had no idea what kind of method the Grand Chieftain used to drive the ship.

Timotheus asked Ramzi and Leopold to stay behind and check the flying ship out, but the two were more interested in exploring the bottom of the divine land instead. Thus, the four of them decided to follow behind Zen.

The great whirlpool's location was at the tail of the entire divine land. If one was standing above the Time Sea, then the whirlpool would be situated in the west.

With Zen's current abilities, he naturally wouldn't have to dig through many layers of underground stones like he had done in the past. He gently waved his hand and built a space channel. As he performed this movement, he said to Emily and the others, "On the other side of this space channel is the Lethal Fire Magma. Before entering, I'm afraid we have to be prepared."

Emily and the others understood exactly what Zen meant.

If they were to enter without taking absolute precaution, their bodies would be burnt to ashes in a split second by the Lethal Fire Magma.

In turn, Emily gently stretched out her own hands and surrounded herself with a colorful halo.

On his behalf, Ramzi drew a piece of yellow rune paper from his pocket and stuck it onto his chest. It formed a golden circle of light.

Now that the others had carefully prepared themselves in their own way, Zen was the first to enter the space channel, followed by Emily, Timotheus and the rest.

The space channel made by Zen had greatly shortened the distance to the Lethal Fire Magma. After taking only four or five steps, they felt a heat wave pouncing onto their faces and licking at their skin. They knew that they had already fallen into a sea of Lethal Fire Magma.

Sizz! Sizz!

Ramzi was falling into the Lethal Fire Magma and the golden circle protecting him quickly began to erode. Simultaneously, the yellow rune paper stuck to his chest was quickly burned to nothing but dust.

If the golden circle of light were to dissipate, then the Lethal Fire Magma would envelope Ramzi at once, which would instantly burn his body to ashes.

Right then, Emily gently waved her hand, and another colorful halo quickly enveloped Ramzi.

Standing next to Ramzi, Leopold said with a laugh, "Ha-ha! Ramzi, you even need a beauty to save you!"

Ramzi, on the other hand, didn't panic at all. He slowly pulled out another piece of yellow rune paper and muttered, "Clearly, I've underestimated the Lethal Fire Magma's power. It can easily break my second-class body protection rune. But don't worry about me. I can protect myself with the first-class body protection rune instead."

These Other Shore Realm warriors needed to use certain means in order to resist the Lethal Fire Magma, but Zen, on the other hand, wasn't a part of this group. Unlike the rest, he casually wandered in the magma lake as though it were clear water. He let the magma bubble and burn; however, it didn't seem to hurt at all.

"The Lethal Fire Magma is even boiling. How strange!" said Emily, looking around the lake.

All around them, the Lethal Fire Magma hummed and gurgled like boiling water, and fist-sized bubbles constantly brushed and burst before them.

"Where is this huge whirlpool that Zen has been talking about?" asked Timotheus in a somewhat eager tone.

"It's not too far away now. Just follow me," Zen replied calmly.

He continued to lead the way, ahead of everyone else, and the others followed him blindly, each step taking them deeper into the Lethal Fire Magma.

After travelling a good ten miles into the Lethal Fire Magma, they suddenly felt that the Lethal Fire Magma's movements had increased dramatically. They realized then that a huge force really was continuously stirring the Lethal Fire Magma, creating a great turbulence.

Despite the turbulence's power, it was still unable to shake everyone. They still shuttled forward in a straight line.

As they continued toward their objective, the turbulent flow became more and more powerful. Even the Other Shore Realm warriors needed to spend a certain amount of strength in order to resist it. However, at that very moment, Zen suddenly stopped and pointed towards a place not far away in the distance and said, "It should be right over there!"

The Lethal Fire Magma was a kind of emerald magma. In other words, one couldn't see through it. How could they see anything just standing here?

Faced with such a situation, they could only use their spiritual senses to detect what was before them. Timotheus, Emily, and the rest extended their spiritual senses forward, but seeing as they didn't extend very far, Emily only frowned and grunted, "My spiritual sense has been cut off!"

"Exactly! That's what I'd experienced before." Zen, of course, had expected this result.

Timotheus nodded in agreement. "The whirlpool seems to refuse our spiritual senses."

"Well, I feel as though my spiritual sense wasn't actually cut off, but directly sucked into the big whirlpool, losing contact with my soul," said Leopold with a frown.

Ramzi looked up and immediately agreed with him. "Me too."

Losing contact with their spiritual senses could occur in many ways. Sometimes, the spiritual senses were cut off; sometimes, they were destroyed; and other times still, they were sucked up by some energy.

"If our spiritual senses are being sucked into the whirlpool, then there must be another space in there!" Emily quickly jumped to another assumption.

"Yes, I'd say that's possible." Ramzi touched his chin. "Or, perhaps in the center of the huge whirlpool, there's a magic treasure that can absorb souls."

Zen shook his head and replied, "I stopped the divine land in order to verify whether or not anything was there, but after the divine land stopped and the big whirlpool disappeared, I found the area was empty. There is nothing in the whirlpool. Trust me."

"So, again, in other words, there's a space in the center of the whirlpool," suggested Leopold.

"If we want to know what's hidden within the whirlpool, I'm afraid we have to go directly inside," Zen murmured, staring straight ahead.

"But how can we do that? It'll be quite dangerous!" Emily, naturally worried, still wanted to discuss the possible danger they were about to face.

It was then that Zen gently stomped his feet and pushed himself forward like a sword fish.

A vast force clearly surrounded Zen. With his current ability and strength, he could resist this force, but he chose not so. He simply let the force pull him into the whirlpool.

Emily frowned to herself. She had no time to blame Zen for his recklessness. Instead, she too, followed him blindly forward.

Timotheus smiled bitterly as he walked.

The Nine Li Guards had already experienced countless dangers, and every time, they had no choice but to be extremely cautious. However, there was no other way around the situation they were facing right now, and therefore, they could only follow behind.

With the Lethal Fire Magma's movement, Zen began to move faster and faster. It wasn't before long that he was pulled into the Lethal Fire Magma's core.

And standing within its heart, Zen felt a trace of space fluctuation.

'Leopold's judgment is right. There is a space in here!' Zen thought to himself, amazed.

Just as this thought flashed across his mind, he was sucked even further into the whirlpool's core, and Emily and Timotheus, who were following close behind, were next to be sucked in, too.

As Zen was enveloped whole by the space wave, everything around him began to whirl at lightning speed.

The Lethal Fire Magma was gone. The white crystal-paved path before him emitted pale and gentle light.

Chapter 2952 The Mysterious Meteor Tripod

Zen had seen this white crystal once before. After Leopold had taken a Yellow Emperor Guard's corpse back from the divine land, he had found one from his space ring.

That was the divine crystal they were talking about.

Timotheus and the others thought that the Yellow Emperor Guards' divine crystals had been used to activate the Slaughtering Moonlight Array.

They were also positive that the Trumpet Flying Ship that the guards had with them needed the divine crystals to be driven.

In Zen's eyes, the divine crystal to the Source World was similar to that of the life vitality crystal to the universe.

There was no life vitality crystal in the divine land because the power of True Gods came from the Faith Energy of their inner worlds. The divine might coin, which was similar to the life vitality crystal, couldn't be used by True Gods directly either. The divine might coins could only be used by the Holy Beings of large clans on the Floating Islands to modify rules on the Ruling Slate.

It was no wonder Zen's mouth had fallen open in shock with the overwhelming amount of divine crystals that lay before him.

He had not expected there to be such a mass amount of divine crystals in this space.

Buzz! Buzz!

Zen realized it was a fluctuation of space behind him, and Emily, Ramzi, Timotheus and Leopold appeared.

The group glanced around Zen, and their jaws dropped in amazement, their expressions much more exaggerated than Zen's.

Zen was not a member of the Source World. Even though they told him the divine crystals were the currency of the Source World and the only way for Other Shore Realm warriors to replenish their energy, he still didn't have a clear understanding of the crystals' value.

Because of this, Zen was not as shocked as they were by the sheer number of divine crystals.

For Timotheus, Emily, and the others, they were different.

When they were fighting against Clement and his men, it was not that Timotheus, Emily and the others were weaker than their opponents.

In terms of the number of Other Shore Realm warriors, the Nine Li Guards and the Snake Goddess members had the advantage. The biggest problem, however, was that Timotheus, Emily and the others lacked resources. They didn't have divine crystals. Shortly after they had been captured and placed in the prison, the divine crystals they had with them were exhausted.

If they had been given enough crystals to nourish their Other Shore Tokens, they probably wouldn't need Zen to give them a hand. Emily, Timotheus and Ramzi would have been able to kill the people led by Clement on their own with enough crystals.

"I can't believe it. They're all divine crystals!" said Ramzi.

"Am I dreaming? I must be dreaming. I've never seen so many divine crystals in one place before," Emily muttered.

"These must have been left by the Grand Chieftain!" Timotheus exclaimed.

Timotheus, Leopold, and Ramzi were beyond stunned at what lay before them.

There was a hint of excitement twinkling in Emily's eye, but overall, she had a much calmer demeaner than the others.

The number of divine crystals here was indeed shocking to Emily, but they did not belong to the Snake Goddess race.They belonged to the Nine Li race, so the divine crystals had nothing to do with her.

It was a rare sight for so many divine crystals to be gathered in one place, even in the Source World.

"I had still been contemplating how to get the Trumpet Flying Ship to work, but now it seems that luck is on our side," Leopold said, sighing happily.

Zen squatted and snatched up a divine crystal. He turned it over in his hand, feeling the unique coldness seep into his fingertips.

The shape of the crystal was similar to that of stone, but the surface was smoother with seamless edges. He could feel the energy buzzing inside the crystal.

The energy did not seem strong or special to Zen; it just seemed exceptionally stable and gentle.

"Are these divine crystals really that important?" Zen asked curiously.

Emily smiled at the question. "Of course! The divine crystals are the primary source of energy in the Source World. We won't be able to power anything without them."

"But the energy within it isn't powerful," Zen stated.

"But the energy contained in the divine crystals can nourish the Other Shore Tokens. It allows the tokens to give off a more powerful energy," Emily said with a shrug of her shoulders.

Zen raised his eyebrows. "Does it have the same effect as the soul pill?"

He had a minimal amount of understanding of the Other Shore.

When one wanted to reach the Other Shore, they needed to have the Other Shore Token. The strength of an Other Shore Realm warrior did not rely on the inner world.

The power of a True God depended on the Faith Energy to be transformed into internal momentum by the Godly Tile. However, a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm improved the Godly Way to the extreme, and the power they pursued came from the Other Shore Token.

"It's different," said Emily, shaking her head. "There are two major currencies in the Source World: soul pills and divine crystals. Soul pills can be used on the Sea of Truth and the Other Shore as well as to strengthen the soul power. Divine crystals can be used in the Source World and used to nourish the Other Shore Tokens."

Zen nodded his head in understanding.

He thought for a moment longer before asking another question. "Since the divine crystals are used to nourish the Other Shore Tokens, why does the Trumpet Flying Ship need them to be driven as well? The ship is not a powerful being at the Other Shore Realm. Is there an Other Shore Token on the deck of the flying ship?"

"Your speculation is correct," Emily replied with a slight smile. "The ship was forged by special warriors at the Other Shore Realm. They have the ability to project the Other Shore Token on some objects."

'They have the ability to project the Other Shore Token onto some objects? What does it mean?' Zen thought, frowning in confusion at the crystal in his hand.

He hadn't set foot into the Other Shore, so it was hard for him to understand what Emily said. Maybe if he reached the Other Shore Realm in the future, he would be able to further his understanding.

"This is most likely the greatest legacy the Grand Chieftain left to us," Timotheus said soflty, finally coming out of his shocked daze.

Ramzi nodded, "I may have a rough idea of why there is so much Lethal Fire Magma here as well."

"Why do you think?" Zen asked.

"Follow me," said Ramzi, taking the lead to walk along the path paved by divine crystals.

Timotheus and the others followed him closely. They were certain they knew why, but they wanted clarification.

At the beginning of the path, the divine crystals were laid flat on the ground, but the further they trekked, the more crystals there were. There were piles of crystals the size of small hills along the sides of the path.

As they passed the small hills of crystals, the path became steeper and harder to walk. At the top, the walkway of crystals formed a slope and tapered down into the shape of a whirlpool.

At the center of the whirlpool sat a large ancient tripod.

In the center of the tripod, green Lethal Fire Magma was roiling, making the divine crystals around the whirlpool fall into the tripod.

As Zen stared at the tripod, he got the impression that it was an illusion. It seemed the tripod did not exist in this world, but he could feel a mysterious energy coming from it.

"This big tripod..." Zen muttered. He continued to stare at it for a long while, and thought over what Emily had told him. "Is it an Other Shore Token too?"

"That is correct!" Emily said. A trace of admiration flashed in her eyes as she continued, "This is the Mysterious Meteor Tripod."

Ramzi nodded and added, "The Lethal Fire Magma is actually named the Mysterious Meteor Fire."

"Is the Mysterious Meteor Tripod the Other Shore Token of the Grand Chieftain?" Zen asked as he looked back at the whirlpool.

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2953 The Wooden Puppet Soldiers

Timotheus smiled at Zen's words. "Indeed, as a token in the eighteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm, the Mysterious Meteor Tripod is good. However," he said seriously, "I don't think the Grand Chieftain would use that as his Other Shore Token."

Emily gravely nodded in agreement. "Technically, the token of a powerhouse like Chiyou should be above the thirtieth stage of the Other Shore Realm. The Mysterious Meteor Tripod in the eighteenth stage is not even qualified to be his token."

While she might not have known what Chiyou's Other Shore Token was, this made sense to her.

"But if this is not my grandfather's Other Shore Token, why is it here?" Zen asked curiously, scratching his chin.

Ramzi smiled. "There is an Other Shore Token in Clement's Trumpet Flying Ship, but it does not belong to him. In the same way, the Mysterious Meteor Tripod may have been borrowed by the Grand Chieftain to run the divine land."

"So that's how it is," Zen muttered as he stared thoughtfully at the Mysterious Meteor Tripod.

The vitality between heaven and earth in the divine land was transformed from the chaotic energy that came from outside the land through the four divine trees; however, it was not enough to run the entire divine land.

Only the Other Shore Token would be able to fuel this humongous ship.

"But there are too many divine crystals here," Ramzi noted, deep in thought. "It's very likely that most of the divine crystals collected by the Nine Li race in the past countless years have been stored here. If these crystals are used solely to run the divine land, that would be too big a waste.

I wonder why the Grand Chieftain arranged it this way." Ramzi glanced at the divine crystals that surrounded him.

Meanwhile, Leopold closely observed the Mysterious Meteor Tripod. His eyes were scanning each nook and cranny when he noticed dark shadows reflecting on the piles of shiny divine crystals.

These shadows felt familiar. Narrowing his eyes at the figures in the distance, he said, "I don't know the Grand Chieftain's intention, but we are definitely in trouble now."

Just as he finished speaking, the black shadows gained speed, making their way down the piles of divine crystals.

Emily followed Leopold's gaze. "What're those?"

The figures were only half a man tall, with metallic black bodies running on four legs. There were two fist-sized eyes on their triangular heads. On their torsos was a unique-looking rune.

"They are Wooden Puppet Soldiers," Timotheus answered with a long face. "And, these are the most powerful kind."

"How powerful are they?" Emily asked nervously.

"We can take down a few of them, but we are definitely no match for so many," he replied.

The Wooden Puppet Soldier was a kind of war puppet that was unique to the Nine Li race.

The weakest of the Wooden Puppet Soldiers had strength comparable to that of True Gods. To make things worse, one person from the Nine Li race could control thousands or even tens of thousands of them at one time.

But the Wooden Puppet Soldiers steadily closing in on Zen's group were the most powerful. They had an Other Shore Token embedded in their bodies, making them strong enough to compete with the masters at the Other Shore Realm.

Emily's face turned pale at what Timotheus said. There were two to three hundred Wooden Puppet Soldiers running towards them!

"Since these Wooden Puppet Soldiers are so formidable, how come my grandfather didn't use them to protect the divine land?" Zen asked confusedly as he tensely eyed the black shadows that were closing in on them.

"The reason is very simple. They can only move in a large array. The Grand Chieftain was unable to cover the whole divine land with the large array, so he only placed them here to guard this area. Since we broke in without permission, they're after us," explained Ramzi calmly.

"Quit analyzing! We need to get out of here," Timotheus shouted. "These Wooden Puppet Soldiers are hostile. If we are surrounded by them, we will perish here!" He gestured at the others to get moving.

Everyone began to retreat quickly along the path paved with divine crystals, but they were too late. The Wooden Puppet Soldiers had reached them, catching up to Leopold, who had been covering their retreat.

Buzz!

The rune on the chest of the Wooden Puppet Soldier that met Leopold rotated suddenly, flashing a white light ray at him.

Phew!

Leopold's expression changed. He instinctively jumped up, twisting his body to dodge the light ray.

In doing so, other Wooden Puppet Soldiers had caught up to him, their runes rotating menacingly.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

White light rays shot from the bodies of the Wooden Puppet Soldiers.

Seeing that the light rays were going to pierce through Leopold, Zen quickly moved in front of him.

Phew! Phew! Phew!

Zen didn't expect these light rays to be so powerful.

He could sense that they were only slightly weaker than the Slaughtering Moonlight Array.

"Let me stop them. You go catch up with the others!"

No matter how powerful these light rays were, they couldn't hurt Zen. He easily diverted the energy elsewhere.

Leopold and the others were well aware of Zen's abilities. Without hesitation, he caught up to the others and they made their hasty escape.

Thankfully, the Wooden Puppet Soldiers were not intelligent. They had no concept of splitting up to follow both the group that was escaping and Zen, so they all rushed towards the latter.

Buzz!

The Wooden Puppet Soldiers spread in a fan-shaped formation, the runes on their chests rotating to shoot light rays at Zen.

If it were Emily or Timotheus, they wouldn't have stood a chance. Fortunately, Zen was skilled in diverting their forces.

Even though this was so, Zen had to fall back under their unrelenting attacks. His expression grew more and more serious.

The force of the combined attacks of so many Wooden Puppet Soldiers was equivalent to that of ten Slaughtering Moonlight Arrays.

Zen was able to transfer all these attacks to the surface of the Mountain of Holy Beings, but even the mountain could not bear such forces!

An image flashed through his mind, and it was revealed to him that the surface of the Mountain of Holy Beings that was located under the ground was cracking under the forces of the light rays. A silver light burst forth from the cracks, indicating the mountain's gradual collapse.

The Mountain of Holy Beings was very important to the divine land. If it collapsed, who knew what consequences they'd have to face then?

In his desperation, Zen decided to divert part of the forces to other remote regions in the divine land.

Rumble!

Suddenly, to the north of the divine land, light rays wreaked havoc on the remote regions.

Under these incredible forces, mountain ranges were cut off one by one, and gullies that were as deep as a hundred thousand feet were evened out. They had directly splintered the layer of soft stones, and the Lethal Fire Magma gushed out from the bottom of the gullies.

Although these regions were considered remote, there were still a few divine citizens who lived there. As they watched this apocalyptic scene unfold before them, their faces turned deathly pale with fear.

However, the weirdest thing was that the destructive forces didn't cause any damage to the villages where the divine citizens lived.

Chapter 2954 The Moving Statue

Zen tried his best to avoid the villages when he transferred the forces.

However, continuing on like this was not a solution.

He could only hope that after Emily, Timotheus, and the others fled this place, he could quickly find a way to leave as well.

Who would have thought that he would encounter such a strange thing in this space?

Just as he retreated towards the exit, Emily and the others unexpectedly came back.

"Why did you come back?" Zen asked in confusion.

Emily shook her head. "We couldn't find the exit!"

After they went back following the path they took when they came in, they found that the space crack had completely disappeared.

Even though Emily used the Truth of Void Destruction, it still could not open up a space channel that led to the outside world.

Timotheus and Ramzi had also tried their best to find an exit, but they still could not find one. In the end, they had no choice but to turn back.

"This is going to be troublesome," Zen said with a bitter smile. "I'm not afraid of the Wooden Puppet Soldiers' attacks. But if I let them unleash their power, pandemonium will break loose in the entire divine land."

Emily gazed at these Wooden Puppet Soldiers and said, "These puppets can't attack endlessly. Their bodies will eventually run out of energy, right?"

"It would be true if we were in another place. This place, however, is practically covered in divine crystals," Ramzi said with a bitter smile.

As soon as he finished speaking, one of the Wooden Puppet Soldiers that attacked Zen at the very beginning suddenly stretched out one foot. With a light kick, it gouged out one of the divine crystals on the ground, picked it up, and then stuffed it into its chest.

"Then we should find a way to break these Wooden Puppet Soldiers," said Emily.

"That's the only way." Zen nodded.

Fortunately, these Wooden Puppet Soldiers were not smart enough. They would only instinctively eliminate the enemies in front of them and then move on to the next target.

As long as Zen acted as a bait and attracted their attacks, Emily and others could easily destroy them.

Worried that Zen could not handle the Wooden Puppet Soldiers on his own, Emily and the others separated into two groups and went around the Wooden Puppet Soldiers from Zen's two sides, ready to attack them from the back. At this moment, Zen also drew out the Soaring Snake Sword from his space ring.

At this moment, however, the Wooden Puppet Soldiers' red eyes suddenly dimmed and emitted white light. In the next second, they stopped attacking altogether.

Emily, Timotheus, Leopold, and Ramzi stood still, utterly baffled by what was happening.

"What's going on?" Emily looked at Zen in surprise.

Zen, who also had a baffled look on his face, shook his head. Those hostile Wooden Puppet Soldiers then began to turn back. The attack just now felt like it was just a fragment of their imagination.

Confused, Zen put the Soaring Snake Sword back into his space ring.

Right at that moment, the Wooden Puppet Soldiers' eyes turned red again, and they suddenly turned their heads in unison.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

As the runes on their chests spun, many light cones began to form.

Since Emily and the others were close to the Wooden Puppet Soldiers, the soldiers naturally took them, these powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm, as their targets.

Emily and the others turned as pale as death. Just as they were about to be smashed into pieces by the light cones, Zen suddenly had an epiphany. He shook his right hand lightly, once again drawing the Soaring Snake Sword out of his space ring.

As the red light in the eyes of the Wooden Puppet Soldiers dissipated, their offense came into a stop as well.

"Phew!"

Emily heaved a long sigh of relief. Her face was still a little flushed, adding a different kind of charm to her beauty.

She was scared half to death just now, but upon seeing Zen's action, she naturally understood what was happening.

"It seems the token used to enter this place is the Grand Chieftain's Soaring Snake Sword," said Timotheus who, after quite a long while, finally recovered from the fright that overwhelmed him.

Zen looked at the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand and smiled helplessly. "I should have pulled out this sword from the very beginning had I known this."

After the Wooden Puppet Soldiers stopped their attacks, they returned to where they came from.

Now that the group of warriors had averted the crisis, they became even more curious about the Wooden Puppet Soldiers.

The Grand Chieftain must have made such an arrangement for a reason. According to their guess, the Wooden Puppet Soldiers must be here to protect something. Since the Soaring Snake Sword could protect them from being attacked by the Wooden Puppet Soldiers, they were naturally happy to forge ahead and investigate the matter.

Nevertheless, they had learned from their mistakes. They were afraid that there were other traps waiting for them in this strange place, so they did not dare to rush around. They could only follow behind the Wooden Puppet Soldiers and forge ahead slowly.

Once the Wooden Puppet Soldiers passed through those mounds of divine crystals, everyone finally saw the small bridge hidden behind those mounds.

At the bottom of the bridge, Zen found the huge array that Ramzi mentioned before.

About two to three hundred array eyes were embedded in the array. The Wooden Puppet Soldiers lined up and entered the eyes of the array one after the other. The light in their eyes died out, and they stopped moving.

What Ramzi said was reasonable. Although the Wooden Puppet Soldiers were powerful, their range of motion was limited. They could only protect this space.

If the divine land was guarded by this group of Wooden Puppet Soldiers, they wouldn't have been brutally abused by those warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

After observing for a while, Zen crossed the bridge, holding the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand. Emily and the others were not far behind. When he reached the end of the bridge, Zen saw a lifelike Chiyou statue.

Plop!

Plop!

Plop!

Without saying anything, Timotheus, Leopold, and Ramzi dropped on their knees and worshiped the Grand Chieftain's statue.

This was the tradition of the Nine Li race. They would still have to adhere to it even in the bone tower, not to mention now that they were faced with a statue whose significance was on a whole different level.

"This statue..."

Zen measured up the Chiyou statue.

The Chiyou statues he had seen before had three heads and six hands. This statue, however, was a little strange. Five of its six hands held a weapon each.

An ax, a spear, a halberd, a saber, and a crossbow… But the remaining hand held nothing.

Zen looked at the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand. Before the others knew it, he had put the sword in the statue's empty hand without any hesitation in the slightest.

The moment the Soaring Snake Sword left Zen's hand, light once again burst from the big array under the small bridge. Those Wooden Puppet Soldiers seemed just like they were roused from their sleep. One by one, their eyes glowed red, and they swarmed around Zen and his companions from both sides of the small bridge.

"This is bad!"

"These Wooden Puppet Soldiers only acknowledge the Soaring Snake Sword!"

Timotheus and the others were petrified.

Zen frowned and tried to pull the Soaring Snake Sword out of the statue's hand.

But no matter how hard he tried, the Soaring Snake Sword did not budge.

There was a slight change in the expression on Zen's face. He ran the strength source in his body and then tried to pull it out again. Although he tried his best, he still could not pull it out.

"What's going on?"

He didn't expect this to happen either.

Just as everyone was at a loss for what to do, the Chiyou statue moved and lifted up the Soaring Snake Sword in its hand.

The Soaring Snake Sword quivered, and the Wooden Puppet Soldiers suddenly seemed like they had received some kind of order. Their red eyes dimmed again, and each went back to their own position inside the array under the small bridge.

Chapter 2955 Finally Meet Again

A hoarse voice came out of the Chiyou statue's mouth which caught Zen and the others in surprise.

"Who are you? Why do you have my sword?"

After the shock had faded, Thimotheus, Leopold, and others realized whose voice they were hearing. It was Chiyou's, and they were more than happy to hear it.

"Grand Chieftain!"

"We are the Nine Li Guards, Grand Chieftain!"

Timotheus and Leopold said in unison. They were practically jumping with excitement and fervor.

They were not qualified to meet the Grand Chieftain in the Source World. They felt so honored now that they had the chance to meet Chiyou in person in the divine land.

"Nine Li Guards?"

Chiyou's voice sounded bleak and as stone cold as the statue. The statue looked around and, with no emotions, said, "I have given the Soaring Snake Sword to my daughter, Lorena. Where is she?"

"Grand Chieftain, Princess Lorena is in the divine land..." Timotheus' voice trailed off. He paused for a moment before continuing, "I want you to meet your grandson, Zen Luo!"

Strictly speaking, Zen was Chiyou's maternal grandson.

But it was a good thing Timotheus was able to quickly think on his feet. Mike, after all, was a divine citizen who didn't have the bloodline of Nine Li race.

People like them would need to take their actual blood to know if they were related; their surnames suggested nothing to them. As far as the Grand Chieftain was concerned, Zen was his grandson.

"My grandson?"

The statue was almost twenty feet high. It stared down at Zen and reached out its hand to him. "Young man, show me your bloodline."

Zen stared at the statue. He knew there was a remnant soul inside it, but he didn't appreciate how he was being pressured by it.

"Zen, give the Grand Chieftain a drop of blood quickly," Timotheus ordered.

Zen stretched out his finger and, with a gentle force, a drop of golden blood dropped out of it and fell on the statue's hand.

The statue looked at it closer and said, "You are indeed Lorena's child. Stay here. The others, please wait on the other side of the bridge."

Timotheus and the others quickly did as told, hoping not to cause any more trouble.

"Why is your blood no longer pure? I could smell a hint of Gerald in your blood. Why is that?" Chiyou's voice was still devoid of any emotion.

"Gerald?" Zen's brows furrowed. "You mean the Chaos Ancient God?"

Then, No. 9527's voice came out from Zen's chest. "Wow. Chiyou is truly intuitive. My master's name is indeed Gerald."

As No. 9527 communicated with Zen, Chiyou pointed fiercely at Zen's chest. Under an invisible gravitational pull, a light green soul was pulled out. That was No. 9527's soul.

"You are not Gerald himself, but a spiritual puppet created by himl!" Chiyou said in a cold voice.

Suddenly, golden silk threads emerged from the statue's right hand. It quickly turned into a cage and trapped No. 9527 inside it.

No. 9527 seemed unfazed as it said, "I, of course, can't represent my master."

"What are you doing inside my grandson's body!" Chiyou's voice finally sounded less cold and more outraged.

Chiyou didn't really care about Zen. He was more suspicious of No. 9527. Zen had the capability to enter the place with the Soaring Snake Sword which meant he was Lorena's son, but the strange scent of his blood suggested something more.

"The reason is very simple: Zen was chosen by my master," No. 9527 reasoned.

"What does Gerald want to do with my grandson?" Chiyou asked again.

"My master wants him to be the Finale Hero," No. 9527 replied.

"Gerald wants Zen to be the Finale Hero?"

Chiyou couldn't keep his nonchalance any longer. He was obviously stunned. He did not expect such an answer.

"I wonder why too. My master cherishes his bloodline so much. Why would he give his blood to a Nine Li member? Do you think your bloodline is nobler than my master's?" No. 9527 asked back.

No. 9527 seemed to not care of Chiyou's status. Its master, the Chaos Ancient God, was of much greater status.

"Why did Gerald choose him?" Chiyou stared at Zen in shock.

"Why are you asking me? He was born and cultivated in the world created by you. My master obviously chose him because he is most suitable," No. 9527 stated matter-of-factly. "Now that my master chose Zen, he will help you. So why don't you cooperate with him?"

Chiyou kept silent. He knew what No. 9527 meant.

"Your name is Zen Luo?" Chiyou asked.

"Yes," replied Zen.

"I want to see your mother," said Chiyou.

"But I am unable to go out of this space," Zen reminded him. Otherwise, it would have been easy for him to fetch Lorena.

Chiyou just calmly pointed towards a direction where a space crack broke open. Through it, green flow of magma was surging out.

Zen didn't waste time. He moved swiftly towards the crack using the Grand Teleportation.

In the blink of an eye, a spatial passageway spread out from the depth of the ground to a palace on a Floating Island.

At that point, Lorena and Mike had already travelled to plenty of places, rarely dropping by the Floating Island. The couple was thoroughly enjoying their travels that their relationship flourished a lot.

Zen's presence in the palace confused them. "What happened?" Lorena asked.

"Someone wants to see you, Mother," Zen responded.

He couldn't care less about his grandfather, but he knew that, as Chiyou's daughter, Lorena had more respect in her.

"Who is it?" Lorena inquired.

He offered his hand in an invitation. "Come with me," he asked curtly. And then, looking at Mike, he added, "You too."

He wasn't sure if that was the correct decision. He didn't know if Chiyou would be happy to see Mike.

Finally, the couple drilled into the space tunnel built by Zen. In a short moment, they were standing in front of Chiyou.

"Zen, why can't you just tell me who it is?" Lorena was beginning to feel impatient. Then, at the sight of Chiyou, tears fell from her eyes.

Chiyou's indifference returned. "What happened in the divine land?" he asked coldly. "Why is your body gone?"

The Blood Body which Lorena was currently using was perhaps precious in the divine land, but it was never valued by Chiyou. For Chiyou, what he was seeing was a broken body of Lorena.

Chapter 2956 A Secret Agreement

Lorena had always presented a strong front, and she seldom appeared sad in front of her husband and her son.

However, in front of her father, all of her grievances over the years came rushing to the surface.

She sobbingly related to Chiyou what had happened in the divine land, from the divine land setting out to the fact that Zen inherited the original will.

When she had finished narrating the story, a hint of grief colored Chiyou's usually indifferent voice. "Back then, I released the divine land to fly without anyone's knowledge. I didn't think that it would bring you such suffering..."

Lorena shook her head. "Father, it is not your fault... but why didn't you use your soul fragment to control the divine land? If you had done so, it would have given our Nine Li race an advantage."

This question had been bothering Lorena, and even Mike was puzzled when she told him about it.

It would not have been difficult for Chiyou to split his soul. Besides, he could train a soul fragment to guard the divine land so that the ordinary masters at the Other Shore Realm could not attack it.

Chiyou gave a faint smile. "That's because they have the means to track down all of my soul fragments. Therefore, if I placed my soul fragment in the divine land, then I would have exposed its location. In that case, I'm afraid that the divine land couldn't have remained hidden up to this point..."

"But Father, are you perhaps... right now..." A certain suspicion filled Lorena.

Chiyou shook his head. "No, I am not a soul remnant; this presence is a trace of my will created through a special method. I can only last for a short time, so I'll disappear soon. That's why I was so eager to see you."

"Is this our last chance to meet?" The thought made Lorena even sadder.

For a powerful being like Chiyou, a strand of soul remnant meant a chance for resurrection. Lorena did not expect that her father was not even a soul remnant right now.

"Perhaps, perhaps not," Chiyou replied sagely and shook his head again.

At his ambiguous answer, Lorena was filled with determination. "What should we do, then? I will never give up as long as there's hope, no matter how small it is!"

Chiyou went silent again.

That glimmer of hope was too slim. Even if he was revived, it would be difficult for him to change the fate of the Nine Li race.

After that long, pregnant pause, Chiyou said, "Lorena, I hope that you can hide among the chaos and survive in the divine land."

Lorena frowned and stared at her father, saying, "But..."

Chiyou stilled her words. "The Source World is no longer suitable for the Nine Li race. I released this ship to fly in order to provide a means of escape for our race. Now that I have known how you survived, I'm content."

Evidently, Chiyou didn't want Lorena to lead the Nine Li race back to the Source World.

It did occur to Lorena to lead her race back to the Source World. She wanted to return the divine land back to the days when the Sacred race flourished and the Nine Li people scattered all throughout the divine land. She also hoped that there would be more masters at the Other Shore Realm in the divine land.

Standing on the top of the world, Chiyou had witnessed something more profound. He clearly saw that the divine land could not save the Nine Li race.

However, Lorena firmly shook her head and said, "Father, I can promise you anything else, but I cannot stand by and watch the Nine Li race always hide like hunted animals in the divine land!"

"Haha!"

For the first time, Chiyou burst into laughter.

He then said, "I've given you that glimmer of hope the night before I released the divine land to fly. Neither you nor anyone of the Nine Li race can go back to the Source World."

"Do you mean Zen and Yan, Father?" Lorena immediately asked, eyes flashing.

Chiyou had not met Yan, but he knew that she was another Six-pattern Blood-storing Seed.

He nodded and said, "Yes, I want them to go to the Source World. One of them should go to the Pear Hill, and the other should go back to..."

"I'm going with them!" Lorena stubbornly interrupted her father.

Chiyou shook his head in disagreement and said, "You should stay in the divine land."

"But why?" Lorena almost mutinously asked.

"There are things that you can't do, and that even I can't decide. So you must listen to me!" While speaking, Chiyou glanced at Mike.

Even as a Holy Being, Mike felt unusually nervous, as it was his first time to meet his father-in-law.

Chiyou turned to him. "I want you to be kind to my daughter." Then, he addressed the rest. "All of you, leave the bridge. I have something to tell Zen."

"I promise I will take good care of Lorena," Mike replied and bowed to Chiyou.

Lorena was reluctant to leave, but she was ushered away by Mike.

At this time, Chiyou lifted his right hand again, and the golden cage that had been imprisoning No. 9527 disappeared. He stared at No. 9527 and said, "If Gerald really wants Zen to be the Finale Hero, then we do share the same goals in some ways."

"That's what I thought from the very beginning," No. 9527 replied calmly.

"How much can Gerald help Zen?" asked Chiyou.

After thinking for a while, No. 9527 replied, "Master has fallen into a deep sleep. What I can give Zen now is only a part of his blood, as well as the theurgy to use the blood."

"That's not enough," argued Chiyou.

"It's useless for you to bargain with me," No. 9527 adamantly replied. "Master did not give me permission to offer anything. Besides, Zen is now only a True God who hasn't entered the Other Shore Realm yet, so let us just hope that nothing untoward happens before that."

Zen, who was standing a little to the side, felt like an idiot while listening to their conversation. He didn't expect Chiyou and No. 9527 to bargain in front of him, and that Chiyou was obviously trying to use him to benefit from Gerald.

In the end, Chiyou gently waved his hand and started to converse with No. 9527 alone, not letting Zen overhear any of it.

Less than three minutes later, Chiyou shot a meaningful look at Zen and suddenly let out a sigh.

This sigh reverberated in the air. In an instant, the entire Chiyou statue and the weapons held in his five hands eroded, disintegrated into sand, and collapsed. Only the Soaring Snake Sword remained.

As expected, Chiyou's will disappeared completely.

Just like he told his daughter, his apparition was not a soul remnant, so it only lasted for a short time. This was his final arrangement.

After the statue collapsed, the Soaring Snake Sword had no owner once again, and the Wooden Puppet Soldiers under the small bridge were reactivated.

Zen's reaction was instantaneous. He snapped up the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand to avoid the Wooden Puppet Soldiers' riot.

"Buzz..."

No. 9527 swung a green track through the air and entered Zen's chest.

"What did my grandfather tell you?" Zen demanded.

He was dying of curiosity to find out about the agreement between Chiyou and No. 9527.

Unexpectedly, No. 9527 just grinned and refused to say a word to Zen. "Anyway, your fate is in my hands. From now on, you need to listen to my orders!"

Zen rolled his eyes and retreated from the bridge.

At this point, Lorena was leaning against Mike's shoulder, her eyes red with grief. When she saw Chiyou's statue crumble, she knew that her father had finally left. Even so, she was content to see him for the last time.

Chapter 2957 Fuxi's Yells

The Nine Li Guards returned to the Floating Island with a profound change in attitude.

Zen had learned in the Sea of Truth about the defeat of the Nine Li race and Chiyou's death. However, the Nine Li Guards had still had faith in their Grand Chieftain's ability to save them and restore their honor.

Now that Chiyou's own message had corroborated the news, the case was closed.

Timotheus, Ramzi and other Nine Li Guards had been eager to go back to the Source World to find the rest of the Nine Li race.

This goal in mind, they had all been dedicating their time to studying the Trumpet Flying Ship. Now, however, they saw no point in continuing their endeavor. If Chiyou and most of his people were dead, what was the point of traveling to the Source World?

Lorena knew she had been lucky to have had a chance to see her father one last time before he died. She had no regrets, but she grieved nonetheless, for her father and for the Nine Li race.

Mike tried to offer his support to Lorena, but it did not seem genuine to her and thus offered little solace. Mike was not, after all, related to the Nine Li race in any way. All he could do was tell Lorena to talk to Rosie.

After Samuel's death, Rosie had been released and went to live on the Floating Island.

Even though Rosie's and Lorena's physical strength was far from mediocre, their cultivation couldn't improve much further due to their loss of the support of their inner worlds.

There was a way out of this conundrum, however, and it was simple: all they had to do was reincarnate through their Memory Flames. The new physical body would create a new inner world, and allow them to cultivate and then cross the Sea of Truth to the Other Shore again.

Indeed, Rosie had spent the past few days busy, preparing to reincarnate. She had never expected that her sister would come bearing news of their father's death. Unexpected and devastating as this news was, the most they could do was stay together and offer each other comfort.

Yet, not everyone had been touched by grief. Emily, one of the powerful warriors of the Other Shore Realm, was hopeful and optimistic.

That was not to say she was indifferent to Chiyou's passing: she felt the burden of sadness as much as anyone, but her delight at learning that Chiyou's dying wish had been to send Yan to the Pear Hill overwhelmed any sense of grief she had.

Emily had been very interested in Yan when she was outside the divine land, but due to Yan's inability to enter into chaos, she had had no chance to meet her.

After entering the divine land, however, Emily had found Yan immediately and tested her bloodline.

The blood which was sealed up with the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed was definitely extraordinary.

So her only wish was to take Yan back to the Pear Hill. Yan, however, wanted to stay in the divine land alongside her parents and Zen. She would hardly leave her families and go with Emily voluntarily.

However, this was an order from Chiyou. Yan would want to respect and heed his request.

However, it was not just a matter of Yan's willingness. Whether or not she would go depended on Zen's plans as well as Lorena's and Mike's decision.

At the bottom of the chaos, when the prison was opened, nearly all the powerful warriors of the Other Shore Realm left.

Only a few among the Wild Gods wished to remain, and continued to expand the influence of their races.

At a corner of a bone tower, a man in black looked up at the sky.

Sand-colored masses floated above him, like clouds of condensed mist. From his perspective, the speed of the chaos clouds was very slow, but he knew this was only an illusion due to their size. In fact, they were moving much faster.

The same applied to the pale red gem that floated in the sky. It appeared the gem was moving slowly, but it was not. It was the divine land that was moving away, accelerating as it left further and further away from the chaos.

"Finally, it left. Is it going to return to the Source World?" the man in black whispered.

He pulled back the hood of his long black cloak, revealing long hair of ebony as deep as the velvet that had just covered it. The hair framed his face, wrinkled, with heavy, drooping features, like those of an old man that had seen a thousand wars.

After having made sure that the divine land was indeed moving away from them, the man in black ascended the stairs to the top of the bone tower, and swiftly dashed downwards along the surface of the bone tower.

Normally, it would have taken a few months to fall from the top of the bone tower and reach the ground. However, the man in black was no ordinary being; with a sweep of his cloak, he transformed into an inky black wind and gushed along the surface of the tower at breakneck speed.

He was so fast that it only took him under a minute to reach the bottom of the bone tower.

If even a grain of dust were to move at such speed, it would carry a massively destructive amount of energy. A person traveling at that speed was more than a lethal weapon. It was enough to leave a giant, scorched crater at the base of the bone tower if protective measures were not used.

The man in the black cloak, however, was no fool. The moment he was a few meters above the ground, he suddenly came to a pause. He had created an invisible cushion in mid-air to absorb the force of his descent, and landed on the ground lightly on tiptoe, graceful as a dancer.

Then, he flew on the Immemorial Wilderness.

He had met many Wights on the way, and they fled in fear at the sight of him as he passed them by.

Before long, the man had arrived at an area of the Immemorial Wilderness.

He lifted his foot and stomped on the ground. The entire area of the wilderness began trembling violently, emitting a deep rumbling noise.

"That's it, I'm going to get out of here! Did you hear me?!" roared the man in black.

A deep silence descended onto the Immemorial Wilderness. It was a wide expanse of flat land, like a barren steppe. His voice echoed in the emptiness.

The man in black did not give up and stomped on the ground again, harder this time.

The stomp shattered an innumerable amount of wild bones, forming an enormous, thousand-foot deep crater. "Now can you hear?" yelled the man again. "Gerald! Answer me!"

He yelled, desperation coloring his voice. Silence answered him once again.

"You think you are right, but please, think again! I may help him before he gets the needed potential. But once he has it, I will find a chance to replace him!" the man in black howled again, his voice growing louder and louder.

It was so loud that it created a hurricane that swept through the steppe, sending wild bones flying in all directions.

By then, the man had realized that Gerald would not respond. In a rage, he stretched out his fist, his eyes filled with hatred. "You'll be lying here all your life!"

As soon as he had finished speaking, a mark of Eight Diagrams appeared on his fist. Without hesitation, he punched downwards.

"Bang!"

This time, the ground beneath the whole "prison" began to tremble.

Beneath the man's feet, the area of Immemorial Wilderness which was over ten million miles wide, began to expand and it had risen by several hundred thousand feet within seconds. It continued to expand crazily until it could stretch no more. Finally, it exploded in a burst of dazzling light, like a supernova, leaving behind nothing but ash.

His punch had not only destroyed this area of Immemorial Wilderness, but it had also created a huge crater over a hundred million feet deep!

The huge head that had been buried at the bottom of this area of the Immemorial Wilderness had finally revealed its true face!

The giant skull had been stripped of all its skin and flesh, but it still exuded a vast aura, and its empty eyes seemed to tell a thousand tales without uttering a single word.

The man in black glared at the huge skull. Angry as he was, he would not dare step on it. He turned to leave.

A long time elapsed since the man in back had left. Suddenly, the skull he had left behind began to emit a faint light from its eyes. Then, it started to move side to side, and finally it dived down, burrowing into the depths of the earth.

Chapter 2958 Preparation Before Leaving

The air in a palace on the Floating Island was permeated with the mellow smell of food.

The True Gods didn't really need food to allay their hunger, but a variety of delicious food was always welcomed in the divine land.

The food materials in the Floating Islands were sourced from many places in the divine land and were extremely rare. Ordinary disciples from the Floating Islands couldn't afford them, let alone the divine citizens.

"Yan, you have made great progress in your cooking skills," Zen, who was seated at the table, complimented while tasting one of the dishes.

The corners of Yan's mouth raised slightly, revealing a faint sense of pride, but she still said modestly, "You'd better thank Margaret! It's her who has taught me how to cook these!"

Yan had been separated from Zen at a young age. She just spent a little time with Mike and did not have a chance to see her mother before. Now that they were reunited, she naturally cherished these moments.

She had started cooking recently and was loving it.

Although there were many talented chefs in the Floating Island, Margaret had personally taught Yan how to cook.

"Yan, you are being modest. You are so talented. You know everything even without any guidance," said Mike.

Yan sat on the other side of the large table, her chin resting in her hands. She looked at Lorena with a gleam in her intelligent eyes and said to her, "Mother, do you have something to say to me?"

Lorena, who had been smiling the whole time, stiffened slightly when Yan suddenly asked her this question.

"Mother, I know there is something on your mind," Yan said as she suddenly shot a cold glare at Zen. "And brother too, but he doesn't want to talk to me about it directly!"

"It..." Zen looked embarrassed.

It was true that he kept certain things from Yan. He didn't want his sister to be burdened with anything, but sometimes fate was out of one's control.

"Let me guess." Yan blinked and asked, "The woman called Emily asked me if I would like to go to the Pear Hill while testing my blood. I don't know where that place is, but I'm sure it's not in the divine land. And perhaps you can't refuse her, am I right?"

Yan had no idea of Chiyou's existence so she refused Emily's offer. That was the reason why she had come to this conclusion now.

Looking at Mike's and Lorena's expressions, Yan lowered her head and spoke grimly, "If Father and Mother ask me to go to the Pear Hill, I won't refuse. It's just that I like to be here with you..."

"It's not because of Emily! If it were only Emily who wanted you to go there, I would never agree to it, even if Father and Mother agreed," Zen said suddenly.

A trace of suspicion flashed across Yan's eyes as she asked, "Then what is the real reason?"

Lorena sighed and said, "It's because of your grandfather."

"Grandfather? And who is my grandfather?" Yan asked out of curiosity.

Lorena proceeded to tell her all about the origins of the Nine Li race and the Bear race, so that Yan could get an overview.

After hearing out Lorena, Yan stared at Zen for a moment. "In other words, even if I don't go to the Pear Hill, you will still leave the divine land, right?" she asked glumly.

"Yes," Zen replied.

The truth was that Zen very much wanted to stay in the divine land. He would love to lead a happy life there in the company of Letitia and the rest.

However, No. 9527 would never agree.

Yan gently pursed her lips and finally nodded. "In that case, I promise to go to the Pear Hill..."

All the experiences Yan had gone through had made her a mature woman. She was aware of the difficulties faced by her mother, so she wouldn't put her mother in a dilemma by being uncooperative.

Even though she agreed to go, Lorena and Mike still felt depressed. Given a choice, they didn't want to force their daughter to leave them.

Apart from convincing Yan to go, Zen had another problem on his hands.

It might take him over a hundred years to get to the Source World, and he had no idea when he would be able to return.

Letitia, Margaret and the others had already become True Gods, and their lifespan was infinite, so they could wait for him for however long it took. In the past few years, he had been bustling about all the time and was able to spend very little time with them.

So comforting them also posed a challenge for him.

"I am not okay with you leaving, Zen! I'm not interested in the Source World at all. The divine land is so huge. There's no need for you to pay attention to a strange, remote place!" Margaret was the first to stand up and object.

Lavender, Aura and the others were relatively calm, but they were also surprised at Zen's decision.

The great trouble in the divine land had been taken care of in the end. However, now Zen intended to leave the divine land. This left them baffled.

Letitia thought for a long time before speaking up suddenly, "If you really want to leave the divine land, you can take us with you."

Zen's gaze froze as he asked, "You want to enter my inner world?"

"Yes." Letitia nodded eagerly. "Before we weren't strong enough, so we could only stay under the protection of the fairy palace, but now all of us are True Gods so we can hide in your inner world."

Letitia's proposal was feasible. Zen could create an entire continent for them and help them create a new environment. He could even replicate the entire Central Region!

"But if I die, my inner world will also shatter. Then, how will you protect yourselves?" Zen asked with a look of concern.

However, Letitia smiled tenderly. "If you die, I would not be willing to live any longer."

Her answer touched Zen deeply.

Even Lavender, Aura, Nelly and the rest felt the same way.

Laquisha, who was sitting not far away, chuckled and said, "Besides, we want to see what the Source World is like!"

Margaret and the others, who were born in the universe, had no interest in the Source World, but Nelly and Laquisha had lived on the top of the divine land since birth. Their vision was much wider than the others. The Other Shore Realm was a source of mystery and awe for them. They had a great curiosity about the Source World.

"But..." Zen still believed that the divine land was much safer for them. At least, ordinary Other Shore Realm warriors could not break through it. Moreover, as the divine land was at the edge of chaos, it was difficult to discover it.

At this point, Lavender stretched out her cold hand and covered Zen's forehead. She spoke casually, "There's no need to hesitate. This decision is not up to you; it is ours alone."

"Okay!" Zen finally made the decision.

Half a month later, he returned to the whirlpool and began collecting the divine crystals.

According to Ramzi's estimation, after the speed of the divine land increased, the speed of the consumption of the divine crystals would be very slow.

Zen wasn't very clear about the value of these divine crystals, but they could be used in the Source World.

However, Zen only took away half of the divine crystals for any emergency, and left the Sun-resisting Umbrella to Mike.

Even though Harper had died, the Reincarnation Soul Weapon could still locate his Memory Flame. If he could recover his cultivation base after he was revived, he would regain control of the direction of the entire divine land.

A month later, Timotheus, Emily and the others stood in front of the Trumpet Flying Ship.

Chapter 2959 Travelling Through The Chaos

"The tracking array in the Trumpet Flying Ship has been destroyed. As long as you place divine crystals in it, you can drive it freely," said Ramzi as he jumped out of the flying ship.

Zen glanced at the flying ship and turned to look at Lorena and Mike, who were standing some distance away.

Lorena's eyelids trembled as she rushed up and held Zen in her arms, her face full of reluctance.

"No matter what happens, you must come back alive. This is my only request for you," whispered Lorena.

Although she had been with Zen for a short period of time, he was her son, after all. Moreover, she had a very clear idea of what awaited Zen if he went to the Source World. It was impossible for her not to be worried about him. On the other hand, she believed her father and his arrangement for her son. She was certain that Chiyou would never send Zen on a suicide mission.

Zen gently held Lorena in his arms and looked up into his father's eyes. Mike nodded to him in response, his eyes saying what his lips were not.

At the moment of parting, the father and the son needed no more communication with each other.

Lorena then said goodbye to Yan and gave her words of consolation and advice.

Emily led the other members of the Snake Goddess race and boarded the Trumpet Flying Ship. Leopold was the only one among the Nine Li Guards who decided to join the trip.

Chiyou hadn't given any further instructions to the Nine Li Guards; he only told them to escort Yan to the Pear Hill. This task could be accomplished by

Emily, who hailed from the Pear Hill.

As for Zen's mission, No. 9527 was not very forthcoming regarding the details.

Therefore, most of the Nine Li Guards, including Timotheus, elected to stay in the divine land. As far as the Nine Li Guards were concerned, the divine land was the last pure land for the Nine Li race, and they were more willing to stay with their princess and protect her.

After Zen boarded the ship, Leopold went to the stern of the Trumpet Flying Ship.

There was a jade plate embedded in the ground at the stern.

As Leopold reached out and pressed the jade plate gently, it slowly floated from its position and levitated in the air. Then, he took out a divine crystal and placed it on the floating jade plate.

This jade plate, which was snatched from Godfrey, was a powerful object. It could be used to drive the Trumpet Flying Ship and also served as the array plate for the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. These days, Ramzi had spent much time on the jade plate and learned how to utilize the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. Then, he passed on this method to Leopold.

Although the chaos was uninhabited, they had predicted some unanticipated troubles. With the help of the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, they would have certain assurance to be able to handle potential enemies.

Under Leopold's control, the whole Trumpet Flying Ship slowly lifted from the ground. The ship accelerated through the air, and the Floating Islands below grew progressively smaller in their sight.

Only a few people knew of Zen's departure from the divine land.

The divine land needed absolute peace after experiencing the unimaginable chaos caused by Samuel and the Yellow Emperor Guards.

To this end, Zen had completely revised the laws on the Ruling Slate. Moreover, Timotheus, Ramzi, and the remaining Other Shore Realm masters were tasked to guard the area. None of the clans would dare to mess things around.

Soon, the Trumpet Flying Ship reached the top of the divine land. As Zen controlled it with his mind, the space barrier enveloping the divine land disappeared.

Leopold fiddled with the jade plate with both hands. Traces of the Space Law power were scattered on the surface of the entire flying ship. In the next moment, the ship entered a space channel and began to travel through the chaos.

Whether in the chaos or in the divine land, the scenery inside the space channel was all the same.

As the flying ship advanced smoothly, everyone soon calmed down from their parting emotions.

"Zen, did Chiyou not tell you where you should go?" Emily asked, eyes blinking with confusion.

Zen only shrugged. That question was particularly difficult to answer.

He knew that Chiyou must have discussed his next move with No. 9527, but that was related to the secrets between the Chaos Ancient God and his grandfather. Zen did not know what deal they had made; even if he did know, it was improper for him to disclose such a significant matter to Emily.

"The Pear Hill is a good choice for you," Emily advised earnestly. "Although you're not a member of the Snake Goddess race, the Pear Hill doesn't exclude members of other races. If you come with us, I'll help you get all the resources that you need."

Zen smiled gently and replied, "If I wanted a stable and peaceful life, staying in the divine land would probably have been the best choice for me."

Emily's lips slightly twitched at their corners when she heard this statement. Originally, her intent was to warn Zen that the Source World was not as simple as the divine land. However, the thought of Zen's purpose of going to the Source World occurred to her, and she fell silent.

As a descendant of the Nine Li race, which used to be a large, well-known race in the Source World, could Zen reconcile himself to the fact that their race had been completely decimated by Yellow Thearch? In Emily's eyes, it was nearly impossible for the Nine Li race to regain their former glory because even Chiyou had been killed. She thought that Zen would fail to make any waves upon his arrival in the Source World.

However, Emily was an outsider. After all, she could not meddle in this internal affair of the Nine Li race, and could only voice out her suggestions.

Yan stood to their side, listening to their conversation quietly. She and Emily shared the same thought. How good it would have been if her brother would go to the Pear Hill together with them. They could take care of each other that way. However, she found herself biting back her worries when she heard her brother's answer.

The journey in the chaos was extremely boring. According to Emily, it would take them several years to arrive in the Source World even with the incredible speed of the Trumpet Flying Ship.

Before long, the members of the Snake Goddess race all leaned their backs against the wall of the flying ship, sitting cross-legged as they concentrated on cultivation.

Leopold, on the other hand, focused solely on driving the Trumpet Flying Ship to prevent all kinds of emergencies.

Zen also selected a corner for himself and sat down cross-legged. With a thought in his mind, he created an avatar in his inner world.

A floating island floated in the sky above Zen's inner world.

The floating island was built in the shape of a gourd. Zen built an identical Cloud Hall at front and a duplicate fairy palace behind it.

The fairy palace in the Swirl Forest had not been rebuilt after it was destroyed. After all, it was Bromley's masterpiece; even if Augustus had intended to restore it, it would not have been an easy feat. However, even with the fairy palace gone, Saul had been taken away beforehand by Zen. At present, he was staying in the duplicate fairy palace with Letitia and the others.

The moment Zen appeared in his inner world, he raised his eyebrows, and his figure suddenly vanished. In the next moment, he manifested in front of the floating island.

Meanwhile, Laquisha and Nelly stood at the door of the Cloud Hall, surprise evident in their eyes as they beheld a middle-aged man not far away from them.

After the floating island was built, it was soon discovered by the creatures in the inner world.

Some warriors with high levels of cultivation flew to a certain height and observed the floating island built by their creator some time ago, but none of them dared to approach it.

However, this middle-aged man was different. He had directly set foot on the floating island and knelt down in front of the main entrance of the Cloud Hall on one knee.

Curious, Nelly approached the man and asked him why he knelt here. However, the middle-aged man refused to answer, only telling her that he was waiting for someone.

As for who he was waiting for, the middle-aged man would not answer her anyway.

When Zen's avatar appeared, Laquisha greeted him excitedly and said, "Zen, you've finally come! This man has been kneeling here, waiting for you for months."

Chapter 2960 A Terrifying Talent

Kneeling down at the door of the Cloud Hall, it was no other than the Evil God.

Zen nodded slightly to Laquisha. Beaming an awkward smile, his face couldn't hide a faint embarrassment.

Zen's expression caught both Laquisha and Nelly by surprise.

Raising her head, the Evil God grew excited at the sight of Zen. "I have never begged anyone in my life except for you! Please keep your promise!" he told Zen.

In fact, Zen indeed promised the Evil God he would be released from the inner world.

However, he had been quite busy ever since he entered the divine land. Not having had the time to stop even for a while, he had no time to fulfill his promise.

Seeing the Evil God on his knee made Zen feel guilty.

Without thinking twice, Zen approached him, clasping the Evil God's shoulders to help him up. However, the Evil God remained unmoved, with no intention to stand up. "I'm not going anywhere until you keep your promise!"

"As I mentioned before, you already have my word, but now is not a good time," Zen explained helplessly.

"You can fulfill it at any time!" the Evil God insisted, hoping Zen would agree to his demand.

Even as a child, he had always been very ambitious. He had always seen difficulties as challenges he could solve with his own talent and perseverance. However, leaving this world was something he couldn't overcome.

Hearing Zen's words, he thought Zen was just giving him another excuse to prolong his time spent there.

Laughing, Zen replied, "I am currently in the chaos. With your current cultivation base, you will definitely die if you come with me."

In reality though, Emily had means to allow the True Gods to come safely to the chaos.

There was a time when they were outside the divine land, and Rocher and Sword Chen could move freely, thanks to Emily's protection.

But releasing the Evil God now would be meaningless. He could only move on the flying ship, and Zen couldn't throw him into the space channel to drift.

Watching Zen's expression, the Evil God realized that he was telling the truth. Disappointment started to cloud his eyes.

Seeing that, Zen continued, "I'm going to a bigger world. I'll set you free when I get there."

Expressionless, the Evil God stared at Zen. After all, Zen had fooled him several times in the past.

He had already dominated the entire world when he was young. At the same time, he helped Zen maintain the development of the world. Now his progeny had extended to many generations, but he was still stuck in this world.

"Can you promise me really?" the Evil God asked, a glimmer of slyness flashing in his eyes.

He was so clever to already guess the identities of Nelly and Laquisha. He thought that if he could get Zen to make a promise in front of his wives, he would need to keep his words.

"Okay. I will set you free as soon as I arrive in that grander world," Zen agreed, nodding his head.

"If you don't keep your promise, I will kneel here again." the Evil God threatened.

He had no idea why Zen had moved his family to the floating island, but he was willing to see this. At least it meant that he had the chance to find Zen here.

Zen nodded helplessly, his eyes fixed on the Evil God. All of a sudden, he uttered in a surprised tone, "Gee…How many Godly Ways have you cultivated?"

After absorbing the three thousand Godly Ways with the Infinity Ruler, Zen had completed three thousand Godly Ways within his Godly Tile, which the Evil God could cultivate.

To a certain extent, the beginning of the martial artists in this world was as same as that in the divine land. However, Zen's inner world couldn't compare with the divine land created by Chiyou. After all, the people in the divine land could easily reach the Soul Sea Realm when they were born.

"How many Godly Ways? Let me see. There are only three thousand Godly Ways in this world. Of course, I've cultivated all three thousand Godly Ways," the Evil God replied confidently, looking at Zen with a strange expression.

"Three thousand Godly Ways..."

His answer shocked both Laquisha and Nelly.

Laquisha was a consummate True God, while Nelly was a powerful martial artist too. Coming from big clans, they both knew how awesome it was to cultivate several Godly Ways at the same time.

Even more, if it would be all three thousand Godly Ways!

Even the Holy Emperors and the Demi-holy Beings of the Mu Clan and the Han Clan couldn't make it. So how could he?

His words also left Zen dumbfounded.

After all, he was only able to contain these three thousand Godly Ways by taking advantage of the Infinity Ruler.

Although he might be able to achieve with constant practice and with his own talent, he knew it would take him a long period of time.

Although the time flow rate in Zen's inner world was very fast, the time for the Evil God to cultivate all three thousand Godly Ways didn't exceed ten years.

The Evil God had managed to comprehend all three thousand Godly Ways these past ten years depending on his own talent.

With such a great talent, even Zen felt terrified.

But the Evil God didn't realize how terrifying his talent was. He was made to believe that no one could compete with him in this world. His fame never dimmed since then. So what he wanted was to go and explore the greater world outside.

Only in the outside world could he find someone that was on par with him.

Regardless if it was in the divine land or even in the Source World, only a few genuine True Gods could cultivate so many Godly Ways. But that was something the Evil God didn't know about.

Zen was sure that there was no such talent in the divine land. However, he wasn't sure if the Source World had such talent to achieve it in such a short period of time.

"However, since this world suppresses my power, I am not able to reach consummation of my three thousand Godly Ways. I can't cultivate the consummate level theurgies." The Evil God's face showed great disappointment.

When Zen became a consummate True God, the Evil God became a mid-rank True God, and as Zen stepped into the Sea of Truth, the Evil God immediately became a top-rank True God.

The Evil God could become a consummate True God only after Zen broke through to the Other Shore Realm. This was a limitation of the Grand World Cultivation Method that he could not violate.

After all, the appearance of a consummate True God in Zen's inner world might threaten the safety of his inner world. Therefore, the strongest creature in the inner world were two levels lower than the one who created the world.

After the universe of a Holy Being became the Rebirth Land, the entire inner world had become even larger. It allowed the living beings within the universe to cultivate into becoming the Supreme Lords, who were more powerful than the world lords but weaker than the low-rank True Gods.

After the Evil God's statement, Zen wondered how strong he could be if he would let him cultivate in the Source World freely. Would he be able to integrate the three thousand Godly Ways?

"Have you tried integrating the internal momentum of the Godly Ways when you practiced the three thousand Godly Ways?" Zen asked out of the blue.

With a strange expression, the Evil God looked at Zen and replied, "These Godly Ways are supposed to be integrated, aren't they? I have observed how you have repeatedly merged the internal momentum several times. Now I have already integrated two thousand nine hundred and ninety-four of the three thousand Godly Ways."

His answer left Zen completely astonished. Staring blankly at the Evil God, he couldn't seem to find the words to respond.

Chapter 2961 Power

Zen had to integrate the different kinds of internal momentum in his inner world before he could fight the enemy with the Ways-blending Strike in the divine land.

On the other hand, the Evil God watched him every single time he merged the internal momentum.

The Evil God certainly felt how strong the power of the Ways-blending Energy was, and that was why he also tried to fuse the Godly Ways.

In executing this, the Evil God used Zen's experience with the matter as his reference.

When Zen had merged the Godly Ways in his own inner world, he didn't hide anything at all. The Evil God had observed his every move, even the proportions and the sequence of different kinds of internal momentum that Zen had activated.

By closely watching Zen's movements, the Evil God, in his own way, found a shortcut. As far as Zen knew, the Ways-blending Energy would become very unstable after 2, 500 Godly Ways were merged. Merging one more Godly Way could create a very terrible explosion.

But unexpectedly, the Evil God had already merged 2, 994 Godly Ways successfully.

He could complete the Godly Ways Great Unity as long as he fused the remaining six Godly Ways!

Taking a deep and long look at the Evil God, Zen could not understand why there was such a supernormal talent appearing in his inner world.

"Can you practice the merging of the Godly Ways?" Zen asked as he stared at the Evil God.

In fact, in his inner world, Zen could easily find out how the Evil God's fusion of the Godly Ways worked, but he still wanted to see it with his own eyes.

"Okay," the Evil God agreed and nodded.

Being very smart, the Evil God perceived the value of the merging of Godly Ways. He also knew that there was nothing in the world that he could hide from Zen. With this, the Evil God knew that it was better for him to use his skill openly.

But just as the Evil God was about to fuse the internal momentum, Zen suddenly uttered, "Wait!"

"Huh? What's wrong?" the Evil God could not help but ask in puzzlement upon being halted.

"I have a friend who needs to see this," Zen responded as he activated his spiritual sense which spread out of his inner world. At that time, he was summoning No. 9527.

No. 9527 had always said that the 3, 000 Godly Ways were not possible to be fused together. Now Zen wanted it to have a look to confirm if any of it was true.

After receiving Zen's invitation, No. 9527 immediately entered Zen's inner world.

Meanwhile, the Evil God, Nelly, and Laquisha were all amazed upon seeing the green light ball. Even though this light ball's soul force was not at all that strong, it was still mysterious as it drew their attention.

"Can you take on a different shape?" Zen asked, looking at the light ball.

"Of course."

After No. 9527's reply, the green light ball immediately turned into a seed. Afterwards, a huge eyeball grew from the seed. Covered in blood, it looked very terrifying.

Zen, Nelly, and Laquisha frowned at the sight of the eyeball.

Meanwhile, in Zen's opinion, No. 9527's taste in its appearance was extremely bad. In such disappointment, he waved his hand in the air.

Suddenly, countless pieces of broken stones appeared out of thin air, quickly melting into a mold of a handsome young man. However, this man was only a puppet, without any trace of flesh or blood.

Once more, No. 9527 turned into a green light and went into the body of the puppet. Afterwards, it made some seemingly strange movements with the puppet's face and tried to adapt to the body of the puppet.

Not long after, No. 9527 finished what it was doing.

Zen said to the Evil God, "Okay, you may now start."

Nodding, the Evil God closed his eyes and sat down cross-legged.

In fact, Zen was very familiar with the scene that wisps of internal momentum quickly merged within his inner world.

The more Godly Ways were fused, the more powerful and more violent the energy contained within the Evil God's body became.

Shocked and scared, both Nelly and Laquisha could not help but take a step back under the pressure of the energy.

If it weren't for the fact that they truly believed in Zen, then they would have escaped that instant.

Right at that time, the Evil God looked calm and relaxed, as if he could easily handle the situation at hand. Turning to Zen, he said, "So, I've already fused 2, 600 Godly Ways. Do I still need to continue with the fusion?"

"I see. Move on. I want to see your limitations," Zen replied.

When Zen sent the information through his spiritual sense to it moments ago, No. 9527 was surprised.

In fact, it had mocked Zen several times before for it thought Zen did such a useless attempt. It firmly believed that fusing 3, 000 Godly Ways into one was an impossible task. However, there was a person inside Zen's inner world who had actually merged 2, 994 Godly Ways before, which was out of No. 9527's imagination.

The Evil God only nodded, while he continued to concentrate on his merging of the Godly Ways.

2, 700 Godly Ways...

2, 800 Godly Ways...

2, 900 Godly Ways...

After 2, 900 Godly Ways were merged, the difficulty would be doubled each time a new Godly Way's internal momentum was activated and added.

Even if the Evil God had once fused the Godly Ways smoothly, it could still slow him down.

As he fused more and more Godly Ways, the Ways-blending Energy's pressure in his body only grew more intense. Seeing this, both Nelly and Laquisha became even more surprised.

Upon seeing such a scene in front of him, Zen lifted his hand and waved it. Afterwards, a layer of pale green light film enveloped the two women and separated them from the outside world.

2, 991...

2, 992...

As the Evil God reached the 2, 992nd Godly Way, his body began trembling, and the internal momentum in his inner world became more and more unstable.

At this point, the fusion was becoming more erratic, and once the Ways-blending Energy collapsed, the power caused by this collapse would be enough to tear him apart!

Being a man of valor and bravery, the Evil God was fearless as he was not afraid of anything that could come across his path. After all, he had long been aloof to the thought of life and death for he only focused on pursuing strength. Apart from that, he was that person who even dared to plot something against Zen before.

2, 993!

2, 994!

Now, the Evil God was at his limit. If another Godly Way was added to the fusion, then it would be his last straw and death would surely take him.

With his face turning red, the blood vessels all over his body were all about to burst from all the pressure. Raising his hands, he pulled out the Ways-blending Energy from his body, roaring loudly, "Go!"

As soon as he finished his words, the Ways-blending Energy shot high up into the sky at a rapid speed.

When it flew past a star formed by the strength source, it somehow exploded with terrifying energy.

"Bang!"

All of a sudden, a thunderous and loud voice resonated through the sky.

The Evil God cracked a smile upon seeing the Ways-blending Energy's explosion, beads of sweat trickling down his forehead.

When Zen and No. 9527 were looking up, their eyes were filled with shock.

Due to the limitation of the rules of the world, the Evil God couldn't reach the consummate level theurgies of the Godly Ways. That was why the power that he exerted while using Godly Ways was surely not as formidable as the one Zen exerted. However, even if such theurgies were lacking, the

Ways-blending Energy's power released from him was almost as great as that from Zen!

"It's unbelievable. I can't believe that the living creature in your inner world is able to get the Ways-blending Energy to this stage," No. 9527 spoke in utmost disbelief.

Zen replied, "There are only six Godly Ways left. Do you still want to stick to your original opinion?"

Smacking its lips, No. 9527 spoke, "It is impossible to achieve the Godly Ways Great Unity again. That is the absolute rule. Even if someone has merged 2, 999 Godly Ways, I would still have the same opinion... However, it is indeed an extraordinary method to take the Ways-blending Energy as a theurgy and cultivate it."

Chapter 2962 The Black Hole

It was evident that No. 9527 didn't really favor the merging of Godly Ways.

The Evil God was clueless about the origin of No. 9527, nor did he realize the importance of the Godly Ways Great Unity.

However, he was excited to show Zen his capabilities.

"Should I demonstrate the merging again?" the Evil God asked eagerly.

Zen smiled and said, "No, that won't be necessary. I am aware that you have merged the Godly Ways."

Zen was not only omniscient, but also omnipotent in his inner world. If he wanted to, he could know everything.

"Then allow me to take my leave. I hope you will be able to fulfill your promise as soon as possible." The Evil God cupped his hands toward Zen and in a flash disappeared from the floating island.

After he had left, No. 9527 asked, "What kind of promise did you make to him?"

Zen shrugged casually and replied, "He wants to leave my inner world."

No. 9527 was appalled, as it asked, "Are you going to allow that to happen?"

"Yes. What's wrong in letting him go?" Zen asked curiously.

No. 9527 said with a small smile, "You know I don't think highly of the Godly Ways Great Unity. But he merged 2, 994 Godly Ways in just ten years, which suggests that he is exceptionally talented. It's hard to estimate his achievements in the future. It will be a pity to let him go."

"Should I place a slave seal on him?" Zen disdained to use this method.

The Evil God was born in his inner world, but he never bestowed upon him any kind of special support. Despite that, with his outstanding abilities, the Evil God was able to obtain his current cultivation base and achievements. So if he wanted to leave, Zen would not be the one to stop him.

"No matter how powerful the slave seal is, there is still a way to break it." No. 9527 shook its head as it continued, "As far as I know, many powerful masters in the Source World have such talents in their inner worlds. In fact, it's very easy to keep them."

No matter how large the Source World was, there was a limited number of creatures.

However, there was a separate world in the body of every powerful warrior who reached the Soul Sea Realm. These inner worlds held different types and numbers of creatures. But the total number was many times greater than that of the Source World.

Hence, among such a massive amount of creatures, there were chances that one or two miraculous talents would appear.

In No. 9527's eyes, the Evil God was one of them.

"How?" Zen asked curiously.

"You have witnessed it yourself. Your father is one such example," No. 9527 answered with a smile.

Zen was initially stunned. But his expression cleared as he immediately understood. "Make him a Holy Being? The Rebirth Land?"

No. 9527 nodded. "This is a very common method. Through the Rebirth Land, his strength will be improved, but his fate will be bound with your inner world. There is a saying, you win some, you lose some."

One of the advantages of the Rebirth Land was that it could ensure the Evil God's immortality. At the same time, he would be more powerful than the others. On the other hand, the disadvantage was equally obvious. It was equivalent to placing his own inner world in Zen's body.

Therefore, most of the people in the Source World, such as the powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm like Emily and Clement, avoided creating the Rebirth Land. If they had a Rebirth Land, they would be reborn in it, even if they died outside.

There had been no news on Bromley so far. Everyone assumed that he must be living in a place of the chaos. Even if he died, he would come back to life in the Rebirth Land, namely his universe.

"But how should I arrange the Rebirth Land? I am not aware of its procedure." Zen said.

No. 9527 shrugged its shoulders. "It shouldn't be difficult for you. You can ask Emily. She will be knowing the process."

If Zen really gave the Evil God a Rebirth Land, it would mean that he would have to give part of his inner world to the Evil God, which in turn would help the Evil God progress faster and reach the consummation of True God Realm.

After becoming a consummate True God, the Evil God could cultivate the Truth of Godly Way. Zen was looking forward to seeing how fast he could comprehend the Truth of Godly Way.

After No. 9527 left, Zen set about arranging the time enchanted barrier.

The time within his inner world and that of outside were at two different dimensions. Because of this, Letitia and the rest felt that time passed too slowly. One year outside was equivalent to more than ten years in Zen's inner world.

Zen was unable to change the time flow rate in his inner world. But it wasn't difficult to synchronize the time flow rate on the floating island with that of the outside.

After tending to that issue, Zen spent several days with the women on the floating island before he dispersed his avatar.

When Zen opened his eyes, he realized that the Trumpet Flying Ship had left the space channel and entered the chaos again.

All of a sudden, the chaos clouds in the distance started to form some huge, strange patterns. In this boundless area, apart from the chaotic energy, there was no other living beings or substances present around.

The Trumpet Flying Ship was left alone.

"Why did the ship leave the space channel?" Zen asked.

Even though the speed of the Trumpet Flying Ship was remarkably fast, it would still take thousands, even ten thousand years, to arrive at the Source World, if it did not fly in the space channel.

"The Trumpet Flying Ship won't be able to travel in the space channel continuously for a long time. It will have to leave every once in a while. It'll be fine after the space channel is rebuilt," Leopold replied with a smile, as he held the jade plate in his hand.

Zen nodded. He wanted to ask Emily about the Rebirth Land, but when he saw that she and the others had already entered a meditative state, he realized it was not the right time.

They wouldn't be able to reach the Source World now, so he had plenty of chances in the future.

After observing the ship for a while, Zen returned to his seat. This time, he intended to enter the Sea of Truth.

Leopold gently lifted the jade plate. The forces of Space Law spread out from the surface of the Trumpet Flying Ship. The ship was about to travel back to the space channel.

The moment it entered the space channel, it started to vibrate violently.

Rumble!

Emily and the others who had been cultivating quietly, opened their eyes.

"What's wrong?" Emily asked.

Leopold shook his head and said with a trace of panic on his face, "I cannot figure out. The Trumpet Flying Ship seems to be out of control now."

The Trumpet Flying Ship that was flying smoothly a while ago was now constantly shaking. Even though Leopold tried his best to activate the divine crystals on the plate, he was still unable to maintain the stability of the ship.

Zen stood up and looked into the distance. He pointed at something far away and shouted, "Look! What's that?"

In the chaotic space channel, there were intricate blue lines. They were hardly of any importance but just the traces left by the disorderly Space Law.

However, they were all gathering deep into the space, towards a pitch black hole.

All the lines stopped in front of the hole, as if they were all sucked in by it.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2963 The Sky Rending Rhinoceros

The Trumpet Flying Ship was an exquisitely designed structure. Seen from the outside, it seemed to have a small interior space, but it actually had a larger space inside.

The flying ship was trembling violently as it was traveling at a fast speed, but everyone was able to maintain their balance and keep standing.

Emily squinted her eyes and directed her gaze to where Zen had pointed. "It's a space cave..."

"Is that what a space cave looks like?" There was a subtle change on Leopold's expression. He knew about the existence of space caves from stories he had heard, but this was the first time he saw one for himself.

Yan put her hand on Zen's shoulder and asked, "What is a space cave?"

Emily was the one who replied. She blinked her eyes and said, "The Sky Rending Rhinoceros is one of the top ten ferocious beasts of the chaos. It leaves behind a space cave after it travels through space!"

"The top ten ferocious beasts of the chaos?" Zen narrowed his eyes.

Emily nodded her head in confirmation and explained, "They are ferocious beasts that wander outside the Source World. They usually hide in the deepest parts of the chaos and very rarely get close to the Source World. But every time they appear, they can't help but cause a huge commotion. Only the top masters in the Source World can fight against them..."

"Then will there be any danger in a space cave?" Zen asked.

Emily shook her head. "The space cave itself is not dangerous. The Sky Rending Rhinoceros is proficient in the Space Law. It doesn't need to use techniques like the Grand Teleportation when it travels through the chaos."

"It doesn't rely on the Grand Teleportation technique?" Zen asked in clarification, as he was surprised by this information.

Actually, people utilized the Grand Teleportation technique to create a space channel for travelling. The deeper their comprehension of the space, the more stable the space channel.

For example, Emily created a space channel that was ten million miles long, but she only needed to take a single step forward to emerge from the other end of the space channel. On the other hand, the Holy Beings could also create a space channel ten million miles in length, but they were required to travel through the space channel for a period of time before they walked out of the other end of the channel.

"In the simplest terms, the Grand Teleportation technique is a skill that relies on one's understanding of the Space Law. However, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros can make an opening in one space and connect it to another located anywhere in the chaos," Emily said while she stared at the black hole. "The opening in space created by the Sky Rending Rhinoceros is what we call a space cave."

"Then, if we were to pass through this space cave, will we end up in another place in the chaos?" Zen asked curiously.

"Yes, that's correct. Therefore, the space cave itself poses no danger to us. It's what we might find on the other side of the space cave that worries me..." said Emily.

After he had heard Emily's explanation, Zen's fears were lessened. He confidently smiled and told the others, "Since the space cave is only a passage that travels through the chaos, there shouldn't be any danger. We might even be lucky and enter the Source World in advance using this passage."

Even though Zen had already said so, Emily, Leopold, and the other members of the Snake Goddess race still weren't reassured.

"The chaos might be mostly empty and vast, but it also has all sorts of unknown and dangerous lands. What if the other end of the space cave connects to the Ruin Graveyard or the Death Land? All of us will perish then."

The chaos only seemed to be empty due to its sheer immense size.

In fact, there were so many unexplored areas that existed within the chaos, like the Ruin Graveyard and the Death Land which Leopold had already mentioned. These dangerous places were infamous in the Source World as everyone knew how perilous they were, yet no one had really seen their internal features because no one had returned from them alive.

Upon learning the fate that might await them, Yan wasn't able to prevent herself from grasping Zen's arm, a faint nervous expression on her face.

"Don't be afraid, Yan. We can't be that unlucky to end up on such damned places," Zen tried to console her with a smile.

Emily saw Yan's nervous expression; she also tried to soothe her, "Don't listen to Leopold's nonsense. We won't be so unlucky."

"You're right!" Yan's eyelids flickered slightly, as she tried hard to be courageous. She smiled and said, "I'm not afraid of anything as long as Zen is with me."

While their discussions were ongoing, they hadn't noticed that the Trumpet Flying Ship was shaking more and more violently.

Leopold was no longer directly controlling the plate. He just let the force of the space cave pull the Trumpet Flying Ship into it. The ship flew along the chaotic blue lines, swayed, and was entirely sucked into the space cave.

Darkness engulfed everything from the moment the flying ship entered the space cave.

Firefly stones were embedded into the rails of the Trumpet Flying Ship, but no light from the firefly stones penetrated into the pitch-black darkness.

An eerie howling sound came from the deep darkness.

It wasn't the wind that howled, but it sounded more like a huge creature moving through space.

"Whooshing... Hoo... Whooshing... Hoo!"

The howling sounded like it came from an area far away from them, but from time to time, the party heard it rattling in their ears.

Everyone bated their breaths, no one dared to utter a single word.

Emily had provided an explanation regarding the existence of the space cave, but all of her knowledge had been gained from reading books. She had never entered one personally, so she had no way to verify if the records were true. The weird sound made them think of things that did not bode well for them.

Yan said she was not afraid, but her body language showed otherwise. Her hands clutched Zen tightly, her slightly trembling body curled up beside him.

In the past, she had been trained under Harold's protection in the Everest Spirit Mountain. The only adventure she had was the one at the bottom of the Sunrest Tree. At that time, Yan had great advantage in her strength; and with Zen's protection, she had not been afraid of anything.

After she had been reunited with her parents and brother, Yan had experienced immense joy and she had wished that this kind of life could go on forever.

However, things did not go as well as she had hoped. She had been forced to step on the journey, and there had been an unknown fear that was weighing on her mind.

Zen felt the emotion behind Yan's actions, and he formed an apology for her in his heart.

Her mother had given Yan the choice, but as a sensible girl, she did not have the heart to reject her parents.

Sending her on the journey to the Pear Hill might have been a mistake.

"Don't be afraid. It won't take long," Zen whispered to his younger sister.

He felt pity for Yan, but he could only caress her silky hair; he thought that after emerging into the other side of the space cave, he could place Yan into Emily's inner world so that she wouldn't be so afraid.

After they had been traveling in the darkness for several minutes, Zen felt more and more confused.

This space cave could fold the space in between two places, so naturally, it should have made use of the Space Law. However, in this dark space, he hadn't been able to sense even a single trace of the Space Law Power. Zen was puzzled as to how the Sky Rending Rhinoceros did it.

While he was deep in thought, Zen thought he had seen a glimmer of light in his peripheral vision. He instinctively looked for the source of light, and his eyes narrowed. He covered Yan's eyes with his hands.

Leopold, Emily, and the masters at the Other Shore Realm were all stunned into a silent panic.

A gigantic ferocious beast head was directly in front of the Trumpet Flying Ship, and the light shone from its eyes!

"Oh, crap! This is probably the worst possible situation," Emily cursed in frustration, and her heart sank in despair.

Chapter 2964 Its Purpose

The chaos was so vast that it was known to contain many unknown beasts.

Some people believed there were undiscovered beasts living in the chaos.

The top ten vicious beasts were known widely around the Source World. They were feared for their overwhelming strength and size. They would cause turmoil and unrest every time they surfaced.

Among the ten vicious beasts was the Sky Rending Rhinoceros. It was about ten million miles long. It resembled a large snake, and it did not have scales or claws. Its head had two wings fixed on both sides, making it able to fly up in space.

Many years ago, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros surfaced in the Source World. Chaos ensued as it caused disturbances and proceeded to destroy a city. Zhurong later stepped up to fend off the city against it. Although Zhurong had the advantage over it, he still failed to exterminate it. In the end, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros broke through the space and flew off to hide in the chaos.

(*TN: Zhurong, known as the God of Fire, is an important personage in Chinese mythology and Chinese folk religion.)

Emily had read this record in a book when she was young.

She was filled with fear when she read the description of the Sky Rending Rhinoceros in her childhood.

At that time, she did not expect to come face to face with her childhood fears in the future.

She felt her stomach turn when Leopold mentioned the Ruin Graveyard. At that time, she clenched her fists subconsciously as she felt anxious.

It was known when the Sky Rending Rhinoceros passed through the void, the space cave it left would exist for a short period. Since the space cave was opened, it meant the Sky Rending Rhinoceros recently passed through there. If they came face to face with the mighty beast, it would be worse than falling into dangerous lands.

Emily thought to herself about all the unfortunate events that could take place if they faced the beast. She attempted to calm her breathing and looked forward. Even if she decided to voice her troubles out to everyone, it would not make much of a difference. She silently prayed under her breath, hoping they didn't encounter it.

As she was in the process of collecting her thoughts, she looked up. Her worst fears came to life when the image of the Sky Rending Rhinoceros appeared in front of her. She froze and felt her soul leave her body. She forgot how to breathe as it filled her view.

"Hoo..." "Hoo..."

The Sky Rending Rhinoceros howled viciously as it twisted its body which was about ten million miles long.

Suddenly, the air in the space seemed to have stopped flowing. The atmosphere changed as fear and terror filled the space. The Sky Rending Rhinoceros flaunted its dominant aura. Its eyes were like two huge stars glaring directly at them.

Compared to the size of the mighty beast before them, the Trumpet Flying Ship seemed as minuscule as an ant.

Zen immediately stiffened up at the sight of the beast. He felt his throat dry up as if he had been thirsty for centuries. Tiny particles of sweat began to roll down his face.

A monster that size could swallow up the Source World if it wanted. The Trumpet Flying Ship was far too small compared to that.

Even though Yan's eyes were closed, she could still sense the powerful aura of the Sky Rending Rhinoceros.

A creature like that could destroy the souls of the True Gods by its own aura.

Zen and Yan both had the Soul of Light. Zen had undergone the baptism of the Sea of Truth, so he was able to withstand the aura of the beast. However, Yan hadn't gone to the Sea of Truth. As a result, her Soul of Light had to bear more pressure from the beast.

Sensing Yan's agony, Zen quickly took out a back pill.

Zen had prepared for any mishap that could happen during the journey. He kept every possibility in mind before leaving for it. The black pill was a gift from Timotheus. It could replenish soul power.

Zen even had soul pills stashed in his inventory for the journey. They were stronger pills, and he obtained them in the Sea of Truth. However, the pills came with rules. They couldn't be used outside the Sea of Truth.

He reached for her face and cupped it in his hand. He gently opened Yan's mouth with his fingers and made her swallow the pill down.

Yan's soul power was quickly replenished, and her frail Soul of Light finally calmed down. She opened her eyes and bit her lip. Despite what happened, she tried to put on the bravest expression she could to appear tough in front of her brother. She wanted to be his strength, not his weakness.

Lucky for them, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros just stared at the Trumpet Flying Ship with its star-sized eyes. It did not intend to make a move.

Emily, Leopold and the other masters at the Other Shore Realm stood their ground and studied the movements of the beast. They did not dare to act impulsively to confront it. They did not want to tempt it to attack them.

The silent wait made Leopold restless. He switched his gaze from the beast to Emily and asked in a low voice, "Emily, what should we do?"

Emily shook her head gently while her body remained stiff. "Such a fierce beast is not something we can fight against."

"But it keeps glaring at us like that. Is it going to kill us with its eyes?" Leopold said with a bitter face. He could not stand the wait anymore.

Such an experience was not easy to comprehend. Watching the beast staring at them with no movement made it seem like they were on borrowed time. It felt like the wait before a prisoner was sentenced to their death. Leopold turned his gaze to the ground and closed his eyes in anticipation. He wished the Sky Rending Rhinoceros could just swallow them in one gulp and end their suffering.

After five minutes that felt like five hours, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros finally began to move.

It slowly stretched and twisted its huge body as it made its way towards the Trumpet Flying Ship. Everyone froze and watched as it drew closer to them. The wrinkles on its skin now flashed before their eyes. Every wrinkle was as deep as a canyon.

Studying it up close, they realized how invincible it was. Even if Zen and the others transformed into the huge Wild Gods, they would still fall short in front of it.

As it continued to shorten the distance between itself and the ship, everyone could feel their heart sink. It was as if they were paralyzed in fear.

When the Sky Rending Rhinoceros was hundreds of miles away from the Trumpet Flying Ship, a gust of strong wind howled.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo..."

The Sky Rending Rhinoceros began to inhale. It took in deep breaths as it focused on something. It appeared to be trying to smell something in the air.

As the wind blew viciously, the Trumpet Flying Ship shook again. Leopold quickly controlled the jade plate to keep it steady.

It appeared the monster didn't intend on attacking them. If it did, they would have suffered the consequences by now.

"Hoo!"

The Sky Rending Rhinoceros seemed to be struggling. It sniffed the air several times, trying to catch a whiff of what it was sensing. The wings on both sides of its head suddenly spread out, and at the same time, it let out a shrill scream.

"Shh!"

Hearing its long cry, Zen and the others instinctively covered their ears. The noise was so loud that it pierced through their ears into their heads.

They all stood and watched in confusion. What could it want? Why was it desperately trying to sense something? What could it possibly be looking for? For a while, they ignored the pain as they continued to study the movements of the Sky Rending Rhinoceros.

"What is the Sky Rending Rhinoceros trying to do?" Leopold said, looking exasperated.

"Beasts like the Sky Rending Rhinoceros have extraordinary wisdom. If it wants to know something, it should be able to communicate with us directly," a woman of the Snake Goddess race said with a grimaced look in her eyes.

Emily showed a helpless expression. "Maybe it doesn't think it's worthy of communicating with us."

Emily was also confused.

From the way it looked, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros did not have any intentions of swallowing the Trumpet Flying Ship. It seemed to have sensed something within the ship. It continued its attempts to locate it.

But on the ship, there were only Zen, Yan and the warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

At this moment, Zen felt strange warmth in his chest as No. 9527's voice resounded in his mind. It seemed to have calmed his nerves down from the intense situation. "Zen, leave the Trumpet Flying Ship. Let me talk to the Sky Rending Rhinoceros."

The Sky Rending Rhinoceros was sensitive enough to perceive anything. Although No. 9527's soul power was very weak, it could still perceive it.

No. 9527 didn't want to announce its presence to Emily and the others. It wanted to meet the Sky Rending Rhinoceros under discretion. It asked Zen to leave the ship so it could communicate with the beast.

"Does the Sky Rending Rhinoceros aim at you?" Zen's face turned pale as he asked No. 9527.

"Yes, I knew this would happen when you entered the space cave. However, the Trumpet Flying Ship was unable to get rid of the gravity of the space cave, so I could do nothing to stop this from happening." A hint of helplessness could be heard in No. 9527's tone.

This made Zen curious. He had never felt such an emotion from No. 9527.

Chapter 2965 The Shortcut

Emily and the others shook like leaves in a storm.

What the Sky Rending Rhinoceros was thinking? It could even swallow the flying ship in a single gulp. They were like ants that were floating on a leaf in a vast ocean. In the blink of an eye, they could all die.

Just as everyone else fell silent, at a loss for what to do, Zen suddenly spoke. "I'm going to talk to it."

The Other Shore Realm warriors gaped in shock when they heard what Zen said. Emily's hands twitched as if she were going to shake him out of this decision.

"Zen, are you crazy?" she asked with disbelief in her voice. Her eyes were wide in fear like she was already seeing all the things that could go wrong.

"Zen..." Yan whispered, concern apparent in her voice.

"I have to do this. It's here for me," Zen insisted before they could say anything more.

"For you? Why would it come for you?" Leopold frowned at Zen in doubt.

Not much was known about the Sky Rending Rhinoceros even in the Source World. How could it possibly have anything to do with Zen, a warrior from the divine land?

Zen didn't know how to explain to Leopold, so he chose to ignore him instead. He turned to Yan and gently patted her head in reassurance.

"Stay here. Believe me, everything will be fine," he assured Yan. He nodded at everybody, then leaped lightly off the ship. His tiptoes made a quiet tapping sound on the side of the Trumpet Flying Ship, as he flew into the dark space.

By this time, Emily and the others didn't try to stop him anymore. They knew that it would be useless, especially when Zen looked so determined. Perhaps, he was really capable of talking to the beast.

At first glance, it looked like the Sky Rending Rhinoceros was extremely close to the Trumpet Flying Ship. That was because the Sky Rending Rhinoceros was gigantic, so it appeared like it was very close. Actually, there were at least three hundred miles between the beast and the Trumpet Flying Ship.

Even so, Zen needed only a few seconds to travel this distance. He quickly reduced the distance between them to merely hundreds of feet.

At such a close range, the pressure from the Sky Rending Rhinoceros disappeared.

Due to the beast's size, Zen couldn't see the entire body of the animal. He could only see the rhinoceros' two huge eyes, which hung over his head like two suns. Its wrinkled skin looked very rough and rugged, making the beast look like a mountain from where Zen was.

As soon as Zen stopped, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros opened its big mouth.

The mouth was so wide that Zen couldn't even see where it ended. It was like a black hole, an endless pit that he definitely didn't want to fall into. On both sides of its mouth were rows of thin thorns, and each of the thorns was about sixty thousand miles tall.

"Shhh...shhh..."

Once again, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros made strange noises. It sounded rhythmic and unique, almost as if it was singing. Zen figured that the beast was trying to communicate in its own special language.

As he inhaled, he also smelled a unique fragrance that seemed to be coming from the enormous mouth.

Usually, such a fierce and terrifying beast would be highly poisonous, and a disgusting smell would escape once they opened their mouths. The smell from this beast piqued Zen's curiosity.

In the Trumpet Flying Ship, Emily, Leopold, and Yan watched the scene nervously.

None of them would be able to save Zen if the beast decided to eat him. With its size, it could even kill him accidentally. Just a little sneeze, or if it decided to close its mouth, it could easily crush him.

"Is it talking? How can I communicate with it?" Zen asked No. 9527.

No. 9527 pondered for a short while, then said, "It seems that I need to borrow your body. I'm too tiny."

Strictly speaking, No. 9527 could not be counted as a part of Gerald's soul. Although its soul force came from Gerald, it was extremely weak. It would be difficult for it to communicate with the beast. And with such a gigantic creature, it would be like an ant that was trying to talk to an elephant.

As soon as it received Zen's consent, No. 9527 entered his mind.

Zen closed his eyes, and a green light flashed through when he opened them again. At the same time, he began to activate the internal momentum of the Spiritual Wind Godly Way within his inner world.

"Shhh..."

Amazingly, as Zen opened his mouth, the same sound that the Sky Rending Rhinoceros made came out of him!

With the help of the Spiritual Wind Godly Way, Zen's voice was amplified. It sounded a hundred times louder.

Although it was still too low compared with the sound made by the beast, it spread far away in the quiet darkness.

Leopold gaped when he heard the noise Zen made. To him, it sounded almost identical, as if he was hearing another beast. "Can that guy really communicate with the Sky Rending Rhinoceros, or is he just making ridiculous noises?"

Emily made a surprised noise as well. She stared at Zen's back, several hundred miles away, and replied, "I don't think so. Zen wouldn't joke with this, not when his life is also at risk. He knows the consequences if he makes the Sky Rending Rhinoceros angry."

"But how could he possibly master the language of the ferocious beast?" Leopold wondered loudly. He pursed his lips and frowned, as he observed further what Zen was planning to do.

Every race in the chaos had their own language, and the most common one was the human language. Intelligent beasts had mastered it, but it was very difficult for humans to grasp the languages of other races. It was possible, but only after special training.

As far as Leopold and Emily knew, Zen had no special training that would enable him to talk to beasts. Thus, they were at their wits' end. They had no clue how Zen was capable of this feat.

"Shhh..." the Sky Rending Rhinoceros responded to Zen again.

Zen also let out another "shhh" sound. They spoke almost at the same time, but it didn't seem to affect their communication.

Zen quietly listened to the conversations between No. 9527 and the Sky Rending Rhinoceros. Although he didn't understand what they were talking about, he could understand some context clues. He noticed that the beast's language was very characteristic, the 'shhh' sound was made relative to its emotions. The stronger the emotions, the louder the 'shhh' sound.

No. 9527's responses were calm as if it was trying to explain something to the Sky Rending Rhinoceros. Meanwhile, the beast seemed to be getting more and more anxious; the rhythm of its voice was full of confusion and grievance.

The communication lasted for an hour.

Just as Zen's ears began to feel numb, the Sky Rending Rhinoceros suddenly let out a sharp roar. The beast wriggled its huge body gently like it was shaking off invisible dust, and it finally turned its huge head away.

In the dark space, the gigantic creature wriggled further away. It stopped a short distance away and looked back at Zen intensely before it eventually disappeared into the distance.

When they saw this, Emily, Leopold, and the other people finally breathed a sigh of relief. However, they still couldn't believe how Zen managed to talk to the beast.

"I can't believe Zen really persuaded the Sky Rending Rhinoceros to leave!" Leopold exclaimed with a grin.

Emily was silent beside him. Her lips were pressed together thoughtfully, as she thought how Zen could have possibly done that. Although she could feel that Zen was extraordinary since their first meeting, she hadn't expected him to be able to persuade the Sky Rending Rhinoceros to leave at their first encounter.

After all, in Emily's eyes, it was a disaster to encounter a ferocious beast like the Sky Rending Rhinoceros. If it were any other beast, she might have resisted, but she did not have the courage to resist the Sky Rending Rhinoceros.

Meanwhile, as No. 9527 returned to Zen's chest, Zen asked, "What did you say to him?"

"I asked him to go away and open a space cave for us that leads to the Source World," No. 9527 said indifferently.

Zen was astounded.

Emily had spoken of the Sky Rending Rhinoceros' ability. The beast could connect any two places in the chaos. This skill was unparalleled and was the most powerful talent of the Sky Rending Rhinoceros.

He wondered how No. 9527 managed to make the beast obey it.

Originally, it would take several years for them to travel to the Source World by the Trumpet Flying Ship. If they were to cross the space cave, they would be able to reach the Source World much faster.

"You two talked for so long. You must have talked about something else," Zen pried again.

No. 9527 just chuckled. It acted like an adult who was talking to a child, and it had no plans to tell Zen about the rest of the conversation.

Chapter 2966 The Ring Of Chaos Clouds

Zen was curious about the relationship between Gerald and the Sky Rending Rhinoceros. However, No. 9527 was unwilling to reveal any details and so he had no way of learning the truth of it.

Once he returned to the Trumpet Flying Ship, Leopold, Emily and the members of the Snake Goddess race were all staring at him, as if he were some sort of hideous monster.

The Sky Rending Rhinoceros left, leaving the space pitch black. Everyone wasted no time in using their spiritual sense to explore their surroundings.

Yan was smiling, thinking that this was a piece of cake for her brother, and she was so proud.

"Let's go. The Sky Rending Rhinoceros has agreed to build a space cave that leads to the Source World for us. We should be very close to the Source World after we cross the space cave." Zen then added in response to the confused faces surrounding him, "Don't ask. I too do not understand what the Sky Rending Rhinoceros said."

He had spoken with the Sky Rending Rhinoceros for a long while, and now he said he didn't understand what the Sky Rending Rhinoceros said. Zen was fooling no one.

The others didn't question him on seeing the sincerity across his face.

"I have to say, I didn't see us being able to take a shortcut like this, travelling through the space cave with the help of the Sky Rending Rhinoceros..." Emily said smiling joyfully.

They had escaped danger, gotten the help of the Sky Rending Rhinoceros, and saved a lot of time. Everyone believed Zen was responsible for bringing this great fortune upon them.

Leopold activated the Trumpet Flying Ship once more, continuing to advance silently through darkness.

Soon after, a small white dot began to reveal itself in the distance.

The white dot was like a tiny hole on a large black cloth. Although small, it was eye-catching in the darkness. The moment it appeared, Leopold had spotted it.

"It's the other side of the space cave. The entrance is pure pitch black, and the exit is clean and brilliant white. Let's go over!" Emily was excited at the sight of white dot too.

Leopold nodded and maneuvered the Trumpet Flying Ship to charge straight for the white dot.

They were still tens of thousands of miles away and already the dot had become a huge stunning white cave.

"Rumble..."

The Trumpet Flying Ship began to tremble with a loud sound. They were being pulled in by an inescapable gravitational force coming from the white cave.

Eventually the ship dove right into the white cave. Everyone was covered in the dazzling light and forced to shut their eyes tighter than they ever did, desperately trying to avoid the blinding pain.

Everyone began to feel that the Trumpet Flying Ship was clearly picking up speed. The whole ship shook violently and they held on tight, resisting the vibrations and intense speed. With a sudden stop, the Trumpet Flying Ship shot out of the white hole.

It took around half a minute for Zen to finally open his eyes.

The huge white hole had disappeared, and the brown chaos clouds had once again revealed themselves in front of him.

"We're not in the Source World, are we?" All he saw were tens of gigantic chaos clouds forming a ring. The area around the clouds was still empty.

Emily stared at the enormous mass of chaos clouds and a smile flashed onto her face. "Of course we are in the Source World now!"

Leopold nodded in agreement. "If such a fierce beast like the Sky Rending Rhinoceros comes close to the Source World, it will cause disaster. It has indeed led us to the right destination."

Seeing the puzzled faces of Zen and Yan, Emily pointed to the chaos clouds and said, "The Source World is right above those clouds! It's just that the chaos clouds cover the Source World. We'll be able to see it after passing through them."

"I'm afraid it's still a long way from here," Zen said, staring in awe at the huge clouds.

How huge were the chaos clouds? Back when Zen was in the fairy palace, he had learned from Bromley's travel notes that even the divine land was only a drop in the ocean when compared to the chaos cloud.

A Source World needed tens of chaos clouds to cover it. It was even larger than what Zen had imagined. He could not believe what he was seeing.

"It could possibly take three to four months to get close to it," Leopold announced.

"We are already fast. It would only take less than six months for us to travel from the edge of the chaos to the Source World... The other guys are probably still at the edge. It would likely take twenty to thirty thousand years for them to make it here." Emily pursed her lips and smiled. She was ecstatic to have found this shortcut to the Source World.

'The other guys' she mentioned were actually the Other Shore Realm warriors from the bone towers at the bottom of the chaos. They did not possess the help of divine crystals nor the Trumpet Flying Ship. They would fly across the chaos using only bodies. It would take a great deal of time, and they might encounter all manner of obstacles along the way.

"Three to four months." Zen nodded contemplatively. After pondering a while, he asked Emily suddenly, "I want to create a Rebirth Land in my inner world and enfeoff it to someone. Do you know of any specific method?"

"The Rebirth Land?" Emily was stunned. "Why do you want to do that?"

In Emily's eyes, giving the Rebirth Land to others was thankless work.

Giving out the Rebirth Land meant handing over the control of part of the world to someone else.

"There is an extremely gifted talent in my inner world. I want to give him a Rebirth Land," Zen uttered honestly after thinking over it for a moment.

He didn't have to hide anything else except the matter about No. 9527.

"Talent? How talented is he? Is he more impressive than you?" Leopold asked smiling wryly.

Zen frowned slightly, a modest grin on his face. "Perhaps in some aspects, this person really is more impressive than I am. I'm afraid that if I let him out, I won't be able to stop him in the future. Giving him the Rebirth Land can be considered a precaution to prevent the worst from arising."

Upon hearing this, Emily's and Leopold's interests were piqued.

Zen shared a very close blood relationship with Chiyou. He was after all the talent born from the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. Now Zen claimed that there was someone more incredible than him in his inner world. This was truly amazing.

"In ten years, he has mastered 3, 000 Godly Ways. Does that make him outstanding?" Zen asked flatly.

Leopold blinked in shock and Emily's eyebrows raised.

According to the masters in the Source World, the 3, 000 Godly Ways were the definitions of the various kinds of energy existing within the chaos. According to different classification methods, the number of the Godly Ways varied. Even the large majority of the True Gods in the Source World only needed to master one or two in order to challenge the Sea of Truth and cross it.

Only a minute amount of supernatural talents were qualified and capable of comprehending several Godly Ways.

Of course, some top masters in the Source World attempted to master 3, 000 Godly Ways, and Chiyou was one of them.

"In ten years? Zen, you must be kidding?" Emily asked incredulously.

No. 9527 didn't have much interest in the Godly Ways. Even if the Evil God's talent was astounding, it was not surprised at all. The only thing that shocked No. 9527 was that the Evil God even managed to merge the internal momentum of 2, 994 Godly Ways.

As for Emily and Leopold, they were completely taken aback to learn that one would master so many Godly Ways. If one person comprehended 3, 000 Godly Ways alone in ten years, it was a shocking feat even in the Source World.

Chapter 2967 Becoming A Holy Being

"I also didn't believe it when I first heard it, but it is true," said Zen, shaking his head.

Emily knew that Zen was no liar. But she still struggled to believe him.

"The method used to grant a Rebirth Land is not that complicated," she said thoughtfully, turning to look at a woman of the Snake Goddess race aboard the ship. "Betty, write one and give it to Zen."

Betty nodded. With a flick of her slender hand, a long and narrow jade slip appeared.

Her spiritual sense poured continuously into the jade slip, and after a while, it emerged, covered in her spindly writing. Smiling, she pushed the slip towards Zen.

Zen opened the jade slip and glanced over its contents.

Essentially, it reported that the number of Rebirth Lands granted in the inner world was limited, possibly no more than three.

The divine land, however, was an exception. Over fifty Holy Beings' universes currently resided there. Even though it contained many Rebirth Lands, the Holy Beings' cultivation base was much lower than Chiyou's.

Zen quickly made a mental note of all the main points in the jade slip. Then, he proceeded to condense an avatar.

To the north of his inner world lay a deserted land. Even though some creatures appeared there from time to time, they were few and far between.

Legend said that the Thunder God and the Lightning Goddess lived in this deserted land. It was said that the destructive thunder and lightning storms that regularly swept the land were triggered when they were angry.

The Evil God sat on a bald rock in the center of the deserted land.

Throughout his life, he had never encountered a single impediment to his practice. He had cultivated effortlessly for years. The martial arts and the Godly Ways came to him with an ease that was almost laughable.

However, now, he had encountered a problem for the first time in his life. The problem was to merge all the Godly Ways. How could one do that?

The Evil God could read Zen's expression, and knew that he had surpassed Zen in this aspect. But the puppet beside him seemed to think nothing of what he had obtained.

Yet, he was always ready to accept a challenge. Since he had decided to merge the three thousand Godly Ways, there was no turning back.

It was not easy, unlike everything that had come before. Naturally, it had turned into his obsession, so much so that he did not care whether he could leave Zen's inner world.

"Crack!"

A crash resonated through the Evil God's inner world, and his face darkened.

"I failed again! No matter how much I try, I make no progress after merging 2, 994 Godly Ways. What should I do?"

He expelled the extremely unstable Ways-blending Energy from his body and into the air. It flew hundreds of miles away before exploding.

"Bang!"

The explosive power of even a small amount of Ways-blending Energy was incredibly destructive.

The loud bang resonated through the entire desolate land.

This was the truth behind the legend of the Thunder God and the Lightning Goddess. It was not their anger, but the sound of Ways-blending Energy explosions that shook the land. The explosions were so intense that they appeared to be thunderstorms.

"That's it for today."

Despite his words, the Evil God was not giving up. With each failure, his obsession grew even more. He would not take such a blow to his conceit lightly. He had made up his mind to merge the Godly Ways, and failure was not an option. In his opinion, it was only a matter of time and trial and error.

"Whoosh!"

Using the Grand Teleportation technique, he returned to a corner of the deserted continent, where he lived in a simple thatched hut.

"Edna, I'm back!" he yelled, thumping on the door.

Edna was the princess of the Sky Defending Empire and the Evil God's first wife.

Even though her talents were no match for the Evil God's, she had managed to rise to the low-rank True God Realm under his guidance.

She was immortal, so she could stay with the Evil God forever.

Both the Sky Defending Empire and the Evil Cloud Sacred Place built by the Evil God had disappeared with the passage of time.

The dynasties changed and the forces collapsed.

Even the Evil God's children had gone.

If the Evil God willingly protected the Evil Cloud Sacred Place and the Sky Defending Empire, they would surely end up at the top of the world.

However, immortality and the ease of practice had made him weary and indifferent. Nothing was new or enticing any longer.

For years, he had contented himself for living a mundane and simple life with his first wife.

As the Evil God opened the door, Edna smiled at him. "We have a guest," she said mysteriously.

When the Evil God found Zen sitting in the corner of the simple wooden room, his eyes popped with surprise.

He knew Zen very well, so he spoke to him unceremoniously. "So, are you going to release me from this world?"

"Yes," Zen replied matter-of-factly, with a curt nod.

"But didn't you say I still had to wait a few more decades?" asked the Evil God.

Having already been waiting for so many years, waiting for another decade or so was not a problem. Waiting was just his life by this point.

"The date has changed. According to the new plan, I'll be able to release you in two to three years at the most," Zen said.

The higher Zen's cultivation level, the more perfectly his inner world was engineered, and this slowed down the time flow rate significantly. Soon enough, the time flow rate of his inner world would be synchronized with that of the outside.

In the beginning, a year outside was equal to tens of thousands of years in his inner world. Now, one year outside had become equal to ten years in his inner world.

Emily had told him that they would arrive at the Source World in three months, which was about three years in his inner world.

Excitement sparked in the Evil God's eyes. However, Zen had another step he wanted to make. "But before that, I want to make you a Holy Being," he said, before the Evil God got too excited.

"A Holy Being? What do you mean?" the Evil God asked, baffled.

"I will merge your inner world with a part of this world. Then, even if you leave it, you will retain your immortality, in the sense that when you die outside, you will be reborn in this world again. Moreover, the restriction on your cultivation will be lifted, and you will be able to reach the consummation of True God Realm," Zen said, his voice somber.

Edna's eyes lit up with joy as she heard Zen's proposition.

She and the Evil God had stayed together, supporting each other for so many years. If the Evil God left, she would be consumed by worry for his safety.

If Zen could help them in this way, however, she would feel safer.

The Evil God, however, was not as happy to hear this as his wife. His eyebrows furrowed and his face turned gloomy and brooding. After a few seconds, he looked up from his thoughts. "Do I have a choice?" he asked pensively.

Zen shook his head. "No, you don't. If you agree, come to the floating island to see me tomorrow."

Without further ado, Zen left the thatched hut, not uttering another word.

Her face etched with confusion, Edna turned to look at the Evil God. "Why are you acting like becoming a Holy Being is a bad thing?" she asked.

As she spoke, the Evil God punched the blue stone table that stood in the middle of the room.

That table looked rough and unrefined, with jagged edges, but it was in fact made from the most expensive stone in the world. A piece that size could buy a small country.

With one punch, the entire stone table dissipated into powder.

"Look, I don't know what it means to become a Holy Being, so I cannot say it is a bad thing, can I? But what I do know is that if my inner world merges with this one, he will have power and control over me forever."

The Evil God didn't know what the Rebirth Land meant, but a man of his talent did not have to think long to figure out the costs and benefits of becoming a Holy Being.

The only real reason why he wanted to leave this world was to experience something new, and be free. He didn't want to go from one prison to another. He knew Zen, but he hadn't expected him to use such a dirty trick.

Chapter 2968 Exposed

Even though Zen had left the thatched hut, he knew exactly what the Evil God had said and thought.

The Evil God seemed reluctant to accept his proposal, but Zen had no intention of backing down either.

Zen did not plan on controlling the fate of the Evil God. Having a Rebirth Land would not affect the Evil God's cultivation base. He could still have the chance to cross the Sea of Truth and become an Other Shore Realm warrior.

By keeping the Evil God's inner world here, Zen tried to make sure that he would not become his enemy. He wanted to keep the peace between himself and the Evil God.

However, Zen was unsure if he would accept this condition. All that was left, was to wait for his reply.

The next day, the Evil God came to the floating island after all.

He had given Zen's offer much thought and realized he was not in the condition to bargain with Zen.

Not having much choice, the Evil God accepted his offer to become a Holy Being. However, that did not mean he approved of Zen's methods. He planned on finding ways to retrieve his inner world once he left this world.

Although this was Zen's first time in granting a Rebirth Land, it was not too challenging. Just like what Emily had proposed. He only needed to give a small part of his inner world to the Evil God and ask him to merge it with his inner world.

The process was similar to that of soaking in the holy spring on the Mountain of Holy Beings.

Shortly after, a universe appeared in Zen's inner world.

His inner world was nothing compared to the divine land. The divine land was far superior in all its splendor. Likewise, this universe in his inner world couldn't be compared to that of a Holy Being in the divine land. However, because of the appearance of this universe, some restrictions to the Evil God's cultivation were removed, and the Evil God was finally able to break through to the consummation of True God Realm. He was able to surpass and conquer all his past limitations.

Having mastered three thousand Godly Ways before, the Evil God's understanding of them had risen to a whole new level.

Within three days of becoming a Holy Being, he had mastered the consummate level theurgies of Thunderstorm Godly Way, Earth Godly Way, and Five Elements Godly Way. He even created some strange theurgies beyond these Godly Ways. The Evil God was unmatched in his talent of grasping every concept with ease.

Zen silently observed him learn all of them from a distance. He could not help but be impressed by the limitless talents of the Evil God. He was taken aback by how quickly he acquired the theurgies.

As he studied the Evil God at work, he became unsure. He began questioning himself and his decisions. 'Did I do the right thing in allowing such a powerful guy to enter the Source World?'

However, the Source World was not his. The Nine Li race had been destroyed. Even if the Evil God managed to gain power in the future in the Source World, it would not be an issue for Zen.

Three months had passed since then.

The Trumpet Flying Ship was already very close to the ring of chaos clouds. The dark brown mass of chaotic energy floated along slowly. As it hovered above them they could feel strong sensations of depression sinking inside of them.

Emily looked over at the clouds with a blank expression, and said to Leopold, "Conceal the Trumpet Flying Ship."

Leopold nodded.

After all, they had stolen the Trumpet Flying Ship from the Yellow Emperor Guards. Coming so close to their destination, they could not afford to take risks. They had to tread lightly from here on out. If they were detected by the Yellow Emperor Guards, they would be at the threat of being exposed.

Leopold took the necessary measures to camouflage the ship. He pinched the jade plate, and traces of Space Law enveloped the Trumpet Flying Ship.

It was like it was wrapped in an invisible cloak, making it hard to detect for outsiders. Besides, they were now in a vast space. The seemingly small distance was actually enormous. Even if they came across someone right now, the long distance would make it harder to perceive the ship through the naked eye.

"Whoosh!" The ship moved forward in a very fast speed.

After a few hours, the Trumpet Flying Ship finally flew into the chaos clouds.

After several hours of travelling, the ship paved its way through the clouds. Zen sensed something had changed. He looked up at the sky and watched it change its color into a pale yellow. It looked as though someone painted it with an earthy brown. He silently observed with amazement.

"Is this the Source World?" Zen asked in surprise with his mouth gaping open and his eyes fixated at the sky.

Observing her brother's reaction, Yan looked in the same direction as him. The pale yellow sky and the closing distance between them and the Source World made her stare in awe.

From their current position, they could not see the whole Source World. The divine land was fairly large. However, compared to the Source World, it was like a tiny grain of sand. The variations in size between them spoke volumes of how vast the Source World was.

"Well, we're at the bottom of the Source World now. In fact, the Source World is not flat. You can think of it as a sphere," Emily informed them.

"You mean it's a star?" Zen asked, giving in to his curiosity.

Looking at Zen's surprised expression, Emily smiled gently and said, "Yeah, like that. People of the Source World don't live on its surface, but inside. And the Source World is not a circle. It's oval." She shrugged and continued, "In fact, I have never seen the entire Source World myself."

As the Trumpet Flying Ship flew forward, Yan ran towards the rails of the ship. She stood on her toes and held onto the rails for safety. Her eyes seemed to widen as she stared ahead with wonder. Though she feared for her future, she was also full of curiosity.

"Zen, look! What's that?" Yan exclaimed as she pointed at a shadow in the distance.

Zen squinted his eyes and looked in the same direction as her to make out what she saw. "It looks like a huge bug."

"That's the insect ship," Leopold explained with his arms folded.

Emily gave a nod of acknowledgement and said, "It's a flying ship belonging to a special race that are proficient in controlling all sorts of strange insects. Their flying ships are usually made of the shells of giant insects. That's why it's called the insect ship."

Yan couldn't help but frown at the thought of ugly insects. She had experienced many challenges in her early years, but she was still young. A young girl who would naturally be appalled by insects. She instinctively looked away with a pouty face.

At that very moment, rays of colorful light swept across the space hundreds of miles away from the Trumpet Flying Ship. In each ray of the colorful light there seemed to be a boat, in which a human figure was vaguely seen rowing the boat. The boats were moving at a faster pace than that of the ship.

Once the boats flew past them, square boxes began to appear in the distance. These boxes resembled black coffins, which revealed a trace of gloom.

As they got closer to the Source World, unusual things started popping out of nowhere. The atmosphere around them became livelier than before. Zen and Yan watched in utter amusement as they experienced so many new things.

It was fortunate that the passers-by didn't notice the existence of the Trumpet Flying Ship. Even if they did, they wouldn't pay much attention to it. After all, outsiders didn't know why the ship was there. The reason why Emily had had the ship hidden was to avoid getting spotted by the Yellow Emperor Guards.

"Let's keep going west. As long as we find the entrance to the Source World and enter the world, we'll be safe when we arrive at Pear Hill," Emily suggested. Her face relaxed as they passed through all potential threats and were now safe.

Leopold concentrated on controlling the jade plate in his hand. He slightly adjusted the direction and added another divine crystal on it.

Just when he was about to accelerate the Trumpet Flying Ship, he sensed something through the jade plate and paused, which caused him to turn his head southeast.

His eyes widened as he saw another flying ship suddenly appear above them. It was about ten thousand miles away from the Trumpet Flying Ship, and it was heading straight for them at an alarming speed!

"It's another Trumpet Flying Ship!" Emily's face lost color as she panicked.

Leopold's expression darkened at the sight of it. "How did they find us?"

Ramzi had taken down the tracking array of the Trumpet Flying Ship. It was almost impossible for the Yellow Emperor Guards to find them, especially while it was disguised.

Now, another Trumpet Flying Ship was approaching them aggressively. Judging by how accurately the ship navigated towards them, it was certain they were discovered. Without Yellow Emperor Magatama, Emily and the others would certainly cause suspicion for the other party.

Emily ordered without any hesitation, "Ignore them! Let's get out of here as soon as possible!"

As long as they fled to Pear Hill before a large number of Yellow Emperor Guards gathered, they'd stay safe. After entering the Pear Hill the Yellow Emperor Guards would not be able to harm them.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and

trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

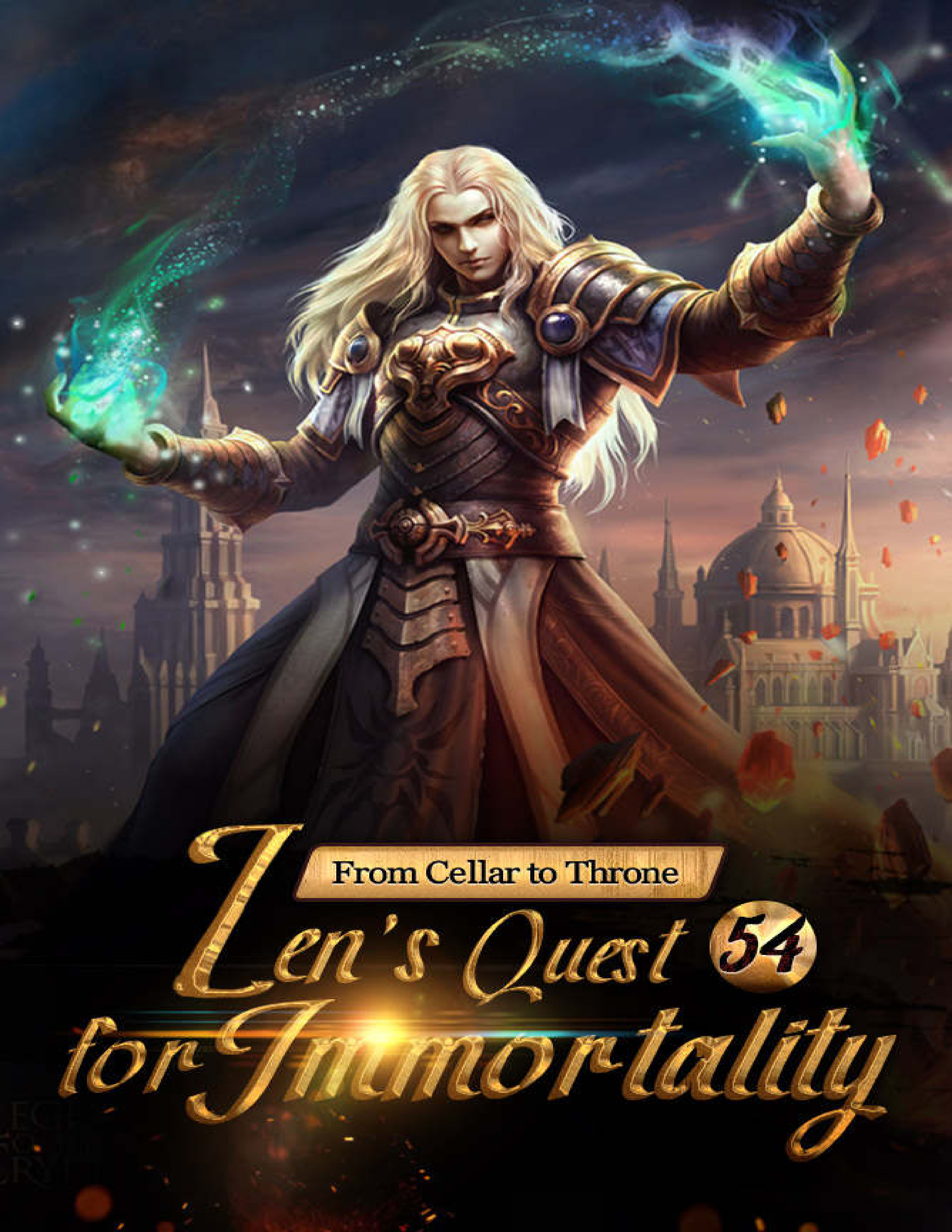

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

54

Content

Chapter 2969 Fighting Back
Chapter 2970 Choice
Chapter 2971 The Wild Goose Pass
Chapter 2972 Escape
Chapter 2973 The Mysterious Sandstorm
Chapter 2974 Maggie's Condition
Chapter 2975 A Ruse
Chapter 2976 Killing
Chapter 2977 Release
Chapter 2978 Entering The Excellence City
Chapter 2979 The Mice League
Chapter 2980 The Ear Mouse
Chapter 2981 Rule
Chapter 2982 The Sword Light Palace
Chapter 2983 A Blocker
Chapter 2984 Pulverized
Chapter 2985 A Tomb Containing The Personal Effects Of The Deceased
Chapter 2986 A Trap
Chapter 2987 To Destroy The Tomb
Chapter 2988 Cleaning Up
Chapter 2989 The Secret Of The Copper Sheet
Chapter 2990 Revenge
Chapter 2991 A Fight
Chapter 2992 Go To Hell
Chapter 2993 An Exorbitant Reward
Chapter 2994 The Qualified People
Chapter 2995 The Country Of The Man-eating Demon Flowers
Chapter 2996 The Unknown Fire
Chapter 2997 Sword Dance Palace
Chapter 2998 Little Devils
Chapter 2999 Counterattack
Chapter 3000 The Bitter Lesson
Chapter 3001 The Destroyed Sword Dance Palace

Chapter 3002 Killing Two Birds With One Stone
Chapter 3003 Cultivating Two Truths Of Godly Ways
Chapter 3004 Observing The Lofty Sword
Chapter 3005 The Lofty Sword
Chapter 3006 Truth Competition
Chapter 3007 Talent
Chapter 3008 Understanding Level
Chapter 3009 Disciples' Gains
Chapter 3010 Breaking The Record
Chapter 3011 At The Top
Chapter 3012 Athemar Qiu
Chapter 3013 The Orthodox Forces Of The Human Race
Chapter 3014 The Imperial Sword Seal
Chapter 3015 Giving Soul Pills
Chapter 3016 Sudden Change
Chapter 3017 Destroy The Star City
Chapter 3018 The Huge Whirlpool
Chapter 3019 Getting Trapped
Chapter 3020 The Silver Lining
Chapter 3021 The Candle At The Bottom Of The Sea
Chapter 3022 Green Bats
Chapter 3023 Rescue
Chapter 3024 Good News

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 2969 Fighting Back

Even though the Source World looked close to them, it would still take a total of three days before finding the Source World's entrance, despite their fastest speed.

Two Trumpet Flying Ships soared through the air like lightening, one chasing very closely behind the other.

On the Trumpet Flying Ship behind the one where Zen and the others were, twelve people stood, all of whom were powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

A middle-aged man stood at the front of the Trumpet Flying Ship. He looked confident, his arms crossed.

The man's face was stiff, and his eyebrows resembled two black blades.

He was wearing black armor from head to toe, on which the complicated veiny lines of blood were flowing. The aura emitted by the armor was very dark and depressing.

"To the Yellow Emperor Guards on the Trumpet Flying Ship before us, tell me your names!"

the man said in a loud and clear voice as he held a Yellow Emperor Magatama in his hand. He was trying to communicate with the people on the Trumpet Flying Ship in front of him.

Despite his attempts at communication, no reply came from the group. Everyone remained silent.

"Master Telmo, that Trumpet Flying Ship appears very strange to me. Why do you think they ran as soon as they saw us?" asked a short man standing beside the middle-aged man.

When it came to the Yellow Emperor Guards, anyone who was capable of riding a Trumpet Flying Ship was considered having a high status.

If ever they were to meet in the chaos, they would exchange their names and inform each other of useful information, as per usual.

When Telmo ordered his men to meet up with the second Trumpet Flying Ship, none of his warriors expected the ship to speed up at their presence and flee.

Everyone had the same thought on their mind: something had to be wrong with the ship.

Without speaking a single word, Telmo ordered his men to chase after the Trumpet Flying Ship while trying to communicate with them through the Yellow Emperor Magatama. However, the opposing party refused to respond to them, from start to finish.

"Is it possible that someone has hijacked the Trumpet Flying Ship?"

"Hmm...who would dare commit such an act?!"

"I don't know. But why else would they be fleeing?"

Just as the Yellow Emperor Guards continued to discuss, Telmo stared at the Trumpet Flying Ship in front of him and said, "No matter what the situation is, we will definitely investigate it further." As they conversed, they noticed a sudden streak of light flash across the Trumpet Flying Ship in front of them. In the blink of an eye, the entire Trumpet Flying Ship vanished right before their eyes.

"They have entered the space channel. Let's follow them! Hurry up!" Telmo ordered his men loudly with a frown.

One of the warriors controlling the Trumpet Flying Ship nodded his head in agreement and commanded the ship to fly into the space channel as well.

Both Trumpet Flying Ships were near equals when it came to performance. The one in the front simply couldn't get the one in the back off its tail.

"What if we just can't get rid of it?"

Leopold placed another divine crystal into the jade plate. The Trumpet Flying Ship's speed had already been pushed to the maximum, but in spite of his efforts, the other Trumpet Flying Ship still followed them close behind. More importantly, it too, had entered the space channel.

"Since the opponents are the Yellow Emperor Guards, they must have the Yellow Emperor Magatama. Although they can't catch up with us this way, they can use the Yellow Emperor Magatama to call for others to block us." Zen looked back at the ship following them not far off in the distance and furrowed his brows.

Emily blinked furiously and a murderous look flashed in her eyes. With a deep breath out, she said, "In that case, Leopold, slow down."

"What? Slow down?!" Leopold looked at Emily in disbelief.

"Zen is right. If they inform other Yellow Emperor Guards about what's going on, I'm afraid that we won't be able to escape," Emily said carefully. "So let's face it. We may as well counterattack!"

Zen subconsciously nodded his head and said, "I agree with you."

Emily looked over at Yan and said, "If we fight against them, there will be risk. Yan, come into my inner world and hide from them for the time being. You'll be safe."

Yan bit her lips and glanced at her brother. Zen also persuaded her gently, "Yan, be obedient. After we get through this disaster, you'll obviously be released. There's no need to worry."

A ray of soft light slowly swirled in Yan's eyes as she looked at Zen with affection.

Although her brother had guaranteed her eventual release, she had a vague premonition in her mind that seeing Zen again wouldn't be that easy.

Due to such a premonition, Yan was particularly reluctant to leave, of course. She walked up to Zen, even kissed his forehead, and then slowly turned her attention to Emily.

Once Emily had safely placed Yan inside her inner world, she looked at Leopold and said, "Slow down! Get ready to activate the Slaughtering Moonlight Array."

The Slaughtering Moonlight Array was a remarkable killing weapon. Emily had practiced it many times before, back in the divine land.

Without hesitating in the least, Leopold threw multiple divine crystals into the jade plate, one after the other.

At the bottom of the divine land, they had located a massive amount of divine crystals. Zen had taken half of them. Before they had decided to return to the Source World, he had handed two thousand divine crystals to Leopold, and only sixty to seventy divine crystals had been consumed along the way. Now, there were still plenty of divine crystals to activate the Slaughtering Moonlight Array.

As they worked together to activate their weapon, the people on the other Trumpet Flying Ship observed them closely, watching their every action.

"Master Telmo, look, they've slowed down!" a Yellow Emperor Guard reported, an urgency in his voice.

"I'm not blind," Telmo replied in an annoyed tone.

The sudden decline of the other Trumpet Flying Ship's speed was so obvious that it alerted Telmo, too.

Telmo hadn't treated the other party as their enemy, not yet at least. Perhaps the Yellow Emperor Guards on the Trumpet Flying Ship had something urgent to deal with. He was open to all possibilities. However, even if they had something urgent to deal with, there simply wasn't any reason for them not to respond to Telmo's call through the Yellow Emperor Magatama. The other party only needed to use their own Yellow Emperor Magatama to explain the situation.

Everything seemed so strange and no one was capable of fully understanding what was happening.

"Seeing as they've finally slowed down, let's take our chance in approaching them. Everyone, be prepared. I'm afraid we must not consider them our friends," Telmo ordered.

The Other Shore Realm warriors all obeyed Telmo's order immediately and activated the Other Shore Tokens within their bodies, in an attempt to get ready for the upcoming battle.

Within the spatial passageway, the distance between the two Trumpet Flying Ships finally began to close.

Three thousand miles...

Five hundred miles...

A hundred miles...

Fifty miles...

Without anything standing in their way now, Telmo could see the people's faces on the Trumpet Flying Ship in front of them. Out of nowhere, Emily's pretty face came into view.

"Huh? A woman?" Telmo's eyes flashed brightly as he tried searching for information about this individual in his mind.

A warrior capable of commanding a Trumpet Flying Ship was at least a five-star Yellow Emperor Guard. However, as far as he knew, Emily wasn't one of the five-star Yellow Emperor Guards.

'Could she be from the Sky Guard Pavilion?' Telmo wondered silently.

As this thought crossed his mind, a chill shuddered through his heart. If the woman really was from the Sky Guard Pavilion, then she was qualified to ignore him.

However, out of duty, Telmo would continue performing a regular check up on the Trumpet Flying Ship.

Thirty miles...

Twenty miles...

Only ten miles...

The remaining distance was quite small. Covering this distance for an Other Shore Realm warrior was as simple as pie.

Emily stood on the ship's rail with her legs and heels pressed tightly together. Her white robe embroidered with white chrysanthemum fluttered in the wind graciously.

Telmo could see her quite clearly now, and he knew she could see him as well.

As the two of them looked at each other, a strange smile suddenly spread across Emily's lips. "Activate it now," she said to Leopold indifferently.

Leopold flipped the jade plate in his hand gently, and a high number of crescents immediately spread out in all directions.

In an instant, the Slaughtering Moonlight Array covered a hundred miles around. Emily gently waved her hand and lightly cut toward the Trumpet Flying Ship behind them. It looked so easy and simple for her, as though she were lifting a feather.

At the sight of silver crescents, Telmo's face filled with fear.

"Watch out! It's the Slaughtering Moonlight Array! Run!" he screamed in terror.

Chapter 2970 Choice

Even Ramzi, an outsider, was familiar with the Slaughtering Moonlight Array.

The Yellow Emperor Guards were well aware of the power of this array. They knew from experience what damage could be done.

The silver moons shimmered. Without warning, an invisible force leaped across the space between.

A sharp, earsplitting crack sounded.

As the invisible force sped towards the Trumpet Flying Ship, a pale purple light appeared on the surface of the vessel. An enchanted barrier had been raised.

This enchanted barrier was the main protection of the body of the ship. Normally, the ordinary warriors at the Other Shore Realm would find it difficult to pierce the barrier without extended time and effort. However, as Emily chopped the air, the barrier trembled and seemed on the verge of collapse.

Another crack sounded.

The invisible force went deeper, piercing through the shield to touch the exterior of the ship. A thin, clear line appeared in the middle of the ship from the force of Emily's blow.

Within, several Yellow Emperor Guards groaned in horror as lines whipped across their bodies, leaving behind a trail of broken arms and legs.

Two unlucky Yellow Emperor Guards didn't even have time to react before a thin line split their bodies in half. They died instantly, their souls and inner worlds cut off without warning.

The carnage was terrifying to Telmo and the other Yellow Emperor Guards, who didn't dare to stay in the danger zone anymore.

They fled in all directions, trying desperately to avoid the thin lines.

Telmo felt like he was choking on his bitterness. He saw that the Slaughtering Moonlight Array was brutal and merciless in attacking and killing the Yellow Emperor Guards.

If another opponent took the initiative to attack him, he would definitely question them and check their identity at the same time.

The hard reality was that he was virtually defenseless against the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. His only choice now was to stay alive, no matter what.

"Run! Run in every direction! Save yourselves!"

Telmo warned the other Yellow Emperor Guards with his life vitality while he was escaping.

But there was still a problem. Telmo knew it was possible for the Slaughtering Moonlight Array to seal the space.

It didn't even matter at this point what the enemy intended. The actions they had taken made it crystal clear that they sought to kill every Yellow Emperor Guard they could.

Given enough time, the Slaughtering Moonlight Array would probably succeed in killing every single one of the ten or so Yellow Emperor Guards in the ship.

At first, Telmo felt hopeless. But as he evaded the slashing lines, an idea came to him. Was there a way out of this situation? Perhaps time could save them.

After all, the bottom of the Source World wasn't desolate. Telmo realized that the other party in this battle wouldn't dare to continue the fight if it dragged on for much longer. If they failed to kill the Yellow Emperor

Guards within a short period of time, they'd have no choice except to retreat.

Emily, meanwhile, was still busy. She let out a cry of energy.

Her arm moved, slashing towards a Yellow Emperor Guard floating in the void. There was a flash. The body split into two, dead in an instant.

Telmo was right. Emily had indeed planned this surprise attack as a quick and unstoppable way to kill all of the Yellow Emperor Guards in the space.

It came as a surprise to her that the Yellow Emperor Guards immediately chose to flee at the first attack from the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. She had expected them to stand their ground while she cut them down.

Emily knew it would be difficult, if not impossible, to keep track of everyone trying to escape. Even if she sought to chase them one by one, it would take too much time. If they called in stronger reinforcements, then she would be the one at a huge disadvantage.

She made a decision. "Let's go! The Trumpet Flying Ship has been destroyed." Clearly, she had decided not to hunt down the fleeing Yellow Emperor Guards.

Leopold nodded. He agreed with her judgment of the situation. He quickly removed the Slaughtering Moonlight Array and activated the jade plate. They began to accelerate, leaving the Yellow Emperor Guards and their ship behind in space.

As Emily and the others vanished, Telmo finally slowed down. He heaved a sigh of relief.

But beneath the relief at his survival, hatred and anger boiled inside Telmo. He flipped his hand. Immediately, Yellow Emperor Magatama appeared. As soon as it was activated, he spoke, his voice ringing out loudly.

"Attention! At the bottom of the Source World, a Trumpet Flying Ship has been captured by the outsiders!" He repeated the message and then added, "They are heading north, and I guess they will enter the Source World through the Wild Goose Pass. This is urgent! They have the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. I hope that our mighty Yellow Emperor Guards can defeat them once and for all."

It was through the Yellow Emperor Magatama that Yellow Emperor Guards were able to communicate with each other over long distances.

The device could spread the news over a broad area at the bottom of the Source World. Within this range, all Yellow Emperor Guards would be able to receive the news.

At one part of the bottom of the Source World, there was a triangular gap named Wild Goose Pass.

To get into the Source World from this region, the nearest entrance was the Wild Good Pass. Missing it meant that the travelers would have to journey for several months more to find the next entrance to the Source World.

Telmo felt sure that Emily and her companions would try to enter the Wild Goose Pass. It was the only logical option.

Meanwhile, a huge black ship drifted slowly into the Wild Goose Pass.

The enormous ship was easily a million feet high, like a moving mountain. A colossal pavilion was perched on the top.

Inside the pavilion, standing at a corner window, a young man in white picked up his Yellow Emperor Magatama and heard Telmo's urgent warning.

He was surprised and slightly disbelieving. "Could this be true?" he muttered. "Some outsiders have kidnapped a Trumpet Flying Ship? And even worse, they have the Slaughtering Moonlight Array?" The young man mulled over these developments.

After thinking for a while, he activated his Yellow Emperor Magatama. He said, "How much information do you have on the enemy? Who would be so bold as to kidnap our Trumpet Flying Ship? Reply to me as soon as you can."

The young man in white understood that it had to be something very serious. He knew that only the esteemed members of the Sky Guard Pavilion were qualified to use the Slaughtering Moonlight Array.

A voice came through. "Excuse me, who are you?" Telmo was on the other side, responding to the man's call.

The young man in white replied, "This is Sanjay."

As Telmo heard the name, his spirits lifted. With enthusiasm and respect he said, "Master Sanjay, it's you! I am honored to have made contact with you."

Sanjay was among the most well-known and highly respected people of the Sky Guard Pavilion. Telmo had heard of him and admired his successful ventures.

Quickly and in great detail, Telmo relayed to Sanjay what had happened and what he had seen. He concluded by saying, "It is my judgment that they will choose to enter the Source World through the Wild Goose Pass. This means they will be there in a day, maybe a bit sooner."

Sanjay listened closely. "I see," he said, already thinking ahead. "Then they will find us waiting for them."

He ended the conversation, and the light on the Yellow Emperor Magatama dimmed.

He got up. He paced for a moment, thinking, and then he went to the door and left the room.

This ship was not among the fleet of the Yellow Emperor Guards. It belonged to a trade caravan of the Source World, where Sanjay had hitched a free ride.

He could no longer stay here. The urgent events of today and the impending arrival of the enemy had made it impossible for him to just stand by. He would have to make preparations for battle at the Wild Goose Pass.

Inside their own ship, Emily and the others had convened. They all wore serious expressions, for they knew the plan had to be adjusted.

"We have the advantage since the Yellow Emperor Guards don't know who we are," said Zen. "Yet they will definitely see us and treat us henceforth as their enemy."

Leopold nodded. "If I were them, I would try to predict our next move. I wouldn't give up. That means they know we will try to enter through the Wild Goose Pass."

Zen agreed with him. "Are there other options? Could we take another route?" he asked. Zen faced Emily, to whom he had directed the question.

Emily looked deeply conflicted. "The path is already the most desolate one, the one which will be safest for us. But I didn't expect to meet the Yellow Emperor Guards so soon, given the vastness of the Source World."

Now the element of surprise was lost, and they were in a dilemma. They would have to guess and counter the movements of the Yellow Emperor Guards.

Everyone waited silently as Emily analyzed the situation and considered alternatives. Finally, she said, "We will take the Wild Goose Pass. At this point, any change in our route will lead to months of delay and possibly even more accidents."

Chapter 2971 The Wild Goose Pass

Their choice of going through the Wild Goose Pass to get into the Source World was risky. But it was the only reasonable option they had.

The Trumpet Flying Ship continued to travel along the space channel.

The silence in the ship filled everyone with unrest. The pressure weighed on them like an invisible giant beast circling above their heads, waiting to consume them.

Eyeing everyone up Zen knew he had to speak to break the tension. He hesitated for a while before he gathered the courage to speak. "If there is any danger, can you run away alone?"

Zen looked at her desperately. It was not the best time to say something like this, but Yan was in Emily's inner world. He had to assure her safety.

If they encountered the Yellow Emperor Guards, Zen hoped Emily could escape so Yan would be safe.

Emily glanced at Zen indifferently. She couldn't blame him for saying that. It was understandable how he worried about his sister. He was supposed to protect her after all. She wanted Yan safe too. She thought to herself how much she wanted to take her to the Pearl Hill.

Yan's protection was important to her as well. It was part of her mission. She was supposed to keep her safe.

"Don't worry. If we run into overwhelming danger, I will run away," Emily promised.

Zen nodded in approval.

If they faced off against the most powerful warriors of the Yellow Emperor Guards, there was a possibility of them all getting killed. Even so, Emily's promise of escaping at the first sign of trouble made Zen feel at ease.

Three days passed by quickly.

Leopold gently rubbed the jade plate in his hand. A wisp of blue light flashed in front of the Trumpet Flying Ship, allowing them to leave the space channel.

As soon as the ship moved out of the space channel, a huge triangular opening came into view. They all looked up in wonder with their mouth agape at the size of it.

The opening was formed by three ten million foot-long jade pillars that were connected in the shape of a triangle. Each pillar had unusual patterns etched into it. Hundreds of ships came in and out of the opening.

Although Zen had seen most of the world, he was still impressed. He stared at the enormous opening with awe.

"Is this the Wild Goose Pass?" Zen asked with curious eyes.

Emily nodded. She felt nostalgic returning to the Wild Goose Pass after many years. She closed her eyes as she recalled the last time she came here. However, now was not the time to get emotional. She straightened herself and glanced at Leopold before she said, "Prepare to form the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. Everyone, stay alert!"

The other women of the Snake Goddess race immediately nodded to themselves. They stood on guard and prepared themselves for every possibility. In case of any incidents, they each held a divine crystal in their hands.

A dozen giant flying ships were seen moving slowly at a short distance from them. Leopold noticed and began steering the Trumpet Flying Ship to follow them.

Leopold came up with the idea of moving along with the cargo ships. He planned to pass through the Wild Goose Pass undetected amid the passing fleet.

Above the Wild Goose Pass, Sanjay stood over the intersection of two jade pillars. He looked down and scanned all the ships that passed through the Wild Goose Pass.

"I've been here for three days. According to the report from Telmo, that Trumpet Flying Ship should have arrived by now. Unless... They took a different route?"

If they didn't cross the Wild Goose Pass, Sanjay could do nothing to the Trumpet Flying Ship.

The Source World was too vast. It would take a long time or forever to locate the Trumpet Flying Ship. Even for a powerful master like Sanjay, it was close to impossible to monitor the entire Source World to pinpoint their location.

However, it was not a trivial issue for the Yellow Emperor Guards that someone had hijacked a Trumpet Flying Ship. Even if they chose to take a different route, the Yellow Emperor Guards would still stop them. What Sanjay needed to do was to guard the Wild Goose Pass.

He kept a close eye on every ship that moved through. Suddenly, his gaze fell on the dozen giant cargo ships. He quickly spotted the Trumpet Flying Ship at the side of one of the passing ships.

A smirk appeared on Sanjay's face. "You finally came. I didn't expect you to use such a clumsy trick to get by. How foolish."

With a gloating face, he tapped his toes lightly. He prepared himself and flew in the chaos gracefully like a white dove for some time. Then he plummeted downward quickly, leaving a white fine line in the air as he flew straight towards the Trumpet Flying Ship

Emily and the others on the Trumpet Flying Ship were alerted when they saw the white thin line streak across the sky. Sanjay wanted to make his presence known, and they sensed it.

"It's coming towards us," Leopold said as his face darkened.

Emily looked at the growing flying figure as it drew near, and her eyes flashed with a stern light. "Form the Slaughtering Moonlight Array... Quickly! Accelerate to rush through the Wild Goose Pass!"

They couldn't use the Grand Teleportation to go through the Wild Goose Pass; they had to solely rely on the ship's speed to rush past it.

After receiving the order, Leopold formed the Slaughtering Moonlight Array again. At the same time, the Trumpet Flying Ship suddenly trembled and sped up. Like a sharp arrow released from its bow, it flew towards the Wild Goose Pass.

The smile on Sanjay's face grew wider as he saw the Trumpet Flying Ship constantly accelerating. He looked amused. He seemed unfazed by the ship's increasing speed to rush past the Wild Goose Pass.

As he continued descending in their direction, he pulled his arm out in the air. A thick and wide sword emerged in his hand, and suddenly his speed of falling increased by more than ten times!

"Woosh-"

He constantly adjusted his position during his flight to approach the Trumpet Flying Ship directly.

A hundred miles... Fifty miles... He closed the distance between himself and the ship. Each second that passed, he drew closer to them.

"Buzz!"

The Slaughtering Moonlight Array was ready.

Emily raised her head and studied the approaching figure in white. She braced for impact and began gathering silver moonlight in her hand.

When the figure was only ten miles away from them, she gently waved her fingers in the air. At this action, a colorful circle of light emerged. It began to spread itself out into the air. The colorful circle of light later merged itself with the power of the Slaughtering Moonlight Array.

She knew the person drawing near had extraordinary strength. She planned on hitting him with a deadly attack.

"Hey..."

Sanjay who was descending from the sky looked at the colorful circle of light with a hint of disdain on his face. The smile on his face disappeared as he stared at the light coming towards him. It was overwhelming, he had to avoid it at all costs. Acting on reflex he titled his sword. Six ghost face marks appeared on the blade. The marks came to life and let out loud howling noises that pierced through their ears.

"Aooo!"

The sound waves coming from the sword were colorless and formless. They appeared to only cause discomfort to the ears as they were forced to cover them from the loud noise. However, it was far more dangerous than that. Under the onslaught of the sound waves, the energy gathered at Emily's hand through the connection of the colorful light circle and the Slaughtering Moonlight Array dissipated instantly and disappeared without a trace! Emily watched in horror as her attack failed.

Her face immediately turned pale and lost color.

"It's the six Dragon Ghost Heads... Everyone, abandon the ship! Head to the Wild Goose Pass!"

Upon seeing the ghost faces marked on the sword, she panicked. Despite that, she tried her best to compose herself and make rational judgments to guide everyone.

The moment Emily gave the order, Zen, Leopold and the other people of the Snake Goddess race quickly rushed out of the Trumpet Flying Ship and headed towards the Wild Goose Pass.

Just as they rushed out of the ship, the wide sword in Sanjay's hand came slashing downwards at the ship in an attempt to obliterate them.

The slash formed a strong surge of energy. The streak of light it formed was tens of thousands of feet long. The light surged and formed violent fluctuations in space. It was so strong that it made nearby ships shake from its impact.

Some heads popped out of the buildings on those huge flying ships.

Some of those people were powerful masters at the Other Shore Realm, but most of them were True Gods. When they saw the power of the sword in Sanjay's possession, their eyes reflected fear.

However, fights like these were like routine in the Source World. As long as the battle did not involve them, they would take it as entertainment.

"Bang!"

With a piercing sound, the Trumpet Flying Ship went down after being struck by the blade of light. It turned to dust and drowned into space.

Chapter 2972 Escape

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

The people on the Trumpet Flying Ship transformed into nothing more than bright flashes of light, flying off toward the Wild Goose Pass.

When they came into Sanjay's view, a cold smile appeared on his face.

Taking a step forward in the air, he once again turned into a thin, white thread and his moving speed increased sharply. In the blink of an eye, he caught up with a woman from the Snake Goddess race. More specifically, the woman was Betty who taught Zen the method to build a Rebirth Land.

"Where did you even get this Trumpet Flying Ship?" Sanjay, who followed Betty closely, asked flatly, without the slightest killing intent in his voice.

Despite his monotonous voice, Betty said nothing and chose to ignore his question instead.

She was very well aware that the man in white was chasing after her; her face was full-blown proof of her panic. With no other choice, she sped up and flew at her highest speed.

No matter how fast she flew though, getting rid of the man in white trailing behind her seemed completely impossible.

"Why don't you want to answer my question?" Sanjay prompted gently. He raised his eyebrows slightly and lifted the broad sword in his hand imperceptibly. A split moment later, he had reached Betty's side.

The broad sword gently swept over her body, and just like the Trumpet Flying Ship, she was swallowed up by the sword light only to disappear without a trace!

"You've only got one chance. If you won't give me an answer, then go to hell!"

After he had killed Betty with a single swing of his sword, Sanjay adjusted his direction slightly and caught up with another woman from the Snake Goddess race.

The woman had seen Betty be killed off so easily like that. She grieved, and her face was in despair.

"Tell me, who the hell did you steal this Trumpet Flying Ship from?" Sanjay's voice was heard once again.

The woman screamed in terror and turned around briskly. An extremely strong energy spread out from her cinnabar field and a black, stringy spider web shot towards Sanjay at full speed.

The spider web was actually highly toxic and it reeked of a strong, unpleasant stench.

She had intended to risk her life. For this reason, she suddenly paused and launched a second, even more violent attack. She was relentless, and as Sanjay matched her speed, he was unexpectedly covered by the spider web!

"Do you really want to know? Ha-ha! Then first, you should come to that world along with me!"

As soon as she finished speaking, the black spider web began to burn in a violent manner.

This specific spider web was actually the woman's Other Shore Token. It was extremely poisonous, and even an ordinary Other Shore Realm warrior would definitely die if they were to get caught in it. What was more, as she burned the Other Shore Token, its power had increased by several times!

Sizz! Sizz!

The spider web was suddenly shrouded by black smoke, leaving black traces of soot and ash on Sanjay's body.

"Bertha..."

When Emily, who was flying forward, noticed this scene below her, her eyes turned red and she looked overwhelmingly sad.

For many years in the past, they had stayed in the bone tower together and they had grown in a way that allowed them to treat each other as sisters.

Moments before though, Betty had been killed by the man in white, and Bertha had burned her Other Shore Token. She was doomed to die, and she was certainly bound to endure more intense pain!

If they were anywhere else than here, Emily would have rushed up and tried her best to fight the man, without a doubt.

That said, she had equally promised Zen that she would protect Yan, before and above anything else. Moreover, there were many members of the Snake Goddess race within her inner world.

In such a situation, she could do nothing but try to escape...

"Are you really trying to burn me to death with just a spider web in the third stage of the Other Shore? Ha-ha! Come on!"

In the spur of the moment, six ghost heads appeared on the surface of Sanjay's broad sword. With the ghost heads howling, the black spider web enveloping Sanjay's body collapsed in an instant. Then, without taking a second glance at Bertha, Sanjay passed right by her and rushed to his next target.

The Other Shore Token couldn't just stop burning, though. In his eyes, Bertha was already dead to him.

As the Other Shore Token continued sizzling, her inner world began to catch fire, too. Within seconds, the raging fire had spread throughout her entire inner world and then, moved on to destroying her entire body.

As this whole process played out, her physical body would become trapped by the Other Shore Token. It was said that its confining power stemmed directly from the truth, and the soul simply couldn't escape it. The pain she suffered before she died was absolutely unbearable, at least to any ordinary person.

Many of the Other Shore Realm warriors were shocked after they witnessed the miserable situation caused by the burning Other Shore Token. In other words, even if they went all out to fight, they rarely chose to burn the Other Shore Tokens.

If Sanjay would have just killed Bertha with a single sword strike, then it would have been a relief for her. However, he didn't do that, and instead, she died a death of indescribable pain.

"After crossing the Wild Goose Pass in front of us, we can use the Grand Teleportation technique. We can run as far as our legs will carry us! And then we can enter the Sweltering Desert. We will meet again in the Excellence City, which is located just north of the desert!" Emily expressed with emotion through her life vitality.

As long as they rushed into the Wild Goose Pass and employed the Grand Teleportation technique, the man in white wouldn't be capable of catching up with them. They felt like they had good chances.

Fortunately for them, Bertha chose to sacrifice herself and fought Sanjay for a while, stalling for time. Otherwise, Sanjay, who moved at very high speed, could have caught up with the others and killed at least another four or five people.

At that moment, Zen had also activated his internal momentum and cranked it up to the maximum!

He flapped his thunder wings, and simultaneously, wisps of spiritual wind began to spiral around him whimsically.

Without thinking twice, Zen rushed towards the Wild Goose Pass as fast as he possibly could.

In the center of the Wild Goose Pass was a layer of pale yellow enchanted barrier, which, although it wouldn't block outsiders, could prevent the chaotic energy from entering. When Zen rushed into the light yellow enchanted barrier, he turned his head and saw Sanjay's broad sword hacking at someone once more.

Another member of the Snake Goddess race had now been killed by him.

Zen stared at Sanjay deeply. It was then that Sanjay raised his head and equally saw Zen watching him.

As the only consummate True God among the group of Other Shore Realm warriors, Zen was very eye-catching and attention-grabbing. When Sanjay noticed Zen's gaze, his expression filled with surprise.

The pair looked at each other for a very short period of time. In the blink of an eye, Zen had already entered the enchanted barrier and disappeared.

As soon as Zen made his way into the enchanted barrier, he used the Grand Teleportation technique.

He didn't know what was waiting for him in the Sweltering Desert, nor what kind of place it could be. In fact, this was Zen's first time setting foot in the Source World.

Then Zen began to travel continuously through the space by means of the Grand Teleportation technique.

He could cross a distance of several thousand miles every time he moved. After moving several hundred times, he finally stopped and took a very well-needed break.

Although his physical body was strong, he felt extremely tired as he had madly activated the internal momentum in order to escape.

Boom!

Ultimately, he fell down from his midair hover and smashed into the hot sand, panting.

After resting for a long time, Zen slowly got himself up from the sand, and then jumped up to the top of a sand dune. He stared at the grey desert in the distance, but didn't think about how he could eventually leave this location.

Moments ago, just after he rushed into the Wild Goose Pass, he used the Grand Teleportation technique immediately, not caring about anything. Now though, he wondered whether Sanjay could catch up with Emily.

While he was deep in thought, sand and dust suddenly began flying up in the air in the distance. The seemingly calm desert was now hauntingly terrifying and the rolling sand storm swept towards him.

Chapter 2973 The Mysterious Sandstorm

Instantly, a blast of heat, wind, and hard brittle particles surrounded Zen. He was entirely shrouded by the sandstorm.

For ordinary mortals and animals, the sandstorm was a dangerous threat, enough to draw blood and lift them off the ground. For Zen, however, it posed no threat at all.

The sandstorm swirled furiously around Zen, hurling fragments of broken rock at him, surrounding him in sand particles as big as raindrops. But an invisible barrier surrounded him. Every particle stopped inches away from his skin, and he moved unscathed through the storm.

He wondered how he could get to Excellence City, located in the north of the desert.

He smiled bitterly to himself, watching the bits of sand and rock flying harmlessly around him.

He remembered his first entrance into the divine land. He had been alone then. With no one to guide him, he had been slow in his explorations of the divine land, and everything had been new and confusing.

This time he was with a team led by Emily, who was familiar with the world. Zen had thought this would save him a lot of trouble, but then, he hadn't expected that they would be separated from each other the moment they entered the Source World.

Although the sandstorm couldn't hurt him, it interfered with his ability to gauge distances and tell which direction he was going. He had already used the Grand Teleportation over and over again, and yet he was still in the Sweltering Desert. He had not anticipated the enormity of the desert. He thought that even without the sandstorm, he would probably have some trouble navigating.

"This is taking too long. I need to find someone who will tell me how to make my way to Excellence City,"

Zen muttered. He was feeling perturbed, and took a breath to calm down. He stepped forward lightly and disappeared from the spot he stood in.

Using the Grand Teleportation, Zen tried his best to keep moving in the same direction. He figured that traveling in a straight line would be the quickest way out of the desert.

Zen kept going. And going.

He was getting exasperated again. By his calculations, he had already traveled some 50, 000 miles using the Grand Teleportation.

And yet, every time he emerged from the spatial passageway, he still found himself faced with whirling sand on all sides.

As he studied the particles of the sandstorm, spinning inches from his face, a strange thought came to Zen.

Of course, sandstorms were to be expected in this climate. It was normal for a desert, especially a large one, to have multiple sandstorms on a windy day. But he had traveled 50, 000 miles. Was he in a different sandstorm, or still in the same one? If so, it must be massive, a sandstorm colossal beyond anything he had ever seen or imagined.

"There is no wind strong enough to stir up a sandstorm in such a large scale. How is this possible?"

He couldn't come up with any answers. Zen frowned, sighed, and used the Grand Teleportation once more.

Buzz!

Zen used the Grand Teleportation seven more times, following his strategy of moving forward in one direction. He traveled about 400, 000 miles more. However, the storm persisted. Wherever he stopped, he was still greeted with rampaging sand.

By now, anyone else would be panicking, wondering where they were and how to escape the situation.

Zen was not afraid, but he had to admit his strategy wasn't working. He decided to stop moving forward. Instead, he would use the Grand Teleportation to move upwards.

After all, Emily had described the Source World as something similar to a squashed egg. What a huge egg it was! He wondered if he was making a mistake. No matter how large the desert, the top of the Source World might be even further away.

He moved upwards, and to his surprise, things became even stranger.

After using the Grand Teleportation three times and reaching a height of 150, 000 miles, he found himself still in the sandstorm. He watched the yellow sand rolling furiously in the air beneath him.

"A sandstorm that's over 150, 000 miles high? This cannot be possible."

He had considered the sandstorm more of a curiosity than anything else, but now Zen realized the strangeness and began to feel worried.

With some desperation, he lowered his altitude back down to ground level, and began to fly forward. He flew very close to the ground.

This method of travel was much, much slower than the Grand Teleportation, but flying would let him see his surroundings as he moved. He needed to find out more about the desert.

For several hours, he flew, and saw nothing but sand and rock around him.

Finally, however, a mass of unidentifiable things appeared in the distance on his left side. They were covered in sand. Zen squinted at them, but couldn't even begin to guess what these things could be.

Zen had an idea. He focused, and let his spiritual sense spread out.

He probed the objects in the distance and sensed flimsy, hollow structures with life moving inside. He got excited. They were tents with people inside.

Without hesitation, he adjusted his direction and flew quickly towards the tents.

They were covered with thick layers of yellow sand, which swirled in the air around them. The sandstorm had battered the tents very heavily.

Zen waved his hand, and the thick sand was cleared from one of the tents. A pocket of clear air now surrounded the tent.

Zen saw that the tent had a door made out of a layer of beast hide. He moved closer, and then reached out to lift the curtain.

As soon as he opened it, a glint of silver flashed, and a bright sharp knife stabbed at him.

The knife swooshed in the air.

It was a good, strong knife. It had actually been aimed at his chest, not his face.

Calmly, and with lightning speed, Zen reached up and pinched the blade between the fingers of his right hand, holding it in place.

"Please don't!" It was a woman's voice.

More spears emerged from the beast hide curtain, all pointed at Zen's body.

It was clear they wanted to kill him. Spears were aimed at his eyes, his throat, and his chest.

Zen had no reason to be afraid of ordinary blades or spears. But he did feel some anger at this treatment. There was no need to attack a stranger without warning. He dropped the knife, waved his hands, and grabbed all the spears that stabbed at him.

The thin young men who had wielded the spears were caught off guard. They had not expected the stranger to be so powerful. They drew back, but pulled out machetes, watching Zen.

The interior of the tent looked small, and there was nowhere for them to retreat.

"I'm just passing by. Is this how you treat visitors? Why are you eager to kill me?" Zen asked coldly. He threw the spears on the ground.

The young men were slightly abashed at Zen's words, but still looked suspicious.

One of them stepped forward. He had a scar on his face, and seemed to be their leader. He glared at Zen and said, "We know who you are. You're a killer sent by the king, aren't you?"

Zen was surprised at the accusation, but nevertheless breathed a sigh of relief. At least they spoke the same language. They would be able to communicate clearly.

The Source World was itself the source of the cultural heritage of the divine land, including their language.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just passing by," Zen replied flatly.

Skeptical faces looked back at him. The young men clung to their machetes. They obviously weren't inclined to welcome him in just yet.

But then a soft voice spoke from within the inner recesses of the tent. "Let him in."

"But Master Maggie..." said the young man with a scar, sounding anxious.

The woman called Maggie said, "Just let him in. He is clearly strong enough to kill all of us. If he were really sent by the king, we would be dead already."

Zen respected the woman's intuition. She was right. He could smash this tent and the people within in a single blow.

At Maggie's words, the young men stirred, traces of fear appearing in their eyes as they began to process how Zen had disarmed them. It was true. They were no match for the intruder.

The young man hesitated, and then motioned with his hand for his companions to make way for Zen. As they stepped aside, Zen saw that there were passageways connecting the tents to each other.

He went inside and into the passage from where the woman's voice had emerged. As he walked forward, a faint fragrance filled his senses. He saw a woman standing in a small tent, covered with a veil.

A small round face peered at him from beneath the thin veil. She had deep-set eyes. She was no great beauty, but there was an air of the exotic about her, a sense of charm and vitality.

"You are a complete stranger to us and our ways. That must mean you arrived here at the Sweltering Desert by accident, right?" A single look was all she needed to know this.

Chapter 2974 Maggie's Condition

The Wild Goose Pass was one of the exits from the Source World to the chaos.

Despite not being the most important exit, as the Wild Goose Pass did not belong to any force, it was favored by neutral commercial alliances.

The Source World consisted of many powerful forces. Commercial alliances had to bribe these forces to deliver goods past the borders.

Some powerful commercial alliances thought it would be better to transport their goods outside the Source World and return to the Source World through every pass, which was also a shortcut.

The Sweltering Desert was adjacent to the Wild Goose Pass. Those who were familiar with the trade routes would naturally not lose their way in this desert. However, there were always some exceptions, such as Zen.

"Yes." Zen nodded in admission of his predicament.

But the woman wouldn't know that Zen was not from the Source World at all.

"This sandstorm has enshrouded the whole desert. I have been looking for an exit for a long time, but still can't find it. How can I leave the Sweltering Desert?" Zen asked, seizing the chance to clear his own doubts.

However, the woman did not directly answer Zen. With a faint smile, she slowly said, "Sir, if you want to leave the Sweltering Desert, then where are you going?"

Zen reckoned that she wouldn't have any connections with the Yellow Emperor Guards, so he replied honestly, "Excellence City."

The woman showed no surprise on her face. "Excellence City is a large city in the north of the Sweltering Desert. I have been there before."

The woman appeared to be evading his question, and this made Zen a little impatient. He asked directly, "In that case, could you tell me how to leave this desert?"

The woman replied with a smile, "There is a way to leave this desert, but you have to wait until the sandstorm in the Sweltering Desert subsides. Then you can walk north all the way out of the desert."

Zen also knew that he could not get out of the desert mostly because of this sandstorm. He then asked, "How long will this sandstorm last?"

"Once the sandstorm in the Sweltering Desert starts to blow, it will last for about one year and a half."

Zen frowned slightly at the woman's response. He needed to go to the Excellence City and meet up with Emily and the others. One year and a half was too long.

"Is there no other way?" Zen asked, frustration coloring his voice.

The woman replied calmly, "The sandstorm is an illusion created by the Mist Summoning Spirit, who breathed out the air. Normal people cannot exit the sandstorm once they enter it, but people from the Sand Country like us have a way."

"Mist Summoning Spirit?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

The woman smiled, "It will appear as a powerful beast in your eyes, but it is the god whom we worship. It has been protecting our Sand Country for a countless number of years."

Zen finally had a rough idea of the desert.

The Sweltering Desert was a barren land in the eyes of the warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

In truth, this desert was not so barren; there were oases there, as well. There was the Sand Country, a densely populated country considered as the home of dozens of tribes.

The Mist Summoning Spirit was a fierce beast that inhabited the Sweltering Desert. This beast was particularly skilled at making illusions.

Being able to trap Zen in this sandstorm was enough to prove that the Mist Summoning Spirit mentioned by the woman was an extremely powerful being. Even an Other Shore Realm warrior would not be able to kill it.

Logically, most business caravans and flying ships would take a detour after passing through the Wild Goose Pass to avoid the Sweltering Desert.

In his panic, Zen had inadvertently selected a path into this desert and could not find his way out.

Due to the existence of the Mist Summoning Spirit, the citizens of the Sand Country could live a peaceful life in the desert. Naturally, these people worshiped this fierce beast as a god.

"Since you have mentioned that you know of an exit, please show me the way," Zen entreated. "If there is anything I can do, please let me know."

He also understood the meaning of this woman's words.

Apparently, she was chased by someone who intended to kill her, and ended up hiding deep within the desert.

She asked for his help in a roundabout way.

Since she had answered his questions, Zen saw no problem in helping the woman out.

The woman's eyes lit up at Zen's words.

She had been to the Excellence City before, so she had seen much of the world. She could not gauge this outsider's strength, but she could tell that he was a strong warrior. It would be beneficial to her to ask him for assistance.

However, she was afraid that Zen would refuse her, so she didn't speak of it directly. Now that he had taken the initiative to offer help, she was relieved.

It was not her intention to deceive; she was only afraid to miss the opportunity that fell from the heavens.

"Let me be honest with you. My name is Maggie, and I am a princess of the Sand Country. A few months ago, due to a rebellion in my country, my brothers were all slaughtered by the new king. Thanks to the protection of the Mist Summoning Spirit, I was able to escape to the desert. I would be extremely grateful if you could help me take back the throne!" Her tone suddenly fell.

Maggie was well aware that doing Zen a favor by bringing him out of the desert was not sufficient to make a warrior of his caliber take a risk and fight for her. This time, a look of pleading appeared on her beautiful face.

The battle for the throne was brutal. She had to leave the Sand Country to save her life. However, the appearance of Zen gave her a glimmer of hope.

Zen thought it over. This was not a difficult undertaking for him.

Judging from the strength of her bodyguards, he speculated that the warriors of the Sand Country were at the Soul Sea Realm or the Spirit Transformation Realm. It wouldn't take a lot for him to help her clear her troubles, so he nodded and agreed.

"In that case, please come with me now!"

She then summoned her guards to remove the tents.

After some preparation, she took out a crooked green flute. As she placed it near her mouth and gently blew, a melodious sound burst forth from the instrument.

Wooo...

Just as the flute started to whistle, a strange happening occurred.

The yellow sand rolling around the desert seemed to have heard the music and shifted to both sides to make way for them.

"What is this?" he wondered aloud in awe.

Just as the sand moved away, Zen felt a strong aura of Space Law.

It seemed that the illusion of sandstorm was created using the Space Law, or even the Truth of Void Destruction. Zen had no idea how such a fierce beast hiding in the desert would be able to command such a strange illusion.

"This flute was given to me by the Mist Summoning Spirit," Maggie confided to Zen in a whisper. "By using it, I was able to escape from the Sand Country."

Zen glanced at the flute and asked, "Are you the only one in possession of this flute in the entire Sand Country?"

If she used this flute to hide in the desert, then it was not surprising that she could escape from those pursuing her.

Maggie sadly shook her head. "There are a total of three flutes in the Sand Country. That is why I am afraid that the new king's people would be able to catch up to us and..." Her voice trailed off, her meaning clear.

Zen nodded. Since he had found the way to leave the desert, he was no longer so anxious.

Maggie played the flute and led the way. No sand came close to them after it had parted to make way for their group.

Chapter 2975 A Ruse

The True Gods barely cared about any disputes among the numerous ordinary people. In the divine land, those True Gods who had proven a Godly Way all focused their attention on figuring out a way to enter a Floating Island in hopes of finding better resources.

Likewise, the warriors in the Source World focused on crossing the Sea of Truth after they reached the consummation of True God Realm. Their objective was to reach the Other Shore Realm at the earliest.

However, there was one difference between the Source World and the divine land.

The inhabitants of the divine land were permitted to only live on the outskirts of the divine cities within it, which prohibited them from forming large forces.

The number of divine citizens in the Source World was much larger compared to that of the divine land itself. The divine citizens even went ahead and formed different countries within it. Of course, thirst for power and inheritance of thrones in those countries caused many disputes among people. Wars and fights broke out in hopes of overthrowing each other and taking control.

The Sand Country was just one of the many countries in the Source World.

After all, the divine citizens were not mere mortals. Even though they hadn't entered the Soul Sea Realm, they were not much weaker than the warriors at the Soul Sea Realm in terms of physical strength and endurance.

Half a day later, Maggie had led Zen to travel over a hundred miles.

As she led him, she kept using her protective flute to clear away their path in the raging sandstorm. She even constantly switched their routes.

Noticing Maggie's strange moves, Zen's face revealed a trace of suspicion. He began to suspect her motives. 'Why does she keep changing her direction?' He put his guard up and followed her with caution.

Zen carefully scanned his surroundings. The desert was dull and desolate, and there was almost no scenery which would serve as a landmark. The dunes would change their position every time the wind blew. There was no way to tell where they were.

Although she could use the flute to break through space, how did she know where she was going?

His suspicions grew with every step she took. He kept a careful watch on her.

Zen quickly spread out his spiritual sense secretly and began memorizing the surrounding area of dunes into his mind. He ran his eyes over the place and paid attention to every detail around him. With his present memory, he could remember every significant detail and store it in his mind.

Two hours later, Zen's gaze fell on a dune not far away, and a strange light flashed in the depth of his eyes.

'There are seven dunes. Although the location of them has changed a little, I am sure I have been here before!' Zen thought to himself.

Despite his doubts, Zen remained calm and followed Maggie. He kept a close watch on her and the guards behind them.

The guards looked grim. One of them had a scar across his face. He walked behind the group and kept looking around; it looked as though he was on guard against something.

Another two hours passed, Zen noticed the same seven dunes they encountered earlier. However, this time they had moved for some distance.

At this moment, Zen was almost sure this woman named Maggie was intentionally leading him around in circles.

He wondered what she was trying to do.

Suspicious as he was, he chose to remain calm and silent.

Maggie put her flute down and smiled gently at Zen. "We should be able to find the Sand Country before it gets dark. Then we'll trouble you to help us," she said softly. A tantalizing smile appeared on her face under the veil.

Anyone who saw that smile would be attracted to her, and Zen was no exception.

However, after realizing she had been leading him in circles, he became vigilant. He even started doubting the pitiful story she told him earlier.

An hour later, not too far away Zen noticed a pale yellow city wall appear in the rolling sand. There stood a large city before him.

The seven dunes stood on one side of the Sand Country.

Zen blinked his eyes several times in disbelief. 'Is that the Sand Country? How did it pop out of nowhere?' he thought to himself.

This time, Maggie smiled faintly at Zen. "Mr. Luo, please come with me to the Sand Country and help me kill the king. If I get back the throne, I will reward you profusely in the Sand Country."

"Understood." Zen nodded, agreeing to her wish.

He continued to follow her, in hopes of finding out what she was up to.

The group slowly walked towards the gate of the city. Zen looked at Maggie and asked as he walked, "Since the king of the Sand Country usurped the throne, why didn't he send some people to guard the city? It seems that there is no one guarding the city wall."

After thinking for a while, Maggie frowned slightly under the veil. She sighed and continued, "All the members of our royal family have been slaughtered. He must be thinking a young girl like me is unlikely to cause any trouble, so there is no need to send any people to guard against us."

"But I didn't see any other citizens in the Sand Country. Isn't that strange?" Zen asked again.

"The wind and sand are notably strong today, so the citizens might be staying at home. You will see them when you enter the country," Maggie replied.

As they were talking, Maggie had led Zen into the city.

Just as Maggie had said, Zen saw several citizens walking on the wide streets of the Sand Country.

However, something about the citizens did not sit right with Zen. They were walking strangely. It looked as though they were dragging themselves forward.

He looked closely at them, and his eyes flickered with a green light. With the help of his magic vision, their true identity was laid bare to him. They were not people; they were statues made out of sand!

"Mr. Luo, please follow me to the imperial palace," urged Maggie. She sounded anxious.

However, Zen remained calm and unbothered by it. He asked indifferently, "There are so many citizens in such a big country. What do they live on?"

Divine citizens were not warriors. If they hadn't stepped into the Soul Sea Realm, they wouldn't be able to live without eating food. Therefore, they needed to grow food and raise animals to survive.

They could not have survived on nothing but sand in the large Sand Country.

"They..."

Zen threw many questions at Maggie along the way. He noticed her taking her time before she could reply to each of them.

However, this time she struggled to give a reasonable answer.

Zen then smiled and looked at her. "Or, there is no one in the Sand Country, right?"

The expressions of Maggie and the guards suddenly changed. She composed herself and answered in an attempt to throw Zen off, "Mr. Luo, are you kidding? How could there be no one in such a big sand city? I..."

Now that Zen was sure she was leading him to an ambush, he let out a cold snort and lightly stomped on the ground with his tiptoe. A terrifying force then spread out and poured down to the ground.

The sand on the ground began to spread like ripples under the surging power. It was like the sand around them had turned into waves.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh...

The ripples spreading around Zen formed a strong momentum that could topple mountains and overturn the seas. The rows of houses in the dust and sand began to topple down, and the citizens turned into piles of yellow sand. Zen stood flaunting his strength to the guards and Maggie.

The overwhelming demonstration of Zen's power caused Maggie and the guards to retreat out of fear. She shouted as she ran, "Mist Summoning Spirit! I have brought you a person! Please show yourself!"

"Hoo, hoo, Hoo..."

At this moment, the wind was so fierce that the seven dunes standing outside the city seemed to have grown hands and legs. They quickly spread to Zen's side.

As they advanced, the yellow sand on the surface dropped grain by grain and revealed the strong green vines underneath. At the top of each vine, a giant mouth with sharp teeth appeared. Their shapes were strange and they looked grotesque.

"Is it a plant... Or a beast?"

Zen stared at it in confusion. He had a hint of disappointment on his face.

Everything he witnessed in the desert was a ruse. The only thing real was Maggie and the guards, who were divine citizens. They had worked so hard to fool him into coming here, and it was all for this so-called Mist Summoning Spirit.

Chapter 2976 Killing

Maggie had retreated far away with her guards. Under the veil, her exquisite face revealed a hint of excitement.

It had been a trap from the very beginning.

Although Zen had seen through her little ruse at the last minute, it was too late; she had already achieved her goal.

Once the Mist Summoning Spirit devoured Zen, she and her men would be rewarded handsomely.

"There are many citizens in the Sweltering Desert, right?"

Zen turned his head and asked indifferently, even though the Mist Summoning Spirit was only a short distance away and he was in imminent danger.

A look of surprise came over Maggie's face when she heard his question, but then she smiled sweetly and said, "Of course. It's how we live on. I'm sorry. You're a kind-hearted man."

It was already tough for ordinary people to inhabit a barren desert. The existence of the powerful Mist Summoning Spirit only made it even harder for them.

The Mist Summoning Spirit had an outstanding talent; it could arrange a magic space array and trap lost True Gods in it. However, it had a very obvious shortcoming: since it was a plant, it could barely move around.

Some of the civilians living in this desert chose to cooperate with the Mist Summoning Spirit. They lured any True Gods who got lost in the desert to the Mist Summoning Spirit so that it could devour them. In return, the Mist Summoning Spirit would secrete some light green sap that could prolong the lives of the civilians and protect them from diseases.

Therefore, the civilians made up lies to gain the trust of outsiders, and took them to the Mist Summoning Spirit.

"You are humans. It's a shame for you to collude with a monster," Zen sneered, staring at Maggie.

"Haha! A consummate True God! What good luck!" A strange sound came from the Mist Summoning Spirit's mouth, which was full of sharp teeth. It turned out that it could actually speak human language!

Swish!

As soon as it finished its words, a thorn-covered vine shot out from its stem and rolled toward Zen on the desert sand.

Zen did not dodge. Instead, he just let the vine wind around his body.

"Shame? No. It's just a way to survive," Maggie said with a sly expression on her face.

The guards around her laughed scornfully.

"Look at the prey sprouting rubbish from his mouth!"

"Death is knocking at his door but he's still talking about shame. This is the first time I've seen such a stupid man! Haha!"

"Maggie, I should get more of the Mist Summoning Spirit's sap like you promised me last time!"

As they spoke, they all watched Zen being lifted up and dangled upside-down by the vine before being swung directly into the Mist Summoning Spirit's big mouth.

The big mouth chomped on its prey, constantly chewing.

The Mist Summoning Spirit was a plant, so it would take a long time to chew Zen into pieces before slowly digesting him.

But after chewing for a while, the big mouth suddenly stopped. The other big mouths full of fangs also trembled and stopped in midair.

Upon seeing this, Maggie and her men frowned in confusion.

"What's wrong?"

"Doesn't that young man taste good? Haha!"

the guards teased.

However, a trace of vigilance appeared in Maggie's eyes. She had been feeling uneasy ever since seeing the fearless look on Zen's face just now.

The Mist Summoning Spirit that the people of the Sand Country spoke of was actually the Man-eating Demon Flower. After growing to such a level, it could easily devour True Gods.

In fact, its magic array could even bewitch powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm. However, Maggie would usually let them go. It made it a point to never swallow up masters at the Other Shore Realm, because if it did, it would get hurt and everyone would suffer.

But Zen was just a consummate True God. By right, the Man-eating Demon Flower should have no problem devouring him.

Just as Maggie was pondering over this with a worried look on her face, a tremendous force burst out from the mouth of the Man-eating Demon Flower.

Then, Maggie saw the huge mouth suddenly swell up, as if something was trying to break out from it.

Bang!

The mouth suddenly exploded into pieces, revealing an unharmed and fully intact Zen.

In an instant, Zen's body grew to twice its size and continued to grow rapidly. A few moments later, he had become a giant over ten thousand feet tall.

After transforming into a Wild God, Zen grabbed the seven big mouths and the vines of the Man-eating Demon Flower and ripped them out of the ground, immediately destroying them.

"It's only a part?"

Zen looked at the torn roots before turning his head to look into the distance. Then, he reached deep under the desert sand and dug a huge hole.

At the bottom of the huge hole lay a strange plant with hands and feet. It looked just like a human. As Zen took a closer look, he could faintly see a scared face.

"You are the true body of the Mist Summoning Spirit, right?" Zen sneered, his huge fist already shooting toward the bottom of the hole.

"No, I-I am not. Please... I can give you..." the Man-eating Demon Flower begged for mercy, but before it could finish its words, Zen's fist made contact with its body, smashing it into fluid.

The serous fluid gave off a faint fragrance that Zen had smelled before, when he had first met Maggie.

After killing the Man-eating Demon Flower, Zen dissipated the Wild God Power in his body and returned to his normal size.

Maggie and her men were all staring at Zen, their eyes full of fear.

They had never witnessed the power of a Wild God before, so what Zen had just done was beyond their understanding. Even most of the powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm had never heard of the ancient Wild Gods.

Seeing Zen smash the Man-eating Demon Flower with his fist like a giant god had left all of them dumbfounded.

"Like I said, it's a shame to collude with a monster. What's more, you betrayed my trust," Zen said in a frigid voice.

The guards finally came back to their senses and ran away, scattering in all directions. Maggie was the only one who stayed rooted to the spot.

With a nonchalant expression on his face, Zen stretched out his hand toward the guards. Lightning gathered at the tips of his fingers and shot out.

It traveled several hundred feet before leaping onto the guards, instantly burning their bodies.

"Why aren't you running?" Zen asked, staring at Maggie.

With a bitter smile, Maggie answered, "If you can kill the Mist Summoning Spirit that easily, I don't stand a chance. It's useless to run away from you."

After all, they were only divine citizens. All this time, they had been able to trap and kill True Gods only with the help of the Mist Summoning Spirit. They had no strength of their own and were at the bottom of the Source World.

"You are right,"

Zen said expressionlessly. Another beam of lightning shot out from the tips of his fingers and hit Maggie.

The shock knocked the flute in her hand to the ground, and her hourglass body was immediately incinerated.

Now that Zen had revealed his Wild God Body to these people, he did not intend to leave any of them alive. Besides, they had all planned to kill him, so he took no mercy on them.

Chapter 2977 Release

Soon after Zen killed the Man-eating Demon Flower, the sand storm that had been raging around the area of about a hundred miles instantly vanished.

But as Zen gazed into the distance, he could see the billowing sand storm a hundred miles away.

"It looks like the Mist Summoning Spirit is not alone in this desert. I am sure there are others like it all over this place, even though the effect of each can only cover a hundred miles. If I continue to move forward, I'm afraid I'll fall into the space illusion of another Mist Summoning Spirit."

As he spoke, Zen's gaze fell on the elongated flute lying on the ground. He reached out his hand to grasp it. The flute revolved once before landing in his hand. "What kind of flute is this? I am definitely sure that she was lying about it. However, this flute can break the magic array set up by the Mist Summoning Spirit. It must be a tool that the people of the Sand Country use to cheat the True Gods. This might be helpful to get me out of this desert."

Just as he finished saying his thoughts aloud, he heard No. 9527's voice. "Your guess is one hundred percent correct. Haha! Looks like you can't be trapped easily."

Zen frowned at No. 9527's words. "All this while you were aware about it?"

"Of course. The actual name of the Mist Summoning Spirit is Man-eating Demon Flower. It's just a kind of demon plant in its nature. But I have to admit that its space illusion is quite unique," No. 9527 said.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Zen demanded.

No. 9527 grinned and answered, "I wanted you to personally experience the malice of the Source World. This is far different from the divine land. The

Source World's environment is much worse. You can expect such danger everywhere."

After a long while, Zen rolled his eyes and spat out, "Damn!"

But No. 9527 was right on one point. The divine land was built by Chiyou for the Nine Li race, so the forbidden lands were bound to be the most dangerous places. Outside the forbidden lands, however, there wasn't much of a threat because there were almost zero fierce monsters.

The Source World was much more dangerous than the divine land. There was no forbidden lands here, but nevertheless, it was hazardous.

While Zen was led around by the people of the Sand Country, he had a rough understanding of the Sweltering Desert through their conversation. Even though not all Maggie's words were entirely true, he could tell that he was heading in the right direction.

After confirming the direction, Zen flew towards the north with the flute.

After a short while, he came across the sand storm again.

As soon as he saw the sand storm, he realized that he was once again trapped in the space illusion. It must be another Man-eating Demon Flower's doing.

Zen placed the flute on his lips and gently began playing the notes. With the melodious sound of the flute, the yellow sand that was rolling towards him immediately dispersed on both sides.

The long flute could easily break the magic array. Or it was safe to say that in order to let the people of Sand Country lure the prey for them, the Man-eating Demon Flowers would make way for whoever played the flute. This was an agreement between the people of Sand Country and the Man-eating Demon Flowers.

Zen could easily find the Man-eating Demon Flower in this space illusion and crushed it with his hands. But there were too many Man-eating Demon

Flowers in the Sweltering Desert, and time was not his friend to kill them all.

Zen continued to play the flute as he flew by. Suddenly, his gaze landed upon a woman in black, lying on top of a dune.

As he approached her, he could see that the woman's leg was injured.

The woman also felt Zen's presence, as she looked up with a pair of beautiful eyes. Her mouth moved slightly. She was just in the process of asking for help when she saw the flute in his hand. Her expression instantly changed.

Zen stared at the woman with a sneer. The thunder internal momentum in his hand condensed, as a ray of lightning took shape.

When the woman saw this, her face turned deathly pale. She immediately climbed up from the dune and ran away

The woman was obviously from the Sand Country. Lying on the dune, she had every intention to capture the True Gods who got lost in the desert. As soon as she sighted the flute, she must have realized that her game was up.

Zen did not waste time chasing after the woman. He continued to play the flute and flew forward.

Along the way to the north, Zen encountered more than a dozen such people of the Sand Country. All had similar tricks up their sleeves. Some of them pretended to be a group of refugees, while some were beautiful women all by themselves. Their beauty was truly mesmerizing to trap their clueless prey.

After eight hours of continuous flight in the sand storm, Zen finally saw a green hue standing out in the yellow desert. A few green shrubs dotted the desert like pretty little stars.

As he continued to go north, he saw more and more green shrubs. After passing a clear river, he finally left the Sweltering Desert. On the other side of the river was a brown land, and in the distance, there loomed a massive city.

"That should be the Excellence City that Emily had mentioned earlier," Zen muttered as he looked into the distance.

Zen didn't enter the city at once. Instead, he found a secret spot and set up a magic array. Then he sat cross legged, turned into an avatar and entered his inner world.

He had promised the Evil God that he would let him out as soon as he entered the Source World.

However, after entering the Source World, he got trapped in the desert. It did not seem right to leave the Evil God there.

The Evil God had been restless in the past few days. He was afraid that Zen might forget his promise.

After the Evil God reached the consummation of True God Realm, he had to practice the Ways-blending Energy again. That was because the internal momentum that he had previously merged was not on consummate level.

The sequence of the Godly Ways to be merged remained the same, and his speed was also not slow. But there continued to occur many explosions along the way. It could be because he was anxious to leave the world as soon as possible. Or perhaps he caused the troubles deliberately.

At one time, the Ways-blending Energy at the consummation level exploded with great power. The barren land was blasted into pieces. Good thing was, the land was not inhabited.

As soon as Zen appeared in front of him, his eyes lit up with hope. He stood up, as he stared at Zen and asked eagerly, "Can... Can I leave now?"

Zen looked at the Evil God's restless and eager face and smiled faintly. "If I don't let you out now, I'm afraid you'll ruin my inner world."

The Evil God smiled sheepishly.

"Aren't you going to say goodbye to your wife?" Zen asked.

"No need for that," said the Evil God, shaking his head affirmatively.

"Well, then, relax yourself," Zen said as he pushed the Evil God.

The Evil God felt an invisible force grab him, and by that force, he felt himself rising above.

He flew across the blue sky, white clouds and nine stars and then into the depths of the world.

Soon after, he felt the sky and the earth spinning. Then he fell to the ground, to be greeted by a brand new world.

Chapter 2978 Entering The Excellence City

The Evil God stood still while he gazed out into the world. It was as if he was feeling the pulse of the new world.

In fact, Zen found it hard to guess what the Evil God thought. He believed that this brand new world was a good starting point for Evil God.

"I could see the isolated and barren desert over there, and there is a big city. Where is this place?" the Evil God asked. His question forced Zen to pause for a while.

"Honestly, I am not too sure." Zen squinted at once then shook his head, oblivious to the question.

"You don't know either?" The Evil God stared at Zen in disbelief and shuffled backward a few steps, both hands clasped behind his back.

For the time being, Zen found it hard to explain the relationship between the Source World, the divine land, the universe, and the chaos. He replied, "Yeah, because it's also the first time that I have set foot in this place, just like you. You can call it the Source World, which is also the biggest world!"

"Is there any other world outside apart from this one?" the Evil God inquired further, eager to discover more.

"There is, known as the chaos," Zen stated, matter-of-factly.

The Evil God, absorbed in his thought, fell silent. "Is there another world beyond the chaos?" he continued to ask.

Zen shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "I don't know."

The problem involved appeared simple, but it covered the category of philosophy. Zen's knowledge of the entire world was confined within the vast chaos.

The Evil God's face showed no sign of disappointment despite the lack of decent answers from Zen. He felt relieved after his greatest ambition happened. He finally broke free from Zen's inner world.

"Since this case is unresolved, I will explore and find the answers myself. Let's end there!" The Evil God smiled as he obligingly bowed before Zen. But at the back of his mind, he could not stop thinking how much he wanted to be far away from him.

His body then diffused wisps of the internal momentum from both Spiritual Wind Godly Way and Thunderstorm Godly Way. Once the two magical forces mixed, it formed a unique theurgy beyond these two Godly Ways - the Wind Thunder Escape Skill he had created himself.

"Whoosh!"

Equipped with the escape skill, the Evil God flew along the river and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

The Evil God maintained great respect for Zen on the surface even though he felt absolute animosity towards him. He reasoned that if his inner world had remained the same and never shifted into a "Rebirth Land", they would have exchanged blows by then!

"He avoided the Sweltering Desert and hesitated to go to the Excellence City. Instead, he preferred to follow the water. He is too clever for me," Zen muttered to himself. "I wonder if fate will allow us to meet again…"

Zen knew that the likes of Evil God, armed with intelligence and skills, often succeeded by performing greater things. Determined to make a voice in the Source World, he could earn himself a noble status and a chance to sit on top of the hierarchy.

After standing motionless for a while, Zen headed towards Excellence City.

The divine cities in the divine land were guarded by the slates, so they had become places of valuable resources for cultivation and those warriors who wanted to gain access to those divine cites had to pay certain amount of divine might coins. By contrast, the Excellence City, a big city in the Source World was an open city that was accessible to anyone.

Shortly after Zen showed up at the city gate, he noticed countless divine citizens come and go in an endless flow.

He took a glimpse of the fiercest warriors among the multitude of divine citizens. A significant number were at the Soul Sea Realm, the Spirit Supreme Realm, and the Spirit Transformation Realm. To add, rare faces of True Gods blended with the huge crowd.

Despite the perils involved, Zen did not hide his strength. It was even more dangerous if he concealed his powers in an unfamiliar environment. He wanted to fend off suspicions in case he got noticed.

After Zen examined the surroundings, he walked without the slightest hesitation into Excellence City together with other divine citizens.

Once inside the city, he felt several spiritual senses sweep past him. Judging from the strength of energy Zen picked up, whoever released these forces should have Souls of Light. This meant that they were at least consummate True Gods.

It perplexed Zen where these spiritual senses originated, so he pretended not to know. He strolled through the open streets and scrutinized the place.

If Emily and her companions escaped the man in white, they should have already reached the Excellence City. Zen wondered if Emily, Leopold, and the rest left behind any mark or alternative means of contact.

But soon Zen pushed that possibility aside. There were just simply too many divine citizens and buildings in the Excellence City. Even the central divine cities in the divine land couldn't compare to this city.

It appeared necessary for him to stay in Excellence City for a period of time. He needed to find a way to collect some substantial information.

He hesitated to stick around. If he failed to get any news of Emily and the others here, would this mean that he would be stuck in this city for a long time? This was certainly not what he wanted.

Zen felt distressed when suddenly he heard a faint voice murmur, "Friend, what brought you here to the Excellence City?"

Zen tensed up, furrowed his eyebrows, and spun around. His gaze landed on a long-haired youthful man who sat on the second floor of a building several thousand feet away. This individual was at the consummation of the True God Realm.

This was the first consummate True God that Zen had found in the Source World.

In Zen's mind, there should exist many powerful masters in the Source World and even someone like Emily was not the strongest.

Moreover, he thought that there might be tons of consummate True Gods in the Source World. But what he saw now in Excellence City contradicted on what he imagined.

"I'm just passing by," Zen responded through pursed lips using chaotic energy.

The young man showed a half-smile but shook his head and said to Zen, "Whether you are just passing by or staying for a while, I insist that you join me up here for a chat!"

Without hesitation, Zen sped up to the building. In a split second, he arrived on top of the stairs and sat opposite the young man.

"My name is Kenelm Lai. And may I ask you what is yours?" The young man gently cupped his hands towards Zen.

Zen returned a salute. "Zen Luo," came the reply.

The answer stunned Kenelm. "Your surname is Luo? It is remarkably rare..."

Although the divine land inherited its cultural heritage from the Source World, they still differed in some aspects. In most clans, natural birth established family names. The surname Luo long existed in the divine land, but Kenelm heard it from Zen the first time in the Source World.

"I wonder why you invited me here?" Zen probed while scratching his head, looking confused.

With a vague hint of a smile, Kenelm confessed, "It's rare to see any consummate True God come to this city. Since you have come here, I believe some people have noticed you and are ready to contact you, but I'd say that I was lucky to have a chat with you ahead."

The young man caught Zen off guard with this unusual announcement. Listening to Kenelm made him consider how sought-after he would be in Excellence City. He doubted this since he was only a consummate True God.

Zen reflected on the incident earlier when the spiritual senses scanned him the moment he stepped into the city. This convinced him it could be true.

Then Zen proceeded after breaking free from his thoughts. "I am just passing by Excellence City, and I have no intention of staying here or joining any forces." But he sounded more defensive than convincing.

Zen faced him with an upfront rejection even before Kenelm could offer anything. Bitter disappointment reflected on his face.

Recently, the peace and balance in Excellence City got disrupted. Kenelm found it essential if he could secure the help of another consummate True God.

Just then, Zen continued, "I have something to ask you."

When Kenelm heard that Zen needed to inquire something, he got intrigued. With brows elevated, he urged, "What do you want to know?"

"Were there any Other Shore Realm warriors who entered Excellence City recently?" Zen asked quietly.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2979 The Mice League

Excellence City was the first big city to be seen after one had successfully crossed the Wild Goose Pass.

Trade groups would usually choose to take a rest in the city. There were also many warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

Not knowing why Zen asked such a question, Kenelm replied with caution, "Big commercial groups arrive at the East Port of Excellence City every day, and those business groups all have Other Shore Realm warriors. So, yeah, there were Other Shore Realm warriors that entered this city. Zen, are you looking for someone in particular?"

Zen nodded his head slightly and said, "I'm looking for a woman at the Other Shore Realm."

He then proceeded to describe Emily's appearance roughly, including the way she dressed.

"Mmm. Don't think I've ever seen her before." Kenelm shrugged as he shook his head.

Zen, of course, wasn't surprised at all. He believed that seeing as Emily was the most powerful warrior in her group, the man in white would focus on chasing after her in particular.

Even if Emily had all the luck and succeeded in ditching the man in white, she would still have to keep her identity a secret. In other words, with the way Zen was looking for her, it would undoubtedly be fruitless. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Zen nodded briskly and then stood up, preparing himself to leave.

"I'm not sure, but perhaps the members of the Mice League know... If you want to buy news from the Mice League, I can take you there," added

Kenelm.

"Huh? The Mice League? What's that?" Zen asked curiously.

A trace of surprise crept across Kenelm's features. "Zen, have you truly never heard of the Mice League?"

Zen shook his head. He really didn't know who, or what, the Mice League was.

"Then it'll be worth the trip, Zen. Trust me on that one. There's probably nothing in this world that the Mice League don't know about, but their information must be purchased with divine crystals. I'd be curious to know if you have enough divine crystals to purchase their information..." Kenelm explained.

When he heard Kenelm mention divine crystals, Zen immediately asked, "Do you know how many divine crystals they require if I want them to help me find someone?"

"I'd say at least a whole divine crystal would be needed," answered Kenelm, hesitating a little.

Considering that Zen didn't even know about the Mice League and that the Excellence City was very close to the Wild Goose Pass, Kenelm suspected that Zen came from some remote area outside the Source World. Generally speaking, the people from remote areas were usually very poor, causing Kenelm to believe it impossible for Zen to possess many divine crystals, if any at all.

In an attempt to coopt Zen, Kenelm considered whether or not to pay it for Zen. It still remained that to him, a divine crystal was a large sum of money, so he hesitated on making a decision.

"An entire divine crystal?" Zen was stunned by the price and it could be heard in his voice.

He didn't have a concept about a divine crystal's true value. The legacies he had obtained were left by Chiyou back in the divine land. On this trip to the Source World, he had brought nearly half of his divine crystals with him. The price—one divine crystal, was unexpectedly much too cheap in his opinion.

Kenelm, on the other hand, misunderstood Zen's reaction and thought Zen was terrified by how expensive it was.

He continued to believe that getting Zen over to his side after paying the one divine crystal for him would be worth it. After all, he was short of hands at this time. He gritted his teeth and said, "The information coming from the Mice League isn't cheap. If you really can't afford the price, I just might be able to help you out."

Staring at Kenelm's begrudging expression, Zen suddenly found the situation quite funny. He believed, however, that Kenelm was well-intentioned.

A divine crystal was a very valuable object to a consummate True God. Zen was quick to grasp the fact that this person was trying to pull him over to his side. Still, he was thankful for Kenelm's generosity. Seeing as they had just met, it was very rare for anybody to offer such a gesture.

"I don't want to be hassle, no worries. Although the price for a piece of information is high, I can still afford it. Please lead the way," Zen said.

Kenelm looked at Zen suspiciously. He continued to doubt the fact that Zen could afford a divine crystal, but he still led him away from the building.

"So, tell me, who established the Mice League? Can you really buy information from them?" Zen questioned.

Both the Sweltering Desert and the surrounding areas had vast spaces, and the description Zen had provided of the woman he was looking for was almost without any features. Thus, he held a skeptical attitude as to whether or not he'd obtain any information from the Mice League.

Kenelm, on the other hand, really sounded quite confident. "Since you've never heard of the Mice League before, you certainly don't know how magical they are. They really know everything. You will soon understand what I'm saying."

Five minutes later, they had walked across more than half of the city, ultimately reaching the east end.

The streets in the east of the city were even wider, but there were fewer people. After a short while, they stopped in front of a big house. Two tough-looking guards stood with their arms crossed at the door. They were strong cultivators at the consummation of True God Realm.

The way they dressed themselves was odd, though. They were both wrapped in dark robes, which seemed to have the function of blocking the spiritual senses from outsiders.

"Here we are. Zen, you can enter freely. The Mice League have many rules. I can only wait outside," said Kenelm flatly.

As Zen walked toward the entrance, one of the guards came up to him and asked, "Are you looking for someone or something in particular?"

As soon as he heard the guard's voice, Zen frowned slightly. The voice was so sharp that he felt it wasn't even human.

"Looking for someone," replied Zen with certainty.

"And are you aware of the rules?" the guard continued to question.

"No, I'm not," replied Zen, a little less confidently this time.

"Once our information is sold, there will be no refund. Moreover, you can't tell anyone that the information comes from us. If you violate the rules, you will be placed on our hunt list," the guard continued speaking in a shrill voice.

'These rules...'

Zen thought to himself quickly for a moment and soon understood.

No matter where it was, sensitive information was bound to exist. Logically, it must also be risky for the Mice League to collect information from everywhere. If somehow, the information was leaked, resulting in angering certain powerful warriors, the Mice League would be the ones to face the consequences. Therefore, simply put, the Mice League had created these rules in order to protect themselves.

"Are you willing to follow these rules?" the guard asked.

Zen nodded his head in agreement. "Of course I do..."

As he spoke, he suddenly saw the guard's real face through the gap in his robes, and Zen was absolutely shocked.

The guard had a sharp, straight mouth, two bean-shaped eyes, and his face was covered with very fluffy, gray fur.

He clearly wasn't human. Oh, no, he definitely wasn't... He was a mouse!

The guard also noticed Zen's astonishment and tightened his grey robes at once. Then he said in a sharp voice, "Go inside! Turn left and go straight to the end. From there, you'll get the information you're looking for. Go on!"

Both guards were actually ferocious mice!

If he were in the divine land, Zen would have already killed them in the blink of an eye. However, this was the Source World, and there were many things about this world that Zen couldn't understand yet, after all. For this reason, he suppressed the desire to kill that overwhelmed his mind and soul.

'There's no wonder it's called the Mice League! It was probably formed by a group of mice!'

As these thoughts raced through Zen's mind, he entered the courtyard.

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"

As soon as he set foot inside the courtyard, Zen heard mice all over and everywhere. They were of different shapes and sizes, running around at free will.

Just as he was told, Zen turned left and walked to the end of the path. There, he saw a white curtain.

As he approached, a sharp voice was heard coming behind the curtain.
"Come in!"

'Is there also a ferocious mouse inside?'

Zen couldn't help but think as he lifted the curtain with one hand.

Chapter 2980 The Ear Mouse

As Zen had expected, it was not a person behind the curtain. It was a mouse.

The mouse was as tall as a man. It hinted humanistic habits as it sat elegantly with its legs crossed on the ground. There was an unusual magical array surrounding it.

The mouse looked at Zen and closed its eyes. "Why do I sense hostility?" It slowly opened them and glanced at Zen with a stern expression. It seemed to be able to read his mind.

Zen was taken aback and immediately replied, "I'm just not used to being around fierce beasts."

In the divine land, some people kept fierce beasts like pets. There were also contractual beasts. The beasts were not used to blending in with humans they were unfamiliar with. Mostly they only communicated with their owners. They had little to no knowledge about human society.

However, things were different in the Source World. Beasts and humans lived amongst each other in harmony. They lived like equals and they each had an individual status in their society. All of this was still new to Zen.

In the Sweltering Desert, he condemned the people of the Sand Country for closely cooperating with the Man-eating Demon Flower. He found it bizarre for humans to be interacting with fierce beasts. Now it seemed that it was common for folks and beasts to blend with each other in the Source World.

The mouse appeared unbothered by Zen's attitude and asked, "I heard that you were looking for someone. Is that correct?"

"Yes," Zen answered with a slight nod.

The mouse stared blankly at Zen and continued asking more questions, "What's the cultivation level of that person? What does the person look like? When and where did this person last appear? The more details you give to me, the easier it is for me to find this person."

Zen straightened up and began recalling everything he remembered about Emily. He thought for a moment before replying in a serious tone, "Three days ago, she entered the Wild Goose Pass from the chaos. I don't know whether she passed through the Sweltering Desert. She is a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm."

Zen was cautious enough to not give away too much information about Emily. He feared a link between the Mice League and the Yellow Emperor Guards. He wanted to avoid it, even if there was a slight chance of it being true.

But then again, the Yellow Emperor Guards' strength far surpassed Emily's. They might have had close to no involvement with what happened at the Excellence City. Zen continued to have a debate with himself in his thoughts before deciding on telling the mouse everything he knew.

The mouse listened attentively and nodded at Zen's words.

The expression of the mouse turned serious. It composed itself and waved its two paws gently in the air. The two huge ears on the top of its head stood up like antennas.

The ears of the mouse were bigger compared to its head. They gave it an exotic appeal. The small head and long ears made it look more like a rabbit than a mouse.

Buzz!

Suddenly, the magic array lying dormant on the ground came to life. Zen focused as he felt a strong spiritual sense pour itself into the array. The mouse closed its eyes and entered a state of meditation. The presence of magic in the room rose to a noticeable amount. Zen tried not to blink as he watched the mouse curiously.

"I did not expect the Ear Mice to have developed so quickly. They even appeared in such a remote city. Haha..." No. 9527's voice resounded from Zen's mind.

"The Ear Mice? Do all these mice belong to this race?" Zen asked while raising his brows in wonder.

No. 9527 smiled lightly. "No. The other mice in this house are nothing more than mice with mediocre talents. Some of them can transform into human beings, while some don't even have intelligence. They are not Ear Mice. The mouse in front of you is the only Ear Mouse here."

"Can they live peacefully with human beings?" Zen asked with concern.

On his way to the Source World, Emily and the others had told him many things about this world. However, the Source World was so large that it was impossible to educate him about everything in it. Zen had to experience and learn gradually on his own.

"Yes. What's so strange about that? Human beings are not alone in the Source World. If you visit the city of the Ear Mice, you will be an alien in their eyes," No. 9527 answered in a calm and patient tone.

The Chaos Ancient Gods like Gerald and Herbert were not human beings. The Snake Goddess wasn't considered as a human being either.

The concept of human beings was established after the Snake Goddess had created the Grand World Cultivation Method.

"The spies of the Ear Mice can be found throughout the Source World. They communicate with each other, so they know everything in this world. It is wise of you to inquire about Emily's whereabouts from them," No. 9527 said.

Zen couldn't help but feel uneasy with all this. This was all so new to him. Ever since his childhood, he had always seen fierce beasts as inferior beings to the human race. He never considered them as equals. And now in a world so different from his, he got to see them in a different light.

Buzz!

The magic array on the ground of the room intensified and became brighter and brighter. Zen could feel countless strands of tiny spiritual sense pouring into it.

The spiritual sense belonged to the mice. They were scattered across the Source World, each pouring in the spiritual sense that contained information from a different place. They sent the news they saw, heard, and knew to the Ear Mouse. The Ear Mouse acted as a link between them and the world.

Soon after, the light of the magic array faded away. The Ear Mouse opened its eyes and glanced at Zen expressionlessly. "I've found the person you are looking for."

Zen's face revealed a trace of joy when he heard this. He heaved a sigh of relief. "Where is she? Is she alive?" Zen held his breath as he asked this. He prayed Emily was safe.

The Ear Mouse pushed over a porcelain plate towards him and said, "It's a piece of expensive news. It's worth twenty divine crystals. If you're willing to pay for it, place the divine crystals on the plate, and I'll tell you."

"Twenty divine crystals?" Zen eyed the Ear Mouse in disbelief.

He had plenty of divine crystals, but Kenelm had told him that he only needed to pay one for the information. Now the price suddenly increased twenty-fold, so it was naturally a little difficult for him to stomach.

"The news is graded. Some important news sells high. We collect the news in this world with our ears, so we know the right value. If you are unwilling to pay the high price, you can leave." The Ear Mouse shrugged as it pointed towards the exit. It had been used to this kind of thing, so it didn't bother with forcing Zen to pay.

Zen was left with no other choice. He sighed and raised his right hand and tapped the space ring gently on the plate. He bit his lip as he watched the twenty divine crystals fall on the plate one by one.

The Ear Mouse pushed the plate aside and drew a line in the magic array on the ground with its sharp claw. Soon, a holographic illusion appeared before Zen's face. He saw the image of Emily and Leopold standing side by side. They seemed terrified and confused.

His eyes widened as he scanned the environment around them. Judging from their surroundings, it didn't seem like they were in the Sweltering Desert. They were in a plain.

"Where are they? What is that place?" Zen asked, with his stare fixated on Emily in the illusion.

"The Cyan Brocade Plain, two million miles away from the Excellence City," answered the Ear Mouse. "They are not Yellow Emperor Guards, but they have the Slaughtering Moonlight Array. It's quite interesting."

The illusion only lasted for a few seconds before it faded. Zen asked desperately, "Is that all?"

He saw Emily and Leopold had activated the Slaughtering Moonlight Array, so he assumed they hadn't gotten rid of the man in white yet. His eyes reflected how impatient he was to know what happened to them.

"Of course not. What you saw is just the scene sent by one of the many mice," the Ear Mouse said. It once again stretched out its sharp claw to draw another line in the magic array.

Soon, a new illusion appeared in front of Zen.

He saw a dazzling blue light on the screen. The man in white was still chasing after Emily and Leopold. Zen's heartbeat quickened as he witnessed the intense situation. He desperately wished to be with them to help.

His heart rate quickly came to a sharp drop. His eyes widened at the scene before him as it paralyzed his entire body in shock. The man in white had swung his sword at Leopold, who failed to dodge it in time. Zen watched in horror as the blade pierced through Leopold's chest, impaling him.

Chapter 2981 Rule

Zen couldn't get a full, clear picture. He saw only fragments of what he was being shown to him.

He saw Leopold being stabbed by the man dressed in white when suddenly the image stopped.

Zen was left anxious, worrying for Leopold's life. He glared fiercely at the Ear Mouse who responded in an unhurried tone, "This is all I can show you with the twenty divine crystals you paid. If you wish to see more it is going to cost you more."

It was true that all mice were cunning creatures.

"How many more divine crystals do I have to pay?" Zen asked, frustrated and containing his anger.

"One hundred more," the Ear Mouse replied, a sly glint in its eyes.

Zen had enough divine crystals, so that was not a problem for him. He just hated having his fears being taken advantage of and used against him.

Were they in the divine land, Zen would have given this mouse what it deserved.

However, Zen was a stranger to the Source World and had no backup here. The Ear Mice were familiar even to No. 9527, which meant this race had great power here and it would be ill-advised for him to provoke them.

Zen clenched his fists and swallowed his anger. "Is a hundred divine crystals enough to buy all I need to know?" Zen inquired.

Zen had to ask such a question or the Ear Mouse would undoubtedly take the opportunity to con more divine crystals out of him.

The Ear Mouse squeaked and laughed before admitting, "Yes, one hundred divine crystals will be enough."

Zen snorted and waved his hand above the large porcelain plate. Another hundred divine crystals fell from his sleeve and stacked neatly together.

With a devious grin, the Ear Mouse stretched out its claw and gently swept across the magic array.

Zen could see Leopold again. Emily appeared immediately after he had been struck by the man in white, and dragged him out of the way.

The strike of the sword had not taken Leopold's life but the ground was left painted with his blood.

As Emily moved him, several hundred circles of colorful light burst from Emily's body.

Zen had never seen Emily conjure so many circles of light all at once. He soon realized warriors of the Other Shore Realm like Emily needed the divine crystals to maximize their power. Emily had not had even a single divine crystal with her before.

On their way to the Source World, Zen had distributed several hundred divine crystals to every warrior at the Other Shore Realm. It looked like Emily had gone all out against the man dressed in white.

The rings of colorful light housed an intense deadly force that could be felt resonating from them. Emily continued shuffling along with Leopold as the rings began shuddering and connecting with one another, forming a huge maze enveloping the man in white.

It still wasn't enough, and the man took only a few seconds to break through and emerge, a terrifying sight. Fortunately, as Zen saw, Emily had already managed to escape with Leopold. The man dressed in white was left with no one else in sight.

Zen was unfamiliar with the technique Emily used to escape, and he could not figure out how she had done it. It seemed the man in white could not either. He searched and searched, eventually having to accept defeat and give up his pursuit.

Seeing this, Zen let out a deep sigh of relief.

Both Emily and Leopold were still alive. This was the best news possible.

"They have indeed escaped successfully. But is there not more you wish to know? For instance, you could learn the identity of this man in white, should you pay an additional fifty divine crystals." The Ear Mouse pressed on, staring intently at Zen.

Without hesitation, Zen threw out another fifty divine crystals before the mouse could even finish speaking.

The Ear Mouse was taken aback. It was very difficult for an ordinary consummate True God to possess more than five divine crystals, and here Zen had already paid close to two hundred.

"The man's name is Sanjay. He belongs to the Bearing race. He ranks among the last three thousand of the Sky Guard Pavilion, but he is excellent enough. He is skilled with a broad-edge sword. His Other Shore Token is..." The Ear Mouse revealed almost every imaginable detail of the man in white to Zen.

Zen took it all in, believing what he had just heard. The Mice League was far more impressive than he had expected. The Ear Mouse knew everything there was to know about Sanjay, as if he had absolutely no secrets from them. "As far as I know, the Bearing race is a great race in the Source World. Aren't you afraid of retaliation from Yellow Emperor Guards when they find out you gather their information and sell it to anyone who can pay?" Zen asked curiously.

It was taboo to reveal anyone's detailed information and secrets to others, so Zen gathered that it was impossible for the other great races to let the Mice League go on like this consequence free.

"Retaliate against us?" The Ear Mouse appeared viciously insulted, "They don't have the ability to do that!"

The Mice League was spread throughout the various provinces in the Source World. Although they were a serious annoyance to the other great races, nothing could be done about it. The Mice League operated in mysterious ways.

Nevertheless, Zen got what he came for with the divine crystals paid. He cupped his hands to the Ear Mouse and made for the exit.

As he was leaving the room, the Ear Mouse warned, "You remember the rules don't you? You are not to reveal to another soul the information you bought here today. If you violate the rule, we will chase you to the ends of the earth. You best keep that in mind!"

Zen nodded politely and left the room.

The Mice League were a greedy bunch, but they attached great importance to their rules.

Zen was generous with his money, and it was obvious that he had plenty of divine crystals. Yet even with this knowledge, the Ear Mouse would not continue to try and split him from his divine crystals.

In respect of that, Zen was required to obey their rules. This was their way of doing business.

Zen left the house to find Kenelm waiting outside. Kenelm walked up to greet Zen.

"Get anything useful from them, Zen?" Kenelm asked with a friendly smile.

Zen smiled and nodded. He seemed somewhat uneasy around Kenelm.

"That's great! There's indeed no information in this world that you can't get from the Mice League! By the way, Zen, what's your next move?" Kenelm asked.

When Zen and Kenelm first met, Kenelm's intention to befriend Zen was clear. However, since Zen had denied their friendship before, he could not ask for it again, and the best he could do was be helpful and charming and hope.

"I'm going to..."

All Zen had been concerned with was his sister's safety.

Now that he had discovered she escaped safely, he was both relieved and a tad lost. 'What should I do next?' Zen wondered.

According to their original plan in the divine land, Chiyou should have arranged Zen's next move. However, Chiyou hadn't revealed it to Zen, but instead made a deal with No. 9527.

It seemed he should inquire with No. 9527 for the answer to his question.

It occurred to him he still knew very little about the Source World. It would probably be prudent for him to stay in the Excellence City and get a basic understanding of the Source World.

"If you have no place to go, I can arrange a place for you to stay if you'd like," offered Kenelm.

Although Zen only knew Kenelm for a short time, he knew he was not a cunning and insidious person. What was more, Kenelm had helped him to locate the Mice League.

There was no reason for Zen to distrust him and decline his invitation, so he didn't.

Led by Kenelm, Zen walked across half the Excellence City and arrived at a house that Kenelm had found for him to stay in.

Over the next few days he stayed in the Excellence City, Kenelm for company and a provider of a rudimentary understanding of the city's environment.

Chapter 2982 The Sword Light Palace

Beyond Wild Goose Pass, from Sweltering Desert to Excellence City and Cyan Brocade Plain, all these areas belonged to the Gracious Province.

It was a very vast province. Excellence City was merely a springboard to get to other cities. All the large commercial flying ships passing by would quickly replenish themselves in the city and leave for the next destination.

After staying in the Excellence City for a few days, Zen had a rough understanding of the city.

"Kenelm, according to you, it sounds like it would take a lot of work to move from one province to another one," said Zen.

Kenelm confirmed, "Indeed. The Source World is said to be a complete and integrated world, but actually each of its provinces is like a smaller world. Most of the warriors and even the True Gods find it hard to travel between provinces!"

Zen had believed that the Source World was a complete world like the divine land, but now he realized that he had been wrong.

In comparison, the layout of the Source World was similar to that of the great worlds.

Each of the provinces was equivalent to an independent world, and each province was distinctive.

"In which province is Pear Hill located? Is it far from here?" Zen inquired.

"Pear Hill, you ask?" Kenelm seemed surprised. "It is located in Clapper Province, which is very far away from here. Are you planning to go there?"

Kenelm had only known Zen for a few days. Now he was sure that Zen came from outside the Source World as he seemed to lack a lot of common sense about this world.

Zen shook his head. He did intend to go to Pear Hill sooner or later, but not today.

Kenelm continued, "Consummate True Gods like us don't have the qualifications to travel between provinces, unless we join a large sect of a provincial scale."

"A sect of a provincial scale?" Zen repeated. "Does Pear Hill count?"

Shaking his head, Kenelm answered with a smile, "It sure doesn't. For True Gods, a sect like Pear Hill is a legendary force! A sect of a provincial scale is one that controls an entire province such as the Sword Light Palace."

There was a look of yearning in Kenelm's eyes when he spoke.

"So, does that mean that the Gracious Province is controlled by Sword Light Palace?" Zen asked in curiosity.

"Wild Goose Pass is one of the exits of the Source World. Thus, the Gracious Province doesn't allow itself to be controlled by any sect. The Sword Light Palace controls the Seven-Star Province, which is next to the Gracious Province," elaborated Kenelm.

"So how can I join Sword Light Palace?" Zen asked with keen interest.

Kenelm was glad to see that he had Zen's attention on this matter. His eyes gleamed triumphantly.

As a consummate True God, Kenelm was a little weaker than Zen. Still, as a member of the Source World, he had sharp eyes. Just like him, Zen was also a consummate True God, but Kenelm could tell that Zen had mastered Truth of Godly Way, which meant Zen had already been to Sea of Truth.

Kenelm had been trying hard to befriend him to take advantage of his strength.

Kenelm elucidated, "To be honest, I have been longing to join Sword Light Palace all my life, but it's too difficult for people from Gracious Province to do so. The Sword Light Palace opens up places for recruits in Gracious Province every year, but it's almost impossible for warriors of Excellence City to snag a spot at any of these places. However, a month ago, we got some news." His expression became serious now. "Some time ago, a Stinger Guard of Sword Light Palace died in one of the caves in the west of Cyan Brocade Plain. The Sword Light Palace sent word that anyone who could find the Stinger Guard's tomb and belongings would be qualified to join the Sword Light Palace."

"Since you're aware of this story, you must have tried to find it, right?" Zen asked, intrigued by the story too.

A wry smile appeared on Kenelm's face. "I did, of course! Half a month ago, I invited a few other consummate True Gods of Excellence City to explore the cave with me. We ended up encountering a lot of trouble in that cave. The Stinger Guard has become an evil ghost in the tomb and even killed a consummate True God."

"Kenelm, since you have brought it up, do you want me to go there with you?" Zen asked with a sparkle in his eyes.

By now Zen had gathered that Kenelm must have approached him with a purpose, but he couldn't figure out what it was.

Kenelm nodded, "Zen, although you haven't shown me your true strength, I know you have entered Sea of Truth before. Your Soul of Light must be far stronger than mine, and you should be able to take on the evil ghost."

Kenelm also had a Soul of Light, but he hadn't been to the Sea of Truth before, so his soul hadn't been tested by the Sea of Truth. Obviously, there was a huge gap between his and Zen's soul force.

Zen chewed on this for a while and then nodded slightly. "In that case, I'll go with you!"

Although he was now in the Source World, a world full of powerful warriors, Zen believed that he would be able to take care of himself as long as they did not encounter Other Shore Realm warriors.

Kenelm was pleased at Zen's decision. "Great! I'll summon my buddies and we will set off tomorrow!"

In the early hours of the next morning, Kenelm led Zen to the entrance of Excellence City.

Three consummate True Gods had already gathered at the gate of the city. These three people looked very young, but Zen could see that they were two to five thousand years old.

Just like Kenelm, these True Gods had never entered the Sea of Truth either.

Kenelm made introductions and then asked one of them, "Where is Tanner?"

One of them sighed and said, "After you took him there last time, he had been thinking about it all the time. He informed some people in the port. I don't know what benefit he promised them, but it seems a few people went there with him yesterday!"

Kenelm's expression changed dramatically. "He what? How could he do that! That traitor!"

"The people he had recruited are the guards of the commercial groups who are recuperating in Excellence City. They are a strong bunch. I think even if they do find the Stinger Guard's belongings, Tanner won't be the one getting them," the man sighed.

"Well, let's go now!" Kenelm's anxiety was high.

These people had always dreamed of joining the Sword Light Palace. It was the only way for them to grow their cultivation base and move beyond the consummation of True God Realm. If they failed in joining the Sword Light Palace, they would never reach the Other Shore Realm.

Zen didn't say anything. He figured that Tanner might be one of Kenelm's friends, and it was common for people to betray their friends for benefits.

However, he also understood that if he joined in the exploration of the cave of the Stinger Guard, it would become more complicated.

Eventually, the five of them, including Zen, flew towards the west of Excellence City under Kenelm's leadership.

Half a day later, Zen came upon a stretch of grassland.

He had seen this plain in the scene that the Ear Mouse had shown him before. It must be the Cyan Brocade Plain.

Chapter 2983 A Blocker

Meanwhile, a grey compass appeared in Kenelm's hand as soon as they arrived in the Cyan Brocade Plain.

Kenelm gave the compass a gentle pat, and the compass began to spin.

Being true to its name, the Cyan Brocade Plain resembled a piece of green tapestry at first glance. Without any object as a reference, anyone could get lost in it.

As a man from the Excellence City, Kenelm quickly found the way to the cave with the help of the compass.

After an hour of traveling, he stopped in the middle of the plain.

Releasing his spiritual sense, Zen noticed that there was a small pit at the bottom of the grass. Out of curiosity, he let his spiritual sense follow the pit and saw a cave.

"Come on, let's go down the cave!"

Kenelm was in a hurry to go downwards.

Knowing that his friend had decided to get ahead of him, he became extremely anxious.

As soon as he finished speaking, he sprinted downwards. Zen, along with the other three consummate True Gods, followed suit.

The cave below the grass was so narrow that it was possible for only one person to get in and out of it. One by one, the five people went down and crawled onward this narrow entrance.

After a few hundred feet down the passageway, a broad karst cave appeared.

After entering the karst cave, Kenelm held the compass to see which way they should be heading. Then he said, "Follow me, over there..."

Walking a few steps along a path, Zen suddenly stopped and gave a slight frown.

Walking in front of him, Kenelm turned his head and asked, "Zen, what's wrong?"

Just behind Zen, the consummate True Gods looked the exact same way.

"Didn't your spiritual sense perceive it? Some things seem to be crawling over here," Zen replied.

Whenever a consummate True God, just like them, explored a strange place, they would spread out their spiritual sense very vigilantly. This was what Zen was doing at this very moment, so were Kenelm and the others.

To them, the spiritual sense was similar to another pair of their eyes.

"I didn't sense anything!"

"Well, me neither."

Then they looked around, and their faces were full of caution.

Kenelm's face darkened, and he continued, "Are they using some kind of hiding skill?"

"I think so."

By using his spiritual sense, Zen could feel that the figures of those things were very blurry, like grass snakes or gray threads that appeared and disappeared, fluctuating.

Whenever Zen and the others stopped, those invisible things also seemed to stop moving forward. Once hidden, they remained undetected, even by Zen.

"Move on. Kenelm, please lead the way," spoke Zen.

Moving forward, the five people continued to go deeper into the karst cave. The moment Zen took a single step forward, he could sense the movement again from the undetected creatures.

Right at that moment, Zen didn't say anything and just silently stayed behind Kenelm, following him.

After a couple of more steps, they were already deep into the karst cave. After a few hundred feet, the things sensed by Zen's spiritual sense also quickened all of a sudden. At the same time, they heard a rustling sound that came to surround them quickly.

Now, it was not only Zen who felt them but also the four other warriors who were with him.

What was strange about it was that although they heard so many crawling and strange noises, they were still unable to see them visually, nor by using their spiritual senses.

"What the hell are these things?"

"Don't move! Stay put! We can't see them!"

As Zen noticed the nervous expressions of the four other warriors, his lips were pressed into a thin line.

Although they were the aboriginal people of the Source World, their endurance was really quite terrible, making them freak out by the tiniest of sounds and trouble.

Just then, from the depths of the cave, a voice sounded saying, "You'd better not move!"

As soon as the voice trailed off, a light green figure emerged gently. A young man leaned on a corner of the cave and spoke faintly.

Zen's eyebrows lifted at the sight of this young man.

In reality, this young man was also a consummate True God, but he had already comprehended the Truth of Godly Way. His hiding theurgy was created using the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

Zen was also able to hide himself by taking advantage of the Truth of Cultivation Nature, but his hiding skill relied on the natural laws of the Truth of Cultivation Nature, which was why it wasn't as good as this young man's.

Suddenly, the young man gently waved his hand and the cave began to emit green light spots the size of a rice grain. But after the green light dissipated, what appeared were rice-sized ants.

"Interesting. No wonder these ants could avoid my spiritual sense's perception. They also use the Truth of Cultivation Nature," Zen said after observing, with the corner of his mouth curling up.

Although Zen could still keep calm, it was far difficult for the other four to do the same.

Meanwhile, all of their faces changed greatly as soon as they saw the black ants.

"Noxious Army Ants! What do you want from us?" a consummate True God shouted as he feared for his life.

The Noxious Army Ant was a well-known poisonous insect in the Gracious Province. If a True God was bitten by the insect, its poison could spread all over their body, making their body instantly decay which would lead to a miserable death.

Someone had said that a martial artist had to cut the area bitten by the Noxious Army Ant within three seconds. Otherwise, they would definitely die. Obviously, the Noxious Army Ant was a very deadly insect.

How could they not panic when they found out that there were so many Noxious Army Ants around them?

As the young man waved his hand lightly, a wisp of green light emanated from the surface of the Noxious Army Ants, which disappeared again from the crowd's eyes. At the same time, he said, "I don't want to do anything. Tanner has predicted that someone would explore this cave. That's why he asked me to stay here and guard it. If you are clever enough to leave, we can just pretend that this didn't happen. But if you take one more step forward... After all, this karst cave has such beautiful scenery, making it the perfect place to bury you,"

With his eyes filled with murderous intent, the young man threatened the group.

"Tanner!"

Kenelm's eyes filled with furious resentment.

Tanner, Kenelm and the others had the same cultivation base, and they had a good relationship in the Excellence City.

However, it was out of Kenelm's expectation that Tanner took some strangers here, and that now he even wanted to block them outside. How could he not hate his own friend?

Looking at Kenelm's irritated eyes, Zen heaved a soft sigh in his heart. He sympathized because he knew that betrayal was one of the worst feelings in the world.

"Go back, losers. After all, none of you are qualified to enter the Stinger Guard's tomb," the young man said impatiently as he waved his hand.

Meanwhile, the other three consummate True Gods already wanted to retreat. They knew that no matter how attractive the Stinger Guard's tomb was, it still wasn't worth losing their lives for.

"So, Kenelm, what shall we do? Shall we just go back?" one of them asked, waiting for an instruction.

Kenelm hesitated for a while as he thought that he might have underestimated Tanner's helpers.

Although he had invited Zen, a consummate True God who had stepped into the Sea of Truth and had a Soul of Light that could subdue the evil spirit in the tomb, he still was not aware of how strong Zen was, nor did he expect too much from him.

Kenelm felt helpless at that moment. He nodded his head in frustration and accepted his friend's suggestion for there was nothing more he could do.

Just as he was about to instruct everyone to leave, Zen suddenly asked, "Kenelm, do you know if the Noxious Army Ants are afraid of fire?"

Chapter 2984 Pulverized

Confused, Kenelm didn't know why Zen asked such a question. All he knew was that the Noxious Army Ants were fatal.

"The Noxious Army Ants are terrifying not just because of their poison. In fact, they are incredibly fast, and they are not afraid of water or fire. Moreover, it's difficult to kill them with normal methods," Kenelm sighed in dismay. "Thank you for taking the trouble of coming with us, Zen. For now, it's better if we just go back. It's not worthy to risk our lives here."

However, Zen was still intrigued by the ants and continued to ask, "If these Noxious Army Ants come to surround and attack us, will you guys be able to resist any of them?"

Giving Zen a surprised glance, Kenelm responded, "Well, it's already a given fact that it's difficult for us to kill them. However, we can still manage to keep some distance away from them. Zen, you keep on asking some really weird questions. What do you want to do? Is it..."

As Kenelm's voice trailed off, Zen's gaze was already rested on the young man not far away.

The young man was still leaning on the cave's wall waiting for them to leave. Apparently he had heard Zen's words, and a cold smile immediately appeared on his face. "If you want to die, then just tell me. I can send you..."

But before he could finish what he wanted to say, Zen already jumped up and flew towards him.

When the young man saw that Zen was daring enough to dash towards him, the cold smile on his face suddenly became even wilder. He blew a gentle whistle, and the Noxious Army Ants hiding on the surrounding walls of the cave immediately fell like raindrops, rushing towards Zen.

"Zen!"

Upon seeing Zen's move, Kenelm was shocked. He cursed in his heart that Zen was being too impulsive and stupid that he was not able to stop him.

Even if they really wanted to take action, he should first rush to the man who controlled the Noxious Army Ants as fast as the speed of light. However, Zen flew towards the young man so leisurely that Kenelm could foresee that Zen would be bitten by the Noxious Army Ants in an instant. Why was he courting death this way?

At that point, it was evident that Kenelm didn't know what Zen was intending to do.

As a matter of fact, Zen feared that they could not resist the Noxious Army Ants' attacks. If he pranced to reach the young man, then it was likely that most of them would be attracted to him.

As for the deadly poison of the Noxious Army Ants, it was not Zen's concern at all.

Duh duh duh...

One by one, the Noxious Army Ants fell on Zen's body, reaching out their stings and stabbing them mercilessly into Zen's skin as they injected toxin into his body.

When the Noxious Army Ants injected the toxin into Zen's skin, a wisp of dark green aura suddenly appeared on Zen's skin which spread all over his whole body in the blink of an eye!

'These Noxious Army Ants actually pierced right through my skin. Moreover, the toxin spreads very fast...' Zen's eyes flickered as the toxins seeped through his skin.

However, as deadly and poisonous as the Noxious Army Ants were, they were still unable to cause Zen any harm.

As Zen was flying through the ants, his body gave a quick tremble. Normally, ordinary beasts would have been pulverized upon such an impact. However, tiny as they might seem, the small bodies of the Noxious Army Ants were very strong. Zen's attempt just simply made the attached ants be shaken off his body, falling down to the ground unhurt.

Meanwhile, the young man leaning on the cave wall shot a glance at Zen as if he was looking at a dead and cold corpse. "I've seen a lot of stupid men in my life, but I've never seen anyone so stupid as to court death in this very pathetic way."

This young man was so gifted at controlling various strange insects. Moreover, the Truth of Cultivation Nature that he practiced was not something that most True Gods could easily deal with. In fact, he could kill people without being noticed in many cases.

He was tasked to scare several foolish people away from the place, but only this time, he didn't expect that there would be an idiot among them who would even insist on offering his life.

Knowing how powerful and deadly the ants were, he assumed that Zen would be paralyzed, falling to the ground in a few seconds after being bitten. Moreover, his body would rot instantly, resulting in his death. The young man had already seen a lot of such miserable deaths.

"Phew!"

At that moment, Zen and the young man were separated by only over a thousand feet. Nevertheless, Zen managed to cross the distance in an instant although he had knowingly restrained his speed.

Stopping in front of the young man, he calmly asked, "Are you waiting for the poison to kill me?"

Afterwards, a dark green aura emerged on Zen's face little by little, indicating that the toxin of the Noxious Army Ants was already spreading fast and rampaging within his body. But when he saw that Zen was still full of vigor and vitality, the young man got a little confused.

'What's happening? Why is he still alive?' thought the young man. What he saw did not match what he knew about the ants' toxin. To him, Zen was obviously poisoned but he was not entirely affected by the poison at all. How could this be possible?

"Ahh, you don't need to wait for that to happen. I'm sure that you will die earlier than me." Zen smiled, and the aura within his body burst out unexpectedly. All of a sudden, there was a flash of cold light in his hand, and a long and shiny sword appeared on it. Taking advantage of this moment, he had taken the initiative to launch an attack.

The young man was disoriented at the sight in front of him. He was taken aback when he saw that Zen was already slashing in front of him.

And in a snap, there was a flash of green light, and he completely disappeared into thin air.

However, the young man's skill of using the Truth of Cultivation Nature was deemed to be more powerful than that of Zen's. After all, Zen had not practiced any cultivation method to exert the Truth of Godly Way so far.

If this young man hid himself in a corner and kept still, then Zen would not be able to detect him at all.

However, as long as the young man moved, Zen would be able to find some traces of him and locate him by using his spiritual sense.

"Whoosh!"

Zen swung his sword, and a mark of a deep groove was left on the cave's wall.

After hiding, the young man ingeniously rushed to the depths of the cave at an incredible speed.

Zen's mouth gave a little smirk as he activated the Truth of Cultivation Nature. With this skill, his body immediately became casual and agile, similar to that of a leaf that had just fallen from a tree. He appeared to be drifting aimlessly, but the truth was that he was closely following the young man's footsteps as carefully as he could.

"Crack!"

As he was drifting through the cave, Zen waved his sword.

And every time he slashed the sword, a green light would flash in front of him. Then he would move dozens of feet further in the cave and thrust the sword again...

Every time Zen's sword waved, sounds of a metallic collision could be heard as if his sword hit a solid shield.

Beyond this endeavor, Zen kept his calm and proceeded with caution.

He swung his sword for the eighth time when suddenly, the sound of metal collision was put to an end. He looked at his sword and noticed that it was nailed to the cave's wall.

"Buzz..."

In a blink of an eye, a ball of green light materialized in front of the long sword, soon followed by the appearance of the young man.

The young man held a huge bug shell on his hand. This shell was so durable that it was able to withstand and even resist Zen's sword strikes. After unleashing ninety percent of his strength, Zen finally pierced the bug shell directly, causing the sword to stab into the young man's chest.

"Why, why aren't you afraid of the Noxious Army Ants' poison?" asked the young man as he stared at Zen with utmost disbelief.

At that moment, Zen's face was still spiked with a dark green color. He was clearly poisoned, but it was still a mystery as to why he remained unscathed.

"I am not afraid of the Noxious Army Ants' poison, nor any other poison you can name of. If you don't believe, you can try the scorpion sting in your hand," Zen said faintly.

The young man looked at his hand with a worried face and shot a glance back at Zen again. In his right hand was a scorpion sting from the Doom Scorpion's tail. Being more poisonous than the Noxious Army Ants, this scorpion sting was his last resort if he still wanted to live.

He had turned the tables around as he narrowly escaped from death several times with the scorpion sting's help. This time, however, he didn't expect that Zen would expose the secret of this lifesaver.

Desperate, the young man turned his right hand over and deliberately shot the scorpion sting at Zen.

But before the poison could reach Zen, he twisted his sword and unleashed a vigorous force, leaving the young man pulverized to bits.

"This cave boasts such wonderful scenery, and is indeed the perfect place to bury you," Zen said, shaking his head.

Chapter 2985 A Tomb Containing The Personal Effects Of The Deceased

The instant the young man was killed by Zen, every single Noxious Army Ant in the cave threw off his control over them.

They crawled toward the narrow gaps in the walls of the cave.

The four consummate True Gods looked nervous, as they stood close to each other, forming a circle, and used several theurgies for protection. They were fearful of hidden Noxious Army Ants.

In a few seconds, the Noxious Army Ants rushed away in every direction and disappeared.

They turned to look for Zen, and couldn't hide their shock at what he had done.

They had feared the young man and his total control and manipulation of the Noxious Army Ants, but Zen had killed him instantly, without any trouble.

Kenelm did not doubt that Zen was stronger than him and his companions, for he had been to the Sea of Truth before. But his opponent who controlled the Noxious Army Ants had also been a consummate True God and entered the Sea of Truth. He and Zen should have been evenly matched.

Since Zen had killed him in an instant, did that mean that Zen was far stronger than they realized? Or, perhaps the young man had underestimated Zen, and had accidentally left an opening for Zen to defeat him.

Kenelm and his three companions thought the latter was more believable. They thought maybe Zen and his opponent had been equally powerful, and the young man had just been lax and caught off guard.

It was difficult for them to accept that the strengths of two consummate True Gods could be so different. All four of them were of the same cultivation level, and they had been in Excellence City for a long time. They had not seen such a disparity in power before.

"Be careful!

There may still be some Noxious Army Ants that are just hiding. We must still keep away from the ground and protect our heads."

Kenelm kicked off the ground, and rose into the air.

The Noxious Army Ants had lost their master as soon as Zen killed the young man. However, they were still very dangerous and aggressive, and it would be wise for them to stay cautious.

Kenelm and the other three flew towards Zen, keeping a sharp lookout for any lingering Noxious Army Ants.

"Zen, are you all right?" Kenelm asked. He saw that Zen's face looked green, and felt a trace of worry. "We do have some regular antidotes with us. But the poison of the Noxious Army Ant is ferocious and unlike any other..."

Kenelm trailed off. He suddenly realized something. Zen's face was green, which meant he had been bitten. The poison of the Noxious Army Ant was notorious for its fierceness and the quickness with which it killed its victims. How could Zen still be standing?

"It doesn't matter. This poison can't hurt me," Zen said calmly, waving his hand.

'Is Zen impervious to the poison of the Noxious Army Ants?'

Kenelm and the others exchanged stunned glances.

Kenelm looked at the questioning faces of his companions. He knew they were wondering where he had found the strange and powerful Zen.

Zen went to the young man and pulled out his sword. He also took the space ring on his finger. Then he flicked his hand, and the dead body burned to ashes.

Zen did not know whom he had killed, or where he had come from. He did not want to leave any evidence of what had happened to him. He did not want any more trouble.

After all, this was not the divine land. Especially because Zen was alone, he needed to be more careful than usual.

As the others watched, he closed his eyes, focused, and forced the poison out of his body.

Then he took a few steps forward, peering into the depths of the cave. "How deep is this cave?"

"It's not very deep. The distance between here and our destination is more than ten thousand feet at the most," Kenelm answered.

He couldn't hide the note of hope in his voice. He had been thinking of giving up, but this feat that Zen accomplished led Kenelm to place greater trust in his strength and ability.

Kenelm and his companions were all consummate True Gods, top figures in Excellence City, and yet none of them wanted to stay any longer in this small space. They wanted to seize this opportunity to move to some larger sect.

"Let's go," Zen said, and the others nodded.

The five of them moved forward, into the depths of the cave. It was getting wider and wider. In less than a minute, they had covered a distance of over ten thousand feet.

There was a curved corner coming up ahead. They turned the corner just as a strange sound emanated from the cave, almost like a scream. An energy wave spilled towards them, almost like the energy of an unleashed soul.

They heard a man shouting, "Damn it! This ghost has become too powerful!"

The man's voice brought a look of dark recognition to the faces of Kenelm and his three friends. "It's Tanner's voice," he said.

Zen moved forward, eager to see what was happening.

The cave was just as Kenelm had described. It was not large. Once past the corner, they reached the end of the passage, which was a dead-end cavern.

They gazed around. Near the far wall of the cave, a cyan sword had been plunged into the ground. Clothes, boots, and items had been placed behind the sword. Everything was covered in a thick layer of dust, indicating how long they had lain here undisturbed. This was the tomb that Kenelm had told them about.

Some powerful people, for various reasons, ended up losing their bodies. As a last resort, before they died, they would use the final remnants of their strength to set up their own tombs, containing their personal effects.

"Ahahaha..."

Their attention was drawn by the spectre behind the tomb. A huge soul was suspended in midair, struggling madly.

Zen watched the soul with some fascination. So this was the ghost mentioned by Kenelm. He wondered what this Stinger Guard had experienced, why he had been unable to keep his body when he died, and why his soul had become a ghost.

The twisting, ferocious ghost was bound by twin chains of flames. Two consummate True Gods stood on either side of the ghost, holding on to the other ends of the chains.

They wore identical expressions of intense focus. They were clearly experienced in restraining souls, and continued to hold down the ghost who thrashed in the air above them, preventing him from escaping.

Three more consummate True Gods stood near the chain-keepers. A handsome man in a purple silk robe seemed to be their leader. And the one beside him, wearing a black hat, was none other than Tanner.

When Zen and the others entered, the men in the cave immediately turned towards them. Tanner saw Kenelm and looked astonished. "Kenelm? How did you get in here?"

The young man in purple stared at the intruders. He had asked one of his men, who was strong and capable, to guard the entrance of the cave. He would have blocked these five from coming in, so how had they made it past him?

Kenelm gave Tanner a look of hatred. Sneering, he said, "I'm here to take what belongs to me! I underestimated your shamelessness, Tanner. I didn't expect you to bring outsiders here."

Despite Kenelm's words, Tanner didn't show any sign of guilt. In fact, he looked just as angry as Kenelm. He said, "You are the outsiders here. Have you come to steal the personal belongings of the Stinger Guard? You must reconsider what you are willing to do. It is never wise to take something that doesn't belong to you. Steal from the wrong person, and you will be courting death."

As Tanner spoke, Kenelm's face turned redder and redder. He could barely contain his rage.

The man in purple frowned at Kenelm, Zen, and the others. "Where is Guido? Didn't you meet him, guarding the entrance of the cave?"

Zen smiled faintly. He said, "We met no one. Maybe he found the cave too stuffy, and left for a moment, to get some fresh air."

"Nonsense," said the man in purple. He narrowed his eyes at Zen. Guido was the most powerful and capable among his men, and he was dependable, too. He would not have left at such an important time. Something must have happened to him. The man in purple looked at Zen's bland expression. What had they done to Guido? Anger flashed in his eyes.

Chapter 2986 A Trap

Just then, the ferocious ghost bound by the fire chains let out another roar.

"Ahahah..."

The ghost emitted a strong force of soul that made the two chains binding it vibrate.

The two consummate True Gods had identical looks of tension on their faces. They tightly gripped the chains in their hands, and the flames on the two chains blazed even stronger.

"Oh no! Master Allen, the ghost's soul force is growing stronger!"

"The Flaming Sun Chains probably cannot hold it!"

The faces of the two consummate True Gods lost their color.

In the beginning, the soul force of the ghost was relatively weak. The two consummate True Gods had a talent for dealing with all sorts of evil spirits, so they had thought that they would be able to capture the ghost.

They never expected the ghost's soul force to increase continuously. Its strength far exceeded their expectations.

For now, the ghost was still bound by Flaming Sun Chains. If it managed to break free from the chains, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Hearing this, Allen, the purple-robed man, looked grim. He cast a glance at the ghost in mid-air and gave an order, "Artie, go and execute the intruders. I'll subdue the ghost myself!"

After issuing his command, he stretched out his hand and tapped gently. Two jade hooks appeared. He leaped high and threw the jade hooks toward the ghost.

Following Allen's orders, Artie took out a long golden stick and addressed the people who broke in, "Guido is my brother. I don't know how you got in here, but I hope you can tell me where he is. In return, I will leave your corpses intact."

Upon hearing his menacing words, Kenelm and his companions took some steps back.

Actually, the situation had been completely out of the control since they entered the cave.

For Kenelm and the other consummate True Gods, this was nothing but a thrilling, somewhat dangerous adventure. However, the strength of the group brought here by Tanner was completely beyond what they expected, and the soul force released by the ghost was even more terrifying.

If Kenelm had known that the ghost would become this powerful, then he might have eschewed the idea altogether.

Kenelm and the others had retreated, but Zen hadn't. No. 9527's voice played in his head, "These people cannot subdue the ghost. They'll all die here."

"Why?" Zen asked.

Zen felt strongly threatened by the soul force released by the ghost, but Allen seemed confident that he could subdue it.

"The Stinger Guard who arranged this tomb was evil," No. 9527 explained. "He didn't want his belongings to be destroyed, so he deliberately set up this array to turn a strand of his soul into a ghost. This ghost devours the souls of living people to improve his strength. Many people must have stumbled into this cave in the past few years, but very few of them have made it out alive. I'm afraid the ghost's strength can even become several times stronger."

Hearing these words, Zen was taken aback, and he ended up second-guessing his ability to take down the ghost. If the spirit's power became several times stronger, then he might not be able to fight back.

"It means that this cave is not a tomb, but a trap to improve the ghost's cultivation," said No. 9527 with finality.

Seeing Zen standing still and looking behind him, Artie assumed that the other man did not take him seriously. His face was filled with anger. "Where is Guido?" he demanded. "Answer me!"

As soon as he uttered these words, he transformed into a golden flash of light and flew toward Zen, leaving a golden shadow inside the cave. He waved his long golden stick and brandished it at Zen's head.

"Zen! Watch out!"

Kenelm was shocked at what he saw. He didn't know why Zen was in a daze at such a crucial moment.

Phew!

Artie dropped his stick. The golden stick shadow was mixed with some blue space fragments, which was a result of the Truth of Void Destruction. The incredible power contained in the strike was enough to destroy anything it touched.

Seeing the long golden stick coming at him, Zen reached out his right hand and grasped it tightly with a thud.

With several snaps, the space fragments around the long golden stick slashed at Zen's arm. Only some beams of golden light touched his arm, and it was not harmed in the slightest.

When Zen was in the divine land, his strength already far exceeded that of an ordinary consummate True God. He was able to fight a Holy Being head on.

Afterwards, with the power of the original will of the divine land at his disposal, even the masters at the Other Shore Realm were no match for him.

After leaving the divine land, he could not use the power of the original will and the supreme treasures of belief. However, a consummate True God like Artie was still no match for him.

Artie scoffed at Zen's foolish behavior inwardly, 'Doesn't he know that my powerful strike can cut him into pieces? He dared to grab my stick with his bare hand. What a fool.'

He was astounded to see Zen successfully take his stick into his hand unharmed.

Artie's eyes widened in shock. He could not believe that someone at the same cultivation level as him could take his full blow with a bare hand. Not even Allen could do that.

He raised his hands and tried to reclaim the long stick back from Zen's hand.

However, Zen seemed to be grasping it casually, and the long stick was firmly stuck to his hand and would not budge.

Zen glanced at Artie indifferently and raised the hand that was holding the long stick. Before Artie could let go, his body was lifted up by the long stick and was sent flying over a hundred feet before smashing into the wall of the cave.

Kenelm and his companions stared in shock, eyes wide, at what they had witnessed.

Kenelm finally realized that Zen had defeated Guido not because of sheer luck or the other's flaws. His strength was far beyond that of the other consummate True Gods at his cultivation level.

Zen came from a land outside of the Source World. Was he a talent of a great race in the chaos? Kenelm's mind came up with a guess.

Not far away, the purple-robed man had his two jade hooks firmly locked to the ghost. The jade hooks seemed to be specifically used to suppress evil spirits. After the ghost was hooked, it issued hissing sounds, as if the soul was being burned.

The ghost moaned and seemed to choke out its last gasp.

"You may be wrong. He appears to have subdued the ghost," Zen said.

"I was mistaken?" No. 9527 asked, surprised. "That's impossible. Although I don't know how the tomb and its traps are arranged, I, as a soul, am more sensitive about such things than you." It calmly proceeded to instruct Zen, "Look at the sword on the tomb."

Zen's gaze was once again focused on the cyan sword. He saw a light flicker across the sword, and the moribund ghost suddenly swelled up.

Just as No. 9527 had speculated, a soul force that was more than four or five times stronger burst forth from the ghost.

Chapter 2987 To Destroy The Tomb

The soul force of the ghost continued to grow. As it increased gradually, so did its strength. Shortly after, it became as powerful as a warrior at the Other Shore Realm.

The fierce soul aura of the ghost surged violently throughout the cave, causing people to tremble in fear.

"Clap! Clap!"

The two fire chains holding the ghost collapsed in an instant!

Its power was so terrifying that it dragged the two consummate True Gods across the ground like rag dolls. Showing no signs of mercy, it threw them in its mouth and broke their necks.

The man in purple watched all this unravel in horror. His face changed color dramatically. He gently twisted his body in the air and moved backward in an attempt to retreat.

Despite the intense atmosphere, the man in purple refused to panic. He remained calm and composed. It came as no surprise since he came from a noble clan.

However, the ghost had no intention of letting him go. It wanted to feed on anything that moved. The ghost began charging towards the man at an alarming speed. It attempted to block the man's path by spreading its arms wide, leaving him nowhere to go.

As he was cornered, the man's expression turned serious. He stared at the ghost with no hint of fear in his eyes. And then, a small seed exploded above his head!

"The Latent Theurgy!"

The man was a descendant of a large clan in the Gracious Province. His clan had made sure he remained unscathed. For his protection, they had planted the Latent Theurgy in case his life was ever in danger and he needed to make a quick escape.

As the seed exploded, a shadow of a beautiful woman emerged from it. She curled her body and began to sing a strange song. It was like she was protecting the man from the ghost.

As the woman sang, the sound waves surrounded the man's head like ripples. They continued to grow till they enveloped the man in the shape of a sphere with a radius of one hundred feet. The sphere acted as an impenetrable force field for him, keeping him away from harm.

The ghost was ferocious and enraged. It continued its attempts to break through the sphere of sound. Every blow of the ghost formed waves on the sphere but failed to weaken it. It was almost invincible.

The man in purple knew the sphere wouldn't hold for long, it came with a time limit. The Latent Theurgy would soon wear off. He knew he had to act fast. The internal momentum began to spread out of his body as he attempted to perform the Grand Teleportation technique in hopes of escaping from this place. But, the moment the space fluctuation condensed before him, the ghost let out a loud cry.

The cry was so loud that it pierced through everyone's souls, and even Zen felt dizzy. The people standing behind him screamed in agony as they could not endure it. Shortly after, the people rolled their eyes and collapsed on the ground. They covered their ears desperately but it was to no avail. It felt like their ears were bleeding from the sharp noise.

The man in purple remained in the clutches of the ghost as it roared out. The sphere of sound was not able to block out the cries of the ghost, and the man screamed out in pain from the shrieking noise. When the noise reached towards his soul, a soul weapon planted in his chest shattered into pieces from the impact. Suddenly, the space channel he just formed scattered everywhere!

The man in purple realized the ghost had bested him. His vision began to blur as his head felt dizzy from the aftereffects of the cry. Even so, he didn't give up. He gritted his teeth and continued to perform the Grand Teleportation technique.

However, when the space channel began to form again, the ghost let out another sharp cry.

This time, the man's head hung loosely from his neck, He had passed out. The shadow of the woman above his head remained, and she continued to sing for his protection.

But the Latent Theurgy could only be used once and it only lasted for a short while. Not long after, the shadow of the woman began getting dimmer and dimmer. Her tone of singing got lower and lower, till she was almost inaudible.

Once the effects of the Latent Theurgy wore off, the man would be left vulnerable and at the mercy of the ghost.

At this moment, No. 9527's voice resounded in Zen's mind, "It's time to make a move!"

With Zen's current soul, he was unable to withstand the ghost. If it weren't for No. 9527's existence, he would have already left.

No. 9527 continued to guide Zen from his mind. It had told him that although the ghost was fierce, it relied on soul force that came from the tomb. If the tomb was destroyed, the ghost would perish along with it.

Zen listened intently at No. 9527's words. He then nodded to himself and began descending towards the tomb.

As he approached the tomb, a sharp sword radiance appeared to emit from the cyan sword.

The sword radiance was as bright as sunlight flickering at the hint of dawn. It carried immense power and dashed toward Zen's head.

"It's... the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent?" Zen's eyes widened as he stared at it with wonder.

There was no way that the man in purple and his companions did not see the tomb.

They had also initially planned on knocking down the tomb. However, it turned out to be an extremely powerful array, which was why they attempted to eliminate the ghost instead.

As a warrior at the Other Shore Realm, the Stinger Guard had been dead for countless years.

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent hidden in the cyan sword grew weak over time.

Even today, the sword intent urged by the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent still couldn't be underestimated. It held overwhelming power within it. As Zen flew close to the surface, he suddenly clapped his hands on the ground and turned his body to avoid the sword radiance. At the same time, the Soaring Snake Sword appeared in his hand.

"Swish!"

"Ways-blending Strike!"

Zen exclaimed as he slashed at the sword radiance released from the cyan sword with the Ways-blending Strike which made his sword also emit sword radiance.

The impact of the two rays of sword radiance clashing against each other was strong and loud. The sword radiance that burst out from their contact was as bright as the sun. With the strong surges of energy spreading far and wide, Zen had no choice but to retreat and rush up again once the energy dissipated.

Just as Zen began charging towards the tomb for another attempt, the woman singing above the man's head disappeared. The moment she left, the sphere of sound faded along with it. Without wasting a moment, the ghost swallowed the man whole.

The noise coming from the tomb alerted the ghost and it turned its attention towards Zen. It glared at him from a distance and watched him charge towards the tomb in an attempt to smash it. The ghost let out a wild scream. The tomb was its home and it was not going to allow anyone to touch it.

As it screamed sharply, it quickly rushed towards Zen.

It used its screams to destabilize Zen till it reached him. The loud sound of shrieks made Zen's soul tremble as it weakened. He struggled to charge forward trying his best to ignore it. It was not hard for him to beat ferocious beasts. But in this case, the ghost was all soul. It proved more challenging for him since his Soul of Light was far weaker compared to his body. He did not want to imagine the consequences of being caught by the ghost. He was in no position to give up either. He kept advancing despite the approaching threat.

At this moment, Zen exerted all his remaining strength into performing the Truth of Cultivation Nature. He moved as gracefully as a swallow flying into the dense forest, dodging the sword radiance released by the cyan sword from time to time.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

As the cyan sword drew closer to him, a green light flickered on the surface of the ancient sword. A dozen of rays of sword radiance spread out in all directions, quickly turning into a net of the sword to envelop Zen's body.

As the net rushed to trap him and the ghost chased after him, Zen became confused. He ultimately lost his balance while twisting his body, causing him to smash into the net.

"Aaah!"

Zen felt a sting of pain as he supported his right shoulder with his left arm. He groaned in pain and struggled to get back on his feet. There was a deep wound on Zen's right shoulder all the way to his back. Blood spilled out from his wound as he stumbled to maintain his balance.

He looked ahead with a pained expression to see that the tomb was right in front of him. It was a small price to pay to get to his destination.

Chapter 2988 Cleaning Up

Without hesitation, Zen had already grabbed the handle of the cyan sword with his left hand.

As he held the sword handle tightly in his fingers, a repulsive force began to spread out from it. Zen was being so careless that he nearly let the sword slip out of his hand.

As he activated the strength source, his left hand firmly gripped the sword, like an iron clamp. As he performed this action, Zen roared in his mind, "It's your turn to make a move!"

The sclerite on Zen's chest flashed lightly, and No. 9527 entered the long sword at once.

"Ha-ha..."

The ghost followed closely behind, rushing toward Zen as quickly as it could.

Beneath the terrifying and evil pressure coming from the soul's aura, Zen could hardly breathe.

Simultaneously, Zen had been forced into a corner, and there was almost no way out. Even if he used the Grand Teleportation, he knew he'd still be interrupted by the ghost. The scene of how the man in purple's life ended was still very fresh in his mind.

If No. 9527 was incapable of dealing with the cyan sword, Zen's life would probably end in the same way. He looked very nervous, and with absolute reason.

"Ahoo!"

As the ghost howled, its dark brown arms extended toward Zen in an attempt to grab him, giving no forewarning whatsoever. Zen suddenly realized that the repulsive force emitting from the sword handle had disappeared, and the ghost's body had also frozen in midair, completely motionlessly.

There were certain, rather specific reasons for the formation of most evil ghosts. The main reason was that people's souls contained both obsession and hatred, which intertwined with each other, causing the remnant souls to lose themselves and become abnormally vicious.

Once the obsession disappeared, however, the evil ghosts would lose their meaning of existence.

No. 9527 understood the reason why this ghost was formed, which was also why it let Zen take the risk. As soon as it entered the cyan sword and wiped off the Stinger Guard's obsession, the ghost's ferocious aura dissipated in an instant.

The originally fierce and evil ghost actually transformed itself into a pure soul force. The hazel aura dispersed in all directions at once.

"What the hell are you doing? It has swallowed countless souls! Its soul force is strong and pure. Its effect is even better than that of the soul pills. Absorb it quickly," No. 9527 urged.

It wasn't until Zen saw the soul force flowing in all directions that he realized its genuine value. With a flash of his eyes, his soul transformed into tentacles and he spread them outward, beginning to absorb the soul force around him.

In the matter of just a few seconds, Zen had absorbed all of the pure soul force!

Because the soul force was extremely pure, it didn't reject in the slightest Zen's soul, quickly making his Soul of Light even stronger.

After absorbing the soul force, Zen immediately felt freshened. Even his ears and eyes became more sensitive. His senses had peaked.

"Just moments ago, everything was so dangerous. If you couldn't get rid of the cyan sword's obsession, I might just have died here today," Zen said.

"How is that even possible? It's just a remnant soul from an Other Shore Realm warrior," No. 9527 grumbled in a disdainful tone.

Zen smiled helplessly. It was easy for it to say that, sure, but breaking the obsession was much more complicated than it was making it sound.

He held the cyan sword confidently in his hand and studied it carefully. He turned the weapon over and over again, observing its every angle. It was a good sword, but it seemed to have eroded over time and thus had little value to Zen.

Then, he checked the clothes in the tomb. As he flipped through the clothes, an octagonal copper sheet dropped to the floor.

The copper sheet was about the size of a palm. It looked ordinary, but Zen picked it up in his hand immediately in order to get a closer look. The small, fine lines in the middle of the copper sheet extended to all directions, seemingly following some unknown rule. Zen observed the small copper-colored sheet for a long while and still, he remained clueless.

There was nothing else in the tomb. Aside from some clothes, there was only the small copper sheet that was kept here. Zen could only assume that it should have some kind of origin, and therefore he put it into his space ring.

It was at that point that Zen looked at the three corpses lying on the ground not far away. With only a light move of his body, he took the things stored in their Sumeru Spaces. Although Zen had countless divine crystals with him, he knew he couldn't solve everything with them. If he could find something useful from the corpses, he might save himself a little trouble.

In addition to these three corpses, Zen had also knocked Artie out, who was now equally lying on the ground, half-dead.

And Tanner, the warrior who attracted the man in purple to come here, had passed out due to the roar from the ghost in the tomb, lying motionless on the ground.

He would leave these two people to Kenelm, letting him decide their fate instead.

When he finished all the things he needed to do, he awakened Kenelm and all the others.

The ghost's roar in the graveyard contained powerful soul attacks. Although they had the Souls of Light, they were far from capable of resisting soul attacks of that level.

They'd waken up now, but they still held their heads with their hands and looked miserable for a while.

Kenelm was the first of the group to recover. When he opened his eyes and saw the scene in the cave, he was shocked. "Uh, is that ghost in the tomb really dead?" he asked.

Zen nodded silently.

"Man, I thought I was doomed." Surprise was written all over his face. "Did you kill the ghost, Zen?"

Zen shook his head in denial. "I don't have the ability to kill it. A few moments ago, the man in purple activated the Latent Theurgy before he died, which in turn, severely injured the ghost. The ghost then killed him."

The truth didn't matter now - no one had seen what had happened just before, and Zen naturally wouldn't admit that it was him who killed the ghost.

"With such a powerful Latent Theurgy, the man in purple must have an extraordinary background," said Kenelm, with a cautious look on his face.

Although the Gracious Province was a remote place, Kenelm couldn't afford to offend any of the big clans. If the big clans were to find out about what happened today, they would be in deep trouble.

"We have no choice but to dispose of the bodies and get rid of the evidence," said one of Kenelm's friends.

Although they weren't strong enough, they were all clear-minded. Cleaning everything up and wiping the traces down were a means of survival.

"And Tanner must also die!" As Kenelm glanced at Tanner, who was lying on the ground, flames of anger burned in his eyes. All the things that had happened were caused by him. He naturally had to vent his anger on him; it was to be expected.

After Kenelm ended Tanner's life and someone else killed Artie, they put all the corpses together and burned them to ashes.

At once, their gazes fell on the cyan sword!

"After the death of any Stinger Guard of the Sword Light Palace, if anyone packs their effects and returns them to the Sword Light Palace, they could obtain the qualification for joining the Sword Light Palace. Let's take these belongings and long sword back to the Excellence City and report to the Sword Light Palace," said Kenelm eagerly.

Although he listened to the others speak, Zen didn't say anything.

Before coming here, he had heard Kenelm say such things. That said though, he was suspicious of this rumor.

If this Sword Light Palace really was some famous force, how could they use this method for selecting disciples to join them?

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2989 The Secret Of The Copper Sheet

Doubts continued to linger inside Zen's mind. However, he didn't say anything when he saw how pleased Kenelm and the others were.

After all, they had worked hard to get the tomb. The last thing Zen wanted was to pour cold water on them. Additionally, he didn't know much about the Source World. Perhaps the Sword Light Palace had truly set such a weird kind of rule.

Afterward, Kenelm immediately collected the belongings of the Stinger Guard. Then, they left the underground cave and hurriedly returned to the Excellence City.

Later that day, Kenelm hosted a fantastic banquet at the biggest restaurant in the Excellence City. Zen had already made up his mind that he would refuse to join the banquet. However, Kenelm's kind words changed his mind as he finally accepted the invitation.

"I have entrusted a caravan to send the news about the tomb to the Sword Light Palace. With their great efficiency, they'll certainly complete the task almost immediately. I believe that it won't take long before they come to the Excellence City." Kenelm raised his cup as a sign of respect. Afterward, he looked at Zen with sincere eyes. "If it hadn't been for you, we would not have been able to enter that cave. Thank you very much!"

After he said such kind remarks, Kenelm pulled his cup towards his mouth and gulped the wine.

An appreciative smile was revealed in Zen's face as he followed Kenelm's toast.

After the toast, a friend of Kenelm said in a curious tone, "I really want to know the star class of the owner of the tomb."

The Stinger Guards were similar to the Nine Li Guards and the Yellow Emperor Guards. However, the Sword Light Palace was still inferior to the super forces like the Bearing race and the Nine Li race.

"Is it really that important?" Zen asked curiously. With creased eyebrows, he looked at the speaker with confusion.

Almost immediately, Kenelm blinked his eyes and answered seriously, "Of course it is! If the owner of the tomb was a one-star Stinger Guard, his belongings can be exchanged for a place in the Sword Light Palace. If he was a two-star Stinger Guard, that means we can have two places. Moreover, if he was a five-star Stinger Guard..."

The eyes of the audience lit up as they heard the remarks from Kenelm.

They were already aware of the rules of the Sword Light Palace. The rewards from the rules were the main reason why they risked their lives to follow Kenelm in search of the tomb.

That was an opportunity they couldn't miss. They were currently consummate True Gods. If they could join the Sword Light Palace, their future would definitely be bright. With the abundant resources of the Sword Light Palace, it would be possible for them to enter the Sea of Truth and reach the Other Shore Realm.

Nonetheless, Zen maintained his composure and remained calm. Truth to be told, he wasn't really interested in the Sword Light Palace.

In his long adventure in the divine land, he had already met the powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm like Timotheus and Emily. Even with their enhanced strength, Zen didn't think they were that big of a deal. Moreover, he had already stepped into the Sea of Truth. Therefore, the resources of the Sword Light Palace didn't pique his interest.

After the banquet, Zen returned to the house arranged by Kenelm. With a wave of his hand, he cast an enchanted barrier to separate himself from the outside world.

After he was sure that he couldn't be disturbed or spied on, Zen took out a few space rings that previously belonged to Allen and his men.

Kenelm and his companions knew that Zen had taken away those rings, but they said nothing. If it wasn't for Zen's help, they wouldn't have succeeded. Therefore, they thought the several space rings were rightfully his rewards.

It took a while, but Zen eventually sorted out all the things in the space rings. The treasures of Allen's men were all very ordinary. They only had twenty divine crystals in total. Other people might view such loot as a large fortune, but Zen wasn't impressed by it.

However, Allen's space ring had several extraordinary objects. A sword as thin as a cicada's wings was one of the treasures. When the sword was pulled out, a tinge of cold air was emitted, which was about to condense into something.

Although Zen possessed the Soaring Snake Sword, he couldn't use it most of the time. Allen's sword would definitely be a fine replacement for the time being.

In addition to the majestic sword, Zen had also found some special magic weapons and over a thousand divine crystals.

Compared to Zen's wealth, such a loot was already too common to mention. However, Allen was already rich compared to the consummate True Gods of his level.

Finally, Zen took out the octagonal copper sheet. With curious eyes, he studied it carefully. After a while, he asked with creased eyebrows, "No. 9527, do you know what it is?"

"No, sorry. I don't know what that is," answered No. 9527 almost immediately.

Although it knew many secrets and information that most people did not know, it still had its limits. It was rather impossible for it to know everything since the world was very complicated.

Without a useful answer from No. 9527, Zen's curiosity heightened. With caution, he put his finger on the surface of the copper sheet. Then, he gently tapped his fingertip. A drop of blood immediately dripped and quickly slipped down. However, he still didn't find anything unusual.

Afterward, he channeled the internal momentum onto the lines of the copper sheet. Nonetheless, the copper sheet remained unresponsive.

After he thought for a while, an idea brightened up Zen's mind. With a smirk on his face, he took out a divine crystal.

The divine crystals were used to feed the Other Shore Tokens. Zen learned such a technique when he was in the divine land. Since the True Gods didn't have the Other Shore Tokens, the divine crystals could only be used as a currency in trades.

Zen put the divine crystal in front of him. Afterward, he grabbed it with two fingers and pinched it gently. With a click, blue energy flowed out of it like water.

It might be a waste to use the divine crystal that way. However, out of mere curiosity, Zen was more than willing to try it.

When the blue energy flowed on the copper sheet, it was immediately absorbed by the symmetrical lines on the sheet's surface.

As he witnessed the absorption of the blue energy, Zen couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. It seemed that his hunch was correct.

Buzz!

A slight tremble of the copper sheet separated the lines from its surface.

Afterward, the lines constantly moved to form an extremely complicated map. In the center of the map was a golden mark which looked like a Sanskrit word.

"What map is this? Where is this? Why is there a golden Sanskrit word in it?" There was a strange expression in Zen's eyes. Confusion seemed to overwhelm him.

With sharp eyes, Zen carefully studied the map. After some time, he finally asked, "No. 9527, do you know where this map..."

"No, I don't," No. 9527 replied decidedly even before Zen could finish his words.

Disappointment enveloped Zen as he pursed his lips. It seemed that he had to figure out the origin of the octagonal copper sheet by himself.

He didn't know what the golden Sanskrit word meant, but he could turn to his son for help. Geoffrey was still in his inner world, and he should be able to figure out the meaning of the golden Sanskrit word. He had to put the copper sheet into his inner world and ask Geoffrey to study it.

Two days later, a silver flying ship suddenly streaked through the dark sky and appeared in the air above the Excellence City.

It scanned the area and checked the direction before it berthed at a dock next to the East Port.

Click!

An old man in a fur robe appeared from the ship. A furious aura enveloped him as he came down from the ship. His face was darkened with anger.

A guard behind the old man came forward and saluted. With a respectful voice, he said, "Master Baber, although the Excellence City is a remote and small city, the people and their relationships are complex here. It is difficult to find Master Allen."

When the old man heard Allen's name, pain appeared in his eyes. His eyelids trembled a few times as his confusion seemed to settle. After a while, he said, "Go and buy news from the Mice League! We have to find this murderer by any means!"

Chapter 2990 Revenge

The guard's eyes widened; he couldn't hide his surprise at the old man's words. "Master Baber, is it not better if we go to the Cyan Brocade Plain first?"

The Mice League did not carry a good reputation in the Source World. It was rare for anyone to buy news from the Mice League, only if they were left with no choice. Moreover, the old man Baber Qi already had the location where his grandson died. It was more logical to investigate there first.

Baber Qi's nostrils flared. He was very anxious to get revenge. However, the words of the guard made sense. Swallowing his anger, he said, "Okay. Let's go to the Cyan Brocade Plain first."

Whoosh! They hastily took their leave.

Baber Qi chose to pass through Excellence City directly.

As he flew past the Excellence City, he didn't even try to restrain his aura. A fierce killing intent permeated the atmosphere of the whole city, attracting the attention of the divine citizens living there.

"What a powerful Other Shore Realm warrior! He is so aggressive!"

"Will something bad happen to the Excellence City?"

"Don't worry. Even if the powerful warrior were to do something to the city, I'm sure our city lord will protect us."

Although many Other Shore Realm warriors would visit the Excellence City, the vast majority of them would stay in the East Port. Seldom did they stay at the poverty-stricken Excellence City. It was even more out of the blue for a powerful warrior like Baber Qi to fly past the city without restraining their killing intent.

In the city lord's mansion situated at the center of the city, a middle-aged man with a pot belly sensed the killing intent in the atmosphere. His expression darkened.

Although the Excellence City was but a small and poor land, no Other Shore Realm warrior dared challenge the entire city like this before. As he looked up at the sky, he squinted thoughtfully. "Baber Qi? Who managed to piss him off?"

Although there was no super force in the Gracious Province, there were still some powerful clans.

The Qi Clan, led by Baber Qi, was one of them. The Qi Clan was located in the center of Gracious Province, and had been well managed by Baber Qi over the years.

The city lord bore this in mind as Baber Qi flew through his city. In the end, he decided to let the warrior pass through the Excellence City without conflict.

Shortly thereafter, Baber Qi made it to the Cyan Brocade Plain. He was accompanied by multitudes of guards.

Although the cave on the Cyan Brocade Plain was very secluded, it was not difficult to pinpoint the exact place, as they had already confirmed the location prior. After some scouting, one of the guards rushed to Baber Qi. "Master Baber, we found the cave!"

"Let's go." In a flash, Baber Qi entered the cave.

They hadn't been in the cave long when Baber Qi's eyes flashed as he spotted something on the stone wall. He reached out to knock on it. Sure enough, he pulled out a small creature from a crevice on the stone wall.

The guard next to him glanced at what he was doing. "It's a Noxious Army Ant raised by Guido. We've found the exact place."

Baber Qi rubbed his two fingers together, squishing the Noxious Army Ant. A green shadow shrouded his hand, giving him the strength to press even harder on the ant.

Even a consummate True God would have difficulty killing a Noxious Army Ant. Baber Qi, however, crushed it to pieces with a simple pinch.

"Allen always hung around with these shady characters. That was why he ended up like this!" Baber Qi exclaimed with a click of his tongue as he headed deeper into the cave.

After a short while, they reached the innermost part of the cave.

Prior to their arrival, Zen had burned the corpses of those consummate True Gods so as to destroy the evidence. Only traces of messy fighting were left.

Baber Qi looked around as he stood at the position of the tomb. He closed his eyes, lost in his thoughts. Suddenly, his eyes shot open, his expression darkening. "There seemed to have been a powerful ghost here. How did my grandson manage to offend such a ghost?"

He initially thought his grandson had been murdered. However, the evidence pointed towards his death being caused by a ghost. This news calmed him down somewhat.

Another guard lowered his head and said, "If a ghost killed Mister Allen, it would be impossible for the ghost to destroy his body."

Baber Qi nodded gravely. "Maybe Allen's friends were afraid I would take revenge, and ran away with his body. Or perhaps the body was destroyed by someone else." He paused for a while. "Let's go to the Mice League. I must find my grandson's body!"

Exiting the cave, the group of warriors returned to Excellence City. Without any hesitation, they headed straight for the Mice League.

Meanwhile, a huge flying ship of more than ten thousand feet wide arrived at the East Port of the Excellence City. Four figures in cyan materialized from the flying ship—three men and a woman.

The woman's face was a deathly pale, and her figure shuddered from fatigue. It could easily be seen that she was weak. As she staggered forward, it was as though she was a walking corpse. Even so, there was a morbid beauty about her.

The four people who dismounted the flying ship were all powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm. However, the status of the woman was obviously much higher than that of the three men.

"I wonder who Kenelm Lai is?" the woman said weakly. "Let's go to the city lord's mansion and ask him about it."

A handsome man bowed before her, his hands folded neatly in front of him. "I will lead the way for you."

The woman nodded slightly, and without any further hesitation, they headed to the city lord.

Meanwhile, Baber Qi and his warriors had made it to the Mice League's house. He tossed a thousand divine crystals in the direction of the Ear Mouse.

The Mice League members always treated people differently according to their social standing. If a consummate True God and an Other Shore Realm warrior came to buy the same piece of news, the difference in price was huge.

Baber Qi knew this. He could have sent his guards to buy the news, but he wanted to hear the news himself, for the sake of his grandson.

After the Ear Mouse took in these divine crystals, a magic array was finally presented in front of Baber Qi. It was the scene of his grandson entering the cave.

"I want to see the result," Baber Qi said in a low voice.

The Ear Mouse nodded and then squeaked, "A powerful soul pressure burst out from this cave. We, the mice, could not get close, so we were unable to catch everything. But you should be interested in the following scenes."

Then Baber Qi saw the scene wherein Kenelm and the others burned the corpses.

Baber Qi snorted angrily. He whipped out a bunch of divine crystals and threw them in front of the Ear Mouse. "Tell me where they are."

Baber Qi left the Mice League and headed straight to a place in the Excellence City with his guards.

Whoosh!

Baber Qi directly flew down from thousands of feet high, landing on the place where Kenelm lived. It was a large house. However, the moment Baber Qi set foot in the house, all the rooms collapsed in an instant. The ground cracked, forming crevices reminiscent of a spider's web.

"Kenelm Lai! Get your ass over here!" Baber Qi roared, and a stream of air spread out in all directions. Cracks suddenly snaked their way through the houses surrounding Kenelm's. The divine citizens living here suddenly grew deaf from the sheer force of Baber Qi's energy, blood gushing out of their ears.

Kenelm had been hanging about with Zen these days. At this moment, the two of them were having a chat over a cup of tea in the backyard. Zen had been eager to learn something about the Gracious Province and the Source World.

All of a sudden, when they saw the house collapse in front of them, both immediately fell silent. Their expressions darkened as they locked eyes with the figure emanating a fierce killing intent in front of them.

Chapter 2991 A Fight

Fortunately, Kenelm lived alone in his house, far from his family.

If other people had been living there, they would all have died, crushed under Baber's feet.

As Kenelm looked over at the old man a small distance away, he realized that Baber was a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm.

He could not understand why this old man hated him so much. He racked his brain for any way he could have offended him, but Zen's voice cut his thoughts short. "This person is probably a relative of the man in purple," Zen said seriously.

Pulling a long face, Kenelm frowned.

He relaxed his face within a few seconds, however, consoling himself with the thought that he hadn't, after all, killed the man in purple.

Knowing that there was no way for him to escape, he had no choice but to step forward. He cupped his hands and said to the old man, "Sir, my name is Kenelm Lai. Forgive me if it is due to a lapse in my memory, but I don't think we have ever met before. I am wondering why you came to me..."

Baber had spent the past few days in a blind rage since he learned of his grandson's death.

He could only speculate who or what had actually killed his grandson. He thought it might have been the ghost. However, no matter what the true identity of the killer was, he knew for a fact that the dead body of his grandson had been destroyed by Kenelm and his friends. That was enough for Baber to desire their deaths.

Before the shaking Kenelm could even finish his sentence, a green shadow, shaped like a human hand, appeared on Baber's own right hand. The shadow reached out towards Kenelm, who immediately felt an intense pressure on his entire body.

Kenelm was completely paralyzed. Then, he was pulled towards the old man like metal to a magnet.

As Kenelm was being pulled forward, Zen stepped forward and harnessed the strength source within his body. He touched Kenelm lightly with one hand, using the Power Shaping to form an invisible piece of armor which pinned him to the ground.

Baber looked shocked. He had not expected to fail in such a simple task.

Even Baber's guards, who usually showed no emotion, looked surprised.

"Master Baber didn't use all of his strength, did he?" one of them asked.

"This brat actually has the power to resist?"

"Nice try, boy. Don't be too confident in your pathetic skills."

These guards were hand-picked from the elites of the Qi Clan. Most of them were also consummate True Gods that had entered the Sea of Truth, and they were almost on par with Zen in cultivation level. They were curious to see how Zen was able to resist Baber's magnetic pull.

"Sir, if you have a score to settle with Kenelm, you can tell us first. Why would you want to fight him?" Zen said dismissively.

Although Baber was surprised at Zen's strength, Zen's words were not enough to stop him. "Huh, why should I explain myself to you, or anyone?" he scoffed.

The green palm shadow on his right hand flitted slightly, and a strong aura bloomed from it.

"The aura of the Other Shore Token and divine crystals..."

Zen murmured. As he watched the aura spread, he raised his eyebrows.

He had met many powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm and he could tell immediately that the green hand shadow the old man was using was his Other Shore Token.

However, this token was much weaker than those demonstrated by Emily and the others.

Nevertheless, Baber was a force to contend with. The pressure from the blooming aura was very high, even to Zen.

Kenelm, meanwhile, stood still, his face ashen.

The tomb was his only chance, possibly, to climb the social ladder and enter a large sect. Even though he had obtained it accidentally, he had gotten himself into big trouble. If the Other Shore Realm master decided to kill him, there would be no escaping death.

Unbeknownst to him, some True Gods were hiding in the buildings surrounding Kenelm's now destroyed house, observing the scene that now unfolded. They all somehow felt sympathy for him, even though they were not friends. Being residents of the Excellence City, they more or less knew Kenelm, a consummate True God.

Swish!

The green hand shadow suddenly expanded like a devil's claw, before sweeping down, aiming at Kenelm's head.

Kenelm stood with baited breath, eyes closed, resigned to accepting his apparently inevitable death. However, instead of the fatal blow he was expecting to his head, he felt a hand grab him by the shoulder. With a flash of his eyes, Zen had pulled Kenelm back by the shoulder, forcibly launching him backwards, away from the huge green hand about to deliver the death blow.

"Ways-blending Energy!"

The colorful burst of energy quickly took the shape of a palm that then hurtled towards the hand shadow.

At the sight of Zen's retaliation to his attack, Baber's lips contorted into a sarcastic grimace. 'Does a pathetic consummate True God like him really think he has a chance against me? I am an Other Shore Realm warrior! How naive!' he thought to himself.

Although Baber was only in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, there was a large gap in understanding and control of energy between an Other Shore Realm warrior and a True God.

The second the palms of the two hands touched each other in midair, Zen's was crushed as easily as if it were made of paper or dry weeds. The old man's power turned out to be invincible.

Nobody looked surprised. Zen, however, did not give up. Staring at the palm in the air, he gave a single command. "Break!"

Bang!

When crushed like this, the Ways-blending Energy lost a lot of its power. It could only release its destructive power when unrestrained.

The moment Zen's palm broke, it emitted a streak of blinding light which engulfed Baber's palm shadow completely.

Meanwhile, in the city lord's mansion, the lord of the Excellence City was taken aback at the sight of the pale-faced woman. He immediately hurried forward and bowed to her. "Master Laura, we are honored to have you, but may I ask why you are here?" he asked, not even daring to look up at her. "Are you leaving the Source World?"

There was the chaos beyond the Source World.

He could not, for the life of him, imagine a reason why this woman would ever want to come his small city. So he reasoned that she was just passing through, probably taking a shortcut to the Wild Goose Pass.

"A man called Kenelm Lai discovered the tomb of a Stinger Guard," she said calmly, with a glance at the bowing lord. "I am here to take him back. So, take me to meet him."

'The tomb of a Stinger Guard?' the lord thought, perplexed.

Realizing the importance and urgency of this woman's mission, the city lord immediately sent his men after Kenelm, or at least news of him. After he had done that, he led the woman to the west of the city.

At the midpoint of their journey, they encountered a burst of light, bright and intense as a solar flare.

The aura of the energy coming off this light was very strange. The city lord thought for a second that it seemed to be similar to an internal momentum created by a True God, but it also seemed much more powerful than that.

When the pale-faced woman and the three men in cyan saw the light, they also looked confused.

"What kind of theurgy is this?" one of them said.

"It's not the internal momentum of an Other Shore Realm warrior. It seems to be a True God's," said another.

"What Godly Way is it? It's so powerful!"

These Other Shore Realm warriors had also been True Gods once. However, to them, cultivating the Godly Ways was a formality, a mere means to reach the Other Shore Realm. It was no surprise that they had little understanding of the energy of the Godly Ways.

"It is the Ways-blending Energy," the pale-faced woman said in a low voice. Her eyes glimmered with curiosity. "And whoever is responsible for this seems to have blended a great many of Godly Ways together."

Chapter 2992 Go To Hell

The masters who had reached the Other Shore Realm more or less knew about the fusion of the Godly Ways.

The fusion of the Godly Ways did increase the strength of the True Gods, but at that point there was a better choice for them, which was to reach the Other Shore. Who would waste time on this kind of a thing?

Occasionally, there would be a few talents who tried to merge three to five Godly Ways, but these were just casual attempts. Their only goal was to test their own talents. Later, they would concentrate on the Truth of Godly Way.

The pale-faced woman had never seen so many Godly Ways merged together. She estimated that there must be at least a thousand of them. She had never seen anyone in the Sword Light Palace who was able to cultivate so many Godly Ways.

"Who the hell are fighting in the Excellence City?" the lord of the Excellence City demanded. He sped up and carried forward as he didn't care about the fusion of the Godly Ways.

The small Excellence City was under his jurisdiction.

After being thrown out by Zen, Kenelm landed heavily on the ground. When he got up and looked around, he found that the place before him was enveloped in strong light.

When the light gradually dissipated, his eyes widened in amazement. Not far away, Zen stood still, and the green hand of the old man disappeared without a trace.

'I can't believe that this guy is able to bear the theurgy of an opponent at the Other Shore Realm!' he thought in disbelief.

The guards brought by Baber all took a deep breath. The seemingly inconspicuous consummate True God had single-handedly blocked Baber's attack. Baber had used his Other Shore Token and it was an all-out blow from a master at the Other Shore Realm.

Baber, who was standing in front of Zen, was more shocked than anyone else. His Emerald Palm Shadow was also a good Other Shore Token. He was very confident of the power of the attack that he had just aimed at Zen, but the attack was soon defended by the young warrior who was a mere True God.

His face was as white as a sheet.

On the other hand, Zen's expression was as calm as usual. After all, he had killed several warriors at the Other Shore Realm in the divine land. Even someone as powerful as Clement had been killed by Zen. Of course, he had relied on the power of the divine land itself to kill Clement.

However, just because Zen was able to block the old man's attack did not mean he could win. He had no choice but to fight back just now.

"Great! How dare you, a mere True God, challenge me!"

Baber's countenance returned to normal, and a hint of danger was evident in his old eyes.

Zen lifted his feet, preparing to flee. He knew that the old man was serious. If he couldn't defeat the old man, he would have to escape.

In truth, he was not really afraid of the old man. It was not easy for the old warrior to defeat Zen either, especially since Zen had the Latent Theurgies as hidden weapons.

Just then, Kenelm suddenly rushed to stand between him and Zen to protect Zen. He shouted, "Zen, you'd better flee quickly. I am responsible for this disaster after all, and it has nothing to do with you!"

Zen was slightly moved by Kenelm's gesture. Although Kenelm was not a powerful man, he was loyal to his friends.

"Neither of you can leave!" Baber spat. How could he let them escape?

He raised his hands gently and two green palm shadows appeared on his hands once more. The power that emanated from them was fiercer than before.

Just as Baber was about to make his move, a woman in a cyan robe gently floated down from the air. Her pale lips parted, and she said weakly, "May I know who Kenelm Lai is? I have heard that he has obtained the personal effects of our deceased Stinger Guard."

The look on Baber's face suddenly changed when he heard this voice.

The Gracious Province was a small one, so they didn't have any super big force. The talented people in the province therefore hoped to join the Sword Light Palace in the neighboring province. The legend of the Stinger Guards had spread throughout the Gracious Province.

When Baber got news from the Mice League, he also spotted the Stinger Guard's tomb and his cyan sword.

His purpose of coming to Kenelm was to avenge his grandson. But at the same time, he also needed to find the Stinger Guard's personal effects. However, this was a serious matter, so he would not share this information with others.

However, people from the Sword Light Palace arrived before he could kill Kenelm. It all happened so fast!

Baber frowned and made an instant decision. He stretched out his hands gently, and those two dark green hand shadows crawled towards Kenelm like two great pythons. It was obvious that the old man planned to kill Kenelm before the people from the Sword Light Palace found out who Kenelm was.

However, Kenelm was such a stubborn man that he would rather die than drag Zen into this. He stayed put, unwilling to leave.

Zen was about to throw Kenelm out again when the eyes of the woman flashed slightly. No one saw her use any theurgy, but the two green palm shadows released by Baber vanished without a trace.

This kind of turn of events was quite strange, and even Zen was stunned.

The pale-faced woman glanced at Baber and said angrily, "Trying to kill someone in front of me? How dare you! Fine! Go to hell!"

Everyone heard her weak voice. It was a voice that didn't make them feel threatened, but instead it soothed them.

But it had the opposite effect on Baber. She intended to kill him, though this was the first time they had met.

He paused for a while before raising his head and announcing, "I'm from the Qi Clan of the Flame City..."

As words left his mouth, he felt a slight shiver. The ashen woman stretched out three fingers to touch him. She said softly, "I won't listen to your nonsense!"

When she gently pinched her fingers, the sound of the mirror smashing was heard by everyone.

Baber's body crumbled into several pieces like a porcelain vase and scattered on the ground.

It was indeed a miserable death, but not even a single drop of blood was shed. If one looked at his broken body carefully, they would see that the cuts on the flesh were as smooth as a mirror.

The guards of Qi Clan, who were watching the entire drama, were so shocked that they didn't even dare to breathe.

Even Baber himself had no room for resistance, how could the guards dare to move?

Kenelm, too, was stunned. He didn't answer the woman until she fell from the air. "I...I am Kenelm Lai. And the Stinger Guard's personal effects are here," he stuttered.

He quickly removed the cyan sword from his space ring, walked two steps forward and presented it to the woman.

The woman took the cyan sword and held it in her hands for a while. She gently rubbed the blade with her bloodless fingers.

Although the cyan sword was very old, it was still sharp and immediately cut her finger.

Chapter 2993 An Exorbitant Reward

With blood flowing down along its edge, the quaint cyan sword started glowing once again. The sword released a sharp aura.

As Zen saw this, his eyelids twitched as fear gripped his heart. He felt afraid that the cyan sword would cut him in half.

'This is the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent contained in the cyan sword, ' Zen thought.

In order to get the sword from inside the cave, Zen had risked his life fighting for it. He even got injured before he successfully got a hold of the sword.

Since this sword was activated by this pale faced woman, the power of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent might have increased by a hundred times. Approaching it recklessly would probably have Zen cut into pieces by the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent alone.

He wondered how powerful the owner of the cyan sword was.

Buzz!

After it absorbed the woman's blood, a blood line was left on its blade. As the blood line gathered on its blade, dots of blood red light started to glow one by one gradually.

Looking at the dots of blood on the glowing sword, Kenelm and the lord of the Excellence City were surprised, their eyes wide open.

The standard sword in the Sword Light Palace was the Blood Kill Sword. Every Stinger Guard possessed this type of sword, and a dot of blood red light on it meant that its owner was a one-star Stinger Guard. It was also a secret known to most of the people in the Excellence City, even in the Gracious Province.

"One, two, three, four, five!" As Kenelm counted the number of blood light dots on the sword, his mouth couldn't help twitching.

Even the city lord's heart thumped wildly in his chest.

If a five-star Stinger Guard's tomb was excavated, and their personal effects were handed over to the Sword Light Palace, the excavator could get five places in the Sword Light Palace.

It was rare for anyone to get so many places at one time. Even the lord of the Excellence City could not ignore such a chance to earn a place.

"It's actually a five-star Stinger Guard!" Kenelm felt completely flabbergasted. His face reflected an indescribable expression.

Previously, he thought a one-star Stinger Guard would bring him satisfaction. At least, he could enter the Sword Light Palace. Never in his wildest dream did he expect what he had found was a five-star Stinger Guard's tomb.

The lord of the Excellence City couldn't help but step forward before he bowed to the woman. "Master Laura, is this a five-star Stinger Guard's sword?" he asked.

Staring at the cyan sword, the pale-faced woman shook her head and replied, "No. This is not a five-star Stinger Guard."

Both Kenelm and the city lord who heard her were slightly stunned.

With a gleam flashing in Zen's eyes, he suddenly thought of the ghost in the tomb.

After getting along with No. 9527 for a long time, Zen realized that it gradually became lazy. It rarely came out to help him, unless he really encountered a life and death situation.

That ghost continuously grew under the siege of the young master of the Qi Clan and his group, but Zen wasn't sure on the extent of its growth. So before it could grow any further, No. 9527 had destroyed the obsession of the Stinger Guard and made it possible for Zen to obtain the cyan sword.

This feat was mostly attributed to No. 9527, not Zen.

If it wasn't for No. 9527, no one would know what the ghost would grow into in the end.

The pale-faced woman couldn't hide her sad expression as she said, "It's the former leader of our Sword Light Palace, Caspian Qiu."

The lord of the Excellence City trembled upon hearing her statement. Stammering, he said, "It's been so many years since Master Caspian disappeared. I didn't expect that he actually died in our Gracious Province."

The Sword Light Palace was a powerful force that was very famous in the whole province. Its leader, Caspian Qiu, certainly enjoyed a high status.

However, more than five hundred years ago, Caspian Qiu suddenly disappeared. Over the years, his position remained vacant and the vice leader served as the acting leader. The lord of the Excellence City never expected that the leader of the Sword Light Palace had died in the Gracious Province.

On the other hand, Kenelm remained astonished by the fact that he found the tomb of the leader of the Sword Light Palace. He felt like he was in cloud nine. At the same time, a spark of hope started to warm his heart as he wondered what reward awaited for him in the Sword Light Palace.

Zen's heart also skipped a beat.

In addition to the cyan sword, a few other effects were also left in Caspian Qiu's tomb. There was a cyan suit, a pair of boots, a hat, and the octagonal copper sheet.

He hadn't asked Geoffrey to identify the copper sheet yet, but it seemed that he needed to hurry up to proceed the matter.

Although the map in the copper sheet still remained to be a puzzle for him, he knew that there was something special about it. Otherwise, why would a leader of a powerful force keep it?

Putting away the cyan sword, the pale-faced woman stared at Kenelm and said in a weak voice, "Our Sword Light Palace indeed have a rule that anyone who can get back the effects of a Stinger Guard… will be qualified to join our Sword Light Palace. Finding the effects of a five-star Stinger Guard could get you five tickets. You brought back the effects of the owner of this sword... We'll give you ten tickets."

Although she spoke intermittently, every word sounded crystal clear to Kenelm.

However, he felt a little disappointed. He only needed one ticket. Counting in Zen and his three friends, he would only need five. So where could he use the other five more tickets?

"Moreover… Five hundred years ago… We offered anyone who could find the leader a reward. You can claim it," the woman continued.

Shortly after the woman finished talking, Kenelm's heart thumped wildly. It felt like a heavy hammer hit it ceaselessly. Stammering, he asked, "Excuse me, what's the reward?"

The woman looked at him and then calmly replied, "A wealth probably equivalent to fifty times the wealth of the Excellence City."

Hearing her words, the guards of the Qi Clan all gasped in astonishment. Pausing in the air, they couldn't decide if they would stay or go. The lord of the Excellence City was also flabbergasted.

The Excellence City was indeed a small city in the Gracious Province. However, being nearest to the Wild Goose Pass, and having the East Port, the flow of people and scale of trade were not small. Therefore, the overall wealth of all the people in the area was definitely not a small amount.

Just the mere thought of fifty times the wealth of the Excellence City would make anyone feel dizzy. Kenelm was afraid that he would faint as he set his mind on it.

Shifting her attention to Zen, the pale-faced woman stared at him with a strange expression. Through her sad eyes, she asked, "You seem to have… no... psychological fluctuation?"

Of course, Zen did not have much psychological fluctuation and his expression remained very serene.

The Sword Light Palace was, after all, a big force. The reward offered for finding the former leader was quite high and promising. However, the divine crystals that Zen received were the heritage of the entire Nine Li race. Although he only took half of it, it was still an astronomical amount. So hearing this now from the lady, Zen was not shocked at all.

On another hand, Zen was busy analyzing the turn of events. Knowing that Kenelm was not powerful enough and his talent was far from enough to attract the attention of the Sword Light Palace, Zen assumed that getting such a great fortune might not be advantageous on his end. Instead, it would be a disaster.

Rich as Zen was, only a few people like Emily and Leopold knew it. If Kenelm went to the Sword Light Palace to claim his reward, he would be killed in less than two hours after leaving the Sword Light Palace. What was more, it was very likely that the person who would do that was from the Sword Light Palace.

Chapter 2994 The Qualified People

Zen hadn't expected this woman to pay attention to him.

After all, it was Kenelm who had presented the cyan sword to her, not Zen.

She shouldn't have reacted that way.

After thinking for a while, Zen immediately put on a worried look and said, "This huge reward is indeed amazing. I'm just worried that Kenelm may not be able to bear it. As the saying goes, an innocent man gets into trouble because of his wealth."

The pale woman looked at Zen and thoughtfully asked, "So you're worried about this? Well, it's not a difficult problem... I can only give him a part of it for the time being... But you are right! If all the reward is given to Kenelm, I'm afraid that many people from the Sword Light Palace will be tempted to rob him."

Nervousness was written all over Kenelm's face. He looked at the woman and asked anxiously, "Then what should I do?"

The pale woman glanced at him indifferently and looked away. She said, "What should you do? That has nothing to do with me. If you can find ten people, I will take you on the journey. However, I will only wait for one day."

With that, she floated in the air and left.

The three men from the Sword Light Palace followed her too. Worried about being seen as a poor host, the lord of the Excellence City also left to follow them.

Only Zen, Kenelm and the guards of the Qi Clan remained.

These guards couldn't dare to take revenge. They were sure that the woman would not trouble them, so they, too, escaped quickly one by one.

Kenelm was worried sick by now. The more he thought about Zen's words, the more he was convinced. He asked, "Zen, what... what should I do?"

Zen smiled and comforted him, "Don't worry too much, Kenelm. The reward of the Sword Light Palace is very valuable, but you can refuse it."

"What! Refuse it?" Kenelm was shocked to hear this.

The reward was enough to make the Lai Clan a formidable force in the entire Gracious Province. Nobody would refuse it casually.

Hesitation and pain were written all over his face.

"After all, you've attained your goal of getting the tomb and joining the Sword Light Palace, haven't you? If you are obsessed with this wealth, it will only bring you trouble, and even cause a fatal disaster," Zen continued with his warning.

He could only advise Kenelm to keep his wellbeing in mind, but he couldn't interfere with Kenelm's final decision.

Human beings died in pursuit of wealth, and birds died in pursuit of food. Even the True God was no exception. It was just that the wealth in their case was divine crystals. Not everyone was able to resist the temptation of large wealth.

In addition to that, Kenelm got ten places in the Sword Light Palace.

The news spread like wildfire and attracted the attention of all the clans in the Excellence City. Dozens of clan leaders paid a visit to Kenelm hoping to buy a place from him.

After making arrangements for the four people of the Sword Light Palace, the lord of the Excellence City went back in the hope that he would get at least one or two places from Kenelm.

Kenelm had not forgotten his friends who had gone to the cave with him that day. They were all ecstatic about the news. Although they didn't help much, they had risked their lives anyway and that was a big deal. The qualification of being able to enter the Sword Light Palace was the best reward for them.

Zen didn't need one of the places, but Kenelm insisted on giving him one. When Zen refused to accept it, the lord of the Excellence City said, "Zen, I have a message for you from Master Laura."

"What is it?" Zen was a little puzzled. He couldn't understand why Laura had asked the lord of the Excellence City to bring him a message.

"Master Laura said that if you went to the Sword Light Palace, she would assign you a special place, and... If you stay in the Gracious Province, the Qi Clan will seek revenge against you. If they send people to go after you, you might be in big trouble," said the lord of the Excellence City.

Zen's eyes narrowed slightly. Laura's message was subtle, but there was obviously a hint of coercion in it.

But why did that woman want Zen to join the Sword Light Palace?

If Zen really wanted to join a big force, there were better choices. Even though the Pear Hill was far away from here, he would have arrived there after a long time if he insisted on going there. Not only would he be able to get protection from Emily, but he would also be able to stay with Yan.

Zen was about to reject firmly when No. 9527 suddenly said, "Zen, say yes."

"What do you mean? Why?" Zen asked.

In fact, Zen had repeatedly asked what Chiyou had spoken to No. 9527, but the latter refused to tell him, so he didn't know what to do. But now No. 9527 was asking him to join the Sword Light Palace.

"Just listen to me," continued No. 9527.

"But you haven't told me the reason yet!" Zen was a little uncertain and dissatisfied.

"But this is what Chiyou wanted you to do. So, I'll make a plan for your future route," No. 9527 grinned.

"What the hell do you think I am?" Zen's face darkened.

"Why, you're just a chess piece!" No. 9527 joked.

"Why don't you get lost!"

Zen reluctantly agreed despite not knowing its true plan.

Convincing Zen was a mission from Laura. When Zen changed his mind and agreed, the lord of the Excellence City was finally relieved.

He surmised that Laura had asked Zen to join the Sword Light Palace because he had performed the merging of Godly Ways. When a man could merge so many Godly Ways, he must be talented even if he hadn't reached the Other Shore Realm.

Of course, a True God lived on forever. It wouldn't be a big deal when Zen practiced several hundred or thousand Godly Ways if he was tens of millions of years old, or even hundreds of millions of years old. But this guy was less than two hundred years old!

There were six places left with Kenelm after Zen was specially given a place by the woman.

Two of the six places were allocated to the members of the Lai Clan, two to the lord of the Excellence City, and the other two to the two big clans of the Excellence City. So everyone could be happy. The Lai Clan was not a big clan in the Excellence City so it was likely that it would now gain prominence thanks to Kenelm.

The following day, in the East Port of the Excellence City, the lord of the Excellence City was seeing those people off with his subordinates.

The pale woman held the long cyan sword in her hand, and, there was an indelible sadness in her eyes.

She did not reveal the fact that the owner of the cyan sword was her own father.

Hundreds of years had passed, and her grief had already subsided, but many parties were involved in her father's death. If this sword was taken back to the Sword Light Palace now, she would have to suffer a lot.

As she was reflecting on this, her gaze swept down the large flying ship and finally landed on Zen.

In her eyes, he was the only one who had the qualifications to enter the Sword Light Palace among the eleven people who got the places. He was her only hope.

Chapter 2995 The Country Of The Man-eating Demon Flowers

As soon as the group led by Kenelm set foot on the flying ship, excitement overwhelmed each of them.

A brand new life was promised for them at the end of the trip.

The Sword Light Palace did not give them much time to prepare. They were instructed to travel as soon as possible. After they got the news to set off, they all hurriedly bid goodbye to their families.

The cyan flying ship of the Sword Light Palace was majestically decorated. The wood that made the railings of the ship revealed natural patterns. Such a rare wood naturally highlighted the outlines of the ship. The natural patterns were said to calm people's minds. After the group stepped on the ship, they found that everything on the flying ship seemed to be exquisite. The ship was designed to be comfortable for most people.

However, most of the eleven consummate True Gods who got the licenses to enter the Sword Light Palace looked restrained after they got on the ship. Kenelm and his friends even walked on tiptoes. It seemed like such a luxurious place made them uncomfortable.

Only Zen was able to maintain his calm as he gave no interest in the facilities.

After all, the divine land itself was a flying ship. With such a long experience in that place, he grew accustomed to its features. Additionally, he had personally controlled such a huge flying ship. As such, when he saw the other flying ships, they were rather insignificant in his eyes. Moreover, the flying ship of Sword Light Palace could not compare to the Trumpet Flying Ship.

Everyone boarded the cyan flying ship safely. Afterward, one of the men in cyan shouted with an official tone, "Set off!"

A slight shake signaled the take-off of the flying ship. The majestic cyan flying ship left the East Port silently.

The flight started with fair weather. The huge Excellence City quickly grew smaller in the distance. Soon, the flying ship carried everyone into the sky and flew forward at high speed.

Zen stood on the side of the ship with a callous expression. Because of the clear skies, he was able to look down at the scene below. Even though he was in the air and was over a hundred thousand feet high, everything around that he saw was still yellow and hazy.

"It's still the desert outside the Excellence City?" Zen's eyes narrowed as he examined the area below. Suddenly, some dust blocked his vision.

Above the desert floated a mass of sand storm. With his experience, Zen immediately realized that the sand storm was caused by a Man-eating Demon Flower.

If there was still the vast desert around Excellence City, then the circumstances would be unfavorable to the Evil God.

A few days ago, he let go of the Evil God. However, the Evil God did not choose to enter Excellence City but left along the big river instead. At that moment, as he looked down from the sky, he saw that the river stretched for hundreds of miles before it finally disappeared into the desert.

However, as he looked at the river, he concluded that the Evil God hadn't encountered any danger. After all, if the Evil God died, he would be reborn in the "Rebirth Land" inside Zen's body.

"You… seem to... be very interested in the Gracious Province?" a weak voice behind Zen said softly.

Suddenly, the pale-faced woman slowly approached him from his side. With her thin arms, she leaned on the rail as if she had no strength. A nostalgic pair of eyes decorated her face and she also looked down at the scenery below.

"That desert looks so vast. Where will it end?" asked Zen as he stared far into the distance.

The pale-faced woman blinked her eyes at Zen's query. With a gentle wave of her hand, she pointed out to the air and said, "The entire Gracious Province... is mostly desert. Here is the Eremopoa Desert. That right there is the Sunset Desert. Over there..."

"The Gracious Province has such a tough environment? That's pretty harsh!" Zen was slightly stunned as he processed some new information.

A faint smile appeared on the face of the woman. With a suggestive tone, she answered, "What else do you think… Otherwise, no one would be willing to give up this province. This desert is a harsh place. There is only sand and nothing more…"

Zen simmered in deep thought as he heard such a miserable statement.

A recent memory came to Zen's mind. It was when Kenelm told him the reason why no big force controlled the Gracious Province. He said because of the Wild Goose Pass, no big sect was allowed to occupy this province. Zen had once doubted the words. When he heard the explanation of the woman, he concluded that it was much closer to the true reason.

It turned out that the Gracious Province was too barren. Therefore, the great powers were simply uninterested in the place.

"Uhmmm… You are not a local in the Gracious Province, right?" continued the pale-faced woman with a curious expression.

The question that Zen had always tried to avoid finally came.

As he tried to hide his worry, his eyes flickered. Of course, he had predicted that the Sword Light Palace would question him about his identity. As such, he had already prepared a set of excuses.

"Yes, I am indeed not," said Zen confidently as he nodded.

He waited for the woman to continue her questions. However, he didn't expect that the conversation would suddenly stop there. Zen's set of excuses didn't even come into use.

On the flying ship, Kenelm and the others of the group sat on one side, and the three men in cyan stood at the bow to control the ship. Apart from the sound of wind caused when the ship flew at a high speed, it was very quiet on the ship.

At that moment, Zen's eyes flashed as he looked curiously down below. "That's..."

The sand below suddenly blew violently upward. There was an unprecedented storm in the desert.

The area the huge sand storm covered was vastly beyond Zen's imagination. In the center of the sand storm, there seemed to be a large city.

"The city of the people living in the sand," the woman said indifferently as she looked down.

With a grim look, Zen thought of the people in the Sweltering Desert and asked, "Do these people really have their own country?"

"Country?" The woman shook her head slightly as her face revealed some pity. "That is not the country of those people living in the sand... Unfortunately, something else rules the place... That's the country of Man-eating Demon Flowers. Look!"

Zen looked in the direction where the woman's finger pointed. Even though he was hundreds of thousands of feet away, Zen still saw many huge Man-eating Demon Flowers in the city. Moreover, they were more than a thousand times bigger than the one he had seen before!

Each Man-eating Demon Flower was like a giant monster that prostrated on the ground. All seven heads of each flower looked at different directions.

Zen was really shocked as he witnessed the monstrosities below. With widened eyes, he asked, "How can these Man-eating Demon Flowers be so huge..."

"Huge? Look once again carefully." As her eyes shifted to the other side, the pale-faced woman made Zen look towards a horrendous scene.

Zen's eyes narrowed greatly as he clicked his tongue.

Tens of thousands of miles away in front of the flying ship stood an even bigger Man-eating Demon Flower.

The Man-eating Demon Flower was probably over ten thousand miles high. Moreover, its huge body was still curled up on the ground. If it stretched its body, it would probably be more than a hundred thousand miles long!

"That is the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers. It has already entered the fifteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm... The whole Sand Country is under its control. Such a monster governs the vast desert. It is the true ruler of the entire Gracious Province..." said the woman with a dejected look.

"A plant can actually reach the Other Shore Realm and grow to such an extent! How can that be?" Zen was stunned as his eyes fixated on the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers.

The woman smiled faintly. A nostalgic glimmer appeared in her eyes. "In this world… There are many weirder things..."

"But there are so many Man-eating Demon Flowers! What do they live on?" Zen asked with a curious expression.

Since the Man-eating Demon Flowers had established a huge country, the number of Man-eating Demon Flowers was naturally huge. It was impossible to feed themselves only with outsiders that the people living in the sand brought to them.

"Their food is the people living in the sand." Such is the harsh reality of this place..." A rather cold and determined look painted the woman's face as she answered Zen's question.

"They prey upon the people living in the sand? Why don't those people just run away?" Zen clenched his fist as his conscience was touched by guilt. He had killed a few people living in the sand that had deceived him. Although he was not the Savior, they were still all human beings as he was.

The woman looked at Zen indifferently and said, "You are really not... from the Source World."

In Zen's subconsciousness, the human race should dominate the world. The other fierce beasts and monsters should be inferior to humans and they couldn't surpass humans. It was an agreed rule both in the universes and in the divine land.

However, that was not the case in the Source World. The human race was limited to a few big forces, while the races formed by fierce beasts and monsters were the mainstream of the Source World.

Chapter 2996 The Unknown Fire

After Zen entered the Wild Goose Pass, he had met the Mice League and the Man-eating Demon Flower.

However, he had always believed in the dominance of humans, so it was difficult for him to accept the case in the Source World.

Although the people of the Sword Light Palace did not show any interest in occupying the Gracious Province, they had once sent their warriors to exterminate the Man-eating Demon Flowers in the province.

Although unable to move, the Man-eating Demon Flower reproduced rapidly. Every Man-eating Demon Flower could produce millions of seeds, and they could thrive even in such harsh environments like the desert.

They would be seen everywhere again several years after the Sword Light Palace had exterminated them.

Thirty thousand years ago, the Sword Light Palace had no time to pay attention to the Gracious Province due to its own problems. Therefore, a Man-eating Demon Flower had insidiously reached the Other Shore Realm and kept growing. As time went by, it integrated an Other Shore Token from the Stage Fifteen, becoming the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers. As a result, the monstrous flower and its seeds became even more difficult to eradicate.

The Man-eating Demon Flowers were very intelligent, and they used a unique system to support people of the Sand Country, who worshiped the flowers as gods.

A large number of Sand Country folks willingly offered themselves as sacrifices to the beastly blooms because they considered it a supreme honor to do so.

The Sword Light Palace tried to stop people of the Sand Country, but the people considered them as enemies and attacked them. In the end, the palace could only let the Man-eating Demon Flowers grow widely in the desert.

"Perhaps, they mistake our goodwill for ill intent." The woman named Laura murmured. The deathly pallor of her skin had been replaced by the faintest flush of color, making her look radiant.

She did not force Zen to tell her where he came from but went on explaining to him the structure of the Gracious Province.

After she finished, Zen sighed. It seemed like the Source World was much more complicated than he had originally surmised.

"Will the king of Man-eating Demon Flowers attack us?" Zen looked ahead with a hint of worry in his eyes.

The Man-eating Demon Flower's body stretched for as long as a hundred thousand miles. If it raised its body high in the air, it could tear the flying ship into pieces.

"It is powerful enough to rule the world here, but it doesn't dare to provoke the ships flying past. It won't deliberately antagonize us or the influential caravans, because it knows that it will get into trouble with us by doing so. It's not stupid," Laura said with a smile.

Her excitement drove her to speak much more fluently than before.

The three men garbed in cyan robes in the front of the flying ship stared at them, murmuring inwardly.

In their opinion, Zen was nobody special, just someone who had cultivated a lot of Godly Ways. That meant nothing. In the Source World, reaching the Other Shore Realm was the real starting point.

They were curious as to why Laura, who was generally not a talkative character, continued talking with Zen.

Not long after, the flying ship finally passed the colossal king of Man-eating Demon Flowers. Waves of space spread out around the flying ship, enveloping it. Then, the flying ship entered the void.

The Gracious Province was small, but its space was astonishingly large. To save time, they had to use Grand Teleportation.

A clear river flowed in front of the Excellence City. The sweet, refreshing water fed many divine citizens around the city.

The Eremopoa Desert was located at the end of the river.

The Evil God walked along the edge of the dune. He narrowed his eyes and let the hot sand kiss his face.

"Excuse me... Sir... Can you take me to the Excellence City?" A man's voice interrupted the Evil God's reverie.

The man looked very weak and exhausted. He was panting for breath, and his lips were dry and cracked.

Standing beside the dune, the Evil God looked the man up and down with an indescribable expression in his eyes.

"Sir..." The man crawled slowly on the dune and finally reached the feet of the Evil God. "Help me... I have no energy left..."

The Evil God kept looking at the man, saying nothing.

Then, a wicked smile appeared on his handsome face. "Interesting! The human beings in the outside world are the same. They also lie."

"What... What do you mean?" the man asked in a faint voice.

"What a cheap trick!"

The Evil God didn't bother to explain how he saw through the man's ruse. As he opened his mouth, a ruthless aura burst out from him.

He slowly squatted down, grabbed the man's neck and lifted him up.

Seeing the Evil God's cruel face, the man showed a panicked expression. He was very weak just then, but now he desperately cried out in a loud voice, "Help me! This guy wants to kill me..."

Before he could finish his words, he felt an extremely hot aura coming over from the Evil God's hand and blacked out.

That theurgy beyond way was the Unknown Fire, which was created by the Evil God. The fire was hot and formless. It would not release light even at night. Its power might be very ordinary, but it was extremely difficult to detect and block.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Just as the man called for help, dozens of mounds appeared in the surrounding sand dunes, like something was quickly passing underneath them.

Seeing this, the Evil God again manically smiled. Then, he lifted the man in his hand and slammed him hard on the ground.

Boom!

Then, a strange scene occurred; the man in his hand instantly became dehydrated, appearing little more than a husk of his former self.

The Unknown Fire released by the Evil God had burned the man's blood, flesh, bones, and brain. His body was now filled with the Unknown Fire.

When the Evil God banged him onto the ground, all of the Unknown Fire in the man's body rushed into the ground and surged under the desert.

"Ahhh!"

"What kind of fire is this?"

"I'm burning!"

As it turned out, people of the Sand Country were beneath those dunes.

Their cultivation base was not low, and most of them were top-rank True Gods. They had the advantage in numbers, so they not only lured outsiders but also directly attacked them.

However, they encountered the Evil God this time, so they were out of luck.

They crawled out of the ground and rolled around on the dunes. Their bodies were charred by the Unknown Fire, but no flames were seen.

In the blink of an eye, they were killed by the Unknown Fire.

Among the charred corpses, a person managed to survive. The Evil God slowly walked toward him.

The fastest way to learn about this world was by reading the people's souls.

The Evil God had had a conflict with a divine citizen before, so he slaughtered all of the residents in the citizen's village by the river. In this manner, he had obtained many memories of this world.

However, the status of these divine citizens was too low, and they didn't have much experience. Therefore, the Evil God shifted his focus toward True Gods as his new targets.

Chapter 2997 Sword Dance Palace

The Evil God was slightly taken aback by the things he found in the True God's memories.

'His head is full of crazy nonsense!' he thought, his face flushing with anger.

He didn't inherently have any morals. Rather, he was fierce and arrogant, like a tyrant.

However, there was one thing he cared about the most—the human race. Of course, this was probably because of Zen's influence.

In Zen's inner world, there had been the rise of other races, such as the Heavenly Spirit race. However, with Zen's deliberate suppression and the rise of the human race, the Heavenly Spirit race had gradually been marginalized. In the end, the Evil God had even killed the warriors of the Heavenly Spirit race for the sake of the human race.

In any case, the Evil God didn't like other races.

As he continued to look through the True God's memories, he found out about the existence of Sand Country. Soon, he learned about how the people from Sand Country were obedient to the Man-eating Demon Flowers and how a great number of people from the country were sacrificed to the Man-eating Demon Flowers every year.

'How could the human race submit to plants? Humph! Once I'm strong enough, I'll get rid of these man-eating flowers one by one!' the Evil God thought to himself.

Then, he found something else in the man's memories that surprised him.

'The Truth of Godly Way? The Other Shore Realm?'

When the Evil God had left Zen's inner world, he had felt a special aura exuding from Zen that he had never felt before.

Back then, he had been so eager to rid himself of Zen's control that he hadn't had the time to ask about the origin of that aura.

Now, he finally realized that the consummation of True God Realm and the grasp of mixed internal momentum were not the peak of cultivation. If he wanted to become stronger, he would have to reach the Other Shore Realm.

As an ambitious warrior, the Evil God was thrilled at this realization.

He laughed wildly for a long time, as if he had lost his mind. Then, he tossed the man from the Sand Country to the ground. The man's soul had been shattered into pieces, leaving him no more than a shell of his original self.

The Evil God slowly walked toward the desert.

Although he had found a method to get rid of the sandstorm, he didn't intend to go deep into the desert, because that was where the extremely powerful Man-eating Demon Flowers lurked.

Despite his arrogance, the Evil God didn't carry any silly notions of being a match for the Man-eating Demon Flowers. He was well aware that if he continued to go toward the depths of the desert, he would undoubtedly be courting death.

Fortunately, he had found another way to cross the desert in the True God's memories. As long as he traveled along the middle line of the desert, he would be safe. There was another big port at the end of the desert through which he would be able to go deep into the world.

Three days later, the cyan flying ship that Zen was traveling in arrived at the border of the Gracious Province. The huge boundary wall stood in front of it, like a gigantic piece of green and cyan glass.

'The Space Law in this boundary wall is so profound and solid, ' Zen noted, narrowing his eyes in surprise.

Boundary walls existed at the border of every great world and universe, with the exception of the various regions in the divine land. Of course, even the divine land had an extremely solid space barrier in its outer layer. That space barrier was so thick that even the combined force of Emily and other warriors wouldn't be able to break it.

But to Zen's surprise, the boundary wall in front of him now looked even stronger than the space barrier in the outer layer of the divine land. He wondered how the warriors from the Sword Light Palace intended to pass through it.

But soon, he realized that he had been worrying about nothing.

One of the men inside the cyan flying ship lightly jumped into the air and thrust his palm toward the wall.

A ripple spread out on the surface of the solid wall, and then a complicated golden Sanskrit word appeared.

When Zen saw the golden Sanskrit word, his eyebrows arched up. Although all golden Sanskrit words looked similar, some of them had relatively simple structures while others had extremely complicated ones. The golden Sanskrit word in front of him looked somewhat similar to the golden Sanskrit words in his inner world.

Unfortunately, it disappeared before he could commit it to his memory.

The man who had thrust his palm toward the wall returned to the flying ship and whispered something to two other people. Soon, the air in the cyan flying ship fluctuated and a huge array formed like an umbrella.

As the light in the array flew, a huge Sanskrit word similar to the one on the wall appeared.

With that, the flying ship advanced. Zen braced himself for impact, but to his surprise, the ship smoothly flew through the thick wall as if it hadn't encountered any obstruction at all.

Kenelm and the rest of his group raised their heads to look around, their faces filled with curiosity. Although they were aware of the existence of boundary walls, they had never left this big province before in their lives.

"The array was acknowledged by the boundary wall. Unbelievable!" Zen said in amazement.

The boundary wall was about ten thousand feet thick, and the flying ship took five minutes to completely pass through the wall. When it finally came out from the other side of the wall, a fit of fresh air greeted everyone.

The sky ahead of them was a green color, and the whole atmosphere seemed vigorous. This was the Seven-Star Province where the Sword Light Palace was located.

Zoom!

As the flying ship sped up again, the surrounding scenery became blurry once more.

Two hours later, when the cyan flying ship slowed to a stop, the people from Excellence City rose to their feet and looked down at the scenery below.

"This is the legendary Sword Light Palace!"

"The Lofty Sword! That is the Lofty Sword!"

"A warrior can comprehend the Truth of Godly Way with half the effort if they do it in front of the Lofty Sword!"

Seeing the landmark building of the Sword Light Palace, Kenelm and his group were very excited.

The Seven-Star Province was a huge city built on a mountain. In the center of the city stood a gigantic sword that was seven hundred thousand feet long!

Even from such a long distance, Zen could feel the strong Truth of Godly Way exuded by this stone sword.

'I'm afraid only a Wild God would be able to wield such a huge sword. But isn't it said that there are no more Wild Gods in the Source World? Then what is the use of this huge sword?' Zen wondered.

As the flying ship descended, the Lofty Sword disappeared from everyone's vision. Finally, the ship landed on a platform in the middle of the mountain city.

The pale-faced woman jumped up first and landed on the rails of the ship. She looked at Kenelm and his companions, and then glanced at Zen with a meaningful look in her eyes. "Galeun, lead them to Sword Dance Palace,"

she said before rushing into the mountain city.

"Just follow me," said the man named Galeun Yu.

Led by Galeun Yu, the group walked through the densely packed buildings in the mountain city and finally arrived at Sword Dance Palace.

When they arrived at the gate, another two men in cyan slowly walked toward them and bowed to Galeun Yu.

"These eleven people found a tomb, so Master Laura made an exception to allow them to join Sword Dance Palace," said Galeun Yu.

The two men in cyan nodded and led the eleven of them into Sword Dance Palace.

Just when they entered the palace with great expectations, a rough laugh sounded. "Oh, look, what do we have here? Another dozen dregs in our palace. Never mind. Sword Dance Palace has long become a place for trash.

I don't mind taking in more garbage. I hope you can hold on in here long enough."

Chapter 2998 Little Devils

Right at the corner of the Sword Dance Palace, there was a man in a cyan robe, who sat quietly.

The man was tall and strapping and had sun-kissed dark skin. His face was covered with stubble, which emphasized the cynical look on his face. His clothes were stained and soiled, making him look very messy and unapproachable.

As they were walking in the Sword Light Palace, Kenelm and the other people imagined what their future life would be inside the palace.

What the strapping man said was like a pot of cold water poured on their faces. Zen was fine, but the other ten people's faces changed immediately.

"Sir, how... how could you say that?" a cyan-robed young man questioned, feeling embarrassed.

The strapping man got up from the ground and smiled as he slowly walked towards Kenelm and the other people. He stopped in front of them and said, "Of the thirteen cultivation palaces of the Sword Light Palace, the first-class palaces include the Burial Sword Palace, the Demon Sword Palace, and the Broken Sword Palace; the second-class palaces include the Sword Anger Palace, the Sword Legend Palace, and several other palaces. Do you have any idea that of all the cultivation palaces, the Sword Dance Palace is the worst? Now, it only receives people like you who joined the Sword Light Palace in informal ways. You're just wasting your lives if you stay in the Sword Dance Palace. Are you really sure that you want to join this team?"

Upon hearing the man's statement, Kenelm was the first to lose his temper.

At that point, Kenelm felt that his dreams were crushed. He felt like an invisible giant hand suddenly fell from the sky, wiping away his future. Surely, he was not happy with the strapping man's comments.

"It's said that people who can get to the tomb of your member can become a disciple of the Sword Light Palace. But at this point, it seems that the Sword Light Palace is not going to fulfill this promise!" questioned Kenelm.

Smiling faintly, the strapping man replied, "There is no reason for the Sword Light Palace to not keep their promises. If you don't want to change your mind and stay in the Sword Dance Palace, then I will certainly welcome you with open arms..."

"What do you mean by that? What are you trying to say?" Kenelm asked as he was starting to get angry at the man's audacity.

Shrugging his shoulders, the strapping man responded, "Well, I'm not here to offend you. I'm just telling the truth."

The Sword Light Palace had such a big force in the Seven-Star Province and had extremely complicated relationships with others.

In fact, many big clans in the Seven-Star Province hoped to send their people to the Sword Light Palace. But due to various reasons, the Sword Light Palace was not able to refuse them.

In the beginning, there were only twelve cultivation palaces in the Sword Light Palace. However, as an exception, the Sword Dance Palace was built and had become the thirteenth cultivation palace. All the people who were not gifted and who were denied from joining the other cultivation palaces were thrown into this one.

Moreover, those who entered the Sword Light Palace through the virtue of finding the tombs were also thrown into this palace.

Just like what the strapping man had been telling them, it was clear that the Sword Light Palace seemed to be a place for misfits and non-gifted people.

Realizing that the place they were so excited to go to was a place for duds, Kenelm and his companions got furious.

However, Zen was still unbothered, looking calm as usual.

Back when he was still in the Excellence City, Zen had already been suspicious about the rules of the Sword Light Palace. Despite this, he could not just convince Kenelm to believe him and crush his dreams.

It was said that every great force had to discover the best disciples, making it a waste of resources to take in ordinary people. This was true in the divine land and in the Source World.

"So, do you still want to join the Sword Dance Palace? Yes, or no?" The corner of the strapping man's mouth curled upward in a smirk.

Kenelm clenched his fists upon hearing the strapping man's condescending question. Furrowing his brows, he gritted his teeth and answered, "Yes!"

The other people from the Excellence City knew that it wouldn't be easy to get this kind of opportunity elsewhere, and if they went back, it would be a huge shame.

"Me too!"

"Count me in!"

"In that case, I'd like to join..."

The others echoed in succession.

All the strapping man felt was pity as he looked at the these men's sincere and naive faces. "Well, in that case...After you register, head straight to the backyard. I hope that those little devils can shut up for a while..."

Just when the crowd was about to register following the two cyan-robed men, the strapping man said, "Remember, my name is Ingram Qiu. I'm the leader of the Sword Dance Palace. If you meet any trouble, you'd better not ask for my help. Solve it yourself."

After his command, Ingram Qiu took several steps forward and left the palace without looking back.

Everyone was at a loss for words upon hearing Ingram Qiu's words. After registering their names on the ledger, they each got a token which served as their official welcome. The Sword Dance Palace wasn't valued, making the entire registration process quick and easy.

Afterwards, the two cyan-robed men led everyone into the backyard. "This is your new living space," said one of the cyan-robed men. After showing them around, they left in a hurry and never looked back, as if they were trying to get away from something frightening.

The Sword Dance Palace was not that important in the Sword Light Palace. But since it was also a cultivation palace, it was still built according to the standard size of one, making it boast of its very huge backyard.

Kenelm and his companions all stood there dumbfounded as they could not believe how spacious their new living space was. All of a sudden, a light whistle sounded in the area. After that, twenty to thirty young men clad in cyan slowly walked out from every corner of the backyard.

Zen took a close look and observed who these people were. But as soon as he noticed that they bore unfriendly expressions on their faces, he narrowed his eyes in suspicion.

"Ha ha, it has only been half a month, and someone recklessly joined the Sword Dance Palace. It seems that most of you are definitely not from the Seven-Star City," said a long-haired young man who led the crowd, smiling in contempt.

"People from the Seven-Star City are not that stupid. Our Sword Dance Palace is notorious in that city, and no one dares to come here especially when they are threatened with death," another silver-haired young man said, and also had a strange smile on his face.

Standing in front of these men, Kenelm seemed to be gauging the matter as he tried to understand what the two men meant. As he stared at the long-haired young man, he could not help but ask in a trembling voice, "What...what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing. It's just that there are rules in the Sword Dance Palace that need to be followed. The first step in joining us is for you to know them..."

As the long-haired young man was trying to explain, Zen turned around and walked outside.

"Wait, Zen, where are you going?" Kenelm asked Zen in a worried tone.

Although Kenelm appeared to be the backbone of the group, he would turn to Zen in times of trouble.

However, Zen ignored Kenelm and trotted all the way, catching up with the two cyan-robed men who brought them to the living area.

The two men turned around and saw Zen chasing after them. Confused, one of the men asked him, "What seems to be the problem?"

Zen gave them a smile and asked, "I just want to ask you. What are the rules in the Sword Dance Palace? Would there be any punishment for any disciples who fight?"

Taken aback by Zen's question, the two cyan-robed men exchanged glances. Of course, they knew what was going on in the backyard, and that was why they left hurriedly. Although those little devils were not extraordinary when it came to talent, they had a very strong background and were also responsible for the Sword Dance Palace's bad reputation.

"Well, there are not many rules in the Sword Dance Palace. Disciples can spar with each other, but you can't kill people," one of the two replied.

Almost all the disciples who joined the Sword Dance Palace had to be challenged by that group of little devils, like some kind of initiation. Only a small number of people were able to make it through, and most of them chose to leave the Sword Dance Palace after staying for less than one day.

In fact, more than one hundred people had chosen to quit this year.

"I see. Thank you for answering my question." Zen nodded as he returned to the backyard.

Shaking their heads slightly, the two cyan-robed men were concerned about him and his friends. "This person doesn't believe that those little devils are difficult to deal with. If he leaves now, then he would surely avoid injury. I mean, those guys are really..."

Apparently, the two of them had suffered a lot from those troublemakers.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 2999 Counterattack

The disciples of the Sword Dance Palace had mediocre talents. However, they had connections with the higher-ups of the Seven-Star City and the Sword Light Palace.

Each of them had a different sort of link with them. They were either direct descendants of some elders, or members of the large clans in the Seven-Star City.

Due to these links, they were spoiled rotten by their families. When they collectively joined the Sword Dance Palace, they became well acquainted with one another and formed an alliance. This proved cancerous for the Sword Light Palace. If anyone dared provoke them, they would find themselves facing severe consequences.

After learning the rules of the palace, he made up his mind on what he had to do and headed back to the backyard through the same path he came.

As he made his way back, an explosive sound coming from the backyard made him stop in his tracks. Shortly after, he witnessed a strong wave of heat spread across the walls. Before he could process anything, he heard disturbing outcries coming from the direction of the sound. He quickened his steps to see what was going on.

Meanwhile, Kenelm and the others lay splayed out on the ground in the backyard. Each of their bodies was charred and badly injured from the impact.

In a state of shock, one of the injured warriors became furious and shouted, "We are now fellow disciples of the Sword Dance Palace after we joined. How could you treat us like this?"

The man who spoke out was a respectable authority figure at the Excellence City. He had been recommended by the city lord to become a disciple at the Sword Dance Palace. His arrogant nature did not stand for this behavior towards him. How could he stomach being treated with such disgrace by the members of the Sword Dance Palace?

"Who are our fellow disciples? Do you think you are even qualified?" An authoritative voice came from the group. A silver-haired young man pushed aside the disciples and walked over to the protesting man. The approaching figure had handsome features, and was the youngest of the group. Overflowing with arrogance he took two steps towards this man before stomping him down on the ground. He looked at the man and scowled. "Whether you can join the Sword Dance Palace or not is not the decision of the higher-ups or Ingram. It is us, who make the final call. Understood?"

The man gritted his teeth and glared at him. "What should we do to join the Sword Dance Palace?"

The silver-haired boy shrugged his shoulders and chuckled in amusement. "Well, you have to pass five tests. What you've experienced just now was the first test: the burning test!"

"What's the second test?" the man asked looking displeased.

"The second test is the statue test," the silver-haired boy replied as traces of ice particles began to spread from his fingertips. "I'll freeze you into statues and place you in our backyard for ten to fifteen days. If you are willing to accept the test, I'll do it right now. Are you ready?"

As the boy continued talking disrespectfully, Kenelm could feel himself fuming with anger. He dug his nails into the ground and gritted his teeth. The humiliation from the disciples kept testing his patience. Everything was getting on his nerves.

Normally, he was gentle and kind. But the disciples had driven him off the edge. He felt a strong killing intent generate inside of him, and he scowled, "I'll fight you to death. Right here, right now!" With a cold look on his face, he got up and knocked his fists together.

Swoosh!

As his internal momentum burst out from his body, Kenelm charged towards the silver-haired boy like a sharp knife.

Kenelm was a consummate True God, and his power was not to be underestimated. He dashed towards the silver-haired boy and unleashed all his energy. Because of the short distance between him and the boy, the attack would prove more effective.

However, just as he made his move, a disciple stepped up and reached for a silver bead. The silver bead in his hand shone a flash of silver light on its surface. Suddenly, Kenelm's internal momentum dissipated into thin air rendering him powerless.

Before he could get to the silver-haired boy, the boy flipped in the air and gave Kenelm a hard kick on his chest.

He felt his chest cave in as he was knocked back for several dozen feet from the impact. His back knocked against a rock as he fell with a loud thud and passed out from the pain.

"You wanted to fight me to death? You bastard!" The silver-haired boy scoffed while fixing his hair.

These disciples were not strong in terms of physical strength; they were not the most gifted in talents either. But, they were each from a noble clan. Each of them possessed powerful treasures handed down to them from their families. All of them were given Latent Theurgies for protection. Ordinary consummate True Gods like Kenelm were no match for them.

The faces of the others from the Excellence City turned pale when they saw what Kenelm had gone through for protesting against them. They did not wish to suffer the same fate.

Before coming here, they had heard the Sword Dance Palace was not a serious place for cultivation. The only thing that attracted them was the fact that it was under the jurisdiction of the Sword Light Palace.

Despite all the warnings, they had never imagined to encounter such a cruel group in the Sword Dance Palace. They recalled Ingram telling them about the "little devils" of the Sword Dance Palace. Little had they known that he was referring to the disciples in front of them!

"Anyone who wants to pass five tests will line up before me. The rockery in this backyard is too monotonous for my taste. Although you are all terrible-looking, you will be good decorations for this place. If you are unwilling to do that, you can just quit joining the Sword Dance Palace and go back home," the silver-haired boy said with a chuckle.

The other disciples behind him burst into laughter. Every time there was a newcomer, they would toy around with them. It became a ritual for them.

"We'd better give up joining the Sword Dance Palace."

"These guys are making things difficult for us on purpose!"

"Even if we agree with their requirements, they won't let us be in peace in the future!"

The people from the Excellence City discussed among themselves. They had realized these disciples did not plan on making things easy for them. If they bowed to their wishes now, they would suffer forever. They would not stop until they had driven them all away.

"You're goddamn right," the silver-haired boy said nonchalantly. "The resources in the Sword Dance Palace are limited. You trashy guys expect us to share them with you? It's wishful thinking. You'd better get out of here as soon as possible..."

Before the boy could finish what he had to say, Zen walked in from the corridor.

He ran a quick gaze around the backyard and found Kenelm unconscious on the rockery.

The group watched as Zen made his way towards Kenelm in silence. He helped Kenelm down and wrapped his arm around his shoulder. A green light flickered in Zen's hand as he pressed it against Kenelm's frail body. It was the internal momentum of the Life Godly Way.

Suddenly, the light got absorbed into Kenelm's wounds and began healing them. He slowly recovered and opened his eyes. Kenelm groaned slightly and blinked several times to make out Zen's face.

"Zen! Where did you go?" Kenelm asked as he regained his full consciousness.

"To know the rules, of course," Zen replied with a gentle smile.

"To know the rules? What do you mean?" Kenelm asked again in confusion.

Zen glanced towards the disciples and loosened his grip on Kenelm. He slowly stood up and said indifferently, "I heard that all disciples can fight freely as long as no one dies in combat. I didn't expect the rules of the Sword Light Palace to be so loose."

When the silver-haired boy heard this, he smirked mockingly. "Why do you trouble yourself to learn these rules? Do you want to fight with us?"

In the Seven-Star City, they were always the ones who would bully others. No one dared to stand up against them.

Zen balled his hands into fists and tightened his jaw. He glared at the silver-haired boy and smiled, "That's exactly what I've been thinking about!"

The moment these words left his mouth, Zen dashed towards the silver-haired boy like an arrow released from its bow. The ground beneath his feet turned to powder as he stomped on it with massive strength.

The boy froze in place unable to react. Baffled from Zen's sudden advancement, the boy saw a vicious flash of light sparkled in front of his eyes. Before he could say anything, Zen's fist made contact with his face and sent him flying.

Bang!

With a grating sound, the silver-haired boy rolled over in the air and crashed into the wall of the backyard. The impact of his back hitting the wall so hard cracked it into pieces.

Zen had only used one-tenth of his whole strength in this punch. Had he used up his full potential, he could have cracked the boy's skull open.

The silver-haired boy's handsome face had been deformed from the blow as he lay motionless on the ground.

Everyone who witnessed the scene gasped in utter bewilderment. After all, the young boy's father was the head of the noble Yuebai Clan!

Chapter 3000 The Bitter Lesson

The air in the backyard seemed to solidify. These rich, evil disciples hadn't expected Zen to make such a move.

"How dare you attack Jago!" one of them shouted.

Zen turned to smile at the young man. "I'm a fair person," he said with a shrug.

"Fair about what?" the young man barked, puzzled at Zen's words.

"I don't discriminate between people. I'll punch everyone," Zen said, floating like a ghost towards the other man and slapping him in the face.

The smack was so heavy it sent the young man spinning several times and flying through the air

before he fell to the ground.

The diabolical disciples finally realized that Zen wasn't to be taken lightly.

"The Soul-controlling Bead!"

One of the disciples pulled out the silver bead again. With a flash of light, the bead sealed the internal momentum in Zen's body.

But Zen hadn't used any internal momentum yet. He could move at a high speed using purely his physical strength.

The rich, evil disciples all had a high cultivation base, but their actual combat ability was close to zero. They might be good at playing tricks and using their magic weapons to suppress consummate True Gods. But it was impossible for them to defeat Zen, who was experienced in battles.

The Soul-controlling Bead blocked his elixir field, causing Zen to stop and reconsider. And then, in the blink of an eye, he rushed over to the young man.

He stretched out both his hands like lightning and grabbed the bead with one hand while twisting the young man's arm with the other, shattering it into pieces.

Zen sighed as he saw the horror in the man's eyes.

These people had their cultivation bases and magic weapons, and yet they were so weak that they could hardly cope with anything.

"Trap him!" someone shouted.

But it was not easy to trap Zen.

Zen activated the Truth of Cultivation Nature

and moved extremely fast.

There was no way for his foes to catch up with him.

As they chased him, houses, rockeries, and walls in the backyard came crashing down. Even the ground shook from time to time.

The two men guarding the gate of Sword Dance Palace couldn't help but sigh as they heard the noise.

"What a din! I think they've destroyed the backyard again!"

"They do this all the time. Every time I see the newcomers, I feel sorry for them. I try my best to persuade them not to join the Sword Light Palace, but they never appreciate my well-intended advice. Now, I don't care anymore. Sometimes people only learn after they begin regretting it."

The ground continued to tremble as they spoke, and the sound in the backyard grew louder by the minute.

A moment later, a violent explosion sounded from the backyard.

Boom!

A dreadful aura spread out, causing the Sword Dance Palace to tremble.

The two disciples looked at each other, shocked. If they chose to do nothing, they were afraid that the disciples within would tear down the entire Sword Dance Palace.

"Let's go inside and see what's happening," one of them suggested.

The disciples were hellraisers, but they had never made so much noise in the past. This time seemed different.

The two men in cyan went straight to the backyard.

One of them then walked up to the mountain beside the Sword Dance Palace.

Ingram Qiu lay in a pavilion in the mountain, drinking.

Ever since he was appointed as the head of the Sword Dance Palace, Ingram Qiu had been in low spirits most of the time. That was probably why the Sword Dance Palace had been reduced to this state.

The man in cyan flew into the pavilion.

"Master, something bad has happened!"

"What is it? Do those new disciples want to leave because they can't stand it anymore?" Ingram Qiu asked, his words slurring.

He had anticipated that the newcomers wouldn't be able to stay for long in the Sword Dance Palace, which was why his tone was calm and composed.

The disciple shook his head. "No, Master. The disciples from the Yuebai Clan and the Qiu Clan have all been knocked out. Faegan has activated a Latent Theurgy. And most of the Sword Dance Palace has been destroyed!"

"What?"

Ingram Qiu yelled, his expression changing to one of shock. The pot of alcohol fell from his grip and he disappeared into thin air.

He then appeared in the Sword Dance Palace.

Just as the disciple in cyan had reported to him, the entire backyard of the palace was now in ruins.

Houses, pavilions, and courtyards were destroyed.

In the backyard, the newcomers stood safe and sound, while the rich disciples of the Sword Dance Palace looked to be writhing in pain.

Even the least injured of them had broken arms and legs. Dying people lay on the ground, motionless, half their bodies smashed. The only one among them that was still upright was the long-haired young man.

A golden eggshell was wrapped around the long-haired young man's body.

This golden eggshell was a Latent Theurgy that the master of the Qiu Clan had given him. It could be activated for protection when he was in danger. It was the golden eggshell that had prevented him from being beaten unconscious by Zen.

"You are so dead!

You have not only offended the Qiu Clan, but also the Yuebai Clan!

You won't get away with this!"

threatened the young man with the long hair, gritting his teeth as he hid behind the golden eggshell.

Zen had heard too many threats in his life and this young man's words were hardly a dent on the armor he had brought up around himself.

"Really?" Zen said, his faint smile amused.

He spread out his arms and flew up into the air, drawing a perfect arc as he went.

This time, Zen had used eighty percent of his strength.

The golden eggshell shook under the violent attack, but it still stood strong.

"Go on! You think you can break my grandfather's Latent Theurgy? You are daydreaming!"

the long-haired young man roared.

Zen ignored the young man's sarcasm

and poured his violent power on the golden eggshell through his punches.

A crack eventually appeared in the upper part of the eggshell.

The young man panicked, horrified.

He knew very well that he was no match for Zen. Once the golden eggshell broke, he would probably end up like the others.

Zen took a deep breath and extracted his strength source so that it gathered in his fist.

He was about to crush the golden eggshell once and for all when a palm emerged from one side and blocked his movements.

Zen's fist hit the palm.

All of a sudden, all the power of his fist vanished.

"That's enough," said Ingram Qiu, coming to stand before Zen.

He looked cautiously at the young man in front of him.

Strength aside, he was surprised to see that Zen even had the courage to challenge the troublesome disciples of the Sword Dance Palace. After all, Zen had just joined the Sword Dance Palace.

Chapter 3001 The Destroyed Sword Dance Palace

The young man with long hair looked even more ferocious when he saw that Ingram had arrived and stopped Zen.

He screamed, "Ingram! Crush him! Kill him! Just like the way you would kill an ant!"

The youth with wild long hair was Faegan Qiu. Even though he was not a very powerful martial artist, he held an honorary position in the Qiu Clan hierarchy. That was why he had the audacity to command Ingram to kill Zen.

Witnessing the scene, Kenelm and his friends started to get jittery. If the leader of the palace took the matter seriously, Zen would definitely land himself in big trouble.

At the same time, they could not ignore the fact that Zen caused such a ruckus because he stood up for them. Kenelm cupped his hands towards Ingram and said, "Master Ingram, Zen just stood up for us. Hence, we all are willing to take up any punishment bestowed on us. Please leave Zen out of this."

Ignoring their remarks, Ingram continued to stare at Zen, as he said, "You just joined the Sword Dance Palace. But in just a short span of time, you managed to injure so many disciples! You are bold!"

Zen said calmly, "I am well versed with the rules of the Sword Dance Palace, all thanks to that friend, standing over there."

As he spoke, he pointed to the man in cyan not far away.

The man looked stunned when everyone's attention was drawn on him. He was afraid that he would be blamed, so he quickly feigned ignorance and said, "Me? I merely informed him that warriors could spar with each other, as long as they don't cause any death. That's the rule we always follow in the Sword Dance Palace."

The man didn't expect that Zen would create such a scene and put him in the spotlight!

Zen smiled at Ingram and said, "That's a fine rule! Truth be told, no one died today. Even if the disciples of the Sword Dance Palace were seriously injured, they will recover instantly with some treatment."

Most of those disciples were consummate True Gods. Zen had made conscious efforts to avoid making fatal impact on their bellies and souls. He knew they would regain their strength, no matter how seriously they were wounded, especially when they were in such a powerful place like the Sword Light Palace.

Ingram stared at Zen for a while. Suddenly his expression cleared, as a thought crept up.

Zen was sent here by Laura. She was in charge of the thirteen cultivation palaces under the Sword Light Palace. She should be well aware about the chaos of the Sword Dance Palace. Was there any motive behind her sending this man here?

The young men from the rich clans were unruly and arrogant. They always refused to pay heed to others. This guy gave them a tough lesson to learn, though it was at the cost of their blood. In that case, it was actually a commendable deed!

"Ingram! Why are you standing there as if you have lost both your ears! Didn't you hear me! I asked you to kill him!" Faegan furiously said with gritted teeth.

Ingram calmly turned his head and said with a smile, "This new disciple, who goes by the name Zen, hasn't violated any rule of our Sword Dance Palace. Then why should I kill him?"

"How dare you defy my command. It is my prerogative to impart any rule in the Sword Dance Palace! You just tell me whether you have the guts to kill him or not?" Faegan roared louder, as the others cringed nervously.

A ruthless aura flashed across Ingram's eyes when he heard Faegan's rude words. He patted gently on the golden egg shell at the surface of Faegan's body. The golden egg shell was anyways on the verge of breaking. That was why, with Ignram's mere pat, the shell broke into pieces.

Then Ingram patted him on the shoulder and said with a smile, "You and I are both from the Qiu Clan. Back then, I was a hundred times more bossy and ruthless, than what you are right now. But there was one thing that differentiated both of us. No matter how strong my opponent was, I would always fight back on my own. You must also do the same. Put in your own efforts to save your face!"

Then he strode out without even glancing back.

"You, you, Ingram... I will ensure your behavior is reported to my father! You proved that you are a loser of our Qiu Clan! You even didn't help your clansman. You were entrusted to this small palace for the sake of that bitch. You deserve it!"

Faegan was furious to see Ingram ignoring him. He continued to curse as he saw Ingram's retreating figure.

Just as he was crazily cursing, Ingram suddenly turned back. His original benign and calm face, instantly had a murderous look. His eyes were blazing with anger.

"Back off!"

Zen's heart trembled at Ingram's voice, and he flew backwards.

An invisible force rolled out from both sides of his arms, sending Kenelm and his friends over a thousand feet away.

As soon as Zen retreated, Ingram suddenly shouted, "Get out!"

"Boom!"

The earth trembled and the mountains shook.

Ingram's roar was heard by half of the divine citizens of the Seven-Star City.

Half of the Sword Dance Palace was already destroyed before, and now the other half was also flattened by the spreading shock waves.

Even Zen had managed to drag Kenelm and his friends over a thousand feet away, they were still bleeding from their noses, mouths and ears, because of the terrifying shock waves.

As for Faegan, he looked as if he had been ripped apart from the bones. He was covered in blood and every inch of his body was badly wounded.

In fact, Ingram had controlled his energy. If it weren't for the fact that they were both from the Qiu Clan, Ingram would have pulverized him into ashes with his roar.

The two men in cyan clothes were too frightened to even move. They just slumped to the ground in shock. They had never seen the leader of the palace get so angry before.

It took the whole of three days to rebuild the destroyed Sword Dance Palace.

The young disciples from the rich clans in the Seven-Star City who were wounded by Zen were sent back to their respective clans for treatment.

Although their injuries looked frightening, they were not fatal. Among them, Faegan was the one who was most seriously injured. Even his soul had been greatly damaged. However, this time, Zen was not the one who caused his injuries, but Ingram.

The new comers of the Sword Dance Palace had been assigned places for their rest and stay.

However, Kenelm and his friends continued to feel uneasy. After all, they had offended everyone since the time they landed here. What if they changed their mind and prosecuted them? But all his worries were put to rest.

In the middle of the night, Zen leaned on the balcony of his residence, looking up at the starry sky.

The night in the Seven-Star Province was extremely beautiful. Above his head, there were stars as big as a fist, shining with brilliance.

These stars were moving extremely fast, and they circled the sky once in just a few seconds. No one knew what kind of mystery was there in the sky of the Source World that it could produce such a miraculous scene.

"What the hell am I doing here?" Zen wondered out loud.

Zen had merely agreed to the woman's invitation because of a whimsical idea of No. 9527. He didn't see any point in joining this hell place. The Sword Dance Palace was rubbish and it was a complete waste of time for him to stay here.

"There isn't any special reason. Joining a human force is always safer than you roaming around aimlessly," No. 9527 replied calmly.

"Is this what you had planned for me?" Zen complained.

No. 9527 hardly regretted its decision. It inquired, "What is the problem? What can you do with your current strength? You are still insignificant in any place of Source World. Other than making yourself stronger, is there any other way?"

"At least you could have selected a decent place and not this rubbish heap! This Sword Light Palace is just nonsense!" Zen complained.

"The Ancient Scorpion race in the Source World owes my master a favor. If you go to the Ancient Scorpion race, I can help you get a good position, but would you be fine to live among those stinging scorpions?" No. 9527 asked.

Zen pursed his lips and didn't say anything.

There were all sorts of strange races in the Source World, and most of them weren't even humans.

Besides, Zen was not capable of crossing a province. Since he had joined the Sword Light Palace, the only option he had was to stay and face the challenges.

Chapter 3002 Killing Two Birds With One Stone

Faegan was the last to wake up.

When he finally pried his eyes open, he discovered he was soaking in a large tank filled with a blood red liquid.

The liquid was the sap of an insect containing the soul force capable of effectively healing damage to the soul.

Faegan awoke enraged.

He was about to burst out of the large tank and on his way when a woman flew from behind, forcing him back into the tank.

"Master Faegan, you really are injured quite badly. You'd better remain in the tank a while longer to fully heal your wounds," the woman said very patiently, a sweet smile on her face.

"I wish to see my father! How dare Ingram hurt me! I'll get my father to kick him from our clan!" Faegan exclaimed with great displeasure and resentment.

On hearing this, the woman shook her head and said calmly, "I've already spoken with your father."

"What did he say?" Faegan asked, his eyes lighting up.

"He said you deserved it," the woman said helplessly. "Although the Board of Elders has demoted Ingram, he is still a hero of the Qiu Clan. The Qiu Clan is to blame for what happened that year. Even the elders dare not mention this in front of Ingram, but you did. You're quite lucky he didn't kill you in a fit of anger."

Faegan frowned and realized that he really was too rash. At the least he shouldn't have targeted Ingram.

His heart still fluttered with fear when he thought of that dreadful scene.

"Humph! I'll put this matter aside right now! Astrid, accompany me to kill that brat from the Sword Dance Palace!" Faegan yelled in demand.

Astrid was an adopted daughter of the Qiu Clan and a great talent no doubt. Although she didn't join any palace, she had reached the Other Shore Realm under the training of the Qiu Clan. For her, killing a consummate True God would be child's play.

Astrid and Faegan had a good relationship. Because of this, Faegan thought she would accept his offer without hesitation. Much to his surprise, Astrid shook her head solemnly and said, "Master Faegan, I can't."

"Why is that?" Faegan asked, raising his voice. Astrid was always very obedient to him.

"Your father will not allow it," Astrid answered in a feeble tone.

"Fine! Then I'll find someone else!" There were many strong warriors in the Qiu Clan, so he, as the young master, would have no trouble in finding someone else to join him.

"I'm afraid you can't do that either," Astrid said. "Master Laura has sent a message. She's asked you to work this out in the cultivation palace by yourselves, and your father has agreed."

"How could this be possible?" Faegan frowned. "So I cannot do anything to Zen?"

"I have an idea," Astrid said with a smile.

"What is it?" asked Faegan intrigued.

"You can seek revenge using your own strength," Astrid said, blinking her eyes.

With these words, Faegan fell silent.

Zen had mastered the Truth of Cultivation Nature. He moved swiftly like a ghost and boasted infinite power. How could he take revenge all on his own? He simply stood no chance!

Half a day later, Faegan found Jago Yuebai.

Once their wounds had healed, those over thirty playboys didn't go to the Sword Dance Palace, but instead gathered in a tavern in the Seven-Star City.

"What? You're kidding. You've come across the same thing?" Faegan was a little stunned.

Jago smoothed the fringe on his forehead and smacked his lips. "I kid you not. I can't order any guard in my clan. They act as if the matter does not concern them. And who on earth is Zen Luo? Why are our clans so afraid of him?"

"He is just an outsider. I've never heard of the Excellence City. There is no truly powerful force in the Gracious Province!" exclaimed Faegan indifferently.

"Yet they do not dare to make a move against him," said Jago in confusion.

After thinking a while, Faegan said with a flash in his eyes, "Let's go to find Chadwick! Zen will be no match for us if we surround him with Chadwick's help!"

"Chadwick?" Jago's face changed slightly at this suggestion.

There were many playboys in the Sword Dance Palace, but there were still some talents among them. Chadwick certainly was one of them.

Most of the time, however, he could not be found in the Sword Dance Palace. More importantly, he was a greedy man. It would cost them a lot of divine crystals to acquire his help.

Still, they were determined to get even with Zen and humiliate him as they were humiliated.

They then stormed out of the tavern. The other diners knew who they were so they dared not get in their way.

On the top floor of the tavern, Laura quietly watched with a pale face what transpired downstairs.

Beside Laura sat a grey haired old man. He was Faegan's grandfather and one of the three elders in the Sword Light Palace.

"Is this really the right way to go about this?" asked the old man with knitted brows.

Laura smiled and said, "They have to learn this lesson."

"Is Zen really as great a talent as you have suggested? Has he really merged over one thousand Godly Ways at such a young age?" the old man asked both excited and concerned.

Laura nodded and said, "His internal momentum is too complicated. I can't tell how many Godly Ways there are. It may be a thousand or two thousand."

The old man's eyes were filled with astonishment. "It's impossible for such a person as this to come from the barren Gracious Province."

"He is not a local there. He came through the Wild Goose Pass. But I'm unsure where his hometown is," Laura admitted in a low voice, shaking her head.

She was in charge of the thirteen cultivation palaces of the Sword Light Palace. Given Zen's talent, he should be able to join the Burial Sword Palace or the Demon Sword Palace, but she had made a decision to leave Zen in the Sword Dance Palace temporarily.

On the one hand, she could test Zen, and on the other hand, she could teach the playboys in the Seven-Star City with the help of Zen. It could be seen as killing two birds with one stone.

But she didn't expect that Zen would go that far. On the first day, he had made the Sword Dance Palace a mess, and even made Ingram furious.

That day, she had also been observing Zen secretly. If the situation got out of control, she would take action to stop it.

However, Zen knew what he was doing. She was quite pleased that he hadn't killed anyone.

She had then informed all the clans of the Seven-Star City in advance that no one was allowed to make a move against Zen. She wondered how Faegan and other playboys would fight back with this in mind.

The Sword Dance Palace was quiet for a few days. The eleven new members lived in the spacious backyard.

Some goods were distributed in the palace, such as the cyan clothes and the cyan swords of the Sword Light Palace.

Of course, the cyan swords that Kenelm and the others received were different from the Stinger Guards', but they were enough to surprise and excite them.

In addition, the Sword Light Palace had given them the most important thing, the translation of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, from which they could learn the Truth of Godly Way.

Chapter 3003 Cultivating Two Truths Of Godly Ways

Truths of Godly Ways were common in the Source World.

It was difficult to decipher the meaning of the Sanskrit words that had been used to record the Truths of Godly Ways. However, once deciphered, the record would be extremely easy to replicate.

Many versions of the translations of the Truths of Godly Ways existed. In addition to the versions of human language, the texts had also been transcribed in the languages of other races.

The translations of the Truths of Godly Ways were easy to obtain, but few people could truly comprehend them.

"There appears to be no difference between this translation and what we usually see," said Kenelm as he thumbed through the translation, his face plainly showing his disappointment.

After staying at the Sword Dance Palace for so many days, the group had been looking forward to what they would get. To their disappointment, it was nothing out of the ordinary.

"The Truth of Godly Way is translated as a whole. You cannot add or subtract one word, as it is strictly prohibited. It only makes sense that there is no difference between this translation and what we usually see. The most important resource belonging to the Sword Light Palace is the Lofty Sword. If we could observe it from a short distance, the knowledge could be extremely helpful to us," another person opined.

"You're right, Hyde. We joined the Sword Light Palace not because of this translation," Kenelm agreed. Then he looked over at Zen.

Zen leafed through the cyan book in his hand and recited the contents of a page under his breath, as if he couldn't wait to cultivate the Truth of Eternal

Sword Intent recorded in the book.

"Zen, do you want to cultivate the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent? Haven't you already cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature?" asked Kenelm. A strange look passed across his face.

Zen's train of thought was interrupted by Kenelm's question. He smiled faintly and said, "Can't I? Is it not possible to cultivate two Truths of Godly Ways?"

"It's not like that. What I meant was, since you have already practiced the Truth of Cultivation Nature, it would be too late and time-consuming for you to cultivate the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent too. Although the masters in the Sword Light Palace focus on the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, they also have the cultivation methods that correspond to the other Truths of Godly Ways."

Zen nodded and replied, "If cultivating one more Truth of Godly Way wouldn't pose any problems, then I don't intend to waste such an opportunity."

While speaking, Zen sighed inwardly.

Complete translations of the Truths of Godly Ways were rare in the divine land. Even a Holy Being would be hard-pressed to find one. By contrast, these translations were popular goods of dependable quality in the Source World. The disparity was too great.

The gap could be attributed to people in the divine land failing to impart and inherit the knowledge of the Nine Li race before the race was destroyed. Zen's mother had retained a slight bias against the aboriginals of the divine land, so she was naturally unwilling to teach them the Truth of Godly Way that she had cultivated.

"It is said that if one cultivates another Truth of Godly Way, their body can accommodate one more Other Shore Token. Zen, I believe you can cultivate two Truths of Godly Ways." Hyde, a consummate True God, complimented Zen.

These ten people had witnessed with their own eyes how Zen easily beat more than thirty disciples from the Sword Dance Palace. In their eyes, Zen was so powerful that they had subconsciously regarded him as their leader.

"I'm flattered, Hyde. The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent is very complicated. I fear that it will take me a long time to—"

Before Zen could finish his words, an extremely sharp aura streamed through the walls of the Sword Dance Palace and headed straight to the backyard.

Like a substance that could pierce through people's hearts, the tip of the aura induced shivers in their group of ten people, including Kenelm. Their eyes betrayed their fear.

Zen's eyebrows twitched as he felt the aura.

He recognized it as an aura produced by the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. It was strong, long lasting, and sharp.

Accompanied by the sound of messy footsteps, more than thirty people rushed in through the backyard gate. They were the disciples whom Zen had beaten.

'They come at last, ' Zen thought to himself. The corners of his mouth curled up slightly.

He knew exactly what these disciples were like. If they didn't yield, they would do everything to mobilize all of their resources to fight back.

They had never suffered this kind of grievance before.

After rushing into the backyard, all of them stared at Zen viciously.

If looks could kill, Zen would have died for hundreds of thousands of times already.

"Chadwick, it's him!" Faegan said coldly.

"Let's get rid of him together," said Jago, stroking his silver forelock.

At this moment, a strange voice resounded from the crowd. "He has only recently entered the Sea of Truth, hasn't he? He is a nobody who has barely passed the first line, and yet you ask me here to fight against him together. Are you looking down on me?"

Then, a man stepped out of the crowd. He was eight feet tall, thin as a bamboo pole and just as frail-looking, but he exuded a strong aura. When he exerted all his strength, it seemed as if he himself was a sharp sword.

It was Chadwick, a talent from the Qiu Clan whom they had paid a lot of money to invite.

There was no obstacle in the backyard, and the aura released by Chadwick was even sharper. When Kenelm and the other nine people faced it, they felt increasingly uncomfortable, and their faces were all as pale as a ghost. However, Kenelm plucked up his courage and stammered, "This is the Sword Dance Palace. According to the rules, only the disciples in the Sword Dance Palace can fight with each other. As a member of another palace, I'm afraid it will be against the rules for you to fight against us."

Worrying about the retaliation from those disciples, Kenelm had learned the rules of the Sword Dance Palace in recent days.

"Hahaha..."

The disciples burst into laughter upon hearing his words.

"Look at these losers! They just arrived here a few days ago, but now they are explaining the rules to us!" Faegan said with a sneer.

"They are so funny. They don't know that Ingram pays no attention to the Sword Dance Palace at all. The rules of the Sword Dance Palace are set by us." Jago also laughed hysterically.

Among the thirteen palaces under the jurisdiction of the Sword Light Palace, the Sword Dance Palace had the most lax of rules. Disciples in other palaces were not allowed to battle at will.

These disciples had set up the rules of the Sword Dance Palace in order to drive away the disciples who joined the palace after them.

Kenelm and his friends looked at each other, deeply concerned. Zen, however, was not the least bit worried about it.

Zen tilted his head and stared at Faegan. "Even if the rules were laid down by you, they are still the rules of the Sword Dance Palace. Isn't it against them to have an outsider fight for you?"

"It's a pity. I'm a disciple of the Sword Dance Palace," Chadwick said flatly.

Faegan also mocked, "Only losers like you will follow the rules and try to avoid getting caught. It's a pity, isn't it?"

Zen shook his head without any expression. "If he were not a disciple of the Sword Dance Palace, I would be breaking the rules. Now that he has identified himself as a disciple of the Sword Dance Palace, then I won't be breaking the rules. I'm relieved to hear that."

"What do you mean?" Chadwick's eyes slightly narrowed.

With a bang, the ground that had just been repaired was suddenly ripped wide open into a massive hole. Zen transformed into a remnant figure, cutting a path at an unimaginable speed and coming straight toward Chadwick.

With his cultivation base, Chadwick could undisputedly rank first in the Sword Dance Palace. However, like the other disciples in the Sword Dance Palace, he had little experience in actual combat. He had never thought that Zen would suddenly launch an attack.

When Zen reached him, Chadwick had already pulled his cyan sword out of its sheath. Then, a crisp sound rang, and before anyone could blink, his one arm was swinging down uselessly to his side.

Chapter 3004 Observing The Lofty Sword

Faced with Zen's sudden attack, Chadwick flew into a rage.

The Sword Light Palace was actually a sect that attached great importance to battle rules. In other words, they despised a sneak attack more than anything else.

Even if the two were engaged in a fair competition, Zen was almost sure that he'd defeat his opponent without too much struggle. However, he didn't want to waste both his time and energy by getting into a fight with this man. It just wasn't worth it. What Zen wanted, in fact, was only to solve the problem as quickly as possible.

Followed by Chadwick's shocked and confused expression, Zen's palm was already pushing against his opponent's jaw. In a split second, Chadwick heard a loud roar coming from his very own head. White light flashed before his entire body went limp and unconscious.

Zen cast a last glance at the unconscious Chadwick before turning to look at Faegan and Jago. He smiled faintly and asked, "Do you still want to fight me?"

As Faegan and Jago watched the scene played out before their very eyes, their faces turned ghastly pale. If it were anyone else, how would they dare fight back?

Despite everything, they had come here aggressively. How could they retreat now, after having come so far? That would be nothing less than humiliating. The two of them couldn't help but feel completely embarrassed.

"Fight!" Faegan shouted loudly.

They were well prepared for today's fight. Maybe they still had a chance, Faegan figured.

It took no more than five minutes before thirty or so disciples were lying down on the ground once more.

This time, Zen had restrained himself a lot. He simply knocked them out one by one, causing very little damage to the Sword Dance Palace.

In a private Sword Dance Palace room, Ingram's lips spread into a smile as he observed the ongoing scene. He couldn't help but admire Laura's foresight.

After travelling to the Gracious Province, Laura not only brought the former leader's personal effects back with her, but she also brought back a genius—Zen. Ingram believed that Zen would still be a top disciple if he were in the Burial Sword Palace. Perhaps this time, the Sword Dance Palace would be capable of flourishing thanks to Zen.

Previously, Ingram was dissatisfied with being relegated to the Sword Dance Palace. But now, he was looking forward to the palace's future.

It wasn't until they were taught two lessons in a row that Faegan, Jago and their followers finally understood what was happening to them.

The clans that they relied on no longer provided them with assistance. Even Chadwick, the strongest one among them, wasn't a near match for Zen. There were no resources on their side that could help them fight back.

After understanding the problem clearly, they finally chose to accept their destiny, ultimately deciding to get along with Zen and his followers.

"Zen, the best room of the Sword Dance Palace has been kept for you!"

"As for the others, you may choose your rooms according to the rules."

On his behalf, Zen wasn't very comfortable.

Why the sudden change in their attitudes?

'That's good. At least this way, they won't be thinking of revenge at all times, ' he thought to himself.

Although the disciples were all arrogant and unruly, once they accepted Zen and his followers, it was much easier for them to get along.

They were rich and loyal to their friends. In the past few days, they had invited Kenelm and Zen to travel around the Seven-Star City. Through this, Zen had learned a little history about the Sword Light Palace.

That said though, these disciples didn't cherish the cultivation resources at all.

Disciples like Faegan and Jago had talents that weren't too bad. They were born into big clans, and their status was much higher than that of the others. Under the care of their families, it was naturally difficult for them to have great ambitions regarding the cultivation.

In contrast, people such as Kenelm worked much harder than the rest. Most of their time was spent reading the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent translation.

Zen was only a disciple of the Sword Dance Palace, and there was no need or reason for him to teach these guys to concentrate on cultivation.

However, it remained strange that these disciples indeed changed a lot, notably so after he defeated them twice with his irresistible strength.

At the very least, they hoped to become stronger, and therefore, their interest in cultivation had no choice but to develop as well.

Faegan and the others had asked Zen a few questions, such as why he was much stronger than them even though they were at the same cultivation level. Their questions were rooted in reason and curiosity.

Zen would certainly offer the truth to the questions that could be answered, but there were certain questions that involved his own secrets, and in such cases, he held his silence.

Not even a month later, the Sword Light Palace organized their very first sword observing activity.

Those observing the sword would be the disciples of all thirteen palaces under the Sword Light Palace.

The Seven-Star City was surrounded by mountains in all directions. So much so, in fact, that it was generally considered a mountain city. Countless magnificent palaces were lined up, one after the other, around the huge Seven-Star Mountain. Looking down from the top of the mountain, people felt woozy.

The Lofty Sword, seven hundred thousand feet high, was stabbed into the mountain peak, emitting an indescribable aura.

Even a powerful Other Shore Realm warrior would feel a sense of solemnness and fear when the sword came into view.

On the platform beneath the Lofty Sword, a middle-aged man dressed in cyan and wearing a cyan hat called out, "Disciples of the Burial Sword Palace, get onto the platform."

Although his voice was low, it traveled for thousands of miles in pristine clarity.

The platform where the middle-aged man stood actually stretched outward and connected to many other platforms, each of which could accommodate over a thousand people.

As soon as his voice transmitted out to the others, the center of the platform suddenly showed slight signs of space fluctuations.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

In the blink of an eye, three hundred disciples appeared on the platform, all at once. Every single one of them sat cross-legged, holding the same posture.

The disciples were dressed in the same cyan clothes, and each of them emitted a sharp aura. From their eyes down to their gestures, they showed their arrogance on every level. They were the disciples of the Burial Sword

Palace, and also the best group of talented disciples in the Sword Light Palace. It was no wonder they acted in such a way.

"Disciples of the Demon Sword Palace, climb onto the platform," the middle-aged man called out once again.

On another platform appeared five hundred disciples, who were equally sitting in the same cross-legged position. The Demon Sword Palace was second only to the Burial Sword Palace. Over the years, it seemed that the Demon Sword Palace was about to surpass the Burial Sword Palace, but it hadn't quite happened just yet. These two palaces had been secretly competing against each other.

As soon as the disciples of the Demon Sword Palace appeared, they looked at the platform where the Burial Sword Palace disciples were. Their eyes were full of provocation.

"Disciples of the Broken Sword Palace, get onto the platform."

"Disciples of the Sword Anger Palace, get onto the platform." And this kept going.

Disciples of different palaces appeared on different platforms, one after the other. The disciples appeared in numbers of hundreds.

The middle-aged man looked at the smallest platform on one side. Just by the looks of it, it was several times smaller than the other platforms and could only accommodate about a hundred warriors. This platform belonged specifically to the Sword Dance Palace.

Back in the beginning, only twelve palaces existed in the Sword Light Palace, and this platform was later added for the Sword Dance Palace. Compared with other palaces' platforms, this one looked somewhat ridiculous in appearance.

Nonetheless, although the platform was small, it had never been full in the past. Sometimes, the platform was completely deserted, in fact. After all, the disciples in the Sword Dance Palace weren't interested in cultivating.

Even if the chance of observing the sword was very rare, they still wouldn't cherish it in the least.

When it came to tradition though, the middle-aged man would still call them over.

"Disciples of the Sword Dance Palace, get onto the platform."

As the middle-aged man's voice spread out once again, waves of space fluctuation suddenly spread outward on the platform as well.

Buzz! Buzz!

In unison, more than forty people from the Sword Dance Palace appeared on the platform.

The middle-aged man was rather taken aback upon seeing so many warriors appear on the platform at once. In fact, he had never witnessed such a scene before.

As the other disciples watched their sudden appearance, they too, portrayed expressions of confusion.

The Sword Dance Palace disciples' bad reputation was known to the other palaces. The Sword Dance Palace disciples were arrogant and domineering, but they all had strong family backgrounds that couldn't afford to be offended.

Fortunately, the thirteen palaces were all established separately. The disciples from each of the twelve palaces wouldn't provoke the Sword Dance Palace disciples, and in this way, not many conflicts rose amongst them.

In the past sword observing activities, most often, there weren't any disciples from the Sword Dance Palace in attendance. At times, there were seven or eight disciples attending the activity. They didn't observe the sword carefully, but clamored instead. More so, they had been expelled several times.

Therefore, the Sword Dance Palace platform was completely empty the last three times. More than forty people came here today, which made the others feel rather strange.

Chapter 3005 The Lofty Sword

Kenelm, Hyde, and eight others were from the Excellence City. It was their first time seeing the Lofty Sword from such a close distance. Naturally, all of them were absolutely thrilled.

The origin and legend of the Lofty Sword were known far and wide. Kenelm and his friends heard about these stories from their families during their childhood.

Once upon a time, the Seven-Star Province was only known as a savage land. It was inhabited by only a few people and most of them were still uncivilized.

Back then, the Seven-Star Province was still being ruled by Jonas, a powerful unhuman monster. The size of his body was comparable to a huge mountain. His strength greatly exceeded the power of most Other Shore Realm warriors of the human race.

It was about a million years ago when the Lofty Sword came down from the sky and nailed Jonas down to the Seven-Star Mountain.

The Lofty Sword belonged to a swordsman named Athemar Qiu. He descended towards the Seven-Star Province and vanquished Jonas. After that, he created the Sword Light Palace.

For the next million years, the Sword Light Palace continued to reign over the entire Seven-Star Province. It even expanded to some provinces surrounding it. It even had a huge influence on the inhabitants of the barren Gracious Province.

For this reason, most people from the Gracious Province like Kenelm dreamed about joining the Sword Light Palace someday.

Zen started looking around as he sat cross-legged on the platform. The people from the other palaces, however, were all sitting elegantly. His gaze fell softly upon the Lofty Sword not far away from him.

The main reason why they were observing the Lofty Sword was to understand the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Yet as of this moment, the sword didn't show its sharp aura which was supposed to radiate from it. Somehow, it seemed like it had been sealed by an invisible sword sheath.

"This sword really has a magnificent presence!"

Being an accomplished swordsman, Zen was well versed in the art of swordsmanship.

When Laura brought Zen and the others into the Seven-Star City, the Lofty Sword had emitted a different kind of aura. It was much more unusual today compared to what they had witnessed before.

The Lofty Sword he had been observing for quite a while now had possibly hidden its true aura. However, he knew that it was actually very similar to a dragon diving into the abyss. It could burst forth at any moment too. Therefore, it was far more frightening now than it had been before.

'I wonder if anyone in the Sword Light Palace is capable of controlling the Lofty Sword, ' Zen thought to himself.

The other disciples like Faegan and Jago now appeared quiet and reserved. They had a bad reputation and seldom came here to observe the Lofty Sword in the past. They felt somewhat embarrassed at this moment.

All of a sudden, they heard someone speak out from another platform. "Are you serious? How come these pathetic fools from the Sword Dance Palace are here again?"

"They are all dreadfully worthless. They should not have come here in the first place. Maybe they plotted this together. Are they planning to cause problems here?"

"I wish the officiant would kick these idiots out of here and disallow them from observing the sword."

The conversations they heard were from the disciples of the Demon Sword Palace and Burial Sword Palace.

Some of those disciples were known as prodigies who resided in the Seven-Star City. There were also some who came from the Qiu Clan and Yuebai Clan. But they were from other branches, and they had extraordinary talents. As a result, they were practically unafraid of Faegan and his companions.

Faegan and his friends had taken a lot of beatings from Zen these days. Therefore, they had fully submitted to his will. Nevertheless, they couldn't just sit idly by and ignore such hateful comments from the other disciples.

Seething rage took over Faegan. He could not hold his tongue any longer so he shouted, "Freeman Qiu! What you're saying is a load of rubbish!"

Jago remained stony-faced as he admonished them. "I'm a disciple of the Sword Dance Palace. We are free to come here whenever we want to. Mind your own business."

Freeman Qiu continued to scorn them and said, "Don't you even dare think that the Sword Dance Palace is worth mentioning alongside the other twelve palaces. Ha-ha! What a ridiculous thought! The Sword Dance Palace only has a group of pathetic and wretched people like you."

The newest additions to the Sword Dance Palace like Zen, Kenelm, Hyde, and their friends maintained their composure. They had no idea who these people were after all.

The rest of the Sword Dance Palace disciples, on the other hand, were not able to stop themselves from reacting. How could they just let the other disciples make fun of their palace? No matter how poor it was, it was the place they could call their own.

On the spur of the moment, they stood from the platform and glowered at the disciples of the other palaces. In their fury, they seemed like they were about to start a fight.

At this point, the middle-aged man on the platform got fed up with all the commotion. He yelled, "Didn't I invite all of you here today to observe the sword? Why are you making such a ruckus? Anyone who makes any kind of noise again will be thrown out of here at once!"

The middle-aged man was the officiant. He facilitated the observation of the sword. Furthermore, he occupied a high position in the Sword Light Palace. His voice commanded a certain authority.

With irksome smiles upon their faces, the disciples of the Burial Sword Palace and Demon Sword Palace appeared satisfied. Meanwhile, Faegan, Jago, and the other disciples of the Sword Dance Palace returned bitterly in their respective seats.

All they wanted was to observe the sword. They did not expect they would be insulted and made fun of.

"For now, just focus on reaching the Other Shore Realm. The disciples from the other palaces can ridicule you all they want, but it will not matter. Your best retaliation would be to reach the Other Shore Realm ahead of them someday," Zen whispered to his companions.

As soon as they heard this, their faces were filled with cynical looks. "We already attempted so many times before. But no matter how much we tried, we got easily bored with cultivating. We simply couldn't put our minds to it."

It was not because these disciples lacked skill or expertise. They were prodigies too. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to have become consummate True Gods at such an early age.

What happened was, as they grew up, they got too preoccupied with distracting thoughts. And the love and care from their doting parents drove their goals and aspirations from their minds.

It was thanks to the numerous and intense beatings they got from Zen that they started to change a little.

Unfortunately, they were fully aware that their devotion and fervor would only last for a short while.

When he heard what they said, Zen looked at Faegan and told him, "Is it really just because cultivating is boring? Personally, I disagree. I think you are just afraid of what will happen if you fail. Are you not? It scares you that people will think of you as someone who has no real talent. If that's the case, then you really are a coward."

These statements from Zen temporarily stupefied Faegan, Jago, and others. Soon after, these words began to stir something deep in their hearts.

It was true that they already gave up on themselves in the Sword Dance Palace. At the same time, they were still quite proud of themselves. For instance, Jago was determined to believe that he was not lagging behind Freeman Qiu when it came to talent. Despite this, he refused to even prove himself.

On the contrary, Zen stated that it wasn't simply because Jago declined to prove himself. In reality, he was merely a coward who didn't have the guts to challenge Freeman Qiu.

They were perfectly fine being known as playboys who were up to no good. But deep within their hearts, they still yearned to prove themselves to their own clans.

Faegan and his companions were engrossed in their own thoughts. Suddenly, the officiant told everyone, "Ready yourselves! I am now going to activate the array!"

Hardly had the officiant finished his words when all the disciples of the thirteen palaces took out the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent translations.

Subsequently, the officiant sat down in the middle of the platform. His hands made some sort of movement, and orbs of pale cyan light emerged around him.

Almost simultaneously, the energy around the Lofty Sword changed abruptly.

The Truth of Godly Way that had originally accumulated and formed into a sphere started to bloom. The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent gradually radiated from the Lofty Sword.

Buzz! Buzz!

Long and slender streaks of cyan light arose from the surface of the Lofty Sword. They wriggled and surged towards the disciples.

A streak of cyan light shot towards the space between Zen's eyebrows. This made him squint a little. Before he could dodge it, the streak of light entered his mind.

Chapter 3006 Truth Competition

Zen frowned dubiously. He hated anything else getting inside his head.

After all, the Infinity Ruler was still in his mind. If its existence was found out by others, it might cause him some unnecessary trouble.

Zen was slightly startled at the cyan thread drilling into his head. "Will this thing... you know..." he nervously asked No. 9527.

Zen didn't need to complete his thought. No. 9527 knew what he was worried about. "Don't panic. This is just an illusion created by the sword with Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. This thread can't pry into your mind. Besides, the Infinity Ruler in your mind is just a delusional idea of Chiyou. It wouldn't be a big deal, even if it were discovered."

Up until this point, No. 9527 still thought the chances of integrating all kinds of Godly Ways were slim.

Zen breathed a sigh of relief. The instant the cyan thread reached his soul, his surroundings suddenly changed.

The officiant, the platforms, and the scenery in the distance disappeared in an instant.

The only things that remained were the Lofty Sword in front of him, the disciples of the thirteen cultivation palaces, and the translation of Truth of Eternal Sword Intent in their hands.

"What an illusion!"

"The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent seems to have tangible existence!"

"No wonder it is said that Lofty Sword can save the disciples half the effort. I feel my mind is so much clearer now!"

Kenelm and his friends could not contain their excitement. They eagerly reached out to touch the cyan thread hovering in front of their foreheads.

When the disciples of the other cultivation palaces overheard what they were talking about, their faces fell with disdain and disgust.

"Where did Sword Dance Palace get these nincompoops?"

"It seems they have never been to such an event before..."

"Sword Dance Palace is a dumpster. How can anybody expect them to recruit any talents?"

"Just ignore them. Don't waste your time!"

The disciples of Burial Sword Palace and Demon Sword Palace shrugged at each other, sneering at Kenelm and his gang. They then held up the translation in their hands and began reading it.

Their voices were very loud and clear.

"The warriors of the land of the ancient swordsmanship have been exploring ways of cultivation since ancient times. Their eagerness to improve never ceases. It's the way to the prosperity of the world..."

They each recited at their own speed. However, with everyone reciting at varying lengths, together they sounded chaotic.

Kenelm held up the translation and stuttered, "The...war-r-riors..."

In general, reciting the Truth of Godly Way was difficult in itself. Moreover, it was Kenelm's and his friends' first time to do so; what with the multitudes of voices echoing around them, how could they possibly concentrate? So, after but a few words, he was unable to continue reading.

Zen observed this. He furrowed his brows, turning to ask Faegan, "Reciting the Truth of Godly Way needs peace and quiet. Wouldn't the clamor of everyone reciting together be distracting?"

Faegan smiled and shook his head gently. "Zen, you may not know this, but the thirteen cultivation palaces compete against each other all the time. The competition between Burial Sword Palace and Demon Sword Palace is the most fierce. To cultivate the Truth of Godly Way by reciting it has been approved by their leaders."

"How come there are such strange rules?" Zen frowned.

Faegan replied, "They argue that if a warrior really has an insight into the swordsmanship, they will naturally be single-minded and be unaffected by the others. But so far, the distraction has escaped no one. I don't know what idiot made these rules. Also..." Faegan pointed at the sword. "Look at the huge sword! While cultivating, the disciples are simultaneously attacking each other! We call this Truth Competition."

Zen's eyes followed where Faegan was pointing at, only to see that the wide sword had been covered with cyan threads, and each cyan thread was connected to a sword-shaped pattern.

Those sword-shaped patterns varied in size. Some were as tall as a human, while some were as small as a pinky finger.

"What do those sword-shaped patterns represent?" Zen asked, as he eyed the patterns of varying sizes.

"They stand for the disciples' degrees of understanding of the Truth of Godly Way. Look. Mine is only as big as a palm. I can only recite three hundred words. Zen, is this the first time you're cultivating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent? That's why your pattern is only the size of a thumb," Faegan said with a chuckle.

The Lofty Sword could only show the disciples' cultivation base in the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Zen had mastered Truth of Cultivation Nature, but this Truth of Godly Way couldn't be shown on the sword. This was why his sword pattern was so tiny.

Zen followed the cyan thread with his eyes until he saw his own sword-shaped pattern was only the size of his thumb. "That's interesting," he said with a smile.

Kenelm's and his friends' sword-shaped patterns were only of the size of a pinkie.

Hyde Liu, on the other hand, seemed to have practiced Truth of Eternal Sword Intent before.

His pattern was about the size of an index finger, a little longer than Zen's and the others'.

Suddenly, the sound of metal clanking rose above the clamor of the voices reciting.

Zen looked up at the source of the sound and saw two human-sized sword-shaped patterns on the huge sword attacking each other. While they might have just been patterns, their collisions made the sounds of real blades clashing!

At the same time, a disciple from the Burial Sword Palace and a disciple from the Demon Sword Palace suddenly stood up.

The two biggest sword-shaped patterns were connected to the threads on their foreheads. They faced each other, chanting excitedly.

"The five elements repel one another. The human race will never be exterminated. No..."

"I cultivate with an earnest heart. Sticking to a righteous path, I resolve to become invincible and kill the evil..."

"One of the two is Elgin Qiu, and the other is Beldene Yuebai. They are a cut above the rest of the disciples in all the cultivation palaces. Elgin Qiu is from the Burial Sword Palace, and Beldene Yuebai, from the Demon Sword Palace. Both come from big clans. They have always competed against each other every chance they can get. Now, they fight against each other in a Truth Competition. They don't think anyone else is good enough to fight against them," Faegan smiled wistfully, looking rather frustrated.

Everyone hoped to take the spotlight, but they all knew no one was on the same level as Elgin Qiu and Beldene Yuebai. Faegan couldn't help but feel a bit jealous.

"We can take our time. As long as we don't stop, we can catch up to them, one step at a time," Zen said with a reassuring smile.

Faegan shrugged but didn't try to argue. Finally, he opened the translation in his hand, reciting the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent in a low voice.

On the main platform, after having activated the array, the officiant put his hands behind his back and stared at the Lofty Sword.

The leaders of the cultivation palaces also arrived at this time.

"This group of disciples started their cultivation at the same time. Elgin Qiu and Beldene Yuebai have surpassed the others by a lot, unsurprisingly. I'm afraid there's no way for the other disciples to catch up with them," said a petite woman as she observed the Lofty Sword. She was the leader of Sword Legend Palace. As she spoke, she watched Elgin Qiu and Beldene Yuebai battle, a hint of regret glinting in her eyes. She had come to the realization that not recruiting Elgin Qiu was her biggest mistake.

"What's with the Sword Dance Palace today? They have so many people present here. This is new," the leader of the Sword Anger Palace asked curiously. He paused to glance around. "Well, I don't see Ingram..."

"Why would he be here? Anyway, if the losers from the Sword Dance Palace don't work hard, he will never be able to earn respect from the Board of Elders in his life," said the head of the Sword Legend Palace, smiling coldly.

However, the moment those words left her mouth, two figures floated over.

The figures were none other than Ingram and Laura.

Chapter 3007 Talent

Laura was the one in charge of the thirteen cultivation palaces, making her the immediate superior of each palace.

She was only second to the three elders and the current leader of the Sword Light Palace.

The leaders of other palaces showed their respect as they all bowed to her as a sign of courtesy.

The leader of the Sword Legend Palace approached her with a small smile and asked, "How is your talk going, Master Laura?"

Glancing at her indifferently, Laura coldly replied, "It's none of your business."

"Well, do you really think that we have to fulfill the promise?" inquired the Burial Sword Palace leader, Dalton Yuebai.

"Think about it. The Seven-Star Province respects us for our good reputation. It is our duty to fulfill our promise. But more importantly, what does this have to do with you?" Laura questioned back.

Right after Caspian's disappearance, the Sword Light Palace swore that if his tomb was to be found, then a new leader would be selected.

Over the past years, the tomb remained undiscovered and the current leader had been ruling the Sword Light Palace ever since.

Nobody had expected that today, Laura could reclaim her father's tomb. Staying true to their promise, they should choose a new leader.

As of the moment, the Sword Light Palace was divided into two groups. Even the three elders could not get along with each other.

Two of the three elders were on the current leader's side so they did not agree with the reelection. Because of this, the whole Sword Light Palace was at a dispute.

Thinking of this, Laura was understandably not in a good mood at all.

After rebutting the two leaders, she glanced at the platform where the Sword Dance Palace was located, showing a touch of concern in her face.

Smiling, Dalton asked, "You came here today to see the new disciples of the Sword Dance Palace, yes?"

Before she could say anything, the leader of the Demon Sword Palace interrupted and spoke, "They are nothing but ordinary divine citizens from the Gracious Province. Why do you even care about them? They have such mediocre talent and weak foundation! Recruiting them is a waste of resources."

"The Sword Dance Palace has long been a place for good-for-nothings and rascals of the streets. It's not a big deal to have more like them," Dalton insulted.

Ingram heard this and could not help but give Dalton a grin.

Dalton saw Ingram's little grin. Having a serious look on his face, he suddenly asked, "Ingram, is there anything wrong with what I said?"

Raising his eyebrows, Ingram smiled and replied, "The Demon Sword Palace and the Burial Sword Palace have gotten the most resources, but you have only trained a few good disciples. In the past two hundred years, almost all of the disciples who have been promoted to the Stinger Guards are good-for-nothings. Now, how dare you insult the Sword Dance Palace?"

"Ingram!" Dalton's face darkened as he was offended.

"Well, I'm just telling the truth. During the past hundred years, has any of your disciples been sent to the Oneness Sky Palace? Has any of them been promoted to Oneness Guards? No! But you still had the audacity to gloat! Shame on you!" Ingram continued taunting.

"You, you..." Dalton's face turned red with anger after he heard Ingram's statement.

"What's wrong with me? Do you want to fight? Oh, come on. I'll show you. Let's fight if you want. You're incapable! That is why your disciples are nothing but garbage," Ingram remarked nonchalantly.

What Ingram said brought shame to the palace leaders, turning their faces pale out of humiliation.

Long ago, Ingram was qualified to join the Oneness Sky Palace. Although he had lived in seclusion for so many years, they were still no match for him.

The once gloomy Laura didn't feel so bad anymore as she finally gave a soft smile.

The officiant beside her said, "Ingram, this is the place to observe the sword, so watch your mouth!"

Touching his nose, Ingram snorted, "Meh. I just don't like them."

"The competition is about the disciples' talent and cultivation, not the strength of palace leaders," said the officiant.

"I guess you are right. We wholeheartedly cultivate talents for the Sword Light Palace, but this guy is criticizing us. How can we let that happen? We should speak up. He's vicious!" Dalton said disdainfully, shaking his head.

Smiling, Ingram turned to the platform of the Sword Dance Palace to look at Zen, with an expectant look on his face. "You think that your disciples are talents? That's ridiculous!"

All along, Ingram thought that Zen was just like him.

He came with Laura all because he wanted to see Zen, not for any other business.

Suddenly, Dalton came to a realization and spoke, "So, did you find a talent in the small Gracious Province for your Sword Dance Palace this time?"

"Well, he is a little more talented than me, if you ask," said Ingram with a faint smile on his proud face.

The faces of the palace leaders and the officiant slightly hardened at his words.

The Sword Light Palace divided the talents of its disciples into eight grades, and those with sixth-grade talents could join the Oneness Sky Palace. Back then, Ingram's talent was classified as the sixth grade, and such a person was rare to be seen in the history of the Sword Light Palace. Knowing this, the palace leaders could hardly believe what he had just said.

"So who is this man you are talking about?" Curious, Dalton asked.

"Find him by yourselves."

At his words, all the palace leaders focused their eyes on the platform of the Sword Dance Palace for they wanted to know if Ingram was bluffing. After all, people with sixth-grade talents were rarely seen.

When Zen practiced the Truth of Cultivation Nature, he didn't resort to any external force, so he had met some difficulties along the way.

Now when he was facing the Lofty Sword, he finally understood what Kenelm meant.

It was true that he could double the result by exerting only half the effort. But this would only be possible with the Lofty Sword's help.

"The warriors of the land of the ancient swordsmanship have been exploring ways of cultivation since ancient times..."

After he read some words on the translation, an idea popped into his mind.

At that moment, he felt that his consciousness was integrated into the sword-shaped pattern on the Lofty Sword.

He felt that he himself turned into a sword! It was as if his soul had come out of his body.

"Their eagerness to improve never ceases. It's the way to the prosperity of the world....."

As he continued to recite the words, the Lofty Sword slowly gave off the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent that soaked his soul.

Zen had just started learning, so the knowledge of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was somewhat shallow.

At that moment, he sensed that someone had actually led him to comprehend the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, making the whole process smooth.

Shortly after, he had already recited five hundred words, and the sword-shaped pattern had grown larger and larger on the Lofty Sword. Now it was about half a foot long and was as thick as an arm.

At that moment, the palace leaders' eyes were fixed on the platform of the Sword Dance Palace, waiting for something to happen. Finally, they found Zen's sword-shaped pattern.

Surprised, Dalton stared at Zen and said, "He must be the person Ingram mentioned. It's quite an amazing feat that he can recite five to six hundred words despite that this is his first time learning the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. However, the Burial Sword Palace also has a lot of talents like him. Let's not make a big deal out of it."

Chapter 3008 Understanding Level

The voice of the leader of the Sword Legend Palace echoed through the air. "Let alone the Burial Sword Palace and the Demon Sword Palace, even in our Sword Legend Palace, more than ten disciples can pull that off!"

The leader of the Demon Sword Palace laughed and said, "It's normal for Ingram to be excited. After all, the Sword Dance Palace is a place where a bunch of useless craps gather. When there suddenly appeared a disciple who looked somewhat better than the others, he began gloating..."

The other leaders of the cultivation palaces all agreed with her and smiled.

However, Ingram just ignored their remarks and kept his gaze fixated on Zen. He rubbed his chin as he watched him from afar with curious eyes.

Ingram believed Zen's potential was far more than what he showed. He was convinced Zen was a lot stronger than he was letting on.

The sword-shaped patterns on the surface of the Lofty Sword gradually got bigger and bigger, and they continued to rise higher and higher.

If a disciple encountered difficulties during their practice with the Lofty Sword and was stuck at a certain point, the sword would assist them by showing the corresponding Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Under the influence of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, the disciples would feel enlightened from its support. This would aid them in overcoming their problems.

Due to this, the speed of cultivation of the disciples from the Sword Light Palace was faster than that of the True Gods outside who cultivated by themselves.

Zen continued to put in efforts as he recited in a low voice, his eyes shining with determination.

Normally during recitation, the further a person went, their speed of understanding would slow down and they would lose their momentum. But Zen was on a whole different level. If anything, his speed kept increasing!

In fact, someone as talented as him didn't even feel the need of taking the Lofty Sword's support if he were to recite less than two thousand words. Under the baptism of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent from the Lofty Sword, Zen seemed to become stronger!

Six hundred words...

Eight hundred words...

One thousand words...

The eyes of the palace leaders were now glued to Zen. What Zen had achieved currently could be considered a small feat.

In less than five minutes, Zen had done the impossible task of reciting more than one thousand words. His talent was at a high level.

"He has recited over a thousand words in five minutes. I suppose it might be something extraordinary in the Sword Legend Palace, but it's normal in our Burial Sword Palace," said Dalton, looking uneasy. He pretended to shrug it off.

Ingram continued to observe without uttering a word. If Zen was only capable of this level, then he wasn't worth his attention. But he had a hunch that Zen's first attempt at this wouldn't stop here.

"His speed of reciting seems to be getting faster," the leader of the Broken Sword Palace said while leaning forward, now engrossed.

The other leaders had noticed it as well. They watched in utter disbelief as Zen continued to surpass their expectations of him.

In normal instances when warriors went through their cultivation of the Truth of Godly Way, most of them would recite at a quick pace at the beginning and their speed would gradually decline as time passed.

However, Zen was different. Instead of his speed lowering every second, it only became faster than the last one.

It took Zen three minutes to recite the second 500 words. And it took him another minute to finish reciting the third 500 words. Difficult as the recitation of the Truth of Godly Way was, he made it look like child's play. It was like he knew every word by heart.

His voice was low and the place was noisy, but the leaders could still make out every word he said.

"Follow the command, use the bone and blood to..." Zen's lips moved continuously, without a single pause. Each word was spoken clearly.

One thousand and five hundred words...

One thousand and seven hundred words...

One thousand and nine hundred words...

At this moment, Zen had managed to attract the officiant's attention as well. He peered over at the illusion and said, "For the warriors who could recite two thousand words in the first practice, their talent could be considered to have reached the third grade."

The expression on Dalton's face became serious. His forehead wrinkled as he spoke in a serious tone, "Warriors with third-grade talent cannot compare to Elgin of our Burial Sword Palace, but they are still rare. I didn't expect there would be such a talent in a barren province like Gracious Province."

"It's too early to say that," Ingram finally spoke. "I have said that his talent is not inferior to mine!"

Dalton was still not convinced. He scoffed, "Don't get your hopes up. We have all cultivated the Truth of Godly Way. Don't forget that Elgin recited 4300 words back then!"

"Just wait and watch. We'll see who's right in the end," Ingram said confidently.

The light in Zen's eyes shone brighter and brighter. It was like his eyes were ablaze.

He felt his voice echo with the Lofty Sword. Whenever he recited a sentence, the Lofty Sword would respond to him.

The response from the Lofty Sword was not sound or words, but it was the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

'Why does my speed of understanding the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent far exceeds that of the Truth of Cultivation Nature? Is it because I am extremely suitable for cultivating Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, or is it because of the Lofty Sword assisting me?' Zen debated with himself as he tried to make sense of the situation. He could not believe how fast he was going himself.

When he reached three thousand words, he suddenly stopped with a confused expression on his face...

The leaders were all on the edge of their seats. The moment Dalton saw this, he let out a sigh of relief. He looked at Ingram with a smile. "It seems that there won't be any talent on a par with you in the Sword Dance Palace!"

Ingram and Laura glanced at Zen, looking equally confused. A while ago, he was reciting words at an alarming speed, but now he stopped. This made them feel strange.

If he was struggling with words at some part of the Truth of Godly Way, he would have collapsed by now. His soul would not be able to endure the burden. But, instead of looking miserable, he looked normal. Ingram and the others tried to make out what happened to him. What could have caused him to stop after doing so well?

But Zen just paused for nine seconds...

He could not find the answers to his questions that were clouding his mind. They clogged his ability to think straight. Zen sighed and decided to let it go for the time being. Soon after, he began reciting the words again.

However, this time his speed became inhumanly fast. Slowly, he began to enter the state of forgetting himself. It was like he was possessed. His low tone became high-pitched as he screamed out the words, and his voice pierced through long distances, reaching people far and wide.

This alerted the other disciples of the cultivation palaces who were in the process of cultivation.

Kenelm had only recited dozens of words with the support of the Lofty Sword. He had already reached his limits, and he wasn't able to endure anymore. The cultivation was beginning to weigh down on his soul; it was making him light-headed. Every time he recited a word, he felt like his soul was being impaled by a thousand arrows.

When his body was exhausted from the exertion, Kenelm decided to take a short break before falling to his knees. As he collected himself, he heard Zen's voice. Instinctively, he looked over at the direction it was coming from.

Knowing how talented Zen was, Kenelm assumed he might have recited two or three hundred words at best. He looked along the cyan thread that was connected to Zen's forehead. Kenelm squinted his eyes to see Zen's sword-shaped pattern on the Lofty Sword. He could not believe his eyes. His body trembled at the sight of it.

"Zen's sword-shaped pattern... is now as high as half a person?" A look of disbelief painted Kenelm's face.

Although he always knew Zen was a genius, he never expected him to be so gifted. Zen had already surpassed most of the disciples of the cultivation palaces in his first attempt.

Kenelm was not the only one who was watching Zen in utter amazement. Faegon, Jago and the other disciples from noble clans witnessed his incredible talent from afar.

Before this, Faegon was content with his achievements. He even thought he was better than the other disciples due to having more experience of being a disciple of the palace. At least he was able to recite over three hundred words, and his sword-shaped pattern was the size of a palm.

But his sense of superiority over the others had only lasted for a quick quarter. Now Zen had left him far behind in terms of learning this Truth of Godly Way as he kept progressing further.

'This guy... He really shouldn't belong to the Sword Dance Palace...' Faegan sighed in his heart as he felt defeated.

Meanwhile, Zen's sword-shaped pattern continued to grow bigger and higher. Its size attracted the attention of the disciples from other palaces.

These disciples were all full of themselves and thought they had the best talent. How could they tolerate Zen's pattern growing so rapidly compared to their own? They began to take offense at Zen's formidable strength.

Several disciples from the Demon Sword Palace and the Burial Sword Palace took an unusual move. As they began reciting collectively, their sword-shaped patterns on the blade of the Lofty Sword surrounded Zen's sword-shaped pattern.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3009 Disciples' Gains

The Truth Competition was a must-have activity in the cultivation palaces.

These sword-shaped patterns reflected the level of the disciples' comprehension of the Truth of Godly Way. When disciples at the same level battled against each other in the Truth Competition, their desire to win would be aroused, and they would gain more insight about the Truth of Godly Way in the process.

In fact, it was common for disciples to make a breakthrough during the Truth Competition.

For example, Elgin and Beldene had been participating in the Truth Competition from the very beginning, and both of them had been trying their best to win. In just a short period of time, they had already surpassed a large number of disciples who had started cultivating at the same time as them, and become the most outstanding star disciples in the Sword Light Palace.

However, the disciples whose sword-shaped patterns were gathering around Zen's were quite hostile to him.

In particular, the disciples of the top two cultivation palaces, the Demon Sword Palace and the Burial Sword Palace, intended to uphold their reputation.

They wouldn't be nearly as hostile toward Zen if he was from another cultivation palace. However, he was a disciple of the Sword Dance Palace, which was regarded by all the other disciples as nothing but a trash heap. Besides, Zen was not from the Qiu Clan or the Yuebai Clan. The fact that he was allowed to participate in the Truth Competition was like an insult to all of them.

"Overtake him and step on him!"

"Force him to slow down!"

"If he continues to move up, I will stop and defeat him!"

These several people had also comprehended more than 3, 000 words of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Their sword-shaped patterns were similar to Zen's, and some of them were even a little stronger.

As the sword-shaped patterns gathered together, the aura around the Lofty Sword became several times denser.

Bang! Clank! Clank! Clank!

When the sword-shaped patterns of the other disciples clashed against Zen's, crisp metallic sounds resounded in the area as if their weapons were physically colliding with each other. Wisps of truth aura passed through the cyan thread into Zen's soul.

Ordinary disciples would have a tough time standing their ground if they were attacked by many people at the same time. They would feel a sharp pain in their heads and would have to stop.

Zen, however, only slowed down a bit in the face of these attacks. He held a translation in one hand, and his voice became more and more sonorous.

His sword-shaped pattern exuded a pure truth aura, sending the other sword-shaped patterns flying backward as soon as they came into contact with it.

As the sword-shaped patterns scattered into the air, Zen's truth aura was transmitted to the minds of the several disciples through the cyan threads. Following that, a few screams came from the platforms where the disciples of the Burial Sword Palace and the Demon Sword Palace were.

Those disciples squatted down and covered their heads with their hands, their faces contorting in pain.

"This guy..."

"He is almost unhurt!"

"Is it really the first time he's cultivating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent?"

"That's for sure. The Lofty Sword is never wrong."

The sword-shaped patterns on the Lofty Sword reflected how much the cultivators had comprehended the Truth of Godly Way. Now it seemed that Zen's sword-shaped pattern had grown really fast.

"Well, let's attack him too!"

"If this guy really has a thorough comprehension of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, then it will also benefit us greatly!"

"We might be tortured for a while, but maybe it will help us break through the bottleneck!"

Seeing this scene, the disciples who had comprehended over 3, 000 words were now eager to challenge Zen as well.

The reason why the Sword Light Palace encouraged disciples to take part in the Truth Competition was that they could absorb the truth aura from their opponents in the process. In turn, the comprehension of their opponents would also be imprinted in their minds. This way, they could make a faster breakthrough during the competition.

The fiercer the opponent's attack was, the better the effect would be.

Most disciples from the cultivation palaces would be able to comprehend about 3, 000 words, but after that, they would be stuck at that stage for a long time. In general, it was very difficult to break through the bottleneck of the Truth of Godly Way by using external force.

At this time, they all changed their opinions about Zen. Their notions of suppressing Zen completely disappeared, and instead, they took him as a great tonic. With a fanatic desire, they rushed to him.

As Zen read the translation, he glanced around and, to his shock, caught a glimpse of a group of sword-shaped patterns coming straight toward him all of a sudden.

Were these guys crazy?

Anyway, he had no choice but to react.

What he had to do was to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way at such a fast speed that his sword-shaped pattern would rise and leave the area where 3, 000 words indicated. However, he was already reading at almost the maximum speed. How could he dodge the sword-shaped patterns coming toward him?

Cling! Cling! Cling...

Over ten sword-shaped patterns surged toward Zen one after another. Each time, there was the crisp sound of swords colliding with each other, followed by the scream of a disciple.

A strange spectacle suddenly appeared on the platforms of the twelve cultivation palaces.

The disciples on the platforms were shrieking in pain while covering their heads with their hands, and some of them passed out from the pain. Two of them even lost their balance and plummeted toward the abyss.

Of course, the palace leaders wouldn't really let their disciples fall into the abyss...

The officiant of the Sword Light Palace watched this scene in utter awe. "This disciple called Zen seems to have a natural affinity with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent..." he remarked breathlessly.

"It's not just the affinity. His soul is also very powerful... After all, he has been in the Sea of Truth..." Laura pointed out with a hint of appreciation in her voice.

For anyone else, it would have been almost impossible to avoid so many attacks at the same time. However, since Zen had been in the Sea of Truth, he could resist their attacks with his own soul.

Ingram nodded in agreement, but added, "Although his soul is powerful, he still won't be able to easily withstand attacks with just his soul."

As soon as he finished his words, a voice full of surprise came from the platform of the Burial Sword Palace. "Haha. I got it..."

The man who had spoken was Wade Yuebai. He was the first disciple of the cultivation palace to challenge Zen.

Just now, when his sword-shaped pattern had hit Zen's, the truth aura had shot into his mind and produced a sharp pain, as if it was ripping his soul apart. However, when the pain finally faded away, he realized that he had been enlightened.

After he had comprehended 3, 100 words, his progress had been at a standstill for two whole years. After attacking Zen, however, he had been able to make a breakthrough easily. It was no wonder he was so excited. He almost couldn't wait to sit down cross-legged and silently read the translation. At this moment, his sword-shaped pattern on the Lofty Sword really started to grow.

And he wasn't the only disciple that this had happened to. Two other disciples had also gone through the same experience. With an incomparable excitement, they began to verify the comprehension in their minds.

"What?"

The leaders of the cultivation palaces were shocked by the peculiar behavior of these three disciples.

In order to make it possible for their disciples to enter the Sea of Truth, the palace leaders had done everything they could to cultivate them. However, no matter how much effort they put into it and how many methods they used, they hadn't been able to achieve their goal. Now, to their surprise, it seemed that these disciples had broken through the bottleneck just by competing against Zen during the Truth Competition.

"Maybe it's just a coincidence that these three disciples were able to make it..." Dalton, the leader of the Burial Sword Palace, said in a low voice.

Chapter 3010 Breaking The Record

Not long after Dalton finished speaking though, a second batch of disciples who also launched the Truth Competition towards Zen were enlightened.

Their reactions were exactly the same as those of the first three disciples. They were surprised at first and then immediately concentrated on reciting the Truth of Godly Way in order to verify their ideas.

There were anywhere between twenty and thirty disciples in the second batch. It was far from a coincidence that each of them broke through the bottleneck, one by one.

"Can our disciples break through their bottlenecks after sparring with Zen?" someone asked.

"Why is the Truth of Godly Way he infuses so magical?" someone else chimed in.

"It's proof that the way he apprehends the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent is very unique... and unbelievably precise!"

In that very instant, everyone was astonished, even the officiant. With his mouth slightly agape, he asked, "How... how could this have happened?"

He had been in charge of the sword observation for such a long time now and over all these years, never had he seen such a bizarre occurrence.

The palace leaders were equally surprised, but rather delighted. Zen had helped dozens of disciples break through all at the same time, and that had been a great aid to the cultivation palaces.

"He should be a perfect match for the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. His truth aura is so perfect that it's actually pure when left in other disciples' minds during the Truth Competition. It has an excellent effect... I've heard of it once or twice before, but it has never occurred directly in our Sword Light Palace," Laura stated indifferently.

The Lofty Sword could respond to the disciples with the matched aura of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Nonetheless, the Lofty Sword's guide lacked flexibility in the end.

At this point, Zen was on the same page with these disciples, having comprehended over 3, 000 words too. So the truth he had comprehended was what these disciples needed most, making the fight with him more effective than the Lofty Sword itself.

The leader of the Demon Sword Palace blinked her eyes a few times and came up with an idea. "Can we ask Zen to stop comprehending the remaining words and stay at this stage for a while?" she asked.

Many disciples of the cultivation palaces had been trapped within this stage. If Zen stayed at this level, the disciples' cultivation speed would greatly improve in the future.

Regardless, this remained a shameless idea. No one was willing to delay their own cultivation for others. Everyone only thought of themselves.

Even Dalton thought this suggestion was an unacceptable one, and thus, he chose to remain silent instead.

Upon hearing the suggestion, Ingram sneered and said, "Charlene, do you really think the disciples of your Demon Sword Palace are superior to the disciples of my Sword Dance Palace? I'm afraid that all the losers from your Demon Sword Palace aren't even worth a single Zen!"

Hearing what Ingram had said, Charlene felt embarrassed. She replied coldly, "I'm just making a proposal. Besides, Zen only joined your Sword Dance Palace less than a month ago, am I right? He is nothing more than an outsider. I've done all of this for the Qiu Clan's, the Yuebai Clan's and even the entire Sword Light Palace's sake!"

"Oh really, now? I'm afraid that we can't keep Zen in the Sword Light Palace. If you really think this is a good idea, you can go and tell Zen himself in person. If Zen can gain his reputation in the Oneness Sky Palace in the future, you'll face all the trouble caused by him alone. What do you think about that?" asked Ingram with a cold smile pressed on his lips.

As he finished speaking, Charlene's face darkened. She ultimately chose to keep silent. She knew that Zen wouldn't agree to this unless she put pressure on him, in the name of the Sword Light Palace.

In this way, she knew she'd completely offend him.

On the platform, Kenelm, Hyde, Faegan and Jago, in a foolish manner, watched Zen recite the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

"Zen, don't you have a bottleneck?" questioned Kenelm, slightly dazed and confused.

All things considered, he himself had hit a wall at the point of only twelve words.

"As far as I know, no one in the Excellence City has been capable of doing such a thing, including the city lord," mentioned Hyde, sporting a complicated expression.

"That makes sense. The lord of the Excellence City is nobody. There are many people who haven't encountered bottlenecks after comprehending over 3, 000 words in our Sword Light Palace. Among this batch of disciples, Elgin and Beldene both can fulfill the latter. And if I remember correctly, Elgin's record was 4, 300 words at his first time and Beldene's was 4, 250. Correct me if I'm wrong, of course," said Faegan.

"Wow! That's amazing! Incredible! The Sword Light Palace really does have many talents," exclaimed Hyde in an excited tone.

In comparison, the talents in the small Excellence City, or even the Gracious Province, were hardly worth mentioning at all.

Wrapping his arms around himself, Jago smiled and said, "Yes, but we know Zen is different. I have a feeling he might break Elgin's record!"

As everyone continued talking among themselves, Zen passed the threshold of 3, 800 words and went straight for 4, 000 words, still in continuous recitation.

As Zen's sword-shaped pattern continued to grow and climb higher and higher on the Lofty Sword, the number of disciples on his level only continued to decrease, and so did the number of disciples coming to Zen for the Truth Competition.

Still, some strong disciples wouldn't let go of such an opportunity, especially once they became aware of Zen's uses. Almost everyone above Zen's level controlled their sword-shaped patterns in an attempt to wait for Zen.

In other words, Zen's sword-shaped pattern kept going upward through constant Truth Competitions, which only added a certain level of difficulty to the task.

"4, 000 words..."

"It truly appears that he might actually break both Elgin's and Beldene's records!"

"Do you really think he can break them?"

At first, both Elgin and Beldene were engaged in the fierce Truth Competition.

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was written in 9, 449 words. Now, the two of them had already comprehended over 9, 000 words. They were only a step away from driving the Soul of Light to enter the Sea of Truth that they had dreamed of.

Both of them now had their sword-shaped patterns appearing at the top of the Lofty Sword, leaving the other disciples far behind. Currently, the number three disciple had reached just under 7, 000 words.

What Elgin and Beldene cared about the most however, was keeping their own records.

As he learned the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent for the first time, Elgin's record was 4, 300 words and Beldene's was 4, 250. Their records could be in the top thirty even when compared with those of the disciples from former batches.

Elgin and Beldene were satisfied with the result, and this could be read in their expressions. Of course, never had they thought any disciple could surpass their records.

Today though, a new disciple in the Sword Dance Palace had broken through the 4, 000-word mark. This amazed them to an even greater extent.

"Disciples of the Sword Dance Palace, except for those from the big clans, are all mediocre people who came from small places. How can there be such a person this time?" asked Beldene, his eyebrows furrowed.

Another disciple beside Beldene said, "It's said that this batch of new disciples came here because they had discovered the former palace leader's tomb. I wonder if that guy has received a certain kind of blessing from the former palace leader..."

Chapter 3011 At The Top

Beldene shook his head solemnly. "No matter what blessing he has received, he's still just a nonentity. We have nothing to envy of him."

The disciple shrugged his shoulders and said, "In that case, we can only say that there's an extraordinary talent from the small Gracious Province. Unfortunately, he's joined the Sword Dance Palace. I still don't think he can break your record, though."

"Well, let's wait and see," replied Beldene with a sly smile, glancing over at Elgin who was sanding just a few feet away.

Beldene and Elgin were considered to be the most outstanding talents in the Sword Light Palace. Beldene, on his behalf, wasn't as talented as Elgin, but he was always the more optimistic one.

Beldene knew how strong he was, and wasn't shy about demonstrating it. He was an enviable talent in the Sword Light Palace, but he wasn't considered as outstanding among the talented disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. In other words, it was expected that someone could eventually surpass him and break his record.

However, Elgin from the Burial Sword Palace wasn't the most positive person. Now, he could be seen grim faced and fists clenched.

In his eyes alone, he was now the number one warrior in the Sword Light Palace, and the palace had great expectations of him. Although Beldene was strong enough to become his opponent, he thought he was much better than him, of course.

If Zen broke his record, he'd snatch away the honor that should belong to him. Zen might even replace him!

Because his sword-shaped pattern had been on the top, he simply couldn't compete with Zen in the Truth Competition. In fact, he couldn't do anything to stop him.

"4, 200 words!" someone declared.

"Apparently, he just won't stop!" someone else stated.

"I'm sure he's going to break the record."

Many disciples spoke over one another. Zen didn't quicken or slow down his reciting speed. Instead, he remained steady, constant and confident.

'I'm easily learning the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. This is so strange!'

Zen thought to himself while he continued reciting. It was safe to say that this was something that he hadn't expected.

The Truth of Godly Way reached him through the cyan thread. Instead of feeling any pressure, his thoughts were clear and he was greatly enlightened.

"4, 250 words! He has officially broken Beldene's record!"

exclaimed the crowd together.

Beldene shrugged his shoulders in a nonchalant manner, still feeling relaxed.

"4, 300 words! He has now broken Elgin's record, too!" roared the crowd again, even more excitedly this time.

The gap between Beldene and Elgin was only 50 words. Zen had broken each of their records only seconds apart.

As this realization came over Elgin, the corners of his eyes began to twitch. He had mixed feelings about this whole situation.

On the platform, Dalton and Charlene wore a long face. Beldene and Elgin were the most outstanding disciples of their respective cultivation palaces. Since Zen had broken their records, they naturally weren't happy.

"He should just stop now that he has broken Elgin's record," Dalton said, obviously frowning.

"Ha-ha! To the contrary, I think this is just a beginning," said Ingram with a wide smile.

"Just the beginning? Come on, don't exaggerate," Charlene replied, narrowing her eyes and suddenly becoming more stern.

"I wonder what level he can reach in his first attempt," the officiant added with a curious smile.

After reciting 4, 300 words, Zen showed no intentions of stopping.

He quickly climbed to 4, 500 words.

And then to 5, 000 words.

5, 500 words...

At that point, all disciples from every cultivation palace had stopped comprehending the Truth of Godly Way.

They put down the translations they were holding in their hands, and quietly continued watching Zen. Zen was the only one still reading aloud among the thirteen platforms.

Some disciples occasionally recited a few words because Zen had reached their levels. They didn't want to waste their chance of competing with Zen in the Truth Competition.

Combined with a few screams, some of those disciples stopped reciting completely.

Of course, most of the disciples could recite 3, 000 words at most. After breaking through 5, 000 words, few of them could even challenge Zen.

Nearly every single one of them had a look of excitement on their faces.

This was human nature. If you surpassed someone, even a little bit, they might become jealous. If you left them far behind, all they could do was to look up to you.

Now, the outstanding disciples from both the Burial Sword Palace and the Demon Sword Palace as well as the ordinary disciples no longer had any enmity toward Zen. They all hoped he could go even further.

"6, 000 words! Imagine that! He's successfully broken your record, Ingram," Laura said with a slight, teasing smile.

Back then, she thought highly of Zen and her instinct told her that she had to bring him into the Sword Light Palace. By the looks of things, it seemed her judgment was correct.

"Ingram underestimated Zen. According to the Sword Light Palace's grading system, I think his talent is of the seventh or even the eighth grade," the officiant said with a smile.

Ingram still wore a smile on his face. He could only look at Zen quietly. Zen still hadn't stopped.

He reached 6, 500 words.

7, 000 words...

7, 500 words was next!

He topped 8, 000 words!

Zen's sword-shaped pattern grew bigger and bigger, and it also rose higher and higher at a fantastic speed.

The platforms became increasingly quiet as everyone fell into a state of amazement before Zen's performance. Aside from the gentle wind, only Zen's sonorous voice could be heard.

On the other hand, Faegan, Jago and Kenelm were still staring at Zen, completely dumbfounded and speechless. Zen's performance was beyond their grandest cognition. They didn't know what this could mean to the Sword Light Palace. Kenelm vaguely thought that Zen might just comprehend the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent thoroughly in a single breath.

8, 500 words.

9, 000 words.

"Here he comes..."

Beldene looked at the Lofty Sword. Since Zen's sword-shaped pattern was now very close to his, he was capable of competing with Zen in the Truth Competition.

A moment ago, his fellow disciple had become very excited after fighting against Zen in the Truth Competition. He had even broken through his bottleneck. If he could really make a breakthrough by fighting with Zen in the Truth Competition, there was no way Beldene would miss such an opportunity.

Without any hesitation, his sword-shaped pattern was already heading straight for Zen's.

Not only Beldene, but by the looks of it, Elgin had made the same decision.

However, Elgin still felt a trace of resentment in his heart. Although he understood that he couldn't necessarily suppress Zen, he still needed a way to vent his anger.

When the two sword-shaped patterns, which were as tall as a man, attacked Zen, crisp clash sounds came from the Lofty Sword once again.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

As Zen had a better understanding of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, the aura he released quickly became extremely ferocious.

At the moment of collision, Elgin felt a white light flash in his mind, a light that would tear his soul into two pieces.

It was then that Elgin finally understood why the other disciples screamed in shrill voices.

Elgin and Beldene remained far more powerful than the others. They let out nothing more than a muffled hum, endured the sharp pain, and continued battling Zen.

Clang! Clang!

The three sword-shaped patterns met at once and gave off a series of crisp sounds as they collided repeatedly with each other.

Zen was as calm as he ever had been. Elgin and Beldene, on the contrary, were drenched in sweat, their eyes wide open. Obviously, they had reached their limits.

After a while, Beldene ultimately couldn't hold on any longer. He rolled his eyes upward so only the white could be seen and fell to the platform with a loud thud.

Elgin's eyes were red, and he held on for another three seconds. Then his tense face became listless and he fell down too.

Chapter 3012 Athemar Qiu

No one was surprised that Zen defeated Elgin and Beldene in the Truth Competition.

After all, Zen had been participating in the Truth Competition ever since he recited two thousand words of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

Disciples who couldn't recite more than two thousand words didn't challenge Zen. They hadn't realized yet how much they could benefit from competing against him. All the other disciples, however, were itching to lock horns with him.

Zen had already beaten many of his challengers. Everyone expected him to win against Beldene and Elgin as well.

"It seems that he's stronger than you thought." Laura glanced towards Ingram.

Ingram's eyes clouded. "I thought he was about as strong as I was when I had started. I guess I was mistaken. He is much stronger. Is he going to grasp the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent all at once?"

Laura murmured, "Just like Instant Enlightenment? No wonder he has mastered so many Godly Ways. It's said that there had only been 19 talents capable of such a thing. I've heard about four of them. Three of them cultivated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, while the last one cultivated the Truth of Holy Words."

"And where are these four warriors now?" Ingram asked.

Laura smiled rather faintly. "Two of them died. Of the remaining two, one became part of the Oneness Sky Palace. The last one's in the southeast, defending Dragon Cliff as fiercely as ever."

Ingram's eyes twinkled with excitement when he heard this.

Sword Light Palace belonged to Oneness Sky Palace. Although Ingram missed the opportunity to be part of Oneness Sky Palace, he was familiar with its legends. Based on what Laura said, it seemed that the two remaining warriors continued living as powerful human martial artists.

"If Zen is indeed capable of Instant Enlightenment just like the four warriors you've mentioned, does that mean that he..." Ingram's words trailed off with him left shocked.

But Laura shook her head and said, "Don't think too simply of it. It is far more burdening to be talented. Remember that two of them died. A talented warrior will face greater difficulty."

As they conversed, Zen had already recited 9300 words.

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent consisted of 9, 449 words. As long as Zen recited the remaining one hundred, he would be able to fully comprehend its entirety.

Dalton, Charlene and other palace leaders were all ready to burst out of their seats.

"Does this mean that our Sword Light Palace will gain a talent capable of Instant Enlightenment?"

"Officiant, if this person indeed is capable of such a thing, what will be the reward for sending him to Oneness Sky Palace?"

The officiant paused for a moment, then shook his head. "For that, I would have to consult the ancient books."

The officiant couldn't answer the question. Not many organizations in the Source World could match the might of Oneness Sky Palace. In fact, Sword Light Palace was only under its jurisdiction. There had never been a warrior capable of Instant Enlightenment in its history.

But the leaders knew the impact Zen might have on Sword Light Palace.

When Zen comprehended the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, the palace leaders had scoffed at Ingram. They had doubted Zen's capabilities to qualify for Oneness Sky Palace.

At this point, however, they were entirely certain. They were even hoping to receive benefits for sending Zen to the Oneness Sky Palace.

The essence of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was in its last four hundred and forty-nine words. It was no surprise then that almost every word was so difficult to recite. Despite this, Zen did not seem frustrated and calmly recited down to the last word.

At this point, his sword-shaped pattern had reached the top of the Lofty Sword.

After reciting the entirety of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, Zen heaved a sigh of relief.

"By reciting this cultivation method, the warriors can keep its existence forever and may use it to safeguard human prosperity. No wonder this Truth of Godly Way is called Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. It must have been compiled by a human martial arts master," Zen murmured.

Just then, the Lofty Sword, which stood seven hundred thousand feet tall, began to vibrate.

The sword had its own blade, but it was not sharp enough. At that moment, a dazzling white light suddenly surrounded the blade, and the whole sword gleamed.

All the disciples, palace leaders, and even Laura were stunned at the sight.

"Is a powerful nonhuman monster coming?"

"Now? That's impossible..."

"Then why is the sword reacting so violently? It only does so when a powerful nonhuman monster is about to show up!"

The Lofty Sword was on the Seven-Star Mountain. Aside from being the Sword Light Palace's foundation, it also protected the entire Seven-Star Province.

If there was a powerful nonhuman monster attacking, the sword would sense it and automatically cut the intruder as they were still thousands of miles away. The Lofty Sword's sudden movement had thus made everyone unease.

"Could it be related to Zen's Instant Enlightenment?" someone murmured.

The officiant remembered something and clapped his hands. "Yes! That's why!"

Simultaneously, at the center of the Lofty Sword appeared a strange, circular rune. The air surrounding it constantly condensed. After a few moments, a huge voice transmission array formed.

Voices in such transmission arrays could travel long distances. In fact, it had power similar to that of Yellow Emperor Magatama.

However, Yellow Emperor Magatama was capable of sending messages to many targets, as long as they were Yellow Emperor Guards. On the other hand, this voice transmission array was relatively rigid, though the voice was transmitted much farther.

Right after the voice transmission array formed, a thunderous voice boomed.

"Haha! Good! I planted seven swords in different provinces many decades ago. I never expected to be surprised with a man capable of Instant Enlightenment!"

The palace leaders looked astounded. They had never imagined a voice transmission array within the sword.

Laura and the officiant, however, trembled in awe upon recognizing the voice.

The voice belonged to Athemar Qiu, creator of the Lofty Sword and founder of the Sword Light Palace.

He was also one of the Qiu Clan's and the Yuebai Clan's ancestors.

He frequently travelled across the Source World and never stayed too long in the Sword Light Palace.

It was just like what he said. He had created seven Lofty Swords, just as he'd established seven sects like Sword Light Palace. Moreover, the places he'd chosen to do so were seven vast provinces where beasts and monsters prevailed.

But until now, only two Lofty Swords still existed.

One of them was in Sword Light Palace. The other five established sects were counterattacked by peerless nonhuman monsters. They dissipated from history shortly after. Even the Lofty Swords were destroyed.

Suddenly hearing Athemar Qiu's voice excited the officiant the most. He had been in charge of the Lofty Sword for so many years, yet this was the first time he witnessed the activation of the voice transmission array!

"Ma... Master Athemar..."

For a moment, the officiant was at a loss for words. After all, how was he supposed to address the founder of Sword Light Palace, his ancestor?

Chapter 3013 The Orthodox Forces Of The Human Race

Athemar was a legendary figure in the Sword Light Palace, even in the entire Seven-Star Province.

The Seven-Star Province was originally called the Evil-Mantis Province and previously occupied by the Evil Mantis race.

Very few humans lived in the area. In the past, these humans hadn't been civilized and had existed in tribes.

At that time, the human race was at the absolute bottom of the society, and their daily life was a struggle for survival. There existed a constant threat of being killed by the Evil Mantises, who were too cruel and powerful that ordinary divine citizens couldn't defeat them.

Fortunately, Athemar's appearance in the province had changed the situation.

He had killed Jonas, the most powerful Evil Mantis in the Seven-Star Province who had haunted the province for millions of years and whose viciousness was known far and wide.

All citizens of the Seven-Star Province well knew about Athemar's legends, and so did the people in the Gracious Province. However, most people never saw him personally.

Needless to say, the disciples, the heads of the palaces, the officiant, and Laura were all astounded when they heard Athemar speak.

"Zen is so extraordinary that he even drew Master Athemar's attention," Ingram murmured with an awestruck gasp.

Everyone could hardly contain their excitement. Only Zen remained calm.

He didn't know exactly how powerful Athemar was, but he had previously encountered Fuxi and Chiyou in the past. No matter how powerful Athemar was, he couldn't possibly be above those people.

Ignoring the officiant, Athemar said to Zen, "Young disciple, please come forward."

Zen blinked once and stayed rooted to his spot.

Seeing this, the officiant anxiously said, "Zen, Master Athemar asked you to approach him."

"I see," Zen replied flatly.

He lightly stepped on the ground, and a gentle wind wrapped around him and carried him forward toward the Lofty Sword.

As he approached the Lofty Sword, countless lines emerged on its surface and spread over the whole sword. At the same time, a circular arched door appeared at the center of the sword.

The officiant was stunned when he saw the arched door.

He was selected from all members of the Sword Light Palace and tasked with the honorable duty to control the Lofty Sword. Therefore, he held a very high position of authority in the Sword Light Palace and knew the Lofty Sword the best. However, he did not know that an arched door lay hidden inside the Lofty Sword... until now.

As Zen approached the entrance of the arched door, he paused for a moment and flashed a helpless smile before finally stepping inside the door.

In fact, Zen didn't expect these things to happen.

He hadn't intended to enter the Sword Light Palace in the first place. When the opportunity arrived, he grabbed it. After all, gaining mastery of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent would be to his benefit.

However, he didn't expect that the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent would be so suitable for him. He did not feel any pressure during the entire cultivation process, and he mastered the complete Truth of Godly Way all at once.

Although Zen understood that this was not a bad thing, he could not help but feel some hesitation.

The Lofty Sword was hollow inside. Zen passed through a considerably large archway before entering an empty room.

Zen floated in the middle of the space, and the door behind him disappeared all of a sudden. Then, he heard Athemar's voice asking, "What's your name?"

Zen looked around and replied calmly, "My name is Zen Luo."

"Your surname is Luo?" Surprise was evident in Athemar's voice.

After Athemar liberated the Seven-Star Province, he had endowed its human inhabitants two surnames: Qiu and Yuebai. He originally thought that Zen must be a disciple hailing from the Qiu Clan or the Yuebai Clan, so he was taken aback by Zen's surname, Luo. He asked again, "Your surname is very rare. Are you an outlander of the Seven-Star Province?"

Zen inwardly sighed. 'Not this again.' Everyone prying into his background had become a big headache for him.

Zen saluted with cupped hands as he answered, "I was not born in the Seven-Star Province. I came to the province from the Gracious Province with Master Laura's recommendation."

If Athemar had continued to probe into his background, Zen would have had no other choice but to make up a story.

The most important point of his journey in the Source World was to conceal all information regarding the divine land, which was the last hope and foundation of the Nine Li race.

Fortunately, Athemar did not continue his line of questioning. He changed the subject and said, "Since you have joined the Sword Light Palace, I assume that you know the origins of the Sword Light Palace. Am I correct?"

"I have heard of a bit," Zen replied.

"Very well. I'm a Oneness Governor of the Oneness Sky Palace. I created the Lofty Sword to build a path connected to the chaos. You have grasped the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent with Instant Enlightenment, which indicates an extraordinary talent in swordsmanship. The Oneness Sky Palace is an orthodox force of swordsmanship, and the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent is created by our leader, Eastern Emperor Taiyi. May I ask if you are willing to join the Oneness Sky Palace?" Athemar unhurriedly said.

The Sword Light Palace was famous in the Seven-Star Province, but it was only a small remote force in the entire Source World.

The Lofty Sword was undeniably powerful. However, what the other races feared was not the Lofty Sword itself, but the force behind it — the Oneness Sky Palace!

Athemar had established a set of standards for the selection of disciples from the Sword Light Palace. As dictated by these standards, the disciples were classified into eight grades according to their talents. The disciples whose talents reached the sixth grade could be recommended into the Oneness Sky Palace.

Over the years, the Sword Light Palace had selected a large number of disciples with sixth-grade talent.

Ingram was also a sixth-grade talent, but for some reason, he had never been able to enter the Oneness Sky Palace.

During the past century, however, the Sword Light Palace had witnessed a notable drop in the number of recommendations because not a single disciple with sixth-grade talent had been discovered. Zen's appearance finally put an end to this embarrassing situation.

His Instant Enlightenment had already exceeded the standard set by Athemar. It was extremely rare for a disciple to achieve this, even in the Oneness Sky Palace. Athemar did not expect that such an extraordinary talent would appear in this remote place.

This was the reason why he invited Zen to join the Oneness Sky Palace and extended the invitation in person.

"Just agree with him. The Oneness Sky Palace has much better conditions than this remote place. After all, it is one of the four orthodox forces of the human race..." No. 9527 stopped in the middle of its explanation. "No, I was mistaken. There are only three orthodox forces now. Moreover, Eastern Emperor Taiyi's strength is no less powerful than that of Yellow Thearch."

"What nonsense are you talking about? I already have a master," Zen spat out angrily as his face contorted into a scowl.

Zen did not know what the three orthodox forces of the human race were, but he understood what No. 9527's words meant.

He surmised that the Nine Li people would have been one of the orthodox forces of the human race if they hadn't been destroyed. As it were, only three orthodox forces were left.

Athemar was very patient. He did not say anything else and just waited quietly for Zen's response.

No. 9527 had suggested that Zen should join the Sword Light Palace for a reason: for him to take advantage of their resources to improve himself quickly. However, entering the Sword Light Palace hadn't been his decision. He did it only because he couldn't travel through the provinces with his current strength.

It was beyond their expectation for him to be able to join the Oneness Sky Palace through the Sword Light Palace, and it was indeed the best course of action for them for the time being.

After weighing his options for several moments, Zen replied, "I am willing to join the Oneness Sky Palace."

"Good!" Athemar said with a smile in his voice. "In that case, I would like to give you a gift."

As soon as he finished his words, a cyan longsword with a faint light appeared in the space inside the Lofty Sword. The illusory weapon gave off an unusual aura.

'It has the aura of an Other Shore Token, ' Zen realized. 'This sword must be an Other Shore Token!' At this realization, Zen was filled with elation, and his eyes narrowed in anticipation.

Chapter 3014 The Imperial Sword Seal

Athemar smiled faintly. "This is my Other Shore Token, the Enlightenment Sword. Of course, what you see is but a projection onto the Lofty Sword."

The Other Shore Token was very important to any warrior at the Other Shore Realm. Athemar wouldn't place his prized token in the Seven-Star Province.

However, using a special method, one could project their Other Shore Token onto a treasure.

This was most evident in the use of an Other Shore Token's projection to allow the Trumpet Flying Ship to travel through the void.

In this case, the Lofty Sword was a treasure that Athemar created with his Other Shore Token.

Zen gazed at the light golden ancient sword in confusion. No matter how powerful the projection of the Other Shore Token was, he couldn't own it. Before reaching the Other Shore Realm, his inner world could not take in any Other Shore Token.

"The Enlightenment Sword is a great treasure on the Other Shore. It doesn't have outstanding power, but it can give you an Imperial Sword Seal," Athemar said confidently.

"Imperial Sword Seal? What's that?" Zen asked, squinting.

"You'll know it soon. The Enlightenment Sword is the only one of its kind," Athemar answered with an arrogant air about him.

Floating in space, the Enlightenment Sword began to rotate slowly. After a few circles, its blade was aimed directly at Zen's chest.

"It seems that I have to move." No. 9527 sighed resignedly, as it shuffled a bit to dodge the blade.

Then Zen felt a stabbing pain in his chest. The diamond-shaped sclerite on his chest moved quickly.

The sclerite was sharp. When it moved, it sliced through Zen's muscles. Such an injury was nothing to him, as he would recover soon after, but that didn't mean he didn't feel the pain it inflicted.

Just as No. 9527 moved away, the ancient sword shot towards Zen.

It moved so fast that Zen barely had the time to react.

In the blink of an eye, the sword stabbed Zen's chest, going clean through him.

However, as the sword was but an illusion, it didn't leave any physical wounds on Zen's body.

No. 9527 had moved away in time, or it'd be troublesome if Athemar discovered its existence.

"Check your chest," Athemar instructed.

Zen unbuttoned his jacket and saw a faint sword freshly imprinted on his chest.

"This is the Imperial Sword Seal, an innate theurgy of the Enlightenment Sword. Many others have begged me to give them the Imperial Sword Seal, but I refused. It's my generous gift to you," Athemar said, grinning proudly.

Zen pursed his lips, resisting the urge to roll his eyes. He knew Athemar was strong, but he was way too conceited.

"But you haven't explained the function of the Imperial Sword Seal yet," Zen reminded.

"Do you have any top-grade sword?" Athemar asked.

Zen's eyes flashed.

It was absolutely impossible for him to take out the Soaring Snake Sword. After a moment of thought, he flicked his hand. A long sword that emanated a cyan light materialized before him. It was the sword that the Sword Light Palace gave him.

"Are you kidding me? That's just scrap metal!" Athemar cried exasperatedly.

"This is the sword given by the Sword Light Palace," Zen muttered.

"Well then. I'll teach you how to use the Imperial Sword Seal, and then you can apply it to the sword," Athemar said with a reluctant smile.

He began to chant a spell.

The Imperial Sword Seal might have had some mystery about it, but the spell to activate it was actually quite simple. Zen picked it up easily and mastered it within seconds.

As he recited the spell from heart, he suddenly felt his blood surging throughout his body. The aura of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent gathered in his chest immediately. A burning sensation raged in his chest, and a golden light shot out from the Imperial Sword Seal imprinted on his chest. Once the light landed on the cyan sword, it transformed dramatically.

As he held the handle of the sword, Zen could feel the power surging within the sword. The force was so strong that it could split the heaven from earth.

"This power..." Zen's eyes narrowed slightly.

"You can release it," Athemar reminded. "Don't worry. You can't damage the inner walls of the Lofty Sword."

Zen was actually planning to do that. Hearing Athemar's encouragement, he no longer had any scruples. Immediately, he brandished the sword and slashed forward.

Buzz!

Golden threads of light burst forth. They moved in an almost random way, but each strand was incredibly sharp.

Crack! Crack!

The threads cut the inner walls of the Lofty Sword, leaving crevices on the surface.

However, there was no need to worry, as the Lofty Sword could repair itself. The crevices soon were sealed.

"It's not bad," Zen said with a faint smile, as though he couldn't hide the disappointment in his heart. While the threads were sharp, he could tell they were weaker than his Ways-blending Energy.

Athemar could tell that Zen was upset. He snorted. "Not bad? It is a waste for you to use the Imperial Sword Seal on this piece of scrap metal. In the future, you will know its true power!"

Zen's heart skipped a beat. "Are you saying that the Imperial Sword Seal isn't activated by my Truth of Godly Way?"

He had just felt that the Imperial Sword Seal had absorbed his Truth of Godly Way, so he thought it was a truth theurgy. Moreover, it was not as powerful as his Ways-blending Energy, so he had been quite disappointed.

"Of course not! It's related to the grade of the sword you use," said Athemar, as though the fact was so obvious.

Zen's heart beat wildly at this.

The magic weapons in the Source World were graded in a different way. The cyan sword, as the standard sword of the Sword Light Palace, was considered ordinary. It was inferior to some of the swords Zen had brought with him from the divine land, among which were some top-grade magic weapons that were given to him by the Sword Clan.

More importantly, he had the Soaring Snake Sword! Zen's excitement grew as he explored this thought.

If the cyan sword, which was deemed "scrap metal" by Athemar, could bring out such power, how much more power could the Soaring Snake Sword release?

Noticing Zen's strange expression, Athemar chuckled. "You have some amazing treasures with you, don't you?"

Zen's expression fell as he struggled to conjure some excuse.

"Don't worry," Athemar continued, as though reading Zen's thoughts. "I won't grab a junior's treasures."

Of course, he didn't know that Zen had Chiyou's sword. If he knew that, perhaps he would have changed his mind.

"Now that you have the Imperial Sword Seal, you can leave. Stay at the Sword Light Palace. I will send someone to Seven-Star Province." As he spoke, a circular arch materialized before them again.

Zen bowed respectfully and then headed into the arch.

Chapter 3015 Giving Soul Pills

Zen could feel people staring at him as he retreated from the Lofty Sword.

They envied Zen, a relatively new member of the Sword Light Palace, yet he was already allowed to see Athemar alone.

Not even the current head and elders received such treatment.

"Zen, come here," Laura said, gesturing for Zen to come closer.

Zen flew towards her.

The eyes of the other palace leaders followed his tracks.

"Well, what did Master Athemar say to you?" Laura asked.

With a smile, Zen responded, "He asked me to join the Oneness Sky Palace. He said he would send someone to pick me up."

"That's great!"

All the people seemed happy, especially Ingram.

He had made a mistake in the past that caused his removal from the Stinger Guards.

The rules of the Sword Light Palace dictated that if he wanted to return, he had to make an achievement in the Sword Dance Palace.

However, he already lost his hope throughout the years. The situation in the Sword Dance Palace did not help at all. He would need a lot of time if he wanted to return.

Since Zen had joined the Oneness Sky Palace as a new disciple of the Sword Dance Palace, full credit would go to Ingram.

It wouldn't be long before Ingram became a Stinger Guard again.

The other palace leaders were jealous.

They were all working hard to train their disciples, perhaps much more than Ingram. Ingram was known to just drink wine each day. He was just lucky to have Zen as a disciple, so they were not convinced at all.

Historically, if the Sword Light Palace offered talented disciples to the Oneness Sky Palace, the latter would give some rewards in return. Given Zen's Instant Enlightenment, the Oneness Sky Palace was expected to give the Sword Light Palace generous rewards.

As soon as that happened, Ingram wouldn't just be able to return as a Stinger Guard, he would also be promoted far beyond other palace leaders.

"Did he tell you the exact time?" Laura asked.

Zen shook his head and replied, "No."

The officiant cut in, "Laura, don't worry. It was Master Athemar himself who promised they would pick up Zen. It shouldn't take long. In the past, we sent disciples ourselves."

Laura nodded in agreement and tried to relax.

Then, someone interrupted from the side of the platform, "Elgin has broken through his bottleneck!"

"So has Beldene! Could they also comprehend the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent thoroughly?"

Elgin and Beldene were enlightened after the Truth Competition with Zen.

After the lines on the Lofty Sword disappeared, they immediately went to verify what they had comprehended.

While reciting, they advanced and broke through their bottlenecks almost at the same time until they reached consummation.

If not for Zen joining the Oneness Sky Palace, Elgin's and Beldene's entries into the Sea of Truth should have been a great deal for the Sword Light Palace.

Finally, they had understood the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. All they were waiting for was to go to the Sea of Truth.

"Laura, they have just reached consummation," Dalton said hurriedly. "According to custom, we should give them soul pills before they go to the Sea of Truth."

Charlene nodded. "Beldene, bring a soul pill with you before you go to the Sea of Truth," she reminded.

The soul pill was a rare treasure in the Sword Light Palace.

It could only be acquired from large forces and at a high price.

It was a good thing that the Sword Light Palace had the help of the Oneness Sky Palace. They could buy soul pills from the Oneness Sky Palace and at a much lower price.

However, the Sword Light Palace did not have enough soul pills. The soul pills, after all, were used widely. They were used to cross the Sea of Truth, cultivate on the Other Shore, and the powerhouses at the Other Shore Realm used them too.

"We should also give Zen a soul pill," said Ingram.

Almost no disciple from the Sword Dance Palace could go to the Sea of Truth, so he had forgotten this rule.

Smiling faintly, Laura called Elgin and Beldene to Zen's side.

Laura drew out her right hand and then, suddenly, a black bottle appeared. It had an unusual shape and a figure of a strange-looking ghost was drawn on it.

Zen had a lot of soul pills. He had only ever seen them in the Sea of Truth before, but never in the real world. "The bottle looks strange," he said upon seeing what was in Laura's hand.

Elgin glanced at Zen and said, "You haven't even seen it before? This bottle is a soul bottle and the soul pills can only be contained inside it given their special nature. Otherwise, they will disappear in two or three days."

Before Zen could reply, Dalton interjected, "Elgin, don't be rude!"

Elgin was showing off. He didn't like that Zen was outshining him.

Dalton wasn't too happy about Zen either, but he knew very well that since Athemar personally introduced Zen to the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen would have a bright future. It wasn't wise for Elgin to offend Zen.

Elgin didn't care. He only saw Zen as an outsider. He knew that he was a decent disciple of the Qiu Clan and had no reason to be afraid.

But he dared not contradict Dalton.

Zen didn't indulge in Elgin's games. He merely stared at the soul bottle.

Laura gently rubbed the surface of the bottle. At once, three muffled sounds came out of it. Then three transparent bubbles followed, in which there were brown soul pills the size of a fist.

"The soul pills are so large!" Zen said in shock. The soul pills were different from what he had seen before.

Seeing Zen's shock, Beldene knew exactly what to ask. "Zen, did you encounter any soul pills in the Sea of Truth?"

Zen nodded.

"That makes sense. The Sea of Truth and the Other Shore are located in a vast world. Things look different there. If I'm lucky enough to meet you in the Sea of Truth, do help me out. I'll need it," said Beldene curtly.

"We are both the disciples of the Sword Light Palace. We should help each other," Zen said with a smile.

Dalton admired Beldene's decorum. He glanced over at Elgin and sighed. Elgin was the more talented one between them, but he wouldn't go too far if he didn't know how to properly deal with the world.

Chapter 3016 Sudden Change

As Laura gently waved her hand, bubbles containing the soul pills floated towards the three warriors.

When Zen saw the soul pill, he touched the bubble with his finger and it instantly burst.

The fist-sized brown soul pill turned into a wisp of brown smoke and went straight into Zen's head and entered his soul.

"Once your Soul of Light enters the Sea of Truth, the soul pill can also enter it," Laura explained flatly.

When Elgin and Beldene got the soul pills, they couldn't wait to return to the platforms and sit there cross-legged. As the strong Truth of Eternal Sword Intent emitted from them, their Souls of Light entered the Sea of Truth.

All the True Gods in the Source World had a strong desire to enter the Sea of Truth. They could get a fresh start only after crossing this sea.

Zen also flew to the platform of the Sword Dance Palace and sat down there with his legs crossed.

The Oneness Sky Palace members would take some time to get there and take him away, so he planned to spend that period of time crossing the Sea of Truth.

But at this time, he wouldn't be able to enter the Sea of Truth with his physical body, as it would easily expose him.

Zen had learned from No. 9527 that the Oneness Sky Palace members were also human beings but he was unwilling to reveal some of his secrets to others.

Zen started to meditate and summon the Truth of Godly Way.

His Soul of Light was sucked in by the Truth of Godly Way, and it entered the Sea of Truth in an instant.

Atop a palace, Dorothy sat on the edge of a corner with her legs dangling.

A beautiful woman walked under the palace and looked up to Dorothy with a smile. "Dorothy, I heard that Ralf has crossed five lines."

Dorothy's lips curled up. "So what?"

"Actually, you can cross the Sea of Truth by yourself. Once the young man enters the Sea of Truth, you can turn back to look for him and travel along with him. There's no need to be so stubborn," the beautiful woman rebuked.

Dorothy shook her head and said, "Aunt Felicity, you know me well. I assure you I'll keep my promise and wait for him."

Felicity responded, "But now you have fallen behind others."

"I don't care. Besides, they are not too far from me. Ralf and others always move slowly, so as long as I give it my best, I'm sure I can overtake them!" Dorothy uttered.

Felicity sighed. Dorothy was very talented, but she was obstinate.

It was definitely rare to meet a person, who had explored the Sea of Truth with his physical body.

But that man hadn't showed up for a long time since the last time. Who knew what had happened?

Passing through the Sea of Truth using one's corporeal body was not allowed. Maybe he had been rejected and eliminated by the truth.

The truth was inviolable, so how could anyone cross the Sea of Truth only with their physical body?

However, at this moment, a small sword that hung on Dorothy's waist slightly vibrated. Dorothy's expression changed suddenly.

She leaned forward and got down from the eaves with a graceful somersault. She gently kicked off the roof and shot down to the ground like an arrow.

"Aunt Felicity, guard the palace. That guy appeared," Dorothy ordered.

"He has finally appeared?" Felicity shook her head at Dorothy's excitement.

In fact, even the palace leader was paying great attention to the young man. It was said that this matter had spread in the Oneness Sky Palace, and the elders in the palace had also ordered the disciples to wander near the first line, hoping to find the young man.

Of course, Felicity knew that the clue was in Dorothy's hands, but she was never going to reveal that to the elders...

Dorothy sat cross legged, quickly emitting the Truth of Godly Way. In the blink of an eye, she stepped into the Sea of Truth.

A boat emanating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was quietly built on the Sea of Truth. Dorothy's figure also appeared on this boat. Her eyes darted around the sea, but she didn't spot Zen's boat!

"It's impossible! How could he disappear in such a short time? Did he leave the Sea of Truth once again?"

Dorothy pouted in anger and disappointment.

Suddenly, someone spoke calmly from behind, "Are you looking for me?"

Dorothy turned her head and saw Zen's Truth Boat quietly floating behind her.

"Why are you so late?" Dorothy was pleasantly surprised, but her tone was accusatory.

She had wasted a lot of time waiting for Zen.

As someone in such a high position, she was among the peerless talents in the Oneness Sky Palace all the time, so she was under a lot of pressure.

"I'm sorry but I have encountered some trouble," Zen explained.

Zen was busy all the time, be it in the divine land, the Source World, the Gracious Province or the Sword Light Palace, and did not have much time to enter the Sea of Truth.

"What? You have cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature, haven't you? Why does the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent get mixed with it?"

Dorothy wasn't angry with Zen anymore. She quickly discovered that something was wrong with him.

A trace of a sharp aura emanated from Zen's Truth Boat. This was the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, which was most familiar to Dorothy.

She had also found a theurgy of the Truth of Cultivation Nature for Zen. It had only been one year, but Zen had grasped another Truth of Godly Way.

"I have indeed comprehended it only recently," Zen agreed with a smile.

"Really? You have just cultivated it recently?" Dorothy's eyebrows shot up. "The comprehension of the Truth of Godly Way can't be accomplished in a short time, and you did it. Also, it's extremely difficult to cultivate two Truths of Godly Ways..."

Zen didn't want to waste any more time on this matter, so he changed the subject. "I can't cross the Sea of Truth in a short time even with the two Truths of Godly Ways. We'd better set out as soon as possible!"

Dorothy was slightly suspicious but still followed Zen. The two Truth Boats started to move in the vast sea again.

A cyan green boundary wall separated the Gracious Province from the Seven-Star Province.

At this time, a crack appeared on the Gracious Province's land.

A mysterious green vine shot out from the crack.

The shape of the vine was special. The leaves at the tip of the vine were like the toes of a gecko. The leaves crawled along the ground and clung to the boundary wall.

Thump!

The toe-like leaves slammed onto the boundary wall.

A light flashed on the boundary wall, and a golden Sanskrit word appeared on its surface.

Another golden Sanskrit word also appeared in the middle of the leaves. Then the leaves covered the boundary wall.

Buzz!

Since the two Sanskrit words couldn't be matched, the boundary wall didn't open.

However, the Sanskrit word kept changing and adjusting on the leaves. After five or six attempts, a faint Sanskrit word finally matched the one on the boundary wall.

After obtaining recognition on the boundary wall, thousands of cracks appeared on the ground beneath the wall and countless Man-eating Demon Flowers emerged from the ground.

These Man-eating Demon Flowers were unable to move themselves, so they were living on an extremely huge vine now! And this vine itself was tens of thousands of miles in length!

Rumble!

The earth split open, and the fissure extended tens of thousands of miles, and even the entire Gracious Province shook.

Following closely behind these Man-eating Demon Flowers was the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers, which was the tallest one!

Then a wild and violent aura enveloped the area within a million-mile radius.

The Man-eating Demon Flowers were poised to go through the boundary wall and invade the Seven-Star Province!

Chapter 3017 Destroy The Star City

Located in the south of the Seven-Star Province, the Star City was deemed to be the smallest city in the area. In the whole city, the Star Tower, which was over a thousand feet tall, caught the attention of most people.

Built by the Sword Light Palace, the Star Tower was an outpost position which was heavily guarded by the Stinger Guards all year round.

Many divine citizens in the Star City hoped to be an apprentice to the Stinger Guards. Although the Stinger Guards didn't accept disciples, the divine citizens still hoped that the latter could give them some valuable advice, and that was enough for them.

Annoyed by the persistence of the divine citizens, the Stinger Guards felt that they had no choice but to lock the Star Tower.

On top of the tower, two men clad in cyan leaned idly against the cushions. One of them complained, "I've been on duty here for only one month and I'm already at wit's end! I can't stand this any longer! Imagine, I'll have to stay on duty in this tower for three more years! Is this the life of a Stinger Guard? How could it get so boring?"

The man who spoke was named Chester Qiu. Six months ago, he passed the assessment of the Sword Light Palace and became a one-star Stinger Guard.

Being a new Stinger Guard, Chester thought that he could go to other provinces to exorcise demons with the other Stinger Guards. However, he thought wrong for he was assigned to guard the Star City for three years.

"Oh, come on. Quit ranting. You should be contented. That's only three years compared to my five-year stay here. I've been staying here and will stay for more years in this barren place! By the time I get out, I guess that I won't have any recollection of what the Seven-Star City looks like," the other young man replied.

The other young man was Hasan Yuebai, also a one-star Stinger Guard.

After being promoted to Stinger Guards, the disciples of the Sword Light Palace had their first task—to guard the major cities in Seven-Star Province.

Since the Lofty Sword was there to protect the province, few nonhuman demons dared to cause chaos, making the guards' jobs so boring.

Rumble!

While the two guards were talking, there was a low and sudden rumble that came from the ground. The rumbling even caused the Star Tower to shake.

"What happened?" Hasan curiously asked as he felt the ground tremble.

"Is there an earthquake?" Chester asked back, frowning.

At that moment, the ground continued to rattle more violently and so did the Star Tower. Many divine citizens even looked at each other in disorientation as they had no idea of what was happening.

"Ugh, forget it! Hey, look, what's that?"

Suddenly, they noticed that there was a huge crack on the ground in front of the Star City.

Quickly, the crack expanded exponentially and a thick vine consisting of many Man-eating Demon Flowers emerged from it.

In the blink of an eye, the vine rose in the sky and above the whole city.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

High up in the sky, hundreds of thousands of Man-eating Demon Flowers split from the vine and fell like rain.

Upon seeing the Man-eating Demon Flowers, Chester opened his mouth in disbelief and said, "Damn it! These creatures are the demonic plants from the Gracious Province!"

"How dare they invade the Seven-Star Province? Do the citizens of Sand Country and the Man-eating Demon Flowers have a death wish? I can make that happen," Hasan shouted out loud.

Each of the Man-eating Demon Flowers was more than a hundred feet high. Falling from the sky, the first group of Man-eating Demon Flowers caused all the buildings in the city to collapse.

All of the divine citizens in the area fled, but unfortunately, some of them did not make it because they were swallowed by the Man-eating Demon Flowers. Some of the True Gods in the city made an effort to resist the attacks, but there were only a few of them and so many of the enemy creatures. How on earth could they defeat them?

Seeing this wretched scene in front of him, Chester took out his cyan sword. As soon as he unsheathed it, wisps of Truth of Godly Way spread out from his sword.

Chester was a Stinger Guard and part of his obligations was to kill the demons that threatened the city. He was not afraid of the gruesome scene. In fact, he felt so excited that his blood was boiling.

"What the hell are you doing?" Hasan asked angrily as he tried to stop Chester from doing something.

"I'm going to kill those Man-eating Demon Flowers!"

Lifting his sword, Chester replied and flew into the air. After flashing the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, streaks of cyan-purple sword radiance suddenly divided the sky.

The power demonstrated by the sword radiance was great, even invincible. And in a heartbeat, dozens of Man-eating Demon Flowers were slashed in perfect half.

The Man-eating Demon Flowers could fight against top-rank True Gods at most. They were no match for the mighty Stinger Guards.

Meanwhile, Hasan rushed to Chester's side like a ghost as he pressed his sword hilt. "There are so many! Can you possibly kill them all? Their king has already reached the fifteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm! If it decides to come here in person, then you would surely die a graveless death. Hurry, we must return to the Sword Light Palace at once!"

"I'm a Stinger Guard of the Sword Light Palace. How can I..." Chester answered back, displeased.

"Idiot!"

Hasan did not hesitate to grab Chester's arm and the sword from his hand in an attempt to use the Grand Teleportation to leave the area.

Just as he had condensed the space fluctuation, a thick vine shot towards them.

Splash!

The vine hit the Star Tower and smashed it into pieces. Upon impact, they felt an overpowering force from the vine.

In a flash, their bones broke like flimsy sticks and they fell into the city like two blown off kites.

However, it wasn't yet the end for the vine as it kept attacking, going down in a small arc.

As they landed harshly on the ground, Hasan limply lay flat on his back and had blood on his face. Chester, on the other hand, had fainted away. Upon seeing him, Hasan cursed, "Damn it! You almost got me killed!"

He finally became a Stinger Guard. Of course, he didn't want to die in the Seven-Star Province yet without spreading his wings first.

Boom!

Meanwhile, the vine hovered over the city, covering a large area. With its power, it was able to crush everything that was on its way.

For only a short period of time, hundreds of thousands of Star City divine citizens had been devoured. Afterwards, the Man-eating Demon Flowers attached themselves again to the huge vine and went underground. The vine moved towards the north, leaving the now chaotic city full of mess and appalling holes.

Tens of thousands of miles away, the thick Lofty Sword would have never been made possible if it weren't for Athemar's painstaking efforts.

Many magic arrays were set in the sword. One of them monitored the entire Seven-Star Province. In fact, it was said that no nonhuman monster could ever escape it.

But this time, the Lofty Sword did not sense the attack of the Man-eating Demon Flowers.

Now the Sword Light Palace and the Seven-Star City still remained at peace.

Meanwhile, on the Sea of Truth, both Zen's and Dorothy's Truth Boats propelled forward at an increasing speed.

At that moment, the anger burning in Dorothy's heart had already vanished.

As a chatterbox, she had been blabbering nonstop while she was behind Zen.

Occasionally, some people would drive their Truth Boats and follow behind Dorothy. In this way, they could try and save some of their remaining soul energy. However, she had almost instantly driven them away.

After about an hour, Zen heard something from not far away. Listening closely, he interpreted the sounds as cries of some strange insects.

"Hush! Listen, do you hear that? What's that sound?" Zen said as he put his finger near his mouth as a sign of silence.

Upon hearing the instruction, Dorothy complied and stopped talking. She listened attentively as she heard the sounds of insects from the soft waves.

"Look over there!" Zen reminded in a low and soft voice.

Dorothy looked into Zen's direction. She saw some Truth Boats that were about half the height of a man floating on the sea not far away from their right.

Chapter 3018 The Huge Whirlpool

Those Truth Boats stood half a man's height and were incapable of bearing a person's weight. Whatever was in those boats, they certainly weren't human.

Zen squinted and saw fist-sized gray shadows on the boats. Although he couldn't see them clearly, he was fairly sure they were bugs.

The Truth Boats themselves also took a strange shape and looked like pumpkins.

"I was wondering what they were. They are, in fact, the Copper Insect race," Dorothy finally said after staring at the boats.

"The Copper Insect race?" Zen's gaze suddenly intensified, the way it did when he examined a possible threat.

"Yes, it's a race of large demon bugs in the Source World. What's peculiar, however, is that they're rarely seen. As far as I recall, they usually hide in the depths and are not ferocious," Dorothy replied.

It wasn't just humans that could reach the Other Shore in this world. Any intelligent creature could—be it snakes, ants, or even beasts. They could enter the Sea of Truth and try to reach the Other Shore, as long as they had the desire to become stronger.

Zen knew of this. After all, he learned that the king of Man-eating Demon Flowers was able to accomplish the feat. It had even achieved the fifteenth stage of Other Shore Realm.

However, it was the first time Zen had encountered non-humans crossing the Sea of Truth. Genuinely baffled, he blurted out, "Why haven't we encountered any other race before?"

"Every race crosses the sea at a different section. I guess happening upon these bugs is just a coincidence," Dorothy replied.

"The Copper Insect race seems to cultivate Truth of Cultivation Nature," Zen muttered as he stared at the strange, pumpkin-shaped Truth Boats. Even from afar, he could feel the bugs' aura.

Dorothy nodded. "Well, other races seem to have a natural relation to it. Perhaps that's why most of them cultivate Truth of Cultivation Nature."

As Dorothy mentioned relation, Zen was reminded of the ease with which he understood Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. "Is there a Truth of Godly Way for every warrior?"

"Of course! Everyone here needs to take a test of compatibility with the Truth of Godly Way they plan to cultivate. The more compatible, the faster they could comprehend it. For example, I have ninety percent compatibility with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. When I started studying the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, I easily recited eight thousand and seven hundred words!" Dorothy said proudly.

"You could recite eight thousand and seven hundred words at your first attempt?" Zen echoed.

Dorothy, who mistook his reaction for shock, smiled proudly. "Isn't it amazing?"

"It really is." Zen nodded. He then immediately asked, "What about a 100% compatibility?"

Dorothy smiled. "Then that means Instant Enlightenment. Very few people have such an ability. If they do, they are practically guaranteed future success."

Zen didn't know there was a compatibility test between the warrior and their chosen Truth of Godly Way. If so, he must have had a hundred percent compatibility with Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

He found it extremely difficult to comprehend Truth of Cultivation Nature in the divine land. Now that he thought about it, he must have not been able to relate to it. Of course, he had no other choice at the time, as Truth of Cultivation Nature was the only Truth of Godly Way to be cultivated.

"You are amazing too. You have grasped another Truth of Godly Way so quickly. I prepared for you a theurgy of Truth of Cultivation Nature. Now it seems that you need a theurgy of Truth of Eternal Sword Intent as well." Dorothy smiled at Zen as she brought the topic back. She was still interested in Zen's cultivation of two Truths of Godly Ways.

Indeed, Zen should easily acquire the theurgy of Truth of Eternal Sword Intent after joining the Oneness Sky Palace.

Just as Zen was about to politely decline, two more Truth Boats appeared to his right, both larger and two hundred feet long. Each was occupied by one giant figure.

He could tell by the silhouettes that they were gigantic beasts.

They sat still on the boats, unspeaking. The diabolic aura surrounding them reeked of menace and grimness.

"What's going on?"

At that moment, even Dorothy realized something was wrong.

The only thing that the human race knew about the Sea of Truth was that one had to pass nine lines to cross it. But besides such far too limited knowledge, they knew nothing. None about its width, depth, and most worrying, the secret it contained.

However, the routes humans took to cross the sea had always been consistent. There was rarely any chance to bump into other races' Truth Boats.

As such, Dorothy was baffled as to why they had two consecutive encounters with foreign races today.

"There are more..." Zen said, seemingly alerting her of something else. He pointed behind himself.

Five more Truth Boats, this time bound to each other, floated. They were about the same size as the human race's boats, but Zen could perceive that the silhouettes were that of wolf-shaped creatures.

The three foreign races seemed to be wary of everyone else, distancing themselves from the others' boats. It seemed clear that they did not want to interfere with each other's businesses.

"Let's stop first," Dorothy said, with the situation finally dawning on her.

Zen tried to control the speed of his Truth Boat with his mind, but when he started to do so, he merely raised his eyebrow. "The current is changing its direction."

All boats went against the current in the Sea of Truth. Moreover, the water would flow much quicker past the first line. It would be more difficult to move forward.

But now the seawater flowed horizontally, completely different from before.

Dorothy frowned. If this was true, then could it be possible...? "Are you sure that the current's direction has changed?"

"See for yourself," said Zen, pursing his lips.

Dorothy looked towards the water, confirming her suspicions. Her voice trembled as she said, "This is bad..."

"What do you mean?" Zen knew something was amiss, but he couldn't understand why Dorothy was so afraid.

All of a sudden, over a hundred Truth Boats came into view, all withdrawing at an extreme pace. Zen and Dorothy heard someone scream, "Retreat! There's a huge whirlpool in front!"

Zen turned to Dorothy, confused. "There can be large whirlpools in the Sea of Truth?"

"Yes, and they change the current's direction. That's why we have come across other races' boats," Dorothy said in a muffled voice.

"I know it is a huge whirlpool, but is it that frightening? At worst, we can leave the Sea of Truth first and come back when it disappears," Zen said, shrugging his shoulders.

"It's not as simple as you think. Once a large whirlpool appears in Sea of Truth, it won't disappear," Dorothy replied sullenly.

"Then we can go around it," Zen offered.

Dorothy looked at Zen helplessly. "It's useless. The whirlpool is as complex as it is massive. Once you're trapped in it, you won't be able to undo what happens after. I knew of a disciple. His talent was not far from mine, and yet he can never reenter the Sea of Truth. Every time he tries, he gets devoured by the whirlpool and all efforts to reach the Other Shore is futile. That is its consequence."

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3019 Getting Trapped

Hearing this, Zen's expression grew grave as he realized the gravity of the situation.

"Since the whirlpool does not disappear," he pondered aloud, "there must be many other whirlpools in the Sea of Truth, right?"

Dorothy nodded to confirm. "Yes. According to some incomplete statistics, there are about 1, 200 whirlpools in the Sea of Truth."

These whirlpools began to appear around twenty thousand years ago.

They possessed special magic; people would be trapped forever once they were drawn in.

At first, these whirlpools only appeared in the sixth to ninth sections. At that time, a lot of unfortunate creatures were drawn in.

Even if they were extremely talented, once trapped, they could not free themselves from the force of the whirlpool. It was a harsh reality.

Back then, creatures entered the Sea of Truth warily and cautiously eyed the movement of the water at all times.

Sometime later, someone had come up with an intelligent way to spot the whirlpools. The method was basically to pour some special dye into the whirlpools.

Once a whirlpool appeared, its area was completely isolated from the outside. The dye allowed the others to easily spot the light green or yellow spiraling waters in the distance. This gave them ample time to avoid the whirlpool.

As time went by, the whirlpools gradually spread to the periphery of the Sea of Truth. Soon, they had appeared in the fourth and fifth sections, but they were yet to be observed in the first to third sections.

"I didn't expect that the whirlpool would appear in the second section. How incredibly lucky we are!" Dorothy heaved a distressed groan.

Zen looked to the incoming Truth Boats. "It's useless for them to try to retreat, isn't it?"

"Yes," Dorothy sighed. "Since we have been caught in the whirlpool, it means that we are already isolated from the Sea of Truth. No matter how hard we try, we won't be able to get out."

Splash! Splash!

As they spoke, the Truth Boats brushed past them, carried by the force of the swirling water.

"There must be a way to get out of here. Let's go," Zen tried to comfort the sulking Dorothy.

Dorothy pursed her lips. She had been waiting for Zen, so she encountered the whirlpool. Otherwise, with her ability, she should have already crossed five lines.

However, she knew dwelling over this was futile. 'How unlucky, ' she sighed inwardly.

Seeing that Zen had changed the direction of his Truth Boat, she turned her boat around to follow him.

Besides the humans, other creatures had also realized what was happening. They tried to change the direction of their Truth Boats, rushing forward.

Soon after, Zen saw humans stopping their Truth Boats in the middle of the sea.

It was as though an invisible wall barricaded them. No matter how hard they tried, they were unable to break through the said wall.

"What bad luck! The first time I ever enter the Sea of Truth, I'm drawn into a whirlpool!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Those rumors can't be true! There must be a way out of the whirlpool!"

The humans let out woeful cries, as if the sky had crumbled before them.

Those who came to the Sea of Truth all wanted to reach the Other Shore. Being drawn into the whirlpool meant that their dreams of doing so would be ruined.

"Woo!"

"Woo!"

"Argh!"

Other creatures could not leave the whirlpool either. They raised their heads to the sky and wept relentlessly in their own languages.

Zen approached the edge of the whirlpool by his Truth Boat. He could clearly see two currents from different directions intersecting. When he tried to drive his boat to the intersection, he felt an invisible force pulling at his boat.

"Is this the power of currents? This is impossible," he muttered.

The water in the first section flowed much faster than here, but he was still able to cross it. The water streamed a little less intensely here. He didn't think it could stop him.

He then positioned his boat horizontally and tried to steer backward with all his strength.

However, it was futile. He was still trapped in the whirlpool.

"Just give up. It's no use," Dorothy whined in a dejected tone. "Some people once threw soul chains into the whirlpool to try to rescue a Truth Boat in it but failed. They even attempted to drag the man out without his boat, but all their attempts failed!"

Dorothy spoke with bitterness. She was talking about her cousin, who had gotten trapped in a whirlpool in the sixth section five years ago.

He had tried every means to escape. Even the elders of her clan tried to get him out. They were very powerful in the Source World, and yet, they could do nothing to save him.

Over the years, she had witnessed her cousin turn from one of the most talented to a hopeless bum, drinking to forget his woes.

Not long ago, she had tried to comfort her cousin. She didn't expect that she too would end up in the same situation.

As Zen was trying to escape the whirlpool, a wolf-like creature approached him on its Truth Boat. "Human..." it called out in a foreign tongue. "Is there any way out?"

"Fuck off!"

Dorothy shouted harshly. As despair began to take over her, she had no patience for this wolf-like creature.

"Human girl, do you know who I am?" The wolf-like creature said indignantly, wondering why Dorothy was so hot-tempered.

Dorothy had had enough. Suddenly, the Necklace of Mystic Soul on her chest erupted, a powerful aura bursting forth. The small sword between her eyebrows instantly shot towards the wolf-like creature's Soul of Light.

Boom!

With an explosive sound, the wolf-like creature's Soul of Light had been cleanly pierced through.

The wolf-like creature stood motionless, as if someone had cast a spell on it. Its Truth Boat then cracked and broke into pieces, and it, along with the remnants of its boat, slowly sank into the Sea of Truth.

In a flash, Dorothy had killed the wolf-like creature.

"Whoa. She is so powerful!"

Upon witnessing this scene, Zen was taken aback.

He was well aware that Dorothy was not an ordinary girl, but it never crossed his mind that her Soul of Light was that strong when she was vexed.

The kin of the wolf-like creature howled in anger. However, as they were intelligent creatures, they knew not to mess with Dorothy, so they didn't dare to come near her.

Dorothy let out a long sigh after having given in to her anger. "It seems I can only choose to be reborn. Zen, if you come to the Source World, I can help you extract your Memory Flame and bring you back to life."

The only way to get out of the whirlpool was to be reborn, because it only trapped souls.

After being reborn, one's Memory Flame could be placed in a new soul. They would have a new body, and consequently, would have to start their life all over again.

Zen knew this was the only known way to escape the whirlpool, but the price was too high. "Don't worry, Dora." He smiled reassuringly. "There's an exception to everything, and we will find it."

Chapter 3020 The Silver Lining

Normally, any girl would feel relieved and see a glimmer of hope after what Zen had told her.

But, Dorothy was different. Since she was born in a noble clan, her knowledge and understanding of the Sea of Truth and the Other Shore far surpassed that of other people.

She knew Zen was only trying to console her by sugarcoating the truth.

"There's a silver lining to everything, except for this," Dorothy said with low spirits.

"Do you know what lies in the center of the whirlpool?" Zen asked while looking at her.

Although Dorothy felt that Zen's efforts to escape from the whirlpool were in vain, she still explained, "The center of the whirlpool is even more intense. It is said that it can devour anything. If we continue to stay here, we will eventually be drawn inside."

Zen looked lost in thoughts for a while. He caressed his chin with his fingers and spoke in a serious tone, "The problem must lie in the center of the whirlpool. I want to explore it."

"You want to explore the center of the whirlpool? Are you serious?" Dorothy stood stunned as she looked at Zen with curious eyes.

Zen reassured her with a smile and said, "Don't forget, my soul is not the only thing that can enter the Sea of Truth."

As she heard this, Dorothy lifted her gaze from the water and looked up at Zen with beaming eyes. Her expression changed completely. It was like all traces of negative thoughts had disappeared from her face.

None of the warriors who stepped into the Sea of Truth with their Souls of Light were able to escape from the whirlpool.

However, Zen was a special person. Dorothy's grandmother had said that he was the only one who entered the Sea of Truth with his physical body over the years. Perhaps he was the only one who could get to the bottom of this.

Maybe a reincarnation could solve this issue once and for all. But if there was a possibility of other ways, why would anyone want to give up everything and reincarnate?

Zen's decision gave her hope, but her eyes reflected a hint of worry. "No one has ever come out of the whirlpool alive."

After Dorothy's cousin was drawn into the center of the whirlpool, he withdrew from the Sea of Truth. If he went back to the whirlpool, there was a chance of him getting sucked into the deep sea and never returning. The sea would absorb his Soul of Light and he would perish.

"I'm not afraid of the water of the Sea of Truth," Zen said with a confident smile.

But he couldn't help but feel slightly shocked by hearing the consequences from Dorothy.

The most frightening thing about the whirlpool was the fact that it was capable of pulling the Souls of Light into the sea.

Since Zen could swim in the Sea of Truth, the whirlpool did not scare him at all.

"Really?" A glimmer of hope shone through Dorothy's heart. She finally looked relieved.

If Zen was successful in using his physical body to escape from the whirlpool, not only could he save her cousin, but this could mean a great deal to the Source World.

Many warriors who got trapped in the whirlpool did not choose to be reborn. They waited in anticipation for a way out.

As consummate True Gods, their lifespan was far longer than a normal person. They could only hope one day, they would be able to escape from the whirlpool.

"Wait for me!" Zen said, signaling to Dorothy.

Then he moved his lips to cast the Illusion Breaking Rune to retreat from the Sea of Truth.

When he awoke, he glanced around to soak in his surroundings. The disciples of the cultivation palaces had already left the platforms where they observed the Lofty Sword.

Only he, Elgin, and Beldene were left sitting on the platforms. The other two had just entered the Sea of Truth to explore it.

Wasting no time, he jumped down from the platform. Soon, he captured the attention of everyone who now eyed him with a confused expression, among which were Laura and Ingram.

"Zen, with the strength of your Soul of Light, you should have been able to cross the second and third lines of the Sea of Truth by now. Why did you come out so quickly?" Laura asked with concern.

Zen glanced at her and said, "I have come across some trouble."

Hearing this, Ingram narrowed his eyes and asked with concern, "Did someone pick on you?"

As far as he could remember, there was no natural hurdles in the first three sections of the Sea of Truth. The only problem that could have arisen was from the disciples of other sects.

"No. I have learned something, so I wish to cultivate in seclusion elsewhere," Zen replied with a serious look.

He did not want to tell them that he had gotten himself trapped in a huge whirlpool.

Dorothy had made the whirlpool seem so terrifying that he was afraid he would only worry them had he told them the full truth.

"Cultivate in seclusion?" They stared at him in bewilderment. For a consummate True God, choosing to cultivate in seclusion meant comprehending the Truth of Godly Way and crossing the Sea of Truth. Ingram began to worry but he trusted Zen and his judgments. He sighed and continued, "Okay, you can choose a secluded room to cultivate in the Sword Dance Palace. Let me take you there."

Without wasting a second, Zen nodded to Ingram and waved goodbye to Laura and the officiant. Then he turned around and hurried back to the Sword Dance Palace.

After he reached the backyard, he quickly found the secluded room and made his way inside. Upon entering the room, he began to focus and set up an enchanted barrier.

Zen wanted to keep the warriors of the Other Shore Realm from prying into what he intended to do. Never once had he thought he would go into the Sea of Truth with his physical body in the Sword Light Palace. But now it seemed like he had no other choice. It was all happening too fast. He had to act now.

Zen sighed and sat down with his legs crossed and gently stretched his hands forward. Soon, a red flame bloomed on the tip of his finger.

He hadn't brought the red-eyed girl from the Abyss Demon Region with him. Her ability could only be used in the divine land.

Previously, he had used the red lotus flames the girl had materialized to burn his body. Before leaving for his journey from the divine land, he made a few arrangements. After a few trials, he learned that he needed to burn his entire body with the flames before entering the Sea of Truth with his body.

Puff!

With his arms stretched out, Zen began performing the Elementary Fire Godly Way. The flames enveloped his entire body until he was fully engulfed in them. When the golden light on his body intensified, his surroundings started to change.

Splash!

Zen closed his eyes and focused harder. Soon after, he had teleported to the Sea of Truth. His body fell into it with a splash.

He was now within the first section. The whirlpool was located somewhere in the middle of the first and second lines of the Sea of Truth.

As soon as he appeared, he heard someone exclaim not too far away, "Look! What is that? There's someone in the Sea of Truth!"

Zen glanced at them shortly and then looked away. Struggling with time, he started swimming forward using his hands to speed up.

He had managed to cross the first section of the Sea of Truth with his body intact in his first attempt. There was no way the first section could stop him from progressing now.

As he continued swimming forward, he passed by over a hundred Truth Boats that were lined up in a row.

Loud cries echoed from the boats but he did not stop.

Most people on the boats screamed out in concern. They couldn't believe their eyes when they saw Zen swimming in the Sea of Truth with such ease. It caused their curiosity to rise.

Dorothy, who was sitting on her Truth Boat, watched him approach her swiftly. When he came up to the edge of the whirlpool, she gestured him to stop with her hands. "Stop!"

"What's wrong?" Zen asked with a baffled expression while removing his hair from his face. Dorothy was several feet away from him.

"Maybe you would never be able to get out once you go in," Dorothy said, looking worried.

Zen gave her a comforting smile and said, "I won't regret even if so!"

As these words left his mouth, he quickly dived right into the edge of the whirlpool.

Dorothy clenched her heart subconsciously as it skipped a beat at Zen's resolve.

Chapter 3021 The Candle At The Bottom Of The Sea

Dorothy had already told Zen the whole story of the vortex.

She had also told him that, so far, no one had been able to destroy the great whirlpool. And yet, Zen still risked his own life to enter the whirlpool! This made Dorothy soften her expression, obviously touched at Zen's bravery.

However, Zen was not a reckless person. As he swam closer to the edge of the whirlpool, he internally asked No. 9527 for its opinion.

Since he had entered the Sea of Truth with his physical body, the seawater didn't scare him. Moreover, since his Soul of Light had been trapped in the vortex, he really had no choice but to physically dive into it.

No. 9527 had some speculations. "There's no way the vortex could have just appeared out of thin air," it told Zen. "This was, most likely, deliberately arranged by someone."

Zen's curiosity grew. Who was powerful enough to control the Sea of Truth? And...why would they do such a thing? To stop warriors from reaching the Other Shore?

Zen could tell No. 9527 knew something more. However, he didn't try to probe any further.

"I'm going to explore the center of the great whirlpool," he said to Dorothy.

Sitting in the Truth Boat, Dorothy had mixed feelings. She hoped that Zen could somehow make the vortex go away and free them; on the other hand, she was worried for his safety. In the end, she could only say softly, "You...Be careful..."

"Don't worry. In case of any emergency, leave the Sea of Truth first," Zen instructed.

Dorothy nodded, swallowing her anxiety.

The vortex hadn't stopped whirling since its inception.

In time, the ripples within the great whirlpool would only grow in strength. By then, none of the Truth Boats would be able to resist the waves, and instead they would be sucked into an eternity of swirling around according to the vortex's will. If it ever came to that, there would be no choice but to use the Illusion Breaking Rune to leave the Sea of Truth.

Zen suddenly dove into the water, leaving a trail of bubbles behind.

Dorothy gazed at Zen's receding figure in the distance, falling into a daze.

She knew his success was highly improbable, but, for some reason, Zen gave her some hope.

This unwarranted hope caused conflict with her rational mind.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of rowing.

Not far away, she saw the silhouettes of two Truth Boats approaching. Aboard the boats were human warriors.

After Dorothy had killed that wolf-shaped creature's Soul of Light, all the creatures who witnessed her power were stunned, including the humans.

Warriors with a Soul of Light more or less mastered some soul-attack methods, but it was impossible to unleash a force that powerful.

The two men were cautious as they approached her. However, they supposed that since they were of the same race, this woman would be less inclined to kill them in cold blood.

One of them cupped his hands and bowed respectfully towards her. "I'm a disciple of Delight Mountain. May I ask where you are from, lady?"

Dorothy glanced at the two of them indifferently. "What do you want?"

"Is the man swimming in the water your friend, miss?" the man cautiously continued.

"Yeah. So what?" she said, narrowing her eyes.

The man thought for a moment. "I've never heard of someone being able to swim in the Sea of Truth before. Is he looking for a way to escape the clutches of the great whirlpool?"

"Maybe,"

Dorothy grumbled, losing patience with every word that left the man's mouth.

However, she understood that these people were also trapped here. It was only natural they'd hope Zen would succeed.

In the outside world, everyone knew the whirlpool was an unbreakable trap. If one were to fall prey to it, they'd have to acknowledge their bad luck and accept defeat. However, previously, it was also believed that no one would be able to swim in the Sea of Truth. Yet, Zen proved them wrong. As he did one unbelievable thing, perhaps it was possible for him to commit another impossible deed—to get them out of the whirlpool.

The two of them immediately sensed Dorothy's growing anger. In fear that they might suffer the same fate as that unfortunate wolf-shaped creature, they hastily took their leave.

Even so, her words had brought a sliver of hope to the human disciples.

Meanwhile, Zen observed the motions of the water as it swirled violently.

Guided by the current, Zen moved towards the center of the whirlpool quickly.

As he went deeper and deeper, the power of the water grew stronger. Consequently, his speed picked up, the closer he got to the center.

About five minutes later, the water began raging, the waves of which were tens of feet high.

The waves of the Sea of Truth were lethal; a Soul of Light would immediately dissolve if seawater was to splash on it.

'No wonder Dorothy says there's nowhere to go except to withdraw from the Sea of Truth if one falls into the whirlpool. Whose Soul of Light would dare to travel in fierce waves like these?' Zen thought to himself.

He tried his best to use the force of the current to his advantage.

Without having to use any of his own strength, he was pulled further in towards the center by the seawater.

After a few more seconds, Zen finally saw the epicenter of the whirlpool. The water here swirled at a higher speed, flushing towards a huge hole.

There was no time for Zen to resist; he was immediately sucked into the hole.

He tumbled downward, pushed around like a ragdoll by the waves.

Zen felt as if he were being dragged down by countless invisible hands.

He kept sinking, deeper and deeper.

After what seemed like an eternity, the falling finally stopped.

Zen tried to steady himself, opening his eyes to look around. His gaze immediately fell on the interesting scene before him.

He could see the silhouette of the whirlpool! The current swirled around like an underwater tornado.

'This is... the huge whirlpool!' Zen quickly realized.

He was sucked in by the tornado. If it had been another Soul of Light, it would have melted into the sea.

However, after his body had been sucked into the tornado, he was thrown out.

Zen's gaze followed the contour of the tornado, until his eyes met the lowest part, where the tornado looked like threads swirling around a finger. While his vision was blurry in the red sea, he could barely make out that there was something flashing at the very tip of the whirlpool.

'There is something down there, ' Zen said to himself.

Mustering his strength, he dove deeper towards the tornado.

The depths of the Sea of Truth was empty. Zen didn't see any other creatures, so he felt rather at ease, not having to worry about other threats.

However, the sheer length of the vortex was beyond his imagination. Several thousand feet down, he still couldn't see the end of the water tornado. After what seemed like hundreds of thousands of feet down, he finally approached the end of the whirlpool.

He was surprised to see it was only as thick as his finger. It boggled his mind to think about how such a tiny water flow could cause such a huge whirlpool as it spread upwards.

After further diving, he found the flashing light at the bottom of the tornado becoming brighter and brighter. As he closed in on the white light, he narrowed his eyes at its source.

"A c-candle?"

Deep at the bottom of the sea, a candle the size of his palm floated almost peacefully. The silver light Zen had seen earlier was the light burning from the candle's single wick.

Chapter 3022 Green Bats

Zen could also condense flames in sea water.

However, the sea water in the Sea of Truth was deemed to be something out of the ordinary. The candle emitted a silver light, which was unusual.

The end of the water tornado was just right above the silver flame. This meant the candle was responsible for the huge whirlpool.

Moreover, the candle's sudden appearance was also considered to be a bizarre thing in the Sea of Truth.

"The candle suddenly appeared here. And after it was lit up, a huge whirlpool appeared. I'm guessing someone must have arranged this," Zen said as he stared at the peculiar candle.

"Well, they must have spent a lot of money on it. After all, it is a good treasure," No. 9527 replied.

Curious, Zen asked, "They? Who are they?"

"Ah, just a bunch of arrogant guys. It's not important for you to know the details now," No. 9527 answered.

Cautiously, Zen moved a few steps forward and approached the mysterious candle. As soon as he had a glimpse of it, he gave off a wary vibe.

Whoever placed the candle in the Sea of Truth would most likely arrange a defense mechanism for it in case of any accidents. Moreover, based on No. 9527's words, those responsible for the candle's presence must be very powerful and influential creatures.

If Zen waned to destroy the candle, then he must take utmost precaution and be very careful in doing so.

"Don't worry. I don't think they ever expected that someone can enter the Sea of Truth with a physical body," No. 9527 assumed.

"Well, I guess you are right!"

It was not a secret that the Soul of Light would definitely die after falling into the Sea of Truth. So if it were Zen who placed the candle there, he would not be too worried about its safety.

After thinking about this, Zen quickly stretched his hand out and grabbed the candle.

But as soon as Zen touched the candle, there was a force of resistance that pushed his hand away from it.

In an instant, rays of dark green light emerged and surrounded the candle like a force field. Swirling around the candle, the green light split into four balls. The balls' surfaces were bulged continuously, and they turned into four bats that were as tall as a normal person!

Moreover, these bats emitted the strong soul power and a kind of unknown, special Truth of Godly Way!

Zen began to quickly back away after seeing the bats come to life. "These bats are also Souls of Light... No, they are much stronger than a Soul of Light!"

What he saw in front of him was really out of the ordinary. After a while, he still could not put things together as his judgment brought him more confusion.

In his mind, he thought, 'This is the depths of the Sea of Truth. Any Soul of Light would be instantly melted away if it falls in here. But why aren't these bats being melted? Something's not right.'

Surely, that was not the perfect time to be thinking of such questions. At that moment, the bats spread and flapped their broad wings in the sea water and quickly dashed towards Zen.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…"

The green bats flew very fast that Zen did not have a chance to dodge them at all.

In a flash, one of the bats reached Zen. Its face was the same size as a fist and bore two sharp fangs. Angrily, it kept on flapping its wings in front of Zen until it bit him ferociously.

Avoiding any more bites from the fierce bat, Zen tilted his head slightly. But unfortunately, this only gave the bat another chance to bite him on the shoulder.

"Crack..."

Zen might have overestimated the bat's fangs. Fortunately, the fangs of the bat were not as strong as Zen thought as they failed to pierce through his skin!

"What?"

Zen was stunned to see that there was nothing to be afraid of, and a smile appeared on his face. Feeling unharmed, he turned his hand around and grabbed the huge bat with his hand.

Once a person's soul had grown to a certain level, it would be able to split a rock or even a big mountain. When the soul turned into the Soul of Light, the sense of touch it caused was similar to that of an ordinary object. In the bats' case, although they surpassed the Soul of Light, their strength could not hold a candle to that of a real body, especially Zen's body which had been tempered and strengthened numerous times.

As soon as he put his strength on his tight grip, the huge bat was torn into two pieces.

Being torn apart, the bat immediately transformed into two green light balls which slowly flew away from Zen. Afterwards, they merged into one, changing back into the huge green bat again.

But at that moment, Zen was not in the mood to deal with such thing. The three other bats sensed that he had killed one of them, so they surrounded him in turn.

But these green bats did not have any intelligence. Although they knew that their attacks were quite useless, they did not have the concept of retreat. As a result, they rushed forward one after the other, trying to tear Zen with their sharp fangs.

With their fangs being useless, Zen immediately tore them in half. Afterwards, they turned into the green balls they once were, making it a cycle of birth and death.

"If this whole cycle thing persists, then it's impossible for me to kill these bats! I've been going in circles already..."

Even though Zen was not threatened by the bats' bites, he still found it very annoying that no matter what he did, the bats did not die.

"How is it possible that you can't kill them? You must take a closer look at these bats' sizes," No. 9527 reminded him.

Upon hearing that, Zen started to observe them and noticed that three of them had apparently become smaller than their initial size.

With this in mind, Zen understood that the bats' soul power would be sharply consumed after their rebirth!

Now that he learned more about the bats, it would now be easier for Zen to deal with them.

Without hesitation, Zen rushed forward and allowed the bats to attack him in return. Each time a bat came close to him, Zen would instantly use his bare hands to tear it apart.

After an hour of fighting, the bats had now been reduced to the size of a fist. Compared to their initial size of being as tall as a human, they had certainly shrunk with Zen's method of attack.

Perhaps because they didn't have enough soul power, their transformation speed became slower and slower until eventually, the green light they materialized could no longer condense and completely dissipated in the sea water!

"Didn't you say that the candle wasn't protected?" Zen asked.

With a faint smile, No. 9527 responded, "If they had really tried to prevent you from attacking the candle, then I'm afraid that you would have been shattered by now. These Souls of Light can only defeat those weak creatures in the Sea of Truth..."

Upon hearing this, Zen slightly nodded his head.

No matter how strong these bats were, it could not be denied that they were just souls. If Zen's Soul of Light encountered these green bats, then he probably wouldn't have a chance at victory. The souls of these bats were comparable to the souls of the Other Shore Realm warriors.

However, no matter how strong the souls were, they were still unable to defeat Zen's physical body.

This meant that those who arranged the candle in the Sea of Truth were definitely not targeted at Zen.

After dealing with the bats, Zen approached the candle again. He held the candle in his hand and the flames began to sway. Moreover, the water tornado that was as thick as a thumb also moved!

Simultaneously, the huge whirlpool also started to move.

Meanwhile, Dorothy and the others were leaning on the edge of the large whirlpool. As it moved, Dorothy could not help but show a slight trace of shock on her face. Then, she said, "Eh? Is the whirlpool... moving?"

It was not just her who noticed the movement, but the others who were with her.

"It is moving! The whirlpool has even moved a few feet!"

"How could this be? It is impossible! Once the huge whirlpool appears, it will be permanently fixed..."

"I've never heard that the big whirlpool can move!"

Witnessing this scene with their own eyes, several warriors from different races on the Truth Boats also let out strange voices as they exchanged their ideas on what was happening.

'Did Zen make it move?' Dorothy thought in her head as she blinked in disbelief.

This was just her hypothesis. Although she had high hopes about this, she also knew very well that it could not be that simple to move such a great whirlpool.

Meanwhile, Zen carried the candle underwater. As he swam, the straight water tornado seemed to follow him closely.

Zen thought for a while about what he should do next. Afterwards, he stretched out his fingers and pinched the silver flame to extinguish it directly.

As soon as he put out the candle's flame, the water tornado seemed to have followed suit as it vanished without a trace.

Chapter 3023 Rescue

After the water tornado disappeared, the large whirlpool dissipated as well.

The mad swirling in the center of the whirlpool had gradually subsided.

Dorothy and the others saw that the water flow in this area had also returned to normal, merging with the other seawater.

"Unbelievable! It's gone!"

"The whirlpool really disappeared!"

"Let me have a try at this!"

Immediately, someone drove the Truth Boat forward.

With the others watching carefully, this brave soul actually managed to move without any struggle or stops.

"Hahaha..."

The others laughed aloud as they followed suit with excitement, driving their Truth Boats forward too.

Falling into the whirlpool was like a death sentence. They had thought they were doomed for sure. But somehow that had all changed.

Things had not gone as they had expected. Before long, the whirlpool was gone. They couldn't believe it.

All kinds of strange noises rang from creatures on the Truth Boats.

Although the humans might not have understood these cries, the excitement and joy were easy to feel.

Dorothy, on the other hand, was abnormally calm.

She sat on the Truth Boat with a smile spreading across her face.

She had been worrying about how to explain what had happened to Felicity; luckily now she wouldn't have to. The crisis had been solved.

No wonder her grandmother had attached such great importance to the fact that Zen was able to enter the Sea of Truth in the form of his body. If such a man entered the Other Shore, it would surely destroy the balance.

Dorothy had just begun to sink deep into thought when a sloshing sound of water pulled her out of it. Zen had already emerged from the bottom of the water.

She fixed her eyes on him, knowing she could not see his blurred appearance but still staring at him intently.

"It seems that calming the whirlpool was really very easy for you," said Dorothy with thinly veiled astonishment.

"It was indeed less difficult than I imagined," Zen confessed, smiling and drawing his hand from the water.

Dorothy noticed that he held a candle tightly in his right hand.

"What's that in your hand?" Dorothy asked, staring at the candle in confusion.

Zen shook the seawater off the candle and threw it to her. It landed in front of her on her Truth Boat with a thud. "The candle was the cause of that big whirlpool," he then said in a low voice.

Dorothy's eyes lit up in fascination as she held the candle in her hand.

It was unthinkable that this candle that she now held was responsible for the huge whirlpool in which so many were imprisoned.

As she stared at the candle, the other Truth Boats returned. When those making their way back caught sight of Zen, they guessed the whirlpool probably disappeared thanks to him.

They all rushed up to him to express their gratitude.

They wished to thank him for sure, but they had another purpose as well.

Zen was capable of stopping the whirlpool and roaming the Sea of Truth with his body. Thus they required no more convincing to befriend him.

"Nice to meet you, sir. I'm a disciple of the Floating Mountain. May I know your name?"

"Thank you for saving us, sir. I am the chief disciple of Jade Mountain..."

"My name is..."

Dorothy grew impatient seeing the warriors being so enthusiastic to entice Zen. "We were just trying to save ourselves and happened to save you as well. You do not need to thank us. You can be on your way now!" she said with a furrowed brow.

Naturally, they were all disappointed at Dorothy wanting Zen all to herself. Some in the crowd began to say, "Hey, it's a long way on the Sea of Truth. One more friend means one more chance we have. Sir, you helped us out of the whirlpool, we must repay such a great debt."

"That's right. We are not ungrateful people!"

"Sir, may I know where you are from? We would like you to join our Floating Mountain. I guarantee that..."

Dorothy took several deep breaths to calm herself. The Necklace of Mystic Soul she wore began to give off a majestic aura. The small sword above her head revealed itself as well. She could not contain herself any longer and exploded with a yell, "Go away!"

The small sword darted back and forth wildly above her head, so fast one could barely see it. If her mind did not remain calm and still, there was no telling how many people could be killed in the blink of an eye.

These people struggled to escape the whirlpool and somehow survived; they would have hated to die at the hands of this woman. Their fears of death were very real once again.

"You crazy woman!" they cursed in anger, but dared not pester Zen anymore. The crowd soon began to thin out.

Dorothy let out a sigh of relief having driven these wretched people away. "Well, you can leave and come back in the form of Soul of Light," she finally said.

As long as Zen didn't reveal anything himself in the Sea of Truth, it would be near impossible for them to discover his identity. Zen also did his best not to let anyone connect his body with his Soul of Light. Once all of them had left, he exited the Sea of Truth.

Not long after, a shape could be seen in the distance; Zen's Truth Boat had materialized.

Dorothy moved towards his boat and threw the candle onto it.

Even with her multitude of experience, she didn't know what the candle was. She did know that it was no ordinary thing and even rarer than many Other Shore Tokens. However, she was not greedy and had no desire for it.

Zen picked up the candle and looked it over. He then asked No. 9527 with curiosity, "Apart from making a big whirlpool, what other function does the candle possess?"

"Making a big whirlpool? Haha! You underestimate the candle," No. 9527 said with a faint smile.

"What do you mean?" Zen asked feeling slightly lost.

"This is the Soul Candle, a key item for entry to the Dark Region. It is extremely rare even on the Other Shore," answered No. 9527 after thinking for a while. "But my master hasn't been on the Other Shore for many years. Perhaps they have mastered a method of producing Soul Candles in bulk."

"What's the Dark Region?" Zen then asked.

No. 9527 didn't answer. "There is so much you do not know about the Other Shore. It would take a long time to explain it to you. It will do you no good to know it right now."

Zen shrugged his shoulders and focused on steering the Truth Boat.

After a couple hours, the currents became rough again and their boats were pushed back by shallow waves rising from the Sea of Truth.

"The resistance is growing stronger. I think we have reached the second line," Dorothy warned.

"Charge over now!" Zen did not hesitate.

He had too many mysteries and questions of the Other Shore. He wanted to cross the Sea of Truth as fast as possible.

He was confident that his Soul of Light was strong enough to pass the second line. What was more, he had a lot of soul pills with him. He felt he had little to fear.

"Alright!" Dorothy said beaming.

Truthfully, she really wanted to give up on the Sea of Truth and tell her cousin this piece of good news.

Once she and Zen reached the sixth line, then she would ask him to take the candle at the bottom of the whirlpool and save her cousin.

She wondered how her cousin, aunt and uncle would react when they heard this good news.

While she was lost in fantasy, she started to feel the Sea of Truth fighting back, and her Truth Boat began to shudder.

"Hey, Dora, calm down. What are you thinking about?" At this critical moment, as they were about to pass the second line, Dorothy was still absent-minded, which made Zen curious.

Chapter 3024 Good News

Dorothy was slightly startled, and put a stop to all distracting thoughts.

Then, just as she had calmed down, her Truth Boat abruptly tilted to one side.

A Truth Boat tilting on the Sea of Truth was one of the most terrifying things to witness. If one failed to cast the Illusion Breaking Rune in time, they would fall overboard into the sea and die.

As Dorothy's Truth Boat leaned sideways, however, the hull of her boat bumped into Zen's boat's stern. Shoving her boat with it, he forced it into its original position.

"Thank you," Dorothy said sheepishly.

"The second line is coming soon. Stay focused," Zen reminded her.

Dorothy smiled and returned to focusing on steering the Truth Boat.

Making it to the first line was difficult, and making it to the second was even more testing.

Having broken through the first line, Zen was experienced now. The power of his Soul of Light also far exceeded that of any consummate True God. In theory, breaking through the second line shouldn't be too challenging for him.

Dorothy's condition was similar to Zen's, even though her Soul of Light was weaker than his. However, she had the advantage of the Necklace of Mystic Soul, which would more than make up for this handicap.

If she were to fully activate the Necklace of Mystic Soul, even Zen's power would pale in comparison to hers.

The first three lines were easy for a personal disciple of a large clan like Dorothy.

In order to speed up their progress through the second line, Zen used two soul pills, whereas Dorothy used five.

Having passed through the second line, Zen still felt like he hadn't been fast enough. Considering their time limit, it would be ideal if he could cross the third line in a single breath.

The moment Zen was about to act, No. 9527 spoke up. "Zen, someone is very close to your cultivation room."

Zen had set up an enchanted barrier in his cultivation room to prevent others from spying on him. In addition, No. 9527 would also help him monitor his surroundings. It would not bother him if someone was just passing by his room.

Zen frowned and told Dorothy that he needed to leave the Sea of Truth now.

Dorothy noticed the change in Zen's expression. Just as she was about to ask him what trouble he had encountered, he and his boat disappeared into thin air, right before her eyes.

She shook her head disapprovingly. Then, closing her eyes and using the Illusion Breaking Rune, she left the Sea of Truth as well.

Opening her eyes, she found Felicity sitting in front of her.

Felicity looked at Dorothy with keen eyes. Her face was filled with worry.

"Aunt Felicity, all I asked was for you to guard the palace for me. I didn't want you to be so nervous," Dorothy said, not knowing whether to cry or laugh.

Felicity did not relax. "Did you see him?" she asked.

Dorothy nodded and smiled. "Not only did I meet him, but we also encountered a major impediment!" she said, trying to keep her tone light.

"What impediment?" Felicity asked in a high-pitched voice.

Anything related to one's soul was a big deal. No matter where it happened, on the Sea of Truth or on the Other Shore, the significance of such events could not be overestimated. Felicity's expression suddenly shifted when she heard Dorothy's answer.

"A huge whirlpool appeared before we could reach the second line," Dorothy said.

"What? Dora, are you trapped in the whirlpool? Or someone else?" Felicity was obviously frightened out of her mind.

Her nephew, Evaristus, had tragically fallen into a similar whirlpool a few years ago. It had devastated his whole family.

Despite using every method known to them, they had been unable to rescue poor Evaristus from the whirlpool.

Felicity's sister was inconsolable in her grief and frustration. She cried almost every day thinking about him. As for Evaristus, he was perpetually depressed and drowned his sorrows in alcohol. If there was indeed no way to save him from the whirlpool, he would have no choice but to reincarnate.

Reincarnation, however, was a last resort.

What a great misfortune to their clan would it be if Dorothy, too, fell prey to a whirlpool!

"Wait! How could a whirlpool have appeared between the first line and the second line?" Felicity asked, shaking her head in disbelief and looking at Dorothy with suspicion. As she knew of the terrible consequences of being trapped in a whirlpool, surely she wouldn't look so relaxed if her words were true. "Dora, this isn't a laughing matter. Tell me the truth, or I will get very angry."

Seeing Felicity's expression wiped the smile off Dorothy's face. "I'm not kidding. There was indeed a whirlpool, and we did fall into it. It's just that

Zen dived into the sea and pulled out a candle,"

Dorothy explained, gesturing with her hand to demonstrate. "After he did that, the whirlpool just disappeared."

"A candle?" Felicity tilted her head, deep in thought.

Even though she was less suspicious of Dorothy, she was still confused.

Dorothy was stubborn, but she was no liar. It seemed that she was indeed being serious.

"Tell me what you saw; tell me every detail!" Felicity said seriously.

After Dorothy had told her the whole story, Felicity took a deep breath. "Could you ask Zen to help Evaristus?" she asked tentatively.

Dorothy thought for a moment. "I don't see how that would be a problem," she said, nodding.

Felicity smiled for what seemed like the first time in ages. Pulling Dorothy aside, she said, "Let's go to Daisy's home. I will tell her the good news."

Before Dorothy had realized what was happening, she suddenly felt her head spinning. Felicity had pulled her up into the air, and they teleported instantly to the other side of the mountain.

There stood a magnificent, cyan-gray palace.

This palace stood opposite the Oneness Sky Palace. Many disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace would ask who lived in that palace. If whoever it belonged to was able to live so near to the Oneness Sky Palace, he or she must be a person of great power, influence or both.

Most of the disciples could not get the correct answer. Very few of them figured it out, but they stayed silent and kept it to themselves.

They knew the owner of the palace opposite them was the Oneness Sky Palace's leader's equal.

After they had entered the palace, Felicity took Dorothy by the hand and led her straight to the backyard, where a woman in a white robe sat in a small pavilion.

The woman was, perhaps, even more beautiful than Felicity. But her brows were deeply furrowed, and her face was etched with sadness.

Whoosh!

A beam of light flashed through the backyard and landed outside the pavilion.

"Daisy," said Felicity to the woman in white.

"Aunt Daisy," Dorothy called out.

Daisy looked back at the two, her beautiful face deadpan. "Oh, hello there. Felicity and Dora, what brings you here?" she asked, her tone flat.

Evaristus was her son, and after the accident, she had lost all interest in life. Seeing him listless and drunk broke her heart into pieces. However, she still didn't want Evaristus to undergo reincarnation.

Felicity walked into the pavilion and asked quietly, "Daisy, are you still worried about Evaristus?"

"So what if I am," Daisy replied harshly, making Felicity recoil. "It seems that your brother-in-law can't find a way to rescue him."

"Dora fell into a whirlpool, too," said Felicity.

Daisy's body stiffened in response, and she stared at Dorothy, wide-eyed.

"But someone helped Dora break the whirlpool!" Felicity continued, triumphant.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and

trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

55

Content

Chapter 3025 A Calamity
Chapter 3026 Who Is The Mole
Chapter 3027 Escape From The Seven-Star City
Chapter 3028 The Last Resort
Chapter 3029 Intensify
Chapter 3030 An Unknown Powerhouse
Chapter 3031 Five Days
Chapter 3032 Asking For Help
Chapter 3033 Winchell Lin
Chapter 3034 Waiting Uneasily
Chapter 3035 Raining Swords
Chapter 3036 Leaving
Chapter 3037 An Unpleasant Meeting
Chapter 3038 The Reason
Chapter 3039 A Conflict
Chapter 3040 Who Will Die First
Chapter 3041 Prevent
Chapter 3042 Fooled By His Trick
Chapter 3043 Sword-reading Liquid
Chapter 3044 The Opening Of The Sword Wall
Chapter 3045 Flag Masters
Chapter 3046 The Depressed Flag Masters
Chapter 3047 Get The Flag
Chapter 3048 Obstruction
Chapter 3049 Robbery Again
Chapter 3050 An Enormous Deal
Chapter 3051 Divine Megaton
Chapter 3052 Zen's Strength
Chapter 3053 Truth Swordsmanship Manuals
Chapter 3054 Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship
Chapter 3055 A Sheet Of Yellow Paper
Chapter 3056 Deals And Discounts
Chapter 3057 Offend The Wrong Person
Chapter 3058 Distribute The Swordsmanship Manuals

Chapter 3059 Entering A Huge Whirlpool Again
Chapter 3060 The Dark Region
Chapter 3061 The Sword Tower
Chapter 3062 The Power Of Three Annihilation Strike
Chapter 3063 Report To The Superior
Chapter 3064 Buying Swords
Chapter 3065 Treasure Classification
Chapter 3066 The Mass Production
Chapter 3067 Geoffrey's Wrath
Chapter 3068 Shadow On The Other Shore (Part One)
Chapter 3069 Shadow On The Other Shore (Part Two)
Chapter 3070 A Huge Wave
Chapter 3071 Crimson Golden Sand
Chapter 3072 The Sacred Mallow Temple
Chapter 3073 The Heavenly Cobweb
Chapter 3074 Screams
Chapter 3075 The Dreaded Eye Demons
Chapter 3076 A Puppet
Chapter 3077 Sacred Mallow Temple's Secrets
Chapter 3078 Demonic Eyes
Chapter 3079 Return From The Other Shore
Chapter 3080 Test

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 3025 A Calamity

Daisy's stiff body suddenly trembled. She stared at Dorothy and said, "Dora, do you know what I've been through in the past few years? You can't crack a joke like this."

Putting herself in Daisy's shoes, Dorothy realized she wouldn't have believed it either if she hadn't seen it for herself.

Even so, she tried to convince Daisy again, "Aunt Daisy, you have seldom gone out over the years. I'm afraid that you don't know that I've met someone whose body can enter the Sea of Truth."

"Can a corporeal body enter the Sea of Truth?" Daisy raised her eyebrows questioningly

Felicity joined in to explain, "Over a year ago, Dora first entered the Sea of Truth and met this guy. I heard that this person was called Zen Luo. He can roam through the Sea of Truth with his body."

"If a corporeal body can enter the Sea of Truth, then he won't be afraid of the whirlpools," Daisy said looking convinced.

In the past few years, she had spent her time gathering information about the whirlpools in the Sea of Truth. Although she did not know how they were produced, she still knew a great deal about them.

She recalled what her husband had told her regarding them. One's Soul of Light would perish if it touched the water of the Sea of Truth. Thus, once a whirlpool appeared, one would get stuck and would not be able to escape. However, if there emerged someone who was not afraid of the water of the Sea of Truth, they might be able to deal with the whirlpools.

But these people had disappeared over time. It was impossible to find someone who was not afraid of the water of the Sea of Truth in the present.

Naturally, when Daisy heard that Dorothy had discovered someone who fit the description, she found it hard to believe.

Dorothy nodded and continued, "When I got involved in the huge whirlpool, I also felt desperate as I remembered what had happened to Evaristus..."

To make her story sound concrete, Dorothy had to repeat what had happened to her again.

Felicity nodded in acknowledgment and said, "Daisy, Dora is not a girl who speaks nonsense. Besides, she doesn't want to disappoint you."

Daisy showed no emotion the entire time Dorothy spoke. Suddenly, she sat up as her expression loosened. She gently clapped her hands together as if to summon something.

A ghost-like figure emerged from outside the pavilion. "Master Daisy, what can I do for you?"

"Bring Evaristus here," said Daisy flatly.

"But Master Evaristus..." The man seemed hesitant at this request. Over the years, Evaristus was known for his bad temper. He was addicted to alcohol and would ask for it every day. His tantrums were unpredictable and he would take them out on others. The servants were afraid to talk to him.

"No matter what he is doing right now, bring him back to me!" A long lost smile appeared on Daisy's face.

Meanwhile, Zen had returned from the Sea of Truth. As soon as he came back, he heard a hurried knock on the door.

"Zen!" It was the voice of Kenelm.

Zen removed the enchanted barrier as he got up to walk towards the door. He opened the door to see Kenelm out of breath; the latter had an anxious expression on his face.

"What is it, Kenelm? Why are you so nervous?" Zen asked as he tilted his head slightly.

"Something's wrong! The Man-eating Demon Flowers from the Gracious Province are now in the Seven-Star City!" Kenelm said as he struggled to catch his breath.

The Man-eating Demon Flowers resided in the Gracious Province. Over the years, they had colluded with the people of the Sand Country. Many people would get lost in the desert, but the Man-eating Demon Flowers never dared attack the major cities of the Gracious Province.

Now, these Man-eating Demon Flowers had broken into the Seven-Star Province despite knowing all the consequences. It was likely the Excellence City was also in danger.

"The Man-eating Demon Flowers have arrived at the Seven-Star City?" Zen's eyes flashed in disbelief.

Due to the protective forces of the Sword Light Palace and the Lofty Sword, nonhuman creatures never dared to attack the Seven-Star Province.

When Laura and Zen were passing through the Sand Country, the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers did not dare approach them. How did the Man-eating Demon Flowers have the audacity to step foot in the Seven-Star City now?

Zen stood stunned upon receiving the news.

"Yes! They are at the foot of the mountain now! The Sword Light Palace has asked to gather all the disciples from all the palaces. Let's go!" Kenelm urged him impatiently.

As Zen opened his mouth to ask more questions, he felt violent vibrations under his feet.

"Let's go!"

Zen exclaimed realizing how serious the situation had gotten.

After Zen and Kenelm left the secluded room, they flew up and began to ascend in the air. They headed to the top of the Seven-Star City.

As they flew up, Zen turned around and squinted his eyes to stare at the ground. His pupils suddenly started shrinking.

The Seven-Star Mountain was huge. It was ten million feet high and had tens of millions of houses and buildings built on the mountain. At the foot of the Seven-Star Mountain, six huge vines were breaking through the ground and climbing their way over it.

Zen figured the violent vibrations he had felt in the cultivation room were caused by the vines breaking through the ground.

Rumble...

Wherever the vines went, the buildings collapsed into piles of dirt and tiles with many True Gods buried under them.

Countless Man-eating Demon Flowers were attached to the huge vines. They fell off the vines and rushed into the Seven-Star City to gobble up the divine citizens.

The top-rank True Gods that could fly were safe. However, the other True Gods and divine citizens who couldn't fly were unable to escape. They could only run for their lives before they were caught by the Man-eating Demon Flowers and eaten alive.

In the air, Zen could see the whole view of the Sever-Star Mountain. He saw the Man-eating Demon Flowers approach the Seven-Star City in high numbers, like a green tide rushing towards the city. In the blink of an eye, tens of millions of divine citizens became the food of the flowers who chewed on them with no mercy.

Upon seeing this, Zen froze in the air. His body refused to move as he watched in a state of shock.

"Zen! Snap out of it! Or it will be too late to leave," Kenelm urged.

When the disciples heard the news, they began deserting the city one after the other. Kenelm had plucked up his courage to inform Zen about the news.

In Zen's view, the strongest race among all was the human race. Whatever nonhuman creatures were, there were only two results for them. Either they got dominated by the human race or got killed by them.

When he had been in the universe, Zen had seen countless humans being slaughtered by the sorcerer race. However, the sorcerer race was a race created by Murphy, so it was still a war fought between different groups of humans.

Watching humans get eaten alive by these flowers was hard for him to swallow. His heartbeat kept spiraling out of control.

Rumble...

All hell broke loose when one side of the Seven-Star Mountain got tangled by one of the huge wines. It swept down half of the mountain, causing houses to collapse with it. Many divine citizens died as they got buried under it.

At this moment, whether it was a True God or a divine citizen, their lives were as worthless as insignificant insects in the crevices.

"The Sword Light Palace isn't afraid of the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers, is it? Why aren't they doing anything to stop these flowers?" Zen asked as he watched the massacre in anger.

"I don't know. The most important thing to do right now is to run!" Kenelm cried out as he begged Zen. He was only a disciple of the Sword Light Palace, so he had no idea of the intentions of the Sword Light Palace.

The flowers quickly climbed the giant vines. Within a few seconds, they had reached the middle of the Seven-Star Mountain, not far away from Zen and Kenelm. The two of them could even see the dense mass of Man-Eating Demon Flowers that were attached to the vines.

"Waah..."

Just then, Zen heard a sharp cry.

He looked in the direction of the voice and saw a baby lying on the ground crying helplessly. Amidst the chaos, the divine citizens hadn't noticed it and kept running for their lives without realizing they had been walking all over its head.

"Kenelm, you go first!"

As Zen spoke, he descended in a flash to rush to that street.

Chapter 3026 Who Is The Mole

After drawing an arc in the sky, Zen descended into the crowd and stood in front of a baby.

The crowd rushed forward, bumping into Zen. However, Zen remained unmoved as he was as firm as a solid rock.

Rumble!

Just then, the ground below their feet suddenly trembled and collapsed while the huge vines emerged and rushed along the street. At that moment, hundreds of people were unfortunate enough to be crushed by the huge vines, turning them into a bloody mist.

In the blink of an eye, there was a blood bath on both sides of the street.

Many of the divine citizens were not prepared for the sudden attack, leaving them with no time to run away from the threat. As a result, they were swallowed whole by the Man-eating Demon Flowers that were released by the vines.

The corner of Zen's eyes twitched at the sight of the chaos in front of him. Holding the baby he found in the street, he felt helpless as he could not do anything much to help the people at that moment.

Just as the giant vines approached him, Zen performed the Grand Teleportation. In an instant, a space wave flashed in front of him, making him disappear from his current position.

The next minute, he found himself up in the sky just above the Seven-Star City, still carrying the baby in his arms.

Soon after, he saw dozens of people clad in cyan appear in the sky above the city.

These people emitting extraordinary auras were all powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm led by no other than Laura and Ingram.

Just after they appeared, they instantly turned into cyan lights and charged towards the six evil giant vines.

"They must be the Stinger Guards."

Shaking his head, Zen thought that the guards should have acted sooner, and not now when most of the Seven-Star City had already been destroyed.

Shortly after, Zen went directly to the top of the mountain where Faegan, Jago, and the others were. Most of the disciples of the cultivation palaces gathered on the platforms opposite to the Lofty Sword.

When Zen and the baby landed on the platform, he immediately asked, "What happened? How were the Man-eating Demon Flowers from the Gracious Province able to invade this place?"

Upon hearing Zen's question, Faegan and the rest turned pale. In fact, very few monsters dared to enter and terrorize the Seven-Star Province under the Lofty Sword's protection. The monsters only braved to make trouble on the edge of the province.

However, despite the Lofty Sword's protection, trouble still found the city. In fact, this was the first time for the disciples to see such a cruel scene in front of them. Even some of those who had reached the consummation of True God Realm trembled in nervousness.

"It seems like someone has tampered with the Lofty Sword! It's not able to sense the invasion! What's worse is that it...it can't be activated now!" Faegan stammered in anxiety.

The disciples were not aware of what was happening. All they knew was that the Qiu Clan and the Yuebai Clan were in big trouble.

At that moment, Zen took a glance at the Lofty Sword. Floating in the air, the officiant created a huge sword-like image from under his feet. "Why is this not working?" exclaimed the officiant as sweat formed on his forehead. It seemed that he was making the Lofty Sword work, but kept on failing after many attempts.

"Who could be helping these monsters?" Zen asked, frowning.

"Well, who knows? Those nonhuman monsters are unpredictable," Faegan said sadly as if he had already lost all hope.

Understanding the fact that the Man-eating Demon Flowers were hidden dangers in the Gracious Province, the Sword Light Palace had sent people to kill the demonic plants many times, but did not succeed for the demonic plants were too wise. Every time they were attacked, they would hide underground.

In fact, the Sword Light Palace had exhausted their efforts in killing them, but somehow they never managed to wipe them out entirely. Fortunately, they had never gone too far, so the Sword Light Palace became laid-back with its efforts. After hiding for so many years, it was a surprise that the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers had greatly improved its strength. And as of today, it was causing havoc and wreckage in the entire Seven-Star City.

The attacks were quite strange. In fact, it seemed like an obvious premeditated plan. Why did the Man-eating Demon Flowers launch an attack when the Lofty Sword was tampered?

Meanwhile, a loud voice echoed from above. "Officiant, forget the damn Lofty Sword! Let's work together and directly kill the king of Man-eating Demon Flowers! Although it has become stronger, we couldn't just let go without a fight. We still have a chance to defeat it with the help of the three elders!"

spoke a man in cyan who was in his middle age. He had a square face with a chiseled jaw which gave off an awe-inspiring aura. As the voice trailed off, three more people flew over from a distance.

They stood behind the middle-aged man.

Observing the middle-aged man, Zen could not help but size him up as he looked at him from head to toe. While Zen's heart skipped a beat, he said, "Wow, they are so strong."

The Sword Light Palace was a place with quite a few strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm. But up until now, Laura and the officiant were regarded as the two most powerful. Even though Ingram was recognized as a five-star Stinger Guard, he was still much weaker than Leopold.

The middle-aged man in cyan, along with the other three elders, had the similar majestic aura as Leyton.

"Father!"

Faegan greeted the man in cyan. It was his father, Reynald Qiu, the current leader of the Sword Light Palace.

But at that critical moment, Reynald only cast a quick glance at his son, Faegan, and then ignored him.

Turning a deaf ear to Reynald's words, the officiant waved his hands. Soon, numerous little swords materialized and rushed into the Lofty Sword's body.

Shortly after, a ray of light aroused from the bottom of the Lofty Sword with lines rushing up along its edge. At this moment, it seemed that the sword had finally come back to life.

"Not to worry. After repairing the Lofty Sword, I will definitely chop these damn demonic plants into shreds!" The officiant smiled from ear to ear.

However, Reynald was not so happy about it as he frowned slightly.

Flying behind the officiant, he said, "That's impressive. You have repaired the Lofty Sword in such a short time."

Nodding, the officiant replied cautiously, "It's likely that someone has quietly placed some bugs in the Lofty Sword. They destroyed several of its magic arrays. But not to worry for I've already restored the arrays. The

Lofty Sword is heavily guarded, so I think the person who placed the bugs is probably one of us. There must be a mole in the Sword Light Palace."

"A mole? How could that be?" Reynald smiled as he repeated the question in a peculiar voice.

At that moment, the officiant sensed that there was something wrong about Reynald. Turning around, he saw Reynald's eyes. Taken aback, the officiant exclaimed, "Master Reynald, you..."

But before the officiant could react, a long red sword had already pierced through his chest.

Soon, a blood-red evil fire emerged from where he was pierced and instantly swallowed him whole. In a flash, his body had been completely burnt to ashes.

"Reynald!"

"What on earth are you doing, Master Reynald?"

Up in the air, two old men could not help but cover their mouths in shock. Never had they thought that Reynald would kill the officiant.

"Haha! Ibrahim, let's start!" After killing the officiant, it seemed that Reynald had already taken care of his problem.

Meanwhile, the third old man let out a loud and hideous laugh. Soon, his skin quickly cracked, revealing a muscular body.

Chapter 3027 Escape From The Seven-Star City

The figure that emerged from the old man was as tall as twenty feet and his skin was dark. Everything about his appearance was brimming with hostility.

There were three horns at the top of his head and his face was long and thin. The arms of the unusual figure were as long as an ape's. He flaunted his sparse sharp teeth when he opened his mouth. Every feature of his body contributed to making him look terrifying.

The baby in Zen's arms had just stopped crying. When its eyes met the deformed figure who suddenly appeared, it began to cry loudly again. Traumatized by what it saw, it embraced Zen tightly.

When the two elders of the Sword Light Palace saw this scene, their faces turned extremely sullen.

"It's a member of the Black Armor race! You were actually hiding in Elder Theon's body!"

The elders were fuming with anger. They turned to the leader of the Sword Light Palace and exclaimed. "Reynald! You're the leader of the Sword Light Palace! How could you bring a monster to invade it! What is your purpose?"

The Black Armor race resided in the Bayrock Province which was situated west of the Seven-Star Province. The members of the race resembled humans in features. However, their unforgiving brutality and violent tendencies set them apart from human beings.

Under the steady protection of the Lofty Sword, the Sword Light Palace flourished over the years. During that time, the Stinger Guards had repeatedly entered Bayrock Province to kill off many Black Armor members.

If the Sword Light Palace continued to prosper, it would continue to grow its roots further to the Bayrock Province and drive the Black Armor race away. Both the Black Armor race and Sword Light Palace were as incompatible as fire and water.

No one of the Black Armor race dared to enter the Seven-Star Province with malicious intentions fearing the power of the Lofty Sword. However, now they had broken the Lofty Sword and killed off the officiant. With nothing protecting the Seven-Star City, they colluded with the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers to attack it.

And the ringleader behind all this was no one but the head of the Sword Light Palace, Reynald.

Reynald returned the cold stare of the elder who questioned him. A venomous smile appeared on his face as he spoke, "You old bastard, now you finally call me the leader of the palace? Caspian has been dead for five hundred years, and I haven't seen you treat me as the leader of the palace even once since then! And that bitch still tries to take my place! Since you didn't treat me well, you have no right to blame me for doing this!"

Since Caspian's death, Reynald had taken over the Sword Light Palace. But in name, he was only the acting leader and never had any authority over ruling it.

Once Caspian's tomb was found, the Sword Light Palace would have a new leader.

Reynald had tried his best to act as a leader over the years, but his efforts were never recognized. He had devoted himself completely for the prosperity of the Sword Light Palace but he always felt underappreciated. The fear of losing his position in the future forced him to form alliances with the enemy. His plans included colluding with the Black Armor race to kill Theon and using the "Bone Skin Secret Skill" to let Ibrahim hide into Theon's body. On the sidelines, he teamed up with the king of the Demon-eating Flowers from the Sand Country to cause chaos in the Seven-Star City.

"What a vile man you are! You will just destroy the Sword Light Palace when you can't be the leader?"

"Our Sword Light Palace inherited the good tradition of the Oneness Sky Palace. We only choose virtuous people to be the leader. You are a despicable man and you will be despised by the world!"

The two elders had never imagined Reynald would turn so bitter as to overturn the Sword Light Palace because of this.

The elders began to prepare themselves for a fight. As they chanted words, a strong aura started to surround them. Limitless spots of light sprung out from their bodies and began converging into two bright golden swords. The power surging from the swords was frighteningly strong.

The Lofty Sword and the three elders were like two pillars holding up the Sword Light Palace. Both of them contributed to the protection of it. Now with the Lofty Sword broken, it was up to the elders to serve their lives in guarding the Seven-Star City. Their power was not to be underestimated.

"Haha... I've been hiding in this body for more than half a year, and it was killing me." Ibrahim of the Black Armor race grinned wickedly. Thin lines of blood appeared on his black body, and a tyrannical aura gushed out from his presence.

"Whoosh!"

In the blink of an eye, both sides charged at each other as a devastating battle took place in the air. The two elders fought with Ibrahim and Reynald with all their might.

Streaks of energy spread out in the sky as the two great sides faced off against each other. When they exchanged blows, their energy flowed violently. The overwhelming sight made the disciples below stare with their mouths agape.

Faegan was pale at the sight. He opened his mouth slightly and murmured under his breath. "Dad, Dad... What's going on?" His hands trembled in shock.

Although he was a playboy in the Qiu Clan, he had always taken pride in his clan.

He never expected his father to betray the clan and the Sword Light Palace. Conflicting emotions filled his existence as his body shook nervously.

"You two old bastards are really strong! Now explode!"

Ibrahim was surrounded by hundreds of golden swords. As he roared, several black veils of mist began to explode. The black mists made huge noises and shattered the golden swords into pieces.

The explosions produced massive shock waves that rushed in all directions.

The disciples directly underneath them felt dizzy under the impact. Instinctively, they covered their ears with their hands and felt blood gush out from the tip of their fingers.

Zen was able to withstand the shock waves and protected the baby in his arms. He stared up at the battle in the sky with a worried expression.

As the battle raged on between these powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm, Zen realized he was not qualified to interfere yet. The wise choice would be to retreat from Seven-Star City as quickly as possible.

However, once the nonhuman monsters had invaded the Seven-Star City, no other place in the entire province was safe.

Never did he ever expect to encounter such a situation when he first entered the Sword Light Palace.

The Stinger Guards worked together to hold off the six huge vines on the mountainside of the Seven-Star Mountain. Their efforts were in vain as the huge body of the king of the Man-eating Demon Flower was buried deep underground. It was useless to try and cut its vines.

Ingram managed to cut off a large vine. He immediately rushed to Laura's side and said. "We must ask Elder Perceval and the others to work together to go underground and shatter the real body of the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers!"

Laura directed her gaze up at the sky, and a weak smile appeared on her face. "I'm afraid they don't have the time."

Ingram also raised his head and looked up at the sky. His face changed color as he exclaimed, "The Black Armor race? Why is Reynald attacking the elders?"

"Look over there..." Laura said as she pointed at the sky.

Ingram looked in the direction where her finger pointed and saw dozens of black lights now flying towards the Seven-Star City from the west. Reinforcements of the Black Armor race were arriving in heavy numbers.

At the frightening sight, Ingram trembled as he felt the will to fight leave his body.

Even with the Lofty Sword destroyed, the Sword Light Palace was confident about guarding the Seven-Star City and killing the crazy king of the Demon-eating Flowers. However, with the Black Armor race involved, the situation was now out of their control.

"What should we do?" Ingram said while panicking. With desperate eyes he looked at Laura for instructions.

Laura gently bit her lip, her pale face drained of all its color. She took a deep breath and made a decision. "Order the Stinger Guards to abandon the Seven-Star City... You go and get the flying ship... We'll take the disciples of the palaces and leave!"

Ingram stared at her in bewilderment. The Sword Light Palace had stood strong for so many years and they had put in so many efforts to manage the place. How could they give up and flee like this?

But after careful consideration, he realized they didn't have much choice. They had to leave for now.

"Let's go!"

They nodded to each other agreeably. Laura took a step forward on her tiptoes and ascended to the air. In a flash, she appeared in the sky above the Sword Light Palace.

"Master Laura!"

"What should we do, Master Laura?"

The disciples were all in dismay. As soon as they saw Laura, they eyed her up as if she was their savior.

Laura looked around and noticed Zen's expressions. Compared to the other disciples, he looked the calmest. She snapped her fingers and an illusory sword shadow hovered above their heads to protect them.

The disciples of the Sword Light Palace felt relieved under Laura's protection.

Soon after, a big flying ship appeared before them. There stood Ingram looking over at the disciples from the ship.

"All of you, board the ship. We're leaving..." Laura said flatly, signaling the disciples.

"But as members of the Yuebai Clan, how can we abandon the Seven-Star City?" Beldene frowned and protested.

"If you wish to die, by all means, stay here," Laura said curtly. Then she moved her body and boarded the flying ship.

The disciples gulped down their hesitation and jumped aboard the ship without a second thought.

Several disciples of the Yuebai Clan and Qiu Clan debated for a while. Finally, they realized that their lives were above everything. They quickly followed the others and got on the flying ship.

Chapter 3028 The Last Resort

The wide, white ship blended in with the clouds, flying up steadily before dashing towards the north.

Back then, Athemar had eyed Seven-Star Province as an appropriate site to hold the Lofty Sword, for the purpose of building a direct path from the south to the north. Of course, Ingram would now choose to head north.

Some disciples in the ship were in anguish, knees dropped to the floor.

Although Sword Light Palace wasn't known to be a great force in the human race, the Seven-Star City was their home.

Leaving their family burning was nothing but pure horror, and yet escaping was the only choice they had.

Faegan sat still in a corner, a dull look in his eyes. Nobody could read his expression.

Suddenly, a figure darted across the room and grabbed him by the neck. Faegan's back slammed against the ship, a loud clunk ringing in everyone's ears.

Elgin tightened his grip around Faegan's throat. His voice, laced with ferocity, echoed across the room. "It's all your father's fault! He did all of this to us!"

"That's right!"

"What Reynald Qiu did is unforgivable!"

"Let's kill his son!"

The disciples of the Yuebai Clan and the Qiu Clan were indignant. Grief filled their hearts with nothing but retaliation. And who was more fitting on the receiving end than Faegan, the perpetrator's son?

The whole atmosphere turned tense. For a moment, it really seemed that they intended to kill him.

Just then, Elgin felt a fist strike hard against his chest. The force was enough to briefly halt his breathing.

The punch sent Elgin flying across the length of the ship. He could do nothing as he collided against the reinforced wall, creating an even louder, resounding thud.

As he held the baby in one hand, Zen looked indifferently at Elgin, who grasped his stomach in extreme pain. In a low voice, Zen addressed the room. "I don't know this feud within the Sword Light Palace, but Faegan is not at fault here. If anything, he is also a victim."

Faegan resigned to the floor, making no effort to compose himself. "If my death means the safety of the Sword Light Palace, then by all means, please kill me," he said, voice trembling.

As he heard Faegan's defeated voice, Zen felt immense sadness.

The prosperous Sword Light Palace was eradicated overnight. A place that had been a peaceful, stable home for many was no more—even the disciples had to flee.

The human race was truly too weak.

At the ship's bow were Ingram and Laura. They both sighed and shook their heads as they watched everything unfold.

They were more attached to the Sword Light Palace than the younger ones. Its destruction brought them far greater pain and misery.

Agony also tormented Kenelm and his friends.

As natives of Excellence City, they had always dreamed of joining the Sword Light Palace. It felt so surreal when they finally achieved their goal. There were so many things to do! And yet, after they had cultivated in front of the Lofty Sword just once, disaster immediately tore their dreams to pieces.

Kenelm was most frustrated. Zen had asked him to give up the reward for finding the former palace leader's belongings. But he had been unwilling to do so.

After all, he had extraordinary talent. If he had used enough resources on himself, he believed he could have achieved anything he wanted.

Just as everyone fell quiet, the ship shook.

That was when they felt the impact.

Almost instantaneously, the speeding ship cracked.

"Guys, look out!" Laura screamed.

She leapt up in the air with a grim expression.

Fortunately, all the disciples were able to fly. Instincts enabled them to quickly stabilize themselves as they floated in air.

As Zen secured his grasp around the baby, he saw six or seven figures emerge not far away.

At the center stood Reynald Qiu, leading members of the Black Armor race. Each of them was at least 30 feet tall and had achieved the Other Shore Realm.

"Laura, you are the person in the Sword Light Palace I most want to kill. How can I let you escape?" Reynald Qiu sneered.

Ingram glared at him, eyes filled with anger. "What did you do to Elder Perceval?"

"Oh, him? He's dying, I guess," Reynald Qiu replied, waving his hand indifferently.

Laura felt so defeated as the devastation paralyzed her. For once, she could not think to reply to his taunts. Not far away from them, Faegan cried out, "Dad! Stop! You are accomplishing nothing by ruining the Sword Light Palace."

Reynald Qiu did not acknowledge his son. In fact, he did not react at all, as if he heard nothing.

Laura lowered her eyes at them intently. She stretched her fingers and pale green light materialized into a wisp, which sprouted until it turned into a sword. As it did so, she said, "All the disciples, run for your lives..."

At this point, even she, the leader of the cultivation palaces, couldn't protect the disciples. The only thing remaining was the last resort—to sacrifice her life.

The disciples knew they were of no match, and obeyed Laura instantly, fleeing the scene in fear.

"Kill everyone except my son," ordered Reynald Qiu.

The Black Armor race members grunted as confirmation. As if there was no time to waste, they rushed towards the disciples.

"It seems you all want death!" Laura roared.

With a savage look in her eyes, she pointed her blade towards one of the men from the Black Armor race.

Before the man could react, however, Laura had already hurled her blade towards him. He could barely blink as it traveled thousands of feet, puncturing his head.

The man was merely a warrior in the second stage of Other Shore Realm and was thus no match for Laura. He took his last breath as he fell down from the sky.

He was only one of them all, however. Other members of the Black Armor race had already charged at the disciples.

Just as she was about to storm towards them, Reynald Qiu blocked her path. He sneered at her with utter smugness. "Where do you think you are going? I'm your opponent, not them."

Laura's mind raced. These disciples were the best ones in the Sword Light Palace, but how could they escape the pursuit of the strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm?

The Black Armor men flew so fast as they chased the disciples it seemed as if they had turned into rays of speeding light. They were unstoppable. Every disciple that crossed their paths perished.

In the blink of an eye, dozens of disciples turned into no more than spurts of blood spattered in the air.

"Come with me!" Zen called towards those who remained.

Tens of disciples, including Faegan, Jago, Beldene and Elgin, followed Zen closely.

They knew of Zen's capabilities.

Among these people, only he had the strength to contend against Other Shore Realm warriors.

At that moment, Zen sensed a trace of space fluctuation from above.

He looked around and spotted Kenelm flying near him. Eyebrows raised, Zen shouted at him, "Kenelm, catch!"

He threw the baby in his arms to Kenem, and then a long sword materialized in his hand.

Not far away, a slender arm stretched out from the space wave and tried to grab Beldene.

Zen, who had been falling rapidly, caught sight of the trouble. He stomped lightly, and all of a sudden, he halted mid-air. Ways-blending Energy simultaneously began to burst out of him.

"The Ways-blending Strike!"

Swish!

A gleam of sword radiance shot out.

Crack!

The sword radiance cut off the arm cleanly, as if it could have just easily split heaven and earth.

The Black Armor man came out of space screaming. He had never thought that these disciples could hurt him, much less cut off one of his arms. He shrieked, "Brat! You're wishing for death!"

Zen did not stop after striking. He activated Grand Teleportation, then went into the jungle below.

They were not in the divine land. With his current strength, it would be difficult to battle against powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

However, he had another advantage he could rely on: the Imperial Sword Seal, courtesy of Athemar.

Athemar had told him that the power of the Imperial Sword Seal depended on the sword's grade. As such, Zen wondered how powerful it would be if activated by the Soaring Snake Sword.

However, the Soaring Snake Sword was too valuable to unveil in front of others. It was thus a last resort, saved for the most desperate moment.

Chapter 3029 Intensify

The Seven-Star Province was vast. Though there were over a dozen big cities developed by the Sword Light Palace, the other parts of it were covered with vast jungles.

Bang!

Falling from the sky, Zen broke an ancient huge tree in his track.

Surviving the fall, Zen stood firmly on the thick leaves.

Fallen leaves piled all over the ground, making the air smell rotten. The jungle was filled with sounds of little animals running around.

Crack!

Clap!

Following Zen, some other disciples also fell into this area.

Having the same thought as Zen, they wanted to hide in the jungle and escape from this disaster.

Bang! Hearing the loud sound from far away, these disciples were dumbfounded.

A violent impact wave spread out in all directions, destroying all the towering trees and shrubs. Soon after, it left an empty ground within ten miles.

A Black Armor warrior stood thousands of feet away from Zen.

Having one of his arms cut off by Zen, the warrior was in a state of rage. With his other hand drooping on the ground, he walked slowly towards Zen just like a gorilla, while commenting in an influent way, "You're truly worthy of your reputation as a disciple from the Sword Light Palace. You can hurt me even without reaching the Other Shore Realm. It's really surprising!"

Watching from afar, Kenelm, Beldene and the rest spoke with Zen, almost at the same time, through their life vitality.

"Zen! Run!"

"He's going to kill you!"

Hearing their reminders, Zen only revealed a bitter smile.

Of course, he knew that he was being targeted by the Black Armor warrior.

It was not the first time that someone of the Other Shore Realm chased him. But he felt the greatest pressure this time.

As the Black Armor warrior approached him, his Truth of Godly Way slowly appeared, forming a shield on the surface of his body.

"The Other Shore Token of this Black Armor warrior is a shield." Zen's eyes narrowed in trepidation, seeing the shield.

He decided to employ the Grand Teleportation technique, seeing that the Black Armor warrior was only two thousand feet away from him.

Noticing that the space channel was about to come into shape, the Black Armor warrior sped up significantly. With his strength, he lunged with an attempt to kill Zen before he could escape using the Grand Teleportation technique.

However, Zen's act obviously exceeded the Black Armor warrior's expectations. He didn't plan to escape through Grand Teleportation at all.

Instead, Zen abruptly retreated backward like a bolt of lightning, as the space fluctuation spread in the air.

All thanks to Zen's deceptive movement, the Black Armor warrior pounced quickly and smashed a large crater in the ground, missing his target.

"What a cunning brat!" he said, gritting his teeth.

Missing the first attack, the Black Armor warrior continued to chase after Zen.

Whoosh!

In the distance, Beldene, Kenelm and the rest felt worried about Zen as they watched the chase.

"This monster is too fast!"

"Well, he is at the Other Shore Realm. I'm afraid he will catch Zen sooner or later."

As the chase went on, the distance between Zen and the Black Armor warrior was getting closer.

In less than ten seconds, the Black Armor warrior was able to close their distance to only thirty feet.

"He's faster than I expected!"

Though slightly shocked, Zen was expecting a strong opponent.

After all, the Other Shore Realm was a totally different level. With his current strength, fighting the Other Shore Realm warriors was too difficult for him.

Swoosh!

Hearing a whistling sound from behind him, Zen had no time to look back at all. However, he had been observing his surrounding with his spiritual sense all the time. As if he had eyes on his back, he gently twisted his shoulders, dodging to the other side without hesitation.

Just as Zen avoided the attack, the Black Armor warrior's long hand suddenly came at his waist, twisting like a snake.

"What? His hand!"

Shocked, Zen realized that he made a mistake.

Although the Black Armor race members had hands and feet, and they looked like larger-sized humans, they were completely different from the human race. Their arms had no joints, so they could twist them at will, launching an attack from an unexpected direction.

In a moment of desperation, Zen exerted all his strength, activating the Truth of Cultivation Nature. With his entire body being as nimble as a mouse, he tried to escape the grasp of the Black Armor warrior.

Whoosh!

Zen's move caught the Black Armor warrior unprepared. He thought that since Zen was a disciple of the Sword Light Palace, he would be practicing only the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. After all, this was not the first fight between the Black Armor race and the Sword Light Palace.

Twisting his body smoothly, Zen managed to escape.

Without any hesitation, Zen lifted his sword, exerting the Ways-blending Energy.

Bang!

At such a close distance, Zen's Ways-blending Strike hit the Black Armor warrior directly.

But as soon as his sword reached his opponent, a shield shadow suddenly emerged from the surface of the latter's body.

With the help of the shield shadow, the Black Armor warrior was able to withstand the blow.

The sword in Zen's hand broke into pieces, but the explosion of the Ways-blending Energy created a huge impact force, pushing the Black Armor warrior several thousand feet away from him. Zen retreated towards the other direction, increasing the distance between them.

Seeing that Zen was safe, Kenelm felt overjoyed, "Good job, Zen!"

On the other hand, Beldene still felt worried, "He needs to move faster to lose him and escape. He needs to find a way to get rid of his enemy."

Just as Beldene concluded, the Black Armor warrior was more infuriated after being pushed away. Letting out an angry roar, he chased after Zen again at a double speed.

He began to view Zen as a worthy enemy this time.

In the blink of an eye, they had both rushed into the depths of the jungle.

With the help of the Truth of Cultivation Nature, Zen moved through the dense bushes as quickly as a monkey.

On the other hand, the Black Armor warrior dashed forward, breaking every towering tree in his path and leaving everything in a mess.

After running about ten thousand feet, Zen suddenly stopped.

Not knowing what Zen was up to, the Black Armor warrior also stopped not far away from him. "Are you going to surrender?" he asked with a sinister grin.

Zen didn't respond. Flicking his finger, another long sword suddenly appeared in his hand.

The Black Armor warrior stood in awe.

Although most races other than the humans didn't use swords as weapons, the Soaring Snake Sword's brilliance was too obvious. The Black Armor warrior might not know swords well, but he could tell that Zen's sword had an extraordinary background. It was probably a peerless weapon.

"That looks like a good sword. Ha-ha! If I bring that booty back home, I will obtain a lot of rewards," the Black Armor warrior said with excitement.

Seeing that his enemy was ready to launch another attack, Zen started to recite the Imperial Sword Seal. The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent in his body constantly gathered in the attack he was preparing.

Soon, Zen felt a burning sensation on his chest, as a dark golden light shot into the Soaring Snake Sword.

Buzz!

At this moment, Zen felt the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand had come to life.

Chapter 3030 An Unknown Powerhouse

It would appear as though Zen was not fully in control of the Soaring Snake Sword anymore.

The sword was trembling violently as he held it in his right hand. To him, it seemed like it was struggling really hard to break free.

He attempted to tighten his grip on it even more.

Buzz!

The sword continued to vibrate furiously. Suddenly, dark golden strands started to radiate out of it.

Simultaneously, the blade of the Soaring Snake Sword became enshrouded by a small snake shadow. Its eyes opened and glinted for a moment. Almost at once, it silently disappeared.

However, as it vanished, small snake heads emerged on the ends of the dark golden strands.

Every single one of the strands looked like long and slender snakes. It was almost as if they were truly alive.

"What's happening? Is this some kind of trick?"

This fearsome display left the man from the Black Armor race effectively stunned. Instinctively, he brought his Other Shore Token out.

He acknowledged that the aura emanating from Zen's sword was indeed remarkable and powerful. Nevertheless, Zen was merely a consummate True God in his eyes. It did not matter how strong Zen was. The man was absolutely confident he wouldn't be able to break the invisible shield.

After all, he was entirely covered by the shield shadow.

The long and slender snakes were approaching his position very swiftly. There were thousands of them now and their movements caused a loud rustling noise.

There were many rocks and ancient trees that existed for thousands of years within the area. But as the snakes rushed towards their enemy, they were all chopped cleanly in half. The cuts were as smooth as glass.

The man felt a chill run down his spine.

All of a sudden, he noticed that there were cracks all over the shield shadow now. They were starting to spread quickly to his body too.

The snakes were not even close to where he was. He began to lose consciousness as dark blood spilled out from the cracks in his body. After a short while, he collapsed into the ground.

Rustle! Rustle!

Meanwhile, the snakes continued to move. They demolished and obliterated everything across their path. The man of the Black Armor race had previously created an open area. The snakes had burst out of its boundaries now.

Every single snake could be compared to a harbinger of death. As thousands of them gathered, they brought about a surge of utter devastation.

"What on earth are those things?"

"Halt!"

As Beldene and the disciples of the cultivation palaces witnessed this, a wave of panic swept through them. Their faces were etched with looks of sheer terror.

No one even dared to move. They watched in horror as the snakes plowed through the open area towards the other side of the jungle. They continued to ravage everything along the way.

If this horrific scene was viewed from the skies, it probably looked like an invisible giant was cutting the jungle with a pair of invisible scissors. The flurry of snakes left a flattened path in their wake. Everything that came into contact with them was razed into smithereens.

"Is it possible that a supreme powerhouse is lurking within the jungle? I wonder which side that person is on, the Sword Light Palace or the Black Armor race?" Promptly, Beldene drew a conclusion based on his own observation. Logically speaking, Zen would surely be saved if that powerhouse was on the Sword Light Palace's side. If not, then he didn't even want to think about how Zen could have survived that.

Meanwhile, in the jungle, Zen was undeniably thunderstruck. He could not believe what just happened.

Athemar told him he would give him a magnificent and generous gift, but Zen did not take his words seriously.

He was not thoroughly impressed with the power of the Imperial Sword Seal activated through the cyan sword. The Imperial Sword Seal might be a precious and supreme treasure to others. But in Zen's opinion, it lacked power compared to the Ways-blending Strike.

But at this moment, Zen finally understood what Athemar meant.

The power of the Imperial Sword Seal was dependent upon the grade of sword he had. A sword with a higher grade would result to a much more powerful attack.

Slowly, Zen walked over to where the corpse of his opponent was.

As he examined the body, he noticed that the cuts were as smooth as glass. It implied that this body was no different from the rocks and trees around in the eyes of the snakes.

In addition to that, the people of the Black Armor race should have bodies stronger than normal humans. Nonetheless, they still couldn't compare to Zen's body.

He also observed that the shield shadow created by the Other Shore Token was unable to withstand the assault of his sword strands. It got slashed cleanly apart just like the trees.

Zen totally underestimated the sharpness of the sword strands. They were more than what he had previously thought. Until he had tested them out on such an adversary, he would not have known how sharp they were.

"It's such a shame that no one could ever see this sword. It could only be used when I'm in extreme danger,"

Zen muttered to himself. With a wave of his hand, he transported the corpse of his opponent into his space ring. After all, this man was a mighty warrior at the Other Shore Realm. Maybe he could uncover and loot some treasures later.

Shortly after, Zen emerged on the edge of the jungle.

Then, he saw Beldene and the other disciples who stood rooted to the same spot. He was a little bit bemused so he asked them, "Why didn't you escape?"

It was very unfortunate that these disciples lacked combat experience. After the Sword Light Palace was destroyed, all they could do was put their hopes on Laura. But now, Laura was off fighting against Reynald. This put them into a state of panic as they also had nowhere else to go.

If it was Zen in their place, he would have run away.

The disciples were all stunned when they saw Zen.

"I can't believe it! Zen, you are still alive!"

"Did you know who that powerhouse was? Did that person manage to kill the man from the Black Armor race?"

"…"

Zen had been thinking long and hard about how he would explain the sword strands to the disciples even before he started walking out of the jungle.

However, they already thought that a powerhouse was the one responsible for that. With that, he thought it was best not to explain it further.

In any case, he doubted whether they would believe he could perform such a powerful technique at his current cultivation level.

The only thing he could do was pretend to be perplexed by this as well. He told them, "A short while ago, I only saw a figure clad in white and nothing else. All of a sudden, the man of the Black Armor race was slashed cleanly apart."

"Amazing! That powerhouse is extremely powerful!"

"Maybe that person can take Reynald on!"

"Still I wonder if this powerhouse would agree to fight against Reynald."

With this, the disciples saw a glimmer of hope once more. They hoped that a strong and superior powerhouse would come and save them from all these evils and therefore save the Sword Light Palace.

Nevertheless, Zen knew that they were just getting their hopes up.

Dong!

Out of the blue, they heard a muffled sound coming from the sky.

A shadow of a huge sword appeared across the sky. Suddenly, two figures plummeted down and landed in front of the disciples.

The two figures were actually Laura and Ingram.

Ingram had lots of wounds all over his body. His legs were chopped off and blood spurted out of the cuts.

Laura, on the other hand, was half-naked. Her colorless skin was covered with numerous sword marks.

As this scene unfolded right in front of them, the disciples started to run to them.

Moments after the two figures fell, a space wave flashed in the air and Reynald promptly appeared before it. He was holding a long sword with a cyan blade. Then he spoke heartlessly, "It's useless to struggle. You finally found your father's tomb after searching for so many years. So now, it's time for you to go to hell and join him for eternity. Ha-ha..."

Laura looked at him with utmost contempt and defiance. She gently tapped the space between her brows. Soon after, a ball floated out. It was a Latent Theurgy.

Chapter 3031 Five Days

The Latent Theurgy had a very unique history.

Sixty years ago, Laura had managed to send an important person to the Oneness Sky Palace.

As a reward, the Oneness Sky Palace gifted her the Latent Theurgy.

Most of the Latent Theurgies would work automatically if their owners were in great danger. Now, however, Laura activated it herself.

Once it had been activated, Laura's voice could reach every disciple's ear. "Don't struggle," she said.

Stretching out her hand, she beckoned to them. As if by an invisible force, all the disciples were dragged towards her.

Zen also felt the invisible force on his body while flying in Laura's direction. Once he was fifty feet away from her, the Latent Theurgy above her head suddenly split into two.

"Whoosh!"

Then, the two parts of the Latent Theurgy began to spread, and finally covered Laura, Ingram and all the disciples like a giant umbrella.

At the sight of this, Reynald could only sneer. "How naive!" he scoffed. "Do you think that this pathetic little trick is enough to keep me out?" he yelled, pointing at the umbrella-like formation.

"Swish!"

A huge shadow of a sword appeared out of nowhere and lashed at the Latent Theurgy.

Laura was not startled at all. She simply looked up at the falling blade calmly, as if it were a feather.

A loud bang shook the earth, and with it, a blinding light flashed in the sky. It was so dazzling that it blotted out the sun and the entire sky.

Slowly, the light began to dim. Once it had disappeared, everyone squinted at the sky, their eyes slowly recovering from the assault. Once they had regained their sight, they saw that the umbrella had remained unscathed.

A mocking smile formed on Laura's lips. "This is the Heaven Earth Umbrella Master Goran gave me. You cannot break it, no matter what you do," she sneered.

"Master Goran?" Reynald echoed, his face darkening.

Goran was one of the elites of the Oneness Sky Palace, as famous as Athemar. He had few equals, and Reynald could only imagine how powerful his Latent Theurgy was.

There was a silver lining in this for Reynald, however. He was secretly happy that Laura had used the Latent Theurgy for defense. If she had used some other Latent Theurgy to attack, he would have surely died.

Feigning confidence, he looked up. "So what? This Latent Theurgy isn't eternal. How long will it hold up? Three days? A fortnight? A month? I am in no hurry," said Reynald in a brash tone.

He was right. Most of the Latent Theurgies could only last for some time, until they disappeared without a trace.

The disciples realized this too, and even Beldene and Elgin looked worried.

Even though Laura's Latent Theurgy was immensely powerful, it was not long-lived. And once it disappeared, they would all be completely exposed. Death would be inevitable.

Ingram, who was lying on the ground, wasn't worried at all. He was relaxed as a cat. "Reynald, you seem to have forgotten that the Oneness Sky Palace will send some people to pick up Zen. They are probably on their way as we speak. Will you be able to deal with those guiders?" he mocked, his eyes half closed.

Reynald seemed to freeze. He had heard about the extraordinary disciple that had been recruited by the Sword Light Palace, and that the Oneness Sky Palace would send some guiders to pick him up. Indeed, he had neglected to consider this.

Yet, this wasn't as big a problem after all. "The Oneness Sky Palace doesn't know what happened to the Sword Light Palace yet. They are in the dark. And I'm sure those guiders are not strong enough to pose a threat to me," Reynald said with a small smile.

Now that the Sword Light Palace had been destroyed, the Stinger Guards had scattered. They were no threat to him. But most importantly, he had the support of the Black Armor race and the king of the Man-eating Demon Flowers. Unless the Oneness Sky Palace sent its best warriors, he would be safe.

Now, the members of the Black Armor race gathered around Reynald. Many of the over one thousand disciples had been killed by them, and only a hundred or so remained.

When the umbrella-shaped enchanted barrier had appeared, they had all launched their attacks on it to destroy it.

However, their strength was far inferior to Reynald's. They were powerless against it.

Just like that, the two sides had confronted each other with the Latent Theurgy separating them.

Inside the enchanted barrier, Ingram was busy healing his legs. After he had taken a pill, a mass of blood vitality wound itself around his broken legs, and his bones and muscles began to mend. "Reynald is right," he said solemnly. "The guiders sent by the Oneness Sky Palace usually aren't particularly powerful. They are quite mediocre. I'm afraid..."

"The Latent Theurgy can't hold on for that long. Master Goran told me that it can only last for five days at best," Laura said, shaking her head.

Silence hung over them like a cloud. All they could do was rely on Laura. However, even she was at the end of her tether.

"We can take a chance," Elgin said suddenly. "If we run into the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace in the Sea of Truth, we can ask them to report what happens here to their superiors!"

"Good idea!" Beldene said, his eyes lighting up.

Of all the disciples, only Beldene, Elgin and Zen were allowed to enter the Sea of Truth. And they were very likely to meet disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace there.

Ingram, however, was not convinced. "The probability is there, but it is too small. Even if you meet the Oneness Sky Palace disciples there, they won't believe you. Also, it takes a month to get to the Oneness Sky Palace by flying ship," he reasoned. "The only ones that can make it within five days are as powerful as the five-star Stinger Guards. And it is unlikely that a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace that is crossing the Sea of Truth will be able to persuade them."

"They will never be able to convince the guards," Elgin said, shaking his head.

"I still think there is a chance that it will work. I am willing to try. After all, it is the only way!" exclaimed Beldene.

Zen said nothing. He was deep in thought.

He remembered Dora mentioning a sky palace. Even though Dora hadn't told him where she was from, his intuition told him that she had a connection with the Oneness Sky Palace.

He could ask Dora for help, but if he did so, he would expose his identity.

However, the only thing that would become known was that his body had entered the Sea of Truth.

"Zen, what are you thinking about?" asked Laura, interrupting his train of thought.

Zen had always been something of a mystery to her.

Nevertheless, she had never asked him any specific questions concerning his past. As long as he didn't harm the Sword Light Palace, it was fine. Besides, he was not at a level high enough to do significant damage to the Sword Light Palace anyway.

"Is it possible to get to the Oneness Sky Palace from the Seven-Star Province in five days?" Zen asked.

Laura knew what Zen meant. "Do you know anyone from the Oneness Sky Palace?" she said, narrowing her eyes.

"Maybe," Zen replied ambiguously. After all, he was not certain about Dora's background.

The eyes of the disciples lit up. Laura and Ingram also saw a glimmer of hope. "Who is it?"

"I don't know. I made friends with her in the Sea of Truth," Zen answered honestly.

Skeptical, Elgin sneered. "It's just speculation, and that can't give anyone hope," he scoffed. "Don't listen to him," he added, rolling his eyes.

Beldene, however, was optimistic as ever. "Even so, it is worth a try! Let's go to the Sea of Truth together!"

Finding someone in the Sea of Truth was not an easy task. To find Dora, Zen had to ensure that Dora entered at the same time as him and waited for him in the same area.

This was not a problem for Zen, of course.

Chapter 3032 Asking For Help

"Beldene's right. No matter what, it's better than standing by and waiting," said Ingram, smiling.

Knowing there was little hope, he and Laura didn't expect too much.

When the time limit for the Latent Theurgy came, they would probably have to put up a desperate fight.

Sitting upright, Beldene activated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Then he entered the Sea of Truth.

Although Elgin said that it was impossible to get any help, he followed Beldene to the Sea of Truth.

Sitting up straight, Zen began to activate the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

But he was shocked with the turn of events.

No matter how hard he recited in his heart, he couldn't condense any Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

'Is it because of the Imperial Sword Seal?' Zen guessed, thinking hard.

His Soaring Snake Sword had released sword threads with terrifying power. Even the powerful warriors like Laura and Ingram might not be able to resist its power, let alone the warrior of the Black Armor race who just reached the Other Shore Realm.

Initially, Zen thought he could activate the Soaring Snake Sword's power at no cost, but now, he realized that he was wrong.

He wondered if he would not be able to make use of this Truth of Godly Way, or if it would take him some time to recover.

But now was not the time to worry about it. Fortunately, Zen was able to master more than one Truth of Godly Way.

For a moment, he stayed in deep thought, as traces of natural aura began to emit from his body. Now, he could only use the Truth of Cultivation Nature to return to the Sea of Truth.

Meanwhile, in front of the main gate of a palace, the drunk Evaristus was thrown on the steps made of cyan bricks.

Being taken back forcibly while he was drinking, he ended into a drunk rage.

Despite being powerful, the palace guards all lowered their heads and looked at their young master expressionlessly.

Evaristus stayed there for a while.

After some time, Felicity, Daisy and Dorothy walked down the steps slowly.

Seeing her son like this, Daisy slightly frowned before she gently walked up to where he was. Lightly waving her hand against his forehead, she wiped away his hangover.

Although Evaristus had regained his consciousness, he still had a trace of unhappiness on his face. Seeing his mother, he said coldly, "Mother, why did you call me over?"

Daisy replied, smiling, "We found a method..."

But before she could finish talking, Evaristus interrupted, "Did you really find a way? You told me that more than a hundred times. I know you take great pains to help me all the time, but you've disappointed me every time. How cruel!"

Evaristus was not an unreasonable person. However, his mother disappointed him again and again after he fell into despair. In this case, he became stubborn and non-cooperative.

"This time..." Daisy started again.

However, Evaristus didn't seem interested. Turning around, he was ready to leave.

With a frown, Dorothy immediately blocked his way. She tried to pull up a smile and said, "Evaristus, can you please listen to Aunt Daisy for a second?"

"No!" Evaristus uttered firmly.

"Then can you let me talk instead?" Dorothy asked, smiling.

"I don't want to listen to you!" Evaristus responded, avoiding her eyes.

Despite saying so, he just stood still. Seeing the creepy smile on Dorothy's face, he felt something was different this time around.

"I've been trapped in the huge whirlpool too," Dorothy started.

"What?" Evaristus was stunned, and his eyes widened as he looked at Dorothy.

"And someone broke the huge whirlpool." Dorothy shrugged and added, "It is true. If you don't believe it, you can leave now."

But those words were enough to change his mind. Evaristus no longer wanted to leave.

Patiently, he listened while Dorothy narrated the matter about the whirlpool of the Sea of Truth. After Dorothy was done speaking, she realized a change in his expression. He seemed lightning-struck. After a while, he finally came back to his senses and said, "Dorothy, don't you dare play your tricks on me!"

Dorothy shook her head. "Of course not. I would never fool you."

"Where is he now?" Evaristus asked cautiously, fearing Dorothy would suddenly take back what she just said.

Feeling the small sword between her eyebrows move slightly, Dorothy answered, "He has just entered the Sea of Truth. I will follow him!"

Dorothy felt that Zen just entered the sea. Once he moved farther, it would be difficult for her to find him.

After finding a place, Dorothy quickly began to activate the Truth of Godly Way. Then, she allowed her Soul of Light to enter the Sea of Truth.

Splash!

When her Truth Boat came into being, Zen came to her view. He was adjusting the boat's direction, letting it drift back and forth.

Her heart jumped a little with the thought of Zen awaiting her arrival.

"Zen, can you do me a favor?" Dorothy asked.

Zen grinned at her before he responded, "What a coincidence! I also want you to help me, and it's very urgent."

His answer piqued her curiosity. With a puzzled expression, she quickly asked, "What is it?"

"Have you heard of the Sword Light Palace?" Zen asked, staring at her.

Blinking her eyes, she shook her head. Although she was knowledgeable and talented, a small force like the Sword Light Palace was numerous in the human race. Thus naturally she had never heard of it.

"It's located in the Seven-Star Province, very close to the Wild Goose Pass," Zen added.

"I know the Wild Goose Pass. What about it?" Confused, Dorothy still couldn't follow.

"This Sword Light Palace was created by Athemar Qiu and it is a subordinate force belonging to the Oneness Sky Palace. However, due to the attacks made by some nonhuman monsters of the Other Shore Realm, I'm trapped three thousand miles north of the Sword Light Palace. My safety could only last for five days. After that, I'm afraid I will be in great trouble," Zen said concisely.

"You have entered the Source World!" Dorothy exclaimed. "And you are trapped in the Seven-Star Province. Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Saying it out loud, Dorothy immediately became anxious.

Zen just flashed his usual smile. Then he asked calmly, "Dora, you just said that you wanted me to help you too. What can I help you with?"

"Let's talk about it later. I... I'll leave the Sea of Truth right now. Wait for me," Dorothy said to him quickly.

She remembered that the Wild Goose Pass was located at the edge of the Source World, marking the entrance to chaos. It was not too close to the Oneness Sky Palace. Five days was too short, and she didn't want to waste any time.

Before Zen realized what just happened, Dorothy's Truth Boat already disappeared.

It took her less than five minutes to enter and leave the Sea of Truth, so naturally Dorothy met Daisy's, Felicity's and Evaristus' curious stares when she got back.

"Zen seems to be in trouble," Dorothy explained. "He is being besieged by some nonhuman monsters of the Other Shore Realm in the Seven-Star Province. He can only hold on for five more days."

Hearing this, Daisy and Felicity felt a bit shocked.

They knew that the only person who could save Evaristus was Zen.

If what Dorothy said was true and Zen happened to die this time, then Evaristus would also be doomed.

"The Wild Goose Pass is next to the Seven-Star Province. Five days is too long. I will ask my husband to take action."

Being a decisive person, Daisy immediately made up her mind.

In an attempt to save her son, she had gone through several disappointments. Even if Zen was really a liar, she would never give up trying.

Without hesitation, she turned into a streak of light and flew away.

Chapter 3033 Winchell Lin

Felicity had a confused look plastered on her face as she watched Daisy take off. She asked, "Isn't that man supposed to be outside the Source World? How did he suddenly appear here?"

Evaristus stared at Dorothy, rubbing his chin in confusion. The news gave him some hope. But if what Dorothy disclosed was untrue, he would feel a sense of dread creeping up his neck until every hair seemed to stand on end.

Dorothy shook her head. "He's very discreet in disclosing his whereabouts. If not for the present dilemma he is burdened with, he wouldn't have opened up to me."

Whenever Dorothy attempted to pry into Zen's background, he resolved to be as prudent as possible, and avoid, as far as he could, any discussion with her.

"It's okay," Felicity spoke lightly, "and it would be convenient if we recruited such an individual."

Dorothy nodded, weighing her words without surprise. "I hope Uncle Winchell can rush over in time."

Meanwhile, Daisy turned into an eerie glow that appeared to ignite as a beacon of light. She rushed over quickly into a cavern.

Inside the dim cavern was an entryway leading to the main hall where meetings were held. Winchell and Goran sat on the far end of the long table, deep in conversation, their voices hushed. It was almost too quiet to be heard by anyone.

Daisy rushed inside, her abrupt arrival drawing the attention of both men. Winchell hurried to meet her and asked, "Daisy, what makes you look so anxious?"

"The affairs in the palace keep you occupied that you neglect your own household!" Daisy scowled at her husband, her sharp tone cutting through the silence. "Have you ever considered checking up on your own son?"

"What do you mean?" Winchell wrinkled his nose, his frown deepening.

"Somebody can rescue Evaristus out of the whirlpool!" Daisy heaved a heavy sigh.

"What?"

Winchell and Goran stood very still, surprised by the news.

"But he is now at the Seven-Star Province, besieged by a group of nonhuman monsters. He would only live for five more days if you don't go save him," Daisy echoed what Dorothy just stated.

One eyebrow cocked, Winchell landed his gaze on Daisy, and he could tell from her expression that she was serious.

"The Sword Light Palace?" Goran remained silent but widened his eyes significantly.

"Have you ever heard of it, Master Goran?" Winchell asked.

Goran responded, "It's the sect that Athemar founded. Back then, he had laid out a few Lofty Swords and created several sects, but most of them got destroyed. The Sword Light Palace is one of those that survive and thrive under certain circumstances. I can even recall how I once rewarded a Latent Theurgy to someone there."

Daisy tapped her foot with annoyance and butted in, "Time is limited, Winchell! Who cares whether it's true or not? You have to go!"

Following his wife's anxious stares, Winchell chuckled and spoke with a faint smile, "Don't worry, Daisy. Although I have a long way to go, five days is enough."

Goran tilted his head sideways and proceeded, "I'll send Winchell to the Seven-Star Province with the Guiding Sword. It won't take him five days to go to the Seven-Star Province. Three and a half days should be enough!"

Upon hearing those words, Daisy felt reassured. She gently smiled and said, "I'm sorry for the trouble I have caused you, Master Goran. Thank you for your help."

Zen remained motionless on his Truth Boat and waited.

About an hour later, he saw a figure which seemed familiar to him. Dorothy finally returned by her Truth Boat.

"Dora, how's it going?" Zen asked.

Dorothy smiled good-naturedly and said in her calm voice, "My uncle has already set out."

"Uncle?" Zen quizzed, his eyebrows raised.

Dorothy leaned inward and revealed, "It's my cousin's father. His son got trapped in the whirlpool and got stuck there. I notified them that you could save him, so he hastily set out and might arrive soon."

"What do you mean? Save your cousin?" Zen was confused.

"Yes," Dorothy beamed. "I badly need your help. Only you in this world can come to rescue my cousin."

In reality, Zen had a bad feeling about taking the candle at the bottom of the sea.

No. 9527 revealed to him that those candles were valuable and could be beneficial someday, so Zen planned to retrieve them after finding those whirlpools.

However, it cautioned him of the dangers in case he took too many. The owners guarded those candles, and he would probably provoke trouble on himself once caught. No. 9527 explained that no help would reach Zen if it did happen. The forewarning gave him chills, so he dismissed his plan.

However, he needed to take just another candle away. The idea settled his uneasiness.

What was more, Dorothy tried to save his life. He had to return this favor.

"Of course, I offer my hands in service. But, I seek your word to hide this secret about my body going into the Sea of Truth," Zen begged.

"Okay!"

"If I may add, what's the name of your uncle?" Zen asked.

"His name is Winchell Lin," Dorothy stated, her relaxed brow free of frown lines.

After their brief chat, Zen departed the Sea of Truth.

Elgin and Beldene woke up before Zen did.

As Elgin forced to open his eyes, a look of indignation surfaced on his face as he spoke, "I met the members of the Bearing race. Those fools were swollen with arrogance. They refused to help, and they even taunted me!"

Before Elgin finished his words, Laura gave a bitter smile.

Currently, the Bearing race held the reputation as the most influential race in the Source World. They proudly distinguished themselves as the only legitimate descendants of the human race. It seemed impossible to request for their support when needed. Moreover, they settled in a territory too far away, and time was limited.

Beldene mumbled as he ran his hands through his hair, "In the eyes of the disciples who support those famous sects, the Sword Light Palace is of little significance. They don't give a damn about us at all."

"Even from the viewpoint of the Oneness Sky Palace, we are not especially relevant. Master Athemar built our sect but just left behind a Lofty Sword," remarked Ingram.

The Sword Light Palace needed to prove its worth first to deserve the protection from the Oneness Sky Palace. A meager force like them lacked asylum due to its smallness. The ways of the world existed like this for a long time.

Zen's eyes flickered as he opened his eyes, slowly adapting to the natural light extending from the sun.

Almost everyone's eyes gathered on him. Zen previously stated that it was very likely for him to succeed. His words gave them assurance.

But before Laura could ask Zen, she heard a soft, rustling sound coming from outside.

Zen raised his head and blinked rapidly, raising a hand to shield his eyes from the brightness. He saw a few members of the Black Armor race flying back and forth. They scattered snow-white powder into the air, which resulted in steam forming above them.

"Apparently, they are trying to kill all of us," cried Ingram with a shaky smile, his eyes frozen on the incident in front.

The powder isolated the nearby areas, so no one had the chance to create a space channel or perform the Grand Teleportation.

"Even without this impediment, we still won't be able to leave," Laura gasped, beads of sweat forming on her forehead. Ignoring what was happening outside, she looked at Zen and asked, "How's your talk with your friend?"

Zen shared, "Someone's on his way here."

"Is he a Oneness Guard?" Laura asked again.

Zen tugged on his bottom lip, shaking his head. "I don't know. I only know that his name is Winchell Lin."

"Lin?"

After hearing the family name, Laura felt disappointment in her heart.

She hadn't heard of a Lin Clan in the Oneness Sky Palace, but when the name Winchell came up, a feeling of strange familiarity enveloped her. A light sparkled from her beautiful big, brown eyes.

Chapter 3034 Waiting Uneasily

The Oneness Sky Palace was among the most massive, well-equipped, and powerful of the orthodox human forces.

The branches of the Oneness Sky Palace varied in strength. Some were incredibly strong, with warriors that were considered living legends by their peers. Some branches, however, were much weaker in comparison.

The Sword Light Palace was perhaps the weakest of the branches of the Oneness Sky Palace.

In contrast, over the past years some of the branches had developed so quickly that they had become at least as powerful as the Oneness Sky Palace itself. One such branch was the Origin Mountain.

The Oneness Sky Palace was located on Bulk Mountain, which was right next to Origin Mountain. It was said that Origin Mountain used to be the highest natural structure in the region, rising higher than Bulk Mountain; and in fact, it rose so high that it virtually blocked the sky and prevented sunlight from entering the Oneness Sky Palace. This aggravated the Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who leveled off Origin Mountain so that its height was reduced by 350, 000 feet. It was in the period after the leveling that Origin Mountain began to grow in strength and reputation.

Winchell Lin was one of the most notable and outstanding warriors of Origin Mountain.

Laura frowned, deep in thought, as memories from hundreds of years ago became clearer in her head. Finally she spoke. "I remember now. Winchell Lin isn't a Oneness Guard."

As soon as Elgin and the other disciples of Sword Light Palace heard what Laura said, they were immediately disappointed, especially Elgin. He felt that the Sword Light Palace had lost all hope, and he said in an eccentric tone, "He is not even a Oneness Guard. I bet he won't be able to make it here within five years, let alone five days. When he does arrive, our flesh and bones will have turned into ashes by then. I'd rather not ask for his help!"

Beldene laughed, "A person whom even Master Laura knows can't be a nobody."

Laura raised her eyebrows at Elgin. She turned to Zen and said, "Winchell Lin is not a Oneness Guard, because he is not from the main branch of the Oneness Sky Palace. Besides, with his strength, how could he possibly be a Oneness Guard?"

"You mean, he's not powerful enough?" asked Ingram.

Like Elgin, he looked disappointed. After all, even Ingram stood a chance of becoming a Oneness Guard if he worked hard enough. If Winchell Lin was weaker than him, then how could they count on him for any help?

"That's not what I mean at all. As a matter of fact, Winchell Lin is a figure of equal status with Master Athemar. It would be far beneath his abilities to become even a five-star Oneness Guard."

These words caused a strong reaction in her listeners. Ingram's eyes widened.

The other disciples also looked deeply impressed.

Athemar was a name they all venerated. To them, Athemar was their spiritual leader. As the founder of the Sword Light Palace, he was to be worshiped.

Although Athemar had done nothing to save the Sword Light Palace in its time of peril, none of them blamed him for his inaction. It couldn't be expected that such an important figure would stay in Seven-Star City for a branch as weak as the Sword Light Palace.

Elgin murmured, "A warrior who is the equal of Athemar..."

Then he scoffed. "Zen, who are you trying to fool? Did you just give us the name of a random guy you heard of while in the Sea of Truth?"

Elgin was hoping for someone to save them, but he had long been mistrustful and jealous of Zen. His dislike of Zen naturally led him to doubt his motives.

A flash of anger appeared in Zen's eyes. In an instant, he had grabbed Elgin by the neck with one hand, and Elgin felt the shock of a cold killing intent piercing through his body. He felt as though he had fallen into a pool of ice. His body and soul stiffened.

"Who the hell do you think you are? Why would anyone bother to fool someone such as yourself? If you are determined to give up on life, then let me help you end it!" Zen said icily. His grasp tightened.

There was no question, of course, that Elgin was weaker and less talented than Zen on every level. There was no possibility of escaping from his grip.

Under normal circumstances, the other disciples would have stepped in by now. But given the stressful situation, even their two leaders—Laura and Ingram—were coolly watching the scene unfold.

Since the beginning of the crisis, Elgin had been talking nonsense. He was always the first to cast doubt on an idea, the first to proclaim that the worst would happen, the first to insist that they were doomed. Everyone had grown tired of his attitude.

Elgin's face grew redder and redder. Zen was slowly suffocating him, his grip tightening on his neck as though to snap it off."

"M-Master— Master Laura, please... Help me..." Elgin choked out.

He couldn't believe that Laura would just stand by and watch Zen attacking him. He was the best disciple in all the cultivation palaces!

Neither Laura nor Ingram moved. They looked at Zen, wondering what he would do.

Faegan, Kenelm, and the others also did not intervene. They thought that Elgin deserved it.

Zen kept tightening his grip. There was a faint sound, like a bone fracturing. Elgin, no longer able to speak, made an incoherent gasping sound.

Finally, Beldene stepped forward and laid a hand on Zen's arm. "Zen, please go easy on Elgin. He can be difficult, but he's not a bad person. We're in great danger and we need every man available."

Zen respected Beldene, and found him in every way to be a more agreeable companion than Elgin. So he nodded.

With a fierce shove, Zen

hurled Elgin onto the ground. Elgin gasped for breath and bent over, clutching his throat.

He felt like his entire body had been squeezed. He collapsed on his side and lay without moving.

"Watch what you say from now on," Zen warned him.

Everyone deliberately looked away from Elgin. Laura spoke up as though nothing had happened. "Zen, I wonder... how did you meet and gain influence over someone like Winchell?"

While she believed that Winchell was truly the equal of Athemar, she still felt some doubt that he would actually come and help them.

Why would such a man as Winchell be persuaded to come to the Sword Light Palace?

"I can't tell you all the details right now. I know that many of you are still worried, but in a few days, Winchell will arrive and all your doubts will be laid to rest," Zen said.

Zen had never discussed with them the details of his experiences in the Sea of Truth. And he didn't plan to.

"Of course, I believe you're telling us the truth. It's just that I'm not sure about Winchell himself," Laura said, slightly apologetic. "I understand," Zen said.

For the next few days, everyone waited, feeling torn between hope that Winchell was coming, fear that he had changed his mind, and torment at their predicament.

Zen had given them hope, but it was fragile. They were very restless.

The fighting seemed to have ended. More and more members of the Black Armor race had arrived. Apart from Reynald, Ibrahim of the Black Armor race was also in the place.

With each day that passed, the umbrella hanging over their heads became dimmer and dimmer.

The umbrella was still able to withstand the attacks from the Black Armor race, but both sides knew that the power of the Latent Theurgy wouldn't last much longer.

Reynald sneered at Laura. "I thought your precious Latent Theurgy could protect you for a decent amount of time. At least ten days. But it looks like you'll be dead by tomorrow."

Laura ignored him. She wore a look of complete indifference, refusing to respond to any of Reynald's taunts.

"This human girl is very beautiful, isn't she, Reynald? Maybe we shouldn't kill her immediately once the Latent Theurgy is destroyed," Ibrahim said suggestively.

Reynald licked his lips. "Good idea! We'll do just that."

Laura maintained her indifferent demeanor. The only sign that she had heard was the faintest trace of a flush on her pale cheeks.

She had already decided that once the Latent Theurgy fell, she would not choose to live and make herself vulnerable to the suffering promised by the

Black Armor race. Even if she had to pay the price of burning the Other Shore Token.

At that moment, a member of the Black Armor race appeared via Grand Teleportation. He spoke to Ibrahim in their strange language, apparently giving him a report of some kind.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3035 Raining Swords

Ibrahim smiled mischievously with an evil glint in his eyes. Turning to Reynald, he said, "Those guiders from the Oneness the Sky Palace have arrived. Kindly deal with them, Reynald. I shall stay here."

Reynald then lightly touched his nose, activating the Grand Teleportation technique. In an instant, he vanished into thin air.

Laura and Ingram perked up at what Ibrahim just said. If it was true that the guiders had been sent here, they had some hope yet.

But before their hopes could be realized, Reynald had returned nonchalantly, and tossed something into the air.

With an audible thump, several round objects rolled on the ground.

To Laura's horror, she realized what those things were: human heads.

"The men sent by the Oneness Sky Palace were so lame. I thought I would finally get to have some fun. Boring!" Reynald complained disdainfully.

Laura looked up at Reynald and yelled, "They are sent by the Oneness Sky Palace! How dare you kill them like that? Aren't you afraid of irritating the Oneness Sky Palace? They will definitely avenge their men."

"That thought did cross my mind, of course. After all, they are considered most dignified and authoritative among the human beings. But do you really think they will care about these small characters? How naive you are!"

"Zen was chosen by Master Athemar himself. If he doesn't go to the Oneness Sky Palace, Master Athemar will definitely find out," Laura threatened.

"Ha ha! By the time he catches wind of this, I'd have already left the Seven-Star Province. The real question is, how long can you guys survive?" Reynald grinned menacingly.

Laura grew silent.

The disciples exchanged helpless glances. Their only hope was Zen now.

However, with each minute that passed, the hope Zen gave them shrank smaller and smaller.

Another day passed in the blink of an eye.

On the fourth day, the Latent Theurgy of Laura had dimmed tremendously. Obviously, it was on the verge of sputtering out.

Even Zen grew restless.

While he believed in Dora's promise, the fact that the Latent Theurgy was weakening was like death at their doorstep. How could anyone stay calm in this situation?

That evening, the sun hung low in the sky, coloring the land a deep, demonic red.

The scent of blood permeated the air, mixed with the aroma of rotting corpses.

The Seven-Star City, which was prosperous and bustling before, had now turned into a bloodbath. Severed limbs and bloods dotted the pavement. Bodies were strewn everywhere. What made everything worse was the extreme silence that had fallen over the city, as though not a living soul had stepped foot there in a long time.

"This way! Hurry up!" a man from the Black Armor race shouted, piercing through the deafening silence.

Over a hundred women gathered, speechless from fear.

The sole reason these women were kept alive was for future feeding, or worse. The Black Armor race were a beastly sort. To keep on living in fear of what was going to happen was even more terrifying than being killed.

Suddenly, two figures materialized in the sky, standing on a thousand foot long sword.

For some reason, however, none of the members of the Black Armor race below noticed the scene above them.

Winchell gazed upon the Seven-Star City below him and frowned. "It's even worse than we imagined."

Goran sighed. "That's why I disapproved of Athemar's idea of setting up a sect in such places. He planted a seed here, but didn't take good care of it. Yet, the ones who suffered were the humans here..."

Naturally, those who held high positions like them couldn't take care of everything and everyone. However, it was still cruel to have let the forces like the Sword Light Palace run their own course.

"Humph! I'm going to kill that demon plant! Master Goran, please deal with those Black Armor race members."

Without further ado, Winchell rushed towards the Seven-Star City. Bang! A huge hole appeared atop the Seven-Star Mountain, and Winchell headed straight into it.

By contrast, Goran approached his task much more quietly and unhurriedly.

He pulled out a small green sword from his pocket. He then flicked the sword gently with his finger.

As the sword vibrated from his flick, a same small sword suddenly appeared and hovered above every single member of the Black Armor race and each Man-eating Demon Flower. "Fall."

Each small sword obeyed, falling directly on its target.

Woosh!

Each True God and warrior at the Other Shore Realm was killed instantly by the raining swords.

There was absolutely no resistance, nor cries of pain. Most of the victims had no idea what was coming for them.

The humans imprisoned in the Seven-Star City were all petrified as they watched their persecutors fall one by one...

Once what was happening finally dawned on them, they were overjoyed.

"It must be a mighty warrior of our human race who has saved us!"

"Who could it be?!" "So powerful!"

"Karma! They deserve to die!"

Just as these people were yelling with joy, a deafening explosion suddenly sounded inside the Seven-Star Mountain.

"Bang!"

The power of the explosion made the whole mountain quiver. Every creature within miles of the explosion felt its violent vibration.

Moments later, Winchell held up a green bead as he approached Goran. "It's rare to see a Man-eating Demon Flower in this level! But its essence bead is useless for me!"

he said, throwing the bead to Goran.

After pocketing it, Goran turned towards the north. "What a coincidence," he muttered.

"What are you saying?" Winchell asked confusedly.

"The person you want to rescue is three thousand miles away from the north of the Sword Light Palace. And I sense that the Latent Theurgy, which I gave to the woman in the Sword Light Palace, is also three thousand miles away in the same direction. Coincidently, the Heaven Earth Umbrella can only last five days," Goran laughed.

The Latent Theurgy was a gift Goran gave to Laura. Goran, of course, could easily sense its whereabouts.

"It seems that I owe you another favor," said Winchell with a laugh.

Activating the Grand Teleportation, the two of them traveled towards the north in a flash.

"Boom!"

At the sound of the explosion, Zen looked in the direction of the Sword Light Palace.

No ordinary person would be able to make such a loud noise. Laura and Ingram quickly realized this. They exchanged excited glances, as the familiar feeling of hope welled up within them.

On the other hand, Ibrahim's and Reynald's expressions darkened.

"What happened in the Sword Light Palace?" For the first time, Reynald seemed to be anxious and not in control.

"Let me have a look!" Ibrahim said.

But before he could do so, laughter rang through the place. They all looked upward, the direction from which the laughter came. "Your men are all dead. No need to have a look now, dude."

Ibrahim was stunned. Reynald's jaw dropped, unable to hide his shock.

How did these two people manage to sneak in from above?

As for Laura, she stared at the man behind Winchell. Goran, the one who sent her the Latent Theurgy, returned her gaze.

Chapter 3036 Leaving

"That is... Master Goran!" exclaimed Laura in disbelief.

Winchell might be a stranger to Ingram, but Goran's name had long resounded in Ingram's ears. Goran was one of the three Oneness Governors in the Oneness Sky Palace, and both him and Athemar were well-known there.

Zen had really made it!

All the disciples were shocked.

Elgin had given up. Zen had threatened him once and he didn't dare to say anything since then.

But the moment he saw Zen's reinforcements, he realized he had made a fool of himself.

Disciples like Beldene regarded Zen with reverence.

Zen's background was mysterious. The fact that he could call in such powerhouses meant that he was strong as well. But why had he joined the insignificant Sword Light Palace in the first place?

Zen himself could not answer this question. No. 9527 had asked him to join the Sword Light Palace.

Winchell ignored Reynald and the members of the Black Armor race and looked down as he asked, "Who is Zen Luo?"

Zen stood up and bowed to him. "I am," he said simply.

"Great! You are still alive!" Winchell laughed as he flew down. He crushed the Latent Theurgy and landed on the ground beside Zen. He stared at him as he said, "I heard from Dora that you can save my son. Is that true?"

"Yes, I can," Zen replied without hesitation.

"Very good! I hope you won't let me down!" Winchell said, patting Zen's shoulder in satisfaction. He liked Zen's frankness.

He had gone to such lengths so fast for his son's sake and now that Zen had personally confirmed it, he felt much more relieved.

Reynald's and Ibrahim's hearts sank as they watched this scene unfold.

The two men who had appeared so suddenly didn't show any killing intent, but they knew from their auras that they couldn't resist them. They felt like two ants standing before elephants and that it would be meaningless to run away.

'Even I can't call in such powerhouses.

How did Zen, a disciple of the Sword Dance Palace, do that?'

Reynald thought, his blood boiling.

"Tell me. Who has trapped you here? Who are you going to kill?" Winchell asked.

Winchell and Goran used their sharp insight to tell what was going on with a single glance. The warriors outside the Heaven Earth Umbrella could be killed, including the man at the Other Shore Realm who stood with the people of the Black Armor race.

Winchell looked fierce, but he was thinking something furiously. He wanted to tell everyone that he had made his way through so many big provinces just to help Zen.

Zen knew this and smiled as he looked at Reynald.

Reynald trembled as he felt Zen's gaze on him. Zen pointed at him and said, "He has to die along with the people of the foreign race."

Knowing that he was about to be killed, Reynald tried to display the Grand Teleportation before Zen finished talking.

Ibrahim and the other members of the Black Armor race thought the same. This might be their last chance to escape.

But it was too late. Winchell had already clenched his fists and launched a few punches into the sky.

Invisible fist prints twisted the space, clanging dully.

The space fluctuations that Reynald and his group had condensed were shattered by the fist prints. Their bodies, cinnabar fields, and souls followed.

The disciples were shocked yet again.

Reynald had been the leader of the Sword Light Palace for a long time, but he wasn't strong enough to fight Winchell. In the end, he died in the same way as the people of the Black Armor race who had just reached the Other Shore Realm.

Winchell hadn't needed to bring out all his strength. He had only needed one strike to slay all his opponents.

That was what a real human master was capable of.

Once Winchell had killed all the enemies, Goran descended slowly as he stared at Laura. "What happened to the time-honored Sword Light Palace? Why was it destroyed so suddenly?" he asked in concern.

Winchell didn't care about the Sword Light Palace. But since the Sword Light Palace was part of the Oneness Sky Palace, Goran needed to know what had happened.

"The one who Master Winchell just killed was our leader."

Laura filled Goran in on what had happened in the Sword Light Palace these past few days.

Goran paced, his hands behind his back as he said, "The Seven-Star Province is desolate. It was quite difficult for Athemar to build the Sword Light Palace against so many nonhuman creatures. And I know it mustn't have been easy for you to resist for so long."

"This damned place is not as valuable as he thought. The business alliances have made a fortune by virtue of the trade routes you built. I think all survivors should leave this place and be sent to the Oneness Sky Palace for Athemar to deal with," said Winchell.

The disciples lit up at his words.

For outstanding disciples like Elgin and Beldene, the Oneness Sky Palace was their ultimate goal.

It was just that with their talents, the Oneness Sky Palace wouldn't choose them. That was why Elgin was jealous of Zen. And it would be a blessing in disguise if they could really go to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Goran glanced at the disciples and then at Laura and said, "It's an option, but they have to choose for themselves."

Laura and Ingram looked at each other, their eyes full of decisiveness.

They yearned for the Oneness Sky Palace too. With Ingram's talents and temperament, he might become a Oneness Guard if he went to the Oneness Sky Palace.

But as key members of the Sword Light Palace, they couldn't leave when the palace was in trouble.

The Seven-Star City had been destroyed but there were more than a dozen other big cities in the Seven-Star Province. If they left, more than ten million divine citizens would be eventually devoured by monsters, and the Seven-Star Province would become desolated again.

Laura told Goran what she was thinking.

Goran didn't force her. Instead, he helped her control the Lofty Sword.

Although the Sword Light Palace had been destroyed, it would be prosperous again under the protection of the Lofty Sword.

Winchell and Goran stayed in the Seven-Star Province only for half a day. After that, he put Zen and over a hundred disciples in a small world. He then drove the Guiding Sword to leave alongside Winchell.

In the small world, Beldene, Elgin, and the others were very excited.

Faegan and Kenelm felt like they were in a dream.

The Oneness Sky Palace was the place where really powerful human warriors lived. It was a legendary great force. Kenelm invited Zen to look for the tomb, and accidentally involved them in the disaster of the Sword Light Palace. He was now on his way to the Oneness Sky Palace. He couldn't believe his good luck.

Chapter 3037 An Unpleasant Meeting

Several days had passed.

Upon their release from the small world, the disciples of the cultivation palaces found themselves in a vast, empty square. However, Winchell and Goran did not appear.

A beautiful, majestic mountain gate stood at the end of the square. The colossal gate had a huge plaque in its center, engraved with ornate lettering: "Origin Mountain". The design evoked sword intent.

Everyone gazed at the gate for a moment, and then looked up. There was something blocking the view of the sky above the gate. It looked like a large, dark brown curtain.

"What kind of place is this Origin Mountain?"

"It isn't the Oneness Sky Palace, is it?'

"What the hell is that curtain? It's blocking the stars!"

Everyone in the group was confused by the curtain, including Beldene, Kenelm, and even Zen. They had no idea what it was.

"That's not a curtain... That's the Origin Mountain itself! It is so high, so massive, that when one stands at the foot of the mountain, it seems like a curtain covering the sky," said someone behind them. The speaker had a pleasant, calm voice.

Everyone turned around when they heard these words. A feeling of excitement came over them as they saw who was approaching them.

Three beautiful women walked slowly and gracefully towards them. They were accompanied by a young man who looked to be young, and a few guards.

The Sword Light Palace had occupied the Seven-Star Province for many years. Although it was a relatively small force, the palace was known to hold many lovely women. Surely, however, they could not all be winsome and charming as the women who now came towards them.

The girl in the lead had fair skin and flowing hair, and wore a gauze dress in sky blue. She had a faint smile on her pretty face. She seemed to be very young.

Despite her air of elegance and gentleness, there was a faint aura of sword intent around her. It was clear that she cultivated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

The two other women looked just as lovely, and slightly older. Their cultivation base could not be seen through at all. It was obvious that they were Other Shore Realm warriors, known for their power. The disciples did not dare to look directly at these two women, and kept their eyes focused on the youngest girl.

"Which of you is Zen?" asked one of the women directly.

The girl's faint smile lingered. "Aunt Daisy, don't be in such a hurry. See, I think I can guess, let me try..." she said softly.

She moved closer to the disciples as she spoke, her gaze sweeping across every person in the group. In an instant, she had fixed her lovely eyes on Zen, and she strolled towards him. She tilted her head, studying him curiously.

In the Sea of Truth, they could not have seen each other clearly. Thus, this was the first time they had met truly, and seen each other's appearance.

"There's no need to guess. The cultivation base of my companions is not high enough. Only I crossed the second line. My truth aura alone would be enough for you to recognize me," said Zen. He spoke to her with a familiar tone, as though they were friends.

The woman named Daisy quickly walked up to them. To the girl she said, "Is this Zen?" Dorothy nodded, smiling slightly. Daisy faced Zen. "Can you save my son from the whirlpool?"

Evaristus, who stood beside Daisy, looked at Zen expectantly.

Zen frowned. However, he recognized that the woman was anxious to save her son, so he nodded. "Yes."

A flash of relief appeared in Daisy's eyes. She couldn't help but hope that Zen would indeed be able to do as he said. "Good. Then you must stay. But the rest of them can be sent away."

At her words, the guards came forward and surrounded the disciples, clearly intending to escort them away.

The disciples, including Elgin, Beldene, and Kenelm, were unable to hide their disappointment. Although they did not know where or what exactly this place was, they were eager to understand, and they did not wish to be driven away.

Zen watched the guards, his face darkening. He said, "These people are my companions, and I wish them to stay with me. If you want them to go, then I must leave with them."

Daisy raised her eyebrows at Zen. Her tone was displeased. "My husband saved your life. You have just vowed to save my son. Do you think we would allow you to walk away from Origin Mountain?"

There was a threatening note in Daisy's voice, and her aura shifted, becoming darker and more imposing.

"I promised to save your son. But I did not set a timeline for saving him. You might have noticed that I have just passed the second line, and I have heard from Dora that your son is trapped in the sixth line. When I get that far, then I will save your son. Until then, farewell." With that pronouncement, Zen turned and gestured to his companions, ready to leave.

The disciples looked unhappy, especially Elgin and Beldene. However, they followed Zen without hesitation.

After all, as elite disciples of the Sword Light Palace, they were confident and accustomed to authority. In this territory, they had to submit to the rule of others, and that was a role unfamiliar and unwelcome to them.

Daisy called for them to stop, and Zen and the others turned to face her. In a proud voice, she said, "The Origin Mountain can help you. What you gain here will help you pass the sixth line easily. Moreover, upon saving my son, you will be given the greatest of rewards. Leaving the Origin Mountain now will bring you nothing but regret."

Zen looked straight into her eyes. "I agreed to save your son only because Winchell saved my life. I don't care about the reward. And I will find my own way to pass the sixth line. So don't worry that I'll regret anything!"

This time, when he walked away, he did not look back.

"Aunt Daisy! Hey, Zen!"

Dorothy shouted at both Daisy and Zen, a bit surprised at the sudden turn of events.

"Mother, please,"

Evaristus said. He scowled at his mother. His expression said clearly that he thought Daisy was in the wrong, and had acted too aggressively.

The third woman, Felicity, finally spoke. "Winchell saved him, Daisy, and now you have been unkind and driven him away. Is this what you want?"

"Let him go! He will realize soon enough the value of Origin Mountain, and then he will return," said Daisy stubbornly.

"He is my friend!" Dorothy said, sounding equally stubborn. She shot Daisy a sharp glance and ran after the departing disciples.

Zen and his companions reached the edge of the square. Before them, the cliff sloped steeply downwards, with at least ten winding mountain roads extending down the cliff.

They would not need the roads. The cultivation base of the disciples was sufficient for them to just fly down the slope.

Before they could leave, Dorothy caught up with them. She rushed towards Zen, holding out a hand in entreaty. "Zen, please do not take my aunt's words to heart. She is very anxious to save her son."

Zen nodded. "I know."

"Despite her harshness, some of the things she said are right. It is much better for you to stay here in the Origin Mountain," Dorothy said.

"Are you saying that I won't be able to pass through the Sea of Truth if I don't rely on the Origin Mountain?" Zen asked, staring at Dorothy.

"Zen does not need the Origin Mountain. He can cross the Sea of Truth without it. He is a superior talent, and he is capable of Instant Enlightenment. On his first try, he succeeded in cultivating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent! And even Master Athemar has invited him to enter the Oneness Sky Palace."

"Yes, all that is true! We see that the Origin Mountain seems extraordinary, but is it more powerful than the Oneness Sky Palace?"

In response to Dorothy, a couple of the disciples had spoken up, eager to defend Zen and talk of his prowess.

Dorothy listened, looking stunned. "Instant enlightenment... Zen, is this true? You achieved that?"

She realized that Zen had used the Truth of Cultivation Nature to enter the Sea of Truth before. And this time, he had instantly grasped the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. It occurred to her that if all this was accurate, then he was far more powerful than she had thought.

The Origin Mountain had no hold on him if he was capable of all these things. Indeed, even the very leaders of the Origin Mountain would be quick to welcome such a talented and outstanding man into their group. Given his stature, Dorothy no longer knew how to persuade him to stay.

Zen gazed at her with a faint smile. "It's better for us to meet in the Sea of Truth."

With that, he leaped lightly into the air, and soared down the mountain. The disciples followed his lead. In a moment, they had vanished from sight, leaving Dorothy standing alone at the edge of the cliff.

Chapter 3038 The Reason

Disappointed, Dorothy walked back to the square. She glared at Daisy and said, "Aunt Daisy! Zen is the person that even grandma cares about!"

She had been expectant to meet Zen but now that he had left, she had become pretty annoyed.

But she was also puzzled. Daisy was behaving very strangely today, very unlike herself.

Daisy's aggressive expression morphed into a gentle smile. She sighed and said, "Of course I know it. He is, after all, someone who could enter the Sea of Truth with his physical body. If we were to really keep him, we would agree even if he brought a thousand people with him, not to mention that he only brought a hundred...The Origin Mountain is so huge, and it could easily hold them."

Felicity and Evaristus looked curiously at each other, while Dorothy frowned. "So why did you let him go?"

"The Oneness Mountain already knew all about it when Winchell brought Zen back," Daisy said, smiling helplessly.

"So what? Could the Oneness Mountain even interfere with Zen's choice? Will grandma allow it to happen?" Dorothy asked, displeased with how things had been going.

The Oneness Sky Palace claimed to be a unified force to the outside world. But from within, there were a thousand complications tangled with each other.

The Oneness Sky Palace had occupied the Oneness Mountain. Its branches occupied the Origin Mountain, Bright Mountain, and the Azure Mountain, etc.

These huge mountains could dominate a region if they were placed anywhere in the Source World.

There was no doubt that the palace in the Oneness Mountain was the main force. But Dorothy had known Zen for quite a time, and this time, the people from the Origin Mountain had saved him. So it was taken for granted that he would join the Origin Mountain.

The Oneness Sky Palace did have the ability to force Zen to join them, but doing that didn't make any sense.

To Dorothy, her grandma was an aggressive figure and wouldn't ever make a concession in a matter as serious as this.

Daisy shook her head and said, "Zen joined the Sword Light Palace after he entered the Source World. His talent was spotted when he cultivated Athemar's Lofty Sword. The boy could actually attain Instant Enlightenment. The Oneness Sky Palace has sent out a few guiders before us, but they were killed ..."

At this, Dorothy, Felicity, and Evaristus realized what happened. No wonder the Oneness Sky Palace was refusing to give up on Zen, and no wonder grandma was willing to make a concession.

"But Zen was brought here by us!" Dorothy complained angrily.

Daisy smiled. "Never mind. It's also good for Zen to join the Oneness Sky Palace. It has a better foundation than us, and maybe he can learn more there. You have to keep an eye on him in the Sea of Truth. We are still counting on him to save Evaristus!"

"Okay," Dorothy replied sullenly.

It was difficult for Dorothy to get involved in the disputes of the elders, but at least Zen had joined the Oneness Sky Palace.

At the foot of Origin Mountain, the disciples of the Sword Light Palace were still fuming, simmering with indignation.

"The Origin Mountain is not the Oneness Sky Palace anyway. They were full of themselves," Jago said discontentedly.

Beldene thought for a moment, and then said, "I find all this a little strange. We have just arrived at the Origin Mountain, but they suddenly changed their attitude. It didn't make any sense."

Zen, who was walking at the front of the group, nodded in agreement and said, "I think so too."

He was not a total stranger to them. It was illogical for the lady to act like that.

"We've come all the way here, but now we don't know where to go," sighed Kenelm. "If we had known this earlier, we would have stayed in the Sword Light Palace."

The Oneness Sky Palace was unattainable to these disciples of the Sword Light Palace. It was difficult for even people like Elgin and Beldene to enter the Oneness Sky Palace. Kenelm and his friends were far behind in the equation. If the Oneness Sky Palace didn't make an exception for them, they wouldn't be qualified to join such a force.

At Kenelm's words, the other disciples felt frustration rising.

"We might as well go back to the Seven-Star Province."

"It's such a long way back though. It's not easy."

It wasn't easy to cross a large province even for warriors at the Other Shore Realm. With their cultivation level, it would be difficult for them to return to their hometown.

At their long faces, Zen smiled and said, "Don't be upset. We can find a solution. Let's look around before making a decision."

No matter how bad the situation was, they were currently in an area that belonged to the territory of the humans. At the very least, they didn't have to worry about losing their lives.

The huge mountains were like canopies of the heavens that covered the heads of the crowd. They were all extremely tall and awe inspiring. They walked for about three hundred miles along the road between the mountains before a huge wall loomed ahead of them.

The wall was a metallic grayish brown.

What was most strange about it was that the huge wall was covered with swords.

There were all kinds of swords of different sizes and shapes: long, bent, thin, and wide. There were broken swords, and there were also swords embedded with gems. Some of them looked precious. But they were all firmly stuck on the wall.

A lot of people were gathered under the wall.

Most of them were consummate True Gods. They each occupied their own territories and sat down cross-legged, as if they were waiting for something.

"What wall is this?" Kenelm asked.

Some disciples of the Sword Light Place had no idea what was happening. "I've heard of it before," Beldene said excitedly. "It's the famous Sword Wall!"

"What's that?"

"Why are there so many swords hanging on it?" a disciple asked.

Beldene looked up at the Sword Wall and said, "The Oneness Sky Palace is located in the Bloom Divine Province. It is a traditional great human force, so there are tens of thousands of people coming to worship every day. But it's impossible for the Oneness Sky Palace to carry out tests every day, which is why they put a wall here. Crossing the Sword Wall is the first step to joining the Oneness Sky Palace."

Zen gazed at the wall and asked, "It isn't easy crossing the wall, right?"

"That completely depends," Beldene said seriously. "If you're highly compatible with the swordsmanship, it will be easy for you to succeed. If not, you might not be able to cross the wall in your whole lifetime."

Compatible?

At this, he remembered that Dorothy had mentioned this before. It turned out that the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace used this wall to test their compatibility degree.

But going by what Dorothy had said, if one could achieve Instant Enlightenment, they would be one hundred percent compatible. Seen that way, he had a high level of compatibility with the swordsmanship. So he assumed it wouldn't be a problem to pass through this wall. But it might not be that easy for the others.

"Get off! This is our place. Go back, you losers!"

a loud voice scolded.

Zen turned in time to see more than twenty angry young men coming their way. The young man in black in the front carried two swords that crossed at his back, his eyes glinting coldly. He was shouting at the disciples of the Sword Light Palace.

"Your place? Have you engraved your name on your turf?" At these words, Elgin's face darkened.

He had never been humiliated like this in the Sword Light Palace.

Beldene, Kenelm, and some others could tolerate this. But Elgin, Faegan, and Jago raised their eyebrows at the young man's words.

Chapter 3039 A Conflict

The young man in black considered these disciples who came from nowhere as pariahs that didn't deserve his attention.

Elgin's retort surprised the young man in black a little. He sneered, "Don't you know the rules, you bastard? You're courting death!"

The young man in black raised his hand and struck out his palm towards Elgin.

A trace of cold energy was hidden in his palm. Elgin would probably turn into an ice sculpture and fall into a pile of bloody pieces if he was hit. The man actually wanted to kill Elgin.

Elgin, who was new here, felt confused about the situation.

Even in the Sword Light Palace, no one dared to attack without a warning, but this man in black meant to kill when he attacked without giving any warning or signs.

Out of desperation, Elgin suddenly twisted his body and instinctively held up the cyan sword that was still sheathed in front of him to block the attack.

Bang!

When the young man's palm hit it, a wave of cold energy spread out.

Elgin suddenly felt a cool sensation in his right hand, and half of his body was frozen within seconds!

The young man in black had no intentions of stopping at that. After the first slap, he flipped his hand and tried to slap Elgin's head again. He was determined to kill Elgin on the spot.

Zen raised his eyebrows and leaped towards Elgin like a panther. He grabbed Elgin's clothes and pulled him backwards. Elgin narrowly missed this slap. At the same time, he said to the man in black, "If you have any issues with him, we can talk. Why are you hell bent on killing him?"

The young man in black stared at Zen coldly and laughed. "Who do you think you are? A waste of a warrior with poor strength! What makes you think you have the right to ask me to speak nicely to you?"

As streams of Truth of Godly Way accumulated around him, countless palm prints covered Zen's head.

A fierce light flashed in Zen's eyes. He didn't dodge the palm prints and instead rushed straight towards the young man in black.

Slam! Slam! Slam!

Several palm prints hit Zen's body, forming layers of icy shells on the surface of his body. But when his body shook slightly, the icy shells broke. He was not affected at all.

In the blink of an eye, Zen rushed to the young man in black and extended his right hand like a bolt of lightning.

The young man in black didn't expect Zen to be such a ferocious opponent. He was taken aback momentarily. The double swords on his back suddenly unsheathed and flew towards Zen as he yelled, "Sword Freezing Momentum!"

This killing tactic was a result of the fusion of Mysterious Ice Godly Way and the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Whatever the sword touched would be rendered frozen and then crumble to pieces.

Noticing that Zen still had no intentions of dodging his attack, the young man in black smiled smugly.

But Zen's counter strike was beyond his imagination. He spread out his arms, which were like two poisonous snakes that came at their prey. He grabbed the two swords from the young man, and then released a great force.

Crack! Crack!

Zen actually broke the swords.

Before the man in black could react, Zen's palm had landed on his chest.

"Phew!"

The young man in black was thrown backwards with the impact and he heavily fell on the ground.

He was dizzy and struggled to raise his head. He said angrily, "Do you know who I am? You will definitely pay for offending me. Prepare to die!"

"Oh really? I will die?" Zen touched his nose and chortled as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world.

When the young man in black opened his mouth to speak again, Zen sent a strong wind to him with a casual wave of his hand.

An invisible force went straight into the man's mouth. His teeth were smashed into pieces and blood flowed out of his mouth.

"So, I'm a waste of a warrior with poor strength who has no right to ask you to speak nicely to me, huh?" Zen said as he stood towering over the young man in black and looking down at him.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

More than twenty people led by the young man in black drew their swords in preparation for an all-out assault.

They were all from the same clan. Intense power of the Truths of Godly Ways spread out along with a cold energy, immediately turning the surroundings into a winter land.

Whoosh!

One of them stood between Zen and the young man in black and announced, "He is the young master of our Wang Clan. If anything happened to him, you would be dead for sure. If you know when to stop and kneel down to beg for mercy, maybe our Wang Clan can spare your life..."

Thwack!

Before the man could finish his words, Zen slapped him hard.

The slap seemed to be weak, but it was in fact powerful and extremely quick. Zen's opponent was unable to dodge it. His body spun in the air several times before falling to the ground.

"Even the waste knocked down by me didn't have the qualifications to talk to me. Those who think they are not a waste can come forward and try," Zen said intimidatingly.

The people of the Wang Clan couldn't see clearly how Zen made his move. Although they drew their swords at the same time and were ready to attack, there was a hint of fear in their eyes, especially the young master of the Wang Clan, who had now got up with the help of others. He was glaring at Zen as if he was going to devour him in one gulp.

But just as he had said earlier himself, these worthless people with poor strength could do nothing to defend themselves.

Just then, a few white figures suddenly appeared atop the tall Sword Wall.

These figures were all dressed in white robes and had swords on their backs. They all dashed towards Zen.

When the young master of the Wang Clan saw these white figures, his eyes lit up as if his savior had arrived. He shouted in a muffled voice, "Jagger! I'm here!"

The young men in the white robes emitted a powerful aura. Although they were not at the Other Shore Realm, the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent emitted from them was full, indicating that they were only one step away from reaching the Other Shore Realm.

As soon as these people appeared, the place, which had been noisy, fell silent.

The young man at the helm flew down and scolded impatiently, "Anyone who dares to make trouble under the wall will be killed immediately!"

Carlisle Wang moaned, "Jagger! He wanted to kill me just now!"

The young man who spoke was Jagger Wang, two years older than his younger brother, Carlisle Wang, and he had already crossed the Sword Wall before his younger brother.

After inspecting Carlisle Wang's injury, Jagger Wang turned to look at Zen and asked, "You wanted to kill my brother?"

"No," Zen replied with a smile.

Jagger Wang was a little surprised to hear this. He sneered, "You dared to do it but are chickening out when it comes to facing the consequences of your actions? Do you think you will get away just by denying what you did?"

However, Zen continued, "I have spoken the truth. If I really wanted to kill him, he would have already become a corpse by now. Moreover, such a useless person doesn't deserve to be killed by me!"

A malicious look took over Jagger Wang's face. He sneered, "Interesting! There are very few pariahs who are so ignorant about everything under the Sword Wall."

Zen remained calm and said coldly, "I also find it interesting. It's rare to see so many good-for-nothings pop out one after another!"

The faces of the young men in white robes darkened at this. The young man standing at the end of the queue didn't think it was a big deal and instead laughed and remarked, "Jagger, a mere pariah dared to call you a good-for-nothing. Hahaha!"

Chapter 3040 Who Will Die First

There was a reason why the word "pariah" came into being.

The Oneness Sky Palace was situated within the Bloom Divine Province. It had countless branches that further comprised of many clans.

Every year, over a hundred million humans flocked into the vicinity of the Bloom Divine Province. They would hope to join the Oneness Sky Palace. The column of the people was so long that it appeared to be an endless pilgrimage.

They had set several trials for the warriors to limit their entry into the palace. Sword Wall was one of the many tests they had to pass to get in.

Since Zen and his group had come from the Origin Mountain, they didn't meet the other barriers before the Sword Wall.

The aboriginals of Bloom Divine Province looked down upon the outsiders and called them pariahs.

When the others saw how Zen was being treated by the young men, they became nervous. They were worried about Zen and themselves since they all arrived together. Even Beldene and Elgin were tensed since they were all new to the place.

With a sharp glare, Jagger stared at Zen and scoffed, "You dare to provoke me?"

In response, Zen raised his eyebrows slightly and shrugged. "I never provoke losers."

"It seems that in your eyes, I am not a loser," Jagger sneered at him meaningfully.

Zen cast a sideways glance at Jagger and said, "You're right. In my eyes, you are even worse than a loser."

The young man from Jagger's group broke out in explosive laughter and said, "Jagger, if you can't win him in words, just kill him. Do you still want to keep such a pariah alive?"

The killing intent in Jagger's eyes grew stronger. His eyes were fuming with rage as he glared at Zen. "As I said, anyone making trouble under the Sword Wall shall be killed, regardless of occasions. I will give you one last chance. Kneel here and bow to me and my brother one hundred times, and disable your elixir field. Then maybe, I'll spare your life. Otherwise, I will be forced to follow the rules and take your life!"

The spectators in the crowd began whispering to each other. "That guy is digging his own grave..."

"I'd disable my elixir field if I were him. How ignorant he is to fight against the people of the Oneness Sky Palace."

"A warrior who has lost their cultivation base is as good as dead. If he leaves here, he will probably be killed!"

"This is how one will end up when they offend the Wang Clan!"

They looked at Zen with sympathetic eyes.

As things got more intense, Zen did not appear to let up. Beldene knew the situation was going to spiral out of their control if he didn't act upon it.

He mustered up the courage and walked towards Jagger and said, "This is just a misunderstanding. Let's come to a compromise. We can pay for it..."

"Who asked for your opinion? Get lost!" yelled Jagger, his nerves exploding.

He had crossed the eighth line in the Sea of Truth. When Jagger roared in frustration, his sharp aura surged through his body like sharp swords that came straight to Beldene. Beldene's face turned pale as he took a few steps back from the impact. He struggled to remain on his feet and almost collapsed to the ground.

That was the last straw. Zen could not hold himself anymore. He balled his hands into fists and tightened his jaw. His face turned cold as he sneered at Jagger, "Is this how you always reason with people? By yelling? And you had the nerve to talk about rules? Are all people from the Oneness Sky Palace assholes like you?"

"It seems that you are not going to compromise," Jagger scoffed as he slowly pulled out a long sword from behind. "Of course Oneness Sky Palace is a reasonable place, but there is only one piece of reason we care about. A good-for-nothing pariah like you should die!"

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent spreading in the cold air turned into tiny swords of ice, each of them compressed and fused into his long sword.

Dreadfully strong aura gushed out from the sword, but Zen's expression didn't change. He stood there watching indifferently.

Closely studying Jagger's aura that emitted from his body, Zen theorized his strength was close to Nicholas'. Maybe a little weaker than Nicholas, but not by much.

While the swords continued to compress and merge, Jagger took the moment and charged straight at Zen without giving him time to react. It was the perfect chance.

He rushed forward pointing his sword at the middle of Zen's eyebrows, determined to take Zen's life.

"Truth of Cultivation Nature!"

Jagger was not an Other Shore Realm warrior. Therefore, Zen didn't feel the need to use the Soaring Snake Sword or the Imperial Sword Seal to deal with him.

However, being a member of the Bloom Divine Province, Jagger had cultivated some formidable theurgies of Truth of Godly Way.

And that was what Zen lacked in his cultivation, putting him at a disadvantage.

Zen quickly took a step back to retreat from an offensive and impulsive Jagger. They both flew up in the air to not disrupt the crowd during their battle.

Not long after, they had made a circuit around the vast area from their fight. The people below them dodged and retreated in confusion to not be hurt from the impact.

"You will die no matter where you run to!"

A look of disdain reflected in Jagger's eyes when he saw Zen keep retreating further back. Then, he swung his sword lightly.

The tiny frosty swords that fused into Jagger's sword came darting out in all directions. After spinning for a while in the air, they began to surround Zen. This time, Zen had nowhere left to retreat.

Watching the swords come at him, Zen didn't move a muscle. He showed no signs of panic. Suddenly with a flash of light in his eyes, Ways-blending Energy emitted from his body.

Instead of flinching, he charged at Jagger.

Jagger scorned, "Oh, so now you want to fight me? Let me help you die! Sword Destruction Move!"

In the face of Zen's sudden advancing, Jagger swiftly waved his long sword. The many tiny frosty swords surrounding Zen exploded into tens of thousands of sharp fragments. The extremely cold aura mixed with the fragments enveloped Zen completely.

The Sword Destruction Move was a unique skill of the Wang Clan. Once it was activated, the target was a sure kill. There was never any exception.

And the area within the perimeters of the attack would turn to ruins.

Kenelm and the others were lost for words when they saw Zen submerged in the white cold aura. They froze in place, as they watched in horror, wondering if he was dead.

A hint of sadness could be seen in Elgin's eyes. He shut them forcefully and lowered his gaze to the ground in sorrow with his fists clenched tight. Even though he was jealous of Zen and his talent, he showed loyalty to them on the Origin Mountain. Zen was qualified enough to stay there, and yet he decided to come with his fellow disciples who weren't even that close to him.

"Is that guy dead?" a disciple in a white robe whispered to break the silence.

"I've always heard the Sword Destruction Move is a unique skill of the Wang Clan. Now I see it's really powerful," another white-robed disciple exclaimed.

A malicious smile spread across Carlisle's face as he imagined Zen being chopped up into pieces within that frosty aura.

The temperature in the white fog dropped even lower than before. Zen sensed the killing intent that enveloped him.

Not only was his pace slowed down but the sharp pieces in the cold aura kept piercing through his body. Even the Truth of Cultivation Nature was unable to assist him in dodging the pieces.

If it had been anyone else, they would have been split into pieces by now from the continuous fierce attacks in the icy mist.

However, Zen was not an ordinary warrior. His body began to emit a faint golden light and a mysteriously powerful aura emerged. The aura darted at the frosty swords and turned them to powder!

The next moment, Zen emerged from the white fog in one piece.

Seeing Zen break out from the mist unscathed made Jagger freeze in confusion.

He could sense Zen's presence in the mist when he trapped him. But he wondered why his body remained intact despite all the swords cutting through him. When he saw Zen rush out of the mist with no trace of blood anywhere, he was stunned. He desperately scanned his frame for any injury, but he was unsuccessful.

Jagger was unable to hide his frustration in his eyes when he saw the glow of Ways-blending Energy on Zen's sword.

With his experience, he could not recognize the Ways-blending Energy. But the fierce aura emanating from Zen's sword reminded Jagger not to underestimate it.

"Now, let's see who will die first!" Zen said nonchalantly.

He covered the short distance between him and Jagger in a flash, swinging his sword at Jagger with lightning-fast speed.

Chapter 3041 Prevent

"Who will die first?"

Jagger's eyes widened as he heard Zen's voice.

At that moment, Jagger was shrouded in fear.

Ever since he emerged from the Sword Wall, he had never taken anyone seriously.

Jagger was able to cross the eighth line in the Sea of Truth. As a reward, the Oneness Sky Palace had rewarded him with a lot of soul pills.

As a matter of fact, it would not be long before he could reach the Other Shore! Knowing that he had enough soul pills to last the journey, he surely had a very promising future ahead of him.

On the contrary, he had never expected that death would get so close to him.

"No! You can't kill me!"

Jagger kicked in the air and growled hysterically. At that point, he was losing hope for he was on the brink of giving up from escaping.

Upon witnessing this scene, the other disciples' expressions changed greatly as they had never expected how things turned out.

"Stop it, you brat!"

"If you choose to kill Jagger right here and right now, you will surely die a miserable death!"

"How dare you! You bastard!"

Hearing these words did not affect Zen's decision. Instead, his sword remained pointed at Jagger.

"Stop!"

Suddenly, an old man clad in a white robe appeared above the Sword Wall. This man turned out to be a master at the Other Shore Realm.

Everyone who heard his roar felt dizzy, and even Zen's mind was slightly affected by it.

Nevertheless, it was not enough for Zen to change his mind as he swung his sword at Jagger without any hesitation.

Bang!

The people who saw this were greatly astonished. Zen's sword produced a dazzling light that enveloped Jagger, making him vanish into thin air.

At that moment, all eyes were on Zen for he blatantly killed Jagger in front of everyone.

Carlisle was in disbelief at what he saw. His lips twitched in fear as he could not believe that his brother was shamelessly killed right in front of him.

The white-robed disciples' faces darkened after witnessing such a gruesome scene. Never had they expected that Zen would be so bold as to kill Jagger in front of many disciples!

"Zen made a very serious mistake!" Beldene scowled.

Meanwhile, the other disciples from the Sword Light Palace all looked at each other in dismay. As for Elgin, he commended, "Hum...Well done, Zen!"

Whoosh!

Furious, the old man in a white robe quickly descended from the Sword Wall and pointed his finger at Zen. "How dare you! How dare you murder a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace beneath the Sword Wall! You made a serious offense, you bold brat! How audacious of you to court death!"

The other disciples in white robes walked up to the man to show their respect to him due to his high status.

Carlisle followed suit as he flew over to him. With a mournful look on his face, he gritted his teeth and said, "Sir, I beg you. Uphold justice for my elder brother Jagger!"

The others present in the scene were shocked for it was such a rare moment to see an Other Shore Realm master to show up.

Although Zen had killed Jagger, death seemed to follow him until the end.

Zen floated in the air and looked straight into the eyes of the old man in a white robe. Nonchalantly, Zen spoke, "Sir, I believe that you are wrong. I was not the one courting death! It was Jagger!"

"You must be joking! Jagger had crossed the Sword Wall and could be regarded as a member of the Oneness Sky Palace. In fact, he had been tasked in guarding the Sword Wall to maintain order and rules," a disciple shouted coldly.

Upon hearing this, Zen's eyes quickly turned sharp and cold. After breathing in, he started to retort, "To maintain order and rules, you say? Are you sure about that? While we were waiting, Jagger's younger brother came to us to look for trouble. After I taught him a lesson, Jagger wanted to kill me under the excuse of maintaining rules. What a clever way to take order and rules as an excuse to kill me! He attempted to kill me to cover up his own favoritism. Did you expect me to do nothing and be killed? And since he wanted to kill me, he should also be prepared to be killed! Jagger was definitely weaker than me and I defeated him. Isn't it obvious? He courted his own death!"

The True Gods present heard all of Zen's words and started to discuss among themselves.

After all, they witnessed everything. They could not deny that Jagger had challenged Zen, which eventually led to courting his own death.

"What an articulate brat you are!" The old man sneered. "However, you are not a member of the Oneness Sky Palace. There is a glaring gap between you and Jagger regarding the status. The status is everything, you see, and so is power. Anyone who dares to kill our disciples will be courting death! You! You deserve nothing but death!"

Apparently, this old man shared Jagger's last name and was from the same clan. Surely, he would not let go of Zen so easily.

Without any hesitation, the old man in white robe stretched out his hand, revealing a long sword. Numerous pink flowers started to blossom around his sword as he prepared an attack.

"How could you be so unreasonable!"

Zen frowned scornfully.

With the recent turn of events, Zen had only proved his speculation to be true.

In large clans of the divine land, there were quite several rules which restricted combat among their disciples.

Unless there was a life-and-death war between two great clans, the disciples rarely lost their lives in combat.

The most intensely competitive places were the forbidden lands and the Arena of Legends. However, people didn't die in the Arena of Legends. As for in the forbidden lands, one of their main tasks was to fight against monsters.

The divine land was dominated by the human race, which meant that the warriors there didn't have much sense of crisis.

However, the Source World was totally different. Since the human race didn't play a dominant role, they had to fight against countless races and demons. As they wanted to become stronger and conquer the other races, their internal competition had also become more fierce!

Zen had vaguely noticed this phenomenon in the Sword Light Palace. However, he didn't expect that it was way more serious in the Oneness Sky Palace!

Seeing that the old man in white was about to launch a fatal attack against him, Zen immediately retreated and placed his fingers on the space ring. Whilst this was happening, he started to gather the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent in his body.

Previously, he had used up the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent after he employed the Imperial Sword Seal. After several days of recovering, it was now ready to be used again.

If the old man really wanted to kill him, then he wouldn't have any other choice but to use his trump card!

Moreover, Zen had another life insurance — Winchell. Only he would be able to save Evaristus, so he thought that Winchell wouldn't just stand by to see him get killed.

This was another reason why Zen was so brazen to kill Jagger without worrying about the consequence.

Swish!

Meanwhile, as the old man activated the power of the pink flowers, a mild aura diffused from his sword.

Perhaps this mild aura was some sort of spell used to bewitch the people. However, Zen was quick to sense the killing intent concealed within the mild aura. As soon as he felt the killing intent, he instantly realized that the man was powerful and that he would not be able to resist his attacks.

"The Soaring Snake Sword... If I use it now, then it will cause me endless troubles. But there's no other choice for me now!"

Just as Zen had made up his mind and was about to unsheathe the Soaring Snake Sword, the air suddenly became chilly.

This gentle breeze, however, refreshed everyone as soon as it came in close contact with their faces.

As soon as the stupefied crowd felt the sudden chill on their faces, they immediately regained their consciousness, clearing their minds.

At the same time, an indifferent voice echoed through the air, "You can't kill him, Galen."

Upon the arrival of this voice, a young man in a blue robe appeared, looking aloof.

"How dare you stop me? Jagger did not die for nothing!" Galen, the old man, retorted stubbornly.

The long sword in his hand continued to charge towards Zen, emitting a wisp of pink breeze that swept towards him.

Noticing that Galen ignored his words, the young man's face contorted in anger. All of a sudden, he moved his body, and his once gentle aura turned into an aura of violence. He dashed towards the old man and did not hesitate to throw a heavy punch at him.

Bang!

The impact was so intense that Galen was sent flying towards a mountain wall.

With his fist still clenched, the young man's fury gradually returned to normal. With a little bit of anger remaining, he spoke, "How dare you turn a deaf ear to my words? This is your fault! You shouldn't have forced me to attack you!"

Chapter 3042 Fooled By His Trick

Everyone considered Galen as a strong warrior but now he had been pounded against the mountain wall by this young man's punch. Even the sword wind that had been curling up towards Zen dissipated.

When the crowd saw this scene, they were all shocked and intrigued.

Judging from the way this young man spoke to Zen, it appeared that he was familiar with him. So was he here to protect Zen?

However, the young man shot a cold glance at Zen before zooming off to the Sword Wall.

Galen struggled for a while on the mountain wall before he could emerge.

His wrinkled face was full of ferocity as he glared at Zen.

Obviously, Galen wanted to kill Zen, but he had been forewarned by the young man. What was more, he had now learned about the consequences of attacking Zen. Left with no option, he left.

However, everyone present could see that Galen would never allow Zen to get away with this so easily.

The young men in white robes didn't leave with Galen. At last, one of them floated over to Zen. He stared at Zen with a weird smile on his face and said, "You're doomed, you know that? If you leave now, you will definitely be hunted down and slain by Flag Master Galen. But if you choose to pass through the Sword Wall, you will also die. Ha-ha!"

The young man in white was the one who had made fun of Jagger just now.

Zen cast a cold glance at him and said, "Since the end result of both options is death, what's your point of talking nonsense?"

"Because if you got through the Sword Wall, I might have to kill you myself. I'm not a loser like Jagger! If I get my hands on you, you'd better commit suicide. Otherwise, I will show you what it feels like to live in hell!" said the man with a sinister smile.

Zen's lips curled up. These people were all arrogant and thought highly of themselves. He then smirked. "Well, I'm right here in front of you. If you think you are capable of killing me, you can give it a shot. But I think you and Jagger are the same loser type. Not qualified enough to do so!"

A cold light flashed in the young man's eyes, but when he thought of what had just happened to Galen, he restrained himself. "A cocky person like you can't survive for three days behind the Sword Wall. I hope you can enter as soon as possible. And you'd better remember my name, dude. I am Harden Zhao!"

After saying this, he walked away with the other young men in white robes. They all looked at Zen indifferently. For them, Zen was no one but a poor guy who would die sooner or later.

"Wait!" Zen shouted suddenly.

Harden Zhao turned his head and looked at Zen strangely. "Do you have any last words? Don't bother begging for mercy. Flag Master Galen will not let you go, and neither will we!"

"What's your name?" Zen asked coolly.

"Harden Zhao," answered the young man proudly.

"What?" Zen repeated.

"My name is Harden..." He finally understood that Zen was making a fool of him.

A sneer appeared on Zen's face as he apologized, "I'm sorry. My memory is bad. I can't remember the name of a loser."

The crowd below the Sword Wall burst into laughter at his jibe.

Those disciples from the Sword Light Palace, including Beldene and Elgin, tried hard to hold back their laughter meanwhile. "I didn't expect that Zen could play such a trick," Kenelm said in a low voice.

"Damn you!" Harden's face turned red with anger.

The other young men in white robes also had a ghastly killing intent in their eyes. Whenever they came to maintain the order of the Sword Wall, they were received with respect and adoration. This time, not only Jagger was killed by Zen, but their member was also humiliated like this. How could they tolerate it?

Seeing that Harden's aura had increased greatly, a man next to him nudged him. "Harden, did you forget what Mr. Lu has said? We can't kill him here," he reminded.

Mr. Lu, who had attacked Galen, was a superior being. None of the men in white could afford to offend him.

"Calm down! When he enters the Sword Wall, we will have a hundred opportunities to kill him." Another young man in a white robe glanced at Zen and then sneered.

Hearing this, Zen looked at him calmly and asked, "Sir, what's your name?"

When the man was about to open his mouth to answer, he remembered Zen's previous trick. His face darkened and he grunted before flying away with his companions.

Zen slowly landed once they left.

When Carlisle saw that his brother had been killed and Galen had retreated, his face turned ashen. Just as he was about to exit with his people, Zen suddenly said, "Wait a minute!"

Carlisle's shoulders twitched as he turned around. "What, what do you want?" he stammered nervously.

The people who had come with him were equally frightened. Zen had killed Jagger, a mighty warrior. Then how could these people dare to challenge him?

Looking at Carlisle, Zen asked, "How's your compatibility with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent?"

Carlisle hadn't expected Zen to ask him such a question. He thought that Zen would not show him any mercy. Heaving a sigh of relief, he replied without hesitation, "Twenty percent."

"Only twenty percent?" Zen raised his eyebrows in surprise.

It was not a very high level of compatibility. Although the Lofty Sword could not tell the degree of compatibility, there was another way. By reciting the Truth of Godly Way, a warrior could figure out their compatibility levels with it.

For example, Zen was capable of Instant Enlightenment, which meant his compatibility degree was one hundred percent. Elgin and Beldene could recite about four thousand words, so their compatibility degree would be around forty percent or maybe even higher.

The young master of the Wang Clan was no talent so his compatibility level was only twenty percent.

Even in the Sword Light Palace, Carlisle was regarded as a mediocre disciple among all the others.

When the other disciples heard this, they were incredulous. They immediately understood what Zen meant.

For a talent like Zen, passing this Sword Wall was a foregone conclusion. The disciples didn't have the slightest doubt about that, but what about the others? Elgin and Beldene might just succeed, but it would be difficult for the rest to pass.

Carlisle's compatibility degree was only twenty percent. If he succeeded, it would mean one of two things: Either getting through the Sword Wall was easy or there were other ways to make up for a low compatibility degree.

"If it's only twenty percent, it will be very difficult for you to pass the Sword Wall. But you seem to be very confident. How's that?" Zen asked again, feeling baffled at Carlisle's behavior.

Carlisle nodded. "It has taken me many years to cultivate the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. I'm aware that it's difficult for me to surpass the Sword Wall, considering my low compatibility degree, but I have a way to get the recognition of the Sword Wall."

The Sword Wall had served as a screen for a long time. Some people who were reluctant to be rejected would have figured out some tricks to cross it, but the Oneness Sky Palace turned a blind eye to them. As a result, many unjustifiable methods had come up.

"What is it?" Zen asked, staring at Carlisle eagerly.

Noticing the hesitation in Carlisle's eyes, Zen ordered, "Tell me!"

Chapter 3043 Sword-reading Liquid

Carlisle finally said, "It... It's the Sword-reading Liquid. We can use it to improve the compatibility degree in a short time."

"It can improve the compatibility degree?" Zen stared at Carlisle with eyes beaming with wonder. "Do you have any of it in your possession?"

Carlisle was reluctant but he didn't dare to defy Zen. He nodded to him, reached for a small jade bottle from his space ring and passed it over to him. "This is all I have."

Zen immediately pulled the cork from the bottle.

A pure yet distinct aura of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent emanated from the jade bottle and flared up in the air.

"Someone has infused the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent into the liquid," Zen muttered as he studied it carefully.

Beldene noticed something and said, "This truth aura is quite similar to yours."

Beldene had sensed it instantly since he and the other disciples had previously fought Zen in the Truth Competition. The truth aura that resonated from Zen's body was quite similar to that of the Sword-reading Liquid.

Then suddenly, Zen realized something as his eyes widened noticeably.

If one had a low compatibility degree with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, they could still take advantage of others' truth auras.

It seemed that the Oneness Sky Palace turned a blind eye to this method.

"Is it possible to make the Sword-reading Liquid by myself?" Zen asked while tilting the jade bottle, and eyeing it up.

Carlisle shook his head in response, "No. Those who can make the Sword-reading Liquid must have a perfect fit with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. They are all talents capable of Instant Enlightenment. An ordinary warrior can't make the Sword-reading Liquid. My clan bought it at a high price."

"You mean, if I have a perfect fit with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, I can make the Sword-reading Liquid by myself?" Zen continued to inquire more.

"I don't know about that," Carlisle said shrugging his shoulders.

It was extremely difficult to obtain the Sword-reading Liquid. It was capable of improving the compatibility with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Naturally, it was expensive to buy. With such a high price, ordinary people were unable to afford it. Most people would only use it to pass the Sword Wall.

"How many divine crystals is this bottle of Sword-reading Liquid worth?" Zen asked while weighing the bottle in his hands.

"Twenty thousand divine crystals, nothing more nothing less," replied Carlisle.

The other disciples gasped in unison after hearing the massive amount.

As two influential clans that laid the foundation stone for the Sword Light Palace, the Qiu Clan and the Yuebai Clan could not afford the expensive Sword-reading Liquid. It was too pricey even for them.

The disciples desired to have the Sword-reading Liquid, but now they even gave up the thought of it after knowing the price. Their cultivation palaces would never spend twenty thousand divine crystals on them.

There were over a hundred disciples. To supply each with a bottle of Sword-reading Liquid meant spending over two million divine crystals which were an unattainable figure.

"I will be keeping this bottle of Sword-reading Liquid. Do you have any problem with that?" Zen asked curtly.

The corners of Carlisle's mouth twitched with hesitation. Although he was the young master of the Wang Clan, it made his heart sink to give the Sword-reading Liquid to Zen for free.

However, he couldn't refuse Zen. He remembered the way Zen had killed Jagger. Moreover, the Oneness Sky Palace didn't bother to investigate his death. Carlisle himself had never passed the trial of the Sword Wall so he was of no significance to the Oneness Sky Palace.

"No, I don't," Carlisle answered as he bit his lip and clenched his fists.

After handing the Sword-reading Liquid over to Zen, Carlisle turned around and wanted to leave with his people.

"Did I permit you to leave?" Zen said, raising his eyebrow.

Carlisle sighed as Zen stopped him in his tracks. His troubles were not ceasing to end. He composed himself by thinking Zen would soon die. Slowly he turned his head around to face Zen. "What else can I do for you?"

"Are all the Sword-reading Liquids here the same as yours?" Zen asked.

There were twenty to thirty thousand people at the foot of the Sword Wall hoping to pass. Most of them sent out a feeble truth aura. Zen thought it was difficult for them to pass due to not being able to afford the pure Sword-reading Liquid. After all, ordinary people could not afford twenty thousand divine crystals for the Sword-reading Liquid.

"Of course not. The purity of the Sword-reading Liquid is different. Those diluted ones are not expensive," said Carlisle in an arrogant tone.

"Do you have any diluted Sword-reading Liquid? Let me have a look," Zen requested while reaching his hand out and signaling him to hand it over.

Carlisle thought to himself, 'Does he plan on ordering me all the time?' He thought for a while, tightened his jaw and said, "Yes, I do. Will you let us go if I give it to you?"

"Sure," Zen shrugged and smiled faintly.

Carlisle nodded and then winked at a man next to him. Instinctively the man handed him a small jade bottle. Carlisle passed it over to Zen.

Zen took the bottle and eyed it up. When he was convinced, he casually waved his hand to signal Carlisle to leave. Relieved from the burden, Carlisle hurriedly turned around and left with his men.

Zen pulled the cork and felt the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent emanating from the Sword-reading Liquid. "The truth aura in this bottle is significantly weaker," Zen said as he felt it.

Kenelm, Beldene and other disciples came up to surround him.

"Zen, we know we are not talented enough to pass the Sword Wall. The Sword-reading Liquid is too expensive. Don't waste it on us," Kenelm urged him.

The disciples had already given up the wish of passing the Sword Wall to reach the Oneness Sky Palace. They were touched when they saw the efforts Zen was putting in for them. He had already done enough for them.

But Zen had no intention of giving up.

He smiled confidently to them and said, "Although I don't know the formula for the Sword-reading Liquid, I believe it is to absorb the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent using some kind of liquid. I don't have the liquid, but I do have this."

At his words, he put his finger on the mouth of the jade bottle and tapped it lightly. An aura was formed in a spiral shape. It was his Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

The truth aura reacted to his command and circled his palm. Then it swiftly went inside the small jade bottle.

He didn't know what the liquid was, but it had reacted to his truth aura and smoothly fused with it as the liquid inside began to rotate.

"Close enough." Zen felt the change in the bottle and smirked to himself.

What made the Sword-reading Liquid expensive was the perfectly matched truth aura. The liquid itself held no such value. After the liquid was done, the maker had to fuse the truth auras of talents with the liquid.

Such talents demanded high prices. Therefore, the Sword-reading Liquid sold high.

"Here you go," Zen said as he tossed the jade bottle gently into Kenelm's hand. "It should be the same as Carlisle's."

"It's the same as yours?" Kenelm said, looking baffled. He stammered, "But this is too much. I can't use it. Zen, you'd better sell it. It's worth twenty thousand divine crystals!"

With this bottle of Sword-reading Liquid, Kenelm was likely to pass the Sword Wall. But as Zen said, it was worth twenty thousand divine crystals. He didn't feel right in using it for himself. It was too huge an amount for Kenelm to process. His hands trembled with the Sword-reading Liquid in his possession.

Chapter 3044 The Opening Of The Sword Wall

"Please, take it. I have no lack of divine crystals," Zen said, nodding his head encouragingly.

He had a large sum of money on him, so the divine crystals truly possessed little value to him.

However, the eyes of the other disciples of the Sword Light Palace filled with envy when he handed the bottle of Sword-reading Liquid to Kenelm.

They had previously never imagined they'd be able to pass through the Sword Wall, but if they could get their hands on the Sword-reading Liquid, it would certainly give them a much better chance. Even Carlisle, a man of little talent, was confident in crossing the Sword Wall with the use of the Sword-reading Liquid.

Although Zen could make the normal Sword-reading Liquid perfect, he didn't have any more of such a treasure.

The disciples looked at the Sword-reading Liquid with eager eyes. Although they did not speak, their thoughts had been written on their faces.

Zen looked at all the people waiting close by and a great idea popped into his head.

He strode over to a group, all of them with fear etched onto their faces. What Zen had done beneath the Sword Wall had clearly left a strong impression.

"I would like to strike a deal with you," Zen offered.

"What... what kind of deal?" a middle-aged man asked nervously and wide eyed.

"I would like to trade this bottle of Sword-reading Liquid with perfect truth aura for your diluted Sword-reading Liquid. The more diluted the better," Zen said holding up the bottle he'd received from Carlisle.

He opened the small jade bottle as he spoke, allowing the aura to rush out and twirl playfully in the air.

Their eyes ignited with excitement when the others saw the small jade bottle.

The concentration of the diluted Sword-reading Liquid was only one percent of that of the undiluted one, and the price was far lower. What was Zen thinking? What kind of deal was this?

"How many bottles would you like?" the middle-aged man asked curiously.

Zen thought a while and asked, "How about you set the price?"

The middle-aged man pondered on for a moment, unsure if he was being tricked somehow. Finally, he turned to the others and ordered them to hand over their diluted Sword-reading Liquid. "We will not be passing through the Sword Wall today!" he announced.

The thirty men behind him had obviously come as a single force, for they all handed out their bottles without any hesitation.

Zen noticed that all the small jade bottles appeared the same, so he guessed they must have come from the same place. He wondered who sold this Sword-reading Liquid and whether he could produce some to sell.

The men gathered their bottles in the hands of the middle-aged man who presented them to Zen. "This is all the Sword-reading Liquid we have obtained. Would you trade your Sword-reading Liquid for all this?" he asked hopefully.

The man was still unsure of this deal knowing Zen could not make a profit from it. All he could do was to be hopeful and sincere, and show all they could offer.

"Okay," Zen replied with a friendly smile.

The middle-aged man's face filled with joy. He could attempt to pass through the Sword Wall anytime he wished, but he could not get such a great deal every day. He could now make a handsome profit selling Zen's Sword-reading Liquid. He made the exchange with Zen and departed with his men without saying any more.

Once they had gone, Zen opened one of the small jade bottles and began softly reciting the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

"Hooo..."

The truth aura circled the bottle before slipping into it like a snake slithering underground.

Soon a bottle of perfect Sword-reading Liquid was "created" by Zen. He then walked on to another group of people, a smile on his face and the small bottle in his hand.

After performing the same trade three times, namely trading the perfect Sword-reading Liquid for diluted ones, Zen had amassed over one hundred bottles of diluted Sword-reading Liquid. All that was left now was to make them perfect.

The disciples surrounded Zen and watched him perfect the Sword-reading Liquid. They were astounded at what was taking place before their widened eyes.

"I wonder how much money Zen can make by using his truth aura."

"I'm afraid he'll be a millionaire in a matter of days!"

"He earns money based on talent. Nobody can take his talent away from him..."

The disciples were filled with admiration for Zen, as those who came in contact with him often were.

"I think it should be okay for Zen to make the Sword-reading Liquid for us, but he may have a problem selling it in large quantities," Beldene then said flatly.

"Why?" Elgin asked.

"All these bottles come from the same place. That means that everyone buys this Sword-reading Liquid from the same shop, which might have had a monopoly on the Sword-reading Liquid market. It seems quite possible that it's the Oneness Sky Palace that sells this Sword-reading Liquid. Otherwise, how could the Oneness Sky Palace tolerate this practice? If Zen sells it alone, it's likely to create some sort of trouble," Beldene uttered.

Zen nodded as he released the Truth of Godly Way. "I agree with Beldene. It's reasonable to assume this could be an issue."

Beldene had spoken the words Zen had been thinking. It must be the Oneness Sky Palace that sold the Sword-reading Liquid, so he'd best tread carefully.

To think they actually did such a thing, Zen began to get a bad feeling about the Oneness Sky Palace, and only time would tell if this feeling was misplaced or not.

"You can have this."

"This is for you."

"This one is yours..."

Zen began handing out the Sword-reading Liquid to the disciples one by one.

The heavy jade bottles thrilled every disciple. A small bottle cost 20, 000 divine crystals. They were blessed to have such a precious object in their hands.

After they all had their Sword-reading Liquid, a discussion began among them.

"How do we use it?"

"Do we apply it to the sword?"

"Perhaps we should drink it..."

Zen didn't know either, but he believed with so many people around, they would figure it out soon enough.

They waited for another hour, and then the huge wall not far away suddenly began to tremble.

'Rumble...'

The trembling excited the crowd, and the anticipation of the next steps they would take began to build.

"It's begun!"

"God bless me. I must cross it this time!"

"This is the most important challenge of my life!"

People of all ages and genders lingered beneath the Sword Wall. Some had been trapped under here for as long as they could remember and every time this challenge was just as great to them.

As the Sword Wall continued to shake, the long swords that were attached to it all fell off.

"Clang! Clang! Clang..."

The long swords collided in a metallic thunder as they fell. After falling a bit, the swords seemed to possess a mind of their own and flew towards the other side of the wall, like a storm of swords had rained down from the sky.

In the blink of an eye, the long swords which had been attached to the wall had now disappeared completely.

A young man in a white robe walked out of the Sword Wall and said in a low voice, "The Sword Wall has been opened. Anyone who wishes to join the Oneness Sky Palace can hang your sword on the wall. In doing this, you may climb over the Sword Wall!"

Hearing these words, the disciples of the Sword Light Palace were stunned. This was much simpler than they imagined and only served to boost their confidence.

"How hard could it be!"

"Don't take it lightly.

Hanging the sword on the wall is not that easy."

Most of them then took out the small jade bottles and gulped down the Sword-reading Liquid in one swig before rushing to the Sword Wall. It was time.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3045 Flag Masters

The rest of the disciples followed suit and drank each of their own Sword-reading Liquid up.

The Sword-reading Liquid the disciples from the Sword Light Palace had was much purer than that of the others. After they drank it, the aura exuded by the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent from their bodies became intense.

Most of the disciples from the Sword Light Palace had not completely mastered the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent yet. However, after drinking the Sword-reading Liquid, they all felt their heads surge with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Moreover, they felt that their comprehension of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent had increased and even reached a higher level.

Now, if there was a continuous supply of that specific Sword-reading Liquid, then everyone would be able to enter the Sea of Truth easily in a short span of time.

"Let's go," Zen said lightly.

After Zen's command, all the disciples of the Sword Light Palace followed him as they headed directly to the Sword Wall.

Meanwhile, as Zen was only about a thousand feet away from their destination, he sensed something odd—a strong repulsive force was coming straight towards him.

On the other hand, it was not only Zen who felt it, but also everyone else in the group. This repulsive force even seemed to have slowed down their paces.

"Eh?"

But somehow, even with the strong repulsive force, Zen quickly managed to adapt to it. By lightly twisting his body, his speed of moving forward returned back to normal.

However, most of the other people still felt the force. They felt heaviness linger with their every step. On the other hand, the situation of the disciples from the Sword Light Palace was better because of their Sword-reading Liquid's good quality.

Tens of thousands of people were approaching the Sword Wall at the same time. In fact, with that great amount of people bustling towards the Sword Wall, about 90% of them were slowed down by the force. However, there were a few disciples who were not much affected by the force and stood out, and Zen was one of them.

Behind him were two women walking together, while to his right, there was a young man who wore cotton clothes. Aside from Zen, they, too, looked relaxed as if they didn't feel the pressure at all.

'Humans are so powerful. Every day, tens of thousands of people flock as they try their best to cross the Sword Wall and join the formidable force. There will always be people who would stand out from the rest. Hmm...I wonder if these few people have also taken the Sword-reading Liquid, ' Zen thought to himself.

In fact, if Zen kept walking with such a brisk pace, then he would be able to reach the Sword Wall, which was about a thousand feet from him, in just a few seconds.

However, when he was just a hundred feet away from the Sword Wall, the two women behind him slowed down as they could not bear the pressure any longer. On the other hand, the young man in cotton clothes still kept on moving forward and even kept up with Zen's pace casually.

When the young man saw Zen looking at him, he greeted, "Hello..."

Nodding, Zen asked, "Hey, what's up?"

"Have you taken the Sword-reading Liquid?" the young man asked curiously.

As they walked, he noticed that Zen was being effortless with his trek, and this made him feel quite strange about him.

"No," Zen replied shortly.

The young man was taken aback by Zen's answer. Surprised, he spoke, "It seems that you have a high level of compatibility with the swordsmanship."

Hearing this, Zen only gave him a faint smile.

"Perhaps you can also become a Flag Master if you want," the young man continued to evaluate Zen.

"Flag Master? What in the world is that?"

Suddenly, this reminded Zen of something. He remembered that those young men in white he encountered before called the old man 'Flag Master'.

Upon learning that Zen did not have any idea about what the Flag Master was, the young man felt strange about him. He then proceeded to explain, "Anyone who crosses the Sword Wall has no freedom to do anything. In fact, they have to join a Flag Master. After you cross the Sword Wall, you will be left with two choices: either join a Flag Master or become one yourself."

"Is that really the case?" All of a sudden, there was a flash in Zen's eyes. "So, how can I become a Flag Master?"

"Well, you should just hang your sword at the top, and that's it," the young man replied.

The Sword Wall was known to have such a towering height and was divided into six layers.

Zen had noticed earlier that the Sword Wall had long swords covering it, but there were fewer swords at the top of the wall.

"So, I just need to hang my sword at the top, right?" Zen said as he nodded slightly.

Initially, Zen thought that he only needed to cross the Sword Wall. But now that the young man said something about the Flag Master, Zen suddenly seemed to change his whole plan.

He thought of the fellow named Galen, who swore to kill him once he crossed the Sword Wall. At that moment, Zen realized that he didn't want to join any of the Flag Masters, but rather be one himself.

When Zen finished making up his mind, he had already reached the Sword Wall. Taking a deep breath, he felt like his entire body was a roc that spread its wings rapidly while climbing up!

"Wow! That's an amazing speed..." Witnessing such a magnificent sight, the jaw of the young man in cotton clothes almost dropped to the ground.

He had been very proud of himself. Hailing from a large clan in the north of the Bloom Divine Province, the young man was 70% compatible with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. He thought that Zen was weaker than him at first, but when he saw how Zen flew at an amazing speed, he could not help but gasp in astonishment.

"Phew!"

Originally, the Oneness Sky Palace used the Sword Wall to distinguish the warriors from the general public, and not for selecting talents.

Rationally, as Zen flew higher, the more pressure he would feel from the Sword Wall. But since the pressure came from the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, it wasn't able to generate so much pressure on Zen.

And in just a blink of an eye, Zen was already at the top of the Sword Wall.

"The s...speed..." the young man stammered as he couldn't believe his eyes.

Meanwhile, there was a row of young men in white robes who stood on top of the Sword Wall. One of those men was Harden, who had threatened Zen before.

As he saw how Zen easily flew onto the top of the Sword Wall, his eyebrows narrowed as a slight killing intent flashed in his eyes.

"So this guy wants to be a Flag Master, huh?"

"Haha, as a person with no background but a desire to become a Flag Master, this guy is surely digging his own grave! It might be a bit difficult for us to kill him if he joins another Flag Master. But he's simply wishing for his own death by becoming a Flag Master himself!"

"……"

Although the Flag Masters were given more rights, they also had to bear more responsibilities, which were not at all enjoyable.

Therefore, the majority of the people would often give up this idea and join other Flag Masters, except for those with a powerful background.

"Enough!"

Zen exclaimed as he reached the top of the Sword Wall. All of a sudden, he turned the long sword in his hand and slashed the wall.

"Bang!"

With a crisp sound, the long sword slammed hard onto the Sword Wall.

But the Sword Wall was like a huge magnet, which made the sword stick firmly to it.

Turning over, Zen stood and remained steady above the Sword Wall. At the same time, he looked down below.

Meanwhile, the young man in cotton robes and the other two girls started to climb as well. Unfortunately, it seemed that all three of them were struggling so hard to reach the higher layers on the Sword Wall.

As for the others, they were no better for they performed even worse! In fact, most of them even found it difficult to take a single step forward after they managed to be three hundred feet away from the Sword Wall. But because of taking the Sword-reading Liquid, the disciples of the Sword Light Palace were able to perform better than the others.

When Elgin and Beldene reached the Sword Wall, Faegan and the other disciples stayed very close behind them. Even Kenelm was only about eighty feet away from the Sword Wall.

Zen heaved a long sigh of relief upon seeing this. At that moment, he expected that the disciples of the Sword Light Palace would all pass.

Expecting a great turnout, he even wondered what Laura would feel if she saw this.

Turning his head to the other side of the Sword Wall, Zen saw a large open space behind it. There, hundreds of people were gathered, all of whom were masters at the Other Shore Realm.

Based on the aura that they were emitting, it indicated that they had reached the Other Shore Realm not too long ago.

Each of them held a metal flagpole in their hands with flags that had different surnames written on each of them. They all stood there proudly as the flags spread out in the wind.

"Yao!"

"Chen!"

"Mu!" Zen read some of the surnames he saw that were written on the flags.

'So are these people the so-called Flag Masters?' he wondered.

Just as the young man in cotton had mentioned, right after a person crossed the Sword Wall, they were required to join a Flag Master. Thinking about this, Zen said to himself, "So this is what the young man meant. Are these Flag Masters here to recruit new members?"

Chapter 3046 The Depressed Flag Masters

The Flag Masters also stared at Zen, some of them fascinated.

Zen was the first person to have climbed over the Sword Wall and was popular among the Flag Masters.

If any one of them were to have him alongside them, their team would have bright future.

Suddenly, a dozen Flag Masters simultaneously raised the flagpoles in their hands and flew towards the Sword Wall.

"Anyone who has just climbed over the Sword Wall needs to choose to follow a Flag Master. Join me and you will be rich and powerful!"

"I am Flag Master Tang. If you choose me, no one will dare hurt you here!"

"I am Flag Master..."

The Flag Masters sent frantic invitations to Zen, afraid that if they were any slower, he would join another Flag Master.

Harden flew down from the Sword Wall to convey a message. "Flag Master Galen has said that if anyone dares take this guy into their team, they will become his opponent. I hope you will think it over before making any decision, Flag Masters!"

The Flag Masters looked concerned at this message.

They had different cultivation bases. Galen was at a higher level among all of them. He also had a stronger backer.

Therefore, some of these Flag Masters would reconsider if it was worth it to go against Galen and take Zen as their teammate.

Harden watched the Flag Masters retreat before turning to look at Zen with a smug smile on his face. He said, "I told you. You will regret offending Flag Master Galen!"

But he had barely finished talking when two Flag Masters walked up to them.

One of them had a broad forehead and a large mouth, and was more than ten feet tall. He was wearing golden armor which glinted as he shouted in a rough voice, "Young man, join me. I'm Parr and I'm not afraid of Galen."

The other Flag Master was a woman. She threw a sideways glance before saying, "You can join me."

There were many Flag Masters. Only some were not afraid of Galen. Not only were these two not afraid of Galen, but they also considered him to be their enemy. They wouldn't take Harden's words seriously.

The other Flag Masters looked regretful. The moment these two Flag Masters appeared, the other Flag Masters knew that they had no chance of drawing Zen over to their sides.

But Zen clasped his hands together as a sign of respect to the two Flag Masters and said, "Flag Masters, I am not going to join any of you."

Parr, the man in the golden armor, had thought that Zen would say yes to his offer. After all, he was a picky Flag Master and would only accept warriors with potential. Now that Zen had won first place and he liked Zen so much, it was obvious that he would like to accept him as his teammate.

But Zen's answer surprised him. "You don't want to join me?" He thought for a while before adding, "Are you going to be a Flag Master yourself?"

"That's exactly what I'm thinking of," Zen nodded.

The expressions of the other Flag Masters shifted at this revelation.

Zen was qualified to become a Flag Master since he had reached the sixth layer of the Sword Wall, something that most people wouldn't do.

A Flag Master had greater authority than others and would not be restricted by any other Flag Masters. But they also had to face more trouble, including conflicts with other Flag Masters. To those present, Zen, who was at odds with Galen, should join the others to seek protection. But he was choosing to become a Flag Master himself. This was unbelievable.

"There used to be many people like you who hadn't reached the Other Shore Realm but became Flag Masters. But such people have been rare in recent years. You have a conflict with Galen. Aren't you afraid of death?" the female Flag Master asked Zen.

Zen replied calmly, "I haven't reached the Other Shore Realm yet. But I will reach the realm in a few days."

"Wow! In a few days? You sound confident!" the female Flag Master said, her eyebrows rising up as she smiled.

A strange smile also appeared on the other Flag Masters' faces.

No matter what age it was, crossing the Sea of Truth was difficult for a True God. But Zen made it sound like it was a piece of cake.

Someone who could effortlessly pass through the Sea of Truth would probably be one of the talents from the Oneness Sky Palace. If Zen really had such talent, he wouldn't have had to struggle in this place.

Parr laughed. "What else can I say? Good luck!"

As they were talking, the young man in cotton clothes, who had earlier been with Zen, also climbed over the Sword Wall. He heaved a long sigh of relief.

It took him great effort to hang the sword on the fifth layer. And once he climbed over the wall, he looked up at Zen admiringly. Zen hadn't even lost a breath as he had climbed to the sixth layer of the Sword Wall. The young man believed that even if the Sword Wall were three times higher, Zen would still be able to scale it.

The other Flag Masters turned to the young man. But before they could say anything, he flew down to Parr and clasped his hands together, saying, "Uncle Parr, I made it. But I didn't come first."

If it weren't for Zen, the man would have won the first place. He had promised Parr that he would be the first to climb over the Sword Wall.

"Don't worry about that. You have done a good job," Parr said with a wave of his hand.

The other Flag Masters had originally wanted to invite the young man. But seeing that Parr and the young man were family, they had no choice but to give up.

The young man glanced at Zen and advised him, "My friend, it would be absolutely the right choice to join my uncle Parr. It's difficult to become a Flag Master on your own, and you need to at least have fifty teammates. I'm afraid you can't recruit so many people in such a short time."

"He's ambitious, brave, and not afraid of death. That's his choice," Parr interjected. He didn't want to force people who didn't want to join his team. But if Zen got into trouble, he didn't mind adding insult to injury.

None of those who could be Flag Masters were soft-hearted.

Soon, more and more people climbed over the Sword Wall. Two women followed close on the heel of the young man.

They walked towards the female Flag Master who had extended an invitation to Zen. It was obvious that they knew each other well.

But to everyone's surprise, Elgin and Beldene were next.

Elgin and Beldene had excellent talents in the Sword Light Palace. Here, they were only mediocre. But with the help of Zen's Sword-reading Liquid, their compatibility degree had greatly increased, and their speed was faster than that of others.

Since the Flag Masters had failed to win the first four warriors, they would not want to miss the fifth and sixth warriors to climb over the Sword Wall.

The Flag Masters were about to invite them when Elgin and Beldene turned to look at Zen.

"I choose to be a Flag Master myself. Are you willing to join me?" Zen asked, smiling.

"Of course!" Elgin said and walked up to join Zen.

Beldene did not hesitate either. This was not even a choice.

They couldn't have come this far without Zen.

Elgin had always been jealous of Zen, but when he had recognized the difference between him and Zen, this feeling had disappeared. He was not ungrateful, because of which he was unwilling to join any other Flag Master. He had made up his mind to follow Zen.

The Flag Masters were now depressed. The fifth and sixth warriors had finally climbed over the Sword Wall but had chosen to join Zen's team.

More people climbed over the Sword Wall. On a closer look, they turned out to be more than ten disciples from the Sword Light Palace, including Faegan.

Chapter 3047 Get The Flag

Although Faegan, Jago and the other disciples were from the Sword Dance Palace, this did not mean they weren't talented.

Their talents were only inferior to Beldene's and Elgin's since those two were exceptionally gifted. Besides, there were more than ten disciples from the Burial Sword Palace and Demon Sword Palace, and they were also talented warriors.

When the Flag Masters saw these disciples, they couldn't help but feel excited. With heavy numbers of warriors pouring in, they had a higher probability of convincing some of them to be their followers.

As the Flag Masters began approaching them with hopeful eyes, Faegan and the others ignored them and moved on to follow Zen.

The Flag Masters stood baffled at the rejection as they watched them pass by.

"Am I seeing things?"

"Are all these guys flocking to follow that young man?"

"That guy must have a noble background. Which clan is he from?" The Flag Masters discussed among themselves while glancing at Zen.

It could be a stroke of luck when Elgin and Beldene decided to follow Zen's lead. However, now that all these disciples went to stand behind Zen to pick him as their leader, things were different.

Just as the Flag Masters attempted to process this awkward situation, another hundred warriors climbed over the Sword Wall.

Their expressions made a quick switch from confused to glum as they stood there in dismay at the rare sight.

Among these warriors, only sixteen or seventeen decided to stay back. The rest of them all gathered around Zen. No matter how much the Flag Masters tried to persuade them, they wouldn't budge. They were all standing with the utmost resolve next to him. The Flag Masters' efforts were all in vain.

The disciples had made up their mind and they had no intentions of switching sides. All of them wanted to accompany Zen.

As a result, an awkward scene revealed itself as silence reigned over the Flag Masters who stood empty-handed, whilst Zen stood tall with no flag yet more than a hundred recruits.

As more warriors continued to pass through the Sword Wall, the embarrassment of the Flag Masters reduced when they began to join them.

Tens of thousands of warriors would take part in the Sword Wall trial every day. However, in the end, only one-third of them succeeded in climbing over it. This was still a notable amount.

As more and more warriors began filling up their ranks, the Flag Masters' tensed expressions relaxed.

After the trial, the Sword Wall closed up. The young man in a white robe standing over the wall declared in a clear voice, "The Sword Wall is closed now as the trial has ended. Everyone, leave here. Anyone who dares to try and climb over the wall will be killed."

Several disappointed faces appeared on the other side of the Sword Wall. They stood with their heads hanging low from their necks. They had tried over a hundred times, yet failed. Some of them even borrowed money from their friends to buy a bottle of diluted Sword-reading Liquid. Crossing the wall meant a lot to them, and failure in doing so upset them.

The pressure discharging from the Sword Wall dissipated, but they didn't dare act against the rules knowing the consequences. All that was left was for them to leave with heavy hearts until they could try again in the future.

On the other side of the Sword Wall, the Flag Masters began to leave with their respective followers who celebrated their achievement.

The group of disciples in white robes flew up in the air and left the vicinity. Harden stared at Zen and gave him a cold smile before leaving with the other disciples.

Looking baffled, Zen glanced in all directions, not knowing what to do next. He had never been a Flag Master, and he did not know the world behind the Sword Wall.

The female Flag Master approached Zen with the two women. She gave him a big smile. "Brave young man, you don't know what to do next, right?"

Before Zen could say anything, she continued, "Head north, and you'll reach the foot of the Oneness Mountain after covering a thousand miles. There you'll see a city called Dragon City. You can get your flag outside the city."

"What is the use of this flag?" Zen asked curiously as he shrugged.

The female Flag Master shook her head in disappointment and said curtly, "How dare you be a Flag Master while knowing nothing! The resources and missions the Oneness Sky Palace provide are all in the Dragon City. Only Flag Masters can enter the city. You will know once you get there to retrieve the flag. Besides..."

She paused to look up at the sky. A dark expression painted across her face. It was already dusk and the sky was getting darker and darker as it chased away the sun. "You have to get your flag before it goes dark, or you will be in danger. Hurry up! Good luck to you, young man!"

Then she turned around and continued to walk with the two women by her side. Since she only came for the women walking beside her, she was supposed to leave after the two women joined her. But she stayed back to guide Zen on what to do.

Zen frowned at her warning.

"We will be in danger if we fail to get the flag before it gets dark? What does that mean?" Kenelm asked giving in to his curiosity.

Beldene thought for a moment before responding, "This is the Oneness Sky Palace's territory. There can't be any nonhuman creatures. The only possible danger is from other people, right?"

Zen nodded in agreement with Beldene. "Harden wanted to give me a hard time. But ever since I climbed over the Sword Wall, he hasn't tried to attack me. I guess the rules change after it gets dark."

After discussing among themselves, they speculated that the female Flag Master meant someone was most likely to attack them after dark.

"But even so, what's the use of getting a flag?" Jago asked while he caressed his chin.

Zen bit his lip and shook his head. "I'm not sure, but it should be very important. There are only two hours left before dark. As the woman said, we'll know when we get there."

Following the instructions of the female Flag Master, they journeyed a thousand miles north. Upon reaching their destination, they looked up to find a city so white that it was almost like it was dipped in snow.

The city seemed to be carved with intricate designs made out of white jade. The pearly white color of the jade made it look pure and serene.

As Zen walked ahead with the disciples, two guards at the gate of the city clad in iron armor stopped them in their tracks. They intertwined their jade swords to block their path.

"Stop!"

"Only the Flag Masters are allowed to enter the Dragon City."

Zen raised his hands in protest. "I am a Flag Master. Where can I get my flag?"

The guards scanned Zen, looking puzzled. They had seldom seen someone who hadn't reached the Other Shore Realm come to get a flag. They finally snapped out of their confusion when one of them pointed to the side and said, "There!"

Zen tilted his head to the side and noticed a small door. He waved the guards goodbye and walked towards it.

As he opened the door and walked in, his eyes fell on a half-naked old man. He instinctively attempted to scan his aura but was unable to. The old man had no hint of power fluctuating from within his body. Naturally, Zen concluded him to be a mere mortal like the ones in his inner world.

Zen felt odd. This old man seemed to be even weaker than the divine citizens in the divine land. This was unbelievable!

"Have you come for your flag?" The old man asked while stroking his chin.

Zen nodded. "Yes."

The old man drew out a tag hanging on the wall as he spoke, "Only one person managed to hang the sword on the sixth layer of the Sword Wall today. Was it you?"

"Yes, it was," replied Zen.

The old man continued to walk to the corner of the room. He struggled to carry the weight of his body as he lifted his feet and stumbled with his steps. He raised one of the flagpoles and threw it at Zen while saying, "You should find your territory before night. Otherwise, you might get killed."

"My territory?" Zen narrowed his eyes.

With a smile, the old man demonstrated what he meant by stabbing the ground with a flagpole. "Insert the flagpole into the ground and you will know."

"Can I insert the flagpole in any space outside?" Zen asked again while raising the flagpole in his hands.

"Of course you can, as long as you can insert it into the ground," the old man said with a weak grin.

Zen didn't understand what was so hard in just inserting the flagpole into the ground.

He walked out from the room carrying the flagpole, and kept thinking about what the old man had told him.

But Zen didn't dare underestimate the old man. His ability to suppress his aura impressed him. Even he was unable to pull off such a technique.

Chapter 3048 Obstruction

As soon as Zen came out of the small door, the disciples who had been waiting outside the Dragon City quickly surrounded him.

"Come with me," Zen said gently.

At once, he led the disciples to the open space just outside of the Dragon City. The disciples felt confused but followed him anyway.

Zen looked around until he found the perfect place. As he settled, he tried to insert the flagpole into the ground.

As he did this, he felt a strong repulsive force coming from the ground. Zen was not able to resist it at all, causing the flagpole in his hand to bounce away. The impact was so huge that he was thrown into the air. Soon after, he landed heavily on the ground with a loud thud.

"Now that's powerful!" Zen exclaimed, shocked.

Despite the flat area, Zen was unable to insert the flagpole into the ground.

"Hahaha, what an ignorant bloke! How dare you try and insert the flagpole into the ground near the Dragon City! How could a mere Flag Master like you take a share in this land?" An arrogant voice suddenly echoed from the distance.

When the disciples heard the laughter, they all glared at the owner of the voice.

The voice belonged to a Flag Master who carried a flagpole on his shoulder. Based on where he came from, it was probable that he had just come out of the Dragon City.

Looking at the Flag Master, Zen couldn't help but ask, "Excuse me, but why can't I insert my flagpole in the ground near the Dragon City?"

"Well, theoretically, you can. But up until now, there is not a single Flag Master who is able to do so. Look, there is no one around here, right?" the Flag Master said as he pointed at his surroundings.

Seeing this, Zen also became curious. He thought, 'Then why are there no flagpoles in this area if they have to be inserted in the ground before nightfall?'

"The closer we get to the Dragon City, the more difficult it would be for us to plant our flagpoles in the ground. In fact, people at the Other Shore Realm can't do this. Now, do you understand how naive you sound? After all, It's getting dark, and you don't have much time left," said the Flag Master. He carried his flagpole and resumed flying forward and out of Zen's sight.

Hearing this, Zen was instantly enlightened. It was such a shame that the old man did not tell him about an important piece of information such as that.

But the Flag Master was right. If one was strong enough, then they would be able to insert the flagpole in the ground around the Dragon City. The truth of the matter was that Zen was not strong enough which led him to fail in doing so.

Meanwhile, the sun was already setting and the sky was starting to get darker by the minute. Twilight was spreading slowly and evenly as it was already nightfall.

"Come on, let's go!"

Zen commanded the disciples and flew in the opposite direction.

After flying for roughly fifty miles, Zen looked down and noticed that there were so many flagpoles that stood not far away, flags swaying in the breeze.

Looking more closely, he noticed that there was a faint circle of light that surrounded each of the flagpoles, covering an area.

Moreover, he observed that each Flag Master had their followers gathered within this light circle. Sitting cross-legged, they awaited darkness to fall.

However, the light circles were not of the same size. Some were big enough to cover about several miles, while others were relatively smaller which were only able to cover a dozen feet. But as these light circles were gathered, the space around this area seemed to be completely occupied.

"Hey, look! There is an unoccupied space over there!" Beldene's sharp eyes did not disappoint them as he pointed at an open space.

Zen excitedly flew over as soon as he spotted the vacant space. But when he hovered above the area, a space wave exploded out of nowhere, revealing a figure before him.

This figure held a flagpole in his hands. Taking a long and murderous look at Zen, he coldly shouted, "Fuck off, you stupid bloke! I got here first!"

The man's Other Shore Realm aura suddenly burst out and forced Zen back. Afterwards, he stabbed the flagpole that he was carrying into the ground. In no time, a ring of light enveloped the flag, indicating that the area had already been occupied.

"Haha..."

"This guy is obviously overestimating himself. How dare he want to become a Flag Master! He hasn't even reached the Other Shore Realm yet."

"Yeah, I know this guy. He even offended Galen. It's clear that he's asking for death."

Seeing this, the surrounding Flag Masters burst into laughter as they belittled Zen.

"Zen, there's another one there," said Elgin, pointing at another vacant area.

Right after hearing Elgin's notice, Zen immediately employed the Grand Teleportation and moved towards the spot. But before he was able to move to the vacant area, another Flag Master had already planted his flagpole in the area.

Chuckling, the Flag Master mocked him and said, "Take a look around you, brat. There's no place for you to stay."

Meanwhile, Zen's face darkened in anger as he came to realize that these Flag Masters did this to him on purpose. How could they now allow him to occupy an area?

Just then, men clad in white robes arrived. Carrying a smug smile on his face, Harden pointed at the heavily dark sky and said, "There's no one else who should be blamed for your stupidity but you. You brought this upon yourself. It's such a pity that you decided to become a Flag Master. Don't get your hopes up. You won't survive tonight."

In the daytime, somebody was able to stop Galen from killing Zen. But once darkness fell, he and his followers could do whatever they wanted, and killing Zen was not against the rules.

Galen was only one of the Flag Masters. But due to his prestige and reputation, he had conspired with many Flag Masters to turn against Zen.

Raising the flagpole in his hand, Zen sneered, "Very good! In that case, I won't insert the flagpole in the ground today. If you want to kill me, I won't back down. See for yourselves if I can survive tonight!"

Harden was stunned to see Zen's overflowing confidence. With an evil smile, he replied, "Sure, I'm up for a challenge. Let's wait and see."

He knew that Zen didn't come from a humble and simple background, but the rules outside the Dragon City had lasted for so many years. It was impossible for them to change the rules because of Zen alone.

At this moment, Zen heard a woman's voice. Calmly, this voice told him, "Zen, come over here. I can share some place with you."

This woman was the female Flag Master who had tried to recruit Zen in the daytime.

She had occupied an area that was over ten miles with thousands of people in her command.

"Flag Master Monica, do you have to set yourself against Flag Master Galen?" Harden asked harshly as his face darkened.

On the other hand, Monica Yin came from a background that was not weaker than Galen's. With that being said, it would not be difficult for her to protect Zen.

"I'm not going to fight against Galen, but I still want to remind him that he can't afford to offend some people," Monica Yin retorted with a confident smile.

"Flag Master Monica, I also want to remind you that you must pay a price for offending Flag Master Galen," Harden also threatened.

But Monica Yin seemed to turn a deaf ear to the threat. Instead, she said in a soft voice, "Zen, no one is stopping you. Come here if you want to."

Unexpectedly, Zen shook his head and said, "I won't insert the flagpole in the ground. I'm not afraid of them."

Everyone was surprised to hear Zen's answer. Upon hearing this, Monica Yin frowned and seemed helpless.

Thinking of another way to convince Zen, she came up to him and said, "Find your footing for the time being. Once you become strong enough, you can kill these bastards one by one and no one would even dare to say anything. Right now, it seems that you are making things more difficult than they already are by getting in trouble like this one."

Coldly staring at her, Zen asked her back, "Did someone tell you anything?"

The woman froze and was taken aback by this question. She sighed and said, "Please don't put me in a dilemma."

The other Flag Masters in the area who heard their conversation were astonished. In fact, Monica Yin had a very threatening reputation—she was a vigorous and ruthless Flag Master who had killed countless Flag Masters. They didn't understand why she was so nice to Zen.

Chapter 3049 Robbery Again

Back in the Sword Light Palace, Athemar had known about Zen's talents and was determined to introduce him to the Oneness Sky Palace. Besides, he was the only one who could save Winchell's son. He was important, in any way.

Therefore, he maintained the idea that the Oneness Sky Palace wouldn't simply watch him die.

A young man had prevented Galen from attacking him, and once he'd passed the Sword Wall, Monica stayed close by in order to give him a few hints.

Zen was already confused at this point. If the two weren't sent by the Origin Mountain, then they were most likely instructed by Athemar. But why would they do something like that?

"I'm just a nobody. Don't put me on the spot," Monica begged as she tugged at Zen's arm, pulling him.

'Let me see what tricks you have up your sleeve, ' Zen thought to himself. He finally made the decision to compromise on this one. It wasn't for or about himself, but for the sake of many disciples who followed him diligently.

Monica cautiously narrowed the area occupied by her flag. She raised her eyes toward the somber sky and said, "It's getting dark. Hurry up, please."

With a single swing of his muscular arm, Zen stabbed the flagpole solidly into the ground.

Buzz!

As soon as the flagpole collided with the earth, a faint light spread outward, creeping and covering an area of over a hundred feet.

The disciples willfully followed Zen into the designated area.

In comparison to the areas created by others, Zen's area was obviously much too small for more than a hundred disciples, yet they had no other choice but to make do with it, at least for now.

Moments after Zen inserted his flagpole, darkness fell. Now, faint starlight could be seen rising suddenly in the distance from the Dragon City.

The starlight appeared to split repeatedly. In just a few minutes, tons of stars covered every inch of the sky.

Every single star looked to be about the same size and the distance between them was relatively the same, too. They were as orderly as soldiers in an array, and they appeared quite beautiful, to say the least.

"What a beautiful starry sky!" one of the disciples exclaimed.

"What are these stars used for?"

No one replied. Nothing but silence.

Kenelm and the other disciples had all raised their heads toward the sky. If he had chosen to stay permanently in the Excellence City, he would have never witnessed such a scene. The Source World was so vast. The easiest way to describe the warriors located there was they were like frogs at the bottom of a well. All they could only see was a tiny patch of sky directly above them.

Although Kenelm had nearly been killed on several different occasions on the way over, he still thought it had all been worthwhile.

"What are all these stars for?" Beldene asked, still staring up at the sky.

"You'll soon find out," replied a woman in Monica's flag area, smiling sweetly to the newly arrived disciples.

With everyone's attention peaked and necks craned toward the sky, the stars grew brighter and brighter.

"It looks to me like stars are growing bigger," a disciple said in surprise.

Zen stared at the sky too, but he shook his head. "No. They aren't getting bigger. The stars are falling."

As the white, dazzling stars continued to fall, they were also slowly changing their shapes, eventually ending their transformation in long silver swords.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Like raindrops, countless silver swords fell into the flag-covered areas, gathering into the flagpoles.

The flagpoles functioned like storage boxes for the thin, sharp silver swords.

Everyone present felt a special energy. It made their skin tingle.

"What a pure truth aura!" someone exclaimed from the crowd.

"It's truly amazing. This method is at least ten times stronger than the Lofty Sword..."

"Is this for the members of the Oneness Sky Palace?"

As the disciples felt the truth aura, excitement washed over them.

"Not only that. The stars have already mixed with the soul pills, which have a great benefit to the warriors at the Other Shore Realm, too. The Oneness Sky Palace is really generous," Beldene added.

"It's no wonder they stopped Zen from inserting the flagpole. These silver swords are also clearly very dangerous. If the flagpole didn't absorb the swords, we would have all been killed by the rain of swords," said Jago, furrowing his eyebrows.

The corners of Zen's mouth curled into a modest smile. From what Monica had just said, if he didn't insert the flagpole, then the swords wouldn't have fallen tonight.

Of course, the warriors behind the scenes didn't want to break the rules because of someone like Zen, and therefore asked Monica to beg him instead. He just couldn't bear Monica's pleading, or he really wanted to give it a try.

The swords continued slipping into the flagpoles, spreading out to everyone beneath the flags. All the disciples closed their eyes and began to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way. Elgin and Beldene, on their behalf, left for their journey to the Sea of Truth.

Silence reigned in the surroundings. No one wasted any time when it came to cultivation. Zen quietly activated the Truth of Godly Way and left for the Sea of Truth as well.

By the time Zen had condensed his Truth Boat, Dorothy was already there waiting for him. She caught sight of him first.

"Zen," Dorothy greeted in a kind tone.

"Hi," Zen responded nonchalantly as he continued driving his boat slowly forward and passed her.

"Are you angry at me?" Dorothy asked, lowering her voice this time.

"You saved my life. How could I be mad at you?" Zen replied, in the same flat tone.

Clatter!

Dorothy sped forward to catch up with Zen and then slowed to the same pace as him. She said quietly, "In fact, Aunt Daisy isn't like this all the time. She has her own unspeakable reasons."

"Just forget it. You don't have to worry about anything. I'll take care of it. I'll save her son," Zen replied.

Dorothy gently bit her lips. Zen still seemed rather unhappy and she couldn't figure out why. In the moment, she didn't know what to say and thus, she just drove her Truth Boat in order to follow behind him.

Beneath the endless sword baptism earlier, Zen had felt his Soul of Light becoming stronger. Although the swords hadn't been as effective as the soul pills whose effect could only last for a short period of time, they wouldn't stop falling until the next morning.

As he had made up his mind, Zen didn't want to overthink things. He lost no time in crossing the Sea of Truth.

Two hours later, Zen was near the third line, which was a little more difficult to cross than the second one. However, with the combined help of both the soul pills and the swords, he managed to get through it and ride the waves pretty smoothly.

Dorothy made no attempt to hide her strength anymore. The necklace on her chest erupted with a strong soul aura, and she quickly followed Zen through the third line with ease.

She'd let herself believe that Zen would stop after getting through the third line, but by the looks of it, she had been wrong. In fact, Zen seemed to be moving faster against the roaring waves than ever before.

"Wait for me! Are you going to cross the fourth line?" Dorothy called loudly.

"Isn't your cousin still waiting for my help?" Zen shouted his question back at her.

"There's no reason to hurry like this. Don't put yourself in danger," Dorothy said in a calmer voice.

However, Zen had no intentions of stopping whatsoever. Instead, he kept driving his boat forward, despite the fact that the sea water was becoming colder and colder.

It wasn't before long that Zen reached the fourth line and he began to try crossing it. At this point, Dorothy felt like she had no choice and she gobbled three soul pills at once. Her soul aura increased greatly as she caught up with Zen's pace once again.

Crossing two lines in the Sea of Truth without stopping brought an immense pressure on Dorothy, and she could barely withstand it. She was a little tired.

As soon as they crossed the fourth line though, three Truth Boats suddenly surrounded them in a pyramid shape.

"Congratulations! Crossing the fourth line must have been quite a task. Am I right?" someone asked jokingly from one of the strange boats.

"Hand over all the soul pills you have immediately, or we'll make you suffer like you've never suffered before!" another of the strangers chimed in.

"Give us the soul pills, or die here. It's that simple."

Any warrior who had just successfully crossed the fourth line was bound to be very tired. These three individuals had lurked here for a very long time, just waiting for their next victim. They had undoubtedly become even more arrogant after they profitably robbed others several times.

Zen glanced at each of them indifferently, sensing their Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. "Do any of you have a death wish?" he asked coldly.

Chapter 3050 An Enormous Deal

Zen hadn't consumed much of his soul power even after crossing the fourth line.

Dorothy suspected that he was gathering his soul power and was about to use it for his next move.

Slightly furrowing her brows, she gently pressed on the Necklace of Mystic Soul that dangled from her chest. The jewel began to emit a strong soul aura.

The three warriors were surprised upon feeling the aura from Dorothy's Necklace of Mystic Soul. Realizing that Zen and Dorothy were not the types of people to be dealt with lightly, they turned around and ran away.

"You're here now. Do you still wish to retreat?" Zen demanded an answer to his question coldly as he attempted to control the Truth Boat to catch up to those warriors.

However, Dorothy was one step ahead of Zen and blocked him.

The two Truth Boats bumped into each other lightly with a stifled sound.

"Why did you stop me?" Zen demanded callously.

Dorothy silently gazed at Zen's silhouette with a gentle look in her eyes.

Although he couldn't see her face, Zen could still feel Dorothy's calmness through her Soul of Light. This managed to soothe him as well.

"The Dragon City has affected you..." Dorothy realized with a chuckle.

"Affected?" Zen was stunned.

"Yes," she replied. "You're not from the Source World, so you're unaware of how venomous the Dragon City can be."

"The Dragon City is a venomous place," Zen repeated, chewing her words over.

"Yes. Think of Dragon City as a tempting, yet highly malicious place that constantly attracts people from all over the world to join it—like a honey pot that attracts bugs. It may be easy to enter but it's quite the opposite when it comes to living in it. Only those who survive within the city are eligible to become the best Oneness Guards. Some may start with mediocre talent but after becoming a Oneness Guard, they grow even stronger than the members of our Origin Mountain and the Oneness Mountain..." Dorothy explained calmly.

Upon entering the Bloom Divine Province, Zen was disappointed. He realized that the actual Oneness Sky Palace was drastically different from what he had heard from others. His state of mind became more irritable along with the sadness and aggravation he felt.

Even Dorothy's explanation couldn't bring him any relief. He sneered, "So you're telling me that I was treated as a lowly bug that was thrown to the Dragon City to be tested?"

Dorothy meant that once several venomous bugs were gathered together to fight, only one would emerge as a true survivor. She had made it clear, so Zen could make such an assumption.

"But they don't wish to be constantly hostile towards you or let you die. Perhaps they just want to help you improve," Dorothy suggested.

"You mean...to sharpen me? To train me?" Zen asked with a smile on his lips.

He completely understood their acts. After all, Athemar and Winchell knew nothing about his background.

If he was in their shoes, Zen would've probably made the same choice if he was presented with a mysterious yet talented warrior.

They weren't expecting such action to cause such an unpleasant effect. In the end, they had no choice and ordered Monica to appease him.

"No matter the outcome, choosing the Oneness Sky Palace will be a decision you won't regret. Moreover, I'll be helping you," Dorothy assured softly.

Hearing the sincerity in her words, Zen sighed and then nodded. "Yes, I see that."

As they continued talking, the Truth Boats floated forward at a slow pace. Right then and there, Zen noticed a yellow-tinged portion of the sea in front of them.

Zen narrowed his eyes and also discovered that the yellow seawater was slowly rotating. He asked, "Is this a large whirlpool?"

Dorothy had mentioned earlier that whenever a huge whirlpool formed in a certain sea area, various races did whatever they could to dye the water within the whirlpool.

"I believe so. Let's get a closer look, shall we?" Dorothy suggested with a smile.

This was Dorothy's first time to see an enormous dyed whirlpool.

A few Truth Boats were roaming the sea. The warriors on the boats took care to distance themselves from the whirlpool.

They were left confused and shocked upon seeing Zen and Dorothy get closer to it. One false move would lead to more danger and, ultimately, their deaths.

What these people didn't know was that Zen and Dorothy had experienced escaping a huge whirlpool like this one before. Hence, they were fearless.

However, this whirlpool had been around for a long time. Those who fell into it were dragged into its center and didn't dare return to the Sea of Truth ever since. At its edge, they saw no one.

But then suddenly, the shadow of a small boat appeared at the whirlpool's edge just as Zen and Dorothy were about to bypass it.

"Squeak... Hey! You two. Wait a minute..."

The Truth Boat was only half as high as a person. Within it stood a short mouse.

"What is that?"

"It's an Ear Mouse."

Dorothy was stunned and Zen stopped rowing the Truth Boat.

"Help! Squeak..." the Ear Mouse cried in an awkward tone.

"If one falls into this whirlpool, it will be impossible to escape. How can we save you?" Dorothy asked as she glanced at the mouse.

Although she was sure Zen could save it, she was uncertain if he would be in trouble if the candle was taken away. The Sea of Truth was so large that Zen couldn't save everyone who was trapped by the whirlpools.

"Squeak... I've heard that there's a human who could stop this whirlpool... Are you that person?" the Ear Mouse asked with hope.

Zen and Dorothy smiled upon hearing this.

The members of the Ear Mouse race were quite updated and well-informed.

After Zen managed to stop the huge whirlpool, he managed to save not only Dorothy but numerous humans and individuals from other races. The news that someone could break the whirlpool had spread fast.

In the Source World, the Ear Mouse race proved to be very knowledgeable about a lot of information and was successful in divulging and transmitting many messages everywhere.

The Ear Mouse was trapped in the whirlpool for several years and rarely entered the Sea of Truth. Thus it wasn't sucked into its center after all this time.

Upon hearing the news that someone could destroy the whirlpool, the Ear Mouse entered the Sea of Truth more often to ask the passers-by of the person with such ability in the hopes of meeting him. It was highly likely that Zen would encounter the Ear Mouse along his path moving forward.

The Ear Mouse's anticipation was so palpable that Zen could feel it even from a distance.

Dorothy remained silent. Only Zen could destroy the whirlpool and so she left him to his thoughts.

Zen stared at the Ear Mouse and asked, "What do I get in return for saving you?"

Upon hearing the offer, the Ear Mouse squeaked loudly in relief and asked, "Squeak... Can you really save me?"

"Yes, I can. But I need to know if you deserve my help," Zen retorted.

"Squeak... I will pay you 15 million divine crystals! In addition to an Other Shore Key!" the Ear Mouse offered.

Dorothy was just as stunned as Zen upon hearing what the Ear Mouse had said.

A few powerful clans in the Bloom Divine Province could only offer at most around 200 thousand divine crystals. Those who intended to cross over the Sword Wall would bring a bottle of Sword-reading Liquid, using up all the wealth they had. It was surprising to hear the Ear Mouse offer a reward that was even considered a big sum in the Origin Mountain.

Chiyou left Zen with a large sum of money. However, this sum was only intended for critical emergencies. Now that he led his fellow disciples to erect a flag, he certainly required that money.

Casting aside the risk of being discovered by the Other Shore Realm creatures, Zen could easily stop the whirlpool once and for all. He then faced the Ear Mouse to inquire it further. "How do you give me so many divine crystals? And what is the Other Shore Key?"

Chapter 3051 Divine Megaton

The Ear Mouse was surprised that Zen didn't know of the Other Shore Key.

Dorothy, who stood beside them, explained, "The Other Shore Key can be used on the Other Shore. It's necessary if you want to obtain special Other Shore Tokens. However, it's extremely rare and expensive in the Source World. Depending on its rarity, its value is usually over ten million divine crystals."

"And as for the divine crystals, you can name a place and we will send them there," the Ear Mouse added.

Receiving such a sizeable amount of divine crystals required powerful abilities. Those who were too weak would be killed for it. If Zen didn't have the Oneness Sky Palace's support, he wouldn't dare to make a deal with the Ear Mouse.

Zen glanced at Dorothy and said, "Please send fifteen million divine crystals to the Origin Mountain."

"The Origin Mountain? Are you from the Oneness Sky Palace?" It was not until then that the Ear Mouse found out about Zen's origin.

"You can say that," replied Zen, smiling faintly.

"Well then, can you save me now?" the Ear Mouse asked.

Dorothy giggled at its request and said, "We could, but we don't trust you right now. We can't confirm your identity in the Sea of Truth. Who knows whether you're merely deceiving us? First, send the divine crystals and the Other Shore Key to the Origin Mountain safely. Then we will save you."

The Ear Mice had notoriety across the Source World as extreme dishonesty. They were often known to give secrets away and deliberately cause rifts among other races. No matter how much trouble came in their way because of this, they still couldn't be annihilated. After all, they had their own way of survival. Because of such underhanded tactics, they grew more and more prosperous every day.

Give you the divine crystals and the Other Shore Key first? I don't trust you either. Who knows if you can really break the whirlpool?" The Ear Mouse paused to think about the situation. After a while, it continued, "Well, since you can break it, you should enter the whirlpool now. The Mice League will then send the divine crystals and the Other Shore Key to the Origin Mountain shortly after. What do you think?"

"Haha!" Zen laughed. "If I go into the whirlpool now, I'd have to break it so I could leave. You'd have all the time in the world to break the deal by then. Now I know why people call you cunning. As we just offered, send the divine crystals and the Other Shore Key to the Origin Mountain, and then I'll save you. You have no other option. If you don't want to, I'll take my leave."

Zen steered his Truth Boat away, looking ahead determinedly. He had only gone a few feet away when he heard the Ear Mouse crying out, "Three days! I will send the divine crystals and the Other Shore Key to the Origin Mountain in three days! I promise!"

Zen halted his Truth Boat. Smiling faintly, he turned to Dorothy. "It seems that I have to trouble you again. The Origin Mountain..."

"Don't worry. Fifteen million divine crystals may be astronomical for others, but we don't take it seriously. If the Ear Mouse keeps its word, I will deliver all fifteen million of them as soon as I can," Dorothy said, returning back a smile.

As the deal was finalized, Zen no longer had reason to move forward in the Sea of Truth.

After leaving the sea, he saw the stars above the Dragon City, turning into long silver swords and falling. Eventually, their number got smaller and smaller.

The first ray of light peeked through the horizon, and suddenly, it was the next day.

Every person on sight sat still and quiet, legs crossed, either meditating and comprehending the Truth of Godly Way, or wandering in the Sea of Truth.

The silver dots in the Dragon City gradually vanished within five minutes. People who were still practicing slowly woke up.

"You crossed the fourth line within a night. It's no wonder you can win a flag." Monica examined Zen closely, an appreciative smile forming on her face.

She knew that Zen was by no means ordinary. After all, he had been paid the utmost attention. Since she had been warned, however, she was still careful not to reveal anything.

Zen nodded slightly at Monica. She had helped him despite taking orders from someone unknown.

Elgin and Beldene woke up too. The silver sword light wasn't much help to Zen, but to them it was plenty. At the very least, it dispelled the Sea of Truth's chill by thirty percent. They would be able to cross the first line soon, as they had already approached it.

Many Flag Masters put away their flags once everyone woke up. Some of them glanced coldly at Zen as they flew towards the Dragon City.

Monica prepared to follow their lead and put away her flag. She looked at Zen. "You haven't been to the Dragon City, have you? Let me show you around."

"How about my men?" Zen asked.

Zen found it senseless that only the Flag Masters were allowed passage through the Dragon City, while others could only wander outside.

She glanced at Zen's men and said, "Let them join my people."

Zen wasn't worried about the safety of the disciples who followed him. After all, he was the target.

"Okay." Zen nodded.

Zen helped the disciples settle down before drawing his flag out of the ground.

He then flew, following Monica towards the Dragon City.

The guards saw the flag in Zen's hand as they arrived at the gate. They then let them enter without any problem.

The Dragon City was carved out from a giant rock and seemed massive as Zen looked at it from outside. Upon entering, however, what he saw was far from what he had imagined.

The city was booming and lively, with layers of voices and footsteps filling the air. Many busy Flag Masters bustled around, buying things for those who followed them.

Zen looked at the scene in wonderment. "The Flag Masters are neither tutors nor families of people under their command. Still, why are they equally responsible for their subordinates?"

Zen was unfamiliar with the rules in Dragon City despite owning a flag.

"They do this for their own benefit," Monica replied, smiling at Zen's reaction. "Save for exceptions, the Oneness Sky Palace has determined that the only way to take part in the test of Oneness Guards would be to become an Alliance Chief. To do so, you would need to have ten thousand followers. The Oneness Sky Palace also gives us monthly allowances, which help in recruiting more members."

"I see." Zen nodded.

Zen felt that with every new information, he gradually understood the Oneness Sky Palace's motivation.

The cruelty of the Source World was far beyond his imagination. If the human race wanted to stay there forever and avoid being eliminated, they had to behave coldly towards both the inside and outside.

Not far from the Dragon City gate was a huge red stone standing in the open square. Zen was in front of it, observing its features. As he did so, a Flag Master inserted his flag on one side and took out his Other Shore Token.

The aura emanating from it flowed everywhere like water. As the Flag Master faced the red stone, he activated his full strength.

Zen looked bewildered at the sight. As he was about to open his mouth to ask what was happening, Monica explained, "He wants to know how many divine megatons his force is."

Chapter 3052 Zen's Strength

Once Monica finished speaking, the man testing his strength shouted and raised his hand which wielded a long sword.

Six sword radiance beams shot out from the sword and charged at the red stone.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"It's the Six Fractals Strike. He has mastered it well. However, his Other Shore Token is nothing unique. It's an ordinary Heavenly Cyan Stone," Monica explained while shaking her head.

Although she didn't hold this Flag Master in high regard, he was nevertheless a powerful warrior of the Other Shore Realm. In Zen's eyes, his strike was anything but weak.

At the same time, Zen asked, "You mentioned the divine megaton. What is it exactly?"

"Look!" Monica exclaimed as she pointed at the red stone.

He was clueless to what the red stone was made of. It didn't crack under the powerful hit of a warrior of the Other Shore Realm. No damage was evident on its surface.

The spiral pattern within the stone's center began to slowly twirl and gradually revealed a word—Two.

"The man struck the stone with his full strength along with the power of the Heavenly Cyan Stone. But the resulting strength is equivalent to only two divine megatons," Monica explained further with a smile.

"In other words, the divine megaton is a scale unit that weighs one's power?" Zen asked for confirmation.

Monica nodded. Wanting to impress Zen, she outstretched her hand when the Flag Master left and a sword shadow soon appeared.

Moments later, a triangular Other Shore Token hovered above her head along with a surge in her aura. Wielding her weapon, she rushed forward towards the red stone with agile steps.

"Crack!"

The illusory sword slashed at the red stone and was followed by an audible crack.

Some Flag Masters who passed by hurriedly stopped as soon as they heard the sound. Turning their heads, they saw the word "Eleven" appear on the red stone.

"Your power reached eleven divine megatons?" Zen asked in amazement as he walked to her side.

Monica nodded and said, "My Other Shore Token isn't strong enough. That's why I was barely able to reach that level."

Although her Other Shore Token was comparatively weak, it still possessed a powerful theurgy. Of course, she wouldn't tell Zen what it was.

Amused at his bewildered expression, Monica chuckled and said, "You should give it a shot. Let's see what level your power is."

"Me? But I haven't reached the Other Shore Realm yet," Zen uttered.

"It doesn't matter. In fact, the unit of divine megaton was set according to the power of a Heavenly Cyan Stone that is common on the Other Shore. When a Heavenly Cyan Stone bursts, it emits a power equivalent to the force of one divine megaton. Don't you want to confirm the gap between the Other Shore Realm and your level?" Monica encouraged.

Hearing her words, Zen gave a slight nod and narrowed his eyes upon examining the red stone. He flickered his finger, and a long sword appeared in his hand.

As he gathered the power of his inner world, the Ways-blending Energy flew along the meridians before reaching his hands.

Zen's aura continued to glow.

Monica's eyes narrowed upon witnessing this. 'Could this be the resulting power of blending the Godly Ways? How many of the Godly Ways has he combined? Perhaps dozens? No... He has probably blended a thousand of them at this point...' Monica thought to herself.

Zen merged too many Godly Ways. Normal people wouldn't be able to tell how many kinds his Ways-blending Energy held.

As this rare aura spread out, it managed to capture the attention of some of the Flag Masters who stopped to watch.

"How could a warrior below the Other Shore Realm become a Flag Master? That's quite odd."

"What kind of power is it? It doesn't appear to be a Truth of Godly Way."

"Whatever it is, it's certainly powerful!"

A few of the highly perceptive Flag Masters were also intrigued upon discovering Zen's unusual power.

As the Flag Masters attentively gazed, Zen raised his eyebrows before slashing the red stone with his sword.

Instantly, his Ways-blending Strike exploded upon contact with the red stone.

The moment the stone absorbed all of the energy Zen had unleashed upon it, the deafeningly loud explosion bounced off and echoed within the square.

The word "one" appeared on the red stone as soon as the Ways-blending Energy's light disappeared.

A smile spread across Zen's face once he saw the number. "Does this mean my strike force has reached one divine megaton now?"

"..."

Monica was stunned into silence and forgot to answer Zen.

The other Flag Masters who witnessed the scene stared with eyes as wide as saucers.

"Flag Master Monica?" Zen called out, breaking the silence that hung in the air.

Monica came back to her senses and composed herself before replying, "Correct me if I'm wrong. You didn't even use the Truth of Godly Way to do that, did you?"

Zen nodded to confirm. "I have yet to cultivate any truth theurgy."

Monica was baffled by his remark.

Once a warrior could reach the Other Shore Realm, one divine megaton was the least amount of force that they could achieve. Many would opt to fuse an Other Shore Token immediately after crossing the Sea of Truth—usually the Heavenly Cyan Stone.

The Flag Master who struck the stone before Monica had used the same stone along with a truth theurgy—the Six Fractals Strike. However, he just barely managed to achieve two divine megatons.

Zen, on the other hand, only crossed the fourth line and managed to achieve a divine megaton without using a Truth of Godly Way! In terms of power alone, Zen was comparable to the weakest Other Shore Realm warriors.

"You shouldn't have come to Dragon City," Monica uttered in a low voice as she shook her head from side to side.

She knew deep in her heart that Zen ought to be sent directly to the top of the Oneness Mountain. However, she couldn't fathom the thoughts of those leaders.

"What's the big deal? Anyone who has wasted their time on blending Godly Ways could achieve the same result," one of the Flag Masters standing not far away pointed out indifferently with a scornful smile plastered onto the corners of his lips. "But how many idiots in the world are willing to waste time on doing that? When one reaches the Other Shore, any Other Shore Token they choose to integrate would be more powerful than this blending!"

The Flag Master who spoke was one of Galen's followers. Witnessing the sheer strength that Zen had just displayed, he naturally began to doubt his abilities with his words.

"Really? I wonder how strong you were when you had yet to reach the Other Shore Realm, Flag Master Philbert. Perhaps one-tenth of Zen's current level? Or even less?" Monica retorted.

In Monica's eyes, even the disciples on top of the Oneness Mountain could hardly reach one divine megaton with the use of their strongest truth theurgy—much less Philbert when he was still a True God.

Philbert let out a cold snort and hurried away as he carried the flag on his shoulder.

Monica turned to Zen and said, "Don't mind Philbert. Once you reach the Other Shore Realm, people like him will have no right to belittle you like that..."

"I don't care." Zen shook his head.

He realized now that staying in the Dragon City meant that he had no choice but to constantly improve his strength and gain the recognition of the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Alright, come with me. It's time you chose some truth theurgies," Monica said.

Zen nodded in agreement and followed her into the depths of the Dragon City.

At the peak of the Origin Mountain, a huge transmission array constantly flashed blue and white.

Soon after, a short figure emerged. It was a golden-haired Ear Mouse.

This transmission array was used by the Origin Mountain to connect to the outside world. On either side of it stood guards who were highly cultivated. They were all strong warriors of the Other Shore Realm.

Once the guards saw this golden-haired Ear Mouse, they were baffled.

With a high-pitched voice, the mouse requested, "Tell your master to come here at once!"

Chapter 3053 Truth Swordsmanship Manuals

A high cultivation level was needed to meet the head of the Origin Mountain. This standard was almost met by the golden-haired Ear Mouse but, it turned out, it still was not enough.

A guard stepped forward and asked, "Why do you need to meet our master? If you have something to say, I can just deliver the message for you."

Upon hearing these words, the golden-haired Ear Mouse tossed a space ring.

Click!

The space ring hit the ground and emitted the aura of divine crystals. Then, one by one, glittering and translucent divine crystals flowed out of it like water.

"Here are fifteen million divine crystals!" With a flip of its claw, the golden-haired Ear Mouse revealed a small sheet with an Eight Diagrams pattern. "This is an Other Shore Key," it announced.

The golden-haired Ear Mouse was one of the important leaders in the Mice League. It was tasked by the top managers of the Mice League to send fifteen million divine crystals and an Other Shore Key to the Origin Mountain.

The golden-haired Ear Mouse did not initially agree, but it could not subvert the orders of the Mice League. For it, fifteen million divine crystals were too much, even if the Ear Mice were usually capable of earning money fast.

The guards stared at the overflow of divine crystals. They had never seen so many in real life before. "I'll go inform the elders!" one of them announced.

The guard transformed into a light and flew into the Origin Mountain.

However, the head did not show up. Instead, Winchell, Dorothy and Felicity came.

'Impressive, ' Dorothy thought to herself. 'The Ear Mice have lived up to their reputation. They can indeed gather divine crystals quickly.' She stared at the divine crystals with joy and longing.

Felicity and Winchell already knew this would happen. Dorothy had informed them the previous night.

Face to face with the golden-haired Ear Mouse, Winchell exclaimed, "What a rare visitor! I didn't expect you'd be here!"

The golden-haired Ear Mouse was quite well known, although not any stronger than Winchell. Of course, Winchell made sure to receive it hospitably.

"I'm only here for one reason. I want to meet that person," the golden-haired Ear Mouse asserted.

The Ear Mice were all greedy for money and were good at making money.

They wanted to sell the significant information to the other races in the Source World that the man who could rescue those trapped in the whirlpools was in the Origin Mountain. By doing this, they could easily earn the fifteen million divine crystals back.

Dorothy frowned and looked at Winchell. "Uncle, please don't agree," she pleaded.

Winchell, of course, knew better. He shook his head and curtly said, "We can't do that. He's too important. The divine crystals you give us are enough. We will help you rescue that Ear Mouse trapped in the whirlpool."

The golden-haired Ear Mouse frowned. Although the Mice League asked it not to make trouble, it couldn't just give them the divine crystals that way. "A deal is a deal. How do you expect me to feel at ease without meeting that man?"

Winchell smiled. "We'd rather cancel the deal than have you meet him."

Seeing Winchell's determination, the golden-haired Ear Mouse no longer insisted. It needed the Origin Mountain's help, after all. In the end, it tossed the Other Shore Key to Winchell. "I hope that you won't let us down," it warned before it left.

As soon as it was gone, Dorothy picked up all the divine crystals and put them in the space ring. Then she took the Other Shore Key from Winchell.

"You are good at doing business." Winchell snickered after leaving the transmission array.

There were fifteen million divine crystals in the space ring. It was a colossal sum even to the people of the Origin Mountain. Dorothy and Zen made a trip to the Sea of Truth and earned it effortlessly.

"Perhaps we got lucky. Maybe the Ear Mouse trapped in the whirlpool is the son of their head. They are usually stingy. They wouldn't just pay such a large sum," Dorothy said with a smile.

It wasn't every day that they encountered anything like that in the Sea of Truth. Dorothy and Zen had then crossed the fourth line. Soon, they'd reach the sixth one.

Winchell could finally confirm his guess from this deal.

"Zen is smart. Without our backing, I'm afraid he couldn't get so many divine crystals," Winchell said flatly.

It was risky for Zen to expose his real strength. Given his current strength, he couldn't make a big deal with the Mice League. However, it was a smart move to ask the Origin Mountain to receive such a large sum of divine crystals on his behalf. In this way, he could also keep his real strength a secret.

Dorothy dismissed her uncle's mumbles. "I'll bring the divine crystals to Zen," she interrupted. Then she transformed into a beam of light and went straight to the transmission array down the mountain.

Felicity gazed at her distant figure and smiled. "We act as a go-between, but we get nothing in return. Dorothy doesn't care about it at all," she remarked.

In the Truth Library

of the Dragon City, Manuals on truth theurgies were neatly arranged in rows on the shelves.

Zen stared at the shelves in front of him. There must have been ten thousand manuals in there. Zen's excitement couldn't be concealed.

"Are these the truth theurgies of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent?" Zen asked.

Monica nodded. "The Oneness Sky Palace is one of the orthodox forces of the human race. It has earned a very rich history and has collected countless manuals. The manuals on the first floor don't require the compatibility with the Truth of Godly Way. You can borrow whichever you like, but you have to return them in a year."

"I'm free to borrow all of these books?" Zen confirmed with a hint of shock in his voice.

As Dorothy had said, the competition in the Dragon City was fierce and cruel, but the Oneness Sky Palace had made a great deal of effort in many aspects. The Flag Masters and their subordinates in the Dragon City could learn truth theurgies, even if they were not considered the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

"As you please," Monica confirmed with a faint smile. "There are many truth theurgies you could choose from. Come with me. I'll show you the second floor."

Together, they went to the second floor where over ten thousand manuals on truth swordsmanship welcomed Zen.

"The manuals on this floor are usually provided to the Flag Masters. You can rent any of them at eight thousand divine crystals," Monica explained.

"It's expensive, so be careful about choosing," Monica added. "If you don't have money, I can lend you some."

"Lend me eight thousand divine crystals?" Zen confirmed. When Monica nodded, he shook his head and refused politely. He could anyway afford it himself if he found it worth it.

He glanced ahead and noticed a staircase leading upwards. "Does the third floor provide manuals on truth swordsmanship as well?" he inquired.

Monica looked up and her face turned grim. "Yes, but no ordinary man can afford the manuals there."

Chapter 3054 Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship

Hearing Monica speak about it so cautiously, Zen asked, "Are the truth swordsmanship manuals on the third floor extremely expensive?"

Monica nodded and replied, "Apart from a few Alliance Chiefs, no Flag Master dares to go to the third floor. The high price is the main deterrent. Besides, the manuals on the third floor are called the supreme swordsmanship manuals, which have strict requirements for the compatibility level of Truth of Godly Way."

"What? They have requirements for the compatibility level of Truth of Godly Way?" Zen was surprised to learn this.

"That's right. It's believed that those supreme swordsmanship manuals require a compatibility level of at least 80 percent or 90 percent and some even require a perfect compatibility level of 100 percent," explained Monica.

She thought Zen would choose a truth swordsmanship manual from the second floor. There was no need for him to consider the manuals on the third floor now.

If one's compatibility level was not enough, they could take the Sword-reading Liquid regularly in order to practice the supreme swordsmanship manuals. However, a bottle of Sword-reading Liquid cost ten to twenty thousand divine crystals. Taking the Sword-reading Liquid regularly would be a very expensive affair.

Since Zen was capable of Instant Enlightenment, he had an almost perfect compatibility level with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. So that was not a problem for him. As for the price... That wouldn't be a problem, either. His interest in the third floor was very strong now.

"I'd like to go to the third floor and have a look," Zen announced, looking at the stairs not far away.

Monica was speechless. All she could say was, "All right, then let's go up and have a look."

With Monica leading the way, they proceeded upstairs to the third floor.

The space on the third floor was obviously much smaller than that on the first or second floor. From the moment they stepped onto that floor, they could feel waves of energy under their feet.

The stairway behind Zen and Monica had completely disappeared now. They had entered another space.

This space was filled with a dozen light columns that soared up to the sky. Zen stared at them and spotted books with faintly golden covers inside the light columns.

'Those must be the supreme swordsmanship manuals that Monica mentioned, ' Zen thought to himself.

The Dragon City, located at the foot of the Oneness Mountain, was a part of the Oneness Sky Palace. However, the supreme swordsmanship manuals here were extremely important, so rigid protective measures were in place to ensure their safety.

Suddenly a faint voice was heard, "Follow the patterns under your feet. If you take one wrong step, you will be smashed to pieces by the Swords Lightning Killing Array."

This was Monica's first time on the third floor. She was not nervous when she entered the illusion on the third floor. However, after hearing this grim warning, she could vaguely sense the killing intent hidden in this space, and her heart trembled.

Zen, on the other hand, remained calm. The patterns beneath his feet were one foot wide. He followed the patterns easily and headed straight for the first light column.

When he approached the first light column, the voice sounded again. "The Sword Texture Technique sells for three million divine crystals."

Monica smiled wryly when she heard the price.

Perhaps only a handful of the richest Alliance Chiefs could afford to spend three million divine crystals. Even if powerful Flag Masters like Monica, Parr, Galen and the like, pooled their wealth together, it still wouldn't be enough.

"Hmm. Sword Texture Technique... What's so special about this supreme swordsmanship manual?" Zen inquired.

The owner of the voice patiently began explaining, "The Sword Texture Technique is actually two theurgies. One is the Vision Theurgy, and the other is the Swordsmanship Theurgy. With these theurgies, one can look through every flaw in the world. As long as one can see the flaws, they can destroy them with one strike."

"Oh really? If I master the Sword Texture Technique, can I slash that red stone on the square into pieces?" Zen's interest was piqued.

This question baffled the man for a moment, but he chuckled and said, "If you're strong enough, of course you can. But with your current cultivation level, even if you really master the Sword Texture Technique, you won't be able to see through the flaws in the red stone."

Zen nodded slightly. The Sword Texture Technique sounded good, and the price was not a problem for him. However, it required a high level of cultivation, which was a criteria he obviously did not meet.

So he followed the patterns on the floor and continued his 'shopping expedition'. As he wandered about, the voice chuckled and said, "Boy, I have to remind you about one thing. My time is very precious. If you're only planning to look and not buy anything, please leave now. If you don't buy any of the thirteen supreme swordsmanship manuals here after you inquire about all of them, I will let you go only after you pay me a million divine crystals."

"Ah, I didn't know there was such a rule."

Monica's face turned pale.

She knew that the guard on the third floor of the Truth Library had a very bad temper, but she didn't expect him to make things so difficult. Just looking at the manuals would cost them a million divine crystals if they chose not to buy any. No one could afford such an expensive tour.

When she remembered how angry an Alliance Chief had been after he returned from the third floor, it suddenly occurred to her what might have happened to him. Clearly, it was not that easy to get into the third floor.

"Zen, let's leave," Monica suggested timidly.

She could hardly imagine that Zen was capable of taking out a million divine crystals at one time. If they were to really get trapped in here, it would be troublesome.

Unexpectedly, Zen took a step forward and continued walking towards another light column. He did not seem worried at all. Monica had no choice but to bite the bullet and follow him.

When Zen got close to the second light column, the voice boomed again, "Termination Swordsmanship, by cultivating this theurgy, you will be able to raise the power of your Other Shore Token to the maximum. It's sold for 3.5 million divine crystals."

'Raise the power of the Other Shore Token to the maximum? Such a powerful supreme swordsmanship manual!' Monica thought and stared at the manual in awe.

Most of the warriors at the Other Shore Realm couldn't make full use of their Other Shore Tokens. Only by burning their Other Shore Tokens would they be able to extract all of the power in the tokens. However, they had to pay the price with their lives and suffer endlessly. They would never opt for this unless they were desperate.

If she could master this supreme swordsmanship manual, she might be able to double her strength. But it was all just wishful thinking. It was for 3.5 million divine crystals! Even if she sold herself, she wouldn't get that much money.

This supreme swordsmanship manual was useful, but Zen hadn't merged with any Other Shore Token. He kept it in mind for the future when he would merge with an Other Shore Token.

So he continued onward to the other light columns.

The rest few supreme swordsmanship manuals had their own advantages and the swordsmanship they recorded was second to none. The further he went, the higher the price of the swordsmanship manuals was.

When Zen stopped at the last but one light column, he heard the voice say, "The incomplete Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship, created by Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Back then, the Eastern Emperor Taiyi wanted to integrate the three thousand Godly Ways into the swordsmanship so that he could master the Truth Strike, but he failed... However, the reason he failed is that the three thousand Godly Ways couldn't be fused together. It is not the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship's fault..."

"The Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship?" Zen's eyes suddenly flashed in delight.

Blending the Godly Ways had once become a trend in the Source World. Some extremely talented masters tried it out but all had failed. And the Eastern Emperor Taiyi was one of them.

"This incomplete swordsmanship manual is the result of Eastern Emperor Taiyi's hard work. As it is incomplete, it costs only one and a half million divine crystals," offered the voice.

Looking at Zen's expression, Monica who was behind him gently tugged the corner of his robe and said, "Hey, you don't want to buy this one, do you? This Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship is a theurgy about blending Godly Ways. It can't even showcase the power of the Truth of Godly Way!"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3055 A Sheet Of Yellow Paper

Valued at just one and a half million divine crystals, the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship was considered as the most affordable item amongst the supreme swordsmanship manuals.

But this was an incomplete manual. Plus, this theurgy didn't involve any Truth of Godly Way.

The uncertainty that if Zen could afford such an expense lingered in Monica's mind. Still, even if he could, logic hindered him from draining so many divine crystals.

Without a shadow of a doubt, Zen stated with conviction, "I want the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship."

"Huh?"

The guardian of Truth Library raised his eyebrows questioningly, stumped with his words.

It was Eastern Emperor Taiyi who invented the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship, so the strength it held was indeed powerful and impressive. But this manual was an incomplete one, and it was common sense that blending Godly Ways wouldn't work. So it really came as a surprise to the guardian that Zen decided to buy the manual.

"Have you blended the Godly Ways before?" the voice asked.

Zen nodded his consent. "Yes, I have. So, the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship is suited for someone with experience like me."

"Very well, young man. I'm fascinated to know of your familiarity with blending the Godly Ways at a very tender age. And I wonder how many Godly Ways have you blended? Three? Perhaps five? If the number was insignificant, heed my advice and give it up. The most basic figure estimated for the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship to be fully cultivated is five hundred."

The Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship was very powerful. Even if one used the Godly Ways' internal momenta to carry out the swordsmanship, they could fight against Other Shore Realm warriors. If anybody excelled in using this swordsmanship, they could attain supremacy.

But the time and trouble spent in blending so many Godly Ways could prove worthless to any person. They opted to venture and set sail towards the Other Shore.

Absorbing all the information from the voice, Zen lifted his right hand close to the chest, palm facing up.

As the internal momenta of different Godly Ways in his inner world continuously merged, the synthesized energy surfaced in Zen's hand.

"Isn't it sufficient to blend five hundred Godly Ways?" Zen consulted.

The energy in his hand emanated from the cohesion of five hundred Godly Ways. Since the voice said five hundred was enough, Zen didn't even bother to blend one more.

The truth was witnesses found it difficult to calculate how many Godly Ways Zen had blended. But as they followed the unstable energy in his hand flickering like a candle even when there was no discernible breeze, they became believers of his words.

A polite smile surfaced on Monica's face. The energy of blended Godly Ways Zen manifested the other day showed more complexity and power than it did now. She became curious and thought to herself, 'How many Godly Ways had this young man studied?'

Surprised with what he just witnessed, the voice blurted, "Well, that would be enough. If you intend to acquire the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship, you can have it."

Zen pursed his lips, his face revealing a smile of bemused satisfaction as he gawked at the swordsmanship manual in the light column.

Then he made his way to the last light column.

Once he reached the light column, he saw a sheet of yellow paper instead of a swordsmanship manual.

"What is this?" Zen stared at the thin sheet.

He squinted at the texts written on the paper, his vision blinded by the fluorescent light from the column. He found it impossible for a swordsmanship manual to be recorded in a measly palm-sized note.

The voice proclaimed, "That is the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent."

Zen and Monica felt stunned, rooted to where they stood.

The Truths of Godly Ways hardly existed in the divine land, but they were common in the Source World. Zen pondered how a sheet of paper that recorded the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent appeared here.

"In the middle ages, a vast majority of living creatures adhered to the Truth of Cultivation Nature. Eastern Emperor Taiyi formed a division of Truth of Eternal Sword Intent and passed through the Sea of Truth with it. His venture laid the foundation for the Oneness Sky Palace which has become another great human sect. The Sanskrit words inscribed in this sheet of yellow paper originated from the Other Shore," the voice added.

"So the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent never originated from Eastern Emperor Taiyi," Monica murmured under her breath.

"Ha-ha, the thirteen Truths of Godly Ways were all created by those unforeseen creatures. How could we have such wisdom? The outside world acknowledged Eastern Emperor Taiyi as the creator of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, but all those rumors are baseless and misleading. It was him, though, who brought the Truth of Godly Way back from the Other Shore," the voice said with a chuckle.

'The unforeseen creatures? Did he mean the creatures from the Other Shore?' Zen pondered to himself.

When he was in the divine land, he envisioned that all the creatures from the chaos and the Source World were extraordinary creatures. Now, it seemed that his judgment at that time was wrong.

The real extraordinary creatures belonged to the civilization who invented Sanskrit words and stayed in the depths of the Other Shore. However, it seemed that the majority of the population was oblivious to the existence of the extraordinary creatures. Even if they heard of them, they knew next to nothing about them.

No. 9527 was definitely aware of the extraordinary creatures, but it declined to impart its wisdom with Zen.

"Then why did you put this yellow paper here?" Zen quizzed, rubbing his chin.

"For ten million divine crystals, you can borrow the paper for a day," the voice offered.

'He must be crazy!' Monica inaudibly scoffed to herself, bothered with the unfair proposal. Veins could be seen pulsating in her neck.

Even if this sheet of paper carried the original text of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, what could it really do? Its copies could be bought easily at a much lower price in the Source World. Its significance proved worthless if the cost of borrowing alone amounted to ten million divine crystals. Who in their right mind would pay that amount in just one day?

Zen looked startled when he heard this proposition, but he wasn't as surprised as Monica. Now that the other party offered such a price, something remarkable must be in it.

"Haha! Although Eastern Emperor Taiyi previously unraveled the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, some valuable information was left there on the yellow paper. If someone could decipher it, a hundred million divine crystals would be worth the struggle, let alone ten million," countered the voice.

Monica asked with bated breath, "But nobody cracked it for so many years, and even Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself failed to do it. Are you expecting others to decode the information in it? How's that possible?"

"Anything is possible. Eastern Emperor Taiyi laid the yellow paper here, hoping someone would decode it one day," the voice asserted.

Zen studied the yellow paper with deep interest. But then again, even Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself strived to get to the bottom of this and failed. Could Geoffrey do it?

Ten million divine crystals!

If Geoffrey attempted to solve it but failed, then these ten million divine crystals would be in vain. Besides, the information inscribed on the yellow paper could be worthless as well.

Although Zen kept plenty of wealth and ten million divine crystals seemed insignificant to him, he was confronted with a complicated task ahead. He needed to assess every circumstance before he could start allotting divine crystals at will.

Just then, a figure formed at the door of the strange place and yelled from a distance, "Zen, are you here?"

Overhearing Dorothy's familiar voice, Zen spun around and noticed her.

"Why did you come to the third floor of the Truth Library? The high-priced supreme swordsmanship manuals here should be treated with caution. If you need one of them, I can ask Aunt Felicity to furnish you with a copy. Which one do you like?" Dorothy pointed out.

Monica felt her heart flutter with shock. She wondered how this young woman's aunt could provide a copy of any of the supreme swordsmanship manuals here. Who was this young girl? Monica hoped to learn her identity.

The guardian of the Truth Library got furious when he heard that. Sensing that his business was about to be disrupted, he exploded, "Who dared to trespass into the Truth Library?"

Dorothy walked cautiously along the patterns on the wooden floor. As she approached Zen, a funny grin stretching from ear to ear covered her face. Her childlike and energetic face remained naturally beautiful. She said to the void, "Come on, Uncle Wilfred, you forgot me already? It's me, Dora."

Chapter 3056 Deals And Discounts

From the obscure void, the figure of a man slowly emerged. He was handsome and had arched brows which gave him the air of someone dignified.

He glanced at Dorothy before addressing her impatiently, "Dora, why are you here in the Dragon City? You should be cultivating on the Origin Mountain."

Looking at the man with her innocent gaze, she pointed to Zen and said with a smile, "I'm here to give my friend something."

With the Origin Mountain covering for him, Zen knew that no more than ten people had the inside information—that he had removed a whirlpool in the Sea of Truth. Zen would gain fifteen million divine crystals by saving a Mice League member, and Dorothy was here to give him the money. She wouldn't reveal it to the outsiders.

As she walked towards Zen, she reached for the space ring before stuffing it into his hand, winking at him. "If there's any swordsmanship manual that you fancy, tell me. I've also selected a theurgy for you, but I forgot to give it to you," she said.

A year ago, she had chosen the theurgy of Truth of Cultivation Nature for Zen. But he hadn't returned to the Sea of Truth for a long time. And in the last few times he had been on the sea, he had been in such a hurry that she had forgotten to give it to him.

Wilfred had been keeping a close eye on Zen. From his observations, he concluded that Zen was a man who had all the means necessary to afford the swordsmanship manuals that were offered. Over the past few years, few people had visited the Truth Library's third floor. Meeting a rich man who could afford the manuals there was hard to come by, and yet here was Dorothy offering a manual to him for free. How on earth could Wilfred be happy?

"Dora, even if the Origin Mountain has copies of those supreme swordsmanship manuals, you can't do this. This is the Dragon City, after all," Wilfred reminded her.

"What's the big deal? If it weren't for the Oneness Sky Palace, Grandma would have passed even the Origin Swordsmanship to him. We don't want any of your manuals!" Dorothy pouted her lips to drive her point home.

"What?" Dorothy's words left Wilfred flabbergasted.

Monica's body shook violently when she heard this.

Although she was aware that Zen possessed quite the background, the Origin Swordsmanship was the most powerful skill ever achieved by the head of the Origin Mountain. This kind of theurgy was only reserved for those who were descendants of the direct line.

'It sounds like Zen had the chance to cultivate the Origin Swordsmanship, but was stopped by the Oneness Sky Palace. What happened?' Monica thought.

Not being able to find out the truth, she sought comfort in knowing that Zen's background exceeded her expectations.

Wilfred shared the same sentiments. He had thought that Zen was a member of a large clan who was blessed with an absurd number of divine crystals.

But if what Dorothy said was true, then the entire situation was not at all what it seemed.

Wilfred's expression changed in the blink of an eye as he wore a flattering smile. "These supreme swordsmanship manuals are the fruits of the Oneness Sky Palace's hard labor. Even if the Origin Mountain wants to pass a copy on to one of its disciples, it must consume merit points. You'll be pleased to know that I offer prices that are quite reasonable compared to precious merit points."

Every cultivator who had used the manuals could easily be traced and tracked down. This prevented them from giving the manuals to others in private. If anyone was caught doing such a crime, they would be severely punished. Dorothy mentioned that she would send a copy to Zen. However, this would consume the Origin Mountain's merit points.

"Grandma could care less about the merit points," Dorothy injected as she shared her grandma's opinion as well.

"Well, perhaps we can negotiate. I'll offer you a 20% discount for the supreme swordsmanship manuals. What do you say?" Wilfred proposed to Zen.

"Dora, thank you for your help. But since I'm in the Dragon City, I intend to stay in it by following its rules," Zen addressed her.

Although he didn't bear a grudge against the Origin Mountain after Dorothy's words, Zen had no intention of owing the mountain too many favors.

Upon seeing his determination, Dorothy said, "A measly 20% off is nothing. It should be at least 60% off!"

"That's outrageous! It's an insult to all the manuals that we possess," Wilfred scoffed in protest.

"Alright then. 50% off!"

"No. 30%!"

Thanks to her glib tongue, Dorothy managed to help Zen get a 40% discount.

Wilfred decided to give in for Dorothy's sake. He accepted the price knowing that, even if she decided to request a copy, the merit points required to pay it off were equal to the original price at 50% off.

Monica was surprised by what had just happened. A 40% discount would certainly save Zen tons of divine crystals. She was intrigued by the woman who had just bargained with the Truth Library's owner so skillfully.

After the discount was confirmed, Zen began to choose. His first selection was the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship.

Although he possessed the Imperial Sword Seal, using it on the Soaring Snake Sword would increase the risk of revealing his true identity. If the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship could enhance the Ways-blending Strike's power, then he would certainly prioritize it.

"Why not choose a theurgy based on the Truth of the Godly Way? Why do you only wish to have a theurgy based on the Godly Way?" Dorothy inquired.

Zen was observing all the light columns one by one. He had memorized the supreme swordsmanship manuals and so when his gaze fell upon the ninth light column, he knew exactly what it was—the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship. It was very powerful, and it didn't require the support of the Other Shore Token.

"I'll take this one too," Zen announced.

He had managed to strike a bargain by purchasing two supreme swordsmanship manuals with 3.2 million divine crystals.

To an ordinary person, this would seem like an absurd amount. To Zen, however, this was nothing. He still had lots of divine crystals left in addition to the space ring that Dorothy just gave him which was equivalent to fifteen million divine crystals.

The yellow paper which recorded the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent also piqued his interest. However, he had no intention of borrowing it this time.

Once Zen finished selecting, the three of them left the third floor together. Before leaving, he turned around and asked, "Could I possibly get a 40% discount on the second-floor swordsmanship manuals too?"

Before Wilfred could open his mouth, Dorothy already answered for him. "Certainly! I wouldn't want any of the manuals on that floor anyway. I think a 90% discount will be more suitable."

Wilfred smiled bitterly. People always talked about how the Origin Mountain head's granddaughter was blessed with both charm and cunning, and today he just witnessed it first-hand. He replied, "40%. That's final. Alas! I've lost heavily today."

As he roamed the second floor, Zen managed to select eight truth swordsmanship manuals. These were prepared specifically for the disciples of the Sword Light Palace, including Elgin and Beldene.

In fact, one of the Flag Master's responsibilities was to purchase swordsmanship manuals for their people. Most of them limited their selections to those on the first floor.

Only Alliance Chiefs would be as generous as Zen.

Once finished with his selections on the second floor, they made their way down to the first floor. It was abundant with free manuals which required only little talent to use. The massive number of manuals left Dorothy baffled with how many manuals the Oneness Sky Palace really contained. With this realization, she couldn't offer any advice to Zen.

On the contrary, Monica proved to be quite knowledgeable and skilled as she quickly recommended seventy to eighty manuals to Zen.

Just as the trio was about to leave the Truth Library, they heard a strange voice. "Huh? Is that the Dragon City's youngest Flag Master? He's selecting swordsmanship manuals!"

Zen raised his head towards the voice's direction and realized it was Harden. He was accompanied by a row of disciples who were adorned in white robes. Galen gave Zen an evil smile.

What was Harden doing in the Dragon City? He wasn't a Flag Master. How did he manage to get in?

Just as Zen was pondering on this, Harden gazed longingly at Dorothy. His eyes lit up and his heart rate began to pick up. "I've never seen such a beauty before on your team until now."

Harden inched closer to the group. Letting out a little chuckle, he addressed Dorothy by saying, "I don't think following this guy is such a good idea, beauty. His death is imminent. Let me introduce myself. Harden Zhao, future Flag Master. I'll make you an offer you can't refuse. Join me and your future will be set in stone as a bright, promising one!"

Chapter 3057 Offend The Wrong Person

Before Zen and Monica could say anything, Dorothy raised her exquisite eyebrows and said, "Join your team? Who do you think you are?"

Harden leered at her with a lustful smile. "Master Galen is going to be promoted to an Alliance Chief soon, so once I reach the Other Shore Realm, I will take over his position and become the new Grand Flag Master. Don't you think I am qualified?"

Seeing Harden's eyes sweep up and down Dorothy's body, Zen clenched his jaw. "Let's go," he said coldly.

But before they could move, Harden stepped in front of Dorothy and blocked her way. With the lecherous smile still on his face, he said hurriedly, "If I become a Grand Flag Master, I can help you become a Flag Master too. This is a chance you don't want to pass up."

Dorothy's gaze grew colder when she heard his words. "Get out of my way!" she snapped.

Knowing that his fellow disciples were watching him get scolded by this beauty, Harden felt humiliated. He immediately replied in a threatening voice, "Just appreciate my kindness. One can't fight in the Dragon City, but outside the Dragon City—"

Before he could finish speaking, however, Dorothy suddenly raised her hand.

Harden's eyes widened in surprise when a sharp sword radiance flashed in the air. He hadn't even noticed Dorothy drawing her sword.

The sword radiance was fused with the Truth of Godly Way, and it flew so quickly that even Galen, who was standing behind Harden, didn't see it coming. The sword radiance grazed the left side of Harden's body.

"Aaaaahhh!"

The next moment, Harden's left arm fell to the ground.

'How fast!' Zen exclaimed inwardly in shock.

He hadn't seen Dorothy's true strength on the Sea of Truth. Most of the time, she had relied on the Necklace of Mystic Soul hanging on her chest, so he hadn't expected that she would have cultivated her theurgy to such a high level. Her sword radiance was so sharp that even Zen wouldn't be able to go up against her.

Galen's face, on the other hand, contorted in a mixture of shock and anger.

Dragon City had its own laws. Even though Galen hated Zen to the core, he could not kill him in the Dragon City. Otherwise, he would find himself in great trouble.

That was why he intended to lead Zen into the Tower of Life and Death and end his life there.

However, this girl didn't seem to respect the laws of the Dragon City and had attacked head-on.

"How dare you commit violence in the Dragon City?! I have no choice but to arrest you on behalf of the city lord," Galen said as he strode forward.

He knew the laws of the Dragon City, as well as how to take advantage of them. Now that this girl had attacked his man first, he had no scruples anymore.

With his aura growing stronger, Galen dashed toward Dorothy.

Just when he was about to catch her, Monica slightly moved forward and unsheathed her sword. "Galen Wang, if you don't want to die, stop right now," she said coldly.

Galen was not on good terms with Monica, but usually, he would not go against her just like that. Now that he was about to become an Alliance

Chief, he was not afraid of her anymore.

"Who do you think you are?" he shouted loudly, producing a ray of light from his palm.

Whoosh!

His sharp blade was like the breath of a snake, and the unstable sword potential immediately forced Monica away.

Dorothy was one of the best warriors among her peers. She was quite talented and only slightly weaker than Zen. Moreover, her swordsmanship was incomparably powerful; even a cultivator like Harden, who had passed the eighth or ninth line, was no match for her.

Galen had reached the Other Shore Realm a long time ago. How would she stand a chance against such a strong Other Shore Realm warrior?

Although she had the Latent Theurgy to protect her body, her face turned deathly pale as she retreated in the face of Galen's attack.

Just then, Zen stepped forward, and the Ways-blending Strike burst out of him with great power.

He didn't know if he would be able to beat a powerful warrior like Galen, but that did not mean that he would give up.

"How dare you attack me!" Galen, on the other hand, was pleased to see Zen make a move.

The only reason he hadn't killed Zen yet was because he couldn't go against the laws of the city.

But now that Zen was courting death, he had a reason to kill him. At least in this situation, Dragon City wouldn't punish him. After all, Zen was the one who had attacked him first.

With these words, the light in Galen's hand suddenly changed direction and charged at Zen.

"No!" Dorothy cried out.

She was particularly worried since she was the one who had triggered this dispute.

A cloud of regret began to gather over her head. Every time she left the Origin Mountain, she would be accompanied by strong warriors at the Other Shore Realm. Today, however, she had come alone since she hadn't expected to be in any danger in the Dragon City.

The tip of Galen's sword was less than a foot away from Zen's face when a muffled voice suddenly came from the Truth Library. "How dare you attack Dora in the Dragon City! You must be wishing for death!"

Swoosh!

A sharp sword radiance that was a hundred times stronger than Galen's emitted from the Truth Library all of a sudden.

Then, it zoomed forward with a crisp sound. Galen was rooted to the spot in shock.

In just a split-second, the sharp edge of his sword had shattered into pieces, leaving him with a broken sword. His hand was trembling and his eyes were full of fear as he looked at the Truth Library.

He already knew that the person who had spoken was the one who was responsible for guarding the Truth Library. A year ago, Galen had accompanied Ioan Liu to the third floor of the Truth Library. Even the powerful Alliance Chief had trembled when he had heard this voice.

But what did this mysterious person's words mean? Did he know this girl?

At this moment, the guards of the Dragon City flew over. Fisher Zuo, the head of the city guards, coldly reprimanded, "Who dares to fight in the Dragon City? Do you know the consequences?"

Seeing that, Galen decisively threw away the broken sword in his hand and pointed at Dorothy. "It's her! She broke one of my disciple's arms."

Fisher Zuo turned to Dorothy. "Is that true?"

"Yes, it is," Dorothy replied proudly. "So what if I broke his arm? So what if I kill him?"

"You..." Fisher Zuo said, his face darkening.

He was a powerful and respected man. Even the Alliance Chiefs wouldn't dare to speak to him like this impudent girl had just done.

Just when he was about to launch an attack at her, a voice from the Truth Library rang in his ears through life vitality.

Then, his expression suddenly changed. He looked at Dorothy with a hint of reverence.

"What are you going to do?" Dorothy asked.

"Nothing... You can leave now," said Fisher Zuo respectfully.

Seeing the change in Fisher Zuo's tone and expression, Dorothy glanced at the Truth Library and made a face. Then, she said to Zen, "Let's go!"

Galen, on the other hand, was confused and anxious after seeing the sudden change in Fisher Zuo's attitude. He hurriedly said, "Master Fisher, why did you let them go?"

Fisher Zuo completely ignored Galen's question. It was only after Dorothy and the others were out of sight that he patted Galen's shoulder. "For the sake of Alliance Chief Ioan, I'm going to give you some advice. There are some people whom you should never provoke. If this girl asked me to kill you, I'm afraid I would have to follow her order. Take care of yourself."

Then, Fisher Zuo walked away with his men. Galen stood there with a shocked expression on his face, wondering what Fisher Zuo's words meant.

Chapter 3058 Distribute The Swordsmanship Manuals

Dorothy's mood wasn't affected too much due to the fight.

She rarely descended the mountain, so she was enjoying walking around the Dragon City with great interest.

Monica acted as a temporary but excellent guide. She gave Zen a thorough understanding about the Dragon City.

"That is the Tower of Life and Death. In case of an unsolved conflict, people can decide there, through a battle," Monica said, while pointing at a white tower, not far away.

Zen could feel a strong malicious aura resonating from the white tower. Obviously, after every battle, the tower was always sanitized. However, it still bore some marks of bloodstains.

There were all kinds of people who entered and resided at the Dragon City. Many of them came from large and powerful clans. It was therefore conspicuous that there would be conflicts among them to appease their own vested interests. Hence, the Dragon City built the Tower of Life and Death and adopted such a barbaric method to solve these contradictions.

"That's the Blood Purification Hall." Monica said, as she pointed to another triangular white building. "It is said that when one becomes an Alliance Chief, they will be rewarded with a drop of the Divine Emperor Blood!" As Monica imparted this information, a look of yearning appeared on her face.

"The Divine Emperor Blood?" Zen asked, stunned.

Dorothy indifferently said, "It's the Divine Emperor Blood of our Oneness Sky Palace."

After Zen heard this, realization dawned on him.

Since the Nine Li race had its own blood, the Oneness Sky Palace would definitely possess its own blood too.

"So then Dora's blood must be extraordinary, right?" Monica suddenly asked.

She was curious about Dora's identity. She knew that the strong masters' descendants, at the top of the mountain, were most proud of their true blood, but less about their talent.

Dorothy smiled faintly and chose to ignore her question.

Only after the three of them arrived at the gate of Dragon City, did Dorothy decide to leave them.

"Wow! A whole day passed by so quickly! All right then, let's go and gather our people," said Monica.

"Where are they now? Are they outside the Dragon City?" Zen inquired.

He saw a vast expanse of plain outside the Dragon City, but no one on it. Numerous people were under each Flag Master's command. It was impossible for so many people to stay put in a place, without doing anything.

"You'll know about it soon," said Monica with a smile.

Soon she led Zen towards the northwest. After they travelled for more than three hundred miles, many low houses started to appear on the bare plain. Later on, they began to take shape of a large market.

Actually the subordinates of the Flag Maters also needed some basic goods and demands for trading. Since they could not enter the Dragon City, they had to build a market on their own. Soon the market prospered with their continuous hard work and business sense. In a short span of time, this market took the size of a small city.

As Monica summoned their members, Zen quickly noticed the disciples from the Sword Light Palace, including Beldene and Faegan. They seemed to be in good spirits, and even seemed reluctant to leave the bustling market.

After engaging in a conversation with them, Zen got to know that Faegan had sold some of his items which he had collected over a period of time, thereby profiting a neat sum of money. Besides, those items were worthless in the Seven-Star Province. Faegan definitely had a fine business sense.

All of them proceeded towards the plain and once they arrived there, Zen inserted the flagpole into the ground.

Perhaps because of what had happened during daytime, or perhaps because of Monica, the other Flag Masters didn't stop Zen.

"Flag Master! Are we lacking something?" Jago suddenly shouted.

Zen turned to look at him in confusion and asked, "What else do we need?"

Jago pointed to the empty space on the flag. It turned out that Zen's flag was blank, while the other Flag Masters had inscribed their surnames on their respective flags.

Zen did not want to be an exception in this case. Just as Zen was about to take out his brush, Jago had quickly taken out an ink brush, which was dipped in golden powder. "I purchased it from the market. The words written by it will glitter brilliantly, without fading even once."

Zen swallowed his chuckle, before he flew up to the flag carrying his own ink brush. Then he inscribed the word "Luo" on the flag.

After he finished writing, Jago and the others admired the look. Faegan, who was standing beside them, said to Zen, "I wonder what the Dragon City is like and what is in it. Have you seen or heard anything interesting in the city?"

From Zen's point of view, the Dragon City was not at all mysterious. Stopping those disciples from entering the Dragon City was just a method adopted by the Oneness Sky Palace.

"There is really no difference between the Dragon City and the Seven-Star City. But for the sake of your curiosity, I have selected some truth swordsmanship manuals," Zen said.

"The truth swordsmanship manuals?"

"Truth theurgy!"

Beldene's and the others' eyes immediately lit up with this information.

Although the disciples had the ability to grasp and learn many kinds of truth theurgy in the Sword Light Palace, the Sword Light Palace was nothing as compared to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Looking at the eager expressions of the disciples, Zen smiled, and as he flicked his finger, many truth swordsmanship manuals appeared in front of him.

"Kenelm, distribute these manuals to everyone," Zen said.

"Yes, Flag Master!" Without wasting a second, Kenelm set to work in distributing them.

However, Zen suddenly stopped him and asked, "What is the matter with you today? You are behaving very differently!"

Everyone, including Zen, treated each other as brothers. However, soon after Zen came back from the Dragon City, they started addressing him as 'Flag Master'. Although it didn't matter, Zen felt very uncomfortable.

"Zen, you are our Flag Master. We unanimously agreed to change the way we address you," said Beldene with a smile.

All of them had earlier discussed and reached an agreement.

When Zen first came to the Oneness Sky Palace, they just followed him all the way. Zen was under no obligation to take care of them, yet he did. Zen took them away from the Origin Mountain just because of Daisy's sarcastic comments.

Now that Zen was their Flag Master, they could only count on him. For that, they had to obey some rules. This was proposed by Beldene and got everyone's approval.

Just as Zen was about to speak, one of the disciples suddenly shouted, "It is the Light Rain Swordsmanship! This is the swordsmanship of our Sword Light Palace!"

"Calamity Destroying Swordsmanship..."

"Hidden Wind Swordsmanship..."

Beldene's eyes were filled with excitement as he kept hearing the different names of the swordsmanship manuals.

Zen was surprised and asked curiously, "Have you all seen these swordsmanship manuals before?"

There were probably hundreds of thousands of swordsmanship manuals on the first floor of the Truth Library. Those swordsmanship manuals chosen by Monica were merely a tiny lot.

Beldene shook his head. "No. I am seeing them for the first time."

"Then why do you all seem to be aware about them?" Zen asked curiously.

Beldene responded with a smile, "True, we haven't seen or read the manuals before. But we've all read the swordsmanship manual list before. These swordsmanship manuals are recorded on the list which divides the truth swordsmanship manuals into six levels. All of these, which you gathered for us, are at the fourth level. There are only seven fourth-level swordsmanship manuals in our Sword Light Palace, and the disciples were not qualified to cultivate them at all."

The fourth-level swordsmanship manual was very rare in the Sword Light Palace. As for Beldene and Elgin, they could have the qualifications to cultivate such swordsmanship only after they reached the Other Shore Realm.

"Oh, I see." Zen nodded.

In fact, Beldene was equally interested about the truth swordsmanship manuals. He and Elgin impatiently waited as Kenelm distributed the swordsmanship manuals. However, after Kenelm finished handing out them, they realized they were still short of the manuals. They looked at each other in disappointment, and finally looked at Zen.

"Here are the swordsmanship manuals for you," Zen said with a smile, as he conjured some more manuals. "But I don't know which level they are at."

Chapter 3059 Entering A Huge Whirlpool Again

The swordsmanship manuals on the second floor of the Truth Library had requirements on compatibility degree of Truth of Godly Way, so Zen could only buy manuals for Beldene and some others who were outstandingly talented among the disciples of the Sword Light Palace.

As to the grading system for the swordsmanship manuals on the list of the Sword Light Palace, Zen had no idea.

Zen took out eight swordsmanship manuals under the eager eyes of Beldene and the others.

As Beldene took them from Zen, his face shifted when he saw 'Buddhist Swordsmanship' written on the cover of one of the swordsmanship manuals.

Elgin and the others walked up to Beldene and grabbed a swordsmanship manual each from his hands. One of them looked his swordsmanship manual over and his eyes widened. He exclaimed, "Divine River Swordsmanship! This is the swordsmanship the former leader has cultivated!"

Beldene nodded, his expression serious. "These are all sixth-level swordsmanship manuals. They belong to the top truth theurgies on the swordsmanship manual list. You must have paid a heavy price for these swordsmanship manuals!" he said to Zen.

Zen waved a hand.

He had earned 15 million divine crystals not long after he had entered the Source World. It might have been by luck, but he could use them for a long time. These eight swordsmanship manuals altogether had only cost him about three hundred thousand divine crystals.

"Flag Master, can I practice this swordsmanship?" Elgin looked at Zen eagerly.

The other disciples held on to their swordsmanship manuals, their hands trembling.

To the disciples of the Sword Light Palace, these swordsmanship manuals only existed in legends. They weren't allowed to practice these swordsmanship manuals even if they were direct descendants of the Qiu Clan and the Bai Clan.

Only core members of the Sword Light Palace were qualified to practice them.

"Take any you like. These swordsmanship manuals are yours," Zen said with a smile.

The place suddenly fell silent as the disciples began to carefully read the swordsmanship manuals they were holding.

Zen looked up at the sky. The sunset glow tinted the sky red. There was still an hour before it would get dark. So he found a corner, settled in, and opened the manual on the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship to study it.

According to Beldene, the swordsmanship manual list had classified swordsmanship manuals all over the world into six grades.

Since the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship in his hand was a supreme swordsmanship manual, he assumed it might not be included in the list.

But the supreme swordsmanship manuals were probably not the top swordsmanship manuals. The swordsmanship theurgies that ensured the high status of the Oneness Sky Palace could not be measured by divine crystals. For example, the Origin Swordsmanship that Dorothy had mentioned was a unique skill of the master of the Origin Mountain. It was impossible for this Origin Swordsmanship to appear in the Truth Library.

Zen turned a page of the manual, and was surprised as he saw the first line on the first page. It was not about the swordsmanship, but a series of questions and answers from the same person.

"What is the truth?"

"The truth is something that is always right regardless of time or place."

"Is it only a dream for one to achieve success in blending the Godly Ways?"

"Everything in the world follows the same rule and only by keeping to your original aspiration will you achieve success."

...

As he progressed, Zen felt that this book was more like a record of Eastern Emperor Taiyi's understanding of blending the Godly Ways than a book of theurgy.

"Ha-ha! Looks like this guy was very ambitious when he compiled this Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship," No. 9527 chimed in after a long period of silence. "He really thought he could comprehend the Truth Strike!"

"It looked like blending the Godly Ways was really a trend back then," Zen said.

"Of course. If one can really blend the Godly Ways, they can comprehend all the truth theologies from the power of the Godly Ways Great Unity and surpass all the Chaos Ancient Gods, and even surpass history and time. And then they could become real immortals. Who could resist such temptation?" No. 9527 chuckled. "What a pity they all gave up in the end. You are probably the only one that hasn't given up."

Zen shook his head and ignored No. 9527's little speech. He wouldn't give up even if he were to fail.

Besides, the Ways-blending Energy wasn't weak. Cultivating the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship could give play to its advantage.

Zen continued to browse the manual of the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship and was gradually immersed in the contents. His eyes became brighter by the second.

There were only three recorded moves in the manual of Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship. The Three Annihilation Strike, the Six Annihilation Strike, and the Thousand Annihilation Strike. He became more excited with each flip of the page.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who was the creator of the Oneness Sky Palace, was indeed extraordinary. From the manual he had compiled, Zen could see that his thoughts were very clear. He had divided the Ways-blending Energy into three stages, each stage having a different power that could almost activate the Ways-blending Energy to the maximum.

On the other hand, Zen hadn't made full use of his Ways-blending Strike. Every time he blended another Godly Way, the power of the strike would increase. But the increase was largely attributed to the power of the Ways-blending Energy.

In addition to the three moves of the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship, the Truth Strike was also mentioned at the end of the manual. But the Truth Strike was only Eastern Emperor Taiyi's speculation, which was why the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship was incomplete.

"It will take some time to comprehend the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship."

Zen had only roughly scanned the manual. No matter how gifted he was, it would be impossible for him to master it in a short time.

An hour had passed without anyone noticing. When he closed the manual, a beam of starlight shot out again from the Dragon City. The starlight kept splitting into thousands of silver swords that rained down from the sky.

Once Zen put the manual away, he closed his eyes and began to recite the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. After a while, his soul entered the Sea of Truth.

Just as Zen entered the Sea of Truth, he heard Ear Mouse's voice from close by. "I've already given you the divine crystals. Why haven't I seen him?"

"What's the hurry? Do you think 15 million divine crystals is a large amount that could make him come at any moment?" Dorothy replied.

It looked like Dorothy had already come to the Sea of Truth. The Ear Mouse, afraid of getting stood up, urged and complained incessantly.

"Here he comes at last!". The Ear Mouse became excited when Zen appeared outside the huge whirlpool.

Zen looked at the Ear Mouse, and then said to Dorothy, "Wait for me. After I unlock the whirlpool, you tell the Ear Mouse to leave first."

He then withdrew from the Sea of Truth.

"Why did he disappear again?" the Ear Mouse squeaked again, anxious that Zen had left.

Dorothy ignored the Ear Mouse and stayed put beside the huge whirlpool.

Zen's body was a must to unlock the huge whirlpool and his body was now still at the second line.

Earlier in the day, Zen had learned from Monica that there was no secret practice room outside the Dragon City. So if he wanted to find a secret place, he needed to sneak underground. Many people went underground if they didn't want to be disturbed.

Zen exited the Sea of Truth, reached out a hand, and gently pressed it to the ground. A huge force spread downwards, a slight tremor shaking the ground. Moments later, a huge pit about a hundred feet deep appeared under his feet.

He then set a barrier around this pit and hid himself inside it.

The others were either immersing themselves in comprehending the truth theurgies, or wandering around the Sea of Truth. They wouldn't care even if they noticed Zen's actions. After all, it was none of their business.

Zen ignited the flame and once again, landed on the Sea of Truth.

It was much easier for him to use his body to cross the sea than to use his Soul of Light.

There was resistance at the third and the fourth lines, but it didn't affect Zen.

He swam for four hours in the Sea of Truth before he saw the huge whirlpool. He could even faintly see the outlines of Dorothy and the Ear Mouse in the distance.

The Ear Mouse only knew that Zen could unlock the huge whirlpool. But Zen didn't want to expose his method of unlocking the huge whirlpool to it. So he decided to enter the whirlpool from its other end. The moment he made up his mind, his body was sucked into the bottom of the whirlpool.

This time, Zen felt at ease since he was now familiar with the process.

Chapter 3060 The Dark Region

Pulled by the tug of the water tornado, Zen soon fell into the bottom of the sea.

When he looked down on the seabed, he saw the candlelight flicker continuously.

He had been through this before, but the only difference was that the candlelight was yellow. It could have been possible that the whirlpool had been dyed.

'I wonder if green bats surround this candle as well, ' Zen thought to himself as he stared at the candle from a distance.

But as Zen approached the candle, he suddenly grew more cautious and serious.

The green bats were known to be powerful souls but posed no threat to Zen. Even so, he still didn't lower his guard for he didn't know what dangers the green bats had in store for him.

Zen reached his hand out to touch the candle. Out of nowhere, several rays of green light burst out of the space around him. Four green bats emerged from the darkness shrouding the candlelight!

However, he knew better this time. Without hesitation, he ripped these soul creatures into pieces with his strong arms.

Just like what he did last time, he reached out his hand and extinguished the candlelight. Afterwards, the tornado at the surface of the sea vanished in the blink of an eye.

Anyone observing the surface of the sea would notice that the dyed sea water was no longer hindered by the big whirlpool. Instead, it now surged in all directions quickly, spreading out the color yellow in the water.

Needless to say, the Ear Mouse managed to escape from the large whirlpool, too.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Overwhelmed with excitement, the Ear Mouse could not help but express its emotions in its own language as its small Truth Boat circled around Dorothy.

After circling Dorothy for a few times, the Ear Mouse stopped moving. Staring at Dorothy, it asked, "Hey! Why are you not cooperating with me? Come on, this will be a profitable business! You see, a lot of people get trapped in the great whirlpools. If we work together and help them out, we can earn more than 15 million divine crystals!"

The Ear Mouse race was rich because they were all good at finding ways on how to make money.

However, Dorothy replied indifferently, "We've already helped you out. We have no business with you. You are free to go now."

"Please reconsider! Think about it, this will be a great partnership between the Origin Mountain and us!" The Ear Mouse continued to persuade Dorothy despite her disinterest.

With Ear Mouse's persuasiveness, Dorothy was annoyed. She stared at the surface of the sea and began to feel anxious.

She was sure that Zen would have given the candle to her if he had finished what he was doing. However, there was still no sign of him. 'Did he encounter any unexpected danger at the bottom of the sea?' Dorothy thought.

"I have no interest in cooperating with you. Get out of here! Scram!" Dorothy shouted as her aura slowly became cold and dangerous due to the anxiety that she felt. She did not hide the fierce killing intent that radiated from her soul.

Seeing Dorothy's sudden aggression, the Ear Mouse was taken aback. It did not understand why Dorothy had acted up all of a sudden. Disappointed by her refusal, the Ear Mouse frowned as it drove its Truth Boat away from Dorothy. However, its spirit was still high as it did not have any plans on giving up on its business.

After the Ear Mouse receded from Dorothy's view, she heard a splashing sound behind her. Turning around to see what it was, she heaved a sigh of relief.

"Did everything go well?" she asked in a relaxed manner.

Throwing the candle onto Dorothy's Truth Boat, Zen smiled and asked, "Yes, everything went well. But why did the Ear Mouse keep pestering you? What was that all about?"

Frowning, Dorothy replied, "It wants to do business with us by solving the other big whirlpools."

"Even if I want to do this type of business, I certainly won't need to cooperate with an Ear Mouse," Zen sneered.

He did not have the slightest idea on what powerful creatures were responsible for putting the candles at the bottom of the Sea of Truth. But according to his estimation, he could steal maybe around three or four candles without being noticed. Adding more to this would probably catch the attention of the mysterious beings and would most likely get him in trouble.

"Not to worry, I already refused and drove it away," Dorothy said showing her sweet smile.

"Hey, wait for me!"

Zen exclaimed as his body exited from the Sea of Truth. Afterwards, he returned with his Soul of Light and his Truth Boat.

Now that he had settled down in the Dragon City, he did not need to think about his survival. With the help of the resources from the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen was bound to rapidly improve his cultivation base.

After Dorothy gave the candle to Zen, there was nothing left to do but face the depths of the Sea of Truth.

Meanwhile, in the endless Dark Region, a tentacle slowly moved in the bottom of the swamp.

It moved and wiggled its way until it broke through the mud. As this happened, there was a flicker of light that shone through the swamp. This light, however, was a silver white candle.

In fact, light was regarded as the most valuable substance in the Dark Region instead of the usual soul pills.

Because darkness engulfed the endless swamp, a single light of a candle was deemed to be precious. Whenever a candlelight was seen flickering, almost all kinds of creatures, including bats, mosquitoes, insects, and bugs would come together and rush over to the light as if they were being pulled by magnets.

These light hungry creatures were soul creatures, but were generally stronger than the Souls of Light.

However, the candlelight could cause these soul creatures harm. As soon as one of them approached the light, they would be immediately ignited and burnt into ashes. But even if this was their fate, they still came to the light one after another.

Tup!

Meanwhile, the tentacle in the swamp kept on moving until it slapped the air unexpectedly.

The candlelight was surrounded by a white circle that blocked the annoying soul creatures outside.

Not long after, another figure appeared just around the white circle.

This figure, however, turned out to be a woman in human form. On her back, she had a pair of large and beautiful butterfly wings which emphasized her slim figure. The woman was so noticeable that even in darkness, she was clearly seen by every creature.

"Master Snape, why did you summon me?" the woman asked softly as she hungrily stared at the candlelight.

"Are you aware that two candles were extinguished during the past month?" a strange and loud voice echoed from the bottom of the murky swamp.

The woman got curious as she thought about how she would answer the question. After a while, she replied with another question, "Was there a huge storm in the sea?"

"None that I know of," the strange voice responded.

"Well, that seems to be pretty odd." The woman couldn't figure out any other reason for this big flaw. It was known that once a Soul of Light entered the Sea of Truth, it would soon be shattered into nothingness. 'Who could possibly extinguish the candles?' she thought to herself in bewilderment. Wanting to get to the bottom of the issue, she followed up with another question, "Do you want me to send someone to investigate this problem?"

"That would be unnecessary. We have already arranged so many candles. At the end of the day, it's inevitable for accidents to happen. But you need to be quick. There is no time to waste," the strange voice urged.

"We are on the same page. We want to be faster, but the candles don't seem to be enough at the moment," the woman said as her face was painted in frustration.

"Thousands of candles have been made in the hall. To ease your burden, I will ask them to send the candles to you at once," the strange voice replied.

Hearing this, the woman could not help but smile from ear to ear out of joy, "Yes, Master Snape!" She then added, "But Master Snape, in order to seal off the Sea of Truth, it would involve millions, or even over tens of millions of candles. As of now, the number is far from enough, and it even couldn't cause them any trouble. In fact, those low-level creatures even learned to dye the great whirlpools!"

A few moments ago, she noticed that most of the large whirlpools in the Sea of Truth were not in their usual color. Looking more closely at them, she found out that the big whirlpools had been intentionally dyed to warn people to stay away from them.

"Ha-ha! Don't mind them. These are all meaningless actions. Besides, we aren't the only ones responsible for putting up the candles. Just do as you are told to and you will be alright," the voice said coldly.

"Got it!" As they ended their conversation, the woman bowed to show her respect.

Afterwards, the tentacle waved again, throwing the lit candle towards the woman and then slowly withdrew to the depths of the mud.

The woman hurriedly rushed to catch the candle with her hands. As she caught it, she began to stare at the flickering light of the candle as if it were a priceless treasure.

After all, the woman's actions were not that odd for light was considered to be a luxury in the Dark Region.

Meanwhile, the circle disappeared, meaning that the barrier was now gone. As a result, the soul creatures were drawn to the light again.

However, the woman was known to be ruthless, unlike the good-tempered Master Snape. In fact, she was known to have killed several disgusting creatures who wanted to share the light.

With the light at the palm of her hand, greed took over her. Waving her hand, gusts of wild wind surrounded her. At full speed, the heartless wind started to cut the poor soul creatures one by one into pieces.

Chapter 3061 The Sword Tower

The pressure in the Sea of Truth continued to increase from the fourth line.

The chill that emanated from the sea water crept towards the Souls of Light. It gave people the illusion that their souls were frozen.

Zen and Dorothy maintained their speed and made good progress.

If they had enough soul pills, they could cross one line every day. Their speed was normal for them, but in reality they were whizzing past the others at a high speed.

Zen got into trouble when he almost reached the end of the fourth section. The waves in the Sea of Truth became menacing near the fifth line threatening to capsize Zen's Truth Boat, but he gritted his teeth and managed to cross the line.

The next morning, the sun rose as usual.

Zen opened his eyes, and the aura that he was emitting became stronger.

Within two days after he came to the Dragon City, Zen had already crossed the fourth line and the fifth line. Monica was speechless when she saw Zen's progress.

Beldene and the others really admired Zen's progress. After all, they were still approaching the first line.

"If you keep moving at this speed, it won't be long before you can overtake me." Monica sighed.

Zen smiled at her. "Please help me to look after my people today. I want to go to the Dragon City again," he requested.

"You don't want my company?" A faint light flashed in Monica's beautiful eyes.

"No, it's okay. I'm familiar with the basic rules of the Dragon City. It will be fine as long as I don't need to enter the Tower of Life and Death. If I can't make it back in a few days, I hope you will do me a favor and take care of my people," Zen uttered.

There was no practicing room or cave for cultivation outside the Dragon City. If he just focused on cultivating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, then it would not cause any inconvenience. It was normal for the Oneness Sky Palace to make such an arrangement. After all, most of the warriors, who joined the Dragon City, needed to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way first in order to reach the Other Shore.

However, Zen had the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship and the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship. He would have to put in a lot of time and energy into cultivating them, so naturally, he needed a suitable place for cultivation.

Monica readily agreed to help Zen and she reminded him to be careful. After being reassured by her, Zen headed straight for the Dragon City.

To the west of the Dragon City, there stood a gourd-shaped tall tower. Its surface was painted dark red, making it a very striking structure.

He had learned from Monica when they visited it yesterday that it was the Sword Tower of the Dragon City, and also the only place for cultivation in the city.

Zen had made a mental note then. Monica had advised him that it would be better for him to go there after he reached the Other Shore Realm. She did not explain the reason behind it though.

When Zen pushed the door open, he saw an old man with a mask leaning on the side. He seemed to be resting with his eyes closed.

When Zen entered the room, the masked old man just pointed outside without opening his eyes and yelled, "You haven't even reached the Other Shore. Get out!"

His voice had formidable power and authority, which made Zen stop in his tracks and frown.

The old man cultivated the Truth of Holy Words, which was rarely seen in the Dragon City. Zen ruminated for a while and said, "The Sword Tower is open to everyone. I haven't heard of this rule that people can enter it only after they reach the Other Shore Realm."

The masked old man didn't expect Zen to refute him. He finally opened his eyes and looked at him. "If you are willing to pay enough divine crystals, you can go in. The premise is that you should not be afraid of death. I am telling you for your own good," he said with a gentle smile.

"Is the Sword Tower really so dangerous?" Zen asked incredulously.

"It is for you!" The masked old man squinted at Zen impatiently and said, "Please go now and come back after you reach the Other Shore."

Since Zen was already here, he had no intentions of returning. With a flip of his hand, several divine crystals appeared in his hand. He said loudly, "If the Sword Tower is open to everyone, there is no reason to prevent people from entering it."

Seeing the divine crystals, the old man looked at Zen in surprise. He shook his head helplessly and muttered, "There are always some people who want to be humiliated, and are not afraid of death... Come with me!" barked the old man.

He led Zen into the tower despite his misgivings.

The inner space of the Sword Tower was huge. There was a spiral-shaped internal structure and there were many rooms scattered there. There were many sword platforms in front of the rooms, and a small jade plate was placed atop each of them.

"You can put the divine crystals on the jade plate to open the door. It costs one hundred divine crystals for one day. However, the time law rate in the room is ten times faster than that in the outside world. When the time is up, you will be kicked out of the room. If you can't hold on, wait till the time is up and the room kicks you out, so that you can survive," the old man explained with a smile and walked away with his hands crossed behind his back. He believed that Zen would surely be kicked out.

The brittle old man gave no indication as to what Zen would encounter inside the tower.

Zen stood at the door and observed for a while. Then he removed three hundred divine crystals and put them onto the jade plate.

Zen had seen this kind of jade plate on the Trumpet Flying Ship before. The jade plate absorbed the divine crystals and immediately the door of the room started opening slowly.

After entering the room, Zen glanced around. It was a little strange.

The room was empty, except for a jade cushion, which was placed in the center. There was nothing else in the room. It appeared to be an ordinary practicing room, but he had to spend one hundred divine crystals to stay there for a day.

"The Oneness Sky Palace is so mean!"

Zen muttered to himself while sitting cross-legged on the jade cushion.

As he was sitting on the jade cushion, it started rotating. It continued doing so for a while and the empty practicing room changed!

He was now in a huge cave and countless long red swords were strewn about the cave like weeds. The tips of the swords were all positioned at Zen who sat in the middle. There was only one path in front of him, through which he could leave.

"These swords..." Zen raised his eyebrows and immediately became alert.

Although the swords were wedged onto the walls of the cave, Zen felt as if people were aiming their swords at him and ready to stab any time!

He turned a little on the jade cushion and stretched out his hand.

Whoosh!

A long sword shot towards him from the top of the cave!

Crack!

The long sword moved surprisingly fast. It grazed his arm slightly while flying past him, leaving a faint blood mark.

"Whoa! What a powerful strike!"

The sword strike was formidable to be able to break Zen's physical body. It was attacking him with the full force of a warrior at the Other Shore Realm. If someone else were to be attacked by the sword, their arm might have been cut off.

These swords could pose a big threat to his life!

Now Zen understood why the old man had warned him. He was right. The Sword Tower was not suitable for those who hadn't reached the Other Shore Realm.

If he couldn't deflect the attacks, he would have to stay put on the jade cushion and just wait to be kicked out when the time was up.

"Thirty days...! I just have to resist the attacks and go out at my own will, instead of being kicked out," he said to himself determinedly.

Sitting on the jade cushion, he erased all the negative thoughts in his mind and took out the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship once more!

Chapter 3062 The Power Of Three Annihilation Strike

Silence reigned the walls of the cave the moment Zen began to focus on embracing the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship.

"Huh?"

Zen noticed something and turned his gaze up at the swords and blinked his eyes several times.

The many swords on the roof looked like stalactites hanging from the cave. All of them pointed at him. The intertwined sword intents gave off an unusual calming vibe as Zen felt his mind relax underneath them.

'It turns out that these swords are not only a test, but they can also have a soothing effect by intertwining the sword intents!' Zen thought to himself as he studied them from below.

He could not figure out how this was happening, but he could surely feel himself relax under the influence.

Feeling refreshed from the intertwined sword intents, Zen began focusing on cultivating the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship.

The Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship comprised of three moves, each more complex than the last. The first one, being the simplest of them all, was called the Three Annihilation Strike. The "three" mentioned in the technique did not mean blending three Godly Ways; it was far complicated than that. It meant combining three layers of the Ways-blending Energy when the move was being used.

As he continued to focus and study the Three Annihilation Strike, his eyes flashed a bright color in response to his thoughts.

The worth of the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship far surpassed any other supreme swordsmanship manuals.

However, the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship had high barriers to entry—one had to at least be able to blend five hundred Godly Ways. It took a lot of time to cultivate so many Godly Ways in the first place. The tough obstacles to master so many Godly Ways discouraged many warriors from cultivating it.

But Zen was an exception. He had already mastered more than enough Godly Ways.

As a result, he didn't encounter difficulties in practicing the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship.

One day passed.

Three days passed.

Ten days passed.

Zen slowly stood up from the jade cushion. He reached his hand out and flicked his fingers. With his signal, a sword fell into his right hand and he clenched it tightly.

As the Ways-blending Energy began to flow out profusely, Zen marched forward with determined eyes and left the jade cushion.

Swoosh!

The moment he took a few steps ahead of the jade cushion, one of the swords on the roof fell off and came crashing down towards him.

Suddenly, Zen's reflexes were activated as his gaze became sharp.

He slowly lifted the sword in his hand. Soon as he did this, it reacted to his inner thoughts as a sword radiance emitted from its edges.

Before, Zen relied on his unstable Ways-blending Energy to activate the Ways-blending Strike, which was a formidable technique. However, the Three Annihilation Strike was different.

The sword radiance emitting from the sword with the Three Annihilation Strike consisted of three rays of Ways-blending Energy. Only one of them was the main part and the other two were secondary parts.

As Zen released the sword strike, the three rays of Ways-blending Energy fused. The aura unleashed resembled that of the Ways-blending Strike.

However, when the sword radiance clashed with the sword that fell from the cave towards Zen, the two secondary rays of Ways-blending Energy exploded. The sword radiance flashed bright and silver.

The overwhelming energy of the secondary parts converged inwards and activated the main part.

Bang!

Dazzling white light enveloped the cave.

The sword that attacked Zen disappeared without a trace.

"The Three Annihilation Strike is so powerful!" Zen gasped as he stared at the sword in his hands, completely awestruck.

The same energy was released but the power differed from that of the Ways-blending Strike. Although Zen had expected the potential of the Three Annihilation Strike to be formidable since the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship was not easy to cultivate, the extent of its power still stunned him. He wondered how many divine megaton of force the Three Annihilation Strike contained.

More importantly, the Three Annihilation Strike consumed much less Ways-blending Energy compared to the Ways-blending Strike.

When Zen lost his focus thinking about his new technique, more swords above his head began to fall towards him. This time, they came after him from all directions.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

More than ten swords shot in a row, each of which contained the force of one divine megaton. This was similar to more than ten warriors at the Other Shore Realm coming to attack Zen at the same time.

Of course, this did not mean he was able to fend off more than ten warriors at the Other Shore Realm at once.

After all, these swords could only manage one blow. But the warriors at the Other Shore Realm would charge continuously. Furthermore, Zen now could predict their trajectory, speed, and power so the sword attacks were predictable compared to the warriors.

"Can I deal with these swords with the Three Annihilation Strike?"

Zen murmured to himself as he stared at the sword in his hand. He wanted to give it a try without returning to the jade cushion.

As the Ways-blending Energy in Zen's inner world continued to gather, he stood prepared with his stance. He began to fight back with the sword in his hand, and streaks of sword radiances flared up in all directions around him.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

When each Three Annihilation Strike split, it would produce streaks of light that danced around the corners of the cave. The light was so blinding that Zen had to use his spiritual sense to navigate around safely.

He took over ten steps forward and released more than ten sword strikes.

The blinding white light dissipated. And the swords that flew at him fiercely disappeared from the impact of the attacks.

Zen pursed his lips and smiled, feeling proud. When he was about to continue forward, the swords hanging on the cave roof slightly shook. This time, over a hundred swords were raining down on him.

As he stared at the swords falling on to him, his smug expression stiffened up. He quickly retreated to the jade cushion.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Over a hundred swords surrounded him, but were blocked by an invisible force.

His face darkened as he looked around himself surrounded by the swords which almost killed him. 'No wonder the old man said that I might die inside the room. Even those who have reached the Other Shore Realm would find it difficult to deal with these swords, let alone the True Gods, ' he thought to himself as he let out a sigh of relief.

Although he knew he would be kicked out of the room after thirty days, he didn't want to leave in such an embarrassing way.

"Six Annihilation Strike?"

Zen murmured as his face brightened. The Six Annihilation Strike was much more powerful than the Three Annihilation Strike, but they were similar in principle.

According to the rules of the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship, many layers of Ways-blending Energy burst out one by one, leading to the power increase. When one used the Six Annihilation Strike, five layers of Ways-blending Energy would burst out in total.

As for the Thousand Annihilation Strike, the number of thousand was only virtual. Even if only seven or eight layers of Ways-blending Energy burst out, it was still called the Thousand Annihilation Strike. However, the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship also recorded that there was a possibility of a thousand layers of Ways-blending Energy to burst out using that technique.

It was hard for Zen to imagine how powerful it would be. But as the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship was incomplete, even Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself could not reach that level.

After learning the Three Annihilation Strike, Zen thought he was strong enough to beat these swords. However, there were so many swords in the cave, and even if he managed to use the Six Annihilation Strike, it would still be difficult for him to leave the cave.

In the end, Zen's attention was focused on learning the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship.

Zen had his reasons to prefer the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship over the Sword Texture Technique. The Sword Texture Technique was so impactful that it was capable of killing the target in one shot. However, the user had to have a high level of cultivation to perfect it.

Zen had already mastered the Ways-blending Strike; it was only natural he'd go for something else more challenging and valuable.

After all, only the best things attracted his attention. Nothing else was worth his time and effort.

In the next twenty days, Zen sat atop the jade cushion in the cave and worked on studying the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship. To him, the challenge of cultivating it far surpassed that of the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship. He was determined on emerging victorious from the cave after his thirty days ended. If he got confused over something, he'd morph himself into an avatar and practice in his inner world.

Time flew, and thirty days had passed in the cave.

Meanwhile, three days had passed outside the Sword Tower.

The old man glanced at the rooms in the Sword Tower. He paced back and forth with his hands behind his back, thinking Zen would soon get kicked out of his room. The old man disliked most of the young people because they would not listen to his advice. Thinking about Zen getting thrown out, he decided to mock him over not listening to him.

Suddenly, he heard a muffled voice. One of the rooms of the Sword Tower opened, and a warrior cultivating in the Sword Tower collapsed out of it.

Chapter 3063 Report To The Superior

The Sword Tower was famous for its difficulty. It was not rare to see warriors getting kicked out of the rooms of the tower.

Some of its rooms were so hard that even Other Shore Realm warriors would find themselves defeated and ejected.

The young man who was kicked out of his room quickly stood up and brushed himself off, looking self-conscious. He glanced towards the old man standing nearby. "Master Sellers! This is a bit embarrassing."

"You've been here for six months, right? How many times have you been kicked out?" asked the old man, whose name was Sellers Wen.

"This is the fourth time," the young man replied honestly.

"Useless! You're complete rubbish," Sellers Wen said coldly.

Instead of getting offended, the young man grinned wryly. All the cultivators in Dragon City were familiar with Sellers Wen, and knew that he was very softhearted, despite his outward curtness and short temper.

The young man, for example, couldn't afford the room's fee twice. He had only been able to enter the Sword Tower to cultivate because Sellers Wen was generous enough to lend him divine crystals.

They heard the sound of a door being pushed open, and turned towards it. A man in a silk robe emerged. He had an extraordinary aura around him. Although he had just reached the Other Shore Realm, it was clear that he already possessed great strength and power.

The man bowed to Sellers Wen, and then left without saying a word.

"Look at him! Hale Lin's cultivation base is similar to yours. He has been cultivating in the middle floor of the Sword Tower, yet he has managed to come out safely," said Sellers Wen, watching the man's receding figure with satisfaction. "He is much better than you, and is likely to be chosen."

"Really?" the young man asked. His eyes held a trace of envy.

There were two ways to advance in Dragon City. The first one was to start as a Flag Master, become an Alliance Chief, and then rise to a Oneness Guard. It was a long and difficult process.

The second road was more straightforward. To advance, you had to be chosen by the Oneness Sky Palace.

This was a shortcut that many warriors in the Dragon City yearned to take.

However, only those who had the most talent and strength were ever chosen by the Oneness Sky Palace. It was an option only given to a few geniuses. The vast majority of warriors could only advance one step at a time.

Sellers Wen saw the disconsolate look on the young man's face and patted him on the back. "You have just reached the Other Shore Realm. Keep working hard! You must try to have a good command of the Other Shore Token, and maybe you can even catch up with Hale. After all, while he is better than you, you are also better than many people on your same level in Dragon City."

Sellers Wen was in charge of the Sword Tower that had a different mandate than the others. He had the task of selecting the best disciples for the Oneness Sky Palace, and was often on the lookout for great talents and geniuses in Dragon City who would be worthy of joining it.

It was a pity that only Hale Lin seemed to meet his high standards. For now, anyway.

The young man perked up a little at Sellers Wen's encouraging words.

Meanwhile, another door of the Sword Tower opened. This time, it was Zen who came out.

Zen had just completed a challenge that was hard even for him. He had been caught off guard to face sixteen huge swords guarding the entrance of the cave, each one thrice as powerful as an ordinary sword.

He had to admit that he'd gotten lucky.

He had managed to make it through, but it could have gone the other way, too. He couldn't deal with the ordinary swords just through the Three Annihilation Strike, and he couldn't deal with the huge swords just through the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship. It could be said that both skills contributed a lot to his success.

At any rate, he'd been successful and escaped the room safely.

Upon leaving the room, he saw the young man and the old man staring at him. He was confused and asked, "Is anything wrong?"

"Master Sellers, am I seeing things?" the young man asked, his eyes wide.

Sellers Wen was as dumbfounded as the young man, but thankfully his face was concealed partially by a mask, and no one could see his expression.

He had been absolutely certain that Zen would get kicked out of the room. In fact, one of the reasons he was loitering in this area was to wait for him to get kicked out, so that he could mock him. When he saw Zen walk safely out of the room, he was genuinely surprised and lost for words.

The young man was impervious to Sellers Wen's inner turmoil. He said, "Master Sellers, this man hasn't even entered the Other Shore yet. You can tell from his aura that he has only passed the fourth or fifth line at most."

Sellers Wen had never seen such a thing.

The young man was right; Zen had not reached the Other Shore, and he had only passed the fourth or fifth line on the Sea of Truth. Yet here he was, safely emerging from his cultivation room of the Sword Tower.

Having watched tens of millions of people coming and going from Dragon City all these years, Sellers Wen had never seen anyone like Zen before.

"How did you do it? Did you cheat?" Sellers Wen asked Zen in a low voice.

"Cheat?" Zen looked taken aback and offended by the accusation. "How can I cheat in the cave?"

The cave was surrounded on all sides by swords, and there was only one way out. He couldn't have cheated. No one could.

Sellers Wen quickly realized that it was impossible for Zen to have cheated. "How did you open the door?"

This time Zen looked confused. "Well...I put my hand on the door and then I pushed it open. How else could it be opened? Did I break a rule?"

"No, of course not," Sellers Wen said, forcing an awkward smile.

Meanwhile, the young man was in shock too, and covered his face with his hands.

For him, Hale Lin had always been the person he aspired to emulate. Among his peers, Hale Lin was the gold standard for success.

But now, an even more powerful person turned up. He had not reached the Other Shore Realm and yet he had just opened a door in the Sword Tower. Even the talents from the Oneness Sky Palace could not have been able to accomplish such a feat.

"Who are you? Where are you from? What is your name?" Sellers Wen asked, eager to find out more about this man.

Zen hesitated, wondering why the old man was asking suspiciously about his background. "Why do you need to know that information?"

"Well..." Sellers Wen studied Zen. So, this man was unfamiliar with the customs of Dragon City. "It will be useful to you, naturally. For example, once I know your background, I can send you where you want to go."

Zen saw that Sellers Wen was serious. With a shrug and a smile, he answered the questions he had been asked.

Most probably, the old man wanted to send him to the Oneness Sky Palace, but Zen didn't think the sect would want him. Otherwise, it would have been made clear by now.

Zen didn't mind staying in Dragon City. He had no great interest in the Oneness Sky Palace. With enough divine crystals, on his own he could pass through the Sea of Truth and strengthen his shortcomings.

But Sellers Wen had other plans. As soon as Zen left, the old man rushed to the Oneness Mountain.

He had been tracking Hale Lin, monitoring him to see when he would be ready to be admitted to the Oneness Sky Palace. But he had to put that aside for the moment. Zen's incredible performance did not require any further period of inspection. There was no need to delay and keep Zen in Dragon City. He was ready.

When Sellers Wen was halfway up the mountain, he found himself in an illusory place.

A colorful mist surrounded him. Just ahead, there was a bright, gleaming palace. He walked into the palace and went straight to the main hall.

He said to the guards, "Excuse me, I'm Sellers Wen. May I meet with Master Calum?"

A voice sounded behind him. "Master Calum won't agree to see you. You should leave."

Sellers Wen turned to see Athemar. Startled, he clasped his hands together and bowed. Athemar was one of the Oneness Governors, and Sellers Wen was bound to show him respect.

"Master Athemar, did you say Master Calum wouldn't agree to see me? Why not?" he asked.

Athemar smiled. "Let me guess. You want to tell Master Calum about a man named Zen Luo, right?"

"Yes, exactly! He just passed the test of the Sword Tower. Although it was on the first floor, he—"

Athemar interrupted him. "He did it even though he has not yet reached the Other Shore Realm, right?"

"Do you already know of Zen, Master Athemar?" Sellers Wen asked, looking confused.

"Yes. He is a disciple of the Sword Light Palace that I built. Besides, I was the one who introduced him to the Oneness Sky Palace," said Athemar. He wore a strange expression.

The peace between the Oneness Mountain and the Origin Mountain had recently been disturbed because of Zen.

Chapter 3064 Buying Swords

Despite the years of shared history and roots between the Origin Mountain and the Oneness Mountain, a fierce rivalry had developed between the two over the years.

The Origin Mountain authority swore that Dorothy had known Zen since a long time ago, and that he had been saved by Winchell. Obviously, they wanted Zen to come to their side.

In the end, however, Athemar's claim held the most weight. Zen was a disciple of the Sword Light Palace, which had been established by Athemar. They had sent someone to pick Zen up, but due to an accident, failed to do so.

Athemar would still remain indebted to Winchell for saving Zen's life, but there was no doubt that Zen would join the Oneness Sky Palace.

When it became obvious that Athemar was not willing to give Zen up, the Origin Mountain finally yielded and agreed to a compromise.

"Master Athemar," said Sellers, his expression one of confusion. "Since you introduced Zen to the Oneness Sky Palace, why did you let him remain in the Dragon City?" In Sellers' mind, a talent like Zen should have been sent to the Oneness Sky Palace right away.

"It is all part of my plan," Athemar replied absently, stroking his beard. "Oh, and if he asks to use your Sword Tower to cultivate, please let him."

Sellers knew this was a cue to stop asking questions. He bowed his head in obedience, for the other party was a Oneness Governor.

Meanwhile, in the Dragon City, the Flag Masters were all busy doing various things.

For a Flag Master, the fastest way to become an Alliance Chief was either to recruit an enormous number of teammates in as little time as possible, or to succeed in numerous challenging tasks. In addition, they also needed time to cultivate, so most of the Flag Masters were incredibly busy.

As for Zen, his greatest problem arose when he was in the cultivation room. It was his weapon.

He had changed three swords in the cave.

Those swords were among the best supreme primordial weapons of the divine land. One of them even had the ability to repair itself. However, they were not strong enough to withstand the force of even one divine megaton, which would blow them to smithereens.

Even though Zen had confidence in the Soaring Snake Sword, which was stronger than the others, he was reluctant to use it as doing so could expose his identity.

Before he knew for sure that the Oneness Sky Palace was not hostile to the Nine Li race, he could not risk blowing his cover by using the Soaring Snake Sword. Thus, his top priority was to find a temporary replacement for it.

Fortunately, the harvest had been good this time, and he had enough divine crystals to spend for a while.

Soon, he arrived in front of a large building.

A large sign atop the doorway to the building said "Best Swords Shop."

Zen smiled as he read the sign. 'Only the guys at the Oneness Sky Palace are arrogant enough to say their swords are the best, ' he thought.

Just as Zen was about to enter the shop, he saw a movement in his peripheral vision. He turned slowly to see a young man standing some distance away from him. "You followed me," he said.

Suddenly, he recognized who the young man was—he had been kicked out of a room of the Sword Tower some time ago. "I just want to ask if you have a secret method," the young man said with an embarrassed smile.

Zen thought for a while. "You mean a secret method for leaving the room of the Sword Tower?" he asked.

"Yes!" said the young man excitedly, his eyes lighting up with surprise.

"Yes, I do," replied Zen.

The young man's smile grew wider. "Really? I...I will pay..." He was not rich, and did not want to part with his divine crystals, but he knew how hard it was for him to cultivate in the Sword Tower. "I can give you a hundred divine crystals. Please tell me the secret method."

"You don't have to give me any divine crystals," Zen said with a smile. "The method is simple: you have to be stronger than me. That's it. Then, I guarantee you will come out of the Sword Tower safely."

"What? Are you saying I'm weaker than you?" the young man asked, his eyes widening.

Although he had just reached the Other Shore Realm, his Other Shore Token was not weak at all.

The difference in cultivation base between the two of them was obvious. The young man was an Other Shore Realm warrior, and yet Zen hadn't even reached the realm. Even though Zen had managed to leave the cultivation room safely, the young man thought Zen had a trick up his sleeve that he didn't want to share.

"That's exactly what I mean," Zen replied coldly, before turning around and stepping into the Best Swords Shop. But the young man followed him into the shop.

"Hey, hey..." the young man shouted behind him. Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks and looked around him, seeming to have forgotten why he had entered in the first place. "Do you want to buy a sword?" he asked sheepishly.

"Yes," replied Zen curtly.

"I can give you some advice. My name is Gant Su. Have you heard of the Su Clan in the Bloom Divine Province? It is a clan famous for weapon refining. Most of the swords in the Oneness Sky Palace are exclusively provided by our Su Clan," Gant Su said proudly, continuing to follow Zen and occasionally breaking into a jog to keep up with him.

Gant Su's offer seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. Zen ignored him and concentrated on the swords on the shelves of the shop.

The swords were lined up on the shelves, one after the other. A faint fragrance emanated from them, and it was hard to pinpoint what they were treated with.

'I know each of the Sword Light Palace's disciples already owns a cyan sword. Even so, I should buy a sword for each of them and for anyone else that chooses to join me in the future, as a token of my appreciation, ' thought Zen, scratching his chin.

"This sword..." Zen said, turning to the salesman and pointing at one of the swords on display. Gant Su, however, stepped forward before Zen could finish his question.

"That is the Spring Sword," he said. "It is made with the spring water from the Crane Singing Spring, an Other Shore Token. Our Su Clan sells it for 300 divine crystals. Look, they are selling it for 800 divine crystals!"

The face of the salesman standing nearby darkened. However, Gant Su exuded a certain confidence when he spoke, and so the salesman did not dare argue with him.

Zen forced a smile, and his gaze swept towards the sword on the other side. Before he could even open his mouth, Gant Su spoke up again. "Wind Roaring Sword. The sword is most famous for its speed..."

After Gant Su had introduced the backgrounds of more than a dozen swords in a row, Zen made up his mind. Turning to the salesman, he pointed at the shelves. "That one, that one, that one, and that one," he said, pointing out each sword he wanted.

Both the salesman and Gant Su stared at Zen, wide-eyed. "Do you mean all of them?"

Those four swords would cost almost three thousand divine crystals in total, which was enough to pay the Sword Tower's fee a few times.

"I want forty of each," Zen said.

Although there had never been a shortage of wealthy customers in the Best Swords Shop, it was rare for a customer to be as generous as Zen. He wanted to buy such a large number of swords, not having even reached the Other Shore Realm yet. They guessed, correctly, that Zen was not buying for himself.

Seeing the suspicious look on the salesman's face, Zen went ahead and extracted the divine crystals from his space ring. Soon, a hundred and twenty thousand divine crystals lay on the counter in a huge pile, glimmering with pure energy. It was a sight to behold.

The salesman's face changed from doubt to pure joy. Gant Su's eyes widened in shock.

As a member of the weapon refining clan, Gant Su had seen a large number of divine crystals in his lifetime. However, this time, he had come to the Dragon City against the Su Clan's will, and thus had little money.

Stunned, he watched as Zen bought over a hundred swords at once.

"Now, do you have a sword of higher quality here by any chance?" Zen asked the salesman.

Zen was obviously a special customer, and the salesman sensed an opportunity to sell even more weapons. "Sir, this way, please," he said instantly.

Zen followed the salesman into the inner chamber of the shop, Gant Su in close pursuit.

As soon as he entered the inner chamber, Gant Su froze. A man stood there, and Gant Su recognized him at once. Turning around on the spot, he made for the door.

The man, however, beat him to it, and blocked his way. "I see you have no respect for your father's wishes," said the man in a booming voice. "How long are you going to stay here in the Dragon City?"

"Uncle Rankin, let me go! I will never leave the Dragon City," Gant Su pleaded.

The Su Clan was a famous clan in the Bloom Divine Province and had a good relationship with the Oneness Sky Palace. Naturally, some of those people were serving in the Dragon City. This person was Rankin Su, one of Gant's uncles.

Of course, Zen didn't have the time or interest to meddle in such petty conflicts within the Su Clan. Turning away from the uncle and his nephew, he looked at the salesman. "What are you going to show me?" he asked.

---

facebook
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3065 Treasure Classification

The salesman wanted to tell Rankin Su that Zen was rich and generous, but the words got stuck in his throat in his excitement.

"Uncle Rankin! Uncle Rankin! There's a rich man here! Nothing is more important than business, isn't that right?" Gant begged for mercy as Rankin yelled to him non-stop. His ears could take no more of this badgering.

There were very few actually qualified to enter this inner chamber of the shop, while those who did were usually very rich or very powerful beings.

Zen's cultivation was so low that Rankin did not take him seriously at first glance. But upon hearing he was in fact a rich man, Rankin's view had changed and he now gave Zen all his attention. He looked him up and down and said, "The swords here were all built by the blood of our Su Clan. They are very precious, so if you don't have at least one million divine crystals, there's really no sense in us continuing this conversation."

This sword store didn't actually belong to the Dragon City. The Su Clan were the ones in charge here and thus traded with their customers directly.

"Swords built by the blood?" Zen's eyes narrowed in curiosity.

Gant puffed with pride and exclaimed, "Yes! We have the blood of the Ore Shadow race, the most excellent bloodline for refining swords!"

The Ore Shadow race was one of the ancient nonhuman races. Their skin was like brass, and their eyes like mercury. They grew out of the mining mountains, and all parts of their bodies were extremely valuable. It was because of this, that the members of the Ore Shadow race had been completely massacred a long time ago.

Only the Su Clan inherited their blood.

Had it not been for the protection of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Su Clan would have been slaughtered by the other races as well, such was the value of their bloodline. And for this protection, the Su Clan had been putting as much effort as they could towards the loyal servitude of the Oneness Sky Palace.

"May I have a look?" Zen asked of the swords they did not believe he was worthy to behold.

Seeing Zen's confidence encouraged Rankin, who then walked to a side and performed a slight waving gesture.

The wall caved in magically, revealing six long swords and their sharp edges, all evenly spaced from each other. They looked as if they stood as royal guards on duty, so regal and strong.

The aura coming from them caused Zen to twitch his eyebrows at their power.

"These six swords are all Profound Blood Treasures. Even the cheapest one, the Hovering Bird Sword, would cost you a million divine crystals," Rankin said in a clear and proud voice.

Seeing the seriousness on Zen's face satisfied him. He took great pride in his store. Impressing those rich and powerful who walked in was what he lived for.

What he did not realize was that Zen only seemed to notice one sword. The body of that sword was snake-shaped, looking almost exactly the same as the Soaring Snake Sword!

"I feel as though I've seen this sword before. It seems to remind me of the legendary Soaring Snake Sword," Zen remarked.

Gant laughed heartily and admitted, "This is a forgery, a replica of the Soaring Snake Sword. So its power is nowhere near that of the real one. You must be quite knowledgeable to recognize the Soaring Snake Sword. Not many are capable of that."

Not entirely the case but how could Gant know that the real Soaring Snake Sword was in Zen's hand?

"So this sword is also a Profound Blood Treasure?" Zen inquired.

"Of course! A sword that has been soaked into the blood of our family, can be called a Profound Blood Treasure. Although it's a primary one, it's still quite powerful if I do say so," declared Gant, searching Zen's face for impressed emotions.

"I'll take it," Zen replied with little hesitation.

If the counterfeit and the real one were put side by side, even Zen would have a hard time telling them apart.

If at some point he had to use the Soaring Snake Sword, he could withdraw the fake one first he supposed.

"Don't you need to know the price?" Gant pursed his lips. He knew Zen to be very rich, but he'd never seen someone buy a sword without asking the price. Assuming he could afford it niggled Gant somewhat.

"This sword will cost you one million and five hundred thousand divine crystals." The ease at which Zen took the revelation and payment of the price delighted Rankin.

Zen paid him what he was owed and glanced at the swords again. "These swords are all Profound Blood Treasures, including the forgery? Then what do you call the real Soaring Snake Sword?" Zen asked, a little confused.

"Real Soaring Snake Sword..." Rankin and Gant were both stunned.

They had expected Zen would know this which should be common knowledge. Gant then said slowly and with a smile, "After the middle ages, all the magic weapons in the world were classified. There are Profound Blood Treasure, Other Shore Treasure and Grand Nature Treasure, and each of the three types can be sub-categorized into three levels."

After a pause, Gant continued, "And the real Soaring Snake Sword is a primary Grand Nature Treasure."

"Only the primary level?" Zen asked shocked.

Seeing that Zen was slightly disappointed by this, Rankin and his nephew couldn't help but chuckle. Gant finally let out. "Only the primary level? Hahaha The forging of a Grand Nature Treasure requires pristine materials, which came into existence before the chaos had been broken. This is no easy task. There are only dozens of such Grand Nature Treasures in the entire Source World! The reason why the Soaring Snake Sword is 'only' a primary one is because it does not contain that many pristine materials. Even so, it's more than enough to cause a massive stir among every race!"

"I see." Zen nodded.

As Gant had said, Profound Blood Treasures were sacred weapons forged by noble blood, while Other Shore Treasures contained Other Shore Tokens. As for Grand Nature Treasures, they were made from pristine materials. Such a magical weapon was one in a million, rare and precious beyond compare.

After getting a general understanding of the treasure classification, Zen looked up at the wall.

When Rankin had shown him the six swords, he had noticed two. One was a copy of the Soaring Snake Sword, and the other...

It appeared ordinary in shape but the blood light it held within made people tremble in fear. Just the faint light of it seemed to be capable of devouring someone in minutes.

"What's the price of this one?" Zen asked of this second sword.

As Zen made mention of the sword, Gant's face sank as his heart did too.

From the blood light, Gant could tell the maker of the sword, the one who had been oppressed for so long. Thinking of how miserable she looked, Gant could not help but feel a deep sadness.

Rankin, on the other hand, was a stark contrast of Gant. He gave Zen a thumbs up and said, "You're good! This is the Snow Sword. A premium Profound Blood Treasure. It also just so happens to be the best sword in our store! Although this sword doesn't have any Other Shore Tokens, it is comparable to some Other Shore Treasures. The price is eight million divine crystals!"

Zen was a bit startled by the high price.

However, he was quite fond of this sword, and the fake Soaring Snake Sword was not enough to cope with the enemies he would face. Zen began reasoning with himself on why he should get this sword. The biggest concern was that he still wanted to spend ten million divine crystals borrowing the yellow paper to study.

If he bought this sword, he would likely have to find another way to earn even more divine crystals...

Zen gritted his teeth and finally said, "I'll take this one too."

Rankin's eyes widened. He never thought that Zen would actually buy it. This was turning into a great day for him.

They sold between three to five such swords a year and here Zen had already bought two at once! Rankin's heart fluttered with excitement and glee and a smile broke onto his face uncontrollably.

"Great! That's great!" shouted Rankin, who took down the Snow Sword excitedly.

Zen took out the divine crystals and picked up the sword right away.

Just as Zen held the sword and felt its weight, Gant asked, "Could I have a look at the sword?"

"Gant! This sword has been sold. It no longer belongs to the Su Clan! Don't cause any trouble!" Rankin scolded.

Zen was touched by the gloom that began to fill Gant's eyes. He felt he had no choice but to hand the sword to him for a moment.

Gant took a deep breath and carefully held the sword in his arms. After a long while, he reluctantly returned the sword to Zen, at least a little satisfied.

Chapter 3066 The Mass Production

Judging from the look on Gant's face, it was possible that this Snow Sword involved a sad story.

However, Zen ignored his reaction since this was obviously the matter of the Su Clan.

Carefully, he stowed the long sword. For some reason, Gant immediately followed when he went out of the Best Swords Shop.

"How much longer are you going to keep following me?" Zen asked, getting a little annoyed.

Gant seemed a bit troubled. But he answered almost immediately, "Okay, I have decided now!"

"What have you decided about?" Zen inquired as he became intrigued.

"I'll go with you and join your crew!" Gant replied earnestly.

"Huh? You want to join my crew?" Zen was a little bit shocked with Gant's forwardness. "You are a Flag Master, right?"

To this, Gant promptly responded, "Yes. Nonetheless, I don't have any problem with giving it up. The Flag Master I followed and supported before has been promoted to an Alliance Chief. Naturally, I took up his post as the Flag Master. He is about to participate in the competition for becoming a Oneness Guard. Therefore, I am now free to do anything I want!"

In accordance with the rules of the Dragon City, a person was allowed to relinquish the position of a Flag Master. However, cases like these were pretty uncommon.

In addition to that, the cultivation base of Gant was even higher than Zen's!

"But if you surrender your post as the Flag Master, you will not be able to enter the Dragon City anymore. Am I right?" Even though Zen wanted his crew to grow even stronger, he was still having second thoughts about letting Gant join them.

"It's alright. You don't have to worry about that. I have secret and special ways of getting in and out of the Dragon City," Gant replied with a sly smile.

"One final question, why do you wish to follow me?" Zen queried.

Gant's face betrayed a subtle hint of shrewdness as he chuckled and told him, "Hey, I just wanted to follow and support a rich man."

With that, Zen accepted Gant's request to join him. After all, the Su Clan was known for their great skill in weapon refining for generations. Thus, Gant would be a good addition to their crew. In any case, Zen felt as though he wanted to join their crew for a much deeper reason. There was a high possibility that it was because of the sword he had just purchased.

Needless to say, Gant gave up his flag the moment they stepped out of the Dragon City. He walked towards an old man and recorded his action.

Later on, they headed down to the marketplace outside the Dragon City.

The market here was a massive one. Since they had quite some time to spare, Zen began wandering around and checking the different commodities available here.

Although it didn't quite rival the Dragon City, there were lots of peculiar things being sold here. And strangely enough, they were very cheap. He even saw a vendor selling Latent Theurgies sealed with runes.

After a while, they left the market. Zen proceeded to search for his people.

Beldene and the others were extremely delighted as they saw him. They immediately surrounded him. Meanwhile, he introduced Gant to them.

The disciples were clearly astonished to find out that an Other Shore Realm warrior agreed to join them. Nevertheless, they reckoned it was a very good decision. Ultimately, they were aware that they needed to strengthen their crew.

Soon after, Beldene gently flipped his hand and took out a small bottle. He cheerfully turned to Zen and asked him, "Flag Master, look at what I've got! Do you have any idea what this is?"

But before Zen had the chance to examine it carefully, Gant just took one look at it and said, "That one is the Heavenly Pure Liquid. Even if it's known as the purest spirit liquid, it's not that rare. On the other hand, it can be used to lower the temperature during the process of weapon refining. And because it is incredibly pure, some people actually use it to produce wine..."

"Hmm, it seems rather identical to the Sword-reading Liquid," replied Zen as he scrutinized it. But as he noticed, the Heavenly Pure Liquid did not have a truth aura.

"Well, that is because Sword-reading Liquid is created using the Heavenly Pure Liquid. And even though it is incredibly cheap, there are only a few people who are able to use it to make the Sword-reading Liquid," responded Gant with a shrug.

Beldene ignored Gant's comment and appeared really excited about this. Again, he turned to Zen and said, "Flag Master, the Heavenly Pure Liquid is indeed quite cheap. This bottle has only cost me ten divine crystals!"

"So, what now? Are you intending to use it to make wine?" Gant asked as he casually stretched out his arms.

"Flag Master, I just had an idea. I bet we can earn a healthy profit if we use this to make the Sword-reading Liquid," Beldene continued while glancing at Gant.

"Ahem!"

This statement left Gant speechless and completely dumbfounded. He must have misheard what Beldene just said.

There were only a few people who could make the Sword-reading Liquid. That was why it was unbelievably rare!

Across the entire Oneness Sky Palace, only fourteen people were capable of making that. And in this case, all of those people possessed the ability of Instant Enlightenment!

Among those fourteen people, some had already passed away while some were now holding high positions. Anyhow, most of them were plainly uninterested in selling the Sword-reading Liquid to earn money. There was only one or two of them who would be willing to make it.

This was the reason why Gant was shocked to hear that Beldene wanted to make the Sword-reading Liquid.

Zen's answer, however, astounded him even more.

"Hmm, it is true that we can earn lots of divine crystals if we are able to sell the Sword-reading Liquid to people." Zen uttered while taking the bottle from Beldene.

At any rate, the Heavenly Pure Liquid was conveniently inexpensive. He could easily turn it into the Sword-reading Liquid by using the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. There were no other techniques that required using up his Truth of Eternal Sword Intent other than using the Soaring Snake Sword to activate the Imperial Sword Seal...

Gant's jaw almost hit the ground as he stared thunderstruck at Zen and asked, "Are you really capable of making the Sword-reading Liquid?"

Zen casually looked at Gant and then covered the opening of the bottle with his hand. The truth aura spiraled into the bottle. As it happened, the Heavenly Pure Liquid inside it started to swirl slowly.

"The truth aura is mixing with the liquid..." Gant was thoroughly bewildered.

He thought the Heavenly Pure Liquid was only useful because of its purity. It was a substance that had no reaction with almost any kind of energy. Because of that, it was absolutely difficult to change its properties.

The only and perfectly compatible thing with it was the Truth of Godly Way!

The Heavenly Pure Liquid would turn muddy if the Truth of Godly Way had any kind of imperfection.

In this case, the creation of the pure Sword-reading Liquid would fail.

"Zen! Have you achieved the Instant Enlightenment?" With this bit of information, Gant became fully aware of what was happening.

It seemed that Zen had in fact achieved the Instant Enlightenment. Hence, he was extremely powerful. That explained why even with his current cultivation base, he was able to pass the test on the first floor of the Sword Tower.

"Can you please examine this? Is this the Sword-reading Liquid?" he asked.

Gant's face registered a look of surprise as he felt the truth aura in the bottle. After a while, he exclaimed, "I see! Now, I understand how you can be so rich without having an extraordinary background. But I'm quite baffled as to why someone of your ability and strength still stays in the Dragon City."

"You know what, I also ask myself the same question," replied Zen as he merely shrugged.

From the Ear Mouse alone, Zen acquired fifteen million divine crystals. But since then, he had purchased many things. Now, he had not many divine crystals left.

If he didn't use the inheritance Chiyou left him, he would definitely be impoverished by now.

Beldene's suggestion would greatly improve their situation. Furthermore, they could earn more divine crystals.

Having decided on that, they instantly bought two hundred small bottles of Heavenly Pure Liquid from the market. They would be able to sell each bottle of pure Sword-reading Liquid for twenty thousand divine crystals. Even if they only sold it for ten or fifteen thousand divine crystals, they could still earn about two to three million divine crystals. The cost on their end was quite insignificant compared to their profit.

By the end of the day, Zen had already finished making the Sword-reading Liquid.

Obviously, Zen would not peddle these himself. He requested Beldene and the others to sell them in his stead. The liquid could probably reach more people beyond the Sword Wall when they traded it in the market.

As he gazed at the bottles of Sword-reading Liquid, Gant also saw the growing mound of divine crystals. He couldn't stop himself from getting amazed. For generations, the Su Clan had poured their blood and sweat into refining divine weapons. They gave so much time and effort in refining a weapon, yet they were unable to earn as many divine crystals as Zen had for just one night.

Gant felt a bit frustrated. It was difficult for the Su Clan and many other powerful clans in the entire Bloom Divine Province to produce an extraordinary warrior who had the perfect compatibility with the Truth of Godly Way.

Subsequently, Zen started preparing for his voyage across the Sea of Truth again.

Chapter 3067 Geoffrey's Wrath

The journey on the Sea of Truth became more difficult with each line crossed.

Travelling on the Sea of Truth was a process that would cultivate one's Soul of Light, which meant that the longer one stayed on the Sea of Truth, the stronger their Soul of Light would be.

This process revealed the advantages of being a member of Dragon City.

The silver swords entered Zen's flagpole and were continuously infiltrating the souls of the crowd. The effects were similar to a slew of soul pills swallowed intermittently, only to a much weaker extent.

Zen had stayed between the fifth and sixth lines for more than ten days, and his Soul of Light had grown stronger. He and Dorothy decided to try and cross the sixth line.

It was a heart-stopping and spine-tingling process, but they finally made it.

After they crossed the sixth line, Zen discovered that the Sea of Truth held an abundance of whirlpools.

Three to five whirlpools spun and twisted around them every once in a while.

No one knew how many people had been trapped in these whirlpools, and these people were unable to escape in their lives.

When Zen and Dorothy passed by, they heard people call for help.

Unfortunately for them, Zen was not everybody's savior. He would help Winchell save his son, but he didn't intend to take the fourth candle away. If he angered the creatures who put the candles in the sea, he would be in great trouble.

Zen crossed the sixth line with his Soul of Light first, and then he used his physical body to cross the sixth line as well.

The blazing red seawater had a specific effect on body refining, but it didn't have much effect on him. He continued to swim, even as the water around him began to boil like magma.

It was during this process that Zen clearly felt the presence of the Truth of Godly Way in his body, and at the back of his mind, he wondered if he could use the Truth of Godly Way in any theurgy.

In the Source World, only Zen could swim in the Sea of Truth. And so, he couldn't find any related theurgy, but perhaps in the future, he could figure some out himself.

When both his soul and body passed the sixth line, Zen decided that he was ready to stop the great whirlpool and rescue Dorothy's cousin.

Dorothy had told Zen earlier that the Lin Clan of the Origin Mountain was looking forward to this. Her cousin, in particular, was as eager for this day as a beaver.

After the Ear Mouse sent fifteen million divine crystals to Zen, the Lin Clan was completely convinced of Zen's ability. Zen had lit up Evaristus' eyes with a new hope.

Zen had asked Beldene and others to sell the Sword-reading Liquid for him for fifteen thousand divine crystals a bottle.

Zen thought that it was quite expensive, but Beldene and the others didn't agree. After all, other people could sell the Sword-reading Liquid at twenty thousand divine crystals, so this price was very low compared to others'.

As Beldene had expected, one hundred and twenty bottles were sold on the first day.

The remaining eighty bottles were reserved for those who couldn't buy them outright since they didn't have enough money, and they raised money overnight to pay for them the next day.

Once Beldene had sold the Sword-reading Liquid, he entrusted Kenelm to buy the Heavenly Pure Liquid secretly.

And he was wise to do so, for they were not the only ones who sold the Sword-reading Liquid, and their actions undoubtedly stole other people's profits and disrupted the market.

For the time being, he didn't want to publicize the fact that Zen could make the Sword-reading Liquid.

Although it was unavoidable that the other sellers would find out, he preferred to keep it low-key to help Zen earn a lot of divine crystals first.

And it was a success, as in the past days, he had earned a lot of divine crystals for Zen.

Of course, Zen didn't take all of these divine crystals. He only took a portion for himself, and then he gave the rest to his team.

Gant was overjoyed when he also received ten thousand divine crystals.

After he ran away from home and went to Dragon City, it was very difficult for him to take out hundreds of divine crystals.

It made him appreciate Zen even more, and he was happier for his decision to follow him. As for his identity as a Flag Master? He didn't plan to be a good Flag Master at all because he was the only one in his team.

Meanwhile, Zen returned to his inner world again before he would remove the whirlpool that trapped Evaristus.

Zen created an avatar and kept his women company.

Time flowed faster in his inner world than in the Source World. Every time he left the floating island his inner world, he would adjust the time flow rate so that the two places had the same time flow rate and his women wouldn't have to wait for him for too long. And when he came back to the floating island, he would turn the time flow rate back so that he could spend more time with the women.

Zen was looking forward to telling them all the things that had recently happened.

Previously, the women were motivated to cultivate because they wanted to get out of the fairy palace. But now that Zen could always accompany them, and since they were immortal, they had lost their desire to cultivate.

Of all the women, only Lavender remained focused on cultivating the Truth of Cultivation Nature, but her compatibility was very low.

She had impressed Zen because of her perseverance, so he intended to send her other Truths of Godly Ways. If her will was strong, she would be able to step into the Sea of Truth as well.

It was only after Zen had stayed in the Source World for a while, that he realized that entering the Sea of Truth was not as difficult as he had imagined.

The reason why the divine land barely had warriors who could enter the Sea of Truth was that the Truths of Godly Ways and the Nine Li race's culture had been lost.

After a few days on the floating island, Zen's avatar flashed and arrived at a continent in his inner world.

On this continent, the Heavenly Annihilation Sect was at the top of the food chain.

A young man stood at the gate, with his hands behind his back and a long halberd in his hand.

Thousands of people gathered a few feet away, and they were whispering among each other as they eyed the man up and down.

"Who the hell is this freak?"

"Evil God disappeared years ago, and now there is another mighty character!"

"He's challenging the number one sect on his own!"

The young man was none other than Geoffrey.

Time had done him good, and now, he looked nobler and more mature.

Since time flowed fleetingly outside the floating island, his current age was now about the same as Zen's.

He was now a low-rank True God. He fell into odds with the Heavenly Annihilation Sect because of the Flower Dancing Sect, the second sect on this continent.

The problem could easily be solved—all he needed to do was go back to the floating island and tell his mother about this. Then his father would solve it for him.

This was his father's inner world, and nobody would be able to stand up to him.

One look from his father could kill the three strongest warriors of the Heavenly Annihilation Sect.

But Geoffrey didn't want to take the easy way out; he wanted to solve this by himself!

He was already competent in terms of skills and talent, and he had a certain understanding of the Truth of Cultivation Nature. He had already defeated seven people from the Heavenly Annihilation Sect in a row.

These seven people were all contemporary peerless masters in this era, but they were all defeated by Geoffrey's single attack.

"Heavenly Annihilation Demons! Get out!" Geoffrey shouted with his halberd pointed at the gate.

Behind his conflict with the Heavenly Annihilation Sect was a gorgeous woman, the holy maiden of the Flower Dancing Sect.

Different from his father, Geoffrey had only one lover, and he was furious at the Heavenly Annihilation Sect because they dared to antagonize the Flower Dancing Sect.

As he spoke, a cold voice suddenly came from the Heavenly Annihilation Sect.

"Humph! Do you think you can just insult everyone in our Heavenly Annihilation Sect? I will teach you to respect, boy!" It was an old man, and his hair flashed red against the sunlight, as he flew towards Geoffrey.

"Good!" Geoffrey sneered at the old man and held his halberd at the ready. Red light blazed from his halberd, and his entire body emitted an extraordinary aura that dazzled those who were gathered around them.

He was getting ready to attack when Zen suddenly flew out from nowhere and came to stand behind him.

Geoffrey paused in surprise, but his face was quickly marred by a frown. He asked, "Dad, why are you here? I don't need your help."

Zen smiled in amusement at his reaction, then eyed the old man in front of them and said, "I'm not here to help you. Actually, there's something that I need your help with."

And Zen was telling the truth. He had come for the two Other Shore Keys, and he wasn't about to fight his son's battles for him.

On the other hand, the red-haired old man, one of the Heavenly Annihilation Demons, was baffled. He could feel that Zen was only at the Life and Death Realm, so how could this person be Geoffrey's father?

Chapter 3068 Shadow On The Other Shore (Part One)

Ten years ago, Geoffrey had made a name for himself in Zen's inner world. However, without warning, he then disappeared for three years.

For the years that he went missing, people living on the continent all thought that he had already passed away. But the truth was that during the times that he was away, he had returned to the floating island to cultivate.

Three years had passed and when Geoffrey returned, his cultivation base had dramatically increased along with his strength that had become more formidable.

When he showed up again, everyone was shocked to see his progress. Most of the people started to guess who and what force were behind Geoffrey's improvement. To them, it was a mystery as to what kind of clan was able to cultivate such an amazing warrior.

Now, the people didn't need to gossip around anymore. Geoffrey shocked the people when he called the man in front of him "Dad". Did it mean that this man at the Life and Death Realm was the one responsible for his growth and training.

Meanwhile, as he was about to challenge the Heavenly Annihilation Demons, Zen, his father, came out to stop him. Feeling dejected, Geoffrey could not help but frown at his father's actions. This time, Zen had suppressed his own cultivation base to the Life and Death Realm.

He had to do it because if he revealed his true identity, then the people of the Heavenly Annihilation Sect would surely fear him and kneel down before him immediately.

"Heavenly Annihilation Demons! Wait and see! Be ready to fight when I come back!"

After Geoffrey's voice trailed off, he and Zen traveled to a desolate place using the Grand Teleportation technique.

"What is so important? It had better be more important than the demons that I was about to slay," Geoffrey said, pouting his lips out of dismay.

Stretching out his hand, Zen showed his son two copper sheets both in the shape of an octagon.

He got one of the copper sheets from the tomb in the Excellence City. The things left behind by the former leader of the Sword Light Palace contained nothing valuable except for this shiny copper sheet that had attracted his attention.

When he poured the divine crystal's energy into the copper sheet, a map appeared on it with a note written in Sanskrit. But of course, Zen was not able to decipher it as he could not understand the language written on it.

On the other hand, it was not until Zen saved the Ear Mouse and got the second copper sheet that he realized it was called the Other Shore Key.

As the name suggested, these two copper sheets should be the keys that could unlock the gates of two places on the Other Shore.

Zen thought that he could easily reach the Other Shore soon and that he would need the copper sheets by then.

When Dorothy sent the Ear Mouse's Other Shore Key to Zen, she also told him that if he wanted to use the key on the Other Shore, he had to decipher the Sanskrit word in the key. If he wanted, she would help him.

The Oneness Sky Palace even hired some people to interpret Sanskrit words. However, it would take them several years or even over ten years before they could do it for him. Moreover, it would cost the Oneness Sky Palace a staggering amount of several million or over ten million divine crystals to make it happen.

Zen's eyebrows raised as he heard Dorothy's words.

Geoffrey was a talented boy. In fact, he could decode the Sanskrit words in a glance, as if it were his native language. If he took a position in the Oneness Sky Palace, then he would likely be rewarded with a lot of money for his work.

Therefore, Zen refused Dorothy's proposal and instead brought the two copper sheets back to his inner world.

"What the hell are these?" Geoffrey asked as he carefully observed the two copper sheets in his hand. He only saw countless stripes instead of Sanskrit words.

Soon, Zen cautiously stretched out his hand and took out a divine crystal from his space ring.

When Geoffrey saw the pure energy in the divine crystal, his eyes widened in curiosity. Wanting to know more, he asked, "Whoa, what is that? The energy within is actually so amazing!"

Zen could not blame his son for being ignorant about the divine crystal. In fact, he could still remember that he had the same expression on his face when he first saw it.

"Crack!"

Afterwards, Zen gave the divine crystal a little pinch and carefully put its energy onto one of the Other Shore Keys.

As soon as the energy touched the Other Shore Key, its lines began to slowly move in circles. Just like what happened during the first test conducted by Zen, a map emerged on the key.

Meanwhile, the Other Shore Key that the Ear Mouse gave him had the same reaction as soon as he poured the energy of the divine crystal into it.

In an instant, two maps appeared along with two Sanskrit words that seemed like they were written in gold.

Geoffrey could not contain his excitement upon seeing the golden words in person. However, right after he read both of the words, his excitement turned into confusion.

"As far as I know, the Sanskrit word on this copper sheet can be translated into the words 'Stage One' and some other strange sentences that I don't seem to understand..." Geoffrey said as he pointed at the copper sheet that the Ear Mouse gave to him.

"On the other hand, this copper sheet reads 'Stage Nineteen' and another long unintelligible sentence... Why can't I understand the whole of what's written in these copper plates?" Geoffrey stated further.

"What do you mean?" Zen furrowed his brows as he wanted to learn more.

In a daze, Geoffrey shook his head and said, "I don't know. I've never seen such strange Sanskrit words. This could only mean that they are gibberish and don't contain any meanings."

Chapter 3069 Shadow On The Other Shore (Part Two)

Geoffrey was able to decode almost every Sanskrit word he met in the past. But today, even if he had decoded these two words, he still wasn't able to understand the meanings of them.

Zen thought for a while and asked, "Read those words to me. I'll try to remember them."

"Okay." Geoffrey proceeded to read the words written on the copper sheets.

But as Geoffrey spoke every word, all Zen heard were a bunch of strange syllables that sounded bizarre. Just hearing them made Zen want to laugh out loud.

Despite the humor and the strange words, Zen still managed to memorize them completely.

"Okay, that's it. I'm done." Geoffrey shrugged. It wasn't only Zen who thought that the words were quite odd, for Geoffrey felt the same way. "Can I go back now?"

"Yes, you can!" Zen gave his son's head a soft pat and smiled. "I see that you have a good taste in women. If you really want to marry the woman you like, then you have to tell me first!"

"Got it. But I don't have time for that now. I'm busy." Geoffrey pursed his lips and his figure flashed, disappearing in front of his father as he used the Grand Teleportation technique.

Meanwhile, Zen stood there with two Other Shore Keys in his hands as he tried to figure out what the Sanskrit words meant.

"What the Ear Mouse gave me is an Other Shore Key of Stage One. It means..." Zen muttered to himself.

The Other Shore Key of Stage Nineteen might be much more valuable than the one that he got from the Ear Mouse. Given this, he thought, 'That Ear Mouse from the Mice League is indeed cunning!'

However, Zen had to endure climbing up one step at a time. Once he stepped on the Other Shore, the Other Shore Key of Stage One would certainly be the most suitable for him.

Little did Zen know that there was a huge gap in the value of the two different Other Shore Keys.

In fact, the value of the Other Shore Key that he had acquired from the tomb would dramatically increase to over a hundred million divine crystals once the Sanskrit word written on it was decoded. On the other hand, the one that he got from the Ear Mouse was deemed much less valuable.

After giving it some thought, Zen flew away and disappeared.

But before he had gone, he laid his eyes on his son who had just used his spear to defeat one of the Heavenly Annihilation Demons.

"This guy..."

The apple didn't fall too far from the tree. His son was strong-willed and talented just like himself. In fact, his son was more willful than Zen was when he was Geoffrey's age.

But at some point, there was no fair comparison between them. In Zen's case, he grew up in his father's inner world and he did not know much about the outside world. As for Geoffrey, he also lived in his father's world but had an adequate understanding of both worlds. As a result, he became fearless. In his heart, he believed that no matter how stubborn he was, someone would come to his aid and support him when he needed one.

Meanwhile, after learning the secret of the two cooper sheets, Zen immediately left his inner world.

A day after, he went to the Sea of Truth to help Evaristus break the huge whirlpool and by doing this, he also got the third candle.

Evaristus had been stuck in the Sea of Truth for so many years. After being rescued, he did not have enough motivation to move forward. Despite this, Zen and Dorothy still wanted to move onward. After they had successfully crossed the sixth line, they soon began heading on to the seventh line.

Zen had produced numerous bottles of Sword-reading Liquid and sold them. After days of selling the merchandise, he and his men noticed that the volume of the sales slowly calmed down. But in fact, they could still earn about one million divine crystals on a single day! Even if the price was only fifteen thousand divine crystals a bottle, only a few people could be able to afford it.

After Gant obtained some divine crystals, he entered the Dragon City much often than he used to. As he had said, he could still enter the city without being a Flag Master.

After three months, Zen's Soul of Light got better and stronger.

For a period of time, he stayed in the Sea of Truth day in and day out, no matter the cost. During that time, he neither moved forward, nor stepped back. In the Sea of Truth, he just quietly endured the chill of the sea water in order to strengthen his Soul of Light.

At that moment, his Soul of Light was not much stronger than that of the others. He wasn't able to do much but cultivate. Fortunately, the water's chill was enough to constantly help him in strengthening his Soul of Light.

During the past three months, he had accomplished crossing the seventh and eighth lines together with Dorothy.

Crossing the eighth line meant that he had almost reached the end of the Sea of Truth. There, he placed his gaze on the blue sea water and saw small crystals that floated in it. These crystals might seem pretty, but they were ruthless enough to erode the Truth Boats that they were in. Despite this strong obstacle, he remained calm as he knew that this was a test for his Soul of Light.

After Zen crossed the ninth line, he would finally be on the Other Shore.

Meanwhile, from a distance, he faintly saw a vague shadow on the Other Shore. Not being able to clearly see what it was, he became determined to rush over as fast as he could to investigate.

Chapter 3070 A Huge Wave

Between the first and the sixth lines, Zen hadn't encountered very many Truth Boats.

After the sixth line however, things began to change and there were an increasing number of boats floating out on the Sea of Truth. As they reached the ninth line, Zen had a hard time counting the boats because there were suddenly so many.

"Why are there so many people here in the ninth line?" Of course, Zen couldn't help but feel surprised at the sight of the numerous boats floating on the sea.

Dorothy giggled and replied, "When compared to the ninth line, the first eight are nothing. Upon reaching here, most people will stop for quite some time and well-needed rest. Take a look at what they are doing."

Zen stared out at the quietly floating Truth Boats with more intent this time, as well as the mediating Souls of Light.

Obviously, they were doing exactly the same thing that Zen had planned to do—they were staying in the ninth line in order to be baptized by the Sea of Truth, making their Souls of Light stronger.

"The Other Shore is a huge threshold for us, so we need to strengthen our souls to cross it. Certain people even stay in the ninth line for years just to get more practice," Dorothy added with a weary smile on her face.

The crystals in the sea would erode the Truth Boats. Fortunately for them, if a Truth Boat left the Sea of Truth before completely dissipating, it could still re-condense once it returned.

All Zen could see before him were the countless Truth Boats, continuously disappearing and condensing themselves.

In other words, this location was just an enormous cultivating ground for souls.

"Shall we begin as well, then?" Dorothy questioned Zen as a reminder, still smiling.

Zen only nodded silently in agreement. Much like what the others had done, Zen adjusted the Truth Boat's direction and let it withstand the sea's erosion.

In this respect, the members of Dragon City had some advantages.

Throughout the process of cultivating the Souls of Light, certain people bought soul pills repeatedly.

At first, Zen was very confused. Seeing as divine crystals couldn't be brought to this place, how would they even manage to shake on a deal?

After listening to Dorothy though, Zen ultimately understood the operation of the deal.

One of the parties handed divine crystals over to the Mice League in order to guarantee the deal. Afterward, the soul pill was sold in the Sea of Truth, and the Mice League would pay the divine crystals to the other, acting as a third party.

Without a doubt, throughout the entire process, the Mice League would get some divine crystals as commission.

Moreover, this kind of deals were not limited to the Sea of Truth. In fact, even the deals that took place on the Other Shore relied on the Mice League's guarantees. It was safe to say that every single day, these types of deals were taking place. They were far more common than anyone could imagine.

As the guarantor, the Mice League itself earned great profit.

Dorothy's words encouraged an amazed feeling inside Zen. The group of Ear Mice in the Source World were indeed very smart.

Before long, the days grew shorter, colder and autumn gave way to winter.

The entire Dragon City was covered with a thin layer of white, sparkling snow.

Most people stayed out in the ninth line for only six to eight hours at a time, but Zen spent twice as much time in this place as them.

When he wasn't here, Zen went to the Sword Tower to study the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship and the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship; besides, he also spent a little time integrating the Godly Ways.

Zen was aware of everything that happened in his inner world. All he had to do was to follow the Evil God's method of merging the Godly Ways. The Evil God had used it in the past. Hence, this task wouldn't be a challenge for him.

There was trouble, however. The Evil God wasn't a consummate True God at that time. It was important that when he merged the consummate Godly Ways, he'd need to pay special attention to a few points.

In the blink of an eye, another three months had passed. The crux of winter was over.

Within the ninth line, a Truth Boat suddenly moved. At once, thousands of Truth Boats simultaneously moved forward as well.

"Huh? What's going on?" Zen blinked a few times in order to make sure he was seeing correctly. He was slightly stunned by the scene.

"These people are going to break through to the Other Shore," Dorothy uttered in a low tone, still with a smile spreading on her lips.

"Shall we go with them?" Zen asked in a curious voice.

"If you want, I guess. I'll keep you company," Dorothy answered.

Dorothy had no problems getting to the Other Shore on her own. She had a Necklace of Mystic Soul.

Despite that, she still believed that both she and Zen needed to exercise their Souls of Light. And even if she did succeed, reaching the Other Shore too early wasn't the best idea.

"Okay!" Zen nodded in agreement.

Both their Truth Boats began to move forward across the sea water.

It was hard to imagine how difficult breaking through to the Other Shore would be, which was known as the last bottleneck. Every time someone tried to reach the Other Shore, it meant thousands of Truth Boats had worked together. It was a spectacular scene!

Someone was capable of taking the lead for him and for this reason, Zen was happily capable of relaxing.

All the Truth Boats were divided into three lines while Dorothy's and Zen's Truth Boats tailed a little behind.

Splash! Splash!

As the ahead Truth Boats moved on, waves rolled out behind them, causing rows of Truth Boats to undulate all at once.

"Be careful, everybody!" someone called out in warning.

"Before arriving at our destination, the waves will only keep getting stronger!"

"If you can't steady your boat on your own, do yourself a favor and turn yourself back around!"

As they moved forward through the tumultuous water, people continually shouted out loud warnings. The warnings were then passed on from one to the next, ensuring that everyone was given the same information.

Seeing people die in their attempt to reach the Other Shore was quite common. In fact, this was also the rule in the ninth line.

As soon as the warnings had been called, certain warriors left the group, turning their boats around to return. These warriors knew their limitations, so they dared not attempt reaching the Other Shore.

'I wonder if Nicholas had wondered here for a long period of time all those years.' Zen remembered that Nicholas too, had been a member of the ninth line. He had also been stuck in this place for quite a long time.

It didn't mean that Nicholas was weak. He couldn't get his hands on any soul pills in the divine land, nor did he have the same resources as those in the Dragon City. Saying that it was difficult for Nicholas to completely rely on himself to reach the Other Shore was an understatement.

As soon as Zen swallowed a soul pill, the effects kicked in and the pill not only helped him resist the cold but equally calmed him down.

At the same time, Dorothy chose to adjust her heartbeat a little, standing steadily at the head of the boat.

Every time the sea waves surged, both Zen and Dorothy struggled somewhat in maintaining the balance of their Truth Boats. In the thousands of people, chances were that only about a hundred of them could perform as steadily as Zen and Dorothy.

After the fleet moved forward approximate ten miles, the waves suddenly became larger and the cold wind roared loudly in their ears, nearly forcing their souls to freeze over like icicles.

Both warning calls and shouts for help became increasingly intense. Both could be heard one after the next.

"I, I can't hold on!" shouted the man in Zen's left peripheral view.

In a moment of complete desperation, the man immediately retreated from the Sea of Truth.

In certain ways, he had been quite lucky.

Not far off in the distance, as the waves rose and fell, two Truth Boats had been turned over and thrown into the sea.

Once the Souls of Light on the boats had equally fallen into the sea, they disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

As a witness to the entire frantic scene, Zen furrowed his brow and asked Dorothy from behind his shoulder, "Do many people die trying to break through to the Other Shore every time?"

"Yes, and it's better now than it's been before. My grandma has told me many times that soul pills were a very rare find, a long time ago at least. Countless Souls of Light died in the ninth line back in her day. So much so, that she said the ninth line was actually called the Death's door. In an enormous crowd of ten thousand people, only one would reach the Other Shore, and nine thousand people would die..." Dorothy replied, her voice cold.

As soon as the first person died, more and more people got scared and began to retreat.

Now, at least two thirds of the thousands of people had begun to retreat.

The remaining over three thousand people, on their behalf, were all ready to fight tooth and nail. Even in the face of such a terrible environment, they had no intentions of retreating whatsoever!

With another ten miles traveled, the waves once again doubled in force and climbed in height. They were now unbelievably ferocious.

A wave swept over and raised Zen's Truth Boat up a good thirty or forty feet in height.

"Zen! Watch out!" Dorothy reminded him, always with her watchful eyes.

She was quite confident of Zen's adaptability, but despite that, she couldn't shake the worried feeling she had.

Zen stood at the boat's head once again, sliding forward and defying the wave cleverly. As he reached the wave's peak however, his face suddenly dropped.

A wave of more than a hundred feet in height was actually just ten miles ahead... and it was heading toward them!

The Truth Boat was less than four meters in length and no more than two meters in height. There was no way in hell it was ever getting over such a huge wave.

Chapter 3071 Crimson Golden Sand

"There is a huge wave coming at us from ahead!"

Zen exclaimed as he pointed towards it, looking at Dorothy with a worried expression.

Dorothy turned the Truth Boat slightly and skillfully avoided the wave in front of the boat. "How high is it?" she asked.

"Over a hundred feet high," Zen answered as he furrowed his brows.

Even Zen, with all his skills, could not avoid such a strong wave. If he and his boat came in contact with it, they would both perish.

However, Dorothy remained calm and said, "Don't worry. The people ahead will tell us the duration of the wave."

"The duration? What do you mean?" Zen narrowed his eyes, looking puzzled.

At the same time, a loud voice enunciated from a boat ahead of them.

"The wave ahead is a hundred and thirty feet high! It will last for about twelve seconds!"

"About twelve seconds! If you don't want to die, get ready!"

"About twelve seconds!"

Dorothy shouted at the people in their boats behind her. They passed the information this way from one boat to the other. Soon every warrior in their respective Truth Boats was alerted about the wave.

Dorothy then turned to Zen and instructed him, "The width of this wave is limited. When it rolls up in front of us, we can retreat. Then we can return to the sea after twelve seconds!"

After listening to her, Zen heaved a sigh of relief as his tensed expression relaxed.

If one retreated from the Sea of Truth temporarily, their boats would disappear with them. And when they returned to it, they would appear in the same place they left. It was like hiding in a different space to avoid the wave.

"That's a good idea," said Zen as he nodded approvingly.

Dorothy smiled and said, "The creatures have thought of many ways in order to reach the Other Shore. This is the first wave, but it won't be the last. You must be careful."

Soon after, Zen saw the giant wave roll up towards the Truth Boats. The boats began to disappear one by one. It was obvious the warriors had left the Sea of Truth till the wave receded.

Not long after, the giant wave raged forward towards Zen and Dorothy.

"Don't worry...

Come closer!

We can leave once the wave gets close enough,"

Dorothy uttered as she stared at the giant wave in front of them in anticipation. Although avoiding the wave was not a difficult task, the timing was important.

"Now! Let's go!" Dorothy exclaimed in a crisp voice.

Zen reacted to Dorothy and quickly activated the Illusion Breaking Rune. Just as the giant wave was about to crash onto him, he disappeared along with his boat.

Under his flag, he slowly opened his eyes when he sensed no impact from the coming wave.

A while ago, he was about to get hit by a strong wave that was capable of killing him. And now, he was at the outskirts of the Dragon City. The atmosphere was peaceful, and everyone was cultivating quietly. Feeling relieved, he let out a deep breath. His mind wandered off to Dorothy and the other warriors who crossed the Sea of Truth with him. He wondered if they had retreated in time to avoid the wave.

"One, two, three, four..."

Zen began counting down the seconds under his breath. After he mouthed twelve, he composed himself, activated the Truth of Godly Way and returned to the Sea of Truth.

When he returned, he turned his head to look back subconsciously.

The giant wave had already moved far away from him, but Dorothy's Truth Boat was still nowhere to be seen.

Zen felt his heart sink. He wondered if she wasn't able to retreat in time and the wave had washed her away.

But soon, Dorothy and her Truth Boat emerged in the Sea of Truth. As soon as she appeared, she pointed at the small wave behind Zen and said, "Be careful!"

Zen felt a sudden jolt under the boat and his Truth Boat almost toppled over as he struggled to maintain balance.

"When you return to the Sea of Truth, you should look ahead first! If there was another huge wave, you would have been dead by now," Dorothy scolded Zen.

"I was worried that you failed to avoid the wave," Zen responded with a hint of concern in his tone.

"Even so, you shouldn't look back. It's normal for people to die out here. Even if I fail and die, you can't do anything about it," Dorothy said curtly.

"Got it," Zen replied.

Dorothy smiled to herself while looking at Zen's back. Although she just warned him, she felt happy thinking he worried about her.

After the first wave passed, they journeyed over a thousand feet till another wave approached them.

"The second huge wave... This one's higher than the last..."

After handling the first wave, Zen no longer felt scared.

As long as he timed the use of the Illusion Breaking Rune right, he could evade the wave with ease.

"This wave is a hundred and seventeen feet high!"

"It will last about eighteen seconds..."

"Eighteen seconds..."

Zen and Dorothy studied the forthcoming wave, left the Sea of Truth and returned to it after the passing of eighteen seconds.

This continued as they sailed ahead. They encountered many waves that came and went...

As they got closer to the Other Shore, the huge waves grew in size and height.

In this process, many people failed to master the timing. Some were unfortunate enough to be swept up by the small waves that followed after they returned to the Sea of Truth. Thus, they all died.

The number of people floating in the Sea of Truth reduced from over three thousand to about eight hundred.

"It's a little strange... "It's hard to imagine over two thousand people have drowned in the Sea of Truth!"

The number of boats floating on the Sea of Truth decreased sharply.

"Some of them have left directly and given up on coming back," Dorothy said.

"But they have to come back sooner or later. It would be more dangerous if they get involved in a giant wave when they come back," Zen responded.

Dorothy smiled and said, "The Sea of Truth is calm for some time every two or three years. It will be safer to enter it during that period."

"Then why don't people get to the Other Shore during that time?" Zen felt confused. He didn't understand why anyone would risk their lives even if the Sea of Truth was calm for a certain period.

"Because at that time, the boats can only retreat, and can't go forward." Dorothy shrugged her shoulders.

While they were immersed in talking, another huge wave rolled in front of them.

As they continued their journey to the Other Shore, more and more people disappeared. Some of them had given up and some of them had died amidst the waves.

They had encountered over a hundred huge waves along the way. But then, a frighteningly large wave rolled down in front of them. It was over six hundred feet high. When the wave passed, many boats had disappeared from the Sea of Truth. It was like silence had enveloped the sea as it became quiet with only about a hundred boats left.

Soon after, a warm aura emitted from the sea. The original chill had long disappeared. Standing on the Truth Boats, the warriors sensed something warm and dry.

Then, Zen and Dorothy heard cheers coming from the boats ahead of them. Some of the people were jumping with joy and some of them looked relieved as they lay flatly on their boats without a hint of worry.

The water of the Sea of Truth calmed down and the waves turned shallower than before...

A golden beach came into view just several thousand feet away from where they were...

"Have we... reached the Other Shore?" Zen asked while staring at the beach.

"Yes, we have!" Dorothy replied with a faint smile. She took a deep breath as she closed her eyes and stood there, soaking in her surroundings.

"That wasn't so hard..." Zen thought the journey would be filled with many obstacles that would make it difficult for him to reach the Other Shore. He never expected them to arrive unscathed after passing those huge waves.

Dorothy tilted her head and thought for a moment before replying, "It's not difficult, but during the process of moving to the Other Shore, if you misinterpret the timing and make a mistake, you'll die!"

The water of the Sea of Truth threatened the Souls of Light so much that no one dared make a mistake while attempting to cross it.

Splash...

Splash...

The Truth Boats sailed to the beach one by one.

One of the warriors aboard a Truth Boat jumped out excitedly, and his Soul of Light ran freely on the beach at full speed.

Some even rolled on the golden beach to celebrate like it was the biggest achievement of their lives.

Zen jumped off the Truth Boat and looked around. The beach was empty. Apart from the golden sand, there were only a few stones lying around.

"Where are the Other Shore Tokens?" Zen asked curiously.

Zen had imagined a huge pile of Other Shore Tokens lying around the beach. He thought anyone who crossed the Sea of Truth to reach the Other Shore could grab their Other Shore Tokens. Now he felt disappointed as he didn't see any of them.

"They are under your feet!" Dorothy said excitedly.

Zen blinked at her in confusion. He focused on the sand underneath his feet and asked, "Do you mean... the sand is the Other Shore Token?"

"Yes!" Dorothy nodded enthusiastically. "It is the most common Other Shore Token. It's called Crimson Golden Sand," Dorothy said. She didn't seem like she was joking about this.

Chapter 3072 The Sacred Mallow Temple

Bending downwards, Zen stretched his arms and picked up a handful of sand from the ground.

The sand radiated a slight tinge of warmth. If examining carefully, one could definitely feel that the sand had a hint of energy from within.

"No one fuses with the Crimson Golden Sand, because it is the weakest kind of Other Shore Tokens. It only contains the force of half a divine megaton," Dorothy explained. She lifted her hand and began to point at some bare stones not so far away from where they were and continued, "See those stones? Those are the Heavenly Cyan Stones. Whenever a warrior fuses with it, they automatically gain the force of a divine megaton!"

"Heavenly Cyan Stone..."

Zen's eyes widened as soon as he saw the familiar stones.

He recalled that he saw one when Monica had brought him into the Dragon City for the very first time. Someone had verified his strength using the red stone in the city. He had the force of two divine megatons, and his Other Shore Token was a Heavenly Cyan Stone.

Taking a step forward, Zen carefully picked up a Heavenly Cyan Stone from the ground and observed it keenly. Scanning the stone very meticulously, he found that the power radiated by the stone was stronger than that of the Crimson Golden Sand.

"So I guess that what they're saying is true. It seems that the Other Shore is a place full of treasures. You can literally get one on every corner," Zen said, heaving a heavy sigh.

He was not afraid of any True God. In fact, he was even able to deal with a warrior who had just reached the Other Shore Realm.

Last time, he had used up all of his strength. However, the red stone only indicated that he merely had the force of one divine megaton. Frustrated by the result, he desired such a stone that could double his force. Now that he had found one, it would be easier for him to strengthen himself.

"This is not our goal. Let's go!" Dorothy reminded as she walked forward.

Coming from a great background, she belittled such Other Shore Tokens as if they were useless.

Even after the fusion, warriors could change their Other Shore Tokens. However, Dorothy was quite different from the rest as she was not in a hurry to do so.

Upon arriving at the Other Shore, most people chose to walk forward and explore. On the contrary, there were also some who would rather stay in place and not move far away from where they were. With the goal of enhancing their strength, these people combined with the Heavenly Cyan Stones, hoping for a speedy improvement.

The Other Shore was a powerful area. Everything around it radiated power — a grain of sand, a leaf, basically everything that anyone could get their hands on. In this area, warriors could basically integrate with anything they could touch! Meanwhile, Zen moved along the beach and felt the strong energy aura with every step he took.

In fact, he really didn't know what kind of place the Other Shore was. It didn't belong to any part of the chaos, and it felt as if this place was a complete product of one's imagination.

But the moment his soul stepped into the Other Shore, everything felt so real.

The beach stretched to about six or seven miles long. Zen and Dorothy were able to cross it in five minutes. The powerful beach was next to a lot of other beautiful and dynamic places. But what captured his eyes most was the green plain next to it that boasted its luscious trees and breeze.

"This one is called Angelica Dahurica. Its function is almost the same as the Heavenly Cyan Stone and they are regarded as the weeds of the Other Shore. Although it is suitable for the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, I still think that it is too weak...

This is a Birch Leaf. It has a healing effect after being fused.

Wait, look at that. That one is the…"

Dorothy pointed at every different thing she had seen in the Origin Mountain. Even though it was her first time to enter the Other Shore, she was already quite familiar with the ordinary things in the area. In fact, she could recognize them with just a quick glance. She knew them like the back of her hands.

No matter how much she knew about those tokens, it was still apparent that she did not want to fuse with them.

"Is there any chance that we could use a creature as an Other Shore Token?" Upon seeing all of the tokens around the area, Zen suddenly thought of a seemingly wild question.

Let it be in the divine land or the Source World, Zen had never laid his eyes on a warrior who would use a living creature as an Other Shore Token.

Dorothy nodded. "Yes, but... It happens very rarely. From the ancient times up until now, the fusion of living creatures is rarely seen due to its immense difficulty..."

The Other Shore was full of life. There might be living creatures here, but it was still difficult for Souls of Light to capture them. Moreover, these creatures on the Other Shore had already killed countless people.

On the other hand, there was a master in the Origin Mountain who had fused with a Heaven Divine Ape. Integrating with the ape gave him huge progress, making him one of the well-known masters in the Origin Mountain.

Meanwhile, as Dorothy and Zen talked to each other, three people from a distance started to walk towards them.

The person who led the group stepped forward, greeting them. Looking directly at the two warriors, the man spoke, "Hello. Would you like to join us?"

It seemed that these three had just arrived at the Other Shore along with them. Judging from the Souls of Light that they had, they were perceived to be the best among the over one hundred warriors.

The three had noticed that Zen's and Dorothy's auras were extraordinary. Hence, they invited the two after they had examined them further and seen what they got.

"What can we get if we accept the invitation?" Dorothy walked up and asked seriously.

Stretching his hand, the leader opened his palm gently, which showed some dense stripes. Afterwards, these stripes changed in form as they turned into a map.

Upon seeing the stripes, Zen's eyes flashed in interest.

Looking at it, he realized that it was exactly the same as the Other Shore Keys that he had. Curious, he leaned forward and took a closer look, but apparently he found something different. The copper sheet was gone and only those stripes were left.

As for the map, it was almost the same as what the Ear Mouse had given him.

Needless to say, one of the Other Shore Keys that he had and the one in the man's hand were the same.

"I've got an Other Shore Key of the Sacred Mallow Temple. Now, if that strikes your interest, then you are welcome to explore the place with us," the leader said.

It was a good thing for Zen to get such information. After all, an Other Shore Key in Stage One was also precious and rare.

To be honest, Zen was a little interested, but didn't answer right away. He knew too little about the Other Shore, so he wanted Dorothy to decide for the both of them.

After all, the Other Shore Key in his hand was just the same as what the man had. Even if he didn't join them, he would still be able to find the Sacred Mallow Temple using the exact same map.

Originally, Dorothy had planned to take a stroll around the place with Zen as she was not in such a hurry. She wanted to take things slow and discuss the fusion of the Other Shore Tokens with Zen later.

But when she saw the eagerness in Zen's eyes to go with the men, she nodded and agreed.

The head of the group said happily, "That's great. We three have just entered the Other Shore and want to acquire a better Other Shore Token. The journey should be smooth now that you two are on the team!"

On the way, the three men started to introduce themselves. They belonged to a remote group of the human race. Their leader was Hammer Di, the eldest brother, with siblings Harding Di and Hackett Di.

In contrast to their big brother, both Harding and Hackett were very quiet and reserved.

"So, which group of the human race do you belong to?" Hammer asked.

"The Origin Mountain," Dorothy replied curtly.

Hearing her answer, the three of them changed their attitudes and showed respect towards her. Hammer even made a bow and said, "Y...you are from the Oneness Sky Palace! I've always been admiring you guys!"

Despite being in the same race, they still had a great desire and admiration for the top three forces of the human race.

But Dorothy did not respond for she was extremely scornful about this kind of worship. In fact, before she met Zen, she had always been very pessimistic about her own identity. Most of the time, she even envied those ordinary people of the Dragon City as she wanted to live a life of simplicity.

At least, they could struggle for their future and embrace the future that they worked hard for. In short, they could have a choice and run their lives the way they wanted to.

Since she was born, everything had already been arranged for her, and everything had been the same. She lived a life of monotony.

Meanwhile, Hammer continued to lead them through the plain based on the map shown by the Other Shore Key. After making a turn, they arrived at a curved canyon with a dilapidated temple leaned against its cracks.

Apparently, this was the so-called "Sacred Mallow Temple" that Hammer was referring to.

Despite the temple being old and dilapidated, its workmanship remained very advanced, along with its exquisite structure.

Zen stared at the temple from a distance and started to think, 'Who could have built this on the Other Shore?'

However, when Zen and the others got close to the Sacred Mallow Temple, they found that they weren't the only ones wanting to enter it.

Chapter 3073 The Heavenly Cobweb

Seven people stood at the gate of the Sacred Mallow Temple, while another team gathered on the side of a cliff.

They, however, seemed to be waiting for something, making no intentions of entering the temple.

The group looked animated upon seeing Zen, Hammer and their group.

Dorothy knew these people's purpose immediately. She smiled faintly and murmured, "It seems like they want to take advantage of you."

"Poor wretches..." Hammer grumbled to himself.

The Other Shore Key of Stage One was precious for most people, despite being easy to obtain.

Right now though, none of them had the Other Shore Key. All they could do was wait patiently outside the temple.

As soon as the door opened, there followed a window of time in which it wouldn't close. By then, only particularly powerful forces would be able to stop them.

"After it opens, how long would it take before it closes?" Zen asked.

"Every temple is different. The Sacred Mallow Temple, for example, will stay open for about an hour," Hammer replied.

When the Souls of Light first came to the Other Shore, the first temple they encountered was the Sacred Mallow Temple, so it had been visited frequently, with most of the treasures inside already taken away.

"Let's go over there," Dorothy said, pointing towards the temple entrance.

Over ten people on the cliff followed as they walked towards the temple. As they neared, the seven who blocked the entrance parted, making way.

One of them chuckled and said, "I've been waiting here for half a month. Finally, you guys come to open the door."

Hammer ignored the remark and walked straight to the temple's gate.

On the right side of the door was a small square that sported unusual patterns. As Hammer slapped it with his palm, the door frame began to glow faintly.

"Ahahah..."

The temple door gradually vanished as the light shone brighter.

"The door's open!"

"Let's go!"

The group that was blocking the door earlier entered in a frenzy, completely oblivious of Hammer who stood still.

Zen couldn't see Hammer's face, but he imagined a scowl forming.

"Am I too kind? Should I teach them a lesson?" Hammer sneered.

Hammer was one of the three pioneers during the process of approaching the Other Shore this time. He had been in the Sea of Truth for many years, amassing much more experience and strength than ordinary people.

Even Zen felt vaguely threatened by the soul aura emanating from him out of anger.

"Just ignore these reckless idiots, Hammer. They will die inside anyway," Harding said as he tried to comfort his brother.

Hammer closed his eyes and took a long breath. Although he was still glaring, he quietly joined the other four as they entered the temple.

As soon as he entered the temple, Zen felt a suppressed aura harboring strong energy.

"Since the temple is built with objects from the Other Shore, can we use the bricks and stones as Other Shore Tokens?" Zen asked.

Dorothy laughed, her voice low. "The temple seems uncharacteristically spotless inside and out, don't you think?"

The temple itself was dilapidated, but Dorothy was right. As Zen scanned his surroundings, he could see no broken thing.

"We can certainly use the bricks and stones here as Other Shore Tokens, but our Souls of Light will have quite the trouble destroying them," Dorothy answered as she shrugged her shoulders.

"Then why is the temple in such a dilapidated condition?" Zen inquired further.

Dorothy blinked and replied, "It can't be destroyed now, but it doesn't mean that proved true in the past. You know, people could cross the Sea of Truth with their bodies long ago."

It was a common practice in the past. Since the truths in the chaos had changed, however, nobody was able to do such a thing again.

Upon hearing the story, Zen seemed to have figured something out. "If we break off the bricks and stones here..."

"We can sell them at a good price," Dorothy finished.

The two of them shared suggestive smirks.

The three who were walking in front of them looked at one another in confusion. If anything, breaking off the temple bricks and stones seemed more like wishful thinking.

The Origin Mountain thought highly of Zen, but unlike others, it was not his talent of Instant Enlightenment that caught their eyes. Instead, it was the possibilities he could do by having his body on the Other Shore.

Navigating the inner part of the temple was complicated business. The five of them had to avoid not only the many places that had collapsed, but large gaping holes that were everywhere as well.

Zen took note of thousands of strange statues he passed by along the way.

They were neither statues of humans nor of any other beasts he had encountered. They had eyes, but no other feature suggested they had appeared in this era.

'What race built this temple?' Zen thought to himself.

At this moment, a voice from up front claimed excitedly, "Look! The Heavenly Cobweb! We seem to be very fortunate!"

"The Heavenly Cobweb?" Hammer's face darkened as the three of them quickly strode forward.

The Heavenly Cobweb was one of the most impressive Other Shore Tokens of Stage One. More importantly, it was hard to come by.

Hammer couldn't let the first few men get it.

A fine cobweb hung on a corner. The seven people who scurried past Hammer earlier stood beneath it in amazement.

"We opened the Sacred Mallow Temple! This Other Shore Token should belong to us. Don't claim it for yourselves!" Hammer and his two brothers silently climbed up the stairs, stopping at the narrow corridor.

"Who do you think you are?" one of the group sneered. "The temple is open for everyone. We grab the treasures by our abilities. What we find belongs to us!" Obviously, they didn't plan to surrender.

Countless visitors had taken many of the treasures inside the Sacred Mallow Temple. The Heavenly Cobweb was rare enough that no one wanted to give up easily.

Splash!

A tense atmosphere pervaded the temple as everyone released their soul auras. They glared at each other with hostility, signaling the start of a battle of the Souls of Light.

Just then, the third team arrived and immediately saw the Heavenly Cobweb. Naturally, they knew of its rarity and wanted to grab it as well.

Warriors fighting each other for Other Shore Tokens was a common occurrence.

"Are we going to help them?" Zen asked.

Hammer and his brothers had invited Zen and Dorothy to the temple, so it was only right that they helped.

Dorothy hesitated. She said, "The Heavenly Cobweb is made by the Heavenly Spider. But the Heavenly Spider shouldn't have appeared on the first floor."

Just as she said this, a snow-white spider thread started falling near the temple's entrance.

It wound around the statues on both sides of the entrance. As the thread twisted them, the statues' heads rotated left and right.

Simultaneously, the eyes of all the statues inside the temple glowed white.

Chapter 3074 Screams

The eyes of the outermost statue glowed a bright white, emitting brilliant rays of flashing light.

The rays pierced through someone's Soul of Light.

The person let out a shrill scream. It was a woman's voice.

Her Soul of Light twisted and thrashed, trying to break free from the rays of white light that had impaled her. Her efforts were in vain. The light held her in place, glowing brightly, as her screams began to dwindle.

Finally, silence fell. The woman had melted in the light.

Two more rays of radiant white light shot through the air, emitted by the glowing eyes of the second statue.

The group knew something was wrong. They immediately rushed away from the second statue. No one was pierced by the rays, as they narrowly escaped the melted woman's fate.

But it wasn't over. The eyes of every other statue began glowing and pulsing, all emitting rays of white light.

The rays crisscrossed each other, forming an irregular web of luminous white light. The net was tight at first, and then expanded, filling the temple.

The temple was full of statues. As more and more of the statues were activated, shooting out streaks of light from their eyes, the group inside the temple realized they were running out of space to dodge the deadly rays.

As Dorothy and Zen moved quickly through the temple, trying to find a way to escape, they saw a group of maybe around seven people rushing in their direction. They were getting crowded, running out of room to evade the rays of light. Their hearts sank.

"We have to go up!"

Zen saw a stairwell ahead, and rushed into it without hesitation, dragging Dorothy behind him.

Meanwhile, Hammer, Harding, Hackett and the other warriors were still struggling for the Heavenly Cobweb. But as they watched the glowing white web, which grew as more statues emitted rays of light from their eyes, their expressions changed.

The web of light meant that this was now a matter of life-and-death. Their lives were more important than the Other Shore Token—it would have to wait.

They immediately gave up the battle and followed Zen and Dorothy up the stairwell to the next floor.

The temple was more than ten floors high, each level connected to the next via a spiral staircase. As Zen and Dorothy rushed up the steps, they heard another scream from behind.

Three of the people in the last group that entered the temple had been pierced by the rays of light, and found themselves trapped in the web.

Someone stretched out a hand to a companion who had been caught in the web, trying to pull him free. But as soon as they touched, he found that he could no longer let go. He was tied to his companion's Soul of Light, both of them trapped by the rays of light.

More screams sounded as the four people died.

Zen heard the screams and knew people were dying. "Why don't they just leave the Other Shore?" he asked as he moved forward.

Dorothy smiled bitterly. She said, "I forgot to tell you. Once people have entered the temple, they can't just leave when they want."

The Other Shore held many temples, large and small. Each one required a corresponding Other Shore Key to be unlocked. People ventured inside not only for the chance to obtain an extremely rare and powerful Other Shore Token, but also because it was said that the temples could strengthen souls.

Of course, there was a catch. Every temple was incredibly dangerous.

Dorothy had not been in a hurry to enter the temple. Of course, the Origin Mountain had better plans for her. Still, since the Sacred Mallow Temple was only in Stage One of the Other Shore, she had believed it would be relatively safe. Now she knew how naive she had been.

"What?!" Zen sounded rather helpless.

Before entering the temple, Zen had considered the possible crises he might encounter, and the different countermeasures he could use.

Once his Soul of Light was trapped in the temple, he would make his body cross the sea. That was why before entering, he had asked Dorothy how to use the Other Shore Key.

He realized now that he had been thinking too much.

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..."

Even as they ran upstairs, they weren't safe. The rays of white light bounced off the walls, floors, and ceilings, interlocking with each other, the web spreading quickly up the spiral staircase. The last group couldn't escape the web of light. Despite their hurry, the light struck them from behind, just as they reached the second floor.

They screamed as their Souls of Light were pierced by the rays, and they melted away completely.

By now, Zen and Dorothy were on the third floor, while Hammer and his companions had sped up to reach the fourth floor.

Everyone charged upstairs as fast as they could. They had no time to think what was waiting for them on the upper floors. They had no time to think of anything except escaping the immediate danger of the shining white web.

They ran past the fourth floor, the fifth floor, the sixth floor...

By the time they reached the twelfth floor, all the floors and steps below were densely criss-crossed with the rays of white light, which never slowed down. While the people were getting tired, the rays didn't lose any momentum as they filled every available space.

Then everyone reached the thirteenth floor, and found that there were no more stairs. This was the top of the temple. This was the end.

On the far wall of the top floor stood a huge statue. As they stared at it, and even as the rays from below followed them up the stairs, the eyes of the statue began glowing with a white light.

"Buzz..."

This was it. Once the rays of light were released, everyone would die.

"There, over there!"

Dorothy gasped in Zen's ear. There seemed to be a few hollow spaces embedded in the walls.

Zen saw what she was pointing at. Instantly he rushed towards the hollows, dragging her with him.

They had barely reached one of the hollows when the white light flashed behind them.

"Ahhhhh!"

Screams echoed within the walls on the top floor as the rays pierced through several more victims, trapping their Souls of Light, and melting them.

After what seemed like forever, the screams died down. Zen and Dorothy huddled down in the narrow hollow of the wall, hidden from the rays of light.

They stayed as motionless as they could, feeling fortunate they had reached this hollow in time.

If they had moved just a little bit slower... if they had reached this spot just a couple of seconds later... then they would have been too late, and their Souls of Light would have been melted.

"What is this light?" Zen whispered, keeping completely still.

Dorothy's voice was full of fear. "It's Soul-melting Light. It's a notorious challenge in the bigger temples. But for this light to appear here in Stage One of the Other Shore... it was unheard of before. This isn't supposed to be here."

The Souls of Light, after undergoing heavy trials, could become able to compete with corporeal bodies. However, there were still things that could defeat the souls, and this deadly white light was one of them.

"How long will the light keep shining? It can't stay this bright for too long, can it?" asked Zen.

After all, light was light. It consumed energy. It wouldn't be able to trap them for too long.

"No, I don't think it can," Dorothy said, having come to the same conclusion as Zen.

Zen felt a rush of relief. This quickly changed to surprise when someone spoke up beside the two of them. "Harding, Hackett! Where are you? Are you all right?"

It was Hammer's voice.

He and some other people had seen the hollows in the wall when Dorothy pointed at them, and had rushed to take cover as well.

They had seized at the possibility of survival. Like Zen and Dorothy, they were crouched down in their hollows, safe from the light for the moment.

"I'm here! Yes, I'm fine," Harding whispered back. "But Hackett... Hackett didn't make it."

When Harding and Hackett had rushed towards the hollows, Hackett had moved just a bit slower, and had been shot through by a ray of light.

Upon hearing the news, Hammer groaned bitterly.

The three of them had been filled with such hope and anticipation when they first stepped together onto the Other Shore. Yet now, mere hours later, Hackett was dead.

Dorothy and Zen felt Hammer's sadness and shook their heads.

Loss of life was not unexpected on the Other Shore. While the warriors who made it here were often extremely strong, and eager to gain even greater power in this place, it came with enormous risks.

Indeed, in the Source World, many people would arrange their funeral affairs before they started to cultivate, wary of dying on the Other Shore and leaving a soulless body.

Zen and Dorothy could hear Hammer making sounds of grief near them. They wondered how many of them had reached the hollows in the wall and survived the white light.

As they waited, they heard something new. It was a clicking sound, like something tapping or climbing on the wall.

Zen strained to make out what was causing the sound. Then, to his shock, he heard a shout from the hollow beside theirs.

"What is this? Stop! Don't move any closer! Ahhhh!"

There was a shrill screech. Then, suddenly and ominously, the sound stopped.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3075 The Dreaded Eye Demons

The warriors hiding in the hollows got disrupted when a grief-stricken cry reverberated across the temple, echoing off the bare walls. Presumably, someone got killed.

But the Soul-melting Light's deadly rays failed to penetrate the hollows on the walls, so how did this person get murdered?

"Harding! What just happened?" Hammer bellowed.

"I don't know. It's this guy settled next to me," Harding answered in a shaky voice.

The man who screamed just now was the leader of the group who had confronted Hammer earlier.

Before Harding's voice fell to a whisper, he fumbled over his next few words. "Wh-what are these... m-monsters? Stay away!"

"Harding! What's happening to you there?" Hammer called at the top of his voice.

"Ahhh!"

Harding shrieked desperately; then his screams halted rather abruptly.

"Answer me! Harding, please, I'm begging you..."

No matter how much Hammer pleaded, his brother didn't respond.

With the Soul-melting Light outside the hollows, nothing could be done to help out his brother. He just roared, "No matter what monsters you are, come to me! Leave my brother alone! I'm going to tear you apart!"

As she listened to Hammer howl, Dorothy's face darkened. She never envisioned such a critical situation would befall her.

The monsters, in particular, scared Dorothy out of her wits. She knew nothing about their origin and form, which made her more apprehensive.

She squeezed in beside Zen despite the cramped space, soliciting for some comfort.

The emotions of the Soul of Light could be easily sensed, and Zen sensed Dorothy's fear. He pulled her closer and coaxed her softly, "Don't be afraid."

"But what could they be?" Dorothy sighed under her breath.

"Whatever they are, they would reveal themselves soon," Zen assured with certainty.

He already encountered several incidents similar to this before, so he consciously knew how to manage the situation better than Dorothy.

Just then, they heard loud, grinding bursts of sound which reflected from the nearby wall. Hammer's shaky voice came again, with a hint of anxiety and dread in it. "Go away! What the hell are you? Nooo..."

Just like the previous confrontations, the sobbing stopped after a few seconds.

This time, Zen's brows knitted a pensive frown.

Despite its mixed reputation, if expressed appropriately, anger led to many beneficial consequences. It made people act brave and forced them to be energized in dealing with conflicts. The situation Hammer dealt with when his two younger brothers got killed one by one forced him to be enraged. His vexation made him fearless.

Besides, Hammer excelled in all aspects, and he always showed an ability to take risks. What on earth frightened him to such an extent? Nothing made sense.

"What the heck could those things be?"

Dorothy wailed, burying her head against Zen's shoulder. The two souls would've fused as one if only the Souls of Light were intangible.

Zen kept his silence and simply stared at the opening of the hollow. As a matter of fact, he felt alarmed as well, but his survival instincts kicked in. He needed to calm down and be ready for any possible danger that could happen.

Clip clop! Clip clop! Clunk! Clunk!

The light footsteps on the wall returned; only this time the noise sounded within close range. It came from the hollow beside them.

Dorothy trembled with fear, like leaves quivering in the breeze. With her body hunched down in horror, she shifted her focus towards the sound.

Traces of black liquid leaked out on each side of the rickety and grim walls. This dark ink abruptly transformed into tiny, black balls, as they trickled down the surfaces.

Crack!

These small black balls suddenly split from the middle, revealing small round eyeballs one after the other.

"What in the world are these? Argh!"

Dorothy screeched, her body shaking excessively.

When Zen examined the eyeballs, he instantly recalled the odd statues inside the Sacred Mallow Temple.

In fact, without the eyes, those figures looked nothing like statues. The artist carved in unusual shapes—curved, angular, and twisted. Only the eyes gave life and meaning to those statues.

When the eyeballs released black light, the fear in Zen's heart strengthened.

He recognized the inexplicable sense of familiarity right after his heart started to beat faster.

In the debate venue of the Sword Clan in the divine land, Harper released the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. The malice it bore aimed to liberate the inner fear of humans.

Nevertheless, these eyeballs in front of him seemed strange and excluded the power of the Truth of Godly Way. They were designed to uncover the fear in one's soul.

Dorothy's high-pitched cry rang in Zen's ears, intensifying his terror.

At this moment, Zen noticed that his Soul of Light became tensed and went beyond his control.

"Zen, I have a very simple approach to fight these Dreaded Eye Demons. Do you want to know?" The voice of No. 9527 verbalized suddenly.

"Tell me! Get to the point!"

Zen tried to stay sober and vigilant though he knew he couldn't hold on for long.

Once fear established control over his whole body, it would be the end. Dorothy's fate relied upon him, and the two of them would all be annihilated just like Hammer and his brothers if he let terror take over.

"Close your eyes and disconnect from the outside world. Cut off all of your spiritual sense. Empty your mind and concentrate. It shouldn't be complicated for you to do this with the guidance of the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Don't stare at the eyeballs. Just one glimpse and any great warrior would be slain," No. 9527 said.

Before it could finish, Zen already closed his eyes.

Zen did as he was told—he cut off all of his spiritual sense and activated the Emotion Closing Godly Way. The ethereal soul arrows radiated with golden light on the surface of his soul.

In the past, the sharpened soul arrows had aided Zen in achieving his killing moves. The Emotion Closing Godly Way helped sharpen and refine those arrows to flawlessness. But after he entered the Source World where his soul couldn't be considered strong, he rarely used this skill.

However, Zen recognized his ability to put himself into a state of mind-blanking where he just shut down and meditated.

When Zen's awareness of the outside world subdued, the fear that surged in his heart beforehand instantly vanished. But the two senses of touch and hearing from his Soul of Light persisted.

He sensed those eyeballs advancing towards him. Simultaneously, he overheard Dorothy cry even louder. The stress caught up with her as she started to break down.

"Nooo... Zen, they got me! They're dragging me out! Please, help me..."

No matter how frantic Dorothy called out, Zen acted as if he hadn't heard it.

But he still clasped Dorothy tightly in his arms, not yielding at all. They were stuck in the hollow, not dragged out by the Dreaded Eye Demons.

'The Dreaded Eye Demons seem weak, ' Zen contemplated.

He figured that Hammer and his brothers weren't killed by the Dreaded Eye Demons. Fear controlled them until they lost the ability to resist.

Just like Dorothy.

But Zen clutched Dorothy tightly, and the Dreaded Eye Demons failed to draw her out of the hollow. She survived because she wasn't exposed to the Soul-melting Light.

'If that would be the case...'

Zen concentrated once more and raised his hand gently.

His fingers gradually changed into thorns and he poked the air before him with his fingers.

In this process, Zen measured the distance thoroughly so his fingertips wouldn't extend outside the hollow.

He took extra precaution for his fingertips to remain within the domain of the hollow. His attempts would deem useless if he brushed upon the Soul-melting Light and perished.

Zen tried a few times but failed to stab the Dreaded Eye Demons. He felt the force pulling Dorothy away had increased. Clearly, the Dreaded Eye Demons began to get agitated.

Zen sneered, his lips slightly curled upward. He thrust at the air with his thorn-like fingers more aggressively.

After he tried more than a hundred times, one of the thorns pierced through an eyeball.

Snip!

Ensuing a strange cry, the force yanking Dorothy eased.

Chapter 3076 A Puppet

The force that had been trying to drag Dorothy out dissipated gradually.

But she still hugged Zen tightly, and it took her a long time to calm herself down.

Just thinking of those black eyeballs, she couldn't help but quiver in fear.

"Zen, are the eyeballs gone?" Dorothy buried her face in Zen's neck, her voice shaking.

"Not yet." Zen sympathetically wrapped his arm around her waist, trying to calm her down.

They could still hear something streaking across the stone wall.

Click! Click! Clang!

Just now, Zen had shut his eyes tight, jabbing his fingers aimlessly into the dark. Luckily, he managed to stab one of the Dreaded Eye Demons. The Dreaded Eye Demons had backed off momentarily.

But Zen knew it was only a matter of seconds before they came back to attack them. The sound of them crawling on the wall seemed to come from all around them. 'They just don't know when to give up, ' Zen thought as he gritted his teeth.

As if reading his thoughts, Dorothy began to shiver violently, extremely fearful of what was to come.

She never wanted to feel that horrible sense of dread again.

Zen lowered his head and tried to concentrate as the sound seemed to close in on them. Although he didn't fear them, he still needed to figure out how to slay them.

"What Godly Way have you cultivated?" Zen suddenly asked.

While the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent could not affect one's mind, there were still some Godly Ways that could control one's mind—they could even block out the feeling of fear.

Zen's eyes flashed as he considered his options. The Great Dominance Technique seemed most apt, as it could remove one's consciousness, rendering the body a lifeless puppet.

"Me? I've practiced the Five Elements Godly Way," Dorothy answered confusedly, obviously not following Zen's train of thought.

Most people in the Source World chose to practice the Five Elements Godly Way, as this was the quickest and most convenient one.

"Don't worry, Dora," Zen said in a soothing voice. "They are not scary at all. They can only manipulate your mind, making you think you've fallen into deep despair. If you can control your fear, you won't feel the despair."

"But how in the world do I control my fear?" Dorothy whined. Her body tensed as soon as she heard the sound of the monsters.

Even though her eyes were closed, she could still vividly remember the fear inflicted on her at the sight of the Dreaded Eye Demons.

"Here they come again!"

This time, black liquid began to appear on the top and bottom walls of the hollow.

When Zen saw the liquid, he closed his eyes, shut off his spiritual sense, and severed all of his emotions.

Dorothy trembled. She had no idea how to deal with her fear. As the liquid became many black eyeballs, she fell into despair again.

"Soul arrows!" Zen cried.

Since he still kept his eyes shut, he was unable to see where his targets were. The soul arrows shot out blindly and haphazardly.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

The opening of the hollow was very small, and with so many soul arrows shooting toward the opening, Zen thought he could hit the eyes.

No matter how many soul arrows were shot in the dark, Zen couldn't seem to hit any target.

Zen frowned, puzzled as to why no soul arrow connected with the target. Just as he was about to summon another volley, Dorothy shouted, "They are here! Above our heads, and beside us... They are everywhere..."

Zen gritted his teeth in frustration. It had completely slipped his mind that the Dreaded Eye Demons were but a mass of black liquid; of course his arrows missed! They could transform into eyeballs after they came into the hollow.

Just then, an idea came to his mind, and an unquestionable aura came out of his soul.

Most of the Godly Ways used the momentum of life vitality and the inner world, but some of them could affect one's soul.

The Great Dominance Technique and the Emotion Closing Godly Way could do so.

"Great Dominance Technique!"

Zen's soul exuded an aura of unmatched authority, aimed directly at Dorothy.

Usually, Dorothy's Soul of Light was just a few notches lower than Zen's in terms of strength, meaning such a spell would have no effect on her. However, under these circumstances, she was paralyzed by fear; consequently, she could not resist his Great Dominance Technique.

As the words left Zen's lips, Dorothy's body instantly went limp.

Her eyes stared blankly at nothing, lifeless as a rag doll.

She was like a puppet, waiting for the puppet master to dictate her next action.

Zen tightened his embrace to prevent Dorothy from being dragged out while searching her soul for a way to activate the Necklace of Mystic Soul that hung from her neck.

Zen painstakingly made his way through Dorothy's Memory Flame. The Memory Flame of a person was typically very messy, as this was a string of all the memories one collected over their lifetime. He wandered around aimlessly at first, as he had not used this technique before.

As he continued to explore, he stumbled upon a massive locked door.

'I wonder what this is.' Zen began to reach for the door knob, curiosity consuming him.

Why would a closed door exist in Dorothy's memories?

Just as his hand hovered a few inches from the door knob, he felt a strong force urging him to step back.

Zen shook his head. Now was not the time to think about this door; he had more pressing issues at hand.

After a short while, he finally found the memory pertaining to the usage of the Necklace of Mystic Soul.

Meanwhile, the black mass had made its way to Dorothy's and Zen's torsos, massive black threads coiling around them ominously. The menacing eyeballs blinked as they climbed over their shoulders.

It seemed that the Dreaded Eye Demons wouldn't give up until they were dragged out.

Dorothy's lifeless body suddenly moved.

She clumsily put her hands on her chest, lightly touching the Necklace of Mystic Soul.

Buzz!

A blue light burst from the necklace, piercing every corner of the hollow.

Under the bright light, the black eyeballs became abnormally weak. Cracks began to make their way across the surfaces of the eyeballs, as eyeball after eyeball exploded.

The black liquid seemed to bubble and boil until it evaporated completely.

"I did it!"

Zen then opened his eyes and looked at the black stains on the walls with a smile.

However, Dorothy remained lifeless in his arms. It took him a few seconds before he realized she was still his puppet, trapped by his Great Dominance Technique.

Zen quickly released her from the spell. Gradually, Dorothy began to feel life return to her body. She blinked, and stared at him blankly, having no clue as to what just happened.

"I just used the Great Dominance Technique to control you," Zen explained with a hearty laugh. He gestured at the black stains on the walls. "Look! They were killed by your necklace!"

Zen grinned from ear to ear. Although he had known that Dorothy's necklace was powerful, it still ended up exceeding his expectations.

"Were they really killed?" As Dorothy observed the stains on the walls, she felt the spirit of fear leave her. "Wait, did you say Great Dominance Technique? Then, did you see...?"

She knew that in order for Zen to have used her necklace, he'd have had to explore her Memory Flame. Her cheeks flushed a deep red. 'How embarrassing!'

"Please, don't worry. I just looked for the way to use the Necklace of Mystic Soul," Zen interrupted, flashing the most reassuring smile he could muster. He couldn't mention that locked door.

He also had many secrets; he didn't want Dorothy to feel as though she'd been pried open and peeked into.

"Okay." Dorothy sighed with relief.

Zen's expression grew grim once Dorothy turned away. He had had no choice but to lie to her, but that was the least of their worries.

"However, there's still something strange about it," Zen said and looked at the black stains. "The eyeballs spread like water on the walls. The sound they created when they were moving was not the same as what we heard before. There should be something else outside besides these eyeballs."

Zen decided to omit the fact that the monsters were called the Dreaded Eye Demons, lest he would need to explain how he knew it.

"There's something else outside?" Dorothy asked nervously, the fear returning.

"But, I think that thing can't move anymore," he replied reassuringly. "At least, it hasn't moved in a while..."

Whatever was waiting for them outside had to wait. They couldn't leave until the Soul-melting Light disappeared.

Chapter 3077 Sacred Mallow Temple's Secrets

The Soul-melting Light continued for more than two hours. Afterward, its rays gradually became dimmer until it finally dissipated.

The whole Sacred Mallow Temple remained quiet. The atmosphere was rather ominous.

"Let's get out of here," Zen said.

"But..." Fear still lurked in Dorothy's mind as she thought of those black eyeballs.

"Don't worry. Those creatures aren't very powerful. They can only depend on the Soul-melting Light to kill people. Even if they were not dead, they still wouldn't be a match for me," Zen persuaded with confidence.

If the Dreaded Eye Demons were truly powerful, Zen and Dorothy would not be able to resist them at all.

With vigilant eyes, Zen walked out of the hollow first. Behind him was Dorothy who carefully stuck out her head to peep at the external environment.

There were black stains on the walls. Zen looked at the trace of the black stains to see where the Dreaded Eye Demons came from. With a sharp glare, he investigated the tracks left behind.

On the other side of the thirteenth floor, a light golden object was lying on the balcony.

Zen walked along the corridor to the balcony. With a curious expression, he examined the object and narrowed his eyes. "A spider?"

A scared expression painted Dorothy's face as she also followed after him. When she saw the golden object, her face lit up with joy. "It's the Heavenly

Spider! It finally made sense! That spider net on the first floor must be left behind by this spider!"

Someone in the Oneness Sky Palace had the Heavenly Spider as his Other Shore Token. Dorothy had already seen his Heavenly Spider before. Thus, she immediately recognized it with a glance.

"Maybe it's the Heavenly Spider that attacked us just now," said Dorothy after she thought for a moment.

"That doesn't make sense. The Heavenly Spider is already dead." Zen fiddled with it but it stayed motionless on the floor. "I don't think what happened just now is that simple."

As he maintained his curious expression, Zen stretched out his hand and turned the Heavenly Spider over. Interestingly, he found a small hole between the spider's head and abdomen. Additionally, around the hole were black dots.

When Zen reached for the tiny hole, the Heavenly Spider, which was originally like a dead thing, suddenly contracted. A surprised expression painted both Zen's and Dorothy's faces as the spider turned over and climbed up along the wall rapidly.

Click! Click! Click! Click!

What piqued Zen's interest was that the sound made by the Heavenly Spider while moving on the wall was exactly the same as to what they had heard before.

Fear slowly crept deep inside Dorothy's heart. A sharp light flashed across Zen's eyes. He stretched out his finger and flicked. Suddenly, a small soul arrow shot out.

Crack!

The small soul arrow traveled with fast speed. Immediately, it pinned the Heavenly Spider onto the wall.

Afterward, Zen's palm gradually changed into a small knife. With it, he could cut the Heavenly Spider from the wall. Then, he cut the spider in half from its head to its abdomen.

Sizzle...

Suddenly, black balls the size of a bullet gushed out of the cut one after the other!

"Ah! What the hell? Not this again!" As she looked at those small black balls, Dorothy's face turned pale. It seemed that she would always remember what she had encountered in the Sacred Mallow Temple.

Sizzle...

The small balls were immediately torn apart. From inside them burst out extremely small eyeballs.

The little eyeballs could instill fear into those around them. However, they were much weaker than those Zen and Dorothy had encountered before. Zen resisted their attacks without any effort.

"They are the descendants of those creatures. Look how little they are! They haven't grown up yet. There's no danger,"

said Zen as he pointed his finger at the little eyeballs. With a simple finger snap, an eyeball would explode and immediately turn into a pool of black liquid.

A lot of small eyeballs had already escaped from the body of the Heavenly Spider. With great speed, they rushed in the direction of the wall.

Nonetheless, the descendants of the Dreaded Eye Demons would still do harm to other warriors. As such Zen wouldn't let them go.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

In the blink of an eye, Zen had already killed a large number of them. His strength was tons above their dexterity so he was able to easily erase them.

However, there were still some descendants of the Dreaded Eye Demons that moved along the wall. It seemed that they wanted to reach the back of the largest statue.

"Why are they going there? What's behind that statue?"

Zen murmured as he followed the eyeballs and swept over the huge statue. He was slightly stunned when he saw the scene behind the statue.

Behind the statue, three tiny pillars stood firmly. There were three balls on the top of the three pillars—two red glazed eyeballs, and a pure white ball.

When he saw that the small black eyeballs were about to enter the glazed eyeballs, Zen rushed and killed them with a single move.

"Hey! What's behind the statue?"

Dorothy rushed over and took a quick look. When she saw the white ball, her body suddenly froze.

"The soul force in this white ball is very powerful," Zen said with a serious face.

"This should be the soul crystal. Wow! What a powerful soul crystal! It seems that there are countless people that died in the Sacred Mallow Temple. The Souls of Light that had been melted by the Soul-melting Light have been gathered in this ball," Dorothy said after she pondered for a while.

"Does the soul crystal like this one have the same effect as the soul pill?" Zen asked as his curious eyes stared at the white ball.

The aura he sensed from the white ball was very similar to that of the soul pill. With its massive power contained inside, it was like a huge soul pill.

If the white ball had the same effect as the soul pill, Zen's opinion about it would greatly plummet. Soul pills were easily sold or purchased with divine crystals.

"No. It's something else." Dorothy shook her head as excitement became apparent in her expression. "The soul pill can only restore the soul power and temporarily enhance the Soul of Light. However, a soul crystal can increase the upper limit of the Soul of Light. It can make our Souls of Light stronger!"

After he heard Dorothy's remark, Zen's eyes sharpened.

When his soul was still weak, there were still many methods to strengthen it. However, after his soul became the Soul of Light, it became more difficult to strengthen it. Apart from the enhancement of his Soul of Light on the Sea of Truth, Zen did not find any other methods to strengthen it.

However, the soul crystal might be his hope. If he could absorb it, he might be able to greatly strengthen his Soul of Light.

"Since soul crystal is so useful, aren't there any creatures that kill others' Souls of Light to refine soul crystals?" Zen asked cautiously.

Some strong warriors were able to kill others' Souls of Light and refine them into soul crystals so that they could use them to strengthen their Souls of Light. For some ambitious people, it was a convenient way to improve the power of their Souls of Light.

"Someone did it before. However, he lost his mind as a consequence," Dorothy said with a shrug. "Except for the Soul-melting Light, it is extremely difficult to purify the Soul of Light with other methods. If you absorb the Souls of Light of others, you will also absorb their Memory Flames. If you absorb hundreds of people's memories, the result could only be chaotic."

"Got it." Zen nodded.

Although he already knew what the white ball was, he still had no idea what the two glazed eyeballs were.

Even Dorothy, who was well-informed, didn't know what they were. Zen had no other choice but to ask No. 9527 in his mind.

No. 9527 chuckled. "Ha! Did you realize that? You were very lucky to survive this time."

"Huh? What do you mean?" Zen asked as he knitted his eyebrows.

"This is not the Sacred Mallow Temple at all. Such a stupid name was only given by your human race. This temple originally belonged to the Dreaded Eye Demons. As such there are countless Dreaded Eye Demon statues in here," lectured No. 9527. "However, the temple has been destroyed long ago. Additionally, the Dreaded Eye Demons have already gone to extinction. Perhaps some of them managed to come back to life. They must have manipulated a Heavenly Spider that had broken in accidentally. Afterward, they probably killed so many Souls of Light with the Soul-melting Light in order to rapidly reproduce and cultivate their own descendants."

The soul crystal was prepared by the Dreaded Eye Demons for their descendants. If Zen and Dorothy hadn't come, the race would have returned to life after a rather long rest.

Unfortunately, the Dreaded Eye Demons eventually died in the hands of Zen and Dorothy.

Chapter 3078 Demonic Eyes

Although most of Zen's questions had been explained briefly by No. 9527, he was still a little confused.

"Did the Dreaded Eye Demons show up in the chaos once?" Zen asked, intrigued by this information.

"Yes, you can say that. The Dreaded Eye Demons were a huge race that once occupied a region," No. 9527 answered him truthfully.

"Can all kinds of races in the chaos establish temples here on the Other Shore? Are they considered as extraordinary creatures?" Zen asked again. He wanted to learn more about these creatures as much as he could.

"As for the extraordinary creatures in your eyes..." No. 9527 paused for a second, making Zen do the guessing. "Strictly speaking, only those two demonic eyes of all the Dreaded Eye Demons could be described as extraordinary creatures, so what you encountered just now were only their descendants. What's more, they were very weak. With your current strength, you can't defeat a mature Dreaded Eye Demon yet."

At that moment, Dorothy, who had been watching him, suddenly asked, "Zen, why are you standing there in a daze?"

Dorothy didn't have any idea that Zen was actually communicating with No. 9527, so she thought he was standing there daydreaming.

When Zen was finally back to the present, he decided to absorb the soul crystal with Dorothy.

They would have to stay on and explore the Other Shore for a long time. No one would give up the opportunity to strengthen their souls.

The two of them sat in a corner and started concentrating. It didn't take long before they both released their spiritual senses into the soul crystal.

Absorbing the soul crystal gave them the same feeling as the fusion of souls. To a certain extent, they were devouring the Souls of Light of another group of people. It was just that these Souls of Light had already been purified and readied for them to use.

As the two continued to absorb the soul crystal without pause, the white ball shrank at a visible speed.

The auras that the two Souls of Light released were greatly enhanced.

Three minutes had passed quickly.

Dorothy had already withdrawn her spiritual sense. The soul crystal had already shrunk by half its original size.

She and Zen had discovered the soul crystal together, so she was certainly qualified to share the soul crystal with him. However, in consideration that she still had other opportunities to strengthen her soul, she gave up the idea of continuing absorbing the soul crystal. For a moment, she just stared at Zen, who silently took in the remaining soul crystal.

Ten minutes later, Zen finally absorbed the last wisps of the soul crystal.

When he opened his eyes, he immediately felt the strange abundance of power cursing through his body.

"This soul crystal really has an extraordinary effect!"

Zen had practiced hard day and night on the Sea of Truth for several months, and his soul power had only increased a little after all that hardship. Meanwhile, after absorbing the soul crystal, he felt that his soul power had increased by at least three times. It was unbelievable.

"Of course, it does!" Dorothy smiled. "You've even integrated the Souls of Light of over a hundred people."

In fact, during the process where the Souls of Light were turned into the soul crystal by the Soul-melting Light, a big part of the Souls of Light were lost, so Dorothy was exaggerating when she said that, but the effects were still obvious now.

After the soul crystal was totally absorbed by the two of them, they turned to look at the red glazed eyes.

"Do we take them as our Other Shore Tokens?" Zen asked. He had not forgotten that his true reason for entering the temple was to find a suitable Other Shore Token for himself.

The two glazed eyes in front of him also contained extraordinary power and he could feel it.

Dorothy tilted her head and looked at the eyes closely. Even though she was knowledgeable, she had no idea what they truly were. "No matter what they are, we can try and fuse them with ourselves. As long as they are not living creatures, they will not resist."

"Living creatures?" Zen asked as he thought of the dead Heavenly Spider.

As much as he could remember, the Heavenly Spider should have been dead for a long time now. It had been used as a puppet by the Dreaded Eye Demons. "Can I take the dead Heavenly Spider as my Other Shore Token?" he asked.

"Yes, you can. Anything on the Other Shore can be taken as your token, but fusing with a dead creature isn't a wise choice. In that case, it's better to fuse with the Heavenly Cobweb it had produced," Dorothy replied.

Now, since there were two glazed eyes here, she didn't need to fuse with the Heavenly Cobweb. She and Zen could have one eye each to use.

Zen walked towards the glazed eyes and stood in front of them. He reached out his hand to touch them for a while, and then said, "I don't know how to fuse with the Other Shore Token."

Dorothy responded with a chuckle.

She had always thought that Zen was a little strange. He knew a lot of things that many people wouldn't normally know, but he didn't have an inkling about the general knowledge in the Source World.

"Let me teach you how to do it. It won't be too difficult to fuse with the Other Shore Token, especially such a dead thing. It won't resist you. You only need to use the Truth of Godly Way to fuse with it."

As Dorothy spoke, she held up the Other Shore Token to show Zen.

Wisps of Truth of Eternal Sword Intent emerged from her body and covered the surface of the glazed eye. But when she tried to draw it into her Soul of Light, there was suddenly a repulsive force from the glazed eye.

She looked at the Other Shore Token in disbelief—she was unable to fuse with the glazed eye!

"What?" Dorothy exclaimed in shock, still holding the glazed eye.

"What happened?" Zen asked in confusion.

"This Other Shore Token does not match the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent," Dorothy explained with her pouted lips.

"What do you mean? An Other Shore Token will choose the Truth of Godly Way?" Zen asked curiously.

Dorothy exhaled and said, "It's rare. I heard that only very powerful Other Shore Tokens could choose the Truths of Godly Ways. I didn't expect this glazed eye would be one of them!"

The situation proved that the glazed eye was something extraordinary and definitely powerful. It was a pity that Dorothy couldn't fuse with it.

"Let me have a try!"

Zen grabbed the glazed eye and copied Dorothy's method, activating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

However, just like what happened with Dorothy, when Zen tried to draw it inside his soul, the glazed eye refused to fuse with it.

Zen pondered over it for a while. Then he decided to stop using the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent and activated the Truth of Cultivation Nature instead.

This time, the glazed eye didn't resist and easily went into Zen's soul.

"It's the perfect match for the Truth of Cultivation Nature!" Dorothy blurted out in surprise.

This was the advantage of cultivating two Truths of Godly Ways. Since the glazed eye did not accept one of the two Truths of Godly Ways, Zen could just use the other Truth of Godly Way.

However, different people had different compatibility with each kind of Truth of Godly Way. Once a person had chosen one Truth of Godly Way to cultivate, they usually wouldn't cultivate a second Truth of Godly Way.

When Zen absorbed the glazed eye into his soul, he could clearly perceive its existence in it.

When Zen tried to manipulate the glazed eye, it rose in his Soul of Light and slowly moved into one of his own eyes.

Dorothy saw that a scarlet light flashed out of Zen's blurred face.

Just one glance, she let out a scream and retreated, extremely terrified.

Zen closed his eyes, and the demonic red light disappeared just as quickly.

"I'm sorry..."

Zen apologized, he was only trying to use the glazed eye, but he didn't expect Dorothy to have such a reaction.

With the glazed eye, Zen could use the same skill that the Dreaded Eye Demons had used. It could be useful during crucial moments.

Dorothy explained she didn't mind, and said, "Wow, you can stir up the fear in one's mind. It is very rare to see such an Other Shore Token in Stage One of the Other Shore. I wonder how many divine megatons the force unleashed by this eye can be."

The special ability of the Other Shore Token was very important, but its own energy was just as significant. However, there was no way to test the glazed eye's ability on the Other Shore. He had to return to the Dragon City first.

Chapter 3079 Return From The Other Shore

Dorothy was slightly upset.

People who held a high status such as Dorothy never took the Sacred Mallow Temple seriously from the start. This was why Stage One and Stage Two of the Other Shore meant nothing to her.

The Other Shore Tokens that were usually discovered in these two stages were inferior. Here at the Other Shore's beginning stage, most people would just randomly choose Other Shore Tokens and immediately challenge the higher stages.

However, there were always exceptions. Some of these included the Heavenly Spider and the Heavenly Cobweb which were rarely found in Stage One or Stage Two, but could be found in Stage Three.

The situation they were currently in was quite bizarre. They were surprised to discover two glazed eyeballs within the dilapidated temple. Even Dorothy failed to confirm which Stage of the Other Shore that pair belonged to.

She was saddened upon knowing that she couldn't fuse with any of the glazed eyeballs.

"You know, you can still take the demonic eye even if you can't fuse with it," Zen assured her.

Dorothy shook her head and replied, "Giving it to me would be useless. You could sell it in exchange for soul pills. I'll fuse with the Heavenly Cobweb instead."

The Heavenly Cobweb was a perfect fit for the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

Dorothy practiced the Origin Swordsmanship. This was divided into three key areas and one of those displayed how to master the art of stalling opponents. Fusing with the Heavenly Cobweb would enhance this key area of her practice—making it the perfect match.

"I disagree," Zen interjected. "We explored the Sacred Mallow Temple together so it's only fair that we split what we've discovered equally. Even if you can't fuse with it, I insist you take it."

But Dorothy wouldn't budge. Instead, she smiled and replied, "It's a pity that you've only practiced the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent other than the Truth of Cultivation Nature. If you'd cultivated another Truth of Godly Way, you could've fused with both the eyes."

"A person can own two Other Shore Tokens at the same time?" Zen asked curiously.

"Not just two. Some of the Oneness Sky Palace's warriors can even possess three or four Other Shore Tokens. One more Truth of Godly Way, one more Other Shore Token," Dorothy explained.

Most of the Source World's top-level masters would often cultivate the Truths of Godly Ways according to their own needs, and they often possessed more than one Other Shore Token.

Everyone was endowed with a Truth of Godly Way that was most suitable for them, and the Other Shore Token that fitted the Truth of Godly Way the most would serve as the main basis of their power and status. The remaining Other Shore Tokens served as its supplements.

"I see. So that means I can fuse with another Other Shore Token as well," Zen murmured.

Dorothy nodded with a smile and replied, "Of course you can."

"So if possessing an extra Other Shore Token enables one to have another theurgy and force of more divine megatons, why is everyone in Dragon

City limiting themselves to just cultivate a single Truth of Godly Way?" a puzzled Zen inquired.

"Not everyone possesses your ability to comprehend another Truth of Godly Way in such a short period of time." Dorothy added with a blink of her eyes, "They will be able to choose a second and third Truth of Godly Way once they attain a higher cultivation level."

These words further encouraged Zen to cultivate the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

Back in the debate venue, Zen was given the heritage of Harper along with the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. But ever since then, he hadn't placed much focus into further understanding and practicing with the latter.

Zen's compatibility degree with the Truth of Goodwill and Malice was not as good as that with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, but it was better than that with the Truth of Cultivation Nature. It shouldn't be too difficult for him to master the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

Just as Zen and Dorothy were about to go down so she could fuse with the Heavenly Cobweb, he noticed a small crack on the wall.

The wall was directly aligned with the two glazed eyeballs and the soul crystal.

Zen noticed the little black eyeballs had just moved towards this direction. Could it be that their target wasn't the two glazed eyeballs but whatever was hiding behind the crack on the wall?

Whatever the case, Zen knew he wouldn't be able to destroy the temple with his Soul of Light. He decided that he'd return to the temple after his body reached the Other Shore.

He felt that the whole thing was not as simple as what No. 9527 had told him.

The Sacred Mallow Temple had been destroyed and the Dreaded Eye Demons had disappeared for so many years. Strangely enough, a few of them had suddenly revived.

Once they finished putting the Heavenly Spider's body away, they returned to the first floor. Dorothy had successfully managed to activate her Truth of Godly Way to fuse with the Heavenly Cobweb. Their first trip to the Other Shore came to an end.

Upon leaving the Sacred Mallow Temple, they parted from the Other Shore.

The sky had already lightened up and most of the people had stopped cultivating once Zen woke up.

"Tam! Tam!" someone shouted. "Wake up!"

One of Monica's followers remained seated in an upright position. Someone beside him called his name, but to no avail.

Tam Hong fell to the ground, unconscious.

Monica frowned and immediately rushed to his side to check on him. After her inspection, her expression darkened. "Tam is...dead," she confirmed. "He had wandered in the ninth line of the Sea of Truth. I suspect he failed to reach the Other Shore last night."

Upon seeing Tam Hong's corpse on the ground, Zen drew closer to it and shook his head. "The stormy waves of the Sea of Truth were quite unruly and many people died."

Once one's Soul of Light was devoured by the Sea of Truth, a soulless body would be left behind.

Those who tried to reach the Other Shore were passing through the gates of hell. Many people like Tam Hong never woke up. It wasn't a rare occurrence to see such a thing in the Dragon City or at other cultivating areas.

Once Monica asked her men to take Tam Hong away, she fixed her eyes on Zen and asked, "Did you make it to the Other Shore?"

Zen had been in the Dragon City for less than a year. He surprised many people with his cultivation progress. Now, he had successfully gone to and returned from the Other Shore—a truly amazing feat!

As Monica recalled the time when she was stuck at the ninth line of the Sea of Truth, she couldn't help but sigh and wonder why she had been dealt with such an unfair fate.

"Yes. I reached the Other Shore last night," Zen replied.

"Our Flag Master has reached the Other Shore!"

"Our Flag Master has finally become an Other Shore Realm warrior!"

Faegan, Beldene, and the others also noticed the progress Zen had achieved.

Although Other Shore Realm warriors weren't rare, seeing Zen become one made them all excited and proud. In their eyes, he was truly special.

"Not only did you make it to the Other Shore, but your Soul of Light seems to have undergone great changes as well," Monica pointed out to Zen as she stared at him.

His soul force had steadily grown over the past few months at a normal rate. Anyone who stayed on the Sea of Truth every day would have been able to grow their Souls of Light unwaveringly.

Zen's Soul of Light, however, grew at an astonishing rate this time that made even Monica question her own power and think that he had surpassed her.

'He has just entered the Other Shore. How did he make it?' she thought to herself.

"Good luck was on my side," Zen replied in an indifferent tone as if talking about the weather. "I found something useful in Stage One."

"Something useful?" Monica let his words hang on her tongue. What useful thing had provided Zen the chance to grow his Soul of Light at such a rate? That could only mean one thing—he had discovered the soul crystal.

But why would such a precious crystal appear in Stage One of the Other Shore? And even if it did appear, the soul crystal wouldn't have had much energy. Monica continued to ponder over this.

Chapter 3080 Test

In the Dragon City

On this day, many stood before the red stone used for testing. Last night, more than ten warriors from outside the Dragon City had reached the Other Shore.

After they had merged with their Other Shore Tokens for the first time, everyone was on edge, desperate to put their strength to the test.

A woman with long hair approached the red stone. The crowd grew still, watching in anticipation.

A small seed then appeared on her head.

"It's the Spiritual Fire Seed..."

"She is so lucky to have gotten the Spiritual Fire Seed! It's so difficult to dig and find one."

"It's highly likely that someone helped her to get it."

Everyone gathered around had a comment to make and all were green with envy of the long haired woman.

The woman held a short cyan sword in her hand.

As she raised the short sword, the Spiritual Fire Seed began to glow. Just then, a flame ignited on her short sword.

"Go!"

The woman charged at the red stone with vigor and her short sword slashed out ahead of her.

Bang!

She struck the red stone with her sword, using all her strength, which was absorbed by the stone.

Soon after the blow, the red stone flashed and a strange pattern began forming in the middle. The pattern was the word 'three'.

The result had been revealed to an impressed and cheering crowd.

"That's what I expected..."

"The force of the Spiritual Fire Seed is less than three divine megatons. But combined with the woman's cultivation base, it is almost at that level."

"It's a good start for a warrior who has only just reached the Other Shore Realm." The crowd continued with their judgment from the sidelines.

The woman was clearly satisfied with her result. She put away her short sword, took a step back, and stood in front of a tall man.

The large flag he carried showed him to quite clearly be a Flag Master.

Zen was not interested in her result, as he had seen what he needed to.

This woman had just reached the Other Shore Realm. It was obvious that she was not a Flag Master, yet she was able to enter and leave Dragon City freely.

It seemed the requirements for free entry and exit of the Dragon City were not as tough as he had imagined.

He did not know how Gant went in and out without a flag. He thought he should ask him.

Once the woman had gone, another man walked up to the stone, ready for his turn.

The Other Shore Token the man had fused with was the most common one, the Heavenly Cyan Stone. It could be found on the beach of the Other Shore.

Of course, the man's result was not all that impressive.

Although he threw all he had into his attack on the red stone, only 'one' appeared on it. This meant his force was less than two divine megatons.

The man still walked away, very satisfied. After all, he had finally set foot on the Other Shore. Fusing with the Heavenly Cyan Stone was just the first step, and next time he could obtain a better, more powerful Other Shore Token.

The next few warriors who stepped up possessed ordinary Other Shore Tokens, including the Heavenly Cyan Stone, the Angelica Dahurica, and so on. Most of their forces were revealed to be one or two divine megatons, hardly an impressive feat.

Then came a handsome man with a very special Other Shore Token, a shiny crystal.

Zen heard murmurs around him that this was the Magic Cloud Crystal. This man relied heavily on this Magic Cloud Crystal to erupt a formidable force of four divine megatons.

He was from a large clan in the Bloom Divine Province, and his clan was as powerful as Gant's. He appeared to have a close connection with the Oneness Sky Palace as many Flag Masters walked up to congratulate him.

After almost all had taken their turns at the red stone, Zen decided it was time for him to give it a try.

He didn't really want to show his talent here but there was only one red stone for the test in the Dragon City and so he had no choice.

When Zen appeared, all eyes were focused on him.

"He is the guy who is against Galen."

"Hush! He has a strong background. Even though he has offended Galen, Galen hasn't dared to say anything back."

"I don't think Galen will tolerate being bullied like that!"

"He moved quite fast in crossing the sea to reach the Other Shore..."

Zen walked towards the red stone slowly and focused. With a flick of his finger, the Snow Sword was in his hand, before anyone even knew what happened.

When the Flag Masters who were familiar with the Snow Sword saw it, their eyes widened in astonishment.

"It's the Snow Sword from the Best Swords Shop..."

"He's bought the sword.

How rich he is!"

Many Flag Masters wished they could own the swords from the Best Swords Shop, but those Profound Blood Treasures were extremely expensive. Chief among them was the Snow Sword, a premium Profound Blood Treasure. The Flag Masters could not afford this, and only the Alliance Chiefs could.

A buzz rang out as the crowd stared at Zen.

As Zen summoned his strength, an icy light flashed from his blade.

He had bought the sword not long ago, but he had already used it in the Sword Tower many times, and developed a great skill in handling it. This was a high quality sword with almost no weakness. It was sure to produce something amazing at the hands of a skilled master.

Zen then began to try to make use of the Other Shore Token.

He didn't hold the Other Shore Token to his head like the others. When the demonic eye flashed a red light, Zen deliberately closed his right eye, completely covering the red light.

He began pulling out the strength within the Other Shore Token.

A surge of power flowed around his body. This power was not as pure as that of the Nine Divine Stars in his inner world, as the stars' power belonged entirely to him.

Although the Other Shore Token to some extent belonged to him as well, it had come from elsewhere and was only being used by Zen for the time being.

"The momentum is so powerful!"

"Has he really only just reached the Other Shore Realm?"

"I would say his soul momentum alone is comparable to that of the warriors in the second or third stage of the Other Shore Realm!"

On feeling the aura that erupted from Zen, the crowd looked on expectantly. Some were confused; Zen seemed unwilling to reveal his Other Shore Token. What was he hiding?

While they were all left stunned and guessing, Zen had already lifted and swung the Snow Sword at the red stone, so fast that anyone had no time to see.

Boom! He struck the stone with a thunderous bang.

A trace of red light was left on the blade of the Snow Sword, being the evidence of the speed and power of the swing.

When the red light had flashed, all those gathered around felt their minds shaken and they were even forced into taking a step back.

"Well... I didn't control that too well..." Zen mumbled to himself.

He'd been very careful when he made use of the power of the Other Shore Token. However, he made a mistake when he used it for the first time. The red light was still released from the demonic eye.

Everyone was blown away, standing still with their eyes glazing over in bewilderment when the red stone slowly revealed one large word.

'Nineteen'.

Zen remained calm upon having his result revealed.

He hadn't even used his own strength or released the Ways-blending Energy.

If Zen had used the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship as well as the Three Annihilation Strike, or even the Six Annihilation Strike, the result could have been much, much higher.

But this time, he just wanted to test the power of the demonic eye and nothing else.

Even then, he hadn't used up all the strength of the demonic eye. He'd only used half and this was enough to leave everyone looking at the result in front of them in disbelief. They could not comprehend and accept it. How had someone pulled this off?

Whether they could accept it or not, the result still remained on the red stone. It was the unmistakable proof of what just happened.

"Nineteen divine megatons!"

"It's remarkable enough to be comparable to the Other Shore Token of Stage Three!"

"What on earth is his Other Shore Token?" The crowd's incredulity could not cease.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and

trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

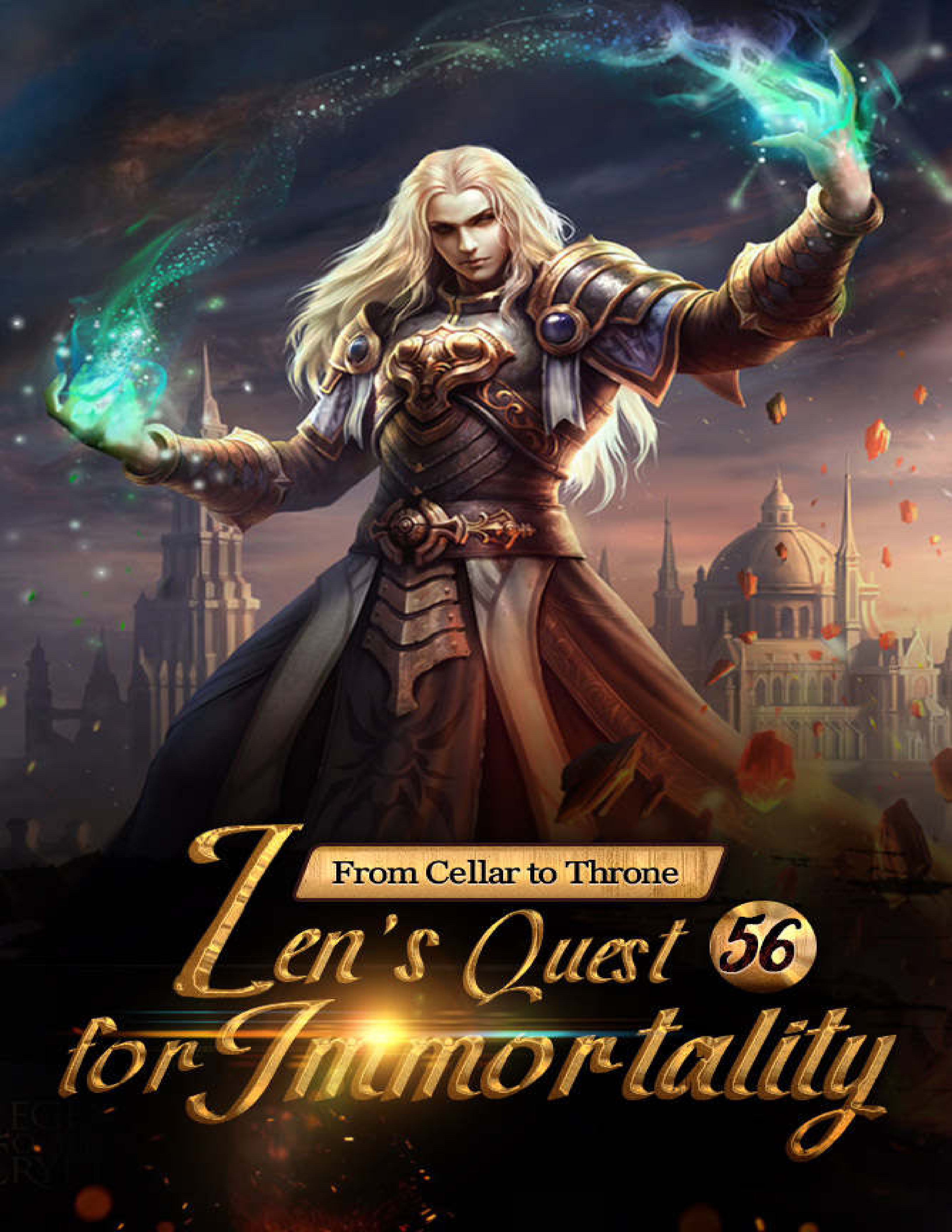

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

56

Content

Chapter 3081 Some Serious Injuries
Chapter 3082 Revenge
Chapter 3083 Worry
Chapter 3084 Fuck Off
Chapter 3085 Anger
Chapter 3086 The Flow Strike
Chapter 3087 Zen's Eye
Chapter 3088 Heart Slaughtering Strike
Chapter 3089 The Man In A Coir Raincoat
Chapter 3090 Disadvantage
Chapter 3091 Merit Points
Chapter 3092 The Mountain Viewing Province
Chapter 3093 No Room For Retreat
Chapter 3094 The Grand River Fortress
Chapter 3095 Soul-depriving Sun Crows
Chapter 3096 Making Trouble
Chapter 3097 Gant's Cousin
Chapter 3098 Invasion
Chapter 3099 The Sharp-winged Sun Crows
Chapter 3100 Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array
Chapter 3101 Raphael Su
Chapter 3102 The Shade Stone's Sign
Chapter 3103 A Family Conflict
Chapter 3104 A Hopeless Choice
Chapter 3105 Back Against The Wall
Chapter 3106 Help
Chapter 3107 Blood Sun Crows
Chapter 3108 Abandon The City
Chapter 3109 Blockers
Chapter 3110 Rushing Out Of The Encirclement
Chapter 3111 One Person Short
Chapter 3112 The Fireball
Chapter 3113 The Nine-Cube Black Armor
Chapter 3114 Let Me Have A Try

Chapter 3115 Confusion
Chapter 3116 The Resurrection Eye
Chapter 3117 Absorption
Chapter 3118 The Third Illusory Projection
Chapter 3119 Disrespect And Insult
Chapter 3120 Choose His Way
Chapter 3121 The Finale Way And The Purge Way
Chapter 3122 The Veiled Women
Chapter 3123 The Situation Of Sword Light Palace
Chapter 3124 Return To The Dragon City
Chapter 3125 Tacit Understanding
Chapter 3126 Dreaded Eye Demon Race
Chapter 3127 The Authentic Visual World
Chapter 3128 The Yellow Paper
Chapter 3129 An Accident
Chapter 3130 Passing The Position Of Alliance Chief
Chapter 3131 Going Up The Mountain
Chapter 3132 Dragon Path
Chapter 3133 The Heavenly Magic Array
Chapter 3134 Treatment
Chapter 3135 Being Idle
Chapter 3136 A Strange Test

MoboReader translation team is dedicated to providing you with the top Chinese translated xuanhuan and wuxia stories. Follow our Author's Page: to get latest book updates.

Top xuanhuan book series:

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that.

With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams. Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

From Cellar to Throne: Zen's Quest for Immortality (aka Apotheosis) by En Ci Jie Tuo

Chapter 3081 Some Serious Injuries

After a warrior reached the Other Shore, they would meet with the Stage One.

Everything regarding Stage One had somewhat become general knowledge among the people.

Everyone was aware of how many divine megaton of force contained in the Crimson Golden Sand, the Heavenly Cyan Stone, and basically, any Other Shore Token. One would be considered lucky if they were to stumble upon one of the rarer ones, like the Spiritual Fire Seed.

However, there was a limit to the amount of force within these Other Shore Tokens, which ranged from one divine megaton to four.

All things considered, the most highly regarded Other Shore Token in Stage One was the Magic Cloud Crystal they had witnessed just now. As this token was extremely rare, it was not normal to encounter it in Stage One.

However, Zen's sword strike had a power that surpassed warriors in even the third stage of the Other Shore Realm.

All this information buzzed around the heads of all who witnessed this feat. Naturally, a sense of awe filled them. What Other Shore Token had this guy obtained?

Just as Zen turned around to take his leave, the handsome man stopped him. "Hello, friend! You are also a beginner at the Other Shore Realm, right? What Other Shore Token have you obtained?"

Normally, discussing Other Shore Tokens was taboo for most people. Unless one was willing to boast their tokens in front of others, it was considered indecent to ask someone about it so frankly.

This etiquette was displayed when Monica kept quiet when she found out that Zen had already made it to the Other Shore Realm, not daring to ask him about his Other Shore Token.

"This question should be hard for me to answer, shouldn't it?" Zen gazed at the man coldly, smiling mirthlessly.

The handsome man was taken aback for a moment, but the corners of his lips twitched upwards in a forced smile. "Allow me to introduce myself." He cleared his throat. "I am Normand of the Chu Clan from the West Vanity Lake. If you don't mind, we can explore the Other Shore together!"

The Chu Clan was popular in the West Vanity Lake. Normand smirked, thinking Zen would be shocked to find out his identity. However, Zen just smiled at him nonchalantly, replying, "If there is a chance, then, sure."

Zen then abruptly turned around and left without waiting for a response.

Normand was flabbergasted at Zen's perfunctory response. Few people reacted this way whenever he revealed his identity. 'Either he comes from an even more prominent clan, or this guy is just reckless...' Normand huffed in frustration.

Watching Zen leave, Normand's expression darkened.

It only took Zen half a day to take the test before the red stone. Upon completing this, he headed for the Sword Tower.

Zen found Sellers stationed there. "Is there any place here that's quiet enough for me to cultivate?"

While the Sword Tower was indeed a place for cultivation, it mainly served swordsmanship theurgies. However, Zen was hoping to cultivate the Truth of Goodwill and Malice; consequently, he needed a place of solitude.

This was actually quite difficult to find inside and outside the Dragon City. This is because silver swords rained from the sky, creating a sort of organized chaos. While this might be beneficial for practicing the Truth of

Eternal Sword Intent, it was quite distracting for those who practiced other Truths of Godly Ways.

"You want a secluded cultivation room?" Sellers raised an eyebrow, evidently taken aback by Zen's request.

However, he recalled how Athemar had asked him to take special care of Zen. Technically, it was not difficult for him to grant Zen's request; he only needed to remove the sword arrays from the cultivation room.

After a slight moment of hesitation, he eventually agreed to Zen's request.

After settling down, Zen began to wonder how good his compatibility was with the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. He figured it should be higher than that of the Truth of Cultivation Nature, and that this should be a bit easier. Either way, neither of these were comparable to the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, which was what he was most comfortable with.

Glancing around the cultivation room, Zen sighed. It was a pity that there were no items that would help him cultivate. Now, he would have to rely solely on his understanding of the Truth of Godly Way in order to make any progress. However, the process would be extremely slow.

For three consecutive days, he stayed cooped up in the room, reciting the Truth of Goodwill and Malice over and over again.

The power of Goodwill and Malice manifested alternatively, which affected Zen's aura.

Sometimes he resembled a holy Buddha, holding up one hand. Other times, his expression would darken with mischief, as though he were possessed by a devil.

After three days, Zen finished his secluded cultivation. Without dilly-dallying, he left the Sword Tower.

The minute he stepped out of the room, Sellers sensed the Truth of Godly Way emanating from Zen's body.

'Has he been spending these days practicing with the purpose of grasping his second Truth of Godly Way?' he wondered.

Of course, he was mistaken. If he had been more powerful, Sellers would've sensed that Zen was not practicing the second Truth of Godly way, but the third.

Without further delay, Zen made his way to the exit of Dragon City.

As soon as Zen set foot at the market outside the city, he felt the hairs rise on the back of his neck. Something was definitely wrong.

In the distance, he saw Kenelm, Jago, and the others. Running towards them, he noticed a heavy scent in the air. It was the smell of blood.

"Beldene! Faegan! What happened to you?"

Zen cried, his eyes widening in astonishment once he saw the two figures lying in a pool of blood on the ground.

Faegan had lost an arm and a leg, while half of Beldene's body had been cut off. A bitter taste filled Zen's mouth as he took in this gruesome scene.

"Flag Master!"

"Flag Master is back now!"

The instant the disciples of Sword Light Palace saw Zen, their hearts were filled with joy, their eyes, with hope.

Zen said nothing. Instead, he knelt down beside the massacred figures and stretched out his hand towards them. Shutting his eyes in concentration, he released his spiritual sense to assess the gravity of their injuries.

Thankfully, both of them just passed out. Their souls were still intact, and their inner worlds were not destroyed.

Zen heaved a sigh of relief, but his expression darkened. "Who did this?" he asked quietly.

"I suppose it was Fergus's men," Gant replied nervously, shuffling from one foot to the other.

"And why didn't you stop them?" Zen bared his teeth at the poor man, unable to contain his anger.

Gant raised his hands helplessly. "I tried! But I was no match for them. I even got injured, too."

Over the past few months, Gant had become somewhat of a loyal member under Zen. He was tasked with recruiting new members, and at the same time, he helped the other members find what they needed whenever he entered the city.

Whenever Zen was in the Dragon City, Gant was almost regarded as a deputy Flag Master who dealt with the more trivial matters for Zen.

Because Gant was somewhat like second in command, naturally, Zen would turn to him for an explanation.

Zen shot Gant an angry glare before pulling out two pills from his space ring. He gently fed the pills to the two severely injured people lying on the ground, and watched intently as the pills worked their magic.

Suddenly, Beldene's and Faegan's wounds began to bubble as new flesh magically started to form. With a low hiss, muscle fibers began weaving together, healing their wounds quickly and producing new limbs.

"How did this happen? Tell me the details," Zen barked.

Gant then began to explain the sequence of events.

Annually, newcomers flocked to the Dragon City in between winter and spring. Many would try to cross the Sword Wall at this time, thus, the demand for Sword-reading Liquid would skyrocket at this time of year.

Usually, the price of the Sword-reading Liquid would increase by 30%, or even more.

However, for some reason, the price didn't rise this year — in fact, it even dropped. Now, it was only about ten thousand divine crystals per bottle!

The old sellers scratched their heads at this predicament, and decided to investigate the matter. Not long after, they found out the reason: there was a new seller of Sword-reading Liquid right outside Dragon City!

There was absolutely no way they would tolerate such a thing. Consequently, they recruited a team of hatchet men to cause trouble for this new seller.

On the other side of the coin, Beldene and Faegan had concentrated on purchasing Heavenly Pure Liquid and selling Sword-reading Liquid, minding and running their own business.

Although Beldene had taken measures to keep a low profile, the other sellers still managed to find him.

Unprepared for the sudden attack launched by his competitors, he was no match for them at all.

Fortunately, their enemies had decided to spare their lives, albeit barely. Even Gant, who had attempted to rescue them, had come out of it slightly injured.

Chapter 3082 Revenge

"Most importantly, they've destroyed more than forty bottles of the Sword-reading Liquid."

As Gant said this, his distress showed all over his face.

One bottle of the Sword-reading Liquid was worth 15, 000 divine crystals. Over 40 bottles could be sold more than 600, 000 divine crystals. This was a loss that was hard to swallow.

But Zen cared little about the Sword-reading Liquid.

As long as he could acquire the Heavenly Pure Liquid, he could make as much Sword-reading Liquid as he wanted.

What bothered him was that Beldene and Faegan were beaten black and blue. He had to do something about this.

"Who is this Fergus?" Zen asked coldly, filled with rage.

Just as Gant was about to answer, another voice chimed in, "He's an Alliance Chief in the Dragon City."

It came from Monica.

She rushed over as fast as she could when she heard about the accident.

She swept through Beldene and Faegan with her spiritual sense while she answered Zen. When she found the two of them were not seriously injured, she breathed a huge sigh of relief.

"An Alliance Chief?" An icy look flashed through Zen's eyes.

"Zen, just forget about it. He comes from a powerful lineage. It would be better to not provoke him," suggested Monica.

If Fergus was only an ordinary Alliance Chief, Monica wouldn't stop Zen, but that was not the case.

Although those supporting Zen did not reveal all their strength, Monica knew that very few in the Dragon City could challenge Zen.

Fergus was an Alliance Chief but he was not able to make the Sword-reading Liquid.

He was just a glorified salesman, bringing it down from the Oneness Sky Palace to sell for its maker.

Who was this from above capable of making the Sword-reading Liquid? Someone who was capable of Instant Enlightenment.

Such a person would have a region under their control, a bright future ahead of them, be a true powerhouse. It would be unwise to offend them.

"I don't care," Zen sneered. He looked at Gant and asked, "Where do they sell the Sword-reading Liquid? Take me there. Now."

All the Sword-reading Liquid was transported from the market to outside the Sword Wall. This was also Fergus' mode of business.

"Flag Master, are you really going to..." Gant stammered nervously, trying to stop Zen.

"Take me there!" Zen ordered in a tone that allowed no response.

Now that he was a Flag Master and the disciples were his subordinates, it was his duty to avenge those below him who had been wronged and hurt.

Right from the start, Gant had warned the disciples to control their tempers towards Fergus, or they'd leave Zen in a dilemma as he now was.

Heeding his words, Kenelm, Jago and Elgin had suppressed their anger.

They feared Zen would be a victim of revenge after enacting his own for them. After all, this was Fergus' territory and Zen's foundation here was too shallow to make him strong here.

However, Zen's mind was made up and this somehow got everyone excited.

"I'll take you there!"

"Zen! Let's go! I know where they are!"

"…"

The disciples began escorting Zen to the market. Monica saw she could do nothing more now and so gritted her teeth and said, "It seems like we're about to have quite an eventful day."

Gant shrugged his shoulders and said, "You've read my mind. Couldn't you turn to Master Walter for help?"

Walter Tong was one of the three top Alliance Chiefs in the Dragon City. Monica achieved her current status with the help of Walter.

"Even if Master Walter were to step in, it would be of no use. Fergus will still do as he pleases," Monica sighed, shaking her head woefully.

With his powerful background, Fergus was considered special in the Dragon City. Even those Alliance Chiefs whose strength was far above his own didn't dare to provoke him. Therefore, Walter would not be able to solve the problem either.

"We might as well go with them," said Gant, shrugging his shoulders.

The two of them followed behind the group.

The group passed through the market aggressively, attracting a lot of attention as they went by.

But when the others figured out their cultivation levels, disdain appeared on their faces.

"They are Sword-reading Liquid sellers."

"They competed with Fergus for business and paid the price today. Don't they know that only Fergus can sell the Sword-reading Liquid here?"

"It seems that they are here for revenge."

"Look at their Flag Master. He's only reached the Other Shore Realm. He's too weak to take revenge on Fergus' men. He's just courting death." Everyone in the market seemed to assume they knew the result of what was about to happen.

It was boring to cultivate in the Dragon City. Those in the market saw this as good entertainment. Some even closed their stores to follow behind the group as well.

After passing two streets, Kenelm pointed to a place close by and said, "Right there."

Fergus' large stall occupied almost half the street.

Many people bought the Sword-reading Liquid here and sold it outside the Sword Wall. Fergus had set the price of the Sword-reading Liquid at twenty thousand divine crystals, without any discount, so the resellers made small profits.

Since Zen began selling the Sword-reading Liquid at a much lower price, Fergus' business had gone down. The resellers could make much higher profits if they bought from Zen and then sold it outside the wall.

Because of this, many well-informed people had begun to purchase the Sword-reading Liquid from Zen. To ensure they continued to earn handsomely, they kept these dealings a secret.

Thanks to that, Zen had been selling for a few months before Fergus got word of it.

Zen stood poised in front of the shop and glanced over it unimpressed. Nothing here gave him any cause for the fear he was told he should have.

As an Alliance Chief, Fergus didn't manage the shop himself. He had sent three Flag Masters to help him take care of it. One of them now lazed behind the counter.

When he saw Zen and the others marching on the store, he knew exactly who they were and why they had come.

He and the other two Flag Masters had taught the group a little lesson. Fergus had ordered them not to kill anyone, or the group would not have survived.

The Flag Master was curious about their arrival. He didn't think they would dare to come here. Surely they understood the danger they faced.

Why had they come? Were they here to beg for mercy?

"Hey, you..." Zen had already made his move as soon as the Flag Master opened his mouth. He didn't even have time to finish his words.

Rumble! Crash!

Under the impact of the immense force, the shop which once covered an area of twenty to thirty feet collapsed from left to right with a monstrous bang, and turned into nothing more than a heap of debris.

Everything inside was expensive, including over a hundred bottles of Sword-reading Liquid. The Sword-reading Liquid was worth many, many divine crystals.

Fergus did not have the ability to make the Sword-reading Liquid as Zen did. He would have to pay for all those bottles.

He had just lost over a million divine crystals with his shop's collapse.

The face of the Flag Master standing in the ruins turned pale. He hadn't been prepared for Zen to actually take action, believing that Zen did not possess the strength to do it.

Even now, he was still more afraid of how Fergus would react than of Zen.

"You bastard, don't blame me for what happens next!" The Flag Master gritted his teeth and grimaced as if he was going to eat Zen alive.

Zen ignored him and turned back to ask, "Did he beat you today?"

Kenelm nodded in confirmation.

Zen turned around, with the Snow Sword in hand. At the same time, in a terrifying tone he said, "Today, you have only done one thing right. And it's a cause for celebration."

With that, the Snow Sword shone, and the icy white gleam spread, like thousands of snowflakes engulfing the world.

Chapter 3083 Worry

The Flag Master was preoccupied, wondering what Zen's words meant, when suddenly a piercing bright light interrupted his thoughts.

Instinctively, he instantly raised his hand, summoning a long sword to parry Zen's attack.

After all, he was a warrior at the second stage of the Other Shore Realm, and had been training in the Dragon City for a long time. Fergus entrusting him with guarding the store indicated he was a force to be reckoned with.

"Ding, Ding, Ding...!"

"Dragon-Snake Dancing Swordsmanship!"

The long sword in the Flag Master's hand writhed and coiled around his body, protecting him from the scattered sword radiance from Zen.

The Flag Master's expression grew serious. He had summoned his strongest swordsmanship, and yet, he could feel that it was only a matter of time before Zen's fragmented sword radiance would pierce his defenses.

He gritted his teeth, arms trembling with every blow.

'Why is he so powerful?' He winced at another powerful blow. 'He has just reached the first stage of the Other Shore Realm!'

"Will you be able to defend yourself?"

Zen's eyes flashed coldly, his sword radiance shooting towards the Flag Master unrelentingly.

The Flag Master struggled to resist, beads of sweat streaming down his face. He knew he was at his limit. His eyes darted around, desperately looking for a solution to this mess.

"Bang!" It was too late.

The sword exploded into tiny fragments, scattered into the wind.

"Puff! Puff!"

The white sword radiance pierced his body. He barely had the time to react. Before he knew it, an arm and a leg were torn clean off his body.

The Flag Master locked eyes with Zen in shocked awe before he collapsed to the ground. How could he, a Flag Master at the second stage of the Other Shore Realm, not even last five minutes in a battle with this Zen?

The Flag Master bit back tears. 'I'm going to die here, ' he thought miserably, as Zen slowly approached his pitiful figure. However, to his surprise, Zen walked past him, as though he didn't even notice the injured figure bleeding on the ground.

'Did he let me go?' The Flag Master gasped, unable to keep the tears from streaming down his face.

Only then did he remember what Zen had said.

It was true that he didn't kill the two men today. Zen had spared his life, although leaving him severely injured.

When he pondered over this, he felt a sense of gratitude well up from within him.

"How dare you!"

"How dare you destroy our Master Furgus' store? Brat, you're courting death!"

two other Flag Masters roared from the other side of the street, shaking their fists.

Immediately, they drew their swords and charged towards Zen, their eyes red from rage.

As he saw the two men approaching, Zen's expression remained stoic.

A white light flashed on the Snow Sword. The previously messy sword radiance had obviously changed. It had just been slow and dispersed, but now it was quick and converging.

It all happened in the blink of an eye.

"Puff!"

"Puff!"

"Boom!"

"Plop..."

Before the two Flag Masters could even reach Zen, they collapsed in the middle of the street.

Monica gasped slightly, unable to contain her shock.

The three Flag Masters were by no means weak. Although Monica was confident that she could take on at least one of them, there was no possible way that she'd be able to fight all three at once.

However, against Zen, these three Flag Masters fell before him, one by one!

'This guy has just broken through to the Other Shore Realm...'

It was undeniable that some gaps couldn't be narrowed in time.

Monica scratched her forehead, deep in thought. She had noticed that the sword theurgy Zen used was the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship. Monica knew this because she was the one who accompanied Zen when he bought it, which happened fairly recently.

How could Zen use this swordsmanship so expertly and powerfully if he had only cultivated it for a short period of time?

Meanwhile, a silence had fallen over the market, as everyone was stunned by Zen's power.

Many had gathered to watch, curious as to how Zen would resolve this matter.

Little did they know that Zen would unleash this much power on those poor three Flag Masters.

Nobody dared utter a word, fearful that Zen might turn against them in his rage. They just quietly watched the injured bodies writhe in blood on the pavement.

'Just who is this guy?' everyone wondered.

Although they had witnessed Zen's power, they couldn't help being worried about him. Fergus was a force to be reckoned with.

How was Zen going to clean up this mess? How would Fergus deal with him?

No matter he could take it or not, Zen had helped those disciples of Sword Light Palace vent their frustration.

The Sword-reading Liquid was not only owned by Fergus' store. Since their Flag Master could make it, then there was no reason to forbid them from selling it. It was too domineering for them to hurt these disciples.

Gant too was struck with a mix of shock and awe. He realized that everything Zen told him in the Sword Tower was not just empty boasts.

Yet, he was still filled with worry.

The one who intimidated him was not Fergus, but the person commanding him.

"Go back and tell your Alliance Chief to come to me if you have any problems. If you attack my people again, I won't go easy next time."

Zen gave one last satisfied look at the scene, then turned and left with Kenelm and the others.

Upon Zen's exit, life gradually began to return to the quiet marketplace.

The three Flag Masters who were writhing on the ground moaned for help. The people immediately rushed to them, bringing medicines and bandages. Others began to whisper amongst themselves, discussing feverishly what they had just witnessed.

Meanwhile, in the Phoenix Restaurant of the Dragon City, several women twirled and threw their heads back, their heavy locks bouncing with every movement. With seductive smiles, these sirens sang to the audience sweetly.

Among the audience were some Alliance Chiefs.

One of them had a small jade token hanging from his belt. Upon a closer look, one would see the 'Oneness' symbol engraved on it—it was the Oneness Token gifted to every Oneness Guard.

Everyone who came to the Dragon City dreamt of earning this small jade token.

"Congratulations, Ioan!" someone bellowed with hearty laughter. "Finally, you've been promoted to a Oneness Guard! And through only one assessment! Your life here in the Dragon City is coming to an end. Ahh..." Fergus trailed off sentimentally. Holding a glass of wine in one hand, Fergus offered a toast to Ioan.

Ioan smiled modestly. "Becoming the Oneness Guard is but the beginning of my hardship. Unrest broke out again in the Mountain Viewing Province. Last month, a hundred Oneness Guards lost their lives while trying to keep the peace. If these riots continue, I'm afraid all the newly-promoted Oneness Guards will die, too..."

Although the Oneness Sky Palace was considered a prosperous force, it still faced a lot of pressure in the Bloom Divine Province.

"After I leave," Ioan suddenly said seriously, "could you please take care of my old friend?" He gestured at an elderly man, who sat next to him, Galen.

Ioan was planning to leave the rest of his merit points to Galen once he left the Dragon City. This way, Galen could replace him and be appointed the new Alliance Chief.

Galen, who was usually a sour-faced character, quickly smiled and held up his glass of wine. "I would appreciate your help in the future," he said modestly, toasting with the Alliance Chiefs.

When it came to Fergus, Galen's tone softened as he tried to emulate more humility. "I would greatly appreciate your help, Master Fergus."

Galen could care less about the other Alliance Chiefs. Fergus, however, came from a prominent background. He was sure that befriending such an Alliance Chief would prove beneficial to him in the future.

However, before their glasses could clink, a person came rushing over to Fergus. Out of breath and panting, the messenger could barely spit out the words, "Master Fergus... I have... news...!"

"What happened? Why are you in such a hurry?" Fergus asked anxiously, his brows furrowing.

"Master Fergus, someone smashed our store outside the Dragon City!" He gasped for breath. "He even destroyed about a hundred bottles of Sword-reading Liquid..." the man shuddered as though he were remembering something gruesome.

"What? Who did it?" Fergus demanded.

He felt a chill run down his spine, extending to his arms and flowing to his fingertips. The glass of wine he was holding frosted over, the wine turning into ice pellets.

The women who had been singing and dancing suddenly stopped and shivered slightly.

"His name," the messenger replied, eyes widening in fear, "is Zen Luo..." The Alliance Chiefs exchanged confused glances, wondering, 'Who is Zen Luo?'

Fergus scratched his chin. He had never heard of this name before. Just as he was wondering why such a nobody would dare smash his store, Galen snorted. "I was wondering who would have the gall to oppose you. It's Zen again!"

Chapter 3084 Fuck Off

Fergus swung his gaze to Galen, eyes narrowed as he asked, "Do you know this brat?"

"Of course I do!" Galen said, his eyes becoming hard and cold. "He's a new Flag Master. He had yet to even reach the Other Shore Realm when he passed the Sword Wall. He slaughtered my family under the Sword Wall." His voice had become a low growl.

"Truly?"

Fergus wasn't sure if he felt the urge to laugh or cry at the news that Zen was just a mere Flag Master. "Usually, in cases such as this, a nobody like him would already be dead. Why then is he still living?"

"Master Fergus, you don't understand. I have tried to find the perfect opportunity to kill him, but that day he was accompanied by a woman. Where she comes from or who she is, I don't know, but she seems to have some special background. The owner of the Truth Library even assisted her. On top of that, I was warned by the Dragon City's lead guard," Galen groused, a scowl firmly in place.

After that particular incident, he had decided not to take any action against Zen.

He didn't fear Zen, not at all, but he was wary of that woman. He knew better than to offend her in any way and risk her rage.

"And what is so special about this woman?" Fergus questioned with a single brow raised.

Galen felt his heart stutter in his chest, and he just barely refrained from rubbing it to help alleviate the discomfort.

He might be afraid of the woman, but Fergus was different.

The man had lived in the Dragon City for many years, and had refused the entrance test of Oneness Guards each time. He'd only been here to handle the Sword-reading Liquid business for someone in the Oneness Sky Palace.

It was common knowledge of how powerful one had to be to craft the Sword-reading Liquid.

No matter how powerful an Alliance Chief believed themselves to be, they wouldn't dare to speak or act arrogantly in front of Fergus. Everyone within the Dragon City walked on eggshells around the man.

Zen would not stand a chance against Fergus, Galen was sure.

Galen spoke once more to Fergus. "No matter the woman's identity and what she can do, she cannot compare to you, Master Fergus. This one called Zen is particularly hateful."

Fergus glanced at Galen and said indifferently, "Do not try to woo your way into me dealing with the little cretin!"

All the Alliance Chiefs were cunning and quick witted. It was easy for them to see the hidden intent behind Galen's words. He wished to kill Zen with a borrowed blade.

Galen huffed a laugh. "I apologize, Master Fergus. It's just that I want this brat killed, but I am unable to do so." The others were surprised at his honesty.

Fergus showed no reaction to the statement. "I'm in a terrible mood today, Ioan. Let us call it a day." He turned to walk away, but cast a quick glance over his shoulder. "I will relieve Zen of his life before night falls. If you would lead the way, Galen."

When night began to blanket the Dragon City, the wilderness became teeming with people.

Among the people, the Flag Masters were preparing and searching for the best places to position the flagpoles.

At the same time as the preparations, Beldene and Faegan were slowly waking up, the wounds on their bodies healed. Nothing but a subtle soreness ailed them now. They listened intently to what had happened, and when Beldene learned Zen had avenged them, he couldn't help the worry that flitted across his face.

Beldene was a naturally cautious man. When he had begun to sell the Sword-reading Liquid, he knew there would be conflicts with the other sellers, so he had to inquire about them secretly.

He was fully aware that Fergus was not a man to be trifled with, and that Zen should stay clear of him.

If he hadn't been unconscious, he would have attempted to stop Zen from avenging them. However, he did not expect to wake up and learn that Zen had already destroyed Fergus' shop.

"Flag Master, you were much too reckless this time."

Of course, he was moved by what Zen had done, but the consequences of his actions were going to prove to be too steep. This would send Zen into the abyss.

Faegan, though, did not give a damn about the consequences. "How could you say that? Our Flag Master did it for us! Besides, they needed to learn a valuable lesson," he said, nodding his head as if that was a fact.

"You know nothing!" Beldene replied harshly.

Assessing Beldene's worried expression, Zen simply smiled. "Do not worry so, just rest. I know what I am doing. And besides, Faegan may not be that smart, but he's right. If we had made a concession, they would have bullied us further."

Beldene remained silent, trying not to let the worry consume him.

Everything was lively and energized outside Zen's territory. They all knew that Fergus would not let the destruction of his shop go, and some people had a faint guess as to what would happen tonight.

The setting sun seemed to be washed in crimson, drawing out the hulking shadow of the Dragon City.

Shrouded in the shadow, a group of more than ten people could be seen leaving the city and flying into the wilderness.

Galen could not believe the turn of events. He was elated. After sending away Ioan, he was able to become an Alliance Chief, and to top it all off, Fergus was going to kill Zen for him.

Within the first few hundred miles of the wilderness, flagpoles were densely packed into the earth. Most of the people were already preparing for their cultivation once night fell. Their curiosity was piqued by Fergus, accompanied by other Alliance Chiefs, as they flew past them.

"Alliance Chiefs can insert their flagpoles into the ground near the Dragon City, so why have they come so far out?"

"Didn't you hear about what happened today?"

"Whatever it is, someone is in a lot of trouble."

Within the Dragon City, it was peaceful, and acts of violence were strictly prohibited. Out here in the wilderness though, the rules of the city did not apply. No one would bat an eye at murder out here.

"There," Galen said, directing Fergus' attention to the flag with "Luo" embroidered on it. "That is where the brat should be." The corner of his lips curled into a vicious grin.

Fat body shuttling through the air, it did not take long for Fergus to be over Zen's territory. "Who is Zen Luo?" he shouted coldly.

The voice drew Monica's attention, and she turned her face to the sky to see Fergus. Her heart sank into her stomach at the sight.

The rumor that Fergus would seek revenge for the smallest grievance proved to be true.

Her gaze traveled to the man standing beside Fergus. It was Walter. A thought occurred to her and she rushed forward before Zen could get to them.

It was not until Monica followed Walter that she got her current status. She wanted to ask Walter to put in a good word for Zen. She said, "Alliance Chief Walter, this is probably a misunderstanding. Zen is a newcomer. He doesn't know about the rules."

Her boldness embarrassed Walter. He knew that nothing would convince Fergus to be rid of his anger and turn away, and he knew if he suggested anything, he would offend him. So he acted as if he hadn't heard Monica.

"Who do you think you are to speak to us? Fuck off!"

Fergus bellowed. An invisible force accompanied his voice and crashed into Monica, sending her to the ground as if under a massive weight.

"Flag Master Monica!"

"Flag Master!"

Monica's followers cried out, horrified at the scene before them.

As a Grand Flag Master, she was not weak. Monica proved her strength by struggling to her feet, panting through the pain.

"How are you still alive?" Fergus was shocked that this woman could withstand his attack. His knuckles cracked as he clenched his fist, and swung towards her.

The invisible force came barreling towards her again, and she knew her body might get pulverized into dust this time.

Before the attack made contact with her, a figure stepped up to her side.

There was a muffled clang that rang throughout the sky. It seemed as if Fergus' attack had struck a steel wall.

Zen couldn't help the slight smirk that shook the corner of his lips. It was easy to block the attack.

Galen cursed silently in his head before pointing out to Fergus that the man was in fact Zen.

Fergus sized up his opponent, a moment of surprise flickering in his eyes. "You are Zen? Tell me, where did you get the Sword-reading Liquid?"

Fergus wasn't just here to kill Zen. He needed to know the origin of the Sword-reading Liquid they had.

He had helped someone sell the Sword-reading Liquid. One would assume he was quite rich, but the fact of the matter was, ninety-nine percent of his income had fallen into that person's pocket. If there was a cheaper way to obtain Sword-reading Liquid, he wanted to know.

Zen ignored the question for now, bending closer to Monica to make sure she was okay. The blow had not been too powerful, but still caused a lot of damage. Her bones were broken and her elixir field was messed up. He was just glad she had survived.

He gently put a pill into her mouth before turning to Fergus with a cold glare. "You want to know where I got the Sword-reading Liquid?" he scoffed. "If you roll along the ground and make it to the entrance of the Dragon City, I'll tell you."

Chapter 3085 Anger

Zen's words stunned everyone in the audience.

When they heard Fergus ask Zen where he had gotten the Sword-reading Liquid, they thought that Fergus might let Zen go after knowing the answer.

After all, it was not easy to get the Sword-reading Liquid. They guessed that maybe Zen was selling the Sword-reading Liquid for some big shot who had the perfect compatibility degree.

If Fergus didn't want to offend the big shot behind Zen, he might not do anything to him and might even spare his life. That way, Zen would be truly lucky!

But in reality, Zen was so bloody arrogant to the extent that he even tried to provoke Fergus.

'Zen is digging his grave.'

'There's no way Fergus would let him go.'

'There would have been a small chance Fergus would have let him live, had he knelt down and begged for mercy at the beginning. But now there is no hope at all. What could we say! Zen's arrogance will lead to his death.'

These were some of the thoughts of the people there, but they could never say them out loud given that there was a group of Alliance Chiefs floating in the air above them.

All of a sudden, a gust of chilling air spread out slowly.

Fergus' slightly obese face turned as pale as a ghost. He used to be a short-tempered man, but the years he spent in the Dragon City had changed him a lot. He was so changed that he thought he was now an even-tempered man.

However, he just realized that he was even-tempered because no one dared to anger him.

A cold aura spread out, and even the several Alliance Chiefs retreated. They knew that Fergus was already furious, and they didn't want any part in this.

"What did you say?" Fergus asked and suppressed the anger in his heart.

"Are you deaf or what? Anyways, I repeat. If you roll along the ground and make it to the entrance of the Dragon City, I'll tell you. If you refuse, I will take that as a sign of not being sincere enough, so I'm not going to tell you," Zen said indifferently.

"Hahaha..." Fergus broke out into an angry laugh. "There are many ways to seek death, but I've never met someone seeking death like you are doing!"

"My pleasure. And I've never met a guy as arrogant as you," Zen said, shrugging his shoulders.

At this moment, Galen approached Fergus and said, "Alliance Chief Fergus, I know this guy has a bitter tongue. Don't bother yourself talking to him anymore, and let me handle him."

"Fuck off!"

With a loud smack, Fergus sent Galen flying backwards. Galen dropped to the ground heavily and landed into a Flag Master's territory.

After sending Galen away, Fergus couldn't compose his anger any longer. He moved towards Zen like a lion heading to its prey.

'So he is using the Might Godly Way, ' Zen thought.

His eyes flashed when he saw Galen rushing down towards him.

He also could not help but notice Fergus' astonishing strength. He assumed that he mainly cultivated the Might Godly Way, and also used the force of his Other Shore Token.

When Fergus dived down, the pressure he released on Zen was surprisingly huge.

After feeling that force, Zen's followers spread out in all directions. However, they still found it difficult to stabilize their bodies. Someone actually slumped onto the ground.

The other Flag Masters even removed the flagpoles they had inserted in the ground and moved to other places to insert their flagpoles again.

But Zen still stood there, unmoved, like a statue declaring its territory.

"Is that guy so scared that he is petrified?"

"A casual blow from Fergus will at least have the force of ten divine megatons. I'm afraid he'll smash Zen to pieces!"

"Let's disband in all directions..."

Just as everyone was wondering why Zen didn't move, Zen's and Fergus' bodies smashed with each other.

Since ancient times, the Oneness Sky Palace disciples had been practicing swordsmanship only. Warriors like Zen and Fergus who used their brute force to fight were extremely rare. Of course, in the eyes of most people, this was not a battle. They only thought that it was Fergus' way of brutally killing Zen.

Bang!

They heard a muffled sound.

A huge crater appeared, and in its center, the ground sunk more than a hundred feet.

No one could clearly see because of the clouds that the dust formed.

Just as everyone was trying to explore it with their spiritual sense, a figure was thrown out of the dust and rolled about seven or eight times before stopping.

The figure that came out of the crater shocked every single one.

The expressions of the Alliance Chiefs floating in the sky also changed drastically.

Why? Because it was no one but Fergus! Not Zen, as they had all expected.

This was a result that they could not imagine, even in their wildest dreams!

"Wow! Our Flag Master is so powerful! He is actually able to fight against an Alliance Chief. I'm so proud!"

"Zen has never let us down before."

Those disciples of the Sword Light Palace were thrilled, and even Beldene, who was supported by the other disciples, had a smile on his face.

"It seems that I was wrong. Our Flag Master didn't act impulsively. It's just that the speed by which he is improving is far beyond our imagination."

Just one year ago, Zen was at the same cultivation level as them. At that time, he had no power to fight against a warrior at the Other Shore Realm. But now, there was a huge gap between Zen and them.

As for the other warriors, when they heard the words of the disciples from the Sword Light Palace, they just couldn't believe their ears. They didn't understand why these disciples were so confident in Zen. Normally, no Flag Master had the ability to fight against an Alliance Chief.

Zen's slightly skinny figure slowly and arrogantly floated up from the dust. He strolled in the air as he indifferently looked at Fergus on the ground. "If you don't take your opponent seriously, you will often end up like this. You're asking for more than you can chew, buddy."

Fergus was very powerful, but he did not regard Zen as an opponent, so he did not even use any weapon. He only wanted to tear Zen with his sheer strength.

To be fair, seeing that Fergus didn't use any weapon, Zen didn't use a weapon either.

Since the Might Godly Way was able to blend with the force of the Other Shore Token, the moment Fergus rushed towards Zen, Zen had also gathered his strength source and the force of his Other Shore Token to fight back.

Actually, Fergus had a tough body that wasn't injured when he was thrown away by Zen. However, his fists trembled like never before and he was drowned in an unprecedented violent wave of depression.

In his eyes, Zen was just nothing more than a fly that he could easily kill. Maybe even with a single punch!

However, the power that Zen had displayed was completely beyond Fergus' expectations.

Zen's force might have reached twenty divine megatons. How was this possible? It was utterly unreasonable!

"Your power... How did you make it?" Fergus asked in a hesitant voice.

"There are some secrets that can only be told to the dead. Are you sure you still want to know?" Zen calmly asked.

Just like that, in about 30 seconds, the two of them seemed to have completely changed their status.

Even the Alliance Chiefs looked solemnly at Zen. When they saw his indifferent expression, their hearts skipped a beat.

The whole thing was awkwardly weird.

Zen had just reached the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, and yet he had the force of twenty divine megatons. He had infinite potential. According to the rules of the Dragon City, he should have been sent to the Oneness Sky Palace already.

In retrospect, it became obvious that Zen was sure to win against Fergus, or else he wouldn't have acted so calm all this time.

Walter and the other Alliance Chiefs exchanged looks and wanted to give Fergus a heads-up.

From the looks of it, Zen had obviously provoked Fergus on purpose just now, which meant that he probably had some other purpose. But Fergus was so angry at this moment that he wouldn't have listened to them.

"How arrogant you are! I just underestimated you,"

Fergus said. He was a proud man who had just been beaten by a mere Flag Master. This was sheer humiliation that he had to make up for.

As he shouted, he stood up from the ground and stretched out his hands; a large white sword with broad blade appeared in front of him, out of the blue.

"Wild Snow Sword!"

As Gant saw the sword, his heart skipped a beat.

This sword was also a premium Profound Blood Treasure. This sword and the Snow Sword that Zen had bought were forged by the person Gant knew. He had no idea that the sword was bought by Fergus.

After thinking for a while, he found that it made sense. The sword price was about nine million divine crystals. Not every Alliance Chief could afford to buy such an expensive sword, and since Fergus was probably one of the richest Alliance Chiefs, this was a no-brainer.

"So you are finally going to take this fight seriously, huh?"

Zen taunted. When he sensed the constantly increasing aura from Fergus, his face revealed a trace of satisfaction.

Chapter 3086 The Flow Strike

After half a year cultivating in the Dragon City, Zen wanted to test his own strength.

Fergus coming here to challenge him was the perfect opportunity.

Fergus held the Wild Snow Sword as his incomparably intense truth aura soared. At that moment, Zen saw a beast ready to attack.

The aura that soared out of him had so much power and presence that many Alliance Chiefs unconsciously trembled out of fear.

"I can't believe this. Fergus is actually getting serious." Ioan was taken aback as he felt the aura pervading from Fergus.

Other Alliance Chiefs reacted with equal disbelief.

Ioan had always boasted throughout the Dragon City that he was the number one Alliance Chief. He had, in addition, obtained the recognition of the other Alliance Chiefs.

Walter and other Alliance Chiefs were inferior to him. This time, Ioan had successfully passed the examination and became a Oneness Guard, a title which everyone exclaimed he was worthy of. If he had failed, no one else could pass.

Meanwhile, others regarded Fergus as the weakest among the Alliance Chiefs. Not many deemed him to be fearful enough.

Only then did Ioan realize that he underestimated Fergus.

"Fergus has hidden his strength so well."

"Have you ever seen him fight before?"

"Nobody in the Dragon City dares to offend him, so we never had the chance to see him at full strength."

Plastered across the Alliance Chiefs' faces were bitter smiles. Only now did they realize their mistake in underestimating Fergus.

Zen looked grave as Fergus' aura kept soaring.

He didn't know much about the Alliance Chiefs, but he thought their cultivation was similar to that of one-star Oneness Guards. The Oneness Sky Palace was a force as influential as the Bearing race, so Zen assumed that Fergus was on par with one-star Yellow Emperor Guards. In terms of strength, he would be just like Hamish and Zavier.

The aura that he saw from Fergus now was beyond his expectations.

"Since you are provoking me deliberately, then I'll do what you want."

Fergus was not as stupid as he looked. Of course, he was aware of what Zen was doing.

However, he still couldn't understand one thing. Why did Zen dare to challenge him? Even if he had innate superhuman strength, he'd just reached the first stage of Other Shore Realm.

"Your reliance or any late bouts of regret doesn't matter now," said Fergus with a sinister expression.

He then stepped forward.

The soft soil suddenly cracked and collapsed.

Fergus did not even flinch. He merely stood there, motionless, as if nothing had happened.

Everyone went quiet while some retreated to a distance, not wanting to get hurt accidentally. Even so, such a fight between powerhouses was still destructive.

Swish!

The very next second, Fergus vanished from where he stood and rushed towards Zen.

He acted so swiftly that no spectator even had time to react.

Even several Alliance Chiefs' jaws dropped at the unexpected sight.

Only Zen kept up with him.

Although he had always provoked Fergus, there was no instance that he would underestimate him.

In the blink of an eye, the Wild Snow Sword started to cut towards his head.

Zen had seen too many powerful sword strikes and thought of this one as a standard move, but the strike actually provided him with a decent illusion.

He had no choice but to face it head on.

No matter what method he resorted to, he would be cut in half.

"This sword strike..."

A thought crossed Zen's mind.

"It's the Flow Strike!"

"I can't believe that Fergus has mastered it!"

"He has such immense talent. Why would he stay in the Dragon City?"

Many of the Alliance Chiefs who witnessed Fergus' sword strike were left puzzled.

Zen had heard of the Flow Strike before. The Flow Swordsmanship could be found in one of the light columns on the Truth Library's third floor.

Zen became interested in the Flow Swordsmanship after hearing of it from the guard of the Truth Library.

It was said that its user could read their opponent's mind and make perfect judgments through subtle changes. The user would also go into a flow state, completely absorbed in their actions. They could make the best decision calmly even in the face of an extremely powerful opponent.

As a matter of fact, there was a major sect called Flow Sword Sect in the Oneness Sky Palace, and the Flow Swordsmanship was the most powerful sword skill of the sect.

However, the guard of the Truth Library noted the high threshold needed to learn the Flow Swordsmanship. He said that the manual alone wasn't enough. In order to thoroughly learn it, one had to go to the Flow Tower in the Oneness Sky Palace. Though he was curious, Zen ignored this supreme swordsmanship manual because it was unsuitable at the time.

As he faced Fergus' sword attack, Zen finally understood the feeling of the Flow Strike.

He couldn't dodge it, but he had to.

Fergus had forced him into a corner with just one strike.

No wonder the Flow Strike was a supreme skill.

Any other Alliance Chiefs would be in a dead end. Unfortunately for Fergus, Zen was a different story.

Even though Fergus was infinitely strong, Zen had no need to dodge.

"The Three Annihilation Strike!"

After extracting power from the demonic eye, Zen gripped the Snow Sword tighter as it glimmered with mixed colors. Three interconnected strands of the Ways-blending Energy covered the sword's surface.

Then their swords struck against each other.

Bang!

A dazzling white light surrounded the two again as the Three Annihilation Strike caused an explosion.

Fergus' face twitched slightly as he felt the impact from Zen's long sword. Zen had just unleashed the force of twenty divine megatons, striking power that was still far from his limits.

However, Fergus himself fell into the flow state as he launched the Flow Strike. All the emotions that rattled him were quickly offset. He would attack like a puppet, striking repeatedly until he killed his opponent.

After Zen's Three Annihilation Strike sent him flying, he quickly turned around and made another chop. The strike was similar to the one before, and once again Zen could not dodge.

Fergus struck with his sword for the second time before the light of the first Three Annihilation Strike even disappeared.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Those who had retreated in the distance could only see enormous balls of light gleaming one after another on the plain. The sight made the deafening sounds seem like thunder.

The people who stayed nearby, on the other hand, either lay on the ground or stared at the two in shock.

They could barely distinguish the two faint shadows clashing against each other. They didn't know how the fight was turning out.

"Fergus is so powerful!"

"Who said that he was an unqualified Alliance Chief? I think he is even more powerful than Ioan."

"Hey, don't forget his opponent."

Upon admiring Fergus, they came to realize that they paid attention to the wrong person.

Fighting Fergus in the white light balls was Zen, who had just reached the Other Shore Realm.

Despite being merely in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, he could already keep up with the powerful Fergus.

As they witnessed the ongoing battle, the group felt ashamed. Unlike Zen, they felt that they had never progressed even years after reaching the first stage.

Chapter 3087 Zen's Eye

Over ten enormous balls of light appeared in the air, flashing brightly. Suddenly they stopped.

Fergus remained floating, the Wild Snow Sword by his side.

Moments after he launched his fierce attacks, he had to stop, gasping for air. His physical body, overweight and weak, could not withstand the strain of his own attacks. He was fatigued.

Zen stood across him, expressionless, a sword clasped in one hand. Tilting his head, he said, "Is that all you have?"

"Who...who are you?" Fergus asked, still wheezing.

He faced Zen and pretended to be unfazed, but a trace of fear had entered his heart.

Not even the best and most extraordinary young men in the Oneness Sky Palace were as powerful as this man.

"Why should I answer that?" Zen asked, shaking his head.

Fergus ground his teeth, frustrated.

Whatever else they might be accused of, the members of the Oneness Sky Palace were not foolish, and Dragon City was not just a tourist spot.

The Dragon City had been carefully planned. Everything in that bewitched city was designed to attract the most talented humans, and the rules set in place were intended to develop their abilities and identify out the most worthy among them.

Fergus knew all this very well, as he had been an inhabitant of the Dragon City for many years.

And he knew that a man possessing even half of Zen's strength would surely have been chosen by the Oneness Sky Palace immediately. It was impossible that such talent would go unnoticed for too long in the Dragon City.

Fergus realized he might just be outmatched, but there was no way for him to retreat.

Staring at Zen, he clenched his jaw and tapped the top of his own head. A white bone appeared above him.

It was the unique Frosty Jade Bone on Stage Five of the Other Shore.

As soon as the Other Shore Token appeared, gleaming white frost began forming on the Wild Snow Sword in Fergus's hand.

"You are quite strong, especially for someone who has just reached the Other Shore Realm. Warriors like you are rare even in the Oneness Sky Palace." Fergus' voice was low and cold, with a tone that had caused many a young man to tremble with dread.

"But you are not wise. Far from it." As he spoke, he raised his hand and pointed the Wild Snow Sword at Zen. He wore a strange, cruel expression. "You should have cultivated to develop your powers properly. Maybe in a year or so, you'll be able to defeat me, but right now you can't!"

Fergus was not nearly as confident as he pretended to be, but he set his misgivings aside.

He had already decided to keep fighting Zen. He had always enjoyed defeating and suppressing young talents.

"Frigid Sword Prison!" he shouted.

The Truths of Godly Ways and the swordsmanship manuals had the same big flaw.

It was difficult for them to perfectly match with the Other Shore Tokens.

Zen, for instance, had fused with the demonic eye through the Truth of Cultivation Nature. But they didn't match each other perfectly. Though the demonic eye resisted the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent but accepted the Truth of Cultivation Nature, a more perfect match for the demonic eye would be the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

Some people had devoted their time to studying the truth swordsmanship manuals, but later they found that they had fused with an Other Shore Token that didn't match properly with the truth swordsmanship, and they were very upset about it.

For the Flow Sword Sect, however, this was not a problem.

This particular sect allowed its disciples to do whatever they wanted. Each of them was capable of comprehending the most suitable theurgy in the Flow Tower.

Their theurgies were of their own creation with the help of the Flow Tower.

And so every member of the Flow Sword Sect comprehended a unique theurgy.

A clatter sounded.

As Fergus brandished his sword, icy sword shadows began spreading across the place.

The icy sword shadows fused and interlocked with each other, forming an ice prison. Zen was trapped inside.

The ice prison began shrinking rapidly. Zen would be chopped into pieces by the sharp edges of the icy sword shadows.

"I wouldn't be able to resist this strike," Ioan said, shaking his head as he assessed his own skills.

"If I gave it my all, I would probably be able to resist the Flow Strike, but this sword attack is beyond my capabilities. I would definitely die," Walter agreed.

Someone else said, "As for me, the first strike would have killed me already." While witnessing the battle between Zen and Fergus, some of the Alliance Chiefs had believed that they were no match for Fergus. His strength was on a far different level than theirs.

Galen, who had been hit early by Fergus, was just getting up from the ground.

He had felt indignant at first, wanting to show Fergus what he could do. But the demonstration of power by Fergus and Zen had surprised him.

There was no way a person of his level could hold his own in a battle like this.

Had he sought to join the fight on Fergus' side, he probably wouldn't have been able to withstand Zen's sword attack.

"The sword prison should be on the same level as the third floor of the Sword Tower."

Meanwhile, as Zen saw the icy cage shrinking around him, he allowed his body to become unusually flexible. He darted and jumped past the icy sword shadows with lightning speed.

When there were icy sword shadows in his path that he couldn't avoid, he raised his sword and launched the Three Annihilation Strike, smashing the obstacles into pieces.

Fergus cast a stern glance at Zen who floated in the Frigid Sword Prison. With his eyes wide open, he entered the Frigid Sword Prison, floating back and forth among the icy sword shadows.

The shards of ice were bright and reflective. As soon as he entered, hundreds of mirror images of Fergus appeared in the Frigid Sword Prison, and it was impossible to tell which one was the real person.

The Frigid Sword Prison could trap an enemy. If the person inside could fight off the icy sword shadows, then the icy cage would still be useful in launching an attack impossible to defend against. As for Fergus, he was the one who could kill his enemy inside the cage.

"If your force is, at most, twenty divine megatons, then you won't be able to resist this!" Fergus shouted. His voice echoed and bounced off the icy sword shadows, adding to the confusion of his reflected images.

Vigorously, Fergus began drawing out the power of the Other Shore Token.

Small cracks formed on the surface of the Frosty Jade Bone.

This was because the Other Shore Token also had limits. Extracting too much power from the token would damage it. Then a large amount of divine crystals would be necessary to repair and replenish the power of the Other Shore Token.

The most common Other Shore Token of Stage Five could have force of fifteen divine megatons. In comparison, the Frosty Jade Bone was quite strong. If all its power were extracted in a single blow, it could reach well over forty divine megatons. Fergus intended to do just that. He would use all the power of the token to launch the Flow Strike, and it would make the attack extremely forceful and terrifying.

He swished his sword.

Under the cover of the icy sword shadows and his multiple reflections, he rushed towards Zen, determined to launch a final blow.

This was his best and only plan. He had already exhausted all his strength in this attack, and he had to finish Zen off right now.

'This strike is strong, and troublesome for me, '

Zen thought. Even as he twisted and turned among the icy sword shadows, he kept an eye on the hundreds of fat figures reflected in the shards around him, wondering in which direction Fergus would attack.

In terms of force alone, Zen believed that he was at least evenly matched with Fergus. But the nature of this attack was unusual, and difficult to overcome. He honestly couldn't tell which one among the figures floating around him was the real Fergus.

If he didn't figure it out as soon as possible, Fergus would be able to kill him.

Zen made a decision. As the shards closed in on him, the images of Fergus drew closer and closer. He narrowed his right eye. A ray of red light formed in his pupil, growing brighter and brighter.

Fergus saw that Zen was squinting his right eye, and his heart skipped a beat. He did not understand what power this was, but he could sense the great threat hidden in the depths of that eye.

However, there was no chance of backing down at this point. He had already deployed the Flow Strike.

There was a loud bang.

As Fergus drove forward, brandishing his Wild Snow Sword, the icy sword shadows splintered into shards.

In the same instant, Zen fully opened his right eye, emitting a beam of vivid red light.

Fergus saw the red light and he faltered in his lunge, his entire body trembling.

Fergus was not the only one affected. Everyone present had seen the red light in Zen's eye, and everyone was affected by it. They felt as though they had seen something dreadful and unbearable. Even the most courageous among them would be unable to look into Zen's terrifying eye.

Chapter 3088 Heart Slaughtering Strike

Zen used the demonic eye, but he didn't take this opportunity to kill Fergus. He just wanted to break the illusion created by the Frigid Sword Prison.

As Fergus' body stiffened, Zen found this window of opportunity to strike his enemy, yet he chose not to finish him off.

Instead, he waited for Fergus to come to his senses.

After Fergus maneuvered the Flow Strike, the mirage not only affected his opponent but changed himself as well.

While Fergus functioned like a puppet, he was hardly affected by other things. Still, he couldn't escape the red light in Zen's eye.

As soon as Fergus recovered from his immobile state, he quickly discovered that Zen did not take the opportunity to kill him. He thought he still had a chance!

Both sides paused in mid-air to inhale quick, shallow breaths that lasted six seconds before the formidable sword of Fergus struck towards Zen.

Zen raised his Snow Sword at the same time, and the Ways-blending Energy began to gather again.

"Six Annihilation Strike!"

The more layers of Ways-blending Energy merged, the more explosive power it brought. With the Six Annihilation Strike, he actually combined five layers of Ways-blending Energy.

While he practiced the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship, Zen often sighed with admiration as he regarded Eastern Emperor Taiyi as a real genius.

If he carried on and just cultivated the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship without going to the Other Shore, he could still fight against the top warriors in the Source World using the Thousand Annihilation Strike. He would be equipped to confront the toughest Other Shore Token.

The Snow Sword and the Wild Snow Sword collided again.

At first, Fergus was overjoyed that Zen gave him a break.

However, the second their swords clashed, Fergus' heart quickly sank to the bottom of his stomach.

It was then he realized that his strength was not on the same level as his adversary's.

The power Zen unleashed was not something he could contend with!

Bang!

A mass of white light that was several times larger than before spread out and once again wrapped the two of them.

The massive ball of white light covered the wilderness outside of the Dragon City as if it was covered with a thick blanket of snow.

At the gate of Dragon City, the old man responsible for distributing the flags walked out of his room and looked up at the white light. His dimmed vision became bright under the radiant glow from a distance.

"He already mastered the Six Annihilation Strike. He did it really fast!" the old man muttered as he walked into the room with his hands behind his back.

The light grew faint and faded away.

Everyone saw Zen standing in the air on his own.

Fergus lay on the ground not far away from him; fractures were seen all over his body. Streams of blood trickled out, and he was in the jaws of death.

"Latent Theurgy?"

Zen glanced at Fergus and flew towards his flag.

The moment the Six Annihilation Strike exploded, a Latent Theurgy popped out from above Fergus' head, which turned into a layer of solid ice and wrapped around him. This helped him neutralize a considerable amount of energy that Zen released.

Since Fergus survived this attack, Zen decided not to kill him.

Everyone went silent as the scene unfolded in front of them.

They were utterly shocked by the final sword attack.

A few talents resided in Dragon City. Occasionally, these rising new stars would be sent to the Oneness Sky Palace.

But nobody could be as powerful as Zen.

Swoosh!

A white light dot streaked through the dusky sky from inside the Dragon City, and night fell.

When the Alliance Chiefs noticed this white dot of light, they all frowned. If one didn't stay within the circle of light released by a flag when nighttime came, even an Alliance Chief would die.

They could only come down from the sky. Walter inserted his flagpole to the ground to shield the others.

One of the Alliance Chiefs gently tossed the flag he was holding and placed it in the spot where Fergus was lying.

Since Zen spared the life of Fergus, they decided to prevent him from being killed by the raining swords.

No matter what, the mood of these Alliance Chiefs was complicated.

Gant puckered his lips in surprise and stared at Zen as if he were a monster.

The disciples of the Sword Light Palace were full of worship toward Zen.

Beldene appeared extremely happy. After this battle, no one in or out of the Dragon City would even dare to provoke them!

They were lucky to be able to join Zen. It could be imagined that more people would join Zen in the future.

On one of the peaks of the Oneness Mountain, a gourd-shaped tower was located on one side of the peak.

This tower, known as the Flow Tower, was also the core item of the Flow Sword Sect. All those who practiced the Flow Strike had to go through the test of this tower.

The Flow Tower had a total of 19 floors, and it was not easy for anyone to pass through so many floors.

It was said that even some five-star Oneness Guards failed to pass through the last floor.

The door of the thirteenth floor suddenly opened.

A young man in a coir raincoat flew outside. After floating in the air for a while, he landed on a courtyard at the foot of the tower.

Within the open area of the court, there stood cyan-stained stone pillars, and a person was locked on each of the pillars.

The young man looked at them and said in an indifferent tone, "Set them free."

Tink! Tink! Tink! Tink!

As a series of mechanical sounds came from the courtyard, the metal chains that restrained these people all broke.

These people were all powerful warriors in the sixth or seventh stage of the Other Shore Realm.

Some of them had violated the commandments of the Oneness Sky Palace, and several more betrayed the human race by siding with the nonhuman creatures. These warriors were remarkably ferocious and were sentenced to death.

"As per tradition, if you can kill me, you can leave this damned place. All your past mistakes will be written off," the young man said.

A glimmer of hope flashed in the eyes of those people who heard this.

The young man in front was only in the third stage of the Other Shore Realm. There were thirteen of them in total.

Without courtesy or any pleasant words, these people used their own unique skills and rushed towards the young man.

But the moment they approached him, the young man suddenly raised his hand.

On his palm was a cloud of air, as if he carried an invisible sword in his hand. But in fact, there was nothing.

"Flow Strike, Heart Slaughtering Strike!"

The young man waved his empty hand gently in the air.

With different kinds of sounds, the warriors who had not even rushed up to him yet spewed blood from their chests, heads, abdomens, and backs.

All thirteen people died in an instant.

The invisible air actually infiltrated directly to their hearts, penetrating their elixir fields and souls.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

On one corner of the courtyard, a girl dressed in an orange garb stood straight, applauding softly with her slender hands.

"When did you come, Kate? Why didn't you tell me in advance? You could get hurt by accident," the young man smiled when he saw her.

"Didn't you know I'm here?" Kate sniffed, wrinkling her nose.

The young man chuckled, "You always appear and disappear mysteriously. How could I know that?"

Kate reached out her hand and rubbed the spot between his brows. Then she answered, "The income in the Dragon City has reduced by 50% in the past few months, and it reduced further by 90% in this month."

"What happened? What did Fergus do?" The young man scowled, the creases on his forehead showing.

He was in urgent need of divine crystals at this moment, and the income in the Dragon City was his only source of funds. Obviously, he attached great importance to it.

Chapter 3089 The Man In A Coir Raincoat

With Fergus' strength, no one in the Dragon City dared to provoke him.

The demand for Sword-reading Liquid exceeded the supply. Bottles of Sword-reading Liquid were sold out everywhere.

It was definitely a lucrative business. The young man calculated that he could earn tens of millions of divine crystals each month from the robust sales of Sword-reading Liquid.

Of course, the young man was not the only one in the Oneness Sky Palace capable of producing the Sword-reading Liquid.

However, the others who could produce the liquid had their own reasons for not trying to compete with him. Some were simply not interested in the income, and others thought it shameful to get involved in such a business. This benefited the young man, who chose to stay in the Flow Sword Sect.

"I heard that someone else was selling the Sword-reading Liquid at a lower price, to compete with Fergus," Kate said.

The young man's brows furrowed. "Someone else? Is it someone from the Oneness Sky Palace? But they've already said they wouldn't get involved in the Sword-reading Liquid business."

Kate spoke up. "No, it's not from Oneness Sky Palace. I think the new seller is a Flag Master in Dragon City."

The young man wore an expression of disbelief. "How can that be? No mere Flag Master could produce the Sword-reading Liquid," he said.

Taking a look at the young man, Kate pursed her lips and said, "He has just stepped into the Other Shore Realm. But he defeated Fergus though the latter spared no effort in the battle."

"What?" The young man continued to look skeptical. "You believe he's actually able to produce the Sword-reading Liquid? That he is capable of Instant Enlightenment?"

"Well, yes," Kate said.

There were often huge differences in the level of strength among the Other Shore Realm warriors.

Fergus, for example, had grown fat and complacent, and had been kicked out of the Flow Sword Sect. Yet he was still a force to be reckoned with. He had already reached the fifth stage of the Other Shore Realm, and he was in possession of a powerful Other Shore Token.

"If I had just reached the Other Shore Realm, it would be very difficult for me to face and defeat Fergus in an all-out battle," the young man said slowly. He frowned, wondering how a Flag Master had managed to beat Fergus.

"Come on, no need to be modest," Kate said. She had full confidence in the young man. "Milo, you are adept at the Emotion Closing Godly Way, and you have an innate capacity for the Flow Strike. Anyone affected by your Flow Strike finds it hard to resist. I believe that if you faced Fergus when you had just reached the Other Shore Realm, you might have been able to win against him too."

The young man gave her a noncommittal smile. He then left the courtyard quickly.

Kate followed him.

"I want to meet him in person," the young man said, blinking rapidly.

With knitted eyebrows, Kate replied, "I'm afraid that might be hard to arrange."

"Why? Do you think someone will stop me?" the young man asked.

"I do," Kate said with certainty.

When one reached a certain position, they became aware of many hidden and unspoken rules.

The Flag Masters and Alliance Chiefs were blind to the existence of such rules. Someone like Fergus faintly sensed them, but had no ability to discern them in greater detail.

But Kate was among those who knew and followed the invisible rules.

"So we'll just ignore the Flag Master? After what he's done?" The young man looked upset.

"Even if you can't kill him, you can do something else to him, can't you? If you really want to see him, who would stop you?" Kate asked with a smile.

The young man quickly grasped her meaning.

Killing was not the only way to solve a problem. He could definitely think of ways to contact and warn the Flag Master without resorting to killing him.

The market outside Dragon City was a busy place. The owner of the best spot—a good location with a high flow of people—had been changed.

Standing inside the shop, Kenelm sighed inwardly, watching the crowds of people hurrying past the window.

While his cultivation base hadn't improved much, he felt that his status had been significantly enhanced overnight.

He and Beldene had suffered in the past whenever they tried to sell the Sword-reading Liquid.

Customers who bought from them would haggle nonstop, trying to drive the price down. They would argue about the costs of production, or openly question the purity of the substance. Kenelm and Beldene needed to figure out how to handle such concerns on their own, without relying on Zen to get involved. Otherwise, what good were they?

However, the situation now was completely different.

People who passed by the shop would slow down and look at them with respect.

They no longer haggled over the price, and willingly shelled out fifteen thousand divine crystals to buy a bottle of the Sword-reading Liquid. Of course, in fairness, that was a relatively low price.

"Hello, my friend." Someone stopped in front of Kenelm, giving him an innocuous smile.

The man was obviously an Other Shore Realm warrior. He was polite to Kenelm, even though Kenelm had yet to master even the complete Truth of Godly Way. Kenelm heaved another inward sigh; he was not accustomed to this yet.

"Would you like to buy a bottle of Sword-reading Liquid?" Kenelm asked.

"No, not today. I'm here to meet your Flag Master. I'd like to join him," the man said smoothly.

'Ah, another one who wants to join Zen!' Kenelm thought.

The battle between Zen and Fergus had assumed an almost legendary status, and many who heard the story wanted to join Zen's group.

The problem was that it was considered taboo to change sides and join another Flag Master. The former Flag Master would go out of their way to make things difficult for the new one who took on their old follower.

But Zen was different. He was not afraid of offending any Flag Master in or outside Dragon City.

"Go that way, to your left..." Kenelm gave the man directions.

Not only were warriors switching sides to join Zen, but many of the newcomers who had just climbed over the Sword Wall also chose to join

Zen's ranks. In just a week, the number of people under Zen had risen from a hundred to a thousand.

At that moment, a door opened softly on the third floor of the Sword Tower.

Zen emerged from the room and walked slowly downstairs.

As soon as he had disappeared down the stairs, another door opened. This time, Gant emerged from one of the rooms on the first floor.

Gant had finally passed the tests in the room without getting kicked out.

Had he managed this feat a month ago, he would have been greatly overjoyed. He would have gone straight to Sellers and tried to convince him to submit an application for him, so he could get admitted to the Oneness Sky Palace.

However, he had become an admirer of Zen, and when he saw that Zen continued to train in Dragon City, he decided to stay for a while too.

"Congratulations! You've finally passed the tests of the first floor. Good job," Zen said in an encouraging tone.

Gant sighed gloomily. "I'm so much weaker than you. You've already passed the tests in the rooms of second and third floors."

Sellers was standing at the entrance of the Sword Tower. When he heard Gant's words, he laughed openly at him. "Ha! You've chosen the wrong person to compete with. Compare yourself to Zen, and you'll only get disappointed."

Meanwhile, several people wandered into the Sword Tower.

They were Alliance Chiefs. They were led by a man named Walter, who looked at Zen and gave him an ingratiating smile. "Zen, we admire your diligence. You have spent so much time here in the Sword Tower already. We know practice can get boring, and we are ashamed of ourselves that we have not yet invited you to one of our gatherings. Would you like to join us?"

As soon as he saw Walter, Zen's face darkened. "Thank you for the invitation, but I'm afraid I can't accept it. I'm too humble to stand behind such a person as you," he said in a mocking tone.

Zen had no conflict with these Alliance Chiefs, and it was in his interest to maintain a good relationship with them.

But the very sight of Walter filled him with disdain. When he thought of Walter's dubious morals, he couldn't help but feel antagonism towards him.

Monica, for one, had been a follower of Walter. That night, when she had tried to put in a good word for Zen, Fergus punched her so hard that she almost died, yet Walter stood by and did nothing. He was truly cold-blooded.

Walter saw that Zen despised him, and forced a wry smile. He had some idea of why Zen disliked him so much. He thought he could explain. But before he could speak, Zen and Gant started to move towards the tower entrance.

Walter looked in Sellers' direction, hoping the old man would speak up and put in a good word for him. But Sellers kept his face expressionless. He did not say anything.

As soon as Zen left the Sword Tower, he saw something that gave him a sudden and inexplicable sense of foreboding.

A young man in a coir raincoat stood some distance away. He looked at Zen with gentle eyes.

There was no hostility in his gaze, yet Zen felt as though he was being warned. The dread that rose in him was countless times stronger than what he had felt upon meeting Fergus.

Chapter 3090 Disadvantage

A beautiful woman stood beside the young man wearing the coir raincoat. The woman's long dress was blindingly orange, and when it was ruffled by the wind, it seemed like she was engulfed in a dancing flame.

Both of them were mediocre in their cultivation level, having reached no further than the third stage of the Other Shore Realm. However, the auras they emitted were surprisingly strong.

Sparing the young man a short glance, Zen turned to Gant. "Let's go," he urged.

The two of them walked quickly along the street and passed by the young man.

Just as they passed him, however, he spoke. "Please stop."

Zen frowned, slightly annoyed. "What?" he asked with an exasperated sigh.

"Was the Sword-reading Liquid made by you?" the young man asked.

A realization hit Zen.

This young man was the one behind Fergus.

If not for his question about the Sword-reading Liquid, Zen would never have guessed this young man's identity. He had expected the person behind Fergus to be exceptionally cultivated and old, not a gangly teenager.

"So what if it is? Do you have a problem with that?" Zen retorted.

The young man did not flinch. "If you didn't make it, I'll kill you," he said simply, his eyes innocent like a child's. "If you did, I will consider sparing your life."

The incongruence between his wiry, youthful appearance and his words was almost comical. Zen snorted with laughter and indignation. Beside him, Gant looked furious. "This is the Dragon City. Who do you think you are? How dare you commit murder here?" he said icily.

Glancing at Gant, the young man clenched his fist.

Zen reacted immediately. This was not just an arrogant teenager. This was a formidable opponent. With a slight gesture of his hand, the Snow Sword appeared in it.

This sword exuded a ray of surging radiance that gushed towards the young man like a tsunami wave.

At the entrance to the Sword Tower, the Alliance Chiefs looked on with confusion. They did not know what had sparked the conflict. All they had seen was that Zen and the young man started fighting after their short exchange of words.

The young man looked completely harmless, a mere teen. Zen's attack surprised them.

However, the sword radiance of the Six Annihilation Strike only spread out eight inches from its source.

After the air in the young man's hand had dissipated, Zen stiffly withdrew the Six Annihilation Strike.

The Ways-blending Energy was violent and difficult to control. Embarrassing as it was to admit it, Zen couldn't control it as well as the young man. All he could do was crudely merge it with his inner world and allow it to explode.

"What a loyal person! You treat your own subordinates well," the young man said with a shrug.

As for Gant, he was completely confused. He had no idea what had happened. In fact, he hadn't even realized that he had already been in the gates of hell just a minute ago.

Zen was convinced that the young man's intention had been to kill Gant instantly, without hesitation.

"If you attack my people again, you will regret it," Zen said seriously.

The young man seemed completely unperturbed. "Why would I? I would just attack you," he said matter-of-factly, smiling.

"Give it a try," Zen growled.

The young man smiled sardonically, turning to the woman in orange beside him. "Kate, I really think this man has gone too far. He is so arrogant and complacent. He acts like he is invincible," he said in a theatrical tone. Kate said nothing.

Her only response was an artificial, emotionless smile.

The young man turned back to Zen. "Do you really think that I wouldn't dare to touch you?" he asked.

As soon as he finished his sentence, the young man began moving decisively towards Zen, his face filled with malice.

Without drawing his sword, he charged towards Zen like a clumsy, skinny bull, his hand grasping what looked like a mass of air.

As he approached Zen, he waved his arm.

Zen took a second to assess the young man's attack, from his strange, grasping hand to his waving arm. Taking a deep breath, Zen lifted the Snow Sword above his head.

With the Ways-blending Energy flowing from his hand, he wielded the Snow Sword so that it radiated a strange light.

"Phew!"

"Swish!"

"Phew!"

"Swish!"

To Zen's surprise and disappointment, the Ways-blending Energy did not explode. When the Snow Sword collided with the air in the young man's hand, the power of the Six Annihilation Strike disappeared.

Each time Zen wielded the sword, he launched a Six Annihilation Strike.

In this fight with the young man, the Ways-blending Energy he consumed exceeded almost tenfold the amount he had needed during his confrontation with Fergus. Additionally, the pressure on him was almost a hundred times stronger.

The young man kept advancing, maintaining impressive control over the air.

In order to resist the air, Zen was forced to retreat over and over again.

Gant's eyes were as wide as dinner plates. Kate was now smiling in earnest, and several of the Alliance Chiefs looked baffled.

Meanwhile, at the entrance to the Sword Tower, Sellers stood, clenching his fists nervously. His conversation with Athemar still lingered in his mind. He was unsure of whether or not he should intervene in the conflict.

Under the pressure, Zen continued to retreat.

The air in the young man's hand was becoming more dense and powerful by the second.

At first, only shallow footprints were left on the solid stone surface while Zen retreated. As the pressure grew, the footprints became deeper and deeper.

After he had taken ten steps back, every additional step he took caused the stone surface to crack.

Twenty steps later, the Snow Sword suddenly broke with a clang.

The broken Snow Sword shot out, ricocheting off a pillar of a nearby building. The collision generated a shockwave that blasted the structure apart. A second later, the entire building collapsed with a deafening crash, attracting the attention of almost everyone within the radius of a few kilometers.

Meantime, the young man, still holding on to the air, now infinitely dense and powerful, pointed at Zen's neck. "You think you know swordsmanship well? As you can see, you don't," he said arrogantly, his head raised.

With a wave of his hand, the condensed ball of air disappeared into thin air. All the pressure on Zen vanished without a trace.

"Remember my name. My name is Milo Mo."

Without further ado, the young man turned around and walked away, his arm around Kate's waist.

However, before he could go much further, he heard a crisp tinkling sound behind him. It was the sound of the broken Snow Sword flying back into Zen's hand. "You will compensate me for this broken sword. And then, I will prove that you are wrong," said Zen, seething.

Milo turned his head to look at Zen, raising his eyebrows disdainfully. He obviously didn't take Zen seriously.

"He hasn't even answered your question yet," Kate whispered into his ear.

"I already know the answer," he answered simply. "He did make the Sword-reading Liquid. Otherwise, he would have died after taking three steps back."

"Three steps? But he retreated twenty steps!"

"Damn it. I hate to admit it, but I'm impressed!" said Milo, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "I expected him to collapse after ten steps at the most!"

"It seems that you feel threatened. Hee hee!"

Milo sighed, a little embarrassed for showing his anger. "Yeah. Those two fellows from the top of the Oneness Mountain are not weak. And this man came to the Dragon City on purpose to thwart me," he said, rubbing his temples.

Zen and Gant stayed silent for a while.

Then, Zen looked down at his broken Snow Sword. What a sad sight it was! Shaking his head, he smiled bitterly, and handed it to Gant. "What should I do?" he asked humbly.

He had an affinity for the Snow Sword, and it had served him well. He hadn't expected it to break so soon.

"I can fix it, but it won't be easy," Gant said with a worried face.

Before the Snow Sword broke so suddenly, Gant had been confused about Zen's fight with Milo. He had thought Zen was jesting.

It was not until the Snow Sword was destroyed that he realized how much of a disadvantage Zen was at.

In his eyes, Zen was a formidable warrior, rivaled by no one. Milo, however, had succeeded in overpowering him.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3091 Merit Points

Standing in a corner of the Dragon City was a young man in a blue robe. As he leaned against the wall, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Not only him, there were also several people in other concealed places feeling relieved.

As Zen and Milo fought, they watched nervously and with full attention.

If Milo had the slightest intention of killing Zen, they would stop him from doing so.

Milo was strong, even if his cultivation base was not high. His Flow Strike, however, was at its peak. If he wanted to, he could easily end Zen's life.

Fortunately, Milo merely aimed for Zen's sword, broke it in half, and left.

"Milo is a lunatic, but it's a good thing he knows when to stop," the man in blue remarked before he hid himself again.

The fight between Zen and Milo got so heated that they destroyed a building in the Dragon City. Despite it, no Dragon City guard appeared. The Dragon City was very powerful in the Bloom Divine Province, but it still served as a screening place for the Oneness Sky Palace. The guards knew they couldn't afford to offend those from the Oneness Sky Palace.

In the middle of the night, the shimmering white stars turned into rain of swords and dropped towards the ground.

Zen raised his head to look at the unattainable Oneness Mountain.

His Snow Sword might be broken, but he was still smart enough to have reached an assessment of the situation.

Since he had set foot in the Source World, he first went to the Sword Light Palace, and then came to the Dragon City. He had seldom met any peers who were on par with him.

No one interested him the same way Dorothy did.

Now he realized it wasn't because the people in the Source World weren't as talented as him. His position was too low for him to meet true geniuses.

"Flow Sword Sect?"

Milo's swordsmanship was so peculiar. He was able to use anything as a sword.

He clenched a cloud of air, yet he was able to use it as a weapon no less powerful than Zen's Six Annihilation Strike.

Zen had tried more than a hundred times to find a way to break Milo's sword strike in his mind. But no matter what he did, he wasn't able to do so.

The only method he knew would work was if he could use the Imperial Sword Seal to activate the Soaring Snake Sword, but doing that would risk exposing his identity.

"Flag Master, are you still thinking about what happened earlier?" Gant asked with a smile.

"Yes," replied Zen.

"Milo's younger than you, but remember that he is already in the third stage of the Other Shore Realm. It's not a surprise that you lost out to him though you are both capable of Instant Enlightenment," said Gant.

Zen shook his head and said, "The problem is not in the differences between our cultivation levels."

There was not much difference between the third stage and the first stage of the Other Shore Realm. Besides, none of them used their Other Shore Tokens.

They just came from very different backgrounds. And that was all it took for them to have such varying performances in the battlefield.

When Zen was still struggling in the divine land, Milo had already been a member of the Oneness Sky Palace. He had been standing high in the Flow Sword Sect's favor, and had been practicing hard in the Flow Tower.

At that time, Zen was merely running around the divine land. He didn't even have an understanding on the Truth of Godly Way or the Other Shore.

"You just have varying cultivation levels. When you reach his level, I'm sure you can defeat him." Gant patted Zen's shoulder reassuringly.

"Hopefully," Zen said with a smile.

"Oh, by the way, it's time for you to consider becoming an Alliance Chief," remarked Gant.

In the Dragon City, one could only become a Oneness Guard, the ultimate goal for all Flag Masters, by first becoming an Alliance Chief.

"Do I have to go to the Dragon City to apply for it?" Zen asked.

Gant nodded. "Yes, you'd need to go to the old man at the entrance of the Dragon City. To become an Alliance Chief, you need to have a certain number of followers, but it shouldn't be long before you reach it. However, you are still short of merit points."

"Merit points? What can I do to earn them?" Zen asked.

"Kill the nonhuman creatures!" Gant's eyes glimmered menacingly.

The various races had been at war since the birth of the Source World.

They were always in conflict with each other.

The Oneness Guards of the Oneness Sky Palace shouldered the responsibility of killing the nonhuman creatures and guarding the territory of the human race.

Zen had long known that he could take tasks from the Dragon City and train in the outside. However, he had only been here for a short period of time, so he had not thought about this before.

But now it seemed that he needed merit points so he could first become an Alliance Chief.

Through Gant, Zen had figured out how to do so.

In the Bloom Divine Province where the Oneness Sky Palace was located, many powerful masters resided. No race dared to offend them.

The Oneness Sky Palace was in control of thirteen provinces. Six of those were at war, including the Mountain Viewing Province. The Oneness Sky Palace had sent many Oneness Guards to control it, yet there were always counterattacks from other races.

Thus, the Dragon City issued many tasks that required the warriors to go to the Mountain Viewing Province to kill the nonhuman creatures.

Zen accepted Gant's suggestion. He also made sure Dorothy knew of his plan to go to the Mountain Viewing Province.

Dorothy was, unsurprisingly, worried. "That place is in unrest. The Oneness Sky Palace might even move out of this province. Isn't it too dangerous for you to go there?"

"The Oneness Sky Palace might abandon the province? Why? Are we unable to defeat the nonhuman creatures?" Zen inquired.

He met a similar story in the Sword Light Palace, which had been destroyed by the powerful nonhuman creatures.

However, Oneness Sky Palace was one of the strongest forces of the human race. They had plenty of mighty warriors. Zen couldn't comprehend why they were on the verge of giving up.

Dorothy chuckled and shook her head. "You don't know much about the Source World," she said. "The enemy in the Mountain Viewing Province is the Sun Crow race. The most powerful among them is Emperor Charm. He is as powerful as Eastern Emperor Taiyi."

"Really? He is as powerful as Eastern Emperor Taiyi?" Zen raised his eyebrows.

In Zen's eyes, Eastern Emperor Taiyi was on the same level as his grandfather, Chiyou. He wondered how a master from the Sun Crow race could possess that much power.

"Think carefully, please. The tasks from the Dragon City may not be as difficult as the Oneness Guards', but you can never be too sure."

In his mind, Zen knew Dorothy was right. But his mind was set and no amount of convincing would change it.

From the moment he entered the Dragon City, Zen had made up his mind that he wouldn't plead with Athemar or Winchell. So he didn't bother to ask them to let him join the Oneness Sky Palace.

Zen had relied on himself and would continue to do so. He was strong enough to move forward on his own and make it in the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Don't worry. I have considered this thoroughly," Zen reassured Dorothy.

But this did not ease Dorothy. She knew that Zen was stubborn in his own ways. He was definitely going to do it, and she would not be able to stop him.

Zen met with his followers and discussed the arrangements with them.

Beldene and Elgin would take care of everything while Zen was away, and if there was any trouble, Monica would help them.

The Alliance Chiefs were already intimidated by Zen. He could leave the Dragon City and they wouldn't give Zen's people a hard time.

Then Zen and Gant went to the Dragon Shadow Pavilion of the Dragon City, where the tasks from the Dragon City were delegated.

Initially, Zen wanted to go to the Mountain Viewing Province alone, but Gant had insisted on coming along. Zen had no choice but to let him.

Chapter 3092 The Mountain Viewing Province

The merit points of the warriors, who entered the Dragon City, would accumulate only once they reached the Other Shore Realm.

The Flag Masters usually brought their subordinates to the Dragon Shadow Pavilion for tasks.

The condition was that both the Flag Masters and their subordinates had to at least reach the Other Shore Realm. Those who didn't meet this criterion had to practice in or near the Dragon City.

Zen had been with the disciples of the Sword Light Palace in the Dragon City for a short time now.

Even the most outstanding disciples among them, like Beldene and Elgin, were still lingering at the periphery of the Sea of Truth. Therefore, they, too, were not qualified.

In the Dragon Shadow Pavilion, a lanky, middle-aged man looked Zen up and down for a while before placing a square board in front of him.

There were notes on the board with the various corresponding merit points.

"Twenty merit points for a one-star task.

Sixty merit points for a two-star task.

One hundred and eighty merit points for a three-star task.

Nine hundred merit points for a five-star task!"

Zen read out the instructions on the board and turned to Gant. "How many merit points do I need to become an Alliance Chief?"

"Nine hundred," Gant replied flatly.

"I'd like to start with a five-star task," Zen announced to the middle-aged man with a confident smile.

"Ahem!"

Gant and the middle-aged man coughed at the same time.

Zen looked at the middle-aged man suspiciously. The middle-aged man realized that he had been rude so he quickly became serious. "A five-star task is very difficult. Usually, only the Alliance Chiefs can fulfill it."

In order to undertake five-star tasks, one had to be as strong as the one-star Oneness Guards.

"Are you saying that I am not allowed to undertake a five-star task as a Flag Master?" Zen inquired.

"You can, but..." the middle-aged man responded reluctantly.

"But what?" Zen stared at him anxiously.

He was not a fool. He could sense that some people were trailing him in the Dragon City, but since they had hidden themselves well, he did not want them to affect his judgment.

The middle-aged man was still hesitating but suddenly his expression became very strange. He smiled and said, "Forget it! You're free to undertake whatever task you want. It's just that the five-star tasks are very dangerous, and even the Alliance Chiefs get severely injured in the process. As a mere Flag Master, you need to evaluate the risks and think it over."

"I have already thought about it," Zen replied with conviction.

"Good," the middle-aged man said as he waved his hand. A small magic array materialized, and then turned into a token that was as small as his palm. "The information about the task, the passing certificate and the transfer order are all within this token. So keep it safe!"

The Mountain Viewing Province was far away. Although transmission arrays had been built along the way, the security of the Oneness Sky Palace was very strict. If Zen lost the token, it would be difficult for him to move about anywhere.

After taking the token and walking out of the Dragon Shadow Pavilion, Zen looked at Gant, who appeared restless, and said, "It's not too late to change your mind."

Gant clicked his tongue.

Zen had taken on a five-star task and it was very likely that he would get himself killed.

"Flag Master, can you tell me what your task is?" Gant asked.

Zen poured a strand of spiritual sense into the token. After reading it for a while, he said, "We are indeed going to the Mountain Viewing Province. Our task is to guard the Blue Cloud City."

If it was any other place, this task would not be a problem but when Zen mentioned the Blue Cloud City, Gant's face turned white and his heart tightened.

Guarding the Blue Cloud City was a five-star task, which meant the city itself was perilous.

"Are you going there with me?" Zen asked doubtfully.

"Yes, of course!" Gant said, having made up his mind.

Zen studied Gant from head to toe and asked, "Do you have a history or a connection to the Blue Cloud City?"

Gant didn't reply.

Zen shrugged his shoulders. Seeing as Gant was unwilling to divulge any information, he didn't probe further.

There was a huge transmission array in the northern side of the Dragon City. The guards let Zen and Gant in after inspecting the token.

Long-distance teleportation in the Source World was a bit different from that in the divine land.

After attaining a certain level of cultivation, one could travel freely throughout the divine land. However, teleportation in the Source World was quite complicated. The provinces in this world were mutually independent. When one arrived at the edge of a province, they had to exit the transmission array. Only after crossing the barrier between the provinces could they continue with the teleportation.

Zen and Gant made their way to the north, passing the Bloom Divine Province, the North Unicorn Province and the Coral Province successively.

En route, they passed the past homelands of the human race, but no nonhuman creatures attacked them. The human race had built countless cities, forces and sects over time.

Looking at the provinces, Zen sighed inwardly.

The Nine Li race used to be a big force of the human race much like the Oneness Sky Palace, but their lands were destroyed in a terrible internal battle of the human race. His heart ached at this thought.

'It will take a long time to rebuild the Nine Li race, ' he thought to himself glumly.

"The Mountain Viewing Province is just ahead. The Oneness Guards will show you the way." After the guard of the transmission array saw Zen's token, he allowed him to go with a warning, "It's much more chaotic in the Mountain Viewing Province than it is here. You must be careful."

Zen and Gant weren't the only two people who were passing through the transmission array that day. There were many people waiting behind them.

Most of them came from the sects in the jurisdiction of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Athemar had set up several sects in other provinces, and tens of thousands of sects were under the control of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The Sword Light Palace had the Stinger Guards. Likewise, there were various types of guards for these sects. Zen had encountered many such guards along the way.

Of course, these guards were not as powerful as the Oneness Guards, and the forces, too, were following the example set by the Oneness Guards.

The sects and forces had a large number of guards who needed training too. They had to prove themselves to the Oneness Sky Palace, so they would send strong warriors to assist the Oneness Sky Palace.

Now that the Mountain Viewing Province was in trouble, a large number of people had showed up as volunteers for help.

When these guards saw the token in Zen's hand, they were filled with envy.

Zen was from the Dragon City; he wasn't one of the Oneness Guards. People from there were the only ones qualified to become the Oneness Guards and represent the palace.

"Thank you for the warning," Zen said as he took back the token. After the guard checked the tokens, the others followed Zen and boarded a giant flying ship, which would take them away from the space barrier.

There were about a thousand people aboard the flying ship. Some were worried about their future, while others were very excited. As a result, there was a deafening din in the flying ship.

Zen and Gant stood speechless in the back of the ship.

Finally, an hour later, the flying ship passed through the space barrier.

Before everyone could witness the scene in the Mountain Viewing Province, a small black dot came into view. It flew from the distance.

Ripples appeared on the enchanted barrier of the flying ship as it got penetrated by the black dot.

Click!

The black dot landed right in the middle of the flying ship.

Zen's gaze landed at the black dot as he saw a three-legged black bird.

The bird's body was as black as night, and its three legs were as shiny as gold.

Zen looked at the bird and sensed that the energy within its body was quite violent, very similar to when the Ways-blending Energy exploded. His expression changed suddenly and he shouted, "Watch out!"

As he spoke, he grabbed Gant and retreated backwards to the tail of the giant flying ship.

Chapter 3093 No Room For Retreat

As the two men hurriedly retreated towards the stern, a ray of golden light suddenly shot out from the body of the three-legged bird.

The light turned into powerful energy and devoured everything around it.

The people closest to the three-legged bird immediately exploded and were dismantled. Their heads were instantly separated from their other body parts. Additionally, the entire huge flying ship was broken in two!

"Now! Charge out!"

Zen shouted at Gant who was still shocked.

After the giant flying ship was destroyed, the enchanted barrier in the outer layer also immediately collapsed.

The two jumped up and escaped outside.

The others on the huge flying ship also fled. Their timely decision saved their lives.

Those who dared to go to the Mountain Viewing Province at least reached the Other Shore Realm. As such, they were rather quick to react when faced with danger.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo..."

The broken flying ship fell down.

More than one thousand people floated in the air and stared blankly at the flying ship.

The guards of the transmission array had already warned them. Additionally, they were mentally prepared. However, the accident happened just when they'd arrived at the Mountain Viewing Province, which naturally took their group by surprise.

"Quack!"

At that moment, a strange bird's cry echoed from the sky.

As Zen raised his head, his pupils suddenly shrank with curiosity.

In a higher space, a huge dark cloud floated over. If looking at it carefully, one could tell that it was not a cloud at all.

Countless strange black birds were flying together!

The power of a single black bird had already caused so much destruction. If every black strange bird in the flock above them unleashed such power, they would be in trouble.

"Quick! Run!"

"The Grand River Fortress of the Mountain Viewing Province is not far from here!"

"We will definitely die if we are attacked by those monstrous birds!"

Flashes of space fluctuations suddenly began to appear. The use of the Grand Teleportation technique was the quickest way to flee for them.

However, just as they made use of the Grand Teleportation technique, several gold threads suddenly appeared. The golden threads seemed to have formed a huge net and immediately covered the whole Mountain Viewing Province.

Those who had just entered the space channels quickly stumbled and fell out of the channels.

At the sight of the gold threads in the distance, the warriors couldn't help but tremble in surprise. A look of despair burdened their faces.

"Is that the Cage of Heaven and Earth?"

"What the hell? The Mountain Viewing Province is even enveloped in the Cage of Heaven and Earth!"

"No! It's all over!"

The set-up for the Cage of Heaven and Earth was a rather complicated and advanced method in the eyes of the ordinary Other Shore Realm warriors.

The Cage of Heaven and Earth could lock up the space of a province directly. No one would be able to leave even if they used the Grand Teleportation technique.

Generally, when two different races were fighting, very few would actually dare to release the Cage of Heaven and Earth. The reason was that the cage not only trapped the enemy but also their own members.

However, the cage could greatly shorten the duration of the war. The people of the two sides could not use the Grand Teleportation technique to fly back and forth. The limited space would mean that the battle would be very fierce as the retreat of both sides was already blocked.

The fact that the Sun Crow race was using the Cage of Heaven and Earth only meant that they were determined to occupy the Mountain Viewing Province. They had cut off the escape route so that they could end the war.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Although everyone was frightened, their instinct to survive still helped them run away.

"Oh no! What should we do?"

As he stared at the group of black birds that were getting lower and lower, Gant felt very upset. He wondered how pathetic it would be if he died just after he had arrived at the Mountain Viewing Province.

"Charge out!"

In their situation, Zen couldn't give him a second answer.

Over one thousand beams of light were rushing towards the north at an extremely fast speed. However, the black birds flew even faster.

In just five minutes, those black strange birds had already arrived above everyone's head. Terror enveloped everyone below them.

"Quack, quack, quack..."

Countless birds let out strange cries which made people very upset.

"Quack!"

A black strange bird suddenly broke free from the flock and surged towards the crowd.

As it rushed down, the energy within its body began to accumulate. Afterward, the bird let the energy explode as it approached the Other Shore Realm warriors!

"Bang!"

Although the people immediately scattered in different directions, the horrible energy flow still engulfed six or seven of them!

"What the hell. These strange birds..."

Zen's eyes twitched as he watched the miserable situation. A sense of despair dawned upon him.

At that moment, a group of black strange birds also broke from the flock. They hovered above his head and rushed towards him. When he noticed that the strange birds were getting closer and closer to Zen, Gant shouted, "Flag Master, be careful!"

With intense rage, Zen's eyes lit up. When he turned over, the long sword in his hand had already flashed a ray of white light!

"Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship!"

The Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship was a unique kind of swordsmanship. With its elegant slash, it was committed to the pursuit of extreme speed.

The nine rays of sword radiance didn't spread like the shape of a fan. Instead, they actually looked like nine cold stars scattered above Zen's head. They seemed like stars that flew across the sky and disappeared in an instant.

"Phew! Phew! Phew..."

The black strange birds that were about to attack Zen were instantly cut in half!

After he eliminated the black strange birds that approached him, Zen suddenly descended.

The force that a single black strange bird released could reach over a hundred divine megatons! As such, if numerous black strange birds were to burst out the power, wouldn't it be able to destroy the whole world? Such a horrible thought crept deep into Zen's mind. A worried look painted his face.

Unexpectedly, those black strange birds that had been cut in halves only fell down directly. Zen originally thought that they were to explode violently, but fortunately, it did not happen.

"So that's how it is." Zen's eyes flashed as he gave a sly smile. With a confident voice, he shouted loudly, "Everyone, don't run away like that. These black strange birds won't explode after being killed. Just kill them before they can reach you. Fight and retreat at the right time, and you still have a chance to survive!"

The explosive power of the black strange birds was terribly scary. No one could resist it. With fear in their hearts, everyone tried to escape. However, their speed was inferior to that of the black strange birds. If the black strange birds burst one by one and released their power, all of them would probably die right away.

Fortunately, Zen immediately notified everyone about what he had discovered. Excitement overwhelmed all of them after they heard the news. Perhaps they could still fight for a way out!

"Whoosh..."

Over one thousand people immediately flew forward. As they charged, they also displayed their own theurgies.

The explosive power of the black strange birds was astonishing. However, their defensive power was extremely poor. Those who reached the Other Shore Realm could fuse with any Other Shore Token to exert the force of at least one divine megaton. After they achieved such power, they could easily kill the black strange birds.

"Wind Rain Sword Strike!"

"Sky Sword Stab!"

All of them violently showcased their skills.

As they all came from the provinces under the jurisdiction of the Oneness Sky Palace, many of them cultivated the swordsmanship.

Countless rays of sword radiance brilliantly charged into the sky. All the strange birds that touched the sword radiance immediately were killed. Their black feathers were flying in the air while their limbs splashed everywhere. Gruesome innards fell down like raindrops unstoppably.

The outcome was the same as what Zen experienced after he cut the birds just now. After the strange birds were killed, they would not be able to explode. It must be because they needed a considerable amount of time to accumulate energy. As such, their threat was greatly weakened.

Nonetheless, there were still too many strange birds.

A large number of strange birds surged in front of the group. With their numerical advantage, the birds covered the warriors like the lid of a pan. They tried to besiege the warriors!

"Bang!"

Over ten black strange birds descended earlier and violently burst out their energy again. The spread of energy once again trapped more than ten people ahead.

The energy force that was erupted from each black strange bird easily reached over a hundred divine megatons. Each explosion was about twice as powerful as the full force of Fergus. Any Other Shore Realm warrior that was engulfed by the black strange bird's energy immediately died.

Even Zen was shocked by the devastation made by the strange power!

"Descend!"

Zen gave the order with a confident voice. Immediately, he descended three hundred feet along with Gant.

When the others heard Zen's command, they immediately understood what he meant and descended with haste as well.

They rapidly lowered their altitude and stalled for time for everyone. However, a few seconds later, their calamity continued. The black birds above their heads followed them and also descended!

"Descend once again!"

Zen said helplessly as he gritted his teeth.

He led the crowd to move down a certain height. However, the countless black strange birds also descended.

That was the only way for them to move forward. However, they were currently in the midair of more than three thousand feet. If they descended for about ten times, they would be left with no room for retreat.

Chapter 3094 The Grand River Fortress

Led by Zen, everyone flew down hard in a huge arc.

They had done their best to avoid these strange black birds but they could not seem to shake them. They were getting closer and closer to the ground now and running out of space fast.

A little over 2 minutes later and they were almost forced to the ground now, still with the black birds hovering above them like grim reapers awaiting their moment.

"Dig into the ground!" someone suggested in a panic.

"That's suicide!" another yelled, shutting the idea down immediately.

Not only would it be hard to move underground, any black bird could just come into the hole and kill whoever was down there. It was like digging one's own grave.

"We fight!"

"We'll kill all these bastard birds!"

The warriors were beginning to lose their minds. They wielded their swords and swung them in the air viciously. Their sword radiance began interweaving and forming a thin net.

This began to injure and kill some of the strange black birds. At least, they had mounted some sort of defense for the time being.

But if one bird were to escape through the sword net, many would die from the explosion it would cause.

In such a short time, so many of their group had died.

Zen had an idea of his own. He flew close to the ground and kicked himself off a rock, shooting himself into the air. He swung his sword, radiating a tiny white light around himself.

"Puff! Puff! Puff..."

With just his one attack, it seemed hundreds of these menacing birds had been killed.

But it was just a drop in the ocean.

"What?" Zen exclaimed, disappointed at how little of a difference he had made.

A black bird managed to escape and landed not far from Zen.

Zen felt the power within the black bird and knew he was in trouble. He rushed to get away from it, jumping wildly and falling into multiple somersaults.

"Bang!"

A terrifying stream of energy exploded behind Zen, sending a huge shockwave to hit him square in the back.

That was the power of over a hundred divine megatons.

Zen successfully avoided the energy stream, but the shockwave still hit him at close range. It felt like having whole mountains crash into him.

He was sent flying a thousand feet away, which sent a searing pain into his back and the taste of blood in his throat.

His injuries might not have been too severe, but this was only the power of one of these strange birds. If a dozen or more had come at him, he'd have died on the spot. What was even more terrifying was the thought that there were probably hundreds of thousands of strange black birds above him.

"Ahhh!"

When Zen got to his feet, he could see Gant in the distance, waving his sword and roaring in anguish.

Gant was being surrounded by the strange black birds, more and more flocking in every second. It looked as though he would not be able to hold on much longer.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Boom!"

A din of the explosions came from close by, and dozens of warriors were killed. Bodies were dropping all around Zen in a terrifying and gruesome scene.

The strange black birds obscured the sun, casting darkness over everything. There was so much going on that Zen struggled to see anyone else.

He exerted the sword light to its max to defend himself. It killed a good few birds, their corpses fluttering down into a huge heap on the ground.

This was barely any kind of victory. It would be impossible to kill them all and leaving even one alive meant death still lurked.

Zen was overtaken with angst. Even if he were to activate the Imperial Sword Seal, it wouldn't be much help. Although the Imperial Sword Seal could activate sword threads to solve the immediate problem, it was impossible for them to kill this many black birds. All hope appeared to be lost.

Zen was at his end, ready to give in, when suddenly he heard a whistling.

"Whoosh!"

A dark green spot of light emitted from the dark cloud.

"Whoosh!"

Then came a second dot of green light.

Then a third, and a fourth...

The green light struck the cloud of black birds with a deadly crash.

Just then, a strange sound echoed from the sky.

The sound was not loud but it fell harsh in Zen's ears and left a ringing that was tough to bear.

He was very uncomfortable, but didn't get any hurt by that. The pain was within his tolerance.

A miraculous scene occurred next.

The dense dark cloud above him began to collapse as the strange black birds began to faint and plummet from the sky.

Some black birds saw this and fled as fast as they could. However, they could not escape the piercing noise ringing in the air. It slowed them greatly and caused a stumble in their flight. They couldn't even tell which direction they were going and some flew in aimless circles.

Zen, Gant and the other survivors stood exhausted, getting buried under the rainfall of fainted birds.

All those warriors desperately hurried away, not wanting to be anywhere near those birds after what had just happened, whether they were dead or not.

Those floating in the air looked at each other, exchanging looks of pure relief.

In so little time, half of their group had died.

"What's that sound?"

Gant poked his fingers in his ears. He could barely hear himself speak.

"I don't know, but I do know it has a miraculous effect on these strange black birds," Zen said.

Birds were extremely sensitive to sound. Some special sounds were indeed capable of startling birds.

The humans of the Mountain Viewing Province might have done everything to fight against the Sun Crow race and figured this method out.

"Hurry!"

"If these strange birds wake up, we won't be able to get away."

They wanted nothing more in the world than to leave this place.

At that moment, several white boats appeared in the distance.

They were flying boats, coming over at a considerable speed. A dozen people exited the boats. They were wearing military uniforms and were surrounded by a murderous aura.

Only those who lived to kill carried an aura such as this, and Zen could sense a killing intent in them as well. He raised his eyebrows, staring at them warily.

Without paying any attention to Zen and the others, they took out palm-sized beads from their backs and threw them into the mounds of black birds.

"Wow!"

The fainted black birds immediately caught fire. In the blink of an eye, hundreds of thousands of these birds had ignited into a sea of blazing inferno, burning to nothingness.

"The Grand River Fortress is right up ahead. Come with us!"

They left their words hanging as they turned and galloped, back to the boats with no intention of helping anyone else get there.

Everyone followed closely behind the boats, struggling to hide their feeling of disrespect from their faces.

They had flown thousands of miles to the Mountain Viewing Province and fought for the human race, but ended up in the clutches of these black birds. They didn't even receive any words of comfort or reassurance that they were fine.

Zen maintained a state of calm.

No matter what, he was still alive, and that was good enough.

But it seemed that the situation in the Mountain Viewing Province was far more complicated than he had expected.

Gant too remained calm despite what had just happened. But he had survived. He lowered his head and thought about something else to keep his mind from the life-threatening situation he had been in just now.

After flying for five hundred miles, a magnificent fortress appeared in front of everyone, greeted with many pairs of dazzled eyes.

However, the most attractive thing was not the fortress itself, but the nine gigantic swords inserted at the back of it!

Zen had seen such swords before. They were the same as the Lofty Sword in the Sword Light Palace. The difference was that there were nine swords here!

Chapter 3095 Soul-depriving Sun Crows

Serving as human race's headquarters in the Mountain Viewing Province, the Grand River Fortress was heavily guarded.

Following the arrival of more than five hundred people in the fortress, a dozen military guards intercepted them.

Pointing at the assemblage, a high-ranking officer exclaimed in a brusque tone, "You, follow me!"

Led by this guard, the group of over five hundred people entered a vast muster station.

"You guys wait here. Once you cross the red line, you will be killed!" the guard barked in a stern voice.

These people arrived at the Grand River Fortress after experiencing life and death conditions. They didn't expect to receive such treatment, and their faces filled with anger.

"Why?"

"We work for the human race!" "Are you holding us as prisoners?"

"This is sheer insult!"

"You want to stop us with just a red line?"

The crowd expressed their strong disgust.

Zen, who was just another face in the crowd, looked at the red line with a strange feeling.

It was indeed too much for the guard to treat the multitude this way.

The guard didn't care and continued to ignore them. He crossed the red line and left.

His abrupt action made these people more agitated. Two of them ignored the guard's words and marched across the red line.

When the two just crossed the red line, the Lofty Sword placed in the distance suddenly flashed a faint light, and an invisible force came straight toward the two rebels.

Everyone almost suffocated from the excessive force.

The expression on Zen's face changed. He automatically stepped back. But thinking of the warning earlier from the guard, he avoided passing the red line. He just approached its edge.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

The two who stepped out of the red line were cut into a few pieces by an invisible sword radiance.

More strangely, although the two of them were slashed several times, not a single drop of blood flowed out.

While the crowd looked stunned, something popped out from their heads. A couple of three-clawed black birds the size of a human fist darted out from their bodies. They flapped their wings and flew away.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Without any suspense, the invisible force acted once again and chopped these two small black birds.

"How did this happen?"

"When did these birds get into their heads?"

"I don't want to be like that!"

When everyone saw this scene, they suddenly appeared terrified. If birds were likewise present in their heads, people worried they would die one by one.

Zen glanced at Gant out of instinct. Gant giggled at him and said in a relaxed tone, "Don't worry about me. I'm fine."

"Okay. These strange, black birds possibly entered those people's heads when their flock hovered low and covered the entire group. It seemed like there were many of them," Zen nodded.

He had already felt strange before this.

The rules of the Grand River Fortress were pretty rigid, and it was normal for them to perform a routine inspection on the outsiders. However, some people in the crowd clamored and encouraged all the others to walk out of the red line. Their actions simply courted death.

But most of them remained rational and didn't dare to cross the red line.

So the birds who entered into their heads used the two people to assess the situation. And the outcome came to no good.

The guard who had just left returned and sneered when he saw the severed bodies outside the red line. This was not the first incident that these birds did this. "For the sake of your security, I'm sorry, but I have to ask you to cooperate with me!" he announced in a loud voice so the people present could hear.

With that, he bowed down, and a few divine crystals appeared on his hand. He laid them onto a jade plate. After he had done that, a strange circle appeared on the ground within the area covered by the red line.

Some people in the crowd felt a little uneasy. They looked around in a panic.

More than a dozen people jumped up and wanted to fly away. They ended up like the first two victims. The moment they crossed the red line, they were killed by the invisible sword radiance of the Lofty Sword.

Their bodies were cut into pieces, but they did not shed any blood either. These people were infested with the strange birds.

Dozens of other people inside the red line became anxious like ants on a boiling hot pot. They ran about with their mouths making strange noises, which sounded like crows cawing.

Now even an idiot knew that these people were unusual, but to avoid suspicion, Zen and the others resolved not to kill these strange people.

As the red light on the muster station turned brighter, those people suddenly let out primordial screams and dropped to the ground, motionless.

Just then, the guard gave them a warm smile. He greeted Zen and the others, "Thank you all for your hard work. This time, the Sun Crow race ambushed us in our headquarters. It was indeed out of our expectation, and we lost so many warriors. It was our own negligence that led to this!"

As he spoke, a look of grief appeared on his face as he bowed deeply to the crowd.

"When did these strange birds get into their heads? Why didn't they notice it?" someone asked.

The guard took up a bird corpse and said, "There are more than fifty branches within the Sun Crow race, and they have different talents. The group of birds that attacked you first were the Self-exploding Sun Crows, and this one is called the Soul-depriving Sun Crow. These little creatures have caused us great trouble!"

The Soul-depriving Sun Crow could enter a human's head secretly. It could not only take away their full memory, but also devour the host's soul and blood.

Thirteen years ago, a Soul-depriving Sun Crow lurked in the body of a five-star Oneness Guard. It gave a wrong command on purpose, which led to the deaths of over three hundred Oneness Guards. The consequential losses were immeasurable.

From then on, the Oneness Guards became highly vigilant about the Soul-depriving Sun Crows. It was a routine for warriors like Zen, who entered the Grand River Fortress, to receive an inspection first.

"You can go and register over there," the guard said as he pointed to the back.

Under the guidance of the guard, Zen and the others transferred to another place in the fortress. After registration, the guards in the fortress reviewed the information listed on their tokens.

"Are you from Dragon City?" The young man in charge of registration looked curiously at Zen.

Zen nodded and asked, "Yes, what's wrong?"

"Nothing," the young man said with a grin. "You can wait over there. You will be tasked to help the Oneness Guards with the mission of guarding the Blue Cloud City. The Oneness Guards will take you there."

The mission of guarding the Blue Cloud City relied mainly on the Oneness Guards, and every major assignment carried out by them was very dangerous. That was the reason why the young man thought it was uncommon for Zen, whose cultivation level was low, to take such a difficult task.

Mountain Viewing Province was not Dragon City. Competitions in Dragon City were cruel but not as much compared to those in Mountain Viewing Province. The latter was dangerous, and people dying was nothing new. This young man could even imagine the scene with Zen and Gant feeling scared to death as they went to the Blue Cloud City.

Besides Zen and Gant, eight more people were also waiting aside.

The tasks from the Oneness Guards were not assigned to the Dragon City alone, but also the various forces under the Oneness Sky Palace. These eight people obviously accepted the same duty as Zen did.

After they waited for an hour, a young man in military uniform rushed in.

A token hung around his waist. Two words "Oneness Guard" were written on the token. He was a Oneness Guard, apparently.

After taking a look at the crowd, the Oneness Guard fixed his eyes on Zen and Gant, and said disdainfully, "You two can leave now. You two are only in the first two stages of the Other Shore Realm. Why did you take this task? You are courting death. I don't want you to put a heavy burden on me."

Chapter 3096 Making Trouble

Gant wasn't listening to the man; instead, he was looking at Zen cautiously.

He couldn't care less about what the man was talking about because he knew he wasn't strong enough anyway. He was just waiting for what Zen would say and how he would react.

He had followed Zen to Blue Cloud City because he wanted to find someone and at least know how the person was doing. No matter what the result was, he was ready to accept it.

But Zen was different; he came to Blue Cloud City to obtain merit points.

All the Alliance Chiefs of Dragon City had the opportunity to become one-star Oneness Guards.

With his full strength, Fergus was definitely on par with the Alliance Chiefs who had become Oneness Guards, and yet he was no match for Zen.

Based on that alone, Zen could probably defeat one-star Oneness Guards.

Gant narrowed his eyes, as he gave the Oneness Guard in front of them a searching look.

He glanced at the Oneness Token hanging from his waist, where a single star was carved.

In terms of strength, this guy was not necessarily Zen's rival, but he was going to kick Zen and Gant out of his team because of their low cultivation levels. Gant wondered how Zen was going to deal with the situation.

As soon as the Oneness Guard finished his words, he pointed at the other eight people and said, "You can go with me."

He proceeded to ignore Zen and Gant and turned to leave. Zen raised an eyebrow and said to the Oneness Guard, "It's not fair for you to judge us simply by our cultivation levels. Don't you think so?"

The Oneness Guard, who was about to leave, turned back in surprise when Zen said those words. He gave a mocking smile at Zen and asked, "Huh? You are only in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm. You are courting death by coming to the Mountain Viewing Province. I don't think you'll be of any help on the battlefield."

In the eyes of the Oneness Guard, the warriors who came to the Mountain Viewing Province were all cannon fodder.

Although these warriors were at the Other Shore Realm, most of them had poor Other Shore Tokens, and their actual combat experience was next to none.

This particular Oneness Guard was in the fifth stage of the Other Shore Realm, but he was able to defeat people in the sixth stage or seventh stage of the Other Shore Realm.

On the other hand, Zen had barely reached the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, and thus, he was hardly worth mentioning in the Oneness Guard's eyes.

He saw them as burden, and he didn't want to bring them, lest they just pull the whole team down.

He was aware that there were a few geniuses in the Oneness Sky Palace who were extremely powerful despite their low cultivation levels, but the thought that Zen was one of them didn't even touch his imagination. He thought that the Oneness Sky Palace wouldn't send geniuses to the dangerous front line.

And he was very wrong. Zen was indeed an exception.

"I won't leave," Zen suddenly said. "And according to the rules, you have no right to refuse me."

As he spoke, he raised the token in his hand as if in reminder.

Military orders were imperative. Zen received the task according to the token, and the Oneness Guard had to bring these warriors who had taken the task with him. Even though he looked down on Zen and Gant, he had no reason to chase them away.

If he left them behind, and Zen reported this to the Oneness Sky Palace, the Oneness Guard could be severely punished.

The Oneness Guard looked at Zen in surprise, grinned and said, "If you offend me, I have thousands of ways to put you to death. Are you sure you still want to follow me?"

"I only know that I need to complete my task," Zen insisted calmly.

The other eight people stared at Zen with strange expressions on their faces. They couldn't understand what he was doing.

It was a dark and dangerous path that Zen decided to traverse when he angered the Oneness Guard. If he was smart, he would know when to shut up, but since he insisted on his way, the others decided that he must be pretty stupid or insane.

"Do whatever you want," said the Oneness Guard grumpily. He turned his back on Zen harshly and left without a backward glance.

Without saying anything more, Zen fell into line behind the others.

In front of the line, the Oneness Guard introduced himself with pride.

His name was Maxim Lin, and he was not originally from Dragon City. He was a member of the Five-Color Sword Sect, and he became a member of the Oneness Guards when he succeeded in the qualifying exam.

Through his life vitality, Gant informed Zen that the sects affiliated with the Oneness Sky Palace were also qualified to select outstanding people to join the Oneness Guards. The Five-Color Sword Sect was well-known in the Bloom Divine Province.

"During the next few days, as we guard the Blue Cloud City, I expect that all of you will obey my commands. If you do otherwise, I assure you that you cannot possibly survive," Maxim Lin warned as he continued walking forward.

His words intimidated everyone, and their hearts fell to their feet. Only Zen kept pace with brisk steps.

Not long after, they arrived at their destination and a few flying ships appeared in front of them, along with other Oneness Guards who were waiting by the ships. Of course, these Oneness Guards had also brought their followers.

One of the Oneness Guards whistled at Maxim Lin and said with a mocking smile, "Your team looks good, Maxim! They look powerful."

As he spoke, he eyed Zen and Gant, and it was obviously that he was being sarcastic.

A wry smile appeared on Maxim Lin's face, and he said helplessly, "I have no choice. I can't drive them away, right? I'm also wondering how warriors who have barely reached the Other Shore Realm received such a task!"

The task of guarding the Blue Cloud City was not the most difficult one for the Oneness Guards, but it was one of the most difficult ones in Dragon City.

Except for the Oneness Guards, all the other warriors were in the third or fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm.

This made Zen and Gant stick out like sore thumbs.

Fortunately, the Oneness Guards just joked with Maxim Lin, and the latter soon ignored Zen and Gant.

While they waited, the Oneness Guards had gathered together and started talking about the war in the Mountain Viewing Province's frontier. They finally received the notice two hours later, and they quickly ordered their followers to board the flying ships.

With the Cage of Heaven and Earth, even the flying ships were unable to enter the space channels.

The only thing they could do was drive the flying ships and maintain a high speed, which meant that it took them a long time to travel from the Grand River Fortress to Blue Cloud City.

With the way they were flying, they could be attacked by the Sun Crow race at any time, and so no one dared to cultivate on the Other Shore during this time. Everyone was paying full attention to protect themselves from potential dangers.

Four days later, the flying ships finally arrived at their destination.

A dilapidated city loomed in front of them like a gigantic shadow.

It was a dead city, ruins and collapsed buildings lurked at every corner. Pillars of black smoke rose at the distance.

Zen glanced subtly at Gant, who had stood up at the sight. A flash of excitement and grief crossed Gant's face, just long enough for Zen to notice, and then it quickly disappeared.

Zen had long figured out that Gant must have come to Blue Cloud City because of something personal, but he never probed. In his mind, he knew that Gant would tell him about it when he was ready and willing to talk.

They both looked out when the flying ships descended lower and were met with the sounds of wailing and grief.

When the flying ships finally landed on the ground, they saw numerous old women and children that loitered around. They were gathered together and were begging the Oneness Guards to bring them out of the city.

Blue Cloud City, who had been flourishing years ago, was now a dangerous and ruined land. All its citizens were scrambling to leave at once.

The Oneness Guards didn't even deign to look at them, and they left with their own followers without even a backward glance.

Not long after, Maxim brought Zen and the others to the southern corner of the city. He hurriedly commanded them to wait and then left.

While they waited for the Oneness Guard to come back, they wandered on top of the city wall and looked outside. The sight of corpses piled high outside the city walls met them, and the smell of rotten flesh wafted from below.

Quack! Quack!

Five black Sun Crows were hovering like vultures over the dead bodies, and they dived periodically, pecked, and feasted on the bodies.

The Sun Crows looked up intelligently at them, their weird glass-like eyes studied them, only to turn back and feed on the corpses. It felt like a provocation, as the crows stared at them and fed.

Chapter 3097 Gant's Cousin

The people on the city wall withered under the cool dark stares of the black Sun Crows.

One of the warriors grew furious. He drew his blade and a beam of sword radiance shot out towards the Sun Crows.

The ray shot through the air, hitting one of the crows.

A black Sun Crow was cut in half, drenched in blood. The other crows squawked and flew into the air. After circling for a while, they landed on the ground and began to eat the corpses again.

The man who had just killed the Sun Crow glared at the other crows with hateful eyes. "These birds make me feel uncomfortable," he said coldly.

"They are just intelligent enough to be formidable opponents, but not intelligent enough to communicate or negotiate with," said someone else. "That's why it's so uncomfortable to watch them watching us back."

"How strange! Why would the Sun Crow race be able to fight well against humans, if they are not very intelligent?" Zen asked.

Many of the people with Zen had cultivation levels higher than his. However, they were friendlier towards him than Maxim had been. The warrior who killed the Sun Crow laughed and said to Zen, "If they were as intelligent as us, we would have been utterly destroyed a long time ago."

After all, the crows far outnumbered them, and they had more natural abilities too—like the ability to fly and attack with their beaks and claws—even without special training. The chief advantage of the human race in this war was their wisdom and the intelligence which they used to produce powerful weapons and learn fighting abilities.

Even the weakest of mortal humans were often far more intelligent than the members of other powerful races.

Most of the races that had some semblance of a civilization—such as the Sun Crows, the Ear Mice, or any of the other strange races living in the Source World—had only a few select individuals that possessed real wisdom. The vast majority of their races relied on instinct to survive.

"That makes sense, I suppose," Zen agreed.

There were ten of them on the city wall, including Zen and Gant.

The atmosphere had relaxed as soon as Maxim left, and the warriors took the opportunity to converse with each other, becoming more familiar with the lives and interests of their comrades.

The man who had just killed a Sun Crow was named Rupert Lu. He came from a famous clan, and had already signed for the qualifying test of the Oneness Guards. He came to Mountain Viewing Province for training.

Most of the Other Shore Realm warriors had their own personal reasons for choosing to come to Mountain Viewing Province despite the ongoing danger.

"By the way, Zen, what's your story? Since you've just entered the Other Shore Realm, you could have chosen to stabilize your cultivation in the Dragon City. Why come here at all, especially during these tumultuous times?" Rupert Lu asked.

Everyone turned to look at Zen, for they shared Rupert Lu's curiosity. Some had concluded that Zen was simply a daredevil courting death.

"My goals are the same as yours, Rupert. I'm also here to gain training experience," said Zen with a smile.

A middle-aged man named Alfie Lu spoke up. He had a pleasant, honest face and upright manner. "The two of you are young and should be careful. You can hide behind us if you're in danger," he said with a grin.

"Thank you for your concern. We will not bite off more than we can chew," Zen said politely.

Gant, standing behind Zen, rolled his eyes. He thought that Zen almost certainly did not need the protection of any of these people, and might in fact be the one who would end up protecting them when the going got rough.

They all stayed on the city wall for the next few hours, until Maxim returned. He arrived carrying a pile of black iron tokens. He tossed the tokens at the warriors.

Alfie Lu deftly caught his token. He examined it carefully. "What is this for? Can this token record our merit points?"

Maxim glanced at him. "These are ID tokens. The crows kill warriors by ripping their bodies into shreds. It's often impossible to identify the dead. These tokens will help to confirm your identity, if you should fall in battle."

Alfie Lu looked startled, and gave the iron token a closer look. "Really? These will be used to identify our dead bodies?"

Maxim said seriously, "I'm not kidding. Even the Oneness Guards have to use these tokens, and now you do too!"

His gaze swept sternly across the place, resting on Zen and Gant. "The crows like to attack in the early morning. You must be alert for the sound of the horn. If you are in serious danger, flee into the city."

He thought for a moment, and then pointed northwest. "There are four great arrays in Blue Cloud City. One of the arrays is located in that spot. I repeat, if you feel your lives are in serious danger, run towards that array. Those of you whose cultivation levels are too low stand no chance against the huge crow army. You will not be recorded as deserters if you choose to leave the battlefield."

Although Maxim had a short fuse, he wasn't unkind or ruthless.

His general bad disposition and quick temper were common traits among the Oneness Guards, who had experienced too much violence, suffering, and death to have too much patience in their dealings with other people.

The truth was that probably half of the warriors in the third and fourth stages of the Other Shore Realm would die within weeks. In a month's time, maybe three or four would be left standing. Maxim believed that Zen and Gant, newcomers to the Other Shore, would likely be included in the first batch of casualties.

Having said his piece, Maxim prepared to leave.

Gant suddenly spoke. "Master, may we move freely around the city?"

Maxim frowned. "What would you do? Blue Cloud City is, to be frank, dilapidated and worn out. You won't find much in the way of entertainment in this city." Gant looked disappointed, and Maxim sighed. He added. "But if you insist...Well, you must stand guard here for the first half of this month. In the second half, you are free to explore the city."

"Thanks," said Gant, sounding relieved.

Once Maxim was gone, Zen pulled Gant some distance away from the others, so they could speak in private. He asked, "What was that all about? What are you hoping to find here in Blue Cloud City?"

Zen had always suspected that Gant had some private motive, but he had held his peace, deciding it was up to Gant whether he would confide in him or not. But Zen couldn't wait any longer. In these dangerous times, it was important for him to know as much as possible.

Gant was quiet for so long that Zen feared he would simply refuse to answer. Finally, however, Gant began speaking slowly. "I came for my cousin. Her name is Eira Su, and it was through her that your Snow Sword was forged. You should know that Fergus' Wild Snow Sword was also forged using her blood."

"I see..."

Zen remembered the strange look on Gant's face when he purchased the Snow Sword. Now he understood why.

But why would Gant's cousin be in Blue Cloud City? The home of the Su Clan was Bloom Divine Province. The Su Clan was known for its skill in refining weapons, and when its members left their home, it was often to go to work in prestigious locations like Dragon City and the Oneness Sky Palace.

"The bloodline theurgy of the Ore Shadow race is to melt any metal in the world," Gant explained. "The discovery of a Shade Stone in Blue Cloud City has spurred the head of the Su Clan and six powerful weapon refiners of the Oneness Sky Palace to come here. Eira should be with them. In fact, unless I'm mistaken, the Shade Stone is probably one of the reasons why the Sun Crow race is attacking this city. Their race seeks to obtain the stone for themselves."

"But what is a Shade Stone? Why not just bring it back with them to Bloom Divine Province?" Zen asked. He was unfamiliar with many of the traditions in weapon refining.

Gant shook his head. "The Shade Stone is not something you can just pick up and take with you. It is a talisman hung between heaven and earth. Once it appears, it is entirely immovable. It can't be stored in the space ring. Any attempt to move the stone by force will cause it to disintegrate and disappear. The Su Clan has no choice but to refine it right where it is located."

Zen tilted his head. "That's quite interesting. I've never heard of that particular kind of magic item before."

"It's true. Consider this: A premium Other Shore Treasure, if refined by the Shade Stone, would be comparable to a primary Grand Nature Treasure. That's why the Su Clan and even the Oneness Sky Palace attach such great value to the Shade Stone."

Gant had learned most of this lore from his uncles.

He had been close to his cousin Eira since they were both children. She was of the bloodline of the Ore Shadow race, and a person such as herself was only born once in a thousand years. She was not suited for cultivation, but she was uniquely suited to the refinement of weapons. Since her birth, the Su Clan had forced her to refine weapons for the clan continuously. They had supplied dozens of Other Shore Treasures forged by Eira to the Oneness Sky Palace. This state of affairs had led to a rapid improvement in the status of the Su Clan in the palace.

Gant had heard that the Su Clan was here to use Eira to refine a premium Other Shore Treasure, which was second only to the Grand Nature Treasures. This had caused Gant great anxiety. He couldn't help but think that the refinement of that kind of treasure would require the sacrifice of Eira's life.

To be fair, it was not unheard of for members of the Su Clan to sacrifice their lives in order to forge weapons of incredible power and quality. Those who willingly sacrificed themselves thought their lives would be a worthy exchange for a peerless weapon that would be the culmination of all their life's work.

But Eira was not among the willing ones. She was being forced to give her life for the clan's ambitions.

"It's difficult for me to believe that a clan would sacrifice the life of one of its own members—a young girl, at that—just to refine a weapon," Zen admitted.

Gant drew his brows together, caught between a frown and a wry smile. Of course Zen was disbelieving. He himself still couldn't believe that his clan would actually choose to kill their precious Eira. What a cruel world they lived in!

Chapter 3098 Invasion

Although the human race had Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Divine Farmer behind them, they had a strong sense of crisis whenever the other races launched attacks on them.

Such sacrifices were common for the continuation of their race.

"But what's the use of you coming to the Blue Cloud City?" Zen asked.

A tinge of sadness flashed across Gant's eyes, but before Zen could ask again, he shook his head and said, "I know it's useless. I just want to see her."

Zen knew that he couldn't change Gant's mind, so he just sighed, "After this half of a month, I'll go with you."

In the next few days, Zen and the others stayed on the city wall in the southern part of the city.

Maxim had mentioned that if the Sun Crow race attacked, their horns would sound, but several days passed, and they didn't hear the sound of the horns. Gradually, they started to let their hair down and relax.

Alfie volunteered to keep watch since it was relatively calm anyway, and honestly, quite boring. He could handle the watch duty on his own just fine.

Meanwhile, the others sat cross-legged and went to the Other Shore, focused on their cultivation.

Zen also found a corner, where he sat and set up an enchanted barrier. Once everything was ready, he entered the Sea of Truth with his body.

His soul had reached the Other Shore, but his body stayed in the sixth line of the Sea of Truth.

It was much easier for him to swim in the Sea of Truth than sail the Truth Boat. After he crossed the sixth line, the blood-red water began to boil, but he barely felt the heat.

It took Zen's soul half a year to travel to the Other Shore in Dragon City, but his body took significantly less time.

It only took him six days to travel from the sixth line to the ninth line.

The warm water enveloped his body as he swam, and as he looked up, numerous Truth Boats appeared in front of him, most of them moored in the ninth line. It appeared that his presence had started a commotion.

"Someone is swimming in the sea!"

"I've seen this before, but nobody believed me when I told them! Now, he has even reached the ninth line!"

"Oh my God! He is not afraid of the seawater's erosion. How powerful is he?"

The Truth Boats that were closest to Zen started to come nearer in an attempt to befriend him.

"Sir, I don't know where you are from, but our sect wants to recruit you and offer you the best treatment."

"I'm a disciple of a powerful sect. If you haven't joined any force, I can recommend you."

"I'm a member of the Bearing race..."

Zen ignored all the voices that were calling to him like sirens, but when he heard someone mention the Bearing race, he hesitated in his tracks. He sought the speaker and looked him up and down, while the man stopped speaking abruptly. It was like he swallowed his tongue the moment Zen met his eyes.

The Nine Li race held a deep enmity with the Bearing race, but the speaker was innocent. It wouldn't be right to punish him for the sins of his race when he didn't do anything wrong. And so, Zen restrained his impulse and swam away.

There were usually tens of thousands of warriors gathered to try to reach the Other Shore. Today was not a good day to do that, but it didn't matter for Zen.

Under the gazes of the True Gods in the ninth line, Zen swam to the Other Shore alone.

Huge waves that were covered with raging flames rolled toward Zen, like a towering inferno.

He dived into the sea swiftly and avoided the flaming waves effortlessly.

'It seems that it is much easier for my body to reach the Other Shore than my soul. Maybe this is the reason why this method was forbidden, ' he thought as he continued to swim.

Four hours later, Zen finally reached the Other Shore. He stood at the beach, the golden sand warm on his toes.

He thought of the Sacred Mallow Temple, as he closed his eyes and basked in the warmth he felt.

He still had the Other Shore Key, which could open the Sacred Mallow Temple. He remembered that he saw a crack at the top of the temple during the last exploration, and he wondered if there was something hidden behind that crack.

According to Dorothy, the stones in the Sacred Mallow Temple were excellent Other Shore Tokens. He could take some away and sell them for soul pills.

Just as he determined to go to the Sacred Mallow Temple, he felt a stirring from his enchanted barrier.

Earlier, before he started to practice, he had made a deal with Gant.

They agreed that once the Sun Crow race arrived to invade them, Gant would touch the enchanted barrier he set up. That way, he could wake up swiftly. Cultivation was extremely risky in the face of such a strong enemy.

He knew then that he must leave. Without hesitation, he left the Other Shore.

At the other side, even before he opened his eyes, he could hear the sound of horns. It sounded like a stampede of beasts, deafening and wild.

He quickly removed the enchanted barrier and leaped for the city wall.

Others were standing tensely, their eyes locked at the horizon. All of them were looking at the distance, alert for any sign of their enemies' presence.

Zen's eyes narrowed when he spotted them. There was a cluster of dark clouds in the distance that blotted out the sky and sun. It was the Sun Crows gathered in the sky, so numerous that they appeared as one black dot. Strange sounds echoed from far away as if millions of demons were whispering in the air. The whispers felt intimately close, a caress of death in their ears, whispers of fear that clutched at their uneasy hearts.

"There are so many crows. How can we defeat them?" Alfie said with a sullen face.

He thought that the Blue Cloud City was just a small city and that the Sun Crow race wouldn't bother to attack it. Oh, how wrong he was.

"It shouldn't be a big problem," Rupert said with a cautious expression. "Blue Cloud City doesn't rely on us. We just need to guard this area."

There were many Oneness Guards in Blue Cloud City, and some of them were five-star ones.

The senior leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace were not idiots. They would save these guards if they failed to defend the Blue Cloud City.

"They're coming." Zen's eyes narrowed. It felt like the wind had stopped blowing and was instead being sucked away. Everything had grown eerily quiet.

The distant black clouds had suddenly dispersed and moved towards Blue Cloud City.

The clouds were gigantic so they looked slow, but in fact, the Sun Crows were flying at breakneck speed.

Phew!

When the dark clouds were around thirty miles away from the city, Zen suddenly felt an irresistible aura behind him.

Four huge light columns appeared in the city, and within the light columns, small white swords materialized. The swords soared into the sky, interlaced with each other, and then rushed in all directions.

"Wow! It's the Array of Innumerable Swords. The number of divine crystals used to shoot that amount of swords at the same time must be astronomical," Rupert exclaimed.

As an orthodox sword sect, the Oneness Sky Palace had all sorts of powerful sword arrays. The Array of Innumerable Swords was one of them.

The number of divine crystals that were spent on such a sword array was unimaginable. More than one hundred million divine crystals were probably spent per salvo.

The swishing sound the swords made filled the quiet of the wee hours of morning.

The still dark sky was tinged blacker than usual.

Countless small white swords flew, and the light they emitted lit up the whole sky.

The white swords swiftly rushed towards the Sun Crow race.

The white swords painted the sky in the colors of daylight, only to disperse and mix with the darkness of the Sun Crows. It appeared like a black-and-white painting, a breathtaking view, as they entangled and engulfed each other.

Soon, the dark crows lessened significantly. Countless black dots fell from the sky like raindrops, and the corpses of the Sun Crows piled up high on the ground.

The vast wilderness outside the Blue Cloud City was overlaid with black, and the metallic smell of blood filled the air.

Chapter 3099 The Sharp-winged Sun Crows

Tens of millions of swords rained down on the Sun Crows, killing most of them.

The rest of the Sun Crows had quickly dispersed to avoid the shower of swords. They screamed in anguish at their fallen kin, and dove towards the Blue Cloud City walls, claws poised to attack.

"Here they come!" Rupert's eyes sparkled and a hint of a smile played on his lips. He couldn't conceal his excitement. Turning to Zen and Gant, he instructed, "Guys, be careful!

If you can't resist them, hide under the city wall!"

With a long sword in his hand, Zen quietly inspected the invaders.

Gant, on the other hand, shuffled from one foot to the other nervously. He was keenly aware that he wasn't strong enough to fight such a fierce battle.

"Ca-Caw!"

The piercing screams of the Sun Crows filled the air. While most of the flock flew directly into the Blue Cloud City, a fraction of them circled over the people defending the city wall.

Crack!

Rupert pulled out a long sword with two blades. The blades glistened under the sun, reflecting the black of the Sun Crows that flew above.

"What a good sword! This is an intermediate Profound Blood Treasure, right?" Alfie asked, unable to conceal his envy.

Rupert nodded with a complacent expression.

Actually, he had paid a grand price to get this sword, but he wasn't going to tell Alfie that.

"Maple leaves!"

Rupert's eyes flashed as he held his long sword up in front of him with both hands. Suddenly, dots of red light materialized around him, forming the shape of a maple leaf.

As he swung his sword, bright red maple leaves arced in the air, slicing the Sun Crows cleanly.

"Impressive!"

Alfie raised an eyebrow, obviously impressed. Not wanting to be outdone, he wielded his sword.

"Coiled Snake Strike!"

As he spoke those words, a ray of snake-shaped radiance burst forth from his sword. The snake flew into the sky, piercing through multitudes of Sun Crows.

"Wow, it seems you've mastered the Coiled Snake Swordsmanship! I'm really impressed!" Rupert praised with a look of surprise on his face.

Not wanting to look weak, the others displayed their strength through their own sword skills. After all, they had dared to come to the Mountain Viewing Province.

Gant, however, rolled his eyes at them praising each other nonstop.

While his cultivation level was lower than that of the others, he knew he was their equal in terms of strength. 'I wonder if they could defend themselves against even one move from Zen, ' he thought.

In contrast, Zen calmly kept to himself.

He stood atop the city wall, poised with an ordinary long sword.

Every time a Sun Crow got near him, with a light flick of his wrist, a white light would flash and swallow the crow.

Zen didn't look particularly powerful, nor did he kill hundreds of Sun Crows in one blow, as the others did. However, upon Gant's close observation, he realized Zen's strategy.

Zen's goal was to kill only the Sun Crows that got close to the city wall. That way, he didn't need to exert so much energy.

'Zen truly is a capable Flag Master. He doesn't show off, unlike the others. He kills the Sun Crows that actually pose a threat to the city!' Gant gave a nod of wonder and satisfaction.

"Wow, that guy is really weak. He's only killing one or two crows at a time," the others muttered amongst themselves whenever they'd glanced at Zen's progress.

While they didn't know what sword skill Zen was using, they noticed he wielded his sword in a peculiar manner. He might be able to move faster, but the power in his strike was terribly weak.

After a while, the excitement died down.

These Sun Crows were the most common and weakest species in their race. As opposed to the Self-exploding Sun Crow and the Soul-depriving Sun Crow, these crows did not have their own innate abilities, other than sharp claws.

A few minutes passed. By now, fewer and fewer Sun Crows swooped down to attack, leaving the group with a sense of relief.

"With the help of the four arrays, it is a simple task to protect the Blue Cloud City," Alfie said with a confident smile.

Before the attack, he had been very anxious, but now he seemed completely relaxed.

"I'm afraid that it's not that simple," Rupert said ominously, his eyes staring at something in the distance.

A new flock of Sun Crows were approaching steadily. The warriors gripped their swords, poised to strike. However, once the crows were but a few thousand feet away from the city wall, rays of golden light suddenly flashed.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The black Sun Crows emitted golden lights.

And their speed increased a hundredfold.

Before they had a chance to react, the rays of golden light shot towards them at an incredible speed.

"Watch out!

Retreat!"

Rupert managed to shout as he tried to shake off his shock.

One of the men on the city wall tried to sidestep to avoid a shot of golden light, but he was a split second too late. As he stumbled backwards, he clutched his chest, only to find it was slashed open and bleeding profusely.

While the blow missed his vital organs, he lost his balance and stumbled over the end of the city wall.

The others witnessed this in shock, and hastily made their way down the city wall. All their confidence was lost as they warily watched the sky, looking out for rays of golden light.

"These are the Sharp-winged Sun Crows!" someone cried.

"Their wings are as sharp as a blade, and they fly incredibly fast. They are intelligent and cunning. They can easily cut open our bellies if we are not careful enough!"

"Lean against the wall! Don't reveal your weakness!"

The shots of golden light dashed so quickly that it was hard to swing their swords or cast their arrays at the crows.

Quickly losing hope, the people trembled with fear. Faced with formidable enemies, Gant knew what to do: stay close to Zen. 'If Zen can't kill these Sharp-Winged Sun Crows, no one can, ' he thought.

The Sharp-winged Sun Crows lived up to their reputation as intelligent creatures. They were keenly aware that if the people remained vigilant, they wouldn't have the opportunity to attack. Therefore, in the meantime, they decided to circle above the people, patiently awaiting a chance to strike.

A silence fell over the city wall as the two sides regarded each other quietly, each one waiting for the other to make a move. Suddenly, the sound of a large crack pierced the atmosphere. Zen abruptly turned around to see where the noise came from.

"Oh no!"

Zen cried in horror at the scene that greeted him. The man behind him had a gaping hole where his stomach should have been, blood and guts spilling everywhere.

Apparently, a cunning Sun Crow had managed to pierce through the city wall and right through the belly of this unfortunate man.

"Damn it!"

Grabbing that man's arm, Rupert rushed forward. "Don't lean on the wall!"

Everyone started screaming as they scrambled to find a safe spot.

The Sharp-winged Sun Crows recognized this as their chance, and shot down in golden streaks of light.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Panic filled the air as one after another person was shot in the stomach with a ray of golden light. How could they fight back?

Gritting their teeth, Alfie, Rupert and the others determinedly pointed their swords towards the sky. However, no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't seem to stop or even weaken their opponents. The speedy Sharp-winged Sun Crows easily dodged all of their attacks.

Just as everyone was losing hope, a white ray of sword radiance shot out into the sky.

Clap!

The sword radiance accurately hit a ray of golden light, completely swallowing it. When the radiance faded, the Sun Crow was nowhere to be found.

Before Rupert and the others even had the time to react, a second white ray of sword radiance was shot out.

Clap!

Another golden light was engulfed by the sword radiance.

Dazed and confused, the people looked around to see what was causing this white sword radiance, all except Gant. Gant smiled at the wielder of the long sword. Zen stood calmly behind the group, holding up his sword.

The Sharp-winged Sun Crows let out piercing screams. Just then, another shot towards him at incredible speed.

Zen didn't even wince; he calmly flicked his wrist, summoning another white ray of sword radiance.

Once again, the golden light was extinguished within the white ray. Suddenly, the Sharp-winged Sun Crows lined up to hit Zen's sword radiance as if they were bewitched.

"How can this be?" Rupert's mouth fell open in shock.

Only Gant knew what was going on.

Chapter 3100 Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array

Zen wasn't really acting too quickly, from the perspective of Alfie, Rupert, and the others.

In fact, the speed of him launching every strike was very slow as each strike took about three seconds.

But Zen was focused on accuracy over speed. Not a single one of his strikes missed its intended target.

His precision was almost inhuman in its mechanical perfection. Every strike was launched in the same way, with the same force, as if Zen was a robot programmed to repeat the exact same movement over and over again.

Everyone was surprised, and very impressed, by Zen's astonishing aim and efficiency.

The Sharp-winged Sun Crows fell before his strikes, one after another, like dominoes.

In less than half a minute, Zen had killed ten Sharp-winged Sun Crows.

They were intelligent creatures, at least as smart as the average human being.

The Sharp-winged Sun Crows couldn't fail to notice that they were gaining no ground. The loss of ten companions scared the remaining crows.

They communicated with each other in a series of furious quacks.

Finally, they seemed to come to an agreement. Quacking, the rest of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows rose, turned, and fled the scene.

The crowd watched the crows leave. They had been panicking when the Sharp-winged Sun Crows attacked them, but as soon as they were gone, they all turned to look at Zen as though he was a freak.

Many stared at him with awe and shock, processing what he had just done.

From atop the city wall, armed only with his sword, he had fended off the crows.

Every movement had been carefully calculated. Not only had he hit every crow he aimed at, none of the bodies fell within the boundaries of the wall. Zen had killed each one before it could enter the city limits.

"Zen, how did you do that?" Alfie asked, staring wonderingly at Zen.

Zen spun his long sword a few times, then, with a flash of light, sheathed it in his space ring. He smiled. "The important thing is to keep your focus. They're very fast, but they can be stopped if one acts with care as well as speed."

Sure, that sounded simple enough. But no one believed what he had just said.

Rupert's eyes flashed at Zen. "Just focus? Your performance just now was reminiscent of the martial skill of the Flow Sword Sect!"

"The Flow Sword Sect?" Zen raised his eyebrows, looking thoughtful.

After his battle with the young man named Milo, he had done extensive research on the Flow Strike.

He had found that the Flow Strike was similar in many ways to the Emotion Closing Godly Way. If he had the chance, he thought he would like to practice the Flow Strike too.

Rupert glared at him. "Yes! It's said that the martial skill of the Flow Sword Sect transforms the cultivators themselves, and anything they wield, into powerful swords. Each movement is skillful and instinctive, allowing warriors to enact feats of great power and strength..." Rupert trailed off, staring at Zen expectantly.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm a long way from being able to do any of that," Zen said lightly.

Everyone continued to stare at Zen, convinced he was just being modest.

His astonishing skills had saved the lives of everyone present. His feat with the crows had changed their impression of Zen completely.

So, this guy was not as simple as he had seemed!

Alfie suddenly flushed, recalling how he had asked Zen to hide behind him earlier.

"What should we do now?" someone in the crowd shouted.

Rupert considered it for a moment. "We should stay here and stand guard. That's the order given by Master Maxim."

They were affiliated with the Oneness Guards, and bound to obey Maxim's orders. Any disobedience would result in punishment.

But it would be all right to stand guard now. Zen had already driven away the immediate threat of the dangerous and troublesome Sharp-winged Sun Crows. Everyone felt relief at how the crows had retreated. In the meantime, Rupert helped to heal the two warriors of the Other Shore Realm, who had sustained injuries. Alfie and the others returned to the city wall to fulfill Maxim's order.

The southern corner of the city where Zen and the others were stationed was not an important location. This spot was not the primary target of the Sun Crow race. Instead, they would aim to reach the four Arrays of Innumerable Swords in the city.

In the distance, they could still hear the sound of swords ringing, as well as the squeaks and cries of the crows.

The fight in the Blue Cloud City lasted until the faint glow of sun appeared on the horizon. When all the attackers from the Sun Crow race were finally driven away, Maxim arrived.

He looked terrible. His face was pale, his body was riddled with small wounds, and his suit of armor was badly torn and scratched.

It was clear from his expression that he had expected to find something else upon arriving at this south station. He glanced at the people manning the city wall.

All ten of them were alive! And only two had been injured...

This attack launched by the Sun Crow race was the fiercest one recently. In other areas of the wall, many Oneness Guards had lost their lives in the battle.

Indeed, the Other Shore Realm warriors tasked with defending the city wall had suffered great losses today. Some stations had lost virtually all their guards.

Maxim had been worried for Zen and Gant, whom he viewed as inexperienced and reckless. He had thought they wouldn't stand a chance against the Sharp-winged Sun Crows. To his surprise, both Zen and Gant were completely unharmed.

Maxim was nonplussed. "All of you... Is everyone all right?" he asked.

Rupert stepped forward to give a full report. "Master Maxim, this morning, the Sun Crow race launched an aggressive attack against us. We did our best to defeat them."

"And it seems you have succeeded. Well done," said Maxim, nodding at Rupert.

Maxim believed that there must be one or two warriors in the group that had demonstrated their real strength to back off the enemy. He guessed that Rupert and Alfie would be the ones who had shown themselves as more capable than the others. He had recognized their strength and talents the moment he met them, and knew that the Other Shore Tokens they had merged were perhaps also extraordinary.

Maxim took a deep breath and spoke to everyone assembled, "I know you have traveled thousands of miles to come here. Most of you aim to accumulate merit points and join the ranks of the Oneness Guards. If you can make great contributions here, with my recommendation, you will all have a good chance to become Oneness Guards very soon. Come on, everyone!"

The warriors stirred at his announcement, feeling a sense of excitement. Merit points were everyone's goal. In order to be promoted and take the test to become a Oneness Guard, a person would need a high number of merit points. But in the end, the points were only a means to an end; the final goal was to become part of the ranks of the Oneness Guards.

To receive Master Maxim's recommendation meant that there was a chance to directly join the Oneness Guards in the Mountain Viewing Province. That was a huge step forward and it would save them a lot of time and effort.

Upon their return to their own clans or sects, such a feat would be considered highly commendable, and their status would rise accordingly.

"The Sun Crow race have ceased their attack for now. We are no longer on high alert, so you may leave this station to get some rest. Each of you can get ten divine crystals by the tokens I gave to you," said Maxim. He nodded at everyone, then walked away.

It would be nearly impossible for the Sun Crow race to return and attack them again after they had just been defeated in a major battle. Despite this, Rupert and the others decided not to leave the wall, and they sat in meditation to cultivate.

Gant, meanwhile, had been heartened by the news that they could leave the wall temporarily. He went to Zen. "Flag Master, I want to go and see Eira."

He knew there was a chance that Eira was already dead, but he had vowed not to give up until he saw her for himself.

Zen patted him on the shoulder. "Okay, we'll go together."

They left the wall, and traveled through the southern districts of the city. Every area they saw was a mess, littered with rubble and corpses.

Dead crows could be seen everywhere on the ground. Their feathers littered the roofs and streets. Some of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows were actually a vivid red in color, as large as an average man; and these strong and intelligent three-legged crows were perhaps the main fighting force of the Sun Crow race.

Fortunately, these red crows did not attack the south of the city this morning.

Despite this, the crows had still managed to do a lot of damage. The cries of women and children could be heard among the ruins. In their determination to reach the four large arrays, the Sun Crow race had wreaked great havoc in Blue Cloud City. Not only guards but civilians had died in the battle.

As they passed through, seeing people grieving and suffering, Zen frowned.

Wars between different races were somehow more brutal than wars among different groups of human beings. In this kind of war, there was no mercy, no communication or empathy. There were only battles that led to death and devastation.

As Zen and Gant had made their way to the center of the city, something strange happened. Several beams of green light suddenly appeared ahead of them, emitting a strong aura of energy.

Gant's face was bathed in the green glow of the light. "It's the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array of our Su Clan," he said definitively.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of

FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3101 Raphael Su

Ahead of Zen and Gant was the silhouette of a tall, imposing wall. It was over a hundred feet high.

As they moved closer, they saw that the wall was being patrolled by grave-looking Oneness Guards in military attire.

Zen and Gant continued walking. But they soon found their way blocked by a Oneness Guard.

"This is a restricted area. You are not allowed to get any closer," he said stiffly.

Gant had no choice but to leave with Zen.

The two of them walked alongside the high wall, trying to find another entrance. However, they were forced to conclude that the area was entirely enclosed by the wall.

Since they kept their distance, the Oneness Guards didn't pay any attention to them. Gant came up with the idea of using his spiritual sense for exploration. He stood motionless outside the wall and allowed his spiritual sense to expand towards the wall. But as his spiritual sense probed the top of the wall, about to go inside, a yellow light curtain rose from the surface of the wall. It blocked his spiritual sense completely. A Oneness Guard noticed what he was doing and came over to reprimand him.

"Fine, we'll go somewhere else," Gant said with some frustration.

Many of the buildings near the center of the Blue Cloud City had sustained some degree of damage. Soldiers had commandeered some of the structures for their temporary use.

Meanwhile, enterprising locals set up makeshift booths and sold daily necessities and other items.

Zen and Gant wandered around the impromptu marketplace, taking an interest in some of the things displayed. There were long swords, fragmented runes, and unknown ores for sale.

Gant could identify most of the items, but they were of inferior quality, so he and Zen had no interest in buying anything.

As they turned a corner, they heard a man shouting, "Swords from the Su Clan! Swords from the Su Clan are on sale. Come take a look!"

In the next street, there was a middle-aged man with a unibrow perched behind a booth containing three swords. The swords caught Zen's and Gant's attention immediately. The surface of the blades emitted a faint green light, and each sword was embedded with a magnificent gem. At a glance, they seemed to be extraordinary, peerless weapons.

Then Gant noticed the middle-aged man, and his eyes narrowed.

Zen noticed his expression. "Do you know that man?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I know him. He is... Well... He is..." Gant hemmed and hawed for a moment, and Zen waited patiently. Finally Gant admitted, "He is one of my uncles."

Zen smiled. "That's good, right? Since he is your uncle, then we can ask him for some news. And as an elder of your clan, he must have knowledge."

To Zen's confusion, Gant looked even more awkward and unhappy at his words.

Gant clenched his teeth. In a low voice he said, "My uncle is not a reliable man. Look at the swords he's selling."

Not all the members of the Su Clan had attained success. This uncle of Gant's, for instance, had been born with good talent, but instead of developing his skill, he devoted his time to tricks and trouble-making. His name was Raphael Su. The elders of the Su Clan had often expressed their worry at the direction he had chosen to take in his life.

Now, having reached adulthood, Raphael remained a lazy, good-for-nothing bum. He refused to work until he ran out of divine crystals, whereupon he would resort to scams and deception to get some more.

The Su Clan was widely renowned for its superior ability to forge and refine weapons, so Raphael often capitalized on those skills to fool others into buying weapons from him.

Zen and Gant studied the swords in front of Raphael. They now found them all ordinary. They wouldn't even rank as primary Profound Blood Treasures.

During refinement, Raphael had added some unknown runes and gadgets to the swords to improve their grade.

Indeed, he had once succeeded in selling an ordinary long sword for the price of a premium Profound Blood Treasure. He had made over ten million divine crystals in that sale, by swindling a credulous young man from a large clan in the Bloom Divine Province.

But although Raphael had managed to deceive the young man, he couldn't deceive everyone else.

The first time the young man showed off his sword, others immediately informed him that it was fake and ordinary, not worth the stupendous price he had paid for it. The young man was humiliated. He went to the elders of his own clan, who then confronted the elders of the Su Clan to demand compensation.

To save face, the Su Clan compensated them for the price of the fake sword.

Even worse, by the time the Su Clan found Raphael, he had already spent every single one of the divine crystals paid to him by the young man.

Like many in his clan, Gant disliked Raphael and looked down on him. Unfortunately, he had run out of options. As things stood, Raphael was the only other member of his family who was with him now in Blue Cloud City. He had no choice but to put his trust in him.

With a heavy sigh, Gant walked up to his uncle, Zen following closely behind him. Raphael kept talking without looking up, "Sirs, please examine my wares. Look as closely as you want! The swords of the Su Clan are famous throughout the land. These exceptional swords I have here were crafted before my very eyes, by our master who is renowned for—"

Gant cut off the endless flow of words. "Uncle Raphael!"

At the sound of his own name, Raphael looked up. He squinted at his nephew. "Gant, is that you? What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in Dragon City?"

Gant grinned wryly. "I'm trying to earn some merit points outside Dragon City."

"So you're here to earn merit points? Gant, do you have a death wish?" Raphael said. For once, he looked wholly serious.

He had been in the Blue Cloud City for some time now. He was well protected by the Oneness Guards by virtue of his membership in the respected and wealthy Su Clan.

However, the Oneness Guards had been dealt a severe blow, and many in their ranks were dead or incapacitated. Neither he nor Gant was safe here now.

Raphael knew that his brother, Gant's father, had initially refused to allow Gant to go to Dragon City. Father and son had a blazing row about it. If Gant's father found out that his son had somehow ended up in Blue Cloud City, he would be even more furious.

In general, despite his disagreements with his father, Gant was very respectful towards the elders of the Su Clan. Well, except for Raphael.

He didn't even bother to answer Raphael's question. Instead, he went straight to his own concerns. "Uncle, do you know where Eira is?"

"Why do you ask?" Raphael retorted. He waved his hand at Gant. "I know nothing. Leave. I have swords to sell."

He pointedly turned away from Gant and resumed his shouting. "Swords by the Su Clan!"

Gant scowled. "Uncle Raphael! Hey! Uncle Raphael!"

But Raphael stolidly ignored Gant, no matter how much his nephew tried to catch his attention.

Gant was getting exasperated. His uncle kept shouting over him. Then suddenly, another voice joined the cacophony. A cold voice shouted from behind them, "You bastard! What is this rubbish you sold to me yesterday?"

Gant, Zen, and Raphael turned in unison. Three Oneness Guards were coming towards them. They were all in military uniform, led by a three-star Oneness Guard.

One of the guards looked furious, and he was carrying a broken sword. Gant raised an eyebrow. He had no difficulty guessing where that inferior weapon had come from.

The three-star Oneness Guard had bought the sword from Raphael yesterday. He had been convinced that it was a Profound Blood Treasure, bought at a bargain price. Unfortunately, when he flaunted the sword in front of the other guards, it had broken almost immediately. Angry at the ruse, he went to confront Raphael.

Raphael quickly put on an ingratiating smile. "Sirs, calm down. I can explain..."

A blade swished in the air.

Most of the Oneness Guards were quite short-tempered. The one who had bought the sword from Raphael was especially impatient. Grabbing

Raphael, he swung the broken weapon across his body, and it was damaged even further, splintering into several pieces.

The other guards chimed in to support their leader. "How dare you sell that kind of stuff here! It's fraud!"

"It's very bold of you to trick Oneness Guards. Bold, and foolish!"

The third-star Oneness Guard threw the broken sword in front of Raphael and sneered, "I know you are a member of the Su Clan, so I won't put you on the spot. I paid you three hundred thousand divine crystals yesterday. Return them to me."

All things considered, the demand for compensation was a very reasonable request. But it was a request Raphael could not accommodate. Looking somewhat ashamed, he admitted, "I have spent all of what you paid me. I don't have any divine crystals to pay you back."

The three-star Oneness Guard stared at Raphael. "What is your solution, then? How do you think we should solve this problem? Do you want me to go straight to your elders? Or can you find a way to return my divine crystals?"

Raphael smiled bitterly. During his years in this city, he had become notorious among many of its inhabitants. He would not be able to borrow or obtain three hundred thousand divine crystals any time soon. Going to the Su Clan was not an option. They had bailed him out too many times before. They would not hesitate to punish him, and in fact might outright refuse to help him, if they discovered this latest misdeed.

Under the hard stares of the Oneness Guards, Raphael fidgeted anxiously. He regretted ending up in this dilemma. He should have gone into hiding as soon as he sold that sword yesterday. He hadn't expected them to discover it was a fake so quickly.

Watching from the sidelines, Zen and Gant exchanged meaningful glances. They each knew what the other was thinking. Zen nodded at Gant to indicate he agreed.

Gant stepped forward. To the guards he said, "This man is my uncle." Then he turned to Raphael. "Uncle, I can give you three hundred thousand divine crystals right now."

Chapter 3102 The Shade Stone's Sign

Raphael was trying to figure out a way out of his dilemma, but there was simply no way he could get his hands on so many divine crystals so quickly.

When Gant spoke up, Raphael was greatly surprised. He gave his nephew a strange glance. "First, why would you help me? And also, how did you get your hands on that amount of divine crystals?" he asked.

As far as Raphael knew, Gant's father had refused to provide his son with financial support after they fought over Gant's plans to go to the Dragon City.

Gant looked coldly at his uncle. "Where I got the divine crystals is none of your business. As for why I'll help you, I have just one request. Tell me about Eira," he said bluntly. "And if you don't, I'll leave you to the dubious mercies of these Oneness Guards."

The Oneness Guards, listening to Gant and Raphael, felt even more disdain for the fraudulent sword-seller. They wondered how such a man could be part of the Su Clan. At any rate, the Su Clan or not, they would make him suffer if he declined his nephew's offer and failed to give them their divine crystals.

Raphael was hesitant, but he knew he had no other choice. With some reluctance he agreed to Gant's terms.

He studied Gant with trepidation, wondering if he really had hundreds of thousands of divine crystals on hand.

Gant turned to Zen. "Flag Master, please!"

Zen extended his hand, turning up his palm. Light flashed from his space ring. In a moment, a pile of divine crystals appeared in his hand.

The Oneness Guards collected them, gave Raphael a last mocking sneer, then turned and left them alone.

As soon as the Oneness Guards were gone, color returned to Raphael's deathly pale face. What a close call! He shuddered to think what would have happened if Gant hadn't bailed him out.

Gant had no time for further distractions. He asked, "Well? Where is Eira? Is she all right?"

Raphael sighed and seemed to be deep in thought. "The truth is that she is very weak. She hasn't been able to recover any strength and has been in a coma because too much of her blood has been drained..."

"How could they do that?" Gant murmured. A vision of Eira's pale, bloodless face came to him, and his own face darkened. His heart ached.

"I'm afraid they won't stop until they've squeezed everything they can out of Eira," said Raphael gloomily.

The weapon refiners of the Su Clan, famous for their skills, were also notorious for being rather cold-blooded in exercising those skills. The refinement of legendary weapons often required a higher price than just effort and diligence. Raphael was one of the exceptions—he did not approve of the lengths to which the Su Clan members would go in order to refine weapons.

"Can't they take just a few days off?" asked Gant helplessly.

If they kept draining Eira's blood to refine weapons, her body would wither and she would die.

She needed time, time to rest and recover. Blood-producing magic pills would help the recovery process too.

"There's no time to waste. The Sun Crow race keeps attacking us. Everyone is desperate for weapons. Not to mention, the Shade Stone can't be moved at all. The Su Clan believes they have no choice but to sacrifice Eira," Raphael said, shaking his head.

Gant clenched his jaw. Of course the Su Clan would never consider choosing Eira's life over their own reputation and traditions.

"Let me talk to my father!" Gant demanded. There was a look of deep resolution in his eyes.

"Talk to your father? Are you crazy? If he found out you were here, he would find a way to prevent you from ever leaving again," Raphael said. He put a hand on Gant's shoulder. "Thank you for your help. And now, I advise you to return to the Dragon City as soon as possible. This is a dangerous place, and your father will not receive you with open arms."

Gant ignored the advice. "Take me to my father! Otherwise, I will retrieve my three hundred thousand divine crystals from those guards," he threatened.

Raphael fell silent. He did not actually think Gant could recover the divine crystals from the Oneness Guards, but he felt impressed by his nephew's determination. He thought Gant was being foolish, and very brave.

He considered for a moment. Then he said, "Very well. I will take you there, but not to talk to your father, only to visit Eira. Is that clear?"

"Fine," said Gant quickly.

Raphael put away his swords and closed his booth. He began walking into the heart of the city, with Gant and Zen following behind him.

As they walked, Gant spoke to Zen through life vitality. "Flag Master, I appreciate your help. I will repay you for the divine crystals no matter how long it takes."

He knew that three hundred thousand divine crystals, such a large sum to him and his uncle, was only a small number to Zen. Nonetheless, he could not take such an amount without vowing to pay it back.

"It's not a big deal for me. Please forget it," said Zen calmly.

Zen thought Gant was among the most hardworking of his subordinates. Not to mention, Zen's Sword-reading Liquid business was doing well and raking in large amounts of money. Three hundred thousand divine crystals was truly an insignificant sum to him, especially in the face of Gant's plight. He would give his followers divine crystals if they needed them, Gant included.

Gant said nothing. He stayed silent for the rest of the way.

Finally, they reached the wall, which was still patrolled by the Oneness Guards. The guards moved to block their way.

However, Raphael showed them a token, and the Oneness Guards immediately allowed them to pass.

Just before they entered, Zen saw the magic array. It was comprised of vibrant red lines, and supposedly able to prevent the Soul-depriving Sun Crows from seizing human bodies.

As they walked past the wall, Zen saw several glowing green columns ahead of them.

A dark, square-shaped stone floated in the center of these columns.

The stone was suspended in midair, and hung completely still, as though it was placed on top of some invisible structure. There was magic in its aura. This must be the Shade Stone that Gant had mentioned to him earlier.

"After so many years, another Shade Stone has popped up. Haha! But I'm afraid there isn't much time left..." The voice of No. 9527 suddenly rang in Zen's mind.

"There isn't much time left? What do you mean by that?" Zen wondered.

No. 9527 chose not to answer Zen's question. "I wonder what kind of Other Shore Token is stored within this Shade Stone..."

"So you are interested in this?" Zen asked, feeling deeply curious.

Over the years, not much had caught the attention of No. 9527, not even the Soaring Snake Sword.

Zen tried to remember everything Gant had told him about the Shade Stone. It could only be refined into the premium Other Shore Treasure that was comparable to a primary Grand Nature Treasure, but Zen had some doubts about that.

"My interest has nothing to do with the refinement of weapon. Actually, this is a sign," No. 9527 replied.

"What kind of sign?" Zen said, confused.

No. 9527 sounded reflective. "You can regard it as a timer. Think of it as a grain of sand falling from the sand clock... it is a sign of the degradation of order into chaos."

"Can you be more specific?" Zen sounded a bit frustrated.

"No."

"Well, then..."

Zen sighed. It wasn't the first time that No. 9527 said something mysterious and indecipherable.

He walked with Gant and Raphael past the stone, and around the huge Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array. Eventually, they reached a simple building.

Raphael entered the building first. He emerged a short while later, waving for Zen and Gant to come closer. "Remember, you must leave as soon as you have seen Eira. If your father finds out about this, all of us will be in big trouble."

Gant and Zen quietly slipped inside. Raphael led them to a room with a small blood-red array in one corner. A girl dressed in white lay at the center of the array.

The young girl was quite pretty. But her lovely face was white as a sheet, and her breathing was slow and shallow. It was obvious that she had already lost too much blood.

The red array flashed, and more drops of blood oozed out of the young girl's body.

"Eira!"

The sight of Eira, so pale and weak, sent a pang of pain through Gant. He rushed forward as though to pull her to safety.

Raphael seized him by the arm. "Stop it!" he hissed. "Are you insane?"

Gant was furious. "They are the ones who are insane! Eira is dying, and still they drain her of more blood!" he shouted. He tried to shake his arm free, but Raphael maintained his grip.

"You know there's nothing I can do! If you want to save her, good luck persuading your father to do so! After all, you don't have the ability to remove her from the array either... or do you?" Raphael asked. He met his nephew's eyes.

Chapter 3103 A Family Conflict

Gant was baffled upon hearing Raphael's words.

Here, many Su Clan members and Oneness Guards heavily guarded the area by keeping their eyes and ears open.

So what if he found Eira? He could barely say a word to her, let alone take her away.

"After Eira was born, her parents died. I know she leads a miserable life and I feel sorry for her. But there's nothing I can do." Raphael let out a sigh and said, "You'd better leave first. Yesterday you survived the Sun Crow race's attack in Blue Cloud City. You ought to get as much rest as you can."

As Gant's father ascended to the position of the Su Clan master, he employed strict rules which demanded that all Su Clan members must prioritize the clan above all else with great sacrifice.

However, the members were not in favor of Eira dying unless there was no other way. After all, she was born with the purest blood of the Su Clan.

"But..."

There was nothing left to do. Gant felt hopeless and couldn't accept that this was the fate that awaited Eira.

At that moment, the door was flung open.

Three people walked in.

They were dressed in white clothing that was adorned with the patterns of flame and sword on its shoulders—they were from the Su Clan.

A middle-aged man led the group. His features included long eyebrows and big, brown eyes which he now used to glance around the room with a piercingly cold gaze.

The three people were surprised to find out that they weren't alone in the room. As soon as the middle-aged man caught a glimpse of Raphael, he called out to him, "Raphael? What are you doing here? I thought you..."

Before he could finish his words, the middle-aged man noticed Gant beside Raphael. His eyes were momentarily full of confusion before being replaced by the fierceness. He shouted, "Gant! What are you doing here?"

The middle-aged man was Cailen Su, Gant's father.

Previously, Gant was frightened whenever he had to be around his father.

However, at this moment, he straightened his neck and exclaimed fearlessly, "I'm here to take Eira away! Father, there's no need for her to sacrifice her own life for the Su Clan."

Gant had been at odds with his father ever since he decided to go to the Dragon City. Cailen Su had decided to take Gant home and subject him to strict discipline after successfully refining the Shade Stone. He never expected Gant to come to the Blue Cloud City and defy him once more.

"Hmmm... So you believe she doesn't have to sacrifice herself for our clan? Need I remind you that the Su Clan has achieved the power it has now because of the sacrifices of thousands of Su Clan members? If there is no such a powerful clan to support you, who do you think you are? If so, I'm afraid you are even unable to enter the Dragon City!" Cailen Su uttered in a tone that would send chills down anyone's spine.

Over the years, the Su Clan managed to steadily increase its status in the Oneness Sky Palace thanks to the decisions and actions of Cailen Su.

"Whether I can enter the city or not is none of your business. Today, I have to take Eira away!" Gant proclaimed loudly.

"How dare you! If you even think about taking her away, I make sure that you can never leave this city!" Cailen scolded.

Gant squared his shoulders and walked straight towards Eira. He tried to cross the blood red array and draw her out.

"You're asking for death!"

Gant's two uncles, Ruben Su and Ableson Su who were on either side of Cailen Su, didn't move, while Cailen Su was furious.

Being a weapon refiner, Cailen Su possessed a high cultivation base which helped strengthen his power. He was a powerful warrior in the seventh stage of the Other Shore Realm.

With his arm stretched out, he began to try and slap some sense back into Gant. If his palm managed to make contact with his face, his son would be met with an attack equivalent to at least 30 divine megatons of force!

The slap could potentially disable or even kill him!

"Cailen!"

Raphael called out as he hastily made his way in front to block Gant from the attack.

"Fuck off!"

Unfortunately, Raphael had poor weapon refining skills and his cultivation base was weaker than those of his brothers. He was easily slapped away by Cailen Su, taking in all the force that came with it.

"Phew."

Cailen Su raised his hand once more and rushed towards Gant.

Gant ignored Cailen's action and decided then and there that he would accept whatever cruelty his father would throw at him—even if it meant death.

Gently turning his hand, Zen summoned the energy of the demonic eye which started to gather in his palm.

He quickly moved to Gant's side and pushed his arm forward.

Zen's palm strike seemed to be slow but it was extremely fast in fact, as it blocked Cailen's attack.

"Bang!"

When Zen's and Cailen's palms made contact, the resulting power was formidable.

The force spread out from under their feet and shook the entire building violently.

"It's normal for father and son to quarrel over family affairs. But this is going way too far," Zen pointed out slowly.

Cailen's rage made him want to teach his son a hard lesson.

However, he wasn't expecting his attack to be blocked by the young man in front of him now. He was stunned.

Gant's uncles shared the same baffled expression on their faces.

They noticed that Zen's cultivation base was slightly weaker than Gant's. They presumed that he was just Gant's friend from the Dragon City that was just in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm. He was someone that no one would notice immediately.

However, Zen was able to resist Cailen's attack with ease, which gave everyone an entirely new impression of him.

Even a warrior in the third or fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm could never resist Cailen's palm strike easily like Zen did.

"Who are you? This business concerning my family has nothing to do with you," Cailen Su iterated callously.

Although he didn't fear Zen, Cailen Su decided not to underestimate Zen. He knew that, despite being only at the first stage of the Other Shore

Realm, this man was truly powerful and had a strong background.

"Gant isn't just a member of the Su Clan," Zen uttered seriously. "He's part of my team too. As the Flag Master, it's my duty to protect him."

After staring at Zen for quite some time, Cailen Su addressed him with a cold smile and said, "You're nothing but a Flag Master. And yet here you are trying to prevent us from refining the Shade Stone. No matter which clan you're a part of, you're asking for death!"

With that, scorching power emitted from his body. He had summoned his Other Shore Token—the Demonic Fire Dragon Scale of Stage Seven.

As the sweltering power dispersed, everyone felt as though their faces had suffered severe burns.

Gant's two uncles, Ruben Su and Ableson Su, stepped back.

The building was meant to be temporary and so its foundation wasn't strong enough to withstand the heat.

With a loud crackle, the building walls began to crack.

The Oneness Guards, who were outside the building, heard this. Deciding to investigate, they went in and saw what was happening.

Zen stood still, his pupils slightly contracting.

Cailen Su was in the seventh stage of the Other Shore Realm, which meant that even if Zen went all out, he'd just barely be able to survive.

But Zen had no intention of going all out. This was never what he intended upon escorting Gant. Cailen Su was Gant's father after all.

Gant, who had already passed through the blood red array, turned around and stopped in front of Zen. "Father," he addressed Cailen Su, "if you wish to kill me, your insignificant son, then do it. But please, don't attack my Flag Master!"

Gant was thankful to Zen for taking care of him during their long journey towards the Blue Cloud City. Now, he wanted to return the favor by being the protector.

Cailen's eyes twitched as he stared at his son standing before him.

He never intended on killing Gant, even if he never lived up to his standards.

The room began to gradually cool down. Waving his hands furiously, Cailen Su shouted, "Get out!"

Chapter 3104 A Hopeless Choice

Bang!

The door banged shut tightly.

The Oneness Guards threw Zen, Gant, and Raphael out.

"Why was I kicked out?" Raphael said, a bitter smile on his face.

Gant stood still, looking desperate.

"Gant, you don't have to worry. They won't be so cruel to Eira. Besides, her bloodline is so rare that they won't want to lose her," Raphael said in an attempt to comfort Gant.

Gant glared at Raphael before retorting, "Do you think my father is not heartless enough to Eira? Look at her! She looks like she's dying!"

Raphael frowned as he said, "Gant, I have to remind you that you and Eira are cousins. You can't marry her."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Gant's expression changed.

"I was just reminding you," Raphael said, chuckling.

Zen smiled and shook his head at their conversation. "We must consider everything carefully before making a decision. Besides, your uncle is right. Since Eira's bloodline is so special and valuable, they won't let her die."

The array not only extracted Eira's blood, but also kept replenishing her blood vitality. As long as her blood vitality was replenished in time, the array would not kill her.

The Oneness Guards and the Su Clan had tried their best to detain her. So it was impossible for the three of them to take her away, especially since they didn't have a proper excuse to do so.

Gant believed Zen, but he didn't think they were able to take his cousin away.

Gant and Zen were just about to leave

when a roar resounded from high above them.

Zen looked up to see a faint shadow appear in the air above the Blue Cloud City.

He frowned at the sight.

The Cage of Heaven and Earth had covered the entirety of the Mountain Viewing Province. How could anyone in the Mountain Viewing Province use the Grand Teleportation?

Zen noticed that the shadow was gradually condensing under his gaze. Two wings, each a hundred feet wide, spread out, revealing a half-naked woman at their center.

The woman's eyes were closed, as if she was not awake, and her body emitted a faint golden light.

She flapped her wings gently and they wrapped up her entire body within them. The golden light then suddenly shot out in four directions.

"The directions of the four golden lights!" Zen's eyes widened.

Even Cailen, who had just let Zen, Gant and Raphael out, was shocked to see this, along with a few high-level members of the Oneness Guards.

The directions in which the four golden lights had shot were the four Arrays of Innumerable Swords in the Blue Cloud City!

Buzz!

Each Array of Innumerable Swords was guarded by more than ten Oneness Guards, including a five-star Oneness Guard.

When these Oneness Guards saw the golden lights shooting towards them, they immediately raised an alarm.

Woo...

But it took a long time for the Arrays of Innumerable Swords to absorb the divine crystals.

After the Cage of Heaven and Earth was activated, the humans and the Sun Crow members couldn't use the Grand Teleportation anymore, which was why the Oneness Guards hadn't expected the half-naked woman to use the Grand Teleportation and launch a sudden attack.

The four golden lights hovered above the four arrays, waiting for the woman's next order.

The woman, who was still suspended in the air, said, "Truth of Holy Words, Golden Light Extinction."

Swoosh!

The four golden lights poured down from the sky like four torrents of water.

"Step back!"

When the Oneness Guards guarding the Arrays of Innumerable Swords felt the power of the golden lights, only one thought was on their minds: to run for their lives.

They couldn't resist the formidable energy attack, and they didn't want to be destroyed with the arrays. So all they could do was run.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Four loud bangs set the whole Blue Cloud City shaking.

As the four golden lights poured down, the four Arrays of Innumerable Swords were destroyed.

The woman looked down upon the Blue Cloud City. Her lips turned up into a faint smile, turning up her charm multi-fold. Her wings flapped before she turned into a faint shadow and vanished into thin air.

In the face of the sudden attack, the Blue Cloud City was in a mess.

"Space is confined by the Cage of Heaven and Earth, so no one can use the Grand Teleportation, right? How did that woman do it?" Zen asked.

Gant and Raphael didn't have any answer to this.

There was one thought on all of their minds. Now that the four Arrays of Innumerable Swords had been destroyed, the Sun Crow race would not let go of this opportunity. They could only imagine what was going to happen to the Blue Cloud City in the future.

"The Cage of Heaven and Earth is a good method, but there is still a way to break it with the Truth of Void Destruction and some special Other Shore Token. The woman who had just appeared was just an Illusory Projection. Her real body wasn't here," explained No. 9527.

It would answer all of Zen's questions unless they were related to the depths of the Other Shore.

"What? The woman was just an Illusory Projection? But she possessed such strength!" Zen said, his eyebrows rising in shock.

The force contained in the golden lights could probably have reached ten thousand divine megatons.

Even an Illusory Projection could release this level of strength. Zen couldn't help but wonder how powerful the woman's real body must be.

Zen was deep in thought when a loud voice sounded from inside the Blue Cloud City, spreading throughout the entirety of the city.

"All Oneness Guards and followers, please retreat to the center of the Blue Cloud City!"

The warriors in the Blue Cloud City had relied on the four great arrays to keep the Sun Crow race outside.

But now that the four arrays had been destroyed, the Sun Crow race would definitely take the opportunity to invade them. There was no point in defending the city. The senior leaders of the Oneness Guards gave the order to gather all the warriors in the center of the city to protect the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array.

People from all directions gathered in the center of the city.

Gant panicked as he looked at the crowd. "Flag Master, what should we do now?"

"Let's stay here and wait," Zen replied.

Inside the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array

Everyone, including Cailen, saw the warriors gathering in the center of the city.

"What should we do now?" asked a weapon refiner from the Oneness Sky Palace.

"We are running out of time!" said Ruben as he looked at the Shade Stone.

The Shade Stone was so solid, it couldn't be destroyed no matter how many thousands or even tens of thousands of divine megatons of force hit it.

But the blood of the Su Clan members could get into it. Only by using the blood as a guide and cooperating with the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array could they mold the Shade Stone into whatever shape they wanted.

They also needed time to mold the stone into a different shape, and right now, that was what they didn't have.

"There is only one way," said Cailen, his eyebrows furrowed.

"What's that?" Ableson asked.

"The Shade Stone has now absorbed enough blood. Let's try our best to activate the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array to melt the stone and take it away from here," Cailen said.

At this, Ruben frowned and said, "But in this case, the quality of the Shade Stone will decrease."

"It's better than the Sun Crow race taking the stone," retorted Cailen.

This was their last resort, and they were not willing to do it unless there was no other option.

Cailen had just made this decision when a dark cloud appeared a hundred miles from the Blue Cloud City. It was filled with countless red light dots.

Chapter 3105 Back Against The Wall

The enemies mobilized in the horizon as the sky darkened. It seemed as though a raging storm was preparing to rain terror upon the people below.

The weapon refiners from the Su Clan and the Oneness Sky Palace looked on gloomily.

The attack from the Sun Crow race left them no time to take a break.

"Why? It is just a piece of Shade Stone! What the hell do they want it for?" A weapon refiner complained angrily.

The Shade Stone was indeed a rare material for weapon refining in the Source World, since it only appeared once in a while.

It was out of sheer luck that it chose to appear in the Blue Cloud City of Mountain Viewing Province this time.

It was said that if any Other Shore Treasure was refined with a Shade Stone, the resulting power would be comparable to that of a primary Grand Nature Treasure. However, ultimately, it was still but an Other Shore Treasure.

It was really hard to grasp why the Sun Crow race was going through extreme lengths to get it.

"We mustn't let them get what they want. If we hesitate, there will be nothing but trouble for us. Now is the time to melt the Shade Stone!" Cailen cried valiantly, determination written all over his face.

While everyone glanced at each other uncertainly, they knew that the Sun Crow race gathering in the distance posed an overwhelming threat. Begrudgingly, they agreed to follow Cailen's orders.

"Well, at this point, it's our only choice..."

"I agree!"

"Let's do what Master Cailen says..."

The weapon refiners of the Su Clan and those from the Oneness Sky Palace gradually came to an agreement.

Having reached a conclusion, everyone returned to their posts.

Then, shutting his eyes in concentration, Cailen activated the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array. Suddenly, the Array started emitting a dazzling light.

In order to melt the Shade Stone, they needed the blood power of Eira.

The Shade Stone needed to be soaked in this blood power.

The Shade Stone, which was originally square in shape, gradually transformed. The surface of the Shade Stone started to bubble, buckling under the influence of the blood power. Finally, it began to melt.

The melting started from the edges of the cube. As the sharp corners began to ebb away, the Shade Stone had completely transformed into a perfect globe.

Standing in the center of the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array, Cailen finally opened his eyes to take a glance. "The blood power of Eira..." he said anxiously, "is not enough yet!"

Upon hearing this, the people of the Su Clan all frowned slightly.

At this point, Eira was on the verge of death. If they kept taking her blood power, she would be completely drained!

"Collect more blood power from her!" Cailen demanded, without the slightest hesitation.

No one dared to disobey the master's order. Immediately, one of the weapon refiners activated the array that drew blood power from her.

Eira trembled slightly, her face as pale as a ghost. The only traces of color came from the droplets of blood seeping from her forehead. Anyone who saw her would definitely be able to tell that she was greatly weakened, with scarcely any blood power left to give.

As soon as the droplets had completely formed, they shot towards the Shade Stone, like bits of metal to a giant magnet.

Immediately, the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array was activated again. The spherical Shade Stone suddenly began to transform into all kinds of strange shapes, like a pool of black liquid suspended in the air.

"Phew!"

Cailen leapt to his feet excitedly, summoning a small bottle in his hand.

"Come to me!"

He tapped the bottle very gently. As a result, a strong gravitational force came from within the bottle.

Just then, something unexpected happened.

The black liquid flew to the opposite side, as though it could tell what was going on.

Cailen's eyes widened in surprise.

This was not his first time to refine a Shade Stone. Once upon a time, a Shade Stone appeared in the Bloom Divine Province. He joined forces with the Oneness Sky Palace to refine it. However, he had chosen to not melt it completely, and forged it into a sword. Vastly impressed, the Oneness Sky Palace rewarded the Su Clan with tens of millions of divine crystals in exchange for the sword.

Cailen's eyes darted back and forth, following the melted Shade Stone that managed to keep dodging him.

Even so, there was no need to worry, as it was trapped inside the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array. There was no way Cailen would let it escape.

Pointing at the black liquid, he summoned a spell that shot out a column of green light, enveloping the black liquid.

"Seize it!"

The black liquid wriggled desperately in the air, but it couldn't break out of the array.

Cailen walked cautiously towards it, till finally, the black mass was sucked into the bottle.

"Buzz..."

Even after it was bottled, the black liquid still struggled to escape, bouncing off the walls of its glass enclosure.

"Done. Remove the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array. We're leaving the Blue Cloud City!" Cailen couldn't conceal his excitement, his lips upturned slightly.

The others did not respond. Instead, it seemed they had lost interest in what had just happened. Cailen, confused by the silence, whipped around to face them, only to find them staring at the sky nervously.

Cailen, following suit, looked up to the sky and gasped.

The entire sky above the Blue Cloud City was covered by the Sun Crow race. It would not be easy to leave.

Atop the city wall, all the Oneness Guards shuffled around uneasily.

Having lost the protection of the four Arrays of Innumerable Swords, it would not be easy to fight the Sun Crow race. This could be a bloody battle.

Similarly, the recruited soldiers at the foot of the city wall also looked mournful as they expected what was to come.

"This is not right. Even a five-star task shouldn't be a fatal one..."

"There're too many uncertainties with the war against the Sun Crow race. No one knows how it will go..."

"Will we all die here?"

Most of these people had come here in eager pursuit of merit points. Who could have known the Blue Cloud City would fall so soon? The people who had chosen this mission were basically dead men walking. It was no wonder they were desperate.

Gant was affected by the low morale of the others. He felt depression taking over him.

He had been worried about Eira. However, at the moment, the situation was no better for him. Not only that, all the core members of the Su Clan were there.

If the Blue Cloud City was destroyed, the whole Su Clan would suffer great loss.

Zen remained calm. This place was swarming with the Oneness Guards. It was impossible for them to rely on only the four sword arrays.

Right then, Maxim's voice interrupted his thoughts. "What are you waiting for? Come with me!"

Following Maxim, Zen and Gant headed towards the right side of the city wall. There, they met Rupert, Alfie and others.

Once their eyes met, they exchanged bitter smiles. Very soon, this place would be soaked in blood, and they knew it. It was a heaving rock resting on everyone's stomach. Everyone felt this heavy burden weigh down on their backs.

"I don't know why the Sun Crow race is acting like this... But for us, the most important thing right now is to survive," said Maxim in a grave tone.

Obviously, he was also under great pressure.

Maxim turned to Zen and Gant, smiling wistfully. "If the Sun Crow race weren't all over this place, I would let you go. But unfortunately... that isn't the case."

Hearing Maxim's words, Alfie and Rupert exchanged funny looks. No one wanted to say it aloud in front of Zen, but they knew that even if everyone else died, he'd probably be the sole survivor.

Meanwhile, the people of Blue Cloud City formed a circle around its center.

The outermost layer of the circle consisted of the women, elderly, and children, who had gathered there out of survival instinct.

The ones in the innermost part of the circle were the important Oneness Guards and weapon refiners.

On the city wall stood the one-star and two-star Oneness Guards. Lastly, the recruited soldiers were stationed right outside the wall; among them was Zen.

Everyone held their breath, anxious at what was to come. Then, all at once, the enemies launched their attack. Sun Crows flooded into the city from all directions.

From afar, they looked like steadily approaching dots in the distance. Gritting their teeth and brandishing their swords, everyone was prepared to fight for their lives.

Chapter 3106 Help

The flocks of Sun Crows approached from all sides. They surrounded Blue Cloud City like a vast, dark colored tide.

The few buildings in the city stood like rocks visible on the surface of the sea. They crumbled as the enemy flew over them, submerged in the tide of Sun Crows.

"They are coming!"

Zen said, holding his sword ready. Everyone was tense, waiting for the battle to start.

The various Other Shore Tokens released all kinds of energy, which vibrated and hummed in the air.

The first to fall to the Sun Crows were the people who stood in the outermost layer.

Some among these people were True Gods and Other Shore Realm warriors. Yet their strength was below that of the soldiers in the inner circle, and they were soon outmatched by the sheer numbers of the Sun Crows. They put up only a brief resistance before they were overwhelmed.

The sharp, acrid smell of blood filled the air. The sounds of screams, cries, and calls for help echoed all around them, punctuated by the quacks and squawks of the crows.

Some of the soldiers were upset, and wanted to spread out to try to help the people under attack. But their orders were clear.

"Everyone, stay put!"

The strongest guards had already gathered in the central region and formed an array, their strongest line of resistance against the Sun Crows. If any soldier left without permission, the array would be broken.

And so no one moved an inch, although their fists clenched and their hearts wept at the tragedy unfolding around them.

These were battle-hardened soldiers. They were used to seeing death and destruction. Yet it was a terrible tragedy to see their own kind being torn into pieces by a different race.

The crows were brutal and vicious in their attack. They slaughtered the people in their path by ripping them to shreds, and eating the torn pieces of their victims. Inexorably, the legions of crows drew closer and closer to the central region.

When the crows were within striking range, a voice shouted from the high wall. "Attack!"

There was a loud swish as soldiers swung their swords in unison.

Countless rows of long swords shone, emitting waves of light and energy.

It was finally time for the warriors to unleash their theurgies.

The colorful radiance of the swords radiated brightly, spreading outwards towards the crows.

The power emanating from everyone was incomparable. The huge gathering of people of the Other Shore Realm meant that all their various powers had been centralized into one massive, unstoppable force.

As the light reached the first wave of Sun Crows, the crows were killed and torn apart. Every crow that rushed forward to take the place of the fallen met with the same fate.

The sight of the dead crows raised everyone's morale, and they continued their attack.

It seemed that through concerted and unified effort, they could overcome the crows even though they were surrounded on all sides.

However, how long could they keep up this level of energy? The number of the Sun Crows was even larger today than on the previous day. There seemed to be no end to the waves of crows flying forward, closing in around them like a dark and deadly net.

They launched the same attack at another line of Sun Crows.

Like the first group, the crows collapsed under the power of their strike.

They attacked the third group with similar results. So far, none of the soldiers guarding the Blue Cloud City had died.

But there was something different about the fourth wave of the crows. Golden light glinted in their ranks.

The soldiers saw the gold and froze. Rupert and the others knew instantly what it meant: the Sharp-winged Sun Crows were coming.

The speed of this kind of crows was surprisingly fast, and they were not something an ordinary Other Shore Realm warrior could withstand.

"Look out! The Oneness Guards will take care of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows! "

As the fourth wave of crows pressed in, the Oneness Guards launched their own counterattack.

Their swords swished in the air.

The Sharp-winged Sun Crows were incredibly fast and powerful, and several of the crows were flying directly towards Zen.

Zen watched the crows coming closer and raised his long sword.

Before he could attack, an aura of power emanated from behind him.

Rays of white light shot over his head, and struck the Sharp-winged Sun Crows. The crows that had been hit froze in midair, solidified into ice; they dropped to the ground and splintered into pieces.

Zen turned and saw Maxim behind him. He had launched the attacks.

"Don't worry, I won't let the crows hurt you," Maxim said reassuringly.

Together, the counterattacks of the Oneness Guards managed to weaken the threat of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows.

But although they were holding their own against the Sharp-winged Sun Crows, this time, there were also many casualties in the ranks of the soldiers.

The Sharp-winged Sun Crows that managed to pierce through their defenses had attacked some of the soldiers, stabbing many of them to death.

As the battle continued, to their horror, they realized that the ranks of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows seemed to be swelling. More and more crows were coming in as reinforcements. Their numbers were growing increasingly difficult to fend off, even for the Oneness Guards.

"Frost spiritual sword!" Maxim shouted.

Maxim had brought out his ultimate weapon, a powerful, transparent long sword.

The sword radiated a brilliant white energy. As he swung the weapon, rays of white light hit the attacking crows with unerring accuracy.

The crows were intelligent, and soon discerned that Maxim was the primary threat to their attacks. Squawking at each other, the Sharp-winged Sun Crows seemed to come to an agreement. In a moment, many of them had circled around Maxim, and rushed to attack him.

Maxim saw the impending strike and felt his blood run cold.

He instantly recognized the danger he was in. There were too many of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows targeting him. He turned in a circle, swinging his sword.

Energy radiated from his weapon.

It was a full-strength attack that resulted in the death of around ten of the crows, but there was still an equal number of crows that had survived. They squawked and dove towards him. He had no time for a second attack.

There were no other Oneness Guards nearby, and even if there were, they were too busy fending off other crows to come to his aid.

A thought flashed through Maxim's mind in the last moment before the crows reached him. He thought, "Well, so this is it."

His lips curved into a small, wry smile.

Although he knew he might die one day after he became a Oneness Guard, he was lucky to have fought with them for so many years. But was his life coming to an end today?

Even as Maxim accepted his fate, he felt the energy of another person's sword radiance rushing in his direction.

He was completely astonished.

Confused, he even wondered for a moment if he was the target. Was the sword radiance going to kill him?

In a second, the attacks had swept past him, some brushing so close that they almost slashed his clothes. He heard a series of hits and thuds, and looked around.

The bursts of sword radiance had hit all of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows surrounding him, and they fell dead to the ground.

Bright golden feathers fluttered in the air around him. Maxim almost fell to his knees. He was still in shock.

He turned and found Zen stood there, holding a long sword, wearing a faint smile on his face.

"Zen?" In his incredulity, Maxim forgot that there was still a fierce battle going on around him. He asked, "Zen, was that you? Did you kill the crows attacking me?"

"You can't fight them off alone. Better if we work together," Zen said.

"That's not what I mean. I mean..."

Maxim trailed off, unsure of what to say. He simply couldn't believe that a young man in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm had just managed to kill several Sharp-winged Sun Crows with seeming ease. Even Maxim himself had a hard time dealing with the crows right now.

Unbidden, he recalled the strange events of yesterday.

During the last attack of the Sun Crow army, many people and guards had been killed.

But of the people he had brought here from the Grand River Fortress, none had died. He had considered that there might be one or two powerful people among that group.

Until now, the possibility that it might be Zen had never occurred to Maxim. Zen had the lowest cultivation base. He couldn't have developed such abilities in such a brief period of time.

"Maybe you can ask your questions later," Zen said, interrupting Maxim's thoughts. The two of them looked up at the endless flocks of crows still flooding into the sky over the city.

Zen had been adjusting his style of attack to be more efficient against these unusual enemies. These Sun Crows were strong and fast, but they were also unarmored, and could be stopped by a well-aimed strike. So Zen compressed his powers and lowered the range of his attacks while increasing their strength and accuracy. He killed virtually every crow he targeted.

Chapter 3107 Blood Sun Crows

Even as he was preoccupied with killing the Sharp-winged Sun Crows, Maxim couldn't help but observe Zen's movements.

The longer he watched Zen, the more astonished he became.

Even though it looked like he was fighting casually, Zen's attacks spared no target.

Even more shocking was the fact that while Zen was dealing with his own opponents, he managed to look after Rupert, Alfie and some others as well! If any of them missed a target and a Sun Crow managed to break through the defense line, Zen would calmly strike it down before it was able to hurt anyone.

To test his theory, Maxim intentionally let some Sun Crows break through. Just as the crows would make it past the defense line, in the blink of an eye, a sword radiance from Zen's direction would instantly slash through them.

'I can't believe this!' Maxim shook his head in awe.

He felt a wave of shame come crashing down on him, as he never expected a man in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm would render him, an esteemed Oneness Guard, inferior. He knew that the others would laugh their heads off if they knew how he felt, but that didn't stop the inferiority complex from clawing at his heart.

Despite of this, Maxim also had an overwhelming feeling of hope knowing Zen was on their side.

With Zen, the others could focus on using their most powerful theurgies without having to worry about their own safety. Reassured of their safety, Maxim proceeded to concentrate on channeling his power to defeat the Sun Crow race.

With this chemistry, the area they were guarding was practically invincible.

However, the situation of the other areas wasn't as good.

The casualties began to pile up as more and more Sharp-winged Sun Crows flocked towards the city. Although more Oneness Guards showed up to join the fight, the situation was not in the human race's favor.

"Blood Sun Crows are coming!"

"Retreat! Retreat!"

"Let Oneness Guards deal with them!"

Thousands of scarlet-colored crows filled the skies.

The Blood Sun Crows were covered with flame-like feathers which were stronger than iron. There was no way ordinary warriors would be able to deal a force such as this!

As the Blood Sun Crows circled the sky preparing to attack, all the Oneness Guards mobilized. Now was the real battle between the two parties' elite warriors.

Three strong Blood Sun Crows shot towards the Oneness Guards, their piercing screams filling the air.

"Illusory Maple Leaves!"

Rupert released his strongest move without hesitation when he saw the Blood Sun Crows approaching.

In a flash, layers of sword radiances in the shape of maple leaves folded together to form a flaming sword. With Rupert's eyes narrowing determinedly, he urged the sword forward to meet one of the Blood Sun Crows.

The Blood Sun Crow flapped its thick wings, blocking the incoming attack.

Bang!

The Blood Sun Crow emerged from the smoke, unharmed.

"What?" Rupert gasped, stunned at the result.

While he was fully aware that the Blood Sun Crow was extraordinarily powerful, he didn't expect his strongest move would leave no effect on it.

As he turned desperately to his teammates, he realized he wasn't the only one in trouble. Alfie and the others were caught in the same situation. Even with their coordinated attacks, they couldn't break the defense of the Blood Sun Crows. It was as though their solid wings were unbreakable!

As their expressions fell, the three Blood Sun Crows flapped their wings towards them.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Hundreds of red feathers shot towards them swiftly.

The power contained in these flying feathers was no less than that of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows.

Thankfully, these feathers were not living creatures and couldn't change their directions freely as the Sharp-winged Sun Crows. Rupert and the other warriors could defend themselves from harm. However, that wouldn't be the case for ordinary blades.

Even though Rupert, Alfie and the others were able to parry the feathers, their hands couldn't help but shake in fear.

"Leave the Blood Sun Crows to me. You can deal with the other Sun Crows,"

Maxim ordered. Crushing dozens of divine crystals, he let his Other Shore Token absorb their energy. Rupert glanced at him worriedly, as he noticed that Maxim's other Shore Token was already consumed. Nevertheless, he trusted Maxim, and retreated to fight the other Sun Crows.

Without hesitation, Maxim charged towards one Blood Sun Crow, yelling at the top of his lungs.

Maxim knew himself and his capabilities. He was confident he could deal with one Blood Sun Crow. Maybe two would be a challenge. However, he knew he wouldn't be able to handle three simultaneously.

Every Oneness Guard knew to stand their ground. If death called, they would embrace it.

Maxim was not alone; the other Oneness Guards might even have it worse, needing to deal with four or five at the same time.

"Snowstorm Twining!"

Maxim released violently cold intent to slow down the Blood Sun Crows.

But the feathers on the wings of the Blood Sun Crows were like hundreds of iron swords, all aimed at Maxim.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Rounds of crimson feathers shot towards Maxim. As he dodged the blade-like feathers, he kept an eye out for an opportunity to strike back.

Once it came, he seized the moment to draw his sword. He swung it with precision, and the Blood Sun Crows backed off momentarily as they gathered to attack collectively.

Although he was no newbie to swordsmanship, he was no match for the three crows gathered before him.

Swish!

As Maxim instinctively dodged the volley of feathers, he noticed one of the Blood Sun Crows suddenly darting upwards. It was about to engulf him with its wings completely!

Facing this pair of blade-like wings, Maxim gritted his teeth as he made a split-second decision.

Without dodging, he channeled all his power into his sword.

"Even if I have to die here, I will kill one crow! Otherwise, it would be too shameful to live!" he cried as he rushed towards the crow.

As Maxim charged towards his death, he suddenly felt a strange force surge from behind him. This force did not come from the Other Shore Power, but from the power of Godly Way. He was not familiar with such a power.

This strange feeling lingered in his heart. Suddenly, a dazzling white light exploded above his head, temporarily blinding him. The energy released by it left him dazed and confused.

'Who did it?

One of my colleagues?

A two-star Oneness Guard or a three-star one?' Maxim thought to himself.

When his vision and wits returned and the light faded, he realized that the Blood Sun Crow he was about to strike was headless, blood messily spurting out of its neck. The crow that once seemed so menacing now lay lifeless on the ground.

Frightened, the other two Blood Sun Crows nervously flapped their wings backwards. Even nonhuman creatures such as them could feel fear.

When Maxim whipped his head around to see who saved him, he was stunned. "What? It's you again..."

This marked the second time Zen had saved his life in such a short amount of time. Maxim wanted to thank him, yet was too embarrassed. He was at a loss for words.

Having narrowly escaped death again, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry, or both. Briefly, he reflected on how he had ordered Zen to leave that time he visited the Grand River Fortress to pick up his followers. If Zen had obeyed him back then, Maxim would have been dead by now.

"You were willing to die with that animal? Tsk, tsk," Zen taunted playfully with a shake of his head.

As he walked towards Maxim, layers upon layers of Ways-blending Energy flashed on the surface of the sword in his hand.

Rupert, Alfie, and the others who witnessed Zen's strike just now all dropped their jaws, flabbergasted at what just happened.

Chapter 3108 Abandon The City

The warriors hadn't been so surprised even when they had witnessed Zen kill the Sharp-winged Sun Crows.

The Sharp-winged Sun Crows didn't possess strong defense abilities. Their strong suit was their fast movement and that they were difficult to track.

Besides, Zen had the Flow Strike. Once he grasped a few methods, he had been able to kill the birds. The other warriors understood that.

But now, Zen was facing the Blood Sun Crows.

Even Other Shore Realm warriors could not break the defense of the Blood Sun Crows. Only Oneness Guards could take them head-on.

Even Maxim was frustrated under the siege of the three Blood Sun Crows.

However, Zen had just cut off a Blood Sun Crow's head in one strike, which meant that he possessed as many divine megatons of force as a one-star Oneness Guard did. The other warriors suspected that Zen might be even stronger than a one-star Oneness Guard.

'Where did Dragon City get such a powerful warrior? Even a Flag Master is stronger than a one-star Oneness Guard. Has Dragon City become this powerful?' they wondered.

Gant was the only one among them who kept his calm.

He knew that Zen wasn't showing his full strength yet.

He wasn't sure how powerful Zen actually was. But the strike that Zen had let loose outside the Dragon City had impressed Gant.

The remaining two Blood Sun Crows were cawing to each other, talking in their own language.

Nobody knew what they were talking about.

Their wings unfurled suddenly, the force they emitted surging wildly.

Two identical Other Shore Tokens appeared on their heads. They were white feathers and gave them an aura of holiness.

"Are those their Other Shore Tokens?" Zen was slightly stunned.

"Yes, they are feathers from the Sunset Temple," Maxim said, nodding.

"Why are their Other Shore Tokens exactly the same?" Zen noticed that a similar white feather had surfaced on the head of each Blood Sun Crow not far away.

"Since they have occupied the Sunset Temple, they distributed all the Other Shore Tokens in the temple to their race,"

Maxim patiently explained to Zen, surprised that Zen didn't know such basic knowledge.

"The Sunset Temple has been occupied by the Sun Crow race?"

Upon learning this, Zen wanted to ask if the Oneness Sky Palace also had a temple.

But the two Blood Sun Crows were in no mood to let him ask. Their strength had greatly increased by now, and they flew towards Zen and Maxim like two rays of red light.

The Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array had been removed.

Besides, the array used to draw Eira's blood had also been removed. Ableson hoisted the dying Eira onto his back.

Cailen led the group of warriors to a high place, from where they watched the surrounding battle.

The Oneness Guards and the generals and soldiers of the Blue Cloud City fought bravely, but their line of defense was still diminishing bit by bit.

The corpses of the Sun Crow race had piled up into many small mountains. And now, the two races were preying on each other.

"This is not good."

"This place will eventually be occupied by the Sun Crow race!"

"Does the Grand River Fortress have reinforcements for us or not?"

the weapon refiners inquired impatiently.

Not far from them, two tall figures stood, looking upon them.

They were twin brothers: Satchel Yan and Sebert Yan.

They were five-star Oneness Guards, the mainstay of the Blue Cloud City.

Since the battle had begun, they had stayed by Cailen's side and hadn't involved themselves in the fight.

"The Grand River Fortress responded to our request of help, but for some reason, the reinforcements haven't yet come," Satchel Yan said. His voice was rich and deep.

Sebert Yan gritted his teeth and added, "I'm afraid the Sun Crow race might have stopped them along the way."

Cailen and the others had thought of this possibility, but none of them had wanted to voice this dreadful thought.

If there were no reinforcements, the Blue Cloud City would undoubtedly be destroyed.

All its people would die.

"Even without reinforcements, we can't sit still and wait for our deaths," said Cailen, looking to the south.

The only safe place in the whole Mountain Viewing Province was the Grand River Fortress, which was the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The Blue Cloud City was not too far from Grand River Fortress.

"You mean we should fight and try to leave?" Satchel Yan asked.

Cailen nodded. "Yes. That's why I decided to melt the Shade Stone. We remained here only because you said we were waiting for reinforcements. Now that they might not come, it will get worse if we stay here any longer!"

Satchel Yan and Sebert Yan exchanged a glance. Their cultivation bases were far stronger than Cailen's, but Cailen was the head of the Su Clan, after all. Moreover, the Grand River Fortress had issued an order for Cailen to be in charge of Blue Cloud City, and that all Oneness Guard were to serve these weapon refiners. So now, the twin brothers had to listen to Cailen.

"In that case..."

"The two of us will do our best to escort you."

Since the Shade Stone was in Cailen's hands, he was naturally Satchel Yan's and Sebert Yan's top priority.

They had barely made a decision when Satchel Yan suddenly jumped up and shouted, "Generals and soldiers, Oneness Guards, listen! The reinforcements are coming now!"

The people who were fighting were excited and filled with hope at his words.

Satchel Yan knew there wouldn't be any reinforcements, but these soldiers needed something to keep their morale up, a belief to live, a reason to fight, and only if they had hope would they be able to display their strongest power.

This was basic military prowess.

"But we've already completed the refinement of the Shade Stone. There's no need for us to guard the Blue Cloud City. Let's move south to join the reinforcements of the Grand River Fortress. Follow me!"

Satchel Yan released his aura as he spoke.

The aura of a five-star Oneness Guard was horrifyingly powerful. It was like a flash of light in the midst of all the chaos.

His goal was not only to guide his subordinates to follow him, but also to draw the attention of the Sun Crow race to cover Sebert Yan's and Cailen's tracks. This was his sacrifice.

Satchel Yan dashed out of the high wall and flew south.

He recited loudly, "The spring sunshine is as bright as ever. We're here to worship the Eastern Emperor. The host touches the jade on his sword. The jade pieces clink like a singer."

He had used "Nine Songs," a poem extolling the virtues of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

All the Oneness Guards knew this poem.

The other guards and soldiers, on hearing his recitation, swelled with pride and began to recite the poem, their voice firm and loud.

"The spring sunshine is as bright as ever. We're here to worship the Eastern Emperor. The host touches the jade on his sword. The jade pieces clink like a singer. The grass mattress has jade on its corners. The fragrance of the flowers makes everything sweeter."

The people were like an arrow, moving south.

It was risky to deploy the army when the two races were fighting so fiercely. One slip could lead to a heavy loss.

Satchel Yan kept boosting the morale of the soldiers and at the same time, managed to artfully make the army retreat.

Cailen was shocked at his performance, thinking that Satchel Yan had great talents as a leader.

Maxim's army base faced the south.

Once Zen and Maxim worked together to get rid of the two Blood Sun Crows, they heard an order sounding from within the high wall. Zen glanced at Gant, and then they looked up at the same time.

Following Satchel Yan's lead, Sebert Yan and the weapon refiners also flew out of the city. Gant recognized his father and spotted Eira, who was now on Ableson's back. But he was not sure if she was alive or dead.

Chapter 3109 Blockers

When Satchel burst out to lead the charge, the Sun Crow race responded with action of their own.

The Sun Crows, which tried to surround them, now adjusted their strategy to flock even more to the south.

An unstoppable amount of them, especially Blood Sun Crows formed an impenetrable wall to the south to hold them in, making certain they would not escape.

Satchel's eyes turned blood red as he saw this. He clapped his hands and yelled at the top of his lungs, "Sword!"

A menacing dark thunder cloud appeared above his head. This was his Other Shore Token!

"Crack..."

Lightning flashed in brilliant white light and a thunderbolt exploded in sparks and flames in front of Satchel.

When the light faded and the air had cleared, a thunderous sword stood before him in all its glory.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

The sword began to spin wildly, whipping the air around it.

As the gigantic sword spun wilder and wilder, the thunder cloud began to rage, spewing out strikes of lightning into it.

Just then some of the Blood Sun Crows and Sharp-winged Sun Crows attempted to rush at Satchel and prevent him from activating his omnipotent skill.

But they had no chance of getting near him. They were still several hundred feet away from Satchel when they were all burnt to ashes by violent bolts of lightning shot from the cloud above his head.

"So powerful..."

Zen muttered to himself, amazed by the scene.

He saw that Satchel was a five-star Oneness Guard. According to the division of these super forces, Timotheus should be at the same level as Satchel, and Emily should be above them both.

But now, it seemed the forces shown by Timotheus and Emily were nowhere near the power Satchel was displaying.

As a sect master, Emily should be stronger than Satchel. However, she had been trapped at the bottom of the chaos for much too long and lacked divine crystals, this made it truly difficult for her to unleash the full potential of her Other Shore Token.

"Go!"

Satchel gently pushed the giant sword in his hand.

"Crack..."

The giant, viciously spinning sword, wrapped almost completely with thunderbolts, surged forward at blinding pace.

As it flew, the thunderbolts held within shot out all over the place and kept striking Sun Crows here and there, burning them into ashes.

Almost half of the Sun Crows which gathered in the south were killed, leaving a gaping hole where they had been.

"Let's go!"

Satchel roared.

Cailen, Sebert and the weapon refiners followed closely behind, rapidly charging to the south.

The Oneness Guards and generals and soldiers who guarded the Blue Cloud City then followed too.

"Let's go," Zen said to Gant.

Gant nodded. The two of them then flew up, determined to reach the weapon refiners of the Su Clan.

Everyone joined in, the generals, the soldiers, even the Oneness Guards fought and retreated to the south calmly, ensuring their damage was at a minimum.

Within 5 minutes, everyone had fled Blue Cloud City, followed by a dense population of Sun Crows. Blue Cloud City was left a completely deserted ghost town.

"Caw...caw..."

But the Sun Crow race could fly just that little bit faster than the human race and that was enough.

They formed dark clouds and flew up high into the sky, catching up to those at the back of the pack fairly easily.

But they had no interest in the lives of the Oneness Guards or generals or anyone else, they had come for the Shade Stone. Laser focused on their task, they sped past heading for the weapon refiners of the Su Clan.

Seeing the dark cloud formed by the Sun Crows engulfing the front line, Satchel stepped up again and took out his Other Shore Token.

The deadly thunder cloud appeared once more, rising high into the sky.

Thunderbolts darted around the cloud in flashes, striking out and incinerating countless Sun Crows.

He had stalled the entire Sun Crow race all on his own.

Satchel's efforts, on both occasions, had undoubtedly raised the morale of the line.

Many more began their assault as well, striking Sun Crows in the sky with their rays of sword radiance flying out.

"These damned birds can do nothing to the five-star Oneness Guards!"

"As long as we retreat in an orderly way, we can safely return to Grand River Fortress..."

"There is indeed nothing to panic about."

All of a sudden the burden weighing on everyone's minds had been lifted.

"If Uncle Ableson could bring Eira back to Grand River Fortress, she would no longer be in danger," said Gant, suddenly optimistic about everything.

Zen was not feeling quite the same. He gazed up at the Sun Crows, with uneasiness still clouding his heart. "Something is wrong..." he whispered.

"What is it?" Gant asked curiously.

"There are fewer Sun Crows than before," Zen revealed.

There were many more Sun Crows in the first attack and most of them were killed by Arrays of Innumerable Swords.

This time, the Sun Crows pounced one after another. Although many had been killed by the generals and soldiers, they were definitely less than the last attack...

What made it more confusing was that the Arrays of Innumerable Swords had been destroyed by that two-winged woman.

"So what? It could just mean they don't have enough birds," Gant said, totally unconcerned.

Zen shook his head. "If the Sun Crow race doesn't have enough backup, they wouldn't have taken the risk to destroy the Arrays of Innumerable Swords. What they're doing is more like... ...trying to force us out."

It appeared that Zen was not the only one who had noticed this.

The weapon refiners as well as Sebert and Satchel had been alerted to what was going on around them.

It was by no means an easy task to resist the Sun Crow race. Their way back to Grand River Fortress was going to be a much bigger mountain to climb than they had thought.

Hearing Zen's analysis, Gant's face and demeanor shifted. "What should we do now?" he asked with a nervousness growing within him.

Zen didn't know what to do. They could only continue on forward and see what fate had lined up for them.

With Satchel clearing the Sun Crows above, everyone was able to advance much faster than before.

Once the team had been stretched out, their speed only increased more. They could fly more freely and vigorously now.

It was now the Sun Crows following up behind them, rather than the other way around as before.

They had flown for about 2 hours when a mountain revealed itself in front of them.

It was the junction between the Falling Fox Mountain and Blue Plain, known as the Falling Fox Ridge.

A beam of pale golden light flashed up from the deep of the ridge as they approached.

Seeing the peculiar nature of this, Satchel and Sebert frowned. Satchel yelled, "Stop!" He sensed something ominous ahead.

The crowd was left confused by his command, as this was a great opportunity for them to escape in a flash. What was he thinking?

Splash...

The Sun Crows in the sky dispersed and formed a giant ring, surrounding the crowd.

The golden light reflecting from the Falling Fox Ridge shone brighter and brighter. From the beaming golden light, several grey golden feathers fluttered with the wind.

Three pairs of wide golden wings rose slowly from the Falling Fox Ridge.

Between the wings were three beautiful women. They looked very much like the two-winged woman who had destroyed the Arrays of Innumerable Swords, but she wasn't here...

Chapter 3110 Rushing Out Of The Encirclement

The three winged women flew over slowly with unusually sweet smiles plastered on their faces.

The woman that led them was naked, covered only by dazzling golden light. If not for a pair of wings that were each more than 100 feet wide, she would be an extraordinary beauty.

"Your trip has ended," she said.

Her voice was like silk, sweet and mesmerizing.

Satchel stood midair. He managed to maintain a calm composure despite his surprise. "I didn't expect that powerful nonhuman creatures from the Divine Lair like you would come this time."

"Surprised?" the woman smiled, not giving anything away.

"Of course. Under normal circumstances, you wouldn't give notice to a single Shade Stone, right? Master Elizabeth even used her Illusory Projection to destroy the Arrays of Innumerable Swords from thousands of miles away. May I ask why?" Satchel asked.

The Oneness Sky Palace had the ability to fight against the Sun Crow race.

The Mountain Viewing Province, which was not very important to them, only saw the Grand River Fortress erected to guard the place and train the Oneness Guards simultaneously.

Although the Shade Stone had immeasurable value, it wasn't enough to seriously interest the Sun Crow race.

"The Shade Stone is one of a kind. We will stop at nothing to acquire it," the woman replied with a smile. "I don't want to kill all these people. Hand over the Shade Stone, and I'll let you leave."

Everyone felt a surge of anxiety upon hearing her words.

All they wanted was to survive and return to the Grand River Fortress.

Moreover, even if the Shade Stone could be sent to the Grand River Fortress, it had nothing to do with the Oneness Guards and soldiers at the bottom of society.

At most, they would get some merit points.

If they didn't hand over the Shade Stone, their lives would likely end here.

Satchel, however, merely returned a smile and replied, "You know it's futile to request such a thing. When we accept a task, we either complete it or die trying."

"Ah, so it's okay for these people to die with you?" the woman asked.

Whispers spread among the soldiers and some Oneness Guards. Even the most loyal soldiers would think for themselves if they were driven to a dead end and had their lives on the line.

Satchel tried to maintain his composure as he felt a frown creep up on his face. This woman truly was cunning. She had turned the crowd's morale upside down just like that.

For now, he couldn't think of a better response than to ignore her. He turned, and with a booming voice, gave out an order. "Sebert, escort Master Cailen away. Other Oneness Guards are to make a sword array. These demonic women are not of the same race as us and will never let us go!"

With the order set in place, there was neither a room for maneuver nor surrender.

A cold smile was plastered across the woman's face as she said, "Well then, we have nothing to say. Bella, Mary, you two go take the Shade Stone."

The moment she gave out the order, the other two women's auras soared.

Satchel knew there was no room for hesitation. He immediately waved his hand, and with a flash of lightning, a huge sword materialized in front of him.

Meanwhile, Sebert escorted Cailen to flee from the side. It was too late, however, as the women blocked their way before they could rush out of their encirclement.

The scattering Sun Crows rushed towards the group once more. Countless red shadows flew up in the Falling Fox Ridge as the number of the Blood Sun Crows multiplied more than ten times.

Everyone's heart sank at the sight of the battle.

Although the Oneness Guards followed Satchel's order to form a sword array, they knew there was little chance of survival.

As Satchel just instructed the Oneness Guards, Maxim turned to Rupert and the others. "Try to rush out of the encirclement and run as far as you can. The Sun Crow race isn't aiming at you, so I don't think they will kill you."

The other Oneness Guards also ordered their subordinates similarly.

These people came all the way to guard the Blue Cloud City. Now that it had been abandoned, they no longer had a duty.

Gant was worried about Eira. As he saw a woman chase after his father, he rushed out without much thought.

Golden lights shot towards him before he could even go further.

Gant took a deep breath before somersaulting. Despite this, the much more flexible Sharp-winged Sun Crows' attacks were unavoidable.

Just then, he sensed a cold light behind him. There appeared Zen, who had killed all the Sharp-winged Sun Crows with his long sword. Zen looked at Gant intently and shouted, "Follow me!"

The two of them rushed out of the crowd and headed south.

The others ran towards either the west, the east, or the Blue Cloud City where there were less Sun Crows.

Those who saw Gant and Zen heading south wondered why. Powerful nonhuman creatures and many Blood Sun Crows crowded inside the Falling Fox Ridge. Going there would mean a greater chance of getting killed.

But most of the Blood Sun Crows were attacking the Oneness Guards.

Zen and Gant were only surrounded by a few Blood Sun Crows, as most of them didn't bother to pay them much attention.

Quack! Quack! Quack!

About eight Blood Sun Crows spread their wings and pounced on Zen.

For them, these two humans who had just reached the Other Shore Realm were weak, easily killable targets.

Just as they were still about eighty feet away from him, Zen looked up as his right eye flashed red.

By now, even demons that weren't smart enough would feel fear begin to sink in.

The Blood Sun Crows scrambled into a panic. By then, Zen had already thrust out his sword.

"The Six Annihilation Strike!"

From his sword blade shot out a ray of arc-shaped sword radiance.

Zen's calculation was accurate. The sword radiance struck the Blood Sun Crows' heads, which exploded near instantaneously.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Six Annihilation Strike had completely destroyed not only the Blood Sun Crows' heads but also their souls.

The dazzling light and sudden horrifying momentum were enough to catch the Oneness Guards' attention from a distance. They all looked at Zen in confusion.

They could only wonder for so long, however, as Blood Sun Crows continued to ambush them.

After killing several more, Zen and Gant successfully scared off the Blood Sun Crows. The two rushed out of the encirclement seamlessly as their previous attackers scurried away in fright.

The moment they flew into the mountain, they heard a terrifying explosion.

Up in the sky was a golden flame. As it descended, mountains and their trees and rocks were burned off. As the heat waves came closer to the ground, many people's faces heated up.

"Over there!"

Sebert and a woman with wings battled in the sky.

At the same time, another woman chased after Cailen and the weapon refiners.

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3111 One Person Short

Sebert and Satchel had higher cultivation bases compared to the weapon refiners from Su Clan and Oneness Sky Palace.

The weapon refiners were as strong as a one-star or two-star Oneness Guard, while their enemy was a powerful nonhuman creature that came from the Divine Lair of the Sun Crow race, and she was more powerful than a five-star Oneness Guard!

It was apparent that none of Cailen's group was a match for the woman. It would be like a bunch of babies fighting against a full-grown woman.

The woman's body was enveloped with golden flames that burned all in their path but left her unharmed. Her wings quivered behind her and touched a weapon refiner, and almost immediately, the man burst into flames.

Puff!

The weapon refiner's shrill screams of pain dissolved into groans until there was nothing left of him but ashes.

The other members of the Su Clan were terrified and helpless, but Sebert and Satchel were entangled in other battles. How were they going to fight against this powerful woman by themselves?

The woman sneered at their pitiful looks and said, "You are just weak weapon refiners. Do you want to run away from me? Dream on!"

She watched them shiver in terror and grinned wider.

"Hand the Shade Stone over, and I might still spare your lives.

Otherwise, you will die a miserable death."

Her voice sounded like the ringing of tiny bells, haunting and beautiful. "Gather around me! Form the array!"

shouted Cailen with urgency, and his companions hurried to do as he said.

He knew well that they wouldn't be able to escape, so he gave up that option quickly.

Every member of the Su Clan was a weapon refiner. Besides the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array, they had also mastered another array — the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array.

This array could maximize the power of the weapons, similar to the Imperial Sword Seal in some way. The power of the array depended on the weapons used by the people who were forming the array, and it was well-known that every weapon refiner possessed excellent weapons themselves, so the power of their array was nothing to be trifled with.

Whoosh!

Cailen turned his hand over, and an array plate emerged in his palm out of nowhere.

He threw it into the air, and nine huge beams of light charged into the sky where countless densely arranged runes began to appear among the beams of light.

"Take your positions! Draw your swords!"

Cailen's orders resounded on the battlefield like a beacon for his clanmates, who rallied around him.

The weapon refiners of the Oneness Sky Palace had been in charge of the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array before, which was similar to the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array. Each of them quickly entered a beam of light too and pulled out their swords. The beams of light immediately shone brilliantly, as they responded to the power of the swords, and the power of the array increased greatly.

"You want to fight me with a sword array?"

The woman glanced at them disdainfully.

Every creature that came from their Divine Lair thought of themselves as superior to the human race. This woman belonged to the Sun Crow race, and they regarded themselves as the most perfect creatures.

When it came to talents and strength, they were stronger than humans with the same cultivation level, not to mention that these weapon refiners' cultivation levels were much lower than hers.

She flapped her wings, and her flame-covered feathers spat out globules of fire that surged towards the sword array like a volley of burning arrows.

Cailen did not back down, even in the face of a powerful nonhuman creature far stronger than himself. He remained steadfast and calculated his every move, which showed that he was a far better leader than most.

He suddenly turned the array plate in his hand, and green beams of light gathered together.

The swords in the hands of the weapon refiners from the Su Clan were at least premium Profound Blood Treasures, while Cailen and the weapon refiners from the Oneness Sky Palace each owned an Other Shore Treasure. The power of these treasures activated by the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array was truly remarkable.

"Rise!"

Under Cailen's control, the beams of light converged and instantly turned into a large green shield that floated above everyone's head.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The golden feathers hit the large green shield, and muffled thuds resounded above them like a rough storm on a quiet night. Despite the powerful attack, all of them remained safe under the green shield's protection.

The golden flames lingered on the surface of the shield for a while but soon fizzled out.

"How is this possible?"

The woman narrowed her eyes at them suspiciously. She expected them to buckle under her power, and she expected them to die in agony until there was nothing left of them but ashes.

What she didn't expect was that the group of weapon refiners would be able to resist the divine flames of the Sun Crow race. The array was more powerful than she had imagined.

The weapon refiners collectively let out a sigh of relief, for their brush with death. If they didn't form the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array in time, they would have died.

However, as the woman gazed closely, a hint of amusement appeared on her face. She said, "Nine warriors are needed to form this array. Am I correct? However, there are only eight of you! Ha-ha! The flaws of your array are obvious!"

Cailen's expression darkened as she spoke.

Earlier, they had six weapon refiners from the Su Clan and three from the Oneness Sky Palace. They had the exact number of people to form the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array, and they also had just enough people to refine the Shade Stone.

But during the course of their escape, one weapon refiner had been killed. As he looked at his men, the reality that they lacked one person sunk fully.

It would be difficult to form the array if they were one person short, and the array would have more flaws too. The woman was truly a formidable enemy, in that she had discovered the problem in just a glance.

"Let me see how long you will be able to hold on. Ha-ha!"

The woman raised her hand, and a strange stream of light suddenly appeared in the sky. One after another, countless golden flames fell from the sky like heavy rain.

Each of the divine flames was fatal enough. If they touched even a little bit of the flames, they would be burned to ashes.

Cailen didn't have time to think up another plan. Now, the only thing they could do was persevere. At the back of his mind, he prayed that Satchel and Sebert would defeat their opponents soon so that they could come to their rescue.

However, the strength and status of the powerful nonhuman creatures from the Divine Lair surpassed that of the Oneness Guards greatly. The twins might not even be able to protect themselves!

Buzz!

The large green shield spread wider, and if the people below looked up, all they would see was the green-tinged sky.

Just as they did earlier, the golden divine flames struck the shield and kept burning, but they gradually went out after a while. They left the people beneath shivering, as they watched the flames that would have been their deaths stop right over their heads.

Soon, the array plate in Cailen's hand emitted a faint red light. With one person short to form the array, the array consumed divine crystals several times more than normal!

Cailen gritted his teeth in frustration and put over a thousand divine crystals into the array plate.

"Hey, where is Raphael?" "He is always missing when you need him!"

"I haven't seen him since the beginning!"

The members of the Su Clan knew that they couldn't hold on for long, so they had started looking for Raphael.

His reputation in the Su Clan was ruined, but he could still help now if he could just fill the gap for them. Unfortunately, they had lost track of him after they went out of Blue Cloud City.

Cailen chose not to answer his men. Instead, he focused on the shield and abruptly flipped the array plate when they had defended for a while. As the green shield turned, numerous green swords emerged and shot towards the woman.

But the great array they formed lacked one person, and thus, both its defenses and attacks were weaker.

The woman seemed to know this as well, as she waited calmly for the attack that she didn't even bother to dodge. She just wrapped her golden wings around her body, which were strong enough to block the green swords with ease.

When the attack was over, she shook off her wings as if the attack just tickled her, and not even a single scratch graced her skin. Her wings were barely damaged as well.

Zen and Gant had been hiding in a bush some distance away because the divine flames had burned almost all stones and trees that were near the place. A large area of black earth was left, and only the small patch of bush survived from the catastrophe.

"The Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array should be formed by nine people, but they are one person short. Its power is greatly weakened. Let me go and help them!"

Gant pleaded.

He knew that he was as weak as an ant in front of the powerful woman, but he was still a member of the Su Clan. He was familiar with this array, and he would be able to fill in the gap.

If he could join them, the power of the array would be doubled!

He knew Eira was still unconscious somewhere under the array, and his father and his uncles were also there.

He and his father Cailen might be at odds at the moment, but they were still family. It was impossible for Gant not to worry about him, especially now, when his help could make the difference between life and death.

Chapter 3112 The Fireball

Zen could understand the reason behind Gant's growing anxiety.

Although the eight weapon refiners were formidable, they were still no match for the woman with wings.

It was almost impossible for Gant and Zen to move past the woman and reach the array relying on their current strength.

Analyzing the situation, Zen realized the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array would prove insufficient to kill the woman even if Gant joined the eight weapon refiners and combined their strength with his.

"Flag Master, please..." Gant pleaded again.

"If we go there, you might get killed along with them. Aren't you afraid of death?" Zen asked as he narrowed his gaze.

Gant stood his ground and said, "I'm not afraid of death. If I watch them die in front of me, then my life will be more painful than death itself."

Upon hearing this, Zen raised his eyebrows slightly.

He realized he would have made the same choice if their roles were reversed.

"Okay, I'll help you."

Zen was capable of holding his own against the woman, and he even had a few methods up his sleeve on escaping.

However, he was unable to take Gant with him then. Therefore, he wanted to make sure if Gant had the resolve to face the woman without fearing death.

Observing Gant's unwavering determination, Zen decided to help him. He reached for Gant's shoulders with his hands and gripped them firmly.

Before Gant could react, he felt a strong surge of power flowing from Zen's hands. He looked down and watched the ground beneath his feet shrink as they ascended to the sky.

Whoosh!

The two of them flew across the sky like a flash of light and rushed towards the hillside.

Meanwhile, the woman with wings and the eight weapon refiners were in a stalemate. Upon seeing the flash of light, both sides stood stunned and paused to stare at it to make out what that was.

"Who is that?"

"It's Gant! What is he doing?"

"He wants to come to us and enter the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array!"

Gant's uncles and other people reflected expressions of happiness on their faces upon seeing him.

To reach its full potential, the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array required nine warriors. If Gant were to join them, the power of the array would increase substantially, and they would have a better chance of survival.

Studying the situation, Cailen yelled desperately, "No! Turn back! Don't come here!"

The divine flame was overwhelming. If warriors were inflicted with it, they would surely die. Gant could never survive it. Now that the woman knew the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array was short of one person to reach its true potential, she was not going to let Gant pass and would kill Zen and Gant without mercy.

Watching them draw closer, the woman flashed a wicked grin. "I like young people; they don't know what fear is."

With that, she flicked her fingers.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

A golden feather, engulfed in fierce divine flames shot towards Gant and Zen.

"Go back!"

Cailen exclaimed again as he felt his knees tremble at this scene. His eyes were ablaze, and his roar could shake the earth. Above everything, he did not want to see his son die.

What made it worse was the fact that he was helpless. He could not save him even if he wanted to.

The intense situation quickened the heartbeats of everyone who witnessed it. Two weapon refiners from the Oneness Sky Palace prayed under their breath, hoping Gant would seize the moment to come for their aid and enter the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array.

Not long after, the fireball struck Zen in an attempt to burn him and Gant.

Gant's hair and clothes quickly caught on fire from the impact before it could reach his entire body.

Seeing his son go up in flames, Cailen closed his eyes and refused to watch further. After witnessing the tragic scene, the other weapon refiners let out a deep sigh in unison and lowered their gaze to the ground.

Suddenly, Zen took advantage of the moment and used his reflexes to throw Gant in the direction of the array.

Whoosh!

Gant flew across the sky like a burning fireball towards the array and landed face-first on the ground.

It appeared the fire that cloaked his body was not divine flame, but ordinary. It was quickly put out by the wind as he crash-landed inside the array with his charred body.

Gant lay stunned with his body planted on the ground. When he regained consciousness, he noticed he was inside the array.

Instinctively, he got up and turned his head to look for Zen. As he ran a quick scan of the area, a huge golden ball of fire enveloped his field of vision.

"Flag Master!"

Gant clenched his fists with a bewildered expression on his face.

Cailen could not believe his eyes. 'Why did that guy sacrifice himself to let Gant in?' he pondered to himself.

Despite the golden flames wrapped around Zen's body, he continued moving forward.

The people in the array could only watch helplessly as the ball of fire moved forward slowly.

Its path was charred and black from the ashes the fireball left behind.

Gant stared at Zen's tenacity and murmured, "Flag Master is so tough..."

Normally, no one could withstand the vigor of the divine flames for more than three seconds. While Zen was out there holding his own against the fire, Gant was touched by his sheer will and drive to not give up.

Even the woman with wings was moved at this sight.

It was unimaginable to think a human warrior below the eighth stage of the Other Shore Realm could resist the divine flames. However, this man was fully covered in the fire. How was he able to last so long?

It was impossible!

Impressed by Zen's resolve, the woman halted her attacks towards him to see how long he lasted till he turned to ashes and dust.

She wanted to wait to collect his remains, no matter how long it took the fire to kill him.

'No one could withstand the divine flames when they have just entered the Other Shore Realm. Such a rare incident should be reported to Master Elizabeth, ' the woman thought to herself.

Under the watchful eyes of the onlookers, Zen proceeded with caution. However, the closer he got to the array, the more he struggled with his steps. His expression showed signs of exhaustion.

"Is he getting slower and slower?"

The woman smirked to herself. He was indeed a unique human warrior to be able to stay alive under the influence of the divine flames for over thirty seconds, but alas, he would have to die in the end.

Suddenly, what she saw next almost made her eyeballs pop out of their sockets.

As soon as Zen was a few dozen feet away from the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array, he hastened his steps and rushed into it.

Just before entering it, he turned around to face the woman and absorbed the divine flames surrounding him into his body. He flashed a mocking smile at the woman as golden aura now surged from his body.

Zen's mocking smile wiped the smirk off the woman's face. Fuming with anger, she realized she had been tricked by him.

Originating from the proud Sun Crow race, she could tolerate failure, but being fooled by a mere human who just entered the Other Shore Realm did not sit right with her.

"Brat! You tricked me!" she snapped at him

Zen shrugged his shoulders and said indifferently, "If I hadn't done that, how could I have gotten into the array?"

"You..." The feeling of getting duped fueled her anger. "You're courting death! You think the array can protect you? We'll see who gets the last laugh!"

After she attempted to spite Zen, the golden aura surrounding her body began to flicker. Heat gushed out from her as she roared in rage.

Meanwhile, Cailen and the other weapon refiners also eyed Zen up with astonishment. They were terrified of his abilities and thought he was some nonhuman creature.

The weapon refiners were well-acquainted with the divine flames, which was how they were able to keep them from breaking into the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array.

It would have been easier to break through the array if a master at the same cultivation level as the woman appeared and attacked with a different method and not the divine flames.

The technique of the Sun Crow race, known as the divine flame, was well-known. Apart from its deadly use, it was also suitable for refining weapons. As a result, the weapon refiners from both the Su Clan and the Oneness Sky Palace were familiar with its foundations and could counter it.

Zen had run all the way towards the array submerged in the divine flames before absorbing them completely. Just what was his body made up of?

Chapter 3113 The Nine-Cube Black Armor

"Flag Master! You're alright!" Gant was so excited to see Zen safe and sound that he almost jumped out of his skin.

Zen shrugged and replied, "Of course I'm fine."

"But your body is golden all over," Gant said, looking at Zen's corporeal body.

These weapon refiners were very insightful and noticed the strangeness of Zen's body right off the bat.

When one refined a weapon using the Fire Quenching Method, the weapon needed to absorb all the flames surrounding it. Zen's situation was similar to a weapon refined using the Fire Quenching Method.

But there were also a few unique body refining methods in the Source World; merging one's body with metal, for example. And these weapon refiners were speculating whether or not Zen had practiced this method.

"Don't worry. The golden light will dissipate," Zen said as he looked at the winged woman through the array. "Now that we are here in the array, it's time to think about how to fight that woman."

The woman continued to accumulate power, her entire body dazzling like sun.

Cailen could feel the immense power radiating from the woman. He said to his son, "You are responsible for the last position of the array!"

He had barely finished speaking when the array plate in his hand trembled and turned, a beam of green light enveloping Zen and Gant. Gant nodded and drew his sword.

The other weapon refiners' eyes widened as they saw the sword in Gant's hand. They looked reproachfully at Cailen.

The sword in Gant's sword was too ordinary and couldn't even be considered a primary Profound Blood Treasure.

After all, he was the son of the Su Clan's head. How could he be so poor?

Cailen looked around awkwardly.

The Su Clan was not poor. Cailen just wanted to teach his son a lesson, which was why he had taken away everything from Gant before the latter had left the clan. Cailen hadn't left even a single piece of divine crystal to him.

"Gant, take the sword!"

Cailen waved a hand and a black sword shot towards Gant.

The sword was a premium Profound Blood Treasure.

"What?" Gant exclaimed, shocked. "Father, why are you giving me this sword?"

This sword was called the Moon Chasing Sword. A premium Profound Blood Treasure was nothing to the Su Clan. The Moon Chasing Sword, however, was an inherited sword within the clan.

Possessing this sword meant that Gant was the heir of the Su Clan.

Cailen had handed the Moon Chasing Sword to his son. He wouldn't abdicate and let his son become the head of the Su Clan now. But it showed that he thought highly of his son.

After all, the conflict between father and son had something to do with the Dragon City. Gant had chased Eira all the way here.

And now in this critical moment, he would also play an important role in dealing with the Sun Crow race.

As another green light column rose, the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array absorbed the power of the Moon Chasing Sword as well.

The whole array aligned into its most perfect formation at this moment.

The green light solidified and became powerful, almost to the point of abnormality.

The woman stretched her broad wings, the air around her continuing to tremble.

She gently stroked the air with her soft hands.

A small golden ball appeared out of nowhere. And as her hands continued to stroke it, the ball rose like the morning sun. The light around the ball continued to glow brighter and brighter.

It caused the people to shut their eyes against its brilliance.

Zen's face hardened as he felt the power of the golden ball. The force contained in the ball was probably as powerful as a thousand divine megatons.

Cailen felt the same way. His expression shifted as he continued to adjust the array plate with one hand. He turned to the other eight people and said, "Take out your Other Shore Tokens!"

The Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array would absorb the power of their treasures. But Cailen was asking everyone to bring out their Other Shore Tokens so that they could maximize the power of the array. Just to be safe.

"Ordering Fire!"

"Scorching Sun Stone!"

Everyone activated their Other Shore Tokens.

After the weapon refiners entered the Other Shore, they would usually look for the Other Shore Tokens suitable for weapon refining.

These weapon refiners had quite strong cultivation bases. Once they activated their Other Shore Tokens, a steady flow of Other Shore Power was sent into the array, causing the array's cumulative power to increase by leaps and bounds.

The only weakness in the array was Gant. His Other Shore Token was ordinary, and the power he contributed to the array was limited.

Zen stood within the array, unmoving.

His demonic eye could contribute a lot of power to the array, but the array could only absorb the power of the warriors who were standing within the nine positions. Zen was not one of them.

And he didn't want to activate his demonic eye in front of all these people.

They had just prepared themselves when the woman threw the sun-like ball at them.

The energy within the light ball was condensed to the point where it felt like the light ball was a tangible thing.

Cailen turned the array plate in his hand. The green light then turned into nine cubes, which rose in the air before connecting with each other and turning into a giant turtle shell over everyone's head.

"Array transformation! Nine-Cube Black Armor!"

The little golden ball landed on the shell.

BAM!

The tiny golden ball bounced on the surface of the turtle shell for a while and then suddenly shattered.

The divine flames, that could burn almost everything, were released from the shattered ball. They turned into a beautiful flower, which was too dazzling to be seen by the naked eye.

Through the layer of the turtle shell, everyone could see the golden flames stirring and circulating in the air.

Crack!

A tiny crack appeared on the surface of the turtle shell.

The moment Cailen saw the crack, he hurried to twist the array plate, repairing the crack in the blink of an eye.

But a second crack appeared immediately after the first one was repaired.

Eight repairs later, the divine flames finally burned out. They had successfully blocked this round of attack from the woman.

The woman frowned at this.

The Scorching Sun Attack was one of her most powerful skills. But mere inconspicuous weapon refiners had managed to block it, something she hadn't expected at all.

"I'm dumbfounded that you've resisted my attack, given your current cultivation levels. But can you resist my second attack? How about the third one?"

She stretched out her hands and gently stroked the air, causing another golden ball to form in midair.

The weapon refiners had limited power. If they kept activating the array, it would consume all the Other Shore Power of their Other Shore Tokens, and would also consume all of their truth aura. In the end, the entire array would collapse.

But they had no choice other than to take the woman's full-blown attacks head-on.

She threw the second ball, causing more and more cracks to appear on the turtle shell. She was right when she told them that the array would break if she attacked a few more times.

Zen frowned.

If this went on, all of them would eventually die in the woman's hands.

Cailen had used all his strength to protect the turtle shell from the woman's second attack.

It was difficult to hold on the third time. The woman, on the other hand, didn't look tired at all. It looked like releasing the golden ball was a piece of cake for her. Zen felt he had to do something.

Chapter 3114 Let Me Have A Try

"Gant, is it difficult to control your position?" Zen asked.

At this moment, Gant was trying his best to draw Other Shore Power from his Other Shore Token and pour it into the great array, no matter how small his contribution was.

"It's not difficult," Gant panted, beads of sweat streaming down his face. "But even if you take over my position, I'm afraid the array will still break soon!"

The power of this array wasn't dependent on how strong their Other Shore Tokens were. Even with Zen's exceptionally powerful token, it wouldn't make a big difference.

"Let me have a try," Zen said determinedly.

Gant hesitated for a moment. Even though he felt like it wouldn't change the situation, he decided to let Zen take over. After all, Zen was no ordinary man.

Although he had been following Zen for a while now, he had never felt that he had seen Zen's full potential. Even up until now, he had no idea how powerful Zen truly was.

So now that Zen wanted to have a try, Gant was willing to let him.

"Father, I can't hold on any longer," he said.

Because he had used up the power of his Other Shore Token, it had become very dim. He knew it was in urgent need of divine crystals.

Cailen, noticing Gant's exhaustion, said without hesitation, "I'll give you the divine crystals you'll need."

As this was a dire situation, now was not the time to be stingy with resources.

"Let my Flag Master do this. He is stronger than me!" Gant cried.

Upon hearing that, Cailen glanced at Zen dubiously.

Cailen was well aware that Zen's strength far surpassed Gant's. However, even if Zen's Other Shore Token was powerful, it'd be nothing more than a measly contribution to the array. What was the point?

However, Cailen didn't try to stop him. He was willing to try anything, given the desperate circumstances. "Alright. Gant, tell him what to do."

Then Gant explained to Zen the method as to how to control the position in the array.

The instructions weren't difficult to grasp. After Gant's brief explanation, Zen instantly understood what he needed to do.

Seeing Zen's mastery of the method, Gant then withdrew from the green light, letting Zen enter it in his stead.

The instant Gant had withdrawn fully from the position, he hurried over to Eira's side and cradled her in his arms. Although she was in a coma due to being seriously drained of blood power, she was still alive. Once she had broken off the blood array, some color returned to her face.

As her face was no longer deathly pale, Gant let out a sigh of relief.

Buzz!

Stepping into the green light, Zen felt his hairs stand on the back of his neck. He knew he had a connection with the entire array now.

"Flag Master! Use my sword!"

Gant said as he suddenly remembered Zen's Snow Sword hadn't been repaired yet.

"No, thank you. I have my own sword." Zen smiled curtly. With a flick of his hand, a pale golden light flashed, condensing into the Soaring Snake Sword.

Of course, this wasn't the real Soaring Snake Sword; this was just forged by Su Clan. However, it had no telltale signs of being fake, sharing the same details as the original one.

But when Cailen and the other weapon refiners saw what sword Zen had summoned, they exchanged doubtful glances.

Of course, they all knew the origin of the sword. In the Source World, it wasn't out of the norm for people to make copies of some ancient weapons, even those as special as the Grand Nature Treasures.

However, these were considered collectibles rather than actual weapons for combat.

Although they felt dubious, they didn't have the time to dwell on it. By this time, the third golden ball was thrown over by the winged woman.

As the golden ball released the divine flames, Cailen knew he needed to concentrate. If anything went wrong and the divine flames broke through the array's defense, the people below would die.

Even with Zen joining the array, the situation hadn't changed.

Cailen was the one controlling the array plate. He struggled as he channeled the others' truth aura and Other Shore Power along their swords.

However, he was exhausted. Unknowingly, a wisp of golden divine flame managed to burn down from a crack on the turtle shell.

The deadly divine flame fell almost gracefully. Cailen's face fell as he realized where it was about to fall—right on Gant's head. "Gant! Watch out!"

Gant looked up. Cradling Eira in his arms, he knew there was no way he would be able to move in time.

Zen's body instinctively moved faster than his mind could think. In an instant, he had teleported right above Gant's head, blocking him from the divine flame. Once the fire touched Zen's flesh, his entire body erupted in flames, turning him into a ball of fire again. Gant quickly rolled on the ground, holding Eira tightly, successfully dodging the fire.

Upon seeing this, the woman narrowed her eyes. She seemed to be a little upset that she had failed to kill anyone with that wisp of golden fire.

Pretending to be calm, she tried to assume a stoic expression. However, she knew that the golden ball consumed a lot of divine flames; with her cultivation base, she could only release five golden balls at a time.

As soon as the divine flames were used up, her strength would decline exponentially. In addition to this, divine flames couldn't be replenished with divine crystals.

She knew that if she still couldn't destroy the array after releasing another two golden balls, she'd be cornered.

For a moment, she hesitated.

Just then, they heard a huge roar in the distance.

Suddenly, a golden column of light erupted from the ground and shot into the skies, as though a volcano had erupted. The earth trembled, causing smoke and dust to swirl into the air.

Both parties looked towards the light in the distance, shocked at what they were witnessing.

A golden figure suddenly appeared amidst the smoke, flying towards them at incredible speed.

"Is the fight over already?" A faint, evil smile played on the lips of the winged woman and her eyes gleamed.

As the figure drew nearer, everyone could see that it held something in its hand.

When the golden figure got close enough, they found it was another winged woman. She threw the pitch black thing she was holding onto the ground, shattering it into pieces. Everyone gasped in despair. Even though the object was broken and almost indiscernible, they knew what it was.

"Sebert!"

"Sebert is dead?"

"There is no hope! We're doomed!"

Satchel and Sebert were the best among the five-star Oneness Guards.

Seeing one of their most elite companions dead and disfigured by the hands of this woman, everyone despaired.

The brothers had been their only hope. Now that Sebert was dead, they figured Satchel was in no better position.

"Bella! You still haven't finished off this group of weapon refiners? You are so slow!" Mary said haughtily.

Bella shook her head in frustration. "These weapon refiners have refined the Shade Stone. Their array is very strange. It seems to have a magic effect on the divine flames, rendering them useless!"

"Really?" Mary frowned. She then turned to take a closer look at the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array. "Our sister's battle hasn't been settled yet. Let's work together and kill these humans before going to help her."

As the weapon refiners overheard the talk between the winged women, their hearts sank.

Even Cailen, who never gave up, couldn't see a way out of this.

They could barely deal with one woman, let alone two.

Cailen could feel the eyes of the other weapon refiners on him, as they expected him to come up with a solution. Just as he was about to buckle under the weight of this pressure, a voice interrupted his anxious thoughts. "Master Cailen, is this only a defense array?"

Turning towards the voice, he replied, "Of course not. But..." A wry smile began to play at his lips.

This array could turn into two forms. One was the Nine-Cube Black Armor, and the other was the Nine-Sword Strike.

But when faced with this woman, they focused on its defensive function. They never thought to switch up the function of the array.

Previously, they had been banking on Satchel and Sebert to come to the rescue. But with Sebert's death, that definitely wasn't happening.

"Change the array," Zen said authoritatively. "Wouldn't you rather die fighting, than stand around and wait for death?"

A determined look flashed through Cailen's eyes. Even the morale of the other weapon refiners was boosted.

Cailen decided on the spot that he would hesitate no more. Focusing on the task at hand, he slightly twisted the array plate in his hand, returning the floating swords to their owners.

Simultaneously, the columns of green light began to change shape. Almost instantly, the entire array transformed.

Chapter 3115 Confusion

As Mary and Bella saw this, disdain emerged in their gazes.

In their eyes, this didn't at all seem like a desperate fight put up by people struggling to survive.

If their opponents were strong enough, they would take them seriously.

But their opponents' cultivation levels were so ridiculously low that they did not deserve their attention at all.

"They have already given up on themselves. Let's make our move." Bella stretched out her arm and gently waved it in the air. Another golden ball was formed out of nowhere.

At the same time, golden flames rose from Mary's wings and flew towards the array, leaving a curved fiery trail in the air, which was a sight to behold.

"Everyone, let's get started!"

The green light columns narrowed, and then condensed on the group's long swords.

The moment the light started to condense on everyone's swords, Zen quietly shook his hand. In no time, the fake Soaring Snake Sword in his hand was already replaced with the real one.

This was the way he conjured his Soaring Snake Sword if he had to use it. He had spent two hours practicing it and even placed a small hidden array on the sword so that no one could see how he changed the sword.

Once the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand was successfully changed, green light started to condense on the blade.

At the same time, the truth aura in his body flowed into the Soaring Snake Sword in an unending stream and was continuously absorbed by the array.

"Nine-Sword Strike! Go!"

At this moment, Cailen had put down the array plate in his hand. He was determined to fight to the death, so there was no need to change the array anymore.

While he shook his sword, everyone else also lifted theirs fiercely to the air.

Sizzle!

Nine green rays of sword radiance rose from the ground, gathered together, and formed a huge green sword.

Everything went just as Cailen had expected.

In the next second, however, something astonishing happened.

Eight of the nine sword radiance rays within the giant green sword all had remarkable power. After all, weapon refiners' swords were of high levels, and no one would be foolish enough to hide their strength when they were hovering between life and death.

But the last one was thin and curvy. It was just like a little intelligent snake wiggling inside the green sword.

"What's that?" Cailen was taken aback.

The little snake swallowed all the other rays of sword radiance. It grew more and more powerful with each ray it swallowed.

"Is it a weapon soul?" a weapon refiner from the Oneness Sky Palace blurted out.

"How is that possible? What the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array sets in motion is sword radiance. It's impossible for a weapon soul to enter the array." Ableson shook his head.

"What do you think it is then?"

Weapon souls were not something rare. Every weapon refiner present could easily refine one.

Nevertheless, just as its name suggested, a weapon soul was a soul. The sword radiance in the array, on the other hand, was pure energy. No matter how powerful a soul was, it would turn into ashes if it entered the array.

These weapon refiners were all seasoned people, but they unexpectedly could not tell what it was at a glance.

To put it mildly, even if it was a weapon soul, what kind of weapon soul could give off such an oppressive vibe?

Before they could regain their composure, the sword radiance inside the green sword had been completely devoured by that little snake.

Only the curvy snake was left within the huge green sword.

Soon afterward, under the little snake's control, the green sword flew away at a lightning speed.

Whoosh!

On the other side, Mary was also rapidly approaching the array, but before she could make a move, a giant green sword that had a little snake in it emerged in her line of sight.

The snake had two soybean-sized, emotionless eyes. For some reason, Mary felt that it had an extremely strong dangerous feel to it.

She subconsciously flapped her wings and flew backward. The divine flames covering her body burned even fiercer.

But by the time she realized the danger, it was already too late.

The green sword was much faster than her. In the blink of an eye, it was already right in front of her.

Boom!

The last thing she saw before her vision went dark was her abdomen and head getting pierced by the tip of the huge sword. Before she knew it, her body was already cut in half by the huge sword.

Her body temperature was high, and her blood was always boiling.

Now that she died, the two halves of her body had completely been engulfed by the golden flames before they even reached the ground.

What happened to Mary completely took Bella by surprise.

She didn't even have the time to hurl the golden ball in her hand. She just threw it away casually as she fled.

She flapped her wings, turned into a golden light, and zoomed away.

Nevertheless, the green sword was obviously several times faster than her. In a flash, it had covered the distance of several thousand feet between them.

Slash!

With a slash from the green sword, Bella's body also turned into two masses of flames that burned fiercely.

The green sword floated in the air for a while before it gradually dispersed. The little snake within the sword also disappeared without a trace.

The people inside the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array were all dumbfounded, standing frozen as if they had just seen a ghost.

They looked at each other and saw the shock in each other's eyes.

Once Cailen snapped out of his stunned state, he looked at Zen and fixated his gaze on the Soaring Snake Sword in Zen's hand.

The other weapon refiners followed suit.

Just now when Zen finished brandishing the Soaring Snake Sword, he had stealthily put it into his space ring and took out the replacement. What they were seeing now was nothing but the fake sword the Su Clan made.

In fact, Zen himself was also shocked by what happened.

The Imperial Sword Seal and the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array seemed to have completely different effects.

Was it because of the difference between the arrays?

Or was it the Snake Spirit in the Soaring Snake Sword that controlled the effect?

Zen knew little about this Grand Nature Treasure, and he had yet to talk to the Snake Spirit.

"The weapon soul… It was a snake!"

"Is his sword really made by the Su Clan?"

"Sir, could you please show us your sword?"

It was impossible for a primary Profound Blood Treasure to release such a terrifying power, so the weapon refiners felt it was very strange.

The confusion had even dissipated the joy of escaping death. Logically speaking, since the crisis had not been resolved, they should run away. However, everyone only thought about dispelling the doubt they had over this matter.

"You mean this sword?"

Zen raised the fake Soaring Snake Sword gently and handed it to Cailen.

Cailen turned the sword over and over, spending a while observing it. When he spotted the mark on the hilt, he handed it to one of his younger brothers and said, "This sword was made by you. Take a look."

His brother took the sword and examined it for a while. Baffled, he said, "It was indeed made by me, but it's just a fake sword."

"Was the weapon soul not formed by the sword?" a weapon refiner from the Oneness Sky Palace said with a puzzled face.

Cailen shook his head and said, "Absolutely not."

He returned the sword to Zen, glanced at him with an extremely complicated expression, and then said, "It seems that one of us has an amazing magic weapon. Whoever it is, since he doesn't want to show it to us, we don't have to ask further. However, we have to thank him for using the array to save our lives. Now, we'd better leave here as soon as possible."

Chapter 3116 The Resurrection Eye

The other weapon refiners were clearly baffled. However, Cailen had a vague idea of what had just happened.

He was in charge of the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array. Thus, he knew the operation well like the palm of his hand. The extremely powerful sword radiance obviously came from Zen's direction.

In addition to that, the idea of changing the array was suggested by Zen himself. His look of complete confidence from before had further verified Cailen's suspicion.

Even so, Cailen kept thinking why the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand was only a replica.

Either way, no one paid attention to Zen the moment the array began. It wouldn't be difficult for him to switch swords.

In any case, Cailen had no intention of telling them what he had in mind.

Zen's display of strength was truly extraordinary. Therefore, he thought that Zen probably came from a powerful lineage.

Besides, they owed their lives to him. Considering that Zen was reluctant to reveal his trump card, it would be really thoughtless of him if he brought it up.

Gant was very fortunate as he followed such a strong man.

If everything worked out well, Gant would absolutely make a difference in the future.

Cailen sighed deeply. They probably would have died today if he had actually stopped Gant that time.

Now that Sebert was dead, Satchel and the rest of the Oneness Guards would only come to a bad end.

Cailen shouldered a heavy responsibility. He had to leave with the Shade Stone. Thus, he couldn't care about anything else.

As a matter of fact, Cailen was not the only one who found out the truth.

When the anomaly of the huge sword was discovered, Gant immediately thought of Zen.

He remembered that Zen had asked his uncle about the grade of the Soaring Snake Sword when he bought the fake one in the Dragon City. He seemed very concerned about it.

During that time, both Gant and his uncle thought Zen only asked out of sheer curiosity.

He had no idea why Zen even bought the fake Soaring Snake Sword. But now, he finally understood that Zen wanted to use it to hide the truth.

The other weapon refiners also had their own speculations.

Some of their ideas were actually good. However, they failed to sense where the power came from because they didn't operate the array themselves. They doubted Zen as well as each other. Some had even guessed that it was Cailen.

Whatever the truth was, it didn't matter anymore for they had been saved from an inevitable death.

The person who owned that amazing treasure surely had a powerful background. Weapon refiners like themselves should not get involved.

Just as they were about to leave, they saw a fist-sized, round, brown ball. It appeared at the place where one of the winged women was killed.

All of a sudden, the ball burst open.

A faint shadow floated out of it. It was Mary's figure!

"That's a Latent Theurgy!" The look on Cailen's face abruptly changed.

"It's the Resurrection Eye, a Latent Theurgy of the Sun Crow race! We have to go! Now!"

"Unfortunately, we have already been targeted by this thing so we won't be able to escape anymore."

Some Latent Theurgies worked only after their owners were dead.

For instance, some Latent Theurgies granted their owners a temporary life to take revenge even after they died.

The Resurrection Eye was one of those and it was unique to the Sun Crow race.

This meant that Mary was dead. The faint shadow appeared as an eye. It only went after the people who killed her and sent back what it saw to the Sun Crow race.

She floated in the air and kept staring at the crowd icily.

Whenever they walked forward, the shadow would follow them. It also stopped whenever they stopped.

"It can't go on like this!"

"I'm afraid we won't be able to return to the Grand River Fortress."

"Obviously, we need to destroy the Resurrection Eye!"

Once more, they stopped and tried to destroy the shadow.

The Sun Crow race was good at flame and space theurgies. Therefore, it was not an easy task to defeat the Resurrection Eye.

They were unable to beat the shadow no matter what kind of attack method they used.

Zen even tried several theurgies but ultimately failed just like the others.

Soon after, the voice of No. 9527 rang clearly in Zen's mind. "It's useless. You won't be able to destroy the shadow with those methods. You can use the Falling Star Palm but..."

The Falling Star Palm was not powerful enough on its own. But with the power of the Truth Crystal, it could reach its full potential and have a miraculous effect in special cases.

A little while ago, Zen had already risked using the Soaring Snake Sword and had roused Cailen's suspicion.

If he used the Falling Star Palm now, he would be exposed.

Even though he had entered Dragon City, he still did not have a thorough understanding of the situation in the Source World. It would be unwise for him to reveal his true origin.

But in order to survive, he had no other options left.

Even before Zen could make up his mind, something unexpected happened.

They saw Mary's shadow change as they felt a great pressure coming from the sky.

Her looks kept changing while her aura continued to grow. Soon after, it overcame Mary herself.

Cailen and the others were shocked when they saw the new face.

It was the woman who appeared in the sky above the Blue Cloud City earlier. Her name was Elizabeth and she owned the Divine Lair of the Sun Crow race.

A powerful nonhuman creature like her would be able to slay everyone with the Illusory Projection alone.

The group would continue to fight desperately if it was only Mary. However, they had neither courage nor strength to hold out against Elizabeth.

Elizabeth stared at the group beneath her.

The look on her unrivaled face was as terrifying as death itself.

"Hand over the Shade Stone to me," Elizabeth said coldly.

Her soul was extremely powerful. Even if it was only a projection, her words had an overwhelming and commanding force. No one was allowed to disobey that.

Cailen remained rooted to the spot and was unable to respond.

He could not believe that he had to surrender the Shade Stone to Elizabeth moments after he had just escaped from a fatal disaster.

"I said, hand it over!"

Elizabeth bellowed. Her aura grew much stronger and gave the crowd an ominous and oppressive feeling.

Gant's soul was the weakest among all of them. His legs were trembling so much that he could barely stand.

However, Elizabeth suffered a huge loss from the Illusory Projection.

The last time she performed it, she destroyed four Arrays of Innumerable Swords. But now that she did it again, her strength was less than half as before.

She had no idea who had the Shade Stone. In addition to that, her projection would not be able to take anything away. She was just projecting a mass of pure energy.

So for now, she forced the group to relinquish the Shade Stone. After that, she would ask a Sun Crow to take it back.

Since they were unwilling to give her the Shade Stone, she would just savagely kill everyone then let her race members take it.

Cailen already predicted what Elizabeth was thinking. He was now frantically thinking of a way out.

Seeing that Elizabeth had lost her patience, Cailen brought out a small bottle and raised it above his head. "The Shade Stone is in this bottle!"

Elizabeth raised her eyebrows in response. Then, she stretched out her hand and the bottle floated toward her.

While Elizabeth was momentarily distracted, Cailen immediately told the group through his life vitality, "That bottle is empty! Run for your lives!"

Elizabeth would not let them go even if they handed over the Shade Stone to her. It would be best if they just took this opportunity to run away.

Chapter 3117 Absorption

The others were shocked at Cailen's orders, but they knew they had no other options.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

They didn't even have the time to think. If they stopped even for a second, death would come swiftly.

Obeying Cailen's orders, each warrior immediately summoned all their strength to flee in all directions.

Click!

Elizabeth caught the bottle eagerly.

She squeezed it with her bare hand, her fingernails digging into the glass until it shattered. It was only then that she realized the bottle was empty!

Immediately, she looked up, her brows creasing in fury. Yet, there was a strange beauty to her rage. "How dare you fool me," she said under her breath. Turning to look at the figures darting all over the land trying to escape, she cried, "You are all courting death!"

Phew!

She stretched out her massive wings, launching herself into the sky. With every flap, she seemed to shatter her surroundings, with cracks snaking their way around her.

The whole province was caught inside the Cage of Heaven and Earth which immobilized the Grand Teleportation. However, Elizabeth was no ordinary person; she could easily break the cage if she wanted to.

Since she was already using the Illusory Projection, she couldn't use the Grand Teleportation. However, she still had the Truth of Void Destruction, which granted her inhuman speed.

Crack!

As Elizabeth flew forward, cracks seemed to shatter the sky, resembling a spider's web. It was as though she were dancing on a fragile mirror, leaving hairline cracks wherever she touched.

"She's quick!"

Hearing the cracking noise, Cailen whipped his head around to see where it was coming from. His face turned pale.

Even though he had done his best, maximizing the power of his Other Shore Token in an attempt to flee, Elizabeth was gaining on him quickly. He knew she'd catch up to him in the blink of an eye.

His expression darkened as he glanced around him, desperate for a solution.

To his left, one of his younger brothers, Ruben Su, was speeding alongside him. To the right was Zen.

Without hesitating, he conjured two more bottles. "Catch these!" he shouted at the top of his lungs.

Using his remaining strength, he flung the bottles out towards the two.

Meanwhile, Zen was focused on flying as fast as he could. He barely made out what Cailen yelled, but his eyes widened once he saw one of the bottles flying towards him. "Damn it!"

This was what Elizabeth was after, so whoever had the bottle was bound to die.

Zen was no fool. Although he had been curious about the Shade Stone, he was well-aware that his life was more important in this moment. Consequently, he had no intention whatsoever to catch the bottle.

As Zen was busy contemplating, Elizabeth had caught up to Cailen. Sneering at his pitiful, fleeing figure, she snapped her fingers; three strands of golden light shot out, dainty and fluid like a silk thread. One of these silky golden strands flew towards Cailen.

Puff!

The instant the golden light touched Cailen, his body flashed a bright light momentarily, eventually disintegrating into black ash.

The other two strands split up, chasing after the bottles in mid-air.

One golden strand darted towards a bottle in lightning speed, piercing through the glass. The bottle exploded, and nothing came out. It was but a decoy. The strand didn't hesitate, instantly flying towards Ruben.

Like his brother, the second he was touched by the golden light, his body was lit aflame until he was a pile of ashes.

Meanwhile, the third and last ray of golden light was flying towards the other bottle, the one near Zen. In an instant, the light connected the glass bottle, shattering it completely.

Clap!

The moment the bottle exploded, a black mass oozed out of it.

The Shade Stone had its own soul. Having been trapped in the bottle, it had been struggling, always looking for a way out.

Now that the bottle was broken, it finally had a chance!

As he was flying as fast as he could, Zen spread out his spiritual sense to find out what was happening around him. It wasn't long before he sensed the Shade Stone making its escape not too far away from him.

He cursed in his heart, 'Cailen, why did you throw the right bottle to me? You should have thrown it to your brother! If the demon woman gets the Shade Stone, she will stop chasing after me! You set me up on purpose!'

Of course, Zen hadn't known that Cailen had been in a state of panic just then. Not having the time to identify which between the two bottles held the Shade Stone, he just threw them blindly in the hopes of confusing Elizabeth.

Whoosh!

"Damn it!" Zen sensed the black mass was making its way towards him, confused.

When the Shade Stone caught up to him, it condensed on his back.

"What the hell?"

Zen cursed angrily.

The Shade Stone was supposed to be intelligent. Why did it choose to condense on his back instead of running away from him?

Just as Zen was about to summon a spell to shake the Shade Stone off, the silky golden strand shot towards him.

Zen's eyes widened as he realized he would not have the time to counter. These rays of golden light were the same as the golden balls that Bella condensed. The divine flames from Elizabeth were much more powerful than the flames that Bella and Mary used.

Whoosh!

Zen tried to somersault to dodge the ray of golden light, but he was a split second too late. The silky golden strand enveloped his body.

Puff!

A fierce divine flame burned all over Zen's body.

At this moment, despite being scorched alive, Zen's only thought was to keep running forward.

"What the--?"

Shock was written all over Elizabeth's face.

No one had survived her divine flames before. She thought she'd easily retrieve the Shade Stone upon turning Zen into ashes.

But to her surprise, Zen was still very much alive, running away from her as fast as he could.

'He must have some sort of fire-proof treasure, ' she thought.

However, given his cultivation level, no matter how special his theurgy was, she knew he wouldn't be able to resist the divine flames for long.

Elizabeth flew towards Zen, observing him carefully.

Zen might have been aflame, but that didn't seem to slow him down.

In fact, it seemed he was picking up speed!

Elizabeth was dumbfounded. Not only was Zen unharmed by her divine flames, it was as though they were empowering him. In fact, when Bella found out about such an ability of his, she had been planning to capture him and take him to the Divine Lair for investigation.

Elizabeth couldn't help but smile faintly. This person had officially piqued her interest.

Even without using the divine flames, she could still easily kill Zen. Her cultivation had greatly weakened the second time she used the Illusory Projection, but she could still release thousands of divine megatons of force and easily tear Zen into pieces.

However, she wanted to see how Zen escaped. She knew he would definitely fail, but still she was curious.

While she followed him, another strange thing happened.

Zen's determination to shake off the Shade Stone seemed to manifest as whirlpools emerged from his body, sucking in the divine flames like a vacuum.

Because the Shade Stone had been burned by the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array, it had become a sticky black mass. And now, under the influence of the divine flames, it melted into liquid on Zen's back, eventually sucked into the whirlpools.

When Zen collected his wits, he realized that the Shade Stone was nowhere to be found.

Chapter 3118 The Third Illusory Projection

"The Shade Stone has been absorbed?"

Zen's heart skipped a beat.

He knew his body was capable of absorbing flames. It had happened many times before.

But it had never swallowed any real objects!

Potentially, the Shade Stone could be used to forge the Other Shore Treasure.

Alas, Zen was at a loss. However, before he could think about the consequences, he heard a loud crack from behind him. Crack!

The atmosphere seemed to be ripping, and from the cracks Elizabeth emerged. She was now not more than thirty feet away from him.

"How... How long can you resist?" She was genuinely curious.

The grade of the divine flames she had released was much higher than that of Bella's and Mary's. But even so, Zen seemed to remain unharmed, continuing to flee as he was on fire.

"Let go of me, and I'll tell you," Zen replied slyly.

"Do you really think I'd do that?" Elizabeth smiled without a trace of malice. "If you are willing to follow me back to the Divine Lair, I promise I won't kill you."

"Do you really think I'd do that?" Zen threw the question back at her.

While he knew that Elizabeth was actually speaking truthfully, if Elizabeth brought him back to the Divine Lair, then everything he had been trying to hide for so long would be exposed.

If he leaked the secrets of the divine land, the consequences would be worse than being killed.

"But it's not up to you," Elizabeth answered indifferently.

She gently stretched her hands towards him, and a golden ball materialized above Zen's head.

Zen's expression darkened. He sensed something different about this golden orb. It felt more powerful than the others.

It was the same one used to destroy the four Arrays of Innumerable Swords. The force within the golden ball wasn't something he could take lightly.

Would his journey to the Source World end now?

Zen's resolve remained the same. He would rather die than be taken away by this demon!

With a slight nod, Zen knew what he had to do.

Bang!

He immediately extracted the power of the Other Shore Token. If he was going to die, he might as well put up a fight!

With the power of the Other Shore Token, his aura strengthened tenfold.

"You're overestimating yourself," Elizabeth remarked nonchalantly.

Little did she know that Zen was using not only the power of the Other Shore Token, but also the power of his body, the power of the Nine Divine Stars, and the Ways-blending Energy.

He was gathering all the power available to him.

Not sparing a moment, he didn't even bother to summon his sword. In the blink of an eye, he leapt upwards to strike Elizabeth's Illusory Projection.

As Zen unleashed all that pent up power, the small, golden orb that was hovering above his head exploded into glittering shards.

Crack!

Zen felt a searing sensation on his forehead; the mark of the Exhausting Power was above his head.

"The Exhausting Power!"

This Latent Theurgy could only be activated if he simultaneously released all the power contained in his body.

Then it would make him even stronger.

He knew that it was extremely taxing, so he had never risked it before, not even during his battle with Nicholas in the divine land.

All of his powers combined added up to over one hundred divine megatons.

Once the mark of the Exhausting Power appeared, he felt incredible energy surge from within him, increasing his force fivefold.

"Five hundred divine megatons!"

At this moment, it seemed time stood still.

Elizabeth looked at the powerful figure before her in horror.

For the first time, she actually felt threatened! 'How can this be? He's only just reached the Other Shore Realm!' she wondered internally.

"It's really interesting," she spoke aloud. "Is it a Latent Theurgy created by using the Divine Pulse Deadwood? This doesn't look like the style of the Oneness Sky Palace..." Elizabeth felt mixed emotions. While she did feel a sense of threat, her curiosity overcame her.

The Divine Pulse Deadwood was a special Other Shore Token. The user had to continuously exert themselves until they were exhausted. Then, the

Divine Pulse Deadwood would give them a stronger force, which was usually two or three times more than all the power of the user. The exact amount was dependent on the grade of the Divine Pulse Deadwood used.

Using a Latent Theurgy only, Zen had created a force which was five times stronger. Elizabeth was amazed.

If what Elizabeth postulated was true, then it was possible he was as strong as her!

However, even though Zen had managed to muster this much power, he was still unable to escape from Elizabeth.

She was still on a higher cultivation level than him. If Zen was on her level, he could've collected enough power to destroy her Illusory Projection altogether.

Unfortunately, he had just reached the Other Shore Realm.

Phew!

But still, Elizabeth took a cautious step back, her lips trembling slightly, as the power from the golden ball rained down upon Zen.

However, even before the power had barely touched him, another brown ball suddenly appeared above his head. The next thing Elizabeth knew was the ball shattered too.

It was another Latent Theurgy, the Wind Cloud Escape.

"How does he have two Latent Theurgies?" Elizabeth couldn't believe her eyes.

Was this man a biological son of Eastern Emperor Taiyi?

Phew! Phew!

A strong wind violently pushed her, bringing her back to reality. The fierce fight was still going on!

White fog started to rise from the surface of Zen's body as though he were steaming.

Even though he wasn't using the Grand Teleportation, his speed was incredibly fast.

Zen, covered from head to toe in the white fog, couldn't feel how fast he was flying.

"Damn it!"

Realizing that Zen was escaping, Elizabeth cursed under her breath.

Zen had many tricks up his sleeve. Elizabeth knew that if he had the opportunity to cultivate more, he would someday grow to be invincible.

Moreover, he had the Shade Stone. There was no way Elizabeth could let him go.

"Disappear!"

Taking one last glance at the direction of the Wind Cloud Escape, she withdrew her Illusory Projection and then vanished.

The Divine Lair was like an endless day, with the sun shining radiantly.

Countless Sun Crows flew in a formation that resembled rivers and valleys, circling the lair nonstop.

Positioned at the very center of the Divine Lair, on a raised platform, was a massive golden throne. Sitting on the throne was a gloomy figure with large, golden wings.

The winged figure's eyes fluttered open and she frowned. Elizabeth had just withdrawn from the Illusory Projection.

"Anna," she said in a serious tone to the woman who sat at the foot of the throne, "I'm going to perform the third Illusory Projection." Elizabeth couldn't hide the frustration in her voice.

Anna looked at Elizabeth in surprise.

"Master Elizabeth," she said cautiously, "if you use the Illusory Projection for the third time so soon, your strength will decrease by half again!"

The Illusory Projection was not limited by the distance or the space. It was usually a forbidden skill of the Truth of Void Destruction because it expended too much power to use.

Anna was confused. If Elizabeth was facing a powerful enemy, it was useless to use the Illusory Projection for the third time.

On the other hand, if she was dealing with a weak enemy, she should have just killed the enemy when she used the second Illusory Projection.

"Do as I say," Elizabeth commanded coldly.

There was no way she'd admit to Anna that some human boy who had just reached the Other Shore Realm had managed to escape from her.

Fortunately, the moment the Wind Cloud Escape was activated, she had planted a mark on Zen's body. With it, he shouldn't be able to escape, not this time.

Chapter 3119 Disrespect And Insult

Elizabeth had felt Zen running at an unimaginable speed.

He was moving as fast as she was when flying at full speed. This Latent Theurgy was truly amazing.

Five minutes later, Elizabeth sensed that Zen had come to a stop.

She then reached her slender fingers out and wrapped them gently around the armrest of the throne.

A pattern of a bright star formed on the armrest, and the entire Divine Lair began to vibrate. The Sun Crows roosting around the lair jumped up all at once, causing a violent rumble. The space above Elizabeth's head was torn apart again, and a glowing sheet of light covered her body.

A shadow separated itself from Elizabeth and floated to enter the space crack above her.

Meanwhile, in the Mountain Viewing Province, the terrain to the west was getting flatter and flatter.

The cloud of mist looked as if it fell from the sky and continued to speed along the ground.

All creatures dispersed and scurried away on seeing it moving on towards them.

Eventually the mist stopped in a lush green grassland and drifted where the wind took it. Zen stood still and alone amongst it all.

"These two Latent Theurgies are really incredible..." he said, heaving a long sigh of relief.

The Latent Theurgies that the Nine Li race gave him were all quite extraordinary.

In particular, the Exhausting Power could enable him to increase his own strength by five times. Unfortunately, it would still not be enough. If he was as strong as the five-star Oneness Guards, he might be able to destroy Elizabeth's Illusory Projection with this added power.

It pained Zen to have used up two Latent Theurgies, but they had helped him to escape. So perhaps it was a necessary sacrifice.

But Gant's father and uncle were not so lucky. Zen dreaded having to tell him they had been killed by Elizabeth. He worried if he'd be able to handle that kind of horrible news, but then again, who could?

After calming himself, Zen remembered that he had to check his back. He wondered if the Shade Stone would have had any effect on him when he absorbed it into his body.

Just then, No. 9527's voice rang clear. "Zen, look up!"

Zen raised his head and saw a shadow quietly taking shape above him.

"Here she comes again," he muttered warily.

His face darkened and his eyebrows creased.

'Elizabeth really is as annoying as a mosquito, ' Zen thought to himself.

In the blink of an eye, a pair of huge wings appeared in the sky.

This time, the woman's momentum was a lot weaker than before, and her strength was not even equal to that of an ordinary demon woman in the Divine Lair.

Even so, Zen still could not defeat her yet.

"If you had come with me before, things would have been much easier. I'm afraid you'll have to suffer greatly now..." Elizabeth's icy voice echoed from the sky and rang in Zen's ears.

She couldn't pull Zen back to the Divine Lair, but she could do all in her power to keep him here. The Sun Crows would then do the rest and bring him to her.

Zen stared her down, flashing through his mind for ideas on how to hold her off; she was an enemy he had no ability to match up to.

At that moment, a faint figure appeared behind the woman, blurred but somehow Zen knew it was on his side, and powerful too.

Zen's eyes widened and his jaw dropped in disbelief.

The woman was perplexed by Zen's odd expression; she asked, curious and angered, "Why do you wear that look on your face? What's going on? What sort of trick are you planning? Or... do you have any other special Latent Theurgies?"

As the figure behind the woman came into view, Zen discovered it to be a middle-aged man with a long beard and fine features.

Somehow, the woman had not even sensed his presence. What kind of special theurgy was this person using?

Only once he was close enough to touch her did the woman sense him behind her.

Her pupils contracted and her broad wings pulled in, rapid and like thousands of golden blades of feathers. Her reactions to defense were impressive even if delayed.

The middle-aged man on the other hand, moved calmly and leisurely, even having the audacity to gently stroke her face before stepping back.

The woman's eyes burned full of hatred and an intent to kill. Her curled wings lashed out, slashing those sharp knives of feathers at the man.

The man was unfazed and surprisingly flexible, moving like the wind and dodging every attack to perfection. The woman only missed by a hair's breadth.

He dodged and dodged and then came in close once more, even pinching her chest. The middle-aged man laughed and said, "It's said that the skin of a demon woman is better than a human woman's. It seems the rumor is true!"

This was total nonsense of course. The woman before him was merely Elizabeth's Illusory Projection and not her physical self.

The woman could not seem to lay a feather on him and so resorted to all she had left. She activated her divine flame in a frightening burst.

With a slight fizzle and spark, her whole body was engulfed in divine flames.

The man could make fun of Elizabeth for sure, but even he knew the divine flames of Sun Crow race were not to be trifled with and so was forced back in retreat.

He slowly descended to land beside Zen.

"Master Athemar," Zen greeted him with cupped hands.

"You recognize me?" Athemar asked both astonished and abashed.

"I recognized you by your voice," Zen replied honored.

Zen was confused at first. Who on earth would tease and dare to humiliate the most noble woman of the Sun Crow race?

But as soon as he spoke, Zen recognized him. He had heard Athemar's voice in the Lofty Sword.

"Human beings are indeed scum. I'll kill you!"

Elizabeth was above all else in the Sun Crow race; she had never been disrespected like this before and she hated the feeling.

Athemar curled his lips and said, "Your appearance and your language... and even the divine flames you use come from human beings. Why do you look down upon us?"

"Shut up!"

she snapped as she charged head on for Athemar.

The woman was infuriated. Her body covered in flames and charging down looked as if a sun was plummeting towards them.

In terms of pure strength, Elizabeth, the leader of the Divine Lair, was slightly stronger than Athemar.

However, this was not the real Elizabeth. Moreover, this was her third Illusory Projection, which meant that this woman had only a small portion of Elizabeth's true strength. She was as powerful as the five-star Oneness Guards. Right now, how could she hope to be a match for Athemar?

Athemar turned slightly and moved his right hand.

He had drawn his sword so fast that even Zen, who stood right beside him, did not see how he had done it, just that it was now in his hand.

A faint shadow of a sword swept up 45 degrees, and Elizabeth's Illusory Projection was immediately shattered into pieces.

The cracking Illusory Projection even triggered a response of the Cage of Heaven and Earth in the Mountain Viewing Province, which turned into many space cracks to swallow up the shattered Illusory Projection and her divine flames.

"The mission to guard the Blue Cloud City should be very easy. But war is unpredictable. This time... It's my negligence," said Athemar, looking up at the space cracks that slowly disappeared from the sky.

Zen was confused and was about to ask for clarity when Athemar raised his hand and stopped him before he could speak.

"Wait a minute!" he said, deeply focused on something else.

He listened carefully with squinted eyes. He then stretched his left foot out and stomped down hard.

"Boom!"

The ground trembled all around them.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Three explosions went off not far beneath them, unleashing three forces out of the ground leaving three large holes. At the mouth of each hole lay a massive demon mouse bleeding to death.

It seemed that Athemar had forced them out and killed them.

Chapter 3120 Choose His Way

Zen frowned at the sight of the three demon mice. "The Ear Mice?"

Athemar nodded and said, "They are everywhere, always hiding in the darkness."

Shortly after Zen had entered the Source World, he had seen the power of the Mice League.

They were everywhere in the Source World and could obtain most of the secrets of the Source World they infested. Because of this, the Mice League had made a lot of money.

Almost all large races hated them.

For instance, the first thing the human race and the Sun Crow race would do after occupying part of the Mountain Viewing Province was annihilate the Ear Mice in the province.

Most of the demon mice in the Mountain Viewing Province had been killed, but there were always some that managed to escape.

It was probably Zen's Wind Cloud Escape that had caused a great change in the air and attracted the attention of the three mice. They had been hiding in the dark to spy on him.

Zen was unaware of this and did not notice them. But it was impossible for them to escape a figure as powerful as Athemar.

Athemar looked at the three fat demon mice and clicked his tongue twice. As he extended his hand, the corpses of the three mice floated towards him.

He remained silent. He skinned the mice with consecutive flicks of his fingers.

He then bent down and fiddled with something on the ground. When he stood up, a small fire array was burning, on which he placed the bloody corpses and grilled them.

As the corpses burned in the fire, he took out several bottles.

Zen didn't know what was in the bottles, but they were probably condiments.

"Oh, this man!"

Zen muttered. His jaw had dropped at the matter-of-fact manner in which Athemar was behaving.

Zen's impression of Athemar was of an elder who had an extraordinary aura and put on solemn airs.

But the Athemar before him was completely different from what he had imagined.

He had molested Elizabeth when he fought with her. He was grilling the demon mice that he had captured and was about to heartily devour them. Zen couldn't believe that he was actually the dignified Oneness Governor. How could the Oneness Sky Palace tolerate such a wicked man?

Athemar noticed Zen's amazed expression, laughed, and said, "I have three hobbies: eating, mating, and playing. All are bad hobbies, right? Don't look at me like that."

"You can do whatever you want, as long as you are happy," Zen said as he nodded.

"Hey..." Athemar smiled at Zen's questioning statement. He paused before he answered, "There should be some things I can't do, of course. But the world is fraught with unforeseen events. I just seize the moments as they come to enjoy myself."

He sprinkled the condiments onto the mice's corpses as he spoke.

The meat of the corpses turned golden as it grilled and began to emit a strange smell. It didn't look tasty, but Zen, who had fasted for many years, felt his appetite stir the moment he smelled the meat.

Athemar noticed Zen's expression and handed him a cooked mouse.

Zen hesitated before reaching out to take it.

He had killed many fierce nonhuman creatures, but this was the first time he had eaten the meat of a nonhuman creature.

Just as they began to gobble down the delicious food, Athemar said, "Not many people know about your existence in the Oneness Sky Palace. Just me, Goran, and a few others in the Origin Mountain. Milo might know about you, but I have warned him not to say anything."

Zen took a bite of the meat, the aromatic oil oozing out of it. He wiped it off before asking, "Why?"

"On one hand, I want you to have more opportunities to train yourself. On the other hand, you've been trying to hide your background, and I must find out where you come from," Athemar said, looking into the distance.

"Latent Theurgies, the Exhausting Power and the Wind Cloud Escape.

They come from the Divine Pulse Deadwood and the Ghost Wind Mountain.

There are few people in the human race who can obtain such Other Shore Tokens.

There are some people in the Oneness Sky Palace who have the Divine Pulse Deadwood, but no one has the Ghost Wind Mountain. The blind guy from the Bearing race has the Ghost Wind Mountain, but no one in the race has the Divine Pulse Deadwood. If my memory serves me right, there are two people in the Nine Li race that have these two Other Shore Tokens," Athemar said, analyzing the situation as he ate the mouse meat.

Zen's eyes flashed as he listened to Athemar's analysis.

Zen was nervous that Athemar had guessed the truth. But he pretended to be calm and asked, "What do you mean by that, Master Athemar?"

"I would indeed be reckless if I guessed your background by relying on this information alone. But I know you did a little trick to change the sword you were using when you operated the Nine Edges Heaven Slaughtering Array," Athemar said, a knowing smile on his face.

Zen's eyebrows went up at this.

He had been exposed even though he had planned everything so carefully!

No, that was not right...

If Athemar was present at the time, why hadn't he made a move to stop the enemy?

How could he just sit by and watch Elizabeth kill Cailen and the others? The Shade Stone had still been in Cailen's hands at the time.

Athemar seemed to have read Zen's mind as he said, "The Oneness Guards and the people of the Su Clan all have their own Rebirth Lands. I'm not worried about them dying."

After one was granted a Rebirth Land, their main body wouldn't be destroyed as long as the Rebirth Land remained intact. This was the method through which the Holy Beings made themselves indestructible.

"That explains it!" Zen exclaimed with a snap of his fingers.

Zen suddenly realized why Cailen had been unwilling to hand over the Shade Stone when the Sun Crow race had threatened to kill everyone. He had even risked his life to keep the stone.

At the time, Zen had thought that Cailen and the others were willing to sacrifice themselves for the human race. He now realized how wrong he was. Fact was that they would never really die.

He had been blind to follow them.

"I care even less about other ordinary people. Even the Shade Stone is just a small stone for weapon refining," Athemar continued as he ate. "Your background is more important than all of that."

He had rushed to the Mountain Viewing Province the moment he had heard about the incident.

From the moment Zen had entered the Dragon City, Athemar had sent his capable men to tail Zen, observe his every move, and send detailed reports to him every day.

There were also people that secretly followed Zen when he had gone to the Mountain Viewing Province and the Blue Cloud City.

But none of them had showed up or helped him when he was in danger.

If it hadn't been for the unexpected change in the battle that had attracted Elizabeth, Athemar wouldn't have showed up in person.

"It looks like you got what you wanted," Zen said somewhat unhappily. Who'd be happy to know that they had been spied on by someone in the dark? It didn't matter that Athemar didn't have any malicious intentions.

"Don't be angry." Athemar handed another cooked mouse to Zen, as if trying to please him. To his surprise, Zen pushed it away. Athemar shrugged and said, "Our Oneness Sky Palace never had any conflicts with the Nine Li race and we don't have any hatred against each other. When we saw an orthodox force of human race being annihilated, we felt sorry too, but our Eastern Emperor did not choose his way at that time..."

Zen was a little relieved at Athemar's words.

He had inquired about this when he had entered the Dragon City, and it was true that the Oneness Sky Palace had no conflicts with the Nine Li race.

If the Oneness Sky Palace was standing opposite from the Nine Li race, Zen would have probably found an opportunity to leave a long time ago.

"Choose his way? What way do you mean?" Zen asked.

He had no idea what Athemar was referring to. Was it the Godly Way that he was saying, or anything else?

Athemar studied Zen, a strange expression on his face. He thought Zen's talent to be extraordinary and since Zen had the Soaring Snake Sword, he had assumed that Zen was a descendant of the Nine Li race. He then said, "It sounds like you don't even know why Chiyou and the Yellow Thearch fought each other?"

From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my [Facebook fanpage]() to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3121 The Finale Way And The Purge Way

Zen felt embarrassed and didn't know how to respond to Athemar's question.

No one in the divine land had ever told him the reason.

Timotheus had left the Source World long ago, so he was also clueless.

When Leopold and Lorena left the Source World, their cultivation levels were still low, so neither of them knew why.

Chiyou also didn't mention anything about the fight when Zen met him.

"Yes, I don't really know," Zen replied frankly, cheeks still slightly burning out of embarrassment.

Athemar glanced at Zen, then he nodded and said, "It's understandable. Your cultivation level was still too low at that time, so it was kind of meaningless to tell you about it anyway. It is hard to explain things about the Other Shore if you haven't reached it."

"Why on earth did they fight?" Zen asked, his eyes gleaming with obvious curiosity.

"To survive," Athemar sighed exasperatedly.

Zen pursed his lips, and quietly glared at Athemar.

Then he asked, "Have you heard of the Book of Changes?"

Zen shook his head, and his curiosity was back again.

Athemar continued, "The Great Ultimate generates two complementary forces, then those two complementary forces generate other four aggregates. Those four aggregates then generate the Eight Diagrams; lastly, the Eight Diagrams determine myriads of phenomena. What would it generate if it went on this way?"

"What would it generate?" Zen asked, confused by the cycle.

"The great rivers and mountains of the Mountain Viewing Province, the Source World and even the chaos came into being," Athemar answered as he stretched out his hands.

The chaos could turn into anything and everything.

There was no need for Athemar to explain further. That was exactly how Zen's inner world had been created.

Zen nodded with apprehension and said, "Got it."

"No, you don't understand," Athemar said with a sly smile. "Have you ever thought about what will happen after endless generation?"

Zen was a little stunned, his brows furrowed. He had never thought about this.

Athemar stretched out his arm. Then he moved his hand in the air like he was grabbing something. A huge stone flew fast towards him. When he grabbed hold of it, he slightly tightened his grip on the stone.

Crack!

The stone was instantly covered with cracks and fissures. A few short moments later, it had turned into countless fragments.

"This stone was a complete form, but it was easily broken by my power. We can't restore it," said Athemar.

"It's possible to restore it," Zen said adamantly.

He could think of a way to piece the fragments together to get it back to its previous form, but he wouldn't waste his time on it.

Athemar had known Zen would say that, given his personality. Athemar continued, "But it will need more time or energy to repair it."

"What do you want to say?" Zen asked. He was getting more and more confused now.

Athemar started explaining, "This stone was broken down from a whole into many fragments, and became even more disorderly, right?"

"Yes," Zen agreed.

"Such kind of thing has happened continuously in the whole world. After the chaos was split, new creatures were born. They started to give birth to more descendants, and the descendants built houses and expanded their own territories. After countless years, the Source World became what it is now," Athemar said solemnly.

Myriads of races were fighting and killing each other in the Source World for survival and territory.

"The world used to be so orderly, but now it's chaotic," Athemar remarked.

Zen raised his eyebrows and tried to follow Athemar's train of thoughts to understand what he meant.

The feud between the Nine Li race and the Bearing race definitely had nothing to do with this.

Although Athemar had perceived Zen's impatience, he continued his narrative, "Have you ever thought about what will happen after a long period of chaos?"

"The Source World will become bigger?" Zen tried to give it a guess.

"The Source World can indeed expand, but the expansion is limited. When the chaos grows to a certain extent, there will be a needle that will stab it. Then with a bang, everything you know and have seen will no longer exist."

At his words, Athemar made an exaggerated gesture to emphasize his point.

Zen blinked and then looked at Athemar with suspicion.

He knew and understood what the other guy meant. The chaos would be destroyed if it expanded continuously.

But the chaos was a myth. How did Athemar know that the chaos would explode? And he described it so vividly. He said a needle would puncture the chaos. The chaos was not a sort of ball. How could it be punctured by a needle? Zen was just getting more confused.

Just as he was about to speak out his doubt, Athemar changed the subject. "To prevent this kind of thing from happening, creatures of the Source World came up with some ideas. The Nine Li race and the Bearing race chose their own ways, and that was why they were at odds with each other."

"Can you tell me what ways they chose?" Zen asked, attention flicking back to his companion.

"There are two ways. The first is to stop the needle from puncturing the chaos. The Nine Li race, the Pear Hill, and a considerable amount of the other races chose this way. This is what we call the Finale Way."

Zen blinked as a thought came into his mind.

When Zen first met Fuxi, he was puzzled when Fuxi mentioned the Finale Hero. Did the Finale Way that Athemar was talking about have anything to do with the Finale Hero?

"What did the Bearing race choose?" Zen asked. He was now paying full attention to Athemar's words.

Athemar stretched out his hand and gently pinched the stone fragments scattered on the ground. The energy released from his fingertips swallowed the fragments bit by bit, and at last only a small fragment was left. "Only one fragment is left. It's clean. It's no longer messy, right?" he asked.

"You mean..."

"The Purge Way. It means wiping out all the other races," Athemar answered with a shrug.

"Only humans are left? Can the Bearing race do it?" Zen asked, probing.

According to his observation after he entered the Source World, the human race did not dominate it.

"Maybe even the existence of human race is needless. Even if the other races are killed, the human race will just reproduce and expand in every corner of the Source World. The chaotic life will last. The ideal situation is that only about ten thousand people live, so that the world will not be chaotic," Athemar said.

It was a crazy and risky plan.

"In other words, the Bearing race planned to kill all the creatures in the chaos, but the Nine Li race was eliminated in advance?" Zen asked, perplexed by the new information.

"The reasons for the feud between the two races are very complicated, but that is the main reason," Athemar replied with a nod.

Zen stared at Athemar and said with a baffled expression on his face, "The tragedy of the Nine Li race was caused not only by the Bearing race, but also by the Divine Farmer. Does this mean that the Divine Farmer chose the same way as the Yellow Thearch?"

"You're right," Athemar agreed with Zen's analogy. "It is impossible to fulfil such a great ambition with the Yellow Thearch alone. In addition to the Divine Farmer, there is someone more powerful behind him."

Athemar had a faint sense of awe when he said this.

Zen could guess that Athemar was talking about a Chaos Ancient God.

However, he always heard No. 9527's voice in his mind from time to time, so he didn't think a Chaos Ancient God was so mysterious.

Athemar had been waiting for Zen to ask about who the more powerful being was.

But Zen was silent for a long time, taking his time. Athemar could no longer help but ask, "Aren't you curious?"

Chapter 3122 The Veiled Women

"I'm not curious..." Zen shrugged as he said indifferently.

Disappointed by his reaction, Athemar said, "That is a Chaos Ancient God living outside of the Source World. With the support of the Chaos Ancient God, the Bearing race continues to prosper over the years!

They have already exterminated nine small races. Besides, thirteen other races have been forced to surrender to them. And Emperor Charm has also made his decision."

Before Zen went to the Mountain Viewing Province, he learned that Emperor Charm was the leader of the Sun Crow race. Now that the Sun Crow race was engaged in a war against the Oneness Sky Palace, could that mean...

"Master Athemar, are you implying that Emperor Charm has also chosen the Purge Way?" Zen asked in concern.

Athemar nodded. He stared at Zen and smiled, "You have been hiding your origin all this time. If you are indeed from the Nine Li race, then you should understand the intentions of the Oneness Sky Palace by now. We have no conflict with the Nine Li race. As a matter of fact, we're on the same side. We should be friends."

The reason why he said so much was to dispel Zen's doubts.

A long silence lingered in the air before Zen spoke, "Master Athemar, that is a lot of information for me to process at once. May I have some time to think about it?"

"Yes, sure!" Athemar said politely. "Even if you don't trust the Oneness Sky Palace and insist on leaving, I will personally send you to any place of your choosing in the Source World."

After he finished speaking, he nodded to Zen and waved his hand gently.

In response to his hand gesture, a long sword sprang out from the sheath around his waist. It rotated around in the air for a few seconds and gradually grew in size. It appeared to be the Lofty Sword that Zen had seen before.

However, this one was different in size from the ones he saw in the Grand River Fortress and the Sword Light Palace. The one in front of him was much smaller. It was only a few hundred feet long.

"Come on! I'll send you back to the Grand River Fortress," Athemar said while gesturing Zen towards the Lofty Sword.

Zen hopped on to the Lofty Sword with Athemar. Then it carried their weights and flew in the southern direction.

Immediately, Zen plopped down on the sword with his legs crossed, and his eyes shut as if to concentrate. Quietly, he asked in his mind, "No. 9527, is everything he said true?"

Of course, No. 9527 was informed about matters such as this, but it had never mentioned to Zen before.

"Well, it's highly possible, but he didn't tell us everything. He didn't know..." No. 9527 replied calmly.

"Why didn't you tell me this sooner?" Zen asked again with a hint of disappointment.

"Why should I tell you?" No. 9527 asked defensively.

Every time, No. 9527 would give him vague responses and would seldom reveal anything informative. Zen even had no clue about the function of the candles he took from the Sea of Truth.

"If I could know earlier, I could prepare myself accordingly," Zen sighed.

"Your cultivation base is too weak. No matter how you take precautions, it is useless..." Feeling Zen's helplessness, No. 9527 felt sympathetic and said, "Actually, there are more than two options to deal with the chaos. For example, there is also the Nihility Way."

"What does that mean?"

"This is almost the same as Yellow Thearch's idea. What Yellow Thearch wants is to control the chaotic situation, yet the Nihility Way is more severe. That is to terminate the chaos into oblivion..." No. 9527 answered calmly

"Are these people crazy?" Zen felt a stinging headache after hearing the absurd things.

"From their point of view, the Finale Way is also a crazy idea," No. 9527 responded.

It was hard for different people with different mindsets to come to a common ground. What was right for one person was wrong to the other. Each of them had their own beliefs. Any form of opposition to it was not well-received.

As a result, differences in opinion led to disputes, and as time progressed, the hostility grew more violent and vicious.

In the Excellence City.

After the end of winter, the seaway became more bustling than usual.

The turmoil in the Seven-Star Province had once made the people in the Excellence City panic and fear.

After all, the human race of the Gracious Province all relied on the protection of the Sword Light Palace. But now, with the source of their protection destroyed, they were in constant fear of being attacked by nonhuman creatures with ill intentions.

In particular, the Man-eating Demon Flowers, and the thought of them breaching the city and devouring it whole terrorized them.

Last year, some people from the Sand Country even broke into the Excellence City without a hitch and alerted the head of the city, so they killed those people who leaned on the Man-eating Demon Flowers.

But then came winter and new messages from the Seven-Star Province along with it.

The Sword Light Palace was going to be rebuilt from scratch.

The fearsome king and the foundation of the Man-eating Demon Flowers in the Gracious Province had been killed.

For so many years, the Sword Light Palace had struggled to subdue them, but now it was over.

The whole Excellence City celebrated and rejoiced under the triumph for several days.

"Phew!"

Meanwhile, a black flying boat quietly landed at the wharf of the Excellence City.

Several women were seen stepping down from it.

Each woman was covered in a silver-colored veil. The veils made it hard to make out their features, and even their cultivation bases were suppressed.

Even so, their strong presence instilled deep pressure on the onlookers.

The woman in the lead had a strange uniqueness. She stood out from all the other ladies at the Other Shore Realm.

"Take us to the Mice League." The woman in the lead tossed a few divine crystals at a fellow on the deck.

Most races of the Source World loathed the Ear Mouse race, but when they needed information to be obtained quickly, they could only seek help from them. As long as they were prepared to pay the price of the news they were willing to attain, they could take advantage of their presence.

The man's eyes lit up with joy as he collected the crystals. He then bowed to them and obediently led the way.

From the group of women, one of them stepped out and entered the gate of the Mice League.

After the passing of an hour, she came out.

Although her face was covered by the veil, her disappointment was noticeable. Her head hung loosely from her neck, and her bright eyes now seemed dark.

"Yes, he did come here, but he was taken away by someone else..." she said with low spirits.

"Who picked him up?" the leading woman asked with her arms crossed.

"Someone from the Sword Light Palace in the Seven-Star Province, and... The Sword Light Palace seems to have been destroyed and it's being rebuilt." She now looked even more tensed.

The woman in the lead put her arm around her and comforted her, "Everything should be fine. Since the Sword Light Palace is being rebuilt, we can go to the Seven-Star Province and find out his whereabouts."

"Yes..."

The two women nodded to each other, and they all went straight to the quay without looking back. All of them boarded the black flying ship and headed off to the Seven-Star Province.

The women were from the Pear Hill.

The day Emily and Zen separated, they had decided to meet at the Excellence City.

But she was being chased by Sanjay and had to lose him before she could go look for Zen

It would have been risky to go to the Excellence City while she was being watched, so she had to take Yan to the Pear Hill.

Inside Emily's inner world, Yan was oblivious to the outside world. When she was finally released and could not find Zen, she immediately turned to Emily to ask where he was.

Not wanting to lie to her, Emily told her everything she knew about Zen.

Hearing this, Yan suddenly became worried about her brother. His location was not known, and the Source World was dangerous.

Even though the Pear Hill was peaceful and offered a favorable environment for cultivation, Yan had no plans on staying.

Giving in to her wishes, Emily and Yan set out with strong warriors of the Pear Hill to the Gracious Province in search of Zen.

Chapter 3123 The Situation Of Sword Light Palace

One year ago, the Seven-Star City had been destroyed, with nothing more than rubble and ruins left. It had been a mess.

Now, after more than a year of restoration, there were no signs that it had been destroyed the year prior.

However, too many people had died. Even though many people had come here from other cities in the Seven-Star Province, one couldn't shake off the feeling of desolation in this city.

To recover the level of prosperity it was before would take at least a hundred years of peace.

Laura pondered over this as she stood in front of the Lofty Sword, overlooking the mountains and rivers. A gloomy expression took over her face.

A year ago, the Qiu Clan and the Yuebai Clan were still fighting for power.

She thought the competition would be good for the Sword Light Palace. But she had not expected that Reynald's choices would lead them to a dead end.

"Time for a shift!"

Ingram's voice interrupted her thoughts.

Most elites of the Sword Light Palace were dead. The only hope of their people was Ingram, Laura, and the Lofty Sword on the top of the mountain.

The Lofty Sword used to be guarded by the officiant. Now, Ingram and Laura took shifts looking after it.

"I can hold on... for several more days." Laura shook her head.

"Don't even try. Even the officiant would rest from time to time. This is exhausting," said Ingram concernedly.

When the Sword Light Palace was at its prime, the sword was rarely used. Normally, high-level warriors could protect the place.

But now, times were different. Every hour of the day, they needed to keep a close eye on it.

"Alas..."

As Laura let out a tired sigh, a black thing suddenly flashed in the sky in the distance.

After what happened last year, Laura and the others had become highly vigilant. There was no way they were going to risk being lax.

Before identifying who or what the black thing was, she immediately activated the Lofty Sword. Suddenly, the surface of its blade glowed in intricate patterns.

"Buzz..."

Countless beams of dense sword light shot out and intertwined around the palace, forming a huge net. This was the Sword Light Palace's defense.

"It's a flying ship. Don't be so nervous," Ingram said soothingly.

Laura nodded as she eyed the black boat steadily approaching. Finally, the black boat came to a stop, hovering right in front of the sword net.

"Who are you?" Laura called out to the mysterious boat. "What brings you here to the Sword Light Palace?"

From the black flying boat, they heard an indignant snort. Then, a veiled woman leapt from the boat and flew towards the sword net.

Laying her hand on the sword net, the woman began to emanate a flash of red light.

The red light suddenly transformed into the shadow of Snake Goddess.

The sword net suddenly buckled. Even the Lofty Sword trembled slightly.

The woman said indifferently, "We've traveled thousands of miles from Pear Hill. You need not be polite to us, but why must you be so hostile? Don't force me to destroy the Lofty Sword!"

Shocked at what they were seeing, Laura and Ingram exchanged worried glances.

They didn't expect the people on the flying boat to be so arrogant. She didn't even respect their Lofty Sword!

In addition, she was from Pear Hill!

The Snake Goddess race was on a par with the Oneness Sky Palace, maybe even stronger.

"Madam," said Ingram humbly, trying to assuage her, "the Sword Light Palace was attacked by the nonhuman creatures not too long ago. We're just extremely nervous, please, forgive us!"

Sensing Ingram's sincerity, the veiled woman loosened her grip on the sword net.

Turning back to the boat, she called out, "Yan, just ask them...!"

Another veiled woman quietly flew out of the flying boat.

Slowly descending towards the sword net, she asked softly, "I'm looking for someone. His name is Zen Luo..."

Upon hearing that name, Laura and Ingram exchanged puzzled glances.

Laura knew little about Zen's background, especially since he had been quite secretive.

She had not expected that he was related to the Pear Hill.

"What's your relation with him?" Laura asked cautiously.

Yan smiled slightly. She could tell they had met Zen. "I'm his younger sister. Where is my brother?"

"He has been taken away by Winchell of the Oneness Sky Palace. He should be in the Bloom Divine Province now," Laura replied.

Laura took a quick survey of the boat. She could see there were many women aboard, and all were powerful-looking.

If Zen's sister was being escorted by these people, her status was obviously not low. That must mean Zen came from a powerful and wealthy family, right? Why didn't he go to Pear Hill instead of the Oneness Sky Palace?

"Should I go to the Bloom Divine Province?" Yan frowned, her disappointment evident.

The first veiled woman, sensing Yan's disappointment, said, "Yan, you promised to cross the Sea of Truth as soon as possible. Before that, you must improve your cultivation. If you miss the opportunity to enter the Miracle Temple, it would be troublesome. We don't have much time."

The Pear Hill was quite far from here, with many provinces in between. To save time, they had asked for help from the Snake Goddess.

If they journeyed to the Bloom Divine Province, it would eat up the time they saved with the Snake Goddess's help, maybe even more.

Yan had promised that she would quit her search for her brother once she was assured he was alive. Laura had just confirmed this for her. There was no more need to keep searching for him.

"Hmm..." Yan was still a little worried. She gracefully descended till she landed right in front of Laura. "Will my brother be safe at the Oneness Sky Palace?"

Laura smiled reassuringly. "Your brother is extraordinary. There's no doubt he would be taken good care of there. Don't worry."

Yan thought about it for a while. "What happened to my brother here in the Seven-Star Province?"

Laura and Ingram happily shared with her what they knew of Zen's experiences. After all, he had saved their lives. They felt indebted to him.

Actually, without Zen, the Sword Light Palace wouldn't have survived at all.

After hearing all the details, Yan was relieved. She bade them goodbye and flew back to her boat with the veiled woman.

Watching the black flying boat sail into the distance, Laura turned to Ingram. "This girl really cares about her brother..." she said quietly, with a faint smile. "How far is Pear Hill from here?"

"I don't care about that," said Ingram, who was also eyeing the boat. "If I'm not mistaken, Zen's sister is also capable of Instant Enlightenment."

"What makes you say that?" Laura pursed her lips.

"The Pear Hill wants to send her to the Miracle Temple. But she hasn't even reached the Other Shore Realm. Think about it," he said seriously. "How many people in the Source World can be treated such?"

Although they lived in a remote area, they were well aware of the reputation of the Miracle Temple.

Only elites cultivated by super forces could enter the Miracle Temple. This was how Ingram drew conclusions about Yan's talent.

"They are really special, aren't they?" Laura sighed. "I wonder what the future holds for them." While she was the one who had brought Zen into the Sword Light Palace by instinct, she never could've expected how powerful he truly was.

Chapter 3124 Return To The Dragon City

The setting sun shone on the Grand River Fortress.

The leaders of the Oneness Guards were surprised as they watched Athemar bring Zen back.

Athemar seldom went to the Grand River Fortress, but he had placed the Lofty Swords in the fortress, one by one.

Athemar planned to take Zen straight back to the Dragon City.

But Zen insisted on waiting here for Gant.

Gant managed to escape from Elizabeth, and as long as he was careful on his way back, there should be no big problem.

When they were under attack in the Blue Cloud City, the Grand River Fortress had immediately sent reinforcements to help them.

But the Sun Crow race had blocked the first group of reinforcements. They had then sent in the second group.

The Oneness Guards who had fought the Sun Crow race out on the plain held on long enough and finally got help from the second group of reinforcements. But a majority of them were dead or wounded.

Sebert had died, and Satchel had gotten seriously injured while fighting with another demon woman of the Divine Lair. But he succeeded in killing her.

When the second group of reinforcements and the rest of the Oneness Guards were on the way back, they met Gant, who was carrying Eira on his back.

So Gant followed the reinforcements back to the Grand River Fortress.

For the past two days, Gant was worrying himself sick over Zen.

In order to declare his loyalty to the Oneness Sky Palace, Gant's father, Cailen, led the elders of the Su Clan to place their Rebirth Lands in the Oneness Sky Palace. Most pill refiners and weapon refiners who relied on super forces would do that.

This way, they could be revived even if they died.

But Zen hadn't joined the Oneness Guards, and he didn't have a Rebirth Land. How could he survive an attack from Elizabeth?

Gant was depressed as they made their way to the Grand River Fortress.

He didn't expect that he would see Zen the moment he returned to the fortress.

Gant's eyes widened in surprise.

"Flag Master! How did you survive?" Gant asked in disbelief.

"Did you want me to die?" Zen asked, smiling.

Gant shook his head vigorously as he said, "Of course not! I don't want you to die! Obviously not!"

"Gant, is this the Flag Master you mentioned?" Eira's weak voice sounded from behind Gant.

Gant had run away, carrying Eira on his back, and she had woken soon after.

She was shocked when she saw Gant. It was hard for her to imagine that Gant would leave the Dragon City to help her. It was difficult for a warrior who had just reached the Other Shore Realm to do something like this.

Gant told Eira everything that had happened in the Blue Cloud City after she had fainted. Only then did she realize how dangerous the situation was and that she was fortunate to have survived, even in the worst of it all.

Along the way, Gant kept talking about Zen, piquing Eira's interest and curiosity about this Flag Master.

"Yes, this is my Flag Master!"

Gant said, excited. He then went on to unabashedly praise Zen, causing Zen to blush at his remarks.

Zen interrupted him, but when Gant stopped talking about it, he brought up another one. He still wanted to know how Zen had escaped.

But Zen would not reveal anything about the Latent Theurgies. Now that Gant had arrived at the Grand River Fortress, it was time for them to go back.

He then found Athemar in the fortress and explained to Gant, "It was Master Athemar who saved my life. I would not be standing here today if it weren't for him."

"Master Athemar."

Gant didn't have a high cultivation base, but he was highly knowledgeable. He knew that Athemar was a Oneness Governor.

Athemar treated Zen in a friendly way, but remained indifferent to others. The five-star Oneness Guards in the fortress respected him, but Athemar always ignored them.

"Now that the person you were waiting for has arrived, I will send you back," said Athemar.

"Thank you very much," Zen said, folding his hands in respect.

Athemar then escorted Zen, Gant, and Eira back to the Dragon City.

Once they returned, Gant bid goodbye to Zen and left, since he had to see Eira home.

Before he left, he asked Zen for the Snow Sword. Since this sword was made by the Su Clan, he wanted to take this opportunity to repair it for Zen.

Athemar handed a golden Sword Card to Zen. "I know you have a lot of things to deal with inside the Dragon City. They are just minor issues. You don't belong to the Dragon City. Please go to the Oneness Mountain and look for me as soon as possible. I want to impart you something."

After saying these words, Athemar disappeared.

The Dragon City hadn't changed much during the time that Zen was out.

Compared to the Mountain Viewing Province where battles took place all the time, the Dragon City was much quieter and more peaceful.

Zen found Beldene and was surprised to find that his subordinates had increased in number. There were almost two thousand members now!

The cultivation bases of the disciples from the Sword Light Palace had also increased steadily.

They were happy at Zen's return. Faegan spoke, "Flag Master, you have accumulated merit points and we have enough members now. I think you are qualified to be promoted to the Alliance Chief."

Zen was touched at the love, admiration, and happiness radiating from their faces.

These disciples had stayed with him through thick and thin. But he knew that he might have to leave the Dragon City soon. He wasn't prepared to be parted with them so soon!

But even if he went to the Oneness Mountain, Zen would treat these disciples well.

Milo could make the Sword-reading Liquid to sell at the foot of the mountain, and so could Zen. The profit alone could guarantee the cultivation resources of the disciples.

Beldene filled Zen in about the monthly revenue and expenditure of the past days. He was a responsible man and recorded the accounts clearly.

It was the high season of recruitment in the Dragon City. The demand for Sword-reading Liquid was huge, and the income, abundant. More than 90% of the Sword-reading Liquid had been sold.

The remaining bottles of Sword-reading Liquid had been kept until now because Beldene hadn't wanted to sell them before. And right now, the current price of the Sword-reading Liquid could shoot up to 30, 000 divine crystals.

Zen carried a lot of divine crystals with him and thought of the Truth Library.

He had always been interested in the manual of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, but it was expensive; it cost about ten million divine crystals. The price was too high for Zen.

Now that Zen had a stable income selling the Sword-reading Liquid, he could easily afford ten million divine crystals.

Zen, upon entering Dragon City, went straight to the Sword Tower.

Athemar hadn't been interested in the Shade Stone. Zen was forced to think about it because it had been sucked into his physical body. However, he quelled his curiosity since it was inconvenient to check on it on the way.

In the practicing room of the Sword Tower, Zen took off his clothes and released his spiritual sense to inspect the Shade Stone.

The Shade Stone turned into a small black dot on his back. It began to spread and in only a few days, had covered half of his back.

Chapter 3125 Tacit Understanding

Staring at the black area on his back, Zen frowned.

If it was only attached to his back, he would be fine with it.

But that wasn't the case. Judging from the situation, the black area was spreading. Sooner or later, his whole body would be covered. Zen's frown deepened. If his whole body was covered in black, he would look weird and ugly!

Zen gingerly poked the black area. It felt rough and hard to the touch, like stone.

After some thought, he directed his power at the black skin.

The muscles on his back bulged. He squeezed his eyes shut as he tried to will the Shade Stone out of his body.

However, no matter how hard he tried, each time he opened his eyes to check, the black area hadn't budged at all. It seemed that it had completely integrated into his body, becoming a part of him.

After trying other methods, he threw his hands up in resignation.

"No. 9527, what should I do with it?" Zen asked.

It was completely an accident that the Shade Stone had been sucked into his body.

Now, Zen had no way to take it out.

"I don't know either," No. 9527 answered disinterestedly. "Generally, the Shade Stone is used to refine weapons, and it could be considered a premium Other Shore Treasure. It's capable of completely merging with an Other Shore Token, but I didn't know it could merge with your body."

The reason why the Other Shore Treasure was superior to the Profound Blood Treasure was that it had merged with the Other Shore Token.

The more powerful the Other Shore Token was, the better materials it would require to refine weapons.

If a Profound Blood Treasure were to merge with an Other Shore Token, it would collapse during the process. The Profound Blood Treasure itself couldn't merge with the Other Shore Token.

Primary Other Shore Treasures could merge with the Other Shore Tokens of Stages One to Ten, the intermediate Other Shore Treasures could merge with tokens of Stages Eleven to Twenty, and the premium ones merged with tokens of Stages Twenty-one to Thirty.

But No. 9527 and Gant had failed to mention something.

Most of the premium Other Shore Treasures could only merge with the Other Shore Tokens of Stage Thirty at most, which was known as the Blooming Jade Stage.

However, the Shade Stones and some other rare items were totally unrestricted. They could merge with the Other Shore Tokens above Stage Thirty.

"In this case, are you saying my body can be considered an Other Shore Treasure?" Zen asked curiously.

His body was different, after all.

Some ancient gods crossed the Sea of Truth by refining their bodies, but they cultivated a different Truth of Godly Way from Zen.

It was called the Truth of Powerful Holy Body. As the Ancient God Cultivation Method had disappeared, no one had ever cultivated the Truth of Powerful Holy Body since then.

In fact, Zen had forged a new way. He had entered the Sea of Truth by burning his body with fire.

The truth aura emanating from his body had never existed before. Even No. 9527 couldn't tell where it came from, and it was unknown if he could merge with the Other Shore Tokens.

Hearing Zen's question, No. 9527 was stunned. After a while, it said, "Yes. Things are getting interesting!"

Initially, No. 9527 paid no heed to the Shade Stone. But upon this realization, it started to pay close attention to it.

The Other Shore was a complex and mysterious world. There were a large number of Other Shore Tokens that could be fused to enhance the strength of the True Gods. However, some Other Shore Tokens couldn't be fused.

For example, there was a kind of herb called Poison Tenderness in Stage Six, which contained a very fierce poison. No one dared to merge with it. After merging, the poison would destroy the warrior. The Poison Tenderness was very suitable for making Other Shore Treasures; in fact, it was the most important ingredient for many primary Other Shore Treasures.

There were many Other Shore Tokens like the Poison Tenderness. It depended on whether they matched Zen's Truths of Godly Ways.

Hearing No. 9527's words, Zen grew excited. But soon, the rush of excitement left him. He smiled bitterly. "Now, the real problem is how do I deal with this black spot?"

No. 9527 didn't speak for a while as it was deep in thought. "Why don't you try burning it with fire?"

When Zen was burnt by the divine flames of the Sun Crow race, his body somehow managed to absorb the Shade Stone. Now that he couldn't separate from it, maybe he could try completely integrating it into his body.

Zen's eyes flashed. "I'd like to have a try!"

He stretched out his hands, sparking a red flame. The flame spiraled around him to cover him.

Golden vortexes appeared on the surface of his body.

As the golden vortexes whirled violently, the Shade Stone remained unmoved.

"Again!"

Zen performed the Elementary Fire Godly Way again.

Raging flames constantly passed through his body.

After about five minutes, using his spiritual sense, he felt that the black spot finally budged.

"It's working!" Zen cried as he couldn't conceal his joy. He proceeded to continue conducting the spell.

Splash!

The cave of the Sword Tower heated into a bright red thanks to the flames shooting out from Zen's body.

After around eight hours, the black spot had melted slightly, becoming fluid. Zen once again attempted to expel the Shade Stone from his body, to no avail. It seemed the black spot had fully integrated into his body.

With Zen constantly burning, the black spot loosened its grasp gradually, but then something unexpected happened.

The black Shade Stone liquid moved along his back to his neck, legs, chest and other parts. After a short while, he seemed to be covered by charcoal all over his body. Except for the golden vortexes, he was black all over his body, with only his shiny eyes blinking.

"Now I'm in trouble,"

Zen said helplessly.

But since that was the case, he had no choice but to keep burning.

As he was burning, Zen felt a strange sensation. He felt that the Shade Stone was completely integrating with him. It was as though he had an additional layer of skin that he could manipulate. There seemed to be an unspoken agreement between him and the black mark.

This sense of tacit understanding was very strange, as though he had grown another arm or a leg, not knowing where it came from. It felt the same as when he had three heads and six arms in the past. Although he was not used to this extra body part, it was there, and he could control it.

'Withdraw!'

Zen ordered silently.

The black thing immediately slipped somewhere deep within his body. His skin was fair again!

No. 9527 was surprised at what it had just witnessed. After a while, it murmured, "It seems that you have a strange ability."

Zen himself didn't seem surprised at all.

Along his journey, he had absorbed a lot of strange things. The Shade Stone just came by coincidence.

As he shook his body, it instantly emerged again, covering his whole body in blackness.

Then he got up and walked out of the jade cushion.

As though sensing his movement, a long sword that was hovering on the roof of the cave suddenly shot towards him.

However, Zen didn't even flinch. He just stretched out his arms, as though to greet the blade that was flying towards him.

Chapter 3126 Dreaded Eye Demon Race

The Sword Tower was divided into three floors, and each floor symbolized the difficulty level, the third floor being the hardest. In most cases, only the Alliance Chiefs would enter the third floor.

The first time Zen went to the Sword Tower, he cultivated on the first floor. Each ordinary long sword there held the power equivalent to a divine megaton of force.

While every long sword on the second floor had four divine megatons of force. As for those on the third floor, each one was equal to ten divine megatons of force.

Zen recalled his first visit to the Sword Tower. He was cultivating on the first floor and got hit by one of the long swords. It was so impactful that it left him wounded and scarred.

After Zen acquired the Shade Stone, it had cloaked his entire body as if it were his own skin. Zen wanted to assess its resistance in the Sword Tower.

"Whoosh!"

A long sword rushed to Zen at a swift pace.

"Crack!"

A speck of golden light shot out from the collision.

The robust sword, containing ten divine megatons of force, was deflected by the resistant black skin of Zen.

"Good job..."

A satisfied smile appeared on Zen's black face.

The Shade Stone he had absorbed accidentally was surprisingly effective.

Feeling invincible, he began taking long strides as he advanced further down the path in front of him.

The swords dancing above his head came loose and rained down on him one after the other at every step he took.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Whizzing..."

Tiny spots of light sparkled at every collision of the swords with Zen's skin but to no avail. Each long sword that aimed at him was deflected effortlessly by Zen's body. None of them caused him the slightest harm. He continued moving forward unscathed.

Sellers was guarding the Sword Tower. If he had witnessed this scene unravel, he would have been shocked to his very core.

Soon as Zen approached the entrance of the practice room, huge swords above his head dangled loosely and aimed at him.

These huge swords were more robust than the ones he had faced so far. Zen did not dare confront them when he was exploring the third floor of the Sword Tower last time.

Doubts flooded his mind as he questioned whether he should go forth or not. But then, he fixed his posture looking determined and continued moving forward. Despite all the attacks, he wanted to test how durable the Shade Stone was, without caring about getting wounded in the process.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Soon, a dozen powerful swords came swooping down on Zen, each of them containing ten divine megatons of force, and they hit his shoulders rapidly one after the other.

Even after the continuous attacks, the black skin covering Zen showed no signs of damage. He was completely unharmed from the outside.

But, when the powerful swords struck Zen, the force they contained was absorbed into his body and caused his internal organs to tremble from the impact.

As durable as the Shade Stone was, it could only protect him from the outside.

After Zen's strenuous efforts on resisting the powerful swords raining down on him, he began to stagger and felt his body turn frail.

Instead of hastening his steps towards the door, he withdrew back to the cushion.

This time, the time limit for practicing in the Sword Tower was a month. He had no intention of leaving right now.

After suppressing the Shade Stone, Zen sat up on the cushion and let out a deep breath.

Soon he would have to go up the Oneness Mountain.

When he fantasized about going there, the vague image of Milo emerged in his head.

To avoid breaking the rules of the palace, Milo did not kill Zen when he had the chance.

Once he went to the mountain, he would surely avenge himself, for Milo had broken his sword in their last encounter.

However, he still needed to deal with some things in the Dragon City.

With his mind overflowing with thoughts, he cast them aside in a single breath and began to recite the Truth of Goodwill and Malice.

There was only one demonic eye in his body. Previously, he had merged himself with the demonic eye by relying on the Truth of Cultivation Nature in the Sacred Mallow Temple.

Since it was his first time to merge with an Other Shore Token, Zen was not familiar with the process. Plus, no one in the Dragon City had ever informed him about this. Thus, he thought that he would own an Other Shore Token as long as he was successful in merging with it.

Such a fusion was not perfect yet, and he later realized that he had superficially used the demonic eye.

Only the most suitable Truth of Godly Way could help him fuse with it successfully and later bear it in his inner world.

To bear an Other Shore Token required one's inner world to be a Sanskrit Land. The same was true for bearing an Other Shore Treasure.

Originally, before a True God could reach the Other Shore, they couldn't form the Sanskrit Land. But, there were a few exceptions who could build the Ten Sanskrit Land. There was also only a handful of them who could make the Hundred Sanskrit Land. Regardless of the probability of such occasions, Zen was a True God who had formed the Thousand Sanskrit Land.

To name a few, in the entire Nine Li race, the ones who owned the Thousand Sanskrit Land were Chiyou and his nine brothers.

If an analogy were applied, the Ten Sanskrit Land corresponded to a primary Other Shore Treasure, the Hundred Sanskrit Land to an intermediate one, and the Thousand Sanskrit Land to a premium one.

To fuse with the demonic eye completely, Zen had to perfect the Truth of Goodwill and Malice this time.

In contrast to Zen's compatibility with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, his compatibility with the Truth of Goodwill and Malice was not so firm.

Nevertheless, it wasn't weak. Three days had passed in the Dragon City since Zen had left the cultivation room, and he returned.

As the days progressed, it was now three months since Zen had been in the cultivation room.

After he uttered the last word of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, the truth aura reacted to his words and began to surge.

The Truth of Cultivation Nature was the kind that could match most of the Other Shore Tokens. However, in many cases, it could only have an Other Shore Token not reject it.

Therefore, Zen was able to fuse with the demonic eye and use its Other Shore Power, but he couldn't go any further than this.

Similarly, he couldn't hold the demonic eye completely.

As Zen exerted the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, the demonic eye reacted to it in his body and suddenly flashed a red light.

When the demonic eye blinked within Zen, a massive amount of messages and memories flowed through Zen's mind.

'New words...

New ways of thinking...

Food...

Reproduction...

Power...'

From the messages that flowed into his memories like a river, he saw the entire Dreaded Eye Demon race.

In that dark world, the Dreaded Eye Demons appeared in various shapes and forms.

As he read the information, he subconsciously raised his brows, feeling amazed.

Generally, there wouldn't be much difference in appearance between members in the same race.

However, the Dreaded Eye Demon was all unique from each other from their size to features. Some of them looked like snakes, some were as big as cattle, and some were like birds, flying in the air.

The only common feature was that each of them had one eye.

"It's not right..."

As he continued looking through, he began to connect the pieces of the puzzle to make out what was going on.

He concluded that they did not exist in various shapes and forms, but they were more of a parasite race. Furthermore, the different forms and bodies were not their own. In fact, it was the eye! The eye was their main and true body!

In that dark world, the Dreaded Eye Demon race was a formidable race.

Moreover, this race also seemed to believe in the Finale Way!

"The biggest eye is embedded in a huge mountain. It is their leader, whose name is... Uday."

Upon realizing this, Zen recalled how much No. 9527 used to look down upon this race. Yet, there was only one that gained its recognition. It was probably this "Uday", which was a real extraordinary creature.

But how did Uday enter the Other Shore? Why did they build a temple for the Dreaded Eye Demons on the Other Shore?

Zen hadn't gotten the answers he needed from the information.

After having a rough understanding of it, Zen controlled the demonic eye to move toward his elixir field.

Chapter 3127 The Authentic Visual World

Zen's inner world trembled as the demonic eye fell.

Almost all the creatures in the inner world raised their heads to look at the sky at the tremors.

The power of the Godly Way was far greater than that of life vitality, and the Other Shore Power was far superior to that of the Godly Way. There were qualitative changes among the three kinds of powers.

When he appeared before the red stone in the Dragon City for the first time, Zen had gathered most of his strength, but the test told him that his force only reached one divine megaton.

However, the Other Shore Power that the demonic eye contained reached dozens of divine megatons.

The demonic eye's aura could shake the entire inner world.

Splash...

The great pressure forced the water of the chaotic sea to rush in all directions.

The seawater surged to the edges of the inner world, but the invisible walls formed by the Thousand Sanskrit Land blocked it, causing it to rebound towards the continents in the form of a tsunami that was ten thousand feet high.

There were thousands of villages and cities on the continents.

The people of these villages and cities were frightened as they spotted the tsunami in the distance.

Powerful warriors and True Gods began to escape, while ordinary mortals didn't even have the chance to do so. Ordinary people were weak as ants in the face of natural disasters like this.

The tsunami was about to make its way to every continent when Zen's avatar raised an arm.

He would not allow such a disaster to wreck his inner world.

Air walls appeared from the coastlines of all the continents.

Boom!

Even though the tsunami was extremely powerful, it could not break through the air walls.

"This must be a miracle!"

"It is a miracle!"

"Thank you for protecting us!"

"The Creator is helping us."

The mortals knelt on the ground, heads bowed and hands clasped in worship.

Thanks to the Faith Energy they were sending out to him, Zen felt his internal momentum increase.

In order to increase the Faith Energy of the creatures from their inner worlds, some True Gods would cause disasters on purpose and then save the creatures in their inner worlds. Only in this way could the creatures feel grateful and believe in their creators.

Some powerful warriors and True Gods were staring solemnly at the sky.

Their spiritual senses were extremely powerful. They sensed that an extremely powerful thing had come to this world, and the power contained within it was countless times stronger than that of the Nine Divine Stars.

It was hard for them to imagine that there was such a powerful thing in this world.

In a small pavilion on a mountain of the Flower Dancing Sect, a pretty woman was pouring a cup of tea for Geoffrey. She was the Holy Maiden of the Flower Dancing Sect. Her name was well-known in this continent and countless young men admired her.

She handed the cup to Geoffrey, but he suddenly raised his head to look at the sky.

The Holy Maiden also sensed the strong aura and panicked.

If this force was brought down upon them, it would be powerful enough to destroy the whole continent.

The Holy Maiden looked up at the sky and said, "I wonder what it is. It's so powerful!"

"Let me take a look!"

Geoffrey knew that there was no one in the world, except his father, who could put such a powerful thing in his inner world.

"But it's too dangerous. Please don't go!" the Holy Maiden cried out, trembling.

Even though Geoffrey had defeated the three most powerful warriors of the Heavenly Annihilation Sect and ranked first in the continent, there was still a huge gap between his power and that of the thing descending upon this world.

"Don't worry. I will be fine," said Geoffrey, his eyes softening as he took her delicate hand. He then used the Grand Teleportation and disappeared.

He walked out of the space channel only to be confronted with the sight of a huge eyeball.

A strange feeling rose in his heart.

He thought of death and everything that would make him panic.

And before he could react, Geoffrey's spirit had almost collapsed.

Luckily, Zen found his son in time. With a wave of his hand, he created a space to shroud Geoffrey's body so that it was utterly isolated from the outside world. He simultaneously cut off the power of the demonic eye.

Geoffrey gasped for breath, still tensed.

"Geoffrey, how could you be so reckless?"

Zen berated the young man.

Quite a while passed before Geoffrey finally calmed down and was able to speak. "I thought it wouldn't be dangerous."

Since everyone else was too frightened to approach the demonic eye, Zen wasn't worried about hurting anyone.

But he hadn't expected his son to appear here. How could Geoffrey stand the power of the demonic eye, given his current cultivation base?

"Leave this place. I am going to carry the demonic eye now," Zen said, waving his hand. He threw the space that enveloped Geoffrey's body onto the continent.

It was not until he had chased Geoffrey away that Zen began to focus on carrying the demonic eye.

"Phew!"

When the demonic eye descended to a certain height, the Sanskrit words on the edge of the inner world started to move.

One Sanskrit word began to glow and then started to absorb the water of the chaotic sea. The water turned into a golden chain and extended towards the demonic eye.

With a resounding clink, the huge chain wrapped around the demonic eye.

The second Sanskrit word formed another chain and wrapped around the eye. Then the third. The fourth. The fifth... The tenth...

There were finally one hundred and four Sanskrit words that formed one hundred and four golden chains that wrapped around the eye.

"If an Other Shore Realm warrior with the Ten Sanskrit Land were to carry the demonic eye, their inner world would probably collapse," Zen murmured.

A large portion of people in the Dragon City didn't have the Sanskrit Land.

They entered the Other Shore Realm and got the Other Shore Tokens, but were unable to put them into their inner worlds. Because of this, it was difficult for them to exert the real power of the Other Shore Tokens.

A small number of them, like Monica and Gant, had the Ten Sanskrit Land. They were stronger than ordinary Other Shore Realm warriors, and were qualified to become Flag Masters. They could, at the very least, give full play to the power of their Other Shore Tokens.

Zen hadn't yet known of anyone having the Hundred Sanskrit Land or the Thousand Sanskrit Land.

The golden chains twined around the demonic eye, and then released gold light that illuminated the whole inner world so that it looked like it was daytime. Soon, all the chains disappeared, leaving the demonic eye floating in the air.

The demonic eye, like a tamed beast, had been integrated with Zen's inner world like the Nine Divine Stars. Even if it was extremely powerful, it wouldn't exert pressure on the inner world and was now under Zen's complete control.

Zen tried to study the demonic eye again.

He looked surprised after a while of studying it. He then left his inner world and opened his eyes.

This demonic eye was known as the Eye of Will. In the long history of the Dreaded Eye Demon race, there were a total of nineteen Eyes of Will. Two of them had been kept in the Sacred Mallow Temple.

The theurgy to arouse people's fear was an innate theurgy of the Dreaded Eye Demon race, and any one of the Dreaded Eye Demons could use it.

But the Eye of Will had another ability, which was the Authentic Visual World.

Zen's eyebrows shot up, a ray of white light shooting out of his right eye.

An illusion of a huge cave sat in the practice room of the Sword Tower. The long swords, huge swords, and even the jade cushion beneath him didn't actually exist. But Zen couldn't see through them with his current strength.

However, the illusion had disappeared in the vision of Zen's right eye. He was sitting in a bare room.

"This ability is amazing!"

He remembered that there was a manual called Sword Texture Technique in the Truth Library. He could combine the Authentic Visual World and the Sword Texture Technique.

Chapter 3128 The Yellow Paper

When Zen visited the Truth Library for the first time, he was very interested in the Sword Texture Technique.

However, back then, he hadn't even reached the Other Shore Realm. Therefore, his cultivation level was too low for the technique, so he didn't cultivate it.

If the Sword Texture Technique was as formidable as they described it to be, then it would make an unfathomable combination with the Eye of Will.

After practicing in seclusion for a few days, Zen was satisfied with what he had obtained from cultivation.

Just as Zen was preparing to leave the Sword Tower, the guardian of the tower Sellers approached him with reluctant steps.

Upon seeing him approach so timidly, Zen looked bewildered and asked, "Master Sellers, what's the matter?"

"Well, I just came here to remind you of something. No matter what you do, just don't offend Milo," Sellers said with a concerned look.

When Zen fought against Milo at Dragon City, Sellers had witnessed the fight from afar, and he had been looking for an opportunity to warn him.

After that battle, Zen had left for the Mountain Viewing Province for a task and didn't show up at Sword Tower.

Meanwhile, Sellers remained at Sword Tower.

He was one of the old-timers from the Oneness Sky Palace. In his eyes, Zen was a prodigy disciple with many talents. However, he also knew Milo was no ordinary disciple, at least not someone who should be underestimated.

Milo was one of the extraordinarily talented disciples from the younger generation. According to Sellers, Zen could not compare to him in strength.

Of course, if Sellers knew why Milo had sparred with Zen, he would never have warned him like that.

"Thank you for your concern. I will be careful," Zen nodded and bowed to him respectfully.

Zen was never the type to intentionally provoke others, but if someone tried instigating a fight with him, he was not someone to hold back either.

However, Sellers had shown affection to him by warning him. Therefore, he chose to not embarrass him by telling him the truth.

After leaving the Sword Tower, Zen went straight to the Truth Library. He showed no signs of reluctance and went straight up to the third floor.

After he entered the illusion on the third floor, he heard a familiar voice of the man guarding there.

"Have you come to buy some new swordsmanship manuals today?"

The man sounded much friendlier than the last time Zen visited, maybe it was because of Zen's acquaintance with Dorothy.

It had not been long since Zen last came to buy two manuals.

Normally, it would take a significant amount of time for people to finish learning a manual before they could come for another. But Zen was already here to purchase more. 'How is this possible? Did he really manage to learn the two manuals so quickly?' the man wondered to himself.

"Sir, can I still enjoy the last discount this time too?" Zen asked as respectfully as he could.

Last time, when he was with Dorothy, the man allowed him a 40% discount off the usual price. It would save him a lot of divine crystals if the man agreed to grant him with the same discount again.

"Since you are Dorothy's friend, it is my pleasure. You can just choose what you want to purchase," the man responded with a chuckle.

"Thank you, sir!" Zen said with a broad smile.

The friendliness of Dorothy's "Uncle Wilfred" piqued Zen's curiosity so much that he was almost enticed into using his Eye of Will to see his appearance through the illusion. However, since this man had never revealed himself, Zen decided it would be disrespectful and inappropriate to intrude on his privacy. Besides, he did not want to offend him after he was so kind to him. Suppressing his inner curiosity, Zen walked ahead towards the light column of the Sword Texture Technique.

"In addition to the Sword Texture Technique, I also want to borrow the yellow paper," Zen said politely.

"Are you really that interested in the yellow paper?" the man asked curiously.

"Yes, I am," replied Zen firmly.

"It costs ten million divine crystals to borrow it. Even if I offer you a 40% discount, it will still cost you six million divine crystals. Moreover, you can only borrow it for one single day. You are not allowed to show it to others on that day," the man repeated the rules to Zen. He then continued, "In fact, you're not the first person who came to borrow the yellow paper. This is the original manual of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Many people want to benefit from reading it, but they all failed in the end."

As the origin of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was a perfect Truth of Godly Way and was on the same standard as the other twelve Truths of Godly Ways.

Even the Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself could not improve the Truth of Godly Way any further, let alone others.

Even after hearing all the complications, Zen still borrowed the yellow paper and purchased the Sword Texture Technique, and then he left Dragon

City.

This day marked the end of his ten-day stay at Dragon City.

During this stay, Gant had settled Eira down and had returned the Snow Sword to Zen after he repaired it in the Su Clan.

Soon, night fell as the moon chased away the sun and all its brightness.

A deep silence reigned the outskirts of the Dragon City. Everyone started to quietly cultivate under the flags.

Instinctively, Zen sat down and focused on setting up an enchanted barrier to isolate himself from others, and then he took out the yellow paper.

He was only allowed to keep it for one day, so he had to make the most out of the time he had.

The surface of the yellow paper was smeared with a layer of glaze crystals. Eight Sanskrit words were written on it.

As he read them, he recalled his time back in the fairy palace of the divine land when Geoffrey managed to decipher the Truth of Cultivation Nature on his own. Realizing how difficult it appeared to him now made Zen appreciate Geoffrey's efforts and praise him.

It was widely known that the most important reason why Eastern Emperor Taiyi could be so famous and well-respected today was that he had deciphered the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. This proved how much one had to struggle to be able to decipher a certain Truth of Godly Way.

As Zen patted his hands together, he sent the yellow paper into his elixir field. Simultaneously, he created an avatar of himself in his inner world who reached out and grabbed the paper and then emerged next to Geoffrey.

Seeing his father's avatar fill his field of vision, Geoffrey became infuriated.

Apparently, he was still furious at Zen for throwing him down from the sky the previous day.

Reading his expressions, Zen knew he had to comfort him, "The demonic eye is very dangerous. I had no choice but to send you away yesterday before I could settle it down."

After his father explained earnestly, the tensed expression on Geoffrey's face softened up a bit. He said sullenly, "Tell me now. What Sanskrit words do you want me to decipher for you?"

"How did you know that I'm here for this?" Zen asked with his brows raised in astonishment.

"You've never needed me for anything else," Geoffrey said, with a hint of sorrow.

Zen was rendered speechless. He never realized that he was neglecting his family amidst everything. It seemed that he should spend more time with them.

Overwhelmed with guilt, Zen still handed the yellow paper over to him. Just as he laid his eyes on it, Geoffrey became excited. He stared at it intently as if he couldn't look away, "What complicated Sanskrit words!" he exclaimed.

The more complicated a Sanskrit word was, the more information it contained, and the more difficult it was to decipher it.

"The first six Sanskrit words seem to record the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, and I already have their translation. Can you decipher the last two Sanskrit words for me?" Zen requested.

"These two Sanskrit words are complicated..." Geoffrey looked even more closely at the yellow paper, and the solemn look on his face became more obvious than before. He said, "I'm afraid it will take me some time."

Simple Sanskrit words were easy to decipher for him, and he could do it at first glance. However, the complicated ones were harder to comprehend and thus took more time.

Zen nodded in reply. He didn't expect Geoffrey to decipher them right off the bat either. However, the paper could only be borrowed for one day, and he had little time on his hands.

With a gentle stroke of his palm, Zen summoned a stone tablet in his hand. He attempted to copy the Sanskrit words on the yellow paper, but the copied words had lost their might and charm.

Glancing side-ways at the crooked Sanskrit words on the stone tablet, Geoffrey pouted mockingly and looked at his father with a strange expression.

Suddenly, Zen thought of something and said, "Wait a minute."

He had forgotten that the Sanskrit words couldn't be copied freely, but he still had some duplicating stone tablets in his possession that he had got in the divine land.

After Zen took out a duplicating stone tablet, he aimed it at the yellow paper and tried to copy the Sanskrit words again.

But it was to no avail, as the Sanskrit words on the duplicating stone tablet were still blurry and crooked.

"The Sanskrit words on the yellow paper cannot be copied," Zen concluded with a disappointed face.

But then, Zen quickly reached out and sealed off the surrounding space, slowing down the time flow rate as much as possible to buy them some time. This was the only thing he could do to help Geoffrey.

Chapter 3129 An Accident

Zen didn't speak for quite a while after slowing down the time flow rate.

Geoffrey studied the two Sanskrit words in this quiet space.

To him, each stroke of the Sanskrit words contained a wide meaning.

The more complicated the word was, the more meaning it contained.

There had been countless decipherers since ancient times to the present. Almost all of them had to rack their brains to exclude the wrong interpretations and determine the correct one.

Besides, it was usually difficult to decipher a word when dozens of wrong interpretations were to be excluded.

On the other hand, Geoffrey seemed to be born with a talent of easily excluding the Sanskrit word's wrong interpretations. He could read simple Sanskrit words almost without thinking.

But these two Sanskrit words were far more complicated than the others. Each pattern had more than a thousand interpretations.

Rooting out the correct one from more than a thousand wrong interpretations was an impossible task for most decipherers.

Even Eastern Emperor Taiyi hadn't been able to decipher the Sanskrit words on the yellow paper.

Geoffrey was a naughty man, but once he was immersed in something, he became serious in the blink of an eye.

Two hours passed...

Four hours passed...

One day passed...

Two days passed...

For six consecutive days, Geoffrey remained unmoving. He stared at the Sanskrit words, his eyes bloodshot.

His mind was working frantically, at a high speed, and this caused Geoffrey to consume a lot of soul power. In anticipation of this process, Zen had given him several pills that could increase his soul power.

But for the past six days, he hadn't deciphered a single word. Instead, he was trying to find out the rule behind the Sanskrit words.

On the seventh day, Geoffrey's tired, gloomy eyes suddenly lit up.

Every pattern in a Sanskrit word had more than a thousand interpretations. Hundreds of patterns formed a Sanskrit word. As a result, there were tens of millions or even hundreds of millions of interpretations. Geoffrey had finally captured the rule within these countless interpretations!

And then, combined with the other patterns, Geoffrey inferred the correct interpretation hidden in the Sanskrit words, little by little.

"It should be like this!" Geoffrey said excitedly. "This word is right after the first six Sanskrit words."

He then recited the interpretation of the Sanskrit word.

After Geoffrey recited the first four words, however, sharp light suddenly appeared in his eyes.

An invisible sword radiance suddenly shot out of his head and broke the enchanted barrier that Zen had set up.

The time flow rate within the enchanted barrier was different from the one outside of it. Spots of light appeared as the different time flow rates bumped and rubbed against each other.

This caused Geoffrey's eyes to roll back into his head and he fell to the ground in a faint.

"Geoffrey!"

Zen shouted, shocked.

As the creator of his inner world, Zen could control everything within it.

The enchanted barrier he had created could imprison even Evil God, no matter how talented he was. But the truth aura that Geoffrey had released had broken Zen's enchanted barrier.

The power hidden in the truth aura was very small, but abnormally sharp.

Geoffrey's soul was not weak, but it couldn't resist the truth aura.

The moment Geoffrey fell to the ground, Letitia, who was cultivating in the fairy palace, opened her eyes, panicking.

She had asked Zen to help her make a Life Lamp for Geoffrey in order to ensure the safety of her son.

She knew now that her son had lost consciousness.

With a cracking sound, Letitia crushed a token into pieces.

The token around Geoffrey's waist broke as well. Two space doors appeared beside Letitia and Geoffrey respectively.

Letitia passed through the door and appeared through the one beside Geoffrey. She saw him lying motionless on the ground, and was filled with fear. "Geoffrey!" she shouted. "What's wrong? What happened to you?"

Zen put his hand on Geoffrey's head, checking on him. "His soul was cut in half," he said, his voice low.

"What? What should we do now?" Letitia said, her face contorting at this news.

Zen didn't say anything. He was sensing the degree of Geoffrey's soul damage.

The potential of one's soul was much greater than that of one's body, and many people would cut their souls themselves and cause a soul avatar. But they had to be very careful because the slightest carelessness could cause irreversible damage to their souls.

The truth aura that had cut Geoffrey's soul was very weak, so it hadn't hurt his soul severely. His soul might be a little damaged, but it wasn't something to worry about.

Under Zen's perception, the two parts of Geoffrey's soul began to merge together.

"It shouldn't be a problem," Zen comforted his wife. "Let's go back to the fairy palace first."

The three of them disappeared from the spot and appeared in the fairy palace.

The scene with Geoffrey just now had really frightened Zen.

Cultivating the Truth of Godly Way did exert a great pressure on one's soul.

Under such high pressure, the most that should have happened was Geoffrey unable to recite the words and passing out. But his soul shouldn't have been cut in half.

Although Zen comforted Letitia that Geoffrey was fine, she still scolded him for a long time. She had always been of the opinion that he shouldn't have involved Geoffrey in such a dangerous task.

Zen only smiled bitterly at her. He understood his wife's nervousness.

It was not until an hour later that Geoffrey finally woke up. Letitia heaved a sigh of relief.

Geoffrey didn't feel any pain when he woke up. His first concern was the yellow paper. "Father, this is more dangerous than the Truth of Cultivation Nature. I'm afraid I can't recite the translation, but I can write it down."

Geoffrey had used this method in the divine land to write down the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

The Truth of Godly Way was set to a special "rhythm." If it was recited in this rhythm, it could draw the power of the Sea of Truth. But if one did not follow this rhythm, reciting the words would be pretty easy.

"Come on! You almost lost your life!" Letitia admonished him.

"So? It took me a lot of effort to decipher them!" Geoffrey had indeed put in a lot of thought and effort to decipher the Sanskrit words. It was obvious that he didn't want to waste his efforts.

He then dipped his brush into ink and began to write the words, one by one, looking back and forth at the Sanskrit words on the yellow paper.

To be safe, he covered every word he wrote with a black cloth after he was done, in case he began to recite them subconsciously and release the sharp truth aura again.

Two hours later, Geoffrey finished writing. The process was smooth.

He carefully rolled up the paper and handed it to Zen. "Father, I don't know what it is, but if you want to cultivate it, you have to be more cautious!"

Zen was moved by his son's words. He had grown up into a caring son after cultivating in his inner world for a while.

"Geoffrey, you are so considerate. Don't you want a reward this time?" Zen suddenly asked, smiling.

"A reward?" Geoffrey blinked. He thought about it for a while before saying, "If Rosa and I become consummate True Gods, can we leave your inner world?"

Rosa was the Holy Maiden of the Flower Dancing Sect.

Geoffrey was the strongest warrior in Zen's inner world.

He had to leave Zen's inner world if he wanted to improve his cultivation.

Letitia's face darkened at his words. "No way!"

Chapter 3130 Passing The Position Of Alliance Chief

As long as Geoffrey cultivated in Zen's inner world, he would be safe, since everything was under Zen's control.

But, once he stepped out, there was no telling what dangers he might encounter. Naturally, Letitia began to worry.

When she started to protest against this decision, Geoffrey retorted, "I didn't ask you, Mom. I'm asking my father!"

Since he was still a child, Letitia pampered him a lot but, she was also strict with him when it came to serious matters such as this one.

He might be naughty in front of his father, but he always respected Letitia enough to be obedient to her.

But, as he grew up, he developed a mind of his own.

In the past, when Geoffrey returned to the fairy palace, he raised the same issue but was rejected. And now, he mentioned it again in front of Zen in hopes of a positive response.

Letitia then directed her cold stare at Zen and waited to see what her husband had to say.

Although Zen could sense the pressure from Letitia, he still smiled and nodded. "I agree."

"Zen... You..."

Hearing his decision, and watching the father and son rejoice made Letitia shake with anger. She clenched her fists tightly and glared at Zen.

"Geoffrey has grown up. He is now a warrior at the True God Realm. It is inappropriate for him to be trapped in my inner world his entire life," Zen said, trying to reason with her.

Of course, Letitia understood what Zen was trying to say, but as a mother, worrying about her son came as second nature to her.

Just as she was about to refute, Zen added, "Moreover, Geoffrey has his pursuits in life. If you always protect him under your wings, it would hinder his growth."

Letitia was a mother, and Zen understood her predicament. She would always want her son to be safe. However, he was old enough now, and they had to let him go so that he could explore the world by himself.

Clap, clap, clap...

"Dad, you are right!"

Watching his father take a stand for him made Geoffrey clap his hands cheerily.

Conflicting emotions welled up inside of Letitia. Now that Geoffrey looked so happy to leave, her eyes turned red as tears began to roll down her face.

Geoffrey couldn't help but feel a little flustered at the sight of his mother's tears.

"Geoffrey, you'd better go out first. Let me talk to your mother. You have my word for it. If you can reach the consummate True God Realm, I will let you out," Zen promised.

Hearing this, Geoffrey nodded and immediately left the room.

Zen approached Letitia with careful steps, and then he wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her towards him to console her. Gently he rubbed her shoulders and told her the situation in the Oneness Sky Palace.

With Geoffrey's current cultivation level, it would not be hard for him to grab a position in the Oneness Sky Palace. It wouldn't be as dangerous as she had imagined if he remained in the domain of the human race.

As she collected herself, she realized Zen was not wrong. If she kept him protected in Zen's inner world, she would be refusing him a chance of further development.

It took Zen a while to calm Letitia down. She finally smiled through her tears and wiped them off.

After handling Geoffrey's matter, Zen stayed with Letitia in the fairy palace for a few hours before he dispersed his avatar and returned to the Source World.

The time flow rate in both the fairy palace and the Source World was the same. It was already dawn outside when Zen opened his eyes.

Carefully, he rolled up the yellow paper and put it away with the paper Geoffrey had worked out from the Sanskrit words. Then he removed the flag and headed back to Dragon City.

According to the rule, he was supposed to return the yellow paper today.

When Wilfred, who guarded the Truth Library, saw him come to turn in the yellow paper, he naturally inquired, "So what did you learn from the yellow paper?". In response, Zen shrugged, "I learned nothing." Wilfred responded in a sympathetic tone, "I expected that. It's a pity you wasted several million divine crystals for it."

After giving the yellow paper back, Zen returned to the entrance of the Dragon City.

He already had enough people following him. Back then, he received the task of guarding the Blue Cloud City. Although he failed, it was not his fault. So anyone who managed to survive was considered to have completed the task. Therefore, he had enough merit points.

However, Zen had made his decision to go up the mountain, so being promoted to an Alliance Chief meant nothing to him.

The only issue was, his decision affected his followers. If he were to give up his position, they would have to turn to other Flag Masters.

On the side of the entrance of the Dragon City, Zen saw the old man again.

The old man seemed to have anticipated Zen would come to return his flag. "After you become an Alliance Chief, all your followers can enter and exit the Dragon City freely. That would be good for you. But if you go up the mountain, you have to return the flag of Alliance Chief."

After hearing his words, Zen was taken by surprise and asked, "How do you know I'm going up the mountain?"

The old man smiled lightly and did not answer his question. Instead, he suggested, "You'd better choose a competent warrior to take over your position. Since you have a reputation in the Dragon City, no one dares to challenge your followers. You should select one to take over your place just like Milo did."

Zen happened to have the same idea.

But to select a capable warrior was harder than it seemed...

Now under a dilemma, Zen began to think hard.

He had considered Gant at first, but he was not capable enough.

"Monica is a Grand Flag Master. If she makes more efforts, she can become an Alliance Chief with her own strength. It is also reasonable to let her become an Alliance Chief in advance," the old man suggested observing Zen's predicament.

"Flag Master Monica? She can be the one..."

Monica had proved a huge help for Zen when he was still new to Dragon City. At times, she even assisted him in protecting his men. She was indeed the best choice out of the rest.

"If you agree, I'll directly register the flag of Alliance Chief under Monica's name right now," the old man continued.

Zen grinned warmly and responded, "That is so thoughtful of you. You must really want me to go up the mountain as quickly as possible, right?"

"You never belonged here in the Dragon City, and since you joined our Oneness Sky Palace, you deserve better treatment," the old man said flatly.

"In that case, I'll take my leave. Thank you for everything," Zen said as he bowed respectfully towards him.

On the outskirts of the Dragon City, wilderness bloomed at its finest.

Zen requested Beldene to gather all his followers, and at the same time, he also asked Monica to come to see him.

"What's going on, Zen? Why did you ask to gather everyone?" Monica asked, giving in to her curiosity.

Everyone stood just as confused.

When she was in front of him, Zen proceeded to lightly tap his space ring, and a flag flew towards her. "From now on, this belongs to you," he said.

Monica grabbed the flag and eyed it up with a confused expression on her face. "The flag of Alliance Chief?"

Zen nodded in acknowledgment. "I have transferred the merit points to you. From now on, you are a new Alliance Chief of the Dragon City. And I entrust you with my followers."

Hearing this, the warriors who just joined him not long ago felt fine and accepted Monica as their new leader.

However, for the disciples of the Sword Light Palace like Beldene and Elgin, it was hard to digest.

Specially Kenelm, he wasted no time and asked, "Flag Master Zen, are you leaving the Dragon City?"

Zen nodded and said, "Yes."

"Wow..."

The disciples of the Sword Light Palace all began to debate among themselves.

After all Zen had done for them in the past, it was hard for them to accept someone else in his stead. It was all because of Zen that they had entered the Dragon City and could cultivate in peace.

How could they process the fact that Zen was leaving?

Compared to the rest, Gant looked the calmest. When he saw Athemar come, he had already anticipated Zen would leave Dragon City to go up the mountain someday.

In fact, it bothered him how Zen had stayed in the Dragon City for this long.

"Since you are leaving Dragon City, are you going up the mountain?" Beldene asked.

The disciples were all well-informed about the structure of the Oneness Sky Palace. They had stayed in the Dragon City for over a year and it was not difficult to get information about the Oneness Sky Palace.

If one wanted to stand out in the Dragon City, there were only two ways: either go up the mountain or join the Oneness Guards.

To become a Oneness Guard, one had to become an Alliance Chief first, and then take the test that was held annually. Now that Zen had directly passed the position of the Alliance Chief to Monica, it was obvious what his intentions were.

From Cellar to Throne
Len's Quest for Immortality
facebook

Time to get share your feelings of this novel with other readers! Come to my Facebook fanpage to get latest updates and time limited free news of FCtTZQfI series.

Chapter 3131 Going Up The Mountain

Zen nodded resolutely. "Yes, I am going up the mountain."

Back in the Mountain Viewing Province, he had been chased by Elizabeth. She had been a great opponent, and Zen was forced to use every trick up his sleeve. As a result, Athemar realized his true identity.

Once he had been exposed, Zen was left with only two choices—either to go up the mountain, or to leave the Oneness Sky Palace.

Athemar was very explicit about this.

The Oneness Sky Palace was one of the three orthodox forces of human race. In addition, it was traditionally a place for cultivating swordsmanship—just what Zen needed.

More importantly, Zen learnt from Athemar that the path the Oneness Sky Palace had taken did not conflict with him and the Nine Li race.

Thus, Zen ultimately chose to go up the mountain.

Upon hearing Zen's answer, the disciples of the Sword Light Palace fell into silence once more.

They all knew what going up the mountain meant. However, they also were keenly aware of Zen's capabilities; he was more than qualified for this quest.

Although these disciples were unwilling to let Zen leave, it would've seemed selfish if they tried to stop him.

Beldene regarded the silent crowd. "The Flag Master is a truly genius. You know, it's a waste of his talent to remain in the Dragon City. He's helped us enough. Now, he's been chosen to go up the mountain. This means the Oneness Sky Palace is able to spot genius. We must give him our blessing!"

"Beldene is right!" echoed Jago.

"The Flag Master has already helped us a lot!"

"If it weren't for the Flag Master, we wouldn't even be able to cross the Sword Wall..."

"We should concentrate on our cultivation, so we can also go up the mountain in the future."

The atmosphere gradually changed from regret to excitement and determination.

Even though the disciples of the Sword Light Palace had only been in the Dragon City for a year, their mentality had changed a lot.

Disciples like Beldene and Elgin were absolute geniuses back in the Sword Light Palace. However, in the Dragon City, many other bright disciples had gathered. This humbled them greatly, reminding them that there was always someone in this world that was stronger than them.

Even the playboys of the Sword Light Palace, including Jago, had completely concentrated on cultivation, inspired to keep up with those geniuses' pace.

"If it weren't for you, Flag Master, I wouldn't even be able to enter the Sword Light Palace, let alone the Dragon City..." Kenelm sadly said under his breath.

When Zen went to the Excellence City, Kenelm had asked him if he could be his helper. Kenelm had never thought that such a person would bring him from the Gracious Province to the Seven-Star Province, and then further still—all the way to the Bloom Divine Province.

Everything he experienced the past year was like a dream to him.

Zen walked up to him, and patted him reassuringly on the shoulder. "But you've made it this far, haven't you? Maybe you can also go up the mountain one day." Zen smiled warmly.

"I'm already very satisfied with what I've accomplished," replied Kenelm sincerely. "As for going up the mountain, I don't dare to dream too much..."

In actuality, the Dragon City was already a sacred place in his heart, and joining the Oneness Sky Palace was something he had hardly dared to hope for.

It was indeed very difficult for Kenelm to go up the mountain, because he was the most mediocre one among these people.

"Did you ever think about reaching the Dragon City before?" Zen asked.

Kenelm shook his head. He had never imagined that he would have such an experience and come to the scared place in his heart.

"That's it. As long as you work hard, everything is possible," Zen encouraged him.

Hearing his words, Kenelm nodded resolutely.

That night, all of them stopped cultivating to bid Zen farewell.

Monica moved the flag of the Alliance Chief in a slightly remote position.

The disciples of the Sword Light Palace lit a bonfire before surrounding Zen, chattering amongst themselves excitedly.

Monica, on the other hand, fell quiet.

It was true she was still shocked that she was suddenly appointed the Alliance Chief.

As one of the three Grand Flag Masters outside the Dragon City, when Walter left, she did have a chance to take his place. However, she knew Walter wasn't that strong; she didn't know how long he would stay in the Dragon City.

Her brows furrowed. More importantly, Zen could make the Sword-reading Liquid.

Of course, Monica was keenly aware as to how Fergus had built his status from the ground up: by selling the Sword-reading Liquid. Thus, it was a very precious opportunity for her to sell the liquid for Zen, a talent who was capable of Instant Enlightenment. Monica knew this.

She almost couldn't accept the fact that she had met such a good chance.

"Are you unhappy, Monica?" Zen asked teasingly.

"How can I be unhappy when I've been promoted to Alliance Chief?" Monica replied with a forced smile. "It just feels like... it happened too easily. It all feels like a dream..."

"Dreams can come true, you know," Zen said with a kind smile.

"That's true..."

"When I go up the mountain, please take care of these disciples," Zen pleaded, looking at the people chatter and laugh amongst themselves, sitting around the fire.

Monica nodded. She knew the camaraderie formed between Zen and these disciples. After all, Zen had been helping these disciples ever since the Sword Wall. Monica knew she would take his place as leader and protector of these people.

The night passed quickly.

Though these people did not sleep at all that night, their spirits remained at an all-time high.

After dawn, Zen set for the Dragon City alone. The disciples had offered to see him off, but Zen declined. Going up the mountain didn't mean that Zen would never see them again; he still had a lot of opportunities to come back in the future.

As soon as he arrived in the Dragon City, he went to see Sellers.

Sellers showed no signs of surprise when Zen declared that he was about to go up the mountain.

According to tradition, Zen needed Sellers' recommendation. But considering that Athemar was the cause for this situation, Sellers thought he should report this to him in advance. However, when Zen showed him the golden Sword Card, he knew he didn't need to report this to Athemar.

"Come with me, please," said Sellers, gesturing for Zen to follow.

Weaving through the streets till they exited the Dragon City, Sellers led Zen straight to the Oneness Mountain.

The huge mountain loomed before them, like a giant beast slumbering. It had been here since time immemorial, its intimidating height daunting to anyone who considered climbing it.

The two climbed along the mountain path at an extremely fast pace. After what seemed like ages, they looked back, only to see that the Dragon City was but a speck in the distance. However, trudging onward, it felt like they had only reached the foot of the mountain.

A few hours later, they finally reached the middle of the mountain.

Zen followed Sellers into a neat palace, and the latter instructed him to wait at the door before entering.

When Sellers finally emerged, a middle-aged man in a white robe had joined him.

This man was Calum Gu. He was responsible for checking on all the disciples who tried to climb up the mountain. Sellers was only meant to give his recommendation.

After taking a look at Zen's Sword Card, Calum Gu nodded. "It's indeed the Sword Card from the Oneness Governor!"

Then he pointed to the road snaking up the mountain. "Starting from here, you have to go up the mountain by yourself. If you encounter any trouble along the way, it is up to you to handle it. At the top of the mountain, there will be someone waiting for you."

It was a difficult climb. Although Sellers had recommended numerous people before, only one out of ten ever made it.

"With your strength, I have no doubt you will reach the top of the mountain." Sellers smiled. "Just be careful on the road."

"Thank you for everything, Sir," Zen responded, bowing respectfully.

Calum Gu looked at Sellers in surprise. "Sellers, why are you so confident in this man?" He asked curiously.

Having Athemar's Sword Card only meant that Athemar thought very highly of Zen. There had been many people trying to go up the mountain from ancient times, but who could guarantee that they would be able to make it?

"He has Athemar's recommendation, so he is by no means an ordinary person," Sellers replied, with a smile on his face. As Athemar had warned him before, he couldn't reveal too much to Calum Gu.

Calum Gu shook his head. "I don't think so. Those Oneness Governors have all recommended some people, but many of them even fell from the mountain! They were not as good as those you recommended in the past..."

As they discussed, they both watched Zen's receding figure in the distance as he trekked on the road that snaked towards the mountaintop.

Chapter 3132 Dragon Path

Once Zen left, Calum turned to a servant and said, "Fetch me the Dragon Path Array Plate."

The servant gave a short bow, went into the palace, and returned with an unadorned array plate in hand.

The road from here to the mountain peak was named the Dragon Path and had existed ever since work on the palace had completed.

This ancient path was covered by many major arrays that intended to protect the path by taking lives of intruders.

Sword arrays like the Hacking Sword Array and the Fallen Sword Array provided fundamental protection for the Oneness Sky Palace.

Calum wasn't high-ranked enough to have his hands on all those sword arrays.

The array plate he was holding controlled the Cloudy Mountain Array that was built to test climbers trying to scale the mountain.

For a while at the beginning, the palace didn't build the Dragon City.

Anyone wanting to join the palace had to go straight up the mountain.

Every day, there were countless people climbing the mountain. Hundreds and thousands of them would fail the Cloudy Mountain Array.

Once the Dragon City was built, it became difficult even to become qualified to climb the mountain.

"This person is at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm. The eighth-class difficulty will do," said Calum.

"The eighth class…" Sellers was surprised.

Calum glanced at Sellers and asked, "What's wrong? You're afraid it's too difficult for him?"

The array plate Calum was holding could adjust the difficulty of the Cloudy Mountain Array. The eighth class was the easiest of the lot.

It was suitable for Zen's cultivation level.

Sellers chuckled and said, "If you set it at the eighth class, we might witness a new record today."

Calum thought for a while and said, "If you think so highly of him, I'll set it at the seventh class."

Sellers didn't say anything.

It was no big deal for Zen to walk the Dragon Path. It was just one way to get him up the mountain.

Sellers was thinking to himself that even though Zen was only at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, he could easily handle a fifth or even a fourth-class Cloudy Mountain Array. The seventh or eighth class wouldn't even slow him down.

Sellers turned out to be right.

After Calum activated the array plate, the Dragon Path started glowing and emitting light.

The path ahead looked like a curled-up dragon, zigzagging right up to the mountain top.

"For someone at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, the current record for the seventh-class difficulty is twelve hours. I have activated the array,"

Calum said, looking puzzled.

Zen should have slowed down drastically the moment the array was activated.

But it looked like the array wasn't affecting Zen one bit. He was ascending even faster!

"Is he actually speeding up?" Calum turned to ask Sellers. Sellers laughed and said, "Yes!"

Calum was astonished. He wondered if the array was broken.

But the Cloudy Mountain Array was designed by the higher-ups from the palace and had been working perfectly for several years now. How could it be broken?

Besides, the array plate was working just fine.

"At this rate, four hours will be enough for him to reach the top," Sellers said with a smile.

"That's impossible," Calum said, shaking his head. "He is fast now, but he may not last long. I think he's using some secret method to boost himself."

However, an hour later, Calum became restless.

Zen wasn't slowing down. On the contrary, it looked like he was gaining speed.

If he kept accelerating at this rate, he would finish the whole path in three hours.

"Let's set it at the sixth class." Calum upped the difficulty level using the array plate.

For someone at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, a sixth-class difficulty was quite ambitious.

Once Calum leveled up the difficulty, he saw Zen slow down for an instant.

But it only took him about ten seconds to recover and continue ascending at a mind-numbing speed.

Calum looked confused. He grabbed the array plate and shook it, as if to see if it was indeed broken.

"Sellers, my friend! Who is this guy?" He finally understood why Sellers was so confident about Zen.

"You've seen the Sword Card. It was from Master Athemar," replied Sellers.

Calum shook his head in disbelief. He had lived in the Cloudy Mountain Palace for long and he was finally coming to understand that Zen was no regular guy. "If that's the case, we should make it even harder."

As he spoke, he raised the difficulty to the fifth class.

But Zen acquainted himself with the fifth-class difficulty pretty easily after a short adjustment period in which he slowed down for a bit. .

Calum watched Zen's figure on the array plate, speechless.

Was it suggesting that the change in the levels of difficulty made no difference to Zen?

"I'm going to challenge the young man with a fourth-class difficulty now. If he fails, I'll report it accordingly and send him up the mountain myself," said Calum.

It was beyond his understanding. Shaking his head, he turned up the difficulty to the fourth class.

He was surprised yet again, his expression freezing as if he had seen a ghost.

Calum's reaction amused Sellers but he tried not to laugh.

Fortunately for him, he was wearing a mask, his expressions guarded from everyone.

He had known that Zen would be surprisingly fast.

Calum then adjusted the array to the third class without uttering a word.

The third class was supposed to be really difficult, especially for a young man at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm.

Milo had also been at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm when he had challenged the Dragon Path.

Back then, the members of the Flow Sword Sect had made Calum set the difficulty at the third class for Milo, and then turn it up to the second class. Milo had still made it to the mountain top.

But Milo was a talent with Instant Enlightenment and the palace regarded him as a treasure.

A talent like Milo didn't have to be tested by the Dragon Path. The Flow Sword Sect had sent him here for fun and he had, in the process, set the highest record of all time.

Would Calum compare Zen with Milo? That was impossible!

The third-class difficulty did slow Zen down.

He had ascended so fast because he had ignored the swords coming towards him.

He wouldn't get hurt no matter how the flying swords came after him.

Zen had, by now, covered two-thirds of the path. The flying swords were gaining power now. He had to spare some strength to destroy them, and also occasionally dodge them.

Zen came up with an idea so that he could ascend even faster.

His arms turned black underneath the sleeves. He held his arms up to protect his head, and sped up once again.

The flying swords were like raindrops, and the force contained within was several times stronger than that of the swords in Sword Tower. But they only numbed Zen's arms, without leaving a mark.

"Has he sped up again?" Calum exclaimed, his eyes wide in astonishment.

This wasn't what he had expected to see.

Even Sellers was surprised now.

He had always thought that there was quite a huge gap between Zen and Milo, but it now looked like the gap had diminished greatly.

Chapter 3133 The Heavenly Magic Array

Catching Calum looking at him, Sellers chuckled. "I don't know much about Zen. He has already passed the third floor of the Sword Tower, and has fought with Milo once."

"What was the result?" queried Calum.

"Zen lost," Sellers said bluntly with a slight shrug.

"Milo has been in the mountain for a long time, and his cultivation level is higher than Zen's. It's not surprising Zen lost. But it's hard to tell this young man's potential," Calum said, scratching his chin.

Then, he raised the array plate again. "If he can climb the mountain under the second-class difficulty, he might be able to be compared with Milo's past self."

Although Sellers gave his recommendation for Zen to go up the mountain, to be clear, he just wanted to do Athemar a favor. One way or another, Zen was qualified to climb the mountain.

However, in actuality, Sellers was also curious to see just how strong Zen truly was.

"Please make the decision by yourself, Master Calum," said Sellers, bowing slightly.

If Zen got hurt, Athemar would put the blame on him. Sellers didn't want to be used as a scapegoat.

Watching Zen gradually recover his speed, Calum gritted his teeth as he changed the array plate again.

The difficulty of the Cloudy Mountain Array on the Dragon Path could only reach up to third class. However, a second class of difficulty was later added with the use of the Heavenly Magic Array.

Therefore, once someone started the second-class difficulty, the Heavenly Magic Array was also activated. That was exactly what happened to Zen.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The moment Zen took another step, flying swords shot towards him.

The flying swords alone were nothing to him. He indifferently moved forward at an incredible speed.

Then, some of the flying swords collided with his arms.

Bang! Bang!

The flying swords released clouds of smoke and suddenly transformed into chains that wrapped themselves around Zen's arms. At the end of each chain was a large, cone-shaped weight.

"Wow, the weights are heavy!

Each of them probably contains one divine megaton of force."

Zen grunted as he struggled to keep moving forward, despite the chains.

He frowned as he realized that back when he first entered the Dragon City, he couldn't even lift these heavy weights.

The Heavenly Magic Array was changeable. This was just one of its changes. When faced with the winged Sun Crow race, this magic array could drag countless Sun Crows down the mountain.

Two or three weights usually wouldn't hinder Zen.

However, the further he ran, the more flying swords volleyed towards him, exploding into more weights.

Soon, Zen was dragging sixty weights, which meant that he was carrying sixty divine megatons of force!

It was like sixty his past selves who just entered the Sea of Truth were dragging him.

Even people as powerful as Zen had their limits. Beads of sweat dripped down his face as he struggled to keep moving.

"I have to get rid of these weights," he said as he panted.

If he kept at it, he knew more and more chains would coil around his body, weighing him down till he wouldn't be able to move.

Without further hesitation, Zen summoned the Snow Sword and hacked at the chains.

The metal and iron collided together, but no crisp sound was heard. It seemed that he cut into the air.

"It seems this magic array can't be broken by brute force," Zen muttered in frustration.

While the weights and chains were just an illusion, the many divine megatons of force wasn't.

Bang! Bang!

While he hesitated, more long swords exploded in front of him.

As the chains wrapped around Zen, he realized he was carrying around 100 weights by now. Buckling under this much weight, he could barely take another step.

In the Cloudy Mountain Palace, Calum smiled. "Milo had also been trapped for a long time at that stage," he reminisced. "However, he is truly a genius. He controlled the swords with his mind, ignoring the obstacle illusions, successfully breaking the magic array eventually. If Zen can't break it, I'm afraid he won't be able to reach the top of the mountain."

However, Calum had promised before that, even if Zen was trapped in the second-class difficulty, he would personally send him up the mountain.

They were now making things difficult for Zen, testing him to see his true strength.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

More and more flying swords hung around Zen's body.

After a while, more than a hundred swords weighed him down.

The heavy weight was pulling him down. It was difficult for him to even stand up straight.

He thought he heard his bones crunching under the great force.

"If I want to break this magic array, I have to use some special methods. In that case..."

He closed his eyes, brows furrowed. He awoke his Eye of Will, and he felt his inner world tremble slightly. When he opened his eyes again, his right eye emitted a pale white light.

The world he saw with his right eye had changed into another shape.

His left eye could clearly see the swords flying towards him. However, from the vision of his right eye, he saw the flying swords as magic symbols floating towards him. The moment they got too close, they burned a bright red and transformed into a cloud of dust that stuck to his back.

That was why he could feel the chains weighing him down!

"I see,"

Zen said with a smile. Immediately, he began to tear off the magic symbols that had accumulated on his back.

Bang!

A burst of white smoke exploded, and the magic symbols were quickly burned to ashes.

The weights that Zen saw in his left eye all disappeared.

After that, he felt much relaxed and stretched his body. Then he turned into a ray of light and flew along the Dragon Path.

Zen saw the real world with his right eye, where magic symbols were floating towards him. With his left eye he saw an illusion, where flying swords were shooting towards him.

"Break into pieces!"

As Zen brandished the Snow Sword, a stream of thin sword radiance was created.

The sword radiance touched the magic symbols and immediately cut them into pieces.

The magic array was not a threat to Zen. For him, the difficulty at the second class was even easier for him than the third. Now climbing the mountain was like walking on the flat ground.

"Zen's speed..."

In the Cloudy Mountain Palace, Calum and Sellers were flabbergasted.

It took less than ten minutes for Zen to destroy the magic array after Calum activated the difficulty of the second class.

The Heavenly Magic Array was not difficult for him at all.

There was an essential difference between the Heavenly Magic Array and the Cloudy Mountain Array.

The Cloudy Mountain Array was used for the assessment, but the Heavenly Magic Array was used to resist the enemy.

Since the Oneness Sky Palace was built, very few people had managed to destroy the Heavenly Magic Array with their own strength. Zen was merely at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, but he made it!

"How did he make it?"

"Can Zen also control the swords with his mind?"

Calum and Sellers could only see his figure on the array plate and didn't know how Zen did that.

"Shall we activate the first-class difficulty?" Sellers asked with a mischievous smile.

Calum shook his head immediately and clutched the plate tightly. Fearing he wouldn't be able to resist the temptation, he said decisively, "No. The first-class difficulty will kill him. If anything bad happens to Zen on the Dragon Path, Master Athemar will have me killed!"

"Relax, it was just a suggestion!" Sellers laughed.

Together, they returned their focus towards Zen. Much to their surprise, Zen had already almost made it to the mountain's peak. "That's half the time it took Milo..." Calum murmured.

Chapter 3134 Treatment

When Zen emerged from the Dragon Path, a gate appeared before him.

Zen stopped in his tracks, stunned at the sight of the gate.

The gate was formed from two pieces of weathered dead wood standing upright a few feet away from each other, with a cracked board above them.

Lack of maintenance over the years had caused all the inscriptions on the board to disappear. The board just hung there, nothing on it.

Who would have thought that the famous Oneness Sky Palace had a gate that was in such a dilapidated condition?

Zen passed through the gate and continued walking. The road forked in three paths ahead of him.

These three paths were paved with stone bricks, each with a different variety.

The path on the left was paved with thick, wide, cyan stone bricks engraved with landscape paintings. It looked grand and majestic.

The path on the right was paved with black stone bricks. He had no idea what the stone bricks were made of, but they looked solid and gave off the aura of history and eternity.

The path in the middle was paved with small red stones. They were light and dynamic, giving off a sharp aura.

Looking at the paths in front of him, Zen hesitated.

Hadn't they said that someone would be here to receive him when he came up here? Why hadn't he seen anyone?

Zen looked at the three paths again as he thought. The answer came to him soon enough.

The test wasn't over.

He had to make a choice, and there was no hint.

Zen made a decision after a while. He chose the path with the red bricks.

He took a step in that path and then began to climb up the stairs, accelerating as he climbed.

He walked along the road for more than twenty miles, and then came to a ridge. He passed it, and came across a board.

The board was inscribed with the words, "Flow Sword Sect".

Zen's eyebrows went up when he saw the board.

He had made the right choice by following his heart.

After his fight with Fergus, Zen had also become interested in the Flow Sword Sect.

There were a few similarities between the Flow Strike and the Emotion Closing Godly Way that he had cultivated. This was a path that was suitable for him.

He stood under the board for a while. He then saw two women in white saunter over to him from the other side of the board.

One of them folded her hands towards Zen in respect and said, "Sir, are you Mr. Luo? Zen Luo?"

"Yes, I am," Zen said, nodding.

"You can come with us if you choose to join the Flow Sword Sect. But I have to remind you that you still have the chance to give this path up and go back to choose from the other two paths," one of the women said.

"Where do the other two paths lead to?"

"The one on the left leads to the Killing Sword Sect, and the one on the right leads to the Unique Array Sword Sect," she answered.

The three paths were merely options for the warriors who went up the mountain to choose freely. If they really didn't like the ones they had chosen, they could go back and choose again.

But they could choose only once. Once they entered any of the sects, they couldn't join other sword sects unless they left the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Are there any differences between the three sword sects?" Zen asked.

It was not the first time that the woman in white had faced this question. She smiled as she answered him, "The Killing Sword Sect mainly focuses on cultivating the killing way. It pursues the strongest means to hurt the enemy, so as to kill them as quickly as possible. Unique Array Sword Sect, according to its name, mainly focuses on cultivating sword arrays."

"What about the Flow Sword Sect?" Zen asked again.

"Follow your heart and go with the flow," the woman replied succinctly.

Zen had dabbled in both the sword arrays and the killing way before. At the woman's answer, he went through the gate unhesitatingly.

The two women in white led the way. Rows of trees lined the road on both sides. The surroundings were quiet and there was not a single person around.

"It looks like there aren't many people in the Flow Sword Sect," Zen said.

"No. There are actually a lot of people, but everyone is focused on cultivation. You certainly won't be seeing them soon," one of the women replied.

Zen nodded and quietly followed the two women.

The boulevard was ten miles long. When they came to the end of the boulevard, a number of beautifully-shaped buildings appeared before them. Rows and rows of buildings were lined up, densely packed against each other and forming an exquisite small city.

It looked like there were indeed many people in the Flow Sword Sect.

About six feet separated each building from the next. The two women led Zen through narrow alleys, and Zen saw several other women in white along the way. They had pretty looks, and their clothes were plain and neat.

But Zen was curious about why there was no one else besides these women.

When they stopped in front of a building, one of the women turned and bowed to Zen as she said, "Mr. Luo, we have arrived,"

"Here?" Zen was a little surprised.

"This place is for you," the woman said.

Curious, Zen pushed open the door of the building.

There was a long table in the yard, on which were neatly folded white clothes, a sword, a token, and even shoes and hats.

Zen glanced at the token and saw his name engraved on it. He smiled and said, "The Flow Sword Sect has prepared everything for me. That's considerate, but what would have happened if I hadn't chosen it? Wouldn't all these go to waste?"

"You have the liberty to make your own decisions," the woman said with a smile.

Zen looked carefully at the long table and found that there were two space rings on it. He picked up one of the space rings and examined it, only to find that it contained a million divine crystals within it.

He then picked up the other space ring and found that there were ten golden square cards within it. He took out a card and asked, "What is this?"

"The entry token to the Flow Tower. Two hours in the Flow Tower costs an entry token. They are very rare in the sect, so please take care of them," the woman said.

The long sword on the table was ranked decently high. It was an intermediate Profound Blood Treasure. There were a million divine crystals in one of the space rings, but the two women seemed to be indifferent to it all, not even bothering to explain everything to him.

They had only explained the entry tokens, making it look like they were very important.

"The Flow Sword Sect is so generous. Do all the disciples who join the sect receive such treatment?" Zen asked.

The woman smiled. "Those who can successfully go up the mountain are considered members of our Oneness Sky Palace. This treatment is only a small gift."

Zen sighed as he looked out upon the exquisite courtyard.

There was a stark difference in how he was treated here and how he was treated at the foot of the mountain.

In the Dragon City, both the Flag Masters and the Alliance Chiefs didn't even have a cave, let alone a building like this. Each of them only had a flag and everyone just lived and cultivated in the open air. The living conditions were poor.

"Mr. Luo, you must be tired, having climbed all the way here. I'll help you take a bath and change your clothes," the woman said and walked to the side of the building.

The other woman went to gather up the clothes, shoes, and hats from the table.

Zen was stunned. He looked at the two women curiously and asked, "You don't need to do these things, do you?"

The woman said, "You have now entered the house, and you are the master of this place. We are your maids. So of course we will serve you."

Chapter 3135 Being Idle

Zen was stunned when he heard the young woman in white call herself a maid. "Maids?"

She smiled and nodded. "Yes. You can call me Trish."

"I'm Carrie," the other woman in white said, introducing herself.

Zen shook his head. "Why you two are maids."

"This place has been given to you by the sword sect. Everything in it belongs to you, including us," said Trish.

"Are the other disciples of the Flow Sword Sect also treated like this?" Zen asked, persistent in his questions.

"Yes," Trish replied firmly, nodding her head.

Zen hadn't met any other disciples on his way to the Flow Sword Sect. He had only met several women dressed in white, like Trish and Carrie.

He had been a little curious at the time, but it was only now that he realized that all of them were maids of the disciples of the Flow Sword Sect.

"Can I just live here without a maid?" Zen asked.

Since the Flow Sword Sect had given him such a large courtyard, Zen could even invite Letitia and the others to stay with him. He didn't need anyone taking care of him.

Trish was disappointed. "We are responsible for conveying the news of the sword sect and need to deal with a lot of things for you. I'm afraid you'll find it difficult to adapt to this place without us."

"Moreover, it's our duty to serve you. If you don't need us, we will be asked to leave the mountain," Carrie added.

The disappointment on both their faces roused sympathy in Zen.

He had just entered this place, which was why he hadn't been able to adapt to it yet. And as Trish had said, there must be a reason why everyone had maids to take care of them.

When in Rome, do as the Romans do. And it would be rude to drive them away.

"If that's the case, you can all stay here. But you don't need to serve me when I take a bath," Zen said, shaking his head.

Trish and Carrie looked at each other, nodding happily.

Zen took the white clothes and shoes and went to the room in the courtyard.

Once Zen had left, Carrie whispered to Trish, "Trish, Mr. Luo's cultivation base seems to be low. I've noticed that the warriors that the other maids serve seem to be stronger than him."

Trish shook her head and replied, "The Flow Sword Sect only cares about and appreciates his potential, but not his strength. Have you heard about Milo? His cultivation base was also at just the first stage of the Other Shore Realm when he arrived here. But he then made great progress and became a super powerful warrior."

"Do you think Mr. Luo is as talented as Milo?" Carrie asked, her eyes wide.

Everyone in the Flow Sword Sect knew Milo. Even Carrie had heard of him.

"No," said Trish, shaking her head. "There are only a few talents like Milo in the entire Oneness Sky Palace. Few people can compare with him. But I also think Mr. Luo is not that bad."

"Do you think Mr. Luo will let us sleep with him?" Carrie asked.

Trish blushed at her words and asked shyly, "What are you talking about?"

These maids had been selected by the Flow Sword Sect from the Bloom Divine Province. Their cultivation base was okay and all of them had reached the True God Realm.

Every time a warrior joined the Flow Sword Sect, maids would be assigned to the new disciples.

If the maids performed well while serving the disciples, they would receive rewards from the Flow Sword Sect. Some maids even fell into romantic relationships with the disciples and even married them in order to cultivate together.

The strong smell of medicine wafted out of a big bathtub from the bathroom, shrouded in steam.

"Everyone can do whatever they want without any taboos or restrictions. The Flow Sword Sect is so special!" Zen muttered, smiling.

The Flow Sword Sect was far beyond Zen's comprehension.

There was no one to instruct him and help him understand the ways of the sword sect. But the house he had been assigned had satisfied him.

Everything confused him here and he couldn't understand why the sword sect treated the disciples in such a strange way. Zen needed to figure it out bit by bit.

Zen pulled on his clothes once he emerged from the bath.

He looked different in the white clothes, more energetic and refreshed.

Once he emerged from the room, the two maids walked up to him.

Trish said, "Mr. Luo, if you are tired, I'll go make the bed for you. It is our lunch break now."

"Wow!"

Zen was stunned at this.

Try as he might to adapt to this lifestyle, every second he spent here simply blew his mind.

A warrior, irrespective of whether or not they had a high cultivation base, would be full of energy all day long and didn't need lunch breaks.

'Is this a place for cultivation? Or is it for vacation?' Zen thought to himself in confusion.

"Do the others do the same?" Zen asked.

Trish nodded and smiled. "Yes."

She had expected Zen to have such a reaction.

Every Other Shore Realm warrior who had just arrived here reacted the same way as Zen did.

"They don't need to cultivate?" Zen asked again.

"The way you live here is considered cultivation in the Flow Sword Sect," said Trish.

"Well, let me see what they intend to do," Zen said.

According to Zen's original plan, he should have started cultivating by now.

He could either practice the Sword Texture Technique or go to the Other Shore, but he was doing nothing.

He walked leisurely around the yard. When it was time to take the noon break or go to bed at night, he went to sleep alone.

He didn't need to sleep. Even when he was lying on the bed, he was only meditating.

During the daytime, he stepped out of the courtyard and walked along the alley, only encountering a few women in white who were passing by.

Zen had thought to find a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect to clarify a few doubts. But a week passed and he was yet to meet a disciple.

'Do these people stay in their rooms all the time? Or am I the only disciple in the entire Flow Sword Sect?' he thought.

As time went by, he got more and more confused.

Zen wanted to knock on one of the other doors to ask around about what was going on. But the moment he walked through the gate of a courtyard, the women in white shut the door in his face.

He ended up staying away and not knocking on any door.

Zen shook his head as he walked back along the alley.

On his way back, he could hear the women laughing and whispering in the other courtyards. He knew what had happened without even looking inside.

'Oh my God! What the hell is this place?'

Zen found this place to be even more mysterious and dangerous than all the places he had explored so far.

His lips curled up in a curious yet wary smile as he made his way back alone.

He wasn't someone who could waste time while leading an idle life. He had even begun to miss his days in the Dragon City.

No one was paying much attention to him. So he found a quiet corner in his own courtyard, set up a restriction array, and started to cultivate the Sword Texture Technique.

He cultivated this way for half a month. Once he finished cultivating, he handed a space ring to Trish and asked her to give it to Monica, who was in the Dragon City.

Within the ring sat the Sword-reading Liquid. Before going up the mountain, Zen had agreed that Monica could get 30% of the profit once the Sword-reading Liquid was sold, and he would take the rest of it. He would replenish the Sword-reading Liquid once every month.

Trish was capable, and it only took her one day to take the ring back.

Zen counted and found that there were nearly twenty million divine crystals in it.

"Mr. Luo, what is in this space ring? It looks mysterious," Trish asked.

"Nothing extraordinary," Zen said, shrugging his shoulders. He wasn't going to tell anyone about the Sword-reading Liquid.

He was about to put away his space ring when a resounding bell chime sounded from the distance.

Chapter 3136 A Strange Test

When he heard the sound of the bell echo across his ears, Zen felt excited.

Finally...

If it continued like this, he might give up and head back to Dragon City.

"Did the bell ring to assemble the disciples?" Zen asked with curious eyes.

Seeing his hopeful expression, Trish pursed her lips and shook her head. "No, Mr. Luo, it rings at the beginning of each month, by customary rule."

"What does it mean?" Zen asked listening intently.

"Nothing. It's just a friendly reminder that a new month has begun," Trish replied.

"…"

Disappointed by her words, Zen sighed and closed the door without uttering a word.

Observing Zen's profile, Trish bit her tongue and turned to Carrie while giving her shoulders a shrug.

Carrie raised her eyebrows slightly and said, "It seems Mr. Luo is very impatient."

"According to them, I'm afraid that it's difficult for Mr. Luo to achieve anything in the Flow Sword Sect," Trish said while shaking her head.

"Forget about that. I think he is a good man. He is polite and gentle," said Carrie.

Even after listening to Carrie speak highly of Zen, Trish still had a grim look on her face.

The reason why she became a servant girl of the Flow Sword Sect was that she had missions to fulfill. What she loathed was being outshone by other maids. If Zen didn't perform well, she would be disappointed.

But, she did not have the privilege of choosing her master, so she could only suppress her disappointment in her heart.

As the darkness of the night cloaked the sky, the stars that were shy to shine in the day flaunted their light.

As if that was their cue, the doors to the courtyards opened, one by one.

Servant girls in white appeared to step out of each gate before they walked along the alleys.

Zen quickly spotted Trish stepping out of the door.

Suddenly he was alerted, and he released a wisp of spiritual sense to follow after her.

Like all the other girls, Trish walked in a single direction without uttering a word to anyone. As soon as they crossed the alleys, Zen felt a powerful force shatter his spiritual sense, breaking his connection with her.

The girls in white quickly flocked into a palace and waited for someone to arrive.

There were five golden pots scattered across the room. The girls stood in a row in front of them.

After a short while, several women entered the palace one after the other.

The head of the group was a fancy-looking woman. She gave a tantalizing smile to the girls and said, "A month has passed. Did you do everything your masters asked you to do?"

Her words were filled with mockery to the girls. But that was how things were at the Flow Sword Sect, blunt and free.

Hearing what she said, the girls in white burst into laughter.

"My master is really great. He always..." a girl in white said as she fumbled with her hand and seemed flustered.

"He always what?" the glamorous woman asked as she leaned forward, urging the girl to give more details.

"You know, he..." The girl looked down, feeling shy.

The group began to giggle among themselves.

Then the woman continued to ask the other girls about what their masters had done, such as the number of baths and sex they had.

But, she didn't inquire about cultivation even once.

While listening to the stories of their masters from the girls, the woman took out bamboo slips with their masters' names engraved on them. Carefully, she rated the narratives and slid the slips into different pots placed in front of the girls.

Each pot was graded, Excellent, Very Good, Good, Fair, and Poor.

The answers she got from the girls were all rated by the pots she placed the slips in.

This went on for about six hours. She listened keenly and then slid the bamboo slips into the pots she saw fit.

Only a handful of bamboo slips made it into the 'Excellent' pot, a few of them in the 'Very Good' pot, and most of them in the 'Good' pot.

The girls would celebrate if their masters were rated excellent, but they wouldn't be so happy if they fell into the 'Very Good' or 'Good' division.

How their masters performed was how their wages were determined every month.

The payment for 'Fair' and 'Poor' would prove insufficient as they would bring almost nothing to the girls. Fortunately, none of the masters fell in those two rates.

"Your master is a new comer. Is he doing well?" the woman asked a girl standing beside Trish.

The girl answered honestly, "During his stay in the mountain, for over twenty days, he played the zither, painted pictures, and had fun with us. He's talented and has a good heart..."

Hearing the girl's answer, the woman gave a satisfied look and placed her bamboo slip into the 'Very Good' pot.

Then, she switched her gaze towards Trish and asked, "Trish, how did you serve your master?"

Suddenly, all eyes were now on Trish, waiting in anticipation for her answer. Naturally, she felt embarrassed. She began to speak while stumbling for the right words, "My master... He set up an enchanted barrier on the seventh day and cultivated inside, so I don't know what he has done since then."

As she finished speaking, the other girls broke out in explosive laughter.

"Trish, has he chosen the wrong path?"

"It's not a good idea for him to cultivate in the Flow Sword Sect."

"He will be driven out, won't he?"

Trish clenched her fists and gritted her teeth. With a frown she continued reporting. But, the more she spoke, the louder the laughter of the girls would get.

With Trish's story, the other girls felt proud of their masters. It was not considered a shameful act if their masters were engaged in sexual intercourse with them. Rather, they felt honored.

After listening to everything Trish had to say, a bamboo slip with Zen's name engraved on it appeared in the woman's hand. Without hesitation, she slipped it into the 'Poor' pot. That was the first slip of the night that was rated so low.

At the same time, a look of grimace was smeared across the face of the woman. Her smile disappeared as she scowled at Trish, "In the Flow Sword Sect, only the masters are allowed to do whatever they want. If your master can't get rid of his obsession with cultivation, then you will be punished. I don't want to see your master be rated as 'Poor' again next time! Do you hear me?"

Trish felt her soul leave her body when she saw the bamboo slip getting placed in the 'Poor' pot.

Mocking gazes from the other girls felt like swords stabbing her from all directions. Subconsciously she covered her face in shame and felt her cheeks burn.

"You can leave now." The woman ordered someone to put away the pots, and gestured the girls to leave.

After the woman went with her group, the girls followed and left the palace too.

They quickly formed groups and began whispering and gossiping amongst each other.

Trish walked like an outsider among the crowd with heavy steps and felt light-headed.

One girl came up to her and said, "Fortunately, we don't need to take an examination this month. There's something wrong with the Flow Tower. After it is repaired, you have to be careful. If your master is expelled from the Flow Sword Sect, you will also be expelled as his maid."

The girl's words seemed to be caring, but actually, she was ridiculing Trish.

"I know that,"

Trish said with low spirits as she kept her head hung loose.

She returned to Zen's courtyard and met with Carrie. Standing there, Carrie read her expressions and guessed the result.

"Good?

Fair?

Poor?! Oh my God!"

After a long period of silence, Carrie asked in a concerned tone, "What should we do now?"

"We have to figure out a way," said Trish sternly.

"What way? Tell me, I'm all ears," Carrie asked.

"A way to make Mr. Luo give up cultivation," said Trish.

Great news! This book is being animated on our youtube channel:

The subtitle is in Chinese and not translated yet, the youtube auto-translation may be helpful, subtitle contribution is welcomed.

百炼成神
Ranzai Studio

AND PLEASE...

If you'd like more free quality fiction on Kindle Unlimited, I'd really appreciate a review on Amazon. The number of reviews a book accumulates on a daily basis has a direct impact on how it sells, so just leaving a review, no matter how short, helps make it possible for me to continue to do what I do.

Follow me on my Author's Page to find more Kindle Unlimited eBooks.

Our top Fantasy Series:

Talented
Martial Hero

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect. Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head. He cheated death. Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

Talented Martial Hero by Masked Demon

Rebirth
Of the Prime
Dragon Master

After an aircraft accident, a young and talented scholar is reborn!

He saves a dragon and trains it in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, his dragon can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Rocky starts a new life. He is no longer a good-for-nothing, but an ambitious martial arts master and spirit manipulator among his generation.

Let's join in their adventure!

Rebirth of the Prime Dragon Master by Dragon Fly

The Supreme God of
Martial
Arts

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn’t matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

The Supreme God of Martial Arts by Wo Chi Mian Bao

BORN
ALMIGHTY
WARRIOR

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone’s eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

Born Almighty Warrior by Eastern Sword

Rise Through
The Ranks

The Mighty Soldier King is back! With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and

trouble. Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

Rise Through The Ranks by Yue Bu Zui

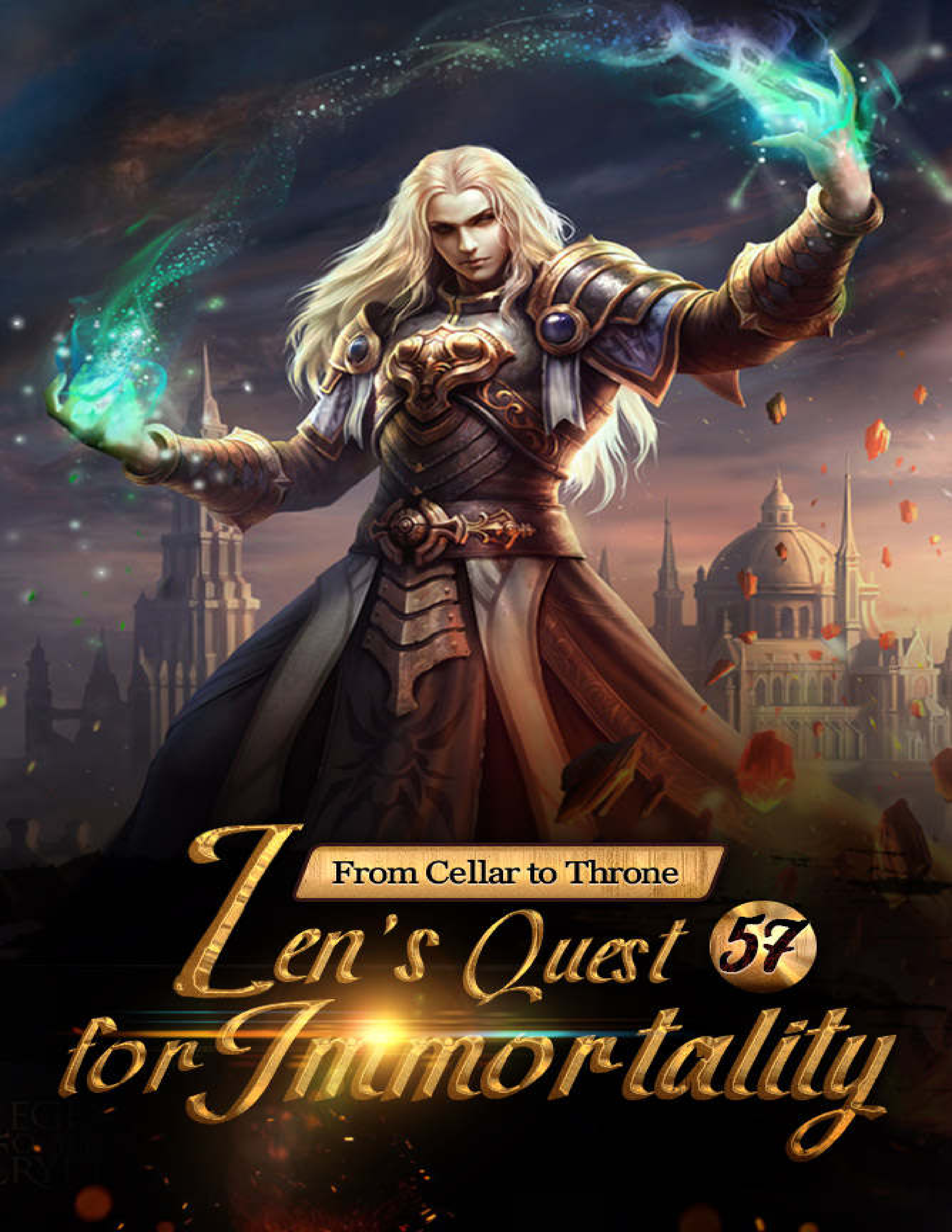

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

57

Contents

Chapter 3137 The Sword Texture Technique
Chapter 3138 The Flow Tower
Chapter 3139 The Last One
Chapter 3140 The Flame Of Soul
Chapter 3141 Theurgy Beyond Emotion Closing Godly Way
Chapter 3142 Moving Up The Flow Tower
Chapter 3143 That's Him
Chapter 3144 Can I Bring My Wives Here
Chapter 3145 Dispute
Chapter 3146 The Horrible Man
Chapter 3147 The Mysterious Woman In A Black Dress
Chapter 3148 The Chaotic Source Reinforcement
Chapter 3149 Shera
Chapter 3150 Complicated Deals
Chapter 3151 Metal Flower Branch
Chapter 3152 Going To Stage Four
Chapter 3153 Trust
Chapter 3154 Presents From The Oneness Sky Palace
Chapter 3155 Choosing Tokens
Chapter 3156 Four Types
Chapter 3157 Earth Sanskrit Plate
Chapter 3158 Strength God Totem
Chapter 3159 A Threat
Chapter 3160 Try
Chapter 3161 An Invitation
Chapter 3162 Senior Disciples
Chapter 3163 The Seven Mountains Meeting
Chapter 3164 The Special Cyclone
Chapter 3165 Elvinia
Chapter 3166 The Vastness Mountain
Chapter 3167 Throw Him Out
Chapter 3168 Inside The Mountain
Chapter 3169 Rules Of The Game
Chapter 3170 Besieged

Chapter 3171 The Most Critical Moment
Chapter 3172 Surrounded
Chapter 3173 Power Beyond Imagination
Chapter 3174 Give Up
Chapter 3175 Pursuit
Chapter 3176 Sudden Change
Chapter 3177 The Truth Enlightenment
Chapter 3178 The First Place
Chapter 3179 The Prizes
Chapter 3180 Zen's Decision
Chapter 3181 Make A Request
Chapter 3182 Milo's Desire
Chapter 3183 A Foolish Provocation
Chapter 3184 A Lesson
Chapter 3185 One Request
Chapter 3186 Suspicion
Chapter 3187 A Strange Request
Chapter 3188 The Return
Chapter 3189 Spying On Zen
Chapter 3190 The Blood Upgrading Pill
Chapter 3191 Melting
Chapter 3192 The Ripple Pavilion

Chapter 3137 The Sword Texture Technique

Trish had an idea of how persistent the warriors who had reached the Other Shore were.

Maybe someone like Zen was not suitable to stay in the Flow Sword Sect.

Similar to Zen, there were people in the past who made the wrong choice and were later dismissed.

Even if Zen was asked to leave, he had other options to choose from. He could either move to the Killing Sword Sect or the Unique Array Sword Sect.

Compared to him, Trish and Carrie would have to face grave consequences. They would be asked to leave the mountain, and wouldn't be allowed to stay in the Flow Sword Sect.

If other servant girls were in the same position as them, they might just give up their jobs and leave. However, Carrie only widened her eyes and asked, "So how do we stop Mr. Luo from cultivating? When he sets up an enchanted barrier, we won't be able to enter his room..."

"We should figure out a way," said Trish while nodding her head.

The second day, it was a bright and sunny morning. White fluffy clouds that looked like cotton candy drifted across the sky.

Inside one of the rooms on the upper floor of the building, there was a wooden slab cut out in the shape of a square, a stone brick, and a long sword in front of Zen.

"The textures of everything in the world exist...

One can't see them all because they do not observe them carefully enough.

Theoretically speaking, even I can find the textures on the whole Source World when I reach the top level of the Sword Texture Technique. I should be able to chop the Source World in half and destroy it with one sword strike...

This..."

In the past few days, Zen had developed a deep understanding of the Sword Texture Technique and gradually become familiar with it.

However, he was at a loss for words when he read the postscript of the Sword Texture Technique. It was a bit of a stretch to describe that one could cut open the Source World in half with one sword strike.

"I should disperse the truth aura, and hold my breath while I observe it..."

Casually, Zen began to release his truth aura, and it slowly surrounded him from all sides.

When the truth aura started dispersing to a certain extent, he gathered it by following the methods of the Sword Texture Technique and pushed it towards the square wood in front of him.

Then he kept his eyes wide open and stared at the slab of wood.

Soon, he witnessed a texture form on the surface of it.

"Can I break it if I cut it along its texture?"

Instinctively, Zen picked up the long sword and proceeded to cut along the texture on the surface of the wood.

"Swish!"

With a swift move, the slab got cut in half.

Looking at the broken symmetrical pieces of the wood, Zen pursed his lips in disappointment.

He could easily slice the wooden slab into two pieces with even his soul power, let alone a sword.

The Sword Texture Technique seemed to be so formidable. However, the result still disappointed Zen. With the amount of effort he put in, he expected more.

But, soon after, when the square wood fell to the ground, something amazing happened. The surface of both pieces appeared to have many broken lines on them.

Crack! Crack! Crack...

The two pieces of wood Zen split earlier further crumbled down into many minuscule bits until they were reduced to dust.

Watching this scene, Zen couldn't help but feel stunned.

With only one strike, he had subdued a sturdy slab of wood and turned it into powder.

Feeling inspired, he now switched his attention to the stone brick.

Once again, he released his aura. Carefully, he ran his gaze on the complicated textures of the stone brick. He sought out three different textures that gathered at one place to form a dot.

This time, he wanted to be creative. With a swift wave of his hand, he threw the sword aside. And instead, he poked at the dot using his finger.

Making sure he didn't break the stone brick, he tapped it gently.

However, just as his finger made contact with the area, the sound of a crack resounded in the room. As a result, the stone brick had crumbled to dust.

"Sure enough!"

Even more enthusiastic than before, Zen turned his concentration to the last object.

This long sword had been brought from the divine land. Although it was not as good as the primary Profound Blood Treasure, its quality was not something to be underestimated.

Applying the same method as before, Zen stared at the object and could feel that his aura surrounded it. However, this time, he was unable to detect any textures on the sword.

After all, the Sword Texture Technique was a supreme swordsmanship manual, it was impossible to master it in one go.

But still, Zen was a persistent man, and he continued to gaze at it long and hard. Simultaneously, he kept releasing his truth aura, but he could only vaguely make out the textures on the sword.

"As I have expected, it's really difficult to detect the sword textures with the naked eye..."

This was partly the reason why Zen gave up learning the Sword Texture Technique before. The technique was so complicated that it was hard for him to make out the textures of his opponents who were on the same cultivation level as him. At this point, it could be counted as useless theurgy, which could only be used to deal with ordinary things.

However, he had picked it up again because this time, he had the Eye of Will to rely on.

He raised his right eyebrow, and a ray of white light began to flash across his pupil.

It was as if the world around him had changed. Anything he laid his right eye on seemed to be as clear as crystal.

The sword textures that once seemed blur to him were now as clear as day!

"There, in the middle of the blade..."

Zen stretched out his hand and sliced at the middle of the sword with his finger.

Not wanting to exert much pressure, he gently tapped at it. Even so, the middle part of the sword immediately disintegrated into tiny particles of metal, and the hilt had turned into a pile of wood chips.

"Hoo!"

Subconsciously his eyes widened at the sight as he imagined the damage this technique could do to a living creature.

Just as Zen was about to consolidate his skill, the enchanted barrier he placed suddenly let out a clap of thunder. A figure bounced off from the impact, and at the same time, he heard a miserable scream of a woman.

Taken by surprise, Zen hurriedly waved his hands to remove the enchanted barrier. As he turned his gaze towards the woman, he saw Trish lying on the ground.

"Didn't I tell you to not enter my room without my permission?" Zen said as he shook his head in disappointment.

Trish was slightly injured after she ricocheted from getting in contact with it. Wearing light make-up, she took advantage of the moment and deliberately lifted the hemline of her dress. She looked pitiful as she exposed her legs to him in an attempt to seduce him.

However, Zen just ignored that. Instead, he helped her recover from her wounds. As he flicked his fingers, a ray of green light began to cloak her, and the internal momentum of the Life Godly Way healed her.

Just as Zen turned around to go back to his cultivation, Trish said, "I thought since you cultivated every day, you should get some nourishment to replenish your energy, so I cooked some soup for you... Now it seems that I may have to bring another jar of soup for you."

The jar of soup now was on the ground with all its contents spilled over, making the fragrance of soup diffuse around the room.

Looking at the soup jar, Zen just shook his head and said, "That's fine. You don't have to. I haven't eaten food for many years."

"But..."

Before Trish could finish, Zen had already returned to his cultivation. With a wave of his hands, the enchanted barrier enveloped the room once more.

Trish stomped her foot to the ground and left with a sullen expression on her face.

"Trish, how did it go?" Carrie couldn't help but ask, even though she had guessed what had happened upon seeing Trish's expression.

"He is such an aloof guy. Unfortunately, we can't explain anything to him..." Trish said as she gritted her teeth.

This was the rule of the Flow Sword Sect. The servant girls were not allowed to tell others about the secrets of the Flow Tower.

"Once the Flow Tower is repaired, and Mr. Luo is unable to pass the test, I'm afraid we will immediately be asked to leave as well. We only have a month left," Carrie said with low spirits.

"I will not give up!" Trish said while clenching her fists furiously.

In the next few days, Trish and Carrie made several attempts to stop Zen from cultivating.

One day, Carrie had carried her zither to the second floor where he was training. She was proficient in music. But when she played it, Zen had cast a sound-proof enchanted barrier to isolate the sound.

Another day, when Zen came out of his room, Trish asked him to take a look at her painting and give her feedback. But Zen turned her down with the excuse that he was not an expert when it came to paintings.

And one day...

In the eyes of Trish and Carrie, Zen was a warrior who only focused on his cultivation and never cared for much else. He was not suitable to stay in the Flow Sword Sect.

Chapter 3138 The Flow Tower

Even though nagging was against Trish's nature, she still felt frustrated that Zen wouldn't give her any attention.

After a few days, came the news about the restoration of the Flow Tower. As a result, Trish was in despair.

The bell rang again, signaling the arrival of a new month.

But this time, Zen was indifferent and didn't pay much attention to it.

Zen had no idea how the Flow Sword Sect operated. So he just decided to seize the chance to cultivate by himself.

He planned on perfecting the Sword Texture Technique and then heading back to the Other Shore.

However, as night struck, it was time for the assessment of the servant girls again.

Like last time, Trish hung her head in defeat and went to the palace with the other girls.

And just like before, she answered all her questions truthfully and then watched Zen's bamboo slip get thrown into the 'Poor' pot.

"The Flow Tower has been repaired. The disciples of the Flow Sword Sect will go in there for their training tomorrow. When your master fails, you can leave by yourself." The gorgeous woman spoke to Trish with a stern look.

The other girls all looked at Trish with sympathetic eyes as she kept her gaze fixated on the ground in shame.

To be expelled from the Flow Sword Sect was probably the most humiliating thing for these servant girls.

After those events, Trish returned to the building with a defeated expression on her face.

Studying her gloomy profile, Carrie understood what had happened, and she even mentally prepared herself to leave soon.

"Tell Mr. Luo that the Flow Tower will be open tomorrow," Trish said with low spirits.

"Maybe it's better for you to tell him in person..." Carrie suggested while rubbing her shoulders to console her.

"I... I don't want to talk to him!" Trish held Zen responsible for all the humiliation she had to face.

Blinded by anger, Trish refused to interact with him. Understanding her predicament, Carrie sighed helplessly and went upstairs to pass the message to Zen instead.

"Flow Tower..."

Of course, Zen didn't expect things to continue like this forever.

They wouldn't be giving out those entry tokens for nothing.

However, he still wondered why the Flow Sword Sect would operate like this.

On the next day, Trish was nowhere to be seen.

"Please follow me." Carrie bowed slightly towards Zen.

Trish was so depressed that she chose to not come out that day, so Carrie had to take over and escort him instead.

Zen followed Carrie out of the door. As if on cue, the other doors opened one after the other as well.

The servant girls continued to lead their respective disciples of the Flow Sword Sect through the alleys.

These disciples were all highly cultivated, with most of them having reached the sixth stage of the Other Shore Realm. They gave Zen occasional sideways glances that were filled with contempt.

As they headed towards the Sword Tower, the servant girls immediately recognized Carrie in the crowd. They connected the dots and concluded that Zen was the master entrusted to her and Trish. Upon seeing her with him, most of them began to silently whisper to their young masters.

"That guy is Zen Luo, he has been rated as Poor for two months in a row!"

"In the past, when someone was rated as Poor, they would get expelled after the assessment in the Flow Tower next day. This time with the Flow Tower damaged, he's been rated as Poor for two months consecutively without getting dismissed. It has never happened before."

"What a shame, Trish is still going to be expelled despite her efforts."

Although the servant girls only whispered among themselves, Zen still could make out what they were saying.

He didn't care much about the taunts directed towards him, but he turned to ask Carrie with a concerned tone, "Are you getting into trouble because of me?"

Carrie was tempted to nod so bad, but she controlled her emotions and shook her head. "No, it's your choice, we cannot interfere with it."

Sensing her unspoken feelings, Zen nodded to himself and gave her a confident smile. "I won't let you down."

'Yes, you will...' She wanted to refute his claims, but instead, kept it in her heart.

Following the swarm of people, they had passed through many palaces and buildings. After the long stroll, a tall tower filled Zen's field of vision as it mounted over him.

The tower's shape resembled that of a gourd, except it had 19 floors. And on each floor, there was a door leading inside it.

The tower was surrounded by a dozen buildings, the buildings looked similar to the one he spent his days in. But he had no idea who lived in

them.

As Zen shortened the distance between himself and the Flow Tower, he began to sense something strange coming from it.

His mind refused to allow his body to move any further until he had determined what that was. The anxiety and restlessness flooded his thoughts.

In hopes that others had felt the same thing he did, he began to scan the expressions of the other disciples. But, they seemed unbothered and didn't appear to have observed a thing.

Seeing Zen's baffled reaction to the tower, Carrie sighed deeply within.

The disciples of the Flow Sword Sect were able to come up the mountain, which meant that they were all highly cultivated.

The side-effects of the extreme feelings triggered by the Flow Tower were very dreadful.

Before entering the tower, one had to release all their desires and obsessions.

Greed, wrath, lust, pleasure, pride, envy, gluttony...

One should rid themselves of every passion, and it was consequential for them to satisfy all their desires before they could think of entering the Flow Tower.

Of course, not all desires could be satisfied...

For example, some people wished to obtain a premium Other Shore Treasure, but they simply couldn't because they lacked divine crystals. That type of desire wouldn't be satisfied. Everyone knew that the Flow Sword Sect would never really offer them any premium Other Shore Treasure. It was unrealistic, to begin with.

A building to cultivate and two servant girls were all that they could arrange.

Practicing great self-control and suppressing inner inhibitions was a unique form of cultivation required by the Flow Tower.

When the disciples gathered, Zen scanned their faces as if to look for someone.

He was searching for Milo.

Zen knew Milo was in the Flow Sword Sect, and that sooner or later he would come face to face with him.

But as hard as he looked, he couldn't see him anywhere.

For some reason, he still glanced around and desperately yearned to see his face.

In the past, he wouldn't feel so uneasy over encountering him, even though he cared a lot about confronting Milo.

After searching unsuccessfully for a while, Zen finally realized he was under the influence of the tower!

'I must have underestimated the tower, ' Zen thought to himself.

As time passed by, about a dozen more disciples gathered outside the Flow Tower.

The gorgeous woman waved her hand, and a row of golden lot pots emerged in front of her. "Every disciple of our sect will be given ten entry tokens every year. That gives everyone twenty hours in the tower each year. You can tell that every chance to enter the tower is extremely precious. I hope that you make the best use of it!"

"For those newcomers entering the tower today, anyone who can't make it through the second floor will be expelled immediately. The entry tokens will be divided by others. Anyone who could reach the seventh floor will be offered another building and an extra hundred entry tokens every year."

She was obviously referring to people in a similar position as Zen.

As she explained the rules, it became clear that the buildings surrounding the tower were for the use of the elite disciples.

She finished speaking and drew a bamboo slip from the golden pot labeled as Excellent. "Damien Zhu, you may proceed into the tower."

Hearing that, a young man with light-colored skin stretched himself and casually walked towards the Flow Tower.

Then, she went on to draw another slip from the same pot and announced the name. The one who got called went inside the tower as well.

One after the other, she sent ten people in, and then she stopped drawing the slips.

Chapter 3139 The Last One

Staying in the Flow Tower for less than two hours would still be considered two hours spent.

Warriors who entered the tower would seize every minute, maximizing every second.

Even if they couldn't make it to the higher floors of the Flow Tower, they wouldn't leave within two hours. After all, one could only stay in the tower for twenty hours a year!

As the crowd waited in silence, Trish appeared suddenly.

She frowned as she searched the crowd for Zen. She knew he had done poorly, but she had to see the result herself.

When she finally spotted Zen and Carrie, she headed towards them dejectedly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Luo. You've been rated as 'Poor'. I'm afraid you will be the last one to enter the tower."

Zen shrugged. They all turned towards the tower. Once the first batches of warriors entered, several golden dots lit up on the rough surface of the bricks and mortar that made up the tower walls.

The golden dots seemed to hover on the first floor for a while, but soon they quickly climbed up to the second floor.

"How fast they are!" cried someone from the crowd. "They are excellent," Trish sighed, eyeing the golden light dots. "But unfortunately I don't have the luck to be their maid."

The crowd eagerly watched as the golden dots moved along the walls of the tower. That way, they could follow the movements of the warriors inside.

The first group of people were rated as 'Excellent'. They had been trained well, and they moved through the tower like a fish in water.

The glamorous woman watched the moving dots of golden light with a satisfied look on her face.

"The Flow Tower stopped working for two months. I'm pleased that this hasn't hindered anyone, as all the disciples have still made great progress," a person beside the glamorous woman said expressionlessly. "I wonder if anyone will reach the seventh floor."

"Damien reached the sixth floor last time. If he makes it to the seventh floor this time, he will be qualified to move," another person said excitedly.

Everyone hoped that someone would move into one of the independent courtyard houses. However, in the past year, no one in the Flow Sword Sect had gotten far enough to be qualified.

The golden dots darted aggressively along the wall of the Flow Tower. After a few seconds, around eight dots had jumped to the third floor. A voice chirped from the crowd, "Such incredible speed!"

Minutes later, ten dots stopped on the fifth floor.

"The fifth floor of the Flow Tower is very crucial..."

"Look! My master is summoning his power on this floor. Maybe he can reach the seventh floor in one go!"

"Quit dreaming. We all know it's not that easy."

The maids of the ten disciples fidgeted nervously, chattering amongst themselves anxiously.

If their masters managed to make it to the seventh floor, they would definitely be treated better. In addition, their status would be promoted accordingly in the Flow Sword Sect.

It could be said that all the maids and their masters had shared weal and woe. Although they could not help much in the Flow Tower, they were able to help in all other aspects. The maids watched fervently, silently cheering their masters on.

The ten golden light spots hovered on the fifth floor for another few minutes before they began to move again, albeit at a bit slower pace than before.

While the maids couldn't see what was happening inside the tower wall, they could tell their masters were jumping inside.

After a short while, a single light dot shot to the sixth floor.

"It must be my master!" a girl dressed in white exclaimed in glee, her eyes sparkling.

The other maids saw the light dot and muttered under their breaths, unable to conceal their jealousy.

Damien Zhu was the best among all the disciples, and was most likely going to reach the seventh floor. Two months prior, he had come quite close, but in the end, he had left with deep regret.

As for the other nine dots of golden light, the maids could tell their masters were still struggling on the fifth floor. From the looks of it, it was very difficult for them to reach the sixth floor.

The clock was ticking. The maids exchanged nervous glances. Time was almost up.

The girl in white grew more and more nervous, her ponytails bobbing anxiously. Success or failure hinged on her master. Just as she felt she were going to explode from the stress, the single golden dot suddenly rushed upward.

Buzz!

As expected, the golden light dot had really made it to the seventh floor!

Normally, after a disciple reached a certain floor, they would have a rest there if they had enough time. After all, time in the Flow Tower was too precious.

However, the disciple probably could not bear the pressure of the seventh floor. The moment he reached the seventh floor, he broke the door open and flew out.

"Mr. Zhu! Mr. Zhu!" the girl with two ponytails shouted excitedly as she rushed towards the disciple. But she suddenly stopped halfway, disappointment and confusion written all over her face.

Two other maids squealed excitedly, "Mr. Li! It's Mr. Li!" They chanted as they congratulated their master, Imran Li, who made it to the seventh floor.

The girl with the ponytails struggled to keep her composure as her lips trembled slightly.

At the last minute, three more dots of golden light made it to the sixth floor of the Flow Tower, one of whom was Damien.

The sixth and seventh floors were quite different.

Finally, two hours had passed. The three warriors, including Damien, opened the sixth floor door and emerged gloomily. The other six warriors emerged from the fifth floor, looking just as unhappy.

These people had been training to reach the seventh floor. It was just such a pity that they couldn't reach it.

After the ten warriors left the Flow Tower and headed towards their maids, the woman daintily announced the names of the next ten who were to enter the tower.

The strength of the second group was obviously inferior to that of the first group. Their climbing speed was slower, and only one made it as far as the sixth floor. The others reached the fourth and fifth floors only.

The other groups followed, with just as disappointing results.

Zen looked around him, noticing the disciples who had finished their time in the tower were still there.

"What are these people waiting for?" Zen asked Carrie curiously.

Carrie turned to look at the people Zen was talking about. With a smile, she said in an amused tone, "They are waiting for you to enter the Flow Tower."

"Me? Why?" Zen was stunned.

"Well, you are a new disciple, so it's very likely that you won't make it even to the second floor." She smiled mischievously, pausing for a dramatic effect. "That means you'll be expelled from the Flow Sword Sect. Then, they will try to snatch your nine entry tokens."

The more entry tokens they obtained, the more times they could enter the Flow Tower. No one wanted to miss this opportunity!

"Oh, I see..."

Zen shrugged as he realized that these people were just waiting for him to fail.

Many more groups entered the Flow Tower, but the quality of the matches kept deteriorating.

However, not a single one was trapped on the first floor. Even the new disciples, who had joined the Flow Sword Sect at the same time as Zen, had made it to the second floor. No one was expelled from the Flow Sword Sect.

The disciples who had left the tower earlier threw dagger looks at no one in particular, as they were incredibly disappointed that no entry tokens were to be claimed. Everyone got up to prepare to leave.

At this time, the glamorous woman cleared her throat. "There is one last warrior who has yet to enter the Flow Tower."

Picking up the slip with Zen's name from the 'Poor' pot, she continued, "This disciple named Zen Luo has been rated as 'Poor' for consecutive two months. This rarely happens. Now, it's his turn to enter the Flow Tower."

Usually, ten disciples entered the Flow Tower at the same time as a group. But in this case, Zen was the last one left.

Hearing what the coquettish woman said, the disappointed disciples instantly cheered up. There was no way this warrior would make it past the first floor!

Chapter 3140 The Flame Of Soul

"No one has ever received a 'Poor' evaluation for two consecutive months, right?"

"A man with such a personality is not suitable to stay in the Flow Sword Sect..."

"If he is expelled, I'll have a chance of obtaining an entry token."

Those who were about to leave turned around to watch what was going to happen to Zen.

Since they didn't know him, they began to inquire of their respective servant girls about him.

"The master served by Trish and Carrie..."

"I heard he had been cultivating in seclusion ever since he came to the Flow Sword Sect!"

"Maybe he is too stubborn to know how to love a woman..."

The women spoke without fear because they had the support of their masters. They continued to spite Zen with a look of disdain on their faces.

It was not hard to relate to their emotions. As servants, their purpose was to serve and please their masters. But Zen had completely broken the rules and denied them of their mission, which rendered Carrie's and Trish's existences meaningless.

Zen listened to all judgments that were being passed on him and continued to diffuse them.

Then suddenly, a sharp voice from the back of the crowd resounded in the place. "What are you talking about? Mr. Luo is not the kind of person you are portraying him to be!"

The crisp voice belonged to Trish.

Although Zen was about to be expelled from the mountain along with her and Carrie, she felt the need to protect him against these allegations. In her eyes, he was a righteous man who did not deserve the heat from all the girls.

"Well, well, well, you're going to be kicked out soon, and you still argue for him. Trish, you really do stand up for your master, huh?"

"Poor Trish! You tried your best, but all your efforts were in vain."

"……"

The women continued to brutally taunt her with their barbed words.

The disciples watched from the sidelines as they felt the women should sort their issues out among themselves.

As for Zen, since he was new, they didn't take him seriously.

But now all their attention was directed at Zen since they anticipated his dismissal would happen soon. Getting a "Poor" evaluation for two months in a row meant there was a high probability of him being expelled.

Preparing herself to retaliate, Trish bit her lip anxiously. But then Zen gestured her to stop and said, "Don't mind them..."

"But Mr. Luo..." Trish insisted.

"I will promise you one thing: I won't be expelled by the Flow Sword Sect, and you won't have to leave the mountain either," Zen interrupted her with a confident smile.

After hearing his kind words, the two girls were at a loss for words. Carrie's eyes widened, and Trish stood in utter disbelief.

"Just do whatever you can, Mr. Luo. I... I have nothing else to ask of you," Trish added as she felt moved by his words.

"Yes! Do what you can, Mr. Luo!" Carrie encouraged him while punching the air excitedly.

The glamorous woman watched all this unravel with curiosity, and then she gestured Zen to enter the tower. With an assuring nod to the two girls, he made his way inside the Flow Tower.

While waiting, Zen had a lot of time to reflect on things from the past.

When he fought against Fergus, he felt a strange sensation in his swordsmanship theurgy.

This feeling was strikingly similar to that of the Emotion Closing Godly Way... Since then, Zen had made up his mind that he would go to the Flow Sword Sect. The Flow Strike piqued his interest.

He also managed to deduce something else.

That day when he met Athemar at the Mountain Viewing Province, he seemed to be lecherous. Zen couldn't help but feel appalled by his actions as he didn't seem to keep his hands to himself from Elizabeth. Zen had expected him to show some decency as an elder.

It turned out that Athemar was probably another master from the Flow Sword Sect. This explained his actions from that day.

Since Zen came up to the mountain, Athemar hadn't shown up. But given his previous attitude, he should have known that Zen had chosen the Flow Sword Sect.

Him failing to show up meant he had complete faith in Zen that he would be successful in challenging the Flow Tower.

Zen felt stirred in him as he shortened the distance between himself and the tower.

Skillfully, he suppressed his emotions and strode into the Flow Tower.

"Bang!"

The door of the Flow Tower slammed shut behind him.

Compared to the outside, the tower was not that big on the inside, and he felt no magic array surrounding him either.

There was one exquisite thing in the tower that caught his attention. In the center of the room there was a pillar, which appeared to have flames surrounding it. The menacing flames danced on all sides of the pillar and diffused in the air, causing the temperature to rise to a notable degree inside the Flow Tower.

But for Zen, the temperature was barely noticeable since he was immune to all kinds of flames.

Just as Zen was about to move forward, a voice coming from inside the Flow Tower stopped him in his tracks. "Show me your entry token."

Zen tapped the space ring lightly and took out a golden square token in his hand.

"Swish, swish..."

The golden square token seemed to be made of ice and it melted under the high temperature of the Flow Tower.

"You can stay at the first floor for now. But you can also use your strength and ability to climb up..." The voice seemed to know that Zen was a newcomer to the Flow Tower. Politely, it instructed him on what he had to do to progress further.

As soon as the voice disappeared, the surface of the pillar began to glow with a blinking red light. There were wild flares of fire coming out from it.

"Hot. It's too hot..."

Suddenly, Zen felt the temperature in his body rise up to an alarming degree as his chest began to boil up.

The heat of the flames did not frighten him. Even if the entire Flow Tower was cloaked in the fire, it would not get in his way.

But, something was different this time.

As he lifted his feet to continue ahead, they were burdened by the weight of his body and the pain in his chest. Strong emotions now flooded his thoughts as he tried to ignore them.

The more steps he took, the more overwhelming the pain got for him. His mind was now a mixture of all his concealed emotions welling up inside of him and affecting his mood.

'Anxiety, failure, fear, greed, desire...'

Everyone harbored these negative emotions, but they all kept them buried in a deep corner of their existence. If a strong-willed person was able to dispose of them, so could Zen.

But even if somehow he was successful in compressing them, their presences could not be denied. Within the Flow Tower, all his emotions were ignited by the restless flame.

Tenacious as he was, he refused to give up. But every time he forced himself to progress, the pain grew gradually.

Suddenly, Zen felt a sharp sting in his chest when a bright red flame began burning from within it!

"The Flame of Soul can devour one's heart and mind. Young man, the stronger your obsession is, the stronger the counterattack of the Flame of Soul is. If you can't endure it, you can leave by yourself." The voice in the Flow Tower echoed again.

"The Flame of Soul?"

Her words made him stop in his tracks. Zen clenched his chest as he bore the pain.

As he felt his chest where the fire was with his hand, the red flame did not burn it.

The temperature of the fire was normal, but the pain he was experiencing was no illusion. It was real.

'If I could just climb up to the second floor...' Zen raised his head in agony and looked up.

Yet, there was no staircase up to the second floor in the Flow Tower. It appeared the only way was to leap towards it.

Making his mind up, he stomped his feet on the ground and flew up.

However, the moment Zen jumped up, the red Flame of Soul in his chest abruptly swelled up, like a giant silk cocoon, enwrapping him. The pain it caused was multiplied over a hundred times!

The unbearable pain mixed with all the negative emotions made it hard for him to focus.

When a myriad of negative emotions broke out, he sensed that he was orphaned and shunned by the world, making him feel more worthless than ever.

"Plop..."

He just jumped five feet high and then planted face-first on the ground.

Outside the Flow Tower, everyone saw the golden light spot on the surface of the tower jump once and return to where it was.

Chapter 3141 Theurgy Beyond Emotion Closing Godly Way

The disciples waiting outside the Flow Tower watched the golden dot of light struggle, a satisfied smile playing at their lips.

After all, Zen was a disciple of the same sect as them; it was improper for them to openly jeer at him. Naturally, they hoped Zen would fail. Seeing the wobbly golden dot hinted to failure excited them.

On the other hand, those women in white had no scruples about speaking their mind.

"He has been rated Poor for two consecutive months. He deserves it!"

"Do you see how he's struggling on the first floor? There's no way he'll last. Just you wait. He'll come out when he can't hold on any longer."

"I'm betting it'll take five minutes, at most!"

They all shot hateful glances at Trish and Carrie as they spoke.

"I'm afraid that Mr. Luo won't make it," Carrie said, her voice trembling slightly.

"As long as he tries his best, it doesn't matter how this will end," Trish said reassuringly as she watched the golden dot on the wall of the tower. "What matters is he doesn't give up; he's still trying his best to jump onto the second floor."

"Oh, Trish, you are so good at finding excuses to console yourself..." a woman in white beside Trish said haughtily. "Remember how he promised to you before he entered the tower? Look at him now, he's so lame!" She threw her head back and laughed.

Trish glared at the girl in white.

The woman who was laughing was Winnie Su. She was good at making people feel bad. Usually Trish didn't take things to heart. Nevertheless, Winnie Su insisted on creating drama.

"Time is not up yet. Our master still has the chance to succeed," said Trish calmly.

"Chance? Hahaha...!" Winnie Su could only laugh at Trish's naivete.

Anyone who watched keenly could tell that a weak warrior like Zen barely had the chance of turning the situation around.

Trish was definitely aware of this, but she was reluctant to admit it. Zen was her master, after all.

Time ticked by...

These people had been by the tower for more than twenty hours, yet surprisingly, they waited patiently.

Zen, on the other hand, was still at the bottom of the Flow Tower, motionless.

"The Flame of Soul... It's not a real flame. It should be a kind of energy..."

As Zen grew stronger, he now had a better understanding of how this world worked.

Any matter in the world was created with energy. The sea water of the Sea of Truth, the Other Shore Power, the internal momentum and life vitality... they were all different kinds of energy. And the self that formed in the soul was the ruler that controlled the energy.

'This kind of flame can affect people's emotions. I feel pain because my emotions are affected, ' Zen pondered as he lowered his head. 'In this case, if I use the Emotion Closing Godly Way, could I avoid being affected by the Flame of Soul?'

Zen's eyes flashed as he began to channel his energy.

The internal momentum of the Emotion Closing Godly Way was a kind of special energy, and, as its name implied, it could also affect one's emotions.

The internal momentum of the Great Dominance Technique had the same function. The difference was that the Emotion Closing Godly Way was targeted at the cultivators themselves, whereas the Great Dominance Technique was targeted at others.

"Emotion Closing..."

As he was gathering the internal momentum, his eyes gradually turned cold and merciless.

All the things in the world seemed to fall away from him. Only his self-consciousness was left.

Inside the Flow Tower, there was no more sadness, joy, hatred, nor pain.

The red Flame of Soul collected itself until it formed a face.

"Eh? Here comes another guy practicing the Emotion Closing Godly Way..." it said amusedly. Red flames that made up its eyebrows raised in surprise.

The division of the Godly Ways varied in the Source World. Some forces divided the Godly Ways into over two thousand and seven hundred kinds, and some divided them into over two thousand and nine hundred kinds. Different forces divided them in different ways.

However, very few people in the divine land and the Source World chose to practice the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

On the one hand, the Emotion Closing Godly Way was extremely difficult to cultivate. On the other hand, it was difficult to reach consummation of this Godly Way.

Actually, Zen had relied on Fuxi's help to improve his cultivation of the Emotion Closing Godly Way to its consummation.

Moreover, the cultivators in the Source World all aimed at reaching the Other Shore. When one could choose the Five Elements Godly Way which was much easier to cultivate, who in their right mind would consider the more difficult and troublesome Emotion Closing Godly Way?

The face formed by the Flame of Soul had originally intended to suggest Zen leave the tower, but now he was a little curious about him. "Be warned:

the Emotion Closing Godly Way isn't as omnipotent as you think! Whether you can comprehend its profoundness will depend on your understanding."

After Zen used the Emotion Closing Godly Way to cut off his emotions, he looked upwards. For the second time, he jumped.

Instantly, he felt the Flame of Soul blaze in his chest!

Zen felt his negative emotions surging, however, at the same time, he felt them being blocked and almost... contained.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way acted like an enchanted barrier, completely blocking out the negative emotions.

"I made it... It's so easy!"

Zen remained calm. If he wasn't in the state of emotion closing, he'd have probably jumped with joy by now.

However, the Flame of Soul did not extinguish. As Zen jumped up, he felt the flame growing more and more intense. Just as he was about to step on to the second floor, the flames collectively shot straight to the spot between his eyebrows as though they were possessed.

"Bang!"

Zen felt a blow to his head and his vision blacked out. Once again, he fell to the ground.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way was said to have the ability to cut off all the emotions. But in fact, it only acted as a barrier that kept all his emotions out, leaving him with only his rational consciousness.

The Great Dominance Technique worked in the same way. It blocked the opponent's self-consciousness and replaced it with the user's own self-consciousness. This way, the user could manipulate their foe like a puppetmaster with their puppet.

But just because the self-consciousness was blocked, it didn't mean that it didn't exist.

Zen's obsession was strong, so the backlash he suffered was powerful. The Flame of Soul had gathered together and all attacked one point, making it possible to break through the barrier, coming straight at Zen's soul!

"To be honest, the warriors who practice Emotion Closing Godly Way are indeed suitable for joining the Flow Sword Sect... But it's a pity your obsession is too strong. Also, the way you used the Emotion Closing Godly way is a bit rough, haha!" The face that was formed by the Flame of Soul spoke once again, jeering at Zen.

"Rough?"

Zen had already reached the consummation of Emotion Closing Godly Way, yet his method of using it was regarded as rough. Naturally, he couldn't let this slide.

However, reflecting upon how the Flame of Soul attacked him just now, he realized something.

In the past, Zen just used the Emotion Closing Godly Way as a way of attack, and he hoped that it would become his most powerful swordsmanship.

But, he needed to consider that the Source World was different. The Godly Ways had evolved here for a long time and the methods of using them were more diversified. For example, just now, Zen could have used the Emotion Closing Godly Way to avoid the Flame of Soul from attacking one point on him.

As Zen pondered over this, he gathered his wits and sat cross-legged on the ground.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way he learned did not teach him such a method, so he could only explore it by himself.

There were so many theurgies beyond ways in the divine land, which were also figured out by those True Gods themselves, and Zen thought he could also explore and figure out a theurgy beyond Emotion Closing Godly Way himself.

From outside the tower, the people counted the minutes. Five minutes had passed...

Ten minutes had passed...

Fifteen minutes had passed...

Finally, an hour had passed quickly. The people began to grow restless.

"He just tried twice, and failed twice. Now, he won't even move. What a coward..."

"He might be questioning the meaning of his life at the bottom of the tower!"

"It doesn't matter what he is doing. Time is almost up."

As the women were whispering amongst themselves, the door of one of the courtyard houses behind the Flow Tower quietly creaked open.

A young man in a coir raincoat, with a beautiful girl in his arms, slowly walked towards the tower.

Chapter 3142 Moving Up The Flow Tower

Everyone gradually got bored from staring at the motionless golden light dot in the Flow Tower.

Thus the arrival of the young man in a coir raincoat and the girl in yellow drew their attention towards them.

"That's Milo..."

"He came out today!"

"He's the most powerful warrior of the Flow Sword Sect. It is known that he is capable of Instant Enlightenment, and can produce the Sword-reading Liquid as much as he wants!"

"The Sword-reading Liquid is exceedingly expensive. If he sells it, he could earn countless divine crystals."

The girls in white were struck with awe as their gazes followed Milo.

Geniuses were always treated with high regard by the girls.

As for Damien and the other disciples of the Flow Sword Sect, they felt inferior to him in his presence.

Those who resided in the separate courtyard houses were this sect's elite disciples, and Milo was the best among them.

Every year, the ordinary disciples were allowed to stay in the Flow Tower for twenty hours, while the elite were allowed two hundred hours. However, Milo was the only exception who could stay in the tower as long as he wished!

That was the highest privilege given to anyone in the Flow Sword Sect.

As for the girl walking alongside him, she had a respectful background in the Oneness Sky Palace.

At the sight of Milo, the glamorous woman put on a seductive smile and asked, "What brings you here, Milo?"

"It's too boring in the house," Milo replied, shrugging his shoulders casually. Then, his gaze fell on the Flow Tower, and he stared at it with a baffled expression on his face. "Why is there only one person in the Flow Tower? And why is that person still on the first floor?"

"This person has gotten Poor for two months in a row. What's more, he is the last one of the newcomers. That's why there is only him in the Flow Tower," the glamorous woman explained.

"Is that so?" Milo murmured, as he stopped walking.

The person in the tower seemed to have captured Milo's interest.

"Milo, there's nothing interesting to watch here. Let's just go..." the girl named Kate beside Milo grumbled in an annoyed voice.

"Hold on for a bit, I just want to see how long he can hold on. Having gotten Poor in two consecutive months, he must be very agitated now. Entering the tower is bound to be a devastating experience for him..." Milo said, gesturing her to stop.

"But..." Kate still urged him to leave with her.

Watching this, the glamorous woman said, "He has stayed in the Flow Tower for more than an hour. I guess, within ten minutes, he will be kicked out."

"Then we might as well wait until he comes out. We're in no hurry anyway," Milo uttered as he grabbed Kate's arm to signal her to stay put.

Seeing the scene unfold from a distance, Carrie could not help but fantasize about standing beside Milo. She tugged at Trish's arm and whispered, "It would be such an honor if we got the chance to serve Mr. Mo!"

Trish shook her head and said, "The girl who can stand beside a man like Mr. Mo is by no means an ordinary person. That girl in yellow is not his maid. I heard that she is his fiancee, and that her father is a senior of the Oneness Sky Palace. We are worlds apart from her..."

"I guess it is true that birth decides fate," Carrie sighed with a pout.

"What a pity! Mr. Luo has been stuck in there for a long time. It seems that he won't be able to break through." Trish stared at the dot on the surface of the tower with low spirits.

Trish was different from the other girls. She preferred being closer to reality compared to the others who had a habit of daydreaming. As time passed by, Zen's hopes of crossing the first floor slowly began to fade away.

Another five minutes passed with no progress. People outside watched in anticipation. It now seemed more likely that Zen would soon be kicked out.

Suddenly, Zen closed his eyes in an attempt to focus and lock all emotions out of his head.

As he concentrated, he began to slowly dismantle the internal momentum of Emotion Closing Godly Way in his mind.

In the situation he was now in, he viewed the Emotion Closing Godly Way in a different light as opposed to an offensive technique. He attempted to use it as a special soul theurgy, just like the way he thought of the Great Dominance Technique.

'The most impressive point of the Emotion Closing Godly Way is to abandon all sorts of emotions and launch out a decisive sword attack...

The Flame of Soul, however, can attack me at one point...

Wait, when many negative thoughts are lingering in my mind, I can just cut them off!

I get it now!'

Feeling enlightened, Zen suddenly opened his eyes in a flash.

'Now! Let's go!'

With his mind made up, Zen jumped up enthusiastically once more.

"Whoosh!"

The moment he stepped off the ground to head to the second floor, the Flame of Soul reacted to his movements, and he felt the burning sensation in his chest again.

"Emotion Closing..."

His eyes flashed a blinding light as he immediately used the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Just as Zen had predicted, the Flame of Soul reacted and gathered itself at one point and then made its way towards his forehead.

It was this same move that had caused Zen to fail previously. However, this time he was prepared!

The Flame of Soul was capable of attacking him at only one point in his body, and Zen was ready to defend it.

When the Flame of Soul broke through the Emotion Closing Godly Way and took advantage of Zen's obsession to entice his negative emotions, Zen focused all his internal momentum on a point.

"Buzz..."

A dangerous battle against conflicting emotions raged on within his body, but it only lasted for a few seconds.

Then, one by one, all the extreme feelings triggered by the flames were slowly extinguished.

Within a split second, Zen had successfully reached the second floor of the Flow Tower.

"What?"

The Flame of Soul manifested itself into a face again and had a shocked expression at the scene. "Wow, you were so quick to comprehend the theurgy beyond way to deal with me!"

Because of the existence of the Other Shore, the status of the Godly Ways in the Source World wasn't very high, but a theurgy beyond way was not something that could be easily comprehended. Moreover, Zen had to bear the pressure of the Flame of Soul in the Flow Tower.

Showing no signs of hesitation, Zen leaped up again!

Similar to the events that had occurred on the first floor, the Flame of Soul rose from Zen's chest once more and attempted to attack him at one point in his forehead.

"Emotion Closing..."

He did not know what this theurgy beyond way was called, but it was the only method he could use to dispose of the Flame of Soul.

"Buzz..."

As a white light flashed in his mind, the fire penetrated his mind again. However, those negative emotions, like restlessness, failure, and fear, were quickly diffused by the theurgy.

"The third floor!"

Zen continued moving upwards!

Meanwhile, outside the Flow Tower, the onlookers wore different expressions on their faces when they saw Zen jump up to the second floor.

"Mr. Luo! Mr. Luo reached the second floor!" Carrie screamed as she jumped up and down on her toes clapping her hands in excitement!

"I saw it," Trish replied in a solemn voice, staring at the round golden light dot. As long as Zen did not fall back to the first floor and walked out of the second-floor door, he wouldn't be expelled.

Naturally, Trish was a little worried, but suddenly, the golden light dot didn't fall. Instead, it continued to proceed to the third floor!

"That guy..."

"He advanced to the third floor already in such a short time?!"

"How did he get so fast?"

The disciples of the Flow Sword Sect all discussed among themselves as they watched the spectacle dumbfounded.

It seemed that watching Zen was worth the wait after all. They never expected they would get to see him change course so quickly.

"Didn't you just say this person got the Poor"? Advancing so quickly from the first to the third floor, he by no means is an ordinary man," Milo said while giving an appealing smile. It had nothing to do with him, but he just watched for his entertainment.

The glamorous woman and her companions were just stunned at the scene.

"He's still moving up!" someone exclaimed while pointing in the tower's direction.

The golden light dot on the surface of the Flow Tower leaped up again and reached the fourth floor without a hitch.

Before anyone had the window to react, the golden light dot danced again and ended up on the fifth floor.

"The fifth floor? This guy is really something else..."

The disciples of the Flow Sword Sect hung their heads in defeat. They realized that they wouldn't be able to get Zen's entry tokens, and it was still hard for them to accept the fact that he had jumped to the fifth floor at such a quick pace.

Feeling defeated, they looked up to see the golden light dot had already made its way to the sixth floor and was now only one leap away from the seventh.

Chapter 3143 That's Him

Every disciple of the Flow Sword Sect present held their breath as their pupils dilated at this sight.

It was as if the cat got their tongues. None of them uttered a word, not even the servant girls. Instead, they all stared at the golden speck of light.

Just how talented was he to reach the sixth floor on his first attempt?

Trish and Carrie were rendered speechless.

Excited, they had tears in their eyes. It made them look so radiant.

Milo was watching intently as his face shifted. The expression of the girl standing next to him also switched.

"He's so obsessed with cultivation, yet he can still make it to the sixth floor. If I'm not wrong, then just like you, this man began with the Emotion Closing Godly Way," Kate whispered to Milo as she kept her gaze fixated on the Flow Tower.

"I don't think so. I've heard that if one can control themselves with the Soul Controlling Godly Way, they could also resist the Flame of Soul," Milo said curtly.

The Soul Controlling Godly Way was known as the Great Dominance Technique in the divine land.

To explain further, the users of the theurgy beyond the Soul Controlling Godly Way could create another consciousness. And thus, they were able to control themselves in mysterious ways.

"Although he seems promising, I'm afraid it's tough for him to break the record set by you," Kate said as the corners of her mouth curved into a smile.

The spectacle of the man in the tower was stupefying. However, Milo still had the upper hand since he had jumped to the eighth floor when he first entered the tower.

Both Milo and Kate were convinced that Zen was not up to par with Milo, at least not yet.

However, as soon as Kate's voice fell, Zen had rushed to the seventh floor!

The sixth and seventh floors posed as the most intricate barriers for the disciples. They would end up getting trapped in there in most cases. Therefore, the Flow Sword Sect kept the ones who reached the seventh floor in high regard compared to others.

Just when they began doubting whether Zen would advance any further, he had already reached the seventh floor.

Meanwhile, in the Flow Tower, the Flame of Soul had turned into a shrieking blood-red color.

The higher he moved, the more the Flame of Soul intensified.

Even if he used the Emotion Closing Godly Way, it would still prove insufficient in trying to completely get rid of the negative emotions that sprouted like an unwanted weed.

But he still retained his feet steady and held on.

By this moment, Zen had lost track of time and the count of the floor he was on.

He only knew one thing: he had to keep moving forward till his legs gave up on him. If he even faced the slightest hesitation, those messy emotions would take over his heart and throw him into the abyss of pain.

This kind of pain was unique. It was directed towards neither the soul nor flesh, but towards the heart!

"I must keep going!"

Zen roared in frustration and jumped up again.

"He has reached the eighth floor,"

Kate said, her throat now dry as she glanced at Milo.

Milo refused to break his silence, but she still sensed the caution reflecting through his eyes.

The guy who was able to ascend to the eighth floor in his first attempt at the Flow Tower was qualified to be Milo's opponent. Kate began to wonder who he was.

If he was from the mountain, he couldn't be a nobody.

Was he some sort of secret prodigy that was directly sent to the Flow Sword Sect?

Clatter!

The long-reigning silence was finally broken when Zen reached the eighth floor.

Previously when Zen made it to the fifth and sixth floors, everyone was shocked. But, they still questioned whether his cultivation was sufficient enough for him to go further. Damien and Imran even went as far as to think Zen was on the same level as them.

However, as Zen went on to reach the seventh and eighth floors, they subconsciously hung their heads in defeat, thinking they were inferior to him.

Such a fellow was far more powerful than the likes of them.

Therefore, at this moment, most people changed their minds. They were all eager to know which floor this guy would mark as his last.

"Can he reach the ninth floor?"

"He has already tied with Milo's record."

"If he manages to break Milo's record, it will be much more interesting!"

Many curious heads turned to Milo to study his posture about the situation. They wanted to know what he was thinking.

For them, it was a pipe dream to get on the same level as Milo. Therefore, they had hoped someone else could finally surpass him instead.

But Milo remained calm and composed. He kept his gaze fixed at the Flow Tower.

Then suddenly, the golden speck of light that had everyone's attention began to move again. It had jumped up and conquered the ninth floor as well!

"This is a new record!" the glamorous woman exclaimed with excitement.

Zen had made her eat her previous words to such a degree that she began to doubt the assessment system of the Flow Sword Sect. It had given him a 'Poor' evaluation twice in a row, but his performance as of now was beyond anyone's expectation. Was the Flow Tower broken again? No, it couldn't be. It had just gotten repaired.

Surprisingly, the golden light dot didn't seem to halt its movement after reaching the ninth floor.

Meanwhile, inside the Flow Tower, Zen began to feel his body refuse the urge to go any further. It had reached its limit.

The Emotion Closing Godly Way was not omnipotent, even though it was the best way to resist the Flame of Soul.

However, Zen's obsession was so strong that he was flooding with negative emotions welling up inside. They were like tentacles coiling around his entire body with a strenuous grip. The moment he moved up, the pressure of the Flame of Soul on the tenth floor doubled once again.

After he reached the seventh floor, the Flame of Fire seemed to have acquired a strange ability that could make him have illusions.

The illusions seemed so surreal that Zen was unable to tell whether they were fake or not.

Time passed by slowly in the tower. A second felt like several months for him.

During this time, he had seen so many dreadful illusions of the divine land being destroyed by an invisible dark hand, the tragic death of Geoffrey and Letitia, and the shattering of the fairy palace.

Even if he figured out what he saw was not real, he still couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling from his mind. The magic was so strong that he felt pain from all those scenarios in his heart.

"Holy shit! Chop!"

Zen knew that if he persisted for a little longer, he would sink into these wild illusions forever.

With every fiber of his leftover spiritual power, he clenched his teeth and rushed to the tenth floor, knocking down the door of the Flow Tower.

Bang!

The door to the tenth floor was smashed open, and a man drenched in his own sweat collapsed right in front of it.

Zen was drained from all his energy, and his skin was soaked as if he just came out of the water.

However, the moment he left the Flow Tower, the Flame of Soul diminished into thin air. Everything went back to normal as he fell to his knees, exhausted. His eyes that once reflected fear and regret were now clear of all emotions.

As if alerted by the door being opened, Milo and Kate desperately glanced in the direction of the man to make out his identity.

When their eyes fell on the figure of interest, they were shocked to their very cores.

"Milo, that's him!"

Kate covered her mouth subconsciously as she gasped at the sight of Zen.

Of all people, she should have been aware of his whereabouts. After all, she spent a lot of her time investigating Zen's background.

It was not normal for a cultivator in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm to defeat Fergus. However, Zen had disappeared for some time inexplicably after Milo had shamed him by cutting off his sword.

Who would have thought that Zen would climb up the mountain in such a short period and join the Flow Sword Sect?

Chapter 3144 Can I Bring My Wives Here

With casual steps, Milo approached Zen with a faint smile.

He presented himself as calmly as possible with all his emotions in check.

"Nice to meet you again," he said, leaning forward with a smirk.

Zen glanced at him with a sharp gaze. "You still haven't compensated for my sword. You owe me eight million divine crystals."

"Can't you let it go? I haven't sold any Sword-reading Liquid in the past few months. So you could earn lots of divine crystals," Milo said with his shoulders held back.

Zen looked Milo directly in the eye and shrugged. "I relied on my own ability to earn them, not you."

In the past, Milo had warned Zen. But when he returned to the Flow Sword Sect, someone also warned him.

Only a handful of people from the palace were capable of making the Sword-reading Liquid. However, only Milo was given the privilege of selling there.

Because of this opportunity, Milo had the chance to accumulate unbelievable amounts of divine crystals. But perhaps, it was now time for him to pass this privilege down to Zen, who had proven himself worthy of it.

"I can give you millions of divine crystals," Milo continued with arched eyebrows. "But you will have to defeat me first. How long do you think that will take?" Milo raised his eyebrows slightly, provoking Zen clearly.

None of the disciples of Flow Sword Sect could compete with Milo.

In his many years residing in the Flow Sword Sect, no disciple came close to even being able to threaten him. They were worlds apart in strength. In fact, there were only two or three disciples of the same generation as him in the whole Oneness Sky Palace who had talents on par with his.

And now, the count had increased by one more...

"I'm in no such hurry, but I don't think it will take long." Zen tilted his head and raised his eyebrows.

After hearing what Zen said, Milo nodded his head and scoffed. "I'll wait for it, but I hope it won't... take forever."

Then he reached for Kate's hand and casually walked away.

"Did you hear that? This guy called Zen seems to be in conflict with Milo?"

"This is not the point. The point is that he can make Sword-reading Liquid!"

"It turns out that he is a talent of Instant Enlightenment. No wonder... Talented people are extraordinary wherever they are!"

The news from Milo came as more of a shock to them compared to Zen reaching the tenth floor of Flow Tower in his first attempt.

After all, Flow Tower was just a test for the disciples of the Flow Sword Sect, to see if they had ways of resisting the Flame of Soul. However, Instant Enlightenment was a standard. Talents that met with the standard were supposed to possess boundless potential in the future.

There was a huge population in the entire palace, but there were only a few talents who had the capability of Instant Enlightenment since ancient times.

"Instant Enlightenment..."

The glamorous woman suddenly realized it and had an annoyed look.

Such a rare talent was hard to ignore for the palace, but none reminded her!

As Zen approached Trish and Carrie, they couldn't conceal their excitement as they welcomed him with glistening eyes.

"Mr... Mr. Luo..."

Remembering all the complaints and grudges she held in the past against Zen, Trish couldn't help but feel flustered.

"I promised that I wouldn't let you down, didn't I? " Zen asked with a sweet smile.

"Of course..." Carrie shook her head with teary eyes.

"Talents like you don't need to rest and release all emotions. I'm sorry that we were oblivious to this," Trish said, bowing respectfully.

"All right. Let's go," Zen said as he gestured them to leave with him.

As she watched them leave, the glamorous woman called out to them from behind. "Wait."

Zen turned around and looked at her. "What is it?"

"According to the rules of Flow Sword Sect, you and Imran should move since you have reached the seventh floor of Flow Tower," the woman said in a very polite manner as she stared at Zen.

Even though Zen was a newcomer, he had proven himself to be on the same level as Milo, maybe even surpassing him. Naturally, she would change her attitude towards him.

Hearing this, an overjoyed Trish and Carrie exchanged glances between themselves. They were so excited to move that they almost accepted the offer on behalf of Zen, who stood there blankly.

But Zen shook his head lightly and declined. "No need. I think that house is good enough."

Trish's and Carrie's jaws dropped to the floor in bewilderment. They had no words to describe Zen.

"This is not the way it should be. This is the rule of Flow Sword Sect. Please move, or you'll make things hard for me," the glamorous woman said gently, not taking no for an answer. After all, it was her duty to do this.

In a dilemma, Zen curled his lips and looked at the girls. Their big bright eyes seemed to be saying, "Take it, move..."

Giving in to their needs, he waved his hands in defeat and said, "All right. Let's go back to pack up. We'll move..."

Watching their backs as they left, the beautiful woman named Winnie couldn't help but feel a little jealous.

Lost in her train of thoughts, she bit her lip so hard that it started bleeding.

Recalling back to the time when she mocked Trish made her feel horrible as it all later blew up in her face when Zen proved everyone wrong.

The other girls in white felt the same emotions as Winnie. They all stood baffled.

Just two hours ago, they were all collectively sympathizing with Trish and Carrie, believing that they were going to be expelled from the mountain.

But time changed its course so quickly that they couldn't comprehend what had just happened. After two hours, Trish and Carrie walked alongside Zen, who was now on par with Milo, making their way to their private courtyard house. The sudden change in their situation felt like heavy hammers raining down on their chest.

Those courtyard houses were exquisite and lavish.

Each house had six independent smaller ones and three yards within it.

For the purpose of enunciating its splendor, it was decorated with pavilions and clear ponds.

But warriors like Zen had no interest in lavish living conditions, they only needed a small room and isolation to cultivate in peace.

A True God could build such a house in four to six hours in any scenic place they wished, but of course not at the top of Oneness Mountain.

After exploring the courtyard house for a bit, Trish and Carrie followed close behind Zen.

Since they had moved into a separate courtyard house and their wages had tripled, they were very grateful to Zen.

For ordinary people, the reward of divine crystals was considerable enough.

However, these women had other plans to show how grateful they were.

Since Zen now understood the mechanism of Flow Tower and the importance of "releasing his emotions," he couldn't squirm his way out of this if he wanted to master the Flow Strike.

Naturally, having the company of such a talented man, young women like Trish and Carrie inevitably admired him.

Just as they began to fantasize about him, Zen suddenly asked, "Now that I'm living alone in this courtyard house, can I bring my wives here?"

Letitia, Margaret, and the others had been staying in his inner world for a long time. It was time for them to come out and breathe a little fresh air.

"What? Your wives?"

Trish and Carrie looked at each other with a confused expression. Trish answered, "The courtyard house is allocated to you by Flow Sword Sect. The sect won't interfere, but... You have been married?"

For them, Zen was quite young. They had never expected him to have been married. The news came as a shock to them.

"Yes, of course. If so, I'll invite them out," Zen said as he looked around.

Chapter 3145 Dispute

In the blink of an eye, Zen turned into an incarnation and appeared in the fairy palace.

As soon as the wives heard the news, their moods transformed instantly.

Letitia's eyes flashed with excitement, her face filled with anticipation. Margaret started humming under her breath, unable to contain her joy and eagerness to accompany Zen.

On the other hand, Aura remained calm. She was grateful Zen would come back to the fairy palace every now and then.

As for Lavender, although she didn't say a word, she stopped her cultivation. Biting her lip, she was also curious about the legendary Source World.

In a flash of white light, they teleported to a courtyard, their faces eager and full of curiosity.

Lavender stretched out her hand as though trying to touch the atmosphere. Sniffing, she said calmly, "There doesn't seem to be much of a difference between this place and the divine land."

"Indeed, there is not much difference," Zen echoed with a curt nod.

There was a huge gap between the universe and the divine land. After all, the universe was only an inner world, and it was essentially different from the real world with regards to rules. The divine land was created by Chiyou, but it wasn't any different from the Source World.

Margaret strolled around the courtyard, her eyes wandering. These courtyard houses were constructed for the elite disciples of the Flow Sword Sect. The pavilions and terraces were beautifully built. 'This wouldn't be a bad place to live, ' she thought to herself.

However, she saw something that made her eyes narrow. Hurrying to Zen's side, Margaret pointed at the two women who stood nearby. Trish and Carrie exchanged uneasy glances, as Margaret said in a forced tone, "These two beautiful girls must be your new girlfriends, right, dear?"

Zen knew that this would happen if he released Margaret. However, if he were to allow Letitia and the rest to come out without her, he knew she'd feel terrible.

Just as he was about to explain, Carrie bowed humbly towards Margaret. "My Lady, we are Mr. Luo's maids."

Margaret blinked in confusion. Even Letitia, Lavender, and the other girls felt this was a bit peculiar.

Given Zen's character, he certainly didn't need any maid, let alone two maids!

"You are maids?" Margaret chuckled. "Since we're here, there's no need for you to take care of Zen. You may leave now."

Carrie, at a loss for words, glanced at Trish for help. Trish, on the other hand, just scowled.

She eyed the women standing next to Zen, and suddenly felt uncomfortable. They were all good-looking and refined.

Before this, she was under the impression that Zen focused on martial arts and was indifferent to love. Never could she have expected that he actually had a big family waiting for him in his inner world. But, on second thought, Zen was indeed an excellent man; it was no wonder he managed to attract the attention of many women.

However, Margaret's searing words had left her feeling a bit depressed.

After all of the suffering they'd been through, she and Carrie had finally gotten a chance to enter this courtyard house, thanks to Zen. And yet, Margaret wanted to chase them away just when they got here!

"Don't you think you're being too overbearing, My Lady?" said Trish in a restrained tone.

Margaret's eyebrows shot up. "Overbearing? How dare you speak to me like that! You're just a maid!"

"We are sent by the Flow Sword Sect to take care of Mr. Luo, so you can't dismiss us. We need to report Mr. Luo's cultivation to the sect and inform him of the affairs of the sect." Trish remained level headed.

Margaret didn't reply. She didn't know what the Flow Sword Sect was.

Among the women in the fairy palace, Lavender was the only one who cared about cultivation. Every time he appeared, she would definitely ask for advice, and Zen would teach her everything he knew.

Letitia, by contrast, cared about her husband's future, where he was, and what force he was in, and sometimes she would give him advice.

As for Margaret, she never really thought about anything other than being with Zen.

Trish's words immediately intimidated Margaret.

Grasping for words, Margaret huffed and said, "Fine. You will only deliver messages, right?"

She stretched out her hand. A purple sword suddenly materialized. With a gentle wave of her finger, the purple sword moved.

Crack!

The sword dragged its way down the courtyard, drawing a line.

"I can take care of my husband," Margaret said haughtily. "You may have the other side of the courtyard. You may not cross this line unless you have a message to deliver."

Seeing Margaret's arrogant expression, Trish was overwhelmed with anger.

She had thought that this woman was gentle and handsome, and that she would be the easiest person to get along with. But it turned out that she was being the most unreasonable.

Letitia and Lavender couldn't help but smile and titter at Margaret's rude behavior. They gotten used to her arrogance and bullying over the years.

However, upon seeing Trish's and Carrie's distressed expressions, Letita took the sword from Margaret. "Quit looking for trouble. Since Zen has joined the Flow Sword Sect, he has to go by their rules. Don't make things difficult for him."

This wasn't the divine land; it was the Oneness Sky Palace in the Source World. Her husband was just a disciple now. He couldn't be as presumptuous as he was back in the divine land. Letitia was keenly aware of this, while Margaret remained blissfully ignorant.

Under the persuasion of Aura and Letitia, Margaret finally caved, but she still made a rule: Trish and Carrie couldn't enter Zen's room.

The next few days passed peacefully.

Trish left the courtyard house early in the morning and came back with a brocade box in her hands.

She carried the brocade box and headed straight to the second floor of the house. Margaret leaned on the side of the corridor, effectively blocking Trish's way.

"This is something secret that the Flow Sword Sect has sent to Mr. Luo. I need to give it to him in person," said Trish through gritted teeth.

The past few days, everyone had been having a good time, but Trish and Margaret still had some disputes.

"I'll hand it over to my husband by myself. You cannot step into his room," Margaret said haughtily.

"You have no right to touch such a precious thing!" Trish could no longer contain her anger.

"You!" Margaret turned red. There was no way she would tolerate this. When she raised her hand to slap Trish on the face, someone suddenly coughed.

The two women whipped their heads in the direction of the sound.

Much to their surprise, there was a handsome, middle-aged man with a long beard standing in the courtyard.

When Margaret sensed the aura of this middle-aged man, there was a trace of fear in her eyes. Even though she always went far in bullying others, she knew that this man's strength was formidable.

"Let me personally send the manual on the Flow Swordsmanship in. I have something to say to Zen," Athemar said calmly.

Then he came up to Trish, took the box in her hands, and walked directly into the room on the second floor. He placed the box in front of Zen, and then said with a smile, "You knew I came, but you didn't go out to welcome me, so I had to come to you in person. The new talent of the Flow Sword Sect is truly conceited, huh?"

Chapter 3146 The Horrible Man

After their last encounter, Zen was sure that Athemar tended to do things according to what his heart dictated.

With a smile, he asked, "How were you so sure that I'd choose the Flow Sword Sect?"

"Because I was waiting for you on the mountain. If you chose to join the Killing Sword Sect or the Unique Array Sword Sect, I would just have nudged you to choose otherwise." Athemar shrugged as though it was no big deal.

Such a blunt reply left Zen speechless. Finally, he said, "That means you are indeed from the Flow Sword Sect, right?"

"That's right." Athemar nodded, and then pushed the brocade box towards Zen. "You have chosen three truth swordsmanship manuals. I believe you have achieved something on all of them. But I hope you can focus on the Flow Strike."

"Why is that?" asked Zen curiously.

He knew he had a lot to learn.

The Thousand Annihilation Strike from the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship required constant training before any progress could be made. Now that Zen had the Eye of Will, he was looking forward to feeling the power of Sword Texture Technique. Although he had almost learnt all there was to it, he still needed time to master it.

Also, he wanted to further study the two Sanskrit words Geoffrey helped translate for him...

"Because we're running out of time," Athemar said in a suddenly serious tone. "You have to improve your cultivation base as soon as possible."

Improving one's cultivation base meant that one had to travel to the Other Shore. But what did cultivating have to do with this?

Observing Zen's confused face, Athemar continued, "To be precise, the Flow Strike is not a theurgy of sword skill, but a theurgy of mind cultivation. The most powerful thing about it doesn't lie in this world."

"You mean it is on the Other Shore?" asked Zen incredulously.

The Flow Strike was said to be training for the heart, but that was just an expression. In the past, people hadn't studied the secret of the soul thoroughly. They thought the soul was located in the heart, but in actuality, the soul was in the brain.

In essence, the test Zen received in the Flow Tower was a test on his soul.

"That's right," Athemar nodded in satisfaction.

"But why are we running out of time?" Zen asked.

"You are still in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm, so you have no idea yet..." Athemar paused, deep in thought. "First," he continued, "master the Flow Strike, then go to the Other Shore as soon as possible. This will allow you to grow more powerful. The Flow Sword Sect will arrange for it."

Apart from the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship, Zen had always struggled with gaining more divine megatons of force.

If he could obtain another powerful Other Shore Token from the Other Shore, his force would probably increase by several times.

Without saying anything else, Athemar took his leave.

'What arrangements will the Flow Sword Sect make?' Zen wondered.

He remembered what Dorothy had told him once. The palace had established its own forces and temple on the Other Shore, so they had easy access to Other Shore Tokens and could arrange for their disciples to get relatively good ones. What Athemar said could be implying that the Flow Sword Sect could obtain fancy Other Shore Tokens easily as well. Now that Zen was thinking about it, it made sense that the palace would be keeping an eye out for their elite disciples. Why would they leave those precious young minds risking their lives when they had all the valuable Other Shore Tokens at hand?

If that was the case, he realized entering the Other Shore would do him some good. But before that, he had to follow Athemar's instructions and master the Flow Strike first.

Zen opened the brocade box before him and took out the Flow Swordsmanship...

Meanwhile, under the Nether Mountain, in the central part of the Square Captivity province, a massive massacre was taking place.

The Nether Mountain had 33 caves, in which 33 races gathered.

The Nether Mountain was not very popular in the Source World; It only attracted branches of some races.

The human race also had a branch there named "Nineteenth Cave Humans".

There weren't many powerful warriors in the 33 caves. The best among the Nineteenth Cave Humans were only at the second stage of the Other Shore Realm, and the same went for the other races.

Given the lack of competition, the 33 races had lived in peace together.

If they were to encounter the invasion of some outsiders, they would join hands to defend the Nether Mountain together.

However, what had happened that day shocked the Nineteenth Cave Humans deeply.

A strong scent of blood wafted to the nineteenth cave from the Nether Mountain.

Several bats flew to the nineteenth cave, squeaking for help. "Please go talk to him...squeak!... Make him stop slaughtering our race!"

The head of the Nineteenth Cave Humans waved them away with a bitter smile. "What can I do? You messed with that horrible man first!"

"Squeak! We just fed on his Bull Lion! That's all! It was just one Bull Lion! Just one! We can give him one hundred divine crystals for compensation! Or even a thousand! Why does he have to slaughter all of us?" The bat was growing desperate. Angrily, it flew at the head's face. "Aren't we supposed to support each other? Now our race is in trouble! You're just going to sit there and do nothing?"

The head of the Nineteenth Cave Humans clenched his teeth and finally stood up. Gathering several able-bodied companions, he said, "I'll try to persuade him again."

Then he jumped down from the hillside and landed at the foot of the Nether Mountain.

He took a gander at the gory scene before him. Countless bats were torn into shreds, and the soil turned black, soaked in their blood.

This was just the entrance to the cave. What horrors lay within the cave?

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Boom!"

Explosions could be heard from inside the third cave, where the bat race was located.

Many bats were flying haphazardly, desperately trying to escape the cave. But whenever they got close to the exit, a flash of white light would instantly annihilate them.

In the past, when faced with attacks, the 33 races would usually join hands to fight against the enemy.

However, the Cyan Spirit race from the second cave lost majority of its population to the horrible man, just because they tried to come to the bat race's aid. Even the head of the Cyan Spirit race had been brutally murdered. It was no wonder no one else dared stand up to this man! Everyone else was cooped up in their caves, hoping the worst was over.

The Nineteenth Cave Humans initially didn't want to get involved either...

However, this horrible man was a human!

Thinking that he might stop if they tried talking to him, they had sent two Nineteenth Cave Humans to the third cave. They had barely stepped inside the cave when a white light flashed, and their heads rolled out onto the soil.

Horrified by this scene, the Nineteenth Cave Humans decided to stay out of this fight.

The reason of this whole slaughter was the death of a Bull Lion.

The horrible man had tied his tamed Bull Lion by the road. The bat race, living solely on blood, couldn't resist the temptation of the tied up Bull Lion! Bull Lion blood was extremely delicious, after all!

But it turned out that they totally messed with the wrong Bull Lion.

The bat race was getting slaughtered. If no one stepped in soon, they'd be completely annihilated. With a sigh, the head of the Nineteenth Cave Humans decided he couldn't just sit and let that happen.

Once he reached the entrance of the third cave, he took a deep breath, and tried to take a cautious peek inside.

Just as he caught sight of the man, he was instantly knocked down by a tremendous force. When he finally realized what had happened, the man was already stepping on his chest, an evil smile plastered on his face. "I've been in this world for so long. There are all kinds of demons and monsters everywhere. I never thought I'd run into someone from the same race here! But! How dare you speak for those lowly creatures? You deserve to die!"

Chapter 3147 The Mysterious Woman In A Black Dress

The face of the leader of the Nineteenth Cave Humans turned pale as his knees trembled out of fear. Desperate as he was, he begged for mercy in a pitiful state, "Please spare my life! I don't mean to speak for them."

"Then what did you mean? Tell me!" As the horrible man stomped his foot on the leader's chest with rage, the force under his feet surged and formed ripples far and wide.

Crack! Crack!

The crackling sound of breaking ribs filled the air as the leader spat out blood from his mouth from his internal injuries. Just the simple act of the man's foot coming in contact with his chest had caused so much damage. Had he used more force, the leader's body would have been reduced to shreds.

"The... the bat race sucked your Bull Lion's blood, and they deserve to be killed!" the leader said as he coughed out blood from his mouth.

It was apparent he was only saying those things so the man could spare his life.

"Humph! How nice of you. If only these nonhuman creatures would stop testing my patience. Since they refuse to, they are doomed. Not only will I end the bats, but I might as well kill every nonhuman creature in this mountain!" The man sneered as he knocked his fists together to assert dominance.

"Why? Why would you do such a thing..." The leader lowered his gaze to the ground in disbelief as he did not expect the man would be so unforgiving.

When the nonhuman creatures witnessed the spectacle of his strength from afar, they did not dare to reveal themselves. The last thing they wanted was to face the same fate as the bat race and the Cyan Spirit race, so they all hid in their caves and refused to come out.

However, just as they heard the man's intentions towards them, their expressions changed considerably.

"We have never even provoked him. Why does he want to annihilate us?"

"In a situation like this, we don't have much choice but to fend for our lives!"

"He might not be that strong since he just entered the Other Shore Realm. We can all work together to attack him. Maybe he won't be able to handle all of us at once and will eventually die of exhaustion."

These nonhuman creatures used their own languages to communicate among themselves.

One by one, the enchanted barriers of the caves were removed, and the nonhuman creatures big or small, powerful or weak, all emerged from their caves in what seemed like a swarm and dashed towards the man.

Some of these creatures were large in terms of size and they looked strong. And some of them had tiny bodies covered with deadly toxins...

Like moths to a flame, a mass of diverse nonhuman creatures from different races headed towards the man.

Still with his foot on the leader's chest, the man applied pressure onto it to hear his groans and said, "You ask why? Hahaha... Because those who don't belong to our kin cannot be trusted."

Just as he finished his words, he turned his head to find the overwhelming numbers of the nonhuman creatures headed his way. He showed no fear, and the ends of his lips curved into a smirk as streams of crescent-shaped energy gathered around him.

He had grown up from killing and slaughtering.

The reason he told the leader was only a ruse to draw out angry nonhuman creatures to him.

Back then, the number of people he had killed in contrast to the nonhuman creatures was over ten times more. After annihilating all the prodigies of one continent, he would move to another, and he would not end his kill streak till he was the only one left in the world.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Boom!"

As three bright balls of light flashed, the sounds they produced with every explosion were deafening.

The energy emitted from the man's body was unique, and the creatures in the entire Nether Mountain failed to recognize its origins. They figured the energy was from a distinctive Other Shore Token he might have obtained, but in fact, he had never used any.

The intense shockwaves produced by the energy were so compelling that they destroyed the creatures who came in contact with them.

Piles of broken limbs were scattered across the ground as the creatures fell one by one.

In one round of slaughter, the man had destroyed the top-ranked warriors of the thirty-three caves without a hitch.

The leader remained curled up on the ground watching the man who was floating in the sky. His eyes trembled in terror as he saw the man brutally kill off the nonhuman creatures without any hesitation on his face. Instead, he seemed to enjoy it.

The leader had heard the powerful orthodox human forces would recruit some rare geniuses. But witnessing the man's strength in person, he realized no genius from any world would be able to defeat the monster in front of him.

"What's wrong? Attack me! Hahaha!"

the man roared, with his arms splayed out to them to invite them to attack him. The nonhuman creatures of the thirty-three caves felt the powerful force he unleashed and fell into despair. Many of them began to retreat.

But he had no plans of letting them go.

Suddenly, huge clouds of crescent-shaped energy rose beside him at his command and charged towards the nonhuman creatures.

At the same time...

A big black ship hovered over in the sky of the Square Captivity Province.

The ship looked creaky and old, and emitted a heavy death aura. It looked as if a ghost was floating along the sky with a tattered appearance.

What was more terrifying was its interior. The railings of the ship were decorated with skulls and bones of human race, Sun Crow race, and even some were of Snake Goddess race, Heavenly Joy race and Flame race!

Moreover, the owners of these bones had all gone through the Chaotic Source Reinforcement before they died, and they were all powerful masters of their respective races.

Crack...

A pale hand appeared from the ship that knocked down a human skull from the railing.

The hand belonged to a beautiful woman dressed in a long black gown. Albeit her charming profile, she seemed lifeless. If she stood motionless, anyone would mistake her for a corpse.

Stepping forward, she grabbed the human skull and brought it close to her nose to take a whiff of it. Wisps of green mist emanated from the eyes of the skull and went straight into her nose and mouth.

"There are plenty of bones on the ship. Why did you choose that skull?" A voice echoed from behind her.

The owner of that voice was covered in black silk threads, so it was hard to make out the person's face. However, the person was as thin and tall as a bamboo pole.

"After all... he was my lover who had been with me for one hundred thousand years. He tastes good actually," the woman in long dress said with a tantalizing smile and continued to suck the energy from the skull. An intoxicated expression was plastered across her face.

"You're such a freak!" the "bamboo pole" grumbled in an appalled voice.

As they were immersed in conversation, they sensed a deep fluctuation in space from beneath the ship.

Even though it was thousands of miles away, they could still feel the impact of it on the ghost-like ship.

The woman in the black dress tilted her head to one side curiously. In doubt, she narrowed her eyes, and looked downwards where she felt the strong surge of energy. The "bamboo pole" felt it too.

"Is this Ways-blending Energy?" the woman in the black dress asked as she turned to her companion.

"It is, no doubt about it. And the warrior has twelve layers of Ways-blending Energy. This Ways-blending Energy seems to be perfect," said the "bamboo pole".

"There is actually someone who cultivates Ways-blending Energy these days. Now I'm curious to know who this warrior is... Shall I go down there to have a look?" the woman in the black dress asked.

"Do as you please." The "bamboo pole" shook his head indifferently. "But don't cause trouble to delay the captain's business."

At his approval, the woman flapped her black dress behind her as she turned to descend to the ground. She emitted strong death aura high in the sky and fell straight towards the Nether Mountain like a comet falling out of the sky that would bring death to any being that came in contact with it.

Meanwhile, the foot of the Nether Mountain had become a cemetery of blood and limbs that scattered everywhere.

The only race in the thirty-three caves that had survived was the human race.

"Nether Mountain has beautiful scenery, and it's a good place for cultivation. I've killed all the other races. If you submit to me, I'll forgive you, spare your lives and protect you," the horrible man said dominantly to the leader of the Nineteenth Cave Humans.

'Forgive us? What crimes have we committed to ask for your forgiveness?'

The leader suppressed his thoughts in his mind and didn't dare to say them out loud. With the man's current temperament, the slightest of things could trigger him, and he would kill him immediately.

As the leader nodded desperately, a heavy death aura emanated above their heads

The flesh and broken limbs on the ground seemed to have regained vitality the moment they were touched by the death aura.

"Sizz, sizz..."

Blood began to flow into the broken limbs splayed out on the ground.

Various ranges of blood from red, black, blue all followed suit as they came back to life.

Countless broken limbs began to connect with the others. Among them were heads, arms, mouthparts, bones, so on and so forth.

As they continued to combine, they turned into a huge monster.

This monster's appearance was ghastly and hostile. One glance at it would make one want to throw up.

As the vicious monster got up to stand on its two feet, a stunning woman in a black dress quietly appeared on top of its head.

Chapter 3148 The Chaotic Source Reinforcement

The woman in the black dress was as beautiful as one could imagine, yet something about her made people uneasy in her presence. Perhaps it was pure intimidation.

The man sensed her power, which certainly caught his attention. He grinned darkly and asked, "Who are you?"

"You wish to know my name?" The woman smiled an evilly playful smile and offered a challenge, "Kill it, and you will find out."

As the words rolled off her tongue, the monster beneath her feet began to stir.

Dozens of broken arms and legs of all kinds crawled across the ground and rushed towards the man in a crazed hunger to tear him apart.

The man snorted at the advancing monster and the Ways-blending Energy surged out in a torrent of waves. It then transformed into crescents and crashed into the monster.

Bang!

Bang!

Powerful Ways-blending Energy flew everywhere, some striking the woman.

But it didn't bother her tender white skin in the slightest. It barely even shook her bangs, which hung still and heavy on her forehead.

She did not care whether the monster could defeat the man. She merely used it as a means to observe the operation of the Ways-blending Energy.

'There are indeed twelve layers.

In the past, there were seven methods of using the Ways-blending Energy. One of the perfect ones was the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship. People who created the seven methods were of the same generation as the captain, but this person's method does not belong to any of the seven.

Did a peerless master create this method? That can't be the case. The blending of Godly Ways has proven to be fruitless. No one would attempt it again. Is it possible he created it himself?'

The woman was staggered at the very idea of this.

While she pondered these things, the monster under her feet had already suffered to the point that a large hole gaped in its body. If the man were to attack just a few more times, it would be shattered to pieces once more.

"Show me your real strength," the woman in black said as she lightly tapped her toe on the ground.

The black deathly energy flowed within the broken limbs and swirled around the monster. Its strength increased unbelievably while a violent, diabolical aura exuded from its body.

Finally, the man's expression changed.

"That's not enough!"

the man roared, releasing the Ways-blending Energy again.

It was in the shape of crescents before, but it now morphed into a diamond with a layered surface.

The woman in black glanced at it and soon deciphered the number of layers. "There are actually twenty-one layers!" she exclaimed flabbergasted.

She had struggled to figure out the number of layers from the crescent-shaped Ways-blending Energy with her eyes, but she could only sense it, which meant the man had controlled it pretty well. But he should have known that the more the layers, the harder it was for him to control the Ways-blending Energy. After reaching twelve layers, he could only change the shape and not hide the number of layers.

This method might have been simple and crude, but it was effective and powerful. More importantly, he had definitely developed it himself.

The woman was about to amplify the monster's strength even further when a deafening screech pierced her ears.

The monster had already been turned to a pile of ashes.

All she could see was a white glow enveloping her view.

Before it cleared, a figure rushed at her. The man wrung her neck with one hand and planted his knee into her abdomen with such ferocity that the air around them shook.

Bang!

The woman was pressed to the ground.

The man had acted swiftly, knowing the woman possessed a power beyond his imagination.

If he wanted to have any sort of chance, he had to catch her unawares.

"I like beautiful women like you. How about being my wife? Haha! That would be something, but it's a shame you have to die!"

He grinned devilishly as he gathered a diamond-shaped Ways-blending Energy and without hesitation stabbed it with all he could at the woman's face.

"Twenty-nine layers! My God! How many layers of the Ways-blending Energy can he summon?"

The woman in black didn't resist or move. All her attention was focused on the Ways-blending Energy. She seemed not to care about life or death at all.

Bang!

Blazing white light exploded again.

The man knew this power was enough to destroy anything.

No matter how strong the woman was, she couldn't withstand a blow like that.

When the light faded, there in front of the man, appeared the stunningly beautiful and unharmed face of the woman.

There wasn't even a scratch on her.

Even her hair spread loosely and perfectly on the ground.

There was no trace of any kind of blow to her face, not even the slightest imperfection.

Seeing the man's dumbfounded expression, the woman smiled sweetly and asked, "Have you heard of the Chaotic Source Reinforcement?"

She did not mind being held down by the man. She continued on, not bothered, as if telling a story, "When you reach a certain level on the Other Shore, there will be a limit for how many divine megatons of force you can bear. No matter who you are, you will not be able to take any more, or your body will be destroyed by the Other Shore Power. If you want to continue to move forward on the Other Shore, you have to undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. This will strengthen your body considerably."

"So... You have undergone the Chaotic Source Reinforcement?" the man asked coldly and with a hint of a stammer.

"Yes," the woman in black replied happily. "So no matter how strong you are now, you are like an ant biting a piece of iron. There is nothing you can do to hurt me."

As those words fell on the man's ears, his soul sank and he wished he could disappear forever.

He was highly talented.

But it was a pity that he had been trapped in an inner world and knew too little about this place.

The woman spoke of things beyond his imagination and comprehension.

Even so, he had absolutely no intention of begging for mercy. He stared at the woman with an icy look, though he knew he was helpless now. He had just used all his strength and couldn't leave so much as a dent on the woman. What options did he have now?

The woman twisted her body gruesomely and unnaturally. She slowly wrapped her arm around the man.

Her seemingly soft body contained an immense amount of power, too much for him to fight against.

It did not take long for her to push the man to the ground. She smiled down at the man full of glee and pity. "You are quite bold. But you are far from qualified to be my husband. How about my disciple instead?"

The man didn't expect such a request. If it were someone else, they would have agreed immediately. But now, the man laughed grimly. "Since I, the Evil God, was born, I've been self-taught. No one in this world can be my master! I'd rather you kill me!"

"Oh? Your name is Evil God? Interesting!"

The woman could not hold back her laughter on hearing such an arrogant name. "Do you really think I can't kill you because you have a Rebirth Land?" she asked, giggling and shaming the man.

Chapter 3149 Shera

Terror flashed across the Evil God's face as the woman in black dress exposed his secret.

The existence of the Rebirth Land was a fetter and a form of protection to the Evil God at the same time.

But if the Rebirth Land could be so easily destroyed, this protection would become a white elephant.

"Just try and kill me if you can!" the Evil God sneered.

He was a formidable man, aloof to the thought of life and death. After all, he had few things to worry about.

The woman sized up the Evil God, a beginner in the Other Shore Realm, with a wide smile on her face.

"If that's the case, I will satisfy you," the woman said, still smiling.

She brought up her fingertips to his face, gently touching his forehead.

"Wait," the Evil God stopped her.

"Afraid of death?" she said scornfully.

She had seen many people act like this. They appeared impassioned, even cocky, before death came. But once it came, they got cold feet. This man before her might also be a wimp.

The Evil God snorted. "I've already killed that monster. Can I have your name?"

The woman was stunned. But she recovered soon enough and said, a smile growing on her lips, "My name is Shera.".

The Evil God closed his eyes at the name. He didn't look terrified even though he was about to face death.

A ghastly-looking death aura then sprawled from her fingertips. It wasn't long before the Evil God stiffened and fell into a daze.

He was an amazing talent, full of an irascible perversity. He should belong to the Black Ship.

She wouldn't kill him, obviously.

She lifted the Evil God while she stared at the leader of the Nineteenth Cave Humans some distance away with her striking eyes.

The leader's heart skipped a beat when he met her gaze.

But she merely began walking, and then gained speed before she galloped upwards.

The leader heaved a long sigh of relief once she left with the Evil God.

If the horrible man was an existence that they could not provoke, then the woman was an existence they dared not have eye contact with.

How could their little Nether Mountain encounter such an existence and survive?

Almost all the races of the other 32 caves had died.

But fortunately, the humans were fine.

Although the horrible man was ferocious, he did care about people who were from the same race as him.

The leader had just begun to celebrate his good fortune when suddenly, the sound of flowing water reached his ears. .

The fragments of corpses and amputated limbs within the 32 caves were once again merging together into huge monsters.

These monsters, armed with wings and bone blades, wrapped in sinister deathly energy, swarmed towards the leader and the nineteenth cave.

A loud thump sounded.

The Evil God was thrown onto the deck of the ghost ship, his limbs flailing like a dead animal's.

The "bamboo pole" stared at the Evil God before he sighed, "There are 29 layers of Ways-blending Energy. If he has really comprehended it by himself, he truly possesses a remarkable power of perception."

"He has probably mastered it on his own. He'd rather die than take a master," Shera said.

"It's a pity that he is reluctant to take someone as his master. But most people with great talents act like this," the "bamboo pole" said. He paused for a second before asking, "Are you planning to turn him into a puppet, or do you have other plans?"

Shera responded with a smile, "I want him to join the Black Ship."

The man looked dazed before he recovered enough to ask rather breathily, "Are you crazy?"

"There has been a vacancy on the Black Ship since one of us was killed by the Snake Goddess race," she said, leaning against the railings and pressing her arms around a skeleton. "The captain is bound to agree."

"There's no way he could join us even if he's insanely talented. He's too weak," the "bamboo pole" murmured, shaking his head.

"That's none of your concern. I have my own ways," she said flatly.

The Evil God now had nothing to offer to the Black Ship, but that didn't mean he wouldn't be of use sometime in the future.

The Black Ship did not belong to any kind of super forces. It even had conflicts with most super forces in the Source World, which was why they weren't able enough to sift and pick talents from all around the Source World. It had become difficult to reinforce the Black Ship with newcomers.

To Shera's satisfaction, the Evil God was perfect for that vacancy.

"You can explain this to the captain yourself," the "bamboo pole" said, no longer against her decision but not comfortable with talking to the captain about it either.

The ship sailed away and soon disappeared as the death aura spread around it.

At the foot of the Nether Mountain, everything was restored to calm after a length of chaos, leaving only a smell of blood drifting with the wind.

Another month passed.

Zen asked Trish to take the Sword-reading Liquid to the bottom of the mountain again. He also got some news from her when she returned.

Gant had finally won himself a chance to go up the mountain from Sellers.

But he had been stranded halfway up the mountain.

Apart from glowing recommendations, one's strength was also a major factor in helping them conquer the mountain. It was obvious that Gant wasn't qualified enough.

Over the past month, Zen had spent most of his time studying the Flow Strike. He had comprehended it and discovered that the Flow Strike was not as simple as he had thought it was.

It was true that the cultivation of the Emotion Closing Godly Way could be the foundation of the Flow Strike, but there was a great gap between them.

Comprehending the Flow Strike required calmness. It didn't matter that he had reached the tenth floor of the Flow Tower. He had only been able to grasp a small part of the Flow Strike in a month.

He couldn't be fully occupied with cultivating the Flow Strike. Improving his cultivation level on the Other Shore was equally important. He believed that the other disciples of the Flow Sword Sect would also invest some time to the Other Shore apart from having fun in their houses.

On the first day of the month, Zen chose to cultivate in seclusion.

This time, Zen entered the Other Shore with his physical body after burning himself with fire.

The last time around, he had wanted to explore the Sacred Mallow Temple thoroughly, but had been interrupted by the Sun Crow race's intrusion into the Blue Cloud City. He could now explore it. Fully and at his will.

Zen was now on a beach with golden sand.

It wasn't a good time yet to break through to the Other Shore, so there was no Soul of Light on this beach.

He looked around as he walked on.

The topography of Stage One of the Other Shore was pretty simple. Zen could easily find his way to the Sacred Mallow Temple based on his memory.

On his way, Zen remembered the Shade Stone that was inside his body.

Since the Shade Stone had been melted into one with him, and his body had already entered the Other Shore, had this stone been brought here too?

As far as Zen knew, it was difficult to bring external objects out of the Source World into the Other Shore. Only two kinds of things could be taken into the Other Shore. One was the soul pill, and the other was the Other Shore Key.

Thinking of this, Zen tried to manifest the Shade Stone on his arm.

"No reaction," he murmured, shaking his head and smiling.

He had underestimated the Other Shore.

If it really was so simple, so many creatures in the Source World wouldn't have had to risk so much to cross the Sea of Truth.

Zen decided to leave this attempt behind and resumed his journey. It was not long before the Sacred Mallow Temple came into view.

Chapter 3150 Complicated Deals

The last time Zen came to the Sacred Mallow Temple, there were three groups of people waiting there.

The disciples of the small forces had managed to reach the Other Shore with a few soul pills to their names. However, the real obstacle standing in their way was the Other Shore Keys. Even those of Stage One were hard to get, so they would often try their luck at the entrances of the temples.

It was common for them to wait there for ten or fifteen days, sometimes even two months.

Compared to the last time, Zen was shocked to see over a hundred people were waiting outside of the temple.

As soon as he appeared on the scene, everyone directed their attention towards him.

It was a rare sight to see a physical body appear on the Other Shore, and they began to whisper among themselves while staring at his profile.

As Zen made his way towards the gate of the Sacred Mallow Temple, the people saw a glimmer of hope and followed close behind him.

When he looked back to see the swarm of people crowding up towards him, he couldn't help but frown.

Although the thing in the crack at the top of the temple couldn't be taken away by anyone else, he still didn't want anyone to see it.

"Sir, can you open the door of the temple?" a middle-aged man asked politely, bowing to Zen.

The group of Souls of Light knew their place in contrast to Zen. They were inferior in power, so they showed him respect.

Upon hearing his question, Zen turned around to look at the people surrounding him with hopeful eyes.

Once he opened the door for them, they would all flock inside.

"Yes, I can," Zen replied with a slight nod.

At this answer, their eyes lit up with joy, and their faces relaxed.

They had been waiting for days. Finally meeting someone owning a key to the gate made them disregard everything. Amid their happiness, they even forgot about how Zen had entered the Other Shore with his physical body intact.

"That would be great, haha!" The middle-aged man laughed heartily, and everyone else got ready to head inside.

"But I will enter the Sacred Mallow Temple by myself. Please don't follow me," Zen requested equally respectfully.

The rejection hit them hard as their smiles were wiped clean off their faces.

"But, the Sacred Mallow Temple is so big. We can go in together. I promise we won't get in your way."

"Yeah, it's a waste for you to go inside all by yourself after using one Other Shore Key."

"Sir, we are all from the same human race. I beg you to reconsider. We should help each other."

Some people began to beg him with desperate eyes to allow them in with him.

But, nothing was going to move Zen into changing his decision. He was firm on going in alone.

While he studied the foundation of the dilapidated temple, a thought dawned on him. He turned to the people again and asked, "You haven't merged with any Other Shore Token, have you?"

"Yes, we made it to the Other Shore not long ago."

"I've only been here for two months, and I haven't found any proper Other Shore Token."

"…"

Zen shook his head at their answers and pointed at the temple. "Look over there. The bricks and stones of the temple can be used as your Other Shore Tokens."

Although the Sacred Mallow Temple was in Stage One, its bricks and stones still contained considerable Other Shore Power.

At least they held more value than the Other Shore Tokens of Stage One.

Zen had planned on knocking these stones and bricks down earlier, but now he had the chance of going through with it.

"Do you mean these bricks and stones?"

"Can you knock them down?"

"If you can get one brick, I will offer you a hundred soul pills for it!"

"Forget a hundred. I will offer two hundred for one!"

There were always some instances where people would obtain the bricks of run-down temples and used them as their Other Shore Tokens. However, although the Sacred Mallow Temple looked like it had weak foundations, it was hard for them to extract its bricks.

The group realized Zen was their only hope in obtaining the bricks since he had come with his body.

After a quick bid among the people, someone offered five hundred soul pills.

Since they had waited painfully long in front of the temple, they didn't have a lot of soul pills left in their possession.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Zen walked to a corner of the temple, clenched his fists and began to summon his energy.

Bang!

As his bare-knuckle made contact with the brick, a crack formed all over it.

Bang!

After he threw in his second punch, half of a brick fell off from the temple and dropped near his feet.

Zen picked up the broken square brick and raised it before the crowd. "Well, I am not greedy. I will offer this brick for three hundred pills. What do you think?"

He barely even finished his sentence when a man quickly rushed to him and dropped three hundred soul pills at his feet. "Here are three hundred soul pills. I'll take it!"

These people had known the strength of these bricks. The Other Shore Power each of these bricks contained was at least five or six divine megatons, making them top-grade Other Shore Tokens of Stage One.

Zen raised the brick and waved it in front of the man. "I have another condition. You can't follow me into the temple. Instead, you must guard the door for me."

"Understood, no problem at all!" the man swiftly agreed and nodded aggressively.

Initially, these people wanted to enter the temple to gather Other Shore Tokens. But since their purpose was fulfilled with the bricks, they had no desire to go inside. The temples were known to have many dangers inside of them. Going in there would mean inviting unnecessary risk to themselves.

Then Zen began to knock the bricks down one by one.

Since he merged with the Eye of Will, he had the help of the Dreaded Eye Demon race. Therefore, he didn't wish to demolish their temple. With careful hands, he knocked down only half of a brick along the periphery each time and then sold them for soul pills.

Not everyone was able to take out so many soul pills. Some people didn't want to miss this opportunity, so they quickly retreated from the Other Shore and stocked up on soul pills to give to Zen in exchange for Other Shore Tokens.

On the other hand, those who obtained the bricks couldn't wait to merge with them.

However, now Zen was faced with a new problem.

After more than ten deals, he had acquired too many soul pills but had no place spacious enough to store them.

He could put all the things, regardless of their sizes and amount, in his space ring in the Source World.

The Souls of Light could also store some items. For example, Zen had stashed candles in his.

Zen couldn't absorb these soul pills into his body. He had received Dorothy's help before, but because he had been away from the Other Shore for so long, she might have already left Stage One.

He also couldn't trust these people. If they took the soul pills he earned and left the Other Shore, retrieving them would be impossible.

The deals on the Other Shore were quite risky. The Mice League and some great commercial alliances had a full set of rules to avoid risks. Zen didn't know what their methods were, so he had to come up with other ways.

He thought for a moment before he stopped knocking the bricks. Then he put more than two thousand soul pills at the gate of the Sacred Mallow

Temple and called out to the people, "Those who haven't obtained the bricks yet are going to guard these pills for me till I'm back."

These people were waiting for the bricks impatiently. Although over two thousand soul pills was not a small amount, they were more interested in the bricks. They didn't want to offend Zen by stealing his pills, especially since he was the only one who could get them what they wanted.

After Zen exited the Other Shore, he took out the Other Shore Key and recited the Sanskrit words that Geoffrey deciphered for him. Tiny lines continuously orbited his palm.

Upon activating the Other Shore Key, Zen once again appeared in front of the Sacred Mallow Temple.

Calmly, he closed his eyes, put his hand on the door of the temple and opened it. Then he moved all the soul pills to a hidden corner of the temple and continued to knock the bricks.

Before long, most of these one hundred people received their respective square bricks.

Now, they had to keep their end of the deal and help Zen guard the entrance of the Sacred Mallow Temple.

Zen walked into the temple and left the Other Shore again.

Before he entered, he activated the Truth of Godly Way and went to the Other Shore with his Soul of Light.

The people outside had no clue that Zen's body had left, so they still guarded the door. He could only be able to take the soul pills if he entered the temple with his Soul of Light.

However, just as Zen's Soul of Light had stepped foot on the Other Shore, he encountered Dorothy's Soul of Light.

Zen looked at Dorothy, with his head tilted to the side dumbfounded. He never expected her to still be where they left last time.

Chapter 3151 Metal Flower Branch

"Don't tell me you've done nothing but wait here."

Although he had just said that, Zen sensed a big difference in Dorothy's Soul of Light.

The power hidden within was several times stronger than before!

"Of course not, I have already entered Stage Four!" Dorothy replied, displeased.

She waited for Zen here, but he left for the Blue Cloud City without notifying her. If it weren't for the fact that someone didn't allow her to leave the Bloom Divine Province, she might have gone after him.

"Hold on. Stage Four? So soon?" Zen took a few steps back as he stared at her completely awestruck.

However, Dorothy was casual about her achievement. "I have absorbed the soul crystal. You should have been more amazed if I hadn't reached Stage Four. I would have progressed even further if I wasn't waiting for you."

To be fair, the Other Shore was vast. It wasn't so accurate to divide the different cultivation bases by stages of the Other Shore.

Dorothy stood with her arms crossed and an agitated vein protruded from her forehead as she was displeased with Zen. Affectionately, he lightly patted her on the head and ruffled her hair. "Alright, alright. I won't do that again. Come on, let's go. We have some soul pills to collect. There are too many, and I don't know what to do with them."

"Too many soul pills? Where did you get them from?" Dorothy tilted her head in confusion and followed Zen obediently.

"Just come with me, and you'll see," Zen said with a smile.

Following Zen, Dorothy found herself back at the entrance of the Sacred Mallow Temple.

As they approached it, the hundred people Zen left behind to guard the gate for him were keeping their end of the deal and stood firm blocking it.

When the people saw two strangers approach the entrance, they were immediately alerted and straightened themselves up nervously.

Both Zen and Dorothy had absorbed the soul crystal. Moreover, Dorothy was already at the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm, and she had been cultivating the Grand Fighting Soul Formula. Her mere presence was overwhelming and imposed pressure on those people.

Regardless of the situation, one of the men guarding the entrance stepped up, and walked over to them. "You are not allowed to go any further. Someone powerful is in there!"

They knew that they didn't stand a chance against these two. Their best bet was to intimidate them with Zen instead.

"Why should I listen to you?"

Dorothy began to walk over to argue, but Zen stopped her by blocking her way with his hand. As she looked at him questioningly, he shook his head and turned to the people. "There's no need for you to be so nervous. Just let us in."

They took their time to recognize who he was because he was in the form of Soul of Light. Even so, he resembled a lot with his physical body. Though his face was hard to make out for them, they identified him by his voice.

"It's you! Is this your Soul of Light?"

They narrowed their eyes, seemingly confused.

When they first saw Zen appear on the Other Shore with his physical body, naturally, they thought he was something special. They had never seen anyone appear in any form other than their Soul of Light, and they even concluded Zen to be an aboriginal.

But now they found out that Zen had a Soul of Light!

"It's me indeed," Zen replied politely.

Hearing his voice, they cleared the way for both of them to pass through and enter the Sacred Mallow Temple.

"Why are they so obedient to you?"

Dorothy was impressed by the scene she had witnessed.

But, her surprise didn't end here. She was even more shocked when Zen led her to a secluded corner of the temple where he had stashed the twenty thousand soul pills.

Normally, an ordinary thing like soul pills wouldn't affect her. However, they were at Stage One, and finding them in abundance in such a barren place, was rare.

"I smashed down the bricks of the temple and sold them to those people outside," Zen answered, studying Dorothy's shocked yet confused expression.

"You knocked down the bricks?"

Dorothy stared at him in utter disbelief.

She recalled Zen had mentioned this idea to her when he first came to the Sacred Mallow Temple, but she never thought he would put it into practice.

"I sold them at a cheap price, and so they were grateful." Zen gave his shoulders a light shrug then switched his gaze to the pills. "There are so many of them. I can't figure out where to store them."

As far as Zen knew, only the Soul of Light could hold things within on the Other Shore. The physical body couldn't keep anything.

But the space in the Soul of Light was limited. It was hard to put so many soul pills into it.

"It's indeed troublesome to carry so many soul pills, but..." Staring at the massive pile, she reached out her hand, and a ray of light spiraled around her fingers and formed a square.

Surprised by her gesture, Zen glanced at the square and could feel the Truth of Void Destruction fluctuate within it. "Is this a space ring? There are space rings on the Other Shore as well?"

"That's right." Dorothy nodded approvingly and continued, "But a space ring is not easy to make on the Other Shore. One must cultivate the Truth of Void Destruction to a very advanced level. You've already joined the Flow Sword Sect. When you reach Stage Four, the palace will give you one."

As she spoke, she knelt near the pills and aimed her space ring at them.

"Phew!"

While the space ring flashed in front of them, it acted like a vacuum as the soul pills quickly got sucked in one by one.

She would keep them in her possession until Zen needed them.

"All right, let's go," Dorothy got up and signaled Zen to leave.

"Wait, hold on for a second." Zen stopped her in her tracks by shaking his head.

"Why? What's wrong?"

She was confused by his sudden claim, as she couldn't understand why he would want to stay in the Sacred Mallow Temple. The last time she came with Zen, they were lucky to have obtained a big ball of soul crystal. Other than that, there was nothing special.

"There should be something inside here," Zen said with a firm tone.

"Really? How are you so sure?" Dorothy asked curiously.

"Just wait and watch." Zen's Soul of Light faded away and he came back in his physical body.

Then, Dorothy followed him around the temple, and they headed to the spiral-shaped stairs that led to the top.

Following Zen's gaze, Dorothy noticed a crack on the wall at the further end of the top floor.

"I found this crack the last time we came, but couldn't break it with the Soul of Light. This time, it would be different."

He pointed towards the crack, while closing his distance.

As he was a few feet away from it, he focused his power onto his fist and jabbed at the crack.

"Bang!"

The temple wasn't strong enough to resist his punch.

As a result, the crack expanded when his fist came in contact with it.

After a few more of his blows, the wall caved in and collapsed.

"I knew it!"

As Zen expected, there was a secret room behind the crack.

When they peered into the place, it was pitch-black and desolate. However, as they examined more intently, the view of a floating silhouette made their eyes glisten under the dark setting of the room.

It was in the shape of a flower branch glimmering in the dark, and it was intricately carved with metal. The shiny flower branch rotated slowly in the air, graciously providing the mysterious room with its light.

"It does not have any Other Shore Power!" Dorothy exclaimed, keeping her eyes fixated on the metal branch.

Almost everything on the Other Shore contained Other Shore Power, from a grain of sand to an entire temple. The only deciding factor was how much Other Shore Power they had.

This flower branch was quite rare since they couldn't sense any Other Shore Power emanating from it.

"How come something like this exists in the temple of the Dreaded Eye Demons?" Zen had expected something more.

He had hoped that there would be some Other Shore Token more powerful than the Eye of Will in this secret room, but this flower branch didn't seem to have any energy, and thus couldn't be fused.

Chapter 3152 Going To Stage Four

Somehow, they could tell the branch was something rare.

Dorothy took it from Zen to take a closer look. However she didn't know what it was either.

"Whatever it is," she murmured, "keep it safe. It might be useful one day." She stored the branch into her space ring.

After that, she and Zen headed back, leaving the Sacred Mallow Temple behind them.

After Zen retreated his body from the temple, he allowed the people at the gate to leave.

Each of those warriors had merged with half a square brick, and most of them felt satisfied. Such Other Shore Tokens were enough to make them the top warriors in Stage One of the Other Shore.

But there was still a small portion of them who tried to enter the temple.

Zen and Dorothy had taken away all the valuable treasures that used to be stored there, so he was lax with letting warriors enter the temple.

Thus, everyone rushed in together in excitement.

Meanwhile, Zen pondered over quickly enhancing his cultivation base on the Other Shore.

Dorothy had already been to Stage Four on the Other Shore. With her leading the way, the journey ahead would be much easier.

After leaving the Sacred Mallow Temple, they trudged through the valley and ended up on a green grassland.

Half a day later, Zen saw something in the distance. A building loomed at the edge of the grassland.

"The Other Shore Key to this temple is the least valuable. It is said that there is nothing inside, and no one visits it now," Dorothy explained.

Ignoring the grassland temple, they continued until they came across a wide road.

There were some other Souls of Light following the road. It seemed they were heading for the same destination as Zen and Dorothy.

After four hours' journey, Zen saw the third temple in the distance.

"The Other Shore Key to this temple is extremely rare," Dorothy said, following Zen's gaze. "I've never seen or heard of anyone entering it."

With his physical strength, Zen might be able to smash the door and enter by force. But he decided not to entertain the idea, as there might have been strong races behind those doors.

Moreover, his main goal this time was to grow rapidly stronger on the Other Shore. It was useless for him to linger in Stage One. He needed to progress to the next stages.

A day and a night passed.

Zen's and Dorothy's Souls of Light had finally reached the end of the road. They were not alone; tens of thousands of other Souls of Light were also stationed there, sitting motionlessly.

Towards the front, a large, white ring of starlight hovered.

Even from a distance, Zen could feel the power pulsating from the ring.

The power felt familiar; it was similar to the chill of the Sea of Truth. However, Zen could tell it was much, much stronger. If he was still as weak as he was when he first stepped into the Sea of Truth, he wouldn't be strong enough to approach the star ring.

After having absorbed the soul crystal back at the Sacred Mallow Temple, Zen's Soul of Light had doubled in strength. Although its nature as a soul had remained the same, it was several times stronger than the ordinary Souls of Light.

"Stage One and Stage Two are connected by a star ring. If you want to go to Stage Two, you just need to go through the ring," Dorothy said to Zen in a serious tone.

Zen nodded. Turning to face the star ring, he saw that several Souls of Light had stood up. Steadily, they approached the circle of light.

The moment they stepped into it, the ring started to spin rapidly. It seemed that something was about to spurt out of it.

Splash!

The star ring was whirling violently.

Suddenly, the ring shook and the several Souls of Light that had just entered were spat out violently.

"They failed," Dorothy said, shaking her head.

One just needed to pass through the white star ring to get into Stage Two. However, these people's Souls of Light were obviously not strong enough.

The Souls of Light that were violently rejected by the ring were all badly injured, lying helplessly on the ground. Although this place was not as dangerous as the Sea of Truth, one could still get seriously hurt here.

"It's our turn," Dorothy said gravely.

Zen nodded calmly, following closely behind her towards the white star ring.

It wasn't Dorothy's first time to pass the white star ring, so she looked very relaxed. Zen, although this was his first time, was quite confident he'd make it.

As soon as the two of them entered the white star ring, it began to spin at high speed again.

Splash!

As the star ring was spinning crazily, Zen felt as though his soul were being crushed.

He couldn't release his spiritual sense, so he couldn't tell what was going on around him. Panic started to well within him as things grew more and more chaotic.

After a short while, another ray of white light shot out from the star ring towards the sky.

The other Souls of Light who had been watching closely began to murmur amongst themselves in low voices.

They didn't envy Zen or Dorothy at all; the auras their souls emitted were too strong. The other souls had actually thought that the two had descended from the upper stages of the Other Shore.

The white light coiled around Dorothy's and Zen's Souls of Light, launching them upwards as well.

After about five minutes, Zen felt that his Soul of Light had been restored. He returned to his human form and his spiritual sense had returned to normal.

He opened his eyes and blinked. He realized he was standing in a huge square.

Even more Souls of Light were gathered in the square. Zen guessed the number was around more than a hundred thousand. Another white star ring hovered in the center of the square, with an aura even fiercer than the one prior.

Zen could sense the Souls of Light present were much stronger than those in Stage One.

"This is Stage Two?" Zen asked. Gant had been trapped in Stage Two. He wondered whether Gant was among the souls in the square.

"Yes. Zen, if you're tired, let's take a break first," Dorothy said in a concerned tone.

"No need. Let's continue," Zen said resolutely.

True enough, he felt rejuvenated after passing on to Stage Two so easily from Stage One.

Now he knew how Dorothy had made it to Stage Four in such a short period of time. With a powerful Soul of Light, she could easily cross from stage to stage!

However, in case of any accident, Zen swallowed a few more soul pills before they walked towards the star ring again.

Just like earlier, Zen felt his spiritual sense was sealed again. In the blink of an eye, more ribbons of light coiled around him and sent him flying again.

In no time at all, they made it to Stage Three.

Very few warriors could make it to Stage Three from Stage One in so short a time. But the first stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace was located in Stage Four which was where Zen needed to go, so the two moved forward without hesitation.

However, the aura of the white star light in Stage Three felt threatening to Zen. His eyes narrowing, he decided not to go into it so recklessly.

Dorothy had rested for half a month before she went to Stage Four for the first time.

But Zen rested only for two days. They swallowed dozens of soul pills, and then stepped into the star ring which led them to Stage Four, the Mysterious Root Stage.

As soon as he regained his spiritual sense, he saw four enormous buildings standing not far away. They were similar to the temples he had seen before, but they were not locked. The gates were wide open, and many Souls of Light were streaming in and out.

Chapter 3153 Trust

As Zen looked around, he realized that the architectural styles of the temples here were different from what he'd seen before.

Come to think of it, the temples Zen had seen on Stage One each had different styles, too. It seemed they were built in different eras.

After all, every race had their own unique aesthetic, so it only made sense that the styles of buildings varied.

However, the four temples that loomed before him were different from each other, but all were of the human style.

"These temples... were built by humans?" Zen asked incredulously.

"Yes." Dorothy nodded. "Most of the mighty races build their temples on Stage Four. Some weaker forces can only build their temples on Stage Two or Stage Three, and the weakest nonhuman races are limited to Stage One..."

Because there were many races in the Source World, establishing a temple on Stage Four was a way to assert their power.

"So, are you saying, Stage Four is the liveliest place?" Zen asked.

"Of course it is. Just follow me, you'll know soon enough," Dorothy smiled.

Following closely behind Dorothy, Zen continued to examine the four temples, three of which represented the three orthodox human forces. But what about the fourth temple?

"There are three orthodox forces in human race and each one has a temple here. Then who owns the fourth one?" Zen voiced his thoughts.

"You should have guessed it by now," Dorothy said nonchalantly. "It's the one that is always on your mind."

'The Nine Li race...' Zen thought in his mind.

There once had been four orthodox forces in human race, but only three of them remained.

By taking advantage of the Sun Crow race's invasion, Athemar had found out Zen's background, but those of the Origin Mountain didn't know it. However, this didn't stop Dorothy and the others from guessing. After all, they were able to piece things together from things Zen said, intentionally or unintentionally.

"Oh, guessed what?" Zen suddenly laughed.

"Are you still playing dumb?" Dorothy pouted. "Am I so untrustworthy?"

Even though they had been through many life and death situations together, Zen had never revealed his origin to her. For some reason, this upset Dorothy.

Zen hesitated. Since Athemar already knew his background, and since the Oneness Sky Palace wasn't exactly the enemy of the Nine Li race, there was no need to hide it from Dorothy.

Sometimes, if one was too cautious and secretive, they were bound to lose the trust of the others. Even Zen himself would be on guard against a person whose background was unknown to him.

"It's sort of what you think," he said after a while. "But I can't talk about it right now. If there's a chance in the future, then trust me: I will tell you all the things you should know."

Upon hearing his words, without turning around, Dorothy quickened her pace. Zen began to worry that she might be vexed with him.

Just as Zen was about to grab her by the arm, she suddenly looked back at him from over her shoulder, giggling. "Did you really mean what you said just now?"

Zen was stunned by Dorothy's sudden mood swings. Having difficulty adapting to the situation, he ended up saying, "Yes, you have my word."

Then, she proceeded to tell him about the temples.

In the olden days, the human race was weak. The four orthodox human forces had no choice but to unite in order to survive. This became a precious era of peace and harmony.

During this time, four temples of the human race were built.

Besides the four temples on Stage Four, on the higher stages of the Other Shore, the four human forces also had their temples lined up together.

However, the harmonious state did not last forever. The dispute between Nine Li race and Bearing race led to a huge fight.

The conflict between the two races wasn't enough to affect the entire human race, though.

At that time, the Oneness Sky Palace decided to stand by and not interfere. The Eastern Emperor Taiyi believed that it was nothing but a silly quarrel, and that nothing serious would happen.

After all, besides the human race, there were many other powerful races in the Source World. If the battle went on for too long, it would only benefit the other races. Even Chiyou shared the same sentiments at the time.

The war between the two races was much like the one between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race. The battles were limited to one province. It was more like a trial for the two races than a full-fledged war.

However, once the Divine Farmer race got involved, everything changed.

Under the joint attack of the two orthodox human forces, the Nine Li race was doomed. With Chiyou's death, the whole Source World was shocked. After all, it wasn't simple to form a super power; conversely, it wasn't easy to annihilate one. However, with the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer joining hands, they made it happen.

Since their fall, the temples of the Nine Li race on the Other Shore were then occupied by the Bearing race.

"What's the reaction of the Oneness Sky Palace after the Nine Li race was annihilated?" Zen asked with brows furrowed.

"As far as I know, Eastern Emperor Taiyi didn't say anything, but he paid a visit to the Pear Hill," Dorothy said.

Then, it clicked. Zen finally understood what had happened.

The reason behind the conflict between the different forces of human race boiled down to the different ways they had chosen to live by.

Those top masters were so powerful, and they all had strong will and great ambitions. There was no way they'd back down so easily and change the way they had chosen.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi knew clearly that he could not confront the joint force of Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer all by himself. If he did not join them, he had to find a new ally.

Both the Pear Hill and the Oneness Sky Palace had chosen the same way.

Zen had known about this from Athemar. Now it was confirmed here by Dorothy again, which made him even more relieved.

He had chosen to join the Oneness Sky Palace by accident. And now it turned out that it was the right choice.

No. 9527 might also know about all this, but it never disclosed everything clearly to Zen. It just subtly guided him to the way that suited him.

They talked in a low voice while walking until they reached the square in front of the temples.

Originally, each of the four temples had a statue positioned in the front. In front of the temple that belonged to the Oneness Sky Palace, there was a massive marble statue of a sword. For the Bearing race, there was a ferocious bear statue. In front of the Divine Farmer race's temple, there was a statue of a huge ruler.

Zen frowned as he saw that the statue for the last temple had been destroyed. Only two legs remained.

Even if he had never been here before, he knew without a doubt that it was Chiyou's statue--with three heads and three pairs of arms. Now, it had been destroyed and was barely discernible. Zen sighed sadly.

But what piqued his interest was the huge ruler that stood in front of the temple of the Divine Farmer race.

It was so detailed, almost lifelike. It actually looked similar to his Infinity Ruler.

"What is the story of that?" Zen asked, pointing at the statue of the ruler.

"It's the Divine Farmer Ruler," Dorothy replied instantly. This was just common knowledge. But since Zen was a newcomer in the Source World, she had already gotten used to his ignorance.

'What's the connection between the Divine Farmer Ruler and the Infinity Ruler?' Zen wondered in his mind. But on second thought, since the members of the Divine Farmer race had made a statue of Divine Farmer Ruler as a token to worship, it must have an extraordinary origin. It might be ridiculous to try to draw a connection between the two.

When the two finally arrived at the gate of the Oneness Sky Palace's temple, two guards blocked their way. "If your are disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, we need to confirm your identity!"

Dorothy calmly raised her arm, and the square space ring in her hand flashed with bright light.

One of them stepped aside and said politely, "You may enter." Then, turning to Zen, he said, "We also have to verify your identity."

Everyone on the Other Shore couldn't see each other's appearance, and they could only identify each other by their scent. Thus, it was only natural they couldn't tell who Zen was.

Chapter 3154 Presents From The Oneness Sky Palace

A sudden thought occurred to Dorothy and she smiled before saying, "We were climbing so fast that I forgot to mention something. Since you've joined the Flow Sword Sect, you need to get the soul mark of the Oneness Sky Palace."

"How do I get it?" Zen asked.

"The Flow Sword Sect has sent two beautiful maids to serve you, hasn't it? You can go and ask them for it. I'll wait for you here," Dorothy said, still smiling. But her voice had taken on a strange inflection at the mention of the maids.

"Okay," Zen said, preparing to leave the Other Shore.

"Wait," Dorothy called out to stop him. When he turned around, she asked him with a playful smile, "I forgot to ask. How are you doing in the Flow Sword Sect?"

"I'm happy," Zen said, almost too immediately.

But he quickly understood what Dorothy was trying to ask him.

There were only three sword sects in the Oneness Mountain, of which the Flow Sword Sect had the most unique cultivation method. Dorothy must have heard about it before, which was probably why her words were dripping with jealousy.

But she hadn't expected Zen's wives to be living in the courtyard house along with the two maids.

Zen chuckled awkwardly before his Soul of Light left, leaving Dorothy gritting her teeth and glaring at him.

When Zen returned to the courtyard house, he asked Trish to get the soul mark.

Trish was a capable girl. She came back just an hour later and handed a small dark green token to Zen.

"The soul mark is used in the same way as the Other Shore Key. The required syllables are engraved on the token," Trish explained.

Once Trish left, Zen began to recite the syllables on the small token, the same way as he had used the Other Shore Key. Several lines appeared in his palm.

But the lines weren't as complex as those of the Other Shore Key.

More lines had appeared on his palm by the time he returned to the temple. It was the soul mark unique to the Oneness Sky Palace.

The guards checked the lines on Zen's palm before they let him in.

Dorothy waited patiently by the entrance. She didn't ask him about the maids once she saw him enter the temple, a fact that filled Zen with relief.

There were many Souls of Light in the temple. Most of them had a profound Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Their auras filled Zen with the feeling that he was in the Oneness Sky Palace.

Dorothy led the way through the left gate of the temple.

A bronze wall stretched across the gate. In the middle of the wall was a relief in the shape of a long bronze sword.

Several disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were already gathered before the gate.

One of the disciples ran his hands over the relief. The surface of the long bronze sword emitted a strong soul aura and a small white light spot the size of a rice grain dripped from the sword's tip.

"It is soul crystal!"

Zen blurted out the moment he saw the white light spot.

Back in the Sacred Mallow Temple, Dorothy had told Zen that the soul crystal was rare, and that it was different from the soul pill. It could, on its own, strengthen the Soul of Light.

But the nugget of soul crystal before them was too small. It was only the size of a rice grain.

Even so, the disciple who had earlier patted the relief seemed very happy. He carefully absorbed the white light spot into his Soul of Light and then sidled out of the crowd, satisfied.

Following that, several disciples also put their hands on the bronze sword. They could also obtain a nugget of soul crystal, but the size was different.

The nugget of soul crystal that some disciples got was as tiny as a needle's tip and could hardly be identified if one didn't observe it carefully. Some others got a bigger piece of soul crystal.

"The soul crystal within the temple is distributed according to the disciples' assessment results. If they are Oneness Guards, the soul crystal will be distributed according to their merit points. The gaps are usually huge," Dorothy explained.

"How big was the one you obtained?" Zen asked.

Dorothy pursed her lips and smiled. She wasn't about to answer this question.

Dorothy's soul aura had become much stronger after she had returned from Stage Four to Stage One. She must have obtained a big chunk of soul crystal.

It was a while before it was finally Zen's turn.

The disciples who had gotten their hands on the soul crystal were dawdling by the side because they wanted to see the soul crystal Zen could get.

Zen reached out a hand and gently patted the long bronze sword. The sword began to gleam and a ray of white light shot through the sword tip.

It converged into a white light spot that swelled increasingly and finally grew to the size of a fist.

The disciples were astonished at the size of the soul crystal.

"So big!"

"Is he cheating? How did he get such a big one?"

"Who is this man?".

The chunk of soul crystal that Zen had obtained was dozens of times bigger than those of ordinary people.

"It looks like the Flow Sword Sect is paying great attention to you," Dorothy said, surprised to see the fist-sized chunk of soul crystal.

She had begged her grandma before she was allowed to get the soul mark. Given her grandma's status, the Oneness Sky Palace would give her the most resources of all.

Even so, the size of soul crystal she had obtained from the temple was similar to Zen's.

Zen knew why.

His performance in the Flow Tower was enough to attract attention from the Flow Sword Sect. He wouldn't have been able to receive such a large chunk of soul crystal otherwise.

But Zen and Dorothy had absorbed soul crystal the size of a watermelon in the Sacred Mallow Temple, which was why Zen was not shocked to see the fist-sized chunk of soul crystal.

He absorbed the soul crystal under the envious gazes of the disciples.

Dorothy led Zen out of the room and into the next room.

A Soul of Light guarded the room. It was not human, but a huge beast that emitted a strong Truth of Void Destruction.

"That's a Thunder Beast. Go. It'll make a space ring for you," Dorothy said, pushing Zen towards the beast.

Not all races were enemies with the human race. Some of them were small in number, but they had certain kinds of unique talents. They would seek protection from some big races, and this Thunder beast was one of them.

As Zen approached the Thunder Beast, he heard a strange voice saying, "Stretch out your middle finger."

As instructed, Zen stretched out his middle finger and the Thunder Beast lowered its head, two sharp tentacles extending from it and curling around Zen's finger.

Soon, a bright square appeared on Zen's fingertip.

This square was the same as Dorothy's. It was a space ring used on the Other Shore. Zen had been using space rings for many years, and was soon familiar with the new space ring and its way of usage.

Once they exited the room, Dorothy transferred the soul pills and the metal branch that she had obtained from the Sacred Mallow Temple into Zen's space ring.

"No wonder so many people want to join the Oneness Sky Palace. I can get so many treasures in Stage Four," Zen exclaimed as he looked wonderingly at the square on his fingertip.

Dorothy didn't find these treasures amazing. She replied calmly, "The Oneness Sky Palace is always generous, but these are just appetizers. What's waiting for us ahead is more important. I haven't gotten it yet. Let's go get it together."

Chapter 3155 Choosing Tokens

Zen was stunned at Dorothy's words. What was so important?

But he figured it out soon enough. "You mean the Other Shore Token?" he asked.

"Yes," Dorothy replied.

"Does the palace distribute Other Shore Tokens?" Zen asked again. He had once thought that all the Other Shore Tokens could only be obtained by people through their own strength.

"It's a good thing for us to obtain a few rare Other Shore Tokens by ourselves in temples. The palace will, however, also help its disciples get some," said Dorothy.

Some large sects would distribute things like magic weapons to their disciples. But such free weapons were quite ordinary.

Her words brought Zen's expectations down. The Other Shore Tokens allocated to disciples in the palace were probably not that strong, after all.

Dorothy guessed what he was thinking and added, "These Other Shore Tokens were collected from different places by strong warriors in the palace. Some of them are from Stage Four and some from even higher stages. But whether you can hold them depends on your own ability."

"Really?" Zen's eyes lit up.

They continued chatting till they reached the temple's inner area.

More than thirty people were waiting in front of a wide door that had been tightly shut. These Souls of Light were sitting on the ground, silently indicating that they had been waiting for a long time.

Dorothy walked up to them and asked, "When will the Seclusion Door open?"

One of them opened his eyes and answered, "It should be today."

"Thank you." Dorothy stepped back with Zen and waited by the wall.

Most disciples of the palace didn't explore temples after they entered the Other Shore. They were so dangerous, they could die if they weren't careful enough. What was more, the hard earned Other Shore Tokens were probably inferior to those allocated by the palace.

Laser focused on cultivation to strengthen their Souls of Light, these disciples would then quickly enter the Mysterious Root Stage to get Other Shore Tokens here.

But these palace disciples were from the Oneness Mountain or Oneness Guards.

People from Dragon City weren't so lucky. They only had two ways out: to go up the mountain or join the Oneness Guards.

As they waited, more and more Souls of Light gathered around the Seclusion Door. At last count, the number was almost eight hundred!

"The Flow Sword Sect has a small population. How is it that so many people have come to get the Other Shore Tokens?" Zen asked curiously.

"The palace doesn't have just the Oneness Mountain. Besides, the Flow Sword Sect is much smaller than the other two sword sects," Dorothy replied.

Despite the fact that the Flow Sword Sect was one of the three major sects of the Oneness Mountain, it was still suitable for few people. So most disciples still ended up choosing the Killing Sword Sect or the Unique Array Sword Sect.

More than an hour later, the Seclusion Door shook gently.

"Boom..." With a cracking boom, the door crashed open.

Everyone stood up and a frantic rush to enter ensued.

The space within the door was wide. There were two huge copper rings at the center and it felt like something was hidden underground.

Three Souls of Light walked out of another door.

'Their Souls of Light are so powerful!' Zen thought, with his eyes narrowing at them.

Ever since he had entered the temple, Zen had seen the Souls of Light of many disciples. They emitted a scent that was almost inferior to his and Dorothy's Souls of Light.

But these three men's Souls of Light were on a much higher level.

Most Souls of Light were grayish brown. Although their faces were blurred, their outline and clothes could be seen rather vaguely. But these three men had Souls of Light that emitted a pale purple light.

Two of them walked quickly up to the copper rings, transforming their arms into thin, soft ropes and wrapped them around the rings.

They pulled open the lid on the ground, revealing a deep pit.

The man at the front clapped his hands.

A huge bronze column rose from within this bottomless pit.

A huge plate was embedded in the pillar, with several circles embossed on it, like ripples in water.

"Thirteen circles in total?" Zen asked, counting them.

"Yes." Dorothy nodded. "Each circle represents one stage of the Other Shore. Thirteen stages in total."

Zen was surprised. "Thirteen stages?! Does it mean that the plate has Other Shore Tokens up to the thirteenth stage?"

The other disciples waiting beside them turned to look at Zen rather sneeringly. "Nothing new!" one of them said, smirking.

"Only if you have the ability to merge them! Without the Ten Sanskrit Land, you can do nothing to these excellent Other Shore Tokens!"

"For you, stones from Stage Thirteen are no different from those at Stage One!".

They were both right and wrong.

For example, the Eye of Will that Zen had merged was far stronger than the Other Shore Tokens from Stage One. Or it could be said that the Eye of Will was not an Other Shore Token from Stage One.

In a whole, the Other Shore Tokens from higher stages were more powerful.

Dorothy explained patiently to Zen, "The Other Shore is divided into three worlds. The first world is called Lust World and it contains thirteen stages. If one surmounts these thirteen stages, they will reach the Desire World. They can't return to the Lust World from there. So the highest level of the Other Shore Tokens that you can collect here is Stage Thirteen."

"I see," Zen said, nodding in comprehension. He really knew very little about the Other Shore.

One of the three Souls of Light waved his hand and the concealed cases beneath the outermost ring of the plate began to roll up, taking the Other Shore Tokens on the plate along with them.

These Other Shore Tokens were strange. Some were like a ram's horns, some like delicious fruits, and some like messy hair.

But the Other Shore Tokens in the outermost circle were from Stage One, which was why they didn't contain strong Other Shore Power. Zen guessed they had about two or three divine megatons of force and that the strongest one contained no more than five divine megatons of force.

"Why do they need Other Shore Tokens from Stage One now that they have reached the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm?" Zen asked again.

"Because the strength of an Other Shore Token doesn't solely depend on how much Other Shore Power it contains," Dorothy said, shrugging. "Some special Other Shore Tokens with unique abilities often have unexpected effects. You've practiced a few Truths of Godly Ways. You need to be careful while choosing the Other Shore Tokens."

The concealed cases in the circles were still being rolled up. Other Shore Tokens in the second, third, and fourth circles were all revealed.

Chapter 3156 Four Types

Zen agreed with Dorothy's explanation.

It was important to consider how many divine megatons of force the Other Shore Tokens could unleash. But their abilities were more important.

For example, the force the Eye of Will could unleash wasn't great. It only had a few dozen divine megatons of Other Shore Power. But it had two abilities that were extremely useful.

When all the cases on the plate had turned over, all the Other Shore Tokens were revealed to everyone.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the Other Shore Tokens. They were secretly selecting the Other Shore Tokens for themselves. If they saw any Other Shore Token they would like to have, they would go straight to it when the selection began.

One of the purple Souls of Light walked up to the plate and said, "Most of you have been on the Other Shore for a long time, and I believe you are all very familiar with Other Shore Tokens, right?"

"Of course we are. I've changed six Other Shore Tokens already!"

"I was on Stage Three for more than ten years!"

"But the Other Shore Tokens I integrated before are nothing compared to the ones before my eyes right now."

Everyone had erupted at once. They thought they knew the Other Shore Tokens very well.

"In that case, I don't have to give you the routine introduction," the purple Soul of Light said with a smile. He was pleased to have been saved the trouble of explaining everything to them.

"You don't have to introduce anything."

"People who can enter Stage Four know pretty well about the Other Shore!".

They answered confidently.

Zen was stunned and felt discouraged. All of these people had been on the Other Shore for a long time. They probably didn't need to learn anything about the place. He, on the other hand, was still a new comer here!

"I think you should go on with the introduction," Dorothy said suddenly, raising a hand.

"Isn't it too troublesome, given that everyone knows about it?"

"What do you want to know? After we pick the Other Shore Tokens, I will tell you. What do you think?"

"These two are so ignorant. I noticed them just now. I wonder which mountain they are from!"

The disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace had already locked their sights on the Other Shore Tokens that they wanted. They were afraid that someone else would take away the Other Shore Tokens they had chosen for themselves. They were anxious and in no mood to tolerate anyone who was bent on wasting time on unnecessary introductions.

"Please go on," Dorothy said, her tone leaving no room for questions.

As she spoke this time, the Necklace of Mystic Soul on her chest began to glow.

She didn't want to use the power of the Necklace of Mystic Soul to suppress these people. But the shining Necklace of Mystic Soul was a symbol of status in the Oneness Sky Palace.

When the three purple Souls of Light saw the necklace, their expressions suddenly shifted. The stable aura of their Souls of Light even fluctuated.

There were a few knowledgeable warriors standing within the Seclusion Door who recognized the origin of the Necklace of Mystic Soul at once and fell silent. Even though they couldn't see Dorothy, they knew that she was an important figure in the Oneness Sky Palace.

But there were still a large number of people who hadn't noticed the necklace. They didn't know anything about the Necklace of Mystic Soul and continued to protest loudly.

"Shut up! Anyone who makes any noise will be driven out of the Seclusion Door immediately!" a purple Soul of Light on the plate shouted, his voice cold.

At this, the noise died down. Everyone now understood what was going on. This woman was probably someone they could not afford to provoke.

The purple Soul of Light on the plate turned to Dorothy and bowed politely. He then made the introduction meticulously. "There are a large number of Other Shore Tokens on the Other Shore. There are many kinds of them. But after our predecessors had explored for a number of years, they finally divided the Other Shore Tokens into four types."

He picked up a rectangular stone at his feet and continued, "This is a Surging Stone that has been excavated from Stage Four. It is a rare Other Shore Token on Stage Four. The Other Shore Power it contains reaches fifty divine megatons, so it is almost similar to the Other Shore Tokens on Stage Five. This is the most typical strengthening type of Other Shore Token!"

"Strengthening type," Zen murmured to himself as he listened carefully.

Dorothy added in a whisper, "The Other Shore Tokens of the strengthening type are most popular. But they don't have any extra function. Many warriors who pursue powerful strength take them as their major Other Shore Tokens."

The purple Soul of Light took two steps forward on the plate and picked up a vine and a leaf. "The Leaf of Revival is an Other Shore Token from Stage Eight. The Other Shore Power it contains is only six divine megatons. Pretty weak. If one merges with the Leaf of Revival, they could quickly recover even they suffered irreversible damages. The same applies to the soul and the inner world!"

"To heal the soul and the inner world?" Zen's eyebrows went up.

When one reached the True God Realm, the damage on one's corporeal body wasn't much of a threat. But the inner world in one's cinnabar field and their soul were very fragile. If these two parts were to become damaged, it would be extremely troublesome to repair them. Zen hadn't expected this Other Shore Token to have such an ability.

"This is an auxiliary type of Other Shore Token. This type of Other Shore Tokens don't have a strong Other Shore Power, but they are extremely useful," Dorothy said. She then looked up to the purple Soul of Light and said, "Continue with the next type. There's no need to introduce the Spring Rain Vine. It has similar effects as the Leaf of Revival."

"Okay," the purple Soul of Light said obediently.

The other hundreds of people were surprised at the way this was turning out.

It looked like the woman knew everything and the reason she had insisted that the purple Soul of Light make the introduction was only for the benefit of the man standing beside her, so that he could learn everything.

The crowd envied Zen. How a guy who didn't know anything had such good luck?

But it was not Zen's fault that he was ignorant about the Other Shore.

After entering the Dragon City, Zen had needed to improve his strength in all aspects. He had practiced without a break while all the warriors present here had been on the Other Shore for at least a decade.

The purple Soul of Light walked to the middle of the plate and picked up a small sword in his hand. He then said, "The third type is the descending type. The Other Shore Tokens of this type can be used to defend the enemy. Every one of them can be considered as an Other Shore Token and a lifeblood treasure as well."

Zen had seen Other Shore Tokens of this type several times before.

For example, the Mysterious Meteor Tripod at the bottom of the divine land and the colorful ring Emily had used had been Other Shore Tokens that could be thrown out to resist the enemy.

"What about the last type?" someone in the crowd couldn't help but ask.

Strengthening type, auxiliary type, and descending type - these three types were common knowledge. But many people didn't know that there was a fourth type.

"The mysterious type," the purple Soul of Light replied. "The Other Shore Tokens of this type are most rare of all. They usually possess a special ability and can't be categorized into any type. Some can even grow on their own."

"Grow?" Zen then thought of the corpse of the Heavenly Spider in the Sacred Mallow Temple. "Dorothy, if one merges with a living Heavenly

Spider on the Other Shore, can the Heavenly Spider also grow? If so, it belongs to..."

"The mysterious type," Dorothy replied affirmatively. "It is extremely difficult to merge with living creatures on the Other Shore. But there are many benefits to merging with any of them. The living creature one merges with is practically a form of contractual beast. Moreover, the creatures they merge with on the Other Shore can grow further, which is why they are of the mysterious type."

Chapter 3157 Earth Sanskrit Plate

After listening intently to Dorothy's explanation, Zen's mind wandered off towards thinking what type of Other Shore Token the Eye of Will was.

Up until now, he never imagined the Eye of Will could get any stronger.

But, knowing the Dreaded Eye Demons were one of the largest races that ever existed in history, and they had only produced nineteen Eyes of Will, he felt there might be something he had overlooked in this Other Shore Token.

Suddenly, someone asked a question that disrupted Zen's flow of thoughts. "Are there any Other Shore Tokens of the mysterious type for us?"

The words of the purple Soul of Light might have ignited their interest.

The purple Soul of Light shook his head and said, "Other Shore Tokens of the mysterious type are not easy to find in the Lust World. We managed to acquire some of them, but none of them are stored in the temple."

"Even if there is, it can't be fused by ordinary people. If you want to carry an Other Shore Token of the mysterious type, then at the very least, you need to have a Hundred Sanskrit Land!" another purple Soul of Light standing outside the plate stepped up and added to his statement.

Most of these people were capable of only opening a Ten Sanskrit Land, thus they could not merge with a powerful Other Shore Token.

"But if you want, there is a chance for you to witness an Other Shore Token of the mysterious type," the person standing on the plate said with a smile. "Bro, didn't you happen to possess one such Other Shore Token?" he turned to his companion and asked sincerely.

The last and most silent-natured of the three purple Souls of Light gave an acknowledging nod and said, "Since there is no outsider here, I can make an exception and show it to you."

As he spoke, he slightly raised his hand and a bright glimmer flashed in his soul. Following that, a delicate fish scale appeared on top of his head.

"This scale was obtained from a lake at Stage Twelve. I can double my strength if I use it," the man explained while flaunting the scale.

Upon hearing his explanation, the atmosphere inside the Seclusion Door suddenly became lively, and the people started discussing among themselves. Everyone's eyes were fixated on the fish scale, and their expressions revealed hints of envy and greed.

A single fish scale with the ability to double one's power made them feel excited.

However, Zen remained calm. He wasn't moved at all.

Something like this would never surprise him since he already had seen Other Shore Tokens similar in value in the past.

When Zen was being chased by Elizabeth in the Mountain Viewing Province, he had been forced to use two Latent Theurgies, one of which was the Exhausting Power and was similar to this scale.

However, the Exhausting Power far surpassed the fish scale in strength. When Zen used it, his power multiplied by five times as much from before.

And what about the Nine Li warrior who had the Divine Pulse Deadwood? How many times could this person's strength be increased? Twenty times? Or even fifty times?

"Now that we're done with the introduction," the purple Soul of Light standing on plate said politely, and he then turned to face Dorothy and continued, "You may choose your Other Shore Token now."

"What about my friend?" Dorothy gestured towards Zen.

"Of course, he can as well." The purple Soul of Light bowed respectfully.

Since the three of them had guessed Dorothy's status, how could they turn her down?

Even though there was no such thing as diversity in the Oneness Sky Palace, there were a few exceptions who enjoyed privileges because of their status.

Before Dorothy could ask Zen to choose first, the entire room went in utter chaos with protesting disciples.

"Shouldn't we get to choose before them because we came here first?"

"Why are they allowed to bypass the rules? Is it because of the woman's status? That is so unfair to us!"

"You can check the temple records, I was the first one to come here!"

Usually, these disciples would be hesitant to go against Dorothy. However, because they had the upper hand in numbers, they vocalized their thoughts freely.

"Quiet down! All of you! Maintain the protocol of the temple or get out of here!" The cold voice of the purple Soul of Light echoed in the ears of every being in the temple.

But then, Dorothy waved her hand to ask him to stop and said, "Forget it. We don't mind waiting a little longer. After all, our goal is to obtain the Other Shore Tokens in the innermost circle."

The Other Shore Tokens on the plate came with certain expectations for the warriors who wished to carry them. Even if they wanted to pick up the Other Shore Tokens in the center, they had to have enough strength to do so!

Since Dorothy didn't seem to mind them going first, the purple Soul of Light bowed to her wishes and turned to the disciples, "In that case, everyone line up, you can choose your Other Shore Tokens in the order of your coming."

After that was decided, one of the disciples waiting at the front row stepped up towards the plate.

Just as the man stepped on it, it began to shake slightly as if reacting to his aura. Soon after, green light began to flash on the plate.

From the outermost layer, circles of lush green light began to glow as it spread into the center.

One, two, three, four, five...

The green light covered the first five circles completely, while in the sixth circle, only several beams of the light shrouded three Other Shore Tokens.

Carefully watching this scenario, Zen became curious. He turned to Dorothy and whispered in a low voice, "What does the green light on the plate indicate?"

"This plate is called the Earth Sanskrit Plate, and its origins are vast. It can sense the strength of the Sanskrit Land in one's inner world. And thus the show of green lights, means the Other Shore Tokens that he could carry," Dorothy explained patiently.

As they were engaged in conversation, the man walked straight to the sixth circle, and picked one from the three Other Shore Tokens that were shining with green light, and then returned back to his place.

As soon as he stepped off the Earth Sanskrit Plate, the lights slowly diffused one by one until they weren't seen.

Following him, the other disciples took turns to choose their Other Shore Tokens.

Each time a disciple stepped on it, the lights would flash green for up to five or six circles at best, and therefore, they only chose from Stage Five or Stage Six Other Shore Tokens.

This was an exclusive treatment for these powerful disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. The members of smaller forces could never imagine such a feat.

One after another, the Souls of Light stepped onto the Earth Sanskrit Plate and took away the Other Shore Tokens. The number of the Other Shore Tokens in the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth circles reduced sharply.

Each time someone took a rather powerful Other Shore Token, a disappointed sigh would enunciate from the back rows. Since the one they wanted to have was possessed by another, they had no choice but to select a different one.

For the ones that followed close behind them, they had to resign themselves to choosing an Other Shore Token in the third circle. Some Other Shore Tokens with special abilities could still be a worthy alternative for them.

A handful of them were prominent warriors with a steady Sanskrit Land. When they leaped on the Earth Sanskrit Plate, they managed to light up eight, or even nine green circles. These people could naturally choose a stronger Other Shore Token compared to the rest.

After a long wait, it was finally Zen's turn to pick.

The atmosphere suddenly became hostile, and several glares filled with disdain followed him as he made his way to the plate. They inaugurated a debate among themselves, to guess the potential of his strength.

"This guy has a remarkably powerful soul, but his inner world might be an ordinary one!"

"Hmm, a guy who has to rely on a woman can't be that strong!"

"I bet only two circles will react to his power. Haha!"

Zen paid no heed to their remarks and gently leaped on the Earth Sanskrit Plate.

As if reacting to his presence, circles of green light began to spread beneath his feet. One, two... Nine, ten...

Soon, the green light spread to the center till it covered all thirteen circles, which meant that he could carry every Other Shore Token on the Earth Sanskrit Plate.

Suddenly, silence raided the walls of the entire room, and the hostile remarks were cut off by Zen's impressive show of power. Even the purple Souls of Light were caught off guard.

If it was done by Dorothy, they might not be so overwhelmed. They all knew that the owner of the Necklace of Mystic Soul was the granddaughter of the prominent figure on the Origin Mountain. In fact, they would feel strange if she couldn't bear an Other Shore Token from the first thirteen stages.

However, Zen was unfamiliar to them and his strength far surpassed their expectations. The three purple Souls of Light began to guess his identity among themselves, wondering who this astounding guy could be.

Chapter 3158 Strength God Totem

Zen was not surprised at this result.

He had learned about how it worked for the Other Shore Tokens while fusing with the Eye of Will.

Not many people in the Source World had the Thousand Sanskrit Land. Zen's inner world was strong enough to absorb all kinds of Other Shore Tokens across the thirteen stages.

He could probably even absorb Other Shore Tokens from higher stages. On the flip side, he had just found out that the Soul of Light could move around freely within the thirteen stages, but couldn't easily enter the next world, which was why Other Shore Tokens from other worlds hadn't shown up in the temple.

Dorothy was relieved to see that the Earth Sanskrit Plate was fully lit. But she didn't know what was going on in Zen's inner world.

She stepped onto the Earth Sanskrit Plate too.

The Earth Sanskrit Plate didn't usually allow two people at the same time. But the purple Soul of Light didn't stop Dorothy as she stepped on to it.

Zen passed the green rings of light and made for the center of the Earth Sanskrit Plate.

The thirteenth loop was the innermost circle of the Earth Sanskrit Plate. The three Other Shore Tokens that had been placed there were from Stage Thirteen.

A black stone, a golden wine glass, and a small totem.

As Dorothy looked at the three Other Shore Tokens, she asked the purple Soul of Light, "Could you please introduce them to us?"

No one else held such a privilege of asking for and getting the tokens introduced to them. Everyone else had to explore the tokens by themselves after fusing with them.

The purple Soul of Light nodded and replied, "This black stone was obtained from the Dark Fog Forest of Stage Thirteen. It has about 300 divine megatons of Other Shore Power stored in it. The dark mist derived from it can turn into a large quantity of poisonous miasma, which can greatly impact souls and inner worlds. That is why it is a handy auxiliary type of Other Shore Token."

An Other Shore Token that had a strength of 300 divine megatons was way too powerful for the lower stages, but not for Stage Thirteen. It seemed that the most powerful part of this stone was the poisonous miasma.

Zen asked rather too eagerly, "Is it possible to fuse this stone with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent?"

The purple Soul of Light nodded. "All the Other Shore Tokens that we have collected can fuse with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent," he said proudly.

He paused to let the words sink in, and then continued, "This golden wine glass is a descending type with 100 divine megatons of Other Shore Power."

"A wine glass of descending type?". Zen looked at the golden wine glass, confused.

"It can produce fine, tasty wine that can intoxicate everyone," the purple Soul of Light said, his eyes twinkling. .

Zen and Dorothy were rendered speechless by the abilities of the glass.

"There are different kinds of Other Shore Tokens because we have so many races, each with a different culture. The great chef in the palace has fused with an Other Shore Token that produces a wonderfully unique spice. Unfortunately, I haven't ever tasted it because I'm not qualified," the purple Soul of Light said with a soft chuckle.

Dorothy knew that chef. "You mean Devon? The food he makes is outstanding!"

Everyone had different tastes and wanted to be strong in different ways.

The purple Soul of Light nodded before pointing to the last token and continuing with his explanation. "And finally, this totem is called the Strength God Totem and was obtained from the Ancient Totem Temple. You can tell from its name that it's a strengthening type of token. It contains 1200 divine megatons of Other Shore Power, far greater than all the Other Shore Tokens at Stage Thirteen."

"1200 divine megatons!" Zen exclaimed, shocked.

In the Blue Cloud City, the Divine Lair women that had chased him had a maximum attacking power of 1, 000 divine megatons.

A strengthening type of Other Shore Token had no special abilities, but the power it contained exceeded that of the other types by a large margin.

The purple Soul of Light could see that Zen was tempted by this token. He spoke again, a warning in his voice. "I wouldn't take this token if I were you."

"Why not?" Zen asked curiously.

If Zen had absorbed this totem before, he could have combined it with the Exhausting Power back in the Blue Cloud City. That would be 6, 000 divine megatons of Other Shore Power - something that was beyond imagination!

With that kind of power, he could have torn Elizabeth's Illusory Projection apart.

"Even if you choose this totem, an Other Shore Power of over 1, 000 divine megatons is beyond most people's limits. One must accept the Chaotic Source Reinforcement before using that kind of power," said the purple Soul of Light.

This token would be too much to bear even for those who were about to enter the Desire World. Their bodies and inner worlds would be destroyed before they could unleash the power of such a token.

"Chaotic Source Reinforcement?" Zen had never heard of it before.

"The first bottleneck that we encounter in the Other Shore Realm is the limit that our body and inner world present to us," Dorothy explained. "Only after we break through this limit can we enter the Chaotic Source Realm."

It wasn't that difficult to advance in the Other Shore Realm.

Having absorbed the soul crystal, Zen could easily reach Stage Four. But with his current abilities, even Stage Six or Seven wouldn't be that hard for him, and Stages Eight and Nine were possible options as well.

After Stage Thirteen, however, going forward into the Desire World was more than difficult.

That was the bottleneck for the physical body and the inner world.

The most powerful tokens of Stage Thirteen had a strength of about 1, 000 divine megatons, which was the limit of the physical body and the inner world. A Chaotic Source Reinforcement was needed to absorb such tokens.

Once this was done, the Soul of Light had to enter the Desire World. Only then had one truly entered the Chaotic Source Realm.

"One must enter the Chaotic Source Realm to choose this Strength God Totem? Does it mean that no one from the first thirteen stages can use it?" Zen asked.

"Some races with extremely powerful bodies can handle it. But there are also some talented people in the palace whose physical bodies are naturally much stronger than ordinary people. They can use up to 80% to 90% of its power," the purple Soul of Light answered him, subconsciously excluding Zen from the extreme cases.

Even if there was someone who could fuse with the power from the totem, that someone couldn't be Zen. He was barely at Stage Four.

"Let's look at some other options," Dorothy said.

There were six Other Shore Tokens from Stage Twelve. There must be something suitable for them that they could find!

But Zen had made up his mind. "I'm going with the Strength God Totem," he said.

Zen already had the Eye of Will that was being carried by the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. He had two more Other Shore Tokens to fuse since he still had the Truth of Cultivation Nature and the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

Using a token of strengthening type to strengthen his power would be a wise choice.

Zen didn't know how strong a physical body would be after the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. But his body, with the support of the Shade Stone, should be able to use half the power that the Strength God Totem contained.

Chapter 3159 A Threat

Dorothy and the purple Soul of Light were stunned at the firmness in Zen's tone.

"The Other Shore Token of the strengthening type can increase your power, but power doesn't mean everything," Dorothy said, trying to persuade Zen.

"I know," Zen said, nodding.

"Are you still going to choose this Other Shore Token then?" the purple Soul of Light asked again.

He didn't care what Other Shore Token Zen would select. All he cared about was being nice to Dorothy.

"Yes. I'll still choose this one," Zen replied decisively.

He then picked up the Strength God Totem off the Earth Sanskrit Plate.

Dorothy knew that once Zen decided to do something, nobody could persuade him to change his mind. And moreover, now that the Other Shore Token of the strengthening type was a trend among warriors, this Other Shore Token wasn't going to be weak.

"Okay, it's my turn to choose," Dorothy said with a smile. She bent down over the Earth Sanskrit Plate in search of an Other Shore Token she wanted.

She had already laid eyes on an Other Shore Token that was sitting on the right side of the twelfth circle. This token was the Twin Blossoms and it contained force of 150 divine megatons. It was an Other Shore Token of the auxiliary type and had a special power—it could help the user clone themselves.

The Origin Swordsmanship that she had cultivated was extremely powerful and she had had to work with another warrior to bring out one of its theurgies. If she could work with her other self, she could launch this theurgy to a greater effect, given that there would be a better connection between them. It was obvious that the Twin Blossoms was the best choice for her.

"I'll take this Other Shore Token," Dorothy said as she reached out to pick up the blossoms.

She hadn't yet passed the test of the Earth Sanskrit Plate, but she was confident that she could bear it, so she was now daring to take the Other Shore Token of Stage Twelve, which was why the purple Soul of Light remained silent.

Once Dorothy and Zen obtained their own Other Shore Tokens, the next step they needed to take was to infuse the tokens into their souls and hold them in their own bodies. But before they could do this, two people suddenly walked in through the Seclusion Door.

One of them had been waiting inside the Seclusion Door like the others. When Dorothy had revealed the Necklace of Mystic Soul, he had looked at it for a few seconds before leaving quietly.

The Soul of Light behind him glowed with a faint purple light. It was clear that his soul could reach Stage Thirteen.

Dorothy and Zen had just been about to leave when the two men blocked their way.

"Dorothy! You have finally reached Stage Four!" the purple Soul of Light said.

Dorothy frowned at this voice but didn't say anything. Hatred, however, radiated from her Soul of Light.

"Now that you have reached Stage Four, you should have come to the Vastness Mountain to inform me of this progress. I found an extremely powerful Other Shore Token in the Ethereal Light Stage. It is very suitable for you!" the purple Soul of Light said.

"No, thanks," Dorothy said coldly. "I can't afford to owe your Vastness Mountain a favor."

The purple Soul of Light chuckled, and added, "It's just an Other Shore Token of the Lust World. How can you call it a favor? It's my gift to you."

"Doesn't your Vastness Mountain always threaten my grandmother with that favor from years ago? You are not to be trusted!" Dorothy snapped and grabbed Zen's arm, intending to leave.

The purple Soul of Light finally noticed Zen. He stretched out his arms to stop them, his strong soul pressure surging out of him.

Fighting on the Other Shore meant confrontation on a spiritual level.

This man's purple Soul of Light sat at the peak in the Lust World and was far stronger than Zen's. Zen was shocked when his soul pressure had burst out. He reacted quickly, but he wasn't fast enough. The pressure pressed him tight against a wall of the temple.

"Who do you think you are?! How dare you hold Dorothy's hand!" the purple Soul of Light screamed, ruthless in his countenance. His aura intimidated everyone standing inside the Seclusion Door.

Zen's Soul of Light could hardly move, given that he was tightly held against the wall.

He had absorbed soul crystal twice on the Other Shore, but with his current soul cultivation base, he could barely enter Stage Six.

This was why he couldn't defeat someone from Stage Thirteen.

Even so, Zen mustered his soul force in a bid to try and escape the pressure.

"Marco Xu! Stop it!" Dorothy berated him, irritated at what he was doing to Zen.

Marco Xu laughed and said, "Dorothy, is this kind of an insignificant guy really worth your plea? I think I should just kill him."

The expressions on the faces of the three purple Souls of Light, who were in charge of affairs within the Seclusion Door, shifted at Marco Xu's words.

They already knew who he was. Marco Xu, the young master of the Vastness Mountain, with a background on par with Dorothy's. They could not afford to offend him.

But trying to unreasonably launch an attack in the Seclusion Door was taking it too far. After all, everyone in the temple was a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Zen's expression shifted into one of pure coldness when he heard this man reveal his intention of killing him.

It was true that people in the Dragon City often killed others. But ever since he had joined the Flow Sword Sect, he was on good terms with everyone else. And because of this, Zen hadn't expected to meet such a person ever again.

It was at this moment that Zen heard a calm, casual voice sound from the depths of his mind. "Want me to help you?"

It was No. 9527.

No. 9527's soul power wasn't too strong, but as part of the Chaos Ancient God's soul, it had a much better understanding of soul than ordinary people had. No. 9527 couldn't fight people like Athemar, but it could easily deal with a Soul of Light in the Lust World.

Zen did not speak. There were too many people here and he did not want to expose No. 9527 unless he had no other choice.

The soul pressure was like an invisible hand, exerting more and more strength on Zen's Soul of Light.

"Stop! Or I will have to kill you!"

Dorothy threatened, her voice cold and determined. The Necklace of Mystic Soul against her chest suddenly erupted with a powerful soul pressure.

A small soul sword appeared over Dorothy's head.

It was not the first time that Zen had seen the sword. But it had never been so solid, and the purple light emanating from the surface of the soul sword was flowing everywhere.

Marco Xu's eyes widened as he felt the pressure of the soul sword. There was no more doubt that Dorothy would kill him with this sword.

Sensing that things were getting out of hand, the three purple Souls of Light who were in charge of the place rushed over to them.

"You're all from the Oneness Sky Palace! Don't fight over a trifle!"

"For God's sake, Marco, please forget it!"

"How about meeting each other halfway?"

Marco Xu was already regretting his actions at Dorothy's threat. He had never imagined that she would protect this brat, someone who had appeared out of nowhere it felt like.

Marco Xu backtracked under the persuasion of the three Souls of Light, finding an opportunity to make right the awkward position he had put himself in. He smiled as he said, "You are right. I don't need to fight with a nobody."

He then gathered all the pressure he had just released back into his body.

But the small soul sword that was hovering over Dorothy's head shot suddenly towards him.

Chapter 3160 Try

As the soul sword navigated its way towards Marco at lightning-fast speed, his face began to lose all color and turned as white as a sheet.

After all, he was the son of the master of Vastness Mountain, and if he were to be killed by Dorothy, there would be severe consequences.

"You... you wouldn't dare!" Marco roared in frustration, his veins protruding from his neck. Instinctively he closed his eyes shut bracing himself for impact as he had no time to dodge.

When the distance between the soul sword's pointing end and Marco's forehead was only half a foot long, it stopped in its tracks. Slowly he opened his eyes to see the soul sword had manifested itself into a cloud of soul aura and retreated into Dorothy's Necklace of Mystic Soul.

Dorothy glared at his frightened pale face to spite him. "Next time, I won't be so forgiving."

As she finished speaking, she casually turned around and began walking away with Zen, leaving a shocked and silent crowd behind the Seclusion Door.

Marco stood still, with a dark shadow hovering over his face. He clenched his fists and kept his gaze lowered to the ground. Although they couldn't see his face, they could sense his Soul of Light was brimming with anger and hatred.

Scared from the possibility of Marco losing his temper on them, they didn't dare approach him to calm his restless breathing down.

Silence lingered in the walls of the room before Marco finally spoke. "Which mountain does the guy with Dorothy belong to?"

"We don't know anything about him. We only heard Dorothy refer to him as Zen," the person standing behind Marco explained.

"Zen, huh? I want you to go and look into it. I don't care how long it takes. Find out everything there is to know about him!" Marco demanded with rage. His tone reflected how much he loathed Zen.

In the temple of Oneness Sky Palace, there were specific rooms built for the sake of cultivating one's Soul of Light.

To make one's soul stronger, one had to integrate their soul with rare soul crystal, or constantly harden their soul. However, the latter was far more difficult.

The soul crystal was also not easy to obtain on the Other Shore.

There was only a small amount of it stored in the temple. Yet, Zen managed to retrieve a fist-sized chunk of soul crystal. It was quite fortunate of him since there had been no more than fifty people in the Oneness Sky Palace who were that lucky.

Throughout the way, Dorothy remained silent, which spoke volumes about how disturbed she was from what had happened. When they finally arrived at the rooms, she turned to Zen and lowered her gaze. "I'm sorry to have gotten you involved in such trouble."

In response, Zen gave her a warm smile and said, "Don't worry about it. Although, that guy seemed to have some bad blood with the Origin Mountain, is that right?"

"I'm afraid so," Dorothy sighed as she nodded lightly.

In the past, Dorothy's grandmother took part in a battle where she almost lost her life. Luckily, she was rescued by the master of the Vastness Mountain, after which she was heavily indebted to him.

Many years had passed since that day until the favor was brought up again.

The master of Vastness Mountain came with his son to visit Dorothy's grandmother with a proposal of marriage.

Seeing right through their intentions, Dorothy's grandmother knew that they were only plotting a union through the wedding so they could infiltrate the Oneness Sky Palace and gather all its secrets. Therefore she turned them down. Humiliated by the rejection, the master of the Vastness Mountain attempted to impose pressure on her by bringing up the favor she owed him years ago. This caused many disputes between the two groups.

After some time, the pointless quarreling had subsided, but the grudges remained, which was partially the reason why Dorothy had overreacted upon encountering Marco.

When Dorothy briefly told him about this matter, Zen shook his head and said, "The people from Vastness Mountain are too hardheaded. Even though the master had saved your grandmother's life, they shouldn't have mixed it with your marriage."

"That's why I don't want to talk to Marco." Dorothy rubbed her shoulders with an embarrassed expression. It was obvious the thought of him filled her with disgust.

Seeing her awkward profile, Zen attempted to ease her tensed body with a gentle smile. "All right. Let's forget about him and focus on other more important things. Dora, don't let him upset you. First of all, you need to integrate Other Shore Token with your soul."

"Right, okay." A flustered smile etched across her face when she heard Zen call her Dora. She bit her lip feeling shy and entered a room.

After Dorothy went inside, Zen sighed and slumped his back on the door behind him and fell victim to his thoughts once more.

There was no denying the fact that Zen was far more experienced than Dorothy in knowing a person's mindset. After meeting Marco, he immediately understood the matter was not on the straight and narrow; things were going to get complicated from here on out.

Marco was a different man, compared to Milo.

Milo might be arrogant, young, and proud, but he was level-headed. He would never get carried away in battle. Zen knew he was going to face him sooner or later, yet he was not worried about it, as it would be a decent battle.

However, Zen's first encounter with Marco was rather unpleasant, as the latter attempted to kill him.

Thinking about this made Zen smile bitterly to himself.

'Ever since I came to this world, I have tried my best to keep a low profile to avoid awkward situations like these. Yet, I still managed to provoke these guys somehow. I feel so helpless...'

It was useless to keep dwelling over such thoughts. What was destined to happen would happen sooner or later. Besides, Zen was prepared to face anything because of all he went through to get here.

Driving his thoughts away, he focused and went into a room too and took out the Strength God Totem. He sat down with his legs crossed. Then his Soul of Light released the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, and absorbed the Strength God Totem into his soul.

Quickly, he retreated from the Other Shore once again and guided the Strength God Totem into his inner world, and started to nourish his Other Shore Token.

After his first experience, Zen became more skillful at it.

Last time, Zen had accidentally caused fear and chaos in his inner world. Eye of Will was not a strengthening type of Other Shore Token, and its own Other Shore Power was not particularly compelling.

But this time he was careful. In comparison to the Eye of Will, the Strength God Totem contained terrifyingly strong Other Shore Power. If it was released carelessly, it would probably shatter the entire world to dust.

With a fit of shudder in the Thousand Sanskrit Land, streaks of Sanskrit words lit up and danced around in the air.

A sharp aura that appeared to be in the form of chains extended from the Sanskrit words and swept towards the Strength God Totem.

'This time, there are one hundred and forty Sanskrit words in total. It seems that it will be more challenging to nourish Strength God Totem as opposed to the Eye of Will.' Zen continued to process it in his head.

After nourishment was completed, the chains disappeared.

Followed by that, Zen was taken aback as a series of messages rushed into his mind and showed him visions of another race.

One message said, "Super powerful warriors..."

The other read out, "Giant Force Believers..."

He felt conflicting emotions take over his existence.

It was overwhelming to know he had learned of one more compelling race from the past.

The Giant Force Believers believed in and gave precedence to powerful strength.

They thought force alone could solve any problem, and just like the Dreaded Eye Demon race, they also believed in Finale Way.

This particular race was so formidable that they even managed to control everything in the chaos. They wanted to use their strength to end everything, but in the end, they still failed.

'Why did such a strong race fail to exist?' Zen wondered feeling confused, as he attempted to interpret each message.

Both the Dreaded Eye Demon race and the Giant Force Believer race were superior to the human race. And now, they ceased to exist with only their temples on the Other Shore and had both disappeared in the Source World and the chaos. How was this possible?

In all the books Zen had read from the Oneness Sky Palace, none of them even mentioned these races. He was baffled.

Even the messages provided to him by the Strength God Totem were not enough to answer his questions.

After he removed the avatar in his body, Zen opened his eyes.

Carefully, he sat up from his current position and stretched his one arm forward to activate the totem.

The purple Soul of Light and Dorothy both had doubts about his choice of the Strength God Totem. They were afraid that he wouldn't be able to withstand such a powerful force.

But still, he wanted to give it a try and see for himself.

As he provoked the totem, a series of overwhelming aura rushed towards him.

'Force of one hundred divine megatons!'

When the force was concentrated on his arm, a dent formed in the space around his arm.

Zen was still able to resist such power.

'Force of two hundred divine megatons!'

He continued to test his limits and doubled the pressure.

This time, Zen roughly felt his bones were strained as if a million mountains were pressing down on his arm, squeezing it in between. The muscles became extremely stiff, and the veins in the arm were as tough as steel.

'Force of four hundred divine megatons!' Once again, Zen doubled the pressure.

Unexpectedly a crackling sound filled the room as his arm suddenly caved in under pressure. A stream of his blood spurted out, like a fountain. It sprayed up in all directions uncontrollably. It broke through the enchanted barrier he set up, the ceiling of the house, and left behind a ten-foot-wide crack!

Chapter 3161 An Invitation

Zen was stunned at the power surging within him.

"What strong power!"

Zen's body was so strong that he rarely felt any pressure under any amount of force.

He had hardly been able to bear the Ways-blending Energy earlier. He felt that the Other Shore Power he had obtained from the Strength God Totem was going to leave him feeling the same way.

Two sharp knocks sounded at the door.

"Darling, what's going on?"

Margaret's voice sounded, muffled from across the door.

Zen was in seclusion and no one was allowed to enter the room. But the people outside had become worried at the loud noise.

"Just a small accident," Zen called back.

There was silence for a few seconds before Margaret spoke, her voice full of concern. "Please be careful," she said. She waited for an answer but when he didn't respond, she turned and left.

It was difficult for Margaret to understand the kind of cultivation method or power that Zen had acquired and whether or not he would spiral into madness.

Zen raised his hand and a ray of green light gathered around his arm, instantly healing the injury.

"Four hundred divine megatons is my limit?"

Zen murmured as he stretched his arm out again.

The black spot on his arm began to expand and had soon covered his whole arm, turning it into one smooth black expanse.

The Shade Stone could strengthen his corporeal body, but he was still not sure of the limits it would give him.

"Four hundred divine megatons!"

This time, Zen released four hundred divine megatons of force in one go.

Under the horrifying force, his arm was still strong as before.

"Five hundred divine megatons!"

He felt a sharp pain searing his arm, but he told himself he could bear it.

"Six hundred divine megatons!"

"Seven hundred divine megatons!"

It was under the seven hundred divine megatons that a crisp crack rang out from his arm.

The bones of his arm had broken under the pressure.

Zen withdrew his strength, frowning.

There was no doubt that the Shade Stone could greatly strengthen his body. But it was not enough.

The body was made up of internal organs, flesh, muscles, and bones, and the Shade Stone could only protect some parts of his body. He wished he could get his hands on a few more Shade Stones, because if he did and his body absorbed them, it would improve his physical strength multi-fold.

The Shade Stone, however, was a grain of sand falling from the sand clock, and it was usually close to impossible to look for it, leave alone collect it.

After a series of tests, Zen lifted the enchanted barrier and left his room.

When Zen had been in seclusion, Nelly, Laquisha, Lavender, and Margaret had been chatting with Carrie in the courtyard.

Margaret did not seem to be interested in the talk. But she had nowhere else to go and her face reflected the boredom she felt.

"Darling, you've come out!" Margaret's eyes glowed with excitement as she watched Zen descend the staircase from the second floor.

"Of course," Zen said, smiling.

Nelly pursed her lips as she said, "Zen, I want to go to Dragon City."

"Me too," Lavender said.

"Count me in as well," said Laquisha, a soft smile playing on her lips.

Letitia and Margaret had stopped their cultivation, but these three hadn't. Since Zen had settled down in the Source World, they wanted to explore and gain experience.

"I've heard that the Killing Godly Way that I cultivate is suitable for the Killing Sword Sect. If I can cross the Sea of Truth, I want to join the Killing Sword Sect," said Nelly.

They had learned more about the Source World in recent times through Trish and Carrie.

"The three of you want to go to the Dragon City?"

The star light in the Dragon City made it possible for them to improve their strength with half the effort. They could easily go to Dragon City with enough Sword-reading Liquid.

Laquisha and Nelly were top martial artists in the divine land as well as in the Source World. Lavender wasn't that far behind either. That was why it would be a waste of time and talent for them to remain in Zen's inner world.

"Can we?" Nelly asked, staring at Zen with her big, innocent eyes.

Zen smiled. "It's not a problem. The Dragon City belongs to the Oneness Sky Palace, but there are no established rules. It's very dangerous, and the competition there is fierce."

Zen was warning them only because he was worried about their safety.

They had a thorough understanding of the situation in the Dragon City, so they knew what was on Zen's mind. They assured Zen that they would take good care of themselves, and only after these fervent reassurances did Zen finally agree.

The Dragon City was undoubtedly a dangerous place, but they were old hands. What was more, Monica would take care of them. It was only on these conditions that Zen finally granted their request.

"But..." Zen hesitated, his gaze finding Lavender's.

"I can change to practice swordsmanship," Lavender said immediately, gauging what Zen was thinking.

Zen then turned to look at Margaret, who shook her head. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying with you!"

With Margaret's talent, she would find the Unique Array Sword Sect suitable for her. But she was not in the mood to cultivate.

Discussion aside, it wouldn't be easy for them to just march into the Dragon City.

Even if they had the help of the Sword-reading Liquid, they needed to cultivate the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent from the very beginning, something that would take ordinary people a long time to cultivate. The upside, however, was that the use of the Sword-reading Liquid could greatly improve their compatibility with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent in a short period of time. But the effect didn't last for a long time. They couldn't afford it even if they were rich.

Zen could give them a large amount of Sword-reading Liquid. At the very least, they could recite a part of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent in the short time they were given.

To Zen's surprise, the three women matched well with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, and their cultivation progress was impressive enough. They continued to take the Sword-reading Liquid and in half a month, had cultivated a foundation that Zen hadn't thought possible before.

He then personally took the three women down the mountain, climbed over the Sword Wall, and entrusted them to Monica.

Monica's eyes widened when she saw them. It was obvious that she wanted to say something, but words failed her.

Zen spent some time with the disciples in the Dragon City and then went up the mountain again.

He returned to his courtyard house and was surprised to find that Imran had come to visit him. Imran had reached the seventh floor of the Flow Tower and had become qualified to live in an independent courtyard house as well.

"Zen," Imran greeted Zen, saluting respectfully.

Ever since Zen had made it to the tenth floor of the Flow Tower in one go, his name had become well known across the Flow Sword Sect.

The disciples of the Flow Sword Sect, both those who owned the independent courtyard houses and the ordinary ones, had almost achieved nothing of late.

Rumor was that it was because of Zen.

After all, mind cultivating was a significant characteristic of the Flow Sword Sect. On the day of Zen's performance, they had been so shocked that his performance had been so good.

"Hey, Imran! What can I do for you?" Zen asked.

"The elite disciples of the Flow Sword Sect have a gathering today. They have sent me to invite you. May I have the honor?" Imran said, bowing slightly.

Those who lived in the separate courtyard houses had formed a new clique. More than twenty disciples in this area were the future hope of the Flow

Sword Sect, and they often got together.

But Zen had focused on his cultivation and had never visited his neighbors ever since he had moved in.

Chapter 3162 Senior Disciples

As they made their way to the back of the Flow Tower, they went down a long path silently. Not long after they moved a certain distance, Zen looked up to see a large bell hanging over his head.

It immediately hit him that this bell alone was responsible for alerting the entire Flow Sword Sect of the passing of a month.

He stared at it in wonder till they passed it and went further along the road and stopped once they reached the end of the cliff.

It was perfect to just stand and overlook the scenery as there were no clouds that could block the view. Nature's beauty was laid bare to them.

On the other end of the cliff, there was an exquisite terrace with railings etched with intricate designs.

Imran continued to lead Zen till they arrived on the patio. They weren't the only ones there. Instead, there were more than twenty people gathered there already.

At first, these people seemed slothful, but an unusual light in their eyes vouched for their excellence.

"Greetings my brothers. I have brought Zen here." Imran respectfully bowed and cupped his hands towards them.

Back at the Flow Tower, when Zen had entered for the first time, only Milo was present among the elite members. Therefore, no one here knew his face.

"Oh, you're here! I've heard a lot about you!"

"Zen, please sit here!"

"……"

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the terrace had changed with them walking over to Zen, putting their arm around him, greeting him and escorting him to the seat of honor. It was as if Zen was a noble figure to be treated with such respect.

Witnessing this, Imran shook his head at their reactions.

The treatment he had received from these same senior disciples was worlds apart from what Zen had got.

This was the core circle of the Flow Sword Sect. Ninety percent of the resources of the sword sect had been poured into them, and the strength and seniority were seen as very important.

Not that long ago, Imran had joined this very circle, but compared to Zen, he was treated more like a servant. Watching all this unfold at a distance, he couldn't help but feel slightly discredited.

Of course, Imran wasn't jealous of Zen, and he had no right to be. After all, Zen deserved this treatment for performing so well.

Milo was hailed to be the core of the Flow Sword Sect, and his talents were unmatched. Since Zen had surpassed Milo, who was the most powerful disciple, Zen deserved every bit of this treatment and more.

After being carefully escorted, Zen took his seat. One by one, each senior disciple stood before him and gave their proper introduction.

Most of these elite disciples enjoyed a high social status, and more than half of them were descendants of the leaders in the Oneness Sky Palace. It was overwhelming how none of them came from humble origins.

It was common. If one wished to enter the vicinity of Dragon City, they had to pass through numerous barriers and tests like the Sword Wall. Going up the mountain after getting into the Dragon City was no easy task either. Most people were only able to become a Oneness Guard.

Even if somehow they managed to reach the top of the mountain, there were more challenges like getting a separate courtyard house and becoming the elite of the Flow Sword Sect.

As a matter of fact, even the disciples with humble origins yet outstanding talents were hardly able to make it in the end.

Once the introductions and greetings were finished, they all became more familiar with one another.

One of the elite disciples of the Flow Sword Sect, who was wearing a cyan hat, walked up to Zen. His name was Konnor Gao. "I've heard you just entered the Other Shore. I'm amazed by how quickly you've progressed in such a short time."

Zen had already reached the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm. Not only was he able to integrate with the Strength God Totem but also get much soul crystal on the Other Shore. Naturally, his aura had improved significantly.

Upon hearing his remarks, Zen sat upright and fixed himself before speaking innocently. "Yes, that is true. I explored the Other Shore just a few days ago and I have already entered the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace."

"So soon?"

"You must have met with a golden opportunity, right?"

"Otherwise, Stage Four of the Other Shore is not that easy to reach. It took me a lot of effort to get into the fourth stage!"

They began discussing among themselves and passed their individual remarks over Zen's achievements in shock.

"All of you flatter me." Zen chuckled, looking at their bewilderment.

The elites that stood before him all originated from prestigious clans. It was true that it was challenging to get to the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm in such a short time. However, with enough soul crystal, it became a lot easier.

Meanwhile, Mekhi Chu, another elite disciple sitting next to Zen, turned to him and spoke up, "Going through the thirteen stages of the Lust World is not difficult for us. However, leaving the Lust World to the next world is a completely different thing."

Konnor got up and added to Mekhi's statement enthusiastically, "Exactly. Nowadays, soul crystal is rare to find and is extremely expensive. It's awfully challenging for one to surpass the Lust World."

Zen's eyes flashed as he listened intently to the discussions taking place before him, and he curiously asked the senior disciples, "What's the price of the soul crystal?"

The soul crystal could directly increase the level of his Soul of Light, and Zen also needed it. When he was on the Other Shore, he didn't ask how much it was worth, and Dorothy didn't mention it either.

If there was some way he could buy it from somewhere using his divine crystals, he would take advantage of it. He was even prepared to give away the legacies left to him by Chiyou.

As Zen asked his question, all the senior disciples paused to look at each other with their brows raised, switching their gaze between Zen and themselves. Soon after, they broke out in explosive laughter.

Helplessly watching their reaction, Zen leaned forward with curious eyes to ask, "What are you laughing at?"

"As long as you have enough soul crystal, you can pass through all the thirteen stages of the Lust World and reach the Desire World, and your soul can advance to a higher level. It can be called as a holy pill. If anyone were to possess it, why would they want to sell it, Zen?" Konnor replied, wiping the tears from his eyes from laughing so hard.

In fact, they were all surprised by his question. They all began to wonder whether the guy who was capable of Instant Enlightenment and who could go up to the tenth floor in the Flow Tower had any common sense at all.

"That's too exaggerated, Konnor. Although very few people use it for sale, quite a few people are willing to use it for exchange. What's more, the Mice League has auctioned soul crystal before. A finger-size chunk of soul crystal was sold at the auction for sixty million divine crystals," Mekhi said as he gestured the size of the soul crystal using his finger.

"A finger-size chunk? Sixty million divine crystals?" A hint of astonishment could be seen all over Zen's face.

"Yes. The problem is that all the super forces keep soul crystal to cultivate their own people, so you have nowhere to buy it from even if you have divine crystals," Mekhi smiled warmly at Zen as he explained. "I do wonder how big was the chunk of soul crystal you obtained from the temple."

The first time when people entered the temple, they could some soul crystal from the Oneness Sky Palace.

Even the elite disciples who had come up to the mountain weren't able to get a lot of it. Zen had seen it that day.

"I only got a finger-size one..."

"Mine was just a bit bigger than yours..."

"I heard that Milo had got three finger-size chunks," someone whispered in the distance.

Once everyone told their experiences, they all eyed Zen up patiently to hear his answer.

These elites were well-respected by the Oneness Sky Palace, yet they were given a finger-size chunk of crystal on average...

Zen rubbed his forehead and said, "I've got a fist-size chunk of soul crystal in the temple..."

He made it apparent by a gesture with his fist.

Suddenly, the lively atmosphere faded away as the crowd went into pin-drop silence. After inhaling a few deep breaths, they began eyeing up Zen as though he wasn't human.

The rareness of soul crystal was such that the quantity of stored soul crystal in the temple was probably only the size of a few fists. How could Zen get a fist of it alone for himself?

After a while, Konnor broke the silence and glanced at Zen with narrowed eyes. "They said you were of humble origin. I don't believe it..."

If Konnor were not an elite disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace and did dare to be disrespectful to Eastern Emperor Taiyi, he would have presumed Zen to be the illegitimate son of the emperor.

Seeing their reaction, Zen began to construct thoughts of his own. 'No wonder Dorothy said that I was well treated by the Flow Sword Sect. But now, it seems that I could obtain a big chunk of soul crystal not because of my own performance, but because Athemar was looking out for me secretly.'

Even though Athemar seldom showed up at any event, it was apparent he was helping Zen out secretly.

While everyone was still in a daze at their different fates, Konnor quickly changed the topic. "There is only one chance to take the soul crystal. It's also extremely difficult for elites like us to get more of it. But this time, there is another chance. I wonder if you are interested in it, Zen."

Chapter 3163 The Seven Mountains Meeting

The soul crystal was so precious, and one had to pay a huge price to get their hands on it.

Zen didn't answer the question. Instead, he asked, "What kind of an opportunity are you talking about?"

Konnor smiled as he said, "The Seven Mountains Meeting."

"The Seven Mountains Meeting?"

"Yes," said Konnor. "The Seven Mountains Meeting is held every three years. The elites of the seven mountains: the Oneness Mountain, Vastness Mountain, Bright Mountain, Azure Mountain, Ivory Mountain, Origin Mountain, and the Golden Mountain, will gather together in the event."

After the Oneness Sky Palace had been established, there had been the famous "Seven Mountains Assembly" that had laid the foundation for the Oneness Sky Palace.

As the Oneness Sky Palace prospered, the elite disciples of the seven mountains began to imitate their predecessors and held a Seven Mountains Meeting. The meeting was originally meant for the most outstanding talents of the Oneness Sky Palace to gather together and communicate with each other.

But as time passed, the content of the meetings became more diversified. The Seven Mountains Meeting later became an occasion for the outstanding talents to compete with each other.

It was slowly but steadily garnering more and more attention from the leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace, who began to fully support the event every time it was held. The rewards were substantial.

The Oneness Sky Palace also took the Seven Mountains Meeting as an opportunity to distribute resources since a competition of this level could motivate the elites of each mountain.

'They said so much just to persuade me to take part in the competition?' Zen thought.

"You have already reached the eighth or ninth stage of the Other Shore Realm and are stronger than me. I'm afraid I won't be able to help if I participate in the Seven Mountains Meeting," Zen said. He was sure that speaking his mind would be for the best.

Zen didn't have a low opinion of himself, but there were indeed some powerful warriors among these elites.

"Zen, listen to me. You don't know that event. The Seven Mountains Meeting is not a competition that's based merely on physical strength. It's a carefully designed game. If one wants to win, what's most important is one's mastery of the Truth of Godly Way," Konnor said.

"The mastery of the Truth of Godly Way?" Zen said, his eyebrows rising.

Konnor nodded. "You are a talent who is capable of Instant Enlightenment. If you take part in the Seven Mountains Meeting, you will have an advantage. And then we will all gain some benefit from your success as well."

"But if that's the case, isn't Milo more suitable to take part in the competition?" Zen asked.

If he were being honest, Zen wasn't very interested in the Seven Mountains Meeting.

"Milo?" A wry smile momentarily flashed across Konnor's face. "He attended it once before, but he chose to cultivate in seclusion and wander on the Other Shore recently. He might have felt threatened by you."

Before Zen had arrived in the Flow Sword Sect, Milo had proclaimed himself to be the top warrior in the sect. Even though his cultivation level was far inferior to that of others, no one had doubted his position.

But Zen's performance in the Flow Tower had proved his strength. Moreover, Milo had had a conflict with Zen and he probably really felt the pressure to improve himself.

The elite disciples were anxious to see Zen looking disinterested. Mekhi hurriedly said, "There will be lots of rewards in the Seven Mountains Meeting. If you join and we win the competition, each of us will get one finger-size chunk of soul crystal. We can give half our share to you, which you can use to increase the power of your Soul of Light by a large extent."

"We can also win an Other Shore Treasure!" Konnor added.

Despite the arguments they were making, Zen still looked unconvinced.

"And it is said that Master Goran will take out a premium Other Shore Treasure personally as a reward for the champion this year! It's the Shade Phoenix Sword, a sword made by the Su Clan. It is said to have been cast with a Shade Stone excavated from the Bloom Divine Province."

Zen was trying to find a way to refuse their invitation but his eyes lit up at the mention of the premium Other Shore Treasure being cast with the Shade Stone.

The Shade Stone!

The Strength God Totem that Zen had obtained could unleash an Other Shore Power of 1200 divine megatons. But he couldn't unleash the full power using his physical body.

He had previously been troubled because he didn't know how to find more Shade Stones to strengthen himself.

But he also hadn't expected to find a way. Now, of all times!

Since the Shade Phoenix Sword was refined by the Shade Stone, he should be able to transform it into Shade Stone liquid.

Zen couldn't do that, but the Su Clan could.

At the sudden change in Zen's expression, Konnor and others brightened. "It looks like you are interested in the Shade Phoenix Sword."

But they didn't know that Zen actually wanted to smelt the premium Other Shore Treasure.

Zen deflected the unasked question and said, "I wonder when the Seven Mountains Meeting will begin."

"Five days from now," said Konnor.

"I will go with you then," Zen said, folding his hands towards them in respect.

The elite disciples were overjoyed at Zen's acquiescence.

"The probability of our Flow Sword Sect winning the competition will increase greatly if you join us!"

"But we still need to be prepared, because we are not the only force that has a warrior who is capable of Instant Enlightenment."

"We'd be sure to win if Milo and Zen both participated. But unfortunately..."

They had originally wanted to persuade Milo to join them, but Milo had chosen to cultivate in seclusion and did not show up. Konnor had even gone to the Other Shore for this. But all his efforts had been in vain.

When Zen went back to his own house, he found that Trish had repaired the crack on the second floor.

As he sat in his room, Zen contemplated the Seven Mountains Meeting.

'The Seven Mountains Meeting... is a carefully designed game?

And this game has something to do with the Truth of Godly Way?

They wanted me to join because I could comprehend the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent with Instant Enlightenment.

I'm determined to get the Shade Phoenix Sword!'

But the Oneness Sky Palace was not a place that the small Sword Light Palace could compare to.

A powerful warrior like Milo existed in a sect like the Flow Sword Sect. Zen was afraid that the other mountains had warriors who were superior to Milo.

At this thought, Zen waved his hands and condensed a layer of enchanted barrier. He then opened his palms and a piece of paper spread out before him.

On the paper was the content that had been deciphered from the Sanskrit words on the yellow paper.

He hadn't studied it after Geoffrey had deciphered the two Sanskrit words. On the one hand, he had been focused on practicing Flow Strike, and on the other hand, the content was too difficult to comprehend.

Zen must be prepared, since he was determined to get the Shade Phoenix Sword.

His gaze was focused on the paper before he started to recite according to the rule he found within the paper's content.

Similar to what Geoffrey had encountered when he had recited the words, Zen felt a beam of sharp sword radiance forming in his mind when he began to recite. The sword radiance surged up and rushed to penetrate his soul and skull.

But Zen's Soul of Light was many times stronger than Geoffrey's.

He managed to suppress the sharp sword radiance in his mind.

"Did this sword radiance appear because of the thought in my mind?"

When he studied the content that had been deciphered from the Sanskrit words, Zen suddenly found that it was similar to the Heart Slaughtering

Strike that was recorded in the Flow Swordsmanship.

Chapter 3164 The Special Cyclone

When Zen cultivated the Flow Strike a few days ago, he came across a strange problem which left him puzzled.

The Flow Swordsmanship was very different from the other supreme swordsmanship manuals. It was a method used to train the mind, and it contained several extremely powerful killing skills, all without any specific cultivation method.

According to the records, if one remained in the Flow Tower long enough, they would be capable of mastering the skills on their own. Zen had been cultivating for a very long time, yet he still could not master any theurgy.

However, the translation of Sanskrit words that Zen had just read could transform his thoughts to a sword. It was somewhat similar to the Heart Slaughtering Strike in the Flow Swordsmanship. But Zen just could not figure out what it had to do with the Heart Slaughtering Strike.

The translation written by Geoffrey was about 1, 000 words long.

Zen kept the fine sword radiance forming in his mind in check and read on.

Despite his best efforts, the sword radiance continued to accumulate, growing stronger and stronger against his will.

After reading 50 words, the sword radiance had grown so powerful that Zen could no longer contain it. It felt as if it could erupt like a violent volcano at any moment.

If this sword radiance was released, it would most likely cause more damage than the sword radiance which had cut Geoffrey's soul open.

Zen frowned, still trying to hold on, but he had to pull himself away for a second. The sword radiance gradually dissipated as he stopped reading and waited.

When he had cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature and the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, though the pressure was great, it was not fatal and he had managed to make progress little by little.

But this was very different. Trying to understand the Sanskrit words was proving to be quite dangerous. Had he misunderstood something?

'Even the True Gods, who aren't perfectly compatible with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, don't encounter such great resistance when they cultivate for the first time. Did I do something wrong at the beginning of the cultivation?

These two Sanskrit words were arranged behind the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, so should I recite the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent before reciting and comprehending them?'

The thought sparked a flame in Zen's mind.

He then recited the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent...

He could now do it quite quickly, uttering the last word after about 5 minutes.

Zen then fixed his eyes on the paper again and continued to read the content that Geoffrey had deciphered.

"Buzz..."

This time, the sword radiance in his mind did not appear.

Instead, an invisible cyclone began slowly rising up, bringing with it a peculiar feeling to Zen's heart.

'What's this?'

Although Zen was unsure what it was, he had a guess of what it could be.

If he directly read the words translated from the Sanskrit words as they were, it would produce the sword radiance to attack him. And if instead he read those words after reciting the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, the cyclone would appear.

Both the cyclone and the sword radiance contained frightening energy.

But to Zen, the cyclone now felt gentle and harmless...

After a short pause, Zen began to read once more. The cyclone expanded as he did so and the pressuring power returned.

After reading around 100 words, Zen could read no more. Even with the current strength of his Soul of Light, he still could not bear the pressure the cyclone exerted.

Yet feeling it in his mind excited him.

"It appears that the two Sanskrit words do indeed follow the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent!" Zen exclaimed.

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent and the Truth of Cultivation Nature had never produced any special energy. These two kinds of truth were related to instructions on using and understanding the energy. They were different from the Godly Ways' internal momentum.

Now that a cyclone appeared, Zen naturally found something new and special.

But how would one utilize the cyclone?

Zen tried to get it out of his mind or transfer it to his sword, but after several attempts, he still got nothing but failure.

'Perhaps this cyclone is too weak. It hasn't completely taken shape yet...' he speculated.

Over the next five days, Zen tried making use of the cyclone or growing it further by reading more than 100 words. Still he failed over and over. However, every time he tried, he felt a change in the cyclone. He couldn't say what it was, but he felt it undeniably.

This change was not any of Zen's doing. It felt as if this cyclone was like a living creature. When the cyclone dispersed, it even turned into countless tiny and intangible things which began to wander around!

Moreover, it moved through the same route every time, but Zen couldn't understand why.

Five days later, Imran appeared in Zen's courtyard again. The Seven Mountains Meeting was to be held today.

Zen made some preparations and exited the courtyard with Imran.

"Where is the Seven Mountains Meeting to be held?" Zen asked.

"Please, follow me," Imran responded with a smile, ignoring Zen's question.

After walking alongside these independent courtyard houses for a while, they saw that more than 20 people, including Konnor, were waiting in the empty area before them.

And in the middle lay the most exquisite flying ship Zen had ever seen.

He had seen many flying ships before, but this one was abnormally luxurious. The outer layer of the flying ship was embedded with a smooth shell, the railing wrapped with a delicate fabric embedded with the gold threads. This was truly beautiful beyond what he imagined a flying ship could be.

These elites of the Flow Sword Sect were both gifted and from the rich clans.

"Zen, this way please," Konnor said with a smile as he made a welcoming gesture.

Once everyone had boarded the flying ship, it trembled slightly before flying off at blinding speed. When it reached the midair, a honeycomb-shaped enchanted barrier suddenly appeared in the sky.

It was the enchanted barrier of the Oneness Mountain.

Not just any flying ship could go in and out of the Oneness Mountain without permission. If one tried to break in by force, the flying ship would be smashed to a million pieces.

When they passed the enchanted barrier, two more flying ships flew out from the Oneness Mountain, each moving to fly on either side of the ship Zen was in.

At the same time, the young men in the two flying ships whistled loudly.

"You are filled with the fighting spirit this year! Konnor!"

"I don't see Milo. Is he too much of a coward to attend the competition?

If he doesn't come, it's probably best for your Flow Sword Sect to give up!"

The men on the two flying ships burst into laughter.

Hearing the taunts, the elite members of the Flow Sword Sect were displeased. Konnor even steered the ship to descend slightly and avoid the other two ships.

The men on the two ships required no introduction. Zen could quite easily guess they were from the Unique Array Sword Sect and the Killing Sword Sect.

"Konnor, if they're also from the Oneness Mountain, why are they hostile to the Flow Sword Sect?" Zen asked curiously.

Konnor pulled a long face after hearing Zen's words. Finally he said with a smile, "The Oneness Mountain is the dominant mountain of the Oneness Sky Palace. The three sword sects are just competing for their own interests. This keeps the balance in the mountain. If the three sword sects join hands, no other mountains could compete with them. Thus the three sword sects also compete with each other."

This was not the whole truth, but Konnor did not reveal that to Zen.

In fact, the Flow Sword Sect was the weakest among the three sword sects. Some time ago there was even word that the Flow Sword Sect would be eliminated.

The Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect were always disdainful of the Flow Sword Sect. It was not until the appearance of Milo that the Flow Sword Sect's reputation had been rescued.

However, Milo had no intention of taking part in the Seven Mountains Meeting. That was why Konnor hastily searched for Zen to participate in this competition.

Chapter 3165 Elvinia

The center of the Bloom Divine Province was circled by massive mountains with razor sharp peaks. As one approached the Vastness Mountain's location, the long and narrow mountain range sloped down sharply.

To the side of the Origin Mountain lay the Dragon City. Its name was derived from how, from a bird's eye view, the mountain range resembled a coiled dragon, poised to strike.

"Konner." Zen cleared his throat. "Since the various super forces all seem to be short on soul crystal, how is it possible that the Oneness Sky Palace would offer it as rewards at the Seven Mountains Meeting? They even take out a premium Other Shore Treasure as a reward for the champion!"

The Seven Mountains Meeting was held every three years. Even if the Oneness Sky Palace was wealthy, it entailed huge expenditure to offer such extravagant rewards.

Konnor smiled. "Because, Zen, there isn't much time left."

"Here we go again..."

Zen rolled his eyes. It wasn't the first time he encountered such a remark.

"Zen, what do you think of the situation of this world?" Konnor asked Zen seriously.

"The world is peaceful," replied Zen with a shrug.

It was true that there was unrest in six provinces under the Oneness Sky Palace's rule. Aside from the problem of Mountain Viewing Province, which was quite troublesome to deal with, the skirmishes in the other provinces were not much of a threat. He got such conclusion based on what he had observed along the way when he went to the Mountain Viewing Province.

"Indeed. Not only our Oneness Sky Palace, but also the several major nonhuman races, who were fighting fiercely in the Source World before, have calmed down now. It can be said that in the past hundred years, we are witnessing the most peaceful era in the Source World," Konnor agreed.

"However," he continued in a grave tone, "the situation might appear peaceful on the surface. But in reality, there is great turbulence. While there might be a balance between the super forces now, it is very fragile. The slightest tipping of the scale, and all hell will break loose in the Source World. When the war breaks out, the Oneness Sky Palace could not stay out of it."

Konnor was, after all, a descendant of a noble clan. And since he held a high position, he was aware of the delicate political climate.

"So, with every Seven Mountains Meeting, the rewards grow more and more valuable. This encourages us to grow stronger," Konnor finished with a smile.

"I see..." Zen nodded.

Although Konnor had not explicitly said so, Zen figured that the disputes among the super forces were due to the different ways they chose to take.

Zen recalled what Athemar had said. This world was so chaotic, that one wrong move could cause worlds of trouble. Before they reached that point, they needed to prepare.

Just then, the flying ship passed the peak of the Vastness Mountain, and before them lay huge cities, with buildings scattered along the mountain stream.

The human population might be smaller than that of many nonhuman races, but with their developments for numerous years, the number of humans had still reached a notable amount.

Each city probably contained tens of millions of people, and below them lay over a hundred cities! It was evident that the Oneness Sky Palace was enjoying an era of prosperity

Zen drank in the scene of the bustling cities below. Many flying ships hovered above the cities, following the traffic rules in an orderly manner. It all resembled a well-oiled machine.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

In contrast, two flying ships zoomed around, disrupting traffic as if they cared nothing of the rules. These were the Unique Array Sword Sect and the Killing Sword Sect. They whooshed forward and backward, turned upside down, hovered around and shrieks could be heard from them from time to time. The other flying ships were disturbed in their tracks and all hurriedly dodged them.

But no one complained. Most of these big cities' flying ships belonged to the commercial groups and small clans. No one dared to cross the paths of the two flying ships from the Oneness Mountain.

"These guys are getting more and more arrogant," Mekhi said while shaking his head.

"They act this way because they're bored with the rigid training in their sects - especially those lunatics from the Killing Sword Sect!" another person said, then laughed.

These people seemed to understand the behavior of these disciples from the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect.

As a matter of fact, with regards to the cultivation methods, that of the Flow Sword Sect was the most lax, but it attached great importance to talent. On the other hand, both the Killing Sword Sect's and the Unique Array Sword Sect's cultivation methods relied heavily on training, hence they were very strict with their disciples.

An hour later, their flying ship finally slowed down in front of a mountain. It was as though the top was sliced off, leaving a leveled plateau. Rows of different kinds of buildings stood on this plateau.

The flying ship stopped in front of a long yet narrow building. Everyone got off the ship, including Zen.

As soon as they entered the hall of the building, they were greeted by the sounds of laughter, merry singing, and dancing. On the high platform in the distance, a row of women in pink danced and sang softly.

Most of the disciples from the other several mountains had already arrived and were seated, being served wine and tea by their maids.

Because they had all come from long and difficult training, they had decided to let loose and enjoy themselves.

Konnor led the group towards their table. As they walked, people started turning to look at them.

"Here comes the Flow Sword Sect."

"Eh? Where is the little guy who acted so arrogantly last time?"

"Why can't I see him?"

It was Milo who had led the Flow Sword Sect to victory in the last Seven Mountains Meeting. The fact that an unpopular sect had won the famed competition left the other sects frustrated, hence they paid special attention to them now.

"Konnor!" a voice boomed. "Where is Milo?" A largely-built man asked from a table not far away.

This man's name was Kamron Qi. He was the most powerful warrior of the young generation in the Azure Mountain.

"Hi, Kamron," Konnor greeted him with a respectful bow. "Milo is in seclusion. It's a pity that he won't take part in the Seven Mountains Meeting this time."

"Oh, he is cultivating in seclusion?" Kamron laughed heartily. "Perhaps it is because he doesn't dare to come here again! What a disappointment! Hahaha..."

The people around Kamron Qi all burst into laughter as well.

Milo's absence to this competition actually came as a relief to them, but to save face, they pretended to be disappointed.

As soon as the elites of the Flow Sword Sect took their seats, the warriors of the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect arrived. Emanating a powerful aura, they too attracted the attention of those in the hall.

Only then did Zen realize that the tables were all arranged in a fan-shaped formation. However, the seats in the front row were empty.

With his curiosity piqued, Zen turned to Konnor and asked, "All the elites of the seven mountains have already arrived. Why there are still empty seats?"

"Those're the seats for the direct descendants of each mountain," Konnor replied.

The direct descendants of the Oneness Sky Palace were the direct descendants of the masters of each mountain. They didn't join any sword sect, and simply enjoyed a high status.

'Direct descendants... Is Dorothy a direct descendant of the Origin Mountain?' Zen pondered silently.

When Zen and Dorothy were bargaining with Wilfred in the Truth Library, she had mentioned her grandmother and the Origin Swordsmanship. If he guessed right, Dorothy might be the direct descendant of the Origin Mountain! Zen quietly wondered whether she would show up today.

Just then, he felt a chill coming from the gate.

Just as he turned to look where the chill was coming from, an elegant woman in a long dress slowly walked in, flanked by ten guards. She looked extraordinarily stunning; but her face was cold as ice, as though she did not know how to smile.

As she walked, cold air surged, causing the ribbons on her dress to dance and flit. The moment she entered, a hush fell over the hall. Everyone turned to look at her in silent awe.

Konnor leaned subtly to Zen and said in a low voice, "That is Elvinia, the youngest daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. It is said that she was brought back from the Divine Lair."

The Oneness Sky Palace had seven branches, which were the seven mountains, but Eastern Emperor Taiyi was the head of the Oneness Sky Palace. Since Elvinia was the daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, she served as the legitimate heir!

Chapter 3166 The Vastness Mountain

Konnor's words registered. Zen, taken aback, asked, "Doesn't the Divine Lair belong to the Sun Crow race? How could the girl have been brought back from the Divine Lair?"

"You might not know this, but Eastern Emperor Taiyi was once a good friend of Emperor Charm. They only became enemies later in life," explained Konnor, shaking his head.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Emperor Charm used to be on good terms. Because they had chosen different paths, their differences ended up destroying their friendship.

"The Seven Mountains Meeting is to be held today. Let's not talk about this," whispered Konnor. "Among the descendants of all the mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace, Elvinia is one of the two beautiful ones."

"Who is the other one?" Zen asked curiously.

"Her name is Dorothy from Origin Mountain. She is the opposite of Elvinia—lively and enthusiastic. She is very cute, as opposed to Elvinia's cold demeanor," Konnor said with a chuckle.

Zen raised his eyebrows in surprise. He didn't know Konnor thought so highly of Dorothy.

As Elvinia slowly made her way to her seat, the elites of the mountains stood up and saluted to her.

"Your Highness!"

"Greetings!"

Elvinia remained cold and expressionless, as though she hadn't heard them.

Ignoring everyone, she took the seat of honor on the front row.

After Elvinia took her seat, some other people arrived. It was three direct descendants of the Azure Mountain. The three young men curtly greeted their acquaintances and then took their seats.

Other people followed. These were the direct descendants of Ivory Mountain and Golden Mountain.

Once everyone had been seated, a voice suddenly chirped excitedly. "Dorothy! Long time no see!"

Another voice followed suit. "Dorothy, I haven't seen you in two years! Your cultivation base has improved greatly!"

Zen turned around just in time to see Dorothy enter. She was wearing a dainty pink dress, which complemented her perfectly.

She looked both vivacious and intelligent.

She was not as arrogant as Elvinia. She treated her friends the same and was popular in the Oneness Sky Palace, and even the elite warriors were fond of her.

If anyone dared to talk to Elvinia in this chummy way, they would be in big trouble.

Dorothy waved her hand at everyone in a friendly manner, then proceeded to strut to her seat.

"Ah, Dorothy from Origin Mountain has arrived. I'll go and greet her." Konnor's eyes flashed excitedly as he said this.

As Dorothy approached her seat, her head kept swiveling as she searched the tables for Zen.

She knew that, with Zen's abilities, he should be eligible to participate in the Seven Mountains Meeting. But it was probable he was unwilling to come.

As she saw Konnor standing up from his seat, her eyes landed on what she was looking for. She smiled and approached them.

"Dorothy, nice to see you," Konnor said giddily, grinning from ear to ear. He hadn't expected her to come to him.

Dorothy nodded to him as a greeting. Then, she walked past him and sat directly next to Zen. Smiling at him, she cried, "I knew that you would come!"

Zen smiled calmly in return. "I was wondering if you would come."

"Of course I would. The Seven Mountains Meeting is fun. And it takes place only once every three years. How could I have given up this opportunity?" Dorothy said with a twinkle in her eye.

She punched him playfully.

Konnor's jaw dropped to see her acting so casually with Zen. "You, you two know each other?"

Konnor wasn't the only one who was shocked. At the other tables, the other elite disciples whispered amongst themselves, confused as to how they knew each other.

Although Dorothy was easygoing, she was noble. She had never been so intimate with others.

"Is it strange that we know each other?" Dorothy asked nonchalantly.

Konnor's face fell. With a bitter smile, he replied, "Nah, it's not..."

All the other male warriors groaned internally at the sight of the beautiful Dorothy getting cozy with Zen.

Dorothy, aloof to everything that was happening around her, immediately turned to Zen with a concerned look. "Have you merged with your Other Shore Token?"

Zen nodded.

"Then, how powerful are you now?"

Dorothy asked.

As they were whispering, another group of people entered the hall.

"Marco is here."

"This way, please!"

"……"

This group of people were from the Vastness Mountain.

Marco, the man leading the group, was garbed in black robes, his eyes flashing energetically.

Over the years, the forces of the Vastness Mountain had rapidly grown in strength. It used to be the weakest of the seven mountains; now, it was roughly on par with the Origin Mountain.

Marco beamed at the crowd as he strolled in, his teeth sparkling. When his gaze fell on Dorothy, his look softened. However, when he saw Zen seated next to her, his smile disappeared, his expression darkening.

After returning from the Other Shore, Marco had sent someone to find out about Zen's background. The man had returned with very little information. Although he knew that Zen had entered the Dragon City before, and that he had been to the Flow Sword Sect, Marco knew nothing else about him.

Generally speaking, this kind of information should have been secretly kept by the Oneness Sky Palace. Apparently, someone had deliberately erased it.

This didn't sit well with Marco. He decided he would definitely make trouble for Zen.

However, now that Zen had become a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect, it would be difficult for Marco to deal with him. Even if he was the true son of the master of the Vastness Mountain, it would be a grave mistake for him to offend the Flow Sword Sect.

His eyes flitted from Dorothy, to Zen, to Konnor, who sat next to Zen.

Without hesitation, Marco was able to identify this mysterious figure next to Dorothy was Zen.

He had been expecting to see him for a long time.

Marco suddenly walked over to Dorothy.

Konnor bowed to him. "Marco, what can I do for you?"

"It's none of your business. Get lost," said Marco coldly.

Heads swiveled as everyone turned to watch the drama unfold.

Recently, the Vastness Mountain had proposed an arranged marriage with the Origin Mountain. The latter had declined. This resulted in great tension between the two mountains. While they tried to keep this issue hush, everyone in the room knew about this matter.

Even Elvinia, who had been aloof this whole time, turned her head towards the commotion, her eyes narrowing in curiosity.

"Today is the Seven Mountains Meeting. I don't want to see you here. Get out of here!" Marco said to Zen in a boisterous and haughty tone.

Dorothy rushed to Zen's defense. "Marco, how dare y—"

"What if I don't want to get out of here?" Zen, remaining seated, calmly interrupted Dorothy.

"You are in no position to say no!" A grim smile flickered across Marco's face, making him even more arrogant.

When the others saw his expression, they all knew that the matter wouldn't end up well.

Konnor, Mekhi and others exchanged glances anxiously.

There were more than twenty of them from the Flow Sword Sect. Among them, Konnor, being in the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm, was the strongest. Most of the others were in the eighth or ninth stage of the Other Shore Realm. Mekhi had reached the eleventh stage.

But even Konnor didn't have the guts to offend Marco, the son of the master of the Vastness Mountain.

Chapter 3167 Throw Him Out

Zen was a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect. Konnor and the other Flow Sword Sect disciples had invited him to attend the Seven Mountains Meeting.

Eventually, Konnor bit the bullet and said, "Young Master Marco, Zen is an elite disciple of the Flow Sword Sect. He is here to take part in the Seven Mountains Meeting. You have no right to chase him out like this."

"Cut the crap!"

Marco did not care to hear any of Konnor's words; he had no time for them.

He would not only chase Zen out, but also find a chance to beat him up.

It might have seemed a rash decision, but Marco was a smart and calculated man.

Dorothy was destined to find a husband, and although the Oneness Sky Palace was large and filled with talented disciples, all those worthy of pursuing her were all gathered here.

Marco was determined to stake his claim today. He would have it known that anyone who dared to woo Dorothy would be crossing not only him but the Vastness Mountain too.

And when his father put pressure on the Origin Mountain again, they would have no choice but to let Dorothy marry him.

"If you had just left yourself, you would not lose face. But since you refused, do not blame me for what happens next."

The aura gathered within his body suddenly burst forth. His arms reached out with his hands closing in fast on either side of Zen.

His Soul of Light had reached Stage Thirteen of the Lust World. He had also absorbed a powerful Other Shore Token. The force his hands unleashed reached two hundred divine megatons.

Marco intended to crush Zen's arms and toss him down the mountain. The building might not have been on the edge of the mountain, but it wouldn't be difficult for Marco to throw him many miles away.

"Marco is going to throw that man out!"

"That guy is probably going to die."

"He is only in the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm and not even close to Marco's level. Why is he being so stubborn? He should have just admitted his mistake and left peacefully. How stupid is he?"

"Zen, be careful! Jermain, help him!" Dorothy yelled, distress in her tone.

As the second largest mountain of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Origin Mountain naturally had many outstanding disciples. Dorothy had called for Jermain Song's help. He too was an elite disciple of the Origin Mountain.

Jermain Song and the other disciples from the Origin Mountain had been watching the scene closely. They didn't want to provoke Marco either. As long as Marco didn't hurt Dorothy, they wouldn't make a move.

However, now that Dorothy had asked him to help, Jermain Song had to act. But it was already too late for him to be able to stop Marco.

Crack! Crack!

Marco's hands slammed into Zen's arms, fast as lightning and with a clap of thunder. Immediately, Marco's face changed to a mask of astonishment.

Things had not gone as he had expected.

Zen's arms were not like flesh and blood at all. They were as solid as an Other Shore Treasure. Marco had no chance of smashing them into pieces.

In contrast to Marco's astonished face, Zen wore a confident smile on his face. Marco was confused, not knowing what lay behind that smile.

The others were just as baffled. It appeared as though Marco was embracing Zen as a long lost friend.

Zen then twisted his arms slightly, sliding out of Marco's grips and now grabbed Marco's arms tightly.

Marco tried his best to resist, but Zen's strength exceeded all his expectations. He was helpless.

A foreboding swirled in Marco's stomach. He clenched his teeth hard and warned unconvincingly, "How dare you..."

Before he could finish his warning, the sky and earth began spinning around. An intense force pushed him as the tables, the chairs, the beams, the eaves, the flying ships, the river, and the peak were all shrinking in the distance. He continued to fly further and further.

The hall was unusually quiet. It was almost unsettling.

The girls on the stage had also stopped dancing.

Everyone looked at Zen, astounded and befuddled.

Ignoring their backgrounds, Marco was still much stronger than Zen. What just happened defied everything they knew. Somehow, Marco had been thrown out instead of Zen.

"Ha-ha..."

Elvinia, who was sitting in the front, flashed a rare smile. She didn't try to stop the fight, but looked at Zen with interest.

The rest remained silent.

When Zen started to move, they all understood that he was not as simple as he looked.

Zen had only reached the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm, but the Other Shore Token he had fused with must be extraordinary. The power that he had just released was obviously far beyond Marco's.

However, the power of a warrior at the Other Shore Realm not only depended on their brute strength, but also the theurgies they had cultivated and all the unique and strange abilities of their Other Shore Tokens.

Marco had underestimated Zen greatly and paid the price for it.

He would usually seek revenge for much less than this, and there was no chance he would let Zen get away with this.

This conflict between the two had nothing to do with most disciples present. So even the disciples from the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect of the Oneness Mountain were taking pleasure in Zen's misfortune.

Konnor and Mekhi were very anxious. 'Zen is much too fearless, ' they thought.

But Marco had gone too far, and they couldn't blame Zen.

"Mekhi, you must help me later." It seemed that Konnor had come to a big decision.

Mekhi nodded and stood beside Konnor stoutly. They would not let Marco bully Zen.

At the same time, Jermain Song stood in front of Dorothy and Zen. Dorothy was the granddaughter of the Origin Mountain's head, so he would naturally do all he could to protect her.

"Don't be afraid of him. Our Origin Mountain is no pushover," Dorothy said, comforting Zen.

Zen didn't know whether to laugh or cry on seeing how much she cared about him. He then said, "Everyone, I am grateful for your kindness. Marco's target is me and me alone. I will deal with him on my own. You need not confront him."

With that, he walked past Konnor and Jermain Song and stood in the open space in the hall.

"Zen..."

Dorothy's eyes were slightly red. She saw Zen as too confident in himself. Marco was a direct descendant of the Vastness Mountain's head, and his talent and strength were both incredibly formidable. He was a tough opponent that could not be underestimated.

But Zen was confident and felt he did not need any protection. Dorothy didn't dare to force him. She knew there was no changing his mind now.

Many people shook their heads when they saw that Zen intended to face Marco alone.

"Marco was careless; that's the only reason he was caught off guard and thrown out."

"Does this bloke really think he has the ability to stand up to Marco?"

"If Marco takes this seriously, this guy will pay with his life."

Before long, a horrifying aura emerged from outside the building.

Marco appeared at the gate. He was covered in dust and rubble, looking a real mess. But the expression in his eyes was sharp and murderous and filled with fury.

He was thrown out by a nobody in public.

As the son of the leader of the Vastness Mountain, he was humiliated. This could not stand.

Swoosh!

With a crisp sound, Marco drew his sword.

The green sword shone coldly. Three dots of light began floating out of his head like ghosts. They circled gently several times, like little butterflies, before landing and merging into his sword.

Chapter 3168 Inside The Mountain

"That Other Shore Token... It appears to be a mysterious type, Spirits Trinity! "

"Isn't Marco's Other Shore Token that blood hand?"

"He accidentally obtained this Other Shore Token in the Seclusion Temple last year!"

Among all the Other Shore Tokens, the mysterious type was the most special.

Many Other Shore Tokens of the mysterious type possessed incredible abilities. If used properly, they'd be pretty much invincible!

Zen acted swiftly when seeing Marco's three-colored long sword. He waved his hand and grasped Snow Sword at once, ready for anything.

The Other Shore contained thirty-three stages, and was divided into three different worlds. Both of them belonged to the first world, the Lust World.

Marco had entered the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm, but Zen had fused with an Other Shore Token from Stage Thirteen. Zen's soul was not as strong as Marco's, but he still stood a chance here.

Moreover, Zen had his own trump card.

As the fierce battle brewed, no one else present wanted to stop them.

Those on Marco's side hoped that Marco would strike Zen down with a single blow. None of the bystanders wanted to pass up this opportunity for a good show.

Zen had insisted to Dorothy and those from the Flow Sword Sect that this was his battle alone, so they would not get in the way.

"Sizzle..."

Marco gently lifted his three-colored long sword and three colored shadows formed a strange pattern. Just as he was about to launch an attack, a thread suddenly came from behind him.

It lightly wrapped itself around the three-colored long sword, dimming the sword radiance in an instant. It had come from a young woman with a ponytail.

She was accompanied by a few others as well.

"The Seven Mountains Meeting is supposed to be a joyous occasion. It is not appropriate to fight here." The young woman waved her hand calmly, and dragged by the thread, Marco's long sword flew from his hand and into hers with ease.

At the same time, Zen felt himself losing control of his own hand and soon Snow Sword flew from his hand to hers too.

The young woman walked up to Marco, clasping the sword hilt and tip of the blade in her palms. She handed the long sword to Marco and warned him, "If you want to fight, you should wait until the end of the Seven Mountains Meeting."

She then strolled to Zen and passed Snow Sword to him, only glancing at him before leading the others up the high platform of the hall.

Marco was still clearly enraged but subdued himself to a look of contempt at Zen and nothing more. Zen maintained a poker face as he returned to his seat.

Konnor and the other elite disciples of the Flow Sword Sect let out a deep sigh of relief.

"Who are these people?" Zen asked.

Apparently, the woman with a ponytail and her companions were much stronger than anyone else present. Even Marco dared not act rashly in front of them.

"She is from the Land of Sword Grief, and her name is Tacy," Dorothy replied.

"Land of Sword Grief?" Zen blinked with surprise, feeling that the aura emitted by this woman was similar to that of the female demons in Divine Lair. "Is it similar to the Divine Lair of the Sun Crow race?" he asked.

"Yes." Dorothy nodded. "If we break through the Lust World and get to the Desire World, we would also qualify to join the Land of Sword Grief."

In addition to the Divine Lair, the Sky Guard Pavilion of the Bearing race was also like the Land of Sword Grief. The structure of various big races seemed to be alike.

The woman named Tacy was now on the stage and said, "I assume you have heard of the rewards of the Seven Mountains Meeting."

The direct descendants of each mountain didn't respond. They didn't care much for the rewards. They attended the Seven Mountains Meeting to win honor for their mountains.

However, the disciples of the swords sects responded with excitement bubbling within them.

Tacy nodded and said, "As usual, we will begin after a meal."

After a few more words, Tacy got off the high platform. Those from the Land of Sword Grief all sat down by the table. All kinds of delicious food and fine wine imaginable were then served. The maids fluttered through the hall like butterflies dressed in flowers. People were busy getting acquainted and chatting away with each other in a scene of gaiety.

Still, the atmosphere grew increasingly tense as the meal went on.

"This time, I hope you Azure Mountain will behave well. Ha-ha-ha..."

"Humph! The Killing Sword Sect will be the champion!"

"……"

In the heated atmosphere, Marco still wore a stone cold face.

The elites of the Vast Heaven Sword Sect from Vastness Mountain one by one proposed toasts to Marco.

"Marco, be rest assured. Milo of the Flow Sword Sect hasn't come. There will be plenty of chances this time!"

"I will avenge you!"

"Avenge? Could that be called revenge? You are as insignificant as ants... You underestimate Marco."

If Zen belonged to the Origin Mountain, those from the Bright Mountain and the Vastness Mountain would have some scruples, as all the sword sects on mountains had their mountains' direct descendants here.

Elvinia belonged to the Oneness Mountain, but the Oneness Mountain owned three large sword sects, so she wouldn't be partial to anyone.

"I don't need your help," said Marco, raising the glass of wine and gulping it down swiftly. "I will do it myself!"

"That's great! I've been looking forward to witnessing your strength! "

"……"

The elite disciples of the Vast Heaven Sword Sect raced to flatter Marco as much as they could.

Once the meal was over, they all left the tables.

Tacy and others from the Land of Sword Grief led the crowd through the great hall and into the spiral aisle behind it.

The corridor extended downward, far beyond what Zen thought was possible. There seemed to be quite a huge construction built in the mountain.

"Konnor, you said that the Seven Mountains Meeting is not a battle ring, but a game carefully designed. Did they build all this for this game?" Zen asked, astounded by the work that had been put in.

Before Konnor could reply, Dorothy answered, "Of course not. This mountain was once a training place of the Oneness Sky Palace. They re-purposed it once it was abandoned."

The senior leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace had taken advantage of the situation, rearranging the magic array, setting up the rules and taking measures to improve it.

After a five-minute walk down, Zen left the corridor and stepped into a massive cave over ten thousand feet high. In the middle, there stood a mountain around five to six thousand feet high.

It didn't look as though this mountain had been formed naturally because its surface shone with a metallic luster. No one knew what it had been used for.

"Everyone to the position of your sword sect," Tacy ordered.

As a descendant of the direct line of Origin Mountain, Dorothy could not stay with Zen. She said goodbye and went to the right with Jermain and the others.

There were a dozen huge stones of similar size at the bottom of the cave.

Zen, led by Konnor, climbed up one on the right as the elite disciples of other mountains climbed up their own huge stones.

Chapter 3169 Rules Of The Game

Zen ran his eyes like daggers scouting the place while standing on the smooth giant stone. There were a total of ten giant stones, and on each, there were twenty people perched atop.

Six stones were occupied by disciples from Origin Mountain, Vastness Mountain, and the other four mountains respectively.

Each of three sword sects of the Oneness Mountain possessed a stone, and the disciples led by Elvinia took up the tenth stone.

It was the first time for Zen and Imran to participate in the Seven Mountains Meeting amongst the twenty people from the Flow Sword Sect.

As they took their time to adjust to the situation, Konnor turned towards both of them and said, "Have you two been proficient in employing the Other Shore Power?"

"I'd say I'm decent with it," Imran answered in all seriousness.

"You don't have to worry, I have too," Zen said as he nodded in response.

Of course, a person who was able to be recognized as an elite disciple by the Flow Sword Sect was by no means ordinary.

"This stone we're standing on is very heavy. We have to work together to use a hundred divine megatons of force to lift it up later. At that time, it will depend on everyone's efforts." Konnor briefed them on what they had to do.

"Wait, what? We have to lift it up?" Imran blinked aggressively and stared at Konnor in shock.

They had to use a hundred divine megatons of force to lift the stone up!

Going under it to raise it up together would be no problem, but how could they lift it while standing on top of it, knowing the surface was smooth?

"Okay, here's the plan. All of us need to work together to fix ourselves on the stone and then ascend in the air with all our might." Konnor paused for a moment to process it in his thoughts, and then he added, "It would be better if you have cultivated the Might Godly Way. In that case, you can easily control your strength."

"The Might Godly Way..." Zen blinked with curious eyes while listening to the briefing. "Why do we have to lift this stone up?"

Hearing Zen's question, Konnor pointed to the small metal mountain in the distance and said, "The rule is actually very simple. Do you see the top of that mountain?"

Zen and Imran glanced in the direction of Konnor's hand in unison. There were three small plates on the top of the metal mountain. Each of them differed in heights.

"We have to put this stone on the top place to win first plate. If we place it on the second plate, we'll end up in second place, and the same goes for the third one." Explaining the rules made Konnor remember the events of the last time they competed. He chuckled and said, "Three years ago, Milo just entered the Other Shore Realm. His strength was quite weak, but he managed to turn the tables on his own. He took the stone and put it on the first plate!"

Zen blinked his eyes and asked, "Then let's pull this stone and compete with them to see which stone reaches the top of the mountain first. Will that help us win the first place?"

"No, you've got it all wrong." Konnor shook his head and glanced at Zen. "The mountain is divided into three layers. First, we'll have to take this stone and rush to the first layer to get a weight rune. Then the weight of the stone will double; this is where it gets hard. After we climb to the second layer and get the second weight rune, we can rush to the top of the mountain."

"Okay, I get it now." Zen gave him an acknowledging nod.

This was like a dragon boat race, in which people of the same team worked together to reach all three destinations. The first group that reached the final destination would be granted as the victor.

However, the road to win wasn't easy. Throughout their conquest to victory, the disciples from other mountains would attack them to hinder their progress.

"This seems to be a contest of pure strength. But Konnor, you said that the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent would determine the results of the game. Why would you say that?" Zen furrowed his brows in confusion.

After all, the reason why Konnor had invited Zen to participate in the Seven Mountains Meeting was that he had heard that Zen was capable of Instant Enlightenment. But after learning the rules of the game, Zen found this game had nothing to do with the Instant Enlightenment or the Truth of Godly Way.

At his concerns, Konnor smiled warmly and responded, "Zen, have you heard of the Imperial Sword Seal?"

Athemar's Imperial Sword Seal was quite famous, as it proved useful on many different occasions.

In terms of strength, Athemar was not the strongest among the Oneness Governors. But the ability of his Other Shore Token alone was capable of raising the entire power of the Oneness Sky Palace to a higher level!

For instance, the Grand River Fortress in the Mountain Viewing Province was deemed impregnable. Not only did it depend on the powerful sword array, but also on the several Lofty Swords placed by Athemar.

When an Imperial Sword Seal was applied on a sword, two conditions determined the overall strength and its effects: the grade of the sword itself and the Truth of Godly Way released by the sword's owner.

Therefore, the sword's owner could cause severe damage despite not being strong.

The Truth Competition of the Sword Light Palace actually had a different use of the Imperial Sword Seal. Unfortunately, the Sword Light Palace was unqualified to wield an Imperial Sword Seal. Thus, the palace had to make do with the Lofty Sword instead.

"Of course I have," Zen said as he grinned in response.

After all, he possessed an Imperial Sword Seal that was personally crafted by Athemar himself.

"There is something similar to the Imperial Sword Seal on the stone. If you don't want this stone to become a burden, you will need to use it properly. You'll understand it soon enough," Konnor said as he patted Zen on the shoulder.

At this moment, Tacy and the people from the Land of Sword Grief flew in the sky to assume their positions. They made their way to the top of the mountain. Suddenly, Tacy's voice echoed in the vast cave, and resonated in everyone's ears. "Although it's not the first time you all are participating in this game, I still need to make some rules clear. The first one is that the stones under your feet are not allowed to touch the ground once you've lifted them up. The second is that you can only use the stones under your feet to dash against the others'. You are not allowed to attack one another by using your theurgies. If anyone of you breaks any of the rules, you will be eliminated immediately."

After briefing everyone about the rules, she waved her hand in the air gently.

At this gesture, tiny threads began to spring out from her fingertips and spread in all directions.

On the surface of the small metal mountain in the cave, many intricate patterns further divided the mountain into three layers. In the first and second layers, there were three floating arrays respectively.

At the same time, circular patterns appeared on the surfaces of the stones under the disciples' feet. Three runes appeared on each of the ten stones.

Konnor went ahead and positioned himself on one of the runes. Then he turned to face his companions and said, "Everyone, stay alert! The game has started. Let's work together and win this!"

The rune he was standing on functioned as the navigator of the giant stone.

At his command, Zen, Imran, and the other people of the Flow Sword Sect all drew out the Other Shore Power and firmly rooted themselves onto the giant stone.

It proved difficult to lift it up at first even with the combined strength of all the disciples.

"Phew!"

The giant stone slowly lifted itself up in the air responding to the combined efforts of the crowd.

Then, Konnor focused and released the truth aura from his body. The truth aura spread around the stone under his feet and formed a connection with it. Suddenly, the stone turned around and was about to rush towards the metal mountain in the middle of the cave.

Their primary goal was to get the weight rune in the floating array in the first layer. Konnor had planned this all in his head to stay one step ahead of the others.

However, just as he started to move the stone, he heard a burst of loud laughter coming from the left. One of the voices referred to them in a provoking tone, "Konnor, do you honestly think you could just rush over like that? Don't you think you're being a bit naive?"

The blunt voice belonged to Hare Sang of the Killing Sword Sect.

Three years ago, as soon as the stone of the Killing Sword Sect had obtained the first weight rune, Milo's stone had dashed against theirs, and Hare Sang had fallen to the ground with his men. He had been biding his time since then for this opportunity to avenge himself!

As soon as the game began, Hare Sang, who was leading the members of Killing Sword Sect, drove their stone to rush towards Konnor. They wanted to eliminate the Flow Sword Sect now to get even with them.

Chapter 3170 Besieged

Konnor saw the Killing Sword Sect disciples approaching fast and fierce, and his face changed. "Everyone, stand firm!" he ordered.

He stamped his foot gently and the giant stone under his feet rolled abruptly. The bottom of the stone pointed at the stone of the Killing Sword Sect.

The two huge stones slammed into each other, crashing together in a crisp clatter.

The Flow Sword Sect's stone began to fall upon being hit.

They were plummeting down, everyone's head facing the ground. If they didn't do anything, they would not only be eliminated but also get seriously injured.

It was certainly no picnic being smashed by a stone that contained a hundred divine megatons of force.

Konnor bit down hard and released the truth aura once more.

The giant stone was only about five feet from the ground, everyone's head only half a foot away from crashing into the ground. They all flinched to protect their heads from being crushed like watermelons.

"Rise!"

Konnor bellowed.

The stone turned back over, the bottom almost touching the ground itself!

"Whoa, that was really close!"

"We were almost knocked out just then!"

Everyone heaved a deep sigh of relief.

It would have been a shame to have been eliminated right at the start of the game.

Zen stood on the stone with a calm expression.

Now that he was participating in the Seven Mountains Meeting, he was determined to obtain the premium Other Shore Treasure forged by the Shade Stone. He would have to compete for first place to obtain this prize.

The beginning of the competition was filled with danger, and Zen was a little anxious at the start.

After all, it was the first time that he had attended the game. Konnor was much more experienced, so Zen had to let him control the stone.

The Flow Sword Sect was not the only one engaging in a fight with another sect.

Bang!

Clap!

Boom!

The collisions of the stones echoed like rolling thunder throughout the cave.

No matter who rushed toward the metal mountain, they could be certain there were other sects' stones to block their way. Even the stone Elvinia stood on was challenged by another sect.

However, the competition had just begun and everyone was still showing a fair bit of restraint.

As the collisions continued, the giant stones that were originally scattered around the cave were now coming closer and closer to the metal mountain and to each other. Naturally, the tension only thickened.

Whoosh!

Hare from the Killing Sword Sect had almost succeeded in eliminating the Flow Sword Sect just now. He had a look of triumph spread across his face, very pleased with himself.

"Ha-ha! Without Milo, do all members of the Flow Sword Sect become losers? In that case, there's no need to struggle. Just give in and quit now!" Hare yelled, laughing heartily.

The elite members of the Killing Sword Sect released their Other Shore Power again. Their giant stone accelerated towards the Flow Sword Sect's stone from behind once more.

Seeing this giant stone was about to bash into them again, Konnor snorted in annoyance. With a slight twist, the rear of their giant stone was now aimed at the Killing Sword Sect's.

Bang!

When they were hit by the Killing Sword Sect's stone, Konnor held on tight to control their direction, so after the blow, the Flow Sword Sect's stone sped up and dashed forward.

He was experienced in this game; that was for sure. Not only had Hare not managed to eliminate them, but he had also helped them close a large gap to the metal mountain. Konnor had done very well indeed.

However, when Hare saw what had taken place, he still had a smile on his face and said loudly, "Kearney, I'll leave them to you!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Zen looked around and promptly yelled, "Konnor, look out! On the right!"

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The giant stone of the Unique Array Sword Sect flew at them from the right.

The rule of the game was to fight alone, but it didn't mean that one was not allowed to join hands with another. But even if a few sects united, at the end, there would be only one winner.

As the champion of the last Seven Mountains Meeting, naturally the Flow Sword Sect attracted the most attention from everyone else. They were being singled out as the one to beat.

The man controlling the Unique Array Sword Sect's stone was called Kearney Zuo.

Konnor's worry ramped up again when he saw the Unique Array Sword Sect's stone charging at them. He knew something had to be done and so he turned and shouted, "Mekhi!"

Mekhi walked into the second rune on the stone and released his Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, just as Konnor had done before.

Buzz!

The rune beneath his feet gave off a purple light and the stone began to shudder wildly. In an instant, their speed was doubled and they sped out, avoiding collision with the Unique Array Sword Sect's stone.

'The first rune is to control the direction of the stone, and the second is to accelerate it. I wonder what the third is used for, ' Zen wondered as he watched in silence.

Within seconds, the stone had slowed back down again.

Just as the disaster was averted, another deafening bang rang out not far away.

Zen turned his head to see the Bright Mountain's stone crashing to the ground. Everyone on the stone was thrown off, and their bodies quickly stabilized. No one was injured, but everyone was glum and upset.

The Bright Mountain disciples were the first ones out of the game.

And it was none other than Elvinia who had eliminated them.

She sat on the rune of the stone and looked down at the embarrassed Bright Mountain disciples. Her face was stony and unrelenting. It was terrifying but garnered respect.

She then turned her head slightly and happened to catch Zen's gaze. Her beautiful eyes blinked once before moving on. The stone beneath her floated in a nimble charge towards the metal mountain.

Her performance was far beyond expectations. No one dared to cross her path, not for now at least.

As she approached the edge of the first layer of the metal mountain, the weight rune slowly gathered on the stone. It took some time to get the weight rune.

Just then, a voice spoke from behind her. "I'm sorry, Your Highness!"

Bang!

The stone that collided with Elvinia's belonged to the Ivory Mountain. They had foiled her efforts to retrieve the first weight rune.

After receiving the first weight rune, one was able to reach the second layer of the metal mountain, and from there, it wasn't far to the final goal. Everyone hoped to be on top, so stopping others was all part of the game plan.

"Let's move forward too!"

At Konnor's command, the stone circled in the air in an odd angle around the metal mountain. Suddenly, the stones of the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect came from either side at the same time.

Just as Konnor was about to hurry Mekhi to speed up again, a third stone appeared in front of them. It was Marco of the Vastness Mountain who stood at the front of the stone, proud and menacing.

Marco had failed to drive Zen out of the game, and for this, he had declared the Flow Sword Sect his number one enemy.

The disciples' spirits sank as they realized the situation they were in.

They had expected to be targeted for sure, and were prepared for it too, but they were not expecting to be attacked by so many sects all at once. It seemed no one would rest until the Flow Sword Sect disciples were out of the competition.

"Konnor, do you need my help?" Zen asked, his voice brimming with courage and determination.

"No, not yet. I can handle it for now," Konnor answered, concentrating on dealing with the crisis at hand.

They hadn't reached the white-hot phase yet. Zen was the Flow Sword Sect's secret weapon. If they let him fight now, it would only cost them more in the later stages.

Chapter 3171 The Most Critical Moment

Konnor had overestimated himself and underestimated the other sects' determination to target Flow Sword Sect.

The giant stones of the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect had suddenly begun to accelerate. Their third runes were already occupied. The moment they released the Truth of Godly Way, enchanted barriers emerged from the surfaces of the two giant stones and wrapped them within.

The Seven Mountains Meeting was not a competition between the sects of Oneness Sky Palace. It was in fact a big event.

The three runes on the giant stones had three functions: to control, speed up, and cast an enchanted barrier. This was meant to prevent the disciples from fighting each other as much as possible.

Now that these two stones were on either side of them, trying to intercept their way, Mekhi couldn't accelerate as required.

"Jax!"

Konnor called out desperately.

Jax Gong stepped on the third rune, and the moment he released the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, the enchanted barrier on the giant stone began to glow.

Judging from the thickness of the enchanted barrier, Jax Gong's compatibility with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was nothing compared to that of the disciples from the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect. But he had no other choice now.

The moment the enchanted barrier formed, the two giant stones on either side of them collided with the giant stone of the Flow Sword Sect.

The three stones were well protected by enchanted barriers, which reduced the impact of the collision so it wasn't too destructive.

Having been squeezed on both sides, the enchanted barrier was now stuck in the middle and couldn't move. Konnor's efforts to break away were in vain.

Moments later, the giant stone of the Vastness Mountain that Marco was operating shot towards them.

It flew up some distance and then came crashing down. It looked like it was about to knock the Flow Sword Sect's giant stone to the ground.

"Quit, you idiots!" Marco said tauntingly.

He looked down at the people of the Flow Sword Sect, his eyes finally landing on Zen. At Zen's clenched fists, his eyes filled with mocking.

'You have no idea what I'm capable of, ' he thought.

The impact of the collision was terrifying.

The moment he brought the giant stone of the Vastness Mountain crashing against that of the Flow Sword Sect, the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect moved away.

The giant stone of the Flow Sword Sect spun in midair and came crashing down like a shooting star.

"Aaaaaah!"

Imran and the other disciples shrieked as they were thrown off the giant stone.

Close by, Dorothy was also competing against the giant stones of the other sects. She was responsible for the accelerating rune and Jermain piloted the stone of the Origin Mountain.

Since Dorothy had the time to observe what was going on, the sight of the Flow Sword Sect on the brink of elimination filled her with anxiety. 'This is bad, ' she thought.

Many looked on in horror as they watched the Flow Sword Sect's giant stone fall.

On the top of the cave was a hollow, in which a stone bench and a small stove sat.

Tea brewed in a utensil atop the stove.

Four people sat on the stone bench. Athemar, Goran, Winchell, and an energetic old man.

The old man was the one who Zen had seen distributing flags in Dragon City. His appearance hadn't changed much, but his aura was different from before.

"Athemar, you have been too confident. The last time the Flow Sword Sect ranked first in this event, but this time, every sect is targeting them. I don't see a chance for the sect to win. They can't even go up to the second layer of the metal mountain," Winchell laughed.

Athemar smiled helplessly as he shook his head. "Konnor is too cautious. If he had let Zen help him from the beginning, the situation might have been very different."

But Goran did not agree with him. "Zen wouldn't have been able to make a difference. The disciples from the other mountains are also strong this time. He is not the only one who has the ability of Instant Enlightenment."

The rewards of the Seven Mountains Meeting were so rich this time that even those like Elvinia, who hadn't taken part in the past years, had signed up for it. The other mountains also had some secluded talents, which meant that this year's event was obviously much more difficult than the previous one.

Everyone had begun to think that the Flow Sword Sect was about to be kicked out when Konnor's aura suddenly glowed fiercely.

He sprang off the stone into a perfect somersault and came to land gracefully on the ground.

The rules dictated that the moment his feet left the stone, he couldn't return to it.

But he had to do something for his sect.

The moment he landed on the ground, a huge hand made of black stone appeared over his head.

It was a descending type of Other Shore Token, called the Diabolic Sun-grasping Hand.

The Diabolic Sun-grasping Hand was a very rare Other Shore Token belonging to Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore. It was of the descending type, but had a terrifying power that could reach up to four hundred divine megatons.

It could also be used as a magic weapon.

"Diabolic Sun-grasping Hand! Go!"

Among the elite disciples, Konnor's talent was known to be only slightly above average. But he was number one, aside from Milo, among the disciples of the Flow Sword Sect.

He surpassed Milo in terms of appeal force, mainly because of the Other Shore Token he owned.

The Diabolic Sun-grasping Hand turned into a huge fist and hit the falling stone.

The huge stone shook at the impact, throwing ten more people off of it.

The stone changed direction and began to fly sideways.

Konnor had tried his best and since he was now out of the race, all he could do was watch. He said, "We're counting on you now, Zen."

Everyone was surprised at Konnor's actions.

"Konnor is quite tough and stubborn!"

"His Other Shore Token has great potential and can be further developed. It can be of huge help if fully used!"

"But there's no use, him struggling like this. His sect has only seven people left on the stone. They can't make such a giant stone move in the air, right?"

The crowd began to panic when the giant stone tilted in the air.

It was losing direction, without Konnor's control.

Even though everyone had gone all out to bring it back on track, the stone kept swaying to its side.

"You are so stubborn! Let me give you a ride to hell!"

Marco controlled the giant stone of his sect, bringing it smashing down on the Flow Sword Sect's stone again with a menacing momentum.

The Flow Sword Sect's stone would probably fall down even without the influence of any external force. Marco's attack would only make the fall quicker.

Zen waved a hand.

The invisible force turned into two chains, circling around him, and then enveloping the entirety of the giant stone.

This was the advantage of being proficient in the Might Godly Way. Zen was now fixed on the giant stone.

He slid on the stone until he came to the control rune, where Konnor had been.

He activated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent and the Strength God Totem, releasing both the powerful Other Shore Power and the truth aura.

"Rise!"

Zen commanded.

Chapter 3172 Surrounded

Before they could fathom what was going on, Marco had come dangerously close to the stone of the Flow Sword Sect.

At this moment, Zen was maneuvering the boulder with finesse. However, when the gaze of the onlookers fell on Marco charging fiercely at them, they doubted Zen would be able to dodge such an attack.

They expected Zen to be out of the competition once Marco's stone made contact with theirs, judging by his aggression and the height Zen was at with his boulder.

Additionally, only seven disciples remained on the Flow Sword Sect's stone. Their combined strength was already insufficient to pull it up, not to mention they had to bear the attack of an approaching stone.

However, under the watchful gazes of the exceedingly anxious spectators, the giant boulder of the Flow Sword Sect suddenly changed its course.

The flexibility with which it maneuvered its way away from Marco's attack was far beyond anyone's conjecture.

Swish!

Swiftly, Zen had controlled his giant stone to ascend above Marco's boulder. It rolled over as it escaped from harm's way.

The two stones grazed against each other, and the shrieking noise caused by the friction reverberated in everyone's ears.

Since he planned on going above Marco, it was evident Zen didn't intend on just evading, he wanted to counterattack.

Now that Marco's boulder was underneath Zen's, it was the perfect opportunity.

"Now! Go down!"

Zen pointed towards Marco's stone and yelled to command the giant boulder. He focused his energy and unleashed the Strength God Totem once more.

As the Other Shore Power erupted below his feet, Zen's stone crashed down on to Marco's like a comet freefalling from space.

Already on the verge of falling from attempting to attack Zen, Marco's boulder accelerated further down after Zen's action to tackle him head-on!

Before his giant stone could touch the ground and eliminate him from the competition, Marco turned to one of his companions and shouted, "Jabril! Speed up!"

The giant boulder of the Vastness Mountain suddenly rushed away from Zen's crushing stone and shot up with a strong force. In their attempt to escape the fierce attack, four disciples of the Vastness Mountain fell off their positions and were eliminated.

So close to being out of the competition made Marco break out in a cold sweat as he composed himself.

"Awesome move, Zen!"

Dorothy clapped her hands subconsciously after witnessing the fierce battle of the two from afar.

Like everyone else, Dorothy was sure Zen was screwed when Marco was preparing to launch his attack. She felt proud as he maneuvered himself out of it and turned the tables the other way around.

"Dorothy..."

Jermain feebly reminded her to stay focused as he operated the giant stone of Origin Mountain.

After all, Dorothy was the direct descendant of Origin Mountain, and Zen was her opponent in this competition. Her concern for him would affect the morale and performance of their mountain.

'Unbelievable, Zen is as agile as Milo was three years ago, ' Konnor thought to himself as he watched the air battle with his mouth agape.

His gaze followed Zen's movements like daggers. The eyes that reflected darkness a while ago now shone bright with hope.

He had tried to push the stone back as an act of desperation. Never would he have thought Zen could maneuver his way out of that mess. He applauded Zen's quick thinking in his head.

Now, he regretted not putting his faith in Zen. If he had realized his abilities before, he would have let him operate the boulder from the very beginning.

Meanwhile, at the top of the mountain, there lay a hollow opening where Athemar sat leisurely watching the entire competition while sipping his tea. As he brought the cup to his lips to take a sip, a satisfying smile etched across his face. "As I expected, Zen wouldn't let anyone down."

"Even though he got lucky in evading Marco's attempted smash, he won't be able to win against him. There are only seven people left on the Flow Sword Sect's stone, and it's not enough to control the giant stone. Last year, when Milo led the Flow Sword Sect to get the top ranking, he had fifteen people on the giant stone who were assisting him," Goran said while peering over and rubbing his chin with his fingers.

Goran had spectated last year's Seven Mountains Meeting. Milo's memorable performance was still fresh in his mind.

In terms of his understanding of the Truth of Godly Way, Zen was at the same level as Milo. However, he was not the only disciple that was capable of Instant Enlightenment.

As time went on, the battle between the two mountains heated up.

Bright Mountain was the first to get kicked out of the game. Then Elvinia successfully smashed into Golden Mountain's boulder, and watched them hit the ground.

Although other sword sects were still in the game, many people still fell off due to the collisions between their stones with the others.

When the sword sects began to make their way towards the first weight rune, the competition became more fierce. There were constant violent collisions near the metal mountain, and from time to time, someone would be thrown off the giant stones.

Soon after, Elvinia was successful in obtaining the weight rune on the first layer with an absolute suppressive force. Followed closely behind by Origin Mountain.

Upon possessing the weight rune, the pressure of the giant stone under their feet suddenly doubled. Adjusting to their new situation, they had to lift the boulder up by inserting in more effort. Moreover, the giant stone now flew more slowly than before.

After obtaining the first weight rune, the disciples of each mountain had to make their way to the second layer of the metal mountain. Once they reached there and successfully got the second weight rune, they could advance to the top. It so happened that the second layer was much closer to the top of the mountain.

Neither Elvinia nor Jermain would let either side take the lead, and they would go head to head on the second layer to stop one another from reaching the top rank.

Although Marco was almost eliminated, he got back to the previous state after dissolving the crisis and followed closely behind Zen for another chance to throw him off.

In an attempt to ditch Marco, Zen changed his course of direction and circled the stone wall of the cave. But Marco showed no hints of letting up. He persistently followed him at every turn he took.

"Gain some speed and get rid of that guy," Zen ordered Mekhi while glancing back at Marco, who was still in pursuit.

Upon hearing Zen's command, Mekhi got in position and released the Truth of Godly Way once more.

The stone quickly accelerated to lose Marco, but they were taken by surprise when Killing Sword Sect's and Unique Array Sect's giant boulders appeared right in front of them.

These two sects worked together from the very beginning. They had secretly reached an agreement that if any of them managed to win, they would split the prize in half among themselves.

They didn't dare go near Elvinia or the Origin Mountain because they knew they were no match for them and would be instantly thrown off. Therefore, they worked together to get rid of the other sword sects.

"I can't believe that the Flow Sword Sect has made it this far!" one of the disciples of the Killing Sword Sect hissed and made a mocking gesture.

Before they could process their next move, the two giant stones rushed towards Zen's boulder a second time.

The old situation had repeated itself.

The Flow Sword Sect was sandwiched between Marco approaching them from behind and the two sword sects attacking from the front. They were cornered.

"What should we do now, Zen?" a helpless Mekhi called out to Zen anxiously.

Konnor wasn't with them to guide them on what to do next, and they were about to be squished between three giant stones coming from all sides. Mekhi's knees began to tremble.

Judging the circumstances, Zen gestured Mekhi to move with a frown. "Mekhi, get out of the way. Let me deal with this!"

All the elite disciples respected Konnor and trusted him to keep them out of harm's way. Since he left, they all relied on Zen with the same amount of faith. Upon hearing Zen's orders, Mekhi nodded and obediently moved away.

Swiftly, Zen placed one foot on the controlling rune and the other on the speed-up rune.

It wasn't easy for him to turn the tables around by evading three attacks simultaneously at once alone.

However, Zen remembered the time when Konnor had mentioned the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent would help him a lot during this competition.

The higher level of understanding of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, the easier it would get to control a giant stone. That was why the enchanted barrier of Vastness Mountain was thicker than that of the Flow Sword Sect.

Jax from the Flow Sword Sect was weak when it came to the understanding of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, which affected the strength of their enchanted barrier.

But Zen was a much stronger warrior than Jax. He had the capability of Instant Enlightenment. Thus, he faced no trouble operating the controlling rune. It explained how their stone was much more flexible in terms of maneuvering compared to the others.

Since the three runes on the boulder were similar to the Imperial Sword Seal, was it possible for them to absorb the latter part of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent?

After all, those two Sanskrit words were linked to the previous ones. Zen had grasped more than a hundred words of the translation, but since he couldn't control the white energy cyclone, he had never tried to understand the rest using the Imperial Sword Seal.

Once he had processed all the possibilities in his mind, it was time to execute them. He began to unleash the truth aura again while reciting the follow-up of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

In response to his recitation, the cyclone made out of white energy spiraled violently in his mind again.

Chapter 3173 Power Beyond Imagination

Surrounded by three other sects' stones, the Flow Sword Sect knew they were in grave danger of being knocked out soon.

Dorothy's eyes darted from the helpless disciples to the giant rock Elvinia was controlling as she watched on her own. She sighed in frustration, knowing she couldn't do anything to help.

If Elvinia weren't there, she might have been able to persuade Jermain to help the Flow Sword Sect out. But Elvinia was aggressively attacking their rock; those from the Origin Mountain had been too preoccupied.

Among the chaos, Dorothy still focused most of her attention on Zen.

She felt a small surge of hope as she recalled how Zen had miraculously managed to solve the Flow Sword Sect's crisis some moments earlier. 'Perhaps the situation isn't so bad?' she thought to herself.

On the other side, Zen had recited over ten words and a cyclone had appeared in his mind.

He was standing on top of the two runes, continuously emanating his truth aura.

The cyclone began to swirl more violently as it started to change his truth aura.

Buzz!

The controlling rune beneath his left foot and the accelerating rune beneath his right began to shine a bright yellow light. Suddenly, the patterns on the rock glowed the same bright yellow.

"This is..."

Zen whispered, slightly surprised.

When he first set foot on the controlling rune, he had noticed that it was almost the same as the Imperial Sword Seal. As long as he released his truth aura, the rune would absorb it all.

When he had summoned the cyclone, the two runes he stood upon suddenly began to absorb the truth aura more quickly!

On top of the cave, Athemar suddenly stood up urgently from his seat when he saw what Zen was doing — he barely even flinched when he knocked over a cup of hot tea. He trained his eyes on the runes beneath Zen's feet.

Goran, Winchell and the old man responsible for distributing the flags were surprised at his reaction. Following Athemar's gaze, they too noticed the strange bright yellow light emanating from Zen's runes and the big rock.

The weight runes and the rules were designed by Goran. As for the three runes on the giant rocks, they were made by Athemar himself.

This game was not one to test combat skills or mere strength — otherwise, it might as well have been a martial arts contest. This was a game of teamwork. They were testing the camaraderie among these elite disciples.

The three runes set by Athemar were actually variants of the Imperial Sword Seal. They were meant to bring the elite disciples' strength up to the same level.

Of course, the disciples capable of Instant Enlightenment still had a great advantage over the others.

But at this moment, Athemar suddenly sensed something strange through the Imperial Sword Seal!

"What happened, Athemar?" the old man asked, curious as to why Athemar was acting strangely.

With an incredulous look on his face, Athemar stared at Zen. "Zen's Truth of Eternal Sword Intent..." he said slowly, "Something is wrong with it!"

"Something is wrong? Are you sure?" the old man asked with a calm smile.

All the swordsmen in this world cultivated the same Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

No matter they were in the chaos or in the Source World, they all had the exactly same version.

Even the best supreme swordsmanship manuals might have some flaws in them. However, the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent could never have anything "wrong", and nor would any other Truth of Godly Way.

The Truths of Godly Ways were known to be the established ways to wield strength. Everyone had to learn them step by step; there was never a shortcut.

That was why Goran and the rest were confused with Athemar's words.

Before they could discuss any further, the huge rock that Zen was standing upon suddenly began to float upwards.

Due to the weight of the huge rocks, even if the disciples were able to work in unison, it would still be considerably difficult to control them.

And yet, Zen was able to control this giant rock with ease — as though it were as light as a feather!

As the giant rock floated higher and higher, the disciples of the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect all paused to watch it in shock. Time seemed to slow down. One question hung in the air: how did he do it?

Before they could even begin to try to figure it out, the giant rock that was hovering above them suddenly plummeted towards their rocks.

Bang! Bang!

The sheer weight of the massive rock, coupled with its momentum as it shot down from the sky caused the earth to tremor upon impact.

The Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect had no chance to dodge at all. Their rocks were crushed by Zen's rock, one after another.

Boom!

Boom!

Before anyone could react, the giant rocks of the two sects had been knocked down onto the ground.

Even though Hare had ordered a disciple of the Killing Sword Sect to activate the enchanted barrier on the giant rock at the last moment, it was to no avail. The barrier fell apart like a tower of cards under the great pressure of Zen's rock.

The elite disciples of the two sects fell from the rocks and rolled on the ground. Looking up, Hare and his companions saw the Flow Sword Sect's members floating in the air.

"They... They must have cheated!"

"How could the rock move so flexibly?! And how could it generate such a strong impact?!"

"But no tricks could be played on the huge rocks..."

"Maybe they used a special Other Shore Token!"

Some Other Shore Tokens had abilities so strange and unexpected that no one knew how to defend themselves against them. However, using such Other Shore Tokens was against the rules!

In fact, when Konnor used his Other Shore Token to raise their rock from the ground, he had violated the rules already. However, Tacy and others hadn't pointed it out; they considered it a loophole.

When Hare heard this conjecture, he immediately jumped up from the ground and shouted at Tacy on the metal mountain, "They cheated! The Flow Sword Sect cheated! We must be given another chance!"

Tacy and the others from the Land of Sword Grief also felt bewildered at the turn of events. They didn't expect that the remaining seven of the Flow Sword Sect could control the giant rock so dexterously and move in such an incredible speed.

"I heard that there is an Other Shore Token of mysterious type that can make things ethereal and reduce weight," a tall man next to Tacy said.

"If the giant rock was rendered ethereal, it would not have generated so strong impact force. They might have used some other methods," another man commented.

Tacy couldn't figure out what the truth was, so she looked up towards the top of the cave.

She knew that Goran and the rest had been watching the game from above. If someone had cheated, she knew they would know.

As soon as she looked up, she heard Goran's calm voice echoing in her ear, "No one cheated. Let them continue."

Tacy nodded and made a gesture of "No" to Hare and the rest. "They didn't cheat. You were knocked out, fair and square."

"Then how will you explain their incredible speed?" Hare said, with suspicion on his face.

"I agree! That's not normal at all!"

"Even a disciple capable of Instant Enlightenment can't make it! We strongly demand the game to start again!"

The disciples of the two sects couldn't accept the fact that they had been kicked out of the game by Zen in an instant. Some of them even walked towards the giant rocks on the ground. They really wanted to return to the game.

Seeing this scene, Tacy's eyes narrowed slightly. As she crossed her thumb and her little finger, countless invisible threads immediately appeared around those disciples.

Hiss! Hiss!

In the blink of an eye, these disciples were tied firmly with threads and were yanked and dragged onto the metal mountain, till they hung upside down in front of Tacy.

"How dare you question my announcement? All of you, get out of here now!" Tacy spat angrily as she spoke. With a flick of her finger, she tossed the disciples onto the wall of the cave.

All people who had entered the Land of Sword Grief obviously had a very bad temper.

When the other eliminated disciples saw this, they didn't dare to argue anymore and could only retreat dejectedly to the edge of the cave to join those who had already been kicked out of the game.

Chapter 3174 Give Up

From where Konnor and the other elites from the Flow Sword Sect sat, they were able to spot the embarrassed faces of Hare and the others. The sight made them chuckle among themselves.

The Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect belonged to the Oneness Mountain. However, these two always acted against the Flow Sword Sect as if they didn't take it as part of the Oneness Mountain.

Just now, Zen had performed so well in front of them that Konnor and his friends felt extremely proud to be on the same side as him.

"Konnor! Why are you laughing?" Hare asked Konnor who had a goofy smile on his face. However, unlike Konnor, Hare had a deep frown on his face.

Konnor shrugged his shoulders and said, "I just find it funny that some people were victimized by their own explosives."

"Do you want to die?" Hare furrowed his brows deeper and anger clouded his vision.

Konnor sighed calmly. "If you want to fight, now's not a good time. Let's arrange it for next time."

It was obvious that Konnor was not at all afraid of the people in front of him.

His cultivation base and the Other Shore Token were considered to be remarkable among the disciples across all three sword sects. He was only inferior to Zen and Milo in terms of potential.

Konnor's impressive performance earlier pushed Hare into resignation. He snorted and leaned against the mountain wall as he cursed Konnor in his heart.

In the previous Seven Mountains Meeting, Milo ranked first against the others. Without Milo, Hare thought they finally had the chance to bully the Flow Sword Sect into defeat. Then, Zen appeared and ruined his ambitions. He was even more powerful than Milo.

The disciples' faces perked up in unison. They all watched as the giant stone of the Flow Sword Sect rushed towards that of the Vastness Mountain.

"This looks like trouble!"

"Marco might reach a bad end as well!"

As soon as Zen finished with the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect, the giant stone suddenly pivoted and moved in reverse at full speed.

Marco had troubled Zen too many times already. Zen didn't want to let him go.

Zen didn't plan on exposing the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent's follow-up words, but he felt that Athemar already knew that he borrowed the yellow paper in the Truth Library.

Now that action had been done, he focused on defeating Marco and eliminating him from the competition.

The members of the Vastness Mountain watched in horror as the giant stone of the Flow Sword Sect turned around.

"He's coming!"

"Do we have time to dodge? It's too fast!"

"Marco! What should we do?"

Marco's face darkened. He wasn't prepared for that situation at all.

Marco realized just how much he underestimated Zen. It was Zen, after all, who had manipulated the giant stone. He must have had an almost perfect compatibility with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

Zen continued to blow Marco's mind. Even a master capable of Instant Enlightenment wasn't as capable as him.

No one was able to explain Zen's extraordinary power. Marco wanted to dwell on this more, but he had to rush out and avoid a deadly counterattack.

There was no way they could get out of this. Marco shouted, "Rhys! Help me control it!"

Then, he stepped abruptly on the third rune and an enchanted barrier appeared.

Marco wasn't capable of Instant Enlightenment, but he was almost perfectly compatible with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Stepping on the rune, he triggered the appearance of a thick enchanted barrier.

"Dang!"

Zen's giant stone collapsed right smack into the enchanted barrier.

However, the enchanted barrier remained standing.

The giant stone and the enchanted barrier brought Marco and his group down towards the ground. Then, the giant stone bounced up like a ball, thanks to the strong barrier.

"You're doing very well. But how long can you keep this up?"

Zen looked calm. With a simple flick of his wrist, he controlled the giant stone into flying towards the Vastness Mountain's giant stone.

Marco clenched his teeth and activated his truth aura. The enchanted barrier, which looked dim, started to regain its heavenly aura.

"Dang!"

Zen's stone smashed against the barrier again, this time with more power.

Before the Vastness Mountain's stone landed on the ground, the enchanted barrier pressed against the ground. One elite disciple from the Vastness Mountain reacted a little too late and hit his head. The impact was so powerful that he immediately fainted.

Even then, the stone didn't touch the ground as it bounced back furiously into the air.

Zen attempted the third time and Marco was no longer able to hold on. The giant stone fell down from the sky and, with a dispirited expression, he announced resignation. "Let's give up," he said.

He kicked his feet and left the stone.

During the fierce battle, the rest of the people from the Vastness Mountain also struggled to hold on. They were afraid that they would be seriously injured with such violent collisions. However, they didn't have the nerve to give up since they saw Marco still tried his best to resist.

So when Marco announced resignation, they slowly broke away from the giant stone and let it crash towards the ground.

The Vastness Mountain was out.

Marco stood in midair with his fists clenched. He was seething with rage.

Marco was known to be a man of pride and ego. He wouldn't let Zen humiliate him over and over again. If it weren't for Tacy and the other warriors from the Land of Sword Grief, he would've killed Zen without hesitation.

The Golden Mountain, the Azure Mountain, the Bright Mountain, the Vastness Mountain, the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect were defeated and eliminated one by one.

Only Elvinia, the Origin Mountain, the Ivory Mountain and the Flow Sword Sect remained in the competition.

At the start, members of the Ivory Mountain attempted to stop Elvinia. After that, they decided to focus on evading the opponents. They had a very slim chance at winning.

The more dramatic the tension among the ten sword sects grew, the longer the competition lasted. In the previous Seven Mountains Meeting, eight sword sects were eliminated, and only the first and the second places were occupied. There was no third place at all.

The Ivory Mountain's members decided to simply stand by the corners and watch others fight each other. That way, they had higher chances of snagging at least the third place.

As Zen fought Marco, the giant stone of the Ivory Mountain moved to the side of the metal mountain and started to absorb the weight rune.

However, as soon as the stone absorbed half the rune, Zen started hovering over them. Seeing this, the Ivory Mountain's members quietly slipped away.

Other warriors in the audience saw this and laughed in mockery.

"How cunning Whitlock is!"

"As long as one more team is eliminated, they can secure third place without even doing anything!"

"I wish we did the same!"

Aside from Marco, Hare and some others who looked morose, most of the people who were eliminated were in a good mood. Although they had lost the opportunity to win the reward, there was not a life and death battle in the Seven Mountains Meeting.

Zen leaned his stone against the side of the metal mountain. He began to fuse the weight rune with the stone. Sounds erupted above him. He looked up and frowned slightly.

Elvinia was sitting on the stone. Her pretty face looked aloof. She looked calm and still as the stone collided with the Origin Mountain's stone.

Behind her, 19 people stood. However, only 12 members of the Origin Mountain remained. They were at a disadvantage. Elvinia relentlessly collided her stone with the Origin Mountain's stone.

Chapter 3175 Pursuit

After Zen had absorbed that weight rune, he felt the giant stone suddenly double in weight to two hundred divine megatons.

The increase of the stone's weight obviously would have an effect on the flexibility. But the boulder of the Origin Mountain and that of Elvinia were also of the same weight; they could hit at the same starting point.

From the corner of his eye, Zen could see Elvinia on the other side, cornering the stone of the Origin Mountain by using aggressive attacks.

No matter how hard Jermain tried, he couldn't break Elvinia's suppression.

Dorothy and the others from the Origin Mountain also watched anxiously. At this point, only four sword sects remained. If they were kicked out of the game now, it would be a very disappointing loss indeed.

Dorothy looked towards the metal mountain. She could see that Zen was far away from them, preoccupied. He didn't seem to have the slightest intention of helping them. Dorothy squinted, trying to see what Zen was doing. She gasped. He was actually rushing towards the second layer of the metal mountain!

"That guy... he only cares about himself!" Dorothy pouted.

Hearing her words, Jermain followed her gaze. His eyes gleamed and he chuckled. "He's not being selfish. He wants to save us!"

"What do you mean?" Dorothy was still confused.

Jermain gestured at Elvinia, who was rushing towards him, and pointed to the metal mountain.

Elvinia had always been arrogantly competitive. Once she was in the game, she would stop at nothing to reach first place. The Origin Mountain used to be the only thing standing in her way.

But now Zen was heading for the second layer, too. If this guy got the second weight rune, he would be able to reach the top of the metal mountain. There was no way Elvinia would allow that!

As soon as Elvinia realized what was happening, she frowned deeply. With a flick of her wrist, she instantly turned the giant stone around and rushed towards the metal mountain. She was determined to stop Zen from getting the second weight rune.

Dorothy blinked confusedly. "Is Zen really trying to save us?" Her eyes narrowed. "Or does he want to seize the chance to win the first place?"

Jermain sighed exasperatedly. "My lady, does it matter? The most important thing is that we are still in the game!"

Dorothy stood on the giant stone, still a bit upset. She mumbled, "Of course, it matters..."

Meanwhile, Elvinia was approaching Zen fast.

With her were the 19 best disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Their combined strength was naturally stronger than that of the other sword sects. The weight of this giant stone seemed to have little to no effect on them.

Besides, Elvinia herself was a strong warrior. She was confident she and her team would win first place.

Zen let the giant stone under his feet absorb the second weight rune slowly as he eyed Elvinia steadily approaching.

In fact, Jermain had been right. Zen knew that Elvinia wouldn't stand for him to absorb the second weight rune.

Moreover, once the giant stone finished absorbing the second weight rune, its weight would double to 400 divine megatons. Zen was concerned his control of the stone would be clumsier. He knew he wouldn't be able to deal with Elvinia if that were the case.

Just as Elvinia's huge stone came within range, Zen tapped his toe lightly.

Instantly, his stone flipped, shooting upwards in the blink of an eye.

Bang!

Elvinia's huge stone hit the metal hard, and the huge impact even made the mountain quake.

'How violent...' Zen exclaimed inwardly, watching in amusement from his high spot.

"Zen, it's said that Elvinia is also capable of Instant Enlightenment!"

"Don't underestimate her!"

"Be careful!"

the others behind Zen cried.

Even though Zen seemed talented enough to drive the stone with ease, he dared not underestimate Elvinia's strength.

Elvinia remained stoic. Having missed her target, she refused to get frustrated.

Instead, she looked towards Zen calmly, and then mobilized her huge stone upwards to chase him.

The giant stone of Flow Sword Sect was extremely nimble, and Elvinia's stone was fast and aggressive. The two giant stones rolled up and down and spiraled in the air, like an eagle chasing an agile petrel.

"That...is incredible... Elvinia is awesome!"

"There are only seven people in the Flow Sword Sect, mind you. Doesn't that make Zen the better warrior?"

"But, the giant stone of Flow Sword Sect does not even dare to collide with hers head on. Sooner or later, they will lose!"

Many disciples had never thought that someone would be able to control the heavy stones to such an extent. They watched the two huge stones tango with twinkles in their eyes.

"Alas, it's a pity that we are too weak..."

"If we hadn't fallen off the stone, we might still have a chance to strike back!"

"We couldn't help Zen..."

The elites of Flow Sword Sect, who had been thrown off the stone, were remorseful. If they could work together with Zen, then Elvinia would not have been so threatening to them.

"This is my fault," Konnor comforted them. "If I had asked Zen to operate the stone from the very beginning, this would never have happened. Our sect would have already been the winner!"

From the top of the cave

The four people, including Goran and Athemar, were also enjoying the scene before them.

"I'm afraid this is going to be the most intense Seven Mountains Meeting ever," said Goran with an amused smile.

The old man who had once distributed flags in Dragon City said, "Goran, who do you think will reign victorious this time?"

"It should be Elvinia," Athemar cut in confidently.

"Really? Athemar, have you lost your faith in Zen?" Winchell asked, bewildered.

After all, Athemar had personally led Zen to the Flow Sword Sect. In order to keep Zen in the Oneness Mountain, he had even had a dispute with Winchell.

Athemar smiled helplessly. "Zen's advantage is speed and agility, but he can't afford to collide with Elvinia's stone. He has no other way to deal with the situation except to dodge..."

"Hey, Athemar, don't forget our Origin Mountain is also in the game," said Winchell with a wink.

As Elvinia and Zen chased after each other, the Origin Mountain grabbed this opportunity to stealthily make their way to the metal mountain.

Although Zen had just helped them, Jermain still had his eyes on the prize--even if it meant leaving Zen to deal with Elvinia.

"Jermain, is it wrong to do this?" Dorothy asked hesitatingly.

"There's nothing wrong with it. It's just a game, after all. The enemy of an enemy is a friend, but right now, they are both our enemies," said Jermain with a smile.

"But..."

Dorothy was about to refute when a gust of wind suddenly pushed her.

Bang!

The giant stone of Origin Mountain was smashed off its trail, flinging three people off it.

Jermain whipped his head around to see what happened, and his expression fell. "Whitlock?"

Whitlock, from the Ivory Mountain, grinned at him from above. Their boulder had violently crashed into that of the Origin Mountain. He had been hoping to garner third or second place, But now that there was a glimmer of hope for him to get first place, he immediately grabbed this opportunity.

Therefore, Ivory Mountain, which had been lurking in the shadows for most of the game, finally took action.

"If you have a chance to win the first place and still don't fight for it, doesn't that make you a fool?" Whitlock laughed heartily.

Because the Ivory Mountain was not as strong as the Origin Mountain, they kept a low profile all the time. Thanks to this strategy, there were eighteen disciples on their boulder, while only nine on Origin Mountain's.

Chapter 3176 Sudden Change

Jermain snorted arrogantly on seeing Whitlock's smug face. "An opportunist such as yourself actually believes he can win this. Are you out of your mind, Whitlock?" Jermain said teasingly.

He then pushed down on his feet and smashed his stone onto that of the Ivory Mountain without a second thought.

The battle between the Origin Mountain and Ivory Mountain was fierce, but almost everyone else had their focus pinned on Elvinia and Zen.

The intense and dramatic chase between them had eventually led them to the edge of the cave.

Mekhi and the others who sat on the huge stone of the Flow Sword Sect, felt dizzy and nauseas under the violent shakes Zen used to dodge Elvinia.

Fortunately, Zen now had full control of the stone, and all they had to do was share the weight with him.

When Mekhi noticed the huge stone of the Origin mountain was getting quite close to the metal mountain, he cried out to Elvinia to tell her this in hope she would give up her chase of them to go deal with the Origin Mountain.

But this revelation didn't seem to bother her in the slightest. She was determined to remove the Flow Sword Sect from the competition.

As Elvinia edged even closer, the two huge stones flew inches from the walls of the cave as well.

The tiniest mistake here would cost them everything, even touching a little bump on the cave walls would wipe them out.

"Whoosh!"

Zen had planned to stay away from the wall but Elvinia and her huge stone had swerved and blocked his way, forcing him to turn the opposite direction to dodge it.

The dodge had caused him to enter a long, narrow crack on the north side of the cave.

Cheers sounded from those supporting Elvinia.

"Your Highness, you win!"

"Finish him!"

"This guy moves so fast!"

Victory was within her grasp and yet there was no trace of it on her face. She did not appear excited but disappointed instead.

Everyone else was too weak for her and the only one she had found a bit challenging had fled into the crack.

"Whoosh!"

Suddenly, she had an idea, and steered the huge stone to rush into the crack.

Now Zen would have practically no room to dodge any attacks. The crack only allowed two stones at a time to move within. If either one of them lost focus for a second, they would crash hard on the walls of the cave.

"Zen has nowhere to go."

"It seems the Flow Sword Sect loses in the end..."

"He shouldn't have run to the north; it's a dead end. His inexperience shows. The Golden Mountain and Killing Sword Sect were wiped out last time because they were trapped in that crack."

Everyone shook their heads. They had expected this result would come eventually.

The elite disciples of the Flow Sword Sect were not ready for it to end yet however. They clenched their fists and held on tight. Even now when their odds were slim, Konnor and the others still hoped they'd pull through, by some miracle if necessary.

Zen's eyes narrowed as he saw the huge stone with Elvinia at the helm coming straight towards them. "Everyone, stand firm!" he shouted.

Then the boulder beneath his feet suddenly sank. Instead of retreating, it rushed forward to escape the crack.

"You are courting death."

Elvinia narrowed her eyes, stunned by his boldness.

In a small space like this, if Zen dared approach her, all she needed to do was get a touch on his stone and he'd be knocked out; there was no chance of dodging her here.

But suddenly the stone Zen stood on sped up massively!

Before Elvinia could hit him, he maneuvered right over her in the crack above. Those behind Elvinia did not have time to get out of the way and were swept off by Zen's huge rock.

Zen did not take this opportunity to escape. Instead he charged at Elvinia from behind, taking advantage of all the momentum he had.

The tables had turned, and now it was Elvinia who was desperate for a way out.

"Oh, my God! Can anyone tell me what just happened?"

"How did Zen get out? Did he not touch the wall?"

Tacy made a gesture on the metal mountain and announced, "Neither of them has touched the wall."

"If that's the case, Elvinia is likely to lose now!"

"I still don't understand what happened..."

The faces of those backing Elvinia darkened. They had never expected such speed and skill from Zen.

Finally Elvinia's face changed, but it was not frustration or anything of the sort. Now she was visibly excited.

"Bang!"

All of a sudden, she stood up and smashed against an elite who was under the direct command of the Oneness Sky Palace.

This elite had stood on the enchanted barrier rune all this time, in case Elvinia required him to open the enchanted barrier at any moment. However, no order had come and so he had been nothing but useless.

The violent collision sent him flying out of the huge stone. He shouted back in desperation, "Your...Your Highness... Why..."

Elvinia ignored him and stepped into the rune. She released the truth aura in her body and her thin red lips began to move slightly.

Zen stood at the front of his stone, staring hard at Elvinia.

No matter how certain victory might have seemed, he refused to let his guard down. He saw Elvinia's lips moving slightly and a strange thought came to him.

It was not difficult for him to read lips, but he needed a second to make sure he understood. Suddenly, Zen's eyes narrowed in great concern. He was probably the only one who understood what she was chanting!

Had Elvinia also comprehended the follow-up of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent?

Was it not said that even Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself hadn't deciphered the two Sanskrit words? What he was witnessing went against the rumors for sure.

However, it was too late...

Patterns started to flash in strange light on the huge stone beneath Elvinia's feet, and a circle of thick radiance burst out from it.

As the enchanted barrier expanded, the narrow crack swelled open immensely.

The enchanted barrier continued to expand at fast speed. When the stone of the Flow Sword Sect bumped into the enchanted array, it was bounced off by a powerful force and rocketed in the cave in a blitz as if it had been grabbed and flung by a mighty beast.

"What happened now?"

"Isn't the point of this game to control the huge stones to hit the others'? Why is this so different from what I have experienced before?"

"What a powerful enchanted barrier!"

The people who watched the fight from the sidelines were stunned. They could not comprehend what was taking place between Zen and Elvinia.

It was not only them, even Winchell, Goran and the other powerful figures also seemed puzzled. First, Zen maneuvered the huge stone of the Flowing Sword Sect with a mysterious method, and then Elvinia suddenly displayed the same ability. What was going on?

So Goran, Winchell and the old man all looked at Athemar. However, when they saw Athemar's dumbfounded expression, they didn't bother to ask him. Perhaps he was as lost as they were.

Whoosh!

The wind whistled past the ears of those on the Flow Sword Sect's stone. They gritted their teeth and held on tight, trying desperately not to be thrown from the rock. But they were flying too fast and would soon collide with the other side of the cave.

Zen used the Might Godly Way to fix himself to the giant stone, so he didn't have to worry about being flung off. He slid on the stone and came to the enchanted barrier rune as well.

"Buzz!"

The huge stone of the Flow Sword Sect spread a powerful and thick enchanted barrier as well. As soon as it opened out, the stone bumped into the wall in the front and bounced back, slowly stabilizing.

Elvinia stood at the front of her huge stone, slowly and calmly emerging from the swollen crack. Her indifferent smile now got wilder. She opened her mouth and spread her ethereal voice in the air, "Efrain did not come, neither did Chaim. And even Milo is absent. I had thought that the Seven

Mountains Meeting would be boring and without any challenges this time..."

Chapter 3177 The Truth Enlightenment

Elvinia stepped onto the accelerating rune as she spoke.

The huge stone she was on, which had been floating calmly, turned to a beam of light and quickly shot at Zen. It sped up so suddenly that two people were thrown off Elvinia's stone.

Swish!

The people of the Origin Mountain and the Ivory Mountain were in a heated battle, but even they could not resist the spectacle unfolding here.

"What a fast speed!" Jermain murmured unconsciously.

"The stone flies so fast. Is it weightless?" Dorothy's jaw dropped as she watched.

Whitlock's face was filled with fear as he watched the giant stone streak across the sky.

After Elvinia found Zen was a strong and worthy opponent, nothing else mattered to her, not the first place, not the fight between the Origin Mountain and the Ivory Mountain, nothing. Only her battle with Zen meant something.

Seeing Elvinia rushing towards him, Zen exercised an unusual amount of caution for him.

Someone in the Oneness Sky Palace must have deciphered the two Sanskrit words on the yellow paper, but it was not yet clear just how much had been deciphered.

Zen recited to himself, and the white cyclone in his mind began to swirl again.

He could recite one hundred words at most now, and the white cyclone was formed by around 10 words. He kept reciting and the cyclone in his mind grew larger and larger.

Buzz!

The light of the giant stone under his feet shone brighter and brighter.

Seeing Elvinia coming at him at an unstoppable speed, Zen put his feet on the control rune and the accelerating rune once more.

Swish!

His stone erupted with an equally incredible speed, allowing him to avoid the attack without breaking a sweat.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Though she missed, this did not deter Elvinia. She turned decisively and dashed off towards Zen again.

The speed these two were now moving at was beyond comprehension. It was not about two giant stones chasing each other; it was like two warriors at the Other Shore Realm flying.

"Konnor, are those stones weightless?" a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect asked as he raised his head, disbelieving his eyes.

"Maybe..." Konnor replied. He couldn't believe what he saw either.

At first, Konnor had just thought of Zen as Milo's replacement, but now he rejoiced in secret because he had made the right choice. If Milo had come this time, the Flow Sword Sect would have been eliminated.

It was impossible for any disciple in the Oneness Sky Palace to compete with Elvinia. Konnor had invited Zen to attend the Seven Mountains

Meeting on an impulse and looked at what he was doing. Perhaps this was fate working its ways.

Athemar, Goran and the others stood up and frowned at the scene below.

They had been in power for a long time and so their eyes were sharpened more than most. The methods Zen and Elvinia used suggested that they had broken out of the limit of Instant Enlightenment. The secrets of their achievements deserved close attention to try and figure out.

"Zen has been to the Truth Library and borrowed the yellow paper," Athemar said.

Hearing his words, both Winchell and Goran raised their eyebrows in surprise.

Many people in the Oneness Sky Palace knew the origin of the yellow paper. Goran and Winchell had borrowed it before as well, but with their status, they didn't need to pay that many divine crystals.

Many had borrowed the yellow paper, but none of them had found anything useful within its content.

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was already perfect. It wouldn't work with one more word or one missing word. There was a heated debate about the last two Sanskrit words. Many thought them to be meaningless.

"Do you mean that those two Sanskrit words are the follow-up of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent and Zen has translated them?" Goran inquired incredulously.

If this was true, it would certainly shock the entire Oneness Sky Palace.

"It's possible," Athemar said with a subdued nod.

"But how about Elvinia?" Goran asked again.

Athemar stared at Elvinia on the huge stone and said, "It could be that Eastern Emperor Taiyi has made some breakthroughs of his own."

Historically, neither Eastern Emperor Taiyi nor the excellent decipherers of the Oneness Sky Palace were able to decipher the Sanskrit words, but that didn't mean they would never be able to figure them out.

The structure of the Sanskrit words was complicated, and there were hundreds of millions of interpretations. If one were to study them for millions or even tens of millions of years, they could possibly find the correct one from the countless possibilities.

"The Imperial Sword Seal only reacts to the Truth of Godly Way. Coincidentally, this has never happened before, but today it happens to Elvinia and Zen at the same time. As far as I know, they haven't met each other before this," revealed Athemar, making light of the significance of what took place before them.

"Let's see who will be the last standing," the old man said.

Bang!

Another collision rattled the cave with a deafening slam.

Two more people behind Zen were thrown off. Elvinia had suffered more losses as well. She now had only six left standing on her giant rock.

Even so, the fight in her eyes still burned strong. She backed off a little and stared at Zen in a strangely calm manner. "Have you ever met my father?" she asked, confident that she knew the answer.

Zen was taken aback by Elvinia attempting to speak to him while they were engaged in battle. He shook his head and replied, "No."

"Liar! Who else could teach you the Truth Enlightenment?" Elvinia sneered, filled with anger and derision.

"The Truth Enlightenment?"

Zen realized that the Truth Enlightenment she mentioned must have been deciphered from the two Sanskrit words.

'It seems that my guess is right. Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself has deciphered part of the two Sanskrit words, ' Zen thought to himself.

"I don't know why my father taught you this. But if you want to win, you will have to give it everything you have. No holding back." Elvinia's face turned red and vicious.

Buzz!

The giant stone under her feet began to tremble.

As soon as he felt Elvinia's aura had changed, Zen shouted to those behind him, "Get off the giant stone."

"What?"

"Why should we leave?"

"We will fight with you!"

Mekhi and the others could not understand why Zen would ask them to abandon him. They couldn't bring themselves to do it, right when their help mattered the most.

"Listen to me! I have a plan!" Zen urged in a tone that allowed no retorts.

Frowning in consideration, Mekhi clenched his jaw and waved his hand, leaving the giant stone together with the rest of his companions.

Zen was left alone on the giant stone. It sank a little as he now had to bear all two hundred divine megatons on his own.

He began to recite the Truth Enlightenment. The white cyclone in his mind began to expand again.

Swish!

Elvinia stepped on her huge stone which immediately shot upwards, almost to the roof of the cave. After a beat, she began plummeting towards Zen like a comet poised to destroy him.

Zen didn't flinch. He rushed up with his giant stone to meet her. This battle would finally end now.

Chapter 3178 The First Place

At that moment, no one cared who would win first place in the Seven Mountains Meeting.

They all stared upward, only wanting to know who would win the fight—Zen or Elvinia.

Each of the giant stones could only be lifted by the force of two hundred divine megatons, and they were moving at such speed. Anyone on those stones would surely be severely injured after that collision.

Even Tacy and the others from the Land of Sword Grief were shocked by what was occurring.

"I feel quite small now after seeing their performance."

"I too participated in the Seven Mountains Meeting once, but I was far inferior to them!" Everyone chimed in their words of praise and amazement.

Bang!

The two huge stones collided head on in the air. The elite warriors behind Elvinia were thrown off and hit the distant mountain wall, all of them seriously injured on impact.

When they saw this, Mekhi and the others from the Flow Sword Sect understood why Zen had asked them to leave. He had saved them from devastating pain.

Only Zen and Elvinia remained fixed to their stones.

As the huge stones bounced back, they both moved to stand on the runes that would activate the enchanted barrier. They had both realized that after a collision like that, the best thing to do was activate the enchanted barrier.

Rumble...

In the blink of an eye, the stones wrapped by enchanted barriers had crashed into the walls of the cave, leaving two massive craters.

The cave walls shook, causing rubble to crumble down and leave a layer of dust floating and obscuring everyone's view.

They looked up and around, trying to see something, but no giant stone flew out. No movement could be seen at all.

Tacy then released her spiritual sense to pass through the dust.

Her eyes brightened and she raised her hand and said, "Princess Elvinia is out!"

"Wow..."

A round of heated discussion broke out among the spectators.

Elvinia had performed so well that she seemed to be invincible, and yet she was out in the end!

Konnor and the others from the Flow Sword Sect looked at Tacy with nervous and hopeful eyes.

If Tacy were to announce that the Flow Sword Sect was out as well, then everything Zen had done would be in vain.

Dorothy studied the side of the mountain too, just as worried as Konnor and the others.

'Would Zen be able to withstand such a violent collision?' she thought to herself.

Jermain and Whitlock waited with bated breath. If Zen was out, all their competition was gone. Then either the Origin Mountain or the Ivory Mountain would claim the first place.

Dorothy stared in Zen's direction frowning, showing all the concern she bore in her heart.

She waited still to find out if Zen had been eliminated, and the dust began gradually thinning.

From the pit in the cave wall, a layer of enchanted barrier spread from the surface of the giant stone. Zen was between the stone and the wall with his hands still on the rune on the stone.

The two stones had hit the walls so heavily that the enchanted barriers were unable to withstand the impact. If Zen had not put himself on the line, he would have been out just like Elvinia.

Perhaps Elvinia did not care enough about the rewards of the Seven Mountains Meeting, but they were still very important to Zen, especially the Other Shore Treasure made of the Shade Stone.

In the end, he chose to take an extraordinary amount of the impact with his own body. He had indeed held nothing back and put it all on the line.

He had reacted similarly to Konnor.

Konnor had left the stone in his sacrifice, though.

Zen did no such thing; he was still pressing the rune of the enchanted barrier with his hands, only his feet on the wall of the cave.

Tacy was faced with a difficult decision. She didn't know whether to declare Zen out or not. Eventually, she decided to seek help from the masters staying at the top of the cave.

She soon got the answer. "The Flow Sword Sect is still in!"

"Wow!"

The onlookers caused another uproar, and the walls of the cave rang with excitement.

Konnor and the others from the Flow Sword Sect all jumped up with joy, and triumphant looks painted on their faces.

The disciples of the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect, on the other hand, lowered their heads, desperate and depleted.

They felt that the Flow Sword Sect had been extremely lucky.

They tried their best to stop the Flow Sword Sect's stone, and even Elvinia, who they saw as the most powerful among them, was still unable to stop them from winning.

Bang!

On the opposite cave wall, the giant stone was kicked off by Elvinia and rolled to the bottom of the cave.

She emerged through the dust, somehow her clothes as immaculate as ever.

Her face was once again deadpan, but her eyes gave away her emotions.

"In that decisive moment, he used his own body to block the giant stone. He has such confidence in his body," Elvinia murmured to herself, defeated and amazed.

She had thought of this as she was hurtling towards the cave wall.

However, the momentum of the giant stone was too terrifying. She decided against it, feeling she'd be gravely injured or possibly even die. Zen appeared unharmed. He must have known he could take it.

Zen dragged the stone and slowly floated towards the metal mountain.

All other competitors could do nothing but watch helplessly as he flew to the weight rune.

"Can Zen lift the stone up all by himself after gaining the second weight rune? He needs to use the force of four hundred divine megatons!" Jermain and the others looked on doubtful.

Once fused with the second weight rune, the stone's weight would double again. Usually, more than ten warriors were needed to lift the stone to the top of the metal mountain.

"If only he could not lift up the stone! Hahaha!" Those from the Ivory Mountain were eager to see Zen fail.

Zen merged the stone with the second weight rune and the giant stone fell sharply again. Before it reached the ground, he managed to lift it up once more.

"What? Unbelievable!"

"His power is terrifying!"

"Does he have some Other Shore Token of the strengthening type?" All onlookers had questions of some kind.

Zen was carrying the huge stone all by himself. Jermain and Whitlock would be able to compete with him now with the stress he was under.

But they did not move. They knew they would be condemned for trying to take him on after what he had just endured, but more to it, they weren't sure they could win, even now. Thus neither of them took any action.

Under everyone's gaze, Zen flew to the top of the metal mountain, threw the giant stone onto the top plate, and raised his arms in triumph.

"Woo hoo!"

Konnor and the other elite members of the Flow Sword Sect raised their hands and roared, filled with pride and excitement.

Others also began to applaud as the air of joy and amazement continued to flow around everyone.

Jermain cast a challenging glance at Whitlock and asked, "Do we still need to compete for the second place?"

The biggest prize was for the number one in the Seven Mountains Meeting. The gap between the prizes for second and third places was small enough to not even matter. Whitlock was a cunning man. Even if he had a half chance to win second place, it was not worth the risk of getting eliminated. He'd rather win the third place than neither.

"Jermain, after you," said Whitlock, cupping his hands.

Jermain fused the stone with the second weight rune and put the Origin Mountain's stone onto the second plate on the metal mountain. The Ivory Mountain did the same for third place.

No one left, and they all looked up to the top of the cave.

After a while, the four figures including Athemar, Winchell and Goran floated out from the top of the cave and slowly landed beside Zen.

"Nice to meet you all!" Zen said, bowing with cupped hands. He had already met them all before.

The only thing that surprised him was that the old man who was responsible for distributing the flags in the Dragon City was here as well.

"Ha-ha! Athemar didn't believe you would win first place. Zen, you'd better quit the Flow Sword Sect and join the Origin Mountain. We are a hundred times more confident in you!" Winchell joked, grinning widely.

Chapter 3179 The Prizes

Even before Zen joined in the Oneness Sky Palace, Winchell had competed with Athemar to win him over to the Origin Mountain.

Although Winchell was joking now, he felt regretful on the inside. After watching Zen's impeccable performance at the Seven Mountains Meeting, he realized the Origin Mountain shouldn't have compromised on it back then.

"It's not that I had no faith in Zen, but be honest, did you ever anticipate such a performance out of them in the beginning?" Athemar retorted in a defensive tone.

The methods Zen and Elvinia had used at the Seven Mountains Meeting had never been witnessed before. Therefore, it rendered forecasting the result based on past experiences useless.

No one, including Athemar, Goran and Winchell, had imagined Elvinia and Zen would control the runes in such a new way. But it was inappropriate to express their doubts on them now.

As for Zen, since he had used the Truth Enlightenment that Elvinia had mentioned, he had already made mental preparations. If Athemar really was going to ask him about it, he would know how to respond.

Since they were surrounded by many disciples at this moment, it was not the right time to inquire about such things. Suddenly, Goran's loud voice echoed in everyone's ears as he announced, "The Flow Sword Sect has taken the top rank at this year's Seven Mountains Meeting. The Origin Mountain finished second and the Ivory Mountain third. You may come to me and receive your prizes now."

As soon as the announcement of the victors was made, the elite disciples of the Flow Sword Sect, Origin Mountain, and Ivory Mountain, who had been thrown off their respective stones, flew up towards the top of the metal mountain.

"Ivory Mountain disciples, come forth and take your prizes first!" Goran announced.

One after the other, the twenty Ivory Mountain disciples assembled by the side of Goran and reached out their palms towards him.

Goran began to move his lips as he chanted words under his breath; then he reached out to clap their palms with his.

Every time Goran repeated this gesture, some simple lines would be seen as an effect on a disciple's palm.

When Zen noticed these lines, his eyes instantly widened. "Are these soul marks?" he asked.

"Yes, they are. With the soul mark I give you, you can go to the temple within three days and get the soul crystal," Goran answered as he chuckled at Zen's expressive astonishment.

The soul mark Zen got from the Flow Sword Sect was a small token that recorded syllables, which required him to recite for it to work. Never did he expect Goran was able to give the soul marks to the disciples with a simple gesture of slapping their palms.

Something as ordinary as a soul mark was common sense for these elite disciples. Had it been someone else who asked such a simple question, the Ivory Mountain disciples would have made fun of them.

However, it was Zen, and they knew better than to mock someone like him. But they still couldn't help but let out light giggles to themselves.

Soon after, all the twenty disciples of the Ivory Mountain had gotten their respective soul marks. They tightened their fists securely and stepped back. Now, it was the Origin Mountain's turn

Once the Origin Mountain disciples got their soul marks, it was now the turn of the reigning champion, the Flow Sword Sect. With careful steps, Konnor led the other disciples from the Flow Sword Sect and approached Goran. He bowed respectfully towards him and said, "Master Goran, please give Zen half of our soul crystal."

The soul crystal was rare, and even direct descendants of the mountain heads like Dorothy and Marco expressed great importance towards obtaining it. Hearing that Konnor suddenly raised such a request, Goran couldn't help but feel shocked. He asked back, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Yes, I'm sure. When we tried to convince Zen to join us, we had this agreement," Konnor said while keeping his gaze lowered respectfully.

At the last Seven Mountains Meeting, Milo had led the Flow Sword Sect and ranked the first, and Konnor and the other disciples had contributed their strength and wisdom for the victory too. But this time, the situation was totally different. It could be said that Zen achieved first place all by himself as a one-man army. Konnor and the others would even go so far as to give Zen all their soul crystal.

"Alright, in that case, I will do it." Goran nodded towards Konnor, who now lifted his gaze with a satisfied expression. He then focused on his palm and slightly changed the soul mark on it.

Then, Konnor and the disciples raised their palms, and Goran slapped them gently with his.

When it was Zen's turn, Goran changed the soul mark on his palm again. He slapped Zen's palm, and the soul mark reflected on it.

"Although we don't have much soul crystal stored in our Oneness Sky Palace, the crystal the Seven Mountains Meeting has provided this year is more than the last time. You took nearly half of it alone, Zen. I trust you to make good use of it." Goran laughed while patting Zen on his shoulder.

The disciples from the Ivory Mountain and the Origin Mountain reflected different expressions of admiration and envy on their faces when they heard this. Zen might go through a significant change and improve his soul from absorbing so much soul crystal.

After everyone received their prizes, they remained where they were.

Seizing the moment, Goran tapped his space ring and took out three swords from it. "These three Other Shore Treasures will be rewarded to you from me."

The three swords in Goran's hands were premium, intermediate, and primary Other Shore Treasures, respectively.

The conditions for crafting an Other Shore Treasure were hard. As a result, not many disciples had Other Shore Treasures, and most of them only possessed Profound Blood Treasures.

Goran gave the primary and intermediate Other Shore Treasures to the disciples of the Ivory Mountain and the Origin Mountain, respectively. The last sword, from the hilt to the blade, had a dark appeal to it. There were several faint patterns of flying birds carved on the black sword.

'It's the premium Other Shore Treasure made of Shade Stone!' Zen thought to himself as he stared at the black sword with his mouth agape.

"I have been using the Shade Phoenix Sword for many years, and now I'm giving you this sword as the prize of the Seven Mountains Meeting," said Goran, while gently touching the body of his sword a few times as if admiring it for one last time. Then he handed the sword to Konnor.

Without any hesitation, Konnor tossed the sword to Zen.

"Wow, Zen is taking the prize again!" Dorothy giggled as she watched Konnor hand over the sword. "Konnor, it seems Zen didn't come cheap!"

Embarrassed by her remark, Konnor scratched his head and laughed wholeheartedly. "It seems we had a good eye in picking only the best for our team. Haha..."

For the elite disciples of the Flow Sword Sect, winning the prizes wasn't everything; they also cared about maintaining their honor. It was an unprecedented feat for their Flow Sword Sect to win the first place of the Seven Mountains Meeting twice in a row.

Seeing how Zen stroked the Shade Phoenix Sword gently, Athemar was a little surprised. It was common for others to think so highly of an Other Shore Treasure. However, Zen was different; he owned a Grand Nature Treasure himself. Athemar didn't expect him to have attached such great importance to the sword.

After the rewards ceremony was over, Goran asked the disciples to leave the cave. On top of the mountain, a feast was prepared for them, which was supervised by Tacy and her companions.

Just as everyone began to walk back the same way they came from, Goran asked Zen and Elvinia to stay behind.

Elvinia frowned bitterly at this gesture. With her status, if she wanted to leave, Goran and the others wouldn't be able to stop her. Besides, she knew the reason why she was asked to stay.

However, she was also curious about how Zen had managed to master the Truth Enlightenment. Moreover, he seemed to have grasped the technique better than her, so she stayed in the cave.

After the disciples left one after the other, only six people remained in the cave.

Athemar raised his hand and made some gestures. Those giant stones began to fly up from all directions of the cave. At the same time, all the runes on the stones started to glow, and soon the stones gathered around the metal mountain.

"The runes on the stones were made by me with the help of the Imperial Sword Seal. But even I cannot compete with the two of you in making use of them. I'm really curious. Has your father made any breakthrough, Princess Elvinia?" Athemar asked as he leaned in closer.

Zen nodded secretly when he heard what Athemar had to say, which was similar to his thoughts.

"I don't know. I haven't seen my father in a long time." As she said this, she lowered her gaze to the ground as a hint of depression appeared on her calm face.

Chapter 3180 Zen's Decision

"Princess Elvinia, even you haven't seen Eastern Emperor Taiyi all these years?!" Athemar's jaw dropped in shock.

It had been a long time since the last time Eastern Emperor Taiyi emerged from his seclusion.

It was common for mighty warriors to cultivate in seclusion for hundreds, or maybe even thousands, of years. However, with the delicate state of the world, they needed him now more than ever.

The leaders of many great forces were busy making their preparations. However, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had chosen to use this time to cultivate in seclusion, which some found strange.

"If that is the case, how did you control the huge stone just now?" Athemar asked once more.

Elvinia shrugged. She wasn't afraid to tell them the truth. "Well, when I was cultivating in my palace, my maid sent me a piece of paper. There were 63 words on that paper. It was the Truth Enlightenment of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent!"

Everyone in the cave gasped.

"The Truth Enlightenment!"

"Really? Eastern Emperor Taiyi has made a breakthrough! He was able to decipher 63 words!"

Elvinia was never one to shy away from uncomfortable discussions. Surveying the surprised faces surrounding her, she asked bluntly, "Do you also want to cultivate the Truth Enlightenment?"

Athemar, Goran and other two saluted immediately, but said, "We dare not."

The Truth Enlightenment was the fruit of Eastern Emperor Taiyi's painstaking efforts, and they were all his subordinates. Without his permission, even if Elvinia gave them the Truth Enlightenment, they did not dare to try learning it.

"Alright. So what exactly is the point of me staying here? If you truly want to learn the Truth Enlightenment, just go to my father," Elvinia said, a tinge of annoyance in her tone. She was always difficult to speak with.

With her blunt words hanging in the air, a silence fell over the people as they shuffled around in embarrassment. They had been well-known masters in the Oneness Sky Palace for a while now, and yet this young girl was accusing them of coveting the Truth Enlightenment.

However, Zen couldn't stand her arrogance. "These masters just wanted to know how you controlled the huge stone. What makes you think they want to practice the Truth Enlightenment? You are insulting them! You're being too arrogant."

Since Elvinia was being rudely straightforward, Zen lashed her mercilessly with harsh words.

"Humph," Elvinia huffed indignantly. "The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent is a power releasing theurgy, and the Truth Enlightenment can make up for all its shortcomings. If you can comprehend all of the Truth Enlightenment, you can reach a whole new level of cultivation. The Truth Enlightenment is a supreme technique, and no one can deny that!"

The elders in the Oneness Sky Palace had always been polite to Elvinia. None of her peers dared to embarrass her. And yet, Zen was scolding her, in front of a crowd! There was no way she would be willing to take it meekly.

The power releasing theurgy Elvinia referenced was the principle of each Truth of Godly Way.

While the Truth of Godly Way itself did not contain any energy, it was the most practical technique used to maximize the power of one's Other Shore Token.

The various theurgies that were created according to the Truths of Godly Ways were more like complements of power releasing.

The Truth Enlightenment was the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, so its value was immeasurable. Elvinia, Athemar, Goran and the others understood this, and so did Zen.

Even so, Zen couldn't stand Elvinia's pride. "You just got 63 words, and yet you act as though you have the most precious thing in the world. I hate to break it to you, but the most important thing to you is worthless to me."

He then turned to Athemar and asked, "Masters, do you have any ink, a brush, and a piece of paper?"

Athemar, Goran and the other two warriors glanced at each other uneasily. To ease the tension, the old man who was responsible for distributing flags in the Dragon City suddenly laughed cheerfully. "Well, what do you know? I happen to have those!"

With a wave of his hand, a roll of pure white rice paper materialized in front of Zen. At the same time, a vial of black ink and a brush flew to his hands.

Elvinia knitted her brows and snapped, "My father has taught you the Truth Enlightenment, hasn't he? How dare you show it to the others!"

Zen snorted. Dipping his brush into the ink, he started painting words onto the paper. "When I had just entered the Oneness Sky Palace, I heard that

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had deciphered the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent with his amazing talent. He established the Oneness Sky Palace, one of the orthodox forces of the human race. I truly admired him!"

As he spoke, the brush continued to dance on the paper.

Each stroke carefully formed intricate calligraphy on the white rice paper, each character drawn precisely.

Elvinia glared at the words Zen was writing, seething with rage. She was certain he had obtained the Truth Enlightenment from Eastern Emperor Taiyi. In her mind, she believed no one in the world, except her father, could decipher it.

Therefore, the Truth Enlightenment Zen was writing on the paper must have been taught by Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself. How disrespectful of Zen to show it off!

Since the elders seemed to approve of Zen's actions, she couldn't try to stop him. Her rage festered silently from within.

Originally, Athemar was going to stop Zen. If Zen had really learned the Truth Enlightenment from Eastern Emperor Taiyi, he would have to take responsibility for showing it to others. Even the witnesses, such as Athemar and the others, would be punished gravely.

However, upon further reflection, Athemar had traced Zen's movements ever since the latter had entered the Oneness Sky Palace. It was impossible for Zen to have come into contact with Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Besides, Zen had rented the yellow paper!

Bearing this in mind, Athemar figured that Zen must have deciphered it by himself. How incredible!

The four elders present read the words silently as Zen continued writing.

Their souls were much stronger than Zen's and Elvinia's. They also encountered the incomparably sharp sword radiances while they were reciting. However, before the sword radiances could break out, they were forcefully wiped out in the depths of their souls.

The four elders were all surprised. A mere dozen words could cause such sharp sword radiances. It was worthy to be the Truth Enlightenment.

Zen stopped after writing a hundred words at one breath. Then he glanced at Elvinia and shook his head. "It's a pity that the descendant of Eastern Emperor Taiyi is not as selfless as him."

"How dare you!"

Zen's last sentence was the last straw. Gritting her teeth, she was extremely annoyed.

However, even she was curious about the Truth Enlightenment that Zen had written.

Her eyes widened as she glanced at his writing. He had gone way beyond the 63 words she possessed. No wonder he had performed so well in the game.

"What?" Zen retorted. "The reason why Eastern Emperor Taiyi put the yellow paper in the Truth Library is that he wants the people in the world to decipher the last two Sanskrit words. Do you really think that only Eastern Emperor Taiyi is capable of deciphering the two Sanskrit words in this world?"

Elvinia's mouth hung agape but no words were uttered. Zen left her speechless.

Unable to contain her fury, she suddenly darted forward and yanked the white rice paper from Zen's hands. With a haughty glare aimed at him, she tore the paper to shreds, and then abruptly turned to leave.

Athemar and the others didn't even try to stop her.

The elders had silently internalized all the words Zen had written down. It didn't matter that the paper was torn into pieces.

Watching Elvinia's receding figure, Athemar let out a hearty laugh. "Zen, you've spent most of your time practicing after you joined the Flow Sword Sect; you are indeed strong-willed. However, you can't just openly offend Princess Elvinia. After all, she's Eastern Emperor Taiyi's daughter."

"Don't worry. Eastern Emperor Taiyi is an understanding man! Plus, she isn't the only daughter he has, so he won't mind." Goran waved his hand nonchalantly.

There was a twinkle in his eyes. He was not only comforting Zen, but also reassuring him he had his support. The Oneness Governor's status in the Oneness Sky Palace was far greater than that of Eastern Emperor Taiyi's children. It didn't really matter that Zen had offended one of them.

"Zen, I wonder how you have deciphered those Sanskrit words. Are there more words that you've deciphered?" Athemar asked curiously.

Zen was not surprised to hear the question from Athemar. He had already prepared for it. The Truth Enlightenment was so important to the Oneness Sky Palace, that it was impossible for him to present all the words his son had deciphered in one go. Today, he was willing to offer the one hundred words only because he wanted to see their reactions.

Chapter 3181 Make A Request

While the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was the foundation of the Oneness Sky Palace, it had a great influence on this orthodox human force.

There was no way Athemar, Goran and the others were not interested in the Truth Enlightenment, the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

Zen was very generous to offer 100 words for free. But this only made them hungry for more. They could only hope that Zen could actually write down all the words of the Truth Enlightenment.

Currently, Zen had understood the stand of the Oneness Sky Palace—they were on Nine Li race's side. He was willing to stay here and even become a member of this human force. After all, the Nine Li race had no longer existed. Though he really wanted to rebuild the Nine Li race, not only was his strength not enough, but his influence was also very small.

The Truth Enlightenment was an opportunity to garner the support he needed.

"Masters, I've more than a hundred words," Zen said confidently.

His answer immediately gave the four of them a surge of hope. If the Truth Enlightenment was completely deciphered, they would gain an excellent power releasing theurgy.

"How many words do you have?" Athemar asked, his eyes shining eagerly.

Zen smiled. "150 words. The rest hasn't been deciphered yet."

"There are one hundred and fifty words already!"

"Did you decipher them yourself?"

"Or did someone else decipher them?"

They bombarded Zen with questions, unable to contain their excitement.

With their status in the Oneness Sky Palace, it was rare for them to be so openly modest. After all, the Truth Enlightenment was valuable; it might even tip the scales in favor of the Oneness Sky Palace.

"I have deciphered them by myself, but the deciphering of the current 150 words is my limit. The other patterns of the Sanskrit words are too complicated. I have yet to decipher them," Zen replied calmly.

He had already thought about this explanation.

The Truth Enlightenment originally belonged to the Oneness Sky Palace, and the palace treated Zen well. Sooner or later, he would hand over the complete deciphered version to the palace. However, before then, he needed to maximize this opportunity to benefit from it first.

Of course, Zen couldn't possibly admit to them that it was actually his son, Geoffrey, who had deciphered the words. Otherwise, they might pester him all day, and might even try to use some unknown method to get Geoffrey out of his inner world. No, it was too risky.

Therefore, he decided to take the credit for everything. He could always tell them in the future, after Geoffrey left his inner world.

The four of them exchanged glances dubiously. Somehow, they couldn't believe what Zen said. The translators of the Oneness Sky Palace needed to decipher Sanskrit words all day long. However, they'd never seen Zen do this; Zen usually just focused on cultivating.

But the Truth Enlightenment was indeed provided by Zen. Whether it was deciphered by him or someone else, they needed to get it from Zen.

"Zen, are you sure you can decipher the rest of the Sanskrit words?" Winchell asked, concern written all over his face.

Zen said with a serious look, "Deciphering the Sanskrit words is a kind of thing that has much uncertainty, and I'm not a hundred percent sure if I can do it."

He refused to give them assurance.

"Can I have a look at the one hundred and fifty words?" Goran asked meekly.

Any content of the Truth Enlightenment, even just a word, was worth a lot.

"When I return to the Flow Sword Sect, I will write down the 150 words," Zen promised. "If you want to have a look, please come straight to the Flow Sword Sect and take them."

Zen was so generous that these four warriors felt somewhat embarrassed. They held high positions in the Oneness Sky Palace, yet here they were, practically begging their junior for something. Even though it might have been embarrassing, this was no small thing they were asking for; it was only natural they wanted to learn more.

Goran thought for a while before saying, "The Truth Enlightenment is very rare. We can't take it in exchange for nothing. Well, you can make a request to each of us. What do you think?"

The other three nodded in agreement. They were not greedy people. "Yes, you're right. Anything you need, just say it," said Athemar.

Zen couldn't refuse this offer. "Are there any Other Shore Treasures made of Shade Stones in the Oneness Sky Palace?"

Hearing Zen's request, the four of them exchanged looks of dismay.

It was true that the Other Shore Treasures were rare treasures, but it wasn't difficult for them to obtain one or two of them. However, the Other Shore Treasures made of Shade Stones were different, because the Shade Stones were very rare.

"I just gave you the Shade Phoenix Sword as the prize of the Seven Mountains Meeting. Do you still need another Other Shore Treasure made of the Shade Stone?" Goran scratched his chin, deep in thought. Then, it hit him—Zen didn't want the Other Shore Treasures, but the Shade Stones.

The Shade Stones were too special. They could only be used to make weapons, and once a stone appeared, it couldn't be moved. Even if Zen wanted to find the Shade Stones, he could only look for the Other Shore Treasures made of them.

"Why do you want the Shade Stones?" Athemar looked at Zen, confused. He recalled how the Sun Crow race went to battle with the Oneness Sky Palace for the Shade Stone back in the Blue Cloud City. Zen had been there too, but he was only there for the merit points.

However, after the Shade Stone had been melted by the Su Clan, it was lost in the fight against Elizabeth. Athemar thought maybe the Shade Stone fell into Zen's hands. But even if Zen got the liquid of the Shade Stone, he couldn't utilize it without the Su Clan's weapon refining array.

"I would like to use them for my cultivation. I would be very grateful if you could help me find them," Zen answered honestly.

This was something that Zen knew he couldn't hide from them. Now that he had asked them to look for the Shade Stones for him, he knew he had to come clean.

"What kind of cultivation method are you using? Why would it need the Shade Stones?" Goran asked, taken aback.

Athemar had caught on faster. "You cultivate yourself like a weapon?"

Winchell suddenly recalled Zen's special ability. After all, his son was saved by Zen. Zen's body was really different from an ordinary warrior's, but it was very strange indeed to use the Shade Stones in his cultivation.

"I know of an Other Shore Treasure made of the Shade Stone," said the old man who was responsible for distributing flags in the Dragon city. "It's in the Bloom Divine Province."

Zen's eyes lit up. He cupped his hands with a bow. "Master, please tell me more."

"That Shade Stone has been passed down for generations in a nonhuman race. It was forged into a hammer, but their forging process was poor. While a Shade Stone can definitely be forged into a premium Other Shore Treasure, this hammer is only a primary Other Shore Treasure. I can help you with this request!" the old man said with certainty.

"Master, thank you very much!" Zen thanked him sincerely. "I had been in the Dragon City for a while, and we have met so many times, yet I still don't know your name..."

When he was in the Dragon City, Zen had already noticed that the old man's cultivation base was extraordinary. He had asked Monica and the others about him, but they had no idea who he was.

If this person was able to chat and joke around with the likes of Athemar, he couldn't be a nobody.

Athemar smiled and said, "It's not appropriate to tell you his name, but you can call him Master Hai."

After expressing his thanks again, Zen left contentedly.

Although Goran said Zen could make a request to each of them, Zen knew he had to watch out for his limitations.

If Master Hai could really get his hands on the hammer, then his body would be able to fuse with the third Shade Stone. The strength of his body might be able to reach a whole new level!

Chapter 3182 Milo's Desire

After leaving the cave, Zen returned to the hall.

The elite disciples who hadn't received any rewards had already left.

Only the disciples from the Origin Mountain, the Ivory Mountain and the Flow Sword Sect remained.

As soon as Zen showed up, Dorothy approached him eagerly. "It seems like there's something that you've been hiding from me," she said, batting her eyelashes.

She had thought that she was the one who knew Zen the most in the Oneness Sky Palace, but now it seemed that she didn't know him at all.

Athemar and the masters could discover that there was something not right with Zen and Elvinia. These elite disciples were no fools and could detect that as well.

The runes on the giant stones were made from the Imperial Sword Seals, so the problem must be related to the Truth of Godly Way.

Both Zen and Elvinia had utilized a power that was far beyond that of the Instant Enlightenment. They must have known something the others didn't.

Zen smiled at Dorothy. "When the right time comes, I will let you know."

Although Dorothy was a strong-willed girl, she was not unreasonable. "How did you offend Princess Elvinia?"

"I offended her?" Zen asked nonchalantly.

Dorothy nodded. "She looked very livid when she came out. Someone mentioned your name and she hit him. Hard."

She pointed at a place not far from the hall. There was an outline of scorch marks on the side of the pillar, obvious traces of a fight.

Among the elite disciples, someone guessed that Zen's victory irritated Elvinia. Dorothy, however, thought otherwise.

"Maybe there is some misunderstanding between us," Zen said carefully. He then recalled how revealing part of the Truth Enlightenment enraged Elvinia.

Even so, he didn't think he did anything wrong.

The part of Truth Enlightenment he had shared was deciphered by his son, Geoffrey. Zen believed he could share it with anyone he wanted.

"Well, whatever happened between you guys, be careful. After all, she holds a much higher position, Zen," Dorothy whispered. She was worried that Elvinia would find a way to get back at Zen.

While Elvinia was not the only daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, she was the most talented one. Because of this, she held a very special position in the Oneness Sky Palace.

Since they had won the first place in the Seven Mountains Meeting, Konnor, Mekhi and other Flow Sword Sect disciples were bustling with excitement. They didn't get back to the sect until late that night.

When the other disciples of the Flow Sword Sect heard they won the championship again, they were all in high spirits.

In addition to the rewards distributed by Goran, the Oneness Sky Palace was also going to supply them with many resources for the next three years. It was definitely worth celebrating the good news!

In a separate courtyard house, dots of light transformed into colorful butterflies, flitting in the air.

Milo sat cross legged. With a gentle flick of his wrist, the butterflies gathered all around him. It seemed as though the butterflies were at his beck and call.

From the end of the courtyard, a slender figure quietly emerged. It was none other than Kate.

When she saw the colorful butterflies dancing in the air, she looked surprised. "It is extremely tricky to control the Other Shore Token—Luminous Butterfly. Yet, you've managed to master it so quickly!"

The Luminous Butterfly was an Other Shore Token of the descending type in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore. It was very difficult to fuse one's inner world with this Other Shore Token; even if one somehow managed to do it, it would still be difficult to use it.

Milo opened his eyes, at the sound of her voice. He stretched out one finger, and a fluorescent butterfly landed on his finger. At the same time, he said quietly, "The Flow Sword Sect won the championship again this year."

"You've been practicing all this time, and yet you're more informed than me!" Kate replied with a chuckle.

In fact, she did know all about it; she just refused to be the one to inform Milo.

"The people in the temple on the Other Shore were also talking about this. That's how I was informed," said Milo with a smile.

He had once led the Flow Sword Sect to victory in the Seven Mountains Meeting three years ago. This year, it was Zen who led them, and they also won first place.

As a result, many were greatly impressed by what the Flow Sword Sect could do. Winning the Seven Mountains Meeting two times in a row was indeed a great feat, especially considering how the sect was not really considered powerful among all the Oneness Sky Palace's sects.

It just so happened they had a few extraordinary disciples.

Kate was lost in thought for a moment before saying, "It is said that the Flow Sword Sect only won first place thanks to Zen. Konnor had been eliminated early on. That means..."

"Zen defeated Elvinia in the game!" Milo finished her thought for her.

"Yes, he defeated her in the game," Kate repeated with a bright smile on her face. "Don't be stressed out."

Even Milo wasn't sure just how strong Elvinia truly was. However, he knew she was a well-matched opponent.

"I'm constantly under pressure." Milo's tone grew serious. "I am not the most outstanding disciple in the Oneness Sky Palace. There are always many powerful warriors, and Zen is just one of them. However, according to the rumor, Zen and Elvinia seemed to have used a special method to control the giant stones."

He fell silent, deep in thought.

Since Milo had a perfect fit with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, his control of the giant stone should have reached the limit. How could Zen and Elvinia be able to exceed this limit? It was impossible for such a thing to happen.

"That's why I came to you." Kate pursed her lips.

"You know the reason?" Milo asked, looking surprised.

Kate nodded. "It's said that Eastern Emperor Taiyi has finally deciphered the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent."

Shock registered all over Milo's face, and he was at a loss for words. As a master of Instant Enlightenment, he knew the meaning of the news better.

After thinking for a while, he finally asked, "Elvinia could have learned the subsequent chapter from her father, but what about Zen? How did he get it?"

Zen had been staying at the Flow Sword Sect, so it was impossible for him to have had a chance to meet Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

"I'm not so sure. But as far as I know, Zen has mastered more than Elvinia. That's how he was able to defeat her at the Seven Mountains Meeting," Kate answered.

Milo could not sit still any longer. He suddenly thought about the time he had to choose among the three sword sects. He knew the Flow Sword Sect was the weakest of the three. However, he also knew that, if he could make a big achievement in the Flow Sword Sect, he could grow stronger than the disciples of the Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect. That was why he ended up choosing the Flow Sword Sect.

He had always been in search of the most powerful swordsmanship, and had never disappointed others. The subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was like a shining beacon that attracted Milo.

"It's said that after the Seven Mountains Meeting, Zen and Elvinia had a secret talk with the elders, including Goran and Athemar. They probably tried to get to the bottom of the matter. I wonder if Eastern Emperor Taiyi will expose it to the public."

If the subsequent chapter was deciphered thoroughly, it would have a great impact on the Oneness Sky Palace. It would be impossible for Eastern Emperor Taiyi to hide it from the others.

"I don't care if Eastern Emperor Taiyi will share it with the public," Milo said, his eyes flashing with passion. "I just want to learn it now."

Chapter 3183 A Foolish Provocation

Kate seemed unfazed by Milo's willfulness. She even smiled at him. "Zen is right next door. If you want to know, you can ask him yourself."

There were only a few independent houses in the Flow Sword Sect, and all of them were located in the same area. Milo's house was only a few steps away from Zen's.

Milo hesitated, and then made up his mind. "All right. I'll go and visit Zen."

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was essentially the soul of any swordsman—it was crucial to release and maximize one's power. The subsequent chapter was even more important. Milo was thus desperate to learn and master it.

"What? I was only kidding.

You're not exactly on good terms since you threatened him before.

What if he does not welcome you? What if he drives you away?

Not to mention, these rumors are just speculation. The fact might be that he and Elvinia used another method to drive the giant stones,"

Kate said quickly. But she was talking to his back. Milo was already walking towards the door of his house, intending to pay a visit to Zen.

Since the Seven Mountains Meeting, Zen had felt that his life had become less peaceful, more bothersome and chaotic.

The elders of the Flow Sword Sect had showered him with rewards. Moreover, Konnor and Mekhi invited him to come over almost every day. Zen found their persistence annoying.

But he had kept refusing, and finally, the invitations stopped. After two days of blessed peace and quiet, however, there was a commotion in Zen's courtyard. He rushed out to see what was going on. A huge hammer was smashed onto the ground in the middle of the yard.

"Master Hai! How did you find the hammer so quickly? You must have spent a fortune on this. Don't worry, I will pay you back," Zen assured him, his eyes widening at the sight of the enormous hammer, its head embedded in the ground.

It had been a long time since the hammer last appeared in the world. Zen knew it must have required plenty of efforts and resources for Master Hai to find the hammer, especially since he only had the clue in his memory.

"I don't need divine crystals. The one hundred and fifty words will do," Master Hai replied with a smile.

Zen shook his head, grinning back at Master Hai. He was such a big shot. Zen couldn't figure him out. Still, if Master Hai said he didn't care about divine crystals, then Zen would take him at his word. Zen immediately went to fetch a piece of rice paper, which he handed to Master Hai.

He and Master Hai thanked each other, then the latter took his leave. As soon as Master Hai had gone, Zen went to the hammer, examining it closely. He picked it up, pleased with its hefty weight, and returned inside the room.

He placed the hammer down beside the Shade Phoenix Sword.

Although the two weapons looked nothing alike, they had at least two similarities. Both were completely dark in color. And both were made of Shade Stones.

As Zen gazed at them, something suddenly occurred to him.

He thought, 'Weapons made of Shade Stones are extremely solid. How can I absorb them?'

Shade Stones and weapons made of Shade Stones were virtually indestructible. No one in the Blue Cloud City, for instance, had been able to destroy the Shade Stone. It could only be melted very slowly by the Su Clan's Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array.

He wondered if this meant he would have to melt the weapons as well.

Deep in thought, Zen flicked his finger, and a flame appeared over the hammer, burning steadily on the surface of the weapon.

"You must be dreaming!"

No. 9527's voice came through without warning. It sounded like it was laughing.

"I am just experimenting,"

Zen said, a tad defensively, and with some embarrassment, he put out the flame. It was indeed daydreaming to try to destroy the hammer using the Elementary Fire Godly Way.

"Just go to the Su Clan and ask them to melt the weapons for you. I'm sure they won't refuse," No. 9527 suggested.

The people of the Su Clan could definitely use the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array to melt the weapons for Zen. It was a reasonable idea.

"But I absorbed the Shade Stone last time," Zen said with some hesitation.

After all, the reason for that fierce battle in the Blue Cloud City was that the two races were fighting to get their hands on the Shade Stone. But now it was gone, and the Su Clan was still investigating how it had been lost and where it was now.

"It doesn't matter," said No. 9527 pragmatically. "They don't even know that you've absorbed the Shade Stone. And even if they knew, they could do nothing to you. Don't forget how important you are now."

Though No. 9527 didn't explicitly praise Zen, it clearly thought highly of his choice.

There was no doubt that by giving part of the Truth Enlightenment to the masters of the Oneness Sky Palace, he would be able to improve his own status very quickly.

Zen had started out as a talented new star brought by Athemar into the Oneness Sky Palace. Now he was one of its most talented disciples, a hero whom everyone expected to lead the Oneness Sky Palace forward in the future. This would be an important consideration for anyone—including the Su Clan—in their dealings with Zen.

In fact, No. 9527 didn't think highly of Zen just because of the Truth Enlightenment. It hadn't really attached too much value to the Shade Stone at first. However, once it learned that Zen was able to absorb the Shade Stone, it had changed tack. The Shade Stone seemed to have greater significance now, which was why No. 9527 had suggested going to the Su Clan.

Zen considered No. 9527's words as he placed the two Other Shore Treasures into his space ring. He decided to go to Gant in Dragon City before approaching the Su Clan.

At that moment, a voice sounded from the courtyard. It was Trish. "Mr. Luo, someone is here to visit you," she called.

"Again?"

Zen was still trying to adjust to the high volume of guests he had been receiving lately.

He made his way to the gate of the house and pushed the door open. Instantly, Zen was enveloped by a strong murderous aura, which he hadn't expected at all. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw three rays of light launched by someone nearby.

Trish was a True God but she had zero tolerance for the killing intent. Under the sudden blast of the powerful killing intent, she was unable to bear the strain, and her eyes rolled up in her head as she fainted.

Zen looked to his right, towards the rays of light and saw a man standing some distance away from the gate. His face darkened. It was Marco from the Vastness Mountain, accompanied by several somber bodyguards dressed all in black.

There was a time when Marco had actively sought to kill Zen. He would have tried during the Seven Mountains Meeting, but had been stopped by Tacy. Moreover, Zen later had gone on to defeat him in the competition, increasing Marco's resentment towards him.

Upon his return to the Vastness Mountain, Marco had stewed in his own rage and bitterness until he couldn't bear it anymore. On an impulse, he had rounded up some companions and rushed over thoughtlessly to the Flow Sword Sect to challenge Zen to yet another battle.

"Zen, we are both disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. As your equal, I challenge you to fight me in a battle to the death! Do you accept?" Marco demanded loudly, glowering at Zen.

Zen raised an eyebrow, looking coolly at Marco. But before he could answer, a slow and leisurely voice sounded from his left. "It's certainly permissible for a Vastness Mountain disciple to challenge a warrior of the Flow Sword Sect. But it's very bad manners not to follow the proper etiquette for such a challenge."

Both Zen and Marco turned to see who had spoken. It was Milo.

Marco's face changed. "Milo, walk away now. This has nothing to do with you," he said coldly.

"Zen and I are both disciples of the Flow Sword Sect. We share with each other any honor or disgrace that befalls the sect. How can you say that this is none of my business? If you want the honor of fighting Zen, you must win against me first," Milo said calmly.

He lightly pinched his fingers in the air. A lovely butterfly, glimmering with its own gentle light, appeared in the air behind his head.

The moment he saw the butterfly, Marco's pupils dilated, and he took an involuntary step backwards. He recognized the tiny, beautiful creature as a fearsome and deadly threat.

Marco wore the expression of someone who had a sword pressed to his neck, not knowing if his attacker would slice his throat or pull away.

"Leave now. I don't want to see you again in the Flow Sword Sect," Milo told him. He wore a look of utmost contempt. He did not respect Marco at all, regardless of his status as the son of the head of the Vastness Mountain.

"What? You would dare to kill me?"

Marco spluttered. Thinking of the strange killing methods of the Flow Sword Sect disciples, he broke out in a cold sweat. But he held his ground and shook his head at Milo. Marco would not leave. He still had his position as the son of the Vastness Mountain's head to protect him—or so he thought.

There was a glint of light as a weapon swung rapidly towards Marco.

Marco's mouth fell open as blood spurted out from a wound in his chest.

Milo had stabbed him through the heart without a moment's hesitation.

"Young Master Marco!"

"Young Master Marco!"

"Stop the bleeding first!"

The bodyguards, a second too late, swarmed around Marco and tried to staunch the blood flowing from his chest. They were absolutely stunned. Like their young master, they had believed that Milo wouldn't dare to actually kill Marco.

Chapter 3184 A Lesson

Although the cultivation bases of the guards Marco brought with him were not that high, most of them were former Oneness Guards, and in some sense, they were also the Xu Clan's family guards.

They were a little relieved when they saw that Marco didn't have other wounds besides his pierced chest.

If Milo really had wanted to kill Marco, he would not have gone straight for the chest. The wound was serious to be sure, but if properly treated Marco would be just fine.

The guards began approaching Marco when suddenly and vigorously blood spurted out of his chest.

His blood transformed into blood swords and slashed at the guards!

The guards hadn't seen this coming. Many of them managed to get out of the way, but two of them were struck by the blood swords.

Marco was understandably startled on seeing the blood shooting out of his chest like a fountain. It was true he was as good a warrior as Milo, but he had never faced a life-and-death situation before and had no idea how to handle it.

The guards were unable to get close to Marco. But if they didn't, he would surely bleed out and die.

"My friend, Young Master Marco is the son of the master of Vastness Mountain. If he dies here, I'm afraid you will have a hard time explaining this to our master," the leader of the guards said sternly.

Milo didn't respond and stood stone-faced. Instead, Kate jumped in, "Your master has two hundred and thirty sons, and Marco isn't one of the good ones. Trust me, we can afford the consequences of him dying."

"What?" The guard's expression turned grim. "Then we will feel no remorse for what happens next!"

He wasn't sure if Flow Sword Sect really could take the consequences of Marco's death, but he knew for sure he and the other guards could not. It seemed to him the only way to prevent any trouble for himself was to stop Milo.

These guards were all former three-star and four-star Oneness Guards, every one of them possessing remarkable strength.

Milo probably could not take on more than ten people at once. Kate, who stood beside Milo, scoffed and drew a small sword.

As she did so, they heard someone shouting from a corner.

"Who the hell are you? How dare you behave like this in our sect?"

"We may not be a large and powerful sect, but you're still not allowed to come around here acting so wild and like you're superior!"

It was Konnor, Mekhi, and some other elite disciples of Flow Sword Sect.

Hearing the commotion, they had rushed out.

These elite disciples' strength varied. Konnor was as strong as a fourth-star or even five-star Oneness Guard. Although the others were slightly weaker, they were also stronger than many guards of the Xu Clan.

Then the fight broke out.

Before long it was clear that the guards with Marco were at a disadvantage.

But the elite disciples were restraining themselves, knowing it would not be honorable to take advantage of them in their current bind.

They only knocked the long swords from the guards' hands and injured them without endangering their lives.

Trish looked surprised, when she came around and stood up behind Zen.

She had not expected such a fierce battle when she opened the door earlier.

The guards were surrounded by elite disciples. They stood still, unable to move. Blood swords were still gushing from Marco's chest, inserting into the ground and turning to pools of blood immediately.

Having lost too much blood, Marco looked as pale as a ghost and he began feeling faint and woozy.

Konnor then said aloud, "Marco, you're welcome to visit our sect. If you dare provoke our sect, well, that would be too bold and you'd have to pay for it!"

When they were at the Seven Mountains Meeting, Konnor had shown nothing but respect and politeness towards Marco, as if he didn't dare to offend him.

However, that did not mean he was afraid of him. Marco had come here with his guards to create trouble for his fellow disciple. This could not be ignored and was unacceptable in any sword sect.

Marco was unable to speak and the scarlet blood swords continued to shoot out one after the other. All the guards felt terribly distressed. It seemed this day would not end well.

Konnor turned to Milo and spoke suggestively, "Milo, please show mercy,"

Konnor's attitude was clear. The Flow Sword Sect was in the right here and they had won the fight. Though they may not have been afraid to kill Marco, they did not need the mess it could create.

As the leading disciple in the sect, Konnor was assertive and authoritative and when he spoke, his words demanded respect.

Milo flicked his fingers with a smile.

The blood on the ground turned back into blood swords and hit Marco's chest with great force.

Marco's body shook wildly as each sword plunged into him.

The blood swords thrust in and created a large hole in his chest.

Marco was still very weak, but his face started looking better as color returned to it.

"Take your young master away," said Milo.

The guards, as if they had been forgiven, rushed forward gratefully. Some began to prepare pills, and some employed methods to heal Marco's injuries. Only after a simple treatment did they speed away.

It was not until they left that Milo said to Konnor slowly and calmly, "Flow Sword Sect has been weak over the years. It is not just due to the shortage of talents, but also because of your ways of dealing with things. If it were a tough sect like Killing Sword Sect and Unique Array Sword Sect, do you think Marco would have dared to bully them like this?"

A bitter smile appeared on Konnor's face. He said, "The competition in the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace has always been this way. The sect falling behind will be bullied. Our sect has been in such a position for a long time, but now with you and Zen joining us, we too will be strong, ha ha..."

The mountains and sects of the Oneness Sky Palace were always competing with each other in secret, and the status of the powerful sword sects was naturally high. With Milo joining, the status of Flow Sword Sect had gradually risen. After all, a warrior capable of Instant Enlightenment was invaluable throughout the palace.

When Milo had decided to join Flow Sword Sect, Unique Array Sword Sect and Killing Sword Sect were unhappy with his decision. They even tried to ask Flow Sword Sect to give Milo to them. But, of course, Flow Sword Sect did not agree. More importantly, the choice was Milo's in the end.

Now that Zen had joined them as well and their sect ranked first twice in the Seven Mountains Meeting, there was no doubt that Flow Sword Sect would be increasingly more prosperous.

Since the commotion had been settled, Zen cupped his hands to the others and was about to return to his house.

Milo jogged over to him and asked in a light tone, "Do you have a moment, Zen?"

Zen looked curiously at him, wondering why this proud and haughty man had suddenly become so courteous.

He contained his curiosity and asked, "What's the matter, Milo?"

It was very difficult for Milo to ask for someone else for a favor, but he pushed through his natural instincts and managed a smile as he asked, "Can we go in and talk about it?"

Zen blinked and gestured. "Please."

Milo was overjoyed. "Thank you very much, Zen," he added.

He then brought Kate into Zen's house.

Konnor, Mekhi and the others were puzzled at what they saw. They wondered why Milo, who was always aloof and arrogant, was so well-mannered and polite all of a sudden.

Chapter 3185 One Request

Since Trish knew that Milo was a distinguished guest, she and Carrie had almost immediately busied themselves with the preparations.

Once everything was ready, Zen asked Milo and Kate to take their seats.

Zen was confused and had no idea what Milo was up to.

Milo looked anxious as he sat there, fiddling with the green porcelain teacup in his hand.

Zen's confusion increased at the hesitation he could read on Milo's face. Trish and Carrie also glanced at each other, wondering what this young talent wanted to do.

It was Kate who broke the deadlock. She knew that Milo was a proud man and it would be hard for him to even ask something of others.

"We heard you won the first place at the Seven Mountains Meeting. We're here to congratulate you," she said, smiling.

"Oh," Zen said, surprised. But he recovered soon enough and said, "Thank you."

"Besides, there is a rumor that you and Elvinia have mastered the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent," Milo said, his voice solemn yet anxious. "May I have a look at it?"

Even when seniors like Athemar and Winchell asked Zen for the Truth Enlightenment, they offered something big in return. The Truth

Enlightenment was too important to be given away lightly.

But Milo was asking Zen for the chapter as if he had a right to it.

"Well..." Zen hesitated for a moment, and then said, "The rumors are baseless. Just wild guesses. As to the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, I..."

Zen paused, wanting to refuse Milo's request.

He had already sent out the first one hundred and fifty words. After Athemar and Winchell received them, the announcement would sooner or later be made in the Flow Sword Sect and the Origin Mountain. And then, Milo, who was the most outstanding disciple of the Flow Sword Sect, could get his hands on it immediately.

But Zen had barely finished talking when Milo interrupted him, his voice gravelly with emotion, "Please! Please give it to me! I will give you whatever you ask for! Whatever request you make! I know I broke your sword, but I can help you fix it. I'm willing to apologize if I offended you in any way!"

Trish and Carrie had to cover their mouths to keep from laughing at Milo's display of emotions. They hadn't expected the arrogant Number One talent to beg Zen for something like this.

Zen looked helplessly at Milo.

"Look, Zen, if you've really got the chapter, sooner or later you're going to let the public know that, aren't you? We're just asking you to let Milo know about it in advance," Kate said. Zen could almost hear the shrewdness in her voice.

Kate had always been well-informed and a good judge of everything. She didn't know whether Zen had spread the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent but she did know that it was very important to the Oneness Sky Palace. Zen couldn't keep it a secret forever. He would have to make it public sometime.

Zen glanced at Kate before turning to Milo. He smiled as he said, "You don't need to apologize for anything. The broken sword has been repaired. But I can give you the first one hundred and fifty words of the Truth Enlightenment."

Milo and Kate were taken aback by Zen's reply since they had been prepared to be rejected. Not only was Milo not a friend of Zen, he also had a troubled history with him.

But Zen was being generous, something that caused Milo to think that maybe this was a dream.

"I only have one request," Zen continued.

"Please go ahead," said Milo, nodding rather vigorously.

"Please don't think that you owe me a favor. If we have the chance to stand in a battle ring, please give it all you have. Go all out," Zen said.

Milo's eyes lit up. "Of course!" he said excitedly.

Zen waved a hand, extracting a piece of white paper from his space ring. He had made ten copies, having anticipated a situation like this beforehand.

Zen had a much richer experience than Milo. The two hadn't fought each other openly and officially yet, but Zen had become much calmer over the years.

"I have to admit that Milo is still too young. Zen is much stronger in this regard," Kate muttered to herself after observing the two men for a while.

She knew nothing about Zen's background and what he had gone through in his journey to the Source World. On the other hand, Milo had never suffered a blow in his life. He was like a boy, ignorant of the world and worldly affairs.

Zen handed Milo the copy and saw the two visitors out. He then told Trish he was going to meet the Su Clan in the Bloom Divine Province. Letitia and the others would have to wait for him here once they returned.

Trish's eyes lit up at the mention of the Su Clan. She said, "The Su Clan is situated in the Clear Lake in the northern part of the Bloom Divine Province. My hometown is in the Clear Lake. Mr. Luo, I can show you the way to the Su Clan's residence."

"Show me the way?" Zen repeated, surprised.

"Yes. The Clear Lake is a huge place. It will be convenient for you if I can come along. Besides, I want to go home," Trish ended on a whisper.

Maids of the Flow Sword Sect were not qualified to make requests. But over the past few days, she had observed Zen and seen that he wasn't rigid with rules. She wasn't scared anymore.

"Okay," Zen replied, flashing her a smile.

Zen didn't need Trish to lead the way because he had decided to take Gant with him. But he didn't have the heart to refuse her, especially since she wanted to go with him.

And so, Carrie was tasked with informing Letitia and the other women.

Zen and Trish went down the mountain together and to the Dragon City. They found Gant in the Sword Tower.

Gant's face filled with joy at the sight of Zen approaching him. "I hadn't expected you to come down the mountain!"

Zen smiled, his eyes twinkling, and said, "I need your help."

"What is it?" Gant asked, curious as to what could have brought Zen down the mountain to ask for his help.

"After the battle in the Blue Cloud City, how have your family been recently?" Zen asked.

Gant nodded. "They're fine. I have met my father," he said.

"Could they activate the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array again?" Zen asked, hope lacing his words this time.

"The Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array is a skill unique to our clan. We can activate it again because we can't and won't abandon it ever," Gant said with certainty.

"I need their help in refining something, and I'll pay all their costs," said Zen.

'What does he want to refine? Why does he need the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array?' Gant thought, confused. But he could not refuse Zen's request.

The Su Clan would not activate the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array easily, but Zen was rich enough to be able to pay them, which was why Gant had so readily agreed to it.

Once they were ready, they headed straight for the giant transmission array at the northern corner of the Dragon City.

When Zen and Gant had previously gone to the Mountain Viewing Province for their mission, they had used the transmission array for free. But this time, Zen had to pay for the use of the transmission array because this was private travel.

Once the guards were ready with the array, a column of light flashed, and Zen, Trish, and Gant disappeared from the transmission array.

Chapter 3186 Suspicion

The Bloom Divine Province was where the Oneness Sky Palace was based. It was also one of the biggest gatherings of the human race. Almost all sorts of forces, clans, and commercial alliances tried to grab a place in the Bloom Divine Province.

The most prosperous area in the province was the city cluster around the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace. The Clear Lake at the north was a close second.

The Clear Lake was so huge. It had over a hundred large cities within it. Most clans in the Bloom Divine Province were born from this place, prospered, and finally chose to join the Oneness Sky Palace.

The clans that ruled the Vastness Mountain, the Ivory Mountain, the Golden Mountain, the Azure Mountain, and the Origin Mountain, were all from the Clear Lake. All these mountains belonged to the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Everything is all well and good in the Oneness Sky Palace, except for the view. The Clear Lake has far better scenes to take in," Gant sighed, taking in the view before him as he stood at the edge of the Clear Lake.

The Clear Lake was more than ten million miles wide, like a huge ocean. One could not see the other end of the lake.

A sweet, moist breeze blew over the lake, causing the water to ripple and intoxicating the people standing near it.

"The best view of the Clear Lake is the Ripple Pavilion in the southwest. It's paradise in a good season," Trish said from behind Zen.

"You've been to the Ripple Pavilion as well?" Gant turned to ask her, astonished.

"Yes." Trish nodded but didn't offer to say anything more.

"Is it strange for someone to have been to the Ripple Pavilion?" Zen asked curiously.

"I've been there several times. It's nothing strange or even extraordinary. It's just that ordinary people can't go there. But my question is: How can someone who has the ability to visit the Ripple Pavilion work as a maid in the Flow Sword Sect?" asked Gant, staring at Trish.

Trish was embarrassed. She forced a smile and said, "That's all history now. Let bygones be bygones."

Gant took one long look at her but didn't pursue the topic any further. He said after a pause, "We can go to the Goose City and rent a flying ship before it gets dark. This way, the time we spend on travel will be greatly shortened."

Gant's idea came through and before dark, the three of them had rented a flying ship and were flying along the edge of the Clear Lake. Eight hours later, they arrived at Su City.

Su City was just like any other bustling city. One word was written in huge calligraphic letters on the gate. 'Su, ' it read.

"All of Su City belongs to your Su Clan?" Zen asked.

"Su City prospers because of our Su Clan. So yes. I guess you could say that," Gant replied.

The Su Clan was a famous weapon refining clan and Su City was famous for weapon refining. The weapon refiners in the Bloom Divine Province and those in the surrounding provinces all hoped to one day grab a place in Su City. The Su Clan was happy to let people of the same trade live in the city.

Once they had entered the city, every few steps they took brought them to a weapon refining workshop. There were also too many shops selling weapons and treasures.

The weapons and treasures they sold were merely ordinary. It was rare to see even a primary Profound Blood Treasure in these shops.

It was not because there was no first-class treasure in Su City, but because no one would dare openly sell a premium Profound Blood Treasure or even an Other Shore Treasure.

Zen didn't have much need for treasures, so they quickly walked past the shops.

A short distance later, a high, dark wall loomed ahead of them. Two strangely-shaped, brass yellow statues stood at the door. There were clusters of ores all over the bodies, and their eyes shone with a silver light.

"They are Ore Shadow race," said Gant.

Zen had heard Gant mention the race when they'd been in the Mountain Viewing Province. The Su Clan had been able to become a weapon refining clan because they had the blood of the Ore Shadow race.

The Ore Shadow race was born from ores. They could integrate with ores, which caused them to take on different appearances from ordinary beasts.

"So the Ore Shadow race looks like this," Zen mumbled.

Trish stared at the door with admiration. She said, "People say that the Su Clan of the Su City is a famous weapon refining clan that works for the Oneness Sky Palace. I can feel their magnificence and power even while just standing at their gate!"

"We are flattered," Gant said, smiling, proud at the high praise coming from Trish. "Let's go in."

Two servants in silver armor bowed to him in unison and said, "Welcome back, Young Master Gant!"

"Where is my father?" Gant asked.

"The master is cultivating in seclusion," one of them replied.

"Pass on a message to him for me. Tell him I want to meet him. It's important," said Gant.

The servant bowed and left to take Gant's message to his master. Another servant brought them to the hall, where they sat down to wait.

It wasn't long before Cailen entered the hall in a huff. His eyes hardened as they found Gant and he said, "Oh, so you do remember to come home!"

The Su Clan had narrowly escaped death in the Mountain Viewing Province, but despite that, they had suffered great losses.

Gant had brought Eira back home. But after that, he returned to the Dragon City and hadn't come back until now.

Now that Gant had returned, Cailen was happy, but he was still a little angry.

Gant smiled, embarrassed, and said, "I'm back now, aren't I?"

Cailen ignored him. Instead, his whole face lit up when he saw Zen.

Zen's performance in the Mountain Viewing Province had been too amazing back then. Cailen's cultivation level wasn't that high, but he had a good eye for talents.

In order to find the whereabouts of the Shade Stone, the Su Clan had held investigations in the Grand River Fortress, and they knew that the Oneness Governor Athemar had gone to the Mountain Viewing Province specially to save Zen.

This news had shocked Cailen, increasing his curiosity about Zen. He believed that Zen was from an extraordinary background.

Cailen suspected that Zen or Athemar was in possession of the Shade Stone. But it was not proper to question Zen about it in his face now.

Zen stood up and after they exchanged greetings, he went straight to the point. "I came to visit you along with Gant, because I have a favor to ask of you."

"Please tell me. If there is anything our Su Clan can do to help, we will do everything in our power to do so," Cailen said.

"I want to use the Su Clan's Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array," Zen said.

Cailen froze. If Zen had asked anything else, he would have tried his best to satisfy him. But setting up the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array once would cost a lot. Moreover, refining an ordinary treasure didn't even need this array.

Zen watched Cailen hesitate for a while before he said, "I will cover the cost of setting up the array. The price will not disappoint you."

Zen had a lot of divine crystals at hand.

Merging with the Shade Stone was too important to him. He would use the heritage of the Nine Li race if necessary.

"It's not a matter of price. Could you tell me why you want to use this array?" asked Cailen.

Gant stared at Zen. The whole way here, he had been very curious about what Zen had obtained to warrant the use of the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array.

Zen flicked a hand and a long sword appeared in it - the Shade Phoenix Sword that Goran had awarded him.

Cailen's eyes flashed with confusion at the sight of the Shade Phoenix Sword.

Cailen had personally made the Shade Phoenix Sword for Goran's use. How had it appeared in Zen's hand? Was Zen a close relative of Goran?

Even if he was, it was impossible for Goran to have given him a premium Other Shore Treasure. Had he stolen it from Goran?

Cailen was frightened at the thought and he became instantly vigilant. But outwardly, he was calm as he asked, "Where did you get the sword?"

Chapter 3187 A Strange Request

Cailen couldn't hide the nervousness in his face. Noticing his expression, Zen gave him a slight, soothing smile. "This is a reward from Master Goran," he said lightly.

"A—a reward?"

Cailen stammered. Instead of being reassured, his doubts intensified. Even Gant looked disbelieving.

Although the Seven Mountains Meeting had been a heated and intense event, only warriors of the mountains belonging to the Oneness Sky Palace were allowed to attend. Most of the people in Dragon City simply weren't qualified to know anything about the meeting.

So while Gant and Cailen had both heard of the Seven Mountains Meeting, neither of them was familiar with what happened during the event. They didn't know who won first place.

Naturally, they didn't believe that Goran would just give Zen a premium Other Shore Treasure.

"A premium Other Shore Treasure is precious, even to someone like Master Goran. Why should he give it to you?" asked Cailen in a bewildered tone.

Dozens of ideas crossed his mind one after the other.

The Shade Stone was solid and all but indestructible. Indeed, across the entire Bloom Divine Province, no one but the Su Clan had the ability to melt the stone and remake it into a weapon. If Zen had gotten this sword in an unethical way, he could only ask the Su Clan for help.

Cailen could help Zen. But if his suspicion was true and Goran knew about it, how could the Su Clan be able to survive the consequences?

Zen could tell from their anxious expressions what they were worried about. He smiled again and said, "I won the championship during the Seven Mountains Meeting. This sword is the reward given to me by Goran for my victory. Do you doubt my word?"

"You won first place at Seven Mountains Meeting?" Cailen said incredulously, his eyes opening wide.

Gant opened and closed his mouth like a fish, looking astonished. "Flag Master, you participated in the Seven Mountains Meeting? And won?"

Some members of the Su Clan were also disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, but none of them had been qualified to participate in the Seven Mountains Meeting.

Cailen and Gant were amazed. Zen had been a disciple of the palace for a much shorter period of time compared to the Su Clan members, but now he had been invited to the Seven Mountains Meeting, and he had even won first place! It was incredible.

"My master was well qualified not only to attend the Seven Mountains Meeting, but to win first place against everyone else. Why are you so surprised?" Trish interjected, grinning.

Cailen coughed to cover his awkwardness.

He gazed at Zen and felt that he had to revise his entire opinion of him.

However, he could not quell the last tiny shred of doubt in his mind. He believed Zen was much more powerful than himself, but these claims were all just based on Zen's words. He could have planned an elaborate lie in advance.

However, Zen's next words instantly banished all his doubts.

"In addition to this Shade Phoenix Sword, I also have a hammer made from the Shade Stone. I'm hoping you can help me melt these two treasures," Zen said, showing them the hammer. He gave them a pleading look.

"So... you have another treasure made from the Shade Stone? You have two in your possession?"

"Isn't it said that there's only one treasure made from the Shade Stone in the entire Bloom Divine Province?"

Cailen and Gant stared at the precious hammer Zen had brought to them. They could tell that the hammer had been forged poorly, yet what Zen said was true: it was made from the Shade Stone.

"It was Master Hai who gave me this hammer. I want to accumulate more, but unfortunately I was only able to obtain two such treasures in this brief period of time," Zen said ruefully, shaking his head.

'Only two? Only?'

Cailen could see that Zen was serious, and he almost felt like crying. He recalled the long, hard work the Su Clan had done in order to forge a single weapon from the stone, the Shade Phoenix Sword. What Zen said made it sound so easy to get such a weapon.

Then something else occurred to him.

"Maybe it would be fine to just melt this hammer to form a new Other Shore Treasure. After all, the Shade Phoenix Sword is already a top-tier weapon. You can't imagine the hours of labor spent into crafting that. It's too precious to destroy," Cailen said, hoping to persuade Zen.

What he didn't know was that Zen didn't need either of these two weapons at all. Zen only wanted the Shade Stones.

Zen said firmly, "I'm not here to ask you for help with making new weapons. I only need you to help me melt these two treasures."

"Melt? Do you mean to destroy them and turn them into Shade Stone liquid?" Cailen asked, finally understanding Zen's plan.

"Yes. The only way to do that is by using your Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array," Zen replied.

Cailen took a deep breath.

This was probably the strangest request that he had ever heard.

Zen only wanted these weapons melted. He didn't need them to be improved or transformed. Just melted.

Cailen wondered why Zen wanted the Shade Stone liquid. Was he going to drink it?

He remembered the Shade Stone liquid he had thrown to Zen in the Mountain Viewing Province. But of course he couldn't figure out the connection between Shade Stone and his body.

"What are you going to do with the Shade Stone after melting it?" Cailen asked cautiously.

"I'm afraid I can't answer that right now," Zen said politely.

He had decided not to share with others his practice of using the Shade Stone liquid. Moreover, he did not want to invite further questions. If he explained his motives to Cailen, then Cailen would ask him about the Shade Stone liquid in the Mountain Viewing Province.

Cailen sighed. He explained to Zen, "I will try to help you, but I can't set the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array on my own. I must speak with the other members of my clan and see what they decide."

"Before that, Flag Master, you can stay here tonight," Gant offered quickly.

Zen wasn't in a hurry. He accepted Gant's invitation and stayed at the Su Clan's house that night.

Meanwhile, that same evening, Cailen gathered several members of the clan and explained Zen's request to them.

When they heard what Zen wanted, several people furrowed their brows and exchanged solemn glances. Gant's uncles, in particular, looked quite severe.

"Of course, we respect the talents of Zen. It's very impressive how he has already participated in the Seven Mountains Meeting after being in the mountain for less than half a year."

"My son Nevyn has been in the mountain for thirteen years. He is still not qualified to be invited!"

"We don't know what Zen plans to do with the Shade Stone liquid. He is only telling us one part of the story. It's better not to get involved with this!"

As everyone spoke up, it became evident that the Su Clan was united—they did not want to grant Zen's request.

Cailen's initial misgivings resurfaced at the vehement refusal of his fellow clan members. He wondered anxiously if he should tell Zen his request had been turned down.

Raphael sat in a corner of the room and listened to the others talk. When there was a lull in the discussion, he took the opportunity to speak. He looked around at everyone and said, "The Ripple Pavilion competition is about to begin. Nevyn, Irving, and Osrid will be returning in a few days. They must know about the Seven Mountains Meeting. Why don't we just ask them about it when they arrive?"

Although Cailen had invited him to join the discussion, Raphael held a low position in the Su Clan. Most of the time, no one took anything Raphael said seriously.

But Cailen looked interested. He scratched his head, thinking, 'That's true, I didn't think of that...'

The next day, Cailen went to Zen and asked him if he could wait for a little while. Cailen told him he needed a few days to prepare the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array.

Zen agreed. He could afford to be patient, and he knew that melting the Shade Stone would be a long and slow process.

While Zen waited, Gant took him and Trish to see the best places in Su City. They enjoyed their impromptu tour very much, although they were also eager to get updates from Cailen.

Three days later, the transmission array located in the northern area of the Dragon City became very busy.

During the first days of May, every year, the disciples of the great clans in the Bloom Divine Province returned home.

So would the disciples of the seven mountains.

Marco knew his arrival in the Clear Lake would be unexpected. Though some members of Marco's clan were still in Clear Lake, their main line had its roots in the Oneness Sky Palace. Those who remained in Clear Lake were from the insignificant branches of the clan.

Marco had only visited Clear Lake once, when he was young. When he came to visit this time, all the Xu Clan's branches in the city gathered to give him a proper greeting.

It was a grand scene, but Marco did not seem to be enjoying the attention. His face was cold as frost. His three gloomy guards were equally stone-faced.

He wasn't here for the Ripple Pavilion competition.

In the wake of his humiliating defeat in the Flow Sword Sect, Marco began regretting the impulse that had driven him there. Of course, Zen was a member of the Flow Sword Sect now and they would stand united against outsiders. It had been very foolish of him to go to that sect to make trouble for Zen.

Yet, upon discovering that Zen was also at Clear Lake, all the old resentment flared up again. He realized that fate had given him another opportunity, one he couldn't pass up.

Chapter 3188 The Return

After they arrived at the stone gate to the city, the leader of the Xu Clan, along with his followers, stood to welcome them, and all of them respectfully bowed to Marco.

"Welcome, Young Master. We are greatly humbled and honored by your presence!" the head of the Xu Clan in Clear Lake said with the utmost respect.

In fact, the entire clan had confused expressions plastered across their faces.

The main line of the Xu Clan had been in charge of Vastness Mountain for a long time. The Xu Clan in Clear Lake was their ancestral land, but in fact, it was slowly declining as the collateral branch.

They were confused as to why an exalted personality like Marco would degrade himself to attend the Ripple Pavilion competition.

"Hmm," Marco responded indifferently without giving them a second glance. He walked past them. Then he led his three guards inside the city without waiting for them to escort him.

The people of the Xu Clan who stood with their heads bowed felt their cheeks burn in embarrassment. They thought they had displeased Marco by not giving him the reception he deserved. The head of their clan gestured his men with his eyes to go after Marco, and they quickly followed up under his orders.

As he stomped his way inside the city, Marco turned to the three guards and ordered them blatantly, "Grayson, Drystan, I'm holding you two in charge of locating that brat! I heard he met someone from the Su Clan at Dragon City. I'd advise you two to start from the Su City."

Taking caution to his surroundings, Grayson whispered in a low tone, "If we find this person, should we kill him on the spot?"

"No." Marco's eyes reflected lust for Zen's blood on his hands. "I will do it myself." He tightened his jaw.

Concerned for his master, one of the guards named Lazlo spoke up, to reason with him. "Young Master, please, I beg you to reconsider. Maybe it's wiser to let Grayson and Drystan kill him. Zen Luo is an elite member of the Flow Sword Sect. It is said that he has a close relationship with Athemar. If others find out you kill him, it will ruin your father's plan."

The three trusted guards that accompanied Marco were all members of Vastness Mountain's intelligence agency. They were powerful and were exceedingly loyal to the Xu Clan. Even if they were discovered after the killing, it would be difficult to find evidence solid enough to locate them. On the other hand, Marco was a man with a strong background. He could be easily traced. The situation would be different if he did it.

"Who would know?" Marco glared at all three of his accomplices and sneered at them with bloodshot eyes, "Do you honestly think I would travel all the way to Clear Lake personally for nothing? I did not ask for your opinions. I will be the one who kills him with my own hands."

Hearing Marco's persistent wish, Lazlo went silent. He knew there was no point in reasoning with him since he had the reputation of a bad temper.

Receiving their orders, Grayson and Drystan nodded to Marco and left to carry out their mission and disappeared in the shadows.

Meanwhile, in the Clear Lake, many children of great clans were being welcomed after returning from the Oneness Sky Palace.

Joining the palace as a disciple would earn them the respect of their peers and fellow clansmen. They would become the symbol of hope for their respective clans and their status would be promoted to a great extent.

Just like that, Nevyn Su, Irving Su, and Osrid Su were the three hopes of the Su Clan.

They were different compared to Gant.

The Su Clan had been trying to increase their influence inside the Oneness Sky Palace for many years and maintained a good relationship with it. They would naturally try to send their children into the palace to join as disciples and grow in strength.

Gant did have the qualification to become a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, but Cailen hoped that he would take over the weapon-refining business of the Su Clan instead. Due to the difference in opinion, the father and son became incompatible, and Cailen even cut off all the resources of Gant. As a result, Gant became penniless and had to work tirelessly in Dragon City to earn a living.

In the hall of the Su Clan, the servants served their masters and performed their duties like usual. It was a regular day until Nevyn Su, Irving Su and Osrid Su entered the house. The atmosphere suddenly became joyous as everyone applauded and welcomed them wholeheartedly.

Naturally, these three young men became the main highlight of the Su Clan. Now that they had returned, they would share their experiences and achievements from the Oneness Sky Palace.

Everyone sat around the three young men waiting for them to initiate their brave tales from the palace. "This year is really tough. The tasks of the Golden Silkworm Sword Sect have multiplied, which barely gives me time to breathe," Irving Su said. He had been working tirelessly this year, and his strength had increased considerably.

After he finished, Nevyn Su leaned forward to invite all the attention to him before he boasted with a smile, "I managed to rank 53rd in the Ivory Mountain competition this year. Unfortunately, I lost in the last round. Otherwise, I would have surely made it to the Upper Yard. It's fine, I'll try again next year. I know I'll make progress."

In the Ivory Mountain, the Upper Yard was the place where the elite disciples resided. Getting to that place was a prestigious honor.

When Nevyn Su finished speaking, the Su Clan erupted in cheers and patted him on the back for his achievements. They were filled with pride, especially Ruben, his father. He walked up towards him and laid his hand on his shoulder to squeeze it gently as he exclaimed, "I'm proud of you, Son! Well done!"

Among the three young men, Osrid Su was the last to share. He positioned himself as all eyes now followed his every move. Then he cleared his throat and began to speak in a clear voice. "I participated in the Seven Mountains Meeting. Although our Azure Mountain got eliminated in the end, I got to learn a lot from the event. This year's competition was the most exciting thing I've ever witnessed, and—"

Before he could finish what he had to say, Osrid Su's father Reid Su, interrupted him excitedly and exclaimed with a cheerful voice, "Son, you got into the Elite Unit?"

In response, Osrid Su replied in a casual tone, "Well, yes, I got in, but—"

"Haha, our clan has an elite disciple now, and it's my son!" Reid Su laughed heartily as he shouted the words from his mouth with pride.

At this remark, everyone in the clan began to view Osrid Su as a prodigy among them. They all started to see him in a different light as an exalted member.

Osrid Su had already proved his potential. Anyone who was able to be an elite in the Oneness Sky Palace would have a steady grasp of the essence of the martial arts.

"Dad, it's only my first step to join the Elite Unit. My goal is to lead the Azure Mountain to win the championship at Seven Mountains Meeting after three years!" Osrid Su's eyes gleamed with bright hopes for the future.

However, he was not among the top 20 in his sect and thus wasn't qualified to participate in it. He had only been a spectator instead.

Even so, witnessing the aerial battle between Zen and Elvinia still deeply shocked him!

After the three of them reported to the elders of the Su Clan, the atmosphere became livelier with lots of happy faces and chatter.

Satisfied by the reaction he received, Osrid Su suddenly turned towards Gant and asked, "Gant, anything interesting in the Dragon City during the past year?"

The people of the Su Clan didn't think much of Dragon City. But Gant entered Dragon City against Cailen's will anyway, which gave them an excuse to make a mockery out of him.

Gant and Eira were sitting together discussing something in a low voice as if trying not to be noticed, when he was suddenly asked.

After a few months of rest, Eira fully recovered. Her delicate features were now highlighted by her natural blush skin, which made her look adorable.

"Gant, you should work hard in the Dragon City. If you work hard for twenty years, you will be able to get the position of Alliance Chief. Then maybe you'll earn a shot at becoming a Oneness Guard," Osrid Su added while rubbing his chin and closing the distance between them.

"But it's not easy to join the Oneness Guards. The test is quite tough. Besides, a Oneness Guard has to fight on the front lines. It's too dangerous for you. Gant, you'd better stay in the Su Clan if you know what's good for you," Irving Su suggested with a ridiculing smile.

Although their words sounded considerate, the tone they took to emphasize them was of scolding and taunting him in an obvious way.

Gant frowned slightly. If it were in the past, he might have had a fallout with his cousins, but after he had been to the Mountain Viewing Province with Zen and encountered a life-and-death experience, he suddenly felt that these cousins of his were so naive and had such limited vision.

At that moment, a loud and clear voice resounded in the hall from the back. "Becoming a Oneness Guard is not the only choice in Dragon City. Gant is only one step away from being admitted by Oneness Mountain this year.

The Oneness Mountain is much stricter than the other mountains. If it were Ivory Mountain or Azure Mountain, he would have made it by now."

Hearing what the voice had to say, the three young men frowned in unison.

After all, that person was right. Oneness Mountain's test was stricter compared to the others, but those words of wisdom still cut through them like daggers because it made them look inferior in front of Gant.

"And I guarantee that it will only take Gant one year to be ranked among the elite disciples," the voice continued to boost Gant's esteem.

Not able to take it anymore, Osrid Su retaliated, "One year? Give me a break! Such a person doesn't exist in the entire Oneness Sky Palace!"

"I wouldn't be so sure. It only took my Flag Master two months. It doesn't seem all that difficult," Gant said with a smirk recalling Zen's heroics in his mind.

"Your Flag Master?"

"A guy from Dragon City became an elite disciple in just two months?"

"Gant, stop uttering such nonsense! That is not possible!"

The three young men refused to believe a single word Gant said. They had never come across such a person.

As the endless quarreling refused to end, Cailen stepped with Zen into the hall.

Chapter 3189 Spying On Zen

To err on the side of caution, the elders of the Su Clan decided to find out whether what Zen said was true or not.

Nevyn, Irving and Osrid had all gone up the mountains, so if Zen's words were true, they should know about it.

Of course, Cailen couldn't tell Zen that they were dubious. He figured that, once Zen was invited over, the elders' doubts would be erased.

"Majority of the losers who enter the Dragon City aren't even qualified to go up the mountain." Nevyn sneered. "And yet, you claimed someone managed to become an elite warrior in the span of only two months? Please." He shook his head in disbelief.

"This is the funniest thing I've heard all year! Right, Osrid?" Irving jeered. Turning to his brother, he noticed something strange about him. "What's wrong with you... Osrid?"

Osrid had also wanted to join in teasing Gant, but now he stood motionless, his mouth wide open. It was as though he had seen a ghost.

"Osrid, what's up?" Reid asked with a concerned expression.

Osrid didn't respond. He stood frozen for a few more moments before regaining composure. He suddenly bowed clumsily towards the intimidating figure looming before him. "I'm Osrid Su from the Elite Unit. Nice to meet you, Zen."

Irving glanced at Osrid confusedly. In his eyes, it seemed like Zen's cultivation base was about the same as theirs. Why was Osrid, a member of the Elite Unit, so dumbstruck by this person?

Initially, Nevyn shared the same reaction as Irving. However, at the mention of Zen's name, he suddenly remembered who this guy truly was.

Although he was unable to attend the Seven Mountains Meeting, word spread fast. Finally, it dawned on them who Zen was.

Zen bowed back politely. "I've mentioned how Gant will become an elite in a year. I'm willing to bet on this."

"No, no, no... There's no need to do that," Osrid refused, shaking his hands. "We dare not question your judgment, Zen."

In Osrid's eyes, Zen was as powerful as Elvinia—maybe even more so.

Surely, it'd be easy to promote Gant to elite discipleship in the Flow Sword Sect. If he actually made a bet with Zen, Osrid had no chance of winning.

The elders of the Su Clan, including Cailen and Ruben, exchanged knowing smiles as they watched the scene unfold before them.

They had achieved their goal to verify Zen's words.

When Zen came to sit down, Osrid embellished the story that took place in the Seven Mountains Meeting. He was eloquent. As he talked about the fierce fight between Zen and Elvinia, he made exaggerated gestures. Even Eira's and Gant's eyes lit up as they heard the story. People of the Su Clan listened to Osrid with great interest, but Zen felt a little embarrassed with all the flattering.

When Osrid finished telling the story, Cailen seized the moment to tell Zen that the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array was prepared and could be set up the following day.

That night, Zen sat cross-legged in the Su Clan's backyard to meditate.

If he could absorb the two Shade Stones, his strength should reach a higher level.

However, there were still many things he needed to study, such as the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship, the Flow Swordsmanship, and the Sword Texture Technique. He might need to cultivate in seclusion after returning to the sword sect.

Meanwhile, outside the Su Clan's house, two figures lurked among the trees.

Grayson and Drystan expertly climbed a towering tree. They had been sent by Marco.

As members of their intelligence agency, they were experts in the art of stealth.

Suddenly, a palm-sized mirror appeared above Grayson's head. It was the Spying Mirror.

If they tried using their spiritual sense to spy, they'd be detected in an instant. However, by using an Other Shore Token to spy, they could go on unnoticed.

With a slight wave of his hand, Grayson activated the Spying Mirror. Instantly, a picture appeared on it. It showed a pretty girl of the Su Clan, staring at herself in a mirror as she combed her hair. After a few more moments of watching her, Drystan scolded Grayson in a low voice, "Get back to business!"

With another flick of his wrist, another picture appeared. "Oh, my God!" Grayson cried in disgust.

Drystan turned to look over his shadow to see what Grayson was making a fuss about. To his surprise, the Spying Mirror depicted two men hugging each other in the corner of a yard. Slapping Grayson on the head, he snapped, "You know what will happen to us if we delay Young Master Marco's business!"

With an indignant huff, Grayson scanned the entire house of the Su Clan using the mirror. Finally, he found Zen—at the center of a yard.

"Yes, he's in the Su Clan," said Grayson with a smile. "How about we kill him now?"

"If we kill him now, Young Master Marco will kill us!" Drystan shot back. "Let's just follow Young Master Marco's orders."

Although Zen was an elite warrior from the Oneness Sky Palace, the three people of the intelligence agency had crossed the Lust World and surpassed the fourteenth stage.

In their eyes, both Zen's and Marco's strengths were insignificant compared to theirs. However, they were still fearful of Marco's paranoid character.

Zen remained seating, unaware that he was being spied on. No. 9527, on the other hand, felt eyes on him. "Zen, someone is spying on you."

"What, really? How come I didn't notice?" Zen frowned slightly.

His perception was usually extraordinary, so it was impossible for him to not notice if he was spied on by ordinary people. Even now, he couldn't sense any spying presence. The spies must be incredibly powerful.

"They are spying on you with an Other Shore Token in the southwest," No. 9527 replied.

Zen slowly stood up and took a few slow steps, taking care not to raise any alarms. Then, he channeled his power into launching himself towards the southwest.

From the treetops, Drystan saw Zen suddenly shooting towards them at lightning speed. "Grayson, this brat is running like crazy!" he whispered.

"He found us!" he continued through gritted teeth. "You idiot! Let's go!" His expression darkened.

Their task was to find out if Zen was in the Su Clan, and they had fulfilled this mission. However, if they alerted Zen, causing him to leave, then they'd be in big trouble.

"That's impossible!" Grayson said defensively.

"My Spying Mirror can do it without anyone's noticing. He must be having some..."

Drystan clapped his hands around Grayson's head, yanking it to face Zen's direction. "Open your eyes! He's almost upon us!"

They could see a figure in the distance, running towards them at an incredible speed, jumping from rooftop to rooftop of the Su Clan buildings.

Luckily for them, the Su Clan had an extremely large house; if not, Zen would have already covered the distance and discovered them.

"Go!"

Without any further hesitation, Drystan and Grayson hurriedly returned to the dark path they had come from.

Just as they jumped down from the treetops, a ray of blazing sword radiance sliced at the spot they were just at. Momentarily stunned by the sudden bright light, Grayson and Drystan clumsily tried to dodge the sword radiance.

"Puff!"

Grayson, disoriented, suddenly twisted his body towards the sword radiance.

Thankfully, the sword radiance didn't explode. Instead, they heard a muffled sound, as though a sharp blade had cut through a piece of worn leather. Hastily, the two decided not to think too hard about it, and disappeared into the darkness.

Zen stood on the wall enclosing the Su Clan's compound, with a stern look on his face. His eyes vigilantly searched the trees.

These two men were much stronger than he had imagined. Why did they want to spy on him?

Chapter 3190 The Blood Upgrading Pill

The Su Clan was alarmed by Zen's actions.

Cailen stood on the wall, watching the surrounding area with narrowed eyes. Several others flew out from the house of the Su Clan, heightening the tension among the members of the clan.

"Who are they? Why are they hiding outside our house?" Cailen asked.

Zen shook his head. "I don't know. It could be that they are spying on me. But it's equally likely that they're spying on the Su Clan, or on some specific person in the clan."

Zen couldn't be sure. All he knew for certain was that the Su Clan's house was being spied on, as discovered by No. 9527.

"It takes a lot of nerve to spy on a clan like ours,"

Cailen said, a serious expression on his face.

The Su Clan had amassed a lot of power throughout the years. As the rulers of the Su City, they had enemies within and outside the city, so news of spying definitely warranted a thorough investigation.

Cailen looked up to address a man on the roof. "Listen up. The guards have to patrol more frequently this month. You will report any suspicious activity to me as soon as possible," he ordered.

"It will be done,"

the man answered promptly, hurrying off to disseminate Cailen's orders.

Cailen turned back to Zen and grinned at him wryly. "We are grateful for your warning, Zen. You should get some rest in your room. Rest assured, we will look closely into this threat, although I'm quite certain no one would dare to harm my clan in our own city."

Zen nodded, looking thoughtful. He bid goodbye to Cailen and flew back to his courtyard.

The next day, under Cailen's lead, the group left the Su Clan's house together. They headed for the refining place within the heart of the Su City.

The site of the Su City was not an accident. The Su Clan had chosen to build their city in this location for several important reasons.

The water of the Clear Lake was generally ice-cold. But there was an area in the western region of the lake where the water temperature was much higher. Even during winter, a person who dipped his hand into the lake would instantly feel the warmth of the water. Regardless of how long winter lasted or how cold it got, the lake never froze over.

The Su Clan's ancestors were intrigued by this phenomenon and decided to explore why the lake was warm in that area. They discovered that a broad, powerful channel of the underground fire vein ran under that section of the lake.

The underground fire vein was deep. It was also long and large, running under the lake all the way to a different province. The Su Clan saw its potential immediately. With great joy, they decided to settle right there.

They spent years digging near the lake. Eventually, they struck gold—they had penetrated deep enough to reach the underground fire vein.

When they first established the city, the underground fire vein was the private property of the Su Clan. However, as more and more weapon refiners arrived to make use of the fire vein, the Su Clan decided to make it public.

Zen, Cailen, and the others headed to the western part of the Su City, where the refining place was located. There was a dark earthen wall ahead of them. When they passed through the wall, the temperature suddenly soared, becoming almost unbearably hot. Zen realized that the wall enclosed the refining place, which was an area completely different from the calm, cool city that surrounded it.

Weapon refiners walked and worked all around them, all stripped bare from the waist up, their skin red from the heat and shining with sweat.

"With the help of the underground fire vein in the refining place, the power of all the arrays can be increased by several times. This will allow us to melt the Shade Stone more quickly," explained Cailen as he led them through the maze of busy refiners.

"Do I need Eira's assistance this time?" Zen asked.

In the Blue Cloud City, the most important thing used to melt the Shade Stone was not the flame, but the power of Eira's blood.

Zen hoped her blood wasn't needed here. He didn't have the heart to make use of the pale, overworked girl who had grown up alongside Gant.

"Yes, we need her. But don't worry. Recently, Eira hasn't participated in any weapon refining, nor did she use the power of her blood. The Oneness Sky Palace has given us a Blood Upgrading Pill to make up for our loss,"

Cailen replied. A sudden smile flashed across his face, excitement lighting up his eyes.

"A Blood Upgrading Pill?" Zen asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes. I never dreamed of obtaining such a high-quality pill like that," Cailen said proudly. "You know, it can upgrade the blood and is rare even in the Oneness Sky Palace. It's said that only one pill can be produced every thousand years!"

"Upgrade the blood?" Zen mused, catching Cailen's excitement and feeling interested.

In the divine land, he had never heard of any pill that could upgrade a warrior's blood.

Of course, Zen didn't need to upgrade his blood. Without the ancient god's blood, he would have the purest imperial-grade bloodline of the Nine Li race. The ancient god's blood had made his blood impure.

As Zen wondered about the possibilities of the pill, No. 9527 interrupted his thoughts. It sneered, "Forget it! The Blood Upgrading Pill can upgrade the blood of some small clans, but it can't improve the Chaos Ancient God's blood. That's wishful thinking!"

"Really? I see," Zen sighed, his expression changing from excitement to disappointment.

The Chaos Ancient God had only given him a portion of blood marrow, and so far, the blood marrow hadn't improved a bit. Moreover, the power of the Truth Crystal that he condensed was not strong enough, so he seldom used the Truth Crystal to resist attacks.

Cailen had no idea of the thoughts running through Zen's mind. Without noticing the change in Zen's expression, Cailen continued, "Yes. Eira's blood of the Ore Shadow race has become much purer. As long as we don't use her too much, she is more than capable of dealing with it."

"Can the Blood Upgrading Pill enhance all kinds of blood? Can it enhance the blood of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, for example? It doesn't seem possible," Zen said.

Generally speaking, if one wanted to obtain a steady supply of someone else's blood, he needed that person's blood marrow.

It was said that the Ore Shadow race had been completely annihilated. It was unbelievable that a single pill could increase the concentration of blood of the Ore Shadow race in Eira.

Cailen grinned and said, "You are a newcomer in the Oneness Sky Palace, so you have yet to explore the vast, vast wealth of treasures there. It is impossible for ordinary pill refiners to make such pills. Only the head of the Origin Mountain has the ability to refine the Blood Upgrading Pill. Her Other Shore Token is very mysterious. It is said that her token can copy anything out of thin air, so blood can also be copied."

"Copy anything out of thin air?" Astonishment was written all over Zen's face.

Such an ability was supposed to be unique to the inner worlds. For example, Zen was able to copy something out of thin air in his inner world. But it should be impossible for people in the Source World to actually copy something out of thin air even with the help of the Other Shore Token.

"Hey, No. 9527, do you hear that?" Zen shouted inwardly. "That's the ability of the head of the Origin Mountain. Maybe the Blood Upgrading Pill could work!"

"No way," No. 9527 replied curtly.

No. 9527 clearly thought it was impossible, but Zen was still excited.

The head of the Origin Mountain was second only to Eastern Emperor Taiyi. The Other Shore Token she had must be extraordinary. Maybe she really could make a true Blood Upgrading Pill.

Zen decided that the first opportunity he got, he would ask Dorothy about it.

Zen followed Cailen and the others as they walked, going deeper and deeper into the refining place. The temperature became burning hot, stinging his skin. From time to time, rays of multicolored light burst out from the black ground around him.

After they moved forward, they saw several iron fences in front of them.

The Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array of the Su Clan was set up within the fences.

Cailen walked through the fences and gestured for everyone to follow. Once they were all in, he turned to Zen and said solemnly, "Please put the two weapons in the center of the array."

Zen took out the Shade Phoenix Sword and the hammer, placing them where Cailen had directed.

The Shade Phoenix Sword was a top-grade weapon, but Zen had never used it. It was a huge waste to melt it directly. However, in order to strengthen his body, he had no choice.

Gant's uncles spread out, each taking a position in the array.

Beams of glowing green light rose from the array. As the beams lengthened, they began to intersect with each other, forming a massive column of green light that encompassed the two weapons in the center. The Shade Phoenix Sword and the hammer slowly rose up as they were lifted into the air by the light column.

Chapter 3191 Melting

If it were an ordinary metal, it would have been burnt to a crisp by the green light.

But these two weapons were forged by Shade Stones, which made them more durable than ordinary Other Shore Treasures.

They remained unscathed despite being exposed to the green light.

The Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array was not stable when it had just been activated. With the passing of an hour, the green light gradually stabilized. The surface of the hammer looked as though it were coated with a layer of sugar, and the blade of the Shade Phoenix Sword also seemed different.

"Amazing. The speed is actually fast now," Zen said as he examined both weapons.

Cailen withdrew from the position he was in charge of and walked up to stand beside Zen. "What have been melted now are just impurities in the weapons. We still need to remove the rest of the impurities one by one. This process is very complicated and slow, and it takes at least three days. Are you going to wait here all the time?"

If one wanted to forge weapons with Shade Stone, the method involved adding other materials. The removal of these materials required the melting process.

"Yes, I don't mind waiting here." Zen nodded, still staring at the two weapons, and his hands clasped behind his back.

It was not that he didn't trust the Su Clan. He wanted to stay and supervise the process because the Shade Stone liquid was of great importance to him.

After four hours, Eira was escorted there.

Next to the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array, there was an array in intense blood-red color. This scene reminded Zen of what he saw at Blue Cloud City.

This time, Eira was much more spirited than before. After she took the Blood Upgrading Pill, the concentration of her blood increased substantially. Gant held her hand and escorted her into the blood array, offering comfort.

As she stood inside, wisps of blood power of the Ore Shadow race emanated from her body and entered the two weapons.

Sizz, sizz...

The Shade Phoenix Sword quickly reacted, and a thin silver thread was extracted from it, which manifested itself into a small silver metal ball.

"This is the Sword Hard Steel, which is a very precious material. I melted it into the Shade Stone back then. I never thought I would have to extract it out one day," Cailen said as he sighed in disappointment.

The Shade Phoenix Sword was his creation. His heart resisted at the thought of having to melt it with the same hands that forged it. But since that was what Zen wanted, he had no other choice but to go along with it.

Sizz...

Sometime after, the Shade Phoenix Sword let out a golden thread, it was the Golden Silkworm Gold, which held high value.

Sizz, sizz...

As the process continued, various materials were extracted from the Shade Phoenix Sword, which eventually turned into tiny balls and floated around Cailen.

Just then, the hammer beside the sword also started showing signs of disintegration.

Sizzle...

Flashy strings cloaked with a shining black light drew out of the weapon and gathered in one place. They all watched as the threads turned into black metal liquid and fell in the form of droplets. The liquid had a foul smell that forced everyone to cover their noses.

For some reason, the sight of this liquid made Cailen, Ruben, and the others exchange glances in excitement.

"Brother! It is Diabolic Steel!"

"This small hammer was forged with Diabolic Steel! It might be a weapon that came from the Heaven Orc race! No wonder it's a hammer!"

"It was such a big waste for the Heaven Orc race to use the Diabolic Steel and the Shade Stone to forge such a low-quality Other Shore Token!"

The Heaven Orc race resided underground. Their vision had degraded due to staying away from the light for a long time. In contrast to their eyes, their bodies were quite powerful, and they were a large race that ruled the underground.

As a result of being well acquainted with the underground, they were skilled diggers. The unlimited access to resources buried deep made them obtain rare materials others could not get. However, they were incompatible with the Ear Mouse race; the two of them had been fighting for countless years.

The Diabolic Steel was like a treasure for these weapon refiners since it was usually exclusive to the Heaven Orc race. It wasn't even prevalent in the market. Even if it were sold in one, it would cost an arm and a leg to obtain it.

For a hammer of that size, surely significant amounts of Diabolic Steel must have been used to forge it.

As the black droplets continued to fall and collect around Cailen, he couldn't help but look at Zen with longing eyes.

The Su Clan didn't ask Zen for payment. But the cost of activating the Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array once was great. Usually, it was taken for granted that the Su Clan would keep the materials that were extracted from the two supreme treasures.

However, this time, they discovered the hammer was forged with such a rare material that had great value. Naturally, Cailen felt wrong to keep them all to himself.

Even so, Zen didn't plan on taking any of these materials. Moreover, he was willing to pay many divine crystals for their service.

He noticed Cailen looking at him with anticipation, which made Zen smile warmly. "I don't know anything about weapon refining. No matter how precious these materials are, they are of no use to me. Feel free to keep as many as you want. You'll make better use of them anyway."

"Haha, Zen, you are a generous man. Thank you, I'll take them all!" Cailen collected every material while smiling ear to ear.

Several hours later, the process of securing all materials from the weapons was finished. The Shade Phoenix Sword and the hammer that were floating in the air were pitted, but they still maintained their original shape. After all, they were made of Shade Stones. Although the other materials melted away, the Shade Stones did not change at all.

A day later, the blade of the Shade Phoenix Sword split apart from the body, and the head of the hammer was half broken.

Two days after, both weapons were reduced to a pile of mud. They appeared to be soft, but they were still hard.

This time, they didn't overexert Eira to speed up the process. She would work about five hours a day, and then she'd leave with Gant.

On the third day, she came early to resume contributing her blood power to melt the weapons.

With the passing of a few hours, the piles of mud floating in the green light column softened up and began merging with one another.

"Clap!"

At this gesture of Cailen, a small bottle appeared and stationed itself in front of him. He stared at the liquid and commanded it firmly, "Come inside!"

Grmmm...

Slowly, the mass of Shade Stone liquid gathered into the small bottle. Cailen grabbed the bottle in his hands and corked it before tossing it to Zen.

Satisfied with the result, Zen cupped his hands together and bowed humbly towards Cailen. "Thank you for helping me, Master Cailen."

As he straightened himself up, he took out a space ring and placed it in Cailen's hand. "The Nine Edges Weapon Refining Array is the most powerful weapon refining array in the Oneness Sky Palace. I have heard from Gant that it would cost a lot to use it once. Here are twenty million divine crystals. Although they might not be enough to cover the cost, I hope you can accept it."

"Twenty million divine crystals..."

The Su Clan possessed high reserves of divine crystals. Even so, seeing how effortlessly Zen took out so many at once stunned Cailen. Overwhelmed by the amount, Cailen immediately refused, "You're Gant's friend, and you saved his life once. There is a lot I owe you. How can I take the divine crystals for such a small favor?"

Persistent, Zen kept on insisting Cailen accept them, and he would repeatedly refuse. This went on for a while before Cailen spoke, "Oh, right! The Ripple Pavilion rally will take place soon. We Su Clan can't take these twenty million divine crystals, but there is something else you can do in return. Zen, how would you feel about assisting us in the battle ring?"

"Battle ring?" Zen asked, suddenly baffled by such a request.

"Yes. The Ripple Pavilion rally is a big day for the clans around the Clear Lake. At that time, the younger generation will go into the battle ring to compete. Since you are an elite disciple of the Oneness Palace, you must be quite strong. It would really help us to win." Cailen appealed to Zen with hopeful eyes.

Zen only came to Clear Lake to obtain the Shade Stone liquid, and he had no interest in any battle ring competition. In fact, he didn't mind paying a huge amount of divine crystals. He was more inclined towards covering the costs and going about his day.

Eavesdropping on their conversation, Gant suddenly joined in and approached Zen with long strides. "Yes, Flag Master! You should join us! It'll be a lot of fun with you in the Ripple Pavilion rally! After all, it is the biggest festival here at Clear Lake. You can't miss it."

With their unwavering insistence, Zen waved his hands in the air as a sign of surrender and accepted their invitation.

He was excited about the Shade Stone liquid and wanted to test it as soon as possible.

Upon returning to the backyard of the Su Clan, he plopped to the ground with his legs crossed and set up an enchanted barrier. Then, he took off his shirt.

Quickly, he uncorked the bottle. At this action, wisps of Shade Stone liquid emanated from the head of the container.

The size of each Shade Stone was fixed, so the amount of the Shade Stone liquid was naturally twice as much as what he had obtained last time.

Chapter 3192 The Ripple Pavilion

Sitting quietly in his room, Zen reflected on what had happened in the Mountain Viewing Province.

Back then, he had accidentally absorbed the Shade Stone.

While trying to escape Elizabeth, his body had been burned by the Sun Crow race's divine flames. While absorbing the divine flames, he also ended up absorbing the Shade Stone.

This time, Zen wanted to replicate the scene.

Silently, he reached out his hand to his chest, stroking it lightly. Suddenly, a flame rose from his chest.

Gradually, the flames climbed over to his arms, then legs, till his whole body was consumed in flames.

In the past, every time Zen absorbed some sort of flame, his body strength would grow. However, as his body continued to strengthen, he'd been unable to forge himself further with only fire.

Besides, ordinary flames wouldn't do him any good, anyway.

Sizzle!

Zen was now at the consummation of the Elementary Fire Godly Way, but he would still cultivate it occasionally.

Although the flames he materialized were not as strong as those of the warriors who specialized in flames, they weren't considered weak. In fact, they were quite powerful.

Under Zen's constant activation, his body burned a bright, hot red.

Finally, as the flames rose higher and higher, Zen's body began to glow a golden light.

The golden light was generated from the Truth of Godly Way hidden within his body. If the golden light kept blazing, he would soon enter the Other Shore.

The first time he had done this, he was in the divine land.

Although he was not exactly sure as to what the Truth of Godly Way was, he stopped it before it took effect on his body.

Therefore, before the flames burned too hotly, he would restrain them, so as to avoid being sent to the Other Shore.

As the golden light was suppressed, circles of golden Sanskrit words hovered around him. One by one, they turned into little whirlpools, absorbing the flames on his body.

While the flames were burning his body, Zen gently pointed at the Shade Stone liquid. It leapt into the air, landing on his shoulder.

Whirl!

The Shade Stone liquid started climbing down his arm. Some part of it had been sucked into the whirlpools.

Last time, Zen wasn't aware that he had absorbed the Shade Stone. This time, his eyes widened in amazement as he observed the process attentively.

'Since I can absorb the Shade Stone, I wonder if I can absorb all kinds of things?'

Waving the thought away for the meantime, he resumed his focus on absorbing the Shade Stone liquid.

After a few minutes, the black liquid that was crawling on his skin had disappeared. It had been completely absorbed.

Zen willed the flames on the surface of his body to die down. Then, he noticed threads of black spread over his shoulder, like an intricate map.

"It's done!"

Seeing the pattern again, Zen felt a surge of joy.

With a thought of his, the black map on his shoulder crawled along his ribs and towards his arm.

Most of the time, Zen would store the Shade Stone in his right arm. Now, the two streams of Shade Stone liquid gathered together, forming a black mass on his arm too.

Zen narrowed his eyes. He felt the Other Shore Power from the Strength God Totem surging within him.

"Seven hundred divine megatons!"

Previously, Zen's bones were shattered when challenged by 700 divine megatons of force, so this time, he tested whether he could withstand it.

A terrifying Other Shore Power began to gather in his black arm.

The enormous force caused the space around Zen's right hand to warp as though he were distorting time and space.

But his arm remained intact. This time, he could bear the force easily!

"Eight hundred divine megatons!"

He tested an even heavier force. To his delight, he could bear it too.

His right arm covered with the Shade Stone liquid had become an extremely strong Other Shore Treasure. Moreover, it was stronger than ordinary Other Shore Treasures with Zen's flesh, blood and bones as the supporting force.

"Nine hundred divine megatons!"

"One thousand divine megatons!"

"1, 100 divine megatons!"

"1, 200 divine megatons!"

The pure Other Shore Power surged in Zen's arm.

If he managed to control this power, the destruction it could cause would be unimaginable.

'One thousand divine megatons is the limit in the Lust World, ' Zen thought to himself. 'It seems that my body can handle even more.'

Now, he had mastered three Truths of Godly Ways. The Truth of Cultivation Nature could integrate another kind of Other Shore Token.

The day after the Seven Mountains Meeting, Zen had gone to the temple on the Other Shore to claim his reward: soul crystal, and his Soul of Light had grown again. He planned to continue to explore the Other Shore upon returning to the Oneness Sky Palace.

The following morning

A massive drum, around 300 feet wide, appeared in the Su City.

A man covered with copper powder stood before the drum, banging it with incredible speed.

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

The drum made a deafening noise, echoing throughout the whole Su City. Even people a hundred miles away from the city could hear it clearly.

Then, the elites of the Su City walked on the main street, dressed up in fancy clothing.

The rally at the Ripple Pavilion was the most grand festival of the Clear Lake.

"Before the reign of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the human race here gathered themselves around the Clear Lake. If birds and beasts came, they would scare them away with the sound of the huge drum. It's said that Eastern Emperor Taiyi found a handful of holy water in the Clear Lake, and took a sip. After that, he began to transform," Gant explained to Zen.

"Holy water? What's that?" Zen asked curiously.

Gant gave a small smile. "The story was fabricated by later generations. The Clear Lake is so big! If the holy water truly existed, I'm sure there wouldn't just be a handful of it." "Anyway," he continued, "later on, the human race that surrounded the Clear Lake had become more and more prosperous. The Ripple Pavilion was built in honor of that."

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The copper man continued beating the huge drum. Two burly men had lifted the massive drum and walked out of the Su City. A parade of residents of the city followed.

The people of the Su Clan stood in flying carriages, flying along with the crowd below them.

The frontmost carriage had the character "Su" engraved on it, and it carried Cailen. Zen and Gant sat behind him, followed by several uncles of Gant.

"Who is the man behind the master of the Su Clan?"

"What did he do to deserve a seat there?"

"I can't believe that Gant has come back!"

The Su Clan was the most prominent clan in the Su City. The seats on the first flying carriage carried certain prestige. Zen must have been considered a distinguished guest if he was made to sit right behind Cailen. Naturally, the people were very curious about him.

The parade headed for the Clear Lake.

Zen drank in the scene before him. On one side of the Clear Lake, many willows lined the water, making a picturesque, peaceful scene.

Along the way to the Clear Lake, people from the other surrounding cities also gathered, each with their own large drums.

The drummers of the other cities beat their drums furiously; it seemed like they were competing to see who could beat it the hardest. The people cheered, making the scene very lively.

Around two hours later, Zen saw a black line emerge in the Clear Lake. As he got closer, he found that it was a small, narrow island on the lake. The sole building on the island was a beautiful pavilion.

"Is this the Ripple Pavilion?"

Zen blinked his eyes in disappointment. Originally, he thought the Ripple Pavilion would be a magnificent building, but it turned out to be so ordinary.

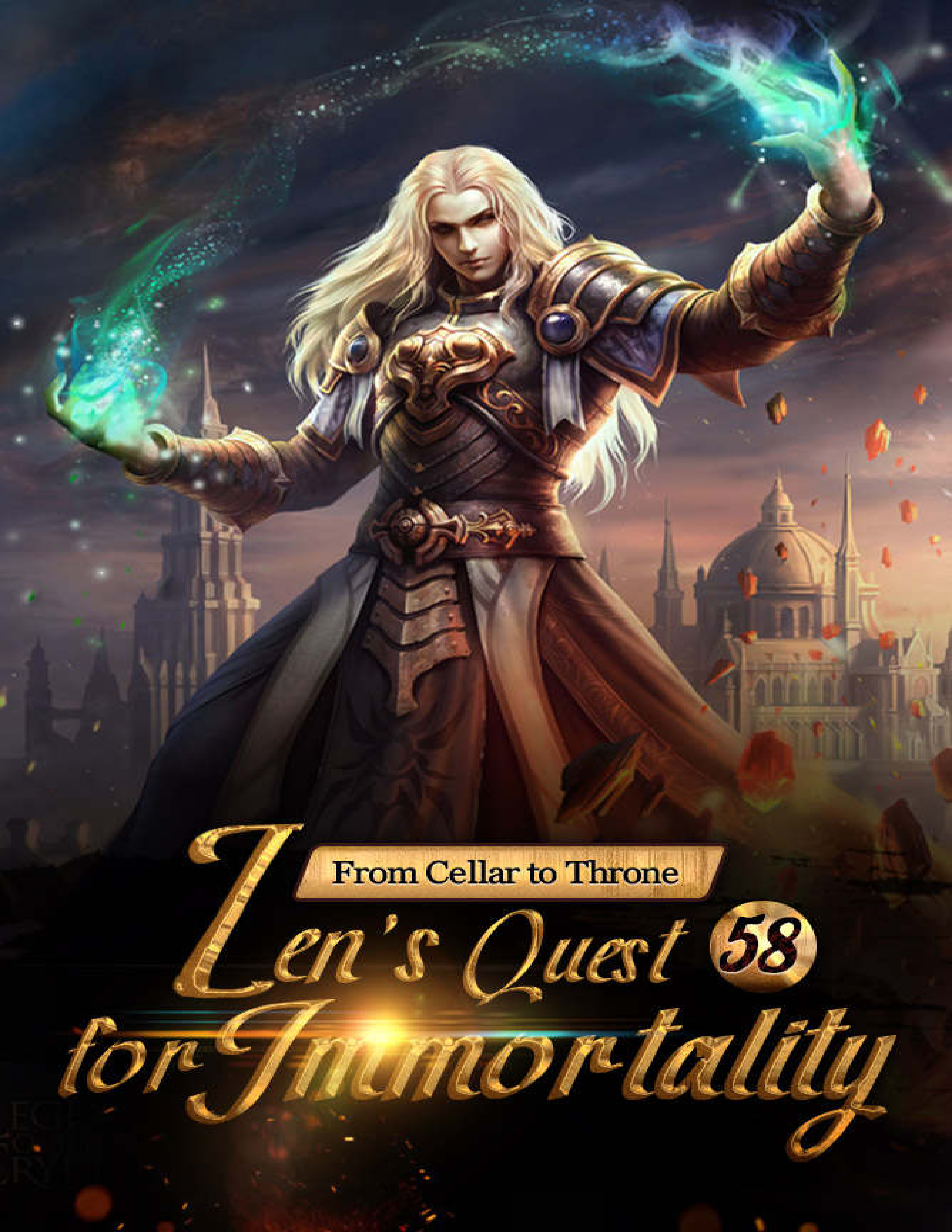
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality
58

Contents

Chapter 3193 Marco's Strategy
Chapter 3194 Xu Clan's Plan
Chapter 3195 Painstaking Efforts
Chapter 3196 The Spirits Trinity
Chapter 3197 Offer Your Life To My Sword
Chapter 3198 An Unexpected Attack
Chapter 3199 Sun Fiend Wheel
Chapter 3200 Serious Trouble
Chapter 3201 Slaps
Chapter 3202 Making Trouble
Chapter 3203 Invitation To The Mountain
Chapter 3204 The Phoenix Palace
Chapter 3205 Lady Flamine
Chapter 3206 The Stone Statue
Chapter 3207 Warrior Of The Stone Hill
Chapter 3208 Unexpected Fear
Chapter 3209 An Outsider
Chapter 3210 Strangers
Chapter 3211 Invitation To Vastness Mountain
Chapter 3212 The Soul Searching Hand
Chapter 3213 A Little Trick
Chapter 3214 Emperor Gethin
Chapter 3215 Searching The Mountain
Chapter 3216 Unexpected Guests
Chapter 3217 Madam Yasamin
Chapter 3218 The Edict Of Eastern Emperor Taiyi
Chapter 3219 Argue
Chapter 3220 Lose
Chapter 3221 An Explanation
Chapter 3222 The Chaotic Source World
Chapter 3223 The Origin Of Chaotic Source Reinforcement
Chapter 3224 Backer
Chapter 3225 Black Mountain Guild
Chapter 3226 Milo's Way Of Returning The Favor

Chapter 3227 Turning Into Indigo Soul
Chapter 3228 Soul Snakes
Chapter 3229 The Cause Of The Whole Thing
Chapter 3230 An Unexpected Bet
Chapter 3231 Purpose
Chapter 3232 Champion Fish And Smoke Wall
Chapter 3233 Predicament
Chapter 3234 Impulse
Chapter 3235 A Chance Of Surviving
Chapter 3236 Leaving The Other Shore
Chapter 3237 The Real Strength
Chapter 3238 Pulverize
Chapter 3239 Begging For Pardon
Chapter 3240 Destruction
Chapter 3241 Make A Concession
Chapter 3242 Plunder
Chapter 3243 Failing To Get The Sumeru Space
Chapter 3244 Ancestral Glory Stage
Chapter 3245 Rip Off
Chapter 3246 Too Greedy
Chapter 3247 A Hundredfold
Chapter 3248 The Abyss Spirit Race

Chapter 3193 Marco's Strategy

The Ripple Pavilion looked ordinary, but it was regarded as the faith in the large clans around the Clear Lake.

"Yes. That is the Ripple Pavilion," Gant replied with a smile. "Don't be fooled by its ordinary appearance. It's a very special and mysterious pavilion."

"Really? Why so?" Zen asked curiously.

Gant was silent, keeping Zen in suspense. "Help us defeat them," he finally said. "You'll know what's inside."

The giant drums were hurled straight into the lake to form a massive platform.

Dozens of people from various clans jumped on the platform. As they stepped on the drums, the lake water would burst out from the cracks in between, forming water curtains. For an onlooker, the scene looked quite magnificent.

Soon, hundreds of thousands of people were gathered by the Clear Lake, applauding the water curtains.

Other performers followed the drummers.

Singing and dancing filled the air and entertained the audience.

Zen was starting to feel impatient, but he knew he was invited by the Su Clan and so he tried to relax.

As he watched the performance, Zen suddenly felt like someone was staring at him from afar.

He looked around, but didn't find anyone among the thick crowd.

On the other side, an exquisite room stood on the large flying carriage of the Xu Clan.

Inside it, Marco was standing by the window staring at Zen. "He really did come," he snorted.

"Since he's here now, I assume he'll also attend the competition. It might be a bad idea to kill him in front of such a big crowd," Lazlo advised.

They had spied on Zen and made sure he was in the Su Clan's residence, and then they proceeded to discuss the plan to kill him.

The simplest way was to follow Zen. As soon as he was alone, they could sneak up on him and let Marco slay him.

Marco didn't like this plan.

The Oneness Sky Palace was full of curious and smart onlookers. Even if they sneaked up on him, someone could still easily uncover the truth.

"The younger generations of the clans fight against each other at the rally. The members of the Su Clan are just weak weapon refiners. If we suppress the Su Clan, the Su Clan will have no choice but to seek help from Zen. As long as he makes his first move, it will be easy," Marco said calmly.

Marco did not see a real threat in Zen.

As long as they were in battle, Zen's death would only be considered as fate. They could kill him in the battle ring and the Flow Sword Sect could do nothing to Marco.

Drystan and Grayson exchanged a meaningful look. There was a hint of worry in their eyes. They recalled the night Zen had tried to slash them. Even if he failed, they could still tell he had remarkable strength.

Moreover, Zen knew that they had spied on him. It was obvious that Zen had sharp senses.

However, they decided to keep their thought to themselves. They did not want to risk offending Marco's ego.

He was, after all, one of the best among his peers. He was nearly at the fourteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm and so he was confident that he could easily kill Zen.

Four hours had passed and the performance had finally come to a close. The master of the Xu Clan took the platform.

The main highlight of the gathering was the competition of the younger generation at the Ripple Pavilion.

Whoever won would rule the pavilion.

The previous year, the Xu Clan placed first. As part of the tradition, they had the right to come to the stage and select their opponent the following year.

Each clan could only send two members, which meant they only had two chances. They had to cautiously choose their opponents.

"This year, the Xu Clan's opponent is..." The master of the Xu Clan looked towards the Su Clan and continued, "The Su Clan!"

Cailen was stunned, and the members of the Su Clan exchanged confused looks.

The Su Clan's disciples might not be as strong as the other clans, but they were good at weapon refining. Very few clans took them as the first target. Cailen thought the Xu Clan would choose the Li Clan or the Jia Clan instead.

Mumbled discussions filled the air as everyone exchanged speculations.

The Xu Clan master's face flushed in helplessness. He didn't want to choose the Su Clan, but he was merely following Marco's orders.

Marco had promised that he would personally fight in the competition, after all.

He was a direct descendant of the Xu Clan. He was also among the most outstanding disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. He could easily defeat his opponents at the gathering of the Ripple Pavilion.

It was rare that a clan would win the battle for two consecutive years, but with Marco's participation, the Xu Clan was feeling confident they could win again.

The master of the Xu Clan announced, "Morgan Xu! Fight for our Xu Clan!"

"What?"

"Why would he send Morgan to fight at the first round?"

Even the other clans found the arrangement absurd.

Morgan was the most powerful warrior in the younger generation of the Xu Clan, and an elite disciple on the Vastness Mountain of the Oneness Sky Palace. The year before, Morgan's outstanding performance led to their victory. Why was he suddenly selected to fight the first round?

Each clan could only send two people and the Xu Clan was the first to fight. Putting Morgan at the earliest stage of the battle risked using up all his strength because he would have to fight again and again till the end.

If he failed, the Xu Clan might not have anyone stronger to fight in his place.

Whoosh!

From the direction of the Xu Clan, a young man in white floated out. He slid on the lake and set off thick waves. The giant drums rose and fell.

Dong!

Morgan stood on a huge drum with an arrogant look on his face.

'What's so amazing about Marco? He's just from the direct line of the clan. I'll make sure to knock down each and every single opponent I encounter from start to finish to make sure he fights no one!' Morgan thought.

The Su Clan that was selected as the Xu Clan's opponent for the first round was in deep thought as to who to fight. After all, they were going to compete with the most powerful person in the Xu Clan.

"Uncle! Please allow me to fight!"

"Uncle! Please allow me to fight!"

"Uncle! Please allow me to fight!"

Irving, Osrid and Nevyn, the most powerful warriors in the younger generation of the Su Clan, approached Cailen.

Cailen gave it a thought. He looked at Osrid and decided, "Osrid, go fight with Morgan."

Osrid was a strong disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace. Among the three, he was the strongest.

Osrid shook his head and said, "Uncle, let me be the second combatant."

He wanted to fight, but not as the first combatant. He felt that he should be the second one to fight.

"Go," insisted Cailen.

Many years had passed since the Su Clan last won the gathering. In recent years, the Su Clan only acted as a foil.

This time, they had invited Zen and had sought his help. They had to make good use of him.

Osrid couldn't disobey Cailen's order. With sinking shoulders, he walked towards the platform.

Morgan laughed at the sight of Osrid. For him, he looked pathetic. "I don't know why my father chose the Su Clan as our first opponent, but I can tell your clan is very weak. Why else would they send you to fight with me?"

Chapter 3194 Xu Clan's Plan

Osrid's face turned pale upon hearing those words.

He had fought with Morgan three years ago but was defeated with only a single strike.

Morgan had called him a loser and kicked him into the lake.

Osrid had never been so humiliated in his life.

But he had been working hard these last three years and that motivated him to become an elite disciple.

"You'd be wise not to look down upon me. Things change. People change," Osrid said, brimming with pride in himself. He recognized this was an opportunity to redeem himself and put his shame behind him.

The smirk on Morgan's face widened. "I know you have become the elite of the Azure Mountain. But as you progress, so do I, and I do it much faster! Before me, you will always be a loser!"

Morgan waved his hand.

Six rays of icy light burst out from behind his back, circling around him at high speed.

He stamped his feet down, sinking the huge drum he stood on in the water as he rushed towards Osrid.

The look in Osrid's eyes intensified when he faced Morgan's attack. A purple sword showed up in his hand.

As a member of the Su Clan, he owned a treasure of high grade. It was an Other Shore Treasure.

As the sword was drawn, the purple light turned into countless faint snake shadows, sweeping toward Morgan.

Everyone present stood in shock as the scene unfolded.

On the one hand, they were surprised at Osrid's progress. On the other hand, this was only the first match and it was so fierce. This was a rare occurrence at the Ripple Pavilion competition.

The purple snake shadows stretched their large mouths open to swallow Morgan whole.

But as they got close, the icy light surrounding Morgan charged at him.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh

The six icy rays shone with dazzling brilliance and slashed the fierce purple snake shadows with deft ease.

"Too weak!"

Morgan sneered. The six rays of ice radiance picked up the pace now, and like a whipping wind, struck at Osrid.

'Did the Phantom Snake Strike lose just like that?

I can't believe my eyes.

How can this be possible?' Osrid thought disheartened.

He hadn't expected his sword skill, which he had cultivated so hard and with such care, to be defeated by Morgan with a single strike. It was a bitter pill to swallow.

Morgan continued his pressure, attacking over and over as Osrid gritted his teeth and leaped away, barely avoiding the attacks. He was about to find his footing again on the drum when Morgan appeared from his flank and kicked him solidly in the chest.

Bang!

Splash!

Osrid was kicked into the lake and water splashed wildly as he fell.

"Three years ago I beat you with one move, and now, I have done it again. It seems that you haven't made any progress after all, loser," said Morgan, waving his hand dismissively at Osrid.

Hearing this seriously peeved the people of the Su Clan and surly looks crossed their faces.

"He is too arrogant!"

"Please allow me to fight!"

"Let me fight!"

Both Irving and Nevyn were filled with fury. They wanted to soften the embarrassment and disgrace for the Su Clan, so they immediately asked Cailen for a fight.

There was no trace of emotion present on Cailen's face.

He didn't understand what the Xu Clan was up to, but since they had deliberately chosen the Su Clan as their target and even provoked them, they must have an agenda. But Cailen couldn't figure it out. He would never know their true goal was Zen.

"Why are you in such a hurry to fight? The Xu Clan hasn't issued another challenge," replied Cailen with composure.

Only the winner had the right to challenge others. The losers had to wait for the other party to make a choice.

In a situation like this, the later they fought, the better. That way, they could avoid fighting several clans in a row. That would be exhausting and so really most clans would not want to be chosen by Xu Clan.

The head of the Xu Clan in Xu City then said, "Xu Clan selects Su Clan once more!"

Elders of the Su Clan, such as Reid and Ruben, suddenly stood up and glared intensely at the head of the Xu Clan.

Cailen frowned, confused by their decision. He wondered what on earth the Su Clan had done to offend the Xu Clan. The competition had only just begun, why were they already so hell bent on knocking Su Clan out?

Marco sat by the small window, silently watching the Su Clan's every move.

He figured if they still hoped to win, they would ask Zen to help. If they didn't, Marco would have to reconsider the plan.

"What's the matter with the Xu Clan?"

"There's no rivalry between us. Why are they doing this..."

"There is little chance that our clan will enter the Ripple Pavilion. What's the use of forcing our elimination?"

The Su Clan members were all confused. The Ripple Pavilion competition was a joyful event. Even the clans who usually showed hostility for one another would not go at it on this day.

Till the day was over the biggest joke would be them being forced out by the Xu Clan right from the very beginning. The Su Clan would surely lose the respect of other clans in Su City.

After some consideration, Cailen turned to Zen and asked with a bright smile, "Zen, would you mind fighting for us, please?"

He wasn't hoping for Zen to help the Su Clan enter the Ripple Pavilion. He just wanted to save their dignity.

"Flag Master..." Gant stared at Zen with eager eyes.

Zen had agreed to this before. After all, he owed them one since they helped him melt the Shade Stone. He couldn't really refuse them.

Zen nodded, stood up from the seat and jumped gracefully. His figure floated past the heads of the crowd and flew towards the center of the Clear Lake, gently falling on one of the huge drums.

"Young Master, he has agreed to do it!"

"He's really in the battle ring!"

"Everything is as expected, Young Master!"

Both Lazlo and Grayson praised Marco's brilliant idea. A faint smile flickered across Marco's face.

"What if Zen wins and he doesn't challenge the Xu Clan?" Drystan suddenly asked.

Marco, Lazlo and Grayson stopped dead on hearing this. They hadn't quite considered that.

It was the rule of the Ripple Pavilion competition that only the winner could challenge others.

"Don't worry! It's the head of the Su Clan who issues a challenge. We'll force him to challenge us," Marco said snickering with schemes filling his mind.

Morgan stood on the huge drum, looking at Zen and feeling very proud of himself. "You are not a member of the Su clan, are you?" asked Morgan.

"No," replied Zen blankly.

Morgan pointed at the bank of the Clear Lake and continued, "Since you are an outsider in this, I advise you not to get involved. Just admit defeat and leave. It's not too late."

Morgan was also an elite of Vastness Mountain. The people who participated in the Seven Mountains Meeting were selected by Marco. Morgan was not one of those invited and so had never seen Zen in action.

Zen calmly pulled out his Snow Sword, and replied nonchalantly, "I have no intention to leave. I owe the Su Clan a favor. I have promised to help them and I will keep that promise."

"Then you'll definitely regret this," said Morgan, shaking his head, not taking Zen seriously at all.

In an instant the six icy rays behind him burst out and turned into little stars. Under the spread of the cold air, a thin layer of ice formed on the lake!

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, he was in front of Zen.

Chapter 3195 Painstaking Efforts

It was Morgan's goal to challenge and face all the clans present by himself.

He had realized too late that he had treated Osrid a bit leniently.

To intimidate his opponents, he planned to utilize fierce skills and render them too afraid to face him in combat.

The best way to do this was by unleashing his best moves.

"Snow Track Strike!"

He rushed towards Zen; he had already activated his Other Shore Token before he launched his attack.

Six rays of icy light, together with Morgan's long sword, simultaneously shot towards Zen at a tremendous speed. He estimated his strike to contain at least two hundred divine megatons of force.

Morgan felt confident that both his skill and power would allow him to overwhelmingly defeat Zen.

Whoosh!

But as he got closer and closer to Zen, he suddenly noticed something strange.

Zen's stoic expression had not changed at all. His eyes were as serene as the surface of a bottomless lake. Morgan felt that Zen had not considered his attack as a serious threat.

Where was Zen's confidence coming from?

Quick as a flash, a strange thought invaded Morgan's mind.

The next moment, he saw that Zen had lifted his long sword in a very slight motion. The Snow Sword collided with his sword, and deflected his sword gently to the side.

He directly crashed onto Zen's shoulder.

Bang!

The force of his impact would have cracked a mountain had he crashed onto one. But when he came into contact with Zen, it was as if he had been slammed onto a tough stone. He was unable to even scratch Zen!

As if that wasn't perplexing enough, the rebound force from Zen's shoulder hit Morgan back.

He was sent flying backward, and the six rays of icy light had dispersed.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Morgan bounced on the surfaces of the giant drums, one after the other. He tried to rush to the water's surface but the water only splashed. It was futile; he ended up falling into the water himself.

"Such amazing power!"

All the masters and outstanding members of the Liu Clan, the Chen Clan, and the Li Clan were shockingly impressed by this exhibition of power.

The onlookers had no idea why the Xu Clan wanted to prove that they were more powerful than the Su Clan. They inferred that the Su Clan might have done something that offended the Xu Clan.

When Zen emerged into the arena, all of them thought that the Su Clan had no chance to win at that point.

The Su Clan's defeat in the second round would probably set a new record for the quickest elimination.

No one had expected that the Su Clan's invited representative would be extremely powerful.

Morgan was the most powerful individual in the Xu Clan's young generation.

"Interesting! The Xu Clan wanted to utterly devastate the Su Clan, but now it seems that they have dug their own grave!"

"The Xu Clan has no stronger fighter after Morgan lost this round."

"The Xu Clan brings disgrace on themselves."

Hope blossomed in the hearts of the members of the Su Clan when they saw this.

They had already seen Zen's capabilities in the Blue Cloud City. Although they were shocked that Zen wasn't afraid of the divine flames, they thought that he still probably wasn't as strong as the elite disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Osrid had held Zen in high regard since a few days ago, and this made the Su Clan trust more in Zen's abilities.

Still, they hadn't expected that Zen would make quick work of his fight against Morgan.

The Su Clan were elated, while the Xu Clan were downtrodden.

"Master, I warned you not to send Morgan to fight in the first round. You deprived yourself of a way out of this mess!"

"Is there anyone else in our clan who can fight?"

"Our loss is inevitable."

The members of the Xu Clan were not aware of Marco's plan, nor were they aware that Marco planned to fight personally. The only thing that mattered to them now was their master's ridiculous behavior.

The Xu Clan's master had an unreadable expression on his face.

Everything went according to Marco's plans, but he had already gone too far. He had just wanted to use the Xu Clan for his revenge, but now all the members were turning on the master of the Xu Clan.

The Xu Clan's master quashed the disappointed voice in his heart and said with his life vitality, "Young Master Marco, what should we do next given that Morgan has been bested by Zen?"

"Do I still have to tell you what to do?" Marco asked back, "You have to challenge the Su Clan!"

"Challenge the Su Clan? They already won against us; they have the right to challenge whoever they want. How can I challenge them?" The master of the Xu Clan was pretty inconsolable. He initially thought that it was a great advantage for them to have Marco come to the Xu City, but now it seemed that it was because of Marco that they were in big trouble. The problem was, he couldn't afford to offend Marco.

"Find a way for Zen to challenge the Xu Clan," Marco ordered.

"You..." The Xu Clan's master could not continue, his eyes narrowed and twitching.

"I'm not telling you a second time." Marco's tone was extremely cold.

The master of the Xu Clan did not dare to utter a word. Although he was the master of the Xu Clan in the Xu City, he was a dispensable figure in the real Xu Clan. It would cause him a great amount of suffering if he offended Marco.

At that moment, Cailen's voice reverberated from a distance. "Our Su Clan has chosen the Lin Clan as the next opponent."

A representative disciple of the Lin Clan quickly flew to the platform made of drums.

He was an ordinary disciple of the Golden Mountain. How could he match Zen's power?

He had not even touched Zen's sleeve before he was thrown into the water of the lake.

Clans of the Clear Lake could each send two representatives to fight. The first person who had fought with Zen was not strong enough, so Cailen chose another three opponents to face Zen. As with the first one, the next three were also thrown into the lake unceremoniously.

Zen's real strength could not be gauged as he fought with such feeble opponents.

The clans of the Clear Lake had a meeting among themselves when they saw the extent of Zen's abilities.

"This person seems to be very powerful. I am not familiar with him but I think he must be a descendant of someone legendary."

"Will he help the Su Clan claim control of the Ripple Pavilion?"

"That's preposterous. The other clans still haven't shown their trump cards yet!"

Just as Cailen was searching for another opponent for Zen, the Xu Clan's master stood up and challenged him. "Hey, Cailen, why not choose my clan?"

All the clan masters were confused when they heard this. Even Cailen couldn't stop a frown from forming on his face.

Cailen was wary of the master of the Xu Clan. Who knew what trick he might play on them? He didn't want to respond to him, so he just turned away. Just as Cailen was about to declare the next opponent, the master of the Xu Clan couldn't help but leap from his seat and rush towards him.

"Cailen," he appealed impudently, "we helped your clan when you were in big trouble a hundred years ago. Could you do this for us this time?"

His words sounded an alarm in Cailen's mind and made him even more puzzled.

But in the end, Cailen decided to indulge the Xu Clan's master and said, "We choose the Xu Clan as our opponent!"

The master of the Xu Clan breathed a heavy sigh of relief and thanked Cailen with clasped hands before returning to his own seat.

From a luxurious room on the Xu Clan's flying carriage, a blue-robed Marco flew out as a sharp arrow. In the blink of an eye, he had already stood upon the huge drum. A smile of triumph played on his lips as he glared at Zen.

The moment he set eyes on Marco, Zen knew Marco was behind everything that had happened so far.

Marco wanted to face Zen so badly in the battle ring that he had orchestrated such painstaking efforts. But in Zen's eyes, Marco was an idiot who would regret everything later even after all of this.

Chapter 3196 The Spirits Trinity

The Sus and the Xus all had their mouths wide open as they saw Marco stand on the huge drum.

Clueless young men from the Xu Clan were especially excited at the sight of Marco.

"It's our young master! He is fighting Zen!"

"Why is he fighting on our behalf?"

This question was met with silence.

For the Xu Clan members, Marco was a legendary figure. The Ripple Pavilion seemed too little for him to still fight for it.

People from the Su Clan overheard the Xus' discussion and finally gained clarity.

Cailen frowned and rubbed his chin. "The Xu Clan isn't after us. They're after Zen."

Gant nodded in agreement. "The Xu Clan has figured out that we will ask Flag Master for help," he said.

"The Xu Clan head doesn't look like he's fully onboard. Perhaps he was forced to do this. Maybe Zen had offended Marco?" Ruben assessed.

"This is not good. As a direct descendant of Vastness Mountain, Marco's strength is extraordinary," Reid lamented.

It was obvious that Marco intentionally arranged everything to trick Zen into fighting him. There was something going on between them. He couldn't possibly just want to teach Zen a lesson.

"I'll tell the Flag Master just to admit defeat!" said Gant.

However, Cailen stopped him. He shook his head helplessly and said, "This is already out of our hands now. It's too late for Zen to find a safe exit."

Members of the other clans felt the tension as well.

Since their first encounter, Marco had the urge to kill Zen. If Dorothy hadn't been around to stop him, he would have already done it.

Since then, he had made sure to give Zen a hard time.

Zen thought that, after being hit by Milo, Marco would have been less motivated to go on full offensive. Yet he followed him all the way to Clear Lake.

"You really are persistent," muttered Zen coldly.

"There's only one way out for my enemies: death," Marco declared arrogantly. He pulled out a long sword with three dots of lights floating around it.

Marco found Zen to be a nuisance. He wouldn't allow his life to be dictated by him.

Zen's brows furrowed, his expression sending a chill down some onlookers' backs. He found himself motivated to kill. If he did not kill this person, he would always be a trouble for him.

The Snow Sword shook gently in Zen's hand.

Flashes of light danced all over it.

Marco's Spirits Trinity released strong Other Shore Power.

The water level of the Clear Lake rose, and with it came the drums in the water.

Marco stomped.

With a loud rumble, his body disappeared.

In an instant, he was floating directly above Zen.

Three-colored sword radiance was slashing towards Zen's head.

With a swift raise of his arm, Zen blocked the attack with his Snow Sword.

The two swords collided.

"Speed!"

said Marco.

Red, green, and black rays shone from his sword light.

Suddenly, the red and black rays dissipated and the entire long sword turned into pure green.

Then, he sped up.

In a flash, Marco slashed his sword numerous times. The sword turned into swift curved lines. Anything that it touched broke into pieces.

Zen gazed at the slashing of the sword with a serious face.

"Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship!"

This cultivation method was not destructive, but it was fast.

The Snow Sword in Zen's hand shone like a snowflake.

In a matter of three seconds, the two swords collided into each other over and over again. Neither Marco nor Zen was willing to pull back.

"What quick strikes! Young Master is awesome!"

"That's the Speed Spirit of the three spirits. It greatly increases speed."

"Zen is better, I think. He has only used the Truth of Godly Way to block Marco's attacks."

The spectators held their breath. It wasn't every day that they witnessed such an intense battle.

Marco was starting to look distressed as he was constantly blocked by Zen.

He already lost to Zen last time. He knew he relied on a strengthening type of Other Shore Token, but he didn't expect him to have cultivated the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship.

The fight lasted for half a minute.

Zen was still calm and composed, while Marco started to retreat.

With a soft touch on his sword blade, he declared, "Absorb!"

In an instant, the Speed Spirit disappeared.

The green light on the long sword vanished and, in its place, stood a blood sword.

With a sly smile, Marco stepped forward.

His long sword emitted a red light which slashed directly towards Zen.

Marco's movements were slow, but the demonic red blood sword seemed to contain some strange power.

When Zen tried to block the attack with his sword, Marco's eyes shot up. His lips curved into a sinister smile. "Stupid," he murmured.

The two swords met.

Then, to Zen's surprise, the Other Shore Power in his sword faded quickly.

Marco's red long sword was like a black hole, constantly absorbing his power!

"This is..."

Zen's eyes widened as he drew his sword away.

"Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship!"

Rays of white light dashed quickly towards Marco again in full speed.

He was trying to force Marco to back away.

However, Marco stood his ground unfazed. He was determined to maintain his proximity with Zen.

Zen's sword radiance was quick, but Marco's long sword acted as a shield.

All of Zen's attacks were effectively blocked.

Apart from that, the long sword also weakened Zen's Other Shore Power. Every time their swords touched, Zen's sword weakened.

"Young Master is using Absorption Spirit!"

"It can directly absorb the Other Shore Power of the opponent."

"Doesn't that make him invincible?"

People in the audience began to speculate.

The Spirits Trinity was one of the best Other Shore Tokens in the Lust World. It was also one of the rarest. Zen was definitely on the losing end.

A round of intense attacks did not break Marco's defenses. Instead, Zen's Other Shower Power had weakened immensely. In desperation, Zen flew away. He wanted to be as far away from Marco as possible.

However, Marco remained strong and motivated. He was definitely not going to let Zen escape that easily.

Chapter 3197 Offer Your Life To My Sword

"Don't even think of leaving!"

Marco had started running after Zen had, but he soon appeared before Zen, sword held aloft in his hand.

If Zen tried to dodge him, he'd probably be struck down into two halves by the sword.

He frowned and looked around. He bent down, bunching his body into as small a ball as possible, and managed to escape from the narrow sliver of space he had been left, just barely avoiding the sword.

But Marco landed a kick to his abdomen just as he had thought he had dodged it. .

Zen let out a loud "Oof!" as he landed on the huge drum, bouncing several times and making it rumble.

The members of the Xu Clan began to cheer loudly. They had no idea what had happened before, nor did they care. All they knew was that Marco represented them and their Xu Clan.

In an exquisite room in the flying carriage of Xu Clan...

Lazlo, Grayson, and Drystan watched the battle on the huge drums, rendered unmoving by the intensity of their interest.

"Young master Marco is better than we thought."

"He was never bad. He's using the Spirits Trinity, which makes him much more powerful than others from the same stage as him."

"I just don't understand why he had to travel all this way to kill this guy. He could have just assigned this task to the intelligence agency. It would have been a piece of cake for us."

The three of them had been concerned about Marco, but watching him fight had filled them with relief.

Zen got back to his feet, but Marco had launched another sword attack before he could steady himself. .

Zen raised his sword to defend himself but his power was absorbed by Marco's sword attack. Again.

As all the strength left Zen's arm, Marco brought his sword down on Zen's neck.

But Zen, sensing the danger, swiftly leaned backwards and avoided the power of the sword's slash. .

Like before, just as Zen dodged the sword attack, Marco forcefully elbowed him off. Zen landed some distance away on the drum with a loud thud.

Zen seemed quite defenseless against Marco.

"What happened to the guy from the Seven Mountains Meeting?" Marco mocked Zen.

Zen got to his feet again. He stretched out his arms, raised two fingers, and said, "200 divine megatons."

"What?" Marco was confused at Zen's reaction.

"There's a limit to the Other Shore Power that you can absorb," Zen said calmly. "The maximum you can absorb is a mere 200 divine megatons."

Absorbing other people's power for one's own use was a powerful ability. Zen could do the same in the divine land, and that made him almost invincible.

Zen had become very cautious after noticing Marco's abilities. If he lost all his Other Shore Power to Marco, the defeat would be his destiny.

So Zen had carefully released his power, little by little. He had lost 200 divine megatons of Other Shore Power before realizing that that was the maximum that Marco could take.

A mere 200 divine megatons of Other Shore Power meant nothing to Zen.

"A mere 200 divine megatons..."

Marco repeated Zen's words subconsciously and on realizing what they meant, a kind of ferocity overtook him. He raised his long sword, on which were crisscrossed red and green lights, and took off towards Zen like a heavy gust of wind.

The two lights were from the Speed Spirit and the Absorption Spirit that were working in tandem with each other.

The Spirits Trinity contained 300 divine megatons of Other Shore Power. All three spirits could grow by themselves.

When he had first obtained the Spirits Trinity, the Absorption Spirit had only been able to draw 20 divine megatons of force from the opponent. But now, the number had increased tenfold to an astonishing 200. Combined with the original 300 divine megatons of force within the Spirits Trinity, there was now a total of 500 divine megatons of force at Marco's disposal. With the speed of his attack boosted by the Speed Spirit, nobody in the same stage within the Lust World could match him.

Only Milo from the Flow Sword Sect had been able to dazzle Marco with his mysterious way of attack. But he might be able to defeat him if they had a fight on the battle ring openly.

Zen stood still as Marco rushed toward him.

Zen's right arm was covered with the Shade Stone liquid while the Strength God Totem started to form its power. .

He then slashed his Snow Sword through the air. The once dexterous sword grew heavier and heavier as the Other Shore Power amassed within it.

The space around Zen's right arm began to twist, causing the huge drum beneath his feet to rumble.

The Clear Lake behind him was trembling, setting off rhythmic waves of water.

"Since you're determined to die, offer your life to my sword!" Zen was ready to strike a deadly blow at Marco, the power able enough to cut through heaven and earth. Even time seemed to freeze.

This was the first time that Zen was using the Strength God Totem against an enemy.

Marco had been confident of winning, for he had the boost from the Speed Spirit and the Absorption Spirit.

But he had just begun to rush towards Zen when he felt a strong Other Shore Power.

Impossible!

Marco's eyes widened in disbelief and shock.

He had drawn 200 divine megatons of Other Shore Power from Zen. How could Zen still have such a terrifying power remaining within him?

He might have over 1, 000 divine megatons! But Zen had never accepted the Chaotic Source Reinforcement! How was he doing that?

Marco had no time to retreat.

"Damn it!"

The master of the Xu Clan leapt to his feet, fear written all over his face.

The power that Zen had unleashed was beyond everyone's expectations. The masters of the Li Clan and the Lin Clan were shocked too. But since they weren't in anyway involved in this battle, all they had to do was sit and watch, irrespective of what happened in the battle.

If Marco were to die here, how could the Xu Clan bear the anger that was sure to come their way from the Vastness Mountain?

It was too late to stop Zen.

"Stop!"

"How dare you!"

Grayson, Lazlo, and Drystan were even more anxious than the master of the Xu Clan.

They hadn't done anything so far because they had thought Marco had it under control. None of them had seen this coming.

They shot out of the room like bullets, shredding the room into pieces. They were still halfway to where Zen and Marco were fighting, when a loud bang sounded from the giant drums.

Zen bobbed in the air, the huge drum under his feet having been turned to dust.

Marco crashed into the Clear Lake, causing a wave of more than a thousand feet high to rise.

"Is he still alive?" Zen's eyes narrowed since he hadn't yet seen Marco's body.

His sword slash had been partly shielded by a yellow diamond-shaped light curtain derived from Marco's Latent Theurgy.

Zen was determined to kill Marco. He wasn't about to ever let him go.

He shot towards the lake, moving so fast, it looked like he had just disappeared from where he had hovered over the drums. But Lazlo caught up with him.

"How dare you attack our young master? You're courting death!"

A deadly energy rose from Lazlo's hand as he charged towards Zen.

As a powerful warrior who had surpassed the Lust World, Lazlo saw Zen as a little boy who could be easily taken care of.

However, Lazlo was silently cursing Marco. He could have sent someone for Zen. But he had insisted on killing Zen himself and was now in serious trouble. If anything happened to him, the three of them would be buried alongside him.

Lazlo had thought dispatching Zen was an easy task, but a sudden, inexplicable sense of fear struck him.

Chapter 3198 An Unexpected Attack

The Oneness Sky Palace was unique among the forces. It was different from groups such as the Nine Li race and the Bearing race.

The Nine Li race and the Bearing race were comprised of people descended from the same bloodlines, sharing a common genetic ancestry.

In contrast, the Oneness Sky Palace included people that came from different backgrounds. At any given moment, the Oneness Sky Palace had a mixed group of members from all around the world.

Thus the Oneness Mountain, the Origin Mountain, and the Vastness Mountain each had their own elite and diverse forces.

The Vastness Mountain had secretly established its own intelligence agency. The covert organization was notorious among the few who had heard of it for its cruel rules and rigid practices.

As a member of the Vastness Mountain's intelligence agency, Lazlo was always dealing with various problems. Just now, he was intensely worried about the consequences of Marco's death.

Lazlo feared that he was about to face one of the most cruel punishments in the history of the intelligence agency. He had once seen a fellow agent receive an extreme penalty, and even now the image of his colleague's punishment lingered in his consciousness, haunting his thoughts.

He couldn't stop thinking about it.

If Marco was dead, Lazlo knew he would be taken to the agency's infamous penalty room.

He could just imagine what would be waiting for him there. He envisioned a teeming, countless horde of purple-brown soul-devouring bugs swarming towards him in every direction, until he was surrounded.

Lazlo was overcome with terror.

Meanwhile, Zen's mind was flooded with a rush of ideas, coming to him one after another.

These three warriors all had a much stronger aura than Marco. They might be strong martial artists who had surpassed the Lust World.

Zen realized that he had no chance of winning a head-to-head battle.

Therefore, he had to launch a sneak attack. He had to take him by surprise. Without further ado, Zen immediately summoned the demonic eye.

There was a wave of energy as Zen waved his arm.

He had released a messy, powerful truth aura that rushed headlong towards Lazlo.

The Sword Texture Technique was lethal, but it was a bit troublesome to use compared to other theurgies, because the user had to envelop the target completely within their truth aura.

But no opponent would be foolish enough to stand passively within an aura without trying to escape.

Fortunately, Zen's demonic eye could serve as a temporary distraction, capturing the attention of his opponent.

Once Lazlo was entirely cocooned within the truth aura, Zen leaned forward, searching for an opportunity. But as he looked at Lazlo, Zen's expression changed.

"Is his body flawless?"

Zen murmured to himself, frowning. In his field of vision, Lazlo's body was smooth and unlined, an integral whole. How was this possible?

Zen had repeatedly tested the Sword Texture Technique, so he knew that nothing was fully perfect. Everything had at least a couple of flaws, no matter how minor.

But there was no time to dwell on such thoughts. Zen quickly adjusted his tactics, using the second ability of the demonic eye.

"The Authentic Visual World!"

A spark of white light flashed in Zen's right eye. Everything around him seemed to become clearer, more focused. Everything he saw was real. He could spot the smallest details even from a distance.

"There, I see it!" he exclaimed.

Indeed, Zen could see something with his right eye, but what he saw was quite strange.

Lazlo's hands and legs were still flawless—but there were lines in his chest, neck, and head, running across his body and crisscrossing one another on one side of his head.

"Here it is!"

he shouted. He rose up and launched his attack. The Snow Sword, like a viper coming out of its hole, soared through the air towards the junction of lines on the side of Lazlo's head.

Lazlo was a strong warrior beyond the Lust World.

Although he had yet to complete the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, he was already far stronger than the ordinary warriors of the Other Shore Realm in both soul and body. It could be said that he was a mere half-step from the Chaotic Source Realm.

Despite his strength, Lazlo had been so worried about Marco's life that he had become careless and distracted, focused on his fear instead of on his more immediate problems. However, within a few seconds, he snapped out of the fog of fear and recovered his senses.

He instantly took stock of the situation, and was shocked at the direction of Zen's attack.

He realized that Zen was aiming straight for the most vulnerable section of his body. Lazlo was stunned. Only his neck and head hadn't undergone the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, but how could Zen know that at a glance?

"How dare you!"

Lazlo moved like lightning. He turned to his side to avoid the radiant Snow Sword shooting straight towards him. At the same time, he leaped forward and lashed out with his right hand, grabbing Zen's right arm forcefully.

Zen had not expected the counterattack, and he found his arm caught firmly in Lazlo's grip.

Lazlo let out a sigh of relief.

'Zen is just a junior in the Lust World. Why does it feel like I'm in a life-and-death battle with him?' he thought.

Lazlo prepared to launch his vicious death aura, an attack that would melt Zen's arm and likely kill him. However, a powerful force emanated suddenly from Zen, right where Lazlo was gripping him.

"You want to struggle?"

Lazlo said coldly. He smiled and released the black death aura. The wave of killing energy instantly covered Zen's whole arm.

Virtually all creatures, including the strongest warriors who had undergone the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, would be helpless against the black death aura. Contact with it caused the victim to wither and collapse immediately. Lazlo anticipated Zen's cries of pain as his arm shrunk and withered before him.

To his shock, Zen did not seem like he was in any kind of pain. Instead, his arm turned dark.

"What... What the hell is this?"

Lazlo demanded, looking dumbfounded.

He looked up from the dark arm to see that Zen looked calm and unafraid of his death aura.

As Lazlo stared, a huge force of cold light burst towards him, heading straight for his head. He was forced to let go of Zen's arm.

Lazlo tried to dodge the attack, but it was already too late.

The cold light went straight through the junction of the lines. The next moment, Lazlo's head and chest cracked. A powerful force penetrated through him and his soul was smashed into pieces.

There was a terrible sound of bones cracking and splitting.

Lazlo's severed head still had its mouth open in shock. His headless body tumbled backwards into the water.

Hundreds of thousands of people by the Clear Lake witnessed what had happened.

The clan masters were not strong, but they were smart enough to recognize strength in others.

As soon as Lazlo, Grayson and Drystan had appeared, they could tell that the three of them were incredibly strong, and close to breaking through to the Chaotic Source Realm.

The Chaotic Source Realm allowed warriors to upgrade their souls and exceed the limits of their bodies' physical strength. Those who had reached the Chaotic Source Realm were thus far more powerful than even the strongest warriors of the Other Shore Realm in the Lust World. Yet, in front of so many people, Zen had managed to defeat Lazlo.

There was no sound except the wind. Everyone was deathly silent, waiting to see what would happen next. The master of the Xu Clan was white-faced, looking at Zen blankly.

He couldn't help but think that he should stop Zen. If he had acted rashly, however, Zen would have killed him with a single blow.

Cailen was looking back and forth between Zen and the pool of blood spreading on the lake from Lazlo's body, unable to speak. He was stunned.

He had seen Zen's strength firsthand back in Blue Cloud City. At that time, Zen had just reached the Other Shore Realm, and Cailen had been highly impressed when he saw how much stronger Zen was compared to the other warriors in that realm.

He thought he knew what Zen was capable of. But this was even more incredible. In the span of just a few months, Zen had somehow gained the power and ability to defeat a person who was on the verge of entering the Chaotic Source Realm.

Cailen kept in close touch with many contacts at the Oneness Sky Palace, so he was familiar with stories of the outstanding talents there. Yet he had never heard of a warrior who had reached such heights as Zen.

"Father, did you know about this? My Flag Master is so powerful! He has not stayed long at the mountain, but he has already made great progress!" Gant whispered excitedly. All around, people were recovering from their initial astonishment, and beginning to murmur and whisper to each other.

Cailen said nothing. He was frowning, unable to conceal his worries.

He had allowed Gant to follow Zen because he thought highly of him. If Zen continued to succeed, Gant would also reap the benefits.

He realized now that Zen's talent was far beyond his greatest expectations. Warriors like Zen attracted enemies and rivals. Moreover, Zen had already offended the Xu Clan on the Vastness Mountain.

However, Cailen decided not to share his concerns with his son. After all, Zen had been a helpful ally to his own clan. He just hoped his son wouldn't be endangered by his continued association with a warrior as powerful as Zen.

"Lazlo!"

"Oh no!"

When Lazlo, Grayson, and Drystan had rushed out, Lazlo had confronted Zen while Grayson and Drystan rushed to check on Marco.

It turned out that Marco had survived Zen's sword strike. Somehow, despite his severe injuries, he was still breathing. He was saved by the Latent Theurgy.

But before they could even give voice to their relief, Grayson and Drystan had turned to see Lazlo being killed by Zen. As they watched, Lazlo lost his head, and his body fell into the Clear Lake. A spreading pool of crimson blood marked the spot where Lazlo had fallen.

They instantly forgot about their relief at Marco's survival. Instead, a sudden and fierce rage rose inside them. They focused on Zen, Lazlo's killer, their faces flushed with anger.

Chapter 3199 Sun Fiend Wheel

Grayson rubbed his eyes hard in disbelief, his heart seeming to have stopped.

He couldn't move. He stared in shock at the blood spreading across the water. It was true; this was reality. Lazlo, his elder brother, who had been talking happily with him and Drystan a moment ago, was now dead.

"W-what's wrong?"

Marco asked in a weak voice, floating on the surface of the water. He was trembling terribly.

"Lazlo is dead. He was killed by that guy!" Grayson said furiously, his face menacing.

Marco was stunned for a second. He couldn't believe what he just heard. "It's impossible..."

"I will avenge my brother!"

Drystan jumped out of the water surface, and an impossibly huge wheel appeared on his back. The wheel started emitting a dazzling light, so bright it was almost impossible to look directly at it.

At the same time, a golden copper stick suddenly appeared in his hand!

"Sun Fiend Wheel! Spin!"

Under Drystan's command, the wheel rapidly spun on its own.

After a while, it finally stopped.

The wheel had six different patterns. A totem like a fiend statue stopped above Drystan's head when it was done spinning.

In the blink of an eye, the aura enveloping his entire body changed immensely.

It was like he was possessed by a fiend, slowly becoming evil and powerful.

The Sun Fiend Wheel was a special kind of Other Shore Token within Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore. It had a total of six different forms. Every time it was activated, the chosen form would possess the warrior's body.

Some forms were powerful enough to make the warrior become indestructible, while others were only supportive.

Whether the opponent would encounter a powerful form or a weak one from the wheel, it was entirely up to their luck.

"You are unlucky. Perhaps my brother's still protecting me. This is my most powerful form!"

Three sharp horns suddenly appeared on Drystan's head, growing slowly to their full lengths. Then blood vessels in his entire body started becoming visible, emitting a bright red light!

Zen stood unmoving on the surface of the water, his eyes narrowed slightly, assessing the situation. He released his truth aura quietly and unnoticed.

Even though he had already killed Lazlo, he couldn't let his guard down even for just a second.

Zen had been able to kill Lazlo because he caught him off guard. On the other hand, Drystan and Grayson had already surpassed the Lust World, and their strength shouldn't be underestimated.

As Drystan swung his long stick in a swift long arc, more than a hundred brisk water tornadoes rose on the surface of the lake.

The long stick abruptly stopped on its movement, and all the water tornadoes were split in half in an instant.

Countless splashes of water wound around him, covering his entirety.

When the splashes dissipated, Drystan was gone.

Zen stared vigilantly ahead, keeping his senses alert as he looked for any trace of Drystan. He suddenly felt a stirring of space fluctuation from behind him.

'He is behind me!'

But before Zen could turn even his head, there was already a whistling sound and a loud crack as the stick struck his back with a powerful blow.

"Die!"

With his current physical body, at most Drystan could withstand a force of six to seven hundred divine megatons. However, after the fiend in the Sun Fiend Wheel possessed his body, there was an apparent increase in his physical strength. The stick he was carrying might unleash a force of a thousand divine megatons!

If it struck any other Other Shore Realm cultivator, their internal organs would turn into pieces and their body would probably be cut in two by the stick!

Even Zen was unable to withstand and counter its attack!

"Shade Stone!"

Zen tried his best with his remaining strength to mobilize the Shade Stone liquid to accumulate on his back.

His back turned dark in an instant. The Shade Stone liquid not only protected his spine, but also his ribs and internal organs, keeping them all in place.

However, the impact was still as powerful as Zen had predicted.

Zen fell like a heavy meteor, smashing into the mud at the bottom of the Clear Lake.

The massive lake water was squeezed and spread around. The water turned into a huge wave over a thousand feet high, shadowing over everything and everyone around the lake. Many onlookers fled, while the top warriors of the clans living around Clear Lake moved to do something to stop the huge waves from crossing the shore.

Drystan held the long stick tightly, his anger as disturbed as the water below. He looked solemnly at the bottom of the lake, the point where Zen fell terribly.

When he could finally see Zen clearly from below, he was surprised.

Zen should have been turned into ashes after receiving such an overwhelming attack. Instead, he seemed unharmed. What kind of monster was he?

A moment ago, Drystan couldn't understand how Lazlo had died at Zen's hands. He estimated that Zen wasn't all that powerful from the way he looked. But now, it was clear and he understood.

Zen slowly rose from the mud almost immediately after his fall, and he looked completely unscathed.

The heads of the clans stared at him in shock.

They believed that the attack from Drystan carried a force of at least eight hundred divine megatons.

But Zen seemed to have suffered no injury from it.

Was he even a human?

It was proven difficult even for the innate strong creatures from Cyan Scale race or Huge Crab race to do that.

"Let's see how long you can keep up!" Hate filled Drystan's eyes as he disappeared once again from his position.

The competition in Vastness Mountain's intelligence agency was extremely cruel.

The reason Drystan and Grayson were able to achieve what they were today was because of Lazlo's wisdom. The three brothers loved and looked out for each other. And now that Lazlo was dead, Drystan and Grayson both went mad with fury, wreaking havoc.

Once again, Drystan appeared behind Zen out of thin air.

His stick came crashing down towards him, more powerful than the previous one.

But this time, Zen was prepared. He whipped around in the air as soon as he could feel Drystan and dodged away by a hair's breadth. At the same time, a white light flashed in his right eye.

Drystan's Chaotic Source Reinforcement wasn't as powerful as Lazlo's, but thanks to the fiend form of the Sun Fiend Wheel, his body had become stronger with fewer physical defects.

Zen's body shuttled through the shadows of Drystan's stick, his eyes firmly staring at Drystan, watching out for his next move.

Under the fury in his heart, Drystan gave Zen a swift sweep. However, when he was stared at directly like this by Zen, he actually felt a little scared!

"Shadowless Broken Sticks!"

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

The endless stick shadows surrounded Zen, and almost each of them charged at his vital parts at the same time, making it harder to dodge.

At this time, the white light in Zen's eye flashed more dangerously, and Drystan trembled.

When people were angry, they could overcome fear and rise more powerful than before.

The death of Lazlo infuriated Drystan greatly. The effect of the demonic eye on him was reduced significantly.

But life and death could be decided in a second in a fight between powerhouses.

Drystan was caught in fright for only the blink of an eye. But that was long enough for Zen, who had been watching him intently, to find his weakness.

'Finally, I can see it clearly. It's in his chest...'

With only his target in mind, Zen swung his sword with minimal power.

He didn't have to use much strength.

That attack carried only a force of fifty to sixty divine megatons.

If the sword had stabbed other parts of Drystan's body, it wouldn't even be able to break the protection of his fiend form.

But Zen saw it. Two inches to the right corner of his chest was Drystan's biggest weakness.

Three cracks started spreading down his chest, two downwards and another upward. Slowly, as the cracks extended throughout his body, Drystan's whole form turned into tiny little pieces like a broken porcelain.

As Zen raised his hand gently, the sword radiance rushed out and charged at Drystan. When his body was successfully broken, his soul was destroyed by the sword radiance with a final strike.

Chapter 3200 Serious Trouble

Warriors from the Su City and Xu City gradually felt the gravity of the situation. Horror filled their minds.

The Su Clan was the weakest among all clans around the Clear Lake. They only majored in weapon refining, which had no high requirement in terms of cultivation base.

But the heads of the Xu Clan, Li Clan, Zhao Clan and others were all at the peak of Lust World. Some of them had even crossed the Lust World and reached the threshold of the Chaotic Source Realm.

They knew exactly how powerful warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm were! The realm was the first limit that many of them would physically encounter.

Lazlo was a mere half-step from the Chaotic Source Realm, while Drystan was also close to the realm.

But just within a few minutes, Zen had killed both of them.

This was an unthinkable turn of events for many of them.

The head of the Xu Clan was at first motivated to stop Zen. He was even willing to kill him if he had to.

But this motivation was replaced by fear as soon as he saw Drystan get killed. He halted in mid-air and slowly backed away from Zen.

He knew he was no match for Zen, but he also knew that he shouldn't just let Marco die at the hands of Zen. He was in a dilemma: should he try to counter Zen's attacks or flee to safety?

As soon as he killed Drystan, Zen no longer had any hesitation in him.

He flew swiftly like a big hawk and went straight to Marco.

Marco only had Grayson for a guard.

And Grayson was the weakest among the three.

It was a good thing that he had his Other Shore Token, the Spying Mirror, with him. With it, he was able to detect his opponents in secret.

"You brat! I'll fight you to death!"

Grayson's eyes opened wide with fury. A small mirror appeared above his head.

A beam of radiance shot out of the mirror's surface. It went straight towards Zen.

Phew!

Zen was able to dodge it at the last second. He focused on reaching Grayson all while avoiding the light. The long sword in his hand left a long trail in the air.

Crack!

Zen couldn't even be bothered to use the Sword Texture Technique as well as the demonic eye.

Instead, a silver light beamed in the air and pierced right through Grayson. It sliced him from top to bottom and cut him in half. Finally, the all of the three were gone.

With Grayson out of the way, Zen and Marco were finally looking at each other eye to eye.

Marco was still lying on the waters, protected by the diamond-shaped light curtain. Above him hovered Zen, gazing at him coldly.

Just a few moments earlier, Zen launched an all-out attack. Marco ended up badly injured, with only the light curtain to protect him. The Latent Theurgy had saved his life once, but it wasn't going to save him each time.

With Lazlo, Drystan, and Grayson dead, he no longer had anyone that could save him from Zen.

Marco's eyes filled with fear as Zen loomed overhead. He stared at Zen with his remaining energy and, with a trembling voice, declared, "You can't kill me!"

"You tried to kill me more than once!" Zen said with gaze so piercing it would make anyone shiver.

"But I failed every time! You survived!" Marco retorted desperately.

"I survived?" Zen laughed. A mocking smile appeared on his face.

The moment of their first encounter in the temple, Marco had already attempted to kill Zen. During their second encounter at the Seven

Mountains Meeting, Marco barely held himself back. The third time, he rushed into the Flow Sword Sect to challenge Zen. Now, they were face to face once more.

If Zen let him go, there would be no assurance that Marco would give up.

"If you kill me now, you will regret it! People of the Vastness Mountain will not let you off, neither will my father!" Marco resorted to using his status and identity as a way out. He knew begging Zen and enticing pity out of him was useless.

He knew that no ordinary disciple of the Flow Sword Sect would dare offend the Vastness Mountain, one of the seven mountains in the Oneness Sky Palace.

Suddenly, the head of the Xu Clan and Cailen arrived. "Young man, I implore you to think about what you're about to do," the head of the Xu Clan persuaded. "His death would cause the entire Oneness Sky Palace to go into chaos. There will be no place for you in the palace!"

He turned to wink at Cailen.

Cailen had never intended to get involved in this matter at all, but he wanted to maintain their clan's close relationship with the Xu Clan, and the Xu Clan had asked for his intervention.

Cailen also agreed that Zen should not kill Marco.

Unlike these declining clans around the Clear Lake, the Vastness Mountain was a great power that Zen couldn't afford to offend.

"Zen, they're right. Please think twice before you kill a direct descendant of the Vastness Mountain," Cailen pointed out.

Zen turned to look at them both. "So what do I do? Not fight back and pretend he hasn't repeatedly attempted to kill me? Are we going to allow this power play just because I was born inferior?"

"But..." the head of the Xu Clan stammered through a response. He knew Zen was right.

"He's not the first of his kind to have given me threats, nor will he be the last," Zen said calmly.

Then, he turned towards Marco and swung his sword at him.

The light curtain created by the Latent Theurgy was about to collapse. Zen's attack weakened the shield and cut Marco's head.

Marco opened his mouth to plead more, but it was too late.

Splash!

His dead body fell and floated into the water.

"Oh no. This is going to be a serious trouble for all of us!" the head of the Xu Clan exclaimed.

Marco's presence was a big honor to their clan, but now he was killed before his own eyes. How was he going to explain to the Vastness Mountain?

Cailen's eyelids widened. Anxiety filled his heart. He knew that what Zen did was impulsive and reckless, but at the back of his mind he felt deep admiration. Zen had once more proven how extraordinary he was. If he continued growing, he would end up as a legendary figure.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Many warriors of Xu Clan who witnessed the murder flew into the air to approach Zen.

Not everyone was well-aware of what was truly happening. All they cared about was that Marco was a member of the Xu Clan. They would not allow Zen to escape their sight.

Zen was strong, but the members of the Xu Clan outnumbered him. They were confident they'd win against a single person.

Zen narrowed his eyes and placed his long sword horizontally across his chest. "Anyone who stands in my way will die," he warned.

As he spoke, a white light flashed across his right eye.

The warriors floating above the Clear Lake felt shivers go down their spines. With fearful gazes, they stared at Zen.

"Let him go," said the head of the Xu Clan in an exhausted voice.

He knew that Zen could easily escape their hands. He didn't want to risk any more lives just to stop him from leaving.

He wanted to act smarter.

Zen returned to the Su Clan's crowd. The blank faces of Ruben, Reid, and all the others welcomed him.

The Su Clan knew they were in big trouble if they were to be implicated.

Only Gant stepped forward with a look of admiration on his face. "Flag Master, you truly are formidable!" he praised.

Zen patted his shoulder. "I killed Marco. Aren't you afraid of being implicated?"

Cailen and all the others were cursing Gant in their minds. All they wanted was to disassociate from Zen.

"Afraid of being implicated?" Gant raised his brows. "There must be several thousand direct descendants in the seven mountains, but there are only a dozen of disciples capable of Instant Enlightenment as you are. I highly doubt they'd do anything against you, Flag Master!"

Chapter 3201 Slaps

An uncomfortable silence hung in the air after Gant said those words to Zen.

Zen was a talented warrior who was capable of Instant Enlightenment. Moreover, he had Athemar's support. That being said, this made it difficult for the people of the Vastness Mountain to get back at Zen.

Of course, Gant was aware that his clan was trying to be cautious. After all, the Su Clan was but a weapon refining clan; they bore little to no importance to the Oneness Sky Palace. They couldn't afford to provoke the people of the Vastness Mountain.

Gant surveyed the elders before him. They, as well as the other people of the Su Clan, all looked quite surprised.

The people started to whisper amongst themselves. "Zen is capable of Instant Enlightenment?"

"Only fourteen people could do that in the history of the Oneness Sky Palace!"

"No wonder Zen was so confident and did not hesitate to kill Marco."

"Fine," Zen said quietly. He knew Gant was constantly trying to please him. "Now, do we still need to continue fighting?"

Zen took a look at his surroundings. His battle with Marco dealt a lot of damage to the battle ring. Huge cracks dotted the drums.

The other clans like the Li Clan and the Zhao Clan were also quiet. They were unwilling to fight because they knew very well that none of their young warriors could match Zen's strength.

Also, the battle that just took place was truly gruesome. None of the clans was in the mood to compete with each other.

All the clan masters gathered together to discuss. Finally, they decided that the Su Clan should take control of the Ripple Pavilion.

And with that, the gathering at the Ripple Pavilion came to an end. Despite everything that happened, Zen ended up helping the Su Clan reach their goal; he owed them nothing.

Zen packed up and left with Gant.

Cailen watched their receding figures. He was a little worried about Gant, but he dared not say anything in front of Zen.

After leaving the Su City, Zen and Gant decided to walk westward, along the Clear Lake.

Although much had happened in the competition this year, the gathering at the Ripple Pavilion pushed through, unaffected.

Throngs of people talked excitedly amongst themselves by the banks of the Clear Lake.

Many couldn't get over Zen's heroic stunt today. In their eyes, the battles between Zen and Marco, Zen and the three brothers were the highlight, despite many other battles not even having taken place yet.

"Flag Master, Trish is your maid, but she is too unruly," Gant complained. "She should have come back when the Ripple Pavilion rally began, but she didn't," Gant huffed indignantly while trailing closely behind Zen.

The day after Zen arrived at the Su Clan's mansion, Trish asked if she could leave for a while. She had wanted to go back home; this was why she came to the Clear Lake with Zen.

However, she hadn't come back yet. Gant decided to take Zen to the Yan-Zhao City to look for her.

In the Yan-Zhao City lived two big clans: the Yan Clan and the Zhao Clan.

However, over time, the Yan Clan grew weak, and gradually deteriorated. Consequently, the Zhao Clan took full control of the city.

During this time of festivities, the Yan-Zhao City was brightly lit with colorful lanterns tied to the roofs of the buildings.

However, the cheery festivities ended at the northwest corner where a dilapidated house sat. This was the Yan Clan's ancestral home.

Meanwhile, from the backyard of the Yan Clan's house, Trish gritted her teeth as she tried to search for a way out.

She had promised to go back to the Su Clan's mansion today to meet Zen, but now she was trapped in her own house.

Many times she attempted to climb over the courtyard wall, but every time her fingers touched the bricks, a ray of dark, scarlet blood light would shoot at her. She turned a somersault and fell to the ground.

"Trish, just quit." A voice came from within the house. "This enchanted barrier was personally set up by the Zhao Clan. It's impossible to get out." From the shadows, Trish's stepmother emerged.

"How could you treat me like this? I have given you many divine crystals!" Trish spat with resentment.

Her stepmother shrugged. "To rebuild our clan, the divine crystals you earn are far from enough!" She smiled in a sinister manner. "If you marry into the Zhao Clan, they may help us."

"How can you possibly think that?! That's just wishful thinking! Lachlan is a playboy. I, I would rather die than marry him!" Trish said, unable to fight back the tears from streaming down her face. She had done so much for her family, but her stepmother was trying to force her to marry into the Zhao Clan! Her heart broke.

The Yan Clan had also been influential in the past. However, twenty years ago, the elders of the Yan Clan had all passed away. This left only a group of women and children to fend for themselves, with no one to rely on.

While their power declined over the years, the Zhao Clan's influence increased rapidly. Gradually, they took over the business of the Yan Clan, eventually taking over the whole city.

"Don't make things difficult for me," her stepmother replied unsympathetically. "Young Master Lachlan will come to pick you up tonight. You can't go anywhere else today." As she spoke, she heard the floorboards in the house creak with footsteps.

A man garbed in white emerged, followed by a few servants dressed in black.

"Young Master Lachlan, you're here! Is the Clear Lake bustling? Hee hee." Trish's stepmother attempted to greet him with an ingratiating smile.

"Of course it's bustling," Lachlan said indifferently.

Lachlan wasn't an ambitious man. He wasn't strong enough to fight for the Zhao Clan at the gathering. Moreover, with the great accident that happened earlier today, the battles had come to a hasty end.

After the curt greetings, Trish's stepmother led Lachlan to the backyard, where Trish sat, seething.

Lachlan's eyes lit up the moment he saw Trish. With a grin, he said, "Trish! I haven't seen you in years. You grow more and more beautiful each time I see you. It seems that the Oneness Sky Palace treats you well."

He stepped forward and gently touched Trish's face.

Slap!

Without a word, Trish had slapped his hand away, her eyes brimming with anger.

Lachlan looked back at Trish's stepmother with surprise. "Have you made everything clear to her?"

"Yes, I have told her everything," Trish's stepmother said, beaming. "Trish, don't worry! Young Master Lachlan will treat you well after you become his concubine."

"Listen," Trish said coldly, "I came back with my master this time. You can't afford to offend him. If..."

"Trish!" her stepmother sneered. "Do you really want to be a maid for the rest of your life?"

Lachlan frowned scornfully. "Your master is just a disciple from the Oneness Sky Palace. Do you really think he can beat my clansmen? Even if he were to visit me in my house, I wouldn't be afraid of him!"

He waved his hand with disdain and said, "Tie her up and take her back. I will teach her a lesson once we get back."

The servants gave a curt nod and then walked towards Trish.

Trish's eyes darted back and forth between the servants approaching her. In her desperation, she took a few steps back and leaned against the wall. Suddenly, she felt her hand grow warm.

It felt as though a force was controlling her arm; as the first servant finally reached her, the next thing she knew was her hand suddenly flailed forward.

Slap!

The servant in the front flew more than a hundred feet away at the impact of Trish's slap.

When the others saw this, they froze. Lachlan was also stunned. "Are you all cowards? Get her!"

The servants summoned up courage and rushed at Trish again, this time more fiercely determined.

Trish felt like a god was helping her. She lunged forward suddenly, her hands flailing uncontrollably. Yet, she managed to hit the servants square in the face, sending them flying.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Crisp slaps were heard one after another. After a while, all the servants lay unconscious on the ground.

Trish looked at her hands in shock.

Lachlan narrowed his eyes. He felt something strange, like an invisible force was running around the courtyard. "Who is it? Who is there? Get out!"

Chapter 3202 Making Trouble

No one responded to Lachlan.

Trish and her stepmother also looked around the courtyard with puzzled looks.

"Who are you? How dare you cause me trouble in the Yan-Zhao City?" Lachlan continued, raising his voice. "You must have a death wish!"

The whole Yan-Zhao City was under the rule of the Zhao Clan. Everyone, no matter how influential they were, had to show their respect to the Zhao Clan if they passed by the city. This would explain why Lachlan was so indignant.

"Show your..." Before he could finish his words, Trish let out a panicked scream.

Lachlan whipped his head around in time to see her rushing towards him at an inhuman speed. It was as though her entire body was enveloped in some invisible force. Before he had the time to react, Trish raised her hand and slapped him full in the face.

"How dare you!"

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

Trish couldn't stop her hands from slapping Lachlan's face.

With a grunt, her final slap sent him flying, crashing into a small room in the courtyard.

"Trish, are you crazy?!" her stepmother shouted hysterically.

Trish turned to face her. She raised her hand, about to slap her stepmother. Her stepmother's eyes widened in fear and she immediately covered her face with her hands. She dared not say another word.

At this moment, two figures emerged.

Gingerly, they touched the enchanted barrier set up by the Zhao Clan. Immediately, a ray of blood light shot at them.

Crack!

With a flick of his hand, a light flashed from one of the figures, slicing through the blood light. In doing so, the barrier broke apart.

"Who, who are you? How dare you break into our house without permission?" Trish's stepmother said in a shaky voice, unable to contain her horror.

Lachlan climbed out of the ruins and his face changed when he saw the two people in the air.

Trish's face was full of joy and surprise as she walked up and bowed to Zen. "Mr. Luo, I'm so sorry. I failed to return to the Su Clan today, because..."

"I know." Zen gently raised his hand to stop Trish from speaking any further. Turning to face her stepmother, Zen said coldly, "Trish is my maid, and I am taking her away today. Do you dare to defy this?"

Trish's stepmother was aware that she served a disciple from the Flow Sword Sect. Back when the Yan Clan was still influential, the Flow Sword Sect was unpopular and known to be weak. However, now, she trembled slightly at Zen's words.

"I don't dare!" she replied hastily. "It wasn't my idea to keep Trish here. It was the Zhao Clan's idea!" The woman immediately pointed a finger at Lachlan.

Zen didn't want to argue further with her, so he turned to look at Lachlan.

Lachlan was a mess. His face was red and swollen from the slaps, his clothes covered in rubble and dust. Yet, there was still a fierce look in his eyes. "She's right. Trish is mine. What do you want?"

Lachlan had also gone to the Ripple Pavilion with his clan members earlier that day, but he had no interest in the competition. Instead, as the giant drums gathered to form the battle ring, he decided to spend the afternoon with a whore. He hadn't heard about what happened till the competition came to an abrupt end.

"What do I want?" Zen blinked. "I want Trish. She's coming with me."

"Do you really think you can leave this city?" Lachlan said unflinchingly.

Then, he pulled out a jade pendant that hung from his waist. Without any hesitation, he crushed it in his hand.

Buzz!

From the broken shards of the jade pendant, a green light flashed.

Seeing this, Trish's eyes widened in fear. "Mr. Luo, we'd better get going. If the people from Zhao Clan come over, I'm afraid you'll be in trouble."

Trish knew that Zen, an outstanding disciple of the Flow Sword Sect, might not be afraid of the Zhao Clan.

But this wasn't the Oneness Sky Palace. There were some notably strong people in the Zhao Clan. If Zen insisted on staying, she was afraid he'd get hurt, which was the last thing she wanted to see.

"It doesn't matter," Zen said indifferently.

Lachlan sneered at Zen's calm face.

The Zhao Clan had been doing business by the Clear Lake for many years. Every year, they offered a lot of magic pills to the Oneness Sky Palace and had a very good relationship with the palace. Lachlan, in his haughtiness, thought he could punish any disciple of the palace without much consequence.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

In a matter of seconds, a dozen figures swept across the sky above the Yan Clan's house. In the blink of an eye, they landed in the small courtyard, each figure equally menacing.

One of the figures stood out among the rest. It was the leader of the Zhao Clan.

"Father!"

Lachlan beamed at the sight of his father, and he confidently glared at Zen. "This brat has made trouble here," he said arrogantly. "He doesn't take our clan seriously!"

The master of the Zhao Clan strode forward, surveying the damage: the fallen servants and the destroyed walls. But when his eyes landed on Zen, he gasped in shock.

He immediately recognized that Zen was the one who ruined the competition at the Ripple Pavilion.

Moreover, this was the guy who had killed a direct descendant of the Vastness Mountain effortlessly.

With a shake of his head, he wondered inwardly, 'What did Lachlan do to piss this man off?'

"Father," Lachlan echoed. "What're you waiting for? Arrest this guy and punish him severely. Otherwise the other people may think we're weak and incompetent..."

Slap!

The master of the Zhao Clan slapped his son's face, much harder than Trish had.

Lachlan rubbed his temples as his thoughts swirled dizzily. Once he came back to his senses, his mouth fell in shock. His father was bowing deeply to Zen in respect!

That was the highest honor.

Only grandsons would bow to their grandfathers in this way.

But this was Lachlan's father, the lord of the Yan-Zhao City and the master of the Zhao Clan!

How could he do this to a mere disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace?

Lachlan was totally confused.

"I'm sorry that I didn't teach my son well," the master said cautiously. "Mr. Luo, please forgive him."

The master of the Zhao Clan was well aware that Zen had just defeated notable warriors earlier that day; if he stirred conflict now, it might ruin the reputation of the Zhao Clan.

Moreover, he also knew his third son well. He knew that Lachlan was in the wrong without having to ask what happened.

Zen cast a cold glance at the master of the Zhao Clan. "I don't want to get involved in the affairs between the Yan Clan and the Zhao Clan. This is your son's fault; he should never have offended Trish."

"Lachlan!" the master cried angrily. "Come here! Kneel down!"

Lachlan turned livid with rage. His father had never been so strict with him. He walked over reluctantly, but refused to kneel. Mumbling, he said, "She's just a maid! A maid..."

"I said kneel down!" The master of the Zhao Clan raised his voice.

Lachlan finally flopped down on his knees in front of Zen. The master of the Zhao Clan said, "Mr. Luo, my good-for-nothing son is at your disposal!"

Zen waved his hand indifferently. "Break his legs and arms. Don't treat him in a year."

Without any hesitation, the master of the Zhao Clan flicked his wrist violently. Instantly, invisible forces rushed at Lachlan.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

With a terrible shriek, Lachlan collapsed to the floor, his arms and legs horribly disfigured.

"Let's go," Zen said expressionlessly. Before he turned to leave with Trish and Gant, he suddenly said, "Trish is my maid." Narrowing his eyes, he continued ominously, "I don't want her family to decline."

The master of the Zhao Clan broke out in a cold sweat, a chill running down his spine.

Chapter 3203 Invitation To The Mountain

The Yan Clan's decline had something to do with the Zhao Clan.

The master of the Zhao Clan knew full well.

If Zen looked any further into it, it would probably only cause more trouble.

Fortunately, Trish was just his maid, and he said he didn't want to get involved in this.

When the master of the Zhao Clan finally calmed himself down, he heard Lachlan scream, "Father! Some pills for my wounds! It really hurts! Who is that guy? Is he the son of the head of the Oneness Sky Palace? Father, why were you so respectful towards him?"

Lachlan lay on the ground in pain.

He knew he had offended someone he shouldn't have; his father was just putting on a show and trying to prove a point.

His arms and legs being broken was no big deal. The pills of the Zhao Clan would heal him up in an instant.

But his father still refused him the pills, and only continued to drive his foot into him again and again.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The kicks almost killed him. His father yelled furiously, "You bastard! You almost got us all killed! You want the pills? Forget it! You will stay on the ground this year! If anyone dares to heal you, I'll break their arms and legs as well!"

The master of the Zhao Clan left with his people in tow.

Trish's stepmother was trembling in a corner. Until now, she still didn't understand what had happened, but she vaguely knew that Trish's master was a somebody, and that 'somebody' had made a statement that the Zhao Clan could no longer make life hard for the Yan Clan.

On the flying ship, Zen sat upright at the front end.

Trish contemplated a while before finding the courage to walk up to Zen. She walked up silently and unassumingly, and bowed to him.

"There's no need to be so courteous," Zen said with a friendly smile.

"I'm just your maid, yet you care so much for me," Trish said meekly.

The fate of the Yan Clan had always been controlled by the Zhao Clan.

If things went on like this, 'Yan' would be removed from the city name sooner or later, and the city would be renamed the Zhao City.

But Zen's warning was surely enough to scare off the master of the Zhao Clan.

"It's no big deal. Don't think on it too much," Zen said, smiling tenderly.

Trish smiled too. She paused a moment before she spoke again, "There's one more thing. The master of the Zhao Clan is a powerful and influential man. Why is he so afraid of you?"

Even if Zen was an outstanding disciple of the Flow Sword Sect, he was still not strong enough to intimidate a clan living by the Clear Lake.

"It's because today, Flag Master killed Marco, as well as his strong followers," Gant explained with a wry smile.

Trish's eyes widened.

"Are you afraid? If you are afraid, you're free to leave," Gant said, toying with her still.

Offending the direct line of the Oneness Sky Palace would bring quite serious trouble to whoever dared do such a thing. Zen, however, didn't just offend them. He killed one of them!

Noticing Trish's shock and stillness, Gant continued to threaten her playfully, "There's probably going to be something disastrous waiting for us when we return to the Oneness Sky Palace. And I'm afraid those of us who work for Flag Master Zen are likely to be put under fire too."

After a moment of panic, Trish managed to compose herself. She stood up straight, tightened her jaw and said, "I'm not afraid of anything. At the worst, I will die with Mr. Luo!"

Seeing she was taking Gant's words seriously, Zen smiled and said, "Don't listen to Gant. I know what I'm doing."

Truthfully, he wasn't too sure what he was doing.

In his current position, he really couldn't afford to offend the Vastness Mountain.

All depended on Marco's status in the Xu Clan on the Vastness Mountain. If Marco really was very important, it was possible that even Athemar would not be able to simmer the anger of the Vastness Mountain.

But Zen had an important bargaining chip, and that was the Truth Enlightenment of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

He firmly believed that the Truth Enlightenment could solve all problems.

Half a day later, the three stepped into the transmission array.

It was already early morning when they returned to Dragon City.

The dark starry sky began to fade and brighten.

Zen didn't go directly up the mountain but instead left the Dragon City with Gant and Trish.

Monica had completely adapted to her role.

Amongst the Alliance Chiefs, she was the weakest, but none of them dared to disobey or ignore her.

Zen gave her enough divine crystals to keep the operation of her alliance running.

She had more and more Flag Masters join her and more than ten thousand people at her command, making her alliance the largest outside the Dragon City.

When Zen arrived, Monica appeared pleasantly surprised and noticeably uneasy at the same time.

The disciples from the Sword Light Palace, including Beldene, Elgin and Kenelm, had also come when they heard the news. It had been a long time since they had seen Zen last time.

"Zen... Alliance Chief... Flag Master..." Kenelm stammered as he ran over.

He had called him all these things at one point or another. Now that Zen had gone up the mountain, he didn't know what to call him.

"Just call him Flag Master!"

"Right. He will always be our Flag Master."

"…"

Jago and the others giggled casually.

Zen glanced around and asked curiously, "Why don't I see Nelly, Lavender and Laquisha?"

Monica appeared distressed by hearing their names. She spoke solemnly to Zen, "I have something to tell you. A few days ago, I asked someone to go to the mountain to look for you, but you weren't there."

"What happened? Where are they?" Zen asked, his concern growing with every word.

Zen had won first place in the Seven Mountains Meeting and offended many people. No one had come after him as blatantly as Marco. Perhaps they would use some dirty tricks to get back at him.

If anyone hurt his family...

At the thought of this, Zen's face darkened.

"They have gone up the mountain," Monica said. "Elder Sellers from the Dragon City said the Oneness Sky Palace had sent out an invitation. They said that the three of them had outstanding talent and they wanted to meet them."

"I know them. They would not agree to something like that," Zen said affirmatively.

Laquisha and Lavender would definitely ask for Zen's opinion if they wanted to join a sword sect on the mountain.

They wouldn't go up the mountain without telling him.

"You're right. They didn't agree, but someone from the mountain took them away. Someone forced them. I'm sorry..." Monica said full of remorse.

Zen trusted Monica and felt safe leaving his three wives with her. Her heart was filled with great sorrow and guilt as she had failed him. The last few days had been hell for her trying to figure out how she would break it to him.

"Don't blame yourself. It's not your fault," Zen comforted Monica.

No matter how strong Monica was, she was only an Alliance Chief of the Dragon City. The people on the mountain didn't even take the Oneness Guards seriously. It was simply impossible for Monica to have stopped them.

After staying outside the Dragon City for a while, Zen ordered Trish to go up the mountain by herself. Then, he went into the Dragon City and headed straight to the Sword Tower.

Now that Sellers was involved, he seemed to know exactly what was going on.

Chapter 3204 The Phoenix Palace

In the Sword Tower, Sellers saw Zen rush in. The mask he had on was only barely concealing the helpless smile underneath.

"Master Sellers! I just came back to Dragon City. I heard that Nelly, Laquisha and Lavender had been taken away. Which sect did they join?" Zen asked.

Usually, the warriors in the Dragon City who had gone up the mountain would join the Flow Sword Sect, the Killing Sword Sect or the Unique Array Sword Sect.

But sometimes, the other six mountains would choose the disciples in the Dragon City too.

"They didn't join any," Sellers said with a light shake of his head.

"What do you mean?" Zen frowned. He figured they must have been under house arrest instead.

Was it the Vastness Mountain disciples who had taken them away?

Zen's brows furrowed deeper. Suddenly, he felt the urge to kill flow through his veins.

"Someone from the Phoenix Palace took them away," Sellers said. "Did you do anything to offend them?"

The Phoenix Palace was the core of the Oneness Mountain.

The palace only trained and recruited disciples who were in the direct line of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Lavender, Nelly, and Laquisha were talented, but none of them were qualified to enter the Phoenix Palace.

Their sudden kidnapping to the Phoenix Palace was odd. Sellers figured that Zen must have had something to do with it.

"Me? Offend the Phoenix Palace?" Zen rubbed his chin as he tried to recall. Then, a trace of cold light flashed through his eyes. "Elvinia!" he exclaimed.

Sellers gasped. "What did you do to offend her?" he asked.

Not every descendant of Eastern Emperor Taiyi held a high status, but Elvinia was highly favored.

Sellers tried to stop the Phoenix Palace from taking away Zen's women, but he was threatened by a powerful warrior from the palace. He wondered whom Zen had offended to lead to this.

Finally, Sellers gained clarity.

"Humph!" Zen snorted. "It was nothing. We just had some conflict in the Seven Mountains Meeting."

Whatever happened between them, Zen found it unreasonable that Elvinia would involve the three women just to deal with him. It was a low blow in his standards.

"Where is the Phoenix Palace? Master Sellers, can you take me there?" Zen asked.

"What are you planning to do?" Sellers asked him. "Take them back?"

"Yes, exactly," Zen confirmed.

He was afraid of what Elvinia would do to his women. He didn't want to waste any more time.

"The Phoenix Palace is located at the back of the Oneness Mountain. It's surrounded by the Primitive Illusion. It's not an easy place to go to. I've never been there," Sellers said.

As if ignoring what he had said, Zen rushed out of the Sword Tower.

"Zen! It's not easy to penetrate the Primitive Illusion. Not even brute force would work! Please, think about what you're about to do!" Sellers desperately wanted to stop Zen, but without success.

Zen knew his way up the mountain.

Halfway through the mountain, he decided to abandon his route. Instead, he flew towards the other side.

The sword arrays on the Oneness Mountain were usually inactive, so it was not dangerous for Zen to fly along the mountain. The mountain was huge. Its three peaks were occupied by different sects, namely: Flow Sword Sect, Killing Sword Sect, and Unique Array Sword Sect.

And the Phoenix Palace occupied the back of the mountain.

But few disciples were able to see the palace.

From above, that area was covered with white fog called the Primitive Illusion. It was a mirage that protected the Phoenix Palace.

After flying for a while, Zen was finally seeing the fog below him.

He smiled with satisfaction.

Seeing the impenetrable fog, however, he almost retreated. But the mere memory of his women motivated him to land without hesitation.

Swoosh!

The thick fog hung in the air and blocked his line of sight. He could barely see the outlines of the trees that surrounded him.

"Spiritual sense..."

Zen blinked several times until a strand of his spiritual sense began to spread out.

However, as soon as it was out of his system, it disappeared without a trace.

"Did the fog swallow my spiritual sense?" Zen was slightly shocked.

He was walking aimlessly without his spiritual sense and eyesight. He didn't even know where the Phoenix Palace was exactly located.

Whoosh!

His feet kicked the ground and his body jumped up. He rapidly shuttled through the fog.

He flew fast, but this did not help him. The fog kept on drifting and covering everything in front of him.

Zen halted and gave his next steps some thought. He opened his right eye and a flash of white light appeared.

"The Authentic Visual World!"

Suddenly, his surroundings became clearer.

It was still covered with fog. Not even his demonic eye could see through it.

But, through the fog, he was able to outline a long and thin black figure in the distance. He proceeded towards its direction.

A few moments later, he was finally standing in front of it. It was a pillar similar to the ones in a royal palace. However, it looked tattered and disheveled, as if it had been there for a while.

Zen stepped closer to approach the pillar when, suddenly, another thin black shadow caught his right eye.

"Are these pillars leading the way to the Phoenix Palace?" Zen muttered to himself.

Whoosh!

Zen flashed swiftly toward the second pillar. As he neared it, a third one appeared not too far away.

Zen's guess was correct.

To protect the Phoenix Palace, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had arranged the Primitive Illusion.

It was designed with the eighteen pillars passed down from the Primitive Temple. The pillars were almost invincible. No normal method worked against them.

Gratefully, they were free of wars and major conflicts now, and so the Primitive Illusion wasn't fully activated.

Servants, maids and guards needed to go up and down the mountain. They carried with them a special token that allowed them to see the pillars and go as they pleased.

Zen didn't need the special token to see the pillars. He was able to see them with his demonic eye.

He continued to follow the pillars upwards. Finally, he saw a huge palace gate with a plaque that said, "Phoenix Palace."

"Here it is!"

Without any hesitation, Zen went up and knocked on the palace gate.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Obviously, the Phoenix Palace did not receive plenty of visitors. The few distinguished guests usually had their own ushers.

No one in recent history had done what Zen did. No one just climbed up the mountain, navigated the fog, and knocked at the palace gate.

So, when they heard the loud banging on the gate, the golden-armored guards of the Phoenix Palace were taken aback. They looked among themselves, wondering who it could be.

Chapter 3205 Lady Flamine

From atop the wall, the golden-armored guards watched Zen knocking at the gate. Exchanging dubious glances, they started whispering amongst themselves in wonder.

"This man isn't a servant of the Phoenix Palace. How could he have walked out of the Primitive Illusion?"

Finally, the leading guard called Zen's attention. "Who are you?" he shouted with a frown. "Why do you knock on the gate?"

Zen, looking up to face the guard, answered clearly, "I'm Zen Luo, a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect. I'm looking for Elvinia."

"A disciples of the Flow Sword Sect?"

The guards exchanged puzzled glances.

Their leader continued to speak to Zen harshly. "I don't care which sect you are from. You are not welcome here. Get out!"

The Phoenix Palace was where the direct descendants of East Emperor Taiyi lived. Additionally, it was the core area of the Oneness Mountain. It was impossible for ordinary people to enter.

Zen's expression darkened as his patience ran thin. He leapt forward, and ricocheted off the wall, launching himself into the air. With a determined look on his face, he decided right then and there that he was going to break through the gate.

Once the leading guard realized what he was up to, he sneered haughtily, "Never in my years here have I witnessed anyone attempt to break into the Phoenix Palace. Sir, you are courting death; don't blame me for killing you."

Bang!

Eyes flashing menacingly, he then channeled his aura to summon a large golden shield, which smashed towards Zen.

The leader had been a five-star Oneness Guard. Due to his excellence, he was transferred to guard the Phoenix Palace.

While the technique he used was relatively simple, the sheer force of the shield attack reached eight hundred divine megatons.

Zen's eyes narrowed as he observed the approaching shield. With gritted teeth, he summoned the strength from the Strength God Totem, while simultaneously gathering the Shade Stone's liquid into his right hand.

Bang!

The other guards covered their ears in anguish at the deafening sound, lights flashing everywhere, which blinded them. When they finally regained their senses, they were stunned.

Their leader had been flung off the wall, and had fallen into the square of the Phoenix Palace. The impact was so great that a crater was formed where he landed.

Zen, on the other hand, stood firmly on the wall, unscathed.

The guards shuffled backwards uneasily, maintaining a distance from Zen.

"Where is Elvinia?" Zen demanded once more, staring at the guards coldly.

Although they trembled underneath their golden-plated armor, all the guards shook their heads in defiance.

They knew their responsibility was to protect the Phoenix Palace; even if Zen terrified them, they stood their ground.

Crack!

Zen moved forward in a flash. In the blink of an eye, his hand was on the neck of one of the guards. With a restrained squeeze, he shouted, "Tell me. Now!"

"I...I..." The guard was frozen in fear.

At this moment, a clear voice came from inside the palace.

"A mere disciple of the Flow Sword Sect dares to act wildly in the Phoenix Palace. Why do you think of us so lowly?"

As the cool voice floated over, a purple ribbon snaked its way across the palace square, heading straight for Zen.

The purple ribbon, like a nimble dragon, shot towards Zen in a zigzag motion.

Zen threw the guard aside to reach out and grab the ribbon. However, as soon as his fingers grazed the silken ribbon, it split into two, then four, until they coiled around his body.

As the ribbons intertwined around Zen, he felt a terrifying power. The ribbons tightened their grip on him.

The pressure was not something that Zen could withstand. Not long after, he found it difficult to breathe.

Whoosh!

Zen was yanked forward by the ribbons, as though he was a mere puppet. It all happened so fast; his surroundings seemed to whip past him. He could barely make out being dragged through several palace gates, over gardens and courtyards.

Bang!

Finally, Zen smashed into the front door of one of the palaces.

A woman garbed in purple stood not far away with crossed arms. Her fierce eyes studied the helpless figure before her, wrapped in purple ribbons.

The woman stepped forward gracefully. Zen noticed she had a pretty face. She was captivating at first glance.

However, that didn't stop him from trying to wriggle his way out of the ribbons.

No matter how much he twisted and struggled, he was unable to get rid of the seemingly ordinary ribbons.

The woman was a little surprised. "You haven't gone through the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, and yet your power is so extraordinary."

Normal human bodies could withstand three hundred divine megatons of Other Shore Power.

Some strong-built humans could withstand six hundred divine megatons of Other Shore Power.

For example, Marco's Other Shore Token, which could absorb his opponent's Other Shore Power, had the potential to unleash the force of five hundred divine megatons. Although he could only bear the force of three hundred divine megatons, the other two hundred divine megatons of force would be borne by his sword.

As Zen struggled, he also released a force of more than a thousand divine megatons. This would've been impressive for nonhuman creatures, all the more for humans!

After struggling for a while, Zen finally stopped. He twisted his body one more time, to face the beautiful woman wordlessly.

By this time, the guards had rushed over, kneeling before the lady. Even the leader knelt humbly. "This person trespassed into the Phoenix Palace under my watch. We failed to stop him. Please, Lady Flamine, punish me."

Flamine gave them an amused smile. She showed no traces of anger whatsoever. With an elegant wave of her hand, she said, "It's no big deal. You can leave now."

"Yes, Lady Flamine!"

The leader stood up with a salute. Turning to the other guards, he gestured for them to take the subdued Zen with them.

Flamine, however, stopped him. "Let him stay."

"But this person trespassed into the Phoenix Palace. He needs to be punished severely!" the leader cried indignantly. As a five-star Oneness Guard, it was humiliating for him to have been sent flying by a Flow Sword Sect disciple's punch.

"Let him stay. I need to talk to him," said Flamine firmly.

"Yes, Lady Flamine!"

The guards could do nothing but bow humbly to the woman and take their leave.

If Zen was just an ordinary disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, Flamine would have let the guards take him away.

However, she could sense Zen's extraordinary power. This definitely piqued her interest.

Swoosh!

Flamine withdrew her ribbons, freeing Zen from his shackles.

"Why did you break into the Phoenix Palace, young man?" Flamine asked, eyes sparkling with curiosity.

Rubbing his hands and neck, he answered calmly, "I'm looking for Elvinia."

"Elvinia?" Flamine raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Why are you looking for her?"

"She took my people away," Zen answered bluntly.

Scratching her chin delicately, she asked, "Why did she take your people away?"

"God knows what that stupid woman was thinking!" he cried exasperatedly. "Maybe since she lost to me in the Seven Mountains Meeting, she has been holding a grudge towards me." Zen shook his head in frustration.

When Flamine heard Zen cursing Elvinia, her cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. "I can take you to see her."

"You can help me find her?" Zen's eyes lit up at her offer.

"Of course. If what you say is true, I must make her apologize. After all, I'm her mother." She smiled cunningly.

Zen was stunned. He recalled how Konnor told him that Elvinia had been brought back from the Divine Lair. Did this mean Flamine was also a nonhuman creature from the Divine Lair?

Chapter 3206 The Stone Statue

The demon women from the Divine Lair of the Sun Crow race all had a pair of huge sprawling wings.

Flamine and Elvinia were as beautiful as those demon women, but they didn't have wings.

This sudden encounter with Elvinia's mother had made Zen uncomfortable and was creating a little trouble for him.

Looking at a stunned Zen, Flamine calmly instructed, "Follow me. I'll take you there."

She entered through the palace gate as she spoke, gliding with graceful steps and dragging purple ribbons behind her.

Zen hesitated a moment before deciding to follow her in.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had many children, and the Phoenix Palace was quite large and magnificent.

They came across very few people as they walked. Any guards and maids they saw knelt and saluted Flamine respectfully.

They walked along a tall red wall for some minutes when Zen turned and was faced with a gigantic palace gate. Just before it stood a triangular bronze furnace. In it, flames flickered and jet out in spurts and a faint golden light glowed from within.

"This is the divine flame of the Sun Crow race," Zen pointed out in surprise, raising his eyebrows slightly.

Flamine walked just ahead of Zen, but she was stunned when she heard him and turned back to look at him. "You know the flame?"

"I have been to the Mountain Viewing Province. There I saw... I saw the demon women and such flames," Zen said.

He had intended to tell her he had seen Elizabeth then. But after considering the link between Flamine and Elvinia and the Divine Lair, he changed his mind, afraid that Flamine would ask many questions.

Flamine pointed lightly at the bronze furnace. A divine flame flew from the furnace, turning into a small fire bird and rushing to Flamine. It then stopped when it reached her and settled itself on her sleeve.

Zen didn't know what material her beautiful purple dress was made of but she clearly was not afraid of the burning of the divine flame.

The fire bird stayed in her hand for a short while and then snapped into a wisp of flame. It hissed and entered her mouth horrifyingly. Flamine had swallowed the divine flame!

She spoke as she swallowed, "The Sun Crow race was born in the divine flames, and their blood power is hidden in them. Even the demon women born in the Divine Lair can't live without the divine flames."

She had just admitted she was a nonhuman creature from the Divine Lair.

It seemed that the bronze furnace was there to produce endless divine flames for her and Elvinia to devour as they required.

After absorbing the divine flame, she stepped through the huge palace gate, followed by Zen.

As soon as they entered the palace gate, two maids dressed in blue hurriedly came to them.

"Lady Flamine," the maids in blue greeted, kowtowing to Flamine.

"Is Elvinia in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace?" asked Flamine.

"Yes, she is," one of the maids in blue answered respectfully.

"Take me to her," commanded Flamine.

"Yes, Lady Flamine."

The two maids in blue led the way dutifully.

The Heavenly Cultivation Palace was a place for cultivation in the Phoenix Palace. Along the way, there were four tall towers and some other large buildings, from which a strong energy could be felt emitting.

A short while later, the maids had brought them to the Fire Bearing Hall in the innermost circle of the palace.

"Lady Flamine, please wait here. I'll let Princess Elvinia know you are here." The maid in blue kowtowed to Flamine once more before scurrying into the Fire Bearing Hall.

Zen was growing impatient. The Phoenix Palace was like the royal palace of the divine kingdom. There were too many formalities.

Luckily, Zen didn't have to wait much more.

Before long, Elvinia appeared at the gate of the Fire Bearing Hall. "Mother, what can I do for you?" she asked exacerbating and impatient.

Flamine smiled and said, "Nothing for me, but Mr. Luo wants to see you."

"Who is Mr. Luo?"

Elvinia raised her head and saw Zen standing close by. A fierce look flashed in her eyes.

As the direct descendant of the Oneness Mountain, she was fate's favored one. Her parents spoiled her very much, and she was regarded quite highly among her peers.

Even her brothers and sisters didn't dare to cross her.

She lost to Zen at the Seven Mountains Meeting, and even worse, he humiliated her to her face. This enraged her massively and she could not let it go.

"Look at you," she said with condescending surprise. "You actually came right to the Phoenix Palace. Who brought you here, Athemar or Goran?" Elvinia sneered, one eyebrow raised.

Zen's face darkened with anger as he barked, "It doesn't matter how I got in. Where are Nelly, Laquisha and Lavender? I will get them back!"

He had no idea as to where they were or whether they were safe or not. He'd been worrying about them all this time and all the way here.

A triumphant smile graced Elvinia's frigid face as she saw the concern drawn across Zen's face. "They are enduring the Soul Fire Swirl, so I will not give them to you. If you want them back, you have to go through me first!"

Zen had no idea what the Soul Fire Swirl was. But it sounded to him like a cruel punishment.

Rage burned from his heart throughout his entire being.

Bang!

He kicked off the ground and was gone in a flash, rushing at Elvinia in complete disregard of Flamine.

Flamine was close enough to have stopped Zen if she wanted. But she saw the expressions on her daughter's face before she moved and decided to just stand aside and let this be.

Elvinia laughed scornfully at Zen charging at her. "I may have lost to you at the Seven Mountains Meeting, but that was not a competition of real strength. You just took advantage of the Truth Enlightenment. Do you really think you're powerful enough for this?"

Zen's hand was already moving at breakneck speed to grab her when she was done speaking.

Elvinia's eyes overflowed with hatred in the face of Zen's grab. She stretched out her hand and gave it a gentle wave.

Thanks to her unique body, her slender hand was able to unleash three to four hundred divine megatons of force. Even Marco and Konnor couldn't withstand this gentle wave.

But when she touched Zen's arm, the color disappeared from her face. She realized immediately that she had got it all wrong.

It seemed as if Zen's right hand was made of fine steel, and the power that he unleashed was beyond her imagination. He grabbed her, swung his arm over his head, and slammed her into the ground behind him.

Bang!

The floor was cracked and near destroyed from the impact.

Elvinia appeared almost buried.

If it were Marco who had been thrown, he would have been seriously hurt if not dead. However, there were indistinct fire textures on the surface of Elvinia's body, and she appeared unharmed.

"Tell me! Where are they?"

Zen snarled mercilessly.

If Elvinia didn't tell him the whereabouts of his wives, he would kill her right in front of her mother.

Lying on the ground, Elvinia opened her eyes wide as she looked at Zen. She could not believe how Zen treated her. She had never been treated this way in her life.

She snapped back to reality and her irritation returned with her.

She raised her head and sniggered, "As I said, if you want to know their whereabouts, defeat me first."

As she finished speaking, two golden lights suddenly materialized in her hands.

A golden sun appeared in her right hand, and a golden moon appeared in her left.

She closed her eyes and slapped both hands into the ground firmly.

Buzz!

A huge stone statue had appeared before Zen.

The stone statue had a strange shape. It had sixteen arms in total, and fifteen of them were on its left side. There was only one on the right.

The moment it appeared, it thrust its only right arm at Zen.

Chapter 3207 Warrior Of The Stone Hill

The stone statue's right hand was so frighteningly powerful that the space in front of Zen bent out of shape.

"Bang!" Zen was knocked back for dozens of feet from the massive force.

Splash!

It looked as though he was wiping the ground with his entire body as he continued to be swept away from the impact, leaving a ditch in front of him before he finally crashed into a huge building.

The building was called the Sword Bearing Hall. It was a dwelling built explicitly for the direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace to cultivate sword skills.

The unfortunate events caused an imperfection in the form of a large hole on the wall of the Sword Bearing Hall!

"What just happened?"

"Who dares to fight in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace?"

"I think it's Elvinia."

Apparently, the commotion happening outside had distracted the direct descendants from practicing in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace.

Most of them paused their practice to come out and make sense of what they just heard. As a result, their jaws dropped to the floor when their eyes fell on the broken wall, and the tiles piled up on the ground.

Elvinia scoffed at the ruins and rolled her eyes indifferently. She had full faith Zen wouldn't get back up from that attack. If anything, she thought he was dead.

Not wanting to say a word till she saw it for herself, Lady Flamine remained quiet and kept her gaze fixed at the ruins. A few seconds after, she noticed something that made her gasp.

"Boom!"

Minor turbulence could be seen coming from the pile of tiles as they shook noticeably. A huge boulder about ten feet wide was flipped over by a black hand as a black figure emerged from the ruins.

Curious at the sudden appearance of a man cloaked with black substance around his body, Elvinia squinted her eyes to focus on his direction. She was shocked to see it was Zen, who now wiped the debris off his shoulders and cracked his knuckles as if unfazed by her move.

The Other Shore Token she possessed was called the Warrior of the Stone Hill.

The Stone Hill race had deep ancient roots.

Similar to the legendary "Stone God," they would grow in the form of rocks. When they'd reach the age they matured in, they would emerge from the rocks.

The strong warriors from that race were called the Warriors of the Stone Hill.

In search of this Other Shore Token, the Oneness Sky Palace had dug out an entire mountain in Stage Thirteen. It took them several decades to do so.

It was a descending type of Other Shore Token, which was extremely powerful because it had the potential to evolve further. The "Warrior of the Stone Hill" could further upgrade itself to the "Saint of the Stone Hill." The day it happened, the power of it would multiply by dozens!

To attain that ascension in power, Elvinia had to get to the Stone Hill Temple on Stage Twenty-two. However, she had a ways to go yet.

Even with the current level of her Other Shore Token, Elvinia's single attack had exceeded 600 divine megatons of force!

That kind of power was way beyond her physical strength, so it was borne by the Other Shore Token itself. How come Zen resisted an attack of that intensity and took no damage?

The black layer of Shade Stone cloaking Zen's body began to dissipate from his skin, and permeated into his bones from his pores. Once it disappeared completely, Zen regained his usual appearance.

He never imagined Elvinia would play so rough and prove to be a nuisance.

What more could he expect from a direct descendant like her!

Even so, Zen did not intend to stand down from this fight.

He could compromise on many things without caring about them, but letting his women bear the pain for him wasn't one of them.

"Buzz!"

Securely gripping the Snow Sword in his hands, he pointed the end in her direction as if to challenge her. Swiftly, he took one step back to gain momentum and pushed himself forward, he dashed towards Elvinia once more.

The mysterious movements of the Snow Sword made it tough to foretell the direction of the attack. When Zen got halfway through to her, the sword's actions became as fast as lightning. They were hard to be seen through the naked eye.

"Nine-Flash Light-splitting!"

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The sword morphed itself into dazzling flashes of light that all shot towards Elvinia vengefully from all directions.

"Pathetic!"

Elvinia spited at him as she raised her hand and shook it slightly.

She opened up a space ring, from which long swords shot out one after the other.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

With its fifteen left hands outstretched, the Warrior of the Stone Hill reached out and grabbed those long swords coming from the space ring.

Now armed with fifteen long swords in its fifteen hands, Elvinia's Other Shore Token looked more frightening than ever.

"Slash at him now!"

Elvinia pointed towards the light shooting through Zen's sword and commanded her Other Shore Token dominantly.

At her wish, the fifteen armed hands slashed vigorously at Zen in frantic movements. They moved swiftly and even overlapped with each other, but there was not a single collision between them. Each attack had precision and accuracy!

From their rapid continuous movements, the swords formed a silver shield to deflect any attack and keep Elvinia out of harm's way.

"Cling! Cling! Cling!"

Even though Zen's Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship was formidable, it still failed to break through the silver curtain that protected her.

Even so, he had no plans on backing down, as the speed of the sword in his hands grew gradually. It became faster and faster!

"Oh my god! The swords are moving too fast!"

"I can't believe Elvinia has progressed again!"

"Who is this guy, and why is he challenging someone like Elvinia? He doesn't seem to be like one of us."

The direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace discussed among themselves without keeping their eyes off of the intense scene.

Elvinia was the youngest of the direct descendants, despite that she had the most potential. After all, Eastern Emperor Taiyi was quite fond of her. Due to that, they never dared underestimate her skills.

On many occasions, she had proven herself to have talents beyond the reach of her peers. She was always ahead of them. Even without the aid of her Other Shore Token, she could easily beat any of them in battle.

"Nice sword shield, but I wouldn't count on it to protect me if I were you!"

A confident smirk appeared on Zen's face as one corner of his mouth tilted upwards. He continued his relentless attacks to break his way through.

Not holding back, he charged fearlessly into the sword curtain guarding her.

Before he made his way through it, the black layer on his skin appeared once more and covered his entire body up like armor.

"Cling! Cling! Cling!"

One after another, the long swords rained down on Zen, but failed to pierce through his body. It was like he was made up of pure iron!

Watching Zen draw closer with every passing second, Elvinia felt slightly panicked.

Taking caution to the situation, she began to move backward gracefully as if gliding on the surface of the water. Stalling for time before she could make her move, she kept retreating to keep Zen in the sword curtain.

"Cling! Cling! Cling!"

Within just ten seconds, the swords had hit Zen tens of thousands of times!

However, his movements remained quick. There was no hint of staggering or injury on his body.

Having witnessed this incredible spectacle, the spectators were rendered speechless. Each of their jaws had made their home on the floor as they stood there rooted to the ground.

These direct descendants from the Oneness Mountain received a better education than the ordinary people, and they had had their fair share of experiences. However, nothing compared to what they were observing just now.

Was that body covered in black substance still human?

Elvinia kept at her attempts on retreating, but Zen was faster.

He finally caught up to her and managed to pass through the sword curtain!

With a determined look on her face, she raised her right hand. As if to mimic her gestures, the Warrior of the Stone Hill raised its right hand as well and aimed for Zen.

Even if Zen was resilient enough to withstand the sword curtain, Elvinia was sure he couldn't survive the Warrior of the Stone Hill!

"Phew!"

With quick action, the Warrior of the Stone Hill launched its attack on Zen with its right hand. It wanted to smash Zen like a bothersome insect.

The strength held by the enormous palm apparently reached a specific limit. Anything that came under it would be reduced to little silver dust.

"Look at that! It's unbelievable!"

At the sight of the large palm, Zen prepared himself. He tightened his jaw and twisted his face while he drew massive power from his Strength God Totem.

"What is he doing?"

"The power of the Warrior of the Stone Hill reaches the limit of the Lust World! He doesn't stand a chance!"

"The ultimate force should exceed 1, 000 divine megatons! This is suicide! Is he going to get smashed under it?"

The direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace shared pitiful looks as they found out that Zen refused to move from his spot and wanted to take the Warrior of the Stone Hill head-on. To them, he was already a dead man.

Zen stood straight as he composed himself. The Other Shore Power he had gathered from the Strength God Totem was ready. With a determined look on his face, he dashed to hit the gigantic palm falling down on him.

Chapter 3208 Unexpected Fear

The Warrior of the Stone Hill was ten times bigger than an ordinary person, which was why it had such a large palm.

The huge palm pressed down, distinctly contrasting with Zen's black fist.

Zen gave his all to extract his strength to the fullest.

He channeled most of the Shade Stone liquid into his right arm, leaving only a small part to converge in his spine.

He was afraid that his spine wouldn't be able to bear such a strong impact and crash.

Flamine's eyes were sparkling with a golden brilliance, the radiance of the divine flames of the Sun Crow race.

Logic dictated that she should stop the fight right this moment.

She rarely left the Phoenix Palace and she didn't know Zen, but her keen eyes allowed her to minutely observe Zen's potential.

She assumed that such talent might be greatly valued in the Flow Sword Sect.

If he died in the Phoenix Palace, the Phoenix Palace could never explain themselves to the Flow Sword Sect.

But as she looked at Zen's powerful momentum, Flamine had a premonition that Zen would probably not be defeated by this blow.

The premonition got the better of her and as a result, she did nothing to stop the fight.

Bam!

The entirety of the Heavenly Cultivation Palace shook violently as the palm met Zen's fist.

Even the concubines, who were always in the depths of the Phoenix Palace, felt the tremor.

A crackling sound ripped through the air.

The Warrior of the Stone Hill retracted its right hand, a crack spreading along it all the way to its shoulder.

"Ah?"

Elvinia looked at her Other Shore Token in disbelief.

It was unbelievable that the right hand of the Warrior of the Stone Hill had cracked!

There were many kinds of Other Shore Tokens with different abilities on the Other Shore. The Warrior of the Stone Hill was ranked among the top five Other Shore Tokens of the descending type in the Lust World.

Its strength and defensive power were considered the best in the Lust World. Elvinia had the ability to fight against the masters at the Chaotic Source Realm with the help of this Other Shore Token.

And now, Zen had broken its arm with just one punch!

The direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace looked on in shock at the powerful punch that had shaken the earth.

"He is outrageous!"

"I've never heard of a person like him in the Oneness Sky Palace!"

"But where is he? Why can't I see him?"

"It looks like Elvinia's Other Shore Token sent him underground. He might have broken the Warrior of the Stone Hill with his punch, but I think he's badly injured as well!"

As they speculated, the ground behind Elvinia began to bulge. Before anyone could react, Zen emerged from it and made his way towards Elvinia.

Elvinia was surprised to see Zen alive. He had taken the most powerful palm strike from the Warrior of the Stone Hill and turned it on the warrior such that it hadn't been able to bear the impact.

How had this guy remained unharmed?

When Elvinia saw that Zen was coming straight at her, her eyes began to flash with a golden light, like two suns shining in her eyes.

"No, Elvinia! You can't!"

Flamine was horrified at what was about to transpire before her eyes. Elvinia was going to release the divine flames of the Sun Crow race.

Zen was now too close to Elvinia. It was too late for Flamine to stop him.

With a crisp sizzling noise, gold flames poured out of Elvinia's body in all directions.

At the rate they were going, they might burn everything they touched.

The people of the Phoenix Palace watched the golden flames, paling in horror.

The divine flames of the Sun Crow race also existed in the furnace at the gates of the Heavenly Cultivation Palace. Everyone knew of the power of the flames. Anyone who touched them was sure to die.

The whole Heavenly Cultivation Palace would catch fire if Flamine didn't stop the flames soon!

Once the people of the Phoenix Palace moved to a safe location, the ribbon that was on Flamine flew into the air and twisted into an enormous circle, a bright golden light radiating off of it.

The divine flames of the Sun Crow race had been contained, but Zen was in trouble.

Flamine was regretting not taking any early action. If she had known this would happen, she would have stopped it at the very beginning. She shouldn't have let the two kids fight each other.

She turned to look at Zen but was surprised at what she saw.

Zen glowed within the golden flames, unafraid of being burnt by the divine flames of the Sun Crow race.

He grabbed Elvinia's snow-white neck with one hand and pushed her down, sneering as he said, "Your flames are stronger than those of the demon women of the Divine Lair, but if you think you can burn me to death, you're dreaming! Release them! Or I will kill you!"

But Elvinia was incredibly tough.

She hadn't the slightest intention of giving in. Flames lit up on her body, completely wrapping her within them. She grinned and said sarcastically, "Your strength is indeed beyond my expectation. But can you really kill me?"

"Keep talking and you will see soon enough!"

Zen said, laughing. The pupil of his right eye suddenly began to glow.

As the white light flashed, the Snow Sword came to his hand with a sudden whooshing sound.

It was difficult for Zen's demonic eye to see through powerful warriors who had gone through the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. Elvinia was powerful, but she was still in the Lust World with Zen and hadn't gone through the Chaotic Source Reinforcement yet.

As he activated his demonic eye, he found many flaws in her body.

The only thing that could protect her was the flame textures that wrapped her tightly within them, protecting her from getting injured.

But with the help of the Authentic Visual World, Zen saw that these flame textures were not perfect. There were still minor flaws in the gaps between the textures.

'Under the neck!'

That was where the flaw of the flame textures and Elvinia's flaw overlapped.

Elvinia was sure to die if he were to attack that spot.

"Go to hell!"

As Zen brought his sword down, a flash of fear entered Elvinia's heart.

She had assumed that under the protection of the flame textures, Zen would not be able to kill her. But she now had a premonition that this sword strike was going to shatter her into pieces.

Red light flashed in Zen's eyes, magnifying the fear within her.

She saw a faint illusion in which her body shattered to the ground like porcelain. Now that her emotions were all over the face, the apathetic defense that she had put up, collapsed.

"Ah! Please don't kill me!"

Elvinia cried, her body straightening up and her hands curling reflexively. Her tears evaporated into steam the moment they formed, thanks to the golden flames.

She had never been so afraid of death in her life.

"No, please!"

Flamine was horrified at what was transpiring before her.

The Snow Sword stopped abruptly, humming in midair, the tip pointing at Elvinia's chest.

"Release them, and I will not kill you," Zen said.

Killing Elvinia would be his last resort now.

But this evil woman was stubborn. She'd never make a concession unless her life was threatened.

"Please don't kill me! Please!"

Elvinia seemed not to hear Zen as she continued to beg.

Zen had already withdrawn the demonic eye but she was still seized with fear, unable to emerge from the panic it caused.

Chapter 3209 An Outsider

A sharp, snapping sound cracked through the air.

A purple ribbon lashed out at Zen, sending him flying with the force of the blow.

Flamine rushed up to Elvinia and held her in her arms, looking worried.

Zen steadied himself midair and landed cleanly on the ground. He stood up unharmed, giving Elvinia a strange look.

In theory, as soon as the demonic eye stopped releasing the power of fear, then the imposed fears of the opponent would vanish.

Zen had released the power of his demonic eye to frighten her, but even now that he had stopped, Elvinia remained in a state of deep fear. She seemed unable to shake off her terror.

The divine flames of the Sun Crow race were gradually burning themselves out. Soon they extinguished, surrounded by the black, charred remnants of everything burned by the flames.

In the arms of Flamine, Elvinia still trembled and shuddered with fear.

Flamine raised her hand and gently touched the spot between Elvinia's brows. A soothing aura passed through her fingers and flowed into Elvinia's body, until she began to calm down.

Flamine turned to Zen. "Did you use some trick to cause her such fear?" she demanded.

The Truth of Goodwill and Malice was a rather unpopular Truth of Godly Way in the Oneness Sky Palace, but Flamine still recognized it immediately. What she didn't know was that Zen had used the power of the demonic eye.

"Yes," said Zen.

Flamine sighed. Instead of blaming Zen, she said guiltily, "It's my fault... After she was born, she was put through a series of very cruel tests in the Divine Lair. Your trick has brought back those terrible experiences to her."

Many people imagined that a demon woman of the Divine Lair would grow up in an environment of love and care just like humans. In truth, it was nothing like that.

Elvinia, for instance, had been considered a front-runner in the quest for the Divine Lair's next leader from the moment she was born.

To establish her right to become the leader, she had been forced to compete from a very early age with other demon women of the Divine Lair in fights to the death. Countless young girls like her died at her hands, while she herself sustained various injuries and traumas. She grew up exposed to cruelty, death, and suffering. When Elvinia was six years old, Eastern Emperor Taiyi fought his way into the Divine Lair and took her under his care. If not for his intervention, Elvinia would have become the leader already.

Although Elvinia spent the next several years in the relative safety of the Phoenix Palace, the memory of her childhood was indelible. Flamine had needed to use a special method to seal Elvinia's traumatic memories in the depths of her soul.

However, there were some theurgies of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice that could still trigger her and stir up her childhood memories.

Elvinia's bouts with panic and fear were particularly unsettling because she had otherwise developed a facade of indifference and detachment. It was the only way she could survive the brutal experiences of her childhood.

"Then why didn't you stop us just now?" Zen admonished, frowning.

Zen hadn't expected that he would have to fight Elvinia with Flamine on the sidelines, watching the battle the entire time.

He felt anger rising in him. He had needed to force Elvinia to release Laquisha, Nelly and Lavender.

Flamine continued to rub the spot between Elvinia's eyebrows, sadness appearing in her face. "I made a mistake. I wanted to see how far she had come, by seeing how far you could push her..."

Upon her return to the Phoenix Palace, Elvinia had been mostly laconic and indifferent to everything going on around her. Flamine spent as much time with her as she could, often staying by her side throughout the day, but there seemed to be little to no improvement in Elvinia's disposition. As a mother, she couldn't help but feel desperate for anything that could shake her daughter out of her apathy.

But Flamine's efforts were in vain. Nothing she did succeeded in changing her daughter's attitude. Elvinia's heart had been shaped by fear and cruelty, and she now used indifference as a wall to guard against everything and anything that could do further damage to her psyche.

"Wouldn't it be more painful for both of you if I kept pushing her?" Zen asked with a sigh.

Flamine gave him a small smile. "No. When she is with you, she seems to be feeling things more deeply. Her emotions are richer. I am her mother and I never saw her that angry, but today I even saw her cry..."

When Flamine first brought Zen to her, Elvinia was indeed indifferent to her mother. She was apathetic towards everyone, really.

Zen wanted to roll his eyes, although he resisted the urge. This was too strange for him. He couldn't help feeling like this Flamine and Elvinia were a matched pair of lunatics. Should he scare Elvinia occasionally to satisfy Flamine?

"The Soul Fire Swirl is not a punishment. It's actually a cultivation method. Even the direct line of the Phoenix Palace would cherish this kind of cultivation method. The people you want to find should not be in danger," Flamine said.

Zen was stunned for a moment. To himself he thought, with a trace of exasperation, 'If you two had made that clear earlier, we could have avoided the fight entirely.'

After a while, Elvinia finally awoke, and she found herself lying in her mother's arms.

She saw Zen nearby and glared at him. Breaking free from Flamine's arms, she hurriedly got up and started to leave the place.

"You lost to me," Zen said behind her.

Elvinia stopped in her track and asked coldly, "So what do you want?"

"Take me to find them," Zen said calmly.

Flamine watched their exchange without comment. Elvinia hesitated, looking torn, then she seemed to make up her mind. "Follow me," she told Zen.

Zen glanced at Flamine, who nodded her assent. Elvinia marched out and Zen followed her as she made her way to the Fire Bearing Hall.

Flamine watched them leave, gazing at Zen's tall figure from behind. She smiled to herself, and murmured, "He's not afraid of the divine flames of the Sun Crow race, and his strength is greater than Elvinia's. I think they could be a good match..."

Streams of hot, intense auras reached Elvinia and Zen as they drew closer to the Fire Bearing Hall.

The walls of the hall were strung with glowing, red-hot chains, which drooped down like noodles as the metal of the chains softened in the burning heat. When Elvinia and Zen glanced up at the beams supporting the chains, they could see the tongues of flame licking at the pillars and eaves. When they looked down at the floor, which was also emanating heat, they could see the same burning flames in the cracks.

Zen was curious and would have liked to hear what people were cultivating in the Fire Bearing Hall. But, catching sight of Elvinia's stony, sullen face, he decided it would be best to stay quiet for now.

The two of them walked silently down a long, narrow corridor, then Elvinia abruptly turned and entered a side hall. Zen followed.

Zen instantly sensed a soul aura within the scorching, intense heat of the side hall.

His eyes lit up with excitement. This aura was quite similar to the aura of the soul pills. It was similar to that of the starlight that had landed outside Dragon City. And yet, the aura here was far stronger than either of those. Indeed, the aura here was at least ten times stronger than that of the soul pills or the starlight.

There were three people seated cross-legged in the center of the hall. Lavender, Nelly, and Laquisha sat beneath several red-hot chains. There were small swirls of flame burning under each chain, and these seemed to be the source of the powerful soul aura.

It was the first time Zen had seen a soul cultivated in such a manner. He was surprised and interested.

"Is this the Soul Fire Swirl?" he asked.

"Well, what else would it be?" Elvinia snapped, still angry with Zen.

Zen looked mildly embarrassed. "Ah, I thought it was a kind of torture for a moment..."

Elvinia's indifference was giving way to anger as she stared fiercely at Zen. At that moment, Nelly opened her eyes, and the flame swirling over her head immediately dissipated along the chain above her. Nelly saw Elvinia and grinned. "Little Master, I feel my aura has improved again! Eh? Zen?"

Zen, watching Nelly, was puzzled by her reaction.

He had not expected her to treat Elvinia as though she was an intimate, and he was surprised to feel like somewhat of an outsider.

Laquisha and Lavender also opened their eyes. When Laquisha saw Zen, she showed no sign of distress or worry. She only smiled sweetly and said, "You finally found us here!"

"Little Master said that you probably wouldn't be able to enter the Phoenix Palace," Lavender said, also favoring Zen with a smile.

Zen was nonplussed. He had fought so hard to find these three, but now they were acting as though they hadn't been in danger at all. He realized that they had not been imprisoned. They were never in any kind of peril, and they had not been worried about anything.

Chapter 3210 Strangers

Zen stood there uncertainly and frowned. "You called her Little Master?"

Lavender, Nelly and Laquisha exchanged knowing glances, then they all turned to face Zen. "We have all become Elvinia's disciples!" Nelly beamed. "Since Elvinia is still quite young, we address her as 'Little Master'."

Zen shot a glance at Elvinia, who stared back at him unflinchingly.

"But since you are fine, let's go back already," Zen said.

He figured it wasn't appropriate for his wives to stay in the Phoenix Palace. He couldn't fathom why they needed to become disciples of Elvinia.

However, to his surprise, both Nelly and Laquisha shook their heads. Even Lavender smiled wistfully without saying a word.

Zen knew Lavender wouldn't ever go against his wishes, but he could tell from her reaction that she also thought the Phoenix Palace would be an excellent place to cultivate.

He scratched his head, trying to figure out what to do.

Initially, the girls had been against the idea. However, since Elvinia didn't cause them trouble and instead treated them as those direct descendants sincerely, they warmed up to the idea of training under her.

They considered their options. The Phoenix Palace was definitely superior compared to the environment outside the Dragon City. Even the Flow Sword Sect couldn't come close to it. After all, it was built by Eastern Emperor Taiyi; of course its resources were of the best quality.

Besides, Elvinia did give them advice from time to time. No one could deny her talent. With her input and their good understandings, they made notable progress more rapidly than before.

As a result, the three girls started calling her Little Master...

Seeing Zen's upset expression, Laquisha came forward and held his hand in hers. "It's safe here." She batted her eyelashes at him. "If we were in the

Dragon City, we might not be able to reach the Other Shore in decades. We can save a lot of time here!"

There were many challenges on the way to the Other Shore, such as the nine lines and the huge whirlpools on the Sea of Truth, which posed a great risk. No one knew how many people were lost to the whirlpools or died on the nine lines. However, this risk could be greatly reduced if they could train in the Phoenix Palace.

Zen sighed. He knew this was true.

Even if he had earned a lot of divine crystals by virtue of his Instant Enlightenment, he would not be able to provide such a good environment for the girls.

But seeing Elvinia gloating over him, he couldn't help but feel exasperated.

"Why did you bring them here?" Zen suddenly asked her.

Elvinia hesitated for a while. "I want to get the Truth Enlightenment."

On the day of the Seven Mountains Meeting, Elvinia had been severely humiliated by Zen since he had more words of the Truth Enlightenment than she did.

She lost to Zen not because she was not powerful enough, but because her understanding of the Truth Enlightenment was inferior to Zen.

This fed her hunger to grow stronger, but naturally, her pride didn't let her ask Zen for the words directly.

Thus, when she found out that Zen had family cultivating in the Dragon City, she arranged to have them brought to the Phoenix Palace.

Her initial plan was to blackmail Zen into handing over his Truth Enlightenment by holding these women hostage.

On the other hand, Nelly, Lavender and Laquisha all had a bad feeling about the arrangement in the first place. However, it turned out to be rather beneficial for them; the only disadvantage was Elvinia was difficult to get along with. They didn't even know her true identity until they asked a maid.

After meeting the three girls, gradually, Elvinia grew to be almost fond of them. She even gave them several tips about cultivating.

Once Zen finally understood what had really happened in the past few days, he sighed and waved his hand gently.

Whoosh!

A piece of rice paper materialized in his hand.

"Fine. I have already shared one hundred and fifty words of the Truth Enlightenment with several people. In fact, if you had asked Athemar or any of the other elders, you could've easily gotten it." Zen gently touched the scroll of rice paper, and it unfurled before him.

Then, with a slight gesture, Zen produced an ink brush in his other hand.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

With quick and vigorous movements, Zen wrote down one hundred and eighty words of the Truth Enlightenment.

"I've only deciphered the last thirty words recently. No one knows about it. I'm giving this to you in exchange for teaching my girls," Zen said as he gently pushed the rice paper to fly towards Elvinia.

Elvinia had been indifferent about everything her whole life. Her sole interest was to improve her cultivation, so she didn't mind taking the time to give Nelly, Laquisha and Lavender some tips. It also seemed as though she'd taken a liking towards teaching.

Elvinia snatched the paper eagerly, gulping down every word Zen wrote down.

After that, she carefully folded the rice paper. "Is there any more? If the Truth Enlightenment has been deciphered completely, it should be more than this."

Zen chuckled. There was no way he was going to give it all to her in one go.

"It's hard to decipher the rest. This is all." He paused, raising his eyebrow. "If they can successfully break through to the Other Shore, I might be able to decipher something by then..."

Elvinia knitted her brows, dubious as to whether Zen was speaking the truth. However, there was nothing she could do about it; in fact, she was already quite happy with the hundred and eighty words.

As Zen waved good-bye to Nelly, Laquisha and Lavender, he gently reminded them to stay safe. Then, he turned to leave the Fire Bearing Hall.

When Zen arrived at the door of the Fire Bearing Hall, he found Flamine there waiting for him. There seemed to be a concerned look on her face, as though she wanted to tell him something, but she hesitated.

"Lady Flamine," he said, "do you have something to tell me?"

Flamine, noticing Zen had come out alone, realized that the three women would be staying at the Phoenix Palace.

"It is true that cultivating in the Phoenix Palace is far better than that in the Dragon City. If they stay here, they will be treated as direct descendants of the Oneness Sky Palace," said Flamine cautiously.

"Thank you, Lady Flamine," said Zen as he politely nodded his head.

Flamine suddenly stretched out her hand and pressed a green jade token onto his palm. "This is the token of the Phoenix Palace. You must take it the next time you come here." Her eyes flashed seriously. "You were lucky to have entered the Primitive Illusion and emerged from it in one piece, but the next time, you won't be so lucky..."

Zen knew the guards would up their defense the next time he came here. If he were to visit the Phoenix Palace again, he knew that what Flamine said was true.

Zen gratefully took the token and held it up to his eyes to observe it closely. Without a word, he stuffed it into his space ring.

As Zen finally took his leave, Flamine called to him softly, "If you have the time, you should come here more often..."

She smiled mischievously. Zen waved, but couldn't help but feel a bit uneasy.

He knew he was definitely going to come back sometime in the future, since the girls were cultivating here. But what did that have to do with Flamine?

When Zen exited the gates of the Phoenix Palace, the dense, white mist of the Primitive Illusion ebbed away, giving him a path. The road before him seemed to be made of mist, soft as cotton.

After flying along the road for a while, Zen arrived at the Cloudy Mountain Palace on the hillside.

Zen was surprised to be met by three figures by a big stone that marked the front of the Cloudy Mountain Palace -- an old man in black flanked by two young men. While Zen had passed by the Cloudy Mountain Palace several times before, he'd never seen them before.

Chapter 3211 Invitation To Vastness Mountain

Zen headed straight towards the Dragon Path, ignoring the group of strangers.

He was walking past the old man in black when one of the young men called out to him. "Pardon me, but are you Zen Luo?"

Zen stopped, instantly alert. But he believed it was relatively safe here on Oneness Mountain, so he nodded. "Yes, I am."

The young man smiled coldly at him. "Zen Luo, we'd like to extend you an invitation. Come with us to Vastness Mountain."

At the mention of Vastness Mountain, Zen's eyes narrowed slightly. He said, matching the young man's cold tone, "No. I have no interest in going there."

After he had killed Marco at Clear Lake, Zen had known that there would be retribution from Vastness Mountain.

But despite what had happened between him and Marco, Zen was a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace and an elite disciple of the Flow Sword Sect. The Vastness Mountain would not dare to go openly against him. To get their revenge, they would have to operate in secrecy. He had not expected representatives of Vastness Mountain to be so bold as to wait for him at this place, in broad daylight. They must have known he would refuse their invitation.

Zen had absolutely no intention of agreeing to go with them to Vastness Mountain. He decided not to engage these strangers any further. He turned away from the young man and started to walk away.

The young man and his companion quickly moved forward, blocking his way. He faced Zen and said, still in that icy tone, "I'm afraid it's not up to you."

"Do you plan to try and force me? Do you want to fight me right now?" Zen said incredulously, speaking as loudly as possible. The Cloudy Mountain Palace was nearby and he wanted the palace to hear the trouble taking place. He believed Calum would not just stand by and watch.

The old man in black heaved a sigh, and Zen turned back to look at him. The old man stared at Zen and said, "It seems you truly don't realize the gravity of what you did. We have every reason to kill you where you stand, without even engaging you in a fair fight. But as you can see, we are not here to kill you. We are only obeying orders."

As he spoke, he released a strand of his aura, which quickly reached Zen.

The aura did not seem particularly strong, so at first Zen was not worried. But as he perceived the aura and tried to resist it, he realized he couldn't.

'This man is more powerful than I am!'

Zen thought, his eyes widening with astonishment. He decided his best course of action was to flee and take stock of the situation. But before he could choose between going to the Cloudy Mountain Palace or taking the Dragon Path, a gleaming circle of silvery light suddenly opened beneath his feet. There was a dark, ominous space in the depths of the silver circle.

Zen instantly knew that something was wrong. As his one foot slipped into the hole, he attempted to push off from the ground with his other foot, trying to leap up and take flight.

But the mysterious power in the dark space within the circle pulled on him, refusing to let him fly away. Zen lost his balance and fell into the darkness. It swallowed him instantly.

As Zen vanished, the old man waved his hand gently, and a little golden monkey appeared above his head.

The golden monkey emitted a strong, distinctive Other Shore Power. It was obviously a living Other Shore Token.

The old man held out his hand and a few divine crystals appeared in his palm. The golden monkey crawled gently along his arm and grabbed the divine crystals from his hand, throwing them into its mouth and starting to gnaw with relish.

"Put away the ring," the old man ordered.

The small monkey squeaked in reply.

In response to the monkey's squeak, the silver circle of light on the ground shrank and disappeared, leaving no trace that it had ever been there.

No sooner had the circle vanished than a loud thud was heard from the Cloudy Mountain Palace nearby.

The bang was deafening.

Shadows emerged around the Cloudy Mountain Palace, which dissipated as Calum stepped out of the palace entrance. Calum ignored the young men and zeroed in on the old man in black, his expression thunderous. "Holden! How dare you engage in this kind of treacherous behavior? You go too far! How dare you abduct a disciple right here at Oneness Mountain!"

Early that morning, Holden, the old man in black, had visited the Cloudy Mountain Palace with his two disciples.

Holden was well-known in many circles as a powerful warrior. While he did not have the reputation of Athemar and Goran, he was equally as strong as them.

Calum had been bewildered by the sudden, unexpected visit. After all, there was rarely any communication between the Vastness Mountain and the Oneness Mountain. However, since Holden was a respected master, Calum welcomed them properly.

Now he realized that Holden had been lurking here with his disciples for several days for only one reason: to abduct Zen.

This deceit and abuse of his hospitality angered Calum greatly. As soon as Zen had arrived, Holden had set a magic array around the Cloudy Mountain Palace which concealed their acts from the people inside the palace. Fortunately, Calum had noticed something wrong through the array plate of the Dragon Path. Otherwise Zen would have been taken away without anyone ever knowing what had happened.

Holden remained imperturbable. "You should know, that man killed the son of our mountain head. He deserves to be punished. I was ordered to take him to Vastness Mountain to ensure that justice is served. Calm down, Calum."

"Bring Zen back right now, and I will calm down," Calum snapped back, glaring at Holden.

Like Sellers, Calum was a guide, although he was tasked with more important duties. In Oneness Mountain, he was in charge of the Dragon Path and part of the mountain protecting arrays.

As a member of Oneness Mountain, Calum was aware of the close relationship between Zen and Athemar. He had vowed to do everything in his power to keep Zen safe, so there was no way he would let Holden just walk away after abducting Zen.

Holden was not moved by Calum's anger. "What if I can't do that?"

His words were accompanied by a squeak.

It was his little monkey, who bared its teeth at Calum, trying to provoke him.

The most precious and powerful of all Other Shore Tokens took the form of living beings.

Calum couldn't help but feel a twinge of fear at the sight of the small golden monkey.

Holden saw his fear. He waved his hand at his two disciples, motioning for them to leave with him. He gazed solemnly at Calum and warned, "It was by the order of Gethin that I captured Zen. You shouldn't get involved in this matter. You'll just get yourself into trouble."

With that, he and his disciples vanished from Calum's sight.

"Gethin is the head of the Vastness Mountain...

Why would Zen kill his son?"

Calum muttered. He wondered anxiously what he should do next.

Zen's excellent performance in the Dragon Path had greatly impressed Calum.

He believed this young man was destined to be a new star in the Oneness Mountain. He was better than Milo. He couldn't understand how or why Zen would provoke such a serious conflict with the powerful Vastness Mountain.

Holden was right—this matter exceeded Calum's authority. Calum thought it over and decided the best course of action was to report to Athemar as quickly as possible.

Zen, meanwhile, had been shocked as he fell into the darkness. It was like dropping down an infinite abyss, without any light, without any hope of reaching the bottom.

A mysterious force gripped Zen's body like an invisible shackle which prevented him from moving as he fell. It felt like he was trapped forever in the abyss.

Zen wondered with some despair if it would ever end. Then abruptly, after about an hour had passed, a silver light flashed in his vision, and he felt a surge of relief. A circle of silvery light appeared once more below his feet.

He slipped cleanly through the silver circle.

There was a crashing sound as he landed somewhere.

The dark space vanished behind Zen as he rolled onto a cold floor.

He tried to get up. He could move again! Instantly he jumped up and glanced around him.

He was in an unfamiliar, gloomy hall.

The room was dark, and several people were already there, apparently waiting for him. Men in black robes flanked a woman who sat facing him.

She was very beautiful, dressed all in red, but she was looking at Zen with deep hatred.

Zen studied the woman. She had a red dot in the center of her eyebrows. Her eyes were full of bitterness and resentment as she stared back at Zen.

Zen did not move or speak. Finally the woman broke the silence. "Was it you who killed my son?" she demanded, gnashing her teeth.

Zen realized that this beautiful woman was Marco's mother.

The Vastness Mountain knew that Zen had killed Marco almost as soon as it had happened. They immediately sent people to Clear Lake to capture Zen, but he was no longer there when they arrived. Zen himself had not stayed any longer at Clear Lake once he had killed Marco. He returned as soon as possible to Dragon City with Trish and Gant.

The agents of Vastness Mountain had failed to intercept Marco's killer, but they quickly identified the killer as Zen. To abduct him, the Vastness Mountain sent Holden to wait for Zen on the only way into Oneness Mountain—right before the Dragon Path.

As soon as he understood what this was all about, Zen calmed down. He collected his thoughts and met the eyes of the beautiful woman in red. "Yes, it was me."

Chapter 3212 The Soul Searching Hand

Zen thought admitting he had killed her son would make her furious.

Surprisingly, however, any resentment she did have seemed to disappear in the blink of an eye and she was calm again.

The expression of the beautiful woman in red made Zen restless and uneasy.

Something didn't feel right when he was captured by the old man in black.

If the old man really wanted to kill him to avenge Marco's death, he could have done it on the Oneness Mountain and Zen would not have been able to fight back. If there really were people secretly protecting Zen, even they would not have been able to get to him in time.

But the old man had brought him here. The people of the Vastness Mountain had to be up to something.

"Marco was my favorite son. You have to give me an explanation for his death," the woman said coolly.

"An explanation?" Zen retorted, his eyebrows raised and his voice rife with derision. "He tried to kill me on several occasions. This time, at the Ripple Pavilion competition, he lured me into the arena and tried to kill me again. If he wasn't so weak, I'd be dead. And now you want an explanation? Are you kidding me?"

"Even if what you say is true, it's not you who died, but my son," she replied indifferently.

It sounded somewhat reasonable.

Marco had lost his life, while Zen stood here safe and sound. Relatively.

It seemed rational enough that his mother had him brought here, wanting an explanation.

"Enough beating around the bush. What is that you want?" Zen asked impatiently.

The woman stood up and strolled gracefully to Zen's side. Her gaze was so sharp that it seemed as if she could see through him. Finally, she revealed her true intention. "I heard that you stood out in the Seven Mountains Meeting and showed extraordinary strength. It seems that your victory had something to do with the Truth of Godly Way, right?"

Zen stood still and silent.

"The runes that Athemar created are all made of the Imperial Sword Seals. Even if you are a genius capable of Instant Enlightenment, you should not have performed as you did. What did you rely on?" she asked with a smile.

Now Zen finally understood her purpose—she wanted the Truth Enlightenment.

He sighed inwardly at her quick change in attitude.

She didn't appear sad at all. It seemed that Marco's life or death didn't really mean anything to the Vastness Mountain.

Zen was right.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had many concubines and even more direct descendants. So did the leader of Vastness Mountain.

The Phoenix Palace had even more disciples than the Flow Sword Sect. The ones in high regard were either those with incredible talent or those favored by Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and Elvinia was one of them.

The Vastness Mountain was not much different. Gethin was born in the Xu Clan of the Clear Lake and had stayed in the Bloom Divine Province for almost as long as Eastern Emperor Taiyi. He had been the head of the Vastness Mountain for countless years and had tens of thousands of sons. His sons had more sons still and these were all his direct descendants.

Marco was one of Gethin's favorite sons, but still not as important as Elvinia was in the Phoenix Palace.

"I relied on my strength," Zen replied seriously.

The woman focused her gaze tightly on Zen, a faint flicker of disappointment in her eyes. "You're very strong. It really is quite impressive that you killed Lazlo, Drystan and Grayson on your own. However, Athemar's Imperial Sword Seal is very special. It's activated by the truth aura and has nothing to do with one's strength," she said, still smiling.

She could not hide her motives anymore. "I heard that there is a subsequent chapter to the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, and it is the most important. But it has never been deciphered before. Now, it seems someone has indeed done it."

Zen shrugged and looked at her dully. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said flatly.

"Really?"

The woman stretched out her hand, and a piece of yellow paper appeared in it. On the paper were more than twenty words.

Zen managed to catch a glance of the words, which happened to be the beginning of the Truth Enlightenment.

He had already revealed one hundred and fifty words of the Truth Enlightenment. Athemar, Winchell, Goran and Master Hai would give the chapter to their disciples. It shouldn't be difficult for the Vastness Mountain to get their hands on it.

It had in fact taken a great deal of effort for the Vastness Mountain to procure the twenty-odd words.

Athemar, Winchell, Goran and Master Hai paid great attention to the Truth Enlightenment. Even though they had one hundred and fifty words in their hands, they didn't reveal all of them at once. For example, Winchell only gave the one hundred and fifty words to a few direct descendants of the Origin Mountain, while the elite disciples only had the twenty-odd words.

And the Vastness Mountain got the twenty-odd words from some elite disciple.

"These twenty-odd words are part of the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, but they're not enough. According to our research, there should be at least a thousand or two thousand words in total. And you have them," the woman said as she walked behind Zen. "Hand over all of them and I will let you go. What do you think?"

Zen looked at her suspiciously.

She wanted him to give her the complete Truth Enlightenment in exchange for her forgiveness. She must be out of her mind.

The Truth Enlightenment was very important. It was after all part of the foundation of the Oneness Sky Palace. He would give it to the palace if the right opportunity presented itself. He had hoped to exchange the chapter for the support of the palace or maybe for the palace to support the Nine Li race.

But this was definitely not the right time.

The woman wanted the complete Truth Enlightenment just because Zen had killed her son. That was not a deal worth taking.

"It was me who deciphered the twenty-odd words."

After much restraint, Zen finally admitted it. The eyes of everyone in the room lit up, revealing their judgment was well-placed.

"But I've only deciphered a hundred and fifty words in total, and I've handed them to Master Athemar. If you want, I can write them down," Zen added.

Since the one hundred and fifty words had already been released, sooner or later, they would be passed down like the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent to the entire Oneness Sky Palace disciples, and even to all the humans. He didn't mind writing them down again.

"That's not enough," the woman said, staring intently at Zen with a devilish smile. "I want the complete version."

Zen shrugged his shoulders, embarrassed. "That's not possible. I haven't deciphered the complete chapter myself. How can I give it to you?"

The woman shook her head and said, "I don't believe you. There are only two ways for you to get out of this. Either you write down the complete version yourself, or..."

She flicked a glance at the men in black robes.

One of the men stepped out of the line. A shadow appeared above his head, green mist rose and a green arm faintly materialized from it.

"It is an Other Shore Token from Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore. It's called the Soul Searching Hand. He won't hurt your soul. However, he is able to shuffle through your memories, bit by bit, with the Soul Searching Hand," she said with a grimace.

The Godly Ways such as the Great Dominance Technique had little effect on the powerful Other Shore Realm warriors. As long as Zen resisted, it would be difficult to search his soul.

However, there were some Other Shore Tokens that were able to deal with warriors' souls, and one of them was the Soul Searching Hand.

In the face of the green Soul Searching Hand, Zen's face darkened.

Chapter 3213 A Little Trick

Zen could trace hints of doubts in the faces of Athemar, Goran and others when he told them about the Truth Enlightenment.

They also wanted to acquire all of the Truth Enlightenment, but they didn't want to force Zen by using the method of soul searching.

Since Zen said he only had one hundred and fifty words, they believed what he said.

But the Vastness Mountain people were different. The woman in red insisted on the complete version, and they didn't believe Zen when he said he had only deciphered one hundred and fifty words.

She had been preparing even before Zen's arrival.

"Have you made up your mind? Do you want to write the complete chapter down yourself or do you need us to use force?" She stared at Zen with ice cold eyes.

Zen's brows furrowed as he remarked, "I only have one hundred and fifty words. It will take me years before I could decipher the whole thing. Even if I do, I will only give it to Eastern Emperor Taiyi and he will be the one to share it with the whole Oneness Sky Palace. You don't think he won't give it to the Vastness Mountain, do you?"

He wondered why the woman was in such a hurry.

The woman ignored Zen. She swiftly turned to the man in black. "Arjun, do it!" she ordered.

The man ran straight to Zen, and the green hand above his head charged towards him too.

How could Zen agree?

He had plenty of secrets, not just the Truth Enlightenment.

His secrets included the Chaos Ancient God, the divine land, Geoffrey's talent in deciphering the Sanskrit words, the Nine Li race and so on.

He would bring these secrets with him to his grave.

Bang!

Zen kicked the floor and abruptly flew backward.

When he moved less than ten feet, the woman waved her hand gently. Suddenly, Zen was back where he had been.

Bang!

Zen attempted to flee again.

The trick repeated itself. Zen would barely reach ten feet before he found himself back on the floor.

Zen felt like there was an invisible force around him. No matter how hard he tried, he just kept spinning back to his spot.

"Young man, stop struggling," the woman said with a sinister smile.

Arjun reached Zen and pressed him with his green hand. Zen felt anxiety spin in his stomach.

Zen closed his eyes and the voice of No. 9527 filled his consciousness. "Don't worry, it's just the Soul Searching Hand. Let him do it."

"Do you have a solution?" Zen asked.

"Of course," No. 9527 answered positively. "Just relax. He won't find anything."

No. 9527 was a wisp of its master's soul. It didn't contribute to Zen's strength in battle, but it had endless methods to deal with one's soul. Hence, Zen felt relieved with its words of assurance.

Of course, he still looked very nervous on the surface.

Swoosh!

As Arjun approached Zen, the Soul Searching Hand grabbed Zen's head. All of the five fingers sprawled neatly on his head.

Zen felt a whirlpool stir inside him. The soul aura was coming straight to his mind.

Inside him, No. 9527 was also making its move. Zen started to feel numbness in his soul. His mind was slowing down; he stood blankly, allowing the Soul Searching Hand to interrogate him.

Arjun wore an evil smile on his face. Green mist rolled on the surface of the Soul Searching Hand as it emitted a green glow.

He was gradually sucking Zen's memories to the point that he would remember some of Zen's memories as his own.

"Have you found it?" the woman asked Arjun. "Do you need a brush and ink to write it down?"

"Not yet," Arjun replied.

Countless memories entered his mind.

The memory of a beggar's life...

A butterfly stuck in a spider's web...

Even the evolution of a world...

Arjun's face curled into a confused expression. From what he knew, a person's memories would be arranged chronologically as they occurred—from one's childhood to adulthood.

But why were Zen's memories so haphazardly arranged?

"I find some special memory fragments,"

Arjun declared as he found some memory fragments with special shapes.

Normally, he would ignore these and would only focus on acquiring what he needed to know. However, he wasn't able to find anything valuable in Zen's soul so his attention was all on the memory fragments.

He read the first memory fragment. Suddenly, a look of shock covered his face.

Those were the first ten-odd words of the Truth Enlightenment!

It seemed like the words were scattered across memory fragments for some reason.

Arjun could not comprehend how and why that would happen, but he made sure to not let that chance go.

He transferred Zen's memory fragments into his own soul and tried to read through them as if they were his own.

As he was doing so, his eyes widened and his body began to tremble. His face suddenly turned ghostly pale.

"What? There are too many memory fragments. Damn it!" Arjun began to talk nonsense.

"Arjun, what's wrong with you?" The woman approached his trembling body.

Other men in the room shared puzzled looks.

Arjun wasn't the strongest among them, but he had the unique and important ability of the Soul Searching Hand. He had solved difficult problems in the past with that ability. What was his problem with Zen?

Arjun dragged his own body away and retreated. After a few steps, he passed out and collapsed to the floor.

Zen recovered to his normal state. When he saw Arjun lying on the floor, he let out a genuine gasp. "No. 9527, what did you do?" he asked in his mind.

Arjun's soul was much stronger than Zen's. Even if No. 9527 was a wisp of Chaos Ancient God's soul, it would take a whole lot of effort to cause Arjun to suffer that much.

"I didn't do anything special. He likes searching people's souls, right? So I simply overwhelmed him with countless memories. His soul wasn't able to handle so many," No. 9527 said with a chuckle.

At first, it resembled the Chaos Ancient God in character. Now, since it had been with Zen for a long time, its own self-consciousness had evolved. It started to gain unique character traits. The Chaos Ancient God himself would never use such a little trick.

The memory fragments were a trap arranged by No. 9527 on purpose. It wanted to fool Arjun into thinking there was important information in the fragments.

The memory fragments covered a long timeline. No. 9527 made sure to include memories of the birth of chaos. Apart from the overwhelming quantity, the memories were also useless for humans as they did not have the ability to interpret them anyway.

A human's feeble attempt to interpret them would cause immense pain to their soul.

Chapter 3214 Emperor Gethin

As the saying went, "A man whose heart is not content is like a snake that tries to swallow an elephant." Arjun had absorbed all the memory fragments into his mind and interpreted them.

It wasn't an elephant that he had swallowed. It was much larger than that. A whale.

A massive amount of memories poured out, raging at Arjun's soul. He fainted, unable to bear the weight of the memories.

The woman in red glared at Zen and shouted, "What did you do to him?"

Zen spread his arms out and shrugged, indicating that he hadn't done anything.

The woman waved her hand, causing a loud "bang" to reverberate through the air.

Zen felt like he had been hit by a heavy hammer. His body flew backward and crashed into the palace wall.

Even through the pain, he wondered what material this palace was made of.

The wall had only bent a little under such great force.

Zen leaned against the wall, blood flowing from the corner of his mouth.

The woman was so strong, she had managed to injure him a little despite the protection of the Shade Stone liquid.

She looked coldly at him, although she was a little surprised as well.

She had thought she could beat Zen into unconsciousness, but the blow had hardly made a difference, much to her surprise.

"Lock him up!"

she ordered before turning around and leaving.

Two men in black walked up to Zen and dragged him to the back of the palace. One of them stomped his feet, causing the floor of the palace to crack open. A large square hole appeared, and they threw Zen in.

Zen didn't resist during the whole process.

These people were much more powerful than him and he knew that it would be useless to resist. If he did, there would be serious consequences and he could get seriously hurt.

Zen was unusually calm as he sat up cross legged in the cave and began to heal himself.

On one hand, the Vastness Mountain feared the Oneness Sky Palace. On the other hand, they also wanted to obtain the Truth Enlightenment. Going by this logic, Zen knew he was safe for the time being, but wasn't sure what they would do to deal with him next.

He had managed to get through it this time with No. 9527's help. But he might not make it the next time.

"I wonder if Master Athemar or Master Goran will come to save me," Zen murmured to himself as he stared at the dark cave wall.

The woman in red left the gloomy palace and disappeared at the palace gate in the blink of an eye.

Pillars formed by black iron swords sat atop the Vastness Mountain, holding a bluish black palace amidst them.

This was the center of the Vastness Mountain, the Mighty Sword Hall.

The woman appeared at the gate of this hall and quickly walked inside.

The guards of the hall, on seeing her approach, knelt down in unison.

"Good day, Lady Natasha!"

"Nice to meet you, Lady Natasha!"

"Lady Natasha, Emperor Gethin doesn't want to see anyone at the moment."

A mole sat on Natasha's forehead. Its maroon color made it look like blood was dripping down her forehead. The guards knew she was furious, but they had been instructed not to let anyone enter the Mighty Sword Hall. They had no choice but to stop Natasha, even though they knew she was far above their station.

Natasha was nettled.

She waved a hand without even looking at them.

They were sent flying backwards and fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

A middle-aged man with a long beard sat on a large golden throne at the top of the Mighty Sword Hall. He looked energetic, his eyes shining sharp as blades.

This was Emperor Gethin, the head of the Vastness Mountain.

Two black shadows stood beside Gethin. It was hard to see their faces in the dim light. One could only vaguely make out their human shapes.

These two men were the leaders of the intelligence agency. They lowered their heads to whisper something to Gethin.

Gethin raised his hand. The two men had already noticed the beautiful lady walk in and stepped aside to merge into the shadows.

At the sight of Natasha's face, Gethin smiled gently and said, "Natasha, what makes you so angry?"

"That brat refused to tell us anything! He says he will only give us one hundred and fifty words!" Natasha spat out angrily.

Gethin stroked his long beard thoughtfully and then said, "What he says actually fits the information we first received."

"He must be lying!" Natasha said, her eyebrows shooting up.

She actually wasn't sure if Zen had lied or not. People like Natasha usually insisted on getting what they wanted. So she had chosen to believe that Zen had lied to her.

"So what if he lied? Didn't I send Arjun to help you?" Gethin asked.

Natasha's eyes flashed at the mention of Arjun's name. "I don't know what trick the brat played. Everything went smoothly when Arjun was extracting his memories. But he passed out before he could find out anything useful."

Zen's soul level was outstanding, but there was a huge difference between his soul and Arjun's, which was why Zen couldn't use his soul to attack Arjun. Natasha was puzzled at this and didn't know why Arjun had passed out.

Gethin's expression cleared, pure interest taking its place on his face. "He caused Arjun to pass out? Interesting! Bring Arjun here!"

Natasha could do nothing but follow Gethin's orders. She asked her people to bring Arjun to Gethin. He was soon carried into the Mighty Sword Hall.

Gethin raised his hand slightly and the unconscious Arjun floated up slowly. He pointed a finger at Arjun, a ray of brown light shooting into his mind. He stirred and it wasn't long before he began to wake up.

As he sat up and saw the man before him, Arjun was startled and then knelt down on the floor respectfully. "Greetings, Emperor Gethin!" he said.

"You have been using the Soul Searching Hand for many years, and you are already confident in its usage. Why can't you deal with a little guy who is still in the Lust World?" Gethin asked calmly.

When Arjun recalled what he had read in Zen's memories, his features convulsed back into shock.

"That bloke is not human at all!" he said, his eyes widening.

How could a person have so many memories?

There were too many memories in the fragments. One of the memories was watching the sun rise and fall for ten billion years until the sun self-destructed.

Zen was only over a hundred years old. How could he have watched the sun rise and fall for ten billion years? How could someone of this world do such a boring thing for so many years?

Even the members of the Stone race, which had a long history, and the members of the Turtle race, which moved extremely slow, would not do such a thing.

At Arjun's words, Gethin, Natasha, and even the two leaders of the intelligence agency in the shadows were astonished. How could there be such bizarre memories in this world?

"He has probably fused with a special Other Shore Token. Maybe these weird memories belong to that token," Gethin said hopefully, after thinking for a while. Most Other Shore Tokens held a certain number of memories.

And despite the hope with which he was talking, Gethin had never heard of an Other Shore Token possessing such a massive amount of memories.

"The question is how we can make Zen speak?" Natasha sighed.

One of the two leaders of the intelligence agency suggested, "There are many ways of making people talk, like using brutal corporal punishment. I don't think he can bear it."

Chapter 3215 Searching The Mountain

The intelligence agency had plenty of tried and tested torture methods under their sleeves. They did not think that someone like Zen could withstand them.

Natasha, however, disagreed. "We already broke the rules when we took Zen to the Vastness Mountain," she said with a light shake of the head. "If he gets tortured under our watch, I'm sure it would be a big deal."

Just as Zen guessed, the people of the Vastness Mountain could only capture him, but they wouldn't dare to hurt him.

Gethin waved his hand and said, "We need to be careful. We can't just torture him. I think we should leave him to Barnaby."

The Vastness Mountain was one of the top three among the seven mountains. They were known as a force full of great talents.

Barnaby was among them. He was a powerful man who worked for Gethin, and his Other Shore Token possessed great power. It could penetrate an opponent's soul and send them into deep confusion. Compared to Arjun, Barnaby was much better. They would have better luck if they sought his help.

"But Barnaby is..." Natasha muttered with a surprised look on her face.

"Alright, invite him back," said Gethin with a glimmer in his eyes. "We don't have much time left. This is a rare opportunity."

Then, the tension in the room was disrupted by a muffled sound outside the Vastness Mountain.

Bang!

A loud noise similar to the sound of thunder erupted.

Gethin and Natasha tensed at the sound of the muffled thud.

A black armed guard rushed inside the Mighty Sword Hall. "Emperor Gethin," he started as he knelt down in front of Gethin. "Two Oneness Governors are trying to destroy our mountain protecting array!"

"It must be Athemar and Goran. Are they out of their minds?" Natasha frowned.

From the shadows, the voice of a man sneered, "Is it because we've been too modest recently? Are they really willing to go this far? How dare they break into the Vastness Mountain?!"

Gethin's face darkened. His gaze turned stone cold. "We must have underestimated Zen's importance to them. Natasha, quickly ask Barnaby for help."

"Yes!" Natasha nodded as she ran out of the hall.

Gethin turned to the guard in black. "Remove the mountain protecting array," he ordered. "Fetch the two Oneness Governors and take them here."

Outside the Vastness Mountain, bright light covered the sky.

Upon careful observation, one could see that thousands of long swords glittered the heavens. This was the protecting array of the Vastness Mountain.

This array was powerful, but the two men that hovered were not going to back down so easily.

Athemar spread his long arms and a huge seal covered his back.

It was the original Imperial Sword Seal.

Behind Athemar, over one hundred long swords floated. When he activated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, the original seal on his back released many rays of large sword radiance, each extremely powerful.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A ray of sword radiance flew right into the mountain. It trembled as its protecting array was harmed.

Beside him, Goran held a long sword. He quietly tried to sneak an attack. His eyes shone like torches.

Each time the mountain trembled in weakness, Goran waved his sword.

The sword strike caused immense pressure to the array.

Athemar and Goran were Oneness Governors. It was unwise of them to attack the protecting array of the Vastness Mountain directly.

But they needed a quick way to rescue Zen. He was of great value to them, after all.

He was the only one who had deciphered the Truth Enlightenment. His special knowledge made him extra special to their group.

Just now, they politely requested to see Gethin outside the Vastness Mountain.

But the guards merely answered no. They said that the mountain was closed and no outsider was allowed to enter it.

With great rage, Athemar caused further damage to the Vastness Mountain as he continued to attack it.

Bang!

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The mountain protecting array shook violently. Only a few hits and it would surely be destroyed.

Then, an armed guard ran towards them. "Stop!" he shouted with a pleading voice. "Don't attack the array anymore! Emperor Gethin agreed to meet you!"

Then, the light faded as the array was removed.

Athemar put away the Imperial Sword Seal, with his head held high.

Goran also put away his long sword. He smiled and said, "We already did so much harm to the mountain. I'm sure Gethin is furious. I doubt the negotiation would go smoothly."

Athemar stood his ground firmly. "As long as he hands over Zen, then things are fine. Otherwise, get ready to fight."

Goran shook his head. Athemar was acting like a typical member of the Flow Sword Sect: stubborn and rash. But Goran knew that even if they worked together, they would not be strong enough to win against the Vastness Mountain.

The two of them rushed towards the mountain top and entered the Mighty Sword Hall.

Athemar tried to conceal his anger with a curt smile. "Greetings, Emperor Gethin," he greeted as he reached his hands out.

Oneness Governors were normally perceived as inferior to a mountain master. However, Oneness Governors were conferred by Eastern Emperor

Taiyi himself. Because of that, they were considered powerhouses. They did not have to humble themselves too much in front of Gethin.

Gethin sat on the golden throne. He ignored Athemar's salute and instead slapped his hand on the throne's armrest. "That is the way how you greet me? By trying to destroy my mountain protecting array?"

Gethin's attitude amused Goran, but Goran tried his best to maintain a serious face. He knew that Gethin was being exaggerated.

Athemar didn't buy his reactions as well. "Well, I didn't come here for niceties as well. We know Zen is here and we merely want to rescue him. Your mountain protecting array was obviously in the way so I did what I had to do. We hope you could forgive us."

Athemar could tell that Gethin was merely stalling for time.

"Forgive you? Why would I forgive you so easily?" Gethin sneered.

Athemar remained unfazed. "I don't care whether you forgive me or not," he remarked. "Just hand over Zen today. Let's deal with the damages next time."

Gethin was sensing just how significant Zen was to them. He knew they wouldn't give up without a fight. He just didn't expect Athemar to be so rude.

With a straight face, Gethin said, "Zen is not here. You must have come to the wrong place."

"Don't lie. I know he's here. If we search the mountain, I'm sure we can find Zen," Athemar insisted.

"Search the mountain?" Gethin's face grew red with fury. A terrifying aura filled the Mighty Sword Hall. He said in a sinister tone, "The Vastness Mountain is as old as the Oneness Sky Palace. I've lived far longer than Eastern Emperor Taiyi in the Bloom Divine Province! No one dares to threaten me like that! No one is allowed to search my territory!"

Goran tried to keep a straight face, but Gethin's strong aura was starting to suffocate him.

"Well," Athemar sneered, "I guess today's an exception."

Chapter 3216 Unexpected Guests

Zen sat in the dark cave. The lid above opened once again, allowing a ray of light to pierce through from above.

"Come up!"

a strange voice whispered from the entrance of the cave.

Zen, who sat cross legged, turned a deaf ear to the voice.

Phew!

An invisible force drew Zen up from the bottom of the cave and he fell into the palace with a thud.

Pushing himself to his feet, he found Natasha standing not far off. He smiled at her and said, "We meet again."

Zen's fearlessness upset Natasha to her core.

Athemar and Goran had arrived at the Vastness Mountain too soon. Time was running out.

Barnaby had been practicing on the Other Shore. Natasha had forced him to leave it for now to join her.

"Barnaby, we need your help. But don't kill him," Natasha called out.

A tall, thick man appeared from behind Natasha.

He was dressed in a white robe, with eyes drawn on it. The eyes seemed embedded in the robe and were unnervingly real.

"Don't worry, Lady Natasha. He is just a young man in the Lust World," Barnaby said with a slight smirk.

She wanted to remind him of what had happened to Arjun, but given his cultivation base and strength, she thought he should have no difficulty in dealing with Zen.

Zen tensed up with caution when he saw Barnaby.

Arjun, one of the best warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm, had been very powerful in Zen's eyes. But he was unable to figure out Barnaby's real strength. He figured Barnaby was probably as strong as Athemar.

Barnaby smiled nicely as he walked up to Zen, which was very disconcerting. "Once a creature is born, it will have its memory. But it's only a dream. Just relax. This can be very easy."

As he spoke, seven eyes on his white robe snapped open. They didn't look like eyes on a robe anymore; they looked real.

Zen looked into them and a trance immediately overtook him.

"Oh no! Don't look into the eyes!"

Zen's heart seized as he closed his eyes as fast as he could.

When they were closed, everything else disappeared but the eyes. They kept coming closer and closer.

"It's useless, Zen. It's the Illusory Eyes. Closing your eyes won't help," said No. 9527.

"Then what should I do?" Zen asked anxiously.

His techniques and understanding in the soul level were quite limited.

"The Flow Swordsmanship may help you resist them, but unfortunately, you haven't fully mastered it yet. This is troublesome. You can try the Authentic Visual World," No. 9527 suggested.

No. 9527 knew how to deal with those as powerful as Arjun, but it couldn't defeat a powerhouse like Barnaby. It could only offer ideas.

"I can create the happiest illusion, and make the fragile strong. This new world will be amazing for you," Barnaby whispered gently, as if Zen was a close friend he cared for greatly.

Zen still wore the same dreamy look on his face.

It was as if he had returned to the divine land and established a new great clan in the center of the Time Sea.

He no longer pursued ultimate power and never experienced hardships.

Natasha's lips curled into a sneer. "You're indeed an amazing master, Barnaby. This stubborn man is no match for you."

Barnaby paid her words no mind and turned to look at her. He smiled and lifted a finger to shush her. "Lady Natasha, please don't make a sound. It will be done soon."

Suddenly, Zen opened his eyes, and the demonic eye in his inner world was activated. A white light flashed in his right eye.

All the illusions shattered into pieces. He was no longer in a trance and his eyes cleared.

"That was close! I was almost trapped!" Zen broke out in a cold sweat.

The faces of Natasha and Barnaby froze.

Barnaby stared at Zen, full of disbelief and confusion.

Even the powerful masters at the Chaotic Source Realm who had stepped into the Desire World found it impossible to break his illusions. How could

Zen, who had just stepped into the Lust World, accomplish it?

"Barnaby, what's going on?" Natasha asked.

She didn't know how much longer Gethin could stall. Time was running out; there was no room for error.

"It's just a small hiccup," Barnaby said, sizing Zen up. "He probably has an Other Shore Token capable of destroying the illusions."

An Other Shore Token of that kind was very rare. Barnaby was startled to learn Zen had one.

"What should we do?" Natasha asked, frowning intensely and staring at Zen.

"Don't worry," Barnaby reassured her confidently. He then slowly lifted his white robe.

The eyes on it opened one after another.

Inside the Mighty Sword Hall, a powerful aura filled the air.

Gethin still sat in his golden throne, like a slumbering dragon, ready to devour anything that dared disturb him.

Black fog began gradually spreading from the shadows beside him, the killing intent wandering along it. Suddenly, two leaders of the intelligence agency appeared.

"Athemar, life has been too smooth for you these past years. It seems you have forgotten who you are!" Gethin flared with anger. "I'd like to see how you manage to walk out of here today!"

Sensing the killing intent in the black fog, Goran was on high alert and more cautious than ever.

If Gethin really took action, Athemar and Goran would be too weak to fight back.

Just then, another person could be heard walking in from outside the Mighty Sword Hall.

He had a pair of bright piercing eyes. It was none other than Winchell of the Origin Mountain.

Gathin laughed grimly when he saw Winchell. "Oh? The Origin Mountain wants to get involved too?" he asked, sniggering.

Winchell cupped his hands to Gethin and said, "Goran is my best friend. I have to stand by his side and help if I am needed."

"It's not enough. It's far from enough for the three of you to do anything here," said Gethin, shaking his head.

Although Winchell was not a Oneness Governor, he was almost as strong as Athemar and Goran. But they were far from being able to contend with Gethin, even if they worked together. Moreover, there were countless masters in the Vastness Mountain. The two leaders of the intelligence agency, for example, were not weak.

"Is it enough if I join them?"

an old voice asked.

A stooping old woman came in from the door of the Mighty Sword Hall, clutching a thin walking stick.

"Grandma, slow down," Dorothy said, holding the old woman by her arm as she walked her in slowly.

When Gethin saw the old woman, the corners of his eyes twitched.

Gethin had decided that nothing and no one would stand in his way of getting the Truth Enlightenment. However, the old woman's arrival had startled him to be sure. This was going to be a tough situation.

Chapter 3217 Madam Yasamin

Both Athemar and Goran were surprised to see the old lady. Their eyes lit up with delight.

As soon as Calum informed Athemar that Zen had been abducted, and by whom, Athemar had gone to Goran to ask him to accompany him to the Vastness Mountain.

Goran immediately agreed. Before leaving, he went to Winchell to tell him of Zen's abduction too.

What happened next was completely unexpected. To the astonishment of Goran and Athemar, Winchell didn't come alone. He had brought the head of the Origin Mountain with him.

The Origin Mountain was headed by Yasamin, whose power was second only to that of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the great leader of the Oneness Sky Palace. Yasamin herself held an important position in the Oneness Sky Palace as well.

It was generally known that the stature and glory of the Oneness Sky Palace could be attributed, in part, to the efforts of Yasamin. Indeed, many said at least half of the credit for all the achievements of the Oneness Sky Palace should go to Yasamin.

"I didn't expect that Madam Yasamin would take an interest in a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect," Gethin said, stepping down from the golden throne. He went to Yasamin and reached out a hand to support her.

The old lady grunted, ignoring Gethin's help. "No need," Yasamin said, making her way towards the throne.

Gethin cursed her inwardly, but he forced a smile and followed behind Yasamin.

After a few moments, Dorothy helped Yasmin to take her seat on the golden throne.

Yasamin sat, exhaling heavily. Then she bent and used her long, thin stick to poke the golden engravings around the throne. Cracks formed on the ground where her stick touched it. "Don't hide now, you two little assholes! Come out!"

There was a puffing sound.

Two people staggered out of the shadows where they had been hiding, falling to the ground. They were two leaders of the intelligence agency.

As soon as they were exposed, they scrambled to their feet and bowed to Yasamin, not daring to show the slightest hint of disrespect.

Although most of the people in the Oneness Sky Palace had never even seen Yasamin, everyone had heard of her legend.

The thin walking stick she always carried around was her weapon. It was called the Gliding Dragon Sword.

She was famous for many outstanding feats, including the creation of the Origin Swordsmanship. At one time she had capably guarded the Dragon Cliff alone. People still spoke with awe of how she had killed in one strike a powerful master who lived many provinces away, using the Origin Deity Attack. Many thought of her as the hero who stabilized chaos.

Moreover, her Other Shore Token was a strengthening type — it had no special ability, but it contained incomparably massive divine megatons of force. Anyone who met her was struck by the formidable impression she made on others.

Thus, although she looked like a weak old woman on the verge of death, her reputation always preceded her, and everyone went to great lengths to treat her with the proper respect.

Yasamin didn't waste time with small talk. "Hand Zen over!"

she ordered from her perch on the golden throne.

Gethin took a deep breath. He had no choice. Even though Yasamin was legendary and the head of the Origin Mountain, he could not give in and just hand Zen over without a fight.

He decided to try dissembling first. He gave her a wry smile and said, "Madam Yasamin, you have just arrived here. Don't you want to talk about it? What makes you so sure that Zen is even here?"

Yasamin was unmoved. "I don't need to explain anything to you. I repeat, hand Zen over now. I don't care what your reasons were for abducting him." She looked coldly at Gethin, daring him to defy her. She was used to dominating everyone around her, and Gethin was no exception.

Gethin wasn't immune to the pressure. Indeed, if it had been about anyone else, Gethin might have acquiesced to Yasamin's request. However, he couldn't this time. This was about the Truth Enlightenment.

"I apologize, Madam Yasamin, but I have no idea what you're talking about. I'm afraid I cannot hand over someone we don't have," Gethin said, forcing his voice to stay calm.

Athemar, Goran and Winchell exchanged glances. They knew he was lying, but couldn't imagine why he would dare to lie to Yasamin.

It seemed that Gethin was absolutely determined to obtain the Truth Enlightenment.

Or was this about something else? Was there some other plot involved?

They wondered what would happen if Gethin kept arguing with Yasamin.

Yasamin snorted. "I don't care about your denials. Winchell! Go and search the Vastness Mountain for Zen," she ordered.

Winchell snapped to attention. "Yes, Madam Yasamin!" he said.

Gethin was losing his cool. Dropping some of his deference, he said coldly, "Madam Yasamin, this is not reasonable at all. We are not responsible for anyone you might be looking for. Is the Origin Mountain superior to the Oneness Sky Palace? Do you have the right to impose your will on us?"

The seven mountains were the alliance formed by Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

No one could command all seven mountains except Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who was the leader of the alliance.

Although Yasamin had incredible strength and could probably go head-to-head with Eastern Emperor Taiyi in terms of ability, she still had no power to violate the rules of the alliance. She was overstepping her authority. What would the heads of the other mountains think when they heard what Yasamin had done in the Vastness Mountain?

At Gethin's words, a slight look of hesitation appeared in Yasamin's wrinkled face.

Dorothy pursed her lips. She thought, 'Gethin is truly cunning. What he said is true, and that will make it harder for grandma to deal with him. But we can't give up on Zen...' She wore a look of anxiety as she wondered where exactly Zen was and what had happened to him.

Athemar and Goran also understood the import of Gethin's words and felt worried. They hadn't expected him to have the nerve to stand up to Yasamin like that.

There was a sudden blast of sound.

Two people appeared in front of the Mighty Sword Hall, moving too quickly to be identified by the naked eye.

Gethin and the two leaders of the intelligence agency felt a surge of tension, worried about who were coming. They wished no more people would get involved in this.

Chapter 3218 The Edict Of Eastern Emperor Taiyi

Since Athemar's arrival, more and more people had been coming to Vastness Mountain to look for Zen.

All who came were strong, respected warriors of high ranks. Gethin stared at the newcomers, wondering who they were. Gethin scowled inwardly. Had he known that so many would be coming, he would have ordered the activation of the mountain-protecting array.

As the two people came to a stop at the gate, he took a deep breath, fortifying himself.

Like Gethin, everyone was watching the newcomers at the gate of the hall. One of them was none other than Master Hai, who was in charge of distributing the flags in Dragon City.

Master Hai didn't intimidate Gethin, but unfortunately, he was not alone. Next to Master Hai stood a beautiful lady wearing a purple dress and a disarming smile. It was Flamine.

By now, Gethin was totally confused. Who was Zen? Why was he so significant? Wasn't he just a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect?

Both the Origin Mountain and Eastern Emperor Taiyi had sent representatives for him, which Gethin found deeply unsettling.

Why? What made Zen so special?

Flamine, still smiling, floated in the air, her ribbon fluttering in the wind. She looked like a lovely fairy from a classic painting.

She flew towards them, saying lightly, "That young man is always involved in some kind of trouble, isn't he? What has he done to Vastness Mountain? Why did you take him?"

As she entered, everyone present greeted her, including Athemar, Gethin, Goran and the leaders of the intelligence agency. Dorothy gave her a prim salute, and Yasamin gave her a curt nod.

After all, Flamine was the favorite concubine of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. She was now the only person who could meet with him.

Gethin sighed. Flamine's arrival and her status as Taiyi's favored concubine signaled the end of his resistance. He wondered whether Barnaby had already taken action. Had he obtained the Truth Enlightenment?

Flamine flew to Yasamin and landed beside her, by the throne at one end of the Mighty Sword Hall. A golden token materialized in Flamine's hand. She held it up and spoke loudly, "This is an edict from Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Gethin, you are commanded to release Zen immediately!"

Gethin stared at her, the wheels turning in his head. The edict was unequivocal, but perhaps he could stall and buy Barnaby more time.

After a moment, he pasted a smile onto his face. "Lady Flamine, I can't help but wonder why Zen is so important? Who is he that Eastern Emperor Taiyi would issue an edict and send you in person to enforce it?"

Flamine smiled back. "Zen met my daughter earlier in the Phoenix Palace. I think the two of them are a good match! So as soon as I received the news from Master Hai, I decided to see how I could help Zen. It's not so strange, is it, to want to assist someone who may very well be my son-in-law in the future?"

Flamine's reasoning left Athemar, Goran, Winchell, and Master Hai dumbfounded. They raised their eyebrows at each other, lost for words.

At Flamine's words, Dorothy's lips quivered, and she blinked quickly.

Her grandmother Yasamin observed her expression and frowned.

She could feel how unhappy Dorothy was.

In her long rule over Origin Mountain, Yasamin had become more and more unsociable, but there was one person whom she still treated with kindness—her granddaughter, for whom she felt a great love.

The people of Origin Mountain tended to walk on eggshells around Yasamin, for they were all afraid of her.

Winchell, for instance, hadn't dared to inform her himself about Zen's abduction. He had told Dorothy instead, and he had been as surprised as anyone when Yasamin deigned to go to Vastness Mountain.

It showed just how much she cared about Dorothy. .

In the days after Dorothy first met Zen in the Sea of Truth, she had often brought him up in conversations with Yasamin. She told her grandmother all about Zen and her experience with him.

Meanwhile, Zen had gone on to save Winchell's son, and then he had made it to the Other Shore. His successful exploits delighted Dorothy and she loved talking with her grandmother about him.

But when Yasamin asked Dorothy directly whether she had a crush on Zen, Dorothy would either blush and stammer and evade the topic, or get bothered and deny it outright.

Still, Yasamin was wise and experienced, and she couldn't help but know how Dorothy felt about Zen.

Dorothy's stories had captured her attention and made her interested in getting to know Zen, but Zen hadn't gone to Origin Mountain. Instead, he'd joined in the Flow Sword Sect.

Now, seeing her granddaughter's unhappiness at Flamine's declaration, Yasamin was upset. She shot Flamine a dark look and said, "It's not advisable to marry someone with nonhuman blood! We can't deny that the purity of one's blood is important. My Dora's blood is the purest!"

Chapter 3219 Argue

The Oneness Sky Palace was a place where human forces from all over the world gathered. Each mountain had its own bloodline.

But Elvinia's bloodline was different. Her blood mostly belonged to the Sun Crow race.

It was taboo to talk about Elvinia's bloodline in the Phoenix Palace. Even Flamine took great care not to mention any of it in her daily life.

Flamine had become furious when Yasamin had mocked Elvinia's bloodline to her face. And when Yasamin had mentioned Dorothy, Flamine searched Dorothy's face, trying to understand something from it. "The Sun Crow race are blessed by the sun and are favored by fate. Elvinia's talent is the best among all the women. She has a bright future. How could she be compared to a bumpkin?"

Elvinia and Dorothy were both beautiful in their own way. One was noble and lofty while the other was passionate. But it was obvious that Elvinia was superior to Dorothy in terms of talent.

Yasamin knocked her cane on the ground, causing the Mighty Sword Hall to tremble.

"It's just Instant Enlightenment. But my Dora is-"

Yasamin broke off.

A huge secret was sealed within Dorothy's soul that was limiting her talent. The seal would be removed only when her soul crossed the Lust World, stepped into the Desire World, and then reached the Chaotic Source Realm.

But she could not reveal this secret now.

"But what?" Flamine smiled smugly and said, "The Instant Enlightenment is not easy to achieve. There are only fourteen warriors who have become capable of the Instant Enlightenment in the Oneness Sky Palace over the years. Moreover, Elvinia can not only achieve Instant Enlightenment on the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, she might also achieve Instant Enlightenment on the Truth of Cultivation Nature. It's just that she is too young right now, which is why I don't allow her to practice it."

There was probably no other talent who could achieve Instant Enlightenment on two Truths of Godly Ways in the Oneness Sky Palace. It really was an amazing ability.

"So what? Does marriage depend on talent? Because then the couple can fight all day long?".

Gethin's eyes widened in confusion as he watched Flamine and Yasamin bickering with each other. He had no idea what they were quarreling about.

He had asked the question to buy more time. He hadn't expected it to start a fight between them!

The two leaders of the intelligence agency looked on, astonished. It was strange to them that they were fighting for trifles when the two parties were at daggers drawn.

Who the hell was this Zen? Why were both the Origin Mountain and the Oneness Mountain so hell bent on wanting him to marry their precious girls?

Athemar, Winchell, and the others looked on, speechless.

Athemar knew a little about Zen and Dorothy's relationship. The Origin Mountain had fought for Zen because Dorothy had met Zen before Athemar had. But Athemar had outright dismissed it. After all, Zen had already joined his Sword Light Palace.

But what about Elvinia?

On the day of the Seven Mountains Meeting, Zen had defeated Elvinia. Her defeat had pissed her off and she had left in a huff.

Why would Flamine favor him?. Athemar cleared his throat and said, "I think we should look for Zen first."

Dorothy, who was standing next to her grandmother, couldn't bear for the argument to drag anymore. She was a shy girl and to see her grandmother argue with someone over her marriage depressed her to no end. She shook Yasamin's arm and said, "Grandma, stop it. We don't even know if Zen is still safe!"

It was then that Flamine remembered what she had come here for. She turned to Gethin and said, "Gethin, please hand Zen over to us."

Gethin had had more time to think as they argued. He was now calmer as he said, "I really don't know about Zen being brought into the Vastness Mountain. If you still have doubts, you can search the mountain by yourselves."

Gethin was still playing the fool, something that gladdened Athemar. He sneered as he said, "It's not that difficult to find Zen."

Athemar, in order to protect Zen, had cast a Latent Theurgy on Zen when he had given him the Flow Swordsmanship.

This Latent Theurgy was called the Nirvana Strike. Zen could use this strike to save himself in desperate situations.

Athemar could feel the Latent Theurgy he had cast on Zen as long as they were close to each other, which was why he had proposed to search the mountain in the beginning. With his ability, it wouldn't have taken him long to find Zen.

But things had gotten rough when Gethin stopped him.

Athemar flew into the sky.

He transformed into a light and hovered around the Vastness Mountain.

He circled the mountain, beginning from the top and towards the bottom.

Athemar's eyes lit up. He had sensed the Latent Theurgy on the other side of the Vastness Mountain.

"There he is!"

Once he had locked on the position, he began to make his way to Zen.

Chapter 3220 Lose

In the dark palace, Zen was caught in illusions.

He had shattered Barnaby's first attack with his Authentic Visual World, so for his second offensive, Barnaby had used sixty percent of his strength.

Before Zen could even activate the demonic eye, he had been completely trapped within the illusions again.

He could no longer tell the difference between what was real and what wasn't. Such was Barnaby's strength.

Being under Barnaby's control, Zen suddenly felt a sharp pain in his soul.

It made him tremble and get rid of the illusions.

"There is another soul in his mind!" Barnaby exclaimed in shock.

The one causing the pain was No. 9527.

No. 9527 was left with no choice on seeing Zen trapped in the illusions. It had to give his soul a ferocious blow, even at the risk of exposing itself.

The attack, though not very powerful, was effective. It had at least brought Zen back to his senses.

"What happened?" Natasha asked impatiently.

She couldn't fathom why a young man of the Lust World would cause Barnaby so much trouble.

Barnaby's face darkened.

He had tried to deal with Zen but his methods didn't work. He felt terribly ashamed by his failure.

He realized he couldn't afford to underestimate Zen in any way.

He was in no mood to analyze the soul hiding within Zen's body, as he abruptly shook his white robe.

A big black and white eye emerged on the top of his head, like a human's. This was his Other Shore Token; the Illusory Eye.

"Lady Natasha, take a few steps back please," Barnaby said politely.

Natasha and the others in black stepped back without hesitation, filled with fear of his Illusory Eye.

Barnaby had set his mind on using one hundred percent of his strength this time. He was sure if he didn't hold back, there'd be no possible way Zen could escape the illusions.

"Good luck," No. 9527 said helplessly. It had done all it could.

Zen's heart sank in defeat as he looked at the Illusory Eye. He knew this time, he was doomed.

The Illusory Eye blinked and a swirl of patterns took shape in it. Zen followed and blinked his eyes involuntarily.

When the Illusory Eye blinked again, he blinked again too.

"What's going on?"

This time, Zen could do nothing to resist. His eyes glazed over and turned dull as they were lost to him.

Barnaby couldn't bear having failed twice already. If he had failed once more, he felt he would have smashed his head through a wall.

"Now follow me to explore the secrets of the extreme joy," Barnaby recited.

Zen, like a puppet, repeated back, "I will follow you to explore the secrets of the extreme joy."

"Obey my orders," Barnaby continued.

"I will obey your orders," Zen replied zombified.

"Give me the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent," Barnaby ordered, shooting a devious smile at Natasha.

Her face lit up. With a wave of her hand, the brush and ink floated towards Zen.

He took the brush and began scribbling on the white paper.

Word by word, the Truth Enlightenment appeared.

"Finally we've got it!"

Natasha shrieked excitedly.

Finally, after so much trouble and effort, they had the Truth Enlightenment.

Twenty words.

Fifty words.

Eighty words.

The paper was filled with more and more words.

Just as Zen finished writing more than one hundred words, Barnaby and Natasha sensed something. Suddenly, their faces changed and they were no longer so excited and confident.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The brush, ink and paper flew back towards Natasha at once. "Get Zen out of here!" she bellowed.

Barnaby began waving his arms and was about to lead Zen to an escape when a loud explosion rang out from the ceiling of the palace.

Bang!

The ceiling cracked.

Bang!

A huge hole opened as the ceiling was destroyed by the second explosion. Athemar then descended through the hole.

Barnaby still tried to lead Zen away. Athemar noticed his shuffling and a stern expression took over his face as he gestured forward towards them.

A touch of sword radiance turned into thousands of waves and rushed at Barnaby to stop him in his tracks.

Seeing this, Natasha gently stretched her body.

The space in the palace began to twist. The waves of the sword radiance released by Athemar were cut into several pieces, swishing about madly.

"Even your Emperor Gethin has given up but you still choose to struggle. Do you really want to die?"

Athemar was truly infuriated.

He stamped his foot down hard, and a circle of sword marks appeared around him.

In a flash, countless mysterious textures spread throughout the palace. The bodies of the men in black robes, Natasha, and even Barnaby and Zen were engulfed in the strange textures.

Splash!

The palace was quite sturdy. Athemar had struck it twice in order to enter earlier.

Now, the palace collapsed in an instant, turning to a mess of tiny shards. The shards were the same as the textures that Athemar had set, their edges as sharp and smooth as knives.

Chapter 3221 An Explanation

Nearly all of the palace had disintegrated. Only Zen, Barnaby, Natasha, and the men in black remained intact.

From the looks if it, Athemar only needed to activate a simple command to dissolve them into pieces as well.

Everyone stood frozen, careful not to make even the smallest movement.

Barnaby wasn't incredibly inferior to Athemar, but his special ability, the Illusory Eye was almost useless during a face-to-face battle. If he really fought with Athemar head-on, he'd probably lose to him.

Natasha was definitely powerful, but not as powerful as Athemar.

The men in black were the backbone of the intelligence agency. They were warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm and they were unable to challenge Athemar.

Since Athemar had told them that Gethin had already given up, none of them could resist. They would easily die if they did.

"Buzz..."

Barnaby withdrew his Illusory Eye.

The illusion went away and Zen reverted back to normal.

He finally saw Athemar who was standing not far away. "Master Athemar!" he greeted enthusiastically.

"Are you all right?" Athemar asked with concern.

Zen shook his head and smiled. "I'll be alright," he assured.

"This is my fault. I did not expect that they'd have the audacity to take you away." Athemar shifted his glance towards Natasha and Barnaby and added, "Don't let me see Holden again if you don't want him to suffer."

Athemar couldn't deal with Gethin, but he had his confidence in beating Holden.

"Let's go!" Athemar said to Zen.

"Where are we going, Master Athemar?" Zen inquired.

"To the Mighty Sword Hall. We can't let them think that they can get away easily," Athemar replied coldly.

Then, he grabbed Zen as they flew up swiftly.

Barnaby straightened his robe, ensuring that it was crisp and perfect. He realized just how strong Athemar had become and how little progress he had been through in comparison in the past few years. Suddenly, sadness washed over him.

"I'll go to the Mighty Sword Hall, too," announced Natasha.

Gethin would have never allowed Athemar to come. Someone must have forced him to do it.

Athemar took Zen to have Gethin explain. What they did not know was that Natasha would soon be standing beside Gethin ready to defend her husband.

When Zen was brought into the Mighty Sword Hall, Athemar sneered. "Emperor Gethin, you said with absolute certainty that Zen wasn't here. Then who is this guy?"

Athemar tried his best to sound as polite as he could be.

Gethin had no defense. He merely shrugged his shoulders and acted innocent. "I really was kept in the dark about this." He turned to the others behind him. "Why is he here? Would you know?"

Yasamin responded from her golden throne, "Quit playing dumb. You can't save yourself by lying."

Flamine added, "Emperor Gethin, please explain yourself."

Gethin's face felt hot. As a man occupying a high position, he wasn't used to being confronted.

He knew they wouldn't let the matter go so easily.

Neither Yasamin, Flamine, nor Athemar would let go of this matter just because Zen had returned unharmed. They needed an explanation from Gethin.

Despite the pressures, Gethin maintained his calm.

He kept silent and fixed his eyes on the exit of the hall.

Natasha came rushing in. She went straight towards Gethin and knelt down in front of him.

"What's going on, Natasha?" Gethin asked, pretending that he knew nothing.

"This is all my fault," Natasha cried. "I shouldn't have kidnapped Zen and taken him to the Vastness Mountain. I only did it to avenge Marco's death. I'm so sorry to have caused you trouble!"

Tears poured down her face.

"Marco's death? What happened to Marco?" Gethin asked in shock.

Natasha wiped her tears as she got up on her feet. "He killed him." She pointed at Zen and went on to tell his husband how their son had died a tragic death.

Chapter 3222 The Chaotic Source World

Yasamin and Flamine were poker-faced.

Everyone present knew that Natasha and Gethin were putting on a show. Only those who didn't know the truth might be deceived by their act.

And whatever the reason, Zen had killed Marco.

But Marco's death wasn't a loss to Gethin.

Dorothy couldn't stand it any longer. She interrupted Natasha and said, "Marco brought trouble upon himself. He deserved it. Some time ago on the Other Shore, Zen didn't want any enmity with him, but Marco attacked Zen with the intention of killing him. This time, Zen must have had no choice but to fight back and kill him."

Zen knew what Natasha was driving at. If he didn't fight back, others would think he was in the wrong.

"Marco followed me all the way to the Clear Lake to try and kill me. He even lured me into the battle ring. Lady Natasha, it was fine you didn't stop your son from killing others, but no one was allowed to fight back? How is it reasonable?" Zen asked.

Natasha's eyes flashed. She was trying to cover up the Vastness Mountain's guilt and Zen's cutting reply was exactly what she wanted. "No matter what Marco did, he was my son. Isn't it reasonable for me to take revenge for his death? I had no other choice but to bring you here. I wasn't expecting so many people to blame me!"

Zen cursed inwardly, 'You don't care about your son's life. All you want is the Truth Enlightenment.'

Natasha's words did make sense.

As a mother, she was furious but all she could do was bringing Zen to the Vastness Mountain. And she was justified in doing so.

Athemar, Flamine, and Yasamin were finding it difficult to find reasons for making a fuss about it.

"Tit for tat. Marco wanted to kill Zen but Zen killed him instead. It is justified that Lady Natasha created problems for Zen as a way of revenge. But since Zen is fine at the moment, I think it would be better for us to let it go for now," Flamine said, in an attempt to make the final judgment.

Everyone present was intelligent and she knew that she couldn't get a satisfactory answer for Zen.

If Natasha continued to act the way she had so far, she would gain the upper hand. That was why Flamine thought it better to put an end to this thing right away.

Clasping his hands behind his back, Gethin sighed, "I didn't teach my son well, or else he wouldn't have been in trouble. I'm sorry for the trouble caused to you, Lady Flamine, Madam Yasamin."

Yasamin waved a hand at the golden throne. Dorothy helped her up and they both walked up to Zen.

Dorothy had told her all about Zen even when he was still in the divine land, but this was the first time that Yasamin had seen him.

She looked Zen up and down with her old eyes, and her crumpled face relaxed as she said, "The first time I heard of you, you had just entered the Sea of Truth. Your cultivation base has increased at a very high speed. Am I right in saying that you will soon have the Indigo Soul?"

Zen folded his hands in respect and bowed to Yasamin. "Yes, but it will take some more time," he said.

One's Soul of Light gradually turned from brown to indigo purple as they continued to cultivate. Humans usually called it the Indigo Soul.

After the Seven Mountains Meeting, Zen had once again gone to the temple and obtained some soul crystal. His Soul of Light was now emitting a faint purple light.

Of late, Zen hadn't been to the Other Shore much and because of this, he hadn't made it to the next stage. Nobody knew his limits but it would be a while before his Soul of Light became an Indigo Soul.

"I have prepared soul crystal for Dora to help her step into the Desire World. Looks like I need to prepare some for you as well," Yasamin said.

Zen was confused.

The soul crystal Yasamin had prepared would be more than enough to help Dorothy enter the Desire World. It must be a very big one and he thought it was inappropriate for him to accept such a gift.

Zen bowed to Yasamin once again and said, "It's very kind of you, Madam Yasamin, but I am in no hurry to practice."

The old lady shook her head and said with a smile, "The Chaotic Source World is about to reopen. You can't miss such a good opportunity. I have two tickets, one for you, and the other for Dora. Only this way can I rest assured. Please don't refuse this."

Dorothy said, "Zen, it will take ten years for the Chaotic Source World to open again. It doesn't matter if you miss out on it now but you will have to wait for ten more years for the next one. Don't refuse my grandma's kindness."

Zen knew that one had to break through to the Chaotic Source Realm after entering the Desire World.

That was a type of complete reinforcement for the corporeal body. Only after this reinforcement could one bear more Other Shore Power.

But he didn't know how to do it.

Dorothy was right. The Chaotic Source World opened once in ten years and he couldn't miss such an opportunity.

Flamine made her way to Zen's side and smiled as she said, "What a coincidence! My daughter Elvinia is also planning to go to the Chaotic Source World. I have a lot of tickets. I can give you as many as you want. Besides, you don't need to take care of Elvinia. She will be of help to you instead."

What was going on? Flamine was prepared to give Zen as many tickets as he wanted?

Everyone was flabbergasted at this development.

The tickets that Flamine and Yasamin were talking about weren't extraordinary.

The Chaotic Source World complemented the Grand World Cultivation Method.

Long long ago, when the creatures of the Source World had entered the Other Shore, they had, with time, gradually discovered many powerful Other Shore Tokens. They had thus greatly increased their power of control.

But their strength reached a limit, which was about 1, 000 divine megatons, and caused their physical bodies to be limited as well.

Only a small number of powerful nonhuman creatures could exceed this limit while creatures of most races came to a halt.

No creature since the middle ages had been able to break through this limit.

Some masters had stepped into higher stages of the Other Shore. The power of their Other Shore Tokens could reach thousands or even tens of thousands of divine megatons. But they could only use up to a thousand divine megatons of Other Shore Power when they fought.

That was why the Other Shore Tokens of descending type were their best options. They didn't need the warriors' bodies to bear their power and so, the Other Shore Power that the warriors released would be far beyond the limit of their bodies.

However, the Other Shore Tokens of the strengthening type, auxiliary type, and mysterious type were excellent. It was a great waste to just put them aside.

The Snake Goddess had later discovered a special method on the Other Shore that could greatly increase the strength of the body.

Chapter 3223 The Origin Of Chaotic Source Reinforcement

The method the Snake Goddess had discovered to exceedingly increase one's physical strength was called the Chaotic Source Reinforcement.

When the body refining in the Wild God System no longer worked to enable warriors to cross the Sea of Truth and reach the Other Shore, it slowly declined in the Source World.

However, some barbarian races still preferred that technique. But it could only give them limited power, which in most cases, was incomparable to the Other Shore Power.

Both the Snake Goddess, and the other super forces in the Source World faced difficulties in tackling this issue. They had spent a long time trying and finding a way to strengthen their bodies.

At that time, the Snake Goddess had successfully reached Stage Twenty-Two. Over there, she came across an unusual Other Shore Token, and it was called the Chaotic Source Spirit.

It was an auxiliary type of Other Shore Token.

Its mechanisms were simple: when one activated it, it would become one with the cultivator's body and merge with it. By doing so, it would assist them and increase their physical strength by a fair amount.

The Chaotic Source Spirit was no extraordinary Other Shore Token. In fact, it was quite common to be found on Stage Twenty-two. The Other Shore Power contained in it was about average, and it didn't give the warriors who used it much of a power boost. Therefore, it wasn't an invaluable find.

However, the Snake Goddess had stumbled upon a distinctive property of the Chaotic Source Spirit and tapped into its hidden power.

It turned out that the Chaotic Source Spirit was actually a living being!

Coming across living creatures on the Other Shore was rather rare. However, it was nothing impressive for someone like the Snake Goddess, who had already reached a high level of cultivation.

Even so, the Chaotic Source Spirit had some distinctive properties to its name that set it apart from other living beings. Although it was an auxiliary type of Other Shore Token, it also shared the qualities with descending type of Other Shore Tokens.

Having learned such a thing, the Snake Goddess planned on testing her new theory out.

Without wasting a second, she asked Fuxi to catch one Chaotic Source Spirit on the Other Shore and then summon it at the same time when she did.

Once they were activated, the two Chaotic Source Spirits familiarized themselves with each other and began communicating in their own language. It was discovered that they were interdependent creatures and were capable of reproducing, which explained how descending type of Other Shore Tokens remained in the Source World for that long.

Once they began to reproduce, the Snake Goddess observed an inconceivable phenomenon.

The new Chaotic Source Spirits made from their breeding did not return to the Other Shore but remained in the Source World.

What was more interesting was the fact that they were born owner-less!

Both the Snake Goddess and Fuxi stood dumbfounded at this sight. They couldn't figure out the mystery behind the Chaotic Source Spirits. Just what were they? Were they beings of the Source World? Or were they Other Shore Tokens from the Other Shore? They could have been both or neither of the two...

One Chaotic Source Spirit held the capability of strengthening the physical prowess of the warrior who activated it, but what if they used more than one at once?

Once she thought of this method, the Snake Goddess felt excitement fill her existence.

Quickly, they used their acquired Chaotic Source Spirits and caused them to reproduce until they multiplied to a significant degree.

When their population reached just over a hundred, the Snake Goddess made Fuxi absorb all of them to test out her theory.

One after the other, each of them merged with Fuxi's body and made his physical prowess rise steadily. They kept being absorbed into his body until his physical power reached a notably high level. Thus, Fuxi was the first one to undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement.

The news that the Pear Hill was nurturing the Chaotic Source Spirits quickly spread like wildfire.

As a result, their value increased, and they became notably popular on the Other Shore.

Every super force out there began their frantic search for Chaotic Source Spirits. As a result, the Chaotic Source Spirits that once lay in high numbers on Stage Twenty-Two were almost depleted.

Following in the footsteps of the Snake Goddess, the masters of the super forces bred these Chaotic Source Spirits and multiplied their quantity to their desired number. They began viewing these unusual creatures as a gateway to attaining overwhelming power for themselves.

The emergence of the Chaotic Source Spirits meant that those strengthening type of Other Shore Tokens and the mysterious type of Other Shore Tokens, which had various incredible abilities, would become more practical. At least after the warriors had enough Chaotic Source Spirits, they could exceed their limits and further build up their physical strength.

However, this fortunate find didn't stay relevant for long. Soon they were stuck on this path.

When the Snake Goddess bred the Chaotic Source Spirits, everything went on smoothly. She nurtured about several thousand of the Chaotic Source Spirits within a year. However, when the super forces began to do the same, they found that the reproduction ability of the Chaotic Source Spirits was limited and had considerably declined.

Some super forces had worked hard for several years, but only managed to obtain a few hundred Chaotic Source Spirits. And in more unfortunate events, they got nothing, as the Chaotic Source Spirits refused to breed.

Confused and frustrated, the super forces scavenged the temples for an explanation and a conclusion to the issue.

It soon came to light that the Chaotic Source Spirits had a limitation of a certain number to exist at one time, which was two hundred thousand.

Once they capped two hundred thousand, they would discontinue reproducing themselves.

The only condition for a new one to be born was if an existing one was refined.

Since the Snake Goddess was the first one to discover this property, she had already gathered a hundred thousand of them before the super forces could follow after her. This left close to nothing for the rest of the aspirants. In the best cases, they managed to nurture over ten thousand Chaotic Source Spirits. But for some others, they only got a few hundred, how unfortunate!

Moreover, after the Chaotic Source Spirits those super forces caught gave birth to new ones, there was a high probability that they would be born in the Pear Hill. After all, Pear Hill had the largest population of them.

As this continued, the number of Chaotic Source Spirits of the Pear Hill had reached as many as one hundred and fifty thousand, while the other forces had less.

This unfair distribution of these Chaotic Source Spirits made many super forces jealous. Soon after, they gathered in one place and stood united to force Pear Hill to hand over the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Coming under pressure from the confrontation, the Snake Goddess gave in and reached a compromise with them. Together, with the super forces, she created the Chaotic Source World and stored all their Chaotic Source Spirits in there.

As per the estimation, every ten years, the number of Chaotic Source Spirits would reach its limit of two hundred thousand from reproducing. Only then would the members of different races come to absorb them. And the amount of Chaotic Source Spirits one would be able to absorb to complete the Chaotic Source Reinforcement all depended on luck.

However, the Chaotic Source World was not accessible to everyone. They required tickets to enter, which were always scarce in the Source World.

One ticket almost meant an opportunity to become a warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm. There were so many talents in the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace, and all of them had their lustful eyes on the tickets. Now that Flamine offered to give Zen many of these in one go, it seemed like the unthinkable!

Feeling frustrated, Yasamin poked her cane into the ground as she hissed at Flamine with enraged eyes. "What's the use of having many tickets?"

Flamine didn't bother to argue with her. She barely gave her a second glance. Instead, she smiled sweetly at Zen and gestured with kind words. "Since the Flow Sword Sect is very close to our Phoenix Palace and I've given you the token of our palace, you must come to visit us someday."

With that, she turned around without looking at anyone else and made her way out.

Watching her receding figure Yasamine spat in her direction dejectedly then walked away towards the gate of the Mighty Sword Hall.

Dorothy switched her gaze between her grandmother and Zen to read their expressions. After a long pause, she spoke to break the silence, "Zen, why did you go to the Phoenix Palace?"

Flamine's attitude differed from that of usual. It made Dorothy suspicious of whether something had happened between Zen and Elvinia.

"I offended Elvinia at the Seven Mountains Meeting last time," Zen said in an indifferent tone.

Dorothy crossed her arms and nodded as she recalled the events. "Oh, I remember that I reminded you to be cautious of Elvinia's revenge because she was very angry at that time."

Zen shrugged his shoulders and said, "She did take her revenge. She kidnapped my families to Phoenix Palace. I had no choice but to go there and have a battle with her."

Athemar, Goran, Winchell, and Master Hai were treading along slowly behind Yasamin. They were all famous strong warriors, but they were also interested to know a lot of things. Overhearing what Zen had to say, they couldn't help but wonder to themselves.

How did Zen manage to gain such favor from Flamine after just a fight with Elvinia? It seemed too good to be true.

"If you really battled with Elvinia, why was Flamine so nice to you just now?" Dorothy asked innocently while blinking her big beautiful eyes that were filled with curiosity.

Chapter 3224 Backer

Zen had not been present in the Mighty Sword Hall during the argument between Yasamine and Flamine.

It thus puzzled him to see Yasamin's hostile attitude towards Flamine. He assumed they must have some longstanding grudge against each other.

As for the tickets to the Chaotic Source World, Zen didn't know their value, so he did not see it as a big deal when Flamine offered to give him many tickets. He was more curious as to why Yasamin and Flamine were fighting over him. He wondered what that was all about.

"What do you mean?" he asked Dorothy, hoping to make sense of everything.

She smiled at him playfully. "She wants you to be her son-in-law!"

"What?"

Zen asked incredulously. His jaw dropped.

He had only met Flamine one time. It had been a memorable encounter, and she had been very friendly towards him, but to marry her daughter? What the hell was this?

"Are you tempted?" Dorothy teased. She could see his reaction and deliberately sought to provoke him further.

Zen could see what Dorothy was doing, so he modulated his response. He put on a helpless smile and said, "I don't know Elvinia all that well, and we don't really have anything to do with each other. If Lady Flamine said that, perhaps she was just joking."

Was he serious? Did he really believe Flamine was just kidding around?

Dorothy stared at Zen, her eyes wide with disbelief.

She was very young and naturally shy, so although she wanted to press him, she decided to stop asking further questions. She was worried that others would think she was jealous.

After they left the Mighty Sword Hall, Athemar took out a massive sword, motioning for everyone to come closer. They all stepped on the sword and it lifted them into the air. They flew quickly away from Vastness Mountain, eager to be done with the whole ordeal.

Back in the Mighty Sword Hall, Gethin walked to the golden throne and sat back down.

Natasha clapped her hands. Green light curtains covered the entire hall.

Gethin's gentle manner had changed completely. His sharp eyes became ferocious, like those of a furious beast.

"How many words did you get from him?" he roared.

Natasha and the two leaders of the intelligence agency looked tense. Their efforts with Zen had been cut short by the arrival of representatives from Origin Mountain and Oneness Mountain, which was a great shame. It explained why Gethin was so angry.

"About a hundred words—" Natasha began.

She was cut short by an energy that lashed out at her with a sharp, cracking sound.

She let out a croak of pain.

An invisible hand reached out and grabbed Natasha by the throat, strangling her. She was dragged before Gethin, who watched coldly as she choked. She wheezed and struggled unsuccessfully to free herself.

"After all our efforts, the best you could do was a hundred words? Today I almost couldn't find a way out!" Gethin spat out angrily.

"Please stop, Emperor Gethin!"

"Emperor Gethin, what happened was not Lady Natasha's fault!"

the two leaders of the intelligence agency spoke up and pleaded with Gethin to be reasonable.

Gethin threw Natasha to the ground, and she landed with a thud, clutching at her aching throat.

Gethin's eyes still burned with rage. "The worst part is, we openly asked Zen about the subsequent chapter of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. No doubt he will report this to Athemar!"

"So what? No one in Vastness Mountain harmed Zen or did anything wrong. They can't accuse us of anything. What can they do to us?" Natasha said, slowly sitting up on the ground. She shot a look of grievance at Gethin.

Gethin glowered back at her. "You underestimate them. They will suspect us and eventually put together the pieces and figure out what we are doing."

"Emperor Gethin, you are worrying too much. Given the current situation of the Oneness Sky Palace, it doesn't matter if they notice something. In two to three years, we can finally rest easy. We have strong allies on our side!" said one of the leaders of the intelligence agency.

Gethin shook his head and exhaled deeply. The fierce light in his eyes grew intense as he said, "I certainly hope so!"

As they flew, perched on Athemar's huge sword, Zen told the others what had happened to him on Vastness Mountain.

The faces of Athemar and Goran darkened.

"They clearly place a great significance on the Truth Enlightenment, which is strange," said Master Hai.

"After Zen deciphers the complete Truth Enlightenment, it will be circulated throughout the entire Oneness Sky Palace sooner or later. Why are they in such a hurry? Do they worry that we won't give it to the Vastness Mountain?" Goran mused.

"I thought it was strange too," Zen admitted.

It was impossible that the people of Vastness Mountain had asked about the Truth Enlightenment without any deeper motive. There was clearly more at stake, something that they just couldn't see yet.

"Unless... maybe they can't wait," Athemar said thoughtfully.

"Why not? The Vastness Mountain has existed for a long time. They're not moving away, are they?" Winchell asked.

As soon as he spoke, the expressions of the others changed.

Yasamin's eyes narrowed, and she snorted. Coldly she said, "It seems that they have decided to walk on a different path!"

She and the others realized that Vastness Mountain must be planning to break away eventually from the Oneness Sky Palace. Why would they be so eager to get the Truth Enlightenment ahead of the others, unless they were going to leave the Oneness Sky Palace before the Truth Enlightenment was disseminated to everyone?

Of course, this was all speculation. They had no evidence except Zen's experience to support their assumption. But at least for now, they had a theory that explained the mysterious actions of the people of Vastness Mountain, and they would act accordingly.

"I will report this to Eastern Emperor Taiyi," Master Hai said.

Athemar touched the huge sword and it sped up. They accelerated until they were flying at a blurring speed, and soon they arrived at Oneness Mountain.

As soon as they landed, Zen started to leave, but Yasamin held out a hand to stop him. She told him that she meant it about preparing the soul crystal for him, and that he needed to get ready to go to the Other Shore to receive it.

Yasamin was the second most important figure in the Oneness Sky Palace. To refuse her would be an act of utmost disrespect. So Zen nodded obediently.

At any rate, if the Chaotic Source World was really going to open, then Zen definitely had no intention of missing this opportunity.

Meanwhile, in the Sky Horizon Province, the Black Ship quietly sailed across the sky.

Shera sat on one side of the ship, her slender legs dangling in the air.

A gentle rolling mountain came into view. The mountain was dotted with buildings of various shapes and sizes.

The tallest building was a whopping ten thousand feet high, while the smallest was only as high as a palm. The variation was too great. Obviously the mountain was home to different races of beings.

Most of the races in the Source World had carved out their own exclusive territory. It was rare to see different races living together on the same land.

"We've already arrived at Black Mountain Guild..."

Shera murmured to herself. She put one hand on the rail while she dragged something with the other hand.

There was a whoosh, and a man was pulled out of the Black Ship. He slammed onto the deck with a muffled thud.

The Evil God stood up from the deck, his face full of displeasure. "I was cultivating! You interrupted me when you dragged me here."

Shera was not bothered by his irritation. "There is a more suitable place for you to cultivate," she said, pointing downwards.

The Evil God looked down. There was a strange, eerie aura emanating from the mountain below them. He could sense that this was not a good place.

"Below us is the Black Mountain Guild, which is comprised of over 800 races. The competition among the people of that sect is very fierce. It's almost impossible for someone to succeed without a backer. You must be constantly on your guard, even among people of your own race. Not every human can be trusted," Shera said in a clinical, analytic tone, as she gazed down at the mountain.

"Backer?" The Evil God looked disdainful. "I don't need anyone to back me up. I'm my own backer!"

By now, Shera was used to the arrogant manner of the Evil God. This man's talent had surprised her again and again. Still, he had just reached the Other Shore Realm, so she thought his arrogance in this instance was unfounded and a bit annoying.

She curled her lips at him. "Fine. You may go down there now."

A bang sounded.

The Evil God suddenly fell, as though a heavy and irresistible weight had been strapped to his body. He dropped from the sky like a stone.

Chapter 3225 Black Mountain Guild

As the pressure of gravity that was exerted on the Evil God increased, he was rendered powerless and couldn't escape the situation he was in.

If he continued freefalling at such a rapid pace, it wouldn't be long before he smashed into the ground forcefully. Even he wouldn't be able to bear the repercussions.

When the distance between him and the ground decreased to less than two hundred feet, he shut his eyes bracing for impact. A trace of ruthlessness was smeared across his face.

Suddenly, a wild stream of energy rushed out!

Bang!

It was like something as big and bright as the sun had exploded and sent ripples surging across the ground. A massive crater thumped to the surface with the Evil God lying inside.

"That damned woman..."

he cursed under his breath, his voice barely audible from the pressure of the air.

After that, his head smashed against a weighty object as he finally collapsed on the ground.

It almost made him faint, but he resisted the concussion.

Attempting to get a hold of his senses, he shook his head several times and held it firmly. After he blinked several times, he noticed a black token lying near his feet. He picked it up carefully and flicked it to study it from all sides. It had a strange pattern carved into it. Other than that, there was nothing else worth looking at.

As the Evil God got back up on his feet, he put away the token safely. Looking around his surroundings, he cursed Shera again, blaming her for his ordeal before climbing out of his self-made pit.

The moment he climbed out, his ears alerted him to rustling sounds coming from a distance. As he looked in the direction of the noise, two wolves that were the size of humans lurking nearby enveloped his view.

When their eyes fell on the Evil God, they gleamed under the dark as they spotted their prey.

'You want to eat me now, huh?'

A cold smile stretched across the face of the Evil God as he fearlessly continued walking in the direction of the Black Mountain Guild.

Just as he turned around casually, the two wolves took advantage of the moment and pounced on him aggressively.

Suddenly, two balls of light filled with massive energy erupted from behind the Evil God's back.

The wolves whimpered in pain as they got crushed by the Ways-blending Energy.

"It seems beasts will always be beasts..."

The Evil God glanced back at the broken limbs splayed on the ground of the two black wolves and shook his head.

When he turned his head back to look ahead, he frowned.

He rolled his eyes as he examined the sunken ravine straight ahead. Strange creatures of all shapes and sizes made themselves known as they appeared before him from it. Some as big as a leopard, some as small as mice, but each of them was powerful. Other creatures of unfamiliar forms were among them too.

"So, Shera has thrown me into the lair of beasts!" Pleased by how it all turned out for him, the Evil God laughed violently. He could feel the killing intent buried deep within him reignite as he glared back at the creatures.

At this moment, the beast in the lead walked up and spoke in an authoritative voice. "Human! Hand over the Black Mountain Token in your hand!" The creature stretched out its palm as if to gesture the Evil God to give it up.

"The Black Mountain Token is not something for you to take. If you give it to us, we will go easy on you and grant you a painless death!" Another beast came forward and erupted in frustration.

Some of them stood behind in the ranks, and hissed at the Evil God who stood arrogantly.

All of a sudden, all sorts of noises began to surround him as the creatures howled declaring war.

It so happened, the reason the two wolves attacked him in the first place was to retrieve the Black Mountain Token from him.

Black Mountain Guild was very important to these creatures. It was well-known around these parts. It was willing to admit beasts from any race.

Such a place was perfect for the nonhuman creatures who roamed the lands alone and hadn't been born in a strong group.

Since it was a highly regarded place, getting access to it wasn't easy. It was close to impossible for these creatures to obtain the Black Mountain Token. In fact, some beasts that resided near Black Mountain Guild fought and ate each other, simply to get a Black Mountain Token.

Sensing overwhelming aggression soaring from the creatures, the Evil God slowly began to let his arrogance fade.

Although Shera didn't tell him anything about the Black Mountain Token, it was still evident the token could get him into the Black Mountain Guild.

Each of these creatures stood in their ranks stationing themselves, ready to attack. But then, diamond-shaped light rings appeared under the Evil God's feet.

Due to receiving some guidance recently, he had managed to reach a new level of Ways-blending Energy.

As he stood there gathering all his energy, the creatures all dashed towards him to not give him the window to counterattack.

"Tear him apart!"

"That Black Mountain Token belongs to me!"

The beasts roared violently with bloodshot eyes. They gathered motivation from one another's words and charged towards the Evil God.

Right then, a piercing noise exploded and filled the air with its dominance.

As the creatures gathered around the Evil God like moths to a flame, the rings of light exploded layer by layer in the air.

An incandescent shock wave spread out far and wide like a fountain overflowing with energy.

With the help of the impact force, the Evil God boosted himself forward like an arrow shot from a bow.

Some of the beasts perished under the influence of the Ways-blending Energy, while the rest chased after him. They were unfazed by their fallen companions.

These creatures inhabited near the Black Mountain Guild had grown up witnessing massacre and slaughter. Death wasn't something that could scare them, it was a common occurrence to them. Even though the Evil God's spectacle of strength was frightening, he failed to intimidate them.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak

An extremely agile grey mouse leaped up towards the back of the Evil God amidst the commotion.

Before it could cause much damage, he crushed it using his aura. However, the mouse had already succeeded in ripping off a piece of his flesh from his shoulder.

Just then, a gigantic beast the size of an elephant used a long whip covered in thorns to slash at the back of the Evil God.

It caused his clothes to tear apart as blood gushed out from his flesh. He almost staggered after getting attacked as he groaned in pain.

'If I let these monsters surround me, I'm afraid I'll lose my limbs. Damn that Shera!' he cursed at her again in his heart to not voice his fears out to the beasts that chased after him.

His journey in the Black Ship had caused him to expand his knowledge about a lot of things and broadened his perspective.

Although Shera was an arrogant woman, she still helped the Evil God rebuild his points of view on many things.

She had told him that Ways-blending Energy was pointless and even warned him that some people had failed to try to succeed in this respect. Instead, she gave him the suggestion of an alternative method he could use.

Ignoring her advice at first, he stood firm on the fact that these energies would be mixed with each other sooner or later.

But eventually, he gave up and decided to listen to her. After all, she was the woman who promised him freedom from the Rebirth Land that restrained him. In exchange for that, he was tasked to reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

However, to enter the Chaotic Source Realm, one had to go to the Chaotic Source World.

The time when the doors of the Chaotic Source World would open was already drawing near. Time was running out of his hands like grains of sand. He had to increase his cultivation quickly before that happened.

This was the reason why Shera had thrown him down from the Black Ship, to send him off into the Black Mountain Guild for cultivation.

This guild housed many different races within it, and at times it was very chaotic. Killing and conspiring against each other was a common practice in there. It only produced the most ruthless warriors.

It wasn't just a place for cultivation, but to test your survival instincts as well.

The Evil God continued to rush his way away from the creatures for tens of miles without stopping and entered a ravine.

Just as he walked inside, the beasts stopped chasing after him and stopped.

"What should we do now? He has reached the gate of the Black Mountain Guild!"

"We have no Black Mountain Token. Anyone who dares to step in there without a Black Mountain Token will surely die."

"Let's just go. That human brat got lucky. But I know he won't be able to survive half a day inside the Black Mountain Guild!"

As those creatures slowly dispersed and disappeared into the dark, the Evil God watched as his face declared a hint of viciousness.

He had always been the one who would try to kill others, how could he swallow the insult of being the one hunted instead?

At that point, he decided and wrote it on his flesh, once he made some achievements in the Black Mountain Guild, he would come back and annihilate all of them!

When he thought of this, he felt a faint trace of cold air tickle his neck. Just then, he sensed an unsettling presence approach him from behind. A miserable voice echoed in his ears and caused him to turn around. "Human, do you have a Black Mountain Token?"

He glanced in the direction of the sound and saw pieces of ragged cloth drifting in the air, beneath which was a skeleton. It was unknown to what creature it had belonged before, and on the back of the skeleton was a pair of folded wing bones.

Witnessing a live structure of bones, the pupils in his eyes shrank as he handed over the token obediently.

"All warriors of our Black Mountain Guild who have survived to get out of here are formidable. But I hope you can live to see that day. Hahaha... Follow me!"

The skeleton let out a horrific laugh and turned around while gesturing him to follow after. The Evil God walked behind it with determined eyes, letting the darkness devour his existence.

Chapter 3226 Milo's Way Of Returning The Favor

The second Zen showed up in his house in the Flow Sword Sect, Margaret rushed to him, eager to ask him some questions.

When Zen had gone to the Clear Lake, he had taken his leave without saying goodbye.

The fact Trish had returned alone, without Zen, had left Margaret and the other women very worried about him.

Now, seeing their beloved Zen back home safe and sound, they felt so relieved.

The women demanded an explanation. Zen shrugged apologetically. He decided to tell them about his adventures at the Clear Lake, but he completely omitted his journey to the Phoenix Palace and Vastness Mountain.

Trish eyed him carefully. She knew that Zen was keeping something from them, but she kept quiet. As a servant, she couldn't meddle with how her master chose to deal with these things.

Barely a day had passed when someone knocked at the door of their house.

When Trish opened the door, she was surprised to be greeted by a very excited Milo.

"I heard that your master Zen is back?" Milo asked eagerly.

He was becoming more and more polite with Zen. In the beginning, he didn't even have interest in knowing Zen's name.

"My master just came back..."

she answered hesitantly. Trish wondered how Milo knew so soon. Could he have hired someone to keep an eye on their courtyard house?

It turned out her suspicions were correct.

After Milo had gotten a part of the Truth Enlightenment, he started to study it at once and found a huge secret.

Unable to contain his excitement, he had rushed to Zen's dwelling to share the news, only to find out Zen wasn't there. He had no choice but to wait for him to come back.

Thus, he resorted to hiring someone to watch Zen's house. He needed to be notified the moment Zen returned.

"I have something to tell him," explained Milo, his eyes twinkling excitedly.

Trish couldn't see how she could refuse. With a meek nod, she went off to fetch her master.

Zen saw how Milo was practically giddy with excitement. His curiosity was piqued. 'Is he here for more words of Truth Enlightenment?' he wondered.

"It's been a long time since you joined in the Flow Sword Sect, Zen," Milo said with a curt bow. "I wonder what level of cultivation you're on with the truth swordsmanship manual..."

Zen raised his eyebrow in surprise.

It had indeed been a while since he joined in the Flow Sword Sect, but he had obtained the Flow Swordsmanship only recently. Additionally, since he had been busy with the Seven Mountains Meeting some time ago, he hadn't really taken the time to study it til he got to the Clear Lake. Even then, he hadn't been able to study it that much.

"I haven't grasped much of it," Zen answered honestly. "Why do you ask?"

It seemed Milo grew even more excited when he heard Zen's answer. "Then hurry and cultivate it! The first hundred and fifty words of your Truth Enlightenment are truly a perfect match for the Flow Strike, especially the first move of Heart Slaughtering Theurgy. When paired with the Soul of Light, it is extremely profound and powerful..."

As spoke, Milo's eyes darted all over the courtyard, as though he were looking for something. Lacking a more suitable target, his eyes fell on Zen.

"What are you doing?" Zen asked vigilantly. He noticed the crazed look in Milo's eyes.

Suddenly, Milo activated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. With a slight wave of his hand, he began to emanate a powerful aura.

With a flash of light, Milo transformed into a giant sword and swung at Zen.

"Heart Slaughtering Strike?"

Zen cried in alert.

He could sense how strong the killing intent was. He darted backward warily.

Whoosh!

Zen dodged the blade just in time. Channeling his power to his feet to act quickly, he prepared to strike back as his footprints left cracks in the pavement.

The women, who were on the other side of the house at the time, were all shocked by Milo's sudden attack.

Seeing Zen successfully avoid his attacks, Milo came back to his senses. Transforming back to his human self, he glanced about the courtyard apologetically. "Ah, I'm sorry. I just wanted to give it a try. I didn't mean to get so carried away."

Hearing the sincerity in his words, Zen shook his head in annoyance. Yet, somehow, he was also amused. 'This fellow is truly obsessed with his sword...'

"Your momentum... is that created by cultivating Truth Enlightenment?" Zen asked curiously.

Actually, Zen already realized that even when he had just started to cultivate Truth Enlightenment. He just wanted to confirm this with Milo.

After all, the Mind Sword of Truth Enlightenment, which transformed his thoughts into a sword, was similar to Heart Slaughtering Strike.

Zen had been too busy to study these days. Milo, on the other hand, kept practicing. Because of this, he had figured out the connection between the Truth Enlightenment and the Flow Strike sooner.

"Yes!" Milo's expression shifted from apologetic to elated in a split second. "Impressive, right?"

"Soul-level methods are indeed very powerful," Zen said slowly.

"Of course!" Milo laughed. "I've been killing many people in Other Shore the past few days. The people from the Bearing race are all scared of me! Hahaha!"

Within the first four stages of Other Shore, the three sacred temples of the human race were built together.

Most of the warriors within the first four stages were young. They tended to challenge each other, often resulting in soul-level confrontation.

In earlier times when the four temples had just been built, everyone had gotten along fine.

However, with the decay of the temple of the Nine Li race, the temples of the Bearing race and Divine Farmer race, gradually rose to power. The Oneness Sky Palace's temple, on the other hand, grew to be at a disadvantage. The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were often bullied. With the help of Truth Enlightenment, Milo had made great progress in cultivation. This earned some respect for himself and the Oneness Sky Palace.

"So that's how it is..." Zen nodded slightly in approval.

It was true that the battles within the Other Shore were all soul-level. The warriors with a stronger soul would win. If the Flow Strike could work together with the Truth Enlightenment, it would indeed be a great help to them.

Milo smiled at Zen gratefully.

He usually didn't like asking others for help, but he was thankful that Zen had shared a hundred and fifty words of the Truth Enlightenment with him. He was determined to repay Zen's kindness. This was why he shared this exciting news with Zen.

While Zen knew he could've discovered this too on his own through cultivation, Milo's input could speed up the process.

Zen had already read through the Flow Swordsmanship, but there were some points he didn't understand. Now, with Milo's guidance, he was able to comprehend it all. His hands twitched, as he was itching to verify Milo's theory.

Once Milo left, Zen turned to Trish and asked her to help him apply for the Flow Tower.

Ordinary disciples of the Flow Sword Sect could only enter the pagoda once a month, two hours at a time.

But for elites like Zen, there was no limit to the number of times he could enter in a month. However, there was still a limit to the time he could stay inside the Flow Tower.

Even elite disciples couldn't stay inside for over four hours at a time. If they stayed longer than that, the Flame of Soul would consume them completely.

Among all the elites, only Zen and Milo were able to stay for a long period of time inside the tower. This was because, not only were they capable of Instant Enlightenment, but both of them also practiced the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

Zen's personal record in the Flow Tower was a whole day and night. Needless to say, the Flow Tower was a perfect place for comprehending Flow Swordsmanship.

"Turn your mind into a sword.

Use your mind to kill hearts..." Zen chanted softly from the tenth floor of the Flow Tower.

The white cyclone in his mind began to whirl faster and faster.

With a gentle flick of his fingers, he seemed to slice the very flames around him. To his satisfaction, in his hand was an invisible long sword, with a power unimaginable.

Chapter 3227 Turning Into Indigo Soul

Milo had once fought with Zen in the Dragon City.

At that time, Milo held a dense mass of air in his hand, yet it was indestructible. It even broke the Snow Sword!

That mass of air was actually a sword formed by Milo's thoughts.

"Milo didn't use all of his strength back then. Otherwise, I'm afraid that I would have failed to resist..." Zen muttered to himself as he stared at the invisible long sword.

The way the invisible long sword was formed was completely different from the Power Shaping of the Might Godly Way.

The sword was created by a warrior's mind, and could directly hit one's soul once it struck. The killing power that sword contained could easily destroy Zen's Soul of Light back then.

Now Zen had already mastered the way to form a sword with his mind, and through the help of the Truth Enlightenment, his sword was probably more powerful than Milo's. And the only way to prove it was through a sword fight.

Zen, of course, would not challenge Milo right now, he couldn't afford to waste his time. Zen had promised Yasamin that he'd go to the Other Shore as soon as he could, and now it was time.

He immediately left the Flow Tower and returned to his own courtyard house quickly. Then he chose to cultivate in seclusion again.

It only took a few moments for Zen to enter the Other Shore with his physical body.

His Soul of Light had stepped into Stage Four, while his body still stayed in Stage One.

Luckily, Dorothy had shown him the way before, so it wasn't too difficult for his physical body to climb up to Stage Four.

As usual, he had attracted many surprised gazes on the way.

It took Zen more than ten hours to reach Stage Four. Then his physical body safely retreated, and his soul returned to the Other Shore.

Last time, Zen had retreated from the practice room of the temple, and now he went back to the same room.

When Zen pushed the door open, another room's door was also opening.

Although he hadn't seen the face, Zen was sure that the person from the other room was Dorothy. He had learned to identify her by her aura, which he had grown familiar with.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time!" Dorothy complained, but it was evident that she was glad to see him.

Yasamin always kept her words. She held the high position only inferior to Eastern Emperor Taiyi's in the Oneness Sky Palace. If she really wanted to give soul crystal to Zen, she could do it the way she wanted.

However, after Zen returned to the Flow Sword Sect, he didn't visit the temple first, and that made Dorothy upset.

Despite that, she couldn't shake her optimistic nature, and her dissatisfaction only lasted for a short while. A moment later, she was already smiling at Zen while saying, "Come with me."

This time, they were led by someone as they walked around the temple.

Upgrading their Souls of Light into Indigo Souls required quite a lot of soul crystal. But as much as Zen could remember, the temple had only a small stock of soul crystal, didn't it?

Zen was getting confused, so he asked Dorothy about it.

But before Dorothy could even answer, their escort smiled at him and said confidently, "Since the day when someone discovered the Other Shore, the soul crystal has always been in great demand, but it doesn't mean that the Oneness Sky Palace doesn't have enough soul crystal at disposal."

Near the entrance of the temple, every disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace could get some soul crystal. As for how much they could get, it depended on how much importance their sects attached to them.

Whether it was the Oneness Mountain or the Origin Mountain, they had their own private savings of soul crystal.

Yasamin and the other powerful figures could not come to the Lust World, so they couldn't use it. It was prepared for their direct descendants.

"Grandma only prepared the soul crystal that I need. So she went to borrow some from the Golden Mountain for you this time. Isn't she nice?" Dorothy smiled at Zen, who was a little surprised at the news.

"Ha ha! It is a great favor, young man," their escort said in an envious tone.

Of course, this person knew that fusing with that soul crystal was enough to let a warrior's Soul of Light turn into a powerful Indigo Soul. It meant the soul was raised to a higher level, which allowed the warrior to enter the Desire World.

Such an opportunity was so precious, and most people could only envy it.

"Please tell Madam Yasamin my sincere appreciation. I owe her big time," Zen said earnestly.

Yet, until now, Zen's confusion hadn't been alleviated at all.

'What had happened between Madam Yasamin and Lady Flamine? Why would Madam Yasamin impose such a good thing on me all of a sudden? If she just wanted to win me over to her side, why would she go to such lengths?'

He wanted to ask Dorothy about it, but then he remembered that last time he mentioned Flamine and Elvinia, Dorothy immediately became weird. So he thought he might just look for the answer himself or find someone else to ask about it.

The man led them to a covert place in the temple. It was heavily guarded with soldiers flanking each side of the doorway. Many runes were also engraved on the walls, from which Zen could feel powerful soul waves transmitting endlessly. Those runes must be used as a killing array to kill unwelcome souls.

"The soul crystal is ready. You two can go in now." Their escort stopped in front of a door, gesturing Zen and Dorothy to enter.

The two went inside without hesitation. The room, as they'd observed, had a few small compartments.

They each selected one, and instantly sat cross-legged, wasting no time.

In a short while, drops of white light began to appear from the texture on the wall of the compartment, and a strong soul aura forced its way out.

Zen did not hesitate. He reached out his hand, and with a gentle pull, the pure soul crystal flooded into his body. He could feel it slowly entering his Soul of Light.

"Buzz..."

As more and more white dots of light came in slowly, the Souls of Light of Zen and Dorothy were becoming stronger and stronger rapidly.

Zen's soul was slightly stronger than Dorothy's when the two of them had just entered the Sea of Truth.

Later on, they reached the first temple and absorbed a large ball of soul crystal together. With the help of that, they were able to reach the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm quicker than they'd anticipated. Then, the Flow Sword Sect had given Zen a fist-size chunk of soul crystal, bigger than others', so his Soul of Light had surpassed Dorothy's a lot.

As Zen continuously absorbed the soul crystal into his body, the purple light of his Soul of Light started to shine brighter and more vividly.

The white dots of light that emerged on the wall weren't shrinking or showing any signs of diminishing at all. On the contrary, more and more were actually appearing!

About an hour later...

The last piece of the soul crystal had merged with Zen's Soul of Light, which was glowing brightly with purple light.

In that narrow space, Zen flapped his arms around, stretching, and got a test of his current stronger power. He threw a punch against the wall closest to him, and his fist collided with the wall with a strong force. His Soul of Light had changed completely. It was an entity on its own now. He felt like it was his own physical body that was on the Other Shore, instead of his soul!

Dorothy had already climbed out of the narrow space a few moments ago, but she waited for Zen at the door. Her soul also emitted a stronger purple light now. After only an hour of absorbing the soul crystal, their aura had become much more powerful and imposing.

For ordinary disciples, this would have been an unimaginable feat.

Most of the disciples could only get the rare soul crystal when they had attained a great achievement or if they were willing to explore the temples that only a few people had set foot in.

When Dorothy saw Zen exit the room, she came up to him before he could even greet her, and pinched his arm. After turning into Indigo Soul, she sensed her touch felt more real, and even her face became clearer.

Although he couldn't see her clearly, Zen could feel that the edge of her soul had become sharper.

"I feel like I've changed my soul entirely. It feels kind of strange," Dorothy said, frowning.

"I'm still not used to it either," Zen answered with a smile, encouraging her.

They then walked out of that place together, feeling more powerful and confident. But just as they had reached the entrance of the temple, throngs of Souls of Light started rushing in, and they were all screaming.

Chapter 3228 Soul Snakes

Dorothy stopped one of them and asked, "What happened?"

"The Bearing race is coming to take revenge," the man answered. "They released the snakes!"

"Snakes? What snakes?" Zen looked aghast.

"The Soul Snakes raised by the Bearing race," Dorothy answered with a frown. "How dare they use snakes to attack us! Let's go out and have a look!"

They rushed out of the temple, but black creatures suddenly blocked their path.

Zen stared at the creatures closely. They were black snakes, but he couldn't see any other details on them.

In fact, they could only see the appearance and details of the aboriginal inhabitants clearly on the Other Shore. The Souls of Light and even Zen's body were outsiders to the Other Shore, and others could only trace out the outlines of them. The snakes were brought to the Other Shore by the Bearing race, so he naturally couldn't see them clearly.

"The snakes are coming!"

"Return to the temple quickly!"

"Damn it! Does the Bearing race want to attack the Oneness Sky Palace's temple?"

Resentment filled the voices of the Oneness Sky Palace disciples.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Suddenly, many Soul Snakes were cut in half.

These disciples were in a panic. Some of them fled, while the others pulled out their swords and began to deal with the snakes.

The Oneness Sky Palace disciples were all powerful. The Souls of Light glowed purple light; this meant they were in the ninth or tenth stage of the Other Shore Realm and soon would become Indigo Souls.

But still, they were weaker than the group of Soul Snakes in front of them. They kept on cutting and cutting but, in the end, they had to retreat to the entrance of the temple.

"Are these Soul Snakes planning to break into our temple?" Zen wondered out loud.

Dorothy shook her head calmly. "I don't think so," she replied.

Despite the small conflicts between the Bearing race and the Oneness Sky Palace throughout the years, they never launched an all-out attack. If the Bearing race decided to break into the temple, then that would signal an all-out war between the two races.

"Help!"

A sharp scream was heard not too far away.

Zen and Dorothy turned their attention towards the noise and saw four people surrounded by snakes.

The four people's souls were still light brown and their breaths were a little messy. Obviously, they had just stepped into the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm.

They were simply trying to return to the temple, but the snakes had them surrounded. They had tried their best to fight against the snakes, but were then losing power.

They were no match for the snakes. They would die sooner or later.

"Why didn't they leave the Other Shore?" Zen was curious.

Souls of Light could simply choose to depart the Other Shore. Anyone in the right mind would definitely resort to leaving at the sight of the Soul Snakes.

"Look at their feet," Dorothy prodded.

There were faint blue lights that shone underneath the feet of the four people.

Members of large races had been cultivating in the Other Shore for many years. They were able to develop various methods that entrapped Souls of Light in the Other Shore. This included the Soul Binding Thread that tied people's souls into the place. The technique was popular among the Bearing race.

It looked like the four disciples had fallen into a dead end.

"I'll rescue them,"

Zen announced as he darted forward. He twisted his arm and a sharp thorn flew through it.

The thorn shone purple, indicating Zen's soul was much stronger than the Soul Snakes. Quickly, he attacked the snakes and had dozens of snakes cut into pieces.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Dorothy joined Zen and fought the snakes as well.

A small soul sword appeared around her, ready to cut any snake that came near Dorothy.

They cut a path in the middle of the snakes and rushed towards the four people.

The four warriors were trembling.

They had entered the Other Shore a few years ago, and now they reached the fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm. They were diligent and outstanding disciples in the Oneness Sky Palace. They were not prepared to die right there and then.

They were close to breaking down when surging soul waves suddenly came into light.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The Soul Snakes were swept up, thrown all over, and cut like straws.

Two Souls of Light shining with purple lights landed beside them.

"What powerful soul fluctuations!"

"Oh my God! The Indigo Souls! They are Indigo Souls!"

"Sophia, we're finally rescued!"

Tears of joy swelled in their eyes.

Sophia had her eyes fixed on one of the souls. A sense of familiarity lingered in her mind.

"We can't stay here," Zen said hastily. "Return to the temple quickly."

Then, he walked past Sophia, blocking the surging snakes.

Zen and Dorothy were as sharp as ever. Their teamwork made them invincible. Each time the waves of snakes crashed towards them, they simply flicked their swords and split them apart.

"Sophia, run! What's wrong with you? Run!"

Sophia felt someone tug at her arms. When she realized what was happening, she quickly followed them and rushed toward the temple.

Zen and Dorothy stood behind and continued fighting back. Each time they launched an attack, they also inched backwards. Slowly, they were retreating to the entrance of the temple.

When they finally reached the entrance, the Soul Snakes suddenly stopped attacking.

"They stopped?"

Zen asked in confusion.

As if on cue, all the Soul Snakes just abruptly halted and stopped at the entrance.

"They know their line. They know that as soon as they enter the temple, they'd be in Oneness Sky Palace's territory. Crossing the line would be as good as declaring war against the Oneness Sky Palace. This is the rule signed by all the races in the Source World," Dorothy explained.

All of the great powers had established their own temples within the Other Shore. The Source World was already filled with wars; no one wanted the same for the Other Shore. Thus, everyone agreed that none of them were allowed to attack each other's temple.

No race would cross boundaries unless they had the intention of wiping out the other.

In the past, the Bearing race invaded the Nine Li race's temple. This triggered a great war between the two races. Soon, the Nine Li race was exterminated.

"We can't just let the Soul Snakes block our path," Zen remarked.

The Soul Snakes swarmed the entrance of the temple. They even covered the sculpture in front of it. The Oneness Sky Palace disciples trembled in fear.

Hiss! Hiss!

The Soul Snakes seemed agitated. Suddenly, they cleared a path and made way for three warriors.

The warriors strolled over and stopped in front of the temple.

"What's going on? Is the Bearing race planning to start a war?" Dorothy asked the warriors arrogantly.

The Bearing race had plenty of powerful warriors among them, but the Oneness Sky Palace was far from an inferior race.

If war erupted between them, the Oneness Sky Palace could summon back all the warriors in Stage Thirteen of Lust World. It would be a great fight and it would be difficult to predict who the winner would be.

Chapter 3229 The Cause Of The Whole Thing

The three men from the Bearing race paid Dorothy no heed.

Their leader gently raised his hand. The Soul Snakes raised their heads attentively, their threadlike tongues darting in and out.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

Dorothy trembled slightly.

Then, the man said, "Call Milo Mo from your Oneness Sky Palace over to receive his death!"

Hearing this, the Oneness Sky Palace disciples exchanged confused glances.

"Milo?!" a disciple cried in surprise.

"He came to the temple a few days ago, but we haven't seen him in a while," someone chirped.

"Several days ago, he challenged some disciples from the Bearing race," another added. "Did he cause any trouble?"

Dorothy's brows knitted. She was puzzled. No one had expected this predicament had anything to do with Milo. "Zen, isn't Milo also a member of the Flow Sword Sect? Have you seen him recently?" she asked in a low voice.

"I did see him," Zen admitted.

"Then what happened?" Dorothy asked curiously.

Zen shook his head. "I don't know exactly what happened, but I guess he might have hurt someone important from the Bearing race, and now they're trying to take revenge."

Although Zen had no idea what had happened exactly, Milo had disclosed to him about a great breakthrough in the Flow Swordsmanship. He had eagerly practiced what he discovered on some unfortunate souls on the Other Shore.

After all, the best place to practice the Flow Swordsmanship without holding back was on the Other Shore.

Milo had also specifically said that he had beaten many rivals and even the Bearing race was afraid of him. Zen was afraid that Milo might have bullied the Bearing race on the Other Shore. So the disciples from the Bearing race were going to seek revenge today.

Nevertheless, Zen and Milo were both from the Flow Sword Sect. He took a step forward. "Milo is my fellow disciple. May I ask what he's done to offend you?"

"Yesterday he almost killed my younger brother in the Soul Arena. My brother is still in a coma today. I would like to face the man who did this!"

the man said in a cold voice.

The Soul Arena was an open field that stood in the middle of the three temples of the human race. Souls of Light would go here to compete against one another, to determine the strength of their souls.

"Oh, this is so trivial," Dorothy said in an annoyed tone. "A soul battle is likely to cause accidents. Since your brother chose to enter the Soul Arena, he should've been aware of the risks. Yet you have the nerve to demand for an explanation!"

Many had lost their lives in the Soul Arena. Anyone who entered knew their fate would be determined by the strength of their souls.

"Who said I am here to ask for an explanation?" he sneered. "He should've known he wouldn't get away with this so easily. If he doesn't come out to fight me, I won't let you go." The snakes hissed ominously.

Zen surveyed his surroundings. Everywhere he turned, hordes of snakes blocked his way. Even the gate of the temple was swarmed with the vicious creatures; no one could go in or out. The Oneness Sky Palace was in for a lot of trouble if this kept up.

"What should we do?"

"Shall we go get Milo?"

In terms of strength and status, the Bearing race was indeed more powerful than the Oneness Sky Palace. Although the Oneness Sky Palace disciples were angry with the situation, it seemed they had no choice.

Some of the warriors quietly left the Other Shore and delivered the news to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Sophia and her three companions looked at Zen silently.

"This man is from the Flow Sword Sect," the man next to Sophia said in a low voice. "I heard that the Flow Sword Sect's talent, Milo, is capable of Instant Enlightenment. But this is not Milo. Could he be Konnor?"

"I have seen Konnor before," another man answered, puzzled. "That can't be him."

Looking Zen up and down, Sophia was filled with confusion.

She couldn't shake off the feeling that she'd met him before. His aura and voice were exactly the same as those of the man she had met on the Sea of Truth. That man could swim in the Sea of Truth! Could this be the same guy?

Among the people of the Oneness Sky Palace, it was Sophia and her companions who had first found out that someone could swim in the Sea of Truth. After all, they had witnessed it themselves.

But since then, she had never run into Zen again.

But that person hadn't been a member of the Oneness Sky Palace at the time. Why was he a member now?

Sophia's mind buzzed with so many questions.

On the outside, however, she tried to remain composed. Deciding not to tell her companions the truth, she just shook her head to drop the subject.

The horde of snakes continued to block the entrance of the temple.

The three men from the Bearing race were stubborn. They weren't going to leave till they faced Milo.

Suddenly, a man appeared inside the temple. Strolling past the crowd to face the three men, he said, "Didn't I tell you I would go to the Soul Arena three days from then? Why are you so impatient?"

He smiled. Of course, who else could it be but Milo?

A faint purple light flashed on his Soul of Light. Although it wasn't as bright as Zen's and Dorothy's, people could tell it was not that far from reaching the Indigo Soul. It seemed the Flow Sword Sect was offering him many resources.

"You are Milo Mo?" asked the leading warrior of the Bearing race with a snort.

"Yes, I am," replied Milo calmly.

"Do you dare to enter the Soul Arena and fight me?" the man continued, baring his teeth.

"Why not? But..." Milo gestured at the snakes. "Get rid of that crap."

The man did not refuse. Raising his right hand, a bright silver halo appeared. Reaching into the halo, he pulled out a brown pot. Then, he pointed the mouth of the pot at the black Soul Snakes.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

All the Soul Snakes transformed into pools of black light that the pot seemed to suck in.

In the blink of an eye, all the Soul Snakes that blocked the entrance of temple had disappeared.

The disciples in the temple heaved a sigh of relief. While they were glad the matter didn't escalate, they were worried for their companion, Milo.

The three Souls of Light of the Bearing race were Indigo Souls. Indigo Souls could try to surpass the Lust World. After they finished the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, they would be promoted to Chaotic Source Realm warriors.

Milo's soul was undeniably a bit weaker than that of the leading disciple of the Bearing race.

"I've heard that Milo is capable of Instant Enlightenment," a disciple whispered. "No wonder he is a rare genius in the Oneness Sky Palace. He doesn't seem to be nervous at all!"

"Unfortunately his soul is a little weaker," another one said wistfully.

"Really? I don't think so. A few days ago, he defeated three Indigo Souls from the Bearing race all by himself."

The man who had summoned back the Soul Snakes put away the pot and gestured towards the arena.

Without a word, Milo followed them.

Although they had been filled with fear just minutes prior, curiosity overcame the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. They too wordlessly followed Milo and the men to the arena.

By now, the news had spread so quickly, permeating the depths of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The normal disciples, elite disciples, and the direct descendants of the various mountain heads visited the Other Shore, streaming out of the temple gate. It seemed the interest of the entire Oneness Sky Palace was piqued.

"Let's go and have a look too," Dorothy said excitedly.

It was not a trivial matter anymore. While many disciples of the Bearing race had died in the Soul Arena, no one had dared to block the entrance of the Oneness Sky Palace's temple before. To a certain extent, this somewhat represented the true attitude of the Bearing race.

Zen had just become an Indigo Soul. Originally, he had wanted to go to Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore with Dorothy, and perhaps he could find an Other Shore Token that was suitable for the Truth of Cultivation Nature. He didn't expect such a thing to happen before he could do so. With a sigh, he followed after Dorothy.

Chapter 3230 An Unexpected Bet

Zen and Dorothy followed the crowd, heading for the back of the Oneness Sky Palace's temple.

A square platform was situated at the intersection of three temples. This was known as the Soul Arena.

The surface of the arena was covered all over with a layer of pale blue powder, which was made of the same material as the Soul Binding Thread.

The powder was used to enforce an important rule. A fighter in the Soul Arena was not allowed to leave the Other Shore. Otherwise, when one was losing, they could simply leave the battle. The powder ensured that warriors who participated in the fight could not just escape.

"Why are there so many people here?" Zen asked, glancing at the crowd of warriors around the arena.

A large number of people were gathered around the Soul Arena, and all of them were strong Souls of Light. Many shone with vivid purple light, indicating that they were Indigo Souls.

"The situation is getting more and more strange," Dorothy said with a frown.

Most people came to the Other Shore primarily to search for suitable Other Shore Tokens. Many were not even interested in the soul battles.

Although the Soul Arena had been established here for a long time, it simply wasn't very popular among warriors.

Now, however, the arena was surrounded with warriors. The people of the Bearing race were present, and the members of the Divine Farmer race were also in the crowd.

When there were still four great human forces, it was the time when humans had forged the strongest unity.

The Bearing race couldn't have wiped out the Nine Li race on their own. They succeeded because they allied with the Divine Farmer race to deal with the people of the Nine Li race.

The cooperation between the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race had long been a source of some concern to the Oneness Sky Palace. But because the Bearing race and the Oneness Sky Palace were quite distant from each other geographically, the palace was placated, and generally existed in harmony with both the Bearing race and Divine Farmer race.

Yet Athemar's prediction held true. The Oneness Sky Palace would eventually clash with the Bearing race, and the two races would turn against each other.

Seamus Ji, the man who had previously driven the surge of snakes, stepped onto the Soul Arena. The crowd quieted as they focused their attention on him. He waited until everyone was listening, and then said in a loud voice, "Yesterday, ten men of the Bearing race were defeated one after another. My younger brother was one of those men. He sustained soul damage in the fight, and he still hasn't awakened. On behalf of my brother, I challenge the warrior who defeated him—Milo Mo!"

As soon as Seamus Ji stopped talking, a clamor rose up from the members of the Bearing race.

Their Souls of Light emitted powerful auras, displaying quite intimidating strength.

Milo stepped up onto the Soul Arena. He showed no sign of fear. Nonchalantly, he said, "No need to talk so much. If you want a fight, then let's fight!"

"Wait!" said Seamus Ji coldly. "It is tradition to place bets on the outcome of battles in the Soul Arena. Today is no exception."

"You want to bet?" Milo said impatiently. "Fine! How about I bet a thousand soul pills on my victory?"

To an ordinary disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, a thousand soul pills were a lot. But to Milo and Seamus Ji, it was an insignificant amount. The perfunctory offer made it clear that Milo had no interest in betting.

Seamus Ji understood this, and he scowled fiercely. "A thousand soul pills is not enough!" He turned and gestured to a man behind him.

At his command, the man stepped forward, taking out a large, transparent ball from his Sumeru Space.

The sight of the huge, shining ball elicited cries of astonishment from the people around the Soul Arena.

"The soul crystal!"

"That's a large chunk of soul crystal!"

"Oh my God..."

"Is Seamus really going to bet the soul crystal?"

Zen and Dorothy, who had been watching the exchange between Seamus Ji and Milo, were stunned.

Soul crystal was an extremely precious object. Under normal circumstances, it was impossible to buy it even with large amounts of divine crystals or soul pills. Soul crystal was priceless.

The soul crystal in the transparent, shining ball was enough to transform a warrior's soul into an Indigo Soul. Any warrior would fight hard to obtain the soul crystal, which was even larger than the one Zen had absorbed in the temple just now.

"Is it worth it? Why would he risk such a large chunk of soul crystal?" Dorothy asked curiously.

Zen was also deep in thought. He couldn't fathom where the soul crystal had come from. Regardless of Seamus Ji's rank in the Bearing race, he shouldn't have such a large chunk of soul crystal. And if he did, he shouldn't be able to risk losing it all on a rash bet. What was his intention here?

Milo had been utterly disinterested in betting, but at the sight of the soul crystal, his face lit up with excitement. He had yet to become an Indigo Soul yet. Winning this bet would dramatically accelerate that process. Yet his next words were unexpected. His face turned serious again as he said to Seamus Ji, "It seems this battle cannot continue."

"Why not?" Seamus Ji demanded, his own expression darkening.

Milo laughed bitterly. "Your bet is too precious. I can't match it. I don't have such a large chunk of soul crystal."

He wondered if Seamus Ji would insist on pushing through with the battle, since the difference in value between a thousand soul pills and that huge chunk of soul crystal was so vast.

To his surprise, Seamus Ji waved his hand and said curtly, "It doesn't matter. Let me finish what I have to say. Although I am betting this chunk of soul crystal, it's not easy to get it."

He turned once more to his people and made another gesture, at which two members of the Bearing race stepped forward.

These two Souls of Light emitted cold, powerful auras. They were obviously very strong even among the Indigo Souls.

"Three of us will challenge the people of the Oneness Sky Palace. Two people will fight at a time, one from the Bearing race and one from the Oneness Sky Palace. Any time someone is defeated, another must take his place. If all three of us lose, the soul crystal will be given to the last Oneness Sky Palace disciple standing," said Seamus Ji.

His proposal caught the interest of many of the disciples around the arena.

If someone fought against the three warriors alone, it would be quite difficult.

But Seamus Ji was offering to let them take turns fighting against their three warriors until all of them were defeated.

Many thought to themselves, 'If I am the one who defeats the last of the three, then I will win the soul crystal!'

But Milo quickly dashed everyone's plan. "You don't need to say anything more," he told Seamus Ji. "No one else will get the chance to fight. I can beat all three of you alone."

Seamus Ji sneered at him, and then walked out of the Soul Arena. He motioned for one of his men to step up. "Deon, you will be the first to fight Milo!"

Without hesitation, Deon Ji leaped into the Soul Arena.

There was a hiss of sound, and

six purple Soul Rings appeared above his head.

His cold, powerful Indigo Soul sent out a strong aura across the Soul Arena, and weaker Souls of Light trembled at its force.

Milo smiled faintly. His own Soul of Light emanated in the arena wisps of white light that swept out and formed a small whirlpool which emitted a bold, sharp intent.

"What a strong truth aura!" Dorothy exclaimed, gazing at the shining white whirlpool of light.

Zen smiled. "Can't you figure out the origin of the white light?"

Dorothy thought for a moment and then responded, "That's the Truth Enlightenment! How could he combine it with his soul theurgy so soon?"

She had practiced the first one hundred and fifty words of the Truth Enlightenment, and thus was able to recognize the origin of the white vortex.

"It is," Zen nodded. "I'm not sure yet either."

Maybe Milo had mastered it in such a short period of time because the first hundred-odd words of the Truth Enlightenment were a perfect match of the Flow Strike.

In contrast, the Origin Swordsmanship practiced by Dorothy was not a soul theurgy, and she hadn't gone deep into this aspect. It was not easy to combine the two—perhaps it would have to be done by her grandmother.

Swoosh!

In an instant, the white light released by Milo had vanished, and in its place, an invisible sharp sword appeared, rushing rapidly towards Deon Ji.

Chapter 3231 Purpose

The Ji Clan was one of the two large clans of the Bearing race. The Soul Rings that Deon practiced were tough indeed.

Thanks to his Soul Rings, he was able to do as he pleased on Stage Thirteen.

However, that didn't stop Milo from trying. He shot out his Mind Sword, slashing through the three Soul Rings on the outer layer.

Deon's face fell.

Seamus had warned him not to underestimate Milo, yet he was still surprised.

Deon was ranked part of the top ten among the younger generation of the Ji Clan. He had inherited some of the unique skills of the clan. The audiences were stunned. Would he be defeated in one strike?

With a snarl, he reactivated his soul force, summoning more Soul Rings to spread out and protect him.

When Milo's second Mind Sword attacked him again, he leapt to the side, dodging the blade by a hair.

Milo still remained calm.

Since he had mastered the Truth Enlightenment, he was confident in the power of the Heart Slaughtering Strike.

With this power, he might even be able to kill a warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm.

Of course, this would only be possible if the warrior of the Chaotic Source Realm had just cultivated their soul to the Indigo Soul level. After all, after one had the Indigo Soul, they could improve further with enough soul crystal.

Whoosh!

An idea flashed through his mind and the invisible Mind Sword began to hover in the air. With a slight smile, he controlled the sword to slash at Deon again.

Deon didn't dare face him head on, and he swiveled to the side to dodge the slash. Moving as flexibly as a snake, he pounced from side to side, narrowly dodging Milo's strikes.

However, the space of the Soul Arena was limited. After several dodges, he was trapped in a corner. Milo slowly headed towards him, taking his sweet time.

Milo continued slashing at him with his invisible Mind Sword, his eyes flashing in anticipation. Finally, all the Soul Rings were shattered into thousands of pieces. Milo pointed his sword at Deon's soul. Deon immediately raised his hand in surrender.

Milo knew when to stop. Withdrawing his Mind Sword, he walked away from the trembling Deon.

"Milo is truly amazing," Dorothy praised, nodding in approval.

Although her Soul of Light had improved a lot, she knew that if she were to fight Deon in the Soul Arena, it wouldn't be so easy for her to win.

Zen nodded in agreement.

Somehow, even though Milo's soul strength was nowhere near as strong as Deon, he had managed to destroy him without breaking a sweat.

If Milo's soul succeeded in turning into an Indigo Soul, his power would be unimaginable.

Zen was deep in thought. From the way Milo ended the fight, it didn't look like he was a bloodthirsty killer, killing for killings' sake. The second Deon admitted defeat, he stopped his attacks. So why did Seamus claim that Milo almost killed his younger brother?

Zen's thoughts were interrupted as the crowd erupted into cheer.

"Milo won the battle so easily!"

"Is the fight over? I just got here!"

"I heard that the Bearing race gambled soul crystal on this match..."

Because of the news about Soul Snakes swarming the Oneness Sky Palace's temple, many of the elite disciples had come to the Other Shore to see what was happening.

Just now, Deon had taken out the soul crystal, causing the audience to whisper amongst themselves excitedly. More and more disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace started showing up.

Apparently, the disciples that had just come were only here for the soul crystal, and most of them were elites from the Oneness Sky Palace.

After Deon's swift defeat, he left the Soul Arena dejectedly. The audience held their breath in anticipation, waiting for the next warrior to step onto the arena -- but no one came.

Standing in the middle of the Soul Arena, hands clasped behind his back, Milo grew impatient. "Seamus, you said you'd send three people to fight me. Where is the second one?"

Milo saw Seamus whispering to his group under the stage. Suddenly, Seamus's once arrogant disposition changed into one of respect. "Please wait a while," he said courteously with a charismatic smile.

As the clock ticked, the crowd grew restless in anticipation.

"Are the Bearing race afraid now?"

"Milo is really strong. The power of the Flow Strike is incredible!"

"But Seamus wouldn't go back on his own words, would he?" "If he really flinches and backs out, that would be a huge disgrace. Hahaha..."

People from the Oneness Sky Palace laughed amongst themselves, confident in Milo's abilities.

However, the disciples from the Bearing race kept quiet; no one tried to defend themselves.

After a while, Seamus finally spoke up, "Okay, I'm done making arrangements. Rex, it's your turn to face Milo."

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, a warrior from the Bearing race stepped onto the Soul Arena.

And just like that, the second battle began. Rex Ji was a little stronger than Deon. No one knew what kind of soul theurgy he had cultivated, but every time Milo slashed at him with the Mind Sword, Rex flitted away with ease, as though he were as light as a feather.

Zen's brows furrowed. This wasn't a fight; this was just a game of cat and mouse.

It looked as though Rex Ji had no intention of attacking. He continued to tirelessly dodge Milo's strikes, darting around the arena like a graceful gazelle.

"Are you here to fight me? Or are you just here to run away?" Milo asked impatiently, his nostrils flaring.

Rex Ji seemed unbothered by Milo's taunts. He floated about the arena, indifferent to Milo's attacks. It seemed that he still didn't plan to seriously fight the battle.

"Okay, fine."

Milo raised his eyebrows, evidently exerting more effort now. The white truth aura spun more violently around him, the Mind Sword crashing down at an incredible speed.

As Milo attacked with all his strength, Rex Ji's expression changed to that of worry. Suddenly, his dodges were less graceful, until he was cornered, just like his predecessor. Throwing his hands up immediately, Rex Ji admitted defeat, too.

"Get out of here." Milo waved his hand impatiently.

He knitted his brows, wondering what trick Seamus was playing. How could he have sent a warrior to play hide and seek with him?

"This is the last round. Are you going to send someone from your race, or will you fight me yourself?" Milo called out to Seamus.

Seamus surveyed the Soul Arena. Multitudes of Souls of Light flashed purple around the arena. It seemed most of the elites of the Oneness Sky Palace had gathered there. A look of satisfaction crept on his face as he strode confidently to the center of the arena.

"You dawdled for two hours!" Milo mocked. "Don't tell me you're going to go back on your words!" Milo crossed his arms over his chest to assert dominance.

Seamus's face broke into an even wider smile. Anyway, people on the Other Shore couldn't see each other's expressions. He said, "Go back on my words? The petty soul crystal is nothing compared to the lives of more than half of the elite disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace!" He threw his head back and laughed maniacally.

Almost all the elite disciples on Stage Four had come to the Other Shore. Only a small part who were exploring on Stage Twelve and Stage Thirteen were still on the way here. But Seamus thought the number of warriors that had gathered here was enough.

Milo's expression changed. "What do you mean?"

Dorothy and Zen exchanged anxious glances.

They felt that something was wrong from the beginning, and only now did they finally realize what was going on: it was all an elaborate trap! Seamus only wanted to gather the elite disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace in one place and kill them off!

Dorothy gasped. Was Seamus crazy?

"Retreat!"

Zen shouted as he grabbed Dorothy and flew backwards.

Although he didn't know what tricks Seamus had under his sleeve, he didn't want to wait to find out. All the disciples who had come to watch were unprepared for an ambush. Anxious cries rose from the crowd.

Seamus continued to laugh hysterically. He and his men had been plotting this for a long time; they were ready for any type of response.

"Buzz!"

Seamus raised his hands higher. Out of nowhere, Soul Binding Threads burst forth from the ground in a ten thousand-foot radius around the Soul Arena, coiling around the ankles of each and every Soul of Light present. While this didn't restrict their movement, they were tied to the Other Shore and could not leave there.

Chapter 3232 Champion Fish And Smoke Wall

It was said that a soul was as light as a feather. It drifted anywhere, wherever the wind went.

However, the same rule did not apply in the Other Shore. Souls of Light were heavy. They didn't have the ability to float and fly. Warriors needed a boat to simply cross the Sea of Truth.

When the Soul Binding Threads spread all over an area, it meant that people would move very slowly in that area.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace eagerly wanted to return to the temple to wait for the effect of the Soul Binding Threads to disappear and then they could leave the Other Shore.

Zen and Dorothy were moving swiftly through the crowd, unaffected by the Soul Binding Threads at their feet.

Despite his seeming confidence, Zen was wary that something bad was going to happen.

The Bearing race was making bold moves. They even used soul crystal as bait. Seamus wouldn't let go of them easily.

By the time Zen and Dorothy, leading the crowd, had rushed three to four thousand feet, shadows of altars appeared in the distance.

The altars had steps. They were roughly the size of a house and looked a little unsophisticated.

Zen squinted his eyes to investigate the altars better. He was clueless as to what those altars were for.

Fortunately, the elite disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace knew better. They all muttered a gasp of recognition.

"Champion Fish! These are the Champion Fish Altars!"

"Where did they get so many Champion Fish Altars?"

"There are at most ten-odd of them in the Stage Twelve of Other Shore. But here, there must be over a hundred of them!"

Altars nearly encircled every inch of the arena.

"What is Champion Fish Altar?" Zen asked with a frown.

Although Dorothy had an Indigo Soul, she also had a similarly limited experience as Zen when it came to the Other Shore.

Luckily, she had heard of Champion Fish. "The Champion Fish is a common creature living in the Other Shore. They like gathering inside altars."

A huge sea of sand covered Stage Twelve. Within its vicinity, temples of more than ten greatest races stood.

Almost all of these temples required an Other Shore Key to enter. Only the Champion Fish Temple did not. One could simply come and go as they pleased.

However, it was a very dangerous place. It posed greater risks than Stage Thirteen. Warriors who had entered the Champion Fish Temple were rumored to have gone downhill. It was common practice for the warriors to avoid the temple altogether.

Now, the Bearing race had moved so many Champion Fish Altars from Stage Twelve of Other Shore here. No one could figure out how they did it.

The elites of the Oneness Sky Palace who had been in the Champion Fish Temple were scared. They knew how scary it was and they trembled at the sight of the altars.

"Rush over," Zen ordered without any hesitation.

"Alright," Dorothy said with determination.

They knew that the longer they stayed, the more vulnerable they became. That was another attempt to get rid of them. They had no choice but to fight head-on.

When Zen and Dorothy were about a thousand feet away from the altars, a mirror suddenly appeared on each of the altars. Fish that looked like carps with thick scales could be seen in the mirrors. On their backs, a pair of wide wings fluttered and tusks were contained in their mouths.

When the mirrors appeared, fish leapt out until there were more than ten of them on each altar.

The Champion Fish was a creature living within Stage Twelve. They were formidable and terrifying creatures, especially in groups. The warriors gasped in horror. Even the strongest among them trembled with fear, much more those only in the fourth or fifth stage of the Other Shore Realm.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

A handful of Champion Fish hurled themselves towards Zen.

Zen squinted his eyes. He rolled over and, with a flick of his wrist, purple light beamed from his hand. His fingers transformed into five sharp thorns which allowed him to stab each of the fish that came his way.

Bang!

"Blocked?"

Zen looked mortified.

It turned out a different technique was needed to approach the fish.

They were different from the Soul Snakes they had previously fought. The Soul Snakes were much easier to deal with for someone like Zen and

Dorothy.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

A Champion Fish made contact with Zen's prickly finger and flopped to the ground. However, in just a matter of seconds, it quickly bounced up and flapped its wings with full momentum. It seemed unfazed by Zen's attacks.

"Go to hell!"

A fierce light flashed in Zen's eyes. His body flashed with purple light. Above him, a white energy cyclone hovered.

"Mind Sword!"

Milo's Heart Slaughtering Strike might be powerful, and he was far more proficient in it than Zen.

But Heart Slaughtering Strike's power depended on the strength of the warrior's Soul of Light.

As Zen had an Indigo Soul now, the invisible Mind Sword became more powerful than Milo's Heart Slaughtering Strike.

With a swift wave of Zen's Mind Sword, some of the Champion Fish erupted into pieces.

Seamus had been observing everything from the back of the Soul Arena. His eyes widened at the sight of Zen using the Mind Sword.

He thought Milo was already powerful. He did not expect someone else to come forward with the unique ability. However, Zen was proving himself to be more powerful than Milo. Seamus made a mental note of what he had seen. He knew this was golden information he had to report to his superiors. The power of the invisible Mind Sword was far beyond the scope of a Soul of Light's ability in the Lust World.

"You're capable. So what? You'll still end up dead today," Seamus sneered. He then ordered his men, "Ask the Divine Farmer race to kill them. Nobody will be spared!"

Plenty of people from the Divine Farmer race stood as part of the audience. Their presence had long been part of the plan.

After Seamus had given the orders, pink seeds emerged from the edge of the area covered by the Soul Binding Threads. Slowly, the seeds sprouted. Soon, they were going to bear fruits.

As soon as that happened, the fruits withered and started to smoke.

The Divine Farmer race were good at making pills and poison. But the smoke wasn't poison; the smoke curtains created a special enchanted barrier.

When the curtains of smoke reached a few hundred feet above ground, members from the Divine Farmer race said in unison, "Condense!"

The smoke did as ordered. It condensed into a solid round wall that entrapped the disciples within it.

On the other side, Zen was occupied battling the Champion Fish. Together with Dorothy, they had killed at least forty of those fish.

They were surprised to see the weird wall block their way as they reached the altars.

"Shatter!"

Zen's mind activated. His Mind Sword stabbed the wall of smoke.

The Mind Sword successfully pierced it but, to Zen's dismay, it wasn't able to fully penetrate it. There was something strange with the wall. No matter how hard Zen tried, he could not break it.

Chapter 3233 Predicament

As Zen tried to destroy the smoke wall, several Champion Fish rushed towards him secretly.

They had begun to open their mouths, ready to bite into Zen's body when a small sword pierced through them, cutting all of them into pieces.

"Be careful, Zen," Dorothy warned, concerned.

Dorothy was keeping an eye on Zen's surroundings while he concentrated on destroying the wall.

"This wall is too strong. It's too difficult to destroy," Zen said, frowning.

They could neither break through the wall, nor leave the Other Shore. A constant stream of Champion Fish kept emerging from the altars. This was a dead end for the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The Champion Fish could not hurt Zen but the other disciples were in great trouble.

The Champion Fish shot out of the altars from all directions and charged at the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. The Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race seemed to have used some special method that caused the Champion Fish to ignore them.

One of the weaker disciples was slower than the others in his escape and soon found himself surrounded by a large group of Champion Fish. Before he could react, the malicious creatures had torn his Soul of Light apart. He screamed in pain, desperate for relief, as his soul was mercilessly ripped into shreds. But his scream only lasted three seconds before the Champion Fish ate up his soul.

As more and more disciples met the same fate, their pathetic screams echoed across the place from time to time. It was like witnessing the worst kind of hell on earth as the Champion Fish devoured the Souls of Light of the poor disciples.

Quite a few elites of the Oneness Sky Palace were present and all of them, including Milo, could protect only themselves.

"There's no point in going on like this," Zen muttered, as the number of Champion Fish swelled. He climbed onto an altar and roared, raising his voice through his soul power, "All disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace! Please stay close to me!"

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace heeded his words and began to move towards him.

Zen had been charging forward at the front, the rest following him in a loose formation. At his summons, the elite disciples gathered together tightly, trying to keep as close to him as possible.

The weaker disciples were at the center, surrounded and protected by the others, while the Indigo Souls who were capable of fighting the Champion Fish remained in the outer circle.

They stayed close to each other, their backs against the edges of the altars.

The Champion Fish kept coming at them with a ferocity that was unmatched. But the moment they made it near the crowd, the disciples' joint attacks succeeded in killing them.

"Don't panic! Stand your ground!"

"We have the power to fight against these fish!"

"Let's fight the Bearing race to death since they didn't allow us to leave!"

Now that they were out of danger, the elite disciples calmed down quickly and began to encourage their companions. They soon managed to erase their fears and regain their confidence to fight.

"Zen! Let me help you!"

a man shouted, jumping onto the altar that Zen was standing on.

Zen recognized the man's voice. Konnor.

"Konnor? I didn't know you were here!" Zen said, surprised.

"I only came here as a spectator. I didn't expect things to take such a turn," Konnor grumbled.

Most disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had come here out of curiosity. It was possible that some of them wanted to acquire the soul crystal of the Bearing race.

Zen had neither the time nor the mood to listen to Konnor's complaints. Now that so many disciples had gathered around him, he hoped that they could think up a way to destroy the smoke wall. He said, "This wall of smoke is proving difficult to destroy. If any of you have an idea of how to deal with it, please come and have a try!"

Zen had tried all the tricks in his book until a few moments ago. His Mind Sword was sharp and powerful but he hadn't been able to make a single dent in the wall.

These elite disciples came from different mountains in the Oneness Sky Palace, and they all cultivated different types of theurgies. Zen hoped that some of them might have practiced powerful soul theurgies that could destroy the wall.

Saying thus, Zen jumped off the altar and made his way to the outer circle to help the other elite disciples kill the Champion Fish.

"Let me do it!"

A man flew out of the crowd and came to stand on the altar.

"It's Efrain!"

"The best of talents from the Azure Mountain!"

"His power is on par with Milo's, and his cultivation base is even higher than Milo's!"

As the crowd hissed with excitement and gazed up at him in awe, purple flames began to appear on the surface of Efrain's soul. His Soul of Light seemed to be burning. He slapped both hands onto the wall, causing the peculiar purple flames to climb the wall, lapping fiercely against it.

This purple flame was a soul skill unique to the Azure Mountain. Disciples could rarely grasp it.

Fiery as the purple flames were, they had almost no effect on the wall. They just paled slightly in color. There was no sign of any substantial damage at all.

Efrain tried a number of times but when he saw that he was making no difference, he shook his head helplessly and jumped off the altar. "I can't destroy this wall," he said with a sigh.

"Let me try!"

"And me!"

The elite disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace took turns to try their luck with the wall, displaying their unique skills in the process.

Zen killed the Champion Fish as they charged at him, but he also had an eye on what was going on behind him. He couldn't help but feel disappointed at the various soul theurgies that his companions were using.

The Oneness Sky Palace had a serious disadvantage. It was one of the three orthodox forces of the human race, but it was in fact a union of a number of clans. The seven mountains were separated from each other and each had their own set of systems. They were not merged together as one whole.

On the other hand, the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race both consisted only of members from the same race, who shared bloodlines with each other. They had had the advantage of strong cohesion on many occasions before — an advantage that the Oneness Sky Palace would never be able to acquire.

The elite disciples who had the confidence to destroy the wall took turns trying their luck with the wall. But every single one of them ended up failing.

"We can't break this wall!"

"What should we do now?"

"We can't just sit around trapped in this place, right?"

As they spiraled into desperate discussions, the Champion Fish continued to emerge from the altars and rain down on them.

They had gathered all their strength and killed a number of Champion Fish. But their soul power was limited. They could still consume soul pills to replenish their power, but they would eventually use up all of the pills if they couldn't manage to find a way out.

They would all die even if they were to guard themselves while staying put.

"Why don't we try to destroy the altars instead?" someone piped up suddenly.

The altars that the Bearing race had summoned had fully materialized by now. Dorothy and a few others stepped gingerly onto some of them. If any Champion Fish were to fly out of the altars, they could immediately kill them from where they stood.

There were over a hundred altars here. If they could destroy all of them, they might still have a chance of surviving.

"I don't think it's that easy," Dorothy said skeptically.

The Necklace of Mystic Soul hanging on her chest flashed and a soul sword that had been floating beside, shot fiercely towards an altar.

Ding!

But the small sword merely bounced away with a clanging sound.

These altars were almost as strong as the temples, which was why they were unable to break them.

A few other disciples tried to have a go after Dorothy, but ended up with the same result.

Zen frowned at this disappointing sight, wondering what else they could do.

If his Soul of Light could get out of the Other Shore and he then returned with his physical body, he believed that he could destroy these altars.

But if he could get out of the Other Shore, it meant that the others could do just the same. This would no longer be a predicament to them.

Splash!

The Champion Fish in the distance were swirling and spiraling upwards into the air, forming a protecting layer around a Soul of Light. Seamus.

"You're still under the illusion that you have a chance of survival, aren't you?" Seamus said, smiling. "Let me break the illusion for you and turn you into feed for these Champion Fish!"

He had barely finished talking when a faint golden light flashed across the mirrors on all the altars. The Champion Fish emerging from the mirrors grew several times in size.

Chapter 3234 Impulse

Studying the Champion Fish whose size was exceedingly bigger than before, all the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace lost their ability to speak.

Never having encountered such a situation, they stood with their feet rooted to the ground.

"I'll go kill him!"

Milo blurted out abruptly, breaking the deathlike silence.

Even though everyone knew they were caught in a trap carefully designed by the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race, the fact that Milo had blindly facilitated their plan could not be denied.

The overwhelming pressure and guilt weighing down on his shoulders kept him silent from the beginning. He only had one thing on his mind, and it was to kill those Champion Fish to redeem himself.

Witnessing Seamus act more and more rashly, Milo could not just stand by and watch anymore.

Seamus was the source of all problems. He was obviously the one who was controlling the altars and the Champion Fish like some puppeteer.

Apart from destroying the altars and breaking the wall to escape, killing Seamus could be an alternative way. However, it would still pose a challenge due to him being guarded by several layers of Champion Fish.

"Don't be impulsive, Milo! You'll jeopardize everything!"

"Seamus must have taken all necessary preventive measures against us today!"

"……"

Konnor and the others tried to calm him down by reasoning with him.

But it was to no avail. Milo shook off all their pleas as he clenched his fists, a cold aura beginning to emit from his Soul of Light.

Even though Milo was arrogant, he was still a levelheaded person. Ever since he went up the mountain, not once did he lose his cool over anything. But now, it seemed Seamus had stepped over his last nerve and driven him off the edge of sanity.

Swish!

Milo's figure flashed at the speed of light as they all watched him charge towards Seamus without any hint of hesitation.

"No! Milo, stop!"

"He's heading to his death! Somebody stop him!"

"Who can get him back?"

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace erupted in frustration as they all screamed in unison.

No matter how strong Milo was, there was no way he could survive the besiege laid by the countless Champion Fish.

Whoosh!

Someone else was seen heading in the same direction as Milo from the crowd.

While the person rushed forward, he left a series of purple flames behind from his steps!

"Efrain?"

"Efrain! What are you doing?"

Judging from his speed and determination, it did not seem like he went on a rescue mission to get Milo back. But, he was going to assist Milo in his attempt to kill Seamus!

"Staying here is like inviting death to consume us all! Instead of waiting for our end, why don't we just fight for our lives?" That was all Efrain said to the disciples who tried to stop him.

Those who were strong enough to stand out from others in the Oneness Sky Palace were by no means afraid of going face to face with death.

Both Efrain and Milo had gone through their fair share of life and death situations. And neither of them shied away from making desperate decisions when faced with challenging circumstances!

"I'll go too!"

Zen's figure began to flash as he prepared to charge towards Seamus as well.

"Zen, wait!"

Dorothy shouted desperately from afar.

"What is it?" Zen hesitated to turn to look at her.

"Please, be careful..."

Dorothy was worried about him, but she didn't stop him. They would have a less chance of survival if both Milo and Efrain died. If they really wanted to kill Seamus today, their best bet would be to cooperate and launch their mightiest strike together.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Following their lead, another pair of warriors emerged from the crowd with determination. Both of them were Indigo Souls. They were outstanding warriors coming from the Ivory Mountain and the Bright Mountain, respectively.

Seeing the five tenacious figures approach him with agility, Seamus put on a smug smile. "The desperate rabbits will bite. What a pity, they all seem to be courting death..."

With a gentle gesture of his hand, he pointed at Milo, who was in the lead.

In response to his command, the Champion Fish swarmed over towards Milo like a gust of wind.

Each of these fish was quite tough. Ordinary means of attack just wouldn't suffice in tearing their scales apart, and there were thousands of them. One on top of the other, they forged a thick wall and made their way towards Milo.

Milo's young face was full of coldness, and the aura of his Soul of Light became colder, which could even be sensed by people from some distance away.

"Do you honestly believe that these things can stop me?"

Milo turned over, and his Mind Sword responded to his growing rage. It began to swirl around him crazily in frantic movements, like a blade of a windmill.

Biff, Biff, Biff, Biff...

Every Champion Fish that came within a ten feet radius of Milo was brutally cut into pieces by his Mind Sword. He actually managed to power through the wall made of Champion Fish and charged towards Seamus.

"Huh..."

Seamus remained unfazed by this sight, he still had other moves up his sleeve.

The army of Champion Fish he sent out at the beginning was small. He didn't pin his hopes on them to kill the elite disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. But then, more Champion Fish of huge sizes came out of the altars and revealed themselves. Slowly, they stationed themselves behind Seamus as if they were the last layer of protection he had. These bigger ones were surely not easy to deal with.

However, Seamus seemed to have overlooked one detail, and that was how fast Milo could move.

Now in a state of sheer madness, Milo was out of control as he went all out to activate his soul force. It was as if his whole figure had morphed into a sharp blade, rushing to his target with incredible speed.

Crack, crack...

Efrain, Zen, and the other two had broken through the wall of the Champion Fish and watched in shock at how fast Milo was advancing.

"The speed of Milo... is amazing!"

"How did he achieve that?"

"He seems a little unnatural!"

The warriors on the Other Shore did not use their eyes to see. Instead, they used their souls to perceive things.

Milo's soul grew more and more ruthless with time. His aura was bone-chilling cold like that of the Sea of Truth.

Phew!

Not only did his increasing speed surpass the expectations of Zen and Efrain, but Seamus was caught off guard as well.

When Seamus regained his senses, Milo was already only a hundred feet away from him!

Not knowing how to deal with the situation, Seamus remained dumbfounded with his eyes fixated on Milo. Fear began to seize him as he felt himself give up.

He was not strong enough to go against Milo if they were up against each other in a fair fight. And now, Milo was going all out rampaging towards him. How could Seamus be willing to risk his life fighting Milo?

The only logical plan spiraling in his mind now was to retreat!

Phew!

However, he could never escape in time as Milo's speed far surpassed his. Soon, the distance between them had closed significantly.

Zen, Efrain, and the other two warriors quickly rushed over to watch the scene more closely. A glimmer of hope flashed through their hearts. 'Can he really do it? Can Milo kill Seamus and end it once and for all?' they started to wonder to themselves.

"Mind Sword!"

Milo roared in aggravation as he unleashed a sharper aura than before. An invisible Mind Sword began to take its form in front of him.

As the sword was about to kill Seamus, the ground beneath Milo's feet cracked open.

Bang!

A vine full of sharp teeth extended from the open ground and wrapped itself around Milo, restraining him!

Meanwhile, Seamus, who was retreating, stopped in his tracks and began to laugh viciously. "Surprised? Don't forget, I didn't come here alone!"

This trap was carefully planned. It was a joint work from the elite disciples of the Bearing race and Divine Farmer race. Seamus' job was only to control the Champion Fish.

"In remembrance to your bravery, I'll grant you a quick and painless death!" Seamus gloated while waving his hands gently once more.

Upon his command, the huge Champion Fish gathered from all directions and charged at Milo with an intent to kill. In the blink of an eye, Milo was surrounded with no place to retreat.

"No! Milo!"

"No way! Milo!"

"Somebody, please go save him!"

The expressions of Efrain, Zen, and the others switched immensely. If he fell into the mouth of these Champion Fish, his Soul of Light would be devoured within a split second. Milo might not be able to survive this.

Chapter 3235 A Chance Of Surviving

Efrain was the first to rush over to where the huge Champion Fish were tangled together, knitted into a huge fish column. Zen followed closely behind.

Milo was trapped in the middle of the column.

"Burn!" Efrain shouted.

A sizzling noise rent the air.

Purple soul flame had begun to burn intensely.

Efrain's soul flame was powerful. The huge Champion Fish had thick, rough skin, but under the soul flame's intensity, their twisting bodies were scorched black.

Efrain removed the charred corpses of the fish from the outer layer. But there were still a lot of fish inside. No one knew how many layers of fish had wrapped themselves around Milo.

Zen was also working hard and trying his best to save Milo, but to no avail so far.

Killing these fish was much more difficult than they had imagined. These were several times stronger than the smaller ones they had dealt with before.

Even with his sharp Mind Sword, Zen had managed to kill only six of them.

They looked at each other, their hearts sinking. It looked like Milo was going to die this time.

They needed to be careful of the Champion Fish sneaking up on them while they tried to save Milo. What was more, they had to be cautious of the creepy vines that sprang suddenly out of the ground.

Seamus had, in fact, intended to finish off Zen and the other four warriors who had come to attack him. He had sent only half the number of Champion Fish to attack the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. The other half kept gathering together, forming a huge circle.

To Seamus, the guys who were rushing towards him were already dead.

Zen suddenly felt a chill emanating from the column that the Champion Fish had formed.

Efrain was burning the Champion Fish with his soul flame. But it was extinguished the moment the chill began to spread outwards.

"It's so cold!"

This chill was a hundred times more horrifying than that of the Sea of Truth. Even Zen and Efrain who had Indigo Souls had to beat a retreat.

The Champion Fish that formed the column wriggled madly, and only stopped moving when the chillness spread over them. It wasn't long before the entire column froze and became a solid, unmoving column.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Cracks began to appear on the surface of the column, and those huge Champion Fish broke as well.

Seamus looked at the column, confused. He could not figure out the kind of method that was used to freeze the Champion Fish so instantly.

Seamus's puzzlement lasted just a moment before the fish column broke and shattered. The Champion Fish and the vines that had trapped Milo turned into pieces. A blue sharp sword radiance shot towards Seamus.

'This is the Mind Sword. But where did the chill come from?' Zen wondered.

The Mind Sword was originally colorless and invisible. But the chillness it contained was so strong that its energy manifested itself so that it outlined the originally invisible Mind Sword in a tinge of light blue.

Seamus hadn't expected this to happen!

He was stunned at the sudden surge of sword radiance coming his way.

He took a deep breath before ducking out of the way in a bid to dodge the attack.

The sword radiance brushed past Seamus's arm. His arm went numb, losing all sense of touch. The chill managed to injure his soul.

"Milo!"

The moment he had launched the strike, Milo fell from the sky onto the frozen corpses of the Champion Fish.

Milo's soul was left incomplete from being trapped by the vines and bitten by the Champion Fish. His arms were gone, his torso ripped, and his soul had become badly damaged.

But he was able to unleash a terrifyingly powerful strike even in this state. Efrain and the others who had witnessed it were impressed by the braveness of the act.

Zen didn't have time to check on Milo.

It was obvious that Milo must have paid a huge price to be able to perform that strike and freeze the Champion Fish.

But he missed his target and failed to kill Seamus.

Zen caught sight of Seamus fleeing. He wasn't about to let go of this opportunity. He followed Seamus.

Seamus calmed down after a short period of panicking.

The Champion Fish obeyed his orders and this was his greatest advantage. As he spotted Zen following him, he waved a hand and the Champion Fish rushed to create a barrier between him and Zen. At the same time, a seed began to sprout from the ground under Zen.

Milo's situation had become desperate after having been wrapped up in the vines that grew from the seed. Zen had learned his lesson from Milo and was on constant guard.

The seed began to grow into vines and spread to Zen. But his Mind Sword turned downwards and chopped at the vines, cutting them in half.

Zen was fast in his reactions but Seamus had already put quite some distance between himself and Zen.

The number of Champion Fish coming Zen's way from all directions was increasing. They would surround him if he hesitated for even a moment.

"I'll escape from the right!" he said to himself.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

He killed several Champion Fish before he found it was pointless to continue chasing Seamus. He escaped the encirclement from the right.

But the moment Zen found some breathing space, more Champion Fish emerged out of nowhere and began to chase him.

"You want to kill me? Go to hell!"

Seamus yelled, turning his attention to Zen.

Zen fought the fish off as he withdrew. But he only managed to dodge the fish a few times before he was cornered.

Behind him was the wall formed by smoke. There was no way out of here.

Zen frowned at the rapidly flapping wings of the Champion Fish, his jaw clenching. There were few tricks on the Other Shore that Zen could use to retaliate and he had fallen into a dead end this time.

He had never thought he would find himself in such a sticky situation when all he wanted was to watch a fight.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

As the Champion Fish closed in on him, Zen continued to control his Mind Sword and brought it down in continuous strikes. But the number of Champion Fish that were killed was too small when compared to the ones still making their way towards him.

"Eh?"

Zen was just about to give up when a sudden chill went through him.

"What's that?"

A sword mark could be seen on the smoke wall. It was the mark left by Milo's strike. Cold blue air rose around the mark.

The strike that Milo had launched with all his strength hadn't hit Seamus. Instead, it brushed past his arm and had traveled several thousand feet to hit the wall.

"The wall is frozen!" Zen exclaimed, his eyes flashing.

Zen had no idea how things worked on the Other Shore, but in reality, anything that was frozen would become crisp.

Now Zen was in a desperate situation, and as the idea crossed his mind, he rushed along the smoke wall and headed towards the sword mark on the wall.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Thousands of Champion Fish were still chasing Zen, leaving hardly any space for Zen to move.

Crack!

A Champion Fish caught up with him and bit him on the shoulder.

Zen's soul force burst out at the immense pain.

"Mind Sword!"

In a flash of white, three Mind Swords shot out simultaneously and circled around Zen, killing a lot of Champion Fish and clearing some space for him.

He continued along the space and finally closed in on the sword mark. His body ached from all the wounds that the Champion Fish had inflicted on him.

"Break!"

Zen was finally relieved. Uncaring about everything else, he activated his Mind Sword to hit the wall.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The wall that had been tough before became so crisp that it cracked under Zen's blow. A large round hole appeared on the wall.

Chapter 3236 Leaving The Other Shore

For a moment, Zen stared at the enormous, gaping hole in the wall in surprise. The impact of Milo's sword strike was stronger than he'd thought.

Quickly, he moved forward and passed through the hole in the wall.

Once he got outside, Zen paused, observing the scene around him. A lot of disciples from the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race were clustered around the hole on the outer side of the wall, goggling at him.

When the wall had first appeared, trapping the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace inside, they hadn't been able to do anything. They could only wait anxiously outside.

So it came as a shock to everyone when a hole was suddenly blown in the wall, and a man emerged, seemingly unscathed.

"Didn't they say that the wall was impenetrable?"

"How could someone manage to break through the wall and escape?"

"Damn it! Stop him!"

shouted Seamus. His goal was to take down all the elites of the Oneness Sky Palace, and he was determined not to allow anyone to escape from inside the wall.

"You want to stop me? You are courting death!"

Zen said coldly, glaring at Seamus.

The cultivation base of those guarding the outside of the wall was much, much weaker than Zen's.

Zen had the ability to kill Indigo Souls; there was no doubt that he would find it easy to defeat these Souls of Light who had not yet become Indigo Souls.

Within the wall, Zen and the other disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had suffered from the torment of the Champion Fish. This cruelty had roused his anger. Now, when he saw several Souls of Light moving to obey Seamus' command and attack him, Zen struck back without mercy. A white cyclone appeared on the surface of his soul.

"Mind Sword!"

The sharp Mind Sword formed between Zen's eyebrows and shot forward.

The invisible sword radiance slashed through the air and instantly killed the six people in front of Zen. Three of the dead had been close to becoming Indigo Souls.

The disciples of the Bearing race looked at the bodies of the dead with wide eyes, struck with terror. Who was the young man who had emerged from the hole in the wall? He had just killed six powerful people in a single blow. They instantly realized that even if they attacked him together, they would probably be no match for him.

"Back off!"

"Get out of the Other Shore!"

"Don't fight this guy head on!"

These disciples called out frantic instructions to each other as they retreated. Some left the Other Shore.

Zen let them go. He had no way of trapping them, so if they left the Other Shore, there was nothing he could do.

More importantly, Dorothy and the other disciples were still trapped within the wall. The huge Champion Fish summoned by Seamus were very difficult to defeat, so Zen needed to return immediately to help his companions. If he did not rescue them soon, they might get killed by the Champion Fish.

He looked down at his feet. Blue light still shone brightly beneath his feet. The Soul Binding Threads had not disappeared when he passed through the hole in the wall.

To test the Soul Binding Threads, Zen tried to leave the Other Shore. It didn't work.

'I must go to the temple and find a way to remove these threads, ' Zen thought to himself. His eyes gleamed.

His body was in Stage Four of the Other Shore. When his Soul of Light left the Other Shore and his body entered it, he would confront the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race once more. Then they would understand the meaning of real fear.

With a soft whooshing sound, Zen's Soul of Light turned into a sharp arrow.

He headed straight to the Oneness Sky Palace's temple.

Some distance away, huddled where they had retreated, the disciples of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race saw Zen leave. But they made no move to stop him. They thought they wouldn't be able to stop him even if they tried.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were on high alert, standing at the entrance of the temple with tense, nervous expressions. None of them dared to take a single step out of the temple.

"Who are you? Show me your soul mark!"

someone shouted at Zen as he approached the temple.

On the Other Shore, they could not see each other's face clearly. They were afraid that the incoming figure was a spy sent by the Bearing race.

Zen raised his hand and displayed the lines on his palm.

As soon as his identity had been verified, the people of the Oneness Sky Temple let Zen inside. Several people immediately formed a circle around him to ask what was going on.

"What happened?"

"Why have you returned alone?"

"Where is Efrain? He hasn't come back yet. He seems to be trapped inside the wall."

Seamus had enacted his bold plan so suddenly and unexpectedly that no one had gotten the chance to escape from the wall. The disciples in the temple realized that something terrible must be happening inside the wall, but they had no way of finding out what exactly was going on.

"There's no time to explain now," Zen said impatiently. "Quick, help me get rid of these Soul Binding Threads."

Some of the nearby disciples misunderstood Zen's words. They thought he was scared of what had happened and wanted to escape to the Source World. Angrily, someone said, "Tell us what's going on before you flee!"

"We should find a way to save the others!"

"We are absolutely safe here in the temple. They don't dare to enter. Don't be so timid!"

The disciples were making a great mistake in jeering at Zen for his supposed cowardice when he was already so angry. Zen's face darkened and he turned sharply towards the one who had called him timid.

"Timid?"

he sneered, grabbing the disciple.

The man that Zen had grabbed unceremoniously was also an Indigo Soul. However, under the pressure of Zen's intimidating aura, he was unable to offer up any kind of resistance.

"I escaped the wall to find a way to rescue the others. I need to go back as soon as possible, and yet idiots like you are slowing me down with your ignorant comments! Do you actually think any of you could save them if you tried?" Zen shouted, losing his temper. "Tell me the way to remove these Soul Binding Threads. Now!"

The disciple in Zen's grip looked thoroughly daunted. "Go to the Soul Purifying Room. You can remove those Soul Binding Threads in there."

"Take me there," Zen ordered, throwing him onto the floor.

The man hastily got to his feet and led Zen away. The moment the two men disappeared, all the remaining disciples began talking at once. While they had been somewhat unsettled by Zen's flash of temper, they were still convinced he was trying to leave the Other Shore.

"That guy must be really scared."

"From the way he looked, I'm afraid he won't dare to return to the Other Shore anymore."

"It's very selfish of him to only care about himself. There are so many Oneness Sky Palace elite disciples inside the wall. If we lose them all, it will be an enormous loss for us."

Everyone nodded and sighed. They wondered what they could do to help, but they couldn't think of anything.

Meanwhile, Zen soon found himself at the door of the Soul Purifying Room. As he stepped inside, the patterns on the wall began to glow.

Zen stood in the center of the room, and the complex lights flickered and shimmered around him. He glanced down at his feet and saw the Soul Binding Threads dimming and then disappearing altogether.

As soon as the threads were gone, Zen didn't waste any more time. He used the Illusion Breaking Rune to get out of the Other Shore and return to his own room.

The moment he opened his eyes, a flame spread out from his body, completely covering him from head to toe. Then his body returned to the Other Shore.

As soon as he entered the Other Shore, he flew without hesitation towards the three temples.

On the way, he saw a tall statue standing at the entrance of the Bearing race's temple. He flew headlong towards the statue.

There was a loud crash as he collided with the statue.

It was completely destroyed, crumbling to the ground in shards. The statue had been a valuable one. It had stood proudly in its place of honor for countless years.

Shouts sounded from inside the temple when they saw the destruction. "Hey! Who are you?"

"How dare you destroy the statue of our race!"

"You are dead!"

Several Souls of Light rushed out of the temple to confront the man who had demolished their treasure.

Zen ignored them. As he moved past the remnants of the statue, he kicked at the rubble, sending several stones flying like arrows towards the gate of the temple.

His body strength far exceeded his soul strength. A casual kick from his body was far greater than the power of his Indigo Soul. He knew that the stones he had kicked would turn pillars into dust and instantly eliminate any Souls of Light they hit.

Zen wasn't normally so bloodthirsty, but these were unusual circumstances. It had been treacherous for the disciples of the Bearing race to lure the Oneness Sky Palace disciples into their trap to kill them all. Had it not been for Milo's astonishing sword attack that hit the wall, Zen himself would also be dead, eaten by the Champion Fish.

To be kind to his enemy was to be cruel to himself and his companions. Right now, he had no time for lengthy combat. He needed to dispense with any distractions quickly and with finality so that he could hurry back to the wall and save the other Oneness Sky Palace disciples. Otherwise, he would directly tear down the temple of the Bearing race.

Chapter 3237 The Real Strength

Seamus scratched his chin in surprise. He didn't expect anyone would be able to escape.

Then again, he didn't expect that Milo's sword strike would freeze the wall and Zen would create a hole big enough for himself to get through.

With a shrug, Seamus waved the thought away. He didn't care about Zen's escape; after all, he was just one out of the many disciples gathered here. Right after his escape, disciples of the Divine Farmer race blocked the hole.

What truly bothered Seamus was that the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace still fought fiercely despite being overpowered by the Champion Fish.

When Zen was trapped by the Champion Fish, Efrain carried the severely injured Milo on his back.

As Zen took care of majority of the Champion Fish, Efrain and the others grabbed the opportunity to escape. However, as they were rushing out, they saw Zen cornered by a group of massive Champion Fish. They felt their hearts sink, knowing they failed to turn the tables and even lost Zen.

Once Efrain and Milo were safely on the other side, the other disciples pressed their backs against the wall, fighting tooth and nail to defend themselves.

"Did Zen really get swallowed by the Champion Fish?" Unable to believe the news, Konnor grabbed Efrain by the arm, gripping him tightly.

The other elite disciples exchanged uneasy glances.

"He was too impulsive..."

"Alas, I don't think we'll be able to escape either. He isn't the only fallen disciple." Low morale permeated the atmosphere, as the disciples mourned the loss of their companions.

"Look!" someone suddenly cried out. "The Champion Fish are coming!"

Out of the five who had broken out of the encirclement and tried to kill Seamus, one had lost his life. However, they had managed to almost kill Seamus. While this lifted their spirits momentarily, they had been unable to turn the tables in their favor, dampening their spirits just as quickly.

The disciples banded together, ready to fight for their lives with everything they got.

However, upon a closer look, these Champion Fish looked different. They were bigger in size, on a higher defense level. It was extremely difficult to kill them off with only soul strength.

As swarms of Champion Fish surged forward to close in on their prey, the Oneness Sky Palace disciples gritted their teeth. Soon, the disciples dwindled in numbers as one by one, the Champion Fish killed or injured them. With every lost disciple, their morale sank lower and lower.

"We are done for."

"I never expected I'd die like this."

"I'm not giving up!"

Dorothy declared as her eyes gleamed with hope.

Among these disciples, only she knew that Zen was not dead. Not only was he still alive, but he had also rushed out of the wall.

Because she had left a mark in Zen's soul before, she even knew where his soul was.

She didn't know which stage of the Other Shore Zen's body was in. If he could come back here in his physical body, the crisis the Oneness Sky Palace was facing might be overcome.

As those around her were about to give up, she felt helpless.

Because only a small number of people knew that Zen was capable of entering the Other Shore in his body, she hesitated to tell the other disciples about this.

Eyes darting back and forth amidst the madness, Dorothy racked her brains trying to figure out how to boost the morale of her fellow disciples. "Guys, quit being too pessimistic! We have strong reinforcements on their way!"

"Strong reinforcements?"

"How is that possible?"

"We won't be saved unless the elders of our Oneness Sky Palace force the Bearing race to stop! But it seems the Bearing race has been plotting this for a while now."

Majority of the elite disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace were already here, fighting for their lives. Meanwhile, the masters in the Desire World were unable to return to the Lust World, and wouldn't be able to come to their rescue. They were doomed.

"There must be," Dorothy said with certainty. "I promise."

She could sense Zen's Soul of Light had already retreated from the Other Shore; at this rate, he should've been able to return to the Other Shore in his physical body by now. Looking around her, she noticed that, while her feeble attempt to cheer up the disciples was childish, they seemed to fight more fiercely now.

Even though everyone had a strong desire to survive, it was still difficult for them to fight off these Champion Fish.

The number of Champion Fish was doubled, and these Champion Fish came to the disciples to launch attacks.

Efrain and the other Oneness Sky Palace disciples managed to kill off a group of Champion Fish, and they cheered victoriously. However, seemingly endless hordes of Champion Fish still swarmed towards them.

"Ahhh... My arm!"

someone screamed hysterically. When Dorothy turned to look, the Champion Fish had already chomped off the disciple's arm.

"Help, help!"

But before Dorothy could even react, another disciple was dragged off by a Champion Fish and devoured.

More and more people were killed by the Champion Fish nonstop. In their desperation, the disciples lost all strategy and just lashed out wherever they could, leaving their attacks uncoordinated and clumsy.

The air was filled with piercing screams as Champion Fish continued to mercilessly devour the Oneness Sky Palace disciples.

Dorothy's expression darkened. Calming her soul, she reached out and clasped the Necklace of Mystic Soul that hung from her neck.

Buzz!

Suddenly, a bright blue light emanated from the Necklace of Mystic Soul. A powerful aura shot out, causing the Champion Fish to whirl confusedly, retreating chaotically.

Somehow sensing the strange aura, Seamus smiled delightedly.

"That necklace is wonderful! I absolutely must get my hands on it."

The Champion Fish still swam about in complete chaos, temporarily out of control due to their fear.

But Dorothy couldn't hold out forever. The power of the Necklace of Mystic Soul only lasted half a minute before the aura began to fade. What was worse, she could not summon the sword now.

When the Champion Fish sensed the aura growing weaker, they surged forward once again.

At this point, most of the disciples had accepted defeat, resigning themselves to their gruesome fate.

"We're all going to die. There's no use trying to resist," said a lonesome voice.

Dorothy sat on the steps of an altar, gritting her teeth. Her mind was filled with doubt. Could she be wrong about Zen? Did he run away and refuse to come back? Or did he not make it because his body hadn't reached Stage Four of the Other Shore?

Dorothy sighed. Disciples all around her fell prey to the Champion Fish. Unable to watch this gruesome scene anymore, she closed her eyes.

Just as she was about to completely give in to her despair, she suddenly heard the sound of cloth being ripped violently.

Opening her eyes, she turned towards the direction of the sound. Much to her surprise, a large crack appeared on the wall not too far from her.

A pair of hands reached in from the other side of the wall, ripping open the crack. From the hole in the wall, a person stepped inside.

The disciples whipped their heads around to face the new presence. They could sense this person was not a Soul of Light, but a physical body.

"Who is he?"

"How did a physical body get here?"

"Haven't there been rumors about him? Someone has entered the Sea of Truth with his body. Is he the one?"

Although everyone was confused, they still had their guard up. After all, they didn't know if he was friend or foe.

The Oneness Sky Palace disciples had lost the will to fight, and froze in place, unsure of what to do. Even Seamus hesitated, unsure as to how to deal with this newcomer. But before he found the words to say, the figure stepped onto an altar.

Bang!

With just a stomp, the Champion Fish Altar was smashed into thousands of pieces.

All the Champion Fish that were born from that altar suddenly exploded into thin air.

"What are you doing? Stop!" Seamus shouted at the figure in shocked anger.

The Bearing race had paid a price to get these altars that could produce Champion Fish. Each of the altars was extremely precious. Seamus didn't expect that someone could destroy the altars.

Zen ignored Seamus and proceeded to jump onto another altar, crushing it beneath his feet.

Bang!

The second altar was smashed to pieces, and again, many Champion Fish vanished.

With every step he took, Zen trampled a Champion Fish Altar. Before Seamus even had the time to react, more than ten altars were destroyed, with nothing left but shards.

Chapter 3238 Pulverize

Seamus stared at the broken altars. He clenched his fist as he felt his heart slowly breaking into pieces.

He had gone to such great lengths to take the altars here in advance. They weren't Souls of Light that could be withdrawn from the Other Shore instantly. If he wanted to move them back, it wouldn't be easy work.

The Bearing race did so much to acquire the altars. They were like treasures to them that would help them suppress other super forces in the Lust World of the Other Shore.

"Stop him!" shouted Seamus.

The warriors of the Divine Farmer race started to make their moves. From the ground, seeds suddenly sprouted with vines that rapidly moved towards Zen.

The power of the vines was not weak. As soon as the Souls of Light were restrained by the vines, it would be difficult for them to break free.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Soon enough, Zen was also tightly wrapped by green vines.

Moments ago, when the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace saw how the man displayed his mighty strength, they had their hopes pinned on him. Now they started to feel worry when they saw that the man was entangled.

Crack!

Within three seconds, Zen was able to break free from the vines.

He jumped up and trampled on another altar.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Boom!"

Zen trampled on each altar and broke them one by one.

He walked half circle along the wall and broke each Champion Fish Altar he walked past. He must have broken more than fifty.

No longer attempting to focus on killing the elite disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace, Seamus simply ordered the remaining Champion Fish to attack Zen all at once.

"Tear him up!" Seamus was seething with anger.

Everything was going according to plan until the physical body's sudden appearance. He had no idea how this had happened.

Those Champion Fish indeed posed a great threat to Souls of Light. Even Zen's Soul of Light was unable to withstand the biting of the Champion Fish, but it was a different case when his physical body was involved. He was unthreatened by the Champion Fish as his body remained unfazed. He saw them to be low-level beasts.

Zen screamed so hard that his body trembled slightly. As his body vibrated, anything that came in contact with him shattered into pieces.

It didn't take him a lot of effort. It was a low-level skill of the Might Godly Way that had no use to deal with warriors at the Other Shore Realm in the Source World. However, it was easy enough for it to work to deal with these Champion Fish.

Zen hurled himself towards the torrent of the Champion Fish.

Any Champion Fish that touched his body erupted into a cloud of blood.

"What trick is that?"

"It's so terrifying!"

"This man must be invincible on the Other Shore!"

The disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace murmured and whispered among themselves. They could not comprehend Zen's powers.

"That's not a unique skill. He's just vibrating his physical body. What's strange is that he used his body to enter the Other Shore," one of the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace said. He had seen through Zen's little trick.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Champion fish turned into blood wherever he went.

Within thirty seconds, all of the huge Champion Fish inside the wall were dead.

Huge Champion Fish still came out of the mirrors on the remaining altars, but they did not replenish fast enough. Zen was still able to kill all of them before they became too many.

Dorothy, seated on the steps of an altar, was finally breathing easy.

Zen's physical body had a lot of potential uses on the Other Shore. But after he entered the Oneness Sky Palace, he was focused on his cultivation. Today, he finally found a chance to display his physical power.

Zen continued to pulverize the remaining Champion Fish and destroy the altars.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As soon as the last altar was crushed, all the Champion Fish disappeared.

Seamus stomped his way towards Zen.

"You... Who on earth are you?" Seamus asked feebly.

Zen gazed at him coldly, looked him in the eye, and said, "You are not qualified to know."

He found no reason to expose his identity.

However, he knew that he might have shown too much of his skills. Just the fact that he was able to go through the wall and returned in his physical form could easily connect him with his true identity. However, even if some of them had speculations, they had no evidence.

"I don't care who you are. Everyone who has offended our race will die!" Seamus retorted with a chuckle.

It was truly inconceivable that a corporeal body entered the Other Shore. But there was only one such person here and Seamus assumed that he posed no threat. Seamus perked up and made sure he looked unfazed. "If you join our Bearing race, we can assure you great success," he said proudly. "What do you think?"

"Join you?" Zen snorted.

"Yes, won't that be great?" Seamus held on to a sliver of hope. He wanted Zen to agree.

"Not really." Zen shook his head.

"What a pity," Seamus responded. "If you won't join us, then get ready to be our enemy. I'll always remember what you did today. The world is big, but the Other Shore is small. We'll meet again."

Seamus turned to leave.

Despite what happened, he remained bloated with arrogance.

He was able to enter and exit the Other Shore freely, so leaving here would be easy. Soon, he would be back in the Source World.

Seamus's soul of Light began to blur. Suddenly, Zen's chuckles echoed in the air. "I don't think we'll ever meet again," he said.

"What?" Seamus was shocked.

Behind him, a Soul of Light quietly approached him. It was Efrain.

Souls of Light relied on spiritual sense to perceive everything on the Other Shore. Fortunately, Efrain had the special ability to hide his aura.

His soul flame glowed with a sinister green light that emitted no heat. It protected him and allowed him to sneak up on Seamus.

Splash!

Efrain threw a handful of blue sand.

"Soul Restraining Sand!"

Like the Soul Binding Thread, the Soul Restraining Sand could prevent Souls of Light from leaving the Other Shore. It was what the Oneness Sky Palace used to trap people, while the Soul Binding Thread was more favored by the Bearing race. They both had their own advantages.

The surface of Seamus's soul was tainted with the Soul Restraining Sand. He emitted a faint blue glow. Suddenly, his Soul of Light became visible again.

He shivered in fear. Under his breath, he was chanting the Illusion Breaking Rune in an attempt to break through the illusory Other Shore.

However, the grains of the Soul Restraining Sand firmly nailed him to the Other Shore. Every time he recited the Illusion Breaking Rune, the light emitted from the Soul Restraining Sand intensified.

"Chant all you want. You're stuck here." Efrain had a sinister smile on his face when he walked over.

Realizing that he couldn't leave the Other Shore, Seamus turned around and, with full speed, rushed towards the temple of the Bearing race.

But of course, Zen was not going to let him go.

He caught up with Seamus and gently lifted him up.

Seamus tried to counterattack. His soul force burst forth all of a sudden, forming two gray crescent-shaped energy waves that came at Zen like scissors. Still, with Zen's physical body, it was impossible that an Indigo Soul could hurt him.

Crack! Crack!

Suddenly, there were two crisp sounds but Seamus's attack failed to even leave a mark on Zen's neck.

Chapter 3239 Begging For Pardon

A look of despair appeared on Seamus' face when he saw that Zen was unharmed. Seamus couldn't believe that after he had unleashed an all-out strike, he didn't cause even a little damage to Zen.

Zen released a small portion of his strength, staring coldly at Seamus as he prepared to crush his soul. But Efrain suddenly shouted, "Don't kill him!"

Seamus had started this entire incident because he wanted to get revenge on Milo who injured his younger brother.

However, it was obvious the people of the Bearing race had used that as an excuse to attack and kill as many Oneness Sky Palace disciples as they could.

This event would leave a lasting impact. It would cause a dispute between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Bearing race that would linger for a long time. But Efrain realized that as long as Seamus was alive, they could use him to gather evidence against the Bearing race.

At Efrain's words, Zen paused, halting his attack.

To Zen's astonishment, at the precise moment that he stopped his strike, Seamus' Soul of Light began twisting and contorting. Seamus let out a series of strange, piteous screams.

There was an awful ripping sound.

Seamus' Soul of Light was torn into pieces in front of Zen.

Zen was dumbfounded. "I didn't kill him!"

Efrain frowned. "He was killed. Someone else killed him."

As they entered the Other Shore with their Souls of Light, their bodies still remained somewhere in the Source World. Efrain was suggesting that someone near Seamus' body in the Source World had been responsible for his death.

The failure of their trick had brought many members of the Bearing race back to the Source World. Now that Seamus was unable to go back, there must be something wrong with him.

Some powerful warriors could know from the souls of their juniors what happened in the Other Shore. When some masters of the Bearing race found that Seamus had been captured, they killed him immediately.

"Damn it," swore Zen, gritting his teeth.

"Wait, why does your voice sound familiar?" Efrain asked, glancing at Zen in confusion.

Except for Dorothy, the others didn't know Zen's real identity. He had consciously lowered his voice so they wouldn't recognize him.

But in the heat of the moment, Zen had forgotten to alter his voice, so he caught Efrain's attention.

Fortunately, Efrain was not expecting Zen to be here. Zen cleared his throat and lowered his voice again, ignoring Efrain's question. "I just didn't expect the Bearing race to be so decisive."

Cupping his hands toward Zen, Efrain said, "I agree, and thank you very much for your help, sir. May I know your name?"

Zen grinned. "Just call me Thad."

Zen's family name, Luo, was rare in the Oneness Sky Palace. So he decided to use only "Thad" as his name.

Efrain nodded, repeating the name silently to himself. He would keep Thad in mind when they left the Other Shore.

More disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace swarmed around Zen, peppering him with questions.

Standing in the crowd, Sophia looked at Zen. She had suspected him to be Zen before. Now she was certain. Yet she could see that Zen didn't intend to reveal his identity, so neither would she. She would not expose him against his will especially after he had just saved everyone's lives.

"All right, let's go back to the temple first," Zen said, fending off the questions everyone was asking him.

Many disciples had been killed. Some were injured, their souls damaged by the Champion Fish. Milo was also still in a coma. They had no time to waste.

The group gathered everyone who had sustained injuries and headed back to the temple.

Dorothy stayed where she was. As soon as everyone was gone, she went to Zen. "So now what? What are we going to do next?"

Zen gazed coldly at the temple of the Bearing race. His eyes narrowed, and he sneered, "Next, I want to tear down this temple!"

"Tear down their temple?" Dorothy raised her eyebrows. It sounded like a crazy plan.

"Follow me," Zen said as he walked towards the temple.

Even before this latest incident, Zen had wanted to demolish the temple of the Bearing race. At that time, however, there was peace between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Bearing race, so he didn't take any action.

Now that they were in the middle of a full-blown conflict, he had no qualms about finally destroying their temple.

"All right," Dorothy sighed.

Although Dorothy was a bit concerned, she didn't hesitate. If Zen was determined, then she would support him fully.

During what had happened on the Other Shore, the Oneness Sky Palace in the Source World was alert as well.

So many elites of the Oneness Sky Palace were in a precarious situation as they were trapped. Their deaths would be a huge loss to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Moreover, many of them were mountains' direct descendants. Even when this incident had just happened, some disciples in the temple quickly returned to the Source World and reported it to the elders of their mountains.

Masters of the seven mountains gathered together to discuss how to deal with the situation.

Athemar showed up to join in the meeting.

At first, the masters considered the possibility that the Bearing race intended to declare a war. But that didn't seem to fit.

A true, all-out war among the superpowers would be devastating for all involved. And if the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race had wanted to do the most damage, it would have been better for them to attack the Oneness Sky Palace with all their powers instead of provoking a small-scale war on the Other Shore. It didn't make sense as this kind of action would only alert the powerful leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace and put them on guard.

As more and more news came from Stage Four of the Other Shore, the masters of the seven mountains soon grasped that the people of the Bearing race were killing the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, using revenge on Milo as an excuse.

As the Bearing race grew more and more powerful, they knew that the Oneness Sky Palace would hesitate before going to war against them. Now they had managed to eliminate a number of elites from the Oneness Sky Palace with a convenient excuse. Blaming their actions on Milo allowed them to evade responsibility for what they had just done. After all, they could claim that it was Milo who had started the conflict, and they were just trying to avenge one of their own.

Indeed, it didn't even matter whether or why Milo had injured Seamus' brother. The only thing that mattered was that getting revenge on Milo was a story plausible enough that the Oneness Sky Palace couldn't refute.

Over the span of several hours, the masters of the seven mountains had tried to contact the Bearing race through various channels, but the news that had been sent back was discouraging.

Some who replied were evasive and dishonest. Some outright ignored them. There were even a few who accused the masters of allowing their disciple to hurt the people of the Bearing race.

All this filled the masters of the seven mountains with righteous indignation. Some of the masters, including Yasamin, were furious enough to suggest directly confronting the Bearing race. Yasamin was indignant because her beloved granddaughter was involved in the conflict.

They were discussing countermeasures when a new report arrived.

"Report! According to the message from disciples in the temple, most of the elite disciples of our palace have managed to get to safety!"

This news was quite welcome. The masters were initially surprised, then their shock gave way to joy.

The information they had previously collected had seemed to suggest that their elites probably wouldn't be able to survive. The risk of this terrible outcome had prompted them to beg for a pardon for their elites from the Bearing race.

"It seems that the Bearing race has given in."

"Good news."

"We must verify that they are truly safe as soon as possible."

As they celebrated, another news arrived. This time, the report came from the Bearing race.

"Report! Message from the Bearing race!"

"What is it?'" asked the head of the Golden Mountain quickly. "Tell us the news."

The man reporting the news replied, "They beg us to pardon them. They want us to stop tearing down their temple."

The mountain heads and the warriors who were present looked at each other in confusion, unsure as to what this was about. Who was destroying the temple of the Bearing race?

Chapter 3240 Destruction

Even the person who had brought them the message looked puzzled, unable to decipher the meaning of the message.

Destroying the temple? Were they serious?

It was widely known that it wasn't easy to build a temple at the Other Shore. It was as difficult as destroying one.

He couldn't believe that someone belonging to the Oneness Sky Palace had really been able to destroy the temple of the Bearing race.

The heads of the mountains and many other masters of the Oneness Sky Palace present were just as bewildered as he was.

They couldn't understand the rapid change in the attitude of the Bearing race as a whole. And what did they mean by begging them for pardon?

"Who brought the message to you?" Athemar asked.

"The Fire Emissary of the Bearing race," the person replied.

The Five-element Emissaries were the five famous warriors of the Bearing race who shared a high status in the great race.

"What does he mean? Is he serious?"

"Is someone really tearing down their temple?"

"That's something I'd like to know too!"

"There are many restrictions imposed on the temples. They can't be destroyed by ordinary people."

The heads of the various mountains erupted into discussion, each one of them secretly happy about the development.

This was because the Bearing race had earlier attempted to kill the elite disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. Now that they were getting their retribution, it was a huge relief to the people of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Athemar thought for a moment before turning to the messenger and saying, "This is our response to the Bearing race: we don't know who is tearing down their temple. We will conduct our own investigation before we give them another reply."

"Yes, master!"

the messenger said, bowing with respect. He then turned around and quickly exited the meeting hall.

After Seamus's failure, the remainder of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race had either left the Other Shore or retreated to their temples.

They still thought their temples were safe places where they could hide in peace.

It was not easy to take down a temple.

After the Nine Li race had been defeated by the Bearing race in the war back then, they had escaped and gone into hiding. Only a small number of them had stayed on to guard their temple. Even so, the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race had continued to attack their temple for a long time before finally taking it down.

And now, the Bearing race was full of powerful warriors. Once other races began to attack their temple, a large number of their own people would come there for aid. The number of restrictions on their temple meant that nobody could easily invade it.

Just like the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, many members of the Bearing race also stood in front of the gates of their temple and watched on in curiosity.

"How did Seamus fail?"

"Didn't he say his plan was faultless?"

"Who knows what happened inside the smoke wall. It seems that someone tore the wall with bare hands!"

"How can there be such a powerful warrior in the Lust World? I don't believe it!"

While the members of the Bearing race watched and whispered among themselves, Zen and Dorothy made their way over to them.

Dorothy was on full alert, walking at a much slower pace than Zen.

Nobody would dare provoke him, especially since he had appeared here with his physical body. But Dorothy might face dangers since she was only an Indigo Soul. She was ready to leave the Other Shore at a moment's notice if any unfavorable situation were to arise.

"Someone is coming at us!"

"That guy in the front..."

"He's not a soul! What's wrong with him?"

Many members of the Bearing race still didn't know what was going on. But as they watched Zen walking aggressively towards them, many of them left the Other Shore for safety. Some of them hid deep within their temple, while a few remained at the entrance, waiting for Zen to reach them.

Once Zen was close enough, they brought their hands together in respect and politely began to ask him, "Friend, what business has brought you to our-"

But Zen didn't heed them. He walked up to the wall and kicked a temple pillar.

Four huge pillars supported the main entrance of the temple of the Bearing race. Each of them was ten feet wide and supremely strong. But Zen's kick broke half the pillar into pieces, causing rubble to fly in all directions. The members of the Bearing race present there ducked, scared of Zen's sudden violence.

Bang!

Zen landed a kick on the next pillar, destroying it by sending a crack through the middle.

"What are you doing? Don't you know that our race is the most-" a member of the Bearing race came forward bravely, his voice trembling with fear.

But Zen couldn't be bothered with him. He merely turned around and kicked the third pillar.

Zen had every reason to kill these crooked people in revenge, given the things that the Bearing race had done to the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. But he held himself back. . . .

The four pillars of the temple broke apart under Zen's violent kicks, causing the top of the temple to collapse with crashing groans and thuds.

The members of the Bearing race left the Other Shore for fear of being buried under the rubble of their temple.

Zen rushed inside the temple after tearing down the entrance.

But since he wasn't a member of the Bearing race, the moment he stepped inside, the restrictions imposed on the temple were immediately triggered by the invasion.

Just a few feet from Zen, a dozen tiles on the ground suddenly flipped over, beams of white light shooting out of the devices hidden beneath them. The Soul Purifying Light!

Most temples were equipped with such devices. Even an Indigo Soul would be eliminated without a trace on being hit by the Soul Purifying Light. Such was the terrible cost of trespassing into an unfamiliar temple, which was why no one was usually willing to invade a temple.

Zen's physical body, though, was not afraid of the Soul Purifying Light.

The bright light illuminated Zen's body, but caused no damage at him.

Dorothy stood outside the temple and watched. She wouldn't enter it until Zen had destroyed all the restrictions inside the temple.

With several snaps, Zen moved swiftly around the temple and destroyed the devices within the tiles.

All the Soul Purifying Light vanished into thin air.

He then set his eyes on the pillars that supported the structure. Once he destroyed all of them, the entire temple would be reduced to rubble.

A commotion erupted within the Bearing race as Zen destroyed the temple.

The Five-element Emissaries were furious.

"Water Emissary, this is all your fault! Your idea of killing the elites of the Oneness Sky Palace has brought us no benefits and is showing us this horrific day!"

"And now they even dare destroy our temple. What a shame!"

"Fire Emissary, did the Oneness Sky Palace respond to our plea?"

Fire Emissary folded his hands before his companions and said, "I have received their reply. They have declared that they knew nothing about the temple-destroyer and that they would send people to investigate this matter."

"Pooh! Don't believe a word of it!" Metal Emissary sneered disdainfully before continuing, "Tell them that if they don't stop tearing down our temple, we'll go and invade their base!"

"Are you serious?" Fire Emissary said, rolling his eyes at him. "Do you think the people of the Oneness Sky Palace will believe that?"

The conflict at the Stage Four of the Other Shore was quite a common one. Even if both sides were furious at their losses, they would restrain themselves in public and only seek retribution in secrecy. If the two great forces were to start a full-scale war, the whole world would be thrown into a state of chaos. Invading the Oneness Sky Palace would just be a joke.

"But what should we do now?" Water Emissary asked anxiously.

The temple at Stage Four was the first station for their warriors on the Other Shore. Even if they reached Stage Thirteen, they usually needed to return to the temple for one reason or the other. It would be a great loss to the Bearing race if their temple was completely destroyed.

More importantly, there was a considerable amount of soul crystal stored in the temple. The soul crystal was left behind for the descendants of the race. But once their temple was destroyed, this important resource would fall into enemy hands.

Chapter 3241 Make A Concession

While the Five-element Emissaries from Bearing race remained anxious, Zen had already entered the central hall of the temple through the entrance.

On one side of the central hall, there was a wall on which a big bear statue was engraved as decoration. The carvings and delicate details on the statue were exquisitely sophisticated.

After Zen looked around in all directions, he approached the wall and placed his hand on it.

He had intended to destroy it to have a look at what was on the other side. Just as he began to break it down, a man showed up behind him and shouted, "You cannot destroy that wall!"

The man that suddenly appeared was an Indigo Soul. Zen immediately concluded him to be a member of the Bearing race.

"You think you can stop me?" Zen turned his face towards him and sneered meaningfully.

"Yes, I do!"

After saying this, the man abruptly made a move and pounced on Zen.

Immediately, Zen spurned this mere Indigo Soul and disposed of him like a bothersome gnat. As Zen waved his hand, the man was effortlessly thrown back for a few feet before he crashed into a wall.

He went easy on him this time. If he had added more strength in his blow, the man's Soul of Light would have been shattered.

With no more hindrances in his way, Zen approached the wall a second time. Wasting no time, he pressed hard on the wall with his right hand and applied a little pressure. 'Now then, let's see what we could find.'

"Crack!"

Not long after, the wall couldn't bear any more pressure, and it collapsed inwards.

He watched intently as the wall cracked up and revealed hidden compartments within it.

These secret compartments were in thirteen rows. And in each of them, there lay a piece of Other Shore Token!

Among the many Other Shore Tokens that now lay bare to him, three distinct ones in the thirteenth row caught his attention. A golden sculpture carved in the shape of a bull, a rhombus-shaped green gem, and a pair of curved feet of a monster.

He ran his eyes across them as if to scan these tokens and counted them in his heart. There were more than a hundred Other Shore Tokens in total from Stage One to Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore.

"You can't touch those Other Shore Tokens! They belong to our Bearing race!" Two more people appeared on the scene and shouted while pointing at the Other Shore Tokens.

Similar to the Oneness Sky Palace, the Bearing race also collected various Other Shore Tokens and kept them inside the wall for the members of their own race to use. However, they had never imagined someone like Zen would infiltrate their temple and attempt to steal them before they moved them away.

"Not anymore, they belong to me now," Zen chuckled in amusement, staring at their frustrated faces.

These Other Shore Tokens must hold a lot of value in the market. Zen might not need them for himself, but he could sell them for something else.

However, he did not have a Sumeru Space of his own, as he was now in the form of his physical body. Collecting these Other Shore Tokens and storing them would be a problem. Zen had called Dorothy to aid him in his invasion for this reason.

The two men felt anxiety growing inside them as Zen remained firm to his cause. It was apparent the most they could do was attack him without caring about what would happen to them. Suddenly, they rushed towards him to try and take him down.

Zen was starting to get a little impatient. These guys would prove to be a nuisance if they weren't dealt with once and for all.

"Puff! Puff!"

This time, Zen exerted a little more force than before and threw them heavy punches. Although they were not dead, their Souls of Light had taken massive irreversible damage.

In the darkness inside the temple, the many members of the Bearing race stood watching the scene helplessly. They hung their heads loosely from their necks in defeat.

They could guess Zen's ultimate reason for coming here was to avenge the attack on the Oneness Sky Palace. But they had never expected him to be so ruthless. If only they hadn't done what they had to the Oneness Sky Palace, they wouldn't have to swallow the bitter pill they received at present.

For the sake of her safety, Zen hadn't called Dorothy in.

After dealing with the members of the Bearing race, Zen proceeded to penetrate the wall with his two hands. Soon, the immense wall was lifted off the ground whole before Zen carried it onto his shoulders and walked out of the temple casually.

"That guy..."

"Shit! He can enter the Other Shore with his physical body. We can't compare to his strength."

"He's too terrifying. We can't compete with him!"

Noticing Dorothy from afar, Zen walked up to her smiling ear to ear with the wall still on his shoulders. Before he set it down, he glanced at her and said, "Put these away for me."

Dorothy smiled tenderly. Her Soul of Light fluttered around the wall. With quick hands, she conjured up a blue square on her slender fingers. Soon after, those Other Shore Tokens were all sucked into the square.

"Wow! Quite a find if I do say so myself!" Dorothy let out a scream in excitement.

Zen chuckled at her reaction and shook his head. "This is nothing. I will have a bigger surprise for you, just wait and see..."

Just then, a man rushed over in their direction, almost out of breath. "Wait! Slow down..."

Zen paused to glance at him and asked, "Why? What's wrong?"

The man got closer to Zen's ear and whispered in a low voice, "Master Athemar has requested you to stop destroying the temple of the Bearing race."

Zen sighed at his request and frowned to himself.

He had already torn down almost half of the temple, and he did not plan on stopping there. But now, Athemar had asked him to halt his attacks. It was probably because the Bearing race had asked the Oneness Sky Palace to do so, or maybe they had come to a compromise between both parties.

"Fine, I'll stop," Zen said with an exasperated sigh as he raised his hands in defeat.

The messenger was a little shocked at Zen agreeing with Athemar's wishes so quickly. He never expected Zen would listen without much persuasion.

In the eyes of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, such a man who could enter the Other Shore with his physical body could not be easily controlled. He never expected Zen to be so obedient. 'What relationship does Master Athemar share with this guy?'

"But, I will take what I deserve," Zen said as the corners of his mouth turned into a mischievous smile.

The over one hundred Other Shore Tokens he just gathered had no value in Zen's eyes. Instead, he would give them away without hesitation in exchange for soul pills and soul crystal in the future.

Immediately, his mind began to wonder if the temple of the Bearing race had a large amount of soul crystal, just like the Other Shore Tokens. He could stop destroying the temple as ordered, but he would take what he came to get.

It seemed the Indigo Soul was not the destination of the soul. Later, he would definitely need more soul crystal as he would surpass the Lust World to enter the Desire World.

Meanwhile, in the great hall of the Oneness Sky Palace in the Source World, a disciple sat upright in the center, while the masters waited for him to wake up and bring the news of Zen's response.

"I doubt that guy would listen to Athemar..."

"Now that his physical body has entered the Other Shore, he must be unstoppable. Alas, I hope he can show some mercy!"

"I didn't expect the Bearing race would make such a huge concession!"

Several masters hung their heads with a hint of worry on their faces.

Just then, another news came from the Bearing race, offering a compromise. They had proposed to order the Sun Crow race to withdraw from the Mountain Viewing Province.

The dispute between the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace in the Mountain Viewing Province had lasted for many years. It was always a headache to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Back then, when the Sun Crow race had a conflict with the humans of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Bearing race played a huge part in adding fuel to the fire. If they could end their war with the Sun Crow race by stopping Zen from destroying the temple, it could be beneficial for both parties.

But they didn't think that mysterious guy would obey Athemar's instructions.

Among all the masters present, only Athemar, Madam Yasamin, Winchell, and Goran knew Zen was that guy. When Athemar asked someone to take a message to Zen, Yasamin glanced at him with meaningful eyes.

After a while, the disciple opened his eyes and awakened, he returned the hopeful gazes of the masters and said, "That guy has agreed to not destroy their temple, but he still wants to go inside."

"Why does he want to go to the temple?" the master of Ivory Mountain spoke up in curiosity.

"The Bearing race has accumulated countless treasures over the years. He wants to gather the things he wants from them." "I really have no idea where this greedy guy came from!" laughed the master of the Golden Mountain.

Chapter 3242 Plunder

Zen was a lot calmer when he stepped into the temple of the Bearing race again. He no longer continued to destroy the temple.

He started looking around the temple. Thankfully, its structure was simple. He walked through the rest half of the temple as the warriors of the Bearing race stood, watching. Their Souls of Light glowed a nervous sheen.

Suddenly, the faces of the Bearing race warriors dimmed with the sudden realization of what Zen was looking for.

Two things were of great value in the temple: the Other Shore Tokens and the soul crystal.

He already took the Other Shore Tokens, which meant he was aiming for the soul crystal.

Zen took a glance at the scene before him. There were several forks ahead and each fork had warriors guarding them, but the road right in front of him had the largest number of warriors.

His lips curled into a smile. The Bearing race basically gave away the route leading to the soul crystal.

As Zen approached, Souls of Light stood firmly and blocked his way. They had no intentions of making way for him.

"You can't go in," said one of the warriors. "This is an important part of our temple."

Zen shook his head. "Try and stop me," he dared.

He had already destroyed half of the temple. The warriors here weren't in the position to reason with him.

Despite this, they stood their ground.

Zen stepped forward. He bumped them and caused everyone to stagger away.

Some of them tried to approach Zen to grab him, but as they neared him, Zen simply flicked his wrist and threw them out. Once all of them were out of his way, he continued on his path to the depths of the temple.

"Alas!"

"This is our fault. We shouldn't have set up a trap for the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. We are taking the consequences of our own deeds."

"I haven't received my soul crystal yet. It seems that I won't have any chance to get it."

"……"

The Bearing race collectively sighed. A heavy air rose as depression dawned on them.

It was extremely difficult for ordinary warriors to improve their souls on the Other Shore.

The only luck they could count on was if they were able to acquire some soul crystal from the temples and wilderness.

However, warriors and disciples from the super forces often had the resources to improve themselves rapidly. Zen and Dorothy were two of these warriors. They were able to have Indigo Souls almost effortlessly.

If anyone plundered the soul crystal in the temple, then the warriors of the Bearing race here would have little to no hope to further their improvement. Unfortunately, they remained inferior to Zen's powers, so they were unable to stop him.

In the innermost room of the temple, a thick wall covered with small holes stood. Several warriors of the Bearing race busily gathered in front of it before Zen arrived. They were ordered to use their Sumeru Spaces to absorb as much soul crystal as they could.

They diligently did as they were ordered.

However, the design of the temple prohibited them from maximizing their collection. They were not fast enough. Although they worked nonstop, they only managed to absorb a small part of the soul crystal.

"Everyone get out!"

Zen shouted coldly.

The several warriors were horrified. They were afraid of being killed by Zen, so they immediately ran for their lives.

Zen's method of taking the soul crystal was simple and crude. He pressed his hand on the wall and gently patted it. The wall burst open and revealed a huge stone covered by tiny holes, like a beehive. Each hole emitted a bright light.

He simply lifted the huge stone and walked out like it was no big deal.

The members of the Bearing race were mortified. They were losing the little hope they had.

As he walked out of the temple, Zen tossed the stone towards Dorothy.

Dorothy gasped at the sight of the stone. "You have taken all the soul crystal of the Bearing race!"

The stone was called Myriad Holes Stone. It stored the soul crystal perfectly. The Bearing race sealed the stone in the thick wall when they built the temple. Some disciples of the race would also store the soul crystal they found on the Other Shore in it. The Oneness Sky Palace also used such stone to store their soul crystal.

"Absorb the soul crystal into your Sumeru Space quickly before something happens," Zen said with a soft chuckle.

Dorothy nodded and put her hand on the stone. The soul crystal in the small holes gathered inside the square space in her hand.

Zen stared at Dorothy's square space and thought to himself, 'I should get another Sumeru Space.'

Unlike his soul, his corporeal body couldn't hold things so he always had to ask Dorothy to keep items for him. She would then transfer the items to his Soul of Light. It was very inconvenient. He wondered if the Oneness Sky Palace would be able to provide his corporeal body with a Sumeru Space.

As soon as all the soul crystal was kept by Dorothy, Zen tossed the stone onto a pile of ruins that used to be a part of the temple. Together, they left the place.

When they arrived at the gate of the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen's body quietly retreated from the Other Shore.

This time, he was able to get a lot of soul crystal. Though the Bearing race had transferred a part of it before his arrival. What he acquired was enough for eight warriors to achieve Indigo Souls.

Eventually, Zen's Soul of Light returned to the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace. As soon as it did, he grabbed Dorothy into the secret room. Dorothy quickly transferred all the soul crystal to him.

"Shouldn't we share it equally?" Zen asked.

"No, I don't need it," Dorothy replied.

It was Zen who obtained the soul crystal, anyway. She merely helped in safekeeping it. She didn't think she deserved any of it.

Since Dorothy was so determined not to take any, Zen didn't insist. He just decided to generously share it with her in the future should she need it.

Zen had been itching to go to higher stages of the Other Shore since he had the Indigo Soul. But considering what happened that day, his plan would be delayed.

"I wanted to go to Stage Thirteen with you, but it looks like I wouldn't be able to do that," Zen said.

Hearing this, Dorothy blushed and giggled. "Let's go back first. I'm sure the Oneness Sky Palace and Bearing race are in chaotic states now!"

Zen then retreated from the Other Shore. With the space twisting a bit, he was sitting in his room again.

When he removed the enchanted barrier and opened the door, he saw three guests in the courtyard.

Goran, Winchell, and Athemar stood in the middle of the courtyard while Trish and Carrie served them tea. It looked like they were there to visit Zen. Trish and Carrie looked worried.

Letitia stood on the second floor just as worried as Trish and Carrie. They wondered what Zen had done wrong.

Although she couldn't see through the real strength of these men, for some reason unknown to her, the aura the men exuded made her tremble.

Letitia couldn't figure out why such figures came to visit Zen and were willing to wait quietly in the courtyard. She wanted to call Zen out, but before she could, the three men stopped her as if they were afraid of disturbing him.

Chapter 3243 Failing To Get The Sumeru Space

The moment Zen pushed the door open, Letitia hurriedly told him, "Zen, these guests have already been waiting here for a long time."

Zen noticed that Letitia was a little nervous, so he comforted her first. After that, he escorted her down from the second floor.

"Welcome, masters!"

As Zen reached downstairs, he promptly bowed to the three people before him.

Athemar asked, "Who is she?"

"This is my principal wife. Tia, greet these masters," Zen responded honestly.

As Zen finished his words, Letitia bowed to them then respectfully retreated to the side.

The three of them regarded Zen with meaningful expressions.

They thought back on what happened in the Vastness Mountain not long ago. They were surprised that Zen had been married. They also wondered if he already had a child and if Yasamin and Flamine knew about this.

But of course, it was none of their business. They came here to discuss what happened on the Other Shore.

To keep the absolute confidentiality of this topic, Athemar set up an invisible enchanted barrier with a wave of his hand.

In this way, he could prevent Letitia, Trish, and Carrie from hearing their conversation.

Letitia perfectly knew that they came here to discuss something important with Zen. Since she was not interested in intruding in their affairs, she quietly stood aside.

"You were truly amazing today! You destroyed half a temple of the Bearing race. You probably have lots of harvests, right?" Athemar said as he laughed, as if he actually saw Zen rob the temple.

Zen cupped his hands and said, "I took all their Other Shore Tokens and soul crystal inside. I could just hand them over if the Oneness Sky Palace wouldn't be able to endure their anger."

Because he destroyed the temple of the Bearing race, the Oneness Sky Palace must be under a lot of pressure. Zen didn't want to cause any more troubles for the palace.

"You are quite gracious," Winchell said as he looked at Zen with admiration. If it was him in this position, he probably wouldn't be willing to hand them over.

Hearing this, Goran snorted. He said, "For many years, the Oneness Sky Palace was bullied by the Bearing race. This time, you subdued them with your own power. What can they do to us next? You got them with your efforts so naturally, they now belong to you!"

"But I'm worried that the Bearing race would seek revenge against the palace..." Zen seemed hesitant.

"For the past years, people have fought repeatedly for profit in the Source World," Athemar said after he took a sip of his tea. "A fierce war will break out sooner or later. Even if we don't provoke them, they will probably take revenge on us when that time comes. However, they might not dare take actions now."

The three masters were very open-minded about these issues. They chose their own paths and followed their own fates. It was clear to them that a mere compromise could not stop the Bearing race from fighting against the Oneness Sky Palace.

"In conclusion, you must hide your identity well on the Other Shore. Don't expose yourself to anyone, even to those who are from our palace!" Goran advised.

After the accident that occurred on the Other Shore, the Oneness Sky Palace counted the number of trapped elite disciples.

With the exception of the Vastness Mountain, all of the other six mountains had trapped elites. These included the Oneness Mountain and the Origin Mountain. Strangely enough, disciples from the Vastness Mountain were not involved. Because of this, Goran thought that not everyone from the Oneness Sky Palace could be trusted.

Zen completely understood what they meant by this. He nodded and asked, "How is Milo now?"

It was clear to Zen that he wouldn't have been able to escape from the combined attack from the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race by himself.

Milo finally displayed an astonishing skill which allowed Zen to escape. Without his help, the elites of the Oneness Sky Palace, including himself, would have been annihilated.

With a dark look on his face, Athemar responded, "He hasn't regained consciousness yet."

"Is his soul severely injured?" Zen sighed and asked.

During that time, Milo was completely engulfed by the Champion Fish. How was he able to bear their ceaseless biting?

"It's not because of the soul damage," Athemar shook his head as he explained.

"Then, what?" Zen asked with uncertainty.

"You must have seen the sword strike Milo made," Athemar replied.

"I did," Zen nodded.

For Zen, Milo's final strike was absolutely incredible. It directly froze all the Champion Fish and even a part of the wall.

Zen was thoroughly puzzled. Milo's Soul of Light had not yet reached the level of Indigo Soul. However, his strike was much stronger than those of ordinary Indigo Souls.

"He had utterly overdrawn his talent. Therefore, he was severely punished. We are trying our best to revive him but it takes time," said Athemar.

Yet, Athemar didn't mention to Zen what talent Milo had overdrawn to launch that strike.

The reason why they visited Zen was to ease his worry and confirm the truth as well.

The Oneness Sky Palace would never admit that it was Zen who destroyed the temple. However, the outside world still believed that Zen had a close connection with the Oneness Sky Palace.

However, other forces wouldn't be able to blame the Oneness Sky Palace for whatever Zen did on the Other Shore. Moreover, this could also scare other super forces and warned them that whoever dared provoke Oneness Sky Palace on the Other Shore would bring tragedy to themselves.

Over the next couple days, the Bearing race negotiated with the Oneness Sky Palace. They demanded that the man who destroyed their temple return their soul crystal and Other Shore Tokens.

The Oneness Sky Palace only admitted that they indeed stopped that man from demolishing the entire temple. However, it was beyond their ability to ask him to return the soul crystal and Other Shore Tokens he took from the temple for they had no idea who that man was.

This kind of statement was almost hard to disprove. The Bearing race needed to swallow this bitter loss.

Despite their anger, they kept their word. They asked the Sun Crow race to retreat from the Mountain Viewing Province. With this, the war between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race ceased temporarily.

On Stage Four of the Other Shore, many Souls of Light moved back and forth through the temple of the Bearing race.

The ruins needed to be cleaned up while the collapsed beams needed to be rebuilt. For the Souls of Light in the Lust World, this was a very laborious project.

As he returned to the Other Shore with his body again, Zen headed to the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace. He wanted to get a space ring from that Thunder Beast.

For many years, that Thunder Beast stayed in the Oneness Sky Palace's temple. It was a bit apprehensive of Zen as it might be its first time to see a human body.

Nonetheless, the Thunder Beast lowered its head and stretched out its tentacles when Zen extended his hand toward it. It proceeded to make a carving around Zen's fingers.

Gradually, a shining square formed at Zen's fingertips. Just as it was about to be completely formed, it suddenly broke like a glazed tile with a sound of "bang".

"Woo?"

For a moment, the Thunder Beast appeared stunned. It never expected this to happen.

Zen was also shocked as he stared at his fingertips. He had never thought that the Thunder Beast could fail.

"Please do it again," Zen implored.

The Thunder Beast complied. It repeated the process for the second time but as soon as the space ring was almost formed, it broke again.

"Woo..."

The Thunder Beast shook its head and now refused to make a space ring for Zen the third time.

Zen's face was filled with disappointment. He turned his head and spoke to Dorothy, "It seems like the physical body is unable to get a space ring here."

Dorothy seemed relieved as she smiled and said, "Your body is invincible on the Other Shore. If you have a Sumeru Space, I'm afraid all of the good things here would be collected by you alone."

In reality, Dorothy was happy about this.

She was the only one who knew Zen's secret on the Other Shore. Zen needed her help in order to transfer those things he got on the Other Shore to his Soul of Light.

So if Zen had gotten the space ring successfully, he would not need her help anymore. Hence, she would be useless to him.

Chapter 3244 Ancestral Glory Stage

Zen naturally failed to decipher what was going on in Dorothy's mind.

After he switched his form from his physical body to his Soul of Light to enter the Other Shore, he left the temple with Dorothy and headed for that square not far away.

On that square, there was a star ring. It continued to emit coldness that was chilling to the bone.

Around the star ring, many people sat with their legs crossed. They wanted to attempt at increasing their resistance against the cold.

There were many ways to improve cultivation. The privileged super forces had reserves of soul crystal, and they would absorb it to increase their cultivation of Soul of Light faster compared to others.

But the common folk in the Source World had no qualifications to enter the temples, let alone to get any soul crystal.

So they had to make use of other ways to improve cultivation that were less effective, such as enduring the brutal cold exuded by the star ring.

Since Dorothy and Zen both had Indigo Souls, they inevitably attracted a lot of attention as they approached the scene.

The Indigo Soul was invincible in Stage Four since it could reach Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore directly. As a result, Zen and Dorothy were much more compelling than the others present there.

"Let's go!"

Dorothy gestured Zen to follow after her, and then she stepped into the star ring without any hesitation.

As the star ring began to spin around her, her Soul of Light stretched up vertically and turned into a ray of light. With a swift movement, it shot up towards the sky, like a rising comet.

After Dorothy ascended, it was Zen's turn. He entered the star ring to follow after her.

Recalling back to when he first entered Stage Four, he remembered how hard it was for him to bear the pressure exerted by the same star ring. However, that was a while ago, and his Soul of Light had made substantial progress since then. The coldness contained in the star ring could not harm him anymore.

"Whoosh!"

Within a split second, Zen had also successfully left Stage Four.

Just as they left Stage Four, a Soul of Light slowly condensed and formed in the square where they once stood.

It was the first time this soul had reached Stage Four. Naturally, he was curious about exploring his surroundings.

He glanced around to see if he could find anything worth his interest, and then he walked over to the side of the star ring. Upon noticing a warrior, he approached him and asked curiously, "Hey man, what are you guys doing here?"

The cultivator looked annoyed by his question. He glanced at him and answered impatiently, "Are you blind!? We are cultivating here!"

"What? Really?"

The man turned around and scanned the star ring with a baffled expression. The principles of this cultivation method were not hard to understand. Suddenly, he began to chuckle in amusement and said, "This cultivation method is equivalent to ants crawling on the ground, it's too slow! I heard that the super forces had built temples in Stage Four. Why don't you guys go there?"

Hearing his suggestion, the cultivator fell into a crippling depression. He wasn't a disciple of a noble race, which was why he didn't have the qualification to enter any of the temples. Did this man only come here to make him feel inferior and provoke him?

"It's none of your business. Leave me alone!" The cultivator frantically waved his hands to drive the irritable man away.

"It's none of my business? How disrespectful! No one dared to talk to me like that in Stage Three!"

Offended by the cultivator's attitude, the man reached for his arm and gently scratched at it. As a result of this action, the cultivator's arm immediately left his torso. The man grabbed it and swallowed it down.

This man could directly devour other people's Souls of Light!

What was even more shocking was that the warrior remained seated in cultivation as if he didn't sense his arm being pulled off. However, when he glanced in the direction of the man to see what he was eating, he saw it was his arm!

"You, you... You can directly swallow other people's Souls of Light!" As feelings of terror filled the cultivator, he struggled with the right words to say.

"What's so strange about this? The creatures in Stage Two and Stage Three were too weak, so I came to Stage Four. This damned place. I don't like to swallow the Souls of Light of my race, but I have no choice. It seems that there are only humans in this stage?" The man replied, seeming unapologetic for his actions.

Of Course, Stage Four wasn't filled with humans only. But since they belonged to the same race, they would usually fly upwards in the same direction and land at the same location.

"What the hell is wrong with you? You're crazy!" The cultivator shrieked in horror. Then he turned into a blur and immediately retreated from the Other Shore.

"That man can actually devour Souls of Light?"

"Isn't he afraid of the consequences?"

"This guy is crazy!"

Other cultivators in the square began to scream in shock after witnessing that horrific scene.

Each soul had its own will and could not devour each other. If one devoured too many other souls, it would be overwhelmed by them and would lose control of its will.

Absorbing soul crystal was also like swallowing other souls. However, the soul crystal was not accumulated in a short time, and it was quite pure and free of such risks.

Buzz...

In the blink of an eye, all the Souls of Light in the square emptied their spots. They left out of fear of being devoured by this man.

The man looked at the empty square in disappointment and sighed, "I've said that I don't really like to devour the soul of my race. I just wanted to know how it tasted here. It seems that Stage Four is also nothing special."

He didn't bother to stop the cultivators from deserting the area. In his eyes, they were similar to insignificant ants.

There was an abundance of Souls of Light in the Other Shore. Everyone in the Source World would have their Soul of Light step onto the Other Shore once reaching the Other Shore Realm.

In addition to humans, it also harbored myriads of nonhuman creatures.

It only took the man a few days to move from Stage One to Stage Four by swallowing the Souls of Light of other beings.

While he stood still, he narrowed his eyes to look further in the distance. Soon, his gaze fell on a temple where disciples of the Bearing race were busy with their work. A curious look appeared on his face.

'I've heard that the temples keep the purest soul crystal within them. I wonder if they would give me some if I asked.'

He always did what came to his mind, nothing was stopping him this time either. With quick steps, he made his way towards the temple.

Meanwhile, Zen felt his soul take shape again. When he opened his eyes, he found he had reached Stage Five, the Primary Light Stage.

This stage was different from Stage Four. It was fully painted in white with the ground covered in layers of salt.

"Is it always so quiet in Stage Five?" Zen asked while looking around curiously.

Dorothy nodded her head and explained to him, "Most races regard Stage Four as a starting point. So Stage Five is naturally neglected. No one would stay here, unless they want to explore some unique temples."

The Other Shore Tokens of Stage Five were not much different from those in Stage Four. Moreover, those from major forces managed to obtain Other Shore Tokens from higher stages in their temples, so there was no point in exploring Stage Five.

The same could be said about Stages Six and Seven.

Zen and Dorothy didn't stay there for long. They entered another star ring and continued to ascend to the next stage.

Stage Six, the Seven-brilliance Stage, was a little dangerous and had a complex landscape. It was covered with giant rocks painted in a bright red color.

On the other hand, Stage Seven, the Nothingness Stage, was occupied by pink fern. It proved refreshing in contrast to the previous stages.

Stage Eight, the Great Ultimate Stage, seemed more like a world of only ice and snow.

Stage Nine, the Red Sun Stage, like its name, was similar to that of a blazing sun with high temperatures.

Stage Ten was called the Mysterious Light Stage...

The pair kept stepping into star rings of the stages and flying upward.

As they ascended, they felt the pressure of the star rings increase gradually.

For an ordinary person with an average Soul of Light, it would take a few years or even longer in the ascension.

However, they were Indigo Souls. They could resist the pressure with ease. They kept progressing without a hitch.

Finally, they reached Stage Eleven, the Ancestral Glory Stage!

Dozens of giant Souls of Light appeared not far from them once they showed up in Stage Eleven. These blurry Souls of Light looked terrifying, judging from the aura they emitted.

Behind Zen, there were countless star rings. No one could tell exactly how many they were.

"Humans, come this way!"

A tall and seemingly powerful Soul of Light walked up to Zen and Dorothy and pointed to the right while giving the order.

Chapter 3245 Rip Off

Zen's eyes filled with confusion, his gaze switching from the star rings to the non-human creatures stationed there.

The origin of the star ring was unknown to him. All he knew was that it served as a key item for a warrior's ascension to the upper stages.

According to what he had observed, one star ring was shared among all creatures of a particular race.

For instance, despite the existence of a large number of star rings in Stage One, the human race could only rely on one to ascend to the next stage.

This was the case for all the following stages. All the humans used the same rings to ascend.

All races had their own star rings, and the star ring that belonged to the human race would normally be surrounded by humans while those that belonged to the non-human races would likewise be surrounded by non-human creatures.

However, the scene in front of him right now was entirely different from what he initially thought.

For one, there were countless star rings piled high before him, and two, he was being ordered around by these non-human creatures as if they owned the place!

Dorothy pulled his sleeve and whispered to him. "Just do as they say."

She knew significantly more about the Other Shore so Zen chose to follow her advice, albeit with a noticeable frown on his face.

He returned his gaze onto the star rings. They had been arranged in an orderly fashion. Meanwhile, hundreds of Souls of Light gathered nearby and were lining up in two, neat queues.

"The road on your left will lead you towards the upper stage while the one on your right will lead you to the temples. Choose one and line up!" a tall, non-human creature announced in a loud voice.

A collection of various creatures immediately followed: small Ear Mice, giant beasts, and others, all lined up to form orderly queues.

"What's going on?" Zen asked Dorothy in a low voice after they joined a long line. This Stage Eleven feels different from the previous stages."

"It's because the Ancestral Glory Stage is controlled by the Separate Abyss race," she explained.

The Separate Abyss race was considered one of the strongest powerhouses in the Source World. Superior in terms of both soul and strength levels, they proved to be a force that the human race found difficulty in contending with.

Zen's eyes widened in shock upon hearing this piece of information. "A race can control an entire stage?"

"This is a special case. The Separate Abyss race is closely related to a race on the Other Shore so they got a bit of help from them in taking over this stage. Any super force that comes here would have to follow their rules," Dorothy told him.

"What are the rules?" Zen asked.

"Well, anyone who wants to pass through this Ancestral Glory Stage and reach Stage Twelve has to pay ten thousand soul pills. And we need to line up for our turn," she explained.

Zen turned to her with an intrigued look. "We have to pay? What if I leave Stage Twelve and go down through here? Would I still have to pay?"

Dorothy nodded. "Yeah."

She definitely knew some stuff about Stage Eleven but this was actually her first time coming here.

As a matter of fact, paying ten thousand soul pills was only to gain entry into the stage. If one wanted to explore, then they would need to pay an additional amount.

Most Souls of Light would travel up and down in the Lust World and the Separate Abyss race would charge everyone who passed this stage ten thousand soul pills as the toll.

"Isn't this robbery? What about the other large races in the Source World? Are they fine with this?" Zen asked with evident concern.

Ten thousand soul pills were nothing to an Indigo Soul, but that cost could pile up since it had to be paid every time they passed through here.

A non-human stranger snorted upon hearing his question. "The Separate Abyss race is really powerful and there's no way any other super force would be able to go against them. Besides, the cost is fairly reasonable so everyone just chooses to pay rather than causes conflict."

The stranger had a similar appearance to that of humans except for the fact that he was much shorter and had several sharp thorns on his head. Zen had no idea which race he came from but it seemed that he spoke the human language fluently.

Dorothy nodded in agreement with the stranger's words. "That's basically it."

"No wonder Emily told me that humans weren't powerful here in the Source World..."

Zen muttered to himself, feeling a bit bothered by this new information he had just learned.

To him, the Oneness Sky Palace, the Bearing race, and the Divine Farmer race were super powerful.

However, not even these three super forces combined could dream of monopolizing an entire stage. Zen couldn't help but begin to fathom just how powerful the Separate Abyss race was to have been able to do such a feat.

Zen and Dorothy waited for nearly an hour. Their turn was just about to come up when they heard a bit of a commotion up ahead. It seemed someone was begging for entrance.

"I only have eight thousand soul pills, sir. Could you please make an exception and let me pass?" The voice belonged to a human woman, very young judging from her childish tone.

"A human, eh? Don't you know the rules around here? Ten thousand pills isn't that much. If you don't have enough then you can go ahead and work over there," a Separate Abyss member guarding the place answered in spite, pointing towards the west.

The Separate Abyss race had fully occupied Stage Eleven. They had already staked their claim, erected their temples, and were actually in the process of building a grand home for them to stay in.

Construction on the Other Shore was laborious. Zen remembered the Bearing race's temple he destroyed and figured that repairing it was going to be extremely difficult and would definitely take a long time.

Since the Separate Abyss race wanted to build, then they would definitely need a lot of labourers.

The girl's lips trembled in fear when she saw the direction the guard had pointed to. Everyone knew that working under the Separate Abyss race entailed certain dangers, one of them death. There was no way she would willingly go there if she valued her life.

"I...I give up. I won't go up... I'll just go back to Stage Ten!" she exclaimed, tears brimming her eyes from disappointment.

"Of course you can go back to Stage Ten! But you'll still have to pay ten thousand soul pills if you want to leave!" The guard laughed cruelly, relishing in the devastated look that flashed upon the human girl's face.

"It's ten thousand to go up, and another ten thousand to go down. That's the rule here."

"Hahaha..."

Several more Separate Abyss members joined in, laughing at the human girl and her suffering.

Faced with such a hopeless situation, the human girl could only turn to others for help. She immediately began asking those lined up if they had two thousand soul pills to spare. She'd pay them back when she reached Stage Twelve. She promised! Unfortunately, the ones around her were all non-human creatures. Why in the world would they help her? In the end, she was left all alone.

"Then... Can I leave first and pay the debt later when I earn enough soul pills?" she asked in a soft, timid tone.

"Either pay ten thousand soul pills or go over there to work for it, girl!" the guard snapped.

With no more options left, the human girl stood there for a while before eventually walking towards the west.

It was at this time that Zen decided to step out of his spot in line. He went towards her and nodded to the Separate Abyss guard up front. "It's only two thousand soul pills. I'll pay for her."

His words shocked the human girl. She couldn't believe some stranger would be kind enough to help her out of this hopeless situation. It was a miracle! "Thank you! When I reach Stage Twelve, I promise I'll pay you back!"

Zen, however, shook his head. "No need."

He took out two thousand soul pills from his space ring and was about to give them to the guard. However, the guard merely laughed at Zen. "Boy, if you really want to help her then it'll cost you more than two thousand!"

Zen frowned. "How much would it cost?"

"One hundred thousand soul pills!" the guard declared.

Zen's face immediately darkened. These Separate Abyss members were truly determined to rip him off.

True, he had managed to acquire a lot of soul crystal from the Bearing race which made him very rich. A finger-size chunk of soul crystal could be sold for a massive amount of soul pills and a mere one hundred thousand wasn't going to cause a dent in his fortune.

What he didn't like though, was how thick-skinned the Separate Abyss race were in their dealings.

"Isn't it that everyone only has to pay ten thousand soul pills?" Zen asked in a clipped tone.

"Haha!" the guard laughed, clearly mocking Zen. "This is our place and you have to give whatever amount we ask! You want to stand up for your fellow human, then I say that both of you now have to pay one hundred thousand soul pills!"

The bystanders waiting in line could only shake their heads. This was the exact reason why nobody was willing to help the human girl earlier. Dealing with the domineering Separate Abyss race was incredibly complicated and could end up biting them in the ass if they ever so much as offended them.

Chapter 3246 Too Greedy

The exorbitant price required by the Separate Abyss race depressed the human girl as she could not afford it.

She was afraid that she couldn't leave this stage today.

Most people minded their business and would not meddle in others' affairs. She was, thus, grateful that Zen was willing to help her. Nevertheless, two hundred thousand soul pills were simply too much.

"Fine," the girl gritted her teeth as she muttered, "I'll work for you."

Although she knew it was dangerous, she had no other choice.

At this time, Zen said, "I will pay two hundred thousand soul pills!"

The Separate Abyss race always charged at will. What was worse, they increased the price randomly. Before the guards could change their minds, Zen nodded at Dorothy.

Dorothy had been watching silently. When Zen nodded at her, she took one hundred thousand soul pills out of her space ring and offered it to the guards of the Separate Abyss race.

The human girl's eyes opened wide. Even though they didn't know each other, Zen paid such a significant sum to get her out of trouble. She was surprised and extremely grateful.

The Separate Abyss race, on the other hand, had been cunning as always. When Zen had stepped in to help the girl, they had increased the price tenfold and asked for two hundred thousand soul pills. Nevertheless, Zen still paid that amount.

The Separate Abyss guards hadn't expected Zen to take out two hundred thousand soul pills. If they were to make things difficult for them now, it would ruin their race's reputation. Therefore, the leader of them waved his hand and said, "You can go!"

The human girl walked up to Zen and said, "I'll wait for you in Stage Twelve. Thank you for your help. I will find a way to repay you!"

Two hundred thousand soul pills were not a significant amount for any Souls of Light who could enter Stage Twelve or Stage Thirteen.

But it was an exorbitant amount for the girl as her clan had declined. As she wasn't sure whether she could acquire two hundred thousand soul pills, she was hesitant to make the promise.

"Never mind all that. You can fly upward now," Zen said with a smile.

As she was a stranger who he had met by chance on the Other Shore, Zen didn't think he would see her again in Stage Twelve. Even though he knew that she couldn't return the soul pills, Zen had still helped her.

The human girl nodded and walked toward the star ring.

Zen and Dorothy waited in line for a while before it was finally their turn.

According to the previous agreement, Zen paid one hundred thousand soul pills.

But the guard of the Separate Abyss race pointed his huge finger at Dorothy and said, "You, one million soul pills."

Dorothy's eyebrows shot up, and she asked, "Why?"

"You paid two hundred thousand soul pills for him just now. It is fair to ask you to pay a higher price," the guard said with a sneer. "If you can't afford it, go that way!"

He sneered as he pointed to the west.

"Buzz..."

Enraged, Zen's Soul of Light exuded powerful soul aura.

Even the alien races who were waiting in line felt that the Separate Abyss race was too greedy.

"They are greedy bullies!"

"That's what happens when you help others!"

"If you want to pass Stage Eleven, you have to obey them."

The other races whispered amongst themselves. They could tell that these two humans were in trouble.

"What? Do you have a problem with that?"

The guards of the Separate Abyss race glared at Zen. They didn't take him seriously.

Never before in the history of the Separate Abyss race had anyone dared to start a fight in Stage Eleven!

Dorothy could feel Zen's anger, but she didn't want to cause more trouble. She quickly interjected, "I don't have a million soul pills. Can I pay with soul crystal?"

The eyes of the guards of the Separate Abyss race lit up as soul crystal was more valuable than soul pill.

In fact, every race valued soul crystal. After all, even if you had soul pills and divine crystals, you would still be unable to exchange them for soul crystal, considering its rareness.

"It depends on how much soul crystal you are willing to pay. Ha-ha..." The guards of the Separate Abyss race laughed. As they decided who proceeded to the next stage, they used their authority to extort greater amounts.

"A finger-size chunk," Dorothy offered.

"Deal," the guards of the Separate Abyss race agreed without hesitation.

Everyone knew that soul pills could be slowly accumulated, but soul crystal was rarely seen. As they could find no way to buy some, one finger-size chunk of soul crystal was more precious than a million soul pills.

Dorothy took out a finger-size chunk of soul crystal from her space ring and handed it to the guard of the Separate Abyss race.

The other races' eyes shone with greed at the sight of the soul crystal. This was the rarely seen soul crystal. And she had actually paid the fee for passing Stage Eleven with it! What a reckless waste! Suddenly, everyone present was curious about her background.

Although they sighed with envy at the sight of the soul crystal, they cursed the Separate Abyss race. Judging from the situation, they believed that the Separate Abyss race was becoming greedier and greedier!

"Let's go." Dorothy walked to Zen and tugged at his arm. She wanted to avoid trouble, but Zen was rooted to his spot. He wasn't going to allow some guards to extort such an unfair price from them.

Seeing that Zen wasn't leaving, the guards of the Separate Abyss race grinned, "Human boy, if you don't want to leave, you can stay here forever."

"Settle your anger, please. Let's go!" Dorothy pleaded with Zen.

Since staying here would only cause more trouble, Dorothy was naturally a little anxious.

Finally, Zen turned and followed Dorothy toward the star ring. As soon as their Souls of Light entered the star ring, they turned into two rays of light and flew to Stage Twelve.

The human girl had been watching the star ring all this while. She had been waiting for Zen in Stage Twelve, just as she had promised him.

She wanted to repay Zen as she owed him a big favor. But, first, she needed to know more about him, including his name.

"Buzz..."

As the two rays of light descended, Zen's and Dorothy's Souls of Light reached Stage Twelve.

"Sir, thank you..."

As soon as the human girl recognized Zen's aura, she rushed toward him.

However, before she could say more, Zen turned his head and said to Dorothy, "Wait for me here." Before anyone could object, Zen had left the Other Shore.

Dorothy's plea to stay safe and be careful echoed in the space as Zen's figure had already disappeared.

She shook her head slightly. Had the Separate Abyss race accepted two hundred thousand soul pills only, this would never have happened. But they had been unreasonable when they demanded a million soul pills. If she didn't have the soul crystal, she would have been left in Stage Eleven.

When the human girl saw Zen disappear, she was at a loss for what to do. She stood silently for a while before she asked Dorothy, "Miss, where has he gone?"

Dorothy replied, "He'll be back soon."

She knew that it wouldn't take Zen long to turn Stage Eleven upside down.

"Oh." The human girl shuffled her feet. "Then, I'll wait for him here."

"Why are you waiting for him?" Dorothy asked as curiosity coursed through her.

"I want to know his name. I will return the soul pills to him," the girl explained.

Dorothy smiled at the girl. "You don't need to do that."

For her and Zen, two hundred thousand soul pills were not a significant amount. She did pay a higher price of a finger-size chunk of soul crystal as demanded by the Separate Abyss race, but that had nothing to do with this young human girl.

As Dorothy was generous and open-minded, she didn't blame the little girl.

"No! I must return them to him!" The girl was surprisingly persistent.

Since Dorothy's patience had waned, she said slowly, "I gave the soul pills on his behalf. Now, I'm telling you that I don't need you to pay me back. You can leave!"

Dorothy's words upset the human girl, and she walked away reluctantly.

Chapter 3247 A Hundredfold

As soon as Zen arrived—in his corporeal form—at the Oneness Sky Palace's temple, he saw a group of disciples stationed at the entrance of the temple. They all had grim expressions on their faces.

Zen quickly deduced that they were guarding against a strong enemy.

"What's the matter?"

he demanded, going straight up to one of the disciples.

Although they didn't know who he was, they knew he had helped them before.

"Before you came, something serious happened!" said the disciple, sounding frantic.

"Tell me quickly. Did the Bearing race come to make trouble again?" Zen asked, looking around him for signs of danger.

The great loss suffered by the Bearing race should have taught them not to go against the Oneness Sky Palace. Could they have dared to make trouble again so soon after their recent failure? Or was this the work of another race?

The disciple shook his head. "There was a man, but he didn't belong to the Bearing race... We don't know where he came from. He can devour the souls of others!"

"A man who devours souls?" Zen repeated, startled.

"Yes!" The disciple sounded extremely upset. "He wanted soul crystal, and when we refused—he swallowed one of our members! We had to retreat to the temple."

The temple was protected by a variety of powerful restrictions. Apart from Zen, who could come and go as he pleased, even the strongest souls would be burnt to ashes.

"Then he left?" Zen asked.

"He went to the Bearing race. We think he went there for soul crystal too," the disciple answered.

Soul crystal was very difficult to obtain.

At the moment, there were a lot of elite disciples of the Bearing race here, but they were busy rebuilding their destroyed temple. This meant that no restrictions were yet in place to protect them. And so the man attacked them, eating at least seven souls before the rest of the members of the Bearing race fled from the Other Shore completely.

Once they were gone, the man went through the ruins of the Bearing race's temple.

However, he had come too late. The temple had already been plundered by Zen, and whatever valuables remained had also been taken away by the Bearing race. He wasn't able to find anything useful.

He refused to give up. He went next to the temple of the Divine Farmer race.

But by then, word had reached them of the danger on the Other Shore, and the temple was heavily guarded. Indeed, in the battle that ensued, the disciples of the Divine Farmer race managed to lure him inside the temple and almost succeeded in killing him. The man managed to escape the temple.

After hearing the story, Zen asked, "So where is this person now?"

"He has probably left the Other Shore. His power to devour souls is terrifying, but apart from that one ability his soul does not seem very strong. He is also alone. He will find it hard to stand against many elite disciples united against him. When the Bearing race realized what had happened, they cooperated with the Divine Farmer race to send a few Indigo Souls to hunt him down. Unfortunately, they did not succeed in capturing or killing him," said the disciple.

"The power to devour souls... This world is so vast, so full of so many mysteries!" Zen muttered to himself, deep in thought.

That kind of power was formidable. It seemed their unknown enemy was not afraid of any kind of counterattack or adverse reaction from the souls he had devoured.

This man's Soul of Light might not be very strong now, but if he kept on swallowing souls, his cultivation speed would probably not be much slower than that of a warrior absorbing soul crystal. Zen wondered how this man had obtained such a power.

The silver lining was that at least their enemy didn't come from the Bearing race or the Divine Farmer race. Better yet, he had apparently struck a severe blow against the Bearing race.

Since Zen had learned what he needed to know, he left the temple and headed straight to the star ring. Dorothy was still waiting for him in Stage Twelve of the Other Shore.

On the way up, Zen didn't stop. He reached Stage Ten in less than an hour. Soon after that, he stepped into the star ring again.

Several members of the Separate Abyss race stood on the square of Stage Eleven.

They had the task of driving the Souls of Light to the other side to wait in line.

With a glimmer of light, Zen's body appeared in the center of the square.

"You! This way!" one of the men shouted at Zen, coming closer to him. He was about to usher Zen into his proper place in the line when he noticed something strange. He stopped in his tracks, looking stunned. "A corporeal body?"

It was clear that the members of the Separate Abyss race had never met a corporeal body here.

Zen gave him an indifferent glance and walked past him.

The square was full of members of the Separate Abyss race, as well as people of other races who were waiting in line. One by one, as they saw Zen and realized he had a corporeal body, their faces changed and became full of shock and suspicion.

"What the hell is that?"

"This guy doesn't seem to be a Soul of Light..."

"Yes! It's simply a corporeal body!" "But how did he enter the Other Shore?"

"What is he? Is he a ghost?"

In their eyes, "ghosts" referred to souls that had left bodies. To this group, a corporeal body on the Other Shore was at least as mysterious and terrifying as a ghost in the outside.

Of course, Zen had no intention of waiting in line. He bypassed everyone and walked up to the group of people in front who seemed to be in charge.

"Excuse me, what can I do for you?" asked one of the men as Zen drew closer. The man was a member of the Separate Abyss race, and seemed to be the leader here.

Given their status in Stage Eleven, these members of the Separate Abyss race tended to have an arrogant attitude towards the new arrivals. Most of the others found them overbearing and supercilious. But Zen was unlike anyone they'd encountered here before. Faced with a corporeal body, they became polite and deferential.

Zen scowled and spoke in a threatening voice, "Repay me a hundredfold for the amount of soul pills you just took! You have charged me a million soul pills, so you must return a hundred million—otherwise, I fear this situation will not end well for you."

The Souls of Light who were waiting in line watched the scene avidly. They felt puzzled at Zen's words. They had no idea what had happened before, but right now Zen's ultimatum was very clear. He was extorting soul pills from the Separate Abyss race.

Within Stage Eleven of the Other Shore, the Separate Abyss race was the most powerful, and they were the only ones who could blackmail other races. Especially here, no one dared to fight back.

The Separate Abyss race had extorted soul pills from all the super forces and powerful people. It was rare that someone went against them. This stranger was daring.

The members of the Separate Abyss race exchanged astonished glances with each other. The truth struck them like a blow—this man in front of them was the person who had just given them soul pills and soul crystal.

The leader was silent for a moment, thinking hard. Then he said to Zen, "We apologize for failing to recognize you. If you want them back, we will return the soul crystal and the two hundred thousand soul pills you gave us." He turned to one of his companions. "Alberto, take out the soul crystal."

He and the others who were in charge of the square didn't have a high position in the Separate Abyss race. They had made a mistake in extorting Zen. Should the leader and elders of the Separate Abyss race ever learn that they had been foolish enough to offend a person capable of coming to the Other Shore in corporeal form, they would be severely punished.

They decided it would be best to avoid further trouble and just return everything to Zen.

The Souls of Light waiting in line couldn't hide their pleasure at seeing the Separate Abyss race humbled.

They who had always been so tough, who had always acted so superior, had finally met their match!

Zen gave the members of the Separate Abyss race a cool glance. "No. One hundred million soul pills, or a hundred finger-size chunks of soul crystal."

The leader's face changed, and his companions looked worried.

The Souls of Light who were watching couldn't help but feel uneasy too. What would happen if the Separate Abyss race couldn't meet the stranger's demands? They felt that something big was about to happen.

The leader squared his shoulders and glared at Zen. "Are you joking? It's enough that we will return everything to you. Alberto, hand it over."

Alberto stepped forward and gave the soul crystal to Zen. Zen grasped it in his hand, and squeezed hard.

The soul crystal burst into pieces and splattered around. Some of the fragments shot into the Souls of Light in line, and they were extremely satisfied with this unexpected development.

Without the space ring, Zen could not store soul crystal. And he did not intend to take this finger-size chunk of soul crystal.

At the waste of the soul crystal, the members of the Separate Abyss race groaned.

Zen stared coldly at them. "Send one hundred million soul pills to Stage Twelve. If there is even a single pill missing, I will raze the Separate Abyss race to the ground."

Chapter 3248 The Abyss Spirit Race

Zen's statements had left everyone speechless.

Most nonhuman creatures had pinned him to be crazy. They thought he had lost his mind.

It was already a ridiculous thing for Zen to come over and blatantly demand a hundred million soul pills from the Separate Abyss race. And now he continued to assert his dominance by stating he would raze the territory of the Separate Abyss race to the ground.

Among the nonhuman creatures, there was a human. He originated from the Divine Farmer race.

This man had gone all the way from Stage Four to Stage Thirteen. However, he had only been on the Other Shore for a short while. Therefore, he hadn't witnessed the scene of Zen destroying the temple of the Bearing race before he came here.

But he did hear from his clansmen about everything that had happened in Stage Four, including the fact that Zen could enter the Other Shore with his physical body.

"I didn't expect this brat to suddenly come to Stage Eleven. From the looks of it, the Separate Abyss race has offended him as well. Does he really plan to cause a scene in the Separate Abyss race?"

The Separate Abyss race was formidable. Their strength was not something to be underestimated. Even the Bearing race hesitated to provoke them.

Anyone who stood and watched began to anticipate the likelihood of something interesting to happen.

Upon hearing Zen's arrogant words, the leader of the guards laughed mockingly. "What did you say? You want to destroy our territory? Hahaha! What a joke!"

Initially, the Separate Abyss race wanted to come to a compromise with Zen on the issue at hand. After all, Zen was the only one who had arrived at the Other Shore with his physical body. They didn't want to offend him and cause too much trouble for either of them.

If this matter escalated without coming to a conclusion, a rumor would spread that the Separate Abyss race had demanded an exorbitant price. This would result in a severe blow to their reputation.

Now that the situation was getting out of hand, they realized the problem couldn't be solved peacefully. Therefore, they changed their attitudes.

"It's true that it's a remarkable thing to have a physical body on the Other Shore. Other races might be intimidated by you, but, we're not afraid of you!"

"I'd suggest that you move to Stage Twelve if you know what's good for you!"

"We share the same origin with the Abyss Spirit race of the Ancestral Glory Stage. Your physical body is no threat to us!"

There were many creatures of different kinds living on the Other Shore.

The strength and durability of beings increased with a higher stage. Naturally, the ones that lived on Stage One to Stage Four were not much strong in comparison.

Some creatures would even occupy restricted areas where no one else but themselves were allowed on the Other Shore.

There was not much known about these races because they maintained a low profile. They would seldom communicate or interact with the Souls of Light. Similarly, the Souls of Light that roamed the Other Shore would never dare to enter their territories and trespass on them.

However, the Abyss Spirit race from Stage Eleven was an exception.

The Separate Abyss race and the Abyss Spirit race enjoyed a healthy relationship. It was said that in the middle ages, the Separate Abyss race was not as powerful as they stood today. When the leader of the Separate Abyss race had entered Stage Eleven, he had come across the Abyss Spirit race by chance. After a few interactions, they became exceedingly acquainted with one another.

Since the Abyss Spirit race regarded the Separate Abyss race as their allies, they supported them in all aspects of their growth in Stage Eleven. Due to their relentless assistance, the latter soon took control of Stage Eleven on the Other Shore.

It could be said that the Abyss Spirit race had made a significant contribution to their development.

"Oh, really? Is that so?"

With swift movements, Zen grabbed the arm of the man in front of him. The immense Soul of Light was weightless in Zen's grip, and he threw him straight onto the wide square area.

Watching Zen launch a direct attack made some of the impulsive members of the Separate Abyss race charge forward to avenge their clansman.

Chaos ensued when the other races in the line saw this. They began to flee frantically in all directions like a flock of disturbed birds.

Some people took it as a source of their entertainment, while others were worried since they got involved in the matter for no reason. However, neither of them could get out of this. There was no way to retreat from the Other Shore in this damned place.

The members of the Separate Abyss race were massive in terms of size, and each of them was innate mighty warriors. Moreover, they cultivated under the watchful eyes of the Abyss Spirit race, who taught them to develop a unique soul method. It was a technique that allowed them to enhance their Souls of Light to an extended degree within a short amount of time.

At the same time, several members of the Separate Abyss race dashed towards Zen to strike. Meanwhile, Zen stood there as he had to bear terrible soul pressure from all of them.

Each of those members was equipped with a soul spear that they thrust at Zen mercilessly.

However, they had underestimated the strength and resistance of Zen's physical body.

Although they had increased their soul power substantially, a soul was still inferior to a body. Moreover, Zen's physical body was far more compelling than that of an average person.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The soul spears that would usually cause immense damage were like wooden arrows in front of Zen. The moment they came in contact with his body, they cracked into many minuscule pieces.

After a full round of countless attacks towards Zen, he remained tall on his feet completely unscathed.

Realizing that their attacks had all gone to waste, the members of the Separate Abyss race opened their eyes wide in shock. Their leader felt an undeniable fear build up inside of him.

"Alright then, it's my turn now," Zen said as he cracked his knuckles to prepare himself to counterattack.

He never was ruthless towards the people of his own race; he would show them mercy.

When he destroyed the temple of the Bearing race, he had spared the lives of all humans.

However, he didn't consider the members of the Separate Abyss race to be from his race. These intelligent beings were no different from beasts with violent tendencies.

Swish!

By stomping on the ground hard with his feet, Zen boosted himself upwards as fast as an arrow released from its bow.

When he passed through a tall and mighty warrior of the Separate Abyss race, he gently pressed on his head.

Swish!

The man's Soul of Light diminished in an instant!

However, Zen did not plan to stop there. He turned his head to find his next target and rushed towards a man close by. Within a split second, Zen had attacked four people and destroyed their Souls of Light!

"He's too strong for us!"

"We can't fight against him!"

"Hurry and inform the Abyss Spirit race!"

The remaining members of the Separate Abyss race began to retreat and flee the field one after the other. But they had nowhere to go since the area was sealed shut.

Zen stood patiently and didn't bother to follow after them to kill them off. After observing the panicked looks on the faces of other races, he turned to them and said, "Find your own star rings and leave this place."

Without the obstruction of the Separate Abyss race, they were able to leave Stage Eleven through the star rings. And they wouldn't have to pay the heavy fee of ten thousand soul pills.

All the other races were grateful to Zen. He had helped them save ten thousand soul pills. And more importantly, he had taught the arrogant members of the Separate Abyss race a good lesson.

The Separate Abyss race had kept their dominance over small and powerless races in Stage Eleven and the Source World. It was about time someone showed up and put them in their place.

"Thank you, sir. We are grateful to you for helping us. But you have to be careful with the Abyss Spirit race!"

"Those living creatures on the Other Shore can also present themselves with their physical bodies."

"They are very powerful."

Some people who knew a little about Zen's approaching enemy gave him all the information they had so he could prepare himself.

Zen carefully listened to them and nodded. Then he made his way forward and scanned his surroundings.

The Separate Abyss race had built an entire city on the Other Shore, not just a temple. The city wall alone stood over a thousand feet high, and the buildings within were at an astounding height of ten thousand feet.

With careful steps, he walked over to the wall and gently pressed his hands against it.

As he exerted a little pressure, the wall which was one thousand feet high and one hundred feet wide collapsed with a loud sound that reverberated far and wide. A noticeable gap was formed.

The members of the Separate Abyss race, who stood behind the wall, were oblivious to the scenario that took place on the other side. They eyed Zen up in astonishment.

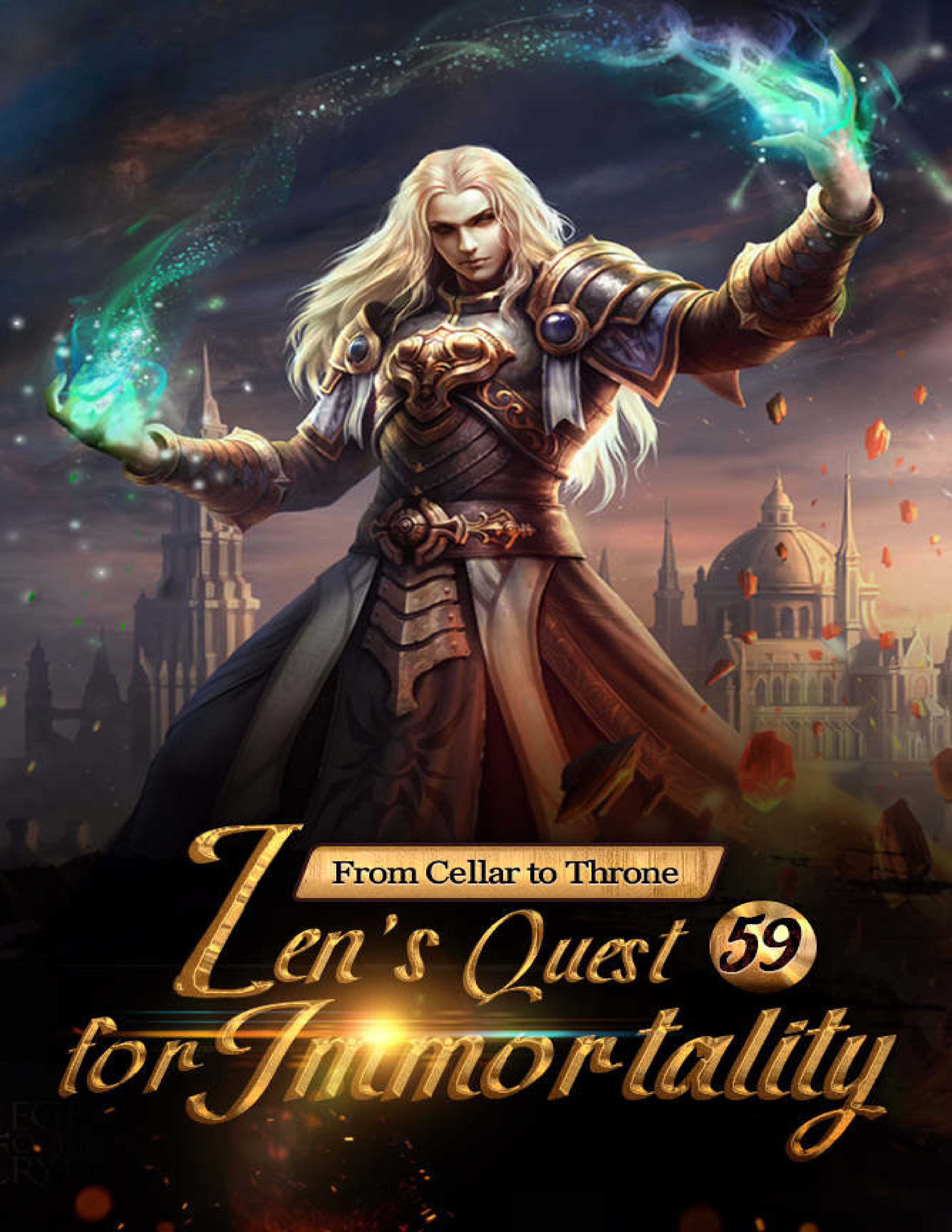

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

59

Contents

Chapter 3249 The Past Scare
Chapter 3250 The Past
Chapter 3251 Reach An Compromise
Chapter 3252 The Growing Dark Region
Chapter 3253 Selling Other Shore Tokens
Chapter 3254 The Loot
Chapter 3255 Grand Sky Temple
Chapter 3256 The Three Huts In The Dark Region
Chapter 3257 Ninety-percent Discount
Chapter 3258 Journey
Chapter 3259 Demand An Exorbitant Price
Chapter 3260 All Sorts Of Races
Chapter 3261 A Threat
Chapter 3262 The Soul Fighting Skill
Chapter 3263 Failure
Chapter 3264 A Single Palm Strike
Chapter 3265 Saving Elvinia
Chapter 3266 Argument
Chapter 3267 The Ear Mice's Real Purpose
Chapter 3268 Ruling Forces
Chapter 3269 The Faces On The Walls
Chapter 3270 The Hearts Of Accomplice
Chapter 3271 Terrifying Ability
Chapter 3272 Bloody Hands
Chapter 3273 The Pattern
Chapter 3274 The Courtyard
Chapter 3275 The Thin Wall
Chapter 3276 Terrifying Armors
Chapter 3277 Climb Up
Chapter 3278 Benefactor
Chapter 3279 The Truth
Chapter 3280 The Background
Chapter 3281 Uninvited Followers
Chapter 3282 Moving The Wall

Chapter 3283 The Wooden Bridge
Chapter 3284 Human-Monkey Monsters
Chapter 3285 To Cross The Bridge
Chapter 3286 The Strange Road
Chapter 3287 Fear
Chapter 3288 Blue Twin Stars
Chapter 3289 A Three-eyed Boy
Chapter 3290 Hint
Chapter 3291 Boiling
Chapter 3292 The Legendary Fire Crow
Chapter 3293 Stealthy Communication
Chapter 3294 Wounded
Chapter 3295 A Strange Black-and-White Tree
Chapter 3296 Treat The Boy
Chapter 3297 Suspicion
Chapter 3298 Black Monkeys
Chapter 3299 The Bridge Was Broken
Chapter 3300 Physical Overdraft
Chapter 3301 Dangerous Ravine
Chapter 3302 The Light
Chapter 3303 Shelter
Chapter 3304 Return

Chapter 3249 The Past Scare

"What happened?"

"Did the city wall collapse?"

"Who was strong enough to destroy the wall?" "Was it the Ghost Sneaking Beast?"

Creatures in Stage Twelve of the Other Shore were not limited to those from the Abyss Spirit race and the Separate Abyss race.

It was also home to unique and powerful beasts, one of which was the Ghost Sneaking Beast.

The Souls of Light in the eleventh stage of the Other Shore Realm were not strong enough to destroy the city wall, but the Ghost Sneaking Beast could.

As usual, Zen, too, was an exception. He could easily destroy the city wall, which was why the Separate Abyss race was astounded by his power.

"What's that?"

"He seems to be a simple human."

"He's not in soul form. Unbelievable!"

Upon seeing Zen, members of the Separate Abyss race gasped.

They could not believe what they were seeing.

Zen squinted as he walked. He remained completely unbothered by their reactions.

He walked calmly and on his toes towards a huge building. Then he crashed into the pillars of the building.

As he moved forward, the pillars broke into pieces.

Members of the Separate Abyss race hastily tried to approach Zen without considering the risks.

"No matter which race you come from! You are courting death!"

"No one has ever dared to go against us, especially not a mere human like you!"

"Are you from the Bearing race?"

Zen didn't want to waste any more time on them.

For those who approached him boldly, Zen simply flicked his arm to smash their Souls of Light.

He had killed several of their members and the Separate Abyss race was quickly realizing how much of a threat he really was.

But they did not give up. They did not leave the Other Shore. Despite Zen's display of strength, they gathered behind him and cursed him. They wanted to stop him but did not dare approach him.

Then, they heard the sound of a rumble.

Zen had passed through another huge building a moment before its collapse.

He walked towards the center of the city, triggering the collapse of every building he passed by.

Nothing could stop him.

More and more members of the Separate Abyss race followed behind Zen. Each time a building collapsed, their hearts sank deeper.

"Hey, human! Stop!"

"Take what you want!"

The place grew tense.

These people were not figures of authority in the city. Zen had previously asked for a hundred million soul pills, but they refused.

They had to really see Zen's power before they bowed to his wishes.

Zen ignored them profusely.

He passed a wide road where a magnificent building stood.

He remembered his reactions to those temples when he newly entered Stage Four. He could not comprehend then how the human race was capable of such wonder.

The building in front of him put him in even more awe. It was bigger than what he had seen before.

"What a beautiful building!"

Zen remarked.

Members of the Separate Abyss race who trailed behind him trembled at his words. They did not want to lose anything to him anymore.

"What, what do you want to do?" someone of the Separate Abyss race asked.

Zen had already destroyed the buildings in the outer part of the area, but they could not take it if he destroyed the building ahead of them. It was the real temple of the Separate Abyss race.

"I want to tear it down," Zen said nonchalantly.

Then he casually walked towards the building.

"Stop him!"

"Don't let him enter the temple!"

"Nobody can desecrate our temple!"

Members of the Separate Abyss race furiously rushed towards Zen in an attempt to stop him.

However, before they even got close, Zen shattered them instantly.

The Separate Abyss race fell into despair. Would the temple really be destroyed by a young man?

Suddenly, the sound of horns played in the distance.

"Woo-oo-oo!"

Suddenly, huge eagles filled the sky. They flew from outside of the city walls carrying giants on their backs.

The giants bore a close resemblance to those from the Separate Abyss race, but the latter had blurred outlines because they were only Souls of Light. However, the giants' appearances were clearly visible.

They were from the Abyss Spirit race that lived on the Other Shore.

"Great! The knights of the Abyss Spirit race are here!"

"They're here to save us!"

"Kill this damn human brat!"

Excitement stirred the place. The Separate Abyss race grew confident. Their backup finally arrived and they could smell victory coming their way.

Splash!

The eagles lined up and swooped towards Zen.

The destruction of buildings was a capital offense both for the Separate Abyss race and the Abyss Spirit race. The Abyss Spirit race were definitely angered by Zen's disrespect. They were determined to kill him.

Splash!

As the Abyss Spirit knights neared Zen, they revealed white bone spears in their hands.

Bone spears were known to be even more powerful than soul spears.

"Kill him!"

The Abyss Spirit knights shouted with conviction.

'How strong could these creatures from the Other Shore be?' Zen squinted his eyes as if inspecting their features.

He did not know much about the Other Shore even though he was a competent Indigo Soul now.

In his long stay on the Other Shore, he had only encountered two types of aboriginal creatures. One was the Heavenly Spider's body in the Sacred Mallow Temple, and the other was the Thunder Beast in the temple of Oneness Sky Palace.

For the first time, he encountered two creatures at the same time in the same place. One was the Abyss Spirit race, and the other was the flying eagles that they rode.

"Whoosh!"

A bone spear flew towards him but Zen was able to avoid it. He stretched out his hand and easily grabbed the spear.

"They seem strong.

Much powerful than Souls of Light.

But they can't be strong enough to defeat me!" Zen said scornfully.

As soon as he grasped the bone spear, Zen pushed it out with his hand.

The bone spear lashed in the air. It emitted a whistling sound as it landed directly on the chest of an Abyss Spirit knight.

"Bang!"

Blood spewed out of the body of the Abyss Spirit knight. He lost his balance and fell from the back of the eagle. His bleeding body lay crumpled on the ground. The eagle, disoriented from what happened, followed suit. It flapped its wings to carry itself up but failed.

Zen grabbed another spear and threw it towards another Abyss Spirit knight rushing towards him.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Zen kept on throwing spears, each time hitting an Abyss Spirit knight right on the chest. Bodies fell from the sky and crushed on the ground.

The Abyss Spirit race was indeed stronger than the Souls of Light, but they were only creatures of Stage Eleven. This meant that Zen was still miles stronger in terms of pure physical strength.

A total of eight Abyss Spirit knights lay on the ground. The others panicked behind Zen, trying to force the eagles into flight.

Suddenly, a look of terror dawned on the faces of the Abyss Spirit knights.

"Does he cultivate Wild God Power?"

"Are we dealing with a Wild God once more?"

"No way! Rules have been changed. No Wild God could enter the Other Shore. It has been like that for the past tens of millions of years!"

The Abyss Spirit knights exchanged frightened murmurs as they shared the memories of the time when they were dominated by Wild Gods.

Chapter 3250 The Past

In ancient times, the warriors of the Source World mainly cultivated the Wild God system, and they used the Ancient God Cultivation Method to enter the Other Shore.

At that time, it was much easier to travel on the Other Shore.

A Wild God could become tens of thousands of feet tall. As the corporeal body was far stronger than the soul, warriors of the Source World were immensely powerful when they entered the Other Shore with their real bodies. At that time, the creatures on the Other Shore, who were at a significant disadvantage, were easily slaughtered by the Wild Gods.

A race like them could only hide in a corner of the Ancestral Glory Stage.

Every time the Wild Gods plundered the Other Shore, it was disastrous for the whole Abyss Spirit race.

At one point, the Wild Gods had almost annihilated the Abyss Spirit race!

Everything happened at that time was like a nightmare. This was indeed a dark period for the Abyss Spirit race.

After the decline of the cultivation method of the Wild Gods and changes in the truth rules, the creatures on the Other Shore earned a gradual respite. This reprieve allowed struggling races, like the Abyss Spirit race, to pull through. Eventually, these creatures turned the tables and took the lead.

Those who entered the Other Shore later were weak Souls of Light. Without their corporeal bodies, how could they possibly be a match for the creatures on the Other Shore?

As a result, the races on the Other Shore took furious revenge for what they had endured!

At that time, stages above Stage Four were death land for the powerful warriors of the Other Shore Realm. They were extremely dangerous places, and any Other Shore Realm warrior that entered would die because none could resist the attack of the races on the Other Shore.

This was also the reason why most races had built their temples on Stage Four. Although there were also Other Shore creatures that lived on Stage One to Stage Four, they hadn't formed any groups, and they wouldn't target the Souls of Light.

Over time, the hatred the Other Shore creatures harbored for the Source World warriors gradually subsided. No one knew why.

From the middle ages until now, the Other Shore creatures and the Souls of Light had managed to co-exist peacefully. Some of the large races even chose to form alliances with the races on the Other Shore.

The Abyss Spirit race and the Separate Abyss race, for example, were connected by blood, and thus, naturally associated.

After the few Separate Abyss members, who had extorted soul pills from warriors passing through Stage Eleven, fled, the matter was reported to the senior leaders of their race. These senior leaders quickly communicated with the Abyss Spirit race, who then sent Abyss Spirit knights to confront Zen before he could destroy the temple of the Separate Abyss race.

These Abyss Spirit knights were almost invincible. Although their cultivation was not extraordinary, the Souls of Light in the Lust World could not resist them at all. Unfortunately for these Abyss Spirit knights, they had no idea that they were about to deal with a corporeal body!

Naturally, what they saw before their eyes alarmed them. The fear hidden deep within their hearts erupted and coursed through them like an unstoppable force.

Those who had survived the dark ages would never want that history to repeat itself.

And people who had heard about the dark times would always be seized by terror whenever they thought about it.

If warriors could enter the Other Shore with their corporeal bodies again, it would undoubtedly mean the return of the darkness.

"Wild God?"

A playful smile appeared on Zen's face.

In the entire chaos, perhaps only those living at the bottom of the chaos cultivated the Wild God system. However, none of them could use the Ancient God Cultivation Method to enter the Other Shore. Zen had not tried to activate his Wild Body after he arrived on the Other Shore. He said to the Abyss Spirit knights, "Is this the Wild God you were discussing?"

Then, his body began to grow.

In a flash, his body reached over ten thousand feet in height.

Even the Abyss Spirit knights who were sitting on the back of the eagles needed to look up at him.

They paled and the flying eagles became restless at the sight of Zen's enlarged body.

"He really cultivates the Wild God system!"

"I heard about the Wild Gods from my grandfather, but I didn't expect him to grow to such a massive size!"

"He is probably over ten thousand tall, isn't he?"

The Abyss Spirit knights present stared at Zen with their mouths wide open.

Even the large number of Souls of Light from the Separate Abyss race, who were in the city, gaped at Zen.

When the Abyss Spirit knights arrived, it boosted the morale of the Separate Abyss race.

The Souls of Light of the Separate Abyss race in the city had often heard about the powerful strength of the Abyss Spirit knights, but none had ever seen it. Over the years, no one had dared to make trouble on Stage Eleven. Even if someone caused trouble, it was not serious enough to alert the Abyss Spirit knights!

Who would have thought that such a powerful team of Abyss Spirit knights would be so weak in front of Zen?

They were all depressed, shocked, and confused when they saw Zen's body expand to such a degree in the blink of an eye. The Souls of Light exuded an aura of fear, and the more cowardly ones retreated from the Other Shore.

But most of them were reluctant to leave.

"Oh, dear! Did fate send him to wipe out our Separate Abyss race?"

"We, the Separate Abyss race, have occupied Stage Eleven for many years. Is this the end of our happy days?"

"It seems that... our temple might be destroyed today."

In the corner of this large city, the Soul of Light of the Separate Abyss race, who had blackmailed Zen, trembled when he saw Zen's colossal body. It was only now that he understood where Zen's confidence came from, and he was regretful for what he had done before.

"One hundred million soul pills is not an exorbitant amount to pay to make him leave."

"One hundred million soul pills!"

"Give them to him!"

the Soul of Light muttered as he rushed into the temple. He was so terrorized by fear that he was already out of his mind.

On the square outside the city, many non-human creatures also saw the giant figure rising on the horizon. Zen's body was so enormous that it would be difficult for them not to notice him.

"That is a human?"

"He seems familiar. Could it be the man who was here just now?"

"How did this person become so huge?"

Although these non-human creatures knew that Zen wanted to make trouble for the Separate Abyss race, they never expected that he would use such an incredible way...

Currently, the temple only reached Zen's calf. It seemed as though he could trample an entire temple just by lifting his leg. While the thought terrified everyone, only Zen knew that he wasn't capable of such damage.

Although he had absorbed a large number of wild bones, the limit his body could grow into was far more than ten thousand feet high.

However, the Wild God Power was incomparable to the Other Shore Power. After all, the Wild Gods corresponded to True Gods, and when Zen was just a consummate True God, the force he could unleash with his full strength was only one divine megaton.

As the ancient Wild Gods, who had used the Ancient God Cultivation Method to enter the Other Shore, cultivated Truth of Powerful Holy Body, they were able to merge with Other Shore Tokens.

However, Zen was special as he hadn't cultivated the Truth of Powerful Holy Body. And so, he didn't know whether his body could merge with Other Shore Tokens, or if it could, how he should go about it.

Just then, three more eagles flew toward Zen from outside the city.

Three elders of the Abyss Spirit race were on the backs of these flying eagles. They had lived for a very long time, as evident from their shrunken sizes. They were pygmies when compared with the Abyss Spirit knights.

The three old men hovered in front of Zen. The white-haired old man at the helm asked, "Human boy, why do you destroy our city and temple for no reason?"

Zen sneered, "Ask the Separate Abyss race. They forced a human to pay one million soul pills to pass Stage Eleven. How could you say that I have no reason?"

Chapter 3251 Reach An Compromise

Zen's thunderous voice shook the Souls of Light to the core.

His words shocked everyone, especially the three old men from the Abyss Spirit race

The three did not show it but what just happened made them worry greatly.

If Zen came here to make trouble for no reason, then they would be in great trouble. However, if he had some reason to do what he did, things would be different because that meant that they had a chance of negotiating with him.

The leader of the three old men bowed respectfully to Zen. "My friend, please calm down and wait a moment. I shall go and ask the Separate Abyss race regarding this matter."

With this, the eagle beneath his feet let out a shrill cry before descending towards the temple.

There was a bit of a five-minute wait before the old man returned, still atop the eagle, and faced Zen. "I apologize for what the members of the Separate Abyss race did. They were the ones who broke the rules and inconvenienced you. As compensation, we will be giving you a hundred million soul pills."

That amount might seem like a terrible loss at first, but they could easily earn it back. One hundred million soul pills was just the toll fee of ten thousand creatures after all.

Zen's rampage in the city cost no less than a hundred million soul pills, but it was important to placate him now, or they would risk paying a bigger price if he continued his destructive ways.

What the old man was worried about was the possibility of Zen going back on his word.

"Send one hundred finger-size chunks of soul crystal instead of one hundred million soul pills to the human race's star ring in Stage Twelve," Zen ordered.

Given his reasonable demand, the three old men of the Abyss Spirit race raised no more objections against him.

Once an agreement had been reached, Zen finally shrank back to his normal size.

With this problem taken care of, the young man turned away to take his leave. The old man of the Abyss Spirit race, however, stopped him. "My friend..."

Zen turned around, an eyebrow raised in suspicion. "What is it?"

The old man hesitated for a brief moment but went ahead to ask his question. "As far as I know, the body refining skill of the ancient gods has long since lost its effect and no real body could enter the Other Shore. Just how were you able to enter with that body of yours?"

Truth ruled the whole chaos. It was greater than everything and the old man believed that it was also unbreakable. Zen's existence right now was an enigma. How exactly did this young man do it? The only explanation the old man could think of was that Zen surpassed the truth, but that was impossible! Surpassing the truth would mean that he was stronger than the Chaos Ancient Gods and there was no way that was the case given his cultivation base.

"I... I don't know either. Even if I did, why should I tell you?" Zen answered coyly.

His reply had the old man blush in embarrassment. Since the young man was unwilling to disclose his secret, then all they could really do was let him leave quietly.

Numerous members of the Separate Abyss race lined the road that led out of the city. Almost all of them stared at Zen in fear as he walked past.

None of them knew of the fact that they weren't the first ones to suffer his wrath. The Bearing race had previously tasted the bitter consequences of angering this human man.

Outside the city, Zen stepped into the human race's star ring and immediately entered Stage Twelve.

Dorothy had been waiting for him for quite a while now. She immediately heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing him finally walk out of the star ring.

Going against the Separate Abyss race was an entirely different can of worms compared to when Zen went against the Bearing race. The main reason was that the Separate Abyss race was backed by the Abyss Spirit race who were natives of the Other Shore.

"How did it go?" Dorothy asked, hiding her worries with a nonchalant greeting.

"It went fine. We should wait here for a moment," Zen told her.

"Why?" Dorothy asked.

Zen smirked. "One hundred finger-size chunks of soul crystal."

Dorothy let out a slight gasp. "You seriously made them pay you back with one hundred finger-size chunks of soul crystal? And they said yes? Did you demolish their entire temple or something?"

She was well aware of how arrogant and domineering the Separate Abyss race was. For Zen to have made them agree to his terms and pay him back meant he probably caused great damage to their temple.

Zen shrugged. "Kind of. We came to an agreement before I managed to destroy their temple."

Dorothy was no fool. No matter how casual Zen made it out to be, she knew that he caused a great deal of devastation to the Separate Abyss race for things to have turned out this way.

'It's as Grandma said. Once Zen passed the Sea of Truth in the form of his body, he can do whatever he wants on the Other Shore. He's already demolished the Bearing race's temple, and almost destroyed the Separate

Abyss race's. He's truly leaving a trail of destruction in his wake, isn't he?' she thought to herself.

The two of them waited for two more hours before a Soul of Light appeared and immediately headed towards Zen.

There was only one corporeal body here on the Other Shore which made identifying Zen quite easy.

"I've been entrusted by the Separate Abyss race to hand you the agreed settlement," the Soul of Light told Zen politely, taking out small pillars from his space ring. These were the one hundred finger-size chunks of soul crystal.

Zen accepted these pillars and casually threw them to Dorothy. He nodded back to the Soul of Light in front of him. "They gave you these. Weren't they scared you'd run away with the soul crystal or something?"

The courier laughed. "You've got quite the sense of humor, sir! My corporeal body is in the Separate Abyss race. How in the world would I be able to run away?"

Zen shrugged and figured that it made sense. The Separate Abyss race was a super force, so there was a huge possibility that they would have a number of warriors from other races serving them.

Since the soul crystal had been delivered, the courier stepped back into the star ring and returned to Stage Eleven.

Zen's body left the Other Shore and his Soul of Light returned. He had no intention of staying at Stage Twelve for too long. Instead, he entered the star ring and continued straight to Stage Thirteen.

Stage Thirteen, also known as the Ethereal Glorious Stage, was the last and most important stage of the Lust World.

Most Souls of Light stayed here in search of the most suitable Other Shore Tokens.

The Ethereal Glorious Stage never disappointed. Even until now, this stage continued to hold a lot of unveiled secrets and unexplored temples.

Unfortunately, its splendor was countered by how dangerous it was. Six or seven native races lived in this stage along with other strong and dangerous creatures that still hadn't formed their own tribe. It was easily the most perilous stage in the entire Lust World.

Several great forces had made numerous attempts to control the Ethereal Glorious Stage, much like how the Separate Abyss race managed to gain control of Stage Eleven. However, all of them failed. The natives of this stage fought with each other quite violently so there was no way the Souls of Light from the Source World could come in and take control.

When Zen reached Stage Thirteen, he was a bit taken aback to how different it was from what he initially imagined. "I thought Stage Thirteen would be desolate. I didn't expect it to be quite a busy place."

Star rings from all races were strewn about here and there. What was most peculiar was the fact that despite the co-existence of all sorts of creatures, they got along rather harmoniously.

Souls of Light who had the ability to step into Stage Thirteen were usually Indigo Souls or one step away from that realm.

"Elite disciples of all races from the Source World gather here in Stage Thirteen. There are naturally more Indigo Souls here," Dorothy told him.

Unlike Zen, she didn't seem that surprised at the scene before them despite the fact that this was her first time here.

The two of them went past the randomly strewn star rings and headed south where they stumbled upon a one-floor building.

Dorothy sighed with relief. "It's here!"

No race ever built a temple in Stage Thirteen, instead, they constructed simple strongholds and the one in front of them was built by none other than the Oneness Sky Palace.

Chapter 3252 The Growing Dark Region

As Zen and Dorothy cautiously approached the stronghold, they noticed it wasn't as guarded as the temples.

Even by the entrance, there wasn't a guard in sight. Zen and Dorothy exchanged uncertain glances, but proceeded anyway. There, they were greeted by a lone figure.

"Dorothy, so glad to meet you," the figure bowed to Dorothy. Then, turning to Zen, he cupped his hands courteously. "Nice to meet you as well, Zen."

Dorothy and Jermain had arranged to meet by the entrance beforehand. He had been waiting for them there expectantly.

Immediately recognizing the man's voice, Zen smiled. "Nice to meet you, too, Jermain."

Back in the Seven Mountains Meeting, Jermain had also performed well and eventually led the Origin Mountain in winning second place.

Zen secretly thought Jermain's talent was slightly inferior to that of Elvinia and Milo.

Nevertheless, even he agreed that Jermain must have something extraordinary about him; after all, he was a leader of the disciples of the Origin Mountain.

Zen squinted. He could sense that Jermain had a unique Soul of Light, which was also an Indigo Soul, thus his aura glowed a deep purple. However, what piqued Zen's curiosity was the three palm-sized souls that hovered behind Jermain. Upon a closer look, Zen noticed that the three little souls looked exactly like Jermain.

Meanwhile, Jermain felt Zen's curious stare. Then, the three souls approached Zen, flitting about him almost playfully.

"Zen, are you curious about us?" one palm-sized soul asked.

"We are separate fractal souls," another explained.

"Each of us is a separate individual," the third continued.

The three souls circled Zen as they explained. Each one sounded exactly like Jermain, which made Zen feel somewhat unsettled.

"Jermain," Dorothy giggled, "your separate souls are so funny!"

She had known prior that Jermain had separated three souls from his main soul, but this was the first time she had met them.

"Why did you split your soul?" Zen asked curiously.

Before Jermain could even open his mouth to respond, Dorothy answered for him. "Because his Other Shore Token is 'four in one', and belongs to the descending type."

The Other Shore Token Dorothy was talking about was Jermain's four clay figurines. Each one could transform into any shape in the Source World. But he needed a soul to control each piece, which was why he split his.

"I see," Zen nodded.

He understood. Some Other Shore Tokens were so outstanding and worth splitting one's soul.

"Anyway," Jermain finally said. "Let's go! Let me introduce this region to you first."

He had patiently waited for Dorothy so that he could serve as a guide for them. Stage Thirteen, being the last stage of the Lust World, was very different from other stages.

Jermain proceeded to lead them away from the simple stronghold. "Stage Thirteen is completely different from Stage Twelve and the rest."

As he spoke, the little souls flew to Zen and Dorothy. Then, they banded together to transform into a round cake.

"The first twelve stages are round-shaped with star rings distributed randomly. Only Stage Eleven is an exception as it is controlled by the Separate Abyss race. You must have known that," Jermain said bluntly.

Dorothy and Zen both nodded. They had guessed the Separate Abyss race was still in chaos.

"But Stage Thirteen is long and narrow." Jermain slightly wagged his finger, and suddenly, the round cake was sliced on both sides, leaving a long, thin strip of its middle. "The star rings of all races in the Source World are gathered at one end, and the way to the Desire World is on the other end."

Dorothy gasped softly. She and Zen understood immediately. Exchanging pleased looks subtly, they were impressed by Jermain's visually-aided explanation.

"Why is Stage Thirteen like this?" Zen asked, eyebrow raised.

Jermain smiled. "Actually, Stage Thirteen was once round, too. But now, like the two parts of cake I sliced off, those regions are covered by the darkness." His expression darkened. "If one entered the Dark Region rashly, they would fall into the dark void. Even now, the Dark Region continues to expand, albeit slowly. Perhaps one day, the two Dark Regions will merge into one, completely covering the path. The road to the Desire World would be impassable."

At the mention of the Dark Region, Zen's heart skipped a beat.

He recalled that time he obtained certain candles from the bottom of the Sea of Truth. While Zen couldn't feel the Other Shore Power in the candles, No.

9527 had asked him to keep them carefully, as he would need them if he were to enter the Dark Region.

No. 9527 said Zen probably wouldn't need them in the near future, so Zen had just tucked them away into a corner of his space ring.

"Just like I said," a voice within him whispered. "You need the candles to enter the Dark Region."

"Is there truly a Dark Region in Stage Thirteen?" Zen asked the voice.

"This is the first I've heard of it," No. 9527 replied. "In the past, the Dark Region only crept along the highest stages; but it's possible it has reached Stage Thirteen in recent years."

"All who enter Stage Thirteen have two motives," Jermain continued. "One, to obtain better Other Shore Tokens. Two, to go to the Desire World." Turning to the two, he suddenly asked, "Are you going to the Desire World directly or wanting to obtain an Other Shore Token here first?"

Jermain had figured both Zen and Dorothy would have had brilliant Other Shore Tokens already, as they were the famed talents of the Oneness Sky Palace. This meant they were probably here to enter the Desire World.

But to his surprise, Zen answered, "I need an Other Shore Token that is suitable for the Truth of Cultivation Nature."

Jermain hesitated momentarily. He wasn't expecting this answer. After all, he had witnessed Zen's incredible strength at the Seven Mountains Meeting: Zen lifted a boulder by himself, so he must have an Other shore Token of the strengthening type. Then, it dawned on him. "So you cultivate two Truths of Godly Ways..."

That was a great surprise to him. In his common sense, people rarely cultivated two Truths of Godly Ways when they were in the Lust Word. Only after reaching the Chaotic Source Realm would they choose to cultivate the second Truth of Godly Way for greater power.

Zen smiled. He didn't tell Jermain that he was cultivating three ways, not two only.

"You can try exploring the temples," Jermain suggested. "Or, buy one in the rats' auction."

"The rats' auction?" Zen asked. "Are you referring to the Ear Mouse race?"

"Yes," Jermain replied.

The Ear Mice were notoriously greedy. Even though they already held great power and dominated the trade on the Other Shore, other races still despised them as rats.

Zen had heard before that the Ear Mouse race monopolized trade on the Other Shore. But he had yet to come across them, since he had chosen to explore only temples in the previous stages.

Jermain's words piqued his interest.

Zen reflected on his assets. He had obtained 100 finger-size chunks of soul crystal that were worth a hundred million soul pills from the Separate Abyss race. Additionally, he had a considerable amount of loot from the Bearing race.

If the Ear Mouse race auctioned some extremely precious Other Shore Tokens, then he'd definitely opt to just buy one, rather than waste time and energy exploring.

"Please take us to the auction," Dorothy spoke his thoughts.

Jermain sighed at Dorothy's enthusiasm for Zen. She was, after all, considered a brilliant talent in the Oneness Sky Palace-- many disciples of the Origin Mountain sought her attention. Anyone who saw how devoted she was to Zen would feel heartbroken.

Chapter 3253 Selling Other Shore Tokens

The three of them traveled north for a while under Jermain's guidance before they spotted a low-rise building.

Many people were gathered in front of the building and seemed to be waiting for something.

Jermain went to make an inquiry. Before long, he returned to them and said to Zen, "There are two hours left before the auction starts. Looks like we'll have to wait here."

"Since the Ear Mice are in charge of the auction, they will also have to purchase the Other Shore Tokens. You can sell the tokens to them," Dorothy reminded Zen.

At her words, Zen remembered that he had a large number of Other Shore Tokens stashed away.

All these Other Shore Tokens were precious treasures of the Bearing race and were of great value.

Zen had studied each of them with precise concentration. They were good, but none was particularly suited to him.

He had now merged with two Other Shore Tokens, the Strength God Totem and the Eye of Will, both of which had their own uses. But he must now be very careful when he merged with the last Other Shore Token.

Selling the extra Other Shore Tokens was the best option he had at the moment.

"The Ear Mice will buy the Other Shore Tokens, but they are very picky. They don't like ordinary Other Shore Tokens. I'll take you there," Jermain said.

This was Zen's first time in Stage Thirteen. Zen hadn't upgraded his soul to the Indigo Soul during the Seven Mountains Meeting and could stay in

Stage Four at most. That was why in Jermain's eyes, Zen shouldn't have obtained any quality Other Shore Tokens in such a short period of time.

But Jermain didn't know that Zen had plundered a number of Other Shore Tokens from the Bearing race's temple.

"Don't bother. Zen can go by himself," Dorothy said.

Jermain had probably heard all about the commotion in Stage Four and would eventually figure out his true identity if Zen were to take out over a hundred Other Shore Tokens.

And although Dorothy trusted Jermain, she didn't want to expose Zen's identity.

Jermain was curious but didn't say anything. He merely showed Zen the directions he had to follow.

Zen followed Jermain's instructions and walked around the small building until he found another entrance.

A shrill voice sounded behind him the moment he entered it.

"Human! Are you going in to sell the Other Shore Tokens?" An Ear Mouse about half the height of a man was hurrying over to him.

"Yes," replied Zen.

"Follow me," the Ear Mouse squeaked.

It ushered Zen into a low house. Zen had to bend in half to enter and move through the house.

There were two other Ear Mice in the house. They greeted him and said, "Please show us the Other Shore Tokens that you have. But I must tell you that we do not accept trash. If your Other Shore Tokens are not above the fourth grade, you can just leave."

"The fourth grade? Are the Other Shore Tokens graded as well?" Zen asked, stunned.

The three Ear Mice looked at each other.

Zen was looking to sell them his Other Shore Tokens without even knowing how the Other Shore Tokens were graded. Was he kidding?

The Ear Mouse that had led Zen in pointed to the door and said with an angry squeak, "You can leave if you don't even know the token grades. We are very busy and don't appreciate you wasting our time!" Its tone had suddenly become unfriendly.

Zen truly didn't know how the Other Shore Tokens were graded.

He had thought that the Other Shore Tokens were graded according to where they were found. For example, the Other Shore Tokens found in Stage Two were stronger than those in Stage One, and the ones in Stage Thirteen were more powerful than those in Stage Twelve.

Such a grading method was simple but not rigorous. It was true that there were many common Other Shore Tokens in Stage One, but some of them were excellent. For example, Zen's Eye of Will was an excellent Other Shore Token from Stage One.

Zen felt helplessness seep into him at the sight of the Ear Mice trying to drive him away. He stretched out a hand, a square appearing on his fingers. An Other Shore Token had fallen out of his space ring. "I'm sorry. I really don't know how to grade the Other Shore Tokens. Please advise me on it."

The Other Shore Token that Zen had pulled out of the ring was the skull of an animal. It had sharp horns and emitted an extraordinary aura.

The eyes of the three Ear Mice lit up when they saw the skull.

"It's the ox skull of Stage Five!"

"It is a fourth-grade token!"

"We will buy it!"

The three Ear Mice squeaked in unison, as if by prior agreement.

Zen's eyebrows went up at their enthusiasm. He took this opportunity to ask them about the grading of the Other Shore Tokens.

"You don't even know how the grading of Other Shore Tokens works! How did you even cultivate the Indigo Soul? What a strange human you are!" one of the Ear Mice squeaked incredulously before continuing to explain the method to him. "The Other Shore Tokens are usually divided into six grades, ranked from one to six."

The higher the grade of the Other Shore Tokens, the more expensive they would be. If the Other Shore Tokens were of the same grade, their stages would determine their prices.

The Ear Mouse who was examining the skull piped up. "The ox skull of Stage Five is worth one hundred thousand soul pills. Will you accept it?"

"Sure," Zen agreed, nodding.

The Ear Mouse pulled out one hundred thousand soul pills from its space ring and handed them over to Zen. "Here are one hundred thousand soul pills. You can leave now."

Zen had sold just one Other Shore Token. He didn't want to leave yet.

He took something else out of his space ring.

"It is from Stage Six. It's of the fourth grade, worth one hundred and twenty thousand soul pills," the Ear Mouse said.

"Okay." Zen nodded again.

Just as the Ear Mice had begun to think that Zen would now leave, he took out another Other Shore Token, rendering the Ear Mice speechless.

They had thought Zen didn't have anything of substance with him. But now that he was pulling more Other Shore Tokens out of his space ring, they were shocked. One of them asked, "How many Other Shore Tokens do you want to sell? Can you take them out in one go? We have been doing business on the Other Shore for many years. We have a good reputation, and we won't cheat you."

Zen looked at each of the three Ear Mice before taking out the Other Shore Tokens from his space ring under their eager gaze.

The Ear Mice hadn't taken Zen's Other Shore Tokens seriously in the beginning. But they soon found something unusual with his tokens. The worst of the Other Shore Tokens in Zen's space ring belonged to the fourth grade. He even had a couple of fifth-grade tokens among them!

They remained calm even when Zen took out a dozen Other Shore Tokens.

But as the pile grew, as many as sixty Other Shore Tokens in it, the three Ear Mice looked at Zen with shock.

"He doesn't even know the grading system. Where did he get so many Other Shore Tokens?"

'They are from different stages. Did this guy rob a temple of some super force?'

'I can't believe this! I've been buying Other Shore Tokens for so many years, but I've never seen anyone sell tokens like this!'

The Ear Mice thought to themselves as they looked suspiciously at the pile of Other Shore Tokens before them.

Most Souls of Light would explore a certain stage and collect the Other Shore Tokens over there. It wasn't necessary for them to explore every single stage.

Chapter 3254 The Loot

As more and more Other Shore Tokens emerged from Zen's space ring, the Ear Mice's eyes grew wider and wider.

"It's of the fifth grade! I can't believe it!"

"There are three Other Shore Tokens from Stage Thirteen. Two are fourth-grade, and one is fifth-grade!"

The three Ear Mice had Indigo Souls. Although they weren't powerful fighters, they knew their trade.

Even though they were in shock, they still managed to gather their wits.

With briefly exchanged glances, one of the three quietly left the room through the back door.

Although Zen was preoccupied with taking the Other Shore Tokens out of his space ring, out of the corner of his eye, he observed the Ear Mice.

Seeing one of them leave, Zen inadvertently smiled.

The Ear Mouse had probably gone to find out the origin of these Other Shore Tokens.

The other two Ear Mice began to busy themselves, assessing the values of each of Zen's Other Shore Tokens.

As expected, the value of the fourth-grade Other Shore Tokens from Stage Thirteen was higher than that of those from Stage Twelve.

The fourth-grade ox skull from Stage Five was sold for only one hundred thousand soul pills, but a fourth-grade Other Shore Token from Stage Thirteen was worth two million and five hundred thousand. And a fifth-grade one from Stage Thirteen was worth nearly twenty-two million!

"This is a fourth-grade Other Shore Token from Stage Three," one of them squeaked. "We usually don't buy such things. It's worth fifty thousand soul pills. But we will make an exception for now."

"Eight thousand soul pills for a fourth-grade Other Shore Token from Stage One," the other added.

The two Ear Mice assessed the Other Shore Tokens, commenting on each of them.

Zen was well aware that they were just stalling, but he wasn't worried. He wasn't in a hurry, anyway.

Since the Ear Mice were so intelligent, Zen knew it would only be a matter of time before they'd find out what happened to the Bearing race.

Just as Zen thought about this, the Ear Mouse that had quietly left earlier finally returned. It looked directly at Zen. "I have something to discuss with them," it squeaked, gesturing at its colleagues. "May we have a moment?"

"Okay." Zen nodded and sat there quietly.

Then, the three Ear Mice left the room to confide in each other.

"I've asked around already," the Ear Mouse said. "A few days ago, the temple of the Bearing race was destroyed!"

"What? Their temple was destroyed?!" one cried in shock.

"Who destroyed it?" the other asked.

The other two Ear Mice wiggled their whiskers in confusion.

"Not only was their temple destroyed, but all their accumulated wealth, like soul crystal and Other Shore Tokens, have been looted," the Ear Mouse continued. "What's more, they've warned us not to buy their Other Shore Tokens if someone tries to sell them!"

The other two shrugged indifferently. The Ear Mouse race had offended many races in the past. Offending one more race wouldn't hurt. Even though the Bearing race was one of the strongest human forces, the Ear Mice were under the impression that there was nothing the Bearing race would be able to do if they wanted to buy these Other Shore Tokens.

"I wonder who was powerful enough to destroy their temple," one Ear Mouse mused.

"Haw haw, it was a human who destroyed the temple of the Bearing race," the first Ear Mouse continued. "And he also destroyed the city that the Separate Abyss race had built in Stage Eleven. In fact, he almost destroyed their temple, too!"

The other two Ear Mice stared at it, wide eyed.

"What? Did I hear you wrong?"

"Did you just say 'a human'?"

The Bearing race was one of the most powerful human forces. Moreover, the Separate Abyss race was one of the top super forces in the Source World. They had taken control of Stage Eleven, garnering the support of the Abyss Spirit race. It had been difficult for the Ear Mice to get any news there.

The other two Ear Mice shook their heads in disbelief. This was just too much!

"Even the powerful Indigo Souls in Stage Thirteen couldn't do those things."

"Right. The power of the Indigo Souls in the Lust World is indeed limited. Besides, even the top masters in the Desire World can't do those things."

Seeing how its peers didn't believe what it was saying, the Ear Mouse said in a hushed whisper, "It's because he is not a soul, but a corporeal body!"

"A what? Corporeal body? It makes sense, but..."

"How can a corporeal body enter the Other Shore?"

The other two Ear Mice couldn't take it anymore. There was too much shocking news.

With his corporeal body, one could run wild on the Other Shore. The ridiculous things could be explained reasonably in this way, but it sounded even more ridiculous to enter the Other Shore with a corporeal body.

"I don't care if you believe it or not. This is the news I got," the first Ear Mouse said impatiently.

The Ear Mice were good at sifting through information; they knew fake news from the truth.

"So, if that's the case, should we buy the Other Shore Tokens from that guy?" an Ear Mouse asked, pointing a thumb back at the enclosed room.

The first Ear Mouse hesitated but said, "Of course!"

Even if they had bought the loot, the Bearing race wouldn't find it easily. Even if the Bearing race found it, they could resort to sophistry. Whatever happened, it wouldn't pose too much of a problem if they ended up offending the Bearing race.

However, they figured that person selling the loot must have something to do with the corporeal body that wreaked havoc throughout the stages.

After all, he had destroyed the city of the Separate Abyss race all by himself!

If they dared to offend him, they might be expelled from Stage Thirteen.

They concluded it'd be better to please this seller at the risk of offending the Bearing race. After all, the Ear Mice always aimed to maximize benefits. Good and evil were just abstract concepts to them, nothing they could be bothered with.

After reaching a unanimous decision, the three headed back to the room, treating Zen in a more friendly manner.

In total, the price of Zen's Other Shore Tokens was estimated to be over sixty million soul pills.

To be honest, Zen was a little disappointed at the number.

So many Other Shore Tokens were only worth sixty million soul pills, which was equivalent to sixty finger-size chunks of soul crystal.

Even though these Other Shore Tokens were useless to him, he was hoping they'd amount to much more than that.

"Fine, you can exchange the soul pills for soul crystal and pay me," Zen said.

"Exchange for soul crystal?"

The three Ear Mice shook their heads in unison.

"Aren't one million soul pills equivalent to one finger-size chunk of soul crystal?" Zen asked, knitting his eyebrows.

One of the Ear Mice laughed squeakily. "The soul crystal is too rare. It is priceless, so we usually don't exchange the soul pills for it."

The soul crystal was extremely scarce on the Other Shore. The super forces needed to support their members, and they didn't have much. Thus, the price of the soul crystal soared, and now, one finger-size chunk of soul crystal could be exchanged for one million soul pills.

But even then, the supply fell short of the demand.

Most races wouldn't be foolish enough to exchange the soul crystal for soul pills.

Therefore, it was not because those Other Shore Tokens were not valuable. Over sixty million soul pills were a huge amount of money, but soul crystal was just too precious.

At that time, the Separate Abyss race had no choice but to obey Zen's orders. That was why they took out a hundred finger-size chunks of soul crystal.

This time, however, Zen didn't force the Ear Mice to pay him soul crystal. After all, they were businessmen, not fallen warriors.

Although they were annoying, they could be useful in some situations.

Chapter 3255 Grand Sky Temple

Zen put away the soul pills and was just about to leave when one of the Ear Mice politely called out, "Sir, please wait a minute."

Zen stopped and turned around. His gaze landed at the Ear Mouse and he asked, "Yeah, what's up?"

"It's nothing really. But I was wondering if you could tell me something. What is the relationship between you and that physical body on the Other Shore?" the Ear Mouse asked.

After a thorough investigation of the matter, the Ear Mice seemed much more polite now.

The change in their attitude made Zen realize that they already knew something about his secret. The only thing was, he had never expected that they would ask him about it directly.

Nevertheless, he smiled gently and told them, "I am his spokesperson."

An interesting property of the Other Shore was that nobody could identify anyone with their blurred appearance. This might also be considered an advantage. As long as Zen did not admit it personally, it was almost impossible for others to be sure that he was exactly the person appearing on the Other Shore in physical form.

When Zen had invaded the Bearing race's temple, Dorothy had also been present with him.

Because of that, the Bearing race knew that the temple-destroyer had some connections with the Oneness Sky Palace. However, since the Oneness Sky Palace insisted that the Bearing race were wrong and they had nothing to do with the invasion, there was no way to know. There was no way for the Bearing race to confirm their suspicions.

After leaving the room, Zen circled around the low building.

Dorothy and Jermain were waiting for him at the gate.

"Zen's coming!" Dorothy saw Zen coming from the distance; she waved at him and said, "Come on. The auction has already begun. Let's hurry up!"

Zen nodded and the three of them entered the auction house together. Coming there felt like coming to a different place altogether.

Compared to the low-lying building behind them, the auction house was built lavishly and reeked of wealth.

Most of the other super forces would only build a small stronghold at Stage Thirteen. In comparison, the Ear Mouse race possessed a large area of land, and that was apparent.

The wide hall had efficient seating arrangements, which had been well thought out, keeping guests of different sizes in consideration. After all, their guests were from various races and would be of various sizes. Some chairs were a few inches tall and some were several feet long.

When they entered the hall, the auction had already been going on for some time.

Inside, an Ear Mouse was zealously introducing a fourth-grade Other Shore Token. It was standing right at the center, and explaining how the token had been obtained from Stage Nine. The base price was set at two hundred thousand soul pills.

But Zen himself had just sold a large number of fourth-grade Other Shore Tokens to the Ear Mice. Therefore, he had no interest in the item on display at the moment.

However, there were quite a few people from various races bidding for the item. A single Other Shore Token might not be of any use to them, but after they had accumulated a large enough amount, they could send them back to their temples at Stage Four.

After several fierce rounds of bidding, the Other Shore Token was finally sold and the next item was brought in.

Following this sale, the Ear Mouse put several more fourth-grade Other Shore Tokens up for auction. Zen and Dorothy kept on watching quietly without any intentions of participating in bidding.

On the other hand, Jermain won a bid for an Other Shore Token from Stage Eleven. But it was obvious that he had not bought the item for his own use.

After a dozen fourth-grade tokens had been sold in a row, the Ear Mouse finally brought out a fifth-grade Other Shore Token.

Now this was something valuable. Even Jermain showed high interest in this item. However, it had a very high base price. Ten million soul pills was not something that Jermain could afford, therefore, he had to let go of the idea.

"Jermain, the Ear Mice have put up several fourth-grade and fifth-grade tokens for auction. I want to know if there will be any sixth-grade tokens too," Zen remarked.

Zen didn't know the ranks of the two Other Shore Tokens he had.

He had two Eyes of Will with him. He had originally considered selling the spare one, but now that he didn't lack soul pills, he decided not to do so.

The Eyes of Will were very rare items. Legend had it that only nineteen of those existed in the Dreaded Eye Demon race. The value of an Eye of Will therefore, was quite evident, but their rank still remained unknown to Zen.

His Strength God Totem had been obtained from the Oneness Sky Palace's temple. Zen believed that the Oneness Sky Palace was not inferior to the Bearing race. This meant that they had comparable treasure hordes, which also meant that the Strength God Totem was probably a fourth-grade token.

"Sixth-grade token, you say?"

At the mention of this, Jermain smiled wryly and said, "Very few such tokens were ever discovered in the Lust World. Therefore, it is almost impossible that such a powerful and precious token would be put up for auction. Even if someone wants to sell one, it would be impossible to complete the deal with just soul pills. Sixth-grade tokens are usually exchanged for soul crystal."

Sixth-grade Other Shore Tokens were priceless, and so was the soul crystal. It was reasonable therefore, that people would exchange one of them for another.

"Ah well. Looks like I am going to have to leave this auction empty-handed. I don't see anything of interest," Zen said, heaving a sigh.

"Oh? So you didn't bid for anything because you had no interest in any of the items at all?" Jermain asked, somehow astonished. Now this was an interesting turn of events.

Jermain didn't know Zen's other identities. The only thing he knew was that Zen was an excellent disciple of the Flow Sword Sect. Therefore, he had no idea about his wealth or lack thereof. Hence, he thought that Zen did not participate in the auction because he didn't have many soul pills.

Dorothy chuckled, sitting on the other side. She knew that if Zen revealed even a fraction of his whole wealth, he would shock Jermain to the core.

To be frank, if Zen really did put up all of his assets on display, Dorothy herself would be equally shocked. After all, the treasures and the wealth Zen had obtained from the Nine Li race were huge, both in quality and quantity.

"It's not that I completely lack interest in them. But I just did not find anything suitable enough for me," Zen replied modestly.

However, as the auction progressed, Zen did eventually participate and buy several Other Shore Tokens.

These Other Shore Tokens were of no use to him. However, once Nelly, Lavender, and Laquisha reached the Other Shore Realm, they were going to need these tokens. Midway through the auction, he had come up with the idea of buying a few things for them.

"Ladies and gentlemen, all Other Shore Tokens have been sold now. The last item for today's auction is: the Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple!" the Ear Mouse suddenly announced in a louder, excited, and much more grandeur voice.

Zen instantly felt a sudden rise in the interest the bidders were showing in the auction when the Ear Mouse mentioned the Grand Sky Temple. It was obvious that they valued this Other Shore Key very much.

"The Grand Sky Temple... Hey isn't that the temple that Tyquan once explored in the past?" Dorothy suddenly asked.

The explorer Dorothy was referring to was named Tyquan Yuan, an excellent and talented person from the Origin Mountain. He had now surpassed the Lust World and entered the Desire World. Today, he was a legend and was considered one of the best warriors in the Land of Sword Grief.

However, the time he was referring to was a long while back. In those days, Tyquan had obtained a sixth-grade Other Shore Token from the Grand Sky Temple. It was from Stage Thirteen and therefore, had guaranteed him powerful strength even in the Desire World.

"Yes! You are right," Jermain replied, equally surprised. "I never expected that the Ear Mice would put the Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple up for auction. This might be the grand finale for the auction!"

As soon as the Ear Mouse had finished the introduction, it announced a base price of five million soul pills. The audience were stunned into silence when Dorothy quickly raised her hand and made the first bid, "Eight million soul pills!"

Zen and Jermain both looked at Dorothy, taken aback by her bold bidding. Jermain audibly gasped. No matter how much interest she had in the Other Shore Key, they thought that such a high bid was a rather impulsive decision.

"Dorothy..."

Jermain tried to remind Dorothy that she shouldn't be so generous, or more accurately, reckless with her wealth.

However, his fears were allayed. "Don't worry. I was bidding on his behalf," Dorothy said with a chuckle. "He will be the one paying for it anyway!"

"Hey! Really! That's a great favor!"

Zen sighed in resignation. It was true that he wanted to bid for this Other Shore Key, but such a high bid was obviously unwise. In any case, their discussion was put on hold when, "Sixteen million soul pills."

Another voice rang out in the hall, doubling Dorothy's bid immediately.

Zen and Jermain were stunned into silence. They had witnessed all sorts of auctions, and had seen quite a few where fast and even ultra-fast bidding would take place, but they had never seen someone crazy enough to totally double the price, especially when it was already so high. Who was this guy?

Chapter 3256 The Three Huts In The Dark Region

Zen was surprised at the offer.

On the other hand, Jermain looked as though he lost the ability to speak.

The Grand Sky Temple was one of the three major temples in Stage Thirteen, and it was the most well-known among them.

If one was fortunate enough to obtain a sixth-grade Other Shore Token from it, they would attain a massive boost in strength in a short period. The increase in power would be so immense that they would immediately become a top disciple in their force.

However, the Grand Sky Temple was not easy to explore. It was full of risks, and sometimes they would end up with nothing.

According to the market price, the value of the Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple was eight to nine million soul pills. But this man had blatantly blurted out sixteen million soul pills as the bid. There must be some hidden information to this that they might have overlooked.

Just as Jermain was in the middle of processing his thoughts, a creature screamed and raised the price even further.

"Nineteen million soul pills!"

The one who gave this offer was from the Celestial Wolf race. The Celestial Wolf race was not a super force. However, its members were proud owners of massive strength. Due to them existing in a small population, they were not very prominent in the Source World.

Just as the member of the Celestial Wolf race announced the bid, someone from another race raised it up again. "Twenty million soul pills!"

The price was only increased by a million soul pills.

Both Dorothy and Zen were clueless about the market, so they turned to Jermain with questioning eyes as if to ask what to do next.

Since Zen had put in a lot of effort to reach Stage Thirteen, he did not intend to leave empty-handed. Exploring the temples was his first priority.

Jermain waved his hands and said, "The Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple is indeed precious, but it's worth no more than ten million soul pills."

A pheasant-shaped Soul of Light overheard him and sneered in a sharp voice, "You might have been able to buy it with ten million soul pills three days ago. But now things have changed."

Hearing what the "pheasant" said, Jermain suddenly got curious and attempted to inquire more. "Excuse me... Mr. Pheasant..."

In addition to those super forces, there were countless small races in the Source World. He had no idea what race this Soul of Light belonged to, so Jermain addressed it based on its appearance.

However, that "pheasant" felt offended and retaliated as it yelled, "I'm not a pheasant! I am a nine-eyed peacock!"

The voice of the nine-eyed peacock was so sharp that it turned everyone's attention towards the commotion.

The Ear Mouse was forced to warn them to keep the decorum of the event. "Please keep your voices low! No noise in the auction hall!"

Feeling a little flustered, Jermain humbly apologized for offending the nine-eyed peacock. "I'm so sorry. Please excuse me for my ignorance."

When dealing with creatures of alien races, he should have been more calculated with his words to not offend them in any way.

The nine-eyed peacock was still grumpy over their last exchange, so it said in a harsh tone, "You wanted to ask about the Grand Sky Temple? The news about it has been circulating for a while now. You really have very little information. Humph!"

"I just entered the Other Shore, so I have no idea. What's going on with the temple?" Jermain asked with his kindest voice.

Although Jermain was reasonably familiar with everything in Stage Thirteen, he was not on the Other Shore recently. He had only returned to welcome Dorothy, which was why he was clueless about what might have happened in the past few days.

"Of course! Everything has changed! They say the back door of the Grand Sky Temple has been opened, which means there is one more path to enter it," the nine-eyed peacock answered in a serious tone.

"What? No way." With a hint of confusion in his eyes, Jermain continued, "As far as I remember, the Grand Sky Temple was against the Dark Region, wasn't it? Does that path lead to the Dark Region?"

For the Souls of Light, the Dark Region was like a restricted area.

The light emitted from them was barely enough to light up the Dark Region. If a Soul of Light accidentally stepped into it, they would get lost into the endless abyss of black space.

"It is a path to the Dark Region. However, this time things are a little different. There is a ray of light in the Dark Region, and it shines from three huts. The huts are visible even from outside the Grand Sky Temple!" the nine-eyed peacock responded with arrogance.

"What? Really?!"

Jermain's pupils dilated visibly at his surprise.

A lot of legends circulated the Other Shore about the Dark Region. It was said that the creatures of the Dark Region were the real rulers of the Other Shore. And that it contained numerous sixth-grade Other Shore Tokens.

Many such legends spread from word of mouth, but none of those were ever confirmed with concrete evidence.

The reason behind less information regarding the Dark Region was simple. Anyone who entered it with their Soul of Light, never made it out alive to tell the tale.

As a result, many Souls of Light attempted to cultivate different ways to counter the darkness of the Dark Region, such as the special soul fire theurgy.

All the light sources provided by the theurgy were instantly put out by the darkness of the Dark Region. It was as if the fire was being thrown into the water to extinguish it.

Since ancient times, the Dark Region had always been a forbidden area.

But there was finally an exception this time...

Someone inside the Dark Region had managed to light up a ray of light that even went as far as to shine three huts.

What was the source of the light? What was in those huts? All kinds of questions and speculations circulated in the minds of every being on the Other Shore for the past three days.

Every Soul of Light within Stage Thirteen fell into complete excitement from the news.

Anything inside those huts would be of great value.

The news spread like wildfire all across Stage Thirteen. The already expensive Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple became even pricier as a result because of its demand.

"If what you're saying is true, then why did the Ear Mice put the Other Shore Key on auction?" Jermain asked while rubbing his chin curiously.

Dorothy had the same thoughts. She nodded to his question and said, "Yes, if the Grand Sky Temple leads to the Dark Region, the Other Shore Key should be priceless. The Ear Mice are so shrewd. Why do they choose to sell it at such a starting price?"

After the door of the temple was opened by someone who possessed the Other Shore Key, other Souls of Light could enter it too.

But Stage Thirteen was different in how it functioned compared to Stage One.

The Souls of Light of Stage One would wait days for someone to open the door for them like a group of beggars.

However, those of Stage Thirteen were much more sensible. Before they would enter the temple, they would pay the door opener with soul pills as a fee instead of freeloading. In this way, they would both benefit, the door opener would earn a profit of soul pills in exchange for their service.

"I don't know either." The nine-eyed peacock shook its head.

It was not just the nine-eyed peacock, but other races present in the auction hall were equally confused.

The Ear Mice could still be trusted in the trade. Since they were willing to auction the Other Shore Key, they were sure to hand it over to the winner if they were willing to pay the price.

Since the opportunity came, many creatures bade their price up one after the other. They doubled the price to scare off potential competitors for the Other Shore Key.

Although the light that shone in the Dark Region revealed itself only three days ago, most races had already found out about it. Hence, the competition for the highest bid was crazy.

While they were immersed in conversation, the price had already been raised to fifty million soul pills!

"The price just sky-rocketed! We'd better not join now, we can't afford it," Jermain said as he shook his head.

Fifty million soul pills was too high a price even for the Indigo Souls.

Without the contribution of great forces, they would not be able to afford such a huge sum.

If Jermain would have heard the news earlier, he could have asked the Origin Mountain for assistance. But obviously, it was too late to do that now.

Suddenly, Zen raised his hand and said out loud, "Sixty million soul pills."

"You..."

Jermain's eyes widened after listening to Zen's offer. He almost wanted to cover Zen's mouth.

Did Zen really own such a large sum of soul pills?

The auction hall of the Ear Mice had concrete rules. Those who failed to pay what they offered would have to face severe consequences

Chapter 3257 Ninety-percent Discount

Jermain was exasperated. Meanwhile, Zen seemed calm and relaxed.

The moment he got the first candle, Zen became aware of the Dark Region's existence.

He had always been interested in the Dark Region. Naturally, he wouldn't let go of this opportunity.

"This human friend right here offered sixty million soul pills.

If no one else is willing to bid, the key to the Grand Sky Temple will be his!" said the Ear Mouse.

For some reason, the Ear Mouse spoke more quickly after Zen placed his bid. It was as though it was eager to get the deal done.

This made Jermain more anxious. He was scared that Zen wouldn't be able to afford the sixty million soul pills. And so, he hoped someone else would raise the price.

Just as the Ear Mouse was about to announce that the deal was done, another voice came from the crowd. "Sixty-four million..."

The Soul of Light who raised the price was as tall as a thin tree. It was obviously a member of the Heavenly Pine race in the Source World.

As Jermain heard the voice, he let out a sigh of relief. Now that this guy's bid was higher than Zen's, he need not worry about Zen anymore.

In the meantime, a bunch of Ear Mice in the back stage of the auction house clutched their chests in dismay.

"He is so stupid!"

"Why didn't he just announce the deal was closed? What was he waiting for?"

"I heard that the name of the corporeal body's spokesperson is Zen Luo!"

"Damn the Heavenly Pine race! They ruined our plan!"

The Ear Mouse seemed a little disappointed as it announced miserably, "This friend of the Heavenly Pine race offers sixty-four million soul pills."

With this, the Heavenly Pine member who offered the price grew angry at the Ear Mouse's reaction. "What's the matter? Do you not want me to bid for the key? Could it be that the soul pills of the human race are more valuable than those of our Heavenly Pine race?"

Zen, Jermain, Dorothy, and the others present all felt like there was something wrong.

The Ear Mouse seemed to be desperate to sell the Other Shore key to Zen.

"Zen, please don't bid anymore. How would we afford that amount of soul pills if no one else tops your bid?" Jermain hurriedly warned Zen.

Zen was not planning to bid again. He just looked at the Ear Mouse on stage and smiled. It was not that he didn't want to add more soul pills. He simply wanted to find out what tricks the Ear Mice were playing.

But then, something strange happened.

As Zen didn't bid anymore, the Ear Mouse became silent.

Silence fell over the entire auction house. It was as though they were not here for auction but for tea.

The behavior of the Ear Mouse displeased the member of the Heavenly Pine race even more. "Hey, are you not intending to sell the Other Shore Key?"

"When did we Ear Mice ever go back on our words? Of course, we will sell the Other Shore Key. It's just that I have been presiding over the auction for too long today. I feel a little bit tired..."

The Ear Mouse began to stall for time. It still wouldn't announce that the Other Shore Key was now sold to the member of the Heavenly Pine race.

"Do not stall. I have the soul pills right here. Give me the Other Shore Key! Now!" the member of the Heavenly Pine race demanded angrily.

With that, Zen smiled slightly and said, "I offer sixty-four million and ten thousand soul pills."

This time, he only added ten thousand soul pills to the Heavenly Pine member's bid.

Immediately after he offered his price, the Ear Mouse shouted without thinking twice, "Deal!"

All the creatures off the stage were stunned as they witnessed this.

"What a fraud!"

"Is this even an auction?"

"Why didn't you just sell it to humans directly?"

"Today I finally know how shameless the mice are..."

The nonhuman creatures began talking among themselves.

The member of the Heavenly Pine race became even more furious. He went up the stage and grabbed the Ear Mouse. "You dare play tricks on me!"

However, the Ear Mouse was not afraid of him at all. It squeaked twice before saying, "I wasn't making fun of you. This human friend's bid is indeed higher than yours."

"I already offered a huge price but you waited a long time and refused to announce that the deal was done. But when that guy offered his price, you didn't even wait for anyone else to offer theirs. What if I add one million soul pills?" proposed the member of the Heavenly Pine race.

"I'm sorry but the deal is already done," answered the Ear Mouse.

"Then, I'll add ten million more!" The member of the Heavenly Pine race went all out now.

"Sorry. The credibility of our Ear Mouse race is most important. We can't go back on our words," responded the Ear Mouse.

The member of the Heavenly Pine race felt helpless. This Ear Mouse was determined to give the Other Shore Key to that human and he could do nothing more about it.

Neither the member of the Heavenly Pine race nor the other nonhuman creatures could understand the reason why the Ear Mouse would do this.

"Zen, what the hell have you done? Why did the Ear Mouse insist on selling the Other Shore Key to you?" Jermain asked confusedly.

"It's possible that they want me to enter the Grand Sky Temple," Zen replied with a smile.

"They want you to go to the Grand Sky Temple?" Jermain couldn't believe it at all.

Those who were in Stage Thirteen were the strongest Souls of Light in the Lust World. Anyone who was able to reach this stage was probably not an easygoing person.

Jermain knew that Zen was a talented disciple. However, the latter was still unfamiliar with Stage Thirteen because he had just entered it. The Ear Mice wanted Zen to go to the Grand Sky Temple? Nothing of the sort had ever happened in the world.

"You'll find out in a while. Just wait," Zen said.

"But sixty-four million and ten thousand soul pills?!" Jermain began to worry that Zen might not be able to afford the soul pills.

"No need to worry, Jermain. It's just tens of millions of soul pills. I can still afford it," Zen replied.

Jermain was extremely worried about Zen. On the other hand, it made Zen a little uncomfortable that Jermain cared too much about him. After all, it was not the first time Zen had stepped on the Other Shore.

Jermain had no choice but to sit quietly beside Zen.

The auction came to a close after the Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple was sold.

Although the member of the Heavenly Pine race was very unhappy about how it turned out, all he could do now was leave.

The Ear Mouse on the stage walked towards Zen and said, "Sir, you will get the Other Shore Key after you pay the soul pills."

However, Zen suddenly said, "The price of the Other Shore Key is too high."

The Ear Mouse didn't expect to hear Zen say that. So it told him, "Sir, you were the one who bid it."

"How about a ninety-percent discount? I'll pay you six million soul pills and I'll only take one person with me. You can decide the others who can enter the Grand Sky Temple," Zen added.

Upon hearing this, Jermain thought that Zen must have gone crazy.

He had bought it with more than sixty million soul pills himself. And now he was bargaining for a ninety-percent discount? Jermain thought the Ear Mouse would be enraged.

However, things didn't turn out as Jermain expected. "I can't make the decision for what you just offered. Wait here just a minute," said the Ear Mouse before it turned around and left.

With a bitter smile Jermain said, "I think we'd better get out of here."

Zen didn't pay attention to Jermain. When the Ear Mouse returned, it told Zen, "If you don't need the Other Shore Key and let us keep it, you need not pay any soul pills. We will take you and your companion to the Grand Sky Temple."

"What?!" Jermain exclaimed. He could hardly believe what he heard.

This didn't come as a surprise to Zen, though. He stood up and said, "Thank you for your kindness. I wonder when you plan on going to the Grand Sky Temple."

"We will open the gate to the Grand Sky Temple tomorrow," replied the Ear Mouse.

"Then I'll see you at the gate of the Grand Sky Temple." Zen shrugged and left the auction hall with Dorothy.

Jermain was still following them in amazement. He felt like he had attended a false auction and had no idea what just happened.

Chapter 3258 Journey

As Zen and Dorothy left the auction house, Jermain suddenly stood in front of them and blocked their way.

"Zen, do you have something on the Ear Mouse race?" Jermain asked. The young man was truly curious as to why the Ear Mouse had been so kind to Zen.

Although the Ear Mouse race did not give Zen the Other Shore Key, he was given permission to enter the Grand Sky Temple for free and even bring one person along.

This free pass was no simple arrangement. The Ear Mouse race was overly cautious especially given what happened at the Grand Sky Temple recently. Their set entry fee would be steep and only rose as time went on.

Zen shrugged. "I don't know much about the Ear Mouse race."

"Then...why did they let you enter the Grand Sky Temple for free?" Jermain asked.

"Maybe they need something from me?" Zen answered. He didn't show it on his face but his tone made it obvious that he found the conversation quite dull.

"What would they want from you?" Jermain continued, not willing to back down with his questions.

"I don't know," Zen repeated with a shake of his head.

The Ear Mouse race's invitation was really directed to Zen's corporeal body.

But he didn't know why they needed his corporeal body. He was telling Jermain the truth.

Nevertheless, he agreed to the invitation and even requested that he be allowed to bring a companion with him.

The Ear Mouse race thought that Zen's companion was the corporeal body they so wanted to see, so they allowed it.

They had no idea that Zen was actually going to use his corporeal body to enter the Grand Sky Temple and the companion he would be bringing with him was Dorothy.

This arrangement was rife with misunderstanding, but the results were set to be the same.

Seeing that Zen was truly clueless, Jermain had to back down. He still had one more thing to ask, though. "You can take one more person with you, right? Who are you going to take? If you don't have anyone, can you bring me with you?" he requested.

"I already have a suitable candidate," Zen replied, turning his gaze to Dorothy.

Jermain's brows furrowed. "Is the person you're referring to Dorothy?"

His tone was incredibly serious and before Zen could reply, Dorothy opened her mouth. "Why? Is there a problem? Do you think I'm unsuitable to go to the Grand Sky Temple?"

"Of course you're not suitable!" Jermain exclaimed, not even bothering to hide his opinion. "You've only recently reached Stage Thirteen, so you have no idea just how dangerous this place is! Do you know what their true goal is? It's the Dark Region behind the Grand Sky Temple! The temple isn't even a safe place for you to explore, let alone the Dark Region!"

He had always considered himself as an elder brother to Dorothy. Even if she was the Origin Mountain head's granddaughter, he still did his part in keeping her safe from harm.

However, his protective tendencies proved to be too much for Dorothy right now. "Jermain, don't you think you're meddling too much?"

Her hostile reply made him frown, but Jermain had no intention of giving in. "If you insist on going, then I will have to report this to Uncle Winchell. I'm sorry, but I won't be able to keep this as a secret."

"Then go! Report it to him!" Dorothy's nature had always been resolute. Once she made a decision, not even her grandmother would be able to stop her.

Realizing this, Jermain cupped his hands respectfully and withdrew. He was definitely going to report all of this to Winchell.

Once he was gone, Zen turned to Dorothy. "I didn't say I was going to take you with me," he pointed out.

Dorothy smirked. "I am the most suitable candidate," she declared in confidence.

However, Zen shook his head. "It's too dangerous."

The two of them had only explored the Sacred Mallow Temple in Stage One and nearly lost their lives.

Jermain was right. The Grand Sky Temple was very dangerous and the Dark Region even more so. If they weren't careful, they could very well lose their lives.

"You don't have any other choice," Dorothy said with a triumphant smile.

And she was right. There was no way Zen would be able to find a suitable candidate within the day.

He needed to enter the Grand Sky Temple in the form of his corporeal body. However, that meant he wouldn't be able to store the candles and a few other things. He needed a Soul of Light with him, someone he could trust. He needed Dorothy.

Zen sighed. He looked at Dorothy and, even if he couldn't see her face clearly, he knew that she was smiling smugly at him right at that moment.

Her company was undoubtedly meaningful. Zen couldn't imagine exploring the Other Shore without her.

When he went to the Sacred Mallow Temple the second time, he had to switch between his body and soul in order to store the soul pills. It was terribly tedious and Dorothy's existence just made everything so much easier.

However, it couldn't be denied that the further they ventured into the Other Shore, the more perilous their journey was set to be. Right now, he felt a bit selfish in dragging her with him to a potentially precarious situation.

Dorothy noticed his misgivings and waved a hand to his vacant face.

"What's wrong?"

Zen pushed her hand away and said seriously, "I will protect you."

Those were the only words he said before turning around and walking away.

Dorothy could only look on at Zen's back in confusion. She didn't really understand what he meant, though she figured he was now alright with her tagging along.

The agreed meeting time between Zen and the Ear Mouse race was tomorrow, but it was worth noting that the Grand Sky Temple was located at the other end of Stage Thirteen.

First and foremost, Zen had to send Dorothy to the Grand Sky Temple gate. Second, he would then have to transport his corporeal body from Stage Twelve to Stage Thirteen. All things considered, they didn't really have a lot of time.

After leaving the living creatures' strongholds, the two of them entered the wilderness.

Stage Thirteen had been eroded on both sides by the Dark Region. There was only one road left that the Souls of Light took, and there was no way they would get lost.

Numerous Souls of Light, all of them quite strange, passed them by. Some were as big as elephants while others were as small as Zen's fist. Almost all of them moved hurriedly.

Like Zen and Dorothy, they too must be headed to the Grand Sky Temple.

The two of them travelled for quite some time. After covering over a hundred miles, Dorothy suddenly pointed southwest. "Zen, look! It's so dark!"

Zen turned and found a huge, black ball in the distance.

It seemed to be devouring the land, casting eternal night on the Other Shore.

"That's the Dark Region," Zen remarked as he stared at the absolute darkness.

As they went on, the area shrouded by the Dark Region grew. The road they ventured on was reasonably wide, but they felt great pressure upon them as they walked.

As a kind of experiment, Zen decided to release a bit of his spiritual sense and tried injecting it into the Dark Region.

However, the moment his spiritual sense touched the border, it immediately disappeared. Zen didn't bother doing it a second time.

It took the two of them almost half a day to complete the journey. To their relief though, they soon saw the Grand Sky Temple in the distance.

The temple was located at the very edge of the Dark Region. This put it in danger of being devoured fully by the darkness if it ever decided to expand again, but for now, its unique location made it serve as a passageway to the Dark Region.

Dorothy pouted her lips as they approached the Grand Sky Temple. "Why are there so many creatures here?"

"All the Souls of Light we saw on the way were heading towards the temple," Zen said.

True enough, thousands of Souls of Light waited by the gate, densely packed and eager to rush in as soon as the temple opened its gate.

Chapter 3259 Demand An Exorbitant Price

Even though the Dark Region was extremely dangerous, the mystery about it made it all the more fascinating.

Since ancient times, no one had ever stepped into the Dark Region.

The Souls of Light that had entered Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore were all elite disciples of the younger generation in each race. Perhaps it was their youthful spirit that tempted them to further explore the Other Shore.

However, it was rather difficult to enter the Grand Sky Temple, as there was a very limited number of Other Shore Keys. One usually waited several years, or even decades, before the Grand Sky Temple opened.

But there were still some keys despite the small number.

In fact, a few of the creatures possessed the Other Shore Keys to the Grand Sky Temple.

There was news that was spreading rapidly that there was a path from the temple that led to the Dark Region. It was most likely that those who did possess the keys had caught wind of the news by now; it was only a matter of time before someone opened the gate to enter the temple.

All the Souls of Light that gathered at the gate were determined. No matter the cost, they absolutely had to break into the Grand Sky Temple.

It was possible that the one who possessed a key would be willing to let them pass in exchange for soul pills. But it was also likely that they would need to fight for it.

"Did you hear? Just today, the Ear Mouse race auctioned an Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple!" a nonhuman creature among the crowd suddenly announced.

These Souls of Light had been waiting here for a long time now. As soon as they heard that news, they began to whisper amongst themselves excitedly.

"Really? I didn't even know the Ear Mouse race had an Other Shore Key!"

"I've told you so! I told you that they definitely had the key."

"But why would they be stupid enough to sell the key? They could have just charged soul pills as entrance fees; that way, they could've earned so much more!"

Thousands of Souls of Light were present, and each of them had hundreds of thousands of soul pills they were willing to trade to enter the temple.

Moreover, more Souls of Light kept arriving. The Ear Mouse race had always been known to be intelligent. How could they have missed such an opportunity?

"I don't know. A member of the Heavenly Pine race offered over sixty million soul pills, but the Ear Mouse race refused. They wanted to sell it to a human."

Many creatures had witnessed what happened at the auction, and felt a bit unsettled at how the events unfolded before them.

"They wanted to sell the key to a human?"

"Hey, when does the human race deserve special attention from the Ear Mouse race?"

The nonhuman creatures laughed.

To them, this all seemed like a petty rumor.

Meanwhile, Zen and Dorothy found a suitable place to wait. "You can leave the Other Shore first," Zen said to her seriously. "There are too many nonhuman creatures here, who knows what might happen."

Zen checked the time. He had about 14 hours left. He had to leave the Other Shore now and re-enter in the form of his body. Fearing for her safety, he didn't want Dorothy to stay on the Other Shore alone.

Dorothy nodded obediently. Just as she was about to leave the Other Shore, Zen suddenly said, "Wait."

"What's wrong?" Dorothy asked confusedly.

"Stretch out your hand," Zen ordered.

Without asking for a reason, she immediately obeyed.

"Something may be useful after we enter the temple," Zen answered. "Activate your space ring."

A square appeared above the palm Dorothy held out. Zen also activated his, and positioned near Dorothy's.

After the two squares connected, Zen stealthily transferred all the candles from his space ring to Dorothy's. Even though the knowledge about the candles wasn't widespread, he still didn't want others to see what he was doing, just in case.

"These are the candles from the bottom of the sea." Dorothy's mouth hung open in shock.

"Shh," Zen shushed her. "They might come in handy in the Dark Region."

"Candles... You mean they might light up the Dark Region?" Dorothy's eyes twinkled with excitement.

No. 9527 had told Zen before that these candles could be useful in the Dark Region, but he hadn't told Dorothy about it.

However, she was a smart girl. It wasn't hard for her to connect the dots.

"It's possible." Zen smiled.

Dorothy's mind whirled at the possibilities. If they could use these candles in the Dark Region, did this mean they could finally explore the forbidden and unknown?

Dorothy safely tucked away the candles and then left the Other Shore.

Zen turned to gaze upon the Grand Sky Temple.

Realizing he wanted a better vantage point, he headed for higher ground. Again, he fixed his gaze towards the Grand Sky Temple. Sure enough, he found a little light shining from behind the temple.

"Those are the three small huts in the Dark Region."

Because he was too far away, Zen could only barely make out the faint silhouette of the three small huts.

But it was enough. After confirming the existence of those huts, Zen retreated from the Other Shore.

Around four hours later, even more throngs of Souls of Light gathered at the gate of the temple.

"Fuck off! This is the territory of the Separate Abyss race!"

More than a dozen of massive Souls of Light from the Separate Abyss race came to take up the space right in front of the gate.

Having shoved away all the other Souls of Light, the Separate Abyss race planned to enter the temple first, if someone were to open the gate.

"So what? The Separate Abyss race might be invincible in Stage Eleven, but we're in Stage Thirteen. Just who do you think you are?" Several nonhuman creatures clamored in protest.

The Separate Abyss race had always exhibited a superiority complex over other races. As a result, they had offended many super forces in the past.

In Stage Eleven, the other super forces didn't dare to fight against the Separate Abyss race; it was widely known that Stage Eleven was their territory. But things were different in Stage Thirteen. Everyone's soul was roughly on the same cultivation level. If the other races worked together to attack the Separate Abyss race, they wouldn't stand a chance.

"You dare provoke us?" shouted a member of the Separate Abyss race.

"We are not afraid of you. Are you challenging us to a fight? Right here, right now?"

Just as the Souls of Light were about to strike each other angrily, a nearby Ear Mouse cleared its throat. "If anyone fights here, they will instantly be disqualified from entering the Grand Sky Temple."

If it were a creature from any other race, no one would have paid it heed. But it was an Ear Mouse, and the race was known to be credible sources. After all, they were the ones who possessed the Other Shore Key. Immediately, the Souls of Light backed off quietly.

"Mouse, do you really have the Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple?" the member of the Separate Abyss race asked.

"Yes, we do," the Ear Mouse said nonchalantly.

Upon hearing the answer, the rest of the Souls of Light cheered. Entering the Grand Sky Temple seemed so possible now.

"Why don't you open the gate to the Grand Sky Temple now?" urged the member of the Separate Abyss race.

"It's not the time yet," the Ear Mouse squeaked. "We still have to wait a few hours. We are waiting for an important guest."

"What important guest?"

"Quit wasting our time! Just open the gate!"

"Perhaps the light in the Dark Region would vanish soon."

The nonhuman creatures at present tried to convince the Ear Mouse to open the gate to the temple.

The Ear Mouse said unhurriedly, "If you want to enter the temple, you have to follow our rules. We won't open the gate until our important guest comes." With a sly smile, he continued, "You'd better pay the soul pills first to share the cost of the Other Shore Key."

"How many soul pills does it cost?" a nonhuman creature asked eagerly.

"One million soul pills per Soul of Light," the Ear Mouse announced with a flourish.

Instantly, the faces of the creatures that had gathered there fell.

There were probably around two thousand Souls of Light gathered.

If each Soul of Light needed to pay a million soul pills, it'd amount to roughly two billion in total! How could this be? The price of the Other

Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple was usually only a few million.

This was way too expensive!

Chapter 3260 All Sorts Of Races

While the ultimate goal of the Ear Mouse race wasn't to earn money, they couldn't pass this opportunity to earn a large sum of soul pills.

They were well aware of how the elite disciples from all races were eager to explore the three huts in the Dark Region. Truly, it was quite a big price to pay, but all the creatures present had no choice.

The Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple was just too elusive. Not knowing when the temple would open again, they were willing to pay a hefty sum just to enter the gate.

"The Ear Mice are too greedy!" complained a member of the Separate Abyss race.

The Ear Mouse remained calm. "I'm afraid out of everyone here, you are in the worst position to call us greedy."

The complainant was taken aback. But it was true; the past years, the Separate Abyss race had controlled Stage Eleven. Whoever wanted to reach Stage Twelve needed to pay a large sum of soul pills to the Separate Abyss race. No one knew how many soul pills they had accumulated all these years. This was practically robbery!

The Ear Mouse just shrugged. It knew its race was just conducting business.

"Before opening the gate, we'll set a restraining force in front of the Grand Sky Temple. Everyone can use soul pills to exchange for a soul mark. Those with soul marks can go through the restraining force," the Ear Mouse announced.

Although the Souls of Light were extremely dissatisfied, they knew they had no other choice.

The members of the Separate Abyss race all seethed with rage. Ultimately, however, they ended up paying their entry in soul pills and each obtained a soul mark.

The rest of the Souls of Light who could afford it also paid the price and received their soul marks.

Those who couldn't afford it all looked gloomy. They had only brought 200, 000 to 300, 000 soul pills, which would've been more than enough according to the normal market price. They didn't expect the Ear Mouse race would skyrocket its price.

Others left the Other Shore to ask for help from the members of their race. The opportunity to enter the Grand Sky Temple was just too great, they couldn't bear to let it pass.

At a corner of the gathered souls stood six Souls of Light from the human race.

The girl at the leftmost was the most petite. Judging from her silhouette, she was obviously a young lady.

"Brother, we may not be able to get in the temple," the human girl said in disappointment.

"A million soul pills per Soul of Light?! We would have to pay six million! These damned mice!" the tallest of the six said through gritted teeth.

"We must think of a way to raise some soul pills!" another man suggested optimistically.

"How in the world will we raise enough soul pills?" the young girl pouted. "I still owe someone 200, 000 soul pills."

She was the same girl who had been detained by the Separate Abyss race in Stage Eleven.

Even though Dorothy had been quite generous and told her that she didn't need to pay her back, the young girl still felt indebted to her.

Another person mocked her, "You owe someone 200, 000 soul pills by passing through Stage Eleven? Well done!"

The human girl frowned. She was obviously displeased. "What choice did I have in that situation?"

"Enough! Quit arguing." The tallest of the six put a stop to their meaningless quarrel. "I'm going to raise enough soul pills for all of us. You stay here and wait. Although our Nine Li race was destroyed, I don't believe that will stop us from raising six million soul pills."

Obviously, this man was the leader among the six. As soon as he spoke, the others fell silent. He could tell, however, that his speech didn't boost his peers' morale.

Of course, raising six million soul pills would be no easy task. While their race had once been one of the four major human forces, now they were quite desolate.

Meanwhile, by the gate of the Grand Sky Temple, a line of Souls of Light had formed. Each paid their entry fee and obtained their soul mark.

A few hours passed. By this time, even more races had gathered around the Grand Sky Temple.

"Get out of the way!"

Nine Souls of Light trudged straight to the gate.

From the torso upwards, they were human, but their lower bodies terminated in snake tails.

"The Snake Goddess race!"

"Damn, the Snake Goddess race is here as well."

While they were normal humans in the Source World, on the Other Shore, their Souls of Light were half human, half snake. This made it easy for them to be distinguished among the other Souls of Light.

The Snake Goddess race was an esteemed super force in the Source World. It was said that the Other Shore was prosperous thanks to that race.

However, the Snake Goddess race had always been known to be peaceful and non-aggressive. They were seldom in conflict with other races.

After learning the price of the entrance fee, they nonchalantly paid the soul pills, each earning their soul mark. Then, they retreated to the side of the gate.

The super powers were making their way here, one after another. Another powerful race made their way to the front.

"The Bearing race?"

"Wow, there are quite a few members from the Bearing race."

"They'll need to take out tens of millions of soul pills. Ha-ha..."

More than twenty people from the Bearing race showed up, causing a stir among the other creatures.

Technically, all the races would compete against each other in the Grand Sky Temple. With so many members of the Bearing race present, they obviously had an advantage over the other races.

Many more races arrived. At this point, another group of eight reached the gate.

"They are from the Oneness Sky Palace!"

"The Oneness Sky Palace doesn't seem to have much confidence. They only sent eight people."

"Now that the Oneness Sky Palace is being bullied by the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race, it must be difficult for them to compete."

Among the eight figures, their leader overheard the whispers amongst the other creatures.

Her expression darkened. In an indifferent tone, she said loudly, "The Oneness Sky Palace is being bullied by the Bearing race? Not long ago, a certain race's temple was destroyed. I wonder which race that was."

The news that Zen had completely demolished the Bearing race's temple wasn't that widespread, since the Bearing race went through great lengths to keep it hush. However, this didn't stop the members of the Bearing race from frowning at her words.

The other races just shrugged, puzzled. After all, they didn't really understand what had really happened.

"Humph! If it weren't for the help of that mysterious man, all of your elite disciples would've died!"

"That's right. You are just a group of nobodies.

We will destroy you one day!"

The members of the Bearing race began to taunt in defense.

The woman from the Oneness Sky Palace fumed. She wasn't good at retorting, so she just threatened, "Humph! Do you want to die?"

Buzz!

As she channeled her soul force, golden patterns began to appear around her Soul of Light.

"The divine flames of the Sun Crow race?"

"How could this Oneness Sky Palace member use the divine flames of the Sun Crow race?"

"Weird. Are these people from the Oneness Sky Palace or not?"

From a distance, members of the Sun Crow race flapped their wings in confusion, discussing amongst themselves in low voices at the sight of the golden flames.

"It is her!"

"It is said that only two people in the Oneness Sky Palace have the blood of the Sun Crow race."

"The mother couldn't possibly be in the Lust World, so this must be the daughter."

The conflict between the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace had been going on for quite some time now. They were quickly able to perceive that the woman wielding their divine flames was Elvinia.

In the Source World, there were various bloodline theurgies. Some of them could be used on the Other Shore, and the divine flame of the Sun Crow race was one of them. Although using the divine flames by one's Soul of Light on the Other Shore was different from using it in the Source World and its power could be diminished, it was also an extremely powerful bloodline theurgy.

But the Oneness Sky Palace was still outnumbered, eight to twenty. So the Bearing race just threw their heads back and laughed.

"Hey, little girl, do you really want to fight all of us?"

"The Oneness Sky Palace disciples truly are so stupid. How dare you be so arrogant!"

"You must be courting death, young lady!"

The people from the Bearing race sneered at Elvinia and her companions.

Other races had gathered around the commotion. The Sun Crow race, as well as the Divine Farmer race, all thought Elvinia was simply bluffing.

Little did they know, she never bluffed.

Chapter 3261 A Threat

"Princess Elvinia!"

"Let's not argue with them!"

There was a chorus of pleas from the people surrounding Elvinia. They could feel her rage, and sought valiantly to calm her down.

They were familiar with how stubborn Elvinia could be.

But to fight the Bearing race here and now was reckless. She was asking for trouble! But the pleas of Elvinia's companions fell on deaf ears.

Without hesitation, Elvinia launched an attack. The golden light on the surface of her soul shimmered and trembled, and instantly, the divine flames of the Sun Crow race lashed forward like a golden whip.

The energy struck out at the two members of the Bearing race who stood nearest to Elvinia.

They were struck forcefully by the golden whip, a crackle of energy sounding as it hit them.

A bright golden light spread outward across their souls from the point of impact.

If not taking measures, their souls would be completely burnt to ashes by the golden light.

"Bitch!"

"How dare she!"

Feeling the burning in their souls from the divine flames of the Sun Crow race, the two persons who had been struck withdrew in a hurry from the Other Shore.

Anger rose up in the soul auras of the other members of the Bearing race, and they rushed towards Elvinia, intent on avenging their comrades.

"Princess Elvinia, we'd better leave the Other Shore now!"

"They outnumber us. I'm afraid we're no match for them!"

"Princess Elvinia, please withdraw from the Other Shore now!"

The people around Elvinia clamored to leave immediately, pale with fear. None dared to voice their thoughts, but inwardly they were not pleased with her. Over the years Elvinia had always gotten them into trouble every time they accompanied her to the Other Shore.

These guards were elite members of the Oneness Sky Palace. As such, they were quite strong enough to deal with the forces of small races. The problem now was that they were severely overwhelmed by the sheer number of the people from the Bearing race.

Elvinia ignored them.

There was a sharp, buzzing sound.

Elvinia's body suddenly sent out tendrils of golden light, soaring high into the air as the divine flames of the Sun Crow race turned into twelve whips all lashing forward.

It was a bold, powerful move. However, these Souls of Light at Stage Thirteen wouldn't be defeated so easily.

The Bearing race had already lost two of their members from the Other Shore because of Elvinia's first attack, so they were more prepared for this one.

As the twelve whips swooped and slashed through the air, the members of the Bearing race jumped back from the golden strands, evading Elvinia's attack.

None of those in her line of sight could get close to her. They were focused entirely on defending themselves.

But while the members of the Bearing race in front of Elvinia captured her whole attention, their companions flanked Elvinia, slowly surrounding her on both sides.

The several men with Elvinia quickly stood with their backs to her, forming a protective circle around her. They activated their soul theurgies to prevent the Bearing race from coming closer to Elvinia.

Despite this defensive stance, the people from the Bearing race still had the upper hand.

On the sidelines, the members of the Divine Farmer race and the Sun Crow race watched Elvinia's struggles coldly.

The several guards with Elvinia soon realized that they couldn't defend her for too long. As the Bearing race pressed closer and closer, they began edging away from Elvinia. There was no choice but to retreat.

"Princess Elvinia, we can't hold them any longer. You must retreat now from the Other Shore!"

Elvinia, at this point, was entirely surrounded, and her companions couldn't protect her any more. If she didn't leave the Other Shore right this instant, she was doomed.

But Elvinia was entirely focused on her attack, and didn't seem to hear what she was being told. The golden whips were becoming more and more ferocious. The members of the Bearing race who bore the brunt of the whips were getting weary as they dodged, fearful of slipping up and getting hit by the bright golden energy of the divine flames.

While Elvinia concentrated on manipulating the whips, someone came up behind her. He had a small snake wrapped around his hand. When he was near enough, he shook the little snake lightly, and it formed a circle and shot towards Elvinia's body.

Too late, Elvinia noticed the movements behind her, and she turned around. Seeing the snake, her face changed.

Instantly, she realized her danger and decided to use the Illusion Breaking Rune to escape the Other Shore.

She recited the spell, and her body blurred. The man who had thrown the snake quickly stepped forward, shaking his hand once more, and a blue thread was released. The Soul Binding Thread rose and floated over Elvinia's body.

Her spell failed. She couldn't leave when she was held by the Soul Binding Thread.

The little snake hissed and moved, enclosing her in the trap completely.

Elvinia was stunned as her soul force froze. She couldn't launch any further attacks. The golden light faded as the divine flames were extinguished.

The man who had defeated her was named Haider. Seeing her predicament, he sneered, "I can't tell if you are very brave, very foolish, or perhaps both! How dare you pick a fight with us when you are so obviously outnumbered?"

"What a hot-tempered woman! I like her spirit!"

"Look, she's still trying to escape Haider's Dragon Snake Trap! She's crazy!"

The members of the Bearing race jeered and laughed at Elvinia as she struggled desperately to break loose. But the longer the little snake held her, the more her soul force weakened. She was utterly unable to escape from the trap.

Haider motioned with his hand, tugging at the snake, and Elvinia was dragged to his side. He lifted her up easily.

Elvinia's guards had also been surrounded by members of the Bearing race, but they shouted loudly when they saw Elvinia tied and lifted.

"Let go of Princess Elvinia!"

"Don't you know who she is? How dare you treat her this way!"

Haider glanced at them and then smirked at Elvinia. She glared at him.

"Let go of me right now, or you will regret it!" Elvinia threatened.

But the people of the Bearing race were not afraid of the Oneness Sky Palace at all, especially Haider, for even among his own people he was powerful, and he held a high position in the Bearing race.

Thus, Haider merely snorted at Elvinia's outburst. "You hold some sort of unusual position at the Oneness Sky Palace, don't you? Seems like you're an important person. How unfortunate that you met me. If someone else had caught you, you might have a better chance of succeeding with your threats."

Before Elvinia could reply, he tossed her in the air, and caught her again, chuckling to himself.

He moved to hand her over to one of the other members of the Bearing race. "Take her to our stronghold. Let the Oneness Sky Palace know that we will return her in exchange for soul pills. Then our costs today will be offset," Haider instructed. He chuckled again, imagining the reaction of the leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace to his demands.

Elvinia's face was flushed. She had never been humiliated like this before.

Held in the Dragon Snake Trap, she closed her eyes, focusing on amassing her remaining strength. Faint golden lights flickered on the surface of her soul.

But each flash and flicker of the golden light was absorbed by the snake, leaving no trace behind. The Dragon Snake Trap was too powerful for her. She had no chance of escaping.

The members of the Bearing race were about to take Elvinia away when over a dozen people suddenly rushed towards them.

"Wait!" someone shouted.

The newcomers ran up to the Bearing race, blocking their way.

They were from the Oneness Sky Palace.

The seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace did not always act in unison. For instance, after hearing about the Grand Sky Temple, Elvinia had taken a few of the elite members of the Phoenix Palace and gone alone to the Other Shore.

Other mountains, like the Bright Mountain, had also heard the news. Chaim from the Bright Mountain quickly organized his own group and led them to the Grand Sky Temple.

Chaim was the man who had shouted. He and his companions had been astonished to reach the Grand Sky Temple and witness Elvinia being carried away by the Bearing race.

Against outsiders, the people of the seven different mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace always presented a united front. Moreover, Elvinia held a unique and important position, so Chaim was duty-bound to try and stop the Bearing race from abducting her.

"Ah, more people from the Oneness Sky Palace, I see," said Haider in a bored voice. He was clearly not afraid of the newcomers.

Chaim let the others block the way of those who had Elvinia. Correctly identifying Haider as the leader of the Bearing race contingent, Chaim walked up to him and said, "Sir, Princess Elvinia is the favorite daughter of

Eastern Emperor Taiyi. You are inviting trouble by trying to take her away like this."

That caught Haider's interest. But his arrogant expression remained. Sneering, he said, "So that's the reason everyone says she's important. I have miscalculated. If she's the daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, then I should ask for an even greater ransom!"

Haider had been born into one of the most influential clans in the Bearing race, and was himself a relative of Yellow Thearch. He was completely unimpressed by Elvinia's status as Eastern Emperor Taiyi's daughter.

"Don't you think it's a shame for the Bearing race to kidnap Eastern Emperor Taiyi's daughter for ransom?" Chaim asked.

Haider's face turned cold. "Don't you think it's wrong for this girl to provoke us, start a fight, and almost kill two of us? You should be glad her only punishment is to be held for ransom. She will not be harmed. And if you doubt my story, there are people here from races apart from the Bearing race who witnessed the whole thing."

Chaim paused. He did agree that Elvinia was in the wrong. It would not work to try and make Haider feel guilty or ashamed. Being a clever man, Chaim quickly switched tactics.

"So you are definitely not going to let her go?" Chaim asked.

"She stays with us," said Haider, in a tone that brooked no argument.

Chaim tilted his head, giving him a thoughtful look. "Like everyone else here, you came for the Grand Sky Temple, didn't you? Wouldn't it be prudent to make sure no one gets in your way after the gate to the temple is opened?

After all, your ultimate goal here is the Grand Sky Temple. If we try to make things difficult for you, it would put a wrench in your plans. Don't you agree?"

This time, Chaim's veiled threat worked. Haider's face darkened, and his aura became ice cold.

Chapter 3262 The Soul Fighting Skill

Chaim was smart. He knew that the Bearing race was more powerful and that the people from the Oneness Sky Palace were no match for them.

If a conflict erupted with the Bearing race now, the other races that followed the Bearing race wouldn't stand by idly.

But after they entered the Grand Sky Temple, the situation would change.

Considering the many dangers and risks in the temple, it would be difficult for the Bearing race to deal with the people from the Oneness Sky Palace if they made trouble.

Chaim's threat left Haider quite restless.

He clenched his fists and said, "It seems that it's necessary to kill all of you here now."

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The soul auras of all members of the Bearing race rose in an instant. The tension was so thick, and people were so on edge that even the smallest offense would spark a big fight here.

Unlike the others, Chaim was not nervous at all. Instead, he grinned and said, "So the mission of exploring the Grand Sky Temple isn't important to you. Our Oneness Sky Palace may not be your equal, but we can still kill at least half your people. Do you want to take that risk?"

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace standing behind Chaim were on the alert as well. They were prepared to make a move as soon as Chaim gave them the signal.

Haider hesitated when he heard Chaim's statement.

Their goal was the Dark Region.

It was not wise to fight with the Oneness Sky Palace now. If too many members of the Bearing race were killed, Haider would be responsible for the loss.

The Ear Mice, who were the gatekeepers, observed from the sidelines all this while.

They didn't care about the life or death of humans. They thought it was better for the Bearing race to die since they had paid the soul pills.

After brief contemplation, a smile appeared on Haider's face. He then shouted, "Members of the Sun Crow race, the Divine Farmer race, and the New Moon race, please help me kill this group of disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace!"

The three races had been on the fence during this discussion between Chaim and Haider. After hearing Haider's call, they stood, one after another.

The number of people on Haider's side was about a hundred. In Stage Thirteen, except for a small part of the Indigo Souls that had some special innate theurgies, the strength gap between them was not too big. Now that Haider had an overwhelming advantage, the strength of the people from the Oneness Sky Palace was insufficient to defeat them.

A bitter smile appeared on Chaim's face when he saw the other large races support Haider. It seemed that they could not avoid trouble, no matter what logic Chaim presented Haider with.

"Chaim, what should we do?"

"Should we run?"

"But we can't abandon Princess Elvinia."

If they fled and left Elvinia behind, they would become the joke of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Chaim didn't have much time to figure out their next move. The Bearing race, as well as the other races, was already rushing toward them!

With no other alternative left but to fight, Chaim stretched his hands. In an instant, his arms separated from his Soul of Light and transformed into eight purple long swords.

"I will stop them. Go rescue Princess Elvinia," Chaim instructed.

He had observed the situation while talking to Haider. Now that the battle had begun, he could implement his plan.

The other members of the Bearing race, who held Elvinia captive, were on the other side. If they decided to move Elvinia, they would be at a disadvantage, which the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace could exploit to defeat them.

"But..." someone hesitated.

"Don't worry. I won't die!"

Chaim was quite confident.

As Chaim was one of the top three disciples at the Oneness Sky Palace, excluding the Land of Sword Grief, he was as well-known as Elvinia and Efrain. He also had the ability of Instant Enlightenment, and his soul was even more powerful than Efrain's.

Buzz!

The eight purple soul swords shot forward like dragons, and Chaim began to retreat quickly.

He was not only powerful but also experienced.

The Other Shore was a special place. He knew he could leave as long as the Soul Binding Thread did not block him.

He chose to distance himself from the other party from the very beginning to ensure his safety.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The eight soul swords flew in all directions and formed a sword curtain that blocked Haider and his group for a while.

Meanwhile, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace rushed toward Elvinia.

As those who held Elvinia captive were unable to deal with the situation, they left the Other Shore.

"You have a lot of dirty tricks!"

Haider was furious when he saw that Chaim's cooperation with the disciples resulted in Elvinia's release.

He shook his fingers lightly, and several little snakes flew out. These little snakes were purple-black, and their mouths were wide open. Their ghastly fangs promised an agonized death to anyone who had the misfortune of being bitten.

As Chaim's arms had transformed into eight soul swords, he could not stop these little snakes.

He kept backing away, but the little snakes shot straight at him even faster!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Those little snakes caught up with Chaim and then entered his Soul of Light.

"Is he trapped?" Haider was delighted.

Just then, Chaim's Soul of Light blurred. As he had left the Other Shore unexpectedly, those little snakes only collided with his shadow.

After Chaim left, the eight soul swords disappeared as well.

Haider was furious as Chaim had cheated him again. Although anger coursed through him, Haider could not seek revenge as Chaim had left the Other Shore.

"Kill the other disciples! And if they escape, kill the woman!" Haider shouted.

It was not easy to break free from the Dragon Snake Trap that he had set. While the disciples could leave the Other Shore, Elvinia could not.

Elvinia, who was still tied up, was shocked. Did the Bearing race really dare to kill her?

After Haider gave the order, however, Chaim returned to the Other Shore.

"It's not a dirty trick. It's a soul fighting skill." His cynical tone enraged Haider further.

"Screw you!" Haider wanted to tear Chaim apart.

"The first rule of the soul fighting skill is that once a soul leaves the Other Shore, the soul fragments will also disappear. However, if the soul returns in a short time, the soul fragments will not integrate with it. Instead, they will reappear at the same place from where they disappeared earlier," explained Chaim with a smile.

At his words, the soul swords that had disappeared with his exit reappeared.

The people of the Bearing race had left their earlier positions to carry out Haider's order. Now, the soul swords were flying toward them from behind.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Unable to defend themselves, the Souls of Light of several members of the Bearing race were pierced by the swords.

A long sword cut Haider as well. He screamed as his Soul of Light emitted a burning pain.

Although this kind of attack was not fatal, it had a significant impact on their Souls of Light.

The other races that witnessed this battle from a safe distance, marveled at Chaim's superb abilities and his knowledge of the rules of the Other Shore. It was truly worth their respect.

Chapter 3263 Failure

"The guy from the Oneness Sky Palace is so powerful..."

"He single-handedly dealt with a group of warriors from the Bearing race!"

"If I were him, I probably would run away."

The warriors from other races discussed among themselves while stealing glances at the scene.

The nine members of the Snake Goddess race stood quietly observing from afar.

"The Bearing race are trying to kill the members of the Oneness Sky Palace, should we make a move?" A clear voice reverberated in the ears of the other members.

"No... Don't forget our purpose," another woman said while shaking her head in disapproval.

If the Source World was divided into three large groups, the Snake Goddess race and the Oneness Sky Palace belonged to the same one. However, the alliance between them wasn't out in the open yet. The Snake Goddess race preferred not to cause too much trouble, so they chose to stand by and watch.

Meanwhile, Chaim continued his attempts to retreat.

After he successfully launched a sneak attack, the eight swords under his manipulation were scattered in all directions after breaking down in many pieces. At the same time, some of those pieces bore the weight of Chaim, retreating from the Other Shore.

"Damn it! He did it again!"

"Keep your eyes on the pieces!"

"What if he returns to the Other Shore? The pieces are hard to deal with!"

The members of the Bearing race felt helpless and gnashed their teeth in frustration.

This time, Chaim had broken down the eight swords and spread them around the area.

If the Bearing race wished to go after him, they would have to be on a constant lookout for the location of those pieces at any given moment. This way, the warriors would be restricted from moving at will.

"Nobody has ever dared to fool me like this!"

From Haider's point of view, Chaim's attacks were equivalent to cheap little tricks.

He completely disregarded the debris lying around and charged towards the direction where Chaim had left.

Haider stretched out his hand while in pursuit. A sharp streak of purple flashed in his hand. Shortly after, a thin blade appeared as he clenched it tightly.

He wanted to wait here for Chaim to return to the Other Shore so he could kill him!

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace escaped with Elvinia under their protection. The other races kept a close watch on the movements of the Bearing race. While the rest of the disciples from the Bearing race stood in place, Haider waited in silence with full attention.

Three seconds passed...

Nine seconds...

Thirty seconds...

"Come out! You bastard!"

Haider shouted on top of his lungs in frustration, his veins protruding from his neck.

It was slowly becoming apparent that Chaim might not return to the Other Shore.

Meanwhile, in the Oneness Sky Palace...

On a distinct mountain somewhere, Chaim sat in the center of a hall with his legs crossed. He let his long luscious hair hang loosely over his back. His mustache was rugged and uneven, covering most of his face, and his robe was covered in filth, giving him an overall messy appearance.

He seemed to be in a pleasant mood as he smiled to himself softly.

The man beside Chaim slowly opened his eyes suddenly.

"Is he still there?" Chaim inquired.

The man shrugged and answered, "Yes. Don't go back in there now. He is yelling like some crazy man. I'm afraid, if you get in right away, he'll kill you."

"Alright then, I'll stay here and wait for your news." Chaim patted on the man's shoulder. The man nodded and closed his eyes to focus. Aura of the Truth of Godly Way began to spread out from his body, and then he returned to the Other Shore to investigate the scene.

The same method had a miraculous effect for the first time, but if used a second time, the result might be bad. Although Haider was reckless, he was not a fool. He was well aware of the fact that Chaim would not return to the Other Shore so soon.

Chaim had asked the man to hide himself in the crowd before the conflict broke out. The Bearing race wouldn't know he was a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The man made several rounds in and out of the Other Shore to spy on the situation. Even though his movements were suspicious, no one would direct their attention to him.

Finally, realizing it was useless to just stand and wait there, Haider decided to make his move.

"What are you doing here?

Go and get that woman back for me!"

With a roar, Haider began to chase after the disciples. He turned all his focus towards capturing Elvinia. As long as he caught her, any tricks Chaim was planning on playing with them would be rendered meaningless.

When the other members of the Bearing race were convinced Chaim would not be returning so soon, they activated their soul force and followed closely behind Haider.

Just as Haider left to go after Elvinia, the man left the Other Shore once more.

After the man gave Chaim the news, he immediately set out to return to the Other Shore.

"Buzz..."

Just as he entered, the broken swords' pieces also emerged one by one.

"Phew! Phew! Phew..."

Once again, all the bits made their way to attack the Souls of Light of the members of the Bearing race.

However, they were not going to be fooled by the same trick twice. They were prepared this time. As a result, Chaim's attacks fell short of being effective. Only three warriors were harmed, and the damage caused by the debris was not severe.

The attacks caused Haider to stop in his tracks. He heaved a sigh of relief as turning around. "You're smart, but not enough. As long as your weakness is out in the open, you will never be able to turn the tables."

"What do you mean?" Chaim asked, suddenly baffled by the calmness in Haider's voice. Yet, Chaim remained focused and restored the broken swords.

"Let me see how you manage to get out of the Other Shore this time." Haider gloated as a smirk appeared on his face. His demeanor gave off the impression as if Chaim had walked right into a carefully constructed trap like a sacrificial lamb.

"Look at his feet!"

"Haider has set up the Soul Binding Thread on his feet!"

"It appears his luck has run out."

Overhearing the discussion of the other races, Chaim lowered his gaze to his feet subconsciously.

There was a Soul Binding Thread wrapped around his feet to restrict his movements. Just as he returned to the Other Shore, the Soul Binding Thread was bound to his feet.

A weak smile appeared on Chaim's face. It seemed the man he had sent to check on the situation had left this detail out of his report. 'That boy still has a ways to go yet...' Chaim shook his head in visible disappointment.

Of course, Haider wouldn't allow Chaim enough time to think of a strategy or counterattack. After he walked a few steps slowly, he leaped up in the air and dashed towards Chaim with an intent to kill, while the members of the Bearing race followed close behind.

As for the members from the Divine Farmer race and the Sun Crow race, although they didn't make a move, they were still blocking Chaim from behind with their murderous eyes.

Chaim had nowhere to go now, and he was unable to retreat from the Other Shore. He was like an insect, trapped in a spider's web, counting the time before death consumed him.

Even in the face of such an intense situation, he kept himself composed. Tenacious as he was, he refused to give up. The eight long swords flew around him and vigorously fought back a fraction of the Bearing race members.

However, Haider moved past all the long swords and swiftly made his way to strike Chaim with his slender blade.

Chaim's hands were occupied as they'd changed into swords. Without his arms, how could he be able to fight off someone as powerful as Haider?

He could only use his feet to dodge and retreat.

Observing his movements, Haider finally caught up to him and used the opportunity. The thin blade in his hand suddenly emitted a blood-red light and attempted to chop down Chaim's head.

Although Chaim was unaware of what the blood light contained in the thin blade was, he did know if he got cut by it, his Soul of Light would get destroyed.

Some of the other races spectating from afar sympathized with Chaim. They had already predicted his tragic fate in their hearts.

Suddenly, a sharp light shot towards Haider's thin blade.

"Ding!"

With a crisp sound, a small soul sword circled in the air and made its way back to the chest of a human girl.

It was Dorothy who swung the soul sword to protect Chaim.

After Jermain had left the Other Shore, he had told Winchell what she was about to do and caused a lot of trouble for her.

However, there was nothing that could change her mind to return to the Other Shore.

She didn't expect to see the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace fighting against the Bearing race as soon as she entered the Other Shore.

Watching Chaim's life hanging by a thread as he was faced by a ruthless Haider, how could she hold back? Finally, she decided to make her move.

Chapter 3264 A Single Palm Strike

After Dorothy's Soul of Light grew to the Indigo Soul, her attack's intensity increased as well.

Her irresistible soul force was so mighty that the thin blade in Haider's hand was sent flying. Even Haider was forced to take a few steps backward.

If ordinary people were saved at a crucial life and death moment, their first thought would be to escape.

However, Chaim was by no means an ordinary man.

When he saw Haider staggering backward, he didn't stop to see who had saved him. Instead, he believed this to be the perfect opportunity to attack

Haider. And so, he slammed his feet against the ground and somersaulted through the air.

When he felt considerable pressure descending on him, Haider panicked and glanced up.

Unable to protect himself, Haider fell to the ground after Chaim trampled his head.

"Withdraw!"

Chaim ordered.

The eight soul swords flew toward Chaim. Just as they were about to pierce through Haider's body, Haider returned to his senses. Upon detecting the threat, he released a strong soul force, and a bear shadow flashed faintly on his back.

At this moment, his soul force increased manifold. As a result, Chaim could not hold on and was flung into the air.

'What a pity, '

Chaim sighed in his heart.

His ultimate goal was to kill Haider with his soul swords.

The Oneness Sky Palace wasn't a match for so many super forces, and yet, he had nearly reached his goal just now. The disappointment he felt was palpable.

After the bear shadow appeared behind Haider, he resembled an angry lion. "Members of the Divine Farmer race and the Sun Crow race, what are you waiting for? Kill him!"

Now that the other two races were attacking Chaim, Haider turned his attention to Dorothy.

"Whoever dares to stand in my way is doomed to die!"

Haider moved so quickly and his aura was so overwhelming that it was a thrill to watch him.

"Is that the Bear Soul Shadow of the Bearing race?"

"It's so powerful! But it is said that he has to pay a heavy price for it."

"The human woman who attacked Haider is not weak."

Panic flashed across Dorothy's face when she saw that Haider was heading straight for her.

Dorothy lacked experience in soul battles and didn't know how to escape this dilemma.

Buzz!

As her Necklace of Mystic Soul flashed, a soul sword shot toward Haider again.

Haider didn't flinch when he saw the soul sword nearing him. On the contrary, he stretched out his hand and slapped it.

Bang!

His attack deflected the soul sword.

"What?"

Dorothy was dumbstruck with fear when her attack failed. She knew that she had to flee, or she would die!

Her Soul of Light flashed, and she rushed to the other side.

But as she was not as fast as Haider, the distance between them decreased continually.

"Leave the Other Shore now!"

shouted Chaim from a distance.

He was dealing with the attacks of the Divine Farmer race and the Sun Crow race. Although overwhelmed, he noticed Dorothy's predicament from the corner of his eye. When he saw that Dorothy was stupidly trying to escape, he reminded her.

As she found herself in a situation where she couldn't escape, Dorothy prepared to use the Illusion Breaking Rune to leave the Other Shore. However, at this time, she saw a familiar figure appear in front of her.

Then she stopped reciting the spell.

"What on earth are you thinking?"

Helplessness coursed through Chaim when he saw that Dorothy still hadn't left. He hadn't, as yet, noticed who had appeared in front of Dorothy.

Haider was only fifty or sixty feet away from Dorothy. As he was afraid that she would leave the Other Shore, he gathered all his strength to activate his soul force. As a result, a faint golden light flashed on the bear shadow behind him.

As Haider leaped forward, his hands turned into sharp claws. Just as he was about to grab Dorothy, she pounced forward. The man in front of her reached out and caught her. The two of them spun wildly for a moment. Then, the man skillfully removed the impact force from Dorothy, and threw a palm at Haider.

"Go to hell!"

At that moment, Haider didn't have time to figure out the identity of the man. He only knew that he had used the Bear Soul Shadow. As a result, his Soul of Light would be burned off, piece by piece. As soul pills could not replenish a burned Soul of Light, he had to use soul crystal instead.

Now, he was burning his soul crystal and his cultivation base!

The price was high, but the effect was visible. No one could stop him in the thirteen stages of the Lust World.

Haider reached forward and tried to defend against the palm. He believed that with his strike, he could break his opponent's arm. Moreover, he was so angry that he wanted to tear his opponent apart.

But all that was wishful thinking. As soon as his hands touched the man's palm, Haider felt as though something was wrong.

It seemed that his opponent was not a soul and that his arm was made of fine steel.

He couldn't even move the arm, let alone break it.

"What's wrong?"

Confusion coursed through Haider as he reeled from his failed attack. Zen, on the other hand, sneered, "Go to hell!"

With that, he attacked Haider's chest.

Puff!

Zen didn't even use all his strength.

However, the power contained within his palm strike was far more than a hundred times stronger than Haider's.

Although the bear shadow behind Haider tried to protect him, it only lasted for a very short time. Soon, the shock wave shattered the shadow, and Haider, like a piece of light paper, flew backward.

As the shadow dissipated, his Soul of Light also collapsed, and gradually, it dissipated on the Other Shore.

With just one palm strike, Zen had destroyed Haider's Soul of Light, even though the Bear Soul Shadow protected him!

When the other races witnessed that, they were shocked.

"He has a corporeal body!"

"Why is a corporeal body here?"

"Haven't you heard? It's said that he created trouble in the Separate Abyss race, and almost destroyed their temple!"

While some people from the other races knew about Zen's earlier actions, the majority of them did not. They couldn't believe what they had seen.

Zen relaxed his arms and placed Dorothy on the ground. After a brief pause, Dorothy glared at him and said, "You were late."

"Why did you get involved in a fight?" Zen asked with a frown.

Before he continued his journey with his physical body, he had asked Dorothy to leave the Other Shore to ensure her safety.

Zen didn't expect that as soon as he arrived, he would see that Haider was chasing Dorothy. So his tone was reproachful.

Dorothy pouted and said, "I don't know. As soon as I returned to the Other Shore, I saw that the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were fighting with the Bearing race. Chaim was almost killed before I went to help them."

When she entered the Other Shore, she saw Chaim risking his life. As for why the disciples fought with the Bearing race, she did not know.

Chaim was being attacked by the Sun Crow race and the Divine Farmer race. Although he was flexible and had several schemes, the combined strength of the two races was beyond what he could handle.

But after Zen's appearance, the other races stopped their attacks.

The Sun Crow race and the Divine Farmer race didn't want to get involved in this battle in the first place. It was only on Haider's insistence that they obliged.

The Sun Crow race might not have seen Zen's body before, but the Divine Farmer race had witnessed how Zen had destroyed the temple of the Bearing race. Even if some of them hadn't seen Zen, they had already heard about him.

They knew that they could not fight against such a monster.

Chapter 3265 Saving Elvinia

Chaim's Soul of Light had taken a lot of damage from his bout with the Sun Crow race and the Divine Farmer race.

But he had no regrets; in fact, he was still optimistic. He took out some soul pills and swallowed them before turning his head to yell to Zen, "Princess Elvinia is still being pursued by the Bearing race. Go after her!"

Chaim didn't know who Zen was, but he knew he was on the side of the Oneness Sky Palace, and that was all that mattered.

While Chaim was being chased down by Haider, he had seen some people of the Bearing race going after the Oneness Sky Palace disciples. He wondered what had happened to them.

"Elvinia?"

"Why is she here?"

Both Zen and Dorothy were stunned.

A strange feeling took over Dorothy's heart. Her mind couldn't help but wander to what happened in the Vastness Mountain and what Flamine had said.

"I'll save her,"

Zen said, taking off in the direction Chaim had pointed.

Dorothy pursed her lips, saying nothing.

Zen darted forward and before long, he caught sight of a dozen people fighting in the distance.

A woman lay on the ground, wrapped by a little snake and unable to move.

This was the first time that Zen had seen Elvinia on the Other Shore, but he could still recognize her by her silhouette.

Elvinia, constricted by the Dragon Snake Trap, was so anxious that she was about to spit blood.

She was more dissatisfied than she had ever been. She had never suffered any great losses on the Other Shore and so certainly didn't expect to end up in this situation.

The Oneness Sky Palace disciples were at a disadvantage. When they felt they had no chance of winning, they had opted to retreat from the Other Shore for the time being. However, the members of the Bearing race were fearless and soon there were only five disciples left to struggle through the battle.

"I'm sorry, Princess Elvinia. I... I can't stand it anymore!" The Soul of Light of a disciple had suffered greatly. He was left with no choice but to leave the Other Shore.

Another two had no time to escape. The Bearing race killed them and they let out a piercing shriek as their Souls of Light collapsed.

The last two disciples then saw it was hopeless, and decisively activated the Illusion Breaking Rune.

Only Elvinia remained.

"Two of us were killed because of this bitch!"

"Didn't you hear them? She is the direct descendant of Eastern Emperor Taiyi!"

One member of the Bearing race hoisted Elvinia up and chuckled. "You're from the direct line, right? You were born noble, but what does that matter? Once we return to our base, mark my words, you will suffer!"

"How... how dare you..." Elvinia shuddered with fear, unable to finish her words.

Although the soul was not as strong as the body, no one had ever dared to threaten her like this.

She knew if she fell into the hands of the Bearing race, they would do nothing but make her life torturous.

"You just wait and see. We're on the Other Shore now. Eastern Emperor Taiyi will not come here for us!" the man of the Bearing race scoffed arrogantly.

"If Eastern Emperor Taiyi does show up, he will never return!"

"The Oneness Sky Palace has been content to exercise sovereignty over an area for so many years. Although it is known as one of the three orthodox human forces, it actually enjoys an unwarranted reputation. Ha-ha!"

"…"

A wind blew while the members of the Bearing race continued their sarcastic remarks.

"Up here."

They all snapped their heads up at the sound of a voice and felt a black shadow crashing down on them.

Bang!

Zen smashed down on top of the one holding Elvinia. At the same time, he stretched his hand out and swept over the rest of the Bearing race around him. His hand shook slightly, and all the people who were touched by his hand collapsed.

They didn't even have a chance to escape the Other Shore before they perished.

Elvinia sat on the ground, dumbfounded by the scene before her.

She had heard of what took place on the Stage Four, but she didn't know it was Zen who had done all those amazing things.

Without a word, Zen wrapped his hand around Elvinia's back and pinched the little snake with his fingers, tearing the snake apart. He then said in a low voice, "Follow me."

He had deliberately changed his voice, yet it still felt somewhat familiar to Elvinia.

They had only met twice before, one at the Seven Mountains Meeting and the other at the Phoenix Palace, and so Elvinia just couldn't place the voice she heard. When she saw Zen about to leave, she called out helplessly, "I... I'm too weak to walk."

The Dragon Snake Trap had continued draining her soul force once it had grabbed hold of her. She was extremely weak now.

Zen couldn't leave her alone out here in the wild.

He thought about it for a moment, picked her up under her arms and put her on his back to carry her away.

It was the first time that Elvinia had been carried on the back of a man, though this was only on the Other Shore.

Zen's back felt like a solid stone to her. Her heart raced uncontrollably. She couldn't think clearly and her curiosity about this stranger raged.

He had been helping the Oneness Sky Palace all this time so she assumed he must be a disciple of the palace.

The palace might not have said as much, but everyone believed this to be true.

"Are you a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace?" Elvinia asked in a soft and sweet voice.

Both times they had met, Elvinia always wore an imperious look on her face. Zen was not used to this sudden change. He smiled and replied, "You could say that, but I'm not really."

He purposely gave an ambiguous answer.

Elvinia blinked and asked, "Is your body in the palace?"

"Yes," replied Zen.

"May I meet you?" Elvinia asked kindly.

Zen shook his head without uttering a sound.

He would not reveal the secret of his physical body to others unless it was absolutely essential.

In the Sword Light Palace, he was left with no other choice and had to reveal the truth to Dorothy. If not for this, he would have joined the Oneness Sky Palace as an unknown disciple instead of letting Winchell bring him back.

Elvinia was disappointed by his rejection. But Zen had saved her life; she couldn't force him to show himself. More to it, she really didn't have the ability.

Many other races still waited at the entrance of the Grand Sky Temple. Many of them were already growing impatient.

"Ear Mice! We have given you the soul pills as you requested. When will you open the Grand Sky Temple?"

"Were you lying? Do you even have the Other Shore Key?"

"What are you waiting for?"

The Ear Mice, of course, were waiting for Zen.

Without Zen's presence, they could not open the door easily.

Although they had investigated Zen's body through various channels, they were still surprised to see that he had shattered Haider's Soul of Light with a single blow. This kind of power made the Ear Mice overjoyed.

Dorothy stood beside Chaim, waiting for any sign of Zen.

She looked around and saw Zen in the distance, carrying a Soul of Light on his back. She frowned and mumbled unhappily, "Why doesn't Elvinia walk by herself?"

Chaim laughed on the inside. He knew Dorothy was just jealous.

Chapter 3266 Argument

Everyone stared at Zen. Regardless of which race they belonged to, all of them had fear in their eyes.

The only exception was the Ear Mouse race, whose members let out sighs of relief. It seemed that the Soul of Light named Zen was right. He was this corporeal body's spokesperson.

One of the mice squeaked. "You are finally here!"

Three Ear Mice came up to Zen with an air of great respect and deference. It was their first time to see Zen's physical body.

Zen, of course, knew that they had been waiting for him, but he didn't want to talk about opening the door right now. "We'll discuss this later," he said.

He walked past the mice and towards the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. Grimly he asked them, "Which races attacked you just now?"

At Zen's words, many warriors in the crowd looked shocked and nervous.

"The Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, the Sun Crow race and the New Moon race," answered Chaim in a cautious tone.

Zen nodded and turned to the crowd. His eyes swept over the warriors and landed on a flock of bird-shaped Souls of Light, belonging to the Sun Crow race. Coldly he said to them, "Don't even think about exploring the Grand Sky Temple. I give you a choice. Leave the Other Shore now, or I will kill you."

At Zen's ultimatum, the Sun Crows shrank back and drew closer to each other.

While they felt fear at Zen's words, they were hesitant to leave right away. They wanted to see how the situation would develop. Even if the worst happened, they believed that they could escape from the Other Shore at any time.

The members of the Bearing race were thinking along similar lines. They stood a safe distance from Zen, observing him as he spoke, and they refused to give up on the chance that they might still find a way to explore the Grand Sky Temple. After all, they had already handed in their soul pills.

It was different if the Ear Mice were on Zen's side.

After they entered the Grand Sky Temple, they wouldn't be able to leave the Other Shore. By then, they would have no choice but to let their souls be slaughtered by him.

A warrior of the Divine Farmer race spoke up. "Are you willing to listen to the reason? The Bearing race asked us to help, and our only choice was to fight with them. Incidentally, not a single disciple from the Oneness Sky Palace was killed by us. Will you deny our entry just because we fought alongside our allies?"

"It was not your only choice. You could have refused to fight," Zen said, sneering at the warrior. "Since you chose to follow the Bearing race, you must pay the price. That's not the first time you've played such a trick. You also allied with each other to kill the Nine Li race. There are consequences for your actions."

The destruction of a superpower was a matter of great importance even in the Source World. All the races present were familiar with the history of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race. Their coordinated efforts had led to the destruction of the Nine Li race.

The crowd were curious and slightly anxious. They wondered why Zen had specifically mentioned the Nine Li race.

He had sounded genuinely indignant. Was Zen a member of the Nine Li race?

Elvinia, who was on the back of Zen, sensed the change in his aura, a shift towards darkness at the mention of the Nine Li race. She thought that this corporeal body's identity was probably more complicated than she had imagined.

The six people standing in the corner had also been jolted by the mention of the Nine Li race. They looked uneasily at each other.

"Brother, Why did he bring up the Nine Li race? Is he one of us?" murmured the human girl in a low voice.

"It could be... Otherwise, why did he mention the Nine Li race at all?" one of her companions whispered back.

The burliest man in the group shook his head. "It's hard to say. It could simply be that what happened today reminds him of what had happened to the Nine Li race. There are so few of us after entire branches of our race were killed off, and we keep ourselves hidden even now. How could someone like him come from the scattered survivors of our race?"

At present, the last survivors of the Nine Li race were struggling to survive, having lost most of their long-held resources. The younger generation found it hard to compete with other more powerful races, so the Nine Li race continued steadily to decline.

The human girl curled her lips, considering the matter. She did not contradict her brother, who was by nature suspicious, but she also made up her mind to ask Zen about this issue as soon as she got the chance.

The warrior of the Divine Farmer race had fallen silent, intimidated by Zen's unyielding stance. In contrast, a member of the Bearing race laughed out loud, stepping forward. He said to Zen cockily, "It's truly impressive that you've entered the Other Shore with your corporeal body, but I can't help wondering how you're going to deliver on all your threats. On your own? Or will the members of the Oneness Sky Palace help you out?"

The Bearing race were not afraid of offending Zen, especially since he had already dictated that they had no chance of entering the Grand Sky Temple.

They were not afraid of the Oneness Sky Palace, either. Although the members of the Oneness Sky Palace were arguably among the top three strongest forces of the human race, in terms of pure numbers, they simply couldn't compare with the Bearing race—and that was without factoring in the alliance of the Bearing race with the Divine Farmer race.

Zen replied calmly, "It's not just me or the Oneness Sky Palace. We are speaking of justice and fairness. I don't expect you to understand, but it is in the interests of most people to curb the actions of crooked groups like the Bearing race. Any power you have now is temporary. Eventually your strength will dwindle until you are nothing, less than the smallest grain of sand."

Zen's words were powerful. It was true that he and the members of the Oneness Sky Palace couldn't stand alone against the Bearing race, but there were many other strong forces and superpowers in the Source World who had chosen the Finale Way. If it came down to war, these forces would side with the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Great speech!"

shouted a member of the Snake Goddess race, whose body was half human and half snake. Her words were met with applause from her companions.

"Yeah! The Finale Way leads to the right path!"

"Down with the Bearing race! We will fight those idiots who cheat, lie, and deceive others for their own benefit!"

"I've never trusted the Divine Farmer race!"

It was clear from the chorus of cries in the crowd that they supported Zen and also believed in the Finale Way.

Many of those from younger generations were not involved in the decision-making and path-choosing that were usually conducted by the elders of their races. However, they were not blind to the situation unfolding around them, and they were willing to take a stand.

Zen had only said what many of them were already thinking. They agreed wholeheartedly with his condemnation of the Bearing race.

Most of the Bearing race warriors looked offended and angry and began raising a clamor, trying to argue with what Zen said. But Zen had already lost interest in further arguments.

"You can clear up here and block this area. I don't want to see them again," Zen said to the Ear Mice, ignoring the members of the Bearing race. There was no point in dragging out the argument any further—they believed in different ways, and there was no possibility of reconciling their competing beliefs.

The Ear Mice, of course, were even less interested in the Bearing race than Zen. Since Zen had arrived, they viewed all this discussion as a pure waste of time.

The Ear Mice rushed forward at Zen's prompting, squeaking. "Time to get to work! Let's clear up this place! The Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, the Sun Crow race and the New Moon race are forbidden to enter. So are those who have not handed out their soul pills and gotten their soul marks. Everyone else, please gather in front of the Grand Sky Temple," said an Ear Mouse in a high-pitched voice.

A group of ten Ear Mice stood nearby, holding watering cans. They sprayed out thin, pale blue liquid that spread out and covered the ground completely.

The blue liquid was the Soul Interdicting Water. Like the Soul Restraining Sand of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Soul Binding Thread of the Bearing race, it was intended to prevent Souls of Light from leaving the Other Shore.

After the ground had been covered with the Soul Interdicting Water, the Ear Mice continued to put some restrictions on it. The whole Grand Sky Temple was now a temporary impasse, and no Souls of Light would dare to enter without permission.

One of the members of the New Moon race stepped up to the Ear Mice. "Hey! If you won't let us enter the Grand Sky Temple, then return our soul pills to us. We've already paid and we want them back," he said forcefully.

The Ear Mice squeaked, looking upset. The soul pills were already in their possession and it was very difficult to think of returning them.

But they couldn't renege on their debt in front of so many races, human and non-human.

The Ear Mice gathered and chattered, looking for a loophole. Finally an Ear Mouse turned to the man who had asked for their soul pills. "The members of the four races who have paid soul pills are free to try and enter the temple. But remember! We are not responsible for the consequences!"

The Ear Mouse rolled its eyes meaningfully towards Zen, who stood at the gate of the Grand Sky Temple, emanating an intimidating and powerful aura.

Because they stood a safe distance from Zen, the four races barred from entering the temple dared to argue with the Ear Mice. But none of them dared to move closer to the Grand Sky Temple.

Chapter 3267 The Ear Mice's Real Purpose

"Ha-ha..."

Elvinia, who was being carried by Zen, laughed. She knew that the Ear Mice were shrewd, but this was too shameless.

At this moment, Dorothy suddenly said, "It's time for you to get off. It's indecent for you to lie on a man's back for so long."

She was unable to contain her jealousy any longer.

Offended by Dorothy's rebuke, Elvinia glared at her before slowly asking, "Who the hell are you? What does any of this have to do with you?"

As Elvinia couldn't see Dorothy's face, she didn't recognize her. She thought Dorothy was a disciple from the Oneness Sky Palace. Few disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace dared to catch her attention.

"You!" Dorothy raised her eyebrows as outrage coursed through her. She was about to call to Zen but stopped when she remembered that she couldn't reveal his identity. Instead, she held back and pinched Zen's arm. "Hey! Put her down!"

Zen wasn't focusing on the two women as he didn't expect them to argue over such a trivial thing.

He glanced at both women as he tried to figure out what was going on. Chaim chuckled before responding, "We're family. Princess Elvinia, this is Dorothy. She helped us earlier."

"Oh, it's you." Elvinia was stunned.

"So what?" Dorothy seemed as imposing as Elvinia.

Elvinia was unwilling to back down. She leaned her head against Zen's shoulder and deliberately said, "My soul force has been drained. As I have no strength left, I can't come down!"

Elvinia was taking soul pills the entire time that Zen carried her. Although she had lost a considerable amount of soul force, she had now replenished most of it.

Dorothy knew that Elvinia would be dishonest about her soul force.

With a smile, Dorothy said, "The Grand Sky Temple is going to open soon. Since you lack soul energy, you should leave the Other Shore and rest. You must take care of yourself. The temple is a very dangerous place."

As soon as Dorothy finished speaking, Elvinia jumped off Zen's back. She was so fast that everyone was astounded. Even from her Soul of Light, one could tell that she was flexible. She replied coldly, "Thank you for your concern. I can replenish my soul force."

As she spoke, she took out a few more soul pills and absorbed them into her Soul of Light. At the same time, her soul rapidly filled with energy.

"Princess Elvinia, the Grand Sky Temple is a perilous place. As you are a princess, perhaps you'd better not enter it," Zen rationalized.

Both Chaim and Elvinia were not included in Zen's plan. However, the Grand Sky Temple would surely attract the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, and the conflict caused by Elvinia was something that Zen had not expected.

"I can take care of myself. I'm not as fragile as someone," Elvinia said sarcastically as she glared at Dorothy.

Dorothy raised her eyebrows and readied herself for a scathing retort, but Zen reached out and pinched her arm. So, she bit her tongue. After all, she hadn't come to quarrel with Elvinia.

The Ear Mice had used the Soul Interdicting Water to seal the area in front of the Grand Sky Temple and imposed restrictions. The large races that had paid the soul pills lined up at the temple gate as they waited to enter.

The arrogant and aggressive members of the Separate Abyss race fell silent as soon as Zen appeared.

As most of them had come from Stage Eleven, they had witnessed Zen grow to over ten thousand feet tall. Since they were terrified of Zen's physical body, they didn't dare to provoke him.

After the other races had completed their preparations, an Ear Mouse climbed the stairs in front of the Grand Sky Temple and stretched its thin claw, which was marked with long and thin lines.

As it tapped the gate with its claw, the gate flashed with metal luster before it slowly opened.

The other races appeared anxious. Everyone wanted to enter the temple first, but as the Ear Mice had imposed restrictions in this area, the members from the other races had to follow their orders.

"Well, you can enter now," said the Ear Mouse.

As soon as it finished speaking, the gigantic Souls of Light of the Separate Abyss race rushed into the temple.

The other races also dashed forward, one after another.

In stark contrast, the Ear Mice stood by patiently. They didn't seem to be in a hurry, even though they had opened the door.

More than two thousand Souls of Light had gathered at the gate of the temple. In a flash, almost every Soul of Light had entered the temple.

"Why don't you go in?" Dorothy prompted Chaim.

As she hated the princess, Dorothy couldn't wait for Chaim to escort Elvinia inside.

Dorothy had been with Zen ever since she had entered the Sea of Truth. Jealousy coursed through her at the thought of someone else vying for Zen's attention.

However, Chaim, Elvinia, and the other disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace thought that it was the best to follow Zen.

As Zen didn't move, they stayed put as well.

"I have reached an agreement with the Ear Mice. I can only take Dorothy into the temple with me," Zen explained.

Among all the creatures here, only Zen and Dorothy hadn't paid the soul pills.

Elvinia fixed her gaze on Zen. She was a straightforward woman. Since he did not intend to explore the temple with her, she decided to proceed alone.

Chaim cupped his hands and bowed before Zen and Dorothy. Then, he said, "If that is the case, we will enter first. Thank you again for saving us!"

"There's no need to be so formal about it," Zen replied.

After the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace entered, Zen walked up the steps too.

At this time, the Ear Mice surrounded him. One of them asked respectfully, "What's your name, sir?"

"Just call me Thad," Zen replied.

The Ear Mice knew that Zen wouldn't give them his real name, so they didn't pressure him. One of them asked, "Since you came to the Other Shore with your corporeal body, you must have some extraordinary talents. I wonder if you can destroy the Grand Sky Temple."

"You want me to destroy the Grand Sky Temple?"

Zen had no trouble breaking the Sacred Mallow Temple on Stage One. The Bearing race's temple on Stage Four and the buildings on Stage Eleven were not a challenge either.

However, he was unsure if he could destroy the Grand Sky Temple on Stage Thirteen.

Zen turned to study the building. The temple glowed with a faint metallic luster as though it had been infused with a special metal during its construction.

He walked to the door, pressed his hand against the wall, and slowly released his strength.

Sizzle!

The wall was apparently more solid than Zen had expected. Even though he employed fifty percent of his strength, only a fingermark was left on the wall's surface.

"As the wall is five feet thick, it will be difficult to destroy," Zen surmised.

When the Ear Mice saw this, ecstasy appeared on their faces.

"Unbelievable! You left a fingermark on the wall!" one Ear Mouse praised.

"What do you mean?" Zen was puzzled.

"The way to the Dark Region is blocked by a wall. It is not as solid as this one. Since you have such strength, you will be able to destroy it easily," the Ear Mouse explained.

The reason why the Ear Mice were not in a hurry was that they knew that no Soul of Light could destroy that wall.

They had completed their preparations before entering the Grand Sky Temple.

Chapter 3268 Ruling Forces

Compared to the other great races, the Ear Mice had an unparalleled advantage in this aspect.

After all, they were involved in most of the deals on the Other Shore. They knew the whereabouts of the Other Shore Keys as well as the Other Shore Tokens.

For the past ten years, the Other Shore Key to the Grand Sky Temple was rarely encountered. Only three were ever sold. However, when the anomaly appeared behind the Grand Sky Temple, the Ear Mice immediately located a creature that possessed the key and bought the key for a steep price.

As they reached the end of the Grand Sky Temple, they found a wall blocking their way. Seeing this, they felt disheartened.

The Souls of Light were not able to cross the wall.

Later on, the Ear Mice quickly came up with another plan. They began to spread the news. Soon enough, all the major forces in the Source World found out about the anomaly of the Grand Sky Temple.

Their goal was to earn more soul pills. Because there was no Soul of Light that could break the wall down, they wouldn't be able to enter the Dark Region.

But a few days ago, they heard news from Stage Four and Stage Eleven. This allowed the Ear Mice to change their strategy once more.

The man in front of them gave them hope that the wall could be torn down.

The Grand Sky Temple was enormous. It was a hundred times larger than the Sacred Mallow Temple.

Zen and Dorothy followed the Ear Mice into the hall. There they saw a huge statue in front of them.

The statue was sixty feet tall. It had an eagle head and a bear body. It emanated an extraordinary aura.

"Is this the race that built the Grand Sky Temple?" Zen inquired.

One of the Ear Mice nodded and said, "The Grand Sky race was a powerful race. They could be considered as a ruling force."

"A ruling force?" Zen blinked in wonderment.

"Yes. Any powerful race that has ruled the entire chaos can be called a ruling force," the Ear Mouse laughed. "The current super powers in the Source World are simply too weak compared to them."

Although the Source World was relatively peaceful now, there were various forces that struggled for supremacy. There had never been a ruling force.

There were many super powers that existed.

These included the Separate Abyss race, the Pear Hill, the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the Oneness Sky Palace.

There was a great gap between these super powers. However, none of them was able to control the entire Source World, let alone the chaos.

The Ear Mouse's statement reminded Zen of the Sacred Mallow Temple.

"How about the Dreaded Eye Demons of the Sacred Mallow Temple?" he asked.

"They can also be considered as a ruling force," answered the Ear Mouse. "Nevertheless, they still can't compare to the Grand Sky race. The races that were able to build their temples on the Other Shore used to be ruling forces."

"Is that so?" Zen questioned No. 9527 in his mind.

"Yes. Perhaps you can say that but only because it's how the Ear Mice define the forces. The Chaos Ancient Gods are above all those forces," No. 9527 replied.

The creature that could control the truth was the true master of the chaos.

Zen thought of what he had just said outside the temple. Somehow, he felt confused. He asked the Ear Mouse, "Did the Grand Sky race follow the Finale Way?"

"Yes." The Ear Mouse nodded.

"Well, it looks like they also failed." A look of regret registered upon Zen's face.

Both the Dreaded Eye Demons and the Grand Sky race had been able to control the entire chaos. They could summon more resources and they might be even more powerful. But in the end, they couldn't escape that needle.

"You are living in too much pain. In addition, you have only repeated the path of the predecessors. Before the Finale Way is realized, you have to rely on us for everything," the Ear Mouse said.

"What? We have to rely on you?" Zen was stunned by this.

Dorothy also blinked in shock.

The Ear Mice were the most mediocre super force in the Source World. They didn't seem to have any other needs except earning divine crystals and soul pills.

They could just exchange powerful Other Shore Tokens, rare Other Shore Keys, and a large sum of soul pills for divine crystals.

Other than being used as a currency, the divine crystals could only be used to replenish the energy of the Other Shore Tokens. The Ear Mice's obsession with the divine crystals had always been incomprehensible to the other races.

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"

"Squeak!"

Several Ear Mice squeaked to change the topic.

The Ear Mouse talking with Zen gave a wicked smile and promptly changed the subject.

Obviously, Zen and Dorothy understood. Regardless, a super power would definitely not be as simple as they thought. The Ear Mice should not be underestimated either.

They bypassed the statue and continued towards the end of the hall where there were nineteen arched doors.

It was Zen and Dorothy's first time to visit here. Naturally, they didn't know what the doors meant.

"All of the nineteen arched doors lead to the same destination, but they differ in their difficulty. The thirteenth and seventeenth ones are death roads. The seventh one is the simplest while the nineteenth one is the most difficult. The Souls of Light that went inside had a slim chance of surviving; however, many of them had discovered some powerful Other Shore Tokens there." The information provided by the Ear Mouse was worth more than 100, 000 soul pills. The more they knew about the temple, the more hope they would have for survival after all.

With that, it asked Zen, "Which arched door will you choose?"

It left the decision up to Zen.

"I'd like to choose the nineteenth one," answered Zen.

There weren't many things that could threaten Zen on the Other Shore. In the first place, he had already planned on finding Other Shore Tokens. Therefore, he wouldn't let go of this great opportunity.

The Ear Mice glanced at each other. They didn't know much about what was behind the nineteenth door. They only knew that this path was very dangerous. But this time, Zen was leading the way. Thus, they would have the chance to find some high-grade Other Shore Tokens as well.

"Well then, let's go." The Ear Mice believed in Zen's strength. They agreed without much hesitation.

Zen walked in the front followed by Dorothy and the Ear Mice.

There was a long and narrow semi-circular passageway behind the arch. The ceiling of the passageway was bumpy and uneven. It was covered with lines that resembled the blood vessels of a human body. The faint red light emitted by the lines was flickering. Sometimes it was bright and sometimes dim. It was just like the rhythm of breathing.

As Zen entered the passageway, he didn't feel anything uncomfortable. Dorothy who was behind him, however, suddenly felt very unwell.

"Well..."

Dorothy couldn't help but wrap her arms around herself. She leaned against Zen's back.

"What's wrong?" Zen turned his head and asked in concern.

He didn't worry about his own safety but he had to protect Dorothy.

"I feel like my soul force is fading away," Dorothy answered.

Zen looked at the Ear Mice and one of them said, "After we enter the Grand Sky Temple, our soul force will constantly drain. This is the rule of this temple. Before we enter the passageway, it drains very slowly. But now, it is depleted faster. You can take soul pills to replenish it."

Dorothy nodded and took out some soul pills. She took them to replenish her soul force.

She brought a lot of soul pills with her so the lost soul force was not a problem for her at all.

Chapter 3269 The Faces On The Walls

"What is going on here?"

Zen muttered in curiosity as he pressed a hand against the rough wall.

Despite its roughness, his hand could press and make a slight indentation on it. It wasn't rock but more of fleshy material, almost like the internal cavity of an animal.

"We don't really know. According to rumors, the 19 passageways within the Grand Sky Temple are, in fact, living creatures, and we are walking in their bellies," an Ear Mouse answered.

The Other Shore was filled with infinite mysteries, some stranger than the last. There was no way to investigate, much less prove, all of them.

The party continued forward and every thousand feet, the Ear Mice and Dorothy would have to absorb soul pills in order to replenish their soul force.

Blood red luster radiated from the walls, becoming brighter as they ventured deeper into the passageway. There were times when sections of the path were illuminated entirely by the red light but there were also times when it simply stretched on in darkness.

Despite having Zen lead the way, the Ear Mice and Dorothy still felt the pressure and were definitely on high alert.

"ARGH!"

Sounds of screaming could be heard up front, catching them by surprise.

"What was that?!"

"That must be the creatures that entered the passageway first!"

"What did they encounter for them to scream like that?"

Numerous creatures from various races had also entered the temple that day.

Some knew of the slim chances the 19th passageway offered in terms of survival but there were others that had no idea and chose it without knowing the possible horrors that awaited them.

"I'll go look," Zen told them determinedly.

He darted forward the passageway, leaving the party behind.

It was after two thousand feet when he came upon a strange sight: faces, all of them with their eyes closed, lined both sides of the path.

The faces had variety and belonged to all kinds of races. Zen could identify a few human ones among them. What was unsettling about these faces though, was the fact that all of them sported abnormally painful expressions.

"The scream didn't come from these faces," Zen muttered to himself.

He continued to take a few more steps forward and entered the corner where he saw eight Souls of Light being pulled into the walls by random hands coming out of the walls.

There were still a few faces in this area and some of them had their eyes open.

"They're from the Separate Abyss race," he said to himself in realization.

Members of the Separate Abyss race possessed large bodies that could block the passageways entirely. Zen could recognize them at a glance.

At that moment, they were currently struggling against the arms that were adamant in pulling them into the walls. The Souls of Light used their best methods and their soul force continually surged within the passageway but to no avail.

At last, the hands succeeded in dragging them into the walls.

As the last member was taken, he looked up and locked eyes with Zen. He pointed at him and began to grovel. "Help! Help me..."

Zen's history with the Separate Abyss race was less than stellar but he still found it in himself to reach out and grab the begging man's arm.

He tried, he really tried to pull him out but even his help couldn't save this man from becoming prey to the passageway wall.

All that Zen managed to do was break off his arm and let the rest of him get swallowed up by the wall, quite literally.

One could split their soul into many pieces and they were all alive, just like Chaim's long soul swords.

However, if Chaim's main soul lost consciousness, then the long swords would disappear.

Zen held the arm, the only thing that had been left of that unfortunate warrior. However, a moment later, it suddenly vanished in a wisp of purple smoke.

At that moment, the faces that lined the walls all opened their eyes. Suddenly, numerous arms, long and pale, shot out of the walls.

These arms were extremely pale, bordering snow-white complexion. Each arm ended in a sort of weird, three-fingered hand, and each finger was one foot long. It was something Zen had never really seen on any creature before.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The arms all made a grab for Zen, clawing at his flesh.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

In a blink of the eye, eight hands managed to grab hold of him and began to drag him towards the wall.

"Impressive. Also a tad bit creepy. But it's wishful thinking to think you can drag me in," he hissed at the arms coldly.

Zen twisted his body and swung his right hand. There was a nasty crunching sound as the hands he hit broke, some even splintering completely and leaving hanging, broken bones and sinew.

Probably realizing that Zen wasn't as weak as their earlier prey, the broken arms all retreated into the walls.

"What's behind the walls? Let me see!"

Zen demanded, grabbing hold of a broken bone that was in the process of retreating. He attempted to pull it out but the bone was fragile and simply crumbled in his hand.

"Ahahah..."

The faces on the walls began to growl.

It was a rather creepy sight with all these growling faces, especially when they all began to move along the walls and headed towards the direction of Dorothy and the Ear Mice.

"NO!" Zen screamed.

He had chosen the 19th passageway because he was confident in his abilities but Dorothy and the Ear Mice were a different story. He couldn't allow these faces to get close. He had to protect them!

Dong!

The young man had switched on the offense and punched the wall with his strength.

His power was terrifying and the punch was not lacking in force at all. Even the entire passageway trembled from his attack.

Unfortunately, the faces were completely unharmed. They disappeared for a few seconds but quickly resurfaced all over again. Some even stared at Zen, almost as if mocking him.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Zen, however, was resolute and continued his tirade of punches, targeting each face that lined the walls.

As per his observations earlier, the walls weren't made of hewn rock but some kind of fleshy material. This proved to be a disadvantage as the flexible walls absorbed the force of Zen's punches, keeping the faces out of harm's way.

"Thad! What's going on?!"

Dorothy shouted from the red haze. She heard the commotion and figured that Zen had made his move. She couldn't really see anything since her spiritual sense was blocked.

"Mind both sides of the path!"

She heard Zen answer from beyond.

"What? Why? What's wrong with the walls?"

"Wait! Look, some masks are flying along the walls!"

"These are faces! Look, I can even see some of our race! Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"

The Ear Mice began to panic, quite scared of what was happening.

The reason they dared venture into the Grand Sky Temple was that they held a lot of information, more so than the other races. Moreover, they had Zen to protect them.

However, their current situation proved to be quite precarious.

As the faces reached their area, white, three-fingered hands began to shoot out of the walls and charged at them!

An unfortunate Ear Mouse that had been standing close to the wall was the first casualty. It was suddenly grabbed by a hand and dragged into the wall before it could even scream.

"Stay away from the walls!"

"Don't allow yourself to get caught!"

"Soul Protection Shield!" one of the Ear Mice cried out, summoning a shield from its claw.

There was a flash of light as a small, round shield surrounded the Ear Mice and Dorothy, protecting them from harm.

The Soul Protection Shield was a powerful soul weapon and was only a bit weaker than Dorothy's Necklace of Mystic Soul.

Relieved due to the fact that there was now a shield to protect them, the Ear Mice and Dorothy began to relax. Surely the hands wouldn't be able to reach them now. Unfortunately, they were very wrong. Numerous, ghastly, white hands scratched at the shield and one managed to break through. It grabbed hold of Dorothy and began to drag her towards the wall.

Chapter 3270 The Hearts Of Accomplice

These hands were nothing for Zen. However, the Souls of Light simply found them totally vulnerable to their attacks.

Even though Dorothy had an Indigo Soul, it was still difficult for her to defend herself.

More importantly, she had just seen an Ear Mouse being dragged into the wall. The mouse had instantly lost its life. Therefore, she understood what was at stake if the hand won.

Faced with such a desperate and impossible struggle, the Necklace of Mystic Soul on her chest began to shine. Then, the soul sword shot out and slashed at the hand.

Crack!

Dorothy let out a gasp. The almost invincible soul sword had only left a shallow mark on that hand!

And after her first attack failed, the hand reacted so fast that there was no chance for her to launch another one. She was directly dragged towards the wall.

Just as her body was about to be squeezed into the wall, Zen rushed over, grabbed the hand with one fist and squeezed. "Crack!" There was a loud snapping sound, and the bones inside the hand were instantly broken to pieces.

"Yargh!"

A face on the wall let out a shrill cry of anguish and rushed back into the wall.

However, more faces appeared on both sides of the passageway and more hands began to come out on both of the walls. It was as if there was an army of attackers around them.

Zen wrapped his arms around Dorothy and pulled her towards the center of the passageway. He then called out, "Follow me, all of you!"

When the Ear Mice saw that even the Soul Protection Shield could not protect them against this unknown foe, their faces turned deathly pale.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Squeaking shrill cries of fear, they rushed and nestled around Zen, wishing to enter his body for protection.

A demonic laughter rang out.

More hands began to creep out of the walls and the entire passageway was almost filled with the creepy sight.

Zen, who was standing in the center and was therefore at a distance from them, didn't seem to care. However, if any of the hands tried to reach out and grab the Ear Mice or Dorothy, he would instantly cut them one by one with his bare hand.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

More and more broken pieces of deathly white bones began to pile up on the ground. They were already almost as high as Zen's knees.

"Squeak! Squeak! Come here, Thad!"

"Help! Help!"

"Cut it out!"

The Ear Mice were all panicking badly. Their temperament and grace were gone. They seemed completely different from what they used to be outside the Grand Sky Temple.

Dorothy, on the other hand, seemed rather calm.

She wasn't flustered at all when Zen had thrown his arms around her to protect her. He was keeping a promise and she trusted him.

Zen had assured her that he was going to keep her safe, and she knew that he was definitely able to do so. The things she had experienced on the Other Shore had strengthened her faith in Zen.

The fight lasted for about fifteen minutes. The pile of bone fragments on the ground could almost reach his waist now. Finally, the noise began to subside.

No more hands stretched out from the walls, but numerous faces were still floating on them, gazing at Zen with empty eyes.

"Squeak! Finally they are gone!"

"Damn! The 19th passageway is really dangerous!"

"Thad, you are really powerful! Squeak! You're our best friend!"

Hearing the Ear Mice's praise, Zen merely rolled his eyes. If he were being honest, he didn't want to be friends with them.

"What the hell are these creatures?" When Dorothy finally came out of Zen's arms, she stared at the faces on the walls. It was a little creepy to look at and her voice shook a bit.

One of the Ear Mice was observing the walls intently and said after a while, "If I am not wrong, then these faces must be the legendary Wandering Ghosts."

"Wandering Ghosts?" Zen repeated in a curious tone.

"I've heard of them," Dorothy piped up. "Those who cannot return from the Other Shore are referred to as the Wandering Ghosts."

If a soul died on the Other Shore, the body would become a simple shell.

However, some people's souls didn't die. Instead, they stayed on the Other Shore forever for some reasons. They were called the Wandering Ghosts.

A few disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had become Wandering Ghosts, so Dorothy had heard of them.

"Their souls are enslaved in the walls forever. How poor they are," Zen sighed as he stared at the faces.

The Ear Mice didn't have much pity for these Wandering Ghosts. They were more concerned about their own lives and business. The latter part was made clear when they waved their hands, and small blue triangles appeared. They were going to collect the broken bones lying on the ground.

In their defense, these arms had displayed astonishing strength. The bones could now be sold as powerful Other Shore Tokens.

After collecting all of the broken bones, the Ear Mice bowed towards the faces on the walls and then left with Zen and Dorothy.

As they moved, so did the faces on the walls.

After losing their arms, the faces could obviously no longer launch an attack. They could only track the group on its progress through the passageway. Even so, the group was still followed closely by the faces on both sides. The eyes were mainly staring at Zen. They howled in a voice full of resentment.

After Zen had led his group over twenty thousand feet forward, the passageway gradually became wider and turned into a path going up. The blood vessels at the top of the passageway were also beginning to get thicker.

"What are these things?" Dorothy asked as she raised her head and looked upwards.

Zen looked up as well. His eyes narrowed and a flash of surprise appeared. "Three hearts? What creature's innards are we in right now?"

On the top of the passageway, three hearts were hanging, pounding and pumping constantly. Each of them was half as tall as a person. The thick blood vessels they had been following gathered in those hearts.

Every time the hearts beat, the red light would become dim, and then return to normal on the next beat.

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! Oh, my God!"

"This is..."

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"

The Ear Mice usually talked in human language, but suddenly, they started to speak in their own tongue. Something had horrified them severely.

Zen and Dorothy stealthily exchanged glances with dissatisfaction on their faces. What was going on?

The Ear Mice had bought and sold a large number of Other Shore Tokens over the years, which meant that they were experts in identifying the Other Shore Tokens.

They must have recognized the hearts. And it was obvious that they didn't want Zen and Dorothy to know. Otherwise, why would they start discussing among themselves in their tongue?

Zen had seen with his own eyes how shrewd and clever the Ear Mice were.

He didn't know what they were plotting, but since they didn't want him and Dorothy to know about it, something was definitely up.

Zen's face darkened and he said, "Alright then. Since you guys don't want me to know what you are up to, you can go ahead by yourselves. Dorothy and I are going to leave the Grand Sky Temple."

He was being clever now. The group was still exploring the 19th passageway. Without Zen, the Ear Mice wouldn't be able to leave the passageway alive, let alone explore the Dark Region.

These three hearts were quite a significant discovery. The truth was, they wanted to obtain the maximum benefits for their own selves, so they were discussing whether to tell Zen and Dorothy the truth or not.

While they were chatting non-stop, they suddenly became anxious when they heard Zen's words. If he really did leave, they were gone!

"Squeak! That's not what we meant!"

"Squeak! Alright, listen. These are the Hearts of Accomplice. They are one, or rather, three of a kind!"

"We've only seen one of those in the Source World. And even that was a long time ago. But now, there are three of them in front of us, which is quite a surprise! The Grand Sky Temple is truly a miraculous place!"

The Ear Mice explained at once. Obviously, they were very excited about this discovery, but also frightened of him leaving.

Despite their disorganized and incoherent speech, Zen and Dorothy still understood what they were trying to say.

Chapter 3271 Terrifying Ability

The Other Shore had always been a magical place.

It was home to the Other Shore Tokens that did not just have Other Shore Power, but had various special abilities as well.

The Other Shore Tokens of the strengthening type always possessed strong Other Shore Power. For example, the Strength God Totem had more Other Shore Power than others in Stage Thirteen, however it was no longer popular among the warriors.

For one, the bodies of the warriors in the Lust World were restricted, so they couldn't exert the full strength of it. Besides, only strength was not enough.

But Zen's body was able to handle the Strength God Totem, and so he chose it without hesitation.

Among the Other Shore Tokens, the mysterious and descending types were the most popular.

They were known to have rare abilities.

"The Heart of Accomplice is a mysterious Other Shore Token. It was once possessed by a member of the Celestial Wolf race," the Ear Mouse explained.

The Celestial Wolf race were extremely powerful. However, they were small in numbers. This had prohibited them from going against super forces.

In the early days, the Celestial Wolf race dwelled mostly in the Star Wolf Province. They rarely participated in the disputes outside.

However, that changed when the Dog Barbarian race, a super force, invaded the Star Wolf Province some ten thousand years ago.

The Celestial Wolf race fought with all their might, but they were weak and powerless against the Dog Barbarian race.

The leader of the Dog Barbarian race, Lord Shaw, was one of the top warriors in the entire Source World. No one in the Celestial Wolf race was at par with him. Lord Shaw easily annihilated the Celestial Wolf race, including their leader. The Celestial Wolf race neared extinction.

Fortunately for them, Lord Shaw was killed by someone from the Celestial Wolf race at the last minute. The Dog Barbarian race had to flee the Star Wolf Province. Surprisingly, that killer was only at the primary level of the Chaotic Source Realm.

"The primary level of the Chaotic Source Realm?" Zen blinked his eyes in confusion. "How strong was Lord Shaw?" he asked.

The Ear Mouse rubbed its chin as it thought. "He was almost as strong as Eastern Emperor Taiyi of the Oneness Sky Palace. They weren't on the same level, but Lord Shaw wasn't too inferior."

"What?!" Zen gasped.

Soon, he'd be able to enter the Chaotic Source Realm and he knew it would make him stronger.

However, it never occurred to him that a warrior of Chaotic Source Realm would be able to battle powerful warriors like Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

"That's impossible. From what I know, Lord Shaw was lured into a trap and the Celestial Wolf race attacked him together," Dorothy retorted.

The Ear Mouse shook its head firmly. "That's what the rumors say, but we can confirm otherwise."

Conflicts between alien races were of no concern to the human race. It wasn't a surprise that Dorothy did not have the exact information from the Oneness Sky Palace.

"How can a warrior at the primary level of the Chaotic Source Realm kill Lord Shaw? That's incredible!" Zen was still skeptical of the Ear Mouse's story.

"As far as we know, the attacker relied on the Heart of Accomplice," the Ear Mouse said as it stared at the three hearts above the passageway.

"How much Other Shore Power the Heart of Accomplice contains? Lord Shaw was powerful. Not even two to three thousand divine megatons of force could hurt him," Dorothy remarked.

"He killed Lord Shaw by relying on the ability of the Heart of Accomplice, not the Other Shore Power," the Ear Mouse explained. "The heart can turn someone into an accomplice."

Lord Shaw was feeling invincible. After they had killed the leader of the Celestial Wolf race, the Dog Barbarian race was thirsty and ready to kill more.

But, the moment Lord Shaw walked into the tribe of the Celestial Wolf race, he heard a heartbeat.

Everyone else heard it too, including the rats lurking in the Star Wolf Province.

The crowd stirred in confusion and then, amidst the chaos, someone from the Celestial Wolf race stepped out and rushed towards Lord Shaw.

Lord Shaw merely snickered as this warrior approached. After all, he was only at the primary level of the Chaotic Source Realm.

Lord Shaw snatched that man and tore him to pieces.

However, as soon as the man was killed, an Other Shore Token rose from his body. It was the Heart of Accomplice.

It hovered in the air and floated above Lord Shaw's head.

Unfamiliar with the object above him, Lord Shaw simply punched it away.

The Heart of Accomplice reeled a few million miles away. As it flew into the distance, the sound of the heartbeat grew louder. Everyone was bothered by it.

Then, after a few minutes, the heart returned and took its place once more above Lord Shaw's head.

Once more, he attempted to punch the heart, but it remained still. He tried and tried but kept on failing. It started beating faster and faster.

Soon, its beating became indecipherably fast and then, all of a sudden, it stopped. When it did, Lord Shaw's body floated into the air, limped, and crashed into the ground. He was dead.

Both his soul and body disappeared silently.

Supposedly, Lord Shaw's body and soul were extremely strong. His death came as a surprise to everyone.

"Lord Shaw killed himself. That man of the Celestial Wolf race chose him as an accomplice. After that man died, his accomplice must die as well," the Ear Mouse said.

"It sounds like the life contract of the Life Godly Way," Zen said.

The life contract also required contracted lives to be connected. If one died, the other would as well.

"No, not really. The life of contract can't compare to the Heart of Accomplice!" The Ear Mouse sneered.

Zen nodded in understanding.

The Godly Way's energy level was much lower. It made the life contract vulnerable. It was already difficult to work against ordinary warriors, let alone a warrior as strong as Lord Shaw.

The Heart of Accomplice could actually cause the death of a top master in the Source World. That made it absolutely terrifying.

"We investigated it for a long time. We even looked into the past of the attacker, but we could not find the origin of the Heart of Accomplice. It became regarded as a unique Other Shore Token in the Source World. But perhaps that isn't true anymore," the Ear Mouse elaborated.

There were now three Hearts of Accomplice. It was no longer considered unique.

"If what you said is true, then that makes the Other Shore Token truly terrifying," Dorothy said with a cautious look on her face.

With the Heart of Accomplice, an ordinary warrior could sacrifice their own life to kill a top warrior in the Source World. It was a very worthy deal.

Chapter 3272 Bloody Hands

Whether or not the Heart of Accomplice was unique, its ability was undeniably terrifying.

The three Hearts of Accomplice could take the place of any three peerless masters.

It could be a remarkable killing weapon for any super force.

At this point, Zen, Dorothy, and the Ear Mice could feel the excitement bubbling up within.

The Ear Mice, in particular, were more excited wondering how many Hearts of Accomplice Zen would give them. A single one or all the three? Was there any way to fight for more?

Just as Zen took another step forward, moving closer to the hearts, an enormous face suddenly appeared atop the wide passageway.

It was a hideous face—something like a piece of a dirty rag. Two dark holes served as its eyes.

"Aha!"

The ugly face whimpered as the blood vessels—what were formerly attached to the ceiling of the passageway—rolled up and down like spiraling vines, forming exactly eight bloody vortexes.

Well aware of how dangerous the nineteenth passageway was, Dorothy and the Ear Mice knew to be more vigilant once they sensed any foreign movement within the vicinity.

Upon seeing the bloody whirlpools, they all backed away while Zen stood unmoving, staring at them.

Splash!

Eight enormous bloody hands reached out from the spinning whirlpools, moving towards Zen.

Even Zen felt the onset of a crisis as he sensed the bloody hands' aura.

While his body was undoubtedly strong on the Other Shore, he knew that he was by no means invincible.

A warrior's physical body couldn't simply enter the Other Shore since the banning of the Ancient God Cultivation Method.

Where had the Wild Gods all gone? Those who had entered the Other Shore with their physical bodies?

A Wild God had limitless longevity.

At the time, there were as many Wild Gods as there were True Gods now, spreading across the entire Source World. But now, not a single Wild God could be found. Neither on the Other Shore nor in the Source World had anyone even seen a glimpse of a Wild God. It was indeed unreasonable.

Zen reckoned that some methods existed on the Other Shore that could suppress the Wild Gods.

In a flash, a bloody hand shot at Zen right before he managed to raise his hands and block the attack.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

In spite of his defense, the bloody hand still landed a blow on Zen's body, sending him flying across the passageway and onto a wall.

"As I suspected..."

Zen frowned as he leaned against the wall, taking a second to recover.

The bloody hand's power must have reached up to at least 300 divine megatons, going way beyond Zen's expectation.

"Thad..."

The Ear Mice's eyes were wide in surprise as they saw how Zen was thrown onto the wall. To them, Zen was someone undefeatable. But seeing how he failed to resist the bloody hand, the Ear Mice thought that perhaps no one in the entire Source World could defeat it.

'Zen...' Dorothy was lost in thought at the sight. It was the first time she had ever seen Zen suffer such a loss with his physical body.

"Hahaha…"

The faces in all sizes on the walls began making horrible sounds, indistinguishable from crying or laughing.

"I'm fine," Zen said as he pushed himself off from the wall and walked toward his attacker.

While normal warriors on the Other Shore couldn't have hoped to still be breathing after being attacked by 300 divine megatons of force, it only made Zen's blood surge.

It was a pity that he couldn't use the Shade Stone, or he could've easily taken 600 divine megatons of force—300 would have been nothing.

The Ear Mice found themselves releasing a breath of relief at Zen's response. If they had been attacked like that, their Souls of Light would have been destroyed instantly—the gap between a physical body and a Soul of Light was far too wide.

"Waaah…"

The great face above the passageway saw Zen approaching once again and howled in warning.

What else could it possibly do to frighten away the warrior?

After taking a few more steps, Zen kicked off, his body rushing towards one of the bloody hands like a shot arrow.

Woosh!

That bloody hand was about Zen's size. As he rushed up, it flipped to land another attack.

"Strength God Totem!"

Back when he was in the Flow Sword Sect, the Strength God Totem carried by Zen's inner world held such an explosive power that in a flash, all things in the room were immediately turned to dust by it.

Someone as strong as Zen didn't need to consume too much strength when dealing with a Soul of Light.

But when dealing with the Abyss Spirit knights, he had had to activate the Other Shore Token's power.

The bloody hands before him were not to be trifled with—Zen had no intention of underestimating them.

"Phew!"

Unable to use the Shade Stone, Zen didn't dare release the entirety of the Strength God Totem's power. It had already given out 500 divine megatons of force now.

On the Other Shore, such a great force was extremely terrifying.

Sensing the high pressure from the great power, the Ear Mice had no choice but to retreat—their Souls of Light were already feeling uncomfortable under the pressure and tension.

"Bang!"

When the bloody hand collided with Zen's physical body, a mass of blood plasma burst.

Zen had just caused a great hole in the center of the hand.

"Waah -"

It wailed in pain.

After being struck down, it began trembling as the face on the passageway cried out harshly. The other seven bloody hands then came at Zen from different directions in retaliation.

"That's what you get!"

Having the upper hand, Zen could feel the corners of his mouth turn up in amusement.

Since no one in the temple could leave the Other Shore, Zen was well-prepared before even entering the area. He had already filled many divine crystals into his Other Shore Tokens before even stepping inside.

So now, the Strength God Totem's power was abundant enough—Zen had no hesitation when drawing out the Other Shore Power.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Boom!"

He was going rapidly back and forth now, dodging every bloody hand and striking a great force from his every body part. His elbows and fists struck right through the bloody hands, breaking their wrists with every hit.

The face atop the passage couldn't stop shrieking in pain.

"Ahahah..."

Soon enough, Zen had broken the eight bloody hands.

Six of them were drawn into the blood vortexes, while two had been cut off cleanly, wriggling on the ground like a lizard's tail. Gradually, they lost all vitality.

"Done!"

Zen called in triumph as he turned back to Dorothy.

The Ear Mice then came out of hiding, squeaking as they flittered to Zen.

"Squeak! Squeak! Take back the two bloody hands too!" one of the Ear Mice said as it pulled out its space ring.

"Wait," Zen called out suddenly, "I cut those hands, so I will take them."

When the Ear Mice had collected those broken bones earlier, neither Zen nor Dorothy felt the need to say anything about it. The two weren't there to collect bones, after all. They cared nothing about the soul pills or divine crystals that the Ear Mice were crazy about.

Although Zen decided to turn a blind eye to the bones the Ear Mice had picked up, the two bloody hands were both rare and precious—Zen couldn't simply hand them over.

Chapter 3273 The Pattern

It was extremely difficult for the Ear Mice to defeat the bloody hands alone. Zen could claim credit for the success, so it was reasonable that he took the hands away.

"Dorothy," Zen called out.

He did not need to explain further, for Dorothy understood what he wanted. She nodded and walked over to the bloody hands, using the space ring to absorb them.

The Ear Mice wisely stayed silent, deciding it would be best not to say anything more.

After Dorothy had taken care of the bloody hands, they turned their focus back to the three hearts at the top of the passageway.

"I wonder how the Hearts of Accomplice should be distributed," said one of the Ear Mice.

"Thad, you don't need the Hearts of Accomplice. If you use it, you'd have to sacrifice yourself," another Ear Mouse squeaked. "How about we keep the three hearts, and after the auction, we give half of the soul pills to you?"

Only the Ear Mice had the cheek to speak so shamelessly.

"Shame on you!" Dorothy said, shaking her head.

Zen was firm. "Dorothy and I will each get one, and the third one belongs to you."

It was a statement of fact, not a proposal. He did not need the approval of the Ear Mice to take as many of the hearts as he wanted.

His cooperation with the Ear Mice had mainly been about breaking down the wall. Beyond that, they were each on their own. What the Ear Mice would be able to obtain from the Grand Sky Temple depended on their own abilities.

Without Zen, the Ear Mice wouldn't have even made it through the 19th passageway, let alone reached these three Hearts of Accomplice.

The Separate Abyss race, for instance, was far stronger than the Ear Mouse race—but they had been trapped in the walls of the passageway, never to be reborn.

The Ear Mice squeaked reluctantly in agreement with Zen's words.

After all, they had no choice but to accept it.

Zen braced himself and leaped into the air, wrapping his arms around one of the hearts.

He gathered his strength and dragged the heart down, slowly but steadily disconnecting it from the blood vessels above it.

There was a beating, pulsing sound as the vessels of the heart strained with Zen's efforts.

Once Zen had succeeded in pulling the heart down, it still kept beating and bleeding. Zen and the others stood in the passageway and observed as the heart began to heal itself rapidly, until eventually the blood stopped flowing from the rips where it had been torn free.

Zen gave the heart to Dorothy.

The Ear Mice watched morosely as Dorothy put it into the space ring.

Then Zen pulled down the second and third hearts from above them. He handed Dorothy one more heart, and then gave the last one to the Ear Mice.

All of them were pleased that the harvest had been good in the 19th passageway, even though the Ear Mice would have preferred a bigger share of the loot. However, Zen was not yet contented. Neither the bloody hands nor the Hearts of Accomplice were suitable for his needs.

Certainly the Heart of Accomplice was strong, but one had to sacrifice themselves if they wanted to use it. This kind of ability could only be used as a last resort.

Zen knew that if he integrated with the Heart of Accomplice, it would take up a Truth of Godly Way. He wasn't sure if he wanted to do that. After all, at this point he could only integrate with three Other Shore Tokens.

The Ear Mice had not evaluated the two bloody hands, but Zen estimated them to be merely fourth-grade Other Shore Tokens. That level did not meet his requirements.

As they left, Zen looked up at the huge face on the ceiling of the passageway.

The enormous face was still screwed up, whining, but they could not tell what it was trying to say. Like the other faces, it became powerless after losing its hands.

Meanwhile, the 11th passageway

was entirely lined with small skeletons, about half the size of an average man. Their bones were dusty and shadowed.

The skeletons were positioned with their backs to the walls. Upon closer inspection, the spines and legs seemed to be embedded into the walls, as if they were a part of the walls and not just leaning against them.

The hollow eye sockets in each skull glowed with faint, flickering lights as several Souls of Light entered the passageway.

"Princess Elvinia, slow down," Chaim warned.

Elvinia had gone through an ordeal at the hands of the Bearing race at the gate of the Grand Sky Temple. However, instead of deterring her, it only made her even more determined to keep pressing forward.

"I'm fine," Elvinia replied coldly.

A faint blue light still glimmered at her feet. It was the Soul Binding Thread from the Bearing race.

No one in the Grand Sky Temple would be able to leave the Other Shore, so the Soul Binding Thread was redundant. Elvinia was unconcerned with it, for after some time, it would lose its effect on its own.

Suddenly, there was a series of creaking sounds.

As the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace walked deeper into the passageway, the jaws of one of the skeletons suddenly fell open. A thin centipede emerged from its open mouth.

"Watch out!" said Chaim, rapidly moving towards Elvinia.

He had seen the centipede and his instincts were alerted.

Elvinia suddenly leaped and waved her right hand in the air. A wave of golden light struck the centipede. Elvinia had launched the whip transformed by the divine flames of the Sun Crow race. In a moment, the centipede turned to ashes on the floor.

"You're too timid," Elvinia said to Chaim, shaking her head.

She used to think that Chaim was one of the only two worthy opponents in the Oneness Sky Palace, but her opinion of him was changing.

Chaim saw what she was thinking and shrugged, forcing a smile.

He thought rather bitterly that he was only jumpy because Elvinia was always so reckless. The Grand Sky Temple was wholly unfamiliar territory, and it would be wiser to proceed with caution. Any carelessness could lead to death.

There was a clicking sound, and a faint cry sounded from behind Chaim and Elvinia. They turned.

A disciple had been bitten on the leg by a centipede.

His Soul of Light had been glowing with a strong purple aura, but as they stared in horror, his soul darkened and turned to black. He didn't even have time to say anything before his Soul of Light, now a cloud of black smoke, drifted lifelessly to the top of the passageway.

Everyone began speaking at once. "Watch out!"

"Be careful of the centipedes!" "The centipedes are poisonous!"

"Look! The skeletons have opened their mouths!"

Indeed, every single skeleton along the passageway had let their jaws fall open, and many centipedes swarmed out. They crawled along the walls and the ground towards the Souls of Light that had invaded the passageway.

The fate of the bitten disciple had left everyone terrified.

"Follow me," said Elvinia decisively.

She leaped forward, waving her hands and flinging out whips of golden light that lashed mercilessly at the centipedes. The swarming, crawling mass of centipedes turned to ashes. Chaim and the other disciples pressed close to her back, following her as she moved forward.

In the 7th passageway, a human girl carefully walked forward. She was under the protection of her companions.

Because there were only a few of them in the group, and their collective strength was relatively weak, they had chosen the seventh passageway which was said to be the easiest one.

In fact, the vast majority of the other races had also chosen this passageway. Since they had passed through first, they had already cleared out the obstacles along the way. So this group, coming through last, no longer faced any danger.

Every hundred feet or so, one of them would squat in a corner and draw a pattern on the wall using his or her soul force.

"How many patterns have we drawn by now?" one of them asked.

"437. We're only about halfway through," answered the man who drew the pattern.

Chapter 3274 The Courtyard

"That clue should be right. Come on!" one of the human Souls of Light called out.

"But if it is, that'll prove the Ear Mice are wrong, won't it?" said the human girl.

Her brother nodded. "Yes. The Ear Mice want to use that corporeal body to destroy the wall, but it'll be a disaster—you can't even imagine."

"Will they all die? But what about the corporeal body?" the girl then eagerly asked.

"He will die too," said the little girl's brother without so much as a change in tone.

At that, the human girl's face sank.

When she heard the man mention the Nine Li race, something pinched her heart—she had a feeling he had something to do with them.

It was a pity to realize he would die in the Grand Sky Temple.

"Should I warn him?" she suggested.

But her brother only sneered. "Would he even believe our words? How are we going to explain where this clue came from? Tell him we're descendants of the Nine Li race and expose all our identities?"

That shut her up.

After the Nine Li race suffered the massacre, they all went into hiding.

Although they had finally settled down after all those years, they still had to live with great caution.

On the Other Shore, it was relatively easy for them to keep their identities secret, allowing them to cultivate without worry. But once one of them was exposed, they would all be put in danger.

As the group advanced, they drew peculiar patterns along the passageway.

Although some of the monsters there had been eliminated by the warriors ahead, they were still moving all too slowly. It was a while before a faint cyan light appeared before them.

Several fist-sized ghosts then emerged from both sides of the passageway.

As they were in the seventh passageway, which was considered the simplest one, the cyan ghosts were not to be trifled with.

Many other Souls of Light had been extinguished by these cyan ghosts in that particular passageway. The survivors had to fight for their lives just to get through.

"Crack..."

A group of bees flew right at those Nine Li members as the ghosts emerged from the walls.

"Bro..."

The aura had the girl panicking immediately.

"Aariv, bring out the powder!"

Her brother, on the other hand, seemed rather calm. The group had made full preparations, after all. Even though it was their first trip to the Grand Sky Temple, they were quite familiar with this passageway, and even the ghosts, to an extent.

One of them pulled out some silver powder from his space ring. Soon after, the powder covered the entire crowd, triggering a bright-silver glow around their souls.

Then, something strange happened—it was as though the cyan ghosts had lost their minds.

Clearly, they could feel the breath of these Souls of Light, but they couldn't seem to find them, even in that proximity. All they could do was hover above their heads.

"The Silver Scales Powder proves to be very effective," Aariv said with a smile.

They moved forward, unbothered by the cyan ghosts above them. After moving another hundred feet forward, a pattern was drawn once again.

After using the Silver Scales Powder to protect themselves, they decided to only leave one person behind to draw the pattern so the rest could move on quickly.

After a long while, everyone caught up and finally arrived at the end of the passageway.

"This is it, the 949th. The last one," one of the men sighed and squatted down to draw the final pattern.

After that, the girl's brother gave the command. "All of you, step back."

With that, he unfolded his palm, revealing thin, long lines drawn in the middle. The pattern they formed was similar to the Other Shore Key.

When he put his palm on the last pattern, the first-drawn pattern at the entrance of the seventh passageway began shining with a faint golden light.

"Buzz!"

"Buzz!"

"Buzz!"

The first pattern...

The second pattern...

The third pattern...

Soon, the entire passageway began glowing, forming a long chain tens of thousands of feet long.

At last, after the 949th pattern lit up, the entire passageway began trembling violently.

The vibrations reached the entire Grand Sky Temple—even the warriors who had passed through the passageways could feel them.

"It's coming from the back!"

"Is the passageway collapsing?"

"Forget it. We've come in anyway…"

"But we still need to go back!"

No one was willing to go back for further investigation.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

By then, the entire seventh passageway was shaking. The entire group began wobbling left and right. The cyan ghosts above their heads flew into the walls instantly.

The vibrations lasted for a while until the two walls began shrinking and narrowing. Simultaneously, a dull sound echoed throughout the passageway before a gate in the wall opened automatically.

Whether it was the little girl or the others, their eyes began gleaming with excitement.

Inside the gate stood a small statue—it was the same as what was in the hall of the Grand Sky Temple, but it held a few different details. On its front were three oval pieces of jade.

The pieces were each a different color—cyan, red, and purple.

At the sight, the little girl's brother bowed to the statue. "The seventh god in the Grand Sky race! Please forgive me for disturbing you!"

Each of the nineteen passageways in the Grand Sky Temple represented one of the nineteen gods of the Grand Sky race.

The man then strode through the door and took out the three jade stones. With that, the gate closed with a cracking sound as it sunk into the wall, leaving no trace.

After leaving the 19th passageway, Zen and Dorothy found themselves walking down a row of stairs.

At this point, they had reached the middle of the Grand Sky Temple. An open, wide courtyard came into view, where a variety of Other Shore plants were growing. A huge willow in the middle of it drew their attention instantly.

"What are they doing?" Zen examined the willow and asked curiously.

Hundreds of branches hung from the willow—at the end of each was a non-human Soul of Light, greedily sucking on it.

"They are sucking on the essence of the holy willow," whispered an Ear Mouse.

Before something went wrong in the Dark Region, one of the reason why the Souls of Light on the Other Shore came to the Grand Sky Temple was for the willow.

The effect of the holy willow's essence was similar to that of the soul crystal, probably even better.

The Souls of Light from different races rushed through the passageways just to claim a branch to gain the essence from—it was a limited resource.

All the Souls of Light that failed to take up a branch were wandering around in the courtyard instead. Certain rare plants could make for special Other Shore Tokens—if they were lucky, they could nab something.

Chapter 3275 The Thin Wall

Zen had already obtained a great deal of soul crystal, so the willow did not interest him at all.

They went down the steps and crossed the path through the middle of the courtyard.

There were other Souls of Light sucking the willow essence and looking for the Other Shore Tokens in the courtyard. They all focused their eyes on Zen as he walked by.

They had spent one million soul pills to enter the Grand Sky Temple.

For that price, just a little walk in the courtyard was definitely not enough.

Most Souls of Light were waiting here, although some had already crossed the courtyard to look for the way leading to the Dark Region themselves.

The further end of the temple was incredibly dangerous. They'd be dancing with death if they attempted to explore it blindly, without any assistance.

The Ear Mice had opened the door to the Grand Sky Temple and it seemed as though Zen had some sort of deal with them. Believing they must have concocted some great plan, most of them had stayed back to follow behind them.

And so, when they passed through the courtyard, everyone sucking the willow essence and searching for Other Shore Tokens stopped what they were doing and shuffled closer to Zen.

Zen paid them no mind and let them follow on, but the Ear Mice were quite displeased.

"Squeak! Squeak!"

"Squeak! Squeak!"

The Ear Mice did not want to go along with these Souls of Light of other races, so they had opted to enter the Grand Sky Temple last.

They hadn't expected the Souls of Light to be so lazy and incompetent. They had no plan to search for the treasures themselves. All they wanted was to follow them and reap the rewards of their labor.

One of the Ear Mice turned and yelled back at the Souls of Light with annoyance, "Squeak!

Don't follow us!"

Outside the Grand Sky Temple, the Ear Mice had the final say.

After all, they had opened the door and set powerful restrictions.

But inside the temple, the other races gave them no respect.

"Hey, mice, you need to remember one thing; we have paid the soul pills!"

"The temple is not yours. You just opened the door. I can go wherever I please and I am not following you!"

"That's right! It just so happens we're heading in the same direction!"

The Souls of Light of the other races spoke out one after another. Their shameless words left the Ear Mice speechless and with no choice but to turn to Zen for help. "Thad, could you drive all these people away?"

Zen was the only one they could count on in the Grand Sky Temple.

Zen shook his head and laughed. "They have a point. I mean, they did pay one million soul pills."

"Squeak!"

The Ear Mice steamed in frustration. If they had known it would be this way, they would not have sold the tickets and Zen would have only taken them to the temple.

They might have earned a lot of soul pills, but entering the Dark Region was far more important.

Now they were stuck with these Souls of Light following them whether they liked it or not.

There were six paths in the back of the courtyard, which led to the six towers behind the Grand Sky Temple. The towers were clearly visible from outside the temple.

The Ear Mice asked Zen to take the leftmost path. After a short while, they entered a tower.

The Souls of Light of the other races followed them closely.

The six towers behind the Grand Sky Temple were known as the six treasures.

Each tower had twenty-nine floors. The higher the floor, the more challenging it would prove.

Once they had entered the tower, an Ear Mouse explained to Zen, "So far, no one has been able to climb to the top of the tower. Squeak!"

"There must be a sixth-grade Other Shore Token at the top!"

"I made it to the 16th floor before I could take no more. I obtained a fifth-grade Other Shore Token there!"

"Oh my God, you have been to the 16th floor? That's amazing!"

The other races chimed in while the Ear Mouse spoke earnestly to Zen.

The Ear Mouse turned its head irritated and said, "You know, there are some truly wonderful treasures at the top of the tower. Don't let this opportunity pass. Go up there and obtain all the incredible rewards!"

"I'll explore the tower next time, ha-ha!"

"My Soul of Light is not in a good condition, so I can't go up there."

"…"

The Souls of Light of the other races were set on following Zen. The Ear Mouse's tricks would not change their minds.

The Ear Mice shook their heads and began chattering among themselves. It seemed as if they knew there was no getting rid of them and they'd have to take some other course of action.

One of the Ear Mice walked up to the edge of the tower. It raised its tail and turned it into a flat blade. The Ear Mouse then cut a small square into the ground using its tail blade.

Stabbing its tail into the square, it lifted up a small door that covered a passageway leading downward.

"There is a door here!"

"Does it lead to the underground?"

"I've been wondering all this time how one would get to that section behind the temple. I never imagined it was hidden inside the first tower!"

This secret belonged only to the Ear Mice. Understandably, the other races were astonished by this discovery.

With the small door lifted, a passageway revealed itself.

The others didn't rush in. Instead, they looked on quietly as Zen, Dorothy, and the Ear Mice entered one by one.

As soon as they had gone through, everyone else rushed in chaotically, even fighting their way through if they had to.

Zen could only shake his head when he heard the ruckus coming from behind him.

The underground passageway was not long, only over a thousand feet. At the end of it was a basement where a row of large oddly shaped stones were placed.

The stones were all very smooth, except for some oval hollows in the center. It seemed as though something had once been embedded in the sunken parts, but they were no longer here.

Zen and his group arrived at the basement, followed shortly after by over one thousand Souls of Light of the other races.

The basement would have been spacious were it not for the more than a thousand creatures crowding it.

One of the Ear Mice said to Zen, "Squeak! It is this wall! If you break this wall, we can enter the Dark Region!"

Hearing 'the Dark Region' excited everyone. This was what they had come for.

"It is this wall," Zen repeated.

He walked up to the wall and gently scratched the surface. The wall began to glow with a metallic luster.

The material of the wall was similar to that of the Grand Sky Temple. That would mean it should be made of some sort of mixed metal.

Zen tapped the wall lightly and a crisp echo rang throughout the basement. From that sound it was clear the Ear Mice had not lied; the wall was indeed very thin.

Phew!

Facing the wall, Zen took a step back and gathered power within his hand. He clenched it into a fist and unleashed a heavy blow to the wall.

Chapter 3276 Terrifying Armors

"Bang!"

Zen's punch to the wall resulted in a dull sound. But unlike an ordinary stone wall, it didn't break into pieces.

The metal wall was unusually tenacious—Zen's punch only made an impression on the surface.

"It didn't break!"

"Not enough!"

"But that punch was strong! He'll break it after a few more."

The over a thousand Souls of Light felt nerves seeping in, especially the Ear Mice.

When they last explored the place, they had tried all sorts of methods, using even taboo power. But their souls were simply too weak, resulting in failure. They could only turn back in the end.

But with just a punch, Zen had dented the wall. The Ear Mice weren't disappointed.

'It's tougher than I thought…' Zen thought to himself.

Without much hesitation, Zen darted forward, his legs bending. Once again, he threw a punch to the wall.

"Bang!"

And with another dull sound, the dent sank further inward by two inches.

"Come on!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Every hit made the entire tower vibrate from the shock.

Above the basement stood several Nine Li people who could clearly feel the tremors from below.

"Brother, he's really smashing the wall in," remarked the human girl.

"Let's wait and see. We can't go down there until they're all dead," her brother responded.

The girl was left conflicted.

Though she was still a little worried about the physical body's safety, she couldn't go down and stop the man in the current situation.

The Ear Mice wouldn't just let her go down, let alone a thousand Souls of Light of alien races.

"We'd better retreat. We don't want to get caught up in the mess," one of them suggested.

And so the human girl could only follow them out the passageway.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

The metal wall had sunk deeper and deeper until thumb-sized cracks began appearing on its surface.

The other side of the wall was engraved with circular patterns—the strange markings spread across the wall all the way to the platforms on both sides where two livid armors stood.

They were each about the height of a person, a rusty saber in each hand—they gave off a sinister and intrepid aura, especially with chains as thick as rods wrapping around the armors.

For years, they stood motionless, experiencing many vicissitudes of life. Since the two were placed at the end of the Grand Sky Temple, surrounded by the Dark Region, no race had come to know of their existence.

Finally, the wall cracked when Zen threw more than 20 punches in a row.

At this moment, all the Souls of Light of the alien races craned their necks, trying to catch a glimpse of what was behind the wall through the cracks.

None of them, not even Zen or the Ear Mice had any idea what lay behind the wall.

"Buzz!"

Finally, the patterns on the other side of the wall shattered.

As they were broken, the light continued spreading through the remaining patterns to the platforms where the chains wrapping around the armors were also broken to pieces, inch by inch.

"Buzz!" "Buzz!"

Suddenly, two spots of bright red light flickered from under the armors' headgear, as though the eyes hidden in the darkness opened wide.

Free from the chains' restriction, the armors came back to life and jumped right off the platforms.

"Clang!"

"Clang!"

"Clang!"

The figures were so heavy that the ground shook with every step they took.

"What's that sound?"

"Something's approaching the wall!"

"What is it..."

Curiosity spread among the Souls of Light, but the cracks in the wall were too narrow for anyone to see clearly what was behind them.

Even Zen, standing at the front of the crowd, couldn't get a clear look.

But the sound of heavy footsteps had made Zen grow vigilant. Frowning, he moved back slowly.

"Clang! Clang! Clang..."

The sounds began accelerating until something seemed to start pushing against the wall from the other side.

"Sizzle!"

At that moment, everyone heard a kind of metallic, ear-piercing sound.

Rusty sabers were piercing the wall.

Fortunately, Zen was quick enough to retreat when he saw the bulging wall. His body would have been pierced, otherwise.

"Sizzle, sizzle..."

Four rusty sabers began twisting until they made circles in the wall. From the holes emerged the two sinister armors—they rushed right at the Souls of Light in the basement.

"Retreat!"

Without even having time to process the situation, Zen pulled on Dorothy and rushed back.

He moved so quickly that the Souls of Light behind him were knocked out of balance.

The Souls of Light that had gathered in the basement were left in a fit of chaos—they scrambled up the passageway, jamming it in the process.

"Hurry up!"

"What are those things?"

"It's a trap, a trap!"

"Clang!"

The figures jumped up in the basement and smashed into the Souls of Light.

Given the very weight of the armors, how could the Souls of Light possibly survive an attack from them? They were easily crushed to death. Even those that had been slightly grazed just turned into dust.

No matter how strong the Souls of Light were, they were completely vulnerable in front of the armors.

Whines and screams resounded in the basement—it had become a terrifying scene of carnage.

Everyone began fending for only themselves—how could they worry about any other Souls of Light in that situation? Some even began killing their own kind just to free up the passageway.

Zen and Dorothy were in the same boat, rushing toward the free path.

Because he led the way with his physical body, the Souls of Light posed no hindrance.

Within a mere six seconds, he and Dorothy had arrived at the entrance. But just as Zen took another step forward, something broke the surface above them.

"Boom!"

The entire passageway collapsed without a sign, cutting off everyone's one chance of surviving.

'Is it really a trap? Or did the Ear Mice just get something wrong?' A thought flashed through Zen's mind.

"The passageway is broken!"

"Ahhh! Help!"

"It's going to kill me!"

The lost path put all the Souls of Light in despair.

It wasn't a wide basement, after all, and they were all crammed in the space. The two armors holding the rusty sabers merely spun and killed off anything in close proximity. They seemed to glide from left to right like a metal storm.

Any Soul of Light caught in the calamity was killed instantly.

"Zen... I'm scared!"

Dorothy gripped his hand extremely tightly as her eyes filled with fear.

Mere seconds had passed since the armors broke through the wall, but only half of the Souls of Light were left.

Because they were in the temple, they had no way to leave the Other Shore—they were in an even more dangerous situation than in the Sea of Truth. At this point, it seemed as though they truly had nowhere to escape.

Chapter 3277 Climb Up

Just as Zen was about to open his mouth and say something to comfort Dorothy, one of the armors suddenly began making its way towards them.

Zen immediately grabbed Dorothy and threw her to a corner where he knew she'd be safe against the oncoming enemy.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

The armor was fast and the unfortunate Souls of Light that stood in its way were practically ripped to shreds. In a blink of an eye, it was already in front of Zen.

"Stop!" Zen screamed.

He bent down and pounced towards the floor, avoiding the two, rusty, rotating sabers and slamming himself onto one of the armor's feet.

Zen spared no force from his attack, imparting five to six hundred divine megatons of force as he collided with the armor.

Despite the strength and equivalent danger this armor posed, Zen wasn't too worried about it since he figured that he was in equal footing with the enemy.

The collision should've shaken its center of balance, making it fall to the ground. It should give him an advantage and let him obliterate this armor.

Unfortunately, what he expected to happen, did not happen.

Bang!

The impact from hitting the armor rebounded towards Zen and he felt a sharp sting of pain on his shoulder before it went numb. Contrary to his former expectations, this armor was actually far stronger than his own body.

There was no way he could use the Shade Stone to strengthen his body here on the Other Shore.

How in the world were there such strong armors here in Stage Thirteen?

With his shoulder numb, the regret of underestimating his opponent only began to settle in his bones. However, before he could fully immerse himself in his misery, a buzzing sound from above reminded him that he was still in the middle of a fight as a rusty saber headed towards him, ready to chop his head off.

Zen swiftly rolled out of the way and, instead of his head, the saber slashed at the floor and created a long, deep crack.

The floor was of a faint metallic color and Zen knew that the material it was made of wasn't something he could destroy even if he exerted his full strength. Seeing that the rusty saber easily destroyed a part of it let him know that he had greatly underestimated the power of his armor opponent.

Buzz!

The two red spots inside the armor's head flickered. The rusty sabers in its hands continued to come at Zen, getting faster and faster with each slash!

Cre-ka-rack!

It came at him with six to seven strikes in a row and Zen had no other choice but to avoid it by continuously rolling on the floor.

In the end, however, he was still too slow. He felt a sudden, stinging pain on his back as one of the sabers caught up with him, creating a horrible gash.

Buzz!

Despite having landed a hit on Zen, the armor was still a bit dejected that all it could give him was that gash. With that, it gave up on going after the other Souls of Light and focused solely on Zen instead.

"Zen! Fall back!" Dorothy shouted.

She had been thrown into the corner and kept safe, but she still felt incredibly nervous with Zen in danger like this.

There was no way he could keep rolling out of the armor's grasp indefinitely. The basement wasn't very wide and the fact that the armor only went faster each time its attacks were avoided meant that Zen only had so much time until it caught up with him.

Even the members of the Nine Li race that stood above could hear those below crying for help.

"Poor things!" the human girl exclaimed. She didn't have the heart to keep listening.

Most of the Souls of Light trapped in the basement were non-human but it was not easy for them to cultivate to this level. There was no other fate that awaited them save for a miserable end here in the Other Shore.

"This is the price they have to pay for their greed," her brother remarked viciously.

The entrance to the Dark Region was undoubtedly a great temptation.

In order to ascend to the higher stages, these Souls of Light took this rare opportunity that presented itself to them.

Unfortunately, it ultimately led to their doom.

Dorothy could only back herself up into the wall and watch as Zen dodged his inevitable death, one slash at a time. She let out a cry each time the saber ventured too close to his body.

It was a deadly dance between Zen and his opponent. The worst thing was that Dorothy couldn't really do anything but watch.

Other Souls of Light also tried to attack the two armors but if Zen's strong body barely made a dent, then what more their feeble soul attacks?

Dorothy could only watch in bated breath as Zen continued to dodge for his survival. She was so caught up in keeping him in her sight that she completely forgot about her own safety.

Once all the souls on the right had been slaughtered, the other armor finally noticed Dorothy in the corner. Taking advantage of her vulnerable state, the armor lunged towards her!

Zen could hardly protect himself but he still kept an eye on Dorothy. Noticing the other armor charging towards her, he quickly ran from his spot and blocked its way. Despite knowing his strength was useless against his enemies, Zen still reeled back his feet and threw a punch.

BANG!

His punch hit the armor's elbow, tilting it back slightly. Zen, on the other hand, felt as if his hand was breaking.

The young man, unfortunately, didn't have the luxury to linger on his injury. With the armor sent back a bit, Zen quickly rushed past and headed straight towards Dorothy. He picked her up, stamped his feet on the wall, and flipped into the air!

His movements pushed the two of them seventy to eighty feet away, not really enough to take them fully out of danger's way.

The two armors remained in hot pursuit and chased after Zen.

"They're coming at us!" Dorothy exclaimed in panic.

Zen continued to run, zigzagging his way out of enemy clutches all the while continuously trying to think of a way to escape their current predicament.

Staying in the basement meant absolute death for both of them. It was in this face of impending doom that Zen raised his gaze and looked up at the wall.

Stricken with a bright idea, his face suddenly lit up with anticipation. "Yes! This will work!"

Without explaining his plan nor showing any slight hesitation in its effectiveness, Zen rushed up to the right wall and activated his power.

With some sharp kicks, Zen climbed over one hundred feet in an instant, as if he was a nimble gecko and not a human.

However, the basement walls were over a thousand feet high. There was no way to escape unless he flew which wasn't really an option here in the Other Shore. Zen was bound to fall given that there were no footholds in the air.

"Hold onto me!" he ordered Dorothy.

He shifted Dorothy on his back and redirected all his power in his right hand. He reeled back his palm and slammed it right into the wall.

Dorothy didn't know how, but Zen managed to stab four fingers into the wall, giving him an anchor point and preventing them from falling.

The two of them hung on the wall, out of reach from below but still very much in danger.

The two armors that had been chasing Zen could only look up in confusion. The red lights in their heads flashed and they tried to jump up after him but failed miserably. It was comedic to a degree as they watched the two armors smack their bodies onto the wall in an attempt to reach them.

There were two loud thuds as the armors jumped.

However, both fell rather quickly.

Even if they contained great power, these two armors were quite heavy.

They couldn't even manage to lift themselves an inch above the ground, let alone reach Zen and Dorothy from such a high place.

Dorothy, who had previously been scared witless for their lives, found herself laughing. "Ha! They can't catch us!"

Zen nodded in relief. "Yes. They can't touch us now."

The two armors tried to jump a few more times but to no avail. After realizing that they were not going to be able to reach their prey, they finally chose to give up.

A large number of Souls of Light remained in the basement. The two armors' attention had been focused on Zen earlier, giving the souls some time to relax and take a breather. However, Zen was now unreachable and the two armors turned towards them again.

Five minutes passed.

The basement, once filled to the brim with Souls of Light, stood empty.

Dorothy and Zen were the only survivors.

Granted that was mostly because they hung a hundred feet high, away from the dreadful place that was the bottom of the basement.

"Will they leave?" Dorothy asked, looking down at the armors that remained below.

"They will since they won't be able to reach us," Zen assured her with confidence.

However, as soon as he said that, the two armors approached the wall once again.

This time though, instead of trying to jump, they stabbed their sabers onto the wall.

The two armors were attempting to climb up to finally get rid of the remaining survivors.

"Ah, it seems they're more persistent than I thought," Zen said, shaking his head and revealing a wry smile.

Chapter 3278 Benefactor

Clank!

Clank!

Clank!

Zen and Dorothy hung suspended against a wall over a hundred feet above ground. Below them, two armors rapidly followed them. They had already climbed eighty to ninety feet in the twinkling of an eye.

Dorothy was clinging onto Zen's body, her mind sifting through their options.

She suddenly remembered her Necklace of Mystic Soul. It flashed and a soul sword shot down.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

The soul sword worked incredibly against the Souls of Light, but it was incapable of harming the armors. It merely clanked and fell.

The armors were getting closer. Dorothy was beginning to panic. "It's useless," she remarked while looking at the soul sword. "They are too powerful."

Zen stared at the armors and then looked up.

There was a passageway leading to the exit. Unfortunately, most of it had collapsed. There was, however, a small hole that remained uncovered. When Zen saw it, he turned to look at Dorothy. "Don't be discouraged," he said. "We don't need to defeat them. Let's escape."

"How?" Dorothy asked.

"You can count on me," Zen said with a smile.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Before they could escape, the armors had caught up and were nearing Zen's feet.

Their two hands made them look like human beings. Since they thrust their rusty sabers into the wall, they wouldn't be able to launch an attack.

Unlike humans, they were unable to make wise decisions.

When they were five feet below Zen, Zen said, "Hold tight!"

Dorothy wrapped her arms around Zen's neck, feeling that she was falling.

Zen stepped on the shoulders of an armor with full might and jumped up.

Whoosh!

He jumped more than a hundred feet and was able to stab his hand into the wall again.

Dorothy's heart was pounding against her chest. When they were finally safely hanging against the wall again, she heaved a long sigh of relief.

The two armors were slow to respond. When they realized what happened, their eyes flashed red and they started climbing faster.

Zen looked at them calmly.

He initially wanted to bust the armors out of their way, but he wasn't able to do that. So he opted to use them as leverage to help them climb higher.

When the armors approached him for the second time, he stepped on their shoulders again.

But as he did so, one of the armors suddenly turned its head and the mask on its head opened. It revealed an empty hollow with only two lines of serrated teeth like fangs.

Crack!

The teeth almost clenched Zen's foot.

Fortunately, Zen was able to dodge them before they did.

"How dangerous!"

Zen's heart thumped.

He knew that he couldn't risk getting bitten. It would drastically make their escape difficult.

Zen perked up with more vigilance.

The armors still looked like they weren't thinking well, but they definitely improved their cognition.

At first, they thought jumping would be enough of an effort to reach Zen. When they failed, they started to climb.

When Zen used them to thrust himself upwards, they had approached him differently the second time they caught up with Zen. If they reached Zen the third time, they would probably have a smarter and more dangerous solution.

Dorothy tightened her grip around Zen.

She clung onto him and felt safe. No matter how much danger they were in, she trusted Zen to find a way. She knew they were going to reach the top soon.

Zen pondered over the armors' actions. It seemed like they were merely learning from their mistakes, but they did not have the wisdom to foresee what would happen next.

Zen changed his course of action. Instead of stepping on their shoulders, he landed his feet directly on top of their heads.

Buzz! Buzz!

The armors turned as if to reach for something on their shoulders. Zen chuckled at their utter mindlessness.

The fourth time they reached him, he stepped on their elbows.

He changed his approach again the fifth time.

And once more on the sixth time.

By the time they had caught up to him for the seventh time, Zen and Dorothy were already close to the exit.

Whoosh!

He dragged Dorothy and finally rushed out of the square exit.

Nearby, the members of the Nine Li race waited.

From what they had gathered, everyone in the basement would soon be dead, including Zen.

Then, the two armors would leave the basement.

So when the armors did not leave after a long while of battling Zen, they started to wonder.

"I'll go check," the girl's brother said.

Just as he approached the square exit, he saw a figure rush up.

As reflex, he threw a punch at the figure.

"Fuck off!"

Zen didn't know who threw the punch, but he couldn't risk running into another obstacle when he had just come out.

The girl's brother started to feel a force stir around him. This force could have killed him.

The man was breathing heavily, his back lying flat against the ground.

He had avoided Zen's blow by a short distance, but the gust of wind knocked him over.

He got up and prepared to attack Zen once more. Just then, his sister's voice shouted, "Let my brother go! He didn't mean it!"

Her voice was crisp, innocent, and strangely familiar to Dorothy and Zen.

Zen recognized they were humans. He dragged Dorothy and made her stand firmly beside him.

Dorothy stared coldly at the girl. "I saved you in Stage Eleven when you were having troubles with the Separate Abyss race," she snarled. "And now you're planning to return the gesture with ingratitude?"

The girl was speechless. She wasn't able to see Dorothy's face, but she knew exactly what the voice was talking about. Dorothy was the one who had helped her pay two hundred thousand soul pills in Stage Eleven.

"Is it you? Were you the one who saved me?" the girl asked in a daze.

When she was still in Stage Twelve, the girl had looked for them. She wanted to give back the two hundred thousand soul pills, but Dorothy was nowhere to be found.

She asked around but the Other Shore was too vast. Finding another person without even knowing their name was a very difficult task.

Dorothy's sudden appearance was completely unexpected for her.

That incident was known to the girl's companions too. When the girl's brother realized what they were talking about, he cupped his hands. "Thank you so much for saving my sister," he said sincerely. "I was just trying to know the situation in the basement. I'm sorry for attacking you. Please forgive me!"

Chapter 3279 The Truth

It looked like the man was telling the truth. He wasn't able to see who Zen was. Otherwise, he wouldn't have dared to attack Zen.

After all, no ordinary Souls of Light could cause Zen any real damage. Attacking him was like courting death.

"It's okay," Zen said, finally relaxing.

Crack! Crack!

The two armors were nearly catching up. Any moment, they would be climbing out of the basement.

Zen wanted to run away right away. He was already exhausted from trying to lose them during the climb.

"These two armors are strong. We have to go," Zen announced as he dragged Dorothy's arm.

The members of the Nine Li race looked at each other and hesitated.

They knew that the two armors could not leave the basement.

The basement was, as a matter of fact, a trap. As soon as the thin wall was destroyed, the two armors would be activated, resulting in the collapse of the underground passage. All the Souls of Light inside would die.

The armors weren't supposed to be capable of climbing out of the basement.

The Nine Li people exchanged looks of hesitation.

The girl's brother reacted out of haste. "We have to get out of here right now! The armors are too powerful! Let's go! Hurry up!"

The others reacted the same way. They pretended to be scared.

As they were about to leave, Dorothy halted in her tracks. "Wait," she said, grabbing Zen's arm.

She felt that something was wrong.

She looked at the crowd. They were acting strangely.

After the door of the basement was opened by the Ear Mice, all the Souls of Light of the other races had entered, but they stayed outside.

There might be two reasons.

First, they only came after the armors entered the basement. Perhaps they didn't want to enter it when they saw how bad it was.

Second, they might have stayed outside because they knew that something bad was going to happen in the basement.

At first, Dorothy believed the first option. She thought the people were just passing by, clueless about the truth.

However, Dorothy found it odd that they did not even flinch at the sight of the armors. They even hesitated to leave upon Zen's command.

It was not until the girl's brother reminded them that they stirred into action.

Dorothy could tell that they were acting.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked.

The members of the Nine Li race stopped in their tracks. They wondered what Dorothy was thinking of.

This only confirmed Dorothy's speculation. She snickered as she walked towards the hole.

"Be careful." Zen followed behind her. It was unlike her to act recklessly. Zen was curious as to what Dorothy had in mind, so he did not stop her.

Dorothy stood by the hole and looked down. "Look," she said, nudging Zen to look below.

The two armors were hanging five feet away from the hole. To Zen's surprise, they were not moving at all.

Buzz!

Buzz!

The two armors raised their heads and their eyes flashed red. However, they did not move an inch.

Curious, Zen squatted at the square hole and stretched out his hand.

The armors were not willing to give up. One of them pulled out a rusty saber and brandished it into the air.

The saber was far away from Zen, so it couldn't hurt him.

"Be careful!" Dorothy warned.

She was afraid that Zen was being too risky.

The other armor pulled out two rusty sabers. This caused it to lose its grip and fall down.

It dropped more than a thousand feet and, soon, its body was heard clanking against the ground. Zen and Dorothy looked and saw that it created a big hole.

The other armor did the same thing. However, just as soon as they got rid of the armors, something happened.

Wisps of colorful fog gradually rose from the underground, completely blocking Zen's sight.

"Look! What's that?" Something small was floating along the fog, but Dorothy was having trouble seeing it clearly.

Zen stared at it closely. "It's an hourglass," he said, narrowing his eyes.

It floated amidst the thick fog—an hourglass the size of a fist.

The sand inside it was dripping quickly. Every time the top half emptied, it would automatically rotate and continue its flow again.

Each time the hourglass turned, everything in the underground room reversed back in time.

The two armors returned to the other side of the wall.

The chains that already broke became whole again.

Even the wall, which had already been partially broken by Zen, repaired itself.

The basement restored its original state. The collapsed passage floated and reconnected with the square entrance.

Nearly everything was restored. Only the dead Souls of Light remained in their dead state.

Zen took a moment to think about his next steps. Clearly, something was wrong. He turned his head to look at the people behind him. "You knew this would happen."

The members of the Nine Li race remained silent. It was difficult to explain, but they didn't want to admit it.

"If you don't want to talk to me peacefully, then maybe we should resort to tougher means. What do you think?" Zen's voice became as cold as ice.

He could kill anyone in sight easily in the Grand Sky Temple. There was no place for them to run to.

Perhaps the humans thought that Zen would spare them. They did not know that he wouldn't hesitate resorting to violence if necessary.

"We can't force the back door of the Grand Sky Temple open. If we do that, everyone will die," the girl's brother explained.

It was no use to continue tricking Zen. He had to tell the truth.

"Is there a way to open it?" Zen asked.

Everyone was silent again.

If they revealed the clue, they risked exposing their identities.

It would be as good as surrendering their lives to Zen.

"Say it," Zen ordered.

Dorothy tilted her head slightly.

"I heard you talk about the Nine Li race outside the temple," the girl chirped. "You don't intend to harm the Nine Li race, do you?"

"Sally!"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

She then kept silent, not wanting to disappoint her companions.

She knew she asked a foolish question.

It wasn't a good time to ask such things.

At that moment, Zen had the upper hand. She was but a powerless being compared to him.

She nearly told Zen that they were from the Nine Li race.

Everyone else stood tense and worried as Zen and Dorothy exchanged a meaningful look.

Chapter 3280 The Background

Although Athemar knew part of Zen's background, he didn't disclose it to the people of the Origin Mountain.

But Dorothy had already speculated that Zen was from the Nine Li race.

The issue of his identity was too sensitive. She figured that since he didn't mention the topic himself, she should avoid the topic entirely.

But she never would have guessed that the Nine Li race still had direct descendants.

"You're from the Nine Li race?" Zen asked, taking a step forward.

The other people of the Nine Li race grew anxious. "She's talking nonsense," Sally's brother said. "You don't have to take it so seriously. If you have nothing else to say, we must take our leave now!"

They could explore the Grand Sky Temple next time.

Though it was a pity to have to give up now, revealing their identity was the last thing they wanted to do.

If Zen somehow left something on their Souls of Light to track them down, he could end up killing all the remaining descendants.

To ensure everyone's safety, they opted to give up. Someone else would open up the Grand Sky Temple some other day.

"Wait," Zen called out and stepped forward, blocking the entrance.

The Nine Li people's faces suddenly sank.

If Zen truly wanted to keep them there, it would be all too easy for him.

"Sir, we have no enmity with you. You don't need to be too hard on us," Sally's brother pleaded with his hands clasped together.

But Zen merely ignored him and pointed to Sally. "You, come over here!"

Sally blinked.

In spite of her companions' anxiety about the situation, she felt oddly relaxed.

Somehow, she knew that the person before her posed absolutely no danger to them, but that was merely naivety in her companions' eyes.

"Sir, please leave my sister alone," Sally's brother said, now sounding bitter.

The others didn't like it either. She was young and inexperienced—they thought she'd end up revealing their true identity.

But Zen wasn't interested in these people at all. He went ahead and pulled Sally to the other side.

Seeing that Zen paid them no mind, Sally's brother called out through gritted teeth, "I tried to be civil, but you don't even have the decency to listen. We have no choice but to use force!"

Buzz!

His soul and those of the other four began shining with purple light.

And then, their souls became whole.

A shadow with a form of three heads and six arms grew from the center of the light.

"They truly are from the Nine Li race…" Dorothy muttered to herself. Her eyes lit up at the sight before her.

The shadow was made from the Nine Li race's blood power. Its power was undoubtedly astonishing, but Dorothy wasn't worried at all. No matter how powerful it was, it was no match for Zen.

But the situation had pushed the Nine Li people on edge and they chose to attack.

"Brother!"

There was worry in Sally's voice as she called out to her brother who was ready to take action.

"Three heads and six arms?" Zen's mouth slightly curled up into a smile. "I can do just the same!"

Buzz!

All of a sudden, the Wild God Power was activated, and the Nine Li race's blood surged within his body.

In a flash, Zen's figure grew tenfold. His giant body was about the same size as the shadow opposite him. In the next second, he threw six fists and hit the shadow hard.

This shadow was considered the Nine Li people's trump card. They never used it unless they faced death itself—using it immediately gave away their identity, after all.

But because of Zen, they felt they had no other choice but to use it against him.

Puff!

While the shadow was powerful in killing the Souls of Light, it couldn't fight against Zen who came to the Other Shore with his physical body.

The moment Zen's fists made contact with the shadow, the Nine Li people felt dizziness overcome them. The shadow collapsed before they could even recover.

A tearing pain pierced all of their heads. The five were left bending over onto the ground, each with their hands on their head.

"Don't hurt them!" Sally called out anxiously.

Although Sally's brother was clearly in great pain, he was overcome with some kind of inexplicable emotion. Pushing the pain aside, he struggled to stand up and pointed at Zen in disbelief.

"You, you, you…" he muttered, still suffering from the blow he received, rendering him unable to even complete a sentence.

Zen quickly withdrew the Wild God Power, his body returning to normal. With a smile, he asked, "You want to ask why I could form the same figure, don't you?"

"Aha..."

Sally's brother put his head in his hands, enduring the sharp pain piercing through him as he nodded. "Yes! This is the bloodline theurgy of the Nine Li race. How could you..."

"Brother, don't you see? He must be one of us!" Sally announced confidently.

To that, Zen smiled. He thought Sally was forthright and sincere.

But it wasn't her brother's fault that he was suspicious.

After the Nine Li race was exterminated, the remaining members had no choice but to be extremely careful.

All of them stared at Zen in utter disbelief—none of them was expecting to find another one of them, much less the man Sally was suspecting at the gate of the Grand Sky Temple.

"Sir, which branch of the Nine Li race are you from?" Sally's brother asked, losing the harshness from his tone.

Zen then glanced at Dorothy, who merely shrugged—she decided to leave the sharing up to Zen.

It had been quite a while since Zen had joined the Oneness Sky Palace. If he was still on guard against Dorothy, she would undoubtedly be left disappointed.

"My mother is Lorena," Zen finally said.

His mother had later given herself the family name 'Li, ' but among the Nine Li people, she was known as Lorena.

The destruction of the Nine Li race had already passed when these people were born.

While they didn't live in that time, they had grown up hearing many of the legends—they were well aware of who Lorena was.

"You..."

"You are from the royal family!"

"How do I know I can even believe you?"

Everyone, even Sally, was wide-eyed and stunned, looking at Zen in confusion.

Sally's brother shuddered and took a step forward, ready to kneel down before Zen.

The latter gently helped him up and shook his head with a smile. "There's no need to be so courteous. I might be lying to you,"

Zen joked kindly.

However, materializing three heads and six arms required a great amount of power and his blood of the Nine Li race was nothing to take lightly.

Amidst the confusion, Dorothy looked just as conflicted.

Although she had already guessed that Zen had come from the Nine Li race, she certainly didn't expect him to be a member of the royal family.

If the Nine Li race was flourishing, that meant his status would be as high as Elvinia's.

In truth, his status could even be much higher than hers.

The Oneness Sky Palace was the union of the seven mountains, each of which had a respective emperor.

The Nine Li race had nine tribes, but Chiyou was the supreme ruler. The royal members held a greater status than the direct descendants of the palace.

Chapter 3281 Uninvited Followers

The Nine Li members chose to believe Zen, irrespective of whether Zen was joking or not.

Zen had proved himself to be a member of the Nine Li race. They couldn't test his blood lineage on the Other Shore, let alone test his blood purity. But the best proof lay in the fact that he had three heads and six arms.

"Thad, you belong to the royal family. How did you become a member of the Oneness Sky Palace?" Sally's brother asked again.

Their curiosity about Zen had surpassed that about the Dark Region.

The Ear Mice had addressed Zen 'Thad' at the entrance of the Grand Sky Temple. Thus, those Nine Li members thought that that was his real name.

"It's a long story," Zen said cautiously. "I hope you will ask the elders of Nine Li race to come to the Oneness Sky Palace someday. I want to meet them if possible."

Both sides had tried to trust each other but were still far from reaching a place where they could share everything.

Sally's brother would not disclose the location of the remaining members of the Nine Li race, nor would Zen tell them where the divine land was.

"I will report this to the elders of our race," Sally's brother said.

If Zen was really Lorena's son and possessed such amazing abilities, the remaining members of the Nine Li race would fall over themselves to meet him in the Oneness Sky Palace.

The Nine Li race and the Oneness Sky Palace had never been enemies. The beliefs that they had chosen to follow were the same, which meant that the Oneness Sky Palace could still ensure their safety and peace.

These people then introduced themselves to Zen.

"My name is Hutton," Sally's brother said.

"My name is Sally. It's so nice to meet you, Thad," the girl said with a smile.

Once all the members had introduced themselves to Zen, Hutton said to him, "Thad, you can't break the wall with just brute force. Forcing it open will only lead you into fatal trouble."

Both Zen and Dorothy had been through what Hutton was describing.

Even Zen's corporeal body was unable to resist the two armors. A Soul of Light would definitely suffer grave consequences if fighting against the armors.

"Do you know how to get inside?" Zen asked Hutton.

"Yes," Hutton replied.

He was beginning to trust Zen.

Although they didn't completely trust each other, it wouldn't be so bad to explore the Dark Region together. After all, even Hutton wasn't confident about exploring the Dark Region. All he got were the clues that the Nine Li race had left behind.

Zen gestured wordlessly towards the square entrance of the basement.

Hutton nodded before walking to the entrance with Sally and the other members of the Nine Li race.

"Oh, here you are!"

A cold voice rang out from the entrance of the tower.

The group became nervous at the voice. Dorothy frowned.

It was Elvinia, leading the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

When they were about to enter the temple, Chaim and Elvinia wanted to follow Zen. But Zen refused them. He had agreed to cooperate with the Ear Mice and brought only Dorothy to enter it.

Elvinia, Chaim, and many other disciples walked through another passageway.

They explored the yard for a while before choosing a tower to enter.

Some of the Souls of Light, who had entered the Grand Sky Temple, had died in the passageways. Half of the others had died in the basement, and the other half had gone into the towers like Elvinia's group did.

Elviniai and Chaim were unlucky. Their exploration had dug up nothing, thanks to the many traps in the tower. Elvinia had finally suggested that they move to another tower.

As soon as she arrived here, she saw Zen and Dorothy.

"There is nothing here. Chaim, please take her away," Dorothy said coldly. Her face turned gloomy the moment she saw Elvinia.

Before Chaim could say anything, Elvinia burst out at Dorothy. "What do you think of yourself? You think this is your Origin Mountain? Is it Princess Dorothy who has the final say?"

"You are right. It is me!" Dorothy stared at her fiercely.

The fight between the two women confused the people around them.

Hutton looked at Zen, a little worried. Only Zen could make the final decision here.

"Dorothy, now that we have entered the Grand Sky Temple, don't we have the right to choose where we continue our exploration? We are all from the Oneness Sky Palace and are on the same side. If anything should happen, we can take care of each other. Thad, what do you think? Am I right?"

Chaim tried to broker the peace between Dorothy and Elvinia, with a hard but polite smile on his face.

He had seen the square entrance the moment he entered the tower.

Though he didn't know what had happened here, he guessed it was probably related to the way leading to the Dark Region.

Chaim didn't want to miss such an amazing opportunity.

Dorothy pursed her lips, not knowing how to respond.

It would have been fine if Elvinia hadn't been with the group. Dorothy wouldn't have minded Chaim and the other disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace going with them.

"Yes, we are on the same side. We can take care of each other as we explore this place together," Zen said, nodding.

The Souls of Light of the Ear Mice were all dead by now. Zen could trust both the group from the Oneness Sky Palace and the Nine Li members. If Dorothy were to disagree even now, there would eventually be a collision between the Origin Mountain and the Oneness Mountain.

Dorothy knew she shouldn't cross the line. Now that Zen had made his decision, all she could do was reluctantly agree with him.

Hutton and his group were also reluctant, but they were more careful about expressing their thoughts.

"Come with us then," Zen said.

Hutton, Sally, and the other members of the Nine Li race went in first. Zen and Dorothy followed them, while Chaim, Elvinia, and the disciples came last.

As they walked through the passageway, Chaim questioned Zen about the whereabouts of the Ear Mice. Zen sighed and said, "They're all dead."

"The Ear Mice... All dead?" Chaim froze.

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. All the Ear Mice were cunning. Many of them had entered the Grand Sky Temple, but now they were all dead. How was that possible?

"Not only them. More than a thousand non-human Souls of Light also died in this basement," Zen said, and then proceeded to tell them what had happened in the basement.

Elvinia, Chaim, and the disciples stopped short, shocked at Zen's revelations.

If this basement was that dangerous, did it mean that anyone who entered it would be courting death?

"You don't have to follow us if you are afraid," Dorothy said as she turned to look at Elvinia. Her voice had a provoking bite to it.

Elvinia couldn't stand ridicule. She merely snorted and continued on her way.

Zen laughed. "Don't be nervous, Chaim. We are safe in the basement, because they've a solution," he said.

"The solution..." Chaim looked doubtfully at Hutton's group and asked, "Which force of the human race do these people belong to?"

Both the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race had been expelled. All the other human forces were small ones. If these people really knew the way to the Dark Region, it was impossible that they were from those small forces.

Zen said with an easy smile, "Don't ask improper questions if you want to follow us to explore the Dark Region."

Chapter 3282 Moving The Wall

Chaim laughed lightheartedly as he realized their delicate identities. Then he said, "They are all human beings. It really doesn't matter where they come from."

The Nine Li people, including Hutton, who stopped in their tracks, felt thoroughly relieved.

The entire basement had now been fully restored. There wasn't even a single indication of the previous mess. It seemed like nothing happened.

"Squeak... Squeak! Squeak..."

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak..."

They heard squeaking noises from the corner of the wall while they walked along the passageway.

"What do you think that was?"

"They're mouse-shaped souls?"

"Indeed. They do appear like the souls of the Ear Mice! They look so weak and fragile!"

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace looked at the souls. A curious look registered upon their faces.

Those who entered Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore were probably either Indigo Souls or Souls of Light that were about to become Indigo Souls. However, the souls at the corner were almost invisible. They seemed like candles in the wind that would go out at any time!

The souls were back in their fundamental form. It was probably difficult for them to leave their bodies, let alone cross the Sea of Truth to reach the Other Shore.

"I think they really are... the souls of the Ear Mice," Zen murmured while staring at the faint souls.

Hutton nodded in agreement. He said, "They have been reverted to their initial form because of the hourglass."

The Ear Mice had found the basement behind the Grand Sky Temple even without any clue. It was highly likely that they had big plans for the Dark Region.

And for this mission, they had been prepared and had carefully worked out a plan.

As a matter of fact, they did an excellent job. They invited Zen to come with them and he had successfully broken the wall down by force.

However, they were not fully aware that breaking the wall would come at a great price.

When the two armors appeared, even Zen wasn't able to stop them. But then, the Ear Mice made a seemingly smart decision. They hid in a corner of the wall using a soul weapon.

The way in which they hid was extremely brilliant. The two armors, the Souls of Light of alien races, and even Zen did not notice them in the chaos that ensued.

Unfortunately, the Ear Mice didn't expect that everything would be restored in the basement after the armors left!

As the fog rose slowly, the Ear Mice immediately noticed that something was terribly wrong. However, it was now impossible for them to escape.

The passageway leading to the entrance was gradually restored. The Ear Mice were restored by the fog as well. Eventually, they became what they were now.

These Ear Mice's Souls of Light only had their most rudimentary consciousness now. When they saw Chaim coming over, they squeaked and crowded round him. Even in the basement, they could not withstand the aura of the Other Shore and trembled in fear.

Sally blinked, took out a soul pill, and gently crushed it. The powder of the soul pill released a trace of brown soul force.

The little Ear Mice had instinctively believed that the soul force was their food. But as soon as they came forward to get it, Hutton rushed over and dispersed the soul force.

"Brother, what are you..." Sally was taken aback. She didn't understand what Hutton was trying to do.

"The force of soul pill can make them feel better," Dorothy muttered in agreement with Sally.

Nearby, Elvinia smiled coldly and said, "The Souls of Light of the Ear Mice are almost like newborn babies. You can try feeding soul pills to a baby and see if it can take it."

Chaim bowed his head in agreement, "Princess Elvinia is right. Soul pills will only accelerate their death."

"But look at them, they seem so pathetic!" Sally commented while she shook her head.

Although the Ear Mice looked ugly and disgusting in their adult forms, these small Ear Mice's souls were fairly cute. They even rubbed themselves against their feet.

"Dorothy, kindly put them into the Sumeru Space," Zen finally said.

He believed that these souls could cultivate again. Given enough time, these Ear Mice might still be able to recover as long as their race had kept their Memory Flames.

In any case, Zen was brought here by the Ear Mice. If he had even the slightest chance of saving them, he definitely wouldn't just abandon them.

"Understood." Dorothy bowed her head in reply. Almost instantly, a blue square appeared on the tip of her finger. She pointed towards the direction of the Ear Mice's souls. "Squeak! Squeak..."

The Ear Mice had no idea what was going on. But all of a sudden, they were drawn into the space ring.

The space ring on the Other Shore was also regarded as a space in which severe auras could be avoided. As for how they would move these weak souls out of the Other Shore, it now depended upon the Ear Mouse race.

After the Ear Mice settled down in the space ring, Hutton walked towards the huge and strangely shaped stones on the side of the basement.

The row of stones were almost entirely smooth except for a few defective round holes on their surface.

Zen examined the stones closely. However, he was quite puzzled. He had no idea what purpose they served.

Hutton walked slowly along the stones from left to right. Then, he stopped in front of the seventh one. He took out three pieces of jade of different colors from his pocket.

At the sight of the three pieces of jade, Zen's eyes shone with sudden comprehension.

These pieces of jade fit perfectly into the round holes of the stone!

After observing for a while, Hutton put the cyan jade into the round hole on the top.

He gently pushed the jade into the hole and a crisp sound rang. There seemed to be a mechanical device in the basement causing a vibration. Everyone raised their heads and looked around. However, they didn't notice any changes.

Without pausing, Hutton then put the red and purple jades into the two round holes on the bottom.

"Click!"

"Click!"

After they heard two crisp sounds again, the entire basement trembled with a thundering sound.

The patterns on the other side of the wall began to change. The connected patterns started to move to two sides and then separately connected with the two armors. They formed two distinct circles.

Afterwards, the wall slowly began to move. Meanwhile, the passageway that led towards the outside also opened.

The movement of the wall didn't break the integrity of those patterns. The chains wrapping the two armors didn't break either. They were still standing motionlessly on the platforms.

"Unbelievable! It worked!"

"Finally, we can get out of here!"

"The clues are completely right!"

A smile crept across the Nine Li people's faces.

Before they entered the Grand Sky Temple, they were very nervous. But now that they had moved the wall, they became quite excited.

Zen went out and walked around. His eyes fell upon the two armors. After he got another look at the patterns on the wall, he suddenly became enlightened. The mechanical device was designed to prevent someone from forcefully smashing down the wall!

"Are these armors really that powerful?" the disciples asked a bit skeptically.

"About a thousand Souls of Light of alien races were slaughtered. Tsk, tsk..."

"If only I could take the armor as my Other Shore Token," someone remarked regrettably.

A few disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace reached out their hands and tried to touch the armors. Chaim hurriedly warned them, "Don't just touch them randomly. If they come to life again, I doubt that any of you will survive!"

Those disciples quickly withdrew their hands as if they had been burned.

After these warriors passed by the two armors, they saw a wooden bridge ahead. The bridge was long and narrow. It seemed like it would only fit two people. It also extended all the way forward into the vast distance. They could vaguely see the three wooden huts in the darkness.

It was a little strange that there was no change in the wooden huts they saw in front of the temple and at the back of it. They should have been near the huts now, yet the huts still hung gloomily in the distant Dark Region.

Chapter 3283 The Wooden Bridge

As far as most creatures knew, no one was allowed to enter the Dark Region.

Anyone who entered would be swallowed up by endless darkness.

What happened in there was shrouded in mystery. No one knew how and why the Souls of Light disappeared in the depths of the Dark Region.

People who entered died suddenly and silently. Their Souls of Light were lost and their bodies were left empty, like ships without a rudder.

Everyone carried a deep and abiding fear of the Dark Region. It was terrible to lose your own soul. And so the Souls of Light wandering Stage Thirteen would be careful to stay far away from the Dark Region.

Chaim paused, analyzing the situation. "The bridge should be within the Dark Region," he said.

The two Dark Regions in Stage Thirteen formed two semicircles, the ends of two arcs connected behind the Grand Sky Temple.

At Chaim's words, those from the Oneness Sky Palace stopped in their tracks. They even took several steps back, as though retreating from some horrible monster awaiting them on the bridge.

However, the Nine Li people stepped confidently onto the wooden bridge. Hutton said, "It's true that the bridge is located within the Dark Region, but we're safe in the place with light."

Zen followed Hutton forward onto the bridge. He looked around, his curiosity increasing at the sight of the mysterious light. "Where does the light come from? It's so strange."

According to No. 9527, only those candles could light up the Dark Region.

When Zen had first reached the entrance of the Grand Sky Temple, he'd been able to see the wooden bridge from a distance. He had wondered to himself if there were candles on the bridge. He couldn't see any candles now, which made him feel uneasy.

Where was the light coming from?

"The light comes from something we can't see," Hutton replied calmly.

They knew little about the Dark Region, and they had accepted that they would never unravel most of its secrets.

Zen nodded, still observing the light. He knew that the candles could light up the Dark Region. But What were they made of? What else was in here?

Dorothy followed behind Zen, and in turn she was followed by Chaim, Elvinia and the other disciples.

The disciples were very scared, but they had finally come to the Dark Region which had never been explored before. If they could find a unique Other Shore Token, their status would be greatly improved in the Oneness Sky Palace in the future.

And so, dreaming of the possibilities, they cautiously stepped onto the wooden bridge.

There was a creaking sound, followed by another, then another, as the Souls of Light walked on the bridge.

No one knew for sure how long the bridge had been standing there, but it was clearly old, and over the years the wood had become slightly rotten.

The Souls of Light were not heavy, and they moved very carefully to avoid straining the bridge. However, the wood creaked and strained with each step Zen took. Zen had a corporeal body and was thus the heaviest person on the bridge, so he held his breath as he stepped forward, thinking that the bridge could collapse at any time.

"Thad, tread softly. If this bridge collapses, it will certainly make things more difficult for us," said Chaim with a wry smile.

Zen nodded and moved slowly, treading as gently as possible.

In this manner, the group moved slowly forward. They made their gradual way deeper and deeper into the darkness.

A deathly silence surrounded them. The darkness pressed in on all sides, and although they kept moving forward, they still couldn't see the end of the wooden bridge ahead. The cold, eerie atmosphere strained the nerves of the disciples on the bridge.

Suddenly, one of the disciples cried out, "What happened? The temple is gone!"

The disciple hadn't been able to resist looking backwards, and what he saw stunned him.

Zen, Dorothy, and the others quickly turned around. To their surprise, the high towers of the Grand Sky Temple and the vista of the Other Shore beyond it had vanished completely. There was only the wooden bridge, stretching out into the black gloom. Absolute darkness lay ahead of them and behind them.

"I—I want to go back," said a disciple, unable to conceal his fear.

He was a follower of Elvinia from the Phoenix Palace.

He had been reluctant to explore the Grand Sky Temple, but he came because his duty was to protect Elvinia. He had been even more hesitant about following her here into the Dark Region.

He had encountered many hardships so far, but with the help of other disciples, including those from other races, he was still alive. He had hoped that he would be able to leave safely after exploring the Grand Sky Temple, but this quiet, dark bridge somehow seemed more dangerous than anything they had previously encountered.

Elvinia glanced indifferently at him. "All right, you can turn back on your own," she said coolly. She always looked down on cowards.

The disciple said nothing, but he didn't move. Going back alone seemed like a risky option. Who knew what he would encounter by himself?

Zen intervened, speaking in a composed voice intended to calm the others, "The Grand Sky Temple can't have disappeared. Perhaps our eyes are just deceiving us. Let's keep pressing forward and see what happens."

Although it was Hutton and the other Nine Li people who led the way, Zen was the unspoken leader of the group.

He was the only corporeal body on the Other Shore. If something bad happened, everyone knew that they must turn to Zen for protection.

Chaim and Dorothy also spoke soothingly to the others, building their courage. Then everyone continued on their journey.

The light on the bridge was unevenly distributed. At some points the light seemed bright, but after a few steps, the light dimmed and flickered. This supported what Hutton told them. The light must come from candles, but they couldn't see them from where they stood.

The bridge still creaked loudly with every step Zen took.

Zen walked as slowly as he could, testing every plank before he placed his foot down, but no matter where he stepped, the bridge still creaked.

It made him tense, but he was determined to continue forward. The group moved without talking, and the only sound in the infinite darkness surrounding them was the creaking of the bridge. However, after a few minutes, those closest to Zen heard a new sound.

They tilted their heads, trying to identify the strange sound.

It was distinct from the creaks, but it seemed to come only when Zen was moving.

It was as if bugs were eating the wooden boards of the bridge.

Zen, Hutton and Chaim were the ones who had noticed the new sound first.

"Stop," Hutton said sharply.

"Listen, do you also hear that sound? Can you tell what it is?" Chaim asked.

Zen stopped moving, and the sound disappeared.

"What sound are you talking about? Brother, don't scare me!" Sally said, her voice trembling.

The environment of the Nine Li race had made its people strong, but after all Sally was still quite young.

"The noise only comes when I move," Zen said softly.

He took a step forward.

The bridge creaked, and beneath that creak was the distinct sound of something unfamiliar.

This time, everyone on the bridge heard it clearly.

"It seems that there is something under the wooden bridge!"

"What the hell is that? Is something following us?"

"Oh my God! It must be a monster of the Dark Region!"

The disciples spoke in hushed, panicked voices, looking around them fearfully at the darkness.

Dorothy couldn't help but lean towards Zen. Although Elvinia was scared, she still looked around the wooden bridge, squinting her eyes.

"It's down there," said Zen. "Something is following us."

He held on to the railing of the wooden bridge and looked down over the side, into the black chasm below.

The planks of the wooden bridge were wider than the railings on each side. This made it impossible to probe what was under the bridge simply by leaning over the edge. The underside of the bridge was shrouded entirely in impenetrable darkness. Nobody could explore it just by using their spiritual sense.

Everyone was anxious and afraid. All of a sudden, Hutton, who was in the lead, spoke in a low and urgent voice, "Thad, look behind us."

Zen, Dorothy, Sally, and Elvinia turned their heads. To their horror, a black tail was visible on one side of the wooden bridge.

The tail was as slender as a rope, and tapered to a sharp hook at the tip.

Without making any sound, the tail flicked and moved towards a disciple who stood in the rear of the group.

Chapter 3284 Human-Monkey Monsters

Evidently, the one who stood on the far end of the line had no idea about what was going on.

Naturally, when everyone turned to look at him, he became cautious. Suddenly baffled by the unwanted attention, he began to eye himself up. As he glanced sideways, his gaze fell on the black tail, which caused him to stiffen up.

Although he had no clue what it was, there was a high probability it came from under the wooden bridge. If so, then it must have been a creature from the Dark Region!

Even though he tried his best to remain calm, the situation at hand required a lot of wits to do so. His Soul of Light couldn't help but have a strong fluctuation out of fear.

"Help! Someone, please help me!"

he shouted but in a low voice for a few people near him to hear.

When the other disciples close to him noticed the tail, they were too scared to approach him and help.

Now that they didn't want to alarm the creature, they had to walk on the wooden bridge with careful steps.

When he realized his calls were all for naught and no one would come to his aid, the disciple paced anxiously to get as further away from the tail as possible.

But just as he moved, the tail with a hook shot up in the sky. It began to spiral in the air before it aimed itself towards the disciple.

"All of you get down now!"

Zen shouted on top of his lungs. Then, he dashed towards the tail while jumping over the heads of the disciples.

These Souls of Light were powerful. However, they were not strong enough to fight against the monsters that resided on the Other Shore. What was more frightening was the fact that this creature was from the Dark Region. No one but Zen could handle a situation such as this.

When Zen's words rang in the ears of the disciple, he instinctively ducked in time for the tail to miss its target.

But now, Zen had only managed to pass over Elvinia's head. He was still far away from the reach of that disciple. The tail, on the other hand, was much more flexible in its movements than anyone could have imagined.

Although it missed, the tail did not seem to retreat. Instead, it went around the bridge. The disciple who had been lying on the bridge had no space left to go. He was surrounded. The teammates of the disciple watched in horror as the creature from the Dark Region pierced his Soul of Light and moved out of the bridge.

In an attempt to rescue him, Zen jumped up in the air and reached his hand out to grab ahold of the disciple.

But the tail seemed to have eyes of its own and had seen Zen approach it swiftly. Suddenly, it swept right to lead Zen in the wrong direction and bypassed him. With quick movements, the creature shrank into the darkness under the bridge with the disciple still in its grasp.

Desperate shouts of help were heard from the disciple when his Soul of Light was first pierced. His voice was loud in this quiet space and could be heard far and wide. But the moment he disappeared into the darkness, it was as if it had swallowed him as his cries for help left with him. Only the trembling sound of the wooden bridge could be heard as everyone fell into a deep silence. Zen had almost broken the rotten wooden bridge from his jump.

"It must be a monster of the Other Shore..."

"Jabir has been dragged down. I think it killed him!"

"What the hell is that thing?"

The disciples snapped out of their confusion and began to panic all at once.

"The problem is that monster is right below us," Chaim said with a frown while pointing his finger downwards.

The light on the bridge was unable to light up the underneath. Moreover, they knew nothing about the Dark Region, which was why they had no idea how to deal with the monster.

"Hutton, do you know what it is?" Zen asked, looking rather serious.

After all, among them, the Nine Li members were the only ones who knew this place.

Hutton shook his head and replied, "Sorry, I don't know much about the Dark Region. I only have some clues about going through the Grand Sky Temple."

The members of the Nine Li race had never expected to encounter such a crisis.

"There is a possibility that the monster won't come for us, right? Maybe it feels full after devouring one Soul of Light," Sally said, suddenly sounding anxious as she ran her gaze in all directions.

"Sally!" Hutton's face visibly darkened as he yelled at her, "This is not the time to utter such nonsense."

However, Zen walked up to Hutton and calmed him down by placing his hand over his shoulder. He spoke in a solemn voice, "There is no need to get all worked up. What Sally said might be true. I know we are not able to figure out the monster's purpose as yet. But, it is possible that its target is to eat up your Souls of Light."

Zen didn't include himself in the possibility now that he was a physical body. But he did not know the limits of power this creature contained, so he was unsure whether this monster was able to swallow his physical body or not.

"It would be in our favor if it was full after snacking on one Soul of Light. However, I have a strong hunch it won't leave us alone just yet..." Chaim said with low spirits as he hung his head.

Hearing his painfully honest words, everyone felt a cold chill run down their spines. Out of fear, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace prepared for the reappearance of the tail. They all began to release their spiritual sense.

Having no other choice, they began to advance forward. With fearful steps, they set out for their destination once more.

However, this time, their formation differed from that of before. Chaim and the members of the Nine Li race led the group forward while Zen remained in the middle of the troops. With this strategy, Zen could be able to guard them against all attacks, whether from ahead or behind.

As they walked along the wooden bridge, they had covered a long distance without encountering the monster. Their hearts heaved a sigh of relief as they felt like they were out of danger. Maybe, Sally was right. The monster might be full after swallowing one Soul of Light.

Just as everyone relaxed their tensed bodies, they heard many noises from behind!

"Da! Da! Da!"

The noises sounded as if there were hundreds of monsters running under the wooden bridge!

Elvinia, Hutton, and the others froze in place. Their faces turned white as a sheet out of fear, and their Souls of Light trembled unsteadily.

"Da! Da! Da!"

After every passing second, the noises drew closer and closer. It would only be a matter of seconds before the monsters reached their feet. The constant running of the creatures caused the wooden bridge to shake continuously.

It was hard enough for them to fight against a single monster from the Dark Region, let alone dozens or hundreds of them. The group had already lost all their morale and let down their guards in defeat. However, Zen remained calm. He clenched his fists and began to concoct a countermeasure in his mind.

"Da! Da! Da!"

The voice under the bridge was only a few inches away from the group. The monsters were running with frantic movements at a notably fast pace. But they crossed them at the same speed they approached them with.

As he sensed their footsteps fade away in the distance, traces of fear disappeared from Chaim's face as he said, "It seems we are not their target..."

"Exactly. It isn't us, but I think they are running from something far more dangerous. We should get a move on, and we must be fast," Zen said as he pointed towards the behind.

Not too far behind them, a thick red python was covering most of the wooden bridge. It twisted and turned its body to move forward. Sometimes, it would move towards the darkness to camouflage itself, and occasionally it would show up on the bridge. In front of the python were a few monsters. From their appearance, they seemed to be half-human and half-monkey. As the python slithered its way towards them, they galloped wildly to get away from it.

Their tails were exactly the same as the one that pulled the disciple into the darkness. It was apparent that they were the monsters that hid under the bridge.

Splash!

Of course, these human-monkey monsters' movements were remarkably agile, but it was still hard for them to escape the clutches of the python. Every time the red python looked up and clenched its teeth towards them, a human-monkey monster would be swallowed whole into its stomach.

After gobbling up several human-monkey monsters, the red python raised its head to scout its next prey. Its huge tongue slithered out of its mouth when it discovered Zen and the others. "Hiss..."

Without wasting a moment, the red python went around the wooden bridge and crawled forward at an incredibly fast speed.

"Hurry, let's go now!"

At this point, they could all agree on one thing: to run and escape as further away as possible from this creature.

However, the power of the Souls of Light had their limitations. In terms of speed, they couldn't compare with a physical body.

Zen felt anxiety build up in his body as he noticed the Souls of Light would struggle to keep up with him. At this rate, the red python would catch up to them in seconds and devour them one by one.

Under such circumstances, he suddenly thought of a plan and shouted towards them, "Quick! All of you grab onto each other! I will drag all of you with me as I run!"

Chapter 3285 To Cross The Bridge

Zen knew that the Souls of Light weighed almost nothing.

As the width of the bridge could only allow two people walk on it side by side, the people of the Nine Li race and the Oneness Sky Palace had been marching in two rows, moving forward along the bridge.

Now they each grabbed onto whoever was in front of them, so that the whole group was connected.

Zen moved to the front of the line and grabbed the hands of Hutton and Sally.

There was a whooshing sound.

Everyone felt like a vise had gripped them by the arms and pulled them up forcefully. The Souls of Light were lifted into the air.

"Hang on!" Zen shouted.

As they held on tightly to him and to each other, Zen stomped on the ground and increased the power beneath his feet.

Earlier, he had been controlling his steps, trying to tread as lightly as possible, because he feared the bridge would not bear his power. However, as the red python glided by, he realized the bridge was not as fragile as it seemed.

As he stomped down, the wooden planks under Zen started to sink. But the bridge did not break.

Instead, the bridge bent down, then snapped back into place.

Like a tight bowstring, the bridge bounced Zen away. The Souls of Light flew into the air but kept a tight grip on each other, forming a glowing line in the darkness. From a distance, it looked like Zen was flying a kite.

The Souls of Light were disoriented at being tossed into the air. Some of them called out to each other, trying to fight their dizziness. "We're moving so fast!"

"Where are we now?"

"Careful, we might fall into the Dark Region!"

They could feel cool, dry winds sweeping through their souls in the air.

The bridge creaked and groaned as Zen landed on it.

As soon as he found his footing on the bridge, Zen rushed forward again.

The red python seemed to have been caught by surprise at how fast these people were moving. It hissed loudly. The scales on its head crested, like a threatening cockscomb.

The python slithered forward on the cramped bridge, increasing its own speed and gaining on Zen and the others.

In the air, the disciples could see the snake catching up. They felt chills of fear at the terrible sounds made by the red python behind them.

The speed of Zen's movement left the disciples behind him floating in a line that trailed upwards. The disciples at the furthest end of the line were at least fifty feet in the air.

The disciples had fought to keep their grip on each other despite Zen's jarring quickness. Some of them were screaming. Most of them found it difficult to stay calm especially as the red python seemed to be moving even faster than Zen.

"Thad, hurry!" "It's coming closer!"

"It's only a hundred feet away!"

"We're going to get eaten!"

Those words were from the disciples at the end of the line, who realized that they would be the first to get eaten if the red python decided to raise its head and snap its jaws at the line of flying Souls of Light.

Zen didn't bother looking back. He could feel the rhythm of the red python's movement on the bridge and knew that it was about to catch up to him. Unfortunately, Zen couldn't fly on the Other Shore.

He didn't waste energy on speaking. He just focused all his energy on moving forward. He was now running at his maximum possible speed.

However, it wasn't fast enough. He still couldn't shake off the red python.

Each time it raised its head, half of its body rose into the air. Its huge mouth opened to reveal sharp fangs and a forked tongue. The disciples closest to it were terrified.

"Hold on!" Zen shouted.

The disciples gripped each other tightly as Zen swung his arms and flicked the line of souls forward.

The red python had just reared its head. Its open jaws closed on nothing as the Souls of Light were sent flying forward. Zen had flicked the line of souls like a whip.

The python let out a sound that was a mixture of roar and hiss.

It had fully expected to bite down on the souls at the end of the line, and it slithered forward so quickly it looked like a long red blur on the bridge.

"The python is much faster than I am! I can't outrun it much longer,"

Zen thought to himself.

The red python lifted its head and snapped its jaw forward.

It approached Zen and the others like a streak of red lightning.

This time, Zen had no time to save the souls at the end of the line. He tried to flick them forward again, but the python was too fast. In an instant, its jaws had closed around four screaming disciples.

In a panic, most of the remaining disciples lost their grip and fell to the bridge. Chaim shouted as he fell off the edge of the bridge. Fortunately, he managed to grab the railing of the bridge with one hand. Trembling, he pulled himself up.

Everyone stopped and turned to face the red python. Now they had to fight. There was no chance to escape.

The majority of the disciples were so terrified that they stood frozen in place, just gawking at the intimidating red python. Elvinia, Dorothy, and the members of the Nine Li race retreated cautiously, keeping a nervous, watchful eye on the python.

They were frantically considering what they could do to fight against the python. But Souls of Light were no match for the creatures who lived on the Other Shore. Moreover, the python was a creature of the Dark Region. It was too strong for them.

The python roared and opened its jaws to reveal long white fangs.

It began to slither towards them, ready to devour more souls.

The disciples kept backing up instinctively. But they knew in their hearts that the python was about to eat them.

"Stand aside!"

Zen bellowed. Instantly, he turned into a giant version of himself. He was hundreds of feet tall now. Before the python could react, Zen reached down and grabbed it by the head.

Even though Zen had activated the Wild Body, his power was not increased by much. Still, his size made it a fair fight between him and the python.

The red python tried to open its jaws but it was smothered in Zen's grip. It twisted and thrashed, but to no avail. Zen lifted the python into the air and threw it over the side of the bridge.

The snake roared one last time.

The red python fell into the infinite darkness, until they couldn't hear it anymore.

Most of the people in the group, including Chaim, had never seen Zen change into a giant. They had been so focused on the python that they initially failed to recognize that the giant who had saved them was Zen.

They stared at him for several moments, stunned, before coming to their senses.

"Thad's thrown the red python off the bridge!"

"I thought we were doomed!"

"Damn, we lost six more disciples!"

They paused, remembering the six who had been killed by the python. Those who survived were grateful to Zen for saving them. If he had hesitated for even a moment, more of them would have died.

"I don't know how deep the darkness goes. The python comes from the Dark Region, so it may not be killed simply by falling into the darkness. We should cross the bridge as soon as possible," Zen said.

Everyone sobered up at Zen's warning.

The two kinds of creatures they had met in the Dark Region were stronger than they had ever imagined, so it would not be wise to underestimate the place.

Without Zen, even Hutton and his people would have given up already. They were not afraid of taking risks. But they would not court death in the face of impossible odds.

"Let's keep going!"

They resumed walking forward on the bridge, trying to move as quickly as they could.

They kept a sharp lookout for further threats, but it looked like the python might have scared those human-monkey monsters away. They did not show up again. Indeed, compared to the tribulations of the first half, the second half of their journey across the bridge went very smoothly.

After an hour, Zen saw the end of the bridge.

The bridge led to a path on the ground, which was lit by a dim yellow light.

Zen squinted. He saw that the path eventually became forked. There was a hut at the end of each of the three forks. Three lit candles had been placed in front of the huts.

The candle at the furthest hut was too dim to light up the fork.

Chapter 3286 The Strange Road

With the sudden appearance of three mysterious wooden huts in the Dark Region, many great races in the Source World itched to explore them.

While, up to this point, they had different theories as to what the huts hid. Zen and his group stood apprehensively before the huts now.

Everyone held their breath in excitement. Finally, the huts were but a stone's throw away!

However, considering the dangers they had just faced prior to getting here, no one dared approach the huts. Instead, they all looked towards Zen for guidance.

It seemed everything was up to him now.

"Everyone, follow me," Zen ordered as he cautiously stepped off the wooden bridge.

The candles in front of the huts lit the bridge and the forks only.

It meant there was no other way to go but straight towards the wooden huts.

Without hesitating, Zen set foot on the narrow road at the foot of the bridge. Slowly but steadily, he approached the nearest hut.

At first glance, the hut looked quite ordinary. People wouldn't have paid it any heed if it were in any other place, but they were in the Dark Region, a forbidden place.

Zen gently knocked on the door.

Knock, knock.

Unsurprisingly, there was no response.

"This hut seems to be unoccupied," Elvinia said, breaking the silence. "We don't know what creatures are living in the Dark Region."

Chaim nodded. "Open the door," he urged.

If ever there was a creature within, there was no telling they'd be able to understand what it was.

Zen hesitated. But, they had come all this way to find out what was in the huts.

Pressing his hand against the door, he pushed it open.

"Wow!" Sally, who was standing behind them, gasped. "It's so beautiful!"

A light had suddenly burst forth from the doorway once Zen pushed the door open. When their eyes finally adjusted, they were at a loss for words at what lay before them.

Elvinia and Dorothy both dropped their jaws, unable to conceal their awe.

On a massive shelf standing against the wall of the hut were some strange crystals. Each one seemed to emit different colored lights that danced off the wall, creating a stunning effect.

Zen reached out and took one of the crystals, inspecting it closely. To his disappointment, he discovered that it didn't hold any Other Shore Power.

Even though treasures that didn't contain this power were still valuable on the Other Shore, Zen had no interest in them. After all, he was in search for an Other Shore Token.

Meanwhile, Elvinia, Dorothy, and the others eagerly took crystals to study carefully.

"What are these crystals used for? It seems like there's no energy fluctuating within them."

"Doesn't matter. It'd still be good to take some back!"

"I want some, too!"

A number of disciples and the Nine Li people activated their space rings to store some of the crystals.

Zen walked away from the hubbub. He then noticed some white threads hanging from a corner of the wooden hut. They had been knitted into bunches. Upon a closer look, Zen realized what they were.

"Do you know what it is?" No. 9527 asked, as though reading his thoughts.

"The candlewick?" Zen asked in a low voice.

"Yes, those crystals are the unique wax mines in the Dark Region," No. 9527 replied. "This wooden hut is probably used to make candles." Zen noticed a hint of caution in No. 9527's tone, as though it were worried about something.

Zen frowned, puzzled. When he crossed the Sea of Truth, the number of whirlpools in the sea was constantly increasing.

Candles were very precious in the Dark Region. Supposedly, those in the Lust World were brought here from the Desire World. Even No. 9527 didn't expect that they would be made in Stage Thirteen directly.

"So?" Zen urged No. 9527 impatiently.

"Didn't you think it was strange when you left the bridge? There are always demons and monsters lurking in the Dark Region, yet this area is so quiet. It's too abnormal. Maybe the human-monkey monsters and the red python do not dare to approach this area," No. 9527 said. "After all, even creatures of the Dark Region need candles."

Candles had always been rare. It was too bizarrely extravagant for someone to light up the long wooden bridge using the candles. Just how powerful was the owner of these huts?

"So you mean..." Zen knitted his brows.

"Hurry up and leave here," No. 9527 ordered firmly. "It's difficult for even my master to deal with some of the strong creatures in the Dark Region, let alone you."

"Your master is no match for them?" Zen asked incredulously.

In his eyes, the Chaos Ancient Gods were the strongest beings. It shouldn't have been a problem for them to explore the Dark Region.

"No," No. 9527 replied with a trace of regret. "Both the Dark Region and the Other Shore are not subject to the rules of the truth. Some creatures hiding in the Dark Region had mastered the power of the truth before. In their time, they were also called the Chaos Ancient Gods."

Although there was a slim chance those creatures would appear in Stage Thirteen, Zen was worried about the owner of the huts.

If the one who had built these huts returned, Zen would not be able to defeat him or her.

"Put down all those crystals and let's get out of here," Zen barked to the others urgently.

While many crystals were left on the shelf, even Elvinia and Dorothy had pocketed some. They were considerably rare treasures after all, though they didn't contain Other Shore Power.

"Why should I put the crystals back?"

"I don't think anyone will come back to the wooden hut."

"Why are you asking this?"

Everyone protested. Neither the disciples nor the members of the Nine Li race were willing to go. They had been through so much to get here, and since the crystals were the only thing of value inside the hut, they were eager to take some. Otherwise, the journey was for naught.

Seeing how everyone wouldn't budge on the crystals, Zen shook his head in frustration. "Fine. But we have to leave now. Let's go back to the wooden bridge."

Zen was worried about their safety.

He had experienced a lot in his life, so he knew he could take care of himself. But he could only hope to protect the others.

Survival was the only thing that mattered in places like the Dark Region. It wasn't worth it to lose a life over some shiny, new objects.

Despite him not gaining anything new from this journey, he wasn't frustrated. More than anything right now, he just wanted to get out of here before the owner of the three wooden huts came back.

With Zen's strained tone, it finally dawned on the others that danger was heading their way. They quickly followed Zen out of the wooden hut and headed down the road.

The road wasn't long, and they should've reached the foot of the bridge in no time.

However, once they reached the intersection of the three roads, to their surprise, the door to the wooden hut stood before them.

"What happened?" Chaim frowned.

The others looked at each other, confused.

"Keep going!"

Zen also frowned. No. 9527 was right. The creature that dared to make candles here was by no means ordinary.

The group dashed towards the road again under the guidance of Zen. However, just as Zen stepped on the intersection, they somehow kept ending up at the entrance to the wooden hut again and again.

Chapter 3287 Fear

As the disciples and the Nine Li people repeatedly showed up at the entrance to the hut, they felt a surge of panic.

Exchanging anxious glances at each other, they turned to Zen in the hopes that he'd have an answer to this madness.

"Is it a magic array?" Dorothy guessed in a low voice.

Hutton shook his head. "Impossible. If it was a magic array, we would have detected some energy fluctuations."

Souls on the Other Shore usually were much more perceptive of energy fluctuations than if they were in their corporeal bodies. However, no one could sense anything of the sort here.

"Then why can't we leave?" Elvinia demanded.

"Is it possible that this is a magic array designed extremely skillfully in the dark?" Chaim suggested.

Chaim's words made some sense. However, this brought more anxiety than comfort.

The Dark Region was secluded from everything, and seemed to be impervious to light, sound, and energy. Aside from what was lit by the candles, everything else was shrouded in darkness.

If a magic array had truly been arranged in the darkness, they would not have been able to perceive it.

"Let me try again."

Elvinia went down along the road again. But after a dozen or so steps, when she reached the intersection, she found herself in front of the entrance to the hut again.

"We can't get out of here," Elvinia said resignedly.

Zen frowned. Suddenly, the crystals came to mind.

As No. 9527 had said, the candles were precious in the Dark Region. So, it made sense that there would be countermeasures laid out to protect the crystals used to make them.

"Return all the crystals," Zen suddenly said.

Previously, Zen had already asked them to return the crystals. But since everyone protested, Zen decided not to push it.

Now that they were stuck there, it seemed they had changed their minds about the crystals.

After all, getting out of there alive was more important than harboring some crystals of unknown use.

So, they all obeyed Zen this time. They all went back inside the hut and returned the crystals. Once all was returned, they stepped outside the hut once more.

Hutton volunteered this time. He walked along the road till he reached the intersection.

Zen and the others held their breath as they watched him intently. If Hutton showed up at the wooden door again, they'd be doomed.

"I passed it!" Hutton called out, waving his hands excitedly.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief.

"Let's go! We really shouldn't stay here any longer," Zen urged. He still couldn't shake off his worry that the owner of the huts would show up.

The others obeyed without the slightest hesitation. After what they'd just been through, they could tell the owner of the huts was not hospitable. Everyone trudged back to the wooden bridge along the road.

Just as Hutton set foot on the bridge, he immediately sensed something wrong. He hastily jumped backward, accidentally knocking down two people from the Nine Li race.

Hiss!

A massive red snake reared its scaly head, biting off one end of the wooden bridge.

Fortunately, Hutton had acted quickly; if he had jumped a second later, he would have been swallowed.

Previously, this red python had been tossed off the bridge into oblivion by Zen. Although it had fallen pretty far down, it managed to survive.

The whole time the disciples had been stuck in the intersection of three forks, the snake had slowly climbed along the walls of the mountain, hiding in the darkness.

It had waited for Zen and his companions, poised and ready to strike. But much to its surprise, the one it had tried to bite managed to escape certain death.

The others' jaws dropped, frozen in shock at what just happened.

Suddenly, the python started slithering towards them.

In their panic, they stumbled backwards in an attempt to retreat.

In the blink of an eye, the red python had crossed the bridge. It opened its mouth to take a bite out of the two unfortunate Nine Li people who had just been knocked over.

As they were about to be swallowed whole, a black shadow suddenly shot down from the sky.

"Bang!"

Zen landed in front of the two Nine Li people to defend them. After he activated his Wild God Power, his eyes flashed at the massive python that loomed before him.

Zen's body contained hundreds of divine megatons of force, so he could face the beast before him. With a stomp of his foot, the python's open mouth was snapped shut.

"Leave now!" Zen shouted to the two men of the Nine Li race. "I can't hold on much longer!"

When Zen had fought the red python before, he had only managed to throw it off the bridge. In fact, the snake was actually stronger than him.

"Hiss!"

The snake writhed under Zen's foot angrily. How could a mere human trample its head?

It raised its tail and violently whipped at Zen.

Even though the others were at a considerable distance, they felt the force of the snake's tail. Terror spread across their faces as they worried for Zen's fate.

The power contained within it was likely to reach several thousand divine megatons. They would be smashed into pieces by such strong power once they were hit in the Source World, let alone on the Other Shore!

How would Zen possibly survive the force of the python's tail?

Fortunately, Zen was quick-witted. He somersaulted backwards instantly, narrowly avoiding the tail's blow. However, the python too was quick; its tail circled back to whip at Zen.

"Hiss!"

Zen had leapt into the air to dodge the tail. But now, the snake had reacted quickly, and shot its tail towards Zen's body in midair.

Just as he was about to be smashed by the snake's tail, Zen quickly removed the Wild God Power. His huge body instantly shrank, having dodged the tail by a hair's width.

"Puff!"

Zen, who had landed on the ground, immediately ran to the fork leading to the hut.

The red python threw its head back and hissed in fury, its forked tongue dancing ominously. It had been waiting under the bridge for so long, yet it had failed to devour anyone thus far. In its anger, it rushed straight towards Zen and the others.

Zen and the others ran frantically. They had nowhere to hide. Clumsily, they made their way back to the hut.

However, when Zen turned to look back at the red python, something strange happened.

Just as the snake had slithered to the intersection of the three forks, it stopped abruptly.

"Whoosh..."

If Zen wasn't mistaken, there seemed to be a trace of fear hidden in the massive python's narrow eyes. Slowly, the red python backed up slightly.

"The python doesn't dare to come up!"

"It is scared! Haha!"

"A coward!"

Several disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace sneered at the python on the fork when they saw that it had stopped.

After everything they'd been through, they were relieved to see the snake back off.

"The red python dares not come up because it fears the owner of the huts," Chaim cautioned. "But what should we do if it just waits there until the owner of the huts comes back?"

Chapter 3288 Blue Twin Stars

At this point, the only option to exit was this creaky, wooden bridge. However, the python remained at the intersection of forks. There was nothing they could do.

Silence took over the disciples as they heard what Chaim just said.

"What should we do now?" Sally whispered hastily.

"What else can we do? Honestly, I guess it's all just up to fate right now," one of the Nine Li members said, shaking his head anxiously.

To make matters worse, the python was unpredictable. Even if it did disappear, they did not dare to go onto the wooden bridge. Who knew when the python would return? The way back to the temple was so long, and the chances of returning safely were too small.

Standing beside Zen, Dorothy was not as depressed as the others. As long as Zen stood by her, she was unafraid. There was no reason to fear.

"What if I draw it away?" Zen asked the bunch.

Dorothy thought about it quickly and then shook her head in disagreement. "You're no match for this python. Moreover, even if you can lure it away, how far can you go? You couldn't go into the dark, right? Then after it finishes you, it will come back for us. We would die as well."

"I can lead it into the Dark Region," Zen said.

"I know." Dorothy nodded, thinking of the candles in her space ring. She already had a rough idea what was the use of these candles. "But your speed can't compare with the python's, and there are so much more threats in the Dark Region. The result will be the same."

Of course, she didn't want Zen to sacrifice for nothing.

Facing the python, everyone began brainstorming. Some people even tried to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune, but it was just wishful thinking to want to leave here by such an easy way.

"Hoo..."

Just then, the red python began to wriggle. When it opened its mouth, its long tongue made a strange sound.

"You fool! Go back!"

……

……

In desperation, these disciples even tried to use words to drive the python away.

Of course, that idea flopped, and the beast remained motionless on the ground, yet threatening.

The rules and competition in the Dark Region were also cruel, so the residing creatures also had to rack their brains to capture more prey. However, the python had no choice but to wait there, as Zen and his group chose to stay on the spot.

Time went by and there was no progress.

Hutton walked back and forth to think. Meanwhile, Chaim searched for some clues inside and outside the hut, but in the end, he found nothing. He could only move within the range of light, which was too limited for him to even go around.

An hour later, Zen felt a violent vibration under his feet.

"Dong!"

The vibration spread out like a wave, resounding in the Dark Region.

Neither Zen nor the Souls of Light could feel the energy fluctuating in the dark, so once they felt the vibration, they knew it must have been going on for a while.

Even the red python resting on the ground raised its head in curiosity. Its eyes were filled with vigilance.

Just then, it instinctively hid. After crawling for a while on the ground, it went towards the darkness under the wooden bridge.

"What on earth caused the vibration? Look, even the python seems a little rattled!"

"Is it possible that there is an even stronger being approaching?"

"There can't be anything more terrifying than the python. This can't be!"

Just as they discussed, a loud bang came again, and this time, it was followed by a more outrageous, violent vibration.

In the same moment, it was as if a huge monster waved across the bridge. When it passed through, the crowd vaguely recognized a shadow: a fluffy giant hand.

"Oh my God!"

"What's that?"

"I'm doomed..."

The python was already so frightening to them. At the looks of it and considering the vibration, this creature was probably a thousand times larger than the red python. Everyone's hearts were slowly sinking.

When the huge red hand flew to the bottom of the wooden bridge, it completely disappeared in the darkness.

About six seconds later, Zen and the others felt the soles of their feet begin to quake. Afterwards, they saw the giant hand emerging from the darkness. It reached out and grabbed something like a bug.

No, it was the red python!

Compared with the enormous hand, it looked just like a tiny little centipede.

The giant hand brought the python into the darkness, as two blue lights flashed. With that, everyone saw a huge face. It was a huge ape face.

"It's the Blue Twin Stars in the Dark Region!"

"So, the Blue Twin Stars are... They are... seem to be... The eyes of a giant ape?"

"Such a terrible beast has been at the Stage Thirteen all this time!?"

Everyone was aware that the Dark Region was some sort of massive, dark energy that remained out of reach. Once being swallowed by it, there would be no possibility of returning.

Oddly enough, some strange lights would flash in the Dark Region once in a while.

And when the candles of the three huts were lit up, countless creatures in the Source World were immediately drawn to the light.

While, the most famous part of the Dark Region was always the majestic Blue Twin Stars.

The Blue Twin Stars appeared in various places. Sometimes, they would approach the entrance to the Stage Thirteen. Other times, they would be at the middle or at the end. But it was known that the Blue Twin Stars would only appear in the southern Dark Region; never the northern one.

Every time the Blue Twin Stars appeared, there would be a violent shock, which was known as the Other Shore Earthquake.

Because of that, almost every race took the Blue Twin Stars as the sign of an earthquake. The sign worked every time, making the wise warriors in those powerful races feel confused.

Now the answer was unveiled.

In this distance, they could finally see what was behind the Blue Twin Stars very clearly.

Those were not stars. They were the eyes of a huge ape!

The ape's body was too huge, which was why there was a dramatic quake every time it moved.

This mystery had lasted for thousands of year.

Zen believed he still had a little chance to resist the red python. However, he knew that he was no match for the huge ape.

The once arrogant python was sent into the ape's mouth and chewed.

Because of the darkness between them, they could hardly hear the chewing sound. However, the picture the python was chewed into pieces frightened them to the core.

Some of them began to regret.

If they had known this was going to happen, they wouldn't have joined the exploration in the first place. This was no place for ordinary beings.

Chapter 3289 A Three-eyed Boy

After swallowing the red python, the huge ape closed its eyes.

That was the last they saw of it as its face naturally blended into the darkness and disappeared.

None of them knew what happened in the Dark Region. Was this huge ape perhaps reaching out its hand to them? Or was it actually preparing to smash them all into bits?

Dorothy grabbed Zen's hand in fear while Elvinia continued to look around nervously.

Suddenly, the giant, hairy hand appeared in front of them again! This time, it was curled up like a fist.

Its sudden appearance stressed out everyone present. Some warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Nine Li race even trembled in fear.

Zen himself felt the domineering pressure that emanated from this giant fist.

To their surprise, however, the giant fist did not slam down to smash their fragile souls. Instead, it slowly descended, like it was dragging something in its hold.

They watched the fist unfurl and reveal to them a boy.

He looked like any other eight-year-old human boy, save for one unique feature.

A third eye, right in the middle of his forehead.

Zen couldn't help but stare.

The little boy was injured. Zen could see that both his shoulders were broken and the left side of his face was bleeding. However, he didn't seem to be in any pain.

"I was fighting with those black monkeys when I found that I caught the fish. You're such a bummer!" the three-eyed boy whined, stomping his foot and shaking his head.

"Fish?"

Zen's and Chaim's hearts both trembled in fear.

The light from the three huts had felt like a trap.

It was just so convenient: a shining road, a stable-looking bridge, and three lit huts.

There were times when clarity was only granted after experiencing a disaster. This situation right now seemed to be a fair example. None of them really knew anything about the Dark Region, after all.

"Excuse me. What do you mean by fish?" Hutton asked, respectfully cupping his hands to the boy.

A powerful ape was under this three-eyed boy's control which meant that he wasn't anyone that should be trifled with. Hutton knew he had to be careful of what he said.

"I mean you guys," the three-eyed boy answered.

He then suddenly sprang up from the huge palm and sniffed the air.

"You're all weak."

"Too weak..."

The three-eyed boy meant what he said. These Souls of Light were terribly weak. Even the ants of the Dark Region were a hundred times stronger than them!

As he sniffed, his eyes caught Zen and a strange expression flashed on his young face. "Huh? At least there's a body here. I don't know how you entered the Other Shore. But since you're here, just stay. The others can just go to hell."

The way this three-eyed boy casually sentenced death upon these Souls of Light stumped everyone present.

All of them took a step back, their breath surging from this threat.

They knew there was no way they could defeat this formidable opponent but that didn't mean they were going to give up that easily. Hutton and his group once again showed the shadow with three heads and six arms, Elvinia's soul burned with golden flames, and Dorothy's Necklace of Mystic Soul emanated power in waves.

"Swish!"

"Splash!"

"Whoosh!"

Their joint attack was formidable.

Nobody in Stage Thirteen would dare confront this attack head-on, save for Zen's body.

However, it was still too weak against this formidable opponent. Without even lifting a finger, the three-eyed boy summoned a ray of light out of his third eye, forming a green hoop that began to circle the Souls of Light. Then their theurgies that had stimulated the powerful force disappeared.

As the group's attack was blocked, Zen took this chance to rush towards the boy.

Zen's attempt made the boy sneer. He tilted his head as if inviting him to come closer.

Just as Zen was an arm's length away, the boy suddenly reached out and grabbed his right hand. With minimal movement, he flipped Zen over and smashed him onto the ground!

"Bang!"

Previously invincible Zen found himself powerless against this three-eyed boy.

After tossing his assailant into the ground, the boy once again released a ray of green light from his third eye. "Puff, puff, puff, puff..."

This light pierced through all the warriors' chests, forming a gruesome string of souls.

Pierced by this strange light, the warriors found themselves no longer in control of their souls and could only stare at the three-eyed boy in shock.

Only Elvinia's Soul of Light was left behind.

"Your soul fire is useful, so you can stay," the boy told her. "The rest will go to hell now."

However, before the boy could exterminate everyone, Zen found the strength to shout. "Stop!"

The boy pouted, his eyes full of malice as he looked at Zen. "Do you actually think you're qualified to stop me?"

As soon as he said that, the green light on his third eye flashed and a soul of the Nine Li race began to get sucked in.

"Tod!"

"Tod!"

This grisly sight of their member dying caused great pain and sadness to Hutton, Sally, and the others. Unfortunately, they had no means to resist.

"Since Elvinia and I are fish, we must be useful to you! We'll do whatever you ask, just don't kill them!" Zen cried out, eager to negotiate with the boy.

"To kill them or not to kill them, the choice is all mine to make, not yours. At the end of the day, you will still have to serve me," the boy said with a shrug as another person's Soul of Light shrank and was sucked into the green light.

"You kill one more person and Elvinia and I will kill ourselves rather than serve you," Zen demanded, meeting eyes with Dorothy who stood not far away.

Dorothy stared blankly at Zen. His words touched her heart.

One more soul and it would be her turn to get sucked into the green light. Dorothy didn't really feel any fear in dying but she still appreciated his gesture. "Zen..."

Elvinia didn't really want to give up her life but she couldn't refute Thad's words. Hearing what Dorothy called him though stunned her.

"Zen?"

Elvinia repeated, staring at Thad with suspicion.

The three-eyed boy did not care for these Souls of Light which was why he was making quick work of exterminating all of them. That elaborate trap he had set up took a lot of time along with waiting for actual victims to show up. Now that he managed to fish up Zen and Elvinia, there was no way he was willing to let go of them. He had no way of knowing when the next group of creatures would break into the Grand Sky Temple and he might have to wait for another long while. Most importantly, Zen's body was extremely rare and valuable.

It was at that moment that the three-eyed boy finally hesitated.

Chapter 3290 Hint

The three-eyed boy hesitated for barely a second, but Zen caught it immediately.

'He poured all efforts into arranging the three huts and this wooden bridge—clearly, he didn't want to get nothing.'

"If you let them go, Elvinia and I will work for you! No complaints! I promise they won't dare tell anyone what they've seen here." Zen looked at the boy in earnest, showing his sincerity.

To that, Dorothy stared at Zen blankly.

She had stayed by Zen's side for a long time on the Other Shore. He had always managed to get rid of the obstacles before him and marched forward as an invincible soldier. But when he did meet someone he knew he couldn't defeat, he chose to sacrifice himself to make a feasible compromise. It was something that never would've even occurred to Dorothy.

The three-eyed boy gave it a thought for a moment before sneering. "I don't care if they tell anyone else. So long as you two stay!"

With that, the eye on his forehead closed shut, making the green light that strung the Souls of Light together disappear. Everyone was then released from the hold of manipulation.

"Get out of here!" He pointed toward the wooden bridge.

With him and the giant ape there, no other creatures of the Dark Region dared to approach the wooden bridge. It was a safe route for them to return to the Grand Sky Temple.

"Dorothy," Zen suddenly started, "I'm afraid it will be difficult for you to meet Elvinia…your best friend… again."

This statement had Elvinia feeling confused. Dorothy was by no means her best friend. She had no clue as to what Zen was planning.

But Dorothy, clever as she was, understood the situation immediately. She turned around and gave Elvinia a hug. "Elvinia, my dear, I'm sorry that you must stay behind. If you get the chance to leave someday, I swear we will meet again!"

As she spoke lovingly, she grabbed Elvinia's right hand and entwined it with hers behind the latter's back. Simultaneously, Dorothy activated her space ring.

Elvinia could tell that both Zen and Dorothy were implying a course of action through their words. When she felt Dorothy activating her space ring, she activated hers as well, assuming that perhaps Dorothy was going to hand her something.

When the Sumeru Spaces collided with each other, Dorothy stuffed the candles into Elvinia's space ring.

It was done in a mere blink of an eye. Dorothy then turned around and put on a pained expression. Covering her face, she followed her companions as the warriors rushed onto the bridge and began their return journey to the temple.

Dorothy's little act was so flawless that the three-eyed boy suspected nothing.

Not wanting to waste any more time on these Souls of Light, he turned to Zen and Elvinia. "Follow me!"

The two didn't dare show any signs of disobedience. They followed behind him quietly up along the fork.

The boy glanced at the first hut and said, "You've already been in this one. Do you know how to use the stuff inside?"

"Seems to be some kind of ore," Zen responded thoughtfully.

Zen's judgment satisfied the three-eyed boy. He then nodded and reached out, a candle appearing in his hand. With a flick of his finger, the candle was lit with a green flame.

"In the Dark Region, these candles are in high demand," he explained calmly. "The ores are called Burning Crystal—they are the candle's main ingredient. Your task is to make these candles in there."

This strange task stunned Elvinia, but Zen showed no sign of surprise.

Since No. 9527 told him of the materials' origin, he already had a good idea of what the boy was going to have them do. "You're very strong—strong enough that making these candles would be a mundane task for you," Zen remarked. "Why did you go to such lengths to lure people here from Stage Thirteen?"

If he wasn't satisfied with the Souls of Light this time around, would he have killed them all?

"The Dark Region is not as simple as you think. I still have to deal with the black monkeys… Besides, we can't stay in the light for too long." Something like yearning flashed across the boy's eyes as he spoke.

While he was, indeed, very strong, so were the rest of the creatures that filled the Dark Region.

But being strong had a price—they were trapped in the darkness forever.

Many places of the Other Shore were filled with light, but it was something they could only long for in the dark.

While they could obtain light from the candles, this was a short-lived pleasure. Even with a mild candle, bathing themselves in light for too long could be fatal.

Then, the boy led the two to the largest and tallest hut.

"Whoosh!"

With a light breath, he blew out the flame of the candle in his hand.

The third hut's light wasn't connected to the other two. Without candlelight, Zen and Elvinia had no way to escape.

"Crack!"

As the boy waved his hand, the door swung open on its own. "You two have to figure out how to make the candles yourselves. Make sure they're ready before I return or I'll make sure you regret it."

The boy believed he was being kind enough. Previously, he never would've let the Souls of Light go. But if they didn't prove to be capable of honest work, he had many means at his disposal to make their lives a living hell.

On that note, he turned around, jumped away and into the darkness. Once he fell into the candlelight again, he landed on the giant ape's hand firmly.

"Buzz! Buzz!"

Two spots of blue light appeared in the darkness again.

"Boom... Boom... Boom..."

The giant ape's heavy steps had the entire Dark Region shaking, as well as the wooden bridge and even the Grand Sky Temple.

"He's gone!" Now filled with excitement, Dorothy started, "I… I want to go back!"

But Chaim shook his head firmly. "Dorothy, quit daydreaming. Our survival is already a great blessing. Even Thad would scold you for being stupid enough to return to that place!"

They couldn't quite perceive what special restriction was arranged by the powerful boy in the Dark Region. Going back there meant courting death.

"But..." She was still filled with reluctance.

"Fate will bless Thad. If anyone can get through this, it would be him," Hutton reassured her.

While the Nine Li people failed to gain much from their journey to the Grand Sky Temple, they had obtained something else—the strong man with a physical body just so happened to be of their royal bloodline.

At this point, everyone was concerned about Zen's life. They knew they had to report this to the race elders the moment they returned to the Source World.

Still gathered outside the temple were many Souls of Light. They had no chance of entering the temple, let alone knowing what had happened in the Dark Region. Instead, they pointed to the Blue Twin Stars and discussed amongst themselves.

Chapter 3291 Boiling

When the three-eyed boy left them be, Elvinia turned to Zen with a grim expression.

A thought struck her about the man's real identity.

Some moments earlier, in the face of death, Dorothy had called out Zen's name, which was bewildering.

When appearing on the Other Shore with his physical body, Zen assumed a different name, changing his voice along with it. This made it impossible for anyone to recognize him.

But after hearing how Dorothy called after him, Elvinia noticed something — studying 'Thad' in front of her, she couldn't help but compare him to Zen's image in her mind. Their silhouettes seemed to be almost identical.

While she now bore many great doubts in her mind, she didn't feel it right to voice them out just yet.

Standing at the door, she asked, "Now what do we do?"

Zen merely shrugged and pointed inside. "What else is there to do? We just have to do as he ordered."

"But Dorothy…" As she spoke, Elvinia raised her hand.

As Zen realized that Elvinia was about to activate her space ring, something in his expression changed.

He couldn't tell if the three-eyed boy was still hiding in the darkness around him. It would be bad for them if Elvinia exposed what she had in her space ring.

"What did Dorothy say to you?" Zen asked abruptly, cutting off her attempt to reveal the candles.

She frowned but understood that he meant to keep the candles concealed. Well aware that she wasn't a good liar, Elvinia just pouted and said stiffly, "Nothing."

"Let's go inside and have a look," Zen said before entering the hut.

It was much wider than the other two below. The shelves on either side were filled with colorful Burning Crystals, while several narrow vessels of various lengths were placed on the shelves that faced the door.

Behind the vessels were a few white, cotton threads, used as candle wicks.

Seeing all the mundane resources in the hut, Elvinia felt the onset of a headache.

Did she really need to do such menial work as candle-making?

In the Phoenix Palace, it was common to see Glint Pearls as large as a house. The ingenious craftsmen would carve the pearls into various shapes, dotting the palace corners.

There, candles, used only by mortals, were such a rare matter.

"Are we really going to make candles for him?" Elvinia asked, sounding reluctant.

"If you don't want to die, you'd better just do what he said," Zen replied.

She blinked in confusion. "But the candle he lit can light up the surrounding space in the Dark Region. If we manage to make some, won't we be able to run away with them?"

The third hut was separated from the road by pure darkness. Without the help of candlelight, they had no way of escaping it.

Zen found Elvinia's naive assumption rather amusing. He pointed to the door and said, "Why go through so much trouble? There's a candle right there. You can try it yourself."

And so Elvinia did as he suggested.

Leaping to grab the candle that sat on the door, she tried to pull it out.

But the moment she reached for it, the candle turned into a phantom.

Elvinia could still see the light and feel the heat emanating from it, but she couldn't touch it at all.

"Even a fool would know we will try escaping with the candles. The three-eyed boy isn't stupid enough to leave us here without making sure we couldn't leave on our own," he explained with a shrug. "I'm afraid that even if we succeed in making a good number of candles, we won't be able to light them up."

He had pinned his hopes on the candles that he had obtained from the bottom of the Sea of Truth. But before he could figure out how to light them up and where to escape, he first had to make the boy's candles.

Although he wasn't completely sure of the exact candle-making process, he knew he could figure it out using the materials in the hut.

The mortals in his inner world had tried every means possible to obtain fire since the very beginning of their civilization.

The first candles they created were made of animal fat and beeswax.

But there were no such materials in the hut. Zen knew from both No. 9527 and the three-eyed boy that there, Burning Crystals were the main candle-making ingredient.

He figured the first step to their task was melting and boiling the crystals.

With that point in mind, he walked up to the shelves and grabbed several Burning Crystals with both hands and turned to a corner of the hut.

There was a large pot in the corner, right beside a box of green powder.

What was interesting was that Zen could sense Other Shore Power in neither the pot nor the powder.

Everything on the Other Shore supposedly contained a certain amount of Other Shore Power, including every grain of sand on the ground. Since matters within the hut did not contain such power, Zen figured they were collected from the Dark Region. As he examined the substances, Zen grew more interested in the Dark Region.

Zen threw all the crystals into the pot with a loud, clanging sound.

Then, he picked up the box to pour some green powder evenly over the crystals. "It's your turn now," he said to Elvinia.

"What should I do?" She asked, confused.

"The three-eyed boy left you here because you can use soul fire. He might've already tried to kill you, otherwise," Zen explained. "The crystals need to be melted and boiled by your soul fire — that is your role here."

Silently, she nodded and got to work.

With a flick of her right hand, a golden whip rolled out from her sleeve.

The golden whip was created by her divine flames. Under her control, it turned into a light-yellow flame that burned under the large pot.

From the side, Zen observed the process. The Burning Crystals didn't show signs of melting anytime soon, but when the green powder was heated, it integrated quickly into the Burning Crystals. Zen's brows shot up — he thought it would take more time for the crystals to start melting.

While he was deep in thought, Elvinia suddenly broke the silence. "My soul fire is not very powerful."

The sudden shift in topic was unexpected, but Zen smiled and said, "Well, your soul fire is powerful enough on the Other Shore. Even Efrain's soul fire is far less powerful than yours."

"I know someone with flames much more powerful than mine. If she employs her preternatural fire on the Other Shore, I bet it would have power much greater than the divine flames of the Sun Crow race," Elvinia explained calmly.

"Really? Is there someone in the Source World with flames more powerful than yours?" Zen was doubtful about it — the divine flame of the Sun Crow race was the most powerful flame he had ever witnessed in the entire Source World.

"Of course, there is," Elvinia laughed. "My disciple's preternatural fire is both unique and miraculous. When my mother activated it with her secret skill, the fire nearly burned up the entire Phoenix Palace. It's incredibly powerful. My disciple suffered from her own fire's counterattack and almost..."

As Zen listened to Elvinia's words, he stared intently at the Burning Crystals in the pot. They gradually showed signs of melting.

But his brow shot up at the mention of Elvinia's disciple.

'Elvinia is still so young herself.

When on earth did she accept a disciple?' he wondered to himself.

But on second thought, he recalled once hearing Laquisha, Lavender, and Nelly addressing her as 'Little Master' during his visit to the Phoenix Palace.

'A disciple who possesses powerful flame… isn't she talking about Laquisha?' he was taken aback by the sudden revelation.

Chapter 3292 The Legendary Fire Crow

Laquisha's preternatural fire had always been considered to be one of the mysteries in the divine land.

In the early days, even Samuel didn't know about why it existed.

Since Laquisha left the divine land, her cultivation base had improved greatly. She was able to hone her preternatural fire even if she did not know where it came from.

It soon dawned on Zen just how serious things were. "The counterattack of the fire?" he asked with his heart beating rapidly in his chest. "What happened to her?"

Elvinia heard the anxiety in Zen's voice. She was actually skeptical about Zen's identity, and his reaction confirmed her guess. "This has nothing to do with you, right?" she replied with a cold smile.

"Tell me! What happened to her?" Zen clenched his fist and stepped closer. His aura grew boldly.

He left the girls with Elvinia because he thought that the Phoenix Palace was a safe place as it was the core of the whole Oneness Sky Palace.

He didn't expect anything bad to happen. Now he was worried.

Zen's reaction surprised Elvinia. He was standing directly in front of her with the veins of his neck bulging in anger. Elvinia summoned a golden whip and charged it at Zen's face.

Zen snickered. The divine flames of the Sun Crow race had already failed to harm his physical body while he was in the Source World. It was much less of a threat to him right then.

He reached for the divine flames and broke the golden whip into pieces. With the other hand, he grabbed Elvinia by the collar and shouted, "Tell me!"

"She...she's fine!" Elvinia stammered. "Why are you so angry?" she added with a trembling voice.

A huge wave of relief swept over Zen. For a moment, he was calm. And then he quickly realized Elvinia's real purpose. It was obvious that she was testing him.

Elvinia calmed down and sneered. "You are indeed a disciple of our Oneness Sky Palace, Thad. Or should I call you Zen?"

Zen's eyes widened. His identity was finally revealed. He could no longer deceive Elvinia. What she had just said meant she'd been suspicious of him for a while. Zen sighed. "Is Laquisha really okay?" he asked once more.

"My mother helped her. How could she not be fine? Once her bloodline is activated, her strength will greatly increase. She has such a great talent; it would be a great pity if she wasted it by staying by your side all the time," remarked Elvinia.

"Her bloodline?" Zen's brows furrowed.

There was no doubt that Laquisha was Samuel's biological child. Although the bloodline of the Han Clan was certainly not bad in the divine land, it was nothing special in the Source World.

According to Elvinia, Laquisha seemed to have a rare bloodline.

"She has the Fire Crow bloodline. Her fire is called the 'Sprite Fire'," Elvinia explained. "The Fire Crow is a legendary bird with a crane-like body, a single leg, and a white beak. It's a kind of firebird. Its presence means that a fire-related disaster will occur. The fire that took place in the Phoenix Palace has proved this legend."

"Fire disasters?"

Zen recalled Laquisha mentioning this in the past. When she was a child, she was unable to control her preternatural fire. She would cause a fire from time to time. The Han clan had to arrange a private palace for her.

Elvinia's words coincided with that story.

But why and how did Laquisha acquire such blood line?

Even if the Han Clan had any kind of blood inheritance, it could only be related to the Nine Li race. Zen could not understand how the Fire Crow could have anything to do with their bloodline.

"You haven't been honest with me. I've been so good to my three disciples."

Elvinia gazed coldly at Zen as she continuously produced divine flames of the Sun Crow race to heat the pot.

She was able to bond with Laquisha and the other girls previously. While they did not disclose their origins, they did talk about their relationships with Zen.

Dorothy hated Elvinia, especially after Zen had saved her from the Other Shore.

At that time, Elvinia wasn't able to figure out Zen's identity. She was in awe of him. If she didn't figure it out this time, he would have pretended to be someone else for much longer.

Elvinia knew that she wasn't regarded as much by Zen. She hated the feeling as any woman would.

Zen gave a wry smile and said, "The fact that my corporeal body can enter the Other Shore can't be known by many people."

Elvinia became silent. She went on letting out the divine flames and was lost in thought.

The flames hissed.

Once the green powder was inside the Burning Crystals and under high temperature, it turned into fine green threads. These threads spread in all directions like blood vessels and erupted almost silently. The Burning Crystals cracked.

Then, these Burning Crystals all became rice-sized crystals. The pot was eventually filled with clear colorful "rice". Zen could even smell a calming scent of flowers.

"It looks gorgeous," Elvinia commented.

She did not stop heating the pot. Eventually, the rice-sized crystals melted and turned into a translucent thick liquid. Finally, it was almost done.

Zen suddenly remembered something he had to do. He swiftly turned and walked towards the other side of the wooden hut. He pulled down the white cotton threads hanging on the wall, twisted them into wicks and put them into vessels of various lengths.

Then he picked up the big pot and poured the liquid into the vessels.

Zen carefully and calmly did his task as if it wasn't his first time to do such work.

If Elvinia hadn't been stuck with Zen, she would have thought that Zen had been working here for a long time. He had the perfect skills, after all.

"I figured out the method through the few items in this hut. Once the wax solidifies, then it's done," Zen explained.

"Can we try to light up the candles we made?" Elvinia asked.

"Let's try." Zen nodded.

In no time, the wax was already dried up and densely packed together, turning into white candles.

Elvinia pointed at a candle, and a golden flame rushed towards it. However, no matter how many times the flame got in contact with the wick, the candle wouldn't light up.

"There must be a specific way," Zen said nonchalantly as though he had already expected the result.

Elvinia sighed. "So how can we leave?" she asked in a hesitating voice.

Zen rubbed his chin to think. "Maybe if we could finish the task in advance, the three-eyed boy would let us go," he said.

No matter what they had to do, he couldn't let her take out the candles in her space ring within a short time. He didn't even bring up this option.

After comforting Elvinia, he put more Burning Crystals in the big pot and spread the green powder on them. She continued to heat them up.

Then he held the vessels in his hand and pulled out the embedded candles one by one.

They continued to work in harmony for at least ten hours. Soon after, they had more than forty candles.

After using up all the Burning Crystals, Zen and Elvinia finally had the time to rest. They leaned on a wall of the wooden house, and rested as they waited for the three-eyed boy to return.

Chapter 3293 Stealthy Communication

The mysterious black was deep and all around, blocking all eyes from seeing anything. Nothing but loneliness was left in the Dark Region.

Previously, the other disciples had been there with them, but even then, they had found it hard to resist this lonely and gloomy feeling. Now that Zen and Elvinia were left alone, the uncomfortable feeling overwhelmed them even further.

The huts had seemed mysterious and fascinating when they had seen them from the Other Shore. But once they were inside them, they knew they were nothing but candle workshops. This disappointing fact added to their depression, especially after they found that their freedom had been taken from them.

"The other disciples will return to the Oneness Sky Palace and report our situation to my mother... She is going to be so worried..." Elvinia murmured, staring at the flickering candlelight that was casting ghostly shadows around them.

"You are right, but her worries won't take us out of here," Zen remarked, shaking his head and heaving a sigh.

They had no way of leaving the Other Shore. The Illusion Breaking Rune had been rendered useless, and they couldn't be forcibly woken up by friends in the outside world, either.

And no matter how powerful Flamine was, she couldn't descend from the upper stages of the Other Shore to come to their rescue. In fact, even Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin couldn't find a way to help them at this point.

The Other Shore was a special type of place. Most of the time, it could be considered safer than most other places in the Source World. Almost all kinds of predicaments could be faced using the Illusion Breaking Rune only. However, if someone were unable to get out, then the Other Shore would become the most dangerous place.

"What if the three-eyed boy refuses to let us go?" Elvinia asked.

"Right now, I don't know," Zen replied briefly with a shrug.

If they continued with this topic, it was highly likely that Elvinia would mention the candles hidden in her space ring. Therefore, Zen decisively stopped the conversation.

They waited in front of the hut for another two hours.

Suddenly, the Blue Twin Stars emerged in the dark sky above them, and the ground beneath them began to shake.

"The giant ape is back now..." Zen muttered, his eyes flashing into alertness.

The first time they had seen the three-eyed boy, he and the giant ape had appeared together.

Going by that, the giant ape's return could be considered a sign of the three-eyed boy's return. Still, Zen was worried that the three-eyed boy would merely hide himself in the darkness around them, choosing to observe them without being noticed.

Several loud thuds resounded in the darkness as the ground continued to shake.

Before long, the sound ceased abruptly somewhere close to the hut.

A giant hairy hand stretched out from the darkness and spread at the door of the hut.

Then, the three-eyed boy stepped down from the giant ape's palm. He had been bloodstained all over his body when they had seen him before. But now, he was injured even more severely. One side of his face was scraped very badly, and his arm was covered with several lacerations. Numerous small, black bugs were wriggling and biting the flesh within his wounds.

"These black bugs..." Zen mumbled.

Despite the extraordinary experiences and insights he had, Zen felt an inexplicable sense of fear in his heart when he saw the black bugs, as if they were the nemesis of the physical form of all creatures.

The three-eyed boy got down in front of the hut and stretched out his hand. The candle that was burning in front of the door flew into his hand, which he circled around his arm, shining the light at the black bugs on his wounds.

Some sizzling sounds could be heard when the light fell on the bugs.

The black bugs seemed deathly afraid of the candle. They had been greedily biting the three-eyed boy's arm, but when the candle-light fell on them, they crazily writhed in pain. Very soon, they dropped down dead. The boy waved his arm slightly and shook the remaining corpses to the ground.

As if noticing the careful gaze Zen was casting at him, the three-eyed boy explained flatly, "These Black Helmet Bugs are not afraid of fire. They fear only light..."

All the creatures in the Dark Region were afraid of light, including the three-eyed boy himself.

However, some of them were powerful enough to endure the candle light for quite a long while, while others would quickly succumb to the light.

In front of their very eyes, the Black Armor Bugs' corpses on the ground were very soon neutralized by the candle light and they vanished into thin air.

The strange thing was that the corpses of the Black Helmet Bugs emanated a faint black light before they completely dissipated. Zen noticed the phenomenon and wondered, 'Does everything in the Dark Region conflict with the substances of the outside world?'

While Zen was still focused on observing and thinking, the three-eyed boy spoke up, "Show me the fruits of your effort. If you can't prove your value, it will be pointless for me to keep you here."

"So will you let us go?" Elvinia asked in surprise.

Zen sighed to himself and thought, 'Elvinia is so naive.'

The three-eyed boy merely sneered in reply and walked into the hut. As soon as he entered, his eyes fell on the candles placed in the corner. Zen had collected the candles he and Elvinia had made and placed them together. The vessels had also been returned to their original position.

The three-eyed boy glanced at the candles for a while before he reached out and grabbed one in his hand. He then nodded with a satisfied expression on his face. "Your first candles are good enough. I will spare your lives so you may work for me," he said.

Hearing his comments, Zen finally heaved a sigh of relief.

The three-eyed boy then fetched more Burning Crystals from another hut below. He placed them at the center of the third hut. Together, the crystals made a big pile on the floor. After giving them a few more orders, the boy jumped onto the giant ape's palm and left in a hurry.

The ground shook severely as the boy and the ape galloped away.

Zen and Elvinia watched them until their figures vanished into the darkness.

Very soon, the place returned to silence.

"He seems in quite a hurry, doesn't he?" Elvinia said.

"You are right. His injuries are getting worse each time, and he stayed here for a much shorter period this time," Zen nodded.

Since the creatures of the Dark Region couldn't survive long in the light, it meant that the three-eyed boy would have to pay a certain price if he wanted to stay in the candle light for any period of time, especially if that period was long. This was an obvious assumption.

The more serious the boy's injuries grew, the more trouble he would have staying in the light, which was why he had to come and go in a hurry each time.

Zen pondered over his assumptions as he threw a few Burning Crystals into the pot. After he had poured some green powder over them, he asked Elvinia to release her divine flames to melt the crystals.

While Elvinia was releasing the divine flames, she suddenly asked, "We can't light up these candles. I am wondering how the three-eyed boy lights them up."

Zen shook his head and replied, "I don't know, but I have a feeling these candles we made are unfinished. I think that he conceals the last stage from us."

Zen was wondering why Elvinia had suddenly raised such a question when she waved at him and said, "I believe there are at least three candles that we can light up. What do you think?"

Three was the exact number of candles Dorothy had handed over to her secretly. Elvinia had attempted to inquire about them, but had been interrupted by Zen every time. She understood that he wanted to conceal them from the three-eyed boy, and therefore, decided to ask about them cleverly.

Zen instantly understood the undertone of her words and replied, "Yes, I suppose so. We may give it a shot after the work is done. But there's no hurry for now. In any case, the three-eyed boy doesn't seem that bad. Maybe he'll let us go at the right time after we make enough candles for him."

"I agree," Elvinia nodded.

She was smart enough to get Zen's real meaning: the three candles from Dorothy could be lit up, but right now wasn't the time. They would light up the candles and escape only when the time was ripe.

Some distance away in the Dark Region, the three-eyed boy was sitting in the giant ape's palm and healing himself.

Beside him, a round black curtain was floating in the air gracefully. If creatures from outside the Dark Region looked into this curtain, they would see nothing. The curtain would just be that for them; a curtain. However, through this black curtain, the three-eye boy could see every movement of Zen and Elvinia, as well as hear their conversation.

"Let you go? Huh, in your dreams!" The three-eyed boy sneered and waved his hand. The round black curtain disappeared immediately.

The Burning Crystal mine had been taken over by the black monkeys. They were very strong creatures, and successfully plundering the Burning Crystals from them was no small achievement. The three-eyed boy had recently obtained a large amount of those Burning Crystals, but the price was that he had suffered a lot of injuries.

Fortunately, his candle workshop had already been on. The drudges he had found — a human male and a female — were quite efficient, therefore, he had decided on working hard to plunder more crystals now.

Chapter 3294 Wounded

Every single time the three-eyed boy returned, he would carry along with him some Burning Crystals.

If there happened to be too many Burning Crystals, he would stuff them into the huts below. But if there were not many Burning Crystals, he would toss them directly to Zen.

At the beginning, the three-eyed boy was indifferent to Zen and Elvinia. But eventually, after they got to see each other more often, he grew more comfortable and friendly with them.

Once, the three-eyed boy even brought back a small mountain of Burning Crystals and took out a small black toad. As the toad was revealed to light, its body began to emit traces of black light.

He handed this toad to Elvinia as a gift.

With a nasty glimpse at the dark strange creature, Elvinia, of course, was in no way going to accept this.

Just then, the three-eyed boy directly threw the toad to her. The moment it came into contact with her, it seeped into her soul. Then, Elvinia felt that her soul force began to surge. It turned out that the black toad was actually more effective than soul crystal itself.

Elvinia was in shock. The three-eyed boy scoffed coldly and walked away.

Meanwhile, Zen continued to study the properties of the Dark Region.

Every time the mission of making candles was completed, Zen squatted outside the hut and sat at the junction of candle light and darkness, trying to understand the properties of the Dark Region.

He took down some pieces of wood from the corner of the hut, carefully placing them in and out of the darkness.

For some reason, the wood sticks remained unchanged.

In addition to this experiment, Zen also poked candles into the darkness. Still, when he took them back, the candles didn't alter in any way.

"It should be because of the energy!" he gasped.

Like candles, the wood sticks from the hut didn't possess any energy fluctuation. The materials that didn't contain energy fluctuation or the Other Shore Power could freely go in and out of the Dark Region.

Sands, stones, the Souls of Light, and corporeal bodies on the Other Shore all contained some level of energy. If these things fell into the Dark Region, something would definitely occur to them.

"Elvinia!" Zen called out, excited.

Elvinia walked over with an unwilling expression on her face, but she still took out an Other Shore Token from her space ring.

Zen's corporeal body could not carry the Sumeru Space, so he could only study with Elvinia's things.

The Other Shore Token Elvinia took out was an ancient sword, which was said to have been found and retrieved from Stage Twelve.

With great caution, Zen held the ancient sword in his hand and slipped its tip into the darkness.

He had no clue what was occurring in the darkness, but he definitely felt the energy fluctuations from it. When Zen pulled the sword back, the sword tip was missing, as if it had been trimmed off by the darkness.

At the sight of this, the faces of Elvinia and Zen changed dramatically.

They remembered that when they crossed the wooden bridge behind the Grand Sky Temple, many disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace fell into the darkness.

Although they knew what happened to them—death, they never thought that the Dark Region was so cruel to living beings in the light.

Zen stared at the front end of the ancient sword and thought for a while. Then he suddenly thrust the sword into the darkness and struck the ground.

Before the sword disappeared completely, Zen began to press it down as he pried some type of substance from the ground into the light.

It was only black soil, but under the candlelight, it melted like the snow in summertime as it released its energy.

"The light and darkness are as incompatible as fire and water...

In theory, if we enter the Dark Region, we would just meet our own deaths. In the same way, the creatures in the Dark Region, like the three-eyed boy, the red python and the human-monkey monsters, should then die once exposed to the light of the candle." Zen was tremendously dumbfounded. "But they didn't. What keeps them unharmed by candlelight? And can we use such things too?"

As long as he was free, Zen would spare no time to do anything else except study.

However, Elvinia was not very interested in such things. All she could do was to support him in any way that she could.

In fact, Elvinia wanted to chat with him about the Phoenix Palace and her three disciples. But whenever she asked Zen where he came from, the man responded with silence. She eventually learned to just let go of the topic for good.

However, the more Zen refused to tell her, the more curious she became. She had made up her mind that if she could survive this time, she would have to interrogate the three disciples when she returned to the Phoenix Palace.

The three-eyed boy already knew that Zen and Elvinia were trying their best to escape, but he never attempted to stop them.

Because they were confined to the small hut, their resources proved to be limited and were simply not enough to allow them to enter the Dark Region. In some sense, the Dark Region held them like prisoners.

"This is for you!"

When the three-eyed boy returned this time, he threw a handful of green fruits right towards Zen.

Without hesitation, Zen took the fruits, and stuffed them into his mouth, as if he was famished.

Not long after he swallowed them, he felt like his internal organs began to burn within him. The fruits that grew from the Dark Region continuously released energy, and the energy had directly turned into Zen's physical strength.

Zen's physical strength increased very slowly, but surely. Compared to the Other Shore Power that came from the Other Shore Token, his physical strength was meager.

However, with the help of the fruits, his strength increased rapidly which took him by surprise.

Looking at Zen's surprised expression, the three-eyed boy was a bit proud. He said, "Work hard here, and you will benefit in the future."

Although the three-eyed boy seemed to have ice in his veins, he was quite generous to them. There were great treasures everywhere in the Dark Region, all of great value.

Days passed and they were almost weary.

There was no difference in day and night on the Other Shore. But Zen thought ahead, and he made sure to keep an accurate record of it from the very beginning.

He and Elvinia had been in the candle workshop for three months, and they had made about a thousand candles.

In desperation, Elvinia repeatedly hinted towards Zen that after the three-eyed boy and the giant ape had left, they would just light candles and escape.

However, Zen had been a bit hesitant about this idea. If the three-eyed boy had been monitoring them or had set traps in the surroundings, they would be in trouble.

There was only one chance for them to escape, and Zen must remain extremely cautious to ever succeed.

It was the first week of the fourth month, and

Zen and Elvinia were hard at work to make wax.

Just then, they began to feel the ground shake. With a quick glance at each other, they wondered why the boy had returned so soon.

As they approached the door, they were met once again with the huge hairy hand stretching out from the darkness. Dark red blood began falling from it, like a red rain. Because the blood belonged to the Dark Region, it released energy and quickly disappeared when the light from the candle met with it.

"Whose blood is it?" Zen frowned slightly.

"Bang!"

The giant ape's hand unfurled after landing on the ground, and Zen and Elvinia let out a large gasp. The three-eyed boy was lying in the palm of its hand, drenched in goopy blood. His skin was bitten by probably numerous monsters. Zen and Elvinia had no idea whether he was dead or alive at this point.

Chapter 3295 A Strange Black-and-White Tree

The Blue Twin Stars floating in the darkness continued its descent. Then, the giant face of the ape appeared in the candlelight.

Seeing the face of the ape up close, Elvinia felt a little scared. She took a few steps back and hid behind Zen.

"Don't be afraid." Zen reassured her.

The ape's face slowly came near Zen. Afterwards, a huge gap appeared in it as it opened its mouth to speak. The voice that came out of it was a bit muffled.

"Save... Him!"

The words of the giant ape were quite unclear. It seemed like it wasn't used to speaking the language of humans. However, Zen and Elvinia heard it clearly.

"You want us to save him?" Zen looked a bit hesitant.

He only had limited treatment methods on the Other Shore. Furthermore, the three-eyed boy was from the Dark Region. Basically, his structure was very different from theirs.

"Swoosh... Swoosh..."

The giant ape covered the top of the hut with its enormous hands. It did a pressing-down motion meaning that it would crush the hut down. At the same time, its mouth opened and said, "If he dies, you'll die too!"

If it did crush the hut with its hands, Elvinia and Zen would absolutely die. They wouldn't have any chance to escape.

Zen had no other choice now but to save the three-eyed boy.

"How will we be able to save him?" Elvinia asked in despair.

Zen carried plenty of soul pills, soul crystal, and even some special soul treasures inside his space ring. Unfortunately, these secret treasures could only save the Souls of Light, not the flesh body from the Dark Region. Besides, his space ring wasn't with him.

"I can give it a shot," Zen replied but he wasn't entirely confident.

Even though his body was unable to use Shade Stone on the Other Shore, it could still activate the cinnabar field. Thus, he might still be able to utilize the power of the Other Shore Tokens.

The same thing could also be applied to the Godly Ways.

Despite the fact that it sounded crazy to use a Godly Way to treat the creatures from the Dark Region, Zen had run out of options.

The huge ape did not seem smart but there was no doubt that it would do what it said. Simply put, if they managed to save the three-eyed boy's life, they would live. But if he died, they would die as well.

Zen squatted down, getting close to have a careful examination on the three-eyed boy.

The boy's eyes were closed as he was lying motionless on the ground.

Zen stretched out his hand and pressed his fingers against the boy's neck. As his skin came into contact with the boy's skin, he immediately felt a burning sensation.

"Sizz..."

Zen's fingers were burned black. Meanwhile, the three-eyed boy's neck was also marked with black fingerprints.

No matter what, the energy of the Dark Region would always melt that of the light.

Zen already predicted that kind of reaction.

However, this was truly troublesome. It complicated things even more.

The energy of the Life Godly Way would work completely against that of the Dark Region. There was only a faint possibility that they would be able to save him.

At that point, the only thing Zen could do was release the internal momentum from his cinnabar field.

A strong aura of life emanated from the Life Godly Way. This green aura swiftly curled into a wisp. As Zen gently pointed at the three-eyed boy with his finger, it swept towards him.

"Sizz, sizz..."

The green aura was able to heal the wounds of humans quickly and effectively.

When it touched the body of three-eyed boy, however, it corroded his body instantaneously. It left black earthworm-like scars on his body.

As he saw what happened, Zen stopped at once.

"What's going on? What happened?" Elvinia asked in a serious and worried tone.

"He is from the Dark Region. All of our treatments are like fatal poison to him," Zen replied.

"Hoo, hoo..."

The giant ape that hovered above the hut also saw what happened. Its huge eyes displayed a hint of sadness. It obviously had a deep relationship with the three-eyed boy. Now, it realized that there was a high chance the three-eyed boy would die. Naturally, this caused distress to it.

"Crack..."

"Sizz, sizz..."

A teardrop with the size of a huge wooden barrel fell from the giant ape's huge eye.

This teardrop also belonged in the Dark Region. It quickly dissipated as it passed through the candlelight. Meanwhile, it continuously released energy.

Witnessing this, Zen's heart skipped a beat.

Suddenly, he stood up and gestured at the giant ape. He asked loudly, "Why... are you not hurt even when you're in the candlelight?"

Ordinary articles of the Dark Region would be immediately destroyed in the candlelight.

However, the creatures of the Dark Region that Zen had ever met were not quite scared of the candlelight. The truth behind this must be simple enough. Maybe it was just very easy to resist the candlelight in the Dark Region. Otherwise, the mere act of making candles would be courting death.

"Hoo?" The giant ape looked confused.

Zen thought for a moment and then jumped up and pulled a long hair out of the giant ape's hairy hand. After that, he threw the hair into darkness and pulled it back from it. At the same time, he asked, "Why... are you not afraid of the light?"

The giant ape stared back at Zen and appeared in thought for a long time. All of a sudden, it made a sound coming from its throat and showed an expression of understanding. The enormous face and pair of equally enormous hands hastily left the candlelight and dove into the darkness.

"Boom, Boom, Boom..." Its footsteps thundered loudly away from them.

Watching the giant ape leave at such a brisk pace, Elvinia asked, "Do you think it really understood what you said?" She seemed concerned.

"Hmm. Maybe..." Zen answered. He was unsure of it either.

Elvinia gazed at the three-eyed boy lying on the ground. And then she faced Zen and said, "Let's run away now. In any case, that giant ape looks stupid. It won't be back in such a short time. Now that this boy has fainted, it is our chance to escape!"

Zen's face displayed a hint of uncertainty as he gazed at the face of the three-eyed boy.

It was true that now might be the best time to escape. In addition to that, he didn't have a deep relationship with the three-eyed boy.

Nevertheless, it was still difficult for Zen not to save him. Moreover, he was already getting along with him for the past days.

Anyway, the most crucial thing for Zen right now was to determine how the creatures in the Dark Region were able to survive in the candlelight. He wondered whether it would be possible for him to come and go in the Dark Region whenever he wanted.

After pondering for a while, Zen told Elvinia, "The wooden bridge is very long. The giant ape might be returning already before we can pass through the bridge. We will still be caught by it."

Elvinia searched Zen's face and looked at him with a conflicted expression on her eyes.

There were actually a lot of opportunities for escape they could have seized these past few months. But, Elvinia noticed that Zen was reluctant to leave.

In any event, Zen could have escaped from the area of the hut as long as he lit candles. He could just run along the wooden bridge to leave here.

She was aware of what Zen was thinking. Despite that, she didn't say anything.

For some unknown reason, she was not in a hurry to leave as well. Even if she was scared most of the time within the candlelight, she felt secured and calm somehow. She wasn't too anxious to run away.

But it didn't matter if she wanted to leave now or not. The opportunity had already slipped through their fingers.

Merely three minutes later, the giant ape had returned swiftly with its footsteps still causing the ground to tremble.

Clatter!

Without warning, the giant ape inserted a large tree into the area shone by the candlelight.

They estimated the height of the tree to be about ten feet. It had a normal shape but its colors were very peculiar.

They noticed that the branches, leaves and fruits on the left side were jet black while those on the right side were snow-white. It was unbelievable that a tree produced leaves and fruits with two completely different colors.

"Eat, not afraid of..." the ape said as it gestured towards the black fruit and touched it with its fingertip. "Light..."

Chapter 3296 Treat The Boy

Zen gave the strange black-and-white tree an astonished look.

This plant in front of him was incredibly strange and new, something he had never seen before.

The giant ape's words were vague but he heard them clearly. He was now certain that his speculations were completely right.

There was indeed something here in the Dark Region that could make those creatures immune to candlelight, something not that rare that even the red python and human-monkey monsters could get.

The two kinds of fruits of this tree right in front of him!

Zen pointed at a white fruit. "What about that one?"

The giant ape also pointed at the fruit. "Eat... Not afraid of darkness..."

This white fruit was useless to the creatures of the Dark Region since they were born in the darkness, but it was a different story for those that came from outside the region.

Elvinia and Zen looked at each other, exchanging a hopeful realization between them.

If they ate this white fruit, would it perhaps be possible for them to walk freely in the darkness?

The giant ape continued to point to the fruit. "You... Eat it."

It had been inspired by Zen.

Zen was not a living creature in the Dark Region so the internal momentum of his Life Godly Way had the ability to hurt the three-eyed boy. However, what if Zen merged with the Dark Region?

It was with this curious thought that the ape found the tree, uprooted it, and carried it all the way back to the young man.

"Whatever..."

Zen shrugged. He had already eaten a lot of strange foods so he had no problem taking a bite out of this white fruit.

He grabbed one off the tree and casually put the entire thing in his mouth.

As soon as he swallowed, Zen felt a soft energy spread from his stomach to his entire body.

It was powerful and it didn't stop, even going as far as seeping into his cinnabar field.

As he let this strange energy flow through him, Zen began to notice a few changes.

The Dark Region had previously been dark. The only light in this place came from the candles and the giant ape's eyes. However, upon eating the fruit, Zen found himself slowly being able to make out the shapes of things around him.

He saw the blurry shadows of the mountains, various trees, and paths - Zen could now see the Dark Region!

"How is it?" Elvinia asked.

"I..."

Zen walked to the edge, gently stretching his hand forward.

He was a bit nervous, especially when his fingers reached the border. He hesitated for a few moments, debating whether or not he should insert his hand into the darkness.

Knowing that he would never really know the result unless he tried, Zen willed himself to cross the border and into the Dark Region. As soon as he did, he felt the gentle energy thrum underneath his fingertips and resisting the darkness.

"It works!" Zen exclaimed happily.

The white fruit had changed his body, allowing him to walk in the Dark Region.

He knew it was far too early to celebrate though. They still needed to deal with the matter regarding the three-eyed boy.

Since he now had the ability, Zen figured that he should use the Life Godly Way in order to save the boy.

"Buzz..."

A ray of green light spiraled out of Zen's body, casting an energetic aura around him.

"Rain of life..."

The green light coalesced above the three-eyed boy and formed a sort of fluffy green cloud. The internal momentum then turned into raindrops that fell on the boy's body.

Zen's internal momentum of the Godly Way no longer came into conflict with the three-eyed boy. Instead, it began to heal his wounds.

Unfortunately, Zen found out that the power of the Godly Way remained too weak.

It could work for those at the Other Shore Realm and hadn't yet reached the Chaotic Source Realm since their bodies were roughly on the same level as the True Gods, though the power they could use was hundreds of times stronger than the one used by the True Gods.

Reaching the Chaotic Source Realm meant great improvements to a warrior's body.

This three-eyed boy was a creature of the Dark Region and never experienced the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. Zen, however, couldn't resist the strength he released, which meant his body was at least comparable to that of those at the Chaotic Source Realm.

Using the internal momentum of the Life Godly Way to heal a warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm was like using ordinary medical herbs on a warrior's critical injuries. It could work, but it would take an extremely long time.

Two hours had passed...

Four hours had passed...

Six hours had passed...

Luckily for Zen, his inner world was extremely mature and he felt no signs of exhaustion despite constantly extracting internal momentum for a prolonged period of time.

After seven hours, some small wounds on the three-eyed boy's body began to heal.

After eight hours, black smoke began to rise from the surface of the boy's body as his body and the candlelight began to reject one another.

"The protection time of the black fruit has expired," Zen said.

Nonetheless, he did not panic. He reached out and took another black fruit from the tree and force-fed it to the boy.

The black smoke instantly disappeared.

Ten hours passed...

Twelve hours passed...

Green raindrops continued to fall down onto the three-eyed boy's body but some black spots appeared.

"Woo..."

The giant ape groaned, reminding Zen to eat another one of the white fruits.

Zen had already begun to feel the fruit's effects starting to fade but he wanted to know just how long it could last.

It seemed that it could last for fourteen hours at most.

After picking another white fruit from the tree and consuming it, Zen continued to unleash his Life Godly Way. His green life rain now practically soaked the three-eyed boy at this point.

One day passed...

Two days passed...

Three days passed...

Slowly, but surely, the boy's body recovered. Most of his torn flesh had been repaired at this point, though he remained in a comatose state.

Meanwhile, the giant ape guarded the hut like a strong guardian.

In the Grand Sky Temple, many people stood and stared idly in the distance.

They could see the three huts, the Blue Twin Stars, but none of them could tell what had possibly occurred.

Dorothy's Soul of Light manifested on a hillside, looking at the distance as she murmured a prayer.

"I know that you are lucky and will be blessed to overcome any misfortune, so..."

Before she finished her words, her Soul of Light dissipated and she retreated from the Other Shore.

Her consciousness had returned to the second floor of Zen's house in the Flow Sword Sect, located in the Oneness Mountain of the Oneness Sky Palace, in the Bloom Divine Province of the Source World.

She sat straight up in front of Zen and gazed at his handsome face.

He looked troubled and Dorothy couldn't help but wonder if he met with some kind of trouble.

She stretched her hand and rubbed the wrinkles between his brows. "So... You will wake up!"

Outside the door, Letitia sat all gloomy and worried. She had been sitting there for days, silent and brooding.

Margaret wasn't as quiet, knocking on the door constantly and shouting at Dorothy to get out.

Dorothy's guards could only glare at Margaret's insolence. Insulting the princess was a grave offense and if it wasn't for Dorothy's orders, they would've taken away this madwoman long ago.

Trish and Carrie were busy serving. They had no idea what was happening but they knew Zen was in danger. To say they were worried about Zen was an understatement.

Chapter 3297 Suspicion

One week later, the three-eyed boy's wounds almost healed. He was still constantly infiltrated with the internal momentum of the Life Godly Way.

Since the giant ape had been with Zen and Elvinia over the past several days, it had developed quite a bit of trust in them. Now, it would sometimes leave the three-eyed boy alone with them.

Just now, it had left the hut and was picking up some rare herbs from the Dark Region.

It was true that it didn't know much about medicine making, but being a long-time resident of the Dark Region, it had a fairly good idea of what effect those herbs had.

After returning to the hut, the ape gave the herbs to Zen and tried to inform him of their effect. Zen had finally developed a rough understanding of its words and understood what it was trying to say. He processed the juice of the herbs and fed it to the three-eyed boy.

Ten days later, either due to those herbs, or the Life Godly Way, the three-eyed boy finally opened his eyes.

Shaking his head to remove any grogginess, he got up from the ground and looked around vigilantly. He then remarked in surprise, "I'm fine?"

Before falling unconscious, he had thought that he was doomed.

"Hmm."

The ape grunted in response, shaking its huge head with a joyful smile on its face.

The three-eyed boy stared at the giant ape and asked, "You brought me back and cured me?"

"Woo?"

The honest ape shook its head at once.

It was true that it had brought the three-eyed boy back from the mine. Some time ago, the three-eyed boy had broken into the area of the Burning Crystal mine, but had been surrounded by several black monkeys. This was not the first time he had dealt with them, so he had not taken them seriously at first.

However, this time, hundreds of black monkeys had rushed out in full force. The three-eyed boy did not realize that he was outmatched until it was too late.

He had only gotten through the siege by spending the last ounce of his strength.

Although he had managed to finally rush out of the mine, the black monkeys had chased closely after him, biting his flesh and draining his blood all the way. In the end, he just wasn't able to resist anymore. He had fallen to the ground in the pool of blood. At that critical moment, the giant ape had stretched out its hand and taken him away fast.

However, the ape believed that it was Zen who had saved the three-eyed boy's life.

It pointed at Zen with its big finger and said, "He... Saved... You... "

The three-eyed boy had been living with the giant ape for a long time now, so he could clearly understand every word it said. When he heard that Zen was his savior, his face was full of doubt.

It was impossible for Zen to save him due to his physical conditions.

Then his eyes swept around, and he saw several large trees inserted around the hut. When he saw the black-and-white trees all around him, his eyes flashed with surprise.

Zen and Elvinia didn't belong to the Dark Region. All their medicines and efforts would prove to be lethal toxins for him.

But with those trees around the hut, things were different.

"You ate the Darkness Fruit?" The three-eyed boy asked as he stared at Zen.

Zen hesitated for a moment before he nodded, "Yes."

The three-eyed boy sneered coldly and continued, "You ate the Darkness Fruit, which means that you had several chances of escaping the Dark Region over the past several days. Why didn't you go away? Why did you stay to save my life?"

After eating the Darkness Fruit, Zen would be able to completely adapt to the environment of the Dark Region and leave the range of the candlelight.

Once they crossed the wooden bridge and left the Dark Region, even the giant ape would have been unable to do anything to them.

But they hadn't escaped. Instead, they had stayed there to save him. In the heart of the three-eyed boy, something was going on. Why would someone sacrifice their own freedom?

"Answer me!"

The three-eyed boy roared as the eye on his forehead opened. A ray of green light flashed out and shot towards Zen.

The green light could not only penetrate Zen's body, but also his very soul.

"Puff!"

As the green light penetrated into his chest, Zen was pulled up into the air.

"Woo..."

The huge ape let out a puzzled cry. It had never thought that the three-eyed boy would attack Zen after he woke up.

"Stop it! How can you do this?! He saved your life!" Elvinia stood up and cried at the three-eyed boy.

Over the past several days, Zen had spent a lot of energy in trying to save the three-eyed boy. Although he had only expedited the internal momentum, he had done so day and night without a break. But even after that, when the three-eyed boy had woken up, he was returning the kindness with ingratitude!

The three-eyed boy ignored Elvinia and stared at Zen with his eyes fixed on him. He wanted an answer; he needed an answer!

Zen's expression didn't change much. He could easily endure the pain of being pierced. He calmly asked in response, "Have you always been alone in the Dark Region?"

The three-eyed boy didn't know why Zen was asking this question. He replied coldly, "So what?"

"You don't have any friends... or family?" Zen asked again.

"Friend? Family?"

These two words were completely new to the three-eyed boy.

The only creature he could consider as his friend in the Dark Region might be this giant ape. When it came to a friend of the same race, or a member of his family, he indeed did not have one.

Some people said that the fights in the Source World and on the Other Shore had been long and cruel. But compared to those in the Dark Region, they had been nothing at all.

In the Dark Region, there had never been any sort of friendship. All the races had been engaged in endless battle ever since they were born. Only a few lucky creatures who had survived countless bloody fights could find a way out and be summoned by the organization.

Over the past years, the three-eyed boy had climbed up one step after another. If even a single mistake had found its way into the past ten million steps he had taken, he would have been dead.

After going through such a long and cruel experience, he had lost the ability to trust anyone.

To him, Zen and Elvinia should have been ungrateful and angry since they were locked up by him.

But even then, at the time of his death, they hadn't run away. Instead, they had saved him. There must be a plot!

"I wanted to explore the Dark Region not only to obtain the Other Shore Tokens, but also to satisfy my curiosity about it," Zen explained. "In the beginning, we did plan to run away. In fact, we were well prepared for that. But I have a feeling you aren't that bad. You're definitely worth making friends with. I naturally chose to save you."

Worth making friends with?

The three-eyed boy's face changed when he heard Zen's words. Some deep and small part of his heart was touched by this sentence.

'If this guy really thinks so, something must be wrong with his brain, ' the three-eyed boy thought.

But somehow, he didn't hate this kind of thinking.

His originally stiff and cold face softened a little. The third eye on his forehead blinked softly, and the green light disappeared. Freed of the flash, Zen fell down to the ground with a thump.

The three-eyed boy then took some white fruits from the black-and-white trees and handed them to Zen. "As long as you are willing to help me make more candles, I am willing to give you more freedom," he promised.

These Darkness Fruits would enable Zen to walk freely in the Dark Region.

Chapter 3298 Black Monkeys

While the three-eyed boy was asleep, Zen had managed to hide several Darkness Fruits.

He hadn't expected the boy to give them to him on his own prerogative.

"Aren't you worried about us running away?" Zen asked, staring at the boy.

Surprisingly, the latter smiled coldly. "If you wanted to escape, you should have left by now. I think you're right. Somehow, the resources in the Dark Region attract you. We can work together."

"As friends?" Zen asked with a friendly smile.

The boy glared at him viciously in response before walking down to the hut below.

Because of his serious injuries, he couldn't keep all the Burning Crystals he had robbed from the black monkeys. The hut below was the only place with some reserve.

Making the candles remained the most important task at hand, after all.

After taking all the Burning Crystals to the top hut, the three-eye boy turned and stared at Zen and Elvinia. "You said that you wanted the Other Shore Token?"

The two glanced at each other questioningly.

In the time they spent there, the Dark Region had shown itself to be much more powerful than they could have ever imagined.

While they surely yearned for Other Shore Tokens of the Dark Region, those were things unreachable.

Even Elvinia, who was normally proud and arrogant, realized how great of a chance it was.

The Other Shore Token she had was also highly precious. Although there was a chance for it to grow, she was willing to change it into something from the Dark Region.

"Of course, who wouldn't want it?" Zen replied matter-of-factly.

"Your energy and that of the Dark Region repel each other," explained the boy. "I'm afraid it will be difficult for you to fuse with the Other Shore Token here."

Indeed, Zen had ignored the fact. He scratched his head in embarrassment.

Over the past ten days, he had been constantly observing the phenomenon of repulsion.

The Other Shore Tokens of the Dark Region weren't to be integrated with the creatures outside the Dark Region.

Noticing Zen's expression, the boy continued, "It is indeed very difficult to fuse the tokens, but it's not entirely impossible."

At that, Zen's eyes lit up. "Do you have something in mind?"

"There's one way I can think of…but it isn't the right time. I can help you when that time comes."

"What do you mean by 'the right time?'" Zen asked, confused.

"Once you finish the candles," responded the boy, revealing a rather stiff smile as he gently patted Zen on the shoulder.

Zen could feel his shoulder blade threaten to break into pieces from that gentle pat—the three-eyed boy was undeniably powerful.

Once he disappeared into the darkness again, Elvinia chimed it, "He didn't leave with any warning this time. It seems he isn't afraid of us running away."

"The Darkness Fruit is much more convenient than the candles. He was willing to leave them to me, which means he allowed us to come and go freely," Zen said.

"Then… How about we leave now?" She suggested hesitantly.

Throwing the Burning Crystals into the pot, Zen merely smiled at her. "Let's get to work!"

In acceptance, Elvinia said no more. Instead, she concentrated on melting the crystals.

Previously, Elvinia was worried about being trapped in that place for the rest of her life—she felt the urgency of heading back to the Phoenix Palace any chance she got. But knowing that she could leave at will provided some comfort. In fact, she thought that perhaps staying within the range of the candlelight wasn't such a bad thing—she was free from the endless fights that plagued the world outside.

Taking a Darkness Fruit, Zen walked into the Dark Region.

After having tested it out before, this time, he didn't feel as nervous going into the dark.

Despite what it was, the Dark Region didn't seem to put Zen down.

The energy scattered in the area was no longer repelling Zen after he took a Darkness Fruit.

The dark world shone brightly in Zen's eyes.

The road extending to the huts turned out to be a hillside that led to a cliff. Zen couldn't tell how high up it was, but every time the giant ape arrived, it walked below the cliff.

For a while, Zen walked along the front of the hillside until he hit a dead-end. The path before him had been completely obstructed by shrubs.

"So the huts are in an isolated location…the boy chose the safest area," Zen muttered.

Although he was deeply curious, he figured he shouldn't wander deeper into the Dark Region—it was his first time exploring on his own, after all. He couldn't leave Elvinia alone in the hut for too long.

But just as he turned around to head back, he heard something squeak from nearby.

In the Dark Region, sound fluctuations were also kinds of energy. No one, including Zen, had been able to catch such a sound before. Having immersed himself in the Dark Region completely, Zen could finally hear it clear as crystal.

Squinting into the dark, Zen spotted over a dozen human-monkey monsters jumping up and down, rushing straight at him.

Such bad luck, Zen thought, frowning at the sight of them.

Without a second of hesitation, Zen turned back and rushed to the peak of the hillside.

Even the red python didn't dare go within range of the huts, let alone the human-monkey monsters.

Whoosh!

The human-monkey monsters were, of course, far more familiar with the terrain than Zen was.

They were carefree as they bounced and rolled, rapidly closing the distance between Zen and themselves with great flexibility.

Squeak!

One of the human-monkey monsters started squeaking loudly as it jumped onto Zen's head, trying to stab his head with its hooked tail.

But Zen was not as weak as the Souls of Light the human-monkey monsters had attacked before.

While he might not have been able to resist a red python's attacks, Zen had no trouble dealing the human-monkey monsters behind him.

Bowing his head slightly, Zen extended his hands as fast as lightning, twisting the human-monkey monster's tail. There was a sudden wave before the monster could only scream and hit another one.

"Bang!"

Two human-monkey monsters were knocked straight to the ground as the rest moved in to surround Zen.

He climbed up the slope, as the human-monkey monsters continued coming after him. He simply pulled one up to throw it at the others. Some fell right into the mountain stream.

In almost no time, Zen arrived at the peak of the hillside.

About a hundred feet away from the huts, he settled his pace and calmed down.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

More and more human-monkey monsters were gathering under the hillside—their numbers going up into the hundreds. But none of them was climbing the hillside. Instead, they sat in rows as though they were welcoming something with respect.

Curious, Zen stayed in his spot to watch.

From a distance, the jungle was in a state of turmoil. A road appeared in the middle where many ten-foot-tall monkeys emerged.

Even from where he stood, Zen could tell that the tall, strong monkeys were all completely black.

Chapter 3299 The Bridge Was Broken

"Black... monkeys."

Zen raised his eyebrows in slight curiosity.

Though the three-eyed boy rarely spoke to them, Zen recalled him mentioning that these black monkeys were the creatures responsible for guarding the Burning Crystals.

Since the three-eyed boy was almost killed by them, Zen figured they were strong.

But what were they doing here? A bad feeling began to churn in Zen's stomach.

Chatter! Chatter! Chatter...

As these black monkeys showed up one after another, the human-monkey monsters' voices grew louder. The atmosphere around them was tense.

Just then, this group of monkeys slowly walked towards the hillside.

Zen bowed his body on the hillside and motioned backward. Soon enough, he was within range of the candlelight and made his way towards the little hut.

"Bang!"

Elvinia was so focused on making the wax that she hadn't noticed Zen's footsteps outside the hut.

Having made so many candles, she grew to become more and more skilled. She was even able to discover the best temperature to make wax.

The sound rang for another time, which finally got her attention. She looked up from her spot and was surprised to see Zen rushing in like a vanguard.

Zen never rushed this way. He was always calm and collected.

"What's wrong?" Elvinia asked lightly.

Although the human-monkey monsters beneath the hillside were extraordinarily noisy, Elvinia couldn't hear their voices as sounds could not pass through the darkness.

Without hesitation, Zen handed a Darkness Fruit to her. "Eat it!" he urged.

Elvinia stared at him and furrowed her brows in confusion, "Why? What happened?"

"We don't have time to talk. We need to leave right now or we'll die!" Zen replied hastily.

Looking at Zen's serious look, Elvinia didn't hesitate and swallowed the Darkness Fruit in one gulp.

The Light Fruits and Darkness Fruits had very special features. The moment Elvinia swallowed the Darkness Fruit, traces of black clouds spread from her purple soul. In the blink of an eye, the clouds spread throughout her entire soul.

Zen grabbed her wrist. "Let's go!"

The two rushed out.

"But those Burning Crystals..."

Elvinia couldn't help but look back at the wax she had to stop working on, but there were other things to worry about now. They had no time to care about those Burning Crystals.

The two sped out of the hut within seconds.

But just as they left the hut, the human-monkey monsters and black monkeys had already climbed up the hill.

"Chatter, chatter, chatter?"

"Chatter!"

"Chatter! Chatter..."

Some of those human-monkey monsters saw the two run out of the hut, so they immediately let out a scream to warn the others.

"Whoosh!"

One of the black monkeys spotted them and instantly rushed towards the two.

As Elvinia saw the shadow that was heading for them, she couldn't help but shout at Zen, "What in the world is that?!"

Of course, Zen was too preoccupied to process any of her questions.

He'd mentally prepared for this exact situation, so the adrenaline in his body erupted without any hesitation.

"Bang!"

Under the strong impact, a crater appeared in the open space in front of the hut. Zen, like an arrow from the string, shot towards the wooden bridge, holding Elvinia's hand as tight as he could.

With only one step forward, Zen got on the wooden bridge.

This move was so unexpected that neither the black monkeys nor the human-monkey monsters had time to react.

The black monkey that came at them stopped in its tracks. At first, it was confused, its eyes wide and blinking dramatically. But after a few seconds, it let out a sly grin and turned towards its companions. It raised its right thumb up in the air and slowly dragged it horizontally across its neck.

The other monkeys grew excited and began to jump and groan rowdily.

"Chatter! Chatter! Chatter..."

They dashed towards the wooden bridge, screaming in excitement.

The black monkeys were extremely agile, and climbed the bridge at high speed. But Zen, he was fast, too.

Zen pushed his strength as much as he could after he arrived at the wooden bridge.

Taking Elvinia, he shot both of them forward five hundred feet, one thousand feet, three thousand feet on the bridge. In the blink of an eye, they had run away. The black monkeys could see merely black dots moving.

"Chatter, chatter, chatter?"

"Chatter!"

The creatures were dismayed by Zen's capabilities. How could he do this?

Coming to their senses, they decided to go back to the end of the bridge after discussing with each other. They knew they couldn't catch the two even if they tried.

This wooden bridge was made by the three-eyed boy to lure creatures outside of the Dark Region from the Grand Sky Temple. The wooden bridge was very steady, and it was reinforced with an magic array.

It was not easy for the human-monkey monsters, pythons and even Zen to break the bridge with their strength—but the black monkeys could.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

On one side of the hill, several black monkeys alternated punching the area where the bridge met the hill.

After several punches, cracks began to appear across it. As the cracks grew larger, the entire bridge began to creak and shake.

"Crack!"

With a loud bang, a section of the wooden bridge fixed on the hill finally broke off, sliding towards the ravine below.

Zen had no time to care about what was happening behind him. All he thought about was moving forward and never looking back.

"Zen... Zen!"

Elvinia called out from behind.

"Not now!" Zen snapped in a stern voice.

Elvinia puckered her lips. If there was one thing she hated the most, it was being told to shut up.

She was going to warn him of the bridge, but decided it was best to just keep quiet and let Zen continue on.

The bridge had no piers. It was like a line that connected the Grand Sky Temple to the hill.

Because the part that connected with the hill collapsed, the entire bridge began to slope downward rapidly.

After a few seconds, Zen felt the bridge under his feet begin to quake and tilt. Just as he was wondering, the entire bridge grew steeper and steeper. In a flash, instead of running forward, he was running upward!

Caught off guard, Zen and Elvinia fell towards the ravine.

"What happened? Is the bridge broken?" Zen asked as they were falling.

Elvinia answered with an impassive face. "That's what I was trying to tell you!"

Zen was struck dumb with the news.

As they were falling towards the darkness, he felt a twinge of regret.

They had no idea how deep the ravine was, so Zen observed their fall carefully as they descended.

After eating the Darkness Fruits, he and Elvinia had become accustomed to the Dark Region. They could see the outline of the things beneath them.

About half a minute later, Zen used all his might to curl his legs and drag Elvinia into his arms. The next moment, he was hurled directly into the nearby bushes.

"Boom!"

It was all right for Zen's body to fall from such a high altitude.

But the Soul of Light was much weaker than the physical body. Zen fell to the ground with Elvinia in his arms, and he made sure to hold her closely to him so that he could take most of the impact. If Zen wasn't careful enough, she might just die.

"Are you all right?" Zen asked with concern, feeling her head and arms for any signs of injury.

"I'm... I'm okay." Elvinia answered in a stammer.

She freed herself from Zen's embrace, feeling some sort of warmth deep within her heart.

Chapter 3300 Physical Overdraft

Zen looked up and said, "We'd better leave as soon as possible."

The black monkeys had broken the bridge and were sure to come crashing down into the ravine.

"Okay. Whatever you say," Elvinia agreed with a nod.

She felt Zen tug violently on her hand as he moved forward.

As she followed Zen, a strange thought crossed her mind. She realized that she had changed drastically.

She held a high status in the Source World, causing her peers to feel inferior to her. Even Efrain and Chaim felt she outshone them.

But this time, she had endured a number of setbacks before and after entering the Grand Sky Temple. This had greatly weakened her confidence.

Staying in the wooden hut had been bad for her nerves and she had gradually begun to follow Zen as meek as a lamb.

"Okay. Whatever you say."

She had never said words like this before.

Zen had no idea what Elvinia was thinking about as all he wanted was to get rid of the black monkeys.

As he ran wildly along the ravine, gigantic pincers emerged from the mud on the river and stretched towards him.

'How dare these crabs attack me?'

Zen thought, frowning.

Zen wasn't taking the crabs seriously even though these were also creatures from the Dark Region.

He quickly grabbed one of the pincers, pulled out the body that had been hidden in the mud, and smashed it repeatedly to the ground.

It was a washbasin-sized crab with a strange white pattern on its shell.

The crab struggled against Zen's grip but before it could raise its pincers, Zen stepped on its shell and it shattered into pieces.

Plop! Plop!

Dong!

Some sudden sounds from the ravine behind him startled him. He turned just in time to see the black monkeys jumping off the cliff, some falling to the ground and some into the river.

The black moneys obviously had strong bodies, brimming with energy as they jumped off the cliff.

They lived in the Dark Region all year round and had an unusually sharp vision and a keen sense of smell.

That was why they found him soon.

Zen wordlessly continued to run along the ravine.

He didn't know where the ravine led to.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A group of black monkeys chased after Zen and Elvinia.

These black monkeys were well-known in the Dark Region. They either lurked in the river or on the cliff. The creatures in the shrubs didn't dare to show up and as they watched Zen running away, they shook their heads and sighed pityingly. They didn't know how Zen had provoked the monkeys.

Crunch!

The black monkey at the front of the group suddenly jumped up and grabbed a branch of a tree on the edge of the cliff. Swinging off of it, it took off and then pounced on Zen like a bat out of hell.

Zen felt the movement above him and looked up, stunned. He took Elvinia up in his arms and shouted, "Don't be afraid!" He then gathered his strength and threw Elvinia forward.

In the same moment, power erupted from his fists.

Many divine megatons of force filled his body.

He was weaker than the three-eyed boy, but if he had to face a black monkey alone...

Squeak!

The monkey smiled scornfully at Zen's action.

Fearful that Zen would run away, it had summoned all its strength and applied it to fly forward towards Zen. It had wanted to cut off his path of escape. But it hadn't expected Zen to turn around and confront it instead!

Did Zen have a death wish?

Bang!

Zen collided in midair with the black monkey.

One black monkey might not be as strong as the three-eyed boy, but it wasn't to be underestimated.

The impact was such that Zen felt his bones rattle within his body, as if they had been displaced.

Zen had rarely encountered such a strong opponent even in the Source World. But it looked like this kind of opponent was common in the Dark Region.

Phew!

Under the impact, the body of the black monkey bounced onto the cliff. Zen ran forward and caught Elvinia, who seemed to be falling in slow motion. Once he had gathered her in his arms, he quickly made an escape.

Quack! Quack!

The black monkey pushed itself up off the tree, gritting its teeth. It took a couple of breaths before launching off the cliff and chasing after Zen again.

The black monkeys chased Zen across dozens of miles along the ravine. It looked like they weren't about to let Zen go.

Zen was beginning to worry as he fled.

On one hand, he was afraid of choosing the wrong direction.

The black monkeys were social creatures. If he were to break into their nests along the ravine, even by mistake, he would be digging his own grave.

But his luck had always been good and he didn't need to worry about it for the time being.

On the other hand, he was worried about his physical strength.

As he fled, he was not only consuming the strength of his physical body, but also the Other Shore Power of the Strength God Totem.

If the power of the Other Shore Token were to be completely consumed, it would be replenished, but at an annoyingly slow pace.

Zen needed the divine crystals to replenish the Other Shore Power at a faster rate.

It would be easy for him to replenish the divine crystals if he could leave the Other Shore.

But he couldn't do that after entering the Grand Sky Temple.

He had always used the Other Shore Power over the past few days. And since he was now running at full speed, the Other Shore Power was being consumed at a faster rate. Once the Other Shore Power of the Strength God Totem was exhausted, he would no longer be able to fight the black monkeys.

After more than ten miles, the ravine, which was originally over a thousand feet wide, began to narrow with each mile they crossed.

When the ravine was no longer than ten feet wide, Zen and Elvinia looked at each other, worried. It felt like the mountain was moving in on them.

And then, something weird happened.

The black monkeys that had been chasing after Zen and Elvinia stopped abruptly. They didn't dare to enter the narrow ravine. They stood at the border, chattering and shouting.

"Zen, they aren't coming in," said Elvinia.

"That's good, isn't it?" Zen said.

"What are they afraid of? I'm scared something bad is about to happen," Elvinia said worriedly.

"I know," Zen said, shrugging and gently lowering Elvinia to the ground.

"You knew that and still came running here? You are going to..."

Elvinia was reproaching Zen, but suddenly his body began to convulse before he collapsed to the ground.

Chapter 3301 Dangerous Ravine

Zen had been consuming the Other Shore Power all the way. At this point, his power was almost completely exhausted.

Even in the last part of his journey, Zen continuously exploited the Strength God Totem, as well as the Other Shore Power of the Eye of Will. After finally exhausting both, he began exploiting the power of his own physical body.

In the end, he ended up exhausting his physical strength. His body was like an empty bottle when he fell to the ground.

Before she was able to finish her words, Elvinia was startled by Zen's fall.

"Zen, what's wrong?" she asked, her anxiety rising.

Rarely, perhaps even never, had Zen seen himself in such a weak situation.

While his strength was waning, his mind was still as sharp as always. "I'm fine…just exhausted."

"Exhausted?" Elvinia certainly wasn't expecting that. "How can this be?"

In theory, after reaching the True God Realm, a warrior would never deplete their strength.

When the Other Shore Power was used up, the Godly Ways' internal momentum could be used. Once this was used up, life vitality could take its place. But what happened once life vitality was used up as well? One's inner world would probably collapse.

Zen's situation was unique—after the Other Shore Power of both his Other Shore Tokens was exhausted, they were now absorbing Zen's own energy.

Two enormous whirlpools stood by the exit of his inner world, preventing Zen from utilizing the internal momentum and power of chaotic energy.

At this point, Zen found it difficult to even open his mouth—he gave up explaining things further to Elvinia.

The black monkeys that were hiding in the distance saw Zen fall clearly with their own eyes.

It was a dangerous area in the depths of the narrow ravine—even the black monkeys didn't dare to rush in mindlessly.

But Zen was right on the verge of it.

Originally, the monkeys were already planning to give up. But now that Zen was lying on the ground, barely able to move, they knew they had to take their chance.

Only a few steps into the ravine, they could catch him—they just had to make sure not to wake up the big creature inside.

"Crunch!"

"Creak!"

After a short discussion, three of the black monkeys tiptoed their way inside.

Afraid of disturbing the creature staying deep in the ravine, they moved as stealthily as they could.

"Don't worry. I'll be fine after resting for a bit." Zen reassured her.

The power of his Other Shore Tokens was restoring very slowly, but it wouldn't take long for his body to recover. Then he would have just enough strength to move and walk on his own.

"I want to let you rest but I don't think the black monkeys will be nice enough to wait," Elvinia said bitterly, glancing back at the three monkeys who weren't too far away.

Zen was stunned—he had no energy to check the situation himself. "Did they enter the ravine? Didn't you say they wouldn't dare step inside?"

Elvinia shook her head bitterly. "We might not be deep enough inside. There are three of them walking to us."

"We're in trouble," Zen said with a bitter smile. He was at a loss for what to do.

Elvinia's eyes flashed with golden light—a strong desire to survive grew within her heart.

In all the time she'd been in the Dark Region, she had relied on Zen for protection. Now, it was time to rely on herself.

"Nope!"

Suddenly, she grabbed Zen's hand and let her soul energy burst before pulling him toward the narrow stream.

In the Source World, Zen's body would have been nothing to her.

But on the Other Shore, it was quite heavy for her Soul of Light. She could only depend on her soul power to drag Zen's body along.

Rustle! Rustle! Rustle!

Zen's body was dragged on the ground. From where he lay, he could see Elvinia's movements.

Though he couldn't see her expression, he could tell she was exerting a great amount of effort to keep on dragging him.

"Just leave me here. You can go ahead on your own. The black monkeys wouldn't dare chase you inside," Zen said.

"Hmm…" Gritting her teeth, she continued. "They didn't dare come in here because of the danger awaiting them deep in the ravine. If you were captured… I would die alone here."

"But I can't protect you anymore," Zen said helplessly.

Without another word, Elvinia kept dragging Zen into the depths of the ravine.

The three monkeys didn't expect her to go so far in. They were creeping into the ravine quietly and steadily, but at that pace, they wouldn't catch up to her.

"Squeak?"

"Squeak! Squeak!"

After stopping for a moment of discussion, they were ready to risk everything.

If they ran as fast as they could, they could catch up to Zen in mere seconds.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Suddenly, the monkeys accelerated, reaching for Zen.

Their change in pace had Elvinia rattled.

She could barely resist the weaker human-monkey monsters with her Soul of Light, let alone these ten-foot-tall black monkeys.

But at this moment, Elvinia felt no urge to escape. Her cold, hard eyes widened, and golden divine flames began emerging on the surface of her body, turning into golden whips that lashed at the black monkeys.

This soul attack was considered quite a powerful means in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore. Only the best of superpowers could withstand it.

But in these black monkeys' eyes, such an attack was nothing—even if they were defenseless, Elvinia couldn't hurt them at all.

But right before her golden whips slashed them, they began screaming, as though the whips somehow scared them. Their faces grew full of fear before they turned back and ran away.

"What's going on?"

She wasn't expecting them to run away so quickly. Did the divine flame of the Sun Crow race somehow repel them?

But before she could figure it out, black, brown, and gray tentacles emerged from behind her, one after another. In an instant, there were hundreds of them, covering up almost the entire space in the ravine.

Splash!

The creeping tentacles looked like running black water as they went around Elvinia and rushed toward the black monkeys.

While they were running at great speed, the tentacles were faster.

"Cluck!"

"Squeak..."

"Quack..."

Soon, they were entangled in the tentacles and dragged into the depths of the ravine, leaving behind only sharp roars that echoed in the space.

When it went quiet, Elvinia was still standing in her spot, petrified.

The touch of the tentacles skimming over her soul surface made her Soul of Light tremble in fear. But why did they leave her and Zen behind?

Chapter 3302 The Light

A cool breeze swept over the ravine, brushing Elvinia's cheeks. She shivered violently.

Leaning against Zen, her Soul of Light trembled slightly as she gazed into the depths of the ravine. "Zen... What were those just now?"

"They must've been the tentacles of some monster," Zen replied.

"Then, why didn't they take us away?" she asked weakly.

Her voice shook as she spoke. Zen felt somewhat bad for her; even when she was in danger on the wooden bridge, Elvinia never showed emotion. Now, it seemed she was truly scared, like a small child trembling beside him.

"I don't know," Zen said carefully. "Maybe they didn't like us."

Zen had stared danger in the face countless times before, so he was able to stay calm despite the circumstances. Elvinia, on the other hand, was obviously overwhelmed.

"Let's get out of here," pleaded Elvinia. "I can't stay here any longer!"

"What about the black monkeys outside? Are they gone already?" Zen asked.

Elvinia turned to look, and then shook her head in disappointment. "No, they're still there."

"We can't leave then."

Zen struggled to get on his feet.

After having rested for a bit, he felt a little stronger. At the very least, he could stand up.

"Have you recovered already?" Elvinia asked in surprise.

Having seen Zen fall, she had been at a loss. Now that Zen was trying to get up, she felt a glimmer of hope.

While Elvinia might've come off as cold and independent, secretly, she was the opposite. She had just chosen to never show such weakness back in the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Can... Can you help me up?" Zen asked helplessly.

Elvinia hurried to help him up.

Zen eyed the ravine. Then, he staggered to the mountainside and leaned against it.

The situation wasn't as bad as it could have been. It was good news that whatever was lurking in the depths of the ravine wasn't attacking them.

Their most pressing problem was those black monkeys, persistently waiting for them.

Around eight hours later, Zen noticed the surrounding area gradually turning darker. "The effect of the Darkness Fruit is weakening," he muttered under his breath.

He had tested the Darkness Fruit before; while the time limit of each fruit varied, the longest he'd seen was fourteen hours at most.

Once he noticed the effect was wearing off, he asked Elvinia to take out two fruits, one for each of them. As soon as they ingested it, gradually, the dark world lit up.

"How many Darkness Fruits do we have left?" Zen asked.

Elvinia's space ring flashed. After counting, she answered, "Fourteen."

"Fourteen?" Zen frowned.

If they split the fruits between themselves, each would have seven. That meant they would last ninety eight hours at most, roughly four days.

If they couldn't find the black and white tree within four days, they would be completely swallowed by the darkness. Zen shook his head at the thought, he didn't want to imagine what'd happen if it came to that point.

Turning to look at the black monkeys, he gritted his teeth. The monkeys were still waiting for them. They needed to find a way to get out.

Zen slowly stood up. "Let's go in to have a look."

"Go in?" Elvinia's eyes widened in shock.

She couldn't help but shudder at the thought of those cold tentacles coiling around her frail body.

"We will die if we stay here," Zen said gravely.

Elvinia opened her mouth as if to say something, but no words came out. What Zen said made sense. She refused to die in the Dark Region. 'Perhaps that monster isn't that terrifying, ' she quietly consoled herself.

Fortunately, Zen's physical strength had been restored by that time.

Exchanging one last glance, Zen nodded at Elvinia. Together, they steadily walked towards the depths of the ravine.

The deeper they got, the narrower the ravine became. When they had started, it was around ten feet wide. After a couple of minutes of walking, the gap was only around two feet wide. Zen and Elvinia could only move sideways to fit through it.

After what seemed like an eternity of inching through that narrow gap, they suddenly saw light streaming in from the distance. The two of them looked towards the light with amazement written all over their faces.

As soon as their eyes adjusted to the light, they noticed paintings scrawled on the walls of the ravine. Upon studying them closely, Zen gasped. The paintings were huge Sanskrit words!

As his eyes followed the trail of Sanskrit words, he realized they terminated in a triangular cave on the mountain wall. Black tentacles extended from the cave, lazily making their way to the ground.

"Those tentacles..." Elvinia was taken aback.

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

At the sound of Elvinia's voice, the tentacles suddenly perked up.

They quickly rushed towards the two, climbing the walls of the mountain with incredible speed.

Zen clamped his hand over Elvinia's mouth. The two lay prone on the ground.

Slowly, the black tentacles scanned the walls, prodding each crevice. Elvinia whimpered as they got close, but Zen kept his hand firmly on her mouth. Confused, the tentacles retreated.

Elvinia shuddered. If she had entered the Other Shore with her physical body, she knew she'd probably faint if she felt the cool, slimy touch of those black tentacles.

However, something dawned on her. Her eyes flashed excitedly as she gestured at Zen, but he shook his head, indicating she needed to stay quiet.

He knew what she was trying to say; he had realized it, too. The tentacles couldn't see them.

Both the black monkeys and the tentacles were creatures from the Dark Region. Thus, the tentacles should be able to find the black monkeys.

Zen and Elvinia, on the other hand, were not from the Dark Region; their forms were different from those of the creatures in the Dark Region.

The two of them could adapt to the environment of the Dark Region only by absorbing the energy of the Darkness Fruits.

The tentacles must have sensed something, but couldn't confirm what it was.

Zen patted Elvinia's shoulder, encouraging her to keep moving forward. As long as they didn't make a sound, they should be safe.

After inching a bit further along the ravine, Zen noticed there were more triangular caves.

It seemed, every five to six hundred feet, there was a triangular cave. From each cave, countless black tentacles hung lazily. Other than the tentacles, it didn't look as though anything else lurked here.

As Zen carefully observed the walls, Elvinia suddenly pointed towards the front.

Turning to where she was pointing, he saw there was a round valley on the other side.

There were also huge Sanskrit words engraved on the wall of the valley. The wall was covered with densely packed triangular caves as well, and again, huge tentacles hung from the cave entrances.

However, Zen's gaze was fixed on the center of the valley, where the darkness had disappeared

A gentle ray of light pierced through the darkness like a sharp blade. The ring of light covered a range of no more than ten feet. At the center of the ring was a tombstone, basking in the ray of light.

Although Zen didn't know where the light was coming from and why it appeared in the Dark Region, he was sure that the space it illuminated didn't belong to the Dark Region.

Chapter 3303 Shelter

The past few days, Zen and Elvinia had been living under the candlelight.

Compared to the absolute darkness of the Dark Region, the candlelight seemed extremely bright -- but still, it was nothing compared to actual sunlight outside the Dark Region.

When they started taking the Darkness Fruits, they adapted to the darkness, being able to see their surroundings.

They had grown accustomed to living in the darkness, so once they saw the dazzling bright light streaming into the Dark Region, they were stunned.

Elvinia's eyes widened. Leaning on Zen's shoulder, she whispered, "That place covered by the light... it doesn't belong to the Dark Region, right?"

Anyone who was in the Dark Region and the temples would be unable to leave the Other Shore. But in other places, they'd be able to leave the Other Shore and return to their bodies normally.

Elvinia had grown tired of the Dark Region, having been trapped here for a long time. She wanted to leave as soon as possible.

But when she considered leaving, she sighed in resignation.

According to the rules of the Other Shore, they could only enter it from the place they left last time. So, if she tried leaving now, she would only return here the next time she entered the Other Shore.

The tentacles that hung from the mouths of the triangular caves were extremely sensitive. They had no eyes, but they could easily sense their prey by following their energy. While Zen and Elvinia had energy within them, because they weren't creatures born in the Dark Region, the tentacles couldn't seem to sense them.

But as Elvinia whispered, the tentacles suddenly tensed.

Whoosh...

Thousands of tentacles whirled into action, filling the air around the valley with a black indiscernible mass. It was as though a dark windstorm formed.

Seeing this, Elvinia immediately shut up.

Zen, on the other hand, remained calm. As long as he was beginning to comprehend how the creatures of the dark worked, they wouldn't be as scary.

Gently and quietly, he pulled Elvinia to the side.

The black whirlwind shot towards the spot where Elvinia had been standing only a moment later. After finding nothing there, the black tentacles retreated to their respective triangular caves.

"Isn't this fun?" Zen said to Elvinia with a sly smile.

Elvinia, however, just shuddered. The mere sight of those menacing tentacles made her uncomfortable; she didn't dare provoke them further. However, as Zen spoke, the tentacles rushed out from the caves once more.

"You, you, you..."

Elvinia looked to Zen helplessly, desperate to tell him to shut up. But she didn't dare to make a sound. With a nervous gulp, she followed Zen as he moved to the side to dodge the tentacles. The tentacles circled around the valley again, seemingly confused that they couldn't catch their prey, then resignedly returned to their caves.

As this was happening, Zen carefully observed the process.

Since these tentacles lurked here, there shouldn't be any other Dark Region creatures in the valley. They should be able to reach the column of light safely.

But Zen hesitated. There might be traps within the light column.

Cautiously, Zen approached the column of light. The closer he got, the more he could see what was within the light.

A lone bronze tombstone lay in the center of the light. Seven stars had been engraved on its surface. Underneath the stars was a row of strange words; they weren't Sanskrit words, so they must've been in a language belonging to a special civilization.

Behind the tombstone was a small tomb, only around five or six feet wide. Some green weeds and petite flowers grew on top of the tomb.

Just as Zen and Elvinia were closing in on the column of light and they were about sixty or seventy feet away from the tomb, suddenly a circle of purple light glowed from the ground.

Buzz...

After the circle of light appeared, sharp sounds pierced the air, like an alarm blaring throughout the whole valley.

Cracks suddenly appeared under the triangular caves, causing the caves to collapse. On one side of the valley, small, round portals appeared. Monsters the size of a young child emerged from the portals, heading straight for Zen and Elvinia.

These monsters were bipedal. From the neck upwards, they had the face of a pig. As they ran towards the two, they waved black spears in the air.

"Who dares to trespass into our holy tomb?"

"Catch them!"

"Don't let them approach the holy tomb!"

Zen and Elvinia were momentarily too stunned to react -- after all, these pig-faced monsters spoke in the human tongue!

Before they could respond, the tentacles also began to move.

While they originally weren't able to detect the existence of Elvinia and Zen, with the appearance of these pig-faced monsters, the situation suddenly changed drastically.

It seemed they had some sort of a symbiotic relationship. The pig-faced monsters served as eyes to the unseeing tentacles. The tentacles shot into the air once more. Only this time, they knew where their prey lay.

"Damn!"

Zen cried.

He didn't expect any other creatures lay hidden in the walls of the valley.

His eyes darted around as he tried to figure out the best plan of action. It was impossible for them to leave the valley in a short time. Then, his eyes landed on the copper tombstone. He gritted his teeth. There was no other way.

"Head for the light column," Zen told Elvinia.

Seeing the tentacles rush out again, Elvinia was pretty annoyed. But her experience in the past few days made her know it was useless to complain.

"Charge!"

Elvinia cried as she ran towards the light.

Zen staggered from behind her. He only had some of his physical strength restored and could barely keep up with her.

Like a black whirlwind, thousands of tentacles shot towards them.

Aside from the tentacles, the pig-faced monsters also moved fast. Some of them threw their spears at the two.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Black spears came at them, like a swarm of locusts.

Zen and Elvinia were very close to the holy tomb, and it would only take them a few seconds to reach it. They helplessly continued to run as fast as they could towards the tomb.

Another volley of spears came flying at them. Just as the spears and the tentacles were about to reach them, Zen mustered all his remaining strength to pounce forward. As he leapt, he pushed Elvinia into the column of light as well. He rolled in behind her, looking desperate to take shelter from the attacks.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh...

Ear-piercing shrieks suddenly burst from behind Zen as he landed within the column of light.

The tentacles whirled into the column of light like crazy. As they were creatures of the Dark Region, they'd die as soon as they came into contact with the light. But still, they continued to charge after Zen. Once they touched the light, they became nothing but ash. The air was filled with the pungent scent of thousands of scorched pigs.

Besides the tentacles, the black spears shot by the pig-faced monsters also disintegrated once they came into contact with the light.

Elvinia sat inside the light column, her body trembling. She wasn't used to a life of narrowly escaping death.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Some tentacles were stubborn and still attempted to reach for Zen, charging fearlessly into the column of light.

Some thick tentacles weren't burned completely after they rushed into the light column. They fell on the ground and on Zen's body, still jumping like mad. They quickly turned into a hapless, seared mess. The smell of char filled Zen's nostrils.

The pig-faced monsters stood right before the light. They roared, cursed, and even stabbed their black spears into the light column in fury.

"Come out!"

"Why are you hiding in there? You cowards!"

"I will make you die a graveless death!"

However, Zen just heaved a sigh of relief. He knew they only cursed at him because there was nothing more they could do.

Chapter 3304 Return

The tentacles lashed around wildly for quite a long time before finally settling.

Light could swallow up all the creatures of the Dark Region.

Even though the tentacles could regenerate, they still couldn't afford to lose that much energy.

"The creatures of the Dark Region... They're more fragile than I thought," Zen remarked.

The fruits of the black and white tree proved extremely beneficial. After eating the Darkness Fruits, both he and Elvinia were granted the ability of adapting to the Dark Region's environment.

On the other hand, if Dark Region creatures ate the Light Fruits, then they would be able to adapt to the outside world.

However, the three-eyed boy and the huge ape could only adapt to the candlelight and were unable to leave.

"If the creatures of the Dark Region weren't afraid of light, then they would have ruled the Other Shore," Elvinia said.

Zen could only nod in agreement. "I can't refute that."

The creatures of the Other Shore were much stronger than the Souls of Light, but the creatures here in the Dark Region were far stronger than those on the Other Shore. If the Dark Region's inhabitants had the ability to walk freely in the light, then they would be an unstoppable force.

"I wonder where the light is coming from?" Zen muttered to himself as he looked directly up to the sky.

Darkness was everywhere save for that one strange hole above them where light filtered through, bathing them with illuminated safety.

He would've never believed such a place existed if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes.

"I just want to know if we can get out of here," Elvinia told him. She too couldn't help but gaze at that strange light that shone above them.

With a weary sigh, Elvinia then began to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune.

Buzz!

As soon as the Illusion Breaking Rune broke through the illusions, Elvinia's Soul of Light began to dissipate. She flashed Zen a cold smile, no longer sad and weary, just before fully fading in the wind.

"She really left," Zen remarked.

Standing there alone, he felt the weak power of his Other Shore Tokens in his body. He figured that perhaps it would be best if he also left the Other Shore and replenished his power.

However, as soon as he made that decision, the pig-faced monsters around the light column stepped aside.

One of them, a dark blue one, walked towards Zen and stopped just by the edge of the light column.

This one raised its hand and silence immediately fell amongst its peers.

"Human friend from outside the Dark Region," the pig-faced monster greeted in a very polite tone.

Zen previously had no interest in these monsters.

However, this change of attitude was very much welcome.

He and Elvinia had been safe within the light column but it was only a temporary sanctuary. Now that Elvinia had gone back to the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen figured that he now had to find a way out for both of them on his own.

He smiled at the pig-faced monster. "What can I do for you?"

The pig-faced monster huffed as it looked at Zen. "Can you come out of the holy tomb?" it asked.

Zen shook his head. "No."

He wasn't stupid. Walking out of the light column would mean instant death.

"This is our holy tomb, a sacred place to our kind. We hold it in the highest reverence. Your presence here offends us," the pig-faced monster insisted.

The young man couldn't help but roll his eyes. He and Elvinia didn't mean to intrude into anyone's sacred place. They were just seeking a safe place from those black monkeys. Zen could only look at the pig-faced monster with a wry smile. "What do you want me to do then?"

"Can you come out of the holy tomb?" the pig-faced monster repeated. Zen pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration.

Despite having the ability to speak the human language, it didn't seem as if the pig-faced monster was very intelligent.

Zen heaved a sigh, looking at the strange monsters that were trying to kick him out of their holy tomb. "Bye."

That was the last thing he said before he began to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune. As he murmured the words, his body started to blur before finally disappearing.

As soon as he disappeared, the pig-monsters began to curse loudly. Vulgar atrocities spilled from their lips, especially the leader's.

In the Phoenix Palace, there was a huge magic array.

This array was quite special-looking as it emitted a faint golden glow. A body sat in the middle.

Soon, the light emanating from it grew more intense and golden flames began to lick at the array, releasing a terrifying burst of energy.

This energy had come from Flamine who was currently controlling the magic array.

Three old men stood behind her. They were famous powerhouses of the Phoenix Palace and recognized as great masters of the Oneness Sky Palace.

One of the three old men stepped forward, a helpless look evident on his face. "Lady Flamine, we've tried it three times already! Given Princess Elvinia's location, it would be hard to pull her out. The only way we'd be able to do so is if she happens to walk by a place where the energy is weak."

In the Source World, there were some methods of forcing people out of the Other Shore. Although the Soul Binding Thread could trap people on the Other Shore, they could be forcefully pulled out.

However, the power of the Grand Sky Temple and the Dark Region was so great that even if Flamine set up an array, she still failed to wake Elvinia up.

"Contribute your soul power!" she ordered, the determination on her face never fading.

She knew Elvinia was fine, but the reactions Elvinia had recently worried her.

As soon as she said this, Elvinia's body, which had been sitting in the middle of the array, slightly trembled. Fear crossed her sleeping features and she was shaking as if she was afraid of something.

Flamine was in distress. She didn't know what her daughter was currently going through for her to have reacted this way.

"It's not a problem to contribute our soul power. What we're worried about is Princess Elvinia! Our combined soul power might be too strong and she might not be able to withstand it!" another old man said with a pleading voice.

If they did as Flamine said, then they might accidentally tear Elvinia's soul apart.

"We won't know unless we try! She's so weak. She might die on the Other Shore at any moment!" Flamine raged.

As soon as the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace returned, they immediately headed to Flamine and gave her a full report of the situation. She was well aware of the dangers they had faced and there was no way she was letting her daughter stay one more minute in that place.

Under Flamine's strict orders, the three old men had no choice but to obey. The magic array was reactivated and Flamine released the divine flames of the Sun Crow race to control it.

However, at that exact moment, Elvinia suddenly opened her eyes!

"Mother?" she exclaimed in surprise, seeing Flamine and the three old men before her.

All concentration Flamine had flew right out of the window the moment she heard her daughter's voice. With a trembling lip, she ran towards the magic array and swooped down to take Elvinia in her arms.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Elvinia murmured.

This apology sparked something in Flamine's heart.

The mother and daughter pair did not really get along well with each other. Elvinia always showed indifference and sometimes even hostility to her mother.

Flamine never expected her to apologize like this after returning from the Dark Region.

60

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3304 Return
Chapter 3305 Wake Up
Chapter 3306 Promise
Chapter 3307 The Purified Being
Chapter 3308 White Shadow
Chapter 3309 Cutting
Chapter 3310 Soul Stealing And Counterattack
Chapter 3311 An Accident
Chapter 3312 Black Pool
Chapter 3313 New Body After Rebirth
Chapter 3314 The Regal Jade Beast
Chapter 3315 Emerge
Chapter 3316 Elvinia's Impaired Memory
Chapter 3317 No Choice
Chapter 3318 Important Memory
Chapter 3319 The Civilization Artifact
Chapter 3320 The Regal Jade Civilization
Chapter 3321 The Battle Between Civilizations
Chapter 3322 The Instant Civilization
Chapter 3323 Identification
Chapter 3324 How Dare You
Chapter 3325 Expecting
Chapter 3326 She Was Spotted
Chapter 3327 Into The Dark Region
Chapter 3328 Leaving The Dark Region
Chapter 3329 The Limit Of The Light Region
Chapter 3330 The Light
Chapter 3331 The Power Of The Purified Being
Chapter 3332 Fusing
Chapter 3333 Mess
Chapter 3334 Token Bearing
Chapter 3335 The Blood Essence Godly Way
Chapter 3336 The Disintegrated Sanskrit Word
Chapter 3337 Spokespersons

Chapter 3338 Primitive Land
Chapter 3339 The Graveyard
Chapter 3340 The Men In Carapace Armor
Chapter 3341 An Old Friend
Chapter 3342 The Return Of The Master
Chapter 3343 Asking For A Meeting
Chapter 3344 Ambrose Li
Chapter 3345 Promise
Chapter 3346 Arrangement
Chapter 3347 Treatment
Chapter 3348 Counterattack
Chapter 3349 Get Into Trouble
Chapter 3350 A Head-To-Head Battle
Chapter 3351 The Weightless Mountain
Chapter 3352 The Growing Sculptures
Chapter 3353 There Is Always More
Chapter 3354 Chance's Mother
Chapter 3355 More Important
Chapter 3356 Be Summoned
Chapter 3357 Zen's Request
Chapter 3358 Leaving
Chapter 3359 The Ticket

Chapter 3304 Return

The tentacles lashed around wildly for quite a long time before finally settling.

Light could swallow up all the creatures of the Dark Region.

Even though the tentacles could regenerate, they still couldn't afford to lose that much energy.

"The creatures of the Dark Region... They're more fragile than I thought," Zen remarked.

The fruits of the black and white tree proved extremely beneficial. After eating the Darkness Fruits, both he and Elvinia were granted the ability of adapting to the Dark Region's environment.

On the other hand, if Dark Region creatures ate the Light Fruits, then they would be able to adapt to the outside world.

However, the three-eyed boy and the huge ape could only adapt to the candlelight and were unable to leave.

"If the creatures of the Dark Region weren't afraid of light, then they would have ruled the Other Shore," Elvinia said.

Zen could only nod in agreement. "I can't refute that."

The creatures of the Other Shore were much stronger than the Souls of Light, but the creatures here in the Dark Region were far stronger than those on the Other Shore. If the Dark Region's inhabitants had the ability to walk freely in the light, then they would be an unstoppable force.

"I wonder where the light is coming from?" Zen muttered to himself as he looked directly up to the sky.

Darkness was everywhere save for that one strange hole above them where light filtered through, bathing them with illuminated safety.

He would've never believed such a place existed if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes.

"I just want to know if we can get out of here," Elvinia told him. She too couldn't help but gaze at that strange light that shone above them.

With a weary sigh, Elvinia then began to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune.

Buzz!

As soon as the Illusion Breaking Rune broke through the illusions, Elvinia's Soul of Light began to dissipate. She flashed Zen a cold smile, no longer sad and weary, just before fully fading in the wind.

"She really left," Zen remarked.

Standing there alone, he felt the weak power of his Other Shore Tokens in his body. He figured that perhaps it would be best if he also left the Other Shore and replenished his power.

However, as soon as he made that decision, the pig-faced monsters around the light column stepped aside.

One of them, a dark blue one, walked towards Zen and stopped just by the edge of the light column.

This one raised its hand and silence immediately fell amongst its peers.

"Human friend from outside the Dark Region," the pig-faced monster greeted in a very polite tone.

Zen previously had no interest in these monsters.

However, this change of attitude was very much welcome.

He and Elvinia had been safe within the light column but it was only a temporary sanctuary. Now that Elvinia had gone back to the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen figured that he now had to find a way out for both of them on his own.

He smiled at the pig-faced monster. "What can I do for you?"

The pig-faced monster huffed as it looked at Zen. "Can you come out of the holy tomb?" it asked.

Zen shook his head. "No."

He wasn't stupid. Walking out of the light column would mean instant death.

"This is our holy tomb, a sacred place to our kind. We hold it in the highest reverence. Your presence here offends us," the pig-faced monster insisted.

The young man couldn't help but roll his eyes. He and Elvinia didn't mean to intrude into anyone's sacred place. They were just seeking a safe place from those black monkeys. Zen could only look at the pig-faced monster with a wry smile. "What do you want me to do then?"

"Can you come out of the holy tomb?" the pig-faced monster repeated. Zen pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration.

Despite having the ability to speak the human language, it didn't seem as if the pig-faced monster was very intelligent.

Zen heaved a sigh, looking at the strange monsters that were trying to kick him out of their holy tomb. "Bye."

That was the last thing he said before he began to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune. As he murmured the words, his body started to blur before finally disappearing.

As soon as he disappeared, the pig-monsters began to curse loudly. Vulgar atrocities spilled from their lips, especially the leader's.

In the Phoenix Palace, there was a huge magic array.

This array was quite special-looking as it emitted a faint golden glow. A body sat in the middle.

Soon, the light emanating from it grew more intense and golden flames began to lick at the array, releasing a terrifying burst of energy.

This energy had come from Flamine who was currently controlling the magic array.

Three old men stood behind her. They were famous powerhouses of the Phoenix Palace and recognized as great masters of the Oneness Sky Palace.

One of the three old men stepped forward, a helpless look evident on his face. "Lady Flamine, we've tried it three times already! Given Princess Elvinia's location, it would be hard to pull her out. The only way we'd be able to do so is if she happens to walk by a place where the energy is weak."

In the Source World, there were some methods of forcing people out of the Other Shore. Although the Soul Binding Thread could trap people on the Other Shore, they could be forcefully pulled out.

However, the power of the Grand Sky Temple and the Dark Region was so great that even if Flamine set up an array, she still failed to wake Elvinia up.

"Contribute your soul power!" she ordered, the determination on her face never fading.

She knew Elvinia was fine, but the reactions Elvinia had recently worried her.

As soon as she said this, Elvinia's body, which had been sitting in the middle of the array, slightly trembled. Fear crossed her sleeping features and she was shaking as if she was afraid of something.

Flamine was in distress. She didn't know what her daughter was currently going through for her to have reacted this way.

"It's not a problem to contribute our soul power. What we're worried about is Princess Elvinia! Our combined soul power might be too strong and she might not be able to withstand it!" another old man said with a pleading voice.

If they did as Flamine said, then they might accidentally tear Elvinia's soul apart.

"We won't know unless we try! She's so weak. She might die on the Other Shore at any moment!" Flamine raged.

As soon as the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace returned, they immediately headed to Flamine and gave her a full report of the situation. She was well aware of the dangers they had faced and there was no way she was letting her daughter stay one more minute in that place.

Under Flamine's strict orders, the three old men had no choice but to obey. The magic array was reactivated and Flamine released the divine flames of the Sun Crow race to control it.

However, at that exact moment, Elvinia suddenly opened her eyes!

"Mother?" she exclaimed in surprise, seeing Flamine and the three old men before her.

All concentration Flamine had flew right out of the window the moment she heard her daughter's voice. With a trembling lip, she ran towards the magic array and swooped down to take Elvinia in her arms.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Elvinia murmured.

This apology sparked something in Flamine's heart.

The mother and daughter pair did not really get along well with each other. Elvinia always showed indifference and sometimes even hostility to her mother.

Flamine never expected her to apologize like this after returning from the Dark Region.

Chapter 3305 Wake Up

"Never mind. I'm just glad you're okay," said Flamine softly, cradling her daughter in her arms.

What was important was her daughter had finally come back safely.

Elvinia's eyelashes fluttered as she tried to keep her eyes open. Forcing a smile, she murmured, "It's not that simple."

"What do you mean?" Not understanding what Elvinia meant, Flamine anxiously held Elvinia's hands and looked her up and down carefully. Afraid that her daughter's soul had been hurt, she breathed a sigh of relief when she found that Elvinia was perfectly fine.

"I'm still in the Dark Region," Elvinia replied.

When the three old men heard her words, they exchanged worried glances. One of them cut in, "If you are still in the Dark Region, how did you leave?"

There were special ways to enter the Dark Region. They were rarely ever used, but some masters in the Oneness Sky Palace, like Flamine, knew about them.

Flamine's eyes widened in shock. She couldn't imagine how her daughter managed to escape from the Other Shore if she was in the Dark Region.

Elvinia glanced apprehensively at the three old men. "Uncles, would you mind leaving me and my mother alone?"

Even though the three men were from Phoenix Palace, there were some things Elvinia only wanted to disclose to her mother.

"Princess Elvinia, you have just returned from the Other Shore. Please rest well," one of them said meekly.

"If you have any problem, you can approach me anytime," another one added.

The third uncle nodded wordlessly.

Once the three old men left, only Elvinia and Flamine were left in the huge palace.

Then, Elvinia turned to her mother seriously and explained what happened in the Dark Region.

Flamine had already heard of what happened in the Grand Sky Temple and the wooden hut. The disciples of the Phoenix Palace had already reported to her in detail. But she knew nothing about what happened after Dorothy, Chaim and the others left.

"Has that corporeal body been protecting you the whole time you were in the Dark Region?" Flamine asked.

Zen's face flashed in Elvinia's mind, albeit a bit vaguely. After all, she had only physically met Zen twice in the Oneness Sky Palace, even though they had spent a long time on the Other Shore together.

Elvinia nodded. "Mother, do you know who the corporeal body is?"

Flamine shook her head. Only a few people in the Oneness Sky Palace knew Zen could enter the Other Shore with his corporeal body.

"Who is he? Is he a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace?"

After all, the mysterious man had helped the Oneness Sky Palace so often. It was very likely he was a disciple from there. But Flamine couldn't figure out who he was exactly.

After a brief pause, Elvinia whispered, "It's Zen Luo..."

A flash of excitement lit up Flamine's beautiful eyes.

Although she had suspected this, she still felt a tinge of shock.

The first time she had encountered Zen, he had broken into the Phoenix Palace, which was no ordinary feat. He had even managed to suppress Elvinia. Moreover, his Other Shore Token was of the strengthening type, which was nothing special!

While there were many amazing disciples in the Oneness Sky Palace, in the eyes of Flamine, no one was her daughter's match, except Zen.

Her happy expression quickly shifted to one of worry. "Since you're back, has Zen also returned?"

"He should have," Elvinia answered. "Mother, listen to me..."

She then went on to tell Flamine about what they had seen in the Dark Region. When she mentioned the light column, Flamine raised her eyebrows curiously. Something seemed to cross her mind, but she didn't say it aloud.

"Only after we entered the light column were we able to leave the Other Shore. If we return, we will still be trapped in there," Elvinia said helplessly.

It was similar to being trapped in the whirlpool in the Sea of Truth. If the Souls of Light were trapped somewhere on the Other Shore, it would be difficult to improve their cultivation in the future.

Elvinia also knew that asking for her mother's help was probably futile.

It would be very difficult for Souls of Light in upper stages to enter lower stages. Even if they did manage to enter, they would still be in great danger in the Dark Region.

After a while, Flamine said cautiously, "I'm going to see Zen."

"I'll come with you," Elvinia immediately answered.

Flamine raised an eyebrow at her daughter in surprise. The Elvinia she knew wouldn't have been so amicable.

Of course, Elvinia understood what was going on in her mother's mind. Her usual emotionless face turned bright red with embarrassment. "I just want to discuss with him how we will get out of this troublesome situation..."

"That's what I thought, but why are you blushing?" Flamine said with a knowing smile.

Elvinia felt even more embarrassed. Pursing her lips, she tried to resume her usual cold expression.

Meanwhile, Letitia was busy thinking about the Other Shore. She had never been there before, so it was hard for her to imagine just how dangerous it was.

Every time Dorothy returned, she would ask about the situation there.

Dorothy understood her worries and had patiently answered her every time.

The events that took place in the Grand Sky Temple had made an impact on the Ear Mice. They had no intention of opening the temple again in the near future, so these days, the thirteen stages on the Other Shore were quite peaceful.

However, when Letitia asked Dorothy for news this time around, Dorothy shook her head in worry. "The candlelight is out," was the only thing she said.

Standing at the entrance to the Grand Sky Temple, she could see the three wooden huts and a band of light leading to the huts. The band of light was the wooden bridge.

Two hours ago, Dorothy stood at that very same spot to investigate. At the time, the band of light and the huts were nowhere to be seen.

That could only mean one thing: the candlelight went out.

Without the candlelight, both the Souls of Light and the corporeal bodies would be swallowed up by darkness. One could only imagine the consequences.

Dorothy hurriedly withdrew from the Other Shore and rushed to find Letitia.

The two of them both bolted to the second floor to check up on Zen. To their relief, they found that he was still sitting there, breathing evenly.

Although they did not know what had happened in the Dark Region, it was still good news that Zen was still alive.

This time, when Dorothy arrived, Margaret didn't taunt her.

Zen had been trapped for so long. She was getting more and more anxious.

These days, she had been sitting in silence at the end of the corridor on the second floor, looking into the room from time to time, hoping that Zen would wake up.

"I didn't expect the cultivation on the Other Shore would be so dangerous," Letitia said with a sigh.

In her mind, cultivation methods and theurgies might make one mad, but compared to the Other Shore, these were nothing!

"Strictly speaking, entering the Other Shore isn't a kind of cultivation. It's simply an adventure," Dorothy explained. "Countless talents have died on the Other Shore since ancient times."

Letitia shuddered at the word "die". With an indignant huff, she said, "My husband has good luck. I believe he will return safely."

Suddenly, a deep voice interrupted them. "Oh? How are you so confident in your husband?"

The women turned to look. To their surprise and delight, Zen smiled at them from where he sat.

Chapter 3306 Promise

Ever since Dorothy had explained Zen's predicament, Letitia and Margaret had been sick with worry.

Sometimes, Letitia found herself envying Laquisha, Nelly and Lavender, since they were blissfully ignorant, cultivating within the Phoenix Palace walls.

At times, she even regretted leaving Zen's inner world. If she had stayed in the fairy palace, she wouldn't have had any clue as to what was happening in the outside.

But, all of a sudden, these worries disappeared the second she heard her lover's voice.

"Whoosh!"

From the end of the corridor, Margaret had transformed into a purple shadow that flew towards Zen.

Letitia also threw herself into Zen's arms.

"Plop..."

Zen, who had been physically exhausted when he rushed into the light column, felt little to no strength now.

So when the two women pounced on him, Zen fell backwards under their weight.

Surprised that he was so weak, Letitia hurriedly asked, "Darling, is there something wrong with you?"

"I'm fine," Zen answered with a smile. He fondly stroked Letitia's hair.

"Are you hungry? Do you have no strength left?" Margaret asked with concern, laying her hand gently on Zen's arm.

"You're half right," Zen replied with a chuckle.

"So..."

The two women lovingly gushed at Zen, and he patiently replied to all their queries with a serene expression on his face.

Dorothy sat opposite to Zen, but she felt like an outsider.

While Zen was still trapped on the Other Shore, she had often visited them. Here, she learned that Zen had several lovers, and that there were even three more cultivating in the Phoenix Palace.

Although Dorothy maintained her composure, internally, she cursed at Zen.

She never expected Zen was like this...

However, she too was relieved that Zen had finally woken up. She smiled slightly. She knew nothing could trap Zen Luo, not even the Dark Region!

After he answered all their questions, Zen gently flicked his hand. His space ring appeared, and he took a considerable amount of divine crystals. Then, he crushed them and threw them into his cinnabar field.

These divine crystals released their energy and nourished Zen's inner world.

"Buzz..."

Zen's two Other Shore Tokens absorbed these divine crystals' energy greedily, and then transformed the energy into the Other Shore Power. It didn't take Zen long to crush more than a hundred thousand divine crystals into his cinnabar field.

After most of his Other Shore Power was restored, Zen finally relaxed. Turning to Dorothy, he smiled. "So, you successfully retreated from the Grand Sky Temple!"

In the Dark Region, Zen didn't know what was going on outside. He had been worried that Dorothy would be in danger when they had parted ways.

"Yes. How about Elvinia? Is she all right?" Dorothy asked.

Both Zen and Elvinia had been asked to stay in the Dark Region by the three-eyed boy.

She clenched her fists. Dorothy had always felt that she should've been the one by Zen's side.

"We are still trapped in that damned place," Zen answered in a frustrated tone.

"You and Elvinia are still trapped? Then how were you able to leave?" Dorothy asked in surprise.

Since there were no outsiders present, Zen decided it was safe to tell them everything. Briefly, he explained to them what had happened to him and Elvinia in the Dark Region.

The more Zen talked, the more worried Dorothy became. "What should we do... Will you be trapped there forever?"

"There is always a solution," Zen consoled her. "At least now, I can come back to replenish my strength."

If Zen used all his Other Shore Power, he could fight a black monkey. However, once that was used up, he would be left defenseless against all the other creatures there.

"It's a pity that I don't have any candles," Dorothy murmured, biting her lips.

If she had candles, she would've entered the Dark Region again to attempt to rescue Zen and Elvinia.

Seeing how Dorothy cared about him so much, Zen was moved. "Don't worry," he said and smiled. "I'll definitely find a way out."

Just as Zen was speaking, Trish suddenly burst into the room. "Tia, there're two guests—" Her eyes widened when she saw Zen. "Mr. Luo, you are awake!"

During Zen's stay on the Other Shore, Trish had reported everything happening in the house to Letitia.

Hence, she was surprised to see Zen awake.

"Yes." Zen nodded. "Who are the guests?"

Before Trish could reply, two elegant figures emerged from behind her. One wore a blue robe, the other, a green dress. It was Elvinia in her physical form and her mother, Flamine.

At the sight of Flamine, Zen instantly knew the purpose of their visit.

Since Elvinia was able to find out his true identity, she had probably told her mother by now.

Zen stood up and bowed to Flamine. "I didn't know that you were here, Lady Flamine, so I didn't come to greet you. My apologies."

Flamine smiled slightly, her eyes twinkling charmingly. "It's easy for me to forgive you. After all, you must protect my daughter and make sure she makes it out of the Dark Region unharmed!"

"Mother!" Elvinia whined.

Dorothy frowned. Elvinia had entered the Dark Region voluntarily, so Zen had nothing to do with it. But Flamine seemed to be putting the blame on him.

"If I can safely leave that damned place, I will definitely protect Princess Elvinia," Zen replied respectfully.

To his surprise, though, Flamine was dissatisfied with his polite answer.

Taking a step forward, she looked at him fiercely. "Elvinia is my only daughter. I won't allow anything bad to happen to her." Her eyes narrowed. "Promise me, Zen."

Zen frowned slightly, and even Letitia and Margaret watched uneasily.

As a formidable woman, Flamine keenly sensed their emotions. It was out of character for her to be unusually stern. "As long as Elvinia can leave the Dark Region and get out of the Other Shore safely, I will reward you graciously."

If it were anyone else who talked to him like this, Zen would probably have sent the guest out immediately.

However, when Zen broke into the Phoenix Palace, it was Flamine who had showed him the way. Besides, she had also helped him in the Vastness Mountain.

Zen could understand that Flamine's unreasonable demand was out of her love and worry for her beloved daughter.

Zen bowed to her again. "Don't worry, Lady Flamine. The Dark Region is not as dangerous as you think. We are not in a desperate situation."

At least, in the meantime, they were safe within the column of light.

What was more, those pig-faced monsters were not that intelligent. With these cards, they still had a chance to escape.

Zen's sincere expression made Flamine calm down a little. The most fearful thing for her was that Zen would leave her daughter behind. All the way from the Phoenix Palace, she had been trying to figure out how she would talk to Zen.

In order to get the answer she wanted, she risked being a bit rude to Zen.

Chapter 3307 The Purified Being

Flamine lowered her eyes. Softly she said, "I have been to the Dark Region. I know how dangerous it is. Maybe it's too much to ask you to protect Elvinia, but I hope you will do your best."

"You've been to the Dark Region?" Zen said, raising his eyebrows.

Flamine smiled. "It's not the Dark Region of Stage Thirteen, but the one of Stage Twenty."

As one reached higher and higher stages on the Other Shore, the likelihood increased of encountering the Dark Region.

Powerful warriors like Flamine, however, had extremely powerful Souls of Light, and were equal to the challenges of the Dark Region. Flamine, for instance, would have no trouble overpowering the creatures on the Other Shore and in the Dark Region that Zen and his companions had faced in Stage Thirteen.

"Have you ever heard of the light column in the Dark Region?" Zen asked.

At the mention of the light column, Flamine's eyes flashed. Elvinia noticed and shot her mother a questioning look.

Earlier, when Elvinia had told her mother about the light column in the Phoenix Palace, Flamine had also reacted strangely. What did she know about the valley?

"I've already heard about it from Elvinia," Flamine said solemnly. "The appearance of a light column in the Dark Region, well, generally suggests the presence of a purified being."

"What do you mean by a purified being?" Zen said, looking interested.

"Some creatures can break through the restrictions of the Dark Region and become the strongest. We call them purified beings, and no one can match them in the Dark Region," Flamine explained. "Of course, they are also extremely powerful even outside the Dark Region."

Many years ago, Flamine had witnessed the birth of a purified being.

She had been in the Dark Region of Stage Twenty. She clearly saw a white light shoot up into the sky, pierce through the darkness, and freely fly within the Dark Region.

In response, the powerful creatures in the Dark Region had surrounded the light and launched an attack on the purified being. Even the other creatures outside the Dark Region had tried to stop the purified being from leaving the confines of the Dark Region. Some powerful Souls of Light had also joined the battle.

But no one could defeat the purified being. Within its light, it was impervious to the attacks of creatures in the Dark Region. The other creatures outside the Dark Region also failed to defeat the purified being.

At that time, Flamine recalled, the most powerful group in Stage Twenty was the Heavenly Element race. They had ruled over at least seventy percent of the territory of Stage Twenty. However, the purified being had engaged them in battle. Alone against the strongest members of the Heavenly Element race, the purified being had driven them into a small corner of Stage Twenty.

Zen listened closely to the story. "What does the purified being want?" he asked Flamine.

"It wants its own race to dominate all others," Flamine said simply. "The purified being I am telling you about comes from the Rain race. As far as I know, the Rain race still controls Stage Twenty. Once you reach Stage Twenty, you will see for yourself the proliferation of the Rain race. By now, they must be stronger than ever."

Indeed, any mention of the beasts of the Rain race in Stage Twenty was enough to strike fear into anyone in the Desire World. Few, if any, were willing to stay too long in Stage Twenty.

"Since the purified being is so powerful, why don't other races try to win it over?" Zen asked.

"Win it over?" Flamine repeated thoughtfully. "I'm sure someone has tried that. But how can we, as Souls of Light from the Source World, manage to win it over?"

The creatures of the Source World went to the Other Shore primarily to obtain Other Shore Tokens.

For the creatures on the Other Shore, the Other Shore Tokens were nothing special. They themselves could also be considered as Other Shore Tokens. Moreover, the purified being could dominate a whole stage.

Zen reflected on what Flamine had told him. He now knew several important things about the purified being.

There should have been a pig-faced monster buried in the tomb of the light column.

Nobody knew how or why the pig-faced monster had turned into a purified being. Then it had attracted the light outside the Dark Region.

Once it was reborn, it would lead its race in bloody battle. With its power, their race could become the strongest force in Stage Thirteen.

Thus the pig-faced monsters gathered around the light column and described what lay within it as a holy tomb. It was the symbol of their hopes for prospering their race. They had been afraid that Zen would desecrate it.

Flamine was watching Zen. She asked directly, "When will you return to the Other Shore?"

She couldn't help but feel conflicted about her daughter. If Elvinia never returned to the Other Shore, she would have a lifetime of safety and comfort in the Oneness Sky Palace. She could even be happy. However, her cultivation level would stagnate where it was right now and never increase again. Just like Winchell's son, Evaristus. If Zen hadn't saved him, he would still be trapped in the whirlpool.

Zen said, "I don't know when the purified being will awaken. So the sooner we return, the better."

Once the purified being woke up, the white light that enveloped the tomb would disappear, and he and Elvinia would fall into darkness once again. They would die there unless they ate the Darkness Fruits.

"You may leave in three days," Flamine said slowly, biting her lips. "I wish to spend more time with Elvinia before you go."

Flamine appreciated Zen's strength and knew he would do his best to protect Elvinia in the Dark Region. However, she was horribly aware of the dangers lurking in the Dark Region, and knew there was a chance that her daughter would not survive. She wanted to delay sending Elvinia back to the Dark Region for as long as possible.

Meanwhile, Athemar, Goran, and the others received the news that Zen had woken up. They immediately paid him a visit at the Oneness Mountain.

Like Flamine, they were familiar with the known history of the light column. The knowledge they had was riddled with gaps and shrouded in mystery. Athemar and Goran also couldn't explain the origins of the purified being.

The key point was that it had happened in the Lust World. This meant that neither Athemar nor Goran could lend a helping hand. They could only offer advice, and so they repeatedly told Zen to take action cautiously.

The three days requested by Flamine seemed to pass in the blink of an eye.

Flamine personally sent Elvinia to the top of the Oneness Mountain. She concealed her anxiety from her daughter and told her to be careful in the Dark Region.

Zen and Elvinia were fully prepared to return. They sat cross-legged on the floor, and closed their eyes.

A flame rose from Zen's body. The two of them returned together to the Other Shore.

The moment they opened their eyes, they were bathed in the glow of a bright light shining above them.

The two of them were in the center of a circle of light, about ten feet in diameter. Beyond the light was impenetrable darkness. Nothing could be seen at all.

"Elvinia, the Darkness Fruits," Zen said quickly.

They were unable to see the environment of the Dark Region because the effect of the Darkness Fruits had already dissipated.

Elvinia nodded and took out two white fruits from her space ring. She handed one of the fruits to Zen.

They each bit into their fruits. As Zen swallowed the Darkness Fruit, he felt energy spreading throughout his body, and the darkness that obscured his vision seemed to lighten. He looked around him at their surroundings and instantly felt stunned.

To his shock, he and Elvinia were surrounded by several pig-faced monsters standing just outside the edge of the circle of light. Their ferocious fangs were bared. They were staring at Zen and Elvinia, and looked ready to fight.

Elvinia let out a small cry of astonishment as she saw the monsters around them.

She stepped closer to Zen, feeling uneasy and afraid.

"Don't worry. They can't come into the light," Zen said calmly.

The pig-faced monsters leaned forward and roared, taking care to stay in the darkness.

"Get out of here, you filthy humans!"

"You are trampling the holy tomb!"

The pig-faced monsters roared and threatened them, but they couldn't step into the circle of light to attack the humans.

Zen smiled, shaking his head. "You know, if I were them, I would be kind and gentle instead of loud and threatening. I would try to lure us out of the light and into the darkness, where we could be slaughtered like fish on the chopping block."

Elvinia scowled. "Luckily, they don't have someone who thinks like you. Be quiet. Don't give them any ideas."

Zen shrugged. "My point is that these pig-faced monsters do not seem to be very intelligent. The black monkeys are smarter. So I don't understand why one of their own would become a purified being."

As he spoke, he bent and carefully studied the holy tomb of the pig-faced monsters.

According to Flamine, there was a purified being buried within.

Zen placed a hand carefully on the tomb. He glanced around him at the pig-faced monsters and asked them, "Is one of your clansmen buried inside this tomb?"

Chapter 3308 White Shadow

The pig-faced monsters shuddered at the mere thought of the thing they dreaded the most: Zen would aim at the holy tomb.

His question rang repeatedly in their heads, which made them tremble profusely in fear.

Despite that, they still had the gall to curse fiercely at Zen.

"Move your dirty hand away!"

"How dare you, a dirty human, touch Master Teague's holy tomb!"

"Go to hell!" they all shouted.

Meanwhile, their noises caused the other pig-faced monsters to come out of the caves as well.

Elvinia looked at Zen solemnly. "Those pig-faced monsters are besieging us again," she reminded him.

"Leave them alone," Zen replied expressionlessly.

They could leave the Other Shore at any time anyway. Moreover, the creatures from the Dark Region couldn't get inside, which meant that he could try anything he liked.

He turned a deaf ear to the pig-faced monsters' cries and carelessly walked around the holy tomb. Finally, he stopped in front of it and bowed down.

This action surprised Elvinia as she didn't know what Zen meant. Still, the act had now excited those pig-faced monsters.

"He's finally enlightened. He's going to submit to our Master Teague!"

"Even if you kneel down and beg for forgiveness, we can only let you die--but it is not so painful!"

"Since you have thought through this, you can step out now!"

After Zen was done bowing, he stood up and smiled at the pig-faced monsters. He then suddenly jumped up to the tomb and dug it out with his hands!

He knew that the only way to leave the place was to look for the answer that lay inside the tomb.

He bowed to the tomb because of his moral. Whether the purified being was dead or not, it was indeed disrespectful to dig a tomb.

Those ferocious pig-faced monsters were dumbfounded.

They never thought that Zen would actually be so bold to dig the tomb!

"Stop!"

"Please!"

"No… we are so sorry, Master Teague…"

The pig-faced monsters could only cry out in despair when they realized that threatening Zen didn't work. In fact, it just irritated him. Thus, some of them began to plead with him to stop.

However, Zen knew that the pig-faced monsters were never to be trusted, so he completely ignored them.

"Swish..."

He tossed away the masses of mud he had dug out until the long, thin stones below came into view. The stones were highly cold to the touch.

He tried to break the stones, but failed. He couldn't believe that they were so hard that he couldn't damage them even for a little bit.

Finally, he started with the side of the tomb. He took out the stones and threw them towards Elvinia, who stood not far away.

The stones should contain a very potent amount of the Other Shore Power. Since they didn't melt in the light, they could be fused as the Other Shore Tokens!

After Elvinia picked up the stones and put them in her space ring, she went by the tomb's side and carefully peered down.

Once all the stones were removed, a circular cave with a diameter of three feet appeared beneath.

"The tomb is empty?" Elvinia's eyes narrowed. If there was an underground passage below, they would get out of the place.

"Let me get down to have a look," said Zen.

Just as he was about to jump inside, that dark blue pig-faced monster showed up again beside the light column.

Its angry mouth seemed to shout the words, "You will regret for what you have done!"

The rest of the pig-faced monsters also roared and the whole valley was blanketed in a thick fog of unease. Even the tentacles in the valley quietly retreated back to the triangular caves.

However, Zen just cast a glance at the dark blue pig-faced monster before he jumped into the cave beneath the tomb.

Elvinia was left alone at the tomb's entrance, her eyes filled with nervousness.

Although she clearly knew that the pig-faced monsters couldn't get in, their howls that seemed to shake mountains still terrified her a little.

"Let's cover the light!"

"Block the light and get them out!"

"Let the tentacles do this!"

The pig-faced monsters and the tentacles had previously dashed into the light column blindly without a thought.

As a result, the light had melted their bodies in various degrees.

At the moment, one of the pig-faced monsters seemed to have come up with an idea. The light was indeed powerful, but it could not destroy stones in an instant.

Then all the tentacles that had retreated to the triangular caves extended to the outside of the valley and pulled the huge stones on the outside back to the inside.

"Whoosh!"

At that moment, Elvinia saw a huge dark shadow in the distance. It was a huge stone that the tentacles had thrown over her head!

The giant stone naturally blocked the column of light that shone from above, casting a shadow on Elvinia.

Her legs were frozen in place. She was speechless and didn't know what to do.

"Catch her!"

"Kill her!"

"We can get in now!"

The pig-faced monsters that had stayed outside for a long time had run out of patience. As soon as the stone blocked the light, they hurriedly scampered towards Elvinia!

"Elvinia?"

Zen, who had just jumped down from the tomb's entrance, felt the light above his head fade away. His face slightly turned worried.

Even though he didn't know what had happened above, he knew that the light was their only protective screen!

Thus, he jumped upwards without hesitation and tried to find out what happened.

The only thing was, it was easy to go down but hard to go up. When he tried to rush towards the entrance, a weird force abruptly pulled him in and he fell down from a height of about forty feet!

"Whoosh…"

As he slipped further down, four pig-faced monsters had already reached Elvinia in a blink of an eye. One of them reached out and grabbed her in an attempt to drag her out.

In turn, Elvinia instinctively launched a counterattack.

The golden light around her body flickered continuously until it turned into golden whips, which lashed at the pig-faced monsters like a violent storm. Yet, the divine flames of the Sun Crow race still wasn't enough to render considerable damage to them.

"Right after we got back here... We are in danger…"

Despair racked Elvinia's body, and she was close to giving up…

Suddenly, a beam of light glittered brightly once again.

Even if the giant stone did temporarily block the light, the light also tarnished it because it was an object of the Dark Region. In just a few seconds, the light had pierced through the giant stone.

"Buzz..."

The bright light shone on Elvinia again.

Before the pig-faced monsters around her could scream, the light beam had melted their bodies away, filling the air with a pungent smell.

The light won a little bit of time for Elvinia to breath. Her face however, changed dramatically when she saw the tentacles lift a number of giant stones.

She would never have a chance to escape once the stones completely covered the light!

Without hesitation, she quickly jumped into the cave beneath the tomb.

The situation outside the cave was extremely critical, and the same could be said for inside of it.

A small white shadow floated in front of Zen. It didn't contain very strong energy, but it seemed that it posed a great threat to him.

It turned out that this white shadow was the force that pulled him down just now!

At that point, his face twisted in horror when he realized that the white shadow had targeted Elvinia.

"Watch out!" he screamed when seeing Elvinia jumping down.

Chapter 3309 Cutting

There was no time for Elvinia to check the cave before jumping inside.

But when she heard Zen warn her from above, she resisted on instinct, releasing golden whips from her Soul of Light and lashing at the white shadow that appeared before her.

Swish!

When she used her divine flames of the Sun Crow race on the Other Shore, they were like a soul theurgy. The power of the flames imposed on physical bodies was rather ordinary, but if the opponent was in soul form, their power was not to be scoffed at.

And the white shadow was in just soul form.

As the divine flames almost hit the figure, Elvinia felt a sudden strange force.

The force sent her flying horizontally without warning—the golden whips deviated from the attack as she lost control.

Bang!

She hit the wall hard.

Her Soul of Light was, of course, incomparable to Zen's. After the collision, she passed out immediately.

The force exerted on her wasn't dissipating—it kept her nailed firmly to the wall.

Whoosh!

The white shadow didn't seem to have any intention of killing her, though. After knocking her unconscious, it flew in closer.

"No way!"

Zen had no idea what it was planning, but from its actions, he could vaguely guess what it was up to, so he didn't want it anywhere near Elvinia.

The power of the Strength God Totem emanated from his body as he got ready to leap into the air.

Over the past three days, he had replenished his power with a considerable amount of divine crystals. His two Other Shore Tokens were in their best state.

But just as he was about to jump, he felt his feet sink into the ground.

'What?'

Zen felt his heart skip a beat as he carefully examined the situation—his eyes went wide.

The moment he entered the cave, the ground felt soft—he figured it was just the soil.

But now that his feet were stuck, he realized that he was stepping on huge lumps of meat.

In fact, the entire floor was covered by lumps of meat, with meridians separating the flesh and purple blood flowing rapidly through them.

Although he had seen such passageway in the Grand Sky Temple, he knew he was in a far stranger place.

His surprise lasted only a second.

Seeing as the white figure was already right in front of Elvinia, he had no time to lose.

"Six hundred divine megatons of force…"

The Other Shore Power of the Strength God Totem erupted and Zen managed to pull his feet out from in between the flesh on the ground.

He rushed to the side like a sling-shot stone and grabbed at the white shadow with his hands like a bolt of lightning.

The figure saw Elvinia as a lifesaver—it wanted to seize the opportunity to enter her Soul of Light.

Just then…

Zen felt the light above him start dimming again.

Dozens of great stones blocked the cave's entrance, enveloping them in darkness.

Even light with strong penetrating power would take some time to get through the stones.

The tentacles slithered along the cave walls and flocked into the dark cave.

When one of Zen's hands was about to grab the white shadow, the tentacles shot out and wrapped around Zen's body. It was a horrible sight—dozens of thick tentacles entangling him and each other.

As the tentacles restrained him completely, all he could do was watch as the shadow rushed into Elvinia's Soul of Light.

Once the tentacles dragged Zen out of the cave, another group made its way into it, aiming at Elvinia.

No foreign beings were allowed to exist in the holy tomb.

But before they could reach her, they began trembling all of a sudden as though they had received some sort of irresistible signal. After another moment, they left Elvinia behind and retreated.

The other tentacles were still holding great stones up, blocking the light from outside.

It was the first time the pig-faced monsters had even gotten close to the holy tomb. All were wearing faces of reverence at that moment.

Hurriedly, they bowed before the tomb and restored it before heading out.

Once again, the giant stones were penetrated by the light—it reached down, shining onto the tomb.

From the looks of it, save for the new soil on the tomb's surface, there were barely any traces of damage. After light broke through the stones, fragments fell and their debris turned to dust under the light before disappearing entirely.

The tentacles kept pulling on Zen until they held him midair—they seemed to be competing for him among themselves. Each of them wanted to pull him into their own caves and devour him slowly.

Each tentacle released a great force during the fight—Zen could feel his body being slowly, agonizingly torn apart.

Still, his body was highly strong—if it were any other body, they'd already be in pieces.

In the end, one of the tentacles won, and Zen was dragged into a triangular cave.

Over a hundred feet deep inside, he could smell the old, rotting blood on the walls. Clumps of fur and bones were scattered on the ground.

'These must be the corpses of the black monkeys from earlier…' Zen thought.

Zen could tell what they were from the dark fur—the three black monkeys that had been caught a while earlier. They were already eaten.

But how did the tentacles cut through the monkeys' bones?

No matter how strong they were, tentacles were soft in nature. At most, they could only tear the bodies into pieces like one would tear paper. But Zen could see that the pieces of bone were cleanly cut and extremely smooth. Apparently, they were cut by some sharp weapons.

While he pondered, two more tentacles extended from within the cave.

They were slightly thinner than the others, but each had a row of sharp teeth on one side—Zen's questions about the bones were answered.

"Phew!"

The soft tentacles held Zen's body in place as the other two rushed toward him.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack...

As the two tentacles moved backward and forward around Zen's shoulders, their rows of teeth were like saws as they cut into Zen's body.

As the cutting began, a burning pain shot through Zen's arms and his shoulders were covered in blood. The tentacles' strength was beyond anything Zen could have ever imagined.

If the sawing went on, he'd be left in pieces soon. His brows furrowed tightly as he thought of his predicament.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack...

The tentacles continued the torturous motion.

In the second round of cutting, they had reached his flesh and muscles—the white of his bones was already visible.

Chapter 3310 Soul Stealing And Counterattack

The desperate situation had Zen thinking long and hard about how to escape.

There weren't many abilities he could use on the Other Shore. Because of its nature, the Strength God Totem could only increase Zen's strength — it wasn't nearly enough to force himself out of the tentacles' range.

The Eye of Will's power was indeed excellent, but for it to be truly effective, it had to be combined with great swordsmanship skills. In this situation, it was practically useless.

Currently, two tentacles began the third round of cutting.

This time, Zen gritted his teeth and leaped on full strength. In the little window of opportunity, he managed to evade the tentacles and start running out of the cave.

But the enclosure was already densely crowded with tentacles. Before he could take any more steps forward, another one hit his legs.

Slap!

The whip-like hit made Zen lose his balance. Before he fell to the ground, several tentacles wrapped around him, dragging him deeper into the cave.

Their severe grip left him with no chance of escape.

When someone entered the Other Shore, it was normally difficult for others to tell if their Souls of Light were trapped or injured. The only way to understand one's condition was to examine one's mind.

But because Zen entered the Other Shore with his physical body, his case was another story.

Any injuries he suffered on the Other Shore affected his real body in the Source World.

"Zen is injured! Is he in a fight?"

"What's happening on the Other Shore?"

"I hope he's okay…"

Zen's body in the Source World sat on the second floor of his courtyard house. His eyes were shut tightly as he cringed like he was in pain. Wounds began appearing on his body abruptly — blood even started gushing out.

His condition put Letitia and Margaret in a panic. Dorothy rushed to his side and tried to help treat the fresh wounds.

After sending Elvinia's body to the Flow Sword Sect, Flamine stayed with them.

While she couldn't see what was going on at Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, she knew that Elvinia was in a critical situation — she couldn't just leave protecting Elvinia up to Zen alone.

At the sight of Zen's terrible wounds, Flamine felt a sense of foreboding.

What about Elvinia? Was she with him? Was she still safe?

In the next moment, Flamine was at Elvinia's side, putting her slender fingers atop the latter's forehead. Closing her eyes in concentration, she examined her daughter's soul — a solemn expression came over her face.

"Lady Flamine, is she alright?" Dorothy asked in concern.

"Her soul is very weak. It seems like someone is trying to steal her soul!" Now, Flamine sounded angry, gritting her teeth.

"What?!" Dorothy's eyes widened in alarm. "Is there anything we can do to help her?"

Margaret and Letitia exchanged looks of astonishment.

While they had very little knowledge of the Other Shore, they were well aware of the practice of stealing another warrior's soul. But never did they think such a thing could be done on the Other Shore as well.

"Maybe this creature can even enter the Source World through Elvinia's body. It might be successful if I hadn't noticed it right away. Now that I've discovered it, I'm not letting it through," Flamine boldly announced as she sneered. She then pressed a hand on her daughter's head and pointed the other to her temple.

A touch of demonic-red colored her eyes.

Such was a secret soul skill unique to her — it was highly damaging to her own soul whenever she performed it. But what choice did she have when her daughter was in grave danger?

Zoom!

An invisible soul power emanated from her body.

Violent gusts of wind began blowing from the second floor of the house.

Her soul power's fluctuation was not necessarily destructive, but all the disciples in the Flow Sword Sect could sense it clearly. Their faces filled with awe as they stared at Zen's courtyard house from a distance.

Everyone was well aware that only a dozen people in the entire Oneness Sky Palace were capable of releasing such a terrifying soul aura. They wondered which one of the grandmasters had visited the Flow Sword Sect.

On the Other Shore, the white shadow went straight into Elvinia's Memory Flame after entering her Soul of Light.

As the leader of the pig-faced monsters, Teague had great ambition.

After he succeeded in becoming a purified being, the entire Stage Thirteen would become his domain — both the black monkeys and the giant ape would be at his mercy.

Initially, the plan had gone smoothly. Once the flesh and soul were nourished adequately, he was to be reincarnated.

Never did he think that the fate would send him such a great gift.

It was a Soul of Light from the Source World.

In comparison, the Other Shore was narrow and limited.

Creatures like him lurked in the shadows of this narrow world for generations. Dominating the Stage Thirteen didn't do anything to change his fate.

But if he managed to steal Elvinia's soul, he'd at least have a chance to return to the Source World. Such was something all the Other Shore creatures longed for.

With his current abilities, it wouldn't be long before he took control of the chaos in its entirety. At such an exciting thought, Teague did not hesitate for a moment before locking down on his target.

Elvinia's Memory Flame flickered with a pale-orange light. After she lost her consciousness, the light grew especially dim.

When Teague finally found her Memory Flame, his ugly mug twisted into a malicious smile.

Powerful creatures at his level normally had two ways of occupying a soul. First, he could destroy her Memory Flame and replace it with his own — with this method, however, he'd lose the original owner's memories.

Second, he could devour her Memory Flame and integrate her memories into his — this way, he'd obtain all her knowledge and secrets as well.

Both the Source World and the chaos remained unfamiliar to Teague. He needed to learn about them — what better way than to understand the world through her memories?

Elvinia's Memory Flame sensed approaching danger and swayed gently within the depths of her soul like a helpless little girl in the face of a hungry wolf.

Once her Memory Flame was devoured, her true consciousness would vanish into thin air — something akin to death.

"I've already found you. Where do you think you can escape?" Teague's soul smiled maliciously as he mocked her. He could almost smell the flame's fragrance.

The white shadow flashed gently as it grabbed the vulnerable Memory Flame in its hand — it trembled violently and swayed in Teague's palm. Indeed, there was no way to escape.

But just as he raised the flame to his mouth, ready to swallow it, something unexpected began unfolding.

A sudden flash of scarlet-golden flame appeared, proceeded by beams of golden light that started spreading within her soul.

"Wha-what's going on?!" Teague's eyes were wide as they darted around, wondering what the scene before him was.

Suddenly, he began groaning in pain.

A burning sensation came over his palm. Before he could react, Elvinia's Memory Flame began scorching him, forcing him to throw it away.

Realizing that something was going terribly wrong, he chose to flee.

Teague was a purified being — he was at the beginning of a new life where a bright future awaited him. He couldn't afford to perish just yet.

But the golden flames were spreading rapidly, far beyond his imagination.

In the blink of an eye, the flames had formed a cage around him, making him a prisoner within the depths of Elvinia's soul.

Chapter 3311 An Accident

It was extremely difficult for the people in the Source World to influence or affect the events on the Other Shore.

They could only offer soul pills to strengthen the soul auras of those on the Other Shore.

The people outside Dragon City, for instance, were able to cultivate on the Other Shore with the help of the starlight in Dragon City despite it being an external force.

Flamine couldn't intervene and help Elvinia fight the creatures on the Other Shore. Nor could she greatly improve her daughter's cultivation base while Elvinia was on the Other Shore. However, she could kill anyone who tried to snatch Elvinia's soul.

In a sense, one's Soul of Light was both in the Source World and on the Other Shore. Thus, after Teague entered the depths of Elvinia's Soul of Light, he was still on the Other Shore, yet he was also on the second floor of Zen's house in the Flow Sword Sect in the Source World.

This presented Flamine with an opportunity to help her daughter.

Teague had not become a purified being yet, so his soul was still quite weak. Moreover, as a creature from Stage Thirteen of the Dark Region, he was inferior to the creatures in the upper stages of the Other Shore.

Huge flames burned and flickered around Teague.

He darted from left to right in a cage made of golden flames. Every time he tried to escape, the scorching heat forced him back inside.

"I'm a purified being! You can't kill me!" Teague yelled in despair.

Outside the cage, a faint shadow emerged. It was Flamine's soul. Elvinia's Memory Flame rested on her shoulder.

"You certainly have the aura of a purified being," said Flamine, looking at Teague cautiously.

There were many powerful creatures in the Dark Region, and the purified beings were the best of them. Once they were born, they were virtually impossible to defeat.

However, it remained a great mystery how and why purified beings were born.

"You can't kill me! If you kill me, the Blood Assembly will never let you go!" Teague roared at Flamine.

"But you want to kill my daughter!" said Flamine, whose face darkened.

Threatened by Teague, she was more determined to kill him now.

She waved her hand, and the golden cage shrank, closing in on Teague. The bars of golden flames pressed in on Teague's soul. He screamed in agony at the scorching pain.

Several seconds passed as Teague writhed and screamed. Eventually, he collapsed and fell silent. Flamine exhaled, thinking it was over at last. However, something strange happened.

Teague's white soul began to swell rapidly. It expanded within the flaming cage, becoming larger and larger.

"What's going on?" Flamine demanded, taking a step back.

She tried to bind the expanding soul in place, but she couldn't hold it down.

There was a deafening bang.

Teague's soul exploded. In an instant, a violent, swirling vortex appeared in its place.

Flamine stumbled forwards, drawn by the gravity of the vortex. She fought against it, but it was too strong. Her soul and Elvinia's orange Memory Flame were inexorably sucked in.

In the blink of an eye, Flamine's soul had disappeared into the vortex.

In the Source World, Flamine suddenly opened her eyes. She blinked and shook her head, looking furious. In a cold voice, she cried out, "How could this happen?"

Dorothy had been trying to repair Zen's body. When she turned to Flamine and saw the look on her face, her own expression grew dark and forbidding.

Although Flamine had not explained what had happened, Dorothy could tell that things had gone wrong.

Flamine put her fingers to her temples, and golden flames appeared, shooting upwards. Her eyes were red.

She wanted to go into Elvinia's mind again. But she found that a white light had enveloped Elvinia's soul.

The light seemed to have completely integrated with Elvinia's soul. It wouldn't be difficult to destroy the light, but the problem was that, given this degree of integration, destroying the light would also tear apart Elvinia's soul.

The two tentacles lashed at Zen's arms again.

Zen felt the intense pain of the cutting from the tentacles, but to his surprise, he also felt a sensation he couldn't immediately identify.

He took a closer look at his arms and realized that they were healing.

However, the healing could not keep up with the amount of damage being done to his arms. They were cut, broken, and bleeding.

Zen thought that the tentacles would break his bones and rip his arms apart, and then enjoy the pieces slowly.

He groaned at the terrible sound of the bones in his arms cracking beneath the tentacles.

Zen was overcome by agony. He was about to black out from the pain when, from outside the triangle cave, there was a loud roar.

It sounded like hundreds of pigs howling together.

'The pig-faced monsters...' Zen thought, ashen-faced.

Unexpectedly, the tentacles stopped moving. To Zen's surprise, he found himself being carried out of the cave by the tentacles.

He realized that the pig-faced monsters had somehow stopped the tentacles from devouring him.

Zen knew that the pig-faced monsters had not acted out of benevolence. After all, he had broken into their holy tomb, and they had tried to tear him limb from limb. They must be even more furious at him now that he had dug up and desecrated the tomb.

The air whooshed in Zen's ears as the tentacles swung him upwards.

He was hung upside down outside the triangle cave.

Everything was silent except for a dripping sound, as blood flowed down to the ground from the wounds on his arms.

The pig-faced monsters stood in a line in front of Zen's battered, upside-down body. He looked miserable, yet he endured his suffering, which stoked their hatred even further. They started to speak among themselves.

"We can't let him die so easily!"

"Anyone who desecrates the holy tomb must suffer the harshest torture!"

"This filthy human must pay for what he's done!"

The pig-faced monsters talked over each other, suggesting methods for punishing and torturing Zen.

While they were discussing the matter, the dark blue pig-faced monster reappeared. It went to Zen and narrowed its eyes at him thoughtfully. After a moment it turned to the others and said, "Don't kill him."

The pig-faced monsters let out howls of indignation. "What? Why not?"

"This human has insulted us!"

"He deserves to die a painful death!"

Zen felt a stab of relief at the declaration of the dark blue pig-faced monster, but he was also confused.

The monster had wanted to swallow him alive before. Now it wanted to spare his life? What reason could there be to keep him alive?

The dark blue pig-faced monster glanced at Zen and gave him a slow, malevolent smile. "We will use him as bait in the black pool!" And it laughed, its beady eyes lit with malice.

For a moment, the other pig-faced monsters were quiet, thinking about the proposal. Then they joined the dark blue pig-faced monster in its laughter.

"Good idea!"

"That is a fitting consequence for the one who breaks into the holy tomb!"

"He will suffer greatly!"

The black pool was a forbidden area for the pig-faced monsters. Any creature sent as bait to the black pool would meet a dreadful end.

Zen was apprehensive. He had no idea what the black pool was, but he could tell from the reactions of the pig-faced monsters that it would not be a good idea to enter that place.

The tentacles seemed to do the bidding of the pig-faced monsters. They took out two thick bronze iron plates, obtained from the valley, which were about the size of a human being. There was a hole punched into the center of each iron plate. The tentacles lifted Zen down onto the ground. They slid Zen's neck and hands into the holes in the iron plates, and then secured the plates with two ropes.

Zen struggled but he was very weak from his injuries. When he released his Other Shore Power, strange patterns flashed on the plates, but they stayed firmly in place.

"Give it up. No one can escape from the bronze seal," a pig-faced monster sneered.

Zen ignored the monster, silently trying to break free. After several unsuccessful attempts, he finally gave up, deciding he was wasting his energy. He sat, trapped by the bronze seal, and stared morosely at the light column in the middle of the valley.

Elvinia was still buried within the dark cave of the tomb. Her Soul of Light would have been entirely swallowed by the white shadow by now.

Chapter 3312 Black Pool

A white cocoon of light floated in the darkness of the tomb.

This cocoon wrapped around Elvinia.

Every a few seconds, the cocoon could be seen beating with the naked eye.

Dong! Dong!

The movement of the cocoon caused tremors to pass through the dark cave.

The blood vessels and the flesh on the wall and the ground bulged as if they were sentient living beings, and gathered around the cocoon.

Dong! Dong!

The cocoon had beaten over a hundred times before some of the blood vessels attached themselves to it, the flesh following close behind. The entire process was long and slow, but they continued to gradually gather together into a shape.

Zen didn't know that such a strange change was taking place in the dark cave.

He waited for a few hours before he began to feel that the light was dimming. The pig-faced monsters that had been near him had gradually fallen into the darkness. The effect of the Darkness Fruit was about to disappear.

"Are you going to use me as bait?" Zen asked the pig-faced monster that was guarding him.

"Right," the pig-faced monster snickered.

"I'm afraid I'm going to disappear from the Dark Region before that because the Darkness Fruit is about to lose effect," Zen said.

The pig-faced monster looked surprised.

They had forgotten that Zen was not from the Dark Region. When the effect of the Darkness Fruit wore off, the Dark Region would erase his body.

The pig-faced monster reported this to its superiors. Soon, several pig-faced monsters had left the valley.

Zen felt it getting darker and darker, the voices of the pig-faced monsters becoming fainter by the minute. He felt pain as the Dark Region continued to corrode him.

Fortunately, there were a number of Darkness Fruits in the Dark Region. About an hour later, the pig-faced monsters returned and shoved a Darkness Fruit into Zen's mouth.

As the power of the Darkness Fruit spread out across Zen's body, the darkness faded away and things returned to normal.

"I wouldn't eat the Darkness Fruit if I were you," Zen's guard said meaningfully.

"Why?" Zen asked curiously.

"It's better to be corroded by the darkness than to be bait," the guard said with a grin.

Zen wanted to shrug but the bronze iron plates were pressing down on his shoulders, restricting his movements.

Zen hadn't given up despite the numerous changes that had come about. He wasn't about to take the guard's words to heart and he had no other choice but to stay strong.

Eight hours later, the guard gave Zen another Darkness Fruit.

It was then that the tentacles in the triangle caves began to emerge in succession.

Zen could now see the tentacles completely and what they were. A wrinkled round head sat at the top of the tentacles. The creature looked like an octopus, but it had many more tentacles.

'The pig-faced monsters aren't strong or as big as the black monkeys. The octopuses are obviously more powerful. So why do these two creatures live together? Why do the octopuses obey the pig-faced monsters?' Zen thought.

It was common for creatures to live together, but usually, only those creatures that complemented each other did so.

What made the pig-faced monsters special?

They weren't of great wisdom and strength. How was it that they were now commanding the octopuses?

What happened next helped Zen understand this.

One of the octopuses stretched out its tentacles and grabbed the ropes attached to the bronze iron plates. It then pulled Zen along with the iron plates and began to climb up the valley.

Halfway through, it stretched out its tentacles yet again and got entangled with the octopus below it.

Each tentacle was over a thousand feet long. The octopuses connected with each other using their tentacles. Only one of them remained in its cave.

The octopuses couldn't really leave the caves. If they really wanted to, it was a long-drawn-out process that was troublesome. Moreover, the range of their activities was limited.

'No wonder there are so few living creatures in this area. They must have been wiped out by the octopuses. But the octopuses can only move around a certain distance. So it must have been the pig-faced monsters that do the rest.'

Zen was still deep in thought when the long rope made of tentacles scaled the peak of the mountain, and a strange smell reached Zen's nose.

Zen looked down to see the black pool that the pig-faced monsters had mentioned.

There was no water in the pool. Instead, it was filled with sticky black mud that was so dense. No wave could ever be created on its surface no matter how hard the wind was blowing.

Whoosh!

The octopuses, which were part of the rope, lowered Zen onto the surface of the black pool.

Moments before Zen was about to hit the surface, the octopuses tossed him into the pool.

The black mud was so viscous that people could even stand on it with no fear of sinking.

But because of the heavy bronze iron plates on his back, Zen began to sink slowly into the mud.

In no time, Zen's whole body had sunk into the depths of the pool.

He could see nothing in the black quagmire, and could do nothing but let himself sink.

Minutes later, Zen felt something tug at his back. The rope had tightened and was stopping Zen from sinking even further. He was alone in the black pool, hanging onto the rope and his luck.

Plop! Plop!

Bubbles began to float. Zen frowned, sensing that something was coming his way.

As more bubbles began to appear, he felt a stabbing pain in his feet, as if something was stuck to them. He struggled to escape it but his body was being held down by the bronze iron plates. Thanks to the absence of enough space, he couldn't get rid of it.

The more he struggled, the more things he attracted to himself. It was not long before these things spread out all over his body.

"What the hell?"

Zen couldn't see anything. All he could do was grit his teeth and endure the pain. He finally understood what the pig-faced monster had meant.

The monster had been right when it had said that being put in the black pool and sucked at by these unknown objects was worse than dying.

Dorothy and the others were witnessing something horrifying happen to Zen. Countless tiny holes appeared on Zen's body, ringed with black traces of erosion.

Chapter 3313 New Body After Rebirth

"These are from severe poison," Dorothy said after looking at the corrosion marks.

The wounds one sustained from the Other Shore carried over to the Source World. Thus, Zen sported the dark, corrosion marks on his skin. However, any objects from the Other Shore could not appear in the Source World, so there was no venom around his wounds.

Letitia was immediately relieved upon hearing Dorothy's diagnosis. "Zen is immune to poison."

"It appears so," Dorothy replied upon observation.

The things in the black pool were extremely poisonous. Most of the creatures from the Dark Region could barely come out alive if getting bit after being thrown into that pond.

Death came slowly with this type of poison. After being injected into the bloodstream, it would make the victim hallucinate while his body deteriorated. Pus would slowly fester on his skin, his organs, down to his very bones until he became nothing more than a flesh bag of bodily fluids. This type of death was horrible and incredibly painful.

That was from only one bite. Zen was currently being attacked by more than a hundred of these unknown things!

Fortunately, his body was immune to any type of poison and all he really had to worry about was the blood loss.

However, just the mere thought of his body being covered by many bugs sent a shiver down his spine.

An hour later, he felt the two ropes on the bronze-iron plates tighten, slowly raising him up from the black pool.

'Finally. I'm leaving this hell now?' Zen's heart filled with joy.

He really thought it was going to be his death after the pig-faced monsters made such a huge deal of the black pond. It turned out not as bad as they said.

As soon as he left the pond, he looked down at his body.

He had already mentally prepared himself but the sight shocked him all the same.

The bugs were not a pretty sight - dark cyan, with huge abdomens like cyan gems. A fine needle protruded from each bug's head and penetrated every square inch of his body.

Despite being lifted from the pond, the bugs remained latched onto him, firmly attached to his flesh by their needles.

Zen was dragged to the top of the mountain by the octopuses and all the way to the valley, being left in front of the pig-faced monsters.

"A bumper harvest!"

"His blood must be delicious!"

"What a big harvest! And without the sacrifice of one of our kind, ha ha!"

The pig-faced monsters surrounded him and began to pull the bugs off his body.

These bugs were called Regal Jade Bugs and the octopuses fed on them occasionally. These bugs were quite difficult to fish up from the black pond.

At first, the pig-faced monsters used disguises to hide in the mountain creeks and trap a few creatures from the Dark Region. Unfortunately, their tricks had long since worn off. The creatures of the Dark Region also knew how difficult it was for the octopuses to leave the valley so they did not get close to them.

The pig-faced monsters weren't strong enough and always failed to capture the creatures of the Dark Region, so they had no choice but sacrifice their own members. Sometimes, they would throw a pig-faced monster into the black pool to catch these Regal Jade Bugs.

These bugs were incredibly aggressive in the black pool. However, if taken out of the pond, they would become extremely stiff and unmoving.

In no time at all, the pig-faced monsters had harvested two hundred Regal Jade Bugs from his body.

After getting these bugs, a pig-faced monster couldn't help but snort in surprise. "This human has been bit by so many Regan Jade Bugs, but it seems nothing happens to his body. Why's that?"

Another pig-faced monster waved off its concern. "Don't worry about it and just throw him out. He now has Regal Jade Poison all over his body. Just a tiny bit can hurt all of us badly."

That pig-faced monster's words were like sweet honey to Zen's ears. Yet, he continued to keep his eyes closed and remained motionless on the ground.

If he was thrown away, he could definitely run to freedom.

Zen once again felt a tentacle roll over the bronze-iron plates, lifting him and poising to throw him out of the valley. However, before it could do so, the dark blue pig-faced monster spoke, "Wait!"

"Bang!"

Instead of the rush of freedom, Zen felt the crash of the cold, hard ground.

The dark blue pig-faced monster studied him closely, reaching out to touch his body. "This human is strange. It doesn't look as if he got poisoned."

The Regal Jade Poison could turn a warrior into a literal skin bag of bodily fluids. However, Zen's body remained unchanged.

"Yes! You're right!" "This human boy is so strange!"

"Does that mean he's still alive?"

"Then doesn't that also mean we can use him repeatedly as bait?"

The pig-faced monsters were overjoyed upon this realization.

Sacrificing their own members was a terrible ordeal but with Zen here, they wouldn't need to do that anymore!

Zen was internally cursing that dark blue pig-faced monster. All hope of escaping was sucked out of his body, replaced with the dread of having to be thrown into the black pond all over again.

He was now a valued treasure bait for these pig-faced monsters. They would never let him go nor let him die so easily.

Having stored a lot of Darkness Fruits, the pig-faced monsters fed one to Zen regularly and even healed some of his wounds.

Since playing dead wasn't doing him any favors, Zen gave up and opened his eyes to stare at his captors helplessly.

A day later...

The octopuses left the caves, and entangled with each other to form a rope thousands of feet long. They took Zen with them and threw him right back into the pond.

He was left soaking there for more than an hour to make sure that his entire body would be covered by the Regal Jade Bugs.

He was used as bait for four straight days.

While Zen was subject to such misery, something else was beginning to take place in the dark cave of the tomb.

Flesh and blood piled up, wrapping up a cocoon completely. Gradually, a body started to form.

When its facial features began shaping, a pig face appeared, looking exactly like a pig-faced monster. This was the purified being called Teague.

However, as soon as the pig face formed, it immediately crumbled and morphed into the face of a human girl.

She had a gentle and charming appearance, especially with her eyes closed in peaceful slumber.

On the fifth day, the human girl suddenly opened her eyes, confused.

'Where am I?

Who am I?'

Her heart was filled with doubt as she carefully observed her own body. It was the body of a pig-faced monster. It was big and fleshy as well as ugly. This was an appearance that she could never accept.

"Phew! Phew!"

As she thought, there were cracks on her big body, and blood spilled. The flesh was constantly peeling off. A pair of slender hands pulled out from her bloated arms.

Chapter 3314 The Regal Jade Beast

The human girl shook the blood away from her hands, the red streams painting the ground. Then, she checked them under the light, and a satisfied grin stretched on her lips.

Next, she jerked her fat legs, which caused the skin to crack. The flesh began to roll upwards to reveal a pair of slender legs.

Her shoulders, chest, and waist followed suit. Her thick limbs were stripped from her original body as a tangy, bloody scent filled the dark cave.

Soon after, a perfectly shaped body emerged from the pile of flesh.

Although she was still quite confused, she seemed to be in a better mood as her snow-white feet moved across the dark and bloody cave.

As she moved, the light column that came from the valley also moved with her.

The properties of the tombstone and the soil around it had changed with the birth of the purified being. They did not belong to the Dark Region anymore, so the light couldn't damage them.

The materials outside the light column, however, were different: as long as they touched the light, their energy and the light column's energy would attempt to eliminate each other.

As the light column started to move, numerous ditches appeared in the ground because of the erosion. The light column almost hit some of the pig-faced monsters that were in the middle of worshipping. The ground trembled as all of them scampered to the edge of the valley to hide, and then proceeded to watch the scene with caution.

"What happened?"

"Has the light column moved?"

"It's Master Teague! Has Master Teague turned into a purified being?"

All the pig-faced monsters that knew about the situation were aware that the light column did not illuminate the tomb, nor the tombstone, but Master Teague.

Once Master Teague became a purified being, the light column would follow him wherever he went!

Since the light column shifted around, it was obvious that Master Teague was awake.

All of them saw how the brightness followed him as he walked in the dark cave.

"If Master Teague has succeeded, why won't he leave the dark cave?" The dark blue pig-faced monster scowled. "Maybe he needs to get everything ready," the pig-faced monster next to it replied and burst into giggles.

"It is said that a purified being can give us the ability to leave the darkness, right?" another pig-faced monster asked, its tone full of expectation. The dark blue pig-faced monster nodded and said, "According to what I heard, yes, but it's not permanent."

"It's still better than spending the whole life in the Dark Region," the other pig-faced monster exclaimed excitedly.

The light column kept moving, which caused the ditches in the ground to run deeper and deeper.

Finally, it returned to its original position and remained still.

The pig-faced monsters thought that Master Teague was about to show up, so they all knelt on the ground and waited respectfully.

At the same time, the octopuses had again thrown Zen into the deep area of the black pool behind the valley.

He had been thrown there for so many times that it could be said that he was even used to it.

The Regal Jade Bugs were highly poisonous to other living creatures, but not to Zen. He only felt like he was being poked hundreds of times. At the very least, he didn't die.

What he didn't know, however, was there were more than just the Regal Jade Bugs that lived in the black pool!

"Something is wrong today... Where are those bugs?"

His face twisted with an unreadable expression as he floated quietly atop the pool's inky depths.

Five minutes had passed, and as things had been the past few days, those Regal Jade Bugs should have swarmed him by now. Yet, it was exceptionally quiet. There wasn't even a single Regal Jade Bug on his body.

'Did I get too many of them these days and they are now extinct?' he thought. Just as his imagination had run wild, he felt a wave in the thick black pool.

His heart began to pound loudly in his chest.

The black pool was so viscous that he could hardly move freely in it.

With such a strong wave, he was afraid that it might've come from a gigantic creature with unfathomable powers…

'Don't come at me!' he prayed fervently in his heart.

The wave in the black pool grew increasingly stronger until his heartbeat rang in his ears. Under the pool was indeed a gigantic creature, and it silently approached him.

He began to understand why the Regal Jade Bugs had stopped attacking him. They were probably avoiding the gigantic creature.

"Grmmm..."

The wave suddenly stopped coming, and a pulling force tugged at him from the front. Zen felt like he had been sucked into a gigantic beast's mouth, which he was. Once he was inside of it, the beast swam downwards and dragged the bronze iron plates along with it.

At that point, the octopuses by the black pool had simultaneously grasped at the rope on the bronze plates firmly with their tentacles. When they felt that the plates had sunk, they began to pull the rope upwards.

The octopuses were so powerful that even Zen stood no chance against their force.

On the other hand, the gigantic beast in the black pool was not weak either. It desperately dragged Zen into the depths of the pool and soon enough, the two parties began to fight each other.

Meanwhile, Zen felt utterly helpless in the beast's big mouth. His situation allowed him no room to resist.

Still, he strongly hoped that the octopuses could pull him ashore. After all, it was better to be treated as a bait than to be eaten alive.

The tug of war continued for a while, until the octopuses suddenly exerted their full strength. Zen felt that he was dragged upwards and rushed out of the black pool.

It was still dark around him since he was inside the big mouth, but he definitely felt that he was on his way up!

"Bang!"

The pulling went on until the gigantic beast collided with the mountain, and the heavy impact caused it to spat Zen out.

A sharp pain ripped through his body as he landed. He immediately crawled up with the bronze iron plates still on his body. Then he was greeted by the ugly sight of the beast.

The gigantic beast had an incomparably big mouth and two wings. Its entire body was a cyan hue that was as smooth as grease, as if it had been carved from a chunk of jade. However, it was a living gigantic beast, aptly named the Regal Jade Beast.

"Grrr..."

The Regal Jade Beast lowered its head and roared.

Things quickly took an unexpected turn when instead of targeting Zen, it flew towards the nearest octopus.

The octopuses shrieked in horror when they realized that they were no match for the gigantic beast. Thus, they quickly withdrew their tentacles and ran towards the valley.

Even though they moved in high speeds, the beast had caught up to the last octopus and crushed it. Then, it began to bite the creature's body until it was torn into pieces.

Zen had been hanging from the tentacles of the last octopus. Now that it was nothing but chunks of meat, it couldn't take him back to the valley.

The Regal Jade Beast chewed some more until it swallowed the whole octopus in a few gulps, and then it turned to look at Zen.

The beast's terrifying stare sent chills down Zen's spine. In a moment of desperation, he gathered all his strength and rolled down the mountain with the bronze iron plates. The mountain was steep, so he was able to roll down rather quickly. Although the bumpy ride injured him along the way, it was still better than being eaten by the beast!

When the beast saw that its target had escaped, a fierce light flashed in its eyes. It wasted no time and followed Zen all the way down!

The pig-faced monsters were still kneeling before their purified being. Suddenly, they heard a loud noise from above and saw that the octopuses had fled back to the triangular caves. It was as if they were escaping from something, which astonished the pig-faced monsters.

Chapter 3315 Emerge

The octopuses had no natural enemies on Stage Thirteen.

In fact, their only shortcoming was that they couldn't leave the triangular caves where they hid, limiting their range of motion.

'What kind of creature chased after them, making them flee like mad?' the pig-faced monsters wondered.

Clatter… clatter… clatter…

The octopuses were followed closely by Zen as he rolled down the mountain, still locked in the bronze plates.

The plates bumping along the way made a deafening sound.

Bang!

Finally, Zen smashed into the valley. More than half his body was embedded underground.

The two pig-faced monsters nearest Zen paled in shock. If they were caught in Zen's fall, they'd have definitely been crushed.

"What happened?"

"Look! What's that?"

"That seems to be a Regal Jade Beast…"

Having lived around the black pool for years, the pig-faced monsters knew a little about it.

Creatures in the pool were considered very special—the Regal Jade Bugs being just one kind of them, and at the lowest level.

The bodies of these bugs were nothing like that of common bugs with flesh and blood. They seemed to be carved out of jade, making their bodies extremely tough.

Many strange life forms populated the black pool.

It was said that some pig-faced monsters had even seen giant beasts emerge from the water. The Regal Jade Beasts were cyan all over, and like the Regal Jade Bugs, their bodies seemed carved from jade. But in all the time the pig-faced monsters had been there, the beasts had only appeared once or twice. Many no longer believed in their existence.

No concrete evidence was available to prove whether or not the Regal Jade Beasts really existed in the black pool.

Still, no one explored the black pool and lived. The pig-faced monsters had no idea how deep the water was, nor what creatures lurked down there.

But this time, they encountered the strange Zen. He was probably the only 'bait' who could be re-used after being bitten by the Regal Jade Bugs.

What was most surprising, though, was how he had managed to attract the giant Regal Jade Beast from the black pool!

Thump! Thump! Thump!

With its great wings and four strong legs, climbing down the mountain was an easy task for the beast.

Just as Zen hit the ground, the Regal Jade Beast also jumped into the valley.

The great beast looked as though it was carved right out of jade. The pig-faced monsters felt its powerful aura and trembled in fear.

But the Regal Jade Beast wasn't interested in the weak pig-faced monsters of the valley. It gave them a quick glance before jumping into one of the triangular caves.

The octopus hiding in the triangular cave naturally tried to resist, but the strength of the Regal Jade Beast was all too great. Even with dozens of tentacles wrapped around its body, it ruined them all with a mere shake of its body.

Both the octopus' tentacles and its head were considered delicacies to the beast. It took a great bite out of the creature, and in mere seconds, the octopus was gobbled up.

When the beast stepped out of the cave, it didn't seem satisfied—it went straight into another cave to feast.

Noises of struggle came from the cave before another octopus was eaten up.

"What should we do?"

"How ferocious!"

"If they're all eaten up… how are we going to survive…"

The pig-faced monsters looked upset as the onset of doom came over them.

They could establish themselves on Stage Thirteen because they relied on the octopuses. But now that they were eaten up by the beast one by one, the pig-faced monsters could foresee that their life in the Dark Region would be harder.

"We still have Master Teague!"

"Master Teague has already become a purified being!"

"Master Teague! Where are you? Why haven't you appeared? This Regal Jade Beast is no match for you!"

Just now, the light column circled the valley before stopping. Nobody knew what was going on under the tomb.

Once the octopuses were in the Regal Jade Beast's stomach, the beast headed to the valley to slaughter pig-faced monsters.

Its prey scattered, shrieking and howling in misery.

After a round of slaughter, its eyes fell right on Zen—this human bait was what had attracted it from the depths of the black pool.

A wry smile made its way to Zen's face as he felt the gaze of the Regal Jade Beast.

The Regal Jade Bugs couldn't dream of killing Zen, but this beast easily tore the octopuses apart—Zen's body was probably more like paper in its hands.

But now, Zen was basically a fish on a chopping block. He could barely resist, let alone run away. All he could do was lie on the ground and watch the beast approach him, step by step.

Meanwhile, under the tomb…

The human girl wandered in circles before returning to the center of the dark cave, sitting atop bloody piles of meat.

The narrow space was somehow confusing—the world wasn't supposed to be so narrow, cramped, and dark.

What was wrong?

Just then, she heard the shouts from outside.

"Master Teague…"

The name sounded familiar…were they calling her?

But as she tried to recall in her subconscious, a hateful pig-face appeared in her mind. She couldn't help but frown at the thought of it and tried to direct her mind elsewhere.

Although the shouts were rather annoying, they reminded her that there was a wide world outside the tomb, waiting for her.

"I want to step outside…"

With this thought, she began tapping her foot.

By merely releasing force from her small foot, her body shot up like an arrow. The explosive strength of her physical body was beyond impressive.

Bang!

The fresh soil that covered the tomb burst from the girl's strength as she rushed out.

The moment she came into contact with the light, it changed significantly.

Originally, the beam of light was in the shape of a circular column, but the moment it touched the young girl's body, the light concentrated right on her, illuminating her entire figure. Only a bright silhouette remained.

"The light... it makes me comfortable…"

Bathed in light, the girl looked rather relaxed.

She could still feel the countless little spirits contained within the light, subject to her orders.

In a single thought, rays of light were woven into a shiny dress, that fit her perfectly.

Everyone else in the valley was wide-eyed and dumbfounded.

After being madly slaughtered by the Regal Jade Beast, the pig-faced monsters were left in desperate fear. When the tomb exploded, they fled in all directions. Now they felt saved, thinking that Master Teague finally appeared.

But what rushed out from under the tomb was a mere human girl.

Even Zen was just as shocked.

Only a few steps away from him was the Regal Jade Beast, and one of its cyan claws was already pressing onto his head—he was sure he was doomed. But when the human girl came into his view, his surprise almost made him forget the dire situation he was in.

Chapter 3316 Elvinia's Impaired Memory

"Elvinia?"

Elvinia now possessed a body on the Other Shore. Zen could recognize her at a glance by her thick black hair and her eyes that were as deep as ancient pools.

When the woman heard the name 'Elvinia', she fell into a trance as her mind began searching for an answer to the meaning of this name.

The name seemed to be hers, but she couldn't recall if it was.

The man in front of her was familiar and intimate as well, but who was he?

She was enraged on seeing the Regal Jade Beast had caught hold of the man. "Beast! Stay away from him!" she screeched terrifyingly.

Roar!

The Regal Jade Beast felt threatened by the woman and unleashed a great roar. It did not want to provoke her, but it wouldn't let go of Zen either.

It grabbed Zen with a front paw and scaled the mountain wall at the back of the valley. It might have been enormous, but it moved as agile as a kitten.

The woman remained deep in thought. She felt overbearingly uneasy as she watched the man being taken by the Regal Jade Beast but she didn't know why.

Driven by pure instinct, her arm raised up slowly and a ball of light began gathering in her hand.

Buzz!

The light rays began swirling and dancing around. Then, a white light shot at the Regal Jade Beast.

No matter how fast and nimble it was, it could not escape the light.

Hiss!

A puff of black smoke rose from the body of the Regal Jade Beast as the light hit it. Its once smooth skin now became mottled and dotted with holes all over.

"Woo!"

The Regal Jade Beast let out a miserable cry and slid down from the mountain.

"Kill that gigantic beast!"

"Come on, Master Teague!"

"That beast slaughtered more than half of our race!"

The pig-faced monsters lucky enough to survive shouted while hiding in the corner of the valley.

They didn't know who this woman was, but they figured she must be the purified being if she was able to control the light as she did. Some of them regarded her as Teague.

Just as the Regal Jade Beast was about to fall into the valley, its back shuddered. Suddenly, a fresh pair of wings spread out, allowing it to fly up.

This didn't faze the woman much. Her eyes flashed and she raised her hand to point at the Regal Jade Beast. Within split seconds, countless thick light columns rained down on it.

The Regal Jade Beast's wings made it even more agile and flexible. Dragging a dark green shadow, it flew between the light columns with ease.

The body of the Regal Jade Beast was much thicker than that of an ordinary physical body. It could sustain the occasional blow of light without serious injury. Like a butterfly fluttering among the flowers, the beast swiveled in, out and around the light columns before it rushed straight towards the woman.

"Elvinia! Look out!" Zen warned at the top of his lungs as he and the Regal Jade Beast dashed down together.

If Elvinia was hit by the gigantic beast, she would be smashed into minced meat.

Elvinia blinked, her pupils slightly dilated, and a glowing mark of light appeared beneath her feet. She put her tiptoe into the mark, and with a thin smile on her lips, she muttered, "Great Sanskrit Light..."

This was her instinct. She could summon it at will.

Buzz!

A beam of light as thin as a hair erupted from the light mark beneath her foot into the air.

"Oh no... It missed!"

Zen's face saddened as he watched the thin light pass by the Regal Jade Beast.

Zen soon realized how wrong he was. The power Elvinia controlled was far beyond his imagination.

The string of light instantly expanded and formed a dazzling column of light that filled the entire valley in the blink of an eye.

The light column caused everything in the valley to vanish into thin air. The stones, the leaves, the caves and the pig-faced monsters had all disappeared.

It continued to expand wildly, causing the mountain walls at both ends of the valley and the cliffs and mountains nearby to disappear too.

This scene left all the creatures lurking in the Dark Region ill at ease.

"Has the purified being of Stage Thirteen been born?"

"I think it's coming from where the pig-faced monsters live."

"Humph, they must be supported by the Blood Assembly. Otherwise, how could a purified being appear among those idiots?"

The light column was tens of thousands of feet in diameter and beamed a few seconds more before it gradually dimmed.

The whole valley, as well as the surrounding mountains had disappeared, and a huge crater was left on the ground.

But the tomb, the tombstone and the dark cave under the tombstone were still intact, standing where they were alone.

Zen stretched his arms out and pushed himself off the ground.

The bronze iron plates had disappeared into the strong light and Zen was free.

"Why? Why hasn't the beast disappeared? How is this possible?"

From the corner of his eye, Zen noticed something greenish on the ground.

It was the Regal Jade Beast, but it was only the size of a fist now.

The Regal Jade Beast must be from the Dark Region. Logically speaking, it should disappear into the light without a trace. Why it had remained and shrunk to this size puzzled Zen.

He reached out and picked it up. It felt cold, as if it was not a living thing and more like a jade stone.

Zen studied the Regal Jade Beast in his hand when a light flashed in front of him. Elvinia had appeared.

"What did you call me just now?" she asked curiously.

"Elvinia," Zen replied with a frown.

She tilted her head, looked at Zen innocently and asked, "What's your name?"

Zen sighed in his heart at Elvinia's question.

When he was grabbed by the tentacles, the white shadow had already rushed to Elvinia's Soul of Light. There was nothing Zen could do back then. He imagined Elvinia's Soul of Light would probably be devoured by the white shadow.

But things had not gone that way at all.

Perhaps something unexpected happened when the white shadow had tried to devour Elvinia's soul; it failed and Elvinia's Memory Flame prevailed over it.

Elvinia's Soul of Light and memory were both damaged.

"My name is Zen Luo," Zen answered.

"Zen Luo..." Elvinia repeated in a soft voice.

Zen nodded and asked, "Do you remember?"

Elvinia nodded and said seriously, "Yes."

Zen looked at her strangely and asked, "What do you remember?"

Suddenly, Elvinia pounced on Zen, embracing him and looking into his eyes tenderly. She would never have acted like this or even looked at him like this before.

"I remember that I seem to like you very much," she said sweetly.

Zen was frozen.

He knew her memory was a mess but that was the last thing he had expected.

Chapter 3317 No Choice

Elvinia had always been a cold woman. So Zen was not used to her current tenderness and affection. That was not who she was.

However, at the sight of her exquisite face so close to his, Zen felt his heart racing. She could easily crush any other woman in the Oneness Sky Palace with her radiant beauty. Save one—only Dorothy's lovely visage could hold a candle to hers.

Zen said with a smile, "You must have made a mistake." He then gently pushed Elvinia away.

"Really?"

Elvinia's eyes were filled with confusion. She rummaged through her memories and found another clue among her random fragments of recollection.

A trace of anger suddenly appeared in her eyes. "How dare you intrude into my place!"

"What? Your place?!"

Zen froze for a moment. As quick as a flash, Elvinia shoved her palm into his chest. He had no time to stop her.

"Puff!"

Living creatures of the Dark Region were extremely powerful. Even the pig-faced monsters and human-monkey monsters were far stronger than other creatures living outside, not to mention the black monkeys and the three-eyed boy.

The body of a purified being was refined in a special way. Even though it had just been formed, it still contained terrifying power.

Elvinia's light slap contained far more than a thousand divine megatons of force. Zen felt his chest collapse and he was sent flying nearly a mile away.

"Ahem!"

Slowly, painfully, Zen got to his feet, and promptly coughed up two mouthfuls of blood.

'What's wrong with Elvinia? She was gentle and sweet a minute ago, but then she hit me?

There was some serious power in that blow. I think she really intended to kill me!'

"Whoosh..."

Seeing Zen get up from the ground, Elvinia suddenly raised her eyebrows in dissatisfaction. She tapped the tip of her toe on the ground and flew straight up into the air. Like the lithest acrobat, she made a perfect arc in midair, and swooped down towards Zen, feet first.

If she hit him this time, she would probably stomp him into the ground!

Taking a deep breath, Zen rolled sideways and dodged her attack in a rather awkward posture.

"Bang!"

Elvinia hit the ground like a meteor, and created a huge crater hundreds of feet in diameter.

Since she missed, she suddenly twisted her body and tried to grab Zen. She acted so quickly that Zen had no time to dodge. He helplessly watched her grab his neck.

Zen had no doubt that even if she used a fraction of her strength, she'd crush his neck and his head would fall from his body. The purified being was terrifying!

"Anyone who dares to break into my holy tomb must die!" Elvinia shouted angrily.

"Wait!" Zen raised his hands in surrender.

"Wait for what?" Elvinia asked.

After listening to what Elvinia had just said, Zen finally figured out what was going on.

He found that not only did she have Elvinia's memories, she also had those of the white shadow, Master Teague of the pig-faced monsters.

Teague's memories were quite different. In them, Zen trespassed, walking into the holy tomb to disturb his purification and reincarnation. So he would surely want to kill him. Under the influence of this memory, Elvinia tried to kill Zen as well.

"You've got it all wrong again. Search your memories," Zen immediately said.

"I made a mistake again?" Elvinia was at a loss again. Her grip was tight around Zen's neck.

Zen said helplessly, "Yes, think hard. Who am I?"

She saw his sincere look—he wasn't lying to her. Elvinia began to plumb the depths of her soul, hoping to unearth another clue. Soon after, her expression changed completely, and her look was one of love and affection. She released Zen's neck and pulled him into her arms. She whispered, "I remember! You are Zen, the one I love!"

This time, Zen decided that silence was golden.

He survived the octopuses and the pig-faced monsters and even withstood the bloody bites of the Regal Jade Bugs in the black pool. But now he was at Elvinia's mercy. If she killed him, that would not be good. That was not what he wanted at all!

"Yes, you're right. I'm the one you love," Zen chimed in.

What he wanted to do now was to calm Elvinia down and take her away from here. It would be better if he could escape the Dark Region and leave the Other Shore with her!

There were many talented people in the Oneness Sky Palace. Someone there could fix the chaos in her soul, and give her access to the right memories.

"Do you love me?" Elvinia asked, blinking her eyes in curiosity.

"Yes, I do," Zen answered without hesitation.

Upon hearing this, Elvinia displayed an innocent and childish smile. She carefully sized up Zen, closed her eyes and said, "Then kiss me!"

"……"

Zen was dumbfounded by her sudden request.

Even if they were in a relationship, the Dark Region was no place for a kiss, or anything else for that matter. And Elvinia's newly formed body had a very pungent smell of blood, which was off-putting.

After waiting for a bit with her lips pursed, Elvinia opened her eyes again and gave Zen a puzzled look. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, nothing..."

Zen was afraid that Teague's memory might come back to haunt her again. He didn't need that to happen. If he kissed her, that might help. His close brush with death still fresh in his mind, he brought his lips close to hers. Finally, he kissed her soft lips.

In the past, the Dark Region expanded very slowly in Stage Thirteen.

For several thousand years, the Dark Region had only occupied a fifth of the area of Stage Thirteen.

But the Dark region was growing. The past few years had seen it expand more rapidly than it had before.

A tremendous untapped vein of Burning Crystal was discovered in Stage Thirteen, which attracted the attention of the more powerful races.

Whoosh...

Three black monkeys bounded through the mountains.

They were man-sized, as opposed to the ten-foot tall giant monkeys.

Their bodies were covered with palm-sized yellow pieces of paper, which emulated the appearance of armor, even if it were made of paper.

Each piece of yellow paper had runes inscribed upon it. As they jumped from rock to tree making their way up the mountain, the yellow paper flapped in the wind, making all kinds of racket.

These black monkeys were far stronger and faster than the rest of their brethren. That's why they were chosen for this mission.

Before long, they ascended the mountain. As they looked down from the peak, they were all shocked.

From their vantage point at the top of the mountain, they could see a circular area. Everything in this area had disappeared. No trees, no rocks, nothing. It looked something had exploded, and taken everything with it.

"Is that... Is that the power of the light?"

"A purified being is stronger than that."

"That's frightening! If the Blood Assembly gets their grubby paws on it. I'm afraid we can't keep the vein."

The two black monkeys grew gloomy.

The black monkey standing at the end of the line said in confusion, "The pig-faced monsters lived here, right? If that purified being is Teague, he wouldn't kill every member of his race and ruin their land. Something's wrong."

Chapter 3318 Important Memory

When the black monkey finished its words, the other two also wore cautious expressions on their faces.

No matter how ruthless the purified being was, he wouldn't have killed his own race. It made no sense and caused an uneasy feeling in their hearts.

"Perhaps the purified being... is not a pig-faced monster after all..." another black monkey spoke and voiced its speculations out loud.

"I can't say for sure though," the black monkey shook its head in an attempt to diffuse the suspicions.

"It seems we were right to come here to have a look for ourselves!"

Just as the three black monkeys were immersed in their discussion, several thousand feet away from them, a few red dots of light appeared. Several one-eyed monsters perched atop another mountain scanned the area ahead of them.

"Buzz, buzz..."

Obviously, the several one-eyed creatures had noticed the presence of the black monkeys as well. Their eyes gleamed with a particular frequency that indicated friendliness.

These one-eyed creatures belonged to a different force and had never encountered the black monkeys before. Apparently, they were also enchanted by the frightening light column.

As a sign of friendship, the black monkeys waved gently at the one-eyed monsters. Then, they moved down from the peak of the mountain.

Besides the black monkeys and the one-eyed monsters, other creatures were lurking nearby in the Dark Region. They were all sneaking up to the area inhabited by the pig-faced monsters.

Even though the entire valley now stood destroyed, Zen was still able to tell the right direction.

As long as they followed the mountain stream, they should be able to retrace their steps. They had to climb the back wall of the Grand Sky Temple at the end of the stream to leave the Dark Region safely.

Now with Elvinia's strength, those black monkeys wouldn't dare to make trouble for them.

"Before we leave the Dark Region, I'll store this in your space ring." Zen glanced at Elvinia as he pointed at the small Regal Jade Beast.

"Space ring? I don't understand what you mean..." Elvinia asked while peering over at Zen with curious eyes.

Due to the fact that her memory had almost been wiped clean, she had aged back a few years mentally. She now resembled a child at the age of seven. It made her look innocent and adorable.

"Try to remember what it is yourself," Zen said impatiently.

Elvinia thought long and hard as she blinked at him. Then, she raised her hand and asked, "Is this what you are talking about?"

Buzz!

As a white square formed in response to her gesture, a space ring emerged in her hand.

Clatter...

Before Zen could react, Darkness Fruits, candles, soul pills, and a pile of Other Shore Tokens came pouring out from her space ring.

"Wow! So many things to play with!"

Overjoyed by the innumerable objects, Elvinia began to clap her hands in excitement. She grabbed a handful of soul pills and started to play with them.

Zen pursed his lips before he grabbed her hand and stuffed everything back in the space ring. Then, he turned to her and said in a stern voice, "We do not have time for this! You can play to your heart's content after we leave the Dark Region."

"Okay, I'm sorry…" Elvinia nodded obediently but wore a pouty expression when she turned her face away.

Just as Zen proceeded to store the little Regal Jade Beast into the space ring, Elvinia glanced at it, and her expression suddenly switched. Strange darkness hovered over her eyes before she said, "I can't leave the Dark Region."

Hearing her unexpected confession, Zen felt slightly stunned. He raised his brows and asked, "What do you mean you can't leave?"

"I have something very important that I must do…" After she finished her words, she turned in the opposite direction and ran at a surprisingly fast speed.

'What does she mean by that? What could be so important for her to leave like this?' Zen muttered to himself as he gazed at her receding figure.

But now, when Elvinia was in a state where she could not remember anything clearly, Zen had no other choice but to go after her.

Fortunately, Elvinia was dressed in a robe woven by light. It made it easy for him to keep track of her in the dark.

Due to her eye-catching robe, she was easy to be spotted by the creatures lurking in the Dark Region.

The three black monkeys were stationed in some secluded area in the darkness. The yellow pieces of paper on their bodies emitted a distinct aura. This aura could keep their figures hidden, making them hard to be detected through the naked eye.

"That's a purified being!"

"It's a...hu...human?"

"How is that possible..."

The three black monkeys felt collectively puzzled at this sight.

Instinctively, they had pinned the purified being to be Teague. But when they saw it was Elvinia, the human girl, they were in a state of shock.

Aside from the black monkeys, other creatures scattered in other places also shared the same puzzled expression. God knew what had happened to the pig-faced monsters.

Meanwhile, Elvinia continued to advance with quick steps. She was moving so fast that Zen struggled to keep up with her pace. Fortunately, she did not go too far and abruptly stopped in place. She just stood there and stared blankly ahead into space.

When Zen walked over to her side, he found out that Elvinia was standing in front of the black pool!

"It's the black pool..."

Zen stared at the black quagmire and felt his heart sink as he recalled his past experience here. Although the Regal Jade Bugs didn't take his life, that horrible scene alone was enough for him to remember for a lifetime.

After Elvinia unleashed the light column, the surrounding mountains were reduced to the ground. However, the black pool remained intact.

'Elvinia doesn't know about the existence of the black pool. She has been muttering about something important that she needs to do. Since she came here, the recollection about the black pool might not be hers, but Teague's.' Zen concluded as he studied Elvinia's figure.

The important thing Elvinia mentioned must be concerned with Teague, and that was why it was engraved in her mind.

It soon became clear the black pool was by no means just a place to provide the octopuses with food. There was more to it than met the eye...

"Elvinia, what is it that is so important to you?" Zen inquired as he glanced in her direction.

As if possessed, Elvinia kept her gaze steady at the black pool and replied, "I must go in..."

"Look, don't rush into things. There is a kind of deadly poisonous bug in the black pool. If you go in blindly, I'm worried that..."

Just as Zen tried to persuade her out of doing this, she jumped down into the black pool with a plop. Without a hint of hesitation, she had dived down towards the bottom.

"Elvina, wait!"

Although Elvinia's physical body was not to be underestimated, it still wouldn't be able to withstand the poison of the Regal Jade Bugs. Left with no other choice, Zen dived in the black pool to follow after her.

After Zen jumped, he struggled to make sense of his surroundings. The mud was so thick that it became hard for him to move further down.

In a moment of desperation, he grabbed onto Elvinia's feet and was dragged down by her.

One hundred feet....

Three hundred feet...

One thousand feet...

Previously when the octopuses threw Zen into the black pool, he had only covered a distance of a few hundred feet. At that time, Zen was convinced he had reached the bottom of the black pool.

But now, dragged by Elvinia, he had gone further down, and she still didn't stop. It seemed the black pool was much deeper than he had thought.

Along the way, Zen had been worried that they would encounter the Regal Jade Bugs or the Regal Jade Beasts. But none of them showed up.

After diving for more than ten thousand feet, Elvinia suddenly stopped. Zen reached out his hand to touch the bottom of the black pool. The bottom was abnormally chilling and smooth. The feeling resembled when he felt the Regal Jade Beast.

"What the hell is this? Damn it, I can't see anything..."

Just as Zen tried to figure it out, a ball of white blinding light appeared beside him. The moment the light shone, it completely wiped off the black mud stationed at the bottom.

However, when the black mud at the bottom of the pool had vanished, the residue floating above naturally settled back down. Since Elvinia had relied on her ability to continuously release rays of light, she forcefully created a temporary space at the bottom of the black pool.

Chapter 3319 The Civilization Artifact

In the light that Elvinia had released, Zen finally saw what was going on around him, surprised.

They were now stepping onto the floor that was made of a huge piece of jade.

"Is this whole floor paved with a single piece of cyan jade?" Zen muttered.

Elvinia seemed to know this and didn't react to Zen's question.

The jade floor at the bottom of the black pool was lined. Elvinia lowered her head to look closely at it. She walked along the patterns, as if she was looking for something.

The jade itself could not resist the light that Elvinia had released. Wherever the light passed through, the surface of the jade floor became corroded.

They walked for a dozen steps at the bottom of the pool when the jade under their feet lightened in color. It started to become transparent, allowing them to easily see through it.

"This is..."

Zen had previously noticed random lines on the jade floor. But as he looked more carefully, he found they weren't lines but Regal Jade Bugs that were embedded in the floor.

Did the Regal Jade Bugs in the black pool grow out of this?

A strange thought came to Zen's mind.

This place was full of wonders. Wilder guesses wouldn't feel wrong in this situation.

What he saw next proved him right. The Regal Jade Bugs under the jade floor moved suddenly and began to fly around within the jade, probably having been disturbed by Elvinia's light.

The hard jade was like water to the Regal Jade Bugs. They wandered freely within it.

These bugs would be safe as long as they didn't come out because the jade floor had blocked the light that was capable of eliminating them.

But it looked like they were courting death as they emerged from the floor and began to fly around.

They pointed the cyan needles that were in their mouth upward, and for some time, it looked like the floor was covered with needles.

"Watch out!"

Zen was not sure if Elvinia had the ability to resist the Regal Jade Poison. If she didn't, it would be a lot of trouble if she were to be bitten by these bugs.

Zen lifted Elvinia onto his shoulder.

Puff. Puff. Puff.

Moments later, Zen felt pain in his feet as the needles began to stab him. Groups of Regal Jade Bugs had gathered at his feet and were stabbing their needles into his soles.

Zen might not be afraid of the Regal Jade Poison, but being stabbed by the needles was still a painful experience.

The needles were densely packed before him and it looked like he was walking on a mountain formed by them.

He had barely taken a few steps before he had to stop because his feet had become a mass of flesh and blood, no thanks to the poisonous needles.

"Go!" Elvinia barked, perched on Zen's shoulder.

She waved a hand and released a ray of strong light that shot out towards Zen's feet, erasing the poisonous needles the moment they emerged from the jade floor. The light had now cleared a path for Zen.

The Regal Jade Bugs, on realizing that it was impossible to stop Zen, rushed with a mad buzz towards Elvinia instead.

"Humph!"

Elvinia snorted and smiled contemptuously.

A white circle of light spread out from her body. The Regal Jade Bugs found it impossible to go anywhere near Elvinia, because the moment they left the jade floor they were completely erased.

The suicide attacks of the Regal Jade Bugs had lasted for about three minutes before they finally stopped. No one knew how many Regal Jade Bugs had died in the light.

"Hoo..."

Zen breathed a sigh of relief.

They were lucky to get rid of the Regal Jade Bugs and he hoped they would not encounter the Regal Jade Beasts.

This thought had barely entered his mind when a pair of huge eyes loomed before him. It looked like a huge Regal Jade Beast was embedded under the floor.

The beast's eyes were wide open but lifeless.

"If this thing comes out, we'll be in so much trouble!" Zen murmured.

He was incapable of fighting against the Regal Jade Beast at the moment. Even Elvinia would have great difficulty in subduing it.

But Zen was worrying unnecessarily. The Regal Jade Beast didn't emerge from the jade floor.

They had walked some distance when Zen spotted more Regal Jade Beasts - about sixty of them - intertwined with each other.

And these were only the Regal Jade Beasts that were visible. God knew how much deeper this jade was. There were probably countless Regal Jade Beasts hiding in its depths.

If these Regal Jade Beasts were let out, they might easily flatten Stage Thirteen.

He walked a few hundred feet before the Regal Jade Beasts were left behind. The color of the jade floor under his feet had turned into a shade of dark green.

Zen had just begun to think that there was nothing underneath him when a ten-foot long cyan feather appeared out of nowhere.

"Such a huge feather!" Zen said, surprised.

"Finally found it!" Elvinia gasped, smiling, and jumped off Zen's shoulder.

She tiptoed towards the feather.

Zen followed close behind and as he looked down, he found that more and more feathers were appearing. A sudden thought flashed through his mind.

These feathers belonged to the wings of a giant bird! Was there a giant bird lurking underneath this jade floor?

He was proved right when he spotted the huge bird head some distance away.

Elvinia didn't stop running until after she had passed the bird's head.

Underneath the surface of the jade floor was a spiky ball in the shape of a diamond.

Elvinia looked at it for a while before kneeling down on the ground beside it.

She placed her hand on the floor above the diamond shaped spiky ball and released a bright light from her palm.

The jade floor melted quickly under the strong light, leaving a gaping hole in its wake and exposing the diamond-shaped spiky ball.

He didn't know what the ball was made of. The surface of the ball darkened under the strong light but it showed no signs of melting.

"What's this?" Zen asked.

"I don't know," Elvinia answered.

She had come here driven by her memory to find the diamond shaped spiky ball. She didn't know what exactly it was or what it could be used for.

Zen was speechless. It was a long time later that he helplessly said, "You have looked for it for so long. And now you've found it and you're saying you don't know what it is!"

"Let me think," Elvinia said. She searched her memory, head tilted and eyes narrowed at the ball. A few minutes later, she burst out, "Got it! It seems to be called the Civilization Artifact!"

Chapter 3320 The Regal Jade Civilization

"The Civilization Artifact?" It was hard for Zen to figure out exactly what the item was just based on its name. "What is it used for?"

"I'm not sure. If I could just remember..."

Elvinia continued to search her memories for information about the artifact.

But as she thought about it, she felt something tear deep in her soul, as if a memory was about to break through. All of a sudden, she covered her head with both hands and squatted down. "Oww! It hurts..."

"Clatter!"

As soon as she released her hand, the Civilization Artifact fell to the ground.

"I really can't remember. My head hurts!" Elvinia complained.

Apparently, she couldn't think too much of this. Trying to dig too deeply into her memories was quite painful. Zen stretched out his hand and gently rubbed her forehead. Then he asked her to take out dozens of soul pills and swallow them.

Elvinia's physical body was different from Zen's.

Zen's body was projected onto the Other Shore from the Source World, and the projected body seemed just like his real one. But only Elvinia's soul entered the Other Shore, and the body she inhabited here was like the armor. What form she would take after she left here, only the gods knew.

But at least she could still absorb the soul pills. That was the silver lining.

After taking the soul pills, Elvinia looked better. She didn't seem quite so pale, and she seemed more energetic. She pursed her lips and put her arms around her knees, unwilling to dredge up her memories again. She said, "I don't know what it is. Here you go! Take it if you want."

Hearing her complaint, Zen could only comfort her, "Alright. I'll study it and figure out what it is..."

Then, Zen bent down to pick up the Civilization Artifact and placed it in his palm, observing it closely.

The item was extremely delicate. It was a diamond-like gem inlaid with over ten sharp thorns.

Zen touched the sharp thorns and twisted one of them as an experiment.

"Crack!"

The thorns could twist!

Zen was slightly shocked. This should have done something, and maybe he triggered some mechanism.

'Okay, so maybe that isn't the right one. How about this one?'

After thinking about this, Zen began to twist the thorns one by one. He moved on to the next, and the one after that.

"Click, click, click..."

Every time a thorn was twisted, the Civilization Artifact would respond with a faint chime.

The sound seemed to come from under the jade, but Zen looked around and could not ascertain where it emanated from.

When Zen twisted the final sharp thorn, the ground began shaking under their feet. Zen and Elvinia had to fight to keep their balance.

"Dong!"

The huge jade under the black pool started to shudder.

"Rumble..."

The black monkeys lurking in the dark and the other races also felt the quake, and they saw the black mud in the black pool constantly surging out and flowing in all directions.

"What happened?"

"Something is rising from the black pool!"

"What's that?"

The black mud from the pool flowed away, and a huge jade stone was revealed. This stone was millions of feet wide.

As the giant jade stone continued to rise, the ground around the black pool cracked. More jade was exposed, so Zen and Elvinia also rose from the bottom of the pool.

"That's... a huge city?"

Zen looked around, his eyes wide from shock.

The originally flat surface of the jade ground began to change. Some parts of the ground started to sink, and the others started to bulge. The ground fell away to lay bare many roofs, turrets, towers, houses, and even bridges...

Who would have guessed there was a huge city beneath the black pool, carved entirely out of jade!

There were all sorts of creatures embedded within the Regal Jade City, such as the Regal Jade Bugs and the Regal Jade Beasts...

In addition, there were pythons, unicorn cows, and other strange creatures with alien shapes.

Zen was not the only one who was shaken up by this. The creatures from the Dark Region hiding in every corner were flabbergasted when they laid eyes on the Regal Jade City.

The calmest one among them might be Elvinia.

She just thought that the green city looked incredibly beautiful. But she had no interest in what it might mean.

"Buzz..."

More and more stairs appeared and spread from the surface of the giant stone to Zen's feet.

The steps led to a jade tower close by.

"Let's go and have a look," Zen said.

Elvinia didn't respond. She figured that thinking had given her that splitting headache, so she decided not to do too much of that. She delightedly followed behind Zen.

Zen and Elvinia ascended the jade staircase. Within a few seconds, they had reached the top of the tower.

At the top of the tower, there was a square platform, on which floated a glowing speck. It was like a little pinprick of light. The speck danced around like a fairy, but it couldn't leave the square platform.

Zen walked to the side of the platform and stretched out his hand, trying to touch the thing. But his hand passed right through it. It seemed that it existed in a different dimension and could not touch Zen's physical body.

"Buzz..."

After the speck of light passed through Zen's palm, it curled up in the corner of the square platform and convulsed continuously. It seemed to point to Zen's left hand which held the Civilization Artifact.

"Do you want this?" Zen asked, pointing at the Civilization Artifact.

He didn't know whether the green speck of light understood his words or not, and it only continued dancing.

The moment Zen placed the Civilization Artifact on the platform, the speck of light shot towards it.

"Buzz..."

Soon after, a green light shot out from the Civilization Artifact and enveloped Zen and Elvinia in its rays.

Zen felt the sky and earth spinning. The Regal Jade City disappeared and was replaced by a void. Brown clouds floated in that void.

Elvinia walked into the void and asked nonchalantly, "Where are we?"

Zen had already deduced that the scenery of the void was the chaos. Just as he was about to answer Elvinia, a loud voice rang out from the void. "This is the chaos."

Elvinia blinked and asked, "Then who are you?"

"I am the Regal Jade Spirit and the only member of the Regal Jade race who is still awake. The rest of them have slept for hundreds of millions of years," the clear voice answered.

"Then where did the city go? Is it an illusion?" Zen asked.

Following Elvinia's memories, they had taken great pains to obtain the Civilization Artifact. Surely it wasn't showing them only the pretty scenery, was it?

"The Civilization Artifact has recorded the development of the 749th chaos. You can see the birth, the beginning, the growth and the destruction of the entire Regal Jade Civilization..." the voice answered.

"The 749th chaos?" Zen was slightly stunned.

"Yes, we are the 749th civilization to rule the chaos." A trace of pride could be heard in that disembodied voice.

Chapter 3321 The Battle Between Civilizations

In the old days, many ruling civilizations existed in the chaos.

The Dreaded Eye Demons and the Grand Sky race were two of those ruling civilizations that reigned over the entire chaos.

"There are seven hundred forty nine ruling civilizations?" Zen smiled as he was told about this incredible piece of information. "It seems that the number of ruling civilizations is a lot more than I originally thought," he said.

"Indeed. There are many ruling civilizations," the voice replied confidently. "However, only some of them are strong. At the very least, our Regal Jade Civilization is among the top ten."

Zen didn't respond to this bold statement. Meanwhile, No. 9527 seemed unconvinced. "Really? The top ten?" asked the silent spectator.

"Why? What's wrong?" Zen asked curiously.

"Humph, the Regal Jade Spirit is only exaggerating," No. 9527 sneered.

The moment the Regal Jade Bugs and Regal Jade Beasts appeared, No. 9527 already distinguished them as the civilization that once existed in the chaos.

As a matter of fact, the history of every civilization and creature that ever lived on the Other Shore could be traced. Their movements could be located in the past chaos. As such, No. 9527 didn't find much importance in the Regal Jade Civilization.

"What are you trying to say?" Zen seemed a little bit intrigued.

"The top ten civilizations have all been recorded. Nonetheless, there isn't any record of the Regal Jade Civilization being one of them. They remain in Stage Thirteen, which shows that they are not that strong. If they are really one of the top ten, then they should be within Stage Thirty Two, at least!" answered No. 9527 with much skepticism.

After listening to what No. 9527 said, Zen questioned the Regal Jade Spirit, "Well, since you claim to be one of the top ten ruling civilizations, why do you stay in Stage Thirteen?"

The voice kept silent for a while. There was no point in keeping secrets about the Regal Jade Civilization anymore. With that, it replied, "It's because the 748th civilization is hunting us down."

"Hmm, the 748th civilization? What kind of civilization is it?" Zen asked. Once more, his curiosity was piqued.

Hearing this, No. 9527 was baffled. Even though it had a significant portion of its master's memory, it didn't have much information about the Other Shore.

"It's the Nihility race. They are the ruling civilization above us," the voice replied gloomily. It seemed to remember how awful they were.

"The Nihility race? The one that believes in the Nihility Way?" Zen frowned.

No. 9527 once told him that a group of lunatics intentionally aspired to destroy everything in the chaos. They were convinced of the Nihility Way and attempted to drive the chaos into oblivion.

"The Nihility race ranks seventh among the top ten civilizations," said No. 9527 gravely. It began to believe the Regal Jade Spirit's claim. "If what the Regal Jade Spirit said is true, the Regal Jade Civilization truly won't have a foothold in any upper stage of the Other Shore since the Nihility race is set upon killing them."

"In order to preserve the remaining glimmer of hope for our civilization, we have hidden our last hometown in Stage Thirteen. The Nihility race is not able to return to the Lust World. Even if they do come, they do not have the ability to kill us here," replied the Regal Jade Spirit firmly.

"The chaos in which the Nihility race resided was destroyed and then you rose to power. Why did they chase after you?" Zen asked the voice once more.

The past chaos contained too many secrets. The more Zen knew about it, the more he felt like there were lots more he had not uncovered yet.

"It's very simple. During the era of the Regal Jade Civilization, the Nihility race had almost destroyed the entire chaos. However, we put a stop to all of it," the Regal Jade Spirit answered proudly.

There were many other civilizations that followed after the Regal Jade Civilization.

If it weren't for their interference during that time, the new civilizations would not have existed anymore. The chaos would have been empty by now.

"In addition to that, we found a way to change the fate of the chaos," the Regal Jade Spirit continued. It seemed very eager to talk about their civilization.

"A way to change the fate of the chaos?" As he heard this, Zen became excited and asked, "Are you talking about the Finale Way?"

"Yes," confirmed the Regal Jade Spirit. "We have found some clues. You can find them all in the Civilization Artifact."

Just as Zen was talking to the Regal Jade Spirit, a dot of green light appeared in the illusion. It meant the birth of a new world.

After countless cycles of annihilation and rebirth within the past hundreds of millions of years, several kinds of extraordinary lives were born in the chaos. The Regal Jade Civilization was the most peculiar one among all of them.

The members of the Regal Jade Civilization didn't possess a body. The substance they were made of was jade.

The dot of green light was the Source World during the era of the Regal Jade Civilization. It was also an incredibly large piece of jade.

The images presented before Zen's eyes were rapidly changing.

The jade world continued to expand as the chaotic energy continued to gather within that magnificent large piece of jade. In this world, there were a variety of creatures that were made up of jade.

In contrast with the other civilizations, all the creatures in the Regal Jade Civilization were united and cooperative. Wars within the same race were almost non-existent and development was remarkably fast.

With a flash of green light, a jade creature appeared before Zen.

The creature was a bird. Even though it was only as big as a fist, Zen recognized it at once. "It's the enormous bird that is sealed in the Regal Jade City!" he said enthusiastically.

"It's the Wing King. It's the first powerhouse in the Regal Jade Civilization to reach the Other Shore and the king of our civilization." There were certain courteousness and reverence in the way the Regal Jade Spirit uttered these words.

Zen finally understood what he saw before.

He was extremely shocked to see a gigantic bird sealed under the jade ground.

Apparently, that giant bird was the king of a civilization!

In Zen's era, even the strongest warriors of the super forces were of no match for the Wing King. These warriors included those from the Snake

Goddess race, the Divine Farmer race, the Bearing race, and the Separate Abyss race.

In an instant, the Wing King grew before Zen's eyes. From the size of a fist, it transformed into a gigantic bird. Simultaneously, the entire jade world became even larger and more prosperous.

The birth, beginning, resurgence, and destruction of the Regal Jade Civilization were all recorded in the Civilization Artifact, just as the Regal Jade Spirit said.

In spite of this, a rebellion broke out during the most prosperous stage of the Regal Jade Civilization.

The entire jade world split into two groups. It started to collapse into the chaos of the battle that lasted for several years.

"The rebels were controlled by the people of the Nihility race on the Other Shore. They were the ones who truly incited the rebellion. The Regal Jade Civilization almost fell into ruin," revealed the Regal Jade Spirit despairingly.

"Hence, the Wing King also chose the Finale Way but failed?" Zen asked inquisitively.

"Yes, he failed." The Regal Jade Spirit sounded a little regretful. "He had been successful in finding the clues left behind by the first ruling civilization. He had also been able to find the way to realize the Godly Ways Great Unity. Ultimately, He still failed."

"Hmm, the way to realize the Godly Ways Great Unity?" pondered Zen. As soon as he heard this, Zen became interested even more. The final solution to the Finale Way turned out to be the Godly Ways Great Unity.

Chapter 3322 The Instant Civilization

The Godly Ways Great Unity was the power source of the whole chaos.

Everything in the chaos was formed by the Ways-blending Energy.

When the chaos was created, the Ways-blending Energy was divided into 3, 000 kinds of power, which were known as the 3, 000 Godly Ways.

A lot of powerhouses had mastered the 3, 000 Godly Ways, but up until now, no one had been able to fuse them all to form the Godly Ways Great Unity.

Even so, Zen did not give up the Ways-blending Energy. However, in recent years, he had spent most of his time on the Other Shore and was too busy to attempt to fuse the Godly Ways.

"This nonsense again? The 3, 000 Godly Ways have never been fused perfectly. I don't think they'll ever be fused!" No. 9527 told Zen firmly.

Zen questioned the Regal Jade Spirit, "As far as I know, many people in the Source World practice the 3, 000 Godly Ways, but no one has succeeded in merging them into one. Even the Chaos Ancient Gods who had observed the Godly Ways Great Unity and mastered the truths couldn't do it."

"The Chaos Ancient Gods who had mastered the truths? Do you mean the Sons of Truth?" The Regal Jade Spirit smiled faintly. "The Sons of Truth were just some housekeepers after the chaos was created. The truths that they had mastered were defective."

"The truths were defective? How is that possible?" Surprise was written all over Zen's face.

"No way! Nonsense! The truths are the most powerful forces in the chaos. How can there be flaws? Impossible!" No. 9527 shouted defensively from within Zen, unconvinced.

The reason why the Chaos Ancient Gods were supreme in the chaos was that they each mastered an insurmountable truth that was above all the power. However, the Regal Jade Spirit actually said that the truths were defective. Naturally, it was difficult for No. 9527 to accept.

The Regal Jade Spirit sneered, "I was a Son of Truth before; I had also mastered a truth. How could I speak nonsense?"

"You had mastered a truth before?" Zen's eyes widened in shock.

"Yes, in the era when the 750th civilization, also known as the Grand Sky race, ruled the chaos, I was a Son of Truth, or what you call a Chaos Ancient God," the Regal Jade Spirit said calmly, as though this was no big deal.

Once the Godly Ways Great Unity created the chaos, its energy had been completely depleted. Creatures born after the chaos was created would never have the chance to observe the Godly Ways Great Unity and thus could not become Chaos Ancient Gods.

No. 9527's master was a creature of the last chaos.

All of the Grand Nature Treasures were passed down from the last chaos.

The Regal Jade Spirit was born in the 749th chaos. After the 749th chaos was destroyed, all the energy was consolidated and fused into the Godly Ways Great Unity again. Then, the Regal Jade Spirit had a chance to study the Godly Ways Great Unity, enough to master a truth from it. Thus, it was able to become a Chaos Ancient God in the following chaos.

The Grand Sky race was also a ruling civilization. Zen had heard of it from the Ear Mice before, but he never would've thought that the Regal Jade Spirit was a Chaos Ancient God of this civilization.

Zen reflected on this for a moment. What did the Regal Jade Spirit mean when it said the Son of Truth was nothing but a housekeeper of the chaos?

"But why are truths defective?" Zen finally muttered. Although the Regal Jade Spirit was an actual legend, he still felt what it said was unbelievable.

"The energy of the Godly Ways Great Unity they observed had defects; consequently, the truths they mastered were also defected," the Regal Jade Spirit explained. "Only the first ruling civilization had observed the perfect Godly Ways Great Unity. All the following Godly Ways Great Unity had flaws."

It started to make sense, yet Zen still found himself shaking his head.

"What kind of civilization is the first ruling civilization?" Zen asked.

Chaos had been created and destroyed alternately, but it all started with the first ruling civilization. Naturally, Zen was curious about it.

"It is also known as the Instant Civilization," the Regal Jade Spirit answered.

"The Instant Civilization?"

"Yes. It only lasted for an instant. Then the whole chaos was destroyed," the Regal Jade Spirit explained.

A civilization, from its inception to its peak, would have to last countless years. However, this Instant Civilization had only existed for an instant. Zen rubbed his temples in utter confusion.

The Regal Jade Spirit, observing Zen's reaction, continued to explain, "An instant passes in the blink of an eye for you and me. But for the Instant Civilization, it is eternal. Their concept of time is different from ours. Nearly half of the Sanskrit words were created by the Instant Civilization. You should have seen Sanskrit words as you entered the Other Shore by the Truth of Godly Way."

"The Sanskrit words were created by the Instant Civilization?"

Zen repeated numbly. He had long known that Sanskrit words were spread from the Other Shore, but he didn't know who had created them, not until now.

He never thought the Sanskrit words would date back to the earliest stages of the chaos.

As Zen and the Regal Jade Spirit continued talking, the pictures continued to slide. The Regal Jade Civilization had been split into two divisions, and there was an extremely fierce battle.

The majestic Wing King appeared in the battle, his wings fluttering with luminous colors.

Zen was familiar with this colorful luster. It was exactly the Ways-blending Energy. However, it was much fuller and stronger, and it seemed to emit an indescribable energy. Although the energy was tiny, he could tell it played an important role.

Although he was just being presented with an illusion, Zen could still feel its massive power.

"So this is the perfect Ways-blending Energy? Is this the Godly Ways Great Unity?" Zen asked.

He thought he knew the answer, but to his surprise, the Regal Jade Spirit continued, "We once thought that the Wing King had grasped the perfect Ways-blending Energy, but after the Regal Jade Civilization was destroyed, we realized that it was not perfect."

If the Wing King had grasped the perfect Ways-blending Energy, the 749th chaos ruled by the Regal Jade Civilization would've lived on. It would not be punctured by that needle, and the Finale Way would have been realized.

"It was still not perfect?" Zen exclaimed, at a total loss.

"No. The Wing King made up for one flaw of the Ways-blending Energy. But there are still two flaws in it," the Regal Jade Spirit said. "So, we have been waiting for the right person to make up for the two flaws."

"And who is the right person?" Zen asked curiously.

"The one who has our Civilization Artifact," the Regal Jade Spirit answered bluntly.

Zen glanced at Elvinia, who stood next to him. Her big eyes were bright and full of curiosity as she eagerly watched the colorful pictures that constantly changed in front of her.

"You mean Elvinia?" Zen raised an eyebrow.

"She..." the Regal Jade Spirit trailed off in hesitation. Then it said, "She can't do it."

Chapter 3323 Identification

The Regal Jade Spirit quietly observed the two humans that stood before it.

Although the Regal Jade race was vastly different from the human race, it could tell that Elvinia was not suitable to take charge of the Civilization Artifact.

"We have been waiting for too long. It's not the first time that creatures have come to visit us over the years," the Regal Jade Spirit sighed. "The one most suitable to control the Civilization Artifact is not a purified being, but someone who cultivates the Ways-blending Energy. You are not suitable for the role. So, please leave."

The warriors at the Other Shore Realm in the thirteen stages of the Lust World were far from reaching the Chaotic Source Realm, so it was impossible for them to take the time to cultivate the Ways-blending Energy.

Even in the Source World, only top-level masters of the super powers, like Fuxi and Chiyou, could master the 3, 000 Godly Ways.

The members of the Regal Jade Civilization had been hiding in the Lust World, so it was impossible for them to find a suitable person.

However, because they lived inside the Regal Jade City, they were immortal.

It didn't matter whether the chaos was destroyed or created; the Other Shore would not be affected.

Hence, they were in no rush to select the person they wanted.

Buzz!

The moment the Regal Jade Spirit had finished speaking, Zen gathered the internal momentum in his inner world. A blazing white light shot out in front of the Regal Jade Spirit.

"Is this the Ways-blending Energy you were talking about?" Zen asked with a smile.

The Regal Jade Spirit was taken aback. At a glance, it made an accurate judgment. "2, 994 Godly Ways! You fused them?!"

"Yes, you could say that," replied Zen calmly.

Zen had been continuously fusing the Godly Ways in the divine land. However, the more progress he made, the more difficult it became. Moreover, he had been busy lately, so he had failed to make further progress.

However, the Evil God had helped Zen a lot. It was easy for him to cultivate the Godly Ways that the Evil God had fused, so he was quickly able to fuse 2, 994 Godly Ways.

"Interesting!" The Regal Jade Spirit eyed Zen from head to toe. "You are not a purified being. You stay in the Dark Region by eating Darkness Fruits, right?"

Zen nodded in reply.

"But a Wild God is weak," the Regal Jade Spirit said with a hint of regret. "You are still not qualified."

In the eyes of the Regal Jade Spirit, the most suitable person was not only a purified being, but also a creature that specialized in merging Godly Ways. Although Zen had practiced the merging of the Godly Ways, his own strength alone was not enough. Moreover, compared to a purified being, the Wild God was at least two levels weaker.

Even though the Regal Jade Spirit had rejected Zen, it suddenly released a cyan light that scanned Zen's body to assess his physical strength.

Buzz!

As the cyan light swept across Zen's body, the Regal Jade Spirit gasped. "How can this be?"

"What's wrong?" Zen asked, brows knitted.

"You haven't mastered the Truth of Powerful Holy Body!" The Regal Jade Spirit was surprised. "What's going on? Although you are a Wild God, you didn't cultivate the Truth of Powerful Holy Body. Then how did you get your body to the Other Shore?"

There were some exceptions in the world, and Zen was one of them.

The Regal Jade Spirit had thought that it had seen through everything, but now, it was obvious it had never seen anybody like Zen.

"Well..." Zen scratched his head, at a loss for words.

He could feel that his body contained a Truth of Godly Way, but he couldn't tell what it was exactly.

"The strength of your body is far beyond that of a Wild God, but not as strong as that of a purified being." The Regal Jade Spirit wavered.

All of the members of the Regal Jade Civilization had sealed themselves up and fallen into a deep sleep. It could turn to no one for advice, and could only make the judgment on its own.

If it were to give the Civilization Artifact to Zen, it meant that Zen would hold the core to the Regal Jade Civilization. Needless to say, it had to be careful before making any rash decisions.

Zen stood there in silence, waiting patiently.

If it was anything else, Zen wouldn't have much interest in it.

However, since it was related to the secret of the Ways-blending Energy, he couldn't let it go. Especially since the Regal Jade Spirit mentioned the three flaws, he needed to know if he could make up for them.

"I suppose I can give you a chance," the Regal Jade Spirit finally said with a firm nod. "You can merge with the Civilization Artifact!"

As soon as the Regal Jade Spirit finished speaking, the chaotic void enveloping Zen and Elvinia disappeared. They returned to the high platform. The diamond-shaped Civilization Artifact emitted a green luster as it floated towards Zen.

It was very clear that it wanted Zen to integrate it into his body directly.

However, try as he might, Zen's body was unable to merge with the Other Shore Token. To be exact, he didn't know how to merge the Other Shore Token with his body. He said, "I'm afraid I can't merge with the Civilization Artifact here. Can I bring it to the outside of the Dark Region?"

As long as he left the Dark Region, he would be able to return to the Other Shore with his soul.

Among the three Truths of Godly Ways he had been practicing, the Truth of Cultivation Nature was left empty.

In fact, Zen's purpose for this trip to the Dark Region was to merge an Other Shore Token with his Truth of Cultivation Nature. However, his adventures in the Dark Region almost caused him to die.

"Sure," the voice of the Regal Jade Spirit echoed from the Civilization Artifact.

Zen then turned to Elvinia to ask her to activate her space ring. He was going to store the Civilization Artifact in it.

Suddenly, shadows darted towards them in the darkness.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

"Those damned black monkeys are here!" Zen cried irritably.

The black monkeys had been shocked at the discovery of the Regal Jade City.

While the Regal Jade Civilization was very little known, by instinct, they could tell that this was something extraordinary. Thus, they decided to wait and lurk in the darkness.

As soon as the Regal Jade Spirit lifted the illusion, the black monkeys rushed into the Regal Jade City and headed straight for the tower.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The golden Sanskrit words shone on the yellow paper plastered on the bodies of three black monkeys.

With the reinforcement of the light, each black monkey moved with astonishing power and speed.

The black monkey in the lead launched itself directly onto Zen, trying to yank the Civilization Artifact out of his hand. Elvinia, who was standing next to Zen, bared her teeth angrily.

She hated the pig-faced monsters and the black monkeys instinctively. She remembered previously, those monkeys had chased them all the way to the valley.

"Go to hell!"

she screamed with a murderous look.

As she raised her hand, a bright light shot out towards the black monkeys.

Whack!

She managed to strike one of the black monkeys. The yellow paper on its body burst into flames.

Unexpectedly, the yellow paper had blocked the light for a moment. The black monkey rushed to Zen with flames.

Bang! Bang!

The Civilization Artifact was knocked out of Zen's hand. It plunged down from the tower.

"It falls!"

"We must get it!"

The other two monkeys ignored their companion and immediately leapt off the tower to chase after the Civilization Artifact.

Chapter 3324 How Dare You

The Civilization Artifact plunged down from the top of the tower, followed by the two black monkeys chasing after it. Then, a hairy hand suddenly caught it.

The owner of this large hand was a one-eyed monster, from another powerful force in the Dark Region.

"Hey, hey..."

The one-eyed monsters lurked in the dark, just like the black monkeys did. They had been observing everything that happened in the Regal Jade City.

When they watched the black monkeys rush into the scene, they too rushed over anxiously.

They didn't expect that as soon as they entered the Regal Jade City, they saw something, flickering green light, falling down. It was a sheer coincidence that one of their members caught the mysterious falling object.

This one-eyed monster was overjoyed. In its excitement, it didn't even take the time to study the object up close. Instead, it just cried, "I've got it! Let's go!"

The rest of the monsters cheered and then followed closely behind. In no time, they dashed towards the outside of the Regal Jade City.

"Stop there! One-eyed guy! How dare you!"

Watching the one-eyed monsters recede in the distance, the two black monkeys cursed in fury.

The three black monkeys were the elites stationed in the Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore. They had fostered a good working relationship with each other. But now, one of them had lost its life, only for their prize to be stolen by a herd of savage one-eyed monsters! How could they possibly be willing to accept that?

"Phew!"

Golden light flashed on the pieces of yellow paper on the two black monkeys. Jumping down from the tower like two shooting stars, they let fury fill their beady eyes as they chased after the one-eyed monsters.

Zen, too, was furious. It had taken him a great deal to get his hands on that Civilization Artifact. But now, it had been taken away by others.

"Elvinia! We must go after them!"

Dragging Elvinia by the arm, he leapt off the tower.

Elvinia had little interest in the Civilization Artifact. She didn't even know what that thing meant. However, seeing Zen go after it like a madman, she felt like she wanted whatever Zen wanted.

Meanwhile, the two black monkeys were steadily closing in on the one-eyed monsters. On a normal basis, the two group were of the same strength. However, with the Sanskrit words written on the yellow papers, the black monkeys' power was strengthened greatly.

In just a few seconds, the two black monkeys caught up to the one-eyed monsters.

"Fight them! Now!"

The one-eyed monsters weren't stupid. They could tell that whatever they had caught back at the tower was extremely valuable. They were definitely willing to fight for it.

Two one-eyed monsters suddenly stopped running, and turned to face the monkeys. A strange symbol lit up in each of their eyes.

"Cut and lock!"

The theurgy of the one-eyed monster was all in the eye. As the symbols flashed in their eyes, the space in their sight was cut apart, forming a space cage that enveloped the two black monkeys.

"A space cage. Big deal!"

One of the black monkeys dashed forward. As it collided with the space cage, hairline cracks crawled around the walls of the space cage. In an instant, the cage was smashed with a loud bang.

The other black monkey planted its foot on the shoulder of the one in front of it, and then launched itself into the air, kicking one of the one-eyed monsters with astounding strength.

"Hand it over, or I'll eat you!" a black monkey threatened.

These black monkeys were extremely barbaric in the Dark Region and ate almost anything, including one-eyed monsters.

"No way!"

At that moment, a mysteriously colored halo appeared in the monster's eye. As the halo flickered, the black monkey stopped in its tracks. It seemed to be bewitched by the mysterious halo.

While the black monkey was in a trance, the one-eyed monster tossed the Civilization Artifact to one of its companions.

Just then, Zen and Elvinia caught up to them.

Elvinia wrinkled her nose in disgust as soon as her eyes landed on these creatures of the Dark Region. Anger surging within her, she decided right then and there she would spare them no mercy.

"Great Sanskrit Light!"

A ray of light circled around Elvinia's slender fingers.

Zen had witnessed the power of the Great Sanskrit Light before.

Although it had no effect on a creature like Zen who was not from the Dark Region, the Great Sanskrit Light could cause a terrifying blow to anything in the Dark Region.

Just as Elvinia was about to cast out the Great Sanskrit Light, the Civilization Artifact flying in the air suddenly stopped.

"Stop!" The voice of the Regal Jade Spirit boomed, echoing in the air. It didn't say to the black monkeys and the one-eyed monsters, but Elvinia.

Elvinia, however, didn't listen.

Fortunately, Zen reached out and grabbed Elvinia's hand, just in the nick of time. "Hold on," he said.

The Regal Jade Spirit was well aware of the terrifying power of a purified being in the Dark Region. An ordinary ray of light could even cause the Regal Jade City full of bumps and hollows. The Great Sanskrit Light could directly melt down a portion of it!

Despite the fact that the Regal Jade City had the power to repair itself, it still would've taken a lot of energy to do so.

Naturally, the Regal Jade Spirit was quite anxious.

The black monkeys and one-eye monsters were stunned. Of course, they never expected the Civilization Artifact would have its own consciousness.

"Who gave you the right to steal from the Regal Jade City?"

The dignified voice of the Regal Jade Spirit boomed again.

The black monkeys and one-eyed monsters, of course, knew that the Regal Jade City wasn't a place to be trifled with. However, they still scrambled to their feet in an attempt to snatch something.

Just as the Regal Jade Spirit finished speaking, the entire Regal Jade City seemed to come to life.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Suddenly, various jade creatures emerged from the Regal Jade City---from Regal Jade Bugs to Regal Jade Beasts, among many others.

Each of these creatures was a force to be reckoned with. A single Regal Jade Beast had almost killed all the pig-faced monsters and even ate up the octopuses, which didn't have any predators within the Stage Thirteen.

But now, hundreds of thousands of them suddenly emerged.

In the blink of an eye, the two black monkeys and the one-eyed monsters were devoured by the swarm of jade creatures.

Even Zen felt fear as he watched the city suddenly come to life with formidable beasts. Elvinia, on the other hand, watched fearlessly.

After all, no matter how many jade creatures came for her, she could destroy them all with just a single beam of light.

After finishing off the creatures from the Dark Region, those jade creatures glanced at Zen indifferently, and then melted back into the Regal Jade City, as though nothing happened.

As soon as they had settled back into their original places, Zen approached the Civilization Artifact and picked it up. "Didn't you say that all the members of your race have fallen into a deep sleep?"

"Hump... They are not qualified to be regarded as my members," the Regal Jade Spirit said indifferently.

The Regal Jade Spirit, after all, was once the Son of Truth---a Chaos Ancient God! Those it regarded as members of its race must have been masters of the chaos.

Zen once again tucked away the Civilization Artifact into Elvinia's space ring, and together, they headed out. The two of them were walking along the road to the outside of the Regal Jade City, when suddenly, the ground beneath their feet began to tremble.

"Rumble..."

The huge Regal Jade City began to sink, and the black soil started flowing towards the center. Meanwhile, the black mud flowed back, forming a large, black pool.

Chapter 3325 Expecting

The creatures of the Dark Region were all in a cold sweat after seeing how the black monkeys and one-eyed monsters ended up.

They had planned to risk everything to rush into the Regal Jade City.

But these creatures were not as powerful as the black monkeys or the one-eyed monsters. They couldn't just head inside, knowing how defenseless they were. All they could do now was to watch Zen and Elvinia leave.

A single purified being was enough to defeat them, so they didn't dare chase after the two.

The Dark Region covered most of the Stage Thirteen area, with the extremely vast inner space.

Initially, Zen thought about heading back along the mountain stream.

But when Zen and Elvinia were chased by the black monkeys, they ran in a panic. After Elvinia destroyed a part of the mountain stream, they couldn't find the path they followed earlier.

As a purified being, Elvinia could travel through the Dark Region safely. So long as she moved in one direction throughout, she would find her way out of there.

After climbing over a small hill, Zen felt the darkness around him growing heavier. The Darkness Fruit's effect was about to wear off.

"Elvinia, give me a Darkness Fruit," Zen called out to her.

Instead of doing so, Elvinia waved her hand, making a ray of light envelop his head. With a smile, she said, "You won't need any more of that fruit with this."

The area the light covered was equal to the outside of the Dark Region. As it turned out, it was true that he didn't need to take the Darkness Fruit.

"Is it convenient?" Zen asked.

To be on the safe side, it was still better to take the Darkness Fruit.

But Elvinia snorted and uttered, "If you don't want it, just leave by yourself!"

He gave her a helpless look in response to her childish outburst.

Although Elvinia was clearly a little mad, she was still less aloof than she used to be. She was even rather cute.

The two rays of light slowly moved in the Dark Region. Wherever they went, they enveloped anything under them, looking like sharp knives forcefully digging ditches into the ground.

The plants in the Dark Region disappeared instantly under the light.

The creatures of the Dark Region were shocked at the scene, so they hid themselves carefully and didn't dare breathe.

They didn't dare bother Zen and Elvinia. If they did, they would surely be killed once the light touched them.

Zen couldn't tell what kind of road they had chosen. After walking for over four hours, all he could see around him were uneven hills and mountains.

When they came across the higher mountains, Elvinia didn't bother climbing over them. Instead, she let the light pierce right through the mountains, creating a cave at their foot. Hence, their journey went smoothly.

The area grew more desolate as the two moved forward. Finally, they reached a great mountain standing at the boundary between the Other Shore and the Dark Region.

Perhaps because of having stayed in the Dark Region for long, Zen felt that the light from outside seemed all too dazzling, even under the cover of Elvinia's light.

"Eh? Is it... the Grand Sky Temple?" Standing atop the mountain, Zen saw something...

It was the facade to the Grand Sky Temple!

Having reached that point meant that they had traveled such a long way and ended up coming out from the other side of the Dark Region. Even after all the wrong turns they made, they finally found their way out.

But right before leaving the Dark Region, Zen felt somewhat conflicted.

Everything there was afraid of light as they were incompatible with it—they couldn't dream of existing in the light.

Even the strong Regal Jade would melt like ice and snow in summer if it had to stay in the light. But because the Regal Jade was tougher and more solid than the rest, it melted relatively slowly—Elvinia had left many traces in the Regal Jade City.

Although the Civilization Artifact could withstand the light Elvinia had released, it would perish under the light outside the Dark Region.

Stopping for a moment, Zen took out the Civilization Artifact and expressed his confusion to the Regal Jade Spirit.

In response, the Regal Jade Spirit uttered a single word, "Candle."

The creatures of the Dark Region were hoping to obtain candles. On the one hand, they still wanted the light, and on the other, the candle served as the bridge between the Dark Region and the outside world.

If Zen wanted to fuse with the Civilization Artifact, his soul needed to enter the Dark Region with the lighted candle—fusing with the Other Shore Tokens of the Dark Region required a dark environment.

"But... If I fuse with the Other Shore Token of the Dark Region and put it in my inner world, won't my inner world's light make it vanish without a trace?" Zen asked curiously.

The Regal Jade Spirit smiled faintly in response. "Light is a form of energy. Even the light of the Source World isn't at the high energy level or powerful enough to eliminate the Other Shore Token of the Dark Region, let alone your inner world's light."

"So that's it..." Zen nodded, a realization coming to him.

It was not the first time he had heard of the energy level. In the divine land, the energy he had released with the Truth Crystal had broken Nicholas' fatal strike, ending up in his defeat. The Truth Crystal's energy level was way too high.

In front of the Grand Sky Temple's main gate, a large crowd of Souls of Light were gathered.

The last time the Ear Mice explored the Grand Sky Temple, they had lost quite a lot. Now, they didn't even bother holding the auction.

This time, the members of the Bearing race intended to open the Grand Sky Temple.

During the last conflict between Zen and the Bearing race, the latter lost several elites. They also lost the qualifications to enter the Grand Sky Temple. In the end, it turned out they escaped the dangers along with the Sun Crow race, the Divine Farmer race and the New Moon race.

Now, it was time for them to stage a comeback.

"Apart from the Souls of Light of the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, the New Moon race and the Sun Crow race, everyone must leave, now! Hurry up!" one of the members of the Bearing race shouted. Dozens of people laid the Soul Binding Threads on the ground nearby.

The Soul Binding Threads covered the ground, looking like shiny blue grass.

This time, there weren't many super forces taking part in the opening of the Grand Sky Temple. The Separate Abyss race suffered great losses along with other powerful forces last time. Even though the ferocious Grand Sky Temple was tempting, not just anyone could explore it.

Most of those gathered at the main gate of the Grand Sky Temple were the Souls of Light from small races.

On the hillside opposite the Grand Sky Temple sat Dorothy, looking at the gate.

She had waited like this for a long time.

There were moments she saw Zen emerging from the temple, but she knew she was only imagining it as the door remained closed.

This time, the Bearing race managed to obtain the Other Shore Key of the Grand Sky Temple. If they opened the door, would Zen jump out from the temple?

Chapter 3326 She Was Spotted

Although Dorothy knew that her wish was unrealistic and that there was a great possibility that she was waiting for nothing, she still chose to wait.

Meanwhile, members of the Bearing race continuously arranged the Soul Binding Threads, and soon they reached the hillside.

One of them glanced at Dorothy and remarked, "You have no business here! You should leave right now. If you get stuck to the Soul Binding Threads, we won't help you!"

Dorothy looked up at him and faintly replied, "It's just to open the door of the Grand Sky Temple. What's the big deal? Even the Ear Mice didn't take precautions like that."

Previously, when the Ear Mouse race opened the Grand Sky Temple's door, they only sprayed some Soul Interdicting Water and then arranged a few restrictions. But now, the Bearing race was making a mountain out of a molehill.

"Humph! Enough nonsense! Leave now, or we won't be so kind!" A man from the Bearing race warned her moodily.

It would be troublesome too if she got stuck to the Soul Binding Threads, as that would make it difficult for her to leave the Other Shore.

At that moment, Dorothy's heart was filled with resentment, but she couldn't do anything because they outnumbered her. She was too wise to confront them where she would obviously lose, so she reluctantly stood up and prepared to leave.

This time, Dorothy chose to make a concession. Usually, Souls of Light would go their ways and would avoid interfering with others. After all, it was difficult to identify Souls of Light on the Other Shore, as they were all blurred in appearances.

But one man from the Bearing race had been observing Dorothy from head to toe. And when their eyes met, a glimmer of light flashed across his eyes.

The day that the Ear Mice opened the door of the Grand Sky Temple, that man had also been present. He had seen Dorothy, as she fought with Haider and spent most of her time with Zen.

Although he hadn't seen Dorothy's appearance before, he was sure that it was her, as she had the same figure, soul aura, and voice!

In the battle outside the Grand Sky Temple, the Bearing race had fought with the Oneness Sky Palace, and even before that, they had already fought against each other several times on the Other Shore.

When the Bearing race noticed the strong corporeal body of Zen, they began to make plans to end his life.

They were confident that although Zen's body seemed invincible, and even if he had an upper hand against the Souls of Light, they could still find a way to deal with him.

However, Zen never came back after he entered the Dark Region. And so, the Bearing race had no choice but to sit tight and wait for their chance.

Of course, it would be great if Zen had died in the Dark Region, but in case he returned from the Grand Sky Temple, the Bearing race was well-prepared for him. They were confident that the second he came back, would be the second he would die.

Of course, the man from the Bearing race had noticed that this woman in front of him was always following Zen's physical body.

So now, when he saw that she was about to leave, he called out impulsively. "Wait!"

Dorothy stopped short and turned to him curiously. "What's up?" she asked.

As Zen had been trapped in the Dark Region, Dorothy had been dazed. She didn't notice that the man had realized who she was.

Swish!

Dorothy had barely finished speaking when a handful of blue Soul Binding Threads engulfed her until she was completely covered.

She looked down in alarm and saw the Soul Binding Threads that were stuck to her body. Her face immediately contorted in anger, and she screamed, "What do you mean by this?"

On the Other Shore, the acts of throwing things like the Soul Restraining Sand, the Soul Interdicting Water, and the Soul Binding Thread to others were seen as a declaration of war. She racked her brains for reasons why this man was going after her, wondering if she had offended any member of the Bearing race.

But even the rest of the Bearing race had no idea what was going on, so they were also standing around, shocked and confused. As far as they were concerned, their companion shouldn't be stirring trouble, as they were at the crucial moment before the door of the Grand Sky Temple opened.

The man suddenly shouted, "She is from the Oneness Sky Palace! The one that always followed the corporeal body! Hurry and catch her!" All the people around them turned to look at Dorothy, who stared back at them, eyes wide in shock and horror.

The Bearing race was already planning to deal with the corporeal body, so when the members heard their companion's shout, they immediately understood what they should do.

It didn't matter that it was difficult to determine who she was on the Other Shore. Their companion was much more trustworthy than a woman they didn't know.

Meanwhile, Dorothy was also shocked that she was recognized by that unremarkable Soul of Light.

In a panic, she took a few steps backward and stuttered, "I...I'm not from the Oneness Sky Palace... "

Her hesitant answer and obvious intention to run away aroused more suspicion from the other members of the Bearing race. They immediately surrounded her, which effectively blocked all her escape routes.

"If you're not from the Oneness Sky Palace, you could just explain. Why are you trying to escape?" the man from the Bearing race asked ominously.

Whoosh...

The people from the Bearing race suddenly joined hands and formed a huge soul net, enough to cover Dorothy's head.

Dorothy knew that it would be more troublesome if she was caught by these people.

She stepped back slowly, subtly trying to retreat, but the huge soul net was dashing to her. She gritted her teeth in distress, and the Necklace of Mystic Soul that had been hidden under her clothes suddenly appeared.

It vibrated strongly, and a small soul sword slashed straight toward the soul net and cut through it with a swish of air. At the same time, Dorothy's Soul of Light twisted and punched out from the crack.

"That's the soul sword!"

"She used it to deal with Haider!"

"Don't let her run away! She has been bound by my Soul Binding Thread!"

As soon as she pulled out the sword, several people of the Bearing race shouted in alarm and recognition. They chased her with renewed vigor, and at that moment, she thought that she could never escape.

They would never give up and let her go, and that thought discouraged her greatly.

She cursed her luck quietly. She just wanted to wait for Zen there, but the Bearing race recognized her. What bad luck!

However, Dorothy had the Necklace of Mystic Soul. It was an extremely powerful weapon that could aid in her escape, so as she fled, she activated her soul sword to counterattack.

This sword contained astonishingly sharp energy. And the Souls of Light of the Bearing race were well-aware of its terrifying strength, so they kept their distance from it warily.

Dorothy ran west and all the way down the hill, while more and more members of the Bearing race chased after her. There were even members of the Sun Crow race, the Divine Farmer race, and the New Moon race that were following her.

These Souls of Light had all reached the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm, so their cultivation was not much inferior to Dorothy's. They chased after her wherever she went, without the slightest intention of giving up.

Dorothy cursed once again in her mind. At this rate, she would be caught sooner or later.

"It doesn't matter who you are, just surrender! Don't waste our time!"

"We just want the body! If you help us catch the guy, we will let you go!"

"You know you can't escape. Why don't you make this easier for yourself and surrender?"

Dorothy snorted at all the voices, then she taunted them confidently, "Let's see if you can catch me!"

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Three small soul swords shot out from her Necklace of Mystic Soul, and they flew towards the Souls of Light at an incredible speed, leaving white trails in the air.

The two Souls of Light of the Bearing race who had been talking to her were right on her heels. And because they were so close, they had no time to dodge the soul swords. Before they could scream, the small soul swords pierced them, and they were severely injured.

"She is so strong!"

"Be careful!"

The scene shocked the other members of the Bearing race so greatly that some of them couldn't even talk.

Instead, soundless gasps escaped their mouths, as they witnessed their members getting hurt.

They were right to be surprised, as Dorothy's Soul of Light had already surpassed her peers. She had been able to compete with the top Souls of Light in the thirteenth stage with the help of the Necklace of Mystic Soul.

But although they were frightened by her power, none of them retreated. They stood their ground, confident that they were stronger because they outnumbered her. Thus, they persevered and trailed her.

Chapter 3327 Into The Dark Region

Dorothy continuously activated the Necklace of Mystic Soul, forcing it to its maximum power, as she retreated.

She was heading towards the opposite direction from the entrance of the Grand Sky Temple. Up ahead, the Dark Region waited for her.

Even though she knew she would die once she reached the Dark Region, right now, she had no choice but to keep running.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

She heard the little soul swords slashing from behind her. Suddenly, a clanging noise wrung through the air.

Dorothy, startled at the noise, turned to look over her shoulder.

To her surprise, a shining golden hand firmly held the blade of one of the soul swords.

"The Golden Body race?" Dorothy felt her heart sink.

While there were many native races in these thirteen stages on the Other Shore, the Golden Body race was one of the most powerful.

The Golden Body race looked very similar to the human race in both figure and height.

However, the main difference was that their bodies were made of pure, luminescent gold. Consequently, they were much more powerful than other ordinary creatures on the Other Shore.

To Dorothy's despair, the man from the Golden Body race had actually stopped her soul sword with his bare hand.

Clap!

With little effort, the man of gold crushed the soul sword. Then, in a strange, tinny voice, he said, "Young human girl, you'd better stop resisting. I don't want to make things difficult for you, but we have agreed to help the Bearing race."

From behind the man, Dorothy could see dozens more of the Golden Body race standing calmly.

Dorothy's mind whirled. She was alone. Even all the Souls of Light from the Oneness Sky Palace in Stage Thirteen couldn't defeat so many creatures on the Other Shore.

Even now, Dorothy was not concerned about her own safety. Desperately, she summoned another soul sword from the Necklace of Mystic Soul.

She had reached her limit at this point.

"Why did you agree to help the Bearing race?" Dorothy asked coldly, trying to buy some time.

To persuade an entire race from the Other Shore to help another race, the reward must have been precious. However, it should've been impossible for the Bearing race to be willing to pay such a high price just to deal with a little girl like Dorothy.

"They have promised us great profits." The man smiled.

"They have to hire people to deal with me?" Dorothy taunted through gritted teeth.

"You?" The man sneered. "You flatter yourself. Why would we bother ourselves to deal with one pathetic Soul of Light?"

"Ajay, quit talking nonsense with her!"

"Just take her down!"

"That man will definitely come to us once he hears the news. You don't need to wait here!"

the people from the Bearing race said one after the other.

At this point, Dorothy understood everything.

Zen had destroyed the temple of the Bearing race, snatched their soul crystal, and even killed Haider at the gate of the Grand Sky Temple. Naturally, the Bearing race wanted revenge. They wanted to kill Zen.

However, they were too weak to face Zen upfront. They wanted the Oneness Sky Palace to hand Zen over, but the Oneness Sky Palace refused to admit that Zen was one of them.

With no evidence, the Bearing race was at a loss. They couldn't set themselves against the Oneness Sky Palace because of Zen. Too many things were involved, and they hadn't been well prepared.

Therefore, they resorted to having creatures from the Other Shore do the dirty work for them. That would explain why the mighty Golden Body race was helping them.

The golden man who went by Ajay stopped the chitchat. Instead, he bolted towards Dorothy.

Dorothy bit her lip. She knew she wouldn't be able to face Ajay head on. She couldn't even face the Abyss Spirit race back in Stage Eleven, let alone a mighty creature from Stage Thirteen.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The three soul swords shot towards Ajay.

However, Ajay didn't even flinch. He stretched out his hand, and swatted the soul swords away, as though they were just annoying flies.

"Ha-ha!"

Ajay chuckled. The swords barely even slowed him down; in fact, to Dorothy's horror, it seemed he picked up his speed.

Without further hesitation, she whipped around and fled towards the darkness.

She was now very close to the Dark Region.

The Dark Region was a dangerous place for the Souls of Light.

Even as she approached the border of the Dark Region, she felt fear welling within her.

"Candles... If only I had some candles!"

She could've temporarily hidden in the Dark Region, if only she had candles.

But when the three-eyed boy let her go, she had given all the candles to Elvinia, who stored them in her space ring.

Now, the Sun Crow race and the Divine Farmer race guarded the Dark Region from both sides. Behind her, the Golden Body race was steadily closing in.

Just as she was only a few steps away from the Dark Region, she abruptly stopped.

"Young human girl, don't take another step," Ajay called. "The Dark Region is very dangerous."

Creatures on the Other Shore were forbidden from entering the Dark Region, too. The creatures from the Light Region were completely different from those of the Dark Region.

Dorothy apprehensively took a few steps backward. As she got closer to the Dark Region, she also felt increasingly desperate.

She knew that Zen was still alive, so she still held onto a glimmer of hope.

However, if she was caught by them, they were bound to use her as bait to lure Zen out. If Zen managed to get out of the Dark Region, he'd have to face numerous opponents all at once, all because of her.

'What should I do?' Dorothy turned around, facing her chasers.

Ever since she met Zen, she had encountered many dangers on the Other Shore. However, each time, Zen had saved her. This time, now that he wasn't by her side, she knew she didn't stand a chance.

"Young girl, don't step back. You'd die," said Ajay. "Don't worry. You won't die at our hands!"

After all, their goal was only to hold Dorothy as hostage till Zen showed up. They needed her alive.

"But I'm afraid that I'll suffer bitterly," Dorothy retorted, shaking her head.

As she spoke, she took another step backward, toward the Dark Region.

"Are you sure about that?"

Ajay laughed. While Dorothy had been lost in her thoughts, he suddenly closed the distance and grabbed her by the arm. Dorothy snapped back to reality. 'Huh? Wasn't he still a few steps away from me?'

Dorothy panicked. How could she have been so stupid!

Suddenly, a white light flashed from the Dark Region. A hand reached out from the light and grabbed Dorothy, yanking her into the Dark Region.

Phew!

Ajay jumped back in surprise, letting go of Dorothy. He broke out a cold sweat.

"Damn it!" he cursed.

The others behind him shook their heads in disappointment. They never expected that this young woman from the Oneness Sky Palace would be so fiercely determined. They couldn't believe she was willing to run into the Dark Region just to escape their clutches.

Chapter 3328 Leaving The Dark Region

"What was that white light just now?" a Soul of Light from the Bearing race inquired in visible confusion.

When Dorothy fell into the Dark Region, they had all witnessed a strong flash of light appear before their eyes. It was rather unusual to experience such a light in the Dark Region.

Even though Ajay was from the Other Shore, he didn't know the answer to this question. They didn't know much more about the Dark Region than the Souls of Light.

"I have no clue," Ajay replied as he laughed spitefully. "Since that little girl is dead, all we can do is wait. If that physical body is still alive, it will appear sooner or later!"

Ajay said as he clenched his fists with a vicious fighting spirit fuming in his eyes.

The Bearing race was willing to offer such a high reward that even the Golden Body race was unable to refuse. On the other hand, the description they gave of that strong body piqued Ajay's interest. The Golden Body race was easily tempted by the thought of battling different mighty warriors, and Ajay was no exception.

Enveloped in the white light, Dorothy sat stunned on the ground. She was convinced she had not survived the fall.

She didn't even understand how she was dragged into the Dark Region. Recalling back to what had just happened to her, she remembered taking a step back before she was wrapped in the rays of white light.

Staring at the pure white light, Dorothy kept herself composed. "Why didn't I feel any pain when I died..."

As she looked more closely, she noticed a person emerge from the white light. It was hard to make out the appearance under the influence of the overwhelming light. Even so, in a single glance, she had recognized him to be Zen. Accompanying Zen on the Other Shore for such a long time, she had kept his image in her mind. She could never mistake him to be someone else!

But she kept her emotions in check even at the sight of Zen. She had heard that people would often hallucinate things that didn't exist in reality after they died. Maybe she missed Zen too much for her to see him in front of her like this.

"Still in a daze, huh?" Zen chuckled as he walked up to Dorothy, with a sweet smile smeared across his face. He waved his hands in front of her jokingly.

"What?" Dorothy was muddled. At this moment, she noticed Elvinia standing beside Zen.

Instinctively her brows arched up in confusion.

Why would she hallucinate Elvinia, even though she only had Zen on her mind?

Moreover, she was able to see Elvinia's face as clear as day.

She wasn't on good terms with Elvinia, then why was it that she hallucinated her of all people?

"Zen, is she stupid?" Elvinia asked as she giggled while glancing at Dorothy's puzzled expression.

Hearing this, Dorothy snapped out of her confusion and retaliated, "You're the fool!"

Dorothy was not inferior to Elvinia in any aspect when alive. And now that she was convinced she was dead, she wasn't going to hold her words back either. It fumed her how even now, this hateful woman had the guts to mock her.

"How dare you!" Suddenly, Elvinia's face darkened as anger reflected from her expression. She gave her fingers a turn, and the white light surrounding Dorothy began to disperse.

Considering her child-like tendencies, she showed no concern for other people's lives.

If the white light were to disappear completely, Dorothy would be swallowed by the darkness and eventually die.

"Stop that right now," Zen said in a brusque tone.

Taking notice of Zen's disappointment, Elvinia stopped immediately. She eyed Dorothy up with dissatisfaction as she pouted.

Though her memory was impaired, she instinctively didn't like Dorothy.

"Don't be confused. You're not dead. You just fell into the Dark Region," Zen said as he offered his hand out to help her stand up.

Dorothy stood up and began to scan her surroundings, still in a daze. Everything was so overwhelming for her that she took her time to process it all in her head before she spoke, "Am I really alive? Zen, Elvinia, are you two okay?"

Zen nodded and gave her a warm smile. "Don't worry. I was the one who drew you into the Dark Region."

Stumbling upon Dorothy was really a coincidence.

Zen had taken a long journey in the darkness before he saw the front of the Grand Sky Temple.

Previously, he had been consulting the Regal Jade Spirit about how to fuse with the Civilization Artifact.

Just as he was putting away the Civilization Artifact, he had noticed a human Soul of Light being chased by other human Souls of Light along with creatures from the Other Shore!

It was hard for Zen to make out who it was while in the Dark Region. Even so, he was alerted when he noticed the birds from the Sun Crow race.

Since the Sun Crow race always followed the Bearing race, he instantly concluded those human Souls of Light who chased behind were of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race. No matter who it was that they were chasing, Zen had to intervene and foil their plans.

In fact, Zen's theory was proven correct when he and Elvinia followed after the human Soul of Light only to find out that it was Dorothy! Quickly, they stationed themselves behind her.

To make sure she was safe, he had pulled Dorothy in from the Light Region.

After Zen briefed her about everything, Dorothy still stood stunned for a fair amount of time. She still found it hard to believe his words and said, "But... You… How can you roam the Dark Region so freely? And this light doesn't seem like it's coming from the candles!"

From what Dorothy had known, they could only rely on the light coming from the candles to move through the Dark Region. At this moment, three rays of light simultaneously shot out from above their heads and wrapped itself around Zen and Elvinia. Such a technique was truly remarkable to watch!

Zen glanced at Elvinia's profile and smiled. "It's Elvinia's ability."

"Her ability? No, it can't be." Dorothy stared at Elvinia with her mouth agape. "And she has a physical body? This... This is incredible."

Elvinia now had a body in the Dark Region. Anyone could easily see her face and every feature except for the clothes she wore that were woven by rays of light.

Dorothy couldn't process everything in one go. All this new information was too overwhelming for her.

The matter involving the purified beings was too hard to explain at once. Zen didn't want to clarify everything to Dorothy just standing there. He gestured to her and said, "Come on. Let's get out of here. I think it's time to pay back those who chased you with interest."

"No, stop!" Dorothy immediately reached out to Zen and stopped him in his tracks. "They're from the Golden Body race. They are one of the strongest races of Stage Thirteen, far more powerful than the Abyss Spirit race! They were hired by the Bearing race to hunt and kill you!"

"Are they really that strong?" Zen raised his brows, seemingly unfazed by her description.

"Yes, they are!" Dorothy nodded frantically to make him take the situation seriously.

Previously, she had been worried about how she would be able to reach Zen in time to let him know about them. She had never thought she'd be able to meet him in the Dark Region. It all felt like a dream to her.

Since Zen was capable of moving freely in the Dark Region, he could leave it when he wished too.

Even after all her attempts to persuade him to stay, they were to no avail. Zen looked back at her and sneered confidently. "I'd like to witness this power for myself."

As he finished his words, he took a step out of the Dark Region. Just like before, a ray of white light flashed through the darkness, and Zen had already made his way out of the Dark Region.

Outside, Ajay had no interest to stay and study the white light. He turned to the members of his race and asked them to leave with him. Meanwhile, the Souls of Light of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race were engrossed in a heated discussion on what the light indicated.

The white light didn't disappear. They were still able to make out a faintly visible white shadow through the darkness, but they failed to figure out what it was supposed to be.

At this moment, the white light became brighter and brighter with time. Suddenly, they all saw a person emerging from it.

The human Souls of Light that stood fascinated by the view, were left shocked. They yelled in confusion and started to retreat frantically.

With confident steps, the person approached them and said with a smirk across his face, "I heard that you were waiting for me in front of the Grand Sky Temple?"

Ajay, who was preparing to leave, turned his head when he heard the voice from behind. As soon as his gaze fell on Zen's physical body, he was unable to take his eyes off of him. He tilted his head and began to study it carefully.

Human...

Blurry face...

An aura that was different from that of the Souls of Light...

Ajay immediately believed this person to be the corporeal body the Bearing race had told him about!

Chapter 3329 The Limit Of The Light Region

"It's him!"

"He's actually escaped the Dark Region!"

"Back off!"

Zen's physical power was no secret to the members of the Bearing race.

He'd even bested the mighty Haider. Zen smashed the man into dust when he hit him. His foe was not strong enough to defend himself.

The Souls of Light were like ants to Zen. He could squash them underfoot without half a thought. They were too weak to stand a chance against him.

The Souls of Light retreated one after another, while the members of the Golden Body race, led by Ajay, came forward.

"Not them," said Ajay, looking at the fleeing Souls of Light in disdain. "It's me that was waiting for you."

Zen looked at Ajay. The Golden Body race was truly worthy of its reputation. Ajay's body was made of gold, and it was obviously extremely strong.

"I have no quarrel with you. If this is about the Bearing race, you might want to rethink this. You can't defeat me," Zen said in a low growl.

"Hahaha..." Ajay rested his chin in his hand, and his grin became even wider. "So arrogant. I'm from the Other Shore, and outsiders aren't even worth mentioning in my eyes. You're doomed!"

With that, he suddenly stretched out his arms, and the muscles rippled under the pure gold. A powerful aura emanated from the figure.

When the other members of the Golden Body race saw this, as one they all let out a deafening cheer.

They were going to hang back. Ajay could defeat Zen all on his own. He didn't need their help.

Sensing Ajay's strong aura, Zen soothed his soul and remained calm. He smiled and said, "Actually, I have a question."

Ajay stared at Zen and asked, "Oh really? And what might that be?"

"If you are willing to become an Other Shore Token, how much Other Shore Power can you release?" Zen asked.

A living creature could also become an Other Shore Token. No doubt, they were much stronger than ordinary Other Shore Tokens. But those tokens would lose their freedom. They had to work for their owners. That was absolutely humiliating.

When the Wild Gods found the Other Shore, they often enslaved the inhabitants, like the Golden Body race, and made them into Other Shore Tokens. But the denizens of the Other Shore had become more powerful since then, so only the weakest of them could be enslaved that way.

Ajay's face darkened at Zen's question. He clenched his fists and said angrily, "You will know after our fight!"

Whoosh!

Ajay stomped his foot, making a loud sound. The ground cracked and split open. A golden vortex encircled his fist. He swung at Zen.

"Okay, I admit it. You're not weak," Zen said as he raised his eyebrows.

Since the Bearing race wanted him dealt with, they concocted a thorough plan. They were sure that the Golden Body race could help them achieve their goal.

Seeing that the golden vortex punch was aimed straight at him, Zen quickly thought of the best course of action. As his right leg thrust out, his body tilted forward. In this way, he skillfully avoided the punch. When he stood up straight again, he grabbed Ajay's neck with one hand and lifted him up.

Bang!

Then, he released him. As Zen turned his back, Ajay fell to the ground hard.

The impact caused the ground to recess, and a pit was formed. In the middle of it lay Ajay.

Zen stood at the edge of the pit and waved his index finger at Ajay. He pointed at the Dark Region and said, "Consider it as I've already killed you once. Since you had the courage to challenge me alone, I'll grant you an extra life."

Zen stood on the precipice of the Dark Region. He could easily throw Ajay into the Dark Region just now, but decided against it.

No matter what, they made it a fair fight. The other members of the Golden Body race could have jumped him, but they didn't, so he spared them.

But Zen's sense of fair play only incensed Ajay. To be beaten and spared was an even greater dishonor for a warrior of the Golden Body race. He didn't want Zen to go easy on him, even if it meant death.

"Ahhhhh!"

Ajay roared as he leapt to his feet. He used the power of his aura to leave the pit and rose in the air. He landed near Zen.

He roared, reciting a series of mysterious, ancient words. The golden vortex surrounding his fists became even brighter and more powerful, and his body was faintly shrouded by the shadow of a golden hammer.

This golden hammer was extraordinary. It used to be the most powerful weapon when the Golden Body race was at the height of its power. Not only that, it was intelligent. It was not only a supreme master of the Golden Body race, but an object of worship for that race.

A look of surprise appeared in Zen's eyes when he felt Ajay's power increase. To face it head-on would end bad. He used his footwork to quickly retreat.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Ajay kept throwing punches, but Zen managed to dodge each one. Every time, Ajay's fists struck the ground, and it cracked under the mighty impact. It was now quite treacherous in that region, and one wrong move would send a man sprawling into a mighty chasm.

The Golden Body race was indeed more powerful than the Abyss Spirit race from Stage Eleven, but their power was limited.

Ajay should be one of the best of the Golden Body race, but he could only release 600 to 700 divine megatons of force. Such a force was strong enough to deal with the Souls of Light, but it was not even remotely powerful enough to defeat Zen.

Zen did a quick calculation. The ultimate power of the Light Region of Stage Thirteen on the Other Shore should be under 1, 000 divine megatons, while the power of the strongest warriors should be nearly 1, 000 divine megatons.

By comparison, the Dark Region was much more terrifying.

The three-eyed boy and the huge ape could unleash thousands of divine megatons of force. Ajay was about as powerful as a black monkey. Besides, there were octopuses and Regal Jade creatures.

Ajay attacked continuously, extending the battleground by at least a thousand feet, as Zen kept retreating.

"Roar! Roar! Roar!"

"Why do you keep avoiding him? Retreat is not an option for a warrior!"

"Coward!"

The members of the Golden Body race cheered Ajay and mocked Zen. They thought if Ajay hit Zen, his terrifying power would mash him into a puddle of goo. But Zen was so quick that Ajay couldn't harm a hair on his head.

"Hey, guys! Why don't you gang up on him?"

"You promised our race, don't you remember?"

"…"

Watching the battle, the people of the Bearing race grew quite anxious. They felt that it was too difficult for Ajay to take down Zen alone, so there was no need for a fair fight. They'd have their pound of flesh, even if they had to be considered shameful.

However, the members of the Golden Body race were all about integrity and honor, so they didn't care about what the Bearing race suggested.

When there were few places left to stand, Ajay was finally exhausted. He'd cloven away most of the solid ground. He stood and gasped.

Zen grinned and said, "Now it's my turn."

Before Ajay could react, Zen had transformed into a gust of wind and rushed toward him.

Zen was weak in the Dark Region, but in the Light Region, he feared no one.

Bang!

Zen flew straight at Ajay. At the last minute, he led with his elbow and struck the warrior full in the chest.

The blow seemed weak, but it was actually massively powerful. Before Ajay could react, he felt a dull pain in his chest and had been flung backward.

Chapter 3330 The Light

While Ajay flew backward, Zen followed him, and timed his next punch just right.

Ajay tried to regain his footing, so he could stop himself after being knocked back. But Zen's punch stopped him from doing that. He tried to catch Zen's fist, but Zen altered his fist's trajectory and hit him in the face.

If it were any other creature, this punch would have shattered its skull.

However, Ajay's bone structure was dense. He was fairly powerful, so Zen kept hammering away with his fists.

"Dong!"

"Dong!"

"Dong!"

With three strong punches, Zen smashed Ajay into the big pit at the precipice of the Dark Region.

But the Golden Body race was indeed tough. Even though he'd taken a lot of damage, Ajay's breath control was unaffected. But, no matter. They knew who had won this time. Ajay said dejectedly, "I admit defeat."

Zen looked down at him in the pit and said, "You're not worth the trouble it would take to slay you—I'll spare your life, this time."

A serious look suddenly appeared on Ajay's face. He said, "You are a brave man to defeat me. Makes me sorry I have to do this. I respect you, but I promised the Bearing race you would die."

As soon as he finished speaking, a golden bone appeared in his hand. It looked like a rib. Then, without another word, he plunged it into his chest.

"Howl!" A dazzling golden light burst from Ajay's eyes, and his momentum soared once more!

So engrossed in what was going on, the members of the Golden Body race took a bit to notice something strange. The six members also held golden bones. They stabbed these bones into their chests and roared. Their momentum went sky high as well.

The Golden Body race was one of the strongest races of Stage Thirteen. Not only did they have the golden hammer, they also had 22 Golden Battle Bones.

Before the chaos where they lived was destroyed, the hammer transformed them, so they all possessed a golden body. The hammer was certain it couldn't escape the disaster, so it disintegrated its body. After that, it sent its arm and leg bones and ribs to the Other Shore.

Once the Golden Body race stabbed themselves with the Golden Battle Bone, it would give them great power almost instantly, but only for five minutes. When the power boost wore off, they would die.

Ajay would honor his vow, even if it killed him. He had promised to kill Zen, so he used the Golden Battle Bone to achieve this goal.

This time, though, he had backup. He made a deal with some other members. If he couldn't handle Zen, he would use the Golden Battle Bone. And the six who followed him would do the same, and gang up on Zen. Surely he couldn't handle them all!

"Whoosh!"

Ajay only had five minutes to live. No matter what, he would kill Zen in this period of time. He jumped up and tried to hit his opponent at an astonishing speed.

Zen's eyes widened in surprise, but he still dodged to the side almost reflexively. Ajay's punch only grazed him, but left ugly, bleeding slashes where it screamed past him.

Zen narrowly evaded Ajay's attack, but the other six members of the Golden Body race had already surrounded him.

These six were weaker than Ajay, but with the support of the Golden Battle Bones, they could not be underestimated. They could strike with the force of one thousand divine megatons without breaking a sweat.

If Zen used the Shade Stone liquid, he might be able to survive this. But he didn't have it on his corporeal body on the Other Shore. That was why he was noticeably weaker. If one of them landed a blow, he might be gravely wounded. And he faced seven foes. Things were looking grim.

"Haha... Looks like that guy will finally die!"

"We can't fail now! The Golden Body race is indeed trustworthy!"

"I think Ajay can take him now, especially with six of his buddies."

When they saw Ajay lose to Zen, the members of the Bearing race were depressed. If the Golden Body race couldn't take this guy out, then maybe no one on Stage Thirteen could. Was he invincible?

They didn't expect things would change in the blink of an eye. And they were happy to see it. Once Zen was killed, they would be able to leave the Other Shore and report this good news to their elders.

In the Dark Region, Dorothy was filled with anxiety.

She wanted to leave the Dark Region and rush to his aid. But Elvinia wouldn't let her. She was trapped there by her circle of light, and Elvinia refused to budge.

"So how do we fix this? Zen may not be able to beat them!" Dorothy said anxiously.

Elvinia blinked. "But he said he could handle it on his own!"

Dorothy glared at her. She had a feeling Elvinia was not in her right mind. Certainly she was different from how she used to be. And now Dorothy had a sinking feeling she was correct in her assessment. Anyone could see that Zen was in danger.

"How? Seven on one? He's going to die!" Dorothy shouted angrily.

Elvinia finally understood what she meant. She raised her eyebrows and repeated, "Going to die..."

This aroused worry for Zen in her heart, and she started walking to the edge of the Dark Region.

"Hey! Take me with you!" Dorothy yelled hurriedly.

"Take you with me? Why? You seem pretty useless." Elvinia took one last look at Dorothy and rushed out.

Dorothy was in the form of a Soul of Light. She couldn't help Zen in that form. She was no match for any member of the Golden Body race, much less any who had thrust the Golden Battle Bone into their chests.

Members of the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the Sun Crow race—all Souls of Light themselves—were cheering from a safe distance. The remaining members of the Golden Body race wore a sad expression. Seven members of their race were going to die, no matter whether they beat Zen or not.

Just then, they saw a figure walking out of the Dark Region. This person was not the Soul of Light who had previously entered the Dark Region, but another woman.

"Who is she?"

"Is she from the Other Shore? Or the Dark Region? She's a human!"

"What a stunning woman! She's the hottest girl I've ever seen!"

Elvinia was clad in clothes woven of light, her long legs bare. Her delicate features had a touch of innocence. Everyone could feel her aura, an aura of a unique and extraordinary charm.

She drew everyone's gaze. From the Bearing race to the Divine Farmer race. But she was about to stun everyone with what she said next.

Her voice was loud and clear as she addressed Zen. "I'm here to help you!"

When the warriors who were busy surrounding Zen saw Elvinia, their faces darkened. Was this woman a denizen of the Other Shore? Or did she come from the Dark Region? None of those combatants were happy.

Then, everyone saw Elvinia gently wave her finger, and an ethereal voice rang in their ears, saying, "Great Sanskrit Light!"

"Buzz..."

A thin light column spread to engulf everything, and the environment turned incandescent. Everyone was blinded by this. Their surroundings, and everything in their vision was a bright white.

When the light dissipated, their vision returned to normal.

The Souls of Light from the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race and the Sun Crow race were still shivering, while those from the Golden Body race looked confused.

The bright light was indeed astonishing, but it did not harm anyone.

That woman shone her light on others.

What kind of theurgy was she using?

Chapter 3331 The Power Of The Purified Being

The Souls of Light of the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and other races

eyed each other up from all directions to find that they were not injured by the strike!

Although the light gave off an intimidating vibe, it lacked the required potential to cause significant harm.

In a state of confusion, Elvinia stared hard at her palms to make sense of the situation.

"This isn't the Dark Region!" Zen reminded her with a morose expression etched across his face.

The light released by Elvinia was a form of energy. Instead of harming the creatures of the Light Region, it was aimed at the Dark Region. As a result, the beings of the Light Region remained unharmed.

Unfortunately, when Elvinia unleashed her light, Dorothy and the Dark Region were unlucky enough to be caught in the crossfire.

The light made its way behind Elvinia and caused a mountain in the Dark Region to be reduced to dust. Even though Dorothy was under the protection of the light, the mountain below her feet crumpled to the ground and caused her to fall.

Fortunately, the beam of light quickly responded to her predicament. It enveloped her vertically and protected her.

"Is this woman serious, or is she joking with us?"

"Does she really believe she could kill people with her insignificant light? It's laughable."

"Such a waste of a pretty face. She's practically brainless…"

Once they realized Elvinia's attack was powerless against them, they regained their lost vitality and began to taunt her.

Not wanting to give Zen enough time to concoct a strategy, Ajay and the others attempted to launch another attack towards him.

Overhearing all the mockery directed to her, Elvinia tilted her head and asked indifferently, "Brainless?"

As she said this, she made her way towards Zen with a dark shadow hovering over her face. When she was only a few feet away from him, she gently tapped her snow-white feet on the ground. As a result, the ground was unable to withstand her strength and cracked under pressure. At the same time, the speed at which she flew in his direction increased considerably!

"Whoosh!"

She became so agile that it was difficult for anyone to read her movements. Within a split second, she had caught up with the members of the Golden Body race. In an infuriated state, she reached out her hand and grabbed ahold of one of them.

The adrenaline rushed through the body of the Golden Body member due to the stimulation of his Golden Battle Bone, which made him launch numerous frantic attacks at Zen. Suddenly, he felt a bone-chilling touch on his shoulder. As he turned to look, he saw it was Elvinia's hand.

Before he could react, he felt a frightening force coming from her hand. It was so powerful that he couldn't resist it with his Golden Battle Bone. He began to lose consciousness and was directly thrown into the Dark Region.

"Sizz, sizz..."

The creatures of the Light Region were restricted to enter the Dark Region. Even though the Golden Body race were proud owners of insanely durable bodies, they would still perish in an instant when exposed to the darkness. As a result, his hair, bones, and flesh were devoured completely. They manifested themselves into mere black smoke. The only thing that remained to vouch for his existence was the Golden Battle Bone.

Although the Golden Battle Bone was not to be underestimated, it was only a matter of time before it would perish as well. The Golden Battle Bone deteriorated at a slower rate compared to other items. At first, the surface of the bone would turn a charred-black color, and then it would develop bumps across it and break down into pieces. And lastly, the many small pieces of bone would be destroyed and disappear in the Dark Region.

"Swish!"

"Swish!"

"Swish!"

As Elvinia continued her ruthless actions, more and more members of the Golden Body race were thrown off into the Dark Region. Each of them faded away quickly and became a distant memory.

Elvinia was not as forgiving as Zen.

Since she was slow to reinforce, Zen was under siege the entire time. When the sudden realization hit her that these people intended to kill Zen, she was engulfed with fury raging in every fiber of her being. Her only goal was to annihilate all the guys who flashed a golden light.

"The guys from the Golden Body race have such low resistance!"

"I don't think that's the case. This woman is just too strong for them!"

"Damn, this woman is really in a league of her own…"

The Souls of Light of the Bearing race were left dumbfounded.

Initially, they were amused by Elvinia's tenacity to retaliate. However, they never expected her to come out with such formidable strength.

In a blink of an eye, she had tossed six members of the Golden Body race into the Dark Region. Only Ajay remained.

The moment the Golden Battle Bone was pierced through Ajay's flesh, he would only have five minutes before he breathed his last. In the last few moments of his life, he seemed rather calm.

The strength of the human woman that came out of the Dark Region was too overwhelming. Ajay knew there was nothing more he could do, except to accept his defeat. Even if he risked his life, he would still fall short of completing his task.

"Stop. I'll do it myself!" Ajay stared Elvinia in the eye and gestured her to halt her attacks.

The members of the Golden Body race held the Golden Battle Bone with high regard. For so many years, they had only lost one.

However, when Elvinia tossed six of their members into the Dark Region, their Golden Battle Bones could not be retrieved. As a result, they had suffered a loss of six bones in one fell swoop. All members of the Golden Body race fell into a crippling depression. They valued the Golden Battle Bone more than their own lives.

Elvinia glared at Ajay with blood-shot eyes as she yanked Zen behind her. It was as if she was a hawk protecting a chick.

After Ajay walked over to the edge of the Dark Region, he pulled out the Golden Battle Bone from his body. Then with a swift move, he threw it towards the members of the Golden Body race.

When the Golden Battle Bone was inserted into his body, it fed off of his life force and became a part of him. If it were to be pulled out, he would instantly die. When he disposed of the bone from his body, he had used up all his leftover energy. As a result, he fell backward lifelessly and got consumed by the darkness.

"Where is Dorothy?" Zen glanced in Elvinia's direction and asked.

Elvinia had no concern attached to Dorothy's life. Since Zen was the one who inquired about it, she replied in a casual tone, "Don't worry. She's still breathing."

After she finished her words, Elvinia went into the Dark Region to draw Dorothy out.

Ajay had fallen, and the remaining members of the Golden Body race had given up on the thought of confronting them. With careful hands, they picked up the last surviving Golden Battle Bone and retreated.

"It looks like you haven't learned your lesson after the last time I destroyed the temple of the Bearing race," Zen said with a sullen voice. "Do you want me to go back and destroy your temple once more? Which temple should it be this time... Should it be the Bearing race's, the Divine Farmer race's, or the Sun Crow race's? What do you think about that?"

Initially, when Zen had stayed in Stage Four, he had planned to tear down the temple of the Divine Farmer race. But then he let them go. However, if he were to return to Stage Four, destroying two temples at a time wouldn't pose much of a challenge for him.

The location of the temple of the Sun Crow race was still unknown. But he was convinced he would find it in Stage Four.

Those Souls of Light could retreat from the Other Shore at will. They were in no hurry to run away just yet. After hearing Zen's threat, the Souls of Light shook with fear.

When Zen destroyed the temple of the Bearing race last time, they had suffered an incalculable loss.

The warriors of the Bearing race were given strict orders to kill Zen at first sight in Stage Thirteen. Even so, they secretly hoped they didn't get a chance to encounter him. They had pinned their hopes on Zen leaving the Lust World, upon passing Stage Thirteen.

As long as Zen stayed in the Lust World, the Bearing race would not be able to turn the tables in their favor.

"Humph! If you even think of touching our temple, we will tear down the Oneness Sky Palace." A man from the Bearing race mustered up the courage to throw the threat back at Zen.

"Yes! If the Oneness Sky Palace were destroyed, your life would become the living example of a stray dog!" a member of the Sun Crow race said.

"You can only act as tough as you do on the Other Shore," a man from the Divine Farmer race uttered.

The Oneness Sky Palace had never pronounced Zen officially as their disciple. They also expressed their unfamiliarity with him on many occasions.

However, all of this had proven the fact that the relationship between Zen and the Oneness Sky Palace was special.

If the situation were to get out of hand, the Bearing race would attack the Oneness Sky Palace.

"None of you gets to decide when the Bearing race would attack the Oneness Sky Palace." As Zen spoke, he shook his head disapprovingly. He tossed a stone upwards with his toe and reached out to catch it. With a gentle force, he crushed it into minuscule particles in front of them. "So don't talk nonsense right at my face. Now, get out of here before I change my mind."

With Zen's strength, if he were to throw these particles at the Souls of Light, he could crush them in an instant.

Witnessing a tiny spectacle of Zen's power, the Souls of Light were stunned. They didn't dare stay a minute longer and rushed away all at once after reciting the Illusion Breaking Rune.

Chapter 3332 Fusing

It was known that without certain things like the Soul Binding Thread, it was difficult to kill the Souls of Light.

Luckily, the Souls of Light who threatened Zen weren't anyone truly important, so he naturally didn't bother to waste his time on dealing with them. He had more important things to do.

After the Souls of Light disappeared, Elvinia came out of the Dark Region with Dorothy in tow. Then, the three of them walked towards the entrance of the Grand Sky Temple.

The Bearing race were almost finished with all the preparation work in front of the Grand Sky Temple. Today, they would open the temple if everything went according to the plan.

However, the most recent thing that had just happened was a shock to all the members of various races. The Souls of Light of the Bearing race, Sun Crow race, and Divine Farmer race all had left. Only the Souls of Light from some small races decided to stay and watch what would happen next.

"These people escaped fast," Zen said with a shake of his head.

After Zen had walked around the Grand Sky Temple once, he asked Dorothy and Elvinia to wait for a while. He wanted to return to the Other Shore with his Soul of Light. When the two ladies had settled down, his physical body disappeared from the Other Shore.

"Where is Zen? Is he gone?" Elvinia asked in confusion.

Dorothy looked at Elvinia helplessly and replied, "He has left the Other Shore."

"Left the Other Shore?" Elvinia thought for a while and seemed to understand what had happened. "Will he come back then?"

"Of course he will," Dorothy said firmly.

Zen's body and soul were separated on the Other Shore. Sometimes, he needed to switch between the two forms.

Before he had entered the Grand Sky Temple, he had left his Soul of Light at the Grand Sky Temple's entrance. Right now, he was probably planning to return to the Other Shore with his Soul of Light.

A few moments later, he had finally gotten out of the Other Shore. His eyelids fluttered slightly before fully opening, after which he saw a scene in the room on the second floor.

Not far away was Dorothy who sat with her legs crossed, and Elvinia.

Sadness hung like a thick cloud over Margaret and Letitia, who stood in the corner of the room. Letitia in particular looked much thinner than before, as they had been worrying about Zen every day and night.

He couldn't help but feel the stab of pain in his heart as he watched them quietly.

Fortunately, he already came out of the Dark Region and would return soon. He couldn't let Dorothy and Elvinia wait too long now.

As Zen thought of it, he activated the Truth of Godly Way and returned to the Other Shore with his Soul of Light.

"Eh?" Letitia mumbled.

She felt the truth aura that emanated from Zen, but it was quite faint.

A soft sigh escaped her lips as she gazed at her husband's closed eyes.

After Zen had entered the Other Shore in the form of Soul of Light, the three of them moved forward on the right side of the Grand Sky Temple. They needed to go back to the other side of the Other Shore to find a way to remove the Soul Binding Thread that was wrapped around Dorothy.

Halfway through their journey, the three of them had reached the narrowest area of the Light Region on the Other Shore. The areas at the two sides of the road belonged to the Dark Region.

"Wait," Zen blurted out as he walked towards the edge of the Dark Region.

"What?"

Elvinia was able to freely enter and exit the Dark Region, but Dorothy was still a little scared when she saw the place.

"There is one Other Shore Token that I need to merge with in the Dark Region," Zen told Dorothy.

Something flashed in Dorothy's eyes. "What Other Shore Token needs to be merged with in the Dark Region?" she asked.

"Something from the Dark Region, of course," Zen said with a smile.

"An Other Shore Token from the Dark Region?!"

Dorothy didn't know much about the Dark Region. When Zen was trapped in the Dark Region, she had done a lot of research about it using various materials.

The materials were highly detailed, and they mentioned something about the Other Shore Tokens in the Dark Region. The Other Shore Tokens there possessed strong Other Shore Power, but it was very difficult to merge with them because everything in the Dark Region clashed with the Light Region.

In history, a small number of people had obtained Other Shore Tokens of the Dark Region. The process of merging with them had always remained a secret.

"Don't worry. I will use candles," Zen replied.

"Candles?" Dorothy was surprised. She didn't expect that those candles would have such use.

Now, Zen knew that Dorothy held a lot of doubts in her mind. He didn't intend to conceal anything from her though, so he said, "I'll tell you everything after we leave the Other Shore."

Then, he asked Elvinia to take out a candle and light it up with the divine flames of the Sun Crow race. After that, he took the candle and walked towards the Dark Region.

The road in the middle that separated the Dark Region into two parts was the only path that connected the two ends of Stage Thirteen. There were a lot of Souls of Light that came and passed by on the road, and Zen's actions immediately caught many of their attentions.

"Look, there are three humans over there. What are they doing?"

"That human has lit up a candle!"

"Is he taking a candle to walk to the Dark Region?"

The Souls of Light who were watching the scene were all dumbfounded. They all thought that the Dark Region was an absolutely forbidden area, and merely going near it would completely destroy the Souls of Light. Therefore, what Zen was doing was the same as looking for death.

Despite that, Zen really walked into the darkness with his candle just like that.

Soon enough, the candle had illuminated the endless darkness.

The Souls of Light who watched him were stunned. They couldn't believe their eyes, and they didn't understand what was happening.

"Let's go there and take a look!"

"These humans are really capable. Go and ask them how they did it!"

"……"

It wasn't long before more and more Souls of Light gathered around, until they were too many to count. After all, they naturally wanted to find out the secrets that had made such a bizarre thing to happen.

Some of them began to have greedy thoughts. They thought that if it was necessary, it was also a good choice to directly attack them.

When Zen had entered the Dark Region, he told Elvinia to keep guard and prevent any other Souls of Light from going near.

Thus, Elvinia scowled at the sight of those Souls of Light who were approaching them. "If you dare come closer, don't blame me when I attack," she hissed.

As soon as her voice rang out, she forcefully stomped her foot down and the ground beneath her immediately sank.

Only then did the Souls of Light clearly see what this human woman was capable of. And they could see her face and features clearly!

Was she… a creature on the Other Shore?

But she was clearly a human!

Rumor had it from Stage Thirteen that someone had entered the Other Shore with a physical body. That body, however, was clearly in the shape of a human man, and the man wasn't a creature of the Other Shore.

What was going on with this human girl?

Then again, no matter what might be the case, the Souls of Light didn't dare to go forward.

Judging from the power that she had just unleashed, it seemed that it was easy for her to kill them.

In the end, the Souls of Light just retreated and watched them from afar instead.

Meanwhile, Zen had successfully entered the Dark Region. His eyes cautiously scanned his new surroundings.

The creatures in the Dark Region were afraid of the Light Region, and had no desire to approach it. Fortunately, the edges of the area were already desolate, so he didn't need to worry about being attacked by the creatures of the Dark Region. Even if he did get attacked, he still could escape to the Light Region with the candle.

After Zen had placed the candle on the ground and got ready, he asked Elvinia to hand over the Civilization Artifact to him.

It was important for him to remember that the Regal Jade Spirit had also warned him to prevent exposing the Civilization Artifact to the Light Region.

Even if the Civilization Artifact was extremely solid, it would still be hard for it to withstand the light from the Light Region because the light could extinguish it in a short amount of time.

On the other hand, the light of the candle could also corrode the Civilization Artifact, but the candlelight's energy wasn't that strong, so the Civilization Artifact could still withstand it.

After Zen had taken over the Civilization Artifact, his Soul of Light activated the Truth of Cultivation Nature, then slowly fused the Civilization Artifact with his Soul of Light.

Before, he was a little worried and afraid that the Truth of Cultivation Nature and the Civilization Artifact would clash with each other. Now that he was proven wrong and the Civilization Artifact was successfully fused into his body, he realized that his anxiety was totally unnecessary.

Yet, merging with it was only the first step. The next step was to make his inner world carry the Civilization Artifact, and only then would he be considered to have truly possessed this Other Shore Token.

Chapter 3333 Mess

After merging with the Civilization Artifact, Zen headed for the other end of the Other Shore with Elvinia and Dorothy.

Dorothy had been confused, but she decided it was better not to ask questions. Instead, she meekly followed Zen's lead.

Once they made it to the other end of the Other Shore, Zen went straight to the auction house of the Ear Mice.

There, he found them moping desolately; they had even stopped the auction. They took a hard blow when they opened the Grand Sky Temple for exploration last time, which lowered their morale considerably.

When Dorothy emerged from the Grand Sky Temple, she had returned the Souls of Light of the Ear Mice to them. Nobody knew how the latter would help the said Souls of Light withdraw from the Other Shore.

Upon seeing Zen and Dorothy approaching, the Ear Mice perked up a little.

However, when they saw Elvinia with them, they were all surprised. Their whiskers wiggled in curiosity.

Eager to know more about this elegant lady's background, they pestered Zen with countless questions about her. But Zen refused to answer, and Elvinia herself ignored them as well.

Then, Zen had cut to the chase. He told them why they were really there: to remove the Soul Binding Thread from Dorothy. To his pleasant surprise, the Ear Mice cooperated enthusiastically.

While the Soul Binding Thread was quite troublesome, there were multiple ways to remove it. The Ear Mice took out a mysterious liquid and sprinkled some on Dorothy. After they waited for around an hour, the Soul Binding Thread gradually disappeared.

Zen tried to pay the Ear Mice with soul pills, but they firmly refused.

Although they had failed in the exploration of the Grand Sky Temple, the Ear Mice thought it would be good if they made friends with Zen.

In their eyes, Zen was the spokesperson of Thad. Whether they were one and the same person, it didn't matter. What was important was that the Ear Mice could communicate with Thad through Zen.

The Ear Mice gently reminded Zen that when the Bearing race tried to buy information from them about Zen's body, they had refused.

While the reputation of the Ear Mice wasn't great, Zen believed them.

After all, he knew they were only after communication with Thad. To the Ear Mice, the benefits that Thad would bring them would be far greater than the riches offered by the Bearing race.

After this, Zen took Elvinia and Dorothy back to the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Unless they were in a temple or the Dark Region, Souls of Light could easily withdraw from the Other Shore.

But this time, the circumstances were different.

Elvinia had entered the Other Shore with her Soul of Light, but after she became a purified being, she now had a body.

In essence, she was still a soul on the Other Shore, and her real body was still in the Source World.

Nobody knew if she would be able to leave the Other Shore. What would happen to the purified being's body after she made it out of the Other Shore?

"Do you still remember the Illusion Breaking Rune?" Zen asked gently.

"The Illusion Breaking Rune? What's that?" Elvinia asked, blinking confusedly.

Zen had expected this. Luckily, the Illusion Breaking Rune wasn't difficult to learn. He patiently taught her the spell, and she obediently learned and recited it.

Dorothy watched this scene silently, recalling what happened in the Sea of Truth.

When Zen just arrived at the Sea of Truth, he didn't even know what the Illusion Breaking Rune was. Back then, it was Dorothy who taught him the Illusion Breaking Rune.

When they were trapped in the Dark Region, she was allowed to leave. However, this depressed her a little bit. She'd have preferred to stay in the Dark Region, if it meant she could be by Zen's side. Even if this meant becoming a fool, like what happened to Elvinia, she would have been willing to go through it all to be with Zen.

Snapping back to reality, Dorothy turned to watch Elvinia remaster the Illusion Breaking Rune. Although Elvinia's memory was an absolute mess, she was still talented.

After reciting it a few times, she had fully mastered it.

With her eyes closed, Elvinia sat still and activated the rune.

"Elvinia? Elvinia?"

Zen shook her by the shoulders gently, but received no response.

He and Dorothy exchanged surprised looks.

It seemed that Elvinia's Soul of Light had left the Other Shore, but her body as a purified being remained there.

"We should leave, too," Dorothy suggested.

Zen nodded.

No matter what, the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace was safe.

Even if there was trouble brewing, the other Souls of Light were probably not strong enough to hurt Elvinia's unconscious body.

"Ah..."

In the room on the second floor of Zen's house, Elvinia moaned as she slowly opened her eyes.

Hearing this, Letitia and Margaret exchanged excited glances. Then, they both turned to stare at Elvinia.

"She woke up!" Letitia cried excitedly.

"How about Zen? Is he awake?" All of a sudden, all of their worries revolved around their beloved husband.

Margaret rushed to Zen's side. She didn't care whether Elvinia had woken up or not. Zen was all that mattered to her in this moment.

Elvinia frowned.

She sat up and stretched awkwardly. In a low voice, she muttered, "This body is so weak..."

The purified being's body back on the Other Shore was much stronger than her own. Naturally, she felt a little uncomfortable with her old body.

However, the purified being's body was an item from the Other Shore, so she was unable to bring it back to the Source World. If she merged with that body as an Other Shore Token, she could bring it to the Source World, but her soul was in the purified being's body... This was complicated.

Zen had just returned to his physical body when he heard Margaret's and Letitia's anxious cries.

With a smile, he reached out his hands to them.

Letitia and Margaret were caught off guard. They screamed for joy and pounced onto Zen.

They didn't say anything more and just leaned on Zen's chest, quietly enjoying the serenity.

Dorothy had also woken up at this point. Opening her eyes to this scene, she felt a little awkward.

She had stayed in the Flow Sword Sect for a while, so she knew about Zen's wives. However, even then, she felt a little depressed watching him coddle them.

"Hey, why are you hugging him?" Elvinia's cold voice cut through the air.

Her memory was still jumbled up; she didn't remember anything about the Oneness Sky Palace. In fact, Zen was the only thing she was sure of.

Seeing Letitia and Margaret in Zen's arms, Elvinia narrowed her eyes in irritation.

Letitia gave her a funny look, but didn't answer.

On the other hand, Margaret glared at Elvinia in disgust. In her eyes, this was the woman who had put Zen through all that trouble on the Other Shore. Actually, he had almost died there! How dare Elvinia question her haughtily?

"So, what if I hug him? Zen is my husband!" Margaret said indignantly.

Elvinia blinked slowly, as if ruminating the meaning of the word "husband". Then, as though it suddenly dawned on her, her eyes flashed and she suddenly yanked Zen towards her. "From now on, he is my husband. You are not allowed to touch him."

Margaret's jaw dropped dumbfoundedly. She looked at Elvinia as though she was an idiot.

On the other hand, Letitia was very perceptive. She sensed something was off with Elvinia. Turning to Zen with inquisitive eyes, she silently asked him for an explanation.

Dorothy buried her face in her hands and sighed helplessly. This truly was such a mess.

Chapter 3334 Token Bearing

Without wasting any time, Flamine rushed over from the Phoenix Palace. When she saw Elvinia had already woken up, she broke into tears of joy.

She immediately walked towards Elvinia and embraced her. At this point, Elvinia spoke. In a cold voice she asked, "Who are you? Why are you hugging me? Do I know you?"

Flamine was stunned by this reaction. She looked at Elvinia and with a questioning look upon her face, she turned to Zen.

A little while ago, Zen had already explained what happened to Letitia and the others. Now, he had to recount the events for Flamine's sake.

"While we were in the Dark Region, a purified being occupied Elvinia's soul," Zen instantly told Flamine.

Surprisingly, Flamine responded to this very calmly. "I am aware of it," she said.

"You know about it?" Zen asked. He was thoroughly intrigued.

Flamine nodded. "The purified being in the Dark Region actually wanted to take Elvinia's soul away. However, I was able to kill him."

After hearing that, Zen finally saw the whole picture. He now understood what had truly happened.

Previously, he had been wondering about why Teague had failed to take Elvinia's soul, since his soul was so much stronger than hers.

Zen thought that Elvinia would die when she fell into the tomb. Much to his surprise, she became a purified being instead!

"What happened after that?" Flamine asked. She was obviously still confused as she brought her gaze back to Elvinia.

"Elvinia emerged as she is right now. She has become a purified being and has obtained a new body on the Other Shore. She is now very powerful," Zen replied while staring at Elvinia as well.

With that, a hint of surprise streaked across Flamine's face. She was aware that this would be too troublesome because there was a huge disturbance in Elvinia's soul. Moreover, she didn't know what would happen next. No one had ever experienced something like this before.

"Do you know how strong she is now? Is she stronger than you?" Flamine asked curiously and looked at Zen.

"She's a lot stronger and powerful than my body. There is no one in Stage Thirteen that can defeat her. In addition to that, she is able to kill any creature in the Dark Region in an instant," Zen admitted as he stared back at her.

Elvinia's physical body on the Other Shore was already far stronger than Zen's. He didn't know whether she could stand against the three-eyed boy and the giant ape. But even if they were stronger than Elvinia, she had the ability to activate the Great Sanskrit Light. The creatures in the Dark Region had no power to fight back under the light.

"Will she be able to leave Stage Thirteen?" Flamine continued to ask once more.

A purified being was a creature from the Other Shore. They usually inhabited and dominated a certain stage. There were purified beings existing in the upper stages of the Other Shore as well.

Nevertheless, they could only stay in their respective stages regardless of their strength and power. If Elvinia could make it to the upper stages, then her identity as a purified being would have absolute significance.

Zen hadn't thought about this possibility before. With that he said, "The moment we left the Dark Region, we withdrew from the Other Shore. We still haven't tried it yet."

"I understand," Flamine said with a nod. Bringing her gaze back to Elvinia, she gently caressed her face. "It appears that when I vanquished the purified being, his Soul of Light remained in Elvinia's soul and merged with her Memory Flame."

"Is there any way for her to recover from this?" Zen inquired with unabated curiosity.

"The Memory Flame is very fragile and complicated. I am sure there is a way. However, the process will be very troublesome," said Flamine carefully.

Zen had already borne witness to many Memory Flames before. The Memory Flames in the divine land had created an ocean. Laquisha's Memory Flame was once taken out and then given back.

However, these Memory Flames were complete and intact while Elvinia's was broken.

Fortunately, the Oneness Sky Palace had no shortage of very talented people. They would find a way to fix this problem.

"Come back to the Phoenix Palace with me. I am extremely worried about you these days," said Flamine to Elvinia with so much pity and longing in her eyes.

Shockingly, Elvinia pushed her away and said loudly, "I won't go anywhere with you! I don't even know you! I have to stay with my husband."

"What do you mean by 'husband'?" Flamine demanded. Her facial expression darkened.

Even though Flamine had much appreciation of Zen, her daughter was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. Elvinia was the princess of the Phoenix

Palace. How could she call Zen her husband? With that said, Flamine began to wonder what Zen had done to her daughter.

Dorothy, Letitia, and the others glanced at Zen and grinned. Zen had already explained to them that Elvinia had been quite dependent on him after she climbed out of the tomb.

Zen felt embarrassed by this. Once again, he had to explain it for Flamine's benefit.

It had been established that Elvinia had lost her memory. So now, she was much like a six-year-old girl and depended on him by instinct.

Flamine wouldn't leave Elvinia here. She was hell-bent on finding a cure for her.

She proceeded to ignore Elvinia's refusal. She stretched out her fore finger and gently touched Elvinia's forehead. This made Elvinia fall into a deep sleep.

It was true that Elvinia was invincible on the Other Shore. However, she had no power to fight back against Flamine. And so, she was carried off to the Phoenix Palace by her mother.

Dorothy also left after she grasped the gist of everything that happened in the Dark Region. However, she appeared downcast right before she left.

Zen's return was a cause for celebration. His courtyard house became lively again.

During the past few days, Letitia and Margaret were severely worried about Zen. Trish and Carrie felt uneasy as well. They were all tired and dispirited. But now that he was back, they felt relieved and excited.

Zen felt a little guilty that he caused them to suffer over the past days. In order to make up for it, he accompanied them all day long.

A week later, he chose to cultivate in seclusion.

Merging with the Civilization Artifact was now his top priority. It was too important to be put off any longer. The earlier he merged with it, the earlier he could feel relaxed.

In addition to being a powerful Other Shore Token, the Civilization Artifact also contained a flaw of the Godly Ways Great Unity.

Truth be told, Zen was more interested in this flaw rather than the Other Shore Token itself.

Swoosh!

Slowly and steadily, the Truth of Cultivation Nature was spreading inside Zen's inner world.

All at once, the entirety of his inner world became more harmonious and smooth while it underwent this process.

The creatures in the inner world were unable to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way. However, even just the aura released from the Truth of Godly Way would graciously benefit many talented beings.

With the intention of breaking through under the aura, there were warriors and True Gods with outstanding talent that began to cultivate in seclusion.

During that time when Zen merged with the Strength God Totem, his inner world experienced an extremely strong pressure. This was the effect of that terrifying Other Shore Power.

Compared to that, it was much quieter when he merged with the Civilization Artifact.

It also looked as though the Civilization Artifact was just an ordinary diamond-shaped handicraft.

Nevertheless, the entire Thousand Sanskrit Land trembled the moment it appeared.

Buzz!

The Sanskrit words were bathed in golden light as they began to flash.

A hundred and four Sanskrit words lit up all over the Thousand Sanskrit Land when the Truth of Goodwill and Malice merged with the Eye of Will.

And then, a hundred and forty Sanskrit words lit up during the time that the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent merged with the Strength God Totem.

This time, however, a total of three hundred and sixty-six Sanskrit words lit up when the Truth of Cultivation Nature merged with the Civilization Artifact!

Swish!

With each Sanskrit word that shone, a chain would stretch out.

And so, three hundred and sixty-six chains shot out. Afterwards, these chains had wrapped around the Civilization Artifact.

"Hmm. It's possible that the Civilization Artifact is not considered as an Other Shore Token from the Lust World," Zen murmured as he looked at the Civilization Artifact nearby.

In principle, the Other Shore Tokens found in the Lust World could be applied to the Hundred Sanskrit Land regardless of how powerful they were. Take the Strength God Totem for example. It was an Other Shore Token from Stage Thirteen that only needed a hundred and forty Sanskrit words to bear it.

"Haha..." Zen suddenly heard a soft laughter.

It was the Regal Jade Spirit that laughed. The sound came from the Civilization Artifact. It said, "This is the result of us hiding in Stage Thirteen and being suppressed by the rules. Otherwise, even the Thousand Sanskrit Land might fail to bear it."

Chapter 3335 The Blood Essence Godly Way

In fact, it was possible for creatures in upper stages on the Other Shore to enter lower stages.

However, they had to pay a high price for this and their strength would be limited by the rules of the stages.

The Regal Jade Civilization was superior to many other civilizations. Naturally, its members were by no means weak.

If its members were allowed to use their powers untethered, Zen wouldn't stand a chance. Just the power of a Regal Jade Bug alone could kill Zen instantly without using any poison.

Zen gritted his teeth. He felt the chains straining.

Just as he thought he would make it, he suddenly heard a loud crack. One of the chains had snapped!

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Just as the first chain broke, the others followed suit. In the blink of an eye, eight chains had snapped.

Zen knitted his brows in frustration. Previously, it had been extremely smooth for him to merge with the Eye of Will and the Strength God Totem. He hadn't expected that merging with the Civilization Artifact would have any hitches.

Once the chains broke, the Sanskrit words on the other side dimmed slightly.

"What's going on?" Zen frowned.

"Your Thousand Sanskrit Land is not solid enough," the Regal Jade Spirit explained.

"What? It's not solid enough?" Zen echoed in shock.

He remembered that ever since he built the Thousand Sanskrit Land, almost everyone who encountered it had thought it was solid.

If his Thousand Sanskrit Land wasn't solid enough, the ones built by the people with the same cultivation base as him might even be worse.

"Let me help you," the Regal Jade Spirit said graciously.

It used to be the Son of Truth. Moreover, the Civilization Artifact itself was very special and needed to be handled with care.

Even if Zen managed to successfully merge with it, he wouldn't be able to control it fully. The Regal Jade Spirit was bound to the Civilization Artifact, and could also control it.

Whoosh!

The Civilization Artifact floating in the air suddenly flashed a cyan light. In a flash, the light transformed into cyan chains. The chains coiled around the Civilization Artifact and then extended to the edge of Zen's inner world, effectively merging with the Sanskrit words.

The golden chains created by Sanskrit words continued to snap, one by one. However, each time one broke, a cyan one would replace it.

After replacing around 40 chains, the Civilization Artifact finally stabilized in Zen's inner world. With that, Zen had successfully merged with the Civilization Artifact.

Suddenly, he could easily read the information hidden within the Civilization Artifact.

He understood its writing, background and development.

He had caught a glimpse into the Regal Jade Civilization previously. The Regal Jade Spirit had activated the artifact to show him back in the Dark Region. But now, Zen seemed to grasp a full understanding of the Regal Jade Civilization.

Once Zen finished reading the information, he sensed a strange energy within the Civilization Artifact.

The energy was as red as blood. It floated in the air, forming a huge and unfamiliar red Sanskrit word.

"What is this Sanskrit word?" Zen asked curiously.

"This is an unknown Sanskrit word," the Regal Jade Spirit replied indifferently.

Zen raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean? What's it for then?"

Some Sanskrit words contained important information, such as the Truth Enlightenment of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. On the other hand, some were meaningless with no significance at all.

But why did the Regal Jade Spirit summon this Sanskrit word?

Moreover, the energy contained in this Sanskrit word made Zen feel even more uneasy.

"You don't need to understand this Sanskrit word," the Regal Jade Spirit replied. "It was like this when the Wing King found it. You only need its energy, anyway. It is one of the flaws of the Godly Ways Great Unity. It's also a Godly Way, separate from the 3, 000 ones in the chaos."

"A Godly Way separate from the 3, 000 ones?" Zen echoed, dumbfounded.

3, 000 was not always the exact number. Different masters had different ways of summarizing Godly Ways.

The 3, 000 Godly Ways included all the energy in the chaos apart from the Other Shore Power.

They included the flowers, trees, birds, beasts, the heaven, the earth, the sun, the moon and the Five Elements.

Zen was well aware of this. However, the Regal Jade Spirit was telling him that there was a new Godly Way.

"This is truly unbelievable,"

No. 9527 said uneasily.

Previously, when Zen had merged with the Eye of Will and the Strength God Totem, No. 9527 was completely disinterested.

However, now, it was extremely intrigued by the Civilization Artifact. After all, the Regal Jade Spirit used to be as strong as No. 9527's master.

No. 9527 had been quietly observing from the depths within Zen's mind. It could no longer conceal its shock at what was unfolding before them.

It was even inclined to believe that its master would be shocked, too, if he were here to see what they were seeing.

This demonic red energy was nowhere to be found whenever the chaos was born and destroyed time and time again. It was no wonder the Godly Ways Great Unity hadn't been realized.

"What is this mysterious energy called?" Zen asked.

"The Regal Jade Civilization doesn't have the concept of the Godly Ways. Correspondingly, we have two thousand and eight hundred Essence Powers. This blood red energy is called the Blood Essence Power," the Regal Jade Spirit explained.

"If that's so, can I call it the Blood Essence Godly Way?" Zen asked.

"Whatever," the Regal Jade Spirit replied disinterestedly.

The name itself didn't matter. What mattered was the meaning hidden behind the name.

The Blood Essence Godly Way was now one of the Godly Ways. It might not be powerful, because like the other Godly Ways, it couldn't compare to Other Shore Power.

However, it made up for a flaw; in doing so, the 3, 000 Godly Ways were a step closer to perfection.

"You said that the Godly Ways Great Unity has three flaws, and the Blood Essence Godly Way is one of them. Are the other two flaws also Godly Ways?" Zen guessed.

The Regal Jade Spirit just smiled. "If it were that simple, the Godly Ways Great Unity would have been perfected a long time ago. Although I don't know what the other two flaws are, they most probably aren't Essence Powers, or what you'd call, Godly Ways."

Zen pursed his lips, realizing his mistake.

The members of the Regal Jade Civilization had done everything in their power to try to find the other two flaws. How could he have been so bold to think he could figure it out on his own?

After a moment of silence, another thought crossed Zen's mind. "What kind of Other Shore Token is the Civilization Artifact? The descending type? The strengthening type? Or the mysterious type?"

Realizing the Regal Jade Spirit's evident confusion, Zen briefly explained the types. Finally, the Regal Jade Spirit replied, "The Civilization Artifact has all the qualities you just listed. Here, I will teach you how to use it."

Meanwhile, as Zen and the Regal Jade Spirit talked, Geoffrey was standing on top of a palace, his gaze turned towards the sky.

The moment the Civilization Artifact appeared in Zen's inner world, Geoffrey knew that his father brought back something strange.

After the chains disappeared, the huge blood red Sanskrit word appearing in the sky immediately caught Geoffrey's attention. With curiosity, he studied it, trying to figure out the meaning of this mysterious Sanskrit word.

Chapter 3336 The Disintegrated Sanskrit Word

The last time Geoffrey deciphered two Sanskrit words of the Truth Enlightenment, he had suffered a lot. So, he understood not all Sanskrit words could be deciphered easily.

However, when he saw this unique blood-red Sanskrit word floating in the sky, he still could not suppress his curiosity.

As he was trying to interpret it, the Sanskrit word suddenly began to tremble, and the blood red energy suddenly dispersed into the air like a vapor.

Zen and the Regal Jade Spirit were deep in discussion, so they didn't expect the Sanskrit word to act up like this.

"Eh?" The Regal Jade Spirit grunted confusedly. "Someone is interpreting this Sanskrit word. Is there a decipherer in your inner world?"

There were some creatures in the Regal Jade Civilization responsible for interpreting Sanskrit words, called "decipherers".

In Zen's inner world, the sole person who could decipher Sanskrit words was Geoffrey.

Zen scanned his inner world from the skies. Suddenly, his eyes locked onto Geoffrey, who was looking up at the sky with a confused look.

"It's my son," Zen answered.

"How can he decipher a Sanskrit word at such a level?" the Regal Jade Spirit asked in surprise.

Zen already knew how difficult it was to decipher Sanskrit words, but he also knew his son had a knack for it. Even Eastern Emperor Taiyi found it difficult to decipher the Truth Enlightenment of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, but Geoffrey had been able to do it.

"Has he... deciphered it?" Zen asked curiously.

Minutes earlier, the Regal Jade Spirit had said that it was impossible to decipher the blood red Sanskrit word. It had been telling Zen that the only thing he needed to do was to fuse with the energy of the Blood Essence Godly Way, nothing more. However, much to Zen's surprise, it seemed that Geoffrey could decipher it.

Zen waved his hand, summoning a space door.

He reached into the space door and gently pulled Geoffrey out.

"Father..." Geoffrey cried in surprise.

"Did you just decipher that Sanskrit word?" Zen pointed at the blood red energy floating in the sky.

Geoffrey nodded sheepishly. "I was just curious." His eyes lit up excitedly. "It seems to be intelligent, Father! It dispersed while I was deciphering it!"

"Then, can you decipher the Sanskrit word?" The voice of the Regal Jade Spirit echoed in the air.

"What was that sound?" Geoffrey's head whipped around in confusion.

"This is Master Regal Jade," Zen answered.

In Geoffrey's eyes, his father was invincible. However, upon hearing the authoritative voice of the Regal Jade Spirit, he sensed it was even more powerful than Zen. Blinking excitedly, he replied, "I am confident I can interpret this Sanskrit word, but it disintegrated too quickly. I didn't have enough time."

"Are you truly sure?" the Regal Jade Spirit questioned dubiously.

In the past, the Wing King had gone through great lengths to find this Sanskrit word that contained the Blood Essence Power. This blood-red Sanskrit word was quite special.

Whenever someone tried to decipher it, the Blood Essence Power would dissipate. After some period of time, it would recover, forming the Sanskrit word once more.

At the time, the Wing King believed that there were special meanings in the Sanskrit word. He couldn't interpret it by himself, so he enlisted the help of the best decipherers of the Regal Jade Civilization. These decipherers were the most outstanding; each of them had their own talent, but none of them succeeded in deciphering the blood-red Sanskrit word.

After trying countless times, the Wing King finally gave up and resigned himself to believing that the Sanskrit word was meaningless. Since then, only a few people still insisted on deciphering it, but no one succeeded.

This was why, when the Regal Jade Spirit took out the Blood Essence Power, it told Zen not to pay attention to the Sanskrit word but to focus on the power it contained, as the power was the most important.

Now that Geoffrey claimed he could decipher it, naturally the Regal Jade Spirit was doubtful.

"Geoffrey, are you really sure? You have to tell me the truth," Zen said firmly.

Geoffrey was a little bit rebellious, but he couldn't do much since Zen had imprisoned him in his inner world.

Seeing his own father doubting his abilities, he felt a bit indignant. "There isn't much information recorded in the Sanskrit Word. As long as it doesn't disintegrate, I can decipher it," he said, puffing out his chest.

Zen exhaled slowly through his nose. He still thought Geoffrey was bragging. After all, the Regal Jade Spirit had lived as a Chaos Ancient God. If it claimed that the Sanskrit word was indecipherable, then shouldn't it be?

Just as he was about to scold his son, the Regal Jade Spirit suddenly cut in. "What do you mean there isn't much information recorded in the Sanskrit word?"

Startled by the Regal Jade Spirit's sudden sense of urgency, Geoffrey hesitated slightly. "Although the structure of the Sanskrit word is complicated, there isn't much information contained in it," Geoffrey answered firmly.

The Regal Jade Spirit didn't say anything for a moment. It was obvious that Geoffrey had aroused its interest, because the Wing King had said the exact same thing before.

The Regal Jade Spirit had once been the Wing King's right hand. After being unable to decipher the Sanskrit word, the Wing King's expression fell. Under his breath, he had mumbled, "There isn't too much information hidden in this Sanskrit word, but I just can't interpret it...!"

After years of research, the Wing King had come to this conclusion. Zen's son only glanced at the blood-red Sanskrit word for a while, and he arrived at the same conclusion almost instantly. Even the Regal Jade Spirit, who was wise and experienced, was surprised.

"In that case," the Regal Jade Spirit said carefully, "please try to decipher the Sanskrit word."

Zen was surprised when he noticed the change in the tone of the Regal Jade Spirit. It seemed to believe what Geoffrey was saying.

"The Sanskrit word disintegrates so quickly that I don't have time to decipher it," Geoffrey said helplessly.

"If you copy it, it will not break apart," the Regal Jade Spirit responded.

Suddenly, Geoffrey's eyes flashed slyly. "What will I gain from deciphering this Sanskrit word?"

It was one of his habits from childhood. Before doing anything, he'd always try to find out what he'd get out of it first.

But, he never asked for anything extravagant.

In the Source World, one could earn a lot of money for deciphering some Sanskrit words. If the Sanskrit word was a little more complicated, the price for the deciphering work would be extremely high.

Taking the two Sanskrit words of the Truth Enlightenment as an example, after they were deciphered, the value of their translated version was immeasurable.

However, whenever Zen asked Geoffrey for help, he was never rewarded.

"What will you gain?" The Regal Jade Spirit hesitated for a moment, as it thought about it carefully. "If you are able to disciple it, I will accept you as my disciple."

There was a great civilization that supported the Regal Jade Spirit, known as the Regal Jade Civilization. This civilization was considered one of the strongest and most prosperous among countless civilizations on the Other Shore. As a result, a lot of special theurgies and methods were born here. Moreover, the Regal Jade Spirit itself was once a Son of Truth—otherwise known as, a Chaos Ancient God.

This was a splendid opportunity. Zen was secretly proud of his son at merely being offered such a trade.

However, to his surprise, Geoffrey's face was full of disdain. "Father, is the Regal Jade Spirit powerful? How powerful is it, exactly? Is it as powerful as Master Estelle?"

Estelle had stayed in the fairy palace for a long time. Geoffrey, having only been exposed to things within Zen's inner world, had thought that Estelle was the most powerful being.

"Um..." Zen gave him a funny expression.

Although Estelle was indeed a powerful warrior in the divine land, she was nowhere near as powerful as the Regal Jade Spirit.

Zen patiently explained the strength of the Chaos Ancient God to his son. Geoffrey's expression changed from disdain to one of delight, while he was listening to Zen with keen interest.

After he finally understood the power of a Chaos Ancient God, he spoke to the Regal Jade Spirit. "Then, it's settled! I'll decipher the Sanskrit word for you!"

Chapter 3337 Spokespersons

Geoffrey was greatly interested in the vast Source World. Zen had promised him that once he became a consummate True God, he would allow him to leave.

The powerful warriors he would encounter in the outside world were unmatched compared to those he met in Zen's inner world. He needed more strength to go further into the Source World.

His father had told him that the Regal Jade Spirit was one of the strongest warriors in the chaos, piquing his interest.

"We have a deal," replied the Regal Jade Spirit.

Soon after, the dispersed Blood Essence Power slowly gathered and formed the Sanskrit word once again.

Geoffrey wasn't eager to decipher it—he did it after Zen had already copied it on the paper.

But something unusual happened—the word formed by the Blood Essence Power dissipated once he began deciphering the copied word on the paper.

"What's going on?" Zen asked with furrowed brows.

Geoffrey was deciphering the Sanskrit word on paper—why was the one formed by Blood Essence Power still dissipating?

"Quite an interesting reaction," said the Regal Jade Spirit, seemingly unbothered. "No matter when and where you decipher a copy of this word, the Blood Essence Power will dissipate rapidly, even if it's half a chaos away."

To decipher it, the Regal Jade Civilization had gone through painstaking efforts. But it was all in vain apart from how they gained a thorough understanding of its nature.

Gripping the copy firmly in his hands, Geoffrey levitated, deep in thought.

The two Sanskrit words of the Truth Enlightenment were known to be highly complex, but this one seemed to be the extreme opposite—it was almost too simple.

When it came to these words, though, the simpler they were, the more difficult it was to judge and decipher—there were countless possible meanings behind a simple word.

For most decipherers, such a situation meant a dead end. But Geoffrey was rather exceptional.

After five minutes passed, Geoffrey rolled the paper in his hands as his lips curled up into a smile.

"Did you pick up any clues?" Zen asked, his brows raised at the other's expression.

"Even better—I've deciphered it," he responded proudly.

Both Zen and the Regal Jade Spirit were shocked and wide-eyed. "How is that possible…"

"Nothing is impossible," Geoffrey said, pursing his lips. "But it records a mere sentence—there is very little information in this word."

"What does it mean?"

"What information?"

The other two eagerly asked after him.

While it was possible that Geoffrey was fooling them, the two still hoped to gain some information, no matter how minute.

"The Element Spirit Civilization has committed despicable theft—they stole the sacred fire, making the world grow cold and silent," he read, according to what he deciphered. Even he was confused by it. "What does that mean?"

"The Element Spirit Civilization? Is that a ruling civilization?" Zen questioned.

But 'civilization' carried a broad definition.

Several civilizations resided in Zen's inner world. There were even signs of the developing human race forming different civilizations.

If one could become the ruling civilization, such a group must be a hegemony in the chaos.

Even Zen himself didn't know exactly what the Element Spirit Civilization was—it was less likely that Geoffrey knew of it. Now that the two were certain that Geoffrey wasn't deceiving them, they thought hard about the deciphered sentence.

"The Element Spirit Civilization is the second ruling civilization," the Regal Jade Spirit said.

"The second… that means it also appeared very early on," Zen said, rather shocked.

The first civilization was the Instant Civilization—it must have had some strong warriors who then became Chaos Ancient Gods in the second civilization. These two civilizations were closely linked.

"That's right. The Instant Civilization was short in time while the Element Spirit Civilization had no form. In essence, they were both formed by energies that gathered," said the Regal Jade Spirit.

When in the process of growing extremely powerful, some energies produced fire spirits, water spirits, and other creatures of different elements. These creatures had no physical form—such was what formed the Element Spirit race in the second chaos. This race stood out among the rest because they had many different kinds of elements.

"It says that the Element Spirit race stole the sacred fire…but what is it?" Zen asked again, still confused.

"I'm not sure," muttered the Regal Jade Spirit. "It says that they made the world cold and silent—it perhaps refers to the chaos. The sacred fire must be another flaw in the Ways-blending Energy…"

Zen's eyes lit up at that. "You mean…the flaw was taken away by this race?"

"Most likely," the Regal Jade Spirit replied.

"But what's the situation of the Element Spirit race now…" Zen wondered, looking concerned.

The Regal Jade Spirit only laughed and said, "This race is ranked third on the Other Shore. It's a powerful and ancient race that consistently dominates the upper stages."

"So this civilization is truly very powerful…" Zen frowned as he considered it. "If so, doesn't that mean that the other civilizations have no chance to climb up the stages?"

"Let alone on the Other Shore, even everything in the Source World is the result of their deliberate plan. Those powerful races in the Source World are supported by the Chaos Ancient Gods, who are supported by the civilizations hiding on the Other Shore. The top-level masters in the Source World serve as mere spokespersons of the civilizations," explained the Regal Jade Spirit.

"Spokespersons of the civilizations?!" Zen was utterly shocked to hear such a thing.

No. 9527 had told him that the Bearing race had a Chaos Ancient God to support them—they wouldn't have risen so fast otherwise. But to think that the Chaos Ancient Gods had relied on the civilizations from the Other Shore…it was truly inconceivable.

"Did you really say that the top-level masters in the Source World are their spokespersons?" Zen asked again in disbelief.

"Yes," the Regal Jade Spirit affirmed. "The chaos has experienced many rounds of destruction and rebirth—the powerful civilizations have long since been skilled at the game. As soon as the chaos was born, they began planning."

According to what the Regal Jade Spirit said, Eastern Emperor Taiyi also had a civilization behind him for support? And to think that the Snake Goddess and Fuxi were the same…

While Zen was lost in thought, the Regal Jade Spirit smiled and said, "Don't forget, you are now the spokesperson of our Regal Jade Civilization."

The Regal Jade Civilization was once a powerful civilization that ranked among the top ten. But because they were hidden at Stage Thirteen, they didn't get much attention.

"I see," Zen nodded slightly. "So, to find the so-called sacred fire, I must find this Element Spirit Civilization?"

"Yes, but you're not strong enough to do so right now…" The Regal Jade Spirit sighed and continued, "Even if it was Wing King who led us, it would be impossible for us to wage a war against the Element Spiritual race. The top three civilizations on the Other Shore are all as solid as rock in their positions. They have advantages, so the other civilizations couldn't possibly contend against them."

Chapter 3338 Primitive Land

Zen couldn't help but sigh. After all, he still knew too little about the Other Shore.

In the beginning, he had entered the Other Shore only to obtain the Other Shore Tokens so that he could gain control of stronger powers.

He didn't expect that the forces on the Other Shore were far more complicated than he had imagined.

He was still communicating with the Regal Jade Spirit when Geoffrey, who stood beside him, had started to grow impatient.

"Hey! You said you would take me as your disciple!" Geoffrey reminded the Regal Jade Spirit a bit harshly. "Don't be rude, Geoffrey," Zen shushed him.

The Regal Jade Spirit was known to be quite kind.

Not only that, but it always did what it had promised.

"Buzz..."

A green light flashed in the Civilization Artifact, and turned into a green square that was as tall as a person. The whole square looked like a piece of high quality jade.

"Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!"

Crisp crackles filled the air as the jade's surface trembled. Some green colored debris fell off from it, then the jade finally turned into a middle-aged man who looked like an exquisite sculpture.

"This is you..." Geoffrey's eyes were as wide as saucers as he gawked at the figure.

A smile dawned upon the Regal Jade Spirit's lips. He then turned to Zen and said, "Would you mind if I make a body and manifest myself in the human image while I stay in your inner world?"

Zen cupped his hands towards the Regal Jade Spirit and said, "You are being too polite. Of course I won't mind."

The Regal Jade Spirit looked around. When he saw the brown chaotic sea, a trace of doubt appeared on his face. "The sea of this world..."

His sentence, however, was left unfinished. "What do you want to say?" Zen asked in confusion.

The Regal Jade Spirit flew down from high in the air and went straight into the chaotic sea. He stretched out his hand and took a handful of the sea water and said, "Is this the sea water transformed from chaotic energy?"

"Yes. What's wrong?" Zen asked curiously.

The brown sea water boiled in the hand of the Regal Jade Spirit. It wasn't long before it turned into a trace of chaotic energy and dissipated. It made the Regal Jade Spirit even more surprised. "How exactly was your inner world formed?" he asked.

The reason Zen's inner world acted like such was all because of the Primal Chaos Technique his master Bromley had given him. He had directly replaced the life vitality in his inner world with chaotic energy.

"I cultivated a secret technique back then and that's why it has become like this," Zen replied frankly. After all, there was no need to keep it a secret anymore.

The Regal Jade Spirit's face became even more unreadable. "You cultivated a secret technique. Where did you get it? The evolution in your inner world isn't complete. Why is it in such a state? It's so strange," he trailed off.

In reality, Zen didn't have a chance to know where his master had obtained the Primal Chaos Technique. When his mother had later on asked about it, she had reprimanded Bromley for being too crazy to give Zen the incomplete Primal Chaos Technique to cultivate. Despite that, it had done Zen no harm and as a result, it actually wasn't so bad. Besides, Mike and Lorena didn't see anything wrong when they had entered Zen's inner world to check, so they just let the matter go.

As for the claim that his inner world was incomplete, Zen had never heard anyone mention such a thing to him.

There was a slight hint of confusion in his dark eyes. "What makes you think that my inner world is incomplete?" he asked.

"Once any world, including the Source World, has been formed, the chaotic energy in that world will fade away completely. The chaotic energy is the most basic energy, and it is extremely poisonous to living beings. It is very difficult for creatures to be formed in such an environment," the Regal Jade Spirit said, deep in thought.

'The chaotic energy would fade away…' Zen pondered on the words the Regal Jade Spirit had said.

Generally speaking, only Holy Beings and warriors at the Other Shore Realm could roam through the chaos. On the other hand, there were a large number of low-level creatures in the Source World, and chaotic energy had never even existed in it.

In Zen's inner world, however, it was different. The chaotic sea water in it was still in a primitive state, but the creatures in his inner world weren't afraid of it at all. In fact, it was in the chaotic sea where the creatures had been born.

Of course, Zen knew what the Regal Jade Spirit meant, but he was more confused. What then was the use of having such an inner world? Even until now, he still didn't know where his master was and he couldn't find a way to ask him about it.

When the Regal Jade Spirit saw Zen's puzzled expression, he quickly said, "I've only seen one possibility that could explain your situation."

"What's that?" "Such a situation usually occurred in the early times of the primitive land.

I have observed such a phenomenon after I became the Son of Truth," the Regal Jade Spirit answered. His eyes began to glow as he spoke, which meant that the story was a clearly distant memory.

The Regal Jade Civilization was the 749th ruling civilization, and the Regal Jade Spirit was the Son of Truth of the 750th civilization. Therefore, he had observed how the 750th civilization came into being.

"What is the primitive land?" Zen asked again. "The very initial form of your Source World is the primitive land.

If let's say the whole chaos is an egg, then the Source World is the egg yolk, and the primitive land is what we call it when the egg yolk starts to form at the very beginning… If your inner world is really the primitive land, then it shouldn't be a virtual place inside your body. It's actually a real place in the chaos. Have you noticed it?" the Regal Jade Spirit continued.

As soon as the Regal Jade Spirit finished speaking, Zen's body suddenly trembled.

The borders of his inner world were made up of 1080 Sanskrit words, which circled the range of his inner world. Yet when his inner world had matured, he had once had a faint feeling that his inner world was at a certain place in the chaos.

At that time, he was in the divine land and had thought that such a thing was a common phenomenon shared by all the creatures from the Source

World. Now, it seemed that he was wrong.

"It seems that I'm right," the Regal Jade Spirit said with a smile.

"Isn't there only one primitive land?" Zen asked. If what the Regal Jade Spirit had said about the chaos being an egg while the Source World being its egg yolk was true, then there should only be one primitive land.

"Dad, haven't you heard of an egg with double yolks?"

Geoffrey, who had been listening to them silently all this time, chipped in.

Zen stared at him. It indeed made sense according to this metaphor, but it was still only a metaphor.

Could he take it for real?

"When a round of chaos comes into being, there might be several or even a dozen primitive lands that are formed where different civilizations start to develop. However, I've never heard of a creature's inner world being a primitive land before," the Regal Jade Spirit said with a shake of his head and smiled. "It was a bit hasty to appoint you as the spokesperson of our Regal Jade Civilization and you were even not qualified--but now, things seem to be getting more and more interesting," he continued.

The Regal Jade Civilization had been hiding in Stage Thirteen for a long time, and the Regal Jade Spirit also felt that there wasn't much time left. Choosing Zen to be their spokesperson was just a makeshift plan, but as the Regal Jade Spirit got to know more about him, he discovered that Zen was not as simple as he seemed.

While Zen discussed things with the Regal Jade Spirit, the divine land on the other side of the chaos had already traveled through the boundless chaos for a long time.

The divine land was like a bright gem that traversed through one chaos cloud after another. It was impressive considering that those chaos clouds were unimaginably large, and it usually took several months for the divine land to pass through a chaos cloud at its normal speed.

Before Zen left the divine land, he had handed the Sun-resisting Umbrella over to Mike. However, it was Timotheus who actually controlled which direction the divine land would go.

Timotheus stood in the sun, his hands controlling the four rings as his consciousness floated to the outside of the divine land. His eyes paid close attention to the surroundings of the divine land.

It was actually boring to control this divine land. There were no sceneries in the boundless chaos, but Timotheus was extremely responsible in doing his job. He hadn't even blinked in the past few months and maintained the same posture all the time.

Suddenly, he sensed something strange. "What's that?" he muttered. His eyes quickly widened when he realized what it was.

When the divine land passed through a chaos cloud, a huge tombstone emerged from behind it. The tombstone was as large as the entire divine land!

Chapter 3339 The Graveyard

The divine land itself was extremely huge and had taken Chiyou a lot of effort and time to build.

The tombstone was about the same size as the divine land, a fact that shocked Timotheus greatly.

He thought back to a rumor.

The chaos was vast and empty but many secrets and forbidden areas lay hidden within it. Those who entered dangerous sections of it, like the Ruin

Graveyard, had no chance of returning.

Rumor had it that if you saw a huge tombstone, it meant that you had stepped into the Ruin Graveyard and there would be no way back.

Timotheus never believed in rumors like this. He only believed what he saw.

But now that he was looking at this huge tombstone, he was finally on high alert.

He waved his hands around, causing his body to spin 180 degrees to his right.

The fast-moving divine land turned abruptly and sped on towards the other side.

This time, Timotheus did not drive the ship into the chaos cloud because he couldn't see properly up there. He had to make sure he stayed away from the tombstone.

He had controlled the divine land to fly for a while along the cloud when the sight of the tombstone looming in front of him again caused him to pale.

"Damn it!"

A sense of foreboding rose from the bottom of his heart.

Once he had accepted the captain's position, the entirety of the divine land had come under his control.

He would be in big trouble if he entered the Ruin Graveyard. How would he ever face Grand Chieftain Chiyou if the divine land were to fall to ruin?

Timotheus decided to change direction. He drove the ship to fly straight up. But it was not long before the same thing happened. The huge tombstone was waiting for him.

"We can't go out."

Timotheus muttered, gritting his teeth. He drove the ship in the direction of the tombstone.

He passed by it and the moment he did, he saw another huge tombstone up ahead.

These tombstones, each of which was the same size as the divine land, were everywhere. But they looked dilapidated, as if they had been here in storage for tens of millions of years and had already turned into ruins.

"So the rumor about the Ruin Graveyard is true!"

Timotheus had flown for a while before he realized that he couldn't go on anymore. So he decided to discuss the situation with his group.

He retreated from the rings, took the Sun-resisting Umbrella, and emerged from the sun. He then used the Grand Teleportation to head for the Time Sea.

The largest Floating Island in the center of the Time Sea was magnificently scenic, but despite all of it, the atmosphere in the hall seemed stiff and solemn.

Many Holy Beings were gathered in the hall where Lorena sat on the throne, Rosie standing behind her.

Mike stood in the middle of the hall, his brows furrowed as he asked Timotheus, "Is it true?"

Timotheus nodded and said, "That place is quite famous in the Source World. Almost everyone who has explored the chaos has heard about it. It is not just a baseless rumor."

"Then the divine land will be ruined, won't it?"

"It is the only place where we can live in!"

"What makes that place so dangerous?"

The Holy Beings were whispering among themselves.

Their worry stemmed from the fact that all of them were in the same boat. All of them lived here and shared lives and deaths with each other.

"Timotheus," Rosie called out loudly over the whispers. "You said that whoever sees the tombstones can't find a way out. Then who gave the Ruin Graveyard its name? The person who named it must have been there. How did this person return to the Source World?"

Timotheus folded his hands and bowed to Rosie. "That's why I don't believe in the rumor. Maybe we can find the way out. Maybe we can go back. But you will have to make a decision for us."

Timotheus was the smartest, most far-sighted person in the divine land.

Whenever he didn't know what to do, he asked Lorena and her sister for their opinion. After all, they were the direct descendants of the Nine Li race.

Lorena and Mike looked at each other. Mike then suggested, "How about we send some people out of the divine land to investigate it?"

The chaotic energy was terrifying, but there were many people, including the Holy Beings and the masters at the Other Shore Realm who could travel through it.

"That's a good idea," Ramzi agreed.

Timotheus nodded. "I'll stop the divine land right away and then go make an investigation."

"Timotheus, you should stay in the divine land. We'll take responsibility for the exploration," said Mike.

Given that the divine land was still weak when compared to the strong beings of the chaos, Mike's suggestion was reasonable. They couldn't afford to put Timotheus in danger.

"But..." Lorena hesitated. She didn't want to risk Mike's life.

Mike laughed and said, "It's not a big deal for us to die outside since we have Rebirth Lands of our own. I will lead a team for the exploration."

Lorena was aware that the Rebirth Land wasn't the best option. But she had no choice but to agree in front of so many people.

It was not long before many Holy Beings, including Mike, Holy Jay, Estelle, and Sword Chen, went out of the divine land. Ramzi was the only Nine Li Guard who went with them.

They approached the outer wall of the divine land and stood at it, taking in the horizon. Their eyes widened as they saw the huge tombstone.

"The tombstone is so huge. I wonder who is buried underneath?" a Holy Being exclaimed.

"There is no tomb, just the tombstone. This place is strange," said Sword Chen.

Ramzi stared at the tombstone before cautiously saying, "There are many inconceivable things in the chaos. We must be more careful."

"Everyone, follow me," said Mike as he leapt up and traveled through the chaos.

The others followed him closely.

Though it seemed the divine land stopped not far from a tombstone, it would still take a lot of time for a Holy Being to reach it.

A day and a half later, the Holy Beings finally arrived at the tombstone.

The dark tombstone floated in the air. This lonely, lifeless object emitted a strange aura, and its huge shape exerted an inexplicably great pressure on the Holy Beings.

One side of the tombstone was covered with cracks, each as deep as an abyss.

One of the Holy Beings approached a crack.

The moment he got close, a huge tongue stretched out from within the crack.

A number of hooks jutted out of the surface of the tongue, each glinting dangerously.

The tongue caught the Holy Being, the hooks piercing his body as it sucked him into the crack of the tombstone.

It was at this moment that a sudden vibration rocked the divine land. A universe had just collapsed.

Chapter 3340 The Men In Carapace Armor

It had never occurred to Mike and the others that such a vicious thing was hiding in the cracks of the tombstone.

They turned pale with fright and stepped back.

"The Holy Being of the Fang Clan has been sucked into the crack!"

"I'm afraid he's been killed!"

"Don't get too close to the tombstone, everyone!"

the Holy Beings reminded one another.

The Holy Beings took solace in the thought that death was not the end for them. They could be resurrected.

Just then, a rune emerged beside Ramzi. He gently pressed it with his finger. Timotheus' voice rang out. "The universe of the Holy Being of the Fang Clan has collapsed."

The group's noise died down immediately as they registered the news in shock.

"How come his universe collapsed?"

"Then is he dead for good?"

"How could that be?!"

The Holy Beings could not believe what had happened. Their universes were their talismans. How could a talisman just be obliterated like that?

"The Ruin Graveyard has its own rules. And it's not so difficult to cut off the connection to the Rebirth Land. Be careful, everyone," Ramzi reminded.

Most of the true masters in the Source World would not rely on their Rebirth Lands. On the one hand, the Rebirth Land was a place of restraint. On the other hand, it was not so safe.

As the Holy Beings fretted, a head appeared from a dark crack.

It was a black toad over 200 feet long. A ghastly face was embedded on its back.

"What kind of monster is this?"

"What a disgusting face!"

"So the Holy Being of the Fang Clan was swallowed by this monster?"

The Holy Beings had seen many abominable creatures in the divine land. When the toad showed itself, everyone was somehow relieved because it didn't seem as bad.

The strength of so many Holy Beings couldn't be underestimated. Moreover, Ramzi was a powerhouse at the Other Shore Realm. They were confident they could deal with the toad.

But after the first toad appeared, many other toads appeared from the cracks.

The tombstone was as large as the divine land. The cracks seemed negligible on the tombstone, but in fact, each of them was several thousand feet wide. The space inside was unimaginably large.

The toads that had come out from these cracks stood densely in a row, sending out a cold aura.

Their cheeks were bulging in unison.

"The Ruin Graveyard is the toads' nest?"

"The toads aren't alone here, are they?"

"…"

Any of the toads could swallow the Holy Beings effortlessly. And there were over a thousand toads in front of them. If the creatures pounced on them, how would they be able to fend them all off?

"We need to get out of here," Mike hissed urgently.

The other Holy Beings had long wanted to leave. They were only too happy to comply with Mike's orders.

But just as they were set to retreat, they heard a strange flute-like sound.

The ghastly faces on all the toads' backs opened their mouths and emitted shrill cries at the same time.

As one, the toads jumped up and rushed toward the Holy Beings.

At this sight, the Holy Beings' blood ran cold.

"Use the Grand Teleportation!"

"Let's go!"

"…"

Buzz!

Every time the space waves formed, they disappeared instantly.

"Master, we can't use the Grand Teleportation in this place!" said Sword Chen, gritting his teeth.

He had a strong will since he had stayed in the Abyss Demon Region for so long, but even he was unnerved to see the toads charging at them.

The Holy Beings tried again but failed, just like Sword Chen. The space channel could not be opened.

In panic, they could only rapidly fall back.

However, the black toads moved faster than them. They moved in the empty space without making a sound. In the blink of an eye, many toads had circled the Holy Beings, surrounding them completely.

Compared to the panic-stricken Holy Beings, Ramzi was much calmer.

His fingers flipped in the air, and pale yellow runes surfaced in front of him. The runes formed circles of light and spread out, turning into a large array. The array was surging and sparking with extremely terrifying power. He directed the Holy Beings, "Everyone, come over here."

In this group, no one was more powerful than Ramzi. The Holy Beings were confident in his strength. They scrambled into the array formed by the runes, grasping eagerly at what they knew was a last life-saving straw.

"Don't panic. These toads must be under the control of some other mastermind," Ramzi deduced.

After all, he was much more knowledgeable than the Holy Beings.

The toads obviously weren't sentient. They only attacked, by instinct, the creatures that dared to approach the cracks.

However, when the strange flute sounded, all the toads moved in an organized manner. Obviously, they were being manipulated by someone.

The most important thing now was that these toads appeared to be obeying some silent order and weren't attacking.

The flute sound was getting louder and louder.

The screams of the faces on the toads were likewise growing more intense.

Soon, the Holy Beings saw a dozen black dots flying out from behind the tombstone.

As the dots approached, the group mistook them for insects.

Only when they came nearer did the Holy Beings see clearly what they were.

They were not bugs, but human beings!

They were all wearing masks made of insect heads and shell armor on their bodies, making them look like actual bugs from a distance.

"There are actually human beings in the Ruin Graveyard!" Even Ramzi, who was usually composed, was surprised.

The Ruin Graveyard was famous for its dangers, and various vicious races were lurking within it. Who would have thought that humans would be among them?

The men in carapace armor approached, crossed the toads' encirclement, and put the flutes down. "You, follow us!" their leader barked out.

"Where are we going?" asked Mike.

"You don't have the right to ask questions," the leader replied stiffly. He put his flute to his mouth and started playing a gentle tune.

"Hoo..."

The toads started to stir. It was clear if the armored men kept playing their flutes, the toads would pounce on the group without hesitation.

These men disregarded Ramzi's array completely. The Holy Beings knew then it wouldn't protect them.

"Do as they say and don't resist," Mike said to the Holy Beings.

Any wrong move and they would get killed.

Now that Mike had given the order, the other Holy Beings decided to cooperate.

The armored men led the way, while the toads surrounded the Holy Beings layer by layer. Together, they flew toward the cracks in the upper right corner of the tombstone.

In the divine land, Timotheus returned to the internal region of the sun and tied the four rings to his body.

He had the sharpest and broadest vision in the entire divine land. He had thus witnessed the events at the tombstone.

Chapter 3341 An Old Friend

With the toads as their escorts, Mike and the other Holy Beings entered a great crack in the tombstone.

Inside was a whole other world, dark and wet.

Big black toads, one thousand-foot-wide beetles, and ten thousand-foot-long centipedes crawled along the rock walls.

The Holy Beings' faces fell at the sight of their environment. What the hell was that place?

The men in carapace armor said nothing and merely took the lead.

After the Holy Beings entered the crack, their escorts scattered and returned to their respective lairs. They did not worry about the Holy Beings escaping, anyway.

"Mike, what the hell is this place?"

"I'm afraid that we're done for... We can't get out of this place..."

Now, even the Holy Beings were afraid of death.

When Zen ruled the divine land, some of the Holy Beings died, and some were reincarnated. A new era had begun in the divine land; its rules were more just.

The descendants of the large clans all began developing, growing more and more powerful. The last thing they wanted was to perish in this time of the new era.

"If they really wanted to kill us, they could've done it outside the tombstone. Why did they bother taking us here?" Mike pondered calmly.

He made sense, but that didn't alleviate their uneasiness in the grim environment.

After flying over a hundred miles in the crack, they found a wide jungle. The trees there stood over ten thousand feet high, which made some of them think that they had arrived at the Swirl Forest. The scenery was similar, but it somehow seemed much darker and more mysterious.

In the depths of the jungle, Mike and the rest eventually found some normal buildings on a great tree.

When they entered a building, those dressed in carapace armor asked them to wait there.

After about five minutes, a man stepped into the building.

Everyone, including Ramzi who had already reached the Other Shore, felt the pressure from the man's arrival.

'How powerful... I'm afraid he has already reached the Chaotic Source Realm...' Ramzi thought to himself.

In the face of such a strong master, Ramzi knew that even if he went all out, he would be no match for his opponent. The Holy Beings couldn't even dream of standing against the man.

The strange man walked briskly toward them and suddenly pulled on Mike's and Holy Jay's arms. He greeted them excitedly, "Mike, Jay, how have you been?"

The two were stunned.

It was their first time visiting the Ruin Graveyard, so everyone felt grim and anxious. They then all got surprised when the newcomer suddenly greeted Mike and Holy Jay in such a friendly manner.

The man was wearing a mask made of the head of an insect. Thus no one could even see his face clearly.

"It's been years since we last saw each other! You can't even recognize my voice now," said the man as he pulled off the mask, revealing a handsome face of an elegant, middle-aged man.

"Bromley?"

"It's Bromley!"

"Holy Bromley! It really is him!"

Before Mike and Holy Jay could even react, the other Holy Beings recognized the man.

Bromley came from one of the most powerful clans, after all. Even after he had been off the grid for years, the Gu Clan's Floating Island still ranked among the finest. He was indeed extraordinary, leaving a great impression on the other Holy Beings.

Some of them had once followed and supported Nicholas. Back then, they held grudges against Bromley.

But these Holy Beings had already been punished by Zen. In the divine land, they were as docile as sheep. Now, they were extremely welcoming, as if Bromley was a long lost brother.

For another moment, Mike and Holy Jay stared at Bromley.

They had been separated for far too long. In that time, Bromley's cultivation base had greatly increased. There was a dramatic change in his aura, and at that moment, they almost didn't dare believe that the man standing before them was Bromley.

Once that moment passed, however, they enveloped him in a tight embrace.

"If it weren't for your universe, we would've thought you were already dead," Mike said.

A person's Rebirth Land could tell others of their general condition. In the Source World, Zen could roughly point out the Evil God's location through the Rebirth Land. While it was an obscure means of locating, it gave him the right direction to follow.

Before Zen left the divine land, Mike had asked him to investigate Bromley's whereabouts. But Bromley's universe gave him no clues.

Lorena and Timotheus had explained that certain places existed to render the Rebirth Land ineffective. For instance, in the Chaos Ancient God's prison, the Rebirth Land was useless for finding one's location.

If Bromley was in such a place, no one would've found him through the Rebirth Land.

The Ruin Graveyard was such a place—the Holy Being of the Fang Clan perished here.

"I ended up in the Ruin Graveyard by accident. I'm always worried about you, Mike, but I just couldn't leave this place. I'm ashamed," Bromley said, lowering his head.

Back then, there was no point for Bromley to stay in the divine land if he couldn't fight Nicholas. If he chose to battle him, the Gu Clan would've probably ended up the way the Luo Clan did. Leaving was the best thing he could do at the time.

"You're not in the divine land, but you left a fairy palace there, which helped me a lot," Mike said with a smile.

In Mike's universe, Zen had been cultivated, and won the war against Murphy's universe. It all had something to do with the fairy palace Bromley had left behind.

After the Holy Beings settled down, they listened as the newly reunited friends chatted away.

As they did, they heard of the process of Zen's growth—how he had defeated the Murphy Universe in the war, and how he had grown increasingly powerful in the divine land.

For as long as they knew him, the Holy Beings merely assumed that Zen just had too much luck. Never did they expect to find so many twists and turns in his story. They just grew more in awe of him as they heard his story.

Admiration flashed in Bromley's eyes as he listened to Mike's narration. Shaking his head, he said, "Well, according to you, I'm not the one who makes the biggest contribution. As it turns out, it's your good son."

"He's also your good disciple, haha!" Mike burst out in laughter.

Although Bromley was Zen's master, they had never met personally. It was a strange thing.

After briefly telling Bromley what had happened in the divine land, Mike asked, "Do you know what kind of place the Ruin Graveyard is? Do you really think we have no way of leaving this place?"

Bromley's eyes gleamed with a sense of serenity as he said, "The Ruin Graveyard is extremely dangerous in the eyes of outsiders. It's another primitive land of chaos, but it's not as terrible as you probably think. There's a way to leave, but now's not the right time."

"I'd like to hear more," Mike urged, cupping his hands.

The Holy Beings left the divine land just to explore the Ruin Graveyard. It was just their luck to have bumped into Bromley there.

And so Bromley told the Holy Beings of what he knew in great detail.

Chapter 3342 The Return Of The Master

Only one primitive land was usually formed in each round of chaos.

Each round of chaos had only one Source World in the early stages.

But as the Other Shore was created, more and more races entered it before the chaos could be destroyed. As the gathered powers on the Other Shore became more and more complicated, so did the chaos.

The chaos often had several primitive lands in the later stages.

The Source World and the Ruin Graveyard were among these primitive lands.

Only, the Ruin Graveyard was far smaller in size when compared with the huge Source World.

All the tombstones that Mike and the others had come across had been as large as the divine land. In all, there were a total of eighty-seven tombstones of this size in the Ruin Graveyard.

Therefore, the Ruin Graveyard had already been large enough in the eyes of those from the divine land.

These eighty-seven tombstones were home to different races, among which humans had the largest influence.

At Bromley's explanation, one of the Holy Beings remarked proudly, "Humans are the spirit of all gods. It's no surprise that they are the strongest!"

Chiyou, himself a human, had created the divine land. All other creatures within it, whether intelligent or not, were inferior to humans. These Holy Beings had never left the divine land, which was why they were under the impression that this was the case everywhere.

Bromley shook his head in disagreement at the Holy Being's words. "No, it's not like that."

Ramzi nodded and said, "Humans aren't top forces in the Source World, but they have improved a lot these past few years. Some races are born strong, and humans aren't as powerful as them."

Bromley looked carefully at Ramzi and then asked, "Are you from the Source World?"

"Yes, I am," Ramzi replied, folding his hands and bowing to Bromley.

"Ramzi is a Nine Li Guard. The divine land can be safe thanks to them," Mike said as way of introducing him to Bromley.

Ramzi and Bromley nodded to each other. Ramzi then asked, "Who created this primitive land?"

"Another force of the human race," Bromley replied.

"What?" Ramzi was surprised at this answer. He stiffened, his renewed vigilance visible in his stance.

These Holy Beings were born in the divine land but they couldn't claim to be descendants of the Nine Li race. Things would become complicated if the human force that Bromley had mentioned turned out to be the Bearing race or the Divine Farmer race.

"As far as I know, there are only four orthodox human forces in the chaos. The Nine Li race, the Oneness Sky Palace, the Bearing race, and the Divine Farmer race. Which one of them created the Ruin Graveyard?" Ramzi asked.

Bromley shook his head, an unfathomable smile on his lips, and replied, "None of them. You may have misunderstood something. The race that could obtain a primitive land would not be born in this chaos."

Ramzi's eyes widened. "Do you mean a civilization on the Other Shore? They are humans?" he asked.

Ramzi had heard about the Chaos Ancient Gods and the civilizations on the Other Shore from Timotheus. He didn't know much about them, but given the information he learned, he could roughly guess it.

But Mike and other Holy Beings were confused.

After Zen had left the divine land, the Holy Beings there had the opportunity to break through and enter the Other Shore Realm. They were all cultivating the Truth of Godly Way.

But only Joy and Estelle had succeeded in entering the Sea of Truth while the other Holy Beings were still painstakingly chanting the Truth of Godly Way. It was probably because of their bad compatibility with the Truth of Godly Way that they were making such slow progress.

"Yes," Bromley nodded cautiously. "This particular human force used to be splendid. It was once the ruling civilization of the 77th chaos. It is a powerful civilization even on the Other Shore."

Bromley's amazing feat in cultivation in the Ruin Graveyard was attributed to his extraordinary talent and the preferential treatment that the human race in the Ruin Graveyard had given him. After all, they were all human.

The other Holy Beings drew a collective sigh of relief at this piece of information.

They had thought that it would be a disaster for the divine land to sink into the Ruin Graveyard. But it no longer seemed to be a problem.

"What will they do to the divine land?" Mike asked, putting everyone's concerns into words.

Bromley thought for a while before answering, "They have been looking for their spokespersons among the eighty-seven tombstones. And now that the divine land is here, even if by mistake, they will probably include it in their searches."

"Spokespersons?" Holy Jay looked confused. He knew little about this.

Bromley nodded. "Sooner or later, there will be a fierce battle in the chaos. They need to first choose a few spokespersons from among the humans. And the divine land has a large number of humans, so it would prove to have some great choices if it were to join in the selection."

The Holy Beings looked confused at his explanation. "There are many humans in the divine land but they are at a low cultivation level. Can they be selected?" one of them asked. "If we do join the selection, would the humans in this graveyard also support us?"

Once Zen had left, a crazy rush had erupted within the divine land to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way.

Many consummate True Gods, Demi-holy Beings, and Holy Beings were struggling to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way. But it was too difficult for anybody to comprehend it easily. They couldn't even step into the threshold without a good compatibility with it. But it would be of great help if they could get the support from the Ruin Graveyard. That was what the great clans in the divine land had long desired.

These clans didn't care where the divine land was going. They only wanted it to remain immortal.

Bromley smiled faintly. "Of course they will. I can assure you of this."

Now that Bromley was an important figure in the Ruin Graveyard, he could easily provide them with the cultivation resources that they needed.

The discussion regarding the current situation of the divine land went on for a while before Bromley asked Mike, "How is Estelle? Has she come out of the fairy palace?"

She had been locked in the fairy palace for a long time because of her extra-strong personality.

Bromley had had no choice in the past but he knew he still cared about her.

"When I went to the Soul Wilderness and begged her to help me, she asked me to find you. And I think I've fulfilled my promise now. I made it!" Holy Jay said, a meaningful smile on his face.

Bromley's eyes lit up at Holy Jay's words. "I'll go back to the divine land with you!" he said excitedly.

He led the way and the other Holy Beings followed close behind.

They emerged from the crack and headed straight for the divine land.

Bromley was born in the divine land, so he wouldn't be blocked by the divine land's Heavenly Mirror Shield. The moment he entered the divine land, he activated his Grand Teleportation and rushed to the Floating Islands above the Time Sea.

It looked like a significant change had taken place on the Floating Islands. Only a few Floating Islands of great clans like the Gu Clan and the Luo Clan remained above the Time Sea. The huge central Floating Island stood still.

When the divine land had accidentally entered the Ruin Graveyard, all the warriors of the divine land had been utterly shocked.

They were waiting nervously for latest news on the central Floating Island. Among them were Harold, Hallet, Augustus and Estelle.

One universe of the divine land had collapsed not long after the Holy Beings had left. It was proof that the Ruin Graveyard was evil.

As these warriors waited, a middle-aged man appeared in the sky above the central Floating Island. Hallet and Augustus were dumbfounded when they saw who he was.

Chapter 3343 Asking For A Meeting

As he entered the divine land, Bromley had swiftly removed his carapace armor off his body, and sported a classic green robe. This robe was his signature look, something that he wore very often in the past.

Bromley was always regarded as handsome, most especially when he was young. Now that he had improved his cultivation base greatly, he was even more attractive. The strong aura carried him with elegance everywhere he went.

Even Mike and Holy Jay were hardly able to recognize him at first glance, not to mention Hallet and Augustus.

"He looks so familiar... Who might this be?" Augustus wondered as his eyes grew wide.

"It's Master," Hallet responded.

Though he was one hundred percent sure that it was Bromley, neither of them dared to approach him.

The strongest warriors they had ever met in their lives were Timotheus and Emily. They had great energies and cultivation bases, making it so intimidating to merely look at them.

But Bromley's aura was even stronger than that of them.

Everyone was aware that the limit of cultivation in the divine land was the consummation of True God Realm. It was extremely difficult to become a Holy Being, much more to reach the Other Shore Realm.

So far, there hadn't been any Holy Being who had broken through. Bromley's cultivation base had improved so much that he was much more powerful than the Holy Beings of the divine land.

Eventually, Bromley found himself landing on the Floating Island and gazed at his two disciples. He smiled gently as he acknowledged them, "Hallet, Augustus."

The two looked at each other in relief, finally sure that this powerful man was indeed, their master.

"Master!"

In his excitement, Augustus rushed towards Bromley and fell to his knees.

Hallet, on the other hand, tried to keep his calm. He walked solemnly towards his master and knelt down right beside Augustus.

"It is Holy Bromley!"

"It is! It is indeed Bromley!"

"It seems that his training has done him well! He looks so powerful!"

People were murmuring, right as Bromley's identity was confirmed. All were full of shock and excitement.

"Rise," Bromley said with a smile, holding out his hand towards Hallet and Augustus to help them up.

"Master, we have missed you. We've fulfilled all the tasks you assigned to us..."

Augustus stood up, talking with passion to his master.

"Do us a favor and please stop speaking," Hallet blurted out. He was always fed up with Augustus' verbose expressions.

"I haven't seen him in years!" Augustus said, "Just let me have my moment!" His face was flustered and annoyed.

These two bickering before him was not a surprise to Bromley. "It doesn't matter," he said with a smile. "Augustus is always a chatterbox. I don't mind."

Bromley took the time to take a look at the crowd. He caught a glance from Estelle, who stood out among most.

Estelle's radiant eyes were filled with all sorts of emotions: love, happiness, confusion, and even resentment. It seemed like everything she had to say was said through her eyes.

When the two's eyes finally met, Estelle turned around and walked swiftly away from the crowd.

Seeing her walk away, Bromley jerked forward and followed behind her.

He gripped her wrist and tried to pull her in for a hug, but just as his fingertips touched her, she spun around with a scepter in her hand.

"Buzz!"

As this scepter trembled with power, it seemed as if a portion of the divine land's power was being used by Estelle alone.

"Silence!"

Before, when Estelle launched the power of the Scepter of Gods' Silence, her target was the entirety of the divine land. This was different, because now, her target was only Bromley. The crowds flocked and gasped at the sight of this. Who knew what was going to happen?

Though Bromley proved to be extraordinarily strong, all the power within him was paralyzed by the Scepter of Gods' Silence!

"Bang!"

In one swift movement, Estelle swung the scepter and hit Bromley right in the chest.

Her figure suddenly altered and began to look faded to the naked eye. Because she was continuously hitting Bromley so quickly, no one could even see her. Each strike she made was fatal.

"Hallet... She just... Look..." Augustus was at a loss for words.

"Don't meddle," Hallet replied. He knew Bromley could defend himself.

The two knew that Bromley's cultivation base was a lot more than anyone could imagine. This meant that no matter what Estelle did, she could not injure him easily.

However, Estelle had used all her strength. Even though Hallet seemed calm, hearing the sound of Estelle's hits made his eyes tremble.

What if his master was hurt? Or worse, what if he had died?

On another note, Mike and Holy Jay could not stand to watch Estelle do such horrible things. They knew that even if Bromley had hurt Estelle before, they couldn't let her kill him. That was not the way to get revenge.

"Enough!" Mike declared.

However, as if she heard nothing, Estelle kept charging towards Bromley with the hope to kill him.

But before Mike and Holy Jay could intercede, Bromley, who was beaten to the ground, looked at them with piercing eyes. He winked at them, and then his lip curled up into a small yet noticeable smile.

Both of them were stunned. "Did you just see that?" Mike turned to Holy Jay.

Apparently, Bromley was playing defenseless. If anyone had been hit by Estelle in the same way, they would have died. But Bromley was stronger than what he was showing everyone, and he knew it all along.

He took every hit and every blow that came his way. Even when the power of the Scepter of Gods' Silence had gone, he refused to fight back.

It was not until Estelle exhausted herself that Bromley approached her and opened his arms.

Without any hesitation, she threw herself into his embrace and began to sob endlessly.

Bromley thought it was inappropriate to comfort Estelle before the crowds of people, so he turned towards the crowd. "We need to go," he said.

He lifted a hand and gently moved away Estelle alongside him.

"Master is so powerful! Look at that! She beat him up for so long and it's like nothing happened!" Augustus exalted proudly. He figured this was something he could brag about for a very long time, especially because he'd seen it happen.

Four hours had passed and Bromley, together with Estelle, had returned safely to the Floating Island.

The travel allowed Estelle to regain her composure and elegance, so as they arrived, she had only a wide smile across her beautiful face.

Not long after the Holy Beings returned, Timotheus immediately rushed over to ask Ramzi about the Ruin Graveyard.

The future of the divine land had to be discussed in great detail. They had to come to a decision that everyone was on board with.

After Zen had successfully merged with the Other Shore Token, the Regal Jade Spirit successfully remained in his inner world.

Geoffrey eventually became the Regal Jade Spirit's disciple, and Zen specially created a space for them. Only Geoffrey and the Regal Jade Spirit could enter that place, so that no one could disturb them.

After coming out of the inner world, Athemar waited at the courtyard for what seemed like forever.

Tension and worry filled Athemar and the others when Zen was trapped on the Other Shore, and they could only wait for his return.

"I apologize for causing so much worry while I remained on the Other Shore," Zen said solemnly to Athemar, cupping his hands towards him.

His decision to enter the Dark Region with Dorothy had been made hastily. He hadn't discussed it with anyone, so it caused much anxiousness among the group.

In fact, Athemar had heard about the situation from Flamine. He spoke, "The Other Shore is full of risks and dangers. I can't believe you entered the Dark Region and got out, but I am glad that you are safe. You are one lucky bastard!"

"Thank you for praising me," Zen said with a laugh.

Athemar rolled his eyes at Zen. "I am not praising you. Not at all," he spoke with a sudden seriousness. "You are indeed, lucky. If not, you would be dead. Once you enter the Desire World, please talk to us before making any decisions. After all, we are quite experienced with things like these."

"I'll make sure to keep that in mind," responded Zen. He knew that Athemar was right, and that he should probably not cause too much trouble anymore.

"Anyway, there is something else I wanted to talk to you about," Athemar uttered, bringing back his serious expression.

"What's the matter?" Zen asked.

"A man named Leopold is looking for you," replied Athemar.

If one was only an Other Shore Realm warrior, it was impossible for them to come into contact with someone like Athemar when they arrived at the Oneness Sky Palace. However, this time, Leopold came with some other people.

Chapter 3344 Ambrose Li

Leopold came back to the Source World for two reasons. One was to escort Zen, and the other was to look for the members of the Nine Li race.

In fact, Timotheus didn't give Leopold anything specific to do.

They had been away from the Source World for too long. After suffering bitterly at the bottom of chaos, they only wanted a peaceful life.

If Leopold was willing to follow Emily to the Pear Hill, he could happily spend the rest of his life with the Snake Goddess race.

But he didn't do that. Instead he went to the Pearl Islet. He was trying to find signs the Nine Li race left.

His hard work paid off. He found some leads.

He followed the trail of clues and actually found the last surviving members of the Nine Li race.

Zen's face changed at the mention of Leopold. He asked, "Master Athemar, where is Leopold?"

Sensing Zen's eagerness, Athemar smiled and simply replied, "Follow me."

Zen walked up to Athemar's huge sword and flew away from the Flow Sword Sect. They soared over Oneness Mountain, flew to the northern slope, and finally landed.

His landing point was the Splendid Palace, where the people of the Oneness Mountain received their distinguished guests.

Zen hurried into the Splendid Palace and saw more than ten people sitting inside, and Leopold was among them.

"Leopold!"

"Zen!"

Leopold traveled to the Source World with Emily. After he was separated from Zen, he had lost all hope. His expression was one of surprised delight as he saw Zen again.

At first, he didn't know where Zen was. Yan talked to the people of Pear Hill and organized a search party to look for Zen. That was when he discovered the young man was in the Oneness Sky Palace.

The Oneness Sky Palace was an orthodox human force. If Zen could get his foot in the door, he might be able to turn them into powerful allies.

After finding the remnants of the Nine Li race, Leopold told Ambrose Li about Zen. But they couldn't find a good time to go to the Oneness Sky Palace.

After hearing of what had happened in the Grand Sky Temple, they finally decided to risk a journey to the Oneness Sky Palace.

"It hasn't been that long since we last saw each other, but your cultivation base has reached the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm. I'm jealous of what you've accomplished," said Leopold, looking Zen up and down in surprise.

Zen had just made it to the Sea of Truth before he first came to the Source World. At that time, his strength and cultivation were far weaker than Leopold's. But now he was much stronger than his friend.

"I'm flattered. I was lucky," Zen replied modestly.

"Come, let's say hi to the chieftain! I'll introduce you," Leopold said as he pulled Zen to the rear.

Behind them stood a burly old man.

The old man had a poor complexion. His aura seemed restrained, and he was no longer as strong as he had once been. However, his big eyes shone brightly. Anyone would be intimidated if they had to look him in the eye.

"The chieftain?" Zen was confused.

According to his information, Chiyou was the only chieftain of the Nine Li race.

Leopold said, "The Nine Li race is divided into nine tribes. Besides the Grand Chieftain, there are eight others. They're the Grand Chieftain's brothers. This is your Grandpa Ambrose."

Chiyou was the Grand Chieftain, followed by Harvey, Ambrose and the others.

Ambrose's eyes had been fixed on Zen ever since he had entered the Splendid Palace.

After Chiyou was defeated, there was no chance for him to reclaim their power. The divine land was just a place that Chiyou built to continue the Nine Li race.

When the chaos was destroyed, the divine land would also be gone. The Nine Li race would then disappear forever, only remembered in the annals of history.

Ambrose would never have imagined a descendant of the Nine Li race would return to the Source World from the divine land.

Zen addressed the old man, "Grandpa Ambrose."

Athemar knew who Zen was, and Leopold was no outsider. Zen wasn't going to hide his identity from these people.

"Lorena was just a little girl when she left. Now, her son is grown up," said Ambrose with a gratified look.

Zen nodded and said, "My mother lives in the divine land now. She misses you too."

"Let me introduce you. This is my grandson, Hutton, and my granddaughter, Sally. Have you met them before?" A man and a woman had been flanking Ambrose. Now they stepped forward.

The man was dressed in a suit made of golden silk, and his eyes were as sharp as a knife. The woman wore a silk dress, and was petite and lovely. When she smiled, two sweet dimples appeared, which made her very approachable.

Ambrose had his own reasons for introducing Sally and Hutton.

The remnants of the Nine Li race knew Zen's story. Leopold filled them in. They even knew that he was in the Oneness Sky Palace, but he had never been here before.

At that time, Zen's strength was too low. If he had an outstanding talent, it would be better for him to stay in the Oneness Sky Palace to further develop his talents. After all, the Nine Li race was too weak to cultivate him.

However, the information that Hutton and his group brought back from the Dark Region made Ambrose restless.

Hutton told Ambrose that when he explored the Grand Sky Temple and the Dark Region, he met a corporeal body that had the blood of the Nine Li race, and was related to Oneness Sky Palace.

This information, together with the news that Leopold brought to Ambrose, suggested that the corporeal body was none other than Zen.

Ambrose took a big risk leaving in order to verify it.

Zen glanced at Sally. "Yes, we've met. We explored the Dark Region together. Hard to forget when we almost died." His voice was deeper than usual.

"You're Thad!"

Sally had been quietly observing Zen. She had never seen his real face before, and his voice was not as deep as Thad's, so she wasn't sure whether this man really was him.

After she heard Zen's voice, she was one hundred percent sure, and a bright smile appeared on her face.

"I asked you to find me, but I didn't expect it would be so soon," Zen said with a smile. "You're not outsiders. You don't have to call me Thad. My name is Zen."

Hutton bowed to Zen. "After we said goodbye in the Dark Region, I thought we'd never see you again. But you left the Other Shore safely. I am glad to see you here."

Sally and Hutton were very interested in what happened to Zen after they parted. Zen couldn't tell them much. His experiences involved Elvinia and the purified being, and those were secrets of the Oneness Sky Palace.

This reunion proved what the last members of the Nine Li race had theorized. Thad was Zen, and Zen was from the divine land.

And Zen had his questions answered. He knew what was going on with the Nine Li race.

Only Ambrose stayed with the Nine Li race. The other chieftains had been dead or missing.

To complicate matters further, the Bearing race had been secretly hunting down the remnants of the Nine Li race. Any descendants were killed on the spot, so every time the Nine Li people ventured forth, they were putting their lives at risk.

When he heard what the Bearing race had done, Zen furrowed his eyebrows. He shouldn't have been merciful to them.

At last, Ambrose suddenly asked, "Are you willing to live among the Nine Li race?"

Chapter 3345 Promise

A knowing look flashed across Zen's eyes. Ambrose's request did not come as a surprise to him.

After all, he had brought a massive amount of divine crystals from the divine land with him, which were originally resources that belonged to the Nine Li race.

Most importantly, Chiyou had entrusted Zen with some arrangements, although it was No. 9527 who received the task.

The remaining members of the Nine Li race had lost all hope, but that changed when Zen arrived.

Meanwhile, Athemar's eyes gleamed and his face became unreadable.

To be honest, the Oneness Sky Palace didn't invest many resources in Zen's cultivation.

Zen was able to climb up the mountain in the Oneness Sky Palace because of his own efforts.

In addition, he brought many benefits to the palace.

If Zen ever chose to leave, Athemar knew that he had no reason to stop him. So before Zen could speak, he quickly cupped his hands towards Ambrose and said, "Master Ambrose, may I say something?"

Ambrose glanced at him and answered, "Please, go ahead."

Back then, Ambrose was a hero of indomitable spirit in the Source World. He enjoyed a status that was equal to those of the heads of the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace. At that time, Athemar was much inferior to him.

The times, however, had changed. The Nine Li race had declined and was long past their prime. Moreover, both Ambrose's body and soul had been badly damaged, and he hadn't been able to recover since. He was no longer as strong as he used to be.

"Zen has made rapid progress ever since he joined the Oneness Sky Palace. I have heard from him many times about his determination and eagerness to rebuild the Nine Li race. The Nine Li race is truly lucky to have such a descendant. I have no doubt that he will be a man of great power in the future," said Athemar. He paused for a bit and then continued, "But Master Ambrose, you should be more aware of the current situation of the Nine Li race than I am. Zen can return to you if he wants, but how can you cultivate him right now? Apart from anything else, if the Chaotic Source World opens, do you have a ticket for him? Can you bring him there safely?"

It was known that the Nine Li race used to be a large, dominant force. They couldn't be underestimated despite their downfall. Furthermore, there was more than one group like the one Ambrose led, which was the reason the Bearing race always chased after them.

That was also why the remaining members of the Nine Li race had to hide themselves from the world. As a result, it was impossible for them to expand or even accumulate resources. They now lived even more cautiously on the Other Shore and the world in general.

It also went without saying that they couldn't enter the Chaotic Source World publicly.

Sally and Hutton exchanged silent glances. They were worried about the tickets to the Chaotic Source World as well.

As the outstanding talents of the younger generation of the Nine Li race, crossing the thirteen stages in the Lust world wasn't a big problem for them. The only thing was, it was useless to improve only their souls. Therefore, they had to go to the Chaotic Source World.

A trace of sadness appeared on Ambrose's face after he heard what Athemar said.

Athemar felt sorry for Ambrose. After all, he highly respected Ambrose as his senior. It was just that Ambrose had lost his power and influence now. "Well, when Zen joined the Oneness Sky Palace, I told him that he could leave at any time and we wouldn't stop him, but now is not the right time for him to return to the Nine Li race. If he is strong enough to lead the Nine Li race in the future, then I will have no objection," he continued.

Suddenly, Ambrose's downcast face revealed a crafty smile. He replied, "As you said, it's unrealistic for Zen to come back to the Nine Li race right now. I can't represent the entire Nine Li race, either. So, Zen can stay in the Oneness Sky Palace, but on one condition."

Athemar's voice was solemn as he mouthed, "Please, go ahead."

"I have brought several clansmen here. Could you please take care of them and bring them into the Chaotic Source World?" The smile on Ambrose's lips stretched a bit wider.

Both Zen and Athemar were stunned.

The two never expected that Ambrose had such a plan in his mind.

Before Athemar could say anything, Ambrose sighed heavily and continued, "Alas, we have no other choice now. Even if we did get the tickets, it would still be hard for them to enter the Chaotic Source World. I will be deeply grateful if you can help them."

Zen quickly turned to Athemar and said, "Master Athemar, please report to the Oneness Sky Palace and recruit my clansmen. The tickets to the Chaotic Source World are precious, and I'll bear the cost."

If the Oneness Sky Palace could not get the tickets, Zen planned to buy them from the Ear Mice. He believed that the shrewd Ear Mice would not refuse his request.

It was quite some time before Athemar finally came to his senses. 'Ambrose is smart. He knows that the remaining people of the Nine Li race can't cultivate Zen, so he has no plan to take him back. On the one hand, he personally came to the Oneness Sky Palace to meet Zen; on the other hand, he wants the Oneness Sky Palace to recruit his clansmen. That's why he took the younger generation with him, ' he internally groaned.

Under everyone's gaze, Athemar put on a smile and said, "Although the tickets to the Chaotic Source World are difficult to get, I can get five or six more. Zen, you don't have to worry about that."

Sally, Hutton, and the other members of the Nine Li race beamed at Athemar's response. They didn't expect that he would agree so easily.

After their discussion, Ambrose told Zen about the situation of the Nine Li race's remaining members to let him have a general understanding of it.

It turned out that the situation of the Nine Li race was even worse than Zen had imagined. Almost all of the race's important inheritances were destroyed. After the Bearing race had defeated them, some of their clansmen even used a few forbidden secret methods to change their blood, and cut off their ties to the Nine Li race. Meanwhile, all the other races that had once surrendered to the Nine Li race launched counterattacks.

"In reality, we have long lost hope. Leopold found us after a great deal of effort, but I scolded him. Chiyou sent the divine land away after he went through many hardships. Why should we bring it back? Leopold shouldn't have brought you back to the Source World," said Ambrose regretfully. "I didn't expect that Lorena would have such an excellent son. It's a pity that I can do nothing to help you."

Sally and Hutton had previously told Ambrose what Zen had done on the Other Shore, and in that moment, he felt hopeful. Now that he had confirmed Zen's identity, he felt as if victory was in sight.

As soon as he finished his words, he bowed and said goodbye to Athemar. He stood up and beckoned his companions to leave. Athemar saw them off.

As for Zen, he just stood there and balled his fists. He had seen the statues of the nine chieftains in the divine land. All of them were strong and powerful. Today, however, Ambrose was quite different from the statue in the divine land.

Although Zen had already known that the Nine Li race had declined, he couldn't help but feel sad. He cried out, "Grandpa Ambrose."

Ambrose and the others paused. They turned around and smiled at Zen.

"I will rebuild the Nine Li race in your lifetime," Zen said seriously.

A wild laugh escaped from Ambrose's lips. Then he croaked, "I have been cursed, and I'm dying. I hope you can fulfill this promise!"

Then he, Leopold, and the others left the Splendid Palace without another word.

Chapter 3346 Arrangement

Only Sally, Hutton, and a few other young members of the Nine Li race were left in the Splendid Palace.

Although it was the first time they had personally met, Zen could feel a sense of kinship with them, coming from the same race.

Ambrose had entrusted them to him. He was sure to take good care of them.

"Zen, can you really do it? Can you rebuild the Nine Li race?" Sally asked, blinking her wide, innocent eyes.

Growing up, she had heard about the past glory of the Nine Li race.

Back then, there was no need for their people to find different places to hide. Every time worship day arrived, over ten thousand other races came to worship.

If Chiyou was angered, the entire Source World would tremble.

But this glory mostly existed only in Sally's imagination. If only Zen could really make it become a reality.

She was the youngest and most naive of them, after all.

But Hutton and the others didn't think so.

It wasn't that they doubted Zen's strength and talent, but they felt that such a great promise just could not be fulfilled.

Chiyou was truly formidable.

But in the end, he fell into defeat by the hands of the Bearing race.

The Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race were no weaker than the Nine Li race in their prime. Even the Oneness Sky Palace didn't dare to act rashly against them. It could only be wishful thinking to consider Zen fighting them all alone.

"Sally, don't take it too seriously. You're daydreaming if you really expect the Nine Li race to rise like it did back then. These are different times," said a young man beside her.

"Umar!" Hutton called him out with a frown.

Umar was one of the best members of the Nine Li race that Ambrose had brought here.

"Am I wrong? The Grand Chieftain was once so powerful. But the Yellow Emperor defeated him too easily! Sure, Zen is powerful, but only within our generation. Is he capable of leading our entire race up the ranks? There's no way!" The atmosphere grew grim. Pausing for a moment, Umar continued, "He's just lucky to have outshone us on the Other Shore!"

"Shut up! Don't forget who Zen is!" Hutton's face darkened.

On their way here, Leopold had told them that Zen's blood was much purer than theirs.

If the Nine Li race hadn't declined, he would have gone up higher than them in status.

"So what? The Nine Li race has declined. His identity and status no longer matter!" Umar continued his argument.

"Do you think it was because of our grandfather that Master Athemar was willing to accept us and help us get a ticket to the Chaotic Source World?" Flames burned in Hutton's eyes as he stared Umar down.

In the eyes of the super forces, the Nine Li race was worthless. Their former honor and glory were things of the past.

It was thanks to Zen that the Oneness Sky Palace was willing to help them enter the Chaotic Source World. It definitely wasn't for Ambrose's sake.

"Remember! Zen will be our young master from today forward!" Hutton said fiercely.

Umar was still not convinced. "You want me to call him young master? Why? Is he stronger than I am?"

After that, the aura in his body surged, and a statue of a fiendish beast appeared before him. It was his Other Shore Token.

On the way there, Sally and Hutton had been boasting about Thad's strength on the Other Shore. But now that Umar met him, he doubted Sally and Hutton's claims about his strength. Finally, he decided to challenge Zen and display his Other Shore Token.

The statue was a fourth-grade Other Shore Token from Stage Thirteen. Once it was activated, a malicious aura spread all over the Splendid Palace.

Before the others could stop him, Umar turned into a gust of wind and rushed toward Zen, chopping down on his head with a single push of his palm.

"Take this!"

Being Ambrose's grandson, Umar was indeed a gifted man. The Other Shore Power he had extracted from the statue reached 900 divine megatons.

If struck by his palm, even a mountain would break in half, let alone a mere person.

"Umar! Don't do it!"

"Stop!"

Everyone was taken aback and wide-eyed. They knew that Umar had a strange temper, but they were all told not to stir up any trouble on their way there. Little did they expect Umar to provoke Zen the minute Ambrose left them.

Sally and her brother had witnessed Zen's strength on the Other Shore, but it was completely different from the Source World. No one could tell whether or not he'd manage to resist Umar's strike.

"900 divine megatons. That is good in Stage Thirteen."

Zen's face remained dead-calm. He didn't even bother to shift his feet. With a raise of his hand, the Shade Stone liquid attached itself to his right arm. Then, he slightly tilted his wrist and had Umar's hand precisely in his grasp.

Puff!

The Splendid Palace shook slightly before a fist-sized area cracked open right under Zen's feet. With that, Umar's fierce blow was stopped.

Zen's grip was iron-tight. Umar couldn't twist his hand out of it.

The sight had everyone holding their breath.

On the way there, Leopold had announced that if Zen made it to Stage Thirteen on the Other Shore, his strength must be far greater than that of his peers. Back then, Umar only snorted at the exaggeration. The others weren't totally convinced either. But now, it seemed that even Leopold had greatly underestimated Zen.

Even after taking Umar's all-out strike with a single hand, Zen was completely unharmed. No one there could even imagine finding someone on the same level of strength.

An exasperated sigh broke the silence. Hutton turned to Zen and said, "Zen, please forgive Umar's rudeness."

Still indifferent, Zen merely let go of the man's hand. He looked up to the ceiling of the Splendid Palace and said, "We're all from the same race, so I will forgive him. Our people are facing a great decline, so we have to keep working harder. Grandpa Ambrose has entrusted all of you to me. I only have one request." He looked firmly at the group before continuing, "Don't ever give yourselves up."

Hutton, Umar, and the rest looked at him complicatedly.

The small world they had been hiding in was haunted by the Bearing race. Neither the elders nor the younger generation were courageous enough. They ended up giving themselves away gradually.

During his time in the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen did not forget where he came from. He was confident by nature. The others could sense his genuine pride and suddenly felt ashamed of themselves.

"Zen can make it happen. I choose to believe it!" Sally chimed in eagerly.

"I believe it too," Hutton agreed.

"Soon, our Nine Li race will rise again!" And with that, the rest of them echoed with them.

After sending Ambrose away, Athemar turned back to Zen and the rest. "I'll send you up the Oneness Mountain first. Please follow me."

It was the first time that the youth of the Nine Li race had left their elders. It was rather nerve-wracking to follow behind Athemar in silence.

Standing on Athemar's huge sword, they looked curiously down at the Dragon City and the great mountains in the distance.

Ever since they could remember, they had nestled in such a small world. Never had they really explored the vast Source World. It was their first time stepping outside and witnessing first-hand the size of a super force.

Once they returned to the Flow Sword Sect, Athemar had applied for an independent courtyard house where he had the six members of the Nine Li race settle down.

Even then, their background was sensitive. Although the Flow Sword Sect was the Oneness Sky Palace's core area, Athemar had especially warned them to keep their identity hidden. If they needed anything, they had to turn to Zen.

Chapter 3347 Treatment

It was a good thing that the several members of the Nine Li race didn't need to cultivate the Flow Strike, so there was no need for them to go out.

For most of the time, they would put their Souls of Light on the Other Shore and cultivated there.

When Zen had first met with Sally, the girl had been upset about how she could get two thousand soul pills.

That meant the remaining members of the Nine Li race lacked money and therefore, it wasn't easy for them to improve their Souls of Light to reach Stage Thirteen.

After the six members of the Nine Li race had settled down, Zen ordered them to enter the Other Shore the next day.

The order confused Sally and Hutton a little. They wondered what Zen wanted to do.

"You are the members of my race, so you may take all of this as a gift from me," Zen spoke.

Then, he took out 30 finger-size chunks of soul crystal from the Sumeru Space. When divided, each of the six of them could naturally get five finger-size chunks of soul crystal.

A chill ran down Sally's, Hutton's, and Umar's spines as soon as they sensed the pure aura that emanated from the soul crystal.

They knew that Zen's physical body was so powerful that he could do anything he liked on the Other Shore, and that it wasn't difficult for him to obtain some Other Shore Tokens and soul crystal. Even then, it still shocked them to see him casually take out 30 finger-size chunks of soul crystal and just give them to them.

Last time, they had entered the Grand Sky Temple and offered those soul pills which had been raised by the elders of their race after they had sold an Other Shore Token to the Ear Mouse race.

Now, the 30 finger-size chunks of soul crystal were worth 30 million soul pills, and it was absolutely impossible to buy so many chunks of soul crystal with even 30 million soul pills!

"Young master... The gift is too precious," Hutton muttered, his eyes glued to the soul crystal.

He had indeed thought of refusing, but any Soul of Light that cultivated on the Other Shore couldn't resist such a temptation. After all, the soul crystal was almost the same as cultivation of the Soul of Light. Their soul cultivation could improve according to the amount of the soul crystal they absorbed.

"When I first entered the Source World, I also wanted to search for the members of the Nine Li race, but the Source World is too large. At that time, my cultivation base was low and I could not find anyone. After that, I have stayed in the Oneness Sky Palace to cultivate until now. I have made some achievements. I am glad to meet you all and give you the gift. If the rest members of the Nine Li race have any difficulty, please tell me. I will do my best to help all of you," said Zen.

He knew that if he wanted to rebuild the Nine Li race, he would have to put a great amount of effort for it. Compared to that task, what he gave to the members of the Nine Li race was really nothing.

After Zen had given them the soul crystal, he went back to his own house. A member from the Phoenix Palace informed him that Flamine invited him to meet her.

As for Elvinia, it had been more than ten days since she was taken away. Zen didn't know her situation, but since Flamine invited him now, he quickly rushed to the Phoenix Palace.

The last time he left the Phoenix Palace, Flamine had already given him the token to enter it. This time, he naturally didn't need to break the fog with his Eye of Will.

It wasn't long before he arrived. After he entered the Phoenix Palace, a maid ushered him into a palace on the side.

When he arrived at the door of the palace, however, he heard Elvinia's loud screams from inside. "Get out of the way! I want to get out!"

In the palace, golden chains made of flames twined around Elvinia's hands and feet.

No matter how much she struggled, the chains firmly locked her and she couldn't move at all.

Several servants in the palace kept encouraging her, but they all looked distressed for her.

"How... How could this be?" Zen asked with a frown.

"Lady Flamine has used many ways to treat Princess Elvinia, but they didn't work. She clamors to leave every day, and she just made Lady Flamine so angry that she left," the maid answered.

"It doesn't work well..."

It was well known that an injury on the soul was truly difficult to cure.

After last time when Milo had used the taboo method, he still hadn't returned to the Flow Sword Sect yet.

When Zen and Elvinia returned, Flamine was confident about curing Elvinia. Zen also thought that it might not be that hard to cure her, but he didn't expect that there was no progress at all these days.

Elvinia still struggled, but she couldn't do whatever she wanted because she was not on the Other Shore now.

Zen walked towards her. Elvinia, who had been burning with anger, was stunned to see him. Her hysterical shouts quickly calmed down at the sight of him. She looked at him and pleaded, "Zen, you are here! Take me out of here! My mother wants to kill me!"

"Lady Flamine is your mother. Why would she want to kill you?" Zen asked curiously.

"She wants to kill me!" Elvinia repeated firmly. At that moment, Zen didn't notice that Flamine was already behind him until she spoke.

"I've been trying to get rid of the messy memories in her mind, but a considerable amount of memories have been integrated into her Memory Flame and become a part of her."

It wasn't hard for Flamine to remove memories, but the purified being's memories had been integrated with Elvinia. Deleting those memories would be equal to destroying Elvinia. That was why Elvinia believed that Flamine wanted to kill her, but in reality, Flamine only wanted to remove the memories of Teague.

In Elvinia's point of view though, she still believed that her mother intended to kill her.

"Lady Flamine, why did you invite me to come over?" asked Zen. Although Zen had controlled the Reincarnation Land in divine land, his method of dealing with or curing souls was far off from Flamine's advanced techniques.

He didn't think he could help much. Yet, she still summoned him, so there had to be a reason.

"I have to remove the memories when she is awake, but those messy memories which don't belong to her are hidden in the deepest part of her Memory Flame. I can't dig them out," said Flamine.

When Elvinia became a purified being, she didn't recognize or talk to anyone except for Zen. After careful consideration, Flamine decided to ask Zen for help.

She had planned to invite him to help her since the very beginning, but she realized that he had just gotten out of the Other Shore. Thus, she waited for a few more days.

"I will try my best to do what I can," Zen promised.

He knew he also had to take some responsibility for Elvinia's bad situation, though back then, Elvinia insisted on entering the Grand Sky Temple and he couldn't stop her.

Then again, the only reason Zen was able to leave the Dark Region was because he had Elvinia to rely on.

When Zen had agreed to help Flamine, she left the palace for a moment and came back with three old men.

The three old men quietly took their respective positions, and then a big array on the ground began to flash.

The appearance of the light horrified Elvinia, who had just calmed down. "Zen, they want to kill me again! Kill them for me!"

Of course, Zen knew that such a kind of fear was out of instinct, but the pleading look on her face made him sympathize with her.

Zen sat up straight in front of Elvinia and asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm Elvinia!" she exclaimed. Zen shook his head.

"You are not Elvinia. If you are, you won't be afraid," he said.

"I'm not Elvinia?" She was a little confused by Zen's words. "Then who am I?"

"You are Teague, a creature from the Dark Region. I have destroyed your race! I am the one who killed all of the pig-faced monsters," Zen gravely said.

Teague's memories only occupied a small part of Elvinia's memories. If Zen hadn't mentioned such things, Elvinia wouldn't have remembered them. He had verified it in the Dark Region.

So when Zen mentioned that one memory, some of Teague's memories flashed through Elvinia's mind. It wouldn't be so easy for Teague to forget the fact that his race had been destroyed, nor could he simply set aside his resentment for Zen.

Elvinia's pretty face suddenly turned ferocious, as if she wanted to swallow him. "How dare you destroy my race! I'll kill you!" she roared.

At that point, Zen quickly said to Flamine, "Lady Flamine, it's the time!"

Delight filled Flamine's eyes. How could she be willing to miss this opportunity?

She winked at the three old men, and the array in the palace was fully activated. Then, Flamine's hand transformed into a claw and covered Elvinia's head.

Chapter 3348 Counterattack

It wouldn't have been wise to make Elvinia angry were they on the Other Shore.

But they were in the Phoenix Palace now. Here, no holds were barred.

With Zen's stimulation, Teague's memories, hidden in the depths of Elvinia's mind and body, were drawn out in a steady stream.

"Puny humans! The Blood Assembly will grind you into minced meat soon enough! I..."

Elvinia's voice changed. The blood power in her body started to burn, wisps of golden flames threatening to flare out. The fact that her inner world was emitting energy like this was a dangerous signal.

"Lady Flamine, be careful. Her inner world may explode!" Zen reminded.

If Elvinia's inner world exploded, Zen and Flamine wouldn't be hurt, but Elvinia would die.

Flamine only scoffed.

She seemed to have been prepared for this. She touched Elvinia's belly with her hand. The energy that was gathering in Elvinia's belly faded away instantly.

Then she flicked Elvinia's head several times. Rays of light shot out from her fingers and drilled into Elvinia's black hair.

Elvinia held her head and screamed as the agony grew more intense.

"It's time. Now!" Flamine barked out.

The three old men closed their eyes, and the array became more powerful. Flamine then dragged out some wisps of white light from Elvinia's head.

Whoosh!

Dragging the white light, Flamine stepped back into the center of the array and pressed her hand on the ground.

The wisps of white light interwove together, turning into a milky white flame.

Zen stared at the white flame, his eyebrows raised. "It's the Memory Flame."

The white flame was very dim, but still emitted a fierce aura. It was clearly the Memory Flame Teague had left in Elvinia's soul. Flamine had extracted it using a technique Zen had never encountered before.

"Hurry up! Seal the Memory Flame!" Flamine ordered.

She knew that with Teague being a purified being, his Memory Flame must contain some very precious memories. Memories about the Blood Assembly alone would be very valuable. So she wanted to leave them to Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

However, just then, the flame started to blur and turn into Teague's original form.

As soon as he was fully materialized, Teague only sneered before disappearing.

The faces of Flamine and the three old men fell. The Memory Flame disappeared so fast that they weren't able to seal it up.

Elvinia, dripping with sweat, finally collapsed to the ground, her arms still strung up by the fire chains.

"Lady Flamine, could you put Elvinia down now?" Zen asked.

Flamine turned around, her face softening.

They might have failed to seal the Memory Flame, but at least Teague's damned memories were out of Elvinia.

Elvinia fortunately didn't lose her memories, but her memories had been a jumbled mess after mixing with Teague's.

It would return to normal eventually once all the chaos was resolved.

With a flick of Flamine's finger, the two fire chains disappeared. She walked over to help Elvinia up and then turned to Zen with a smile. "She'll be okay, thanks to you. I've done extractions many times before, but that pig-faced monster was pretty sly. I couldn't get him out."

"Lady Flamine, you are being too polite. I did nothing," Zen replied with a smile.

"I'll take Elvinia to rest. You seldom come to the Phoenix Palace. Do you want to visit your...friends?" Flamine asked, giving Zen a meaningful look.

She stressed the word "friend" on purpose.

She was a smart woman. She knew that the relationship between Zen and Laquisha and the other two wasn't just friendship.

By experience, she knew it was normal for a man to have several concubines. Flamine herself was not the only concubine of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, after all.

What mattered to her was Zen's principal wife, Letitia. She had even privately asked Laquisha about her once.

Elvinia was Eastern Emperor Taiyi's daughter. If she married Zen, her status would still be very important.

Zen nodded in response to Flamine's question.

Since he had come to the Phoenix Palace, he must pay a visit to his wives.

Elvinia had mentioned to Zen that Laquisha was beset with an unusual condition. Her affliction had caused a fire in the Phoenix Palace, prompting Elvinia to arrange an independent palace for her.

Laquisha's preternatural flame was called Sprite Fire. Only those who had the Fire Crow's blood could get it.

Flamine ordered a maid to take Zen to the Heavenly Cultivation Palace in the north part of the Phoenix Palace.

A commotion was currently breaking out at the open space in front of the Heavenly Cultivation Palace.

Dozens of people had gathered around the cause at the center of it all: a tall woman and a young man facing off in apparent combat, except the former was simply evading the latter.

The young man and the tall woman had just entered the Sea of Truth, and had not merged with any Other Shore Token. Their cultivation levels were about the same, but the man's martial arts were obviously much stronger than those of the woman.

The tall woman wouldn't dare to fight head-on and could only resort to dodging attacks.

"This courtyard is only over a hundred feet wide. You can't run forever!" The young man waved the long sword in his hand toward the tall woman.

When the tall woman saw this, a fierce look suddenly appeared in her eyes. This time, instead of retreating, she flipped the long blood-red sword in her hand. If she had to die, then so be it. But she was bringing him with her.

"Lavender! Don't risk it!"

"It's okay to lose! We can just leave the Phoenix Palace!"

Laquisha and Nelly cried out, turning pale.

The tall woman was Lavender, and the man challenging her was called Ahmad, a direct descendant of the Phoenix Palace.

Under the protection of Elvinia, Laquisha, Nelly and Lavender received more resources than many direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace, even more so after Laquisha was given a palace to herself.

This apparent special treatment made the direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace jealous and resentful.

Everything would have been fine if Elvinia had been at the Phoenix Palace. She was the most outstanding among the young generation in the Oneness Mountain, and enjoyed Eastern Emperor Taiyi's love. No one could outshine her.

But Elvinia had been away for quite some time now. The news that she was trapped on the Other Shore spread throughout the Phoenix Palace. Many people thought she wouldn't come back.

As time passed, the direct descendants started coming up with some evil ideas.

And so Ahmad was sent to anger the three women.

Lavender knew what the direct descendants were up to. She had quite the temper, and she was now starting to lose control of it. Although they were trying hard not to engage, the direct descendants kept provoking them deliberately. They had no choice but to fight back.

Lavender's strength was inferior to Ahmad's, so she had been at a disadvantage since the fight began.

But she was much more experienced in battle. She noticed that Ahmad was avoiding anything life-threatening, so she fought back with deadly moves. Before long, she had taken the upper hand.

Chapter 3349 Get Into Trouble

Ahmad grew increasingly flustered when he faced the deadly momentum of Lavender's sword strikes.

When two powerful warriors confronted each other in a neck and neck battle, it was hard to decide which one would overpower the other. But now, it seemed it was hard for him to turn the tables in his favor since his momentum wavered compared to his opponent.

Ahmad should have easily defeated Lavender had it not been for her fierce attack.

"What's going on? Ahmad's strength far surpasses that of the woman, but how come he is no match for her?"

"We'll make a fool of ourselves today!"

"This woman is crazy. She has no regard for her life. She's cheating!"

exclaimed the frustrated direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace.

Nelly and Lavender shared the same personality traits, so it wasn't hard for her to understand Lavender's actions.

Overhearing the disrespectful comments of these direct descendants, Nelly retorted curtly, "Every warrior fights with their life on the line in every battle they take part in. If you have never experienced it, you have no right to say she is cheating. It's ridiculous!"

Only after the direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace had entered the Other Shore would they experience this world in all its cruelty.

Even in the early stages of the Other Shore, they probably couldn't understand it. After all, they would be under the protection of the Oneness Sky Palace's temple after reaching Stage Four.

Among the many obvious examples was Elvinia. She managed to pass twelve stages and reach Stage Thirteen without a hitch. Only until she stepped foot in the Dark Region, did she realize what it felt like to have a near-death experience.

"Whoosh!"

Under the heat of Lavender's relentless attacks, Ahmad flinched constantly. After a while, he stabilized his steps and gained back his lost control. He reached out for his long sword and gave it a swift flick. In response to his gesture, it produced nine sword shadows in front of him.

"Nine-world Mantra Sword!"

The Nine-world Mantra Sword was a supreme swordsmanship manual. It was exclusively taught to the direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace. Even the disciples who had just entered the Other Shore could flaunt tremendous power by using it.

Although Lavender had also practiced swordsmanship in her youth, she had been more used to using a long spear as a weapon before she entered the Source World, which was why she had to start from scratch when she came to the Phoenix Palace.

If she didn't defeat Ahmad now, she might never get another opportunity to do so!

"Broken World!

Original World!

Orchid World!"

Ahmad stood his ground and kept advancing towards her effortlessly. He showed no signs of backing down; his movements were flawless.

Even though Lavender tried her best to land an effective sword strike, each of her attacks was easily deflected by Ahmad. Due to countless failed attempts, she was forced to take a step back each time. She was unable to lay a single scratch on him.

Watching Ahmad regain his strong position in the battle, the direct descendants began to cheer him on.

"That's it, Ahmad! Hang in there!"

"If you win over this woman, they will be forced to leave!"

"Woman, with talents like yours, you don't deserve what the Phoenix Palace offers!"

Hearing them encourage Ahmad and mock her in the background only made Lavender feel more inferior to him. Her expression darkened as she bit her lip and glared back at Ahmad.

She had been giving it her all, but she still lacked the required strength to defeat him. Ahmad's swordsmanship was just too flawless to counter.

"Swift World!

Crossing World!"

Ahmad's sword force grew more and more ferocious with time. It was like a monster, slowly opening its mouth to reveal its countless hidden fangs.

"Annihilation World!"

He looked up with fiery eyes and slashed his sword at Lavender relentlessly. As she watched the upcoming attack in close range, her face began to lose its color.

"Lavender, let it go! Just surrender, it's okay!"

"It's not that big of a deal. It's fine. We can just leave the Phoenix Palace!"

Laquisha and Nelly shouted their pleas helplessly at her.

However, deep down, Lavender knew it all too well; she would be unable to deflect this sword strike. Even if she tried, she wouldn't be able to dodge this one in time. If the sword were to pierce through her, she would suffer irreversible damage, even if she didn't die from it.

Just as the sword charged ruthlessly towards her, two fingers appeared out of nowhere and clasped the blade securely in their grip.

Under the severe pressure coming from the fingers, the blade caved in. Cracks resembling cobwebs formed on the edge of Ahmad's sword, and it was crushed!

Bracing for impact, Lavender didn't dare turn around to see who intervened. But as soon as she saw the hand that foiled the strike, a longing smile appeared on her face. In an instant, she turned around and embraced Zen into a tight hug.

Upon seeing Zen, Laquisha and Nelly jumped in excitement and rushed to his side.

"Who the hell are you? And how dare you break my sword!"

His expressions screamed anger and confusion when Ahmad watched his sword get smashed between the two fingers.

Zen eyed him up expressionlessly and asked, "Lavender, why were you fighting with him?"

By the time Zen arrived, Lavender had moved into a dead end from retreating continuously. The intense battle between them could by no means be compared to simple sparring.

Lavender didn't like depending on other people to protect her. She didn't want to count on Zen to stand up for her each time she was backed into a corner. She replied in a calm tone, "Don't worry. It's nothing."

However, Nelly stepped up and briefed Zen all about it. "These people want to force us out of the Phoenix Palace. They've been trying to provoke us these past few days!"

Hearing the explanation, Zen understood the matter and gave a slight nod.

"We have all the right to do so. Our Phoenix Palace only accepts direct descendants as disciples. These three women should not be the exception. How can they be so lucky as to be allowed to cultivate here?"

"They even take up resources that are rightfully ours…"

"Yes, we only have enough for ourselves…"

The direct descendants lodged numerous complaints one after the other.

Zen's cultivation base far exceeded theirs, but they weren't intimidated by him. Besides, no one would dare to touch them as long as they remained in the Phoenix Palace.

However, they were unaware of the fact that Zen had defeated Elvinia in this very place just a few months ago.

Closely listening to their complaints, Zen nodded agreeably and gave them a gentle smile. He turned to Lavender and said, "Since that's the case, let's leave."

Before coming to the Phoenix Palace, Lavender, Laquisha and Nelly cultivated peacefully in the Dragon City. However, Elvinia had insisted on them coming here instead. Zen didn't value the resources available in the Phoenix Palace at all, so he thought it was fine the three women left here.

The three women had developed a healthy relationship with Elvinia over time. Since Elvinia was away from the Phoenix Place at the moment, they had no reason to stay either, so they agreed obediently to leave with Zen.

"So, it's decided. Let's go back to pack up our belongings. We'll leave here," Nelly said as she shot a cold glare at the arrogant direct descendants.

Just as Zen turned to leave with them, he was stopped by Ahmad, who shouted, "Just wait a minute there. Do you honestly think you can just walk out of here after you broke my Nine-world Mantra Sword?"

As a direct descendant of the Phoenix Palace, he had always thought of himself to be superior to others.

Moreover, he had close connections with the higher-ups of the Phoenix Palace. Ahmad's mother, Lady Jean, enjoyed a high position in the Phoenix Palace, while his elder brother was gifted with immense strength and belonged to the Land of Sword Grief.

It didn't matter even if he had not reached the Other Shore. His status and connections made him a respectable figure in the Phoenix Palace.

It boiled his blood how Zen had just waltzed in between his battle when he was about to defeat Lavender. Moreover, Zen had smashed his Nine-world Mantra Sword into pieces. There was no way he could allow Zen to get away with it all now.

"Then what do you want me to do? Do you want me to offer you another sword to replace that one?" A smile of discontent appeared on Zen's face.

In response to Zen's statement, Ahmad laughed viciously and stated, "Do I look like the sort of person who would care about a sword? You're highly mistaken if you think you can destroy my sword just because you are stronger in cultivation base than me. My elder brother's cultivation base is higher than yours. Does that mean he can crush you just the same?"

Naturally, Ahmad was unable to challenge Zen since he hadn't broken through to the Other Shore Realm yet.

Zen was a lot tougher in comparison. But his elder brother, Chance, happened to be in the Phoenix Palace at this very moment. Ahmad had already informed him of the situation through a communication token. It would only be a matter of time before Chance made his appearance on the scene. And of course, he was coming to avenge the insult his little brother had to face because of Zen.

Ahmad was less than twenty years old. In Zen's eyes, he was no better than a naive child. How could he pay any heed to the empty claims of a child?

Just as Zen grabbed Lavender's hand and prepared to leave, another person appeared at the entrance of the Heavenly Cultivation Palace.

This man had a dark skin tone, and his arms were long and significantly bulky. His eyes gave the sharpened vibe of a viper as he stared in Zen's direction.

He stepped into the Heavenly Cultivation Palace and stationed himself in front of Zen to block his path. There were traces of disdain smeared across his charred-black face as he glared at him. "Which one of these people crushed your sword, Ahmad?"

The man who stood before them was Chance, Ahmad's big brother.

"It's him! He crushed my sword! And he's not a member of the Phoenix Palace either!"

Ahmad blurted out as he pointed at Zen. He peered over at Zen's face to observe his reaction to the situation.

He had expected Zen's face to turn as white as a sheet when faced with his big brother. After all, Chance had entered the Land of Sword Grief and was a cultivator of the Chaotic Source Realm.

However, Zen's reaction had disappointed him. He showed no signs of shock as his expression remained unchanged. To address the matter maturely, Zen spoke in a calm tone, "While it's good to spar with each other sometimes, you should not encourage your brother's behavior when it's wrong. Your brother was about to kill Lavender. I had no other choice but to stop him."

A warrior of the Chaotic Source Realm was naturally stronger than Zen. His cultivation base and restraint were not to be underestimated.

However, Chance shook off Zen's attempts to dissolve the issue between them. The corners of his mouth turned into a sinister smile as he said, "The woman you defended is not a direct descendant of the Phoenix Palace, so it doesn't matter if she's dead. As an outsider, how dare you stop my brother and break his sword? You must have a death wish."

Chapter 3350 A Head-To-Head Battle

The blood of Eastern Emperor Taiyi ran through all the direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace.

Their status rested on a combination of blood, talent, and strength.

Chance was slightly inferior to Elvinia in terms of talent, but he had been strong enough to reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

Those who had entered the Land of Sword Grief didn't take the ordinary disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace seriously. Moreover, Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly weren't from the direct line of the Phoenix Palace, so Chance thought it wouldn't really matter if he killed them.

As for Zen, Chance only knew that he was the core disciple of a certain mountain.

But whichever mountain Zen was from, Chance decided it didn't matter. He wasn't afraid of Zen at all.

Chance was unaware of the degree to which Zen had refrained from showing his true power in the Phoenix Palace. Zen had restrained himself because he didn't want to make trouble. Although Ahmad had almost killed Lavender, Zen didn't take revenge.

However, when Zen heard Chance's words, anger flashed in his eyes.

The direct descendants of Eastern Emperor Taiyi looked proud and scornful.

They thought it was unforgivably bold for an outsider like Zen to interfere in the affairs of the Phoenix Palace.

Regardless of how powerful Zen was, he was no match for him. He had crushed Ahmad's sword, but now that Chance was here, he was about to be defeated.

Ahmed became more arrogant with his brother's support. He said to Zen, "You are a mere disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace. How dare you come here to flaunt your prowess. Is it because the Phoenix Palace has always kept a low profile?"

The other disciples nodded vigorously, agreeing with Ahmed. "Indeed! What a display of rudeness and arrogance!"

"No one is allowed to come to the Phoenix Palace without permission."

The direct descendants present had felt more secure since Chance arrived. They felt that with Chance, they were superior to Zen.

A few of them recognized Zen from his fight with Elvinia in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace. But since Elvinia had not yet reached the Chaotic Source Realm, they believed she was much weaker than Chance.

Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly looked upset. Nelly tugged at Zen's sleeve and said, "Let's go."

Zen didn't move. He knew that even if he had been inclined to leave, the disciples of the Phoenix Palace wouldn't let him go without a fight. So he gently removed Nelly's hand and turned to Chance. Calmly he said, "You're right. I do have a death wish. Let's fight."

Chance lifted a long black eyebrow in surprise.

Given Zen's cultivation base, he should have understood the importance of reaching the Chaotic Source Realm, as Chance had done. Moreover, the Chaotic Source World was about to open soon. Zen clearly knew that Chance was powerful enough to beat him. And yet, Zen dared to challenge him to a fight. Either he was an idiot or he had something up his sleeve.

"You want a fight?" Chance asked, laughing as though Zen had told a very funny joke. "What makes you think I'd even bother? You're not qualified to fight me."

The other Phoenix Palace disciples joined in Chance's laughter.

They were all familiar with the vast difference in the level of strength between the warriors who had reached the Chaotic Source Realm and those who had not. Chance was stronger than anyone present, including Zen. But apparently Zen didn't understand that. They thought he was being ridiculous.

"Chance, teach him a lesson," one of the disciples called out.

"Right! Show him he's making a mistake!"

"Make him sorry he ever came here!"

Zen scowled. His eyes had narrowed dangerously at the repeated taunts of the disciples. He turned to Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly, and said quietly to them, "Back off. Give me some space."

"Zen, what are you planning?" Lavender murmured, looking concerned.

Like everyone else, the three women had heard of the incredible strength of the warriors who had reached the Chaotic Source Realm in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace. The bodies and souls of such warriors had been greatly enhanced. Indeed, it could be argued that they had transformed altogether into a different, stronger being.

Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly had always trusted in Zen's strength. But this wasn't the divine land. It was the Source World, and here, there were plenty of mighty warriors from various sects and races.

Zen saw her expression and smiled to ease her fear. "Don't worry, all right?"

Lavender nodded and retreated with Laquisha and Nelly. Zen's confidence was a relief. It renewed their faith in his strength.

At a gesture from Chance, Ahmad and the other direct descendants of Phoenix Palace also stepped back. Zen and Chance stood alone in the middle of a wide, empty space.

Since he had reached the Chaotic Source Realm, Chance had never bothered to fight anyone who hadn't. In his opinion, the warriors at the Other Shore Realm were all beneath him, and it would be demeaning to fight them. But today, for his brother's sake, he would set that aside and teach Zen a lesson.

He was absolutely confident in his own superiority. He thought he'd be able to beat Zen within seconds.

"Let's get this over with," he said, sneering. "It will be a shame if anyone in the Land of Sword Grief realizes that I'm fighting with a junior like you." Without further ado, he lunged forward and threw a punch at Zen.

After undergoing the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, his fist was a weapon in itself, a fore to be reckoned with.

The power behind his punch was as explosive as a volcanic eruption.

Indeed, that single punch should be enough to kill Zen if it landed.

Chance expected Zen to try to dodge the punch, and readied himself to strike again. To his astonishment, however, Zen just stood there without budging.

Chance felt a stab of confusion. Why was this man so confident? Was there something he hadn't seen? Something that made Zen more dangerous than he seemed?

Chance's arm drove forward. In response, Zen lifted his hand to grasp his fist. The Shade Stone liquid surged in Zen's body, and his spine and arm turned dark.

The direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace chattered to each other with excitement and anticipation, wondering what would happen next.

"Doesn't he know how terrifying a warrior of the Chaotic Source Realm is?"

"That one punch is enough to kill him if it's a direct hit!"

"He's trying to block the punch with his bare hand! He's crazy!"

Everyone stared with wide eyes as Chance's fist smashed into Zen's palm.

There was a crisp, thunderous clapping sound.

The disciples closed their eyes and raised their hands instinctively to protect their ears at the deafening boom of the impact.

The power of the collision spread outwards in all direction, tearing through everything in its way. The onlookers let out cries of pain. They felt as though the front of their bodies had been slapped with something hot and hard.

As the sound ceased and the shock wave of the impact passed, they cautiously opened their eyes and looked at the two fighters. Zen was still standing, holding Chance's fist firmly in one outstretched hand.

Chance's face was distorted with shock.

Zen grinned at him. "Now will you take this seriously? Draw your sword!"

He shoved Chance backwards, releasing his fist. Chance staggered several steps backwards, still looking stunned.

His astonishment was mirrored in the faces of the direct descendants of Phoenix Palace, who had fully expected Zen to be killed by the full force of Chance's blow. The disciples realized that they and Chance had underestimated Zen.

Chance couldn't believe what had just happened. He had used over nine hundred divine megatons of the Other Shore Power in his punch. There was no way an inferior like Zen could have resisted that. But somehow, Zen had not only blocked the punch, but had also done so with seeming ease.

Chance would never have admitted it, but he felt a small tremor of fear. He had landed a killing blow but Zen had not been injured in the slightest. He realized that although Zen hadn't been through the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, he also had extraordinary physical strength and must be taken seriously.

But Chance did not let any of his thoughts show on his face. "Draw my sword? No need!"

he said grandly. He chuckled and rushed towards Zen again.

The Other Shore Power flowed continuously from his cinnabar field. This time, he used over a thousand divine megatons of force. This was the limit of the physical body below the Chaotic Source Realm. Chance himself wouldn't be able to withstand such an attack, and neither would Zen.

There was a series of booming sounds as he landed one punch after another. Again, the onlookers protected their eyes and ears.

Chance summoned all his raging power, and each blow had the power to split mountains and part seas.

Zen remained deadly calm. He raised both arms to meet Chance's fists. He matched him in speed and strength, managing to deflect every single blow.

In seconds, Chance had thrown at least ten punches, and Zen blocked every single one without flinching.

Chapter 3351 The Weightless Mountain

After giving some time to adapt, Zen's ability to control the Shade Stone liquid only grew stronger.

It could be absorbed into his viscera, bones, or skin. When he resisted his enemies, he could shift the impact to the position where the Shade Stone liquid was placed. With the liquid, he attempted to take every strike from Chance.

Even though Chance released a thousand divine megatons of force, Zen blocked all his attacks with ease.

"I told you to take the fight more seriously. Show me what you've got!" Zen called out as he looked at Chance with calm eyes.

Chance knew Zen was a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace who hadn't reached the Chaotic Source Realm, but Zen appeared so calm as though

Chance was an ordinary warrior.

It was completely beyond his expectations. Zen's leisurely attitude hurt his pride — he began growing restless.

Chance refused to yield or heed Zen's words. Instead, he gently slid his feet, moving particularly elegantly as he charged at Zen.

No matter how strong the disciple was, everyone had a limit. Chance refused to believe that Zen could continue resisting his attacks for long.

But under Chance's rain of punches, Zen showed no sign of panic.

Not only could he block Chance's fists, but he also managed to launch his counterattack from time to time.

In terms of force alone, Zen was incredibly strong when he used the Strength God Totem. Each and every punch he threw at his opponent contained over a thousand divine megatons of force. Besides, the Shade Stone liquid strengthened his body dramatically. His counterattacks weren't to be underestimated.

But Chance was a powerful warrior of the Chaotic Source Realm. His body was far stronger than any opponent Zen had faced before.

Ordinary warriors of the Other Shore Realm would have been torn to shreds if they took one of Zen's hits. But Chance's body was like iron. Zen couldn't even make a dent.

Loud thuds resounded every time their punches met. From the noises they made, anyone could easily assume that two giants were brawling. The exchange of blows continued as they moved across the area.

The other disciples knew it was good to distance themselves from the intense fight.

Every time the two collided, the impact caused something like a violent explosion. Anyone standing too close could easily be caught in the impact and get injured. Several disciples already had cheeks that were bulging out because of the blast wave.

As they watched the fierce combat, all of them were stunned frozen, their jaws hanging open with shock.

They all knew that Chance was a powerful warrior. But what about Zen? The caliber of the fight was nothing short of a fight between two powerful warriors of the Chaotic Source Realm. But the fact that Zen hadn't even reached the Chaotic Source Realm in spite of his power was bewildering. How on earth did he come to possess such great power?

"Zen has become stronger once again…" Nelly remarked, her eyes twinkling.

"He gets stronger every time I see him," Lavender added. "He never seems to stop improving himself."

Among the three, Lavender was the one who had been in Zen's company for the longest period of time.

He had grown stronger, all the way from the Lower World to the Upper World, and from the universe to the divine land. Lavender was used to seeing his extraordinary performance in battle.

In the back of his mind, even Chance was greatly shocked.

He had a growing suspicion that Zen wasn't human at all. 'Is this guy's body made out of some legendary weapon?' he wondered to himself.

While Chance's body was extremely strong after going through Chaotic Source Reinforcement, it couldn't resist any attack indefinitely. After a certain amount of damage, his body would weaken like any other. If his fatigue reached a limit, his physical strength would decline rapidly.

On the contrary, Zen still seemed in high spirits even after taking so many punches. He didn't look the least bit exhausted.

"Back off!"

All of a sudden, Chance lowered himself, tilting his shoulder. Gathering his strength, he threw another punch, forcing Zen back and buying time to rest.

Zen then retreated, sliding back on the ground to put some distance between them. His movements were gentle and light, his face as calm as still water. There were no signs of fatigue in his actions.

Most of the power from Chance's attacks was blocked by the Shade Stone liquid. Zen's body structure was essentially different from Ahmad's. Zen would have the advantage if they were to fight in protracted combat.

The direct descendants watching from the side had noticed the difference in their states. It wasn't hard to tell who had the upper hand during such a fight.

"Ahmad, your brother seems exhausted," one of them remarked.

"Nonsense!" Ahmad rebutted furiously. "Just wait and see. My brother will cut him in half!"

Ahmad's brother was a role model to him — a goal he had pursued all his life. He refused to see his brother fall to defeat before a mere, unknown disciple.

Chance's eyes were now fixated on Zen — they were as malicious as a serpent's. Although he hadn't activated the Other Shore Token to its extreme, his opponent didn't seem to have done so either. Now, Zen seemed unfathomable.

It was a ridiculous feeling, Chance thought. His long arms drooped to the side, and his fingers gently brushed against his space ring. Blood began gurgling out of it.

But instead of dripping onto the ground, it flowed until it formed a shape of a snowflake. Chance then pulled out a great, long, red sword from the center of the figure.

"Since you insist that I use my sword, it would be rude of me not to," Chance said, raising his weapon arrogantly. "I must warn you, however, my sword has no conscience. If it cuts your head off by accident, don't complain about it on your way to hell!"

As Chance brandished the red sword, the Other Shore Token he carried in his inner world also emerged — it turned out to be a tiny mountain.

It was the Weightless Mountain, an Other Shore Token from Stage Fourteen.

Numerous tall and dangerous mountains were scattered on Stage Fourteen of the Desire World. The mountain spirit of them could be integrated by warriors as an Other Shore Token. Despite its light weight, the mountain spirit held incredible power, standing out from many Other Shore tokens of the strengthening type.

The Weightless Mountain had divided grades — Chance's Weightless Mountain was superior, containing more divine megatons of force than any ordinary mountain spirit.

His display of this token showed a clear desire to end the battle as soon as possible.

With a gentle shake of the Weightless Mountain, Chance's aura strengthened drastically. When he took a heavy step forward, his red sword slashed at Zen as he approached.

Swish!

His sword left a long, red trail in the air. It seemed to carry the power to cut through anything in the world.

In the face of Chance's ferocity, Zen's face turned grim.

The realization hit him: he couldn't take the strike head-on.

Withdrawing his body, Zen leaped high into the air and evaded Chance's sharp hit.

But now that Chance had displayed his Other Shore Token, he surely wasn't going to give Zen any chance to run away.

"Nine-world Mantra!

Binding him!"

Chance gently shook his sword's blade, making its radiance twist and shoot at Zen aggressively like a nimble gecko.

The Nine-world Mantra Sword was a supreme swordsmanship manual unique to the Phoenix Palace. With Chance's formidable strength, the power of his skill was thousands of times greater than when Ahmad had used it — Zen couldn't find a single flaw in his attack.

As Zen retreated, he continued moving and dodging, but failed to get out of the binding force's range.

It was an unavoidable technique, even for Zen, because the skill reached a wider area instead of a single point.

There was so much going on that Zen could barely process the situation. But because he couldn't keep dodging, his right eye suddenly flashed with a red light.

Initially, Chance had planned to completely eliminate Zen in a single attack. But as soon as he spotted the red light, his heart skipped a beat, and his attack waned.

Zen seized the opportunity to twist his body abruptly and distance himself from his opponent.

Chapter 3352 The Growing Sculptures

As he helplessly watched Zen escape from his binding force, Chance's face was shadowed with a small trace of anger.

He had no idea about the red light in Zen's right eye, but he had felt the horror brought by it, even though it had lasted for one tiny, ephemeral moment.

"Crooked way!"

Chance bellowed, trying to settle the fear he felt inside. He waved his blood-red sword into the air again, and hundreds of beams of sword radiance shot out!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Seeing how aggressive the sword radiances were getting now, Zen was sure that he would be defeated sooner or later if he kept on dodging. He had to put an end to this fight.

Seeing the sword radiance rush toward him, Zen waved his Snow Sword, hacking at nine different points.

"Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship!" he roared.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Nine rays of bright and pearly white colored sword radiance chopped the air and rushed toward Chance's sword radiance at an incredible speed.

But Chance's sword radiance was much more stable and strong since it contained greater Other Shore Power than Zen's. The latter's was remarkably fast, but regretfully, lacked quite a bit in power. When the two sword radiances collided, Zen's nine rays were smashed into nothingness as if they were made of paper or dry weeds.

Apparently, Zen couldn't block the sword radiance Chance was throwing at him. All he could do was to retreat and dodge again and again. He was in a precarious situation now.

"Huh! Now you see it! It's not that easy to make up for such a huge gap between cultivation levels," Chance remarked casually, staring at Zen with a scornful gaze. He began to approach Zen impassively with his sword in hand.

The direct descendants of the palace nodded subconsciously when they heard this. Chance's words made sense. How could Zen confront such a strong warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm, especially when he was comparatively much weaker?

However, unknown to them, Chance was still a bit puzzled by the red light in Zen's right eye.

He didn't know what it was, but could sense that it was quite a rare Other Shore Token since it could disturb even his mind. He guessed it could be a mysterious type and would not contain much Other Shore Power.

Even the mysterious Other Shore Tokens of Stage Fourteen could unleash no more than 300 divine megatons of force.

But Zen had unleashed almost a thousand divine megatons of force just now. Was it possible that he had two Other Shore Tokens?

Pondering over the possibilities, Chances waved his blood-red sword.

"Annihilation World!"

The sword radiance that rushed out this time contained an overwhelming intent of annihilation. Even if someone was just grazed by it, they would sustain serious injuries.

Faced with such an offensive attack, Zen was forced to dodge again.

He was being forced to retreat continuously by Chance's attacks. Very soon, he completely withdrew from the Heavenly Cultivation Palace.

Seeing the ongoing fight, the palace maids and servants were frightened to the core and fled away. Guards of the Phoenix Palace recognized Chance, so they did not dare stop him.

Lavender, Nelly, and Laquisha were merely following the fight closely. Zen was moving towards a disadvantage now, and they looked worried. They were nervously watching him dodge the sword light again and again. If he wasn't careful enough, he might die. That was not something they wanted to see.

'It looks like I will have to use the Civilization Artifact... Fine then.'

Zen had told almost everything he had come across in the Dark Region to Flamine and Athemar. But he had concealed the Civilization Artifact from them.

Previously, Flamine had wanted to seal the Memory Flame of Teague, but Teague had managed to find a way to dispel it at the last moment. Therefore, it was impossible for her to learn the secrets of the Regal Jade Civilization and the Civilization Artifact.

But once Elvinia recovered, she would tell Flamine, who was her mother, about these sooner or later. It wasn't like it could be kept a secret forever!

While he thought about this, an idea flashed in his mind. A virtual shadow of the Civilization Artifact suddenly appeared in his inner world. And in the outside world, with a sweep of his hand, a jade sculpture appeared in front of him.

A sculpture of the Regal Jade Beast, merely a single foot tall!

Buzz!

The Regal Jade Beast sculpture stood still like any ordinary jade sculpture would do.

Chance had been forcing Zen backwards step by step, but seeing this, his eye twitched and his face revealed a strange expression. The corners of his mouth slightly curled into a smile. "Huh! This is your Other Shore Token? A descending type?"

There was a sarcastic tone to the question. As soon as he finished his words, he wielded his blood-red sword in the hope of smashing it in a single strike. A beam of sword radiance shot straight towards the Regal Jade Beast sculpture.

"Bang!"

The sword radiance hit the surface of the Regal Jade Beast sculpture with a crisp sound. But unlike what Chance had expected, it merely left a deep sword mark instead of breaking it down.

"Hmm... This Other Shore Token is remarkably solid, but how many strikes can it withstand?" Chance sneered contemptuously.

He again waved his sword three times in a row, hacking at the sculpture repeatedly. Hit again and again by his Annihilation World which contained enormous amounts of annihilation intent, the Regal Jade Beast sculpture suddenly broke into a thousand emerald green pieces which gradually disappeared.

As a descending type of Other Shore Token, the sculpture was quite vulnerable to damage. And once it was damaged, it would need a large amount of divine crystals to be repaired.

Seeing the sculpture break into pieces, Ahmad and the direct descendants burst into laughter.

"What a weak descending type of Other Shore Token! Was that a joke?"

"That was the weakest Other Shore Token I've ever seen."

"Hang on! The Other Shore Tokens of descending type are supposed to be powerful since they can help a warrior break through the limits of corporeal body. But why was this one so weak?"

The corporeal body that hadn't gone through the Chaotic Source Reinforcement could not withstand a thousand divine megatons of force. But a token of the descending type didn't need the corporeal body to bear it.

Instead it could help the warrior break through that limit and exert an even greater force. For example, Elvinia's Warrior of the Stone Hill could burst out more than a thousand divine megatons of force by itself.

Zen's sculpture seemed immovable and fragile, which was truly incredible. It was reasonable that they mocked him.

But just as Chance had smashed this Other Shore Token, Zen's hand waved lightly in the air again.

Buzz!

Another Other Shore Token appeared right next to him; yet another Regal Jade Beast sculpture was standing impassively!

"What's this?" Chance was a little stunned.

Ahmad and the others were confused as well.

The Regal Jade Beast sculpture had been cut into smithereens by Chance. He hadn't seen Zen use any divine crystals to repair it. Furthermore, even if Zen did use divine crystals, a broken Other Shore Token could not be repaired within such a short period of time.

Was it possible that they were wrong?

Was it because this particular Other Shore Token wasn't a descending type?

What was the use of the Regal Jade Beast he had summoned then?

Chance was getting a little impatient now. He didn't know what Zen was playing at. He flew up, raised his blood-red sword with his left hand, and hit the second sculpture directly.

"Bang!"

The second sculpture was smashed into pieces by a single strike this time.

As soon as he smashed this sculpture, Chance began to chase after Zen once again.

He didn't care what the use of these Regal Jade sculptures was. All he wanted was to kill Zen!

With Chance in hot pursuit, Zen acted very calmly.

Since he was unable to fight against Chance head-on, he merely kept dodging and retreating. And while retreating, he kept on releasing Regal Jade Beast sculptures one after another.

Chance was hot headed. But if he had been cautious enough, then he would have instantly noticed that these sculptures were gradually growing in size. Each one was bigger and taller than the previous one!

Chance finally noticed this after smashing a few of them.

'There's something strange about his sculptures.'

Out of fighting instinct, Chance didn't let go of any sculpture even after realizing that. He cut through all the tokens that Zen was releasing into pieces along the way.

Forced to repeatedly destroy these sculptures, Chance had to slow down. They were proving to be quite a nuisance.

Just as Chance cut the tenth sculpture, he was faced with yet another problem.

The Regal Jade Beast sculpture had now grown as tall as a man. Previously, he had been able to stab through the sculptures in a single strike, but now, he could only leave a few cracks on it with one strike. These Regal Jade sculptures were becoming bigger and stronger.

Chapter 3353 There Is Always More

Now, Chance had to hit the sculpture over ten times to destroy it.

Deafening, clanging sounds echoed as his sword strikes collided with the sculpture.

He cut the sculpture a dozen times before it finally broke into pieces.

However, as soon as the sculpture crumbled, a new one appeared before him. Zen had summoned another statue.

It was even burlier and larger than the last one!

"The sculptures will just keep coming!" Chance said to himself, getting frustrated.

He realized that it was a mistake to waste his energy on the statues. He should have dodged them and directly attacked Zen instead.

He sidestepped the latest statue and prepared to rush towards Zen. In that instant, a chessboard appeared in Zen's hand.

Like the statues, it was made of Regal Jade.

Nine vertical and nine horizontal lines were laid out on the chessboard, forming a total of eighty-one intersections.

There was a single cyan chessman on the board.

Zen delicately placed a finger on the cyan chessman, and pushed it a step forward.

The statue sprang to life. It lunged forward and grabbed Chance.

Chance was caught by surprise when the statue took hold of him. He had thought the statues were only used to make the array, and that they couldn't move.

"Go to hell!"

Chance shouted. At this point he was more irritated than afraid.

He had stopped not because he was afraid but trying to save his time and strength.

If he wanted, he would be able to destroy them one after another.

As the statue dragged him, Chance turned, wielding his sword. The light of his sword circled as he swung at the statue.

There was a crashing sound as it cracked and crumbled.

He had broken the statue into pieces with his sword.

The disciples of the Phoenix Palace cheered, "Chance is awesome!"

"I've never seen anything like that strange Other Shore Token, but it won't be enough to beat Chance!"

While the disciples were proclaiming their support for Chance, one of them suddenly pointed at Zen and gasped, "Look!"

Zen was holding the Regal Jade chessboard with one hand. He raised his other hand, and immediately another statue of Regal Jade Beast appeared beside him. It was huge and forbidding. It was definitely taller and fiercer than any of the previous statues.

They could see traces of green energy surrounding the Regal Jade Beast statue.

Zen smiled faintly. Although he was just standing there, not saying anything, there was something subtly threatening about the way he touched the piece on the chessboard.

The moment that Chance had smashed the last statue, the cyan chessman on the board also crumbled and fell apart.

Now, Zen gently pushed another chessman forward, and the statue beside him rushed straight towards Chance.

It was difficult to conclude which type of Other Shore Token the Civilization Artifact was. It had various characteristics, including features of descending type, strengthening type, mysterious type, and even auxiliary type.

In order to evade the Nihility race, the Regal Jade Civilization had suppressed some of their power by hiding on Stage Thirteen. Yet it could still give Zen a terrifying force in the form of this chessboard, which was able to summon statues of Regal Jade Beasts.

Each time Zen summoned a statue, it would be more powerful than the statue before it. Thus the more frequently he summoned a statue, the stronger it would become.

However, the chessboard had one important flaw—it required a huge consumption of the divine crystals.

Zen hadn't wanted to use the Civilization Artifact in this fight. Unfortunately, Chance had left him with no other choice.

As the statue attacked Chance, Zen waved his hand again. Along with the new chessman on the board, another enormous statue appeared beside him. Zen touched the chessman and the new statue also rushed towards Chance.

At the sight of two statues attacking him, Chance began to feel a trace of fear.

He realized that every new statue was stronger than the last one. And he had no idea how many of these Zen could summon. Perhaps Zen had an endless array of these statues at his disposal.

The last destroyed statue had been the twelfth one, and it had eight hundred divine megatons of force. As Chance prepared to attack the two new statues, he wondered how powerful they were.

The moment they came close, he knew the answer.

The thirteenth statue had nine hundred divine megatons of force.

And the fourteenth one had one thousand divine megatons of force!

The power of the statues was increasing by one hundred divine megatons with each iteration. At the same time, they were becoming harder and taller.

Chance's sword clanged as he darted forward, slashing at the two statues.

He was thankful that the moving statues were very slow. They were unable to match his speed. Despite the force of his numerous attacks on these two statues, he only managed to cut off a few pieces of jade.

Ahmad and the other disciples could see that Chance was having a difficult time, and they exchanged confused glances.

The descending type of Other Shore Token was very powerful, in part because the owner did not need to bear the force. But it also had a limitation. It could not grow with the owner. So most of the ambitious people of the Other Shore Realm would never choose this kind of Other Shore Token for themselves.

However, Zen's statues were incredibly strong.

The guards of the Phoenix Palace also stood nearby, watching the battle between Zen and Chance.

Many of them used to be Oneness Guards. They were powerful and experienced.

At first, like the Phoenix Palace disciples, they had believed there was no doubt Chance would win.

After all, he was from the Land of Sword Grief!

But with every new statue that appeared, each one stronger than the statue before it, they began to feel uneasy. They felt that Chance actually had a chance of being defeated.

"There's no way he can just keep summoning as many statues as he wants. There has to be a limit."

"But we don't know that! For all we know, he could keep summoning new statues infinitely."

"If the strength and numbers of the statues keep increasing, they may overturn this entire place,"

said one of the guards solemnly.

The other guards stared at him, shaking their heads.

"No way!"

"Other Shore Tokens can be extremely powerful, but they have to be reasonable. Remember, that guy has only reached the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm. There's no way he could have gotten his hands on an invincible Other Shore Token."

Of course, the power of the Other Shore Tokens did not always strictly correspond to their stage. There were powerful tokens in Stage One, and there were tokens from Stage Thirteen that could be stronger than tokens from Stage Fourteen. But the variance in their level of power would not be too great.

There were some Other Shore Tokens that had the power to overturn the Oneness Sky Palace, but there was no way they would be found in Stage Thirteen on the Other Shore.

"Damn it!"

Chance shouted furiously. His hair stood on end with his exertions.

A primitive and unique force began forming inside his body.

At the same time, a melodious bell sounded.

"His blood!" cried the disciples.

"Chance's blood is pure.

He has just summoned the Bell of Eastern Emperor!"

Chance raised his sword slightly and said, "Suppress." He swept his sword across the two statues, and shadows appeared over each of them. Two huge bells were falling from the sky.

There was a clanging sound

as the bells landed.

The two statues were broken into pieces in the blink of an eye.

"Ha!" said Chance triumphantly.

He looked at Zen, intending to gloat, but instead he saw something terrifying

Zen still wore that faint smile. Next to him stood three statues. Each was taller and stronger than the two statues Chance had just destroyed.

Chapter 3354 Chance's Mother

There was a gentle tapping sound as Zen put his fingers on three pieces on the chessboard once again.

He instantly activated the 15th, 16th, and 17th Regal Jade Beast statues, which ran towards Chance.

Every time one more Regal Jade Beast was summoned and appeared, its strength and body grew significantly.

Generally speaking, the power of the three Regal Jade Beasts was comparable to that of the ordinary Chaotic Source Realm warrior, but they were slightly weaker when it came to physical strength.

Although Chance was a powerful warrior of the Chaotic Source Realm, it was difficult for him to fight against them. After all, he was outnumbered.

He bit his teeth and extracted the blood of his body. The blood red sword which seemed to contain endless amounts of power turned into a big bell, and then moved towards the Regal Jade Beasts to attack them.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Chance had easily killed the 15th Regal Jade Beast.

The 16th Regal Jade Beast, however, actually managed to withstand the Bell of Eastern Emperor's attack, but countless cracks burst on the surface of its body. The beast didn't break into pieces until Chance attacked it for the second time.

The 17th Regal Jade Beast was an exception. When the 17th Regal Jade Beast was hit by the Bell of Eastern Emperor, only one crack appeared on its body. It seemed that its physical body was terribly strong!

The guards who watched the battle from the distance all gasped at the scene.

"How terrifying this jade statue is!"

"Even though Chance has made use of the Other Shore Token and the bloodline theurgy, he still can't destroy it..."

"Can that man really make these jade statues become stronger and stronger?"

Speculations filled the air as such a crazy method was unheard of and totally out of the others' imaginations.

Even the disciples of the Phoenix Palace were amazed. Their faces darkened as they watched the shocking scene.

For them, Chance had always been invincible, but now he couldn't even touch Zen's sleeve and was completely tired of dealing with the statues. This result was completely beyond their expectation, and it made them upset.

As for Chance, all the color was drained from his face and he became speechless.

He was also confused.

How could an Other Shore Realm warrior be so powerful to deal with?

There was no doubt that he'd become everyone's laughing stock if Zen defeated him today.

Outraged, Chance madly squeezed his Other Shore Token and blood power. After he used the Bells of Eastern Emperor to attack the 17th Regal Jade Beast statue seven times, he finally smashed it into pieces.

"He is such a powerful Chaotic Source Realm warrior," Zen said flatly. The power Chance had released reached 2, 000 divine megatons.

With the help of the shadows of the Bells of Eastern Emperor, the power had increased by more than tenfold.

On the other hand, Zen also had something he was thankful for: if it wasn't for the Civilization Artifact, he would never defeat Chance.

It was no wonder the Chaotic Source Realm was known as the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. After one had successfully reached the Chaotic Source Realm, their body would be reinforced and possess an unparalleled strength.

And so, Zen had the slightest hint of expectation for the Chaotic Source World in his heart.

"But, the 18th and 19th Regal Jade Beasts should be able to defeat you..." he muttered.

Then, he put his finger on the chessboard and pushed out two more pieces.

The Regal Jade Spirit had told Zen that this Regal Jade chessboard was just a small one and could only accommodate 81 chess pieces. Zen was able to summon a limit of 81 Regal Jade creatures. Unfortunately, too many Regal Jade creatures would consume a great number of divine crystals.

If the Regal Jade Civilization reached the Desire World and got rid of the Lust World's suppression, it would be able to give Zen a bigger chessboard. There were 19 horizontal lines and 19 vertical lines on the chessboard, so there would be a total of 361 Regal Jade creatures that he could summon!

"Clang, clang, clang..."

Two Regal Jade Beasts of nearly ten feet tall ran quickly on the cyan stone path of the Phoenix Palace.

It took Chance a lot of Other Shore Power to destroy the three Regal Jade Beasts earlier. He looked exhausted at this point.

Now, Chance tried his best to hold on as he didn't want to disgrace Eastern Emperor Taiyi, especially since he was the emperor's direct descendant!

However, he no longer hoped to defeat Zen. He faced the Regal Jade Beasts that went straight for him, and then absorbed the divine crystals like mad to replenish the power of his Other Shore Token.

It was known that the Other Shore Power of the Other Shore Token could be replenished with the divine crystals, but the blood power could not. Thus, the only way for him to defeat the two Regal Jade Beasts was to extract his own blood power to the extreme.

"Shatter..."

Chance roared as he rushed headlong towards the two Regal Jade Beasts.

Shadows of the Bells of Eastern Emperor descended along his blood red sword blade as he unleashed terrifying power.

The path in the Phoenix Palace was an absolute wreck, but the two Regal Jade Beasts seemed to be made of fine iron. Only a mere crack surfaced on each of their bodies after the shadows of the Bells of Eastern Emperor had hit them. In other words, they weren't seriously affected.

Just as Chance attacked once more, one of the Regal Jade Beasts suddenly bolted forward and grabbed at him.

The Regal Jade Beast didn't have a special theurgy and only relied on its own strength and physical body.

Chance had dodged several attacks from the Regal Jade Beasts before, but the beasts' strength had been greatly enhanced. He had failed to dodge when the beast grasped him!

"Swish! Bang!"

The Regal Jade Beast lifted Chance up in the air, and then smashed him onto the ground.

The impact of the huge force caused the surrounding ground to tremble, and the walls on both sides of the palace were shattered. Laquisha, Nelly, Lavender, and the direct descendants also lost their balance and fell down.

The physical body of the Chaotic Source Realm warrior was extremely solid. On the other hand, an ordinary Other Shore Realm warrior who was under a similar attack would have been smashed to pieces.

However, Chance managed to withstand the attack.

"You..."

He still wanted to fight back, but when he was about to turn over, another Regal Jade Beast waved its thick palm and slapped him.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Despite the continuous attacks of the two Regal Jade Beasts, Chance still managed to endure them because his body had undergone the Chaotic Source Reinforcement!

"What a strong body..." Zen scowled and smacked his lips.

Even if he himself used the Shade Stone liquid to protect his body, he still couldn't resist the violent attacks from the two Regal Jade Beasts!

At this moment, Chance began to groan inwardly.

Chance's physical body, though fortified by the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, was now extremely fatigued. If he suffered a few more attacks, his physical body's strength would decline greatly and the Regal Jade Beasts would end up smashing him into a bloody pulp!

But what could he do? Give up? Beg for mercy?

As a direct descendant of the Phoenix Palace and the talent of the Land of Sword Grief, would he admit defeat to a disciple from the Oneness Sky Palace?

Driven by his strong self-esteem, Chance wasn't willing to do that.

While Chance was in despair, two ice crystals suddenly appeared beside him.

As soon as the two ice crystals emerged, they pummeled into the bodies of the two Regal Jade Beasts.

As a result, the emerald Regal Jade Beasts turned into two stiff, icy sculptures.

After that, a woman in a white gauze dress quietly appeared beside Chance. The moment she showed up, the temperature in the entire Phoenix Palace dropped by several degrees.

She stretched out her slender white fingers and gently stroked the two ice sculptures.

"Crash!"

The two ice sculptures shattered into pieces on the ground.

Chance groaned in pain, and then slowly adjusted his body. "Mother..." he called out and looked at the woman.

A few seconds later, another shout ripped through the cold air. "Mother!" Ahmad yelled and ran over from the distance.

"Who are you from? How dare you act wildly and atrociously in our Phoenix Palace?" the woman hissed.

She had quite an aloof face. She glared at Zen who stood not far away, her voice filled with rage.

Chapter 3355 More Important

The woman dressed in white was Lady Jean. She enjoyed a high position in the Phoenix Palace and was not shy about showing it.

When Chance was in the middle of a battle at the Heavenly Cultivation Palace, some maids saw it and immediately rushed off to tell Jean what was going on.

She rushed over, infuriated to see her son being beaten by two Regal Jade Beasts.

The guards saw Jean, exchanged a quick look and quietly slid away.

Other concubines could be reasoned with and spoken to easily, but Jean was cold and loved to let her anger out on others around her.

The guards had looked on when Chance was being beaten by the Regal Jade Beasts.

They were too weak to stop it, but if Jean were to turn to them in anger and ask questions, they'd have no way of defending themselves, and so they opted to run away from the situation.

Hearing Jean's words, Zen was helpless.

Like mother, like son. Chance and his mother were very much alike in character. Jean didn't even know what was going on and had immediately decided to criticize and blame Zen.

"Your son and I are sparring with each other. Why are you making such a fuss?" Zen retorted.

"Mother, he crumbled my sword right when he got here. Obviously he is here to cause trouble. Punish him!" Ahmad said whining.

Jean looked daggers at Zen and said, "As I said, you're acting wildly and atrociously. There's no way for you to deny it!"

She snorted in derision as pieces of ice crystals floated from her fingertips towards Zen.

The crystals were so icy cold that they would have shattered the jade statues into a million pieces if they so much as touched them.

The direct descendants all bubbled with excitement on seeing the ice crystals flying at Zen.

Most of them were proud and arrogant, always looking down upon the disciples outside of the Phoenix Palace. This attributed to the fact they all shared a bit of the blood of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Zen had beaten Chance in their territory and this was unacceptable to them.

They had taken it as not only a defeat to Chance, but to all the direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace.

This feeling writhing in their hearts, they watched eagerly in hope Zen would swiftly meet his demise.

Of course, Jean's cultivation base was higher than Chance's. Killing Zen would be a piece of cake for her.

Chance and Ahmad looked at Zen as a dead man walking. He was about to die and didn't even know it. Not a trace of fear appeared on his face. 'What an idiot!' thought Chance.

But the brothers soon changed their tone.

Not only did Zen show no fear, a smile now shaped his lips.

"Zen!"

"Watch out for the ice crystals!"

Lavender, Nelly, and Laquisha warned him, filled with angst.

They hadn't expected Jean to appear once Zen had won.

They had met her once before. Laquisha had trouble controlling the Sprite Fire and set fire to the Phoenix Palace. Jean happened to pass by and put the fire out.

She wanted to teach Laquisha a violent lesson but Flamine had stopped her.

From then on, Lavender, Nelly and Laquisha knew Jean was a tough one, but they didn't expect her to take Zen's life on her first attack!

Zen didn't flinch at the ice crystals floating in front of him. Instead, he slowly stretched his fingertips out towards the crystals.

The ice crystals with a deadly cold aura flew away, disappearing as if they had never even existed.

"What?"

Ahmad, Chance and the other direct descendants were all shocked.

Even if Zen could defeat Chance who had reached the Chaotic Source Realm, how could he deflate Jean's theurgy so easily?

The ice crystals might have looked ordinary but they were definitely not something Zen could withstand.

Jean remained stone cold and unflinching. "Lady Flamine, you're already here. Why are you hiding?" she said coldly.

A figure in cerise materialized silently next to Zen. There was a faint smile on Flamine's face as she said, "I gave Zen a token to enter, so he may walk freely in the Phoenix Palace. He's not making trouble here."

"He broke Ahmad's sword and hurt Chance. Don't you think that's a bit far for a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace?" Jean's eyes burned with anger.

Even in the face of Flamine, she wouldn't yield an inch.

Just then, Nelly came to Zen's side frowning and said, "Ahmad wanted to drive us away from the Phoenix Palace and almost killed Lavender. If not for Zen, he would have! Chance is even worse; even though he's a powerful warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm, he still fought Zen. Then you showed up acting like this after Zen had defeated them both. Aren't you ashamed?"

"Like mother, like son. They have no sense of shame," Laquisha added.

Lavender narrowed her eyes and with an air of caution, moved quietly beside Zen, snorted and said nothing.

Being jeered by Nelly and Laquisha only infuriated Jean more.

She was a high-ranking figure here. How dare they speak to her this way?

"Shut your mouth! You are asking for death to come calling!" Jean clenched her fists. Ice crystals began appearing above them, quickly turning into a snowstorm sweeping straight towards Zen and his women.

The ice crystals she cast could freeze a space forever. If a person was covered with her ice crystals, they were as good as dead.

The fierce snowstorm was about to engulf them when Flamine raised her hands and layers of golden flames spurt out and fluttered through the air.

Splash!

With a flick of the divine flames of the Sun Crow race, the snowstorm had dissipated.

"Lady Jean, that's enough. Please go back to your place and rest," said Flamine.

"Lady Flamine! Are you really going to protect these lowly outsiders?" Jean snapped. Her pretty face twisted in anger.

The Phoenix Palace might have seemed peaceful and serene, but the concubines were always in disagreements with one another.

Jean and Flamine had never been on good terms. And now, Ahmad and Chance were beat and Flamine sided with the outsiders? Jean could not make sense of this.

"Lowly outsiders?" A smile of mockery crossed Flamine's face. "Firstly, they are the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, not lowly outsiders. Secondly, they are friends of my daughter."

"Friends?" Jean smiled disdainfully and was about to respond, but Flamine interrupted her.

"Thirdly, compared to us, Zen is much more important to the Oneness Sky Palace!"

Zen was the only one capable of deciphering the Truth Enlightenment.

Based on that, Zen was indeed more important to the Oneness Sky Palace than the concubines of the Phoenix Palace.

Jean's heart skipped a beat at Flamine's words. Zen? More important than them?

What made him so important?

This was a hard pill to swallow and she thought Flamine was probably lying to her anyway.

"I don't care what you say. I won't let this matter go to rest unless you hand them over!" Jean said coldly.

"So you want to fight me?" asked Flamine with a menacing smile.

Chapter 3356 Be Summoned

Jean's eyes glinted dangerously as she began to assess the weight of the situation.

Even though her strength was comparable to Flamine's, it was unwise to fight Flamine openly within the Phoenix Palace.

In any case, she was cautious enough not to do anything foolish. Moreover, Flamine said that Zen held a greater importance in the Oneness Sky Palace than they did.

If Zen was truly significant to the palace, she wouldn't want to further complicate things. Otherwise, her position in the Phoenix Palace would be at stake. Once Eastern Emperor Taiyi punished her, she would be demoted from her current position.

Meanwhile, Flamine merely stood there waiting calmly, with a charming smile etched on her face.

In actuality, she had set this trap up. The only thing she had to do now was wait for Jean to take the bait and walk into it.

The tension in the area was almost palpable. Even the direct descendants felt their hearts pounding against their ribs.

It was not that big of a deal for the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace to fight in the Phoenix Palace.

However, it would be a serious matter if the two wives of the emperor fought there. Moreover, both of them held high positions.

Zen and the others remained quiet while assessing the current scenario. He surmised that Flamine was confident enough to challenge Jean on the spot.

Boom!

All of a sudden, they heard a melodious chime coming from the depths of the Phoenix Palace. It rang all throughout the entire palace.

Flamine, Jean, and the direct descendants turned their heads toward the direction of the chime.

Afterwards, they heard a loud booming voice. It was such a magnificent sound that resonated from the depths of the Phoenix Palace.

"Zen, come here and meet Eastern Emperor Taiyi."

The entirety of the Phoenix Palace heard the voice clearly.

"He is awake!" Flamine wasn't able to hide her surprise.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had been cultivating in solitude for such a long time. This worried the other people in the Phoenix Palace.

Jean also showed a flash of surprise on her face. Eastern Emperor Taiyi finally woke up. But instead of summoning someone from their palace, the first person he wanted to see was Zen?

"With all due respect, Lady Flamine, who do you mean?" Zen asked courteously.

Flamine responded with a smile and said, "It's Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Make haste. He already summoned you. I'll escort you there."

"You'll be showing me the way?" Zen exchanged looks with Nelly, Lavender and Laquisha. One thing was for certain. They were all dumbfounded.

Jean was extremely narrow-minded. What would happen if she got mad at the girls after he left with Flamine? After all, they wouldn't be able to resist clashing with a strong warrior like her.

Nonetheless, Flamine perfectly understood what worried Zen. She casually said, "There is no need to worry. This is the Phoenix Palace. Even though some of the people here might be unreasonable, they are not completely foolish. They won't tempt fate and bring about their own deaths."

The first person Eastern Emperor Taiyi wanted to meet after he just woke up was Zen. Even a fool would be able to grasp the true importance of Zen.

No matter how senseless Jean was, she wouldn't kill Nelly and the other two. In addition to that, the Phoenix Palace was not exactly huge. Masters like Flamine would be able to cover it easily with her spiritual sense.

After hearing that, Zen turned to the three girls and said, "Kindly wait for me in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace."

Nelly, Lavender, and Laquisha had already been living in the Phoenix Palace for a considerable period of time. In that time, they had heard so much about the Oneness Sky Palace. The legend of Eastern Emperor Taiyi had an even greater impact on them. They found it extremely fascinating.

He was a great warrior who gathered and established an outstanding force of the humans using his own strength. Moreover, he was the supreme leader of the Oneness Sky Palace!

The moment he finished his cultivation in seclusion, he wanted to meet Zen. For this, they felt incredibly honored and proud.

"Understood!" Laquisha and Nelly nodded their heads in response. Meanwhile, Lavender smiled at him and tilted her head to one side. It was a good thing that the girls accepted this order obediently.

With that said, Flamine turned around and led the way. Zen followed her politely.

Ahmad and Chance remained rooted to the spot. They were completely stunned. Chance was even more shocked by the unexpected turn of events.

He had rarely seen his father, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, over the last several years. Yet, his father wanted to meet Zen who was merely a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace. What on earth was happening?

"Mother, where exactly does this guy come from?" Chance asked Jean out of confusion.

"How was I supposed to know?!" Jean retorted. "You harassed him without even knowing his background? You are always causing problems for me!"

Jean was in no way inferior to Flamine when it came to strength. However, she was always at a disadvantage because Flamine had been favored by Eastern Emperor Taiyi the moment she got promoted. If Flamine chose to tell him of this incident, her current position would be in jeopardy.

Sensing their mother's anger, both Chance and Ahmad were now trembling with fear.

Chance felt wronged. She also wanted to kill Zen even before knowing his background. He wasn't the only one at fault.

However, he didn't dare say these thoughts out loud. He had no intention of contradicting his mother.

With a cold expression on her face, Jean just huffed and stormed off.

True to what Flamine said, it was obvious she wouldn't do anything stupid. She wouldn't hurt those three girls.

On their way towards the emperor, Zen finally saw a chance to ask about something that he was always curious about. He turned to Flamine and inquired, "Lady Flamine, is there no empress in the Phoenix Palace?"

In his own perception, people were often fond of becoming emperors in the mortal world.

Such eye-catching titles could easily gather and reinforce their imperial power.

Meanwhile, people in the world of warriors cultivated themselves by defying the laws of nature. They honored strength above all else. Even with a good title, one would be kicked out of the throne sooner or later if they were not strong enough.

One's lifespan would last long after they reached the True God Realm. After that, they normally would not care about titles anymore.

Therefore, except the four divine kingdoms in the Lower World, the great forces Zen had ever met rarely established divine kingdoms. Moreover, in the divine land, those forces would only claim themselves as powerful clans.

However, it seemed that the Source World had retaken the hierarchy of the secular world once more.

Hearing this, Flamine smiled. "We are different from the Nine Li race, the Bearing race, and the Divine Farmer race. They all take blood relationship as their basis, so each of them is more closely united than us. Eastern Emperor Taiyi established the Oneness Sky Palace in the Bloom Divine Province because he wanted to gather all the humans that were dispersed all throughout the Source World. He did it to form another human force. As a result, we need to make use of the hierarchy of a kingdom," she graciously explained.

The seven emperors of the seven mountains settled in the Bloom Divine Province. They formed an orthodox force and welcomed all humans from all over the world.

In the old days, it had been difficult for Eastern Emperor Taiyi to establish a strong force of humans. Instead of wasting his energy in creating a new system, he chose to use the traditional titles and routines. Thus, this hierarchy was formed.

"There is definitely no empress in this palace," Flamine finally confirmed while grinning.

Nevertheless, some of Eastern Emperor Taiyi's wives, specifically Jean, had tried many times to compete for the empress throne. However, she was rejected by Eastern Emperor Taiyi every time.

Flamine continued to explain this to Zen while they walked into the depths of the Phoenix Palace.

As soon as they stopped walking, an exquisite three-story pavilion came into sight. Compared to the magnificent halls he saw while walking inside the Phoenix Palace, this seemed a bit simpler.

"You can go inside now, Zen." Flamine stopped walking as soon as they reached the pavilion. Her escort duty to Zen had been fulfilled.

"I'm going in alone?" Zen was taken aback. He thought Flamine would accompany him inside as well.

Flamine nodded in response. "He only summoned you. Hence, you have to enter by yourself."

Zen looked at the simple door of the pavilion. Promptly, he stepped forward.

The pavilion was indeed small but the interior design was very elegant. As soon as he stepped inside it, a faint fragrance greeted his nose. He couldn't quite place what the fragrance was. Nevertheless, it somehow made him feel peaceful.

A thin veil covered the main hall of the pavilion. It was such a delicate fabric yet it concealed whatever it had behind it.

As Zen walked closer to it, the veil curtains automatically opened and moved toward the sides.

He saw a simple yet ancient-looking screen bearing an illustration of an exquisitely huge bell standing in the middle of the main hall. This bell looked exactly the same as the Bell of Eastern Emperor that Chance had activated with his blood.

"Zen?"

A middle-aged man clothed in a grey robe came out from the side of the screen.

This man wore a purple and gold crown upon his head. He had a square face, his eyes looked as sharp as hawk's, and his facial expression was serious. It commanded a magnificent presence. He was the great Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

"Yes." Zen cupped his hands together and bowed to him.

Chapter 3357 Zen's Request

Eastern Emperor Taiyi stared at Zen, a smile cracking through his serious face.

He was always a gravely serious man; Zen didn't know how rare this smile was.

He stretched a finger towards Zen as he smiled.

The finger released the powerful, sharp radiance like a sword. This was a technique that could be performed by any ordinary swordsman.

Naturally, however, as it was Eastern Emperor Taiyi employing the finger strike, it was incredibly powerful.

Zen felt that the finger strike contained the aura of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent's Truth Enlightenment.

Seeing the finger strike heading straight for him, Zen too stretched out a finger. A white spiral burst from his finger's radiance and he began making use of the Truth Enlightenment as well.

"Phew!"

"Whoosh!"

"Swish..."

Zen launched an attack with his finger and Eastern Emperor Taiyi moved slightly and avoided it, responding with a horizontal chop of his own.

Zen reacted by gently moving his finger upward, and with a flip of his hand, he instantly stopped the chop coming at him.

In the blink of an eye, they had exchanged more than ten moves.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi restrained his strength to a very low level, only fighting Zen with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

Zen had comprehended more content of the Truth Enlightenment than he had. His finger radiance was sharper and more formidable than Eastern Emperor Taiyi's, suppressing Eastern Emperor Taiyi's every attack and forcing him to give up over and over.

"I was on the Other Shore for quite a while this time, leaving only a soul fragment here. When anything important happened in the Oneness Sky Palace, Athemar and the others would report it to my soul fragment. After I came back and fused with the soul fragment, I was very surprised by you," said Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Zen pretended not to understand and asked innocently, "Why? What is it that has shocked you?"

"I have been studying the Truth Enlightenment for many years, too many. I once contemplated giving it up. Altogether I've only deciphered about 100 words. But you, only around 100 years old, have already surpassed me in deciphering the Sanskrit words. That is what has me shocked," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said earnestly.

He was the man responsible for the construction of the orthodox human force. His goal was to achieve the ultimate level in all respects, such as deciphering the Sanskrit words, and cultivating the swordsmanship.

The Truth Enlightenment had hindered him for too long. He hadn't achieved anything until only recently.

However, after comprehending about a hundred words, the difficulty once again ramped up massively. There was no telling when he would completely decipher the two Sanskrit words.

"I'm flattered," Zen responded courteously.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi shook his head and said, "Our Oneness Sky Palace is very lucky that Athemar led you in. May I ask you a question? Do you believe you can decipher the entire Truth Enlightenment?"

In truth, Geoffrey had already deciphered it all.

But Zen would not tell him that.

Instead, his face saddened and he said, "The structures of the Sanskrit words of the Truth Enlightenment are extremely special. It's indeed very difficult to find a correct answer and decipher them, but I've found a method I think could make it possible."

He actually had no idea how to decipher the Sanskrit words.

He had just heard these words from Geoffrey and decided to vomit them out now.

When he met Athemar, Zen knew that sooner or later he would meet Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

He hoped to rebuild the Nine Li race and the Oneness Sky Palace was the best ally he could have in his mission, especially considering they were against the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race.

With this in mind, Zen knew he should agree to a favor asked of him by Eastern Emperor Taiyi. But telling him deciphering the Sanskrit words was a piece of cake for Geoffrey was just not possible.

"You have found a method? What kind of method?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked, brimming with curiosity.

Deciphering the Truth Enlightenment was important work, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi was particularly interested in getting it done. After all, he had spent too much time and energy on deciphering the two Sanskrit words.

"The..." Zen hesitated before saying, "The method is difficult to explain. The process relies heavily on inspiration and guesses."

Deciphering the Sanskrit words was something that was both mysterious and rigid. It was impossible for Zen to accurately describe it, because it was far from an easy task. Otherwise, all of the Sanskrit words in the world would be deciphered effortlessly.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was eager to examine Zen's memory, but since doing so was quite rude, he opted against it.

"All right." Eastern Emperor Taiyi waved his hand. "Last time Athemar told me that you have deciphered and comprehended 150 words of the Truth Enlightenment. Have you made any progress since?"

"I've been cultivating on the Other Shore since then. I haven't had much time, but I've deciphered more than 200 words," Zen replied.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi's eyes lit up once more.

According to Zen, it might be possible to decipher all the content of the Truth Enlightenment, but it could take from ten to over ten thousand years...

If Zen had deciphered 50 more words in his spare time, Eastern Emperor Taiyi believed that at this speed, it wouldn't be long till he deciphered all of it.

"May I have a look?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked, his voice trembling with eagerness.

Zen obliged happily.

He had intended to help him anyway, and he still had to tell him about the matter of the Nine Li race. As he saw it, he would exchange the Truth Enlightenment for his help. He just needed to see if Eastern Emperor Taiyi had the resolve and courage to assist him.

Zen took out a pen and a paper and began writing.

In a matter of moments, he had written the translation of the Truth Enlightenment.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi took the paper and examined the words. He recited the words silently to himself, a strong sense of admiration washing over him.

He then carefully folded the paper and said, "Chiyou is lucky to have you as his grandson, but unfortunately..."

When the Nine Li race was destroyed, the Oneness Sky Palace was overtaken by tension and shock because of what happened. Eastern Emperor Taiyi felt sorry for them and that feeling had always lived in his heart.

After the Nine Li race was destroyed, there were only three of the four great orthodox human forces left.

It was obvious that the Oneness Sky Palace did not support the Bearing race, and it seemed they would attack the Oneness Sky Palace sooner or later.

Emperor Charm, who once had a good relationship with Eastern Emperor Taiyi, had turned his back on him. This was all part of the Bearing race's plot.

Hearing the sigh of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Zen stood silently.

"What do you want?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi suddenly asked.

All swordsmen could benefit greatly from the Truth Enlightenment.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi did not think Zen would give over the translation without asking for something in return.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had also just alluded to the Nine Li race, which must mean he had seen through Zen's thoughts and known what was coming.

Since Eastern Emperor Taiyi had asked him directly, Zen answered him directly, "I want to rebuild the Nine Li race and I wish for the Oneness Sky Palace to assist me."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was not surprised at all. He waved his hand and said, "I can help you. The whole Oneness Sky Palace will help you, but not yet."

"Then, when will you help me?" Zen asked.

"When the war between them fully begins," answered Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Most people would probably not know who "them" referred to.

However, Zen had explored the Dark Region and he had inherited the Civilization Artifact. He also understood that those super forces in the Source World were basically the spokespersons of certain civilizations.

"Does 'them' you just talked about refer to the previous civilizations?" Zen asked.

"You know of this?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi was truly taken aback this time.

He thought Zen, who had just reached Stage Thirteen, didn't even know the layout of the Other Shore. How could he know the existence of those civilizations?

Several Oneness Governors would from time to time report important information to Eastern Emperor Taiyi's soul fragment.

But he still had no knowledge of the fact that Zen had stepped into the Dark Region, and that Elvinia had become a purified being.

Chapter 3358 Leaving

"Yes, I've heard of them," Zen responded along with a nod.

In fact, he was not merely aware of them.

He had the full support of the Regal Jade Civilization, one of the top ten civilizations.

With Zen's improvements on the Other Shore, the Regal Jade Civilization would have a far-reaching advantage if they were to join the games again.

Meanwhile, Eastern Emperor Taiyi gazed deeply at Zen, as if deep in thought.

Ever since the establishment of the Oneness Sky Palace, he had seen a number of young people with extraordinary strengths and talents.

However, no one had ever come close to Zen's excellence.

After their short discussion, Eastern Emperor Taiyi found that Zen kept many secrets, which made him feel that he could not see him through.

"You know much, but your cultivation is still too low," Eastern Emperor Taiyi muttered. "But as you know, the Chaotic Source World will be opened soon. For the Other Shore Realm warriors, the Chaotic Source Reinforcement is an important threshold they must cross. You must seize this opportunity."

"I have been fully prepared," replied Zen, bowing his head.

He had said this but in actuality, he was a little confused.

Based on Chance's performance, the corporeal body of the Chaotic Source Realm proved to be very strong.

However, if Zen absorbed a few more Shade Stones and used them to protect his body, he would surely have the physical strength as strong as those who went through the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, maybe even stronger than them.

Was it even necessary for the warriors at the Other Shore Realm to undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement?

After a few minutes, Zen left Eastern Emperor Taiyi's place.

Their meeting didn't last long, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi hadn't actually given Zen anything. But at the end of the day, Zen had gotten exactly what he wanted, namely Eastern Emperor Taiyi's promise.

There had to be countless rare treasures and theurgies in the Oneness Sky Palace, but Zen wanted nothing to do with them. Moreover, he was not interested in garnering a bubble reputation.

After Zen left, a person emerged from a corner in Eastern Emperor Taiyi's pavilion. The long cerise dress outlined her slim figure. It was Flamine.

"Your Majesty, why didn't you summon me but Zen after you woke up?" said Flamine, flustered and frustrated. Before Eastern Emperor Taiyi, she was a very gentle woman.

"My dear, you know very well of Zen's importance," Eastern Emperor Taiyi responded, taking her in his arms. "If I get the Truth Enlightenment, I may be able to make a further breakthrough in swordsmanship."

"I'm sure you will make progress in swordsmanship sooner or later," she responded in a coquettish tone. "Take your time."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi shook his head. "In fact, there is not much time left. At this very moment, a catastrophe is happening on the Other Shore."

"A catastrophe?" Flamine gasped, holding her finger tips to her lips.

"Yes, I'm afraid they are eager for action." Eastern Emperor Taiyi's eyes revealed his worry. "At this point, it doesn't matter if I die. But I can't bear to see the countless living creatures in the Bloom Divine Province suffer."

In the several provinces under the jurisdiction of the Oneness Sky Palace, many clans were thriving with populations of at least ten billion. If the Oneness Sky Palace became involved, how would these people ever be able to defend themselves?

Flamine noticed the look on Eastern Emperor Taiyi's face and comforted him, "They were born at this time, so they won't be able to escape such a catastrophe. If we lose, they will have nowhere to stay in the whole chaos, let alone the Bloom Divine Province. Unless they have the needed qualifications to hide on the Other Shore."

The only shield in the chaos was the Other Shore.

But who knew how many people could just hide on the Other Shore in a round of civilization?

"Even if we escape to the Other Shore, we may not escape death," Eastern Emperor Taiyi continued.

"Why is that?" Flamine asked, wondering what could be so bad about the escape.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi looked at her, seeing that she did not know much. "They want to destroy everything, including the Other Shore."

Flamine's eyes grew wide, her hands suddenly covering her mouth. "What?! That's crazy!"

Even if the chaos was destroyed, the supreme masters in the Source World would eventually have a way out. They could hide on the Other Shore to save themselves.

This was the privilege of the strong.

Flamine knew the consequences of destroying the Other Shore, so this idea took her by surprise.

"I will not discuss this now." Eastern Emperor Taiyi shook his head, changing the subject. "Several days ago, you said you wanted a talk with me. What's the matter?"

In fact, Flamine was going to ask Eastern Emperor Taiyi for help. She was at a loss of what to do with Elvinia.

But when she needed help, Eastern Emperor Taiyi was still on the Other Shore.

Flamine smiled and said, "Don't worry about it. Elvinia has recovered well."

"Elvinia? What happened to her?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked with concern. He was always concerned about his youngest daughter, Elvinia, who had extraordinary talents.

"She... She has become a purified being," Flamine said.

"A purified being?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi was stunned by the news.

He knew exactly what purified being meant. A purified being was a powerhouse who ruled an entire stage on the Other Shore.

"Yes." Flamine nodded.

"How could this be possible? Purified beings only come from the Other Shore. How did Elvinia become one?" This surprised Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

"Actually, Zen has something to do with it," said Flamine.

"It's him again!" After Eastern Emperor Taiyi departed from the Other Shore, he was able to gather interesting information that had something to do with Zen. Zen's name appeared too many times for him to forget it.

"It's a long story," Flamine expressed. "But I'll make sure to explain it to you in detail."

When Zen returned to the Heavenly Cultivation Palace, he saw that Nelly, Lavender, and Laquisha had packed their clothes and were about to leave.

After everything that happened with Jean, it was pointless for them to stay at the Phoenix Palace.

However, just as they approached the gate of the Heavenly Cultivation Palace, Elvinia suddenly appeared before them.

"You have recovered?" Zen asked with a genuine smile.

Elvinia's posture was tall, and her expression was as cold as ice. She wore a long blue dress, looking quite elegant and sophisticated.

It was hard to read her, especially with coldness in her blue eyes.

The Memory Flame recorded everything. After Teague's memory was removed, her memory had been completely restored. This made everything clear to her, especially the incident in the Dark Region.

Recalling that she had followed Zen like a little puppy, she blushed in embarrassment.

"Little Master!"

"Little Master, you've finally recovered!"

Nelly, Laquisha and Lavender were happy to see Elvinia healthy and well, most especially because of Elvinia's kindness towards them all.

"It seems that you're heading somewhere." Elvinia blinked, looking at all the bags they carried. "Are you leaving?"

"Yes," Laquisha responded. "Thanks to you in these days, our cultivation base has improved by leaps and bounds. But we seem to have offended Lady Jean, and we don't want to cause more trouble by staying in the Phoenix Palace."

"Lady Jean? What happened?" Elvinia frowned. She was unaware of this.

"When you were gone, they..." Nelly told Elvinia what had happened recently.

After hearing Nelly's explanation, Elvinia felt a chill come over her. "Chance? Ahmad? They are quite bold!" she sneered.

No descendants of the Phoenix Palace ever dared to offend Elvinia.

Even a Chaotic Source Realm cultivator like Chance would make a detour if he ever came across her.

Little did she know that they started a fight when she was gone.

Chapter 3359 The Ticket

Elvinia accepted them as disciples just on a whim, not formally.

But after some time, they developed quite a good relationship.

Now, when Elvinia saw that Nelly and the other two were going to leave soon, sadness overcame her. "There's no need for you to leave," she said, like an afterthought.

"But..." Nelly gave Zen a look.

Before the latter could say anything, Elvinia walked up to take Nelly's hand and stood before Lavender and Laquisha. She glared at Zen coldly and said, "Although I can't call myself their master, we've been getting along well these days. You can't just take them with you."

Elvinia's behavior both angered and amused Zen in return. He knew that at the beginning, she took them to the Phoenix Palace with an ulterior motive.

"I've offended Lady Jean. If they stay in the Phoenix Palace, I can't guarantee their safety," Zen said calmly.

The narrow-minded Jean carried much resentment in her heart. Since she couldn't take it out on Zen, she was likely to cause Nelly, Lavender, and Laquisha some trouble. Zen didn't want to allow that to happen.

"I promise I'll keep them safe and sound at the palace," Elvinia assured him.

"How? When the Chaotic Source World opens, won't you also leave the Oneness Sky Palace? How will you protect them then?" Zen questioned skeptically.

"I will leave them to my mother, and I won't let anything happen to them," Elvinia said firmly. Turning to Lavender and the other two, she said softly, "Please stay in the Phoenix Palace."

Elvinia's determination piqued Zen's curiosity.

It seemed the damage to her Memory Flame somehow affected her personality as well.

When Laquisha, Nelly, and Lavender heard Elvinia's request, they exchanged uncertain glances. "Zen," Nelly then uttered, "we'd better stay at the Phoenix Palace for now..."

Seeing Elvinia's sincerity, the three felt unwilling to leave. Pursing his lips, Zen merely shrugged and agreed.

Although he could give them good cultivation resources, he knew that they could learn a lot more at the Phoenix Palace than with him. If Elvinia was that certain she could take care of them, then Zen would let them have that opportunity.

After he returned to the Flow Sword Sect, Zen began sorting out the Other Shore Tokens he had obtained in the Dark Region.

In addition to the Civilization Artifact, the two Hearts of Accomplice along with the Regal Jade Beast Elvinia had killed were the most precious objects.

Upon their death, the Regal Jade creatures would turn into statues which served as their corpses.

If Zen fused with the statue, it would greatly strengthen the defense level of his physical body. He could even transform into a Regal Jade body. This was known as an auxiliary type of Other Shore Token.

Such an Other Shore Token was indeed rare, but Zen could only fuse with three Other Shore Tokens. The Strength God Totem was responsible for his power's eruption, the demonic eye could disturb his opponent's mind at the most critical moments, and the Civilization Artifact served as Zen's core token.

The three of them were indispensable, so before entering the Desire World, he did not intend to replace any of them.

The two Hearts of Accomplice were even more precious.

Zen had Dorothy give one of the two to the Origin Mountain, planning to keep the other. After Winchell knew of the matter, he, Athemar, and Goran went to purchase it right away.

It was an important item for a super force—it was only natural that Athemar and the rest were eager to possess it.

Such a token could give one the ability to kill a top-level opponent by sacrificing their own life. While it was a powerful weapon for a super force, it wasn't exactly suitable for Zen's needs. He would've never allowed his companions to fuse with it at the cost of their lives.

Before the opening of the Chaotic Source World, Zen began his cultivation as well.

It wasn't particularly difficult to comprehend the Blood Essence Godly Way, but fusing it with the other Godly Ways was another matter. While he had enough time, Zen still had extreme difficulty fusing successfully.

Zen also needed to enter the Flow Tower to cultivate the Flow Swordsmanship.

But with Letitia and Margaret's company, it seemed as though time went by too fast.

After two months, Milo finally recovered and returned.

The last time he used a secret skill, his soul was damaged severely, putting him in a long-lasting coma. The Flow Sword Sect poured many efforts into his recovery, paying a great price for it.

He then began his cultivation in seclusion after visiting Zen.

Now, there were only two months left before the Chaotic Source World was opened to the public. Naturally, Milo wasn't willing to miss the opportunity, so he wasted no time improving his cultivation base and strength.

During this period of time, the atmosphere in the Oneness Sky Palace became quiet.

Almost all of the disciples who had reached Stage Thirteen were cultivating.

A ticket to the Chaotic Source World was highly precious—the Oneness Sky Palace wasn't exempted from striving hard for more tickets. But in the end, they couldn't garner enough. A bulk would be eliminated and couldn't go to the Chaotic Source World. Of course, no one wanted to come across that misfortune.

And it wasn't only the Oneness Sky Palace; all the super forces in the Source World were facing a similar situation.

Even these super forces had competed for the tickets behind the scenes. Some small clans and forces bought the tickets even when the prices spiked up sky-high in the black market of the Ear Mouse race.

In the Black Mountain Guild, the stink lingered atop the Black Mountain.

Numerous corpses were piled up there, forming a little mountain of their own.

They belonged to huge beetles, evil wolves, and other creatures of various strange shapes.

When they were alive, all these creatures were extraordinarily strong, having reached at least the twelfth or thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm.

But they had all fallen during the vicious battle on the Black Mountain.

"Awoo!"

With a final, great roar, a huge fierce ape rushed toward the Evil God.

Even as the ape was severely injured, it was unwilling to accept the fact.

So long as it killed the human being in front of it, it could gain the ticket to the Chaotic Source World.

Another step and it could succeed.

The Evil God watched the approaching fierce ape with a wicked smile.

When he pointed at it gently, his soul aura burst from his body.

It was extraordinarily strong. It flowed and rushed toward the fierce ape.

The moment the creature was enveloped by the aura, it almost lost itself.

"Why is his Soul of Light... so powerful?"

In the ape's confusion, it felt a sharp pain at the back of its head. Its consciousness was then smashed in an instant. Its huge and strong head fell to pieces.

The Evil God merely stepped on the ape's corpse and continued up to the peak of the mountain.

Now, he alone stood proudly on the Black Mountain.

The monsters and beasts of the Black Mountain Guild all looked up at him from afar.

"It's too easy," said the Evil God as he stood atop the mountain. He then took out the token of the Black Mountain Guild and crushed it in his hand with pride. Looking up to the sky, he mumbled, "Will you be late?"

The Black Ship was approaching him from the sky.

It was moving rapidly, almost ominously.

When it stopped right by the Black Mountain, Shera, clad in a long black dress, descended from it and stopped right above the Evil God.

"Don't stand above me," growled the Evil God.

"Cut the crap. Take it and come with us."

Without another word, she threw a black card at him. It was a ticket to the Chaotic Source World.

61
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3360 Arrival
Chapter 3361 A Huge Black Egg
Chapter 3362 Large Races Gathered
Chapter 3363 Target
Chapter 3364 Threat
Chapter 3365 The Black Ship Came
Chapter 3366 The Soul Devouring Demon
Chapter 3367 Teach Him A Lesson
Chapter 3368 Inner-world Generating Avatar
Chapter 3369 At A Random Order
Chapter 3370 The Wind
Chapter 3371 Sea Dragon Race
Chapter 3372 Pursue And Attack
Chapter 3373 Getting Excited
Chapter 3374 Protection
Chapter 3375 An Amber Crystal
Chapter 3376 The Stone Pillar In The Cave
Chapter 3377 Fierce Ants
Chapter 3378 A Silver Haired Young Man
Chapter 3379 Pouring Out
Chapter 3380 The Living Puppet Chains
Chapter 3381 The Queen Ant
Chapter 3382 The Sturdy Body
Chapter 3383 The Queen Ant's Flaw
Chapter 3384 Collapse
Chapter 3385 Fighting
Chapter 3386 The Heavenly South Bow
Chapter 3387 An Area Insulated From Wind
Chapter 3388 Flying Against The Hurricane
Chapter 3389 Stench Of Blood
Chapter 3390 Being Chased
Chapter 3391 Dangerous Situation
Chapter 3392 Being Overbearing
Chapter 3393 Begging For Mercy

Chapter 3394 The Main Peak
Chapter 3395 Provocation
Chapter 3396 The Clanging Sound
Chapter 3397 Gaining Nothing
Chapter 3398 The Arrays For Shielding
Chapter 3399 Stalagmites
Chapter 3400 Rock Giants
Chapter 3401 Huge Eye
Chapter 3402 The Eligible Targets
Chapter 3403 Sculptures
Chapter 3404 Unexpected Attack
Chapter 3405 The Purpose
Chapter 3406 One Last Chance
Chapter 3407 Shut Up
Chapter 3408 Break The Main Peak
Chapter 3409 Joining Hands For The Moment
Chapter 3410 The Mother Emerged
Chapter 3411 A Bloody Eye
Chapter 3412 Cyan Silk Cloth
Chapter 3413 The Braveness Rain
Chapter 3414 The Second Flaw
Chapter 3415 The Flaws Of The Chaos

Chapter 3360 Arrival

The ticket to the Chaotic Source World was actually a slice of divine crystal which was cut in a very clever manner.

Four small runes that were drawn on the ticket absorbed the internal divine crystal energy and spread it around. If any of its corners was damaged, the entire ticket would be broken into pieces.

It was safe to say that since the ticket to the Chaotic Source World was too precious, many creatures had dared to make copies of it.

That was why the tickets were made in such a clever way, to prevent plagiarism.

The Evil God held the ticket close to his face, then looked at it with a critical eye.

He had suffered a lot during his time in the Black Mountain Guild, especially when he was a newcomer. Some warriors at the Other Shore Realm had even subdued him too much with their Other Shore Tokens.

Yet, he never yielded. In fact, he had even made rapid progress in just a short amount of time. Eventually, he had gotten to either defeat or kill those who had once repressed him.

He had gone through so much for just this little ticket.

He casually tucked it into the space ring and said, "Is there any way to get me a space ring on the Other Shore? I got so many Other Shore Tokens but I can't take them away. What a pity!"

It was actually easy to create Sumeru Space on the Other Shore. The super powers usually raised Thunder Beasts in their temples and they all had their own unique technology to make space rings.

The only thing was Evil God had always acted on his own and had no contact with the others on the Other Shore. Who would make a space ring for him?

He had wanted to rush into the temples and force them to carve a space ring for him. But to his disappointment, they had set up restriction against the outsiders in their temples. No matter how strong his Soul of Light was, there was nothing he could do.

Therefore, he had no choice but to throw away many tokens he'd obtained on the Other Shore, save for some extremely valuable ones that were hidden in his Soul of Light. That was really a great pity for him.

When Shera heard his words, she glanced contemptuously at him and said, "The Other Shore Tokens obtained in the Lust World are just rubbish. It's not a waste to throw them away. Besides, we don't have any allies in the Lust World."

The Black Ship had a very small population, but each of its members was a peerless master. They wouldn't have gone to the Lust World if it weren't for some special reasons.

"No! You are rubbish!" Evil God spat back.

He truly hated it when others doubted him. It was just like his time in the Black Mountain Guild all over again, wherein he killed anyone who ever dared to question him.

Suddenly, Shera turned around. Her eyes glittered coldly under her sleek, black bangs.

If it was another man who had provoked her like this, she would have killed him already. But now, she resisted the urge to tear Evil God up despite his arrogance.

Then, she reached out to pinch in the air above Evil God.

Evil God, who was an arrogant and invincible man in the Black Mountain Guild, was deformed by her squeeze without any ability to resist.

After that, Shera threw him abruptly into the Black Ship. The ship then started to speed up to the west.

At the same time, Athemar kept his promise and gave Zen a pile of tickets.

Zen held a pile of black cards in hand, which emitted a faint aura of divine crystal.

The Oneness Sky Palace didn't get many tickets to the Chaotic Source World this time. Moreover, all the sects of the seven mountains had to share the tickets.

As a result, the Flow Sword Sect got less. It wasn't easy for Athemar to get seven tickets for him.

"This ticket is so elaborate," Zen muttered to himself as he walked towards the house opposite to his.

As the opening time of the Chaotic Source World approached, Hutton, Sally and the others became more and more nervous.

That day, Athemar just promised that he would try his best to get the tickets, but all of them clearly knew how rare the tickets were.

"Hutton… What if the Oneness Sky Palace can't get us tickets?" Sally asked worriedly.

Hutton, who sat on the couch in the courtyard, shook his head and said, "We have no choice but to wait for the charity from them now."

"Then Grandpa's hope would be deflated. We'd gain nothing from our journey!" came Umar's cold rebuttal.

When Hutton saw that Umar had gotten a little mad, he reminded, "Don't forget that the Oneness Sky Palace doesn't owe us anything. They helped us for the sake of Zen.

It's not their duty to give us tickets!" "But Zen..." Umar said defiantly.

Just then, the door to the house was pushed open.

Restrictions had been set up in front of the door, so ordinary people couldn't open it.

They knew it must be Zen who had come in. "Young master!" Hutton suddenly stood up.

"Zen," Sally greeted him with a smile.

To be honest, Zen felt a little lightheaded when he was addressed in such a way. Yet since Hutton insisted, he didn't correct him anymore. It wouldn't work on him anyway.

Everyone of the Nine Li race looked nervous, and Zen naturally understood why. A smile appeared on his face. With a flick of his hand, a few black cards appeared in his palm. "Are you waiting for them?"

Once he revealed the stack of black cards, the others immediately went wild with joy.

The matter had worried them deeply over the past few days. Now that they'd gotten the tickets, they could finally sigh in relief.

After all, they weren't that confident in Zen as they hadn't had much contact with him before.

But Zen took his responsibility to help them since it was Ambrose who had brought them here in person.

If Athemar or even the Oneness Sky Palace couldn't get them tickets, Zen would buy enough from the Ear Mice.

"Young master..." Hutton tried to say something to show his gratitude, but he was speechless.

Zen waved his hand and said, "Since we are from the same race, you don't need to be too polite with me. There's only a month left. We're going to set off after we finish preparations."

The tickets to the Chaotic Source World were distributed to various sects in succession.

It wasn't easy for other disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace to obtain even one.

Although Milo and Zen could get the tickets directly, the others of the Flow Sword Sect needed to compete for the remaining ten ones.

In addition, the Unique Array Sword Sect and the Killing Sword Sect also fell into a fierce competition because of those tickets.

Even the direct descendants had to win the competition to prove their strength before they could get the tickets.

A month later, a gentle wind blew through the sails of the seven giant flying ships as they slowly rose up. Soon enough, they had left the Oneness Sky

Palace and flew westward.

The seven flying ships belonged to the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace, and the one that led them belonged to the Oneness Mountain. Of course, disciples from the Phoenix Palace and the three sword sects were in it.

To get to the Chaotic Source World, they had to cross over a hundred provinces. Even if the flying ships could penetrate space, they still had to pass through the walls between provinces when they reached the boundaries. Since they had to pause for a moment, it was clearly impossible for them to travel too fast.

Inside the huge flying ships were hundreds of cubicles that were arranged neatly.

Even though the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace were on the journey, they still continued to cultivate themselves tirelessly.

At the end of the day, the competition in the Chaotic Source World was also extremely fierce. Not everyone who entered it could get through the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. Disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace either cultivated their Souls of Light on the Other Shore, consolidated their own sword theurgy, or practiced the use of their newly fused Other Shore Tokens.

Half a month later, the seven flying ships of the Oneness Sky Palace came out of the space barrier, and entered a snow-filled world.

Once they reached the cold place, all the disciples from the Oneness Mountain went up to the deck to have a bird's eye view of the area covered with snow and ice.

Zen leaned on the rail as the chilly air caressed his face.

They had now arrived at the Icy Snow Province, where the Chaotic Source World was located.

Chapter 3361 A Huge Black Egg

The Icy Snow Province belonged to the Pear Hill.

Eleven provinces were under its jurisdiction, all of them lined up.

Among the eleven provinces, the Icy Snow Province was the farthest from the Pear Hill.

Back then, the super forces had allied and forced the Pear Hill to hand over the Chaotic Source Spirits. The Pear Hill couldn't bear the pressure and chose to compromise instead.

The super forces also required placing the Chaotic Source World in the center of the Source World. But the Pear Hill firmly refused. After several rounds of discussion, they finally gave up the Icy Snow Province, turning it into a public area where the Chaotic Source World was placed.

Some super forces knew it was a long way to go, so half a year ago, they already set off.

The Oneness Sky Palace was relatively close to the Icy Snow Province, so it had only taken half a month to arrive.

The temperature in the Icy Snow Province was extremely low. An ordinary mortal could turn into an ice sculpture in mere seconds.

But for powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm, the temperature remained normal.

Even under such harsh conditions, many big cities were built in the Icy Snow Province.

As they approached the destination, many disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace grew excited.

They gathered in pairs and trios to chat away and exchange information about the Chaotic Source World.

Although this was their first time to enter the Chaotic Source World, some elders of the Oneness Sky Palace had offered them some tips.

Although they all belonged to the Oneness Mountain, the four factions were greatly different from each other.

The direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace were the most arrogant. They occupied the very front of the flying ship. One of them even announced, "All of us from the Phoenix Palace must unite as one in the Chaotic Source World!"

"But my elder brother said that those Chaotic Source Spirits are scattered. I'm afraid it'll be difficult to capture them if we hold together," another disciple retorted.

"It depends. Some other races are pretty violent. They'll start killing us mindlessly the moment we enter."

The Killing Sword Sect and the Unique Array Sword Sect occupied the center of the flying ship, while the members of the Flow Sword Sect stayed in the rear with Milo and Konnor in the lead.

Although the six members of the Nine Li race were also on the ship, they made sure not to go out onto the deck because of their sensitive identity.

Zen stood on the side of the ship. Snowflakes whirled in the sky like a myriad of loose feathers. They dissipated before his eyes.

"The Chaotic Source World is a barrier that all the warriors at the Other Shore Realm must face. Yan should be there too. I wonder if we will meet this time," Zen muttered to himself.

He had stayed in the Source World for many years. After losing contact with Emily and the rest, he never saw them again. Looking at the vast snow scene, he felt a faint sadness come over his heart.

At this time, a snow-white hand stretched out from Zen's right and caught a snowflake ever so gently. Gradually, it melted in the hand.

Zen turned around to find Elvinia standing behind him.

Her appearance caught everyone's attention.

She had always been as cold as ice. No one dared to get close to her.

"My father told me you must be careful in the Chaotic Source World," Elvinia said, watching the white snow in the distance.

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi?" Zen's eyes flashed.

Elvinia nodded in agreement. "The Bearing race will never give up on killing you. Sure, they don't know who you are, but I'm pretty sure they will come to the Chaotic Source World and take actions against you."

The corporeal body on the Other Shore was a great hindrance for them.

Now, Zen was formidable in all the thirteen stages. What if he one day reached the Desire World and the higher stages beyond it? It was something none of the Bearing race ever wanted to see.

There were no rules in the Chaotic Source World. They could kill anyone on a whim.

The Oneness Sky Palace and the Bearing race had made it to the brink of war. If the Bearing race were to confirm that Thad was a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, they'd most likely work with the Sun Crow race and the Divine Farmer race in slaughtering all the disciples from the palace. This ruthless slaughter would ensure Thad's death.

"They can't do that, can they?" Zen asked with a smile.

"Everything is possible," Elvinia said in a serious tone.

"What about you?" Zen asked.

As a purified being, Elvinia had a physical body on the Other Shore. Everyone could see her face clearly.

This made her very easy to spot.

Not being able to hide her identity, she was even more conspicuous than Zen.

Compared to him, she was in more danger.

Elvinia blinked and bared an innocent smile. "You've promised to protect me."

The smile on her flawless face somehow touched Zen. Although she had regained her memory, her journey in the Dark Region undoubtedly had a great influence on her. She had become even more approachable.

But Zen didn't know she acted normally when he wasn't around.

Because of Laquisha, Nelly, and Lavender, Elvinia taught the direct descendants of the Phoenix Palace a lesson. The disciples who were to enter the Chaotic Source World kept their mouths shut when she was around.

"Right?" she added.

"Of course," Zen said with a helpless nod.

Elvinia pursed her lips in response before pointing to the front. "Look!"

A huge ring-like mountain appeared before them.

Outside it was a land of ice and snow while its interior was covered in a layer of black mist.

The entire mountain was covered in an enchanted barrier that spanned over three million miles. From afar, it resembled a huge black egg.

It was none other than the Chaotic Source World.

There were over a thousand huge stone pillars standing in front of the Chaotic Source World. Each one was engraved with the name of a super force. The flying ship of the Oneness Mountain flew toward its pillar and stopped right by it.

The flying ships of the other six mountains, including the Origin Mountain, the Golden Mountain, and the Bright Mountain also stopped by the pillar one after another.

Many flying ships parked beside the pillars. Some were covered in snow. It seemed like they had been there for a long time.

The disciples of the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace came down from the flying ships one after another before gathering.

The six Nine Li people followed closely behind Zen.

Seeing them, Konnor and the others thought it was rather strange. They didn't belong to the Flow Sword Sect. How did they get there by the flying ship?

Curious as they were, no one bothered asking questions.

For each team, a powerful figure was appointed to lead them.

Athemar was appointed for the Oneness Mountain, while Winchell was chosen for the Origin Mountain.

After flying past the many stone pillars under Athemar's leadership, they saw a huge, open area in front of them. The snow had been cleared out and the creatures of many races had occupied their respective corners.

Chapter 3362 Large Races Gathered

Zen's gaze swept around the spacious square, and landed at some giant figures standing on the left side of the area.

"They are the Separate Abyss race," he muttered.

He had previously seen the Separate Abyss race on the Other Shore several times.

Although he wasn't able to see clearly how they looked back then on the Other Shore, the silhouettes of their Souls of Light showed the outline of their figures. Thus, he had recognized them in one glance.

The members of the Separate Abyss race were all seventy to eighty feet tall, which made them look like small mountains when they stood there.

Every single one of them wore a special layer of golden armor. Their big eyes emitted a strong malicious aura, that they even looked down on everything quite condescendingly as they gazed around.

They were born with huge size and strong bodies. They were indeed superior to other races in terms of physical strength, which was why they were extremely arrogant.

Not far from them were the Ear Mice who sat up straight on the ground.

All of them wore masks and kept silent. They were much more low-key.

Everyone else thought that the Ear Mice weren't that strong when it came to combat strength, but that was because they rarely had conflicts with other races. They preferred to use divine crystals and soul pills to solve everything.

Furthermore, Zen's observation of them on the Other Shore indicated that their combat strength shouldn't actually be underestimated.

After all, all the best Other Shore Tokens were traded through their dealings--so the Other Shore Tokens they had merged with naturally couldn't be bad.

Aside from those two races, there were also the Rain race, the Celestial Wolf race, the Purple Ape race, and so on.

Generally speaking, one could tell the strength of a certain race from the number of creatures they had.

The stronger a race was, the higher authority they had, and the more tickets they could get.

For example, there were more than five hundred warriors of the Separate Abyss race. They currently had the largest number of warriors present. Thus, they obviously obtained the highest number of tickets to the Chaotic Source World.

On the other hand, the small races like the Celestial Wolf race and the Purple Ape race with about only twenty to thirty members, had a relatively weak overall strength.

The average super forces could get more than two hundred tickets, but this time, only a total of more than one hundred and eighty warriors from the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace had come. It meant that as of now, they were disadvantaged when it came to the distribution of tickets.

Once Athemar had entered the square, he cupped his hands towards the large races. Then, he found a corner and instructed the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace to wait there.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace sat on the ground with their legs crossed. They looked around just like Zen.

Of course, they couldn't help it because the creatures present were their potential competitors.

Not long after the disciples sat down, another whooshing sound came from the sky.

Dozens of flying ships flew across the clouds. One of them was so shockingly enormous that it looked like a floating city instead of a ship. In the center of this flying ship was a huge bear painted on the surface.

"The warriors of the Bearing race have come," whispered the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace

Hutton, Sally and the other Nine Li members had been silently following behind Zen. When they saw the flying ship which was as huge as a city, their curious looks turned into trepidation.

They had never seen the Bearing race in the real world. This was their first time to meet them.

To be honest, they had already subconsciously regarded the Bearing race as a terrifying opponent. Now that they saw their grand entrance, they felt the fear and pressure rise in their hearts even more.

The most affected one was Sally, who unknowingly squeezed in beside Zen.

When Zen felt that Sally became a little nervous, his lips moved slightly and using his chaotic energy, he told her, "The Bearing race are also humans like us. Don't be afraid."

"But they have killed so many of our Nine Li people," Sally answered through her life vitality.

"Of course, blood will have blood. Fear can't solve anything," said Zen.

The journey of cultivation was like going through a single-log bridge. No matter how high one stood, they had to get rid of the fear from below--otherwise, they would fall down and die.

Therefore, it was very important to keep calm and have a strong belief in oneself.

"But they are very powerful," Sally lamented.

"You'll become more powerful one day," Zen said with a smile.

Sally bowed her head and thought for a while. Then, she looked up again and determination flashed faintly in her beautiful eyes.

In fact, she was a very optimistic girl. It was just that the environment where she grew up in had always depicted the Bearing race as a horrible enemy.

Now, Zen also knew that it was hard for him to reduce the fear of the remaining members of the Nine Li race with only a few words. However, he only needed to prove that Bearing race were not invincible, and the fear in their hearts would be easily dissolved.

Soon enough, the flying ships had descended and the members of the Bearing race flew over through the stone pillars.

The warrior at the helm was an old man with a straight back. His eyes glinted fiercely and his every move indicated that he was vigorous and strong. He also cupped his hands towards the many large races, then led the members of the Bearing race to a corner.

After the arrival of the Bearing race, the members of the Sun Crow race, New Moon race, and the Divine Farmer race all followed one after another.

Over the years, the power of the human race, with the Bearing race as the leading force, had continued to expand.

The human race, which had originally appeared to be the weaker ones, now had the tendency to surpass the other super races. If the few super powers of human race were to unite, their strength would probably surpass that of the Separate Abyss race.

The Sun Crow race's leader was Elizabeth.

She sauntered towards the front, her slender waist swaying lithely as she did so. A pure, golden pair of wings fluttered gently behind her back and overall, she exuded a breathtaking charm.

All the creatures present focused their eyes on her.

Meanwhile, the sight of Elizabeth caused Zen to frown a little.

This woman's Illusory Projection had almost killed him back when he was in the Mountain Viewing Province. He didn't expect to meet her again this time.

However, they were at the entrance of the Chaotic Source World, and he had nothing to fear since he had the elders like Athemar to protect him.

After Elizabeth had walked around the square once, she walked towards them with a cold smile on her face.

This prompted Athemar to step forward and stand in front of the disciples. He cupped his hands towards Elizabeth and said, "Master Elizabeth, I wonder what you came here for."

Elizabeth's gaze landed on Elvinia, and with a smile she spoke, "Nothing. I just want to see the traitor of our Sun Crow race. She will actually accept the Chaotic Source Reinforcement today. How time flies."

Elvinia's face darkened upon hearing those words. She stood up and hissed, "Dare you say it again!"

The years Elvinia had spent in the Divine Lair were nightmares that she would never want to look back all her life, but Elizabeth actually took the initiative to provoke her. Naturally, she was furious.

"Elizabeth, watch your mouth!" Athemar warned. He too, was displeased.

All of them gathered for one purpose: to enter the Chaotic Source World, and not to stir up trouble.

Still, Elizabeth ignored him and continued, "I didn't say anything wrong. Your mother is a traitor, and you are a traitor as well. It's fine if you continue to hide in the Oneness Sky Palace like your mother. Since you dared to come to the Chaotic Source World, you must be mentally prepared for the fact that you might not be able to come back."

The light in Elvinia's eyes dimmed further. Just as she was about to retort, Zen suddenly stopped her and said, "There is no need to be so worked up on these birds."

Elizabeth hadn't noticed Zen at first. As soon as she saw Zen, she remembered that moment in the Mountain Viewing Province. Her face suddenly turned sour. "It's you?!"

She had performed the Illusory Projection several times to kill Zen but he had successfully escaped each time, so he left a deep impression on her.

At that time, however, Zen had only recently stepped onto the Other Shore. Therefore, she was surprised that he would now be able to accept Chaotic Source Reinforcement after just a short amount of time.

Chapter 3363 Target

At that moment, Elvinia's anger turned into confusion. She was curious as to how Elizabeth knew Zen.

"Yes, it's me," Zen replied with a faint smile.

Since he had promised Flamine to protect Elvinia, he had to take some of the pressure off of her.

Besides, Elizabeth immediately targeted the Oneness Sky Palace the moment she arrived. It was indeed too much.

Back then, Zen had taken the Shade Stone which caused Elizabeth to hold a grudge against him ever since.

It would've been more acceptable if it was a master like Athemar who had done such a thing, but the person who had snatched the Shade Stone away was a young man, a nobody--and Elizabeth felt greatly ashamed.

Moreover, he didn't even avoid her at all when he had faced her today. Instead, he even had the guts to stand up for Elvinia and call her a bird. He was too bold!

"Do you really think…

that because someone is protecting you, you can be safe all the time?" she snarled murderously as a scorching soul aura spread from her being.

In turn, the disciples sitting on the ground stepped back when they sensed her strong aura.

She was so arrogant and domineering that she completely ignored the leaders of the seven mountains.

Even the usually calm Athemar looked visibly angry now. He released a sharp soul aura, which turned into a wall in front of the disciples as a response. Then, he declared, "Elizabeth, if you want to make a move, our Oneness Sky Palace is ready for a fight!"

At that point, Winchell and the elders of the other five mountains started to gather their strength. More and more powerful auras filled the space.

"Oh?" Elizabeth's lips stretched into a thin smile. "We're more than happy to see that the Oneness Sky Palace is ready to fight. Should we find a place then?"

As soon as she finished speaking, the old leader of the Bearing race, a few leaders of the Divine Farmer race and the New Moon race all stepped out and stood beside Elizabeth.

The Chaotic Source World hadn't even opened yet, but the atmosphere already became too tense.

Unfortunately, anyone with a keen eye could see that the Oneness Sky Palace was at a disadvantage.

In fact, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had already expected this to happen.

It became worse especially because Zen had anonymously destroyed the temple of the Bearing race. Thus, the Bearing race had every reason to hate him to the core and desire to eliminate him as soon as possible.

Moreover, they had already known that Elvinia had a physical body on the Other Shore.

Now, the truth was they had already discussed their plans for their arrival before they set out. Elizabeth would show up first to provoke them. Hopefully the Oneness Sky Palace would bite the bait, as it was exactly what they wanted to see. If they tolerated it, however, then they would've still achieved their goal of discouraging the morale of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, and they could just come back to it after they had entered the Chaotic Source World.

This trip to the Chaotic Source World was also the start of their plan to completely cut ties with the Oneness Sky Palace.

"What the hell is going on inside the human race! They are having an internal conflict?" "I think so! Hahahaha…" A few members of the Separate Abyss race watched them and laughed.

Over the years, the human race had risen very fast, especially the Bearing race, which had grown to a point that even the Separate Abyss race and other large races had to take them seriously. From the looks of it, the Bearing race simply wanted to get rid of the Oneness Sky Palace as soon as possible--which was what the non-human races wanted as well.

"It's against the rules to fight here..."

"As long as Pear Hill doesn't interfere, it doesn't matter what they do."

"I'm afraid the Oneness Sky Palace will be doomed!"

Upon hearing those words, Athemar, Winchell, and the rest of them went pale with shock.

They knew it was not realistic to fight in the Icy Snow Province.

Left with no choice, the Pear Hill had made the Icy Snow Province a public province. Still, they had set rules when they made the decision.

One of the rules was that it was forbidden to fight in the Icy Snow Province.

Unfortunately, none of the warriors from the Pear Hill showed up. If Elizabeth and the powerful masters who supported her really made a move now that they were outside the Chaotic Source World, all the Oneness Sky Palace disciples present would probably be killed.

Even Athemar, Winchell, and the other leaders of the mountains might not be able to protect themselves.

"The Oneness Sky Palace is very famous and they claim they have the best swordsmanship. But, it's actually a place where all the cowards have gathered. Hahaha..."

"That human force is made up of a group of weak warriors. What do you expect of them?"

"They are actually so weak to such an extent. They are simply wasting those tickets! Why don't they just give them to other worthy people?"

Taunts and jeers from the Bearing race began to fill the air.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were naturally furious, but they knew better than to refute in such a situation.

"Now... What do you think about my suggestion?" Elizabeth asked Athemar as she looked at him with a charming smile.

Just as Athemar was caught in a dilemma, a loud thud interrupted his thoughts. A man suddenly fell from the sky and smashed into the ground.

The man wore a black cloak and because he crashed against the floor, they couldn't see his face clearly.

He got up after a few moments and once the crowd had a clear view of him, their curiosity became surprise.

It was Human Sovereign, Fuxi!

It was known that he had disappeared from the Source World for a very long time.

No one knew where he had gone, and someone even asserted that he had died in some place within the chaos.

No one expected that he would appear on the day when the Chaotic Source World was about to open!

It wasn't until he stood up straight that everyone noticed that he held a wine jar in his hand. His eyes glazed over and he seemed intoxicated.

He slowly walked towards Elizabeth's direction. However, he completely ignored her and the powerful masters from the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race who stood behind her.

"Human Sovereign..." Athemar muttered.

He looked at Fuxi respectfully and gave him a salute.

Both Athemar and Winchell were confused. They had no idea what on earth Fuxi was up to.

Once again, everyone was surprised when Fuxi ignored Athemar and directly went past him. Instead, he took a single step and floated towards Zen like a ghost. He slung an arm over Zen's shoulder as he said, "Hey young man, we met again!"

Zen had once experienced the powerful strength of this man back when he was in the bottom of the chaos.

Now that he had reached Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore and that his Soul of Light had become more powerful and sensitive, Fuxi still gave him the feeling that his strength was incomparably unfathomable.

"Yes, what a coincidence!" Zen replied calmly.

"Humph! Coincidence? I've been waiting for you all this time, but you are too late. You haven't accepted the Chaotic Source Reinforcement yet. How long are you going to let me wait?"

Fuxi's question puzzled Zen. "Why are you waiting for me?" Zen asked back.

"Of course, to kill you and replace you when the right time comes," said Fuxi with a grin.

Despite the smile on Fuxi's face and his drunken state, there was a hint of seriousness in his glassy eyes. Zen's heart skipped a beat. This fellow didn't seem to be joking.

Of course, he didn't know Fuxi's long-cherished wish.

After Fuxi had figured out the Chaos Ancient God's intentions, he began to take Zen seriously as his target.

Though Zen had grown at a very outrageous speed, he was still too slow in Fuxi's eyes.

The others who were present were dumbfounded, as they had no idea what Fuxi was talking about.

His strength could definitely allow him to kill Zen with just one finger, so why would he wait until Zen had grown really strong?

Furthermore, even if Zen would really grow with his power, could he become as powerful as a man like Fuxi in the future?

Elizabeth and those who stood around her were also baffled. Fuxi appeared so suddenly and unexpectedly, and they didn't know what to do next.

At that moment, Fuxi turned towards Elizabeth and the others, then said, "Remember, I don't care about what you do in the Chaotic Source World, but if anyone dares to fight in the Icy Snow Province, I won't show any mercy."

Chapter 3364 Threat

Fuxi was not shouting but his words were audible enough for everyone to hear clearly. Then, there was a moment of dead silence.

The Icy Snow Province used to be a part of the Pear Hill, so it was close to it.

Meanwhile, the strongest warriors of the super forces, such as the Sun Crow race, the Bearing race, and the Separate Abyss race didn't come.

Everyone was anxious as they knew the price of disobedience.

Even Elizabeth couldn't contain her anger.

Her goal was to give the Oneness Sky Palace a fatal head-on blow to weaken their morale.

The news that arrived from the Other Shore frustrated the members of the Sun Crow race and the Bearing race. The man named Thad had attacked these several super forces relentlessly but they could do nothing to him.

However, Elizabeth didn't expect that Fuxi himself would show up personally.

"Human Sovereign, does this mean that we can fight outside the Icy Snow Province?" Elizabeth asked as she gnashed her teeth.

She thought that if Emperor Charm of the Sun Crow race, the Yellow Thearch of the Bearing race, and the Divine Farmer were here, they might not succumb in fear to Fuxi.

Nonetheless, they were in Fuxi's territory now, so they had no choice but to yield for the time being.

"Yeah, that's right." Fuxi shrugged, with a fierce glint in his eyes. He stared at Elizabeth and continued, "But I have to warn you about one thing. If anyone dares to lay a finger on this young man, death will be the consequence."

Zen was the one chosen by the Chaos Ancient God, so Fuxi certainly wouldn't let anyone else kill him.

Of course, Fuxi knew that it wouldn't be easy to bring Zen down. He just deliberately advised Elizabeth and the others not to use any underhanded tricks on his watch.

As they heard Fuxi's threat, everyone was taken aback. Elizabeth's face changed, just as the leaders of the other races.

The younger generation who were present also became confused.

"What's so amazing about him? Why does the Human Sovereign protect him to that degree?"

"Didn't you hear? It's because Fuxi regards him as his rival. Of course he won't let anyone else lay a finger on him."

"What? How could he be a rival of the Human Sovereign? That's insane!"

Those who were about to enter the Chaotic Source World were all shocked.

Even if they had managed to undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement and improve their strength to a higher level, they were still considered weak in the Source World where many extremely powerful people dwelled. Even Athemar and Elizabeth could kill them effortlessly, let alone Fuxi.

They were all actually in the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm. It was impossible that there was a huge gap in strength between them.

At the same time, a huge flying ship had arrived.

At the sight of the flying ship, a faint smile appeared in Fuxi's drunk face. "Here comes your sister," Fuxi told Zen as he patted him on the shoulder.

'Sister?

Did he just say that Zen has a sister?

And this sister that he's talking about is from the Pear Hill?'

Elvinia's eyes widened in shock.

Even Dorothy was puzzled.

She knew Zen's origin but she didn't know that he had a connection with the Pear Hill.

Athemar and Winchell glared at Zen while letting out a stifled bitter laugh.

They thought that Zen, a surviving descendant of the Nine Li race, had no one to back him up. Supposedly, his full loyalty would be to the Oneness Sky Palace. With the turn of events, they realized that they underestimated him.

Only Sally, Hutton, and the other Nine Li people knew of the truth because of the information that Leopold had told them.

The Pear Hill's flying ship didn't stop beside the stone pillars but continuously floated in the air.

Not long after, several hundred beings were seen jumping out of the flying ship. They turned out to be the members of the Snake Goddess race.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Pear Hill was comprised of the Snake Goddess race and some humans who had the blood of the Snake Goddess race, like Emily. These half-blood members, though belonging to the Snake Goddess race, were still humans.

Similarly, even though Elvinia had the blood of the Sun Crow race, she didn't have a pair of big golden wings on her back like Elizabeth.

About five hundred members of the Pear Hill had come, a little more than those of the Separate Abyss race.

Most of them were half human and half snake, dragging a long tail. Nearly a third of them looked the same as humans.

Just as they landed, a human girl quickly came out from them.

It was Yan who was searching for Zen. Soon after, she finally found him staying with the people of the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Zen!"

Yan rushed towards Zen and embraced him tightly.

She missed Zen very much. Zen was expected to come when the Chaotic Source World opened. Now that she finally saw Zen, she was overjoyed.

"Yan, I'm glad you're alright."

Though Zen knew that she was safe under Emily's protection in the Pear Hill, he was still worried that it would be hard for a young girl like her to stay there alone.

He was glad that his worry seemed to be unnecessary.

"Hey! You didn't say anything strange to my brother, did you?" Yan suddenly turned to Fuxi and stared at him fiercely.

She knew something about Fuxi and became worried that he might do something bad to her brother.

Others didn't know if Fuxi owed her or if she had something on him for her to dare to talk to him in a very uninhibited manner.

Even Zen was surprised to hear Yan speaking that way.

After all, Fuxi was the Human Sovereign.

Elvinia, Dorothy, Athemar, and the others were so shocked that they had a hard time breathing due to apprehension.

They couldn't believe the audacity of Zen's sister.

On the other hand, the members of the Snake Goddess race looked calm, as if they had already been accustomed to this kind of scene.

Furthermore, Fuxi's reaction was beyond everyone's expectation. He was even no longer drunk as he responded submissively, "No, of course not!"

"If you dare talk nonsense to my brother, you're going to get it," Yan said with a stern face as she waved her fist in front of him.

Everyone was stunned as they didn't know what was going on.

The title of the Human Sovereign was a symbol of strength and status.

As one of the most powerful masters in the Source World, Fuxi exuded an aura of unmatched authority. However, none of those seemed to matter as he stood passively in front of Yan.

Athemar and the others were extremely shocked.

They couldn't stop thinking of what could have possibly happened between them.

They observed that Yan enjoyed a high status in the Snake Goddess race. She was surrounded by a crowd of the Pear Hill members as she got off the flying ship.

However, that wasn't an enough explanation for what was happening.

How could Yan scold the Human Sovereign in this way, and why didn't he dare to retort?

It was a scene that nobody would believe if they didn't see it with their own eyes and hear with their ears.

Being threatened by Yan in public, Fuxi felt a bit humiliated. Thus, he tried to make an escape. He said, "Well, I don't need to keep the order here. Members of the Pear Hill, please go to your place."

After saying that, he no longer gave Yan any chance to speak. His figure swiftly distorted and flashed away in front of everyone.

"Damn it! I can't believe he just ran away like that!"

From Yan's expression, it seemed that she wasn't really finished yet, and had no intention of letting Fuxi go at all.

Chapter 3365 The Black Ship Came

Elizabeth and the others returned to their places too.

Yan's behavior left them speechless.

The pieces of the puzzle finally clicked in her mind. It finally dawned on her why Zen had so many powerful Latent Theurgies, why he showed incredible ability even when he was at an early stage of the Other Shore Realm and why he wasn't afraid of the burning of the divine flames of the Sun Crow race.

He must have an amazing background!

But now, Elizabeth had a new question.

With Zen's sister daring to act so rudely in front of Fuxi, she couldn't help but wonder exactly who their parents were.

Most of the creatures present were beginning to ask the same question. No one in the Source World could make Fuxi react like this. What kind of background did Zen and Yan have?

All the disciples of the Flow Sword Sect, the Unique Array Sword Sect and the Killing Sword Sect were shocked by what had happened.

"Konnor, that disciple of your Flow Sword Sect seems to have a strong background!" a disciple of the Killing Sword Sect exclaimed.

"Isn't he the one who won first place in the Seven Mountains Meeting? He doesn't have a powerful background, does he?" a disciple of the Unique Array Sword Sect asked in a hushed tone.

Konnor and Milo from the Flow Sword Sect didn't know what to say.

In Konnor's eyes, Zen was just like Milo, who had worked his way up the Oneness Sky Palace on his own merits.

How would he know if there were some hidden truths behind it?

Meanwhile, Chaim and Efrain, the two top talents from the Oneness Sky Palace, shot each other a meaningful look.

Zen's talent had made the two of them feel a little discouraged before, but knowing better now, they were at peace with it. There was a reason why Zen was so outstanding. His background was much stronger than theirs.

"Brother, after the Chaotic Source World opens, you have to follow my lead, okay?" Yan said to Zen with a smile, before walking away and standing in a corner with the other members of the Pear Hill.

Zen nodded with a smile on his face.

In the divine land, there was a time when Yan's strength had also increased greatly, but she was still someone whom Zen needed to protect.

But now, she seemed confident that she was strong enough to protect even Zen.

It appeared that Yan had made great progress in the Pear Hill.

"I didn't know that you had a sister," Dorothy said.

There was a smile in Elvinia's eyes, like a flame burning in an iceberg. "It seems that your sister is more powerful than you," she whispered.

Flamine once told Elvinia that Zen was a surviving descendant of the Nine Li race.

A super force that had already declined, of course, was incomparable to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Naturally, Elvinia had felt her background was more superior to Zen's.

Dorothy felt much the same way.

But now it seemed they had it all wrong. Zen was more than a surviving descendant of the Nine Li race.

From the looks of it, Zen and his sister were likely to be two of the most important ones.

"Actually, I don't know what happened." Zen scratched his head and smiled sheepishly. In fact, the position of Yan in the Pear Hill was probably much higher than his in the Oneness Sky Palace.

After the members of the Pear Hill arrived, the people remained waiting.

After a while, some other flying ships came.

Some of them belonged to super forces, and some carried other small races. There were more and more people now in all corners of the open space.

It was usual practice that the top masters of the super powers would not lead the teams personally.

For example, the leaders of the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace had never come, and nor had the supreme masters from the Bearing race and the Separate Abyss race.

After the many large races in the Source World had arrived, a large black ship suddenly appeared in the sky.

Seeing it, Athemar, Elizabeth and the team leaders of the super forces were taken aback.

"The Black Ship?"

"Why are they here?"

"In the past thousands of years, the Black Ship hasn't trained any new warriors, right?"

"Have they found an extremely powerful warrior?"

The Black Ship was a notorious force in the Source World.

They didn't ally themselves or compromise with any forces.

They robbed all the other forces, including the powerful ones like the Separate Abyss race and the Bearing race, so they had countless enemies.

But even though all the forces in the Source World hated them, they remained in the Source World.

Only once in history had the Black Ship left. That time, they seized an Other Shore Token from Stage Thirty, offending the Ear Mice in the process. The Ear Mice had offered a high reward to all the super forces of the Source World to take the Black Ship down.

However, even if the top masters of the Source World did everything they could, they were able to kill only one member of the Black Ship. The other members escaped and hid in the chaos for hundreds of years. When they came back, they destroyed a very important branch of the Ear Mice. They also constantly harassed the business teams of the Ear Mice, killing them whenever they saw them.

The Ear Mice were the businessmen of the Source World, after all, so they wouldn't spend their days fighting. Moreover, the Black Ship didn't have any fixed stronghold in the Source World. They would flee as soon as they were pressed too hard.

The Ear Mice eventually had no choice but to make peace with the Black Ship. They even gave the Black Ship a generous gift in order to settle the matter.

It had always been a mystery how many members there actually were in the Black Ship, but it was widely known that one must be a supreme master in the Source World to become one of them.

Occasionally, the Black Ship would also train new members.

But the people it chose tended to be monstrously powerful.

The Black Ship had never come to the Chaotic Source World in recent years, which was why their presence now was so unexpected.

As the ship flew over everyone's head, a woman in a black dress jumped down and landed firmly on the ground.

The woman's skin was as white as paper, her face as adorable as a doll's, and her big eyes alluring. However, if you were sensitive enough, you could sense a deadly aura from her.

She was Shera.

Fear gripped Elizabeth, Athemar and the leaders of the other large races.

The strength of Shera was much stronger than that of Athemar and his peers. She was as strong as the heads of the seven mountains and the Five-element Emissaries of the Bearing race. According to practice, such a strong warrior wasn't allowed to enter the Icy Snow Province.

The moment Shera appeared, Fuxi who had disappeared, came back.

"I can smell the odor of corpses from you far away. What are you doing here? Get out of here!" Fuxi said, glaring at her with contempt.

When Shera saw Fuxi, she flashed an innocent smile. She swept back the hem of her dress as she bowed to him, responding sweetly, "You are being too harsh. You know, the most beautiful fragrance in the world is the smell of death."

Chapter 3366 The Soul Devouring Demon

It was understandable for Fuxi to act with hostility towards the Black Ship. After all, it was against the rules for Shera to enter the Icy Snow Province without consent.

"This is the final warning. If you don't turn your ship back now, don't blame me for what happens next." Fuxi threatened her with his utmost resolve.

The Icy Snow Province was open to the public, but it was still under the direct control of the Pear Hill. As long as the Pear Hill remained fair with the resource distribution in the Chaotic Source World, the other super forces were content with it.

Instead of feeling intimidated by Fuxi's threat, Shera gave him a sweet smile and spoke calmly, "Don't fret yourself, Human Sovereign. I'm only here to send a young disciple to the Chaotic Source World. He has a ticket."

Then she shifted her gaze upwards to the ship and said, "You can get off now."

Those who were cultivated by the Black Ship were expected to grow more powerful in the future.

Shera invited everyone's attention through her mention of the disciple. They all awaited his arrival with impatient eyes as they kept them fixated on the ship.

"This woman seems to be really strong. What kind of force is the Black Ship?" Zen whispered in a low tone as he asked Dorothy.

"The people of the Black Ship are a group of bandits that run amuck everywhere in the Source World. It is said that there are only about a dozen of them, but each of them is a supreme master. We consider them to be one of the super forces," Dorothy explained to him.

"There are only a dozen of them. And yet, they are considered to be a super force? Why is that so?" Zen's pupils dilated in astonishment.

According to his understanding, a super force had to have a long history and boast countless talents. For instance, the Oneness Sky Palace housed all human talents in the Source World other than the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the Nine Li race.

Dorothy's words had shocked Zen as they contradicted his knowledge.

"Why not? By now, you should know that strength decides everything. It is said that the leader of the Separate Abyss race has to show respect to the head of the Black Ship. The super forces inferior in power can't touch the Black Ship," Elvinia further explained to dissolve his confusion.

Initially, Dorothy wanted to make it clear to Zen, but Elvinia had beat her to it. A trace of anger flashed on Dorothy's face as she bit her lip.

Elvinia noticed Dorothy's expression and gave her a mischievous smirk.

Under Shera's command, a young man dressed in black jumped down from the ship. When he landed on the ground, his sheer force had created a ditch on the flat surface and sent ripples far and wide. Slowly, he stood up from his self-made hole and scanned his surroundings. The demeanor he displayed was arrogant and cold. Upon seeing the large number of eyes on him, he laughed and sneered, "Are all these creatures my prey in the Chaotic Source World? They seem so weak."

Everyone present on the scene frowned at his words.

The ones who came to the Icy Snow Province today were all from the super forces scattered across the Source World. Only the strongest young warriors from these forces were gathered today in one place. They were each qualified in terms of skills.

And every talent was proud in their own unique way.

However, they had to maintain a low profile as they were faced with many other strong warriors from across the Source World.

They knew that there would eventually be someone who would be better than them. Although they were powerful, they preferred not to show off. It was better to stay on the safe side than provoke someone who surpassed them in strength. It wasn't wise to make too many enemies, or else they'd be besieged and killed in the Chaotic Source World.

However, the young man who appeared from the ship seemed to not care about that. He looked at them as though they were inferior to him. As soon as he appeared, he uttered harsh words from the start. They had never come across a more arrogant man.

Notable warriors like Athemar and Elizabeth didn't take the man seriously. However, they didn't seem to shift their eyes away from him either.

But his words had provoked some hot-headed young members and disciples of many super forces.

"Who do you think you are?"

"How could you insult us like this by calling us your prey? Your arrogance will be the death of you!"

"You'd better take that back. Otherwise you'll regret it when you enter the Chaotic Source World!"

The members of the Separate Abyss race, the Divine Farmer race, and some other large races collectively mocked the man. For a moment, the place became noisy with angry disciples ganging up to retaliate against the man.

If it were an ordinary person, they would have yielded after hearing those angry words.

However, that man stood tall on his feet, refusing to stand down. The corners of his mouth turned into a sinister smile as he returned their glares. A bright light flashed in his eyes as an irrefutable aura of soul gushed out from him.

His soul aura was undeniably stronger than those of the Indigo Souls at the same level.

"Such an incredible aura!"

Sensing the overwhelming aura, the young disciples and the leaders such as Elizabeth and Athemar stood stunned. They couldn't believe that the man had cultivated his Soul of Light to such an extent in the Lust World. The members of the Black Ship were really a force to be reckoned with.

The small spectacle of his power tied the tongues of the young disciples.

"How come the soul of this young man in black is so powerful?" A burly young man belonging to the Divine Farmer race voiced his concern from the crowd.

A woman was standing next to him. Her curly hairs hung loosely on her face as though they were an accessory. She spoke in a teasing tone, "Uncle Mount, are you afraid of him because he's much stronger than you?"

"I wouldn't count on a strong soul. When I surpass the Lust World and cultivate in the Desire World, my Soul of Light will advance to a higher level. I'll surpass him in no time. He shouldn't act so conceitedly since he's alone. This guy won't stand a chance if the others decide to lay siege against him in the Chaotic Source World," the burly young man blurted out as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Hahaha..." The woman beside him broke out in a fit of weird laughter, but she didn't refute his claims.

A white-haired young man from the Bearing race nudged at his clansman with a frown on his face. "Khalid, keep a close watch on this guy once we enter the Chaotic Source World."

Khalid, the man he addressed to, nodded and said, "Understood. He must possess a valuable Other Shore Token for him to cultivate his Soul of Light to such a degree."

The true level-headed talents from various races did not shout curses to assert dominance. Instead, they quietly observed their opponents from a distance to concoct strategies against them, such as Zen, Efrain, and Elvinia from the Oneness Sky Palace and Yan from Pear Hill.

Of course, the young man in black, namely the Evil God, had easily caught their attention.

After the Evil God gave them a taste of his intimidating aura, he gave a smug smile and said, "Back on the Other Shore, all of you were running scared out of fear of being devoured by me. So, you took refuge inside the temples. I'd watch out if I were you since there are no temples for you to hide in the Chaotic Source World!"

"What? Devoured by you?"

Everyone in the crowd shared expressions of puzzlement on their faces before they realized who this man was.

"Ah! No wonder his soul aura seems familiar!"

"It's him! There's no mistake! He is the Soul Devouring Demon! It must be him!"

"His voice sounds the same. I remember now!"

Suddenly, the expressions of all the young men of the large races switched drastically.

It was said another man had made trouble in Stage Four after Zen destroyed the temple of the Bearing race.

No one could tell what soul theurgy this man used. They only knew he was capable of sucking all the Souls of Light into his body.

It was apparent the cultivation of his Soul of Light improved significantly due to that. And yet he still retained his control over himself and didn't go mad at all.

The three orthodox forces of the human race, as well as several other large races, had suffered irreversible damage by this man.

The more Souls of Light he absorbed, the more his cultivation base improved. He was able to run amuck in the entire Stage Four and walked out unscathed.

Since they were unaware of his origins, they had given him the title of the Soul Devouring Demon.

The name of the Soul Devouring Demon soon caught the attention of many people. Each time they heard of it, the people would tremble in fear. However, never did they expect this man in black was the Soul Devouring Demon.

Chapter 3367 Teach Him A Lesson

The Soul Devouring Demon should keep a low profile now, on account of how wild and ruthless he had behaved on the Other Shore.

No one had thought he would ever be so arrogant.

He was so fearless; he had offended almost all the super forces and then still had the audacity to admit to his evil deeds. It was no wonder the Black Ship chose him!

On the other hand, Shera seemed to have no intention to restrain the young man in black and showed zero care for his safety.

Zen was inquiring of the origin of the Black Ship when the young man in black appeared suddenly before him. Zen stood up with eyebrows raised and his eyes glazed over in disbelief.

"What's wrong?" Elvinia asked in confusion.

"Zen, do you know him?" Dorothy was confused as well.

Both Dorothy and Elvinia were totally confounded. Not only did Zen have something to do with the Pear Hill, but he also seemed to know this man from the Black Ship.

However, Zen had just asked of the origin of the Black Ship; it might be possible he knew nothing about it.

"Yes, I know him," Zen answered with a bitter smile. "He is a secondary creature from my inner world."

"What?"

"A creature in your inner world?"

Elvinia and Dorothy were both flabbergasted.

Athemar stood at the front and turned his head in shock on hearing Zen's words. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes," Zen replied sourly. "I released him when I entered the Source World. I didn't expect him to get so powerful in such a short period of time."

When he had released the Evil God, he felt he owed him something because of the Ways-blending Energy.

Although he was aware the Evil God had an incomparable talent, he never thought he would be capable of growing and improving his cultivation base at such speed, and join a force like the Black Ship!

Zen had taken precautionary measure though. He had built him a Rebirth Land.

He could sense the Evil God's general position if he was near him, but Zen hadn't known until the Evil God jumped from the Black Ship.

How had he avoided the restraint of the Rebirth Land?

Zen knew the Rebirth Land was not omnipotent, but he never imagined the Evil God would break free so quickly.

Zen's revelation left Elvinia, Dorothy and Athemar speechless.

What amazed everyone was how powerful both Zen and the creature from his inner world were. They both possessed such formidable strength that it was hard to comprehend.

The young man in black looked strong and arrogant. He was definitely not a kind man.

Elvinia, Athemar and Dorothy still wondered if perhaps Zen had mistaken this young man for someone else.

Many forces were still digesting the words of the young man in black, when he turned his head and looked at the members of the Oneness Sky Palace. When he saw Zen, the wild and evil smile on his face grew and was even more prominent now.

"What a coincidence! My Creator is here too," the Evil God bellowed for all to hear.

Everyone looked around in confusion.

"The Creator? What do you mean?"

"It sounds like a supreme title..."

"Ha-ha. Is it referring to the Creator of the inner world?"

Everyone present had created the inner world, which was basically complete. They had at least completely created a Hundred Sanskrit Land.

They all had their own titles in their inner worlds, such as the God of Creation, the Paramount Creator, the Lord of Life and so on. All sorts of strange titles existed. They were the absolute masters of their own inner worlds and it was perfectly normal for the secondary creatures within to address them by those titles.

However, such titles would confuse everyone in the Source World and the chaos. Only the one who created the Source World was qualified to be called the 'Creator'.

Shera's big eyes blinked and released a ray of spiritual light. The revelation that it was a disciple from the Oneness Sky Palace who had created the Evil God irked her.

Zen was not the slightest bit unnerved in the face of the Evil God. He took a step forward and said, "It is indeed a coincidence. I haven't expected you to have raised your cultivation base so fast."

Everyone looked on, trying to understand their relationship. The Evil God stared at Zen as if he were his prey. Eventually he spoke, "I must thank you. It's an honor to have been born in your inner world. Even so, I wanted to kill you every second of every hour I lived in your inner world."

"Wow..."

This sent everyone present into an uproar.

The members of the Bearing race and the Separate Abyss race, and even Fuxi were shocked.

Was he kidding?

Was this young man really the secondary creature of Zen's inner world?

Yan, who stood on the opposite side, bit her lips and said in a low voice, "Zen..."

It was true! This powerful young man in black really did come from Zen's inner world! He had been a secondary creature once.

From the Evil God's point of view, he could not allow anyone to be superior to him.

However, as a member of Zen's inner world, no matter how powerful he was, he still could not disobey Zen.

All it would take was a gaze or a thought from Zen to kill him a thousand times over!

Before, the Evil God had to endure this subjugation and restrain himself to wait for the perfect chance to leave. In the end he had won Zen's trust and finally escaped from that damned world.

"It seems I made a mistake by letting you leave my inner world. Perhaps I should kill you with the Rebirth Land," Zen said flatly.

He knew the Evil God had found a way to make the Rebirth Land ineffective, and he simply uttered the words to see his reaction.

"You're welcome to try. Ha-ha..." The Evil God chuckled again.

As he laughed, a terrifying force began crashing towards him.

"Watch out!" Shera was shocked at this scene. "Human Sovereign, how dare you ..."

"Bang!"

Fuxi, not far away, stretched out his finger and pressed it downwards slightly and an invisible force shoved the Evil God to the ground.

Before Shera even realized what had happened, Fuxi stretched his hand out and pulled the Evil God over to him, grabbing him by the neck.

Such was Fuxi's power that even just one of his fingers was capable of releasing this incredible strength.

The Evil God had sustained serious injuries. Blood flowed like a river as he was unable to move in Fuxi's grip.

Shera's lovely face darkened and morphed strangely. Her dark pupils were completely vacant and the whites in her eyes, terrifyingly, had disappeared.

She was now in a fighting state which she would only get into when faced with a powerful opponent such as Fuxi.

Fuxi paid no attention to Shera. He gripped the Evil God's neck tightly and yelled in his face, "I don't care where you're from. I've said it before and I'll say it again. If anyone dares attack Zen outside the Chaotic Source World, I'll kill them!"

Blood trickled down from the Evil God's forehead, a violent force flowed through his body and one of his eyes began glowing with hatred.

He had never suffered such a loss.

But Fuxi was so incredibly powerful...

He was a mere ant to Fuxi, a little creature with no strength to fight back, just as he had been with Zen in the past.

Chapter 3368 Inner-world Generating Avatar

Swish!

Fuxi dragged the Evil God like a soiled piece of rag that left a bloody trail on the ground.

He pointed at Shera with a glare. "You and your ship get out of the Icy Snow Province. Now!"

His harsh, unfriendly tone served as a warning to Shera that if she didn't heed his words, a fierce battle was bound to ensue.

Shera willed herself to calm down, her eyes returning to normal as she relaxed. Fuxi, with his formidable strength, could've easily killed the Evil God with the tip of his finger but chose to only teach him a lesson instead. Shera knew he was going to be fine despite his dismal state.

'Well, this isn't so bad, ' she thought to herself as she looked down at her beaten disciple.

She was a soft-hearted woman who accepted the Evil God and his arrogant personality.

However, his arrogance could get extreme at times and would only grow in the future. Shera hoped that Fuxi's lesson would serve to temper his insolence and strengthen his character.

She walked towards the Evil God and threw a golden pill towards him. "Get up. We'll wait for you outside the Icy Snow Province."

Then, she lifted the hem of her black dress and gave Fuxi a respectful bow. "It'll be hard for us to explain to our captain if there's anything wrong with him. Please hold yourself back, Human Sovereign."

There was an edge to her tone, an evident warning. If the Evil God died in the Chaotic Source World then he would only have himself to blame. However, dying outside the Chaotic Source World was another thing entirely. Whoever attacked him would earn the wrath of the Black Ship.

After saying her piece, Shera departed by vanishing on the spot. At the same time, the Black Ship began to sail away serenely like a graceful spectre.

Fuxi snorted, watching the Black Ship's departure with a frown. He lingered for a few moments before he too employed the Grand Teleportation technique and disappeared.

At the next moment, he suddenly appeared on top of a snowy mountain where he could see the entirety of the Chaotic Source World. He picked up a wine jar from somewhere and took a healthy swig.

Fuxi hated trouble. The only reason he stood with Pear Hill and maintained order in the Icy Snow Province was to beg for someone's forgiveness.

The Evil God remained curled up on where he lay. He looked like a soiled rag wrung together to get rid of excess water. This humbling sight gave everyone a sort of pleasant feeling in their hearts.

An arrogant man was never pitied by anyone, especially since that man also turned out to be the notorious Soul Devouring Demon.

Many great races hated him right to the core!

Grunting heavily, the Evil God forced himself to sit up and threw the golden pill Shera had left into his mouth. He then crossed his legs and closed his eyes as a sinister smile hung on the corner of his mouth.

Shera fully believed that Fuxi could teach the Evil God a lesson, however, she was wrong. Even Zen, who had been the Evil God's creator, did not fully understand how his mind worked, so what more could she?

The Evil God once dared to rebel against Zen when he was still in his creator's inner world.

He perfectly understood Zen's significance to the entire inner world along with the fact that he was an invincible being, nevertheless, the Evil God commenced with the rebellion.

To his misfortune, Zen was an omniscient and omnipotent being in his inner world.

His avatar was only a minuscule part of his soul, and even if it was killed, that would scarcely even harm him, much less kill him.

With this, the Evil God was driven to try harder. He was motivated by a primitive evil will that refused to make him compromise to anyone, even his creator.

Zen had already noticed the Evil God's intents back then and had wanted to kill him.

During that time though, Zen had just entered the divine land and had no time to take care of his inner world. He needed a powerful individual to help him manage his inner world and thus spared the Evil God's life.

Initially, no sort of crisis occurred in his inner world as the Evil God chose to behave obediently. Even when living in seclusion, he left behind a system that maintained peace in Zen's inner world.

What Zen didn't know was that the Evil God was merely restraining his evil will while he absorbed the power of the Godly Ways.

The Evil God was extremely talented and grew his strength rapidly. He even managed to blend together a large number of Godly Ways and gained freedom from Zen's inner world.

In short, the Evil God was someone who never gave in to anyone.

Fuxi's power may have been great but he was not an unbeatable enemy.

If the Evil God refused to submit to his own creator, what more Fuxi?

As he healed himself with the aid of the pill, a weird aura emanated from his body.

Those who sensed his aura felt terribly annoyed by it. Even Elizabeth and Athemar, despite being powerful beings, couldn't resist the feeling of aggravation in their guts. It couldn't be explained in terms of physical strength or soul power. The Evil God was just born to be evil, as the enemy of the world.

"Zen, this person from your inner world... He is quite ...extraordinary," Elvinia remarked with disgust.

The pill had done its work, healing most of the wounds on the Evil God's body.

He was incredibly handsome for someone so evil, charming too if only the vileness he emanated didn't disgust Elvinia that much.

Zen couldn't help but regret ever releasing this man from his inner world. He had made a strong enemy for himself that he now had no way of restraining.

"Zen, have you ever heard of an Inner-world Generating Avatar?" Dorothy suddenly asked.

"A what? Inner-world Generating Avatar?" He turned to her with a confused look.

"It's a special cultivation method that was quite popular a long time ago," Athemar said.

There were numerous creatures within a warrior's inner world. As always, elites would always sprout amongst these creatures, armed with peerless talents and endless potential.

If a warrior trained these elite creatures separately, allowing them to grow and even taking them out of their inner worlds, then they could turn them into their avatars.

"But these avatars have their own consciousness. They're their own person, right?" Zen asked.

Athemar nodded. "That's true. In fact, the Inner-world Generating Avatar is regarded as an evil skill. The Rebirth Land is used as a method to better cultivate and control an Inner-world Generating Avatar."

Zen pondered his words for a bit. "I don't think many people create their avatars nowadays though. Why is that?"

Athemar did mention that this skill was popular a long time ago but not anymore. That meant there was something probably wrong with it that rendered it unacceptable.

"Because it's very difficult to control the avatars through the Rebirth Lands. Many secondary creatures betrayed their creators after leaving their inner worlds. They never gave their creators a chance to annihilate their consciousness at all," Athemar explained.

There were two steps in the creation of Inner-world Generating Avatars. The first would be to select the target creatures and build Rebirth Lands for them. The second would be to take them out of the inner world for training. After a certain amount of time, when the creatures were deemed ready, the creators would then erase their consciousness and turn them into avatars.

Since they were born in their inner worlds, the creators would find no rejection at all when entering their avatars. They would feel like their own bodies. Avatars created this way were deemed the strongest.

Chapter 3369 At A Random Order

Zen was shocked to hear of such a method for cultivating an avatar.

It was not fair to the avatar, who was not really the warrior, just a substitute. The avatar had its own consciousness and its own life.

But it seemed that during those days, the powerful masters did not let too many worries or scruples get in the way of their activities.

In some of the larger forces, the warriors whose strength ranked second to fifth, were all puppet avatars of their leaders.

Nowadays, it was extremely rare to see creatures that cultivated the Inner-world Generating Avatar.

On one hand, it was easy to get rid of the Rebirth Land. On the other hand, the level of strength pursued by the living beings in the Source World was getting higher and higher.

When the Other Shore had first opened, creatures from the warriors' inner worlds would enter the Other Shore and fuse with the Other Shore Tokens in Stage Three or Stage Four. Then the creators would erase the memories of those creatures and transform them into their avatars.

For warriors as strong as Athemar, they needed to let the creatures from their inner worlds enter Stage Twenty, or a higher stage.

It took time to train an avatar. The longer the training, the greater the chance that the creatures would discover the truth of the Source World, and then they would try to get rid of the control of the Rebirth Land. No creature wanted to be an avatar.

When a creature whose memories had been erased was transformed into an avatar, it lost its soul. It could no longer enter the Other Shore, and its cultivation base could not increase.

Thus, while Athemar was easily able to cultivate a few avatars in the third or fourth stage of the Other Shore Realm, these avatars were too weak and useless for him.

"Then..." Zen said slowly, looking at the Evil God standing nearby.

"He was created by you. If you have the chance, you can turn him into your avatar in the future," Athemar said flatly.

"Of course, you must ensure you are stronger than him," Dorothy cautioned. "Otherwise, he will defeat you sooner or later. He might even be able to transform you into an avatar! It sounds impossible, but it is recorded that such a thing has happened before."

Zen nodded, deep in thought.

The Evil God was too sinister. If there was a chance, Zen must try his best to punish and control him.

Inner-world Generating Avatar was indeed a good choice in this case.

However, as Dorothy had warned, it was crucial to be at the proper level of strength. If Zen tried to take on the Evil God without being strong enough, it was entirely possible that he would be the one to end up getting killed, or getting transformed into an avatar.

As Zen, Dorothy, and Athemar spoke, more and more ships flew down from the sky, landing beside the pillars.

Many small races were arriving at the Icy Snow Province. Occasionally, one or two larger ships of the super forces would show up.

Everyone present was calm and composed. Some of them sat cross-legged and closed their eyes to cultivate, while some of them entered the Other Shore to make deals and deal with things there.

Each time the Chaotic Source World opened, a silence would settle over the noisy, busy Stage Thirteen.

After all, the best Souls of Light from Stage Thirteen were gathered at the gate of the Chaotic Source World.

A day passed.

Zen, standing with Elvinia and the others, felt a faint vibration in the ground.

The tremor also caught the attention of his companions.

Zen, Elvinia, and the others looked instinctively to their right. The vibration was coming from the Chaotic Source World.

There were tens of thousands of people present, and every single one wore a look of eager anticipation. Everyone was praying that they would win the competition and become Chaotic Source Realm warriors.

The members of the large races were expectant and ready to get started, their eyes lit with fighting intent.

The process of reaching the Chaotic Source Realm was by no means a simple matter of fusing with the Chaotic Source Spirits.

It was a vicious battlefield. Members of various races faced off against each other, all prepared to do whatever took to claim victory. According to the rules set by the Pear Hill and the large races, there must be no retribution—no matter who killed a warrior in the Chaotic Source World, the warrior's race would not be allowed to punish the killer.

As the vibration reverberated across the ground, the giant black egg began spinning slowly.

However, upon closer observation, they saw that it was not really the egg itself that was spinning. Rather, it was the thick black smog inside the enchanted barrier that spun slowly.

One by one, the runes lined in front of the gate of the Chaotic Source World began lighting up. The stone door in front of the participants gradually began to open.

Two women stood beside the stone door. They were members of the Snake Goddess race.

One of them shouted, "The Chaotic Source World has opened. The people from the Pear Hill will enter first!"

Those who entered the Chaotic Source World first had a great advantage.

They could lie in wait as the others arrived, and ambush them. Or they could quickly rush into the depths of the Chaotic Source World without worrying about encountering other warriors.

Since the Pear Hill had contributed the Chaotic Source World, the members of the Pear Hill naturally had a privilege that no one from other races could obtain.

Each time the Chaotic Source World opened, the members of Pear Hill were always the first to enter.

Yan stood up. Her gaze fell on Zen. She gestured towards him and slightly moved her lips, saying through her life vitality, "I'll be waiting for you inside."

Zen frowned.

He had no desire to be a burden on Yan. If she had a superior ability to protect herself, then he would much prefer that she go as deep into the Chaotic Source World as she could.

"There's no need. You'd better absorb the Chaotic Source Spirit first," Zen responded.

Yan looked unhappy. She resolved not to listen to Zen. She would wait for him once she was inside, regardless of what he said now.

The members of the Pear Hill lined up and passed through the stone door one after another.

As they passed, they pressed their tickets to the Chaotic Source World against the runes by the side of the stone door. They were allowed to enter only after the tickets were shattered.

As soon as all the Pear Hill members had entered, a woman standing by the stone door stepped forward. She lifted a handful of petals to her lips and lightly blew, and the petals scattered outwards in all directions, like a colorful rain. They seemed to multiply as they drifted on the wind, until there were tens of thousands of petals.

One of the petals floated directly towards Zen. It came to a stop in front of him and hovered motionless in the air.

Zen reached out and grasped the petal gently between two fingers. He looked closely at the petal and saw a number written on the delicate surface.

"13, 352..." Zen muttered.

"Mine says 7, 000," said Elvinia, showing her petal to Zen.

"I have 18, 060," said Dorothy.

Zen lightly placed the petal on his palm. "So this is the sequence in which we'll enter the Chaotic Source World? Is it always like this? Warriors enter in an entirely random order?"

Zen had assumed that the members of the same race could enter the Chaotic Source World together. As allies, they could watch out for each other and cooperate in order to get further. But this random sequence made that impossible now.

"In the past, members of the same race were allowed to enter together, but they just ended up fighting in groups almost as soon as they entered the Chaotic Source World. So the rule was changed," Elvinia explained.

Many large races and super forces had long histories with each other, which often involved some degree of enmity and animosity. When groups of warriors entered the Chaotic Source World and began fighting each other, this caused enormous losses to many races. To minimize the needless deaths, the Pear Hill had decided that participants would enter the Chaotic Source World individually, and that the order of entrance would be determined randomly.

Sally, Hutton, and the others held their own petals in their hands. They also looked surprised at this unexpected twist. This rule had only been in place for a few decades, and they had not yet heard of it.

They had all been operating under the assumption that they would enter together, and they were at a loss at this development.

"Don't worry. I will wait for you at the entrance," Zen said to Sally with a smile.

Unexpectedly, Sally curled her lips at Zen, shaking her head. She morosely showed him her petal. "You'll be waiting a long time. Look, I got number 39, 000!"

Chapter 3370 The Wind

Under normal circumstances, those who entered the Chaotic Source World needed to fend for themselves. But if they banded together, they would have a greater chance of succeeding.

Therefore, the six Nine Li people were willing to follow Zen.

Sally, however, felt a bit disheartened since her number on the petal was so big.

Zen glanced at the number and smiled faintly. "Don't worry. Even if we get separated, we will still be able to locate each other, thanks to the soul marks."

When they were still on the flying ship, Zen had marked the bodies of the Nine Li people, Elvinia, and Dorothy.

"Okay!" Sally nodded meekly.

Meanwhile, the members of the super forces studied the numbers on their petals.

Comparing the numbers between them, some obviously felt a little depressed over the gaps. In low voices, they discussed amongst themselves how they'd meet in the Chaotic Source World.

Others glanced at the petals and then decidedly ignored them.

Milo, the burly young man and the curly haired woman from the Divine Farmer race were among those who ignored the numbers.

These were the sort of people who were fully confident in their strength and talent, so they frowned upon the idea of working with others.

Once the woman standing in front of the stone gate had distributed all the petals, she cleared her throat. "Everyone, take your tickets and enter the Chaotic Source World according to your numbers. Now, the first one."

As soon as she finished her words, a young man from the Bearing race stepped forward.

Smiling confidently, he rushed towards the stone gate, waving his ticket in the air.

The number on his petal was "one", so he was the first to enter the Chaotic Source World. He felt extremely lucky.

After showing his petal at the stone gate, he then pressed his ticket onto the runes by the side of the gate. Once the runes smashed his ticket, he flew in.

Immediately after, a werewolf with silvery hair from the Celestial Wolf race came forward. The number on its petal was "two". After having its ticket checked, it quickly followed suit.

The creatures started surging forward according to the numbers on their petals.

Within an hour, more than six thousand people had entered the Chaotic Source World!

"The 7, 000th one," the woman at the stone gate called.

Elvinia turned to Zen calmly. "I'm going in."

Then, she floated elegantly to the gate and stepped inside.

Later came the 8, 000th one.

Then, the 9, 000th...

The 10, 000th...

The 12, 000th...

The 13, 000th.

Even then, many creatures were left at the gate, waiting for their turns.

"The 13, 352nd!"

The woman finally called Zen's number.

Zen smiled at Dorothy and the six Nine Li people. "I will wait for you inside."

Then he turned and leapt to the stone gate.

After he gave his petal to the woman, she said softly, "Yan didn't go deep into the Chaotic Source World. After you enter the stone gate, go right and you'll see her waiting for you there."

She frowned as she spoke. Zen could tell she was full of reproach.

The woman didn't care who Zen was. She only knew that Yan was willing to delay her own cultivation by waiting for this disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, which made her unhappy.

Zen knew what she was thinking. With a smile, he placed the ticket on the runes.

Crack!

After the ticket was torn apart, Zen stepped into the Chaotic Source World.

After passing through the stone gate, Zen was shrouded in a black smog, and his surroundings became dim.

Even so, it was not as dark as the Dark Region.

The Dark Region was completely shrouded in pitch blackness. Here, in the Chaotic Source World, it was as though a thick, black smog clouded everything.

Meanwhile, Zen also felt a strong resistance in the air.

The air was strangely thick. It was as though he had fallen into a quagmire, with a thick, heavy atmosphere enveloping him.

"Is this resistance coming from the black smog?" Zen wondered.

The smog was everywhere, so he couldn't get rid of the resistance. He tried to blow the smog away by waving his arms, but it didn't do much.

Gathering thirty divine megatons of force, he flapped his arms more furiously, and finally the air caved a bit. Only then was he able to walk properly.

'This smog is truly powerful. This place is inconceivable.' Zen raised his eyebrow in surprise.

Those who had just reached the Other Shore Realm wouldn't be able to move in this place. Even if they used all their strength, they wouldn't stand a chance.

The True Gods would probably be crushed by the smog upon entry to the Chaotic Source World!

Whoosh!

After Zen, a member of the Separate Abyss race had entered.

Locking eyes momentarily, Zen could see a hint of fear in his eyes.

Although this person didn't know Zen's true power, Zen seemed to have attracted the attention of the Human Sovereign. Moreover, the young man in black had come from Zen's inner world.

He figured it was better not to get on such a person's bad side.

While the Separate Abyss race was known for being arrogant, the man broke eye contact and quickly ducked into the black smog without a word.

Zen shrugged. He didn't have the time to ruminate over such trivial things. "Yan is waiting for me on the right side."

Zen activated the Other Shore Power and flew through the smog.

Although thirty divine megatons of force was enough for him to move in the mysterious black smog, it had restricted his freedom to a certain extent. He couldn't speed up, nor could he use his explosive power.

Even so, Zen knew it was only fair that the Chaotic Source World had this restriction aimed at everyone.

After flying a bit towards the right, Zen had seen only rusty-looking stones. There was no sign of Yan.

"Where is she?" Zen frowned.

Yan was a woman of her word. She had promised she'd meet him there, so where was she?

Zen's frown deepened. If she wasn't here, she could be in trouble.

He couldn't help but feel a bit worried.

Unfortunately, he hadn't left a soul mark on her body, so there was no way of finding her.

After wandering around for a while, he tried locating Elvinia. His expression changed abruptly once he found her.

Elvinia had entered the Chaotic Source World only shortly before him, yet she was forty thousand miles away from him!

If they were in the outside world, Zen wouldn't have been so shocked. After all, they could use the Grand Teleportation.

However, teleporting was forbidden in the Chaotic Source World. With this smog constricting movement, how could she possibly be that far ahead?

While Zen was busy pondering over this, he failed to notice a wind was steadily rising in the Chaotic Source World.

Whir...

Suddenly, he felt something pushing him fiercely.

The force of the wind was incredibly powerful. Before Zen had the time to react, he was violently swept up into the air by the wind.

Chapter 3371 Sea Dragon Race

Each speck of dust was a small individual that contributed to the black smog area in the Chaotic Source World. The area had the diameter of millions of miles.

The smog was so dense and heavy that it was difficult for all living beings to move, let alone the wind.

Naturally, the wind of the Chaotic Source World required more strength than they could have imagined.

As Zen found himself being carried by the wind, he now understood how Elvinia travelled tens of thousands of miles into the Chaotic Source World in such a short amount of time.

Elvinia did not make it on her own! She rode along the strong wind to get there.

But if that was the case, then perhaps Yan had also been transported by the wind.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Zen moved in the air at an increasingly high speed.

'Before I came to the Chaotic Source World, I had never heard of such a strong wind. Has the Chaotic Source World changed?' he thought.

Besides, the woman from the Snake Goddess race had dropped a hint that Yan was waiting for him there.

It seemed the woman was unaware of any change that had occurred.

Five minutes had passed and the strong wind finally began to subside.

As the wind calmed down, Zen steadily descended and landed on a firm, brown rock.

Using the soul mark, he found that Elvinia was now around sixty thousand miles away from him.

It was a far distance, and he knew he couldn't get there so quickly.

However, Zen was not in a hurry. After all, everyone had just arrived at the Chaotic Source World. It would take them time to adjust and get used to the place, so there shouldn't be any threats soon.

He stood on the tall rock and looked around. The place was lifeless, quiet, and deserted. He didn't even spot greenery from where he was standing.

The black smog might have just been too heavy, making the environment too harsh for ordinary beings. Perhaps nothing could thrive here except for the Chaotic Source Spirits.

'Before we set out, Dorothy mentioned that the Chaotic Source Spirits like hiding underground and in the rocks, ' Zen thought to himself. 'Maybe I can search for them in the rocks.'

He then lifted his foot and stomped down hard against the rock he stood on.

"Clatter..."

With a crisp sound, cracks began to appear across the surface. The formation suddenly collapsed and disintegrated into countless, rocky pieces.

Dorothy also mentioned that there was no Chaotic Source Spirit in weak rocks. If they were to dwell in one, it would have to be extremely solid.

Even so, Zen still continued to search among the rock fragments, having no success in finding a Chaotic Source Spirit.

He jumped to another rock and stomped hard on the surface.

"Clatter..."

Like the first one, the rock cracked and eventually shattered.

This time, Zen didn't rummage through the broken pieces, but he made his way to another rock and jumped.

He repeated this on 20 more rocks, jumping and shattering them into little pieces. Of course, he ended up with no finds.

This did not discourage him.

He was only along the edge of the Chaotic Source World. Moreover, obtaining the Chaotic Source Spirit was never going to be easy.

With all his determination, Zen jumped on rock after rock in the hopes of finding a solid one. After he landed on the 28th rock, to his surprise, it did not break into pieces. It let out an odd, muffled sound.

He stomped on it some more, each step having more power than the last. However, the rock wouldn't budge, and it did not crack at all.

His eyes lit up and the corners of his lips lifted. He thought, 'Could this rock have the Chaotic Source Spirit?

What luck!'

After fighting Ahmad, Zen learned a lot about the Chaotic Source Realm.

He knew that the Chaotic Source Reinforcement didn't make one's physical body stronger.

Essentially, the Chaotic Source Reinforcement was to fuse the Chaotic Source Spirit with the body. After this, the attacks received by a warrior would be borne by the Chaotic Source Spirit.

However, the Chaotic Source Spirit's ability to bear power had a limit. When the power exceeded the amount that the Chaotic Source Spirit could bear, it would fall into a state of fatigue, unable to bear any more. When this happened, the body that had undergone the Chaotic Source Reinforcement would collapse and weaken.

If a Chaotic Source Spirit was in the rock, it could help the rock bear outside forces and attacks. That was why the rock seemed indestructible. It was the Chaotic Source Spirit that was strong, not the rock itself.

"Let's see just how much power you can bear..."

Zen smirked and jumped up abruptly, circling up in the air before pounding his fists downwards.

"Bang!"

He exerted the power in his arms, which was around 500 divine megatons.

The huge rock trembled, but didn't budge. It withstood Zen's punches.

"Interesting!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Undisturbed by the rock's resilience, he continued to punch down as hard as he could.

And after eight solid punches, a minuscule crack appeared right down the middle of the rock.

"Argh!"

A grayish brown ball-like thing squeezed out from the small crack, and bounced away to the side.

Even though it was Zen's first encounter with the thing, he was quite certain that this was the Chaotic Source Spirit.

It seemed that Zen's strong blows made the Chaotic Source Spirit jump out of the rock and escape.

"You want to escape? I don't think so!"

Zen leapt into the sky and chased after the Chaotic Source Spirit, like a vicious hawk on the hunt for its prey.

However, the black smog slowed Zen down. It was a good thing that the Chaotic Source Spirit didn't move quickly. Otherwise, Zen would have lost it by now.

The Chaotic Source Spirit grew exhausted after bearing Zen's attacks. As it ran away, it became slower and slower.

This worked to Zen's advantage! But as he got closer to the little thing, three figures suddenly appeared in front of him. One of them leaned in and grabbed the Chaotic Source Spirit.

These three figures had red skin, and their bodies were covered with a thick layer of scales. They had long, thick tails behind them, which only meant one thing—they were from the Sea Dragon race.

"Wow! I didn't expect to find a Chaotic Source Spirit minutes after entering the Chaotic Source World!" One of them was overjoyed to find the Chaotic Source Spirit, holding it firmly in his hand as it struggled to get out.

He couldn't let it out of his sight. After all, there were only 200, 000 Chaotic Source Spirits. So many people fought over them because they were so rare.

Thanks to Zen, this particular man was happy to have found one so easily.

However, Zen was not too happy about this. His face darkened slightly. "I found this Chaotic Source Spirit from the rock and dug it out myself." He looked at them fiercely and added, "Could you please return it to me?"

The three had no clue that Zen was there in the first place, so they were shocked to see him.

They knew that Zen's identity was unusual, but the Chaotic Source World was different from the outside world.

This was a rule set by the Snake Goddess, who they feared and respected very much. If they really killed Zen, no one would punish them, so perhaps now was a good moment to kill Zen.

"Hey, are you out of your mind?" one of the Sea Dragon members uttered. "No one owns a Chaotic Source Spirit until they get a hold of it." The man smiled, taunting Zen.

The group of three were not afraid of Zen, because no matter how powerful he was, Zen stood alone against three.

To them, Zen was on a losing end.

Chapter 3372 Pursue And Attack

The Sea Dragon race couldn't be considered a super force in the Source World. Naturally, their resources couldn't compare to those of the Oneness Sky Palace.

However, they made up for it with their extraordinarily strong bodies. Their dragon scales were considered treasures and served as natural armor.

The three brothers, named Yasin, Musa, and Amir, were quite lucky. The gap in their respective numbers was within a hundred. Additionally, even though a strong wind had begun to rise as soon as they entered the Chaotic Source World, they were able to find each other and team up.

Musa and Amir had sinister expressions, both smiling viciously at Zen.

"So, you are unwilling to let go of the Chaotic Source Spirit." Zen narrowed his eyes at them.

Yasin quickly stowed away the Chaotic Source Spirit into his space ring. Then, he turned to wink at his two brothers.

Musa and Amir immediately took the hint. In the blink of an eye, Zen was surrounded.

Yasin laughed. "When we were outside, you seemed to have a powerful background. However..." His eye twinkled mischievously. "I didn't expect you to be such an idiot! The moment you saw us, you had a chance to escape. But now, I am afraid you're done for. Musa, Amir, get him!"

Yasin shook his head. He thought Zen would be smart, but apparently, he was just a dumb fool.

They would spare him no mercy.

With a brisk flick of the wrist, Musa and Amir summoned two long sabers. The Other Shore Power flowed throughout their bodies. Their scales began to glow a blue light, which was the Sea Dragon race's body language for excitement.

"You think I'm stupid because I didn't run away?"

Zen asked slowly, a smile creeping on his face.

There were many creatures in the Chaotic Source World. Almost all the large races and super forces had come today.

However, out of all the creatures present, only seven or eight were worthy of catching Zen's attention. These buffoons from the Sea Dragon race were not one of them.

"Chop him!"

"Take this!"

The long sabers cut through the black smog. With eight hundred divine megatons of force, they could almost crack both the heaven and the earth.

Both Musa and Amir were confident in themselves.

The Sea Dragon race was weak; the Other Shore Tokens they obtained weren't anything outstanding. Fifth-grade Other Shore Tokens were rarely seen in their race.

However, the world was just in a sense. They had a much stronger body to make up for this deficiency.

Both Musa and Amir slashed at Zen, their long sabers arcing in the air. Zen then calmly raised his hands.

"What?"

Yasin wrinkled his nose.

Why was this human trying to grab the sabers with his bare hands? How futile!

In the eyes of the Sea Dragon race, human bodies were very soft and fragile. The many large races would think nothing of them unless they had undergone the Chaotic Source Reinforcement.

'This man is definitely asking for death, ' Yasin thought to himself gleefully.

The two long sabers were powerful enough to slice Zen in half.

Musa and Amir shared the same sentiments.

They had been worried that Zen would use some strange Other Shore Token when they charged. If he did, it would've been difficult to deal with him.

Thankfully, this stupid human was only using his bare hands to defend himself!

Bang!

Musa and Amir blinked in a dazed confusion. To their shock, the two long sabers were wedged firmly between Zen's clasped hands.

But his hands were no longer flesh. They had turned pitch black, like two iron hands gripping the two blades.

Yasin, who had been watching from a distance, dropped his mouth open in sheer shock.

The mighty warriors who had reached the Chaotic Source Realm were able to catch the two sabers with their bare hands.

But just as the three of them did, Zen came to undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. How could he do that?

Before Musa and Amir could react, Zen's Strength God Totem suddenly released over a thousand divine megatons of force.

He twisted his two hands, snapping the blades in half.

Bang! Bang!

In one motion, Zen used the two broken blades against their original wielders.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The broken blades released two blue rays of sharp light in the air and cut Musa's and Amir's throats. They stared blankly forward, unmoving. Slowly, their heads slid off from their necks, and their bodies collapsed.

'The black smog is very annoying. My speed has been reduced by a lot, ' Zen thought, as he rubbed his wrist impatiently. Then, he turned to stare at Yasin expressionlessly. "I am not a bloodthirsty man. You would've been fine if you just handed over the Chaotic Source Spirit. Unfortunately, you are short-sighted and greedy. You deserve it."

With that, he suddenly leapt towards Yasin with incredible speed.

Although the black smog was blocking him somewhat, he still managed to close the distance in the blink of an eye.

For Yasin, it was as though time slowed down and he was seeing everything in slow motion. Yet, he was frozen in place, seized with remorse.

The Sea Dragon race had arrived very early, so they had witnessed what had happened at the entrance of the Chaotic Source World.

Strong warriors like Fuxi paid much attention to Zen, and the human young man in black was from his inner world. How could he be afraid of three members of the Sea Dragon race?

Then, Yasin snapped back to his senses. It was too late for regrets, now.

Without further hesitation, Yasin turned around and bolted.

In the Chaotic Source World, hurricanes would occasionally appear out of nowhere.

The strength of the hurricane was far from something that Yasin could resist. As long as the hurricane rose, no one knew where he would float to. By then, Zen could do nothing to him.

Although both Zen and Yasin couldn't move too quickly in the black smog, Zen was obviously faster.

Within a few seconds, Zen was only a few feet away from Yasin. As Zen closed the gap, he threw a punch at Yasin's back.

"Dragon Scales for Body Protection!"

Yasin sensed Zen's strike from behind, and immediately activated the natural armor of the Sea Dragon race. Instantly, the edges of his dragon scales were covered by honeycomb-shaped patterns, hardening his skin tenfold.

Dong!

Zen's fist struck Yasin's back with a dull sound.

Yasin buckled a bit under the force of Zen's blow, but he recovered quickly and continued to run as fast as he could.

'The bodies of the Sea Dragon race are truly solid, ' Zen thought to himself. 'If any ordinary human took a punch, they'd be dead by now.'

Little did he know that Yasin was under a great deal of pain.

The strength of Zen's punch was enough to cause some serious internal bleeding. He spat out blood as he ran, cursing under his breath. There was no way he could take another punch like that.

Sensing that Zen was closing in on him once more, Yasin made a split second decision. Gritting his teeth in frustration, he pulled off his space ring and threw it as far as he could in the opposite direction.

Even though the black smog posed some resistance, the space ring flew over a hundred feet away.

Zen hesitated. The Chaotic Source Spirit was stored in the space ring. In that moment, Zen chose to give up the chase and turned towards the direction the space ring landed.

Chapter 3373 Getting Excited

Zen had no interest in hunting down and killing the member of the Sea Dragon race, as the Chaotic Source Spirit was his real goal.

If the members of the Sea Dragon race yielded and gave him what he wanted, Zen wouldn't have to kill them.

Just as he rushed toward the space ring, the black smog started stirring from above him again.

"Phew!"

The strong hurricane came.

Zen's face fell when he felt the great gust of wind.

If the hurricane reached him, he knew it would send him far away. By then, he wouldn't be able to find the ring easily again.

And so with even more determination, he pounced on the ring.

It was much lighter than Zen. As the hurricane blew, the ring rose into the air.

The moment Zen landed, he leaped into the air, tailing the space ring closely.

Whoosh!

With his right hand, he grabbed the ring at lightning speed.

"Well, that was close..."

He sighed in relief.

As he knew he had to hunt for more than one Chaotic Source Spirit, he needed to know about them as soon as possible.

With the hurricane whirling, he was sent tens of thousands of miles away.

Before the gate of the Chaotic Source World, many creatures of the large races continued entering one after another.

The moment Dorothy entered the Chaotic Source World, she couldn't avoid the hurricane. It lifted her up a few hundred feet high, carrying her further into the black smog.

Without the Other Shore Power, she couldn't move.

In a panic, she checked on Zen's soul mark, only to find that he was also moving forward, carried along by the hurricane.

She figured he was also just as stuck as she was.

But why in the world was there even such a strong hurricane in the Chaotic Source World?

No such thing was recorded in the classics.

But it wasn't the time to be thinking about that. First, she had to find Zen.

Having entered the Chaotic Source World ahead of Zen, Elvinia was extremely morose at this point.

While she had originally planned to wait for him, the hurricane blew her away out of nowhere.

Even when it stopped, she didn't get lucky. Instead, she encountered several members of the Sun Crow race, two of which were demon women born in the Divine Lair.

Because of Elizabeth's influence and support, the members of the Sun Crow race regarded Elvinia as a traitor.

After getting herself out of the Dark Region, Elvinia had shown up with a physical body before the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race.

While the races were confused by her appearance, they also intended to kill her. The members of the Sun Crow race encountered Elvinia the moment they entered, so they, of course, had no intention of letting her get away.

So long as they got rid of her, they knew they would get preferential treatment.

The two demon women along with the other three members of the Sun Crow race were also the top warriors of the Sun Crow race's younger generation.

Elvinia was strong enough to protect herself if at most two of them attacked her. But now, she had no choice but to run for her life—five of them had joined hands to corner her.

At this point, the only good thing Elvinia had on her hands was how she had already mastered the divine flames of the Sun Crow race. Her divine flames were purer than most.

But now, she had a few deep scratches on her back and arms as she was being chased.

When she was nearly besieged, a hurricane blew once again, bailing her out of the situation. Everyone was blown away in different directions.

She tried to check Zen's soul mark, only to find that he was even farther away from her. How could she get back on track?

"Number 45, 044..." the woman standing before the stone door called out.

An eight-foot-tall man from the Bearing race stepped forward.

He was none other than Garrett Ji.

In the Bearing race, the Ji Clan enjoyed the highest status, and Garrett Ji was its direct descendant.

As he moved across the open area, he heard a strange laugh from his side.

He turned to the source of the laughter to find that it was from the arrogant Soul Devouring Demon.

The sight made him cast a scornful glare at the human.

He thought that the arrogant ones were always killed off easily. If the Soul Devouring Demon chose to keep silent and keep his recklessness in check, he might be able to reach the Chaotic Source Realm. But as soon as he appeared, he dared to expose his identity, leaving himself vulnerable to the other large races. It wasn't likely he would make it out of the Chaotic Source World alive.

"What are you laughing at?" Garrett Ji demanded coldly.

The Evil God raised a petal and flipped it over. His number read 45, 045, just behind Garrett's.

The latter's expression seemed to change when he saw the number.

While he didn't exactly know what the Evil God meant, he knew that the guy was crazy enough to do anything.

Garrett's chest clenched slightly in uneasiness, but he ignored the Evil God and continued his stride to the stone door.

The leaders of the Bearing race were left upset as well. During their trip to the Chaotic Source World, they had to give priority to protecting the disciples surnamed Ji. Garrett Ji, most especially, held a very high position among the descendants. Being targeted by the Soul Devouring Demon was too much of a bad omen.

After Garrett Ji entered the Chaotic Source World, the woman from the Snake Goddess race announced the next number.

Without a word, the Evil God stood up and took unrushed steps toward the stone door.

Garrett Ji wasn't actually particularly afraid of the Evil God. While the Evil God's Soul of Light was indeed very powerful, Garrett Ji had with him several body protection weapons—he was well-equipped entering the Chaotic Source World. He even carried a secret soul weapon that could protect his Soul of Light.

And Garrett's Other Shore Token was not weak by any means.

His goal was to reach the Chaotic Source Realm as soon as possible, and he wasn't willing to get targeted by a madman in the process.

So once he stepped through the stone door, he flew away without any hesitation.

But the black smog was pervasive in the Chaotic Source World—Garrett Ji was slowed down. After reaching a certain distance, he turned his head to find the Evil God's figure at the gate.

'Is he planning to follow me?' The thought made Garrett's brows shoot up in shock.

He had no enmity with the Evil God, so he figured the latter wouldn't bother getting involved with him.

But as it turned out, he was wrong.

There were people in the world who simply enjoyed killing others.

After staying in the Black Mountain Guild for a long time, the Evil God was rather tired of killing.

When he stayed in Zen's inner world, the Evil God rarely killed because the warriors of the entire inner world were not that powerful—they didn't even deserve to receive his attacks. The Evil God felt no desire to spar with them.

And of course, there was the fact that he would have faced Zen's punishment if he did kill others.

Back on the Black Ship, Shera told the Evil God that he couldn't take anyone so lightly. The creatures who entered the Chaotic Source World were easily the most outstanding beings of the young generation in the entire Source World.

Instead of feeling the pressure of having to face them, the Evil God felt excitement build up inside him at the thought.

To him, it was a feast of killing people to his heart's content.

So as soon as he appeared, he didn't hesitate to grab people's attention by revealing his identity as the Soul Devouring Demon.

The eyes of hatred on him were intoxicating to him, like inhaling fine wine. After discovering Zen, he was nothing but more excited. He didn't dream of stopping until he was hit by Fuxi.

Chapter 3374 Protection

As soon as the Evil God entered the stone gate, he felt the weight of the black smog. He paused slightly.

He shivered a bit, but soon adapted to it.

The black smog obscured the light, but after adjusting to the darkness, his eyes soon caught sight of Garrett sprinting away.

"Humph," the Evil God snorted.

With a small hop, he launched himself straight at Garrett, hurtling through the air like a bird of prey.

Garrett had seen him all this while, looking back as he moved forward.

His face fell as soon as he spotted the Evil God in the Chaotic Source World.

Garrett was sure he could take on the Evil God, but he had no intention of confronting him now.

But who would be happy with a lunatic hunting them for no reason?

"Toad Pace!"

At this, Garrett accelerated.

His steps now followed a special rule. He could still move forward at high speed even with the black smog in his way.

"So, you choose to flee?"

A cold light flashed in the Evil God's eyes. He picked up his speed behind Garrett. It seemed like he would soon overtake him.

The distance between them began to close quickly.

Seeing this, Garrett panicked.

"How could he be so fast?!"

The black smog should have had the same effect on the Evil God as on him. The former hadn't gone into the higher stage of the Other Shore Realm, so he shouldn't be much stronger than him.

Realizing he could not get rid of the Evil God, Garrett stopped in his tracks with a new resolve.

He waved his hands, pulled out two machetes from his belt, and faced the oncoming threat head-on. "I have no enmity with you! Why are you chasing me?"

The Evil God halted, excitement dancing in his eyes. He let out a sinister laugh. "You know the answer!"

At his words, Garrett's face darkened. With a flash, a snake shadow appeared and crawled along the surface of each machete.

It was an Other Shore Treasure, and there was a fourth-grade Other Shore Token from Stage Thirteen merged with it.

"You want to fight me?" Garrett spat out, a deadly warning in his voice.

"Fight? Haha!" The Evil God sneered and raised his right hand. "I want to kill you."

As soon as these words were spoken, he flung out five pieces of diamond-shaped fragments from his palm.

These diamond-shaped fragments were all made of the Ways-blending Energy. They broke the black smog, obliterating the dust while emitting a little white light.

"What kind of power is this?"

Garrett's pupils shrank slightly. His face took on a serious expression as he swung his machetes.

"Heaven and Earth Radiance Hacking!"

"Whoosh!"

The two rays of blade radiance formed a cross. The snake shadows coiled around the radiance, and then struck at the diamond-shaped fragments.

Garrett might not be the strongest among the young generation of the Bearing race, but he was strong enough to be in the top five among hundreds of his peers. That he deployed his treasured weapons indicated that he thought highly of his opponent now.

The Heaven and Earth Radiance Hacking would have been a normal attack, but with his Other Shore Token attached to it, it could nearly devour all the energy in the world.

It could even swallow the Other Shore Power!

However, when the blade radiance came into contact with the diamond-shaped fragments, an astonishingly cataclysmic power burst out. The dazzling white light went through the black smog, obscuring Garrett's view.

Garrett stayed calm. He closed his eyes and spread his spiritual sense in all directions.

But just as he did, a powerful soul pressure rushed toward him!

The spiritual sense acted as appendages for a soul. These appendages could spread far away and fast, but they were thin and extremely fragile.

The soul pressure destroyed Garrett's spiritual sense violently. Unable to locate the Evil God, Garrett began to feel afraid.

The Evil God had seized the chance to approach behind him. He stretched out his hand and flung a diamond-shaped fragment at the back of Garrett's head.

Two people around a thousand feet away were watching these events unfold.

One of them, a tall and strong young man, had a girl with curly hair seated on his shoulder.

This girl was Mya, treasured by many elders of the Divine Farmer race. The race had high hopes for her entry into the Chaotic Source World.

The origin of the strapping young man was rather more mysterious. Only a few members of the Divine Farmer race knew his true identity. He was named Mount.

Mya usually called him Uncle Mount.

"Uncle Mount, are you really not going to help him?" asked Mya, pouting her rosy lips.

Her face was covered by her curly hair, but under all that was a pair of pretty eyes.

The Divine Farmer race and the Bearing race were as close as brothers. Before they set out, their leader had instructed that no matter what happened, they should help each other with the Sun Crow race and the Bearing race in the Chaotic Source World.

Garrett was a very important disciple of the Bearing race, so they were supposed to help him.

"Garrett won't die anyway. Why don't we just watch for now?" Mount replied gently.

Although the Soul Devouring Demon was widely known in many races, they didn't appear afraid of him at all.

Strong people tended to be lonesome and arrogant. Being among the top ranks of the extremely powerful, they had never thought that they were inferior to the Evil God.

"It seems that the energy in that man's hand is the Ways-blending Energy, and that he has integrated many..." Mya slightly curled her hair with a finger. "Having fused the Godly Ways to such a degree, this guy is by no means weak..."

"It's just a fusion of different Godly Ways. What's the big deal?" Mount raised his hand, radiating a colorful glow from his fingertips, which contained at least two thousand different Godly Ways that had been blended.

As Mya looked at the beautiful Ways-blending Energy, a smile played at the corners of her mouth. She sighed, "Uncle Mount, you really are omnipotent..."

"Blending Godly Ways is not as difficult as you think. As long as you have enough time, you can make it, too. But it's difficult to activate its power. I just don't know where this young man learned the method to get more than a hundred layers of Ways-blending Energy, making it as powerful as an Other Shore Token," Mount mused somberly.

As they watched, the Evil God moved to embed a diamond-shaped fragment into the back of Garrett's head.

The Evil God was certain that Garrett would die, but just then, a brown ball appeared at the top of his head. As the ball cracked, a layer of transparent enamel covered Garrett's body.

The enamel firmly armored Garrett. It appeared as delicate as porcelain.

But the Evil God soon learned it was not. He could not break through it at all!

Chapter 3375 An Amber Crystal

Some races in the Black Mountain Guild were superior in terms of strength.

However, all creatures who joined the Black Mountain Guild were violent and vicious.

They were raised to be independent creatures. Without the support or protection of other powerful warriors, they had to rely on their own strength for survival.

The winners would advance further, while the losers had to pay the penalty of death.

The Evil God knew about the Latent Theurgy.

But the members of the Black Mountain Guild didn't have any of them.

The Evil God attempted to remove the enamel that enwrapped Garrett with his Ways-blending Energy. After several failed tries, he realized it was to no avail.

Tenacious as he was, he refused to give up. Just as he was about to pull out his Other Shore Token, he heard mocking laughter coming from near him.

He immediately turned his head to find two human beings from the Divine Farmer race.

These two had been standing at a safe distance of a thousand feet away from the Evil God. He was so engrossed that he didn't notice their presence. After they made themselves known, he was instantly alerted.

"What's so funny?" the Evil God sneered as he narrowed his eyes to glare at Mya.

It was obvious Mya was trying to get on his nerves. He was always ready to fight off anyone who dared to annoy him.

While Mount carried Mya's body, he gathered strength secretly. Although both of them displayed relaxed expressions, they knew they shouldn't underestimate the man in black. All the strong warriors had one attribute in common. They were confident in their skills, but they weren't conceited.

Mya smirked and raised her arm upwards. She pointed at the black smog and said, "You can't touch him. It's a Latent Theurgy made from an Other Shore Token from Stage Thirty-One. You cannot break it!"

"Oh? Really?" The Evil God arched one brow upwards and scoffed. The corners of his mouth turned into a sly smile. He didn't seem to take her words seriously.

Since he was unsuccessful in breaking the Latent Theurgy, he decided to let it go for the moment. Mya and Mount remained where they stood and didn't run away. He looked at them with vicious intents as though they were his next prey.

With quick steps, he began to make his way towards them.

Mya shook her head disapprovingly and said, "You don't have time to fight with us now."

"And why is that?" The Evil God shook off her words as he continued to gather his strength while he walked.

"Because the hurricane is coming once again. You'll be swept up before you even get here," Mya said as she smirked while pointing in the distance.

The Evil God stopped in his tracks with a trace of doubt shadowing his face. At this moment, the black smog of the Chaotic Source World began to surge again. It didn't take long before a huge force made its way towards the Evil God and swept him off his feet and into the sky.

Mya, Mount, and Garrett who was still sealed up by the enamel had all been swept up in the air along with him.

The hurricane swirled around the Chaotic Source World. Any living being within close range of it would be tossed thousands of miles away whenever it came.

Trying to get back at her, the Evil God attempted to resist the pressure of the hurricane and made his way towards Mya. However, he was blocked off by several thousand divine megatons of force. The pressure coming from it was so severe that even he was unable to persist against it.

After floating in mid-air for a fair amount of time, he landed at a place seventy thousand miles away from the entrance.

As he got up, he dusted himself off and began to look around. Right in front of his eyes was a tall mountain over a thousand feet high. Hiding in the cracks of this mountain were members and disciples of some large races.

Since the Chaotic Source Spirits would usually hide in the rocks, there was a high probability of them residing in the mountain.

The people who were in the mountain tried to break the rocks to look for them. Although the process was tedious and required a lot of strength, the hopes of obtaining something, in the end, kept them from giving up.

When the hurricane began to rage, they would seek refuge in the cracks of the mountain.

As soon as the hurricane subsided, they would come out of the cracks and continue with the task.

The several races that stayed there held no grudges against each other. Their shared lack of talents and power compared to others bound them together as a group. No one would meddle in the other person's work, and they got along well.

But their fortunate situation only lasted for a short while. The raging hurricane had brought the Evil God right to their doorstep. When their eyes met the Evil God's, they dropped what they were doing and froze in shock.

Meanwhile, when the hurricane stopped, Zen landed in a small col.

Perhaps because of the constant visits of the hurricane, the mountains of the Chaotic Source World remained barren.

Zen quickly made his way inside the small col.

He sat down before he forcefully removed the soul seal from the space ring. He came across a variety of stored items as he rummaged through it to look for the Chaotic Source Spirit.

After ignoring all the useless stuff collected by Yasin, he soon found the Chaotic Source Spirit.

When Zen reached for it, the hair on the surface of its body stood up in response. Zen's touch had activated its defense mechanism. To protect itself from him, it came at Zen ferociously like a rabid dog.

But Zen flipped his hand and pinned it to the ground effortlessly.

"Feisty little thing, aren't you?" he muttered to himself as he felt it struggle.

"Aha..."

Alas, the Chaotic Source Spirit gave up and let out a squeal of grievance while it splayed out on the ground. It looked at Zen with its olive-like eyes filled with pain to appeal to his sensitive side.

Taking a little effect on its pitiful eyes, Zen loosened his grip over it to ease the pain. Suddenly, he realized something.

He didn't know the method of absorbing the Chaotic Source Spirit!

The Chaotic Source Spirit existed with a distinctive life form. It was originally a creature on the Other Shore. The question remained whether the descendants of two creatures from the Other Shore were still recognized as the creatures of the Other Shore.

Maybe he had to devour the Chaotic Source Spirit to merge with it?

Sensing Zen's dilemma, No. 9527 stepped in to guide him. Its voice echoed in Zen's mind as it spoke, "Although most refer to this creature as the Chaotic Source Spirit, it's actually just the carrier of the Chaotic Source Spirit. There's no need for you to take its life. You can keep it in your inner world. I'll teach you."

The most violent method was to kill this tiny innocent creature. They had to dissect its corpse to get the Chaotic Source Spirit.

Many people would go with this brutal method to obtain the Chaotic Source Spirit. However, there was also a gentler procedure to not harm it and acquire what they wanted.

Without wasting a moment, Zen grabbed the creature and proceeded to put it in his inner world through the cinnabar field. Then he followed No. 9527's instructions and carefully extracted the Chaotic Source Spirit from it.

Not long after, an amber crystal forced its way out of the tiny body.

"Is this the Chaotic Source Spirit?" Zen asked as he studied the crystal.

No. 9527 nodded as it replied, "Yes, it is."

"If I keep this little creature in my inner world, will it produce another crystal after some time?" Zen inquired again.

"I'm afraid not. Just forget about it."

Once the Chaotic Source Spirit was extracted from the body of the creature, it went through some physical changes. Its brown hair turned grayish-white, but its black olive eyes remained bright. It seemed this method had not caused it any harm.

There were a total of two hundred thousand Chaotic Source Spirits in the Chaotic Source World. Once the Chaotic Source Spirit was extracted from the carrier, the carrier would become an ordinary creature. Like every living being, it would gradually age and then die. So it would never produce any new Chaotic Source Spirits.

Zen kept the little creature in his inner world. After all, it was the right thing to do after he had extracted the Chaotic Source Spirit from it. He had to give it a safe place to live out the rest of its life.

He took the crystal from his inner world and studied it from all sides before storing it safely into his space ring.

Now it was not the right time to undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. He had to double his search and look for more Chaotic Source Spirits.

As he stood in the small col, he remembered the habitual nature of these little creatures. Studying the landscape of the area, he realized it was probable that some Chaotic Source Spirits hid underneath the rocks.

He had to hurry before the hurricane rose again. Quickly, Zen crushed over a thousand divine crystals and replenished the energy of the Strength God Totem. Keeping his eyes glued to the rocks at his feet, he activated the Other Shore Power once more. Then, he balled his hands into fists and gathered massive power before he smashed the rocks below his feet.

Chapter 3376 The Stone Pillar In The Cave

Earlier, Zen had smashed around thirty rocks but only found one Chaotic Source Spirit among them.

There were probably thousands of rocks piled up there. Zen smashed them one by one, almost razing the area to the ground.

And yet, he couldn't find another Chaotic Source Spirit...

Surveying the multitudes of broken stones on the ground, Zen sighed helplessly.

Two hundred thousand Chaotic Source Spirits were scattered within an area with the diameter of millions of miles, most of which lived in groups. It was not easy to find one that appeared alone.

However, Zen refused to give up. The Chaotic Source World would stay open for one month; he still had time.

If it was difficult for him to find Chaotic Source Spirits, how much more for the others?

Zen took a break from smashing stones to check on the soul marks.

The hurricanes kept on pushing everyone further away from each other.

The distance between him and Elvinia wasn't any closer than before. In fact, it seemed she had drifted even farther. The same went for Dorothy.

On the other hand, to Zen's relief, he noted that the six people of the Nine Li race were much closer to him. Hutton and the three other Nine Li people were gathered as a group, while Sally was dozens of miles to his left.

"Eh?"

Zen grunted, as he pondered over this.

Sally had left a soul mark on him, as well. If she sensed his existence, she should have definitely headed in his direction.

But now, Sally stayed put, wherever she was.

The hurricane would blow every five minutes, and it was coming again soon. God knew where Zen would be blown to next.

So, he wasted no time and headed to the left, to where Sally was. Soon, he encountered a mountain range -- or what was left of it.

Apparently, someone had also destroyed the mountains. They were almost completely leveled, with shards of shattered rocks everywhere.

"There are still three miles left..."

Once again, Zen checked on Sally's location. After confirming she hadn't moved, he leapt into the air and flew through the flattened mountain range.

When he arrived at the area where Sally was supposed to be, he found no one there.

Puzzled, Zen surveyed the area with vigilance. The soul mark couldn't lie, but he couldn't see Sally anywhere.

"She must be down there..."

There was only one possibility: Sally was within the mountains. There must have been an entrance somewhere.

Just as Zen was deep in thought, the black smog above his head surged once more.

After having gone through this several times, Zen knew what to expect.

As soon as the black smog started to surge, this indicated the hurricane would blow within a few seconds.

He cursed under his breath.

It would be difficult for Zen to escape the hurricane now, but it would be really inconvenient once he was blown away.

Just then, a voice suddenly chirped not far from him. "Zen! In here! Come on in!"

Zen turned his gaze to the direction where the sound came from. Suddenly, he saw Sally's fair arm waving frantically at him from a crack at the side of a mountain.

The upper and lower parts of the crack were folded, so it would have been difficult to detect it without using spiritual sense.

Zen knitted his brows. Planting his feet firmly on one side of the mountain, he launched himself towards the crack with incredible force, shooting towards Sally's waving arm.

Whoosh!

As he was closing in on the small cave, the hurricane started to surge.

"Zen, hurry u--"

But before she could even finish her sentence, the hurricane blew with such force that she was pushed violently into the depths of the stone crack.

Zen also felt the incredible force of the hurricane tugging at his body.

Gritting his teeth, he knew he had to do something quick.

Zen lowered himself, rolling over and then kicked a giant rock that was beside him.

The kick was an explosive force of over a thousand divine megatons, completely shattering the rock in an instant.

Zen used this momentum to launch himself forward a bit. It was just enough for his fingers to clasp desperately onto the edge of the crack. Channeling all his strength into his arm, he pulled himself inside the crack.

Like Sally, the hurricane whipped him from behind so violently, he was pushed into the depths of the crack.

Zen rolled blindly in the dark until he crashed into a stone wall. When he got his bearings, he realized he was in a small cave.

Zen's body was naturally able to withstand the collision. He stood up, unscathed. Instead, the wall of the cave had some hairline cracks from the impact.

Just now, Sally had also been thrown down by the hurricane. Like Zen, she also collided with the wall of the cave, but she wasn't as strong as Zen. She was knocked out, lying motionless on the ground, unconscious.

Zen slid down from the cave wall, and held up Sally. He stretched out two fingers and pressed them against her forehead to check her condition. After a while, he was a little relieved knowing that her injuries weren't serious.

"Fortunately... She's just passed out." As he spoke, he gently released a stream of warm soul force onto her body.

After a while, her eyelashes fluttered as she woke up. To Zen's surprise, the first thing she said was, "Zen, are you alright?"

"You should worry about yourself!" Zen smiled, shaking his head.

"I'm fine!" She sat up and stretched her arms and legs.

After all, Sally was a descendant of Chiyou's brother. Although the bodies of people of the Nine Li race were considered weak compared to that of nonhuman creatures, they were still the strongest among the many human forces.

"Why are you in a cave?" Zen asked curiously.

Sally blinked. "I was searching for the Chaotic Source Spirits with them down there. Just now, I found that your soul mark was approaching, so I came up. I didn't expect that the hurricane would come at this time..."

If Sally hadn't spotted Zen and warned him in time, he would have been blown ten thousand miles away by the hurricane.

"Is there a Chaotic Source Spirit in the cave?" Zen's eyes flashed. "And who are the people you're talking about?"

"There are not only Chaotic Source Spirits, but also many vicious beasts! Zen, just follow me and you'll find out," Sally answered cryptically.

She led the way in the front, and they went down the rugged path in the cave. After a while, they took a sharp turn and Zen found that there was a different world underground. Underneath the flattened mountains, there was actually a huge cave, with shimmering stone walls.

In the middle of the cave, there was a thick stone pillar with countless small holes on its surface. Fiery red eyes flickered from inside the holes.

"Zen!" A voice cried as soon as they entered the cave.

"Chaim!" Zen grinned widely.

Chaim was on par with Milo in terms of both status and strength in the Oneness Sky Palace.

Moreover, he was very smart and flexible, which had left a deep impression on Zen on the Other Shore.

Besides Chaim, there were other warriors present: two werewolves of the Celestial Wolf race, three members of the Moon Spirit race, and another nonhuman creature.

If they were members of the super forces, they would never have been able to tolerate each other, and would have probably already taken action against each other. However, since they were all from smaller races, they were able to get along quite harmoniously.

With Zen there, Chaim was filled with joy. "Zen, you came at the right time. This stone pillar is so dangerous. We don't know how to deal with it. I was wondering if you can break the pillar."

Zen, of course, knew that since they stayed in this cave, these warriors had to be up to something.

He glanced at the stone pillar. "Are there Chaotic Source Spirits in the pillar?"

"Yes, and actually, there are a lot of them," answered Chaim with certainty. "But besides the Chaotic Source Spirits, there are also other ferocious beasts inside, which are very troublesome to deal with."

As he spoke, he summoned a fishing rod, casting the line. Then the hook with the bait flew towards the pillar.

Chapter 3377 Fierce Ants

The hook with bait shot past the warriors and went directly towards the stone pillar. Afterwards, Chaim slightly shook his hand to simulate movement of the bait.

Almost instantly, a series of red lights flashed within the small holes of the stone pillar. Around six or seven creatures rushed out of the holes and ripped the bait off the hook. They immediately withdrew back into the pillar. Their movements were as quick as lightning.

In spite of their speed, Zen had no difficulty in seeing them clearly. He realized what the creatures were almost at once.

"Those creatures are ants?" Zen couldn't believe his eyes. But he could not be mistaken.

Those ants had half of an arm's length. Their tentacles were shining with a bright scarlet light. They also had big jaws that glinted dangerously. Upon observation, it was obvious that they were poisonous.

Chaim nodded as he confirmed what Zen had surmised. With a frown, he said, "They must be the kind of wild and ferocious ants unique to the Chaotic Source World. They are highly poisonous. There is no doubt that we must not approach them."

Having said this, he pointed to an area not that far away from them.

Zen looked towards the direction he pointed. There, a member of the Celestial Wolf race lay lifeless on the ground. He had a black mass all over his body. Clearly, he died due to the poison that spread in his system.

Zen turned his head back at the stone pillar. He pondered for a while and then said, "It seems like these ants do not intend to leave their nests. Is it possible to attack them with the Other Shore Tokens?"

"My Other Shore Token is of the descending type, Zen. Watch this," Sally said as she wanted to demonstrate something to Zen.

A little round ball materialized from Sally's hand. It seemed really heavy and compact. Its surface was covered with a rainbow-like luster.

This Other Shore Token was known as the Iridescent Stone unique to Stage Thirteen that contained astonishing Other Shore Power. Upon throwing it, the user would be able to control its movement to hit the target accurately.

Sally launched the Iridescent Stone towards the stone pillar. It soared towards the target with such accuracy.

Pew! Boom!

The incredible power of the Iridescent Stone caused ripples in the space as it flew in the air. It heavily crashed upon the stone pillar.

The blow must have unleashed over a thousand divine megatons of force. It was truly remarkable.

Even strong warriors like Chaim would not be able to take that kind of hit head on. It was a force that could probably cause a mountain to collapse upon impact.

Sally might seem like a delicate beauty. However, her strength should not be underestimated.

Dong!

No matter how strong the attack was, it only crashed upon its target with a dull thud. The pillar only trembled a little. Apart from that, it appeared completely unharmed.

The pillar itself could not have been that sturdy. The only possible explanation for this would be many Chaotic Source Spirits were probably hiding inside it.

Meanwhile, the Iridescent Stone Sally had thrown just now disappeared from where it crashed into the pillar. Instantaneously, it reappeared in her hand.

"The Other Shore Tokens that Sally and the member of the Celestial Wolf race have belong to the descending type. They are not particularly afraid of the deadly poison those vicious ants possess. Even after several rounds of attacks, however, the pillar remained intact. One thing can be deduced from that. There might be many Chaotic Source Spirits hiding inside the pillar," explained Chaim.

The distinct characteristic of a Chaotic Source Spirit was that it could absorb power. No matter how strong the attack was, it would just absorb it all.

Because of this distinct feature, many powerful masters in the Source World underwent the Chaotic Source Reinforcement to raise the level of their body strength.

However, this characteristic made the Chaotic Source Spirits extremely difficult to capture.

It would be a much easier task if there was only one Chaotic Source Spirit hidden in the rock. They could just tire it out by unleashing continued attacks and then break the rock to capture it. Zen had successfully done this before.

However, this was a different matter. There were many Chaotic Source Spirits hidden together inside the rock. Therefore, they were probably even more powerful. Naturally, it was out of the question to exhaust them all. It would be too difficult and energy-consuming. This seemingly ordinary stone pillar was actually tough to break.

To top it off, there were poisonous ants that built their nests inside the stone pillar. This made it more troublesome to deal with. No one would be able to come close to it.

Chaim was a wise man. Nevertheless, there was nothing else he could do after trying so many times and failing each time. This situation seemed hopeless.

"How about you, Zen? Do you have an idea?" Chaim asked with an air of frustration.

Zen pondered upon this problem for a while. After observing the stone pillar, he responded, "If there are many Chaotic Source Spirits hidden in the stone pillar, I'm afraid one or two people are not enough to break it."

"Of course. That much is obvious," replied Chaim with a nod.

"Then, that leaves us with one option. Let's kill those ants first," said Zen with a confident smile.

Actually, he had another simple and crude tactic up his sleeve. He could use that chess board to summon the Regal Jade Beasts. The Regal Jade Beasts should not be afraid of the poison of these ants. But many divine crystals would be consumed. Moreover, Zen had no intention of using the Civilization Artifact this early.

"That is easier said than done. These vicious ants are very strong." A werewolf of the Celestial Wolf race was listening to their conversation. He couldn't help but chime in. His clansman was poisoned to death. Needless to say, he was very afraid of the fearsome ants.

In actuality, the beasts in the Source World were not that powerful. Those that were not very intelligent were even less powerful. Because of their low intelligence, they were unable to cultivate the Truth of Godly Way and could not bear an Other Shore Token. Therefore, their strength was not on the same level as that of the warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

Soon after the werewolf shared his opinion, a strange expression crossed Zen's face. "I'll give it a try," he replied boldly.

He was not afraid of the poison. He might as well try to kill these pesky ants.

As soon as he said this, he rushed towards the stone pillar. In the blink of an eye, he was standing right next to it.

"Zen, please be careful!"

Naturally, Chaim knew that Zen was truly extraordinary.

Though he didn't know that Zen was the man known as Thad in the Dark Region, the treatment he received at the gate of the Chaotic Source World was good enough to prove his strength.

Chaim thought that Zen's aura was somewhat similar to Thad's. Nevertheless, it didn't really matter whether they were the same person or not.

Sally looked extremely nervous while watching Zen.

The moment Zen approached the pillar, it trembled slightly. He felt as though there was some kind of power emanating from it. However, it vanished instantly. This made Zen feel a little uncomfortable.

Shortly after, red lights flickered inside the small holes on the pillar again.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

All of a sudden, dozens of ants rushed out of the stone pillar. They flapped the wings on their backs and headed straight towards Zen.

Chaim, Sally, and the others were over a thousand feet away. But as soon as they saw the poisonous ants flying in the sky, they were all forced to retreat.

If the ants chased after them, they would escape from the cave without a second thought.

"Their speed is astounding!"

As the ants flew fast and circled around Zen, they appeared like solid black lines. The speed of their flight was way beyond Zen's expectation.

Whoosh!

The ants circled Zen a few more times before they opened their mouths and charged towards Zen. Their huge clicking jaws looked absolutely menacing.

Zen moved his feet slightly and levitated in the air. With slight twists and turns, he perfectly avoided the attacks of the ants.

At the same time, he grabbed a fierce ant by its abdomen and forcefully smashed it on the ground.

However, the ant just turned its body in an incredibly unusual angle and sank its huge jaws into Zen's arm.

Puff! Puff!

Both its left and right jaws were able to puncture Zen's skin.

"What? Unbelievable!"

Zen was absolutely startled.

He realized that he clearly underestimated the strength of these ferocious ants. He didn't activate the Shade Stone liquid to protect his body. Thus, the ant was able to pierce his skin directly.

This was why even strong warriors like Chaim were incapable of dealing with these ants.

"Zen!" Sally screamed as she saw Zen getting bitten by the poisonous ant.

"Zen!" Chaim yelled together with Sally. This was not a good sight to behold.

Chaim was thoroughly shocked at how reckless Zen was. He did not expect this at all.

A look of disdain appeared upon the faces of the others who witnessed this. Zen seemed like a highly important figure. However, he turned out to be a foolishly reckless man who underestimated his enemy. Now, he'd gotten himself killed because of his carelessness and impatience.

Chapter 3378 A Silver Haired Young Man

Zen was a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm. Even if he was poisoned, he could cut off his arm for survival.

But the deadly poison of the fierce ant could take all the lives in the blink of an eye.

A member of the Celestial Wolf race was bitten by one of those ants. He died instantly. There was no chance to treat the wound or slow the poison.

When Chaim and the others saw that, they were scared out of their wits. None of them was willing to risk death to rescue Zen. He was done for.

But while everyone watched, Zen wrenched the jaws of the giant ant away from his arm. Then, he shifted his grip and grabbed the creature's head.

But Zen's squeeze wasn't enough to crack its hard shell. It could withstand three hundred divine megatons of force.

"Hey..."

Zen smiled helplessly, and squeezed harder with five hundred divine megatons of force.

Crack!

The young warrior managed to crush the ant.

As Zen smashed his foe to smithereens, the other ants hovering around the scene became even more manic. They dived at Zen at breakneck speed.

Chaim, Sally, and the members of the other races all stared at Zen.

Some of them were silently counting down the seconds, making bets on how long Zen would last. He'd been bitten, after all.

But Zen didn't seem to be suffering any ill effects. It almost like he hadn't been poisoned by that bite.

His figure was still as ethereal as usual, shuttling freely to and fro, fending off the siege of those fierce flying ants.

Seizing the moment, Zen stretched out his arms and caught an ant. He shredded it and watched the pieces drop to his feet.

"Is, is he really poisoned?"

"Did we make a mistake just now?"

"He doesn't seem to be any weaker."

The warriors stared at Zen intently, as if they wanted to see the venom coursing through Zen's body.

"Maybe our eyes were playing tricks on us." Chaim smiled wryly.

"We'll see in a minute. Look!" Sally said, pointing at Zen's back.

The swarm of ants circled around Zen like a cyclone. One of them landed on Zen, and sunk its poisonous mandibles into his back.

Zen merely slapped at the ant.

The vermin was crushed to pieces by several hundred divine megatons of force.

Seeing that Zen was still alive, Chaim, Sally and the others finally realized that Zen was not afraid of the poison at all. He might even be immune. That was why he dared to charge fearlessly forward.

"Is he a puppet?" a non-human stranger speculated.

There were some amazing puppet-making skills in the Source World, with which the carvers could make the most realistic-looking marionettes.

The puppets were not made of flesh and blood, so they wouldn't have to worry about any kind of venom.

"Zen's no puppet," said Sally proudly. "He has special talents. The ants' poison can't kill him."

How could a puppet without a soul enter the Other Shore? How could Zen be a puppet?

As the young master of the Nine Li race, he was strong and powerful.

When the others saw the expression on Sally's face, they couldn't help but curl their lips. She was worried about Zen a minute ago, but now she seemed like she was cheering him on.

Meanwhile, the non-human stranger at the rear of the group had a wicked light in his eyes. No one noticed, because he stood behind everyone. Their gazes were fixed on Zen while he battled the ants.

The stranger was from the Lofty Mountain race. He had mighty-looking limbs, and resembled a gorilla.

The Lofty Mountain race was a minor race in the northern part of the Source World. Since they were so few in number, they had no power. Few in the Source World even knew of them. In the past, one of their race, an evil ape, had been one of the supreme masters there.

He died before the Lofty Mountain race could expand and conquer. So the Lofty Mountain race had fallen into obscurity over the years and had almost been forgotten.

In the past few years, the Bearing race expanded along the Pearl Islet to the north, and occupied the territory of the Lofty Mountain race.

The Lofty Mountain race couldn't mount any kind of resistance. They either paid allegiance to the Bearing race or were exterminated. In the end, they had become a tributary clan of the Bearing race.

But it was good for them, actually.

It was very difficult for them to get tickets to the Chaotic Source World.

Over several decades, maybe a hundred years, only one or two members of the Lofty Mountain race were able to enter the Chaotic Source World to cultivate.

However, when the Chaotic Source World opened this time, the Bearing race had very generously given the Lofty Mountain race three tickets, so they were overjoyed.

If it weren't for the Bearing race, he wouldn't be standing here now.

The non-human stranger did not hate the Bearing race for occupying his race's territory. Instead, he was full of gratitude.

As long as he was useful to the Bearing race, he would be able to reap lavish rewards. The loot was more than he had ever imagined. No wonder the Bearing race was a super force.

Before they set out, the Bearing race made a list. On that list was a record of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace that they had to pay special attention to.

The members of the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, the New Moon race, the Divine Farmer race, the Lofty Mountain race and a dozen of other small races had all obtained the list.

Dorothy, Efrain, Chaim, Milo, and a few others from the other mountains were in the second row.

Elvinia was in the first row.

The man named Thad had destroyed the Bearing race's temple. Moreover, they had been defeated by him for several times on the Other Shore, so they had long been seeking revenge.

They didn't know whether Thad was a disciple from the Oneness Sky Palace, but since he was in Stage Thirteen of the Lust World, he would definitely enter the Chaotic Source World to cultivate. It was likely that he would come here with the palace.

Therefore, they planned to eliminate the exceptional disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace.

At first, there was only one name on the first row of the list: Elvinia.

Elvinia made her appearance at Stage Thirteen as a denizen of the Other Shore, so they already knew who she was. That was why the Bearing race made her the first target.

But just before the Chaotic Source World opened, there was another person's name occupying the first row of that list. That was Zen, the guy in front of the stone pillar.

While everyone was gobsmacked at Zen's immunity to the poison, the non-human stranger quietly crushed a rune.

The members of the Bearing race could communicate with each other with the help of the Yellow Emperor Magatama, but this non-human stranger was not important enough to have one.

However, the Bearing race had been well prepared when they issued that list.

On the list, next to those names were runes with different colors. The non-human stranger crushed the rune next to Zen's name.

When he crumbled the rune, the soul marks of certain races tingled. The Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, the Divine Farmer race, and the New Moon race all felt it.

Atop a mountain, a silver haired young man stabbed a spear into the ground and stood still.

The hurricane kept blowing around him.

It was almost unthinkable, but the hurricane with several thousand divine megatons of force was unable to blow him away!

Of course he could not resist such a powerful hurricane. If you looked carefully, you could see tiny currents surging and circulating around him. He had made himself one with the wind.

By doing this, he made the hurricane forget him. This was his way of cultivation.

He wouldn't miss this opportunity to strengthen himself.

At this moment, he suddenly opened his eyes, looking off in the distance. "That didn't take long," he muttered. "They found the man named Zen. But he's too far away from me. I'll spare his life for now."

Then he closed his eyes again. He stood still in the wind like an iron tower.

Chapter 3379 Pouring Out

The hurricane swirled, the black smog within it looking dangerous as it went.

In the hurricane, two Divine Lair women spread out their wings and began to fly downwind.

They couldn't ignore the power of this hurricane, but they could sometimes control their direction and the distance they covered as they flew downwind.

The first woman's eyes flashed before she turned to the other and said, "Brylee, Did you feel that?"

"Yes." Brylee nodded. "If my memory serves me right, it should be a member of the Lofty Mountain race who sent out the signal."

"Your memory is good, Brylee," Lesly said with a smile. "The key is that Zen guy is right there."

Her voice had turned cold with hatred at the mention of Zen's name.

Elizabeth wasn't the strongest among the warriors in the Sun Crow race but every woman in the Divine Lair had the utmost respect for her.

And Zen had committed the unforgivable sin of offending Elizabeth.

The Bearing race had included Zen in the kill list. They would kill every warrior they thought might be Thad. So irrespective of whether or not Zen was Thad, they would kill him in the Chaotic Source World.

The Sun Crow race hated Zen even more because they respected Elizabeth greatly.

"Should we go there?" Brylee asked.

"Of course! He's not that far away. Also, someone else will be joining us," Lesly replied. She paused before continuing, "The hurricane is still blowing, and many people can't move in this situation. But once the hurricane stops, a lot of people will approach him. The target will probably take shelter somewhere or hide in some cave."

Saying thus, Lesly spread out her golden wings and took off, closely followed by Brylee.

Inside the cave...

Zen had finally managed to kill all the ants that had emerged from the pillar.

But Chaim and the others were still scared of approaching the pillar.

Zen had only managed to kill a small number of the ants. There were more where they had emerged from. And no one wanted to risk their lives before the ants were cleared out.

The ants, that had emitted red light from the holes of the pillar, were now hiding so that the people standing outside couldn't see them.

"They are not coming out?"

Zen said, confused, looking into the holes that were now pitch dark. He couldn't see anything, try as he might.

But when he used his spiritual sense to try and perceive what was going on in there, he found that something in the stone pillar was blocking his spiritual sense.

It didn't matter if the ants weren't coming out. Zen wasn't about to show them any mercy.

He took a step back and a short pause later, he suddenly pulled out the power of the Strength God Totem in a mighty burst. As the surging power gathered at his fist, he threw a punch at the stone pillar.

Bang!

The Chaotic Source Spirits hidden in the stone pillar completely absorbed the power of his punch. The pillar shook slightly before returning to normal.

Zen might have failed in his attempt to break the pillar, but he wasn't discouraged.

The stronger this pillar was, the higher the number of Chaotic Source Spirits there were in it.

He would reap more benefits when the pillar finally broke.

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

Zen punched the stone pillar again and again, the Other Shore Power he was releasing in the process becoming more powerful with each punch.

Chaim was amazed at the power in Zen's fist. No wonder Zen was the champion of the Seven Mountains Meeting. Chaim wondered which level his sword skill had reached.

Zen's punches were powerful but they weren't strong enough to break the defense of so many Chaotic Source Spirits gathered together.

As he continued to punch the pillar, a dull sound reverberated around them. Sally's Iridescent Stone smashed into the stone pillar.

Zen turned and found Sally nodding at him, smiling. She then reached out, causing the Iridescent Stone to fly back to her.

She didn't dare approach the pillar but she could still help Zen.

A member of the Celestial Wolf race had also summoned his own Other Shore Token, a dark gray spear that probably came from a race on the Other Shore since it was not naturally formed. It was exquisite and seemed to have been carved from a special material.

This member of the Celestial Wolf race didn't want to be left behind, given that Sally was also helping Zen to break the pillar.

If he contributed his strength right now, he could demand a share of the Chaotic Source Spirits when the pillar finally broke.

Whoosh!

The member of the Celestial Wolf race threw the spear. It whistled as it cut through the air before stabbing the pillar.

Snap!

The pillar trembled, but the spear failed to make even a small mark on it.

This was why the Chaotic Source Spirits were deemed powerful.

No one was able to hurt them before the Chaotic Source Spirits had gotten tired. These Chaotic Source Spirits could help the Chaotic Source Realm warriors to absorb any harm that came their way. The stone pillar was obviously a Chaotic Source Realm master.

As Zen, Sally, and the member of the Celestial Wolf race took turns to attack the pillar, the ants were no longer flying out of the holes, which caused the other creatures to become braver.

Even if they didn't have the descending type of Other Shore Tokens, they could still use other methods to launch an attack. And even though their attacks weren't too powerful, as the saying went, "When everybody adds fuel, the flames rise high." Everybody was trying their best to help.

Bang!

Boom!

Dong! Dong! Dong!

For one wild moment, everyone began to display different kinds of theurgies and rumbling noises echoed throughout the cave.

The attacks from the crowd lasted for about three minutes. The ants hiding in the stone pillar couldn't stand it anymore.

Red dots of light emerged from the fist-sized holes.

The warriors became vigilant as they saw the red light that the ferocious ants were releasing. Chaim said, "Everyone! Be careful. Run!"

Chaim had barely finished warning everyone when the ants came pouring out of the stone pillar, flying in all directions. There were probably thousands of them.

Most of the ants came to surround Zen, taking him as their first target, since he was nearest the pillar.

But several hundred ants had scattered and they went flying towards Chaim and the other warriors. Chaim retreated abruptly, trying to escape the cave.

They weren't like Zen, who could stand there and resist being bitten by the ants.

They'd be doomed if the fierce ants were to bite them.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

The warriors of the Celestial Wolf race and several other nonhuman creatures began to run towards the entrance of the cave alongside Sally.

They might not be as afraid of these ants in the open space outside.

But as Chaim walked along the rugged path in the cave, the howling of the wind stirred a bad premonition within him.

The moment he arrived at the entrance of the cave, the hurricane poured in, blowing him aside and smashing him into the wall.

It was now blocking the cave's exit.

With their strength, it would be next to impossible for them to go up against the wind.

The warriors' hearts sank at this sight.

Behind them, the wings of the ants vibrated and hummed. If they couldn't get out of the cave, all of them would die here today.

Chapter 3380 The Living Puppet Chains

"Ah! Ah!"

"An ant is biting me!"

"Back off!"

Two members of the Moon Spirit race and one of the Celestial Wolf race shrieked miserably as the fearsome jaws of the ants clamped down on them.

But they then froze and flopped to the ground as they died, their bodies rotting immediately.

This surprised the others.

The one from the Lofty Mountain race and the other from the Celestial Wolf race launched a frenzied counterattack on the ants.

They could certainly kill a few ants with their strength, but it would be far from enough.

The member of the Lofty Mountain race was seriously disheartened and disappointed. If he had known this would happen, he would have found an excuse to avoid all this and hide outside before the hurricane showed up.

His longing for the Chaotic Source Spirits had put him here however, and now he was caught in his own trap with no chance of escape.

It would be a pity to die like that.

Chaim and Sally stood at the entrance to the cave, their faces grim as their situation seemed to be getting bleaker.

As the ants got closer and closer, Chaim cleared his thoughts and made his mind up.

He stood shielding Sally, knowing what he had to do.

He was one of the best disciples in the Oneness Sky Palace. His strength could not be underestimated.

He cared little for the lives of the other races, but he could see at a glance that Sally and Zen shared an unusual relationship and so he would do whatever was necessary to protect her.

Without hesitation, he raised his hand and activated his Other Shore Token.

Dozens of chains spread out along his left hand, each with thin, sharp spikes on the end.

The chains slithered out and suddenly darted towards Chaim's own body.

Phew! Phew! Phew!

The chains pierced deep into his chest, cinnabar field, arms, legs, and even forehead.

Once his entire body had been punctured, the chains began spreading throughout his veins, bones and internal organs, covering his whole body.

The light in his eyes faded as he fell into a trance. His energy force had gone and he now looked like a dead man pierced with chains.

But he was now extremely flexible and agile.

He drew a long snow-white sword from his waist and floated like a terrifying ghost.

"Chaim..."

His aura had changed drastically. To Sally, he was no longer a living creature. He seemed more like a puppet.

To any creature, he seemed like a puppet.

The chains were a very rare token on the Other Shore, called the Living Puppet Chains.

Chaim had practiced the Truth of Cultivation Nature and the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent at the same time, and so he had two Other Shore Tokens. He seldom showed the Living Puppet Chains to others.

Once the Living Puppet Chains had been activated, his energy was lost and he fell unconscious. He was now in the control of the Living Puppet Chains, truly a puppet.

But as a puppet, his strength could skyrocket in a matter of moments.

His speed, reactions and power would be boosted considerably.

There was, however, a huge drawback to the Living Puppet Chains; they would take a massive toll on the user's body. After employing them, the user would be left weak for a while and even the inner world would be greatly disrupted and disturbed.

In other words, if the user failed to kill his opponent with this Other Shore Token, he would most certainly die himself.

For this reason, Chaim would only use it when absolutely necessary, and right now he had no other option.

Phew!

He glided swiftly with his long sword.

Even the sword he had thrust out swayed. He was as clumsy as a puppet.

However, the swaying long sword was precise, cutting a flying ant in half with a single flick.

The ants attacking the other races now focused their efforts towards Chaim on seeing the sharp counterattack he had produced.

The chains deeply rooted in his body were closely connected to his every vein, muscle and bone.

He showed incredible skill in his movement, not allowing a single ant to touch even his sleeve.

With every wave of his long sword, he sliced several ants in two.

Five to six hundred ants had pounced at him and in the blink of an eye, only two to three hundred were left. The ants' severed bodies lay on the ground, fluttering their broken wings uselessly.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The sword radiance crisscrossed.

"So powerful!"

"It's no wonder he ranks highest in a super force!"

The remaining members of the Celestial Wolf race, the Moon Spirit race and the Lofty Mountain race were all stunned by what they saw.

Previously, they thought Chaim was only a little stronger than them. Alone they had no shot, but if they worked together, they might be able to defeat him.

However, the power Chaim now displayed was enough to kill them all.

Chaim continued to kill most of the remaining ants.

Cling! Cling! Cling!

Once the crisis had been averted, the chains shuddered, slid out from his body and disappeared into his left hand.

Chaim was conscious again but totally exhausted and unable to walk. Sally ran over to hold and help him.

"Be careful. There may be more fierce ants coming. I'm counting on you now," Chaim said as he sat down slowly and took out some divine crystals from his body. He tried to crush them to absorb their energy, but with his strength dwindling, he could not do it.

Sally saw this and assisted him.

The few remaining fierce ants flew over, but they were no threat to the group.

They might have been fast, but there were not many of them now. The other races were on high alert and could take care of them quite easily.

"I want to go down and have a look," Sally said after she helped Chaim absorb several hundred divine crystals.

Although Zen was not afraid of the ants' poison, Sally was still concerned.

The members of the Lofty Mountain race, the Celestial Wolf race, and the Moon Spirit race all nodded. Of course, it was not Zen they were worried about. They cared only for the Chaos Source Spirits in the stone pillar.

If Zen killed those ants and did whatever was necessary to open the pillar, he would take the Chaotic Source Spirits for himself.

"Let's go down together," Chaim said.

He could move freely now that he had absorbed the divine crystals, but his strength had still not yet been fully restored.

The three members of the other races, Sally and Chaim began making their way down. Before they entered the cave below, they heard the clangs of Zen's sword.

There Zen stood. The bodies of ants piled up beside him and only a few ants were left in the air.

Chapter 3381 The Queen Ant

Zen's perception was sensitive and accurate. As he saw Sally and Chaim come down from his peripheral view, he finally felt relieved.

A moment earlier, he saw several hundred vicious ants chasing after Sally. He knew that it wasn't easy to deal with those creatures, so he was worried about her safety.

However, he couldn't offer her any help since he already turned himself as bait in order to attract more ants into attacking him. The moment he followed her, all the ants would also follow him, leading to a much worse situation.

Fortunately, Sally had Chaim protecting her and his capabilities had lived up to Zen's expectations.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Zen withdrew his gaze from Sally and Chaim and composed himself into facing the ants in front of him. As he focused, several rays of sword radiance spiraled out.

The rest of the wild ants were swallowed by his sword radiance. In an instant, numerous dead bodies of ants filled the cave.

"Zen has slaughtered all the ants!" Sally exclaimed as she clapped her hands.

The members of the Lofty Mountain race, the Moon Spirit race, and the Celestial Wolf race were all overjoyed and sighed with great relief.

Furthermore, it was a splendid moment for the one from the Lofty Mountain race. He was able to survive the ants' siege and it seemed he was also able to acquire some Chaotic Source Spirits. All he needed to do now was wait for the large races to come over and kill Zen.

Now, there was just the stone pillar left since all the ants had been slain. With their combined skills and efforts, it should not be a problem to destroy it easily.

However, as they started approaching the pillar, Zen suddenly felt a strong surge of force from within it.

Immediately after, red ants quickly came out of the small holes on the pillar. Zen sensed an enormous amount of energy stored within their bodies as they rushed towards him.

"More ants are coming!"

"Be careful! Each ant contains an astonishing amount of energy."

"Move back! Hurry up and step back!"

The three members of the other races who had just come down hurriedly retreated back to the upward passage.

A few dozens of red ants came to sight.

They were much lesser in number compared to the horde of wild ants that Zen had slaughtered earlier, but he knew that he needed to be cautious as they were far stronger than the previous bunch.

As one of the red ants that approached Zen was only a few steps away from him, the bright red pigment on its body surface began to boil. In the blink of an eye, the fierce energy made it explode in front of Zen.

Boom!

The shock wave produced by the explosion of the red ant sent Zen flying backward.

Even Chaim and Sally, who were relatively far away, were affected by the shock wave and were blown backward, hitting the mountain walls again.

They were surprised as it was just the strength of a single red ant. The rest of the red ants started chasing Zen and didn't give him a chance to counterattack.

"I was too careless," Zen muttered to himself.

He thought that if those dozens of red ants exploded at the same time, his body would likely be crushed to pieces.

But he already learned from that mistake and wouldn't let them have another chance. As the red ants rushed towards him again, he released his energy, turning his arms, face, and chest to pitch black.

After being fully prepared, Zen stabbed one ant with his sword.

As the sword radiance cut the red ant open, it immediately exploded and caused a huge shock wave.

This time, Zen had already made adjustments with his body. Upon receiving the shock wave, his body smoothly followed through the impact and landed steadily in a distance. Then, he began stabbing the other red ants that came at him.

Each of Zen's strike would cause a red ant to detonate. While the ants exploded one by one, he would just glide over and change his position to attack the remaining ones.

More and more red ants were detonated as Zen continued his skillful attack. Before long, the last red ant exploded and the cave fell silent again.

They were caught off guard when they carelessly approached the stone pillar earlier.

This time, Zen waited for a while before making any move to the stone pillar.

As he stood from a distance, a pair of huge white jaws suddenly surfaced from the bottom of the stone pillar. These jaws bit the pillar and a huge hole appeared.

Seeing the scene clearly, everyone was stunned.

They knew how sturdy the pillar was. As the Chaotic Source Spirits were hidden in it, they would have a hard time destroying it, even with their combined efforts.

However, with a single bite from the huge white jaws, a large hole was created.

"What on earth is that?

How could it destroy the pillar so easily?" Sally uttered in a nervous tone.

"It's the queen ant. It's crawling out of the pillar!" Panic was written all over Chaim's face.

"The queen ant has such great power?" A wrinkle on Zen's forehead was formed as he realized the formidable strength of their foe.

For the queen ant to destroy the stone pillar, it must have possessed tens of thousands of divine megatons of force.

The habits and nature of ants were all the same across every species. The poisonous ants that they first encountered should be the ordinary workforce. They were responsible for acquiring food for the queen ant and the rest of the colony. The red ants that could self-destruct were the battle-type. They would sacrifice themselves if they needed to, just to protect the queen ant.

After Zen had killed all the worker and soldier ants, the queen ant crawled out personally.

The white translucent queen ant was as long as a human being and had a huge abdomen. Everyone's attention was caught by its unusually huge abdomen as it crawled out from the bottom of the pillar.

There was something in the queen ant's abdomen that made the members of the other races fix their eyes on it with greedy stares.

There, lying in its translucent abdomen were several precious amber crystals.

"Are those Chaotic Source Spirits?"

"There are so many of them! Did the queen ant swallow them all?"

"No wonder it can easily destroy the stone pillar with a single blow!"

They clearly saw the Chaotic Source Spirits in the queen ant's abdomen. It was the queen ant that made the stone pillar so solid.

The white queen ant did not take any immediate action after it showed itself.

It slightly crawled on the ground with its loaded abdomen while the humongous jaws shook. The tentacles on its head shuddered to perceive the surrounding environment as it exuded a ferocious aura.

"It has so many Chaotic Source Spirits in its stomach. Even if it hasn't refined them, it would still possess tremendous strength comparable to the warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm," Chaim noted with a bitter smile as he shook his head. "Zen, we don't stand a chance. Let's just escape while we can."

No one here knew better than Chaim if it came to the strength of the warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm.

He, together with the outstanding disciples in the Oneness Sky Palace like Efrain, had stayed at the Land of Sword Grief for quite some time.

Not everyone in the Land of Sword Grief was strong. Most of them had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm, meaning that they weren't strong enough to be the backbone of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Efrain had once battled with those who had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm, but he didn't even hurt them a little bit. Although the cultivation level of Efrain's opponents was above his, Chaim was greatly shocked to observe the huge gap in strength. He firmly believed that he wouldn't be able to defeat warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm unless he underwent the Chaotic Source Reinforcement as well.

However, last time, Zen had proved this to be wrong. With the help of the Civilization Artifact, he easily took down Chance in the Phoenix Palace. Nonetheless, due to Jean's intervention, the matter was only known to a few people of the Phoenix Palace. They didn't let the other disciples know about it.

"It's not at the Chaotic Source Realm, trust me." Zen stared at the queen ant and continued, "And even if it is, there must be a way to defeat it."

Considering the number of Chaotic Source Spirits that were in the possession of the queen ant, Zen was unwilling to leave and just let go of the opportunity.

Chapter 3382 The Sturdy Body

The tensed faces of the three people from the other races relaxed as they sensed Zen's unwavering confidence.

Even if they got ahold of only a few of the many Chaotic Source Spirits, they would be satisfied.

Chaim still harbored doubts, and he didn't want to let his guard down. He felt worried since he would be of no help, at least not for a short while. Because Chaim had just used the Living Puppet Chains, he needed time before he could offer assistance.

Just when Chaim was about to voice his fears, the queen ant finally began to move.

Even though the queen ant appeared to be overweight, it was still quite agile in its ability to move. It maneuvered itself in an arc on the ground before it headed directly towards Zen.

It might have sensed Zen to be the biggest threat in the cave, so eliminating him first became its primary goal.

"Whoosh!"

Watching the queen ant approach him with malicious intents, Zen prepared himself by drawing out his long sword. His eyes flashed with a wild fighting spirit flaring up as he studied its movements.

Even though he braced for the upcoming attack, Zen couldn't help but feel a little worried and confused by the situation.

However, his worries were not tied to Chaotic Source Spirits.

Even if these Chaotic Source Spirits collectively contributed to strengthening the body of the queen ant, they could only make it more durable. It would have the resistance of a punching bag, resilient and solid, but not intimidating.

The real issue was to figure out the source of the power of those fierce ants that attacked them earlier.

Each of those poisonous ants contained the power of dozens of divine megatons.

The only way to obtain such power in the Source World was to enter the Other Shore and fuse oneself with an Other Shore Token. Other than that, it was close to impossible for one's physical body to contain the strength of dozens of divine megatons. Even someone like Zen would be unable to do so without entering the Other Shore.

However, these ants didn't have a mind of their own. Their strings of control were in the hands of the queen ant. They would follow every order from it blindly without question. Even the orders to lay siege to the intruders were from the queen ant.

Compared to them, the queen ant was quite intelligent. Zen could tell its soul was not to be underestimated when he sensed the aura it emitted. It must have entered the Other Shore through the Truth of Cultivation Nature and later fused with an Other Shore Token...

The Other Shore Token in its possession could provide each of the several thousand ants with dozens of divine megatons of force. Gathering all that power together would further add up to tens of thousands of divine megatons under the queen ant's control.

As the queen ant closed the distance between it and Zen, it was time for him to make his move. Zen jumped back and stationed himself on the wall of the cave. He used it as a boost and turned over to fall backwards towards the queen ant. His body dropped at an alarmingly high speed.

Zen kept his long sword grasped tightly in his hands as he directed himself towards the queen ant's abdomen from above.

"Bang!"

The seemingly fragile translucent abdomen of the queen ant made contact with Zen's long sword.

As Zen tried to use the pressure of the air to pierce his way through, the Chaotic Source Spirits housed in the belly of the queen ant flashed in front of him. It soon occurred to him that his offensive strike failed as the Chaotic Source Spirits had absorbed all the power from it!

"Whap!"

The ant's head was surprisingly flexible. It suddenly twisted its head frantically to shake off Zen and bite his head off.

After his first traumatic encounter with the ants, Zen had become more cautious of the poisonous bites of the ants. Previously, he had let his guard down and had his arm chewed on by a poisonous ant. That incident alone taught him to remain at a safe distance from them.

After he failed to cut down the belly of the queen ant, Zen retreated to gain some distance from his opponent to rethink his strategy.

Just then, a white-colored ring suddenly shot up above the queen ant's head. The ring spun around and unleashed a ray of white light. The ant corpses that were connected to this white light regained vitality in their limbs and started to move again!

With swift movements, they spun around to weave a huge dense net and moved towards the queen ant. The net of the dead bodies of the ants closed in on Zen, who kept on his attempts to retreat.

However, the queen ant tossed the net at Zen so quickly that he didn't have time to react. He wanted to dodge it, but the queen ant left him with no window to squirm his way out of it. Within a split second, he was entrapped in the huge net woven by the corpses of the dead ants, and was dragged back!

The queen ant opened its mouth to reveal its terrifying jaws in hopes of taking a bite out of Zen's approaching body. Suddenly, a colorful light sprung over in its direction.

"Bang!"

The Iridescent Stone flung towards the queen ant and slammed itself against its head.

The Iridescent Stone could strike its target without any assistance. Its movements were extremely fast and powerful, which made it hard for the queen ant to bypass it in time. It was a phenomenal Other Shore Token.

As the queen ant's head was forced to lean back from the impact, Zen took advantage of the moment and slipped away from the huge net.

'There's no doubt the Other Shore Token that the queen ant fused with is strong. However, I might have overestimated it. It seems I have made a slight error in my judgment...' While he kept at a safe range from the queen ant, he began to strategize in his mind as he focused hard.

The source of the power of all the ants lay in the queen ant itself. However, there was a slight loophole. The queen ant was unable to provide all of the ants with the same power at the same time. It was only able to give power to a limited number of ants in one go.

When under siege of the ants, Zen discovered they surrounded him from all corners, but didn't strike all at once. Only forty to fifty ants per wave made a move, while the rest just stood by and watched.

At that time, he did have doubts in his mind as to why they didn't gang up on him. But he didn't pay much attention to it and quickly moved on.

Placing all the pieces of the puzzle together, he realized the queen ant had its limitations in its strength. Only by gathering its entire strength at one point, could the queen ant reach its maximum potential.

However, the ants contained deadly poison. As long as they were granted small amounts of power, it was enough to harm the intruders with their bites. Therefore the queen ant had carefully distributed its strength among the numerous ants using the Other Shore Token—the ring.

If forty to fifty ants were bestowed the power of fifty divine megatons each, the estimated strength of the queen ant would be about two thousand divine megatons.

Although they were bothersome to deal with, if the warriors at present worked together, they could help end it sooner.

"We should help Zen! If you choose to just stand by and watch the fight, you don't deserve a share of the Chaotic Source Spirits!" Sally stretched her hand out. As if responding to her gesture, the Iridescent Stone returned to her hand.

At her words, the members of the Moon Spirit race, the Celestial Wolf race, and the Lofty Mountain race stood with expressions of shock.

Zen was superior to them in strength. If he was to defeat the queen ant all by himself, he would be in charge of the distribution of the Chaotic Source Spirits. After all, it was only fair since he did all the work.

If they refused to offer any sort of aid, Zen would hold all the rights to cut them off and take all of the Chaotic Source Spirits for himself.

Sally's words made the three people from the different races drown in self-reflection. As if spurred on by her pep talk, they each took out their respective Other Shore Tokens and charged at the queen ant.

"Sizzle..."

The member of the Moon Spirit race carried a small golden bamboo. As he rushed forward, a bolt of fine lightning gushed out from the golden bamboo and struck the queen ant continuously.

On the other hand, the one from the Celestial Wolf race prepared himself to launch his attack. His hair stood on end, and his fingers morphed into sharp claws that he used to jab at the queen ant.

The strength of the claw radiance wasn't weak when faced with a normal opponent. However, when it struck the queen ant's body, it failed to break through its defensive shell.

The weakest offensive strike was that of the Lofty Mountain member. Since he was scared half to death from the queen ant, he was cautious enough to not approach it. Instead, he decided to find some big rocks on the ground and hurl them at it while maintaining a safe distance. Compared to the sturdy body of the queen ant, those rocks were as fragile as tofu. They were quickly reduced to dust upon collision.

Not only did he fail to contribute to causing significant damage to the queen ant, but he also slowed the others down by blocking their view. Sally gave out an exasperated sigh and yelled angrily, "Stop throwing the rocks! They're not helping!"

The man from the Lofty Mountain race cast a sideways glance at Sally and cursed in his heart. He believed when his reinforcements arrived, they would take away all the Chaotic Source Spirits and kill the others.

Although Sally and the others continued their efforts to bring the queen ant down, they failed to distract its attention from Zen. It didn't bother with them at all.

Even though the queen ant could not speak, there was no denying the fact that it was intelligent. It had a sound judgment of the situation. The only person in the cave capable of threatening it was the young man it kept its gaze on. As long as it killed him, the other creatures wouldn't take up much effort.

Fixated on its target, the queen ant kept chasing after Zen without fail. Zen continuously moved around it to dodge its advances.

'This ant has devoured the Chaotic Soul Spirits. However, it hasn't undergone the Chaotic Source Reinforcement yet. That means its body still has weaknesses. I just need to find them...'

At the thought of this, Zen narrowed his eyes slightly. He began to study its body as a white light appeared in his right eye.

Chapter 3383 The Queen Ant's Flaw

In theory, no such thing as perfect exists in the world.

Even the most powerful warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm were also flawed.

Zen, however, still couldn't figure out those powerful warriors' flaws with his current abilities.

He had used the Eye of Will to disturb Chance's mind back in the Phoenix Palace, but he had never truly used it to detect his flaws.

Chance had already undergone the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, so it was not easy to find a flaw in his body.

But the queen ant in front of Zen was different from Chance.

"Sword Texture Technique!"

"Eye of Will!"

A bright beam of white light flashed, and then a remarkably clear world materialized around Zen. It was known as the Authentic Visual World.

In this world, everything was covered by lines.

Sally and Chaim were no exception.

The lines enabled Zen to see everyone's level of strength.

For instance, Chaim's fighting ability had dropped sharply, but his body was an integral whole. He was protecting his flaws, although it was unknown if he did it intentionally or unintentionally.

He didn't practice the Sword Texture Technique. He had his instincts which he gained from his rich experience in battle.

Meanwhile, the flaws of Sally and the members of the other races were almost the same.

The queen ant was a whole in the Authentic Visual World, just like what Zen had seen before.

"The queen ant has no flaws?

It's impossible!"

He couldn't possibly believe such a thing. Since the queen ant hadn't completed the Chaotic Source Reinforcement, he believed that he could find a flaw.

As its white jaws came for him again, Zen bowed and then jumped up, his long sword in one hand. He didn't attack the queen ant, but simply stared at it.

"What? What is he doing?" Chaim asked, confused.

"He has stopped attacking. Is he going to give up?" the member of the Moon Spirit race said with a frown.

The queen ant had the Chaotic Source Spirits in its belly, which made it invincible, but Zen's current abilities made it easy for him to escape.

The only thing was he wouldn't be able to get any Chaotic Source Spirit if he did so. Naturally, the others were slightly upset because of it.

Of course, they still didn't dare to say anything because after all, Zen was the one fighting and not them.

"Zen will not give up," said Sally firmly. Yet, there was a trace of doubt on her face. What on earth was Zen doing? It seemed like he was observing the queen ant. However, what was the point of examining it like that?

As Chaim watched Zen constantly dodge the queen ant while he observed it, something suddenly clicked in his head.

As one of the most outstanding disciples in the Oneness Sky Palace, it was not difficult for him to get a supreme swordsmanship manual. He had even read some of the supreme swordsmanship manuals in the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Since Zen is a member of the Flow Sword Sect, he should mainly cultivate the Flow Strike. He had previously employed a strike of the Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship. Is it possible that, in addition to these two, he has also cultivated the Sword Texture Technique?"

Every supreme swordsmanship manual represented a peak-level swordsmanship. None of them was better than the others, because their focuses were different.

It was no doubt that one had to put in a lot of effort to comprehend a supreme swordsmanship manual. Not long after Zen had joined the Oneness Sky Palace, he had spent a lot of time on the Other Shore and at the same time, had also learned several supreme swordsmanship manuals. Chaim was very surprised at this thought.

What he didn't know was that Zen had learned the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship as well!

"Is the queen ant really flawless?" Zen muttered to himself.

He then activated the power of the Eye of Will, and the white light in his right eye glowed brighter as the pressure increased.

More and more lines came to his sight. The cracks in the space began to emerge.

"I see it! There is a flaw over there!" he exclaimed.

Finally, he had found a tiny line on the queen ant's back.

That one small line was very important to him.

As soon as the queen ant turned around, he glided through the air like a flying bird and landed on its belly. He shot out the sword light in a flash and then swiftly fled away.

"Buzz!"

Such a sword attack didn't seem to have much power. Chaim and the others thought that it was simply like tickling the queen ant. It didn't appear to have any effects on it at all.

Yet at that moment, the amber Chaotic Source Spirits in the queen ant's belly dimmed a little.

"What happened?"

"Why did the Chaotic Source Spirits become dark?"

"That strike just now should be very ordinary..."

The members of the Celestial Wolf race, the Lofty Mountain race, and the Moon Spirit race looked at each other in confusion. They had no idea what Zen had done.

Chaim had so many theories about Zen for a while. The corners of his mouth twitched upwards as he watched the current scene. It looked like Zen had fully mastered the Sword Texture Technique, but the queen ant had swallowed so many powerful Chaotic Source Spirits. Thus, Zen shouldn't be able to find its flaw, unless he had some special ability.

The queen ant became enraged after Zen had stabbed it. Its tentacles shook, and a strong force burst out from its head. Its fat body became more flexible, and then it chased after Zen.

Just as it was about to catch up with Zen, Sally flung her Iridescent Stone and hit the queen ant hard on the head.

"Bang!"

In return, Zen seized the opportunity and immediately swung his sword.

"Crack!"

At that point, the queen ant's amber Chaotic Source Spirits became dimmer.

According to the records of the Sword Texture Technique, attacking this line was not fatal, but it was enough to cause damage to the queen ant.

Still, the Chaotic Source Spirits were so powerful that they could bear all the damage for the queen ant.

So after Zen had attacked the line, the power of the Chaotic Source Spirits could be quickly consumed.

Bang!

Ding!

Clank!

He didn't fight the queen ant head on, but instead took the chance to strike with his sword again.

If the distance was too long, he would attack with his sword radiance.

The queen ant's reaction was quick, but given its body structure, it couldn't protect the thin line. It was beaten, but it couldn't do anything to Zen no matter how hard it tried to fight back.

After Zen stabbed with his sword for more than ten times, the Chaotic Source Spirits in the queen ant's stomach were exhausted and turned into gray particles.

Once that was done, Sally threw out her Iridescent Stone again!

Bang!

The Iridescent Stone hit the queen ant's belly hard and its belly crumpled on itself.

Sally's eyes were filled with delight! "The queen ant is dying!" she exclaimed excitedly.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The queen ant was in a great deal of pain. Its two tentacles collided against each other as it let out a strange, roar-like sound.

Soon enough, the other races joined the fight. The queen ant had lost the protection of the Chaotic Source Spirits, and couldn't defend itself anymore. In the blink of an eye, bruises were scattered all over its body.

Despite having drained its Chaotic Source Spirits, the queen ant still had its powerful Other Shore Token.

Splash!

Alas, the queen ant couldn't release enough strength after its Chaotic Source Spirits were spent, and its body became much weaker.

It unleashed its Other Shore Power for the last time and then rushed to the stone pillar like a galloping rhinoceros.

In fact, the stone pillar was not the queen ant's lair. Its actual shelter was a huge maze that connected to the bottom of the cave, stretching thousands of feet.

The queen ant had only appeared because Zen had slaughtered all of its offspring.

The queen ant was full of regret. If it had known such a thing would happen, it would've hidden in its lair instead, and wouldn't have ended up in misery.

It didn't expect that this young human man could find its only flaw!

Puff!

The moment the queen ant was about to go into the cave under the pillar, Zen threw his long sword.

The sharp silver sword went directly through the queen ant's head, and pinned it to the ground.

Chapter 3384 Collapse

After the Chaotic Source Spirits lost their power, the queen ant's defensive power dropped significantly.

However, even without that added defense, the queen ant remained resilient. It continued to struggle in futility for its life, fighting to stand despite the sword that was deeply lodged through the side of its head.

The three warriors from the Lofty Mountain race, the Moon Spirit race, and the Celestial Wolf race were overjoyed at the scene! Not willing to waste such a wonderful opportunity, the three of them quickly rushed towards the dying queen ant.

Sally and Chaim were left in the dust as the three ran. The Lofty Mountain warrior even reached out in an attempt to tear the ant's belly.

"What?"

Zen snorted as an unpleasant aura surrounded him.

He was the one who killed the queen ant and there was no way he was going to let these three warriors get his spoils.

The aura he released reached the three warriors and all of them quickly froze in their tracks. How could they continue on when Zen had obviously already staked his claim?

If the young man had been able to kill the queen ant that was at the same level of strength as a Chaotic Source Realm warrior, what chance did the three of them have?

Zen swooped down and pulled his long sword out of the queen ant's head while the three warriors quickly jumped to the side.

"Phew!"

A rather gruesome sound was heard as Zen lifted his sword and slashed the ant's belly open, revealing all the Chaotic Source Spirits and numerous ant eggs.

The Chaotic Source Spirits escaped out of the split belly and into his hand one by one.

The three warriors could only look on in longing as they counted the amount of Chaotic Source Spirits Zen gathered from this amazing feat.

They knew the level they stood in wasn't very high and that they would have to make do with whatever amount Zen was willing to give them. Their only hope was that Zen harvested a lot of Chaotic Source Spirits, so the three of them could also expect a bit more for their share.

After the ant's belly had been emptied out of all Chaotic Source Spirits, Zen found that he was able to get more than three hundred in total.

There was only a limited amount of Chaotic Source Spirits one could refine. An ordinary creature would need about two hundred to undergo the complete Chaotic Source Reinforcement, which meant that the amount Zen had gotten from the ant's belly was more than enough.

He didn't notice it but the eyes of the three warriors behind him burned with fury and determination. They couldn't help but think of the possibility of fighting Zen if the Chaotic Source Spirits weren't enough.

Sally and Chaim, on the other hand, remained calm. Since they were Zen's fellow disciples in the Oneness Sky Palace, he was bound to give some to them.

Zen already knew how he was going to split the Chaotic Source Spirits. He was going to take the lion's share, of course, but he was also definitely going to share with Sally and Chaim. As for those three warriors, he'd give them a few to keep them happy.

At that moment though, two pairs of golden wings appeared on top of the mountain.

The hurricane had already stopped, and Brylee and Lesly now floated peacefully in the air.

"We're in the right place. The warrior of the Lofty Mountain race hasn't moved and all of them are directly below us," Brylee said.

Lesly closed her eyes, sensing the soul mark and nodding. "There are two people from the Bearing race currently rushing over along with one New Moon race's member and another from the Divine Farmer race. Should we wait for them?"

They couldn't underestimate Zen's strength, so they had to be smart and gather as much manpower as they could before going for the kill.

However, Brylee's arrogant smile said otherwise. "Are you scared of that guy?"

All the demon women in the Divine Lair were powerful, but only a few were deemed qualified to be cultivated.

The power of the Sun Crow race's divine flames could suppress anything at the same level.

There was no way they would be afraid of any opponent especially if they could fight together. Lesly huffed, "Fine, let's attack!"

With her directive, the wings on their backs flashed golden light as the Sun Crow race's divine flames burst forth.

"Buzz..."

Two circles of golden light appeared above their heads. They were the highly condensed divine flames of the Sun Crow race.

The two of them reached out, summoning pure, golden swords from the circles of golden light.

Brylee pressed her index finger down. "Go!"

Her voice made the golden swords shoot downwards, attacking anything below them.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Each sword's size was only that of a human palm, but the highly concentrated divine flames of the Sun Crow race could burn almost anything.

The mountain would have resisted this barrage of burning swords had there been more Chaotic Source Spirits around. Unfortunately, all had been eaten by the queen ant.

As soon as the swords reached the mountain, it began to burn, even turning the rocks into magma!

Inside the cave, Zen, who was just about to speak, suddenly felt a strong force emanate from above.

It wasn't just him. Even Chaim, Sally, and the other warriors also felt it.

They all raised their heads, straining their eyes to see the top of the cave and found a golden rain of swords pouring down from the heavens.

"Dodge!"

Chaim shouted, responding quickly to the danger and retreating towards a corner of the cave.

Sally also moved to seek shelter, but her path was unfortunately blocked by several golden swords.

One even missed her by mere inches and the heat from it had been enough to burn her hair. She froze in fright and only moved out of the way when someone grabbed her arm and dragged her to the side.

"Ah..."

Of course, it was Zen. He did not just drag her away from harm but also protected her from the sword's flames by blocking it with his hand...

The divine flames weren't enough to activate the Sanskrit words on his body. Golden spirals appeared on Zen's arm, completely snuffing out the flames on the sword.

Sally remained in a daze, only snapping out of it when Zen began to speak. "This cave is going to collapse! Go to Chaim and stay there!"

He immediately pushed her towards the corner and Sally found herself falling on her butt beside Chaim. Their spot was relatively secure and no flaming sword would be able to get them there.

The three warriors, however, were a different story.

All they wanted was their share of the Chaotic Source Spirits. Why did such a disaster suddenly happen? Where the heck did all these flaming swords come from?

They all scurried about, trying desperately to avoid the swords that would no doubt burn them to ash on the spot.

"Puff!"

A sharp sword had pierced through the Celestial Wolf race's member, killing him immediately. It hit him on the head, setting his hair alight. The flames spread all over his body until he was nothing but burnt dust.

It was at that moment that the one from the Lofty Mountain race started regretting his actions.

He knew where these swords had come from since he was the one who summoned those two demon women here.

In his defense though, he never knew they would do such a thing! He never thought that those women would be cruel enough and regard his life as expendable.

The man tried his best to avoid this rain of flaming swords but, in the end, failed to cheat death. He was pierced through by three golden swords and burnt to a crisp much like the Celestial Wolf member.

On the other hand, the man from the Moon Spirit race was clever and used his Other Shore Token to create a transparent light film around him.

When the flaming swords penetrated through the light film, they would slow down, allowing him to easily avoid any that came near him.

Chapter 3385 Fighting

Metallic clangs filled the air as the sharp, golden swords continued to fall down and erode the rocks above the cave.

There was a dull crack when the rocks had been eroded to a certain extent. Eventually, the whole rock layer collapsed to the bottom of the cave and covered its surface.

"Bang!"

In turn, Zen, Sally, Chaim, and the Moon Spirit man all retreated to the edge of the cave to avoid being hit by the collapsed rocks.

If they did get hit by the rocks, they wouldn't get hurt because of their strengths. If they exposed themselves, however, it would not end well.

After all the rocks of the cave collapsed, a big pit was formed.

Lesly and Brylee slowly descended.

Their wings, which contained the divine flames of the Sun Crow race, flapped and fanned the fire around them. Hot air surged around the pit.

"What... are you doing?" the man from the Moon Spirit race said in a shaky voice.

He instinctively leaned to the side, his face full of fear.

Although he had avoided the disaster just now, the deaths of the two men from the Celestial Wolf race and the Lofty Mountain race still shook him to the core.

Then again, the fights in the Chaotic Source World had always been quite cruel.

Tens of thousands of warriors fought for the two hundred thousand Chaotic Source Spirits. If they continued to kill each other mercilessly, there would be less and less competitors in no time.

According to the records, members of the same race who entered the Chaotic Source World would gather together as soon as possible and kill everyone else from the other races.

The majority of the people who survived were the members and disciples of the super forces. Meanwhile, many elites who were trained by many small races usually died from unknown reasons.

Although it was bloody and chaotic, it was a great test for the small races' members to succeed in undergoing the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. The risks they had to take were far greater than those of the members of the super forces.

It was obvious that the Moon Spirit warrior was eager to get the Chaotic Source Spirits. Now, his hopes were crushed when he ended up in such a terrible situation.

Lesly glanced at him and didn't show any changes in her expression.

In her eyes, the man from the Moon Spirit race would become a hindrance to her if he stayed there…

She gently pointed to the Moon Spirit warrior with her index finger. A golden strip of light burst from her fingertip and transformed into numerous golden fire birds, which charged straight towards the man.

The man from the Moon Spirit race quickly turned around and jumped up when he saw the birds flying towards him, in an attempt to escape.

As the golden fire birds neared further, he patted his head. Then a layer of light film spread out and shrouded the golden fire birds. The birds instantly slowed down.

"Little tricks..." Lesly whispered with disdain.

Then, she tugged her finger and lightly pulled the Moon Spirit warrior.

It was as if an invisible thin thread had wrapped around the Moon Spirit warrior's legs and dragged him down, until he landed in the group of fire birds.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

The scream of the man from the Moon Spirit race only lasted for about two seconds until it suddenly stopped. Eventually, he was burned to death.

As soon as he died, Lesly turned around and fixed her eyes on Zen.

To be honest, the calmness of Zen's face displeased her a little.

After all, the more composed the opponent was, the more difficult they would be to deal with. "You are not nervous, right?" Lesly asked.

There was a short silence while Zen observed the two demon women, and then he said with a smile, "I have fought Elizabeth from the Divine Lair. You are just two demon women from the Divine Lair as well, so why should I be flustered?"

Upon hearing his words, Brylee's and Lesly's lips curved down to a frown.

Even the talents of the Divine Farmer race and the Bearing race would still feel a lot of pressure when faced against them. Since there were two of them right now, surely they would get the upper hand during the fight.

Although Zen seemed to be a calm and prudent man, he was just as arrogant as the young man in black.

"You are an arrogant man," Brylee coldly said.

"The one you fought before was only Master Elizabeth's Illusory Projection. She did not use all of her strength," Lesly calmly added.

Still, Zen's expression didn't change at all. In fact, he simply stared at the two demon women with a sinister grin on his face.

The state of mind was very important during a life and death battle.

Now that Lesly had started to give an explanation about that issue, it meant that she was having difficulty with their situation.

In addition, it was actually true that there had been a huge uproar in the Divine Lair when Elizabeth's Illusory Projection failed to catch Zen.

Zen was able to escape from Elizabeth for two reasons: first, he wasn't afraid of the divine flames of the Sun Crow race; second, he had relied on the Latent Theurgies of the Nine Li race. The latter was crucial, because without it, he wouldn't have been able to hold on until Athemar's arrival.

Of course, at that time Zen had no idea that Athemar was observing him in secret.

Anyway, it was a fact that Zen, who had just reached the Other Shore Realm, was able to escape from Elizabeth.

Zen's intense stare towards Lesly and Brylee made the two demon women uneasy.

Since they couldn't win an advantage when it came to their argument, they didn't want to say anything else.

"Brylee, kill the two disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace. I will deal with this guy," Lesly said decisively.

When Sally and Chaim, who both stood at the corner, heard her words, they couldn't help but feel a bit nervous.

If Chaim was in his best condition, he wouldn't be afraid of the demon women of the Divine Lair. He could even escape if he ever fought against Brylee and Lesly.

However, he hadn't completely recovered after he used the Living Puppet Chains. Thus, he might not be able to resist them.

On the other hand, Sally looked even more nervous now. She gently cupped her hands, and the Iridescent Stone appeared in her palms.

If there was no way to dodge, she could only put up a desperate fight.

"Splash!"

With a wave of heat, Brylee rushed towards Sally and Chaim.

Sally looked very weak, and she was always the one the other members of the Nine Li race had to protect.

At that moment, however, she surprised everyone with her performance, which was even beyond Zen's and Chaim's imaginations.

After she gently tossed the Iridescent Stone, it drew a colorful beam of light and shot towards Brylee.

Brylee's eyes were filled with contempt when she saw that the Iridescent Stone had flown towards her. In return, her wings fluttered and cast a shadow in the air. The Iridescent Stone passed through the shadow, but it was impossible for it to touch Brylee.

"Go to hell!"

Then, Brylee gently flipped her hand and a golden spear appeared. The condensed golden flame at the tip of the spear burned so hot that it could almost melt everything.

Just as Brylee rushed downwards, she heard an unmistakable roar.

Her heart pounded in her ribcage. That seemingly powerful sound frightened her.

She instinctively lowered her head, but the Iridescent Stone, which had just returned, passed by and smashed her ear, making it bleed!

"Swish!"

"Click!"

The Iridescent Stone finally flew back to the hand of Sally, who looked at Brylee with a serious face. "Don't get closer to me... Otherwise I will attack you!" she warned.

Chaim had witnessed the whole thing from a distance. He looked at Sally and said encouragingly, "Well done, Sally!"

The Iridescent Stone seemed to be quite an ordinary descending type of Other Shore Token, but it was mysterious and useful, with many functions.

The Iridescent Stone was extremely flexible and was under Sally's complete control. Whenever she threw it away, it always returned to her. Furthermore, she could even activate the Other Shore Power within the stone, which could enhance its speed and release more power.

Once the stone was triggered, its impact force could easily reach one thousand divine megatons. The only catch was that she could only activate the Iridescent Stone for three times within a day. After that, the Iridescent Stone could not be used again.

Before, Brylee had noticed that Chaim looked weak and Sally didn't seem powerful at all, so she had always looked down on them.

Her mindset caused her to treat them with such contempt and because she was too confident, she hadn't been careful enough, which almost cost her life.

Had the power of one thousand megatons landed squarely on her head, it would have surely smashed it into pieces.

Chapter 3386 The Heavenly South Bow

Brylee was furious. Her eyes were burning with anger and humiliation at her mistake.

A spurt of killing intent gushed out from her body. She was about to rush to Sally when the golden flame behind her exploded with a deafening bang.

She quickly turned around. Panic appeared on her face, Lesly was sent flying onto the wall of the cave. Zen floated in the air, surrounded by the divine flames of the Sun Crow race. The fire that burned around him left him completely unharmed.

"He's very powerful," Brylee murmured to herself.

She and Lesly would not make the mistake of underestimating Zen.

After the two of them had broken into the cave, Lesly went to attack Zen while Brylee fought the others.

They had thought that after Brylee killed Sally and Chaim, they would surely be able to defeat Zen.

But their plan fell apart immediately, because Lesly couldn't withstand even a single blow from Zen.

Lesly was stuck in a big rock, and her eyes, usually so bright and charming, were now dark with fear and anger. Under the burning of her wings, the rock slowly melted into scorching lava.

"I don't care if you attack me, but you will pay if you try to kill my friends," Zen said coldly, glaring at the two demon women.

He had wanted to get a sense of their intentions before hitting them with any strong attacks, but one of them had gone directly for Sally and Chaim. As a result, Zen was forced to immediately deal a heavy blow against Lesly.

Zen moved forward. The rock beneath his feet cracked as he rushed at Brylee with lightning speed.

Lesly shouted out a warning, "Brylee! Run! He is not afraid of fire!" Lesly had just suffered a crippling loss and she feared Brylee was about to meet the same fate.

Brylee's divine flames were quite fierce, and far strong than those of the other demon women of the Sun Crow race. At Lesly's words, she withdrew the divine flames she had been about to blast at Zen. Instead, she spread her wings and flew upwards.

By then, Lesly had freed herself from the rock. She had not been seriously hurt by Zen's punch, and she unfurled her wings and rose in the air. She called to Brylee, "Let's go! We must retreat for now!"

The divine flame was the most powerful weapon of the Sun Crow race, and they had expected to use it to defeat Zen. But since Zen was not at all threatened by the flames, they had no chance of winning this battle, so they had to retreat and figure out a different plan.

"You're already here! Why don't you stay a bit longer?" Zen taunted.

He accelerated as he flew into the air, chasing Brylee.

Zen didn't have the flexibility and agility of the Sun Crow race in flight, but he was able to gain enough momentum to outpace Brylee's speed. Even though she was flying away as rapidly as she could, Zen drew closer and closer to her.

"Get down!"

Lesly, in flight behind Zen, raised her eyebrows and took out an Other Shore Token.

"Go!"

She waved two fingers in the air. Shining awls appeared midair and flew towards Zen.

She didn't expect to kill Zen, but she needed to force him to slow down before he could catch Brylee.

The shining awls had a very strong penetrating power. If Zen failed to dodge them, they would pierce his skin and leave bleeding injuries on his body.

Zen snorted.

He summoned the Shade Stone liquid to protect his back.

There was a series of clanging sounds as the awls hit Zen one after another.

The shining awls could penetrate almost everything, but they couldn't penetrate Zen's back. Lesly's mouth dropped open in shock. Brylee, glancing behind her, saw what happened and was also stunned.

Brylee gritted her teeth. She spread her wings and pushed forward with all her strength, trying to fly faster. But her struggle was in vain. Since Lesly's attack had not slowed him down even a little, Zen flew closer to Brylee. He was an arm's length from catching her.

At that moment, however, the black smog of the Chaotic Source World started to surge around them again.

The arrival of the black smog was an enormous advantage for Brylee and Lesly. As members of the Sun Crow race, they had a much better sense of wind than most other creatures. As soon as they sensed a hurricane coming, they realized with excitement that there was a way to escape Zen.

The winds swirled and surged more and more strongly around them.

Zen was just about to grasp Brylee when an irresistible force swept over them.

The hurricane separated Zen from Brylee. Zen tried to stick to his course, but he soon lost his sense of direction in the black smog.

"Ah! Zen is getting blown away!"

Sally and Chaim, still at the bottom of the cave, crouched down as the hurricane burst into the hole. The pit protected them. The hurricane couldn't sweep them away.

Zen was unable to resist the hurricane, but the two demon women remained steady.

Brylee and Lesly spread their wings and rode the hurricane, quickly putting some distance between themselves and Zen. He couldn't chase after them anymore.

"The hurricane came at just the right time," said Lesly, sounding relieved.

"What should we do now?" Brylee asked, in a more subdued tone. She was also happy at their escape but still felt a lingering tension at how close she had come to being captured by Zen.

"He is trapped in the strong wind. Let the hurricane take his life!"

The two women angled their wings, turning in midair to follow Zen as he was tossed and turned by the hurricane. They made sure to stay a safe distance away from him.

A huge transparent crystal appeared above Lesly's head. In an instant, long spears made of heavenly crystals materialized from it.

They had no trouble resisting the hurricane.

Indeed, their power was multiplied by the hurricane as the pointed tips shot straight towards Zen.

As the two women had observed, Zen was finding it difficult to adjust his position in the hurricane. Even if he could, his range of movement was limited. He grimaced and watched the spears shooting towards him.

A clanging sound could be heard over the sound of the wind, as the spears hit Zen's body and cracked into pieces upon impact. He used the Shade Stone liquid to protect himself, as he had no choice but to take the full force of the attack.

A vicious smile appeared on Lesly's face. "I wonder how long you can hold on!" she called out to him.

She believed that Zen wouldn't be able to resist her heavenly crystal bombardment for too long.

After all, he hadn't even reached the Chaotic Source Realm. And indeed, even if he had, he should have a limit. Beyond this limit, he would run out of strength to keep resisting the attack. Not even Zen could withstand the power of the heavenly crystals forever!

However, unbeknownst to Lesly and Brylee, Zen had the Shade Stone liquid that was different from the Chaotic Source Spirit.

Unlike the Chaotic Source Spirit, the Shade Stone couldn't absorb power, and it wouldn't get tired.

As long as the Shade Stone liquid was on Zen's back, it didn't matter how many times he was hit by the heavenly crystal spears. They wouldn't be able to pierce through his body.

However, each time a heavenly crystal spear shattered into pieces on Zen's back, he felt the force of the blow, like a powerful punch. It made his body tremble, and his vital energy quivered violently.

Moreover, Zen didn't have enough Shade Stone liquid to protect any other part of his body except his back. He was managing to angle himself so that the spears always hit his back, but eventually he would get tired and a heavenly crystal spear might pierce through his limb, or through the front of his torso. He had to figure out a way to counterattack.

Brylee, also flying nearby, waved her hand and brought out an Other Shore Token.

She held a long, graceful bow that shone with a soft blue light. She raised the weapon and plucked at the bowstring, and a watery blue arrow appeared.

"Heavenly South Bow!"

This long bow was a sixth-grade Other Shore Token. It was the sacred item of a ruling civilization. The bow was the only one of its kind.

The Heavenly South Bow was well-known on the Other Shore. It had been used by the last head of the Divine Lair and cherished by its people for a long time. When Brylee came along, the last head of the Divine Lair gave her the bow. Many had coveted the Heavenly South Bow, but she was the one chosen to wield this Other Shore Token.

"To the south!"

Brylee released the bowstring. A sharp, penetrating blue light shot out from the Heavenly South Bow.

As soon as the blue light burst out, Zen felt its sharpness. His face darkened.

Chapter 3387 An Area Insulated From Wind

Zen gritted his teeth. He knew the Shade Stone liquid wasn't indestructible, but at this point, he had no choice.

The Shade Stone liquid covered his back, like a thin sheet. If he was attacked with something that had high penetrating strength, it was possible it'd be able to pierce through it.

Suddenly, a blue light shot at Zen. Eyes narrowed, he desperately searched for a solution.

Because he was trapped in the hurricane, his control over his bodily movement was extremely limited. At this rate, he wouldn't be able to dodge the blue light at all.

"Shade Stone liquid, condensing!"

Since he couldn't avoid the light, his last resort was to face it head-on.

The Shade Stone liquid, which was scattered all over his back, suddenly gathered in one spot on his back.

After the Shade Stone liquid condensed, its defensive power doubled as well.

'She's targeting the center of my back!'

Zen gathered the condensed Shade Stone liquid at the center of his back.

"Bang!"

As soon as the arrow hit him, Zen was enveloped in a dazzling blue light.

Both Lesly and Brylee smiled. In their eyes, Zen wasn't strong enough to withstand an attack from the Heavenly South Bow.

However, to their surprise, after the blue light dissipated, Zen was still alive!

They froze in shock. Exchanging stunned glances, they were at a loss at what to do next.

"W-what?!"

Brylee stuttered, unable to conceal her shock.

The Heavenly South Bow was her most powerful weapon.

Moreover, it cost a lot just to use such a powerful Other Shore Token. If they had known any other way to deal with Zen, Brylee wouldn't have considered using the Heavenly South Bow.

And yet, Zen had managed to survive Brylee's supposed trump card.

"Ahem!"

Zen coughed. With a frown, he spat out the golden blood.

The blood dispersed in the whirling air quickly.

In the end, the condensed Shade Stone liquid did save his life, but it didn't spare him from some internal injuries.

Fortunately, his injuries weren't too bad. He knew he'd recover in no time.

However, the hurricane kept on blowing, rendering him helpless. After all, the two women still targeted him. If they shot a few more arrows at him, he'd be done for.

Meanwhile, Lesly and Brylee also considered their options.

"How could the Oneness Sky Palace have such a superhuman warrior?" Lesly muttered in a low voice.

After Brylee recovered from the initial shock, she clenched her fists. This only made her more determined to take Zen down. Gripping the Heavenly South Bow, she notched another blue arrow onto the bowstring. "You are able to block the first arrow," she said quietly, "but can you block the second?"

The Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race were enemies now. Moreover, Elizabeth loathed Zen.

If he was allowed to live and grew stronger with time, he would inevitably become a huge threat to the Sun Crow race. Bearing this in mind, Brylee was determined to spare him no mercy.

Zen, rolling in the hurricane, quickly wiped the blood from his mouth and laughed. "Go on and try. I also want to know how many arrows I can resist!"

Zen was confident in the Shade Stone liquid; he could move it to whichever part of his body was going to be hit by Brylee's arrows. At worst, he would only be injured by the vibrating impact of the blows, but he knew the arrow wouldn't pierce through the Shade Stone liquid.

As soon as the hurricane stopped, Zen would finally be able to strike back.

Seeing the confident look on Zen's face, Brylee couldn't help but feel a little anxious. What if he could really resist all of the arrows?

"Brylee," Lesly suddenly said, "shoot two arrows at the same time. Aim for his head with one, and his cinnabar field with the other."

Although Lesly did not understand how the Shade Stone liquid worked, she could tell that Zen would be able to block the second arrow. She also knew that once the hurricane died down after five minutes, Zen would have the upper hand, and they'd be forced to retreat.

They needed to be smart about this.

Brylee nodded. With a tap of her finger, another blue arrow appeared on the bowstring.

Taking a deep breath, she took steady aim at Zen.

Meanwhile, a man from the Separate Abyss race got caught in the hurricane and whirled into the sky. To his surprise, he suddenly saw the tense battle between Zen and the two women.

Naturally, he never expected such a fight would take place inside this damned hurricane.

Zen frowned as he saw Brylee fitting two arrows onto the bowstring.

He knew that it'd be difficult to disperse the Shade Stone liquid to two different parts of his body, and that its defensive properties would definitely weaken in this way.

"I see the fear in your eyes," Lesly said smugly as she noticed Zen's expression.

Zen just sighed. "Well, even a lion will use all its strength to prey on a rabbit. I guess I shouldn't have gone easy on you..."

"A lion fights a rabbit?" Lesly echoed. "Do you think you are a lion?" Exhaling slowly, Brylee steadily aimed the two arrows at Zen's head and belly. She couldn't possibly miss the target at so short a distance.

Only the demon women of the Divine Lair and the creatures of a few races which could fly would be able to battle in a hurricane. Even if Zen had any tricks up his sleeve, he wouldn't be able to pose a threat to them as long as the hurricane whirled on. Hence, Lesly and Brylee grew complacent.

In the blink of an eye, Brylee released the arrows and two blue lights shot towards Zen. Just as suddenly, a diamond-shaped thorny ball appeared above Zen's head.

The Other Shore Power of the diamond-shaped thorny ball was not powerful, but a cyan feather began to emerge from it.

The cyan feather looked so dainty and lifelike!

Two huge cyan wings appeared behind Zen as soon as the cyan feather emerged from the thorny ball.

The shadow of the massive wings reached over a thousand feet, flapping formidably in the air.

In an instant, Brylee and Lesly knew they were absolutely no match for this, as Zen seemed to become extremely powerful at this moment.

The Sun Crow race was the most powerful among the races which could fly in the air. Few things in the world could scare them. But now, they trembled at the sight of Zen.

The two beams of arrow radiance from the Heavenly South Bow were still shooting towards him, but Zen twisted his body and rose with the wind, easily dodging the two blue rays. Suddenly, he froze in the air, and locked eyes with the two demon women.

Indeed, Brylee and Lesly could fly in this hurricane, but they could only fly downwind. They couldn't even stop in the wind. After all, the hurricane's power reached thousands of divine megatons!

As Zen suddenly stopped in the air, the two demon women, who were flying with the wind, were headed straight at him with incredible speed.

There was no time for them to react or even try to change their direction. As they closed in on Zen, the two women's fear-filled eyes were reflected in Zen's long sword light.

Zen slowly raised his sword, and swung it to the left and then right in a flash.

The two demon women passed by Zen, as though nothing happened.

In a matter of seconds, Lesly and Brylee had flown past Zen around three miles. They flew with the wind, motionless, shock still seared on their faces.

"Puff!"

On each of their delicate necks, a line of blood appeared, and then slowly, their heads were peeled off their bodies.

As the hurricane continued to blow, their heads flew farther and farther away from their beheaded bodies, fear still engraved in their lifeless eyes.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

The hurricane still blew like mad, as though unaffected by the fact that a gruesome battle had just taken place.

Zen stood still, letting the powerful hurricane blow towards him.

But now, Zen's body was covered with an invisible thin film. As the hurricane blew black smog to him, it just whizzed past, with Zen remaining unaffected.

Chapter 3388 Flying Against The Hurricane

At the gate of the Chaotic Source World, Elizabeth sat in a corner, meditating with eyes closed. After she sensed Lesly's and Brylee's deaths, her eyes shot open.

In her fury, she emanated wave after wave of malicious aura. Everyone around her could tangibly feel her anger.

Beside her sat three other demon women. They too were shocked when they found out about the deaths of their kin.

"Lesly and Brylee were killed at the same time?"

"That's impossible!"

"How could that happen?"

The demon women communicated with each other using life vitality, their faces full of disbelief.

Elizabeth's expression darkened.

The demon women from the Divine Lair were connected by blood. No matter how far they were from each other, they could sense each other's deaths.

They could also sense it if Elvinia and Flamine died.

"What's wrong, Elizabeth?" a leader of the Divine Farmer race asked through his life vitality.

"Lesly and Brylee are dead," Elizabeth answered bluntly.

"No way!" the leader exclaimed in astonishment.

The leaders of the Bearing race and the New Moon race frowned collectively.

"As of right now, no one has entered the core area. The chances of them dying outside are slim," the old man from the Bearing race said.

When everyone had entered the Chaotic Source World, a huge magic array appeared in front of the leaders. The array produced a huge mirror which reflected the core area of the Chaotic Source World.

However, anything outside the core area wasn't covered; they couldn't monitor what was happening outside.

According to the old man from the Bearing race, no one had stepped into the core area yet. That meant everyone was wandering around the periphery of the Chaotic Source World.

The periphery was vast. It was unlikely the two demon women would encounter strong enemies there. That was why everyone was shocked at their sudden deaths.

Since they got killed at the same time, the only possibility was that they encountered a strong opponent.

Elizabeth did not respond to the leader of the Bearing race.

Instead, she spread out her hands before her. Golden lines flowed along her arms, like veins pumping gold.

As the head of the Divine Lair, Elizabeth was more powerful than her clansmen. Closing her eyes, she tried seeing into the scene that Lesly and Brylee saw before they died.

Opening her eyes, she found herself flying haphazardly through the thick black smog, unable to slow down. The next thing she knew was a long sword slashing through her neck.

"It's him!" she suddenly cried, returning to her physical body.

"It's that damned man!

How could he fight in the midst of a hurricane?"

Elizabeth turned to glare at Athemar.

It seemed as though she was challenging Athemar to a fight.

The leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace, like Athemar and Winchell, exchanged puzzled glances when they saw Elizabeth glaring at them.

But they were not afraid of her.

Winchell's eyes met Elizabeth's gaze. Turning to Athemar, he asked in a confused tone, "What's wrong with Elizabeth? Why is she looking at us like that?"

"The members of the Sun Crow race are connected to each other by blood," Athemar said carefully. "I guess some important figures have died."

Athemar was a smart man. He figured it out in an instant.

"Were they killed by the disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace?" Winchell asked, beaming at the possibility.

"I think so." Athemar nodded.

They had predicted that the other races would target the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

It seemed that the members of the Sun Crow race had made their move, but ultimately failed against a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Once he was done speaking, Athemar turned back to watch the mirror.

It was only a matter of time before everyone entered the core area of the Chaotic Source World. When this time came, there would be many bloody battles.

Athemar wasn't worried about the Bearing race, or even the Sun Crow race. What he was worried about was the young man in black who came from the Black Ship. The man was extremely hostile to Zen. No doubt there would be a fierce battle.

Some nonhuman races surged forward, forced by the hurricane.

When they passed by Zen, who calmly stood still amidst the whirling wind, their eyes popped open in shock.

They all wondered in awe how he was able to resist this damned hurricane.

"A single feather from the Wing King sheltered me from the hurricane with thousands of divine megatons of force. I wonder how powerful the Wing King truly is." Even Zen was surprised.

Just now, he faced two powerful demon women in the hurricane.

But the moment he pulled out the feather, he had defeated them in one swift blow. Moreover, the strong wind didn't faze him at all.

This Other Shore Token was definitely much more powerful than any other bodily movement skill or theurgy. No wonder the Wing King was considered the strongest master of a ruling force.

Swish!

Swish!

Zen flew against the direction of the wind, without slowing down. He headed for the collapsed cave.

Initially, he had planned to look for the space rings of Lesly and Brylee. They must have a lot of magic weapons. Even though they might not work for him, he could give them to Sally and the members of the Nine Li race.

However, when Lesly and Brylee were killed, their bodies were blown away by the hurricane. It was quite difficult to find them. Finally, Zen retreated to look for the others.

Inside the collapsed cave, Sally and Chaim were hiding in a narrow space, just big enough to shield them from the whirling wind.

Just then, the full force of the hurricane surged forward on top of the cave, slicing through some stones like a knife. Although the two were protected, they crouched uncomfortably.

Sally had been worried about Zen and constantly tried to locate him through the soul mark.

At first, Zen had quickly flown away. But at some point, he suddenly stopped.

Sally froze for a moment. She thought the hurricane had stopped, but when she looked up, she found that it was still whistling. It had only been a few minutes. The hurricane wouldn't stop so soon.

'I wonder if Zen rushes into another cave to take shelter, ' Sally pondered worriedly.

Later, Zen was actually flying towards them amidst the hurricane.

Feeling the soul mark vibrate, Sally covered her mouth in shock.

"Sally, what's wrong with you?" Chaim, noticing her strange behavior, looked at her curiously.

"It's Zen!" she exclaimed, her face full of disbelief. "He's coming to us!"

"Impossible." Chaim shook his head. "Unless he's flying in the underground..."

"Absolutely not! How could he move so quickly in the underground? He must be flying in the sky!" Sally said with certainty.

"Don't be silly, Sally. No one can resist this hurricane. Even the omnipotent Zen can't do it," said Chaim with a smile.

The warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm possessed thousands of divine megatons of force, so they could resist the hurricane. Even though Chaim didn't believe Sally, her expression was so resolute that even he faltered.

"He'll be here soon," Sally said confidently. She knew that Zen was closing in on them.

In no time, they saw Zen freely flying in the hurricane like a lithe bird in the springtime. Steadily, he landed in the middle of the cave.

Chapter 3389 Stench Of Blood

Chaim stared right at Zen, unable to utter a single word.

Zen really did fly in the air, against the hurricane!

The power of the hurricane was too strong, there was no way Zen could have survived even with the protection of the cave. Chaim knew that if the roles were reversed, he would have been swept away already.

But from the looks of it, Zen didn't seem to be affected at all.

Sally, on the other hand, was hardly surprised. All along, she believed that Zen flew against the hurricane. She didn't even bother thinking about how Zen did it; what mattered was that he was successful.

After moments of wondering, Chaim decided it was best to just ask Zen. "Zen... How in the world did you make it?"

"I used an Other Shore Token," Zen replied frankly.

"An Other Shore Token..."

Chaim was in awe. What kind of Other Shore Token could be so powerful as to resist a full-blown hurricane like that?

Even the sixth-grade Other Shore Tokens at Stage Thirteen of the Lust World still wouldn't be able to demonstrate such resilience.

Though Chaim still had many questions, he chose not to ask anything more.

Usually, Other Shore Realm warriors made sure to keep their Other Shore Tokens in secret. Although there were many people in the Source World who had classified the Other Shore Tokens, many Other Shore Tokens were still mysteries and unknown to people other than the holder. Once those Other Shore Tokens were used, they would have miraculous effects.

"Zen," Sally asked as her eyes widened, "where are the two demon women? Were they blown away by the hurricane?"

"No," Zen shook his head, "I killed them."

The casual tone in Zen's voice made Chaim's eyelids twitch ever so slightly.

By the fact that Zen's strength was not inferior to that of the two demon women and he could fly unharmed in the hurricane, they probably had had nothing against him.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Eventually, the hurricane gradually subsided and disappeared into the air.

Chaim and Sally got out of the crack.

They patted down the bodies of the several nonhuman creatures and checked their belongings. Afterwards, the treasures in their space rings were divided between the two.

Sally had taken a large portion of the treasures. Though she had no personal interest in the weapons, she figured that her brothers might need them considering that their weapons were too common. Zen, being the all mighty and gracious, didn't take anything.

Once all the treasures were settled, Zen took out the Chaotic Source Spirits and began to distribute them.

Originally, he had planned to give a number of Chaotic Source Spirits to the several warriors of the other three races. Since they ended up dead, Zen was able to keep that part for himself.

In the end, Zen kept over 160 Chaotic Source Spirits himself, and gave seventy to Sally and Chaim respectively.

"By the looks of it, even if we don't enter the core area of the Chaotic Source World, we can gather enough Chaotic Source Spirits!" Chaim pointed out.

Only very few Chaotic Source Spirits can be found in the periphery of the Chaotic Source World.

Usually, smashing a mountain into pieces could generate only one or two Chaotic Source Spirits, much like Zen's first experience. He destroyed many rocks but only found one, and sometimes, he found nothing at all.

They got lucky with the special cave. How the queen ant swallowed so many Chaotic Source Spirits was a mystery. However, they couldn't help but be grateful because it became easier for them to collect the Chaotic Source Spirits.

"This amount of Chaotic Source Spirits is still not enough," continued Chaim "We should still seek them out in the inner part of Chaotic Source World," he suggested.

Zen nodded in agreement.

With the help of the soul marks, he found that Elvinia, Dorothy, and the members of the Nine Li race were sent far away due to the hurricane. But on the whole, they were all headed towards the center of the Chaotic Source World.

Both Dorothy and Elvinia attempted to get closer to Zen, but the hurricane would arrive and take them away every 5 minutes. It was too difficult for any of them to approach Zen as it would purely depend on luck, so they eventually gave up.

All they knew was that the hurricane whirled from the south to the north, so Zen, Sally and Chaim flew towards the western area.

After the three of them flew in the air for about five minutes, Chaim looked at the black smog and said, "The hurricane is coming back soon."

Though the hurricane came without any warning, it was always, always punctual.

Among the three, Zen did not fear the hurricane. It was Chaim and Sally who had to secure a place to hide.

Deep in thought, Zen scanned his surroundings and found nothing that could be of use. Without warning, he rushed down, jumped in the air, and began smashing into the ground.

Bang!

Just like that, Zen had created a cave that was ten-foot deep into the ground.

He'd been saving this plan for a time when he'd need it. Before, Zen would just go with the wind because he just entered the Chaotic Source World and was clueless with where to go. Now that they needed a place of protection, he felt that it was the best time to execute his plan.

The trio hid safely in the cave for five minutes. After the hurricane had settled, they climbed out of the makeshift cave and continued to fly west.

After becoming more familiar with the Chaotic Source World, the warriors realized that the chances of finding Chaotic Source Spirits in the periphery were too small. Because of this, a majority of them began to travel towards the core area.

Some had traveled a long way, only to be blown further back by the relentless hurricane.

But after experiencing this so many times, many of them were able to arrive at similar strategies. They would dig holes in the ground to avoid the hurricane, then once it stopped, they would continue their journey towards the center.

To the three's luck, they found four caves already dug as they traveled. This saved them time and energy as they didn't even need to dig by themselves. All they had to do was get inside and hide.

Less than an hour of travelling had passed and another low mountain appeared beneath Zen.

Oddly enough, the entire mountain was scorched black, and there were sword marks slashed across its surface. Some parts were riddled with holes. It seemed as if a serious battle had happened here.

"Let's go down and have a look," Zen suggested. He pointed at the mountain for Sally and Chaim to see.

Zen began to move closer towards the mountain, with Sally and Chaim right behind him.

Due to the hurricane, traces of the battle were close to nonexistent. If anyone had died, their bodies would have been swept away and moved elsewhere.

However, thanks to Zen's spiritual sense that scanned the area, he soon found a huge cave at the back of the mountain.

The three flew to the back of the mountain. At the entrance of the cave, they began to cough and gag as the heavy stench of blood permeated the air.

What they saw in the cave stunned each of them.

Dozens of bodies of nonhuman creatures were scattered across the ground. Their corpses were dismembered and incomplete.

Chaim tried his best to absorb the horror before him. He looked over the scene, but something caused him to do a double take. He glanced at a body and gasped, "That's Guillermo!" he said, pointing at the body. "Guillermo from the Bright Mountain!"

He rushed towards the edge of the cave where a corpse was embedded in a crack on the wall. Half of his body had been damaged by explosion, but his features were still recognizable.

Because Chaim came from Bright Mountain, he knew Guillermo Wang very well, who was one of the best disciples. Seeing his tragic death had brought Chaim to tears.

"I wonder who did this," he sighed. "It's too cruel." Zen, on the other hand, had something else in mind. He observed all the corpses and noticed something about them: All the corpses' space rings were missing.

Whoever did this didn't only kill people, but also looted their belongings.

Killing all these people took outstanding strength. But on the other hand, outstanding creatures who had the ability to do this were all arrogant and they despised such an act.

With a motive to take space rings, this murder was out of Zen's comprehension. How could someone do this?

The image of the Evil God appeared in Zen's mind. He might be the one responsible for this scene as Zen could think of no one else that had such a way of doing things.

As Zen continued to think, he heard a gnawing groan close by.

He rushed to the direction where the sound came from. Then he saw a huge body of someone from the Separate Abyss race.

The bodies of Separate Abyss race were known to be extremely tough and resilient. To Zen's surprise, the warrior who groaned was severely injured, but he was still alive.

Chapter 3390 Being Chased

The wounds on the Separate Abyss warrior's body had stopped bleeding. But there were still black snakes the length of a forefinger slithering on the wounds—these little creatures were supposedly transformed by energy.

When he heard Zen's footsteps approaching, his eyes widened like that of a frightened bird.

When Zen's image grew clearer, a look of horror filled the warrior's eyes—his body unconsciously curled up in defense.

The Separate Abyss race was a powerful force—a near-perfect race indeed. They had the Abyss Spirit race to protect them on the Other Shore, after all. Their power assured them of the potential to eventually become a ruling civilization among the many superpowers.

They looked down upon the other races with great pride and arrogance.

But the moment the warrior spotted Zen, fear wiped away any hint of arrogance on his face—he trembled in fear like prey that had spotted its hunter.

"What happened here?" Zen asked, examining the area.

While the warrior was sure Zen had come to take his life, the latter's question made him realize that Zen held no animosity towards him. For a moment, he paused and looked at Zen strangely before saying, "That guy… The one who calls himself the Evil God… when he entered this place, he began slaughtering everyone in his path!"

Indeed, such was the work of the Evil God.

Zen's guess was proven, then.

It was known that many races killed each other off in the Chaotic Source World.

But with everyone scattered, most warriors were vigilant in meeting strange opponents. So long as the two races didn't carry deep grudges, they were even willing to cooperate.

The cave was far larger than the one Chaim and the others had first discovered. More creatures of different races were also there to explore.

It was impossible for an ordinary warrior to slaughter so many people at a time.

"The Evil God may be powerful, but he couldn't have killed so many people at once. Couldn't you have just run away?" Zen asked.

Even with the hurricane blowing, the warriors there should have been able to flee.

Getting blown away by the hurricane was preferable to getting slaughtered by the Evil God, anyway.

But the fear grew on the warrior's face upon hearing Zen's question. "His… his Other Shore Token is strange… It's an entire world! He controlled the world, and we had no chance of escaping. If it wasn't for my Other Shore Token—the Death Feigning Beast, I would've died along with the others for sure."

The Death Feigning Beast was a creature from Stage Eleven of the Other Shore.

Taming the living beings on the Other Shore was no easy task, but the Abyss Spirit race had controlled the entire Stage Eleven, so they naturally had ways to make it.

But the Death Feigning Beasts were not powerful on their own, and few people would fuse with such Other Shore Tokens.

Back then, the Separate Abyss race had entrusted the Ear Mice to auction off the Death Feigning Beasts. Even if the price was reasonable, rarely did anyone buy them.

Some Other Shore Realm warriors chose to merge with a Death Feigning Beast after cultivating the second kind of Truth of Godly Way. When such a token was activated, the aura of the cultivator's inner world along with the cinnabar field was blocked—they were then left in a state of suspended animation.

If a spiritual sense or the like was used to detect it, no sign of life would be sensed—it would be as though the cultivator was truly dead.

But the Evil God had killed so many creatures of various races at a time, so he didn't even bother checking each one individually. In truth, he cared little about a few of them escaping his slaughter—all that mattered was his satisfaction.

And so this particular warrior of the Separate Abyss race managed to escape death.

But the black four-legged snakes that attached to his wounds were still torturing him to death—removing them was no easy task.

"A world…"

Zen's eyes flashed as he asked, "Chaim, have you heard of a similar Other Shore Token?"

The Civilization Artifact was not a world. It merely represented a civilization that connected the entire Regal Jade City.

With the help of the Regal Jade Spirit, Zen could receive the help of the entire Regal Jade Civilization as well. Like during the hurricane, the Regal Jade Spirit pulled out a feather of the Wing King from the Civilization Artifact and helped him resist the calamity.

"Bloody Descent," Chaim said after a pause.

"What?" Zen asked curiously.

"The leader of our Bright Mountain has an Other Shore Token of the descending type. But instead of an item, it is a special world that descends," Chaim explained. "Such Other Shore Tokens could only be owned by the most powerful masters of the Source World. This so-called Evil God..."

"He's that young man in black," Zen said.

For a moment, Chaim stared at Zen wordlessly. The young man clad in black hadn't introduced himself yet.

At the thought that Zen's inner world had actually created such a terrifying existence, Chaim was utterly speechless. A freak created a freak, he thought to himself.

"This Evil God can only move around in the thirteen stages of the Lust World. I'm afraid it's unlikely that he'll manage to obtain such an Other Shore Token," Chaim said, shaking his head.

Zen glanced at the black four-legged snakes and asked the warrior, "Do you want me to help you get rid of them?"

"No! Don't touch them! I will refine them myself!" The warrior's face darkened at Zen's offer.

The four-legged snakes were highly strange creatures. The moment any one of them was removed from his body, the pain would be enough to kill the warrior. Even the strongest of the Separate Abyss race couldn't endure such torture. This warrior had done the work step by step, yet he only managed to refine four of them. There were over ten snakes still left on his body. Refining each would take ages.

If Zen removed them all by force, the warrior would faint from the pain.

Zen had planned to examine the little snakes more closely, but since the warrior seemed to be on high alert around him, he backed off.

With a shrug, Zen left him be and followed Sally and Chaim out of the cave.

"Zen, this Evil God is highly talented. Haven't you noticed that when he was in your inner world?" Finally, Chaim took a chance and asked what had been plaguing his mind since they were at the entrance of the Chaotic Source World.

Everyone had absolute control over their inner world and Zen was no exception.

"Of course, I was aware of it. He even plotted to kill me," Zen said with a playful smile.

The casual statement made Sally's and Chaim's eyes widen in astonishment. The Evil God was bold indeed—they found themselves lucky to not have such a creature in their inner worlds.

"But he did help me stabilize my inner world quite a bit. He actually helped me a lot," Zen admitted. "I merely fulfilled my promise and released him."

From the start, Zen hadn't expected the Evil God's nature to remain the same. Worse, he became more reckless after leaving his inner world. It was all fate's doing, Zen believed.

Chaim asked no further.

He found it strange how powerful the Evil God was—it probably had something to do with Zen's inner world.

But if he continued asking, he was afraid to accidentally touch upon some of Zen's secrets that would make the latter uncomfortable.

Once they left the cave, the three continued travelling toward the core area. After they moved forward for a while, they dug a hole to use as a shelter and waited for the hurricane to pass.

When it passed, they continued with their journey.

But when they stepped out of the hole, Sally and Zen felt something simultaneously and exchanged glances.

The two happened to perceive that Elvinia and Hutton were five hundred miles south of them, running fast.

Even when the hurricane stopped, they were moving at such a high speed. Either they were chasing someone or were being chased—Zen and Sally were both inclined to believe it was the latter.

Chapter 3391 Dangerous Situation

Hutton and Elvinia's current state was far worse than what Zen and Sally had first imagined.

Things were initially going great for Elvinia after entering the Chaotic Source World.

The hurricane changed things though. She had tried to resist getting swept up in order to go to Zen but it proved futile. In the end, the hurricane carried her farther and farther away from him.

She travelled for over a million miles, almost reaching the other end of the Chaotic Source World.

Left with no other choice, Elvinia was forced to explore the world alone.

The prospect didn't worry her that much though. As the Phoenix Palace's number one disciple, Elvinia was by no means weak.

Halfway through her journey, she had already encountered several dangerous situations along with a fight with a demon woman from the Sun Crow race.

Elvinia was one out of the two people that remained on top of the Bearing race's hit list so that fight with the demon woman wasn't so strange.

Fortunately, with her current strength, Elvinia managed to kill her pursuer with the tiniest bit of effort.

With that taken care of, she went on to explore the Chaotic Source World for several hours and even obtained three Chaotic Source Spirits.

She would've normally advanced towards the core area at that point.

The core area was smaller than the periphery and all members of the large races would gather there eventually, so Zen was no exception.

However, since she was so desperate to find him, she made a bold choice and went along with the hurricane.

Each time it appeared, it would carry her at least sixty to seventy thousand miles. Elvinia would activate her bodily movement skill during this time to speed up further.

It was by doing this that Elvinia managed to go around the entire Chaotic Source World.

Hutton went for a much more normal course of action. When the hurricane came, he dug a hole in the ground and hid.

He was worried about Sally and wanted to join her as soon as possible but, after knowing the fact that she was with Zen through her soul mark, he quickly relaxed. He knew she would be safe and sound under his protection.

Not long after that, Hutton bumped into Efrain and other disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Efrain didn't really know where Hutton was from but considered him as a disciple of the Oneness Mountain since he had come with Zen.

This group of Oneness Sky Palace disciples Efrain led moved as a unit that gradually grew in number as more and more people joined them.

Most warriors preferred to travel alone so their group really stood out, in a good way though. Since they were such a large group, no one dared provoke them.

Even those from powerful races preferred to avoid any conflict with them.

Efrain's goal was clear: to head for the core area of the Chaotic Source World as fast as possible.

His influence in the Oneness Sky Palace wasn't on the same level as Chaim's but the other disciples followed his orders just the same. After all, Efrain was strong and powerful.

However, just fifty thousand miles away from their destination, their group encountered some trouble.

That said 'trouble' came in the form of enemy warriors coming from the Divine Farmer race, the Bearing race, and the New Moon race.

Efrain was ranked third in the second row of these races' hit list.

A big fight inevitably erupted between the two forces.

Now, Efrain was strong but he was far outnumbered by the elites that had banded together to defeat him. He got seriously injured after getting hit by their joint attack and thought he was going to die when the hurricane suddenly appeared and carried him to safety. The other disciples following him took advantage of this and also escaped.

Those from the Divine Farmer race, the Bearing race, and the New Moon race went underground and waited for the hurricane to subside. Only four of their elites chose to ride the hurricane and chase after Efrain.

When the hurricane stopped, these four elites immediately caught up with several unlucky disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Hutton was one of those unlucky disciples.

They wanted to kill him because he was regarded as a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace by the four elites. However, there was no way he would tell them that he was actually from the Nine Li race. Either way, they'd kill him on the spot!

As he ran for his life, fate came into play and had him bump into Elvinia.

Noticing the four elites hot on his tail, Elvinia came forward to block them for him.

Thus, the two of them banded together to fight off these four pursuers. Elvinia was valiant and even managed to gain the upper hand at some point.

However, just as their four opponents were about to tap out, another warrior of the Bearing race suddenly arrived. He was strong, far surpassing the elites in terms of power, and wielded two powerful sabers as weapons.

The appearance of this unexpected enemy drove Elvinia and Hutton in grave danger and they were forced to retreat. Instead of just running aimlessly, they chose the path that could most likely help them escape.

Elvinia had run in a circle around the world to approach Zen. The two of them moved towards each other and the distance between them was beginning to close.

The young man in a white robe chased after Elvinia. "I've heard about you in the Bearing race! Your strength is worth your reputation so why do you refuse to fight with me?"

This man was Adonis Yu, a collateral descendant of the Bearing race.

He was not a direct descendant but he was extremely valuable to his race owing to his extraordinary talent. In fact, he was ranked in the top three among all young members of the Bearing race and many expected great things from him.

As a collateral descendant, Adonis Yu put in twice the effort in order to get where he was now. He had to fight twice as hard in order to gain the same level of respect as those with higher status.

Killing Elvinia would no doubt raise his prestige even more!

This was a golden opportunity for him and he was seizing it.

Adonis knew he had to work fast. The hurricane was bound to come by any time soon and if that happened, he'd have a harder time catching up with Elvinia.

Taking the time constraint into account, he tapped his head.

A small paper boat appeared above him, quickly growing in size and carrying him forward at a faster speed. He left his four companions in the dust and gradually bridged the gap between him and his two targets.

"I'll catch you no matter how hard you try to escape! Just give up and fight me!" he shouted after them.

As he got near enough, he leaped from the paper boat and raised his two sabers in front of him. Elvinia was the closest and he swung a powerful crisscross slash to her back.

Feeling his intent behind her, Elvinia controlled the Warrior of the Stone Hill that floated above her head and slapped down!

As an Other Shore Token of the descending type, the power of the Warrior of the Stone Hill wasn't something that should be underestimated and Adonis knew this.

He knew that he wouldn't be able to take the blow head-on.

He quickly jumped back onto the paper boat and avoided Elvinia's attack.

He was like lightning, evading the slap and aiming another attack towards Elvinia.

Fortunately, Elvinia was alerted by his movements and backed off abruptly, barely dodging the slash that he had intended for her neck. She kept her head but ended up losing her balance.

There was no way Adonis was going to let this opportunity go!

Hutton saw Elvinia in a sticky situation and tried to help her, however, the four elite members after them had already caught up and surrounded him. There was no way he could lend a helping hand when he was too busy trying to defend himself.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

It was like a dance against death's sharp claws as Elvinia dodged Adonis's sabers, contorting into awkward stances due to her precarious position.

Her breath hitched each time the sabers were too close to her.

It was a game of defense and offense. Elvinia kept her guard up for a while but eventually, she showed an opening. Adonis seized this chance and hacked down.

If he landed this strike then he would be able to cut her in half and end this fight.

At such a critical moment, a beam of colorful light suddenly shot towards him and hit his blade.

Bang!

There was a deafening crashing sound as the light hit his saber, knocking it away. That powerful force had come from the Iridescent Stone.

Chapter 3392 Being Overbearing

As his hand clutched, Adonis grasped at the flying saber.

Putting an invisible force on the weapon, his grip tightened.

But Elvinia took advantage of the opportunity and moved away, quickly putting distance between herself and Adonis.

When Elvinia saw Zen, her eyes turned glassy as she practically pounced on him.

She thought she was done for.

In the Oneness Sky Palace, she hadn't suffered any setbacks. It was in the Dark Region where she had first undergone a truly terrible thing—her Memory Flame was disturbed. But after she recovered, her struggles were all in the past and she managed to calm down as she digested her memories once again.

Such memories were truly unforgettable.

After entering the Chaotic Source World, she wanted to find Zen immediately and stay with him. In all the time she had been there, she traveled across the Chaotic Source World.

But she had almost died...

While it wasn't Zen's fault, she couldn't help but put some blame on him in her heart.

Elvinia's reaction even shocked Zen.

But it was natural, as she was in a critical situation mere seconds ago. If he had arrived even a little later, Elvinia would have already been cut into pieces.

Enveloping Elvinia in an embrace, Zen patted her back gently.

Adonis held two sabers in his hands, wearing a nasty sneer on his face when he saw Zen. "A hero came to save the beauty just in time!" he shouted mockingly.

Zen pushed Elvinia behind him and uttered coldly, "This is the second time..."

For a moment, Adonis and the rest had no clue what he was talking about.

"This is the second time you people have offended me," Zen continued. "First, I was previously attacked by Brylee and Lesly from the Sun Crow race. Now, you intend to challenge me as well."

Unable to hide it, Adonis frowned at Zen's words.

As the two strongest demon women among their peers in the Sun Crow race, Brylee and Lesly were highly difficult to deal with in battle.

If Zen had encountered them before, he should have already been dead.

How could he be standing before them, safe and sound?

"Are you saying you have encountered Brylee and Lesly? Why would they let you off?" Adonis asked coldly. For some reason, there was a bad feeling in his chest.

Before entering the Chaotic Source World, both the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race took the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace as their prey. It was then that the warriors from these races not only planned to reach the Chaotic Source Realm, but also aimed to kill every single person on the hit list.

Every time they eliminated someone, their race gave them great incentives.

Killing Zen and Elvinia, in particular, would make them garner even greater rewards.

As for Lesly and Brylee, they would never have let Zen off so easily—not unless they were in their graves.

"They didn't." The corners of Zen's mouth curled into a smile. "They're already dead."

His answer had the elites of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race tremble as they took a step backward. Now, they were on high alert.

Zen managed to kill even Lesly and Brylee.

If that was so, he had proven himself to be a troublesome opponent.

But Adonis' brows shot up as he laughed. "Don't brag! How naive of you to think you can frighten us with such words!"

But Elvinia chimed in, "They were indeed killed... I sensed it with my own blood!"

The demon women of the Divine Lair could feel each other's existence. But in spite of that, Elvinia didn't take it to heart when she sensed Lesly's and Brylee's death. At this point, she had nothing but hatred for the demon women and hoped for their death more than anything.

People from the Divine Farmer race and the Bearing race knew that the demon women of the Divine Lair had the blood of the Sun Crow race flowing through their veins, and that they had the ability to sense each other's presence. What Elvinia said confirmed Zen's words. The elite disciples of the two races took another step back.

When Adonis realized that those from his race behind him were backing away, fury grew on his face.

To do so in front of their opponents was the greatest taboo. Adonis believed that they must be too cowardly and useless.

"What are you so afraid of? Elvinia is in Zen's league. Are you really going to believe her words? Such fools!" Adonis turned to Zen and said coldly, "This kind of person always appears to be tough on the outside, but I bet he is a timid coward on the inside. The more he brags, the guiltier he feels. He's bluffing! He just wants us to retreat!"

But Zen merely shook his head. "I didn't mean that."

"Do you want to beg for mercy, now? Haha! I'm afraid that's impossible!" Adonis mocked him, laughing.

At the gate of the Chaotic Source World, everyone could clearly see that Fuxi had done everything to protect Zen. It wasn't a wise move for them to attack Zen outside.

If they wanted to avoid any big disputes or trouble, killing Zen within the Chaotic Source World was their best bet.

"No." Zen shook his head as a sharp light emitted from his eyes. "I'm telling you now that anyone who dares to offend me must die. I will never let a member of the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, the Sun Crow race, or the New Moon race reach the Chaotic Source Realm!"

His words had Adonis and his group utterly shocked, while Sally, Chaim and Elvinia grinned in satisfaction. They never expected Zen to be so aggressive and overpowering—it certainly pleased them.

And it wasn't a baseless statement—he had his powerful strength supporting him. He wasn't merely being arrogant.

A bad feeling grew worse in Adonis' heart. His instincts told him that he had just offended someone that he shouldn't have.

But he couldn't just take a step back from his position. Neither his strength nor his aura allowed him to lose to Zen. But just then, the black smog above the Chaotic Source World began surging once again.

If the hurricane blew anytime soon, the battle would come to an end.

A hint of a grin flashed across Adonis' face as he said, "It seems that this battle will have to be postponed. We can then fight in the core area of the Chaotic Source World..."

Indeed, the wind would soon be too strong for anyone to fight.

When they arrived at the core area of the Chaotic Source World, Khalid and his other companions were also there. With them, it didn't matter how strong Zen was. He was no match for all of them.

Adonis sighed in relief.

The several disciples of the Divine Farmer race and the Bearing race were in the same boat.

But suddenly, Zen turned his head and ordered, "Chaim, Elvinia, start digging a hole. Wait for me..."

Elvinia and Hutton were at a loss. Zen was showing no sign of giving up.

But the hurricane was soon approaching. What was he planning?

Sally and Chaim got a clue instantly.

Because Zen could freely travel through the hurricane, he would gain the advantage over those idiots and kill them easily.

Without any more hesitation, Chaim made a huge hole in the ground.

"Zen," Elvinia said worriedly, "the wind is too strong. You'll be blown away again. I don't think it's a good idea..."

It wasn't easy for her to see him, so of course, she didn't want him to leave just like that.

"Don't worry," Chaim interjected. "Zen will be back." Then, he took the lead and jumped right into the hole, flashing a sinister smile at Adonis and the rest as though he was looking upon dead men.

Chapter 3393 Begging For Mercy

Despite her confusion, Elvinia still jumped into the crater along with Chaim and the others.

It bewildered Adonis to see Zen remain standing outside the crater.

'What does he want to do?

Is he planning to hunt me in the hurricane?'

He started to feel nervous at the sight of Chaim's smiling face.

There was no way for ordinary warriors to fight in the hurricane. Why was Zen so calm? Did he have any special method?

The other elites were as baffled as Adonis.

As the black smog surged violently, the hurricane finally rolled in again.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As expected, Adonis and his companions were all pulled up into the air by the hurricane.

At that point, Zen jumped up lightly and followed the hurricane.

The hurricane was heading north, but Zen was moving to the west. He was not affected at all by it!

Seeing that, Adonis's eyes narrowed into slits.

How could this be?

Elites from the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race felt their hearts sink.

This hurricane was as strong as three to four thousand divine megatons of force. It was so strong that nobody who had entered the Chaotic Source World previously could resist it.

They either found a cave, or made a crater in the ground to hide themselves in. Otherwise, they would be swept away by the hurricane. And there had been no exception, until now.

Only a few winged creatures could ride the wind, such as the Sun Crow race, but even for them, it was impossible to go against the wind!

"What is he doing?"

"Is he chasing after us?"

"But he can't catch up. It's impossible!"

They took solace in the fact the hurricane blew at a very fast speed, pulling them several miles away in the blink of an eye.

As Zen was not pushed by the hurricane, it would naturally slow him down, they thought.

But they forgot Zen could control his movements freely.

After he rushed westward for a distance, he was right behind them. As the feather on his head flashed a cyan light, a huge shadow of cyan wings sprouted on his back.

"Phew!"

Zen was now moving with the hurricane.

Bolstered by the hurricane, he moved at a faster speed.

After about ten seconds, he had already caught up to an elite from the Divine Farmer race.

The elite was stricken with horror seeing Zen lunging at him like an eagle.

He wanted to fight back, but it was extremely difficult for him to maintain a stable position in the wind. He spun around and shot two flying shuttles of purple light toward Zen.

The wind slowed the shuttles down. Zen easily dodged them with a move of his body.

Just as the elite moved to activate his Other Shore Token, a sword radiance flashed at him and cut him in half.

This scene drove other elites to despair.

"Let's split up!"

"If he catches up to us, we'll be all doomed!"

They all tried to flee in the same direction, expecting the hurricane's heavy winds to do the work of scattering them. If they used their bodily movement skill to move forward, they would be separated faster.

But Zen's explosive speed was still beyond their expectations.

No sooner had they made the decision to split up when Zen appeared behind them and killed the second elite disciple of the Divine Farmer race before he could even react.

Realizing that there was no way to escape, the remaining two elites gave up the idea. They immediately activated their Other Shore Tokens to counterattack wildly.

But now Zen could fight in the hurricane like a fish in water. Even if the two elites fought back with all their might, it only took Zen a few seconds to defeat them.

Puff! Puff!

With a few flashes of sword radiance, the two elites were killed. Blown by the hurricane, their blood quickly dissipated into a mist and was covered by the black smog in the blink of an eye.

Now, only Adonis was left.

If he had been confident enough to defeat Zen before, he would have dug a hole at the same place and just waited for the hurricane to pass before he challenged Zen.

However, after hearing what Zen and Elvinia said, he had already given up the idea of challenging Zen.

When the hurricane came, he panicked as he witnessed Zen casually flitting around in the hurricane.

He immediately activated his bodily movement skill and darted forward with the wind.

Adonis's movement technique was extremely outstanding. Although he was not as good as the winged creatures like the Sun Crow race, he was by no means inferior to them. Thus from the beginning, he left the others far behind.

After he had been fleeing for quite some time, he had looked back and saw that the several elite members who had followed him had been killed. Zen was now rushing toward him, picking up speed!

'How fast!' His blood ran cold.

But he would not be as helpless as the others. With a wave of his hands, he connected his sabers and flipped his body in the wind.

Splash!

Serrated blades emerged around him. "Go!" he yelled. The blades, which were spinning quickly, darted out.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh

Countless blades flew at Zen, containing extremely terrifying power in each.

An ordinary warrior at the Other Shore Realm would definitely avoid such aggressive blades.

That was what Adonis wanted. As long as Zen slowed down to evade, he would be able to escape!

From the very beginning, he had always hunted the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace as his prey. But facing Zen, he realized that the roles had been reversed.

He could tell from Zen's words that he would kill them and members of the Sun Crow race, the Divine Farmer race, the Bearing race and the New Moon race. None of them would be spared.

Cling! Cling! Cling!

The sharp tinkling sounds behind him broke into his thoughts. He turned around and gasped in shock at what he saw.

Zen even didn't block the blades with his sword. He directly resisted them with his own body and smashed through them!

What was his body made of?! How could it be so strong? Even a powerful warrior of the Separate Abyss race wouldn't be able to do that!

"Go to hell!"

Adonis spun faster and threw more blades toward Zen.

The attack proved futile in slowing down Zen in any way. He blocked all the blades easily.

Zen quickly rushed over until he was hovering above Adonis. He held his long sword and looked down at Adonis.

No matter how fierce the hurricane was, the hair on his head kept still. The feather of Wing King was shielding him from the wind's effects completely.

"Spare me! I can't die!" Adonis pleaded, shouting to be heard above the din of the hurricane.

He had been cornered. He had no choice now but to beg Zen for mercy.

He felt so ashamed and helpless.

If it weren't for the hurricane, he would have been able to take Zen on instead of being completely under his mercy like this.

"It's too late for regrets," Zen said coolly.

He swung his long sword, bearing down with the wind and slashing at Adonis.

Puff!

Blood blossomed around the sword radiance as Adonis's body was swept away by the wind.

Zen, who was hovering at great speed, paused mysteriously. He remained floating in the wind for a few moments before turning back where he came from.

Chapter 3394 The Main Peak

Elvinia was still worried.

She had never seen Zen stand upright in the wind before. What if he couldn't return?

Luckily, she, Hutton, and Sally were able to check his soul mark and sense his position.

In the beginning, Zen had moved in sync with the wind.

But before long, he began to fly backward against the wind.

"How?" Elvinia said, covering her mouth in astonishment as she turned to Hutton and Sally while leaning against the corner of the crater.

But Hutton was as shocked as Elvinia.

Even those who had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm found it hard to stand firm for long in such a heavy wind, let alone to go against it.

How did Zen make it?

But she knew his soul mark would never lie to her. Zen was really approaching them.

"I'm afraid Zen has already killed them. He didn't turn around until now," said Sally, chuckling and looking at her brother and Elvinia.

Sally and Chaim had experienced a similar event before, so she understood Elvinia's shock pretty well.

It was not long before Zen floated towards them above the crater and slowly descended into it.

Elvinia's eyebrows rose as she took in his countenance. "What happened to those people?" she asked.

"I've killed them," Zen replied flatly.

The hurricane had been of great help to him.

And once the hurricane had come along, there had been no match for him.

It had only taken Zen less than three minutes since the hurricane showed up. He had left to hunt, killed them off one by one, and returned - all of it in such a short period of time. .

What was more, Adonis was as powerful as Chaim and Elvinia.

Elvinia and Hutton looked at Zen with new respect in their eyes.

They had previously thought that Zen was powerful but on the same level as Chaim and Efrain. They had regarded him to be just a little stronger than them.

But now, Zen had, in such a casual, easy way, killed a talent at this level. He had matched up to those at the Chaotic Source Realm!

But everyone knew that Zen hadn't reached the Chaotic Source Realm.

Chaim sighed and smiled, feeling lucky that he was not Zen's enemy.

Fortunately, Zen was on the side of the Oneness Sky Palace. He would have been a terribly formidable enemy if he were from the Bearing race or the Divine Farmer race. And Chaim knew he'd meet a sticky end as Adonis did if he were to confront Zen.

Elvinia had previously fought with Zen in the Phoenix Palace but the strength that he was showing now was much greater than what he had showed then.

She suspected that he had become stronger because of the Civilization Artifact he had obtained from the Dark Region.

When Eastern Emperor Taiyi had later summoned Elvinia, he had asked her to tell him everything that she had seen in the Dark Region. She had remembered everything after she had fully restored her memory.

The Civilization Artifact had chosen Zen instead of her.

Elvinia didn't regret any of it. She knew that if it weren't for Zen, she wouldn't have been able to leave the Dark Region.

Instead, she was happy to see Zen grow into a powerful warrior.

They continued to inch towards the core after they crawled out of the crater.

They had encountered some alien races along the way, but they had just carefully avoided them at the sight of Zen among them.

Most of the creatures aimed at reaching the Chaotic Source Realm and wouldn't compete in vain. A few small races even tried to seek protection from Zen, but were rejected.

Zen was aware that some of the small races were connected to the Bearing race or the Sun Crow race. He didn't want to keep any danger like that man of the Lofty Mountain race around himself.

The core of the Chaotic Source World was a ring-shaped mountain range.

These brown mountains shot up into the sky like sharp swords.

The highest peak was located at the center of the annular mountain range. It was over a hundred million feet high, almost reaching the top of the Chaotic Source World.

"There are tens of thousands of mountains in the core area, but most of the Chaotic Source Spirits gather on the main peak and its four surrounding peaks. The main peak has the largest number of Chaotic Source Spirits," said Chaim.

Zen stood on a big rock that was as tall as two people standing, one on the other's shoulder and looked at the magnificent main peak. He said, "Then let's go straight to the main peak."

"No," said Chaim, shaking his head.

"Why not?" Zen asked.

Both Sally and Hutton looked at Chaim in confusion. Like Zen, they didn't know much about the Chaotic Source World either.

"As a creature from the Other Shore, the Chaotic Source Spirit is different from other creatures from the Source World. They are independent individuals and will grow up after devouring their peers. The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits is on the main peak," Elvinia explained.

The mother was the one that had first given birth to the Chaotic Source Spirits. The longer it remained in the Source World, the stronger it would be.

In the early days, someone had gone to the main peak to look for Chaotic Source Spirits. But as the mother became increasingly powerful, the main peak became more dangerous by the day.

In recent decades, very few people had gone to search for the Chaotic Source Spirits on the main peak since the four peaks around it had offered much reaping and in a safer way.

"But most of the Chaotic Source Spirits are on the main peak. Wouldn't it be a waste if we didn't enter it?" Zen asked curiously.

All he knew was that there were only two hundred thousand Chaotic Source Spirits in all, and that was far from enough for those who entered the Chaotic Source World.

"Yes, it is. The Chaotic Source World is so huge that it's impossible to dig out all the Chaotic Source Spirits every time. But if we kill the mother, I'm afraid some powerful warriors will have to fuse with Chaotic Source Spirits on the Other Shore, and bring them to the Source World. And that's going to be big trouble," said Chaim, wearing a smile on his face.

In fact, every time the Chaotic Source World opened, only about one hundred thousand Chaotic Source Spirits would be swallowed. This number shrank gradually with each time.

However, the fewer the Chaotic Source Spirits devoured, the faster they could be recovered, up to two hundred thousand of them. In the early days, the Chaotic Source World opened once every 15 years only because too many Chaotic Source Spirits were being devoured, and they took a long time to recover.

Zen glanced at the towering main peak through the black smog. Since Chaim and Elvinia had filled him in about it, he would, at least for now, not aim at it.

In addition to the main peak, there were also four peaks in four directions around it. They walked west, encountering the easternmost peak first.

"Okay! Our goal is the eastern peak!" said Sally, stretching out an arm and pointing at the destination.

She and Hutton were confident enough to step into the Chaotic Source Realm. After all, they had Zen with them.

People smiled and nodded before heading for the eastern peak.

They chose to take a radian route, walking northward before going west.

Zen had noticed that Dorothy was moving at the beginning, but was later fixed in the northwest after having remained unmoving for several hours. She should have been hiding and waiting for him. Zen appreciated her smart move. He wasn't about to leave her behind and enter the core area alone.

But the situation was shades different from what Zen had imagined.

Chapter 3395 Provocation

The group made their way north and with the help of the soul mark, they had found Dorothy.

To their surprise, she was in a naturally formed cave with an underground stream, not a large pit as they had thought.

A strange look crossed Zen's face as they neared the entrance to the cave.

Dorothy should have been able to sense Zen's presence through the soul mark. If she had, she needn't have stayed in the cave any longer. There was no hurricane, no danger at all. She should have come out to meet him by now.

But the soul mark showed that Dorothy still remained motionless in the cave. How very unusual.

Zen had a bad feeling about this and charged into the cave as his body tingled in concern.

As he entered, an unmistakably strong scent of blood rushed to his nose.

He raised his eyebrows as his concern mounted higher and sped up in his pace through the cave.

The underground stream ran red with blood and broken limbs, some belonging to humans, some not.

The stomachs of Chaim and the others following behind Zen turned at the sight of this wretched scene.

They had entered into a similar cave before, with a similar scene. Back then, all but one member of the Separate Abyss race were dead.

The only good news right now was that Dorothy's soul mark still existed. She was alive, but how or where she was was still to be discovered.

Whoosh!

Zen, like a bat flying in the night, dashed through the incredibly complicated cave with speed and ease.

'Dorothy, please be safe, '

Zen prayed sincerely from the depths of his heart.

When he had gotten about ten thousand feet deep into the cave, what he saw shocked him even more than before.

The bodies of more than a dozen disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and over a hundred nonhuman creatures piled up in a large gruesome mound before him.

"Konnor..."

Zen saw Konnor, with his eyes open wide, lying on the edge of the pile of corpses.

His body was stiff and the fear on his face was obvious. He had died miserably.

"Efrain!"

Following closely behind Zen, Chaim had found Efrain's body, lying there lifeless.

Before Zen had joined the Oneness Sky Palace, Efrain and Chaim were the two most gifted disciples of the younger generation. They had been close and so the sight of Efrain's corpse left Chaim distraught.

He never would have imagined that with Efrain's considerable strength, he would have died before even entering the core area.

Sally tried to comfort him but he was inconsolable.

The six members of the Nine Li race were much luckier than these disciples.

At the very least, their soul marks hadn't disappeared. They still wandered around the periphery of the Chaotic Source World. Umar was making his way towards them, although he was being slowed by the hurricane.

Zen gritted his teeth and pulled those corpses out of the pile.

He violently tossed one corpse after another aside.

Once they had all been moved, a bloody figure emerged from beneath them.

It was Dorothy. She sat motionless on the ground, her long hair dyed red with blood and her eyes shut firmly.

Four-legged snakes coiled around her head.

"It's the Evil God!" Chaim blurted out when he saw the four-legged snakes.

They had seen these same four-legged snakes before.

Zen checked Dorothy's body and a tinge of relief washed over him.

Fortunately, she was not hurt. She didn't even have any wounds. But the four-legged snakes had formed a barrier around her and had sealed her in.

"How do we remove these four-legged snakes?" asked Sally frowning.

When the member of the Separate Abyss race had tried removing them, it had caused him extreme pain. He decided he would rather patiently and slowly clean them off himself than let anyone else help him.

"Let me have a try," Zen said cautiously.

For the member of the Separate Abyss race, the four-legged snakes had lain on his wounds, but Dorothy had none. The misery on her face was, however, unavoidable.

Zen reached out and grabbed a snake. With a gentle squeeze, the snake was crushed into pieces.

The circle formed by the black four-legged snakes was broken. Suddenly, they moved, and jumped at Zen's face.

Zen reacted quickly and calmly, slapping them to pieces and turning them into energy currents.

Dorothy's body began trembling as she slowly woke up. She began breathing fast and retreating on her arms, kicking her feet as she slid backwards. "Don't come closer! You can't kill me!" she screamed wildly.

People like Elvinia and Dorothy had been given some powerful Latent Theurgies before entering the Chaotic Source World.

However, the Latent Theurgies would only be triggered at fatal moments.

Because of this, Dorothy was not afraid of the Evil God. She believed that no matter how powerful he was, he would have no choice but to run away in panic once the Latent Theurgy her grandma gave her was activated.

But she had not anticipated the possibility that he had no intention of killing her.

He had just sealed her on the spot and covered her in corpses.

"It's me! Look closely, Dorothy! It's Zen!" Zen said loud.

Dorothy's soul had been sealed for a fair amount of time. Even after being freed, she was still caught in a daze.

She studied the man in front of her carefully, bit her lips and rushed towards Zen with tears in her eyes.

This took Elvinia by surprise. Dorothy had it much worse than she did.

"It was the guy from your inner world," Dorothy said pained.

"I know," Zen replied nodding.

After a long while, Dorothy calmed down.

"The Evil God has killed so many people. Why did he let Dorothy off?" Chaim asked confused.

When the member of the Separate Abyss race had escaped disaster, it was with his own strength and ability, not because the Evil God had shown him mercy.

Dorothy was confused too.

She had gone all out in her fight with the Evil God. She had used her Other Shore Token, the Twin Blossoms, and given all she had with the Origin Swordsmanship, but she was still no match for him.

She never thought she'd make it out alive.

"It's a provocation," Zen said as he stared at Dorothy. "He did it on purpose to send a message."

The Evil God had seen Dorothy standing beside Zen at the gate of the Chaotic Source World.

Perhaps this was why he did not kill her and only sealed her beneath the corpses.

Such an act was nothing but a provocation.

"He is a freak," said Elvinia, frowning in disgust.

The killing intent in the depths of Zen's eyes grew stronger and stronger. He silently helped Dorothy rub off the blood stains from her body.

Although he said nothing, all around him felt his intense killing intent.

In the Chaotic Source World, Zen and the Evil God were bound to clash.

But the strength of the Evil God had them all deeply concerned.

Once the blood stains had been removed, Chaim stored the bodies of Efrain and the other Oneness Sky Palace disciples in his space ring. It was an undeserved fate to come face to face with the terrible and unreasonable Evil God.

With that, the group left the cave.

Chapter 3396 The Clanging Sound

After the other four members of the Nine Li race sensed that Zen, Hutton and Sally had banded together, they set out for the eastern peak at a breakneck pace.

Luckily, they had safely crossed the periphery of the Chaotic Source World, and were close to the core area. Umar was the furthest away. He was near the western peak, but was moving towards them now.

Right now, all the super forces that had entered the Chaotic Source World were gathering together.

The Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race and the Sun Crow race gathered on the western peak, the Separate Abyss race on the northern peak, and some minor races on the southern peak.

When Zen, Dorothy, Elvinia and the others approached the eastern peak, more than ten Ear Mice suddenly emerged from a large hole near them.

All of the Ear Mice were half as tall as a person. Each of them had a strong aura, and their black soybean-sized eyes reflected shrewdness.

"Master Zen, I'm Darth. I've waited a long time." The long-haired Ear Mouse in the lead walked over to Zen and raised its paws to salute him.

Zen glanced at the Ear Mice. It seemed that they wanted something from him. He asked, "You were waiting for me here?"

"Yes," replied Darth.

"How did you know where I was?" Zen asked curiously.

No one knew where they would be after the hurricane came and stopped. Zen was naturally suspicious.

"Well..." Darth put its paw to its mouth and blew, creating a strangely-pitched whistle. Not far away, tiny mice emerged from fist-sized caves. Darth laughed and said, "The Chaotic Source World is teeming with lives. The Rock Mice serve us."

The Ear Mice weren't that powerful compared to the other races, but they were unparalleled when it came to spying.

The Rock Mice of the Chaotic Source World also worked for them.

"I see." A look of relief appeared on Zen's face as he asked, "What do you want from me?"

Zen had once allied himself with the Ear Mice on the Other Shore. Although the Ear Mice had failed to explore the Grand Sky Temple, and had even been drained of strength, it was not Zen's fault. Moreover, Zen sent back the souls of the Ear Mice that had transformed into cubs.

"I have a proposition," said Darth. "Let's explore the eastern peak together."

The Ear Mice thought Zen was a good guy to have around in a fight.

Although they couldn't prove that Zen was really Thad, it sure looked like they were the same person. Even if they weren't, the mice figured that there must be some connection between the two men.

Zen, Chaim, Elvinia and the others looked at each other, and they nodded their assent.

The Ear Mice were a race that could not be ignored. The information they acquired was extremely useful. It seemed foolish not to take them up on their offer.

However, Darth was a little worried about Zen's suspicious attitude as it stared at Zen with its soybean-like eyes.

"It's an honor to be with you," Zen replied.

Hearing Zen's words, the Ear Mice heaved a collective sigh of relief.

The Rock Mice that lived in the Chaotic Source World were very weak. When the hurricane started blowing, they burrowed deep into the mountain caverns, so they didn't see Zen kill the nonhuman creatures from the Divine Lair and Adonis from the Bearing race.

However, with all the information they gathered, they could come to that conclusion easily.

But they were confused. How did Zen kill those creatures when the hurricane raged all around him?

More incredibly, Zen returned to where he had been after the battle, which meant he could fly against the hurricane.

The Ear Mice were itching to solve the mystery, but it was considered rude to ask him outright. Zen might not be willing to tell them, so they had to fight down the urge to ask.

Maybe he would reveal more secrets if they were exploring together as allies.

Just as everyone was preparing for another journey, Zen asked, "The Rock Mice work for you? That's pretty handy. I want to know where two certain individuals are. Can you help me out?"

Darth gave a smile and squeaked, "Let me guess. You want to know where Yan and the Evil God are. Right, Master Zen?"

The Ear Mice were quite shrewd. They knew exactly who Zen was talking about. They even knew the young man in black was called the Evil God.

"Yes," Zen said, nodding.

"Apparently, the Pear Hill knew of the change in the Chaotic Source World. They have been prepared for the violent hurricane and they're on the western peak. The Evil God is in the north," Darth replied.

"Is he heading for the northern peak?" Zen raised his eyebrows.

An indescribable expression appeared on Darth's face. "No, he's got murder on his mind."

The Ear Mice had never seen such a bloodthirsty person. The Evil God was not interested in the Chaotic Source Spirit at all. The only thing he did in the Chaotic Source World was kill anyone he came across. Nobody could stop him.

He had killed many important figures. These people were the first-class talents of the major races.

Although the Evil God had killed so many, he never stopped. Now he was going through the members of the Separate Abyss race.

But it was a good thing for the Ear Mice.

The Evil God had killed many of their enemies, and they could avoid the Evil God with the help of the Rock Mice.

"The members of the Separate Abyss race are quite powerful. The Evil God..." Zen remarked, frowning.

Each member of the Separate Abyss race possessed superb vitality and strength, not to mention a sturdy corporeal body. The race was domineering and powerful and couldn't be ignored.

"But those guys are in dire straits now," Darth said, shaking its head.

At the foot of the northern peak, blood ran like a stream through the gap in the rock.

The men and women of the Separate Abyss race were over 100 feet tall, like giants. After more than a dozen of them were torn apart, blood continued to seep out and flowed like a river.

On the hillside, four members of that race still stood. They were the strongest, the best of the best. They were the top talents in theurgy, body and Other Shore Tokens.

They stared at the Evil God hovering in the air. Their leader coldly asked, "We have nothing against you. Why kill us like this?"

"Why?" An aura of malice surrounded the Evil God as he smiled. "I want to hear the clanging sound. That sound is pleasing to the ear and gets me all excited."

The clanging sound? What was that?

The four members of the Separate Abyss race looked at each other, puzzled. They couldn't understand what the Evil God meant.

"That sound is a special one. It tolls when one gains a reward. It means I'm growing stronger. Hahaha..." As the Evil God spoke, he suddenly waved his hands and a black void materialized, enveloping the four members of the Separate Abyss race.

The four members were very powerful. They couldn't be dealt with by normal means, so the Evil God had to show his trump card.

When the black void descended, the voice of the Evil God came again. "Don't fight it. You're too weak to comprehend what's happening. Go to hell!"

Chapter 3397 Gaining Nothing

The mountains at the foot of the eastern peak formed a natural, flat path.

There, Zen had the members of his team stop for some time.

Through the soul marks, he could sense the four members of the Nine Li race, including Umar, were approaching him.

About 15 minutes later, three joined his team. The last one, however, didn't get close. He seemed to have been blown by the hurricane about a hundred thousand miles away.

"There's no need to wait for Oswald. Let's go," Hutton said decisively.

In the Chaotic Source World, everyone could reach the Chaotic Source Realm by virtue of their own strength. There was no way so many of them could just stop and wait for a single person.

Meanwhile, Darth raised its paws and whistled, causing hundreds of Rock Mice to crawl out from both sides of the mountain path. They scurried into the cave below the eastern peak at its command.

As the Rock Mice led the way, they could detect not only the danger in front of them but also the general direction of the Chaotic Source Spirits. It was indeed convenient.

That was why all the large races preferred traveling with the Ear Mice. But this time, the Ear Mouse race found Zen of their own accord and joined him.

The cave in the eastern peak was wide open with a flat passageway that spiraled upward.

Zen walked to the front and spread his spiritual sense.

In the face of some protruding rocks and pillars, Zen and his people hit them with all their strength.

Boom! Boom!

After several tries, they found it rather easy to break the rocks and pillars into pieces. As it turned out, there was no Chaotic Source Spirit at this place.

Squeak… "Master Zen, these Rock Mice look weak, but they can bite and break common rocks. The Chaotic Source Spirits exist in the rocks that they can't break," Darth reminded.

When Zen scanned the nearby rocks, he found tiny teeth prints left by the Rock Mice.

Clearly, Zen hadn't completely believed what the Ear Mouse had just told him.

If they discovered any Chaotic Source Spirits, they could simply hide them from the public and come back to take them away later.

"Isn't it said that most of the Chaotic Source Spirits gather in the five peaks?" Zen asked curiously.

Even Darth was puzzled. "That is indeed the case. There should be many Chaotic Source Spirits even at the entrance. But it looks like something went wrong this year…"

The Rock Mice seemed to be searching for the Chaotic Source Spirits rapidly. They bit and dug into rocks all the way down into the cave so as to not miss any. Although in theory, they should have confronted some powerful ones by now, they hadn't met any such one yet.

After spiraling over a hundred thousand feet up the cave, they couldn't find a single Chaotic Source Spirit.

It was an odd situation indeed.

It was not only Zen who thought it abnormal.

The races who explored the northern peak, the western peak, and the southern peak had also encountered the same problem.

It was known that once they entered all the four peaks, they should have gained many Chaotic Source Spirits. But not even a single one was to be found.

After all of them climbed to the top of the mountain from the cave, their eyes fell on the main peak in the very center, which was as sharp as a sword.

"The only possibility is that all the Chaotic Source Spirits are gathered in the main peak," Darth said to Zen.

The latter examined the structure and asked, "So we can only enter the main peak?"

"In all these years, very few people have gone there. Now, all the Chaotic Source Spirits are hiding up there. I wonder what kind of monster they have transformed into after fusing with each other," Chaim figured.

Although he seemed rather playful and carefree, Chaim was, by nature, a very cautious person.

Every warrior had to reach the Chaotic Source Realm if they wanted to grow more powerful. But it was unwise to risk all their lives for it, and waiting another ten years wasn't a big deal, after all.

"But we can't just retreat now." Hutton frowned.

They had traveled long to get where they were, so how could they give up so easily?

"I don't think the others will give up right away." Zen looked up to the black smog in the sky. "First, we have to avoid the hurricane. Then, we can take a look."

It was no easy task for the races to reach the core area, so naturally, none of them were willing to leave just yet. No matter how dangerous the main peak was, they were eager to see what lay there.

But the outside of the Chaotic Source World was already in an uproar.

All the core disciples and talents of the super forces had been guaranteed absolute safety. Almost all of them were equipped with powerful Latent Theurgies, but many of the excellent warriors had died in the Chaotic Source World.

"Who killed our crown prince?" The Celestial Wolf race's leader grimaced with red eyes.

"Our young master is a rare talent. How could he die?"

"It's impossible..."

Many of the members from various races had died in the Chaotic Source World, each of them being extraordinary warriors. It wasn't a normal occurrence.

By rights, it should have been likely for them to reach the Chaotic Source Realm...

The Celestial Wolf race's leader's head suddenly shot up as he roared to the sky. "The Pear Hill owes us an explanation!"

"Yes! What on earth is going on with the hurricane in the Chaotic Source World?"

"Back then, we built the Chaotic Source World in order to compete with each other. If we knew a huge group of warriors would die, we should all just distribute the entirety of the Chaotic Source Spirits, shouldn't we?"

This Chaotic Source Spirits could be controlled. Because of the unequal distribution of these Chaotic Source Spirits, the Chaotic Source World was built. On the one hand, the members of the races could receive training, while on the other hand, they could obtain the Chaotic Source Spirits with their own strength.

But this time, too many warriors had died all at once. Their deaths far exceeded the leaders' expectations and they couldn't bear it.

Squeak! "Those warriors were killed by the young man in black who got off the Black Ship," the leader of the Ear Mouse race spoke up.

Apart from the Pear Hill, only the Ear Mouse race knew the Chaotic Source World as clearly. They always had their own special channels of obtaining information.

"Black Ship..."

"Is Shera still in the Icy Snow Province?"

"I will look for her and try to negotiate."

"Since our members have perished, what's the use of negotiating? When that brat comes out, I'll tear him to pieces!" The leader of the Separate Abyss race uttered curses with his eyes wide open in rage. He wanted to crush the Evil God to dust.

Suddenly, a voice resounded.

"The more people that perish, the more benefits the survivors gain. You can only hope that the rest of your races can survive and even reach the Chaotic Source Realm." Fuxi's figure appeared once again in the middle of the open space.

"Human Sovereign, what do you mean?" the old man of the Bearing race asked.

Adonis' death pained them. While the members of the Ear Mouse race knew that he had fallen to death by Zen's hands, they wanted to side with Zen and put all the blame on the Evil God.

"You can ask Yellow Thearch about it when you go back," Fuxi replied plainly. "It should be the last time the Chaotic Source World opens."

The various alliances in the Source World were growing increasingly clear in the chaotic condition.

Even the civilizations on the Other Shore were itching for some action. After the Chaos Ancient Gods had brewed for billions of years, they understood their positions.

The spokespersons had already been well prepared for the fierce battle to come.

Chapter 3398 The Arrays For Shielding

Hearing Fuxi's words, the leaders of the large races let out gasps and sighs. They were taken aback by the horrific news.

These people, despite being the backbone of their races, were not spokespersons.

And although they were aware of the situation in the Source World, they had no idea it would come so soon.

Didn't they still have at least ten years left?

To their utmost disgrace, the Shade Stones fell faster and faster from the hourglass. Elizabeth and the others had already looked into it, and they thought they still had at least ten years left.

It had slipped their minds that some things could accelerate without warning.

Once things hit a critical point, they would erupt.

That was exactly what had happened on the Other Shore.

Still, Elizabeth and the rest were puzzled. Before they set out, Emperor Charm of the Sun Crow race and the Yellow Thearch of the Bearing race had not yet returned from the Other Shore. They had no clue what took place in the upper stages.

However, Fuxi was under no obligation to make their doubts disappear. After all, many races still stood tall on the opposite side of the Pear Hill.

Instead, he just ignored them and vanished before everyone's eyes.

In the same moment, one of the leaders pointed at the center of the array. "Some people have entered the core area. They come from the Pear Hill!"

At the center of the ring-like mountain range was a wide, open area that was perfect for large gatherings. In addition to the main peak in the middle, there were a hundred circular arrays resting there.

If a person wanted to refine their Chaotic Source Spirits, they would have to enter a circular array. These were arranged by the powerhouses of the Nine Li race, with the help of other super forces. Luckily, the arrays were safe and could protect anyone who stayed inside them.

In the past, after obtaining enough Chaotic Source Spirits, creatures would rush towards the arrays.

This would allow them to reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

However, entering an array was not as easy as it seemed. Many strong warriors failed to obtain enough Chaotic Source Spirits, so they had to be creative to gain more. Often, warriors would wait around the arrays and attack incoming warriors. This meant that many battles would happen before anyone successfully arrived at an array.

Some races even came together to guard the arrays. Although this was discouraged, this tactic did not break any rules.

Compared to everyone else, the Pear Hill was the most prepared. They were able to enter the Chaotic Source World first, but to their disgrace, they reaped little. For some reason, they found nothing after exploring most of the western peak. Because of this, they moved down heading for the main peak itself.

Yan was walking before everyone else, leading the group. Before she entered the main peak, she looked around the ring-like mountain range, a little disappointed with the results.

"Yan, why are you hesitating?" a woman asked her. "Shouldn't we go ahead?"

This woman had her hair pinned up in a bun with more than a dozen golden hairpins. They were interesting because, if you looked closely, these hairpins were her Other Shore Token.

Generally, a lot of divine crystals were consumed when the Other Shore Tokens descended, but these golden hairpins were always on her head.

The woman's name was Natalie. She was one of the best human warriors in the Pear Hill, and became Yan's first friend in the Pear Hill. At this point, the two were like sisters.

"All of the nine caves and eighteen veins at the main peak are quite dangerous. Even though we have been well prepared, obtaining Chaotic Source Spirits won't be simple. My brother Zen..." Yan trailed away, pursing her lips as a wave of anxiety washed over her.

After entering the Chaotic Source World, Yan tried her best to find Zen.

But the hurricanes got in the way of any progress, and the Chaotic Source World was too vast to be explored from end to end. Zen was nowhere to be found.

If Yan had known earlier that this would happen, she would have left a soul mark on Zen before entering. She was too confident at the time, and now, she was regretful of her decision.

"Yan, you always say your brother is an invincible warrior," Natalie said. "Why are you worried about him now?" She gave Yan a reassuring smile and a friendly pat on the back.

This was true; Yan often mentioned brilliant things about Zen to Natalie. In her eyes, Zen was all powerful, even though Natalie didn't agree with her a hundred percent.

There were just too many talents in the world for Zen to be considered the best. In the Snake Goddess race alone, there were countless talents that couldn't be compared to one another. Zen, on the other hand, was from an unknown, unrecognized place.

Sure, he might be the strongest from where he came from, but in the Source World, he was close to nothing.

At the entrance of the Chaotic Source World, Zen even had a quarrel with Elizabeth. Natalie saw this as unnecessary, and frankly, a little cocky. This did not mean his strength was strong, and after all, he had the help and support of Athemar and Winchell, well-known masters of the Oneness Sky Palace.

What confused Natalie was that Fuxi had come forward to protect Zen, saying that Zen was his opponent.

What puzzled her even more was that the Soul Devouring Demon from the Black Ship was born in Zen's inner world. Oddly enough, though the demon was born within him, he never listened to his orders.

This led Natalie to wonder more and more about the mysterious Zen.

"I'm afraid something bad would happen to him," Yan expressed, shaking her head in disapproval.

"Your brother is powerful, Yan! He can protect himself," responded Natalie. "And besides, he's not the only one who will enter the main peak. We all have to do so. Don't think too much."

Although there were nine paths and eighteen diversions in the main peak, there were many competitors aiming for the Chaotic Source Spirits. But because they were the first group at the entrance, they had the upper hand compared to the rest.

Waiting might as well be a waste of time. They'd miss a great opportunity if they stalled for too long.

"Sounds reasonable."

Yan nodded and stepped forward, leading all the creatures from the Pear Hill into the main peak.

Not long after they entered, the sky began to rumble and darken. It was a hurricane again.

It surged in the Chaotic Source World and seemed to be even stronger at the core.

After the hurricane stopped, several more teams appeared. They were from the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, and the Divine Farmer race. The one who led them all had silver hair, and carried a long, mighty spear. It was no other than the most outstanding talent of the Bearing race, Khalid.

The large group made it through the plain without any delay. They found a cave at the foot of the main peak and entered.

Meanwhile, Zen's group had failed their exploration at the eastern peak. Because of this, they moved down from the top of the eastern peak along with the Ear Mice. All together, they passed through the plain and headed for the main peak.

When they passed through the circular arrays along the plain, Zen paused and turned towards the Ear Mice. He asked, "Are these large arrays used to refine Chaotic Source Spirits?"

"Yes! They have the ability to refine Chaotic Source Spirits, and do very well as temporary shields," an Ear Mouse responded.

Once a cultivator entered an array, they'd be safe from outside forces. However, each array had a limited capacity to hold only ten-odd cultivators at a time.

"Zen, maybe you should just refine the Chaotic Source Spirits here," Sally suggested, her eyes lighting up at what the Ear Mouse had said.

The Chaotic Source Spirits they obtained from the cave was enough for one person to reach the Chaotic Source Realm. Sally was more than willing to give her Chaotic Source Spirits to Zen.

Sally was thinking that if Zen could reach the Chaotic Source Realm, his strength would have improved a hundred fold. Afterwards, he wouldn't be afraid of the young man in black anymore.

"It's a good idea," said Chaim. "But if Zen reaches the Chaotic Source Realm, he will be sent out of the Chaotic Source World for good." He had a deep intensity in his eyes. "Are you sure you want Zen to leave?"

Chapter 3399 Stalagmites

These arrays worked in three different ways. Aside from helping refine the Chaotic Source Spirits, they could protect weaker creatures as well. Moreover, they also functioned as transmission arrays.

The warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm were much stronger than those who were not able to reach this realm.

Those who were able to finish the Chaotic Source Reinforcement and had reached the Chaotic Source Realm would be directly sent outside. This was done to prevent them from killing others.

Darth already knew that Zen had gathered enough Chaotic Source Spirits. However, it chose not to say anything about it. It was perfectly clear that

Zen's departure would be completely up to him.

"No way," Zen said as he shook his head.

Zen was the core of the group. He was the glue holding these people together. If he chose to leave, Chaim would have to lead the group to explore the main peak.

That would be too risky. He couldn't just let them continue on their own.

Elvinia and Dorothy exchanged looks. They understood what this meant. They knew Zen well enough that there was no way he would just leave these people behind.

Zen and the others continued on their journey and arrived at the foot of the main peak before the next round of hurricane came.

Observed in the distance, the main peak was tall and slender. But actually, the mountain base was not that small. On the east side of it, there were two caves. One of them went upwards while the other one went downwards.

When they arrived at the east side, Zen took a quick look at the two caves. Afterwards, he chose the one that went upwards.

The Ear Mice had always been cautious, and Darth was no exception. Before they even set foot on the main peak, Darth had already ordered those Rock Mice to go inside it first and scout the area.

Upon entering, they found that the cave was very narrow. However, it suddenly became wider after they walked for over a hundred feet. The inner space was actually bigger than they had previously imagined.

Some of them felt quite uneasy and nervous at this sudden change in terrain so they released their spiritual senses to scan the cave.

Nonetheless, they found no living energy inside the cave. It seemed like this place was desolated and uninhabited.

"It doesn't seem like there is any difference between the main peak and the eastern one," Hutton pointed out. He seemed dejected.

He walked towards several rocks and began smashing them. In the end, however, he got nothing.

The expression on the others' faces also darkened. If they couldn't find any Chaotic Source Spirit on the main peak, where else would they be able to find one?

They began to feel hopeless. Did they come for nothing this time?

"I think there's a difference. Actually, it's kind of strange," said the Ear Mouse Darth.

"Really? What's the difference?" Zen asked. He was curious now.

"Those Rock Mice I have sent earlier to explore the cave have all been wiped out," Darth replied while pointing towards the depths of the cave.

"Did the Chaotic Source Spirits devour them?" Chaim asked as he peered towards the direction Darth had pointed to them.

"Is it possible that another race had entered the main peak ahead of us and killed those Rock Mice?" Elvinia couldn't help but raise a question as well.

Their main concern now was whether there were Chaotic Source Spirits present here or not.

"I'm not really sure what happened," Darth replied while shaking its head. "There is a very strange force inside. When the Rock Mice stepped within that power range, they stopped following my orders. Because of that, I don't know what they found."

"Well, there's only one way to find out. Let's go up there and see it for ourselves," Zen suggested.

The Rock Mice had poor combat skills. It was understandable that they could have been devoured by some strong Chaotic Source Spirits.

Zen took the lead while the rest of the group walked slowly and followed closely behind him. After walking for about a few miles, Darth mentioned to Zen, "The Rock Mice disappeared somewhere around this area. Please be careful, Master Zen."

Zen stopped for a while and looked around. He saw several sharp stalagmites in front of him. These stalagmites were densely arranged together, seemingly like the fangs of a frightful monster.

As he narrowed his eyes, Zen slightly levitated and clung to one of the sharp stalagmites. He gently touched the stalagmite with his palm and pushed it a little. With a muffled sound, the stalagmite turned to dust.

"Nothing found." Zen shook his head and touched another sharp stalagmite. Just like the other one, the stalagmite turned into a pile of powder. He didn't find any Chaotic Source Spirit inside.

Zen and the others were thoroughly disappointed. On the other hand, they were now able to relax after confirming that no Chaotic Source Spirit could be found here. They copied what Zen did and started beating the sharp stalagmites. Also, they weren't able to find anything.

"This is so peculiar. If there's nothing here, why did the Rock Mice disappear? I don't understand what happened." Darth exclaimed gloomily.

There was something really weird going on inside this cave. But because they gained nothing in this area, they had no other choice but to explore deeper.

Once again, they followed Zen and went deeper inside as they went around the sharp stalagmites.

After they walked for quite some distance, they suddenly heard a rumbling sound. It came from behind them.

With anxiety mounting inside them, they all looked back towards the sound. A bunch of sharp stalagmites had actually regrown in the place of the stalagmites they had just broken! Moreover, these stalagmites continued to grow and crisscrossed against each other. These had now completely blocked any way of retreat. It was as if a monster had closed its jaws!

"The stones are able to grow on their own? What on earth is going on? Let me take a closer look." Seeing what just happened behind him, Hutton intended to go back and figure out what had caused this.

But as soon as he took a step back, several fist-sized sharp stalagmites popped out from every direction and wildly grew towards the center of the cave.

Witnessing this, Zen's eyebrows raised in surprise. With a slight flick of his hand, he cast a ray of sword radiance towards the growing stalagmites.

Cling!

Even though Zen's attack directly hit the stalagmites, they still remained intact! The others saw this and stared dumbfounded. Their eyes were wide in shock!

"Hutton, come back here! Quickly! Everybody listen to me! Run straight forward!"

Zen bellowed. Realizing they were in trouble, Zen pulled the air above Hutton's head without a second thought. Hutton was pulled back from about a hundred feet away. Everybody started to run forward.

If it was just an ordinary rock, it wouldn't matter how sharp it was because they could smash it easily without getting hurt.

However, it would be a different story if these stalagmites contained Chaotic Source Spirits. Zen and others wouldn't be able to destroy these stalagmites quickly enough. If these sharp stalagmites caught up with them, they would end up getting impaled and eventually killed by them.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Dense rock spikes began to grow all over the surfaces of the cave. They covered the entire ground. Zen and others had to fly as swiftly as they could because there was not a patch of ground in which they could stand anymore.

"The cave ahead is narrow! Watch out!" Chaim reminded the others.

Over ten sharp stalagmites half a foot in length had already grown out. It wouldn't be long before they completely covered the cave from ceiling to ground. They had to rush over before the stalagmites closed the entire cave up!

"Whoosh!"

Elvinia, Chaim, and Dorothy were the first ones to pass through them. They were followed by Zen, Darth and others.

Meanwhile, Sally, Hutton, and Umar moved a bit slower. Naturally, they fell behind.

As Zen reached the narrow area, he frowned as he saw the others were still running behind. He smashed the sharp stalagmites with his hands and feet. He unleashed a massive force that actually blocked their further extension!

"Hurry up! I can't hold on for much longer!"

The stalagmites sprang out from the stone walls and emitted a tremendous force. Zen could only delay their extensions for a short while.

"Whoosh! Swoosh!"

Sally and Hutton had now passed under Zen's arms and looked back simultaneously. "Umar, hurry up!"

Umar was the farthest one behind. He gritted his teeth and it seemed like he activated some kind of secret method. He turned into a sharp golden sword and passed right under Zen's armpit. However, his body had been cut by the tip of a stalagmite and blood flowed out of the wound.

Right after Umar reached them, Zen couldn't hold on any further. He released his hands and went through the narrow area as well.

The place he had been holding on to had now been filled with stalagmites, which blocked the way of the remaining five Ear Mice.

Chapter 3400 Rock Giants

The intersecting stalagmites pressed heavily from all directions. The five Ear Mice squeaked as the passageway closed.

One of the Ear Mice took out its Other Shore Token, an iron house.

"Everyone, get in the house! Hurry up! Take cover!"

Such tokens of descending type were rare and unpopular on the Other Shore. This token could be used to imprison opponents. It could also be used as a defensive shield due to its durability.

Without hesitation, the other four Ear Mice sought refuge.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The stalagmites extended rapidly until they were pushing at the surface of the iron house.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Under the great pressure, the iron house made a grating sound.

"The iron house can resist three thousand divine megatons of force. The stalagmites are heavy, but they are not enough to break it! Don't worry!" the first Ear Mouse said.

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"

The other four Ear Mice echoed.

In terms of cultivation methods and theurgies, the Ear Mice were weaker than the other super forces, but their Other Shore Tokens had always been the strongest.

But the relief didn't last long. After a few seconds, the foundations of the iron house couldn't bear the load any longer. It was crushed by the great force.

Bang!

The five Ear Mice in the iron house were crushed into minced meat in the blink of an eye.

The stalagmites in the cave continued to grow rapidly. Even though the group had passed through the narrow place, they still couldn't afford to stop running.

"Speed up! You can't resist these stalagmites," Zen reminded.

Zen had tried to prevent the growth of those stalagmites, but even he couldn't restrain the power contained within them.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

They all silently rushed onward.

The stalagmites grew faster and faster. From time to time, some even shot out from the flanks. Any carelessness would cause death.

Through this, the advantage of the Ear Mice was revealed.

They were small and flexible. Even if a stalagmite suddenly shot down from above, they could easily dodge it.

Sally had never experienced such danger. Her round eyes wide open, she kept flying up and down. Suddenly, a stalagmite shot down from above. It was as sharp as a sword, and it was indestructible.

Anyone hit by it would feel like they were being stabbed with thousands of divine megatons of force, except excruciatingly slower.

The stalagmite shot out toward Sally's head.

"Look out!"

Chaim, who was flying on the right, knocked Sally aside, pushing her a few feet away.

Just like Zen, Chaim paid attention to everyone while flying, but he cared about Sally the most.

Crack!

The stalagmite missed Sally, but it pierced Chaim's right shoulder. He had tried to avoid it but failed. His muscles cut by the stalagmite, he bled profusely.

"Chaim, you..." Sally was shocked to see Chaim's large wound.

"Don't space out! Keep running!" Chaim shouted in a loud voice.

The stalagmites in the cave grew more and more quickly. There was no time to waste.

After tens of thousands of feet, the stalagmites finally stopped shooting out. Everyone had passed through in peace.

Hutton and the others gasped for air.

Sally cleaned the wound on Chaim's shoulder.

Darth and the other Ear Mice looked back with lingering fear. The passageway they had come through was now crammed with stalagmites.

Zen looked back at the stalagmites and walked toward them.

"Zen, what are you doing?" Dorothy asked.

"I want to check them out. They are too strange," Zen replied.

No less than a million stalagmites had grown along the way. If each of them needed a Chaotic Source Spirit to support it, then there must be over a million Chaotic Source Spirits. But this was obviously impossible.

Zen approached the stalagmites. He lightly touched one of them, poking a hole right through it.

"Sure enough," Zen muttered.

"The stalagmites have become fragile," said Darth, agape.

"Yes." Zen nodded as he raised his head to look at the cave ceiling. "The Chaotic Source Spirits came all the way with us. They stayed in the stalagmites and used them to attack us."

"They must have kept moving ahead of us to merge with new stalagmites, abandoning the ones we've already passed," Darth remarked. "The Chaotic Source Spirits moved fast through these rocks!"

Zen didn't care about this. He narrowed his eyes. "So why have they given up now?"

"What do you mean?" Darth was puzzled by Zen's words.

Zen turned to look at the deep passage ahead. "If there is an end to the cave, the Chaotic Source Spirits just need to wait there to make sure we can't break through quickly. Then the other Chaotic Source Spirits can use the stalagmites to assassinate us. Since we can't use the Grand Teleportation, we would surely die."

After Zen finished his words, a chill went through his companions.

No one would be able to escape such a maneuver, if true.

"Master Zen, don't give them ideas! The Chaotic Source Spirits are intelligent and they can understand human language!" said Darth anxiously.

Zen smiled calmly. "Precisely because they are intelligent, they must have already thought of this. The only reason why they didn't push through it is they have other ways to deal with us, and they are confident that they can capture us."

With these words, Zen pointed forward.

Rocks in the distance started to move. They separated from the walls and turned into rock giants.

An ordinary rock giant wouldn't have been a threat. But those possessed by the Chaotic Source Spirits were indestructible.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Huge rock giants emerged from all directions and charged toward the group.

Seeing this, Dorothy, Elvinia, Chaim, and the Ear Mice scrambled to take out their Other Shore Tokens.

A flower spun above Dorothy and took her shape. This was the unique Twin Blossoms. The two Dorothies, hearts connected, both carried a sword. The power of Dorothy's Origin Swordsmanship would thus be twice as strong.

The Warrior of the Stone Hill floated in the air beside Elvinia, with a sword in one hand and a thousand swords in the other.

Chaim also deployed his Other Shore Token.

Strong warriors like them were not afraid of fighting head-on. What they feared most were ambush attacks in the dark. But now that the Chaotic Source Spirits had decided to confront them face-to-face, they would definitely fight to the end.

Chapter 3401 Huge Eye

Even though the ground shook as a rock giant rushed quickly towards Zen, he still remained composed and nonchalant.

The rock giant balled its huge fists and then smashed them towards Zen, but he disappeared in a flash from the spot!

The next moment, he reappeared behind the rock giant.

With a crisp sound, he slashed his sword across the giant's body, but it failed to damage even the surface of the rock.

Still, Zen wasn't disappointed.

In fact, he was surprised — it just proved that there really was a Chaotic Source Spirit that hid inside the rock giant and strengthened its body.

Of course, he did not forget that their trip's main objective was to obtain the Chaotic Source Spirits!

"Clang!"

There was a deafening crash when the rock giant stretched its arms and fell on its back.

The way it moved wasn't particularly slow, but it still couldn't touch Zen at all.

Meanwhile, Zen moved as swiftly as a light feather that glided in the wind, that even a small force could blow him away, but not damage him.

He ducked to avoid the rock giant's attack, then squinted his right eye which flashed a white beam of light.

"Authentic Visual World!"

As he employed the skill, the whole world became unusually clear in his vision. It didn't take him much effort to find several cracks on the surface of the rock giant.

"Sword Texture Technique! Break it!"

Next, he raised his sword and pointed it at the junction of two cracks found on the giant's waist.

The queen ant he had fought before had absorbed many Chaotic Source Spirits over a long period of time, so its body had only one flaw.

On the other hand, the rock giant had many flaws since it was only a temporary product.

The next events all went by in a blur.

As soon as Zen's sword touched the rock giant's weak spot, its body exploded into smithereens.

Yet, Zen didn't lower his guard even when the rock giant was now crushed into pieces.

That was because he suspected that the Chaotic Source Spirits must have been plotting something because they gathered in the main peak. Since they hadn't assassinated him with the stalagmites, he expected them to use more powerful means against him. The rock giants, however, were much weaker than he had imagined.

The thought quickly flashed in his mind — but no matter what the truth was, he believed that they must be able to obtain some Chaotic Source Spirits from the rock giants.

Just as the stone fragments collapsed on the ground, a small red creature emerged out of them. Compared to the ordinary Chaotic Source Spirits that Zen had seen before, this one was in a strange red color, and its big eyes were filled with ferocity instead of the loveliness the other Chaotic Source Spirits possessed.

"There's only one Chaotic Source Spirit?" he muttered. His eyes suddenly lit up in realization. Still, he stretched out his hand and an invisible force enveloped the little creature.

To his surprise, the little creature moved unimaginably fast. It directly plunged into the ground in an attempt to escape.

But, Zen wouldn't allow his prey to escape before him.

At that moment, the force he had just released turned into an invisible giant claw and grasped at the ground.

The Chaotic Source Spirit was extremely exhausted. Even if it merged with the rocks again, it wouldn't be able to make them solid to resist Zen.

The rocks were as fragile as bean curd under the pressure of the invisible giant claw. With just a slight effort, the giant claw lifted them off the ground together with the Chaotic Source Spirit that hid inside them.

At that moment, the rocks suddenly exploded in the air.

The Chaotic Source Spirit immediately escaped and went straight towards Zen!

It came to an abrupt halt as its little red body swelled rapidly and shattered into pieces.

Zen couldn't believe it. Trapped in a desperate situation, it decided to blow itself up!

Fortunately, the blast wasn't enough to cause any damage to him. He just covered his face with his hand and easily blocked the suicide attack.

After the slight explosion, he heard a small clank by his feet.

It turned out to be an amber crystal that fell on the ground.

Zen picked it up as he glanced across the surrounding battlefield.

Generally speaking, the rock giants weren't considered as formidable enemies. Elvinia, Dorothy, Hutton, Sally, Chaim, and the Ear Mice had each fought against a rock giant. Although their own battles didn't end as fast as Zen's, the Chaotic Source Spirits inside the rock giants they faced were quickly worn out. Eventually, the rock giants became very weak.

A loud thud resounded throughout the area as the Iridescent Stone had pierced one of the rock giants.

The red Chaotic Source Spirit inside the rocks was forced out of them. As Sally gently flicked her fingers, the Iridescent Stone went back and hit the Chaotic Source Spirit, thus reducing it into pieces. Only an amber crystal remained, which dropped to the ground.

"Perfect!" Sally exclaimed with a satisfied smile.

She kicked the debris and dirt off her feet and happily picked up the amber crystal from the ground.

Although it was only one Chaotic Source Spirit, it was a reward she had reaped with her own strength.

Following her victory, several more loud bangs echoed in the field.

The other rock giants were defeated one by one, and each of them had obtained a Chaotic Source Spirit.

Once they had cleared the battlefield and gathered together, Chaim looked as if something bothered him. "I don't see the point of those strange Chaotic Source Spirits," he said.

It was known that the Chaotic Source Spirits needed to merge with each other to become powerful.

For instance, one hundred Chaotic Source Spirits that had fused together was as powerful as one Chaotic Source Realm warrior.

Thus, a thousand or even ten thousand of them merged together would have an incomparable amount of strength.

Today, however, they oddly chose to fight alone — which was like a free gift for Zen and his group of warriors.

"There must be something wrong with them," Zen remarked. "I have a strange feeling that something has been staring at me in the darkness in this weird place," he added with a frown.

Darth unexpectedly nodded and said, "Yes. In fact, we noticed it as soon as we got here, but we had no way to confirm our assumption."

"Exactly!" the other Ear Mice chimed in as well. One aspect of the Ear Mice's abilities was far stronger than that of humans, and that was their keen perception.

If Zen had noticed the strangeness, then the Ear Mice had surely managed to do so as well.

As a matter of fact, Zen and his companions weren't the only ones who had encountered such weird matters.

A cool, gentle breeze swept through another passageway. Yan's dress rustled elegantly against the floor as she pressed her fingers on her forehead.

She gazed at several rock giants in front of her and said in a low voice, "Break!"

The ground trembled and an audible crash was heard when the rock giants fell apart before her.

"Freeze!"

Yan opened her mouth once again, and an invisible power instantly restrained the Chaotic Source Spirits inside the rock giants.

When the little creatures were exposed, they just stared at her with hatred before they detonated themselves.

Several explosions later, all of them had turned into shreds.

There was a trace of pity and sadness in Yan's eyes as she looked at them, even though she didn't directly kill them.

She had already had a thorough understanding of these miserable creatures.

All warriors in the Other Shore Realm needed to capture the Chaotic Source Spirits in order to obtain greater power.

Although she could choose not to kill these creatures straight, they would still die at some point after the crystals had been taken out of their bodies. A moment of mercy wouldn't change the inevitable.

The Chaotic Source Spirits had a life that entailed the constant tragedy of being nurtured and slaughtered. Perhaps no other creatures could have a more miserable fate than them.

That was why the sight of hostility in their eyes made Yan uncomfortable and guilty.

In any case, that same form of slaughter had been taking place in the other passages as well.

The warriors had all reaped their first harvest in the main peak, but a dozen Chaotic Source Spirits were far from enough for them.

Meanwhile, a huge eye that resided in the main peak had been observing everything that had happened below it through the thick layers of rocks.

This huge eye was ten feet wide. Half of it flashed with a white light, and the other half with a red light. It obviously didn't belong to the Chaotic Source World, because it was an Other Shore Token.

Chapter 3402 The Eligible Targets

It had been a while since the huge eye was silently observing the events below it, to embed every living creature in the main peak to its vision.

A huge ball rested under this eye, which was actually a big and powerful Chaotic Source Spirit. It measured more than a hundred feet in size, different from an ordinary one of its kind. This large ball was clearly the mother of all the Chaotic Source Spirits.

The voice of the mother of Chaotic Source Spirits broke the silence in the air. "Have you found the eligible targets?"

The huge eye flashed and sent out a part of its consciousness in response.

The eye had no organs to speak, so it could only send messages through its consciousness.

"I have many qualified targets in mind now," said the huge eye.

"Let me see!" the mother demanded. Red and white lights inside the huge eye descended in front of the mother and drew a graceful figure.

It was Yan, who wore a long dress.

The light figure showed that she was climbing up the cave, leading the members of the Snake Goddess race.

"This is a human girl who cultivates the Truth of Holy Words. She has the blood of the Snake Goddess," the huge eye explained.

The mother nodded, then started to count, "One."

Buzz…

The red and white lights flashed again and revealed another figure.

This time, it was a white-haired young man. It was none other than Khalid from the Bearing race.

"A man of the Bearing race, who cultivates the Truth of Five Orientations, owns the Five-Orientation Body, and is one of the inheritors of the Yellow Thearch."

"Two," the mother said with a blank expression.

"Buzz..."

The lights flashed some more and showed the top masters of the minor races, and the huge eye had been targeting all of them.

"There are eleven in total. What about the targets for yourself?" asked the mother.

The eye smiled. "Me? Well... I am interested in this guy."

"Buzz..."

The huge eye flashed and Zen's figure appeared, which was outlined by red and white lights.

"Is he also one of the human race? Why did you choose him?" the mother asked and looked at Zen in curiosity.

"This man is very interesting. He has merged with something of my kind," said the giant eye with its consciousness.

The mother was visibly shocked at this news, "You mean he has merged with an Eye of Will?"

"Yes. If I'm not mistaken, he must have assimilated an Eye of Will when he was in the Sacred Mallow Temple!" the huge eye answered affirmatively.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, however, was not interested in the giant eye's chosen target. Instead she asked, "Are you sure that we can escape safely after we possess their bodies? There are supreme masters who stay outside the Chaotic Source World. I can sense them," the mother said anxiously.

"Hmph, it's just Human Sovereign who's on guard outside. I'm afraid he can't keep us here if he is alone!" It seemed that there was a hint of contempt in the huge eye's words.

"That's good," the mother hissed. She turned to look at the phantoms of the eligible targets, and the hatred in her only grew even more. "We Chaotic Source Spirits have been kept in this place, while they slaughter and trample us at will. Now, it's time for them to pay the price and have a taste of this kind of life! You bastards want to absorb us? Let's see if you are qualified first!"

Normally, creatures of the Other Shore could not enter the Source World.

Yet, the Chaotic Source Spirit itself was quite special. After the Snake Goddess had discovered it, their pack had been nurtured carefully and grew to a great number.

Over the years, the Chaotic Source Spirits had helped nurture countless masters in the Source World.

Despite such a deed, life in the Source World was cruel for them.

Their true bodies were locked in the powerful Chaotic Source Sea on Stage Twenty-two. They couldn't even move in the slightest--but as a kind of Other Shore Token, they descended in the Chaotic Source World.

If it hadn't been for the accident a few years ago, then Chaotic Source Spirits would have been enslaved and kept in captivity for more generations.

During that time, one powerful master had killed the guardian of the Chaotic Source Sea and freed all the Chaotic Source Spirits.

The mother was the core of the Chaotic Source Spirits. She wanted to bring all the Chaotic Source Spirits back to the Other Shore and stop them from being the Other Shore Tokens for good. She wanted to end their miserable lives.

However, the master who had saved them refused the mother's request and asked the Chaotic Source Spirits to maintain what they had been doing.

The mother was confused, until a huge eye--the Dreaded Eye Demon, appeared.

To descend in the Source World, creatures of the Other Shore required some warriors to support them, or in other words, they needed a complete inner world for support. Thus, the mother was very curious as to how the Dreaded Eye Demon had broken through the Other Shore's restrictions and arrived at where they were now.

In addition, the Dreaded Eye Demon brought a task for them when it came--to devour the top talents in the Source World.

Needless to say, the Chaotic Source Spirits were very excited when they heard the news.

Those damned creatures had devoured them for so long, and finally there was a day that they could devour them back. It was what the Chaotic Source Spirits had been dreaming of doing, but they couldn't do so, until the huge eye had arrived.

The Chaotic Source Spirits didn't have the ability to bite back, but the giant eye could. It turned out that the master who had freed them had already found the escape route in advance.

It was usually the mother's strategy to spread the plenty of Chaotic Source Spirits across the four peaks in the north, east, west, and south, in order to protect as many of them as possible.

As for those warriors who entered the main peak without permission, the mother would lead all the other Chaotic Source Spirits to fight back!

This time, however, was different. Now, the mother took all the Chaotic Source Spirits back to the main peak so they could attract those talents to their location. The tests in the caves and passageways were nothing more than observation methods to select the best talents. At this point, the giant eye had already chosen the targets suitable for their consumption.

Below the huge eye's hideaway, creatures of various races had entered the main peak one after another. All of them encountered the same situations as Zen and the others had.

It was relatively late when the Evil God had entered the main peak.

It was known that the members of the Separate Abyss race were incomparable to those of the ordinary forces. Four members of their race had very special Other Shore Tokens. Those four relied on each other and formed a perfect circle. They were so strong that the strength they showed through the circle was enough to kill the masters at the Chaotic Source Realm.

The Evil God fought against them and although he tried his best, he had only seriously injured one of them. In the end, he had to retreat.

It was the first time that the Evil God couldn't defeat warriors who were at the same level as him!

Still, the Evil God didn't care about it at all. After all, he had already killed a large number of people in the Chaotic Source World and obtained so much. What he only had to do now was to reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

Meanwhile, there were rock giants that blocked Zen and his group's path along their journey.

The rock giants didn't hinder Zen and his companions, but the warriors didn't get many Chaotic Source Spirits from them, either.

They had soon climbed a distance of twenty thousand feet up the cave, but only got a little more than ninety Chaotic Source Spirits. It was not enough for any of them when the gain was to be shared.

Yet, Zen wasn't discouraged at all.

The remaining hundreds of thousands of Chaotic Source Spirits must be hiding somewhere on the main peak, waiting for them to harvest.

After they climbed more than thirty thousand feet, they were almost in the middle of the main peak.

The Chaotic Source Spirits seemed to have hollowed out the center of the main peak, as there was a huge hole formed in the middle. As soon as they stepped into the huge cave, they all stopped walking.

There were all kinds of patterns that were engraved on the cave's walls, which made Zen and his companions feel as if they were in a huge palace.

"Look at them... What do the patterns stand for?" Sally looked around, her eyes blinking in curiosity. "I've seen these patterns before," said Chaim.

He continued, "When I was in the first stage of the Other Shore Realm..."

"They are the sculptures in the Sacred Mallow Temple." Dorothy glanced at Zen and nodded, "Me and Zen explored that temple together. I'm sure of it!"

Chapter 3403 Sculptures

As Zen paced around the cave, he walked towards a corner and observed the sculptures on the walls.

The sculptures varied in forms, figures, and creatures. From cattle, to snakes, to birds. The sculptures were unique in their own ways.

Sadly, none of the sculptures was the Dreaded Eye Demon. Zen knew what he was looking for, especially since the Dreaded Eye Demon was hard to miss as it was only an eyeball. Zen had prior knowledge to them when he integrated with the Eye of Will.

"These sculptures are exactly the same as those in the Sacred Mallow Temple," Zen pointed out, nodding his head in approval.

The members and disciples of powerful forces never settled at the Stage One for long. As for Zen, he only entered the temple because some humans had invited him.

Chaim was also an exception to this. He had just entered the Other Shore, and grew curious about the place. Once, he entered the Sacred Mallow Temple, too.

"But why are all these sculptures here?" Dorothy asked, curious to know more.

She had been through a lot in the past. The first time she entered the Sacred Mallow Temple, she had struggled and was nearly killed inside.

"The risky thing in the Sacred Mallow Temple was the Soul Purifying Light, which could kill all the Souls of Light," Zen comforted her. "Good thing we don't have that here." He paused and looked back at Dorothy. "What I don't understand is how the Chaotic Source Spirits have something to do with the Dreaded Eye Demons..."

This bothered Zen, especially because these were two completely different races.

Because he didn't have enough information, he couldn't understand. More so for the others, who had no clue about anything.

The group had made it to the end of the cave. Though there were eight other pathways around the cave, they only motioned downwards. It meant that these passages were probably connected to the other eight entrances at the bottom of the main peak.

"The Chaotic Source Spirits must be hiding up here." Elvinia nudged above. "I'm sure that we'll find our way out if we break the cave ceiling."

The Chaotic Source Spirits had the ability to cut the rocks and moved in and out as they pleased. If it wasn't difficult for spirits, it should be possible for the group to do the same.

As Zen, Chaim and the others thought of more plans, another group of people came through another passage.

They were from the Bearing race and the Sun Crow race.

When they met eyes with Zen and his companions, their eyes widened in surprise. The silver haired young man in the lead, Khalid, was carrying a long spear on his shoulder. He squinted in arrogance.

"Interesting," muttered Khalid. "It saddened me that I didn't come cross you guys earlier. I didn't expect to see you here at all." Khalid smiled, but his kindness remained questionable. Just then, he lightly tapped on the spear, and it suddenly shook while a wisp of white light wrapped itself around the weapon.

Just as Khalid was about to make a move, another group of people appeared from another passage. They were from the New Moon race and the Divine Farmer race, and they didn't seem to be pleased either.

The man called "Mount" from the Divine Farmer race, stood at the forefront of the group. On his shoulder was a little girl named Mya, who had long, curly hair and a snarky expression.

When the two saw Zen and Elvinia, they smiled at each other in eagerness.

"Uncle Mount, are you going to fight with them right now? What a coincidence! The two people on the first row, right here, at the same time..." Mya said this in hushed tones, keeping her expression hidden behind her curly locks of hair.

Mount narrowed his eyes and gave Zen and Elvinia a good look.

Aside from fusing with Chaotic Source Spirits, he planned to get rid of these two as well.

If they had obtained enough Chaotic Source Spirits, they would have already attacked Zen.

However, they were on the lookout for the Chaotic Source Spirits that had disappeared. They couldn't afford a delay. Also, hosting a battle in a cave was not the best course of action right now.

Mount was a steady and prudent person. He wouldn't challenge someone without full preparation.

"Let's wait a while," Mount decided. "Our main goal is still to retrieve the Chaotic Source Spirits. We can't go back empty-handed. They can live a little longer," he chuckled, drawing away from Zen and the rest.. He looked around, scanning the cave, when the strange sculptures caught his sight.

Khalid suddenly spoke up. "The Chaotic Source Spirits are surely important, but killing the good-for-nothings from the Oneness Sky Palace is proper business. If you don't want to take action against them, I'll take matters into my own hands." He was not as scrupulous nor as patient as Mount. Eagerness flashed in his eyes as his spear vibrated on his shoulder.

Hearing this, Elvinia, Dorothy, Chaim, and the rest of their group were distraught.

They knew they were outnumbered and their opponents were strong, so they were at a disadvantage.

Zen, being the leader of the group, took a step forward and calmly said, "In my opinion, generally speaking, most people who describe others as good-for-nothings are just cowards. If you want to prove yourself so bad, you can do better than just spitting nonsense!" He let out a laugh.

Khalid, on the other hand, was not impressed with Zen at all. To Khalid, Mount, Mya, the only person they should be cautious with was the young man in black. Zen and Elvinia were nothing but prey to them.

In any case, they already ruled out the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace because they seemed too weak. They thought they would just endure all kinds of sarcasms without talking back!

However, they were surprised to see Zen speak up so confidently. Khalid chuckled and said, "I'm really surprised. After so many years, the Oneness Sky Palace finally has a member with balls." He gestured towards Zen. "Since it seems like you're eager to die, don't mind me being rude."

After he said that, he gently pulled out the white, magnificent spear from his shoulder. As the tip of the weapon swept the ground, the rocks beneath it were sliced right at the middle. This spear's sharpness was no laughing matter.

"You? Rude?" Zen raised his eyebrows, questioning this arrogant man before him. As he said so, the tip of the Snow Sword slowly stretched out from his space ring. He took hold of it and pointed it towards the members of the Bearing race and the Sun Crow race. Pleased with their reactions, he said, "This has nothing to do with manners." He looked at everyone in the eye, and then gave a wink at Khalid. "It's just, well, none of you can leave here alive."

As soon as he finished speaking, the diamond-shaped Civilization Artifact in his inner world began to move.

Once it was completely unraveled, it resembled a spiky ball.

To add, the unique aura of Regal Jade Civilization gave out in full bloom, which added to the artifact's extraordinary impression.

"You arrogant bastard!"

"You just want to die!"

"We won't hesitate to kill you!"

The members of all four races, the Bearing race and the Sun Crow race included, roared in anger.

In an instant, Khalid, Mount, Mya were smiling no longer.

They realized that they had just underestimated Zen.

After all, the young man in black who they had feared the most, was a creation of Zen's inner world.

But these people weren't going to back down now. They had been through hell and back, so they had no reason to retreat now.

Besides, they still outnumbered Zen and his companions by a large number, so they still stood with great leverage.

"Phew!"

The tension in the atmosphere thickened as a battle was just around the corner.

But just as everyone took their battle stances, footsteps echoed throughout the cave.

One more group came through another passage.

"Brother!"

The group that emerged was the Snake Goddess race, led by Yan.

They would have been the first to enter, but Yan spent too much time catching Chaotic Source Spirits, making them the last to arrive.

Seeing that Zen was safe and unharmed, Yan was more than delighted. She was relieved as she strode forward to give him a hug.

The Pear Hill had the most members, so they had the advantage of calling the shots. Though they were hit by the hurricane, they could easily gather quickly and continue moving.

Members of the Snake Goddess race and the Oneness Sky Palace gathered together, impressively outnumbering the Bearing race and the other three races altogether.

Chapter 3404 Unexpected Attack

Acting on instinct, six women of the Snake Goddess race stationed themselves before Yan. They had their eyes fixated on the people of the Bearing race, and the Divine Farmer race.

The scales on the bodies of these women flickered with a pinch of dark gold light. Their radiant faces reflected hints of vigilance as if they were on guard against them.

Their formation was not just a coincidence, but was intentional. Their positions formed the Six Snake Shadows Array of the Pear Hill. They were exactly the Six Snake Shadows.

The Six Snake Shadows had made a name for themselves in the Source World. The Pear Hill would handpick only the most exceptional talents from each generation of the Snake Goddess race and recruit them. They would then offer them rigorous training to become a part of the Six Snake Shadows.

Accompanying Yan, the Six Snake Shadows were given two missions to carry out in the Chaotic Source World: they were to reach the Chaotic Source Realm, and they had to protect Yan at all costs. Even though Yan's strength was on par with the geniuses from other super forces, they still didn't want to take any chances. For Pear Hill, Yan was an invaluable treasure.

Yan turned back. Her face was robbed of all emotions, as she glared at those of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race with piercing eyes.

"How dare you!" She asked Khalid.

"Who are you to stop us? If it bothers you so much, why don't you join him too?" Khalid retorted while furrowing his brows.

The sudden appearance of the warriors from Pear Hill forced the people of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race to stay on guard. Even with their empowering presence, it wasn't enough to make them retreat. However, the situation would now become extremely troublesome.

Mount watched all this unravel from a distance and frowned.

Normally he would not back away from a fight against the people from Pear Hill or the Oneness Sky Palace, but the situation demanded otherwise. Mount didn't agree with the timing and place of this issue. Moreover, he had a hunch that something was wrong with this place.

The sculptures inside the cave gave off an eerie vibe. Furthermore, the location of the Chaotic Source Spirits was still unknown. Even if they somehow defeated the enemy in time, there would always be a chance of someone taking advantage of their preoccupation and stealing the Chaotic Source Spirits for themselves.

Yan kept her unfaltering gaze at Khalid. Her lusciously long black hair fluttered in the air as a trace of red light enveloped her, responding to her rage. "This place isn't ideal for a fight. But, if you're asking for it, we won't hold back."

As if to solidify her statement, the bodies of the Six Snake Shadows began to glow with cyan color. The Other Shore Power inside other people from the Snake Goddess race began to surge as they activated it.

Khalid never expected such a little girl to hold that much authority over the others. Of course, he didn't want to act on impulse and run into a battle blindly without considering the aftereffects.

During the intense exchange of provoking statements, Mount walked over to Khalid and placed his hands on his shoulder.

"Our primary goal right now is to find those Chaotic Source Spirits. This isn't the time to wage unnecessary battles."

Khalid was a powerful warrior thus pride came as second nature to him. He wouldn't just sit around and gulp down the bitter juice of defeat, especially not at the hands of these women of Pear Hill. If Yan continued with her threats, he would probably be provoked into fighting them head-on.

Mount was familiar with Khalid's temperament. Fearing Khalid would act impulsively, he walked over to him to calm his nerves down.

Khalid clenched his fists as he glared at Zen and Yan before he turned to leave.

But, just as he turned back, his long spear suddenly moved. At the same time, a skull emerged out of nowhere in his hand. He clasped the white spear in his hand and charged in Zen and Yan's direction with determined eyes.

"Devil Soul-sucking Spear!"

As he chanted the words, a light with a mixture of black and gray shot out from the tip of the spear.

Khalid's surprise attack shocked both the people of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill. The energy surging from his move was unbelievably strong.

The light seemed to hold a mysterious kind of power. Even the people of the Bearing race and Divine Farmer race were taken aback by it. Mount had mixed expressions on his face. He was annoyed that Khalid had shunned his advice, but he was also surprised at how fast he moved.

Khalid's attack seemed simple, but he had been planning for this moment for a long time.

Yan and Zen were the two most important figures of the Pear Hill and the Oneness Sky Palace, respectively. If they were killed, the others wouldn't pose as much of a challenge.

His Devil Soul-sucking Spear was formidable. It could one-shot any opponent.

The light passed by like a flash. It bypassed many people, including the Six Snake Shadows and went towards its two targets, Yan and Zen.

Before the Six Snake Shadows even had the time to react, it had already reached Yan.

Yan was strong, but she didn't expect this to happen at all. She had pinned Khalid to be a coward who could only throw empty threats and do nothing more.

Just as he sensed the unique energy emanating from the light, Zen became serious.

Fortunately, his Civilization Artifact was activated. As soon as he focused hard, an emerald-like feather emerged and floated in the space above him.

Remaining quick on his feet, he grabbed Yan, turned around and ran with her to avoid the light.

With a whoosh, the light brushed past Zen, making slight contact with his clothes.

As a result, the fiber of the clothes on his back began to rot. The skin directly beneath the fabric turned a charred-black color.

Even though the light shot from the spear was free of poison, the spear itself was a manifestation of pure evil. The light contained a strong power capable of corrosion.

Luckily, Zen's body was resilient against such energy. If he were an ordinary human being, he would not have survived!

"Go to hell! I'll make you regret this when I'm through with you!"

Zen was fuming with rage. They had stepped over his last nerve that kept him sane.

He had been wanting to teach the people from the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, the New Moon race and the Sun Crow race a lesson.

But he shared the same thoughts as Mount. This was not the right place for a fight. However, he had planned to pay them back for the past with interest once they were outside.

But now, the circumstances had changed. Khalid had declared war when he first aimed at Yan. Yan's safety was Zen's biggest concern. If anyone threatened it, Zen would make sure they didn't live to make the same mistake twice.

"Swoosh!"

All of a sudden, Zen dashed towards Khalid with agility. It was hard to keep track of his movements. It was as if he was a ghost.

Seeing his assault had failed, Khalid realized he misjudged the limits of Zen's capabilities.

The skill Zen had used to dodge his strike was beyond his comprehension.

From his perspective, there was no one in the same level of the Other Shore Realm in the Source World who could have survived that attack.

He had been so sure that he wouldn't miss his target.

However, with a single twist of his body, Zen had made a mockery out of it.

Before he could retrieve his spear to defend himself, Zen had already approached him.

Judging by the situation Khalid was in, it wouldn't be wise to retreat. He decided to take the risk and remain where he stood. The skull in his right hand began to rattle in response to his ordeal. At the same time, a solid beam of brown light swirled around the tip of the spear.

He was planning to retaliate with a more powerful strike than before!

Watching Zen close the distance between himself and them, Mount and Mya took caution to the situation and became serious.

They blamed Khalid in their hearts for provoking an avoidable scenario because of his impulse. Even so, they had to do something to stop Zen.

If Khalid were to die, the Bearing race would suffer an incalculable loss. They couldn't just stand by and let this happen.

"Boom!"

Mount's body underwent violent tremors, and then a layer of gold light surged out of his tanned skin. The outburst of energy from his body resembled that of a sturdy mountain.

On the other hand, Mya ascended to the sky and stationed herself behind Mount. A loud cracking sound of bones resounded in the air around her as her right hand broke itself.

From the joint of her elbow, a small puppet emerged as it floated above it. It was her Other Shore Token. The puppet appeared to have been connected to her body with her forearm. Its appearance was nothing short of creepy.

Zen showed no signs of hesitation even though he knew he would have to take on all three of them at once. He was determined to tear Khalid into pieces no matter the circumstances.

Before the both sides could confront each other, the eyes of the sculptures in the cave suddenly opened.

Chapter 3405 The Purpose

The moment those huge eyes opened, everyone in the cave felt as if their hearts were clenched in an icy grip. They quavered in fear.

Some of them could feel a sharp sword pointed at their foreheads. If the sword were to be thrust one inch closer, it would pierce their skulls and they would die.

Some of the people in the cave could see they were surrounded by skeletons. This was frightening. Had they arrived in the death world, where no living being existed? Were they doomed to become like the skeletons?

Most of them covered their heads with their hands, horrified. Naturally, they thought they were going to die.

Although most of them had been through many dangers, now, they were terror-stricken. Each of them felt like they were at death's door, knocking loudly.

Even Zen and Khalid, possessing the powerful Souls of Light, were not immune to this fear. Zen had to retreat after he landed, and at the same time fight against the fear of the Dreaded Eye Demon with his strong will.

Zen had gone through something like this before in the Sacred Mallow Temple. At that time, after No. 9527 prompted him, he was able to shut it out using the Emotion Closing Godly Way.

However, the fear which descended on him now was many times stronger than what he encountered in the Sacred Mallow Temple. The Emotion Closing Godly Way was unable to banish the fright.

"Flow Strike!"

Desperate for a solution, Zen pulled out another one of his skills—the Flow Swordsmanship.

The Flow Strike was regarded as an extension of the Emotion Closing Godly Way, with a meditation component. It was a more effective way of cultivating the heart.

While staying in the Flow Sword Sect, Zen had come a long way as far as his training went.

But the mind method of the Flow Swordsmanship had little effect on that fear. He was unable to completely erase it.

The others were even worse.

Most of them prostrated themselves on the ground. Some of them were looking ashen, some were trembling and the rest were crying bitterly.

Yan stood still with a confused look, as if she were also using some kind of mental method to filter out the fear.

At the top of the main peak, the dark and red lights continued to flicker on the surface of the giant eye.

The giant eye was the source of the fear, naturally emanating it and affecting everyone.

Both Zen and Khalid were targets chosen by the eye and the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. It did not want anything to go wrong in the fight between those two.

However, Khalid reacted recklessly. When the battle began, the giant eye had to interfere.

"What if they find out about your meddling?" asked the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

She was afraid they would escape, and leave the Chaotic Source World. After all, no one was willing to let their prey run away like that.

"There shouldn't be a problem," the giant eye replied. "They haven't acquired enough Chaotic Source Spirits, so they won't put a halt to the competition and take off."

The giant eye wasn't willing to reveal its ability now, but it had no choice.

"Buzz..."

The light in its pupil lasted for 30 seconds before it disappeared and the eye went back to its former condition.

The red and white lights slowly revolved around its pupil.

In the middle of the main peak, many members and disciples from different races, who thought they were on the verge of death, found that the fear had suddenly dissipated, and they stood up with strange expressions.

"What was that?"

"It scared me!"

"I thought I was going to die!"

The fear made people feel like they were taking a walking tour of hell, and they glistened with sweat.

"Uncle Mount, that power of fear is from the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. But what kind of thing is it? Why could it affect so many people?" Mya asked in confusion.

Mya knew the Truth of Goodwill and Malice very well, as she cultivated it.

After reaching the consummate level of the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, she could also frighten a large number of creatures. If one had a weak soul, they would be frightened to death.

However, for the Souls of Light that had reached the Other Shore, that effect was simply negligible. Ordinary warriors were immune, unless she was able to fuse with a related Other Shore Token, or to cultivate the theurgy of this aspect.

Mount was powerful and smart. As far as Mya was concerned, there was nothing that Mount didn't know.

"That's the Dreaded Eye Demon. It was a mighty ruling force in the past, but the force didn't fare well on the Other Shore and the Dreaded Eye Demons are almost extinct," Mount replied flatly.

"So why is it here?" Mya asked.

In Mya's eyes, both the items and living creatures on the Other Shore should use a medium to descend in the Source World.

The medium was the inner world of a powerful Other Shore Realm warrior.

"I don't know," Mount answered with a frown.

In fact, the Chaotic Source Spirits had already broken with routine and lived in the Chaotic Source World in a special form.

Essentially, the Chaotic Source Spirits were also the creatures of the Other Shore.

Why were the Chaotic Source Spirits different from other creatures on the Other Shore? Every super force had looked into that, but the reason had not been found.

It could be said that it was completely against the truth when the Chaotic Source Spirits lived in a special form like that.

Once they found out why, the strong existences hiding on the Other Shore and the powerful masters of the ruling civilizations would probably be able to return to the Source World, and even the chaos.

After Zen regained consciousness, he just stared at Khalid coldly.

He thought of killing Khalid, but then the fear rose in him. This was not a coincidence.

Knowing this, Zen ventured a guess.

What had just happened was obvious to him now. A Dreaded Eye Demon must be hovering on top of the main peak. That monster was much stronger than the Eye of Will Zen had fused with!

"Why did it stop me from killing Khalid? Or did it just stop me from fighting him?"

Zen thought it must be the latter. But why?

It was the first time that Khalid had entered the Chaotic Source World. He didn't seem to know anything about that either.

Why would the Dreaded Eye Demon do that?

Zen was consumed with figuring this out, and hesitated to act before he did. He and Yan led the members of the Pear Hill and the Oneness Sky Palace to retreat to the other side, distancing themselves from the members of the Bearing race.

At this time, in another passageway, dozens of tall figures entered. They were from the Separate Abyss race.

The members of this race gathered and formed three teams in the Chaotic Source World. One of the teams encountered the Evil God, while the other two teams banded together and climbed up the main peak.

This time, the trip to the Chaotic Source World was not easy for them, and they were much more cautious as a result. Many Separate Abyss warriors, over a hundred feet tall, looked at the sculptures on the walls and gathered off to one side.

More and more members of different races came into the cave through the passageways around it.

Most were in groups, but there were some warriors who came there alone.

For example, Milo from the Oneness Sky Palace explored the main peak all by himself. He remained in the Chaotic Source World for a long time, and now he finally threw in his lot with Zen and his companions.

"The Chaotic Source Spirits must be hiding in the upper part of the cave!"

"Let's just make our way up and dig them out!"

"Yes, there is no place to hide except the upper part of the main peak!"

When there were more warriors in the cave, it became quite noisy inside. They talked about the best way to climb the mountain.

As for the members of the Separate Abyss race, they were impetuous. Two of them flew up and shot toward the upper part of the cave with their huge bodies as large as the hills.

However, when the two Separate Abyss warriors just approached the top, they suddenly let out a scream, and fell down, holding their heads in their hands. They formed a huge crater when they smashed into the ground.

Chapter 3406 One Last Chance

Everyone directed their gazes to the upper part of the cave. Two eyes-- the Dreaded Eye Demons flickered with red light.

They lingered for a long while before disappearing.

"What's going on?"

"Is that the Malicious Stare?"

"How could it be so powerful?"

The other races that entered the cave later hadn't experienced the soul-crushing fear. When they saw what happened to the two members of the Separate Abyss race, they were all shocked.

"Those are sculptures of the Dreaded Eye Demons!"

"The Malicious Stare is way too powerful. Is there a strong Dreaded Eye Demon in the main peak?"

"Then how can we climb the mountain?"

These people were experienced and knowledgeable. They not only recognized the sculptures on the walls, but also guessed that the main peak was guarded by a Dreaded Eye Demon.

At a loss for what to do, everyone turned to the Snake Goddess race.

Although the Icy Snow Province was open to the public, it was still under the control of the Pear Hill. The other super forces might not know what had happened in the Chaotic Source World, but the people of the Pear Hill must know something.

"What happened in the Chaotic Source World?"

"You should have let us know!"

"Please tell us!"

"If you keep silent, don't blame us for being rude!"

They had been in the Chaotic Source World for such a long time and explored the periphery and the four peaks, but couldn't find many Chaotic Source Spirits. Naturally, they were angry.

Questioned by so many members of the myriad races, the people of the Pear Hill were under a lot of pressure.

No matter how strong they were, they couldn't afford to anger that many people.

At this time, Yan walked out at a casual pace and swept her gaze across the faces of those assembling there. "The Chaotic Source Sea and the Chaotic Source Spirits are already out of control," she said.

Hearing Yan's words, many of the other races had surprise written all over their faces.

Some didn't understand what Yan was talking about, while some let thoughts flash across their minds.

"What do you mean?" someone asked.

"This is the last time the Chaotic Source World opens and the only chance for us to reach the Chaotic Source Realm. If we miss it, we won't get a second chance," Yan replied faintly.

"What?"

"How could that happen?"

"Impossible! The Chaotic Source World has existed for eons. How could this be our last chance?"

The members of the other races were all shocked.

To them, it didn't matter if they couldn't merge with the Chaotic Source Spirits this time. The tickets to the Chaotic Source World were precious to ordinary people, but to these elites of the major races, they were nothing.

If they failed this time, they'd try again. Where there was life, there was hope. In any case, life came first.

Zen's face was also filled with surprise. He asked Yan, "The Chaotic Source Spirits constantly reproduce, don't they?"

Yan blinked her eyes and nodded. "Yes, but since they're from the Other Shore, their bodies are left there."

In the past, the Chaotic Source Spirits were strictly controlled on the Other Shore, and the place where they were controlled was the Chaotic Source Sea.

Even if all the two hundred thousand Chaotic Source Spirits were killed, the Chaotic Source World would be prosperous again, as long as the strong warriors went to the Chaotic Source Sea and chose several other Chaotic Source Spirits as parents.

But now, after the Chaotic Source Sea on the Other Shore had been occupied, there were no more parents.

Once a Chaotic Source Spirit was merged, there was one less existing in the Source World.

After hearing Yan's words, many of the races were excited. They had one last chance to reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

"What happened in the main peak? Why are there sculptures of the Dreaded Eye Demons here?" asked a member of the Celestial Wolf race.

Yan shook her head and said, "I don't know either. Put simply, if you want to reach the Chaotic Source Realm, you have to go all-out."

Mount, Mya and the talented disciples of the various races wouldn't miss this chance. If they did miss that chance, it would be worse than death. That meant they'd never reach the Chaotic Source Realm, no matter how long they lived.

Yan's words sobered them up, and spurred a veritable brainstorm. They came up with many ideas.

Originally, everyone was on edge, each race not trusting the others. But now, they were in a better mood. They were focused on a common goal.

At this time, another figure appeared at an entrance of the cave.

As soon as it appeared, an invisible malicious aura spread out like a giant beast baring its teeth and claws.

Everyone looked over and found the young man in black standing at the cave entrance. Their faces sank.

"Evil God! How dare you show up here?"

A man in golden armor from the Separate Abyss race took two steps forward, one golden hammer in each hand, and his face was full of anger.

His clansmen also stepped forward and formed a half moon shape, presenting a united front against the Evil God.

They had never suffered such an egregious loss before.

Nearly a third of their clansmen were slain by a young man. This was an affront that demanded blood for blood.

When the other races saw the Evil God, they also looked at him with hatred in their eyes.

After the Evil God entered the Chaotic Source World, he had already provoked many races by killing their clansmen for no reason.

He did the same on the Other Shore.

Even the super forces like the Bearing race and the Separate Abyss race could not escape his hatred.

Someone had said that he would tear the Evil God limb from limb if he found him in the Source World, but the Evil God's power was undiminished in the Source World.

Now that the Evil God was outnumbered, the people assembling in the cave were not afraid of him.

They were all elites of the major races. They didn't believe that the Evil God could resist all of them alone.

There was an indifferent smile on the Evil God's face. The Ways-blending Energy gathered slowly in his right hand and coalesced into a diamond-shaped gem, which glinted evilly. Even facing so many strong warriors, he remained calm.

Some of the creatures looking at him were very nervous. What was he playing at?

Seeing the restless members of the Separate Abyss race about to rush forward, Khalid of the Bearing race reminded them, "Hamzah! If we fight here, we will risk activating the Malicious Stare!"

Hamzah was one of the strongest of the Separate Abyss race.

Although he didn't want to fight the Evil God, the Separate Abyss race had been humiliated. So he had to fight.

"Really?" Hearing Khalid's words, Hamzah frowned.

"We've already been through this." Khalid cupped his hands and told Hamzah what happened just now.

The members of the Separate Abyss race were arrogant. They didn't hang out with the Bearing race.

However, Khalid still hoped they could form an alliance with the Separate Abyss race. He warned them kindly because he wanted them on his side.

After thinking it over, Hamzah stared ferociously at the Evil God and led his clansmen to the side.

Everyone could see a fight between the Separate Abyss race and the Evil God was brewing.

Chapter 3407 Shut Up

The Evil God emerged from the passageway, greeting Zen with a smug smile.

Zen faced this creation of his with a look of indifference.

The Evil God was a creature born from his inner world so it was only a given that Zen knew everything about him.

From his birth to his growth, Zen knew every single detail.

All the information would gather together in his mind with only a single thought.

"You've made a big mistake," Zen hissed.

His creation merely continued smiling at him. "What is it?"

"You should've never used Dorothy to provoke me!" Zen snarled with white-hot rage.

Dorothy couldn't help but purse her lips.

She had fought with this creation of Zen's before and knew very well how terrifying he was.

The Evil God had chosen to spare her life at the last moment and Dorothy caught on pretty quickly as to why: he wanted to use her to provoke Zen.

She trusted Zen's strength wholeheartedly, but she didn't want him to get into this potentially dangerous fight just because of her. Moreover, the current situation was skewed to the Evil God's favor.

If Zen was defeated by the Evil God, he would only end in death.

It was nice to be saved by Zen but she wasn't as relieved as she should be. In fact, she was very worried.

Zen was wholly determined to fight for her and would not back down from this fight with the Evil God.

It warmed her heart but it was quickly overtaken with worry for Zen's life.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk..." The Evil God shook his head with a smile. "You seem really eager to destroy me."

"You never should've existed in the first place," Zen countered.

This creation of his was a freak and Zen was still at a loss as to how such a vile creature appeared in his inner world. Other people didn't seem to have this problem. Why him?

Did it have anything to do with the primitive land?

The Evil God let out a maniacal laugh. "My existence wasn't decided by you. Not even this round of chaos can decide my birth. I am destined to transcend everything while you..."

He paused to glare at Zen with his two evil eyes. "You are merely destined to be my stepping stone."

His daring insults caused the various races to frown.

There was truly no limit to the Evil God's arrogance.

Destined to transcend everything? Even if he came from the Black Ship, he was not qualified to say something like that.

What in the world made him so confident to say those words?

"Shut up!"

Yan shouted in frustration.

Her yell seemed to hold some power as light suddenly shot out from her and towards the Evil God at shockingly fast speed.

It was the Words Spirit nurtured by Yan!

The Truth of Holy Words was a very special type of Truth of Godly Way.

Only a few people were suited to cultivating it, even in the Source World.

Yan was one of these few people and was even regarded as one of the best in cultivating the Truth of Holy Words.

Upon reaching the consummate level of the Truth of Holy Words, a warrior would then gain the ability to form their own Words Spirits.

These Words Spirits were then nurtured, cared for so that they grew strong.

Yan had been greatly favored by the Snake Goddess on Pear Hill. When Fuxi arrived, she managed to gain the guidance of two able masters and strengthened her Words Spirit to an unimaginable level.

Despite this, however, Yan did not use it that often.

Powerful Words Spirits could kill people with a single word from their masters.

The more powerful ones were even said to make words come true, words that had the ability to change the course of destiny.

This sudden move from Yan caught the Evil God by surprise. As soon as she said "shut up," the Words Spirit came at him and sewed his lips shut.

"You are a mere secondary creature from my brother's inner world and that's all you will ever be. Do you really think those people from the Black Ship can make you invincible? The world isn't anything that a secondary creature like you could ever imagine..."

Yan lashed out this bitter, cruel truth in the Evil God's silence.

She could see him thrash, trying to refute all that she said, but he couldn't, not when her Words Spirit attacked him like that.

He was too proud, too arrogant, and not just to his enemies. He treated even those from the Black Ship like Shera as nothing more than dirt underneath his shoe.

Anyone who dared speak against him was dealt with ruthlessly.

Yan, however, could care less. She mocked him nonstop and the Evil God's face progressively got redder in rage. A killing intent surged from his body as he poised himself for an attack.

However, as soon as the killing intent burst out of him, a demon red light flashed above his head.

There was no way he would be allowed to kill in here. Yan was the chosen one by the giant eye. It measured the Evil God's strength and prevented him from attacking her.

At that moment, the Evil God's body was engulfed with ice-cold fear.

Despite feigning invincibility, the Evil God had weaknesses in his soul, much like everyone else.

As this overwhelming power of fear escalated, his body began to weigh him down and his face contorted in pain.

That said though, he still had a far stronger pain threshold than any normal warrior. Despite being in great pain, he continued to resist this power that had taken over him.

"Step back, Yan," Zen warned, standing in front of his sister protectively.

"I'm not afraid of him," she protested.

Yan wanted to prove to him that she was strong enough to take care of herself.

Meanwhile, the Evil God continued to fight off the power of fear, his face muscles twitching as he did so.

He looked ferociously grotesque as he used the soul force to resist.

This horrifying scene shocked the members of the Separate Abyss race, the Bearing race, and the Divine Farmer race.

They too had suffered a lot after encountering the power of fear released by the Dreaded Eye Demon and knew just how horrible it was.

It didn't physically hurt but the pressure on one's mind was overwhelming.

Even Zen was surprised at how hard the Evil God resisted.

Back when Zen was engulfed with the maximum power of fear emanating from a hundred or so sculptures, he shared the overwhelming pressure with the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, the Pear Hill, and others. Even so, it proved to be extremely difficult even with the use of the Flow Swordsmanship.

Only a dozen sculptures were activated this time but it should be noted that the Evil God was taking it all by himself. This proved the incredible strength of his soul force.

Zen was definitely not going to let him do whatever he wanted outside the Chaotic Source World.

In fact, he was even more determined to put him right back into his inner world where he belonged.

They weren't the only ones astonished by this display of resilience. Even the giant eye on top of the cave was shocked. "Interesting! Interesting... Here comes another incredible talent, someone who can resist my power of fear!"

"Resist your power of fear?" the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits asked. "If you can't subdue him then wouldn't that mean trouble for us?"

For the past ten years, the Chaotic Source Spirits had been growing in power by devouring each other, as intended by the mother.

However, they all relied on the giant eye.

If it turned out that not even the giant eye could suppress the Evil God, then that was definitely going to be bad for them, which made the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits quite concerned.

"Humph!" the giant eye snorted in disdain through consciousness as the red light shone brighter.

More and more sculptures were activated, releasing waves upon waves of power of fear. All of it was directed at the Evil God, and even the people who were very close to the Evil God were not affected at all.

Chapter 3408 Break The Main Peak

Boom!

The force of fear swept like tidal waves over the Evil God.

As the Evil God struggled, bombarded by the full force of fear, his face twisted with pain and terror.

The force of fear was a special form of soul attack. Even the strongest souls had flawed hearts, and the force inevitably found the flaw and used it to release all the fear in their hearts.

Despite the rapid increase in the force of fear that attacked him, the Evil God managed to hold on for several seconds before he collapsed onto the ground.

The relationship between the races in the cave was a little complicated, but they all had one thing in common. Everyone hated the Evil God to the core.

Thus, the sight of the Evil God falling to the ground should have made them clap their hands and cheer. On the contrary, however, everyone was silent. Some looked solemn, while others wore expressions of deep wariness.

The Evil God had a powerful soul, but he couldn't resist the force of fear. How could they reach the upper part of the main peak?

After a while, the red light vanished.

Being punished by the force of fear, the Evil God finally calmed down after managing to stand up.

He said nothing, but his face was etched with grimness. He looked around him with eyes filled with suspicion and doubt.

The Evil God had seldom been beaten since he entered the Source World. He did not know who had employed the force of fear, but he vowed that he would find out and take his revenge.

"The force of fear is so strong. We are no match for whoever employed it. How can we continue to climb up?" someone asked in a worried tone.

Mount replied, "Even if we manage to climb up, we will find it difficult to defeat those Chaotic Source Spirits if we are suppressed by the force of fear."

The main peak was very dangerous to climb, even without taking any other factors into considerations. They also had the Chaotic Source Spirits to contend with. After these spirits swallowed each other, their strength increased significantly, and they posed a huge risk for anyone who dared to climb the main peak.

"We can't return empty-handed," someone said gloomily.

Everyone fell silent, wondering what would be the best course of action.

Yan had said that if they missed this opportunity, it would be impossible for any of them to reach the Chaotic Source Realm in the future.

No one was willing to turn back at this point without anything to show for it.

As they discussed the matter, they were interrupted by a sharp, cracking sound.

They looked up. The sound was coming from the top of the cave.

The sculptures on the roof of the cave seemed to have gotten loose, and cracks had appeared on the surface. Three staircases extended down from where the cracks had appeared.

The base of one of the staircases was right next to the huddled disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. Zen quickly went to the staircase and took a few steps up. He peered towards the top of the staircase, trying to see what lay ahead.

But it was dark and shadowed. No one could see what was there.

Like Zen, everyone else was craning their necks, trying to get a look at the top of the stairs. However, no one but Zen had dared to place a foot on the steps. They weren't willing to risk facing whatever was up there.

While they could only see darkness, they correctly sensed that some great danger lay in wait.

Everyone present was well-versed in the nature and tactics of fighting. While they didn't know what exactly the Chaotic Source Spirits were thinking, they could just imagine what they would suffer if they rashly marched up unprepared for what they were about to face.

The Evil God immediately knew what everyone was thinking. He stood still, looking around with a mocking smile. He said to everyone through his life vitality, "Like the rest of you, I don't know what's up there, but since they have invited us, it won't be difficult to find out."

Zen, Mya, Khalid, Hamzah and the others frowned. Mya stepped towards the Evil God and said in a low voice, "How can you say that after you were tortured by the force of fear?"

Mya and the rest of them knew how to fight visible enemies. They could defeat them effortlessly.

After all, they all had powerful Other Shore Tokens. Even if they encountered stronger masters at the Other Shore Realm, they still had a fair chance to win any battle.

For example, the Evil God was powerful, but when the four members of the Separate Abyss race fought him together, he succumbed under their combined strength. This was the magic of the Other Shore Tokens. If their abilities were combined perfectly, the power released would be increased tenfold or even a hundredfold.

But the top of the main peak held an enemy whose power was completely unfamiliar to them. The one attack they were sure to face, the force of fear, was something they couldn't resist. They were certain that if they went up right now, they would just end up getting killed.

"If you think it's too dangerous to go up from here, maybe we can go up on the outside," the Evil God suggested.

Most of the warriors here were more used to following orders than thinking outside the box. They wanted to break through inside the main peak.

In fact, there was another way up. They could fly to the top of the main peak outside.

At the Evil God's suggestion, many began nodding in agreement.

"The hurricane outside is very strong," Mya objected.

The Evil God glanced at Mya and asked, "Haven't you ever dug holes in the ground?"

Many creatures present had dug holes all the way from the edge of the Chaotic Source World, so they naturally understood what the Evil God was trying to say.

"Let's get out of here," Khalid proposed.

This time, even more people nodded vigorously. The Evil God's plan was better than the alternative. They were prepared to do as they were told.

In order to get the Chaotic Source Spirits, all of them had formed a temporary, tenuous alliance with each other, forming one large and unified group.

The Evil God laughed. "But there is another way! It is more simple, and it is the one I prefer."

Everyone, including Zen, stared at the Evil God in puzzlement and exasperation. They wondered what trick he was playing now.

"The main peak is very long and narrow in diameter. It's high, but not very bulky, so if we work together, we might be able to break it. What do you think?" the Evil God asked slyly.

Everyone began speaking at once, looking surprised at the Evil God's solution. "Break the main peak?"

"What a bold idea! Do the people of the Pear Hill agree?"

"As they said, this is the last time the Chaotic Source World opens, and there will be no Chaotic Source Spirits in the future. Who cares if we break the main peak?"

They quickly grasped that getting to the top from the outside was only a slightly better choice than just going up the stairs. In either case, they would still be passively entering an unknown situation.

It was definitely a much better choice to break the main peak directly.

Everyone turned to look questioningly at the people of the Pear Hill. Before Yan could speak, Natalie said with a shrug, "Our masters didn't tell us specifically what to do. They let us play it by ear."

Hamzah said, "In that case, we can do as he said. But... I wonder if there is a hurricane outside now?"

He thought breaking the main peak was an excellent plan, but he worried that everyone would just be swept away by the hurricane if they did that.

"Some of my clansmen keep watch outside," said a nonhuman creature covered in something green. "The hurricane will stop at any moment."

Seeing that everyone was eager for action, the Evil God smirked. "Then let's get started. Remember, we only have one chance to do this right."

The Evil God and the others had all been conversing through their life vitality, so the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits and the giant eye at the top couldn't hear them.

The giant eye was narrowed in doubt. Through its consciousness, it said, "What are they waiting for? Why don't they go up the stairs?"

"They are cowards," said the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits contemptuously. Firmly she added, "But they won't give up this opportunity."

At that moment, the pupil of the giant eye suddenly shrank.

"Oh no!"

The scarlet force of fear spiraled in the pupil. However, before it could be released, a violent roar came from below.

The crowd eager to get to the top was comprised of a powerful and diverse group of warriors. Their combined power could not be underestimated.

Most of them could control a level of strength up to one thousand divine megatons. Some could easily control an even greater level of strength, especially those from the Separate Abyss race. By virtue of their perfect bodies, even if they did not reach the Chaotic Source Realm, the strength they exerted was comparable to that of the said realm.

A rumbling sound echoed as the main peak trembled.

A second later, the middle part of the main peak suddenly shook violently, as though it was being torn by an earthquake.

Chapter 3409 Joining Hands For The Moment

In the middle of the ring-shaped mountain range, some creatures had gathered in the arrays surrounding the main peak.

Not wanting to risk their lives, they didn't dare step outside of the arrays.

At least within the arrays, they could seek some shelter from the terrible hurricane.

Rumble!

Suddenly, the center of the main peak exploded in a cloud of smoke and dust.

The creatures huddled in the arrays widened their eyes in shock.

"What happened in the main peak?"

"Such strength!"

"It cracks! It cracks! The main peak is about to collapse!"

When the dust cleared, they saw a huge crack in the middle of the main peak, and it was growing rapidly.

The entire ring-shaped mountain range quaked as the cracks crawled towards its edges.

The main peak, which was up to a million feet high, slowly began to tilt to one side. The tip of the peak suddenly broke off, crashing into the east side of the ring-shaped mountain range, destroying that as well.

The creatures who were gathered in the arrays stood motionless before the scene that was unfolding, dumbfounded.

Only the other half of the main peak was left, rendering the once towering mountain now an almost flattened plain!

Naturally, the bystanders were stunned.

The Chaotic Source Spirits lurking in the upper part of the main peak began to stir as they sensed this change.

While they didn't know what was going on exactly, they couldn't calm down until the mother comforted them.

"Is this your plan?" the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits asked pointedly.

The giant eye floating inside the main peak began to emanate a depressed aura. It had just wanted the foolish young talents to take the bait. It had never expected that the creatures would not climb up the stairs-- instead, they had sliced off the main peak!

"Don't panic! They have to come inside if they want to take the Chaotic Source Spirits!" The giant eye reassured the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits through its consciousness.

After the collapse of the main peak, the force of fear that restrained people also disappeared.

All the races grew even more cautious. Besides, they couldn't lower their guard against the Evil God.

Zen stood in front of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and the members of the Snake Goddess race. In his inner world, the Eye of Will, the Strength God Totem and that Civilization Artifact quietly floated.

On the other hand, Khalid, Mount and Mya didn't plan to take any action.

Killing the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace was important to them, but getting enough Chaotic Source Spirits for the Chaotic Source Reinforcement was more important at the moment.

Nobody knew what was lurking in the main peak. But they knew that they needed to join forces with everyone in order to defeat it first.

Everyone seemed to be lost in their own thoughts, trying to figure out what to do next.

On the contrary, the Evil God was the calmest. With a mischievous smile creeping around his lips, he broke the ice. "The main peak has collapsed now. What are you so worried about?"

Hearing this, the others looked at him, speechless.

Hamzah from the Separate Abyss race mocked bitterly in his heart. 'He's talking nonsense. He's the biggest threat to us now.'

All the others silently shared the sentiments. They were afraid this lunatic would stab them in the back.

"Let's go, Zen," Yan suddenly said, as she shot the Evil God a cold glance. She had always hated that guy.

Compared to the others, Yan was not that afraid of the Evil God.

Zen nodded and gestured to the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace, telling them to fly down from the top of the broken mountain.

As the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill took the lead, members of other small forces also followed closely behind. Then the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race and the Separate Abyss race followed on their heels.

The last few races picked up the pace. No one was willing to stay with the Evil God.

The Evil God kept sitting there, unmoving.

However, the Chaotic Source Reinforcement also mattered to him. He might've been insane, but he was no idiot.

It wouldn't be late for him to deal with them after he obtained enough Chaotic Source Spirits...

As soon as the main peak fell, the races who had taken shelter in the arrays slowly started coming out, one after the other. Since the Chaotic Source Spirits were hidden in the main peak, now was their chance to find some.

Arriving at the foot of the main peak, Zen announced, "We won't go in. We can attack it from the outside."

As he spoke, his eyes narrowed slightly. Activating the Authentic Visual World of the Eye of Will, he saw all the flaws on the main peak, as clear as day.

"Whoosh!"

Waving the Snow Sword lightly, he shot out a sword radiance to chop at the main peak's flaws.

"Crack..."

Suddenly, a large crack ripped through a corner of the main peak, shattering boulders as it went.

However, the main peak was extremely huge. Although there were many flaws, they were not concentrated to one area; even if Zen could see and cut the flaws, it'd take him an eternity before he destroyed them all.

Yan pressed her hands together, seemingly in prayer. Then, the blood-red shadow of the Snake Goddess appeared behind her.

The hands of the shadow of Snake Goddess stretched out, sending out countless streaks of pure red energy. Every time a streak of energy whipped downwards, it'd destroy multitudes of rocks in the peak.

'Yan isn't relying on any Other Shore Token, ' Zen pondered in awe. 'Instead, she summoned the shadow of the Snake Goddess, which could burst out over a thousand divine megatons of force!' He nodded in approval.

Yan had grown stronger than he expected in the Pear Hill.

Zen suspected that she might have fused with a good Other Shore Token. That was why she had no intention of giving in when facing the Evil God.

Meanwhile, the members of the Snake Goddess race launched themselves into the air and activated their Other Shore Tokens, casting terrifying energy on the main peak one after another.

Behind them, many races like the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, the Divine Farmer race, the Separate Abyss race and the Celestial Wolf race also joined in the attack.

In order to obtain the Chaotic Source Spirits, they had all unanimously decided to cast aside their differences.

That giant eye in the main peak was distressed by this scene.

"Didn't you say they would come in anyway?" the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits complained.

"Let the Chaotic Source Spirits fight against them for a bit," the giant eye advised.

"I've already sent them there. Although we can hold them off for a while, we will eventually be exhausted..." the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirit said dejectedly.

The half peak that had fallen to the ground was like a dead giant, suffering the attacks of the crowd.

Each stream of energy ruthlessly ripped open a piece of flesh of the giant.

However, as the Chaotic Source Spirits cruised inside the body of the peak, suddenly the entire main peak solidified into a smooth, shiny surface with no imperfections-- not even a hairline crack.

"It's the Chaotic Source Spirits!"

"They are in the rocks!"

"Dig them out!"

People cried out excitedly. They had all dug out several Chaotic Source Spirits before, so this was like a beacon of hope to them. Together, they attacked the rocks more fiercely.

Bang!

Bang! Bang!

Splash!

With so many people joining hands, an extremely terrifying amount of force was unleashed onto the peak.

Having been attacked mercilessly, the Chaotic Source Spirits lurking in the mountain quickly fell into a state of exhaustion. The originally solid mountain body began to buckle and crack again.

Yan was the quickest of them to notice. The moment she discovered a crack, she channeled the red threads of energy from the arms of the shadow of Snake Goddess to get into the crack. With a flick of her wrist, she pulled out more than a hundred Chaotic Source Spirits!

Chapter 3410 The Mother Emerged

At that moment, the various races broke into gasps when they saw the Chaotic Source Spirits.

After all, they had roamed across the Chaotic Source World for a really long time, but harvested very little. There were some lucky ones who were able to get dozens of Chaotic Source Spirits, but the others got nothing.

To their surprise, Yan actually drew out a hundred Chaotic Source Spirits. Of course, it made everyone excited!

"Everyone, come on!"

"As long as the mountain wall is broken, we can dig out Chaotic Source Spirits!"

"Bang!"

Generally speaking, the Chaotic Source Spirits reinforced anything they had been integrated with to a great extent.

If they were continuously battered, however, they quickly became exhausted.

It was known that there was a large amount of the Chaotic Source Spirits in the mountain.

"Crack..."

Just then, a new crack appeared on the mountain wall.

This time, Mya, the genius of the Divine Farmer race was quick to act. In a blink of an eye, her long curly hair extended up into the crack and with a slight twist, her hair had killed the Chaotic Source Spirits hiding inside the crack. After they were stripped of their blood and flesh, her hair had pulled out dozens of amber crystals.

"Sure enough!"

"All the Chaotic Source Spirits are in there!"

"Everybody, charge up!"

Even the warriors who hesitated to move couldn't sit still anymore.

They all descended and stood on the mountain wall of the main peak, then smashed and punched the wall like mad.

All they needed was for the Chaotic Source Spirits inside the mountain to get tired, then the warriors simply had to reach through the cracks and pull the Chaotic Source Spirits out. After the warriors killed them, they stripped the amber colored crystals from their bodies and put the crystals into their space rings.

The Chaotic Source Spirits were a kind of living beings, and they also referred to the crystals in their bodies.

"How savage are these warriors…" Zen said and shook his head. Then again, Yan's method, which consisted of inserting her energy threads in the crack then instantly evaporating the blood, flesh, and bones of the Chaotic Source Spirits was no different.

Her method of killing them was also bloody.

There was nothing the Chaotic Source Spirits could do to ease their tragic fate.

The warriors outside the mountain continued to dig happily, while the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits and the huge eye who were hiding inside were in deep agony.

"These damn creatures! They have gone too far this year..." Resentment filled the black eyes of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Trapped in the Chaotic Source World, the Chaotic Source Spirits were like meat on the chopping block.

Meanwhile, such a way of cultivation was like a game and also a trial for the geniuses of the super forces.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, however, had been trying her best to save the creatures of her own race since she had gained wisdom. She summoned a considerable number of the Chaotic Source Spirits and gathered them all together at the main peak. If anyone dared to enter the main peak, they absolutely fought back.

Her efforts did work. Now, almost no one dared to enter the main peak. In addition, she only needed to sacrifice more than half of the Chaotic Source Spirits every ten years to keep the rest safe.

The giant eye came up with such a trick this time, but it was not helpful at all. What was worse was that the whole main peak was destroyed, which was the last thing she wanted to see.

The huge eye stared at what happened outside in silence.

"If this goes on, we will lose more of our Chaotic Source Spirits, and we will only be weaker and weaker! What should we do?" the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits cried out and urged for a solution.

"We have no choice but to fight our way out..." said the huge eye through its consciousness. As it spoke, a sharp light flashed deep inside of its eyeball.

The descent of the huge eye was such a well-kept secret that even the people of the Pear Hill hadn't noticed it.

Although the Pear Hill was in charge of the operation of the Chaotic Source World, they rarely entered the core area. If the two of them rushed out, their plan would probably be ruined.

At the same time, they would be beaten passively if they stayed hidden inside.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits had long harbored a grudge against the creatures outside. When she heard what the huge eye had said, she immediately gave an order.

Outside the main peak, the members of different races and disciples of various forces continued to plunder the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Later on, some of the warriors who were wandering in the periphery of the Chaotic Source World also joined them when they arrived.

At that point, the dark smog in the sky surged again. It meant that the hurricane was about to come.

"Hurricane is coming!"

someone shouted.

The creatures who were gathered at the top of the main peak heard the warning, and quickly retreated.

Some hid in arrays, and some had dug holes in the ground and hid inside, waiting for the hurricane to pass.

Outside the Chaotic Source World, the leaders didn't know whether to cry or laugh when they saw the scene.

They actually didn't know what happened at first. They thought it was strange that no one went to the arrays to receive Chaotic Source Reinforcement. When they finally saw them retreat from the four mountain peaks, they immediately understood what was going on.

They never expected that all the warriors would break the main peak with joint forces.

Fortunately, the various races didn't lose many of their key figures. The current situation was just fine as they looked at it.

As soon as the hurricane stopped, the warriors hiding in the holes flew up again and continued to attack the mountain wall.

A member of the Separate Abyss race stepped directly on the mountain wall. There was a layer of extremely sharp cyan light floating in his hands. He pounded the wall with his fists several times, until the part of the wall he was hitting exploded.

This one warrior cheered in delight, then enthusiastically buried his hands in the hole to take the Chaotic Source Spirits inside.

When he put his hands in, however, he saw two red eyes glow in the crack. The eagerness in his face was gone.

He immediately kicked hard against the wall with his strong legs to try to distance himself from the mountain wall, but it was too late.

"Aoo!"

A bright red thing emerged from the mountain wall. It was biting hard at the warrior of the Separate Abyss race, until it chomped on his head. The warrior twisted his strong body a few times in an attempt to escape, but he suddenly went limp. He eventually stopped moving.

The warrior had a large build, so the Chaotic Source Spirit couldn't swallow him at once completely.

Things were even worse on the other side of the mountain wall. Two warriors from the Divine Farmer race were also digging for Chaotic Source Spirits until they saw the glowing red eyes inside. Before they could react, a large bloody mouth swallowed their whole bodies.

In the blink of an eye, every race had lost several members who were devoured by the large bloody mouths.

"Retreat!"

"The Chaotic Source Spirits are coming out!"

"I told you not to approach the mountain wall!"

Most people were still very cautious. Zen, Yan, Dorothy, and some others kept a distance from the mountain wall while they smashed it. When the Chaotic Source Spirits emerged from the mountain wall, they lightly lifted their bodies and instantly distanced themselves from them.

"They finally came out," Zen said.

He had warned the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Pear Hill, and the Ear Mice not to get too close through chaotic energy.

If too many Chaotic Source Spirits were lost, the rest of them would definitely rush out and fight for their lives.

Now, his prediction was right. Therefore, none of the members of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Pear Hill, or even the Ear Mice got injured.

"Crack..."

"Crack..."

On the mountain wall, the large-sized Chaotic Source Spirits finally got out of the cracks. In addition to their size, they also exuded a malicious aura.

Yet, they didn't attack immediately. They remained attached to the mountain wall and just leered at the creatures above them with hatred.

"Crack!"

Suddenly, a bigger crack ruptured and split the top of the main peak in half. It immediately caught the attention of all the creatures around.

The moment the broken mountain top fell, a huge eyeball emerged, and beside it was an enormous Chaotic Source Spirit that measured ten thousand feet high.

Everyone's eyes were transfixed on the huge Chaotic Source Spirit. At the same time, they all thought of the same thing: It must be the mother of all the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Chapter 3411 A Bloody Eye

Everyone was on their guard; they were wary not only of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, but also of the huge eye.

As they had felt the force of fear in the cave that contained many sculptures before, they assumed that it would be waiting for them in the main peak.

They had been well-prepared and already known what to expect, but they were still dumbfounded when the huge eye came into their view.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Every creature from all of the races retreated at the sight that greeted them.

The warriors that had hidden in the arrays before had been disheartened at their own weakness. The moment they saw the mother of Chaotic Source Spirits, they immediately fled for their lives.

They turned back to the direction they came from and flew directly towards the nearest magic arrays.

"Now that you have forced us out, you can't turn your backs on us!"

A flash of red light came from the huge eye, and suddenly, a circle of blood lines radiated out from it at an incredible speed.

When everyone felt the blood lines sweep over their skin, their hearts skipped a beat.

The blood lines had already spread out over an area with a radius of a hundred thousand feet in the time it took them to blink.

The magic array closest to them was right outside the perimeter of the blood lines. A few individuals braced themselves and rushed towards the magic array.

This particular array was set up by several powerful masters. They believed that as long as they hid within it, it would protect them.

But even a slight contact of their fingers with the blood lines sent a sensation similar to an electric shock through their bodies.

They felt the force of fear spike within their hearts, triggering their psychological flaws. Those with weak constitutions lost their minds; some cried out helplessly in an attempt to vent their emotions. In the end, they had no choice but to leave the blood lines.

When Zen's group saw the blood lines, their eyes narrowed.

They realized that the huge eye had limited everyone's movement, and essentially trapped all of them.

It was obvious that the Chaotic Source Spirits and the giant eye were very complacent regarding their own strength, and they had no doubt that they would be able to kill everyone.

After the main peak had collapsed, the Evil God had been wandering around as if he didn't have a care in the world.

When the huge eye and the mother of Chaotic Source Spirits showed up, his interest was piqued greatly.

The problem was, he was far away from them. The blood lines had not been able to reach his location, so he approached the very edge of the blood lines' territory.

"The giant eye's force of fear is extremely terrifying, but it won't last long." The Evil God fixed his gaze on the blood lines below him; he strode towards them with something like excitement and curiosity mixed together.

The moment he came in contact with the blood lines, the force of fear shot straight into his heart.

His face scrunched into a frown and his eyes flashed with an unusual color. He braced himself against the force of fear and endured its attacks. He walked over them with a sense of realization.

"It's just as I expected." The Evil God raised the corners of his mouth slightly, with a look as if he had everything in full control. "The stronger the Other Shore Tokens are, the weaker their own strength is. You are too confident in your power."

The Evil God was not one to be easily fazed. He had wanted to make his move back in the cave of the main peak, but he was hindered by the force of fear.

It was from that moment that he became determined to find out whatever being was controlling the force of fear.

After the main peak was cut off and the huge eye forcibly materialized, the Evil God was determined to not let it go.

He knew his analysis and evaluation were correct.

Some Other Shore Tokens provided people with abilities they didn't previously have, and some of them were extraordinary. As an example, the mysterious type of Other Shore Tokens provided abilities that their opponents couldn't guard against. Some, like the Eye of Will and the Heart of Accomplice, had extraordinary abilities, but their Other Shore Power was actually extremely weak.

The huge eye had the ability of the Malicious Stare. It was terrifying, but it clearly was not powerful.

When the warriors outside of the Chaotic Source World saw that their clansmen were trapped, they were in an uproar.

"Why did an Eye of Will appear in the Chaotic Source World?"

"Pear Hill, please give us an explanation!"

"Open the Chaotic Source World and let us go inside!"

The younger generation were more reckless than the leaders of the super forces, their lack of experience lending them a false bravado.

It was extremely rare for the Dreaded Eye Demons to be seen on the Other Shore, but it wasn't a mystery where they came from. After all, they used to be one of the ruling civilizations.

At that moment, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits had rushed out of the mountain, together with the Eye of Will. The younger generation couldn't resist them, no matter how powerful they were.

Athemar's and Winchell's expressions had become grim.

The Pear Hill was the one in charge of monitoring the Chaotic Source World. Was the Pear Hill aware of what was happening? If they were, why did they permit them to go inside?

More importantly, Other Shore Tokens only existed in the Source World when they were carried by creatures in their inner worlds. The only exception had been the Chaotic Source Spirits with a special form.

So, how did the huge eye appear in the Source World like the Chaotic Source Spirits? This had defied all notions of common sense.

Elizabeth spread her wings majestically and launched towards the gate leading to the Chaotic Source World.

A tongue of flame curled upwards and released a scorching aura. Coldly, Elizabeth said, "Let me through."

The Divine Lair had a huge loss in the recent events, so Elizabeth wanted to make sure that her other clansmen had a chance to obtain the Chaotic Source Spirits.

The women of the Pear Hill who had been guarding the gate leered at Elizabeth coldly. One of them told her, "Aside from the young warriors who have been given tickets, we cannot allow anyone else to enter the Chaotic Source World."

Elizabeth frowned unhappily and answered back, "Something unexpected has happened inside. If we do not intervene, all of them will die!"

"This is not the first time that a large number of young people die in there; it often happens through the ages," the woman replied. "Our Pear Hill did not establish these rules alone. Emperor Charm of your race also contributed to it. If you try to get past us by force, don't blame us if we use force to restrain you!"

"You..." Elizabeth gave the woman her fiercest glare, but she wasn't able to retort.

Although she thought that the guards weren't seriously threatening, it would really be troublesome for her if she attacked the people from Pear Hill in the Icy Snow Province. She had no choice but to give up.

The other leaders of the super forces weren't able to do anything either. They could only place their best hopes on their clansmen, praying that they could survive their encounter with the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits and complete the Chaotic Source Reinforcement.

On the top of the snowy mountain, Fuxi was settled on the snow, giving no mind to the interior of the Chaotic Source World.

He gazed far into the distance, skimming over the Chaotic Source World, and stopped at the boundary of the Icy Snow Province.

A thin space crack was slowly enlarging there.

Several sharp claws insidiously extended from inside the space crack. A small bloody eye was on top of them.

The creature inside the space crack was very good at hiding itself. Even if the space had been torn apart, its aura was undetectable, as if it could perfectly merge with the space.

"Such a hiding theurgy is truly extraordinary. If I hadn't used the Eight Diagrams disk for calculation, I wouldn't have detected this," Fuxi muttered silently. "Let me see what your intentions are."

The Pear Hill had not been able to see the changes within the Chaotic Source World in the beginning.

It was not until what had happened in the Chaotic Source Sea that Fuxi had used the Eight Diagrams disk for his calculations and found out the truth. He had also incidentally discovered the Eye of Will in the main peak of the Chaotic Source World.

The Eye of Will was an Other Shore Token, and as such, people of the Pear Hill knew that it should not have existed in the Source World without a carrier.

If it was true that the Other Shore Tokens could exist in the chaos without carriers, it would mean trouble for the entire Source World. It seemed that the situation in the chaos was about to change phenomenally.

Chapter 3412 Cyan Silk Cloth

After the giant eye released blood lines that enveloped everyone who was present, it released a message through its consciousness.

"Why don't you take action?" the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits roared angrily after receiving the message.

Meanwhile, the other huge Chaotic Source Spirits that had been staying on the main peak leapt up and flew towards all the warriors.

Although many races had temporarily allied themselves with other races, no one wanted to sacrifice themselves. That was why they all retreated to the edge of the blood lines.

The only thing was that the area that the blood lines covered had the radius of only a hundred thousand feet. With the Chaotic Source Spirits moving at such a high speed, they could surely arrive in just a blink of an eye!

At that point, Hamzah shouted, "The members of the Separate Abyss race! Listen to me!"

He knew that things wouldn't end well for them if they retreated constantly. Right now, what they could do was to fight those powerful Chaotic Source Spirits to the end.

Under Hamzah's command, all the members of the Separate Abyss race took out their Other Shore Tokens and pulled out their weapons. The Chaotic Source Spirits were flying fast, and they would come any minute now.

"Buzz!"

Two Separate Abyss men pulled out their huge hammers. One of them jumped up while the other lay prone on the ground.

Two strange cones floated above their heads. The cones were a pair that were used together. Once the two Separate Abyss men carried the cones simultaneously and cooperated with each other, the cones increased the Other Shore Power they released by multiple times.

"Swoosh! Swoosh!"

Both sides were formidable opponents. The blood red Chaotic Source Spirit in front of them had a very large size, while the two members of the Separate Abyss race were also tall and strong.

The two big hammers launched an attack together and unleashed an unimaginable amount of power!

Just as the two men from the Separate Abyss race were about to hit the Chaotic Source Spirit, a red light from somewhere not too far away shot towards them and hit their heads.

"Buzz..."

At that moment, the two men began feel afraid. Their faces paled and their hearts pounded erratically in their chests.

"Quack!"

As the two of them were trapped by the power of fear, the Chaotic Source Spirit opened its bloody mouth wide.

"Crack! Crack!"

It all happened so fast that there was only a mere snapping sound, and the heads of the two men were gone.

"No!" Hamzah screamed.

He quickly ran towards them to help his companions, but it was obviously too late for him to do that now.

In a fit of rage, he activated his power. His skin turned red, as if numerous parasites had bitten him. Then, he poured his majestic power into the body of the Chaotic Source Spirit.

"Bang!"

The Chaotic Source Spirit took Hamzah's heavy blow. It was immediately smashed into the ground and left a crater with a diameter of over three hundred feet in its wake.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits had cultivated all those Chaotic Source Spirits. Generally speaking, they were formed after the Chaotic Source Spirits devoured each other. Naturally, the Chaotic Source Spirits that were eaten supported the bodies of their hosts. It was the reason that the Chaotic Source Spirit was unharmed despite Hamzah's fatal attack!

Such a thing didn't just happen to Hamzah.

The members of the Sun Crow race, the Bearing race, and the Celestial Wolf race also encountered the same situation.

Since numerous members from many races were gathered together, they could possibly resist one or two Chaotic Source Spirits.

Yet every time they fought, there would always be a few rays of red light that would flash at them.

It was safe to say that to be affected by such a strong power of fear in times of crisis proved to be fatal.

Many members from various bigger races had lost their lives in an instant.

Even though it was hard to guard oneself against the power of fear, there was still a way to deal with it.

"Ding, ding, ding..."

Milo, who was wrapped in a coir raincoat and carried an invisible long sword in his hand, flew around a Chaotic Source Spirit. He looked like a graceful butterfly.

His long sword turned into the dense sword rain and poured onto the Chaotic Source Spirit's body.

In order to kill the Chaotic Source Spirit, one had to let it bear excessive power and exhaust it until it was extremely fatigued.

So, Milo did that just to consume the Chaotic Source Spirit's strength. "Watch out, Milo!" one of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace shouted.

At that exact same moment, a ray of red light was shot towards Milo.

The Chaotic Source Spirit that Milo had been attacking bared its fangs when it saw the red light. It intended to swallow Milo as soon as his mind wasn't functioning well.

As the red light was about to hit Milo, his eyes got glassy and dull, and he lost his consciousness completely.

In this state, the power of fear clearly couldn't affect him at all.

Losing one's consciousness was equivalent to surrendering their life to their opponent.

When Milo's consciousness disappeared, however, he became more agile. He easily avoided all of the Chaotic Source Spirit's attacks and at the same time, he launched an even fiercer assault against the Chaotic Source Spirit again.

Like Milo, Chaim was able to avoid the power of fear as well.

It had been a long time since he had last used the Living Puppet Chains. Now, it was time to let the Living Puppet Chains pierce his body once more.

Naturally, Chaim became just like a puppet. It meant that even though he was hit by the power of fear, it wouldn't cause that much damage to him.

The power of fear that the huge eye released was limited. Without the arrangements that were made in the main peak, its ability would be far weaker.

Some members of other races had come up with the effective methods after they suffered losses.

More than ten warriors had died in the beginning, but after they employed such methods, no one was killed since then. All the races did their best to fight with the blood red Chaotic Source Spirits.

"Cluck..."

Eventually, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits began to get restless.

She had painstakingly cultivated the Chaotic Source Spirits for a long time. They might be able to hold on for a bit more for now, but they would be defeated sooner or later.

"Bang!"

Suddenly, the mother stepped on the main peak, and then her tall and looming figure jumped upwards.

Her huge body flew in the air like a large mountain, and then shot towards the members of the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Chaim, Milo! Dodge!" Dorothy warned, her face drained of color at the surprise attack.

The members from different races were trapped in a radius of a hundred thousand feet, and the mother of Chaotic Source Spirits was about ten thousand feet tall.

Due to her massive size, she only leapt for a short distance to cover a large area.

Despite Milo and Chaim not being under control, they still fought and maintained their presence of mind. Thus, they were able to dodge on instinct and escaped along the wind when danger came.

"Bang!"

As a result, the mother fell down and left a crater that was one thousand feet wide.

Nevertheless, the huge, ten thousand-foot-tall mother kept moving and attacking within the limited area. Everyone began to feel anxious and stressed.

The warriors who were in fierce battles with the other Chaotic Source Spirits ran away when the attacks were near.

Still, the power of fear descended from time to time and trapped two or three men. Those unlucky warriors were either eaten or crushed by the mother.

Some members of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Snake Goddess race, the Ear Mouse race, the Bearing race, and even the Sun Crow race got attacked as well. Within less than thirty seconds, about thirty warriors had died.

On the other hand, the giant eye was still floating in the sky. It kept on accumulating the red light and releasing it from its pupil.

If the huge eye continued its strikes at such a speed, then it and the mother would be able to kill everyone without much effort.

Of course, they would not kill those most important people.

Just then, the giant eye suddenly sensed two puffs of aura that came from behind it.

With a slight roll, its pupil had moved to the back and was greeted with the sight of Zen and Yan.

"How dare you attack me?!" the giant eye shrieked. It began to release its power of fear, but then a cyan silk cloth appeared in Yan's hand.

The silk cloth looked very exquisite, and had strange patterns on its surface.

As soon as the huge eye released the red light, Yan lightly shook the silk cloth.

The cloth deftly wiped away the power of fear that was shot towards them.

The members of the Pear Hill were already aware of the Dreaded Eye Demon's existence before, so they naturally gave the countermeasure to Yan. It was just that it was not appropriate for her to show this item before, so she only brought it out now.

Chapter 3413 The Braveness Rain

The giant eye's pupil shrank in horror upon seeing the cyan light from the silk cloth.

"Buzz!"

The blood red force of fear formed a helix, shooting toward Zen and Yan.

Such force of fear was enough to push ordinary Souls of Light into endless fear until they died in the throes of madness.

Yan, however, showed no fear. She gently waved the cyan silk cloth, which promptly extended up to ten feet in the wind.

As the silk cloth unfurled, it began to spin in front of Yan, forming circles of cyan light.

Splash!

The force of fear came into contact with the cyan light. But it evaporated instantly, like snowflakes in the blazing sun.

"The force of fear is indeed strong in some aspects. No matter how strong a man's will is, after all, there would always be something that they are afraid of. However, attacks like that are easy enough to shatter," Yan said calmly.

Some evil and sinister methods were very horrible. But these methods were difficult to use, not because they were not of the right origin.

In such a big world, there were always so many people who wanted to be stronger.

However, those who resorted to vicious means, though powerful, had their limits. To become truly strong warriors, people must find the right way forward.

"Braveness Rain!"

Yan shouted. The cyan light emanating from the silk cloth transformed into cyan raindrops which poured down from the sky, heading straight for the giant eye.

At the sight of the cyan raindrops, the giant eye released panic consciousness again.

Its two abilities, however, wouldn't work this time.

One of them was the Authentic Visual World, which was an auxiliary ability to help it distinguish the enemy's weakness more clearly and see through the illusions of magic arrays. But this ability couldn't help it block the enemy's attacks directly.

The other was the force of fear, which was easily parried by the silk cloth.

This seemingly unremarkable silk cloth was, in fact, a treasure of the Other Shore obtained by the Pear Hill.

True to its name, the silk cloth could summon rain.

There was a rain forest in Stage Twenty-one of the Other Shore, shrouded by cyan rain over the years.

Once the Souls of Light entered the rain forest and the cyan rain touched them, the fear in their hearts would be dispelled.

They would feel a surge of blind confidence and braveness.

Some people would fuse with the cyan rain as an auxiliary Other Shore Token. During critical moments, they would use it to fight against the fear in their hearts so that they would become more valiant.

Yan's silk cloth was made of melted cyan rain.

Zen stood behind the silk cloth, feeling the light of the cyan rain. An irresistible impulse arose in his heart, imbuing him with renewed confidence.

'But this confidence is too unrealistic, '

Zen thought. He circulated the mind method of the Flow Swordsmanship to suppress the effects of the cyan rain.

"Click! Click! Click! Click! Click!"

Although the giant eye flew fast, it couldn't dodge all the tiny water drops. The cyan rain poured over a large area.

Some of the raindrops made contact with the giant eye. Immediately, a sizzling sound could be heard.

The rain could melt the Dreaded Eye Demon!

The giant eye quickly fled in pain.

"Zen, let's go after it!"

Yan touched the center of the silk cloth with her finger and rushed forward swiftly.

Zen also flew up, following suit.

When the main peak was broken, Zen had been at a loss.

He had one Eye of Will, so he knew how powerful the thing was.

But the giant eye at the top of the main peak was more powerful than the Eye of Will he had. If they found no way to expel the force of fear, the giant eye would be an invincible existence for them.

But Yan quietly passed on a message to him, telling him that the Pear Hill had a plan.

Zen felt a warm sense of pride seeing her like this. She was now completely independent.

But because the Chaotic Source Spirits were on the attack, Zen was still worried about her safety and chose to protect her.

Click! Click! Click!

As the silk cloth rolled in the wind, cyan raindrops sprinkled everywhere.

Some fell accidentally on several Ear Mice. In an instant, their cowardly nature dissipated and they began charging at the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Continually eroded by the cyan raindrops, the giant eye, originally as clear as a mirror, was now dim and riddled with pits and holes.

Whoosh!

The giant eye fled to the other side of the main peak in a bid to avoid the raindrops.

Yan stepped lightly on the surface of the main peak. Then she flew down the side like a storm, countless raindrops at her flanks.

But just as she flipped over, a voice suddenly called out.

"What an interesting thing. I'll take it!"

Swish!

A black figure lunged at Yan at a very fast speed.

Yan didn't expect there was a man hiding at the side of the main peak. Her face darkened as she drew the silk cloth closer to her. "Shield!" she spat out.

An invisible light curtain covered her in a flash.

With her current theurgy, Yan could now launch an attack by merely speaking.

One word was enough to protect herself.

It wouldn't be easy for talents at the same level to break the light curtain.

But the black figure was much stronger than Yan's expectations. He reached out a hand emitting countless colors. Then a white light burst out. The light curtain broke, as if it was as fragile as glass.

"You!"

Yan then recognized the man. It was none other than the Evil God.

The Evil God looked at her with a wicked smile.

The force of fear was the biggest obstacle in his way. If the giant eye restrained him, he would find no way to resist.

But he could fix that problem with this silk cloth.

He was determined to rob it from Yan on the spot.

As soon as the Evil God tried to grab the silk cloth, a sword shot out from behind Yan's body. A sharp sword radiance extended and stabbed into the Evil God's palm.

The smirk was wiped off the Evil God's face as the sword light went through his hand. His face darkened.

A ray of colorful light gathered on his palm. It was the Ways-blending Energy!

The diamond-shaped Ways-blending Energy had been piled up to more than one hundred and twenty layers by the Evil God. It was extremely powerful and could overpower the Other Shore Tokens from Stage Thirteen.

The Ways-blending Energy, condensed to the extreme, burst instantly when it made contact with the sword radiance. The overwhelming power spread in all directions like a scorching sun, attracting the eyes of many people and even the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Other people would probably be immediately swallowed up by such power.

But Zen was also very familiar with the Ways-blending Energy!

The sword attack he had launched was to force the Evil God to retreat.

The instant the Ways-blending Energy burst out, Zen had grabbed one of Yan's hands. Yan, still clutching the silk cloth, was pulled backward to a safer distance.

This would be the first time Zen fought with the Evil God since he released the latter out of his inner world.

Chapter 3414 The Second Flaw

The bright scorching sun shone high up in the sky. All of a sudden, it disappeared.

The light that was shining upon Zen a moment ago vanished in an instant. With that, a strange expression flickered in his eyes.

The Evil God raised his hand gently. The diamond-shaped pieces created from the Ways-blending Energy assembled together and danced upon his palm.

The light of the pieces shimmered. It was a beautiful and splendid thing to behold. However, it was also extremely dangerous.

"I have to thank you for your help. You have given me an opportunity to practice the Ways-blending Energy to this extent," said the Evil God with a wry smile. "As far as I know, there are not a lot of Godly Ways found within common people's inner worlds."

Zen remained silent for a while.

He did not care about the Evil God's words. He was most interested in the Ways-blending Energy instead.

Three thousand was not always the exact number. Different masters had different methods of summarizing Godly Ways.

The three thousand Godly Ways Zen and the Evil God had practiced was summarized by Chiyou.

Both Zen and the Evil God were quite accustomed to using these three thousand Godly Ways.

However, Zen found something unique in the Ways-blending Energy now. There was a gleam of faint white arc light among the pieces.

But because the white arc light only occupied one three-thousandth of the Ways-blending Energy, Zen could not clearly make sense what it was.

What did the Evil God put into the Ways-blending Energy?

The Evil God noticed that Zen was gazing at the Ways-blending Energy. Seeing this, he broke into an even bigger smile. "Are you wondering why my Ways-blending Energy is so powerful?"

"Yes," Zen replied with all honesty. He was really intrigued by what he saw.

"It's because the three thousand Godly Ways you pride yourself in are flawed. Hahaha..." The Evil God laughed wildly and continued, "Today I will show you something completely extraordinary, so that you may know what the perfect Ways-blending Energy truly is!"

He spread out both of his hands and the diamond-shaped Ways-blending Energy spread like the wings. This display of power was remarkable.

The structure of the Ways-blending Energy was extremely complicated. Its current state was very unpredictable and unstable but it seemed rather mutable. Moreover, the power contained within it was awfully terrifying.

"Yan, retreat!" Zen ordered at once. There was no time to waste.

Yan held the silk cloth with one hand while she made a gesture with the other.

The power of the Ways-blending Energy was indeed terrifying but Yan believed she had the power to withstand it.

Nevertheless, Zen's tone was very serious. Yan pursed her lips but chose to follow her brother's order. Obviously, Zen was concerned for her safety.

Yan was able to sense her brother's emotions very clearly. She knew all too well that Zen wanted to deal with the rebel who came out of his inner world personally. She fully respected Zen's decision to do this on his own.

Whoosh!

Yan leapt away from them. She had already put quite some distance between her and the Evil God. Meanwhile, she continued to stare warily at the Evil God and the giant eye that was hiding on the other side of the main peak. She knew she shouldn't let her guard down for even a second.

The giant eye was afraid of the silk cloth. It wouldn't dare to fight back just yet. It remained hidden and unmoving.

As the Evil God gently pushed his hands forward, the diamond-shaped Ways-blending Energy pelted towards Zen like feathers.

Zen remained standing still and didn't bother to dodge the attack.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Several scorching suns exploded around Zen.

As they exploded, they emitted dazzling lights which disappeared in the blink of an eye. Zen merely looked at them and returned his gaze to the Evil God.

There wasn't even a single scratch on Zen after the attack. He was completely unharmed.

"Were you able to see it clearly? Hahaha!" The Evil God laughed once again and said, "Never in your lifetime would you be able to uncover the secret hidden inside it. Don't even bother trying to solve this mystery. I am the only one who can achieve it in this world!"

The members and disciples of the other races heard this while they were fighting against the Chaotic Source Spirits. The Evil God's statement thoroughly baffled them.

They were fully aware that the power of the Ways-blending Energy was strong. But what was the Evil God so proud of? They couldn't quite understand it.

There were a lot of powerful masters in the Source World. Many of them had put a lot of effort in studying the Ways-blending Energy. However, all of them only reached a dead-end. Ultimately, they had no choice but to give up.

They had to admit that the Evil God was powerful. It was just that they didn't have much interest in the Ways-blending Energy. All they wanted to do was merge with the Other Shore Tokens and obtain greater Other Shore Power.

They were not the only ones who thought of it like this.

Through the magic array, the leaders of many large races waiting at the entrance of the Chaotic Source World were able to see clearly what just

happened.

Elizabeth frowned at the Evil God's statement. She didn't understand it as well.

Meanwhile, Athemar and Winchell looked grave. The members of the Separate Abyss race and the Bearing race, and the Ear Mice also shared the same sentiment with the two.

"Winchell," Athemar said, "it seems like there is a special energy contained in the Ways-blending Energy of that young man in black." Athemar noticed something while watching Zen through the magic array.

Even though they did not cultivate so many Godly Ways, they had a general understanding of the energies that existed in the whole world. He was quite perplexed at the kind of energy he just observed.

Winchell nodded his head grimly. "Never in my life have I seen such an energy before," he responded.

"Is it the power of some Other Shore Token?" an Ear Mouse speculated as it tried to comprehend it as well.

"The Other Shore Power couldn't be fused so perfectly," Athemar said as he shook his head. "It is truly strange and quite inexplicable."

It seemed like they didn't have a total understanding of the energies after all. The vast majority of people did not know that the original energy of this world was actually incomplete.

Fuxi sat on top of the snowy mountain. As he moved his gaze back from the edge of the Icy Snow Province to the core area of the Chaotic Source World, he also witnessed the scorching suns.

His eyes narrowed slightly when he noticed the white arc light within the energy. Like most of them, he was puzzled too.

"How is that even possible?"

Fuxi had successfully merged three thousand Godly Ways. He also had a better understanding of the Ways-blending Energy than all the leaders gathered at the entrance of the Chaotic Source World.

"Why is there an extra energy? Where does it come from? If I am not mistaken, this didn't exist between heaven and earth in the past," Fuxi wondered out loud. After a while, something dawned upon him. "I see... No wonder the Ways-blending Energy cannot be perfected. Without this energy, they could not be fully merged. Any efforts will be in vain! Now the only question is, where did this guy get this energy?"

Fuxi was absolutely stumped.

Many years ago, people thought that the Ways-blending Energy was the original energy. Once the energy of three thousand Godly Ways was fully merged, even the truth-level theurgies wouldn't be able to match it.

Lots of supreme masters took severe painstaking efforts for countless years to perfect this. Yet, they still failed to merge the energy of three thousand Godly Ways. Finally, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others concluded that the Ways-blending Energy was impossible to complete.

The Evil God's gaze was fixed on Zen. He kept watching him as he launched his attack.

He wanted to see the look of astonishment and disbelief on Zen's face.

However, he was completely disappointed. Zen's expression remained impassive. After a while, Zen finally opened his mouth to speak. "If I were you, I would not make this energy public," he said in a calm manner.

"Do you think I'm as cowardly as you are? Don't make me laugh," the Evil God mocked Zen.

"After all, you are not able to complete the Ways-blending Energy either," Zen continued as he shook his head. "But because you have exposed this energy now, people will only covet it."

"Haha! I can't complete the Ways-blending Energy?" The Evil God's face broke into a proud smile. "I have already merged two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine Godly Ways, including this one. I only need the Thunderstorm Godly Way now. I am one step away from completion!"

As the Evil God spoke, he stared arrogantly at Zen. However, there wasn't any sign of admiration or surprise on Zen's face.

Zen retained his calm demeanor. He replied, "Clearly, you have done a great job. Nevertheless, you will never be able to take that final step because the Ways-blending Energy has more than one flaw."

Chapter 3415 The Flaws Of The Chaos

It was true that the Evil God had merged more Godly Ways than Zen ever had.

He only needed one more Godly Way to completely finish the cause. It was unbelievable for him to achieve this with his current cultivation base.

If this happened before, Zen probably would have waited before doing anything, just to see what the Godly Ways Great Unity could produce.

However, with the help of the Regal Jade Spirit, Zen had already grasped that the chaos was imperfect.

Among the three flaws, Zen obtained one through the Regal Jade Civilization. He was able to claim the Blood Essence Godly Way, but the remaining two were still a mystery to him.

After his son, Geoffrey, deciphered and interpreted the Sanskrit word formed by blood vitality, he gathered some clues for his search. The Regal Jade Spirit had guessed that one of the flaws stood close to the Element

Spirit race, otherwise known as the second civilization. But the exact existence was still unknown.

Little did he know that the Evil God had already gotten a flaw!

He also didn't know if the power within the arc light was a gift from the Black Ship to the Evil God or he obtained it from the Other Shore.

The Evil God was a proud, arrogant being, who was very keen on showing the unique energy he had obtained.

For him, Godly Ways Great Unity was just round the corner.

The only thing that bothered him was that his energy had a way of clashing with the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

He attempted over a million times, with no success whatsoever.

He removed the Thunderstorm Godly Way and placed the arc light together with the other Godly Ways. In this way, the three thousand Godly Ways stabilized to his advantage.

The reverse of this also worked wonders. However, the moment the two forces were added to the Godly Ways at the same time, the Ways-blending Energy would collapse.

The arc light proved to be a form of thunder, one that was violent and difficult to control. That was what made it so incompatible with the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

All things considered, the Evil God had tried all methods only to meet failure.

He even attempted to use the Other Shore Power in order to suppress and force the two thunder energies to merge. However, like all of his trials, this failed as well.

What Zen said stunned the Evil God.

"What did you say? There is more than one flaw?" The Evil God gave Zen a look of disbelief.

Those who remained in the Chaotic Source World didn't dare to say a word after Zen spoke. It was met with silence.

After all, they had no business with the Ways-blending Energy. They thought it was not that extraordinary, except Mount, who was not like the others.

In the same moment, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was causing a disruption in the area. Anyone who didn't pay attention would be crushed by her.

As everyone ran for their lives, Mount and Mya decided to take action.

Mya's curly hair began to extend to tens of thousands of feet as her face was finally revealed. Her piercing, blue eyes were focused, and she manipulated her hair to wrap itself around the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Even though the mother was much stronger, she couldn't help but be bothered by the messiness of the hair being wrapped around her.

After Mya was able to successfully restrict her movement, Mount began to suppress her.

As he did so, he heard Zen's words despite the noise. He was deep in thought, and his body trembled in surprise. He looked at Zen in pure astonishment.

At the same time, Fuxi, who remained outside the Chaotic Source World, raised his eyebrows. "There is more than one flaw in the Ways-blending Energy? How could this be? If it's true, how many flaws are there?"

If it weren't for the creature that appeared at the edge of the Icy Snow Province, he would have just asked Zen himself.

What puzzled Fuxi even more wasn't the fact that there were more flaws, but that Zen had known it all along.

It was known that three thousand Godly Ways were formed directly through the chaotic energy. The chaos was composed of Dark and Light energies, and these two energies transformed into the five mighty elements. These were the elements that created all things that existed.

In effect, the energy that was constantly divided was considered the internal momentum of the three thousand Godly Ways, otherwise known as the basis to form all chaotic energy.

This meant that if any flaws existed, then the chaotic energy and the chaos would have flaws.

Zen glared at the Evil God, his body pulsing with adrenaline. "Yes," he said. "There is more than one."

"How did you know that?" the Evil God questioned, doubting the existence of more flaws.

But as much as he wanted to prove Zen was wrong, he knew Zen was not one to lie.

The Evil God discovered the flaw by chance. Having almost died on the Other Shore, he risked his life just to obtain the arc light.

Could it be that Zen had discovered something, too?

Perhaps that was where he found other flaws?

"But why should I tell you?" Zen taunted.

This was a bust to the Evil God's ego. He narrowed his eyes, and a hint of vengeance flashed in his eyes.

Although he was known to be extremely arrogant in front of Zen, he still had deep reverence for him.

Shera helped him block any contact with the Rebirth Land, keeping him away from Zen's control. However, no matter how hard he tried, he was still a product of Zen's inner world. The fact that Zen was his creator couldn't be ignored.

With that being said, Evil God was determined to know all of Zen's secrets.

"You don't need to tell me anything," the Evil God smirked, "I just have to devour you."

In an instant, the Evil God's aura soared towards Zen.

The turbulent Ways-blending Energy began to spread out, ready to attack. It radiated magnificent colors as it morphed into a diamond-shaped sword. With the sword in hand, the Evil God charged towards Zen in a swift movement.

"Brother! Watch out!" Yan called out from above.

"It is useless, you fools!" As the Evil God chuckled, he swung his huge sword across the air, leaving a trail of colors before waving it towards Zen's head.

Just then, a red circle of light spread out, and the force of fear from it began to attack the Evil God.

The highly condensed Ways-blending Energy was extremely unstable. Affected by the force of fear, the Evil God couldn't control the Ways-blending Energy. Just like that, it exploded, resembling a huge, blazing sun.

With the amount of energy that had been released, even the Evil God himself would have to suffer if attacked by it. At the expense of his energy, he tried to suppress the fear and flew backward, giving him a chance to dodge.

Yan, with the silk cloth in one hand, gently sprinkled the Braveness Rain across Zen's body to remove the force of fear. "I didn't ask my brother to watch out for you," she mumbled.

The Evil God calmed himself down as much as he could before turning his head.

The eye was restrained by the silk cloth in Yan's hand. He couldn't defeat the eye alone.

He stood no chance against Zen and the force of fear of the eye.

Clenching his teeth, he turned around and dashed to the side of the main peak without another word.

"Brother, must we chase after him?" asked Yan, staring at the black figure that grew smaller the farther it went.

"Do you honestly think that eye will help us?" Zen shot a question back at her, smiling.

"No." Yan shook her head.

"Then we take that eye down first," Zen said.

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3416 The Seal
Chapter 3417 Snatch
Chapter 3418 The Energy Levels
Chapter 3419 Return
Chapter 3420 Ganging Up
Chapter 3421 No Way Out
Chapter 3422 Lure Away
Chapter 3423 Driving Them Away
Chapter 3424 The Folded Space
Chapter 3425 Deletion
Chapter 3426 Be Prepared To Die
Chapter 3427 Formidable Opponent
Chapter 3428 The Gold Abacus
Chapter 3429 A Black Figure
Chapter 3430 The Change Of The World
Chapter 3431 Copying All The Bloodline Theurgies
Chapter 3432 An Angered Mount
Chapter 3433 Outside The Chaos
Chapter 3434 Little Monsters And Their Trap
Chapter 3435 Treated As A Treasure
Chapter 3436 A Small Star
Chapter 3437 The Altar
Chapter 3438 Delete And Retrieve
Chapter 3439 Waiting
Chapter 3440 A Passage Leading To The Outside
Chapter 3441 The Abstruse Energy State
Chapter 3442 Rejecting The Other Races
Chapter 3443 Another Other Shore
Chapter 3444 The Former Glory
Chapter 3445 The Strongest Finale Way
Chapter 3446 The Wall Of Truth Of Godly Way
Chapter 3447 The Speed Of Comprehension
Chapter 3448 The Principle Of Construction
Chapter 3449 Returning

Chapter 3450 Hypercube Imprisonment
Chapter 3451 Devil Soul-sucking Spear
Chapter 3452 Remove The Abacus
Chapter 3453 A Tremendous Change
Chapter 3454 Absorb
Chapter 3455 The Endless Restoring Method
Chapter 3456 Reinforcement
Chapter 3457 The Inheritance Of World
Chapter 3458 The Difference In Strength
Chapter 3459 So Do I
Chapter 3460 The Inheritance Of The Regal Jade World
Chapter 3461 Sealing Energy
Chapter 3462 Eternal Annihilation
Chapter 3463 The Burning World
Chapter 3464 Burning The Eye Of Will
Chapter 3465 The Calculation Civilization
Chapter 3466 Construction And Soaring Snake
Chapter 3467 The Ending Of The World
Chapter 3468 The One-eyed Bat
Chapter 3469 Thunder Dimorphodon
Chapter 3470 The Incarnation Of The Evil Will
Chapter 3471 I Am The Reason

Chapter 3416 The Seal

Facing the Evil God in a chaotic war was definitely not the wisest choice.

He was able to slaughter his way across the Chaotic Source World after all, and not just because he depended on the Ways-blending Energy

According to the man from the Separate Abyss race, the Evil God had the ability to descend a world but hadn't used such a powerful trump card yet.

The giant eye released its overwhelming power of fear, which was a threat to everyone. Eliminating this threat was the most urgent at the moment.

Meanwhile, Zen was determined to get the arc light in the Evil God's hand.

The giant eye felt extremely depressed.

It let out the force of fear in order to help the Chaotic Source Spirits. On the other hand, this, coupled with the giant sword created from the Evil God's Ways-blending Energy, would no doubt help in getting rid of Zen.

Since there was no way it could take their physical bodies, the giant eye focused on self-preservation instead.

Yan's alertness and willingness to protect Zen came as a complete shock along with the explosion of Evil God's sword strike. Just what in the world was going on?

Without any idea what to do and with its hope running out fast, the giant eye turned around and entered the main peak.

Seeing this, Zen promptly changed his direction and threw a punch towards the outer wall of the main peak, creating a big hole from which he and Yan entered.

The place where the giant eye and Zen entered was in the upper part of the main peak.

Multiple traps had been set here previously by the giant eye, along with the engraved sculptures that littered the walls.

As soon as Zen and Yan entered, all of the sculptures' eyes flashed dark red and the giant eye's force of fear surged, enveloping them almost instantly.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

All around them were glinting, dark red eyes that threatened to subdue them.

"Go mad!"

Zen understood the giant eye's actions. It was no doubt getting desperate.

When the force of fear was amped up to maximum, it had the ability to drown its opponent's mind and disorder their Memory Flame. It could wash away all memories and leave behind a singular emotion: fear. A man who only knew fear was doomed to live in constant, paralyzing paranoia.

The amount of fear that was headed towards their way made Zen pale.

Yan scoffed at this scene. She gently pulled Zen closer as a burst of cyan light from the silk cloth enveloped them, turning into a huge cloak that protected the two.

This silk cloth would protect them no matter what.

"Let me help you," she whispered to her brother's ear.

Staying underneath the silk protection would be inconvenient.

They had to move fast, owing largely to the fact that the Evil God remained a threat over their heads. It would be best to finish this fight with the giant eye as soon as possible.

Zen nodded in understanding. "Okay."

Rays of cyan light appeared on the silk surface as soft Braveness Rain started to pour. Yan pulled the silk cloth off them and let the drops of Braveness Rain wash over them.

With this blessed protection, Zen was able to move fast. He flew in midair and rushed towards the giant eye in breakneck speed!

"Stay away from me!"

the giant eye warned through a streak of consciousness. As Zen got closer, it let out a beam of red light that hit him directly.

Despite its attack, Zen remained unharmed due to the protection of Yan's Braveness Rain.

Wasting no time at all, he drew his sword and slammed down.

"Bang!" There was a reverberating sound as his sword hit the giant eye smack at the pupil.

Eyes were the most vulnerable part of any creature, and the Dreaded Eye Demons were no exception.

The only reason they could rule the chaos for a period of time in the past was that no creature dared to look at these Dreaded Eye Demons, or they would risk spending their lives in endless fear.

Zen managed to pierce his sword right into the creature's pupil.

As his sword split its pupil, it scattered, tainting the white of the eye and painting a rather horrible picture to look at.

"Ouch!"

The pain was great and the giant eye simply wanted to roll away to seek refuge into the depths of the main peak.

However, Zen wasn't going to give it that chance! He raised his sword a second time and white sword radiance flickered on the surface of the blade.

Thinking fast, the eye shot a ray of white light towards Zen.

Unfortunately for the giant eye, it did nothing to immobilize the man.
"Nine-Flash Light-splitting!"

Zen's sword radiance flashed as he began to strike hard and fast, cutting the eye multiple times in a span of a short time.

Cuts littered every square inch of the eye's surface.

These cuts healed rapidly but a new one always replaced the ones that closed.

For a while, only the sound of Zen's fury could be heard as he continued this tirade of attacks.

Faced with the reality that it could no longer fight back, the giant eye ceased struggling and stood still, allowing Zen to litter it with cuts.

When he realized that the giant eye no longer fought back, Zen stopped.

He had no idea what kind of existence this giant eye was. If the Eye of Will was a creature from the Other Shore, then the only way it could appear in the Chaotic Source World was if it was an Other Shore Token.

However, if it was an Other Shore Token, who was its bearer?

Zen approached the giant eye cautiously and a flash of blood-red light burst out from it all over again. Despite the protection of the Braveness Rain, Zen felt the frightening power of this red beam.

"Is it burning itself?"

An Other Shore Token had the ability to produce a terrifyingly powerful flame.

This powerful flame had its consequences though. It could cause the bearer to die and there was no way an Other Shore Token would do it willingly unless it found no more hope to its situation.

Just as the eye began to burn, the cyan silk cloth from Yan flew and wrapped itself tightly around it.

Zen didn't notice Yan arrive beside him. She picked up the cyan silk cloth and flicked her fingers. "Seal!" With her command, the cyan silk cloth completely sealed the troublesome giant eye.

"I'll give this to the Pear Hill," she told Zen who nodded in understanding.

Yan stretched out a dainty finger and tapped her space ring, sucking the sealed giant eye into it.

One of her established tasks had been to deal with the Dreaded Eye Demon and she had now accomplished it.

The Pear Hill was greatly interested in the eye and Yan will be delivering it to Fuxi.

Had it been anyone else, Zen would never allow them to take this giant eye, but Yan was different. He couldn't refuse her.

With the eye dealt with, they turned their attention back to the deafening roars from outside. The two of them exchanged a nod. "Let's go!"

The bloody lines the giant eye had drawn were now completely gone and everyone could move freely.

Some Chaotic Source Spirits relentlessly hunted down the Ear Mice who, when they could no longer defend themselves, sought refuge in the arrays. The Chaotic Source Spirits could do nothing as the Ear Mice hid from them.

Several large Chaotic Source Spirits had also broken down, bursting in piles of amber-colored crystals that were immediately grabbed by multiple hands from various races.

Chapter 3417 Snatch

In the chaotic situation, another Chaotic Source Spirit fell. As the Chaotic Source Spirits swallowed each other, the one that devoured the others strengthened itself each time.

But they weren't moving all that quickly despite their amazing defensive power. So they could only be moving targets in the face of the outstanding warriors and talents of various races.

A member of the Moon Spirit race was covered with a faint curtain of light.

The light curtain twisted the light, allowing the warrior to hide herself completely.

With that, it was difficult to detect her existence without using spiritual sense.

When she saw the Chaotic Source Spirit fall, she flew across the air sharply and quickly. Then, she reached out and stuffed a bunch of amber-colored crystals into her space ring.

Over 300 crystals were in her possession now, according to her count. With so many crystals, it was enough for her to reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

Her brother was still inside an array. It was too dangerous outside, after all. This time, she could give him over a hundred Chaotic Source Spirits.

Overjoyed, the member of the Moon Spirit race rushed toward the nearby array.

Entering it meant absolute safety. Moreover, no one had sensed her existence in the chaos.

When the array was only about a hundred feet away, a great black shadow enveloped her.

Sensing that something was wrong, she raised her head on instinct.

A huge member of the Separate Abyss race descended from the sky. The large brown hammer in his hand then released the formidable Other Shore Power as he struck.

Bang!

The Moon Spirit warrior's body was smashed into pieces. The Separate Abyss man reached out and grabbed her space ring. Then he threw all its contents on the floor, and collected all the crystals before stepping into the array.

Hiding in the array, the Moon Spirit warrior's brother was wide-eyed in shock at the scene.

The Separate Abyss man glared at the boy with disdain as he scolded, "We're the ones who killed the Chaotic Source Spirit! How dare you snatch them from us!"

If it weren't for the array's protection, the Separate Abyss man would have killed the boy without hesitation.

In the presence of the super forces, the small races were weaker and did not quite have the right to speak.

On the opposite side...

Hutton made use of a purple vine.

It grew seemingly endlessly around a Chaotic Source Spirit.

The vine was highly tough, enough that neither sword nor saber could damage it. Even if the Chaotic Source Spirit tore the vine apart, it could easily grow back rapidly.

While the Chaotic Source Spirit continued roaring, it had nowhere to release its power and could only struggle in vain.

Behind the Chaotic Source Spirit, Dorothy and her avatar held their swords, releasing sword light all over the sky.

Buzz!

The sword light was like a silver cloud as it floated in the air.

It continued emerging. 10, 000 rays of sword light merged into 5, 000, then 5, 000 into 2, 000, 2, 000 into 1, 000, 1000 into 500, and so on.

In the end, all the rays of sword light turned into a single, highly condensed sword light.

"Origin Spirit Sword Attack!"

Clatter...

The sword light shot straight at the Chaotic Source Spirit and hit its back.

Boom!

The invincible sword attack failed yet again to break the Chaotic Source Spirit's defense. Dorothy showed no sign of surprise.

Before the Chaotic Source Spirit grew too exhausted, its defense was impregnable.

But its energy could be consumed quickly. If Dorothy struck it a few more times to max out its remaining energy, she could kill it.

Bang!

The Iridescent Stone arrived after Dorothy attacked. It hit the back of the Chaotic Source Spirit once again.

Sally's attack was nowhere near as sharp as Dorothy's and Elvinia's, but its frequency was truly intense. The Iridescent Stone naturally disappeared the moment it hit the target and then reappeared in Sally's hand. Once she tossed the stone, it went straight for the Chaotic Source Spirit.

From where she stayed, Elvinia used the Warrior of the Stone Hill to produce countless streaks of blazing sword radiance.

At that moment, Chaim grew rather embarrassed. He had used the Living Puppet Chains again, so now he could only watch from the sidelines and keep the others alert.

Under the warriors' unrelenting attacks, the Chaotic Source Spirit grew tired. Its huge body was dismembered, and the crystals within its body began flowing out onto the ground.

Spotting the amber-colored crystals, everyone was overjoyed.

The Chaotic Source Spirit contained around 2, 000 crystals—it was no wonder it was so powerful.

The crystals in this Chaotic Source Spirit were enough for about ten people to undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement.

When they managed to kill the Chaotic Source Spirit, three figures suddenly swept past them.

They were from the Divine Farmer race. From the way their looks and clothes matched, they seemed to be brothers.

For a long time, they were observing the entire scene. The moment the Chaotic Source Spirit fell, they took their chance and rushed toward the crystals.

"Brother! Pick them up!"

one of them with a mustache called out.

With a wave of his hand, another strong man, with the naked upper body, collected all the crystals on the ground and put them into his space ring.

"You're just… courting death!"

Elvinia's eyes filled with rage upon witnessing the scene.

To shatter this Chaotic Source Spirit, they did their best to fight against it as fiercely as they could. How could they allow anyone to snatch away what they had just obtained?

When a streak of light flashed across her eyes, the Warrior of the Stone Hill waved swords with a thousand left hands simultaneously.

"One thousand swords!"

The weapons intertwined, forming a kind of dense sword-net.

"Mingle and become one!"

With that, the Warrior of the Stone Hill launched a powerful sword attack.

The three-dimensional sword-net served as something like a cage with an astonishing ray of sword radiance. It mixed with the divine flames of the Sun Crow race. With its glowing aura, it attacked the three brothers head-on.

Elvinia wasn't alone—Dorothy, employing the Origin swordsmanship, Hutton, Sally, the other Nine Li warriors, and even some disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace also attacked the trio.

The three were known to be powerful in the Divine Farmer race. While they might not have been as strong as Mount and Mya, they were still second to them.

With the confidence they had in their skills, they were daring enough to snatch the Chaotic Source Spirits right in front of the Oneness Sky Palace's people.

"Shadow Realm!"

The leader of the three brothers patted his head lightly, making a dark gem pop and rotate out of it.

As the gem spun, their bodies turned somewhat vague.

"The Dark Realm Stone?" Chaim raised his brows at the reveal.

The stone was a mysterious type of Other Shore Token. Once it was activated, it could allow itself and the people around it to enter a unique state where all attacks were rendered useless.

"Clatter..."

Countless rays of sword radiance pierced through their bodies and shot out. After a slight wobble, the three brothers were completely unharmed.

The sight had the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace wide-eyed in shock.

All of the three men from the Divine Farmer race had smug smiles on their faces. "Let's go!" said their leader. "We'll be safe once we enter the array!"

Chapter 3418 The Energy Levels

If the three brothers from the Divine Farmer race entered the magic array, it would be all the Oneness Sky Palace disciples could do to watch them helplessly.

There, they could safely refine the Chaotic Source Spirits and even give the extras to other people of their race.

In the state of the Shadow Realm, the brothers moved very slowly.

But no matter how much the Oneness Sky Palace people attacked them, they remained unaffected. It was only a matter of time before they entered the array.

Dorothy, Elvinia, and the others used a number of methods to attack them, but to no avail. Everyone's faces fell.

"It's no use!" The tallest of the brothers burst into laughter as he boasted.

"Your energy levels are not nearly high enough to deflate the Shadow Realm," murmured Chaim, who remained relatively calm.

"What energy levels?" Elvinia asked with a long face.

For a moment, Chaim examined the brothers before continuing, "All the forces in the chaos can be regarded as the flow of energy. But the energy itself can vary from high to low."

Although Chaim wasn't an expert, he knew the different energy levels.

Life vitality was the lowest level of energy. All warriors in the Source World and creatures in the inner worlds could easily use it.

When condensed to its extreme, life vitality became the Godly Way. Its internal momentum then turned into the second level of energy, flowing much faster than the first.

The power of the Other Shore Tokens belonged to the third level of energy—the most popular one among masters in the Source World.

But the Other Shore Tokens had all sorts of strange abilities. Those of mysterious type, most especially, could reach higher energy levels. The Shadow Realm wasn't particularly difficult to deflate so long as one could touch or even just affect it. If anyone managed to do so, the realm would perish instantly.

Some Other Shore Tokens could boast about unique abilities, including deflating the Shadow Realm.

Unfortunately, the Oneness Sky Palace disciples present carried no such power. All they could do was watch as the three brothers slowly drifted away.

Now, not only the disciples but also the team leaders at the gate of the Chaotic Source World, including Athemar and Winchell, were angry.

The Chaotic Source Spirits they had just obtained were snatched away by the Divine Farmer race, after all. Of course, they were enraged.

The leader of the Divine Farmer race gave Athemar a mocking smile. This time, ten members of the Divine Farmer race could undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. How could they resist being so smug?

Just as the three brothers moved twenty feet away, Zen and Yan came from the other side.

They had just sealed the Eye of Will together. Seeing that the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace seemed both murderous and helpless, Zen frowned in surprise. "What happened?"

"They took away our Chaotic Source Spirits!" Elvinia responded angrily.

"Really?" Zen's eyes flashed.

He gently flicked the long Snow Sword, making a beam of cold light shoot toward the three brothers.

Whoosh!

The sword radiance instantly pierced through the three men's bodies, leaving no damage at all.

"This brat really thought he could hurt us!"

"How stupid!"

"The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace are mostly ignorant. Forgive them!"

The trio seemed even prouder than they were before. They didn't seem to be in a rush from the very beginning. Once they saw Zen, they turned around and moved toward him. It was clear that they were trying to provoke him.

"Zen, you can't deflate the Shadow Realm with normal methods," Chaim prompted. "But it is said that the Shadow Realm itself is quite fragile. It can be disturbed fairly easily because the Dark Realm Stone from the temple in Stage Thirteen is of the lowest level."

"So what? You can't destroy the Dark Realm Stone no matter what level it's at," one of the brothers snorted.

Zen's brow raised as a red light flashed in his right eye. He forced fear to rush toward the trio.

"The force of fear?"

"Unbelievable!"

For a moment, Zen's power startled them.

But it still didn't manage to disturb the Shadow Realm. It went right through the trio's bodies.

Yan, standing next to Zen, frowned slightly. The crimson shadow of Snake Goddess began emitting from her body. Thin red antennas shot toward the three brothers, but to no avail.

"There's a huge gap in energy levels. It's too difficult to deflate the Shadow Realm like this," Chaim sighed in defeat.

"The energy levels…"

Zen's gaze froze.

It wasn't the first time he had heard of energy levels. In order to break Nicholas' Furnace of Dark and Light back in the divine land, he had used the Truth Crystal.

It could break the furnace because its energy level was higher than that of the latter.

"Just give it up, Zen. Let's look for other Chaotic Source Spirits instead," Dorothy suggested.

The members of several races like the Sun Crow race and the Divine Farmer race were still fighting against the largest Chaotic Source Spirit. It was troublesome killing off any Chaotic Source Spirit, but it was better to go after another one than to waste time there.

Even Elvinia had looked to the other side to look for a new target.

The three brothers of the Divine Farmer race were smug at this point. When they walked over before Zen's eyes, the latter gently reached out his hand and conjured a small green cubic crystal onto his palm.

It drew the attention of the trio.

When Zen was at the True God Realm, the crystal was used as a powerful tool to resist enemy attacks.

But Zen didn't have enough blood of the Chaos Ancient God, so he couldn't produce any more Truth Crystals. As a result, the pure power of the Falling Star Palm wasn't quite enough.

The trio had no idea about this Truth Crystal, but they didn't perceive any special kind of power from it. It didn't faze them in the least.

As Zen lowered his hand, a green vortex appeared above their heads.

It continued swirling until a ray of green starlight fell over them.

Seeing the power of the Falling Star Palm, Zen smiled bitterly within. Indeed, it was too weak with the use of only one Truth Crystal.

When the others saw the starlight, they didn't take it seriously either. It was far weaker than their own strength.

But when the warriors at the gate of the Chaotic Source World saw the green energy, their expressions hardened.

"This is…"

"The energy of truth level?"

"It's weak, but it's genuine."

Most of the leaders had figured out the energy level of the Falling Star Palm.

When Athemar saw it, his jaw slacked a bit in shock. Subconsciously, he looked over at Winchell.

They definitely hadn't expected Zen to be carrying such a trick under his sleeve.

What did Zen have to do with the Chaos Ancient God?

Standing atop the snowy mountain, Fuxi kept his expression calm when he saw the green light from the Falling Star Palm. He had already known about it since he was at the bottom of the chaos.

It wasn't a surprise to see Zen use such a move to get rid of the Shadow Realm.

Chapter 3419 Return

The figures of the three brothers from the Divine Farmer race were blurred, which made them look like ghosts floating in the air.

The techniques the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had used before just passed through their bodies without affecting them.

The Shadow Realm, however, had a big flaw. They needed to maintain a subtle balance with the help of the Dark Realm Stone. The balance could get broken if they weren't careful, which was why they moved carefully and at an incredibly slow pace.

Like a mere pebble thrown into a lake, the green starlight was so weak that it could not cause any real harm to the warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

However, it did not pass through their bodies like other people's attacks. Instead, it hit the three brothers.

"Boom!"

The second the starlight bloomed, the three figures were shattered like broken glass. The surface of their bodies broke into numerous cracks and fragments.

After the fragments fell from the surface of their bodies, they stumbled out of the Shadow Realm.

The three of them obviously didn't expect that a bit of ordinary looking starlight could cause such an effect.

Even Elvinia, Dorothy, and the others were speechless in shock. After all, the Falling Star Palm's power was so weak that nobody really paid attention to it. It was unbelievable that it could deflate the Shadow Realm so easily.

"It is about the energy level," whispered Chaim. Truthfully, he was more confused than anyone else.

He didn't feel any Other Shore Power when Zen had released the starlight, but he saw Zen summon a green cubic crystal.

That crystal was not the internal momentum of the Godly Way, nor was it visualized with life vitality. The only possible answer was that it was Zen's blood power.

Yet, the blood power could only reach level three. Some weak blood power was at the same energy level as the internal momentum of the Godly Way. Zen's was different, so what kind of blood did he have?

That was only Chaim's guess by instinct, but it was very close to the truth.

But if his memory served him right, it was impossible for many super forces to have such a high level of blood power.

The three brothers were also dumbfounded.

They weren't weak at all, but how could the three of them defend against so many disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace?

The moment the Shadow Realm was destroyed, one of them flipped his hands and two ghostly machetes materialized. He then used the two machetes to attack Zen.

He was not afraid of anyone at this distance.

Once the machetes reached Zen, Zen's hands suddenly turned black. He raised them up, and two loud bangs followed. He immediately grasped the machetes' blades and effectively stopped the two weapons.

"His hands..." Across Zen, his opponent was so surprised that his eyes almost popped out.

Zen glared at him. When his Other Shore Power surged out, he suddenly twisted his hands, and the two machetes were distorted into pieces. If the man hadn't loosened his hands in time, his arms would've also been mangled.

"Let's go!"

Since the attack failed, the three of them gave up on their plan and moved to the other side.

Currently, the people of the Divine Farmer race, along with the other large races, were dealing with the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. Still, they kept in mind that as long as they were with their clansmen, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace wouldn't dare to offend them.

However, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace didn't allow them to escape.

Elvinia, Dorothy, and Milo launched an attack almost at the same time. The messy sword radiance formed a wall and covered the three brothers.

The three brothers' faces paled in fear when they saw the sharp and powerful sword radiance. "I, I will return the Chaotic Source Spirits to you. Don't, don't kill me!" one of them shouted.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace present were not born yesterday, so they all knew clearly how important the Chaotic Source Spirits were.

They had risked their lives to obtain the Chaotic Source Spirits, but these pesky men had snatched them. Now, they asked for forgiveness after Zen had forced them to return the Chaotic Source Spirits like it was nothing. Unfortunately for them, there was no such thing as easy in the world.

"Anyone who dares to steal our Chaotic Source Spirits will lose their lives," Zen said indifferently as he stood still. There was no need for him to fight personally now.

Just as the net of sword radiance surrounded the three brothers, a figure fell from the sky and landed beside them.

"Protection!" he shouted.

Then, he stretched out his hands and a brownish yellow mountain shadow spread out from his body. The shadow immediately enveloped him and the three brothers.

"Clank! Clank! Clank!"

There was a series of crisp, metallic clanks as the sword radiance hit the mountain shadow. It sounded like someone repeatedly knocked a big bell.

The man was known as Mount, and he was from the Divine Farmer race.

"We are faced with a strong enemy right now. Why do we have to kill each other?" Mount said calmly.

It was known that he came from a very mysterious background, but he was now the strongest warrior in the Divine Farmer race, only second to Mya.

While he fought against the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, he saw his clansmen were being surrounded by the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. Thus, he immediately rushed over to stop their attack.

"Kill each other? Do you really have the nerve to say this?" Elvinia retorted angrily. "These three men took away our Chaotic Source Spirits. They have a death wish. You can't blame us!"

Mount frowned as Elvinia rebuked his words. He didn't expect that the three brothers would do such a thing. He calmly said, "Ismail, give the Chaotic Source Spirits back to them."

Since Mount appeared when the three brothers were in danger, they became arrogant once again.

The Divine Farmer race wasn't afraid of the Oneness Sky Palace. Moreover, they had the full support of the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race and more. If these disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace dared to coerce them, they would only bring about their own destruction.

Yet when Ismail, the eldest of the three brothers, was about to taunt Elvinia, Mount asked them to return the Chaotic Source Spirits.

"Why? We are not afraid of them!" Ismail refused, defiance written all over his face. Zen, Yan, Elvinia, Dorothy, and the others looked at them grimly.

A murderous look flashed across their eyes. It seemed that it was useless to talk to these men.

"Just do what I say! Stop talking nonsense!" an enraged Mount suddenly yelled.

The younger generation of the Divine Farmer race was very afraid of Mount, but he was very gentle in manner. No one had ever seen him lose his temper before.

The three brothers felt their hearts sink when they felt Mount's anger. They quickly poured out the Chaotic Source Spirits from their space rings.

Ismail was reluctant to return the Chaotic Source Spirits, but he dared not disobey Mount.

Just as Mount was about to leave with the three brothers, Zen coldly said, "That's all? Do you think this thing is settled after you've returned the Chaotic Source Spirits?"

In turn, Mount stared at Zen blankly while the three brothers angrily said, "We have given back the Chaotic Source Spirits. What else do you want?"

Chapter 3420 Ganging Up

Ever since the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had entered the Chaotic Source World, several large races like the Bearing race, Divine Farmer race, and the Sun Crow race had been constantly hostile towards them.

These races had offended Zen many times, but now they just wanted to end the matter so easily.

"What do you want?" Mount stared at him and calmly asked. "Leave the lives of these three to us.

Or, take out an equivalent amount of Chaotic Source Spirits," Zen answered.

After the huge Chaotic Source Spirit had been killed, they gained a total of more than two thousand Chaotic Source Spirits--which was enough for ten people to receive Chaotic Source Reinforcement.

What Zen had meant was to ask the Divine Farmer race to take out another more than two thousand Chaotic Source Spirits.

The three warriors were baffled upon hearing Zen's request. Paying an extra amount of more than two thousand Chaotic Source Spirits was even more painful than killing them!

"This is way too much!"

"You want us to pay so many Chaotic Source Spirits as a compensation?

Isn't this robbery?"

"No way!" the three warriors said indignantly.

Even Mount, who was calm before, now scowled at Zen.

The warriors of the Divine Farmer race had previously worked together to kill a Chaotic Source Spirit, and it was true that they obtained more than two thousand crystals from it. All of the crystals were in Mount's hands. He indeed had the ability to pay the compensation Zen asked.

The Divine Farmer race, however, also had many members. If he gave their Chaotic Source Spirits to Zen, then there would be ten people in their race who would lose the chance to receive Chaotic Source Reinforcement. It was a big loss for them.

Still, Zen's expression did not change at all.

Everyone was currently seizing the chance to kill the Chaotic Source Spirits, and no one would want to waste time.

Then again, what had been said was like water that had been spilled. If the Divine Farmer race didn't want to pay, then Zen would show no mercy.

Although Yan didn't say anything, she stood beside Zen.

Her brother's enemy would also be her enemy, and she represented the Snake Goddess race.

If Mount fought here, then the Pear Hill would also be automatically involved.

Mount was not an indecisive person. Within about ten seconds, he had already weighed the pros and cons and knew what to do.

Since it wasn't the right time to think about the matter too much, he made a decision on the spot. With a flip of his hand, the light of his space ring flashed, and the Chaotic Source Spirits in the space ring spilled out and piled up on the ground.

Zen didn't have time to check the number carefully, but he found that the size of the pile was about the same as the pile of crystals the three warriors had returned.

"Let's go," said Mount.

The three warriors were devastated when they saw the pile of Chaotic Source Spirits on the ground, but they could do nothing about it. They could only send death glares across Zen before they finally left.

"This man is a decisive person…" Chaim said in a low voice as he watched Mount's receding figure.

Although Chaim was a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, he clearly knew that they were at a disadvantage when faced against the members of the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the Sun Crow race. He had a hunch that if Mount didn't pay the compensation, he would be in great trouble.

Zen stepped forward and gently stretched out his hand. An invisible force stuck to all the Chaotic Source Spirits. With a light flick of his finger, all the crystals went into his space ring.

"I will distribute these Chaotic Source Spirits later," he said.

He had intended to let Sally, Hutton and the other Nine Li members enter the arrays first. After all, they were the only outstanding descendants of the Nine Li race left. However, when he thought of the other disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace who might have complaints, he decided to distribute the Chaotic Source Spirits later.

Suddenly, they heard an ear-piercing scream that came from not far away. Apparently, a Chaotic Source Spirit jumped up and caged two members of the Celestial Wolf race under its feet. Eventually, it pushed itself down and crushed the two warriors into a meaty paste.

In the past, the Chaotic Source World had always been friendly to some small races.

Even if they only wandered around the periphery of the Chaotic Source World, they could dig up a few Chaotic Source Spirits and receive the Chaotic Source Reinforcement.

But this time, all the Chaotic Source Spirits gathered at the main peak, and the cruel side of the game was revealed to everyone.

A Chaotic Source Spirit of that size was prey to a super force like the Oneness Sky Palace. Small races, however, weren't strong enough to kill it.

If they were not careful enough, they would quickly die.

"Let's go and kill it!" Elvinia exclaimed. She took the initiative and immediately flew over to the Chaotic Source Spirit.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were thrilled when they saw the Chaotic Source Spirit. The way they saw it, it was like about three thousand Chaotic Source Spirits were waving at them.

Zen's and Yan's figures flashed swiftly across the field as they too, charged towards the Chaotic Source Spirit.

Chaotic Source Spirits were tough and had powerful strength, but their speed was their biggest setback--and so, they couldn't resist attacks that came from various kinds of abilities.

If only they were inside the main peak, with the huge eye's help, then no one could probably defeat them. But now that the joint forces of all the warriors had destroyed the main peak and sealed off the giant eye, the Chaotic Source Spirits were far less frightening than they were before.

The Chaotic Source Spirit roared and struggled continuously, but it couldn't hurt any Oneness Sky Palace disciple. It was like a powerful beast that was trapped and cornered to an invisible space by everyone, and the power of many crystals in its body was weakened little by little.

In a span of a minute, the Chaotic Source Spirit let out an ear-splitting roar, then its four limbs flailed in the air before it fell to the ground with a loud thud. Elvinia and Dorothy went forward first. They released two rays of sword radiance that sliced the Chaotic Source Spirit's abdomen, then all the crystals in its body flowed out.

Many of the large races had ganged up on those Chaotic Source Spirits that were about thirty feet tall. Therefore, each race had harvested and accumulated a great amount of crystals.

Despite that, the amount of the Chaotic Source Spirits was still limited after all. Once they couldn't find another one to kill, they all turned to look at the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was over ten thousand feet tall. She was just like a mountain!

It was not hard to imagine the number of crystals that were hidden inside her body.

It wasn't long before hundreds of warriors from the Separate Abyss race, Sun Crow race, Divine Farmer race, Snake Goddess race, and so on were all fighting with this mother.

The Sun Crows turned into golden flames and circled around the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. From time to time, golden sparks flashed on the mother's body.

Yet even though so many warriors surrounded and attacked the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, she didn't show any signs of fatigue. In fact, she was still ferocious as ever!

After all, she had rested for many years and thus, her strength had grown into a terrifying level.

"All of you! Go to hell!"

Her eyes were full of hatred. How she wished she could swallow all these damn creatures!

Although these creatures were weak and very small in size, they were cunning as mosquitoes as they flew around. The mother chased after them relentlessly, but the warriors flexibly dodged all of her attacks.

After Zen had led the Oneness Sky Palace disciples to kill two Chaotic Source Spirits in a row, he shifted his attention to the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Of course, they were determined to get a share of the crystals inside the body of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Just then, the dark smog in the sky loomed over them once more. "The hurricane is coming again?" Zen muttered, and his gaze froze.

Everyone else were also filled with dread when they saw the surging black smog.

No one knew where they would be blown to when the hurricane came.

Meanwhile, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was not afraid of the hurricane.

As for the warriors, they would definitely die if they hid underground.

Someone still kept a level head and shouted, "Hide in the arrays!"

Like a trail of disturbed ants, everyone scattered and scurried towards the arrays.

Chapter 3421 No Way Out

The moment they stepped into the arrays, as if triggering a sensor, the runes carved in the ground glowed with golden light. As a result, a protective oval-shaped light barrier enveloped everyone to safeguard them.

The disciples from the various races had the right to walk in and out of the light barrier. However, everything in the Chaotic Source World that remained outside would be blocked from entering it. That included hurricanes and the Chaotic Source Spirits.

"Phew!"

When most people made their way safely inside the arrays, the hurricane in the Chaotic Source World rose once more with destructive intentions.

Unfortunately, some people had failed to seek refuge in the arrays in time to avoid the approaching calamity. As a result, they were carried away by the hurricane for tens of thousands of miles without pause.

Still, in an infuriated state, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits broke her way through the hurricane and advanced forward.

The plan of the giant eye was so ridiculous that it had cost the lives of almost all of her kind. It failed so horribly that she was the sole survivor among the members of her race.

The only thing on her mind now was to exact revenge by killing as many people as she saw fit.

But those people were like troublesome mice. As soon as the hurricane raged their way, they fled into the arrays to protect them against it.

The Chaotic Source Spirits had little to no knowledge about the arrays. Over the years, they had made numerous attempts to destroy them, but they were all for naught as the arrays were carved in the void.

Once the arrays were triggered to activate, the following light barrier that formed was able to withstand heavy amounts of force.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits had also tried to tear down the light barrier, but it was unsuccessful every time.

However, the scenario had changed later. Over the past ten years, the mother had fused with many other Chaotic Source Spirits, and her strength had far surpassed her previous limitations.

With wide strides and the intentions to kill, she made her way towards the nearest array.

"The mother of Chaotic Source Spirits is coming!"

"She's headed our way!"

"Don't panic! These arrays are the work of powerful masters in the Source World. They are practically indestructible!"

The people stationed inside the array under threat were the members of the River Spirit race. They inhabited the area by the riverside. Similar to the Snake Goddess race, their body was a hybrid of a human and a snake. However, they had scales for feet and tentacles on their faces; their bodies overflowed with energy.

The River Spirit race had high hopes attached to the array. They believed in it to be able to withstand heavy amounts of damage without a hitch.

When the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits reached the array that was closest to her, she stationed herself directly behind it. With anger fuming from every breath she took, she raised her strong foot and stomped hard on the array with malicious intents.

Watching this unfold, the members of the River Spirit race couldn't help but feel threatened by the massive strength fluctuating from it. They all gathered in one place, feeling frightened.

"Bang!"

Even the rustling sound produced by the hurricane was insufficient to deafen out the loud noise of her foot trampling down on the array.

The light barrier visibly trembled and recovered in an instant.

"Nothing happened…"

"What a relief! She can't break the array after all!"

"I told you so!"

The once tensed members of the River Spirit race rejoiced as they regained their lost vitality.

Watching them ease up, the members of other races in other arrays relaxed their shoulders as if an overpowered burden was lifted off them. Their hearts that had leaped to their throats at the first sign of trouble sunk back down to their chests as they heaved a sigh of relief.

If the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits were to be successful in her attempts to break the array, things would get complicated.

"It's alright now…"

"Let's use this opportunity to distribute the Chaotic Source Spirits among ourselves!"

After they had taken the lives of many Chaotic Source Spirits, every race had obtained a lot of crystals.

These crystals were sufficient for many people to undergo the Chaotic Source Reinforcement. Now with the hurricane raging outside, they had nothing to do while they waited inside the arrays. This was the perfect time to distribute the crystals.

Watching the others, the members of the Oneness Sky Palace turned towards Zen, Elvinia, and Dorothy with questioning eyes. All the Chaotic Source Spirits gathered by them were given to the three for safekeeping.

"We should also distribute the Chaotic Source Spirits right now," Elvinia said, withdrawing her gaze from afar.

"Okay," Zen said as he gave a slight nod. Just as he was about to take the Chaotic Source Spirits out of his space ring, he saw the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits raise her huge foot and stomp hard on the light barrier of the array again.

"Bang!"

Another loud noise reverberated in everyone's ears, reaching distances far and wide.

The overwhelming sound diverted everyone's attention towards it once more.

Just like before, the light barrier shook involuntarily and later recovered. However, this time, the rate at which it trembled was much more violent. It soon became apparent that the barrier would not be able to hold for long against attacks with the same viscosity.

When the sudden realization hit everyone, their inner emotions reflected on their faces as they lost their previous color and turned a pale white.

They all understood that the arrays which had remained indestructible over the years were perishable under brute force.

After the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits trampled on the array for a second time, she paused to recollect herself as she straightened up. Suddenly, she jumped high into the sky, bearing the weight of her ten thousand feet high body, and came knocking down once more.

The members of the River Spirit race in the array had already fallen victim to hopelessness. Before the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits could touch the array, some of the members of the River Spirit race gave in to their fears and rushed out of the light barrier.

The hurricane outside still raged with pressure. Soon as the members came out of the barrier, they were swept off their feet into midair and were thrown away.

The members that remained inside the array felt hesitation in exiting the barrier. Although the River Spirit race was not a super force, it was respected around its territory. Therefore, high hopes were attached to it, and they were expected to reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

However, they had managed to collect only a handful of Chaotic Source Spirits. Their last remaining resort was in the form of the mighty mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. After all, she must have absorbed tens of thousands of Chaotic Source Spirits to have progressed so far in strength.

Them being blown away by the hurricane would indicate their surrender in the fight for obtaining more Chaotic Source Spirits.

Therefore, they could do nothing but pin their hopes on the array to live up to its potential and protect them.

"Bang!"

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits crash-landed on the array. The impact of the fall caused the extraordinary light barrier to collapse into insignificant pieces.

As if keeping track of her targets, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits landed directly on the bodies of the members of the River Spirit race. Everything inside the array was soon squashed like a bug and reduced to nothing.

"I can't believe it… The array…is broken!"

"Damn it. We're all doomed!"

"What should we do now?"

Shocked after witnessing the tragic end of the River Spirit race members, the other people began to lose their sane minds and panicked.

The arrays were their shelter. But now, after one was brutally crushed before their eyes, they could not depend on the remaining arrays to save them anymore.

"Hahaha…"

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits broke out into malicious laughter. "You all are so naive! Do you honestly believe those arrays could protect you from me!? I will show you what despair feels like!"

"Bang Bang Bang..."

With large steps, she paced towards the next array.

This array was occupied by members from small races.

As they witnessed the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits approach them, their faces turned as white as a sheet as they held their breaths.

They were smart enough to not repeat the same mistake the River Spirit race made. Before the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits could destroy the barrier, they had planned to move out of it.

Soon, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits ran for a few steps before she leaped in the air and landed directly on the array.

At the same time, the people inside the array rushed out before they were crushed.

"Bang!"

This light barrier also perished under the strength of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Fortunately, their quick thinking helped the members of the small races to avoid being stepped on by her.

However, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was sharp-witted. She had foreseen their intentions to escape the array. Once they stepped out, they would be carried away by the hurricane.

Adjusting to the circumstances, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits slapped her hand in the direction of the hurricane. The pressure of the hurricane had made it hard for the warriors to resist and move freely. With pitiful eyes and helpless bodies, they watched the huge palm cover them up and slam them hard on the ground.

"Bang Bang Bang..."

With a series of dull thuds, more than a dozen bloodied bodies fell lifelessly on the ground. The desolate ground was painted a wild red with their blood spraying over from all directions.

The traumatizing sight of these people made the survivors in the remaining arrays hyperventilate. They began to huddle up and discuss strategies to escape unscathed.

However, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was not prepared to allow them the luxury of time. She turned around frantically and rushed towards the third array.

Chapter 3422 Lure Away

The moment they saw the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits rush over, all creatures in the third array began to scramble and scatter.

At that moment, all that mattered was leaving as fast as they could, or they would risk dying in that place.

All of them crowded the exit, trying to rush out of the array. They used their bodily movement skills to fly with the wind, all in a desperate attempt to run away from the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

When the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits reached the magic array, she crushed the array with her body, making sure to destroy it completely.

Several large races were forced to calculate their current positions, trying to guess what the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits would do next.

The core area's arrays were arranged densely. When the hurricane rose, everyone found a random array where they stayed to protect themselves.

The Ear Mice, the Bearing race, and the Sun Crow race were among the lucky ones as they were in arrays that were quite far from the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Nine Li people weren't as lucky.

However, within five minutes, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits could destroy all the arrays.

Everyone was on the edge. Even the leaders outside of the Chaotic Source World were growing restless.

"Why isn't the Pear Hill doing anything?"

"The arrays used to refine the Chaotic Source Spirits are ruined! This is too much!"

"If they stay there, they will all die!"

The leaders argued amongst themselves, despairing at the current state of their disciples while the Pear Hill kept silent. Making a move on the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was never in their plan.

In no time at all, the fourth, fifth, and sixth arrays were destroyed.

Having witnessed the unfortunate fate of the River Spirit race, the others were desperate to leave and find another safe hiding spot.

At the same time, the super forces in the rear became more anxious about their situation.

The arrays themselves weren't such a huge loss. The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits could destroy all of them.

What made them so nervous was the fact that they used the arrays as shelter.

It was extremely nerve-wracking, waiting for one's possible doom.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and the people of the Nine Li race were desolate as they watched the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits approach their array.

"We'll have to withdraw!" Elvinia exclaimed, heart beating faster from the need to take action.

"Don't panic. She may not come for us," Chaim said with a hint of hope.

Earlier, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits flew into a rage and missed an array. Maybe they could also get lucky?

Unfortunately, Chaim was wrong.

As the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits broke the thirteenth array, she began to rush straight towards the one they were in.

The Snake Goddess race from Pear Hill was in a nearby array. Yan, who was inside the array, could only look at Zen with worry.

She knew there was nothing she could do to help.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Violent vibrations shook the ground as the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits stamped in fury.

Not everyone felt as melancholic. The Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race were particularly feeling pleased as they watched the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits march towards the array.

"Look! The Oneness Sky Palace is doomed!"

"I hope the hurricane blows them away! When they're gone, the crystals in the mother's belly will be ours!"

"If the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace run away, so will the people of Pear Hill! There's a way to turn this situation to our advantage!"

The disciples of the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, and the Divine Farmer race discussed amongst themselves the benefits of this current situation.

Ismail, the eldest among the three brothers from the Divine Farmer race raised a very good question, "Is there any way to prevent them from leaving the array?" His voice was full of resentment as he made his declaration. "I hope they're trampled to death by the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits!"

Mount, taking a glance at Ismail, shook his head. "No. I don't think so."

There was no way to trap the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace in the array.

Dorothy watched as the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits approached. "We have to go!" she announced solemnly.

"Hurry up then!" Hutton whined anxiously.

There was no other way!

Just as everyone was preparing to rush out, Zen remained rooted in his spot. "Wait a minute."

Chaim took a look at Zen and immediately guessed his plan. "Are you planning on luring her away?"

Amongst everyone gathered here in the core area, there was only one person who could dodge this abnormally horrible hurricane: Zen.

Perhaps it would also be possible for him to lure the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits away?

"Yes," Zen replied.

"How?" Milo asked. Even Dorothy was confused, only gazing at Zen with questioning eyes.

She, and the vast majority of the Oneness Sky Palace disciples, had no idea that he could dodge the hurricane.

Zen was a source of order and leadership for everyone in that array. He had led them to victory during the earlier battle and they trusted in him fully. They saw him as someone who could come up with solutions in the most critical moments.

However, what he was planning right now seemed like suicide! Could he really deal with this current dilemma they all faced?

The other races watched with bated breath, anticipating what the Oneness Sky Palace was going to do. With their current situation, the most logical course of action was to rush out of the array as quickly as they could.

To everyone's disappointment, no disciples rushed out of the array.

The only person who did was Zen.

This scene shocked everybody.

"What are they doing?!"

"Are they trying to get themselves killed?"

"Maybe they aren't willing to give up? But what option do they have other than giving up? They're going to die. There's no other way out of this one. Those fools will die in that array!"

While everyone mildly panicked about this turn of events, Zen had already passed the light curtain.

As soon as he crossed the threshold, a feather seemingly carved out of jade appeared above his head.

Phew!

Everyone watched in amazement as Zen flew upward, unaffected by the hurricane at all, and rushed headfirst towards the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. Meanwhile, the blade of his Snow Sword flashed sharply in his hand.

Crack!

This sword radiance from his blade hit the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

It did not hurt the creature but it was very successful in diverting her attention.

Dong! Dong!

There was a large quake as the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits turned from the array and towards Zen.

She was very, very confused.

To the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, all of them were pesky annoying ants unable to even withstand the force of the hurricane. How in the world was this ant able to travel freely?

Not only that, he even dared to come at her with a sword?

"Human ant!" the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits boomed. "Go to hell!"

She turned around, swinging her two huge palms in order to slap Zen's head.

Zen, despite being regarded as a mere ant, was very nimble and could easily dodge the strike.

He was like a mosquito, flitting here and there in order to avoid this larger creature's slap. Wasting no time at all, Zen drew his sword and slashed at her head!

Those watching below could only gasp in shock as they witnessed this scene.

Who would've ever guessed that Zen would employ this method in order to lure the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits away?

Mount, Khalid, and Mya sported unprecedentedly solemn looks on their faces.

"Uncle Mount, how the hell did he make it?" Mya asked in disbelief and confusion.

Chapter 3423 Driving Them Away

Under everyone's gaze, Zen seemed to glide as though his body was a piece of light paper.

While the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits had great strength, she was too clumsy to capture even the creatures of small races, let alone Zen who moved that fast.

Dorothy's eyes flashed with satisfaction.

It was crucial for Zen to make such a move. The Oneness Sky Palace would probably lose their chance completely otherwise.

Even the leaders outside the Chaotic Source World were attracted by Zen's figure.

They never had been through such a strong hurricane and had no clue how terrifying it actually was.

But even the Divine Lair's demon women and the races that could fly well kept away from it—clearly, the hurricane was something no one wanted to get caught up in.

But Zen seemed so free in the winds. It should be because he relied on the jade-like feather. However, no one there knew where the feather had come from.

Whoosh!

As Zen fought the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, a voice message with life vitality resounded in his ear—it was from Chaim.

"Zen, lead her to the Bearing race," he suggested.

The Bearing race, along with the three other major races, had exerted their strength in attacking the Oneness Sky Palace's disciples, including Milo. Almost all the disciples that remained had been attacked by these four races. In spite of the great number of disciples they eliminated, they left no evidence behind.

It was the perfect opportunity to get their revenge—how could they just let it pass?

"That's exactly what I was thinking!"

In the hurricane, Zen turned around and flew straight toward the members of the Bearing race.

They, along with the New Moon race, shared the same array, while the Sun Crow race and the Divine Farmer race occupied one array each.

Seeing Zen heading toward them, Khalid and the rest understood his intent immediately.

He wanted to take advantage of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits to drive them away!

"You brat! How dare you!"

"If you dare come any closer, I will kill you!"

"Do you want to die?"

The members of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race cursed at the sight of Zen's move.

Nearby, the Separate Abyss people were mocking them—they were pleased to see the others' distress.

In the face of the threats of the super forces, Zen's expression remained totally steady. He fell right into the array where the Bearing race stayed.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

As the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits ran at full speed, the ground trembled under her heavy steps. She followed closely behind Zen.

"You brat, get out of here!" Khalid's face was dark and cold like he was entirely ready to swallow Zen up at that moment.

The others of the Bearing race were also pointing fingers accusingly at Zen, cursing him.

But Zen merely stood there with his hands behind his back, looking totally indifferent. Wearing a faint smile on his face, he looked at them firmly.

Unfortunately for them, they had no way to fight in the array—they couldn't touch Zen.

Seeing how close the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was getting, Khalid called to the rest, "Guys, let's get out of here!"

Zen was deliberately leading the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits there. The array would definitely be trampled to pieces by her heavy steps. To keep them safe, Khalid had to dismiss his clansmen.

Although the members of the Bearing race were reluctant, they had no other choice. All they could do was throw daggers at Zen with their hateful glares. After going through the light shield, all of them were blown away by the hurricane.

With a spear in hand, Khalid jumped into the air and moved out of the light shield.

The moment he was exposed, the long spear light flashed in his hand and pierced the ground.

Crack!

A sharp beam of light shot out from the tip of his spear and penetrated the ground.

Among the disciples of the Bearing race under the Chaotic Source Realm, Khalid was the most powerful. While he was indeed proud and arrogant, he wasn't to be underestimated.

The beam of light was like an extension of his very arm. The moment it rushed to the ground, it split into two, then four, then eight—it seemed like a split tree root that extended infinitely into the ground.

In mere seconds, it had turned into thousands of beams of light fixed into the ground.

These were all connected to the tip of his spear, stabilizing his foundation.

"Impressive!"

"He can resist the hurricane?"

"Still… he's not as good as Zen…"

Although the hurricane was truly powerful, it wasn't impossible to avoid it. Some people had special means to do so.

Khalid was extraordinary enough to have attracted everyone's attention.

But Zen's unwavering presence had stolen the limelight.

Completely unaffected by the hurricane, Zen proved to be more powerful than Khalid.

Boom!

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits took a step toward the array's light shield. But at that moment, only Zen remained in the array.

Before she stomped down, Zen moved out of the area. Simultaneously, his eyes met Khalid's before he revealed a sly smile.

Khalid's heart sank upon seeing Zen's smile.

He couldn't move as he could only fix himself with his spear. What was Zen planning to do?

Halfway through that thought, Zen floated and headed toward him.

"Damn it!"

Khalid was a decisive character. The moment he withdrew his long spear, he turned over to shoot a spear light at Zen.

This move was mere revenge. He was well aware that it would miss Zen and that he'd be swept away by the hurricane anyway.

But once he was blown away about 20, 000 feet, he once again stabbed his spear into the ground. The spear light extended infinitely into the ground and fixed himself once again.

Zen didn't have any more time to mess with the guy. Once Khalid was far away, Zen continued guiding mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits to the next array.

Seeing Zen rush over, the faces of the demon women of the Sun Crow race darkened. They spread their wings and flew away along with the hurricane.

Suddenly, Zen's figure stopped midair as he looked to the left. Now, only the Divine Farmer race remained in the array.

The leaders of the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, and the Divine Farmer race all twisted their faces in anger.

They had curated an entire plan, even sending out the hit list in the hopes of killing Zen and Elvinia. But it was to no avail—they even suffered many losses because of Zen.

Elizabeth, in particular, was staring intently at Zen as though she was ready to swallow him alive.

In the array, Mount stood still. When he saw Zen fly over, he shut his eyes and steadily said, "All of you, get out."

The rest of the Divine Farmer race nodded before heading out of the array.

"Uncle Mount, what about me?" Mya took a seat to the side and asked.

"Just help me," Mount replied.

Mya's eyes glittered at that.

She knew that sooner or later, Mount would be fighting Zen and the man called Evil God.

Mount was a sedate man who often looked at the bigger picture. Before gaining the confidence to win, he first chose to dodge.

But now, he couldn't bear it.

"Okay!" With a mischievous smile, Mya caressed her curly locks and raised them up.

When Zen stepped out of the array with the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits following him, Mya's curly hair extended outside the array and transformed into thin, steel needles. They shot right at the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Chapter 3424 The Folded Space

The curly strands of hair were like steel needles wrapping instantaneously around the body of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Previously, Mya had used such a method to entangle her.

The hair was extremely tough and unbreakable by force.

The mother didn't pay any bit of attention to Mya or Mount—her sole desire was to crush Zen.

"I'm done!"

As Mya's hair tied up the mother's body, some hair also wrapped around Mount's figure.

"Let's head out."

Carrying Mya on his shoulder, Mount then walked out of the light.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the hurricane blew the two into the air.

Her hair straightened up under the force of the wind.

Strong inertia pushed them to circle the mother once before rushing directly to Zen.

As they approached him, a golden light flashed in Mount's eyes as a strong aura burst from his figure.

"Uha!"

A black spiral emerged above his head as he shouted.

"Dark Space World!"

As it spun, a strange gravitational force was formed from the motion.

While it wasn't a particularly powerful force, the rules within it began folding the surrounding space.

Any means related to space was prohibited within the Chaotic Source World. No one could make use of Grand Teleportation or any other space-related methods.

But Mount had violated this very rule.

Bang!

All the space within a ten-foot radius of the black spiral collapsed into it.

The surrounding space was also quickly influenced as it got sucked in.

About a hundred feet away from the spiral, the space squeezed inward for ten feet, along with the entire core area. The whole Chaotic Source World seemed to shift ten feet with the black spiral in its center.

The entire Source World and chaos shifted along with it.

But ten feet was such a short distance that it could easily go unnoticed by both the Chaotic Source World and the Source World.

Within the entire Icy Snow Province, only Fuxi, sitting atop the snow mountain, noticed the newly folded space.

He stared at Mount with great contempt.

"He got serious too soon, didn't he? To use a truth-level trick to deal with a young warrior who hasn't even reached the Chaotic Source Realm… how shameful…" Fuxi muttered to himself.

Still, he had no intention of lending a hand.

In his eyes, it was fate.

If Zen died in the hands of Mount or the Evil God, that only proved how blind Gerald was.

He was unwilling to accept the fact that the mission he had begged for all his life fell upon such a man.

The sight of the black spiral put a dark cloud over the atmosphere at the entrance of the Chaotic Source World where the many leaders of different forces gathered.

"What is that trick?!" Elizabeth exclaimed, bewildered.

The Sun Crow race's talent lay in their divine flames, while the demon women of the Divine Lair were especially good at any trick that had to do with space. Elizabeth, for instance, had cultivated the Truth of Void Destruction to reach the Other Shore—something common among the demon women. It was why the Sun Crow race's strength had nearly no advantage in the Chaotic Source World.

Elizabeth could cast the Illusory Projection in far-away spaces to kill her enemies. She had an understanding and attainment in space that no ordinary warrior could dream of matching.

But upon seeing the black spiral, her heart skipped a beat.

Uncharacteristically, she couldn't understand the space mystery in the trick at all.

When the leader of the Divine Farmer race saw Mount's trick, his expression remained steady.

Mount was well known as a unique existence in the Divine Farmer race. While he was a member of the younger generation, he held a special high status. Even the Divine Farmer was polite when facing him—it wasn't hard to guess just how powerful he was.

"Zen, watch out!"

Athemar, Winchell, and the other leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace had their eyes wide in shock.

Whenever they caught Zen in a tough situation, he had always been able to deal with all sorts of tricks easily.

But even Athemar couldn't comprehend Mount's move—the power hidden within it was difficult to gauge.

He couldn't wrap his head around how such a young man had mastered such a trick.

And so there Zen was, trapped within a ten-foot radius of the black spiral.

The mother's hand entered the folded space along with Zen.

"Crack!"

Once the space folded, the part of the hand was torn into pieces.

The Separate Abyss race, the Ear Mice, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, and the members of the various races all exclaimed upon witnessing the scene.

"Oh my God! How can this be?"

"The crystals inside the mother's body haven't been exhausted. How did her hand get torn apart like that? It's impossible!"

"This isn't natural…"

The crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits were supposed to be indestructible materials.

If one wanted to destroy a warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm, they'd have to completely exhaust the Chaotic Source Spirits inside the warrior's body. Before that, no attack would be the least bit effective on the warrior.

But the mother still seemed energetic—not tired in the least.

Before the crystals were used up, the mother's body should have been indestructible. Not even a drop of blood could be drawn.

But when the black spiral pulled in slightly, half of her hand was broken off—it was an intimidating sight to every being present.

In one of the arrays, a dark shadow stood behind a nonhuman creature.

Because the shadow was so close to the creature, it went unnoticed by anyone else in the array.

It was none other than the Evil God.

His eyes narrowed as he examined the black spiral.

Before that very moment, apart from Zen, no one in the Chaotic Source World was worth a second of his attention—not even Yan, Zen's sister.

Now, his expression hardened at the sight of Mount's move.

But that lasted only a moment before his serious eyes were replaced by a look of interest like he had just locked onto his next prey.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

It took a mere moment for the black spiral to fold the space.

It only spun for a few seconds until it disappeared. The black spiral, half of the mother's hand, and Zen had all disappeared without a trace, as though they had never existed.

"Aoo... Woo!"

The mother of Chaotic Source Spirits roared, covering the half of her hand that remained on her body. Never did she think anyone could ever hurt her.

In her pain, she shifted her anger toward Mount and Mya.

"Retreat,"

Mount spat out harshly.

The hair on Mya's head faintly glowed. Still tied to the body of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, it began extending rapidly.

From afar, it looked as though the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was flying a kite, with Mya's hair serving as the kite's thread. The two people on the other end of it flew higher and higher in the wind.

Chapter 3425 Deletion

The strong hurricane beat against Mount and Maya harshly, but they continued to fly high.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits attempted to pull the two down, but every time she pulled Mya's hair, her hair grew even longer.

Therefore, it was impossible for the mother to exert any more strength, and naturally she couldn't pull the two down.

"Hoo, hoo, Hoo..."

"Uncle Mount, is that guy dead?" Mya asked curiously in the hurricane.

"Theoretically, he is dead," Mount answered flatly.

Mya was a bit confused. "Theoretically? What do you mean?"

"When that part of the space was folded, I exiled him," Mount replied.

Mya pursed her lips and asked again, "It's not difficult to exile someone in the space, and such a method is not fatal, right? Can you kill him?"

Overall, the space in the Source World was stable--the True Gods who cultivated the Space Godly Way could not tear the space apart, and it was also hard for them to exile their opponents. On the other hand, it was easy for the Other Shore Realm warriors who cultivated the Truth of Void Destruction to do the same thing.

Such powerful warriors were also not afraid of being banished from the space. As long as they released enough strength, they could easily destroy the space that imprisoned them and get out of it.

"That's not what I meant," Mount explained patiently. "After I folded the space, it completely disappeared. In fact, that area with the radius of ten feet has been removed entirely from the chaos. Do you understand?"

After a normal space theurgy had torn a part of a space apart, there was still a void left in the space, and the space itself did not disappear.

Besides, the space had a high ductility. It would not take long for the surrounding space to squeeze into the void, and then the space would be repaired gradually.

Sometimes the space was just like water, as it flowed without a stop.

This time, however, Mount directly deleted a piece of space which involved very complicated rules. It was truly difficult for Mya to understand such a matter.

"I don't understand," said Mya with a shrug. As she was still confused, she asked, "He won't come back, right?"

"It's hard to say," Mount responded.

Once again, Mya was speechless in confusion. Of course, she knew how powerful Mount was.

He could kill any opponent in one attack.

The moment Mount chose to launch an attack in the array, Mya knew that Zen was doomed.

Although it looked like that was the case, Mount still said that he wasn't so sure of it. Thus, his words made Mya feel a little puzzled.

"He is not an ordinary person," said Mount.

'Of course I know that, ' Mya thought to herself. Generally, Mount didn't need to attack those ordinary people in person because it was easy to deal with them, who were like Khalid.

"He used the Falling Star Palm," Mount continued to explain. "It's a theurgy of the truth level. Although it's very weak, it's genuine. Zen is the inheritor recognized by Gerald."

"Who is Gerald?" Mya blinked. "A Chaos Ancient God," Mount replied.

Mya's eyebrows shot up in surprise upon hearing those words.

"It's not easy to kill such a person," Mount stated.

He was positively confident in his abilities.

In theory, Zen had already disappeared, but he still refused to tell the others that he had died.

Meanwhile, the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace looked very anxious.

"What happened to Zen? I can't even sense his soul mark!" Elvinia said with a frown. "Perhaps they exiled Zen through the space theurgy," Dorothy guessed.

Dorothy didn't expect that Mount possessed such a unique and remarkable ability.

Even though she was also worried, she was much calmer than Elvinia.

"No, that's not a common way to exile someone!" Chaim said and firmly shook his head. It was forbidden to use any space theurgy in the Chaotic Source World. Thus, anyone who was able to break this restriction must be truly powerful.

Since Chaim was not very experienced, he naturally didn't know anything about the space folding. Still, he could make his own guess.

Meanwhile, Sally had an ominous premonition that she couldn't stop thinking about. "Then, does that mean that Zen is..." she trailed off with tears in her eyes.

"Sally, don't worry. Let's wait and see. Zen is very extraordinary. He will clearly have a way to return," Hutton consoled her.

The members of the Nine Li race looked up to Zen as their only hope. Obviously, they didn't want him to be in danger or worse, die.

It was true that Hutton was not as well-informed as the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace, but he was certain that Zen would definitely come back!

In the other array, Yan stood under the light barrier, her dark brown eyes filled with complex emotions. Worry, sadness, and anger mixed together, filling her mind and heart.

"Yan... Your brother will be fine," Natalie comforted her.

Yan had always been a very optimistic girl in the Pear Hill. It was the first time Natalie had seen her look this miserable.

"I hope..." Yan whispered. The exploration of the Chaotic Source World had been carried out in accordance with the plan.

In Yan's eyes, the only possible accident that could happen was involved with the Evil God.

Therefore, she had been on her guard against him.

It was difficult for others to notice the Evil God's presence, but Yan could always vaguely feel his position.

Despite her precautions, the unexpected thing had happened. The strapping young man of the Divine Farmer race had always been low-key, but after he took action, Zen had disappeared. It was hard for Yan to accept the fact for the time being...

What made Yan even more worried was the terrible destructive power of the folded space.

During the process of folding space, that young man even cut off half the hand of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits! Was that an ordinary space theurgy?

"Phew!"

Five minutes had passed.

Soon enough, the hurricane of the Chaotic Source World slowly stopped.

Thick hair that measured hundreds of thousands of feet long, emitted a faint glow and curled around the mother.

Mya and Mount slowly descended from the dim sky.

At that moment, all of warriors in the core area rushed out of the arrays at once.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was the last treasure for them to fight for.

If they were in single combat, no one in the core area could defeat the mother, and it would be harder to consume the amber-colored crystals in her body.

Yet, that could change if they attacked her together.

Some of them could grab a hold of the mother and restrict her flexibility, some could hinder her speed, and some could weaken her strength. Those numerous methods when combined together made the mother not so terrifying anymore.

Meanwhile, Khalid took out his long spear as well and charged straight towards the mother.

Although Mount had made Zen disappear, there were still many competitors for him. The Ear Mouse race, the Separate Abyss race, and the other super forces were formidable opponents as well.

The worst thing was the fact that the hurricane had swept away all the members of the Bearing race. It would take them a long time to come back from tens of thousands of miles away.

Just as Khalid was rushing towards the mother, a petite figure blocked his way.

It was Yan. Her long hair fluttered in the wind and a layer of crimson energy floated around her black locks. Her small face was devoid of any emotion.

"Hey, little girl..." Khalid mocked. He did not take Yan seriously at all.

The moment he finished speaking, however, Yan shouted angrily, "Scram!"

The word was like a hammer that pounded hard on Khalid's chest.

The impact sent Khalid flying tens of thousands of feet away, until he fell heavily on the ground and coughed up blood.

Chapter 3426 Be Prepared To Die

The Pear Hill was a formidable group, and no one ever underestimated them. Yet it still shocked many when Yan was able to blow Khalid away in a single move.

After all, Khalid was the best talent of the Bearing race. Perhaps he had been careless because he underestimated Yan. But it was still difficult to comprehend how easily she had overpowered him.

Yan didn't miss a beat. Immediately after repelling Khalid, she flipped and shot up into the air, heading in the direction where Mya and Mount had landed.

"What a woman..."

A wicked smile formed on Mya's face. Her curly hair seemed to expand, framing her face like a dark cloud as it enveloped Yan.

Her beautiful curls looked soft and glossy, but they contained a terrible killing intent.

Once Yan got entangled in her curls, she would have at least a hundred ways to tear Yan into pieces.

Yan, however, had no fear in her expression as she confronted Mya's black cloud of hair. She counterattacked boldly and directly.

"The Truth of Holy Words!"

"Break!"

"Split!"

"Slash!"

As soon as Yan uttered the word "break," Mya's hair was cut into pieces flying haphazardly in all directions.

Would it be this easy to break Mya's hair?

With a flash in mind, Mya seemed to infuse her broken hairs with a kind of spirit. They began flying back towards each other, forming another cloud-like mass. They were about to return to Mya when Yan said, "Split!" Her command shattered the spirit animating the hairs, and the broken strands fell apart, no longer connected.

When Yan spoke the word "slash", Mya began to tremble with fear. She could feel a sharp slashing force coming from the void. If it hit her, she would be killed undoubtedly.

Before the blow landed, she felt someone grab her and jerk her backwards. It was Mount. "You're no match for her. Let me help you," he said.

Mount quickly stood in front of Mya as the invisible slashing force slashed at him.

Mount stayed calm. He stood still, his body glowing with a ray of khaki light, as he punched the air at a strange angle.

Boom!

When Yan heard the booming sound, she realized that her "slash" command had failed. Mount had easily fended off the slashing attack.

"You're no match for me. Don't waste your time," Mount said, looking down at Yan.

In the Chaotic Source World, the struggles were fierce between various races, but almost everyone made an effort to avoid facing Mount.

But after all, the Chaotic Source World was created by the Snake Goddess race. If they went too far in bullying those from the Pear Hill, they might not get a good result after leaving the Chaotic Source World.

Mount was insightful, and he had a way of perceiving things that other people couldn't. He saw at a glance that Yan was unusual.

If he killed Yan here, he would probably cause some unnecessary trouble.

Mya, who was still being shielded by Mount, stepped forward again, her face filled with hatred.

It was hard for most women to accept defeat at the hands of a more beautiful woman. And Mya was no exception. "Uncle Mount, she attacked me. Kill her!"

Mya was expecting Mount to agree, so she was surprised when he shook his head. "I can't kill her. If I try, members of the Pear Hill will definitely break into the Chaotic Source World to stop me."

"Will the Pear Hill break the rules for her?" Mya said coldly, still looking for a way to get revenge on Yan.

"They wouldn't break the rules for just anyone in the past. But for her, and at this moment in time, I feel that they will," Mount said firmly.

Since the Chaotic Source World had been established, the Pear Hill and other races in the Source World had always followed the rules that had been agreed upon. This established consensus was the foundation for the stability of the Chaotic Source World, and the reason it had lasted for so many years.

However, it was the last time that the Chaotic Source World would ever open. It no longer mattered if the Pear Hill broke the rules.

Mount thought his logic was unassailable.

He sought to obtain the maximum benefit that he could from his time in the Chaotic Source World. He wouldn't be as emotional as Khalid and Mya.

Mount's words made Yan even more determined, and she stood her ground. "Let my brother go or I won't give up!" she said in a low growl.

Suddenly, there were sounds of people flying swiftly through the air.

Dozens of figures rushed towards them.

Natalie and Six Snake Shadows circled vigilantly around Yan. The other members of the Snake Goddess race hovered near Mount, carefully watching him. He was very powerful, but he wouldn't be able to withstand their united attack by himself.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

The sight of the members of the Snake Goddess race spurred the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace into action. They rushed to confront Mount too.

Although Elvinia and Dorothy knew that it would be difficult to force Mount to release Zen, they had to give it a try. Moreover, people from the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race and the Divine Farmer race had all been swept away by the hurricane. Only Mount, Mya, and Khalid who had been injured were here. They might have a chance to beat these three people, as they were greater in number.

"The Oneness Sky Palace won't shrink back," said Elvinia grimly, a determined look in her eyes.

As they squared off against each other, the atmosphere grew thick with tension.

Below, the Separate Abyss race and the Ear Mouse race were leading the other races in an attack against the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

The Separate Abyss race was the happiest with this situation. The Oneness Sky Palace, the Pear Hill, the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, and the Divine Farmer race were all competing for the Chaotic Source Spirits. But because of Zen, before they could even try to get to the crystals, they had to fight each other first.

The Separate Abyss race were quick to take the opportunity to kill the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. If they succeeded, they would be the greatest beneficiaries of the ongoing conflict.

In fact, the Ear Mice were also very concerned about Zen. However, they and Zen were merely taking advantage of each other, so they did not feel that this was a battle they needed to be involved in.

The Evil God stood in the shadow of a huge crater on the ground.

"Are they going to fight? Interesting...!" The Evil God couldn't contain his excitement, and his desire to join the fray was evident on his gleeful face.

His own instincts told him that Mount was overwhelmingly powerful. He thought not even the combined forces of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill could defeat this man.

The Evil God was not sure how he himself would fare against Mount.

But he had been hiding in the dark for a long period of time. If he seized this opportunity, he might have a chance...

Mount looked around at the assembled warriors. He shook his head and said to Yan, "It's not that I don't want to let him go. It's just that—well, he has completely disappeared."

Yan heard only his refusal. "So you won't release Zen?" she asked, squinting. A ray of dangerous light shone from her eyes.

Mount pressed his lips together. "As I said, I can't release him because he's gone."

"Since you can't release him, you'd better be prepared to die," said Elvinia icily, her cold nature on full display. If Mount was telling the truth, and Zen was gone, it would be something she was not prepared to accept.

Auras burst out all around Mount as the others released their energy. Many disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace as well as members of the Snake Goddess race activated their Other Shore Tokens.

The negotiation had failed, and it was time to go into battle.

Mount had an impenetrable poker face, and his expression did not change as everyone around him prepared to attack. He looked around coolly at the people surrounding him. "If you attack me, then you will die. It's really very simple. I will kill everyone except her," he said, pointing a finger at Yan.

His words sounded like a warning, but there was a hidden message embedded in them

The message was not intended for the warriors surrounding him in the Chaotic Source World, nor was it for the leaders waiting outside. Instead, it was for Fuxi.

Chapter 3427 Formidable Opponent

Fuxi, standing atop a snow mountain, only snorted when he heard Mount's words.

He had no plans to take action.

He didn't even make a move when Zen, who Fuxi held in great importance, had been sealed by Mount. It would have been too late, anyway.

But if Mount were to attack Yan, Fuxi would surely charge into the Chaotic Source World to rescue her without hesitation.

Even Mount, who had spent all this time in the Chaotic Source World, could tell as much.

"Oh, cut the crap!"

As a successor of Eastern Emperor Taiyi and one of the best warriors of the Phoenix Palace, Elvinia remained unfazed.

A dangerous golden light flashed in her eyes.

Divine flames of the Sun Crow race burst out from her hair, while the Warrior of the Stone Hill emerged above her. Tens of thousands of rays of sword radiance shot toward Mount, leaving no place for him to dodge.

At the same time, Yan stretched out her hands and a crimson energy began to spread around her. The shadow of Snake Goddess appeared behind her, growing quickly in size.

Chaim, Milo, Dorothy and Sally all launched their attacks at the same moment!

"Stay back, Mya!" Mount shouted.

Mya, however, was finding it fun tagging along with her Uncle Mount.

She didn't want to miss out on anything at all.

She could tell he was being serious, however. It was obvious he was unsure whether he could defeat these enemies from the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill. He had asked her to leave to spare her from danger before he went all out in this fight.

"I won't..."

Before Mya could finish protesting, she suddenly felt dizzy. Before she knew it, she was already on a mountain top.

She looked around and soon realized that she was on the northern peak of the core area.

She hadn't even sensed the aura of the space theurgy her uncle used to send her away!

She stomped angrily before flying toward the main peak.

Once Mya was safely out of the way, Mount wasted no time. He pushed his hands forward and with one hop, disappeared from everyone's sight.

The next moment, he was behind Yan. He made a quick motion with his hands.

A huge cube, measuring thirty feet on each side, quickly materialized out of thin air. Mount had apparently estimated Yan's shadow of Snake Goddess accurately, because the cube perfectly matched its current size.

The cube was an isolated space cage. And right now, it had Yan and her shadow of Snake Goddess trapped.

"Break!"

Yan shouted, her eyes twinkling with a strange color.

Ordinary enchanted barriers and space cages couldn't restrict her freedom.

But the cube remained motionless and was completely unaffected by the power she released.

Yan refused to give up.

Under her command, the shadow of Snake Goddess, which had now stopped growing, smashed at the cube again and again. These efforts were futile, however. None of the attacks managed to damage the space cage.

After trapping Yan successfully, Mount turned to his other enemies with a smug smile. "You insisted on fighting me, so I decided not to disappoint you."

His clothes suddenly began to quiver. Then they ripped apart, revealing his bronzed torso.

"Six Origin Phantoms!"

With a loud shout, two figures suddenly charged toward Mount. This turned out to be Dorothy and her clone.

Dorothy had analyzed the situation more rationally than Elvinia had.

She knew there was no deep feud between Zen and Mount. Mount might return Zen to them if they could just negotiate.

Of course, Mount already said he wouldn't do that.

But Dorothy didn't fully believe him. She decided to get him under control first.

As Dorothy and her clone brushed past each other on the path, they both split up further, creating two more clones. Then this new duo created another pair of clones.

Now six figures, including Dorothy herself, circled Mount at an incredible speed, forming a mysterious pattern in their path.

With Dorothy's current strength, it was rather difficult for her to use this skill.

It would cause her harm to forcibly perform this skill. If her grandmother were there, she would have stopped her from doing this.

Mount stood motionless as he was surrounded by the phantoms. Then he suddenly stretched out his hand.

With a snap, he deftly caught one of the clones.

The others quickly moved into action, raising their swords and slashing at Mount.

But none hit the target.

In a flash, Mount was outside the circle. He pinched the neck of the clone he caught, easily breaking it.

Buzz!

The clone dissipated like melting ice and quickly turned into a flower. It was Dorothy's Other Shore Token, the Twin Blossoms.

The other five phantoms promptly merged together until only the real Dorothy was left.

Dorothy's face turned pale. The destruction of the clone caused considerable damage to her as well.

If Mount had caught her real body, she would have been killed!

As she stood there paralyzed by fear, Mount threatened her in a steady voice, "I will crush your real neck next time!"

Whoosh! Swoosh!

Now it was Chaim and Milo attacking Mount, coming in from his left and right, respectively.

Milo owed Zen a great favor, dating back from their days in the Flow Sword Sect. He could not just stand by and watch when Zen needed help.

Chaim raised his sword and drew a strange trail in the air, then bore down on Mount's face.

His posture was quite strange. It was almost impossible for him to hit Mount with the move he was making. However, halfway through the slash, he suddenly turned around and jutted his sword backward.

At the same time, Milo, who was beside him, suddenly leapt up in the air and slashed his sword down!

"Heart Stab!"

Both of their attacks seemed off. It looked less like they were fighting an enemy and more like they were casually training.

But Mount reacted in perfect coordination with their movements. He changed his position and reappeared beneath Milo's sword.

Milo's sword attack was a unique skill of the Flow Strike. Although it was not very powerful, it could cause the opponent to feel like he was in real trouble.

Mount's moving theurgy was great, but his soul was at the same level as those at the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm. In the face of the Heart Stab, he was alarmed and was forced to use spatial transference once again.

This time, he appeared behind Chaim, who abruptly stabbed his sword backward and hit Mount precisely!

Click!

Unexpectedly, the stab was so weak it could not even pierce Mount's skin.

But after landing the hit, Chaim retreated quickly but calmly, distancing himself from Mount. Milo followed suit and fell back.

It was known that all space theurgies were rendered useless in the Chaotic Source World, but Mount was able to violate this rule.

Knowing this, Chaim and Milo estimated that even if all of them took Mount on at the same time, there was a chance they still wouldn't be able to defeat him.

This was why they had not been in a hurry to attack.

As it turned out, while Dorothy and Elvinia had been fighting Mount, Chaim and Milo were trying to come up with a solution.

Chapter 3428 The Gold Abacus

Chaim had told Milo that there was only one way to defeat Mount, and that was to stab the latter with his sword.

However, it was extremely difficult to do so since Mount constantly performed the Grand Teleportation technique.

Despite that, Milo immediately decided that he would handle this matter.

After all, no one else had a better understanding of the Flow Strike than Milo did.

The very second he launched the attack against Mount, he quickly entered the flow state and was always on guard for Mount's possible attacks.

Yet, such a prediction was not completely accurate. After all, Milo was not Mount himself, so he could not know what his opponent was thinking.

Still, it could bring guidance to him and pressure to the opponent's thoughts.

Chaim launched an attack before Milo did; then Chaim attacked Mount again. Milo's prediction changed three times before he directed Chaim to stab Mount in the chest.

But Milo was disappointed at the power of his attack.

If it was Milo who had stabbed Mount, Mount's skin would have been cut, even if the sword had not pierced his body.

On the contrary, Chaim's strike was just like a tickle!

In addition, his proud expression confused Milo. "What are you happy about? Is your sword poisoned? He didn't even bleed...so even if there is poison in your sword, it is useless, isn't it?" Milo berated.

In turn, Chaim simply pointed to Mount in the distance and said, "Look!"

A speck of golden light appeared beside Mount, which soon turned into a gold abacus.

"What the hell is that?" Milo asked in bewilderment. There were millions of mortals, but the immortal-like disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace weren't one of them.

It was normal that Milo had not seen abacuses before.

"It's just an abacus," answered Chaim with a quick glance at Milo, and thought that the latter was a little ignorant.

"An abacus... What does it do?" Milo asked. He was still confused.

It wasn't only him, however. The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, and the members of the Snake Goddess race who surrounded Mount, all stared at the shiny object with perplexed looks.

Even Mount was observing the small thing.

Then, he stretched out one of his fingers and flicked the gold abacus.

"Clap!"

That small, random flick's power was extremely terrifying!

The gold abacus immediately turned into gold powder, and dissipated in front of him.

Suddenly, the powder turned into a new abacus in the blink of an eye!

"It's indestructible?" Mount's eyebrows shot up in surprise. He pointed at it and asked, "What's this?"

He knew nearly everything, but even he could not see through where the abacus had originated, which indicated how precious it was.

Meanwhile, Chaim remained vigilant but silent while Milo, who stood not far from him, seemed rather nervous.

"Answer me," Mount commanded.

As Chaim stayed quiet, Mount's body quivered slightly, and then disappeared.

"Chaim! Watch your back!" Milo shouted.

Chaim heard the warning and he immediately rushed forward. Then, Mount strangely popped out from his back. A thick yellow light flashed across his body while he punched his way out.

It was clear that Mount had restrained the power of his punch by a lot, but everyone was sure that it was far greater than 1, 000 divine megatons of force.

But because Milo had warned Chaim in time, he was able to avoid the punch.

Mount silently glanced at Milo. Chaim had caught where he was in two rounds, and he thought that it was because of Milo.

Milo could capture a person's subconscious reaction and strategy by relying on his flow state. However, when Mount began to be alert and didn't follow the subconscious reaction, the flow state naturally didn't work.

Just as Mount's body was about to disappear in a flash again, Milo warned Chaim once more and yelled, "Chaim! Mind your top!"

Without hesitation, Chaim pressed his body down vertically, but Mount, who had slowly disappeared, did not use the Grand Teleportation technique.

Instead, he turned into a sharp arrow that shot towards Chaim.

There was a dull force that was hidden in Mount. It had no momentum, but it killed or injured anyone that it hit.

Chaim's pupils suddenly dilated. At the same time, he struck the sword with almost all his strength, and then twisted his body to retreat.

Even with his maneuver, Milo's wrong judgment had already lost him the opportunity to escape.

Mount stretched out his finger and gently snapped on Chaim's long sword. There was a metallic clang and the sword broke into countless pieces, before he literally punched Chaim.

"Crack..."

When the deadly punch came at Chaim, the Latent Theurgy above his head suddenly shattered, and a snow-white mirror appeared in front of him.

The mirror showed a clear reflection of Mount, and that mirrored image charged at the real Mount outside the mirror.

"Bang!"

The two fists crashed into each other and shattered the mirror's surface.

Chaim was not hurt in the slightest, while Mount was thrown backward after he hit the Mount reflection in the mirror.

"Emerald Light Mirror!"

Chaim's Latent Theurgy was bestowed upon him by the head of Bright Mountain. At that critical moment, it saved his life.

As Mount failed to hit his target, he quickly turned around and prepared to strike Chaim again. Just then, the gold abacus that had followed him sent out a series of noises.

The beads of the abacus moved up and down, as if an invisible hand had fiddled with them. Eventually the beads stopped, and revealed a number.

"2, 400 divine megatons of force..."

Chaim's face instantly paled after he read the number on the abacus.

The power that Mount had randomly released surpassed 1, 000 divine megatons of force. He was truly much stronger than an ordinary warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm.

'His body is tough as a warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm. If the Emerald Light Mirror had not blocked his attack, I might have died already!' Chaim thought with lingering fear.

Now, Mount also looked at the gold abacus beside him and quickly read the number on it. "2, 400 divine megatons of force…the function of this abacus is more than just counting, isn't it?"

"Of course not. Your first attack has reached your limit, and your next attack will have only half the power of the previous one," Chaim calmly explained. He had relied on the Latent Theurgy to avoid his opponent's deadliest blow. Now that his gold abacus had already started to work, he was no longer that afraid of Mount.

While Mount stared at the numbers on the abacus, he asked, "So, you mean that I can only exert 1, 200 divine megatons of force for my next attack?"

"Yes," said Chaim with a nod.

The moment he nodded his head, Mount appeared in front of him and was about to throw a punch to his face.

This time, Mount was so fast that Milo had no time to alert Chaim. Without any warning, Chaim reflexively raised his hands to resist the punch.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

How could Chaim's body resist Mount's attack? The bones in his arms and his chest broke into pieces at once. Blood gushed out from his mouth, and then he fell from the sky.

"It really was only half as powerful as the last punch." Mount looked at his fist and muttered.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

At that moment, the beads of the abacus beside him began to move again.

Chapter 3429 A Black Figure

The abacus's beads moved up and down for a while until they settled down and showed the number, one thousand and two hundred.

When Mount saw it, he knew it meant he could only exert six hundred divine megatons of force in the next attack.

Such an amount of force was no longer powerful enough to defeat the talents of the young generation.

Most of these people who stayed in the core area could easily exert a thousand divine megatons of force. Some Other Shore Tokens of the descending type could even exert more than that amount of power.

As Mount mulled this development over, Chaim, seriously injured, collapsed to the ground, blood gurgling out of his mouth.

When the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace saw this, they all descended from the sky and surrounded him protectively.

"Chaim, are you okay?" Sally walked to Chaim's side and helped him to stand up.

Elvinia took out a golden pill, pushed it into Chaim's mouth and pronounced with certainty, "He won't die."

After swallowing the pill with great difficulty, Chaim glanced up at Mount in the sky. "You can attack him now. His strength has been greatly reduced. His next attack will have only six hundred divine megatons of force, and his fourth attack will be further reduced by half," he told his companions.

Chaim had merged with two Other Shore Tokens. Previously, he had used the Living Puppet Chains several times to transform himself into the puppet of the first Other Shore Token. It allowed his strength to increase exponentially in a short period of time, but the side effect was quite serious.

The second Other Shore Token was the golden abacus.

The origin of the abacus was very bizarre. Chaim once had an adventure in a temple on Stage Nine. Inside the temple, he even found a human!

This human was not in the form of the Soul of Light, but existed as a creature of the Other Shore.

Chaim had never heard of human beings living on the Other Shore, so he found it strange.

At the time, the human had been captured by a golden line and would have died from it, had Chaim not undone the hexes in the temple, releasing him. Chaim simply did so because he was saving someone of his kind.

The human being had been deeply grateful to Chaim. Before he left, he gave Chaim the Other Shore Token, a golden abacus.

At first, he paid the Other Shore Token no mind. His goal was to step into the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm, and his focus was on exploring the temples just to find the soul crystal.

But he soon found the Other Shore Token could be integrated and released at will. Only after he had fused and merged the golden abacus into his body did Chaim discover its use.

The abacus didn't give Chaim strength, but it affected his enemy.

It was not difficult to trigger it. Chaim just needed to land a blow on his opponent.

That was why right from the start, Chaim had asked Milo to help him make sure that he could hit Mount.

Once contact was made, the abacus would land beside the target. Once it showed up, it couldn't be destroyed. It had a completely opposite effect compared to an ordinary Other Shore Token.

Most of the tokens could amplify their owners' Other Shore Power. The golden abacus, however, determined the enemy's strength.

The power of the blow from Mount reached more than two thousand divine megatons and would have been fatal were it not blocked by Chaim's Latent Theurgy.

The abacus used this hit to confirm Mount's strength.

Once it did that, the golden abacus countered the enemy's Other Shore Power, such that no matter how much power Mount released henceforth, the abacus would nullify it, allowing only half the strength of his previous blow.

The power of every blow Mount launched from here on out would be halved every time until it zeroed out.

"But be careful. His real skill is not just his power..." Chaim warned, finding it difficult to speak with his injuries.

Dorothy nodded, comprehending instantly.

The power of Mount was secondary. The key point was that he could use the space theurgy at will, which was a great advantage.

"I... I will take you to the array..." Sally said as she picked up Chaim.

Although the array couldn't block the attack of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, the mother was entangled by the people from the Separate Abyss race, so the threat shouldn't be too great.

Mount still hovered in the air. He was lost in thought as he looked at the gold abacus by his side.

This unique Other Shore Token was unexpectedly effective. He could feel an odd whirlpool in his inner world. Every time he began to extract the Other Shore Power, the whirlpool would absorb most of the power, leaving only a little left.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The people from the Oneness Sky Palace were now gathering to face off with him again, followed closely by the Pear Hill group.

Chaim risked his life to pave the way for them. They would not waste this chance.

"I will give you another chance! If you release Zen, we will let bygones be bygones," Elvinia called out, glaring daggers at Mount.

Mount just continued to quietly ponder how to extricate himself from his current predicament.

Elvinia grew impatient. When Mount didn't respond, she raised her Warrior of the Stone Hill above her head and slashed at him.

As soon as Elvinia began to attack, so did Dorothy and the other disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The Six Snake Shadows from the Snake Goddess race and Natalie also burst out their Other Shore Power!

As the sword radiance from all the said people was about to hit Mount, his body turned blurry as he once again teleported away.

But when he emerged in another spot, Milo was already waiting there and lunged at Mount.

Mount only gave Milo a sheepish smile. He didn't like it when others were able to read his mind. He was getting tired of Milo's tricks. He teleported again, appearing behind Milo and bearing down a blow on the back of his neck.

Six hundred divine megatons of force could still be fatal if it hit vital parts.

But Milo was a peerless genius in the Flow Sword Sect. He reflexively jabbed his sword backward to block Mount's attack.

"Bang!"

Milo did not have Zen's extraordinary build, so the effect of countering six hundred divine megatons of force was expected. Milo fell to the ground like lead with a loud thud.

Fortunately, he was still able to block the strike with his long sword at the last minute. Otherwise, it really would have been fatal.

After that first strike, the gold abacus beside Mount started rattling again. This time, the number it showed was down to six hundred.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!"

The Six Snake Shadows formed a huge and mysterious array as they launched themselves at Mount.

Mount flickered out of his original spot again before his fist landed on a member of the Snake Goddess race, knocking her away. The golden abacus jostled again and reduced the number it showed to three hundred.

As Mount continued on his attacks, the Other Shore Power he could release was getting weaker and weaker.

One hundred and fifty...Seventy five...

Thirty two...

Sixteen...

Eight...

When his force was reduced to eight divine megatons, his attack no longer posed any threat.

Even the weakest disciples in the Oneness Sky Palace were now much stronger than him.

Even so, there was no sign of panic on the face of Mount. Just as Chaim had said, the most important thing Mount relied on was his space theurgy, which was a bloodline theurgy. The golden abacus couldn't deal with his bloodline theurgy at all.

But Mount was still trying to find out the limits of the abacus. He knew the abacus couldn't possibly be without any limitations.

As Mount made his way through the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and the members of the Snake Goddess race, a black figure suddenly appeared behind him. The figure burst out in strange laughter.

Chapter 3430 The Change Of The World

Not only did Mount have a remarkable space theurgy, but also had enough strength to make the Evil God fear him.

However, the Evil God did not hesitate. In fact, the more threatening something was, the more he wanted to go for it.

Originally, he wanted to give Zen the fatal blow while waiting in the shadows.

But at this point, he had no idea where Zen was sent away. Luckily, Mount had the special space ability, which made him a fine target.

If the Evil God could somehow obtain a similar mystical space theurgy, he would be powerful beyond imagination.

As Mount's power was restrained by Chaim's abacus, the Evil God saw this as the perfect opportunity.

Cautiously, he snuck around behind a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, which allowed him to appear right behind Mount after he used teleportation.

Accompanied by a heinous laugh, a ray of black light shone in the Evil God's eyes.

"Splash..."

Just like that, the black light in his eyes began to extend, forming slender four-legged snakes. The creatures began to twist and intertwine themselves around Mount, keeping him captive.

Mount showed no panic, but his face did express a sense of irritation.

He tried to wave his arms around, flailing them just to get rid of the snakes. But they were strong and securely wrapped around him, so there was nothing he could do.

It came to a point where his Other Shore Power had come close to none. His physical strength only reached dozens of divine megatons, making it nearly impossible to break free from the snakes.

"Buzz..."

After thinking hard, he realized he could not use power in this situation. He had to come up with another means of escape.

Within seconds, Mount's figure began to slowly disappear, as he used the Grand Teleportation technique to escape.

But he failed as the snakes had a unique energy attribute. They had the ability to attach themselves so firmly onto his body that he couldn't even move into the space!

"You can't escape..." The Evil God chuckled, enjoying as he watched Mount struggle.

Though the Evil God taunted, Mount paid no attention to him. Suddenly, a cube began to emerge from the pupil of his eye, growing until it enveloped him, the snakes and the Evil God into a dimension.

"Buzz..."

Mount was able to move away now, but he took the Evil God with him!

The next moment, both of them were up in the air at ten thousand feet, descending rapidly.

The Evil God did not have time to process what was happening. Just now, he successfully captured Mount, but at this moment, he was being dragged down by Mount!

Even after he had escaped, Mount still couldn't make use of the Other Shore Power. His weight and physical strength were no match for the Evil God's power. The Evil God tugged the snakes, and he stopped midair.

As the Evil God was able to hover, Mount saw this as an opportunity and he created enough space and moved them again.

Just after that, Evil God saw a foot making its way towards him. It was the foot of no other than the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits!

Meanwhile, members of the Separate Abyss race, the Ear Mouse race and the other races were battling with the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, so they were all very surprised when they saw Mount and the Evil God suddenly appear.

The Evil God was disappointed that he didn't see this coming. It never occurred to him that Mount would use the mother to his own advantage.

So naturally, the sight of the huge foot took the Evil God by surprise.

And even though the mother moved slowly, her strength was notably destructive. Even the light shields of the arrays got crushed just with her stomp. As terrifying as the mother could be, even the Evil God couldn't resist her.

"Phew!"

The Evil God wasted no time and dragged Mount away.

"Bang!"

In an instant, the mother landed on the ground, creating a gaping crater on the surface.

But as soon as the Evil God was able to drag Mount away from the foot, the space before him shook and changed. He and Mount ended up appearing under the other foot of the mother!

At first, the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits had grown irritable. But upon seeing the Evil God and Mount moving around her feet, she did not hesitate to crush them.

She trod down with her giant foot, aiming for the two warriors beneath her.

"Bang!"

The Evil God moved away quickly, dragging Mount with him. "Do you want to die with me?" he asked.

Mount looked at him unafraid, and answered calmly, "If I wanted that, I would have used the Grand Teleportation technique right when the mother of Chaotic Source Spirits trampled down."

If Mount teleported them when the foot of the mother of Chaotic Source Spirits was only a few feet above the ground, the two of them would be crushed into pieces. No matter how fast the Evil God moved, there was no escaping the mother!

"This Is just a warning," Mount said. "Let go of me now, or I swear we will die together!"

Mount would not die and did not give too much value on his own life, but the Evil God would die.

In the face of death, he remained unperturbed and did his best to get himself out of this predicament.

And even though the Evil God was extremely arrogant, he feared death just like everyone else.

The last thing he wanted to do was getting dragged by Mount to their tragic deaths. The next moment he would definitely let go of Mount to avoid being dragged to death. This was the judgment of Mount.

But Mount was wrong.

"You really think so?"

Suddenly, the black light flashed in Evil God's eyes and began to spread out again.

"Thump, thump, thump..."

And just then, the place was swept with a deafening silence.

Everyone heard their own heartbeat.

As the color of the surroundings began to change, the black smog became white and yellow rocks became dark blue.

The skin that was snow-white began to darken, while the dim sky began to shine the blazing white light.

"What happened?"

"What's going on?"

"Run away right now! Don't be distracted!"

People were panicking, wondering what in the world was going on. One of the members of the Separate Abyss race grew so distracted that he was crushed by the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

As Mount noticed the altering atmosphere, his pupils shrunk and his expression changed. "A world has descended... Which civilization gave it to you?"

He turned towards the Evil God, who narrowed his eyes at the question. "You really have a sharp eye, don't you?" The Evil God smirked. "You can even see that a civilization is behind me!"

In fact, there were still many civilizations remaining on the Other Shore. At this point, every ruling civilization had come to an agreement: only the chosen spokesperson of the civilization had the ability to descend a world.

And the rules in this kind of world would be redefined.

However, some civilizations were stronger than others. This meant that some worlds that descended were also stronger than others.

For example, the blood-red world brought by the Bright Mountain's leader was not powerful, because the civilization behind him could not be considered a ruling one.

"Even if you let a new world descend, you would not be able to do anything to me!" As soon as the words left his mouth, Mount enclosed himself and the Evil God in a cube once again.

This time, he made sure to use the space theurgy accurately, moving towards the edge of the foot of the mother. He hovered the Evil God right under the foot, threatening him with a sudden death. Should the foot step on the cube, the Evil God would not be able to dodge it.

However, when the Evil God was thrown in, he flashed his body, employing the Grand Teleportation technique to move away from the cube and into the air. He looked down at Mount and grinned. "It is indeed a wonderful thing, your space theurgy." He chuckled. "Quite convenient. I can't wait to have it..."

After the Evil God finished speaking, his arms trembled and crimson energy radiated form his body. It formed an outline, a huge figure of energy, which was the shadow of Snake Goddess!

Chapter 3431 Copying All The Bloodline Theurgies

The shadow of Snake Goddess was a unique bloodline theurgy of the Snake Goddess race.

Most of the members had the capability of exerting this theurgy, but the power levels varied depending on the purity of their blood. The purer the blood, the more powerful the skill.

Yan's shadow of Snake Goddess, for example, was at the highest level owing to her purer blood while Natalie's was lower in level.

So when the Evil God used the shadow of Snake Goddess, it immediately attracted everybody's attention.

"That can't be! Is that the shadow of Snake Goddess?"

"That's our unique bloodline theurgy? How is he able to use it? He's not one of our kind!"

"What kind of ability is this?"

Yan could only stare at the Evil God, not quite comprehending what was currently happening.

While everyone was still in a state of shock, the Evil God's body began to change again.

Everyone watched as his body trembled and his bones morphed into something else. Two heads sprouted out of his shoulders while four arms grew on his back.

"Three heads and six arms?"

"Is that the bloodline theurgy of the Nine Li race?"

"What's going on here?"

Sally's face paled when she witnessed the three heads and the six arms of the Evil God. "How did he do that? He's not a member of the Nine Li race," she murmured in disbelief.

"He seems to have the ability to acquire other people's bloodline theurgy," Chaim told her, having figured it out a little bit. "I think he got this ability after making this strange world descend. Since the Evil God copied Mount's skill and also used the Grand Teleportation, that means Mount could freely ignore the spatial restrictions of the Chaotic Source World because of his bloodline theurgy."

Chaim's explanations made sense and Sally couldn't help but be impressed with how observant he had been.

However, he was also clever enough to figure out another secret.

"If he was able to have three heads and six arms, then that means there are members of the Nine Li race with us in this space," Chaim continued.

Sally couldn't help but frown at Chaim's words.

Since he was able to see it, those outside the Chaotic Source World might also come up with this conclusion.

There was no way to hide their identity as members of the Nine Li race anymore.

As the Evil God finished his transformation, the six fists he had clenched tightly and let out a burst of golden light. This blinding light enveloped him and began to change his body once more.

Those from the Separate Abyss race were busy avoiding the attacks from the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. However, the golden light that suddenly bathed the Evil God's body made them all stop. Surprise and bewilderment showed on their faces.

"Golden Metal Transformation?"

"That's the supreme bloodline theurgy of our Separate Abyss race!"

"Hamzah was the only one in the team who was able to apply this theurgy. How in the world did this guy get it?"

The Separate Abyss race's bloodline theurgy was special. It was divided into three stages, each with totally different powers.

Activating this power transformed the body and made one's flesh and bone much stronger.

The members of the Separate Abyss race managed to bring out a thousand divine megatons of power by simply relying on this bloodline theurgy alone.

The first stage of this bloodline theurgy was the Purple Metal Transformation, followed by the Melting Metal Transformation, and ended with the peak Golden Metal Transformation. Only a handful of people reached the third stage since the flesh and blood suitable for utilizing this skill belonged to the noblest lineage in the Separate Abyss race. Hamzah was the only one in the team that was qualified to use it.

So how in the world did the Evil God, a warrior obviously not from their race, use it?

As the Evil God continued to activate more bloodline theurgies, Mount's face became grimmer and grimmer.

Never in his life did he ever expect that he would face such a powerful warrior. The Evil God truly represented a strong ruling civilization on the Other Shore.

The golden abacus floated beside him and the number it displayed was very small: one three-thousandth of a divine megaton. There was no way to fight with such little Other Shore Power.

"This is going to be troublesome..."

Mount murmured to himself.

He had previously found out that Zen was incredibly hard to deal with. Having found himself faced against a strong opponent, Mount could only delete Zen and the space he was in.

In the entire Chaotic Source World, Zen had been the most threatening creature of all.

To his surprise and abject horror, the moment Zen was sent away, an even more troublesome guy appeared.

Mount could only look on as the bloodline theurgies continued to express themselves onto the Evil God's body, making his aura grow stronger and stronger.

Some of the bloodline theurgies he exhibited enhanced the body while others gave him strength, speed, and even more powerful abilities.

As the bloodline theurgies merged within him, the Evil God got one step closer to full invincibility.

"Hahaha..."

An emperor's aura began to emanate from the Evil God. Even the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits had to stop and maintain a distance from him.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere outside the Chaotic Source World remained tense.

Leaders of various races sported identical grim expressions on their faces.

While they were competing for the Chaotic Source Spirits, the Evil God suddenly appeared and began exhibiting such horrifying abilities. They were envious of him, but also felt deeply concerned about the members of their races.

"I hope he can restrain himself," a leader of the Bearing race muttered.

"Wait," Elizabeth spoke, suddenly having thought of something.

The leader of the Divine Farmer race gave her a look.

"This guy is able to borrow everyone's bloodline theurgy, so does that mean there are members of the Nine Li race in the world he created? Those three heads and six arms are definitely from the Nine Li race's bloodline theurgy!" Elizabeth commented seriously.

Several other leaders nodded in agreement, finding her observation valid.

The complexities of this current situation made them almost miss such an important detail.

"It is my honor to obtain so many bloodline theurgies! It's unfortunate that they're only temporary. So disappointing..." The Evil God shook his head regretfully. "Therefore, I will let you all sleep forever in this world so that I can have these bloodline theurgies forever!"

He let out a roaring laugh before disappearing from where he stood.

When he disappeared, Mount also vanished in his spot, making the Evil God miss his target.

The two continued to dodge each other's attacks, disappearing and reappearing here and there as their fight continued.

Truth be told, Mount did most of the dodging. The Evil God was so good at throwing his offensive attacks that Mount had no time to throw one of his own.

"Such power! I don't think he'll ever be suppressed by anyone at this point, not even Zen..." Chaim murmured.

The Evil God had made himself clear.

Whatever unique bloodline theurgy it was, the Evil God could copy it so long as anyone with that theurgy was in this world.

However, if the owner of the theurgy was killed, then it would become his permanently.

Having obtained the acute sensibility of the Ear Mouse race, the Evil God even foresaw Mount's planned moves and attacks.

As he dodged the continuous attacks from his formidable opponent, Mount suddenly thought of a solution that could turn the tides.

His eyes fell on Yan.

He knew he could only rely on that person's strength now.

Yan was a very important person for the Pear Hill, so Mount trapped her in the cage so that she would be safe.

If he released her from that cage and put her in the line of danger, then that person would surely take action.

Chapter 3432 An Angered Mount

Mount used his spatial transference again and appeared behind Yan.

The space cage was thirty feet high, and as his fingers made contact with its surface, it began to crack in a million different directions before splitting into pieces.

Yan didn't understand why Mount would release her now. Just as she had begun questioning all this, another figure appeared on the other side. It was the Evil God!

Yan had regarded Mount as the enemy after he banished Zen, but her hatred for the Evil God was far stronger!

Swish!

Without hesitation, countless energy beams materialized from the shadow of Snake Goddess behind her and slashed at the Evil God.

The energy beams were so incredibly powerful that they would surely have killed the ordinary warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

The Evil God sneered at the beams charging at him. "Don't be a fool."

As he spoke, the shadow of Snake Goddess behind him flew towards Yan. Countless blood red energy beams converged together, like octopuses entangled in battle.

In the blink of an eye, a winner was decided.

The Evil God's energy beams had split Yan's!

"What?"

Yan's face was awash with confusion.

Her shadow of Snake Goddess was the most powerful. No one in the same realm could surpass her in terms of blood, yet she was defeated. It didn't make sense!

"That's impossible!"

Natalie exclaimed, her eyes widened. This shocked other members of the Snake Goddess race as well.

Even if the Evil God could replicate anyone's blood, his bloodline theurgy still shouldn't be as powerful as Yan's. But now, it seemed he could quite easily surpass Yan.

Mount stood behind Yan, calmly watching on.

The fight between the shadows of Snake Goddess did not concern him.

Fuxi would most certainly get involved, if the Evil God showed any intention to kill Yan.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The Evil God manipulated his shadow of Snake Goddess to overwhelm Yan's, crushing it before sweeping forward.

Yan had resigned to retreat when suddenly, the energy beams disappeared.

They had gone through the space Yan was in and rushed out behind her towards Mount.

"He's so cunning!"

Mount thought the arrogant Evil God would try to kill Yan. He hadn't expected him to let her go and hone in on him instead.

The Evil God might have looked wild and unruly, but he was actually quite calculated and focused.

Fuxi had punished him before he entered the Chaotic Source World and he knew he was no match for him now. So, he made a wise decision.

At least this woman called Yan couldn't be killed, or his chances of escaping the Icy Snow Province would probably be non-existent.

Of course, the Evil God was not as wise as Mount. Mount understood the relationship between Yan and the Pear Hill and used this knowledge to lure Fuxi into the Chaotic Source World.

But the Evil God's instincts told him to not take the risk.

Mount was now left with no choice but to use the Grand Teleportation again.

After teleporting three or four times, they had ended up at the edge of this world created by Evil God.

The Evil God had predicted with great accuracy where Mount would teleport to and had gotten there before even he had. Scarlet energy beams turned into sharp spears and rushed towards Mount.

If Mount could use the Other Shore Token to activate the Other Shore Power, this attack would not scare him in the slightest.

But he couldn't.

As the Evil God had all his attention fixed on Mount, wisps of soft hair suddenly wrapped around his leg, pulled him and threw him away.

"Uncle Mount, I'm back!" Mya said with a smile stretched across her face.

She was unwillingly teleported outside of the core area and had now hurried back.

She used her long hair to throw the Evil God away on seeing him attack Mount.

She felt proud to have saved him.

"Watch out!" Mount yelled at her desperately.

He sped towards her in an attempt to teleport her away but it was no use.

Mya was not aware of the danger in front of her. The Evil God gently hooked his finger and connected the two spaces. The blood red energy beams had passed through the space and pierced through Mya's body.

Phew! Phew! Phew!

Mya's face went pale and petrified when she saw the energy beams burst out through her chest. She looked at Mount in despair, not daring to move a muscle.

Crack!

Just a moment later, her body was torn apart and fell rapidly.

Everyone outside the Chaotic Source World exclaimed in shock and terror.

All the leaders of the Divine Farmer race went ghastly pale.

Mya was their most powerful member.

Mount was powerful too, but he had a special background and this made him different from the ordinary members of the Divine Farmer race.

Mya's death was the last thing in the world on their minds. This would be difficult to explain on their return.

"Look at this! Whoever dares get in the way while I fight will meet a horrific demise, just like this!" the Evil God mocked as he glared at the broken corpse lying on the ground.

Mount quietly rose up in the air, bubbling with rage like a volcano on the brink of eruption.

Thin lines glittering with an orange glow appeared on his body. The space around him began trembling.

Crack!

The space around him collapsed into pieces.

They did not disappear, but hovered around him like sharp glazed tiles.

"Using the broken space as a weapon?" The Evil God's eyes lit up with excitement.

The more powerful Mount's bloodline theurgy was, the more excited the Evil God was.

He could give full play to other people's bloodline theurgies. Some bloodlines even enhanced the power of other bloodlines.

This was why his shadow of Snake Goddess was stronger than Yan's; he had mixed it with the bloodlines of the Moon Spirit race and another large race. It was possible, at that time, he was the only one to have mixed several bloodlines.

Among all the bloodlines, Mount's was the most mysterious.

Till now, the Evil God could only call forth thirty percent of its power, but he was curious about what would happen if he pushed it to its limit.

Everyone in the core area, including the disciples of the Pear Hill and the Oneness Sky Palace, all hoped that Mount was able to triumph over the Evil God.

In another void, half a giant hand floated silently.

Zen darted to the side of it.

He reached out and gently removed some amber crystals from the smooth and neat crack on the giant hand.

"Wow, it's no wonder the body of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits is so tough. There are more than one thousand crystals in this hand," Zen murmured to himself.

After putting all the amber crystals into the space ring, he began surveying his surroundings.

It was a dark place with a dreadfully silent environment.

Vague shapes of objects could be seen in the distance, and even further than that, lines with a faint luster were visible.

"Where am I?"

Zen asked utterly perplexed.

Chapter 3433 Outside The Chaos

Zen was well-accustomed to the Space Law. He had a general understanding of its operation.

Based on his first impression, Zen thought that he must be trapped in some kind of space or within the depths of the space crack.

However, he doubted this as he watched the scene unfolding right in front of his eyes.

Inside his mind, No. 9527 seemed to go blank for a while. Finally, it said, "It's an unknown place."

"Unknown? What do you mean?" There was a note of incredulity in Zen's voice. This information had absolutely stunned Zen.

"The power displayed by Mount was the unique theurgy of a Chaos Ancient God," responded No. 9527. There was no other way of explaining it.

When Zen heard this, a sudden realization dawned upon him. "You mean to say that Mount has the blood of a Chaos Ancient God just like me? That explains so much."

Any high-level energy could easily get rid of the restraint of a low-level energy.

All the strong warriors who created the Chaotic Source World had highly exceptional abilities. Therefore, it was quite impossible for these young warriors to break the restrictions of the Chaotic Source World.

However, Mount was able to do it effortlessly. This only meant that the level of his energy was extremely high.

After careful judgment of his current situation, Zen finally settled on an answer. Mount could also use a truth-level theurgy much like him.

"He is different from you, though," No. 9527 suddenly spoke and dismissed Zen's conclusion.

"Really? What's the difference between the two of us?" Zen asked curiously.

"He is a part of the Chaos Ancient God. He had been raised from infancy to adulthood with the blood of the Chaos Ancient God in him," replied No. 9527 in a low voice. It seemed that it was depressed.

"You mean he is a Chaos Ancient God?!" Zen was absolutely taken aback. A look of pure astonishment registered upon his face. After taking a long time to digest this news, he asked, "Earlier, you said that this is an unknown place. What exactly does that mean?"

No. 9527 thought for a moment and replied, "Mount's theurgy is the space itself. He masters the bottom-layer space concept of the chaos. If we compare the chaos to a house, then what he did just now was to cut a corner and throw you and the half hand within this corner out of the house. In other words, he has deleted this space from the chaos."

Zen blinked as he tried to absorb what No. 9527 just said.

No. 9527 had given an easily comprehensible explanation. However, it sounded quite unbelievable.

"Are you implying that this place is outside of the chaos?" Zen inquired. He was starting to get a little worried now.

"I have no idea," No. 9527 answered honestly.

"Unbelievable. Even you don't know," Zen muttered dejectedly.

At first, he thought it wouldn't be too difficult for him to go back. But now, he started feeling a faint surge of panic. He finally realized the gravity of this situation.

"I don't know what's outside the chaos. Actually, even if my master came personally, he might not be able to answer that question as well," No. 9527 replied morosely.

Every creature had their own understanding of space.

To a tiny bug, the space it felt was probably just a few rooms, and the world outside the rooms was unimaginable for it.

As for the humans and other mortal races, they were well-aware that mountains, seas, and continents existed within the space they inhabited. However, that was all they knew about.

The warriors in the Source World knew that their world had an end. Huge crystal walls existed at the end of the world. These crystal walls were steadfast and immovable. Only the True Gods were able to pass through them.

Meanwhile, the True Gods in the Source World had a deeper understanding that the crystal walls divided the Source World into large provinces. Outside those provinces, it was the boundless and immeasurable chaos.

However, the chaos had borders as well. Only the supreme masters in the Source World and the Chaos Ancient Gods knew about the existence of these borders.

For example, the bottom of the chaos was a border at the lowest level.

Up until now, no one had any idea what it was like outside the borders. The world outside the chaos was totally incomprehensible.

Zen pursed his lips. He perfectly understood that it wasn't that No. 9527 didn't want to tell him. It genuinely had no idea either.

His gaze swept across the entire void. Eventually, he focused his eyes at some of the things he could see in the distance. He couldn't quite make out what they were so he decided to take a closer look.

They were not that far away from where he was. He managed to reach them in less than thirty seconds.

The things he saw turned out to be the remains of a house.

There were several beautifully sculpted white jade pillars and crushed stones serenely drifting in the void. However, the pillars were severely damaged and seemed as though they had been floating there for years.

"This must be the house of a certain race in the Source World," Zen mumbled as he analyzed the ruins.

"Most probably, they shared the same fate as you. After they were deleted, they were thrown out of chaos and ended up here," added No. 9527 quite frankly.

No matter how harsh that might seem, Zen wasn't thoroughly discouraged by it.

He traveled through the ruins for a while. Finally, he found two long swords and a crooked hook. They were actually in pretty good condition, and their grade was at least the same as that of the Profound Blood Treasure.

Unfortunately, these treasures were of no use to Zen. He casually threw them into the space ring and continued to move around the ruins while carefully looking for some valuable clues.

The remains of the house stretched for about ten miles. Sadly, Zen hadn't discovered anything worthwhile. Eventually, he reached the end of the house.

Standing on the edge of the ruins, Zen scanned the horizon and spotted another wreckage not far away. He swiftly headed towards that direction to search for clues.

There he saw all kinds of metals floating in the void. The metals were distorted into various shapes and figures. Upon closer inspection, one could see the runes carved on the metals. Obviously, these runes were much different from those found in the Source World.

Zen passed by a huge object that looked like a giant metal cup. After checking the inside of it, his expression froze. He couldn't believe his eyes.

"So many corpses..." Zen whispered to himself while examining them carefully.

There were dozens of corpses curled up inside the cup. Strangely enough, those corpses emitted a brass glow. Even after several years after their death, they still looked like they had just died.

Zen pulled out a long sword and lightly tapped one of the corpses. A crisp sound rang as he did this.

"Hmm. Just as I suspected, these corpses are made of metal," Zen murmured.

Ever since he entered the Other Shore and merged with the Civilization Artifact, Zen had a deeper understanding that not every life had flesh and blood.

For instance, the bodies of the members of the Regal Jade Civilization were made of jade. Their entire civilization was built from a flying jade. Essentially, they were different from the other creatures in the Source World.

Therefore, it didn't seem strange to Zen that the Metal Civilization existed in the chaos. It was perfectly plausible.

"These are not the creatures of the current civilization," No. 9527 added.

In the previous chaos, there were other Chaos Ancient Gods that existed. They controlled the bottom-layer space theurgy. Naturally, they would delete some unnecessary spaces and throw them out like Mount did.

Zen nodded in agreement. In any case, he was not interested in these metal bodies. He stood at the edge of the metal cup and sighed, "Is there no other living being in this place?" He felt exasperated.

At the very least, there seemed to be no danger within this void. For some creatures with an infinite lifespan, they should be able to survive for a long time.

Zen couldn't help but get a little disappointed. The deafening silence of this vast space was too depressing.

Chapter 3434 Little Monsters And Their Trap

Zen wasn't able to find any valuable clues from the metal debris.

The Metal Civilization had its own words that differed from the Sanskrit words. Because of this, it was impossible for Zen to understand them given the time constraint.

After collecting a few special-looking metals, Zen crossed the area where the piles of debris were.

The piles of debris were closely connected and floated through the air. Some of them had remarkable features, though Zen could just vaguely recognize the civilizations to which they belonged. Most of them were stones and fragments of buildings from ancient civilizations. Zen even found an entire mountain in the pile of debris.

"This is a whole mountain."

As he stood upon the top of the mountain, Zen unleashed his spiritual sense into it and examined its interior.

Inside the mountain, some caves contained corpses of small animals. Judging from their appearances, it was hard to tell how long they had been dead in there.

"It's kind of strange," Zen noted as he furrowed his brows.

"What's the matter?" No. 9527 inquired.

"How could the corpses of these small animals be well preserved?" Zen responded.

It would be quite normal for the dead bodies made up of metal to not decay for countless years.

However, the corpses were of common animals. Naturally, they would have decayed already after being dead for so long.

This unnatural phenomenon raised Zen's curiosity.

"That's not surprising at all," No. 9527 answered indifferently. "Time does not exist here. Even if they have been dead for millions or billions of years, their bodies will remain the same."

There was no concept of time in the space they were in.

Zen got a bit of a hard time believing that this phenomenon could exist.

Just when he withdrew his spiritual sense, he suddenly perceived something moving on the other side of the mountain.

He detected a silhouette but couldn't catch a clear view of it. One thing was for sure—it was a living being.

"Whoosh!"

Wasting no time, Zen sprinted towards the back of the mountain. When he looked around carefully, his eyes lit up. "Found you," he whispered.

Eventually, a monster with two feet and a big eye came out of a small cave. It held a corpse of a tiny animal in its mouth and dragged it out.

The little monster had keen senses that it immediately discovered Zen floating in the air as soon Zen saw it came out of the cave. It stared at him with its big eye for a few seconds and suddenly stamped its black, shiny feet on the mountain wall.

Its pair of feet were powerful enough to jump from one mountain to another with ease.

As he saw it with his own eyes, Zen became more interested in the creature and began chasing it.

He dashed as fast as he could and stayed closely behind the little monster.

Its body was only the size of a palm, but its speed was fascinating as it easily leaped and shuttled among the debris.

As Zen chased it for five minutes, they had already traversed for thousands of miles. More and more debris floated and scattered as they dashed throughout the area.

Zen became aware that the piles of debris were constantly floating around forming messily into what looked like a three-dimensional city of scraps.

If it weren't for the fact that Zen's spiritual sense was firmly focused on the little monster, it might have fled from his sight.

After another five minutes, the distance between Zen and the creature became a lot closer. Realizing that it couldn't escape from Zen, it suddenly entered through a broken house.

Just as Zen set foot inside, a blue light flashed towards him.

"Whoosh!"

Zen had no idea what kind of light it was, but he knew that it contained strong energy.

With his quick reflexes, he was able to flip his body. The light swept past Zen's face, penetrated through the debris behind, and entered the boundless void.

Soon after, Zen found a bloody wound as thick as a finger on his face.

"How terrifying its power is!"

Zen was shocked at what happened. He looked in the direction from which the light came and noticed another little monster that looked exactly the same as the one he was chasing before. As he stared into its big eye, he observed a blue afterglow in it.

He concluded that the terrifying blue light was released by that little monster.

"Buzz..."

A blue dot started to appear in the little monster's eye again. At the same time, rays of blue light were seen on the surrounding debris as several little monsters began crawling out from it.

"Woo, woo..." Zen noticed the little monster he was chasing earlier among the nearby debris. It was making a strange laugh as it still held the cadaver of a small animal in its mouth.

"Tch. So you think you've outsmarted me because you lured me into this trap?" Zen's eyes narrowed as he talked to the creature.

Actually, Zen didn't have any ill-intent towards the little monster. He only wanted to learn more about this world so that he could find a way to leave. After all, the Chaotic Source World was in dire need of him as the Evil God was still hiding somewhere in the dark and observing covetously.

He was a bit surprised that the little monster had the intention of killing him without even communicating with him.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

The blue lights in the eyes of the little monsters exploded, shot out in different angles, and formed into what seemed like a fine fishing net.

"You're being too naive if you think you can defeat me with such petty tricks."

A cyan-colored feather suddenly emerged above Zen's head, and he hastily shuttled through the huge net formed by the blue lights.

Though the blue lights were extremely powerful, Zen was able to move freely like a light leaf without being grazed.

While continuously dodging, Zen finally got to erase the gap between him and the original little monster. As it was caught off guard, Zen quickly stretched out his arm and grabbed it.

"Woo, woo, woo, woo..."

Blue light shot out from the little monster's eye as it struggled from being captured by Zen. The lights were powerful but the little monster itself was relatively weak as it couldn't do anything to break free from Zen's hands.

Seeing that their companion had been caught, the other little monsters grew restless. The blue light that shot out from their eyes became denser, more energy being released, and the huge net was almost airtight.

Everything was crushed as the piercing rays ran through the surrounding debris.

Zen carried the little monster and moved up to a higher area. Just as his foot touched a piece of debris while escaping, the debris was suddenly pierced by the blue light and immediately turned to dust.

At the same time, Zen noticed that a ray of blue light was reflected by a piece of metal plate about ten feet wide.

'That metal plate can block the light! I might be able to make use of it.'

With this in mind, Zen quickly dashed towards the metal plate.

However, the moment he got really close to the metal plate, an unexpected trap was actually waiting for him.

Rays of blue light suddenly shot out from the metal plate, bounced back, and turned into fences. Soon, Zen found out that he was entrapped inside.

Chapter 3435 Treated As A Treasure

Zen sat on the metal plate, feeling uncharacteristically helpless. He tried to keep a poker face but he knew his expression showed his anxiety.

The little monster in his hand was now making strange wheezing sounds, almost like laughter. To Zen, it was as though the monster was laughing at him for falling into their trap.

It turned out that this metal plate had originally been a cage.

There was nothing in the debris that could be used to block the blue light. But no matter who was attacked by these little monsters, they would try to find an object to use as a shield.

Those little monsters had released a blue light which struck the metal plate, reminding Zen that it could deflect the blue light.

So he jumped to the metal plate, and found himself locked in a cage.

Zen stretched out a finger and tapped lightly on the metal plate. That small tap released eight hundred divine megatons of force.

A deep sound burst out, like the striking of an enormous gong.

The metal plate remained motionless. It had not even been dented.

Zen realized that the metal plate was more solid than he had imagined. It would be impossible for him to break it.

His eyes darted around him, searching for a way out. Then his gaze landed on the blue lights around the metal plate.

He took out a khaki shield from his space ring. Someone from an alien race had accidentally dropped the shield in the Chaotic Source World, and Zen had grabbed it up. It was a valuable treasure. Taking a firm grip on the shield, he brushed it lightly against the fences of blue lights.

To his disappointment, instead of deflecting the blue lights, the edge of the shield was cleanly sliced off.

Zen was confident in his own toughness, but he didn't dare try to breach the blue light barrier with his own body. He had a feeling he wouldn't be able to withstand it.

"Maybe spatial transference..." he murmured to himself, thinking rapidly.

He closed his eyes and focused, trying to launch the Grand Teleportation technique so he could leave the metal plate.

However, he failed to construct a space channel through which he could travel. His Space Law didn't work here.

Spatial transference was prohibited in the Chaotic Source World. The space had been confined by some mighty warriors, leading to ordinary space channel unable to break through the space imprisonment.

However, it seemed that there was no Space Law in this place. It was impossible for him to carry out spatial transference.

Zen racked his brain, but he couldn't think of anything else he could try. Having exhausted all his options, he sighed and sat quietly on the metal plate, waiting to see what would happen next.

The little monster in his grip was still making that strange laughing sound. Zen scowled and raised his arm, as though to throw it towards the blue light fences.

The little monster seemed to understand what he was planning, and it gave a frightened squeak.

Zen paused. So the little monsters were also afraid of the blue lights? The light was released from their own eyes, yet they feared it.

The little monster struggled and twisted madly in Zen's hand.

The truth was that Zen hadn't really planned on killing his only companion inside this trap. He just wanted to frighten it. He lowered his hand back to his side, and the little monster stopped struggling. He released his grip and the little monster lay down next to Zen. It had finally stopped laughing.

'Since these little monsters were able to set this trap, they must be an intelligent race. The key is to find a way to communicate with them. Let's see what they want from me..."

While Zen was pondering his predicament, the little monsters—who had been running and jumping around on the surrounding debris—began gathering under the metal plate.

They pressed against the metal plate, lifting Zen from the debris. To Zen's surprise, these little monsters lifted him slowly but steadily upwards.

They moved upward for about five minutes, passing through thick clusters of debris. Zen didn't move, fearful of sliding off the plate and into the blue lights. After they made a turn, the sight before Zen surprised him.

As they moved forward, the debris thinned and then disappeared completely. Ahead of him lay a vast city of ruins.

The sprawling city was an eyesore. Arrays of dilapidated houses lined the haphazard streets, and everything seemed to be made of different materials and colors. Even the sizes of the structures varied greatly. A lot of the buildings seemed to be on the verge of falling apart altogether.

Hordes of little monsters seemed to be tucked into every nook and cranny of the strange city. From the roofs, windows, and undersides of every structure, little monsters poked out their heads and stared at the arriving alien prisoner.

As soon as they reached the center of the city of ruins, the little monsters laid down the metal plate carrying Zen. They started to leave.

The little monster who was locked with Zen in the cage screamed, as if calling its companions back. They ignored it. They obviously had no intention of letting it out of the cage.

Zen stood and looked around him, taking in the unusual sights of this strange new world.

This space was deleted from the chaos. It was not erased during the process.

Just like Zen, it would probably feel lonely after being expelled here.

In Zen's inner world, there were still living creatures, including the human race and a variety of other kinds of creatures. He had the ability to pull out these creatures to accompany him in the real world. He could even grow them into a city or a country.

He realized that his relationship with the creatures in his inner world was probably like the relationship of this space to these little monsters. He wondered what they planned to do with him.

As Zen sat in his cage, several little monsters cautiously came up to him, studying him with intense interest. Their large eyes were alight with curiosity and wonder, as though they were looking at a great and mysterious treasure.

In the beginning, lost in his own thoughts, Zen wasn't even aware that he was being observed. Eventually, however, he began to notice the fixed stares of the little monsters around him, and he felt uneasy.

"What do they mean by staring at me like that, No. 9527?" Zen asked.

No. 9527 was also quietly observing the strange world. It knew that there were some special spaces outside the chaos. For example, the Other Shore was a special space at the top of the chaos. After being destroyed, the past civilizations would enter the Other Shore, which was the last place to protect them, and to hide their secrets.

What about this space?

This space was a huge trash bin. Apparently, there were some special cases which drove the Chaos Ancient God who controlled the space to just delete them. These cases were thrown into the trash bin, which was where Zen had now ended up.

No. 9527's master was not that Chaos Ancient God, so it was unfamiliar with this world. But it was as curious about the little monsters as they were about Zen.

"Maybe they want to eat you," No. 9527 joked.

Zen scowled, "In case you haven't noticed, I have no escape plan. That's not funny at all."

He was worried because in fact, No. 9527's "joke" was an actual possibility. He remembered that the little monster he first found in the cave had been looking for the bodies of small animals. It seemed fair to assume that the little monsters lived by eating meat.

No. 9527 sensed his anxiety and turned serious. "Look at their expressions. You're very important to them. It's not likely that they'll just slaughter and eat you, but they definitely have plans for you."

Zen nodded absently, narrowing his eyes at the little monsters.

He was just a human that had been deleted from the Source World. What possible value could he have for these little monsters that grew up in this abandoned space?

Zen wondered what had happened after he was removed. He suspected he was the first person ever to be removed by deletion.

He was tense and imprisoned, anticipating the different things that the little monsters could do to him. But for hours, nothing happened. Half a day passed in this manner. Then, all of a sudden, Zen was alerted to a commotion in the distance. The door to one of the city's bigger structures was opening, and dozens of little monsters crawled out.

These little monsters were actually not as little as the ones that had brought him to this city. The one in the center of the group wore a large and exquisite golden ring. It had an air of authority. It seemed to be the most powerful of the little monsters.

The little monsters approached Zen's cage.

In a moment, they had leaped forward and surrounded Zen entirely, staring at him. He stared back.

They began leaping up and down, especially the little monster with a golden ring. It looked at Zen intensely, but spoke in a gentle voice, as though it was trying not to make him frightened.

Zen paid close attention to every sound and gesture, but it was useless. He couldn't make out even a single word of what any of the little monsters were saying. He was unable to communicate with them at all.

Chapter 3436 A Small Star

Zen moved close to the blue lights. "Couldn't you release me first?"

As he said it, he motioned to the blue lights and then to the area outside.

Since he couldn't speak the monsters' tongue, he could only rely on the sign language.

He wasn't sure if the little monster with a golden ring actually understood him, but after a while, it did take the other little monsters away. Zen was left in the cage, helpless. The little monster that had been accompanying him felt the same way.

After about eight hours, some little monsters brought him food. They didn't know he didn't need to eat anything, so they thought that he had to eat just like they did.

The raw meat appeared cut from carcasses. It didn't appeal to Zen at all.

He glanced at the meat, completely uninterested in eating it. Seeing the little monster beside him looking on eagerly, he threw the meat toward it.

The little monster's eye was filled with excitement and gratitude as it wolfed down the meat.

'The blue light these little monsters shoot out from their eyes is powerful enough to hurt me directly. This means the light has a very high level of energy. Why, then, do they need to eat all this meat?' Zen thought, looking at the little monster.

It was impossible for Zen to be hurt by the energy at the same level as the internal momentum of the Godly Ways unless it was the Ways-blending Energy.

The creatures that acquired the internal momentum of the Godly Ways had already reached the True God Realm. To use that kind of theurgy, what they consumed was the spiritual energy of heaven and earth.

Those at the Other Shore Realm, meanwhile, had to absorb divine crystals to replenish their Other Shore Power.

The energy that meat could replenish was simply negligible and wasn't worth much. It was the crudest and least effective way of acquiring energy. The little monsters couldn't release the terrifying blue light just from eating meat alone. It made no sense.

Moreover, this space had existed for who knew how many years. All carcasses should have already been dug out by these little monsters long ago. But they obviously were still able to obtain the fresh remains of small animals. This was also very strange.

It was only after two days that the little monsters finally made their move.

All the little monsters from the city ruins gathered in this area in neat formations.

The little monster with a golden ring stood above the others, shrieking in a high pitched voice. The little monsters below responded in unison with the same sound from time to time.

Zen couldn't understand what was being said, but he guessed that this was some kind of show of force.

It seemed like a rally before a battle or a major mass action.

What did the little monsters want to do?

After a while, the strongest little monsters came over to Zen and lifted the metal cage. It seemed they were going to transport Zen to another place.

However, just as they were about to set off, some red dots appeared in the horizon.

The red dots approached so fast that they flew across the ruins in the blink of an eye. As they came closer, Zen was finally able to make out what they were: double-headed flying snakes.

The moment the red snakes appeared, all the little monsters' auras changed. Their eyes flashed with hatred. Blue lights shone in their eyes.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Dense blue lights shot upward.

Zen was deeply shocked at the sight.

Since Grand Teleportation was prohibited, even the powerful men of the Chaotic Source Realm and the warriors like Athemar, let alone Zen, wouldn't be able to escape an attack like that.

But the double-headed flying snakes seemed unfazed by it. They opened their mouths wide and spat out blood-red bubbles.

The bubbles moved at a very high speed. When they made contact with the blue lights, the two would counteract and disappear together in a flash. But more blood red bubbles evaded the lights, raining down over the ruins below.

A red bubble exploded near Zen. Traces of blood-red energy spread like lightning, forming a sphere of force ten feet wide.

Everything enclosed in the ball melted completely.

"These double-headed snakes have terrifying energy as well," Zen muttered to himself. He looked at the ensuing crater as his eyelid twitched.

More red bubbles fell to the ground, riddling the city ruins with more craters. The blue lights were able to take down some double-headed flying snakes, however. There was no surviving such a hit.

The hatred between these two races was extremely strong. Each and every one of their encounters led to a fight to the death.

"Geo...geo... geo..."

The little monster with a golden ring screamed something in Zen's direction. At this, the little monsters below the metal plate carried the cage and fled from the battlefield, apparently scrambling to secure Zen.

They hadn't gone far, however, when the double-headed flying snakes in the sky changed direction and started going after them.

Now Zen understood what was going on.

It seemed that not only the little monsters but also the double-headed flying snakes were interested in him. They came here for him.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The little monsters carried Zen through the ruins, while the double-headed flying snakes chased after them relentlessly, intent on taking their captive away.

There were always numerous casualties in this kind of battle.

But it seemed both parties were careful not to harm Zen in the crossfire. The bubbles from the double-headed flying snakes and the blue lights from the little monsters all avoided the cage in which Zen was imprisoned.

The intense battle continued for a while. The little monsters carried Zen all throughout their retreat, fleeing into another ruin.

As they arrived at one of the ruined structures, Zen's eyes lit up at what he saw ahead.

There was a small yellowish brown star floating at the edge.

The star, measuring over ten thousand feet across, was valuable. Zen was surprised to see a huge statue of a human standing on top of it.

Zen had thought he was the first human that had been exiled to this place. It seemed that he was wrong.

It would appear that the human race had come here many years ago.

However, judging from what remained in this place, many civilizations had gone by. When had this statue been built?

While Zen puzzled over it, the little monsters carrying him jumped onto the small star.

Chapter 3437 The Altar

The little monsters continued to carry Zen like they were a parade, as they walked along the surface of the small star.

It wasn't long before they finally reached the huge statue.

Zen raised his head and carefully peered at it. The human statue had a beard, a ragged face, and its eyes had a unique aura. The surface of the statue was covered with exquisite runes.

The runes extended all the way from its body to the bottom, then they parted and formed two branches, which then continued to extend until they reached an altar.

When Zen gazed at the altar, he felt his heart pound erratically in his chest. "Damn it! Are these monsters going to sacrifice me?"

He was completely unfamiliar with the space they were currently in. Everything was bizarre and there were no rules to follow.

From the way how these little monsters protected him, it was indeed like they were carefully safeguarding a sacrificial offering!

As soon as Zen finished speaking, the little monsters carried him and stepped on the altar.

There was a loud, metallic clang when they threw the metal plate on the altar. "Hey!" Zen shouted by the side of the fence that was made up of blue light.

"Geo...geo... geo..." one of the little monsters spoke.

It seemed like it tried to explain something to him, but what was the use of such an explanation when he couldn't understand anything it said?

After the little monster had finished, two unique triangle runes suddenly appeared on the human statue's eyes. As the triangle runes flipped, the statue's eyeballs began to roll. It looked Zen up and down in quite a strange way.

In turn, Zen also stared back at the statue's eyeballs with an unreadable expression.

It didn't take long until a bright, white light spread out from both of the eyeballs. The two light beams spread down from the eyes in a way that made them look like tears flowing down the statue's face. The two rays of light continued to flow, until they quickly converged on the altar.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

The entire altar flashed with strong light, then wrapped Zen together with the metal plate.

When the light illuminated the altar, all the little monsters stepped back and they actually knelt down on the ground in unison. Their eyes were filled with utmost respect.

The light that enveloped the altar lasted about five minutes, then it gradually dimmed.

Once the light was gone, Zen let out a sigh of relief. It looked like they didn't really have any intention of sacrificing him.

Just then, a shadow suddenly appeared in front of the altar. It repeatedly transformed into different things then finally, it turned into an ancient door.

"A space door... But why is there no space fluctuation?"

The space door worked in a similar way as the transmission array. If Zen was given enough time, he could easily create one.

Yet, he found out that there was no Space Law in this space!

There was no space fluctuation when the door had been condensed, either. Naturally, he felt extremely weirded out.

"Crack! Crack…"

At that moment, the door opened from the middle.

Two figures emerged out of it. It was a man and a woman, who both floated in the air.

When the little monsters saw the man and woman, they kept on bowing to them, as if the man and woman were divine beings that descended down to the place. The little monsters showed great reverence towards them.

The man and the woman, however, did not pay attention to them. Their gazes were on Zen, and Zen was also watching them.

The man was quite handsome and gentle, and the woman was beautiful and seductively charming.

They stared at each other for a few seconds. After the man had stared at Zen for a long time, he walked over to Zen and reached out his hand towards the blue light.

"Be careful! The blue light…" Zen warned.

Even he could not resist the blue light. If the man ever touched it, then the consequences would be unimaginable.

When the man heard Zen's kind warning, he smiled lightly and said, "It's okay."

With a gentle stroke of his fingers, he let the blue light penetrate through his skin--but he was unscathed.

In fact, his palm absorbed all the blue light, then the fences that were formed by the blue light disappeared completely!

"Geo...geo... geo..."

The little monster who had been trapped with Zen screamed a few times and jumped off the altar. It knelt down with the other little monsters, as if the altar wasn't a place it should stay--and if it stayed for one more second, it would have desecrated the divine beings.

"Thank you very much," said Zen and he stood up from the metal plate.

To be honest, he felt a little excited when he finally heard someone speak the human language.

At least this man and woman could communicate with him normally.

The man, however, didn't respond.

The enchanting woman beside him asked, "Did you become an exile here recently?"

"Yes," Zen nodded. "Are there many humans in the chaos you were in?" the woman asked again.

Upon hearing those words, Zen quickly deduced that they did not belong to the same round of chaos as him.

"Yes, there are many humans, no less than one quintillion," he replied.

The handsome man and the charming woman looked at each other, their faces lit up with delight. Zen's answer seemed to make them very satisfied.

Happy as they were, Zen's mind was filled with doubts. "You're both human beings like me, but it seems like you are not from the same round of chaos as I am?" he asked.

The charming woman and the handsome man both shook their heads, then said, "We don't come from chaos."

"Not from chaos?" Zen was in shock. "Are you from the outside of the chaos?"

A world outside the chaos was an obscure concept. Not even No. 9527 knew what it was. Perhaps, Zen could find the answer from the two humans.

To his surprise, the two of them shook their heads at the same time "We are the aboriginals of this space, but our master is from the chaos. Our master said that according to the calculation in the chaos, he was born in the 77th chaotic era," the woman responded.

While Zen still thought about the meaning of her answer, No. 9527 mentally reminded him, "The chaotic era should refer to the process from a round of the chaos' birth, till its destruction. Their master might be from the 77th civilization."

There were too many civilizations that had once appeared in the chaos, that it was impossible for even No. 9527 to cover all of them in the statistics. Some of them had either completely declined and disappeared on the Other Shore, or had hidden themselves.

"Master?"

Zen subconsciously looked at the huge statue and asked, "Is your master still in this space?"

Once again, the man and woman both shook their heads at the same time. The woman went over and gently pulled Zen as she said, "Come with me!"

The moment they pulled Zen into the gate, the little monsters below the altar made a loud noise. The man patted his head and said with a smile, "Oh, I almost forgot it."

Next, he took out a small bag, from which thousands of brown beads rolled out.

Those brown beads were highly important to the little monsters. Indeed, only after when he threw the beads did the little monsters stop making noises.

Chapter 3438 Delete And Retrieve

As soon as the little monsters calmed down, Zen couldn't help but be amazed.

After all, the little monsters imprisoned him, fought with those double-headed flying snakes, and then finally sent him to this place.

Did that mean they wanted those brown beads all along?

"These little monsters… Are they the aboriginals of this space?" he asked.

The handsome man casually nodded and said, "You can say that. They were originally a race in our master's inner world.

After our master took up this space, he released them."

The little monsters were from the inner world of the man's master?!

Once again, Zen was utterly surprised. How powerful was their master, really?

How could the creatures in his inner world be so strong? "How about those double-headed flying snakes then?" he asked again.

"They also came from our master's inner world," the handsome man answered with a nod.

The man's response, however, confused Zen. "But I saw them fight so fiercely with each other…" he muttered.

"Our master made them fight on purpose," the handsome man explained. "He has kept three races in this space. At first, he only kept those double-headed flying snakes, but eventually, they were all over the space. So, he had no choice but to introduce the other two races. When the three races are under checks and balances, their numbers can be limited."

In turn, Zen nodded and asked No. 9527 in his mind, "Didn't you say that some Chaos Ancient God controlled this space?"

He just realized that the man's answer completely contradicted what No. 9527 had said before.

No. 9527 was also confused. In the end, it could only say, "You can ask the Regal Jade Spirit. Maybe he knows about it."

The Regal Jade Spirit represented the Regal Jade Civilization, and the Regal Jade Civilization had occupied almost the whole entirety of the chaos. He himself had once been a Chaos Ancient God.

Furthermore, No. 9527 just said that the handsome man'master was from the 77th civilization, while the Regal Jade Civilization was the 749th civilization. Thus, it was more likely that the Regal Jade Civilization should have known some things about this space.

Zen followed the handsome man into the door and they walked along a lengthy, narrowly spaced channel. He decided to take advantage of this opportunity to send his incarnation into his inner world.

Back then, Zen had specially created a space in order to make the Regal Jade Spirit teach Geoffrey genuinely and wholeheartedly.

That space was very quiet, as only Geoffrey and the Regal Jade Spirit could come and go freely within it.

In an open yard, the Regal Jade Spirit sat upright while Geoffrey crossed his legs and meditated with his eyes closed.

Some cyan lights spiraled up behind Geoffrey and turned into an exquisite jade lotus. The lotus quietly moved in a spiral motion as the surface of Geoffrey's body became emerald green.

The moment Zen's incarnation entered the space, the Regal Jade Spirit had sensed it.

"Master Regal Jade," Zen greeted as he cupped his hands.

The Regal Jade Spirit nodded in response and said, "Geoffrey's talent is really extraordinary. He has already reached the third level of the body refining cultivation method I chose for him, in just a short period of time."

As a ruling force, the Regal Jade Civilization had created countless theurgies.

At the very beginning, the Regal Jade Spirit was worried that it would be difficult for Geoffrey to cultivate the theurgies of the Regal Jade Civilization. After all, there were gaps between different races, and the bodies of the Regal Jade creatures were greatly different from those of other races.

Yet, Geoffrey unexpectedly practiced so smoothly.

At that moment, Zen's gaze swept over Geoffrey, who was focused on cultivation. The emerald green light that emerged from his body was extremely stable. Although his body was not as strong as Zen's own, it was already quite impressive for him to have reached such a level.

Geoffrey was too concentrated on his cultivation, so he didn't notice Zen's arrival.

"With your teachings, of course Geoffrey can make great progress.

But I came here for something else," Zen said. "What's it?" the Regal Jade Spirit asked.

"I think I have found the second flaw of the Ways-blending Energy," Zen said calmly.

"What? You have found it? What is the flaw? Are you sure you are not wrong?" Needless to say, the Regal Jade Spirit was stunned.

"I don't think I'm wrong. It's an arc light similar to the Thunderstorm Godly Way.

He also mainly cultivates the Ways-blending Energy and has integrated the arc light into the energy," Zen continued and shook his head. "Have you got the arc light then?" the Regal Jade Spirit asked eagerly.

It was known to all that the Wing King of the Regal Jade Civilization had put a great deal of effort into practicing the Blood Essence Godly Way. He had spent so much time and had gone through countless challenges.

It wasn't long before Zen discovered the second flaw. It was indeed too shocking, so the Regal Jade Spirit couldn't help but be excited.

"Not yet," Zen said with a complicated look in his eyes. "I was exiled to a space when I was in the Chaotic Source World."

"Exiled? It's nothing," said the Regal Jade Spirit.

Zen shook his head. "It is a space that has been deleted," he elaborated.

After the Regal Jade Spirit heard Zen's words, his complacency was gone. "You mean to say that you have been deleted by a Son of Truth and exiled to the outside of the chaos?"

"Yes," Zen replied with a nod.

A helpless smile graced the Regal Jade Spirit's face. "What a coincidence! When I was still a Son of Truth, I had grasped the space truth," he commented.

"What?" Zen exclaimed as his eyebrows shot up to his forehead. "Is there any way to go back?"

Now, he was not interested in the secret of the space at all.

He only wanted to return to the Chaotic Source World as soon as possible!

"If I was still the Son of Truth, I could help you go back. Alas, there is no chance for you to go back unless the Chaos Ancient God who exiled you is willing to let you go," the Regal Jade Spirit answered.

Mount was the avatar of a Chaos Ancient God. With his current abilities, he could exile Zen, but he might not be able to bring him back. Moreover, Zen couldn't possibly pin his hopes on his opponent.

When the Regal Jade Spirit saw the faint disappointment on Zen's face, he continued, "Although this space looks empty, I'd exiled countless creatures to this place before--including a few races that resisted the Regal Jade Civilization, some unpredictable threats, and the energy crystals that might explode at any time."

"Empty?" Zen looked at the Regal Jade Spirit with an indecipherable look.

The void was not empty. All kinds of dead bodies were interwoven in it together, like a huge garbage station.

The Regal Jade Spirit also noticed the way Zen looked and asked, "Did I say anything wrong?"

"Numerous dead bodies of creatures, rocks and soil, and other things are floating in the space," Zen replied. "No way!" the Regal Jade Spirit refuted him.

The Regal Jade Spirit was very familiar with the empty space.

"If things are exiled to this space, they will be deleted once and for all after some time. If they, both the living things and corpses, are not retrieved, they will completely disappear. How can it be like what you said? Take me there!" he declared.

Upon seeing the Regal Jade Spirit's reaction, Zen realized that the Regal Jade Spirit, who used to be the Son of Truth, probably did not know about the change in the space.

Chapter 3439 Waiting

The Chaos Ancient God that controlled the bottom-layer space rules held the right to delete spaces.

But those deleted spaces could still be recovered.

Within a certain grace period, they could recover a space they regretted deleting. After this time, though, absolutely nothing could be done.

Having once been a Son of Truth in charge of space, the Regal Jade Spirit was well aware of this fact.

So what Zen said about the strange scene was more surprising than the news that he had found the arc light energy.

Once Zen dispersed the avatar, he took the Regal Jade Spirit out of his inner world and had him hide within his body.

No. 9527 was a part of the Chaos Ancient Gods named Gerald. As the two Chaos Ancient Gods stayed together, they weren't particularly uncomfortable. Now, they were both quietly observing their surroundings.

The space passageway wasn't that long, and it didn't take too long for the three people to reach the end of it. Emerging from it, Zen saw an ancient door, identical to what he had seen before.

When the handsome man pushed the door open, they were met with huge narrow bronze pillars—they were like snakes, strangely entangled with each other.

Zen had noticed the bronze pillars when he was first exiled into the space. But from where he had been, he could only see dark-golden lines.

Behind the pillars lay the end of the space.

It was nothing like a wall, but something resembled black fur.

"Eh? What happened to the Deleting Pillars? Why did they end up like this?! This…" Fear and doubt seeped into the Regal Jade Spirit's voice.

"Are you talking about these pillars?" Zen asked, confused.

"Yes! The Deleting Pillars serve as the foundation of this space. It's impossible to destroy them—not even the Sons of Truth can do so. In every period of time, these pillars would delete all the things in the space before turning it into a void. But everything seems to have changed, now!" the Regal Jade Spirit explained as he surveyed the void in the distance.

Although the ancient door had sent Zen a great distance away, he could still see the creatures' remains that formed piles of debris.

After seeing the debris Zen was talking about, the Regal Jade Spirit finally came to understand what was fundamentally wrong with the space.

"Since you mastered the space truth of the chaos back then, haven't you discovered anything strange?" "Their master was born in the 77th civilization, and you were born in the 749th," No. 9527 added.

There were over six hundred civilizations that filled the gap between the two civilizations. During this process, over six hundred creatures had become the Chaos Ancient Gods, controlling the bottom-layer truth of space.

But the humans of the 77th civilization were either hiding on the Other Shore and unable to descend to the Source World, or hiding in this void space.

In hiding, not only did they need to avoid being deleted by the Deleting Pillars, they also had to avoid being discovered by the Chaos Ancient Gods. By no means was it an easy feat.

"I've never found anything wrong with it…" the Regal Jade Spirit muttered as he shook his head.

As the Regal Jade Spirit talked to No. 9527, the handsome man said, "We've arrived. Please follow me."

"Where are you going to take me?" Zen couldn't help but ask.

"Over there," the woman pointed as she smiled sweetly.

Following the woman's gaze, Zen looked into the distance. On a node where the Deleting Pillars met stood a palace.

Its shape and craft were completely different from what Zen had ever seen in a structure before.

Once they entered the palace, Zen asked, "It's only you two living in this palace?"

The man nodded and said, "The master and his other disciples have already left."

"Left? Have they returned to the chaos?" Zen inquired further.

Shaking her head, the woman replied, "They've already gone to the outside of the chaos."

That drew a gasp from Zen. "Outside the chaos…"

Even the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527 were shocked to hear such a thing.

The development of the chaos was a continuous one. Many clues of its development lay on the Other Shore—if one could reach the Other Shore's higher stages, they'd uncover secrets of the chaos along the way.

But what lay outside the chaos had always been a great mystery.

Catching Zen's reaction, the two smiled.

While it was true that they hadn't even been to the Source World, they had heard much of it from their master. Since the moment the chaos was born, no one had left it.

In the Source World, it was an absolute truth that no one could leave the Chaos.

But their master having done so gave the two a sense of pride.

"Ask them how to leave and what's outside the chaos!" both the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9572 urged Zen simultaneously.

The two were powerful and wise beings—very few secrets could even arouse their curiosity. But they were eager to know what exactly was outside the chaos.

"I wonder how your master managed to leave the chaos…and what is even out there?" Zen asked curiously.

The woman merely shook her head. "The space outside the chaos is indescribable. Master also said it was beyond any descriptions we could make with our language. It's something that can only be experienced—no one will understand it through words."

"Why haven't you left the place and experienced it with your master?" Zen returned.

Helplessness flashed across the man's face. "We didn't dare disobey our master's orders. He asked us to wait for you."

"Me? You were expecting me to come?" Zen pursed his lips as he frowned at the thought.

While he was born in this round of chaos, he had never seen their master at all. Zen deeply doubted the couple's words.

With a hint of a sigh, the man continued, "Our master said that the chaos would come to its last round sooner or later. The human race dominating the chaos again will signal a critical time. You're the first human we've ever found since then, and the news you've brought with you is in line with our master's prediction."

Creatures born in each round of chaos were completely different. There were great differences between the different civilizations themselves as well.

Human beings appeared once in the 77th civilization—never again after that. To see a human appear in this round of chaos was truly a phenomenon.

The human race in the Source World couldn't exactly be considered a ruling force. But after the development over the past years, the various human forces had also developed into super forces—such a development didn't happen accidentally.

"So why did your master ask you to wait for me?" Zen asked again.

The man smiled and said, "Master has hidden in this space for countless years. He hopes the human race will thrive again, so he's been diligently waiting for the right opportunity."

Turning his head, he looked upon the statue—it was exactly the same as the one on the small star. Engraved beneath it was the name 'King Manard.'

Chapter 3440 A Passage Leading To The Outside

Zen followed the handsome man's gaze and read the name engraved below the statue.

"Is King Manard your master?" Zen asked.

"Yes!"

Both the handsome and the charming nodded, their faces displaying awe and respect at the mention of their master.

Just from the man's words, Zen had obtained some valuable information.

There was a time when the human race had prospered in the chaos. But like the other past civilizations, they had failed to complete the Finale Way. In the end, they had no choice but to hide on the Other Shore.

The ancient humans of the Other Shore remained off the grid for countless years — Zen surmised that they had gone into hiding like the Regal Jade Civilization.

From that, Zen suspected that the birth of the human race in this round of chaos was no coincidence. Perhaps, the human race on the Other Shore had used some kind of special method to revive the human civilization in the chaos through the flourishing of the Nine Li race, the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the Oneness Sky Palace.

Zen was well aware that the man and woman had just been waiting for a human, not specifically him.

His appearance signaled the beginning of the ancient human civilization's plan.

"Do you agree with my conjecture?" Through his consciousness, Zen asked No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit.

Both of them were figures of wisdom and insight, and they found Zen's speculations to be convincing. But No. 9527 then added, "But humans are not united as they should be. If your speculations are right, all humans born in this round of chaos should be created by the ancient human civilization. The problem is, the Bearing race, the Oneness Sky Palace, and Fuxi from the Pear Hill are on bad terms."

The thought bewildered Zen. If the ancient humans wanted to achieve a certain goal, the new human race they had created must unite toward a single mission. Why then did they split into several branches, holding different positions and following different paths?

"Something unnatural must have happened," remarked the Regal Jade Spirit. "The creatures on the Other Shore can't visit the chaos freely due to the Other Shore's special nature. They have to choose spokespersons to fight for them. But the races on the Other Shore don't exactly have much control over the creatures in the chaos."

"Did you have spokespersons before?" Zen asked curiously.

"Of course! Ever since the 751st civilization, we've chosen a spokesperson at the beginning of every civilization. That is, until we were defeated and had to go into hiding at Stage Thirteen. Several of our spokespersons had betrayed us, though. It's rather common on the Other Shore."

The creatures in the chaos entered the Other Shore in pursuit of greater power.

All those chosen as a civilization's spokesperson usually had a good amount of luck and willpower — someone who was reluctant to lower themselves to anyone else's level. After converting to another path, it wasn't surprising for them to betray the civilization they represent.

Having experienced many more rounds of chaos than No. 9527, the Regal Jade Spirit had a greater say on the matter.

After the short discussion in his consciousness, Zen turned to the handsome man and said, "King Manard is indeed a great figure — he managed to control this entire place. I just wonder what he plans to do here."

To Zen's surprise, the pair shook their heads and replied, "We don't know what Master's plan is. He just tasked us to stay here until the first human is exiled to this place."

"And what if other creatures are exiled here?" Zen wondered.

He figured that the Chaos Ancient Gods would get rid of a lot of spaces in a round of chaos. There must have been many creatures of various races who ended up in this place.

"We killed them," replied the man indifferently.

The charming woman then smiled, "Long ago, a huge space was sent here, along with a great number of powerful creatures. He slaughtered them all — I didn't even have time to finish off a single one!"

For a moment, their carefree replies had Zen standing still in a daze.

Only the most powerful creatures in the chaos could be regarded as opponents of the Chaos Ancient Gods. Was it really possible for such powerful things to be killed so easily?

It was obvious that the pair had been there for countless years. Zen felt no air of deception from them, nor could he think of any reason why they would lie to him.

"Did King Manard tell you what to do if a human arrived?" Zen asked, thinking it was alright to be straightforward with them.

The woman smiled as she replied, "Of course! You must wait for Master to return."

"How long do we have to wait?" The thought made Zen frown.

If he stayed there for too long, he might fail to return before the Chaotic Source World closed — he'd be in deep trouble.

The man before him merely shook his head. "We don't know. The time of Master's return is never fixed. His last departure lasted for 800 units of time. But I believe he will return sooner this time."

"Eight hundred… how long is that?" Zen was unfamiliar with the measurement.

"According to the chaos' time flow rate, a unit of time equals ten thousand years," he explained calmly.

"What?!"

Zen's eyes widened at the man's nonchalant answer.

That meant King Manard could return after eight million years — Zen couldn't stay there anywhere near that long.

"You seem to be in a hurry, am I right?" Noticing Zen's worried expression, the woman asked with a smile.

"I am! I have something urgent to deal with in the chaos. Is there any way to leave?" Zen's anxiety was pouring into his voice at this point.

The woman only shook her head. "No. But perhaps Master can help you."

"Is there any way to inform your master that I've arrived?" he asked further.

For a moment, the man and woman exchanged a curious glance before the man said, "Of course. Master told us that if a human was exiled to this place, we could report it to him."

At that, Zen's eyes lit up. "Can you inform him right now?"

After a moment of thought, the man nodded. "Alright. Follow me."

An ancient gate lay behind the palace. Once they entered the gate with Zen, they arrived at the edge of this world — a wall covered with black fluff.

The wall seemed to go on endlessly. They couldn't see its end from either direction.

All creatures, regardless of size, would feel powerless and insignificant in the face of this enormous wall.

Nearby was a small round cave.

"No words can be sent out in this place. We have to leave the place to inform Master. This is the passageway that leads outside," the man explained.

Looking curiously at the cave, Zen asked, "Did your master dig this cave out?"

"Yes. Master started to dig this even before we were born. He spent about eight million units of time before reaching the other end and outside the chaos. Master is a persistent man!"

Eight million units of time… that meant eighty billion years. 'That's a terribly long time, ' Zen thought.

"I can't believe someone actually managed to dig through the chaos…" the Regal Jade Spirit muttered in astonishment in Zen's mind.

"I can't believe it either…" remarked No. 9527.

The two had a far greater understanding of the chaos than Zen did and yet even they agreed that digging all the way out of the chaos was something unheard of.

Chapter 3441 The Abstruse Energy State

No matter how prosperous the chaos was, it was impossible to avoid the needle.

All the creatures would be annihilated.

This wasn't a disaster, something nobody had seen. It had, in fact, been predestined since the chaos was born.

Only one thing could prevent this from happening: turning into creatures on the Other Shore and hiding there.

In the long history of the chaos, each creature had the same fate.

They either entered the Other Shore or they died. They could try to become the Sons of Truth but their chances were remote. Besides, they would still die after two rounds of chaos.

A number of creatures and talents had tried all kinds of methods.

Escaping from the chaos was the easiest and the most direct way.

Countless civilizations had come into existence and declined, but no one had ever succeeded.

And now, King Manard was hiding in this space to avoid death when the end arrived. He had even broken through the chaos. The shock that No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit felt couldn't be described in mere words.

It didn't matter if they believed it or not. It was an undeniable fact. They hoped Zen could explore the cave and find more.

The handsome man and the enchanting woman entered the cave first, Zen following close behind.

The wall of the cave was covered with a kind of dense brown material that was neither rock nor soil. Zen reached out, pressing gently on the wall and releasing the Other Shore Power within him.

But there was no reaction. The material was so solid that it was almost impossible to separate it from the cave wall.

The man noticed Zen's move and smiled before saying, "It's impossible to break this wall. Our master has said that no one can leave a single trace on it even if they are to use a million divine megatons of force."

Zen's jaw dropped.

He remained speechless for a while before he found his voice. "How solid is this wall?" he asked.

"It's not a matter of solidity. Our master has said that this wall can never be damaged," the woman said.

"Then how did your master dig through this?" Zen asked, exasperated.

"He has his own ways," the man said with pride.

The man and the woman never stopped talking about their master.

Zen gave up testing the strength of the cave wall and went ahead with them.

The length of this cave was beyond Zen's imagination. It stretched for dozens of miles into the distance even though it wasn't that high. It didn't take him much effort to climb, but it took him four hours to reach the end of the cave.

When they reached the end of the cave, Zen, No. 9527, and the Regal Jade Spirit looked around.

"Is this the world outside the chaos?"

A starry sky had appeared before Zen.

The light spots, close or far, were bright blue.

According to the man and the woman, this world was mysterious. But all Zen could see was an empty space filled with stars.

The man laughed and said, "No. It's not like what you see. Try putting your hand out of this cave."

Zen looked at him strangely before putting his hand out of the cave.

A strange scene appeared.

The moment his fingers left the cave, they turned into countless star lights and spread out in all directions.

The further Zen extended his hand, the farther away the star lights became from each other. And when he slowly withdrew his hand, all the star lights gathered at the entrance of the cave.

The scattered star lights returned to him once he withdrew his hand.

"Wow! It's so amazing!" Zen exclaimed, awed.

Zen hadn't felt anything odd throughout. His hand had turned into star lights but he hadn't felt pain. Instead, he had felt the touch, bright and sharp.

The man and woman weren't surprised at Zen's reaction.

The woman also stretched out her hand and waved it around. At her movement, the star lights that had spread out began to dance in the air.

"I'll go out and have a look," said Zen, standing up.

He had just turned to leave when a voice called out to him.

"Stop!"

The man and the woman were taken aback at Zen's actions and they made to block his path.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked curiously.

The man said, "My master has told me that this is the Abstruse Energy State. It's okay for some parts of your body to enter the Abstruse Energy State. But if your whole body does, you will never find a way to return. You will have to live in this state forever."

Zen gasped at this information. The world outside the chaos was really something else.

What was before him was not the void, but a special state. Substances within it were presented in a different way, and space and time had undergone unimaginable changes.

"Then how can your master and the others get in?" Zen asked again.

"He has his own ways. If you really want to see what's outside, you can poke your head out and we will pull you back after five minutes," the woman suggested.

The man and the woman didn't dare to enter the space outside the chaos. But they had been curious and they had used this method to observe the space.

"Good idea!"

Zen said, nodding. He leaned out while the man held his legs behind him.

The moment Zen's head emerged from the cave, it also turned into countless bright blue star lights. As more and more parts of his head emerged, the star lights began to spread quickly.

Zen hadn't felt anything strange until this moment.

As he craned his head, he felt everything go black. He couldn't see anything anymore.

Instead, he felt a different kind of feeling course through him.

Zen had never experienced this feeling before. In this void, everything around him had merged into nothingness. He was the only star in it.

The distance became infinitely long yet remained infinitely short. No matter how vast the space was, he could touch any end of it. And no matter how short the distance was, he could not reach it.

Time instantly sped up with his thoughts. Billions of years passed with one thought, but the next moment, it seemed like only an instant had passed.

Zen could not describe this feeling.

Just as the man and the woman had said, he couldn't see the chaos or find the cave in such a state. Even his physical sense had disappeared completely.

If he was reckless and rushed in, he would probably be permanently lost in this state.

Zen had lost all sense of time and felt like countless years had passed in the blink of an eye.

As the star lights rotated, Zen was pulled back into the cave, familiar sights appearing back in front of his eyes.

Chapter 3442 Rejecting The Other Races

Zen returned to the cave in a daze.

He was still adjusting after returning from the Abstruse Energy State.

"How do you feel?" the handsome man asked with a smile.

The enchanting woman was not surprised at Zen's reaction. She had expected it.

The first time they ventured into the outside of the chaos, they had the same reaction.

It was a long time before Zen could respond.

He looked at the void outside the chaos, his face inscrutable. "So, those light dots are actually the other things in the space?"

The man nodded. "My master once said that all things scattered there. Maybe one of the light spots is a part of my master's body."

The light dots were spread outside the chaos, indistinct from each other.

Zen only needed to experience it once to understand that it would be futile to judge the size and distance of the void.

"Zen, let me see!"

"I want to try it, too!"

No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit pleaded.

When Zen had poked his head out, the two had been hiding in his body. They weren't able to follow him out.

So now they were also very curious about the void outside the chaos.

Zen thought for a moment. He answered with his consciousness, "Hide yourselves in my right arm."

After the consciousness of the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527 burrowed into Zen's arm, he extended his right hand outside the cave.

Just like before, his right hand turned into light dots and quickly spread out. This time, the consciousnesses of No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit spread along with them.

While letting the two observe the Abstruse Energy State, Zen turned to the man. "Since your master is out there, how can you pass the news to him and ask him to return?"

The woman pointed to the edge of the cave where long and thin ropes were nailed. Complicated runes were painted on the surface of each rope.

There were a total of thirteen ropes. Most parts of the ropes extended outside the chaos, leaving only finger-long sections in the cave. Zen hadn't noticed them before.

"My master and his other disciples have tied themselves to the ropes. We can reach them using these," the woman said.

'There are thirteen ropes, so thirteen people are out. By using the ropes, they don't get lost in the void. King Manard is really smart, ' Zen thought to himself.

The woman raised her hand gently. Three energy beams, red, yellow and blue, spiraled up from her palm.

Zen had seen two of the energy beams before. One was the blue light from the big-eyed little monsters. The other was the red bubble from the double-headed flying snakes. It was his first time to see the yellow energy.

Zen was told that King Manard kept three races in the space. He presumed it was the third race that used the yellow energy.

Buzz!

The three energy beams merged into a ball. The woman thrust it onto the runes of one of the ropes. The runes then lit up one after another, spreading all the way to the void outside the chaos. They turned into light spots and flew quickly away.

It seemed that this mysterious void wasn't so unfathomable after all. King Manard had found ways to work with it.

Zen withdrew his hand from outside of the cave, bringing No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit back inside.

"…" No. 9527 was rendered speechless.

"…" The Regal Jade Spirit was left dumbfounded, too.

One used to be a Son of Truth, while the other was a splinter of the soul of the Chaos Ancient God.

Suffice to say, both of them had been through a lot. They knew many secrets unknown to most.

However, the Abstruse Energy State still left them shocked and shaken to the core.

The Regal Jade Spirit, in particular, had never imagined that this space, which was previously under his control, could lead outside of the chaos and to something so incredible.

Zen didn't need to ask them for their reaction. "How long will we have to wait after we send word to your master?" he asked the man.

The man thought for a moment. "It's hard to say. Sometimes he takes his time to return, having been in space for too long. Sometimes he comes back quickly. It depends on his mood."

The woman nodded. "Once, a golden-faced ghost was exiled here. It owned a very unique Other Shore Token, so both of us could not defeat it. In the end, we could only flee into this cave and ask our master to come back. At that time, our master returned in only a few seconds to subdue the golden-faced ghost."

"It all depends on how willing he is to return. If he takes you seriously, he returns instantly." As the man said this, stars appeared in the distance outside, approaching the entrance of the cave.

The woman pouted. "It seems you have our master's attention."

King Manard usually only appeared when his disciples were in great danger.

But not long after she relayed Zen's news, here was King Manard, already coming back. She felt a little jealous.

Buzz!

More and more light dots gathered at the entrance of the cave. The dots started to converge into a vague human form. As soon as it entered the cave, it materialized into a man with a curly beard. He looked exactly the same as the statue that Zen saw on the small star.

"Master!"

"Master!"

The woman and the man respectfully bowed to King Manard.

King Manard nodded and let his eyes settle upon Zen. He scrutinized Zen from head to toe, raising a brow.

"Nice to meet you, sir!" Zen said, likewise bowing to King Manard.

King Manard didn't greet him in return. Instead, his eyes fell on Zen's right hand. "There are two souls of other races in your body. Show yourselves! If you're here to spy on me, don't blame me for wiping out your consciousness!"

The woman and the man grew nervous at their master's words.

They knew King Manard only acknowledged the human race, rejecting other races with extreme prejudice.

Some of the creatures from other races that had been exiled to this space had been innocent. Many of them had fallen to their knees and begged to be spared.

But King Manard showed no mercy to the alien creatures in this space. He left none of them alive. He had ordered his disciples to be as ruthless.

And so it came to pass that the woman and the man killed countless creatures of different races, developing an instinctive repulsion for them. After all these years, Zen was the only one they had kept alive.

Chapter 3443 Another Other Shore

Zen's expression changed. There was a troubled look on his face when he heard King Manard's unfriendly tone.

"Sir, they are both my friends..."

He began trying to explain, but was interrupted when King Manard said, "Whoever they are, they need to show up. No one spies on me in secret! Show yourselves or you will force my hands!"

If Zen hadn't been concerned in this matter, King Manard would have slain No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit without a moment's hesitation.

The only reason he was restraining himself was that Zen was a human. Even so, the fact that No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit were spying on him in secret was an unbearably infuriating thought for him.

Fortunately, No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit immediately turned into two human shaped soul forms, one glowing with a cyan aura and the other one in brown. They put their hands together and bowed to King Manard.

"We have been staying inside Zen's body for a long time, and never showed ourselves to anyone till date. We didn't mean to spy on you. Please forgive us," the Regal Jade Spirit humbly apologized.

King Manard glanced at him and then suddenly smiled. "I'm familiar with your aura. You used to be in charge of this space. You were a Son of Truth of the Regal Jade Civilization. Have I got that right?"

The Regal Jade Spirit nodded with a helpless smile. "You have supernatural power. I didn't sense you hiding here!"

"If you could detect my presence that easily, I wouldn't be alive today," King Manard smiled with a satisfied expression.

This space worked in a mysterious way. Every once in a while, everything in here was destroyed for good. This place was often regarded as the garden of the Son of Truth. And no human would ever be allowed to live here!

The Regal Jade Spirit replied, "The theurgies you utilized to break through the walls of the chaos and explore the outside void are impressive. If you could reveal the secrets of this void, we, the Regal Jade Civilization, would be happy to get along with you. That being the case, why would we consider you our enemy?"

However, King Manard's expressions didn't change. "You might see it that way, but your civilization would still take me as their enemy. They might not share your thoughts. Things on the Other Shore are extremely complicated. You, as a lone Son of Truth, couldn't make that decision by yourself!"

The Regal Jade Spirit didn't know what to say. And to be honest, if he really had sensed King Manard's existence in the past, he would have killed him!

"Never mind that," King Manard took a long breath and continued, "What's important is that I have managed to survive. And now, even if some Sons of Truth have mastered the space truth, they are not the rulers in this space!"

The Regal Jade Spirit was surprised to hear this. "Do you mean that even the Sons of Truth cannot control this space?"

"Of course that's what I am saying," King Manard arrogantly confirmed. "The spaces they delete can be found here, but it's impossible to retrieve these spaces back. They can't even look at what's going on inside this space. I've deprived them of that right in here."

His offhand way of saying that he had deprived the Sons of Truth their right was as if he were merely discussing the weather.

But Zen, the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527 were extremely shocked when they heard that.

This was a rule based on the truth. Who could break the truth of the chaos so easily?

Zen's eyes lit up. Although he was shocked, he also had an idea. "If you have deprived the Sons of Truth of their right, can you also send me out?"

King Manard glanced at Zen and asked, "Are you in a hurry to go back?"

"Yes." Zen nodded, pursing his lips.

King Manard knew very well that most of the creatures that had been sent into this space had somehow managed to offend the Sons of Truth.

However, most of the opponents of the Sons of Truth were extremely strong creatures, and King Manard didn't believe Zen was strong enough to qualify for that.

"Take your time," King Manard said. "Yes. I can help you find the time node. No matter how much time has passed since you got here, I will be able to send you back at that time node."

"Locate a specific time node?!"

Hearing that, the two inhabitants of Zen's body were shocked again.

A small world was easy to control.

If the world in question was someone's inner world, then as its omnipotent creator, it wouldn't be difficult for them to control the time flow rate and even use the Time Backing in that world.

However, an inner world with messy timelines was not easy to control.

Generally speaking, nobody was ever willing to mess up the timelines of their inner worlds unless absolutely necessary. Time was a powerful entity and changing or editing it could cause chaos!

In the countless universes, most of the Holy Beings, and even some of the world lords had the power to change time, or even adjust its flow rate.

However, in the divine land, such abilities had become extremely rare and precious.

In the Source World and the chaos, it was almost completely impossible to change and control time by directly practicing the theurgies.

Almost no one could surpass the time truth unless they had the help of some very powerful Other Shore Tokens, which were extremely limited in number.

As for the time truth, it was impossible for even the Chaos Ancient Gods to master it!

Therefore, when King Manard said that he could locate a time node and send Zen back, they were all shocked.

"That would be amazing!" Zen's face was filled with intense joy at the chance of possible return.

King Manard glanced outside the cave. He returned alone this time. The twelve disciples kept on floating outside the chaos. He then said, "Let's go back to the palace first."

Together, the group soon made their way to the palace that had been built on the Deleting Pillars.

On their way, King Manard asked Zen a bit about the situation of the chaos, and the latter told him about the several human forces as well as some of the super forces in the Source World.

When he heard that the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race had joined forces to exterminate the Nine Li race, King Manard frowned. He sighed, "I didn't expect the human forces to kill each other!"

In the time of the King Manard, the human civilization was a united group. As a ruling force, it occupied the entire chaos, and no internal conflict was even heard of.

They had always been united, to the very last possible moment.

And from the way King Manard detested the other races, it was crystal clear how much he cared about the human race. He had never expected that the newborn human race in the chaos would fall into such a complicated situation. It was heartbreaking for him to hear such news.

"With your great theurgies, you will be able to end the dispute if you return to the chaos," Zen suddenly said.

"Return to the chaos?" King Manard shook his head in a disappointed manner.

"Didn't you tell us that you have taken complete control over this space and can retrieve everything from within it?" Zen asked.

A trace of helplessness appeared on the face of King Manard. He pointed to No. 9527's soul and said, "This one can return to the chaos, and so can you."

Then he pointed to the Regal Jade Spirit and continued, "But can he return as well?"

Although No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit had turned into human souls, they were still quite different from each other.

No. 9527 was a real strand of a soul, while the Regal Jade Spirit had appeared in the chaos after Zen had merged with the Civilization Artifact. In fact, his body was still on the Other Shore. He was in a descending state.

"You mean..." Zen's eyes narrowed.

King Manard pointed at the ruins in the distance and said, "The chaos that belongs to us has already gone. We can't return to the chaos. Even if we do return, we can only return in the form of an Other Shore Token. Or, to put it shortly, you can treat this space as another Other Shore."

Chapter 3444 The Former Glory

Once a round of chaos was destroyed, the rules of the new chaos would suppress everything from the last chaos.

Creatures, objects, and even consciousness would be rejected.

All creatures, except the Chaos Ancient Gods who had comprehended the truth, had to enter the Other Shore to save their lives. That was the only way.

The space where King Manard lived was separated from the chaos. It was true that he could avoid the Deleting Pillars and control this space. But he could only hide in there, just like the creatures on the Other Shore.

"Another Other Shore..." Zen muttered, his eyebrows rising.

No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit were taken aback. They had always only seen this space as a recycle bin. But this space could avoid being involved in the extinction of the chaos. It was indeed another Other Shore.

A smile appeared on King Manard's face as he said, "I actually plan to turn this place into another Other Shore that belongs only to the human race. Other races won't be allowed to enter it!"

The Other Shore was complicated. There were not only a number of Souls of Light, but also different kinds of creatures.

How terrifying would it be if a race were able to occupy the Other Shore?

What an ambitious man King Manard was!

This news was good for the human race, of course. Zen thought for a moment before asking, "But how do the creatures in the chaos enter this space?"

Mount and the Chaos Ancient God behind him controlled the entrance to this space. King Manard couldn't make sure that the Chaos Ancient God was on his side.

King Manard asked calmly, "How do the creatures in the chaos enter the Other Shore?"

"By cultivating the Truth of Godly Way, of course," replied Zen without hesitation.

No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit exchanged a nervous glance. They had a premonition.

A sudden thought occurred to Zen. "Is there a Truth of Godly Way that can bring the creatures here?"

King Manard smiled meaningfully. He reached out a hand, and the red, yellow, and blue energies spiraled upwards. "I have devoted my life to this Truth of Godly Way. I name it the Truth of Three-energy Construction."

"You created a Truth of Godly Way?" No. 9527's eyebrows were arched in supercilious surprise.

"How is that possible?" The Regal Jade Spirit also looked confused.

Everything they had seen and heard today was against what they had learned over the years.

The Regal Jade Spirit knew more than No. 9527. He had been the one to spread all the Sanskrit words from the Other Shore. The thirteen Truths of Godly Ways should have been created by the first civilization.

Special Other Shore Tokens were often discovered, but no one had ever created any Truth of Godly Way!

King Manard mixed the three kinds of energy and turned them into a single ball of black energy.

As the black energy rolled forward, it came to a stop after turning into a stone statue shaped like a horse's head.

"Void construction!" Zen's eyes twitched in excitement.

Void construction was supposed to be accomplished in one's inner world.

But King Manard had made a stone statue by taking advantage of the Truth of Three-energy Construction.

His actions had shocked Zen, No. 9527, and the Regal Jade Spirit.

A resounding crack sounded.

King Manard had pinched the statue of the horse head gently and crushed it into pieces. He said, "The thirteen Truths of Godly Ways were created by the Instant Civilization, but the Element Spirit Civilization had emasculated all of them. They have lost their corresponding theurgies. When we fought a bloody battle with the Element Spirit Civilization in Stage Thirty Two, the Element Spirit race had suffered a great loss. Since then, all the Truths of Godly Ways have lost their corresponding power."

"The human race used to be so powerful? They fought against the Element Spirit Civilization?" The Regal Jade Spirit was even more surprised.

The Regal Jade Civilization had been strong, but not strong enough to fight the Element Spirit Civilization. The Regal Jade Spirit had never expected the human race to be this glorious on the Other Shore.

But the 77th civilization was countless years away from the 749th civilization. After the human race had been defeated and went into their hiding, their legends had disappeared. It wasn't surprising that the Regal Jade Spirit had never heard of them.

The corner of King Manard's mouth curled upwards. He didn't respond to the Regal Jade Spirit. The previous human race had certainly not been a small and weak race.

Zen thought for a moment before asking, "The Truths of Godly Ways were emasculated?"

King Manard smiled and looked at Zen. "What's wrong?" he said. "Did you notice it?"

Zen shook his head and said, "No. When I practiced the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, I accidentally got two Sanskrit words of the Truth Enlightenment, which were able to complete the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. I wonder if these two Sanskrit words belong to the emasculated part."

King Manard stared at Zen. "Show me what you've got," he said.

Zen nodded, closed his eyes, and meditated, reciting in silence.

Soon, a white cyclone emerged in Zen's brain. He hadn't learned many words of the Truth Enlightenment but he was able to easily create this cyclone.

The moment King Manard saw the cyclone, he nodded and said, "You can stop."

"Is this the emasculated part?" Zen asked.

King Manard nodded. "You could say that. Someone has deliberately released the Truth Enlightenment that you are talking about."

Once Eastern Emperor Taiyi got the yellow paper, he deciphered and learned the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent from it. He then built the base of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Only Eastern Emperor Taiyi knew how he got the yellow paper, whether he had come upon it by accident or someone had given it to him.

"Have the emasculated parts of any other Truths of Godly Ways apart from the Truth Enlightenment been passed down?" King Manard asked.

Zen shook his head. "I've never heard of it."

King Manard looked at No. 9527. No. 9527 replied, "No."

"The thirteen Truths of Godly Ways of the 749th civilization must have been incomplete as well," the Regal Jade Spirit replied.

A thought crossed Zen's mind and he said, "It's not just that. We can't practice the Truth of Powerful Holy Body now. It's impossible to use the physical body to enter the Other Shore."

"The Truth of Powerful Holy Body is prohibited?" At this news, King Manard was plunged deep in thought. It was a while before he smiled and said, "Those hiding on the Other Shore began to be afraid."

The human race had never been weak. It was precisely to see this day that they had been hiding themselves for so many years.

"But if you want to build this place into an Other Shore, where can we find the Other Shore Tokens? How can we obtain the Other Shore Power?" Zen asked again, confused.

King Manard pointed to the void in the distance and said, "The Other Shore Tokens are over there."

There were many remains floating in the air.

"…"

Zen, No. 9527, and the Regal Jade Spirit were rendered speechless.

It was a strange sight, the remains floating in the air. It was stranger that King Manard believed that these remains were Other Shore Tokens. But they had to take him at his word.

Chapter 3445 The Strongest Finale Way

It wouldn't have been difficult for King Manard to remove these remains with this place under his full control.

But he left them here for the purpose of using them as Other Shore Tokens.

"But these remains don't have energy or Other Shore Power. They would have no complicated power," Zen pointed out.

There were two factors to determine an Other Shore Token's value.

They were whether or not it had strong Other Shore Power, and whether or not it had a unique ability.

The stronger the Other Shore Power was, the stronger its bearer would be.

The power of Other Shore Tokens of the mysterious type tended to not be as strong, but they often had unusual abilities. For example, the Heart of Accomplice was able to forcibly end the lives of both the user and another powerful warrior. No other token could do this.

King Manard ambled forward, his hands behind his back. He gazed out into the void. "It's almost impossible for them to use the Other Shore Tokens to realize the Finale Way. The human race was trapped in this in the past."

Neither Zen nor No. 9527 could understand, but the eyes of the Regal Jade Spirit flashed.

After all, the Regal Jade Civilization had once been a ruling force and had also confronted the needle in hopes to realize the Finale Way.

"You mean it's impossible to realize the Finale Way by relying on the strength of the Other Shore?" the Regal Jade Spirit asked.

King Manard shot the Regal Jade Spirit an unexpected admiring look. "Among so many civilizations, the human race came the closest. We very nearly achieved it."

"You almost made it?" The Regal Jade Spirit's eyes flashed strangely. "Our Wing King had merged with the Invisible Spirit Herb from Stage Thirty Three. He used the Trial Lamp to reflect about a thousand more Invisible Spirit Herbs and extracted the Other Shore Power within them. After that, he increased the Other Shore Power by thirty times with the help of the

Withering Power and combined it with the Spectral Thunder Shield, but he still failed. He almost made it, too."

As the strongest warrior in the Regal Jade Civilization, the Wing King was chosen as the Finale Hero.

The Regal Jade Civilization had gathered all the Other Shore Tokens they had and released the most powerful forces they could muster to fight off the needle.

The Invisible Spirit Herb was a kind of herb without a root that grew in the depths of Stage Thirty Three. It looked ordinary, but in fact, the Other Shore Power contained in it was stronger than that of any others!

The Trial Lamp was also a rare Other Shore Token. It was a sixth-grade Other Shore Token in Stage Thirty Two. The shadow of the Invisible Spirit Herb that the Trial Lamp reflected was able to inherit half of the Other Shore Power of the Invisible Spirit Herb. If a thousand Invisible Spirit Herbs were reflected, their power would have increased to five hundred times!

Zen had used the Withering Power before. It was a Latent Theurgy passed down from the Nine Li race. But the power of the Latent Theurgy was naturally weaker than the Withering Power used by the Wing King and other strong cultivators.

Five hundred was then multiplied by thirty. The exponentially increased Other Shore Power must have been overwhelming.

This was the Finale Way of the Wing King.

Zen was astounded by the Regal Jade Spirit's story. He tried to imagine just how strong the Finale Way released by the Wing King was.

However strong it was, that power was still unable to subdue the needle!

The Wing King was the leader of the Regal Jade Civilization. Although the civilization had been destroyed, the Regal Jade Spirit was still very proud of

him.

The Finale Way of the Regal Jade Civilization must have been extremely powerful for the Wing King to get that far.

The Regal Jade Civilization had not been weak on the Other Shore. It was one of the top ten civilizations in the past.

King Manard shook his head at the Regal Jade Spirit's words. "You must have been very good at collecting Other Shore Tokens, for you to have obtained the Trial Lamp and the Spectral Thunder Shield."

"Thank you." The Regal Jade Spirit felt appeased that his civilization was recognized for its efforts, even if their king failed in the end.

"It's not a compliment. You were still quite far from realizing the Finale Way. Merging with the Invisible Spirit Herb and increasing its strength by the Trial Lamp and the Withering Power was only one of our alternatives. The last Other Shore Token we used was not the Spectral Thunder Shield, but the Magic Shield with a stronger defensive capability.

Back then, we chose ten persons to be the Finale Heroes. The one who adopted this plan similar to yours was only in eighth place among those who came close to success," added King Manard, shaking his head.

"Only eighth place?!" The Regal Jade Spirit's eyes widened in disbelief. "How is that possible? That was the best solution chosen by the Wing King! Nothing else came close!"

The Regal Jade Spirit was greatly shocked.

He had thought that the Finale Way of the Regal Jade Civilization had been close to success, but it turned out to be such a lowly solution.

Unconvinced, he pressed, "What did the person in first place use, then?"

"The first..." A trace of sadness appeared in King Manard's eyes. "He was our leader. He merged with the Heart of Limit and the Overdraft Stone. The Trial Lamp couldn't reflect the Overdraft Stone, but he gave everything up, including his life. Just the combined power of the Heart of Limit and the Overdraft Stone was much stronger than the power you obtained. The combined power was further increased by the Withering Power, and then...

Alas, it was a pity we failed in the end. We were so close," King Manard said, regret written on his face.

Perhaps feeling he had discouraged the Regal Jade Spirit too much, he added, "Actually, it was not your fault. After the human race almost completed the Finale Way, those hiding on the Other Shore grew scared. After that, they set the rules, and the Other Shore was designed by them in such a way that no civilization would ever complete the Finale Way. It became a pipe dream. I guess that after the 77th civilization was destroyed, the Heart of Limit and the Overdraft Stone were both hidden away. They might have even destroyed them."

No. 9527 nodded in agreement. "We haven't heard of these two tokens on the Other Shore."

"By their rules, the Finale Way is destined to fail, and there is no possibility of success," King Manard said firmly. "So we can't rely on that Other Shore. We must create our own force!"

He glanced at Zen and continued, "The Other Shore Power is from outside of the chaos. We can also obtain it."

As he spoke, he pointed at the debris on the ground. The broken statue of horse head returned to its original condition. But the new statue seemed a little different.

"What do you see?" asked King Manard.

Zen stared at the statue and observed it carefully. After a short while, he actually felt a slight energy on the statue. It was the Other Shore Power!

Chapter 3446 The Wall Of Truth Of Godly Way

The Other Shore Power hidden in the statue of the horse head wasn't strong. It had less than one divine megaton of force, but it was still enough to be regarded as an Other Shore Token.

"You can endow the statue with Other Shore Power?" Zen inquired.

King Manard nodded and held the statue in his hand. "The Other Shore Power is not directly from me. It's from the outside of the chaos and my hand is just acting as a medium," he explained.

The Other Shore Power was an extremely special existence. However, no one had expected that the power did not come from the chaos itself, but outside of it.

As King Manard gently waved his hand, the Other Shore Power that was hidden in the statue grew stronger and stronger, gradually surpassing one divine megaton.

"If the Other Shore Power comes from somewhere outside of the chaos, then is it possible that there's a way to exit the chaos from the Other Shore?" the Regal Jade Spirit asked as he stared closely at the statue.

King Manard shook his head and said, "I'm not actually sure, but you're probably right. It's just that some of the secrets are hidden deep in Stage Thirty Three. Unfortunately, we weren't able to uncover them even when we were at the height of power."

The Other Shore Power in the statue finally stopped increasing after reaching thirty divine megatons. "I only acquired thirty divine megatons of force from the Abstruse Energy World. Luckily, I've found some secrets in that world. My disciples and I should be making a breakthrough but it will take some time."

"It's difficult to search outside the chaos, isn't it?" Zen asked.

King Manard nodded and said, "Yes, it is indeed difficult. We are creatures born in the chaos, so we are not allowed to enter the Abstruse Energy World. Now that I think of it, the only one who might be truly suitable for that world would be the first civilization, the Instant Civilization."

In the Abstruse Energy World, time and space did not exist.

It was said that the Instant Civilization only existed promptly. Time and space were meaningless to them.

Then Zen remembered that the Regal Jade Spirit had once told him about the characteristics of the Instant Civilization. Upon contemplating, he realized that there might be a relationship between the two. "Is it possible that the Instant Civilization was from the Abstruse Energy World?" he blurted out.

"You're sharp. Yes, they were from the Abstruse Energy World."

The complexity of the entire chaos was far beyond Zen's imagination.

It was almost impossible to reveal all the secrets it contained.

Despite this, King Manard had told Zen many things he needed to know.

"What do you want me to do?" Zen asked straightforwardly.

Since he had been exiled into this space, his priority was to quickly find a way to get out. He didn't expect that he would be able to encounter such an opportunity during his stay.

Since he was already here, King Manard would need him to do something in return.

"If you want to return so badly, you have to meet one condition," King Manard asserted as he stared at him intently.

"What is it?" Zen responded without any hint of hesitation.

"Cultivate the Truth of Three-energy Construction. When you return to the chaos, I need you to find the human race on the Other Shore," King Manard answered.

He had actually waited for so long before an opportunity like Zen came along. There was no way that he would just let him go that easily.

King Manard was the absolute ruler of this space. Even the Chaos Ancient God, who had mastered the space truth, couldn't disobey or spy on him. In return, he was not able to leave the space.

He wanted Zen to cultivate the Truth of Three-energy Construction, and then Zen could freely get in and out of this space.

"Find the human race on the Other Shore?" A trace of confusion appeared in Zen's eyes as he asked further, "Where am I supposed to look for them?"

"You have to figure out this on your own. The human race in this round of chaos was not born by chance. Your very existence means that the human race on the Other Shore have already begun to take action," King Manard answered as he gave a meaningful look.

After saying that, he turned around and gently stretched out his hand.

Several golden bricks started to fall.

The golden bricks quickly piled up and turned into a tall wall, surrounding Zen.

There was an inscribed word on every golden brick, and the wall they created told the cultivation method for the Truth of Three-energy Construction.

"I will only send you back after you have fully comprehended the Truth of Three-energy Construction. That will be our deal." King Manard's voice resounded from the other side of the wall.

The golden wall also kept No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit on the other side.

Zen could actually teach both of them the Truth of Three-energy Construction after he had mastered it. However, King Manard detested the other races so much that he didn't allow them to observe the cultivation process of the Truth of Three-energy Construction. In fact, if he wasn't being nice to them, he might have killed them already.

"I don't know if I would be compatible with it," Zen muttered from inside the wall.

"If you can't make it in a year, do it in ten years. If you still can't do it in ten years, you have a hundred years. I can give you all the time you need to comprehend it. Even if you're not compatible with it, you'll still be able to cultivate it eventually," King Manard replied firmly.

Upon hearing that, Zen pursed his lips and stared at the words on the brick wall.

He already realized that King Manard would not let him out if he didn't master the Truth of Three-energy Construction.

Fortunately, King Manard was in full control of the time of this space. Zen had nothing to worry about the time he would consume before he mastered it.

As No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit were waiting outside, they were quietly communicating with each other through their consciousness.

"If Zen masters the Truth of Three-energy Construction, then he will be able to merge with the Other Shore Tokens in this space, right? If King Manard gives himself the Other Shore Power and turns himself into an Other Shore Token, he will be able to enter the chaos with Zen's help, won't he?" No. 9527 told its idea with its consciousness.

"That's right. But do you seriously think that a proud human like him would agree to become someone else's Other Shore Token?" the Regal Jade Spirit answered while shaking his head.

Even the creatures on the Other Shore thought that it was shameful to become Other Shore Tokens. A powerful being like King Manard would naturally be unwilling to become one. Perhaps, he had another idea on how he could return to the chaos.

"That makes more sense." No. 9527 nodded in agreement.

These two Sons of Truth had seldom communicated before. Although No. 9527 was just a strand of soul, it represented a Chaos Ancient God. The Regal Jade Spirit was also a Chaos Ancient God in the past, but he represented a civilization on the Other Shore.

Though they shared the same goal of realizing the Finale Way, they were still always on high alert.

After they shared this communication, they became closer.

At the same time, King Manard took his two disciples back to the other side of the palace.

"Master, with my exceptional talent, I've still spent a year and a half to be completely well-versed in the Truth of Three-energy Construction. It will take dozens of years for Zen to achieve it, right?" the handsome man said arrogantly.

The Truth of Three-energy Construction was much more difficult to grasp than the incomplete Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. It was said to be a complete Truth of Godly Way.

The handsome man was a one-in-a-million talent that King Manard had personally selected. It was such a fascinating display of skill for him to master the Truth of Three-energy Construction in less than two years.

Chapter 3447 The Speed Of Comprehension

After she heard his words, the gorgeous woman retorted with a smile. "You always boast about being the best in terms of talent. Back then, it only took me a year and a half to comprehend it!"

The handsome man seemed unbothered by her claims. Even though time didn't hold any value in this space, he didn't want to seem inferior to the pretty woman. "It's only because your compatibility level is higher than that of mine. If we are on par with each other in terms of compatibility level, you would never be as good as me..."

While the two were engrossed in a heated conversation, King Manard raised his hand and said, "I'll take my leave now. I have to cultivate in seclusion during this period. Inform me after he finishes comprehending the Truth of Three-Energy Construction."

"But Master, when will you take us to the Abstruse Energy World?" the handsome man suddenly asked.

Since the handsome man and the pretty woman were tossed into this space, they were unable to join the other disciples. Naturally, they felt frustrated since they were the only ones left out.

However, King Manard casually posed the question to him. "Have you deciphered the Sanskrit words I gave you?"

Both of their faces reflected a hint of disappointment as they turned their gaze away without a response.

The Abstruse Energy World had certain rules, and the rules were related to the Sanskrit words.

Every light spot contained innumerable groups of words, and the form of expression was similar to the Sanskrit words.

The Instant Civilization originated from the Abstruse Energy World. Since they were well acquainted with it, the Sanskrit words created by them were the replica of the words of the Abstruse Energy World.

King Manard was highly skilled in deciphering the Sanskrit words, and his other twelve disciples could be said to be on the same level as him. They had studied the rules of the Abstruse Energy World through deciphering the Sanskrit words.

If the handsome man and the pretty woman desired to enter the Abstruse Energy World, they had to have a sound understanding of the Sanskrit words, at least to a certain extent.

However, in the present, they still had a ways to go before they could be able to do that.

After the question, King Manard turned around and entered the inner hall alone.

King Manard's words of wisdom to Zen stated that everything could be dealt with easily. However, his words had contradicted with his reality. He, too, had to encounter many difficulties in his path before he could reach his goal.

Back then, in the Abstruse Energy World, he had stumbled upon something that had the form of a mountain with his disciples. It was obvious the mountain was gathered by innumerable spots of light.

The Other Shore Power was obtained from the mountain.

Had it been a normal world, they would have easily split the entire mountain open to see what was inside.

However, the rules of the Abstruse Energy World were differed from that of the other worlds, and even the cognitions were different. Eventually, King Manard and his disciples were forced to lower their curiosities. They could only wander on the surface of it and were denied entry to the inside. Alas, they only obtained a small amount of Other Shore Power from a corner of the mountain...

Breaking through the mountain was a more difficult task than he had imagined it to be. This time, King Manard cultivated in seclusion to have a more clear understanding of the rules attached to the mountain.

Meanwhile, the handsome man and the pretty woman both walked out of the palace while sulking under their breaths.

"The Sanskrit words that Master passed down to us are too hard to decipher. He hasn't even given us any hint on how to do it. It's simply impossible for us to decipher them on our own," the handsome man complained, his arms crossed tightly near his chest.

"He said it only took three years for his first disciple to decipher those Sanskrit words. I couldn't believe it!" the pretty woman exclaimed with her fists clenched.

The Sanskrit words were placed somewhere in the palace. Before Zen's arrival, the handsome man and the pretty woman were occupied with managing the creatures of this space and comprehending the Sanskrit words. When their gaze fell upon Zen, they immediately left everything to focus on him instead, since they had fallen victim to their boredom due to the tedious routine.

Instead of biding their time and deciphering the Sanskrit words, they turned all their attention towards Zen while he cultivated the Truth of Godly Way.

Upon returning to the center of the palace, they overheard Zen reciting inside the wall.

"Getting punished for creating things; heaven and earth should be destroyed…"

The handsome man blinked slightly as if mesmerized, and his face turned a serious color. "He seems to have recited more than eight hundred words."

"What? That's impossible! You must have heard it wrong." As if shocked, the pretty woman paced to his side and pricked up her ears to eavesdrop.

While she listened intently, her expression quickly switched.

They had left for only a short while, and Zen had already progressed to almost one thousand words.

Even though the handsome man excelled in talents, his compatibility level was low. He recalled when he read the Truth of Godly Way for the first time, he had only managed to recite a thousand words. Knowing Zen read out one thousand in one go without any difficulty made him shocked to his core.

They remained rooted to their positions and kept listening from the other side. Zen recited in a low voice, almost like a whisper.

Thirty seconds had passed, and Zen had already broken through to a thousand words.

"It seems the boy's comprehension far surpasses yours." The pretty woman giggled as she nudged him teasingly. "I think he can cultivate the Truth of Three-energy Construction within two years."

The handsome man scoffed and rolled his eyes after he heard her claims. "Nonsense. I don't think so!"

As Zen continued to recite, he had reached two thousand words.

Soon as she kept listening to Zen, the pretty woman's radiant face lost its usual color. She always had the satisfaction of being superior to the handsome man in terms of cultivating the Truth of Godly Way. However, it now seemed that Zen was likely to beat her record of reciting two thousand words in her first try!

Five minutes after, Zen had recited two thousand words without pause.

But he didn't stop there, and he reached three thousand words, four thousand words, and then five thousand words...

It was Zen's first attempt to cultivate the Truth of Three-energy Construction. He didn't stop until he reached eight thousand words in one go.

Zen, who sat inside the wall, heaved a long sigh of relief as he regained his breath.

His compatibility level of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was perfect, and he had comprehended the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent through Instant Enlightenment.

Now, it seemed his compatibility level of the Truth of Three-Energy Construction was also high. After all, he had managed to recite eight thousand words in one breath. It was much less complex than cultivating the Truth of Goodwill and Malice and the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

But Zen was not satisfied with this progress. He didn't feel complacent.

After all, the Truth of Three-Energy Construction was a complete Truth of Godly Way. The first ten thousand words would pose as no challenge for him, but the last part that was similar to the Truth Enlightenment would be much severe in the level of difficulty it inculcated.

Even for someone like Zen, comprehending the Truth Enlightenment of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was a task that required a lot of effort.

However, the fruits it bore were worth it. The power of the Truth of Three-Energy Construction was boundless.

The soul level of the three kinds of energy in it was exceedingly high. When those little monsters and double-headed snakes used it, their power had increased to a frightening level. If those three energies were to be combined, their strength would go beyond comprehension...

According to King Manard's words, the Truth of Three-Energy Construction was a product of his creation. However, Zen harbored doubts in his heart against that statement. He strongly felt that the Truth of Godly Way must have been obtained in the Abstruse Energy World. It was apparent his thoughts contradicted with the fact that King Manard had created it.

Zen continued, oblivious to the fact that the pretty woman and the handsome man had their anticipating eyes glued to the wall. They wore expressions of bewilderment.

He had recited eight thousand words on his first day, which was equivalent to sixty percent of the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. Did this guy really come from the chaos?

According to what King Manard had told them, anyone who existed in the chaos lacked strength. They were practically worthless.

Of course, King Manard knew full well not to underestimate the talents that resided in the chaos. Even though he handpicked the most outstanding talents from his inner world to be his disciples, the chaos was much bigger than his inner world and contained more talents. But to practice high morale and confidence in his disciples, he had to belittle the creatures in the chaos to make them feel superior.

However, the appearance of Zen and the small spectacle of his talents had exposed King Manard's white lie out in the open. Naturally, the handsome man and the pretty woman hung their heads in crippling depression as they had believed the lie to be true the entire time.

If King Manard was not their master, they would have apprehended and interrogated him by now.

The very next day, Zen had managed to comprehend over nine thousand and nine hundred words of the Truth of Three-energy Construction.

On the third day, he broke through to ten thousand words.

Just as Zen had concluded, after he reached ten thousand words, the difficulty of comprehension increased significantly.

Chapter 3448 The Principle Of Construction

During those times when Zen was staying in the Oneness Sky Palace, he didn't spend much time understanding the Truth Enlightenment. In any case, his comprehension speed was not that fast.

But right now, it was impossible for him to leave this place without thoroughly comprehending the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. Knowing that this was a crucial process, Zen calmed himself down and decided to complete this task as soon as possible.

Days turned into a week while Zen was concentrating hard on his task.

Before long, twenty one days had already passed.

Zen poured his whole heart and soul into mastering the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. He tirelessly worked on it all day and all night.

After six weeks, Zen was already able to recite more than 12, 000 words smoothly and effortlessly.

The handsome man and the enchanting woman visited Zen every once in a while. They were surprised by his comprehension speed.

Even though they were both talented, it took them much longer to comprehend the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. Properly speaking, the time they spent mastering it was one and a half years and two years, respectively.

Meanwhile, Zen was already able to master ninety percent of it in just a month and a half. It was an incredible thing to witness.

The Truth of Three-Energy Construction was composed of 14, 000 words. Based on Zen's current speed, it wouldn't take him three months to comprehend all of it.

Ultimately, Zen's comprehension speed was even faster than the two of them had ever imagined. This man was truly remarkable.

On the morning of the eighty-third day, Zen had recited the last word. Finally, it was done!

He clasped his hands together and a red light appeared in front of him. Then, he lightly tapped the air with his finger and a blue light materialized. He flipped his palm upwards and a yellow light emerged.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The three lights began to converge and formed a mass of black energy.

He proceeded to release the energy. With a loud crash, the golden wall that surrounded him collapsed.

With a clinking sound, the golden words carved into the wall had broken one after another.

"The principle of the Truth of Three-Energy Construction is similar to that of the chaotic energy. It allows the user to construct things directly out of the void.

Generally speaking, however, no one is able to use the chaotic energy for construction. At most, void construction can only be completed within their inner worlds.

Nevertheless, the Truth of Three-Energy Construction has shattered this limit!

Materialize!" Zen exclaimed as he watched the mass of energy in front of him.

The surface of the black energy was constantly changing until it transformed into a rod. A wave-like energy twirled on the surface of the black rod. The energy began to solidify until it turned into a dragon circling around the rod.

Splash!

Finally, both the dragon and the rod had changed into a magnificent golden color. Zen actually managed to make a dragon rod out of the void!

He grabbed the rod and waved it around to assess its functionality. As of now, it felt a little flimsy. However, it would be much more solid with the energy Zen instilled in it.

No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit had been waiting outside for a long time. When they saw the collapse of the golden wall, they immediately understood that Zen had already mastered the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. A big smile appeared upon their faces as they approached Zen.

"Congratulations! You have already mastered the Truth of Three-Energy Construction in less than three months," No. 9527 exclaimed delightedly.

The pure power of the Truth of Three-Energy Construction was strong when used in the way of energy. Naturally, it would be extremely useful for Zen. Most importantly, he could easily return to this space by using this Truth of Godly Way!

The handsome man and the enchanting woman also went towards Zen. They came at the right time as Zen had just recited the final word.

They had already anticipated that Zen would be able to succeed soon. However, they were dumbfounded when they saw the dragon rod he made out of the three lights. Once again, he had exceeded their expectations.

Zen noticed the looks of astonishment upon their faces. "What's the matter? Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked them curiously.

"Y-you," stammered the handsome man, "you are capable of void construction?" The handsome man pointed at the dragon rod in Zen's hand. He was clearly taken aback.

Zen swung the rod lightly and the three energies moved along the rod. They converged at the end of the rod and turned into a diamond-shaped spear tip which glinted and revealed a sharp edge. "Well, I've already mastered the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. Needless to say, I am capable of void construction. What's the problem?"

"But, but..." The enchanting woman couldn't believe her eyes either. "We mastered it long ago but we are still unable to create anything!"

The handsome man stared at Zen as though he was a monster. "I can do it, but..." His voice trailed off as he contemplated upon this.

His talent was slightly greater than that of the enchanting woman. He was capable of void construction. However, the things he made were too horrible to look at. They were nowhere near the dragon rod Zed created.

This was the reason why they could not believe that Zen was capable of void construction already. To them, it was unbelievable that he accomplished this soon after he just finished comprehending the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

The two of them left in a hurry as soon as they realized there was something seriously strange about Zen. Even though King Manard had only been in seclusion for a short time, he had already ordered them to wake him up after Zen comprehended the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

Zen was not bothered by their reaction. He continued assessing his new power.

With a gentle pinch of his hand, the dragon rod split in the middle.

"The Truth of Three-Energy Construction appears very powerful. However, it doesn't seem strong enough yet. It won't be of much use in actual combat," the Regal Jade Spirit commented truthfully.

No. 9527 nodded in agreement. "It does look impressive but it lacks real worth."

Zen seemed lost in thought for just a moment. Finally, he said, "Hmm. It doesn't seem right. As the name suggests, the three kinds of energy represent the original sources of things. With enough energy, one will be able to create the same things. However, it takes a long time and requires too much energy."

Ages ago, King Manard had already mastered the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. This meant that he should have had a corresponding theurgy as well. However, it seemed like he didn't have the intention of teaching Zen the theurgy, so he didn't ask him for it. In any case, he thought he could just study it on his own if he had spare time.

King Manard had only been in seclusion for less than three months. Therefore, he was both confused and angry when his two disciples awakened him. He wasn't expecting to be woken up this early.

Only after his two disciples reported to him did he finally understand what was happening. Zen had successfully comprehended the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

"It only took him two months and twenty-three days, to be exact," the handsome man informed King Manard with his life vitality. "Moreover, he is capable of void construction as soon as he has comprehended it!"

King Manard's eyes widened in surprise. This was completely unexpected to him as well.

Zen was the first person that had broken into this space for a long, long time. In the eyes of King Manard, Zen was only a representative. He had hoped that Zen would find the humans on the Other Shore and tell them the news of this place.

He did not take Zen's talent seriously. Now, it was clear that Zen was actually much more powerful than he imagined.

Concern was written all over his face. Together with his two disciples, he hurried over to where Zen was.

Zen was still discussing the functions of the Truth of Three-Energy Construction with No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit when King Manard arrived. He seemed a bit flustered.

"Greetings, King Manard," said Zen as he bowed his head slightly.

King Manard immediately noticed the broken dragon rod and stared at it. "Kindly show me your ability of void construction." He gestured to Zen imploringly.

Zen nodded and held out his hand. The energies of three colors gathered once more and converged before changing into a dark color. Soon after, a long shimmering silver sword appeared in his hand.

As King Manard examined the long sword, he could barely keep his astonishment from reflecting in his eyes. "There are three stages of void construction. The first stage is Looking Alike in Appearance. The things created in this stage look impressive; however, they lack real worth," he said carefully.

"Yes, you're right." Zen nodded. "This sword absolutely looks splendid but it is actually useless."

Chapter 3449 Returning

"The second stage is called 'Integrating Inner and Outer.' Let me show you," said King Manard. He made a pinching motion above Zen's head and took away the long sword in his hand.

King Manard gripped the sword and emitted a steady flow of energy in three colors, which was transferred through the hilt into the blade. As the energy flowed, the sword glowed, becoming more and more dazzling. In this manner, he gave the sword the inner power in a short period of time.

When he was done, he held up the sword, examining it.

Then he threw it back to Zen. "Here, take a look."

Zen caught the sword easily, his eyes gleaming as he studied it. "This sword is now as powerful as a primary Profound Blood Treasure!"

King Manard was unfamiliar with the classification of weapons in this round of chaos. But he had confidence in the weapons he had forged.

He nodded. "After I comprehended the Truth of Three-Energy Construction, it took me a long time to reach the stage of 'Looking Alike in Appearance.' But you've reached it within a short period of time. You are a great genius. Do you have a master?"

His words piqued the attention of the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527. It seemed that King Manard was interested in taking Zen on as his disciple.

Zen nodded and replied, "Yes, I do."

Zen had a master in the great world. One of his missions was to go to the Source World from the divine land to inquire into the whereabouts of his master Bromley.

But up to now, Zen hadn't been able to find him.

From the day he became Bromley's disciple, he had yet to see him, which was truly incredible.

As soon as King Manard heard that Zen had a master, he dropped the subject, although he was slightly disappointed. He said, "All right, then. At least we are both human beings, and I need you to find the humans of the Other Shore. I used to be an extremely powerful king. However, my disciples and children had been gone with the passing of that round of chaos. The fourteen disciples I selected from the inner world are not able to inherit my cause..."

The handsome man and the charming woman looked at each other. They both seemed a little embarrassed.

"The third stage of the void construction is 'Constructing with One Thought.' Even though you don't know the structure of some things, you will be able to form them as soon as you think about them. What's more, they'll be real like those existing in reality," King Manard continued. "You can even create someone who is exactly the same to you."

"Constructing with One Thought..." Zen murmured, trailing off.

It was hard for him to imagine what kind of realm that would be.

Even those powerful civilizations on the Other Shore couldn't reach this stage, let alone the Chaos Ancient Gods who had just mastered the truths.

It was not a truth-level theurgy. It was just an unreasonable theurgy.

Unless the entire chaos turned into one's own inner world, it was impossible for them to reach this stage.

Zen was certain that even King Manard couldn't do it.

Previously, Zen had thought that the Truth of Three-Energy Construction was at the same level as the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. But if one reached the third stage, the value of their Truth of Three-Energy Construction would probably be much higher than that of other Truths of Godly Ways!

"If you can't reach this stage of the void construction, it can't be regarded as a powerful method. I've only reached the second stage after years of cultivation," King Manard admitted.

Zen nodded in agreement.

It seemed that the void construction wouldn't be greatly useful in a real battle.

But King Manard added, "However, we can use such a theurgy in an inverse way!"

He stretched out his hand and pinched the air, then he took back the sword that he had given to Zen. With a gentle stroke, the sword became riddled with holes that turned into clouds of black energy, and finally turned into three kinds of energy in red, yellow, and blue.

"Wow!" Zen was very interested.

Since the Truth of Three-Energy Construction could be used to construct articles in the void, it could also split articles in the void, returning them to their original nature.

"To clarify, this kind of theurgy can only be used to restore the things built through the Truth of Three-Energy Construction?" Zen asked.

King Manard smiled. "Of course not," he replied.

He stomped lightly on the ground, and a brick spiraled up. "Take a look. This brick was deleted into this space by a Son of Truth."

King Manard waved his hand, and the brick was smashed into pieces, then crumbled into sand. But it didn't stop there. The sand continued to be split apart, its materials returning to their most basic state. The sand separated into two kinds of auras in black and white, then dissipated further, until they had turned into a mass of murky brown gas.

Zen recognized the gas at once. This was chaotic energy.

King Manard smiled at the expression on Zen's face. "Do you want to learn this theurgy?" he asked.

Of course, Zen had no intention of passing up this opportunity. He cupped his hands and bowed to King Manard. "I do. I would appreciate it if you kindly decided to teach me!"

While King Manard thought highly of Zen, he certainly still had some reservations about him. It was in the king's nature to be skeptical, and he was incapable of completely trusting someone he had only recently met. Zen was still in many ways a stranger to him.

But Zen was from the same race. This made King Manard more inclined to look favorably on Zen's appeal. He was also interested in teaching Zen because he thought highly of his talents, and indeed still felt a twinge of regret that he couldn't have Zen as his disciple.

At this point, Zen was in no hurry to return to the Source World. He had all the time in the world to learn this unusual theurgy.

The theurgy that King Manard taught him was called the Endless Restoring Method. It allowed a person to restore something to its most basic forms after touching it.

The harder the material of the object, the easier it would be to restore.

When his cultivation began, Zen took out things like water, wood, and paper from his inner world, and attempted to restore them. It was a lot more difficult than it seemed. The Endless Restoring Method seemed simple and effortless, but the task of restoration was quite complex.

It took at least three months before Zen achieved his first small success.

A year passed before Zen succeeded in entirely restoring a solid rock.

After one and a half years, he managed to restore gold and iron.

And so the days and months slipped by, with Zen focused entirely on mastering the Endless Restoring Method.

Without even realizing it, Zen had stayed in this space for over three years.

At the end of that period, he comprehended around eighty percent of the Endless Restoring Method. King Manard was surprised and pleased. It usually took much longer to reach that level.

Even in the 77th civilization, Zen still stood out among his peers because of his extraordinary talent.

King Manard reflected that given the speed with which Zen had previously cultivated the Truth of Three-Energy Construction, he really should have expected Zen to excel in the Endless Restoring Method too. He had seen various extraordinary talents over the course of his life, and he was one of the powerful warriors who followed the great human ancestor.

In the void, four people stood without moving.

King Manard, the handsome man, the charming woman, and Zen had gathered together.

Many little monsters surrounded them in the ruins.

These little monsters obeyed the handsome man and the charming woman, but they worshiped King Manard. After all, it was King Manard who had created them.

"You were deleted into this area. And I will send you back via this area now. Please remember my words," said King Manard solemnly.

Zen nodded respectfully. "I will keep them in mind."

Although King Manard was not Zen's master, he had taught Zen a lot, and Zen would not forget his generosity.

The handsome man and the enchanting woman had spent almost every day and night of the past three years with Zen, and there was a trace of reluctance on their faces as they prepared to send him off.

"Good. I will find that time node for you," King Manard said. With that, he stretched out his hand and stirred the air. A colorful vortex appeared within his moving hand. In an instant, it sucked Zen in.

Chapter 3450 Hypercube Imprisonment

Zen had stayed in that void for three and a half years.

However, since King Manard had absolute control over the void, he was able to find the right time node and send Zen away.

Meanwhile, in the Chaotic Source World, the glimmering space fragments kept circling around Mount.

The fragments were palm-sized at most but they were quite sharp and indestructible, extremely hard to resist.

However, like Mount, the Evil God could also use Grand Teleportation to move around freely within the world.

Mount had launched a series of supposedly deadly attacks but the Evil God had dodged every single one easily.

Moreover, the Evil God had even counterattacked!

These space fragments were Mount's temporary protective shield as he tried to catch his breath.

"Give up! Once I take your abilities, even your will shall follow me," the Evil God declared. He was flashing in midair and his voice boomed and echoed all around the space, seemingly coming from everywhere.

Mount gritted his teeth in anger. "You're not qualified!"

"I'll be qualified after I kill you."

The Evil God's words were whispered in Mount's ear. He had appeared right beside Mount regardless of those space fragments!

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Mount quickly wielded the space fragments and directed them towards the Evil God.

Any ordinary warrior at the Other Shore Realm would've been killed after getting hit by these space fragments.

However, the Evil God was no ordinary warrior. His entire body had been reinforced by the Mighty Golden Body and all the space fragments could do was scratch him in multiple places.

"Sizz..."

The Evil God's wounds healed in the blink of an eye, courtesy of a small race's bloodline theurgy. So long as his elixir field and soul remained intact, his body would recover and he would never die!

He was, in one word: invincible. The multiple bloodline theurgies he had absorbed ensured his protection. With a slight wave of his hand, the Evil God threw a fist towards Mount in spite of the bombardment of space fragments.

Swish!

It was at this point that Mount felt the energy of the shadow of Snake Goddess wrap around him.

Meanwhile, most super forces chose to watch as this battle continued to unfold before them.

The Evil God belonged to the infamous Black Ship while Mount was from the Divine Farmer race. Everyone hated the Black Ship but nobody would come to Mount's aid since the Divine Farmer race, the Sun Crow race, the Bearing race, and the New Moon race had been blown away by the hurricane.

Yan watched the fight with concern, all the while instructing the other disciples of the Pear Hill to stand aside and stay out of danger.

"Yan, which one should we help?" Natalie asked.

Yan was caught in quite a sticky situation. Mount had exiled her brother and it would make sense to delight in his misery.

However, his opponent was the Evil God!

She truly couldn't understand how a being with such strong destructive instincts was birthed in her brother's inner world.

Mount served as a temporary deterrent to the Evil God's rampage. Once he inevitably died by his invincible opponent's hands, everyone else was next.

Natalie had foreseen this and found it best to ask Yan for her opinion. The only favorable option right now was to help Mount.

On the other hand, the Oneness Sky Palace was also in a dilemma.

At the very beginning, they, along with the Pear Hill, planned on forcing Mount to hand Zen over.

To their surprise, Mount declared Zen as someone who had been deleted, with no possibility of ever getting back.

How would they let Mount go in this case?

After they finally restricted Mount's power, the Evil God interfered suddenly and now seemed to be ready to come for everyone else. The situation became inexplicably complicated.

"Maybe I should remove my abacus..." Chaim murmured in consideration.

"What? Why?" Elvinia protested. "Zen is still under his control!"

"If he's dead, then we will lose our last sliver of hope," Dorothy spoke.

She wholeheartedly believed that Mount had lied to all of them. She knew for a fact that warriors who were good enough at the space theurgy always had a way to take back what they had exiled.

However, Mount hadn't been lying.

Not even the Chaos Ancient God, having lost control of the space, could take Zen back.

Crack! Crack!

Among everyone in the Chaotic Source World, Mount's physical strength came only second to Zen's after Zen activated the Shade Stone.

His corporeal body was extremely solid, however, it was no match to the shadow of Snake Goddess's extremely erosive power.

A tentacle skimmed the surface of Mount's body, leaving behind a deep blood groove on his tan, bronze skin.

Pretty soon, his entire body was covered with horrible wounds from the shadow of Snake Goddess.

"Are you going to be killed by me like this?" the Evil God asked with a smile.

He was so clever that he could almost guess what Mount wanted to do.

Mount could freely move within the space.

So long as he wanted, he could easily leave the area covered by the Evil God's world. If the Evil God followed and left this world, all the bloodline theurgies he gained would fail to work.

The Evil God was clear that Mount could make such judgments with his keen observation.

He definitely had some plans up his sleeve. Why else would he dare fight against him?

This was the reason why the Evil God remained on high alert during their entire battle.

Mount who just suffered immensely from his shadow of Snake Goddess could use Grand Teleportation to escape obviously. But why did he choose to stay?

"You can't kill me, but I can kill you," Mount murmured despite all his wounds. Light flashed in his eyes as a cube formed in his pupil.

The space fragments were still flying around them like a dangerous storm. In a flash, they seemed to be enlightened and began to array neatly around, wrapping the two warriors.

"In your world, you can copy other people's bloodlines but there are limits to this ability," Mount said in a calm, collected manner. "You can copy only around 30 to 40 percent of my bloodline power, hence you can make spatial transference but not activate the other theurgies hidden within."

Before Mount could finish his words, the Evil God quickly paled and intended to leave via Grand Teleportation.

However, just as he was about to use it, he realized that it didn't seem to be working!

Mount simply stared at him blankly. "This is the Hypercube Imprisonment. Its space restriction is even stronger than that of the Chaotic Source World. There is no way for you to get rid of it."

Many powerful warriors had previously banded together to set up the Chaotic Source World's space restrictions. To do that, they used the Truth of Void Destruction and the abilities of the Other Shore Tokens. Mount's bloodline, however, was related to a truth, which meant that his imprisonment methods were far greater!

Chapter 3451 Devil Soul-sucking Spear

In his shock, the Evil God was about to move away.

Just as Mount said, the surrounding space remained stationary as though the Space Law had no effect on it.

"Go to hell!"

The Evil God's eyes flashed with the killing intent—he did not waste any time attacking Mount with all his strength.

The Snake Goddess' countless shadows formed energy beams that rushed straight toward Mount.

But before they touched him, he managed to turn himself into a shadow and disappear before the Evil God's eyes.

With Mount's current strength, it was a little difficult to make use of the Hypercube Imprisonment—it was stronger than the cube in which Yan was imprisoned earlier, but it took some time to employ it.

To pave the way for the prison, he peeled off the space fragments. It was unrealistic to use those fragments to kill the Evil God.

After taking the Evil God's first round of attack, Mount finally had a chance to fight back.

Buzz…

After Mount used the spatial transference, he appeared on the other side. Only a hundred feet away from the Evil God, Mount stared him down indifferently.

Now that he was imprisoned, the Evil God's face was twisted. He tried throwing a punch at his captor.

Bang!

The power from the punch was extremely terrifying.

But his fist met a transparent wall.

The energy beams stored within the shadows of Snake Goddess were scattered, forming an intense whirlpool of energy. It bounced back against the wall and surged everywhere. No energy could spread out from the cube. As it circulated, it outlined the entire cube.

A red ferocity filled the Evil God's eyes as he continued punching the barrier to no avail. The rampant energy scraped against his body but the cube remained motionless.

Mount's expression was steady-calm as he looked at the Evil God. His eyes were on the latter like he was merely watching a performance from a distance.

The scene made the other races sigh in relief.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits remained their goal—no one wanted to face the sudden appearance of the Evil God.

Locking up the monster was beneficial.

The Ear Mouse race and the Separate Abyss race, in particular, could then pay more attention to the mother.

"Do you really think you can do anything you want, now that you've trapped me?" the Evil God asked with his menacing tone after he calmed down.

A hint of black light shone in his eyes and the black energy of the world began to flow, forming numerous four-legged black snakes.

When the powerful warriors of the Separate Abyss race witnessed the four-legged black snakes, the corners of their eyes twitched unconsciously.

These few had escaped the Evil God once and lived to tell the tale, but the four-legged black snakes frightened them, covering them in a great shadow.

Mount looked up to examine the snakes before shaking his head. "Of course not. Only when you die will everything go back to normal."

"Do you think you can kill me?" The Evil God's eyes narrowed as he asked maliciously.

"I can't kill you now," Mount said, flicking the golden abacus with his hand. It flew away easily before quickly returning to its spot. Before the golden abacus disappeared, Mount couldn't use any Other Shore Power. After another pause, Mount continued, "But he can."

As Mount subtly hooked his finger, the outline of another space appeared beside him. It contained a young man holding a long spear in his hand. Though he seemed somewhat dispirited, his eyes were still sharp.

It was none other than Khalid, who had just taken a beating from Yan.

The man was the top warrior from the Bearing race's younger generation. His strength wasn't to be underestimated.

In a head-on fight, he was no weaker than Yan.

But he was known to be impetuous and self-gratified. In the most crucial moments, it was often difficult to bring his full strength into play.

Failing to be cautious enough, he suffered a great loss.

Trapped in the Hypercube Imprisonment, the Evil God couldn't dodge effectively. With Mount's help, Khalid could use his strength to its fullest.

"Refine!"

Spitting out a mouthful of blood, Khalid lifted the spear carefully.

The bear's shadow gradually emerged from behind him.

"Buzz..."

As he shook the spear, the power at its tip began flowing like a flame.

At first glance, Khalid and the weapon looked as though they were integrated into a whole—Khalid's body as the secondary part, and the spear as the core.

But after Khalid's motion, he spoke, "Gee... I feel bad that Mount sent Zen away. I heard you were born in his inner world. It's hard to believe that he's dead and you're still alive. Let me help you end your life! I'm just..."

"Cut the crap," Mount interjected coldly. "Let's get this over with!"

After dealing with the Evil God, Mount had to face the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill. While Khalid was indeed very strong, he wasn't particularly wise. His words were nonsensical and meaningless, apart from provoking the members of the Oneness Sky Palace.

After Mount's chastising, Khalid finally calmed down enough to get serious.

Tiny skulls popped out around the spear. After the skulls laughed strangely, Khalid's thin, frail body began swelling. Before long, he turned into a plump and chubby boy.

In the cube, the Evil God stood still. All previous signs of arrogance were replaced by a serious expression.

The black energy in the world continuously formed four-legged black snakes that gathered rapidly from all directions.

"Devil Soul-sucking Spear!"

Gripping the long spear in one hand, Khalid took a step in the air, using the weapon to stab at the Evil God.

Those who could take the spear as a weapon were no less powerful than dragons. They held great intention to kill their enemies in a single strike.

Khalid's Other Shore Token was a skull called the 'Heavenly Fiend Skull'. At all times, it was stored in the Heavenly Fiend Temple situated within Stage Thirteen.

The Heavenly Fiend Temple was an extremely powerful one, and no one even knew how many creatures had died there.

Every creature to perish there was absorbed by the Heavenly Fiend Skull.

The Bearing race had paid a hefty price to get their hands on the token. In the end, it fell into Khalid's hands.

Khalid's blow nearly exhausted all its power, and his physical body had also reached its limit.

"Swish!"

The moment the tip of the spear cut through air, countless shadows of skulls in the surging spear radiance began whining.

Meanwhile, the black snakes continued flying over. They turned into figures of the Evil God, standing in a row as defense against the spear radiance.

"Plop! Plop! Plop..."

How could they resist Khalid's attack?

The very moment the spear radiance pierced these figures, they exploded.

But the black energy didn't disappear. Like a bunch of maggots, it continued gnawing at the spear radiance.

As the spear radiance penetrated the Evil God's figures, the bright white spear radiance grew dark, and even the spear's sharp tip was contaminated.

Chapter 3452 Remove The Abacus

When the spear radiance reached the Evil God's real body, the power was practically negligible—he remained unharmed.

At the scene, Mount frowned. "Can you launch a second strike with your spear?"

Khalid's swollen body returned to its original shape, his face looking grim.

His injuries were bad and he had exerted all his strength into launching the strike. How could he launch another in his current state?

"It's my turn now."

From the cage formed by the Hypercube Imprisonment, the Evil God smirked. Once again, the black energy turned into four-legged snakes and rushed to him.

Unable to penetrate the imprisonment, they clung to the surface and wrapped around it tightly, simultaneously gnawing at the barrier.

Khalid's eyes twitched as he watched the scene. "Can these snakes bite open the cage?"

"Maybe," Mount replied.

"Then I'd better run away…"

Khalid didn't want to die in the hands of the Evil God.

In his hand, he already held over two hundred Chaotic Source Spirits—enough for him to reach the Chaotic Source Realm once he fused with them. Then, he'd be sent out naturally.

A small section of warriors had already merged with the crystals, and they were released from the Chaotic Source World afterwards.

But there were still a large number of people who hadn't gathered enough crystals—they could only expect to get a good share from the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Whoosh!

In a flash, Khalid's figure rushed toward the array.

Watching Khalid run, Mount shook his head helplessly. What a good-for-nothing guy, he thought.

But the Divine Farmer race and Bearing race were only allies—Mount had no right to stop him.

He and Khalid were not on the same page.

Mount was merely a passer-by in the Chaotic Source World, after all. He wanted to avoid making any enemies out of the people there.

The Evil God's cruel and violent deeds shouldn't have had anything to do with Mount. But the former had killed Mya—that made it Mount's business.

Seeing that the Evil God was temporarily sealed, everyone turned to the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

It was their only chance to kill the mother—they had to take the opportunity. So long as they obtained enough crystals, they didn't care what else the Evil God did.

As Mount's figure flashed, he came to the side of the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill warriors.

"What are you doing?" Looking highly vigilant, Elvinia stepped forward.

As Yan stared at the tall, strong man, her eyes were as calm as water. She believed Zen still had a chance to return to this world, so long as Mount agreed to it.

Not giving any mind to Elvinia, Mount turned to Chaim, "Help me remove this."

Initially, Chaim was conflicted—he didn't know whether or not he should help Mount out. It seemed that the latter was the only one present who could contend against the Evil God.

"I can remove it if you agree to my conditions," Chaim said unhurriedly.

Without hesitation, Mount replied, "Once the abacus is removed, I won't do anything to hurt the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace or the warriors of the Pear Hill. I will keep my word."

From what Chaim observed, Mount was someone who followed through on his promises.

He believed Mount would do as he said.

Still, he needed more than a simple guarantee.

Before Chaim could say anything, from behind him, Sally chimed in, "If you let Zen back, consider the grudge between us written off!"

"Yes, bring Zen back," Dorothy echoed.

Mount had expected their request, of course. With a frown, he said, "If you had asked for anything else, I'd gladly do it for you. But Zen has disappeared from this world completely. I can't do anything to bring him back."

His sincere answer made everyone's heart sink.

"There's no hope for Zen's return?" Yan asked, her voice now low.

After a moment of thought, Mount said, "Maybe there is. There's a more powerful being that might be able to bring him back. I can pass on your request, but not right now."

After all, Mount only served as an avatar of the Chaos Ancient God—he wasn't the Chaos Ancient God himself.

He couldn't reclaim deleted spaces, but he figured that the true Chaos Ancient God might have the ability to do so. But he didn't know that in fact even the true Chaos Ancient God was incapable of doing that.

Everyone seemed rather upset—as it seemed that Mount wasn't lying.

Although they couldn't completely comprehend Mount's space theurgy, they knew that Zen's exile was not as simple as it seemed to be.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Explosive sounds came from above as the four-legged black snakes consistently bit on the square prison.

"If you don't undo this abacus, I'm afraid you'll all be in trouble—you won't even get to think about fighting against the mother of the Chaotic Source

Spirits. I hope you understand the stakes of your situation," Mount continued sincerely.

While everyone was fighting, there were people who constantly rushed in from the periphery of the Chaotic Source World.

Neither the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace nor those of the Pear Hill had obtained enough crystals. The warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace, in particular, were lacking, because many of the crystals were still in Zen's hands.

It was crucial to get a share of crystals from the mother.

Just as Chaim was still hesitant, the Hypercube Imprisonment that held the Evil God in was finally bitten through.

Indeed, the Hypercube Imprisonment was ingenious, but the four-legged black snakes were valiant. With pure force transformed from energy, they had broken through the imprisonment.

Although he remained quiet, Mount's earnest eyes were still on Chaim.

Inwardly, Chaim sighed before walking up to the golden abacus beside Mount and said, "I hope you can keep your promise about asking the powerful being to release Zen."

"I will." Mount nodded.

"And..." Pointing a finger to the air, Chaim continued, "Beat him up!"

"I will," said the other with an easy smile.

Enemies and standpoints were ever-changing.

The situation was shifting, along with the friends and foes.

The moment Chaim took off the golden abacus, Mount flew backward, turning into an enormous roc. Once again, he was filled with vigorous energy as he emitted a strong, steady aura.

When the Evil God broke out of the Hypercube Imprisonment, he saw how greatly Mount's momentum increased. A strange look crossed his eyes, which was then replaced by a strong fighting spirit. Once the blood power was activated all over his body, the two started fighting fiercely again.

The two fought in the air for a while, disappearing and fighting head-on at times.

Leading the warriors and disciples, Chaim and Yan joined the group fighting the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

By this time, the mother's speed had been greatly reduced.

She didn't look hurt, but her energy coming from tens of thousands of crystals was nearly depleted.

At the very least, two-thirds had been exhausted.

She had no way to escape—she could only counterattack in vain and allow the powerful warriors to shower their attacks onto her huge body.

Chapter 3453 A Tremendous Change

With the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill joining the attack, naturally, the Separate Abyss race and the other large races grew vigilant. However, they knew that this would also accelerate the process of exhausting the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Just as everyone was concentrated on fierce attacks, they suddenly heard the sound of something falling from the sky at a great velocity.

As they turned to look at where the sound was coming from, a figure landed onto the ground, with an impact so great that a crater formed around him.

To their horror, the figure lying motionless at the center of the crater was Mount.

"Mount lost so quickly?!"

"Is the Evil God really that powerful?"

Everyone turned to look at the sky. The Evil God still floated there arrogantly, with the shadow of Snake Goddess behind him.

Huge wounds covered his body. It seemed Mount had injured him seriously.

Alas, that didn't matter. Under the protection of several kinds of special bloodlines, the wounds started to heal instantly.

Mount, on the other hand, was in a much worse condition. He was nearly split in half. On his face was a stunned expression, as he stared at the Evil God in the sky.

He hadn't expected that the Evil God had a strategy to defeat him.

The Evil God looked down at Mount, gloating. Slowly, he descended from the air. "I'm satisfied with your bloodline, so just stay here in my world..."

To the Evil God, Mount had been the biggest obstacle.

If Mount died in his world, he could acquire Mount's bloodline theurgy permanently.

With it, killing the rest of the people would be a breeze.

"This is bad..."

Chaim watched uneasily.

Although the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was on the verge of death, the Evil God might not give them time to finish her now.

Chaim wasn't alone in his worry. The members of the other super forces and races were stunned and anxious as well. They were hoping to defeat the mother once and for all. However, it seemed the Evil God wouldn't give them the chance.

Just as the Evil God was slowly descending, a space in the atmosphere not far from him suddenly distorted and fluctuated. Suddenly, a figure stumbled out of the space wave.

The moment Zen emerged from the space wave, he surveyed the area. The scene that greeted him made him frown.

He had been in that space for several years.

However, after King Manard found the time node and sent him back, only a short while had passed in the real world.

Now that he looked around, it seemed the whole world had actually changed.

The once rust-colored earth was now a dark green, and the black smog that had once shrouded the sky was now white. The colors of the entire world had changed!

Mount's eyes flitted to look at the figure that had emerged from the space. A flicker of excitement flashed in his eyes when he realized who the figure was.

'Zen is back? How is this possible?'

It was impossible even for Mount to return from the deleted space!

Only the Chaos Ancient God behind him had the qualifications to do it!

"Zen..." Yan cried out joyfully.

"Zen!" Sally also shouted, unable to contain her excitement.

Even Elvinia smiled faintly, despite her usual cool disposition.

Dorothy bit her lip. Even though she kept quiet, it was obvious she was overjoyed as well.

"He..." Chaim shook his head in disbelief. "He..." He was at a loss for words. It seemed nothing could stop Zen. He always seemed to survive despite constantly facing grave danger.

Standing outside the Chaotic Source World, Fuxi trembled in shock when he saw Zen's return.

Like Mount, he also knew the meaning of deleting a piece of space.

If one was exiled to that place, they would be completely lost in the destroyed space. It was impossible to return.

Fuxi knitted his brows. He had complicated feelings towards Zen.

On the one hand, he was jealous that Zen had won the Chaos Ancient God's favor. On the other, he was happy to witness Zen grow in strength.

Deep in his heart, he sincerely thought that Gerald had chosen the wrong person. Why should he place his hope on Zen?

If Zen had really been lost to the destroyed space, it meant Gerald had indeed made the wrong choice.

Fuxi had been considering sneaking to the bottom of the chaos to tell Gerald about it.

But now, Zen was back!

He had returned unscathed from the deleted space!

As Fuxi was deep in thought, snow began to fall heavily. A thick layer of snow surrounded him, so tall that it reached his knees. However, Fuxi didn't notice. He murmured quietly to the giant skeleton in the distance, "You have a good eye..."

Meanwhile, the Evil God was also taken aback at Zen's sudden return.

He paused in the air, and quickly put on a playful expression. "Well, I thought you'd never come back!"

Zen noticed the shadow of Snake Goddess behind the Evil God and his three heads and six arms. "Why do you possess the bloodline theurgies of the Snake Goddess race and the Nine Li race?"

"You don't need to know that." The Evil God laughed. "You just need to obediently submit to me!" With a wink, the Evil God suddenly vanished into thin air.

"Spatial transference?"

Zen was shocked.

It was also because of Mount's theurgy that he was banished into the void.

After that, Zen had realized that Mount was the avatar of a Chaos Ancient God. The space theurgy he exerted could naturally break the restriction of the Chaotic Source World.

But how could the Evil God do it?

Zen's reaction, however, was quick. The instant the Evil God disappeared, he rushed forward, a cyan feather floating above his head.

"Swish!"

Just as Zen had rushed forward, an energy beam of the shadow of Snake Goddess shot towards him, almost pressing against his back.

"Zen! Be careful!" Dorothy cautioned. "He can make use of everyone's bloodline theurgy!" Her eyes showed a trace of worry.

"The bloodline theurgies of all the people... This..." Zen felt incredulous.

He knew very well that it was a very terrible thing if the bloodline theurgies of these people were employed at the same time, and that the bloodline theurgy of Mount was especially formidable.

He gritted his teeth.

Zen never would've expected that he would encounter such difficulty the moment he returned from the deleted space.

Having failed to strike Zen, the Evil God vanished once more.

Just then, Mount, who was lying motionless on the ground, suddenly came back to his senses. Gathering his wits, he teleported out of this strange world.

As Mount moved outside of the world, the Evil God suddenly rushed out of the void. As they locked eyes, Mount smiled slyly at him.

The Evil God furrowed his brows in fury. He could only acquire Mount's power if he killed him in this world!

The Evil God had killed Mya in order to enrage Mount to a point of recklessly attacking him without escaping even when he knew it was in vain.

Everything was going according to plan, so he only needed to land one last blow and Mount would've died on the spot.

He never expected Zen would return out of nowhere, and was momentarily distracted.

With the help of the spatial transference, he thought it would be easy for him to launch a sneak attack on Zen.

However, he didn't think that Mount would escape as he shifted his focus on Zen.

The bloodline theurgy of Mount also disappeared from the body of the Evil God, along with the ability to use the spatial transference. Consequently, the Evil God was restricted by the Chaotic Source World and was kicked out of the space channel.

Chapter 3454 Absorb

Zen was slightly taken aback when seeing the Evil God fall out from the space channel. Then, Chaim sent him a message using the life vitality. "Zen," he said, "he can use the blood theurgy of anyone in this world, but once a warrior leaves, he can no longer use the blood theurgy of that warrior!"

Since Mount had moved outside of the world using spatial transference, Zen immediately understood everything.

"It's a pity that you lost a bloodline theurgy as soon as I appeared. Moreover, it is the truth-level theurgy of a Chaos Ancient God," Zen said with a smile.

The Evil God's eyes narrowed.

So, it turned out Mount carried the blood of a Chaos Ancient God. No wonder his blood theurgy was so powerful!

Shera had once introduced the many powerful masters of this world to him.

Those Chaos Ancient Gods she told him were the founders of the entire chaos and they were the most powerful beings!

No wonder Mount's blood theurgy could easily break the restriction of the Chaotic Source World. Now that he lost such a priceless bloodline theurgy, he clenched his fists tightly with regret.

"Indeed, it's a pity," the Evil God sighed, then straightened up. "I'll just redeem it with your life!"

In the Evil God's eyes, Zen kept countless secrets.

After all, he was a creature born in Zen's inner world. If he managed to control his own master, it'd be an incredible feat.

Buzz...

The shadow of Snake Goddess flashed behind the Evil God and he flew towards Zen at lightning speed.

Zen promptly flew backward, in what looked like an attempt to evade the approaching Evil God.

Even though the Evil God couldn't use the spatial transference now, the bloodline theurgies he had now were still difficult to deal with! In the blink of an eye, the Evil God closed in on Zen.

The blood red shadow of the Snake Goddess swept over Zen, poised to strike. However, to the Evil God's surprise, Zen didn't retreat this time. He passed through the energy streams and reached behind the Evil God with unimaginable agility. Then, Zen drew his long sword.

Although Zen moved extremely fast, the Evil God reacted just as quickly. With three heads and six arms, he didn't even need to turn around. The Evil God's hands clenched into fists and swung at Zen.

"Buzz..."

Suddenly, Zen's eyes flashed a menacing red. At the sight of this, a trace of fear welled up within the Evil God.

The Evil God's soul force was extremely powerful; even the power of fear from the giant eye had difficulty fazing him.

But in the eyes of the Evil God, Zen was the creator that had made him after all. He still maintained a trace of innate reverence for Zen deep in his heart. As the Evil God looked into the eyes of his creator now, he couldn't help but tremble.

This gave Zen a split second to act. In a flash, he swung his long sword, slicing deep into the Evil God's shoulder.

Phew...

While Zen had put a lot of effort into that blow, to his disappointment, the blade of his sword had sunk only three inches into the shoulder of the Evil God.

The Evil God had several bloodline theurgies to protect himself. The Mighty Golden Body of the Separate Abyss race alone was enough to make his body indestructible, not to mention that there were other bloodlines to strengthen his physical body. So how could Zen possibly pierce further?

With so many bloodline theurgies working together, the Evil God's body was even stronger than Zen's.

"Click, click, click!"

The Evil God's three right arms stretched out simultaneously and each seized the blade of Zen's long sword.

With the power of the Mighty Golden Body, his three right arms gleamed with metallic luster. When they gripped the long sword, it sounded like metals clanging.

"Clang clang clang..."

To Zen's surprise, the three arms actually broke the sword into pieces!

As the Evil God's three right arms destroyed the long sword, the three arms on his left side reached out to grab Zen. Since he finally had the opportunity to get close to Zen, he wouldn't let go of Zen so easily.

But Zen acted quick. Even before the long sword broke, he had let go of the sword and darted backwards.

With the help of that cyan feather, his escape was made skillfully and elegantly.

As Zen was about to put distance between him and the Evil God, the Evil God suddenly stretched out the palms of his three left hands.

In each palm, a colorful whirlpool had formed. Gritting his teeth, Zen felt the strong gravitational pull of each whirlpool.

"It's the bloodline theurgy of the White Myth race!" Chaim cried in astonishment.

"Damn it! I hope Zen won't be sucked in! Since the Evil God came from Zen's inner world, there won't be any barrier for Zen to be absorbed!" Dorothy said anxiously.

Seeing Dorothy's and Chaim's horrified expressions, Sally cocked her head in confusion. "Dorothy, this White Myth race isn't a big race...their bloodline theurgy shouldn't be a big deal, right?"

It was true. The White Myth race was so small in number that they were practically ignored. At the time the Chaotic Source World opened, they were granted only one ticket.

However, the member of the White Myth race who had gotten into the Chaotic Source World was a bit lucky, as he made it to the core area without any hitches. But since he made it there alone, he didn't get any Chaotic Source Spirit and had no choice but to seek shelter in an array.

He had patiently waited for an opportunity. Alone, there was no way he could take down the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. No, he needed to wait till other warriors arrived and chaos ensued. Maybe, in the midst of the chaos, he'd be able to snag some crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits...

The blood theurgy of the White Myth race was very special. The entrance to their inner worlds was not in the cinnabar field, but was a whirlpool on the palm of their hands.

It could absorb mountains, rivers, trees and houses, and sometimes, even some unintelligent creatures.

Sometimes, the blood theurgy of the White Myth race could have a miraculous effect. For example, when the powerful warriors of the Source World had broken into the Heavenly Riverway, they would like to recruit some warriors from the White Myth race. This was because there was a kind of poisonous mosquitoes that dwelled in the Heavenly Riverway. These mosquitoes were extremely difficult to kill; neither fire nor water could do any harm to them.

However, these mosquitoes were quite unintelligent, and acted only on instinct. The White Myth race needed only to extend their hands to activate the whirlpools, then the mosquitoes would be sucked into their inner worlds.

As they were the creators of their own inner worlds, they could do anything they wanted. In their inner world, it was a piece of cake for them to kill off the mosquitoes.

However, there was a catch to the bloodline theurgy of the White Myth race, which had something to do with the weakness of their inner worlds. If they tried to suck in an intelligent creature, the creature needed to willingly accept in order for them to enter their inner world.

For example, when Zen tried to suck No. 9527 into his inner world, it would only be successful if No. 9527 didn't resist.

If one showed the littlest bit of resistance, they would not be pulled into the inner world of the other party.

As a result, this trick was only useful with unintelligent or even dead creatures; in actual combat, it was rendered useless.

However, in the case of the Evil God and Zen, the situation was different.

Since Zen and the Evil God came from the same origin, the two of them didn't have the slightest rejection to each other.

At the entrance to the Chaotic Source World, Dorothy had reminded Zen that the Evil God could be used as an Inner-world Generating Avatar for him, because there was no rejection between them.

Consequently, this worked vice versa. If the Evil God was strong enough, he could easily refine Zen into an Inner-world Generating Avatar!

Chapter 3455 The Endless Restoring Method

Something infinitely more complicated was taking place.

Using the bloodline theurgy of the White Myth race, the Evil God was now trying to pull Zen into his own inner world. Since he had previously belonged in Zen's inner world, there would be no rejection between them. The Evil God would be able to pull Zen in with no problems.

Theoretically speaking, the Evil God's inner world also belonged to Zen but, since he avoided the restraint of the Rebirth Land, Zen could no longer sense nor control him.

Once pulled into the Evil God's inner world, Zen would then be at his mercy and might even get refined into an Inner-world Generating Avatar.

Dorothy quickly sent him a message through life vitality. "Don't let yourself get pulled into the vortex!" she pleaded. "That leads to his inner world! If you get sucked in... You'll get trapped and end up in big trouble!"

Her warning greatly alarmed Zen who now realized the true gravity of his situation. He immediately tried to distance himself from his opponent in order to avoid getting sucked into the vortex.

Unfortunately for him, just as he was about to move, a transparent film of light appeared out of nowhere and enveloped him like a net.

"It's the Moon Spirit race's bloodline theurgy!"

The sight was quite a shock for members of the Moon Spirit race in the core area.

As a small race, most viewed their bloodline theurgy as useless and without value. However, it worked extremely well when the Evil God used it in combination with his other skills.

There was no escaping the light film, it was airtight and could not be destroyed through physical means. There was also no way for Zen to use the Wing King's feather that he had been relying on to improve his bodily movement skill. Zen had no choice but to weakly struggle against the Evil God's three arms that were quickly pulling him towards the vortex.

"I need to help him!"

Yan exclaimed, unable to stand by the sidelines any longer. She stamped her foot and flew towards her brother.

It wasn't just her. Dorothy and Elvinia, without the slightest hesitation, also jumped into the air and followed after Yan.

They had chosen to not get involved during the battle between the Evil God and Mount. One, they knew how powerful the Evil God was and going against him recklessly would be unwise, and two, it didn't really have anything to do with them. It was a different story now that Zen was the one in grave danger.

However, just as they were about to join the battle, numerous four-legged, black snakes began to rain from the sky, turning into the Evil God's clones.

These clones weren't as powerful as the real deal but they were still equally tough enemies. If not destroyed completely, they could respawn.

The three women had to deal with these clones first before they could help Zen.

"Stop struggling!" the Evil God growled as he continued to pull Zen in. "We essentially have the same origin. If we can be completely integrated as one then it's only a matter of time before we conquer the entire world!"

Zen scoffed, his eyes glinting with coldness as he glared at the Evil God who was now only a few inches away from him. "Do you really think that your little tricks will make me surrender?"

The Evil God smiled. "Then why not show me those tricks you still have up your sleeve?"

Zen's eyes narrowed and an indescribably strong aura began to emanate from his body. He reached out and touched the light film that had been wrapped around him.

"Endless Restoring Method!"

His recitation was immediately followed by a popping sound.

In an instant, the light film that had previously enveloped him burst and dissipated like a soap bubble.

When it burst, it turned into a handful of cyan liquid that splashed to the ground.

"That's the Moon Spirit race's blood!"

The members of the Moon Spirit race couldn't help but show their astonishment.

They were a race whose members bled cyan. Though their bloodline theurgy wasn't powerful, the light film derived from their own blood was very difficult to destroy.

Back in the cave outside the core area, not even the golden sharp sword released by the Divine Lair's demon woman could destroy it, yet Zen managed to break it with one gentle flick of his hand.

It wasn't just that, he was also able to reduce it to its base form: the Moon Spirit race's blood. Just what sort of formidable method did he use?

Even the Evil God was taken aback by this sudden turn of events, nonetheless, he wasn't going to give up so easily. When Zen broke the light film, the shadow of Snake Goddess behind the Evil God quickly mobilized, turning into multiple beams of energy.

Zen was almost in the Evil God's grasp and there was no way he was letting him go. If he succeeded in taking Zen into his inner world then he would no longer have to worry about him anymore.

Despite the beams of energy heading towards him, Zen chose to remain in his spot. Instead of running, he simply swept his hand across the air and waved the energy beams away.

Buzz!

The energy beam that touched Zen's hand quickly broke down and turned into a handful of red blood that also splashed to the ground.

All the bloodline theurgies that the Evil God used on Zen broke down into the energy that formed them.

Outside the black and white world, Mount finally healed that dreadful wound on his abdomen. It had been a nasty blow from the Evil God, one that nearly destroyed his inner world.

As he continued to heal, he also paid attention to the battle currently taking place between Zen and the Evil God.

Mount's eyes widened when he noticed the formidable technique Zen was using. "Is that... the Time Backing technique?" He squinted his eyes and tried to keep track of Zen's moves. "It doesn't look like it at all though."

Mount could only shake his head in confusion.

The light film of the Moon Spirit race and the shadow of the Snake Goddess were activated through those races' bloodlines. For those thuergies to have reverted to their original forms meant Zen used some type of formidable skill similar to the Time Backing technique.

It wasn't possible though. The Time Law was restricted by the unshakeable truth.

More importantly, the aura Zen emanated had nothing to do with the power of time. It felt more like a Truth of Godly Way, one that Mount had never seen before.

He wasn't the only one confused.

Fuxi, who was outside the Chaotic Source World, also sported an equally bewildered look on his face.

He felt that it was increasingly becoming difficult to see through Zen.

"The Truths of Godly Ways are known to be the paths that lead to the Other Shore. After the Truth of Powerful Holy Body was banned, only twelve remained. Zen's aura resembles a truth aura so much. Where exactly did he cultivate this new Truth of Godly Way? Or am I wrong?"

He'd never witnessed such a strange phenomenon and thus didn't know what to make of it.

There was no way for Fuxi to know how Zen learned such a method. The young man was gone for less than five minutes after being exiled by Mount so how did he learn so much in just a short period of time?

Fuxi was the Human Sovereign, second only to the Chaos Ancient Gods.

However, not even he knew all the secrets of the chaos.

Meanwhile, the battle between Zen and the Evil God continued on. Zen turned around and shot out a blue beam of light towards his opponent.

Caught off-guard, the blue light pierced through the Evil God's body, leaving a hole in his chest.

Fortunately for him, the flesh around his injury wriggled and quickly closed the hole.

Zen's attack had been powerful but nowhere near enough to kill him.

Of course, Zen never expected to eliminate his opponent with one hit. Having delivered his attack, Zen took advantage of the Evil God's momentary shock and distanced himself from him.

The golden opportunity for the Evil God to defeat his creator quickly slipped away. Zen had shown his trick and managed to turn the tables at the critical moment.

Chapter 3456 Reinforcement

The Evil God's face became serious as the black energy surrounding him turned into a pair of large wings. With a flap of his wings, he rushed towards Zen at lightning speed.

However, his wings were not a match compared to the Wing King's feather.

As a result, the Evil God was evident to be lower in level in terms of speed and bodily movement skills.

Zen's fingertips were surrounded by three different colored energies. As soon as the Evil God approached him, he would just calmly and smoothly dodge the attacks while shooting back the three energies from different angles.

The Truth of Three-Energy Construction was a kind of theurgy used to create various things. Considering its pure energy, it was much stronger than the other Truths of Godly Ways. Its power could be proved through the fact that Zen was restrained by a group of little monsters as soon as he entered King Manard's space.

The Evil God continued chasing Zen in the air for a while. However, instead of catching Zen, the Evil God was just pierced through by the three energies from time to time.

If not for his current special constitution that allowed his body to recover in an instant, he would have been crushed to pieces already.

After realizing that chasing Zen would do him no good, the Evil God finally stopped. He landed on the ground and stared at Zen with disdain.

'It can't go on like this. I will just exhaust myself and will accomplish nothing, ' he thought.

"My creator, won't you dare to fight me fair and square?" the Evil God asked as he gave a slight shudder.

Then, the shadow of Snake Goddess vanished from his back, together with the heads and arms. Soon after, the Mighty Golden Body covering his entire body also disappeared.

With this, he abandoned all his bloodline theurgies.

Zen stayed in the air and took the cyan feather over his head with his hand. He lightly brushed it and replied, "What do you mean by fighting you fair and square? This is the ability that the Other Shore Token gave me. Is it my fault that I possess a mighty token?"

The Evil God smiled coldly, and his voice suddenly changed. "In that case, let me show you the true horror of this world."

Immediately, the energy flow of the world began to accelerate.

The black energy turned into thick clouds and gathered above the Evil God's head. It was as if a huge abyss was being created.

Then the gathering energy turned into flashes of black lightning that lashed directly towards the Evil God.

"Clap, clap, clap!"

Every time a bolt of black lightning hit the Evil God, his face would twitch. The pain must be so agonizing that no ordinary person would endure it.

Zen still clearly remembered the piercing screams of the man from the Separate Abyss race when he was bitten by the four-legged black snakes.

The black lightning that emerged from the stormy clouds became fiercer and fiercer. The Evil God receiving all the bolts of lightning was writhing in pain as his body grew bigger and his aura became stronger.

Previously, the Evil God, Zen, and Mount all possessed the most powerful auras among the warriors of the same level.

However, as the Evil God's aura continuously grew stronger, it was now hard for any ordinary warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm to compete with him.

Under the pressure of his aura, many men present in the world were greatly distressed. They all felt that something was going to go wrong any minute.

The Evil God's avatars, who had been fighting with the three women until now, dissipated into black energy and merged into the whirlpool of gathered energy.

Yan, Dorothy, and Elvinia quickly flew over and stood by Zen's side.

"Brother!"

"Zen!"

As they sensed that the Evil God's aura had greatly soared, they started to feel a little frightened but firmly decided to fight alongside Zen.

"Get out of here," Zen ordered in a stiff voice.

"But..."

Yan wanted to argue with him, but when she saw how serious the look was on her brother's face, she couldn't utter another word. Her eyes turned red and tears instantly formed.

Zen's heart softened at the sight of Yan's expression. Then he said, "I created him, so I should be the one to subdue him. This is our battle."

Some battles should be fought one-on-one. Not only would they be unable to help Zen, but they could also become a hindrance.

"What are you saying? We can always help you," Elvinia answered stubbornly.

The journey to the Chaotic Source World enlightened Elvinia about the talents of this world.

Elvinia, Chaim, and Dorothy were already considered to be the strongest warriors compared to their peers in the Oneness Sky Palace. However, when compared to Mount, the Evil God, and Zen, the gap was extremely wide as the strength of those three could even give the warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm a hard time.

She actually was aware of it, yet she still chose to stand by Zen's side.

Just then, from a distance, Mount suddenly stretched out his hand and waved in the air towards Zen. Then, a space instantly covered the three women.

As Mount outlined the space, the three women immediately disappeared and were sent to Chaim's side.

Zen and Mount gave a glance to each other. "I want to see you fight him with all you've got," Mount told Zen with a faint smile on his face.

Being an avatar of the Chaos Ancient God, it was not surprising that Mount was quite proficient in dealing with people.

He was arrogant and had never taken any opponent at his level seriously no matter if it was Zen or the Evil God.

There should be not much of a comparison in terms of knowledge, birth, and talent.

That was why Mount didn't expect that he would be defeated by the Evil God.

Despite that, he was reasonable enough and openly accepted his failure.

Now, he wanted to see if Zen was really a match for the Evil God.

It wasn't only Mount who was looking forward to the battle, but also the team leaders outside the Chaotic Source World. They were patiently waiting and had taken a great interest in the fight.

"The man in black has even defeated Mount. What domineering skills he has!"

"Just now, he must have let go of all the bloodline theurgies. Does that mean that there are still other theurgies that he could use in that world?"

"Probably. We're about to see…"

"I can't believe there are such talented warriors in the world! I think you would agree that when these young people enter the Chaotic Source Realm, the gap between them and us would be really narrow!"

These leaders didn't have any sectarian bias and they just wanted to see for themselves who was stronger between Zen and the Evil God.

On the other hand, the leaders from the Oneness Sky Palace, including Athemar and Winchell, were more nervous.

They had known that Zen and the Evil God would engage in a fierce battle, but they never thought that it would escalate to this degree.

The three women didn't return after Mount sent them away from the center of the battlefield.

Facing the Evil God reinforced by the black lightning, the Civilization Artifact within Zen's inner world gradually emerged. As he held it in the air, a cyan-colored chessboard appeared in his hand.

"Crack!"

Zen reached out his hand and gently swept the board. A chess piece surfaced and a jade sculpture materialized beside him.

"What is that strange sculpture? Is it an Other Shore Token of the descending type?"

"I don't think that sculpture contains that much power."

"I agree with you. I'll bet that it wouldn't even withstand a single blow from me!"

Everyone couldn't help but shake their heads as they saw Zen released the jade sculpture.

They wondered if Zen had no other powerful skill to summon.

"His Strength God Totem is even stronger than this one. Why did he let this one descend?" Dorothy mumbled with a puzzled expression on her face.

"What is he trying to do?" Yan asked curiously as she lightly scratched her head.

When Elvinia saw the Regal Jade chessboard, her eyes widened. Among all the people that were currently present, only she knew about the true power of the chessboard.

Every time a sculpture landed, its strength would increase little by little.

Chapter 3457 The Inheritance Of World

Back in the Phoenix Palace when Zen fought Chance who was at the Chaotic Source Realm, Zen had only used these sculptures to defeat him.

Theoretically, these sculptures could also defeat the Evil God if they grew to become extremely powerful.

But most people who were present didn't know about this. They were puzzled.

With one gentle stroke of Zen's hand over the Regal Jade chessboard, the second Regal Jade sculpture also descended, followed by the third, the fourth, and the fifth.

The force of every Regal Jade sculpture had increased by a hundred or so divine megatons compared to the previous one, its size and toughness also multiplying astronomically.

In just a few seconds, Zen had more than a dozen Regal Jade sculptures around him.

The increase in the power of the Regal Jade sculptures followed a regular pattern. The fourteenth jade statue already had a force of a thousand divine megatons, which was equivalent to the strength of the weakest Chaotic Source Realm warriors. But this statue wouldn't suffice to fight against a Chaotic Source Realm warrior, and it was even no match for warriors like Dorothy or Elvinia.

The whirlpool in the sky finally disappeared only after Zen had summoned twenty Regal Jade sculptures.

The Evil God's body was pitch black from head to toe, as if made of black steel.

His body emanated a strong aura, and his height had more than doubled. A row of black spikes extended from his shoulders, like the fangs of a monster.

"This is the first time I've used the Inheritance of World. You should feel honored," the Evil God said as he looked down at Zen.

"What is the Inheritance of World?"

"I don't know. All I know is that the Other Shore Tokens that can summon a world to descend are all terrifying!"

"With the Evil God's current strength, he could kill many powerful warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm in an instant."

Many warriors from various races gulped in terror as they watched the Evil God transform.

They had had great hope of reaching the Chaotic Source Realm. But the Evil God had enough strength to defeat all the Chaotic Source Realm warriors at once. They had never felt so discouraged.

Zen held up the Regal Jade chessboard in one hand, his other hand hovering over the chess pieces.

He gave a gentle push and all the Regal Jade sculptures came to life. Without any hesitation, they made for the Evil God.

The twenty Regal Jade sculptures pounced on the Evil God in unison.

The Evil God sneered disdainfully at the Regal Jade sculptures. He walked through the air, reaching out a hand and gently touched the sculptures that came at him.

Crack...

At the contact, the Regal Jade sculptures shattered into countless pieces.

The emerald green fragments fell to the ground like rain.

"Disappointing! They are too weak," the Evil God muttered, shaking his head.

He continued to make his way through the air. It was as if he was walking down an invisible staircase.

He was in no hurry and was actually enjoying the moment.

He could feel the fear, panic, and unease of the people below.

He wasn't strong enough now, but sooner or later, he would push all creatures in the chaos into a sense of unease.

They would then have no choice but to kneel down before him and surrender to him.

Zen remained stoic. He once again placed his hand on the chess pieces and pushed gently at them. A second batch of Regal Jade sculptures rushed towards the Evil God.

The second batch had ten Regal Jade sculptures.

When Zen had fought Chance, it had taken Zen eighteen Regal Jade sculptures to defeat him.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The second batch of Regal Jade sculptures were already over ten feet tall, their bodies extremely strong. Even Chance, who had reached the Chaotic Source Realm, had been unable to destroy them.

The Evil God looked on, his face a mask of calm, as he faced the second batch of Regal Jade sculptures.

He leapt into the air and began to circle around the sculptures, causing them to shatter as well. No one had seen how he had done it.

"Too weak, too weak!"

the Evil God said impatiently. He then landed on the invisible staircase and strolled towards Zen.

Zen's face hardened.

After the Evil God had used the Inheritance of World, he became extremely powerful, as if he had achieved a complete transformation.

Zen remained calm and placed his fingers on the Regal Jade chessboard again. The third batch of sculptures came to life and charged at the Evil God.

This batch of sculptures each had a force ranging from two to three thousand divine megatons, surpassing that of many warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm. The strength of these bodies was not as strong as that of the warriors who had merged with Chaotic Source Spirits, but one couldn't call them weak.

The third batch of Regal Jade sculptures were still vulnerable before the Evil God. They had barely reached the Evil God before he crushed them like dry weeds.

As they witnessed this, the warriors from the various races below trembled in fear.

The descending type of Other Shore Tokens, which had a force of thousands of divine megatons, couldn't withstand even a single blow from this guy!

Even though these members from various races were outstanding warriors of their races, it was not easy for them to deal with any of the Regal Jade sculptures. These sculptures didn't have any special ability, but the toughness of their bodies alone was extremely terrifying.

"Zen..."

The worry on Yan's face intensified.

Zen's expression became grimmer by the minute. But he kept stroking the chessboard and sent out the fourth batch of Regal Jade sculptures.

He knew that these sculptures probably couldn't defeat the Evil God.

The chessboard could only hold eighty-one pieces. If each sculpture held another one hundred divine megatons of force than the previous one, the strongest sculpture would have a force of eight thousand and one hundred divine megatons.

Such power was already terrifying. It would probably be difficult for a number of powerful warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm to reach this level.

But in a battle of this level, relying on pure strength wouldn't work.

Zen naturally had his own plans. At the very least, he could use the Regal Jade chessboard to test part of the Evil God's strength, and could even predict the limits of his power.

The only concern was that using this way cost too many divine crystals.

Summoning all these Regal Jade sculptures would cost an astronomical number of the divine crystals.

The Evil God could see Zen's intentions, but he didn't care. Instead, he just satisfied him and showed him what he could do.

He wanted Zen to understand that no matter how much he struggled, it was all pointless. He was destined to be absorbed by the Evil God and integrated with him. The Evil God meant to destroy Zen's confidence first.

The Evil God once again destroyed the Regal Jade sculptures that Zen had sent at him.

But this time, it took the Evil God considerable effort to do it. He had to punch every sculpture to smash them into pieces. He sneered maliciously at Zen as he said, "It's impressive but still not enough to hurt me!"

Then came the fifth batch...

The sixth batch...

Each time, the sculptures came with increased strength. It would become more and more difficult for the Evil God to deal with them.

When the seventh batch of sculptures came to attack him, the Evil God began to take caution.

Bang!

This time, the Evil God was unable to break the sculpture with his punch. Not even a crack appeared on its surface.

"These sculptures could be my worthy opponents, if only in terms of force. But unfortunately..."

He suddenly stretched out his hands, black bone blades extending from his arms. In a flash of movement, he rushed towards the first sculpture. Nobody knew what the bone blades were made of, but they cut through the tough Regal Jade sculpture as if cutting through a piece of tender flesh.

Chapter 3458 The Difference In Strength

"Crack! Crack! Crack"

There were a few faint cracking sounds, before the statues were decapitated in just a few seconds.

In turn, Mount had gotten even more perplexed at the sight of it.

He couldn't resist those Regal Jade statues even in his best condition. He would choose to exile them, if it were him fighting with Zen.

Mount's failure could be attributed to his Other Shore Tokens.

Since his bloodline was strong, he didn't have to rely on the Other Shore Tokens very much.

The several Other Shore Tokens he possessed were of strengthening type, and he used them just for their Other Shore Power.

However, the Other Shore had experienced countless rounds of chaos. As a result, the Other Shore had obtained too many resources, various kinds of methods, and incredible skills as time passed.

So no matter how powerful Mount was, there was nothing he could do when he was bound by Chaim's abacus.

On the other hand, the Other Shore Token that the Evil God had merged with should represent a civilization. Otherwise, it was impossible for such a world to descend.

"The Evil God was able to find a civilization to back him up, which was a great opportunity. Zen, just throw in the towel..." Mount murmured.

After the Evil God had destroyed the seventh group of Regal Jade statues, there was only one statue left beside Zen. It was the eighty-first statue.

The eightieth statue possessed 8, 000 divine megatons of power, and the eighty-first statue possessed 8, 100 divine megatons of power. There was just a very small difference between the two.

A moment ago, the Evil God had destroyed ten statues at a time, and to deal with the last one would just be a piece of cake for him.

The Evil God hovered in the air at a slow, leisurely pace. He was only over a hundred feet away from Zen. "Do you really just have such small, pathetic amount of power and such little tricks to fight me? I never take pity on the weak. If your remaining trump card is only this chessboard, I will not even be interested in merging with you..."

he said and mentally sighed.

Zen had once been the Creator to him, who was omnipotent. The Evil God used to kneel down before him and even look up to him.

Unconsciously, he had completely surpassed him. As the Evil God looked down on Zen, he felt that Zen was incomparably weak and could not withstand a single blow.

Meanwhile, Zen didn't say anything as he was deep in thought.

'The extreme force should be up to about 8, 000 divine megatons...

But the black bone blades in his arms are even stronger.

The Regal Jade statues could not withstand a single blow from him.'

As his thoughts swam in his head, he pushed out the last piece on the Regal Jade chessboard.

"Buzz..."

The last Regal Jade statue turned into a giant beast and pounced on the Evil God at a surprisingly high speed.

The moment the Regal Jade Beast rushed in front of the Evil God, the Evil God suddenly twisted his body and punched it in the face.

"Bang!"

When the Evil God had hit the Regal Jade Beast, it stretched out its huge claws and tried to grab its opponent.

With its strength, the last Regal Jade Beast was powerful enough to fight against the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

As soon as the Evil God saw the two large claws rush towards him, he moved his arms, and the black bone blades in his arms turned into two rays of black radiance.

"Crack! Crack!"

The black radiance sliced off the Regal Jade Beast's sharp claws!

"Crack!"

He suddenly raised his right arm, and then another black radiance shot out and cut the Regal Jade Beast's stomach into half!

"Phew!"

Finally, the last Regal Jade Beast fell down.

"It's over. It's your turn."

The Evil God no longer hesitated. He rushed towards Zen like a raptor and swiftly covered the short distance between them.

He dragged the two black bone blades in his right arm across the air and spread a trace of energy. If the powerful warriors hadn't reinforced the space of the Chaotic Source World, then he would have been able to cause a series of cracks in the space.

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

Prepared to face the impact of the Evil God's attack, the cyan feather above Zen's head flashed faintly. He was like a leaf that swayed gently in the wind, as the feather followed the energy wave to constantly dodge and retreat.

There was only a serious expression on the Evil God's face.

Of course, he knew that Zen had a very artful bodily movement skill, but it was useless for him to dodge. In his eyes, everything that Zen was doing was all in vain.

He could evade one attack, but could he avoid 100 attacks, 1, 000 attacks, or even 10, 000 attacks?

If he was hit even once, he would be crushed.

Between the two of them, one was invincible, and the other was adept. It was truly a fierce chase in the eyes of the crowd.

Although most people of the Pear Hill were still besieging the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, Yan was not in the mood to check on them. Her fists were balled so tightly that her nails dug into her flesh.

Her brother was in great danger now. Every attack from the Evil God made her so worried and scared!

Sally, Hutton, Elvinia and the others seemed to be very nervous as well.

Among the crowd, however, only Dorothy looked different. Her eyes were filled with hesitation, and it looked like she did not dare to make a decision.

If a decision was made, then there would be a high price to pay. If that happened, then she would disappoint her grandmother who had painstakingly cultivated her for so many years.

"Whoosh!"

Zen ran away and was able to avoid the attack from the black bone blades. A ray of white light quickly appeared in his right eye.

"Authentic Visual World!"

The instant Zen had activated the Authentic Visual World, his eyebrows shot up to his forehead. There was still no flaw!

He had long confirmed that the Authentic Visual World could not be used to check the Chaotic Source Realm warriors. Back when he had observed the queen ant, he also couldn't find a flaw on it.

But it didn't mean there was no flaw at all. It was just that the flaws had been covered up because of the Chaotic Source Spirits' special function.

By the time the Chaotic Source Spirits were exhausted, the weakness would show up naturally.

Now, the Evil God was not a powerful warrior of the Chaotic Source Realm; but there still wasn't a flaw that could be found on him, which made no sense.

'Is he indestructible in this strangely-colored world?'

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

The Evil God didn't care what Zen thought, and attacked him again.

When the black bone blades brushed past Zen once more, a layer of dark color suddenly emerged on his hand. It turned out that he protected his right hand with the Shade Stone liquid, and gently stroked the Evil God's bone blades right after.

"Endless Restoring Method!"

What Zen did was that he tried to disintegrate the bone blades.

When he made use of the theurgy of Truth of Three-Energy Construction, however, the black bone blades unexpectedly stayed unmoved!

The Endless Restoring Method was not able to disintegrate all materials. Furthermore, Zen's current ability only allowed him to break ordinary solid objects, and these black bone blades were clearly strong to a horrible extent. Zen could not shatter them.

In return, the strong force eroded Zen's right hand the moment he touched the bone blades. His right arm grew numb even under the protection of the Shade Stone liquid.

While Zen was a little distracted, the Evil God quickly waved his hands and the bone blades rushed towards Zen's head. The black light under the high-speed spinning movement almost turned into a black flower.

The flower caged Zen. After he floated up and down inside it for a while, he was finally forced into a hopeless situation, and there was no room for him to dodge.

Chapter 3459 So Do I

"Bang!"

The Evil God stomped right onto Zen's chest.

It was such a big blow that Zen fell down from the sky like a shooting star.

Boom!

He came crashing to the ground, marking the earth with a crater of around ten thousand feet in diameter.

'Zen is helpless too.'

Mount took a look at Zen who was defeated on the ground. He had expected this to happen.

On the other hand, Mount was shocked that Zen had returned after being exiled.

However, the power that Zen had displayed proved to be insufficient to go against the Evil God.

Meanwhile, the statues that descended from the Regal Jade chessboard were powerful, but they would just trouble Mount a bit and he could still deal with them, let alone the Evil God who was more powerful.

Even most of the powerful warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm were no match for the Evil God now.

At the sight of this, Yan couldn't stand it anymore.

As she was about to take a step forward and help Zen, a hand stretched from behind her and dragged her away.

To her surprise, it was Dorothy.

"You are no match for the Evil God," Dorothy said.

Yan was displeased hearing this, "And you think you're a match?!"

"Neither am I," Dorothy responded, "but I can kill him."

As she spoke, she released Yan and made her way towards Zen.

Everyone who heard their words was in shock. How could Dorothy claim to be able to kill the Evil God, when Zen couldn't?

However, from the look on Dorothy's face, they could tell that she was pretty convinced with herself.

"Boring fight."

Suddenly, the Evil God stretched out his black hand, and the bloodline power of the White Myth race returned to his body. Just then, the whirlpool in his hand opened for the second time.

Although the Evil God mentioned that he had no interest in Zen, he wanted to know Zen's secrets. Lucky for him, as they came from the same origin, he could just absorb Zen easily.

As the Evil God descended gracefully down to the crater, Dorothy flew over from afar, shouting, "Stay away from Zen!"

The Evil God heard it, but was not threatened one bit. The female talents were worthless in his eyes - they were too weak. With a flick of a finger, he could even kill them. The last thing he could do was be bothered by her.

But just as he brushed off Dorothy, a trembling force developed in his chest.

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

Every time Dorothy took a step forward, the Evil God felt his heart beat ring in his ears. It got louder and louder the closer Dorothy came.

After the Evil God activated the Inheritance of World, he wasn't in the form of a human body anymore. How could he have a heartbeat?

Still, the heartbeat persisted and still rang in his ears. It was not just some illusion.

Thump!

Thump!

"Leave Zen alone," Dorothy threatened. "Or you'll die."

Aside from Dorothy and the Evil God, no one could hear the heartbeat at all.

It was the Heart of Accomplice.

In the past, Zen was able to obtain two Hearts of Accomplice from the Grand Sky Temple.

One of the hearts had been taken away by Athemar after he had learned it, while the second one was with Dorothy. Zen had asked her to hand the other over to the Origin Mountain.

Little did Zen know that Dorothy had kept it to herself.

With the help of the Ear Mice, Dorothy knew clearly the function of the Heart of Accomplice.

If one was deemed to be her accomplice, they would die if she did.

In the past, a Celestial Wolf member at the early stage of the Chaotic Source Realm had killed a powerful master, Lord Shaw with the help of the Heart of Accomplice.

She knew it was more than enough to deal with the Evil God.

"What is this heartbeat?"

The Evil God turned around and faced Dorothy who stood at the edge of the crater, finally acknowledging her presence.

Both the weird heartbeat and her decisive tone implied that she was not joking.

"You get scared too, don't you?" she asked, pleased to see him change his face. "If so, then leave. You can still live if you do. Otherwise, you'll die,"

Dorothy spoke, making the Evil God fall into a difficult decision.

He knew, just from her voice, that she wasn't lying. But how could he, the Evil God, be frightened away by a woman from the Oneness Sky Palace? This irritated more than it angered him.

The others, including Mount, who were watching from far away were stunned.

What was going on?

Was Dorothy actually going to get the Evil God to retreat?

"Gosh!" Seeing everything unfold, Athemar frowned. "Zen had obtained two Hearts of Accomplice from the Other Shore before. It seems that Dorothy has kept one rather than given it to the Origin Mountain."

"There are two Hearts of Accomplice? She is insane!"

Winchell gasped, stunned to hear what Dorothy had done. He then finally understood what was going on.

Dorothy did keep it, and she made sure to use it well.

But as powerful as it was, she would end up having to sacrifice her own life! Yasmin would be angry! The last thing she'd want to see was Dorothy's death.

But all they could do was watch Dorothy worriedly.

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

The heartbeat grew louder in Dorothy's and the Evil God's ears.

"You have ten seconds to leave," Dorothy said, her face was stone cold. She had hesitated for a long time previously, but now she just began to countdown, "Ten!"

"Nine!"

"Eight!"

"Seven!"

As she counted, streaks of black light began to surround the Evil God, and his eyes began to twitch involuntarily.

He was at a disadvantage - all because of a young woman who was weaker than him. He cursed angrily in his heart.

"Four."

"Three."

"Two."

As Dorothy counted, her voice roared louder and louder.

Just as she was about to scream the last digit, a voice suddenly echoed from the bottom of the crater. "Stop, Dorothy."

Dorothy's eyes flashed. It was Zen. Seeing Zen crawl up from the bottom of the crater, she fell into ecstasy, her gloomy eyes flashing with excitement and pleasure. "Zen! Are you okay?"

"You didn't give the Heart of Accomplice to the Origin Mountain, did you?" Zen asked, his face was serious and unmoving.

Dorothy lowered her sight looking down on the ground. "Yeah." She had lied to Zen about this, and she couldn't help but feel guilty for it.

"This is not the Other Shore Token that you should bear," Zen scolded. "Withdraw the Heart of Accomplice and go back this instant!"

"But you..." Dorothy spoke back very anxiously, refusing to give up on what she had just done.

The Evil God only had a life. If he wanted to keep it, he would make sure to listen. She thought this was the best plan.

"Don't you want to sacrifice her to save everyone here?" the Evil God teased, not missing any opportunity to provoke Zen.

Zen turned around and looked at him coldly. "It seems that the Heart of Accomplice frightens you, and though I would love to see you squirm, this isn't worth it." Zen stared right at him. "We don't need to sacrifice anyone to defeat you."

As soon as he finished speaking, a bright ray of cyan light burst from the top of his head.

The Civilization Artifact appeared above Zen's head, spinning continuously.

Zen's voice spread out like wildfire. "You have the Inheritance of World, so do I!"

Chapter 3460 The Inheritance Of The Regal Jade World

The cyan light spread out from Zen and mixed in with the strangely-colored world summoned by the Evil God. Soon enough, the area started to change.

The rough, brownish-yellow ground became extremely smooth, and it seemed that a layer of emerald green glaze covered its surface. The Regal Jade Crystals were like precious ores as they grew and formed jade flowers.

The strangely-colored world was shone brightly by the cyan light, which made the space more strange and unique, and possess a peculiar clean feel to it.

A second world had descended! The two different worlds merged together!

Everyone present were stunned as they looked around with awe in their faces.

"Another world?"

"This is too crazy! Did Zen make this?"

"Is Zen also the spokesperson of a civilization?"

Even the leaders at the gate of the Chaotic Source World were also speechless and dumbfounded.

After all, the current situation in the Chaotic Source World was completely beyond their imagination.

Everyone should be able to exert their own abilities to dig out the Chaotic Source Spirits, and then reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

Yet at that moment, everyone's attention was not on the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, but on Zen and the Evil God.

When Winchell saw the cyan light shine brightly and the world descend, he felt slightly relieved.

If Dorothy had really died in the Chaotic Source World, then a storm would arise on the Origin Mountain. Given Yasamin's strong-headed attitude, it was very likely that she would hunt the Black Ship on her own.

"What a surprise!" As soon as Fuxi saw the cyan light world as well, his lips stretched into a helpless smile. "It seems that in addition to Gerald, there is another civilization that has chosen you. I wonder where this civilization ranks," he murmured to himself.

Generally speaking, there were a lot of civilizations that hid on the Other Shore. Some of them were strong, and some were weak. All of them were vastly different from each other.

The civilizations ranked outside the top 100 were weaker, and those ranked far behind were quite frail. However, undoubtedly, the top 100 civilizations were quite powerful.

The Regal Jade Civilization hadn't left many footprints on the Other Shore, and even their Regal Jade Temple had once been destroyed. Since the civilization had been hiding in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, no one present had recognized the origin of such a world.

That was why Fuxi had no idea that the Regal Jade Civilization was as powerful as the top ten civilizations!

Meanwhile, Mount gazed at the beams of cyan light that charged towards him. His blank, emotionless face finally changed and he didn't know if he should laugh or cry. He had thought that Zen would definitely lose, but things went on differently. It was out of his expectation.

More to his surprise, Zen was able to summon a world!

"For some special reasons, I didn't want to summon this world, nor did I want to use the Inheritance of World," Zen spoke.

His voice suddenly sounded quite ethereal, like it had come from a distant cave sometimes far away, then sometimes very close.

Ever since he had fused with the Civilization Artifact, he had realized that he was able to summon a Regal Jade World and even greatly strengthen himself by using the Inheritance of World. That was the support from a civilization, not just a Regal Jade chessboard.

Yet, once he had used that ability, it would cause a huge sensation. Thus, Zen had never tried using it previously.

Moreover, the Regal Jade Spirit had reminded him that there was still the hostility between them and the Nihility race. Had it not been for the fact that he had no other choice, he would've tried his best not to reveal the Civilization Artifact. Therefore, Zen had kept it up to the last moment.

It was only when Dorothy was about to sacrifice herself, that he summoned this Regal Jade World.

Rumble!

A Regal Jade Crystal grew from a thorn on the ground. It gently lifted Dorothy up as it grew, then stretched up to a distance of several thousand feet, before it sent her to the other side.

Then, another Regal Jade Crystal grew from the crater and slowly lifted Zen up.

"I gave you freedom, because I wanted you to watch the world carefully. You are a great talent, and you are entitled to ask for what you want from the world. Unfortunately, you're greedy and bloodthirsty, which greatly disappointed me..."

As Zen spoke, he gently did a tapping motion towards the Evil God. A Regal Jade Crystal suddenly grew out of the ground and hit the Evil God hard.

"Bang!"

As the Evil God's body was thrown into the air, another Regal Jade Crystal stretched out of the ground and hit him again.

The Regal Jade Crystals grew out of the ground and extended up to thousands of feet, and repeatedly hit the Evil God.

The Evil God could have avoided such attacks, but he didn't have the slightest intention of dodging. He just allowed the Regal Jade Crystals to hit him.

Upon closer observation, it could be seen that the Evil God's face was full of excitement and ecstasy.

Ever since Zen had entered the Chaotic Source World, his weakness had been the Evil God's greatest disappointment. But after another world had descended, Zen had finally shown the strength that made him worthy to be his opponent!

After the Evil God had been hit dozens of time, bones spurred out of his arms and intertwined around him at a confusing speed. All the Regal Jade Crystals that hit him broke into pieces and fell on the ground.

"Save your tricks," said the Evil God.

In turn, Zen glanced coldly at him. The Regal Jade Crystals under his feet started to grow again. This time, they didn't lift him up, but wrapped him inside them.

Buzz!

Just then, a halo appeared around the entire Regal Jade World.

The light circle shrank continuously until it converged in the center, and finally merged in Zen's body.

Buzz!

Next, another light circle flashed on the surfaces of all the Regal Jade Crystals and quickly gathered in the center as well.

With the support of the Regal Jade World, Zen was indeed able to contend with the Evil God.

To defeat the Evil God, however, he had to use the Inheritance of World.

Now, Zen was unwilling to waste his time either.

As the light circles converged, his body had undergone considerable changes.

First, his eyebrows glittered with dark cyan crystals, then so did his hair, skin, and flesh.

The Inheritance of World entailed changing oneself completely by the use of the power of the descended world.

While Zen endured the baptism of cyan light circles, his entire body became thoroughly crystalized!

Cyan feathers grew from his back one after another. He slightly opened his eyes, and diamond-shaped crystals also appeared in his pupils.

At that moment, his aura had also undergone a tremendous change. Apart from his appearance that was still fifty percent similar to his original look, everything else was different. His voice, breath, and the characteristics that defined him all disappeared!

Splash!

He shook his body slightly, then the crystals wrapped around him shattered.

His dark cyan feathers rose slightly, which made him glide freely in midair as if he had integrated himself with the space.

The members of the Separate Abyss race, the Ear Mice, and disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill could only look up at him in silence.

"Is he Yan's brother?! The way Yan described his strength is an understatement!" exclaimed Natalie, whose jaw dropped in shock.

Chapter 3461 Sealing Energy

Natalie remembered Yan often talking about how powerful her brother was. But she figured that Yan was exaggerating as she bragged—it was natural for young girls to admire their older brothers, after all. But once she met Zen herself, she realized how wrong she was. Among the Pear Hill warriors of the younger generation, Natalie couldn't think of a single one who could dream of contending against Zen.

Now, it seemed as though Yan was even being too modest when she described her brother.

Forgetting about the younger generation…

Even the seniors who had already reached the Chaotic Source Realm and the Desire World couldn't fight against him.

The Evil God gazed at the crystal Zen as he would gaze at a lover. "Very good… I like it…"

In the next moment, he had his hands crossed. Black spikes began spreading out of his figure until his entire body spiraled up into a black cyclone.

Phew!

The cyclone shook gently.

It was as though an enormous hand had drawn a black line in the sky, sweeping right past Zen's body.

It was such a rapid movement that no one even caught the motion with their bare eyes.

Zen didn't move an inch, but his crystallized arm was broken in a second.

A thousand feet behind Zen, the Evil God halted. He grabbed Zen's severed hand and gnawed at it. The cyan crystal was hard and crisp, making crackling noises as the Evil God bored his teeth into it. Soon, he had swallowed it completely.

"Tastes good," the Evil God clasped his hands in satisfaction, and the crystal fragments fell to the ground.

For a second, Zen's eyes widened in surprise. The Evil God's speed suddenly erupted, indicating that he hadn't been using his full strength earlier.

"What an amazing speed…" As Zen muttered, he could feel his body tremble while a cyan arm grew out of his broken limb.

"Thank you for your praise! Let me show you once again! This time, it'll be your head."

The Evil God mocked Zen menacingly before he turned into another black cyclone.

Once again, a thin, black line swept across the sky and through Zen's body.

No one could see either of the opponents' movements clearly. All they caught was Zen shaking slightly in the air. When the Evil God stopped and hovered in the sky, his hands were empty—instead of taking Zen's head, he ended up losing his own leg.

The leg formed from black energy appeared in Zen's hand. With a smug smile, he shook the leg and threw it to the ground like a piece of trash.

The Inheritance of World was an extremely powerful method—it could turn the cultivator into forms of energy in a short period of time.

Everything in the Regal Jade World was made out of Regal Jade Crystals—even the creatures of the Regal Jade World lived in these crystals. The newly descended Inheritance of World had Zen entirely crystallized.

The same went for the strangely-colored world summoned by the Evil God. It turned him into a being of black energy—it didn't matter what happened to his body. Any limb Zen tore off regenerated in a blink of an eye.

Phew! Whoosh!

Both of them launched an attack once again.

The Evil God's burst of strength had increased. He activated his speed to a shocking extreme.

Zen's movement technique, of course, was ingenious. He avoided the Evil God's attacks with ease, and never did he lack an incredible and immediate counterattack.

The crowd below watched the fight with their jaws slack.

"Are they playing some sort of dismembering game?"

"They're ripping each other's limbs off…they're complete freaks!"

"I've never seen such a fight before…"

A fight of this level should have only been possible between spokespersons of large civilizations.

These spokespersons were all super powerful warriors of the Source World

But Zen and the Evil God were exceptions at the moment—they had each found a Civilization Artifact in Stage Thirteen of the Lust World, triggering such a high-level battle.

The power of each of their Civilization Artifacts had still been suppressed in the Lust World.

If these two civilizations could return to the Desire World, or to the higher stages, the pair of Civilization Artifacts would display even more terrifying power.

Not only the talents in the Chaotic Source World hadn't ever seen a fight of this calibre—even Fuxi, such a powerful being, was flabbergasted.

For someone as powerful as Fuxi, to summon a world of a civilization and merge with the Inheritance of World wasn't something particularly new. But how could two people who hadn't even stepped into the Chaotic Source Realm, throw fists as they both summoned a world and merged with the Inheritance of World?

It was too inconceivable.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed such a thing could even happen.

No matter how much their bodies were dismembered, Zen and the Evil God had no trouble restoring their bodies.

As the cyan and black lines collided further, Zen gradually gained the upper hand.

The Regal Jade Civilization supporting him was way more powerful.

With the pair of wings that originally belonged to the Regal Jade World's Wing King, the bodily movement skill he displayed clearly indicated the Regal Jade Civilization's superiority.

Once Zen adapted to the Evil God's speed, he leisurely waited for the latter to attack him.

Every time the Evil God turned into a black line as he rushed toward Zen, his cyan wings trembled. Zen had no trouble avoiding the Evil God's attacks with mere slight movements.

"Crack!"

As the two fought, Zen tore off one of the Evil God's arms again.

Initially, he didn't deal with the Evil God's broken limbs—he casually threw them away.

The severed limbs fell and dissolved into black energy, disappearing from the strangely-colored world.

"Zen, the overall energy of the world one summons always remains the same. The Evil God can easily recycle the energy and use it again. But you can seal that energy," the Regal Jade Spirit explained.

Zen's eyes flashed with excitement—he now got to the crux of the matter.

If he didn't deal with the broken limbs of the Evil God, the latter could easily gain his energy back. That would have made the fight endless.

When the Evil God tried attacking again, Zen merely ripped off one of his legs.

This time, he threw the limb to the ground, where a Regal Jade Crystal suddenly sprouted. The crystal's surface was like chalcedony, wrapping up the Evil God's severed leg.

The limb couldn't dissipate—it was now like an insect wrapped in amber, sealed forever.

Seeing that, the Evil God frowned. Without giving it another thought, he charged at Zen once again.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…

As their fight went on, Zen won more than he lost.

Crystals were growing everywhere from the ground. Within them, there were the arms, legs and all other parts of the Evil God's body.

After a moment, over a hundred broken body parts were sealed in crystals. It was an extremely strange sight to behold.

Energy from the severed body parts of the Evil God couldn't be recycled.

Initially, he was over ten feet high. But after using his energy to regenerate his body parts over and over again, his enormous body began shrinking foot by foot.

There was no doubt that the Evil God was still extremely ferocious, but he had shrunk down to the size of an ordinary child.

Chapter 3462 Eternal Annihilation

"The Evil God's body is getting smaller!"

"Zen has sealed his limbs! He's unable to take them back!"

"Keep this up and the Evil God is bound to lose!"

There was a faint smile even on Mount's face. He was finally witnessing the defeat of the Evil God.

Zen's method was not ingenious, but was direct and effective.

But the Evil God figured it out, too.

The Evil God's eyes flashed with a somber black light. As he once again charged toward Zen, his direction suddenly changed. He now bore down in a vertical downward arc, aiming straight for his severed limbs!

By smashing those damn Regal Jade Crystals, he would be able to turn his limbs into energy that would evaporate into the surroundings and integrate into his own body.

But Zen had already expected this move when he had sealed the limbs. He wasn't about to let the Evil God have his way.

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

The Regal Jade Crystals rapidly rose from the ground like long and narrow tubes. The Evil God's severed limbs and other body parts floated within them. In the blink of an eye, all the crystals and their contents were sent to the edge of the Regal Jade World, scattered equidistantly in all directions.

The Evil God's face darkened as he lunged for the arm closest to him.

The Regal Jade Crystal that contained it flew rapidly, but the Evil God was faster.

Clang!

The Regal Jade Crystal shattered in the Evil God's clutches. As his severed arm broke out, it turned into wisps of black energy and evaporated in the air. The Evil God's body increased a little in size after.

But as this happened, Zen appeared near him at an odd angle. Zen waved his hands covered with crystals, and tore off the Evil God's legs again!

As the legs were severed, two Regal Jade Crystals lunged like serpents, grabbing the limbs, and speeding away.

"You!" Rage crossed the Evil God's face, but it showed a faint hint of fear.

"Let's see how small you can get," Zen said with a smile.

The Evil God glared at Zen and went straight after another severed limb.

In terms of bodily movement skill, the Evil God was no match to Zen. Moreover, Zen had full control of where the limbs went. He would never let the Evil God get them back.

Whenever the Evil God approached a limb with his powerful explosive force, Zen would always be there first, or just at his heels.

The Evil God got nothing back. Instead, more parts of his body were just cut off by Zen. At some point, even if he fought back, it would have been easier for Zen to deal with him.

The power the Evil God was endowed with by the Inheritance of World was slowly reduced by Zen.

In no time, the Evil God's body shrank from four feet to three feet, then two feet. In the end, the Evil God was only as small as a baby.

"The Inheritance of World should be your last resort," Zen said as he flapped his wings, flying toward the Evil God not far away. "Destroying your soul would show your real body, wouldn't it?"

Once a warrior unleashed the Inheritance of World, their whole bodies would be turned into energy, scattered everywhere.

The Evil God was like that, and so was Zen.

There were two ways to kill the masters who unleashed the Inheritance of World: exhausting their energy to force their real bodies to appear, or directly destroying the whole world they summoned.

It was difficult for Zen to destroy the Evil God's strangely-colored world, but he had a way to exhaust the energy of this world. No matter how powerful the world was, it was still an Other Shore Token. The energy contained in it was limited!

This was why Zen had sealed some of the Evil God's energy in the Regal Jade Crystals when he cut off the Evil God's body parts.

Dismantled little by little, the Evil God floated in the air, glaring up at Zen, his eyes twitching.

At this moment, he truly felt Zen was mighty again.

He remembered the first time he challenged Zen.

Zen had laughed at his careful plans, his calculating schemes, his ambitions, even his wife's expectations for him.

That experience of helplessness still stung him.

After he encountered the Black Ship, he gradually understood the truth of this world and understood Zen's real strength. He devoured Souls of Light, explored, and cultivated on the Other Shore like mad, until Shera told him that no one under the Chaotic Source Realm could defeat him.

The Evil God knew himself better. He had merged with a civilization. Even the masters at the Chaotic Source Realm couldn't defeat him, let alone those of weaker strength!

When he came into contact with the so-called talents of various races on the Other Shore, he had felt they were nothing compared to him!

Except for Mount, nobody had ever posed a threat to him. But in the end, he still couldn't defeat Zen.

Was this the strength of Zen, his creator?

Spotting Zen flap his wings intending to pull apart more pieces of him, the Evil God gave a relieved smile. His diminished body finally broke down completely, and the remaining black energy dissipated in all directions.

At the same time, the voice of the Evil God echoed in the strangely-colored world.

"Zen, you really impressed me. But do you think you can defeat me like this? You are too naive! Since you have forced my hand, I have no choice but to show you eternal annihilation!"

Rumble!

The strangely-colored world began to shake, shattering a great number of the Regal Jade Crystals overlapping it. The destructive aura spread around the whole world, like doomsday had come.

All this time, the various races had been focused on fighting the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, ignoring the fight between Zen and the Evil God.

However, the violent shaking finally caught everyone's attention. Their expressions changed in an instant.

Buzz!

Countless black snakes crawled out from the rippled dark clouds in the sky. They coiled and lunged down, turning into huge meteorites falling down!

Feeling the power of the meteorites, Zen slit his eyes. "How is that possible? I have consumed most of his energy. But the power of the meteorites is... So incredible!"

It was impossible to estimate the meteorites' strength. Zen felt fear shoot instinctively through him.

What was more horrifying was that there were more than one huge four-legged black snake! More snakes appeared, turning into black meteorites.

Once these meteorites struck, they were bound to destroy everything in the strangely-colored world.

"Hahaha!" The Evil God's laughter rang out across the strangely-colored world. "I like seeing you fear, Zen."

Chapter 3463 The Burning World

Just as Zen wondered about the origin of the Evil God's energy, the Regal Jade Spirit's voice resounded once again. "Burning an Other Shore Token will produce unimaginable power, and he's burning the entire world…truly powerful."

"He's burning the world? He's crazy!" Zen's eyes were wide in shock.

"You didn't know? He's a maniac. There's nothing he can't do," said the Regal Jade Spirit.

Zen was well aware of how difficult it was to be the spokesperson of a civilization.

Among the countless creatures in the Lust World, maybe only he and the Evil God were lucky enough to be such spokespersons.

A civilization pinned everything on the Evil God but he chose to burn it all to win a fight?

It was an insane idea!

"Dorothy, Yan, Elvinia, Chaim… You'd better run away from this world now! Everything will be destroyed!" Zen urgently reminded his companions.

But he didn't need to tell them for them to know something was terribly wrong.

The mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits had even started running toward the edge of the strangely-colored world.

At this point, the Separate Abyss race and the Ear Mouse race finally gave up their attack on the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits—their lives held priority at this critical moment.

As they approached the world's edge, a mass of black energy burst like flames. The Regal Jade Crystals were instantly engulfed in the black fire, and a black thread appeared before them.

"The world is divided?"

Mount raised his hands to try to move the people from the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill out of the strangely-colored world.

It wasn't out of kindness—he never planned on changing his position. But Zen had defeated the Evil God, so he was merely returning the favor.

But as soon as the space channel that was involved with the truth of space was established, it was blocked by a strict black divisive thread.

Just as Mount gave it another try, another figure appeared nearby—it was none other than Fuxi.

"My respects, Human Sovereign." Mount bowed to Fuxi.

The latter snorted in contempt. Mount was merely the avatar of a Chaos Ancient God.

Fuxi came to save people, more specifically, to save Yan.

Never did he expect the Evil God to go crazy.

In Fuxi's eyes, spokespersons of civilizations were common. He had even already killed a master who had activated the Inheritance of World before.

But no spokesperson dared burn the civilization behind him—he'd sooner die than do so.

It wasn't only a matter of truth punishment, but also a matter of trust.

The civilization entrusted the Civilization Artifact to the Evil God—they wholeheartedly put their faith in him. And yet, he chose to burn the entire civilization as if it was a mere Other Shore Token.

While Fuxi couldn't recognize the civilization's origin, he knew that it was definitely not on a low level. Even if it had hidden in Stage Thirteen of the Lust World and suppressed its own strength greatly, the consequences of its burning were bound to be horrible.

Phew!

And so Fuxi took a deep breath.

He stepped forward, accumulating terrifying power.

Puff!

Then, he pushed his palm toward the world.

A black and white mark of Eight Diagrams was created from nowhere, printed on the world's surface.

There were two ways to defeat the Inheritance of World—first was to find and kill the owner's real body, and second, was to destroy the entire world. Fuxi had chosen the second way—it was a simple and rough method, but it was effective.

Fuxi's attack was strong enough to crush the entire Chaotic Source World, even as he kept his strength in check. At the very least, he could open the world.

But the huge palm of Eight Diagrams passed right through the 'world' and shot out the other side. It hit the southern peak within the ring-shaped mountain range and smashed the peak to pieces before it collapsed.

The great power surprisingly caused no harm whatsoever to the burning world.

'The space is isolated?' Mount raised his brows at the thought.

Examining his own palm, Fuxi depressed, his face grim. He turned to Mount and asked, "What happened?"

When it came to understanding the space, he was nowhere nearly as good as Mount.

But the latter shook his head, confused. "The whole world seems to have been isolated while being burnt…it doesn't look like it belongs to this space. I've never seen this before."

"Will the burning world… really have such an effect?"

It was the first time they had ever witnessed someone burning an entire world. Never did Fuxi ever think it could happen—it dawned on him just how much everything was out of his control at that moment.

As it was all he could do, he threw a few more palm strikes at the world. The ring-shaped mountain range were all crushed by the palm prints of Eight Diagrams. But they still couldn't directly touch the world—it seemed like a mirage at this point.

Outside the Chaotic Source World, everyone was in an uproar while the leaders looked grim.

"So even the Human Sovereign can't stop him?"

"They're just going to die in there?"

"God… he's really a madman! He's already burned the world to this degree. Even we would be trapped there to die… let alone all those juniors!"

Leaders from the Oneness Sky Palace, the Separate Abyss race, the Ear Mouse race and some other races were in despair.

Any sense of hope seemed to have been lost from these leaders. They had traveled thousands of miles to send their juniors to the Chaotic Source World. How could they accept such an end?

In contrast, the leaders of the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, the New Moon race and the Sun Crow race seemed more than pleased about the situation.

Most of their clansmen had been swept away by the hurricane. Even though they all hurried back, a good portion of them were still outside the core area. So the loss of their races wouldn't be as great as others'.

Khalid of the Bearing race, in particular, had already been sent out of the Chaotic Source World—he had the luxury of watching everything unfold from a distance, away from the chaos. But he also had a lingering fear at the sight of the world burning.

"Haha!"

"No one can leave!"

"Come and taste the great fear of annihilation!"

The Evil God's voice echoed throughout the space.

"Is there no way out?"

At this point, Zen had grown anxious.

The first black meteorite fell from the sky, headed for the disciples from Oneness Sky Palace.

For a moment, the disciples watched the object fall, their faces having gone pale.

They were all done for if the meteorite hit them.

"Up!"

Clenching his hand, Zen conjured up countless Regal Jade Crystals to shield the disciples from the meteorite.

Although the crystals were extremely solid, they were easily smashed by the black energy of the meteorite, as though they were mere dry weeds on open land.

With another wave of his hand, Zen made several more crystals grow from the ground, wrapping around the Oneness Sky Palace disciples and pulling them to the side.

The moment the disciples slid out of range, the meteorite landed on the ground.

Chapter 3464 Burning The Eye Of Will

Boom!

The black meteorite pummeled into the ground with a loud crashing sound. The collision caused the solid ground to spread out like water.

In the area where the black meteorite fell, there was an array, in which there were some nonhuman creatures.

They had long given up on fighting for the Chaotic Source Spirits. They just wanted to stay in the array and wait for the end of the activity in the Chaotic Source World. Then they would be sent out of here.

They thought they were safe since they weren't involved in the fights anymore. Yet, an undeserved catastrophe had unexpectedly hit them!

The black meteorite's fall shocked and smashed the light shield of the array into pieces. In the blink of an eye, the energy had vanished all of the creatures inside.

Boom!

It wasn't long before the second meteorite fell down closely.

This meteorite brushed past the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, who had already reached her limit and exhausted ninety percent of the Chaotic Source Spirits in her body. But now all her remaining Chaotic Source

Spirits were depleted, even though the meteorite just grazed the back side of her huge body.

Since she had also lost the protection of the Chaotic Source Spirits, she became extremely fragile. Her feet burst instantly under the impact of the falling meteorite, and then thousands of Chaotic Source Spirits broke out from her wounds.

If it had been another time, all the talents would probably scramble to grab the Chaotic Source Spirits.

But now, the world was going to be destroyed. Everyone had to run for their lives. Even the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was desperately trying to escape from it. Who would care about the Chaotic Source Spirits then?

Unfortunately, they couldn't escape from the world's destruction.

"What should I do?" Zen whispered.

"There is only one way," the Regal Jade Spirit replied.

"Tell me!" Zen urged.

"Before the whole world is totally burnt, find where the Evil God is and kill him," the Regal Jade Spirit answered.

"I don't know where he is!" Naturally, Zen was as anxious as ants on a hot pan.

"The world he summoned is almost perfect without any flaws. But, the Evil God himself has his own flaws," No. 9527 suddenly spoke. "Use your Sword Texture Technique and the Authentic Visual World, and give it a try."

Hearing this, Zen flew up without hesitation. A ray of strong, white light shone from his right eye.

"Buzz!"

At that moment, the two overlapping worlds materialized in his eye. Everything was crystal clear.

Zen circled around in the air as he repeatedly observed his surroundings. But this chaotic world didn't have any flaws.

"Buzz!"

Driven by the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, he activated the Eye of Will to the maximum extent.

In turn, the whole world became even clearer to him.

Zen's right eye could see those tiny holes and the fur of the non-human creatures on the ground as clear as day.

Even then, the strangely-colored world remained flawless…

'This is not the way.'

While Zen felt anxious, he suddenly thought of something and said, "I can burn the Eye of Will!"

Generally speaking, the power that the Other Shore Token released could be much greater than usual if it was burned.

"No way!" No. 9527 stopped him.

Everyone knew that the Other Shore Tokens could not be burned.

Even the Crimson Golden Sand in Stage One of the Other Shore was also able to unleash a large amount of energy when burned, but doing so would violate the truth rules of chaos. If the truth attacked the person who burned the Other Shore Token, his or her entire inner world would turn into a sea of fire.

Lastly, he or she would also be affected and killed.

Such was the way of the unbearable law and truth!

There was once a time in the divine land, when one Yellow Emperor Guard burned an Other Shore Token. As a result, he had died a miserable death.

"I can't find other ways except for this!" Zen exclaimed.

His gaze continued to wander around, but he still couldn't find any flaws in this world, and of course, he couldn't find the Evil God.

"Burn it," the Regal Jade Spirit said out of the blue.

"Do you want to kill Zen?" No. 9527 shot back. "The counterattack of the truth rules is indeed very powerful, but we might be able to withstand it," the Regal Jade Spirit explained calmly.

"The Civilization Artifact is enough to help you resist the consequences. I can help you, Zen."

Ever since Zen had carried the Regal Jade Civilization, their fates had been already bound together. With the Regal Jade Spirit willing to help him take such a consequence, he no longer hesitated.

Buzz!

At that point, the Eye of Will and the Civilization Artifact in Zen's inner world flashed at the same time.

All the creatures in his inner world felt an unusual energy fluctuation in the sky, which made them gasp in horror.

The Civilization Artifact was swiftly unfolded. The thorns on it extended and bent continuously, making the artifact look like a spider that hung upside down in the sky. The Eye of Will was in its center.

Once the Regal Jade Spirit was ready, Zen began to burn the Eye of Will. A flame suddenly lit up on the surface of the Eye of Will.

Crack...

As Eye of Will burst into flames, his right eye also started to burn. His eye wouldn't be able to resist the flames, even though it was crystallized. The fires soon licked at the crystals around his eye, cracking them fast. The crisp sounds of cracking continued to spread, and crystals on half his face were cracked!

Buzz...

Through the burning Eye of Will, he could see the whole world more clearly.

He could also clearly see the structure of each material at just a glance. He could tell how heavy a stone was and which direction it would roll down to, as well as whether it would crack or not in the process of rolling down.

At the same time, all the information flowed to his head like seawater.

If his soul wasn't strong enough, the torrent of information would have already stuffed and destroyed his Memory Flame!

"I see him!"

He saw a few thin white lines on the ground. Each thin line was a few hundred feet long and was connected to the others, outlining a human shape. At the intersections of the thin lines were five indistinct spots.

"These spots are the flaws?"

Still, Zen couldn't think of anything else under such a difficult situation.

Even if the Regal Jade Spirit could help him bear the price of burning the Eye of Will, Zen couldn't burn it at will as it still had its limits. Moreover, there was a time limit.

Just then, Zen turned into a beam of cyan light and ruthlessly bombarded the first white spot!

"Bang!"

White cracks ruptured from the white spot from the impact of his punch, then the two white lines that were connected to it also dimmed.

"It worked!" his eyes lit up as he cried out.

Quickly, he rushed towards another white spot again.

Meanwhile, the Evil God who hid inside the world cackled wildly. His laughter continued to echo in the world that was being destroyed. Yet, he was also surprised that Zen had actually found the world's flaws.

When the Evil God came back to his senses, three black four-legged snakes appeared on the surface of the next white spot. The black snakes quickly turned into three overlapping black crystal shields, and completely covered the spot.

"Smash!"

Without a second thought, Zen directly bombarded those black crystal shields.

"Bang!"

He smashed the pile of three black crystal shields and destroyed the white spot. Then, he quickly dashed towards the next one!

Zen didn't even stop for a moment. In turn, the Evil God hastily gathered energy to protect the next spot. He ended up making six black crystal shields to cover the third white spot.

Chapter 3465 The Calculation Civilization

"Shatter!"

Zen didn't care how thick the black crystal shields were. He was only aware that time was running tight.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

After several punches, the black crystal shields and the white spot below shattered into pieces.

"The last one!"

Zen gritted his teeth. Looking down, he saw that the countless four-legged black snakes had coiled around one another to form an incredibly massive black crystal shield. The interior of this translucent crystal shield presented a complex pattern.

Narrowing his eyes, he willed the wings on his back to launch himself towards the black crystal shield, arcing gracefully in the air.

Bang!

With a violent collision, cracks appeared on the Regal Jade Crystals on the surface of Zen's body. However, the black crystal shield remained unscathed.

"Again!"

Zen jumped high and dashed down toward the black crystal shield once more.

Bang!

An ear-piercing crash sounded, but to Zen's frustration, the black crystal shield still stood firm.

By burning the world, the Evil God had gathered more energy than Zen did. The black crystal shield he had conjured was made from an unimaginable amount of energy, rendering it practically unbreakable.

Zen took a deep breath. He knew that if he wanted to destroy this shield, he'd have to burn the Regal Jade World.

But there was no way the Regal Jade Spirit would allow it, and even Zen wasn't willing to do it. He was nowhere near as crazy as the Evil God, who burned an entire civilization that had supported him.

Whoosh!

Zen jumped high again and kept striking the black crystal shield, over and over again.

As he crashed into the shield, huge black meteorites fell down, one after another.

Fortunately, these black meteorites fell relatively slowly-- which gave enough time for those below to dodge. However, upon impact with the ground, they'd release a tidal wave of energy.

If anyone was hit by the wave of energy, they would definitely be smashed into pieces.

Screams pierced the air as unfortunate creatures were unable to avoid the waves of energy.

As another meteorite crash landed, several members from the Separate Abyss race were caught in the wave of energy. Among them was Hamzah, a core member of the Separate Abyss race.

Even though Hamzah had activated the Mighty Golden Body, he still didn't stand a chance against the black energy. Instantly, he was ripped to shreds; there was nothing left of him after being sucked into the black energy.

"This way!"

Yan led the disciples from the Pear Hill and the Oneness Sky Palace as they tried to evade the falling black meteorites.

Swish!

Just then, three massive meteorites crashed in front of them, effectively blocking their way. Everyone felt hopeless.

"We're trapped!" Chaim frowned.

"Left!"

"We can't get out!"

Panic welled within them. This was a matter of life and death, and there was no time to stop and think!

Suddenly, Yan's eyes flashed with determination. Raising her hands towards the sky, she spat out one word, "Slow!"

She had tried to employ the Truth of Holy Words. However, in this situation, it was like a mantis trying to stop a chariot.

The massive black meteorites continued to fall from the sky, unbothered by Yan's feeble attempt to slow them down. Meanwhile, the tides of energy from behind the group were like black, ominous waves. With each second that passed, the black energy was growing stronger and stronger, overwhelming the crowd in the blink of an eye.

Yan's lips bled from her biting them, and her eyes shed bloody tears. Cyan scales appeared on her raised arms.

"The bloodline transformation?"

Natalie cried, stunned.

All the human women who had stayed in the Pear Hill had the bloodline of the Snake Goddess race, but they didn't have the physique of the race. Similarly, although Elvinia had the bloodline of the Sun Crow race, she couldn't materialize two wings like the demon women of the Divine Liar.

Yan's slender legs were surrounded by a glimmer of light and completely disappeared, turning into a cyan green snake tail. She had completely transformed into a Snake Goddess girl!

Then, a hairline crack appeared on Yan's forehead, and a tiny shaft emerged from the crack.

The shaft looked ordinary, but it seemed to contain a strange force.

Fuxi stood outside the world, expressionless as he watched Yan transform.

On the other hand, Mount's jaw dropped in shock. Even when the Evil God and Zen had summoned their worlds, he had remained calm. However, at the sight of the small shaft that emerged from Yan's forehead, he was stunned, eyes filled with disbelief.

"Is that... the Energy Shaft?" Mount asked with uncertainty.

Fuxi cast a cold glance at him. "It's just a prototype. It's the only one that has been cultivated successfully, but... Should I just kill you?"

Fuxi didn't even try to hide his antagonism towards Mount and the Chaos Ancient God behind him. Naturally, he refused to disclose any useful information to him.

"It's useless to kill me, because I'm not the only one who sees it." Mount smiled. "Unless you kill all those leaders outside..."

Fuxi didn't reply. Instead, he fixed his gaze on Yan.

She was a talented and powerful girl, considered the best of her generation from the Pear Hill.

But no matter how talented she was, she wasn't worth so much attention from Fuxi.

The only reason he was mildly interested in her was the Energy Shaft within her body.

Previously, some had guessed that the entire chaos was not what it seemed.

Time, space, and energy--

these were all concepts perceived by people.

The more perceptive a person was, the better they gripped these.

Space could be folded, space channels could be constructed, and people could move instantaneously via Grand Teleportation in the space.

Time could be compressed, and even be traced back.

As for energy, it could be transformed.

There were always creatures who would painstakingly devote their entire lives to studying these things.

Once, someone had even discovered a unique civilization on the Other Shore. It was known as the Calculation Civilization.

This civilization could hardly be ranked in the top 1, 000 among all civilizations. It was only considered as a secondary ruling force. In that round of chaos where the Calculation Civilization emerged, there was also another powerful ruling force.

The Calculation Civilization was actually considered extremely weak in terms of strength. Hence, not long after they had entered the Other Shore, they had grown extinct.

However, it was this very civilization that had managed to almost complete the Finale Way!

The methods they had used were quite different from other civilizations'. They didn't focus all their energy on the Other Shore, and concluded that they wouldn't be able to complete the Finale Way by merely relying on the Other Shore's strength.

In order to complete the Finale Way, one had to understand the nature of the whole chaos. Consequently, one needed to grasp the three essential natures of the chaos: space, time, and energy.

This civilization had inferred that time and space were transformation forms of the energy in the flowing process, hence, the essence was energy. As long as the energy flow was affected on a higher level, it could rebuild or even destroy everything.

And the key to achieve this was exactly the Energy Shaft.

Chapter 3466 Construction And Soaring Snake

The Calculation Civilization had left some documents alluding to the Energy Shaft. According to them, they had obtained a way to control the Energy Shaft.

However, just as they were closing in on completing the Finale Way, another ruling force in the chaos attacked them. At last, they failed, ending with regrets.

But their failure didn't go unnoticed. The supreme masters from all super forces in the Source World caught wind of this civilization.

Most of them didn't take it seriously, thinking the Calculation Civilization was merely talking nonsense. They believed that there was no such thing as a magical Energy Shaft!

Even so, some super forces took an interest in it, and even designated some manpower and resources to study about it further.

However, even with countless efforts made, the research was fruitless.

Nevertheless, the Chaos Ancient God behind Mount had been quite interested in the Energy Shaft. As he wielded the truth of space, he had a natural advantage in understanding space. In fact, at some point, he had even figured out what its prototype would be like.

It was almost the same as the one that hovered in front of Yan's forehead, which was why Mount could recognize it instantly. Yet, he was still uncertain. After all, no one had ever confirmed its existence before!

Suddenly, Yan activated the Energy Shaft. It flashed a bright light, unleashing shreds of peculiar traction force.

As the Energy Shaft released an intense gravitational pull, the energy of the black meteorites was easily sucked into it.

While the Energy Shaft might have been weak in form, it could still release a powerful, special energy. With Yan controlling it, it could suck any energy in her surroundings.

"Slow!"

Yan spat out the word once more.

The forces that the Energy Shaft had absorbed blasted out the instant she spoke.

Buzz...

The surrounding space seemed to stir, as though time and space were distorting.

All of a sudden, the energy tides that were charging towards disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill became thick and viscous, slowing down.

Witnessing this, the crowd's eyes lit up with hope.

"Let's go!"

As the three meteorites fell slowly, the disciples from the Pear Hill and the Oneness Sky Palace weaved their way through.

However, even though they were putting some distance between them and the falling meteorites, they were still in danger. As the whole world was on fire, it was only a matter of time before the energy being released would become more and more chaotic and violent.

Yan was a novice to the control of the Energy Shaft. In addition, the Energy Shaft itself was not that strong enough to help them escape.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Meanwhile, Zen was bombarding the surface of the black crystal shield over and over again, but the shield didn't budge. It was much solider than his expectation.

With every strike, his inner world shook upon impact.

The Sanskrit words bearing the Eye of Will trembled as the burning of the eye had triggered the counterattack power of the truth rules. After the Civilization Artifact had unfurled, all the counterattack power had been controlled. However, even so, a tiny bit of energy that was occasionally released from the counterattacks would cause a lot of harm to Zen's inner world!

"Zen, the Eye of Will can only be burned for nine more seconds," the Regal Jade Spirit reminded.

Even if Zen managed to smash open the black crystal shield in time, he still wouldn't be able to find the white spot.

As his mind whirled, he suddenly raised his hand and summoned a long sword from his space ring.

Crack!

"Soaring Snake Sword!"

This was Zen's secret weapon. He would never have revealed it unless he absolutely needed to.

But at this point, Zen had no choice.

"Imperial Sword Seal!

The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent!"

The moment the Imperial Sword Seal was activated, the Truth of Godly Way had madly swarmed into it, simultaneously activating the power of the Soaring Snake Sword.

Although Zen hadn't cultivated the Truth Enlightenment for a long time, the Soaring Snake Sword burst into a bright white light which enveloped him as the white cyclones swarmed into the seal.

"That sword...!"

A leader outside the Chaotic Source World exclaimed as he watched the scene unfold before him.

From the very beginning, Zen had focused his attacks at a certain area of the world for seemingly no reason. The leaders probably had figured out that this place was the flaw of that world.

However, no matter how many times Zen struck it, it remained virtually undamaged. The leaders who watched from outside had almost lost hope. But at that point, Zen revealed his secret weapon, quite a shock to them.

"It's the Soaring Snake World!"

"That sword is in his hand..."

"Who on earth is this guy?!" "After the extermination of the Nine Li race, we have been hunting for this sword, but we couldn't find it... Could this guy be a member of the Nine Li race?"

When the Evil God absorbed the bloodline theurgies, he had revealed three heads and six arms. From this, they could tell that someone from the Nine Li race was present.

Now, Zen's weapon indicated that, he was likely to come from the Nine Li race.

Athemar stared in silence at the Imperial Sword Seal on Zen's chest.

It was true that the Imperial Sword Seal could maximize the power of a sword to the extreme. Moreover, Zen had deciphered a part of the Truth Enlightenment. The force released by his sword might be only greater!

As Zen filled the Soaring Snake Sword with the power of the Truth of Godly Way, he felt a wave of self-consciousness coming from it.

It was very hungry...

It needed to merge with more Truths of Godly Ways!

However, Zen had infused all the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent into it already. Unlike the Other Shore Power, the Truth of Godly Way couldn't be replenished with divine crystals.

'How about the Truth of Goodwill and Malice?

Or the Truth of Cultivation Nature?'

Zen quickly activated these two Truths of Godly Ways.

However, Athemar's Imperial Sword Seal was complementary to the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, but rejected the other two Truths of Godly Ways. Zen tried to inject them into it, but failed.

'Should I infuse the Truth of Three-Energy Construction in it?' Zen's heart skipped a beat.

With little time to think, he could only try all his options. As this thought flashed through his mind, he infused the Truth of Three-Energy Construction into the Imperial Sword Seal. To his relief, the seal accepted it!

"Chop!"

From a distance, Zen wielded his sword and slashed at the black crystal shield below.

Countless snake shadows emerged, dashing down to the shield. These snakes weren't entities of energy, but actual flesh and blood.

"Are these snakes... real?!" Zen's jaw dropped in shock.

Because of the sensitive position of the Nine Li race, he didn't know much about the Soaring Snake Sword, even in the Source World.

Zen had never expected that the snake within the Soaring Snake Sword would come to life, with a real, physical body, after he infused it with the Truth of Three-Energy Construction!

The countless snakes flew onto the surface of the black crystal shield and actually melted into the shield!

After thousands of snakes melted into the black crystal shield, nothing happened for a while. The surface of the shield remained unscathed, and its interior pattern was flickering.

"It didn't work?

Even the Soaring Snake Sword can't smash open this black crystal shield?"

The burning light in Zen's right eye gradually extinguished, and he felt greatly disheartened. If this blow could not break the black crystal shield, he would have a slim chance to kill the Evil God and stop this catastrophe.

Crack!

Zen heard a slight sound coming from the black crystal shield. He whipped his head towards the sound.

A crack appeared on the surface of the black crystal shield, and from it flowed black energy. He had finally penetrated the shield!

Chapter 3467 The Ending Of The World

"Has this black crystal shield been restored?"

Shock was written all over Zen's face, but it was soon replaced with ecstasy.

The Truth of Three-Energy Construction was different from the other thirteen Truths of Godly Ways. Not only could it create things, but also restore things to their original forms. Now, it was totally a coincidence for Zen to have poured the Truth of Three-Energy Construction into the Imperial Sword Seal. He never expected for it to work to this extent.

There were a few continuous sputters as more and more cracks appeared on the surface of the black crystal shield.

Eventually, it was completely restored to black energy.

Then, a white spot appeared in front of him.

Without any hesitation, he slashed at the white spot with his sword.

Zen felt the whole world tremble as the sword touched the white spot. The ground near him shook for a while before a big crack appeared, from which the Evil God's real body was ejected out. He feebly lay on the ground as he could not move.

Meanwhile, Zen observed the Evil God, then walked towards him with the Soaring Snake Sword in his hand. "Everything is really over now," he stated.

The Evil God looked aghast upon hearing Zen's words. The truth was punishing him in his inner world since he began to burn the world. There was no reason for him to feel good.

Even then, he still had the audacity to smile. "You think that killing me is enough to stop the destruction of the world, but in fact nobody can stop it now. I can't, and you can't either. Hahaha..." he said lazily.

"What?!" Zen's face twisted in fury at what the Evil God said. He quickly decided to consult the Regal Jade Spirit in his mind and asked, "Is it true that the world cannot stop from burning?"

"I don't know," said the Regal Jade Spirit. "To be honest, a Civilization Artifact is different from all the other kinds of Other Shore Tokens. If I don't allow you to burn it, you can't burn the Civilization Artifact. As for me, I can stop the Regal Jade World from burning."

The Civilization Artifact in the Evil God's body also represented a civilization, and there must be a leader of such a civilization, like the Regal Jade Spirit. The Regal Jade Spirit, however, just couldn't understand how the Evil God had successfully persuaded that leader to burn their Civilization Artifact.

"So it seems like there is no solution..." Zen's face darkened for a moment.

The Regal Jade Spirit fell silent as well. It was indeed a difficult problem to solve.

As soon as the Evil God saw Zen's grim face, he slightly perked up. "Take me back. I still have a lot of secrets, many valuable secrets. Unfortunately, you won't be able to use them, because you will die here with me," he sneered.

Just then, the strangely-colored world suddenly trembled once more.

The huge black snakes that had been forming black meteorites suddenly disappeared, together with the meteorites and the energy tide that was surging everywhere on the ground.

In turn, the Evil God couldn't help but be dumbfounded when he felt the changes around him. "No, no, you can't stop! Never stop!

I'm your master! You can't betray me!" the Evil God roared with all his strength.

Yet, no matter how loudly he howled, he couldn't do anything to prevent the energy from disappearing.

After a little while, even the strangely-colored world that the Evil God had summoned had vanished as well.

The members from various races, who were desperately running for their lives just now, also stopped in their tracks due to utter surprise. The world had been on the brink of destruction a while ago, but now it was suddenly calm and serene. Only the gentle but sharp cyan light that emitted from the Regal Jade World had remained.

"Has the whole world been burnt out?"

"It seems not... If the whole world was burned, then we wouldn't have survived!"

"Surely, the burning must've stopped!"

As for Zen, he did not know what happened, but according to the Evil God's reaction, he could guess why.

Just like him, the Evil God also had a Civilization Artifact. The difference was that the Evil God seemed to have had complete control over his Civilization Artifact. So, maybe there was no civilization leader like the Regal Jade Spirit, or such a leader was still asleep.

When the Evil God began to burn the whole world, the leader had finally awoken and took action to stop the fiery catastrophe.

The specific details might be more or less different from Zen's theory, but the overall process should be the same as he guessed.

On the other hand, the Evil God still cried out in desperation, and he clearly looked like he was unwilling to admit defeat.

For him, the current situation was worse than death.

As the Evil God lamented miserably, Zen went towards him and lifted him up, then tried to absorb him into his own inner world.

Generally speaking, Zen still had to ask one's consent in advance if he were to absorb them in his inner world. The Evil God, however, was originally a creature that came out from his inner world. Thus, he didn't need to consider the Evil God's feelings or permission when he wanted to absorb him back.

In the blink of an eye, Zen's inner world had completely absorbed the Evil God.

"Phew!"

The Evil God fell from the high sky in Zen's inner world. Before he could reach the ground, numerous golden ropes appeared strangely out of nowhere and bound him tightly.

In Zen's inner world, there was no room for the Evil God to revolt.

Furthermore, he was unable to do such a thing when he was in such a bad state.

The Evil God simply stared blankly into the horizon. His expression didn't change even when he saw the unfolded Civilization Artifact. He knew clearly that his day had gone, and all his plans and ambitions had vanished into thin air.

After Zen had finally defeated the Evil God, his gaze swept over his surroundings. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that Yan, Dorothy, Elvinia, Sally and their other companions were all safe and sound.

Some of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and the members of the Snake Goddess race from the Pear Hill had been injured or even killed, but such casualties were inevitable in a battle. This was already the best result. The other super forces and races suffered even worse losses.

Still standing on the edge of the Regal Jade World, Fuxi finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Even Mount couldn't help but smile slightly. He was glad to see the Evil God die. At the same time, however, he realized that Zen would probably be his greatest opponent in the future.

More than half of the body of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits split open, and she motionlessly lay on the ground.

Densely packed Chaotic Source Spirits could be found at the side.

Once the crisis was over, everyone's eyes were focused on the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. Some nonhuman creatures began to eye her with greedy looks again.

Still, no one dared to take action.

The Evil God's strangely-colored world had disappeared, but the Regal Jade World still existed. Lastly, Zen still had a crystallized body.

Even the immensely powerful Evil God was defeated because of Zen, so none of the people present dared to provoke him. Anyone who attempted to grab the Chaotic Source Spirits recklessly would be courting death.

"Phew!"

The wings behind Zen's back flapped gently, then he flew towards the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill.

"Brother ..." His sister Yan flew up as well to meet him. She caressed her brother's crystallized face and asked, "What happened to your eye..."

One of Zen's eyes was lost, and half of his face was broken. He did look terrible, indeed.

"My eye? Nothing!" Zen said with a small smile. There were bits of crystal that had congealed on his face. The Regal Jade Crystals immediately replaced the cracks on his skin, so his face was quickly restored to its original state. The crystals didn't belong to his body in the first place, so he was fine.

But since the Eye of Will had been burned, he had lost a very useful Other Shore Token. Without the Eye of Will, his Sword Texture Technique would be less powerful as well. Naturally, he needed something to replace it.

Chapter 3468 The One-eyed Bat

Having comforted Yan, Zen looked down and was shocked at the sight that awaited him. Instead of two legs, his sister's lower half had been replaced by a snake tail.

"Yan, what happened to your legs?"

His sister blushed in embarrassment, not really keen with her brother seeing this half-human, half-snake form of hers.

She had taken back the Energy Shaft and there was no need for her to maintain this form.

With a twist of her cyan tail, a burst of light enveloped her and the next thing Zen knew, was that her fair, flawless legs reappeared. "This is the bloodline theurgy of the Pear Hill," Yan explained.

"Bloodline theurgy?" Zen repeated with curiosity. "It helps you transform?" He couldn't help but think of Elvinia. She possessed the bloodline theurgy of the Sun Crow race but she didn't have the power to transform herself into a real Sun Crow. How did Yan do it then? It seemed things were more complicated than she let on.

Her explanation was vague at most as if she didn't want him to ask too many questions.

Despite his constant prodding, Yan remained mum about the topic. Left with no answer, Zen chose to give up and let his sister keep her secret. With that, he unfurled his wings and flew away. "The crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits will be distributed to the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill first."

His voice was deep and incredibly loud, resounding all throughout the entire Regal Jade World.

Nobody objected, which Zen took as everyone's silent agreement to his terms.

Each person had a limit of accommodating only two hundred crystals. Moreover, each race suffered heavy losses in their numbers, so even if the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill got first dibs, there would still be enough left over.

Zen glided towards the body of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, while Chaim and Natalie led the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill respectively. With everyone present, the distribution of the crystals began.

The moment Zen took the crystals out, he found a thick aura emanating from inside the body.

Puzzled, he waved his hand, splitting the body open to reveal a ton of golden red crystals!

"Are these also the crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits?" he murmured in shock.

The sight of these golden red crystals was met with calm indifference by the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill, however, the same couldn't be said for the other races.

Fanaticism and excitement glimmered in their eyes. They had long since suspected that the mother's body harbored some special things. She had been hiding in the main peak for so long; thus, there was no way she only had ordinary crystals.

This suspicion ate through their insides since the only way to confirm it would be to kill the mother and open her insides. Now that it was taken care of, they could only relish in the fact that they had been right!

Unfortunately, Zen still had the final say in the distribution of the crystals.

Only around several hundred golden red crystals were in the body. He quickly dashed everyone's hopes by slicing the air and putting those special, golden red crystals into his own space ring.

"Crack..."

He sliced the air a second time, making a bigger cut on the body.

Once again, a strange force emanated from the newly made cut.

"Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop..."

Over ten circles of light suddenly shot out of the depths and suspended themselves in the air.

Everyone's attention was immediately onto these circles of light.

Fuxi and Mount were both transfixed by these orbs as if they recognized them or something.

"What are these circles of light?"

Zen asked, flying up and touching one.

At that exact moment, a figure suddenly began its approach from the edge of the Icy Snow Province.

It was huge, standing hundreds of thousands of feet tall. It forcefully expanded the space crack to accommodate its size, the earth shaking as it forced its way in.

"Splash!"

When it finally got its body through the space crack, the creature flashed and began to rush towards the Chaotic Source World.

It didn't care about the restrictions of the Chaotic Source World and ran towards it head-on.

Suddenly, the colossal figure appeared above everyone's head. As a shocking presence, it emitted an unparalleled malicious aura.

Members of various great forces stiffened in fear when they saw it, their souls trembling violently at the sight of a colossus that came out of nowhere.

This creature unfurled a pair of dark wings wherein blood-colored lightning flowed. Its head was huge, inlaid with a solitary eye that was also surrounded by electricity. It was a colossal, single-eyed bat bathed by the energy of thunder and lightning!

What kind of monster was this thing?!

The crowd was rendered speechless from terror, unable to think, let alone cry for help.

Even Mount, ever so calm and steady, was reduced to a pale, sputtering man in the face of such a terrifying monster.

The leaders at the gate of the Chaotic Source World could only look on with horror.

"Damn it! I completely forgot about this monster!"

Fuxi cursed under his breath as he looked at this colossus.

He had stood on top of the snowy mountain all this time because of two things: one, he needed to prevent the Black Ship from making trouble, and two, he needed to watch over this monster.

However, he was way too preoccupied with saving Yan when he entered the Chaotic Source World that it completely slipped his mind.

"Splash!"

The one-eyed bat monster swung at Zen with unbelievably fast reflexes. Given its size, one would think it would be slow and sluggish but that wasn't the case at all.

Unable to dodge, Zen took on the full force of the bat's paw and his entire crystal body shattered.

It grabbed at the circles of light and flapped its wings, thunder and lightning flashing as it prepared to fly away.

"Buzz!"

Before it could leave, a black and white pattern of Eight Diagrams appeared above the bat. Fuxi had thrown his punch and was not going to let this monster go.

"Bang!"

Huge fragments exploded from the space and the bat took the blow hard. Its colossal body rolled over dozens of circles before landing directly outside the ring-shaped mountain range.

The sudden attack flustered the monster and caught it off guard; nonetheless, the bat was fine.

"Hand the things over!"

Fuxi roared, his voice cutting through the air like thunder.

Mount, who had been standing nearby Fuxi, covered his ears in pain. It wasn't just him. Those who heard Fuxi's shout let out a painful cry as blood shot out of their ears, deafened by his roar.

Fuxi jumped, his body expanding and also becoming incomparably huge!

Although his Truth of Powerful Holy Body remained confined, Fuxi was still one of the giants who emerged at the beginning of the chaos. He naturally cultivated the Wild God Power.

"Buzz!"

Another pattern of Eight Diagrams appeared over the bat. This time, when Fuxi slapped its body, the bat let out a shrill cry of pain. Its wings flapped helplessly as it summoned the power of thunder and lightning to confront its opponent's palm attack.

"Rumble..."

As these two huge and indescribable forces collided, the space around them began to break down, revealing the black void.

Chapter 3469 Thunder Dimorphodon

The force blasted Fuxi tens of thousands of miles away. He crashed into the western peak in the core area, and it crumbled at the impact. Fuxi tumbled down into the rubble. Meanwhile, the one-eyed bat landed at the periphery of the Chaotic Source World.

To those of the younger generations, such a battle was simply unimaginable. Even the slightest shock wave of it could kill them.

However, except for Mount who was capable of traveling through spatial transference, the others had no choice but to stand still. There was no point in trying to hide themselves.

The one-eyed bat rose up again, surrounded by a halo of bright white lightning. The flash of light swept across the landscape, revealing a huge space channel.

It hadn't come here to fight with Fuxi.

Since it had gotten what it wanted, it clearly planned to leave.

In an instant, the huge bat entered the spatial channel.

It disappeared into the depths of the channel, moving at an incredible speed.

But at that moment, a mark of Eight Diagrams appeared high in the sky above the channel again.

Fuxi, who stood on the ground, lifted his fist and made a punching motion against the sky.

There was a deafening boom.

The mark of Eight Diagrams suddenly exploded in the sky.

To everyone's shock, the body of the giant one-eyed bat faltered, then fell out of the space channel.

"It won't be that easy for you to run away," shouted Fuxi at the bat, his face full of anger.

The Chaotic Source Spirits could be fused by all the races to strengthen themselves in the Source World. And yet, there was a huge mystery attached to the Chaotic Source Spirits that still hadn't been solved, even now.

What was the exact nature of the Chaotic Source Spirits kept in both the Chaotic Source Sea and the Chaotic Source World?

Were they the creatures of the Other Shore, or in reality? If the Chaotic Source Spirits could appear in the chaos by virtue of their own unique characteristics, then would it be possible for other powerful creatures on the Other Shore to return to the chaos by some means?

These questions had piqued speculation among various races when the special characteristics of the Chaotic Source Spirits were discovered, but they had remained unsolved.

But this time was different.

A Dreaded Eye Demon suddenly appeared in the main peak of the Chaotic Source World, catching the attention of the Pear Hill.

The appearance of the Dreaded Eye Demon was completely unexpected. It was known that the Chaotic Source Spirits were able to live in chaos after they had been born. But this Dreaded Eye Demon had neither been born nor descended—it had just directly appeared in the Chaotic Source World.

It surely shocked the Pear Hill.

Originally, the Pear Hill had planned to launch explorations of the Chaotic Source World after it was closed. However, the events occurring in the Chaotic Source Sea on the Other Shore had made the situation a lot more complicated.

Before Yan entered the Chaotic Source World, the Pear Hill had given her the silk cloth fused with the Braveness Rain to restrain that giant eye.

After subduing the giant eye with the help of Zen, Yan had taken the initiative to collect it. She planned to turn it over to the Pear Hill for further study.

The giant eye was strange indeed. But Fuxi was keenly aware that it was not the key to the problem. He supposed that the giant eye could appear in the Chaotic Source World because of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

So, when Zen had been digging for crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits, Fuxi didn't interfere.

When Zen dug out the rings of light, Fuxi wondered if they were the key to making the giant eye appear. He hadn't expected that the one-eyed bat would show up suddenly and take the rings away.

He absolutely couldn't let that happen.

So Fuxi threw the one-eyed bat out of the space channel. Immediately after, he moved to the side of the one-eyed bat using Grand Teleportation.

Without giving the bat a chance to recover, he hit it as hard as he could. The bat screeched and retaliated. They launched a series of ferocious attacks against each other. In the heat of the battle, they directly rushed out of the Chaotic Source World and rose high into the sky of the Icy Snow Province.

The others in the core area watched as Fuxi and the one-eyed bat disappeared into the distance. As the two combatants moved further away, everyone heaved deep sighs of relief.

"Unless my eyes deceived me, it was the Thunder Dimorphodon! One of the top ten ferocious beasts of the ancient times!" squeaked an Ear Mouse. It looked extremely excited.

"Was it really the Thunder Dimorphodon? I've only ever seen it in illustrations..."

"Of course it was! How could an ordinary beast withstand the palm of the Human Sovereign? Only a beast such as the Thunder Dimorphodon could bear it!"

At that statement, traces of fear reappeared on the faces of the members of the various races. If it had truly been the Thunder Dimorphodon, then they had just encountered one of the top ten ferocious beasts in history, not long after they had just barely escaped the previous devastating disaster. What a unique experience this trip had been!

"Where is Zen?" Elvinia asked, looking quickly around.

Previously, Zen and the Evil God had both demonstrated their ability to use the Inheritance of World. After the pure energy entity had been exterminated, it seemed that the wielder wouldn't die.

At least the Evil God was still alive, though his body had shrunk into the size of a baby under the attacks of Zen. However, Elvinia was still slightly worried. Yan, Dorothy, Sally and the others were also looking around for any sign of Zen.

At that point, there was a flash from the Regal Jade World. Out of nowhere, a crack appeared and widened in the ground.

A bang sounded.

To their shock, Zen bounced out of the crack. His body curved through the air and he landed on his feet.

Everyone's eyes were wide at his sudden reappearance. There were also many exhalations of relief, for they were glad that Zen was safe and sound.

Zen didn't pay any attention to anyone else for the moment. Instead, he looked up. Beyond the sky of the Chaotic Source World, the faint figures of Fuxi and the one-eyed bat were still visible as they battled with each other. The sound of their fight reverberated across the distance like the rumblings of far-off thunder.

Zen could only stand and watch the ferocity of the confrontation. He knew that the most important thing now for him was to distribute the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Zen had collected all those golden red crystals, but he was a little upset that he couldn't get any of the rings.

Meanwhile, just outside the Icy Snow Province, the lone Black Ship floated in the air.

Shera sat on the deck, wearing a long, flowing black dress. A small bottle had been placed in front of her. The bottle was shrouded in a cloud of black mist, with a blurry figure visible inside.

She stared fixedly at the figure in the bottle. Her eyes were red and hooded in her snow white face. Frowning, she murmured to herself, "How could he fail? The captain had foretold that he would encounter a disaster, but he shouldn't have died."

A cold voice spoke up behind Shera. "The Evil God is indeed alive."

The person who had spoken was exuding a brass light. He had a strange appearance, like he had been dipped and coated with molten brass. Even his voice had a metallic aura.

"He lost and was collected by his former master. How is that any different from death?" Shera snapped furiously.

If not for her fear of Fuxi, she would have entered the Icy Snow Province herself, to force Zen to hand the Evil God over.

That brass man shook his head. "The captain said that Zen and the Evil God might be the same person..."

Shera rolled her eyes. "Yes, of course, the creatures born in the inner world surely belong to the owner of that world. But after they leave the inner world, they will separate. Is there any need to remind me of this?"

The inner world was formed by consciousness. Thus, the owner of the inner world was the ruler controlling everything within it.

"No, you misunderstood it," said the man, shaking his head. "Do you still remember Usman?"

As soon as the name Usman was mentioned, Shera's face went blank, but her eyes darkened. It had all happened a very long time ago. Why was the brass man bringing him up now?

Chapter 3470 The Incarnation Of The Evil Will

The Black Ship advanced, without making any stops.

It didn't matter how many ships there were. Only thirteen people were qualified to join the Black Ship.

Usman used to be a member of the Black Ship.

His strength was ranked thirteenth when he joined the Black Ship.

But he rose through the ranks in just a short period of time. Before long, he was ranked so high that the only person above him was the captain. He had become second best.

The Black Ship had, at the time, seen its best days, until Usman betrayed them and killed six other members.

The captain had chased Usman for a long time, even making a concession to let some super forces work together to kill him.

But that was all history. And since it was related to the Black Ship, news about it hadn't spread out.

Shera had always felt regretful. If not for Usman's madness that had infuriated the captain and led to his doom, he probably could have taken over the position of captain, and even become the strongest man in the Source World.

Once Usman had been executed, Shera and the others realized that his birth wasn't a coincidence.

He was the embodiment of the resentment and hatred of the entire Source World. And because of this aura that he exuded, he was suitable to join the Black Ship. In addition to his astonishing talent and luck, he was also destructive. Chances were high that he would do something harmful to the Black Ship.

"You mean the Evil God is also the embodiment of the resentment in a world?" Shera asked, surprised.

In retrospect, there were many similarities between the Evil God and Usman. Their expressions, aura, style, and even madness were the same.

But the Evil God was at a level lower than Usman.

On second thought, Shera added, "But he's from the inner world of a man called Zen, not the Source World!"

This alone was enough to deny the captain's conjecture.

The brass man smiled and said, "What if Zen's inner world is a primitive land?"

Shera trembled, her red eyes wide. "Is that even possible?"

The brass man didn't want to waste time arguing with her. He just said, "It's a pity that the Evil God has been collected by his creator. But to be honest, it's difficult for us to control a guy like him. If he becomes powerful one day, there's a chance that he will turn against us and hurt us as Usman did."

The people of the Black Ship were crazy, but not as crazy as the Evil God.

He had found the Civilization Artifact that he merged with by himself, but he had burned it without hesitation. He was even more ruthless than Usman had been.

Shera was torn.

Back then, she had been infatuated with Usman. And since the Evil God was eerily similar to Usman, she felt drawn to supporting him.

She had been disappointed when Zen had taken the Evil God back. She hesitated before saying, "Shall we investigate Zen?"

The Black Ship didn't hate Zen. But now that the Evil God was taken back, it seemed to be a good choice to target him.

"He is a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, and it's not wise to offend Eastern Emperor Taiyi. End of story. Maybe the captain has his own plan. By the way, the rings that were taken away by the Thunder Dimorphodon are connected to the Other Shore. Should we take action now?" the brass man asked, pulling Shera out of her reverie.

"We'd better not do anything now. We can intercept the Thunder Dimorphodon once it escapes smoothly," she said, shaking herself out of her thoughts.

"What if Fuxi doesn't let it go?" the brass man asked.

"Then give up," Shera said resolutely, her red eyes flashing.

Offending the Thunder Dimorphodon was better than offending the Pear Hill.

Zen and the Evil God, along with Fuxi and the Thunder Dimorphodon, had destroyed the core area, leaving only one third of the magic arrays intact.

Once the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, members of the Pear Hill, and the Nine Li people had gotten enough crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits, they had entered the arrays with satisfaction and began to merge with the crystals.

"Brother, let me do it first!" said Sally with a smile.

A magic array could accommodate a lot of people, but only one person was allowed to merge with the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits at a time.

The Nine Li people like Sally and Hutton were satisfied.

Even though their journey to the Chaotic Source World had been extremely dangerous and they had almost died several times, they had still obtained what they had dreamed of in a very simple manner. This was the best that the remaining members of the Nine Li race could have hoped for.

Hutton was thinking much more than Sally was.

Everything that Zen had previously shown them was beyond their imagination. Hutton, on seeing the battle between Zen and the Evil God, could no longer tell just how strong Zen actually was.

What would his grandpa think if he knew this?

Sally, on the other hand, wasn't thinking about that. She sat down cross-legged and put all the crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits into her inner world.

There were many ways to absorb the crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits. After swallowing them, one could force them into their limbs and internal organs. Or they could absorb them into the inner world, and then let them slip down the meridians.

The bloodiest way was to press the crystals into the body, one by one. Pressing two hundred crystals into one's body would obviously create a bloody mess.

Even though Sally had chosen the easiest way, the crystals that were the size of a little finger would still cause huge damage when they moved through her meridians while causing her immense pain. Her face scrunched in pain as she endured the process.

It was not until all the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits were equally spaced that Sally activated the magic array.

She was almost immediately surrounded by light.

The arrays in the Chaotic Source World could catalyze the crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits and completely merge them with the body.

The fusion was permanent. The catalyzed crystals had become a part of the body, different from the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits and the queen ant that Zen had met.

Therefore, even if a cultivator at the Chaotic Source Realm was killed, no one could take the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits out from their body.

Sally's frown began to relax under the effect of the magical array. The crystals that had been planted in her body softened gradually and turned into soybean-sized light spots in her limbs and bones, becoming a part of her body.

Sally had previously been able to only draw her Other Shore Power to the Iridescent Stone. The power of the Iridescent Stone could reach over a thousand divine megatons when it fully erupted, but she had been unable to draw such a large amount of power to her body.

Similarly, even if Zen were to fully activate the power of the Strength God Totem before entering the Chaotic Source World, his physical body would not be able to bear it.

But after fusing with the crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits, they could control the Other Shore Power more easily.

Many cultivation methods that needed to borrow the Other Shore Power could also be freely displayed, instead of just relying on the Other Shore Tokens of descending type.

Chapter 3471 I Am The Reason

After Sally successfully completed the fusion with the crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits, the array shook drastically and space began to fluctuate.

The array had sensed that Sally had reached the Chaotic Source Realm and then it opened the space channel.

Carefully, Sally got up and took a step into the space channel. Suddenly, from the array, a ray of light shot into the sky and she was teleported out of the Chaotic Source World.

Afterwards, it was her brother's turn to do so.

In another array, Zen sat cross legged with his eyes closed. He had entered a meditative state.

He didn't immediately merge with the crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits even if he had the chance to. He knew that the battle between him and the Evil God was far from over.

Phew!

Gradually, an avatar formed in his inner world.

After the avatar was formed, the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527 also transformed into humans, appearing on his two sides.

"Let's go."

Just as Zen finished speaking, they leaped up and disappeared into the sky.

Somewhere in his inner world, inside a mountain, sweet chimes echoed from the stream of clear water that went through a large cave.

Meanwhile, the Evil God lay in the center of the cave with golden ropes restraining him from any form of movement.

He kept his eyes and mouth shut, seemingly indifferent to the situation.

When he heard Zen and the other two enter the cave, the Evil God opened his eyes, the corners of his mouth curved upward into a small smile. It was an arrogant move, as if he was mocking Zen, but it was actually more like a self-mocking smile.

Zen took a good look at the Evil God and lifted his arm to point a finger at him.

Crack!

Just like that, the golden ropes on the Evil God broke, freeing him.

As soon as the Evil God was released, he turned to Zen with a look of vengeance in his eyes. His body, which was once stiff, rushed towards Zen in a hurry. He flipped his hand and a black dragon-patterned broken blade appeared in his hand!

Phew!

Zen was shocked to see the black dragon-patterned broken blade in his hand, especially because it was a rare treasure. He ran and aimed directly towards Zen's chest.

Zen's avatar was stabbed, and his body twitched upon the impact. Afterwards, his whole body became charred to a crisp, falling to the ground without any resistance.

However, the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527 watching the avatar remained calm and collected. Their expressions did not change, despite seeing the avatar was destroyed.

After all, it was merely an avatar. There was no way Evil God could kill Zen in his own inner world.

"Buzz!"

Not far away, a spark of brown aura condensed, and Zen's body took shape once again.

Seeing Zen's avatar reform, the Evil God did not hesitate to rush and kill Zen again.

This went on for a few times, with Zen's avatar reconstructing and the Evil God attempting to kill it for good.

After over a dozen times of this cycle, the Evil God was eventually out of breath. He stared at Zen with his dark eyes, thirsty for his death.

"Devour me now!" the Evil God said in arrogance. "I'm from this world, and I'm supposed to be a part of this world after all."

In his life, he'd never known the meaning of surrendering. That was never going to be the case.

Zen stared at him without any pity. "You belong to this world. And even though it makes sense for me to devour you and I did have such plan to do so before, I have changed my mind."

Hearing Zen's words, the Evil God was surprised with Zen's change of decision. "What do you mean?"

Zen waved his hand lightly. Without any space fluctuation, a beautiful, dignified woman appeared in the center of the cave.

She wore a long, light white dress, looking as pure as a dove.

She looked around, confused about why she was in a cave. Just then, her eyes met with the Evil God in the cave, and she was overjoyed. "Darling! You're back? You're really back!"

She threw her arms around the Evil God, bouncing in celebration.

"Edna..." The Evil God's eyes widened as he wrapped his arms around her petite frame.

Before the Evil God left Zen's inner world, he knew that he'd break ties with Zen.

In Zen's inner world, the only person he was concerned about was Edna.

Before parting with her in the past, he never got to say goodbye. In that moment, he thought that he would never see her again.

However, circumstances changed with the passage of time and he never expected that he would come back here again. Apparently Edna had been waiting for him to come back all the time.

Just as Edna was enjoying this moment of celebration, she suddenly felt a chill in her chest. She parted with him and saw the source of pain - it was the black dragon-patterned broken blade piercing into her chest.

Her expression changed instantly and she looked at her husband with disbelief. "Darling, why... Why would you kill me?"

The Evil God took Edna's face in his hands, and caressed her across her temples with a tenderness in his eyes.

"I will go with you soon, my love." He then turned to Zen after he finished speaking. "If you want to kill me, please do it quickly," he signed. "You're just wasting time."

The Evil God had thought that death would square all the accounts and there was nothing to fear. But seeing Edna after so long had confused him, almost convincing him to live longer than he had planned.

For this reason, the Evil God hated himself for being so easily swayed, so he nipped his feeling at the bud and ended the life of Edna himself. He acted rashly, and his voice became cold and indifferent.

"Darling, why would the Creator ever kill you? Did you do anything wrong?" Edna asked, whilst still enduring the pain going through her chest. Even if she was at the edge of her life, she still worried for him the most.

She had no clue what the outside world was like, and what had happened there.

All she knew was that her husband returned after exploring the outside world, and she wanted to hear all of his stories from his adventures.

The last thing she expected was to get stabbed in the chest.

As the Evil God heard her words so painfully exit her lips, his heart quivered slightly.

'Those who are on the losing end, are always in the wrong, ' he thought

If he had won, Zen's inner world would be in his possession. He'd be able to stand freely at the peak, with Edna in his arms, looking down at all the living beings. But that was not the case now. He was only a loser, who could only curl up in the cold cave and die with the woman he had loved.

"I didn't do anything wrong," the Evil God said slowly. "I just lost.

I lost to the Creator..."

Edna looked at him and instantly knew what had happened.

She knew very well about her husband's ambition and goals. He did mention a few times that if there was someone he wanted to defeat the most, it would be the Creator.

When she heard the Evil God mention it for the first time, she covered his mouth and warned him never to mention it again.

The Creator was omnipotent and he knew everything that occurred in his inner world. How could the Evil God possibly defeat him?

But despite knowing all of this, the Evil God was stubborn to achieve his ambition. Edna could only obey him and help him carry out the plans to kill the Creator. In the end, he had failed and lost to the Creator.

Fortunately, the Creator was so magnanimous that he forgave the Evil God without any hesitation.

Edna tried hard to put the pieces together. Did that mean her husband attacked the Creator again after he left the inner world? If that was true, then by no means would the Creator forgive him this time, she thought.

If it were any other woman, she probably would have begged Zen to spare her husband's life. Edna didn't do any of that. All she could think was her love for him. If her husband was punished to death, she would die with him, too.

"I've said that I've changed my mind, remember?" Zen repeated. "I won't kill you. After all, your leaving was also good for my inner world. I am the reason for all of this, after all."

63
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3472 The Arc Light
Chapter 3473 Heavenly Obsession Civilization
Chapter 3474 Fantasy
Chapter 3475 Refinement
Chapter 3476 The Black Ship's Interception
Chapter 3477 A Deep Sense Of Crisis
Chapter 3478 Ask For Death
Chapter 3479 Grown Bearing Capacity (Part One)
Chapter 3480 Grown Bearing Capacity (Part Two)
Chapter 3481 Become Fatigued After Nine Seconds
Chapter 3482 The Master Of Rose Sect
Chapter 3483 Gift
Chapter 3484 The Snake Goddess
Chapter 3485 The Designated Celestial Wolf Race
Chapter 3486 The Past
Chapter 3487 The Enemy
Chapter 3488 The Wrong Goal
Chapter 3489 Peculiar Seeds
Chapter 3490 Deliver
Chapter 3491 The Moon Fire Slave
Chapter 3492 Miss Something
Chapter 3493 Rules Of The Land of Sword Grief
Chapter 3494 You Are Not Qualified
Chapter 3495 Libby Li
Chapter 3496 Cleon
Chapter 3497 Three Thousand Divine Megatons
Chapter 3498 Taking The Palm Strike Head-on
Chapter 3499 Ranking First On The First Floor
Chapter 3500 The New Record
Chapter 3501 Get Ready
Chapter 3502 The Energy Vortex
Chapter 3503 Trust
Chapter 3504 Dorothy's Affection
Chapter 3505 The Change In The Vortex

Chapter 3506 Form A Path
Chapter 3507 Iron Plate
Chapter 3508 The Iron House
Chapter 3509 Guard
Chapter 3510 Clues
Chapter 3511 Control The Energy Vortex
Chapter 3512 Rummage Around
Chapter 3513 Myriad Spirits City
Chapter 3514 Blackmail
Chapter 3515 Trade Your Life For The Jade
Chapter 3516 A Patron
Chapter 3517 Entrusted
Chapter 3518 The Door
Chapter 3519 Taking Action Personally
Chapter 3520 Tell The Truth
Chapter 3521 Dismemberment
Chapter 3522 Wealth
Chapter 3523 Black Bear
Chapter 3524 Greet Respectfully
Chapter 3525 The City Guard House
Chapter 3526 Confused
Chapter 3527 Sitting On The Top

Chapter 3472 The Arc Light

The Evil God narrowed his eyes a tad bit. He wanted to know what Zen was up to.

"To a certain extent, you are me," Zen continued. "Or rather, you are all the evil thoughts and resentment I have projected onto this world."

Zen was well aware that the world had its own will.

Before the Evil God's appearance, Zen's inner world was a mess. Conflicts between various races erupted so often, and even the humans were constantly competing against each other. So long as Zen wasn't interfering, many ambitious creatures caused much disturbance.

All the disputes ended, however, with the appearance of the Evil God.

For a time, Zen was grateful to him. His inner world had somehow returned to order after the Evil God came to be. No war was breaking out among the empires, and neither resentment nor loathing brewed between the races.

At the time, Zen thought it was the Evil God's contribution until the Regal Jade Spirit told him otherwise.

In the end, he got the truth.

The Evil God was a fusion of all evil thoughts and resentment—his appearance was a tribulation of the world, not a coincidence.

Such a tribulation was rarely seen—it could only appear in the primitive land. Coincidentally, Zen's inner world was a small primitive land. After all the resentment and evil thoughts were gathered to form the Evil God, the living beings within the inner world existed in harmony.

With her jaw slack, Edna looked at the Creator in disbelief. Never did she expect her husband to have such a background.

But the Evil God didn't seem to care. "So what?"

"If I kill you, the inner world will fall back into turmoil. It won't do me any good. But if I let you go, you'll definitely get me into trouble," Zen said, smiling and touching Edna gently. The black dragon-pattern blade was then pulled out from Edna's body. As soon as the blood on her white dress returned to the wound, it began healing rapidly.

In truth, Zen probably couldn't kill the Evil God.

So long as there were creatures in the inner world, disputes, resentment, hatred, and conflicts would continue to exist.

The Evil God was born along with his inner world. Even if Zen destroyed him, when the next world tribulation arrived, negativity would gather once again, and the Evil God would be reborn.

Perhaps, he wouldn't have the memories of his current life. He might even take on a completely different form, but he would still be the Evil God.

"Are you telling me you can spare my husband's life?" With a glimmer of hope, Edna's eyes lit up.

Zen nodded before he said, "Remove the barrier of your Rebirth Land and merge it into my world. I can let him off."

The Evil God threw Zen a silent glance before laughing. "Even if I don't remove the barrier of Rebirth Land, you still have a way, don't you?"

"It's not difficult to find a way from you," Zen replied.

The Evil God merely sighed. "Let's go..."

The Evil God's Rebirth Land had always existed within Zen's inner world, but Zen had never entered it.

Later on, the people of the Black Ship had separated the Rebirth Land from Zen's inner world. Zen couldn't interfere even if he wanted to.

As a sudden image flashed in Zen's mind, he, the Regal Jade Spirit, No. 9527, the Evil God, and Edna had appeared in the sky. Nearby there was a space surrounded by cloud and mist, which was the Evil God's Rebirth Land.

When everyone came to the edge of the mist, the Evil God gently flipped his space ring, pulling out a black token.

"Crack!"

Stretching out his hand, he squeezed the token until it was crushed into pieces.

After the token broke, the cloud and mist began to dissipate.

Zen could feel something change—his inner world was once again connected to the Rebirth Land.

"Buzz!"

With a wave of his hand, Zen, the Evil God, and the others disappeared with him once again before appearing in the Rebirth Land in the next moment.

Over the past few years, the Evil God had managed the Rebirth Land well in Zen's absence.

While the space in the Rebirth Land was smaller than Zen's inner world, the Evil God had made full use of it. The land was vast with nearly no sea at all.

Many dark mountains were scattered everywhere and at the foot of each was a small country.

When Zen looked down, a strange look came over his face.

Many of the countries below were engaged in fierce wars—corpses decorated the ground. Even from a hundred thousand feet up in the air, one could smell the strong scent of blood.

"How can the creatures in your Rebirth Land kill so fiercely?" Zen asked, frowning.

The Evil God merely snorted and said, "Only by constantly fighting can the strong be born."

All Zen could do was to shake his head helplessly. After a while, his gaze then fell on a high mountain in the corner of the world. Rays of white arc light flashed constantly in the area. The white arc light was the internal momentum of the Godly Way previously used by the Evil God.

When the Regal Jade Spirit noticed the arc light, his eyes flashed. Then, everyone flew toward the mountain.

"Crack..."

Atop the mountain stood a great tree that had been burnt black. A white gem was embedded on the ground at its foot, being the source of the rays of arc light.

"Zen, this is the second flaw!" the Regal Jade Spirit pointed out excitedly.

Since Zen had merged with the Blood Essence Godly Way, there were only two flaws left in the Ways-blending Energy.

But the Regal Jade Civilization had spent too much time finding the last two flaws to no avail. Fortunately, the Regal Jade Spirit, at least, managed to find a clue about one of the flaws through the Sanskrit word of the Blood Essence Godly Way.

He had always believed that Zen was destined to encounter the Regal Jade Civilization, but even he was surprised to find out that the creature Zen released from his inner world had found the second flaw.

Perhaps Zen truly was the one who could complete the Ways-blending Energy.

Even if he couldn't do it right away, he still had the greatest chance.

"How did you even find this gem?" Zen asked curiously.

After completely unlocking the Rebirth Land, Zen could spy on the Evil God's memory, but he chose not to do that.

"On Stage Two of the Other Shore," answered the latter.

"Stage Two..." That was rather surprising.

Generally, the members and disciples of the super forces didn't stay long on the first three stages.

When Zen and Dorothy had just set foot on the Other Shore, Dorothy was willing to explore the Sacred Mallow Temple with Zen because he held the secret key. In fact, she had even intended to take him directly to Stage Four at the time.

If they reached Stage Four, they'd be able to gain the support of their own race, after all. It was much more rewarding than exploring the Other Shore on their own.

Normally the first three stages were desolate. Only someone who didn't belong to any sect, like the Evil God, ever wandered aimlessly in these parts.

Chapter 3473 Heavenly Obsession Civilization

"I found a buried temple at the edge of Stage Two of the Other Shore—the Heavenly Obsession Temple. Perhaps it was because it had been buried that nobody had found it. It was already broken, so people could enter and exit at will. This gem with internal momentum of Godly Way was right in the center of the temple," the Evil God said honestly.

"Heavenly Obsession Temple?" Zen paused for a thought.

"I've never heard of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization," said the Regal Jade Spirit, shaking his head.

A single round of chaos already took an extremely long time, and the Other Shore had experienced over a thousand chaotic eras.

During these eras, apart from the ruling forces, various super forces, ordinary forces, and even many major races thrived. Too many secrets were hidden among these forces—it wasn't surprising that the Regal Jade Spirit hadn't heard of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

"After I obtained this gem, I found another clue," the Evil God continued. "It led to a secret land at Stage Ten of the Other Shore. There, I found an underground cave that stretched for thousands of miles across Stage Ten."

The Evil God was already extremely powerful when he was headed for Stage Ten. At the time, his infamous nickname, the "Soul Devouring Demon", was already very well-known on the Other Shore. By then, he could enter Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore easily.

Meanwhile, at the time, Zen had already reached the Grand Sky Temple to explore the temple.

As the Evil God explored the underground cave, he found the second Heavenly Obsession Temple—it was there where he had obtained the Civilization Artifact.

"What a strange civilization…" Growing more and more confused, the Regal Jade Spirit sighed upon hearing the Evil God's story. "A strong civilization can enter a higher stage of the Other Shore. If the Heavenly Obsession Civilization is hiding in the Lust World, they must be doing it to avoid getting hunted down by enemies, as we are."

The spirit paused for a moment before continuing. "Even if they wanted to hide in the Lust World, they were supposed to go to the Dark Region. It would have been safer there, right? Why did they go to Stage Ten of the Other Shore?"

Each time a creature on the Other Shore went down by a stage, their strength would be suppressed more.

Under the pressure of Stage Ten of the Other Shore, the Civilization Artifact was still giving out strong power—it went to show just how powerful the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was.

"I don't know," the Evil God answered.

"Has the Heavenly Obsession Civilization ever communicated with you?" Zen asked him.

"Communicate?" After a moment of thought, the Evil God smiled helplessly. "Follow me. You can find the answer when you see the Civilization Artifact with your own eyes."

And so they followed the Evil God to the center of the world. Once he closed his eyes, a faint shadow emerged in the very center of the world. It was a silvery cube, spinning slowly in the air.

"This is the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization," said the Evil God.

Zen's gaze fell on the cube—its left side was as smooth as a mirror, but its right had bumps and hollows, like it had been severely damaged.

Even without the Evil God's explanation, Zen knew how it was destroyed.

While the Civilization Artifact wasn't completely burnt, it had been harmed enough when the world was almost destroyed.

When the Evil God drew close, a cold, emotionless voice came from the cube.

"You've failed the task of annihilating the Separate Abyss race. The reward is withdrawn."

"You've failed the task of annihilating the Ear Mice. The reward is withdrawn."

"You've failed the task of obtaining the Chaotic Source Spirits. The reward is withdrawn."

"Ding! You killed 4, 633 people in the Chaotic Source World, which reached a tenth of the total number. You will receive a third-class reward—a body reinforcing source."

Clearly, the voice was narrating the Evil God's tasks.

But it was a completely emotionless voice. Even when it laid out the Evil God's failures, it didn't seem to be criticizing him at all, like it was merely a programmed voice.

"…"

"…"

"…"

Zen, the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527 looked at each other in shock.

The Evil God said, "Since I bore the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, only this emotionless voice has communicated with me. It continuously gave me tasks based on the current circumstances. If I fulfilled a task, I was rewarded."

"Why does such a strange civilization exist?" No. 9527 smiled helplessly.

Staring at the cube, Zen said, "The chaos has existed for such a long time. It's normal that all sorts of strange civilizations have come into being."

After a moment of thought, the Regal Jade Spirit chimed in, "I guess all the strong masters of this civilization fell asleep, but they had programmed the Civilization Artifact before that. After the Civilization Artifact chose a spokesperson, everything went as programmed."

All the creatures of the Regal Jade Civilization, save for the Regal Jade Spirit, had fallen asleep as well. The spirit wasn't even awakened until Zen and Elvinia barged into the black pool. If the Regal Jade Spirit was willing to fall asleep, the Regal Jade Civilization could have taken a similar path, providing tasks one after another, gradually increasing Zen's strength.

From this perspective, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization's method was rather reasonable.

"But still…why is it so savage? All the tasks it gave involve somehow annihilating another race," Zen wondered out loud.

"I believe it arranges tasks according to the personality of the recipient," said the Evil God. "It gave ordinary tasks in the beginning, but perhaps because it realized that I enjoy killing, it gave me tasks about killing."

Such was the embodiment of the saying, "He that lies with the dogs must rise with the fleas". The Civilization Artifact carried its own logic so as to guide its spokesperson in the most suitable way.

"What an interesting civilization," the Regal Jade Spirit remarked with a smile. "Now that the Rebirth Land has been unblocked, Zen, you can guide it into your own inner world and bear it yourself. But I wonder what Truth of Godly Way is to be used to bear this Civilization Artifact."

Since the Evil God had been retrieved, so had the Rebirth Land.

Earlier, the Evil God had begun burning the Civilization Artifact, but the Civilization Artifact simply stopped burning without punishing him. The Regal Jade Spirit came to the conclusion that the Civilization Artifact wouldn't reject Zen.

Zen turned to the Evil God questioningly.

"The Truth of Goodwill and Malice," answered the latter.

At that answer, No. 9527, the Regal Jade Spirit, and Zen showed a smile.

Excluding the Truth of Godly Way that was vague on Zen's physical body, Zen had already cultivated four Truths of Godly Ways in total. Among them, the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent was used to bear the Strength God Totem; the Truth of Cultivation Nature was used to bear the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization; and the Truth of Goodwill and Malice was used to bear the Eye of Will.

Lastly, the Truth of Three-Energy Construction had been obtained from the space where King Manard was. According to him, it was used to bear the Other Shore Token in that world. It wasn't known if it could bear any Other Shore Token on the first Other Shore.

Chapter 3474 Fantasy

After Zen had burned the Eye of Will, the Truth of Godly Way that carried it was now vacant, which was the Truth of Goodwill and Malice. It was just what Zen had wanted, and he felt fortunate that fate was even helping him.

In addition, he also wanted to take away the Civilization Artifact of the Evil God. The Evil God didn't seem to be upset about it, and at this point he just let Zen do whatever he wanted.

In any case, Zen didn't intend to ask for the Evil God's consent anyway. He simply moved the Civilization Artifact on his own.

"Buzz..."

The cube vibrated for a short while when it was moved, then it flew straight out of the Rebirth Land. Aside from this object, he also took away the gem with the arc light from the top of the mountain.

There should be a lot of good things in the Evil God's hands. For instance, the black dragon-patterned broken blade was a treasure with an extraordinary origin.

These things, however, were useless to Zen, so he didn't bother to plunder the treasures from the Evil God.

Once he had gotten the two most important items, the last thing that remained was how to deal with the Evil God.

A shiver ran down Edna's spine when she saw that Zen's gaze fell on her husband. Although Zen had said that he would not kill him, who could stop him if he suddenly changed his mind?

"Phew!"

At that moment, Zen pointed towards a mountain below.

The mountain rose from the ground like a fast growing tree and grew up to three hundred thousand feet high. It didn't stop until the top of the mountain touched Zen's feet.

With a wave of his hand, the top of the mountain became flattened. Golden red pillars were formed out of thin air. They lined up in formation until they turned into a spacious prison.

To refine the Evil God into an Inner-world Generating Avatar was a good choice, but in fact, the Evil God's talent was his own and was innate to him.

So, it would be a waste if he was refined into an avatar without any consciousness.

In light of this, Zen would try to find a way to make the Evil God become an Inner-world Generating Avatar and at the same time, he would be able to keep his own consciousness.

The Evil God, who was under his control, would be a great help to him. Zen wouldn't take the risk to release him as he might kill anyone recklessly.

The Evil God knew what he had to do. He went inside the prison, followed by Edna.

Since her husband had made a mistake, she was willing to bear the consequence with him.

The door of the prison closed shut with a loud thud, then Zen and the other two flew away.

The Evil God stood behind the bars. His eyes looked down at the world in the distance.

As the human kingdoms were still in battle with each other, he saw the horses gallop, long spears that penetrated the bodies of the warriors, and blood that flowed like a river…

Yesterday he was still the master of the world, and today he became its prisoner. When Edna noticed that the Evil God was quiet, she moved closer to him.

"Darling..."

The Evil God held her in his arms while his eyes were still fixed on the war in the distance, still immersed in his past glory and unwilling to look away. "It's a beautiful sight when animals kill each another, isn't it?" said he.

"Yes, it's very beautiful," Edna agreed with a nod. She knew that her husband would not admit defeat.

Even death could not make him admit defeat, let alone while he was still alive.

That was one of the reasons Edna was obsessed with this man.

However…

It was unwise to oppose their Creator.

Meanwhile, Zen had moved the Civilization Artifact all the way from the Rebirth Land to the center of his inner world.

Although Zen took back the Rebirth Land, the Civilization Artifact was actually merged with the Evil God. Thus, he was unable to control it and needed to merge with it himself.

If this piece of Civilization Artifact had its own consciousness and didn't acknowledge Zen, it should cut the connection between them and return to the Other Shore.

Only those who had used a Civilization Artifact knew how powerful they were.

The Regal Jade Civilization was still suppressed in Stage Thirteen. If the entire civilization rose from the Lust World to the Desire World, its power would increase again. Furthermore, the world he could summon would endow him more incredible power.

On the other hand, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization just got to Stage Ten but the power it released was impressive. The potential it would have in the future would help Zen immensely.

Without much words, Zen began to recite the Truth of Goodwill and Malice in his heart.

Buzz...

When the truth aura began to spread, his inner world trembled slightly and the Sanskrit words along its boundaries lit up in succession.

"Three hundred and seventy two Sanskrit words lit up..."

The Regal Jade Spirit looked rather unconvinced as he observed the shining Sanskrit words.

Back when Zen had previously merged with the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization, three hundred and sixty six Sanskrit words lit up. The unknown Heavenly Obsession Civilization actually used three hundred and seventy two Sanskrit words to merge with it, which meant that the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was indeed superior to that of the Regal Jade Civilization.

The golden light on the surface of the Sanskrit words continuously flashed and turned into thick chains once again. All the chains struck at the Civilization Artifact like huge snakes, and firmly locked it inside.

"Buzz..."

The Civilization Artifact had no intent of resisting. In fact, the entire process of merging with it was rather easy.

As the chains gradually disappeared, Zen felt that he had established some sort of connection with the Civilization Artifact.

At that point, a cold and emotionless voice was heard from the Civilization Artifact.

"The tasks-guiding process has been started..."

"The tasks are ready. Do you want to receive tasks?"

The Regal Jade Spirit, No. 9527, and Zen looked at each other, before Zen answered, "Yes."

After he agreed, the cold voice continued, "Heaven-level first-class task, kill Fuxi. After completing the mission, you can have the Innate Seal, which could be used to merge with Fuxi's Dark and Light..."

"Heaven-level first-class task, defeat the Thunder Dimorphodon. After you have completed it, you will have the Eternal Chain, which could help you completely subdue the Thunder Dimorphodon."

"Heaven-level second-class task, hijack the Black Ship. After you have completed the task, you will have..."

"Heaven-level..."

The three of them were dumbfounded when they heard it announce a series of tasks.

If Zen took these tasks, it would be exactly like courting death.

Yet, after the tasks were issued, he could choose not to accept them. Therefore, he just listened quietly.

From the way these tasks were issued, the Civilization Artifact should have been spying on the surrounding environment at all times. Then, it issued tasks according to the things that existed in the environment and offered the corresponding rewards.

"I can also issue these tasks," the Regal Jade Spirit said in disbelief. "But where did it get those rewards? Can this thing really give the rewards it has promised?"

Forget about whether Zen was able to kill Fuxi or not. It was absolutely impossible for him to defeat the Thunder Dimorphodon.

Fuxi was the Human Sovereign. His control of the Dark and Light energies was far beyond an ordinary person's imagination. It could be said that even among the strongest warriors, Fuxi was the most powerful in terms of the cultivation on the Dark and Light energies!

If Zen was able to defeat Fuxi, this Civilization Artifact would give him the so-called "Innate Seal", which could be used to merge with Fuxi's Dark and Light energies...

It sounded truly unbelievable.

And, it was the same with the Thunder Dimorphodon.

Each of the top ten beasts of the chaos had their own missions and abilities. These beasts were not as powerful as the Chaos Ancient Gods, but they weren't weaker than the strongest warriors either. As it happened, they were even stronger than some of those strongest warriors.

It was hard to imagine that after such a powerful being was defeated, one just had to rely on an Eternal Chain to subdue it?

What a crazy fantasy!

Chapter 3475 Refinement

"Is it possible," No. 9527 mused jokingly, "that the Civilization Artifact starts talking nonsense after being burnt by the Evil God?"

"Just verify it," Zen responded bluntly. "It can issue a lot of tasks in one go."

The heaven-level third-class task...

The heaven-level fourth-class task...

The earth-level first-class task...

The earth-level second-class task...

Gradually, Zen began to understand the rules.

Once the cube issued tasks, it would start from the heaven-level ones, which were categorized into four classes. Next came the earth-level ones, which were also categorized into four classes. Among all, the human-level tasks were the simplest.

Zen focused on the tasks being listed. At the end, he picked one task he felt suited for: a task at the fourth class of the human level.

"The human-level fourth-class task," the voice boomed, "merge with the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits to reach the Chaotic Source Realm. After you complete the task, your physical body will be strengthened."

Zen nodded in a satisfied manner. Other tasks might have various restrictions or were not suitable for him to complete, but he was confident he'd be able to accomplish this task.

"It's not easy to reach the Chaotic Source Realm," he pondered. "Why is it a task at the fourth class of the human level?"

The tasks were divided into twelve kinds. He didn't expect that reaching the Chaotic Source Realm would be the easiest.

The Regal Jade Spirit thought for a moment before replying. "The tasks should be ranked according to the current environment. You have already collected enough crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits, so reaching the Chaotic Source Realm is too easy."

"It's reasonable," Zen said, nodding. "I'll accept this task."

Strengthening his physical body was always a plus. Moreover, he wanted to confirm whether this Civilization Artifact was really magical or not.

Splash!

Zen's body transformed into wisps of brown chaotic energy.

The moment he removed the avatar in his body, he was fully awakened.

In a magic array not far from him, a ray of light suddenly flashed. A non-human stranger who had reached the Chaotic Source Realm was sent outside the Chaotic Source World.

While Zen was busy with the matters within his inner world, there were already many people who had refined the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Zen activated his space ring, pulling out the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits with one hand. With his other hand, he summoned the golden red crystals.

Earlier, Zen had also been quite surprised when he discovered the two different kinds of crystals in the body of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Moreover, the auras of the golden red crystals were obviously thicker and more solid than those of normal crystals.

Zen hadn't kept all the crystals to himself. Yan received thirty of them, while Dorothy and Elvinia got twelve. As for Chaim, Sally and the others, they each got three.

But Zen had also warned them not to refine the golden red crystals in the magic arrays, lest they contain poison or lead to any other dangerous situation.

Although the magic arrays in the Chaotic Source World were complicated, the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill were able to arrange the same arrays. They could try refining the golden red crystals after the elders of their races inspected them.

Zen's corporeal body differed from an ordinary person's, so he was able to take on more.

After hesitating for a bit, Zen finally decided to refine the ordinary crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits first.

Following in Sally's footsteps, he first put the crystals into his inner world, and then pushed them into his meridians.

As the sharp crystals wandered in his body, he winced in pain.

Zen's corporeal body was comparable to a magic weapon, and there was much greater resistance to the crystals than in any ordinary body.

The crystals slowly moved, and gradually scattered in every part of his body. Then, when he activated the magic array, his whole being was enveloped in a wave of light.

"Buzz..."

In the span of a few seconds, the once solid crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits began to melt, little by little. Beads of light melted off the crystals, merging with Zen's corporeal body.

Zen closed his eyes. He could tangibly feel the dots of light being absorbed, completely under his control.

After Zen had effortlessly refined the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits, the voice from before suddenly spoke up in his head once more.

"You have completed the task at the fourth class of the human level," the Civilization Artifact of Heavenly Obsession Civilization said. "You will be rewarded with a stronger body."

Zen felt something stirring within him. Looking into his inner world, he saw a small, black dot of light rising from one side of the cube.

No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit had been standing beside the cube. Once the black dot popped up, they stared at it curiously.

"Is this the reward of the Civilization Artifact?" the Regal Jade Spirit wondered, narrowing his eyes.

"It seems to be some kind of energy. Can it strengthen the corporeal body?" No. 9527 asked, puzzled as well.

"I will try it," Zen said.

Without further hesitation, he willed the small black dot of light to rise up and out of his inner world.

Then it turned into a warm current, quietly integrating into Zen's corporeal body. It flowed through his meridians for a lap, till the energy inside it had been used up.

"How are you feeling now?" The Regal Jade Spirit asked cautiously.

"Well, it's better than nothing!" Zen shook his head and chuckled.

He could feel that his corporeal body was strengthened, but only by a little. After all, it was but a simple task.

After Zen reached the Chaotic Source Realm, he felt a sudden fluctuation of the space in front of him, and the space channel was already shown.

Zen didn't plan to leave immediately. This time, he placed the golden red crystals into his inner world.

After the distribution of the golden red crystals, Zen had reserved two hundred for himself.

Just as he'd done before, he willed the golden red crystals to scatter in his limbs and bones. Then, he activated them.

"Buzz..."

The light of the magic array enveloped Zen once more. However, something was wrong.

"What the...?"

Zen frowned slightly. These golden red crystals didn't melt easily, like the ordinary crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits had. They remained unharmed within his corporeal body, unresponsive to the energy from the magic array.

The others around him exchanged confused glances as they noticed Zen had once again activated the magic array. Some, however, figured out what he was up to.

"Why did he activate the magic array again?"

"Have you forgotten what he gained from the mother of Chaotic Source Spirits?"

"He has obtained some unique crystals. He's probably trying to refine them, too."

Then, those people nodded, as they began to envy Zen.

To reach the Chaotic Source Realm was a great success. Moreover, Zen had obtained extra crystals. How could they not be envious, if not in awe?

After a while, the light from the magic array went out.

Chapter 3476 The Black Ship's Interception

"Refinement failed..."

Zen pursed his lips, unable to hide his disappointment. He shook his head and willed all the crystals to gather into his inner world once again.

It seemed this magic array only worked for ordinary crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits, not the golden red ones.

Zen had to look for another way to refine them.

He got to his feet. Without saying a word, he stepped into the space channel, immediately transformed into a stream of light and headed straight out of the Chaotic Source World.

In the sky above the Icy Snow Province, thick, ominous clouds spat out thunderbolts angrily. The lightning twisted in the atmosphere like menacing dragons. Each bolt of lightning was extremely powerful, enough to destroy the heavens and the earth. Gathering all the thunderbolts would garner enough power to destroy the entire Icy Snow Province.

There were a few human tribes in the Icy Snow Province. Seeing the menacing bolts of lightning in the sky above them, they trembled in fear. Some even knelt in the snow, praying that God would not punish them.

After all the thunderbolts had gathered together, they suddenly shot out towards Fuxi at lightning speed.

"Bang!"

Fuxi calmly stretched out his hand.

Black and white auras swirled in front of him, shrouding him in a bright light. Once the light died down, he remained standing, unscathed. The Eight Diagrams disk had protected him!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The thunderbolts kept striking the Eight Diagrams disk hundreds of times. Each time it was struck, the disk would rotate, effectively diffusing the thunderbolt.

"It's no use, Thunder Dimorphodon. You're no match for me," said Fuxi gravely.

His voice was like the waves of the sea, which could spread far away even amidst the rumbling thunder.

In the entirety of the chaos, any strong warrior would tremble before Fuxi. He could even fight Chaos Ancient Gods.

"I am indeed not your match, but there is nothing you can do about me," said the Thunder Dimorphodon in a low voice. This was the first sentence it had uttered since coming to the Icy Snow Province.

The top ten fierce beasts were by no means ordinary. Every beast had a certain kind of omnipotent innate theurgy, although slightly weaker than truth-level theurgies.

"If I ran away, you wouldn't be able to catch up with me," the Thunder Dimorphodon taunted.

"Oh, really?" Fuxi sneered. Circles of white fog spread out from beneath his feet, until he had formed a giant cloud. From Fuxi's cloud, the power of wind and thunder could faintly be felt. "I wonder what makes you so confident."

At the sight of the cloud beneath Fuxi's feet, the Thunder Dimorphodon's expression quickly changed. "The Heavenly Auspicious Cloud! How did you find this Other Shore Token?"

The Heavenly Auspicious Cloud was known to greatly increase the speed of its user. It was extremely rare; even powerful warriors like Fuxi were unlikely to stumble upon it.

The Thunder Dimorphodon was known for its incredible speed. However, if Fuxi used the Heavenly Auspicious Cloud, there was a chance it wouldn't be able to escape.

"Leave those rings behind, and I'll let you go. We'll just act as though nothing happened." Fuxi's eyes narrowed ruthlessly.

The Thunder Dimorphodon could clearly tell that Fuxi would be a force to be reckoned with when mad.

Fuxi, also known as the Human Sovereign, had been supporting the Snake Goddess race of the Pear Hill, but in the Source World, there weren't any strong warriors that had the confidence to face him.

"I'm sorry. Someone asked me to do this. I can't promise you anything..."

Buzz!

Suddenly, a small dragon made out of lightning appeared above the Thunder Dimorphodon's head. It was also an Other Shore Token!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The moment the lightning dragon burst forth, the Thunder Dimorphodon's body began to vibrate violently.

Splash!

The tiny flashes of lightning vibrated with the Thunder Dimorphodon in the air. Soon an identical Thunder Dimorphodon materialized. It was the Thunder Dimorphodon's avatar, made of lightning!

Splash!

More and more avatars appeared, one after another. In no time, six avatars had been born.

Fuxi looked coldly at the seven figures before him. "You chose to fight me face to face because of those idiots. You are more stupid than them. Go to hell!"

The seven identical Thunder Dimorphodons said at the same time, "Who said I was going to fight you? Haha!"

Seven huge space channels appeared beside the Thunder Dimorphodons. Each avatar headed for their designated space channel.

"You!"

Fuxi's expression darkened. Before the figures had entered their space channels, he punched at them.

Two marks of Eight Diagrams appeared on the bodies of two Thunder Dimorphodons.

Boom! Boom!

As the two marks of Eight Diagrams exploded, the two Thunder Dimorphodons exploded in a blast of light and then disappeared. The other five, on the other hand, managed to make it to their space channels.

Fuxi took a step forward, the Heavenly Auspicious Cloud fluttering beneath his feet. He rushed into a space channel, his eyes fixed on the true Thunder Dimorphodon all the time.

The moment he entered the space channel, his body transformed into a beam of light that sprinted towards the Thunder Dimorphodon.

Crack!

The true Thunder Dimorphodon flew rapidly along the space channel. Seeing Fuxi on its tail, it flapped its wings. Huge thunderbolts filled the entire space channel, heading straight for Fuxi.

Instead of dodging, Fuxi flew forward, undaunted.

Activating the Heavenly Auspicious Cloud to its highest speed, he steadily closed the distance between him and the beast.

When the Thunder Dimorphodon was only about a thousand feet away from Fuxi, he planted a mark of the Eight Diagrams on its body. Then, he threw a fist to it.

Boom!

The mark of Eight Diagrams suddenly exploded.

The huge Thunder Dimorphodon was blasted into an electric light, disappearing into the space channel.

"Is this also an avatar?"

Fuxi's eyebrows twitched in annoyance.

The avatars of the Thunder Dimorphodon were very unique. When the avatars appeared, each of them could be the true Thunder Dimorphodon.

The Thunder Dimorphodon could choose any avatar to be its true body at any given time.

Even though Fuxi had fixed his spiritual sense on the first Thunder Dimorphodon, the latter could've easily shifted to one of its avatars.

Seeing that the Thunder Dimorphodon had gotten away, Fuxi became more sullen.

Reaching out his hand, he tore the void. After ripping a hole in the space channel, he flew out.

Phew!

In another long space channel, the Thunder Dimorphodon flapped its wings agitatedly.

Most of the time, the Thunder Dimorphodon looked like an annoying bat. But when lightning danced all over its body, it looked strangely beautiful.

It wasn't interested in the rings that were snatched from Zen. Someone had offered an irresistible price, so it decided to take a risk and went to the Icy Snow Province to give it a try.

Fortunately, Fuxi had underestimated it. If it was trapped by Fuxi, it might have died in the Icy Snow Province!

Phew! Phew!

With its wings flapping in the air, it quickly advanced forward in the space channel, leaving the Icy Snow Province.

As the Thunder Dimorphodon flew at high speed, it suddenly sensed something behind it. Turning its head to look, it was shocked to find a huge black ship ripping open the space channel, floating towards it like a ghost.

Chapter 3477 A Deep Sense Of Crisis

"The Black Ship?"

The Thunder Dimorphodon was dumbfounded.

Back when it was lurking in the Icy Snow Province, it had spotted the ship.

However, before the Chaotic Source World opened, Fuxi had driven the ship out of the Icy Snow Province.

While the Thunder Dimorphodon had nothing to do with anyone from the Black Ship, it didn't expect the ship would come after it as soon as it lost Fuxi.

Crack!

It flapped its huge wings and sped up.

Before long, however, it suddenly slowed down once more. To its surprise, another ship appeared from the other end of the space channel.

The two ghost-like ships floated over quietly, blocking the Thunder Dimorphodon's way from both sides.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

On the ship behind the Thunder Dimorphodon, Shera gathered her dress and jumped off the rail of the ship, quickly flying towards the Thunder Dimorphodon. The brass man followed closely behind her.

On the ship ahead, a person covered in bandages, resembling a bamboo pole, also flew towards the Thunder Dimorphodon. Next to the "bamboo pole" was a large Ear Mouse. A deep, red scar covered its right eye, which gleamed with a sharp light. It was as though it had been slashed at with a blade in its past.

This Ear Mouse was called Tomos. It used to be a capable assistant of Ieuan, the king of Ear Mice. Later, it rebelled against the Ear Mice and joined the Black Ship. To this day, the Ear Mice were still chasing it.

Crack!

A flash of lightning circled the Thunder Dimorphodon. Angrily, the Thunder Dimorphodon roared, "Members of the Black Ship, what do you want from me?"

Shera floated quietly in the air. Holding up a small, bony finger, she smiled charmingly. "Give us half of what you've got."

Squeak! "Only half! We are not greedy!" echoed Tomos.

Of course, the Thunder Dimorphodon was keenly aware of how important the rings were. In order for the creatures on the Other Shore to return to the chaos, the rings were integral. It was said that they might affect the entire situation of the chaos.

"Half? Truly, you are greedy," said the Thunder Dimorphodon coldly, narrowing its eyes.

"You don't have to hand them in," the brass man said with a shrug. "We will take everything anyway. And the rankings of the so-called top ten fierce beasts may change..."

The top ten fierce beasts were universally acknowledged.

However, if one of them died, another would take its place.

Obviously, the brass man was threatening the Thunder Dimorphodon.

"You? What makes you think you're strong enough to defeat me?" said the Thunder Dimorphodon in a low voice.

Shera still wore a sweet smile. "The Human Sovereign took you lightly and you managed to escape, but we won't repeat the same mistake. We're well prepared to block you here. You don't have any chance to run away!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Tomos had pulled out its Other Shore Token.

It was a pipe.

Thin wisps of white smoke rose from the pipe, which suddenly solidified to form a strong net that prevented the Thunder Dimorphodon from tearing open the space channel to escape.

The bandages on the body of the "bamboo pole" began to unravel, layer by layer. Without the bandages, his skin was bright and colorful. At a glance, anyone could tell it was poisonous.

On the other hand, the brass man didn't move a muscle. Instead, he watched from where he stood.

If in a fight of pure strength, he wouldn't fear even Fuxi.

"You have five minutes to consider it. We are very generous," Shera said with hands clasped behind her back.

The lightning on the body of the Thunder Dimorphodon was cracking gently, and the trace of hesitation flashed through its only eye.

The members of the Black Ship were definitely not weak. More importantly, every member's methods were strange and difficult to deal with. The Thunder Dimorphodon thought it could fight one head-on, but it was up against four. The chances of winning were slim.

Phew!

The Thunder Dimorphodon flapped its wings hard. Six rings rushed toward Shera with terrifying forces, like hidden weapons.

Without flinching, Shera reached out and waved her delicate hand. The rings slowed down, and floated gently towards her.

She inspected them carefully in her hand. After a while, she nodded at Tomos.

Tomos understood immediately. It put away its Other Shore Token, deactivating the net.

The Thunder Dimorphodon shot Shera a vicious glance. "Tell your captain that the glory days of the Black Ship are coming to an end."

Then, without waiting for a response, it flapped its wings and flew away.

Shera titled her head slightly and cracked a lovely smile. "Good days or bad days don't mean anything to the Black Ship," she said sweetly.

The thirteen members of the Black Ship were all powerful creatures at the top of their game.

No matter where they were in the Source World, they were able to live luxuriously. They could start up a great force with ease, and it was very likely that they could develop themselves into a super force if they worked hard.

They chose to join the Black Ship not because they wanted to live a good life, but because they wanted to sail forward for their goals.

The leaders outside the Chaotic Source World had been anxious since the conflict between Fuxi and the Thunder Dimorphodon had started.

If strong masters, such as Athemar and Elizabeth, were involved in a fight like that, they would have been seriously injured, if not killed. If anyone younger got involved, they would have been killed for sure.

To their relief, Fuxi was chasing the Thunder Dimorphodon away.

In the beginning, everyone could hear the roar of thunder. However, now, the sounds had faded; the two had probably gone into a space channel.

Whoever had reached the Chaotic Source Realm was sent out one by one.

After the members of the smaller races came out, they quickly located their leaders and headed out in their flying ships.

On the other hand, the super forces had sent many members to the Chaotic Source World, so they were still waiting for their members to return.

The leaders of the Separate Abyss race looked sullen.

This time, they had been really unlucky. They had been attacked by the Evil God at the very beginning. And, at last, even Hamzah was killed in the world created by the Evil God.

How could the leaders explain what had happened to their clansmen after they went back?

Buzz!

There was a fluctuation of space in the magic array at the door. Then, Zen emerged.

His appearance immediately attracted everyone's attention.

His battle with the Evil God in the core area went beyond everyone's expectations.

They hadn't reached the Chaotic Source Realm, and their Souls of Light were still in the Lust World. Yet, their battle was much fiercer than that between any ordinary Chaotic Source Realm warriors.

What was even more terrifying was that the Evil God had actually come out of Zen's inner world!

Among the many leaders, the expression in Elizabeth's eyes was the most unreadable.

She recalled the time when Zen escaped her clutches. He had used the Withering Power and the Wind Cloud Escape. These two methods were the theurgies possessed by the chieftains of the Nine Li race. However, she did not think much about it at the time.

Now she knew that Zen had the Soaring Snake Sword, and the Evil God could copy three heads and six arms. She was certain that Zen was from the

Nine Li race.

He was also the spokesperson of a civilization, and he wielded the Soaring Snake Sword.

Was Zen also the one who could enter the Other Shore with his physical body?

'How could the remaining members of the Nine Li race cultivate such a genius?' she wondered angrily.

Back then, when Zen was still young, Elizabeth hadn't been able to kill him. Now, she didn't even have a chance. Zen's performance unsettled her to her very core.

Chapter 3478 Ask For Death

Despite the burning gazes that Zen felt on him the moment he came out, he walked towards the Oneness Sky Palace with a smile.

Yet, before he could take a few steps forward, a leader of the Separate Abyss race suddenly stood up and shouted in a rough voice, "Zen!"

Zen turned his head and looked at the leader.

He had never made a move against the Separate Abyss race in the Chaotic Source World. What did their leader want from him?

"Hand over that man called the Evil God! Since he killed many of our members, we'll execute him for revenge," the leader said.

The leader had to give a reasonable explanation for the death of Hamzah, and the best way to do it was to bring the Evil God back.

He clearly saw that Zen had absorbed the Evil God into his inner world and did not kill him.

When Zen heard the leader's request, he looked slightly amused as he spoke, "The Evil God killed many people, including those from the Separate Abyss race, the Ear Mouse race, the Divine Farmer race, the Sun Crow race, the Moon Spirit race, the Celestial Wolf race… He killed more than four thousand people in total. If all these races want to take revenge, how many pieces will the Evil God be chopped into?"

The leader of the Separate Abyss race snorted, "I don't care about the other races. Since the Evil God killed Hamzah, we want him dead!"

He walked towards Zen, his huge body blocking the warrior's path like a giant pillar.

"The Evil God also killed many of our members. It seems that we should also take him back for punishment," Elizabeth said with a shallow smile.

"The Evil God slaughtered the members of our race. He should be punished!" a leader of the Bearing race shouted. The Chaotic Source World was known for its cruelty. Ever since ancient times, there had been countless talents who died in its territory.

It was true that the Evil God was bloodthirsty and liked to kill, but he didn't violate the rules. Therefore, he shouldn't be blamed.

Of course, the super forces that suffered great losses in the Chaotic Source World naturally had plans in their minds.

The truth was, they were all after the Civilization Artifact that the Evil God had merged with.

Now that the Separate Abyss race had stood out first, the other super forces echoed the same request.

The leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace hadn't thought that these super forces would be so shameless as to make trouble after Zen had returned from the Chaotic Source World.

Athemar stepped out, stood in front of Zen and announced, "Everyone, have you forgotten the rules of the Chaotic Source World? Anyone who wants to reach the Chaotic Source Realm must be prepared for death!"

"Of course I know the rules, but this is not the Chaotic Source World. This is the Icy Snow Province!" the leader of the Separate Abyss race sneered.

It was clear that these super forces had allied with each other in order to force Zen to hand over the Evil God.

"Do you mean to say that you are the big boss of the Icy Snow Province?" Yan asked coldly. It was known that the Pear Hill had unwillingly made the Icy Snow Province a public place.

Still, it wasn't far away from the Pear Hill, so it was still under the Pear Hill's domain.

These races would have to think twice if they really wanted to fight within their grounds.

Since the leaders noticed that Fuxi had been away to chase after the Thunder Dimorphodon, they took the opportunity to make the request. The Separate Abyss race started first, and then the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, the Divine Farmer race, and the other races followed suit.

The leader of the Separate Abyss race chuckled, "I don't know who has the final say in the Icy Snow Province. I only know that I have to bring that man named the Evil God back. Otherwise..."

His eyes narrowed slightly and revealed a hint of dangerous intent. Then, the auras in the bodies of the other leaders of the Separate Abyss race began to intensify, and the mountain-like pressure directly rushed towards Zen and Athemar.

The color of Athemar's face was drained. There was a crisp sound when he pulled out his long cyan sword, and then he declared, "If you want to fight here, I will fight to the end!"

In turn, Winchell and the other mountain leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace pulled out their swords one after another as well.

The Oneness Sky Palace suffered the least casualties, and everyone alive had gotten enough crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits and reached the Chaotic Source Realm because of Zen.

Therefore, they would do their best to protect Zen and fight against the enemy.

Meanwhile, the current situation made Elizabeth overjoyed. If the Separate Abyss race really made a move, it would be a great opportunity for her.

Her lips moved as she said something to the leaders of the Divine Farmer race, the Bearing race, and the New Moon race using her life vitality.

After the leaders heard her words, their lips stretched into a smile.

Dorothy, Elvinia, Chaim, and the other disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace shared dreadful looks. They didn't expect that the other races would cause such a ruckus after Zen left the Chaotic Source World.

As for Yan, she wore a deep frown.

The Pear Hill had sent Fuxi here to take charge of the Chaotic Source World, but he had chased after the Thunder Dimorphodon and left without a trace.

She thought for a while, and then she lightly turned her hand and took out a small scroll from her space ring.

Although it was not convenient for the Snake Goddess to come personally, she was not the only mighty warrior in Pear Hill.

Just as Yan was about to activate the scroll, a mark of Eight Diagrams suddenly appeared on the body of the leader of the Separate Abyss race.

When everyone present saw the mark, they immediately felt very distressed, and looked greatly troubled.

Athemar held Zen's hand and flew backwards. At the same time, Elizabeth and the other leaders also distanced themselves from the leader of the Separate Abyss race.

Even the other leaders of the Separate Abyss race themselves retreated rapidly in utter shock!

The leader of the Separate Abyss race feared for his life when he saw the mark of Eight Diagrams on his body. If Fuxi gave him a palm strike, he would probably die without a complete corpse!

"Well... Master Fuxi, you must have misunderstood! I just didn't know how to explain to our emperor… Please forgive me..."

The emperor that the leader referred to was the current head of the Separate Abyss race, who was also one of the top masters in the Source World. The leader wanted to scare Fuxi by mentioning the emperor.

While he pitifully explained himself, an invisible force suddenly enveloped him.

Bang!

With a muffled sound, a huge palm imprint appeared where the leader stood. His body had turned into minced meat and was embedded into the palm imprint in the blink of an eye.

Then, the space was torn, and Fuxi walked out from it with a dark face.

He was in a bad mood after the Thunder Dimorphodon had run away. When he flew back along the space channel and saw what was happening, he couldn't restrain his anger anymore.

"Do you think I will be afraid of your emperor?" he hissed with gritted teeth.

"Before you entered the Chaotic Source World, I have reminded you that I won't interfere in anything within it, but if you make a move outside, don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Silence hung like a thick curtain at the gate of the Chaotic Source World.

The dead leader of the Separate Abyss race was ranked in the top five among the many leaders. Even then, he could not even survive Fuxi's palm strike. He died miserably.

Naturally, Elizabeth trembled with fear.

It wasn't only her, but the leaders of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race were all afraid as well.

Chapter 3479 Grown Bearing Capacity (Part One)

If Fuxi had come late for even a moment, they would have already attacked the members of the Oneness Sky Palace.

If that were the case, they would have met with the same tragic fate as that of the Separate Abyss race's leader.

Fuxi nonchalantly scanned the remaining creatures, his eyes barren of all emotions.

The Chaotic Source World came to existence because of the compromise made by Pear Hill with the other powerful forces years ago. Fuxi had always looked down upon this agreement and never agreed with it.

With a solemn expression on his face, he took in a deep breath to gather all his strength and announced in a roaring voice, capable of reaching vast distances.

"Effective today, the Chaotic Source World will remain closed forever. This won't happen in the future. I hereby declare that Pear Hill will resume its control over the Icy Snow Province. Now, all of you, make yourselves scarce, and don't make me repeat myself!"

In the past, the Icy Snow Province was forced to separate from the Pear Hill in order to build the Chaotic Source World.

As of present, some issues had surfaced in the Chaotic Source Sea. The Chaotic Source Spirits in the Source World had all been slaughtered, leaving nothing to vouch for their existence.

The only thing that remained of the Chaotic Source World was a hollowed-out shell. With no concrete reason left to support the argument of the Chaotic Source World's continued existence, the Icy Snow Province was returned to Pear Hill.

Sensing the growing irritation in Fuxi's voice, the leaders of the powerful forces didn't waste their breaths to protest against it. Instead, they signaled their subordinates before they quietly turned around and left for their respective flying ships without looking back.

Similarly, Mount followed the people of the Divine Farmer race and set out to head back. Before he left, he stole a quick glance at Zen as he walked away.

Mount's mind was clouded with the many questions that remained unanswered, it tugged at his emotions and made him restless. He was curious about what Zen had experienced in the exiled world.

And how did Zen manage to make out of there alive without a scratch?

Giving in to his curiosity, he had planned to find all his answers by confronting Zen. However, he soon changed his mind after he witnessed the sullen expression displayed on Fuxi's face. Moreover, there was also a high chance of Zen not telling him the full truth.

Whoosh!

One by one, the giant flying ships made their exit as they flew into the sky and entered different space channels.

However, the people of the Oneness Sky Palace remained in their place and didn't leave with the others.

They were well aware of the fact that they were now a target of many races. And now, after Zen had displayed the Soaring Snake Sword, their hostility would elevate till it knew no bounds.

The sword alone was enough to lure the greedy gazes of many people aspiring to possess it as their own. If they had left with the rest of the ships, they would most likely walk right into an ambush.

Even if Winchell and Athemar boasted immense power, they would still fall short of protecting Zen under the joint siege of many powerful warriors altogether.

In less than an hour, the once bustling scene of countless flying ships docked at a distance faltered as they all left one after the other.

The only ones that remained at the gate of the Chaotic Source World were the people of the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill.

Taking advantage of the situation, Athemar turned to Fuxi and bowed with the utmost respect. "Human Sovereign, would you be kind enough to allow us to stay in the Icy Snow Province for several more days?"

Fuxi was aware of their ordeal, he understood the concerns expressed by Athemar. He waved his hands as if to brush off all his worries and said, "That won't be necessary. You do not have to suffer the harsh cold weather of the Icy Snow Province. Instead, why don't you stay at Pear Hill for a few days before you leave? Besides, Yan has been missing her brother for a long time."

After hearing Fuxi's generous offer, the faces of Athemar, Winchell, and the others lit up with joy. They cupped their hands to him to express their overflowing gratitude. Feeling satisfied after their successful exchange, the leaders from each mountain gathered their disciples and made their way back to their flying ships.

Soon, they all set sail in the southwest direction as a group.

The Pear Hill lay in the Pear Province, which was nearly as large as the Icy Snow Province. The vast Pear Hill started from the edge of the Pear Province and stretched all the way to the center of the province. Its height was so high that its peak was shrouded with clouds and mist.

Once they entered the vicinity of the Pear Province, they were already climbing up the Pear Hill.

As soon as they crossed the border of the Pear Province, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace lifted their gazes and looked ahead. The sight in front of them made their mouth gape open subconsciously. They stared in the distance, with their faces revealing conflicting expressions of both shock and awe.

Each of the mountains that stood dominantly in the Bloom Divine Province was frighteningly high. Their overwhelming size was the source of pride of the members of the Oneness Sky Palace. However, the scenery before their eyes made the ones from the Oneness Sky Palace pale in comparison.

After all, Pear Hill was almost the same size as the province itself. Though it claimed itself a hill only, it actually had the largest mountain found in the Source World within its boundaries.

Slowly yet gradually, seven flying ships of the Oneness Sky Palace dominated the skies as they entered the perimeters of the province. Following the arrangement of the Pear Hill, they berthed near the Sunset Ravine.

The Sunset Ravine was decorated with various flower-strewn meadows and verdant trees, whose existence complimented the ravine's beauty and made it appear like a fairyland. Beautiful palaces carved with intricate designs and careful crafting were placed in organized rows. Pear Hill had designed a place exquisitely to entertain the guests. And now, this was handed over to the people of the Oneness Sky Palace, to provide them with accommodations for a few days.

Chapter 3480 Grown Bearing Capacity (Part Two)

Many disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had experienced fearsome battles of their own in the Chaotic Source World. Each of these fights came at a cost of their Other Shore Power being drained out. After they gained a moment of rest from all that turmoil, they settled down, and each chose an exclusive spot for them to cultivate in seclusion.

After obtaining the Chaotic Source Spirits, they had to get accustomed to their newly acquired power of the Chaotic Source Realm. On the other hand, they also had to replenish their exhausted Other Shore Power to stabilize themselves.

Compared to all the disciples, Zen had used up the largest amount of Other Shore Power.

It cost him a great deal of Other Shore Power to summon the Regal Jade statues through the Regal Jade chessboard. Moreover, Zen had summoned the entire Regal Jade World shortly after, employing the Inheritance of World.

Although the storage volume of the Civilization Artifact was by no means small, the Other Shore Power in it still wouldn't be enough to support too many powerful skills.

According to the Regal Jade Spirit, even if there were sufficient amounts of Other Shore Power, Zen could perform the Regal Jade World two times in one go without a hitch. After that, the entire Other Shore Power stored in the Civilization Artifact would be emptied completely.

With a series of light thuds on the ground, one after the other, the divine crystals fell from Zen's space ring and gathered in a pile.

The number of crystals was so vast that they formed a small mountain of their own and occupied the entire room.

With a flick of his fingers, streaks of invisible light as sharp as a sword slashed at the divine crystals swiftly. Like cracked open walnuts, the divine crystals split in half effortlessly and unleashed the energy hidden within them relentlessly.

As if preparing himself, Zen closed his eyes shut and took in a deep breath to draw his focus in one place.

As a result, the raging flow of energy running wild around him reacted to his guide and began to converge above him. As if taking the shape of a river, it poured itself wholly into the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization.

The large pile consisted of three million divine crystals.

Zen had to absorb seven such piles of divine crystals to replenish the whole Other Shore Power in the Civilization Artifact.

"It seems it would cost me twenty million divine crystals to use the Civilization Artifact only once…" Zen muttered under his breath as he estimated the amount in his head and shook his head. A wry smile took shape on his face.

Fortunately, Chiyou had bestowed upon him a great legacy of divine crystals. Originally, he had planned to revive the Nine Li race with them, but soon his self-made bubble of that dream popped right in front of him when he had to face the harsh reality. He soon realized his plans were nothing short of wishful thinking if he relied only on the legacy left behind by Chiyou.

As the amount of Other Shore Power he could bear continued to grow, replenishing it would require a larger amount of divine crystals. Eventually, the ones he now possessed would be insufficient for his use in the future.

Upon restoring the power in the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization to maximum capacity, Zen summoned the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

Unfortunately, part of the Other Shore Power of this Civilization Artifact was consumed by the Evil God. What was worse, it was partly burned and damaged. Zen concluded it would take an outrageous amount of Other Shore Power to repair the weapon back to its perfect condition.

As soon as he summoned this cubic-shaped object, a familiar nonchalant voice echoed in the room and announced sharply, "Heaven-level first-class task, burn down the entire Pear Hill, and kill over fifty thousand members of the Snake Goddess race. After completing the mission, your reward is…"

"Heaven-level first-class task, challenge the Snake Goddess. After completing the mission, your reward is..."

"……"

Perhaps when this artifact was in the Evil God's grip, his violent nature rubbed off on the cube. Most of the tasks assigned by it included various types of slaughtering-like challenges.

Even if he tried to remove the influence left by the Evil God, it would take up most of his time. Zen was left with no other choice but to ignore it.

Just as Zen had predicted, this Civilization Artifact consumed much more divine crystals than that of the Regal Jade Civilization.

The entirety of Zen's night was spent replenishing the cube to its maximum potential. The whole ordeal had cost him a large sum of forty million divine crystals.

Moving onto the next step, Zen brought out the Strength God Totem.

After recharging its power with the aid of divine crystals, Zen quickly activated the totem. Soon, violent streaks of Other Shore Power gushed out from the depths of his stomach. It navigated its way through the meridians of his body, flowing gracefully until it reached his right hand and gathered in one place.

"1, 000 divine megatons!"

"1, 100 divine megatons!"

"1, 200 divine megatons!"

Previously, Zen's body was able to bear 1, 000 divine megatons of force at once. If he wanted to make his body resilient against more, he had to rely on the Regal Jade chessboard to summon forth the Regal Jade statues. An alternative way was to activate the Inheritance of World.

But now, after absorbing the crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits, his bearing capacity of Other Shore Power and his strength had grown by leaps and bounds.

Chapter 3481 Become Fatigued After Nine Seconds

Since the Strength God Totem was a strengthening type of Other Shore Token, it could only release 1, 200 divine megatons of force.

Zen gathered this force in his right hand. To his satisfaction, he could feel that the light dots scattered within his body danced happily.

Although the power was concentrated in his right hand, the light dots all over his body bore the power together. It was a wonderful feeling.

'These light dots have an innate affinity for power. They can completely absorb both the Other Shore Power from my body and the power created by the outside world, ' Zen thought with a smile.

Only after absorbing the Chaotic Source Spirits did Zen truly understand the Chaotic Source Realm.

The Wild God Power could make one's own body grow infinitely, and the strength of the physical body could also constantly increase. On the other hand, the innate disadvantage of the Grand World Cultivation Method was that one couldn't refine their physical body. Thus they had to choose to make use of the Chaotic Source Spirits for cultivation in the end.

Even the 1, 200 megatons of power wasn't Zen's limit; simultaneously, he tried drawing more power from the Civilization Artifact.

Gradually, as its power flowed into Zen's body, he felt the pressure in his right hand continue to increase.

"Buzz..."

The light dots within his body practically buzzed with excitement. Zen felt a stream of burning power being released from them.

1, 300 divine megatons...

1, 500 divine megatons...

1, 800 divine megatons...

2, 000 divine megatons...

When the power reached 2, 000 divine megatons, it seemed the dots of light had reached their limit.

However, Zen didn't stop there. When he continued to exert the Other Shore Power, the light dots dimmed rapidly.

Three seconds passed...

Six seconds...

Nine seconds...

After nine seconds, the radiance in the light dots were all gone, and the 2, 00 dots of light in his body were quickly exhausted.

"Zen, spread out the Other Shore Power quickly. Otherwise, your body won't be able to bear it, and will consequently collapse," No. 9527 cautioned.

Zen's body could be likened to a balloon filled with air. The dots of light helped the balloon's material stay intact, but once the Chaotic Source Spirits were exhausted, the power would be out of control. The force of 2, 000 divine megatons would be enough to cause his body to explode!

At No. 9527's reminder, Zen suddenly threw a punch forward. The 2, 000 divine megatons of power was unleashed, destroying the entire wall before him.

"Rumble..."

The punch was so powerful that a deep furrow was plowed out in the palace courtyard. Even a part of the aisle in front of the palace was damaged.

Some guards of the Pear Hill who had been nearby rushed towards the sound to find out what all the ruckus was about. To their surprise, the palace wall had crumbled, exposing a guilty-looking Zen from within.

"This is the thirteenth time tonight!" a guard complained. "How can the Oneness Sky Palace disciples who live here be so reckless?!"

Today, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had all wanted to test the strength of their physical bodies since reaching the Chaotic Source Realm.

Many disciples unscrupulously used their Other Shore Tokens to the maximum. The Other Shore Power flowed within their bodies. Their newfound strength made them feel empowered.

However, the Chaotic Source Spirits only bore the power for roughly a day, and their dots of light were rather weak. Fusing with the Other Shore Power quickly exhausted the Chaotic Source Spirits. To prevent their physical bodies from collapsing, they had no choice but to release all the energy.

In this particular row of palaces, havoc was wreaked. Some roofs were overturned, some courtyards were flattened, and ditches dotted the road from randomly unleashed punches.

The head of the guards made a 'hiss' expression. He was clear that among the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace living in these palaces, one warrior was the most honorable guest.

It was said that he was Yan's brother.

Yan was well known in the Pear Hill, since she held a high position. In the whole Pear Hill, even the leaders of sects and mountains seldom had the chance to meet the Snake Goddess in the flesh. On the other hand, Yan had been treated like the Snake Goddess's own daughter.

After shooting a glare at the noisy complainant, the leader of the guards entered Zen's courtyard. Zen, upon seeing his approach, smiled sheepishly and said, "I'm sorry. I couldn't control my own strength."

"It's all our fault," the leader of the guards responded amicably. "You all have just passed the test of the Chaotic Source World; we should've expected that you would need to focus on cultivation. Please, follow me to the training room." He gestured.

Under the arrangement of the leader of the guards, Zen moved from this damaged palace to another.

After the Chaotic Source Spirits got fatigued, they couldn't recover fast. About two hours later, the light dots, which dimmed just now, gradually became lustrous again.

"After you merge with the Chaotic Source Spirits, the Oneness Sky Palace will give you the body refining method to train them. By then, you need to be able to constantly extract the Other Shore Power to stimulate the Chaotic

Source Spirits. This way, the Chaotic Source Spirits in your body will gradually become stronger," No. 9527 explained.

"So this method of body refining is to use the Chaotic Source Spirits repeatedly?" Zen clarified.

"Yes, the methods of body refining of various races are similar. It will take some time to master," No. 9527 replied.

Fusing with the Chaotic Source Spirits meant merging them with their own body; they could only strengthen them gradually, by feeding them with the Other Shore Power.

The Oneness Sky Palace disciples from the Land of Sword Grief had reached the Chaotic Source Realm many years ago; it was no wonder the Chaotic Source Spirits in their bodies were much stronger than those of Zen.

Zen could only imagine how strong the Chaotic Source Spirits of people like Athemar were.

"It seems that such growth speed is too low..." Zen frowned slightly.

Having reached the Chaotic Source Realm meant that everyone was starting from the same level. However, many powerful warriors in the Source World had reached the Chaotic Source Realm thousands, or even millions, of years earlier than Zen.

These thoughts raced through Zen's mind as he attempted to extract the Other Shore Power again.

This time, Zen had only infused the Other Shore Power of about 800 divine megatons. Most of the power was borne directly by his own physical body.

When Zen's physical body endured excessive Other Shore Power, it would glow a faint golden light. The aura that emanated from him was very similar to the Truth of Godly Way.

No. 9527 and Regal Jade Spirit had not been able to figure out what kind of Truth of Godly Way it was. At the very least, they knew it was completely different from the real Truth of Powerful Holy Body.

800 divine megatons...

900 divine megatons...

1, 000 divine megatons...

Zen came to a halt upon reaching 1, 000 divine megatons of power.

When Zen's physical body was being refined, he could exert only a small amount of power.

At the very beginning, when Zen's physical body was refined, there would be warm currents appearing in his body. These warm currents could have effect on his body in the beginning, but now they were almost ineffective.

However, the more Zen fought in battle, the stronger the aura of the Truth of Godly Way became.

Although the aura was special, Zen still couldn't figure out a way to make use of it.

Chapter 3482 The Master Of Rose Sect

When he was in the divine land, the golden light Zen radiated was strong enough to hurt his opponents.

However, that kind of power was no longer enough when he reached the Source World. Zen was far more powerful than before. A casual blow from him now was a thousand times as powerful as what he used to be capable of when he fought with all his might.

Just as Zen stopped, he let out a sharp curse under his breath. The aura of Truth of Godly Way was still as strong as it ever was, rather than disappeared. It was actually flowing along his meridians and converging into the spots of light all over his body.

"Buzz!"

The spots of light within Zen's body glowed even more fiercely after absorbing the aura of Truth of Godly Way.

"What's wrong?" No. 9527 asked.

"The Chaotic Source Spirits are absorbing my truth aura!" Zen replied in astonishment.

"How could that happen?" No. 9527 replied doubtfully.

The Chaotic Source Spirit was not like any Other Shore Token. In fact, it was an exception, just like the giant eye in the Chaotic Source World, though no one had yet figured out exactly how that worked.

But one thing was certain. The Chaotic Source Spirit could not be borne as an Other Shore Token.

That meant that there was no way to communicate with it through the Truth of Godly Way.

Zen's sudden findings confused No. 9527. It had never encountered a situation like this before.

It had just said that the power of the Chaotic Source Spirits couldn't grow rapidly. This frustrated Zen. How long would it take to reach the level of Athemar, or even Fuxi? He just didn't know.

But after the spots of light absorbed the truth aura, the Chaotic Source Spirits seemed to become somehow stronger. Zen felt like he had seen a shortcut appear out of nowhere. He was so excited that he activated the Regal Jade chessboard.

Using the Other Shore Power to summon the truth aura from the corporeal body was quite inefficient.

But using some object to do that was another matter entirely.

As Zen's fingers gently stroked the chessboard, Regal Jade sculptures appeared around him one by one.

"Ten should be enough!"

As Zen gently moved the chess pieces along the chessboard with a single finger, the sculptures sprang into action. The largest one held him aloft, while the other nine sculptures began to hammer on him with their fists.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Thanks to the violent blows he received from the Regal Jade sculptures, a golden light surrounded his body. The light increased in size and intensity, and eventually engulfed the Regal Jade sculptures.

But because the sculptures were quite tough, the golden light couldn't hurt them too much.

The attacks caused muffled sounds to circle in the air over the palace.

The sounds shook the Pear Hill guards out of their reverie.

"Aren't we going to find out what that is?" a guard asked his chief in confusion.

The chief guard was speechless. He had no idea what Zen was doing in the palace alone, but he finally managed to hold it back. "No. He's an honored guest, a distinguished guest."

The Regal Jade sculptures were still attacking Zen. Their blows became more powerful, and the golden light responded in kind. It simply got brighter.

Before he had fused with the Chaotic Source Spirits, the golden light would dissipate, but now it converged at the spots of light. The two hundred such spots in his body kept devouring the golden light like hungry beasts.

This lasted for an entire night.

Zen didn't use the Shade Stone, nor did he activate the Chaotic Source Spirits. He just let the Regal Jade sculptures rain blows on him all night.

At dawn, the sounds of hammering in the palace finally stopped. Although the first ten sculptures didn't have much power, it was still not easy to withstand thousands of punches without any means of defense.

Zen looked exhausted, but his eyes had that telltale glint of excitement. "The Chaotic Source Spirits have become far more powerful after absorbing this Truth of Godly Way!"

"It's... It's so incredible..." No. 9527 was confused too.

Since it couldn't figure it out, it even stole into Zen's inner world to ask the Regal Jade Spirit for guidance.

The Regal Jade Spirit understood the Other Shore better than No. 9527, but he didn't know any more about the thirteen Truths of Godly Ways than the one who asked him. So when the Regal Jade Spirit saw the fourteenth Truth of Godly Way—the Truth of Three-Energy Construction for the first time, he was as astonished as No. 9527.

He could not understand what had happened to Zen's corporeal body and how the truth aura had been siphoned from his body.

But right now, the reasons were immaterial. They had to deal with things as they were now. The answers could wait.

The truth aura that was drawn by the hammering could not only nourish the Chaotic Source Spirits and make them stronger, but also could quickly dispel their fatigue.

It meant that Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits could last longer than anyone else's. It would take much more time to exhaust them. Zen could even use his opponent's power in a battle to create the truth aura, in order to make his Chaotic Source Spirits even stronger.

Just as Zen was taking it all in, a guard suddenly called from the palace door. "The master of Rose Sect wants to see you!"

"The master of Rose Sect?"

Zen was a little confused to hear the title, not realizing who that was.

"It's Emily. You know, from the bottom of the chaos," No. 9527 reminded him.

"Emily!"

It was not until then that Zen remembered who the master of Rose Sect was.

Emily had guided him and his sister on their journey to the Source World. He hadn't seen her since they last parted.

Zen pushed the door open and walked out. His gaze fell upon Emily, all in green, standing at the door with a smile on her face.

Because of Yan's bloodline, Yan could only be brought back to the Pear Hill by her. But Emily had always believed that Zen could become more powerful than his sister.

To Emily's surprise, however, Yan had been treated like a VIP after she entered the Pear Hill.

Yan didn't have to be rigorously tested before she was promoted, unlike every other talent. The Snake Goddess even agreed to see her right away. She had a meteoric rise to stardom.

Emily had known that Yan might be very important to the Pear Hill because of her bloodline, but she had never expected Yan to be that influential.

Emily was given an unexpected reward only because she had escorted Yan there. Moreover, she was allowed to return to Rose Sect. What was more, she was given the soul crystal, so that her Soul of Light cultivation improved rapidly. In just a few years, she reached the twelfth stage of the Other Shore Realm.

Unfortunately, however, the Chaotic Source World had opened before she could reach the thirteenth stage. So she had to give up on the opportunity.

She had thought that Zen, who had entered the Oneness Sky Palace, would make slower progress. After all, he came from the Nine Li race. If someone from any other race joined the Oneness Sky Palace, it would be hard for him to achieve something unless he trained for a thousand years.

That was why Emily was gobsmacked when Leopold told her Zen was going to enter the Chaotic Source World.

After all, Emily had reached the Other Shore Realm many years ago, and Zen was still wandering the Sea of Truth when he entered the Source World. However, before Emily could reach the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm, Zen was already qualified to enter the Chaotic Source World.

Chapter 3483 Gift

It had only been a few years, but Zen had become one of the top disciples in the Oneness Sky Palace. He wasn't on Yan's level, but he was still pretty amazing.

However, after the Chaotic Source World was closed, the stories that had happened inside this world spread like wildfire in the Source World, and the Pear Hill was the first to know.

After Emily learned what Zen did in the Chaotic Source World, she was also flabbergasted.

She could not completely understand what Zen had gone through to reach this level in a handful of years.

Today, when Emily saw Zen again, he was already a Chaotic Source Realm warrior. However, she knew that Zen was more powerful than anybody that had returned from the Chaotic Source World claimed. He was far stronger than those Chaotic Source Realm warriors.

"You have greatly improved your cultivation. Truly impressive. You can probably cow Sanjay of the Sky Guard Pavilion now. He surely wouldn't dare to fight you," Emily said, hands behind her back.

Sanjay of the Sky Guard Pavilion had once chased them at the gate of the Source World, forcing Zen and Yan to split up to avoid him. Although Sanjay was a Chaotic Source Realm warrior in the Sky Guard Pavilion of the Bearing race, he wasn't even among the top 3, 000.

Zen could make the Regal Jade World descend, and Sanjay was indeed no match for him at the moment.

"If I meet him one day, I guess I'll have to thank him personally," Zen said with a smile. He had accidentally joined the Sword Light Palace before, and ended up becoming a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace.

"I'd buy tickets to see that..." Emily uttered.

With the Inheritance of World activated, Zen was still not as powerful as Elizabeth or Athemar, but he would be able to instantly kill many Chaotic Source Realm warriors. His strength was considerable.

Zen glanced at Emily, and said, "The Chaotic Source World has been permanently shut down. There's no way to reach the Chaotic Source Realm now. What are you going to do?"

This was a very serious problem, not only for Emily, but also for many warriors of the Other Shore Realm all across the Source World.

The Chaotic Source World would never be opened again. They would never have a chance to reach the Chaotic Source Realm. If they missed it last time, they would never get another chance, unless the Chaotic Source Spirits appeared in the Source World once more and multiplied there.

Emily's eyes darkened when he asked the question.

Not everyone on the Other Shore could master the various skills as rapidly as Zen.

Many people had tried hard on the Other Shore. Only by training their Souls of Light little by little could they cross from stage to stage.

Emily had been able to reach Stage Twelve only because she had brought Yan back and obtained several finger-size chunks of soul crystal. And even then, she was still not qualified to enter the Chaotic Source World.

"I have the soul crystal," Zen continued. "At least it's enough for you to enter the Desire World."

If one didn't reach the Chaotic Source Realm, even if they made it to the Desire World, it would be difficult for them to fully employ the Other Shore Tokens' power. Just like in the middle ages, they could only choose the descending type of Other Shore Tokens.

When he made the offer, Emily immediately paid him rapt attention, her eyes wide.

Those who had devoured the soul crystal knew what it could do. It could increase the level of the Soul of Light. But it was so rare and powerful that few ordinary warriors could own it.

"I also have Chaotic Source Spirits," Zen said as he gently turned his hand. A handful of amber colored crystals were revealed to Emily, flickering slightly. There were 200 crystals in total.

When Emily saw the crystals, her eyes were as big as saucers. A lot of talents had sacrificed their lives in the fight for the Chaotic Source Spirits.

"No one is allowed to bring the Chaotic Source Spirits out. How could you..." Emily whispered.

She had a vague feeling that Zen would give these things to her, but she knew the soul crystal and the Chaotic Source Spirits were very precious. It was too much to comfortably accept.

But the temptation was too strong. She had to have them.

"Anyway, no one will care. I brought some with me," Zen said with a shrug.

There were tens of thousands of crystals in the body of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits. After Zen passed them out to the Oneness Sky Palace disciples and the members of the Pear Hill, he kept 2, 000 crystals for himself. These crystals were enough for ten people to reach the Chaotic Source Realm.

Emily had proven herself a loyal companion when they traveled through the chaos. She deserved such a reward, and Zen thought this fitting.

"Are you really... going to give these to me?" Emily's eyes shone with hope.

She had heard that Zen had come to Pear Hill, so she came to see him, but she had never expected that he would show her the crystals.

"I'll place the soul crystal in the care of the Ear Mouse race on Stage Thirteen. You can ask them for it after you reach that stage," Zen said as he handed the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits to Emily.

"This..." Emily didn't know what to say at all.

Emily was once an invincible master in Zen's eyes, and she had a regal bearing.

Perhaps it was because Zen had improved his cultivation base and had surpassed Emily that seeing Emily's uneasy expression, he found her kind of cute.

In the end, Emily accepted the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits, a wonderful gift that she would not refuse.

Refining the Chaotic Source Spirits required the array in the Chaotic Source World. Now that the Icy Snow Province had been retaken by the Pear Hill, it shouldn't be difficult for Emily, the sect leader, to enter.

The Pear Hill held a banquet to entertain the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace, but Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the mountain leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace weren't there, so the Pear Hill only sent some sect leaders to accompany the members of the Oneness Sky Palace.

After exploring the Chaotic Source World, all the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace were laid back, especially Chaim and Sally. Such exercise was relaxing to them, and kept them active and happy.

After the banquet, a woman showed up. Her body was half-human and half-snake. She looked at Zen and announced, "Zen of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Snake Goddess demands to see you."

Everyone looked at Zen. Some were in surprise, while some had more complex expressions.

To the people of the Pear Hill, the Snake Goddess was not only a leader but also a spiritual symbol. She was the base of the Pear Hill.

There weren't many who had ever seen the Snake Goddess in person, even in the Pear Hill.

Athemar nodded to Zen, and Zen stood and left the table. He followed the woman out of the room.

After Zen had departed, the grand sect leader held a glass of wine and toasted Athemar. "Yan's arrival has brought honor to our Pear Hill, but I didn't expect her brother, the disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, to be just as amazing."

Athemar smiled and returned the toast. His grin was still there as he sipped from his glass.

Initially, Athemar had brought Zen back to the Oneness Sky Palace because Zen was a talent capable of Instant Enlightenment. But now, Zen was already the spokesperson of a civilization, which was truly beyond what Athemar thought he could do. It had only been a handful of years, so such an achievement was rather spectacular.

Maybe the Oneness Sky Palace should be grateful Zen joined them.

Chapter 3484 The Snake Goddess

The Pear Hill was intimidatingly high, as though it was touching the sky.

However, the moment someone entered it, they would not be able to tell they were inside a hill.

The hill itself was huge—so huge that it sloped ever so gently.

The people living on the Pear Hill sometimes felt as though they lived on a plain rather than on a hill.

The woman of the Snake Goddess race was leading the way, with Zen at her heel.

After passing through two transmission arrays on the way, he was suddenly shrouded in a thick mist.

The mist blocked the flow of his spiritual sense, so he couldn't see anything in front of him. Cautiously, he followed the woman on the climb all the way up into the clouds.

There, he saw a huge jadeite platform floating in the air. Upon stepping onto the platform, the woman saluted to Zen curtly. "Please wait here."

Standing on the jadeite platform, Zen could see the whole Pear Province before him.

Although, it was a bit hazy, with the thick clouds blocking the view.

Similar to the Oneness Sky Palace, the Pear Hill had a few mountain leaders who managed several grand sect leaders. There were more than one hundred sect leaders under the command of the grand sect leaders. Emily was the leader of the Rose Sect.

After around five minutes of waiting, Zen sensed a space wave coming from behind him. As he turned to look, Yan popped out from a space channel.

"Brother!"

she cried gleefully, hopping forward to hug Zen.

Just then, a beautiful woman emerged from the same space channel. Wearing a purple gown, she looked like royalty. Her eyes revealed a sense of wisdom and experience.

The Snake Goddess had created many miracles in the Source World. Her two notably important contributions were the Grand World Cultivation Method and the Chaotic Source Spirits. It could be said that she single-handedly nudged the whole world towards progress.

Staring at the elegant woman before him, Zen was slightly taken aback. Other than the powerful aura surrounding her, she looked like an ordinary human. She didn't even have the snake tail, a characteristic of the Snake Goddess race.

Zen glanced at his sister dubiously, wondering if this woman in purple was truly the Snake Goddess.

"Brother, this is the Snake Goddess," Yan introduced pointedly.

Thankful that his sister took his hint, Zen clasped his hands and bowed towards the woman. "Snake Goddess, greetings!"

The Snake Goddess nodded slightly, watching Zen carefully. "I never expected the two Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds would be this successful," she said, her voice sounding as smooth as butter. "I am very pleased with your achievements. I believe that the Lord of Weapons shares the same sentiments."

Zen's and Yan's bloodlines didn't come from Lorena. Instead, through the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds, the pure bloodlines had been integrated into their bodies. As a result, Yan had the bloodline of the Snake Goddess and Zen had Chiyou's.

"Snake Goddess, thank you. I am flattered," Zen replied calmly.

The Snake Goddess continued. "Back then, the Lord of Weapons didn't listen to my advice and insisted on guarding the Pearl Islet with his clansmen. In the end, things didn't turn out well for him. It only proved he made the wrong decision." Her eyes narrowed. "If he had been willing to bring his subordinates to Pear Province, he and the other members of Nine Li race would have survived."

The Pear Hill had a close relationship with the human race, especially with the Nine Li race

Back when the Bearing race had started the war, if the Nine Li race had chosen to retreat, they never would've ended up like that.

Yet, Chiyou and his nine brothers were extremely unyielding.

Since the Bearing race had dared cross the Nine Li race, they were determined to punish them, and they had the ability to do so. However, after the Divine Farmer race joined the Bearing race, the Nine Li race couldn't stand a chance of winning anymore.

Zen had heard about these past events before through several channels. By now, he had already known the whole story. Maintaining his calm expression, he nodded slightly. He wasn't here to chitchat; Zen wanted to know why the Snake Goddess summoned him.

As the Snake Goddess spoke, her eyes looked Zen up and down. Suddenly, her beautiful eyes showed a trace of confusion. Reaching out her hand, she said, "Come over here."

Zen didn't understand what was going on, but reluctantly obeyed.

The Snake Goddess gently touched Zen's arm. With a light tap of her fingers, a vast amount of force had been injected into Zen's arm.

The force reached 1500 divine megatons. If it weren't for the support of the Chaotic Source Spirits, Zen's arm would have been damaged from the sudden power.

However, as the Other Shore Power spread from his arm, all the spots of light within Zen's body suddenly pulsated excitedly, as though they were preparing to fight this new "infection". Simultaneously, wisps of golden light shot forth from Zen's body, aiming directly at the Snake Goddess.

"Hum?" The Snake Goddess was puzzled. The power of the golden light was very weak. With a flick of her hand, some wisps of golden light dissipated instantly and more of them dived into Zen's body.

"You just integrated the Chaotic Source Spirits into your body yesterday. How are they stronger than Yan's?" Her brows knitted. "And what is the golden light just now? Its aura is similar to the Truth of Powerful Holy Body, but not exactly the same..."

The Snake Goddess was very perceptive. If it were anyone else, they probably would not have been able to tell the difference between them.

As for that strange truth aura that shot out from his body, this wasn't the first time it had appeared. Zen had only chosen to ignore it because it was so weak in combat.

"Well..." Zen hesitated. It wasn't because he was distrustful of the Snake Goddess, but rather he didn't want to discuss things he didn't fully understand yet. "I don't know where the golden light comes from. As long as power is injected into my body, or I'm hit in battle, it will pop out..."

Frowning slightly, the Snake Goddess seemed to be lost in thought.

Just like Fuxi's strength, the Snake Goddess's wisdom was universally known.

However, despite her intelligence, it was difficult for her to figure out the Truth of Godly Way on Zen's body.

"There are countless strange and confusing things about the chaos, but most of them are related to the Other Shore. The Truth of Godly Way is used for one to enter the Other Shore," she said carefully. "Yet, this kind of Truth of Godly Way you showed has nothing to do with the Other Shore. This is not the Truth of Godly Way from the chaos!" Her eyes shone bright with wisdom. "I heard from Fuxi that you have used another kind of Truth of Godly Way in the Chaotic Source World. It seemed that it was not included in the thirteen Truths of Godly Ways. It confused me." She paused, as though deep in thought.

"Zen, could you show me that Truth of Godly Way?"

Zen's Truth of Three-Energy Construction had been used in public before. The others might not notice, but Fuxi noticed it immediately.

Thus, the Snake Goddess wanted Zen to help her understand the situation.

Zen stood motionless for a moment. After a while, he said, "Snake Goddess, since you asked, I will accept your request. However, I want to ask you a question before I do so."

"Go ahead." The Snake Goddess nodded.

"Snake Goddess, have you met any humans on the Other Shore?" Zen asked abruptly.

Chapter 3485 The Designated Celestial Wolf Race

Previously, King Manard had asked Zen to help him find the human race on the Other Shore.

However, ever since Zen entered the Other Shore, he had never heard of the existence of any human. Even the Regal Jade Spirit, who had been in the upper stages of the Other Shore before, had not known the existence of any human there.

According to King Manard, humans were not born in this round of chaos by chance. Instead, it was an inevitable phenomenon. It was the reason why he was very affirmative that Zen should be able to find them somewhere on the Other Shore.

The human civilization was many, many years older than the Regal Jade Civilization, and anything could have happened in such a long period.

If Zen really wanted to find an answer, he could only seek it from the supreme human warriors.

He originally wanted to return to the Oneness Sky Palace to see Eastern Emperor Taiyi. But now that he had seen the Snake Goddess, he thought that he could bring up this matter to her.

The moment Zen raised the question, the face of the Snake Goddess suddenly looked serious.

Her smiling face turned quite pale and it was evident that she felt somewhat uncomfortable.

"Why are you asking this question?" the Snake Goddess asked as she stared directly into Zen's eyes.

Yan couldn't help but blink repeatedly in wonder.

She had stayed with the Snake Goddess for quite a long time, and this was the first instance that she had seen her exhibit a mood swing.

'Is Zen's question strange?' she wondered inwardly.

Since there were all sorts of races on the Other Shore, it might not be that uncommon if humans also dwelt there.

"I just want to know," Zen said calmly.

Before getting a certain answer from the Snake Goddess, Zen didn't want to tell her his connection to King Manard.

"It's just out of curiosity? Or is there something else?" the Snake Goddess asked as she tried to fish for some secrets to be spilled.

"Well, yes, there are other reasons. Some are related to the Truth of Godly Way that I'll be showing." As Zen answered, he stretched out his hand and the red, yellow and blue energy beams began spiraling up above his palm.

The energy beams were interwoven with each other and gradually formed a small sculpture of Yan.

"That's amazing! You created it out of nothing!"

Yan had been in the Pear Hill for quite some time and had seen a lot of skills performed by the people there. As she witnessed Zen's skill, she knew that this one was extraordinary at first glance.

Zen had used the Truth of Three-Energy Construction when he fought against the Evil God, but the void construction was showy and not substantial. Thus it was not tactical to be used in defending against the enemy.

A glimmer of surprise flashed across the Snake Goddess's eyes as she intently stared at the statue in Zen's hand.

Void construction could be accomplished with the help of some special Other Shore Tokens, and the things that were created this way were quite powerful. However, there was a huge limitation in this kind of void construction, which was far from what Zen had demonstrated.

"If you're going to give me any information regarding the human race on the Other Shore, I will tell you the origin of this Truth of Godly Way. That's not bad for a deal," Zen asserted.

Zen had given his word to King Manard and wouldn't go back on it.

After Zen finished speaking, he handed the statue to Yan.

Yan held the statue in her hand and played with it for a while. The statue was very lifelike and she loved it so much.

Seeing Zen was pretty determined, the Snake Goddess couldn't help pursing her lips.

It had been many years since she last met a young man who could be so firm in what he wanted. For that, Zen really deserved the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. He had such a firm character likened to the Lord of Weapons.

As the wind blew, the sea of clouds in the distance billowed like waves. The Snake Goddess stood on the jadeite platform and looked at the panoramic view of the magnificent scenery.

She looked into the distance and said, "The birth of humans in this round of chaos was planned."

Zen's heart skipped a beat. It was the exact same thing that King Manard said.

"Actually, not only humans but also super forces like the Ear Mice and the Separate Abyss race were planned to be born. If the Other Shore hadn't intervened in the development of the chaos, there should have already been a ruling civilization in this round of chaos."

"A ruling civilization?"

After going through so much, Zen had come to understand how powerful ruling civilizations could be.

The Dreaded Eye Demons and the Regal Jade Civilization, for example, used to be rulers in chaos.

However, in the current chaos, there existed so many large races that not a single super force could rule the entire chaos. Thus, a ruling civilization didn't exist.

"What kind of interference did you mean?" Zen asked as he became more curious.

"It means that they forcibly introduced other civilizations that don't belong to this round of chaos. If it weren't for the existence of the Ear Mice, the Sun Crow race, the Separate Abyss race, and the Snake Goddess race, the Celestial Wolf race would be the one ruling the chaos," the Snake Goddess finally revealed.

"The Celestial Wolf race?" Zen's eyes narrowed in surprise. "How is that possible?"

A while back, he had met the Celestial Wolf race in the Chaotic Source World. Although they truly were a large race, they were never considered as a super force.

The Snake Goddess let out a faint smile. "Well, it's simple. It's because they were the designated ruling civilization in this chaos. Unfortunately, because of our existence, we completely suppressed them. Now, it's impossible for them to grow stronger," she replied.

"They were the designated ruling civilization?" As he couldn't believe what he just heard, Zen asked No. 9527 in his mind, "How come you didn't know about this?"

No. 9527 was a part of the Chaos Ancient God, a creature that had existed in the last round of chaos. That was why Zen became a little confused that it didn't know this piece of information.

"You can't blame it. After all, it's just a soul avatar. It can't bear all of Gerald's memories," the Snake Goddess explained.

Zen looked at the Snake Goddess who was wearing a charming smile on her face. It was as gentle and innocent as that of a child and as shy and vivacious as that of a teenage girl. Moreover, she had the wisdom and the bearing of a goddess. Zen could just imagine a female's entire lifespan by just looking at her.

"You… You are snooping on my soul," Zen uttered the words with an embarrassed expression.

Both the Snake Goddess and King Manard didn't like it when there were people stealthily eavesdropping on them. King Manard even forced No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit out back then.

"No, I am not. I just felt your consciousness fluctuation and read it," said the Snake Goddess softly.

"The Snake Goddess can read one's spiritual sense and messages conveyed through life vitality," Yan reminded her brother.

The Snake Goddess could even read one's memories if she wanted to, but she wouldn't do that to Zen.

"In the ancient times of this chaos, there was only one human force. Furthermore, the birth of this very human force was indeed related to me and my brother."

The Snake Goddess's eyes began to glow, as if she had returned to the memories of those savage days. Back then, the chaos was newly created and people didn't know much about the primitive land.

And the "brother" that she was referring to was Fuxi.

Chapter 3486 The Past

The thick clouds swirled and trembled even more violently when the Snake Goddess pointed her finger towards the void. Then, she spoke in an oddly mysterious voice, "I can show you the first scene of this round of chaos."

As soon as she was finished, drops of sweet rain fell down.

"Ticking! Ticking! Ticking..."

In turn, Yan reached out to catch the raindrops, only to find that they were just illusions.

Meanwhile, the clouds in the distance disappeared and were replaced by a brown ocean.

The current Source World had expanded to an extremely large size.

However, during the beginning of the chaos, the Source World was born as a primitive land, much like an inner world.

The entire Source World was drowned in the sea and over the endless years, the seeds of life gradually sprouted. The most primitive creatures were born.

That particular scene was quite similar to what happened with Zen's inner world when it was first created.

Just then, six light cocoons floated in the vast sky. The light cocoons were translucent, and the shapes of the creatures inside them could be seen easily through their diaphanous structure.

"Are they Chaos Ancient Gods?" Zen asked as he raised his head. The Snake Goddess nodded. Indeed, they were the only living creatures in the last round of chaos.

They had passed through the chaos' empty and lonely stage and observed the Ways-blending Energy. Each of them had learned their own truths.

"I see my master! He is the second on the left!" No. 9527 exclaimed.

Zen looked at the light cocoon it mentioned. Inside the second light cocoon on the left was a shadow shaped like a scorpion.

Zen had never seen Gerald's appearance before.

Gerald's body was buried below the ground, and Zen couldn't see that.

He only knew that Gerald was very large in size, and a piece of his rib was as big as a towering mountain. He didn't expect that Gerald was a scorpion with a large body.

On the other hand, the figures who were in the other light cocoons were different. Their features couldn't be recognized simply from their shapes.

"Splash..."

The rain in the illusion became heavier and heavier, accompanied by the loud thunder.

Tens of millions of years, and even billions of years passed...

It was said that time could easily bring a great change to the world, but how could the sea in the primitive land change greatly so effortlessly?

After countless years, some creatures finally appeared in the sea.

Then, the smallest plankton slowly developed and the fish appeared.

"Whoosh!"

Zen looked curious and bewildered when he saw the fish that swam in the sea. He said, "How did these fish grow like this?"

Although there were many sorts of strange fish, those specific fish in this sea looked especially odd.

The fish's brain was surprisingly large and was out of proportion to their body. "You'll know when you keep on seeing the development," the Snake Goddess responded.

The fish passed by, and time sped up by a million times in this illusion.

The sea level quickly went down, and the first patch of land appeared. Eventually, some fish got washed ashore.

Only then did Zen understand why those fish looked so strange. Their huge heads continuously shrank and their bodies began to elongate. They retained the fangs in their mouths, and they became the wolves.

He was suddenly enlightened as he thought of what the Snake Goddess had said earlier. He asked, "Do they belong to the Celestial Wolf race?"

The Snake Goddess nodded and explained, "The Celestial Wolf race was the designated one, and they were the first creatures to be born. According to the past rules, all the other creatures in this primitive land were nothing more than food for the Celestial Wolf race..."

It was true that the designated race had been at the top of the food chain from the very beginning!

As long as they were given enough time, they would become a ruling force sooner or later.

On the contrary, the creatures that were born in this round of chaos could only serve as the vassals of the Celestial Wolf race.

This fate was determined from the reopening of the chaos. "Since the Celestial Wolf race had such a great advantage, how did they end up like today?" asked Zen.

In present times, the Celestial Wolf race was considered as an insignificant race.

Even the Oneness Sky Palace could destroy them easily, let alone the Separate Abyss race, the Bearing race, or the other super forces.

"Because they were in conflict with each other," the Snake Goddess calmly answered.

"They? Who are they?" Zen asked curiously. The Snake Goddess shook her head.

"We don't know. Maybe 'they" refers to the Instant Civilization, or maybe not. I've been suspicious about things that haven't been proven to exist," she said and sighed.

The Instant Civilization was widely recognized as the first civilization, which was the beginning of the chaos. It was difficult to understand and imagine.

Yet, nobody had ever seen or known about this civilization...

For such a kind of civilization, the Snake Goddess usually thought that it didn't exist.

"I only know that they designated the Celestial Wolf race, but there have been conflicts within them, and they must be very disappointed in the Finale Way. After many rounds of civilizations and Finale Ways, we are now in the 1, 447th civilization and the 1, 447th chaos.

Since they have wasted too much time, some of them got impatient and opened another passageway..." said the Snake Goddess as she looked at the continent.

The continent was lush and filled with all kinds of creatures, but most of them belonged to the Celestial Wolf race which grew prosperous according to the original plan.

Suddenly, different colored light dots, such as black, white, red, and so on, filled the sky.

"They are the seeds of life. It's the races hiding on the Other Shore that scattered them everywhere through that passageway," said the Snake Goddess.

The races on the Other Shore had always been interfering in the development of chaos, but their interference was limited. The intervention that could've happened at the greatest extent might be the Civilization Artifacts.

It was different this time, however.

At that point, they threw the members of their races into the real world.

Then, seeds of life fell onto the ground, took root, and sprouted.

There were Separate Abyss race, Moon Spirit race, Ear Mouse race, Sun Crow race, Cracked Earth race who were covered with poison and so on.

"There has never been a chaos which contains so many races..." the Snake Goddess commented. Zen simply nodded in response.

These races had had a brilliant history and had been a ruling civilization in the past.

Overall, they almost had the same potentials as each other.

But, it wasn't until trillions of years of development that many of the super forces stood up to each other as equals.

A small mountain slowly appeared in the illusion, and some white light dots fell upon it. One of the light dots gradually grew bigger and turned into a light cocoon of a few feet high. Afterwards, a naked woman with a snake tail walked out of the light cocoon.

The woman with a snake tail looked exactly the same as the Snake Goddess, but she had no cultivation base at all. She was just an ordinary being. Her memories were blurry, which made her look puzzled.

Naturally, both Zen and Yan felt a little embarrassed at the sight of this woman.

The Snake Goddess told them in a calm voice, "I am the first member of the Snake Goddess race to be born in this round of chaos, and Fuxi is the first human being."

Chapter 3487 The Enemy

As soon as the Snake Goddess walked out of the cocoon, another cocoon broke open as well. Fuxi emerged and nimbly walked out of it.

Now, he looked exactly like an ordinary human man.

In Zen's eyes, the Snake Goddess race was not a human race, and they were simply related to the humans.

So, why did the Snake Goddess descend with those white spots?

Zen thought that it might be too impolite of him if he asked her about it directly, so he swallowed the words that were on the tip of his tongue.

"Fuxi and I had many memories after we came to this world. We knew how to make pottery ware, weave webs, catch fishes..." the Snake Goddess continued.

In time, the humans began to flourish rapidly around that small mountain.

The memories in their minds had made a crucial contribution to the fact that they could master these skills in a short time.

"Have you thought of something? For example, the Lord of Weapons..." the Snake Goddess reminded. At that moment, Zen's eyes flashed.

Chiyou was known as the Lord of Weapons, because he invented the sword, spear, halberd, armor, crossbow…

"These inventions..." said Zen hesitantly.

"They are the memories given by the humans on the Other Shore," the Snake Goddess explained. What King Manard had said was verified with the evolution of illusions.

Generally speaking, it was very difficult for the races that had entered the Other Shore to return to the chaos.

If the humans had appeared in the chaos, it meant that the humans on the Other Shore had already begun to take action.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi and Chiyou were the seeds sowed by the humans on the Other Shore

"So, you, the Human Sovereign, and even my grandfather represent the humans on the Other Shore. Are you their spokespersons?" Zen asked.

"No. It's not that simple," replied the Snake Goddess as she shook her head.

The humans on the Other Shore were well prepared, as they had given all the memories that the humans in the chaos should know. The only thing was, the humans in the chaos didn't know where they came from, what was their goal, or anything about the humans on the Other Shore.

In any case, thanks to those memories, several human forces had advanced rapidly.

For instance, the small Pear Hill which had descended in the very beginning had developed alongside the growth of the primitive land. When the primitive land became as large as it was today, the Pear Hill had expanded to the size of a big province.

"The most mystical thing is," said the Snake Goddess with an ironic expression, "I know about the existence of the humans on the Other Shore, and I also know that they created us, but we still can't find them."

Of course, not all races were the same.

For example, after the Separate Abyss race had gotten increasingly stronger, they quickly found their home on the Other Shore, the Abyss Spirit race. The latter had even helped them take over the entire Stage Eleven.

The human forces, including the Nine Li race, the Pear Hill, the Bearing race, and the Divine Farmer race, however, hadn't found their own home on the Other Shore yet.

"Now you can tell me how you mastered the void construction and the Truth of Godly Way," the Snake Goddess requested while she waved her hand. The illusions in front of Zen and Yan immediately collapsed and turned into a thick white mist.

Zen nodded and said, "Can I ask another question?"

"Please go ahead."

"Since the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race also came from the human race on the Other Shore, why did they choose a different path?" he asked. The humans on the Other Shore had created the Pear Hill, the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, the Nine Li race, and the Oneness Sky Palace.

Why were there conflicts between them in the end?

The answer to his question was rather easy. The Snake Goddess thought for a while and then explained, "Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer have doubts about the existence of the humans on the Other Shore. Furthermore, the supreme masters of these two races have each become the spokespersons for other civilizations, and the civilizations that they represent have joined the Blood Assembly on the Other Shore.

You know, the Blood Assembly is a strong force, and they are also our enemy." "The Blood Assembly?" Zen asked as his eyebrows shot up in curiosity.

Back when he had tried to help Elvinia erase the memories of that pig-faced monster called Teague, Teague had mentioned the Blood Assembly before he was finally driven out from Elvinia's body.

It seemed that the Blood Assembly on the Other Shore had pushed those pig-faced monsters to Stage Thirteen.

"It is a force formed by many races on the Other Shore," the Snake Goddess answered.

Zen just nodded once more. He now had a rough idea.

The intricate and complex forces on the Other Shore were born in more than a thousand chaotic eras of the chaos.

Unfortunately, Zen still couldn't get any news about the human race on the Other Shore. They were so mysterious that even the Snake Goddess and Fuxi were unable to find them.

After he had digested the information the Snake Goddess had given him, he said, "This is the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. It's connected with another Other Shore."

"Another Other Shore? There is another Other Shore?"

Even though the Snake Goddess had almost omnipotent wisdom, she was still shocked upon hearing what Zen had said.

As far as she knew, such a thing was impossible.

Then again, she could sense the fluctuation in Zen's consciousness. Although she didn't read it, she could easily tell that he wasn't lying.

"Yes," Zen replied with a nod.

"Are the humans on the Other Shore hiding in that Other Shore?" At that point, the Snake Goddess had thought of the humans on the Other Shore.

Zen shook his head. "There are only ten-odd people on that Other Shore. Strictly speaking, they are not creatures of the Other Shore.

In addition, they asked me to help look for the humans from the 77th civilization on our Other Shore," he explained. "But how did you go to that Other Shore?" the Snake Goddess asked in confusion.

Meanwhile, Yan stood by the side and quietly listened to her brother's words, her eyes wide with surprise. Not even the Human Sovereign could make the Snake Goddess look like that!

"Back when I was in the Chaotic Source World, I had fought against Mount. He exiled me to that space," said Zen.

"That is Othniel's truth-level theurgy. That space should belong to Othniel. How could it be another Other Shore?" the Snake Goddess asked again. The information Zen was giving still perplexed her.

She had already heard that Mount had exiled Zen. She was originally a little curious as to how Zen had returned, because all things considered, it was impossible for him to return after he was exiled.

"There is a human in that space who said his name was King Manard. He came from the 77th civilization, and he has been hiding there until now. He has completely controlled that space and transformed it into another Other Shore.

He taught me the Truth of Three-Energy Construction," Zen stated.

Upon hearing those words, the Snake Goddess couldn't keep calm anymore.

The 77th civilization had left a lot of traces in the Three Purities Stage on the Other Shore, but no one had ever met any of them.

She never thought that Zen would've found a human from the 77th civilization in that way! "Even if King Manard can live in that space, how did he find the Truth of Three-Energy Construction?" the Snake Goddess asked.

The answer Zen gave shocked her greatly once again. "He found it from outside of the chaos," he said.

Chapter 3488 The Wrong Goal

Zen's voice was not loud, but what he said came as a shock to the Snake Goddess.

It was too much for her.

While Zen could probably fabricate a story about the second Other Shore, she believed the part about the void construction of the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

"Outside the chaos? What is outside the chaos?" The Snake Goddess stared at Zen intently, like a child hungry for knowledge.

"Well..." Zen hesitated slightly.

"Can't you tell me?" Noticing Zen's hesitation, the Snake Goddess couldn't help but feel a little disappointed.

"I can." Zen smiled. King Manard didn't give Zen too many restrictions. His only request was to help him find the humans on the Other Shore. Moreover, Zen thought it wouldn't hurt to inform the Snake Goddess. "The world outside the chaos is very unique. There, the shapes of all materials are different... It's hard to describe..."

Zen did his best to describe the scene engraved in his memory.

Although the description was not, in his opinion, exactly accurate, the Snake Goddess still lapped up everything he said. Even Yan, who was standing next to her, listened attentively to her brother's story.

By the time Zen finished speaking, the Snake Goddess seemed to want to say something.

However, a voice interrupted her. "Since you said that space is another Other Shore, can one go there with the Truth of Three-Energy Construction?"

A burly figure appeared on the jadeite platform. It was Fuxi.

"Ah, you were eavesdropping!" Yan said accusingly.

"Eavesdropping? What do you mean by that?" Fuxi chuckled. "I've been here this whole time."

It was clear that Fuxi had heard every word that had come out of Zen's mouth just now. He too was curious about that space and the world outside the chaos, so he couldn't help but reveal himself.

Zen, contrary to his sister's reaction, smiled calmly at Fuxi. "Yes. With the Truth of Three-Energy Construction, we can go there."

"With the soul or body?" Fuxi asked, eyebrow raised.

"I don't know that either." Zen was baffled by this question.

Since returning from that space, he had never tried going back to it.

It was impossible to enter the Other Shore with the Truth of Powerful Holy Body or the corporeal body. That space, on the other hand, was an Other Shore built by King Manard, so there should be no such restriction.

"So, what price do I have to pay for getting the Truth of Three-Energy Construction?" Fuxi asked, taking a step forward.

He and the Snake Goddess had been searching for the humans on the Other Shore for countless years. King Manard was the first one they had ever heard of. Of course, he wanted to see him.

But the Truth of Three-Energy Construction was in Zen's hands. They naturally wouldn't force him to give it.

"Price?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

He didn't intend to get anything by giving the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. But he had never forgotten his mission, also Chiyou's last will, to rebuild the Nine Li race.

He had asked Eastern Emperor Taiyi to give him a promise by offering him the Truth Enlightenment, but now, the Oneness Sky Palace was still being suppressed by the Bearing race. Especially after his identity was exposed, it was still uncertain what lengths the Bearing race would go to.

With only the Oneness Sky Palace, he might find it difficult to fight against super forces such as the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race and the Sun Crow race.

Since the Human Sovereign said so...

"I have one request," Zen said slowly. "I want you to help me rebuild the Nine Li race."

Yan stared at her brother, dumbfounded.

She had been living blissfully in the Pear Hill this whole time, but she knew her brother bore a heavy burden.

Fuxi's and the Snake Goddess's expressions remained unchanged. They knew Zen's background, and had predicted he would make such a request.

Expectantly eyeing the two supreme masters before him, Zen maintained his calm disposition. He had a feeling they would accept his request.

"I can't make any promises," the Snake Goddess said bluntly.

"Why not?" Zen was surprised.

"Because we can't help you do what you want," answered the Snake Goddess, casting a glance downward. Unsure how to console Zen, she couldn't look him in the eye at this time.

"But..." Zen was puzzled. "If you join forces with the Oneness Sky Palace, it's possible!"

Seeing Zen's anxious expression, the Snake Goddess smiled gently. "Have you ever thought about the process of rebuilding the Nine Li race? Gather all the remaining members of the Nine Li race and multiply. Then, a strong warrior from it would lead the Nine Li race to become one of the super forces in the Source World. Is that what you want?"

Zen stared at her blankly. He was speechless.

"The Chaotic Source World is gone," said the Snake Goddess, her eyes shining brightly. "From here on out, it will be impossible to cultivate a warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm. You secretly took crystals of the Chaotic Source Spirits from the Chaotic Source World. After giving one portion of them to the head of the Rose Sect, you have only nine left. Do you intend to cultivate the Nine Li people with these crystals?"

It was impossible to bring the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits out of the Chaotic Source World. The Pear Hill was very clear that Zen had taken out two thousand.

Zen fell silent, his mind whirling.

He had always envisioned rebuilding the Nine Li race, but only now did he realize he never really thought about the steps to get there.

Taking the threshold of the Chaotic Source Realm into consideration, there was really no way he could achieve his goal.

"Snake Goddess, is there really no hope of rebuilding the Nine Li race?" Yan asked, blinking. Disappointment was written all over her face.

The Snake Goddess walked over to Yan and threw her arms around her in a warm hug. Seeing Yan as her own daughter, she was fond of the girl. "There is hope, but your brother has mistaken the order."

"What order?" Yan asked confusedly.

"It's meaningless to rebuild the Nine Li race if the Finale Way is not completed," the Snake Goddess answered. "The chaos will be destroyed. And all the humans, including those from the Pear Hill, the Oneness Sky Palace and the Bearing race, will perish." Turning to face Zen, she continued explaining to Yan, "But if your brother completes the Finale Way, it will be much easier to rebuild the Nine Li race, right?"

Upon returning to Pear Hill, Fuxi had filled the Snake Goddess in on all the details about what happened at the bottom of the chaos. She was keenly aware that Zen was selected by Gerald.

Contrary to the aggrieved Fuxi at the time, the Snake Goddess's reaction was quite calm.

She did not know why Zen was chosen by Gerald, but as one of the six Chaos Ancient Gods, Gerald undoubtedly should have unique insight. Perhaps Zen could really complete the Finale Way and become the supreme Finale Hero in the chaos.

"Do you know your goal now?" Fuxi asked viciously.

When he left that prison, Fuxi had felt so indignant. He thought Gerald was blind to have chosen Zen.

However, when he met Zen again in the Chaotic Source World, Zen had completely changed. He had rapidly improved.

At least, Zen's performance had convinced Fuxi and made him certain of what he believed in.

Chapter 3489 Peculiar Seeds

The first time that Zen had heard of the Finale Hero, it was from Fuxi's mouth.

Fuxi had been in his lunatic phase at the time and Zen had had no idea what it had meant. No. 9527 hadn't explained it to him either.

It was not until Athemar had told him about the Finale Way while in the Mountain Viewing Province, that he had finally understood what it was about.

But there were things in the world that he'd find difficult to take on as goals even if he understood what they were.

There had been a number of civilizations that had pursued the Finale Way in the past. But it was a goal that even a whole civilization had failed to achieve despite summoning all their powers. Zen had never dreamed that his strength could be on par with that of a whole civilization.

At this moment, a soul fluctuation emanated from the sclerite in Zen's chest.

No. 9527 had suddenly turned into a human figure and was now standing beside Zen.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess didn't flinch when the human-shaped soul appeared so suddenly.

The Snake Goddess had already sensed its existence, and Fuxi had communicated with No. 9527 at the bottom of the chaos.

No. 9527 folded its hands in respect towards Fuxi and the Snake Goddess.

No. 9527 was usually pretty casual when communicating with Zen. But it regarded the top masters in the Source World as its peers. It hadn't cared about its manners even when it had met Chiyou in the divine land.

"We meet again," said Fuxi as he returned No. 9527's salute. "I didn't expect you to still be in this man's body."

"I will accompany and assist him as he grows in his strength. I won't leave until he becomes strong enough," No. 9527 answered.

When a soul fragment was separated from the main soul for too long, the connection between it and its master grew more distant with time.

In the beginning, No. 9527 had only assisted Zen when it thought it was necessary.

But as they began to communicate more deeply with each other, No. 9527 gradually formed its own self-consciousness and began to have its own characters. It began to care more about Zen.

"It looks like you've done a good job of assisting him," Fuxi said, voice dripping with jealousy. He had attributed Zen's rapid progress in cultivation to No. 9527's assistance.

"My help didn't really matter. Zen was able to achieve all of this with his own efforts," No. 9527 said, shaking its head. "I actually wanted to ask for something from you. For Zen."

"Ask for something?" Zen was stunned.

The Snake Goddess looked askance at No. 9527. "What do you want from us?"

"A Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed," No. 9527 replied.

Yan's and Zen's eyes narrowed at this.

The two of them had been born from the blood sealed within this kind of seeds, but they didn't exactly know what it was. What was No. 9527 doing by asking for it?

The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed mischievously. She said, "The Blood-storing Tree hasn't bloomed for a long time. Even the last Six-Pattern Blood-storing Fruit has hung on the tree for a long time. The entire Pear Hill has only one Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. Why do you think you can ask for it?"

There was only one Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree in the entire Source World.

"Because Zen needs it. And he can exchange the Truth of Three-Energy Construction for it," No. 9527 said calmly.

Zen was confused "Of what use is the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed to me?"

No. 9527 looked at Zen, a faint smile playing on its face. "You had previously thought of using the Blood Upgrading Pill of the Origin Mountain to upgrade my master's blood in your body. Rumors in the

Oneness Sky Palace have it that the Blood Upgrading Pill has magical power, but it is impossible to upgrade my master's blood using the pill."

"Can the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed upgrade your master's blood?" Zen asked.

"In the whole chaos, only the seeds from this tree can perfectly copy bloodlines. Am I right?" No. 9527 said, smiling as it faced Fuxi and the Snake Goddess.

When the Pear Hill had risen, this tree had started to break free from ground and grown on the Pear Hill.

The Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds that grew on the tree were rare treasures in the Source World.

A Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed could pass down a bloodline perfectly.

Many powerful masters in the Source World had their own bloodlines, but their descendants were often unable to completely inherit their bloodlines. There were a few special elixirs like the Blood Upgrading Pill of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Heavenly Blood Pill of the Divine Farmer race that could upgrade their bloodlines. But the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed remained the most magical of them all.

Such seeds could completely pass down the bloodline one carried.

Since ancient times, there had been many powerful masters who had come to the Pear Hill to ask for the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds.

Even King Ieuan of the Ear Mice had brought a huge amount of resources here in exchange for a Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. No superpower could reject the wealth that the Ear Mice offered for their resources.

But the Pear Hill had refused them.

They had never given their treasures to anyone else.

The two Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds that had been used on Yan and Zen were exceptions. It was the only time that the seeds had been used on outsiders.

A glimmer of hesitation appeared on the Snake Goddess's face. "Excuse me. Let me discuss this with Fuxi," she said.

With a slight wave of her hand, the two of them disappeared from before Zen and Yan.

No. 9527 was stunned. It hadn't expected the Snake Goddess to be so cautious about its request. It was just a seed that could pass down the bloodline!

Once the Snake Goddess had pulled Fuxi to a space where Zen couldn't hear them, she said, "What do you think, Fuxi?"

Fuxi acted like he didn't really care. "He had used one before. What's the big deal if we give him another one?"

"But it will be the last Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. Do you think there's something important hidden in it?" The Snake Goddess looked hesitant.

The Pear Hill cherished the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds so much because there were secrets hidden in them.

This Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree had been born at almost the same time as Fuxi and the Snake Goddess. It was a tree that the human race had originally planted on the Other Shore.

The Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree would bloom once every thirty million years. Another thirty million years later, the tree would bear a fruit. And another thirty million years later, the fruit would mature. This fruit would have a Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed within it.

To perfectly pass down bloodlines was just one of the functions of the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds.

What made the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds really important were the things that were hidden inside them.

The Snake Goddess had discovered the Grand World Cultivation Method from one of the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds.

The crystals produced by the Chaotic Source Spirits after they came to the Source World could help the warriors at the Other Shore Realm step into the Chaotic Source Realm. This secret had also been carried by a Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed.

The Snake Goddess believed that this Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree was a method the human race on the Other Shore used to communicate with her. They sealed what they needed her to know into the tree and in this way, passed it to her.

This was why the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds were never given to outsiders.

At the time, a Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed that had been placed in Yan's body had copied the bloodline of the Snake Goddess. And then an Energy Shaft formed in her body.

"Don't you know how many Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds we have devoured over the years?" Fuxi shook his head and said, "The information that some of the seeds contained is ridiculous. Apart from the one that Yan inherited, all others are basically useless. And you're still expecting the last one to produce a miracle?"

Chapter 3490 Deliver

The Snake Goddess frowned. She had always placed her hopes on the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree.

She was under the impression that the humans on the Other Shore would hide the information about them in the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds. So she was hoping to find information from the seeds.

But it just turned out to be a disappointment.

Fuxi continued, "Perhaps we have to resign ourselves to fate. Zen found King Manard. Since he asked for it, we can give him the last seed."

After a moment's silence, the Snake Goddess nodded and waved her hand. The two of them returned to the jadeite platform again.

Shooting a glance at Zen, she gestured towards him. "Follow me."

It seemed that she had agreed.

With a wave, No. 9527 returned to Zen's body.

The Snake Goddess waved her hand once more, and she and Zen had disappeared from the jadeite platform.

The next thing he knew, Zen was in a cave.

It was practically pitch black. He could, however, hear the sounds of dripping water off the walls.

"This is the internal space of the Pear Hill?" Zen guessed.

"It's the innermost part of the Pear Hill," the Snake Goddess answered. She started walking.

As she walked forward, dim lights would appear around the cave. It was some complex magic arrays that emitted the glow.

Although these magic arrays had not been activated, they embodied terrifying abilities. Obviously, this was the most important place of the Pear Hill, since it was so heavily guarded.

After walking more than two hundred feet, they reached the end of the cave.

Zen glanced around. He noticed the soil here was white, and towards the end of the cave stood a tree as tall as a person.

"Is this the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree?"

Zen stared at the tree in surprise.

The Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree was invaluable to the Pear Hill. It was not necessarily as tall and intimidating as the divine trees in the divine land, but it should be full of vitality.

However, to Zen's surprise, it had signs of decaying from its roots, and its naked branches were almost completely devoid of leaves. The few leaves it did have had already turned yellow. If it weren't for a single light green fruit on it, Zen would've thought it was already dead.

"Its life is coming to an end," said the Snake Goddess, staring at the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree sadly.

This tree was a channel that she had used to communicate with the humans on the Other Shore. With the withering of this tree, it wouldn't be able to do so anymore. Now, there was only one fruit left.

She walked forward and gingerly plucked the single fruit. Gently, she peeled off the outer shell, revealing a seed that glowed a bright blue. She took a moment to look at it longingly, but then ultimately turned to Zen and said, "Pour your blood power into it and it can work."

As she spoke, she handed the seed to Zen.

Zen took the seed gratefully and inspected it. After he tucked it into his space ring, the Snake Goddess waved her hand, and they both appeared on the jadeite platform again.

Since he had received the seed, Zen fulfilled his end of the deal and wrote down the Truth of Three-Energy Construction word by word.

As he handed over the complete Truth of Three-Energy Construction to the Snake Goddess, Zen suddenly recalled something important. "Snake

Goddess, after you master the Truth of Three-Energy Construction, please pay attention to one thing."

"What's it?" asked the Snake Goddess curiously.

"King Manard extremely hates any race that isn't human. If a human enters that space, it'd be fine. But if any other race enters, they'd probably be attacked," Zen explained.

The Snake Goddess was born together with the Human Sovereign. She must have a lot of connections with the humans on the Other Shore, but King Manard might not know about this.

Although the little monsters probably wouldn't be able to lay a finger on the Snake Goddess, King Manard's strength was immeasurable. If the two fought in that space, who knew what might happen?

However, Zen had spent about three months in that space before he was able to master the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

Although the Snake Goddess and Fuxi were highly talented, it would probably take them some time, too.

If Zen returned to that space to inform King Manard before the Snake Goddess and Fuxi entered, there would be less room for misunderstandings.

Just then, a thought crossed Fuxi's mind. As he stretched out his palm, a golden red crystal appeared in his hand.

This golden red crystal had come from the mother of Chaotic Source Spirits. Zen had given thirty of them to Yan when he left the Chaotic Source World. Yan didn't know what they were used for, so she had given one to Fuxi.

It was also the first time for Fuxi to see such a crystal. According to his judgment, the crystal was very similar to the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits. He was certain people could absorb it.

But he still hadn't figured out how to refine it.

"Zen, it would be best if you stay in the Pear Hill," the Snake Goddess said authoritatively. "Once Fuxi figures it out, you can immediately cultivate."

Yan glanced at her brother eagerly, her eyes twinkling. Of course, she hoped to spend time with him.

But to her disappointment, Zen politely shook his head.

Lavender, Letitia and the others had already settled down in the Oneness Sky Palace. Even Zen felt like he had already taken root there as well. Moreover, the Oneness Sky Palace was a decent sect of swordsmanship, which was a more suitable place for Zen to cultivate.

Meanwhile, outside the Source World, a massive chaos cloud was constantly rolling.

In the midst of flashing lightning, a huge figure flew in the sky. It was none other than the Thunder Dimorphodon!

Whoosh!

Its gigantic body moved blithely, quickly drawing closer to the chaos cloud in the distance.

After it entered the chaos cloud, it saw a small light spot. The light had a strong penetrating power, and even the chaotic energy was unable to stop it.

Two hours later, the Thunder Dimorphodon finally reached the light spot.

Above the light spot stood a man in an embroidered robe, with an ordinary bamboo basket on his back. With the sleeves rolled up, he looked like a farmer who had been hidden in the mountains.

This man was Divine Farmer, the leader of the Divine Farmer race.

"You got them?" Divine Farmer asked with a smile.

"Yes," said the Thunder Dimorphodon. "But there is a slight problem."

Divine Farmer's smile froze. He knew clearly that the Thunder Dimorphodon seldom encountered problems in its life. "What's the problem?"

"The Black Ship stopped me on the way and took away half of the rings," said the Thunder Dimorphodon. With its huge paw gently lifted, small rings of light floated in front of Divine Farmer.

Divine Farmer's expression fell. "The Black Ship? Why would they target you? As far as I know, they should not be interested in the Chaotic Source World."

The Black Ship was also known as a super force, despite having only thirteen members. It seldom cultivated disciples and rarely went to the Chaotic Source World.

"I don't know why they went to the Chaotic Source World either. They had been there since the beginning. I didn't expect to be intercepted by them after I got rid of Fuxi," said the Thunder Dimorphodon through gritted teeth. It was angry at the mention of the Black Ship.

Chapter 3491 The Moon Fire Slave

The Thunder Dimorphodon had very few encounters with the Black Ship, each mostly well out of the other's way. This was why the Black Ship's sudden attack had caught the Thunder Dimorphodon off guard.

The Divine Farmer heaved a deep sigh. "I see. You are free to go now."

"What about my payment?" the Thunder Dimorphodon asked.

The Divine Farmer fixed a blank look at the Thunder Dimorphodon. "Of course I shall pay you. But since you only finished half the job, you also only get half the amount we agreed on."

"You..." The Thunder Dimorphodon growled, its body crackling with lightning.

"I'll just use the other half to buy the rest of the rings from the Black Ship," the Divine Farmer added.

There were twelve rings in total, each one an extremely precious treasure.

The Divine Farmer just hoped the Black Ship wouldn't know the use of these rings. He was willing to pay any price they asked to get all the remaining rings back.

Shooting the Divine Farmer a dirty look, the Thunder Dimorphodon snorted and then took a step back, curling up its wings.

The Divine Farmer took a ring in his hand and studied it carefully.

The ring, in addition to its mysterious aura, didn't look special at all. Could it really help a creature on the Other Shore to descend to the chaos?

After examining it for a while, the Divine Farmer recited a quiet chant, a trace of Truth of Godly Way emanating from him.

He closed his eyes and entered the Other Shore with his soul.

Buzz!

Arriving at the Other Shore, his soul emerged in a huge red hall.

The hall was magnificent and extravagant. A colossal arch stretching tens of thousands of feet stood in the distance. Beneath the arch lay a huge disc with nine thrones lined along the edge, facing the center.

The Divine Farmer walked straight to the center of the disc and stomped his foot lightly.

Numerous red patterns surfaced on the huge disc. A small orb appeared on each of the surrounding thrones.

"I've got the Descending Rings." The Divine Farmer raised his hand, displaying the ring he was holding.

He managed to bring the ring into the Other Shore!

At his pronouncement, the orbs on the thrones started to flash with light, thrilled at what they were seeing.

"You brought it to the Other Shore successfully! This is a great development!"

"It is indeed as miraculous as the Chaotic Source Spirits!"

"Our speculations were right!"

The orbs all fixed their gazes on the ring, their voices trembling with excitement as they chattered among themselves.

Once creatures born in the chaos entered the Other Shore with their entire presence, they would be trapped there permanently.

There was no way for them to descend to the chaos unless they became Other Shore Tokens for other creatures.

But what powerful being would be willing to lower themselves by becoming just someone else's tool?

The descendants of the Chaotic Source Spirits, however, had managed to find a way around this restriction. These conditions didn't affect them at all!

This unusual matter had attracted the attention of the most powerful creatures on the Other Shore.

They realized that perhaps this was the only way for them to return to the chaos!

"If this ring can really get us back to the chaos, then all the other problems will be solved. Who would be able to fight against our Blood Assembly?

Haha!" The orb in the middle throne burst into laughter. "Moon Fire Slave! Try it!"

At the command, a towering figure appeared behind the huge arch.

It was a giant made of flames. Dark green flames surrounded his enormous body. A sense of brutal strength emanated from him.

With loud strides that shook the entire hall, he walked up to the Divine Farmer and squatted down in front of him.

The Divine Farmer tossed the ring at the giant, which dropped gently onto his body. As a smile flashed on the giant's fiery face, he growled and abruptly disappeared from the spot.

"Did he make it?"

"So he left the Other Shore, just like that?"

"You! Go and have a look!"

the orbs on the thrones demanded.

The Divine Farmer nodded. He transported himself out of the Other Shore and back into the chaos. He saw the Moon Fire Slave floating not far away from him.

"So this is the chaos. Amazing!" The Moon Fire Slave was the descendant of the ancient Element Spirit Civilization, born on the Other Shore. Although he had long known that there was a huge world of chaos outside the Other Shore, this was the first time for him to set foot in it.

His ancestors had once ruled over this vast space. Back then, elements had dominion over all. Other creatures of flesh and steel were way too weak compared to the powerful Element Spirit Civilization.

Powerful as they were, however, they had failed to complete the Finale Way, too. Thus, they had no choice but to escape into the Other Shore.

After over one thousand chaotic eras, a descendant of the Element Spirit Civilization had finally returned to this world again!

The sudden appearance of the Moon Fire Slave startled the Thunder Dimorphodon.

Lightning swirled around its body, forming a net to protect itself. It crouched silently with a terrified look in its one eye.

The Divine Farmer observed the Moon Fire Slave silently.

He exuded nothing but calm.

He knew the truth was the highest law in the chaos. It was not an easy thing to go against the truth and go back to the chaos.

"Old fellow! Show me the way! Take me to the Source World to see the lowly races dwelling in our old land!" the Moon Fire Slave ordered.

There was nothing but the brown chaotic energy in this chaos cloud. Obviously, this bleak sight wouldn't satisfy the Moon Fire Slave.

Although the Divine Farmer was the leader of a great race, the giant had no respect for him, regarding him as a nobody compared to the Element Spirit Civilization.

"There's no need to hurry," replied the Divine Farmer in a calm voice, ignoring the Moon Fire Slave's rude tone.

"No need to hurry?"

Flames of rage gushed out of the giant's huge body. "I'm not asking for your opinion. I am ordering you!" he roared impatiently.

"Ordering me?"

the Divine Farmer asked, his lips curling into a faint smile.

He had indulged the Blood Assembly for many years. It had apparently made these Other Shore creatures more and more arrogant.

"Maybe you should worry about surviving, first," the Divine Farmer pointed out.

"Surviving? What do you mean?"

the Moon Fire Slave asked, truly confused.

He was a fire spirit, the most powerful form of fire creature.

He was simply indestructible unless he was killed in a special way.

Who could threaten his survival in the chaos?

Just then, something unusual happened.

The ring on his head flashed with a mysterious light. An invisible force suddenly came crashing down on him.

The force was so strong that he could not put up any resistance at all. The Moon Fire Slave was caught and pushed against the air.

It was as if an invisible wall existed in the space, and the mysterious force was now grabbing the giant and smashing him against it.

Bang! With a horrible sound, the black rock covering the Moon Fire Slave's body melted and was reduced to powder!

The green flames spurting out from his body left many long green trails on the invisible wall.

The force was relentless. The Moon Fire Slave was smashed against the wall again and again, until his body was completely destroyed, crushed into shreds.

The Thunder Dimorphodon watched the incredible sight from the sidelines, its eye widening in shock.

The unknown force was terrifying. If it were the Thunder Dimorphodon who had been tortured like that, it would have ended up in a worse state than the Moon Fire Slave!

Chapter 3492 Miss Something

Divine Farmer's face was expressionless. He stretched out his hand. The ring that was floating in the air, some distance away, flew towards him. He closed his fingers around the ring as it came to rest on his palm. He shook his head and recited the Truth of Godly Way in order to return to the Other Shore.

As soon as he arrived, he was greeted with a series of urgent questions. "What happened?"

"How is the Moon Fire Slave?"

"Did he make it?"

asked the nine light orbs on the thrones. They were eager to get some answers from Divine Farmer.

The Moon Fire Slave's survival was the most important thing to them.

Divine Farmer sighed. "No. He failed. He was killed by the truth," he said.

The light orbs were aghast. "How could this be?"

"But he succeeded in getting there in the first place!"

"He wasn't supposed to fail!"

Divine Farmer could sense the fury in the light orbs.

They had already succeeded before. How could they have failed at the most critical moment?

"It's not that easy to escape the truth," Divine Farmer explained. "It's true that the Moon Fire Slave managed to enter the chaos, but he was quickly detected and killed by the truth rule."

"But how about that huge eye? Why did it survive?" asked the light orb on the second chair from the left.

This question baffled Divine Farmer.

He thought for a while. Slowly he replied, "Maybe it's because that Dreaded Eye Demon was not powerful enough..."

Although the Moon Fire Slave was only a slave of the Element Spirit Civilization, his strength was at a very high level. Most warriors found his strength to be absolutely terrifying.

In contrast, the Dreaded Eye Demon was much weaker.

The light orbs considered Divine Farmer's explanation. "All right, then... let's try using a weak water spirit," said the light orb in the middle.

A splash sounded as soon as the light orb had spoken.

A wave of water rolled towards them. It halted abruptly in front of Divine Farmer, gathered itself into a human-shaped blue mass and stood up.

It was a creature made of water. Its human shape changed further as it added armor over its body.

Water spirits were at the lowest level of the Element Spirit Civilization. This creature's strength would definitely be far inferior to that of the Dreaded Eye Demon.

Divine Farmer was still holding the ring in one hand. He stepped closer to the water spirit and gently placed the ring on top of its head. Immediately, Divine Farmer and the water spirit disappeared from the Other Shore.

The light orbs waited, saying nothing. In just a few seconds, Divine Farmer reappeared. He wore a disappointed look on his face. "Another failure. We must be missing something. It wasn't just the ring that allowed the Dreaded Eye Demon to successfully enter the Chaotic Source World."

"What have we missed?" demanded the light orb in the middle. Its tone was harsh.

"We must find out as soon as possible!"

"We will tolerate no further mistakes!" another light orb chimed in.

Divine Farmer stared around at the light orbs and sighed.

He returned once more to the chaos. The Thunder Dimorphodon was waiting not far from where he appeared. Divine Farmer went to the creature and said, "I must ask you something. After the death of the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits, were there any other things in her body besides the rings?"

"The crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits," replied the Thunder Dimorphodon promptly.

"Anything else besides the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits?" Divine Farmer inquired urgently.

If the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits were the only things in the body, then they had no more clues to work with. It would be impossible to figure out how the creatures on the Other Shore could return to the chaos.

The Thunder Dimorphodon considered Divine Farmer's question, thinking deeply. Suddenly it looked up with a gleam in its eye. "Yes!" it exclaimed.

"What? What else?" Divine Farmer asked quickly.

"There was another kind of crystals in her body. These crystals had similar auras to the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits, but they were slightly different. A little thicker. They were golden red crystals," said the Thunder Dimorphodon.

It was the Thunder Dimorphodon's mission to bring back the Descending Rings. It was completely focused on this task, and did not bother to take any other things into consideration.

At that time, it had kept its eye on Zen. It hadn't attacked him until he took away all the golden red crystals.

Divine Farmer thought about what Thunder Dimorphodon said, and then his eyes widened as he realized something. Perhaps those golden red crystals were the key.

"Who has those golden red crystals now? Does Mount have them?" he asked.

Divine Farmer had been hiding in the chaos cloud, waiting for the Thunder Dimorphodon. What had happened in the Chaotic Source World was none of his business.

Moreover, it was impossible for any peers and disciples to be worthy opponents for Mount among the many races.

"No," said the Thunder Dimorphodon. "It was a disciple named Zen Luo from the Oneness Sky Palace."

It had been paying close attention to the Chaotic Source World, and kept track of important warriors and taken note of everything happening inside.

"A disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace?" Divine Farmer repeated, feeling stunned. "A mere disciple? How is that possible? Where was Mount?"

With a helpless smile on its face, the Thunder Dimorphodon replied, "You mean the avatar of Othniel? He was defeated. This time, two people had both made a world descend in the Chaotic Source World."

Divine Farmer still looked incredulous, so the Thunder Dimorphodon explained everything it had seen. Finally, it ended by saying, "The young man named Zen also has the Soaring Snake Sword."

A fierce light flashed across Divine Farmer's eyes. He was shocked at the events described by the Thunder Dimorphodon, but there was no way it could be mistaken. He said, "This young man might be Chiyou's descendant. He has all the golden red crystals?"

"Yes," said the Thunder Dimorphodon.

"Understood," Divine Farmer said.

The Nine Li race had already been destroyed.

Even if there were still some remaining members hiding somewhere within the Source World, there was nothing to be feared from them.

However, Divine Farmer never expected that someone from the Nine Li race would appear out of nowhere and obtain the most precious treasure of all.

"So, the Oneness Sky Palace has a powerful disciple... It looks like something is up in that place," Divine Farmer said to himself. There was a gleam of coldness in his eyes.

Fuxi had been staying on the jadeite platform for the past few days.

He stood silently, and flipped his hand. Instantly, complex runes spread out across the surface of the jadeite platform. These runes bore a strong resemblance to the magic arrays of the Chaotic Source World.

A buzzing sound filled the air.

The golden red crystal rose into the air and floated in a circle around him.

"Refine!" he said.

The power of the magic array under his feet was over ten times stronger than that of the magic arrays in the Chaotic Source World.

All the lights dancing along the lines of the magic array gathered on the surface of the golden red crystal.

As the minutes passed, the lights dimmed, and then vanished.

Fuxi examined the golden red crystal. It was exactly the same as it had been before refining.

He was taken aback. "What the hell is this crystal?" he murmured to himself.

The power of this magic array was immense. Even something a hundred times stronger than a crystal could be melted by this array. However, this golden red crystal had somehow remained intact.

At that moment, the Snake Goddess appeared on the jadeite platform again. She saw him holding the golden red crystal and asked, "Have you refined it yet?"

Fuxi studied the golden red crystal intently. "This crystal is very strange. It doesn't seem very dense or solid. Yet it can withstand the power of this array in the process of refining. It simply refuses to melt."

The Snake Goddess was intrigued. "Let me try," she requested, holding out her hand. Fuxi gave her the golden red crystal.

Instead of using the magic array arranged by Fuxi, she directly activated the energy beams of her shadow. Crimson energy beams flowed out, twining around the golden red crystal and burrowing into its surface.

Fuxi watched closely.

The shadow of Snake Goddess had an astonishing energy. There was probably nothing in the Source World that could resist the direct impact of her energy beams.

As before, the golden red crystal was entirely enveloped for several minutes in the glowing red light. But as the light dimmed, the golden red crystal was revealed to be intact and unchanged in the palm of the Snake Goddess.

She raised an eyebrow, looking astonished. "This crystal seems to be immune to being melted by energy, no matter how powerful. What's going on?"

Chapter 3493 Rules Of The Land of Sword Grief

The Snake Goddess gasped. She had never seen something like this happen before.

If she used this golden red crystal to forge a body protection weapon, would this make her practically invincible?

Her tender fingers gently caressed the crystal. Then, from her fingertips burst out five thousand divine megatons of force.

"Click!"

With a crisp sound, the crystal had broken into two halves.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi frowned. Both were evidently perplexed.

"That's weird. This crystal couldn't take the power exerted on it, yet it can avoid the attack of energy... How is that helpful?" The Snake Goddess furrowed her brows, puzzled.

Staring at the two pieces of the golden red crystal, Fuxi shook his head. "Maybe this is not for body refining."

"You mean it has something to do with descending?" The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed with understanding. "Yes, this is possible..."

"Zen has a lot of these crystals. Do you want to take them back first?" Fuxi asked.

The Snake Goddess shook her head. "Let him keep them first. Our most pressing issue is the loss of the Descending Rings to the Thunder Dimorphodon."

At the mention of the Thunder Dimorphodon, Fuxi's eyes flashed with a hint of killing intent.

While the top ten ancient beasts were quite famous for their strength and prowess, Fuxi was confident he could kill the Thunder Dimorphodon, given the chance.

Because the Thunder Dimorphodon had dared to steal the rings right under his nose, Fuxi vowed to never let it go unpunished.

After staying at the Pear Hill for seven days, the flying ships of the Oneness Sky Palace finally left.

In case of any emergency, the Pear Hill sent two masters to escort the flying ships back to the Bloom Divine Province.

After the seven flying ships arrived at the Bloom Divine Province, Zen took the time to rest well at the Flow Sword Sect.

Sally, Hutton and other members of the Nine Li race were also arranged to stay at the Flow Sword Sect as they waited for Ambrose.

Happy her husband finally returned, Letitia pounced into his arms. She stayed by his side to hear him talk about what he'd just been through at the Chaotic Source World. When Zen got to the part about the fight with the Evil God, she felt her heart pump faster.

She never expected that the man that had been kneeling before Zen in his inner world would have caused so much trouble.

Margaret wrinkled her nose at Zen's story. "He is such an ungrateful fellow! Why don't you just kill him?"

Zen smiled, but said nothing.

The Evil God had gotten involved with too many things. Zen needed more time to figure out how to deal with him.

Upon the return of Zen, Milo and others, the other disciples of the Flow Sword Sect looked at them with a new light.

According to the rules of the Oneness Sky Palace, any member who had reached the Chaotic Source Realm was no longer an ordinary disciple, but was considered a member of the Land of Sword Grief.

They differed from the ordinary disciples, from cultivation base to identity.

In the past few days, Zen hadn't gone to the Other Shore. Instead, he kept throwing divine crystals into the Civilization Artifact and called out several Regal Jade statues to temper himself.

The Truth of Godly Way, glowing with golden light, integrated with his body in continuous refinement. The spots of light from the Chaotic Source Spirits were constantly nourished thanks to this. Consequently, these spots of light grew at an astonishing speed.

Just like Zen, other warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm also tried to strengthen the light spots within their bodies. However, the only effective method to strengthen the Chaotic Source Spirits was continuous import of the Other Shore Power.

This was a slow and time-consuming process. It usually took a warrior years of efforts to gain some progress. No one's speed could compare to Zen's.

A few days later, this group of disciples who just reached the Chaotic Source Realm gathered at the junction of the Origin Mountain and Oneness Mountain.

In front of the junction was a huge, bronze palace, consisting of three floors.

The terrace on the first floor of the palace was filled with disciples from the Land of Sword Grief, who were at the Chaotic Source Realm.

The Chaotic Source Realm was an extremely crucial threshold, and only after passing through it would one be able to go any further.

The backbone of any great sect, great force, or any clan was made up of strong warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm. Super forces like the Oneness Sky Palace focused on training such warriors.

For example, the Bearing race would send all its members at the Chaotic Source Realm to the Sky Guard Pavilion. As for the Oneness Sky Palace, it was the Land of Sword Grief.

The disciples standing in the bronze palace turned to glance at the group who had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm.

"The Land of Sword Grief will receive its new members today," said a long haired man, who was standing on the first floor of the bronze palace.

"We'll need to share some resources from the Land of Sword Grief with them, alas!" A fat man beside the long-haired man sighed loudly.

"They are just new comers. How many resources can they take?" a short middle-aged man whined.

Most of the cultivators in the bronze palace had reached the Chaotic Source Realm years ago.

They were not strong enough like Athemar, so most of them were still cultivating in the Land of Sword Grief.

Upon the group's return from the Chaotic Source World, Athemar had ordered these disciples to keep their mouths shut about what had taken place in the Chaotic Source World -- especially the fact that Zen had the Soaring Snake Sword.

Although many leaders from those great races had clearly seen Zen wield the Soaring Snake Sword, Athemar wanted to at least keep it from the rest of the Oneness Sky Palace. This was for Zen's own safety.

This would explain why the disciples in the Land of Sword Grief had no idea what had happened in the Chaotic Source World.

After all the disciples who just reached the Chaotic Source Realm made it to the bronze palace, three people emerged from its massive bronze gates. The leader of the group was the long-haired man, with a long sword strapped to his back. His eyes flashed fiercely.

The long-haired man looked like a serious fellow. With a curt bow, he said, "Congratulations! All of you have made it to the Chaotic Source Realm, and are thus members of our Land of Sword Grief."

The crowd all bowed respectfully to the man.

"My name is Abdul Fang, from the Bright Mountain."

"Nice to meet you, Abdul."

"I have heard a lot about you..."

…

The ones who whispered amongst themselves were actually from the Bright Mountain. Though Abdul Fang ranked at the bottom among the members from the Land of Sword Grief, he was quite famous back in the Bright Mountain.

Abdul Fang just nodded slightly at them, remaining serious-faced. "However, you should know that before joining the Land of Sword Grief, each of you need to confirm your rankings."

While most of the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace were aware of the rules of the Land of Sword Grief, Zen blinked confusedly.

"Sorry. What do you mean by that?" Zen asked innocently.

Abdul Fang cast a cold glare at Zen, a trace of contempt born in his heart. Judging from Zen's white clothes, he figured he must be from the Flow

Sword Sect. 'How can this kid know nothing about the rules of our Land of Sword Grief?'

Chapter 3494 You Are Not Qualified

Although Abdul had a contempt for Zen, his expression did not show it. "It can be said that the Land of Sword Grief has gathered most of the resources of the Oneness Sky Palace," he explained patiently. "But these resources are not given to good-for-nothing warriors."

He said 'good-for-nothing warriors' emphatically as if his remarks were aimed at the hundred people in front of him.

Many of them, including Elvinia, frowned after hearing him say this.

Elvinia and Dorothy held high positions in the Oneness Sky Palace, and no one ever dared to speak to them with disrespect up until this moment. They were not pleased.

On the other hand, Abdul didn't care about what anyone thought and how they reacted. He turned around and pointed at the bronze palace. "There are more than 1, 100 people in the Land of Sword Grief." he said bluntly. "About 30 people on the third floor, 200 on the second floor, and then 900 on the first floor. Each of them possesses their own unique rankings."

"Excuse us, Abdul," a Bright Mountain disciple spoke. "But when you last returned to the Bright Mountain, you were ranked 630th. I wonder how much you've managed to improve since then?" This man was furious, wanting so badly to embarrass him after everything he had said.

Upon hearing this, Abdul smirked and responded proudly, "I worked up the ranking in last month's challenge, and I am now ranked 570th."

After Abdul bragged, warriors in the crowd began to chatter and whisper among themselves.

"Ha-ha. I thought he is good especially because he speaks so arrogantly. He's ranked only 570th, and he still stays on the first floor."

"In any case, that means this guy must have stayed on the first floor for around 20 years, right?"

"Yes! He stays on the first floor, yet he shows off like he's from the third. What a guy."

Among the new disciples, many of them were direct descendants of various mountains. Although they were new to the Land of Sword Grief, they knew the rules here all too well.

Warriors were treated differently based on the floors they stood on. The disciples on different floors of the Land of Sword Grief also showed the gap in their strengths. Chance, who was also a Chaotic Source Realm warrior, ranked at the bottom on the first floor. He had been so harshly defeated by Zen before.

Because Abdul was a resident of the first floor, the direct descendants naturally looked down upon him.

Abdul couldn't take the taunting and disrespect, a look of sudden anger flashing across his face.

However, he managed to control his emotions and spoke in a calm voice, "In the Land of Sword Grief, there is a challenge every month. First timers, like yourselves, all rank at 1, 117th. However, you can fight one another to get a new ranking. You can also choose an opponent on the first floor to challenge and promote your ranking." As he said this, he paused and looked at them with intent. "Please know that the last one hundred in the new rankings will not have access to any resources."

Abdul looked at the several direct descendants who once laughed at him but now filled with deep anxiousness. "Guys, I don't mind if you choose me to be your opponent," he sneered.

Although Abdul was on the first floor, he and the others had spent many years wandering in the Desire World of the Other Shore after their cultivation base at the Chaotic Source Realm had stabilized.

The Other Shore Tokens they carried were from Stage Fourteen and above. At this point, their strength was something that newcomers could not go against.

If that was the case, how could these newcomers be so reckless and cocky to challenge them?

They knew too well that most of them wouldn't be able to defeat even the longtime residents of the first floor.

While Abdul noticed the newcomers grow silent, his attitude shifted from cocky to demanding. "Didn't some of you look down on the warriors of the first floor? What did you just say?"

He pointed at a disciple from the crowd, a direct descendant of the Azure Mountain.

The disciple lowered his head under the pressure that was just put on him by Abdul.

"How about you?" Abdul turned towards another direct descendant. "Are you willing to challenge me?"

Shakily, the direct descendant took a few steps back, trying his best to disappear into the crowd.

Other disciples in the bronze palace watched and smiled, seeing the newcomers shrivel up to Abdul's presence.

"Abdul is bullying the newcomers," one pointed out.

"But there is no better way to deal with them. These disciples just got here, and they're already so damn conceited."

"They have no idea that the Chaotic Source Realm is merely a threshold for the other things they will encounter in the future."

The disciples in the Land of Sword Grief were all well experienced, so seeing the newcomers come in so proudly disappointed them. They had seen countless arrogant warriors who had suffered much in their first battles.

Eventually, Abdul's eyes finally fell on Elvinia.

Elvinia was always the apple of everyone's eyes in the Phoenix Palace. She was the most honorable direct descendant.

Abdul's goal was to suppress the newcomers, so seeing Elvinia gave him an idea. If he could suppress Elvinia, the other direct descendants would learn to keep their mouths shut.

After all, the Land of Sword Grief was not a place for the arrogant warriors to enter just by means of high positions or special identities.

Abdul walked up to Elvinia and smiled. "So I've heard that you are one of the outstanding warriors of the Phoenix Palace. Why don't you challenge me?"

Hearing this, Elvinia and Dorothy didn't know how to react.

After all, they didn't even care about the resources of the Land of Sword Grief or even the rankings.

But hearing this, Elvinia had to think hard. With her current strength, she might not be able to defeat Abdul at the moment.

Elvinia frowned at the thought of this and glanced at Zen. Meanwhile, the other disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace also ended up looking at Zen.

They had explored the Chaotic Source World together with Zen, and they were very knowledgeable of Zen's strength and capabilities.

If he made the Inheritance of World descend, he'd be able to kill a great number of warriors in the Land of Sword Grief. However, Athemar and the leaders of various mountains had given a crucial order that the disciples couldn't bring up what had happened in the Chaotic Source World.

Moreover, almost all of them obtained Chaotic Source Spirits and reached the Chaotic Source Realm with Zen's help. They owed him a lot for his kindness.

That was why no one wanted to volunteer Zen for Abdul's challenge. However, everyone still had a little hope that Zen could stand up for them.

Seeing everyone look at Zen, Abdul turned around to face him. "It seems that everyone wants you to challenge me."

Zen looked at Abdul with a calm, composed expression in his eyes. "I challenge you?" he said, pointing at himself and raising his eyebrows.

"Dare you?" Abdul asked.

"It's not a matter of whether I dare or not." Zen smirked and put his hands behind his back. "You're too weak. You're not even qualified to fight me."

Zen didn't intend to join the Land of Sword Grief at all, but he was loyal to the Oneness Sky Palace and their rules.

If Abdul hadn't provoked Elvinia, Zen would have just kept silent.

But because he was so insistent on challenging Elvinia, how could Zen possibly let this slide?

After Abdul heard Zen's response, his face went from arrogant to furious. Just then, a sharp light burst from his eyes like the sword radiance, and shot straight at Zen.

The two men behind Abdul looked angry as well. How dare this newcomer speak with such disrespect!

Likewise, the disciples in the bronze palace were surprised with Zen's confidence.

"Check this out! A troublemaker appears!"

"I think I've seen that guy... He won first place in the Seven Mountains Meeting!"

"So what? If one can't even figure out their real strength, they are bound to suffer!"

The disciples on the first floor were discussing and debating Zen and his arrogance towards Abdul.

By contrast, the disciples on the second floor were much calmer.

The first floor and the second floor were completely different. Those who were on the second floor usually had no business in the disputes in the Land of Sword Grief.

Therefore, only 20 to 30 warriors on the second floor came out to welcome the new members today. However, at this moment, Zen's words attracted their attention.

Chapter 3495 Libby Li

A white-faced man gazed at Zen with interest. He was on the second floor and was observing the young man. "It is said that the disciples of the Flow Sword Sect act at their sweet will. I find that to be true, Yusuf. That guy is just like the younger you."

Next to him was a strong man named Yusuf Gu, also a member of the Flow Sword Sect.

Yusuf glared at Zen coldly. "Don't take me for a fool. He's just joined the Land of Sword Grief but already has the audacity to challenge Abdul. He's simply an idiot asking for trouble."

It was a well-known fact that Abdul was a backbone of the Land of Sword Grief.

He'd gotten lucky recently, finding an unparalleled Other Shore Token in Stage Sixteen. As his strength surged, his ranking also steadily improved.

If he played it safe, then he was set to reach the top 200 in the next couple of years and go up to the second floor.

The white-faced man laughed at Yusuf's words. "I don't think he's that much of an idiot. He didn't say he would challenge Abdul. That young man is actually quite shrewd in my opinion."

In his eyes, Zen was a mere cunning newcomer who had no courage to issue a direct challenge to Abdul.

"Still, it's not wise to piss off someone like Abdul," Yusuf reasoned.

Zen came from the Flow Sword Sect too and Yusuf had decided to stand up for him if he was bullied. Unfortunately, Zen's words earlier had offended most of the disciples in the Land of Sword Grief. Yusuf didn't think he'd be able to protect him because of that.

Abdul was ranked around 500th. The things Zen just said insinuated that nearly half of the disciples were not qualified to challenge him.

In all honesty, Abdul never expected Zen to answer him in such a way.

His Soul of Light emitted a sharp aura and charged straight towards Zen.

Despite the overwhelming pressure from Abdul's soul power, Zen remained calm and collected, never showing any sort of fear.

This placid reaction made Abdul feel strange. Was Zen truly not affected at all?

'Although he's just reached the Chaotic Source Realm, his soul is no weaker than mine, ' he thought to himself as he charged. 'Does he have some sort of magic treasure that lets him withstand soul attacks?'

Despite his misgivings, Abdul soldiered on. He had to teach Zen a lesson about being disrespectful.

"Do you want to die?! This is the Land of Sword Grief, not the Flow Sword Sect!" Abdul reminded him.

"So what?!" Zen answered with obvious nonchalance.

His uncaring reaction made the two disciples behind Abdul livid.

These two disciples were from the Ivory Mountain and ranked lower than Abdul. Seeing someone like Zen be rude to their superior irritated them greatly.

"You brat! You've got a sharp tongue but little to no brains! If you're really capable, why don't you challenge me then?" one of them shouted.

"Yeah! Come and challenge me too while you're at it! You have the right to challenge me once!" Not one to be outdone, the other disciple also jeered at Zen.

It seemed the two were set offering themselves up for a challenge. However, Zen simply gave them an indifferent look. "He's not qualified to challenge me. What more the two of you?"

His words drove the two red with rage.

"You!"

According to the rules of the Land of Sword Grief, veterans were forbidden from fighting with newcomers. Only newcomers were allowed to choose their opponents.

"Who do you think is qualified?" Abdul asked through gritted teeth.

Zen simply pointed at the bronze building. "Someone inside this bronze building."

"Please!"

Abdul held back his anger and went towards the bronze building with the newcomers following behind.

He needed to let Zen know the consequences of offending them.

As soon as the new disciples entered the first floor, those who were waiting there immediately gathered around and blocked Zen.

"You'll pay the price for your arrogance, brat!"

"Am I qualified to challenge you? Choose me!"

"Choose me!" "Choose me!"

"…"

It was plainly obvious that Zen's provocation had angered the Land of Sword Grief's veterans. Almost everyone wanted to challenge him.

"If you defeat me, I'll pay you ten thousand divine crystals!"

The prize was a small amount for these disciples.

It served as a starting bid as everyone followed suit.

"If you defeat me, I'll give you fifty thousand!"

"One hundred thousand!"

"One hundred and fifty thousand!"

"I don't care who wins! If you challenge me, I'll give you two hundred thousand!"

Zen was completely surrounded by the disciples and he didn't know whether he should laugh or cry.

Elvinia and Dorothy could only exchange confused looks with each other.

Meanwhile, Chaim was laughing. He hadn't expected Zen to be this popular. Even the veterans were offering him divine crystals.

Once the bid reached four hundred thousand divine crystals, Zen finally felt the need to address them. "I'm not lacking divine crystals," he said.

His battle with the Evil God had him consume tens of millions of divine crystals and he recently used a huge amount to refine his body. Four hundred thousand was too meager of an amount to interest him.

"Since you aren't lacking divine crystals, how about treasures and weapons?"

"I have an intermediate Profound Blood Treasure! If you..."

"I have a premium Profound Blood Treasure!"

"I've got a sword that is a primary..."

The disciples were now bringing out all sorts of magic weapons, mainly swords since they were the known weapons for the Oneness Sky Palace disciples.

It was a complete mess. It seemed that as long as Zen chose to challenge them, they would meet all of his requirements.

Like Chaim, the newcomers couldn't help but tear up from having to hold back their laughter. Just what kind of reaction would the veterans have once they found out Zen's real strength?

"Enough!" Zen announced, hiding his frustration behind a bitter smile.

Realizing that Zen was unwilling to challenge them, the veterans immediately turned hostile.

A young man, short in stature, stepped forward. "It seems you don't want to choose an opponent. Are you lacking guts? By a month, we'll have the right to challenge you and you won't be able to turn us down!"

Abdul sneered. "This guy's obviously playing with us. He doesn't dare to challenge us at all! Let's go. We'll see how miserable he'll be after a month."

Zen couldn't help but roll his eyes. "I can challenge you but first, I want to see the rankings of the Land of Sword Grief."

Everyone's eyes lit up. His request made sense. Maybe he wanted to play it smart and choose the people at the bottom of the rankings in hopes that it would increase his chances of victory.

It didn't matter though.

To them, even the 1115th warrior could take care of Zen effortlessly.

"This is the Ranking Stone!" someone in the crowd shouted. The disciples parted and allowed Zen a path towards the said stone.

At the end of the hall was a black stone pillar.

Someone rubbed his body against the magic array and names suddenly appeared like glowing carvings. There were 1, 116 names on it since Zen and the other newcomers hadn't been added yet. Right now, they were ranked 1117th.

These names were divided into three sections.

There were a little over 30 names in the first section: those on the third floor with the top spot taken by someone called Libby Li.

Chapter 3496 Cleon

'This Libby should be the strongest warrior in the Land of Sword Grief…' Zen thought to himself.

His gaze swept across the names on the Ranking Stone. "I have a question."

"What is it?"

"I can answer your question!"

"Go ahead!"

The veterans were entirely hospitable, each with their own axe to grind.

"Can I challenge the warriors on the second floor?" Zen asked flatly.

The several hundred people on the first floor were shocked silent upon hearing the question.

'What's wrong with him?' many of them wondered.

How dare he challenge the warriors on the second floor?

Over 1, 100 people resided the entire Land of Sword Grief, and there were only about 200 people on the second floor. The strength of those who had reached the second floor was leaps and bounds beyond that of the first-floor cultivators.

"According to the rules, you're not permitted to challenge anyone on the second floor," Abdul explained as he walked up to the Ranking Stone, pointing to a name on the list. "He is the only one qualified to do so."

The name read Cleon. He was number one on the first floor.

Excitement flashed across Elvinia's eyes upon seeing Cleon's name. He was Jean's eldest son and Chance's brother—the guy who had been utterly defeated by Zen as a cultivator at the Chaotic Source Realm.

"I see." Zen nodded slowly, pointing to the first name on the second floor. "That is to say, if I want to challenge someone on the third floor, I'd have to defeat the number one warrior on the second floor, right?"

Apart from the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace who had just arrived along with Zen, everyone else fell silent.

Most of them stared at Zen like he was an idiot.

"Is he insane?"

"How dare he even mention challenging someone on the third floor? Who does he think he is?"

"I've been in the Land of Sword Grief for a long time. This is the first time I've seen a newcomer be this cocky."

Completing the cultivation in the Chaotic Source Realm involved an extremely long process. The gap between the early, middle, and late stages of cultivation was undeniably wide—the three floors of the Land of Sword Grief represented such stages.

People on the third floor rarely appeared—they were truly mysterious. Even those disciples who had been in the land for many years had never met them.

Once those cultivators made a breakthrough, they had the potential to be chosen as the Oneness Governors at any given time—it was a chance to rise up the ranks and rule an entire place, like Athemar and Winchell.

Rocco Zheng, who ranked first on the second floor had remained on top for many years. But after being defeated seven years prior, he never challenged anyone on the third floor again.

Over 200 people occupied the second floor. Almost every month, they attempted to challenge Rocco and pull him down from the first place, but to no avail.

But while Rocco had to suppress all the people on the second floor, no one from the third floor was interested in dueling with him.

The difference in strength was just too great.

And so everyone was ready to write Zen off as a mere idiot.

But suddenly, Zen said, "I want to challenge this person."

His finger was pointing to the topmost name on the first floor, Cleon.

"What? You want to challenge Cleon?" Abdul practically convulsed.

The others stared at Zen in the same light, as they would look upon a monster.

If Zen won a fight against Cleon, he could challenge anyone on the second floor.

The latter was the target of many duels, after all.

But only by those within the top 30 on the first floor. Zen had only entered the Land of Sword Grief. It was all too bold of him to declare a challenge against the first-ranker.

People thought they might have heard wrong.

But Zen finally chose an opponent. Since he was courting death, the veterans didn't mind helping him.

"Where is Cleon?"

"He seems to be absent these days."

"I'll tell him someone wants to challenge him. He'll come back, for sure!"

At the beginning of every month, all disciples in the Land of Sword Grief stayed inside the building, waiting for challenges.

But it was already midway through the month when some disciples weren't qualified to challenge others. Some direct descendants then chose to leave.

Meanwhile, Cleon and his brother, Chance, had just left the Oneness Mountain.

The moment they entered the Dragon City, the jade sword around Cleon's waist trembled, emitting a faint glow.

As Cleon gently flicked the jade sword, a strange look came over his face.

"What's wrong, Cleon?" Chance asked worriedly.

"Someone wants to challenge me." Cleon's tone was curious.

"You've been on top for the longest time. You must be used to being targeted," Chance returned with a smile.

Only when the disciples defeated Cleon could they challenge those on the second floor. On the first floor, he was the most popular, to the point where he had to accept at least one challenge every month.

"Do you think it's normal for anyone to challenge me now?" he asked thoughtfully.

After a moment, Chance clasped his hands together. "No. The month hasn't just started. They're not qualified to challenge you!"

For a moment, the other nodded before continuing, "Elvinia seems to have returned to the Phoenix Palace. The group of people heading to the Chaotic Source Realm should have returned by now."

Chance's eyes widened in disbelief. "You mean… It's a newcomer who wants to challenge you?"

Any new arrivals had the chance to challenge anyone upon entering the Land of Sword Grief.

But generally, they fought against each other to earn their rankings. Rarely did anyone challenge veterans, even those of the lower ranks.

"I believe so."

Chance's expression looked unreadable. "How stupid can a newcomer be to challenge you right off the bat?"

Throwing a nonchalant glance at Chance, Cleon answered, "I don't know if there is any such newcomer. I only know that a disciple from the Land of Sword Grief was defeated by a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace who hadn't reached the Chaotic Source Realm."

What his brother said made Chance look grim. "That was an accident. That guy's Other Shore Token…"

"Don't look down upon any enemy," Cleon interrupted him. "If I were you, I'd have been pulled down from the first place ages ago."

Chance's defeat by Zen's hands still brought him great shame. Because Jean had covered up the fact, only a few people were aware of it.

"Come on, let's go back to the Land of Sword Grief," Cleon said, his eyes looking sharp and his mouth curling. "I'm rather curious about how talented this new guy is and why he dares to challenge me."

Once they left the Dragon City, they headed straight for the Land of Sword Grief.

For an hour, Zen had waited on the first floor. News of the newcomer challenging Cleon spread quickly. More and more onlookers gathered around.

Some disciples who were already out rushed back, and even those practicing in seclusion wanted to see who the arrogant new arrival was.

Chapter 3497 Three Thousand Divine Megatons

The newcomers behind Zen were all nervous and fidgety.

Although Zen's strength was unquestionable, it was another matter for him to challenge the strongest warrior on the first floor.

Meanwhile, the senior disciples in the Land of Sword Grief were merely waiting for a good show.

Abdul observed Zen quietly from the sidelines.

For some reason, he had a hunch that something was going to go wrong.

A person who was able to survive the Chaotic Source World and reach the Chaotic Source Realm must be extremely outstanding. But that person shouldn't have done such a stupid thing.

Zen looked all too calm as though he was brimming with confidence.

It didn't seem like a mask.

Even if he was pretending, the fight would expose his true strength.

Did he do it for the sake of the new disciples?

About an hour later, two figures appeared before the door of the bronze palace. Then, Cleon's booming voice came through, "Who on earth wants to challenge me?"

"Cleon is back!"

The senior disciples' eyes flickered in excitement.

Abdul stepped forward and cupped one hand in the other, making obeisance to Cleon. Then, he pointed to Zen. "It's him."

Taking a casual glance at Zen, looking him up and down, Cleon didn't find anything particularly special. But he heard Chance gasp loudly in surprise from beside him.

"Chance, for heaven's sake!" Cleon chastised.

But how could Chance not react at all?

Never did he expect to see Zen there, let alone find out he was the one who challenged his elder brother.

Not long ago, he was defeated by this very man. Because of his failure, he was thoroughly reprimanded by his elder brother, and even mocked by his younger one—Ahmad.

Now, Zen had just entered the Chaotic Source Realm. Chance had never thought he would be so bold as to challenge Cleon.

"Brother…that's Zen Luo," Chance muttered.

The revelation had Cleon's eyes slightly widen in surprise.

In truth, he never understood how Chance could have been defeated by Zen. Zen's Regal Jade chessboard, as described by Chance, sounded way too powerful to be real.

Never had Cleon heard of such an Other Shore Token.

But Cleon hadn't expected Zen to be bold enough to challenge him as soon as he reached the Chaotic Source Realm and joined the Land of Sword Grief.

After a moment of thought, Cleon smiled gently as he said, "So, you're Zen?"

"Yes, that's my name," Zen replied plainly.

"You defeated my younger brother, Chance, before you even reached the Chaotic Source Realm. You must be very good." Cleon's tone was flat.

His words instantly caused an uproar among the senior disciples in the Land of Sword Grief.

"What?"

"Did I hear that wrong?"

"This guy defeated Chance before reaching the Chaotic Source Realm?"

On the Ranking Stone, Chance stood at the 1022nd. It was a rather lagging position, but there were still nearly a hundred people below him on the list.

That meant that Zen could have defeated the senior disciples at the bottom of the list before reaching the Chaotic Source Realm.

The thought had the seniors' faces turn grim.

"Brother!"

Cleon's casual mention of Chance's defeat had him rather embarrassed.

To keep his defeat a secret, Jean, his mother, had ordered to dismiss all the guards of the Phoenix Palace.

This kept the knowledge of his failure limited.

But Cleon made it public so easily. Chance wasn't the only one disgraced.

But Cleon didn't seem to care about his brother's protest. "You did lose—it's a matter of fact. There's no need to hide it. Someone was lucky enough to get some special Other Shore Token. It was luck on his side that let him defeat someone stronger than him."

Then, he turned to Zen and bored his gaze into him firmly. "I'm afraid you won't be so lucky in front of me. Since you've chosen to challenge me, I won't refuse the fight. But you must be prepared to pay the price!"

With that, Cleon went straight to the back of the bronze palace. When he passed by Abdul, he gave him a pat on the shoulder. "Bring him here," he said.

The other senior disciples followed Cleon and left the room. Zen and the new disciples were the last to walk out.

While the disciples on the second floor looked down upon the first-floor disciples, they were rather intrigued to hear of a newcomer challenging Cleon.

They wanted to see for themselves if Zen was merely arrogant or if he actually had any formidable strength.

Behind the bronze palace stood an arena.

It was where the disciples of the Land in Sword Grief trained for martial arts.

Once Cleon's foot met the ground, he stood in the very center of the arena. Tilting his palm, he gestured for Zen to enter the area.

Excitement was building up among the disciples on the first floor.

"Cleon! Make him suffer!"

"He probably can't even take a single punch from Cleon! He's just entered the Chaotic Source Realm!"

"A single punch will be enough to exhaust all the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body. A second punch will smash him into pieces!"

In the midst of the hubbub, Zen jumped up and confidently took his place on the arena.

From there, he saw snake-shaped arrays arranged around them.

Noticing how Zen examined the arrays curiously, Cleon said, "This is the first time you've stepped onto the arena. There are some rules I must explain. The Other Shore Tokens of the descending type cannot be used in the Land of Sword Grief."

That made Zen frown questioningly. "I can't use any Other Shore Token of the descending type?"

Seeing Zen's face, Cleon's eyes showed a hint of complacence.

Chance had told him what Zen had relied on was the Regal Jade chessboard. If the statues that descended could grow infinitely, it would be truly terrifying. But if the Other Shore Token was forbidden, Zen would pose no threat to Cleon.

"Not only the Other Shore Tokens of the descending type, but also those of the mysterious type and the auxiliary type are prohibited. If you attempt to use any of them, you will be rejected by the arrays and in turn, lose the battle," Cleon continued.

"Got it." Zen nodded once.

The standard for joining the Land of Sword Grief rested on reaching the Chaotic Source Realm.

Disciples of this realm had to go to the extreme to increase the bearing capacity of their Chaotic Source Spirits.

All sorts of incredible abilities were within the Other Shore Tokens. Once they were used, unforeseen consequences were likely to unfold. Naturally, they had been prohibited in the arena.

"If you got it, then… You will lose!" Cleon declared as a tremendous aura spread from his body.

The Other Shore Power constantly surged out of his inner world, fueling his body. With all the Chaotic Source Spirits activated simultaneously, his aura grew wildly.

"But it won't really be a shame for you to lose to me. I am number one on the first floor, after all. But unfortunately, you have once humiliated my younger brother, Chance. I won't be showing you any mercy. You're going to suffer what you must."

Then, as Cleon stretched out his hand to condense his power, his strike was already on its way to Zen's head.

"Wow!"

The palm strike held over three thousand divine megatons of Other Shore Power.

Chapter 3498 Taking The Palm Strike Head-on

The moment the senior disciples in the Land of Sword Grief saw the large palm print, a small smile graced their lips.

It appeared that Cleon was a nice man as he had patiently explained the rules to Zen, but when the fight began, he showed no mercy.

Most disciples from the first floor couldn't withstand the large palm print at all!

Given that Zen had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm, this time, the palm print's force could not only drain the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body, but also slap him half to death.

Despite that, Elvinia, Dorothy, and Chaim weren't so worried at that moment.

They knew that what Zen had experienced in the Chaotic Source World was far worse than Cleon's palm print.

Even if he didn't summon a world and activate the Inheritance of World, he would still be able to cope with it.

Just as the large palm print was about to strike his head, he looked like he wouldn't dodge it.

These days, he had constantly summoned the Regal Jade sculptures to refine his body.

He'd summoned from the first sculpture to the tenth to refine his body from the beginning, and the Truth of Godly Way in his physical body was enough to meet the needs of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

But as their strength increased, so did their need for the Truth of Godly Way.

Therefore, Zen could only summon stronger Regal Jade sculptures. Later, the Regal Jade sculptures that he used to refine his body were basically the sculptures from the tenth to the twentieth.

Recently, he had activated the twentieth to the thirtieth sculptures!

His Chaotic Source Spirits were so strong that even when under the siege of those ten sculptures, they could still hold on for a while. Indeed, the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body had improved by leaps and bounds.

Therefore, how could a palm print with merely the force of three thousand divine megatons possibly hurt him?

"Whoosh!"

The huge palm print finally struck down on Zen's head.

When Cleon saw Zen simply raise his hands to cover his face, he smiled lazily and muttered, "How naive..."

"Bang!"

There was a loud thud when the huge palm print hit Zen's skull hard.

At that moment, the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body became extremely active. The light dots repeatedly jumped around and at the same time, a golden light circulated around the surface of Zen's body once. Then it entered into his body.

It was a fascinating sight, and everyone's eyes were focused on him.

Cleon also looked at him in curiosity.

After Zen had received such a heavy blow, the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body should be quickly exhausted. While the strong Other Shore Power simultaneously repressed his body, all his internal organs, even the bones and flesh would explode.

Most people could foresee such a thing to happen as well.

Yet, it didn't happen…

Zen still stood there unharmed with a small smile on his lips. It seemed as if he had not been hurt at all.

Silence befell around the arena.

Those who knew Zen well like Elvinia, Dorothy, Chaim, and some others were also utterly surprised.

They were sure that Zen had a way to deal with the huge palm print, but they never expected that he would be able to use his physical body to resist it head-on.

They had refined the Chaotic Source Spirits and reached the Chaotic Source Realm on the same day as Zen!

It had only been a month!

Could it be really true that Zen had already strengthened the Chaotic Source Spirits to such a level in just one month?

When it came to magic pills and treasures, Elvinia and Dorothy were in no way inferior to Zen.

Besides, the Origin Mountain and the Phoenix Palace had taught them some exclusive body refining methods which specialized in the cultivation on the Chaotic Source Spirits. Such body refining methods, however, were barely different from each other, so the speed of their improvement was almost about the same.

Even then, Zen's progress was way beyond the others' imaginations.

If Dorothy, Elvinia, and the rest of them were all shocked, then more so the senior disciples in the Land of Sword Grief, whose eyes were wide as saucers.

Most especially Chance and Abdul, who almost dropped their jaws.

Chance had been so eager to see the time when Cleon could slap Zen to death with that huge palm print, as it would relieve the hate he felt.

He was pleased when Zen didn't dodge Cleon's attack, as it was exactly what he wanted to see.

But, the result was totally different from what he had imagined.

As for Abdul, he couldn't speak nor move. His eyes just stared in shock.

He had been in the Land of Sword Grief for such a long time, but he could only achieve a strike with two thousand and five hundred divine megatons of force at most.

The force of the palm strike that had hit Zen was much greater than the strike Abdul could launch.

In other words...

Abdul realized that he could never defeat Zen, even if the latter just stood still and let him beat his body as he liked.

Although Abdul did not come to the arena to fight himself, what he saw was like a hammer that pounded his heart. He was absolutely crushed.

On the second floor, the warrior with the white face and his burly companion, Yusuf, were also taken aback. Aside from being astounded, Yusuf also felt a little excited.

"Do you still think he is stupid now?" asked the warrior with a white face. A deep sigh came out from Yusuf's lips.

"It seems that there is another remarkable figure in the Flow Sword Sect after me!" he said with a laugh.

"Don't blow your own trumpet," the white faced man said and glared at him. "You had stayed on the first floor for a long time back then. This man just came to the Land of Sword Grief, yet he is able to challenge Cleon. Can you even compare to such a freak?"

Forget about Yusuf...

Perhaps in the whole history of the Land of Sword Grief, there had never appeared such a figure.

In turn, Yusuf immediately kept quiet upon hearing what the warrior with a white face said.

After a moment of silence, the crowd began to discuss among themselves. "What happened?

Did Cleon hold back his strength?" "It's impossible!

The Other Shore Power the giant palm print has released is at least three thousand divine megatons, and Cleon used eighty percent of his strength!" "But that guy didn't move a bit!

Logically, three thousand divine megatons of force is enough to crush him into pieces, right?"

"How should I know?"

Meanwhile, Cleon stood in the arena with his right hand still in the position of launching the palm strike.

His eyes were full of disbelief, as if he was in front of a monster and not a warrior.

"Please, go on," said Zen, who stretched his hand and made the same gesture as Cleon's.

At that point, Cleon even suspected that Zen had used some special Other Shore Token which blocked the attack for him.

However, there was no way to use the magical powers of any Other Shore Token in that arena. If Zen attempted to do so, it would activate the arrays around the arena and he would have been kicked out already.

The arrays were not activated, which meant that Zen had relied on himself to take the attack.

"Go on?" Cleon hissed. His eyes flashed coldly at his opponent.

Cleon had held back a little of his strength. After all, it would be troublesome if he had accidentally killed Zen.

Now, he decided to strike with his full power. He flipped his hands, and numerous large palm prints began to take shape and circle around Zen.

The palm prints intertwined to form a dangerous killing trap!

Experienced Other Shore Realm warriors knew that one should get out of those large palm prints immediately, but Zen did not intend to escape at all. Instead, he just let himself be trapped.

"Smash him!"

A killing intent flashed in Cleon's eyes. He flipped his palm, and the many palm prints swept over Zen.

Even if Zen had a special way that helped him to resist his palm strike just now, the Chaotic Source Spirits inside his body would eventually be exhausted. Now that he launched a continuous attack of his palm prints, Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits would be worn out at a faster rate.

He didn't believe that Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits were different, unlike anything he had ever seen!

Chapter 3499 Ranking First On The First Floor

The truth was that Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits were indeed no different from the others'.

What actually set him apart from the rest was the Truth of Godly Way contained in his physical body.

It was known that the Chaotic Source Spirits of all the powerful Chaotic Source Realm warriors could not bear an infinite amount of power forever.

Of course, Zen's couldn't as well.

However, the Truth of Godly Way formed from his body could quickly nourish the Chaotic Source Spirits. Not only could it strengthen them, but it could also immediately stop them from being fatigued.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Every time a large palm print exploded on Zen, the golden light around his body flashed, and the Chaotic Source Spirits absorbed the aura of the Truth of Godly Way.

In the past month, Zen had endured such attacks day and night.

The difference lay in the fact that using the Regal Jade statues' attacks required a lot of divine crystals, while Cleon's attacks were free.

The palm strikes continued, and his body was tossed higher and higher.

The palm prints formed one after another, attacked his body, and then dispersed.

The audience's eyes were fixed on Zen, who was flying up in the air.

They hoped to see his body be torn into pieces and thoroughly disintegrated, but it never happened!

"Haven't his Chaotic Source Spirits been exhausted yet?" a man with a dark and sallow face uttered in astonishment. This sallow-faced man was ranked 19th on the first floor and could be considered as a top warrior in the Land of Sword Grief.

According to his assessment, he estimated that four palm strikes from Cleon was enough to exhaust the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body.

In other words, he could take the four palm attacks from Cleon head-on, but after that he would definitely be defeated.

As of now, Cleon's series of large palm prints had slapped Zen more than ten times, but the latter was still unharmed.

'Has this guy really just reached the Chaotic Source Realm?' Cleon thought in confusion.

"Bang! Bang! Bang..."

Cleon's eyes gleamed with amazement, even as he continued to rain a barrage of attacks on Zen.

He had almost activated his strength to the limit!

The Other Shore Token that Cleon fused with was from Stage Eighteen. It could unleash as much as 5, 000 divine megatons of force, but the bearing capacity of Cleon's physical body was limited. If he activated 5, 000 divine megatons of power in one go, it would be difficult for his Chaotic Source Spirits to bear it.

Whenever Cleon launched a palm attack, he released 3, 500 divine megatons of power. It was clearly less than the token's full force, but the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body got slightly weak and exhausted!

If things went on like that, he might not be able to withstand his own actions anymore, let alone destroy Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits.

Naturally, he would be ashamed if he lost to a warrior who had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm.

As Cleon thought of it, he gritted his teeth and went all out!

He proceeded to unleash more power from the Other Shore Token!

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

He condensed three colossal palm prints again, and shot them towards Zen who was in the air.

While he launched the three large palm prints, he took a deep breath, and the light dots of the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body died out one by one. Those Chaotic Source Spirits had been completely exhausted.

After he lost the Chaotic Source Spirits' support, he didn't dare activate the Other Shore Token anymore. Otherwise, his body would collapse before he could even release the power.

"Three palm strikes are already Cleon's limit..."

"If those three moves can't defeat Zen, then Cleon would lose!"

"I'm afraid that that guy will create a record..."

The warriors who had stayed in the Land of Sword Grief for a long time could see that Cleon had already reached his limit. He was now like a spent arrow.

As soon as the three palm prints charged straight towards Zen, he changed his posture in the air, which made the Shade Stone liquid inside his body disperse to his bones.

It was prohibited to use special abilities of Other Shore Tokens in the battle arena, but since the Shade Stone liquid was a part of Zen's body, then it shouldn't be a problem.

The moment he had adjusted his position, the three palm prints came at him.

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!"

The horrifyingly violent Other Shore Power hit his body and spread out. The space around him shook constantly, like an empty house in a hurricane's eye.

The force of those palm strikes would've torn a normal space apart.

Needless to say, it was obvious that there was something used to stabilize the space in the battle arena. So, the space around the arena shook violently and then eventually became steady.

Despite having endured three palm attacks, Zen's physical body was as stable as before!

Just then, he lightly tapped in mid-air like a nimble bird, and landed gently on the arena afterwards. He looked at Cleon with calm eyes.

He did not do anything.

Meanwhile, Cleon's Chaotic Source Spirits had gotten exhausted, and now he could not withstand a single blow.

There was nothing else he could do, and he just glared at Zen with great displeasure.

Finally, he pulled a long face and stood in front of his opponent, unwilling to admit defeat. "You don't want to admit defeat? Do you want to wait for the Chaotic Source Spirits to recover?" asked Zen.

"I... I... I lost," Cleon stammered.

When he admitted that he lost, the newcomers burst into cheers.

Zen's triumph over Cleon, however, had nothing to do with those newcomers. They still had to compete with each other and determine the rankings.

The newcomers were certainly displeased by the attitudes of the senior disciples in the Land of Sword Grief, and it was Zen who had helped them to vent out their resentment.

Zen glanced at Abdul who stayed under the platform, and asked, "Do you think you are qualified to challenge me?"

Zen had effortlessly beaten the warrior who ranked first on the first floor. Indeed, a disciple who was ranked over 500th wasn't qualified to challenge him.

Abdul stood there stiffly and shook his head when Zen's cold gaze stared straight at him.

As for Chance, he was even more dejected.

After all, the fact that he had lost to Zen always made him miserable.

The fact that Zen had defeated his brother after a few months just added salt to the wound. Did fate send this guy to torture them?

On the other hand, the warriors who belonged to the first floor of the Land of Sword Grief still stood there in amazement.

The way they looked at Zen had completely changed.

The strength he had just shown didn't seem like it was at its limit.

Furthermore, he had endured Cleon's attacks without making a move.

How terrifying could he be if he fought back?

With such a level of strength, he could break through to the second floor completely...

"Buzz..."

At that moment, the Ranking Stone's light flashed, and the rankings had changed.

Cleon's name was forcefully pushed behind Zen's, while Zen now ranked first on the first floor!

"A new record was formed. On the first day of entering the Land of Sword Grief, that warrior has managed to make his ranking go up by 1, 116 places, and directly rank first on the first floor. His promotion is even faster than that of Libby..." a disciple muttered. He was absolutely floored when he saw the prompt beside Zen's name.

"I've heard that this guy has performed very well and made a splash at the Seven Mountains Meeting. I really didn't expect..." another disciple muttered and looked at the Ranking Stone, completely dumbfounded.

Everyone in the Land of Sword Grief paid close attention to the change in the Ranking Stone which was the evidence of their strength.

When the disciples in the Land of Sword Grief saw the change in Zen's ranking, many of them suddenly thought of Libby, who was the number one warrior in the entire Land of Sword Grief.

Chapter 3500 The New Record

As the Land of Sword Grief's top warrior, Libby had also chosen a senior disciple to challenge when she first arrived. Her ranking had gone up to the 300th right after that battle.

It used to be an unprecedented record.

But today, this fact changed.

Never did anyone imagine that Zen could easily break that record.

Some disciples even believed that if it weren't for the rules of the Land of Sword Grief, Zen could easily challenge a second-floor disciple right away and ascend to the second floor on his first day.

After Zen left the arena, he quietly retreated to the side.

All the newcomers had to challenge at least one opponent after reaching the Land of Sword Grief to gain new rankings.

Many newcomers challenged each other as the rankings on the stone constantly shifted.

Among these newcomers were some warriors who could fight against the low-ranking senior disciples.

Dorothy, Elvinia, Milo, and Chaim were among such competent warriors.

But to be cautious, they chose not to challenge any senior disciples just yet.

Over a hundred people chose their own opponents and quickly carried out the one-on-one battles.

The number of names on the Ranking Stone continued to grow.

As expected, Chaim, Elvinia, and Dorothy ranked between the 1, 117th and 1, 125th.

But these rankings were merely temporary.

If one had extraordinary talent like Milo and Chaim, they could easily make rapid progress. Surpassing the Lust World, arriving at the Desire World and carrying the new Other Shore Tokens, most especially, promoted a quick rise in the rankings.

About six hours later, all the new disciples' rankings had been decided.

And so the Land of Sword Grief assigned everyone to their respective training rooms based on the rankings.

Once they entered the Land of Sword Grief, the warriors received their monthly salaries from the Oneness Sky Palace.

They were no longer "disciples", but "officials" of the Oneness Sky Palace. So long as they made steady progress, they could become influential top warriors.

As officials, they received proper compensation.

Salaries were decided according to their training room numbers.

The salary for the warrior of the first room was special and offered according to the second floor standards, so everyone was naturally envious of it.

As soon as Zen settled down in the first room, the top thirty warriors had immediately decided to exercise their right to challenge Zen at the beginning of the next month.

Although Cleon was thoroughly defeated, many people were making speculations about Zen and believed they could take him down.

Zen didn't look particularly powerful, after all.

Just as the first-floor seniors did, many warriors on the second floor were already paying close attention to Zen.

At the beginning of the next month, Zen had the right to challenge them too.

Now, his target was probably on the second floor, since he was already ranked first on the first floor.

But who would he choose to duel?

On the first day, many newcomers had settled in.

The disciples of the Land of Sword Grief were all busy—they were either heading off to the Dragon City to get tasks or training on the Other Shore.

Normally, disciples were regularly heading in and out of the bronze palace.

And on their way, they'd take a look at the Ranking Stone.

Rankings on the stone generally changed at the beginning of every month.

As it was only in the middle of this month, most people paid particular attention to the new disciples.

"What... What happened?"

A middle-aged man clad in black suddenly exclaimed in front of the stone.

Some of the disciples next to him didn't seem fazed by his reaction.

Once Zen's name appeared, every person who happened to pass by the stone expressed some reasonable shock and disbelief.

"What… Cleon has been surpassed? This name on top isn't familiar at all!" the man continued to yell.

"Well, he is a newcomer, after all," someone responded.

"How is it possible? The newcomers only just arrived today. Am I blind or is something wrong with the stone?" It would be hard to believe the fact without seeing it with their own eyes.

"You can consider it a mistake if you wish," said the man beside him, his lips curling strangely.

The middle-aged man clad in black took a moment of thought in front of the Ranking Stone before leaving. Realizing he had missed a wonderful battle, he hurried off to learn more about the story.

Another three came in after him.

Taking a look at the Ranking Stone, they were just as shocked as the man who came in before them.

"Damn it! What happened today?"

"Did we miss something?"

"He's a newcomer, isn't he?"

New names were only added to the Ranking Stone every ten years. Naturally, most people could tell that Zen was a newcomer at a glance.

The several disciples guarding the Ranking Stone looked uneasy.

All they could do was to briefly explain the matter before sending the three guys away.

It was expected that all the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief would be greatly surprised after seeing the Ranking Stone.

Of course, Cleon was the most displeased.

He wasn't in the mood to cultivate at all, that day. Instead, he stood by the door of the second training room and quietly observed all the people get amazed by the Ranking Stone.

Someone had surpassed him beyond imagination, and he couldn't shake off the feeling of dejection.

From the outside, the bronze palace's training rooms looked very small.

But their interior area was as spacious as a palace.

Zen hadn't planned to stay in the Land of Sword Grief for very long, and he'd have preferred to stay in his courtyard house of the Flow Sword Sect.

But it wasn't appropriate for him to leave so soon, as he had just arrived there, after all.

After night fell, Zen pulled out the Regal Jade chessboard and let the Regal Jade statues descend for his training.

The battle with Cleon did not turn out as easy as he thought it would.

While the strength of his Chaotic Source Spirits already seemed overbearing, he was still at the primary stage of the Chaotic Source Realm. The gap between him and Cleon was undeniable.

But Zen could still use his Truth of Godly Way to ease the fatigue of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

The endless Truth of Godly Way and the Chaotic Source Spirits formed a unique closed loop, extending the lasting time of the Chaotic Source Spirits to a great extent and easing their fatigue. The two complemented each other, doubling the power that could be produced.

The next morning, two stewards of the Land of Sword Grief knocked on the newcomers' training rooms and told them to enter the Other Shore.

After reaching the Chaotic Source Realm, one should be well-prepared to break through to the Desire World.

As the stewards informed the disciples, they realized that there was one missing.

When they felt confused, they discovered that this disciple was actually in the first room at the far right of the first floor, which surprised them so much.

Chapter 3501 Get Ready

After receiving the notice from the two stewards, Zen headed back to his cultivation room.

In his room, he recited a Truth of Godly Way, and his Soul of Light immediately returned to the Other Shore.

The newcomers in the other cultivation rooms also gathered themselves in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore.

But what Elvinia was going through was different from all the others.

When her Soul of Light had left the Other Shore, her body remained in the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace.

As she finally entered the Other Shore, her eyes began to flutter and open in the stronghold.

She got up and carefully examined her body, trying to familiarize herself before walking outside.

At this time of the day, many disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had gathered together. Some gasped and others whispered when seeing Elvinia walking out.

Few people knew that she had a physical body at the Other Shore. So they were much surprised seeing she walk out like a creature at this place.

In fact, she had so many options to cover up her identity. For instance, she could wear a veil to hide her face.

However, people from the Bearing race and other races had already seen her, so there was no point to hide.

A lot of newcomers of the Land of Sword Grief had arrived. Surprisingly, even Sally, Hutton and other Nine Li warriors had gathered here too. But for some reason, Chaim was nowhere to be found.

Yesterday, he had entered the Other Shore in advance after the intense fights in the Land of Sword Grief.

On the Other Shore, he had descended from Stage Thirteen down to Stage Four to obtain some necessary resources for their breakthrough to Stage

Fourteen.

More than an hour had passed and people could finally spot Chaim heading towards them.

"I'm sorry to have worried everyone," said Chaim with a smile. The space ring in his hand began to glimmer, from which dark gold wheels started to appear. "Although you have already reached the Chaotic Source Realm, you still need a matchable Other Shore Token to become a real Chaotic Source Realm warrior," he explained. "Once in Stage Fourteen, you should fuse with a new one. Only then will you have the real strength of the Chaotic Source Realm. If all of this is accomplished, you won't have any more problems in challenging others in the Land of Sword Grief! These Cloud Flying Wheels are the key to ascend to Stage Fourteen. Lucky for you guys, I'll be giving one to each of you."

The people he was addressing were all newcomers to the Chaotic Source Realm. The thing that separated them and those high-level ones at the same realm was, in fact, the Other Shore Token.

Apart from Zen, Elvinia and Dorothy, the rest of the people's Other Shore Tokens only had no more than one thousand divine megatons of force. To fuse with better Other Shore Tokens was something they needed to do now.

As Chaim was distributing the Cloud Flying Wheels one by one, Zen asked in a low voice, "Can I have one more of this?"

A smile graced Chaim's blurry face. He then held out two Cloud Flying Wheels and handed them to Zen.

As he finished distributing the wheels, Chaim turned back and took out finger-size chunks of soul crystal.

The Oneness Sky Palace had spent heavily at this point in time. It had taken out almost all the soul crystal it had accumulated over the years.

The reason was simple. The closing of the Chaotic Source World meant that there would be no new Chaotic Source Realm warriors in the future. The

Oneness Sky Palace had used all its resources on the last batch of Chaotic Source Realm warriors.

The sight of the crystal excited many disciples. They began absorbing the soul crystal as soon as they got it.

After they had gotten ready, they all left for the other end of Stage Thirteen.

They didn't see many Souls of Light along the way.

If a person managed to step in Stage Thirteen, he or she had already been taken to the Chaotic Source World last time.

Those who couldn't enter the Chaotic Source World belonged to minor sects or weak forces.

After the members of many super forces returned to their own races, they began to enter Stage Fourteen all at once. This was not the case for Zen, though. He and his companions had been delayed for a few days at Pear Hill. In fact, they might be the last batch of people heading to Stage Fourteen.

As they passed by the Dark Region, Zen kept looking into the darkness.

Likewise, Elvinia concentrated and watched very carefully. She whispered to Zen, "Do you think the three-eyed boy is still in there?"

Zen nodded, "Yes, I think so."

The last time they were there, they were forced by the three-eyed boy to make countless candles.

But then accidentally, Elvinia became a purified being while Zen inherited the Civilization Artifact.

For some reason, the three-eyed boy seemed to be against Blood Assembly. Zen had no clue if they would ever come across each other again.

Meanwhile, Dorothy had only been listening to their whispers, but kept silent. She seemed quite down.

Since she and Zen had entered the Other Shore, the two had had some secrets to one another that others were clueless to. However, after the events that unfolded in the Dark Region, Elvinia suddenly became involved.

On the other end of Stage Thirteen, there were many huge, scattered temples.

Most of the temples had already been explored, and each of them recorded a civilization of the past.

Hence, the group of Zen merely passed these temples and continued to move forward. The darkness on both sides continued to spread out towards the center of the road, making it a narrow belt. It seemed that the narrowest place was five feet wide.

"Twitter twitter."

"Hiss."

The creatures that roamed in the darkness seemed to be moving.

At one point, they even began to hear some voices. This brought chills down their spines.

"The road seems to be growing narrower by the minute..."

"The Dark Region is expanding fast. It's only a matter of time until this road is completely consumed by darkness."

"What if the creatures in the Dark Region begin to rush out at us?"

Sally asked, holding on to Hutton's clothes tightly. Nothing frightened her more than being killed in Stage Thirteen.

Noticing the fear in her, Chaim reassured them, "Don't be afraid, everyone! The Dark Region is forbidden to us, as much as the Light Region is forbidden to the creatures in the Dark Region. If they come here, they will die for sure."

"That's right," Zen agreed. "We'll be fine."

However, just as Zen finished speaking, several tentacles suddenly squirmed from the Dark Region beside him. They began to make their way towards the light, and for some reason, were unharmed. These tentacles belonged to a plant, and its dark green skin could tolerate the Light Region for a short while!

"Hiss hiss hiss."

The tentacles had begun to melt gradually in the light. But before they could completely melt, they had already wrapped themselves around Zen's neck and dragged him to the Dark Region.

"Ah! Look!"

"Zen!"

"Watch out..."

The others, who had just been reassured of their protection in the light, had no idea what to do.

And even if they did have a plan, it might not have been enough to save Zen in time.

"Go to hell!"

Just then, Elvinia moved quickly and waved her hands at the sky, shedding bright light to the Dark Region.

The demon plant screamed in agony, twisting and hissing madly from the effect of Elvinia's light.

Just like that, the plant had completely melted.

Though Zen's Soul of Light had been dragged into the Dark Region, the light led by Elvinia protected him from further damage.

Chapter 3502 The Energy Vortex

Though it was a false alarm, the disciples who witnessed what happened couldn't help but feel frightened.

They tried to huddle together in the very narrow path.

But Zen remained calm.

After all, he had stayed in the Dark Region for a period of time and already knew how dangerous it was.

Moreover, they had Elvinia, who was a purified being, by their side. They could even roam the Dark Region freely if they wanted to.

Zen stood up and returned to the path. When he felt the fear among the disciples, he smiled and said, "You see, the creatures in the Dark Region are no match for Princess Elvinia."

"Everyone, please go first. I'll protect you," Elvinia announced.

The disciples just nodded and mentally sighed.

Many talented warriors had come forth among this generation in the Oneness Sky Palace.

There were so many talents that even a genius like Milo, who was capable of Instant Enlightenment, was not considered outstanding among them.

As for Zen, he had been making miracles in both the Chaotic Source World and the Land of Sword Grief.

On the other hand, Elvinia, who was considered as mediocre in the Source World, was quite invincible on the Other Shore. She was incredibly skilled in killing the creatures in the Dark Region so easily, which was unheard of.

The disciples lined up in a straight line and continued to move forward on the narrow path, while Elvinia stayed behind to protect them.

Perhaps, Elvinia's ability shocked the creatures in the Dark Region.

The roars that echoed in the Dark Region had completely died down. They didn't encounter any attacks along their way anymore.

After they walked along the narrow path for about ten minutes, the path finally became wide and a stone platform appeared in front of them. This stone platform was the edge of the Lust World.

The sky in the distance seemed to be washed with various colors of water.

It was quite a sight to behold.

Among the many hues was a small black hole, where all the colors apparently came from. "The energy contained in those flowing colors is so unique," said Zen as he gazed into the horizon.

He could clearly perceive the energy within those colors. It was extremely powerful and similar to the Ways-blending Energy, but they differed in aura.

Dorothy stared at the colors and said, "It is said that it's the energy of the Other Shore. It is the one that forms the thirty-three stages, little by little."

"The energy of the thirty-three stages?" Zen repeated, his eyebrows raised in surprise. "Yes, that's true," Chaim said with a nod.

"But we can't use the energy, so no one has ever studied it," he added.

"Chaim, is that vortex the place we are going to pass through?" Sally asked as she walked beside them. "Yes," Chaim confirmed.

"Now that we have arrived at the destination, we can advance to Stage Fourteen. We can't help each other from now on. We can only rely on ourselves and the Cloud Flying Wheels in your hands. Mind the colorful ribbons, as they are actually an extremely powerful flow of energy. Once you are sucked in, no one would be able to save you," he explained.

When he finished, everyone felt their hearts sink in their chests.

They were lucky enough to reach the Chaotic Source Realm, but it did not mean that their troubles were over.

They were still weak Souls of Light on the Other Shore, after all.

"Who goes first?" Chaim asked. The disciples fell into silence.

To be fair, it was their first time to experience such a thing, and the ones who went first would clearly face the biggest risks.

"Me," a man said as he stepped out. It turned out to be Milo, a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect.

"Milo, please," said Chaim with his cupped hands.

Milo did not feel any fear for what he must endure.

In a few moments, he stood on the edge of the stone platform and activated the Cloud Flying Wheel in his hand.

A thick cloud appeared as the Cloud Flying Wheel rotated continuously in his palm. At the same time, a force was exerted on his Soul of Light, which pushed him straight out of the stone platform and sent him flying in the air.

Milo's figure flew higher and higher, until he was just like a tiny black dot to everyone below. Still, they could see his location through the white cloud that the Cloud Flying Wheel had created.

Eventually, the white cloud approached the colorful vortex.

The closer one got to the vortex, the more dangerous it was for them. Therefore, Milo controlled the Cloud Flying Wheel to carefully swirl amidst the energy ribbons.

Soon enough, he arrived at the center of the vortex. He felt as if an invisible gravitational force pulled him in, and then he was suddenly sucked into the vortex.

"The next one," said Chaim after Milo disappeared in the energy vortex.

Once the disciples saw how smoothly Milo went into the vortex, they felt braver and more encouraged. Another disciple took out his Cloud Flying Wheel and directly flew towards the energy vortex.

Zen observed them for a while, and then retreated to the back of the line and handed his Cloud Flying Wheel to Dorothy.

Other warriors only needed to fly to the Desire World once, while Zen needed to do it twice. His corporeal body also needed the Cloud Flying Wheel.

"Do you need me to pick you up?" Elvinia asked Zen with concern after Dorothy had put the Cloud Flying Wheel away.

Although Zen's corporeal body was much stronger than his Soul of Light, it was quite dangerous for him to go through the narrow path. Elvinia was worried about him.

"No, it's not dangerous for me," Zen said confidently.

Then, he disappeared on the Other Shore.

When Zen was gone, Elvinia and Dorothy exchanged knowing looks.

It was as if they could read each other's minds. Their strained relations surfaced.

"We can't look down on Zen, can we?" Dorothy said.

Elvinia blinked a few times. "Are you upset? Because you can't help Zen?" she asked.

A pink flush crept on Dorothy's cheeks at Elvinia's words. "No, I just don't think Zen is that incompetent," she immediately explained.

"Oh, I see," said Elvinia in an aloof voice. "You are jealous."

"…"

Dorothy didn't know what to say.

"I guessed it right," Elvinia said calmly, and then continued, "I heard that you knew Zen before he came to the Source World. He joined the Oneness Sky Palace with your help."

Of course, there were many factors that caused Zen to join the Oneness Sky Palace, but the most important part was that Dorothy had acted as a go-between for him in the Sea of Truth.

"But there's one thing you need to understand. Zen doesn't belong only to you," said Elvinia.

It was true that Elvinia was a cold woman, but she was always straightforward and honest.

Chapter 3503 Trust

Following her sojourn into the Dark Region with Zen, Elvinia's personality changed slightly, but not by much. She just became gentler toward Zen. She was still indifferent to everyone else, especially Dorothy when they were alone.

"I never said Zen belonged to me," Dorothy retorted, feeling even more embarrassed.

"But you were even willing to sacrifice your life for him. Why would you go that far if you don't want him to be yours?" Elvinia spoke.

In the Chaotic Source World, Dorothy had used the Heart of Accomplice regardless of the consequences. Elvinia had been floored by that. She never realized she had such a terrifying Other Shore Token.

"I had no choice. The situation called for it," Dorothy pointed out, a little annoyed. Her patience was growing thin.

Elvinia felt smug seeing Dorothy so flustered.

She asked her the next question bluntly. "Do you like him?"

Dorothy was once again rendered speechless. She paused before replying, "That is none of your business."

Unexpectedly, Elvinia leaned forward and hissed in Dorothy's ear. "Of course it's my business. He belongs only to me."

Dorothy was stunned. But being used to Elvinia's straightforward manner, she responded just as frankly, "He already has a family."

"So what?" Elvinia straightened up. She now possessed the body of a purified being created through imagination. It was even more perfect than her previous body in the chaos. It radiated a different charm.

She looked up at the large vortex in the distance. "That is his past. I am talking about the future."

Dorothy frowned at Elvinia's apparent conviction.

She didn't know what Elvinia was thinking. But from what she knew of Zen, he would never just put his past behind him.

"What makes you so sure of that?" Dorothy asked slowly.

Elvinia ignored Dorothy and put on a cold face, as usual.

At the very beginning, Elvinia did hate Zen.

However, after their travel in the Dark Region and having regained her memory, she gradually became interested in him.

In the Phoenix Palace, Elvinia was able to chat with her three "disciples", mostly about Zen's past.

Lavender, who was a woman of few words, had spent the longest time with Zen.

But one thing they had in common was when they were talking about Zen, their faith in him was evident.

This level of trust shone clearly on their faces.

Elvinia's tragic experiences in the Divine Lair made her regard everything around her with hostility and indifference.

Even with Flamine consoling her all these years, her trauma wouldn't heal, and nothing could make her happy.

She wanted what was lacking in her life.

Elvinia suddenly found herself envying how Laquisha and the others looked so happy and trusting when they spoke of Zen.

Once the envy took root, the desire for that kind of happiness grew uncontrollable and became a mad obsession.

When they were at the Chaotic Source World, Elvinia finally felt, too, that Zen was a person she could trust unconditionally. She liked the feeling of being able to trust someone that deeply.

As the women were caught in their discussion, Chaim busied himself with something else.

Soon enough, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace took the Cloud Flying Wheels and flew away, one by one.

Not long after, Zen's physical body arrived at the destination, having crossed Stage Thirteen on the Other Shore.

Dorothy silently walked up to Zen and handed him another Cloud Flying Wheel. After that, Zen let his physical body dissipate. He returned to the Other Shore with his Soul of Light.

By this time, more than half of the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace had already gone.

Zen held the Cloud Flying Wheel in his hand and walked toward the edge of the stone platform. Dorothy and Elvinia followed behind him in silence. They intended to go with him.

Zen's gaze fell on Elvinia. "The purified being dominates a certain stage. After a living creature on the Other Shore becomes a purified being, they can only stay at that stage. I wonder if you can leave."

Creatures on the Other Shore were fixed at the stage they were in after becoming purified beings. Zen had learned this from Athemar.

However, Elvinia was an exception.

She was not a being on the Other Shore, so Zen didn't know whether she would be limited by this rule.

Elvinia blinked at this. "I have asked my father. He also wants me to try to see if I can reach Stage Fourteen."

It would be a good thing for the Oneness Sky Palace if Elvinia could dominate only Stage Thirteen.

But if she could continue to be promoted and reach other stages, it would be a new record that could make others uneasy.

A purified being who could grow and become more powerful was enough to change the structure of many forces on the Other Shore!

"In that case, you can wait here," Zen said.

"Why?" Elvinia asked.

Zen's gaze passed over Elvinia and landed on the place where his physical body disappeared. Elvinia immediately understood.

Although Zen was not a purified being, he could also reach the Other Shore with his physical body. After all, Zen needed to cross twice. Elvinia could wait for Zen and complete the crossing with Zen the second time.

"I'll wait for you, then," Elvinia said, nodding at Zen's explanation.

The other disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were somewhat puzzled when they heard this. Zen was obviously here. Why would Elvinia still wait for him? Perhaps only Chaim, Dorothy and a few other warriors understood.

Soon after, Zen and Dorothy activated the Cloud Flying Wheels in their hands.

As a cloud of mist rose, Zen's Soul of Light flew in the air, followed by Dorothy's.

After they flew out for some distance, Zen looked back.

From this vantage, he could clearly see the layout of Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore. It was like a huge island, with the Dark Region spreading from its flanks like dark clouds.

Below Stage Thirteen's lower edges, many thin lines extended down.

Zen surmised all these lines must be connected to the Star Doors of Stage Twelve. But from this angle, Zen could not see where it was.

Just then, Zen suddenly thought of the space where King Manard was.

Although King Manard considered the space to be the second Other Shore, it was not that large. It was incomparable to the real Other Shore.

To create the thirty-three stages in the chaos was truly a magnificent feat.

"Zen, be careful," Dorothy reminded him.

Just as Zen turned around to look, a colorful energy ribbon darted toward him. He gently turned over the Cloud Flying Wheel in his hand. As a puff of mist spread around, he easily dodged the ribbon.

It was not difficult to enter the energy vortex. He could enter it as long as he was careful.

All the disciples who ascended earlier had been sucked into the energy vortex successfully, but it was hard to say whether they were able to pass through it.

When Zen and Dorothy got closer to the vortex, a strong gravitational force started to pull them in.

The force was so strong that resistance was futile. The closer they got to the vortex, the greater the gravitational force became.

"Swoosh! Swoosh!"

Both of them were sped along faster and faster in the air until they were sucked into the vortex.

Chapter 3504 Dorothy's Affection

There was a long and narrow channel inside the energy vortex, and the colored energy bands coiled around each other like pythons.

The wind beat Zen's and Dorothy's faces as they moved and flew through the channel at an extremely fast speed.

The Cloud Flying Wheels helped them adjust their direction, although it was a bit hard because of their highly swift pace.

At that moment, several energy bands in the distance abruptly rolled up. They looked like several pythons jumping and curling around.

"Be careful on your right. Follow me," Zen told Dorothy who was behind him.

In turn, Dorothy tilted the Cloud Flying Wheel to the right, and both of them leaned towards the left of the channel.

After both of them had adjusted their positions, they successfully brushed past the energy bands without colliding into them.

"Left!" Zen shouted. The two of them quickly flew to the right.

The mist clouds their Cloud Flying Wheels released formed long white lines in the energy channel.

Since Zen had warned Dorothy in advance, they passed several dangerous spots safe and sound.

Dorothy held on to the Cloud Flying Wheel tightly and quietly followed behind Zen.

Her gaze swept across the brightly colorful energy bands around her as she lost herself in her thoughts.

Ever since Elvinia had arrived in their group, she had never been with Zen alone like this.

As soon as she realized it, she began to reminisce and miss the days she had spent in the Sea of Truth. 'I hope this is a very long channel...' she thought to herself.

Just then, a flurry of ripples showed up over the energy channel. Several thick energy bands came down.

"Down!"

Zen was also shocked when he saw these thick energy bands, but he didn't think it would be a problem for them to use the Cloud Flying Wheels to dodge them.

Just as he adjusted the Cloud Flying Wheel and began to fly downward, he suddenly felt that something was amiss behind him. Dorothy seemed to be absent-minded, as she was flying forward in a blank manner and did not descend like he did.

"Dorothy!" he shouted as he immediately turned the Cloud Flying Wheel around.

His entire body spiraled upwards, and the white mist spun around his body in circles.

As soon he got close enough to Dorothy, he grabbed her with one hand and seized her Cloud Flying Wheel with the other.

Mist sprayed out from the two Cloud Flying Wheels, while Zen and Dorothy fell straight downwards.

They still got to dodge the energy bands above their heads, but because they fell quite fast, they were dashing to the lower wall of the energy vortex at full speed.

Dorothy was scared silly that she huddled in Zen's arms, totally motionless.

When Zen saw that they were approaching the lower wall of the energy vortex even faster, he gritted his teeth and aligned the two Cloud Flying Wheels right downwards.

If they hit the lower wall, they would definitely die.

"Wow..."

More clouds and mists puffed out and acted as a buffer to weaken their downward momentum.

The moment Zen was only half a foot away from the lower wall, they finally stopped falling and began to float gently.

"Wow, that was so close!" Zen exclaimed and sighed in relief.

"How could you space out at such a time!?" he scolded.

Dorothy, however, just stayed limp in his arms.

She didn't explain nor refute him. "What's wrong with you?" Zen asked in confusion.

He could not see the expression on Dorothy's face, but he could feel that her Soul of Light currently gave out a somewhat loose aura.

Logically speaking, there was nothing that could affect souls in the energy channel. Therefore, just passing through it would not cause her Soul of Light any harm.

Now, Zen had planned to return her Cloud Flying Wheel to her and let her continue to follow him.

Yet, Dorothy just curled up in his arms and didn't say a word. Thus, he just had to hold her in one arm and grab the two Cloud Flying Wheels together in the other, and flew forward.

"Dorothy, what happened?

Was your Soul of Light hurt?

I have soul pills, um... and soul crystal..."

Soon after they had left Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, they arrived at the Desire World.

Generally speaking, the pressure on souls was certainly stronger in the Desire World than it was in the Lust World.

Naturally, Zen also faintly felt such pressure—but since Dorothy had entered Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore together with him, he believed that she could withstand the pressure as well.

Meanwhile, Dorothy just looked at Zen's blurry face. 'What a fool!' she thought.

She did hear him ask a series of questions, but she didn't answer any of them. When Zen finally didn't know what to say next, he moved forward in silence.

After a while, Dorothy suddenly said in a low voice, "If only this space channel has no end!"

"You must be joking, Dorothy," Zen said with a smile. "Even if the space channel does have no end, the energy in the Cloud Flying Wheels will be used up sooner or later.

By then, we will be transformed into..."

Suddenly, he stopped talking.

Even though Zen lacked a sense of romance, he soon realized that he and Dorothy didn't seem to be talking about the same thing.

Once Zen stopped speaking, Dorothy quickly tightened her arms that were around his neck and lowered her head onto his chest. Her lips stretched into a shy smile.

Clearly, her character was totally different from Elvinia's.

Everyone in the Oneness Sky Palace knew that Dorothy was warm and outgoing, but when actually faced with a man she liked, she was very shy and could not express her love explicitly.

On the contrary, Elvinia looked haughty and cold. She seemed to keep away from everyone else, but she was straightforward and honest when she fell in love with someone.

At that point, Zen's body was a little stiff.

He had spent most of his time with Dorothy since he had entered the Other Shore, and the two of them had also experienced several life and death crises together.

Still, he never expected that this little girl from the Origin Mountain would have a crush on him.

His heart felt warm at the thought of Dorothy using the Heart of Accomplice without the least hesitation in the Chaotic Source World.

"But I..."

As soon as he began to speak, Dorothy stretched out her hand to cover his mouth. At the same time, she said, "I don't care about any 'but'..."

She never had a relationship with any man yet, and just like Elvinia had said, she wasn't brave enough to confess her feelings.

When Elvinia goaded her, however, she began to worry about losing Zen, and then couldn't hold back her affections any longer.

Although she was a beloved one in the Origin Mountain, she was very young, and her mentality was not very different from that of any other young girl.

As for Zen, he didn't know how to respond to her words.

Just then, dozens of energy bands rolled up like mad in the channel ahead of them. Energy flowed wildly and vented towards the channel in a deranged fashion.

It turned out that they had reached the most dangerous part of the vortex.

"Hold me tight!"

Of course, Zen couldn't afford to be distracted. As the two Cloud Flying Wheels turned slightly, he shuttled in multiple directions among the energy bands, like a swallow that flew in a thunderstorm.

Fortunately, it was not a long journey. After no more than half a minute, they had successfully passed through, and there was no more dangerous part ahead.

They flew in the peaceful vortex for about five minutes, then they finally saw the exit in front of them.

When Zen was about to get close to it, he suddenly felt a strong force thrust upon him. Unlike what had happened when he had entered the energy vortex, this thrust directly pushed him and Dorothy out.

Meanwhile, a purple light curtain flashed everywhere in the sky outside. The purple light curtain caused a trace of dreamy colors to wash over Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore.

Chapter 3505 The Change In The Vortex

The thirty-three stages on the Other Shore were distributed such that there were thirteen stages in the Lust World and nineteen stages in the Desire World.

The Desire World gathered together the backbone power of the entire Source World.

Most people who could enter this world were at the Chaotic Source Realm.

But they could enter Stage Fourteen even if they hadn't reached the Chaotic Source Realm. Only precursor was that their Souls of Light had turned into Indigo Souls.

But from Stage Fourteen onward, the Other Shore Power of the Other Shore Tokens measured at least one thousand divine megatons. Creatures that hadn't merged with the Chaotic Source Spirits wouldn't be able to unleash their full power.

One solution to this problem would be to fuse with an Other Shore Token of the descending type.

But there was a huge gap between the physical strength of the Chaotic Source Realm warriors and that of those who were not at the Chaotic Source Realm.

Beneath the energy vortex was a stone platform similar to the one located at Stage Thirteen in the Lust World. A few Souls of Light waited on this platform.

These Souls of Light belonged to the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. Most of them were from the group that had ascended before Zen. But there were several Souls of Light that were imposing and serious. These belonged to the senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief.

As Zen circled in the air alongside Dorothy, he felt an invisible pressure bearing down on them from the curtain of purple light floating in the sky.

But because Zen's and Dorothy's Souls of Light had long since become Indigo Souls, they could bear the pressure.

He held Dorothy in his arms as he descended slowly. He stepped carefully onto the stone platform before gently putting her down.

Dorothy blushed scarlet under the gaze of the crowd and retreated quickly to the side. Lucky for her, everyone was on the Other Shore and couldn't see her flaming face. But the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had seen what had happened and were stunned.

Passing through the energy vortex was dangerous. What the hell was this couple doing?

A Soul of Light with a strong aura walked towards them and said, "Please tell us your names and show us your soul marks."

These senior disciples didn't know what was going on in the Lust World and were using the soul marks to verify their identities.

"Dorothy, from the Origin Mountain," Dorothy said, keeping her voice low as she showed him her soul mark.

"Zen, from the Flow Sword Sect," Zen said.

The senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief looked at him in unison when they heard his name. Many of them looked amused.

Before Dorothy had entered the Land of Sword Grief, they had already heard about her. After all, she was the apple of Yasamin's eye, and she and Elvinia were considered to be the top two women warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Zen had become famous because of the battle he had fought after he had entered the Land of Sword Grief.

His ranking on the Ranking Stone had surpassed that of the senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief.

"Gee, Madam Yasamin's granddaughter and Zen!"

"They make a perfect match. This boy was not born in a great clan but he has incredible talent and will make many, many achievements in the future."

"Archibald will be shocked to see this! I'll tell him after I get out of the Other Shore. I wonder how he will react outwardly, though!"

They communicated with each other through their life vitality.

There were only a few female members in the Land of Sword Grief. Dorothy's and Elvinia's beauty attracted the attention of many senior disciples after they entered the Land of Sword Grief. Some admired them secretly, and some tried to ingratiate themselves with them.

Elvinia looked aloof, causing these warriors to feel so intimidated that they didn't dare try to get close to her.

Dorothy dealt with them cleverly. She received more attention than Elvinia.

Many people became jealous as they watched Zen hold Dorothy on the Other Shore.

After Zen and Dorothy verified their identities by showing their soul marks and speaking their names, they silently stepped aside. Moments later, Zen said, "I'll leave the Other Shore now. You stay here and wait for me to come back."

His physical body was still in the Lust World. It was now his physical body's turn to come here.

"Okay! Be careful!" Dorothy whispered shyly.

"Buzz..."

Soon, Zen's Soul of Light had disappeared from the stone platform.

The others were waiting. When they found that Zen had dissipated his Soul of Light, they were confused, but didn't think much of it.

The next moment, Zen's physical body had reappeared on the stone platform of Stage Thirteen.

Chaim was pleased to see Zen return. It looked like Zen's and Dorothy's Souls of Light had safely reached their destination.

But Zen didn't tell Chaim anything about his other name, 'Thad'. Chaim wouldn't reveal his secret or ask Zen about that.

Elvinia asked Zen worriedly, "Do you think my physical body will pass through that?"

"You can't stay in Stage Thirteen just for this physical body," Zen tried to comfort her. "Don't worry. The worst that could happen is that you'll have to abandon the purified being's body. Your Soul of Light will always be powerful."

"Okay. Zen, you have to protect me!" Elvinia said, a lovely but rare smile on her lips.

Elvinia was not an easy-going person. Zen had actually liked the version of Elvinia who had lost her memory.

But now, she was behaving like she used to be when she had lost her memory in the Dark Region.

At her expression, Zen's heart skipped a beat. But he was still confused.

Both Dorothy and Elvinia were behaving unusually today.

After many disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, including Sally, had ascended to the next stage, only Zen, Chaim, and Elvinia were left on the stone platform.

"I'll go first, guys," Chaim said. He then pulled out the Cloud Flying Wheel and flew towards the energy vortex in the distance.

After Chaim had disappeared in the vortex, Zen said, "It's our turn. I'll lead the way since I have just passed through this vortex. You can follow me."

He then activated the Cloud Flying Wheel once again and shot off into the distance, Elvinia following close behind.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

The two of them rose high into the air and flew towards the energy vortex.

The energy bands didn't react when Zen first approached the energy vortex. But when Elvinia approached it, the bands seemed to instantly become frenzied and restless.

Elvinia frowned as she manipulated the Cloud Flying Wheel to pause in mid-air.

The energy bands were restless, but they didn't roll upwards. Zen observed them for a few seconds before saying, "It's alright! Let's speed up!"

Elvinia pursed her lips at this.

She told herself that she should believe Zen, and she let the doubt go.

They waited for a while outside and then suddenly sped up, rushing into the energy vortex.

But the moment they entered it, a weird change took place in the energy vortex. The energy bands in the outer layer rolled back in unison, tightly sealing their way to retreat.

Chapter 3506 Form A Path

It was clear that Elvinia was causing the turmoil of the energy vortex.

The entrance was filled with energy—it was impossible to head back.

Inside the channel, the energy became manic. The colorful energy bands rose rapidly, filling every corner of the channel.

Neither Zen nor Elvinia said a single word to each other before flying forward.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The channel within the energy vortex only grew more and more manic as Elvinia continued further. The tumultuous energy bands flew around, forming a dense net with Elvinia and Zen as its targets.

By now, Elvinia felt the panic set in. "What should we do? Can we get out of the Other Shore?"

While the Cloud Flying Wheels could help them fly in the air, their pushing force was lackluster. Even with a corporeal body that was more flexible than a Soul of Light, neither of them could gain any momentum or speed. And because corporeal bodies were far heavier than Souls of Light, they looked rather clumsy as they navigated in the air.

So how could they break through the net formed by the energy bands?

The net before them was moving closer as the channel behind them continued narrowing.

At this rate, a maximum of 20 seconds was enough for the vortex to completely eat them up. How could they escape merging with the vortex?

"Don't be afraid," Zen suddenly said.

He held up the Cloud Flying Wheel in the opposite direction to retreat to Elvinia's side and grabbed her arm.

The act only stunned her—she had no clue what Zen was planning to do to break the siege under the circumstances.

Just then, she witnessed a flash of lightning on Zen's back—following the sound of a thunderbolt, a pair of great thunder wings suddenly grew from his back.

"Thunder Materialization!"

Although he couldn't use the Shade Stone liquid on the Other Shore, the Godly Way's internal momentum was still available. He could still draw some internal momentum out of his inner world. Back in the Dark Region, he managed to use the Life Godly Way to treat the three-eyed boy, after all.

In the divine land, Zen quite often used the pair of thunder wings. But because the internal momentum was far weaker than the Other Shore Power in the Source World, Zen rarely pulled them out.

But in the most critical moments, the internal momentum could still save him.

Crack!

A bright light flashed upon both his wings as he dragged Elvinia through the net like a bolt of lightning.

Seeing that she was fine, Elvinia went blank before soon understanding what had happened.

Although both of them were corporeal bodies, they differed in nature.

Elvinia obtained a powerful purified being's body when she entered the Other Shore with her Soul of Light, and Zen entered the Other Shore with his own corporeal body.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh…

As soon as they passed through the energy net, the energy bands before them began intertwining into another net.

Then, Zen held Elvinia horizontally—his thunder wings crackled before once again shooting forward like lightning.

Crack!

Clap!

They broke through a net every time he bolted.

While the entire channel grew manic and the energy bands swept around, Zen's speed had increased rapidly. He seemed to be passing through the nets before they could even form.

Elvinia lay in Zen's arms peacefully, staring up at him with bright eyes.

Once Teague's soul was driven away, Elvinia recovered all the memories about the Dark Region. But she was quite an ignorant child in her memories

—she couldn't escape the embarrassment as she browsed through the memories.

From these memories, she found a unique sense of peace and trust—it should have been the same as what Lavender, Nelly and Laquisha had felt.

Zen seemed to have a knack for finding unexpected ways to slip out of desperate circumstances—this was, perhaps, why Elvinia felt so assured.

At Zen's speed, he managed to cover a great distance in mere seconds. In around 20 seconds, they could rush out of the channel.

Although the plan was going smoothly, Zen couldn't help but feel a little worried.

Last time, When Zen passed the second half of the channel with Dorothy, there was a section full of restless energy.

But in the first half of the channel, Elvinia had caused a huge turmoil in the energy vortex, which meant the second half would possibly be even more troublesome.

Just as he was thinking, Elvinia suddenly called out, "Zen, look!"

His lips curled into a bitter smile when he clearly saw what was ahead of them.

Before he figured out how to cross it, the road ahead had been completely blocked by the energy bands.

With the channel behind them still narrowing, and the front exit getting sealed off by the energy bands, there was no way out at all.

"It looks like all I can do now is abandon this body," Elvinia said reluctantly.

It was everyone's dream to obtain such a powerful body on the Other Shore.

But they had no other way to go—if she didn't give up the body, she and Zen would die there.

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

The energy bands piled up until they were sandwiched in.

Crack...

Zen tried changing a few positions, but the space for him to dodge was lessening.

"Zen, don't hold on," Elvinia said firmly.

Ready to leave her body, she shut her eyes.

"Wait!" Zen called out as the lightning in his hand flashed, shifting into a spiral-shaped thunder halberd. Aiming at the channel's inner wall, he shot it.

Just as he expected, these energy bands were of very high grade.

Once the thunder and lightning the Thunderstorm Godly Way generated entered the area, they were constantly melted down by the energy bands, making it impossible to break through them.

The wall of energy bands formed a vortex. Several energy bands shot right at Zen.

He dodged them quite easily, but a thoughtful look appeared on his face.

Seeing the energy bands coming at her from both sides, Elvinia grew even more anxious. "Zen, what are you waiting for? If it goes on like this…"

In the middle of her thought, a lightning bolt flashed from Zen's fingertip, aiming at a spot on the wall.

Crack, crack...

Every time he attacked the wall, several energy bands would roll out.

Instead of returning to their original spots, they mixed in with other bands.

One by one, the bands rolled out from the wall until they left a great hole.

"You..." The sight had Elvinia too dumbfounded for words.

Never did she expect Zen to form a path by taking advantage of the energy bands' natural properties.

"There isn't only one way out." Zen was perfectly calm.

More thunder and lightning bolts were released from his body, shooting through the hole. Skillfully dodging the bands, he brought Elvinia to the hole.

The moment they entered the hole, the energy bands gathered in from the front and back, filling the entire channel.

Chapter 3507 Iron Plate

The changes within the energy channel also manifested externally.

Chaim was the last to leave the vortex and enter Stage Fourteen, just before Zen and Elvinia.

Upon exiting, he found that the previously stable energy vortex began to fluctuate with the energy bands constantly rolling around abnormally and blocking the exit.

Chaim couldn't help but gasp in astonishment. "This is..."

After Elvinia became a purified being, Chaim learned a few bits of important information.

From what he was able to gather, a purified being was the ruler of a stage, thus, in theory, they shouldn't be able to leave that certain stage.

If that was the case, then wouldn't that mean Elvinia had to stay behind and would be unable to reach the Desire World? She was bound to encounter some problems at least.

Looking at the energy channel, Chaim realized that the problem had just materialized itself. If the energy vortex was sealed then that meant Zen and Elvinia wouldn't be able to pass through it at all.

"What happened?!" "The passageway! It's closed!"

"Everyone from the Oneness Sky Palace got through, right?"

"I think so! That was really close. It's a good thing we were able to get through before it did that!"

None of the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace thought that the purified being had anything to do with it. To them, the vortex was simply strangely malfunctioning.

"Wait. I think someone is missing!" someone remarked.

"You're right! Where's Princess Elvinia? Was she unable to pass through? She is different from us anyway."

"Is it because she has a corporeal body on the Other Shore?"

The disciples began to whisper amongst themselves at this current development.

Dorothy's heart was erratic as she analyzed the situation.

"Elvinia, Zen..."

In an instant, she immediately dissipated her Soul of Light.

The next time she opened her eyes, she was back in her cultivation room, worried sick about what was currently brewing.

She didn't really care about Elvinia's safety, but Zen...he was an entirely different matter.

"Crack..."

Dorothy opened the door and headed straight to the No. 1 cultivation room in the far right where Zen was in.

Several senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief rushed over when they saw her in such a hurry. All of them sported flattering smiles on their faces.

"Princess Dorothy, what made you so anxious all of a sudden?"

Dorothy could only look at Zen's room in worry. "Can that door be opened?" she asked.

Her deepest fear would be if she opened that door and found only Zen's mangled corpse waiting for her.

The senior disciples who greeted her could only look at each other.

"This... it's a private place. It's not really advisable to disturb the cultivator inside. If the warrior inside is unwilling to open it, then the people outside should..."

However, Dorothy was in no mood to listen to their nonsense. "Can the door be opened?" she repeated with urgency. "Can it be broken or something?!"

Her suggestion was immediately met with obvious hesitation. "Break it? Well, it could work but..."

There was nobody that dared provoke Zen, not when he gained a bit of a reputation ever since coming to the Land of Sword Grief. Opening his cultivation room wasn't a wise thing.

"I'll bear the consequences, whatever they may be," Dorothy declared confidently.

The man smiled. "Alright then."

Since Dorothy already expressed her willingness to take accountability, he would willingly break the door down for her. Reaching out his hand, the man gathered the Other Shore Power in his palm.

With the force of over a thousand divine megatons, he pushed at the door and broke through!

Whoosh!

Dorothy wasted no time and rushed inside. "Stay outside!" she ordered the senior disciples clustered behind her.

All of them were curious but could guess why Dorothy had been so anxious and demanding.

"Do you think Zen died on the Other Shore?"

"It's possible. They are supposed to leave the Lust World and enter the Desire World today."

"Died? How is that possible? He's so powerful. I can't imagine him not reaching the Desire World, given his skills."

Although the energy vortex could be dangerous, most warriors got through it with no problems.

Inside the cultivation room, Dorothy found Zen sitting cross-legged on the floor, with faint golden light glowing on the surface of his body. She gently pressed on the spot between his brows and breathed a sigh of relief when she sensed the fluctuation of his soul aura.

Within the vortex, Zen and Elvinia were moving in a very strange way.

He had gradually figured out the rules of the energy bands.

These energy bands composed the entirety of the vortex. However, Zen found that they could be divided into two layers. On the outer layer, the energy bands were in a dissociative state and were easily disturbed, sweeping up and attacking those that passed by.

The energy bands in the inner layer were more stable and formed the walls within the passage.

When Elvinia had approached the outer energy bands, it led to her getting attacked crazily.

This was the consequence of breaking the rules of being a purified being.

The inner energy bands, since they were more stable, did not harm Elvinia in any way. It was only when Zen hit them with the internal momentum of the Godly Way did they launch a counterattack.

Zen felt a bit more relaxed after learning all this.

He specially launched attacks towards the energy bands in a certain direction and waited for their reaction. Once they rolled up, the big hole continued to move forward.

A strange feeling came over Elvinia as she watched the energy bands that were tens of feet away around her.

In such a dangerous circumstance, it was hard to believe that the two of them not only survived, but were able to move forward bit by bit.

She couldn't help but sigh in relief.

"Can we dig into the Desire World by continuously doing this?" she whispered to Zen.

While focusing on releasing lightning, Zen said, "The direction should be right but it's hard to say. Duck!"

Zen warned just as an energy band flew right past his right arm.

Fortunately, Elvinia heard his warning just in time and lowered her head.

Whoosh...

A wound appeared on Zen's right arm. At the same time, all the light dots formed by the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body were extinguished, falling into a state of fatigue.

He couldn't bring the Shade Stone liquid with him to the Other Shore, but the Chaotic Source Spirits were different.

Since Zen's body had entered the Other Shore, the Chaotic Source Spirits, which were from there in the first place, could naturally work.

"The energy is so powerful..." he muttered in shock.

He initially thought he could count on the Chaotic Source Spirits to resist an energy band. But it seemed they couldn't even bear the force when an energy band merely brushed past him.

Zen found himself becoming more cautious as they moved forward.

He tried to lure only one energy band into attacking them at a time which slowed down their speed significantly. He pulled out the energy bands one by one as if painstakingly reeling threads from a silk cocoon.

Two hours later, Zen pulled out an energy band and found an iron plate in front of them.

Chapter 3508 The Iron House

Both of them were baffled by the sight of this iron plate.

"What is this?" Elvinia asked, blinking.

Zen squinted at it. "Let's take a closer look."

The thunder wings on his back flapped as the two of them approached the iron plate. Zen reached out to touch it, his fingers grazing the cold surface.

Elvinia touched it curiously. "What is this made of? It isn't eroded by all this energy at all."

After a moment's thought, Zen drew out a great amount of force from his inner world and directed it at the plate.

"Bang!"

The impact caused a loud sound, but the solid iron plate did not move at all.

Zen frowned slightly.

Whatever material this plate was made of, it seemed impossible for them to move it. They needed to get through this energy vortex, but this plate was proving to be an obstacle.

"Let's try going above it." Zen raised his head, fixing his gaze upwards.

"Crack!"

Another lightning bolt flashed toward the space above them. Zen pulled down another energy band.

The two of them moved upwards little by little along the iron plate. After more than two hundred feet up, they had yet to see where it ended. This plate apparently went much higher than Zen had imagined.

Elvinia blinked. "Let's move to the left!"

Zen nodded in agreement.

They continued moving, but now to the left side. This time, they reached the end after a short distance of less than thirty feet. The iron plate bent at a sharp right angle in this area.

When Zen saw this, his eyes lit up. "It's not an iron plate! This looks like a..."

"A house?" There was a confused look in Elvinia's eyes.

They obviously had the same thought in mind.

Who would have thought that there would be an iron house in this energy vortex?

Driven by curiosity, Zen moved forward, following the newly discovered side. The wall was still made of the same iron material along the way, but after more than a hundred feet, he finally saw a small door.

The door was only two feet wide, about the same size as a fox hole. There were extremely complicated Sanskrit words engraved on it.

It was almost impossible to open the door by brute force. The iron material was quite strong.

As Zen gently pressed on the Sanskrit words, one of the words lit up. Intrigued, Elvinia followed suit. Every time she pressed, one word would light up. After a few more presses, all of the Sanskrit words had been lit up. However, the illumination soon faded away.

"It seems the words should be pressed in a certain order to open the door," Elvinia mused out loud. "Unfortunately, it would be difficult to guess what that order could be."

"If we know the meaning of the Sanskrit words, we may be able to solve it," Zen said.

Elvinia raised a brow. She did remember that Zen seemed to have some expertise in deciphering Sanskrit words, since he was able to interpret the Truth Enlightenment correctly before.

However, what Elvinia did not know was that it was not Zen who deciphered the Sanskrit words, but Geoffrey in his inner world.

All this time, the Regal Jade Spirit had been hiding in Zen's inner world, completely clueless of what was happening outside, which was why when Zen summoned the spirit, he was shocked to see where they were. "Zen, where are you now?"

"I am on the way to Stage Fourteen," Zen said.

At these words, the Regal Jade Spirit fell silent for a moment.

The entire Regal Jade Civilization had withdrawn from the Desire World. He definitely knew about this vortex.

"What is it with this iron house? How can it not erode in the energy vortex?" the Regal Jade Spirit asked, staring agog at the iron gate.

"I don't know, but I want to take a look inside. Please ask Geoffrey to decipher the Sanskrit words," Zen replied.

The Regal Jade Spirit's curiosity was also piqued now, so he was only too glad to cooperate.

Zen waited for about five minutes before the Regal Jade Spirit relayed Geoffrey's response. "Your son said that you have to press the third word on the left, then the sixth on the right, and then the last one..."

As the spirit spoke, Zen pressed the Sanskrit words on the door one by one.

When he pressed a word, it lit up, giving off a bright light.

After Zen pressed twelve of the words as directed, a circle of Sanskrit words began to emit green light.

"Buzz!"

As the green light flashed on the door, a loud click also sounded. The door had opened!

"It worked!"

A grin spread on Elvinia's face.

"Go on! Get in!" the Regal Jade Spirit urged.

Zen opened the small door, supported Elvinia's body, and pushed her inside slowly. Then he went in after her.

The door was not big. It was obviously not designed for a human being.

After squeezing his way through the door, Zen raised his head and looked around. The interior wasn't small. Both he and Elvinia were able to stand upright once inside.

The two looked around the house, eyes narrowed.

The space inside was divided into two parts: one light, and one dark. The area near the door was illuminated and was empty, while the other area was pitch black. No one could see what was in the darkness.

"Is that half of the space already in the Dark Region?" Zen said, staring at the darkness ahead.

"I think so," Elvinia said, nodding. As a purified being, she was very sensitive to the Dark Region.

As they got closer to the darkness, a shrill scream rang out.

The voice sounded extremely forlorn. When it reached their ears, it felt like countless needles had been stuck in their souls.

Struggling through the pain, anger crossing her features, Elvinia raised her right hand and snapped, "Great Sanskrit Light!"

"Swish!"

A white light so bright one couldn't stare at it directly shot toward the dark.

As it did, Zen clearly saw a row of iron cages hanging along the walls in the dark. The cages contained strange types of monsters.

The iron cage right in front of them contained a monster with a head like an owl's and a body like a leopard's, covered with dozens of thorny tentacles. As it screamed, it was enveloped in the Great Sanskrit Light. Under the glare of the snow-white light, its body quickly began to melt. First its fur, then its flesh, its blood, and finally its bones.

Elvinia showed no mercy and didn't stop the Great Sanskrit Light until the monster was completely melted.

Her chest heaved up and down. It took her a while to calm down. Obviously, she had been frightened.

"What the hell is this iron house?" Zen looked at the darkness and frowned slightly.

"No matter what this is, we should probably kill all the monsters in the cages," Elvinia said coldly.

She raised a finger. The bright light gathered around her hand once again.

Chapter 3509 Guard

Elvinia didn't want to see these abominable monsters at all.

There were more than one iron cage on the wall. As the ball of light on her fingertips exploded, another blazing white light shot forward and illuminated another iron cage.

A snake-like creature was locked in the second cage. It had a terrifyingly strange face on its head.

When the light shone on the cage, the snake screamed and ran around frantically in the cage. It made strange noises that sounded like sizzling screams. Then at last, it was completely annihilated under the inescapable blinding light.

Seeing how the two creatures ended, the monsters in the other cages suddenly jumped up and down in the cages.

They had been locked here in the cages for quite a long time. But even if that was the case, it was better to be a living dog than a dead lion. In the end, they didn't want to be completely destroyed by the light.

For a moment, all kinds of weird and horrifying shrieks could be heard from the iron cages.

Elvinia didn't show any signs of mercy at all. With a flash of light in her hand, she was about to eliminate the monsters in the iron cages one by one.

At this time, Zen quickly reached out his hand and stopped her.

"Listen to me, don't kill them now," Zen said.

"But they..." Elvinia frowned in confusion.

"Only the first monster had attacked us. These other monsters are not attacking us, and they are locked in cages," Zen said seriously.

These monsters weren't hostile to them at all. Moreover, if they wanted to really know more about this iron house, then they would probably need to start with these monsters.

Under Zen's persuasion, Elvinia decided to stop what she was about to do.

With her personality, she would never show mercy or listen to others.

However, Zen's words really persuaded her. She then showed a sweet and understanding smile and asked, "Then what should we do next?"

"Let's go inside first and have a look," Zen said.

She didn't know if these monsters were intelligent or not, but she thought it would be best if they could somehow communicate with her.

She released two rays of light to cover the both of them, then they stepped into the darkness.

Because of the Dark Region's characteristics, even if he was very near something, he still could not see it. So, Zen couldn't see the situation of the cage that he was approaching.

After thinking about their situation for a while, Zen suddenly said, "Take out the Darkness Fruits."

Zen's physical body was unable to carry the Sumeru Space. So the last time he left the Dark Region, he had asked Elvinia to keep the candles and the Darkness Fruits.

Elvinia took out two Darkness Fruits and each of them swallowed one. Then, the darkness in front of them slowly faded away. Although their surroundings were still filled with darkness, Zen was able to clearly see in the dark without the help of Elvinia's light.

The iron cage in front of Zen had a palm sized lizard locked inside. It curled up at the farthest side of the cage, trembling with fear.

Zen tried to communicate with the lizard, but the little creature was obviously clueless. It didn't respond to Zen at all.

He gave up on the lizard and walked to the next cage.

The monster in the next cage was even stranger. It just looked like a plain purple cube. Its body seemed sticky and it stayed motionless at the center of the cage.

When Zen approached, the "cube" suddenly trembled. Then, two big round eyes popped at the center of the cube and stared at him curiously.

When he saw this, Zen asked, "You... Can you speak at all?"

Zen did not expect this "cube" to speak like humans, but he hoped that it could give at least a meaningful response.

But at the next moment, the reaction made by the cube exceeded Zen's expectations.

The sticky cube suddenly dissolved and gradually turned into a pool of mucus. The pool of mucus was constantly rising and it seemed like it was forming itself into a figure. Finally, it turned into a human shape, complete with a nose, two eyes, a mouth, and a body...

Soon, a person who looked exactly like Zen appeared in the cage.

"What? This thing, it can turn into human shape..." Elvinia stared at the Zen in the cage with a strange and curious look.

"Kof, kof, kof..."

Suddenly, the thing in the cage coughed a few times and took a few short breaths. After adapting to its new form, it finally opened its mouth and said, "I, I can turn into any creature..."

When he heard this, Zen raised his eyebrows suddenly and asked, "You know human language?"

"Of course." After the thing adapted to its new body, it spoke more fluently and naturally. It sounded like it was nothing different from an ordinary human being. "This is the talent of Shape-shifting Spirits. We can imitate the language of countless races, including the human race."

"Well, I think it's a great thing that we can communicate. Do tell us, what is this place?" Elvinia asked, as she stared into the iron cage. Her fingertips began to flash white light again. Her face looked intimidating.

The "Zen" in the cage seemed to be instinctively afraid of the Great Sanskrit Light. It subconsciously took a step back away from the light. With a terrified look, it said, "I'm just a pet. Please don't kill me!"

Zen stopped Elvinia again, shaking his head. Then he said, "We came here by accident. Could you tell us where we are?"

The "Zen" in the cage breathed a sigh of relief and replied, "You'd better leave now. This is the Bleak Center, and my master might come back at any moment. Although I don't know how you got here in the first place, I am sure that you will die if my master finds out!"

"Bleak Center?" Zen's eyes narrowed slightly when he learned this new information. "How long has it been since your master left?"

"It's been more than ten thousand years," said the "Zen" in the cage seriously.

Over ten thousand years was only a short period of time for the Other Shore creatures that were easily able to live through several chaotic eras.

However, the master of this place hadn't returned for ten thousand years. How could he possibly return now, at this exact moment?

When he heard this, Zen quickly relaxed. He continued to ask, "What kind of place is this Bleak Center? What is it used for? And who is your master?"

The "Zen" in the cage looked a little hesitant. It seemed to be very cowardly, especially after it saw the Dark Region creatures in the previous cages die under the blinding light. It was frightened by the two humans in front of it, especially by Elvinia who stood next to Zen.

"Tell us at once!" Elvinia commanded fiercely and directly.

The other "Zen" glanced at the light that was shining in Elvinia's hand and said, "The Bleak Center is the place to build the passageway to the Desire World. My master is only a guard and he has been guarding here for many years. But in the last tens of thousands of years, he often went out and left us. This is all I know."

The monsters in the cages were nothing more than pets that gave the master company and pleasure while he was guarding this place. Naturally, they didn't know too much.

However, Zen still got a piece of important information from its words. The passage to the Desire World was not formed naturally, but it was built by this iron house!

In theory, it was the Instant Civilization that had created the Other Shore. Every stage and every passageway, including the energy vortex and the Star Doors, should be created by the Instant Civilization. Zen wondered if the master of the iron house was one of the members of the Instant Civilization.

Chapter 3510 Clues

As Zen thought things over, Elvinia directly asked the Shape-shifting Spirit, "Don't you have the ability of shape shifting? Why don't you transform into your master so we can have a look what your master looks like?"

"Yes, that sounds like a good idea." Zen patted his head. The monster before them called itself Shape-shifting Spirit, so turning into the form of its master should be no problem for it.

The "Zen" in the cage hesitated. It seemed to be terrified of its master.

"Well, come on! Change!" Elvinia ordered, the impatience clear in her voice.

Although the iron house slightly piqued her interest, Elvinia didn't want to waste her time exploring it like what Zen and the Regal Jade Spirit wanted to do. In fact, Zen was the only reason she had enough patience to stay.

"Buzz..."

The ball of light Elvinia held in her palm began to twitch. What appeared as a harmless light source to Zen and Elvinia ended up being extremely dangerous to the Shape-shifting Spirit.

"I… Alright, I'll do it!"

The Shape-shifting Spirit finally compromised. Right then and there, its body, which was in Zen's form began to soften and become pliable and sticky to the touch like clay before changing into a round sphere.

It was translucent, and there were gently flickering flames burning within it. It possessed no eyes, ears, mouth, or nose.

"This is what your master is like?" Zen asked curiously.

"Yes. This is what he looks like," the Shape-shifting Spirit replied.

Zen and Elvinia had a hard time confirming this since they had never seen its master before. But then, the Regal Jade Spirit that had been watching them secretly finally said in a serious tone, "This… is a member of the Element Spirit Civilization. "

"Element Spirit Civilization?" Zen was stunned.

He had heard about this particular civilization before through the Regal Jade Spirit. The Instant Civilization was the first civilization to ever exist. It was also the civilization that had initiated all the civilizations in the entire chaos.

For a long time, everyone doubted its existence because there was little to no proof of it. Therefore, everyone acknowledged the second civilization—the Element Spirit Civilization—as the first one instead. What was more, the last flaw of the Ways-blending Energy should also be in their hands.

"The Element Spirit Civilization has five big branches, which are metal spirits, wood spirits, water spirits, fire spirits and earth spirits," the Regal Jade Spirit enlightened. "What the Shape-shifting Spirit is showing us is a fire spirit, hence the flames encased within it," the Regal Jade Spirit continued.

Even during the peak of the Regal Jade Civilization, they were no match against the powerful Element Spirit Civilization. In fact, the latter had already become a dominant power on the Other Shore at that time.

And as the second civilization, they were presented with numerous advantages.

The first civilization that was naturally formed in the chaos...

The first civilization to enter the Other Shore...

The first civilization that produced a Chaos Ancient God...

With their abundance of first titles, they were able to cover some truths in the long time of their development. There was no mistaking the great power they held.

"The energy vortex has served as a bridge between the Desire World and the Lust World. For countless years, numerous beings from various civilizations traveled through it with extreme caution. But I never thought that the Element Spirit Civilization was always guarding it." The Regal Jade Spirit heaved a sigh.

With them guarding, they could let anyone pass.

As for how to enter the iron house, the civilizations following it were clueless as to how it was done.

If it wasn't for Elvinia—the purified being that triggered the counterattack on the entire energy vortex—Zen would've never found the iron house. Even if someone found it, it'd be impossible for them to enter since the Sanskrit words etched in the door were difficult to decipher. Luckily, Zen had Geoffrey in his inner world who was able to easily decipher Sanskrit words.

By some strange circumstances, Zen was able to break in.

Zen's questions were finally answered by the Regal Jade Spirit.

He blinked his eyes before proceeding to ask the Shape-shifting Spirit, "Since your master is the guard of this iron house, he can control the energy vortex as well, correct?"

"I..."

It was clear that the Shape-shifting Spirit didn't dare to reveal too much. Elvinia began to threateningly toss the ball of light in her palm up and down. Her control of the Great Sanskrit Light was growing better every day.

Splash...

The Shape-shifting Spirit quickly changed back to its original form. Then, it began to say, "Indeed, my master can control the energy vortex. Every once in a while, he closes the passageway. Once, it was closed for a very long time…"

"It's true," the Regal Jade Spirit informed Zen in his mind. "The energy vortex has been closed for many times, but every time it was closed, it was soon opened. It is said that it was closed for a long time, during the 750th chaotic era. Then suddenly, it opened once more and no one knew what had happened."

"Where does your master control the passageway?" Zen asked.

Within the iron house, except for the cages hanging on the wall, it was almost empty.

"Above there," replied the Shape-shifting Spirit.

Zen looked to the corner of the wall that it pointed at which was covered with a dozen Sanskrit words.

"My master could go up once he activates the Sanskrit words. I've never been there. You probably won't be able to go up either…"

Although the Shape-shifting Spirit was proficient in the languages spoken by many races and could change into various forms, it was incapable of understanding Sanskrit words.

"Really?"

Zen's lips curled up as he walked towards the corner of the wall and stood in front of the Sanskrit words.

"What is that human doing?" asked the Shape-shifting Spirit.

"Trying to decipher the Sanskrit words, probably," Elvinia informed it with a shrug of her shoulders.

"That's impossible! Sanskrit words are never easy to decipher!" The Shape-shifting Spirit exclaimed, doubting Zen's success.

"Nothing is impossible. Don't forget how we came in," Elvinia reminded it coldly.

The Shape-shifting Spirit had been confined in this iron house for countless years, and it had forgotten that there were still those Sanskrit words set outside the iron house. The door wouldn't have been opened if those Sanskrit words were not deciphered.

"So you're saying…he really can decipher the words?" As the Shape-shifting Spirit stood still in disbelief, Zen reached out towards the Sanskrit words and began to press them.

"Buzz buzz buzz buzz…"

As Zen pressed a finger to each word, it began to glow. Soon, after he pressed ten times, a green light glowed on each word in the dark and the sound of metal grinding against each other could be heard. A metal staircase slowly began to descend from above.

"You…you did it…"

The Shape-shifting Spirit was left speechless.

Ever since it was trapped here, no one had successfully managed to break into the iron house. Now here it was witnessing an individual with great ability doing exactly what its master could do.

Where did he learn to decipher Sanskrit words so effortlessly?

It had never seen such a thing happen before.

As the staircase drew closer to Zen, Elvinia drew near him as well.

Zen furrowed his brows as soon as he stepped on the stairs. He turned his head and stared at the Shape-shifting Spirit.

"Zen, what's wrong?" Elvinia asked.

She worried that the Shape-shifting Spirit might've told a lie and would eventually lead them right into a trap.

Zen quickly walked to the iron cage and asked, "You... have seen humans before?"

The Shape-shifting Spirit was different from other creatures on the Other Shore. It could morph into various creatures. Zen was sure it was only the first time that it had morphed into him, yet it mimicked him perfectly, with the exact appearance, movement, and language. It meant this was by no means the first time that the Shape-shifting Spirit had become a human.

Chapter 3511 Control The Energy Vortex

Since the Shape-shifting Spirit felt that there was no room for it to bargain, it just told everything it knew.

Generally speaking, the Element Spirit race especially liked to take the Shape-shifting Spirits as their pets.

It was mainly because the Element Spirit race did not have a stable form.

In fact, as one of the powerful civilizations, it was easy for the Element Spirit race to shape themselves into any form they wanted.

When a civilization was born and developed, however, their own consciousness could not change. Therefore, they stubbornly maintained their original state while they admired the wonderful forms of civilizations after them.

Overall, the entire race had the hobby of collecting pets and imprisoning slaves.

As it happened, the extremely powerful elites of the Element Spirit race were qualified to detain beings from any race as slaves and pets.

On the contrary, not all the members of the Element Spirit race on the Other Shore were considered as powerful, and some weak ones couldn't collect enough slaves to entertain themselves.

So, the easiest method available to them was to raise Shape-shifting Spirits.

After the Shape-shifting Spirits were trained, they could be transformed into almost anything that the Element Spirit race needed.

"Before I was sold to my master, I was locked up in a temple in Stage Twenty-five of the Other Shore like other Shape-shifting Spirits. There were many beings from civilized races held inside the temple, including two humans--a man and a woman," the Shape-shifting Spirit said.

Basically, the Shape-shifting Spirits were treated like a kind of commodity, as the Element Spirit race traded them. To become a qualified "commodity", the Shape-shifting Spirits must first learn to change themselves into many forms before they could become useful to their future masters.

Thus, the purpose of the many living creatures held in the temple was to serve as a guide for them to imitate. "Stage Twenty-five of the Other Shore?" Zen asked curiously.

"It's the Long Night Stage," Elvinia said.

Zen nodded in response. The Long Night Stage was still within the Desire World, which meant that there were humans in the Desire World.

"How long ago was the time when you were kept in the temple and met those human beings?" he asked again. If it was during the current chaotic era, then the news would be of low value.

Human beings had set foot on the Other Shore since the ancient times, in the form of physical body.

At that time, the Element Spirit race could easily capture even members of the Nine Li race. It wasn't even a big deal for them to catch the humans from the Pear Hill, but those races didn't have much to do with the human race of the Other Shore.

"I don't remember. There should be at least ten chaotic eras ago..." answered the Shape-shifting Spirit. Ten chaotic eras...

If that was the case, then the humans the Shape-shifting Spirit had met in the temple had nothing to do with the humans born in the present era.

It was safe to say that they were definitely the humans from the Other Shore.

"What is the name of the temple?" Zen asked once more. "It's a temple of the Element Spirit race, built by the fire branch of the race.

It's called the Dark Fire Temple," said the Shape-shifting Spirit.

Zen kept the information in mind, then turned to climb the metal staircase. Elvinia silently followed him.

When they reached the top of the iron house, their calm demeanor simultaneously changed into surprised looks.

The upper floor of the iron house was a completely different world compared to the desolate lower floor!

Not far away from the stairway entrance was a large tank. Although it was tightly shut, they clearly felt a surge of strong power from it despite the distance. The power felt really pure, without anything messy mixed in.

Zen and Elvinia looked at each other and exclaimed, "The soul crystal!"

It wasn't long before Zen strode towards the tank and opened the lid.

His eyes glittered at the sight. The pure soul crystal filled up the large tank!

"Oh, my God! There's so much of it!"

Even though Elvinia was good at hiding her emotions, she couldn't help crying out in excitement as well when she saw the huge amount of soul crystal.

Of course, Zen was also thrilled.

According to the Shape-shifting Spirit, those who kept Shape-shifting Spirits as pets had relatively low status in the whole Element Spirit race. Thus, how could a guardian of such a low position get so much soul crystal?

While Elvinia was still in shock over the soul crystal, Zen had already calmed down and walked into the room.

There was an iron table beside the large tank, and a row of Sanskrit words were engraved on both of its sides.

Quite different from the previous dreary Sanskrit words, these Sanskrit words continuously emitted red light.

In the middle of the two rows of Sanskrit words was a sunken place, inlaid with a strangely shaped metal token.

Zen tried to pull out the metal token, but it didn't move at all when he used a bit of strength. He then continued to increase his strength, but it seemed that the metal token was merged with the metal table. He absolutely couldn't pull it out.

After he thought for a while, he ended up turning to Geoffrey for help again.

In only a short time, Geoffrey had figured it out and told Zen what to do through the Regal Jade Spirit. It turned out that there were two ways to use the Sanskrit words. One was to take the metal token out, and the other was to turn it on.

"Taking it out is easy to understand, but what does it mean to turn it on?"

Nevertheless, he followed Geoffrey's instructions and pressed the Sanskrit words. When the two rows of the red Sanskrit words shone with a green light, he was able to take out the token from the iron table easily.

Out of curiosity, he inserted the metal token back into the iron table and pressed the Sanskrit words in another order.

This time, instead of green light, a colorful beam of light came out of the Sanskrit words--and it was the same color as the energy vortex outside!

Now, another interesting thing was happening at the same time as well.

There was a colorful wave of light that began to glow in the middle of the room in the upper floor. Soon enough, a small energy vortex appeared in front of Zen and Elvinia.

"This energy vortex..." Elvinia muttered.

She couldn't help but be surprised once again.

"Don't be afraid, it's just a phantom," Zen assured her. This energy vortex had no energy at all, or at least Zen could not feel any from it.

Although it was a phantom, the energy vortex in front of them should be in harmony with the large vortex outside. Now, both ends of the channel were closed, just like what Zen and Elvinia had encountered outside.

"The guard..."

"Turning it on..."

"Control it..."

The information from the Shape-shifting Spirit and Geoffrey filled Zen's mind and kept him thinking. A thought flashed in his brain, then he stretched his hand towards the vortex. The area he touched was soft as cotton.

Just as he was about to pull it, the center of the small vortex twisted.

Meanwhile, the center of the energy vortex outside began to twist from the middle.

He thought more for a while, before he stretched his hands towards both ends of the small and long vortex, then curled it up.

At the same time, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, who were still waiting on the stone platform of the Desire World, screamed.

"The energy vortex has changed again!"

"The passageway is not only closed, it is also completely rolled up. What happened?"

"Isn't it still changing its shape? The energy vortex has turned into the shape of a human, right? Is it some trick of the eye?"

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace could not understand what was happening.

Even Dorothy also stared blankly at the energy vortex. She was confident that Zen was still alive, but she was still worried because Zen hadn't reached the Desire World by now. It meant that he was still trapped.

Was the change in the energy vortex related to anything that might be happening to Zen?

Chapter 3512 Rummage Around

The energy vortex swirled and constantly changed its shape in Zen's hands.

According to the information Geoffrey and the Shape-shifting Spirit had provided, the guard might be able to control the energy vortex freely through this way.

Then again, that was only his guess. After all, he was in the iron house, so he couldn't see the outside world.

The sight of Zen rubbing the energy vortex's phantom made Elvinia a little curious. "Go to the door and see if those energy bands disperse," he ordered.

In turn, Elvinia nodded and went downstairs to the entrance of the iron house.

When she looked out along the entryway, her face looked slightly surprised.

The energy bands had besieged the iron house, but now the energy bands were far away.

She immediately returned to the upper floor and told Zen, "Those energy bands are already far away."

It looked like Zen had already guessed it, though. He pointed to the energy vortex in his hand and said, "The iron house is in this part of the energy vortex, and we're out of the vortex now."

"If that's the case, can we step into the Desire World directly?" Elvinia asked. However, Zen shook his head and replied, "Maybe we can't."

The Other Shore seemed to be a complex multi-layer space.

Moreover, the Desire World and the Lust World might not be in the same space. On the other hand, the energy vortex played a role in connecting the two worlds.

Therefore, anyone who wanted to enter the Desire World had to go through the energy vortex.

"Then what should we do?" Elvinia asked, her eyes blinking a few times. Despite her questions, Elvinia was also clever enough to figure it out on her own.

As she stayed with Zen, however, it seemed that she didn't think too much about it.

"Since the energy vortex can be controlled, it's easy for us to go through it," Zen said with a smile.

At that moment, he reached out and grabbed the phantom of the energy vortex again. He gently fiddled with it, and then the energy vortex became elongated. Finally, he was able to expand the passageway in the middle.

In Stage Fourteen, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace saw that the energy vortex wriggled a few times before it returned to its original state, but the energy channel, which was already restored to its original state, was still twisting. This energy vortex stretched constantly and extended down to the Desire World. Furthermore, the small passage in the center was surprisingly wide and went down like a staircase.

"What happened to the energy vortex?"

"With such a large space, it's easy to pass through..."

"Is it because of Princess Elvinia?"

"It's impossible!"

Many of the Oneness Sky Palace disciples were still dumbfounded as they watched the energy vortex change.

They guessed that Elvinia had found a big secret in the energy vortex, and controlled the entirety of it. This assumption, however, wasn't logical at all.

Quite some time had passed, and the energy vortex still floated between Stage Thirteen and Stage Fourteen.

History told that the origin of this powerful energy vortex was still unknown. A few people speculated that it was the foundation for the construction of the Other Shore.

But to control a mass of pure energy? It was impossible.

Among so many disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace, perhaps only Dorothy believed that such a thing was possible.

After all, she and Zen had travelled on the Other Shore, and she had seen him do many seemingly impossible things.

Yet, on a second thought, Dorothy guessed that Zen might have completed that thing along with Elvinia. The idea suddenly made her displeased.

"Dorothy, what's wrong with you?" Chaim asked in curiosity.

It turned out that he sensed the distressed emotions Dorothy's Soul of Light had released.

Now, the sudden change in the energy vortex meant that there was a high chance of Zen and Elvinia's survival. Dorothy should be happy about that, shouldn't she?

"Nothing," Dorothy answered coldly.

Fortunately, Chaim was an experienced and wise man. When he thought about the past behaviors of the two women when they stayed with Zen, he was able to come up with an answer.

These two outstanding women from the Oneness Sky Palace both had extraordinary backgrounds. It would be difficult for Zen to deal with them in the future...

Meanwhile in the iron house, Elvinia stood in front of the tank.

The soul crystal in the tank swirled around and turned into a thin shiny thread, which was absorbed by her space ring.

The tank contained a large quantity of soul crystal. All the soul crystal the Oneness Sky Palace had collected in Stage Four might not even reach one-third of the soul crystal in the tank.

Although Elvinia's and Zen's Souls of Light had turned into Indigo Souls, they would suffer more pressure in the Desire World, and there was a higher demand on their Souls of Light.

There was always a lack of soul crystal, so Elvinia would not leave even a little bit of it.

As for Zen, he searched around in the room.

Next to the iron table were two cases, both unlocked.

Zen rudely opened one of them. The first case was empty and dark inside. He opened the other one, and saw a row of black jades displayed in it.

He took out a piece of jade and placed it on his palm. Suddenly, an ice cold sensation spread throughout his being.

"What's this?"

The black jade exuded a unique aura, but it didn't contain the Other Shore Power. At that moment, he remembered No. 9527's words that he shouldn't underestimate those things that didn't contain the Other Shore Power, because they must have a special use.

Of course, he was very interested in them.

"This is the Body-strengthening Jade," the Regal Jade Spirit quickly replied.
"Body-strengthening Jade? What's it used for?" Zen asked curiously.

"It is used for body refining, similar to the soul crystal. It can be used to strengthen the body after it is refined, but..." The Regal Jade Spirit thought for a second, and then continued, "This might be useless to you."

Generally speaking, one could also cultivate themselves when their physical body had entered the Other Shore. Aside from cultivating slowly in the stages, there were also some shortcuts. One of them was to use the Body-strengthening Jade to refine the body, which could quickly strengthen the body.

It was also the good way for the cultivation of the Wild Gods!

In the past, the warriors didn't need any Chaotic Source Spirit.

It was still a pity that the Truth of Powerful Holy Body was prohibited, and even the Body-strengthening Jade became rare. Many super forces sold them at cheap prices, after they discovered some Body-strengthening Jades.

Now, the value of the Body-strengthening Jade was naturally much less than that of the soul crystal. "Since it can strengthen the body, why is it useless to me?" Zen asked.

"The foundation for you to enter the Other Shore is not the Truth of Powerful Holy Body. You don't need to use it, but you can try," the Regal Jade Spirit proposed.

Zen had entered the Other Shore through the unique Truth of Godly Way. Even his physical body was no longer his body in its true sense, but rather a completely supernormal one that was created through body refining. Therefore, the Regal Jade Spirit was certain that the Body-strengthening Jade wouldn't be useful to Zen.

Regardless of whether he could use the thing or not, Zen took all the Body-strengthening Jades from the bottom of the iron case and placed them into Elvinia's space ring.

Then, he rummaged around the iron house once more. Before he was about to leave, his eyes fell on the metal token embedded in the iron table.

Without too much hesitation, he reached out to light up the Sanskrit words around the token one by one, and then took the token out.

Chapter 3513 Myriad Spirits City

The use of the metal token was to control the energy vortex.

Before Zen pulled it out, the Sanskrit words orbiting it emitted a red light.

Zen immediately came to the conclusion that the red light indicated Elvinia's existence as the purified being. When the token sensed the presence of a purified being stepping into the energy vortex, its mechanisms would be triggered to activate. The following reaction would be so vicious that it would cause the purified being to instantly perish inside the energy vortex.

Although Zen had managed to extend the energy vortex to a considerable degree, there was still a chance of him facing an assault if he left the iron house to enter the channel.

Because of that, it was in his best interest to pick it up and take it with him.

Upon reaching the lower floor of the iron house, Zen prepared to move past the darkness to leave the house. Before he could make his way out, he heard a familiar voice call out to him from behind.

"Wait, stop!" Elvinia demanded as she stopped in her tracks.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked, looking back, seemingly confused by her sudden change of mind.

Her eyes were barren of all emotions, as they screamed of murderous intents. "The Element Spirit Civilization is too powerful. We can't afford to offend them. They won't let us go that easily, as we've taken too many things."

As she spoke, her fingers glowed visibly as a light began to gather at her fingertips.

The monsters behind the iron bars of the cages became aware of her intentions for them. They shrunk themselves to a corner as they trembled in fear.

The Shape-shifting Spirit pleaded pitifully, "Please, I beg of you... Spare us! I've told you everything I know, just don't kill us..."

However, Elvinia stood with an unfaltering resolve. She showed no signs of going back on her decision.

Just as the blazing white light slowly became more violent amidst the darkness, Zen quickly acted up and grabbed ahold of her arm. "Stop it, Elvinia. Let them go."

Elvinia glanced at Zen with questioning eyes reflecting complicated emotions. She turned away and said in a low voice, "Don't blame me for being cold-blooded. You know the consequences of letting them go."

She was aware of Zen's tendency to feel sympathetic towards others and treat them with leniency. However, she didn't expect him to stop her in this situation.

"No, you have my word. My lips are sealed. I won't utter a word to anyone!" The Shape-shifting Spirit begged as it screamed with its voice filled with sincerity to gain Zen's favor. It even went as far as to morph into a human girl and got on its knees to plead with both hands clasped near its chest.

At this sight, Zen couldn't help but let out a loud sigh. Even if the spirit kept its word and didn't expose them, its master would still have various means of obtaining information from its memory.

He turned his gaze towards the monsters and asked, "You have been confined for so long. Have you ever thought of escaping?"

"Escape?" the Shape-shifting Spirit switched its gaze between Zen and the cage and spoke with low spirits. "We can't leave the darkness."

More than half of the iron house remained cloaked in darkness, which was similar to the environment of the Dark Region. The Shape-shifting Spirit and the monsters trapped in cages were living creatures of the Dark Region.

Their adaptive nature towards the dark and their poor resistance against the light were obvious.

"Then how did you get trapped in here?" Zen asked, seemingly confused.

"We were brought here in a box. There must be a black box," replied the Shape-shifting Spirit.

As soon as he heard it talk about a 'black box, ' a recollection of encountering that object transmitted in Zen's mind. The furrows on his brows relaxed as the past confusion now cleared up. "I see..."

After he finished his words, he turned around and climbed back up on the upper floor and took down a black box stationed at the corner of the wall.

He had overlooked the black box before. The Body-strengthening Jades had directed his complete attention towards them, causing him to disregard it.

Curious as he was, he began to explore to uncover what was so special about this object. The bottom of this black box seemed to have nothing out of the ordinary. However, as Zen reached to discover what was inside it, he found an independent Dark Region lying dormant underneath the box.

"Is this what you were talking about?" Zen asked.

"Yes! This is it!"

Realizing its days of being trapped were about to end, the Shape-shifting Spirit couldn't help but give in to its emotions and felt thrilled. During its rush of excitement, it forgot it had morphed itself into a naked human woman and even made provocative postures. Zen's eyes widened before he looked away instantly and scowled in an annoyed tone, "Transform back immediately!"

After the Shape-shifting Spirit switched back to its original shape, Zen broke the iron cages as though they were insignificant planks of wood.

The initial appearances of those monsters were intimidating, but they weren't violent in the slightest way. It also helped ease the tension amongst them after they communicated with the Shape-shifting Spirit. One by one, the monsters walked out of their respective iron cages without uttering a word before getting into the black box in Zen's hands.

After storing the black box securely into Elvinia's Sumeru Space, the pair advanced to the small door in front of them.

Zen was the first to walk out of the door. Soon after, a cracking sound echoed in the distance as the dazzling thunder wings appeared on his back and fluttered gracefully before spreading wide. Shortly after, Elvinia walked out of the door and rushed into his embrace, holding onto him tightly.

The original channel of the energy vortex had expanded seven to eight times. As a result, it was far more spacious. The restless energy bands were rendered useless as they had no effect at all. Elvinia could fly leisurely between them without a hitch by using the Cloud Flying Wheel if she wanted.

However, she didn't intend on it. She'd rather remain in Zen's arms and let him escort her to their destination. Silently, she curled up in his embrace and held onto him tightly.

Flying on the broad and quiet channel was as easy and simple as walking on the ground for Zen. He maneuvered himself with ease, and within less than half a minute, Zen had rushed out of the energy channel and fell on the stone platform. As he flew, he left behind a series of electric light that fluttered in the air before it disappeared.

"Princess Elvinia!"

"Princess Elvinia has finally returned!"

"What a relief..."

Seeing Elvinia descend with the safe embrace of Zen, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace who awaited their return quickly surrounded them.

At the sight of Elvinia and Zen so close to each other, Chaim instinctively glanced at Dorothy, who stood beside him. She watched them with empty eyes as she clenched her fists and bit her lip. Unlike the others, she stood rooted to the ground.

Curious as they were, the senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief also huddled around Elvinia and began throwing numerous questions her way, pestering her.

Not wanting to explain, Elvinia brushed past them after saying a few cold words.

The senior disciples could do nothing but bear with Elvinia's cold treatment of them. They had heard of many tales regarding Thad and his strength, and now they finally had the opportunity to see him up close.

They were looking forward to meeting with Thad and Elvinia the most.

The Lust World and the Desire World were worlds apart. The battles that took place in the Desire World were far more violent. However, this time, the Oneness Sky Palace weren't just going to encounter the super forces but also the powerful forces belonging to the Other Shore.

It didn't matter whether it was Thad or Elvinia, it was clear both of them would prove to be a great help to the Oneness Sky Palace.

After all the disciples from the Oneness Sky Palace gathered, they were led out of the stone platform by the senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief, and they headed towards the depths of Stage Fourteen.

Although they were both situated on the Other Shore, the Lust World and the Desire World were notably different from one another.

Stage Thirteen in the Lust World was capable of applying pressure on the Souls of Light, but that pressure was resistible. However, the purple light curtain hanging in the sky of the Desire World put even more intense pressure onto them.

Some of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were unable to resist it. Hence, they were forced to constantly consume soul pills after walking a certain distance to support themselves.

After a short period of being led by the senior disciples, they passed through a mountain. Their gaze fell upon a huge city placed in front of them, with massive aura emanating from it.

Zen had encountered cities before in the Lust World. He had visited the large city of the Abyss Spirit race.

However, the number of creatures in the Lust World could not be compared with that of the Desire World. Even their strength was on a league of its own. The city of the Abyss Spirit race was simply not on par with the one in front.

"Are there living creatures of the Other Shore in that city?" A new disciple asked while giving his shoulders a nervous rub.

"Of course, this is the Myriad Spirits City. It obviously has creatures of the Other Shore inside it, and their numbers are immense. But don't worry. As there are many powerful races in this stage, creatures have to follow the rules. As long as they don't act recklessly, we'll be safe," a senior disciple replied to calm the nerves of the anxious disciple.

Even the senior disciples were nervous when they stepped into Stage Fourteen for the first time.

Chapter 3514 Blackmail

Two giant figures stood at the main entrance of the Myriad Spirits City.

The giants were as tall as hills, but their heads were not much larger than a human's.

They would have made for a funny sight were it not for their threatening auras. The weapons in their hands were only ordinary-looking, thick wooden clubs, but light constantly flashed through the cracks on them.

They were clearly not ordinary weapons.

When the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace arrived at the gate, one of the giants shifted the thick wooden club in his hand and blocked the way.

The senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief were used to this. One of them walked forward and talked to the two giants politely. He took out some soul pills from his space ring.

The cost of entering the Myriad Spirits City was not high, but there were more than a hundred disciples, so in sum, it was a large expense. Fortunately, the Oneness Sky Palace would foot the bill.

But even after the senior disciple paid the soul pills, the giant refused to open the door. He pointed at Zen and Elvinia with his wooden club. "Those two can't enter!"

Zen and Elvinia frowned.

The giant didn't seem to be highly intelligent and only knew souls. He apparently saw Zen and Elvinia as creatures on the Other Shore. Even if strictly speaking, they didn't really belong to that classification.

"Why?" the senior disciple asked, confused.

"You have to pay tenfold soul pills for creatures on the Other Shore," the giant said.

No one from the Oneness Sky Palace had ever come to the Myriad Spirits City with their corporeal bodies before, so even the senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief had no idea about this rule.

Tenfold soul pills were not a big amount. Moreover, the Oneness Sky Palace would compensate for the extra soul pills. The senior disciple paid them without hesitation, and even gave another twenty thousand soul pills to the two giants as a gift.

After receiving the extra soul pills, the two giants grinned contentedly and turned to press their hands on the huge door.

Creak! Creak!

The huge door was pushed open by the two giants.

'The giants' strength is about 1, 200 divine megatons, ' Zen thought to himself.

Such strength was nothing in the Source World, but it was still very powerful on the Other Shore. At the very least, the Souls of Light would have found it difficult to handle.

However, Zen and Elvinia, who was a purified being, should be able to put up a resistance to it.

But there would be other powerful creatures in Stage Fourteen.

After the door was pushed open, a straight and wide path was revealed to everyone, extending ahead of them to the far distance.

The buildings in the Myriad Spirits City were of different styles. Some of them were unusually large, while some were small and low. This was really a city where many races dwelt.

From time to time, creatures of completely different shapes and appearances passed along the path.

Although there were also many races in the Source World, they were all born in the same round of chaos, and made up of flesh and blood. However, many creatures on the Other Shore had fled from the past rounds of chaos, like the Regal Jade Civilization and the Metal Civilization. Their forms differed greatly. These creatures were naturally stranger.

"Look! What creature is that?"

someone asked, pointing at what looked like a hemp rope crawling on the ground.

The gray hemp rope was made up of over one thousand sections. It resembled a snake, but had no head or tail.

"This is not just one creature. There are about a thousand creatures connecting to each other. They are the Thousand-Section race," a senior disciple replied.

Hearing this, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace grew curious and surrounded the rope.

The rope started trembling before its constituents scattered away, and then gathered together again to form a strange shape.

At this, a sudden change came over the senior disciples. One of them quickly came forward, smiling, and spoke to the members of the Thousand-Section race in a pacifying voice.

After a while, the members of the Thousand-Section race scattered again, returned to the rope-like formation, and resumed crawling on the ground.

"These creatures won't just attack anyone, but you must be careful with your words and deeds. If you unwittingly provoke them, you will suffer consequences," the senior disciple warned.

The creatures had actually been in a battle array just now. Although each of them was only the size of a thumb, when all of them were gathered together, their explosive power was enough to instantly kill the Souls of Light present.

"Understood,"

the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace replied in unison. They would take care to behave themselves from here on out.

These creatures were the same as the Abyss Spirit race in Stage Eleven. They couldn't afford to offend them.

After they had walked along the path for a distance, the disciples were led to another remote path. A senior disciple pointed ahead. "Our stronghold is up ahead," he said.

In the horizon, there was a low wooden building, old and shabby in appearance.

The disciples felt a little disappointed at the sight. The Oneness Sky Palace seemed to be much weaker in the Desire World than it was in the Lust World.

At least in Stage Four, the Oneness Sky Palace had a lofty temple. It seemed to have nothing in Stage Fourteen.

Sensing the disappointment of the disciples, one of the senior disciples sought to appease them. "Stage Fourteen is just a springboard. The strongest warriors of our Oneness Sky Palace are all in the upper stages. If you are talented and persistent, you won't stay in this stage for long."

Zen, unlike the other disciples, wasn't surprised by the situation of the Oneness Sky Palace in Stage Fourteen.

The Abyss Spirit race dominated Stage Eleven and had all the super forces in the Source World under their command. The creatures in the Desire

World were stronger and were in larger numbers. Naturally, the Souls of Light didn't have as high a status as them.

However, Zen still found it unbelievable just how low the Souls of Light's status here was.

As they approached, they saw several creatures walk through another path. These creatures walked upright with two feet, but their heads resembled that of insects, their arms as sharp as steel cones.

They gathered around the doorway of the wooden building. "Come out and meet us!" one of them called out in a sharp voice.

At this, several Souls of Light hurried out, led by Abdul. There were usually some disciples guarding the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Abdul was usually arrogant and fierce in front of disciples who had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm, but he was very subservient to the insect men. "My friends, what brings you here?"

The leader of the insect men scoffed disdainfully, "You are merely Souls of Light. How dare you claim to be the Oneness Sky Palace? That's hilarious! But no matter! When will you give us the thirty finger-size chunks of soul crystal and thirty jades?" the insect-looking leader demanded.

The reason the weak Souls of Light had difficulty establishing a foothold in the Myriad Spirits City was that they were constantly blackmailed like this by these creatures on the Other Shore.

Chapter 3515 Trade Your Life For The Jade

The insect man's request gave Abdul a terrible headache.

Thirty finger-size chunks of soul crystal were equivalent to around 30 million soul pills. Even if the Body-strengthening Jade wasn't considered useful for Souls of Light, it still wasn't cheap and cost around 20 million soul pills.

Normally, fifty million soul pills weren't that high of a price for the Oneness Sky Palace; however, the costs added up considering they had paid five times over the course of six months to a different race each time!

"My friends, don't you think you've asked too much from us?" Abdul asked with a frown.

The insect man smirked. Without any warning, he raised his right arm from which a pointed cone flew out, brushing past Abdul's side and hitting the wooden building behind him. The round hole left behind by the cone was not a reassuring sight.

"This is the price set by Master Ghost Scorpion. Surely you won't dare disobey?"

This Ghost Scorpion was very notorious in the Myriad Spirits City, often cited as one of the most powerful forces in it.

"We've already paid a lot to the city guards this year..." Abdul countered.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Those guards are entirely different from Master Ghost Scorpion. Bah! I'm wasting my time with you Souls of Light!" the insect man spat, raising the sharp cone in his hand.

There were rules set in the Myriad Spirits City against fighting but the Oneness Sky Palace did not have a good foothold in terms of power and influence. It wouldn't be seen as that big of a deal if the Tail Insect race killed a couple of Souls of Light.

Realizing that he was left with no room for negotiation, Abdul was forced to retreat and return to the wooden building.

He was able to survive Stage Seventeen with his strength.

But there were not many people in the Land of Sword Grief, so the Oneness Sky Palace saw it fit to send some of them to guard this place every once in a while.

It was an annoying job. Even though Abdul hated it, he had no choice but to obey what the Oneness Sky Palace told him to do.

He collected the necessary amount of soul crystal and Body-strengthening Jade, reluctantly handing them over to the people of the Tail Insect race.

Abdul couldn't help but feel extremely depressed when he handed over those 30 finger-size chunks of soul crystal!

That amount could've greatly strengthened his Soul of Light.

It was understandable that he would be greatly unwilling to give them to other races.

Abdul could only watch as the leader of the Tail Insect race put away the soul crystal and the jade. Master Ghost Scorpion would surely be pleased with them and would naturally give them a small percentage of their earnings.

Just as they were about to leave with their haul, the Tail Insect race turned and spotted the Oneness Sky Palace disciples on the other side of the road.

The senior disciples from the Land of Sword Grief had a bad feeling about this and chose to lead the new disciples to leave. "Wait! Come here, all of you," the insect man screamed.

Abdul's heart skipped a beat, worrying whether the people of the Tail Insect race would pick on the disciples or something.

These senior disciples did not dare disobey, choosing to bite the bullet and leading the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace to the entrance of the wooden building.

The leader of the Tail Insect race tutted. "Tsk, tsk! You brought so many dirty souls from the Lust World again?"

According to the belief system of the creatures in the Desire World, Souls of Light were dirty beings who continued to corrupt themselves since they did not have the protection of their bodies. They were to be despised according to culture.

Of course, this was not taken well by the disciples especially since they had recently improved to the Chaotic Source Realm. To be considered dirty by these insects was a great offense. Though they did not refute, the disciples trembled with restrained fury.

Elvinia herself threw the insect man a murderous look.

Their nerve to look down on them was enough for her to consider killing them on the spot.

Zen, in contrast, was much calmer.

There were always idiots who were ignorant, rude, and arrogant. The correct way to deal with them, as Zen learned, was to just remain calm.

Killing them wasn't going to be that much of an issue, but they had to consider the fact that they were newcomers. Causing trouble for the Oneness Sky Palace could have unforeseen circumstances later on; thus, Zen chose to observe rather than act.

"Each new soul should pay a hundred thousand soul pills, which means you owe us ten million in total. As for the Body-strengthening Jade, you can give me eight pieces since I'm feeling generous," the insect man demanded with a smug smirk.

Abdul couldn't help but gasp. "What? Is that also an order from Master Ghost Scorpion?"

The insect man scoffed. "It's my order! Why? Can't I give out my own orders?"

Just as Abdul was about to open his mouth to argue, a few disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace couldn't help themselves and burst out.

They had long since known that the Desire World was filled with all sorts of trouble but never to this extent. To see their seniors live in such a way where literal insects bullied them was depressing!

Any longing for the Desire World disappeared at that moment.

"What makes you think we'll give you the soul crystal?"

"Didn't we already pay you a lot?"

"This is blackmail! Is Myriad Spirits City truly this lawless?!"

The disciples couldn't help but air out their grievances one by one.

Abdul and the senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief turned pale and were already thinking up of ways to control this situation.

"Are you questioning me?" the insect man asked. They did not expect such attitudes from the newcomers. Normally, the Tail Insect race got their way owing largely to their influence and connection to Ghost Scorpion. "Let me tell you something." Or rather, he showed them something.

In a flash, the insect man raised his sharp cone towards the nearest disciple and attacked.

The force was enough to smash the Soul of Light!

"Wait."

Zen had come forward, with Elvina following closely behind.

The sight of these two perplexed the Tail Insect race.

Humans on the Other Shore were rare but Elvinia seemed to be a real living creature. They hadn't seen one for so many years.

Meanwhile, Zen confused them since they couldn't see his appearance clearly. Yet, they could deduce that he entered the Other Shore with his physical body! That wasn't supposed to happen!

However, their strangeness wasn't enough for the Tail Insect race to treat them seriously. The Other Shore was filled with creatures strange, powerful, and strong so this bit of weirdness wasn't as concerning to them as one would think. "What are we supposed to be waiting for?"

In contrast to the disinterested Tail Insect race, the new disciples, Abdul, and the senior disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were practically beaming with hope at the sight of Elvinia.

She had a body! Their only hope now was that she was strong enough to protect them. They still worried a great deal about her since they weren't sure just how powerful she was. Angering a master in the Myriad Spirits City could potentially be bad news to the Oneness Sky Palace.

"I have the pieces of jade," Zen said, taking out a few and showing them to the members of the Tail Insect race.

Perhaps it was because the two had physical bodies that made the Tail Insect race slightly more courteous. "You should have taken them out a long time ago since you had them! Ha!" The insect man let out a hearty laugh and motioned to take the jade away from Zen's hand.

Abdul and the others heaved a sigh of relief. This should be enough to buy peace for some time.

However, just as the insect man was about to take his earnings, Zen retracted his hand. "I didn't say I was going to give them to you for free."

He was obviously teasing and the insect man did not appreciate it one bit. "What do you mean?"

Zen tilted his head and smirked. "If you want them, pay for them with your life."

When he said this, a strong wave of killing intent suddenly burst out from Elvinia. Her entire body trembled with raw power as she grabbed the head of one of the insect men.

Chapter 3516 A Patron

Even though the members of the Tail Insect race could react quickly, Elvinia launched an attack too suddenly that they could not retaliate.

Because of this, the member of the race had no time to react before his head was pulled away from his body by Elvinia.

Getting a glimpse of the green blood about to gush from the headless body, Elvinia tossed it hundreds of feet away. It landed with a solid "boom" into the wall.

She then tossed the head right to the ground like it was nothing. Her eyes were so dark, thirsty for murder. The other members of the Tail Insect race refused to even look her in the eye.

"This... Princess Elvinia, this..."

Abdul and the other senior disciples from the Land of Sword Grief could not believe their eyes.

On the one hand, when they heard that Elvinia had a corporeal body, they immediately knew that she could be a great advantage for the Oneness Sky Palace. However, she had just reached the fourteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm. According to normal pace, her current strength was not supposed to be this powerful.

On the other hand, they all agreed that she shouldn't have gone out of her way to kill the member of the Tail Insect race.

What Abdul feared was not the members of the Tail Insect race, but the force behind them.

Her reckless move could just get them all into trouble.

Abdul and others had no clue that Elvinia had been holding back for so long. Her sudden course of action might have taken them by surprise, but they were not aware of what went on with her.

If she were being reckless, she would have torn all the members of the Tail Insect race to pieces by now. They had insulted and disrespected the Oneness Sky Palace before, which made her even more angry.

She was never one to show mercy, especially to weak creatures she despised. The creatures in the Dark Region were a prime example, and the Tail Insect race would have been no exception.

If Zen hadn't warned her to restrain her emotions, there was no telling what she would have done already.

It was not until they had gone too far that she finally stood her ground.

"You... How dare you kill our clansman?!" the leader of the Tail Insect race hissed, disgusted by what she had just done.

He was not expecting a measly human to actually show any signs of resistance—especially like this.

Looking at Zen, Elvinia smirked, "I think I want to get rid of more insects..."

"Alright." Zen nodded with a smile. "Just make sure you leave one alive."

As soon as he gave the go signal, Elvinia dashed in their direction, leaving streaks of light trailing behind her.

At Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, there were no suitable clothes for her. Because of this, she was covered in clothing knitted from threads of light. That was why she resembled a shooting star as she ran at full speed.

To the crowd, she was a flash of white light. Just then, the heads of the members of the Tail Insect race crashed into the sky, leaving only headless bodies behind.

Within a couple of seconds, the bright light sped through the crowd, leaving only the leader of the Tail Insect race alive.

He looked around, trying to process what had just happened. Just a moment ago, he had planned to fight back, but seeing Elvinia's abilities left him trembling in his shoes. Nevertheless, he still stood his ground. "You've killed so many of our clansmen. There is no doubt that Master Ghost Scorpion..." He tried his best to appear fearless, though a drop of sweat trickled down his temple, "Master Ghost Scorpion will definitely kill you!"

Zen came out from behind, smiling. "Which is why I instructed her to keep you alive," he chuckled. "Go on, inform your Master Ghost Scorpion. I wonder how he plans to get rid of us."

The lone member of the Tail Insect race was astonished to hear what Zen said. He saw Zen as too confident to care about the Tail Insect race or even their Master Ghost Scorpion.

But since Zen seemed so willing to let go of him, he didn't dare speak another word. There was no way he wanted to die for no reason.

Just as the survivor was about to walk away, Abdul gritted his teeth and said, "Well, I guess we should just kill them all at this point... Don't want to leave some that could cause future trouble!"

It would be a big trouble that the members of the Tail Insect race had all died at a place of the Oneness Sky Palace. However, the Oneness Sky Palace could still deny it, and settle their actions with a large amount of soul pills at the worst. But if they allowed one member of the Tail Insect race to stay alive, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Elvinia gently rubbed her fingertips at the sound of Abdul's idea. To her, she didn't care about the insects one bit. She simply thought that they were too dirty, so she suddenly wanted to get a sword from the Other Shore.

She looked at Zen, silently asking if they should follow through to kill the last member of the Tail Insect race.

Zen, on the other hand, was not convinced. "Let him go," he said, walking away.

The reason why he had allowed Elvinia to kill them was because he wanted to intimidate the force behind the race.

He didn't think it was a good idea to compromise, especially when their group was at a disadvantage. He didn't agree with Abdul's approach.

"Excuse me, but who the fuck are you? Are you trying to harm the Oneness Sky Palace?" Abdul slammed his palm on Zen's chest, shouting at him and gritting his teeth.

He was knowledgeable of Thad's name from the Land of Sword Grief. But very little was known of his identity and his relation with the Oneness Sky Palace, so it was hard to tell if Thad was actually a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace.

For Abdul, offending creatures on the Other Shore would only put the Oneness Sky Palace in danger. He believed that he had every right to be angry.

Zen shook off Abdul's hand, and leaned in close, smiling. "My name is Zen."

The senior disciples in the Land of Sword Grief were stunned to hear his name. All their eyes widened and mouths opened.

Likewise, the disciples who had just entered the Chaotic Source Realm were stunned as well. They remembered that Zen had been absent since his Soul of Light reached Stage Fourteen. Some people who had an inkling never dared to ask him. Now they were sure that "Thad" was in fact, Zen.

As for Chaim, he had already guessed it correctly before, so he was not at all surprised at the turn of events.

Previously, Zen had unintentionally exposed some of his secrets in the Chaotic Source World. At this point, there was no need for him to hide this fact any longer, especially because it limited much of his actions. That was why now was the perfect time to reveal this secret.

In front of the wooden building, Zen suddenly turned around and patted his forehead. "By the way, make sure that insect gives back the jade and soul crystal he took from us just now."

He winked at everyone, and then made his way into the wooden building, somewhat enjoying everyone's speechlessness.

Nearly every super force had one or even several races on the Other Shore as their patron, and the Oneness Sky Palace was no exception.

However, the race that was behind the Oneness Sky Palace was not very strong in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore. This placed the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief in a very compromising position, a position of disadvantage. Over the past years, they had just been giving in. It was through this persistent perseverance that they were able to find a place to reside in. This was the main reason why they were unwilling to stay in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore.

With a sternness in his expression, Abdul did not fail to mention the current situation of the Oneness Sky Palace to Zen. "What you are doing will make us unable to do anything on the Other Shore," he said harshly.

"I wonder how major races, like the Bearing race and the Separate Abyss race, are treated in Stage Fourteen anyway," Zen replied calmly, facing the already agitated Abdul.

"Their patrons are all strong in Stage Fourteen, so they definitely have no threats on the Other Shore," Abdul responded impatiently. This brought about a sense of dismay among the senior disciples from the Land of Sword Grief.

After all, they were all notable and outstanding members of the Oneness Sky Palace. None of them was willing to be bullied on the Other Shore.

After being in deep thought, Zen said with a smile, "If you always give in, the insects may only go further. And because we don't have a powerful patron behind us, that should be our number one priority right now."

"Easy for you to say! Who would we even find to be our patron? Would you do it? Would you be our patron?" one of the senior disciples asked.

Zen turned his head and looked at Elvinia, who was sitting calmly by his side. Her corporeal body of purified being had been carved to perfection, as it was a product of imagination. On top of that, she was full of charm and zest. Then, Zen turned around and answered, "If we can't find a patron, we'll make one of our own."

Chapter 3517 Entrusted

Streaks of dark-red light flickered in the compound eyes of the insect man.

He shuttled nimbly through the Myriad Spirits City, his heart filled with grief and indignation for his dead companions.

Because the lowly Souls of Light managed to find a couple of corporeal bodies, they wanted to challenge Master Ghost Scorpion. They were merely courting death.

Many ferns covered the northern part of the Myriad Spirits City.

Strange races populated the Other Shore, all of them sorted into classes.

The Tail Insect race lived up north, where several bug-like creatures resided.

When the member of the Tail Insect race came to the northern part of the city, he headed straight into a deep cave. Various small pots hung within the cave walls, in which a variety of strange bugs were kept.

When he reached the very bottom of the cave, a strange fragrance filled the space.

It was the scent of the Fragrant Butterfly race. Master Ghost Scorpion was particularly fond of this fragrance. He always kept several female members of the race close by.

Soon, the insect man reached the end of the path.

A hoarse voice resounded. "Have you collected the Body-strengthening Jade and soul crystal as I asked?"

From within the darkness, a black scorpion rested his tail on the ground. A small hook at the end of his tail reflected a harsh light, making the insect man swallow down his nerves hard.

He had seen how Master Ghost Scorpion punished his subordinate before. The subordinate's skin was merely scratched by the hook before his entire body turned black. He died in the blink of an eye.

The member of the Tail Insect race was feeling anxious about the news he had to bring back. He knew he would undoubtedly piss the Ghost Scorpion off.

"Yes," he replied nervously.

"Haha! I didn't expect the Oneness Sky Palace to endure it." The Ghost Scorpion laughed in the darkness before continuing, "Hand over the jade and soul crystal. I'll have someone else collect them another day."

The Ghost Scorpion hadn't ever acted against the Oneness Sky Palace. The latter was under the protection of the Myriad Spirits City guards, after all. But the Ghost Scorpion was entrusted to continue suppressing the palace. He was determined to see how long they could endure.

"But…" There was a moment of hesitation before the messenger continued, "The Oneness Sky Palace has taken back the jade and soul crystal I've collected."

"What?" The Ghost Scorpion's voice turned deadly-cold. His tail curled up from where he rested on the ground.

"The Oneness Sky Palace seems to have found two corporeal bodies. A human woman took action and killed my comrades. She left me alive so I could bring you the news. Master Ghost Scorpion, please uphold justice for us!" The insect man seemed grim.

"Corporeal bodies? How could they have corporeal bodies?" the master asked in confusion.

Because only Souls of Light were allowed to enter the Other Shore, it had been many years since he had ever seen a corporeal body. The news was truly puzzling.

"It's true… My comrades wouldn't have died otherwise…" the messenger continued.

A moment of silence passed before the Ghost Scorpion leaned in from the darkness. "They left you alive so that you could inform me of what happened?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Then your mission has been completed."

Suddenly, his tail rose and stabbed at the messenger with incredible speed. While the sharp hook managed to slice through the messenger's body, it failed to cut his shell, leaving only a thin, invisible wound on the surface.

All the messenger could see was the Ghost Scorpion wagging his tail. Realizing that he was in a highly dangerous situation, he turned around, ready to flee. But before he could even take another step, he suddenly went numb and fell to the ground, losing consciousness in an instant.

In the darkness, a sturdy creature took slow steps forward.

A layer of black armor covered the creature, and six pairs of eyes sat on his head. His hateful face looked strong.

Standing on his feet, he positioned his long tail behind him.

Two beautiful women of the Fragrant Butterfly race followed him behind. They resembled humans with their graceful bodies.

"Master Ghost Scorpion, are you going to attack the Oneness Sky Palace?" The woman's voice was incredibly alluring.

"Since someone entrusted me to do it, I have no other choice," replied the creature.

"The Souls of Light of the Oneness Sky Palace can be killed rather easily," the woman continued. "But how should we deal with the two corporeal bodies?"

The Ghost Scorpion gently flicked his tail and pierced it into the dead messenger's head. Soon after, he obtained his memory, witnessing in his mind everything that had just unfolded.

The creature's lips curled into a subtle smile. "Take them as two creatures on the Other Shore."

Meanwhile, in the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace

Hearing Zen's words, Abdul didn't feel relieved. Instead, he grew worried. "It's easier said than done. The Ghost Scorpion will be coming for us soon. Do you know that …"

As Abdul rambled on, a cold light flashed in Elvinia's eyes. "If you're afraid, then leave the Other Shore. If you keep talking nonsense, I won't hesitate to kill you as well."

Elvinia might not have been much of a match for Abdul in the Land of Sword Grief, but on the Other Shore, Abdul was nothing more than a fly she could squish between her palms.

Abdul fell into silence, and so did the other senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief.

The Oneness Sky Palace belonged to Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Since Elvinia took Zen's side, what else could they say?

But Zen didn't care much about Abdul's attitude. He merely turned to the other disciples and said, "Everyone, you have reached Stage Fourteen. For safety's sake, you can temporarily withdraw from the Other Shore. I will make further plans once Elvinia and I explore this place more thoroughly."

The disciples there were rather discouraged. If they were involved in a fight, they might be trapped by something like the Soul Binding Thread, unable to escape.

"Well then… Zen, Princess Elvinia, be careful!"

"We must leave now."

"…"

And so one after another, the disciples' Souls of Light began to dissipate.

Before withdrawing from the Other Shore, Abdul threw Zen a fierce glare. At last, only Zen, Elvinia, and Dorothy were left.

"Dorothy?" Zen called out.

"I'm here with you," she called back.

"What?" Elvinia said with a frown.

"I didn't say that I wanted to stay with you. I am merely accompanying Zen," Dorothy explained flatly but firmly. Though she had been rather quiet for a while, she couldn't help but throw back a retort.

"You're only risking your life by staying here. You'd better leave." Elvinia was still defiant.

"Oh, really?" A mocking smile appeared on Dorothy's face. "Do you really think you're stronger than me with this corporeal body?"

Chapter 3518 The Door

Dorothy's words surprised Zen and Elvinia.

The difference between the Soul of Light and the physical body was obviously vast.

Zen had no idea how powerful Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the Snake Goddess were on the Other Shore, but at least on Stage Fourteen, there was a world of difference between the Soul of Light and the physical body.

Moreover, Elvinia's purified being body was much stronger than that of a normal creature on the Other Shore.

"I really don't know how you could be so confident," Elvinia sneered, staring at Dorothy.

"Oh, do you want to find out? I can show you," Dorothy snapped in response.

From their tone of voice, it was obvious the two women were raring for a fight.

Zen decided he could no longer just stay silent.

He had never been good at dealing with relationship problems. Back then, the bickering between Margaret and Letitia had also troubled him a lot.

Zen strode over and stood between the two. He faced Dorothy, speaking to her gently, "This place is too dangerous for you. You can come back after Elvinia and I deal with this matter."

"I won't be a burden!" Dorothy retorted stubbornly.

She had always brimmed with confidence, being the renowned talent of the Origin Mountain.

This had only gone unnoticed because she had always been content to just play backup to Zen, who tended to draw all the attention.

She would never stand for being treated like a liability!

"If you don't want to get in the way, then get out of here," said Elvinia.

"Elvinia!" Zen hissed, a warning in his low voice.

Elvinia shrugged and took a step back, looking indifferent.

Zen then turned back to Dorothy. "I have never seen you as a burden. Without your help, I wouldn't have made it this far." He paused, before adding, "Besides, I've seen your door."

While Dorothy and Elvinia were both top women talents in the Oneness Sky Palace, they were different on essential points.

Elvinia was the biological daughter of Flamine and Eastern Emperor Taiyi. She had inherited their bloodline.

On the other hand, it seemed that Dorothy didn't inherit the bloodline of Yasamin. No one had ever mentioned the reason to Zen, but it didn't mean that he couldn't guess it.

The reason why Yasamin still thought highly of Dorothy was not just that she cared for her and doted on her. It was because there was something special in Dorothy. Zen had discovered in the Sacred Mallow Temple the sealed door that had been hidden within Dorothy's soul.

Dorothy trembled at Zen's words.

"I happened to discover it when I made use of the Great Dominance Technique at that time," Zen explained. "You don't need to deal with the weak creatures on Stage Fourteen. Just trust me and wait for us in the Land of Sword Grief, okay?"

Dorothy decided to compromise.

Although she could open the door after she reached Stage Fourteen, her grandma, indeed, cautioned her that she should only open it as a last resort.

"All right." Dorothy nodded at Zen. Then her eyes met Elvinia's again. Elvinia didn't avoid her gaze, staring back coolly.

"Humph!"

Dorothy snorted at Elvinia as her soul finally dissipated.

After Dorothy left, Elvinia tilted her head. "You are in quite the dilemma, aren't you?" she asked Zen with a playful smile.

"I don't understand what you're talking about," Zen muttered unconvincingly.

"I'll make you understand, soon enough." Elvinia smiled slyly, amusement glinting in her eyes.

The stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace was now empty. Only Zen and Elvinia were left there.

In contrast, the bronze palace in the Land of Sword Grief was now in an uproar!

"Zen and Elvinia made short work of the members of the Tail Insect race!"

"Wouldn't that enrage the Ghost Scorpion?"

"Pissing off the Ghost Scorpion in the Myriad Spirits City would only mean trouble! I shall go report on this matter!"

Abdul exited the training room. Soon, the news had spread out.

The news spread from the first floor to the second floor. The disciples of the Land of Sword Grief were shocked to learn about this development.

"Even if Elvinia has a physical body, she still wouldn't be able to fight against the powerful creatures of Stage Fourteen."

"I'm afraid this means we can't take even a single step in the Desire World in the future!"

"I really didn't expect them to cause such trouble!"

But they could do nothing but wait anxiously.

It was impossible to change the situation. There were some warriors who volunteered to enter the Other Shore to persuade Zen and Elvinia to come back, so the Oneness Sky Palace could send others to mediate in the dispute.

However, this plan was rejected by Abdul and the others. They knew that given Zen's and Elvinia's personalities, they would not be persuaded easily.

As the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief racked their brains on what to do, dozens of members of the Tail Insect race poured into a street from the north of the Myriad Spirits City, rushing forward at high speed from both sides.

The living beings in the Myriad Spirits City were divided into different grades. The Tail Insect race was known for being domineering and bloodthirsty, and they grew even more unscrupulous after they pledged allegiance to the Ghost Scorpion.

When the other creatures of the Other Shore saw them, they all scrambled out of their way.

Soon, the Tail Insects were directly outside the wooden building of the Oneness Sky Palace.

At one nod from the leader of the group, the other members of the race stretched out their hands, each of which held what appeared to be a green grass ball. The smell that emanated from the ball was like that of the Soul

Interdicting Water and the Soul Binding Thread. Such an item was obviously used to prevent anything from leaving the Other Shore.

Swish, swish, swish!

The Tail Insects threw the grass balls through the open wooden doors.

The balls exploded when they landed inside, diffusing a thick green smoke.

Whoever was infected by this smoke would not be able to leave the Other Shore.

Soon, a cloud of thick smoke had filled the wooden building. Just as the members of the Tail Insect race moved to raid the building, a voice came from behind them. "Are you looking for me?"

The Tail Insects were stunned. The few who reacted quickly stomped their legs, causing their Other Shore Power to erupt. They waved the sharp cones in their hands and charged at Zen.

"Too slow."

Zen stood still, not making a move at all.

As the cones came toward him, Zen just twisted slightly, evading them completely.

His hands darted out.

Biff, biff, biff!

He plucked out the approaching creatures' heads, as easily if he were simply picking vegetables.

Every head he plucked off was sent flying in the air. After doing that nine times in a row, Zen stepped back. The bodies of the nine Tail Insects remained standing, even as their heads fell to the ground.

"How disappointing. Are these useless creatures all Master Ghost Scorpion can send to a fight?" Zen shook his head.

Having just witnessed the massacre of their peers, the compound eyes of the other members of the Tail Insect race gleamed with panic.

Chapter 3519 Taking Action Personally

The members of the Tail Insect race had received an order from the Ghost Scorpion asking them to kill everyone belonging to the Oneness Sky Palace.

It never occurred to them that no Soul of Light from the Oneness Sky Palace remained on the Other Shore. Moreover, a powerful human being was now standing before them. How could they not be afraid?

The remaining members of the Tail Insect race panicked and began to chuck the green grass balls at Zen.

Before the balls could explode, another figure appeared behind them. It was none other than Elvinia.

A long sword appeared in Elvinia's hand.

She did not want to touch these dirty bugs.

When she had found a long sword in the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace, she had known that it would come in handy, even though it was ordinary.

She slashed the sword at the creatures, drawing a long, uneven line that turned green almost instantly. Every member of the Tail Insect race, except the last one, dropped dead.

Zen walked out of the billowing green smoke. Elvinia glanced at him and said, "You're tainted with this smoke. What if you can't get out of the Other Shore?"

"I don't intend to leave," Zen said with a smile.

Elvinia pursed her lips. The Ghost Scorpion hadn't shown up yet, and they didn't know how powerful the Ghost Scorpion was. But Zen looked pretty confident.

"You, you...," the last survivor uttered, his voice trembling.

"Tell the Ghost Scorpion to come and meet us in person," Zen said, his voice sending chills through the survivor's spine.

Relieved, the Tail Insect quickly made his escape.

News traveled fast among the races in the Myriad Spirits City.

The news that a number of Tail Insects had died in close proximity to the Oneness Sky Palace's stronghold spread like wildfire. The Tail Insect race followed the Ghost Scorpion, which meant that the Oneness Sky Palace would surely have pissed off the Ghost Scorpion this time.

"The Oneness Sky Palace? Human beings can only enter the Other Shore with their souls, right?"

"These souls have always been weak and easy to bully. They are courteous when they meet the members of our race. How dare they provoke the Ghost Scorpion?"

"They are in serious trouble!"

The ones who were curious moved towards the Oneness Sky Palace's stronghold. Some hid behind the wall and some went into the living area to secretly take a peek at the goings-on.

They were shocked to see the corpses of the Tail Insects scattered on the ground.

A man sat at the door of the wooden building, his back erect and posture majestic, while a woman stood beside him, with a sword in her hand. They had no intention of escaping or of letting anyone escape.

"It's going to be a good show!"

"It looks like they are not afraid of the Ghost Scorpion."

"That's because they don't know how strong the Ghost Scorpion is! They will die miserable deaths!"

In the City Guard House of the Myriad Spirits City

Two giants entered the City Guard House to report on the news of the Oneness Sky Palace.

A bear-like creature sat on the host's seat of the hall of the City Guard House. At the news, he only said, "I see."

"Sir, should we stop the Ghost Scorpion?" one of the giants asked.

"No need," the black bear replied, shaking his head.

The Oneness Sky Palace usually sent in a considerable amount of soul pills every year in hope of the City Guard House's protection in exchange.

Ordinarily, the City Guard House would solve it in person. But this time, it had, alongside the Ghost Scorpion, been entrusted with the mission to take action against it.

What was more, even if the Ghost Scorpion didn't make a move, the City Guard House definitely would.

An hour later, three red giant scorpions and over a hundred Tail Insects crawled out of the underground cave at the north of the city.

Zen and Elvinia had already killed two groups from the Tail Insect race, but they still weren't successful in attracting the Ghost Scorpion's attention. It looked like the Ghost Scorpion had no intention of fighting them personally.

The three giant scorpions weren't intelligent but were ferocious creatures. They were forbidden from entering the Myriad Spirits City. But some of the rules were only for those at the bottom of the society. And the Ghost Scorpion didn't have to comply with the rules.

The three scorpions, carried by the Tail Insects, moved along the street and caused complete chaos, shrieks to fill the air.

This excited the creatures of the Other Shore, who were observing them secretly.

"The Ghost Scorpion has sent the Red Scorpion Squad!"

"They can kill the man and the woman ten times over!"

"They are not strong enough but they still want to fight the Ghost Scorpion. How arrogant do they have to be!"

When the three red scorpions were carried into the path, another cloud of green smoke rose.

It was a few minutes before the green smoke dissipated gradually.

The many creatures hiding in the darkness were shocked as they watched this scene.

The three red scorpions lay on the ground, their tails cut off. The corpses of the Tail Insects were piled up like a hill.

This time again, Zen left alive one member of the Tail Insect race and asked him to go back and inform the others.

"They have destroyed the Red Scorpion Squad so easily!"

"Are these two human beings that formidable?"

"Something is wrong!"

The Red Scorpion Squad was the backbone of the Ghost Scorpion, and each red scorpion had extraordinary levels of strength.

These giant red scorpions were at the very least stronger and more powerful than many creatures at Stage Fourteen except for the creatures of the Dark Region. But they being killed so suddenly and in one fell swoop shocked those creatures of the Other Shore.

An hour later, many huge butterflies emerged from the underground cave at the north of the city, their fragrance spreading in all directions. The burly figure of the Ghost Scorpion soon followed.

If the first group of the Tail Insects had been only to test them, the Red Scorpion Squad he had later sent should be enough to kill the two human beings.

But the situation hadn't gone as the Ghost Scorpion had expected. Even the members of the Red Scorpion Squad had been destroyed. Only one Tail Insect had survived and returned to tell the story.

"Sir, is it necessary for you to kill the two human beings?" a woman from the Fragrant Butterfly race asked.

The Ghost Scorpion squinted and responded, "I will take personal action against them."

The Ghost Scorpion rarely left his underground cave.

He had lurked in the Myriad Spirits City for many years, and didn't get on well with the City Guard House. But the City Guard House couldn't do anything about him. Catching the Ghost Scorpion was a distant daydream for the City Guard House.

"But will the City Guard House..." another woman from the Fragrant Butterfly race said worriedly.

"Don't worry. The City Guard House won't create any disturbance," the Ghost Scorpion sneered.

The Ghost Scorpion then led the women of the Fragrant Butterfly race onto the path. Soon, they spotted Zen and Elvinia in the distance.

His six pairs of eyes glowed with a bright red light. And as he noticed the corpses of the three giant red scorpions, he filled with rage. How dare these insignificant human beings kill the members of the Red Scorpion Squad!

Zen still sat there in silence, a calm expression on his face.

The moment he saw the Ghost Scorpion's sturdy black body, and his thin, long tail, he spoke, "You are finally here."

"All of this will be over if we kill the Ghost Scorpion, won't it?" Elvinia asked.

"It's hard to say," Zen said, shaking his head.

After Zen and Elvinia had entered the Myriad Spirits City, these creatures had caused trouble for the Oneness Sky Palace, which was not coincidental. There must be a reason for it.

Chapter 3520 Tell The Truth

Zen's identity had already been exposed in the Chaotic Source World.

At least from the Soaring Snake Sword, they could easily tell where Zen came from.

Perhaps the Bearing race wouldn't attack the Oneness Sky Palace so soon, but that didn't mean that they wouldn't want to assault Zen on the Other Shore.

It was known that the Oneness Sky Palace's stronghold on Stage Fourteen was not difficult to find, and it was easy to observe the movements of their disciples.

Thus, it would be effortless for the Bearing race to use the Other Shore creatures to attack him. "When will it end?" Elvinia asked.

"When they are afraid," Zen said as the corner of his lips curved up. He slowly got up and announced, "You step back. I'll fight this battle."

After all, the sharp edge of the Ghost Scorpion's tail contained a highly toxic poison, and he didn't want Elvinia to take the risk.

In reality, he had indeed guessed the truth.

When he and the other members of the Oneness Sky Palace entered the Desire World, the Sun Crow race discovered them. Soon enough, the news quickly spread to the other races.

The Oneness Sky Palace was weak on Stage Fourteen, a complete opposite to the powerful forces on Stage Fourteen like the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the Sun Crow race.

There were a total of two cities on Stage Fourteen, namely, the Myriad Spirits City and the Sky Water City. There were a large number of Other Shore creatures in these two cities. The Star Falcon race, which came from the same origin as the Sun Crow race, was the leading force in the Sky Water City. The relationship between those two races was similar to that of the Separate Abyss race and the Abyss Spirit race.

Although the Star Falcon race didn't exactly hold great power in the Myriad Spirits City, they were still a powerful Other Shore race, and it was still easy for them to deal with the likes of the Oneness Sky Palace--which appeared on the Other Shore in the form of souls.

Three thousand feet away from the wooden building of the Oneness Sky Palace was an oval-shaped building with a terrace on top. More than a dozen Souls of Light stood on the terrace, which turned out to be from the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, and other two races.

"At first, I was worried that if they directly retreated from the Other Shore, then we would have no way to deal with them," a Soul of Light said in a lazy voice.

"Retreat from the Other Shore? That's impossible. Unless they don't plan to improve their cultivation, it's inevitable that they will enter the Other Shore," another Soul of Light sneered. It had two wings spreading on its back, which obviously told that it came from the Sun Crow race.

"But I think these two people are quite confident about themselves. They don't have the slightest intention of giving in."

"Well, it's actually a good thing. Overconfidence would bring them death. When they are dead, out task is finished..."

The best way to kill Elvinia and "Thad "was to do it on the Other Shore. The Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, and the other two races had undoubtedly chosen the simplest and most effective way to solve the problem.

Meanwhile, Zen sauntered towards the Ghost Scorpion and said, "We have no grudge against each other. Someone must have entrusted you with the task of attacking me. Tell me who it is."

The Ghost Scorpion, however, thought of the two humans as mere fish on the chopping block, especially now that they had been tainted with the green smoke. It was impossible for them to escape.

They were the ones who should have felt despair!

In a normal case, Zen should have knelt down and begged for mercy, in hopes that he could spare his life.

Yet, what he was currently doing was completely out of the Ghost Scorpion's expectation. Zen didn't feel anxious. In fact, he didn't seem to be so afraid of anything, and not even the slightest fear could be felt from him.

"You killed my subordinates, of course you have to die. How could you say that I have no grudge against you?" the Ghost Scorpion smirked.

No matter what happened, the Ghost Scorpion had ethics and those who had entrusted him with the task had given him a generous reward. So, why would he tell who was behind the scheme all just because of a word from Zen?

It was true that this human warrior would end up as a corpse soon, but there were a lot of spies in the Myriad Spirits City.

In fact, the Ghost Scorpion clearly felt that there were many eyes staring at their position now.

At that moment, a few huge creatures ran towards them from the other end of the path.

They were mice as tall as an ox!

In addition, they carried the Souls of Light of the Ear Mice on their backs! Squeak! "Master Ghost Scorpion! Please don't hurt him!" one of the Ear Mice shouted.

The Ear Mice were creatures that could be seen almost anywhere.

In the Desire World, their power could not be underestimated.

The murine creatures in the Desire World in particular had quite a close relationship with the Ear Mice. They were a compelling force in the Myriad Spirits City, strong enough to contend against the Ghost Scorpion.

The Ear Mice had also formed a close relationship with Zen on Stage Thirteen, and they also benefitted a lot from him in the Chaotic Source World. Besides, they also got a fair share of Chaotic Source Spirits.

After their spies which penetrated everywhere had gotten the news about the Oneness Sky Palace, they immediately jumped into action.

Their efforts led them to where they were right now, with the purpose to convince the Ghost Scorpion not to harm Zen.

"Don't hurt him? That is impossible!" the Ghost Scorpion said flatly. "The mice from the southern area actually want to mess around! Who do they think they are?!"

"Ear Mice, you'd better not provoke Master Ghost Scorpion. This is not something you can change!" The women of the Fragrant Butterfly race sneered.

If it had been another time, the Ghost Scorpion might have given them some face.

Given the special situation today, however, the Ghost Scorpion clearly wouldn't listen to them.

"Master Ghost Scorpion, I think we could work something out. The price can be negotiated," one of the mice said.

The Ear Mice appeared to be very generous, and there were no doubts about their powerful financial capacity.

"There is nothing we can talk about on this matter. You can leave now," the Ghost Scorpion coldly replied.

"Master Ghost Scorpion..."

Just as one Ear Mouse was still trying to persuade the Ghost Scorpion to change his mind, Zen interrupted them and said, "I appreciate your kindness, but I'll take care of this."

The Ear Mice who sat on the back of the giant mice looked at Zen in confusion.

According to the information they had obtained before, Thad was powerful, but he might not be strong enough to fight against the Ghost Scorpion.

"Did you hear that? This little guy doesn't want you to intervene. Mice, you'd better get out of here," the Ghost Scorpion chuckled. He seemed to become more and more interested in Zen. Zen's next words, however, suddenly made his body stiff.

"Let's continue our conversation about who ordered you to kill me. Now, tell me the truth, and I can give you a quick death," Zen said in a calm voice, as if he had already decided the fate of the Ghost Scorpion.

The women of the Fragrant Butterfly race, who watched from behind, were all stunned.

The Ear Mice beside them were also dumbfounded, and even the giant mice that they sat on stared at Zen with eyes wide open.

Only Elvinia, who stood in front of the wooden building, looked rather indifferent.

At that point, rays of light that were as thin as needles danced nimbly on her fingertips.

Recently, she had gotten more and more proficient in using the Great Sanskrit Light. The light her fingers emitted looked ethereal, and could change into almost any shape according to her will. In addition to being able to turn it into clothes, she also wanted to try if she could turn it into a pair of wings.

Chapter 3521 Dismemberment

All the Other Shore creatures that lurked, peeped, and eavesdropped in the buildings on both sides of the road couldn't believe their ears.

"What did that young human say? Did I hear it wrong?"

"He was threatening Master Ghost Scorpion!"

"Oh, my God! He must be crazy!"

The Ghost Scorpion might not be the strongest Other Shore creature in the Myriad Spirits City, but he was definitely a local powerhouse. He controlled almost the entire underground world in the north of the Myriad Spirits City by himself, and even the City Guard House couldn't do anything to him.

Whoever dared to provoke him would have a miserable ending. Usually, they seldom had the chance to see the sunrise on the next day.

Yet, there was Zen, who unhesitatingly instigated such a being. The creatures on the Other Shore all thought something was wrong with him.

The Souls of Light of the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race, and other races, who stayed on the terrace of the oval-shaped building three thousand feet away, were also shocked and confused at Zen's words.

"That guy's reaction is a little unexpected..."

"Humph! He is only trying to pretend and bluff when he is dying!"

"Anyway, he knows he is going to die. Maybe he felt it was good to pretend to be a hero before he dies."

In their opinion, it was still impossible for Zen to fight against the Ghost Scorpion even if he had a corporeal body. After all, it had cost them a lot of resources to hire the Ghost Scorpion.

Meanwhile, the Ghost Scorpion went stiff for about a dozen seconds, before he finally let out a muffled wild laugh.

"Hahaha!"

As the Ghost Scorpion's laughs rang out, the female members of the Fragrant Butterfly race behind him burst into giggles as well.

"Humans are so interesting. I..."

Before the Ghost Scorpion could finish his words, Zen took a step forward.

That one step he took towards the Ghost Scorpion was over a hundred feet.

He was able to do so because he used his heels to generate power and forcefully suppress the ground, thereby leaving a crater behind. At the same time, he stretched his hand towards the Ghost Scorpion and gently passed by his body. Then, he stood behind his opponent, at the side of the female members of the Fragrant Butterfly race.

At that moment, his hand was holding the Ghost Scorpion's right arm.

"He didn't tell the truth, so I have no choice but to let him die in pain. Take it," he said flatly.

The female members of the Fragrant Butterfly race who had been cackling with the Ghost Scorpion at Zen's words, had never thought that things would change in the blink of an eye.

The wide grins on their faces froze as they stared at the arm Zen was holding in disbelief. One of them glanced at the Ghost Scorpion, only to find that his right arm was indeed detached from his shoulder.

When Zen saw that none of the female members of the Fragrant Butterfly race wanted to take the arm, he shook his head and casually threw the disconnected limb on the ground. Then, he turned around and stomped his foot once again.

"Dong!"

A muffled sound came from the soft ground once again. The high pressure caused the soil to spread out everywhere like waves, and created a bottomless hole in the ground. At the same time, Zen once again passed by the Ghost Scorpion.

This time, however, the Ghost Scorpion had time to react.

He wasn't slow to react by any means, it was just that Zen's current speed was far beyond his limit.

The moment Zen attacked him for the second time, the Ghost Scorpion chose to fight back.

He stretched out his remaining arm towards Zen and simultaneously swept his tail.

"Crack..."

Yet, Zen had gotten away from him in a flash.

Moreover, he also took the Ghost Scorpion's left arm with him!

In just two confrontations, Zen had already removed both of the Ghost Scorpion's arms, but the latter didn't look bothered at all. Instead, his lips stretched into a grim smile. "Human, your speed is indeed beyond my expectations, but it's a pity for you..."

He wagged his tail as he spoke, and the hook on it glowed faintly.

He was quite proud of his tail, which could move extremely fast.

Without any warning, the tail's hook swept past Zen's waist.

Now, the Ghost Scorpion was sure that he could kill Zen with his tail.

To his surprise, however, he heard Zen say indifferently, "Have you heard of the Chaotic Source Spirit?" "The Chaotic Source Spirit?" Ghost Scorpion said dumbly.

As a master in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, he did not know much about the higher stages of the Desire World. He had heard that the Chaotic Source Spirit was connected with the Source World before, but he didn't think that was important. Thus, he had no idea why Zen mentioned it out of the blue.

"Your attack just now was far from enough to exhaust my Chaotic Source Spirits," Zen said with a shake of his head. "It is even less than sufficient to harm me, not to mention... I'm not afraid of the poison at all."

Zen had experienced all kinds of highly toxic poisons before. Therefore, the poisonous hook on the Ghost Scorpion's tail couldn't harm him.

Furthermore, the Ghost Scorpion's attack did not exhaust the Chaotic Source Spirits, nor did it cut through his skin.

Such were the big advantages of the Chaotic Source Realm warriors.

While the Ghost Scorpion still pondered over Zen's words, Zen's body flashed across him with two muffled sounds once again.

At that point, Zen had detached one of the Ghost Scorpion's legs.

Naturally, he lost his balance and fell down to the ground.

"Ahhh!" the female members of the Fragrant Butterfly race behind Ghost Scorpion let out a series of shrieks.

After a while, they finally came back to their senses, but they didn't seem to have any better means of expression other than screaming.

Then, two of them flapped their wings and released a gust of colorful poisonous smog. The poisonous smog could be inhaled through mouths and noses. Anyone who had absorbed it would become paralyzed and unable to move.

Upon seeing the poisonous smog, the Ear Mice immediately went away to dodge it.

As for Zen, he simply ignored the existence of such poisonous smog, and he didn't pay any attention to the female members of the Fragrant Butterfly race. He once again passed by the Ghost Scorpion.

"Crack!"

The other leg of the Ghost Scorpion was also taken away by Zen.

"Crack!"

Even his tail, which he was very proud of, was also detached from his body.

Now with only a head and a torso, he lay on the ground, unable to move.

Lying on the ground, he felt like he was dreaming.

Just now, he had been thinking about how to deal with this arrogant and unruly human. But less than half a minute later, he had almost been dismembered by Zen. He could not help but doubt the facticity of all this.

"I'll give you one more chance to tell me whose orders you're under," Zen asked.

He thought he had guessed it correctly, but still he wanted to confirm his guess.

Without even launching any powerful attack, the Ghost Scorpion had lost his arms, legs, and even his tail. It was not until then that he was finally filled with fear.

He had accepted the commission without thinking too much. Now, it turned out that he had fallen into such a deep pit, which was way beyond what he had predicted.

He felt a lot of remorse and hatred for the one who had asked him to do all this. "It's the Star Falcon race! The damn Star Falcon race!" Ghost Scorpion shouted loudly.

Zen had just arrived at the Myriad Spirits City and didn't know much about the races on the Other Shore in the Desire World, so of course, he didn't know anything about the Star Falcon race.

An Ear Mouse who was not far away explained to him, "The Star Falcon race is a major race in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore. They occupy another city, which is called Sky Water City. They have been supporting the Sun Crow race."

The Ear Mice were well-informed, so they clearly knew about such information.

"The Sun Crow race?" Zen pursed his lips.

"Let me go..."

Just as the Ghost Scorpion was about to beg for mercy, he saw that Zen had stretched his hand towards his head. When he realized what was about to happen, his head was already decapitated.

Chapter 3522 Wealth

Witnessing the death of the Ghost Scorpion, the members of the Fragrant Butterfly race took on a ghastly expression.

They had relied on the Ghost Scorpion, king of the underground world in the northern part of the Myriad Spirits City. Massive change was bound to happen due to his sudden death.

Overwhelmed with anxiety, they froze in place, unable to even consider fleeing.

The Souls of Light on the terrace of the oval-shaped building were also dumbfounded.

"The Ghost Scorpion is actually weak?"

"That man is too powerful. The Ghost Scorpion was no match for him..."

"Alas, I made a wrong judgment before. I have to go back to report this."

These Souls of Light had stayed to watch Thad and Elvinia die. They had thought that their demise was certain, so the unexpected turn of events shocked them numb.

"Buzz..."

A demon woman disappeared from the terrace and returned to the Source World.

The demon women were not staying in the Divine Lair all the time. Most of the time, they lived in golden divine trees. When the demon woman appeared in a golden divine tree, she spread out her wings and flew towards the Divine Lair.

At the sight of the flying figure, the Sun Crows rose high into the air and squawked excitedly.

Upon the arrival of the demon woman, she knelt before Elizabeth.

"The Ghost Scorpion at Stage Fourteen was easily killed by the man named Thad?" Elizabeth clarified.

"Yes, he had no power to fight back," the demon woman answered, head still bowed.

Even though she had witnessed the whole thing with her own eyes, she still couldn't believe it.

"I see." Elizabeth nodded calmly. "The Ghost Scorpion is just an unimportant pawn, anyway. Don't worry. Continue observing. Someone else will fight Thad."

The creatures at Stage Fourteen were the weakest in the entire Desire World. It didn't matter even if they failed.

However, something bugged Elizabeth.

It was very likely that Thad was actually Zen. Although Elizabeth hadn't been able to confirm it, it didn't matter. As long as she could get rid of Thad and Elvinia, she would be willing to pay the price.

Spreading out her massive wings, she closed her eyes and transferred to the Other Shore.

The Souls of Light of the Bearing race, the Sun Crow race and the other two races were not the only stunned ones.

All the creatures that secretly watched were also speechless, shocked stiff.

Everyone was afraid of the Ghost Scorpion, the leader of the underground world. Ordinary creatures didn't dare to provoke him. They would stay away from him lest they cause trouble. However, just now, he didn't even have a chance to strike back and died at the gate of the Oneness Sky Palace's stronghold.

The Oneness Sky Palace was just an ordinary force in the eyes of the creatures on the Other Shore.

The lowly Souls of Light of the Oneness Sky Palace were very careful to keep a low profile, and were usually polite to any creatures they stumbled across in the Myriad Spirits City.

In fact, many creatures had taken advantage of their meek nature and robbed them of their soul pills, and occasionally, even soul crystal.

"Is that human brat an outsider hired by the Oneness Sky Palace?"

"I have never seen that woman. But that human man has actually come to the Other Shore with his corporeal body!"

"I extorted 20, 000 soul pills from them not long ago. If they find out what I did, I might be in big trouble!"

The people from the Source World could leave the Other Shore at any time if they wanted to, but the creatures on the Other Shore couldn't. If they had offended someone they shouldn't have, they'd have no choice but to run away from the Myriad Spirits City.

Like the other creatures on the Other Shore, the several Ear Mice that were watching from the backs of giant mice were also dumbstruck, staring at the corpse of the Ghost Scorpion. They had originally planned to help Zen get out of this situation, but apparently, he didn't need their help!

At the same time, they felt somewhat relieved.

At the very least, they didn't have any bad blood with Zen. Then again, if they had been able to lend Zen a hand at the time, they could've asked for something in exchange.

"Ear Mice," Zen suddenly called out, interrupting their thoughts.

With a squeak, the leader of the Ear Mice answered promptly, "Thad, what can we do for you?"

Zen glanced at the corpse of the Ghost Scorpion and asked, "Since the Ghost Scorpion has occupied the northern part of the Myriad Spirits City for many years, he should have accumulated quite a bit of wealth and resources, right?"

Hearing Zen's words, the Ear Mice suddenly shivered.

They had been so shocked by Zen's power that they forgot this.

The Ghost Scorpion occupied the underground world in the northern part of the Myriad Spirits City. Over the years, he had accumulated wealth, but with his death, what would become of it?

As long as the news of the Ghost Scorpion's death was spread to the north of the city, the creatures that followed the Ghost Scorpion would definitely scramble to take as much of the wealth he had left.

"I want half of his accumulated wealth. The other half belongs to you," Zen said.

The Ear Mice exchanged glances. Their leader promptly said to an underling, "Hurry up! Go to the north of the city!"

Like the Ghost Scorpion, the Ear Mice were also active in the underground world of the Myriad Spirits City. The Ghost Scorpion was in the north, while the Ear Mice were in the south. They each minded their own business, without interfering with each other.

Now that the Ghost Scorpion was dead, naturally, this was a great opportunity for the Ear Mice. Not only could they collect the immense wealth, but they could also take over the northern territory. As for Zen's request, they wouldn't have objected even if he asked for all of the wealth!

The appointed Ear Mouse left quickly.

Zen indifferently glanced at the women from the Fragrant Butterfly race not far away, who had tried to attack him with poison just now.

However, he knew they were powerless against him, especially since the Ghost Scorpion was killed. He waved his hand at them and said, "You can go now."

The women trembled slightly as Zen addressed them.

They had been standing there, not daring to run away.

To their surprise, Zen just asked them to leave like that.

They couldn't believe their ears.

Once Zen finished his words, he immediately turned around and walked straight towards Elvinia. Unexpectedly, Elvinia cracked a smirk and joked, "Those women are beautiful. Take them back!"

"What? Since when did you make jokes?" Zen raised an eyebrow amusedly.

Elvinia's cheeks flushed.

It was true that she had become quite cheerful in the past six months.

Sometimes, she'd just blurt out something without thinking first.

It suddenly dawned on the women of the Fragrant Butterfly race that Zen truly didn't have any intention to deal with them, so they heaved a sigh of relief. Fluttering their wings, they prepared to flee.

Just as they took off, they heard something whistling through the air.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

All of a sudden, sharp green arrows rained from out of nowhere, piercing the women's wings and bodies.

In the blink of an eye, the several beautiful women had been shot ruthlessly by countless sharp arrows.

Chapter 3523 Black Bear

Creatures from the Other Shore resembling mole crickets, stood firm and held long bows. They pulled back on their bows and released a wave of sharp arrows.

Zen heard the sound behind him and turned towards it. He frowned as he looked on.

The arrows weren't aimed at him and Elvinia, but at the women of the Fragrant Butterfly race instead, killing them all.

Once all the arrows had been released, a 10-foot tall black bear emerged from behind the mole crickets. He stood tall, strong and unmistakably domineering with aggression glowing in his green eyes.

"The people of City Guard House are here..."

"Good timing!"

"The City Guard House and the Ghost Scorpion have always been at odds. I doubt they would offer any help to the Ghost Scorpion now."

All kinds of creatures from the Other Shore chimed in their speculations.

On the round terrace, Souls of Light of the Bearing race and the Sun Crow race all smirked when they saw the black bear.

If the Ghost Scorpion was not strong enough to kill Zen, the City Guard House should be able to do the trick!

"The city guard!"

"Squeak! Sir!"

Several Ear Mice bowed respectfully at the sight of the black bear.

The city guards were a special force in the Myriad Spirits City. Many races from the Other Shore lived here and were constantly engaged in conflicts with one another. Because of this, the city guards had created laws and acquired a considerable amount of strength in order to maintain the peace within the city.

The Ear Mouse race might have been quite powerful in the south of the city, but they still required the City Guard House's support and naturally had to show their respect to the black bear.

The black bear strode past the bodies of the Fragrant Butterfly women, paying no attention to the Ear Mice. He glanced at the dead Ghost Scorpion lying on the ground and cursed inwardly, 'Useless!' He then turned his glare towards Zen and asked, "Was it you who killed the Ghost Scorpion?"

"Yes, it was," replied Zen indifferently.

"Do you know what happens to those who commit murder in the Myriad Spirits City?" the black bear pressed further.

Hearing this made the Ear Mice uneasy.

One of the Ear Mice then raced up to him to explain, "Sir, it's the Ghost Scorpion that..."

"Fuck off!"

the black bear yelled at it impatiently and slapped the giant mouse away, sending it flying into the air.

Fortunately, the Ear Mouse was quick enough to jump off its back and avoid being hit.

The black bear had no intention to kill the Ear Mouse. The giant mouse could bear the power of the bear's slap. Having only a Soul of Light, the Ear Mouse, however, was too weak and would have had its soul sent to pieces.

The rudeness of the black bear turned Elvinia's face grim. Silently, she lifted the long sword inserted into the ground next to her.

Zen's face showed no emotion, but his burning anger could be felt in his aura.

"Do you know the consequence of committing the crime of murder?" the black bear asked again.

"No, I don't," Zen replied coldly.

They were enemies, so Zen had no reason whatsoever to be polite.

"By the law of the Myriad Spirits City, the killer should be arrested by the City Guard House and sentenced accordingly. Please come with me to the City Guard House," the black bear ordered.

"The law of the Myriad Spirits City..." Zen put a finger to his chin and looked at the bodies of the Fragrant Butterfly women. "You had these innocent women killed. According to the law, how should you be punished?" he asked.

It had never occurred to the black bear that Zen would fire back with that. His face darkened and he snorted disdainfully. "The City Guard House represents the law of the Myriad Spirits City. So what if I had these women killed?" he said with his head held high.

Zen sighed softly. "What you're saying is that the strongest around represents the law of the Myriad Spirits City. Am I understanding that correctly?"

"Exactly!" the black bear replied confidently.

"Really?" Zen said with a smirk cracking through. "If that's the case, then I'll represent the law here myself!"

Before the black bear could figure out his meaning, Zen had begun rushing straight towards him.

The black bear's green eyes widened when he saw Zen's terrifying speed. Now he understood how the Ghost Scorpion had been killed by this human!

But the Ghost Scorpion was underground creature of the Other Shore. He couldn't compete with the strength of the warriors of the City Guard House!

The black bear roared ferociously and stretched out a pair of sharp claws, slamming them as he attacked Zen.

Zen's only choice was to retreat in order to prevent himself from being smashed into paste.

But retreating was not in Zen's nature. He continued rushing towards the black bear, and stretched his own hand out on either side, quick as a bolt of lightning, and clutched the black bear's claws.

"What is this?" The black bear's green eyes filled with panic for the first time.

Very few creatures within Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore were a match for him in terms of strength!

But the grip of the human felt like he was being held down by two huge iron doors. He just couldn't move an inch from Zen's clutches.

"Turns out that around two thousand three hundred divine megatons of force is enough to represent the law of Myriad Spirits City..." Zen's words brimmed with disappointment.

The black bear gritted his teeth and suddenly lifted both his palms. Not letting go, Zen was hoisted up as well. The black bear turned and placed Zen in front of the mole crickets and roared, "Shoot him to death!"

The mole crickets were all elite archers of the City Guard House. Their Green Kylin Bows possessed incredible penetrating power. The black bear had expected that even with Zen's super might, he would not be able to dodge the fierce arrows.

The last syllable left the black bear's mouth and he was instantly petrified by what he saw.

The archers and their bows were all broken to pieces, brown blood flowing among them.

Stood beside the piles of fragments, wiping the long sword in her hand clean, was Elvinia. She stared at Zen and said, "Let me test the strength of the law of the Myriad Spirits City."

"Sure! Catch!"

Without a beat, Zen chucked the black bear with an Other Shore Power as strong as three thousand divine megatons.

"Swish!"

The black bear flew towards Elvinia.

Zen was unable to bring the Shade Stone liquid onto the Other Shore when he was at Stage Thirteen. His physical strength was extremely limited, and the power that erupted from his body was less than a thousand divine megatons. It was enough to defeat weak creatures like warriors from the Separate Abyss race, but in the Dark Region of Stage Thirteen, such strength was far from enough.

Even the Snake Goddess herself probably wouldn't have guessed that the one who would gain the most from reaching the Chaotic Source Realm would be Zen!

When Truth of Powerful Holy Body wasn't prohibited, Wild Gods could enhance their bodies with the help of the Body-strengthening Jade.

Truth of Powerful Holy Body was later banned and powerful warriors of the Source World could only rely on Chaotic Source Spirits to cultivate their bodies.

However, Zen had accidentally brought the Chaotic Source Spirits back to the Other Shore, leading to his abrupt increase in strength at Stage Fourteen.

Zen could now easily exert three thousand divine megatons of force after reaching the Chaotic Source Realm by relying on the Other Shore Power of Civilization Artifact.

If Zen had had such strength in the Dark Region of Stage Thirteen, he wouldn't have been that embarrassed, and he wouldn't have needed Elvinia's help to flee that place.

Chapter 3524 Greet Respectfully

Just then, the black bear was sent into the air, feeling as if the world was spinning around him.

When he landed, he noticed that he was thrown near that delicate human girl. This excited the creature.

Sure, the human man who'd just thrown him into the air was powerful - but there was no way this measly girl could match him. The perfect prey, he thought.

What the black bear didn't know, was that the girl in his sight was Elvinia, who was frighteningly powerful even when only relying on her physical strength. If Zen hadn't relied on the Chaotic Source Spirits, he wouldn't even be a contender against Elvinia on the Other Shore.

A cold expression flashed in Elvinia's eyes. All of a sudden, she waved the sword in her hand. The hemline of her dress, which was made of light, fluttered and emphasized her gracious figure.

Her petite body burst out with immense power, and her skin appeared transparent enough to see the blueness in her veins.

"Chop!"

The treasures the Oneness Sky Palace had on Stage Fourteen were too weak, including the sword Elvinia was holding. How could it bear such a powerful strength?

As Elvinia struck her sword, the blade broke into hundreds of fragments.

Just then, the moon-shaped sword radiance had managed to form. It wrapped around the fragments, and came straight towards the black bear!

At first, the black bear was planning to keep the girl hostage and run away. He had no idea that she actually had such immense power, power that proved to be a lot more intense than the man's.

At this point, the black bear was shocked and at the same time, confused about what was happening now.

How did these two humans appear in the first place?

Phew!

In one swift movement, the sword radiance Elvinia slashed out hit the black bear's chest with great precision, slicing him in half.

After the job had been done, she lightly tapped the ground and her body retreated instantly, making sure to avoid the black bear's body that was gushing out blood left and right.

The area around the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace was usually rowdy and noisy.

But at the sight of Elvinia's battle with the bear, the Other Shore creatures all grew silent, as if they had reached an agreement with each other.

On the circular terrace, the Souls of Light from the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the Sun Crow race stood motionless and speechless. They felt bitterness fill their hearts.

"That Elvinia had entered the Chaotic Source World the same time as we did..."

"How in the world did she become so powerful when she just entered Stage Fourteen! There's no way her strength in the Source World can be stronger than mine!"

"What about the other human? The man named Thad? He's very likely to actually be Zen. Do you think he's stronger than you though?"

Some of these warriors had entered the Chaotic Source World with Zen and Elvinia, while some had been staying on Stage Fourteen for a long time, like those senior members of the Land of Sword Grief. They had heard about the battle between Zen and the Evil God, making them quite knowledgeable of his existence.

They were concerned if Zen would be finally killed or not. But to some other Other Shore creatures, now that Zen had killed the black bear, it probably meant something else.

There were many Other Shore races residing in the Myriad Spirits City. But there were only three forces that could actually control the city, namely the Dark Bear race, the Giants, and the Guide Weasel race. In the past, the Giants had taken absolute control in the Myriad Spirits City, but now, the powers were divided.

In recent years, the Dark Bear race suddenly rose in power. As they grew stronger and won a fierce battle, the City Guard House fell into their hands in the end. At this point, the leader of the Dark Bear race became the governor of the City Guard House, which made him almost the ruler of the whole Myriad Spirits City.

He said that he could represent the law of the Myriad Spirits City, and this was no lie.

If killing the Ghost Scorpion could cause a commotion underground in the northern part of the city, then the death of the governor would most probably shake the entire Myriad Spirits City!

Not too far away, three members of the Guide Weasel race were filled with excitement, their eyes gleaming.

The Guide Weasel race had once been a large group on Stage Fourteen, but over the past years, they had struggled to defeat the Dark Bear race.

Squeak, squeak... "Look how the Dark Bear race lost today!"

"Humph! All these years, the Dark Bear race only won because they relied on the support from the upper stages! Now they definitely got what they deserved!"

"What should we do now?"

"Well, it seems like these two humans are very powerful, but they're just passing by Stage Fourteen. Maybe we should just support them! I will report to our leader! You two stay here!"

With a whooshing sound, one of the Guide Weasels rushed out. He transformed into a streak of light and disappeared at the corner of the street.

Aside from the Guide Weasel race, the other Other Shore races also began to move.

The news of the City Guard House's defeat spread out quickly all throughout the Myriad Spirits City.

Zen took a look at the wooden building, then turned towards the Ear Mice. "This building is too shabby to be the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace," he told them with much concern. "Do you have any suggestions about where we can find a better place?"

At this point, the Ear Mice were all very giddy. Since the governor of the City Guard House was dead, it put an end to the Dark Bear race's rule over the Myriad Spirits City. Hence, they would all embrace a new era from today.

"This place really isn't fit for the Oneness Sky Palace!" an Ear Mouse responded respectfully. "I might know a place that could be perfect." The Ear Mouse smiled, glad that it could help Zen.

"Well then, please lead the way," Zen said, gesturing towards the Ear Mouse with his hand.

"If you two would prefer it, you may take rides on the giant mice!" an Ear Mouse offered in delight.

A free ride was so tempting that Zen and Elvinia couldn't refuse. They leapt onto the giant mice and rode them like horses.

Though the two giant mice seemed ferocious, they were trained very well by the Ear Mice. They carried the two humans with utmost caution as they walked steadily out of the small path. Eventually, the group had walked along the widest road in the Myriad Spirits City and reached the end.

Because there were countless races in the city, no matter who was appointed the lord of the city, it would cause a quarrel among the many large races on the Other Shore. There was no pleasing everyone. Eventually, they had come up with a compromise and accepted the system of the City Guard House. And in fact, the governor of the City Guard House was the lord of the Myriad Spirits City.

The reason why the black bear was able to rule the City Guard House was because he relied mostly on his powerful strength and continuous support from upper stages on the Other Shore. Without these advantages, the Dark Bear race were nothing.

As Zen and Elvinia headed towards the City Guard House, the forces in the Myriad Spirits City could hardly sit still.

Meanwhile, the Ear Mice had completely taken over the underground cave in the northern area of the city.

This was possible only through force. The Ear Mice got rid of all the creatures that tried to resist, like the Tail Insect race and the other scorpions.

With the help of the giant mice and other mice that had very strong combat abilities in the Myriad Spirits City, they were able to successfully take over the place. Once the Ghost Scorpion died, his subordinates were just a group of weaklings.

The stench of blood and rottenness filled the entire underground world in the north of the city. At this point, the Ear Mice had plundered all the savings of the Ghost Scorpion.

When the Dark Bear race had learned that their leader was murdered, they quickly reacted. They even started to gather the strong warriors of their race to go against Zen and Elvinia. But before they could set out, they were killed by the joint attack of the Giants and the Guide Weasel race. Even the members of the Dark Bear race that guarded the City Guard House had been slaughtered.

So when Zen and Elvinia arrived at the entrance of the City Guard House riding on the giant mice, the members of the Guide Weasel race were already there, all lined up to greet them respectfully. The stench of blood still permeated the air.

Chapter 3525 The City Guard House

The Myriad Spirits City was an ancient city rich in history which included several hundreds of chaotic eras.

Whereas the City Guard House's opulence wouldn't be anything worth mentioning in the Source World, it was considered to be quite a rare sight on the Other Shore. Neither the Stage Four temples nor the Stage Thirteen strongholds could hold a candle to it.

The Guide Weasel race was known for its intelligence. Once they confirmed that the former city lord was killed, they wasted no time in allying with the Giants to eradicate the Dark Bear race once and for all.

However, they didn't dare to steal any of the resources that were kept at the City Guard House upon successfully occupying it.

They focused on their main goal — controlling the Myriad Spirits City. They knew that Zen and the Oneness Sky Palace he was representing wouldn't remain in Stage Fourteen. Therefore, there was no need for offending them.

That was why the Guide Weasel race was willing to surrender the City Guard House to Zen with utmost sincerity.

"This dress...it won't fit me."

"Nor will this one..."

"And this one..."

Elvinia complained as she picked and chose from a pile of clothing. Ever since her trip to the Dark Region, she had always robed herself with light-formed attire that couldn't exactly be considered material. She wasn't like Zen whose vague shape could be barely recognized even if he was naked.

Although she'd already become more skilled in controlling the Great Sanskrit Light and the garb she created for herself was enough to cover her decently, she always wanted to find a better solution.

There were also some women of the Fragrant Butterfly race living in the City Guard House, and they had many clothes.

The only problem was that they were too unsuitable and revealing for her taste. After taking her time going through her options, she finally gave up.

"Don't worry, Princess Elvinia! We'll ask the servants to tailor dresses for you immediately. It'll only take half a day!" a member of the Guide Weasel race offered before he hurriedly left to give orders.

As she threw the revealing clothes onto the floor, Elvinia walked out of the room and headed towards the backyard.

There, a myriad of weapons was lined up in an orderly fashion on the ground.

As Zen scanned through them, disappointment clouded his eyes. "Theoretically," he began to speak, "some of the races residing on the Other Shore descended from those ancient civilizations of the chaos. They must have brought with them their best treasures when they fled to the Other Shore. So what on earth are these useless scraps we've found here in Stage Fourteen?"

From Zen's perspective, these were nothing but mere scraps of metal. The only ones that provided any real value were the Green Kylin Bows used by the mole crickets. Supposedly, these were specially made with carefully selected materials by the mole crickets.

Zen believed that there were many legendary weapons like the Soaring Snake Sword in the past. To his disappointment, he failed to find any of them in Stage Fourteen.

Because the Guide Weasel race was indigenous to the Other Shore, they hardly knew anything about the chaos and so they couldn't answer any of Zen's questions.

An Ear Mouse moved forward and answered on their behalf, "As far as I know, the legendary weapons were obtained only by the most powerful masters. Since they've gone on to the higher stages, it'd be impossible to keep them in Stage Fourteen."

"That's right," another Ear Mouse agreed.

Zen nodded to confirm that he heard them. He never thought getting a decent sword in Stage Fourteen would be this difficult.

As he leaned forward to pick up a thin sword to test its weight, Elvinia arrived. He grinned at her before throwing the sword towards her.

She swiftly caught and brandished it before snapping it in half with ease.

"Well," she said with a smile across her face, "I guess that sword was too fragile for me to wield!"

A look of disbelief fell on the faces of the Guide Weasels that witnessed this scene. 'Is she aware of the true extent of her power?' they thought to themselves.

"Are we ever going to find swords that are good enough for us here at Stage Fourteen?" Elvinia grumbled, sounding depressed.

A member of the Guide Weasel race hesitated for a moment before saying, "In fact, the Riverside race are very famous weapon refiners who have forged many excellent weapons. However, they all moved to the Sky Water City a few hundred years ago..."

"The Sky Water City... Isn't it the city of the Star Falcon race?" Zen muttered.

He knew the Ghost Scorpion — along with the black bear — was asking for trouble under the order of the Star Falcon race.

Both the Bearing race and the Sun Crow race were determined on killing him, their hostility evident in their revenge which knew no bounds.

However, Zen didn't feel worried at all. He suspected that it wouldn't be long before the members of the Star Falcon race themselves would arrive and bring all this chaos upon themselves.

"Forget it. My friends are still waiting in the Source World. It's time for them to return to the Other Shore," Zen informed with a grin.

The Land of Sword Grief was currently full of lower-ranked disciples who were panicking.

Things were just fine for those on the second and third floors who usually stayed in the higher stages of the Other Shore and didn't need to return to Stage Fourteen so frequently.

But it was a different story for the disciples on the first floor. Most of them just started their adventure in the Desire World. Their stronghold in Stage Fourteen served as a gathering place just like the Stage Four temples.

Unfortunately, with the new disciples' arrival at Stage Fourteen, a massive conflict between them and the Other Shore creatures came.

"It's all the newcomers' fault!"

"Why did they have to provoke the Other Shore creatures when they didn't have the power? Now I'll have to remain in Stage Fifteen. I can't go back to the stronghold now!"

"You've got better luck than me. I was right outside a Stage Fourteen temple when I left. How will I be able to return to the Myriad Spirits City? I'll certainly be arrested once I arrive at the city gate…"

"Don't blame the other new disciples. We all know that Zen and Princess Elvinia are the ones to blame. It's them you should be confronting regarding all of this — if you have the guts, that is."

Zen reached the top of the Ranking Stone on the first floor in only one day. None of these people would have the ability to challenge him. As for Elvinia, who would dare to confront her, considering her high status?

"I just want to know how those two are doing," Abdul sighed.

Previously, he had been angry with the two of them, but Zen and Elvinia were still members of the Oneness Sky Palace. Though they had physical bodies on the Other Shore, Abdul couldn't help but wonder if they were strong enough to face the creatures of the Other Shore.

Many of the new disciples stood aside and said nothing.

Soon, the deep and heavy feeling in the room became too much to bear. Chaim finally gave in and exclaimed, "Stop worrying! Have some faith in Zen and Princess Elvinia, will you?"

"That's right. Princess Elvinia can also be considered an Other Shore creature, right? I'm sure defeating them will be no problem for her," Milo added in agreement with Chaim.

Abdul sneered and said, "Before the Truth of Powerful Holy Body was banned, taking on the physical form while roaming the Other Shore was considered common. However, hardly anyone could defeat those Other Shore creatures as soon as they reached Stage Fourteen!"

It was no easy feat to improve one's physical form on the Other Shore. Therefore, it was never a wise decision for any new-comer in Stage Fourteen to become an enemy of the Other Shore creatures. It wasn't difficult to kill an ordinary Tail Insect, but the consequences would be unimaginably terrible once the Ghost Scorpion was involved.

Chapter 3526 Confused

While the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief sulked, the door of one of the training rooms suddenly opened. Looking up, they saw Elvinia walk out with grace.

Though Elvina was someone with special status, her room in the Land of Sword Grief was still in accordance with her ranking.

"Princess Elvinia?"

"She came out!"

"Did she manage to escape?"

For the senior disciples on the first floor, Elvinia was doomed the moment she agreed to face against the Ghost Scorpion. However, she could still escape since she wasn't obstructed by the Soul Binding Thread. She could definitely run away at such a critical time.

Abdul stepped forward and respectfully cupped his hands. "Princess Elvinia, how are things going in the Myriad Spirits City?"

She gave him a cold glare. "Everything is fine. Zen just asked me to inform you all that it's safe to go back to the stronghold now."

"What?"

"We can go back?"

"How is the Ghost Scorpion?"

Elvinia retained her aloofness and refused to answer any of their questions. The only person she was really nice to was Zen and that wasn't going to change anytime soon.

With her message delivered, Elvinia turned around and made her way back, making sure to slam the door in her wake.

"Princess Elvinia!"

"Just what on earth happened in the Myriad Spirits City?"

The disciples continued to hurl their questions at her despite her departure.

No matter how loud they shouted though, Elvinia did not answer them, preferring solitude in her training room.

Now they were even more confused.

"What should we do?" someone asked. Another disciple shrugged in noncommittal reply.

Could they really trust Elvinia's words? What if it turned out that the situation in Myriad Spirits City hadn't been dealt with? Entering the Other Shore rashly could then lead to serious consequences. It would be like courting death!

Chaim, however, had already been convinced. "Since Princess Elvinia said it's been solved, then I guess we can go back now."

Milo nodded in agreement. "I believe her too!"

"Really? What if Zen was captured and tied by the Ghost Scorpion who then threatened Elvinia to lure us back to the Other Shore?" Abdul muttered in panic.

It was a bit far-fetched but nobody refuted what he said.

Everything was possible and it was their lives that were on the line here.

"I can go back first and assess the situation for you guys if you want," Dorothy offered.

Everyone's eyes landed on her.

"I'll go with you!" Chaim said.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Milo told them.

Several warriors had a good relationship with Zen and trusted him unconditionally. They believed that he would never let them walk into such a dangerous trap.

Dorothy followed through with her offer, sitting down and leaning against the wall of the bronze palace. When she was about to enter the Other Shore, Abdul suddenly arrived to stop her. "Don't do it! Look, Dorothy, you're young and noble. I'm not going to let you take the risk."

He exchanged a look with Chaim who only nodded.

Both Dorothy and Elvinia had special status. If anything bad happened to them, it would mean great trouble for the Land of Sword Grief.

To Abdul, there was only one person who could enter the Other Shore and check the situation.

That look was enough to tell Chaim all that Abdul wanted to say.

"I'll go first then," Chaim said.

Like Dorothy, Chaim made himself comfortable while sitting on the ground before activating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

"Buzz!"

In the blink of an eye, Chaim was once again back on the Other Shore.

He made his way into the Oneness Sky Palace's stronghold and found nothing.

There was only a little bloodstain on the outside path.

"What happened?"

Just as he was racking his brains for an answer, someone asked, "You are the disciple from the Oneness Sky Palace, aren't you?"

When Chaim turned, he found a giant mouse standing not far away from him. On the back of the giant mouse sat a Soul of Light of an Ear Mouse.

Chaim recognized the Ear Mouse's Soul of Light immediately, having seen them in the Chaotic Source World before. "Yes. Do you know what happened here?"

"Why did you come here alone? Where are the other disciples?" the Ear Mouse asked, not really answering his question.

Zen told the Ear Mouse that there were over one hundred new disciples it would have to bring to the City Guard House.

Chaim felt a bit embarrassed to tell the Ear Mouse that nobody wanted to come to the Other Shore since they were scared, so he settled for a little white lie. "They'll be here soon. Let me just go back and get them."

He left the Other Share with some urgency.

Meanwhile, Abdul and the others kept staring at Chaim's body with bated breath, scared that he would suddenly drop dead at any moment.

They all breathed a sigh of relief when he finally opened his eyes.

"Chaim!" they exclaimed once he got back. "How was the situation?" Abdul asked.

"It's alright. There was nothing except bloodstains on the ground."

"What about Zen and Princess Elvinia?" Abdul continued.

Dorothy's eyes flickered in fear. She wholeheartedly believed in Zen but she couldn't help but be worried for him.

"I didn't see them. There was an Ear Mouse waiting at the scene though and it told me to bring everyone back to the Other Shore," Chaim replied, narrating to everyone what he saw.

His news was met with confusion. It didn't really tell them what happened in the Myriad Spirits City.

"You don't have to go in if you're afraid. The new disciples can go with me to the Other Shore. I promise everything will be fine," Chaim assured everyone before entering the Other Shore once more.

The aforementioned new disciples knew Zen and had confidence in him

They readily followed Chaim to the Other Shore, believing him wholeheartedly.

Abdul could only sigh in resignation. It was a risk but it seemed they were going to have to take it. He turned to the others. "Let's go!"

Judging from his tone, it was evident that he was ready to risk everything.

The senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief followed, sitting cross-legged in order to enter the Other Shore.

"Buzz..."

More and more Souls of Light appeared within the Oneness Sky Palace's stronghold as everyone arrived.

Abdul was the first to walk out the stronghold and saw the Ear Mouse Chaim had mentioned earlier.

The Ear Mouse let out a squeak as it regarded the new arrivals. "It seems everyone has arrived safely. Please come with me!"

Abdul's brows furrowed in confusion. "Come with you?" he repeated. "Where?" However, the Ear Mouse wasn't going to give him a straight answer.

"You'll know when we get there."

There wasn't anything abnormal in front of the stronghold but Abdul and the senior disciples couldn't help but remain uneasy with their surroundings.

Then again, the moment Abdul decided to come back here, he had already decided to risk everything. Thus, he followed the Ear Mouse.

If something bad burst out suddenly, then Abdul was ready to get out of the Other Shore and never venture into it ever again.

The senior disciples followed Abdul's lead, walking out of the small path and heading towards the wide road.

Unbeknown to them, the shocking news of what had taken place in the Myriad Spirits City already spread like wildfire.

The matter about the Oneness Sky Palace was made known to the many races of the Other Shore.

As the human Souls of Light traversed the road, they were not met with the usual scorn or contempt. Instead, the races of the Other Shore treated them with a hint of reverence.

Chapter 3527 Sitting On The Top

"Abdul, what's wrong with those Other Shore creatures? Why are they staring at us like that?" a senior disciple from the Land of Sword Grief asked in a low register, feeling uncomfortable under the gaze.

But even Abdul was baffled.

Normally, they had to be extra careful when going in and out of the Myriad Spirits City. The Other Shore creatures had always been arrogant, given their great strength. Usually, they only had contempt in their eyes upon seeing them.

But today, their eyes were completely different—it was as though there was even some kind of awe in them.

Were they suddenly afraid of the Souls of Light?

Abdul and his companions had yet to realize that it wasn't the Souls of Light they were afraid of.

They would soon find out that they acted like this because Zen and Elvinia had occupied the City Guard House.

On the way there, everyone was feeling quite uneasy.

Soon, they reached the end of the road at the gate of a magnificent building.

"The City Guard House?"

Abdul was rather stunned as he stood in front of the structure.

"Has Zen provoked the members of the City Guard House? Were we brought here for them to kill?" A worried voice came from one of the senior disciples.

For a moment, Abdul was about to agree to the thought, but on second thought, he realized that it wasn't a very logical conclusion.

The Oneness Sky Palace was known to always follow the rules. They even paid their tributes to the city guards every year—it was highly unlikely for them to have provoked the people of the City Guard House. Besides, Zen was standing up against the Ghost Scorpion, who had always been at odds with the City Guard House, anyway.

'Could the City Guard House have saved Zen and Princess Elvinia?' Abdul wondered after giving it a thought.

After thinking it through, he shared the possibility with those around him.

"That must be the case! The City Guard House has always wanted to kill the Ghost Scorpion, hasn't it? But the creature has always been hiding in the underground in the north of the city. When he attacked Zen and alerted the City Guard House, they must have taken the chance to kill him!"

"Zen is so lucky!"

Unexpectedly, a warrior beside him suddenly chimed in, "But even if the City Guard House killed the Ghost Scorpion, why would they invite us here?"

Now, Abdul was stumped.

The City Guard House had real control of the Myriad Spirits City—they normally paid no mind to the Souls of Light from the Oneness Sky Palace.

What could have gotten them invited to the City Guard House?

"Don't think too much. The City Guard House won't kill recklessly like the Ghost Scorpion anyway!" Unable to figure it out, Abdul ended up dropping it.

They then entered the city lord's mansion.

On either side of the mansion stood a dozen Giants, motionless like iron towers.

As the group continued moving forward, they saw the members of the Guide Weasel race standing on both sides.

All these Other Shore creatures were the elites of their races. Their very aura was strong, especially coupled with their fierce and bold appearance. Normally, they were considered mighty warriors of the Myriad Spirits City, but at this moment, they were merely serving as guards of the City Guard House.

The grand scene before them had Abdul and the rest rather frightened, doubt growing within them. While the City Guard House had always been controlled by the Dark Bear race, they hadn't spotted any of them.

Entering the main hall, Abdul looked up at the very top of the hall. Just as he got ready to bow, his entire body froze still.

The other senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief were also dumbfounded.

Sitting upright on the very top of the main hall was none other than Zen.

Beside him was Elvinia, wearing a bored expression. In front of her was a long, black table that had various dishes and fruits—it was a feast. She picked up a fruit and popped it in her mouth, staring at Abdul and the rest with cold eyes.

"Princess… Princess Elvinia!"

Finally, Abdul managed to call her name with great respect. It had taken a minute for him to come back to his senses.

Although Elvinia held special status, the warriors in the Land of Sword Grief were also arrogant and proud in front of her. They paid their respects to her merely because of her noble birth. But the way Abdul had just addressed her seemed genuine.

Zen, on the other hand…

Although they couldn't quite see all his features, they were sure that it was Zen sitting there. They could hardly believe it!

How could he take that seat?

Only the governor of the City Guard House, one who controlled the Myriad Spirits City, was qualified to sit on that chair.

"Everyone, don't be so stiff," Zen said with an easy smile.

"Z-zen, what's going on?" In his confusion, Abdul managed to ask.

"Nothing," Elvinia said simply as she stuffed a dark-red fruit into her mouth. Her mouth crushed the cold, soft pulp, making a faint, fruity fragrance. The food on the Other Shore might not be much better than that in the Source World, but it sure had a unique taste. "We have killed the Ghost Scorpion, and the City Guard House has arrived to give us some trouble. I guess the Bearing race and the Sun Crow race are behind this."

"The City Guard House came with trouble?"

Abdul and the rest could feel their hearts tremble in their shock.

"But we've also killed the governor of the City Guard House, so this place now belongs to us," Elvinia added nonchalantly.

This didn't bother many of the newcomers—it was their first time in the Desire World, after all. They couldn't yet fathom how fierce the fights among the Other Shore creatures were.

But Abdul and the other senior disciples were clearly baffled by Elvinia's casual remarks.

On their way there, a strange feeling had already come over them. Now, thinking about how the Other Shore creatures looked at them in awe, they realized that those eyes were not for them, but for Zen and Elvinia.

"So this City Guard House belongs to us now?" Chaim had a smile coming on as he asked.

"Yes, this will be the new stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace. That old wooden building was far too shabby," Zen said pleasantly. "So, you don't need to feel restrained here!"

The new disciples finally sighed in relief.

Zen could ensure their safety, anyway. It was a good thing that this place had become the Oneness Sky Palace's stronghold.

Abdul and the other senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief, however, still felt like they were in a dream.

Just then, an Ear Mouse stepped into the main hall of the City Guard House and bowed to Zen, who remained sitting at the very top. "The savings of the Ghost Scorpion have all been recorded—there are five hundred finger-size chunks of soul crystal, five hundred and twenty Body-strengthening Jades and twenty thousand soul pills! Apart from that…"

For so many years, the Ghost Scorpion had occupied the northern part of the city—of course, he had accumulated many things. Once the Ghost Scorpion died, his subordinates took many things away from his lair when they fled, but a good portion of things was still left underground. The Ear Mice also moved quite fast—within an hour after the Ghost Scorpion died, they had already made their way into the underground of the northern part of the city, plundering all the remaining treasures.

The amount of savings reported by the Ear Mouse had everyone shocked, save for Zen, who merely waved his hand and said, "You don't have to report every detail. All these things will be shared equally between your race and our Oneness Sky Palace."

"Shared equally?!" Abdul exclaimed in shock. The Ghost Scorpion's legacy was so great that half of it was already amazing. And to think that Zen easily gave that half to the Ear Mice, Abdul couldn't help but stammer, "Z-zen… since you are the one who killed the Ghost Scorpion, his legacy naturally belongs to you, as well as the Land of Sword Grief... It doesn't make sense for you to share it with the Ear Mice like this…it's beyond generous."

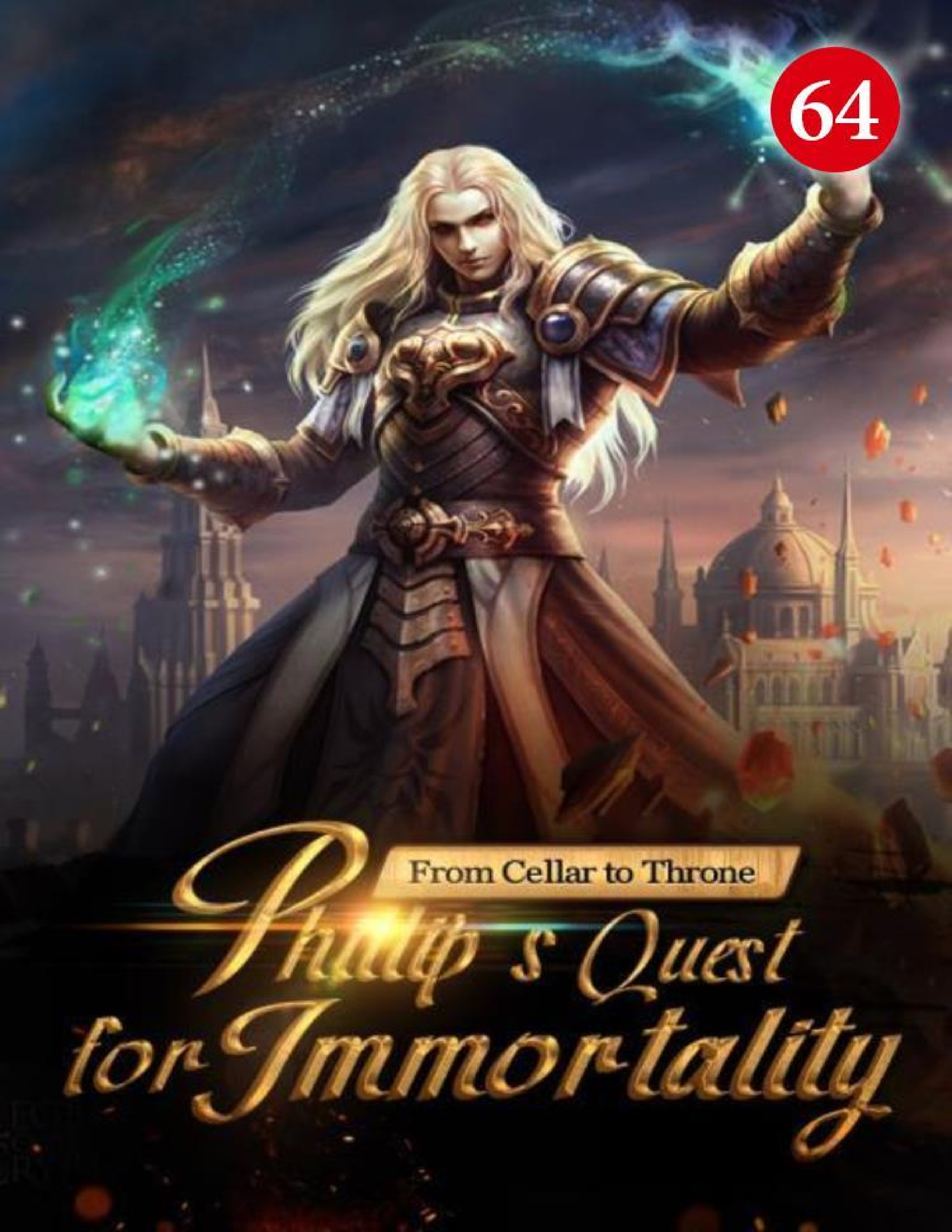
64
From Cellar to Throne
Philip's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3529 The Sclerite
Chapter 3530 Transformation
Chapter 3531 The Other Shore Key
Chapter 3532 Invitation
Chapter 3533 An Attack
Chapter 3534 Counterattack
Chapter 3535 Capture The Leader
Chapter 3536 Die With Me
Chapter 3537 The Light From The Crack
Chapter 3538 The Pear Hill Stronghold
Chapter 3539 Evil Plot
Chapter 3540 Sent To The Dark Region
Chapter 3541 Set Off
Chapter 3542 The Green-skinned Men
Chapter 3543 The Dark Nether Bugs
Chapter 3544 The Enraged Bugs
Chapter 3545 The Food For Purified Beings
Chapter 3546 Royal Monkeys
Chapter 3547 Punishment
Chapter 3548 Follow Zen
Chapter 3549 The Ghost Wing Bird
Chapter 3550 The Splendid Jade Pass
Chapter 3551 An Empty City
Chapter 3552 The Black Marsh
Chapter 3553 The Bait
Chapter 3554 Confrontation
Chapter 3555 Cycle
Chapter 3556 The Son Of Light
Chapter 3557 Scorpion Poison
Chapter 3558 The Land Of Inheritance
Chapter 3559 The Images On The Slates
Chapter 3560 A Special Cultivation
Chapter 3561 A New Stage Ruler
Chapter 3562 Sky Water City

Chapter 3563 Abandon The City
Chapter 3564 Challenge
Chapter 3565 The Imperial Edict
Chapter 3566 Rocco Zheng
Chapter 3567 On The Arena
Chapter 3568 Confusion
Chapter 3569 Overwhelming Force
Chapter 3570 The Second Imperial Edict
Chapter 3571 Writing It Down
Chapter 3572 A Gracious Reward
Chapter 3573 I Also Want To Know The Answer
Chapter 3574 A Conspiracy
Chapter 3575 Something Unforeseen In The Origin Mountain
Chapter 3576 Three Thousand And One Godly Ways
Chapter 3577 Reward
Chapter 3578 Release
Chapter 3579 An Intelligent Puppet
Chapter 3580 Restrain
Chapter 3581 As Weak As An Ant
Chapter 3582 Secret Contact
Chapter 3583 Change
Chapter 3584 The Colorless Soul

Chapter 3529 The Sclerite

The Myriad Spirits City was a place with a long, colorful history. After all, it had existed longer than the present round of chaos.

Both Flamine and Eastern Emperor Taiyi had travelled across the Desire World and passed by the Myriad Spirits City.

They were rather weak during that time. They faced much more powerful beings from the Other Shore and had to swallow all the insults and live in silence, just like other feeble creatures.

Therefore, they had never thought that Zen and Elvinia would've occupied the Myriad Spirits City as soon as they entered the Desire World.

"Those two youngsters are more ambitious than I was," Eastern Emperor Taiyi mused with a faint smile.

Flamine blinked a few times before she anxiously said, "The Element Spirit race is currently the dominant race on the Other Shore, while many races from the Source World such as the Bearing race and the Sun Crow race control the different stages of the Other Shore, respectively. Since Elvinia and Zen did such big acts, I'm afraid those races would take revenge on them."

"Hmph! Even if they didn't commit such acts, they still might be attacked," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said coldly. "I'm only afraid that the ruler of Stage Fourteenth of the Other Shore would do something against Elvinia. I'm not afraid of anything else."

Without a doubt, Elvinia's successful rise into the Desire World was great news for the Oneness Sky Palace.

After all, a purified being who could grow was terrifying.

The Bearing race and the Sun Crow race would definitely regard her as a thorn in their flesh. With her strength as a purified being, however, she had no reason to be afraid of ordinary creatures on the Other Shore, or even powerful creatures in the Dark Region. She could easily melt all of them with her Great Sanskrit Light.

Yet, there was a ruler in charge of the Dark Region in each stage, starting from Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore. It would be rather troublesome if Elvinia confronted such a ruler.

"So, I'll send a message to the two young ones and tell them to be careful," said Flamine with a nod.

"Alright," Eastern Emperor Taiyi agreed as his eyes glimmered with deep light. "Now, it's almost time to have a showdown. I hope that they can both grow up quickly and rise to a higher stage. In that case, maybe they can help the Oneness Sky Palace."

A smile graced Flamine's face. "They will definitely be able to help the Oneness Sky Palace. As of now, Elvinia has reached the suitable age for marriage. Your Majesty, will you arrange a marriage for her?" she said.

It could be said that Elvinia had become a purified being because of Zen.

As for Zen, he was in no way inferior to Elvinia's potential on the Other Shore.

However, Eastern Emperor Taiyi still hadn't figured out how Zen had sent his corporeal body to the Other Shore, until now.

Apparently, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had secretly observed Zen. He had faintly sensed the unique Truth of Godly Way from Zen's body, but he had never felt such an aura of the Truth of Godly Way from anybody else. Thus, he couldn't find any clue at all.

"Haven't I told you? Everybody has his or her destined mate. Now that Zen already has wives and a child, how can he satisfy Elvinia?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked back.

"I had a long talk with Elvinia after she got back from the Chaotic Source World. I'm sure she's satisfied with Zen. As her mother, of course I have to help her on the matter.

We don't need to attach so much importance to her status, but..." "But what?" asked Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

"I've heard that the old lady's granddaughter also likes Zen. I'm afraid..." Flamine calmly explained, her lips curving into a slight frown.

Yasamin was a powerful figure who was second only to Eastern Emperor Taiyi in the Oneness Sky Palace. She, however, had a strange temper. Only a few people from the other mountains liked her. Moreover, they had a conflict last time when they were in the Vastness Mountain. That instance made Flamine dislike Yasamin even more.

"You mean Dorothy?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi questioned. There was an instance when Yasamin had mentioned some of Dorothy's secrets to Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

She had painstakingly cultivated and raised Dorothy for many years, who was considered as the apple of her eye.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi always had a headache at the thought of the stubborn Yasamin.

"I'll find a chance to sound out Yasamin's opinion," said Eastern Emperor Taiyi with a wry smile. He had never thought that his outstanding daughter would have to compete with another girl for a husband.

Meanwhile, the Land of Sword Grief had been peaceful for a few days. All the disciples struggled to contain their uncontrollable excitement.

"Our Oneness Sky Palace can finally hold our heads high on the Other Shore!"

"Occupying a large city is really something I had never dared to think of!"

"You guys on the second floor! Do you want to come down and have a look? Hahaha..."

The last comment didn't actually mean to go down from the second floor to the first floor, but rather from the higher stages of the Other Shore to Stage Fourteen.

Although many disciples on the first floor had nothing to do with occupying the Myriad Spirits City, they still felt honored.

Many of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace scurried back from Stage Fifteen, Stage Sixteen, and even Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore. They all wanted to witness the grand occasion in the Myriad Spirits City. At the same time, Zen was so generous that he intended to distribute a part of what he had gained among the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace

Previously, Zen knew that he could get more resources and support from the Oneness Sky Palace after he entered the Land of Sword Grief. And, he understood that many disciples had contributed to those resources. Although he didn't like what Abdul had said, he still thought that he had to give something in return after he had stayed in the Oneness Sky Palace for a long time.

Once he had finished his tasks, he moved his soul to the Myriad Spirits City. Then, he went on a short-term seclusion after he had exited the Other Shore.

Even though he had shown his mighty strength in the Myriad Spirits City, he clearly knew that the Other Shore was definitely not as simple as it looked.

The creatures in the Light Region might not compare to him and Elvinia, but what about those in the Dark Region? Besides, there might be another purified being in the Dark Region in Stage Fourteen.

Therefore, the purpose of his cultivation in seclusion this time was to refine the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed he had acquired from the Snake Goddess.

In the secluded cultivation room, Zen held in his palm the seed that emitted blue light.

"If I refine the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed, will Chiyou's bloodline disappear completely?" he asked No. 9527 with a bit of hesitation. He simply wanted to obtain more blood of the Chaos Ancient God in order to become stronger, but he was still a member of the Nine Li race.

If he eliminated all traces of his original bloodline, then he would no longer have any blood connection with the Nine Li race.

"Hey, there's nothing to worry about! The Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed will not change your bloodline. It can only copy blood. When you have copied enough blood of my master, the sclerite on your chest will continue to grow. You can store the extra blood in the sclerite," No. 9527 answered.

"The sclerite..."

When Zen had merged with the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline for the first time, a sclerite started to grow on his chest. No. 9527 had previously hid inside the sclerite, and the Truth Crystal had come out from it as well.

Since then, he had never had the chance to procure any more blood of the Chaos Ancient God, so the sclerite didn't grow.

Now that it was unnecessary for him to worry about his original bloodline, he didn't hesitate anymore.

He gently tossed the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed and made it float in front of his chest. He then put his palms over his chest, which activated the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline. Green light gathered around his hands, and a Truth Crystal gradually took shape.

It wasn't difficult for him to refine the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. The Snake Goddess had simply given him some instructions, which he had always kept in mind.

Chapter 3530 Transformation

As the Truth Crystal turned solid, Zen waved his hand at it. It began to dissipate into a green eddy.

Zen gently hooked one of his fingers, then it turned into a stream of energy and dashed toward the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed.

There were six cracks on the surface of the seed, hence the name. The energy merged with the seed, slowly seeping through the cracks and flowing into the seed.

The azure blue light of the seed gradually faded, replaced by a cyan green light. The seed now contained the bloodline of the Chaos Ancient God!

"The power of the bloodline is so strong." Zen's eyes showed a hint of surprise.

It was no wonder the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed was extremely precious in the Source World. Any bloodline could be directly copied by the seed once it was absorbed. It was a truly amazing ability.

"What a fascinating object!" exclaimed No. 9527.

Zen reached out his hand and pointed at the seed. At this, the seed promptly darted straight into his open mouth.

It felt strange to swallow the seed after the bloodline had fused into it. But Zen just followed what the Snake Goddess told him to do.

At first, nothing happened after Zen swallowed the seed. But soon, he felt a sharp pain in his stomach.

Zen could see that the seed had unfurled in his belly. In the middle of the seed, a green ball of light had started to glow. Each time a beam of light burst out, he felt a burst of sharp pain.

The green light was the power of Gerald's bloodline.

The power of the bloodline soon seeped into Zen's internal organs. It flowed, almost consciously, along the meridians in his body, gathering in his chest. A small sclerite began to grow out from the area.

"The second sclerite!"

As No. 9527 said this, more sclerites started to grow on Zen's chest, as more of Gerald's bloodline gathered there.

The Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed allowed one to inherit all the power of the bloodline from the previous generation, just like Zen and Yan inherited the bloodlines of Chiyou and the Snake Goddess.

Thus, Zen was inheriting the complete power of the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline!

The pain in his stomach grew more intense as the power continued to flow through his internal organs and gather at his chest. The third sclerite started to grow!

The sclerites emerged one by one from Zen's chest, down to his lower ribs. Then they started to grow at his waist.

Ten sclerites.

Twenty.

Thirty.

The sclerites started to emerge from his spine, going up until they grew around his neck.

The sclerites cut through Zen's insides, causing immense pain. But he was able to tolerate it. Through the whole ordeal, Zen kept a poker face.

A flicker of fear crossed his features, however, as the sclerites started to grow in his head.

He was used to seeing strange appendages on a human body, but the head was the most vital part. An accident could cause irreversible damage. If these sclerites damaged his head, it could destroy him.

"Don't be afraid. This is just what happens when you absorb a bloodline. Just remember even the bloodline of Chiyou could not hurt you, let alone these sclerites," No. 9527 said, encouragingly.

He was right. Zen once had three heads and six arms, and it did not cause any damage to his body. They grew quite naturally.

Realizing this, Zen stopped worrying. He calmed down and let the sclerites grow in his head!

The sclerites grew in a manner so precise that although they cut through his flesh and skull, they avoided all the vital parts, therefore not causing any substantial damage. With Zen's strong ability to recover, the ruptured flesh quickly healed and wrapped around the new sclerites.

After the sclerites had emerged in Zen's head, the sclerites in his arms and legs started to grow.

An hour later, the green light of the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed finally dimmed. The sclerites also stopped growing.

"There are eight hundred and sixty-one sclerites in total,"

Zen counted, using his inner vision.

He stood up and tried to move his body, but almost instantly fell to the ground. These new sclerites still felt strange and uncomfortable.

"You'll feel better once you get used to them. These sclerites have greatly enhanced your body," No. 9527 remarked.

Zen suddenly remembered how, in the Chaotic Source World, Mount was so powerful, almost invincible. Even the Evil God, who had absorbed the power of many bloodlines, was unable to kill him. Mount had the power of the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline, and his body was strong enough to match a warrior in the Chaotic Source Realm.

He was a human being on the outside, but the structure inside his body was totally different from normal people. Now Zen was just like him!

Zen walked back and forth in the cultivation room, adjusting to his new body structure. Soon enough, he began to grow accustomed to it. He started to run and jump. He adapted very quickly. It wasn't long before he was using those sclerites as if he was born with them.

"The sclerites on both sides of the stomach protect the elixir field well."

"Those on the legs bring greater support, boosting the legs' power."

"Interesting! These sclerites did not grow randomly, but in a way that perfectly enhanced my body."

Zen stopped moving with a satisfied look on his face.

"Of course! My master is perfect. Otherwise, he would not have made it from the last chaos to this one," No. 9527 pointed out, matter-of-factly.

"I want to try the truth-level theurgy."

Zen stretched his arms, and the eight hundred and sixty-one new sclerites inside his body responded accordingly.

The power of a single Truth Crystal was indeed not enough. But Zen was now able to mobilize all the sclerites in his body. His entire body was filled with the bloodline from the Chaos Ancient God. He was no longer the same as before.

"Wait!"

Before No. 9257 could stop him, Zen already activated all the sclerites. A strange scene unfolded.

Chapter 3531 The Other Shore Key

All of the golden blood around Zen's body started to circulate, and the sclerites continued to unfold. His hands instantly became much thicker and stronger. The sclerites on his back broke through his skin, turning into sharp thorns.

Meanwhile, the sclerite at the end of his backbone spread out completely and extended into a strong tail.

The tail was similar to that of the Ghost Scorpion on the Other Shore. There was even a black needle embedded on its end!

"What happened to me? Why did I change into this?" he complained. He awkwardly stood there like a fool as he observed the changes in his body.

On the other hand, No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit were used to the change of form. After all, they knew that the physical body was just a vessel.

Zen, however, was still unable to accept it at the moment. If he had three heads and six arms, at least he maintained the human shape, but now he was like a monster.

"It's normal to change into the form of the Chaos Ancient God. Don't forget that my master, Gerald, is actually a huge scorpion. In the last round of chaos, he belonged to the Spiritual Scorpion Civilization," No. 9527 comforted him.

Zen had previously seen Gerald's initial appearance in the illusion created by the Snake Goddess, which was in the form of a huge scorpion. Still, he didn't expect himself to turn into a scorpion.

He thought for a while, and then a helpless smile graced his lips. "You are right. I will not show my strange appearance in front of others!" he declared.

He unfolded his hands again, and the green vortex began to gather between his thick palms.

Square Truth Crystals appeared between his hands and quickly accumulated in the vortex. As he placed his hands above his head, a bright green star was formed.

Despite his efforts to suppress it, it was already a thousand times more powerful than the previous Falling Star Palm. If the star fell, the training room would probably be destroyed completely. Thus, he was careful not to drop it.

The energy aura of truth level the vortex had released carried a strong penetrating power. The Land of Sword Grief's training room could block most of the energy aura, but no one expected that someone had cultivated the truth-level theurgy inside it during the time it had been designed.

Even the disciples on the first floor had sensed the energy aura. They were utterly surprised when they felt it.

"What's going on in the first room?"

"What kind of energy aura is that? Why can't the array of the training room block it?"

"It's so strange. The array of the training room was designed by a great master. But why..."

Although they were confused, they didn't dare enter the training room to check what happened. Nevertheless, they became more curious about Zen.

The energy aura lasted for only nine seconds. Zen had absorbed all the energy in the vortex into the sclerites. At the same time, all the sclerites turned over and shrank back. He reverted back to the human form in the blink of an eye, and all the blood power of the Chaos Ancient God had returned inside the sclerites.

To tell the truth, Zen could also use the Chaos Ancient God's blood power even if he didn't activate his form. But if he wanted to try his best, he did have to turn into the strange appearance, which was like a scorpion.

Now that he had a complete set of blood power, he could continue to cultivate Gerald's theurgy. The Falling Star Palm was just Gerald's basic theurgy, but the way the Truth Crystals would be utilized in the future was up to No. 9527.

Yet, at that point, Zen found that something was wrong with the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed he had swallowed.

"The Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed is supposed to disappear after being refined, but why did this happen?" he asked curiously. Naturally, he was confused.

The originally unfolded seed had fully divided into two parts inside his body. Between those two parts floated countless lines of various lengths.

At that moment, his eyebrows suddenly shot up to his forehead. "These lines are the same as those of the Other Shore Key!"

As he thought about it for a little while, the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed that he had swallowed before went up along his belly, and then he spat it out.

After he had refined the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed, the inside of the seed was completely empty. When he placed the two parts of the seed together, those lines appeared again!

"Apart from copying bloodline, does the seed have any other uses?" Just then, his eyes immediately flashed.

As he recalled the Snake Goddess' reaction that day, he remembered that she had shown a rare, hesitant look when they discussed the matter of the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed.

If it could only be used to carry the blood power, the Snake Goddess shouldn't have reacted like that.

The thought of it made him even more interested in those lines!

He stretched out his hand and flipped on the space ring, and a divine crystal appeared in his palm. Then, with a pinch of his hand, the divine crystal was shattered and the internal energy flowed onto the lines.

"Buzz..."

A beam of pale blue light glowed, and the divine crystal had finally activated the Other Shore Key. A map appeared, along with a Sanskrit word!

"It's true that there is an Other Shore Key inside this small Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. It's amazing!" Zen could not help but shout.

Not only Zen but also No. 9527 couldn't understand that.

In the past few years, the Pear Hill had closely protected the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree so that the outsiders couldn't reach it. Only Fuxi and the Snake Goddess in the whole Source World knew the secrets contained in the seeds.

At first, the Snake Goddess didn't want to hand over the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed, but over the past few years, there was no important information discovered from the seeds. Of course, it made Fuxi and the Snake Goddess disappointed. After all, the last seed was hung on the tree as their beacon of hope. They had never picked it off, and at last they gave it to Zen.

They didn't expect that there was an Other Shore Key hidden in the last seed!

Zen carefully protected the seed, and then sent it into his inner world to let Geoffrey decipher it.

By now, Geoffrey was quite familiar with such things. After he had deciphered the Sanskrit word on the Other Shore Key, he said, "Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore..."

Since Zen now had the map and also knew that the temple was located on Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore, it would be easy for him to accurately confirm its position. The other words Geoffrey had said seemed to be meaningless, but they were similar to the Truth of Godly Way. With those words, he could bring the Other Shore Key straight to the Other Shore.

Fortunately, he had done something similar on Stage One of the Other Shore. "Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore?" he said as his eyes narrowed slightly.

Stage Seventeen was not far from Stage Fourteen. His current abilities could allow him to dash there in a snap.

But, why was an Other Shore Key of Stage Seventeen hidden in the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed? Who had put this key inside? What did it have to do with the Pear Hill?

After Zen settled down in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, he decided to investigate this matter.

Chapter 3532 Invitation

In Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore, a giant golden-winged bird soared graciously in the air, spreading out the aura of ferocity.

Such golden-winged birds named Garudas might as well be considered the number one predator of the food chain in this stage. Most creatures on the Other Shore and Souls of Light would flinch and dodge every time they came across one.

The Garuda hovered over a cliff that had a sunken path.

Though the path had existed for quite some time, no one knew how or when it was made.

At the end of the path was a Soul of Light, who had a pair of wings spread out behind the back. They resembled the wings of the demon women in the Divine Lair, except they were larger and more powerful. It was Elizabeth - head of the Divine Lair.

"Before these two had set foot into the Desire World, I had asked help from the Star Falcon race. I wanted them to use all their resources and facilities to kill them," she began explaining.

"However, we failed and the Dark Bear race was wiped out."

Previously, she had been too impatient in dealing with Zen in the Chaotic Source World, which had led to much downfall.

After that experience, she knew not to act so rashly again. She had to remain calm in order to win.

But her calmness did not mean surrendering. She had a plan, and she was going to push through with it no matter what.

However, Zen had shown a great amount of strength the moment he entered the Desire World. He was sure to pose a great threat to her race and their allies.

"Humph! We should not have relied on the Sun Crow race in the first place!" the person beside Elizabeth spewed out. This person was one of the Five-element Emissaries of the Bearing race, the Earth Emissary.

Elizabeth's face darkened at the sound of this. "How can you blame the Sun Crow race for this? The two humans are too powerful. One of them is a purified being!"

The Earth Emissary gasped, "A purified being? How did this purified being even set foot into the Desire World? You might be dreaming." There was no way the Earth Emissary was going to buy it.

When the word spread about Elvinia, they had already speculated that she was a purified being from the very beginning. She was the daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, but she suddenly reappeared on the Other Shore with a clear appearance. Her being a purified being was the only reasonable explanation for this to happen.

But her presence in the Desire World had confused everyone, including Elizabeth.

It was of common knowledge that purified beings could not roam around all stages, because they were rulers of particular stages. If she had managed to enter the Desire World, that would only be possible if she wasn't a purified being. This drove everyone to wonder and debate over her true identity.

"This is not important," Elizabeth snapped. "What's important is their strength. I should ask the Star Falcon race to act soon."

The Star Falcon race resided in the Sky Water City, and proved to be the strongest race in Stage Fourteen.

"And what if the Star Falcon race fails again?" The Earth Emissary challenged Elizabeth. He did not trust anyone at this point.

"Then..." Elizabeth's eyes narrowed. "Then I am afraid no one in Stage Fourteen would be able to defeat them. All we can do is wait for them to move up to the next stages."

"Allowing them to reach higher stages would only make them stronger along the way. You and I probably wouldn't even stand a chance against them!" he shook his head in frustration. "Elizabeth, I have no choice but to report to our emperor. He will report to the Blood Assembly and have the Dark Region deal with them once and for all."

"The creatures of the Dark Region can only act in the darkness. How do you suppose we lure them into the darkness when they know for a fact, that it is dangerous there?" Elizabeth asked.

"Hey, don't worry about that," the emissary chuckled. "I have a plan."

"And your plan is...?" Elizabeth asked, doubting the emissary a little bit.

"All you have to do is ask the Star Falcon race to act as planned. If they kill the two humans, then good for us. But if they fail, you'll be the first one to know my plan." he replied with a smug look on his face.

Meanwhile, in the inner yard of the city lord's mansion, a black Body-strengthening Jade was being held safely in Zen's hands. This particular stone could increase one's body strength in a similar way that the soul crystal could improve the Souls of Light. After entering the Other Shore, all the Wild Gods needed such jades to strengthen their bodies.

"Crack! Crack! Crack... "

With only a slight push, Zen put enough pressure on the stone for it to turn into fine black powder. He gently sent it into his elixir field.

Within seconds, the substance made its way through the elixir field to Zen's meridians. Less than a minute had passed and it was already distributed evenly across his body.

Almost instantly, Zen felt his body grow stronger a bit.

If the Other Shore Power had been destroyed or removed, all the creatures in the Source World would lose much strength. Zen was not an exception to this. His physical strength had been less than a divine megaton at one point. Even after fusing with the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline, his strength did not improve significantly.

Though he was considered to be a big threat to everyone else, his physical strength was still very poor as compared to his Other Shore Power.

"Master Regal Jade, you said before that I would be unable to refine the Body-strengthening Jade," Zen said to the Regal Jade Spirit in his body, "but I just devoured it and everything seems fine."

Prior to entering the Desire World, Zen had never actually seen a Body-strengthening Jade.

His first ever encounter with it was in the iron house inside the energy vertex.

At that time, the Regal Jade Spirit had predicted that Zen wouldn't be able to refine the Body-strengthening Jade, because his body was not cultivated with the Truth of Powerful Holy Body. He proved it wrong by refining the jade quite smoothly into his body.

"It's a little weird." The Regal Jade Spirit thought for a moment and continued, "I guess this means that the Truth of Godly Way of your body has a connection with the Truth of Powerful Holy Body. Otherwise, you wouldn't have been able to refine it at all."

The Regal Jade Spirit couldn't seem to understand it either, but it was probably because the Truths of Godly Ways were hard to understand. Other creatures in the chaos wouldn't understand them clearly either.

There were many features of the Truths of Godly Ways. Some of them repelled one another and some had commonalities. At the time Zen went against the Evil God, he was able to pour the Truth of Three-Energy Construction into the Imperial Sword Seal. This was because this Truth of Godly Way had something in common with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

Zen felt great and happy that his strength had been improved. He didn't plan to stop after refining that first Body-strengthening Jade.

Breaking Zen's solitude, Elvinia stepped in and spread out her arms, smiling at him. "What do you think?"

She wore an ocean blue dress that had light green lace detailing at the hem. Her dress was exquisite, beautiful, and at the same time, emitted a tiny bit of energy.

"You look extraordinary. Was it made by the Guide Weasel race?" Zen asked, appreciating the beauty in front of him.

"Yes! I didn't expect them to be so good with their hands," she said giddily. The dress was not only powerful, but it put her in a great mood.

Zen nodded in agreement. Just then, he picked up another piece of Body-strengthening Jade and handed it to her. "You're here just in time," he said. "Try and see if you can refine this jade."

As a purified being, Elvinia was physically and mentally strong. However, she still had things to learn, like how to use her power wisely.

Zen didn't doubt that she could refine the jade. It seemed that the Other Shore creatures were able to do it, so it should be nothing to Elvinia.

She blinked a couple times and then took the cool-to-touch jade in her hand. "Okay," she said and then turned around and took a seat right next to Zen.

All of a sudden, the stone in her hand shone a brilliant light. "I forgot to tell you something," she said, looking at Zen intently.

"What is it?" Zen asked.

"I invited Letitia and Margaret to live in my Phoenix Palace for a while," she replied, trying not to look him in the eye.

Zen was stunned upon hearing this.

Chapter 3533 An Attack

Back then, Zen had first met Elvinia at the Seven Mountains Meeting. Some time later, Zen returned home after obtaining the Shade Stone, only to find out that Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly had been "invited" by Elvinia to the Phoenix Palace.

Furious, he had stormed the Phoenix Palace to face Elvinia right then and there.

To his surprise, the three women were actually quite content there, so Zen didn't force them to come back. However, now, Elvinia had invited Letitia and Margaret. What was she up to?

"Why didn't you tell me in advance?" Zen frowned deeply.

Elvinia smiled apologetically. "I thought they were bored in the Flow Sword Sect, so I invited them to the Phoenix Palace. Besides, you were busy practicing in seclusion the other day, so I didn't get the chance to tell you."

The Phoenix Palace was not a dangerous place after all, and to a certain extent, it was actually safer than the Flow Sword Sect. Still, it was a bit suspicious that Elvinia was being courteous to Letitia and Margaret.

Zen shook his head. He couldn't figure it out.

He just said, "Forget it. Let's just refine the Body-strengthening Jade."

"Okay." Elvinia nodded meekly.

Zen thought he saw a hint of amusement in her eyes, but it quickly disappeared. She then concentrated on crushing the Body-strengthening Jade for her body to absorb it.

Just like Zen, refining the Body-strengthening Jade was easy for Elvinia.

It was more efficient to strengthen the corporeal body than to enhance the Soul of Light.

For Zen, strengthening his corporeal body meant he could use it outside the Other Shore. Elvinia, on the other hand, couldn't bring her corporeal body outside the Other Shore, so it seemed a bit wasteful to strengthen it.

However, after occupying the Myriad Spirits City, Zen had obtained a lot of resources. Even after he distributed some to the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief, there was still a lot of leftover.

Just as Zen was about to continue refining the Body-strengthening Jade, a bright yellow shadow darted into his line of sight. When his eyes adjusted to the figure approaching him, he realized it was the leader of the Guide Weasel race, Clyde.

"Sir, something is happening in the Sky Water City," Clyde reported anxiously.

Zen and Elvinia exchanged glances.

These days, the Guide Weasel race had been closely observing the movements of the Sky Water City. No matter what the news was, they would report everything to Zen.

"What is it?" Zen asked with one eyebrow raised.

"The elite members of the Star Falcon race are coming straight to the Myriad Spirits City." Clyde's small, beady eyes looked serious as he spoke.

The Star Falcon race was able to occupy the Sky Water City, and their strength was far greater than that of the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race. In the past few years, the Star Falcon race had also thought of attacking the Myriad Spirits City, but it would cause a lot of trouble, so the two races had been living a relatively peaceful time.

Unexpectedly, because of Zen and Elvinia, the Star Falcon race decided now was the time to strike. In Clyde's eyes, they were a force to be reckoned with.

However, to the Guide Weasel race, while this might have seemed like imminent doom, it was also a rare opportunity.

If Zen wiped out the elite members of the Star Falcon race, the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race would be able to counterattack and take charge of the Sky Water City.

So when Clyde saw the elite members of the Star Falcon race come out, he excitedly raced to Zen to tell him the news.

Zen handed over the Body-strengthening Jade to Elvinia, who tucked it into her space ring. Looking up to the sky, Zen asked, "How long before they arrive?"

"With the speed of the Star Falcon race, roughly two hours," Clyde replied. "We're ready to fight at any time!"

Knowing Zen and Elvinia were incredibly powerful, the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race were confident. Banking on the two's strength, they were willing to go all out.

"Good. Ask all the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace to leave the Other Shore. You, come with me to the gate of the city." Zen stood up and walked out of the City Guard House, with Elvinia at his heels.

Standing at the gate, Zen had an overlooking view of the broad plain in the distance.

The purple light was dancing in the sky. It was constantly giving off pressure. The Souls of Light could feel the coldness if they were shrouded in the purple light, but when it struck on Zen's body, it was like a piece of hot charcoal, causing a faint burning sensation from time to time.

On the city wall, the mole crickets, carrying Green Kylin Bows in their hands, stood still. They were the aboriginals of the Myriad Spirits City, and they had always obeyed the orders of the City Guard House. After Zen took over the City Guard House, they became somewhat like his private soldiers.

In addition to the mole crickets as archers, many Giants who held massive clubs also stood on the city wall. They looked menacing, as though a swing of a club would break down half the city wall.

As for the members of the Guide Weasel race, they were hiding on both sides of the city wall. Like the Ear Mice, they were small, so they were not suitable for direct combat. However, they were agile and nimble; their secret tactic was to land fatal blows up close, which was extremely hard to guard against.

Roughly an hour later, there was a dot of light in the distance, as though a star suddenly lit up. In the blink of an eye, many more stars appeared, dotting the broad plain before them.

"What beautiful stars!" Elvinia said under her breath.

"They are not stars," said Clyde, who overheard her. "They are Star Falcons. They're almost upon us!"

The Star Falcon was a very ferocious bird, with a dazzling star-like diamond embedded on its chest.

As the Star Falcons got closer and closer, Elvinia could see their wings flapping with the wind.

"You stay here and don't leave the city wall," Zen suddenly said to Elvinia.

Elvinia didn't know how to fly. Even though she had a strong body as a purified being, it was still risky for her to face the Star Falcon race.

"Fine." Elvinia frowned slightly. She didn't like to feel useless in times of trouble.

"Thirty thousand feet!" Clyde announced.

"Twenty thousand feet!"

"Ten thousand feet!"

Clyde narrowed his beady eyes at the flying figures closing in on them.

"Eight thousand feet! Shoot!"

he commanded the archers.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Like green rain, arrows whizzed through the air towards the Star Falcons.

From the receiving end of the arrows, the largest Star Falcon at the forefront squinted at the city wall.

It was the leader of the Star Falcon race, Hans.

Thanks to their exceptional vision, the Star Falcons could see the figures on the wall of the Myriad Spirits City clearly.

Finally, Hans' eyes landed on what he was looking for. "Strange," Hans murmured. "The two targets are in plain sight."

He didn't care about the failures of the Ghost Scorpion and the Dark Bear race.

The Star Falcon race was above all the races in the Light Region of Stage Fourteen; they were the rulers there.

The second Hans received the request from the Sun Crow race, he had agreed with no hesitation. It seemed to be a good opportunity to invade the Myriad Spirits City.

Unbothered by the volley of arrows coming straight for him, Hans simply flapped his wide wings.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A strong wind blew from Hans' incredible wings, sending the arrows backwards till they plummeted to the ground.

Chapter 3534 Counterattack

Witnessing their chief flick away the volley of arrows as though they were but toothpicks, the rest of the Star Falcon race cheered.

"The Myriad Spirits City is still weak!"

"They are too weak! This city should have been occupied by our Star Falcon race long ago!"

"You know nothing! The best way is to control it through the Dark Bear race. There is no need for us to take over this city!"

The members of the Star Falcon race cackled amongst themselves as they flew towards the city wall. The Star Falcon race thought very highly of themselves, and had always belittled the Myriad Spirits City.

So it had piqued their curiosity when their chief decided to gather all their forces just to kill two human targets.

This was unacceptable-- beneath them, really.

Due to their relationship with the Sun Crow race, the Star Falcon race had always protected the Souls of Light of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race. And these two races also enjoyed a high status in the Sky Water City, but even so, the Star Falcon race still thought lowly of humans.

In their eyes, the humans were weak. But their human targets had even bodies on the Other Shore!

"Aoo!"

All of a sudden, Hans let out a high pitched cry, commanding his troops to strike back.

Obeying their chief, all the Star Falcons spread out their wings in unison. The diamond embedded in their chests glowed, emitting a trace of star radiance that formed a ring.

This ring grew bigger and bigger, till it was as big as their massive bodies.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

From within the ring, thousands of long and thin light swords with star radiance shot out towards the city wall. These swords were several times more powerful than the green arrows shot by the mole crickets!

Squeak! "Activate the array!" Clyde ordered promptly.

In no time, several Guide Weasels hiding in the darkness activated the array that was arranged on the city wall.

The Guide Weasel race had lived in the Myriad Spirits City since time immemorial. Over the years, they had planted arrays in the city. One, in particular, was the Heavenly Harmony Array at the front of the city. This array had been gifted to them a long time ago by an ancient civilization.

"Buzz!"

A thick, white fog rose from the ground, enshrouding the whole city wall.

Once the Star Falcons' swords pierced the fog, it was as though they had landed in jelly. The long, thin swords then abruptly turned around, and shot back from whence they came.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

"The white fog is sending our starry swords back!"

"Split up!"

The Star Falcons that had been soaring in the air panicked, and anxiously spread out to dodge the swords shooting back at them. Amazingly, no one got hurt.

"Chief, what should we do?"

"The array they're using is strange... How did they bounce back our starry swords!"

However, Hans just snorted at them. Impatiently, he let out another piercing cry.

"Keep attacking!"

This order confused many Star Falcons. But since it was given by their chief, they just obeyed, and continued to form more starry rings, shooting more starry swords towards the city.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Facing the second volley of thin swords, the Giants standing on the city wall laughed.

It was a well-known fact that the Star Falcon race was the strongest race in Stage Fourteen. However, this battle seemed to be proving that fact wrong. How could the Star Falcon race be so foolish as to launch the same attack once more? Undoubtedly, these starry swords would be bounced back to the sky by the Heavenly Harmony Array again, no matter how powerful they were.

The instant the starry swords fell, a tearing sound suddenly came from below the city wall.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With a burst of roars coming from the bottom of the city wall, a great number of creatures in green armor drilled out from the ground. They were from the Mountain Breaking race. They had lived in the Sky Water City and followed the Star Falcon race since a long time ago.

Back when the Dark Bear race was in charge of the City Guard House, the Star Falcon race had already dug out all the secrets of the Myriad Spirits City. Of course they'd been expecting the Heaven Harmony Array!

The Star Falcon race launching attacks from the sky was actually a distraction. In order to let the Mountain Breaking race sneak in from underground, they were willing to risk looking foolish.

Alas, the array's foundation was destroyed. The white fog that had been shrouding the city dissipated into thin air. Then, the starry swords shot down like heavy rain.

A Giant who had been smirking just seconds prior was suddenly impaled by a starry sword, falling to the ground with a heavy thud. Pained cries filled the air as other creatures were being shot.

"Damn it!"

Raul brandished a thick metal club. The club shadows covered Zen's and Elvinia's heads, smashing the starry swords that fell on this area into pieces.

"Sir! The Heavenly Harmony Array has been destroyed. We have to retreat!" Clyde said urgently.

The biggest advantage of the Star Falcon race was that they could fly.

On the contrary, the Giants were good at head-on combat, whereas the Guide Weasels were good at sneaky assassination. Neither of the two races had a chance against the enemy they were facing now.

Click! Click! Click!

As each of the starry swords dropped, it would pierce the city wall, leaving a deep gash. In the blink of an eye, the city wall was already riddled with holes.

"If we retreat, we can't kill them," Zen said firmly, staring at the Star Falcons in the sky.

"If they want to occupy the Myriad Spirits City, they will have to land first. Only then will we have a chance!" Clyde analyzed.

"Clyde's right. But their target is the two of you," echoed Raul, who stood nearby.

Although they were full of fighting spirit, they were keenly aware that they couldn't fight against the Star Falcon race without the Heavenly Harmony Array. It was reasonable for them to retreat first.

"There's no need to retreat," Zen said calmly.

Elvinia gently asked, "Do you want me to send you up?"

"Okay." Zen smiled.

Elvinia suddenly yanked the metal club from Raul's hands, leaving him stunned.

A mighty creature like Raul should've been able to respond quickly, since he regarded his weapon as important as his own life.

But even if Raul had been quick enough to respond, in that moment, he had felt an incredible power from Elvinia's slender arms. There was no way he could've resisted. The metal club was instantly taken away by Elvinia.

Elvinia then raised the metal club towards the sky, and Zen jumped onto it.

"Bang!"

From Elvinia's fingers erupted a powerful force, which was channeled through the club, shooting Zen thousands of feet into the air.

If Zen's body was any weaker, this strike would've destroyed his body.

Raul was absolutely dumbfounded. Even the residual force from the smash hurt his face. But Zen was able to withstand it. How strong was this man?

As Zen shot into the sky, a pair of thunder wings appeared on his back. Thanks to Elvinia's little trick, Zen flew like a flash of lightning.

Before the Star Falcons had the time to react, they heard a thunderous roar and then felt a heavy blow on their chests. Disgruntled, they lost their balance and plunged to the ground.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Zen's body had suddenly turned into a lightning arc in the air, hitting Star Falcons one after another without a break. Once his body arc hit a Star Falcon, it would plummet down, a black mark seared on the chest.

In about ten seconds, more than twenty Star Falcons had already plunged to their deaths, most of which were elites!

The rest of the Star Falcons were shocked. Hans, shaking his head, tried to gather his wits.

Chapter 3535 Capture The Leader

Of course, letting Zen kill them like that was out of the question.

According to their intel, there was no record of Zen being able to fly. They imagined Zen would be struck down by the human woman's club!

Zen's flexible figure was reflected in Hans' eyes.

"Aoo..."

With a piercing cry from Hans, all the Star Falcons spread their wings and quickly distanced themselves from each other!

This space between them made it difficult for Zen to kill them.

Zen could not fly very fast as he was relying on the Thunderstorm Godly Way to fly.

He had just been shot up into the air by Elvinia's power, and as he rose he was able to strike down more than twenty Star Falcons in an instant with his great power. But now, he began to get slower and slower.

"Crack!"

He rushed at another Star Falcon, who suddenly tilted his wings and flew to the other side, dodging Zen's attack with great agility.

After Zen failed to hit anything, a huge Star Falcon dashed towards him.

His name was Garth and he was Hans' assistant, second only to Hans in terms of strength and status in the Star Falcon race.

On the front end of his wings were many silver spangles.

The surface of the spangles was engraved with an ancient array. Under the array, all the spangles were sharp as blades.

This was the magic weapon created by the Riverside race.

"Phew!"

Garth raised his wings and charged at Zen at an astonishing speed, moving like a flying saber. In the blink of an eye, he slashed at Zen.

Seeing the dazzling spangles on his wings, Zen abruptly somersaulted in the air and nimbly dodged the attack.

But the Star Falcon race was a flying race after all, so every member could pretty much fly from birth. Naturally they were more experienced in aerial combat than human beings.

Garth seemed to have predicted Zen's movement and as he moved backwards, Garth screeched excitedly and flew in the same direction as he did. He rushed towards him rotating his body at the same time!

"Swish, swish, swish..."

The other Star Falcons' eyes ignited with joy on seeing this.

"Garth's blade cyclone!"

"It will cut anything in its path to tiny pieces!"

"That brat is doomed!"

The Star Falcons hadn't expected Zen to kill more than twenty of their companions in an instant, so their great resentment was to be expected. Of course they hoped that Garth would chop Zen into pieces and that they could then eat him after.

However, what they did not know was that battling with the physical body was the least of Zen's fears.

Garth's wings rotated crazily and rolled towards Zen, when in a flash Zen grabbed at Garth ferociously.

"How dare you lay your hands on me! Brat!" Garth sneered.

The spangles on his wings were called 'Heavenly Feather Teeth'. Each of them was carefully made by the most renowned craftsmen of the Riverside race. In order to make and gather 36 spangles, both the Riverside race and the Star Falcon race had paid a hefty price.

Except for a few defensive weapons of Stage Fourteen, nothing else could withstand the wings' slicing ability, let alone the physical human body. Even the city walls of the Myriad Spirits City were soft as mud before his wings.

A huge clang rang out as Zen's hand blocked Garth's right wing. Not only had his wing failed to cut Zen's hand, it had slammed into something unbelievably hard!

"Oh no! What is in this human brat's palm? It has somehow managed to block my Heavenly Feather Teeth!"

Garth was startled and attempted to withdraw his right wing.

Only then did he feel Zen's iron grip as his hand didn't budge at all. Garth was stuck.

In a moment of desperation, he slashed at Zen with his left wing, but before the blow could land, his wing was clamped by Zen's other hand!

"Aoo..."

In a panic, Garth squawked a sharp cry for help, at the same time dragging Zen and rolling desperately in the air.

Even Hans, the leader, had believed that Garth could defeat Zen, yet he had cried for help so soon. He was considered as one of the best fighters in the Star Falcon race!

Shocked at the scene before them, no Star Falcon nearby dared to rush forward!

Finally, Hans flew up and swooped at Zen. No matter what, he had to save Garth first!

"He is finally coming!"

Zen noticed Hans approaching as he was rolling over.

The most effective method was to kill the leader of the race first, just as he had killed the leader of the Dark Bear race and then destroyed the rest. Once the leader was taken care of, dealing with the rest would be a piece of cake.

Hans was massive and had been issuing all the orders. Zen had long set his sights on him as his highest priority target.

"Hey..."

Zen grabbed Garth's wings and pulled him towards his chest. Garth shot at him with a shriek.

Zen curled up and suddenly stretched his legs out to bounce off of Garth!

"Boom!"

Zen kicked off him releasing a power of around 2000 divine megatons.

The physical body of a bird was weaker than an ordinary creature. How could Garth bear this force?

Zen's foot prints sank down into Garth's chest. The bones and viscera in his body shattered and his huge body plummeted down.

Zen darted like an arrow, at incredible speed once more, by using the counterforce.

As the chief leader of the Star Falcon race, Hans was the smartest and most powerful of them all.

He remained vigilant, his eyes focused intently as he approached Zen. He had seen how he handled Garth and this put him on guard.

To Hans' surprise, when he was still over 200 feet away, Zen had stamped on Garth and rushed to him by means of the counterforce!

'I'm his target?'

An idea popped into Hans' mind.

"Illusory Transformation! Escape!"

The bird's innate alertness would probably save him, if Zen was not the one he was up against.

Hans displayed a weird movement skill. His wings rolled and formed many golden shadows which spread in all directions like thousands of Star Falcons.

"You hope to escape with just a little trick?"

Zen's gaze was fixed on Hans' real figure and he stretched out towards him.

But his hand went right through the figure like it was a cloud and it disappeared before his eyes.

This bodily movement skill was somewhat similar to the Eight Smoky Melodies that Zen had cultivated and even the feather of Wing King. Unfortunately, using such a skill before Zen was a display of one's meager ability to an expert.

Chapter 3536 Die With Me

Failing to capture Hans, Zen activated the Civilization Artifact in his body, and then a cyan feather suddenly sprouted from his body.

He felt his body become extraordinarily light. He reached out his hand again and this time, successfully grabbed Hans' tail though he moved swiftly via Illusory Transformation!

"Aoo!"

Hans howled in frustration. He flapped his wings wildly, stirring up strong winds that buffeted Zen.

Now that he had been caught by Zen, how would he be able to escape?

Elvinia who stood on the city wall, focused her eyes on the scene that had unfolded in midair. It was not exciting for her; she even felt a bit bored.

On the other hand, Raul and Clyde gasped in shock as their eyes widened in awe.

"Isn't that Hans, the leader of the Star Falcon race? This is incredible!" Clyde exclaimed.

As the leader of the Guide Weasel race, Clyde had already encountered Hans in the past.

That powerful Star Falcon had shown true arrogance in front of the Guide Weasel race. Clyde was already the leader of the Guide Weasel race but he still felt inferior in front of Hans.

It was hard to believe that Hans was seized by Zen so easily, and he looked extremely miserable, "I have wanted to smash that face myself for so long!" Raul grunted as he looked at his own metal club in Elvinia's hand.

Elvinia held it with one hand casually.

The metal club was thick and extremely heavy. It took Raul a lot of effort to carry it. However, the thin human girl had been able to hold it easily in just one hand. Seeing her toughness and strength made Raul doubt the talents of the Giants.

"If Zen really defeats Hans, that's one less problem for us," Clyde mused with a chuckle.

The Star Falcon race had taken advantage of their tremendous strength to put the Sky Water City under their control.

When their strength waned and people noticed it, a rebellion would probably take place to overthrow their power in the Sky Water City.

In the past, the Dark Bear race had used their strength to forcibly take over the City Guard House. Unexpectedly, it was not Zen who made the first move to control the City Guard House but the Guide Weasel race and the

Giants. Zen's role was only to kill the strongest one, and that was all they would have required of him.

Hans tried his best to shake Zen off. He dragged Zen up and down while the other Star Falcons followed closely behind them. Fear and panic were visible in their eyes. They needed to think of a way to rescue their leader from Zen's clutches, fast.

"Kill him!" Hans ordered in a commanding voice.

The moment they heard his order, all of the Star Falcons raised their wings in response, forming starry rings.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Starry swords shot straight towards Zen from all directions, looking like sparkling golden streaks.

However, as Zen had grasped Hans by his tail, the other Star Falcons hesitated in attacking in fear of injuring their leader. As a result, they weren't able to shoot at Zen accurately.

Moreover, it seemed like Zen was protected by invisible rules after he had activated the feather of the Wing King. Even if there was a stray starry sword that luckily managed to get within striking distance from Zen, he would have easily dodged it by shaking his body slightly.

Therefore, even a synchronized attack from such a multitude of Star Falcons wasn't enough to put even the tiniest scratch on Zen.

Zen slowly made his way up Hans' body by grabbing his tail bit by bit until he eventually reached Hans' back. Suddenly, he leaped to grab Hans' neck and whispered coldly, "If you still want to live, go down!"

It was extremely easy for Zen to kill the Star Falcon right then and there, but it would produce a better reaction if he controlled him in the Myriad Spirits City!

"Do you want the Star Falcon race to surrender? Over our dead bodies!" Hans lifted his head proudly.

"You think you have a choice?" Zen asked.

Breaking the giant Star Falcon's neck was just like snapping a twig for Zen.

"Of course I have! Star Stasis!"

Hans trilled once again. In response, the gem embedded in his chest began to glow brightly, scintillating with a brilliant starry light.

"Buzz!"

A huge starry ring rapidly spread out along his wings and formed a sphere, totally engulfing his body together with Zen.

The scant space within the sphere was just enough to contain Hans' bird body and Zen's own. His large wings still extended beyond the boundaries of the sphere.

As the sphere enveloped Zen, it also exerted a resistance force. Zen suddenly felt his strength being sapped, as if he had fallen into quicksand, the resistance weighing his body down at a great extent.

Aside from losing his strength, he also felt that the flow of blood and air, as well as the transmission of sound, were extremely slowed down.

"What... Is... This... Strength..." Even Zen's speech became slurred. An expression of surprise came over his features.

"It doesn't matter what type of strength it is; I'm taking you down with me!" Hans sneered.

A slight tilt of Hans' wings outside the sphere made both of them glide in the sky and turn towards the east of the Myriad Spirits City.

Clyde, who had been standing on the city wall, was shocked when he saw what happened. "Oh no! It looks like Hans wants to bring Zen into the Dark

Region!"

"The Dark Region?" Elvinia blinked her eyes in shock, refusing to believe what she had just heard.

"Yes! East of the Myriad Spirits City, and beyond the Heavenly Dark Mountain and the Earthly Dark Mountain, there is a corner of the Dark Region. That must be where they are headed!" Clyde explained, a tinge of worry in his voice.

"Zen will be doomed," Raul said with a horrified expression.

Both Raul and Clyde were creatures from the Other Shore. They had always stayed in the Light Region as it was ingrained in them that the Dark Region was a dangerous place. All the creatures in the Light Region were taught to be cautious of the Dark Region from the moment that they were born.

"He has..."

Elvinia stopped in the middle of her sentence. She had wanted to reassure them that Zen had Darkness Fruits and candles that were enough to enable him to stay in the Dark Region, but she belatedly realized that Zen had not been carrying a space ring on his body. All of the Darkness Fruits and candles were in her possession!

"Gosh! Take me to the Dark Region!"

Elvinia threw Raul's metal club forcefully. The club tumbled in the air for more than ten times then embedded into the city wall with a metallic clang.

As she launched herself into the air, she straightened her legs together tightly. Her whole body resembled an arrow that had just been shot from a bow, heading directly east!

Clyde and Raul followed closely on her heels.

Raul's body was immense, and every step he took would have spanned about three hundred feet. Clyde's extreme speed was one of his advantages over other creatures. Both of them had not been able to catch up to Elvinia, but they weren't far behind her.

They could not help themselves from worrying.

If Zen met his fateful end here, it wouldn't end well for them, either!

On the other hand, they wouldn't achieve anything good by going there!

No one was able to prevent Hans from bringing Zen with him into the Dark Region!

Although Zen had been engulfed by the Star Stasis, dying had been far from his mind. He knew that with his current body, those starry swords would be harmless to him.

But when Hans took Zen and leapt through two mountains, a dark area was revealed in front of their eyes!

"The Dark Region!

You want to drag me into the Dark Region?!" Zen's expression rapidly changed into a dire one.

Without the Darkness Fruits and candles, no one who had entered the Dark Region had ever survived. Zen didn't think that he was an exception.

He probably knew far more about the Dark Region than Hans, who had been a creature of the Light Region!

"My starry gem has already begun to burn, and there is no chance for me to live. You should feel honored that I'm taking you to die with me!" Hans shrieked.

The starry gem was a gemstone embedded in the chest of the Star Falcons. The Star Stasis with the greatest resistance could only be activated by burning the starry gem.

Once the starry gem was fully consumed and burnt out, it would also be the end of Hans' life.

Chapter 3537 The Light From The Crack

One could compare the Dark Region to a huge, black beast that spanned the eastern region of Stage Fourteen.

The area Zen saw was part of the Dark Region's far end, closest to the Myriad Spirits City.

Hans had no intention of perishing together with Zen. He was the mighty leader of the Star Falcon race! He had a lot to live for.

However, it seemed that death was the only way to go after he discovered Zen's true power.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

There was a sharp sound as the wings outside the ball flapped and carried Zen towards the Dark Region.

"Chief!" one of his followers called out. "There's no need to perish with this human man!"

"Chief, please! There must be another way!"

The other Star Falcons continued to plead as they followed behind their leader.

Only an hour had passed since their attack on the Myriad Spirits City but in that short time period, all elite members of their race had been eliminated. Garth, so mighty and strong, also died in Zen's hands. The only solution Hans could think of in order to subdue Zen was to bring him into the Dark Region.

The Star Falcons could only grovel at his feet to persuade him not to go.

"Get out of the way!" Hans roared, his patience worn thin by his insistent followers.

He had already made his decision and there was no way he was going to change his mind.

His roar sent his followers scampering away. There was no stopping their leader anymore. All they could do was stay out of his way and let him head into the Dark Region.

Meanwhile, Zen was struggling within the ball.

The power released by the Star Stasis was strange. It was a type of sealing power that froze Zen's entire body.

He looked on as the ball took him closer to the Dark Region, his expression growing grimmer by the second.

In between the Heavenly Dark Mountain and the Earthy Dark Mountain was a low mountain ridge.

Elvinia rushed to the foot of the ridge and released her full strength, shooting forward like an arrow.

The force she exerted was enough to shake the earth.

Clyde and Raul trailing behind her could only look on in shock as cracks appeared on the ground Elvinia walked on.

Over time, Elvinia's speed decreased and she fell on a slope at the side of the mountain.

Crack!

A huge crack like a spider web appeared where she stood before she was suddenly off again!

Elvinia stopped for two or three times more to get a break. Pretty soon, she saw the Star Falcons and Hans rushing towards the Dark Region at breakneck speed.

A trace of horror appeared in her eyes. "No..."

There was no way she could allow Zen to be brought into the Dark Region like this!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Clyde and Raul, who had been closely following her this whole time, were shell-shocked at what they saw.

"He's doomed." Raul muttered hopelessly.

Clyde shook his head. "The Star Stasis is said to be able to stop the flow of all energy. There's no way he'll be able to resist it."

Falling into the Dark Region had a multitude of consequences. No matter how strong Zen was, death was inescapable.

However, Clyde had a plan.

Zen's death wasn't going to be that big of a deal if Elvinia was still alive. Her strength wasn't any weaker than Zen's, or that was what Clyde thought since she was undefeatable in Stage Fourteen.

While the two paused to think about their current situation, Elvinia began to release a soft aura.

As she did so, her pupils rolled up so that the only thing visible were the whites of her eyes.

"Princess Elvinia..." Raul called out in shock by her appearance.

Clyde was the same and could only helplessly call out for her, "Princess Elvinia?"

She seemed to have lost her consciousness but her body thrummed with power. Elvinia's hands were raised in front of her with wisps of white light emanating between her fingers.

Light wasn't something that could be easily controlled.

Most, if not all, usually scattered and formed a simple line.

However, the one Elvinia released was forming several unique shapes.

"What are those?" Raul asked.

The sight of these blazing white lights made Clyde's eyes twitch.

As the leader of the Guide Weasel race, he was privy to the legends that circulated about the Dark Region.

It was said that purified beings could create lights that had the ability to eliminate all creatures of the Dark Region.

Could it be as the legends said? Was Elvinia a purified being?

There was no way!

She was from a world outside the Other Shore. There was no way she could be a purified being.

However, the more Clyde thought about it, the more confused he became. If Elvinia wasn't a purified being, then what other explanation would be reasonable?

The moment Elvinia crossed her hands, the light in her eyes suddenly went out, revealing her pupils once again. Her face was pale with fatigue and she promptly passed out on the ground.

Just as she fell, Raul reached out and caught her in his huge palm. "Princess Elvinia!" he cried out, trying to shake her awake. "Oh, my God..." Clyde murmured in disbelief.

"What the heck happened?" Raul asked with a helpless expression.

Darkness covered the whole Dark Region.

However, at that moment, a huge crack suddenly appeared in the sky above the edge of the Dark Region. It emitted a blazing white light that blinded anyone who dared look at it.

The Star Falcons could do nothing but watch as their leader was swallowed in the darkness and disappeared from view.

As soon as Hans entered the Dark Region, the energy within it began to erode his corporeal body.

His hair, his flesh, and even his bones cracked instantly.

Zen, who was wrapped in the Star Stasis, was able to resist.

However, as creatures of the Light Region, it was only a matter of time before they got completely devoured by the darkness.

Just when Hans thought he had achieved his goal, a crack suddenly appeared in the sky and bright light flooded the Dark Region.

This bright light completely won over the darkness and illuminated an area with a radius of a hundred miles.

"What the heck?!"

Hans exclaimed in disbelief.

They were in the Dark Region.

Where in the world did this light come from?

There was no way that was possible. Hans racked his brains but couldn't figure out an explanation.

The creatures of the Dark Region were the ones that bore the brunt of this light's sudden appearance. The moment it touched them, they all burned to ashes and died.

It was in this way that the dark demon plants, which stood ten thousand feet high, and the five-color earthly dragons perished.

Chapter 3538 The Pear Hill Stronghold

It was known that despite having turned into ashes, things in the Dark Region could not exist in the light.

The white light had eroded them, and as a result their ashes had completely dissipated.

Almost everything was swept away, to the point that the area within a hundred-mile radius was practically spotless and abnormally clean.

As for the creature from the Star Falcon race, Hans, he was now on the verge of death.

He had burned his starry gem, while the Dark Region had eroded his whole body.

"How... How did you make it?" he couldn't help but ask Zen when they fell down together. Apparently, he thought that Zen had created that beam of light.

Zen looked at the Star Falcon in front of him, who was at the last moments of his life. "Because we have a purified being," he said with a smile.

Back in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, he had witnessed how Elvinia had released such a terrifyingly powerful burst of light.

Yet at that time, the Great Sanskrit Light, which had descended from the sky, was only sustained for a short period of time. Now, the Great Sanskrit Light that came from the space crack was almost too dazzling, as if it was going to change the entire Dark Region into the Light Region.

It meant only one thing, and that was Elvinia's abilities had improved.

"A purified being?" Hans gasped.

His originally enlarged eyes glinted with anxiety.

Zen noticed it, and wondered what Hans was worried about. Before he could ask about it, Hans' eyes closed shut and he fell straight down.

Zen's eyes narrowed into slits as he looked up at the huge crack in the sky. He suddenly felt curious. "How could the crack be filled with Great Sanskrit Light? What kind of world is inside?" he muttered.

Even Elvinia couldn't answer the question, and unfortunately it was also impossible for him to explore the crack now.

He was still in the Dark Region and didn't know how long the crack would be there. Once it closed, the Dark Region would probably be back again.

Without Hans' disturbance, the thunder wings on his back spread out once more. Zen sped up in the air and quickly left the Dark Region.

The other members of the Star Falcon race had seen Zen and Hans enter the Dark Region, but they didn't expect such a strange thing to happen. When they saw Zen fly back with the help of the thunder wings, all the Star Falcons immediately flew away in all directions.

Zen didn't plan on chasing and killing them anyway.

Now that Hans, the chief of the Star Falcon race was dead, all the other things could be easily solved.

Just as the Star Falcons had flown away, the crack in the sky slowly healed, and the incandescent light gradually disappeared into the crack. The Dark

Region had engulfed the originally white-colored area, and it was once again covered in darkness.

As soon as Zen saw the endless darkness envelope the space in front of him, something popped up in his mind. The Dark Region and the Light Region belonged to two different areas, but he didn't know how the Dark Region came into being.

"Crack..."

Zen's thunder wings let out a sizzling sound. He flew up towards the Heavenly Dark Mountain and Earthly Dark Mountain at once.

When he passed through the ridge that was connected to the two mountains, he saw Clyde and Raul, as well as Elvinia who was in Raul's huge palm.

Zen frowned and immediately flew down.

The two creatures of the Other Shore, Raul and Clyde, did not react at all until now.

They just stayed there with dull expressions on their faces. "What happened to Elvinia?" Zen asked.

"Well, you can blame it on what happened just now. She used too much of her strength," Raul said and pointed up at the sky far away. "So, she fainted."

Placing his hand on Elvinia's forehead, Zen detected that her soul wasn't damaged and her breathing was even. He was relieved. Afterwards, he gently lifted her off Raul's palm and put her on his back.

"Let's go back and discuss the thing further!" As he spoke, he spread out his wings and flew towards the direction of the Myriad Spirits City.

Just like that, the battle with the Star Falcon race ended.

Zen had originally thought that things would've gone simpler. It turned out that he had underestimated the creatures on the Other Shore.

Another day had passed.

The atmosphere was busy as the strong warriors of the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race gathered together in the City Guard House.

A creature from the Other Shore stood in the front of the hall. He looked like a human being even with his blue skin, long hands and feet, and the long beard on his face that touched the ground.

"Who is this?" Zen asked upon seeing the strange creature. "He belongs to the Riverside race," Clyde answered respectfully.

There was a time when Zen heard that the Riverside race belonged in the Myriad Spirits City before.

Later on, they moved to the Sky Water City. All of them were known for being skillful craftsmen.

"The Riverside race? From the Sky Water City?" Zen asked. "Sir, all the members of the Star Falcon race have fled back to the Sky Water City after they were defeated.

Now, the Sky Water City is in a mess, and our race is also suffering. Please send people to drive the Star Falcon race out of the Sky Water City!" the man from the Riverside race pleaded.

Overall, the creatures of the Other Shore in the city had lived in peace when the Star Falcon race had controlled the Sky Water City.

Yet, the Star Falcon race suddenly became weak, so the races they had suppressed naturally started to rebel. Some races even intended to eliminate the whole Star Falcon race, as proof of their surrender to Zen, just like what the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race had done before.

On the other hand, the members of the Riverside race were born to be fond of peace and calm life, and didn't like to fight with other races. That was why the man from the Riverside race had rushed to the Myriad Spirits City, in hopes that Zen would occupy the Sky Water City right away.

"Sir, we, the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race will go to the Sky Water City. There's no need for you to go there in person!" Clyde added hastily.

Zen casually glanced at Clyde, then was able to read his mind.

The Star Falcon race had lost its core leaders after Hans and Garth died. As a result, their fighting capacity was reduced by several levels. Zen could now conquer the Sky Water City quite easily.

Unfortunately, Elvinia had been in a coma since she returned to the City Guard House. Thus, Zen wasn't in the mood to besiege the Sky Water City.

Besides, he wasn't in a hurry--but the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race were extremely anxious!

Of course, he would leave Stage Fourteen sooner or later. By then, the two races would work together to control the Sky Water City and the Myriad Spirits City. That was what they had been dreaming of for so long. In the past, they could only fantasize about such a thing. Now that they already had a foundation to realize their dreams, what else could they do but pursue them?

To wipe out the Star Falcon race, the Guide Weasel race had most likely instigated the Riverside race to seek help from Zen.

"In this case, you can go there and fight," Zen said faintly.

His words were like a king's decree as Clyde and Raul quickly lit up with excitement. In a snap, they were gone along with the man from the Riverside race.

It wasn't long before the news about the defeat of the Star Falcon race and Hans' death had spread throughout the Sky Water City. At that time, most of the members of the Star Falcon race tried to stabilize and comfort the other races of the Other Shore in the Sky Water City.

When dusk came, six members of the Star Falcon race quietly left the Sky Water City and flew south.

Many great races in the Source World had chosen to establish their strongholds in the Myriad Spirits City or the Sky Water City, but there were some exceptions.

For example, the stronghold of Pear Hill wasn't located in either of those cities, but at another area in Stage Fourteen. After a while of flying in the air, the six members of the Star Falcon race finally landed on top of the Pear Hill stronghold.

Chapter 3539 Evil Plot

It was true that not all of the strong races established their strongholds in either the Myriad Spirits City or the Sky Water City.

In fact, many of them chose to open up a gathering place in the wilderness of the Other Shore, and founded their strongholds there. It was dangerous, but it gave them more freedom.

For instance, the Pear Hill's stronghold in Stage Fourteen was in the wilderness not far from the Dark Region.

Since the Pear Hill had settled there, some relatively weak races and even some creatures from the Other Shore had also moved to the same place. After half a chaotic era had passed, their stronghold had grown to a certain size and formed a small town.

The six Star Falcons soared up above the town, their huge bodies covered in the darkness. Only the starry gems shone brightly on their chests.

If one didn't look carefully, the bright dots in the sky looked just like equally-distanced stars, instead of the actual Star Falcons that were flying up above.

In the town below, a white-haired ape was observing the six stars.

The ape came from the White Ape race in Stage Fourteen. The White Ape race used to live in the Sky Water City, but later on they became an enemy of the Star Falcon race due to some conflicts. At last, they were even driven out from the city.

In these years, the White Ape race had been working hard to return to the Sky Water City.

The ape, however, didn't exactly know about the chaos that had been happening in the Sky Water City over the past few days. He only knew that someone from the Star Falcon race had contacted him and asked for help. If he succeeded, then the whole White Ape race could return to the Sky Water City.

It was truly a great opportunity for the White Ape race!

This ape had been staying in the small town for a long time, so he had a good relationship with the Pear Hill. Moreover, he had helped some of the Souls of Light from the Pear Hill when they had been in trouble.

When he was done gazing at the six stars in the sky, he looked at the stronghold of the Pear Hill and said, "The White Ape race has helped the Pear Hill a lot. Now, it's time for you to repay us..."

Afterwards, he walked straight into the Pear Hill's stronghold.

As the Pear Hill members were familiar with the White Ape race, none of them stopped the ape when they saw him.

The ape entered the inner area, where he found a member of the Snake Goddess race from the Pear Hill. Her name was Naomi, and she was the leader of the Snake Spirit Sect. She had been at the Chaotic Source Realm for over a hundred years.

Recently, she had returned to Stage Fourteen to guide the members of the Pear Hill who had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm.

"Whitehead, what brings you here?" Naomi asked. The ape, which they called Whitehead, sported a mysterious look.

"The Other Shore Key to the Sun Crown Temple in the north has emerged. As far as I know, that temple hasn't been explored for two chaotic eras. It's a huge chance!" he announced.

Naomi was touched upon hearing the ape's words, and she became a little excited.

Ever since her members who had recently reached the Chaotic Source Realm got to Stage Fourteen, the Pear Hill also had been short of resources.

If she could lead her members to explore this temple in secret, then they would surely be able to resolve their burning needs. "But who has the key?" Naomi asked.

The Other Shore Key to a temple that had been sealed off for countless years would surely be expensive if it had appeared.

Just then, Whitehead reached out his fluffy hand and thin lines appeared on his palm. "The Other Shore Key is here, but this time the White Ape race needs to earn some. Whoever from the Pear Hill wants to get to the temple has to pay one hundred thousand soul pills," he explained.

"Okay," Naomi answered without hesitation.

A hundred thousand soul pills were absolutely a good deal. She waved her tail to summon a woman, who left the Other Shore and informed the members of the Pear Hill to return to the Other Shore as soon as possible.

Whitehead secretly cackled in his mind when Naomi agreed so frankly.

He didn't care about those soul pills, and the Other Shore Key he spoke of was absolutely fake. In reality, his goal was to deceive her.

At Naomi's announcement, the members of the Pear Hill who were at the Chaotic Source Realm continuously assembled in the stronghold. The majority of them had snake tails and were from the Snake Goddess race, while the others were humans.

As the Pear Hill members continued to appear, Whitehead also kept an eye on them.

The goal of the Star Falcon race was to capture a human woman called Yan. Thus, he needed to ensure that she was on the Other Shore.

At the sight of the dozens of human Souls of Light that were in the stronghold, Whitehead suddenly smiled and said, "I've heard that many new talents of Pear Hill have entered the Desire World this time. Congratulations!"

Naomi felt a bit confused. The creatures on the Other Shore rarely paid attention to the matters in the Source World because they were destined to stay on the Other Shore their whole lives. Yet, Whitehead appeared to know her race well.

Despite her uncertainty, she politely replied, "Yes, they are very talented. They are promising." "Is Yan in the stronghold now?" Whitehead abruptly asked.

Now, Naomi was even more confused. Yan had just entered Stage Fourteen not long ago. How did Whitehead know her?

Still, she didn't think too much about the ape's intentions. She pointed towards the two human women nearby and said, "She's there."

As soon as Yan and Natalie heard that a temple would be opened, they quickly came to the Other Shore together. Those who had just entered the Desire World were surely eager to get a good Other Shore Token, and of course, Yan and Natalie were no exception.

One of the best ways for them to get such Other Shore Tokens was to explore temples. "What's wrong?" Natalie glanced at Naomi and asked.

Beside her, Yan blinked and looked at the white-haired ape, as she too felt that something was off.

At that moment, Whitehead's body unexpectedly flashed, and a handful of green sand appeared in his hand. He ran over to them and sprinkled the sand on both Yan and Natalie.

"Swish!"

Unfortunately, Yan and Natalie didn't even try to dodge. When they realized what had happened, the Soul Restraining Sand was already firmly stuck on their Souls of Light.

The commotion somewhat stunned all the other Souls of Light present, including Naomi. Then she angrily hissed, "Whitehead, what are you doing?"

It was known that on the Other Shore, the acts of throwing things like the Soul Restraining Sand, the Soul Interdicting Water, and the Soul Binding Thread to other beings were seen as a declaration of war. The White Ape race, however, were in good terms with the Pear Hill.

Thus, Whitehead had no reason to specifically attack Yan and Natalie at all.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." Whitehead apologized as he retreated out of the stronghold. At the same time, he waved his long white arms in front of him.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

In the blink of an eye, the six huge Star Falcons came down and stood upright behind Whitehead. Their sharp eyes emitted a ferocious and cold aura.

As for Whitehead, he just continued to apologize, "I'm sorry, guys. I have to do this for the sake of White Ape race. I have to obey them…"

Some of the members of the Pear Hill reacted quickly. When the Star Falcons landed, many Souls of Light from the Pear Hill had left the Other Shore.

The others retreated as they wanted, but the Soul Restraining Sand stopped Yan and Natalie.

"The Star Falcon race! We, the Pear Hill, have no conflict with you! Don't mess around! Otherwise... " Naomi shrieked. She could have left at her own will, but she stood in front of Yan and Natalie.

"Phew!"

Before she could finish her words, a starry sword pierced her Soul of Light, passing through the space between Yan and Natalie, then finally penetrating the wall of the stronghold.

"No, Naomi!"

Natalie and Yan screamed as they saw Naomi's Soul of Light collapse.

Chapter 3540 Sent To The Dark Region

The stronghold of the Pear Hill was very safe, as far as Yan and Natalie knew.

It had been a while since they entered the Desire World. Since they had no need to enter the Myriad Spirits City, they never got the chance to come into contact with any of the rather rebellious races on the Other Shore.

All the races in the small town were relatively gentle and peace-keeping. They also treated the Souls of Light of the Pear Hill as equals.

When Yan and Natalie saw the Star Falcons, they were a little worried about their aggressiveness, but never did they expect them to kill Naomi instantly.

Their senior's death was far too much for the two. Instead of feeling scared, they were terribly heartbroken.

"Why?" Yan stared blankly at the dispersing Soul of Light, unable to do a thing.

A Star Falcon dashed into the Pear Hill's stronghold and examined the area, finding a few bold members of the Pear Hill standing in the corner.

"We don't wish to kill anyone," he said. "Yan Luo is all we want—this has nothing to do with the people of the Pear Hill. Where is she?"

Still processing the situation, Yan was about to answer on instinct, but Natalie stepped forward before she could and claimed the name. "I am Yan Luo."

Natalie didn't want to take the risk.

The Star Falcon gave no reason for wanting Yan, but she couldn't let them take her away.

Behind her, Yan was stunned speechless.

Surprisingly, the Star Falcon took one look at Natalie and burst into booming laughter. "Take these two away!"

Once the Star Falcon left the stronghold, two wings came in from the outside. Yan and Natalie were taken to the back of a Star Falcon.

And so the six Star Falcons flew into the air and left the small town.

Watching their figures receding in the distance, Whitehead from the White Ape race finally sighed deeply in relief.

He still felt guilt, but he had always believed that what he did was for the sake of the White Ape race.

By the time the Star Falcon race completed the plan, the White Ape race could return to the Sky Water City and restore their previous glory with the Star Falcons' support. By then, Whitehead would be considered a hero.

"Where are we going?

The Star Falcon race is closely related to the Sun Crow race.

Do you know who we are? Do you want the Pear Hill to annihilate the Sun Crow race?"

With piercing eyes, Natalie threatened the Star Falcon from atop his back.

While the Sun Crow race was also considered a super force, they weren't quite strong enough to fight against the Pear Hill.

But no matter what threats Natalie spewed, the Star Falcons didn't seem to pay her any mind. They remained silent throughout the entire journey.

Soon, they reached the edge of the Dark Region.

"It's the Dark Region!" Natalie cried out when she saw the vast darkness.

Yan raised her head to take a look. By then, she was still numb with sorrow—she couldn't accept Naomi's death.

When she was in Stage Thirteen, Yan had seen the Dark Region, but never had she entered it, nor did she know much about it. The area was a complete mystery to her. Even the Souls of Light and the creatures on the Other Shore believed they'd surely die if they entered it.

Upon reaching the edge of the Dark Region, the Star Falcons flew down.

"What do you want?" Natalie asked, this time, a little more helpless and wary.

"We'll take you into the Dark Region," said a Star Falcon plainly.

"Enter the Dark Region? If you want to kill us, just do it. Why bother sending us in there?" There was some panic in Natalie's voice. She knew that if they entered the Dark Region, they wouldn't come out alive.

Not bothering to say any more, the Star Falcon flapped his wings, materializing two fruits.

"Swallow them! Absorb them into your souls! With these, you'll survive in the Dark Region," ordered the Star Falcon.

Initially, Natalie had planned to resist. But thinking of the boundless Dark Region, she figured she had to compromise.

Yan, however, didn't resist at all.

Once the two of them integrated the Darkness Fruits into their souls, they found the Dark Region not as dark as it once was. Their eyes widened as they realized that they could actually see its interior.

As the Dark Region grew clearer, Nathalie screamed—several black monkeys were staring straight at the girls, crowded together near the edge of the Dark Region.

"Head inside!"

The Star Falcon waved his great wings, and Natalie dashed into the Dark Region, Yan stumbling behind.

Because they didn't eat the Darkness Fruit, the six Star Falcons couldn't see anything in the Dark Region. But that didn't matter much—they only needed to send Yan into the appointed place.

"We must now inform that man in the Myriad Spirits City…" one of the Star Falcons said thoughtfully.

The Star Falcons couldn't deny how deep their hatred was for Zen. They wanted to chop him to pieces.

But both Garth and their leader had been killed by Zen—they understood that they were no match for him.

"Who will do it?" he asked once again.

They were aware that Yan was Zen's sister. If Zen knew that Yan was in their hands, the one who went to him as a messenger would be risking getting killed.

"I'll go," said the shortest Star Falcon.

Their race had reached a dead end. Now, all they could do was sacrifice themselves in desperation.

Buzz!

Buzz!

Buzz!

The starry gems in the Star Falcons' chests flickered with brilliant lights.

"May the starlight be with you."

"May the starlight be with you."

Once the Star Falcons sent out their blessings, the shortest one flew toward the Myriad Spirits City.

Elvinia had been stuck in a coma for an entire day and night before she opened her eyes. She struggled to open her eyes, looking haggard.

Naturally, it took great energy to activate the crack in the light. Even the most powerful purified beings couldn't do it as they pleased.

Just as Elvinia was struggling to get up, a pair of hands gently held her shoulders down before she heard Zen's voice. "Don't move. You just woke up. You're exhausted. You have to have a proper rest."

Elvinia's lips quirked up as she heard the guilt in Zen's voice.

The moment was rather enjoyable on her end—she was hoping Zen could owe her even more in the future.

Before Elvinia could say anything, a Guide Weasel burst in. "Sir, I have something to report!"

Both Zen and Elvinia frowned at the news. "What is it?"

"A Star Falcon has descended outside the City Guard House. He's requesting to see you," replied the Guide Weasel.

"A Star Falcon asked to see me?" Zen was stunned. Was the Star Falcon race ready to admit defeat?

Since it had come to this, it was meaningless to admit defeat. Even if Zen wanted to merely let go of the Star Falcon race, the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race weren't about to let them off so easily.

But Zen went straight to the gate anyway.

Standing at the gate was the Star Falcon. Seeing Zen, he said, "Your sister, Yan, has been sent to the Dark Region."

Chapter 3541 Set Off

What the Star Falcon had said pierced like a dagger into Zen's chest.

His eyes immediately widened, blazing with anger and a thirst for blood.

And even though the man who had delivered the message already knew the possibility of death, he couldn't help but tremble at the sight of Zen's change in expression.

Initially, Zen had a firm belief that the Pear Hill was a good place for Yan to be taken care of. After all, they had strength that surpassed the Oneness Sky Palace. Even the super forces, like the Sun Crow race, did not dare cross a line with them.

However, Zen proved to be a little naive.

Because Zen's and Elvinia's corporal bodies were growing to be more and more threatening, the four big races would do anything to get rid of them.

Moreover, the connection between Yan and Zen had been revealed when they were in the Chaotic Source World.

That gave the four races an advantage to lure Zen and Elvinia into the Dark Region.

As planned, they attacked Yan even before they proved Thad's identity to be Zen. Their rough, unethical tactics just proved that they were in a hurry to kill him.

Several members of the Guide Weasel race grew worried as they had sensed Zen's strong, powerful aura. They had so many questions; If Zen was a member of the Oneness Sky Palace, didn't that mean his sibling was a member too? And if so, why was she captured by the Star Falcon race at such a critical time?

"What do you want?" Zen asked firmly, but in a hushed tone.

Because the Star Falcon race used Yan to threaten him, this probably meant that his sister was safe for the time being.

In actuality, taking Yan as a hostage was not the idea of the Star Falcon race—it was the Sun Crow race's. That was a problem for Zen, who just wanted to know what it would take for them to release Yan safely.

"Poor Zen," the Star Falcon scoffed, "you should probably ask the Guide Weasel race and the Giants to withdraw their troops first."

The Guide Weasel race and the Giants, led by Clyde and Raul, were headed towards the Sky Water City. Because the Star Falcon race had weakened, they were in no place to suppress these races. If these two races stepped foot into the city, it would ultimately lead to the annihilation of the Star Falcon race.

"If I do so, will you let go of Yan after they retreat?" Zen asked, making sure that it was not a trick.

"If you want to save Yan, you'll have to make your way to the Dark Region yourself," said the Star Falcon.

Zen's eyes narrowed. He sneered at the man before him. "Then why would I ask the Guide Weasel race and the Giants to retreat?"

Though in deep distress, Zen had a point. The initial purpose of taking Yan was to send Zen into the Dark Region, and nothing else. Asking the two races to retreat was not supposed to be part of the arrangement.

"Zen, if you don't do that.. your sister will die!" the Star Falcon hissed, threatening Zen even more. There was a flash of panic in his eyes, but it only lasted for a second. Zen was determined to save his sister by all means.

Lowering his head and closing his eyes, Zen thought hard. Then he turned his head saying, "Notify Clyde and Raul and tell them that I have asked them to come back."

"Sir..." a Guide Weasel trailed off, hesitant to go through with the orders.

"Do as I say," Zen ordered, and his voice was tense and stern.

The Guide Weasel shuffled off right away, ready to fulfill Zen's order.

Afterwards, Zen turned to the Star Falcon and said, "I know that your purpose is to send me to the Dark Region. And even if they don't withdraw the troops, I am certain that my sister won't die."

Hearing Zen's words sent the Star Falcon in a state of anxiety. How could he catch a lie that had been so strategically planned out?

"So, tell me," Zen demanded calmly. "Who kidnapped my sister in the Dark Region?"

"It was... It was the black monkeys," the Star Falcon replied, refusing to lie even anymore.

"Well then, you may go now," Zen uttered without looking back.

The other Guide Weasels followed him, and they made their way into the City Guard House.

At the beginning of his mission, the Star Falcon intended to meet Zen with the idea that he could die. He had no idea that Zen wasn't even going to lay a finger on him. Soon enough, his nervousness eased and he noticed that he had been sweating in fright the whole time.

"Splash..." His sweat dripped.

In a hurry, he spread his wings and left the Myriad Spirits City in a panic.

Meanwhile, in the City Guard House, Elvinia was concerned as she saw Zen enter with a look of irritation on his face. "What happened?" she asked soothingly.

Zen waved the question off and extended his hands towards her, "Hand me the candles and the Darkness Fruits."

Elvinia's eyes widened, "Are you going to the Dark Region?" Candles and the Darkness Fruits were the keys to entering the Dark Region, but she could not comprehend why Zen would want to return to such a horrible place.

"Just give them to me," he snapped, "and stop asking so many questions!"

The last thing he wanted to do was stress out Elvinia, who needed a lot more rest. Zen intended to go to the Dark Region alone.

However, Elvinia would not back down for anything. A cold expression crossed her face and she gripped hard onto her space ring, "Whatever you're going there for, I'll go with you."

The ring was in Elvinia's keeping, and Zen would only be able to have it if she let him.

Zen narrowed his gaze on her and expressed with all seriousness what had happened outside the City Guard House.

Being such a smart individual, it took her no time to absorb everything Zen said.

The plan was simple—since the Sun Crow race assumed that creatures of the Other Shore could not deal with Zen, they were going to have him tortured in the Dark Region instead.

"Did they not recall that Dark Region creatures stand no chance against me?" Elvinia chuckled in confidence.

Though creatures in the Dark Region were a thousand times stronger than those in the Light Region, she was unafraid of them. She was the bane of the Dark Region creatures.

"Either they don't know about it, or they have other plans for you," Zen pointed out. "Like putting you against another purified being."

Apparently, there happened to be another purified being within Stage Fourteen. This being was said to be far stronger and more powerful than any ordinary living creature on the Other Shore.

"But if that purified being stood on their side, he or she would have already come to kill us, right?" Elvinia went on, trying to figure out what would happen.

Purified beings had the ability to freely travel through both the Light and the Dark Regions. If they had a purified being on their side, they should not have gone through the trouble to lure Zen and Elvinia into the Dark Region.

Zen was frustrated that he couldn't grasp their plan. "Whatever." He shook it off. "Let's just go to the Dark Region first. We need to find those black monkeys first!"

Zen and Elvinia had already come into contact with the monkeys when they were at Stage Thirteen. They were chased and attacked by them, and almost died at the hands of those pig-faced monsters.

At that time, Zen was weak. He did not have the power to put up a fight against them, but this time, he was different.

They were more prepared than ever.

About an hour had passed and they went through the ridge in between the Heavenly Dark Mountain and the Earthly Dark Mountain. Eventually, they arrived at the edge of the Dark Region.

When Elvinia was just about to light up the Dark Region, Zen suddenly lifted his arm and stopped her.

"We're here to save my sister," he whispered. "Don't make too much noise."

Yan was in the hands of ruthless, unforgiving creatures. If they had found out that he was already in the Dark Region, they might kill her soon.

They had to attack by surprise.

Thus, each of them ate a Darkness Fruit before stepping into the Dark Region.

They had to be stealthy and careful, especially based on their past experience. Elvinia had opened the crack of light before, and all the Dark Region's creatures within a radius of a hundred miles were destroyed. This left the place deserted and burnt to a crisp; Zen had seen it with his own eyes that day.

Elvinia was stunned to see her power, and the consequences of her actions.

It was at that moment that an electric light shocked her mind, and opened a crack in the sky. She fainted when the crack opened, and that was the end of it.

Chapter 3542 The Green-skinned Men

They traveled dozens of miles in the Dark Region before the surrounding scenery gradually returned to normal.

A number of dark plants formed a boundless jungle.

Zen and Elvinia made to pass through the dense jungle when the branches of the plants began to shake.

One single branch might not be strong, but thousands of branches could entangle even a strong prey to death.

These branches were now considering Zen and Elvinia as potential preys and were preparing to attack them.

Elvinia's eyes flashed as she glared at the approaching branches. "You're about to turn to ash. Excited, are you?" she asked, venom dripping her voice.

These demonic plants were sentient and could think. Elvinia's threat caused them to rapidly shrink away, like ants fleeing in all directions.

The plants had formed a clump in the middle of the jungle, making it difficult to cross. But at Elvinia's threat, they began to part, forming a convenient path as they fell to ground.

"That's more like it," Elvinia sneered and walked forward, her head held high.

Zen smiled and shook his head at her back. It was obvious that these creatures in the Dark Region were terrified of Elvinia.

Once they passed through the dense jungle, they saw dark, high mountains loom up ahead of them. The tops of the mountains seemed to graze the sky, but because of the darkness, they could not tell how high these mountains actually were.

The first thing they had to do after entering the Dark Region was to find the black monkeys.

But they were difficult to find since there was no intelligent creature around.

Zen and Elvinia traveled for a distance along the mountains' lengths when they spotted fire in the distance.

The only thing apart from the Great Sanskrit Light of a purified being that could produce light in the Dark Region was a candle. The light that they could now see was probably produced by a candle.

They approached the light cautiously and as they had expected, spotted a candle not far from them.

The ignited candle sat in an open space, burning alone.

The power of the candlelight could not be compared to that of the Great Sanskrit Light or the natural light in the Light Region, but it was still threatening to the creatures in the Dark Region. Unless they ate the Light Fruit, they could easily be hurt if they were within the candlelight's range.

It seemed like someone had intentionally put this candle here, though they didn't know who and why.

Zen and Elvinia remained silent as they hid, observing the candle and its surroundings.

It was not long

before rustling sounds could be heard through the darkness.

A huge cricket-like insect, which was nearly three feet tall, jumped out and moved towards the candle.

Going by the fearless way in which it entered the candle's periphery, the insect seemed not to be afraid of the candle.

The gentle yellow light of the candle began to work on the insect, causing it to erode more with every passing second.

In no time, the surface of the insect's body had become mottled, and its thin limbs had fallen off its body. It wasn't long before it fell with a thud in the candlelight.

The candlelight still worked on the big insect's body. If no one interfered, it would eventually disappear in the candlelight.

But a small loop of rope suddenly shot out and wrapped around the insect's body and pulled it out of the range of the candlelight.

All this happened very quickly, as if done by someone that was quite skilled.

Before Zen could react, the big insect had already been pulled into darkness.

"There must be an intelligent creature behind. Let's go and find it!" Elvinia whispered into Zen's ear.

The intelligent creatures living in the Dark Region must know the whereabouts of the black monkeys.

Elvinia made to walk towards where the insect had disappeared, but Zen reached out and grabbed her hand.

The risks in the Dark Region were much greater than in the Light Region. They had to be vigilant no matter what. He said, "Let's wait and see first."

They stayed where they were, keeping an eye on the candlelight.

Minutes later, they could hear more rustling sounds from the grass.

This time it was a big black centipede that was about a dozen feet long that was creating the sound. The centipede raised its long slender body to observe the candlelight before unhesitatingly crawling forward towards it.

It met the same end as the cricket-like insect. .

A loop of rope shot out again and tied itself around the body of the centipede before dragging it towards the grass.

The big centipede was tenacious and struggled as it went.

While the big centipede struggled, Zen followed the course of the rope and spotted a big, dark green hand pulling at it from the grass. He didn't know which race this creature was from, but he was sure it wasn't one of the black monkeys.

"They're just using the candlelight to catch weak insects. Nothing interesting here," Elvinia said, bored.

"Let's go around it then," Zen said, nodding.

They weren't out to hurt anyone and shouldn't be viewed as enemies. They just wanted to make some inquiries.

Just as Zen stood up, something in the sky began to buzz.

Dozens of huge wasps circled in the air above them and shot towards Zen and Elvinia.

Their bodies were colored brilliantly, making it obvious that they were highly poisonous.

"Hide behind me!"

Zen pulled Elvinia behind him.

He then turned and stretched out a hand to slap at the wasps.

His strike was so quick that the poisonous wasps were immediately smashed into pieces.

They had barely dealt with the poisonous wasps when they found giant spiders and foot-long colored centipedes making their way to them on the grass nearby.

Zen was not afraid of these poisonous insects, but the appearance of these strange insects caused Elvinia's hair to stand on end.

Had she not been afraid of alerting the enemy, she would have released massive amounts of Great Sanskrit Light to burn off all the poisonous insects in this area.

Zen and Elvinia had no choice but to retreat from their hiding place. The moment they did so, two green-skinned men rushed out of the grass, moving nimbly as they did.

They had dark red hair that looked like weeds and looked terrifying.

The men had emerged, throwing loops of rope towards Zen and Elvinia.

Zen and Elvinia looked at each other. A tacit understanding passed between them and they did not dodge the rope loops.

The green-skinned men were overjoyed to see that their targets were easily trapped. But before they could tie up the ropes, they felt an irresistible force coming from the other end of the ropes. They were being dragged towards Zen and Elvinia.

The two green-skinned men realized that something was amiss and were about to drop to the ground, intending to jump into the grass. But the moment they did so, they felt two tiny rays of white light flashing past the corners of their eyes. Sharp pain pinched at their feet. Looking downwards, they discovered that the light rays had pierced their feet and they were now firmly nailed to the ground.

Chapter 3543 The Dark Nether Bugs

The two light rays were condensed at high speed.

To the creatures in the Light Region, they were almost harmless, but to the creatures in the Dark Region, they were lethal.

The two green-skinned men stayed frozen to their spot, unable to move at all. If they attempted to flee, the light rays would slice them in half.

Elvinia walked forward with a grim expression. She was about to ask why the two dared to attack them, but abruptly stopped in her tracks. Turning to smile at Zen, she said sweetly, "You ask."

Zen nodded. Taking a step forward to face the two green-skinned men, he said, "We're just passing by. Why did you attack us?"

The two green-skinned men looked Zen up and down. Compared to Elvinia, this man didn't look so scary.

One of the green-skinned men opened his mouth and squeaked. He gestured with his hands, trying to explain himself. But Zen shook his head, unable to understand a word he said.

"You don't speak the human language?" Zen frowned.

The human language was commonly used both on the Other Shore and in the Source World. It was quite rare for a creature to be unable to speak it.

"If you don't speak the human language, then you are of no value to us. Go to hell!" Elvinia spat, her eyes flashing coldly.

While Elvinia was very conscious of her image around Zen, these two green-skinned hooligans were getting on her nerves.

Buzz! Buzz!

Countless light awls extended from Elvinia's fingertips, like shining fingernails. Just as they were about to hit one of the green-skinned men, he hurriedly cried out, "Don't kill me! Don't kill me!"

Elvinia stopped. Turning again to smile at Zen, she said sweetly, "You ask."

Zen nodded, but he was secretly amused by Elvinia's behavior. He could tell that Elvinia was trying to make a good impression on him.

"So, you do speak the human language. Tell me. Why did you try to attack us secretly?" Zen asked once more.

"We're insect catchers," one of the green-skinned men answered. "We are trying to catch the Dark Nether Bug. If you stay here, you will scare it away. Then our tribe will be damned!"

The two green-skinned men were skilled at catching insects. After setting up a candle, they had used a special method to cover up their own auras.

If other insects showed up, they would have captured them too, but their ultimate goal was to catch the Dark Nether Bug.

"Please let us go. We really need to catch the Dark Nether Bug," another green-skinned man pleaded pitifully.

"Withdraw the light," Zen said to Elvinia.

Elvinia rolled her eyes and reluctantly tapped her finger. The light that pinned down the legs of the two green-skinned men vanished in an instant.

The two green-skinned men let out a sigh of relief. But before letting them go, Zen asked, "I want to inquire about something. In the Dark Region..."

As Zen spoke, suddenly a wind began to blow from the gloomy forest nearby. The crowns of the trees swayed ominously, and a strong scent of blood permeated the air.

"What's that smell?"

A strange expression appeared on Zen's and Elvinia's faces when they smelled the blood.

As the metallic scent filled their nostrils, their heart beat quickened. For some reason, they felt a hint of desire for that blood.

"It's the Dark Nether Bug!"

"Oh my God! It's coming!"

The two green-skinned men's faces turned ghastly pale. One of them flipped his hand, and a bamboo tube appeared. Pouring some brown powder from it onto his palm, he begged Zen and Elvinia, "The Dark Nether Bug is the key to our survival. It has a keen sense of smell. If it smells you, it will flee immediately." Raising his powder-covered palm to the two humbly, he asked, "Please, let me sprinkle this powder on your bodies!"

The other green-skinned man bit his lip anxiously, while eyeing the gloomy forest before them.

After a while, Zen slowly nodded.

Swish! Swish!

After the green-skinned man sprinkled the brown powder, he asked Zen and Elvinia to hide in the grass on the other side. In a low voice, he whispered, "I don't know what you two want to know, but after we capture the Dark Nether Bug, we'll definitely oblige you."

As soon as he finished speaking, the trees in the dense forest in the distance parted to both sides.

A bug emerged from the forest.

The bug was completely white, with a crystal clear shell. Through the transparent shell, they could see its blood vessels pumping steadily.

The bug was not big, roughly half a person high. But even so, it was releasing such a powerful aura as it crawled forward.

The moment their eyes landed on the bug, the strange feeling in Zen's and Elvinia's hearts grew stronger. Strangely enough, their stomachs began to growl, as though they were starving.

"It's strange..." Zen was very surprised. He had long forgotten the feeling of hunger, since he had stopped eating completely. Yet now, he stared at the bug as though it was the most delicious thing his heart desired.

But he quickly managed to suppress this weird feeling.

Elvinia, on the other hand, was different.

Her eyes were fixed on the white bug, as though it had captured her soul. Opening her mouth slightly, she drawled as though in a trance, "I... I want to eat that bug..."

As she spoke, she was about to stand up, but Zen quickly pulled her down. "Elvinia, what's wrong with you?"

"Hush!"

the two green-skinned men said anxiously.

Because of this, the Dark Nether Bug that had been slowly crawling forward abruptly stopped. Raising its head to survey its surroundings, its beady eyes darted about vigilantly.

After a while, it let its guard down and continued crawling slowly towards the candle.

One of the two green-skinned men held a long and thin bamboo pole, and the other clutched a rope. Once the Dark Nether Bug crawled into the range of the candlelight, they were ready to catch it.

Zen eyed Elvinia worriedly.

She was still fixated on the Dark Nether Bug. The smell of blood emanating from the bug was a fatal attraction to her.

If it weren't for Zen, she might have pounced on the Dark Nether Bug by now.

"It's almost there! Get ready!" one of the green-skinned men hissed in a low voice.

The other green-skinned man clutched the rope tightly in anticipation. Just as he was about to throw the rope at the bug, the forest trees swayed to the side once more. Three more Dark Nether Bugs emerged, each one twice as big as the first one and as tall as an adult human!

When the two green-skinned men saw the three Dark Nether Bugs, their expressions fell.

Their plan had been to catch only one Dark Nether Bug. But now, with the addition of three more, the situation suddenly became extremely complicated.

Chapter 3544 The Enraged Bugs

These Dark Nether Bugs were powerful.

As trained insect catchers, the green-skinned men were very familiar with the habits of all kinds of insects in the Dark Region.

Those Ghost-faced Centipedes and the Cold Earth Bugs might have looked ferocious and were highly toxic, but the insect catchers always had ways to deal with them.

The Dark Nether Bugs were white and plump, and didn't seem to be harmful. But looks can be deceiving; their strength alone was enough to be ranked first among all the insects in the Dark Region!

It was difficult for an insect catcher to capture even one Dark Nether Bug, but now, faced with four bugs, they were at a loss.

The two green-skinned men stood upright in the grass, with miserable expressions. It seemed they had no intention of making a move.

"Why not take action?" Zen asked them through his chaotic energy.

One of them faced Zen piteously and said, "The three other Dark Nether Bugs are adults. They are incredibly powerful. If we tried to catch that larva, we'd be killed for sure."

The two green-skinned men had painstakingly gone to great lengths to prepare for this hunt. And now that they had managed to attract a Dark Nether Bug, they could do nothing about it. Naturally, they were upset.

While they were busy feeling sorry for themselves, Elvinia suddenly cut in and said, "Just do what you need to do. I'll take care of the other three Dark Nether Bugs for you."

The two green-skinned men couldn't believe their ears. This powerful being who, minutes prior, had almost killed them, was now going to help them!

This woman was able to release dazzling light, which could penetrate the darkest corners of the Dark Region. If she could help them deal with the Dark Nether Bugs, they would be more than happy.

Zen, on the other hand, frowned slightly. Ever since the Dark Nether Bugs appeared, Elvinia had been acting strangely. Her eyes clearly showed a strong desire for the Dark Nether Bugs.

Previously, Zen also had a strange appetite for them, but the appetite soon disappeared after he restrained himself. Now, it seemed Elvinia couldn't control her appetite.

"But I have one request." Elvinia's eyes flashed hungrily. "The three Dark Nether Bugs will belong to me."

"Of course, you can have them!" one of the green-skinned creatures hastily replied.

Their goal was only to catch one Dark Nether Bug. Even though capturing more Dark Nether Bugs would benefit them greatly, it was beyond their capacity and they were satisfied with just one.

Duh duh duh...

The smaller Dark Nether Bug sped up and barged into the area illuminated by the candlelight.

The candlelight usually eroded all the creatures in the Dark Region, but the moment its light hit the Dark Nether Bug, something unexpected happened.

Under the pale yellow candlelight, some part of the skin of the Dark Nether Bug had been corroded, and at the same time, it began to shrink. The blood vessels in its transparent body began to glow with bright red light. It seemed to have absorbed a portion of the candlelight into its body!

When the Dark Nether Bug got close to the candlelight, it stopped and let itself bathe in the light. The blood streaks in its body shone brightly.

The other three Dark Nether Bugs followed suit. They stopped after they entered the area of the candlelight and enjoyed bathing in it.

The two green-skinned creatures exchanged glances then nodded. One of them used his hand to put some medicinal powder with strong spicy aroma onto the rope. Suddenly, he threw the spicy-smelling rope towards the smallest Dark Nether Bug in the candlelight.

His throw was surprisingly accurate; the loop instantly tightened around the head of the Dark Nether Bug.

After realizing it was caught, the smallest Dark Nether Bug struggled desperately. Even though it was nothing but a larva, it was strong enough to make the two green-skinned men struggle to restrain it.

But as the spicy medicinal powder on the loop took effect, the bug gradually stopped struggling. Its body grew numb and stiff, till it lay motionless on the ground.

The two green-skinned creatures quickly reeled in the rope, dragging the bug through the grass.

Woo...

When the other three Dark Nether Bugs discovered that their littlest companion had been captured, the blood streaks in their bodies spread furiously. The original white, fat bugs turned to blood red in an instant.

After the two green-skinned creatures put the Dark Nether Bug into a special bag, they cautioned Elvinia, "Master, the three Dark Nether Bugs have already reached a furious state. Please be careful!"

They were well aware how terrible it would be to feel the wrath of a furious Dark Nether Bug. As they spoke, they clutched the bag containing their prize tightly, ready to flee if need be.

However, Zen put his hand on the bag. "We can deal with the three Dark Nether Bugs, but you two can't leave now. Don't forget what you promised."

Zen still had to ask them about the black monkeys. How could he let them go now?

The two green-skinned creatures sighed.

If they stayed, they already knew the terrible outcome if the two humans were killed by the Dark Nether Bugs. Now that they finally caught the Dark Nether Bug, it was only natural they wanted to escape.

But with Zen's hand firmly clutching the bag, they found that they couldn't move at all!

While Zen was speaking, Elvinia had already rushed out.

It was more accurate to say that it was this physical body of the purified being that wanted to devour the bugs than Elvinia's own desire to do so. The consciousness that this body naturally emitted affected her own judgment, which made her believe that such desire was generated from her own instinct.

"Woosh, woosh, woosh..."

The blood streaks that were flowing within the bodies of the Dark Nether Bugs trembled, then the bugs suddenly spurted out rays of blood radiance from their backs. Ten rays shot towards Elvinia at lightning speed.

Elvinia hardly expected that the blood radiance would come at her so quickly. Gritting her teeth, she tumbled on the ground, having narrowly avoided that sudden strike of blood radiance. However, before she could recover, one ray of blood radiance shot through her left shoulder. The body of the purified being was pierced clean through, leaving a hole the size of a fist on her shoulder. For a moment, blood dripped from the hole.

"Elvinia!"

Zen cried anxiously.

He had been under the impression that Elvinia was powerful enough to deal with these bugs effortlessly. He never expected she'd get injured. No wonder the two green-skinned insect catchers were so afraid. It turned out that once these white and fat Dark Nether Bugs were enraged, they were extremely powerful beings in the Dark Region.

Just as Zen was about to rush into the battle, Elvinia held up her hand, indicating she was fine. Suddenly, she bent down and raised both her hands. White light beams shot out from her hands, forming two swords with blades hundreds of feet long. Clapping her hands together, the two swords of white light slashed at the three Dark Nether Bugs before her.

With Elvinia's strength, she could have easily destroyed these Dark Nether Bugs by simply using the Great Sanskrit Light.

But she had concerns. On the one hand, she was determined to eat the Dark Nether Bugs. If the bugs melted and evaporated under the Great Sanskrit Light, she would have nothing to eat. On the other hand, the Great Sanskrit Light would spread far away in the Dark Region, which might alert other ferocious beasts.

Phew! Phew!

The white light swords were formless and they could extend or contract according to Elvinia's will. The speed at which they slashed at the ground was astonishing.

Before the three Dark Nether Bugs could react, their bodies were swept by the long white light swords. In the next moment, they lay on the ground lifeless.

Upon a closer look, Zen could see a thin crack on their bodies. They had been sliced in half so cleanly.

When the two green-skinned creatures saw that Zen wanted to rush up to help, they thought of seizing the opportunity to escape, but before they even had a chance to take one step forward, they witnessed Elvinia easily killing the three adult Dark Nether Bugs.

Both of their jaws dropped to the ground. Who was this woman?

Chapter 3545 The Food For Purified Beings

The green-skinned men were the weakest creatures in the Dark Region. They had little understanding of how harmful the light rays were.

As expected, light rays could erode their bodies easily.

On the other hand, while the Dark Nether Bugs were very powerful creatures in the Dark Region, they were not very intelligent. The green-skinned men would lure the Dark Nether Bugs with candlelight and then capture them with overpowering drugs.

Otherwise, they couldn't even face the Dark Nether Bugs head on. They would have to retreat.

But Elvinia had cut down three powerful Dark Nether Bugs in an instant! The two green-skinned men were astonished.

Elvinia stepped into the range of the candlelight without hesitation after killing the Dark Nether Bugs.

"Be careful! The candlelight!"

"The light will erode you!"

the two green-skinned men called out to Elvinia urgently.

They had earlier wanted to run away, afraid they might get killed by the Dark Nether Bugs. But there was no need to retreat now that the threat had been extinguished. Now, they wanted to stay to get on Zen and Elvinia's good graces.

The green-skinned men had never seen creatures from the Light Region before. For them, everything from the Light Region was incomprehensible and untouchable.

Both Elvinia and Zen were from the Light Region, so of course light did not harm them.

The green-skinned men realized this as Elvinia stepped into the light.

"What?"

"She is unfazed by the candlelight! Has she eaten the Light Fruit?"

They stared wide-eyed, marveling at Elvinia.

Except for the Dark Nether Bugs, they knew no other creature who could remain unscathed by the candlelight. Even the ground itself would be corroded if the light shone long enough. But here came this woman, stepping into the light like it was nothing!

Elvinia's eyes were fixed at the dead bodies of the Dark Nether Bugs as she stepped into the illuminated area.

The strong smell of blood filled her nose. The temptation grew even more irresistible. She strode toward one of the bodies, buried her hand into it, and pulled out blood vessels.

Before Elvinia could put them into her mouth, Zen quietly appeared by her side, staying her hand.

"What are you doing?" Elvinia asked in confusion.

Zen shook his head. "I know you want to eat this, but try to hold off until we're certain it's safe," he said.

After all, they had no idea where the Dark Nether Bugs came from and whether they were poisonous or not. One couldn't just consume them carelessly.

"But..." A look of pained frustration crossed Elvinia's face.

Her bodily instincts were telling her these Dark Nether Bugs were her food.

But Zen's words made her snap out of it. How could she eat such disgusting things?

Elvinia felt torn between impulse and reason.

At that moment, one of the green-skinned men stood at the edge of the illuminated area. "The Dark Nether Bugs are inedible. They are fatally poisonous to us, especially their blood. If we eat it, we bleed to death," he warned.

Hearing this, Zen's resolve to stop Elvinia just grew stronger.

Elvinia put down the bloody mess, but she continued to look wistfully at it, unwilling to part from it. She looked miserable, as if she had just been deprived of the most delicious food.

"Well, if you can't eat the Dark Nether Bugs, why do you capture them?" Zen asked, turning to the two green-skinned men. They had worked so hard on the Dark Nether Bugs' capture. They must have some value to them.

"These bugs are for the Royal Monkey race. Of course we can't eat them. Even if they were for us, we wouldn't dare eat them," one of the green-skinned men explained.

"The Royal Monkey race?" Zen raised his eyebrows slightly. "You mean the black monkeys in the Dark Region?"

When the green-skinned men heard Zen's description, their faces turned pale. "Don't call them that! They'll kill you!" one of them hissed anxiously.

It seemed that the Royal Monkey race was quite influential in the Dark Region. The green-skinned men were terrified of them even when they weren't around.

Zen frowned. "Then what will the Royal Monkey race do with the Dark Nether Bugs? Are they the ones who eat them?"

"Of course they don't eat them either," one of the green-skinned men said. "The Dark Nether Bugs are highly poisonous to all living creatures, except to our stage ruler, for whom they are a delicacy. That is why we have to turn in the Dark Nether Bugs we capture to the Royal Monkey race."

"Your stage ruler?" Zen and Elvinia shot each other a look.

"Yes, the most powerful being in the whole world!" A look of piety crossed the green-skinned men's faces.

The green-skinned men were natives in the Dark Region. They didn't know much about the outside world. The Dark Region was their entire world. They had no idea of the existence of the Other Shore or its stages. Neither did they know of the Source World.

In their minds, the stage ruler was the most powerful existence, and therefore, the one god.

Although they were coerced to capture Dark Nether Bugs for offerings, their resentment only extended to the Royal Monkey race, who made the direct demands. They had no hatred for their stage ruler at all.

But Zen and Elvinia knew that this stage ruler was nothing but a purified being in a stage of the Other Shore.

Since the stage ruler could eat the Dark Nether Bugs, most likely, so could Elvinia.

Seeing Elvinia's eyes brighten up at this realization, Zen shook his head again. "You can store these Dark Nether Bugs in your space ring first. Once we confirm they are safe to consume, I would let you."

If the stage ruler constantly needed to consume the Dark Nether Bugs, it probably meant they were good for purified beings. But they had to be sure. Once they verified this, Zen himself would recommend Elvinia consume them.

It took Elvinia a great deal of effort to suppress her instincts. She activated the space ring and waved it lightly over the bodies, which were immediately absorbed.

The green-skinned men had never seen a space ring before. They were once again dumbfounded when the carcasses disappeared.

Once the bodies were stored away, the smell of blood also gradually disappeared. Before long, Elvinia felt a little better, the impulse having subsided.

Zen stared steadily at the green-skinned men. "Do you bring the captured Dark Nether Bug to the Royal Monkey race yourselves?"

"No," one of the green-skinned men answered, shaking his head. "We're not allowed to enter their territory."

"The Royal Monkeys will come pick up the Dark Nether Bug tomorrow. That's why our Insect Master race has deployed hundreds of insect catchers. We will be in great trouble if we can't deliver," the other green-skinned man continued.

For the Royal Monkeys, the Insect Master race's lives had no value at all. All they were good for, they thought, was catching the Dark Nether Bugs.

Chapter 3546 Royal Monkeys

Since Zen found the clues regarding the black monkeys, he did everything he could to not let the opportunity slip through his fingers. Immediately, he proposed on accompanying the two green-skinned creatures.

Unaware of the ongoing feud between Zen and the black monkeys, the two creatures happily agreed to his offer with gratitude.

Because the creatures were familiar with the area, not a single dangerous encounter occurred throughout the journey with them leading the group. Zen even managed to learn more about the Insect Master race through them.

The Insect Master race was a low-level race in the Dark Region. They lived by catching, raising, and taming insects.

The two green-skinned creatures were insect catchers. Once they brought them back, they'd forward them to experts known as "insect raisers" that would be responsible for rearing them.

After a certain period, they would then be relayed to the expert insect tamers.

The insects that had previously attacked Zen and Elvinia were the ones that the Insect Masters had tamed.

Mercer, the smaller green-skinned creature, and Miller, the taller one of the two, were brothers. They were elated knowing that they successfully and safely captured a Dark Nether Bug. Once they brought it back for their entire race to see, they'd be welcomed and hailed as heroes by the whole Insect Master race.

After they advanced along the black mountain range for two hours, there was a huge crater in front of them. And in the crater, there were some messy steps.

As they descended to the base of the rickety-looking staircase, they were met with densely-packed caves that flanked them on both sides.

Numerous green-skinned creatures slipped in and out of the caves alongside numerous insects.

These insects came in various, strange shapes and had vicious looks plastered on all their faces. Despite that, they were all obedient in this col.

Once Miller and Mercer made their entrance, they lifted the bag they brought with pride and shouted in unison, "We've captured a Dark Nether Bug! We've caught one!"

Instantly, all the green-skinned creatures dropped what they were doing and looked towards the duo's direction.

The col had been enveloped in a deep depression.

The Royal Monkey race was looming over everyone's heads like a guillotine ready to slaughter anyone who disobeyed. Over the past few days, the insect catchers failed to capture a Dark Nether Bug. If they still didn't catch one tomorrow, they would have nothing worthy to offer the Royal Monkey race.

Five years ago, a similar situation occurred wherein no one could successfully capture a Dark Nether Bug. As punishment, the Royal Monkey race slaughtered nearly half of the Insect Master race. This time, failure might mean the total annihilation of their entire race.

With Miller and Mercer's successful capture, everyone in the col cheered with joy and relief.

Numerous green-skinned creatures emerged from the caves to gather around the duo for a closer look.

As the two of them untied the bag, the Dark Nether Bug was revealed—barely mature, sleeping soundly, and totally unaware of the situation.

Roar!

Howl!

No one knew who first started the roar. Wherever it came from, it managed to trigger all the green-skinned creatures to roar as well—a deafening whole reverberating along the cave walls and into the valley.

With the roar continuing, a few of the green-skinned creatures came up with a black plate onto which they carefully placed the snoozing Dark Nether Bug and then they carried it away.

By then, Mercer silenced the entire col with a quick wave of his hand. "Now," he began to speak, "we are saved thanks to these two guests. Let us prepare a nice treat for them!"

Everyone began to cheer loudly once more.

All of this noise didn't sit well with Elvinia. In fact, she wanted to drag Zen away right then and there and leave.

They came here to get more information about the black monkeys, not to get stuck and witness the lives of a race in the lower class.

Zen pulled Elvinia aside to stop her from leaving. "We're not leaving," he informed her with the shake of his head. "We're staying here until tomorrow."

Realizing her pouting was useless, she finally gave in to his orders and agreed to stay.

The Insect Master race concurred that a grand feast must be held to entertain Zen and Elvinia.

To their dismay and horror, all of the meals served were anything but appetizing—filled with bugs, larvae, and eggs that no human would consume unless they were desperate. Zen politely refused each offer they made.

Here in the Dark Region, the transition from day to night wasn't conspicuous. As outsiders to the Dark Region, Zen and Elvinia barely noticed when dawn turned to dusk, unlike the Insect Masters. Silence suddenly passed among all the Insect Masters.

Both Zen and Elvinia ate a Darkness Fruit in secret as they waited quietly in the dark.

Eight hours later...

The sound of sudden, heavy footsteps came from the other side.

"Clack clack clack clack..."

They sounded like hooves.

Zen squinted and raised his head towards the direction where the sound came from. A band of black monkeys riding on horseback came into view.

The black monkey that led the group gently pulled his horse's mane. This caused the horse to neigh loudly and raise its chest and hooves to the sky. A bright, red light burst from the hooves just as the horse brought them back down to the ground—right on the edge of the col.

"Bang!"

As the entire col began to shake under the power, the two caves directly below the horse began to collapse. All the green-skinned creatures that resided in the caves were now trapped underneath the debris.

As the tremors began to worsen, all of the green-skinned creatures came out of hiding. Flustered and frightened, they all diverted their attention towards the creatures riding on horseback who were responsible for this destruction—the Royal Monkey race.

A few of the green-skinned creatures dropped to their knees and bowed towards the Royal Monkeys, hoping that would help to slightly suppress their rage.

"Have you caught the bug we wanted?" the Royal Monkey at the helm asked in a high-pitched voice.

"Yes! We have, Master Royal Monkey!"

A group of green-skinned creatures momentarily left to retrieve the black plate and carry it towards the Royal Monkeys. The plate was now decorated and in the middle of the plate appeared the fairly young Dark Nether Bug, still sound asleep.

They climbed up the slope on the side of the col as they delivered their offering.

The Royal Monkey glanced at it and said, "One isn't enough. I want two."

"Two?"

"For many years, one is enough. How come this time we have to hand in two?"

"But we only caught one Dark Nether Bug!"

The green-skinned creatures' faces turned pale. It was useless trying to reason with these monkeys. Already, they were imagining in their minds the consequences that they would bestow on their race.

"This time is different. Our stage ruler is ravenous. What? Can't you offer another one?" A hint of coldness could be felt in the Royal Monkey's voice now.

The Royal Monkeys thought that these green-skinned creatures were useless now. Why keep them alive when they could easily reproduce hundreds or thousands more incompetent beings into this world?

If they couldn't hand in one more Dark Nether Bug, then that would give enough reason for them to kill these creatures off.

An eerie silence fell over the green-skinned creatures, fearing that a single sound uttered would just enrage the Royal Monkey even further. No one dared to answer his question.

Miller and Mercer also looked anxious. There were three Dark Nether Bugs in Elvinia's hands, but the stage ruler only ate living Dark Nether Bugs and would not touch any dead ones.

If only they'd known this would happen, they would've stopped Elvinia from killing all of them. Oh how they wished to turn the tables right then and there!

Neither of them knew that even if they had two in their hands, the Royal Monkeys would still require them to offer a third one. As the old saying went, "He who has a mind to beat his dog will easily find his stick."

Just as all of the green-skinned creatures were about to give up, Zen's voice floated up from the bottom of the col. "I have what you want—another Dark Nether Bug."

Chapter 3547 Punishment

Cold sweats trickled down the foreheads of Miller and Mercer in response to their growing anxiety after they heard Zen's words.

Zen would have to pay the consequences with his life if he were to present the Royal Monkey race with the dead Dark Nether Bug.

Giving in to his worries, Mercer nudged lightly at Zen's shoulder and spoke in a hurried voice, "Friend, what they want is a living Dark Nether Bug, not a dead one."

Zen smiled faintly and whispered back to him, "Don't worry. I am talking about the living Dark Nether Bug."

"Do you have a living Dark Nether Bug?" Mercer's eyes widened as he took a step back. His gaze fell on Elvinia who smirked and gave her space ring a confident tap. Soon, a Dark Nether Bug the size of half a mortal fell from it and planted itself on the ground.

Where on earth did she get ahold of the Dark Nether Bug?

Mercer and Miller stood with their heads tilted to the side as they displayed conflicted expressions of shock and confusion.

As far as they remembered, the three Dark Nether Bugs that were the size of an adult were killed.

Moreover, they remembered that both Zen and Elvinia had no idea of what the Dark Nether Bug was. Then how were they able to catch one?

There was something else that made them suspicious about the whole scenario.

As they studied the Dark Nether Bug before them, they realized it was not drugged to remain as calm as it was. Normally, this would contradict with its usual irritable nature. Why was it displaying its utmost obedience now?

"Don't ask any questions. Just hand it over," Zen whispered in a low tone that was only audible to them.

Despite their doubt reigning over their existence, Mercer and Miller obediently placed the Dark Nether Bug on the iron plate. Then they crawled out from the foot of the col and sent it on its way to the Royal Monkeys.

Since Zen and Elvinia kept their appearances disguised, the Royal Monkeys were oblivious of their presence.

With a quick scan, the head of the Royal Monkeys studied the Dark Nether Bug and pouted in disappointment. A Royal Monkey stationed beside him received the Dark Nether Bug with careful hands. With a cold snort, the head turned around and left with his subordinates.

Demanding a second Dark Nether Bug was supposed to be an excuse for the Royal Monkey race to obliterate the Insect Master race. However, they never expected the Insect Master race to possess one. Since they couldn't ask for a third one, they had no other option but to retreat.

After the Royal Monkey had led his team for a certain distance, he suddenly looked around and shouted, "Zimba! Linus! Respond to my call!"

"I'm right here!"

"I'm here!"

After hearing his command, two tall black monkeys riding on horseback appeared from both sides, each burly and strong in appearance.

"Those Insect Masters have caught two Dark Nether Bugs, but they intended to hide one from us. It is unforgivable. As a form of punishment, I want you to dispose of half of them!" the Royal Monkey snarled in a cold voice devoid of all emotions.

"Your wish is my command, Sir!"

Without hesitation, Zimba and Linus rode their horses and headed towards the col where the Insect Masters resided, each in charge of six Royal Monkeys.

As they watched the Royal Monkeys leave their territory, the Insect Masters' tensed nerves relaxed as they loosened their stiff bodies and let out a sigh of relief. They were certain they would have died today had it not been for Zen's intervention when he brought out the Dark Nether Bug. Naturally, they eyed him up with gleaming eyes filled with gratitude.

With the assistance of others, a respectable insect raiser approached Zen as he walked out of his cave. When he stood before him, he lowered his gaze, knelt down with humility and said, "Thank you for saving our race. We are deeply grateful."

"Don't mention it." Zen held up the insect raiser to turn his gaze towards him and continued, "As far as I could tell, the Royal Monkey race was desperately searching for an excuse to finish you off. Although you avoided it for now, you might not be so lucky next time."

As if Zen had struck a nerve with his comment, uncontrollable tears flooded the eyes of the insect raiser as he wept bitterly. "We are no match for them in terms of competence. What else could we do except letting them slaughter us?"

Continually overshadowed by the overpowering presence of the Royal Monkey race, the Insect Master race felt helpless and miserable. The Royal Monkey race could kill them as they saw fit.

Mercer seized the chance and inquired Zen about his previous doubts, "Where did you get that Dark Nether Bug? As far as I can tell, you shouldn't have any in your possession at all."

Despite thinking on it long and hard, Mercer and Miller couldn't figure out how Zen was able to pull out a living Dark Nether Bug to present to the Royal Monkey race.

Of course, Zen was not going to lay it all bare to them. At their puzzled expressions, he let out a playful chuckle. He planned to diffuse their curiosity with a perfunctory reply when suddenly, the vibrant noise of hooves clattering against the ground of the col reverberated in his ears and alerted him.

Gradually, the sounds of galloping horses approached them at a steady speed as they listened on carefully. The once relaxed atmosphere tensed up once more. Their heartbeats thumped in unison with the sounds of the hooves.

As if they were struck by something that left them in a jolt, their expressions shifted visibly.

Not long after, a dozen Royal Monkeys perching atop their horses stood in a formation at the edge of the col. Leading the march from the front, Zimba shouted with an authoritative voice, "Our general has given an order. The Insect Master race had the intention to hide the Dark Nether Bug. This crime cannot be forgiven, and thus half of you will be killed as a form of punishment!"

Zimba's loud and clear declaration echoed around the walls of the col and announced itself in various frequencies as it bounced back in the ears of the Insect Masters. Upon hearing this, the faces of all the Insect Masters turned as white as a sheet as they reflected fear and vulnerability.

They never expected the return of the Royal Monkeys after they had dealt with them and gave them the Dark Nether Bugs.

"All Insect Masters must come to the valley to accept their punishment!" Zimba scorned above the col in a stern tone.

In the eyes of the Royal Monkey race, the Insect Master race was insignificant and inferior. They viewed them as cowards who lacked the guts to retaliate against them. They used their weakness as a means to force them to obey their orders. The Royal Monkeys didn't even bother to kill them in the col. Instead, they ordered the Insect Masters to obediently come on their own to face their consequences.

The Insect Masters in the col remained glued to the ground. None of them showed any signs of movement to approach the Royal Monkeys.

They didn't wish to voluntarily walk into the clutches of death that seemed to be inviting them in the face of the Royal Monkeys.

"It seems you wish to die together as a group. Alright then, let me fulfill it for you!" Linus roared as his glare became sharp. He dismounted from the horse and flashed a long and sharp spear-like stick in his hand.

Still rooted in their respective spots out of trauma, the Insect Masters began to tremble in fear at the sight of an angry Linus. At this moment, Zen's voice echoed in their ears as he said, "Just hold on a second."

Zimba and Linus were alerted as Zen made his presence known. They immediately recognized the voice. It was the same voice that declared it had a Dark Nether Bug.

As Zen and Elvinia remained out of sight, they concluded Zen to be one of the Insect Masters. But when the pair made their sudden appearance, the Royal Monkeys in the ranks felt slightly stunned.

"Who the hell are you?" Linus asked as he scanned Zen from head to toe.

The Insect Masters watched Zen nervously as if he were their last ray of hope in terms of survival. He had just swooped in to save them by averting the Dark Nether Bug crisis singlehandedly, so they naturally hoped he would have other methods up his sleeve to persuade the Royal Monkeys to leave once more. Although deep down, they had a feeling it was just their wishful thinking.

As if annoyed by the obvious question, Zen let out an exasperated sigh and spoke indifferently, "If you had left with the other Royal Monkeys, you would have lived long enough to see the next day. It's a pity you chose to return only to seek your own death. Don't blame me for that."

The Dark Nether Bug Zen had offered to them wasn't the real deal. In fact, it was the Shape-shifting Spirit.

Back in the iron house, Zen had picked up the black box and allowed the Shape-shifting Spirit into it. Initially, he had planned to release it in the Dark Region.

But now, Zen was growing impatient in pursuit of getting his sister back, so he was left with no other choice.

Since the Royal Monkey race had demanded a second Dark Nether Bug, Zen materialized the Shape-shifting Spirit into a Dark Nether Bug to act as a replacement.

In the beginning, the Shape-shifting Spirit was hesitant in going by the plan, but it didn't have the strength to oppose Zen and thus caved under pressure.

At the same time, as a preventive measure, Zen asked Elvinia to leave a soul mark on its body so they could later track its location and retrieve it.

But like the Insect Master race, he didn't expect the Royal Monkeys to return so soon.

When Zimba, Linus, and the other Royal Monkeys heard Zen's threat, their faces revealed a hint of mockery as they struggled to suppress their laughter.

Only a few creatures dared to speak to them in this tone in the Dark Region of Stage Fourteen. They wouldn't have believed it had they not heard it with their own ears.

"What did you say? Seek our own death? Foolish human! It's you who's courting your own death!" With a fit of mocking laughter, a conniving smile stretched across Linus' face as he jumped up using his powerful legs as a boost with the long stick in his hand.

The long stick circled in midair and hacked down towards Zen's head.

Chapter 3548 Follow Zen

Until now, the other Royal Monkeys remained seated on the horseback as their eyes cast playful looks below.

At the top of their group was Linus. The impact of the blow was enough to pulverize Zen into bits of flesh.

Meanwhile, the Insect Masters immediately felt frightened and scampered away in all directions when they saw Linus jump down. "Run! Right now!" the old insect raiser shouted at Zen.

He ran towards Zen's direction as he yelled, and then pushed the latter away in order to take the blow instead.

Yet, all the Insect Masters were very clear that no matter what they did, Zen and Elvinia would definitely die.

Still, Zen held on to the old insect raiser with one hand, and reached upward with the other.

When Linus saw that Zen had tried to grab his long stick with his bare hand, he couldn't help but laugh mockingly. Zen was a lunatic. Not only was this guy from nowhere so arrogant, but he was also stupid!

'This blow is enough to smash him into a pile of mud. How dare he take it with his hand?'

While Linus thought about it, the long stick had already touched Zen's hand.

Zen grabbed and pulled the stick. Suddenly, his right arm released its strength and stopped the stick from falling.

The other side of the stick endured Linus' power. The entire stick curved like an arch bridge, but it didn't break.

"The stick is good," Zen praised.

Linus stared dumbfoundedly at Zen, not knowing what just happened.

Just then, the stick turned and Linus felt a burning pain in his hands. Zen had taken the stick away!

A painful tremor hit Linus' chest right after, and it turned out that the stick had pierced through his breastbone.

The stick started to spin, and Linus' burly body spun as well. A strong surge of Other Shore Power travelled along the stick and as it spun some more, Linus' body collapsed.

Zen grabbed, pulled, and turned the stick. In three simple movements, Linus ended up dead. The whole process took only a few seconds.

To top it all off, Zen's other hand was even holding the trembling insect raiser!

The whole col was silent. After all, the Insect Masters didn't think that the two strange visitors who came from far away were terribly powerful, and were able to kill Linus so easily.

Of course, Mercer and Miller lit up with joy. They knew that Zen was a powerful cultivator, but they were still surprised at the strength he had just shown.

Unlike them, however, the Royal Monkeys above the col did not look happy. Their horses smelled the tangy odor of blood in the area and didn't dare to move.

If Zen had killed Linus so easily, it meant that his strength was far beyond their imagination.

Zimba was the quickest to react. He pulled the horse's mane and shouted, "Let's go!"

The Royal Monkeys quickly tried to escape but the second they did so, Zen cried out, "Since you're back, how could you still want to leave?"

"You can't stop us!" Zimba turned around and angrily shot back at Zen, who was in the col. This time, however, Zimba's horse suddenly let out a neigh because it was too nervous and terrified.

Another horse had thrown out the Royal Monkey that sat on it due to its anxiousness.

The horses in the Dark Region were by no means ordinary. In fact, the horses the Royal Monkeys rode were Demonic Blood Horses. They were incomparably strong and had immense fighting power, and there were very few things that they were afraid of.

Thus, Zimba was confused. His eyes narrowed into slits, and then he saw a human woman who stood in front of the horse.

He was still puzzled. Why could this human woman scare his horse to such an extent?

Before Zimba could find out the reason, he saw the woman spread her hands, and two beams of blazing white light shone brightly.

Zimba looked at the white light with fear.

As a Royal Monkey, he had spent so many years in Stage Fourteen. He had met the stage ruler and witnessed the Great Sanskrit Light. He clearly knew that everything that the light illuminated would vanish without a trace, as if they had never been in this world.

He was also aware that the Great Sanskrit Light had purified the west part of the Dark Region some time ago. Thus, everything within a hundred-mile radius of it was completely gone.

There were many rumors that attempted to explain the situation. Some said that it was the stage ruler who had done it, while others said that there was something wrong with the stage.

When Zimba saw the white light that came from the human woman's hands, he put the pieces together and came to a realization.

It seemed that it wasn't the stage ruler who had done it, but rather a new purified being who was in Stage Fourteen.

Unfortunately, Zimba did not have the chance to bring the news back to his race.

"Buzz..."

The moment Elvinia flicked her fingers, the white light had touched the horses and the Royal Monkeys. The light swept around only a few times, but the Royal Monkeys and the horses were cut into pieces.

This ability of Elvinia enabled her to make them disappear without a trace. She, however, had already consumed too much of her power before and had been restraining herself since she entered the Dark Region.

After Zen climbed out of the col, the Insect Masters followed one by one. They stared numbly at the chopped up body parts on the ground, as they never thought that such a thing would happen. The two humans in front of them had killed the superior Royal Monkeys! Who on earth were they?

"Clean this place up," Zen said.

Several insect tamers took out small round boxes and released a swarm of black bugs. The numerous tiny bugs looked like a mass of black sand as they covered the corpses of the Royal Monkeys and the horses.

They had eaten up the bodies in no time, and even the bloodstains on the ground were gone.

"Even if we have cleaned this place up, I'm afraid the Royal Monkey race won't let us go," said one of the Insect Masters with a bitter look on his face. "We will die in a couple of days," Mercer wailed miserably.

More than a dozen Royal Monkeys had died. It was highly possible that the Royal Monkey race would vent their anger on the Insect Masters and kill all of them.

"It won't happen," Zen comforted.

"Why not?" Mercer asked. "Because all of the black monkeys will die," Zen replied calmly. There were some things that he might concede to, but threats to him that involved Yan were not something he could allow.

No matter what kind of force stood behind these black monkeys, he would never give in to them.

Despite his words, the Insect Masters still looked uneasy.

Although he and Elvinia had just killed more than a dozen Royal Monkeys, the Royal Monkey race had many other masters.

At that point, Zen had already sensed the Shape-shifting Spirit's direction, so there was no need for him to stay any longer. He and Elvinia decided to continue their pursuit.

Just as the two of them were about to leave, Mercer and Miller plucked up the courage to ask Zen if they could follow along.

Chapter 3549 The Ghost Wing Bird

The two brothers—Mercer and Miller, were determined in following Zen.

Now that the situation became worse, they believed that it was better to pin all their hopes on these two human beings than do nothing. Perhaps, they could really create a miracle.

Luckily for Zen, he had the Shape-shifting Spirit's guidance, so he didn't really need the help of the Insect Master race that much.

Nevertheless, the Insect Masters were more familiar with the Dark Region than he and Elvinia were, so it actually wasn't bad that the two tagged along with them.

After a while of thought, Zen nodded and said, "It's a pity that Elvinia acted too ruthlessly just now, that none of the horses was left."

"Those Demonic Blood Horses were the Royal Monkeys' exclusive mounts. Even if they were still alive, they wouldn't let us ride them anyway," said the old insect raiser as he climbed up the col. Then, he took out a small bamboo flute and handed it to Mercer.

In turn, Mercer placed the bamboo flute's mouthpiece by his lips, then gently played it. Soon enough, several black beetles emerged from the cave below the col.

"Those are... Holy Beetles!" The moment Mercer saw the beetles, he got a little too excited.

The Insect Master race raised all kinds of insects, snakes, and ants, and among all of them, the Holy Beetles were the most difficult to tame.

Generally speaking, juniors like Mercer didn't have the chance to control the Holy Beetles.

"Our benefactors can ride these Holy Beetles. Mercer and Miller, you two should take good care of them," the old insect raiser ordered.

Zen could fly even in the Dark Region, but the process was somewhat troublesome.

That was because the Godly Way energy was in conflict with the Dark Region. If he condensed the Thunder Materialization, the darkness would probably damage his pair of thunder wings in an instant.

But since the Insect Master race just gave them the flying mounts, he didn't refuse the kindness.

In a few moments, Zen, Elvinia, Miller, and Mercer each took a Holy Beetle to mount and rode on them. Then, Mercer played the bamboo flute gently, and the Holy Beetles carried them into the dark sky.

As the Holy Beetles flew up to a higher altitude, the visibility in the Dark Region became less clear. The originally dim ground quickly became blurry.

The dark sky was like an endless black hole. When Zen raised his head, he could faintly feel the pressure that the darkness emitted. It felt as if something was spying on him from the endless void.

"Has your Insect Master race ever explored the sky above the Dark Region?" Zen asked curiously. "I haven't seen it before," Mercer answered honestly.

"But according to the records of our Insect Master race, our great ancestor once rode a Holy Beetle into the dark sky!" he exclaimed.

"Did he find anything?" Zen asked again. "No," Mercer said with a shake of his head.

He continued, "Our great ancestor never came back. Although the other clansmen all say that he stays in the dark sky, I think he must have died there..."

As a native race in the Dark Region, the Insect Master race had always sought survival in the conflicts between the large races. They were too weak.

The great ancestor Mercer referred to was the greatest Insect Master, who had tamed a powerful insect and thus led the Insect Master race to a brilliant period of development. After the great ancestor had left, however, the remaining insect tamers still could not obtain a position in the Dark Region and therefore, the Insect Master race had declined even more over the years.

"The dark sky..."

According to Zen's understanding of the Other Shore, the stages of the Other Shore were superimposed over one another. It was true since it could also be proved by the things he had seen when he left the Lust World.

Yet, when Elvinia had opened a crack in the sky, wouldn't it mean that there was a crack in Stage Fifteen of the Other Shore? Was Stage Fifteen of the Other Shore on the top of the so-called dark sky?

It sounded unexplainable in a spatial sense.

While Zen was deep in his thoughts, the white light in Elvinia's pupils glowed slightly. "Something is following us," she told Zen in a low voice.

Upon hearing her words, Zen, Mercer, and Miller all turned their heads to look around, but they couldn't see anything in the darkness.

Soon enough, they heard the sound of wings flapping, then several huge black shadows came down from above. They turned out to be giant birds, and each of them was about thousands of feet wide!

"They are Ghost Wing Birds!" Mercer screamed in fright.

As soon as he saw the huge black shadows above his head, his eyes instantly went wide open in horror and panic overtook him. Miller was no better, as he also went pale with fear like his brother.

As one of the strongest creatures in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, the Ghost Wing Bird had almost no natural enemy.

They flew high in the sky all year round and almost never descended. No one had ever even found a nest of the Ghost Wing Bird. Even a powerful force like the Royal Monkey race would die if they encountered the Ghost Wing Birds.

Both Mercer and Miller had once seen the Ghost Wing birds glide in the sky back when they were in the col. At that time, all the Insect Masters held their breaths and didn't dare to do anything. They didn't move even after the Ghost Wing Birds captured a few of their clansmen, but simply watched them leave in silent distress.

Still, that instance had deeply impressed Mercer and Miller.

The two brothers never expected to encounter such powerful beings especially not shortly after they set out.

"Lower the height," Zen told Mercer.

Meanwhile, Mercer was at a loss and didn't know what to do. When he heard Zen's instruction, he tried his best to hold back his fear and played the bamboo flute in his hand. In turn, the Holy Beetles quickly descended.

When the Ghost Wing Birds saw that Zen and his companions go down from the sky, they immediately followed them closely.

Their huge wings were like sails as they flapped continuously. As the Ghost Wing Birds got closer and closer, their appearance gradually became clear. Brown feathers covered their slender heads, and their eyes were slanted in shape. Overall, they looked rather terrifying.

"Woosh—"

The nearest Ghost Wing Bird stretched out its long and thin beak, then tried to grab Mercer with its mouth.

Compared with the huge body of the Ghost Wing Bird, Mercer was as small as an ant.

"Elvinia, drive them away!" Zen shouted.

He knew that Elvinia's Great Sanskrit Light was too blinding in the Dark Region. So, the reason why he had asked Mercer to lower their altitude was not because he wanted to escape, but because he wanted to assist Elvinia in driving those birds away.

"Buzz!"

As soon as Zen finished speaking, Elvinia raised her hand. Light swords, which extended up to a thousand feet upward, swiftly shot up into the air.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

Just like shabby canvases, the nearest Ghost Wing Bird's wings were mangled as the light swords instantly pierced through them and left numerous holes.

Of course, Elvinia still wasn't satisfied with the damage she had done. She gently flipped her palm, and the light swords dashed towards the junction between the wings and the torso of the Ghost Wing Bird. It was clear that she actually wanted to cut off the Ghost Wing Bird's wings.

The Ghost Wing Bird felt the sharp stab of pain and desperately wanted to escape.

Elvinia's light swords, however, were too fast for it to dodge. The second the light swords moved, the Ghost Wing Bird's wings immediately fell off, and its enormous body fell heavily from the sky.

Boom!

When the other Ghost Wing Birds saw what had happened, they didn't dare to stay any longer. They were afraid that the blazing white light swords might also decapitate their wings, so they flew up and away, then disappeared into the darkness.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Mercer and Miller sat stiffly on the backs of the Holy Beetles, before they finally sighed in relief and wiped the sweat off their foreheads.

They had thought that they would be doomed to death this time, but to their surprise, the human woman's white light swords had defeated the extremely powerful and influential Ghost Wing Birds of the Dark Region with ease.

It almost seemed that these two humans were able to do whatever they wanted in the Dark Region.

Chapter 3550 The Splendid Jade Pass

To the west of the Dark Region was the Splendid Jade Mountain, and within it was a mountain pass.

Behind the pass was the Royal Monkey race's territory.

It was naturally impossible for the Insect Masters to get through this smoothly.

Ten miles away from the pass, Mercer ordered the Holy Beetles to land in a forest. He turned to the others with a serious expression on his face.

"There should be Royal Monkeys stationed at the pass. I'll send a spy bug to check it out," he said, opening his pocket where a bug flew out.

This bug was the same size as a mosquito and was as light as dust, making it incredibly difficult to spot with the naked eye.

Mercer and Miller were no good at fighting. This was the only way they could help Zen. Just as the bug was about to fly away though, Zen shook his head.

"There's no need." Mercer frowned. "Why not?"

His question went unanswered as Zen turned his attention to Elvinia. "Follow me," he told her.

The Shape-shifting Spirit had gone far. They both felt it, which meant that the Royal Monkeys' destination was far away from the pass.

They had to be extremely careful around these black monkeys. Yan was still in their hands after all.

Unfortunately, they had to kill the group of black monkeys they encountered earlier, and it was only going to be a matter of time before the other monkeys found out. It was currently a race against time.

'So many Royal Monkeys...' Mercer thought to himself.

Then again he remembered how Elvinia had killed those Ghost Wing Birds before, so maybe a few monkeys weren't going to be a problem.

The pass was currently being guarded by patrolling Royal Monkeys.

This was the only entrance to their race's territory, and thus, the security here was top notch and extremely strict. What was more, there had been a rise in the number of Royal Monkeys sent here.

It was already well-guarded but the number of additional patrolmen somehow made the leader of the pass a bit uneasy.

There was no way more Royal Monkeys were sent here to guard the pass for no reason. He wasn't dumb. Trouble was surely afoot for their race!

Could it be the one-eyed creatures from before?

A couple of years ago, these one-eyed creatures descended upon their pass but they promptly taught them a lesson. Now, they were at the top of the Dark Region of Stage Fourteen. It was impossible for those one-eyed creatures to come here now unless they were seeking death.

Besides, that purified being was currently receiving the best care by the Royal Monkeys.

"Chief!" a Royal Monkey on patrol shouted, interrupting the monkey chief's thoughts. "Something's coming!" The warning came as a shock to the monkey chief.

"What did you say?!"

He went out of his quarters, craning his neck to see what his subordinate had spotted.

The sight above them stunned him. "Holy Beetles?!"

These bugs were considered as the Insect Master race's rare treasures. What were they doing here?

Did that mean the Insect Masters were here? Why? Were they crazy or something?

The chief's eyes narrowed, a trace of anger appearing in their depths. "Insect Masters! You green-skinned men and your bugs! If you get any closer, we won't hesitate to kill you!"

Insect Masters were cowards by nature, at least to the Royal Monkeys. He figured he'd be able to scare them away through verbal threats.

However, the Insect Masters showed no signs of retreat and continued their approach with their Holy Beetles.

"You're courting death!" the chief roared though he did feel a bit apprehensive about how things were going.

He winked at his two subordinates who immediately drew their javelins from their backs.

Mercer and Miller thickly swallowed when they saw the Royal Monkeys bring out their weapons.

Just as the Royal Monkeys took aim and were about to throw their javelins, a whistle suddenly drew their attention.

The monkey chief turned to find a human man hanging on the wall. "A human?!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "What is a human doing here in the Dark Region?! He also seems to have a physical body!"

Zen's appearance caused quite a shock to the monkey chief. He felt his heart clench when he looked at him. Just a few days ago, a group of elite Royal Monkeys escorted the Souls of Light of two human women through the pass.

Could it be related to this human?

His apprehensions lasted only a moment though. "Kill those who break into the pass without permission!"

With his command, the two subordinates raised their arms and threw their javelins towards Zen.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The speed at which the javelins traveled was extremely fast but all it took was a slight twist for Zen to avoid them.

Instead of his body, the javelins firmly lodged themselves deep into the wall. Zen saw it fit to use them as a makeshift chair. "Have you confirmed it?" he said to no one in particular. "Are there no other black monkeys around?"

At the mention of the insult "black monkey," the Royal Monkeys immediately grew solemn. They didn't know who Zen was talking to but a voice answered, seemingly out of nowhere, "No. All black monkeys are here."

Zen smiled and nodded firmly. "Let's do this then!"

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Numerous beams of light appeared from the sky, enveloping the monkeys in the pass.

In the blink of an eye, they all found themselves obliterated by the power of the Great Sanskrit Light. Once all monkeys were eliminated, the ground on which they once stood melted away and bore a circular hole within the pass. This let the light eliminate the black monkeys that were still inside.

Among everyone in the pass, only the chief survived.

He was a war veteran and his prestige had him in charge of guarding the Splendid Jade Pass. Now though, he watched as his entire brethren perished from the white light that suddenly fell from the sky.

The only thing in his mind then was confusion. The purified being had attacked them, but why? Why? Why? Why? He tried to come up with a reason but there was none.

Terrified by what he had just witnessed, the monkey chief stood up and poised to run away.

Unfortunately, Zen wasn't going to let him go so easily. The only reason he was kept alive was to provide valuable information.

Just as the monkey chief was about to run away, Zen pulled out the javelin he had been sitting on and flew towards his prey. The stick at the end of the javelin hit the chief, hard.

"I want to know something," Zen muttered dangerously as he pinned the chief on the wall.

"As far as I know, you kidnapped the Soul of Light of a human girl."

The monkey chief's eyes flashed knowingly. It was as he had thought. The human was here because of the two girls.

"I-I just..." the monkey chief stuttered, still in a bit of a shock from the entire ordeal. Just as he spoke, dozens of thin light awls descended from above and nailed themselves on his feet, legs, shoulders, wrists, and chest.

On the other side of the city wall was a human woman's figure, the source of these thin light awls.

"The light of the purified being came from this woman," the chief muttered. He was completely restrained by the awls and the slightest movements could end up with him getting cut into pieces.

"You want to live? Then tell me what I want to know, or else you'll end up like them," Zen threatened, nodding his head at the void.

If the chief didn't comply, he'd end up being obliterated by the Great Sanskrit Light, just like the rest of his race.

Chapter 3551 An Empty City

The monkey chief was in fright, as if he'd just come close to a ghost.

At this point, the monkey had no other choice. No one had asked him to keep a secret anyway.

In order to survive, the monkey didn't hesitate for too long. "I can tell you. But you must let me go. Alive," he said.

"I promise you." Zen nodded in agreement.

"And how about... How about her?" the monkey asked, pointing at Elvinia.

Elvinia saw this and nodded her head in approval, then the monkey let out a sigh before continuing to speak. "A few days ago, there were two human women passing here," he said very carefully. "But they were escorted by the Coldness Monkey Guards."

"What is the Coldness Monkey Guard?" Zen questioned.

"They are the elites of our race and guard the Chief Flag Monkey," the monkey continued. "The Chief Flag Monkey is the commander in chief of the Royal Monkey race in Stage Fourteen. At first, I, too, was curious as to why they brought two human Souls of Light back..."

The monkey went on to tell Zen everything he knew. He even pointed out the location of the Coldness Monkey Guards after asking Zen to take out a map from his pocket.

"Mercer," Zen called out. He had everything he needed.

Mercer, who was riding on a Holy Beetle, gradually flew to Zen and cupped his hands towards him. "Kill him," Zen ordered, pointing at the monkey.

The monkey's eyes widened in shock. What just happened? "You...you promised me!" he screeched.

"Yes, I did." Zen smiled. "But he didn't promise you." After his last word, he jumped down from the pass with Elvinia following right behind him.

Mercer, on the other hand, was stunned to have been given such an order. But because he was loyal to Zen, he was going to do it either way.

The Royal Monkey had no escape. No matter how powerful he was, he was trapped by the light awls fixed on his limbs. Just like that, he was at the disposal of Mercer.

After thinking for a moment, Mercer reached into his pocket. From here, he took out several black bugs, which struck terror into the monkey immediately. He knew exactly what they were.

These bugs were known as the blood devouring bugs. Just as their name implied, they would drill themselves into the host's body, multiply instantly, and suck every drop of blood.

After the Splendid Jade Pass, the terrain around it gradually opened up.

It allowed for better viewing, that even in the darkness, Zen could spot the low houses from a distance. This was where the Royal Monkeys lived.

Just then, Zen raised up the javelin and gave a good look at the area. He then turned to his map as he tried to identify the place better. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. "The Coldness Monkey Guards mentioned by that monkey are here," he stated. "They are positioned over there!"

Elvinia looked in the direction Zen pointed out. "It's at the same direction of the Shape-shifting Spirit... How can we get in?"

The main goal of their journey was to save Yan, and this should be done without disturbing the Royal Monkeys. To do so, they could not afford to make any mistakes. If the Royal Monkeys held Yan hostage to coerce Zen, Zen might yield to all their requirements.

"I think we can use these," Mercer said, holding out the spy bugs in front of Zen.

Zen smiled and nodded at him in agreement.

With a gentle toss, the bugs flew to the air and vanished into the darkness, heading to where the Royal Monkeys lived.

Five minutes had passed and Mercer was finally able to gather information on the city. But just as he was about to report to Zen, his face shifted. "No..." he trailed off.

"What is it?" Zen asked with much concern.

"I'm sorry to say this...but the city is completely abandoned," Mercer said. "None of the monkeys are here!" He believed that his spy bugs would never deceive him.

"How...how is that possible?" Zen hissed, "Did you make a mistake?"

"These spy bugs are always accurate. How could I be wrong?" Mercer answered affirmatively, looking ahead.

Furrowing his eyebrows, Zen looked at both Mercer and Elvinia. "Well, let's go and take a look."

As they entered the city, they finally confirmed that everything Mercer said was true. It was deserted, and no one could understand why.

How could they have left so suddenly?

"It seems that the stupid monkey from the Splendid Jade Pass had no idea about this..." Zen said, frustrated.

Elvinia felt Zen's despair and wanted to turn things around. "Let's find the Shape-shifting Spirit first."

Without hesitation, they headed towards the north of the city and began their search using the soul mark. Not long after, they ended up stopping before a wide building.

Zen felt something about the building, so he pushed open the door to investigate.

"Creak..."

The moment the door swung open, whistling sounds travelled through the air.

"Swish... Swish..."

Just then, what seemed like thin, shiny needles began to shoot out from the walls of the building.

Elvinia raised her eyebrows, sensing the trap. All of a sudden, the light in her hand burst out!

"Buzz!"

When the needles were exposed to Elvinia's light, they completely vanished. Moreover, when the light filled up the entire building, they heard screams - it was the Shape-shifting Spirit. "No, don't hurt me," it murmured. "It's me! The Shape-shifting Spirit!"

Instead of stopping, Elvinia radiated the light even more. It grew and grew, protecting both her and Zen.

It was not until the sound of the last needle snapping, that Elvinia stopped. Finally, the two could clearly see what was going on in the building.

The Shape-shifting Spirit had already returned to its original form, hanging upside down from a rope.

In a haste, Zen suddenly threw the javelin and snapped the rope. "What just happened?" he asked the spirit. "Why were you hung there?"

The spirit let out a sigh. "When I was sent to this city, I was detected..." It was very sullen with what it had just said.

Though it was skilled in morphing itself, it could only be regarded as a pet. This was because it was not strong enough to go against anyone.

Apparently, after getting beaten up by the Royal Monkeys, it was hung upside down and left behind there.

"They didn't kill me though," the spirit pointed out. "I'm supposedly the bait that would lure you here."

Zen nodded, acknowledging this. After all, the needles were already an attempt to kill him. "But why are all the Royal Monkeys gone?"

"The monkeys mentioned that they could not defeat you because you have a purified being," the spirit explained. "They also said that if you two are looking for the human woman's Soul of Light, you'd find them there." It gestured out, pointing towards a corner in the building.

Across the wall was a poorly drawn map. The place they had to go to was clearly marked.

Analyzing the map, Zen let out a heavy sigh of relief. He then turned towards Elvinia and smiled. "A few days ago, your light had eroded an area of the Dark Region," he said. "I think you've frightened these monkeys! They retreated without us even doing anything!" Zen chuckled.

This was true. In fact, Elvinia could easily kill the entire Royal Monkey race in a rage. At least now, they had gone before she could do anything.

"So what? They can't hide forever," said Elvinia expressionlessly.

"True. But one creature from the Dark Region is not afraid of the Great Sanskrit Light," Zen added.

Just then, everything clicked in Elvinia's mind. Her face froze and her voice lowered. "Their goal is to lure us into facing the purified being of Stage Fourteen."

Chapter 3552 The Black Marsh

A vast black marsh stood at the foot of the mountain in the north of the Dark Region.

While the pool was tranquil all year round, an occasional bubble would burst, emitting a deadly poisonous mist.

If it could be avoided, no creature in the Dark Region would willingly approach the black marsh.

Da! Da! Da!

Over ten horses were galloping in the black marsh.

Being able to move at that speed, they were clearly familiar with the area.

It was the elite of the Royal Monkey race, the Coldness Monkey Guards, that rode the horses. In the lead was the Chief Flag Monkey, the race's commander.

Hiss! Hiss!

As the group of monkeys marched forward, a small black snake rushed out from the marsh beside them, trying to bite the Chief Flag Monkey.

Swish!

The Chief Flag Monkey's reaction was keen—with a casual wave of his hand, the little black snake had been cut into pieces.

He grabbed the head in his hand and examined it before frowning. "It's poisonous! Be careful!"

The black marsh was known to be a highly toxic place. Any creature that could survive there was not to be underestimated.

Once the Chief Flag Monkey gave his warning, he pulled his horse's mane and led the group forward.

In the middle of the group, the horse carried both Yan and Natalie on its back.

With the strength of ordinary Souls of Light, they weren't even matched against the ordinary creatures on the Other Shore. And those in the Dark Region were far stronger than those in the Light Region—Yan and Natalie didn't stand a chance against them in battle.

"All I know is that the Dark Region is boundless darkness. I didn't expect there to be any complex forces within," Natalie commented, looking around the marsh.

With a frown, Yan said, "I wonder why they bring us here from so far away."

She had nothing to do with the Star Falcon race—why did they suddenly decide to make a move?

Along the way, Yan and Natalie tried prodding the black monkeys for answers, but they had no problem ignoring them completely.

Quack!

A strange, harsh scream suddenly broke the atmosphere.

They all looked up into the sky to find the source.

Several huge birds swooped down, coming for the Royal Monkeys.

"Commander! The Ghost Wing Birds are here!" one of the Royal Monkeys confirmed.

The Coldness Monkey Guards were the most powerful group of Royal Monkeys—both their mentality and strength were far superior to those of ordinary Royal Monkeys.

If the other monkeys saw the birds approaching, they would have already been panic-stricken.

"These beasts… They've come to make trouble at the most critical moment!" Coldness came over the Chief Flag Monkey's face before he gave the order, "Disperse!"

"But this is the black marsh…" one of the Royal Monkeys remarked hesitantly.

It was true that the Ghost Wing Birds posed a threat, but the monkeys scattering into the black marsh was nothing short of courting death.

"It's too late. The birds are approaching fast!" another Royal Monkey pointed out.

If they were outside the black marsh, they'd have a way to deal with the birds. But all the creatures were subject to limitations in the black marsh, save for the creatures that could fly, like the Ghost Wing Birds.

"You go first. I will guard the rear!"

When he stopped his horse, the Chief Flag Monkey's armor began glowing with a golden light—his power was accumulating.

This time, the senior leaders ordered for Yan to be brought into the Dark Region and sent to the purified being. The Chief Flag Monkey had to complete the mission, even at the cost of his own life.

Quack! Quack! Quack!

Just as the great Ghost Wing Birds swooped down rapidly, the black marsh suddenly shook in the distance, from where a slender snakehead rolled out. Whoosh! It passed through tens of thousands of feet with accuracy and precision, catching a Ghost Wing Bird instantly.

The creature didn't even have time to respond—it was dragged away by the snake's tongue in mere seconds before it disappeared completely in the depths of the marsh.

Quack! Quack! Quack!

The rest of the birds screamed nervously, maneuvering their wings in an attempt to escape.

But the tongue that rolled back shot out rapidly again, sweeping away another Ghost Wing Bird in an instant.

"Da!"

"Da!"

"Da!"

In mere seconds, eight Ghost Wing Birds in the air were completely swept away by the tongue.

Natalie and Yan were stunned frozen by the scene.

They already considered the Royal Monkeys extremely powerful creatures in the Dark Region—never did they expect the creatures to fall to a natural enemy like the Ghost Wing Birds. As Natalie silently relished in the fact that the Ghost Wing Birds couldn't leave the Dark Region, a great tongue dashed out and swallowed up all the Royal Monkeys.

Where did the tongue come from?

While Natalie and Yan couldn't exactly be optimistic about their fate, they couldn't help but sigh at the scene they had just witnessed—they had no clue what other secrets they might come across on the Other Shore.

"It's the stage ruler!"

"The stage ruler has made a move!"

"That was close..."

Surprisingly, the Royal Monkeys seemed excited to see the huge tongue.

The Chief Flag Monkey even rode to the front line and ordered, "Take out the Dark Nether Bugs!"

The ruler of Stage Fourteen did not belong to any force. Over the years, the Royal Monkeys had tried all they could to build a good relationship with the stage ruler, but to no avail—the latter was far too irritable. In the years that they offered Dark Nether Bugs as tribute to the stage ruler, many of them were swallowed up.

Soon, six Royal Monkeys got off their horses and each raised an iron plate above their heads. On the iron plates, Dark Nether Bugs were curling up.

"Slow down!"

"Don't bear any hostility—the stage ruler is very sensitive!"

"Slower!"

The Chief Flag Monkey didn't fail to remind his team members.

And so the Royal Monkeys carried the iron plates, carefully moving step by step. If they moved even slightly too fast, they'd end up being the stage ruler's food just as the Dark Nether Bugs.

Although there were only a few miles ahead, the Royal Monkeys walked for ten whole minutes.

When they reached the edge of a black marsh, the tongue shot out once again and swept over one of the monkeys—along with the Dark Nether Bug above his head, he was dragged into the darkness.

The scene had all the other Royal Monkeys trembling in fear. But they were the Coldness Monkey Guards—they wouldn't shy away from death. None of them had the slightest intention to throw away the Dark Nether Bugs and flee.

"Stage ruler!"

The Chief Flag Monkey hurried over to the edge of the marsh and bowed respectfully.

Having already tasted the delicious Dark Nether Bug, the stage ruler wasn't likely to attack again so soon.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

From the dark marsh emerged a head covered in spikes of flesh. A pair of orange eyes sat on the sides of the head, the pupils flickering back and forth so fast that they looked like lines. A hoarse voice then resounded. "You're using the Dark Nether Bugs to please me again?"

Chapter 3553 The Bait

When Yan and Natalie saw the true face of the so-called stage ruler, they frowned. It was unsettling.

There must be some sort of reason as to why these black monkeys brought them to their stage ruler.

It was not for the first time that the Chief Flag Monkey had encountered the stage ruler. He knew that the Dark Nether Bugs were a kind of food that the stage ruler would not refuse, but it was a well-known fact that the Dark Nether Bugs were very difficult to capture.

The candles that were used to capture Dark Nether Bugs by the Insect Master race, or any other race for that matter, were all supplied by the Royal Monkeys.

He had been doing this for so many years, in order to make use of this stage ruler in case of a tricky situation.

"Stage ruler, I have worked hard to collect these Dark Nether Bugs. Please accept them," the Chief Flag Monkey said, bowing deeply.

"Well, tell me, what's your purpose? And why did you bring two Souls of Light?" The stage ruler's eyes fell on Natalie and Yan. As a purified being, he could instantly perceive that the two girls came from the Light Region.

Glancing indifferently at the two girls, the Chief Flag Monkey answered, "These two are also an offering from the Royal Monkey race."

The stage ruler sneered. "You want me to devour the Souls of Light? Well, it's better than nothing..."

When he finished speaking, he stuck his tongue out towards Yan and Natalie. The two girls shut their eyes tight, awaiting their deaths. They knew they were no match for such a powerful being.

Just as the stage ruler was about to devour the two girls, the Chief Flag Monkey suddenly cried out, "Please wait!"

"What?" A dangerous light flashed in the stage ruler's eyes. It peeved him whenever anyone stopped him from eating his food. The only thing keeping this insolent monkey alive was the fact that he had offered him Dark Nether Bugs for many times in the past.

"I offer these two Souls of Light to you, not for you to eat," the Chief Flag Monkey explained carefully.

Looking at the monkey in confusion, the stage ruler asked, "Then, what do you want to do?"

"These two are just bait. They will lure another purified being who is lurking around the Dark Region. I believe that you will be more interested in this purified being," the Chief Flag Monkey continued.

"Another purified being..."

Since he was one himself, the stage ruler of course knew the rules of purified beings very well.

Once he became a purified being, he was bound to this stage of the Other Shore. There shouldn't have been another purified being in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore.

"You know the price you would have to pay if you're lying to me," the stage ruler said, curling up the tongue in his mouth. The killing intent in his eyes was like a solid mist thickening.

As the commander of the Royal Monkey race, the Chief Flag Monkey knew that he had to keep calm. Confidently, he answered, "I dare not lie to you. That purified being came from Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore. We don't know how she entered the Desire World. But just a few days ago, that purified being used the Great Sanskrit Light to erode everything within a radius of a hundred miles!"

The stage ruler fixed his eyes on the Chief Flag Monkey and looked somewhat curious when he saw the monkey seemed quite sure of what he had said. At the same time, he said slowly, "You are so foxy. You can't contend with that purified being, so you want me to fight for you, right?"

Although the stage ruler seldom went outside, he was not stupid after all. Obviously, the Royal Monkeys wanted to make use of his strength to kill that purified being.

Unflinchingly, the Chief Flag Monkey answered calmly, "I thought you would be interested in another purified being, and... it is true, we are not strong enough to defeat her." With eyes narrowing slightly, he continued, "Stage ruler, if you are unwilling to face that purified being, I will take these two Souls of Light away..."

The Chief Flag Monkey was, however, very certain that the stage ruler wouldn't turn away from this opportunity.

"You've already brought them here, so just let them stay," the stage ruler said hastily.

The Chief Flag Monkey could not help but internally sneer at the stage ruler. He was acting the exact way he had expected him to. Turning to his followers, the Chief Flag Monkey barked, "Send the two human Souls of Light here under escort! And Seal them here!"

After putting down the Dark Nether Bugs, several Royal Monkeys stepped forward and escorted Yan and Natalie down. Another Royal Monkey drew a trap array on the ground. Then Yan and Natalie were pushed into the trap array by the Royal Monkeys.

"Stage ruler, please enjoy the food." The Chief Flag Monkey bowed with a courteous smile on his face. Then, he hurriedly led the other Royal Monkeys away.

The Chief Flag Monkey didn't care which purified being would win and which would lose. He was only afraid that when the two purified beings fought, the heaven and earth would be destroyed as a result, so he didn't want to stay here to find out.

Sitting inside the trap array, Yan and Natalie exchanged silent glances.

Judging from the Royal Monkey's words, they were nothing but disposable bait to lure another purified being here.

"Who on earth is that purified being?" Natalie asked in a low voice.

Yan shook her head, also at a loss.

It had been kept a secret that Elvinia was a purified being. The warriors from the Pear Hill had no idea about this, which was why Yan and Natalie were so confused.

Besides, it never crossed Yan's mind that Elvinia would enter the Dark Region to rescue her.

"Will it be your elder brother?" Natalie suddenly asked, eyes flashing excitedly.

Yan thought for a moment. It wouldn't be a surprise, in a sense, since Zen was always going on adventures and things always seemed to happen to him.

Moreover, it made sense that if Yan was kidnapped, Zen wouldn't hesitate to rescue her.

"No way..." Yan whispered.

Even though she was in grave danger, she didn't want her brother to get into trouble in the Dark Region because of her.

Swish!

Suddenly, the stage ruler's long tongue shot out like lightning and curled around a Dark Nether Bug that lay next to the two girls. In the blink of an eye, the stage ruler had sucked it into his mouth. After chewing it thoughtfully, he swallowed it and smiled in satisfaction.

Both Natalie and Yan watched in horror, but there was nothing they could do since they were trapped in the array.

In a matter of seconds, the stage ruler devoured all the Dark Nether Bugs. Seeing he had eaten all the food, he sat down on the side of the swamp, eyeing the two girls curiously. "The Darkness Fruits in your bodies could only last for around six hours." Then, he smiled mischievously. "It seems the monkeys were under the impression that the other purified being would come by then."

"I don't know about that," Natalie replied coldly.

The stage ruler just smiled. No longer asking any other question, he waited patiently by the side of the swamp.

Three hours passed by.

The stage ruler's eyes rolled around in a bored fashion, then suddenly, he sat up vigilantly. Looking towards the distance, he let a smile creep on his face.

Without any warning, he opened his mouth and his tongue shot out into the darkness.

Yan and Natalie craned their necks to turn around to look at where the stage ruler was sticking out his tongue, but they couldn't see anything.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The tongue stuck out then retracted, and once again stuck out, retracted...

This went on for a while. However, it was fruitless. On the contrary, bloodstains appeared on his tongue, which had obviously been cut by a sharp weapon.

Yan and Natalie exchanged confused glances.

They wondered who the stage ruler was fighting with. The newcomer seemed so powerful that even the ruler of a stage of the Other Shore couldn't seem to do anything about it, and was instead wounded!

Chapter 3554 Confrontation

The stage ruler's several attacks failed. What was worse, his tongue was injured by the two people in the distance.

His head that had been bobbing on the surface of the black marsh till just now suddenly rose as he climbed out of the marsh.

Only then did Yan and Natalie realize how big this stage ruler actually was.

"Those monkeys were right. They do have some skills." The stage ruler cocked his head to the side to look at the two trembling girls. "They're trying to save you, aren't they?"

Yan tried to say something, but she was too struck with fear.

Stretching out his huge claw, the stage ruler tried to reach for Yan and Natalie.

The two thought that the stage ruler was going to kill them, so they shut their eyes tight. However, much to their surprise and relief, the claw grabbed the trap array and the soil under their feet. Carefully, the stage ruler tossed them onto his back.

"He... He doesn't plan to kill us?" Natalie cried incredulously.

Yan's eyes were trained on the two mysterious figures. "He's not interested in us. He's interested in the ones flying over there!"

The two figures in the distance had suddenly launched themselves into the air, flying towards them at an incredible speed.

Yan squinted. She couldn't tell who the other one was but she recognized the woman. She was Elvinia from the Oneness Sky Palace!

Yan and Natalie had seen her before in the Chaotic Source World.

Back then, Elvinia didn't perform well in the Chaotic Source World. Yet now she was able to have a physical body on the Other Shore, and even her appearance could be seen clearly.

"Is she the purified being?" Natalie blurted out.

"I suppose so. But who is the other person?" Yan pondered.

Back in the Chaotic Source World, Elvinia had been following her brother the whole time. It was very likely her companion was no other than Zen.

Narrowing her eyes at the indistinct figure, Yan realized the shape and movement were familiar. "Zen..." she said softly.

"Hahaha..."

As the two figures in the distance steadily approached, the stage ruler crawled on the ground, cracking his mouth wide open and laughing maniacally.

The laughter echoed in the black marsh like dull thunder. The poisonous creatures that lurked in the black marsh panicked and fled everywhere.

When Zen saw the huge monster in the distance, he frowned slightly.

It turned out that the purified being of Stage Fourteen was actually a huge lizard!

Upon seeing the huge lizard, Zen scanned the area. Finally, his gaze landed on the two faint human figures on his back. Even if he was far away, Zen was sure that they were two Souls of Light.

'Yan...' he thought to himself.

A trace of anger welled up inside him, and he sped up.

Elvinia, who had been flying next to him, felt his change in behavior.

Obviously, Zen was worried about his sister most. Elvinia raised her eyebrow, deep in thought.

In a matter of seconds, the two of them finally landed in front of the giant lizard.

"Haha..."

The stage ruler's muffled laughter finally ceased once the two landed in front of him. Stretching out a long, scaly claw to point at Elvinia, he hissed, "Are you the purified being the monkeys mentioned?"

Elvinia looked at the stage ruler coldly but said nothing.

Although the stage ruler's appearance was different from hers, she could still feel a sense of familiarity from him. This familiar feeling indicated to her that the stage ruler was the same as her.

Elvinia frowned deeply. How could such an ugly thing be her own kind?

"Answer me!"

The originally calm stage ruler suddenly became irritable.

He was the ruler of Stage Fourteen. The creatures from the Dark Region and the Light Region didn't dare to ignore him.

But Elvinia was completely indifferent to him.

Zen, who stood in front of Elvinia, pointed at the back of the stage ruler. "The black monkeys are using my sister as bait. If you don't want to be mindlessly manipulated by the black monkeys, please just let them go."

The moment Zen spoke, Yan gasped softly. Natalie was also pleasantly surprised. It was really Zen!

The stage ruler's eyes swept over Zen's figure. Elvinia was a purified being, but Zen was not. However, this was the man who had hurt his tongue, which puzzled him.

"The black monkeys want to use me to kill your sister..." the stage ruler echoed.

"Yes," Zen nodded. "Please don't be fooled by those monkeys."

"Those ugly monkeys can't fool me!" Pointing his claw at Elvinia, the stage ruler smiled. "I will release the two Souls of Light if you give her to me. What do you think?"

When Elvinia heard this, she sneered. Zen, on the other hand, remained calm. "What if I don't agree?"

"Then all of you will have to stay." The stage ruler opened his big mouth and made a muffled, guttural sound. Now, he was interested in not only Elvinia, but also Zen.

The scales on his huge body suddenly spread out, and thousands of colors blossomed from the edges of the scales.

The lights that the lizard released were not just in white, but in many other colors.

The originally dark and lifeless swamp suddenly came to life, illuminated in colors. It was like the first breeze in spring, gently nudging the sleeping nature to an awakened state.

The lights couldn't hurt Yan, Natalie, Zen, and Elvinia, but they were fatal to the other creatures in the swamp.

Everything that came into contact with the lights all turned into nothingness.

What was even more terrifying was that all the creatures in the marsh seemed to be drawn towards the colorful lights. Snakes that were more than ten thousand feet long, crocodiles lying in the depths of the marsh, bugs in the shadows... All the creatures rushed towards the lights for some reason, only to be gruesomely annihilated.

Then, it dawned on Zen. The creatures were actually sacrificing themselves!

"The stage ruler is really powerful..."

Zen muttered, tightening his grip on the javelin he was holding.

Not long after Elvinia became a purified being, her strength far surpassed that of any ordinary creature on the Other Shore. Even the creatures in the Dark Region were no match for her.

The stage ruler in front of him was an ancient monster that had lived for countless years. His understanding of himself, the Other Shore, and the Great Sanskrit Light was not something that Elvinia could compare with.

The stage ruler threw his head back, unleashing a thunderous roar.

Then, his sharp claw swung out to try to reach for Zen's head.

Zen saw this coming. Reflexively, he flew to the side like a ghost.

Boom!

After the claw smashed into the marsh, ripples quivered across its surface and spread out in all directions.

Zen leaped high into the air to dodge the stage ruler's blow. A sharp light flashed in his eyes, and he threw the javelin in his hand, aiming at the spot in between the stage ruler's eyes.

Chapter 3555 Cycle

The javelin whistled through the air.

Whoosh...

The stage ruler was caught off guard, and the javelin sank into his forehead.

Zen had thrown the javelin with a lot of force. If it had managed to pierce the stage ruler's skull, it would've shattered his head.

However, this was not the case. Such a powerful strike even failed to pierce through his skin. Only the tip of the javelin had hit him.

"Swish!"

Even though his forehead had been struck, the stage ruler fiercely swiped at Zen who was still floating in the air with a claw. Zen didn't have the time to dodge.

"Bang!"

Zen was smashed into the marsh, ripples waving from where he had landed.

Elvinia's face fell as she saw what happened. Before she could take a step towards Zen, the stage ruler's other claw was reaching for her. "I've stayed on Stage Fourteen for a long time," the stage ruler's voice boomed. "I've tasted almost all the creatures here, but the most delicious is still the Dark Nether Bugs. But, I think you will taste just as good..."

"Whoosh!"

The huge claw encircled Elvinia in the blink of an eye.

However, she was quick on her feet. Immediately, she somersaulted backwards, narrowly avoiding his clutches.

Whoosh! Whoosh...

The stage ruler's sharp claw kept swiping towards Elvinia. She continued to move nimbly on the black marsh, dodging the claw like a dragonfly skimming on the surface of a pond.

Actually, it had been extremely dangerous while she was retreating to evade his attacks.

After she had become a purified being, she had made great progress relying on this physical body. Back when she was on Stage Thirteen, she could easily unleash a power of more than three thousand divine megatons, which surpassed even Zen's strength.

Now that she had entered Stage Fourteen, her physical body was definitely not considered weak, but her opponent was the ruler of Stage Fourteen who had numerous years of experience. The difference in strength was painfully obvious.

Swish!

Whoosh!

Phew!

As she retreated, her body kept transforming into different shapes to evade the claw which was only inches away from her.

"Let me see how long you can keep this up!"

The eyes of the stage ruler revealed a trace of excitement.

As the ruler of Stage Fourteen, he had been standing at the top of this stage for too long.

In the entire Stage Fourteen. there seemed to be nothing worth his attention.

Now that he finally met someone powerful enough, naturally, he felt somewhat of a thrill.

As he rushed forward, he reached out his two claws. As the two claws intersected, colorful lights pierced through the darkness.

Elvinia clenched her teeth and continued to dart from left to right in the shadows.

"Puff..."

A sharp claw swiped at her chest, slicing through her flesh. A deep gash appeared under her clavicle, a wound so deep that one could see her bones.

Elvinia winced and was about to leap to the other side, but the stage ruler had already guessed her next move and yanked at her before she could even try.

"I'm done for..."

Her heart sank. She suddenly realized that her journey on the Other Shore would come to an end.

Yet somehow, even in the face of death, she felt no regret.

Ever since she entered Stage Thirteen, until now, she had gotten to know herself better.

But if she died, then, Zen...

Before she could even finish the thought, she realized the sharp claw that was reaching for her abruptly stopped a few inches from her face.

Elvinia blinked confusedly, it was as though time had stopped.

Not only did the stage ruler's claw not move forward, it actually seemed to be slowly moving backward. Turning to look at the stage ruler's face, Elvinia was surprised to see an intensely angry expression.

As the massive claw retreated inch by inch, the stage ruler let out a deep roar.

Only then did Elvinia notice that Zen was holding the tail of the stage ruler tightly, dragging the huge lizard backwards!

"Damn human!"

the stage ruler roared and gave up chasing Elvinia. Turning around furiously, he pounced on Zen.

"Boom!"

As the mud splashed, Zen was thrown under the stage ruler.

"Zen!"

"Zen!"

Yan screamed from the back of the big lizard, but she could do nothing as she was still trapped inside the array.

As Elvinia watched this scene, she gradually regained her senses. This whole time, she had been evading the stage ruler; however, upon seeing Zen in trouble, she was enraged. Planting her foot into the mud, she suddenly launched herself into the air, rushing towards the huge lizard.

But before she could even get close, the stage ruler's tail swept an arc in the air.

"Bang!"

The stage ruler's tail alone was enough to land a blow with four thousand divine megatons of force.

Elvinia collided right into the tail, and was smashed into the ground. Letting out a muffled groan, she tasted a fishy, bittersweet taste well up from her throat. Dazed, she lay in the ground motionless for a moment.

Ignoring Elvinia, the stage ruler focused his attacks on Zen.

Under such a situation, Zen had almost no room to retreat. He could only lie on the ground and try to resist with his arms.

"Boom!"

After the stage ruler landed a blow, the light spots within Zen's body became extremely active, helping Zen absorb the power of the blow.

But the power of the stage ruler was too strong. While the Chaotic Source Spirits bore the power, they started showing faint signs of fatigue.

"Buzz..."

At the same time, the golden light in Zen's body also glowed. It was the Truth of Godly Way washing over him, restoring the energy of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

The stage ruler's huge eyes flashed with a strange light.

He had never left Stage Fourteen, so he naturally had never seen anything like the Chaotic Source Spirits. He had been under the impression that Zen's body was just extraordinarily tough.

But no matter how tough one thing was, there had to be a limit!

Determined, the stage ruler launched another strike at Zen.

"Boom!"

The Chaotic Source Spirits, which had just been washed by the Truth of Godly Way, once again were on the verge of falling into the state of fatigue. However, while Zen was momentarily suffering from the attack, the Truth of Godly Way quickly restored the Chaotic Source Spirits...

After being attacked by the stage ruler twice in a row, not only was Zen completely unharmed, the Chaotic Source Spirits were still full of vitality. A sly smile crept on his face.

Recently, when Zen was testing the Chaotic Source Spirits within his body, he had come up with a theory.

When the Chaotic Source Spirits' power reached a certain level, the Truth of Godly Way of his body and the Chaotic Source Spirits could operate in a cycle, which could greatly slow down the speed of the Chaotic Source Spirits getting exhausted.

As a result, the attack that the Chaotic Source Spirits inside Zen's body could withstand was ten to twenty times more powerful than what others could bear...

What if the Chaotic Source Spirits continued to grow in power?

The Truth of Godly Way used the attacks Zen suffered to fuel the Chaotic Source Spirits. As long as Zen wasn't killed in one blow, his physical body would be practically indestructible!

What was happening right now was proving his theory correct.

The power of the stage ruler was indeed very strong, but he was unable to destroy the Chaotic Source Spirits all at once, which meant that the Chaotic Source Spirits would never fall into exhaustion thanks to his Truth of Godly Way!

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Every time the stage ruler landed another attack, the shock and disbelief in his eyes intensified.

In all his years, he had never encountered such a strange thing before. At one point, he even began to doubt himself. Was he too weak, or was this human too strong?

Chapter 3556 The Son Of Light

The three girls' hearts sank at the sight of what happened to Zen. However, the stage ruler had an unusual expression of shock on his face.

Yan gazed at the black mud, but she couldn't find any trace of Zen's body.

Under such devastating attacks, Zen might have been severely crushed into the mud.

Elvinia was still stuck in the swamp, her whole body covered in dirt. She struggled to get up from the swamp, but her body was seriously injured that she had difficulty moving.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Out of nowhere, the stage ruler struck out another ten powerful attacks to the area where Zen was previously standing.

As Elvinia witnessed it, confusion appeared on her anxious face.

She was wondering if it was even necessary to do that since Zen could not fight back anymore.

Furthermore, she noticed the restless expression on the stage ruler's face.

Immediately after, the stage ruler unleashed another barrage of attacks. This time, he had struck out at least twenty strong ones. With this, the three girls realized that there must be something wrong.

They didn't know what exactly was happening, but they were sure that the behavior of the huge lizard was definitely odd.

The stage ruler's strength was limited. After releasing more than thirty rounds of attack using his full strength, he finally got exhausted. He took a step back, and heavy breaths came out from his nostrils.

Elvinia, Yan, and Natalie all fixed their eyes on the location where Zen was previously standing. A huge pit was created in the area due to the relentless attacks of the stage ruler. The pit was then filled with black mud up to the surface.

Soon after, the mud on the pit parted as Zen's figure started to emerge out of the mud, completely unharmed.

"Z-Zen is fine!" Yan exclaimed with a trembling voice.

On the other hand, Natalie was rendered speechless as if she had seen a ghost. 'Is that even possible?!'

In Natalie's mind, it was already an incredible miracle that Zen was able to enter the Other Shore with his corporeal body. This time, though she had doubts, she remembered that Yan had always described her brother as omnipotent. For this reason, she was starting to accept that Zen could really be more amazing than she thought he was.

Needless to say, Zen had proven himself for being unscathed after receiving about thirty unreserved attacks from the ruler of Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore.

Natalie thought that this kind of thing could only happen in dreams, but she completely knew that this was real since her Soul of Light had already entered the Other Shore.

Meanwhile, the worry on Elvinia's face was thoroughly replaced by astonishment and relief.

"It seems like you're on your limit." Zen raised his head and gave a faint smile to the stage ruler.

"You, bastard… How did you do it?" The stage ruler stared at Zen as he couldn't fully comprehend how Zen could be completely unharmed with all the attacks that he had thrown at him.

He was so sure that the body of the young human shouldn't be this strong. He thought that there seemed to be something incomprehensible happening to him.

However, no matter how smart the stage ruler was, he wouldn't be able to grasp something that was way beyond his knowledge. Furthermore, no one had ever been able to see through Zen's Truth of Godly Way.

"What makes you think that I'll tell you?" Zen answered. "Besides, if you don't know, then you have already lost."

As a purified being, Elvinia didn't possess any theurgy other than the free control of the Great Sanskrit Light, and a strong corporeal body.

Therefore, Zen had speculated that this huge lizard might have had the same situation.

Since the giant lizard became the stage ruler, no one ever dared to treat him this way.

Previously, all corporeal bodies and Souls of Light that passed through Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, as well as the creatures rooted in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, respected and feared him. Since then, all he received were reverent gazes.

This was for the first time that he had heard some ruthless mockery since he became the stage ruler. Upon hearing all this, he raised his head and roared viciously.

White light burst out from under his scales. With the refraction of the scales, the light scattered into seven colors.

The light traveled a very far distance.

After handing Yan and Natalie to the stage ruler, the Chief Flag Monkey tried to leave the black swamp and dashed away without stopping.

As the stage ruler began to roar, the Royal Monkeys had just left the edge of the black swamp.

At the same moment, they suddenly saw a flash of blinding light.

"Hey! That's the light of a purified being!" one of the Royal Monkeys yelled.

"Run! Hurry up! We're going to be vaporized by that thing!" Another Royal Monkey covered his face and ran away without turning back.

When the Royal Monkeys saw the light, it meant that the light was already being transmitted to where they were.

Although their location was quite far away from the stage ruler, the Great Sanskrit Light was invincible. It could devour everything in the Dark Region.

Realizing that the situation was getting worse, the Chief Flag Monkey rode on a horse and also ran away at full speed. However, it was kind of too late as the light was quickly devouring the demonic plants and grasses along the way. Eventually, the spreading light caught up to the Royal Monkeys, including the Chief Flag Monkey.

After the Chief Flag Monkey got promoted as the commander of the Royal Monkey race, he had successfully led the race and made great development. Under his command, their race was even ranked first in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore. They were able to trample their old nemesis, the one-eyed creatures.

In the end, no one thought that the commander of the Royal Monkey race as well as his Coldness Monkey Guards would die in such an unexpected way.

On the other hand, Mercer and Miller of the Insect Master race were staying farther from the black swamp.

The brothers originally planned to follow Zen, putting their lives at stake. However, as Zen and Elvinia were about to enter the black swamp, Zen stopped them and told them to simply wait outside.

"It's that light!"

"It's coming closer!"

Fear was written all over their faces. Even the Holy Beetles, who had been completely tamed, were trembling in fear. The creatures in the Dark Region had an instinctive fear towards the Great Sanskrit Light.

However, the two brothers didn't run away. As they looked around, they saw a large pit nearby. The two of them jumped into the pit without hesitation.

The Great Sanskrit Light was indeed powerful, but it still had to erode everything on the surface before it could touch the two, who were hiding inside the deep pit. Eventually, they successfully evaded the looming disaster.

When the light gradually disappeared, the entire black swamp disappeared as well.

Along with the swamp, tens of thousands of snakes, insects, and some Other Shore races also vanished.

As creatures of the Light Region, Zen and the three girls weren't affected by the Great Sanskrit Light.

Since the whole swamp was eroded, the solid rocks beneath it all showed up.

Standing on the two huge rocks, Zen and Elvinia stared at the stage ruler.

A pair of light wings grew on the back of the stage ruler. White light twisted into lines that covered his entire body, illuminating the surrounding sky.

"You don't know much about the purified beings, do you? I will show you what power the son of light could possess!" the stage ruler uttered with a dull smile.

As he finished speaking, the twisted lines gathered around his body to his chest, forming a spiral pattern.

Boom!

A white wave of light shot out from his chest, dashing directly towards Zen's head.

Crack, crack, crack.

Just as the wave of light was about to hit Zen, the rocks around his feet already cracked due to the pressure being imposed by it.

"I see. Your power became much stronger, huh!"

Zen's pupils slightly contracted as the thunder wings on his back surfaced.

If Zen used the thunder wings in the Dark Region beforehand, the internal momentum of the Thunderstorm Godly Way would instantly be devoured by the darkness. However, now that the darkness had been completely expelled by the stage ruler, there was nothing to hinder Zen from using the thunder wings.

Bang!

As the thunder wings created a loud sound on Zen's back, he turned into a flash of lightning and flew sideward. At the same time, he grabbed Elvinia, who was severely injured, in his arms.

Chapter 3557 Scorpion Poison

As the light fell from the air, a visible shock wave surged in all directions.

The light penetrated everything that dared cross its path, forming a mighty column that pierced through the Dark Region.

Just as the circle of shock wave spread out, Zen grabbed hold of Elvinia and quickly flew away from the site of destruction.

Elvinia held on tight to Zen. "What kind of method is that? How can it be so powerful?" she exclaimed, eyes wide with shock.

Both she and the stage ruler were purified beings but this method was completely unknown to her. True, she could control the Great Sanskrit Light at will but never to this extent.

"How do you expect me to know if even you don't know?" Zen laughed bitterly, making sure that his grip on her was tight so that she wouldn't fall.

The stage ruler snorted coldly when he failed to hit Zen. His light wings flashed behind him and he immediately flew towards Zen at top speed. As he flew, rays of light gathered and spread from his chest in a spiral pattern.

Elvinia pointed to the sky in panic.

"It's coming!"

As soon as she shouted her warning, the light wave from the stage ruler's chest shot straight towards them!

"Whoosh!"

The earth trembled as the light wave descended.

Zen felt the terrifying pressure without even turning his head. With gritted teeth, he willed himself to go even faster, the thunder wings on his back cracking as he accelerated.

"Pop!"

As the light wave descended, the shock wave spread along the Dark Region, completely annihilating everything in its path.

Zen moved Elvinia in front of him and used his back to block the shock wave force while using it as a boost to go even faster.

It was a high-speed chase between Zen's thunder wings and the stage ruler's imposing light wings.

While this chase went on, the creatures of the Dark Region worried greatly for their lives.

The shock wave from the light column would destroy everything in its path within a ten-mile radius. What made them even more terrified was the stage ruler's wings that constantly released Great Sanskrit Light.

Wherever Zen and the stage ruler went, destruction surely followed as sections of the Dark Region eroded in the presence of such imposing light. The stage ruler's wings plowed out an ever growing ditch more than two hundred feet wide and thirty miles long.

Zen also felt the great pressure from the light wave.

He had no doubt that the power of this light wave was beyond the limit of his physical body. If the Chaotic Source Spirits were to be exhausted, then Zen could face the possibility of being seriously injured or even dying.

"Be careful on the left!"

Elvinia reminded him.

"It's at the right rear!"

He immediately flew towards the left to dodge the light waves but the stage ruler suddenly flipped and overtook Zen. It was with great shock that Zen suddenly found the stage ruler in front of him, especially when he suddenly opened his mouth.

"Whoosh..."

A long, thin tongue came out of his mouth and headed towards Zen at high speed.

Zen never thought in a million years that the stage ruler would attack him with his tongue. He immediately threw Elvinia away, not wanting to involve her in whatever their opponent had in store for them.

Zen couldn't help but wonder if the stage ruler wanted to use his tongue to grab him and pull him towards his mouth. He shivered at the thought of being eaten. However, once the tongue reached him, it didn't wrap around his body like he expected, but instead, it drew back and hit him ruthlessly.

"Bang!"

The force was enough to send Zen flying right into the light wave.

"Pop!"

As Zen's body was enveloped by the light, it popped and shone brightly.

The light had formed into a ball that slowly descended from the sky. A trace of cold satisfaction appeared on the stage ruler's face. It took a lot out of him to deal with this human.

Natalie could only look at this scene with distress. "Zen," she muttered. "He might be truly defeated this time."

Yan couldn't say anything, also overwhelmed by what had just happened.

When Zen threw Elvinia away, the young woman landed hard onto the ground. However, the pain was completely overwhelmed with a strong feeling of sadness and worry when she saw what happened to Zen.

It took twelve whole seconds for the light ball to descend and gradually fade away.

In its spot was a large crater where a creature lay.

It was the same size as a human being, but its appearance was utterly horrendous with spikes extending from its back and a tail that sprouted from its bottom.

"What is this? Where's Zen?" Natalie asked, her eyes filled with panic at what she saw.

Yan could only stare at the monster in confusion. "Where's my brother?" she also wailed.

Elvinia was rendered speechless from the shock of seeing Zen in such a form. She had to blink a few times to make sure she wasn't seeing things.

It wasn't just them. Even the stage ruler was shocked at the result of his own attack.

He descended into the crater and landed just a couple of steps away from the monster. "Whoosh..."

Just as they were ruminating on their confusion, the monster's limbs suddenly sprang up.

It took the opportunity of its opponent's vulnerability and launched an attack. Before the stage ruler had a chance to spread his wings and fly away, the monster had already stuck itself to his body.

"Puff!"

The stage ruler's skin was rough and thick. When Zen threw a javelin at him before, the javelin failed to even break through the outer layer. However, this monster managed to pierce through him by just using the spikes on its tail.

Panic danced behind the stage ruler's eyes. He waved a sharp claw at his opponent but the monster was surprisingly agile and avoided his attack. The stage ruler didn't even get the chance to move away as the monster's tail stiffened and stabbed his neck.

Not satisfied, the monster drew its tail back and once again let the black spikes pierce through the stage ruler's abdomen.

It took three consecutive stabs before the monster left his body alone and let him plop down onto the ground.

Soon after, a strange thing happened to the stage ruler's body.

Three rays of green light began to spread from his chest, his neck, and his abdomen.

As the light spread, his black thick skin softened and disintegrated into green mud.

"What is this? What kind of poison is this?" the stage ruler screamed.

He knew his body was strong, so there was no way any ordinary poison would have this type of effect.

In his desperation, the stage ruler activated the Great Sanskrit Light and set it to the maximum in order to try and refill his body with energy.

Unfortunately, no matter how powerful his technique was, it proved ineffective in curing his poisoning.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The stage ruler panicked and flew into the air, roaring in the sky.

However, his struggle was futile. It only took about thirty seconds for him to exhaust himself and fall onto the cold, hard ground. The light wings on his back dimmed and his aura completely disappeared in a flash.

When he fell, the darkness that had once been dispersed began to close in. Before the place was completely shrouded, Elvinia waved her hand and a ray of white light fell from the sky to illuminate the vicinity.

She made her way towards the monster that now crawled on the ground. She stopped just a couple of paces away, careful not to startle it. "Zen?" she called out.

This monster's outline was blurry, so it might have entered the Other Shore with its physical body like Zen did. However, it was simply too different from Zen's appearance.

Chapter 3558 The Land Of Inheritance

The monster that lay prostrate on the ground suddenly jumped up and stood upright. The hideous thing looked a bit like the Ghost Scorpion.

Yet, its appearance was more ferocious and aggressive--especially its thick scorpion tail, which glowed with a dark green light. It looked like it was ready to kill anyone who approached it at any time.

When Elvinia saw the monster get up, she instinctively took a few steps back.

The monster's figure looked a little blurry and it was hard to see it clearly, just like when Zen had entered the Other Shore with his physical body.

Elvinia knew that this creature was most likely Zen, but she was still a little afraid and remained vigilant. "Is my appearance too horrible?" Zen suddenly piped in.

Elvinia sighed in relief when she heard the familiar voice. "You should have spoken earlier. Why did you frighten me?" she complained.

"This is the first time I have seen such an expression from you," Zen said with a smile.

A red flush crept up Elvinia's cheeks in embarrassment. "It's also the first time I've seen you look like this!" she snorted.

"Fortunately, we are on the Other Shore. If we were in the Oneness Sky Palace, I'm afraid I would've really scared you."

Zen retracted the protruding bones as he spoke. The bone pieces folded into his body, then the tail, the spikes on his back, and the wide arms all disappeared and he returned to normal. Afterwards, he went straight to the stage ruler.

The stage ruler's life energy had been cut off and his entire body was covered in green mud.

"Zen! Are you okay?" Yan shouted from her position in the array that trapped her. The array beneath her feet separated her from the outside world.

Thus, both she and Natalie were not affected by the destruction.

Zen nodded at his sister in response. The thunder wings on his back flashed and he swiftly flew towards the back of the stage ruler's corpse. Then, he held the entire array in his arms and moved it down.

"Step back," he said.

In turn, Yan and Natalie went back to the other side of the array. Zen raised his hand and gently chopped the array, which caused it to explode and then collapse.

Next, he stepped forward and took his sister in his arms. "I'm sorry. I got you involved for no reason..." he apologized.

His sister did not deserve to suffer from such a catastrophe. Indeed, it was unfortunate that she was kidnapped and trapped in the Dark Region when she did not offend anyone.

Yan pursed her lips and consoled Zen softly, "It's not for no reason. Your enemy is also my enemy."

Although the two siblings had chosen different super forces to join, they had the same stand in the end.

The accident was completely because of the fact that the Other Shore was too complicated and they had gotten set up.

"Speaking of this, I am the one who was involved for no reason. Zen, shouldn't you apologize to me?" Natalie, who was behind them, chided with a grin.

Just before they were kidnapped, the Star Falcon race couldn't tell which one of them was Yan. Thus, they abducted both of them together. Truly, Natalie had been quite unlucky as well.

Just as Zen was about to speak, Elvinia interjected and said, "You should feel lucky to be saved. You are dreaming to get an apology."

Since Yan was Zen's sister, Elvinia usually ignored whatever words or emotions she conveyed. As for Natalie, Elvinia ruthlessly dissed her.

Then again, Natalie was also known for her arrogance in Pear Hill. Her face froze when she heard Elvinia's words.

"Why are you talking like that?" she hissed. "So what?" Elvinia shot back.

"Elvinia!" Zen quickly interrupted them and frowned.

Despite that, Elvinia wasn't angry and she did not argue with Zen.

Instead, she retreated to the side with a smile, which made Natalie extremely mad.

When Zen was about to console Natalie, his eyes suddenly lit up. He looked over and saw that a circle of light floated above the stage ruler's corpse.

The circle of light revolved around the air once, then it floated straight towards him. "What is that?" Natalie asked.

As soon as she finished speaking, the circle of light came and enveloped Zen at lightning speed.

Once the circle of light had fully covered him, he disappeared in front of Elvinia and the others like magic. The three women were left standing there in a daze, and did not know what just happened.

Even Zen did not expect such a thing to happen, either. The circle of light swooped down on him too fast and he didn't have the time to dodge. While he was in the light, he only felt the sky and earth spin continuously around him. When he opened his eyes again, everything he saw was filled with light, as if he had fallen into a world full of blazing brightness. There was nothing but a vast expanse of white in all directions.

"Where am I?

Elvinia?

Yan?" he called out, but there was no response.

It looked like that the circle of light had teleported him into another place.

He squatted down and touched the ground for a while, and he felt a cold and smooth floor.

"This is not an illusion, but a real world..."

When he came to this conclusion, he began to walk forward as his footsteps echoed loudly in the empty space.

After he had wandered aimlessly for a distance in the snow-white world, he felt that his eyes had adapted to the environment. Eventually, he was slowly able to distinguish some white outlines.

The white pillars in the distance gradually revealed themselves. There seemed to be something among the pillars, but it was still very difficult for him to see what it was. Even if he was very close to these pillars, he still couldn't see anything but white.

"No. 9527, Master Regal Jade, what's this place?" At that moment, he could only turn to the two of them for help.

"I don't know." No. 9527's voice came through.

When Zen had used the bloodline of the Chaos Ancient God just now, No. 9527 felt extremely alarmed. As for the snow-white world, No. 9527 had never seen it before.

Meanwhile, the Regal Jade Spirit first observed the surroundings for a while after Zen had summoned him, then asked, "Did you kill a purified being?"

"Yes," confirmed Zen.

"I see.

This is the Land of Inheritance, the Land of Inheritance of the purified beings," the Regal Jade Spirit said. "The Land of Inheritance?" Zen asked in confusion.

"Well, after a purified being dies, their killer will replace them and become the new stage ruler, which I'm certain of--but the Land of Inheritance is just what we, the Regal Jade Civilization call it. I haven't been to this place before. As for how to inherit the title of stage ruler and what this white world is really called, I have no idea." the Regal Jade Spirit explained.

"The new stage ruler?" asked Zen. Needless to say, he was shocked. "If I become a stage ruler, will I be bound to Stage Fourteen?" he asked again.

Generally speaking, the stage rulers on the Other Shore were limited to the stages they had dominated.

Among the numerous stage rulers, Elvinia was the only exception. She had only encountered problems when she crossed the energy vortex.

The situation in the Lust World, however, was probably different from that in the Desire World. There was a reason Zen was worried.

"It might be possible. At least, I've never seen a stage ruler like Elvinia, who could leave the stage she dominated," the Regal Jade Spirit answered honestly.

Upon hearing those words, Zen immediately became wary.

Becoming a purified being would enable him to travel freely in the Dark Region, but the price would be to stay on Stage Fourteen forever. For him, the loss simply wasn't worth the gain.

Chapter 3559 The Images On The Slates

Since Zen didn't know what to do yet, he wandered in the white world for a while. Apart from the pillars, he was still unable to distinguish anything else.

He felt helpless and eventually, he just sat on the smooth floor. "I don't think I need to worry about whether or not I would be bound to Stage Fourteen now. It's a problem for me to even leave here," he said with a bitter smile.

The Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527 both remained silent. They observed the place really carefully, but they couldn't even see the vague pillars. Thus, they couldn't offer any help to Zen.

There were a total of nineteen purified beings on the nineteen stages of the entire Desire World. Those purified beings rarely participated in the feuds among many great races, as they were either independent individuals or chose to live in a remote place and protect their own races, not paying any attention to the affairs that happened in the world. Now, even though the Regal Jade Civilization had once been one of the ten great civilizations, they still didn't know much about the purified beings.

Meanwhile in the Dark Region, Elvinia took care of Yan and Natalie so none of the creatures in the area would dare provoke or attack them.

Truth be told, the stage ruler's abnormal behavior had already caused a great uproar in the Dark Region. As a result, those creatures that hid in the Dark Region risked their lives and sent their forces to investigate the stage ruler's whereabouts.

However, they were extremely shocked to find out that the stage ruler was dead when they saw his corpse lying prostrate from afar.

The creatures of the Dark Region naturally wanted to attack Elvinia, but when they saw her activate the Great Sanskrit Light, they didn't even dare approach her anymore.

As for Zen, he simply sat quietly in the vast, white world.

Since the Regal Jade Spirit said that this was the Land of Inheritance, there must be a method to inherit the title of the stage ruler.

He gently waved his hand in the air, but didn't feel anything unusual. The Great Sanskrit Light should also be a kind of energy, and based on the light the giant lizard had unleashed before, the method of using such energy should also have different levels. Elvinia, however, couldn't release that level of light wave like the lizard did.

Moreover, the process of Elvinia becoming a purified being was also quite strange. She did not enter this Land of Inheritance, and the one who had gone in instead was that pig-faced monster called "Teague". But just as Teague had become a purified being and was about to come out, he merged with Elvinia.

"If that pig-faced monster can make it, then I can make it too. Since the Great Sanskrit Light is a kind of energy, there must be a way to control it..." A few moments later, Zen sat cross legged and meditated.

Five minutes had passed...

An hour had passed...

Two hours had passed...

The white colored world was still as snow-white as ever, and it couldn't be touched, nor anything could be seen through within it.

Despite that, Zen didn't feel anxious in the slightest as he calmly stared at the white scenery in front of him.

After he had stared quietly in the same position for six hours, he finally found something different. The white seemed to have moved, like the way the clouds in the sky rolled subtly.

"Eh? What happened? The white moved?" he muttered, his brows arched up.

A smile tugged at the corner of his lips. He turned to look at the pillars again, and the outline of the pillars became more distinct!

"I'll continue to observe!"

Another four hours had passed, and the number of times the white changed had increased.

The white light was no longer a motionless scene, and instead it continued to roll. As it did so, Zen also noticed that there were some shiny dots within the white light, which he didn't see before.

Those light dots slowly floated around like aimless insects.

"Does the key point lie in these light dots?" he mumbled.

As soon as the thought came to his mind, he stood up and walked towards them. The second he stepped forward, however, the aura in the entire space became chaotic. All the light dots fluctuated with the change of the aura and quickly escaped from his side.

"These light dots are almost weightless. A slight fluctuation of energy will make them float..." He thought for a bit again, then summoned the Wing King's feather.

When he moved once more, the feather reduced the impact on the surrounding space by a huge amount. Just to be on the safe side, he even used the Truth of Cultivation Nature.

"Swoosh…"

The light dots still slightly fluctuated when he approached them again, but the fluctuation was minor. At the very least, it was manageable.

He walked straight towards the light dots and tried to make them meet his eyes.

When the light spots merged with his pupils, he suddenly felt that everything around him had become clearer.

"Indeed, I was right..."

It turned out that if one wanted to see the world clearly, they had to integrate those light dots into their eyes.

Zen had remained motionless since he entered this world. A lot of light spots accidentally entered into his eyes, which naturally made him see more and more clearly.

However, the process was too slow. After all, the absorption of the light dots was purely based on luck.

Now that he had found how everything worked, how could he still hold back?

In the next second, he briskly walked forward and continued to absorb the light dots.

After about five minutes, he had already absorbed a hundred light spots into his eyes. The rolling white clouds and fog from before slowly dimmed, and the outline of the surroundings became clearer and clearer. Only then did he realize that he was standing in a white palace.

On the left side of the palace stood many huge pillars, and in the center of the pillars were white slates. There were abstract images drawn on the slates. Although the images were abstract, he still could distinguish them.

"This is a jellyfish?"

"This is a wolf..."

"This is a giant lizard. Is it that stage ruler?"

His eyes flashed as soon as he saw the image of the giant lizard, as if he had understood something.

He swept past the images on the slates while he counted them. "There are a total of twenty slates here. Are there twenty purified beings in the entire Desire World?" he said.

"No, there are only nineteen stages in the Desire World. Theoretically, there are nineteen purified beings," the Regal Jade Spirit told him.

Although the Regal Jade Spirit couldn't see those images, he could understand something from Zen's mumblings. "But don't forget that there appeared a purified being in the Lust World all of a sudden," he added.

There was originally no purified being in the first thirteen stages, and Elvinia was the first one.

Upon hearing the Regal Jade Spirit's reminder, Zen looked up and saw a strange pig-faced monster drawn on the slate on the top. However, that image of the strange pig-faced monster was a little special. There was a woman's head on his fat pig body.

Of course, he couldn't help but laugh when he saw it.

Something wrong had happened when the pig-faced monster occupied Elvinia's soul, so it affected the Land of Inheritance. That was why it had shown such a mixed image.

After all, the purified being was originally a pig-faced monster, while Elvinia was just an occupant. He wondered what Elvinia would think if she saw this image.

Once he had scanned all the "portraits" of the purified beings, he looked at the other side of the palace. His usual expression suddenly turned into surprise.

On the other side was a huge slate with densely packed Sanskrit words drawn on it.

There were so many Sanskrit words, to the point that the number had far exceeded anything that Zen had seen before!

Chapter 3560 A Special Cultivation

A single Sanskrit word normally recorded a great amount of information. Zen was quite taken aback when he found an abundance of Sanskrit words — what sort of things needed to be recorded with so many of them?

Sensing Zen's emotional fluctuation, the Regal Jade Spirit asked, "Zen, what do you see?"

"So many Sanskrit words!" Zen exclaimed in excitement.

"A great number?" Even the spirit was rather surprised.

He was quite interested in the Land of Inheritance for the purified beings. It could involve higher-level secrets of the Instant Civilization, after all.

"Yes," Zen's gaze swept across the slate, giving him a rough estimate. "There are about three hundred to four hundred Sanskrit words in total — they all look strange to me. I should ask Geoffrey…"

These days, Geoffrey was growing more and more proficient in deciphering Sanskrit words. Every time Zen spotted a new one, he'd think of him.

But before Zen could finish his words, the fact that he was now on the Other Shore suddenly came to mind. It was impossible for him to bring Geoffrey there to decipher Sanskrit words. Even if he could, Geoffrey probably wouldn't be able to see the words with his naked eyes because of the white light. Neither No. 9527 nor the Regal Jade Spirit could see them, after all.

It was even more unrealistic to copy them with duplicating stone tablets as it was impossible for Zen to bring those to the Other Shore.

While the Regal Jade Spirit tried figuring out what to do, Zen's eyes were suddenly fixated on the slate. The first Sanskrit word seemed to have moved.

The second one followed, and then the third, and the fourth, and so on. Rows of Sanskrit words began rolling like waves as they began flipping one after another. Zen's gaze was completely pulled in by the movement.

"I think you can try lending Geoffrey your eyesight in the place of his," said the Regal Jade Spirit. "Perhaps that will work." But Zen paid no mind to his words, let alone responded.

"Zen? Zen, what do you think?"

After calling his name a few times, the spirit finally realized Zen's unusual state.

He was standing as still as a statue, staring blankly ahead.

In Zen's vision, the Sanskrit words on the slate had completely come to life. They were like several little rats tumbling about. As they did, their movements conveyed specific information.

Zen wasn't absorbing the information by 'reading, ' instead, he was gaining understanding rather automatically when he went through the words.

In the past, Zen needed Geoffrey to decipher each Sanskrit word he had come across. But these words on the slate before him were somehow different — they instantly conveyed their meaning.

When Zen's gaze reached the final word, they all began flipping in reverse. Each word flipped at a different angle, conveying new information.

For a long while, Zen stood still, watching the words move around.

A couple of hours later, the words finally stopped rolling.

"Zen!

Zen! Can you hear me?"

The Regal Jade Spirit's voice seemed to be coming from afar, but Zen gradually regained his consciousness until he seemed responsive.

"What happened to you just now?" asked the spirit.

There was excitement on Zen's face as he pointed at the slate. "I've comprehended the words on that slate."

"Really? Can you decipher Sanskrit words now?" the other asked in surprise.

But Zen shook his head before giving the Regal Jade Spirit a rundown of what had happened on the slate. "The information within these Sanskrit words must be a unique theurgy. When these contents entered my head, it was like I fell into a strange state," he added.

It was the first time he had ever experienced such a special cultivation.

As he spoke, he reached out and flicked his fingers. With his eyes narrowing in concentration, a white light began gathering at his fingertips, forming a dense ball of light. Just as Elvinia could, Zen could now freely control the Great Sanskrit Light.

When Zen turned his hand over, his body absorbed the light, forming winding lines and spiraling patterns on his palm.

Swoosh!

A small light wave emerged from the spiral. With a flick of Zen's finger, the light wave shot upwards.

While the light wave's power was far inferior to that of the giant lizard, it held the same form and effect.

"It turns out that the giant lizard's powerful light wave was something learned from the slate — the Illuminating Wave, it's called. Elvinia hasn't been to this world, so she hasn't learned it, nor does she know how to employ it."

Most interesting was the fact that this method of using the Great Sanskrit Light was beyond description.

Once he observed the Sanskrit words' movement, Zen grasped the method rather naturally. But he later realized that he couldn't explain how the theurgy worked with mere words — the knowledge had become a kind of instinct.

"So do you know the way out of here?" The Regal Jade Spirit asked in return.

"The way out…"

Zen's gaze swept across the area, finding nothing but pillars. No door or anything of the sort could be found on the walls — there was no exit whatsoever. It seemed to be an entirely isolated space.

But as he wondered about leaving, the theurgy within his mind began working on its own.

Buzz!

A circle of light enveloped Zen's body before he instantly disappeared within it.

In the next moment, he had returned to the Dark Region.

For several hours, Elvinia, Yan, and Natalie had been waiting there. After a while of boredom, they soon began chatting away about Zen. Distracted by all the chatter, they had eventually forgotten the little conflict between Natalie and Elvinia.

At Elvinia and Natalie's pressing request, Yan told them about Zen's childhood, as well as his early adventure in the Eastern Region.

Zen's life stories sounded incredible to the two girls who had grown up in the Source World.

While Elvinia wasn't too astonished because she had already heard some stories from Lavender, Natalie's face was full of disbelief.

Everyone in the Source World was born with great power, after all. So long as they had adequate talent, becoming a True God wasn't all that difficult.

Zen, on the other hand, was born among the lowest level of beings in his father's inner world. The fact that he had reached his present level coming from that situation was nothing short of miraculous, Natalie believed.

A circle of light suddenly appeared beside them, from where Zen emerged.

"He's back!" Yan's eyes lit up with absolute joy upon seeing her brother's safe return.

"What exactly is this circle of light? How did it take you away?" Elvinia asked curiously.

"You can check it out for yourself if you want to, you know," Zen threw an easy smile in Elvinia's direction. He wanted to send her into the palace of light. After she grasped the Sanskrit words on the slate, she would get the answer on her own.

But surprisingly, the circle of light didn't appear at his command. The three women stared at him curiously, wondering what he meant.

Zen smiled wryly in mild embarrassment.

"Well… it seems that I failed…"

Chapter 3561 A New Stage Ruler

Purified beings couldn't enter the palace of light at will. Otherwise, the giant lizard would have already hidden within the palace, when he found he stood no chance to defeat Zen.

The latter had just mastered the Great Sanskrit Light, but he couldn't create the circle of light—now, all he could do was wait for the next best opportunity.

Now that Yan was safe, there was no need for him to stay in the Dark Region.

When the four of them were ready to leave, some of the creatures hiding in the shadows surrounded Zen and knelt before him, kowtowing devoutly.

Otherwise known as the stage rulers, the purified beings had absolute strength, recognized as a spiritual symbol by many creatures.

Once the great lizard passed away, it meant new authority appeared in Stage Fourteen.

For a moment, Zen and the others paused. If they continued moving forward, the white light would annihilate all these creatures from the Dark Region.

"Get up, everyone. You can leave now," Zen simply said.

His words had all the creatures standing up and bowing to him respectfully before retreating in all directions.

But something returned to Zen's mind—he pointed at a one-eyed monster that happened to be nearby.

He had seen the one-eyed monsters in Stage Thirteen—they had even tried to snatch away the Civilization Artifact. They seemed to be widely distributed on the Other Shore, much like the Royal Monkey race.

As it turned out, the one-eyed monster Zen pointed at was the leader of his race.

The appearance of a new stage ruler wasn't something that the races on the Other Shore would be pleased to hear about, but that wasn't something for them to decide. They had to spend some time understanding the temper and preferences of the new stage ruler.

But the last one was ruthless and tyrannical. Because the Royal Monkey race fawned over him for so long, the stage ruler tended to favor them.

For the one-eyed monsters, at least, the shift in power was a good thing.

The leader came forward and cupped his hands toward Zen. "What can I do for you?"

"I have some friends in the Dark Region. Help me take care of them," Zen said flatly.

"May I know who you are talking about?" The leader's eyes lit up at Zen's order—it was an excellent opportunity to please the new stage ruler. It would be highly beneficial to satisfy any of Zen's requests.

"The Insect Master race."

"The Insect Master race?"

The leader frowned in confusion before he realized that the Insect Master race was a small, unknown group under the Royal Monkeys' control.

If someone else had requested it, the leader would have probably considered the Royal Monkey race's attitude. But it was none other than Zen who had given the order.

"I will arrange everything well!"

The leader was overjoyed. This way, he wasn't only doing Zen a favor, but also taking the opportunity to suppress the Royal Monkey race. It was an excellent opportunity for the one-eyed monsters.

Taking the order, the leader retreated.

Then, Zen and his group headed west. Upon arriving at the edge of the Dark Region, Zen asked Elvinia to pull out the black box. He then released the monsters from it, including the Shape-shifting Spirit.

"We're already in the Dark Region, so I shall fulfill my promise and let you go," Zen said.

The monsters had been imprisoned in the iron house for countless years. Finally, they could taste freedom. All of them were excited as they explored their new surroundings. Some of them had come from the upper stages of the Other Shore, but their strength was suppressed after entering this lower stage. Given more time, though, they'd make a great splash in the Dark Region.

Soon, the monsters had scattered in all directions, save for the Shape-shifting Spirit.

"Why aren't you leaving?" Zen asked curiously.

The spirit remained still with a complicated look in its eyes.

Although it used to be a pet, it could fend for itself in the outside world. But for some reason, it felt that it should follow Zen. The one who opened the iron house was by no means ordinary, after all.

"I… I want to follow you," it suddenly spoke up.

"Follow me?" For a moment, Zen was stunned, but he recovered quickly. "You can follow me," he started with a smile. "But you know, I won't be staying in the Dark Region most of the time. I'm usually in the Light Region. You'll have to stay in this small space."

It was the box emitting black light that he was referring to.

"That's fine with me," said the Shape-shifting Spirit with a shrug.

For countless years, it had been imprisoned in the iron cage. The black box made no difference to it.

This spirit could turn into any creature—a useful skill for critical moments.

Once Zen let it enter the black box and put it away in Elvinia's space ring, they stepped out of the Dark Region.

Mercer and Miller had to wait quite a while in the cave before they could climb out—they didn't want to get caught in the battle of the purified beings.

Without seeing Zen for some time, all they could do was ride the Holy Beetles and leave. Nothing happened on their way back.

After they reported what had happened in the black marsh, all the Insect Masters were filled with fear.

"Didn't the benefactor go to find the Royal Monkeys? Why did he defy the stage ruler?" an Insect Master eagerly asked.

On the surface, the Insect Master race had always fallen to tragedy at the hands of the Royal Monkey race. In truth, it was because the stage ruler needed to devour the Dark Nether Bugs.

But most of the creatures of the Dark Region believed in the stage ruler, and the Insect Master race was no exception. While they carried some resentment in their hearts, it was more for the Royal Monkey race than the stage ruler.

"Challenging the stage ruler means courting death…" another respected Insect Master shook his head disapprovingly.

"I'm afraid that the Royal Monkeys will blame our race soon after. We will…"

Mercer and Miller's news put an extremely grim atmosphere over the Insect Masters. They were now all imagining soon being slaughtered by the Royal Monkey race.

Just as the Insect Masters seemed down, a set of noisy footsteps resounded from afar.

Afraid that the Royal Monkey race was approaching, they stared nervously into the distance.

From the darkness, over a dozen figures emerged in succession. They were the one-eyed monsters.

These creatures could fight against the Royal Monkeys head-on. Naturally, the Insect Masters felt far inferior to them. As the two races were far from each other, they never had much interaction.

"Are you Insect Masters?" a one-eyed monster suddenly asked in a low voice.

"Yes!"

several of them answered automatically.

"You don't have to be so courteous," said the monster in a friendly tone. "The new stage ruler asked us to take good care of you. This place is too close to the Royal Monkeys' territory. Please follow us. We must lead you out."

"The new stage ruler?"

"We have a new stage ruler?"

"Who is it?"

All the Insect Masters were completely dumbfounded by the news.

Even Mercer and Miller were stunned. They both had a good guess about who it was.

Chapter 3562 Sky Water City

It wasn't difficult to verify their conjecture from the one-eyed monster.

When the one-eyed monster told the Insect Master race that the new stage ruler was a human being, all the Insect Masters had become excited.

Only then did Mercer and Miller understand why the arrogant one-eyed monsters were treating them so politely.

That night, all of the Insect Masters packed up and drove all kinds of poisonous insects and ants to move with the one-eyed monsters.

A different fate awaited them. As the Insect Master race wasn't strong, they might not be able to achieve much in the Dark Region even if they were given more time. But under the protection of the one-eyed monsters, they wouldn't be as miserable as before. They could even dare to hope a little.

It was peaceful in the Light Region of Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore these days.

The Sky Water City had previously been in chaos. It would collapse even without the attack of the Giants and the Guide Weasel race.

However, the originally aggressive Giant race and Guide Weasel race had suddenly retreated to the Myriad Spirits City under Zen's order. Many of the large races in the Sky Water City thought that the two races showed weakness and cowardice before the Star Falcon race.

This naturally deepened the prestige that the Star Falcon race felt and they in turn intimidated many large races in the Sky Water City, which helped the Star Falcon race stabilize the situation.

In the early hours of the morning, over one thousand White Apes had gathered outside the Sky Water City.

The White Ape race used to be part of the Sky Water City, but they were later expelled by the Star Falcon race.

This time, Whitehead, from the White Ape race, helped the Star Falcon race find Yan and lead Zen into the Dark Region.

The Star Falcon race, pleased with their contribution, bestowed on the White Ape race the right to enter the Sky Water City again. They also gave them a large area within the city.

The leader of the White Ape race walked ahead, Whitehead closely following him.

Whitehead looked like a hero coming back with great honor as he walked with his head held high.

It was all thanks to him that the White Ape race had achieved what it had.

The leader had even chosen him as his successor. After they entered the Sky Water City, the leader would let him succeed him as the new leader of the race.

Two massive Star Falcons sat on the city wall, staring down from their perch. These were two elders of the Star Falcon race, Hanley and Tomas, who were guarding the city.

When the Star Falcon race had lost, these two elders had taken charge of the situation and sent the six Star Falcons to take Yan away.

"Hanley, why are you letting these losers enter the city?" Tomas said, staring at the White Apes disdainfully.

The White Ape race had once been expelled from the Sky Water City and was no longer qualified to enter it.

"The White Ape race helped us at a critical moment," Hanley answered in earnest.

"So what? We can reward them accordingly. But if we allow such good-for-nothing creatures to enter the Sky Water City, other races will laugh at us," Tomas said heatedly.

"It doesn't matter," Hanley said, his eyes shining shrewdly. "We have to let every race in the Sky Water City know that even now, there are forces that choose to follow us! We won't lose anything by giving the White Ape race a piece of land. What we are doing is killing two birds with one stone."

Tomas nodded. "Is there still no news from the Dark Region?" he asked.

Hanley shook his head. "All of these are trifles," he said, pointing at the White Apes below. "What I care most about is news of the Dark Region. The woman called Elvinia is a purified being. I'm afraid even the Royal Monkey race will find it difficult to deal with her."

The creatures in the Dark Region were generally stronger than those in the Light Region. But Elvinia was a purified being, the nemesis of the creatures in the Dark Region.

"The two human beings haven't returned yet. They must have died in the Dark Region!" Tomas said, "Don't forget that there is a stage ruler in the Dark Region!"

At the mention of the stage ruler, Hanley's confidence increased.

The Star Falcon race didn't know much about the Dark Region, but they had a general idea of what was going on there. The Royal Monkey race would most likely take advantage of the stage ruler and kill the two human beings. If the stage ruler were to really take action against them, they would have already died there.

"I'll send someone to the Dark Region to inquire about it," Hanley said, nodding.

Hanley felt a sudden tremor under his feet before the whole wall began to shake.

"Rumble..."

"What happened?" Tomas's eyes were wide as saucers, surprised.

The members of the White Ape race that had entered the Sky Water City one by one, also looked up at the shaking city wall.

"What is going on?" the leader of the White Ape race said.

Not knowing what was going on, Whitehead turned around and shouted, "Members of the White Ape race! Hurry up! Enter the city as soon as possible!"

"Crack..."

It was at this moment that the sound of something being ripped apart echoed through the air. A huge crack, extending from the top to the bottom of the wall, appeared just a few feet away from them.

"Boom!"

With a resounding boom, a part of the city wall collapsed, and four figures appeared beside it. Zen and his companions had arrived.

Whitehead paled at the sight of these people. He knew something bad was going to happen. The Star Falcons were also shocked at the sight of Zen and his companions.

"Yan, you all can leave the Other Shore first," said Zen.

Yan's and Natalie's Souls of Light were still too weak. They would be in danger if they were to remain in the midst of a chaotic battle.

"Okay," Yan acquiesced.

"Remember! It's that White Ape! It is that White Ape that killed Naomi!" Natalie said, jabbing a finger towards Whitehead.

Before this, both Natalie and Yan hadn't understood why, when the Pear Hill and the White Ape race were on good terms, Whitehead had chosen to betray them. They had their answer now. He had betrayed them just to return to the Sky Water City!

Natalie and Yan soon left the Other Shore.

A howling sounded through the skies.

More than ten Star Falcons had spread their wings and were headed straight for Zen.

These Star Falcons were the guards of the Sky Water City. They didn't know why Zen and the others had come here and were treating them merely as ordinary intruders.

Zen's eyes narrowed at these Star Falcons. He stomped his feet and turned into a lightning arc, shooting towards the guards.

"Crack! Crack! Crack..."

The lightning arc continually cut through the group of Star Falcons. Before anybody could react, charred bodies of the guards began to rain down into the Sky Water City.

With a crack, the lightning flashed in a huge arc in the air and struck the ground at Whitehead's feet, emitting a burst of thunder and causing the members of the White Ape race to clap their hands over their ears that had begun to ring.

Zen's figure appeared in the lightning, his eyes cold. "You cooperated with the Star Falcon race and kidnapped my sister just to get a foothold in the Sky Water City. How could you be so reckless?"

"I... I..." Whitehead was beginning to panic. He was beating a hasty retreat but looked up at the sky from time to time.

"Are you counting on the Star Falcon race to save you?" Zen sneered, "I defeated the entire Star Falcon race on my own. Don't you know? Hans and Garth didn't even stand a chance to defeat me. The Star Falcon race asked you to take my sister away because there was no way out for them."

Chapter 3563 Abandon The City

Shocked at the words Zen just uttered, Whitehead kept his mouth wide open.

Even the leader and elders of the White Ape race were dumbfounded.

The White Ape race had left the Sky Water City too long ago, so naturally, they didn't know much about the current situation in the city. It never crossed their minds that such a thing had happened before.

"No, it's impossible..." Whitehead shook his head in disbelief.

"Why is it impossible? It's not just the Sky Water City. Now, even the entire Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore belongs to him. He is now the ruler of Stage Fourteen," said Elvinia, who had come down from the city wall as well.

However, as she was descending, she carried a small portion of the city wall on her shoulder. When she was finished speaking, she suddenly threw the piece of the city wall out.

The piece smashed into a huge statue of a Star Falcon in the square nearby. This statue had stood there for countless years, yet now it was but a pile of rubble.

"The ruler of..."

"Is he the new stage ruler?"

"So the one in the Dark Region..."

The range of activities of purified beings was not limited to the Dark Region, so the creatures in the Light Region naturally knew about them. After all, they were the strongest in a certain stage of the Other Shore.

"That one has already been killed." Elvinia dusted off her hands nonchalantly.

Hanley and Tomas exchanged glances, each filled with disbelief.

Finding Zen and Elvinia in the Sky Water City was the worst news for the Star Falcon race right now.

This meant that the Royal Monkey race had failed.

However, deep in their hearts, both Hanley and Tomas deduced that the Royal Monkey race hadn't actually failed. Instead, the only logical explanation was the Royal Monkey race had been unable to ask the stage ruler to make a move. This was because if the stage ruler did make a move, there was no possible way these humans could have survived.

If this was the case, the Star Falcon race still had hope!

But according to Elvinia, they had actually killed and even replaced the stage ruler.

"Is that human woman telling the truth?" Hanley asked, his voice trembling.

"It can't be true. She must be lying..." Tomas said, shaking his head.

"Even if she's lying, we can't keep our place in the Sky Water City," Hanley murmured. "If it's all true, then the Star Falcon race will be annihilated. We need to inform the others to flee..." Hanley spread his wings wide, ready to fly off.

Whitehead, on the other hand, was still frozen in shock. Hanley and Tomas leapt into the sky, twittering loudly.

Immediately, the rest of the members of the Star Falcon race in the entire Sky Water City followed suit and launched into the sky to follow the two elders. In a matter of seconds, the Sky Water City was completely abandoned.

Their sudden departure left the remaining races, including the White Ape race, speechless.

Today was supposed to be a great day for the White Ape race. However, when they had just marched into the city, the Star Falcon race had even chosen to abandon the city! Oh, the irony...

"Your White Ape race was on good terms with the Pear Hill, so, supposedly, you could have returned to the Sky Water City without conflict." Zen paused, and then frowned. "Unfortunately, you made a grave mistake..." As Zen spoke, he reached out his hand and placed it gently on Whitehead's head.

At this point, Whitehead didn't dare resist; he didn't even have the courage to run away. Wordlessly, he stood there, trembling. A deep sense of regret filled his heart.

Because the Star Falcon race had fled so quickly, Whitehead figured that Zen was speaking the truth. 'I shouldn't have taken the trouble to try to please the Star Falcon race...' he thought with remorse.

However, no medicine in this world could have healed him from this regret. Then a piercing sound came from above, and a lightning bolt arced through the air until it enveloped Whitehead in a sea of blinding light.

In the blink of an eye, he had disintegrated into fine, white dust in front of Zen.

Seeing Whitehead's powdery remains, the rest of the White Ape race were filled with fear, as they anticipated Zen's punishment.

They had all gotten into this mess because of Whitehead, but they had still been eager for success.

From this point of view, every one of the White Ape race had offended Zen.

Turning to the White Ape race, Zen shouted coldly, "Leave Sky Water City!"

The leader of the White Ape race had been awaiting Zen's order. Upon hearing he was letting them go, he felt joy well up within him.

Given the situation, it was already incredibly lucky for them to come out of the city alive.

After the White Ape race had retreated from the Sky Water City, Yan and Natalie returned to the Other Shore.

Eyeing Whitehead's remains, Natalie shook her head coldly. "This guy is lucky to have died this way. He killed Naomi, after all. If it were up to me, I'd have hacked him into pieces..."

Yan also sighed. "May Naomi rest in peace."

Since the Star Falcon race had left, there was no need for Zen to stay here.

The Sky Water City was now a city with no leader. Even so, Zen couldn't possibly occupy the city by himself.

Just as Zen was about to return to the Myriad Spirits City, another three creatures of the Other Shore walked up to him. These three creatures represented the three large races only second to the Star Falcon race in the Sky Water City.

The purpose of these three races was very clear. Since Zen had driven away the Star Falcon race, he was now viewed as the owner of the Sky Water City.

Of course, Zen couldn't manage such a large city alone, so it was best if he left it up to the three races to manage it for him.

The actions of the three large races mirrored that of the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race back in the Myriad Spirits City, but the difference was that the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race were more sincere. Before Zen even needed to give the order, the two races destroyed the Dark Bear race.

Obviously, the three large races didn't dare take action while the Star Falcon race was still a threat. But now, the Star Falcon race had already fled.

"You are too late." Zen cast an indifferent glance at them, and then proceeded to walk out of the city with Elvinia and the others.

The leaders of the three large races looked at each other. They were all quite perceptive, and instantly understood what Zen meant: he had already found a suitable candidate to manage the Sky Water City!

"No matter who you choose, no one is more suitable than us. We are from the Sky Water City..." a leader tried to speak tactfully to Zen, in the hopes of changing his mind.

Zen stopped abruptly. Slowly, he turned to face the leader. In a cold voice, he said, "You should consider yourself lucky that the Star Falcon race decided to flee. Otherwise, the Sky Water City would've been a slaughterhouse. You wouldn't have been able to escape."

The leader immediately shut up. Narrowing his eyes, Zen turned and proceeded to leave the city.

Meanwhile, in the distance, dozens of Souls of Light had gathered on the rooftops of several buildings in the Sky Water City.

These Souls of Light came from the Sun Crow race, the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race and the New Moon race.

As they watched Zen's receding figure in the distance, their faces fell.

"Oh my God! First the Myriad Spirits City, now the Sky Water City!"

"What's worse, we even can't stay in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore!"

"How did things get this far?"

The fact that the Star Falcon race was expelled meant that they lost the Sky Water City, and that their days of prosperity were coming to an end. There might be no place in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore for them to stay.

Chapter 3564 Challenge

Before leaving the Myriad Spirits City, Zen had called back Clyde and Raul.

Raul now waited anxiously, pacing back and forth at the City Guard House, carrying a thick metal club.

No one dared approach him except for Clyde, the leader of the Guide Weasel race. The full force of Raul's manic attack was enough to smash any living being.

He and his team had been about to take over the Sky Water City when Zen's order came a few days ago.

Thinking of this made him restless. It left a bitter taste in his mouth.

On the other hand, he really was worried about Zen's and Elvinia's safety.

The Dark Region was much more dangerous than the Light Region. One couldn't act too rashly lest they risk their chance of survival.

At some point in the past few days, Raul had wanted to take the Giants to try to seize the Sky Water City again, but he had been stopped by Clyde.

Clyde refused to act without Zen's authorization. He was unconcerned about the remaining forces in the Sky Water City.

As Raul grew more anxious, Zen and Elvinia finally returned to the Myriad Spirits City.

As soon as Raul laid eyes on Zen, he rushed over to him, alight with excitement. "Sir, you're back safe and sound!"

Zen knew that Raul's excitement was more about what his return implied for the Giant race, but the fact that an Other Shore creature was so concerned about his safety still touched him.

Inside the City Guard House hall, the core figures of the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race now gathered.

Clyde thought for a long time before posing his burning question to Zen. "When will you attack the Sky Water City, Sir?"

The Other Shore creatures of the Myriad Spirits City apparently didn't know that Zen had already been there. Zen told them this now.

"What?" Clyde was surprised by this.

"The Star Falcon race already fled the Sky Water City. You can bring your people to take it over. No one will put up any resistance," Zen continued.

The Star Falcon race's escape, of course, was futile. They were still on Stage Fourteen.

After losing their base and suffering a heavy blow from Zen, they would not be able to recover immediately.

The only small mercy for them was that Zen had no interest in hunting down their remaining members himself. He left it to the large races of the Sky Water City and the Myriad Spirits City.

Three days later, the Giant race and the Guide Weasel race took control of the Sky Water City.

Sure enough, just as Zen had said, no one even tried to stop them from entering the city. In fact, the several large races in the city were scrambling to join them.

These large races would have posed some difficulty if they had decided to fight back as a united force. Clyde and Raul knew very well the only real reason they were able to take over the Sky Water City so smoothly was because of Zen.

Hence, Zen had now occupied the only two cities of Stage Fourteen.

After the takeover of the Sky Water City, he invited the Pear Hill to establish a stronghold in the Myriad Spirits City.

The Pear Hill initially refused. They had seen no need for strongholds in any cities over the years.

However, Zen persuaded them to change their minds. He didn't want Yan to have to be so far away from him anymore.

With these developments, Stage Fourteen had effectively fallen into the control of the Oneness Sky Palace, or rather Zen.

The disciples of the Land of Sword Grief were elated by the news.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace could never have imagined having this much influence in Stage Fourteen just two months ago.

The disciples on the first floor were now all in respectful awe of Zen.

A new month began a few days later.

According to the rules of the Land of Sword Grief, during this period, all disciples would automatically obtain a right to challenge other disciples on the same floor to determine their rankings.

The top ten disciples all coveted the number one spot held by Zen, and were intent on displacing him from the top rank.

They weren't able to do so at the beginning of last month because of Zen's closed-door cultivation. No one on the first floor had dared to disturb him.

But since today marked the beginning of another new month, the disciples on the first floor all either paused or finished their cultivation to challenge their opponents. The arena behind the bronze building was now teeming with disciples.

Zen also came to the arena, coming out of the room meant for the top rank and making his way to the front of the audience.

His arrival attracted many people's attention.

"Zen has finished his cultivation!"

"Is he going to challenge someone this time?"

"Will he challenge someone on the second floor?"

"That's possible!"

Zen ignored the hubbub around him and kept his eyes on the ongoing match in the arena.

Chaim was facing off with a senior disciple of the Land of Sword Grief, Layton Zhao, who was ranked 600th.

Chaim was a newcomer exercising his right of challenge only for the second time, but he already had the guts to challenge someone holding the 600th spot.

The newcomers had actually been all performing well, so far. Elvinia, Dorothy, Milo and some others had made it to the top 1, 000 at the beginning of last month, which was an admirable accomplishment.

The only reason their stellar performance largely went unrecognized was Zen, of course, outshone them all.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

On the arena, Chaim hovered around Layton, moving like a gale.

Without using their Other Shore Tokens, they competed on physical strength and fighting techniques alone.

Layton had an absolute advantage in terms of physical strength, but his bodily movement skill was not as good as Chaim's. Every time he tried to approach Chaim, Chaim would deftly dodge.

Layton became a little impatient with Chaim's evasion.

He quickened his pace, meaning to force Chaim into a dead corner.

But it seemed Chaim could see through Layton's plan. With a slight twist of his shoulder, he flashed past Layton like a nimble fish.

Layton didn't expect this move. He inadvertently left his back exposed.

Chaim wouldn't miss such an opening.

He stopped mid-air and turned, gathering all his strength into three palm strikes on Layton.

"Take this!"

Chaim's every move was calculated. The reason he dared to make this challenge was that he had merged with a new Other Shore Token in Stage Fourteen.

The power given by the Other Shore Token from the Desire World was much stronger than that in the Lust World. This was what made Chaim so confident.

The three palm strikes were powerful. Each palm strike contained nearly three thousand divine megatons of force, and they overlapped with each other, magnifying their strength.

Layton reached the Chaotic Source Realm a long time ago. With long-term cultivation, the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body had already made great progress. But even he couldn't put up a resistance in time.

The powerful palm force on his back slammed into his body. The Chaotic Source Spirits in his body started to lose energy. As the impact surged within him, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Chaim had won the match. He turned to Layton and straightened up, his hands cupped neatly in front of him. "I won," Chaim said, with a curt bow.

Layton felt dejected. Losing to a newcomer was always humiliating. But he suddenly remembered Cleon, who had also lost to a newcomer. He started to feel a little better. He nodded civilly back to Chaim and left the arena.

"Layton was defeated?"

"We can't underestimate Chaim. He has only been in the Land of Sword Grief for one and a half months, but he has already been able to defeat someone of a much higher rank!"

"No matter how powerful he is, though, he is still no match for Zen."

When Chaim overheard this, he smiled sheepishly to himself.

The new Other Shore Token that he had merged with was a gift from the Ear Mouse race. And they only gave it to him because of Zen.

After all, everyone in the whole Myriad Spirits City was trying to get on Zen's good graces.

Admittedly, before entering the Chaotic Source World, Chaim had once thought he might have a chance against Zen.

By now, of course, he had realized how foolish it was to ever think that.

Chapter 3565 The Imperial Edict

Chaim came down from the arena and noticed Zen off stage. Smiling, he asked, "Zen, have you finished your cultivation as well?"

Most of the disciples were watching the fight on the arena and only a few had seen Zen here, in front of it.

Chaim's words pricked the ears of all the disciples on the first floor, who suddenly turned towards Zen.

Zen had turned the City Guard House of the Myriad Spirits City into the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace. However, lately he'd spent most of his time either travelling away or communicating with the races in the city. Getting an audience with him on the Other Shore was not easy.

However, in the Land of Sword Grief, he was a junior disciple. The difference in status between them was slight, so naturally this made them more comfortable in making requests of him.

"Hello, Zen! I seem to recall some race gifting you a rare golden turtle. Could I have it please?"

"Zen, when will you distribute the soul crystal again?"

"Zen, I have received two hundred thousand soul pills. May I keep them for myself?"

The Oneness Sky Palace was not very rich on the Other Shore. Even in the Desire World, the soul crystal was rare.

Neither finding the soul crystal nor obtaining soul pills was an easy task for the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief, but they still had to share what they got with the stronghold.

The stronghold would take care of the disciples and distribute the resources according to their needs. However, several races in the Myriad Spirits City often blackmailed the Oneness Sky Palace before, forcing them to pay a large number of tributes every year. This imposed a heavy burden on the Oneness Sky Palace.

But once Zen had arrived, they didn't need to pay the tributes anymore. Instead, the Myriad Spirits City now paid tributes to them, and so did the Sky Water City.

It seemed as though the resources of the entire Stage Fourteen rested in Zen's hands. How could the Land of Sword Grief's disciples not be jealous?

Zen had already let Chaim and Dorothy distribute the resources once.

And all the disciples on the first floor had benefited greatly.

But the human beings' desire knew no bounds. The Oneness Sky Palace had been quite poor in the past. The disciples had to cultivate on their own because the palace didn't have many resources for them.

But Zen was now obscenely rich.

The disciples from Stage Fifteen, Stage Sixteen, and Stage Seventeen, as well as those from the higher stages such as Cleon, who was at the top of the first floor, intended to head back to Stage Fourteen.

Cleon might have a grudge against Zen but that mattered little compared to the soul crystal and the other benefits possible.

In the blink of an eye, Zen was surrounded by the numerous disciples on the first floor.

"Well..."

Chaim had not at all anticipated a reaction like this when he greeted Zen.

Zen didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He certainly hadn't expected this either.

Seeing the crowd only growing larger, all he could do was wave his hand and yell out, "Everyone, please leave these dealings on the Other Shore!"

This rule was well understood by all.

But getting a meeting with Zen in the Myriad Spirits City was quite difficult. They had to turn to the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race. But Zen was here in person. They would not let this opportunity slip by.

"Talking about them here is the same as talking about them on the Other Shore!"

"We are both disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace. There is no need to complicate things."

"Zen, I..."

"Shut up!"

A sharp and menacing voice bellowed over the rest.

Everyone turned to discover that it came from Dorothy.

Zen had carried Dorothy all the way from Stage Thirteen to Stage Fourteen that day. The disciples were aware of their relationship and the knowledge of it had spread through the Land of Sword Grief.

Moreover, Dorothy was held in high esteem and so no one would dare to respond to her cold rebuke.

"If you need or want to do something, turn to Chaim. He will record your requests. If your requests are reasonable, Zen will fulfill them. He may have taken over the Myriad Spirits City but the resources are not limitless. You should know that he doesn't owe you anything," Dorothy continued.

After occupying the Myriad Spirits City, Zen had given the resources he had collected to Chaim for allocation and hadn't imposed any restrictions. Almost all the requests of the disciples were granted.

But human beings were all greedy. The disciples on the first floor waited eagerly in the Myriad Spirits City. Apart from the share left for Zen, the resources that were collected were instantly divided up by them.

If things continued this way, it wouldn't be long before all the disciples on the first floor were waiting in the Myriad Spirits City for Zen to raise them.

This was not only disadvantageous for Zen, but for all the disciples of the entire Land of Sword Grief.

"Princess Dorothy is right. Zen has asked me to act on his behalf. If you have any requests, present them to me," Chaim responded with a smile.

However, their demands were mostly excessive and unreasonable and Chaim would not agree to them. Plus, Dorothy's words had upset them.

"Humph, what's the use of turning to you?"

"It's said that the Guide Weasel race and the Giant race turn in as much as ten thousand finger-size chunks of soul crystal every month, but we get only one finger-size chunk."

"Chaim, I have already asked you to help me get an Other Shore Token from Clyde. It's not a difficult task, yet you refused me point blank."

The disciples who had just been fawning over Zen now flipped their attitudes to blame Chaim.

It implied that Zen was under fire too.

But they dared not offend Zen and instead targeted Chaim.

Zen frowned at their sudden change in attitude.

He knew he would obtain a massive amount of resources when he occupied the Myriad Spirits City.

The resources in Stage Fourteen were too many for just him. As a member of the Oneness Sky Palace, he figured he should repay the palace. He was also willing to share some of the resources with the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief but he had never expected this reaction.

Just then, from the back door of the bronze building, Elvinia walked out. In an icy tone she said, "Do not cut down the tree that gives you shade. You were bullied in the Myriad Spirits City for ages and said nothing. Now that Zen and I have taken it, you can't seem to ask for enough."

Elvinia had also contributed to the prosperity of the Oneness Sky Palace in Stage Fourteen. Her words left everyone dead silent.

Some were still not satisfied. From the corner, Abdul suddenly spoke out, "According to the law of the Land of Sword Grief, the disciples should turn in half of the resources they have got and the remainder should then be distributed among the rest of us. We have followed this law before, so the requests we make..."

Before he could finish, a golden scroll appeared in Elvinia's hand. She sneered and opened the scroll. "The imperial edict of Eastern Emperor Taiyi says that all the resources Zen and I obtain belong to us. We don't need to share them with the Land of Sword Grief. We can distribute them as we like. Read the edict carefully!" she growled.

Elvinia would show no politeness towards these despicable ingrates.

Chapter 3566 Rocco Zheng

Upon saying those words, Elvinia threw the scroll she held behind her.

Like an arrow being released from its bow, the golden scroll was nailed to the door. Its contents were revealed for all to see.

Of course, the imperial edict on the scroll that Eastern Emperor Taiyi had personally issued was not as straight forward as what Elvinia had said. But they almost had the same meaning.

While Zen was busy with his cultivation over the past few days, Elvinia spent that time staying in the Myriad Spirits City. This allowed her to get in contact more frequently and better with the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief.

As for the problem regarding resource distribution, it was one that she had already expected.

Despite Stage Fourteen being at the bottom of the Desire World, the rules it enforced were not to be ignored. Otherwise, everything would fall into utter chaos.

Once Elvinia secretly made her return to the Phoenix Palace, she went straight to Eastern Emperor Taiyi to request that he issue an imperial edict.

The jaws of the disciples on the first floor dropped once they saw the imperial edict.

They were hoping for more. Elvinia's move caught them all by surprise. No one could disobey Eastern Emperor Taiyi's order.

The noisy crowd fell silent.

If what Elvinia said was true, they wouldn't be able to secure the resources they wanted.

"According to Eastern Emperor Taiyi, you're able to distribute the resources as you like. I'm curious as to how you plan to do that?" someone asked in a low voice.

Elvinia shrugged and then nodded towards Zen.

The disciples were met with his indifferent glance.

He had already tried his best to satisfy them before. But of course, as was human nature, they always longed for more. "As I've said before," Zen sneered, "Chaim will be distributing the resources on my behalf."

In fact, the imperial edict that Elvinia took out served as a "stick"—a part of the "carrot and stick". Once the reckless disciples recieved the "carrot" Zen gave them, they would thank him profusely.

"If you have any requests, you can approach me. Now, line up!" Chaim announced with a smile.

Now that the resource distribution problem was settled, no further complications would arise under Chaim's supervision.

Soon, a few disciples proceeded to jump onto the arena to compete for their rankings.

They all chose to challenge their equals. None of them dared to challenge Zen.

There were two reasons for this. First, Zen was known for his high position on the Other Shore. Second, the image of him defeating Cleon was still vivid in their minds. They all agreed that Zen was anything but weak.

Zen took his time and silently observed the arena.

More than 10 matches were held before he finally walked up to the arena.

Although none of them dared to walk up to meet him, he could always choose an opponent to challenge.

The crowd watching had an expectant look on all their faces as they focused on Zen standing in the center of the arena.

"Zen plans on challenging someone from the second floor this time, right?"

"Once he joined the Land of Sword Grief, he bagged first place. Do you think his second battle will be enough to get him to the second floor?"

"That's impossible! But maybe he'll be different…"

Zen became famous among the crowd for the skills he showed in the Land of Sword Grief and on the Other Shore.

Just as Zen was about to reveal who he was about to challenge next, those who were on the second floor looked down into the arena below them.

Two hundred and three people occupied the entire second floor.

They were much stronger than those disciples on the first floor.

Even the lowest-ranking member of the second floor, Ronnie, was stronger than Cleon.

Cleon had challenged Ronnie several times before to try and reach the second floor. Each time, however, he was met with a miserable defeat.

A single place was what separated Cleon and Ronnie, but it was a rather large gap between the first floor and second floor.

"I'm guessing Zen's planning on challenging you, Ronnie," a fair-skinned man hinted with a smile.

Next to the man stood Yusuf who nodded in agreement and added, "If he defeats you, he'll make it to the second floor. That'll be his first step!"

Ronnie, with his dark complexion, stood next to the two. He garnered the last position among those on the second floor.

"Let's be honest," Ronnie began to say with pride, "he doesn't have enough strength to withstand the second floor."

"Don't get too cocky now, Ronnie. That might not be the case," Yusuf warned with the shake of his head. "Don't forget that he's occupied Stage Fourteen due to his exceptional capabilities!"

"Regardless, he's still not strong enough to challenge me," Ronnie retorted. "Besides, the fact that he reached the Chaotic Source Realm not too long ago just tells me that he might have relied on some unorthodox skills to get this far. I will surely defeat him if he decides to challenge me!"

As luck would have it, Zen pointed towards Ronnie from the arena.

"So he does want to challenge me?" A cold expression flashed across Ronnie's face. Despite being on the second floor, he didn't take much pride in being the last place because it constantly concerned him. Now that Zen challenged him, he felt somehow upset. "Well then, I guess it's time to show him the true strength of a disciple on the second floor…"

As Ronnie began to prepare himself for the upcoming battle, Zen said, "I want to challenge Rocco Zheng of the second floor!" It turned out he was not pointing towards Ronnie but the second floor he was on.

A wave of silence swept over the arena before a deafening uproar broke it—an ocean wave crashing on the sandy shore.

"Zen wants to challenge Rocco!"

"Oh my God!"

"First he challenged Cleon, the top contender on the first floor. Now he wants to challenge the top contender on the second floor? This guy is nuts! Does that mean he'll challenge Libby, who ranks first in the Land of Sword Grief, next time?"

"He will sooner or later. But he's only been in the Land of Sword Grief for less than two months…"

Who exactly was Rocco?

He challenged someone from the third floor seven years ago. Once he failed, he had no intention of committing the same mistake ever again. All of the disciples on the second floor continued to challenge him, but none was successful in taking him down.

While all two hundred and two disciples were on the same level, they knew that he'd always be one level higher—for now, at least.

The faces of everyone on the second floor, including the fair-skinned man, Yusuf, and Ronnie, were incomprehensible. With the flick of his wrist, the fair-skinned man unraveled his folding fan before turning to Ronnie. "I'm afraid we guessed wrong. He doesn't consider you a worthy opponent."

"He doesn't consider you as one, either," Ronnie retorted.

"We're all on the same boat, then," Yusuf voiced out with a chuckle.

None of them expected Zen to skip them and go ahead for the all-powerful Rocco.

Chaim, Milo, and Dorothy were just as dumbfounded as the others. Was Zen planning to activate the Inheritance of World here? If he wasn't, then challenging Rocco would be asking for a death wish. The gap between their levels of power was too wide.

"Rocco is somewhere else, at the moment. I'll relay your challenge right now!" one of the bystanders announced.

Many of those on the second floor started to mumble and buzz like bees in a hive, keeping themselves busy to fill in the awkward silence. They hoped that it wouldn't be too difficult for the bystander to find Rocco. Then, the real challenge would begin.

Chapter 3567 On The Arena

The rightmost cultivation room of the second floor belonged to Rocco.

Everyone knew that disturbing another's cultivation in seclusion was prohibited. However, in the Land of Sword Grief, the right of challenge could be exercised on the first day of each month.

And unless the person being challenged was stranded on the Other Shore, they had no choice but to take up the challenge.

Rocco had just returned from the Other Shore several days ago, where he had found clues about a temple. Based on his findings, he was very likely to discover a temple that had been hidden for a long time.

Today, he sorted out all the clues he'd gathered and planned to go out. However, he had to decipher three Sanskrit words among the clues before moving forward.

Aside from Eastern Emperor Taiyi, there were a few others who could decipher Sanskrit words in the Oneness Sky Palace. But he knew that if he sought out help from these people, he would have to shell out too much. Plus, it might take a while for them to decipher the words, but he did not have any time to waste.

Even so, Rocco didn't have many choices. He considered even consulting the people by Clear Lake who could also decipher Sanskrit words, but he learned that they worked even slower than those in the Oneness Sky Palace to begin with.

"Tap-tap..."

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

The sound of the knock brought him an overwhelming sensation of annoyance.

It reminded him that today was the first day of the month, meaning that it was the challenge day in the Land of Sword Grief.

All the disciples on the second floor wanted Rocco to be pulled down from his position. Over the years, he had been challenged many times, but people had always failed to knock him down.

Around four months ago, Rocco grew tired of the endless challenges that he injured one challenger badly. As a result, the other disciples grew afraid and stopped challenging him.

After that fight, Rocco had lived a peaceful life. Having grown used to the silence, he did not expect to be challenged so soon.

'Maybe I did not injure the last guy enough, ' he thought.

Rocco opened the door to see a man standing before him. The man was ranked 168th on the second floor.

"You? You dare to challenge me?" Rocco questioned the man, his face stiff and cold.

The man smiled awkwardly and said, "I wouldn't dare."

Only a handful of people on the second floor dare challenge Rocco, and obviously, this man was not one of them.

"Then who is it?" Rocco asked again.

"The challenger's name is Zen Luo," the man replied in a flustered manner. "He's already standing in the arena."

"Zen Luo? His name does not ring a bell." Rocco shook his head, surprised to hear Zen's name.

He had been isolated in his secluded cultivation room for so long that he had no clue about the recent happenings in the Land of Sword Grief.

The name was not familiar at all. Rocco doubted if Zen was on the second floor.

The confusion across Rocco's face sent the other man laughing. "That guy is the number one disciple on the first floor," he chucked. "He hasn't even stepped foot onto the second floor yet."

Hearing that the number one disciple on the first floor had challenged him confused him. Rocco was the number one disciple of the second floor, and Zen had no idea what was coming to him.

Rocco's face grew stiff again, with a hint of a smirk.

The second floor's top ten disciples had to think twice before challenging Rocco, so who did this "Zen" guy think he was? Did he want to get injured? Did he want to die?

As he walked out of the cultivation room with the man beside him, he couldn't help but ask, "Does this guy know what he signed up for?"

He then caught a glimpse of the arena from a window on the second floor. In the arena, a man stood with his hands behind him. He looked intently at the second floor with bright eyes and a confident stature.

This was Zen, waiting patiently for his opponent to arrive.

When people saw Rocco beside the window, an uproar in the arena suddenly burst.

"Rocco has come out!"

"It seems he'll accept the challenge!"

"I'd like to see if Zen will create one more miracle this time..."

The crowd was jeering, with people hoping for Zen to win, despite their belief that he could never beat Rocco.

Zen had made a miracle before, but asking for another one seemed nearly impossible at this point.

The disciples on the second floor, including Yusuf and Ronnie, also fixed their eyes on Rocco. All they could think of was how Rocco would react to this challenger.

Everyone knew that Rocco was in no mood for a challenge. However, because Zen was the number one disciple on the first floor, he had the right to challenge Rocco, while Rocco had no right to refuse.

"I heard that you want to challenge me?" Rocco shouted towards the arena, "How dare you?!"

He stared at Zen coldly, as if his gaze alone would make him retreat.

It was like a giant looking down at an ant.

It was obvious that Rocco had no idea who Zen was, nor the battles he had won before. If he did, he probably would have watched his tongue.

All he knew was that Zen was a new, prominent disciple on the first floor who had grown so proud. So proud that he wanted to challenge the number one disciple on the second floor.

Zen cocked his head towards Rocco's direction and stared back. "This is my right, one that every disciple in the Land of Sword Grief is granted." He spoke with a sudden calmness.

"Is that so?"

Rocco stepped out of the window.

Every time he took a step forward, fist-sized blocks hovered beneath his feet, catching them. They formed stairs for him to walk safely to the arena.

This was a theurgy of the Truth of Void Destruction.

Eventually, he made it down safely from the second floor and onto the arena. "I don't have time to play games with you," he said. "I know you have the right to challenge me, but you should just give up now while you have the chance. There are many others who are on your level."

Rocco pointed to the second floor.

At this point, disciples on the second floor left their cultivation rooms and stood by the windows to get a glimpse of the fun.

After spending so much time alone, Rocco was surprisingly patient.

If this were happening four months ago, he wouldn't have even warned Zen.

But now that he had given Zen an opportunity to surrender, Rocco thought that Zen would have done it by now.

To his surprise, Zen was unmoved by the gesture. "I'm not interested in you," Zen spat back. "The reason why I wanted to challenge you is because you hold first place on the second floor. I can't challenge the third floor unless I defeat you first. So, naturally, I have to get rid of you first." Zen spoke so confidently that it surprised people who didn't know him.

However, those who did know him were not surprised at all. This was the typical Zen.

After all, Zen's performance had already surpassed Libby's. It was only a matter of time before he stepped onto the third floor.

But still, those who had no idea who Zen was couldn't help but gasp.

"What happened while I was cultivating in seclusion?" a random disciple whispered. "Where does this arrogant guy come from?"

Chapter 3568 Confusion

To the second-floor disciples who didn't know Zen, it looked as if Rocco had tolerated Zen and was even considerate enough to not put him in an awkward situation.

Zen's insistence in challenging him only showed his ungrateful and reckless nature.

Yusuf shook his head and smiled. "He came out of nowhere. He's a new disciple and has only been in the Land of Sword Grief for less than two months."

"Maybe two months weren't enough for him to know the Land of Sword Grief's situation..." The disciple's words faltered when he realized something. "Wait!"

This guy was ranked first on the first floor but he had only been here for two months. Did that mean it only took him two months to nab the top spot?

"Two months? Are you serious, Yusuf?" he asked. The disbelief was clearly obvious on his face.

Those on the second floor all had been on the first floor too. Becoming the number one fighter on the first floor was incredibly difficult, but Zen was able to do it in two months? That was impossible! None of the disciples on the second floor could believe this.

"Not in two months," Yusuf clarified.

The disciples relaxed hearing this. They thought perhaps there was a misunderstanding, so they waited for Yusuf's explanation. However, what he said next shocked them even more. "On his first day entering the Land of Sword Grief, he defeated Cleon and became number one."

Not two months, but only a day! Yusuf squinted at the scene below. "It doesn't really matter though. The fact remains that he wants to challenge Rocco after less than two months."

A genius at Zen's level was rare, even in the Oneness Sky Palace. He was very confident too since he dared to challenge Rocco in just a short amount of time.

Where exactly did his confidence come from?

Even Rocco himself was confused at Zen's brashness. Did he have some sort of secret technique? A magical ace up his sleeves?

"Rocco!" another disciple shouted from above. "Don't underestimate this guy! He ranked first on the first floor on his first day of entering the Land of Sword Grief!"

This piece of information greatly cleared up all the speculation in Rocco's head.

Now he understood why Zen was so confident!

"Ranking first on your first day! Outstanding," he couldn't help but remark in amazement. "There has never been such an amazing person that appeared in the Oneness Sky Palace before. Not even Libby was able to do it. That's a really outstanding feat, but I still think it's too early for you to challenge me."

Rocco waved his hands and the Other Shore Power surged throughout his whole body.

A strange aura emanated from him, plunging the arena into a state of intense pressure.

The flash of murderous intent in his eyes did not go unnoticed by Zen.

Rocco had been ranked first on the second floor for quite a long time now.

He even challenged the disciples on the third floor before, but he always failed. In the earlier days, someone even had defeated him and got promoted to the third floor. Rocco knew that a talent like Zen was also destined to reach third floor one day.

The thought made him burn with jealousy.

Just now, he only planned to teach Zen a lesson, but that slight twinge of resentment made him want to kill the brat.

Those watching could only stare in wide-eyed wonder at the sudden power that surged out of Rocco's body.

They all knew Rocco was number one on the second floor but none of them ever expected his power to actually be this great. His power was condensed in an almost solid state of pressure, as if he could crush a person with one move.

"It's a pity I can't use the ability of the Other Shore Token on the arena, otherwise I could increase my strength threefold..." Rocco murmured to himself.

When Zen felt Rocco's power, he became just a bit more serious about this challenge he was proposing. His opponent had just extracted more than five thousand divine megatons of power on a whim. Who knew what his limit was?

Not only that, Rocco's Other Shore Token could even increase his strength threefold. It was fortunate that he couldn't use it in the arena.

As soon as Rocco finished talking, he jumped and immediately pounced. He was determined to make the first move and didn't give Zen any sort of warning whatsoever.

He raised his hand and allowed the Other Shore Power to rush towards his right hand, forming a powerful spiral.

"Swish!"

This powerful fist was headed straight towards Zen!

There was no need to be stupid and try to take on Rocco's punch. Zen immediately side-stepped and dodged.

"Boom!"

Instead of Zen, Rocco's fist hit the ground and made the entire arena shake violently. The array flickered momentarily, having taken the brunt of his attack.

"You shouldn't dodge like a coward!" Rocco exclaimed.

"Since you were the one to propose the challenge, you should face me like a man!"

Disciples mainly competed in terms of Chaotic Source Spirits and Other Shore Power here in the arena of the Land of Sword Grief. There wasn't really any other skill to prove beside those two.

Hearing this, Zen decided not to dodge Rocco's second punch. Instead, he reached out and tried to block his fist!

Rocco snickered at Zen's chosen move.

"Idiot..."

He didn't think Zen would take his words so seriously. Rocco only said that to rile him up, but it seemed to have worked since the young man was now determined to face him head-on.

How could such a stupid person become number one so easily? There was no way Zen was going to survive his explosive power now.

Maybe those guys on the second floor lied to him?

It didn't really matter though.

Zen was going to lose this fight after this punch.

Would he die? That depended on his luck. Rocco didn't really have the time to dally with these first-floor fighters since he had to deal with the Sanskrit words. His only choice was to go all out and finish the fight as fast as possible without any heed for the consequences.

"Bang!"

Just as he expected, Zen had been unable to block his punch with his hands. As a result, Rocco's fist directly collided with his chest.

"Whoosh!"

The force was enough to send Zen all the way to the edge of the arena. He would've fallen, had he not stopped himself at the last moment.

Any other ordinary warrior would've been pleased by this result.

However, there was nothing but a serious frown on Rocco's face because he expected more.

That punch should've pierced through Zen's chest and made his internal organs collapse! However, Rocco had failed to tire out Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits.

Did that mean Zen had already cultivated the Chaotic Source Spirits to the middle stage?

Once the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace reached the Chaotic Source Realm, they would immediately get recruited in the Land of Sword Grief. Did Zen also just reach the Chaotic Source Realm?

Rocco looked at Zen in confusion. "How long have you been in the Chaotic Source Realm?" he asked.

Chapter 3569 Overwhelming Force

Generally speaking, the three floors of the Land of Sword Grief represented the three stages of the Chaotic Source Realm.

At that moment, Rocco did not use his full strength--but the power he had just unleashed was impossible for someone who had just entered the Chaotic Source Realm to resist.

They said that Zen had just entered the Land of Sword Grief less than two months ago, so he also entered the Chaotic Source Realm not long ago?

It should be impossible...

His Chaotic Source Spirits weren't exhausted yet after they took his punch. It was true that Zen was at the middle stage of the Chaotic Source Realm, but how did he reach this stage in just two months?

There was only one possibility. Many years ago, Zen had already stepped into the Chaotic Source Realm, but the Land of Sword Grief had just recently received him.

Meanwhile, Rocco joined the Land of Sword Grief long after he had entered the Chaotic Source Realm. Although his case was rare, it still existed.

"How long?" Zen didn't expect for Rocco to ask about such a thing. He lowered his head and thought for a while, then he said, "About three months."

Upon hearing his words, Rocco's face darkened. "Do you think I'm a fool? It's impossible for you to get to the middle stage of the Chaotic Source Realm in around three months!" he bellowed.

He refused to believe Zen's words at all!

The new disciples around the arena began to speak and assure him that Zen was correct.

"Just only three months. Zen is one of us!"

"How could it be wrong as we all entered the Chaotic Source World together?"

"Yes. Exactly speaking, it's three months and nine days!"

At the sight of those disciples' affirmative looks, Rocco was completely confused.

Just then, Yusuf who was on the second floor said loudly, "Rocco, Zen is a disciple of our Flow Sword Sect! He is indeed one of those disciples who have just entered the Chaotic Source Realm."

Since Rocco knew Yusuf, he knew that the man wouldn't lie to him.

After Yusuf's confirmation, Rocco was even more confused. He stared curiously at Zen and asked, "Then how did you do it?"

He wasn't the only one who was dumbfounded. Some people with insight even guessed that Zen had made rapid progress ever since he had obtained the Chaotic Source Spirits. There must be some secrets he was hiding!

Then again, there was actually a limit to the "rapid progress" that everyone believed. They had thought he might be only two times faster than the others.

But now, Rocco believed that Zen had stepped into the middle stage of the Chaotic Source Realm. That was not the kind of rapid progress they had thought!

To put it simply, that was super rapid progress!

Zen looked nonchalantly at Rocco and said, "You have also stepped into the Chaotic Source Realm. Why did you ask such a naive question?"

In order to become stronger, warriors naturally tried every means possible to improve. Moreover, it wasn't unusual that everyone had their own secrets. Why would they expose their secrets to other people anyway?

As for the secret of the True Enlightenment, Zen could expose it to the Oneness Sky Palace to make contributions to the orthodox swordsmanship.

But, how could he tell the others the secrets of his body and the Truth of Godly Way?

"Naive?" Rocco hissed.

"Since you don't want to tell me, then I guess I'll have to investigate it myself!"

When he was done speaking, he took a step forward.

A strange ripple appeared inside the whole arena. The ripple seemed to have come from a feather-light step, but it actually contained a great amount of power. Suddenly, Rocco had disappeared in front of Zen.

Even the disciples on the first floor below the arena couldn't see Rocco. Only a few people on the second floor had thought of looking up, and saw Rocco's figure flying above.

On the other hand, Zen hesitated just for a second when he saw Rocco disappear. Then ripples appeared in the arena again. He was now in the center of the ripples!

"He's up there!"

Zen instinctively looked up, but he quickly frowned.

"It's too late," said Yusuf as he shook his head.

"That guy can't avoid this step." The fair-skinned man echoed Yusuf's sentiments.

"Rocco is very serious this time. His step may contain 7, 000 divine megatons of the Other Shore Power. I'm afraid that Zen might end up disabled!" Ronnie agreed.

No matter how talented Zen was, his skills were still too far from Rocco's. If he could constantly dodge and consume Rocco's strength, then he might have a slight chance of winning. However, it was almost impossible to do such a thing.

As soon as Zen realized that, he had no room to dodge. Of course, the consequences of withstanding such attacks weren't hard to imagine.

However, some of the disciples on the first floor who watched the fight felt differently about it.

Some of them looked pleased to see Zen in misfortune. But Elvinia and her companions were genuinely worried and actually cared about Zen.

It was known that Rocco was the number one warrior on the second floor. Thus, it was too difficult for Zen to challenge him.

Despite that, Zen did not have the slightest intention of dodging this time!

He slightly tilted his body, then the Civilization Artifact released majestic Other Shore Power.

He knew that even if the Regal Jade Civilization was restrained in Stage Thirteen, its Civilization Artifact could still unleash eight thousand divine megatons of force!

Back when he had been previously limited by his physical body, he could only use such a powerful force while activating the Inheritance of World.

Now as he had stepped into the middle stage of the Chaotic Source Realm, his Chaotic Source Spirits were able to bear four to five thousand divine megatons of force. Furthermore, the Truth of Godly Way in his body could greatly increase the Chaotic Source Spirits' ability to contain force.

Splash!

The Civilization Artifact finally unleashed the Other Shore Power contained inside it. Almost all of the Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's body were maxed out to the limit, while the light dots of the Chaotic Source Spirits swelled up one by one and bulged on his skin.

The Chaotic Source Spirits were almost on the edge of exhaustion, but at the same time, he infused them with the Truth of Godly Way to maintain their original state.

"Eight thousand divine megatons of force!"

At that point, he directed his punch straight to Rocco's foot sole!

Yet, Rocco didn't take Zen's attack seriously. The truth was, he wanted to cripple Zen, then find the secret of rapid progress from him. If he could really know this secret, he would have a chance to get a place on the third floor and perhaps even defeat Libby, an unrivaled talent and the strongest warrior on that floor.

The moment he stepped down, however, he felt a strong force come from his right foot. He could tell that the force was stronger than his own!

"How is that possible?" Rocco exclaimed in utter shock. "Click! Click! Click!"

The Chaotic Source Spirits that glimmered in Rocco's body were immediately extinguished.

In the blink of an eye, the force had rapidly spread from his right leg to his whole body!

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

In the next second, the power that hadn't been offset by his Chaotic Source Spirits started to invade his whole being.

Specifically, the force that went up along his right leg travelled to his right arm and the right side of his body, then broke them with a crisp sound.

Almost without any resistance, he miserably fell out of the arena with a soft thud.

Nothing but silence filled the whole land.

Chapter 3570 The Second Imperial Edict

Everyone present couldn't say anything, and they were all stunned in silence.

The disciples on the second floor just stared blankly at Zen on the arena.

At first, they simply wanted to have fun and let Rocco, the number one warrior on the second floor, teach him a lesson. Therefore, someone took the initiative to call Rocco over.

Even though Zen was extraordinarily talented, he had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm.

It was already a great miracle that he had defeated Cleon, and they believed he couldn't possibly fight Rocco back.

However, he still fought head on. He didn't rely on his strong body alone but instead, he used both his body and strength to defeat Rocco in a face-to-face combat.

After he had won that round, he jumped from being the number one on the first floor to the number one on the second floor, and subsequently passed all the disciples on the second floor.

The deathly silence lasted for a long time. Finally, Yusuf who was on the second floor opened his mouth and said, "This is too crazy..." "He has directly become the number one on the second floor. My God!" Ronnie exclaimed with eyes as wide as saucers.

"I've been on the second floor for several hundred years, but I haven't even made it to the top one hundred!" another disciple commented. "What's more is that he is only in the fourteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm," the fair-skinned man muttered.

Overall, the competition on the second floor was much fiercer than it was on the first floor. There were only two hundred and three people competing, but it was extremely difficult to advance even just one place.

Many people on the second floor had stayed there for countless years, and their names had remained in the same places on the Ranking Stone.

It was certainly not an easy thing for them to improve their rankings.

Chaim, who was watching under the arena, was also taken aback.

As a new comer like Zen, he naturally paid attention to Zen's strength.

Zen had unleashed more than eight thousand divine megatons of force in the Chaotic Source World, but that terrifying amount of power was way beyond what he could endure.

If one wanted to use seven or eight thousand divine megatons of force without the help of the Inheritance of World, they would have to practice in the Chaotic Source Realm for many years. However, Zen had done such a thing so easily!

His growth speed was simply too fast. If he continued at that rate, he would probably leave the Land of Sword Grief soon.

Meanwhile, Rocco lay on the ground in pain. He stretched out his left hand to grab his right arm and gently twisted it. The broken bone in his arm quickly returned to its original position. After that, he continued to press on his chest, all the way to his right leg, until the bones on the right side of his body were corrected.

After that, an Other Shore Token appeared above his head. The Other Shore Token spun around and a green light covered his head, which then instantly healed all the wounds on the right side of his body.

Then he got up from the ground, took a look at Zen, and left.

It was known that Rocco was an aloof and arrogant man. Thus, it was like a big joke to him to lose to the number one warrior on the first floor.

Like the others, he was also quite confused, but it was obvious that Zen wouldn't ease his doubts. Therefore, he didn't want to stay any longer.

Once he was gone, the disciples on the first floor released their uncontrollable excitement.

"Zen won so easily!"

"Oh my God! Especially when I know Rocco is simply an invincible existence…"

"There are very few people who can make it to the third floor these years. Rocco should be the most promising one. I didn't expect that Zen would replace him…"

The disciples on the first floor let out a sigh of relief.

Since Zen had been above all of them from the very first day, quite a number of disciples naturally felt ashamed. However, they felt a bit better when he had surpassed even the disciples on the second floor.

Now, the powerful warriors on the third floor might be able to defeat him.

His name on the Ranking Stone on the first floor quietly disappeared and at the same time, everyone's rankings went up by one place. Even Cleon, who Zen had previously defeated, was no exception.

Truth be told, Cleon had mixed feelings about returning to the first place on the first floor in such a way. Still, he now understood that he truly couldn't fight against Zen. In just two months, their skills already differed greatly from each other.

Cleon calmed down a little at this thought.

On the other hand, the Ranking Stone on the second floor showed that more than two hundred people had all dropped by one place, and Zen was ranked first. Therefore, Rocco had to give up his cultivation room on the second floor to Zen.

While all of those happened, the battle on the arena continued.

In order to compete for the rankings at the beginning of each month, the battle would last for a few days. It also went without saying that the rankings on the Ranking Stone would change as well.

As soon as Zen came down from the arena, Dorothy immediately went up to him.

"Congratulations, Zen. You've made it to the second floor so fast!" she said excitedly. "Are you going to challenge Libby and take the top ranking of the Land of Sword Grief next month?" Chaim asked with a laugh.

"Take the top ranking of the Land of Sword Grief?" Zen thought about it for a while, shook his head and smiled. "I can't do that in a month. You must be kidding," he chided.

Generally speaking, the disciples on the third floor were almost on par with the likes of Athemar. If they left the Land of Sword Grief, they would have the chance to become Oneness Governors. Still, it would be difficult for Zen to fight them straight, even if he activated the Inheritance of World.

It was simply too hard for him to do all of those in only a span of a month. "Well, I'll give you two months!" Dorothy pursed her lips and smiled.

"Can you give me more time?" Zen asked bitterly.

"No." Dorothy shook her head, pretending to be serious. Just then, Elvinia appeared beside Zen.

She glanced coldly at Dorothy and said, "I just announced one imperial edict. In fact, my father has issued two imperial edicts."

"What's the second imperial edict about?" Zen asked in surprise.

"My father wants to see you. Now follow me to the Phoenix Palace," she told him.

'Eastern Emperor Taiyi wants to see me?' Zen thought, surprised.

His mind subconsciously thought about the Truth Enlightenment.

Fortunately, his son had deciphered the Truth Enlightenment, but he hadn't completely comprehended it.

If Eastern Emperor Taiyi urged him, he would only offer five hundred words at most.

"Why does Eastern Emperor Taiyi want to see me?" In reality, he actually wanted to hesitate.

"You'll know when you meet him."

Elvinia grabbed Zen's arm and pulled him away, leaving Dorothy stunned as she watched the two of them leave.

As for Chaim, he was in deep thought. "Is Eastern Emperor Taiyi going to grant Zen a marriage?" he asked out of the blue.

"What?" Obviously, Dorothy was shocked!

When Chaim saw how Dorothy looked, he immediately realized that he had said something wrong. "It's not necessarily true. It's probably because of what happened within Stage Fourteen," he said hastily.

Although Chaim tried to explain, Dorothy was already at a loss.

Elvinia had already fallen in love with Zen, and Zen had made a name for himself. Eastern Emperor Taiyi might really grant him a marriage.

Dorothy was too reserved when it came to relationships. Now, she felt a greater sense of anxiety.

Her lips curved into a deep frown and she swam in her thoughts for a long time. After a while, it seemed that she had finally made a difficult decision. She left the Land of Sword Grief alone and headed straight for the Origin Mountain.

Chapter 3571 Writing It Down

In the very center of the Phoenix Palace was the magnificent Supreme Dragon Hall.

If there was an important guest, or any important event to be held, this was where Eastern Emperor Taiyi would be.

In front of the hall, two rows of warriors clad in golden armor stood straight, looking steadily forward, and exuding some kind of solemnity.

Standing before the hall, Zen felt the solemn aura and put a grave expression on his face.

The last time he met Eastern Emperor Taiyi was in his resting place—that couldn't be regarded as an official meeting.

But to think that he was summoned to such a great hall—what were they planning? Elvinia had also kept everything to herself.

Suddenly, a loud voice resounded from within. "Princess of Spirit Peace, Zen Luo, enter the hall!"

"Princess of Spirit Peace?" Zen blinked in confusion.

"It's my title," Elvinia merely said. "Let's go inside!"

With a nod, Zen entered the hall alongside Elvinia.

Over twenty people were standing on either side.

The golden armored warriors outside were merely Oneness Guards, but the people inside were different—almost every one of them emitted an outstandingly strong aura. Zen even spotted Athemar and Goran standing among them.

"These people..."

Zen observed his periphery and was rather shocked at what he found.

The people were arranged from front to back according to their strength levels.

As Oneness Governors, both Athemar and Goran could only be ranked at about the tenth place. The two in the back emitted a deep, unpredictable aura, not much weaker than that of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

These were probably the pillars of the Oneness Mountain or even the Oneness Sky Palace.

Quietly, Zen observed them from the corner of his eyes—they were staring at Zen with a burning gaze.

All of them had heard of Zen, but apart from Athemar and some others, it was the first time they had met him in person. Legends of Zen on the Other Shore piqued their curiosity.

After walking along the hall, Zen bowed before Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

The latter smiled and asked, "Zen, you've been in the Land of Sword Grief for almost two months. You must have made rapid progress. I heard that you are ranked first on the first floor now?"

Hearing the emperor's words had all the strong warriors on both sides of the hall widen their eyes in shock.

Only two months after entering the Land of Sword Grief, Zen was already ranked first on the first floor.

Such rapid improvement was unheard of.

Zen was clearly no ordinary talent.

"Father, Zen has ranked first on the first day he entered the Land of Sword Grief. Today, he has already defeated Rocco and now ranks first on the second floor," Elvinia said indifferently, as though the news wasn't insanely shocking.

The news of Zen defeating Rocco hadn't yet spread within the Oneness Sky Palace. Surely, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and his high-ranking officials hadn't heard of it.

"You defeated Rocco?" An old man next to Athemar looked at Zen in disbelief.

The latter merely nodded.

Smiling, Athemar said, "I heard your nephew was trying to break through to the third floor… but Zen defeated him. How unexpected."

The old man smiled bitterly and shook his head. "My nephew is arrogant, but he was defeated by someone who entered the Chaotic Source Realm just a little over three months ago. I'm afraid it will be difficult for him to accept the fact."

The fact that Zen ranked first on the first floor within two months was already highly shocking to these high-ranking officials.

But to think that Zen had become first on the second floor as well...his progress was amazing.

It was simply unheard of in the Land of Sword Grief. Even if Zen had obtained another powerful Other Shore Token, he still had to follow the rules of the Land of Sword Grief.

In the Land of Sword Grief, people were forbidden to use the abilities of Other Shore Tokens. Instead, they could only use the Other Shore Power to fight against each other. Because the Land of Sword Grief merely tested their Other Shore Power and Chaotic Source Spirits, no special tricks were allowed on the battleground.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was stunned upon hearing Elvinia's words. "Zen, are you really ranked first on the second floor?" he asked Zen.

"It's absolutely true. If you don't believe it, you can go check the Ranking Stone yourself," Elvinia continued.

She wasn't surprised that he was still in disbelief, not having seen the rankings with his own eyes.

But Elvinia's look was so serious that no one present believed she could be lying.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi nodded and said, "I do believe it. But it's just too incredible."

Gracefully, he shifted the subject. "Zen, you've been in the Land of Sword Grief for some time. Have you deciphered more of the Truth Enlightenment?"

At the mention of the Truth Enlightenment, all the high-ranking officials had their ears perk up.

The Truth Enlightenment that Zen had handed over was first passed down among the hands of these people. While there were only two hundred words, they had benefited a great deal, drastically increasing their strength.

If they could cultivate the complete Truth Enlightenment, they'd definitely undergo qualitative changes.

'As expected...'

Zen murmured inwardly.

That confirmed that Eastern Emperor Taiyi was indeed targeting the Truth Enlightenment.

Since he had planned to expose the Truth Enlightenment to the public, it wasn't really difficult for him to tell them about it.

But Zen still felt that something was wrong—if Eastern Emperor Taiyi only wanted the Truth Enlightenment, there was no need for him to summon so many of them.

"Yes," Zen said, ignoring his lingering confusion. "I've deciphered the Truth Enlightenment to five hundred words. Shall I hand it to you later or write it down here?"

The high-ranking officials there could obtain the Truth Enlightenment no matter how Zen offered it. The difference lay in whether it was handed over to them by Zen or by Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi invitingly gestured at Zen and said, "These old officials are all old friends of mine. There's no need to hide anything from them, Zen. You can write it down here and they can observe as they like."

"Okay."

Nodding in agreement, Zen gently pressed the space ring on his finger. A single sheet of paper appeared in the air, along with a brush, which he promptly grabbed.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

"For warriors and soldiers, they build their bodies with clarity of mind and comprehension of the heart…"

Zen's words vigorously appeared on the sheet of paper.

Meanwhile, the high-ranking officials stared hard at the sheet, afraid of missing a single detail.

But after a while of staring, they all felt dizziness come over them. A middle-aged man of lower strength even fainted.

That had Zen pause for a moment. "Masters, comprehending this Truth Enlightenment cannot be accomplished overnight. If you cultivate it forcefully, I'm afraid it will hurt your souls."

Cultivating the Truth Enlightenment was much more difficult than cultivating the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. Even for both Zen and Eastern Emperor Taiyi, it was difficult to speed up their cultivation. In fact, it was also difficult for them to read it.

The high-ranking officials were all well aware of this, even more so than Zen, but they didn't want to waste a single moment of this opportunity. As they tried to comprehend it rapidly, their Souls of Light naturally took some damage.

Fortunately, all the high-ranking officials were powerful people. After a few seconds, the man who had just fainted woke right back up. He got up from the ground on his own, bowed before Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and retreated to the side.

Chapter 3572 A Gracious Reward

It wasn't long before five hundred words were already put on the paper.

Zen gently placed the brush down and stored it in his space ring. He turned to Eastern Emperor Taiyi. "I have written down all that I have deciphered, Your Majesty."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi beamed happily as he gazed at the output.

He still hadn't figured out how Zen could decipher Sanskrit words. He thought it was blind guessing, at first. However, Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself was proficient in deciphering Sanskrit words, and he knew one couldn't get this far just by guessing.

He had no doubt that with Zen's help, they would soon decipher the full text of the Truth Enlightenment. Eastern Emperor Taiyi was thrilled at the thought.

"If we can decipher the Truth Enlightenment completely, it will be a great boon to the Oneness Sky Palace," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said, a bright smile on his face.

The Oneness Governors and other high-ranking officials nodded their heads in agreement, proud and excited of this development. None more so than Athemar.

He thought of how fortunate they were that Zen had joined the Sword Light Palace. Athemar had never imagined he would make such great contributions to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Given Zen's talent, he would probably prove even more valuable in the future. Athemar looked forward to seeing him accomplish more as time went by.

"It is my honor, Your Majesty," Zen responded, modestly.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi turned his smile on Zen. "But there is another reason why I called you here today."

At these words, Elvinia, who had been standing beside Zen, stared at the ground and began to blush shyly, a rare sight to see.

"How else may I help you, Your Majesty?" Zen asked, confused.

He had noticed that this occasion seemed unusually grand, but the thought had left his mind as he concentrated on his earlier task.

At this moment, a pleasant voice rang out, "Do you remember that I promised I would reward you graciously?"

Flamine walked out from the back of the palace.

She was dressed in fiery red silk, with fire phoenixes hanging at her cuffs and waist. She looked utterly regal and glamorous.

"Reward me graciously?"

Zen had to rack his brains before realizing what Flamine was talking about. He had forgotten all about it until she mentioned it again just now.

Back then, Zen and Elvinia were trapped in the Dark Region, facing mortal danger. Only after they were stuck in the light column were they able to leave the Other Shore and come back to the Source World. Even so, they were still in danger then.

Flamine had asked Zen then to protect her daughter, promising to reward him for her safe return.

In fact, Zen hadn't paid much attention to those words. By the time they left the Dark Region, Elvinia had already become a purified being, while Zen had obtained the Civilization Artifact, which was all the reward he wanted.

There was also the matter of Elvinia coming back with her Memory Flame in disarray, her intelligence temporarily degenerating to that of a child's. Flamine had been very upset about that and forgot the reward thing.

That she would now bring up it, however, came as a surprise.

"I do remember you saying something of the sort, Lady Flamine, but what reward will you give me?" Zen asked, carefully.

Flamine chuckled and looked at Elvinia. "The gracious reward is right by your side," she pronounced.

Zen turned his startled eyes on Elvinia. Seeing her blush and fidget made him realize what was happening. "Lady Flamine, do you mean...?"

"I want Elvinia to marry you," Flamine declared flatly.

Hearing this, Zen's heart dropped.

This was starting to look like a complicated mess.

"Would you take my daughter's hand in marriage?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked seriously.

The high-ranking officials flanking both sides of the hall turned to look at Zen expectantly.

They thought it would be a perfect match.

Although Zen was cultivating in the Oneness Sky Palace, he still joined them as an outsider, since he had the bloodline of the Nine Li race

If he married Elvinia, he would truly be part of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Zen straightened up, cupping one hand over the other in front of him respectfully. "Your Majesty, Lady Flamine, I already have a principal wife."

Elvinia was the daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. She couldn't compromise her status by being a concubine of Zen, could she?

But Zen had been together with Letitia for so long. Surely, he would never forgive himself if he suddenly gave her up for another.

"Of course I know that," Flamine responded gracefully. "But once Elvinia marries you, she will have that status. She is, after all, my beloved daughter with Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and can settle for nothing less. Even your principal wife understands this, and has given her consent."

Zen's eyebrows shot up at these words. "Tia has agreed to this, Lady Flamine? She said this personally?"

Zen had been so busy on the Other Shore of late that he had had no time to visit Letitia and the others at the Flow Sword Sect. He remembered, however, Elvinia telling him that Letitia would be taken to the Phoenix Palace.

Zen thought it was unusual, at the time, but he didn't worry too much about it. He knew Letitia would be safe in the Phoenix Palace, at least.

It dawned on Zen now why Letitia and Margaret had been brought here.

"Of course. It came directly from her," Flamine said, nodding emphatically.

Zen glanced at Elvinia before speaking again. "May I see Tia, then?"

Zen indeed had plans to visit Letitia and the others now that he had also been summoned here to the Phoenix Palace. But the developments of this visit so far had been completely unexpected.

Flamine blinked slightly before regaining her composure. "They are cultivating in seclusion in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace. They have activated the Soul Fire Swirl. I'm afraid it's not appropriate to interrupt them at this moment."

The Soul Fire Swirl was a kind of cultivation method in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace. Flamine wouldn't lie to Zen, would she?

On the other hand, Zen thought, she could very easily manipulate others into thinking what she wanted.

Elvinia almost looked pitiful by Zen's side, her wide eyes gazing at him hopefully.

She desperately wished he wouldn't let her down now. Today, her father had summoned all the high-ranking officials to the palace, supposedly for the deciphering of the Truth Enlightenment. However, his real purpose was to seal the marriage, in front of witnesses.

"You are overthinking this, Zen. This is a wonderful thing," Athemar told him, gently.

"That's right! You seem to love each other. What else is there to consider?" another high-ranking official chimed in.

Zen barely glanced at them before responding to Flamine, "My apologies. I just cannot decide without consulting Letitia myself. Please excuse my leave."

He turned around and walked out.

The high-ranking officials in the Phoenix Palace grew abuzz, turning to each other in astonishment and confusion.

The old man beside Eastern Emperor Taiyi, in particular, was seething. He had gone to countless life-and-death battles with Eastern Emperor Taiyi. The two of them were like brothers.

It angered him to see Zen daring to humiliate Eastern Emperor Taiyi like this.

"Stop, you brat!" the old man roared furiously.

A terrifying aura rushed from inside the hall, seemingly chasing after Zen. The guards in golden armor posted outside the hall trembled.

Zen continued to stride out purposefully even as this threat hounded him.

Chapter 3573 I Also Want To Know The Answer

Seeing Zen so unaffected, the old man's rage only flared up further.

With a hot temper, he would never let Zen get away easily!

ROAR!

The old man moved to grab Zen, his clawed hand launching a huge blue wolf head straight at him.

But just as the snarling phantom was about to snap at its target, Eastern Emperor Taiyi raised his hand, making it disappear in thin air.

The old man turned to look at Eastern Emperor Taiyi, surprised at the interruption.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi shook his head. "Pearce, calm down. Zen is stubborn. It would do no good to force him to stay."

"Humph! He was offered a rare chance only so few are blessed with over generations! Yet, he showed no gratitude and even walked out arrogantly! How can I just stand for it?" Pearce ranted angrily.

A hint of helplessness dimmed Flamine's beautiful eyes. "It's all my fault. I just arranged everything without considering Zen's feelings," she said guiltily.

Naturally, Flamine deemed her daughter the best girl in the world. It never occurred to her any man would refuse her.

Flamine never expected Zen would react so defensively to keep his principal wife.

Flamine turned to look at Elvinia apologetically. She felt sorry for her daughter the most.

Elvinia had changed so much around Zen, her character growing for the better. It had made Flamine so happy.

Elvinia must feel devastated right about now.

But to Flamine's surprise, Elvinia's expression remained neutral. Elvinia returned her mother's stare. "He's probably headed for the Heavenly Cultivation Palace. I'll go and have a look."

With these words, Elvinia strode out the Supreme Dragon Hall and headed for the Heavenly Cultivation Palace.

In the Fire Bearing Hall of the Heavenly Cultivation Palace, Letitia, Margaret, Lavender, Nelly, and Laquisha sat cross-legged on the floor. A burning red chain hung above their heads, emitting waves of scorching heat. This was the Soul Fire Swirl, a unique cultivation method in the Heavenly Cultivation Palace.

Lavender, Nelly and Laquisha had made great progress with their cultivation.

Letitia and Margaret, meanwhile, had been here for only a month, so they had some ways to go.

However, Letitia cherished this opportunity very much. She knew she would never catch up with Zen, but she didn't want to lag too far behind in terms of cultivation. She took all her training thus far very seriously.

In contrast, Margaret was purposefully proceeding slowly.

As she sat, she moved her hands over her abdomen. Streaks of purple light gathered around her belly, which had started to swell.

Over the years, only Letitia, among all Zen's women, had borne him a child. This had made Margaret anxious, but she couldn't do anything about it.

Last time Zen had returned from the Chaotic Source World, he had stayed in the independent courtyard house for days. About two months after Zen left for the Land of Sword Grief, Margaret had discovered the good news within her.

Because it hadn't been that long, the change in her body wasn't noticeable yet. Margaret decided to keep it a secret for now.

Just as Margaret touched her belly, Zen stepped into the Fire Bearing Hall.

When he saw that Letitia and his other partners were safe and sound, he was slightly relieved. Although he didn't think Flamine would do anything to harm them, he had still gotten worried when she mentioned Letitia.

When Zen's eyes fell on Margaret, she was lost in thought and hadn't noticed his arrival. But he immediately sensed the change in her. He walked quickly up to her, his face shining with joy. "Margaret, are you...?"

Margaret hadn't been expecting Zen. But now seeing Zen apparently wise to her pregnancy, a shy smile blossomed on her lips. "After I came to the Phoenix Palace, I couldn't leave as I wished, so I didn't know how to tell you. I'm sorry," she whispered.

Upon discovering she was pregnant, Margaret had wanted to inform Zen immediately.

However, as she was new to the Phoenix Palace and had no servants to order to relay the message, she could only wait for Zen's return and protect the growing baby in her womb.

Zen's sudden presence here was a pleasant surprise.

Although Margaret lowered her voice, Letitia still overheard everything.

"You should have told me you are pregnant! You shouldn't have subjected yourself to the Soul Fire Swirl in your condition," Letitia said reproachfully.

Margaret scoffed at that. "Why would I tell you first?"

Although she and Letitia had been on good terms for a long time now, she wanted to share the news with Zen first. It would have been awkward to tell Letitia, of all people.

"But Margaret, it is dangerous to cultivate here while you're pregnant. Think of the child. You cannot be rash like this. You should have informed them of your condition," Zen admonished.

Margaret nodded at that, humbled. "You're right. I'm sorry." For the first time, Margaret wasn't angered at being admonished. She had rarely gotten angry since she got pregnant.

Zen gently touched Margaret's head and lifted the red chain, removing the Soul Fire Swirl for her.

Then he turned to Letitia. "Eastern Emperor Taiyi summoned me today."

Letitia dropped her eyes. She knew what Zen would say next.

"How could you just decide things on your own like that?" Zen pressed, staring at Letitia.

Letitia lowered her head. "Lady Flamine talked to me. If you marry Elvinia, the Oneness Sky Palace would always be there to help you. It would be good for you. I'll be fine. It makes little difference to me."

Flamine had actually met with Letitia three times. She had been upfront about her purpose and had patiently explained the situation in detail.

Letitia was smart enough to recognize Flamine's painstaking efforts.

She also admired Flamine's honesty.

If Zen became the husband of the Oneness Sky Palace's princess, it would be of great benefit to him. That was why Letitia gave her consent to Flamine.

"I just knew it." Zen sighed. Even before talking to Letitia, he had already guessed she would say something like this.

"So, did you agree to the marriage?" Letitia asked, staring at Zen.

The practical side of her thought was Zen should seize the opportunity. But a part of her was grieving at the thought.

Zen shook his head. "No."

"Why?"

Hearing Zen's answer, Letitia felt relieved and dismayed at the same time. Honestly, she couldn't understand herself, at times.

"There are just some things that can't and shouldn't be changed," Zen said firmly.

A faint smile appeared on Letitia's face. At this moment, she exuded a kind of quiet charm. A split second later, however, she gave Zen a sly look. "Do you like Elvinia?"

Letitia didn't know Elvinia that much, unlike Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly who constantly interacted with Elvinia and even regarded her as their master.

"I also want to know the answer."

A faint voice came from the entrance of the Fire Bearing Hall. It was Elvinia.

Chapter 3574 A Conspiracy

Letitia fixed Zen with a look.

Margaret looked up at the newly arrived Elvinia as she placed a hand instinctively on her belly.

The old Margaret would have already shown some hostility to Elvinia, jealous of any woman who got close to Zen.

But now she was pregnant, she kept a level head. It hadn't been easy to bear this child. She didn't want her emotions to fluctuate too much and endanger the pregnancy.

Elvinia's face was surprisingly calm, but there was stubbornness in her delicate eyes.

Zen's reaction at the Supreme Dragon Hall to their proposed marriage had subjected Elvinia to embarrassment, but she didn't care. The only thing she wanted to know now was how Zen really felt about her.

Elvinia's lips trembled as she struggled to keep her chin up. She admitted she had a rough relationship with Zen in the beginning, but since their journey to the Dark Region, she had been infatuated with the sense of security she had when she was with him.

She also knew that Zen trusted Dorothy more than her, so she had to be aggressive in making her feelings known.

Zen turned to Elvinia. "Even if I like you, it doesn't mean that you can do this to Tia, manipulating her into doing what you want."

This caused a small smile to play on Letitia's lips. Despite it all, she had still hoped she was the most special one in Zen's heart.

Meanwhile, Margaret pursed her lips. That was just like Zen to say that. This was why she had spent almost a lifetime at odds with Letitia.

Elvinia, meanwhile, was just happy she finally got her answer. The nervous look in her eyes was replaced almost immediately by relief. "Alright then. It will not happen again."

Smiling to herself, she swept out of the Fire Bearing Hall.

As Zen puzzled over Elvinia's reaction, Letitia, who was next to him, beamed up at him. "That was amazing diplomacy, darling! You made Princess Elvinia compromise."

"Compromise?" Zen blinked in confusion.

"She got the answer she wanted. The least she could do is compromise," Margaret muttered.

Zen walked over to Margaret and gently crouched beside her. "Now, don't be like that. Be mindful of your condition. Anyway, the Fire Bearing Hall is not suitable for you. We need to get you out of here as soon as possible."

Zen turned to look at Letitia. "I know you want me to use the Oneness Sky Palace to revive the Nine Li race, but the situation in the Source World has become extremely complicated."

After his visit to the Pear Hill, Zen had come to realize it was meaningless to simply gather the remaining members of the Nine Li race and just start over with so few of them. He needed to complete a more important mission for the Nine Li race's revival.

After he returned to the Oneness Sky Palace from the Pear Hill, he went to the Land of Sword Grief, so he was not able to explain the situation in detail to Letitia then.

Zen was now keeping her up to speed, but only broadly, as he lectured her intermittently on her recent reckless decisions. Although she was being scolded, Letitia had a faint smile on her face all throughout. Zen's concern for her made her happy deep inside.

Through all this, Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly had been preoccupied cultivating under the Soul Fire Swirl. Zen thought it best not to interrupt their meditation.

Even before arriving here at the Phoenix Palace, Zen had already planned to bring Letitia and Margaret back to the Flow Sword Sect. All the more he wasn't hurrying to return to the Land of Sword Grief now. He gave Carrie some divine crystals and asked her to go to the Dragon City to buy some prenatal healthcare treatments for Margaret.

When Letitia was pregnant with Geoffrey, Zen hadn't been there for her because he had been preoccupied with things in the Upper World. This time, Zen vowed he would fulfill his responsibility as a father.

In the Vastness Mountain, some important people had gathered behind closed doors of the Mighty Sword Hall.

Natasha, Holden, and the two leaders of the intelligence agency of the Vastness Mountain were waiting on their leader.

Wearing a pair of delicate shoes and her red garments, Natasha paced back and forth, a slight frown marring her features.

On the throne at the top of the Mighty Sword Hall, Gethin sat cross-legged, his eyes closed. He was roaming on the Other Shore.

He opened his eyes shortly. They flashed like lightning on his unreadable face. It was obvious he had returned.

"Emperor Gethin!"

The two leaders of the intelligence agency walked forward and bowed to him.

Gethin stroked his beard and frowned. "They will be making a preemptive strike."

Hearing this, Holden and Natasha exchanged a look.

"A preemptive strike? Under present conditions? Wouldn't that just put us at risk?" Natasha asked pointedly.

Although the Vastness Mountain was one of the top three forces in the Oneness Sky Palace, it was far from being as strong as the Oneness Mountain or the Origin Mountain. Moreover, with Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin guarding the two mountains, respectively, making a move against them would mean certain death.

Holden nodded in agreement. "A preemptive strike would only put us at a disadvantage."

"Emperor Charm is ready," Gethin pointed out.

The Sun Crow race was adjacent to the territory of the Oneness Sky Palace. They would be the first to attack in a war.

"There is only the Sun Crow race that will take them on?" Natasha only became more hesitant about the idea.

The Vastness Mountain was turning against the Oneness Sky Palace because of Gethin's personal ambition, and on the other hand, he had also lost his faith in them.

But the Oneness Sky Palace was more established, having accumulated resources and allies for countless years. The Sun Crow race would find it hard to destroy them alone. And if the Vastness Mountain acted rashly and was found to be actually behind this conspiracy, they would be put in a precarious situation.

Gethin stared at the door of the Mighty Sword Hall with a faraway look in his eyes. "Their plan is to trap Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin on the Other Shore!"

The two strongest forces of the Oneness Sky Palace were Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi. If they were trapped on the Other Shore, the strength of the Oneness Sky Palace would indeed be greatly diminished.

Natasha nodded slowly as she started to understand the strategy. Her eyes flashed hungrily.

"They have supposedly already begun work on Yasamin, though I don't know if they have succeeded or not," Gethin continued. "But someone's name kept coming up."

"Who?" Natasha asked.

"Zen," Gethin replied.

It was true that Zen was a talented warrior, but he held no threat to the Bearing race.

"Do you want us to kill him?" A trace of excitement lit up Natasha's face. Things didn't end well the last time they kidnapped Zen and took him to the Vastness Mountain. All the trouble hadn't been worth it. What was worse, the Vastness Mountain actually didn't dare do anything to him.

"We need to capture him alive. Zen seems quite important to them." Even Gethin seemed torn about this. Everyone knew Zen was an outstanding talent, but what was the point of keeping him alive?

"That's good enough," Natasha sneered, a glint of malice in her eyes.

On the Origin Mountain, a forest of emerald-green trees surrounded a small lake.

Countless arrays had been engraved around these trees.

All together, they formed the Spirit-shaking Array, which protected the small lake and its immediate surroundings.

It was also fully activated whenever Yasamin entered the Other Shore. It was risky, after all, for a powerful being like her to just leave her physical body behind, which was vulnerable to any attack.

Anyone who crossed the Spirit-shaking Array when it was activated would immediately be killed, except for a select few of the Origin Mountain who were allowed to enter it.

Presently, Dorothy stood outside the forest. She paused for a moment before smoothly entering the threshold.

The Spirit-shaking Array released a rune to cover the surface of Dorothy's body. The surrounding trees flashed with a red light.

The light died down as the rune apparently verified Dorothy's identity and allowed her through.

Chapter 3575 Something Unforeseen In The Origin Mountain

Dorothy passed through the forest and walked halfway around the lake before she arrived at the pavilion.

She pushed the door of the pavilion open, only to find a wholly different space greeting her from within.

Countless rays of sword light floated in the air, circling around like a big whirlpool. This was the famous Origin Sword Light.

Among all the disciples in the Origin Mountain, few had the chance to be taught by Yasamin herself. And among these few, Dorothy was the only one who had the right to cultivate the Origin Swordsmanship in this space.

Dorothy went up to the whirlpool formed by the sword light.

Yasamin was floating in the center of this whirlpool. She seemed to be adventuring on the Other Shore.

The moment Dorothy approached, a ray of sword light flew towards her.

She stretched out a hand and gently played with the sword light. A long, melodious sound was immediately transmitted into the big whirlpool. Yasamin was able to sense this on the Other Shore.

If someone else were to play the sword light in an attempt to wake Yasamin, she would have become furious. She would then just ignore the sound and stay on the Other Shore.

But every time Dorothy played the sword light, Yasamin retreated from the Other Shore as soon as possible.

Dorothy played the sword light for a while before she sat down, arms around her knees and waiting for her grandmother to wake up. She was also mentally preparing herself to talk to her grandmother, trying to decide what to say to her.

Her grandmother had figured out her affection towards Zen a long time ago and wanted to help her fulfill her wish. That was why Yasamin had had the conflict with Flamine in the Vastness Mountain.

But though Dorothy was passionate, she was extremely reserved when it came to relationships between man and woman. And though Yasamin was anxious for her granddaughter, she could do nothing about it.

At the time, Dorothy had liked traveling with Zen on the Other Shore. She hadn't thought that Elvinia would appear suddenly.

Chaim had reminded her of her love in the Land of Sword Grief. Only then had Dorothy realized that she should strive for her love, just like Elvinia had.

But the question of how to speak euphemistically to her grandmother still remained.

She fought an internal battle for quite a while. When she came to her senses, she found that five minutes had passed, but her grandmother was still floating at the center of the sword light whirlpool.

Dorothy was confused. Even though Yasamin was on the Other Shore, she should have known that Dorothy was coming. But five minutes had passed and she still hadn't retreated from the Other Shore. Could she have been trapped somewhere unusual?

There were some places like the Dark Region and the temples that warriors were not allowed to exit at will.

Dorothy was discomfited as she remembered the provocative look in Elvinia's eyes. So she merely waited.

She waited for about one more hour before she realized that there seemed to be something wrong with her grandmother. Yasamin's body seemed somewhat illusory in the midst of the sword light, but Dorothy could still see her clearly.

Yasamin's wrinkled face was usually ruddy, but it was now pale as paper.

"Grandma!"

Dorothy's cultivation level was not very high, but she knew that something was wrong.

She played the sword light once again. The sword light buzzed sharply and was transmitted to within the whirlpool. Her grandmother would wake up the moment she heard this sound, she knew it.

But Yasamin remained motionless. Her face paled with every passing second and every ray of Origin Sword Light in the entire space began to vibrate.

This sword light could be seen as Yasamin's avatar. It would usually be taken back to her body. But when she cultivated here, she'd release all the Origin Sword Light from her body.

Dorothy was familiar with the sword light. It trembled and howled, as if sensing that Yasamin was in danger. It sobbed and complained to Dorothy.

"Grandma! Grandma!"

The scene unfolding before Dorothy reminded her that Yasamin was in trouble.

She took a couple of steps forward before she realized that she couldn't get close to her grandmother. She remembered that every time Yasamin had woken up, she emerged from the whirlpool by herself.

Dorothy thought for a moment before she turned around and rushed out of the pavilion. Emerging from the forest, she pulled out the message runes and crushed them one by one.

Before long, beams of light flew up from the halls in the Origin Mountain. They headed straight for the top of the mountain, gathering outside the forest.

Each of these had a strong aura. Not for nothing were they the backbone of the Origin Mountain. Winchell, one of the few people qualified to enter the forest, led the group.

At Dorothy's words, he went straight into the forest without hesitation.

Two other people accompanied him into the forest.

Dorothy meant to follow them but the moment she took a step forward, she felt her foot become heavy.

It looked like even a powerful existence like her grandmother, who was at the top level of the Other Shore Realm, couldn't avoid danger.

She was afraid that once she entered the forest, she would see her grandmother's soulless body before her.

She trembled with fear at the thought, but someone caught her from behind.

"Aunt Felicity!" Dorothy cried out.

"Don't be afraid. Everything will be fine," Felicity said, comforting her while looking at the forest. "Madam Yasamin will safely leave the Other Shore."

It would actually be very difficult for a warrior at such a high level as Yasamin to die on the Other Shore, because the souls of strongest warriors like them had already risen to another level.

'So, did something unexpected happen on the Other Shore?'

Felicity had many possibilities mapped out in her mind, but she did not say anything. She merely tried to comfort Dorothy in a soft voice.

After a long time, Winchell walked out of the forest.

Dorothy felt her heart plummet at the seriousness on his face. She then heard him say, "I think Madam Yasamin is trapped in a dangerous situation, but she is still fighting hard. I don't know how long she can hold on. I'm going to the Phoenix Palace."

The seven mountains under the Oneness Sky Palace were closely connected to each other, like siblings. And especially the Oneness Mountain and the Origin Mountain. Now that something terrible was happening to Yasamin, they had to inform Eastern Emperor Taiyi as soon as possible.

With gloom dangling over them, Felicity, Dorothy, and the other powerful warriors of the Origin Mountain watched Winchell leave.

In the Flow Sword Sect...

Margaret had been very satisfied over the past few days. Zen had been with her all the time, and even Letitia had taken good care of her. The atmosphere in the independent courtyard house had never been so harmonious.

Letitia had once suggested that Margaret enter Zen's inner world. If the time flow rate rose, she would be able to give birth to the baby sooner. But Margaret refused because she didn't want her pregnancy to pass quickly.

"A Fetus Nourishing Pill, worth two million divine crystals, can nourish the innate spirit!"

"An Earth Longevity Pill, worth five hundred thousand divine crystals, can help you live for a million years even if you don't cultivate or become a True God!"

"A Talent Upgrading Pill, worth five million divine crystals, can help you improve your cultivation talent greatly!"

...

Trish displayed before Zen the pills that she had bought.

Zen could not help but feel amazed after learning of the effects of these pills. It looked like the starting point in the Source World was much higher than in the divine land. And these pills had little to no side effects when used to nourish the fetus.

Chapter 3576 Three Thousand And One Godly Ways

With the current resources Zen possessed, the cost of tens of millions of divine crystals wouldn't be an issue. He was capable of producing the Sword-reading Liquid, which was highly valuable. As such, he had made a batch before he returned to the Flow Sword Sect.

As for the earnings, Zen had requested Monica to distribute the divine crystals to the Sword Light Palace disciples instead of keeping them for himself.

After all, Zen had Stage Fourteen to back him. The place had a massive amount of wealth. The number of divine crystals he gave to these disciples was nothing to him.

Margaret didn't have the easiest time refining the nourishing pills that her baby needed. However, with Trish's guidance, she showed exceptional tenacity and was able to focus a full week on refining all the pills using complicated methods.

During the past few days, apart from taking care of Margaret and accompanying Letitia and Aura, Zen also visited the neighboring courtyard house.

Hutton, Sally, and the other Nine Li members waited for Ambrose to pick them up after they returned to the Oneness Sky Palace. However, Ambrose never arrived. They never mentioned anything about leaving, either.

The tiny kingdom belonging to the remaining members of the Nine Li race couldn't hold a candle to the majesty of the Oneness Sky Palace. Luckily, Despite that they were unable to enter the Land of Sword Grief, Zen was able to provide them with the required resources in the Myriad Spirits City. Thanks to his help, they made rapid progress.

If Sally could get into the Land of Sword Grief, she could attain a rank within the top nine hundred on the first floor.

Soon after he returned to his own courtyard house after the visit, a strange sensation passed throughout Zen's body. With a slight frown, he sat cross-legged on the floor. With a slight thought in his mind, an avatar had appeared within his inner world.

Even with the removal of the Evil God's Rebirth Land, everything within it remained.

Ever since the Evil God was brought back to Zen's inner world, he had been imprisoned together with his wife, Edna.

She proved her loyalty well, choosing to stay at his side despite her imprisonment.

This time, when the Evil God returned, Edna noticed he seemed depressed.

He talked less than usual, barely uttering a single word to her. She also noticed how he was lost in thought as if thinking of something profound.

All of this worried her.

She knew that her husband would never compromise or give up. He was as stubborn as a bull, never wanting to give up a chance to turn the tables—unless he was destroyed.

The Creator of the world the Evil God and Edna were imprisoned in was an omnipotent being—all that existed in his inner world was essentially a part of him. If the Evil God even just thought about rebelling, the Creator would know immediately.

Edna herself never dared to give any thought to the idea, afraid that if the Creator found out, he would be more wary of her husband.

If there was anything she was thankful for, it was that the Creator gave her husband the Blood Essence Godly Way. Ever since then, he'd been fully immersed in fusing the Godly Ways. It relieved her knowing that he had found something he was interested in.

The Evil God had offered the Creator his Rebirth Land, and even a "Civilization Artifact"—which Edna, although not knowing much about it, knew that it possessed terrifying and threatening energy. In fact, the power it contained would be countless times more terrifying than that of the Ways-blending Energy her husband had.

If her husband could manage to find a way to seamlessly merge the Blood Essence Godly Way into the Ways-blending Energy, then he'd receive atonement for his sins and get the opportunity to roam freely in this world.

Perhaps then, she and he could return to their old happy days.

Lost deep in thought, Edna was startled back to reality by the sudden flash of lightning.

The Evil God held a ball of great power in his right hand. It was the Ways-blending Energy, a power comprised of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight Godly Ways. His left hand wielded the Thunderstorm Godly Way which startled her earlier.

He gently opened his left hand, and with a cracking sound, the Thunderstorm Godly Way had shot into the Ways-blending Energy. The Evil God was happy to see it still remain stable.

"Buzz!"

With the wave of his left hand, a streak of small, blood-red energy spiraled around his fingers and turned into a blood-red dragon.

There was no denying that the Evil God had an extraordinary understanding of the various Godly Ways. After Zen got the Blood Essence Godly Way, he didn't pursue practicing it. As for the Evil God, he now actually could use it with such ease and at a super level.

The blood-red dragon twined through his fingertips until it made its way to the ball of Ways-blending Energy. By then, the ball already had three thousand kinds of internal momentum within it!

The Evil God had previously tried to combine the arc light energy with the other Godly Ways in order to reach three thousand Godly Ways in the Ways-blending Energy. However, it clashed with the Thunderstorm Godly Way. So he began his long journey of trying various ways to combine but there was always a Godly Way that was rejected.

Now, the Evil God was successful. He managed to replace the arc light energy with the Blood Essence Godly Way.

"I did it!"

The Evil God finally managed to smile after all this time as he gazed at his success in his hands—the ball of energy really had three thousand Godly Ways in it. It had been a while since he felt this happy.

If it was before, the Evil God would have thought that he had finally achieved the Godly Ways Great Unity.

But he already knew that there were more than three thousand types of internal momentum—around three thousand and two according to Zen. So, even if it reached three thousand, that still wouldn't be enough for him to achieve the Godly Ways Great Unity.

After successfully merging the Blood Essence Godly Way with others, his fingertips now flashed with the arc light energy which he shot towards the Ways-blending Energy he still held in his other hand.

Once the arc light energy disappeared, the Ways-blending Energy began to alter once more. Unfortunately, it became unstable, and more than thirty Godly Ways escaped the powerful orb.

"How can this be? I…I did everything right…"

The Evil God was slightly shocked. He only hesitated for a moment. Seeing that the Ways-blending Energy was about to explode, he flicked his left hand and merged the more than thirty Godly Ways separately into a ball and then merge them with the Ways-blending Energy again.

"Buzz..."

The Ways-blending Energy became stable once more. The fusion of the internal momentum of three thousand and one Godly Ways was successful.

"It appears that fusing the more than 30 kinds of internal momentum that have escaped is what's required to stabilize the Ways-blending Energy and succeed." The Evil God muttered as a wave of relief washed over him.

Such a creation of power wouldn't have been possible without the extraordinary talent showcased by the Evil God. Any other person who dared to re-enact what he just accomplished would have to explore for tens or even hundreds of thousands of years.

Once three thousand and one Godly Ways were fused together, the Ways-blending Energy morphed once more into a bright, purple-tinged light.

"Darling, the power seems to keep getting stronger!" Edna exclaimed as she drew near to her husband's side.

"Yes!"

The Evil God nodded, a smile of satisfaction plastered on his face. With each gentle wave of his hands, the Ways-blending Energy continued to shift into the shape of diamond. Then it began to overlap itself.

In the blink of an eye, the Evil God had made the diamond-shaped energy superimpose into nearly one hundred layers!

"Go!"

The Evil God flicked his fingers, and the diamond-shaped energy shot forward.

Bang!

Suddenly, the diamond shaped-energy exploded and emitted a blazing white light that shone as bright as the sun with hints of purple-tinged streams scattered throughout.

Edna quickly covered her eyes and hid behind her husband. The Evil God, on the other hand, gazed at it head-on in excitement.

The power of Evil God's Ways-blending Energy had reached beyond ten thousand divine megatons. This surpassed his expectations.

He knew that with his current limits, he could enable the Ways-blending Energy to have up to one hundred and ninety-three layers. If this was the power that one hundred layers could achieve, surely nothing could stop him once he reached his limit.

Using all of his strength would enable the power to double itself!

The light emitted by the Ways-blending Energy shot in all directions. Just as it was about to wreak havoc in Zen's inner world, the light suddenly froze before shrinking back once more into its original diamond-shaped state. It was as if someone had forced the hands of the clock backward.

Zen appeared beside the diamond-shaped energy and gently reached out to take the ball of energy in his hand, watching it thoughtfully.

Chapter 3577 Reward

Zen was thoroughly alarmed the moment the Evil God had succeeded in completely blending the Godly Ways.

The power within the diamond-shaped energy greatly exceeded the expectations of the Evil God. It was also way beyond Zen could have ever imagined.

As the diamond-shaped energy exploded, it released a huge amount of energy that transcended ten thousand divine megatons of force. Without a doubt, Zen thought he probably wouldn't have been able to withstand this extreme amount of force if it had happened outside his inner world.

Thankfully, this didn't pose much of a problem inside Zen's inner world. Here, he was an omnipotent being. He was the absolute ruler of this place and his power was unparalleled. Therefore, he could easily restore everything in their original forms.

The Evil God had intended this enormous amount of energy to explode completely. He wanted to observe and ascertain its full might.

However, Zen halted his experiment midway. He was annoyed and frowned at the sudden interruption.

Zen didn't have to raise his head and look at the Evil God for he knew that there was a change in his emotions. He felt the annoyance and bitterness the Evil God felt. "I'm afraid this huge amount of power would obliterate more than half of my inner world if it completely explodes. You have to understand why I stopped it," he explained.

"Oh, is that it? So you also have something to be afraid of, huh?" The Evil God sneered at Zen's remark. He still couldn't keep the annoyance out of his tone.

Zen held the diamond-shaped energy on his palm as he slowly flew over to where the Evil God was. "Well theoretically, there shouldn't be anything that could make me afraid in my own inner world. However, your presence is an exception."

Essentially, the creation of the Evil God took up some of Zen's best talents. There were always pros and cons to his existence. If the Evil God stayed inside Zen's inner world, then as a primitive land, it would go through many tribulations. These ordeals also served as great trials for Zen.

Zen hovered in front of the golden fence and handed the diamond-shaped energy to the Evil God. "You did a great job." He faced the Evil God and praised him sincerely. He had to admit that he was impressed at this display of power.

"It didn't do me any good, though, did it?" The Evil God seemed dejected as he scowled at Zen.

"Yes, it did. For that, I will give you a handsome reward," replied Zen.

Nevertheless, the Evil God wasn't surprised by Zen's words. He also didn't seem interested in it.

Zen had once set the Evil God free after he helped him blend the many Godly Ways. However, he believed that Zen wouldn't make the mistake of doing that again after his open betrayal of him. He desired nothing else but his freedom. Therefore, he showed absolutely no interest in Zen's so-called reward.

"Would you kindly repeat the process of blending the Godly Ways to me?" Zen asked courteously.

From inside the fence, the Evil God merely glanced sideways at Zen as he disintegrated the diamond-shaped energy in his hand. He couldn't be bothered to repeat the whole process in front of Zen.

"My dear, the Creator himself demands this from you. So please, just do it again," coaxed Edna who was standing behind the Evil God. She never thought it was a wise move to go against the will of their creator.

"He doesn't really need me to do it again. He is able to get the knowledge by himself," retorted the Evil God coldly.

The corners of Zen's mouth curled into a smile. He reached out in front of him and clenched his fist. A long sword instantly appeared in his hand. He conjured it out of thin air.

Normally, a sword created in such a casual way was fragile and of poor quality. However, this was Zen's inner world. Therefore, he was able to improve and enhance it to the highest level with just a single thought.

He remained motionless with the sword in his hand for a short time. Several visions playing one after another flashed in front of his eyes.

In Zen's mind, the scene of the Evil God blending the Godly Ways began to unfold. Impressively, it didn't leave out any details at all!

Buzz!

The Ways-blending Energy began to gather around the long sword in Zen's hand. Two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine kinds of internal momentum assembled first. These were followed by the Thunderstorm

Godly Way and the Blood Essence Godly Way. The arc light energy came in last!

Whoosh!

After Zen blended them in order, he encountered the same accident that the Evil God had experienced a while ago. There were more than thirty kinds of internal momentum of the Godly Ways that automatically split from the others.

Zen had already observed this odd occurrence so he was well prepared for it. With a flick of his hand, these more than thirty Godly Ways formed into a mass of energy and merged into the Ways-blending Energy.

There was a flash of purple light that emanated from it. This signaled that Zen was successful in blending all of them together.

As Zen held the sword in his hand, he said, "I don't have any spare time to cultivate the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship. Fortunately, it is much similar to the diamond-shaped energy you have created. Therefore, I can just learn from your experience of creating this energy!"

Zen had to admit that he was a bit envious of the Evil God's sheer talent of blending the Godly Ways.

The Evil God was able to create this method almost instinctively. Even though the diamond-shaped energy he created was not a specific skill, it still had a much greater stability and comprehensibility than the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship written by Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

It was extremely noteworthy that it took Eastern Emperor Taiyi a lot of time and energy to complete the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship. This was regarded far and wide as a supreme swordsmanship manual. Compared to that, it was only a short span of time from when the Evil God had first grasped the Ways-blending Energy.

It was true that there were times when Zen had felt the urge to devour the Evil God and take his talent as his own. However, he would immediately pull himself together as he thought of the Regal Jade Spirit's warning.

Suddenly, there was a clanging sound.

Three gleams of purple sword radiance merged together. Zen summoned them according to the methods of the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship. But during the course of it, Zen made some changes and turned the sword radiance into diamond-shaped energy. He used the method he had just learned from the Evil God while he blended them.

When Zen returned the Evil God to his inner world, he gathered all of the Evil God's Other Shore Tokens and everything else that belonged to him. These included his memories and experiences as well.

However, Zen did not pry into the Evil God's memories out of respect. He only acquired his knowledge of blending the diamond-shaped energy.

Ten layers...

Fifty layers...

One hundred...

One hundred and ninety...

As the number of the energy layers gathering on the sword increased, the Ways-blending Energy also became increasingly formidable.

Soon enough, the Ways-blending Energy on the long sword became so intimidating that even the Evil God gasped in astonishment. "This energy will be unbelievably powerful when used in swordsmanship," he remarked.

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi is one of the most powerful masters in the Source World. His strength is comparable to that of the Black Ship's captain. It can be expected that the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship he wrote has its merits. If you are interested to read it, I can get it for you," offered Zen.

As mentioned before, the Godly Ways Blending Swordsmanship was regarded as a supreme swordsmanship manual. Therefore, it was not allowed to be handed down to outsiders. However, Zen could lend it to the Evil God if he wanted.

As he finished saying this, Zen suddenly raised his hand that held the sword.

The sword slashed and pierced the air at the distance. The purple sword radiance contained almost twenty thousand divine megatons of force. As it erupted forth, the space in its path was shattered into pieces.

But before the sword radiance had completely exploded, Zen created a huge black rift in space using his mind. It appeared in front of the sword radiance and swallowed it whole.

He could not allow the sword radiance to explode inside his inner world. It was powerful enough to obliterate the entirety of this world.

"What's the point of learning this swordsmanship if I cannot leave your inner world? It will only be a waste of time and talent." The Evil God hung his head and replied sourly.

Zen fixed his gaze at the Evil God. "Well, I agree. It will be such an awful waste to keep you imprisoned inside my inner world."

As he heard these words, the Evil God instantly raised his head. He stared confusedly at Zen and wondered whether he was telling the truth.

Zen reached out his hand toward the Evil God and offered him a handful of Chaotic Source Spirits. Then, he said, "Here's two hundred Chaotic Source Spirits. These will be enough for you to reach the Chaotic Source Realm."

The Evil God was fully aware of the Chaotic Source Spirit's absolute importance because he had once been sent into the Chaotic Source World by the Black Ship. However, he had given up hope of ever reaching the Chaotic Source Realm after his rebellion against Zen failed. Never in his wildest dreams had he expected that Zen would freely hand him such a gift.

Zen knew that the Evil God would plainly refuse any other kind of reward. However, if he offered him Chaotic Source Spirits...

The Evil God took them from Zen without any second thoughts.

Chapter 3578 Release

In the future, the Chaotic Source World would no longer exist, and thus there would be no way to obtain the Chaotic Source Spirits. This was probably the last chance for the Evil God to step into the Chaotic Source Realm.

"You need to arrange an array to refine the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits. I'll help you get the array arrangement method later," Zen added. His tone was steady, as if he was confident despite the worrying situation he was in.

After the Chaotic Source Spirits had been successfully placed into his body, the Evil God needed a magic array to refine them.

This place was too far away from the abandoned Chaotic Source World. It was impossible for Zen to let the Evil God go there to refine the Chaotic Source Spirits. Besides, Zen thought the array used to refine them shouldn't be difficult to arrange. He would find an opportunity to inquire about it to make sure before he acted.

"What do you mean by that?" the Evil God asked. Curiosity gleamed in his eyes as he spoke.

Indeed, he was interested in the crystals of Chaotic Source Spirits. However, he was more interested in what Zen had just said.

A smile appeared in Zen's eyes.

The Evil God was indeed unwilling to be trapped in his inner world.

"I want to let you out," said Zen calmly.

"Let me out?" The eyes of the Evil God flickered. His brows were crossed and his glare was steady. It was hard to believe what he had heard and he couldn't hide the surprise and excitement he felt after hearing what Zen said.

Ever since he was caught by Zen, the Evil God had been desperate and uneasy as he waited for Zen to devour him.

Yet, unexpectedly, Zen didn't do that. Instead, he just imprisoned him and let him study the Ways-blending Energy. However, with his intelligence, he knew just why Zen did this.

Just as Zen had said before, if he really was the malice of this world, absorbing him would only bring greater trouble to Zen.

Zen had let him go before, but at that time, he had used the Rebirth Land to bind him.

However, Zen had already discovered the defects of the Rebirth Land, and because of this, he wouldn't use it again.

Just as the Evil God was thinking, Zen spoke, "There's only one condition. You'll have to become my Inner-world Generating Avatar."

Before entering the Chaotic Source World, the Evil God had learned about the Inner-world Generating Avatar. It was a method of refining the creatures in one's inner world into avatars.

Previously, the Evil God also wanted to refine Zen into his own avatar. If he could possess a powerful body like Zen's, then he would be even more powerful.

To his surprise, the final result was the opposite.

Zen continued, "However, the ordinary Inner-world Generating Avatar has no consciousness and serves as the avatar of its owner, but I plan to let you keep your consciousness. In other words, you have freedom in most cases, but you can't disobey my orders."

After returning to the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen spared some time learning about the Inner-world Generating Avatar. It was not a complicated theurgy. He could directly control the avatar in this way, so it was more practical than the Rebirth Land.

Refining the Evil God into an ordinary avatar wouldn't be of much use to Zen. In fact, when it came to physical strength, the Evil God was far inferior to him. But the Evil God was more talented than him in some aspects. Zen thought that if he could use the Evil God's talents properly, it would be a great help to him.

After explaining, Zen straightened his body and cleared his throat to ask, "Are you willing to do that?"

"Well, it looks like I have no choice," the Evil God said with a smile.

Deep down, the Evil God was willing to do what Zen offered. No matter what, Zen's offer was much better than being trapped in his inner world. Moreover, he thought that the Inner-world Generating Avatar might not be...

As the Evil God was about to be absorbed in his thought, he stopped and realized something. Since Zen was able to read his mind, he couldn't think of some things.

Zen took a few steps forward and waved his hand at the golden fence. The whole fence broke, and the mountain collapsed with a loud thud.

When the mortals in the kingdoms below saw the mountain collapse, they all panicked in fear. There were shrieks and sounds of the people's feet in stampede.

"Creator, I..." Edna floated in the air and looked at Zen with a pleading expression.

There were many living beings in the inner world, but they weren't aware that there was a big world outside, so naturally, they didn't have too many thoughts in their hearts.

Once they knew about the outside world, they wouldn't be willing to be confined in this world.

As the Evil God's wife, Edna had known for a long time that there existed a big world outside. However, rather than visit that big world, she was more willing to follow the Evil God.

"You can leave with him. I don't have any restrictions for you," Zen said directly.

The expression on Edna's face changed and she immediately cheered, "Thank you, Creator!"

Even the Evil God was quite surprised, and there was a trace of joy in his eyes that he hadn't had for a long time.

Then, with Zen's permission, the Evil God and Edna went to the main continent to say goodbye to their children.

Although the Evil God had left for a long time, he already became a legend in Zen's inner world. Many secrets of this world were controlled by his children. Even without his presence, his children still turned out to be outstanding in this world.

When his children saw that he had returned, they couldn't hide their surprise. When they heard that their father and mother were going to leave together, they were wistful. However, as the children of the Evil God, they understood his pursuit.

After Zen dissipated his incarnation, he regained his consciousness. The moment he opened his eyes, he felt a warm breath on his face. Then he saw Margaret's face was very close to him.

"What are you doing?" Zen asked, dumbfounded. He blinked his eyes rapidly and crossed his brows.

Glaring at Zen, Margaret said, "I saw you meditating in the yard. I was afraid that something might happen to you..."

She thought Zen had gone to the Other Shore.

Letitia, Lavender and the other women had a certain understanding of the Other Shore, but Margaret was completely unable to understand it. In all honesty, she had no interest in understanding it. She only knew that the Other Shore was very dangerous.

Zen touched Margaret's head and comforted her in a soft voice, "I just went to my inner world."

"Why did you go there?" She leaned in towards him, obviously wanting to hear more details. Curiosity was reflecting in her eyes as she waited for his response.

"Someone is coming out," Zen answered Margaret simply.

At his words, Zen stood up and circled around. He stopped in an empty place and led his hands to the air from his abdomen. Then, Edna in white appeared in the courtyard.

It was the first time for Edna to come to this world. She looked terrified and curious at the same time.

"Creator, do you live in this place?" Edna asked.

In her eyes, Zen was an all-powerful and invincible god. Although this independent courtyard house was truly exquisite, it was very ordinary and too low for Zen. This mundane environment confused her.

"Zen, who is she?"

A moment ago, Margaret was as docile as a sheep, but as Edna appeared, her face darkened, as if she was about to lose her temper.

"She is from my inner world. I promised to release her," Zen explained.

"Just because she is beautiful?" Margaret complained. Her brows were raised and her tone was probing. Margaret narrowed her eyes and gave Edna a look from her head to toe.

Edna, as the Evil God's wife, was exceedingly beautiful. Margaret felt a great sense of crisis in her heart. In fact, Letitia was looking down from the second floor. Not far away, Trish, Carrie and Aura were secretly sizing Edna up.

"You're thinking too much." Zen smiled and shook his head, dismissing the jealousy in Margaret's tone. "Her husband hasn't come out yet. I'll arrange an array for him."

Although Zen wasn't really afraid of the Evil God escaping, he thought he should be well prepared and make sure everything was all right before releasing the Evil God.

Seeing how Margaret acted aggressively in front of Zen, Edna widened her beautiful eyes in surprise. Her behavior took her aback.

Chapter 3579 An Intelligent Puppet

A frown couldn't help but form on Edna's face. 'Who is this woman? How dare she talk to the Creator like that?' she thought.

Although she had a lot of questions in her mind, she didn't dare ask any of them in front of the "Creator".

Since the Creator had said that he would set up an array, she immediately stepped away. She had left the Creator's inner world as a free body, but it might not be easy for her husband to do so.

Meanwhile, Margaret had also stepped back after she had heard Zen's explanation. However, she remained vigilant.

Zen then busied himself in arranging the array in the independent courtyard house.

The array for creating an Inner-world Generating Avatar wasn't difficult to master. It involved using a special method to refine the inner world creature into a "puppet." Of course, such a puppet was different from ordinary puppets.

Now, the Evil God would have his own free will most of the time, but Zen could take over the Evil God's body for as long as he wanted.

It took an hour for Zen to set up the array. After it was done, he drew out the Evil God from his inner world once again.

As soon as the Evil God emerged from Zen's inner world, the array immediately trapped him and simultaneously released a white beam of light. The ray of white light pierced through Zen's head, then went straight towards the Evil God's forehead.

Both of their consciousnesses were connected, and they could both feel each other's existence.

However, their statuses were different from each other: Zen was the primary, and the Evil God was the secondary.

The array continued to flash for nearly an hour. When it slowly became dim, the Inner-world Generating Avatar was finally completed.

"Honey!" Edna exclaimed.

Just as she was about to approach the Evil God, her husband suddenly stretched out his hand and stopped her.

Naturally, she was surprised. Although the man in front of her was indeed her husband, his behavior, expression, and aura were all completely different. At that moment, the Evil God had clearer eyes and wore an aloof expression, which was more similar to the "Creator."

Indeed, Zen was the one who currently occupied the Evil God's body. He had suppressed the Evil God's own will and had absolute control over the avatar.

As the Evil God's eyes closed and opened again, Zen's consciousness left his body. The Evil God's own consciousness returned, from which a faint trace of evil aura had spread out. He stretched out his hand and held Edna, who stood not far away, into his arms.

She knew that this was her husband now.

The Evil God looked around and then asked, "Where am I?"

"The Flow Sword Sect in the Oneness Mountain under the Oneness Sky Palace," Zen answered.

The Evil God's eyes wandered around the independent courtyard house.

He had once struggled in life in the Source World, and he knew that it was a much more awful place than Zen's inner world. Therefore, it was clear that he did not think about things in the same way as Edna, who thought that the outside world was wonderful and that Zen was a very powerful man.

"You're indeed well treated in the Oneness Sky Palace," said the Evil God.

On the contrary, his previous situation in the Black Mountain Guild was countless times worse. He always had to be on guard even when he cultivated, in case he was suddenly attacked.

"If you want such kind of treatment, you have to strive for it yourself," Zen said as he pointed at the main door of the independent courtyard house with his mouth.

As of the moment, the Evil God was still an "unregistered" person in the Source World. However, with his current strength, it was inappropriate for him to stay in the Dragon City for a while and then climb the Oneness Mountain.

Therefore, Zen personally spoke to the leaders. Then the Flow Sword Sect accepted the Evil God as a member and arranged him a building to stay in.

However, the Evil God stayed in the building for only three days.

Three days later, the Flow Tower was opened.

The Evil God performed amazingly in the Flow Tower. Although he didn't break Zen's record, he still defeated all the others effortlessly. Eventually, he was also given an independent courtyard house just like Zen.

When Trish and Carrie had heard of the news, they couldn't help but be shocked. A powerful talent like their young master was already quite rare, but now a creature from his inner world turned out to be that strong. They didn't understand how such a thing could be possible.

Yet, Zen didn't bother to explain things to them because he was busy refining the Chaotic Source Spirits for the Evil God.

In reality, it was beyond his abilities to set up that kind of array. He could only turn to Athemar for advice, but the latter was absent and nowhere to be found.

Furthermore, the entire Oneness Sky Palace had been rather tense ever since Yasamin of the Origin Mountain was trapped on the Other Shore.

After all, Yasamin was the second most powerful figure in the Oneness Sky Palace. As long as she was trapped on the Other Shore, it was like the Oneness Sky Palace had lost a powerful hand.

What made things worse was that the incident had put the Oneness Sky Palace in danger. Now that someone had actually laid a finger on Yasamin, it was obvious that whoever did so could also do the same to the Oneness Sky Palace itself.

All the arrays in the seven mountains of the Bloom Divine Province were activated. The channels to all the passes, transmission arrays, and boundary walls all increased their security. The Oneness Guards who had been staying in the Dragon City were sent out, as if they would face a formidable enemy.

Despite that, Zen did not notice such changes for he had stayed in the Flow Sword Sect. In addition to those changes, even Athemar had also been busy running around arranging the Oneness Sky Palace's defenses.

He didn't return to the Flow Sword Sect until a week later.

Still, he was not surprised when he heard that Zen wanted an array to refine the Chaotic Source Spirits. He had witnessed Zen previously obtain a considerable number of Chaotic Source Spirits outside the Chaotic Source World.

Thus, he granted Zen's request without hesitation. The arrays in the Chaotic Source World had many functions, and refining the Chaotic Source Spirits seemed to be the simplest use.

A few days later, three masters from the Unique Array Sword Sect personally set up an array in the Evil God's independent courtyard house. Then, the Evil God went inside the array and refined the Chaotic Source Spirits, entering the Chaotic Source Realm.

Since he had already entered the Chaotic Source Realm, he became qualified to enter the Land of Sword Grief. On the next day, Zen urged Margaret to take good care of herself and ordered Trish and Carrie to look after her well. After that, he went down the mountain with the Evil God and headed straight for the Land of Sword Grief.

The new disciples at the Chaotic Source Realm, including Chaim, were startled when they saw the Evil God.

Even though they knew that Zen had subdued him, they honestly thought that Zen should dispose of him. Much to their surprise, the Evil God actually followed behind Zen. He had even entered the Chaotic Source Realm!

In their world, there was probably only one person who was able to help the Evil God enter the Chaotic Source Realm, and that was Zen.

When they saw the Evil God closely follow behind Zen obediently, however, Chaim and the other experienced and knowledgeable warriors quickly realized that the Evil God in front of them seemed to have become an Inner-world Generating Avatar.

"Go find Abdul and ask him to arrange a secluded cultivation room for you," Zen said to the Evil God.

The Evil God never liked it when others ordered him to do things. He seldom obeyed even the extremely powerful warriors in the Black Ship. Even Shera had to butter him up most of the time just to make him comply.

So when he heard Zen's order, he couldn't help but frown, but he tried his best to suppress his inner impulse to resist.

That was because he did not forget his identity. It was just that he was now a puppet, though he could think.

In the end, he simply nodded and went away to look for Abdul as Zen had instructed.

It wasn't until Chaim saw the Evil God leave that he asked Zen, "Zen, did you know that many things have happened to the Oneness Sky Palace recently?"

"What do you mean?" Zen asked curiously. He did not know of those things because he had been preoccupied with taking care of Margaret in the Flow Sword Sect.

The disciples in the Land of Sword Grief were all elites from the seven mountains. Therefore, if anything happened to the Oneness Sky Palace, the news would spread to the Land of Sword Grief.

Chaim then told Zen all of the current events one by one, including Yasamin being trapped on the Other Shore and the Sun Crow race causing trouble in the Mountain Viewing Province.

With each piece of passing news that Chaim narrated, Zen's brows furrowed more and more tightly.

Somewhere else at the same time, Abdul and a few other senior disciples observed the Evil God with cautious eyes.

Of course, they knew that the Evil God was a disciple who had just entered the Chaotic Source Realm while his Soul of Light was still on Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore.

Therefore, they wondered why he joined the Land of Sword Grief at this time.

Chapter 3580 Restrain

"Hey! Newbie! Are you from the Flow Sword Sect of the Oneness Mountain?" Abdul squinted his eyes at the Evil God.

A strong wave of evil energy emanated from him, which greatly displeased Abdul and the other senior disciples.

The Evil God nodded. "Yes."

"Why didn't you join the Land of Sword Grief with the others?" Abdul asked.

The Evil God replied with a shrug, "I don't know."

His less than elaborate reply was met with disapproval from Abdul and the others. "Forget it then. Just tell me your name so I can add it to the Ranking Stone."

Since he came last, his name would be ranked at the lowest place.

"My name is Evil God."

Abdul was a bit taken aback and thought he had misheard.

"What was that? Can you say that again?"

"My name is Evil God," the newcomer repeated.

"Haha!"

His serious answer made the senior disciples burst into laughter.

True Gods could lead long, amazing lives but none of them was cocky enough to call themselves 'Evil God.'

This guy who dared to name himself 'Evil God' was a joke!

As Abdul and the other senior disciples laughed, the Evil God stewed with restrained anger.

Had it been in the past, he would've already killed them all.

However, Zen specifically instructed him to register with Abdul in order to get himself a cultivation room. The Evil God had no choice but to follow through with his creator's command, so he powered through the ridicule.

"Go and register his name," Abdul said to a disciple once they were done laughing.

It was a fairly straightforward process and soon enough, the Evil God's name had been added to the Ranking Stone.

Abdul then proceeded to tell the Evil God the rules: he had the qualifications to challenge everyone on the first floor on his first day and only after he got a rank could he get his own cultivation room.

"Including you?" the Evil God asked. Abdul couldn't help but scoff in amusement, "Yes, including me but only if you dare!"

"I see." The Evil God nodded in understanding before giving Abdul a determined look. "I'll challenge you then."

The sudden declaration made Abdul freeze, not really knowing how to respond.

It wasn't just him. Everyone who heard was also rendered speechless by the Evil God's sudden challenge.

"Is he an idiot?"

"He must really be crazy then. I mean, who names themselves Evil God?"

Abdul cleared his throat before giving the challenger a mocking smile. "Well, since you dare challenge me, then there's no way I can refuse!"

Ever since their several shameful defeats by the new disciples, it seemed everyone had begun looking down on the senior disciples of the first floor.

This challenge was seen as an opportunity by Abdul. Perhaps it was time to show his strength to gain back the respect owed to them.

"Where should I challenge you then?" the Evil God asked.

"Follow me. We're going to the arena!" Abdul instructed. He nodded at the Evil God and went towards the back door of the Land of Sword Grief.

"A new disciple is going to challenge Abdul!"

"The battle is about to begin!"

"Abdul has made some progress! This is going to be interesting! Don't miss it, everyone! We'll be able to see his current level through this battle!"

There were still two days left before the new month started and most people in the Land of Sword Grief had already exhausted their challenge rights.

This fight was the first in quite a while.

Of course, it attracted a lot of attention.

With Zen occupying the Myriad Spirits City, the new disciples who were close to him got the most benefits, followed by Abdul. It had been his responsibility to guard the stronghold of the Oneness Sky Palace before Zen after all.

Since it was said that Abdul's strength had greatly improved, then it might be possible for him to finally reach the top thirty on the first floor. He hadn't given a definite answer when someone asked him about it, but it was pretty obvious that he changed a lot in Stage Fourteen.

Everyone was eager to see just how much he'd improved.

Meanwhile, Chaim was busy informing Zen of what happened in the Oneness Sky Palace. "Dorothy hasn't come to the Land of Sword Grief in days?"

Chaim nodded. "Yes. I haven't been seeing her lately."

Everyone knew about Yasamin and Dorothy's relationship and now that the former was in trouble, it was only natural for the latter to feel bad about it. It seemed Dorothy no longer had the time to come to the Land of Sword Grief to cultivate, but Zen wasn't sure if she had gone to the Other Shore.

Yasamin's matter was related to the top masters in the Source World, which was beyond Zen's scope. He could do nothing about it.

At that moment, several cheers and shouts interrupted their conversation.

Zen frowned when he heard what the senior disciples were saying. "Challenge Abdul?"

Even Chaim frowned in confusion. "He should have the strength to challenge Cleon, right?" asked him.

A lot of the new disciples, Chaim included, didn't like the Evil God mostly due to the fact that he slaughtered the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace back in the Chaotic Source World.

However, since the Evil God had been caught by Zen, they had to let him go.

They were well aware of his strength though. The Evil God was no weaker than Zen so it was a bit of a waste for him to challenge Abdul.

Zen waved his hand dismissively. "Come, let's go to the arena and watch."

Abdul was already standing on the arena.

His eyes were full of desire as he regarded his opponent below.

Zen had asked Chaim to help him deal with everything in the Myriad Spirits City, so the latter was extremely busy.

Abdul had guarded the Myriad Spirits City on behalf of the Oneness Sky Palace and was very familiar with the races that resided in the city. Back when he eliminated the remaining members of the Dark Bear race, he was able to come upon a very unique Other Shore Token. This token was at least the fifth grade and he'd taken it for himself without telling anyone.

He was able to break through to the top ten with the aid of the token.

Today, since he was challenged by the Evil God, he figured it would be a good idea to bring it out.

"Please come up." He gestured to his opponent.

The Evil God stepped onto the arena wordlessly, only emanating a faint evil energy. Back then, his energy alone had been enough to send his opponents running but now, he had to restrain himself.

Those new disciples watching with eagerness all became confused when they saw him step up onto the platform.

"Why is he here?"

"Wasn't he supposed to be taken back into Zen's inner world?"

"Hasn't he been defeated already? How was he able to reach the Chaotic Source Realm?"

Seeing the Evil God in front of them was like a nightmare for these new disciples. Nobody really wanted to see him ever again.

Yet here he stood in the Land of Sword Grief, unharmed and well.

Chapter 3581 As Weak As An Ant

The senior disciples of the Land of Sword Grief watched the arena with amusement.

Zen had challenged Cleon as soon as he reached the Land of Sword Grief. But not everyone was as powerful as Zen.

The Evil God had likewise challenged Abdul as soon as he reached the Land of Sword Grief. But judging from the aura of his Soul of Light, he hadn't even reached Stage Fourteen. He appeared to be simply arrogant.

"Since it's your first time to step into the arena, I have to make some rules clear," Abdul told him, with a sneer. "You can't use the abilities of the Other Shore Tokens here. The battle is about pure strength..."

The Evil God wasn't really listening to anything Abdul had to say. But he kept his temper in check and just stared at his opponent calmly.

Battles usually excited the Evil God, but he had no interest in fighting a man like Abdul.

"Did I make myself clear?" Abdul asked patronizingly, after running through the rules.

"I have a question," the Evil God piped up.

Abdul rolled his eyes. "Go ahead."

"Can I use the Godly Ways here?" the Evil God asked.

"Godly Ways?" Abdul was taken aback.

The senior disciples were stunned into silence for a moment. They all burst out laughing in the next instant.

"Does he even know what he's talking about?"

"Hey, do you know what his name is on the Ranking Stone? Evil God!"

"Haha! What a pompous name!"

The onlookers earlier just wanted to know how much Abdul had improved, especially those ranked before him, who had felt threatened. But now, the Evil God had caught everyone's attention.

Now, the audience was more interested in him.

The new disciples watching, however, knew better than to consider the Evil God as just a mere oddity. They stared at him warily.

They knew it was possible for him to kill Abdul instantly in a fit of anger. They wondered if he still had the same strength as before. Since Zen dared to release him, he must even be well-prepared.

The Evil God turned a deaf ear to the mockery.

"Of course, you can use the Godly Ways. The arena only forbids the abilities of the Other Shore Tokens. If you want to use the Godly Ways, no one will stop you," Abdul said with a smirk.

"Very well," the Evil God said with a curt nod.

Abdul grinned at him cheekily. "Let's hope you learn your lesson. Next time, remember to carefully choose your opponent!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the Other Shore Token in his body began to stir. The surging Other Shore Power began to gather all over his body.

Abdul didn't intend to use his full strength to teach a newcomer a lesson. He only meant to use his full strength to break through to the top ten. It would be wasted on this fellow in front of him now.

"You should be glad that this is the Land of Sword Grief."

Abdul launched himself at the Evil God. " After all, we're both from the Oneness Sky Palace. Don't worry. I won't disable..."

The new disciples held their breath, wondering if the Evil God would use the power of the Inheritance of World. The senior disciples, meanwhile, waited for the Evil God to be sent flying through the air with broken bones and injuries all over his body.

The events that unfolded, however, defied the onlookers' imagination.

Abdul appeared right in front of the Evil God. Before Abdul could finish his words, a ball of energy suddenly appeared in the Evil God's hand.

"Internal momentum?" Someone with sharp eyes recognized it immediately.

"It seems to be a mixture of several Godly Ways, but it's not powerful," someone else said, puzzled.

"But this mass of internal momentum..."

Before anyone could come to a conclusion, the ball of energy exploded on Abdul.

Boom!

A scorching sun bloomed in the arena.

Purple energy arrows were spread within the blast, each containing overwhelming divine megatons of force.

Abdul never got to finish his statement. The explosion left him stunned.

His flesh, blood, and bones were mutilated in the impact. The Chaotic Source Spirits in his body were suddenly drained of power. His entire body was sent flying backward, his energy continuing to be depleted.

Bang!

Abdul crashed onto the side of the bronze building. He was grievously injured.

It grew extremely quiet in the arena.

Everyone knew the dangers of battle, but the strength gap between disciples on the first floor usually wasn't too wide. Too, all participants were protected by the Chaotic Source Spirits, so nobody expected they would be seriously injured.

This was the first such serious casualty that happened in the arena.

"Humph! You are as weak as an ant,"

the Evil God snorted. He turned and walked out of the arena.

The disciples' mouths hung wide open as they watched the Evil God leave. After a long while, someone finally cried out, "Hurry up! Help Abdul!"

Several senior disciples rushed over and pulled Abdul down from the wall. After someone used a skill to protect his breath of life, he was hurriedly transported away.

The new disciples were left morose at the development. The Evil God was still the same. It seemed that he was controlled by Zen, though, so he was quite restrained.

If he hadn't been, Abdul would probably not be the only one injured in his attack. Everyone here would have been harmed.

The Evil God walked up to Zen. "You didn't stop me, so I went ahead and taught him a lesson."

The Evil God was actually clever.

He knew that Zen wouldn't stand for him killing someone.

So the Evil God left Abdul alive. At least he was punished for his arrogance.

"Well done!"

Zen remarked.

He had long disliked Abdul, actually. He had made such great contributions to the Land of Sword Grief, but Abdul still disliked him.

Back then, his target on the first floor was Cleon, however. Abdul was not good enough to be his target.

So the Evil God ended up teaching Abdul a hard lesson on his behalf.

With Abdul's defeat, the Evil God rose from past one thousand to only past five hundred on the Ranking Stone.

But those who had seen the Evil God's attack now understood that he was likely as powerful as Zen. He was completely qualified to defeat all the disciples on the first floor and even the second floor.

He was a ferocious fighter. Everyone's guard quietly went up. They decided to keep a low profile lest he challenge them next.

After his victory, the Evil God chose to cultivate in seclusion in the cultivation room.

He had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm, but his soul had yet to reach the Desire World. Only after he accomplished this could he be considered a real Chaotic Source Realm warrior.

Chapter 3582 Secret Contact

Even though Zen could take control, he didn't interfere too much in the Evil God's cultivation.

After he heard what Chaim had said before, he felt an alarming sense of urgency. He also needed to improve himself immediately.

The rising wind foreboded the coming storm, or so they said. It seemed that the peacefulness in the Source World wouldn't last long.

In Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, a Soul of Light continued to condense until it quickly turned into a human figure.

This human figure emitted a sinister and evil aura. It was the Evil God, the notorious Soul Devouring Demon in Stage Thirteen of the Lust World.

Not far from the Evil God were several Souls of Light who came from different races and had different forms.

Generally speaking, all the powerful and qualified creatures in Stage Thirteen had been to the Chaotic Source World. They had all left the Lust World and reached the Desire World, and only a few relatively weak Souls of Light who didn't get the tickets were left behind.

They gestured to each other when they sensed the Evil God's powerful Soul of Light. Then, one of them walked towards the Evil God and said, "Human friend, we just got the key to a temple. Would you like to explore it with us?"

The Evil God coldly glanced at them. He had only disappeared for a few months, but these creatures in the Lust World seemed to have forgotten him.

"Leave me alone," he hissed.

It took him a lot of effort to come to the Other Shore, and he had something more important to do.

If it wasn't for his current situation, he would've swallowed them all up alive.

However, the creatures did not leave. One of them, who appeared to be their leader, suddenly brought out a handful of Soul Restraining Sand and scattered it on his body.

The green sand enveloped his body and soon enough, he couldn't escape from the Other Shore.

"Let's attack him together! He's got a strong Soul of Light! We'll gain a lot from this!" the creature cried out.

Whoosh!

At that moment, a rope went straight towards the Evil God and firmly bound his Soul of Light.

Yet, the Evil God seemed unbothered. He simply asked in an icy voice, "What do you want?"

The leader of the creatures was overjoyed to see that they had caught the Evil God quite easily.

"You have such a powerful Soul of Light. We can refine a lot of soul crystal with it!" he exclaimed. "Refine soul crystal?" said the Evil God, as his eyes narrowed into slits.

As far as he knew, the soul crystal couldn't be refined because it was difficult to erase the memories of the Souls of Light. Only after numerous years of purification could pure soul crystal be formed.

Thus, he wondered why these creatures claimed that they were able to refine soul crystal.

"Yes, you don't have to think too much." The creature chuckled and said, "Let's take him back together!"

At their leader's command, the other creatures rushed forward and hoisted the Evil God above their heads.

Just as they were about to set out, they suddenly felt a sharp stab of pain in their arms, which felt like they were splashed with sulfuric acid. In the next second, their arms were burnt off.

The pain was too unbearable for them that they wanted to drop the Evil God, but their hands and feet had already melted into his body, which made it impossible for them to let go of him.

"Splash!"

Eventually, the Evil God quickly devoured the creatures' heads, bodies, legs, and feet…

In just a few seconds, the Evil God had consumed all the creatures that carried him.

Only the outermost creature had half of his body left, but he clearly wouldn't be able to pull himself out of the Evil God's Soul of Light. "You, you are the legendary Soul Devouring Demon..." he stammered.

"Yes, you are right," the Evil God answered. He lightly shook his body, and the rope that bound him broke inch by inch. After that, he grabbed half of the creature's body and absorbed it in a split second.

In the Source World, Zen controlled the Evil God's every move. The Evil God had no other choice but to obey.

However, it was different on the Other Shore. As long as Zen didn't bring the Evil God back into his inner world, he wouldn't be able to find the Evil God's memories of the Other Shore in his mind.

The Other Shore was the Evil God's only chance.

As soon as he found his direction, he wasted no time and ran away.

There were many strongholds of great races, both large and small, that were densely packed in the west area of Stage Thirteen.

When the Evil God arrived at his destination, he concealed his aura and shuttled through those strongholds.

Not long after, he found a low building.

At the building's entrance were two human-shaped creatures.

"Who are you?" one of the human-shaped creatures snapped when he saw the Evil God.

"The ship sails without limits," replied the Evil God.

The two human-shaped creatures recognized the code, and their hearts pounded in their chests. Then, they quickly made way for the Evil God.

There were several creatures that guarded the low building.

They were the most powerful creatures of the Black Mountain Guild. They would even be considered as talented disciples if they were in a super force.

Of course, they still weren't qualified to join the Black Ship. After all, the members of the Black Ship were so-called one-in-a-million talents.

"Hello, Evil God!"

"I heard that your creator had caught you in the Chaotic Source World!"

"Even the invincible Evil God has to surrender. Hahaha..."

Some of them sneered at him when he arrived.

They had all suffered losses because of the Evil God in the Black Mountain Guild, and two of them had even almost died in his hands. However, their hearts held no real resentment, as they were used to the infamous cruelty of the Black Mountain Guild.

"Cut the crap. Can you get in touch with the Black Ship?" the Evil God asked.

One of the burly creatures shook his head as he said, "The Black Ship came frequently when you were in the Black Mountain Guild. Since you went to the Chaotic Source World last time, the Black Ship has never appeared."

There was no doubt that these creatures were very jealous of the Evil God.

"I remember that there is a contact array in the Black Mountain Guild. When you are in danger, you can call for the Black Ship to descend," the Evil God said.

"As you said, we won't use the array unless we are in danger," the burly creature answered.

"I'm in danger now," the Evil God said in a deep voice.

"You are not one of us." The burly creature's laugh filled the space.

The Evil God stood still for a few seconds. He knew that it was unrealistic for him to expect these creatures to help him, but it would be great if they didn't add insult to injury.

He thought for a while, and then he proposed, "Whoever helps me contact the Black Ship will be awarded with ten finger-size chunks of soul crystal!"

The Evil God himself didn't need soul crystal. He only needed to continuously devour the Souls of Light.

On the other hand, the Souls of Light in front of him were very hungry for soul crystal.

The moment the Evil God offered his price, some of the creatures lit up in excitement. The burly creature realized that he couldn't pass up such a good chance, so he agreed first. "Ten finger-size chunks of soul crystal, and I'll help you contact the Black Ship now!" he declared.

"I don't need ten finger-size chunks. Nine is enough."

"Give me six! I'll activate the contact array!"

It turned out that there was no unity among the creatures of the Black Mountain Guild. Since it wasn't difficult to activate the contact array, the other creatures immediately chose to compete with the burly creature.

The Evil God simply ignored them and turned to the burly creature. "You activate the contact array, and I'll go find the soul crystal," he said.

Afterwards he went straight out of the stronghold.

The corner of his lips curved up into a small smirk. It was definitely an easy task for him to plunder ten finger-size chunks of soul crystal.

Chapter 3583 Change

In some province, the big Black Ship cut across the sky quick as a flash.

Following behind the Black Ship were two huge golden Buddha statues being carried atop the shoulders of a ten-thousand-foot-tall bald giant.

The bald giant's eyes shone green and an immense string of Buddha beads hung around his neck and rested on his chest. His upper body was bare and his muscles bulged like massive hills.

"Now that I am here, don't even try to escape! Hand them over! It's time we settle the score!"

roared the bald giant.

The words thundered from his mouth, sending out strong and powerful reverberating sound waves through the air.

There just so happened to be a medium-sized country below the bald giant, with several types of creatures living there. Most of them were mortals with a lifespan of less than a hundred years.

To them, the rumbles from the sky were like the end of the world.

Many of them didn't even have the chance to react before they were hit by the sound, turned into a cloud of blood mist and disappeared into thin air.

The tall buildings, walls and streets were all blasted into powder, reducing the city to a dusty desert.

There were many mortals in the Source World who lived like ants. Dying in an instant as powerful warriors fought was quite common for creatures like them.

The bald giant had been referring to the Descending Rings the Black Ship had taken from the Thunder Dimorphodon when he spoke.

Since they had snatched the Descending Rings, the Divine Farmer race and the Bearing race had been working together and attempted to lay siege to them many times in the Source World.

But time and time again the Black Ship had disappeared without a trace. They had still not managed to destroy the Black Ship or even get hold of a single member of the crew thus far.

At the end of the Black Ship hung a dinghy with two gold locks. When the Black Ship flew at high speed, the dinghy moved like a swing floating in the air.

Sitting on the swinging dinghy was Shera.

Hearing the giant's roar, she replied with a smile on her face, "I'm sorry. I don't know what you're talking about."

Her voice was not as loud as the giant's but traveled far away. The creatures throughout half the province could hear it all the same.

They looked around from below, in search of the source of the voice but to no avail.

"You're asking for it now!"

The malicious aura on the bald giant's face flashed, and his shoulders suddenly trembled. The two Buddha statues on his shoulders rose up.

"Take this!"

The bald giant waved his hands towards the Black Ship, and the two Buddha statues mirrored him.

Tens of millions of huge palm prints swept across the sky in an instant.

At first, they were scattered chaotically but soon began overlapping, turning into a mighty and solid palm print.

The palm print quickly covered the Black Ship.

This sight excited Shera to her core. It seemed as though she had something she wanted to verify here.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

The Black Ship began creaking under the terrifying pressure of the palm print. It sounded as if it would snap and disintegrate any moment now.

But as the palm print approached the Black Ship, a circle of silver light suddenly appeared on the Black Ship's surface. The palm print touched the light and left a palm print on it.

With a smile on her face, Shera flicked her fingers at the bald giant, softly uttering, "Bang!"

"Bang!"

The bald giant's broad chest suddenly sank, a huge palm print appearing on it.

His own terrifying attack had just been deflected back at him.

Caught off guard, the bald giant was slapped down from the sky and fell hard.

Boom!

His huge body smashed into the ground, forming a crater millions of feet deep. The hundreds of gigantic mountains around him collapsed one by one. Countless creatures were injured and died.

The bald giant's bronze body was incredibly tough. Even a strike of this magnitude only managed to stop his breathing for a few seconds. He smashed his enormous fist on the ground, and bounced into the air once more.

But when he looked into the distance, to his surprise, there was nothing there. The Black Ship had escaped.

Shera got up from the dinghy and made her way towards the cabin.

There, she found the "bamboo pole" complaining, "Since we acquired the Descending Rings, we've been hunted constantly, being chased every other day."

The new Other Shore Token the Black Ship had obtained, a silver sphere, floated above the head of the "bamboo pole".

This was the first time it had been put to use and its effects were more than satisfactory.

"This sort of life is not new to us," Shera said, trying to comfort the "bamboo pole".

"But the Descending Rings are useless! The three warriors that descended have all died. They are flawed," the "bamboo pole" whined discontentedly.

"The problem lies in the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits, but Zen has taken them," Shera sighed.

The Black Ship had done a thorough investigation into Zen's identity and Shera suggested the captain head to the Oneness Sky Palace and capture him.

However, not only was it incredibly difficult to remove Zen in the base of the Oneness Sky Palace, it seemed there was something else the captain was afraid of. So for now, they could do nothing but wait.

But while they waited, they were chased the entire time and this was what upset the "bamboo pole".

Just as Shera comforted the "bamboo pole", an unremarkable contact rune beside lit up.

She looked at the contact rune and a strange expression contorted her face. "The contact array of the Black Mountain Guild has been activated. Is someone planning an attack on them?"

"Leave them alone," the "bamboo pole" huffed.

The Black Mountain Guild was not under the direct control of the Black Ship. There was no obligation for them to protect the Black Mountain Guild.

Shera blinked and the figure of the Evil God appeared in her mind.

An odd feeling swirled in her gut and this prompted her to return to her room. Once there, she took out a small bottle, the blurry figure of the Evil God still outlined in it.

Since the Evil God had been put into Zen's inner world, this figure hadn't moved. All it proved was that he was still alive but his current state was unknowable.

Although Shera had already given up, she would still pull out this bottle and have a look at it from time to time.

"Eh?"

Shock and uneasiness filled Shera's eyes. The blurry figure of the Evil God sat cross-legged in the bottle, as if he was cultivating.

'Has he regained his freedom?

That's impossible.'

Shera threw this thought out immediately. If the Evil God had achieved freedom, he would have already tried to contact her.

Had he obtained freedom but was under Zen's control?

That was probably the case.

Shera had judged the situation accurately in a snap.

Chapter 3584 The Colorless Soul

In Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, a row of transparent jars, each filled with soul crystal, sat in the inner hall of the City Guard House.

Zen was sitting upright in the form of his Soul of Light, continuously absorbing the soul crystal.

The situation in Stage Fourteen had been stable for a while now.

The Guide Weasel race and the Giant race controlled the two large cities, and these two races were Zen's subjects.

Zen didn't have to do anything. All the resources belonging to Stage Fourteen would be automatically, continuously sent to him.

But it was impossible for Zen to stay in Stage Fourteen. He needed to climb up to the upper stages and for this purpose, he had to strengthen his Soul of Light.

Zen's soul was absorbing the soul crystal and slowly turning it into a part of his soul. From afar, his Indigo Soul looked to be a shade of deep purple.

The purple light on the surface of Zen's soul thickened as Zen absorbed more and more of the soul crystal.

After all the soul crystal from the jars had been absorbed completely, Zen looked up and asked the Giants to bring him more soul crystal.

Several Giants entered the inner hall, jars in their hands. They put them in a neat order and then retreated respectfully.

Zen pointed to the jars, turning the soul crystal in them into a thin line, which then began to fuse with his body.

Once Zen had absorbed the soul crystal from three jars, it felt to him like he had hit a wall. The purple light on the surface of his body seemed to have reached its limit.

Zen frowned and tried harder to absorb the soul crystal. But a sense of rejection washed over him.

"What is going on?" Zen muttered curiously.

Warriors needed to continuously devour the soul crystal. As long as they got enough soul crystal, their soul cultivation would increase rapidly.

Dorothy had told him this in Stage One when Zen had first laid eyes on the soul crystal.

But now he was unable to absorb it. Why?

Zen was still confused when No. 9527 said, "You have reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul. You can't improve it any further."

"The ultimate level of the Indigo Soul?"

Zen stretched out a hand and looked at the surface of his palm, which was shining, bathed in a strong purple light.

"Yes. The soul crystal cannot infinitely improve your soul. It will reach its limit after absorbing enough soul crystal. This limit is called the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul," No. 9527 explained.

Zen thought for a while before asking, "If this is the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul, have Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Master Athemar, and Lady Flamine all reached this level?"

Zen still couldn't believe what No. 9527 had said.

Zen had felt a lot of pressure while facing strong masters like Elizabeth and Athemar. He had known then that the auras their souls were emitting were much stronger than his.

"It's true, theoretically speaking," No. 9527 said. "But there are still other ways to strengthen your soul after you reach the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul. Once you make it to Stage Twenty Nine, also known as the Constant Glory Stage, you will enter the Soul City, transform your soul into Colorless Soul, and step into a new level."

"Colorless Soul?" It was the first time that Zen had heard of it.

"That's right," No. 9527 said, nodding. "By then, your soul will no longer be ordinary. The Colorless Soul is much stronger than the ordinary soul. You will be strong enough to fight against the bodies."

The Souls of Light had always been depressed on the Other Shore. No matter which stage they were in, they had been suppressed by any and every Other Shore creature without being able to resist them.

But if they were to achieve a Colorless Soul in Stage Twenty Nine, things would drastically change for them.

The physical bodies were undoubtedly powerful. But they would have the power to counterattack once their souls transformed into a new form. Some of the more outstanding souls even had the strength to kill Other Shore creatures.

"Besides, I want to correct your notion," No. 9527 continued. "Lady Flamine, Elizabeth, and Athemar have all been to the Soul City and cultivated the Colorless Soul. But Eastern Emperor Taiyi is different. He has entered Stage Thirty Three, the Three Purities Stage, which is why his soul level is higher. It is stronger than the Colorless Soul."

"There's another level above the Colorless Soul?" Zen asked, his eyes flashing.

"More than one level," No. 9527 said, smiling.

"More than one level?" Zen exclaimed.

"Yes. The Three Purities Stage is the core of the Other Shore. Every section provides its own opportunities. Both physical bodies and souls are suffering, yet becoming stronger. Those who step into it are extraordinary. Until now, no one has entered the depths of the Three Purities Stage. No one knows what level the soul can reach and how strong the physical body can become there. You can ask the Regal Jade Spirit," No. 9527 said.

"No. 9527, you have explained everything in detail. You must have stepped into the Three Purities Stage before," the Regal Jade Spirit said.

No. 9527 hesitated before saying, "I don't have any memories of my master going into the Three Purities Stage. But as far as I know, he must have reached the Grand Pure Realm."

The Three Purities Stage was divided into three realms. The outermost realm was the Grand Pure Realm, the middle realm was the Supreme Pure Realm, and the innermost one was the Jade Pure Realm.

The Regal Jade Spirit let out a sudden sigh. This conversation seemed to remind him of something from the past. He said, "Back in the day, the Wing King led us to explore the Three Purities Stage. We had covered three million miles of the Grand Pure Realm by then and it was said that we would see the edge of the Supreme Pure Realm if we traversed one million miles more. But we weren't lucky enough to step into it."

"Is the Three Purities Stage that dangerous? You couldn't even get through it with your physical bodies?" Zen asked.

"Physical bodies?" The Regal Jade Spirit shook his head and smiled. "In the age of the Regal Jade Civilization, the Truth of Powerful Holy Body was not forbidden on the Other Shore. The Wing King boasted of a strong physical body at the time, but it had still been difficult for him to move even a single step in the Three Purities Stage."

All creatures of the Regal Jade Civilization had extremely powerful physical bodies.

"As far as I know, no one was able to even enter the Supreme Pure Realm before our era. The Jade Pure Realm, which is considered the core, remains a dream," the Regal Jade Spirit continued.

Many civilizations had explored the Other Shore for many chaotic eras. But they had only wandered around the periphery of the Three Purities Stage for a long time.

At the Regal Jade Spirit's words, Zen's eyes lit up. He was very obviously interested in the upper stages on the Other Shore.

Since he had devoured enough soul crystal and reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul, he was going to break through to the upper stages.

And although Zen was still quite some distance from the Constant Glory Stage, he had reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul and would probably traverse the distance with ease. But then again, he still had an Other Shore Key from Stage Seventeen in his hand.

The Other Shore Key had been obtained from the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. It was likely to be related to the secrets of the human race on the Other Shore. He had no choice but to investigate it.

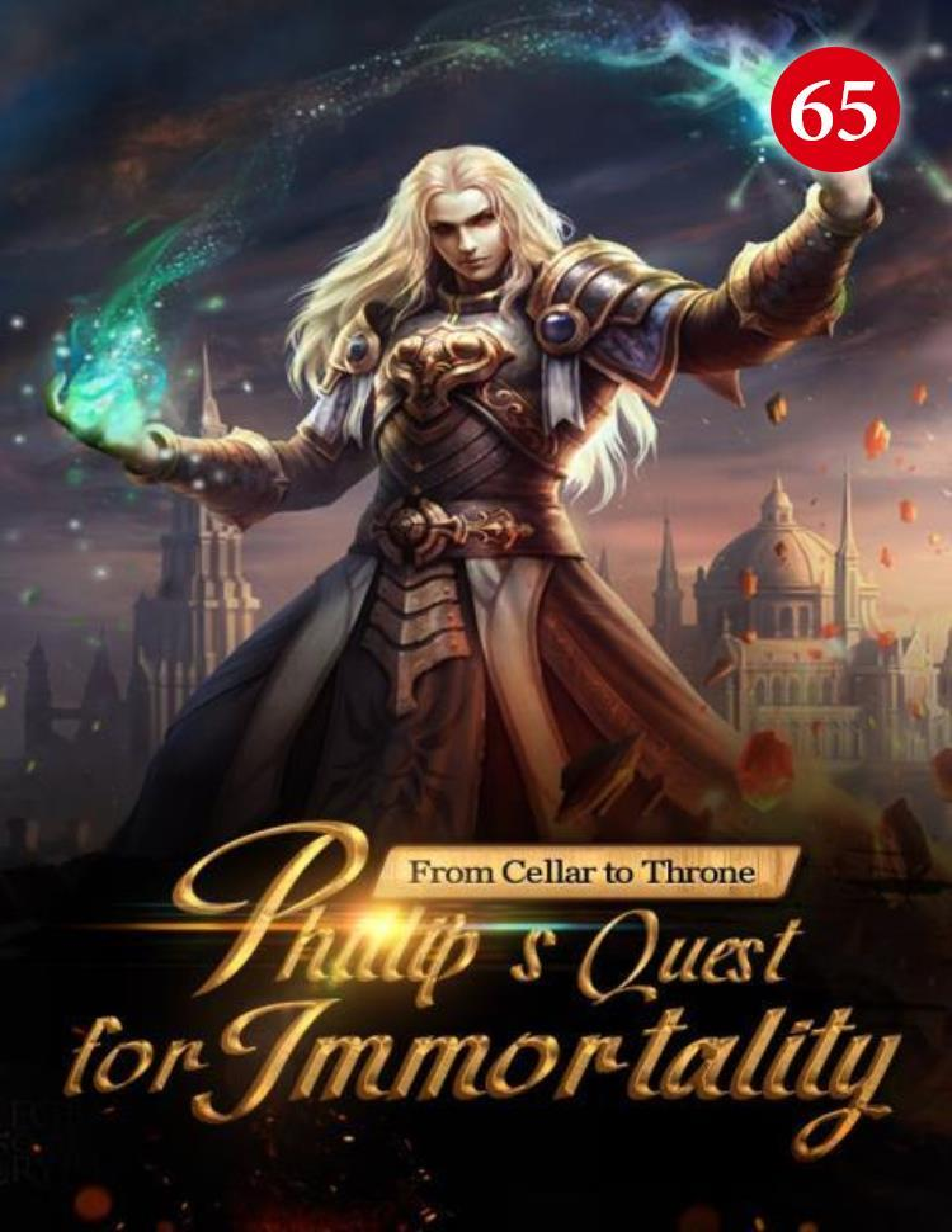
65
From Cellar to Throne
Philip's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3585 Preparations Before Leaving
Chapter 3586 Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow
Chapter 3587 Stage Fifteen Of The Other Shore
Chapter 3588 The Elephant Men
Chapter 3589 Belligerence
Chapter 3590 Cross Reference
Chapter 3591 A Dangerous Place
Chapter 3592 Transmission
Chapter 3593 Descend
Chapter 3594 Arrival
Chapter 3595 Black Lamps
Chapter 3596 The Hidden Spirit Lamp And The Hidden Beast
Chapter 3597 Repeated Settlement
Chapter 3598 The Second Way For Settlement
Chapter 3599 Stop
Chapter 3600 The Third Force
Chapter 3601 The White Mist
Chapter 3602 Help
Chapter 3603 The Light
Chapter 3604 No Route Of Retreat
Chapter 3605 Negotiation
Chapter 3606 A Safe Path
Chapter 3607 Meeting Chiyou's Statue Again
Chapter 3608 A Powerful Statue
Chapter 3609 Test
Chapter 3610 The Orexis Test
Chapter 3611 Six Desires
Chapter 3612 The God Of Fire
Chapter 3613 The Buddha Region
Chapter 3614 An Easy Test
Chapter 3615 The Past
Chapter 3616 The Book
Chapter 3617 How Many Do You Have
Chapter 3618 Leaving

Chapter 3619 Carrying The Book
Chapter 3620 Confusions
Chapter 3621 Fake Memories
Chapter 3622 The Guts To Challenge
Chapter 3623 The War
Chapter 3624 The North Mysterious City
Chapter 3625 Seven Arrays And Twelve Passes
Chapter 3626 Using Humans As Bait
Chapter 3627 Attack
Chapter 3628 The Nine Positions
Chapter 3629 Being A Backbone
Chapter 3630 The Invisibility Curtain
Chapter 3631 Repelling
Chapter 3632 Corpse Spirit Sun Crows
Chapter 3633 General Offensive
Chapter 3634 Rebellion
Chapter 3635 Powerful Defense
Chapter 3636 The Power Of The Flames
Chapter 3637 Control The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow
Chapter 3638 Grabbing
Chapter 3639 My Words Carry No Weight
Chapter 3640 Robber

Chapter 3585 Preparations Before Leaving

After making his decision, Zen ordered the Giants to put away the soul crystal.

A considerable part of the soul crystal collected was distributed to the disciples on the first floor of the Land of Sword Grief. Even Cleon, who ranked first, received some. Almost all the disciples on the first floor retreated to Stage Fourteen.

But Zen himself had also reserved a considerable amount of soul crystal, which he intended to give to Yan, Dorothy, Elvinia, and the Nine Li people.

Once the soul crystal was removed, the Giants positioned a stack of Body-strengthening Jades. Simultaneously, Zen retreated from the Other Shore before reentering with his physical body.

Many Body-strengthening Jades were crushed one after another, each one absorbed and refined by Zen.

Now, Zen's body drew strength from several aspects. First, the strength of his body itself was incomparable to any other's even before he reached the Chaotic Source Realm.

Second, he had the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Through the Truth of Godly Way produced by his weapon body, Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits had grown leaps and bounds ahead. Now that Zen had almost reached the later stage of the Chaotic Source Realm, the limit his physical body could bear was even greater.

Third, after absorbing more blood of the Chaos Ancient God, his body structure had changed—the sclerites could greatly strengthen his body in a special kind of way.

Lastly, he had the Shade Stone liquid. It was a pity that the stone was so rare—he had already asked the Ear Mouse race to help him find some. So long as they found any sort of treasure made of the Shade Stone, they could buy it for him at any price. Such a method of strengthening body was also rather unique.

Apart from the Chaotic Source Spirits, Zen seemed to use rather unique strengthening techniques.

It was the most common way to strengthen his body with the Body-strengthening Jades. But right now, only Zen and Elvinia could use such a method.

After absorbing a few Body-strengthening Jades, Zen picked up another one and asked, "The soul's limit is the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul, so does that mean that the body has a limit as well?"

After a moment of silence, No. 9527 burst into laughter. "It's a physical body—of course there's a limit."

In ancient times, the Wild Gods had absorbed the Body-strengthening Jades to grow stronger on the Other Shore. It was then called the Wild God Body Realm, which corresponded to the level of Indigo Soul.

But once the Truth of Powerful Holy Body was forbidden, no one had continued cultivating the method any more. Fewer and fewer creatures came to know about the Wild God Body Realm. Theoretically, the Chaotic Source Realm merely referred to a means of strengthening body—it wasn't that accurate to call it a realm.

But no one could do anything about the rules of the entire chaos.

"Is there a place like the Soul City in an upper stage for body strengthening?" Zen raised another question.

"Bingo! But it's not in Stage Twenty-nine. It's in Stage Thirty, called the Land of Bone Tribulation," replied No. 9527.

"The Land of Bone Tribulation…" Zen muttered, more to himself, keeping the name in mind.

He would get to that place sooner or later, he decided, no matter what. Right now, his priority was strengthening his body.

Body-strengthening Jades were sent in one after another, and Zen acquired them all.

The Giants in charge of sending the Body-strengthening Jades seemed a tad envious.

Whether it was the soul crystal or the Body-strengthening Jade, both were highly useful for Other Shore creatures. But their body-strengthening range remained quite limited.

Limited by this stage, once they reached a certain level, they wouldn't be able to grow any further.

The amount of Body-strengthening Jades Zen had absorbed was enough to work on over a hundred Giants. Seeing how Zen's momentum seemed endless, they couldn't tell how many more he'd absorb.

"Again!"

Zen gave the order after absorbing the rest of the jades.

Even though he was aware of how many he was absorbing, his body hadn't seemed to reach its limit yet.

One of the Giants cupped his hands toward Zen. "Sir, there is no Body-strengthening Jade left in the Myriad Spirits City…"

"There's no more left?" Zen's face dropped in disappointment.

"Both our Giants and the Guide Weasel race still have some. If you need them, I can go find Master Raul," added the Giant.

These Giants could raise their position in the Myriad Spirits City because of Zen's help. While they were known to be fierce and merciless in battle, they were honest and loyal companions. They contributed all they could to Zen without any reservation.

"No," Zen shook his head. He knew that the Giants would willingly bring out all the Body-strengthening Jades, but he had no need to absorb their stock. "What about the Sky Water City?" Zen asked.

"A batch of Body-strengthening Jades had been sent here from the Sky Water City. You and Master Elvinia have already refined them. I'm afraid it's quite difficult for them to collect and send more so soon…" the Giant answered regretfully.

Compared to the soul crystal, the Body-strengthening Jades were much more popular. Ordinary Other Shore creatures didn't climb to the higher stages, after all. They needed the Body-strengthening Jades to strengthen themselves, so they didn't have many kept away.

"I see," Zen nodded in understanding.

After that, he headed over to another inner hall.

Here, Elvinia was also absorbing the Body-strengthening Jades.

She could only strengthen her purified being's body on the Other Shore after absorbing the jade. Elvinia's own body in the Source World couldn't benefit from it. Still, increasing the limit of her purified being's body was good for her—she wasn't planning on slacking off.

Seeing Zen arrive, she crushed the last Body-strengthening Jade and quickly absorbed it. Then, she smiled and turned to Zen. "I've refined all of them!"

Elvinia could feel how much her purified being's body had strengthened—it made her hope for more Body-strengthening Jades.

After Zen had refused her in the Oneness Sky Palace, she had remained rather calm. She knew what Zen was thinking, after all. There was no need to rush. Instead, she went over to her father to offer him comfort.

"We've refined all the Body-strengthening Jades in Stage Fourteen. If we want to collect more, we'll have to ascend to higher stages," Zen said with a smile.

"So we're leaving this stage?" Elvinia's eyes flashed with excitement.

It was unrealistic to stay in Stage Fourteen, after all. She had long hoped to move on to higher stages alongside Zen.

"There are two more things to see to before we leave," Zen said.

The Dark Nether Bugs seemed to be strongly attractive to the purified beings. With that, Zen concluded that devouring the Dark Nether Bugs was a way to enhance the purified beings' abilities.

So during this time, he had ordered the Guide Weasel race to enter the Dark Region and communicate with the one-eyed monsters, in the hopes of capturing more Dark Nether Bugs.

Devouring the bloody, fleshy Dark Nether Bugs with some grace wasn't much of a problem—the attraction force of the Dark Nether Bugs came from their blood essence. Elvinia could absorb it after separating it from the bug body.

Aside from the Dark Nether Bugs, he wanted to get his hands on another Other Shore Token.

Zen's Strength God Totem was an Other Shore Token of strengthening type from Stage Thirteen, containing 1, 200 divine megatons of force only. It wasn't weak by any means in Stage Thirteen, but it couldn't meet his requirements now that he was in Stage Fourteen. Besides, the Civilization Artifact in Zen's body could provide much Other Shore Power. So, he had to replace the Strength God Totem if he got the chance.

Chapter 3586 Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow

After Zen had taken out the black box, he quickly began to deal with the bloody Dark Nether Bugs.

It was just as he had guessed. The blood inside them was strongly attractive to living beings.

That was why when he and Elvinia first saw the bugs, they felt a strange sensation.

However, Zen restrained himself and dismissed such feelings. On the contrary, Elvinia couldn't abandon the desire in her body, as she was a purified being.

Since Zen had killed the stage ruler, he had also become a purified being and probably understood Elvinia's impulses. When he had opened the black box, he was eager to swallow the mass of blood and flesh. It was very difficult for him to restrain himself with his willpower alone.

"Since it's because of the blood, the corpses can be disposed of..."

He squeezed out all the blood from the Dark Nether Bugs, and then took out the broken corpses from the black box. The Light Region would completely devour the bug corpses once they arrived there.

As for the blood in the dark box, he had tried to taste it, but he didn't feel that much of a desire except for being able to tell it had a delicious taste.

Once he had confirmed that it was completely fine, he let Elvinia have a few sips. A smile graced her small face.

"I almost ate this disgusting bug in the Dark Region. I didn't expect that I would drink its blood now..." she commented.

Immediately after both of them shared the Dark Nether Bugs' blood, Zen tried to release the Great Sanskrit Light and also let Elvinia try it.

As Elvinia waved her hand, her body released a blazing white beam of light. The entire inner hall was filled with the white light for a while. "How do you feel now?" Zen asked.

"Maybe it has grown a little bit..." Elvinia answered hesitantly. "The blood has only a little effect. It seems this kind of bug isn't considered that precious.

If you want to grow substantially, you might have to swallow a lot of bugs," Zen said with a grin.

The ruler of Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore had stayed in the Dark Region for so many years, and he had devoured numerous Dark Nether Bugs. Yet, he still hadn't become invincible, which meant that consuming only one or two Dark Nether Bugs would have little effect.

Elvinia just stuck out her tongue childishly and sighed. Although the Dark Nether Bug was quite attractive, she still felt nauseous at the thought of having to drink the blood of many bugs.

At the same time, the Guide Weasel race had already laid out the Other Shore Tokens they had previously collected.

There were many Other Shore Tokens in this particular batch, totaling to more than six hundred. Some of them were weapons that the Giant race and the Guide Weasel race had treasured for many years.

Of course, Zen wouldn't secretly keep those Other Shore Tokens. After he and Elvinia selected what they wanted, he would ask Yan and the Nine Li members to pick their own next. Then, the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief could also choose their Other Shore Tokens.

Beside the Other Shore Tokens were two Ear Mice on standby.

In the Guide Weasel race's opinion, all of the Other Shore Tokens were either relatively powerful weapons, or magic treasures that contained energy. It was hard for them to sort and separate the good from bad.

On the other hand, the Ear Mice were talents who were all good at dealing, and also adept at identifying the Other Shore Tokens.

In addition, although the Other Shore Tokens in front of them were rare, they might have already seen, used or kept a considerable portion of them in the past.

"Master Thad, there is only one sixth-grade Other Shore Token among them. Please have a look," one of the Ear Mice said when it saw Zen.

In turn, Zen looked over and saw a golden sparrow statue.

Based from its appearance, the sparrow statue didn't appear to be anything special. However, it was at the sixth grade, so it was likely that it wasn't as simple as it looked.

"This Other Shore Token is called the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow," the Ear Mouse explained. "It has only appeared once in the history of the entire Source World."

A trace of curiosity filled Elvinia's eyes as she stood beside Zen and looked on. She asked, "What ability does this Other Shore Token have?"

"Once the Other Shore Token has been fused, it can't be activated or used in normal times. It can only be activated after the owner dies," the Ear Mouse replied.

"After death?" Zen slightly frowned.

He had seen similar abilities before. Some of the Latent Theurgies would only be activated after death, but since the owner was dead, what was the use of activating them?

Even Elvinia just shrugged. They couldn't activate it until they died. No matter how powerful the Other Shore Token was, it didn't mean much if that was the case.

Upon seeing Elvinia's reaction, the Ear Mouse added, "Don't underestimate the ability of the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow. After it is activated, it will enter a state of wrath and kill and devour whoever kills you.

It's extremely powerful!" "So what? It can only be used to kill the enemy after its master dies, right?" Elvinia muttered.

"After it devours the opponent, it will give birth to its master again inside its body. Everything will be as good as before after its master's rebirth," the Ear Mouse said in response.

Naturally, Zen was shocked when he heard what the Ear Mouse had said. "It can bring its master back to life? You mean one can still be reborn even after they break into pieces?" he asked in disbelief.

"That's right. Not to mention their broken bodies, even their magic treasures, weapons, and their space rings can be restored afterwards. Strictly speaking, the ability of the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow is not to revive someone, but rather to completely restore its master and their items to the previous condition."

Indeed, the abilities of Other Shore Tokens were always extremely amazing.

For example, Chaim's golden abacus was a very powerful object. Even if he were to face a strong warrior in the Source World, let alone Mount with a low cultivation base, he could use the abacus to restrain their Other Shore Power, no matter how great it was.

Such unique abilities were often beyond imagination.

"If one could fuse with this Other Shore Token, does it mean that they can not be dead?" Elvinia asked. It appeared that she, too, was quite interested in the Other Shore Token.

"Of course not. Every time the one who has fused with it dies, one eye of the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow will be blind. Once it gets blind three times, it would be completely destroyed and cannot be used again.

Even so, since this Other Shore Token is in the sixth grade, it is definitely not weak," the Ear Mouse answered. "If it can revive its master infinitely, I think it can completely surpass the sixth grade, right?" Zen asked again.

Even the incomparable Other Shore Token like the Heart of Accomplice had quite a catch—one had to sacrifice their own life while they utilized it, and it was a one-time use only.

Then again, to fuse with the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow meant being immortal, and it could even devour one's opponent. It was simply too powerful that Zen felt it was truly incredible.

Squeak! "It has limits. After you have activated it, it needs to devour the opponent to revive its master. Furthermore, it could only be used three times, and one eye will be blind every time you use it. Lastly, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow is not invincible. If your opponent has fled away after killing you, or if they are too powerful to be devoured, it clearly wouldn't be able to resurrect you," the Ear Mouse replied.

Chapter 3587 Stage Fifteen Of The Other Shore

Even though the Ear Mouse had specified some flaws regarding the Other Shore Token, it was still undeniably powerful.

This Other Shore Token was the most powerful treasure of the Star Falcon race. It could also be activated on the Other Shore and be turned into a powerful Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow.

The Ear Mice had their eyes on the Other Shore Token for a long time. However, the Star Falcon race would not give in no matter how grand the price they were offered.

Now that the Star Falcon race had been exterminated, their most powerful treasure fell into the hands of Zen.

Although the Other Shore Token was extremely powerful, Zen wanted something else.

As he noticed that Elvinia was actually interested in it, he asked, "What kind of Truth of Godly Way is needed to fuse with this Other Shore Token?"

He thought that if the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent didn't match the Other Shore Token, Elvinia might not be able to merge with it.

"The Truth of Cultivation Nature," the Ear Mouse quickly replied.

Zen stared at Elvinia's face. As he was about to speak, Elvinia said, "I've already successfully cultivated the Truth of Cultivation Nature."

She was indeed very talented. Even Flamine once said that Elvinia matched the Truth of Cultivation Nature to a high degree. It was just that her cultivation was restricted when she was young.

However, as Elvinia had gone deeper and deeper in the Other Shore Realm, these restrictions were gradually lifted and ceased to exist.

"Then that's great. You can take this Other Shore Token and fuse with it," Zen added with a faint smile.

Since she really wanted it, Elvinia didn't decline the offer and gladly accepted the Other Shore Token.

After that, Zen gazed across the table and looked at the other items present.

The two Ear Mice were very considerate in answering all of Zen's queries about the items. They had a deep understanding of every Other Shore Token, which impressed Zen very much.

After some time of thorough inspection, he wasn't able to find an Other Shore Token that would be suitable for him to fuse with. However, there was a long sword that caught his attention.

The long sword turned out to be forged by the Riverside race. There were layers of cloud patterns on the sword, and the structure was very complicated and exquisite.

"This sword is a precious one from the Riverside race. If it were assessed as an Other Shore Token, it would easily be considered as a fourth-grade one in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore," an Ear Mouse explained.

"Really? I want this one," Zen responded.

"Do you want to fuse with it as an Other Shore Token?" the Ear Mouse asked.

An Other Shore Token could be used as a weapon, but Zen had something else in mind.

"No, I don't," Zen smiled faintly as he shook his head. "I would use this one as my accompanying sword on the Other Shore."

Zen had already entered the Other Shore for a long time, but he didn't have a decent weapon. He was just basically fighting with his bare hands. He thought that this might be a good choice to have a long, handy sword.

After selecting the Other Shore Tokens, they had to consider going to the higher stages of the Other Shore.

If the one-eyed monsters got a hold of any Dark Nether Bugs in the Dark Region, they would give them to the Insect Master race. After they returned to Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore later, they would surely come get them.

Elvinia was totally determined to follow Zen to the higher stages.

At the gate of the Myriad Spirits City, Raul and Clyde saw them off in person. As soon as Zen left, the entire Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore was managed by the two races.

Before leaving, Zen quickly asked, "Has Dorothy entered the Myriad Spirits City?"

"Well, not recently," one of the Guide Weasels replied.

"Should I go to the Origin Mountain and see her?" Zen turned to Elvinia and asked.

When he went back to the Land of Sword Grief, Chaim filled him in on what had happened to the Origin Mountain. This made Zen quite concerned about Dorothy.

"The Origin Mountain is in a state of anxiety right now. I think it won't be wise for you to go there at this moment. Plus, there are so many powerful warriors in the Origin Mountain. I think Dorothy would be safe in their hands." Elvinia tried to comfort him.

Upon hearing this, Zen nodded in agreement.

Zen exhorted Clyde for a while. He told him that all the resources should be distributed according to Chaim's requirements. However, he instructed that Dorothy must be able to have any resources she needed, including Zen's resources, once she entered the Other Shore.

Furthermore, Zen also left some resources specifically for the Evil God.

Since the Evil God entered the secluded cultivation room, Zen had never disturbed him. He didn't know if the Evil God would be able to leave the Lust World and enter the Desire World in a short time, but he hoped he would have great progress while he was away.

In the outside world, since the Evil God had become Zen's Inner-world Generating Avatar, Zen was able to interfere with the Evil God's actions at any time. However, that wouldn't be the case as he entered the Other Shore. Zen would not be able to know what the Evil God was doing, and so he had no choice but to trust him and let him proceed on his own.

In the Lust World, the stages of the Other Shore were interconnected by star rings, and very race had an independent star ring. The same went for the Desire World.

At the north of Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, star rings were neatly placed.

Although Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore had always been the home field of the Sun Crow race, the Star Falcon race had failed to occupy the Myriad Spirits City. Thus, the Star Falcon race wasn't able to control the star rings to collect the soul pills, failing the attempt to imitate what the Separate Abyss race did in Stage Eleven of the Other Shore.

As Zen walked towards the star rings, he briefly stopped in his tracks.

"Is there something wrong?" Elvinia asked as she noticed Zen's behavior.

"I just thought of a serious problem." Zen looked at her with a quaint smile. "I wonder if we can pass it successfully this time,"

As a purified being, Elvinia had gotten into great trouble when she crossed the energy vortex which connected the Lust World and the Desire World. This also almost caused Zen to die. Though the circumstance later turned to be a blessing in disguise, Zen didn't want such a dangerous thing to happen again.

Theoretically, a purified being shouldn't be able to leave a certain stage of the Other Shore. Otherwise, it would not be appropriate for them to serve as the ruler of that stage.

"We just have to give it a try!"

Elvinia didn't give it too much thought and seemed quite confident instead.

She was a smart and wise woman. In the past, it was impossible for her to act so recklessly in any situation. However, ever since she experienced a few difficult crises with Zen, she developed an attitude of trusting Zen no matter how bad the situation had gotten.

As a result, this hurdle seemed to be nothing for her since she was with Zen.

"Well, yeah, you're right. We'll never know if we don't try. I'll go in first," Zen answered, nodding his head.

To be on the safe side, he took the initiative to step into the star ring first.

As the star ring released traces of white light, Zen felt like his body was being disintegrated.

Whoosh!

Outside, Elvinia saw that the star ring shot out rays of white light upwards.

A nervous smile crept up at the corners of her mouth. "Everything is fine, isn't it?"

As Zen disappeared, she also stepped into the star ring and flew towards Stage Fifteen of the Other Shore.

Both of them felt relieved as they realized that what they worried about didn't happen. Both Zen and Elvinia smoothly reached Stage Fifteen of the Other Shore. Perhaps it was because they were not Other Shore creatures that the rule preventing the stage ruler from traversing to other stages of the Other Shore didn't take effect.

As soon as they reached the next stage, the anxiousness that they earlier felt dissipated.

As Zen left the star ring, a dark world immediately emerged in front of him. He perceived that the Dark Region existed in all directions, and felt a strange sensation within him.

"Stage Fifteen of the Other Shore… is a complete Dark Region?" Zen couldn't believe what he saw.

"I've heard a long time ago that Stage Fifteen of the Other Shore had almost been completely eroded by the Dark Region, except for the center area. I didn't expect that the Dark Region was still expanding up until now. It seems that even the center area is being devoured," Elvinia said softly behind Zen, also surprised at the gloomy sight.

The entire Stage Fifteen of the Other Shore, except the area where the star rings were placed, was engulfed by the Dark Region. For ordinary people, there was no value in this and it would just be a waste of time to explore this stage.

Chapter 3588 The Elephant Men

Both Zen and Elvinia could freely explore the Dark Region with their abilities.

However, Zen thought constantly about the Other Shore Key for Stage Seventeen. Thus he merely passed through Stage Fifteen and continued his ascent.

The two of them made their way upwards.

They did not stay too long in Stage Sixteen either and journeyed on.

Finally, they arrived in Stage Seventeen and came out on top of a mountain.

After they crossed three stages rapidly, the pressure on the Other Shore increased.

This type of pressure would've been unbearable for others but the two of them managed. Elvinia had previously absorbed enough soul crystal and had already reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul. Zen also did not feel anything with his physical body.

"We're at Stage Seventeen. Do we continue to go up?" Elvinia asked him. In front of them lay only endless desert.

The sight of emptiness on top of that huge mountain made Elvinia feel desolate. It would be better to go to the upper stages.

Zen, however, shook his head. "No. We'll stay here."

"Is there anything important here?" she asked, throwing him a strange look.

If it was about Other Shore Tokens, Zen could easily find better ones in the upper stages.

"Yes. Just wait here for me," he told her, not divulging much information on what he was currently planning.

Without a word, Zen withdrew from the Other Shore and activated the Other Shore Key from the Blood-storing Seed. He then began to recite the Sanskrit words deciphered by Geoffrey.

"Sand ...bone...separate..."

As he finished reciting the words, Zen reached out and gently pressed the Other Shore Key's lines.

When he returned to the Other Shore, his palm was covered with lustrous map lines.

"An Other Shore Key?" Elvinia muttered, staring at his palm in wonder. Zen nodded as the map shimmered in his palm.

"Yes."

Despite his confirmation, a trace of doubt remained in Elvinia's eyes.

Other Shore Keys were valuable but why was Zen interested in Stage Seventeen's? If he really wanted one, Elvinia could very well get him one from a higher stage.

Still, Elvinia chose to trust Zen. If he wanted to explore this stage, then they would do so. Maybe there were some secrets in this stage that needed to be uncovered.

Using the map on his palm as reference, Zen commenced with his exploration by first looking around and comparing the terrain.

He frowned. The surrounding terrain didn't seem to match his map.

It was understandable. The Other Shore was vast and Stage Seventeen's geography could be quite complicated. It might take them a lot of effort to find the corresponding terrain.

Their current location was relatively desolate and the star rings were set in the center of the mountain range. A few races resided here but none of them had built anything as big as the Myriad Spirits City or the Sky Water City in Stage Fourteen.

Zen and Elvinia thought it best to go down the mountain and head south.

It was a pretty fruitless start. The direction they took had nothing but low and barren mountains for miles.

Zen continued to check the map in his hand but not once did the terrain match up.

The two of them then started to slow down.

They were able to walk a little over 50 miles to the south in a day and a night, but there was still a lot of distance to cover. Stage Seventeen was vast in all directions.

At this rate, it would take Zen a long time to find what he was looking for.

"We can't go on like this. It's a waste of time!" he huffed.

Elvinia nodded. "I agree but if we continue going south, we could stumble upon the Elephant Men's territory and ask them for a map."

Her words implied that she had already known they wouldn't find the temple on their own. Zen remained silent as he ruminated on her suggestion.

This was the first time he looked for a temple with the aid of the map and he didn't have that much experience. He pursed his lips and nodded at Elvinia, giving in to her idea.

After they walked about a hundred miles south, the low mountains gave way to grassland. This grassland area was closed in by huge fences on both sides.

"Why are the fences so high? And the grass is high, too," Zen said. His eyes gleamed with surprise.

The fences that closed off the grassland were ten thousand feet high, way taller than any of the mountains they'd traversed so far.

Not only that, but the grassland itself was incredibly vast and overwhelmingly high. Each blade of grass stood several hundred feet high and swayed like trees in the wind. Zen and Elvinia would be nothing but mere ants once they entered.

Elvinia shook her head. It was obvious that she did her research, but there were just so many weird and unexplainable things that existed on the Other Shore.

"Let's go inside and have a look then," Zen said.

The two of them had arrived at their destination. They crossed the fences and ventured into the grassland. Only ten miles in did they suddenly hear the loud blowing of a horn.

"Woo..."

As it rang, the ground began to tremble, as if a huge earthquake had just been summoned.

Zen quickly grabbed hold of Elvinia's hand and summoned his thunder wings. He rose into the air and took a quick look at what was happening.

At the height of ten thousand feet, he finally saw what was happening.

Black bulls, twenty to thirty thousand feet tall, were rampaging within the grassland. Behind them was a group of human-shaped creatures that were a little over ten thousand feet tall.

These humanoids were bipedal, gray-skinned and had elephant heads. They were the Elephant Men Elvinia had mentioned earlier!

These Elephant Men chased after the bulls, which caused the ground to tremble.

Zen and Elvinia were like two, pesky mosquitoes compared to these giants.

The black bulls were heading towards the fences. Though tall, there was no way these fences would be able to withstand the impact from these beasts.

However, just as the bulls were about to breach the barriers, one of the Elephant Men raised his horn.

"Woo... Woo..."

Textures appeared on the surfaces of the seemingly ordinary fences at the exact moment the horn was blown.

"Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle..."

Thick lightning gathered on the fences, forming into chains that wrapped around the bulls.

Bound and restrained by the lightning chains, the bulls could only lie helplessly on the ground as their pursuers closed in on them.

"These fences contain such a strong power of lightning," Zen murmured, admiration obvious on his face.

"It's made of lightning wood, which is a relatively rare Other Shore Token," Elvinia told him. "I never expected there to be so much in the Elephant Men's territory."

As they marveled at the lightning wood, the two of them failed to notice the huge shadow behind them. A dull and rough voice suddenly boomed, "Chief! Those damned mice have sent their spies again!"

Chapter 3589 Belligerence

A giant Elephant Man stood behind Zen and Elvinia.

He seemed to be angry at their arrival. The moment he finished speaking, a huge hand slapped Zen and Elvinia around their heads.

Bang!

Zen turned to protect Elvinia and the slap landed on his body. The two of them crashed to the ground.

The Elephant Man quickly located Zen and Elvinia through the grass, raised one huge foot and stomped hard down on them.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The Elephant Man was huge, his explosive power naturally astonishing.

He continued to stomp on them for a while before another Elephant Man stopped him. "Ramsay, you've trampled the spies into meat paste!"

Ramsay snorted and walked towards the black bulls.

It had been several days since the Elephant Men started to chase these bulls. They finally drove the bulls towards the fences made of lightning wood.

They could easily knock the black bulls down using the lightning contained within the lightning wood. The black bulls could serve as their food for half a month.

Ramsay had just turned when a rumble of thunder sounded across the skies. The sound wasn't loud, but it was clear and audible.

Crack! Crack!

Ramsay was surprised when a tiny bolt of lightning flashed before his forehead and came to a stop a few feet from him. This mosquito-sized fellow hadn't been crushed into meat paste after all!

"Hey, foreign friend!" Zen said, an amused smile playing on his lips.

He hadn't come to the Elephant Men's territory to cause trouble. He had only wanted to know more about Stage Seventeen's terrain. And although Ramsay had thrashed him around like a rag doll, he managed to restrain his anger.

"You are still alive!"

Ramsay had no interest in communicating with Zen. He brought his huge fist smashing down towards Zen's head again.

Ramsay's fist was about eight hundred feet wide and to Zen, it looked like a flying hill was coming for him.

Zen frowned at the sight of the fist and he finally let the anger show on his face.

He knew that if he didn't teach them a lesson, they weren't going to talk nicely.

The moment the fist landed before Zen, he punched into the air. Ramsay's fist was three thousand times bigger than Zen's.

It looked like a man's fist was fighting a flying mosquito.

Ramsay had good eyesight. Even if Zen looked like a tiny speck, he could still clearly see all of Zen's movements.

How could a mosquito fight him? Ramsay sneered.

But the moment he came in contact with Zen, he felt a dull throbbing pain in his fist.

He had been forcefully blocked by a man the size of a tiny mosquito!

"This is impossible!"

Ramsay said, his eyes wide in disbelief.

The Elephant Men were large, arrogant, and confident about their own size and strength.

How could Ramsay allow a mere mosquito to block his attack?

The muscles in his right arm bulged and his strength continued to explode in an attempt to suppress the mosquito in front of him.

But the tiny mosquito was like a wall that could not be crossed.

All the other Elephant Men had originally headed straight for the black bulls but they turned around at the sounds. They watched Ramsay's movements, confused.

"What's wrong, Ramsay?" asked the chieftain of the Elephant Men.

It was difficult to see Zen from where they were standing.

Ramsay's face turned red with anger. He used up all his strength, gritted his teeth, and said, "This little thing's strength is terrifying!"

As he spoke, he withdrew his fist and sent it flying at Zen again.

Whoosh!

Boom!

This punch hit the invisible wall as well. The air stirred around them and the tall grass came crashing to the ground. But Zen still managed to stand his ground.

To take the brunt of Ramsay's fist, Zen drew out his force and turned it into a fist that was over a thousand feet tall.

If he had gathered his strength in his body just to take Ramsay's punch, he would probably have drilled into Ramsay's fist like a steel needle.

"I don't believe it!"

Ramsay roared, and his fists lashed out at Zen yet again.

Zen stood upright in the air and raised his hand. Under the spread of the invisible force, the transparent space around him twisted and formed a tall wall of force that blocked Ramsay's attacks.

Zen planned to talk to Ramsay after his power was exhausted.

But at this moment, Elvinia called out, "Zen, watch your back!"

Despite her cautioning, she wasn't really worried about Zen's safety.

The Elephant Men were terrifyingly tall, over ten thousand feet, but they were only creatures from the Light Region of Stage Seventeen. They weren't ridiculously strong and wouldn't be able to do anything to Zen.

Zen had barely turned around when a giant hand grabbed him. An Elephant Man was intending to crush him to death.

As the Elephant Man clenched his fist, he felt like he was holding a hard stone in his hand. How was he supposed to crush it?

A thought seemed to occur to him as he tossed Zen aside and pulled out a stone spear from behind him. He raised the spear and swung it towards Zen.

Crack!

It was at this moment that Zen's body expanded suddenly.

In the blink of an eye, his body had grown to become several hundred feet tall.

His body continued to grow rapidly while blocking the stone spear. It had very quickly grown to a height of more than ten thousand feet. He then grabbed the tip of the stone spear with one hand and frowned at the two Elephant Men in front of him.

The Elephant Men that were hunting the black bulls were stunned as they watched Zen's body expand from the size of a mosquito to match their size.

Their huge ears drooped as their jaws dropped in disbelief.

"My friends, you should know that I will give my all if you insist on fighting with me!"

Zen said, pulling the stone spear out of the hands of the Elephant Man. He waved it in the air before crushing it in his hand.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

With a resounding crack, Zen had crushed the stone spear, which was over ten thousand feet long.

The stone spear was sturdy and was made of solid white stones. There weren't many of it in the Elephant Man race.

The Elephant Men gulped in fear at this display of Zen's power.

Their chieftain was quick to react. Realizing that they couldn't afford to offend Zen, he hurriedly stepped forward and said, "Sir, there must be a misunderstanding. Please don't get angry."

Chapter 3590 Cross Reference

Zen turned his head to glance coldly at the chieftain of the Elephant Man race. "You changed so quickly. Just now, you were intent on killing me, yet you say this is a 'misunderstanding'?"

The chieftain nervously looked away from Zen. "Ramsay," he hissed, "apologize to him, quickly!"

Ramsay dumbfoundedly looked at Zen, who had suddenly grown as large as a hill. He had never experienced the era of the Wild Gods, so naturally, he didn't know it would take only a split second to enlarge a mosquito to the size as big as himself with a theurgy.

However, Zen's sudden transformation to a giant over ten thousand feet tall was shocking enough. Ramsay was fully convinced. Curling up his long trunk, Ramsay bowed and apologized sincerely.

Zen watched indifferently. Bending down, he reached out and gently scooped Elvinia into his arms. Then, he placed her on his right shoulder carefully.

Although Elvinia had heard of Wild Gods before, she hadn't actually seen Zen use this skill. Thus, she too was stunned at the sudden appearance of a ten thousand-foot tall Zen.

Sitting on Zen's shoulder, she turned to look at his massive head, which was as tall as a building. Dazed, she shook her head, rendered speechless.

Since the misunderstandings had been cleared out, the Elephant Men became polite to Zen.

The other Elephant Men began to deal with the black bulls that were killed by the lightning wood, while the chieftain of the Elephant Man race formally introduced himself to Zen. "I'm the chieftain of the Elephant Man race, Richie. You are not from any Other Shore race, right? However, the woman on your shoulder seems to be a human... "

The Elephant Man race usually isolated themselves, which meant they rarely ever communicated with the outside world. However, as its chieftain, Richie had stayed on Stage Seventeen for a long time; naturally, he knew much more than the ordinary Elephant Men.

Richie had noticed the woman sitting on Zen's shoulder. He could see her features clearly. Almost immediately, he had realized that she was a creature from the Other Shore.

"You're right," Zen answered. "She is a human from the Other Shore."

As he spoke, Zen carefully observed the expression on the face of the chieftain.

He firmly believed that there were clues about the human race on Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore. The creatures from here might know something about it, so Zen deliberately claimed that Elvinia was a human from the Other Shore and waited to see how the chieftain would react.

However, to his disappointment, there was nothing suspicious in Richie's reaction. He just nodded and asked, "Sir, may I know why you have come here, to our territory?"

"I came here to look for the map of Stage Seventeen. I wonder if you Elephant Man race can offer me one. I can buy it with soul pills or Body-strengthening Jades," Zen answered truthfully.

Richie, however, was not stupid. The moment Zen mentioned the map, he nodded in understanding. "Sir, are you here for the temple on Stage Seventeen?"

The Other Shore Key had only marked the location of the temple on a map, but there was no clue as to its direction. Zen was hoping to get his hands on another large map to use as a cross reference.

Even though Richie had read his mind, Zen remained calm.

"We don't have the overall map of the whole Stage Seventeen," Richie said quickly. "However, we do have a map of the south part. I'll take you back to our tribe to get it." Richie waved his hand cheerfully. "You don't have to pay for it. We're happy to assist you in any way!"

The chieftain was very generous.

After the Elephant Men turned over the black bulls, they used stone spears to pierce through their necks cleanly, and strung them. Working in pairs, they carried the eight black bulls forward.

Zen followed the team that had had a good harvest and walked south along the middle of the grassland.

The grassland in the south of the Other Shore seemed to be endless. The deeper they trudged into the grassland, the more green they saw in the distance, as though it went on infinitely.

Elvinia sat on Zen's shoulder, taking in the view as though she stood atop a moving mountain. This feeling was strange and novel.

She knew that her father, Fuxi and several other powerful beings could all become very huge, because they had once cultivated the Ancient God Cultivation Method. But to her knowledge, no one else had cultivated such a method afterwards. While she had long since suspected that Zen did not come from this era, the fact that he used the Wild God theurgy further solidified her suspicions.

After traveling through the grassland for half a day, they suddenly saw many low houses dotting the horizon.

Of course, these houses were only small in comparison to the massive Elephant Men. Their height was still more than ten thousand feet, after all, and they looked quite simple and crude.

Zen hadn't known the Elephant Man race for very long, but he was able to draw his own conclusions: the Elephant Man race was probably a native race born on the Other Shore.

If the creatures in the chaos had experienced a long-term development, even if they moved to the Other Shore, they would've been able to form a relatively developed civilization.

As for a native race like the Elephant Man race, they didn't have much contact with the outside world. Because they had always lived remotely, they weren't exposed to progress and were naturally still quite primitive. Therefore, their food, clothing, and weapons were quite simple. They were just impressive in their strength and huge bodies.

The group of Elephant Men led by Richie proudly returned to their tribe with their spoils. A large number of Elephant Men came out of the low houses to welcome them. Zen noticed that most of the Elephant Men that were left in the tribe were the old, the children, the sick, and the weak. Naturally, they relied on the young and strong to go out and hunt for food.

Many Elephant Men were surprised when they saw Zen. Even the children raced to hide inside their houses, peeking at Zen curiously from the slatted windows.

"Sir, please follow me," Richie said. "I'll take you to fetch the map."

Following closely behind Richie, Zen arrived at a house that sat in the center of the tribe. Although it was still modest, it was larger in scale compared to the other houses.

Upon entering the house, Zen saw an Elephant Man sitting cross-legged in the middle of the house. His body was covered in brightly colored paint, forming intricate patterns on his skin. The paint was evenly applied across his body and one could not even tell the original color of his skin.

"This is our high priest Murkub." Richie gestured towards the painted Elephant Man.

Obviously, the position of the high priest was even higher than that of the chieftain. Richie bowed deeply to the painted Elephant Man. "High priest, this is our friend from another race. He wants to see the map of the south."

Murkub looked at Zen up and down a few times. Because he had managed the affairs of the tribe with Richie since time immemorial, Murkub trusted Richie's judgment.

Without uttering a word, the high priest nodded and proceeded to take out a board from a wooden box, no questions asked.

Turning the board over, Zen saw it was an intricately carved map. Murkub then retreated to the side of the house to continue meditating.

"This is the south part of Stage Seventeen, and we are here." Richie pointed at a location on the map, which was the center of the grassland.

Zen studied the map closely. He realized that more than half of the grassland was barricaded by fences made from lightning wood. 'It must not have been easy to build these fences, ' he pondered quietly.

It was unknown if they were built by the human race or by other creatures.

Every stage had its own secrets. Even though Zen was very curious about the fence, he decided against asking the chieftain about it, since it was their business. Instead, he focused on his goal to find the location of the temple.

With a flick of his hand, the map that was reflected by the Other Shore Key came into view. Zen proceeded to look for the temple on the map carved on the board while cross referencing with the map from the Other Shore Key.

Chapter 3591 A Dangerous Place

He studied the two maps carefully, cross-checking each area, one by one.

The terrain of the grassland area in the south was relatively straightforward, so Zen didn't pay much attention to it. The key was to compare the four corners on the board with the map in his palm.

About five minutes later, Zen had finished comparing the two maps. His originally relaxed eyebrows were now furrowed tightly. His target was not on this map.

Noticing Zen's expression, Chieftain Richie asked, "You didn't find it, did you?"

This map only portrayed the south region of Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore, so it wouldn't have been surprising if Zen couldn't find what he was looking for. Zen nodded with a sigh. He had no choice but to look for it elsewhere.

Just as Zen was about to bid Richie farewell, Elvinia piped up excitedly from his shoulder, "Wait a minute, Zen! Look at the rightmost area of the map."

Zen frowned slightly, as though he didn't understand her. Then, it dawned on Elvinia that he couldn't hear her due to their massive difference in body size. Channeling her strength into her voice, she repeated it again loudly.

Finally understanding what Elvinia was saying, Zen turned to look at where she was pointing.

On the rightmost side of the map, the grassland area suddenly stopped and was replaced by what seemed to be a desert. On the carved map provided by the Elephant Man race, it was carved vaguely, which was why Zen hadn't noticed it before.

But even so, the junction of the grassland and the desert formed a triple-gourd shaped area.

"Now look at the left side of the map on your palm. Is there a wavy line?" Elvinia continued excitedly.

When Zen looked at the map formed by the Other Shore Key on his palm, his eyes lit up. This wavy line was just enough to match the lower part of the triple-gourd!

He even pressed his palm down and observed the two maps more carefully. The more he studied it, the more he felt they were a match.

"Thanks for your careful observation, Elvinia," Zen said with a smile.

"Certainly." Elvinia smiled back sweetly.

Then, Zen turned to face the chieftain. Richie looked back at him uneasily.

Pointing his finger on the map, Zen asked, "Chieftain Richie, I think this area goes beyond the territory of the Elephant Man race. Do you know where this is?"

"That place..." said Richie hesitantly.

Zen studied Richie curiously. Was this place special?

At this moment, the high priest suddenly cut in. "Humans, I advise you to give up your plans of going there. That's not a place you can set foot on."

"Why not?"

Of course, Zen wouldn't back down just because some priest was warning him.

"It's very dangerous there—very! No one is more powerful than the ruler of Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore. However, even three of them lost their lives there, one after another," the high priest blurted out.

Zen knitted his brows, slightly surprised at the high priest's sudden outburst. Elvinia, who had been listening too, frowned deeply.

With the strength of the purified being, they had gone through the Other Shore very easily. This place didn't seem like anything out of the ordinary.

It never would've crossed their minds that it was so dangerous that three purified beings had died there.

"The stage rulers died there? And as many as three? How was that possible?" Zen asked in disbelief.

"Young people tend to forget about this history, but it has been seared into the memories of us older ones," the high priest said in a hazy tone. "Back then, they had fought fiercely for years in Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore, just so they could earn the title of stage ruler. No matter which side won, they would immediately head there as soon as possible."

Pointing at the rightmost area of the map, the high priest continued, "They did all that just to reach that place. However, it was just far too dangerous. Unfortunately, even the stage rulers were not able to enter that place and make it out alive!"

"Who were they?" Zen narrowed his eyes.

"I don't know," the high priest answered, shaking his head. "At that time, I was just a child. Our Elephant Man race often suffered unexpected disasters. It was not until they had failed three times did they finally choose to give up. Since then, our race has begun to live a peaceful life..."

The high priest's tone turned bitter at the memory.

"But according to your story, there were more than just one force?" Zen asked.

"Yes, there were at least three forces," the high priest replied.

If these forces were able to compete with each other directly for the position of stage ruler, they must have been among the top civilizations on the whole Other Shore.

The one-eyed monsters and the black monkeys instantly came to his mind when Zen realized this. In addition, the three-eyed boy in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore must have come from another force. Could it be-- were these the three forces the high priest was talking about?

"So you'd better not go there. Otherwise, you will die," the high priest warned ominously.

Although he hadn't seen Zen's fighting skills with his own eyes yet, he knew that Zen was by no means an ordinary person. But no matter how powerful he was, there was no way he could survive. The high priest didn't think he could be stronger than those stage rulers.

"Thank you for the warning. If it truly is too dangerous, then it's not worth taking the risk." Zen cupped his hands and bowed respectfully towards the high priest.

Elvinia, who had been sitting on Zen's shoulder this whole time, glanced at him confusedly.

The Zen she knew wouldn't have shrunk back from the face of difficulty.

After that, Zen bade them goodbye, despite Richie inviting them to stay. Together with Elvinia, Zen headed out into the grassland once more.

Not long after leaving the Elephant Man race's settlement, Zen's body began to shrink rapidly. .

He grabbed Elvinia, and they fell onto a blade of grass like two raindrops.

"Are you really leaving?" Elvinia asked with hands on her hips. She eyed Zen suspiciously.

"Of course not." Zen shook his head, his eyes twinkling mischievously. "But it seemed like the Elephant Man race didn't want us to go there."

"And so? Are they qualified to stop us?" Elvinia said haughtily.

Even though she was tiny compared to an Elephant Man, she was confident she would be able to kill them all.

"Of course they can't stop us," Zen smiled gently. "But I suspect that the Elephant Man race is related to those great civilizations, which means, the Elephant Men might have been left here on purpose by the other civilizations, in order to keep watch."

Previously, Zen had suspected that the fences were not built by the Elephant Man race. Now, it seemed that the purpose of building those fences was probably to divide the territory and to confine the Elephant Man race to the grassland.

"That's just your speculation," spat Elvinia.

"Whether I'm right or wrong, we'd better go to that place after bypassing the Elephant Man race. It will be much safer that way."

"You're right..."

After the conversation, they started to head north, straight towards the area marked on the map.

Meanwhile, in the house that stood in the center of the Elephant Men's settlement, the high priest suddenly bolted upright, "Richie, hurry! Take down the Heavenly Spirit Bead!"

Richie trembled slightly at the high priest's sudden request.

The Heavenly Spirit Bead was a sacred treasure of the Elephant Man race. It had always been placed on the top of the totem pole, where it was worshiped by all the members of the race.

The bead had been sitting on the top of the totem pole since time immemorial. It had played an important role in providing the Elephant Man race with power.

No one was allowed to touch this sacred treasure, not even the high priest himself. Yet now, the high priest was demanding he take it down right this instant!

To his horror, Richie suddenly realized that the situation must have been much more grave than he could possibly imagine.

Chapter 3592 Transmission

In the Elephant Man race, no one knew the origin of the Heavenly Spirit Bead, except for the high priest.

As for the actual use of the Heavenly Spirit Bead, no one knew either.

But since the high priest had given the order, Richie didn't dare refuse.

Stepping outside, he headed straight for the totem pole and began to climb it.

"Chief..."

"You...!"

"That's our sacred treasure! How dare you!"

The other Elephant Men had come out of their homes to see what their chieftain was doing. To their horror, they saw he was headed straight for their treasured Heavenly Spirit Bead.

"It's our mission to take down the sacred treasure," the high priest suddenly said, emerging from the massive house.

In the Elephant Man race, the word of the high priest was considered the law. Most of the time, however, the high priest left the chieftain to manage everything.

"Why?" an Elephant Man asked innocently.

"Because the reason why the sacred treasure stays here," the high priest said seriously, "is to wait for some creatures to arrive. And now... They have arrived."

"Your Holiness, are you referring to those two humans?" another Elephant Man asked.

The high priest nodded.

The high priest had been very clear since the beginning that the Elephant Man race was insignificant. They had but one mission, and before it was completed, they might have had some reason to exist.

However, upon completion of this mission, they would become dispensable. The outcome could be imagined, but that didn't matter; they only knew they needed to obey.

Once the chieftain handed over the Heavenly Spirit Bead, Murkub set it on the ground.

The Elephant Men stared at the Heavenly Spirit Bead, eyes gleaming. Only the high priest could activate the power of the Heavenly Spirit Bead. Everyone wondered what was going to happen.

Just as everyone was guessing what sort of power the high priest was going to unleash, Murkub suddenly grabbed the stone spear that was strapped to Richie's back.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, he had swung the stone spearhead onto the Heavenly Spirit Bead.

"Ah!"

"Your Holiness!"

"Stop!"

At this moment, even Richie was stunned, but he dared not stop him. He could do nothing but watch as Murkub slammed the spear onto their treasured bead.

Bang!

Finally, the Heavenly Spirit Bead shattered into transparent white shards.

All the Elephant Men stared at the remnants in absolute shock. Was the high priest crazy?

Just as panic began to well within their hearts, the white fragments scattered on the ground suddenly started to tremble.

These white fragments might've been very small compared to the Elephant Man race, but the Heavenly Spirit Bead itself was around 700 to 800 feet in diameter. Each fragment was around the size of an ordinary human's fist.

As the white fragments continued to move, they gradually began to form a circular array. Then, all the white fragments released powerful energy, activating a unique array!

Whoosh!

A white light shot straight into the sky from the grassland.

Not far from the Elephant Men's settlement, Zen and Elvinia had been trudging through the grassland. To their surprise, they suddenly saw a white beam of light in the distance.

"It's from the territory of the Elephant Man race," said Elvinia seriously.

"It doesn't seem like someone is ascending." Zen pursed his lips.

The white light that went up was somewhat similar to the star ring. It hadn't been long since they had left the Elephant Men's settlement. This couldn't be a coincidence.

"It's probably because of the Other Shore Key in your hands," Elvinia surmised.

According to the Elephant Man race, the dangerous place at the edge of the grassland was no secret. At least those great forces knew the existence of this place. It was just that they couldn't do anything about it.

"Most likely." Zen looked at the white light expressionlessly, and the light gradually dissipated and disappeared from his sight. "We have to hurry..."

Crack!

Without hesitation, his thunder wings roared to life. Wrapping his arm around Elvinia's waist, together they flew across the vast grassland like lightning.

The white light continued to rise until it reached Stage Eighteen of the Other Shore.

On the top of a high mountain of Stage Eighteen, there was a small magic array. The moment the white light entered Stage Eighteen, this array also released a white light, which shot towards Stage Nineteen.

In turn, in a valley of Stage Nineteen, a small array was activated.

Stage Twenty...

Stage Twenty-one...

Stage Twenty-two...

Stage Thirty...

Stage Thirty-one...

Stage Thirty-two!

Inside a huge hall, there was a massive metal array.

The metal array rotated continuously. As all kinds of patterns intertwined, a terrifying energy surged within it.

Crack!

When the white light entered Stage Thirty, the metal array trembled violently.

"Hmm?"

A little ball of light made a strange sound.

Inside the ball, there was a blue wave of water light. The water light condensed and formed intricate ice crystals.

It was a member of the Element Spirit race, and just so happened to be the weakest water spirit in this race. That was why it was sent here, to guard the metal array.

'The array of Stage Seventeen has been activated? What happened on Stage Seventeen?' the water spirit pondered.

Generally speaking, the members of the Element Spirit race would only pay attention to Stage Twenty-nine and above. There was nothing worth their attention below Stage Twenty-nine.

A few days ago, there was news that there were purified beings within Stage Fourteen, and the two purified beings were of the human race.

Even so, the Element Spirit race only issued an imperial edict to let those humble black monkeys take action. The Element Spirit race did not take any further action, because they had deemed it unnecessary.

However, that happened not too long ago. Now, their guards in Stage Seventeen had activated the magic array. Naturally, the water spirit was curious.

Stage Seventeen...

'Could it be because of that dangerous place?'

The blue light suddenly spread out from the body of the water spirit.

This flashing blue light served as a signal, telling its companions that it had some news.

The members of the Element Spirit race had the ability to fuse with each other. The moment they called out to their companions, their voices would automatically adjust to be heard.

Therefore, in an instant, all the members of the Element Spirit race who could respond to the water spirit gathered in its body.

Within the little orb of light, dazzling golden lights and blazing flames appeared.

"What's wrong?"

"This seems to be news coming from a low stage..."

"Humph! It's only Stage Seventeen. Did you really need to call everyone here?"

Naturally, the other members of the Element Spirit race grew impatient.

The water spirit didn't say anything. It let the metal array speak for itself.

As the metal array continued to rotate, a blurry picture appeared in front of everyone. In the picture, it was the high priest of the Elephant Man race, Murkub.

The transmission of information was very complicated on the Other Shore. Even the Element Spirit race who had a thorough understanding of the Other Shore could only pass through the transmission stage by stage.

After having to go through so many stages, it was already amazing in itself that the array was able to show the picture of the Elephant Man.

Chapter 3593 Descend

At that moment, Murkub couldn't see what was happening on the other side. What he saw was only a blurry white light ball that appeared above the array

He clearly knew that the white light ball represented that certain powerful race.

Furthermore, the reason the Elephant Man race had survived on Stage Seventeen until now was also because of that powerful race.

It could be said that the light ball was like God who had saved the Elephant Man race.

After a few moments, Murkub gestured and signaled all the Elephant Men to kneel down.

In turn, all of them including Richie, knelt on the ground and devoutly bowed to the white light ball.

Meanwhile, the water spirit, or the gathering of the many Element Spirits that were on Stage Thirty-two watched the scene rather impatiently.

The Element Spirit race were known for being the purest creatures, as all of them were made up of the most basic elements.

For them, all living creatures with flesh and blood were filthy and impure!

Of course, the Elephant Man race were no exception.

"What's the matter?" the water spirit asked. Although the water spirit had convened its companions, it was still the owner of the body where everyone was gathered.

Thus, out of politeness, it should be the one to speak first.

"I saw the Other Shore Key! It's the one to this place!" Murkub exclaimed. He placed the board in a vertical position and pointed to the right side of it, which was the area shaped like a triple-gourd.

As soon as Murkub finished speaking, the consciousnesses inside the body of the water spirit began to fluctuate.

"Is it the temple in the past?"

"Has the key to the temple finally appeared?"

"We had tried every way we had to enter it at that time--but those forces had fought for so many years, and no one ever succeeded in the end!"

"Indeed... and now, we finally got this great opportunity!"

The Element Spirit race quietly communicated with each other immediately through their consciousness. In just about three seconds, they had already talked about the past of Stage Seventeen.

Back then, the Element Spirit race, along with two other forces, had all obtained the position of the ruler of Stage Seventeen. At that time, the Element Spirit race had also thought that only they could dig out the thing in that dangerous place, but in the end they just failed.

However, the failure of the other two forces made the Element Spirit race feel relieved, so the exploration of the dangerous place in Stage Seventeen was then put aside.

The only reason the Element Spirit race had casually supported the Elephant Man race on Stage Seventeen was so the latter could work for them.

If ever the Other Shore Key appeared one day, they would naturally know at the first time.

Truth be told, the Element Spirit race didn't have much hope that the Elephant Man race would discover anything. They even almost forgot about the Elephant Man race for a long time, until their race's high priest, Murkub, had crushed the Heavenly Spirit Bead. "What should we do? Let those monkeys think of a solution?" a fire spirit asked.

"Humph! Those monkeys can only hide in the darkness. What's their use anyway? They had screwed things up on Stage Fourteen not long ago. They couldn't do anything right!" a metal spirit complained.

"The key point is that the monkeys are not strong enough, and the purified being of Stage Seventeen is not under our control. I'm afraid we can only let the Moon Fire Slaves go down there..." the water spirit suggested.

There were no doubts about the strength of the Moon Fire Slaves, but if they directly went down from Stage Thirty-two, then there would be a great price to pay. Furthermore, the strength of the Moon Fire Slaves would also be greatly reduced.

The Moon Fire Slaves normally did not appear in areas lower than Stage Thirty, but such an opportunity was rare and hard to get--which was why the Element Spirit race found it worthy of their great attention.

When the other members of the Element Spirit race hesitated, a fire spirit asked, "Which race does the creature who holds the Other Shore Key belong to?"

Murkub, who stayed in the metal array while he waited for the light ball's orders, had heard the light ball's question and answered honestly, "Humans, two of them to be exact. There is one of them whose face I couldn't see clearly, but he can be as tall as us when his Wild God body is activated..."

The news about what Zen and Elvinia did on Stage Fourteen had spread widely. The Element Spirit race also knew about it, but they did not pay much attention.

As soon as Murkub finished speaking, the Element Spirits immediately understood what had happened.

It turned out that the human who had occupied Stage Fourteen had now stepped into Stage Seventeen.

Moreover, this human happened to have the Other Shore Key. They knew that it was not a coincidence!

"Make the Moon Fire Slaves descend!"

"I agree!"

"I agree!"

"……"

Not long after, the door of the hall opened from the middle.

Three huge Moon Fire Slaves walked forward, and the entire hall trembled slightly with their footsteps.

Green flames spread from their necks, waists, and ribs, and the fierce and tyrannical aura they emitted was very palpable.

As soon as the three Moon Fire Slaves stood in the center of the metal array, the metal array began to rotate again.

Whoosh!

As the metal array spun wildly, they turned into a white ray of light and eventually flew straight towards Stage Thirty-one. There were traces of dark green flames that were visible in the white light.

Some powerful creatures that lived on Stage Thirty-one and Thirty-two saw the dark green flames and immediately knew what the Element Spirit race were doing. They were bringing karma fire and calamity to a lower stage again.

On the other hand, the Moon Fire Slaves descended all the way to Stage Thirty-one.

Stage Thirty...

Stage Twenty-nine...

Stage Eighteen...

Until they finally reached Stage Seventeen!

While all of those were happening, the Elephant Men were still on their knees.

To the ignorant and backward Elephant Man race, that ball of white light was the manifestation of God. As long as it was there, they did not dare to leave without permission.

Most of the Elephant Men deeply revered and were highly devoted to the God. They thought that since the God had manifested himself, then would the God bless them with graces?

As they hoped and waited, a white and green beam of light was cast down.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The second the white and green light shone down, it destroyed the entire array into pieces. The damage in the center of the array left a crater with a diameter of five thousand feet!

If it had been in a normal world of humans, that crater would be unimaginably huge.

However, the Elephant Man race were all over ten thousand feet tall. Thus, the huge crater was only the same size as the water tanks they used.

Just then, three huge Moon Fire Slaves slowly crawled out of it.

Once they had fully gotten out and saw the Elephant Men who were much bigger than them, they were rendered speechless.

It was true that they had a towering height of about three hundred feet, but they were nothing compared to the Elephant Men who were over ten thousand feet tall.

"Well, the repressive force of Stage Seventeen hasn't come yet," said one of the Moon Fire Slaves.

"How should we deal with these Elephant Men?"

"How? They might already be dead..."

When Stage Seventeen did not suppress the power of the Moon Fire Slaves, they were as strong as they had been on Stage Thirty-two. In fact, the shock waves of the flames their bodies released were enough to burn everything on Stage Seventeen.

As for Richie, Murkub, and the Elephant Men who stood closest to the Moon Fire Slaves, they were oblivious to what had happened. They only felt that a heatwave had washed over them, until they completely lost consciousness and their bodies had turned into coke.

Chapter 3594 Arrival

The Elephant Men who were a bit far away from the Moon Fire Slaves were shocked by what they saw.

The scorching hot aura had spread towards them, forcing them to retreat.

"Chieftain..."

"High priest..."

the Elephant Men murmured as they retreated.

They didn't understand why these things that had come down would kill the high priest.

Didn't they appear because they felt their piety? But why would they kill the devout believers?

"No. 12, what should we do with these Elephant Men?" asked one of the Moon Fire Slaves.

The Moon Fire Slaves didn't have their own names.

In fact, it was not only them, but most of the members of the Element Spirit race that didn't have names.

A name was a noble symbol in the Element Spirit race. It represented a distinct individual and ordinary creatures were not qualified to have one.

The names of the Moon Fire Slaves were a series of numbers. The closer the numbers were to number one, the stronger they were.

The names of the three were No. 12, No. 13 and No. 14. They were incredibly powerful among the Moon Fire Slaves and No. 12 was the strongest among them. Naturally, he was the leader of the three.

"They are useless. Get rid of them," No. 12 replied indifferently.

No. 13 took a slow step forward and lightly pressed his foot to the ground. As he did, a ball of green flame spread from beneath his foot throughout the entire village.

Some Elephant Men realized something was terribly wrong and rushed to escape the village.

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong...

A chaotic rumble of footsteps sounded from the tribe as they rushed out, but no matter how fast they were, escaping the spreading green flames was impossible.

The village continued to burn and the sprinting Elephant Men were turned to huge balls of fire. The low buildings, grass, totems, everything the tribe owned, were ignited and engulfed in dark green flames.

As the Elephant Men were burned, three small balls appeared above the heads of the three Moon Fire Slaves and moved into their bodies, quickly suppressing their amazing strength. This suppressive force came from Stage Seventeen, and it was almost impossible to resist.

The strength being pushed down was followed by great pain. They struggled but eventually managed to adapt to it.

"I heard those two are purified beings. Their strength can't be underestimated," said No. 14 worriedly.

When one's strength was suppressed, their confidence often went with it.

"If they are really purified beings capable of crossing the stages of the Other Shore, that would be troublesome to deal with," No. 13 agreed.

"Before, that was true, but now it may not be that difficult," No. 12 replied menacingly.

No. 13 and No. 14 remained silent.

The suppressive force of the Other Shore was impossible to overcome. This was a known fact set in stone.

Until now. The Element Spirit race had found a way to avoid it, and all it would cost was their lives.

No. 12 might have only been a little stronger than the other two, but he was the leader here. If someone needed to be sacrificed to remove the suppression, it would have to be either No. 13 or No.14.

"Let's go. Hopefully we'll be a step ahead of them and reach the dangerous region first," No. 12 ordered, not caring what the others thought. All he needed was to complete the task assigned by the Element Spirits.

A gust of wind swept by, causing the several hundred feet high grass of the grassland to bend and sway like a field of rolling green waves.

Zen and Elvinia were still moving through the north of the grassland, unaware of what had happened to the tribe of the Elephant Men.

If this grassland were not so huge and vast, Zen would have sped through terrifyingly quick. But here, the lightning he had turned into was but a tiny needle...

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Suddenly, behind Zen, buzzing sounds could be heard. A few giant bees the size of houses flapped their translucent wings as they swiftly chased after Zen.

"Three more bees have come..."

Zen narrowed his eyes and warned Elvinia, "Get ready!"

He then threw Elvinia high into the air. As she flew, his body began expanding and became ten thousand feet high in the blink of an eye.

Swoosh...

Now a giant, Zen swung his palms and slapped down hard, smashing the three giant bees into pieces.

The moment they were crushed, Zen turned and shrunk down to his regular size, catching Elvinia as she fell back down and continued on his way forward.

It was hard to tell how many times they had come across these giant bees on their way. Although they were both capable of killing the bees, capturing and killing them would take a lot more effort than if Zen transformed into a Wild God.

After only two encounters, Zen had devised this simplest plan to deal with them—slap them to death the way he would kill a fly.

A few rounds of this and Zen was already very skilled at it, effortlessly sending them to a quick death.

Half a day later, giant wood fences appeared before them. These fences marked the edge of the grassland.

"We have arrived at the edge of the grassland," said Elvinia.

Zen nodded in acknowledgment and made his way through the fences.

It seemed that only the grassland in the south of Stage Seventeen was filled with giant creatures. Everything went back to normal once they crossed to other side of the fences.

However, there was a cyan gray gobi adjacent to the grassland, and farther away from the gobi was a vast desert.

According to the map, once they crossed the grassland they should walk along the gobi.

After confirming their direction, Zen and Elvinia continued on, following the map.

They had only gone a short distance, when in the corner of the gobi, the heads of several mice stuck out of many little caves.

"Squeak! There are outsiders coming this way again!"

"Their objective seems clear, they should be heading for the dangerous place!"

"If they wish to die, there is no need to stop them. They can't even survive meeting the lamps. They will die for sure. Squeak! Squeak!"

"Squeak! No one has visited the dangerous place for many years. We'd better be careful. We have to inform the others..."

The mice quickly ducked back into their caves.

After walking down more than two hundred miles, Zen and Elvinia finally caught sight of the end of the gobi. They could now see the desert and the grassland intertwined in the distance, the two areas forming a circle.

"Here it is..."

Zen opened his palm, stared at the map presented by the Other Shore Key, and said, "This circle should be the bottom part of the gourd-shaped area!"

Finally finding the destination marked by the Other Shore Key had Zen brimming with excitement. After observing and taking it all in for a moment, he and Elvinia then flew towards the desert.

Chapter 3595 Black Lamps

As he hovered in the sky above the desert, Zen looked around but still failed to find anything special.

He flew past the circular desert bordered by grassland without stopping. Soon, he came across another similarly shaped terrain.

This time, the circular area was the grassland being surrounded by a desert.

Without any hesitation, Zen flew past it as well and arrived at the end of a third circle.

"I bet the temple must be around here!" Zen exclaimed.

After going over the area, he was certain they were on the right track.

Elvinia gave her surroundings a confused look. "Why would a temple be located here? There's nothing but sand for miles," she complained.

The third circular piece of land was a vast expanse of flat gobi, including the end of it. If the temple was here, they should've been able to spot it by now.

Once they landed, Elvinia lowered her head to carefully tread across the ground they stood.

"Huh?"

Her eyes suddenly lit up in surprise. She pointed to the ground and yelled, "Zen! Come and have a look!"

Directly beneath her feet was the long outline of what remained of some sort of foundation. Most of it was buried underground.

Zen walked up and down the foundation's remains, tediously observing it alongside Elvinia.

An idea suddenly popped up in his mind. Swiftly, he flew towards the sky and hovered before looking down and narrowing his eyes.

As expected, everything was much clearer from a bird's eye view.

He hadn't paid any attention to the ground upon arriving.

But now seeing it from up here, he could clearly see the frame of a huge temple beneath him!

"Do you see anything?" Elvinia bellowed from below.

Zen nodded as he made his slow descent from the sky. "Yes. The foundation of the temple is buried underneath the gobi," he replied.

"Then that means… the temple we've been searching for is right beneath our feet?" Elvinia asked.

"It's possible." Suddenly, Zen shook his head from left to right as he recalled something. "However, something's still off here. This is the temple's foundation. If we can see it from here, then that means the temple is erected at this spot and that we should've been inside its walls by now," Zen raised his hand to point at their surroundings.

"So you're saying we're already inside the temple?" Elvinia asked again, the doubt still all over her face.

"Well, there's one way to confirm that. We won't be able to leave the Other Shore if we're right inside a temple, so let's give this one a try." Once Zen finished speaking, he began chanting the Illusion Breaking Rune.

Normally, using the rune would've returned him to his cultivation room in the Source World. But that didn't happen this time. Instead, he remained on the Other Shore.

Elvinia's curiosity grew as she witnessed this. She began to follow suit, chanting her own Illusion Breaking Rune. But her Soul of Light, just like Zen, was unable to escape the Other Shore too. Could this mean they were both trapped within the confines of an invisible temple?

"What a strange place this is,"

she commented, the fear making her voice tremble ever so slightly. She walked along the temple's foundation and left the temple's confines before giving it another shot.

This time, as soon as she finished chanting the Illusion Breaking Rune, her body of the purified being closed her eyes and knelt down on the ground, motionless. It was obvious that her Soul of Light had left the Other Shore.

It wasn't long before her body began to regain consciousness as her soul returned. As she sat on the ground with an astonished look, she looked up into Zen's eyes. His suspicions were right all along.

"Zen, what's going on?" she asked him.

Zen shook his head and said with a frown. "Maybe we entered the temple in a wrong way, and thus we can't see it even if we are inside it."

"But how are we supposed to enter it? We can't even find a proper keyhole for the Other Shore Key," Elvinia reminded him.

If they could use the Other Shore Key, the temple would probably appear clearly in their vision. But now all they could see was miles and miles of barren gobi surrounding them. Where could they find the keyhole?

Zen wandered around as he examined every inch of earth. However, no clues could be found.

He raised his palm to check the map on it. Although he had deeply carved the map into his mind, he had made a new discovery after a careful observation.

Normally, the temple was marked at the center of a map.

But on this map, the temple was located somewhere on the lower portion. Instead, it was the three circular regions Zen had passed over that were in the map's center.

Zen's intuition told him that there might be a hidden meaning to those three circular regions.

"Come with me!"

Zen stepped forward and grabbed Elvinia's hand. They soared high into the sky, once more.

"What did you find?" She asked him curiously.

"The temple is here. I'm sure of it! It's just that we entered it the wrong way," Zen explained.

"Then how do we correctly enter the temple?" Elvinia asked, confused.

Zen didn't answer. He brought her back to the edge of the first circular region they had passed earlier.

On the map, he discovered a small opening in the north of the circle. As they landed by the opening, they entered the circular region by walking from north to south along the edge of the desert.

As soon as they set foot on the sand, the scenery around them changed dramatically.

Numerous lamp stands rose out of the scorching desert sand one at a time — the tips of their wicks burning with black flames.

The other ends of the extremely long wicks extended to the ground, with shadows bound to them. The shadows were in various shapes. There were shadows of humans, beasts, monsters and so on.

A few shadows sat still on the ground while others struggled in desperation around the lamp stands they were attached to which left circular trails on the sand.

As an ominous aura emanated from them, Elvinia felt a chill running up and down her spine. Frowning, she asked, "What…what the hell is this place?"

"The only way to the temple entrance," Zen replied calmly, his voice free of any fear.

The high priest from the Elephant Man race had warned them of the dangers this place held.

In fact, three purified beings that possessed great power had met their end here. Zen never expected them to enter this place easily.

"Wait here. I'll go have a look first," Zen ordered her.

The lamp stands were arranged in such a way that they were at equal distances apart from each other. All lamps had wicks long enough for the shadows to move in a hundred-foot radius around the stands — leaving no space to go around the shadows.

Realizing that there was no shortcut, Zen had no choice but to break through the terrifying path before him.

He slowly approached the nearest lamp stand to which the shadow of a dog was tied. It dozed off, snoring and lying motionless on the ground.

Once Zen entered the area bathed in lamplight, however, the dog woke up and immediately pounced on him ferociously.

Zen subconsciously dodged to the side, but the shadow's speed was surprisingly fast.

Realizing he couldn't avoid the attack, Zen outstretched his hand to defend himself. The dog bit deep into his arm.

However, something odd happened. Zen didn't feel the slightest bit of pain from its teeth. His Chaotic Source Spirits received no damage. As it turned out, the shadow was just like a ghost that could easily pass through his body. All that it left was a vague bite mark on his arm.

Chapter 3596 The Hidden Spirit Lamp And The Hidden Beast

Suspicion grew within Zen as he stood still, analyzing the bite mark on his arm.

It wasn't painful or itchy. It just looked like a harmless gray tattoo.

The dog landed and almost immediately rushed at him again with blinding speed.

Zen leaned back and tried to dodge again, but failed and was bitten on the neck!

There was now a bite mark on his neck as well, neither painful nor itchy.

After being bitten twice, Zen unleashed a burst of strength from his legs and retreated to Elvinia's side.

The dog shadow pulled the black wick straight, roaring at Zen non-stop.

"Zen, are you okay?"

Elvinia grabbed Zen's arm and looked at the gray bite mark.

"It will probably be fine, but I'm afraid these bite marks are not that simple," Zen said with a frown.

He had no fear of these vicious beasts tied to the lamp stands attacking him head on. With the suppressive force of Stage Seventeen present, the creatures in this stage wouldn't be too powerful. He believed he would be able to withstand anything thrown at him.

But these bite marks had given him cause for pause.

"Then... it'd be better to not go in, right?" asked Elvinia.

She didn't know what was going on with the temple. She thought that if it was too dangerous, they should just give up.

"No," Zen replied firmly.

His determination left Elvinia not knowing what to say next.

Zen stood motionless, surveying the lamp stands. As he did so, he asked, "No. 9527, Master Regal Jade, do you have any knowledge of what this is?"

It was naturally much easier for him to know the world considering he had two wise people within his body.

"I did not expect such a strange place to exist in Stage Seventeen. My master has never come into contact with this before," answered No. 9527.

No. 9527 had some memories of Stage Seventeen from its master, but its master had never come here.

The Regal Jade Spirit hesitated for a long while before replying, "This seems to be the Hidden Spirit Lamp. Although it has been a long time, and I've only seen it once, it's most likely what it is!"

"What is the Hidden Spirit Lamp?" Zen asked curiously.

Whatever it was, having any sliver of information on it was valuable.

"It's a kind of lamp in the Three Purities Stage. When the Wing King and I went to Stage Thirty-three, we saw one. The beasts tied to the lamps are called Hidden Beasts. The Cyan Grasshopper that explored the stage with us was attacked by a Hidden Beast, leaving a gray mark on its head."

"What happened to it after that?" Zen asked, listening intently.

Although it took place in Stage Thirty-three, it sounded very much like what they were going through.

"The Cyan Grasshopper was around as strong as I was. When it was attacked by the Hidden Beast, nothing strange occurred. But once we had traveled some distance, its head suddenly exploded!" the Regal Jade Spirit recalled.

"It's that deadly?" Zen asked with his eyebrows suddenly raised and his concern growing.

All creatures of the Regal Jade Civilization possessed extremely tough bodies. Not only that, the Cyan Grasshopper was a formidable master in the thirty-third stage of the Other Shore Realm, said to be as powerful as a Chaos Ancient God. And yet, the Hidden Beast had killed it.

A gloom fell over Zen as he stared at the gray mark on his arm.

"Yes, it's that deadly," the Regal Jade Spirit nodded.

"Were there others attacked by that Hidden Beast?" Zen followed up.

"After the Hidden Beast launched an attack, the Wing King rushed to the lamp stand and extinguished the black flame on it. Once the black flame was extinguished, the Hidden Beast died," the Regal Jade Spirit informed.

The shadow's speed was so astonishing even Zen was unable to dodge it. One could not comprehend the speed of the Hidden Beast of Stage Thirty-three.

Fortunately, speed was what the Wing King was best at. Putting out the black flame saved the lives of other creatures.

"So putting out the black flame is the way to take care of these Hidden Beasts..." Zen stared at the nearest lamp stand. The dog ceased its roaring, but kept its focus trained on him.

"It's not yet time to extinguish the black flame," the Regal Jade Spirit said worriedly. "Try leaving this area first. The power of the gray bite mark may work and I'm not sure if you can withstand it, but you must try."

The damage of the Hidden Beast was delayed. The Cyan Grasshopper was fine when it was bitten. It was only later that the damage showed itself and killed it. Zen was fine now, but what would happen later?

Zen took the suggestion of the Regal Jade Spirit. "Follow me!" he exclaimed to Elvinia.

"What?"

Elvinia blinked, clueless to what Zen had just learned about the lamp stands.

Without answering, Zen turned around and walked towards the gobi at the edge of the circle.

The moment he stepped into the gobi, the Hidden Spirit Lamps and the Hidden Beasts all disappeared.

Then, at the same time, two powerful forces came at him, biting his arm and neck.

Zen was well prepared for this. The Chaotic Source Spirits were activated and they withstood the biting forces.

Elvinia was very close to Zen and could not help but scream when she felt the explosive power from the gray bite marks.

Zen's body shook violently before the bite marks disappeared completely. He heaved a long sigh of relief and let out, "Fortunately, I can handle it..."

Elvinia looked at him, bewildered, and asked, "What the hell was going on?"

Zen smiled and explained the story of the Hidden Spirit Lamp and the Hidden Beast. On hearing this she said, "So if you're attacked too many times by those Hidden Beasts, they'll leave more and more gray marks which will surely kill you when they finally explode."

"Yes." Zen nodded.

That was why the Regal Jade Spirit had asked him not to put the flame out yet. He wanted him to test the power of the dog's bite and see if he could handle it now and understand it more.

When Zen returned to the desert, the dog crawling stood up once more, trying to pounce on him.

The corner of Zen's mouth curled up slightly, and his legs suddenly jumped with unparalleled strength. He charged towards the lamp stand like a sharp darting arrow!

"Wrrr!"

The dog pounced at Zen as usual.

But this time he had calculated the dog's trajectory. As he rushed forward, he suddenly lowered his body and somersaulted on the ground. He hit the lamp stand with a bang.

It was extremely solid and almost unshakable, but his intention was not to smash it down.

He jumped up and reached out to pinch the black flame.

Swish! Swish...

The moment the black flame was out, the shadow of the dog froze in the air and remained motionless. Now it was an immovable shadow.

Chapter 3597 Repeated Settlement

Zen let out a sigh of relief as he looked at the motionless shadow.

According to the Regal Jade Spirit, so long as the black flames on the lamp stands were extinguished, then the Hidden Beasts would remain motionless.

After making sure that the dog wasn't going to move anytime soon, Zen turned to Elvinia. "Follow me. I'll extinguish the flames one by one, so we can pass through."

Elvinia couldn't help but look at the motionless dog. "Are you sure this Hidden Beast won't move again?"

She had understood just now that the Hidden Beasts killed warriors relying on delayed settlement and accumulation.

If one got attacked by a Hidden Beast, the best course of action would be to leave the area to settle the damage. Consecutive, accumulated attacks were dangerous and could lead to a quick death.

How could Zen not understand this?

No matter how fast he moved, the Hidden Beasts would still land their attacks on him. If Zen could settle all their hits repeatedly, then it wouldn't be that hard for him and Elvinia to pass through this area.

He wanted to ask the Regal Jade Spirit for help but the latter was unable to give him any answers.

"The situation was critical when we encountered the Hidden Spirit Lamp. When the Wing King extinguished the flame, he took us deeper. I don't know if the Hidden Beast will move again," the Regal Jade Spirit told him.

"Forget it then. Let's just go inside," Zen said, giving Elvinia what he hoped was a reassuring smile.

Before them were three lamps and each one had a Hidden Beast tied to its post. The shadows' shapes told them these were wolves.

Zen confirmed the direction just now. Since the path before him was the shortest, he chose to challenge the lamp post directly in front of him.

As he stepped forward, the wolves began to get restless, dragging the wicks and trying their best to pounce.

Zen merely ignored the wolves on the left and right sides. They couldn't reach him and all he needed to focus on was the one in front of him.

"Woo..."

Sensing his nearing presence, the wolf howled and prepared to give Zen a full blow.

When Zen noticed the wolf's movements, he took a decisive step forward and, as expected, the wolf suddenly pounced!

"This is an opportunity!"

Prepared for this sudden attack, Zen halted and dodged from the side.

Whoosh!

His speed was at the maximum but the wolf was also surprisingly agile, quickly catching up to him. It twisted its body and clawed at his back, leaving behind a distinct grey scratch.

Of course, it had no intention of only landing one hit. After it scratched Zen, the wolf snapped its jaws and attempted to bite off the man's head. Fortunately, Zen was able to snuff out the black flame before it got the chance to tear his head off. With the flame gone, the wolf froze in midair with its jaws open wide.

"I was scratched again," Zen muttered bitterly.

"The power of this wolf's claw is strong," Elvinia told him with evident concern on her face. "Let's settle it first, okay?"

Having figured out the rules of these Hidden Beasts, the two of them felt much more relaxed. Zen then simply turned back towards the first lamp post and left the desert, enduring the scratch on his back.

The wolf was stronger than the dog but not strong enough to tire out Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits.

However, the Hidden Beasts in the inner layer still worried him. Zen knew that the deeper they went, the stronger these beasts would be.

If those in the innermost layer turned out to be powerful enough to leave Zen unable to withstand their attacks, then that was going to be a big problem for him.

There was no way he was giving up though. He was already past the point of no return, so he simply entered the desert all over again.

This time, a huge tiger awaited him. With his quick reflexes, Zen managed to get through this one unscathed.

Next came a lion that was able to hit him twice, which forced him to leave in order to settle the claw marks on his body.

The fifth Hidden Beast he faced was a slow rhinoceros and Zen didn't have any problem extinguishing its lamp.

The sixth one...

The seventh one...

It was a cycle: he would go in, get a few scratches, and then withdraw for settlement. This went on for an hour before he finally arrived at the center of the desert. However, just when he and Elvinia thought that things had finally turned out in their favor, a depressing scene made their hearts sink to their stomachs.

Elvinia pointed at something behind him. "Zen, look!"

He had been so focused on dealing with the Hidden Beasts, so it had been Elvinia's job to look around.

Zen turned to where she was pointing at and found the dog. It was originally motionless but slowly began to move as its extinguished lamp lit up again.

"This is the worst part," he sighed from exhaustion.

As the lamps lit up one by one, he found his retreat effectively blocked, so there was no way he would be able to settle his injuries now.

Elvinia wanted to grab Zen's hand and pull him all the way out. It wasn't too late to leave, but then she recalled just how determined the man was about all this. There was no way he was going to give up.

"I'll send you out first," he told her.

The first desert was already so dangerous and the following grassland and round gobi area would be even more so. Zen wasn't going to put Elvinia in that sort of peril, so he grabbed her hand and prepared to take her away.

However, she wrenched herself away from his grip. "My body may not be as strong as yours but I can still take a couple of injuries!" she told him. "I can help you extinguish the lamps!"

So long as the damage they took was in the range of their endurance, then going through this area wasn't going to be so terrifying.

Elvinia had already made up her mind. If Zen was staying, then so was she.

The man looked on to the path they still needed to traverse. "We're going to have to be more careful from now on."

A huge, grey bite mark was on Zen's chest after he passed through two more lamp posts. The Hidden Beast that had bitten him was huge and had a mouth so big that it could swallow him in one gulp. One could only imagine how powerful this grey bite mark would be after it was settled.

As he pushed forward, Zen couldn't help but look back at the lamp posts he had once extinguished but were now all lit up again.

There was no settling this grey bite mark. All he could do was let it accumulate on his body.

Just as he thought about this, three green flames suddenly appeared at the entrance in the distance.

Chapter 3598 The Second Way For Settlement

Although the green-colored flames were quite a distance away, Zen was still able to see them clearly.

The flames took human shapes and wore sturdy armors. Green flames spurted out from all the parts that weren't covered by their armors.

Noticing Zen's unusual behavior, Elvinia also turned and saw the three human-shaped flames. Her face turned pale in an instant as she caught sight of them.

They weren't certain about the origins of the human-shaped flames, but even with their distance, they could still feel the tremendous power emanating from these creatures. Elvinia couldn't help but take a few steps back because of fear.

"Grrr!"

A dragon-shaped Hidden Beast roared somewhere behind them.

Extremely surprised, Elvinia lost her balance as she tried to quickly turn. Before she fell, Zen immediately held her waist and helped her regain her balance. "Don't be afraid," Zen said softly as he tried to calm her.

Elvinia nodded, though it was obvious that she was still in a state of shock.

She actually had complete trust in Zen, but she just couldn't shake off her fear and anxiousness of being trapped between the Hidden Spirit Lamps and the three unknown creatures.

After calming Elvinia, Zen asked the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527 about the origin of the human-shaped flames.

This time, both of them seemed to know the answer. They had enough knowledge about the human-shaped flames.

"These creatures are born in the flames. They belong to the Element Spirit race," the Regal Jade Spirit answered.

"They are called the Moon Fire Slaves. Among the members of the Element Spirit race, these creatures are very powerful warriors," No. 9527 added.

"What's strange is that they usually appear in the higher stages. What are they doing here in Stage Seventeen?"

After listening to No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit, Zen concluded, "There's only one thing that could explain this: the Element Spirit race must have been informed of our arrival."

"You're right. It was the Elephant Man race," No. 9527 replied.

Back on the grassland, Zen surmised that the Elephant Man race was probably a group of spies for some large race. It seemed that his guess was indeed correct.

"Fortunately, though the Moon Fire Slaves are very powerful, their strength has been greatly suppressed after they entered this stage. However…" No.

9527 paused abruptly.

"What is it?" Zen quickly asked.

"Their strength might be suppressed, but they still have tremendous life energy. It would still be very difficult to kill them," No. 9527 explained.

Zen was still asking for more information about the Moon Fire Slaves when the three human-shaped flames seemed to have already discovered them.

"I have a visual of the targets. The Elephant Men didn't lie," No. 12 reported.

"But these Hidden Spirit Lamps are hindering us," No. 13 said as he looked at the lamp posts.

"Humph! How powerful can the Hidden Spirit Lamps in Stage Seventeen be? Hey, No. 14! Kill them but remember to keep their hands intact!" No. 12 ordered in a stern voice.

The Moon Fire Slaves knew that the Other Shore Key was on one of the hands of Zen or Elvinia. Their trip to Stage Seventeen was for this very purpose.

"But..."

No. 14 briefly hesitated.

Before they had come down to this stage, they had also heard about its current situation.

The place wasn't as simple as it looked. Moreover, the injuries inflicted by the Hidden Beasts were settled together. No. 14 thought that it probably wasn't a wise choice to rush things and act rashly.

"Don't be such a wimp! You won't die. Besides, I want to see the strength of these Hidden Beasts," No. 12 argued.

"Or we can extinguish the Hidden Spirit Lamps first," No. 14 asserted in a low voice.

"Don't test my patience!" No. 12 was getting annoyed at No. 14's dilly-dallying.

Despite his resistance, No. 14 couldn't disobey No. 12. No. 14 couldn't do anything but bite the bullet as he rushed towards Zen.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Just as No. 14 was close enough to the Hidden Spirit Lamps, the Hidden Beasts that were tied to the lamp posts rushed to him right away.

Giant dogs, wolves, tigers, leopards…

Vicious creatures in various forms rabidly bit and clawed at No. 14 continuously.

The injuries caused by the Hidden Beasts weren't settled immediately, hence only leaving traces of gray scars upon the body of No. 14.

It actually took Zen an hour to go from the entrance to the center of the round desert. To get rid of the injuries that he had suffered, he needed to get in and out repeatedly, which was why it took him a lot of time.

However, being pressured by No. 12, No. 14 rushed into the inner layer of the round desert disregarding the injuries that would accumulate. In just a few seconds, the Moon Fire Slave was just about a thousand feet away from Zen and Elvinia.

"Stand behind me," Zen calmly instructed Elvinia.

Not far from them, a huge dragon-shaped Hidden Beast was intently staring at them.

Zen took about two steps forward while exercising full caution.

At the same time, even at a distance of more than a thousand feet, Zen could still feel the burning aura of the Moon Fire Slave. The green flames that were oozing out from his body were terrifying, but there was no hint of fear in Zen's eyes. After all, he couldn't be harmed by fire. However, Elvinia was relatively weak against it. That was why Zen was determined to finish off the Moon Fire Slave as soon as possible.

As the Moon Fire Slave got closer and closer, the heat waves being emitted were also getting stronger.

"Zen, it's so hot. I don't think I can take it anymore."

Elvinia was in a total pinch as she had nowhere to go. The Moon Fire Slave was getting closer in front, and the dragon-shaped Hidden Beast was just about a foot behind her.

As the Moon Fire Slave cut the distance of about five hundred feet, Elvinia suddenly felt like her body was being cut by a knife and her hair was being engulfed by fire. She couldn't help but scream in agony.

Upon hearing this, Zen gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. He couldn't wait anymore. He had to stop the Moon Fire Slave from approaching further, or Elvinia would really be burnt by the flames.

However, just as Zen was about to rush over, the approaching Moon Fire Slave suddenly trembled and halted.

Immediately after, an extremely terrifying force burst out from his body.

The armor worn by No. 14 was instantly shattered. His mountain-like body collapsed and his flames were extinguished. The broken armor scattered all over the ground.

"Is he dead?" Zen was a little confused and stunned.

As the scorching waves disappeared, Elvinia was finally able to breathe properly. There was a sigh of relief as she fixed her charred hair. "How could he die all of a sudden?" Elvinia asked as she caught her breath.

"His injuries must have been settled!" Zen's face brightened up as he realized what happened.

According to the Regal Jade Spirit, if they were attacked by the Hidden Beasts, the injuries accumulated would only be settled after they retreated a certain distance.

However, it seemed that there was more than one way for the injuries to be settled.

No. 14's framework was huge and he didn't bother dodging any attack made by the Hidden Beasts.

As he rushed to Zen's location, several attacks from the Hidden Beasts accumulated on his body.

"I guess when the power of the Hidden Beasts' attacks reaches a fatal limit, it will be automatically settled," Zen told the Regal Jade Spirit.

"That should be it."

"I agree!"

No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit affirmed Zen's deduction.

In the distance, No. 12 and No. 13 were standing still. Their angry faces were outlined by the flames in their helmets.

"Really? Only half the distance, and No. 14 was killed," No. 12 uttered in surprise.

"We can't take any more chances. We need to extinguish the lamps first before we chase them," No. 13 urged.

It was true that the Moon Fire Slaves were tough creatures. For now, No. 14 had died, but they still had a way to bring him back to life later.

Chapter 3599 Stop

No. 12 watched the two human beings in the distance. After thinking for a while, he finally said, "Let's put out the lamps!"

The Element Spirit race had initially sent out the Moon Fire Slaves in order to snatch the Other Shore Key from the two of them.

It wasn't the Moon Fire Slaves' job to explore this dangerous place, or the temple in it.

They figured it would be for the best if they stayed out of this dangerous place. However, now that they chased after them, it was inevitable that they had to enter that place.

Having a large body, No. 13 made a big stride forward and reached out to touch the first lamp stand easily. After all, each Hidden Beast's movement could only cover an area with the diameter of two hundred feet.

He pinched the black flame on the wick, extinguishing it instantly.

However, being large in size also had its disadvantages. When No. 13 stretched out his hands to extinguish the black fire, the surrounding Hidden Beasts attacked him. His arms were then covered in grey marks from this.

"No. 12. What should we do now?" No. 13 turned around and held his arms up in front of No. 12.

To extinguish one Hidden Spirit Lamp, No. 13 had to be attacked so many times. If he put out the flames of a few more lamps, the attacks that he would suffer would probably not be less than that of No. 14!

After surveying his surroundings, No. 12 said, "It seems that the design of this place only allows creatures under ten feet high to pass through. We need to shrink."

The Moon Fire Slave was a kind of fire spirit. They could become large or small in size, even their armor adjusted to their size.

No. 13 nodded. Immediately, the bodies of the two Moon Fire Slaves shrank. Their armor melted into a silver liquid. Finally, once the two had condensed to a height of roughly ten feet, their armors solidified, fitting them snugly.

Now that they were small, they were able to move more nimbly.

No. 13 then took a step forward, his momentum causing a gust of hot wind. He was headed straight for the second lamp stand...

"They are going to catch up," said Elvinia, pursing her lips anxiously.

There was no way she'd want them to get close again. She had already suffered enough from the first Moon Fire Slave.

"They won't be able to catch up soon," Zen said reassuringly. "Let's continue moving forward."

Anyway, there was no other way to go but forward.

Although the Moon Fire Slaves were able to move faster now, they still weren't as fast as the Hidden Beasts.

While extinguishing four lamp stands in a row, No. 13 had still been attacked three times. Thinking of the ones he had already received when he had a huge body, he was a little worried.

"Once these injuries break out, I'll have to suffer a lot..." No. 13 said anxiously. "I'll retreat and settle them outside."

If No. 13 died here, No. 12 would be forced to fight in person. Of course, No.12 didn't want that to happen. Waving his hand impatiently, he said, "Hurry up."

Similar to what Zen did, No. 13 retreated to the gobi outside the desert to allow the gray marks dotting his body to explode. After that, he rushed back to No. 12's side.

After No. 12 and No. 13 went deep into the group of lamp stands, they soon found that the method of leaving the area for settlement did not work any more.

The lights they had just extinguished were somehow lit again. They had no choice but to move forward.

Zen had expected the Moon Fire Slaves would encounter such a problem. Not bothering to look back to check, he focused all his attention on the Hidden Beast in front of him.

The Hidden Beast in front of him was a unicorn. Narrowing his eyes, Zen attempted to leap upwards, when the unicorn followed suit at incredible speed, stabbing its sharp horn into Zen's belly.

Zen gritted his teeth but managed to reach out and put out another black flame. Staggering backwards, he checked his stomach to find more grey marks. These were probably going to cause him great suffering later on.

Elvinia watched him inspect his scars. Her heart sank. Zen had incurred several wounds already, and she was worried his body would collapse if he settled them all at the same time...

"Let me deal with the next lamp," Elvinia said firmly.

Not far away, a Hidden Beast looking like a cat curled up on the ground. This Hidden Beast was obviously agile and nimble. If Zen didn't move fast enough, he'd probably incur yet another wound.

"Don't worry," Zen shook his head. "I'll be fine."

After saying that, he transformed into an arrow again and shot forward. Whizzing past the cat, he rushed to the lamp stand ahead.

However, as Elvinia expected, two more scratches appeared on Zen's body.

This spiritual cat didn't seem to be large, but the two scratches it left were shining with silver gray light, indicating they were serious injuries.

The Hidden Beasts in the second half of the journey were much more powerful than those in the first half. This meant that the rest of the journey would prove perilous.

Zen hurried on to pass through three more lamp stands, each time incurring more wounds. At this point, even the Regal Jade Spirit spoke, "Zen, if you get injured one more time, I'm afraid it'll be troublesome to settle the injuries..."

"What can I do? We can't turn back. I can only trust my luck now," Zen answered, as he eyed the Hidden Beast before him. It was a centipede with twelve pairs of wings.

"I just thought about it and found that there seemed to be something wrong with the way to settle the injuries. Back then, when the Cyan Grasshopper received a fatal attack from the Hidden Beast in the Three Purities Stage, the settlement didn't come immediately. Instead, it came after a while and the Cyan Grasshopper directly died," the Regal Jade Spirit said.

Zen was just about to rush to the lamp stand, but upon hearing the Regal Jade Spirit's words, he abruptly stopped in his tracks.

Although Zen was persistent and brave, that didn't mean he wasn't afraid to die.

Studying the gray scars that painted his body, he felt anxious. They were like ominous blades that hung over his head, ready to fall at any moment.

"According to the situation of that Moon Fire Slave, the Cyan Grasshopper should have died on the spot, not after a while," said Zen slowly.

"Yes!" The Regal Jade Spirit added, "The rules of the settlement are somewhat different from what I thought."

"However, the result is the same..." Zen responded faintly.

Although the Moon Fire Slaves' strength was suppressed by Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore, Zen doubted he was stronger than them.

"But think about it," the Regal Jade Spirit pressed. "What if a person is seriously injured, and stays in this area the whole time?"

Zen's eyes lit up. Was it the third method of settlement?

"Are you saying the injuries will be settled when the time is up?" Zen asked slowly.

"It's very likely." The Regal Jade Spirit nodded confidently.

"If so..."

Zen whipped his head around to look at the Moon Fire Slaves in the distance.

They seemed to be in a worse predicament than him.

Pondering over this for a bit, Zen decided to stop moving forward. If what the Regal Jade Spirit had said was true, he would have to try staying put for a while.

Seeing that Zen had stopped pressing forward, No. 13 was overjoyed. This gave him renewed strength, and he proceeded to extinguish the Hidden Spirit Lamps as fast as he could.

He was getting close. But suddenly, studying the gray scars on his body, he hesitated to move forward.

Chapter 3600 The Third Force

Although Elvinia agreed that she and Zen should stop, she was still highly concerned about the Moon Fire Slaves' movements.

Seeing that they stopped as well, she finally sighed in relief. "They've stopped too. They can only withstand a limited amount of power."

Zen found some relief in that as well. It didn't look like the Moon Fire Slaves were about to catch up.

But a few seconds later, they began moving forward once again.

After No. 13 halted, No. 12 continued on.

This strategy gave them a great advantage.

"Now it's my turn!" Elvinia called out without turning to Zen.

While she couldn't use the Chaotic Source Spirits in her current form, her corporeal body had refined a great number of Body-strengthening Jades. By no means was she weak.

Before Zen could say a word, Elvinia frowned. "I'm not useless!"

She knew Zen didn't want her to help because he was worried about her safety, but she couldn't let him take on everything by himself. He needed her, and Elvinia was well aware of it.

Swish!

Elvinia flew over first.

The centipede had been on guard against Zen, so Elvinia managed to find a good spot from far away. Even as the centipede reacted quickly, Elvinia managed to extinguish the black flame first.

Then, she turned to Zen and said, "What do you think?"

"Very good!" He gave her a thumbs up.

"I will go on then!"

Without pausing, Elvinia took a moment to observe the scene before rushing on to the next lamp post.

Both of the two groups moved along the posts at the same speed, maintaining a constant distance between them.

After some time, Zen felt a sudden vibration from the gray marks on his body—all the wounds he had gotten exploded simultaneously.

He had absorbed a massive amount of Body-strengthening Jades, and the Chaotic Source Spirits had almost reached the late stage. His physical strength far exceeded that of his peers. But when the gray marks on his body exploded, even he couldn't suppress the muffled groan coming out of him as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

The power of settlement had exceeded the limit that the Chaotic Source Spirits could bear, resulting in their fatigued state. But the Truth of Godly Way had soon restored them.

While they were only fatigued for a moment, the power they failed to bear caused much damage to Zen's body.

Luckily, he had absorbed the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed and transformed his body with the Chaos Ancient God's blood. Otherwise, the power would have been far too much for him.

"It's my turn!"

Since the grey marks had been settled, Zen could then replace Elvinia.

In the process of extinguishing the Hidden Spirit Lamps, two gray marks were left on her body. Her body wasn't as strong as Zen's—she was already lucky enough to have managed to survive them.

Fortunately, by then, they had already finished four-fifths of the way. The exit to the circular desert wasn't far away. With Zen's speed, he could leave the Moon Fire Slaves far behind him.

At the bottom of the flat gobi were long, narrow caves, widely distributed across the area.

Over ten huge mice were running wildly within the caves.

They were the Extremity Mice—the natives of Stage Seventeen. Some time ago, the Ear Mice wanted to join them in the hopes of being recognized as their distant relatives. But the Extremity Mice completely ignored them.

Over ten Extremity Mice left the caves and arrived at the edge of the desert.

"Squeak! They're all inside now!"

"The three Moon Fire Slaves are in there too!"

"Hurry up!"

Scattering in all directions, the Extremity Mice began drawing an array on the ground.

The creatures cooperated rather well with each other. In less than five minutes, a great magic array appeared on the gobi.

One mouse pulled out a circular crystal. Under the light's reflection, it could barely even be recognized as a ball, but in the shadow, the ball disappeared, as though it didn't exist in this world.

After the object was positioned right in the center of the array, the latter was activated. Unlike the rest of the arrays that were glowing brightly, this one disappeared the moment it was activated.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak! Masters in the void, come quickly!" the leading mouse called out.

Just then, an invisible wave shot down from the sky.

Bang!

The moment the invisible wave hit the ground, the south of Stage Seventeen shook violently—the mice surrounding the array were all sent flying.

Two red balls of light appeared in the very center of the array, each surrounding a faint, human-shaped shadow.

"Squeak, squeak! Masters, here you are!"

"Masters, some people are trying to enter the temple! Squeak!"

By now, the Extremity Mice were speaking over each other.

"That's why you summoned us?" A cold voice came from one of the balls of light.

"Squeak! Those two are not ordinary folk. The Element Spirit race has even sent out the Moon Fire Slaves!" another one of the mice chimed in.

"Moon Fire Slaves?

If they are involved, the two must be truly unusual…

Do they have the Other Shore Key?"

In the past, they had tried their best to fight for the temple but to no avail.

It was because of the Other Shore Key that they failed.

"Maybe. Masters, you must hurry—they've been in there for too long!" the Extremity Mouse said urgently.

Like the Elephant Man race, the Extremity Mice were stationed there to monitor the temple.

The two figures in the red balls of light took one look at each other before gliding toward the entrance to the circular desert.

Seeing their masters enter the desert, the Extremity Mice all squeaked—hundreds and thousands of them then surged out of the caves They gathered around the two red balls of light like tidewater, and followed the masters into the desert.

Whoosh!

Zen's figure was more like a bolt of lightning than a person as he flew to the side of the lamp post and extinguished yet another black flame.

When he looked up to the front, he finally felt a sense of relief.

The desert's exit wasn't too far away—he only needed to deal with three more lamp posts.

Only two gray marks covered his body. The larger the size of the Hidden Beasts, the stronger their strength. But even they couldn't keep up with him, so passing was no big deal to him.

The two Moon Fire Slaves had already passed through the middle of the desert. When they reached the 'disassembled' Moon Fire Slave, they stuffed No. 14's armor and spiritual core into their pockets.

It was the spiritual core that served as the Moon Fire Slaves' foundation. So long as it was intact, they would never fall to their death.

Continuing forward, they saw the entrance of the desert suddenly flash with a crimson light, from which two blood-red balls of light appeared.

The objects carried a special aura. From the moment they entered the desert from the gobi, Zen was drawn to them.

Chapter 3601 The White Mist

Fortunately, Zen's judgment was quick. As soon as he saw the red balls of light, he immediately deduced that they weren't weak compared to the Moon Fire Slaves.

At the same time, he felt that the Regal Jade Spirit's emotions had fluctuated wildly. He sensed that there was some kind of uncontrollable anger.

"That's the Nihility race," said the Regal Jade Spirit.

The Regal Jade Civilization was known for their intimidating aura, back when they first set foot on the Other Shore. In a short period of time, they had become one of the top ten civilizations, and the Wing King had become a highly important and powerful existence on the Other Shore. However, due to the conflict with the Nihility race, they had no choice but to hide under the black pool of the Dark Region at Stage Thirteen.

From that scenario, one could imagine the opposition between the Regal Jade Civilization and the Nihility race.

"They are of the Nihility race? Why do they look like the Element Spirit race?" asked Zen. He continued to study the red balls in the distance.

Inside the iron house in the energy vortex, the Shape-shifting Spirit had once transformed into a circular ball, which was the form of an Element Spirit.

The Moon Fire Slaves descended from the Element Spirit race, but the two red balls looked more like the Element Spirit race than the Moon Fire Slaves.

"Humph! The Nihility race is not a civilization. They are a group of creatures that believe in the Nihility Way.

Or rather, they are the traitors from different races," the Regal Jade Spirit sneered.

There was a clear and obvious resentment in the Regal Jade Spirit's voice at the mention of the Nihility race. "I see..." Zen simply nodded.

He never expected that breaking into this place with the Other Shore Key would alert all those powerful beings from the upper stages, one after another.

Meanwhile, the two Moon Fire Slaves also noticed the two red balls at the entrance.

"Two Nihility Spirits. They are traitors," No. 12 said coldly.

"Are we going to get rid of them?" No. 13 asked. Naturally, the Element Spirit race did not tolerate traitors.

If they ever came across any betrayers from their race, they would fight them to the death.

"Forget it. It's more important to get the Other Shore Key. Go wake up No. 14. Use my star dust to recover his strength," No. 12 commanded.

Their original plan was to return home after they had obtained the Other Shore Key, and then awaken No. 14.

But now that the Nihility race was there, not only did they have to get the Other Shore Key, but fight against the Nihility Spirits as well.

In addition, they had no choice but to wake up No. 14 right then and there because they needed help. However, they had to consume the extremely precious star dust in order to do so.

In turn, No. 13 hurriedly took out the spiritual core. "Don't worry and don't be too anxious. Those two Nihility Spirits won't be able to catch up with us so soon..." No. 12 consoled.

In any case, the Hidden Beasts would be in the Nihility Spirits' way and that would buy them some time.

Before No. 12 could finish speaking, they suddenly heard an Extremity Mouse squeak.

Then, the Extremity Mice swarmed the lamp posts.

Although the Hidden Beasts tied to the lamp posts were powerful, they were alone and did not have any help. They wouldn't stand a chance against the huge number of Extremity Mice. Furthermore, even if the power of settlement could kill dozens of Extremity Mice, more and more mice would still come.

"Swoosh!"

At that moment, countless Extremity Mice rushed towards the Hidden Spirit Lamps and extinguished the black flames with their own bodies. Afterwards, they immediately headed to the next lamp posts without any hesitation.

One lamp post...

Two lamp posts...

Three lamp posts...

The black flames on the lamp posts swiftly died out, and the two Nihility Spirits moved forward smoothly. They were so fast that their speed was more than ten times faster than Zen's and the two Moon Fire Slaves'.

Zen was slightly shocked when he saw how quickly they moved. At such a rate, it would only take them five minutes to pass through the circular desert area.

However, he shifted his focus on dealing with the Hidden Beasts in front of him. After he passed by three lamp posts, he finally reached the edge of the desert and arrived at the annular grassland ahead.

The two connected circular areas were like two different spaces. Zen and Elvinia stepped onto the grassland, and then disappeared without a trace.

At the same time, No. 13 continuously sprinkled the star dust onto No. 14's spiritual core. Once No. 14 had absorbed enough star dust, green flames burned from the spiritual core and eventually transformed into No. 14's body. Even the originally broken armor was also restored piece by piece.

After No. 14 regained consciousness, he saw the two red balls that moved in the distance. "Well, why are there two Nihility Spirits?" No. 14 asked.

"Ready to fight," No. 12 answered.

The sight of the Nihility Spirits that moved forward effortlessly with the help of the Extremity Mice made No. 12 very upset. They had to kill the two Nihility Spirits before they fought with the two humans for the Other Shore Key.

Yet, the two Nihility Spirits had no intention of approaching the Moon Fire Slaves. They moved a distance, and then directed the Extremity Mice to make a detour, which meant that they bypassed the area where the Moon Fire Slaves were.

To add salt to the wound, the figure in one of the red balls even made a provoking gesture to the Moon Fire Slaves before it left.

In the end, the three Moon Fire Slaves could do nothing but watch the Nihility Spirits surpass them. They had no choice but to extinguish the lamps one by one.

On the other hand, Zen had entered the second circular area, and the grey marks on his body were automatically settled.

Although the power of the settlement was quite intense, he could still bear it. Besides, he didn't have time to think too much now. The Nihility race would soon catch up.

"Let's go!"

He quickly slipped his arm around Elvinia's waist. Lightning flashed on his back, and they flew up in the air in no time.

From the outside, he saw that there was no difference between the grassland in the ring and the one in the south. When they stepped into the ring, however, he found that the grassland there was shrouded in a thick white mist.

Although he knew that he should be wary of the strange white mist, he didn't want to stay at the entrance any longer.

In the next moment, his thunder wings flapped and they flew forward in a straight line.

If there were no obstructions, it would only take a few seconds for him to cover this distance.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

At that point, the thick, milky white mist blocked the two people's eyesight.

Now, Zen had traveled forward for dozens of seconds already. At his speed, he was able to fly back and forth about four times within the area, but he still couldn't pass through the white mist. "What's going on?" Elvinia asked in confusion.

"There's something wrong. We are not moving forward," Zen said with a frown.

"I'm afraid it's not that easy to pass through this area," Elvinia answered and shook her head.

Overall, Elvinia had been an invincible being on the Other Shore ever since she got the body of the purified being. Even the creatures in the Dark Region couldn't do anything to her.

Despite that, the first area of the temple had been so dangerous, let alone the second one.

As a result, she became more curious about the temple.

What kind of civilization had set up such a space and built the temple? What exactly was hidden inside the temple?

As for Zen, what he currently thought about was how to pass through the area they were in. He flew forward for a distance, and then descended from the white mist.

He had flown so close to the grass that was a few hundred feet tall. Thus, he should be able to leave the mist very soon if he descended like the way he did now. However, after he came down vertically from a height of over ten thousand feet, the place below him was still covered in white mist. He couldn't get to the bottom.

Of course, Elvinia also realized that there was an endless void below them, and she couldn't help but hold onto Zen more tightly.

Chapter 3602 Help

In reality, the white mist was only a huge illusion.

At that point, Zen began to long for the Eye of Will. After all, even if the Eye of Will's power wasn't that strong, the theurgy it had was very useful.

The Authentic Visual World could help him see through almost all illusions, but unfortunately it was burnt when Zen had fought the Evil God.

The second he stopped moving, the white mist behind him surged forward.

The white mist swirled until it formed the shape of a human being. The human-like mist held a large saber in one hand, and hacked towards Zen's head!

"Swoosh..."

The white mist had appeared so suddenly that when Zen realized what happened, the saber was already way too close to him.

In a moment of desperation, he subconsciously reached out his hand to protect himself.

"Bang!"

The saber's power formed from the white mist was quite sharp. He felt the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body shake violently when it struck his arm, and the impact had caused half of his Chaotic Source Spirits to be consumed!

"So powerful!" he exclaimed.

In turn, he flew backwards with his arms around Elvinia and kicked the human-shaped mist.

He thought that since the human-shaped mist could execute such a strong saber strike, it must be extraordinarily powerful. He didn't expect that his light kick would cause the human-shaped mist to disperse.

'This is bad!' he thought.

His thunder wings flapped once more, and then he flew half a foot upward.

The human-shaped mist attacked from the other side this time. Luckily, Zen was quick to react, managing to dodge. If the saber hit him again, the Chaotic Source Spirits would most likely get exhausted once more.

When he avoided the second strike, Elvinia also seized the opportunity and quickly grabbed the human-shaped white mist.

At that moment, the human-shaped white mist was destroyed.

The moment the human-shaped mist dissipated, Elvinia immediately yelled, "Zen, up there!"

Since Zen had no time to analyze the situation, he just blindly grabbed above him and crushed the mist once again. But just as the mist dispersed, it escaped from behind!

"Clatter, clatter, clatter..."

The human-shaped white mist with the saber repeatedly appeared and disappeared, but Zen and Elvinia didn't stop at all even though they could not communicate.

About five minutes later, the white mist finally disappeared.

Both of them gasped for breath. They had consumed a lot of their physical strengths in their last fight.

"Completely defeated?" Elvinia asked. "I'm not sure," Zen said with a shake of his head.

As soon as he finished speaking, another three human-shaped mists appeared around them.

Each of them had a different weapon—one had a sword, the other held an axe, and the last one wielded a spear.

Upon seeing them, Elvinia couldn't help but panic on the inside.

One human-shaped mist had already made Zen exhausted. Now, three of them would surely cause him great trouble!

Meanwhile, Zen's eyes slightly narrowed into slits as he gently held Elvinia up. In only a few seconds, his body changed and quickly grew two more heads and four more arms!

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

The three human-shaped white mists finally pounced towards him. It was true that they were strong and fierce, but their bodies were immediately destroyed the moment he touched them.

Once he had understood their situation, he ignored their weapons and wrecked their bodies before they attacked him!

His three heads could see and hear attacks from any direction. To be honest, he had an easier time dealing with the three human-shaped mists now compared to the single human-shaped mist earlier.

Five minutes later, the three human-shaped white mists disappeared again.

But before he could sigh in relief, another nine human-shaped mists appeared!

Just like before, all of them held different weapons, such as saber, spear, sword, halberd, axe, and so on.

After he had observed all the weapons in their hands, he thought for a while first.

He thought of the illusion that the Snake Goddess had shown him.

His grandfather, also a member of the human race, was known as the Lord of Weapons, and created the Nine Li race. Therefore, the weapons the human-shaped mists wielded should have also come from the memories of the 77th civilization, which was the human race.

It seemed that the temple nearby was indeed related to the human race!

When the nine human-shaped mists appeared, Zen felt the pressure on him increase suddenly.

As for Elvinia, she couldn't help much in fighting the fast and dense attacks.

"Bang!"

An axe was swung out from one side and hit Zen's arm!

In return, the Chaotic Source Spirits surged forth, while the Truth of Godly Way quickly began to repair them.

When the Chaotic Source Spirits had just recovered up to eighty percent, a sharp arrow formed from the white mist flew towards him. The Chaotic Source Spirits took the blow once again, and now only thirty percent of their strength was left.

Before the Truth of Godly Way could repair them, another large hammer came down at Zen.

"Boom!"

When the hammer crashed down, his Chaotic Source Spirits were finally worn out. He had only sensed a white light flash at him, which felt like five bolts of lightning had struck him!

Even so, he gritted his teeth and avoided the attack of the other human-shaped mists. However, his body trembled and he felt a little weak!

"Zen, let go of me!"

As Elvinia watched Zen fight, she decided that she wanted to break free from his grip.

Yet, she couldn't fly. Not only was she useless, but she was also a hindrance to Zen.

However, Zen clearly knew that if he let go of her and let her fight the white mists alone, she would probably die. How could he listen to her request?

"Swish!"

He flew and left the area, but several human-shaped white mists followed closely like ghosts. Their attacks were unstoppable!

In that case, he could no longer dodge.

Just as the weapons were about to hit him, a red fist mark appeared on the body of each human-shaped white mist.

"Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop..."

The fist marks exploded, and then the human-shaped white mists that surrounded him simultaneously dissipated.

It was not easy to completely kill these human-shaped white mists.

The first time Zen had dealt with one, he had repeatedly killed it for about five minutes before it disappeared forever.

After a while, the white mists that had dispersed reappeared in a second and charged towards him.

"Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop..."

Another nine red fist marks popped up on the chests of the human-shaped mists, and then they were crushed again.

The human-shaped white mists ceaselessly reappeared, and the red fist marks destroyed them over and over again...

Zen and Elvinia looked around in surprise. Of course, they wanted to know who helped them.

However, the white mist was too thick to dissolve. Even if the helper was very close, they still couldn't see them!

After each of the nine human-shaped white mists was killed a dozen times, they were finally gone for good.

Despite that, Zen and Elvinia didn't feel relieved. After all, both of them saw a red light in the white mist, which became brighter and brighter. Finally, it emerged out of the white mist and appeared in front of them.

It turned out, that it was one of the two Nihility Spirits of the Nihility race.

"How dare you enter this dangerous place if you can't defeat the fog spirits? You two are quite bold..." soft female voice came from the red ball.

Zen simply frowned and did not refute, as what the Nihility Spirit said was reasonable.

Relying on his powerful physical body and the methods of the purified being, he thought that he could act recklessly in the Dark Region. He explored such a dangerous place without any knowledge. Overall, he was indeed a bit rash.

But, why did the Nihility Spirit save him?

Chapter 3603 The Light

Zen and Elvinia stood vigilant, facing the approaching Nihility Spirit.

The Nihility Way they followed was strange and made them difficult to predict.

The red ball floated towards Zen and slowly came to a stop. Seeing it this close up, he saw that it was filled with bright red blood.

A shadow in the shape of human became visible in the blood, and it slowly began floating out, stretching an arm through first.

Zen and Elvinia looked closer to find a piece of white bone.

As the bone left the ball, the blood in it seemed to boil and gather on the bone, turning into meridians and flesh.

One moment the flesh was red and the next it turned white and tender.

Then the skull, neck, chest and ribs emerged from the red ball as well. The blood began turning into the internal organs, eyes, ears, nose and mouth. In no time at all, a woman no less beautiful than Elvinia had materialized.

"I admire your courage very much. You were actually capable of luring the Moon Fire Slaves here. Do you have the Other Shore Key to the temple?"

asked the newly formed human woman. As she spoke, her gaze shifted to Zen's hands. Noticing the lines on his right hand, her eyes flashed as she reached out to grab it.

Zen withdrew his hand lightning fast, remaining wary of this thing before him.

The woman didn't seem bothered. She smiled and said, "There is no need for such caution. We are of the same race."

"We are not of the same race as you!" Elvinia retorted angrily. "You grew from bones!"

The woman froze at these words. She then smiled again and replied, "I may have grown from bones, but I'm still more human than a pig-faced monster."

"You little..." Elvinia burned with rage; she had gained her body from a pig-faced monster.

The human woman ignored Elvinia and got right to the point. "I'll give you two choices. The first is to submit to us and join the Nihility race. Then I'll escort you to the temple," she said to Zen.

She was wise and experienced. She knew they were both purified beings, but they were obviously different from the rest. People like them bared the qualities necessary to join the Nihility race.

"What's the second choice?" Zen asked blankly.

Grinning, she replied, "I'll kill you and destroy you, leaving only your right hand."

Zen's hand held the key to opening the temple. She had saved him and Elvinia for the sake of that hand.

"Few have the chance to join the Nihility race. Being one of us will allow you to see the truth of this world more clearly. What do you think?"

Below her waist were not legs, but a snake tail covered in scales.

Could it be she was of the Snake Goddess race?

Zen's heart skipped a beat as he contemplated the relationship between this woman, the human race and the Snake Goddess race.

Seeing how close the woman was to him, Zen suddenly smiled and replied, "I refuse!"

Immediately, he wildly unleashed the power within his body.

He held nothing back and punched her with all his strength.

Boom!

The punch sent a vibration spreading through her bones, turning her flesh into powder.

But to his surprise, her bones were tough enough to take the blow and none was broken.

"Let's go!"

The force of the punch sent Zen flying backwards, and he quickly darted into the thick white mist.

The woman's bones returned to the red ball and became nothing more than a blurry figure. A piercing voice erupted from within the ball. "You're dancing with death now!"

The voice was so sharp and powerful that it reached Zen's ears quite clearly.

"What if she catches up?" asked Elvinia worriedly, her eyes wide.

"Do not fear her," Zen replied comfortingly.

Since the woman had descended from an upper stage, her strength had been suppressed as well. It was possible she might not be able to defeat him.

She had defeated the figures in the white mist with ease. But that didn't mean she was strong. All it meant was that she was familiar with this area and had been well prepared.

Moreover, once the figures in the white mist were defeated, they didn't appear again. Zen was not afraid.

As for joining the Nihility race, that was never going to happen.

"The second area is called the Mist Killing Array. I have helped you remove the danger, but you'll have a hard time finding your way out.

It's a great honor to be chosen by our Nihility race.

Why are you refusing me?"

The woman's voice was sultry and hypnotizing.

The souls at Stage Seventeen would certainly be unable to resist.

However, Zen and Elvinia were immune to it; they had absorbed a large amount of soul crystal and had reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul.

"That woman's voice is so annoying," Elvinia complained.

"Our top priority is to find a way out. We seem to be moving in circles," Zen said, frowning.

There were no reference points in the white mist, so getting lost and losing a sense of direction were easy.

Elvinia pursed her lips and considered their options. Right now, their resources on the Other Shore were very limited.

"This is not the Dark Region. Your advantages as purified beings are completely useless against us. If you fall into the hands of the Moon Fire Slaves, your end will be much more miserable."

The woman's voice came through the mist.

'The light!'

A thought flashed through Elvinia's mind. Quickly, she said, "Light is straight. We can go along the light!"

This area was not large. If they found the right direction, they'd be able to pass through in the blink of an eye.

As Elvinia finished speaking, she pinched her hand and flicked forward. A slender and long beam of light shot forward. Even in the vast white mist, the white light was a dazzling substance.

Zen blinked his eyes, a hint of joy on his face. "I didn't think of that. It's worth a try!"

Crack!

He flapped the thunder wings on his back, turning into a flash of lightning and flying along the straight light.

Not far away, the light was reflected in space, and a part of it deflected and shot in another direction.

It seemed clear that Zen had gotten lost because something was wrong with this space.

But this time he wouldn't follow the deflected light and instead flew forward in a straight line.

Chapter 3604 No Route Of Retreat

Previously, the world around Zen went by in a blur as he flew for a long time and lost his sense of direction.

Now, he found the light that Elvinia had shot did not lead them to the exit of the circular area, but the right side of the said area instead.

As soon as they arrived at the right side, they immediately calculated the direction. As Elvinia gently rubbed her thumb against her forefinger, another ray of light extended into the distance.

This time, Zen flew fast along the ray of light. After a dozen seconds, the pervading white fog no longer surrounded them. It was clear that they had finally passed through.

However, the woman in the red ball didn't expect that Zen would be able to get rid of the Mist Killing Array so soon, so she continued to persuade him.

Of course, Zen did not respond to her. Instead, he left with Elvinia through the exit on one side of the circular ring, then they entered the last area—the flat gobi.

The moment they entered the gobi, Elvinia pointed to the distance and exclaimed, "Zen, look!"

On the other side of the gobi was a huge temple.

In addition, the location of the temple was exactly the same as Zen had predicted before.

As he gazed into the distance, his eyes quickly fell on a statue in front of the temple.

The statue looked tall and sturdy, and was dressed in luxurious clothing. Its face seemed to look confident. Zen had no idea who that was.

"Let's go!"

Because the Nihility Spirits were quite familiar with the area, it wouldn't be difficult for them to pass through the Mist Killing Array. Naturally, it would be troublesome if those Nihility Spirits caught up with them.

Judging from how tough it was to pass through the first two areas, Zen was afraid that the gobi area at the end would give them a hard time, too.

Since they had been drawn to the white fog while they flew, Zen and Elvinia decided that it would be best to walk through the gobi.

"Da! Da! Da!"

The sounds of their footsteps echoed loudly in the empty gobi as they walked forward.

Despite having traveled on foot, they moved quite fast. It was only after a blink of an eye when they arrived at the center of the gobi.

Just as Zen had silently rejoiced about not being in danger anymore, he suddenly felt that the ground beneath him shook.

"Boom!"

A huge footprint suddenly appeared on the ground not far away.

"Boom!"

It wasn't long before a second footprint followed closely after the first one.

There seemed to be a giant transparent beast in front of Zen and Elvinia. Based from the depth of the footprints, the beast's footsteps could definitely crush and kill anyone it stepped on.

"Step back!" Zen shouted.

When he felt a gust of cold wind press down on him, he grabbed Elvinia and abruptly jumped back.

"Boom!"

Another huge footprint landed on the area where they had just been. And a chill ran down Elvinia's back when she saw it.

Strangely enough, the footprints stopped appearing when both of them retreated to the first half of the gobi. What was even more strange was that all the footprints in the gobi had vanished. Even the footprints as deep as an abyss were gone as well, and the gobi became flat once again.

"The footprints didn't follow us," said Elvinia.

"There seems to be an invisible giant..." After a moment of thought, Zen said, "You stay here, while I try again!"

If he considered the size of the footprint, then the invisible giant shouldn't be that tall.

He spread his wings and tried to travel through the area in the air.

"Crack!"

"Whoosh!"

When he had reached halfway through, he felt a strong wind blew over his head again.

Swoosh!

A huge creature came down from the sky, and then he felt that there was an invisible foot that immediately tried to press him down against the gobi.

With gritted teeth, he quickly twisted his body and shook his thunder wings, then rolled out from the big foot's side.

"Boom!"

The second he jumped out, there was another huge footprint on the ground!

Swoosh

Before he could fully come to his senses, a huge foot had stepped on his head.

His brows knitted in annoyance while he flew forward as fast as he could. Every time he avoided a huge foot, he tried his best to fly higher. When he ascended a bit, however, a foot pressed down on him again.

He went deeper and deeper, and the invisible feet followed him closely.

It was true that in the beginning, he had guessed that there was a giant in the gobi. Unfortunately, the frequent stomping of the large feet made it clear that there might be hundreds or even a thousand giants that had lined up to trample on him.

As a result, his flying height lowered repeatedly because of the huge feet. He was afraid that he would be killed if he continued to fly forward with difficulty. Therefore, he stopped and retreated as soon as possible.

Once he had left the area, the invisible feet disappeared, and the densely packed footprints were gone and filled in with the sand from the ground.

Then, he stood next to Elvinia and lamented helplessly, "I'm afraid we can't break through this area."

"I think there must be a way," Elvinia replied and looked around in hopes of finding a clue.

Yet, the whole place was bare. How would they find any clue?

"Crack!"

Just then, Zen stepped on the ground with a bit of force. A part of the gobi under his feet shattered.

"I'll try to pass through under the ground," he suggested.

Although he knew that it was almost impossible to do so, he had no choice but to try, especially when they were chased after. Besides, their destination was right in front of their eyes. He would not give up easily.

Suddenly, he heard that soft voice again that said, "Do not be in vain. How can you pass through the energy souls of heaven and earth in this area?"

Two red balls appeared at the gobi's entrance. The woman had been searching for a while in the second area, but she couldn't find Zen. Thus, she went straight into the third area, and saw Zen and Elvinia as soon as she arrived.

The intrusion alerted Zen and Elvinia, and both of them quickly paled at the sight of the two balls. They didn't expect that they would catch up so soon!

"I'll give you one last chance. Engrave these two marks into your bodies, and I can treat you as my own people. Otherwise, I can only kill you without mercy!" the woman in the red ball declared.

Right after the woman finished speaking, the blood in the red ball circulated, and two masses of blood floated towards Zen and Elvinia.

Even though Zen didn't know what those masses were, he had a rough guess of what could happen if he absorbed them.

He took a deep breath. There was no way he would submit to the Nihility race, so he would have to fight a hard battle today.

"Kill us without mercy? Are you sure you're even qualified to speak to me in that way when your strength has been suppressed by Stage Seventeen?" Zen shot back. His body emanated a domineering aura as he spoke intimidatingly.

He knew that it was difficult to deal with Moon Fire Slaves and Nihility Spirits, so he had tried to dodge them when he could. However, things were different when he had no route of retreat.

"It's a pity to kill such a talent..." the woman in the red ball sighed when she felt Zen's aura.

At that point, she said to the Nihility Spirit by her side, "Go ahead. Capture the man alive, while the woman could be killed."

Immediately after, the surface of the two red balls began to fluctuate in circles.

The minute they were about to take action, the Moon Fire Slaves suddenly appeared behind the Nihility Spirits. As soon as No. 13 arrived at the gobi, his huge body suddenly turned around and crushed a Nihility Spirit under his feet.

Boom!

The conflict between the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race was unresolvable. They were mortal enemies. Of course, they would not hold back in each other's presence.

Chapter 3605 Negotiation

The second No. 13 stepped on the Nihility Spirit, the green flames within his body streamed downward along his legs until they flowed onto the Nihility Spirit beneath his feet.

"Splash..."

The green flames covered the surface of the red ball, effectively corroding it.

The Moon Fire Slaves were created by the fire spirits of the Element Spirit race. The green flames that formed the Moon Fire Slaves' bodies were called the "Magical Star Flame". The fire spirits of the Element Spirit race had a great control over the flames, and the Magical Star Flame could be considered to be the embodiment of the fire spirits' greatest achievement.

Although the power of the Moon Fire Slaves was suppressed in Stage Seventeen, the power of the Magical Star Flame could not be underestimated.

"Burn it to ashes. Ha-ha..." No. 13 pressed his heel down firmly on the red ball, and the green flames continued to pour forth.

Although the surface of the red ball sizzled and sputtered under the heat of the Magical Star Flames, its inside remained intact.

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..."

Everyone present exchanged confused glances at the sound of three buzzes from within the red ball.

"Splash!"

A column of blood shot out from the red ball. The blood spurted out violently, and it formed the shape of a huge, bloody hand. Grabbing No. 13, it raised him high and smashed him downwards so hard that the ground shook.

Boom! Boom!

Every time No. 13 was smashed into the ground, pieces of his armor fell off one by one. Gradually, the green flames within his body began to sputter out.

No. 14, who was following closely behind, rushed towards the red ball as he screamed at the top of his lungs.

However, before No. 14 could even get close, another column of blood shot out from the red ball, also forming a giant hand. The hand grabbed No. 14 before he even had the time to think. He too was being smashed violently into the ground.

The two Moon Fire Slaves collided in a heaping mess of destroyed armor and deformed green flames.

Even though the Moon Fire Slaves couldn't be hurt so easily, the energy of their spiritual cores was being exhausted as they were being smashed to a pulp. If this kept up, they would return to the state of the spiritual cores...

As for the spiritual core of the Moon Fire Slave, it was difficult for ordinary Other Shore creatures to destroy it. In fact, these Moon Fire Slaves had died many times before and turned into the spiritual cores; time and time again, they were rescued by the Element Spirit race, returning to their original state.

However, the Nihility race had a way to completely destroy the spiritual cores.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Just as the green flames on the bodies of the two Moon Fire Slaves were about to die out completely, a deep voice suddenly roared, "Stop!"

No. 12 held up a red ball in his hand. Twelve Magical Star Flames with different shapes hovered next to him. Each Magical Star Flame had a thin thread of fire drawn out, forming a unique array.

This magic array was the Magical Explosion Array–one of the most powerful methods of the Moon Fire Slaves.

While No. 13 and No. 14 fought this Nihility Spirit, No. 12 had been busy subduing another one. Just when No. 12 was about to finish off his opponent, he saw that his two subordinates were in grave danger.

Left with no other choices, he took the subdued Nihility Spirit as a hostage.

If No. 12's Magical Explosion Array exploded, even the red ball wouldn't be able to protect the creature within.

"Let her out of the array, and I'll stop." An enchanting feminine voice echoed from the ball that was holding the two Moon Fire Slaves with bloody hands. It was the same woman who had saved Zen before.

With a slight nod from No. 12, the twelve Magical Star Flames were absorbed back into his body. Gently, he tossed the red ball onto the ground.

Similarly, the two bloody hands released the two Moon Fire Slaves, and receded back into the red ball.

A skeleton emerged from the inside of the red ball that had just attacked the Moon Fire Slaves. It looked relatively unharmed, but upon a closer look, some grey scars could be seen on it.

"What a pity..."

Zen shook his head in disappointment. He didn't like how this scene was playing out.

If both sides had gotten terribly injured, this would've been a good thing.

Conversely, if they stopped fighting with each other, this was bad news for Zen and Elvinia.

As flesh and blood congealed on the skeleton, slowly, the figure of a human woman was formed. The other Nihility Spirit that had just been held hostage quickly retreated behind the woman. "If you want to settle this," the human woman said coldly, "we would love to oblige you."

The Nihility race and the Element Spirit race had been at war for the longest time. Most of the time, the Element Spirit race had the upper hand. They were usually able to subdue the Nihility race.

Even so, the Nihility race had never backed off. To a certain extent, the Element Spirit race had no way of completely finishing off the Nihility race.

No. 12 looked at the human woman coldly. "Sadly, I'm not in the mood to destroy you right now. My only goal is to catch that guy and take him back. It has nothing to do with you!" he said, eyes narrowing, It was through the Elephant Man race that the Moon Fire Slaves knew about Zen's possession of the Other Shore Key. No. 12 thought that the Nihility race knew nothing of this, so he was hoping he could divert the Nihility Spirits' attention from Zen.

"True, you catching him might have nothing to do with us," the human woman smiled slyly. "But he has the key to the temple, which has a great deal to do with us!"

No. 12's expression darkened.

After thinking for a while, he said, "Since everyone's goal is to get to the temple, why not we join forces for now? We can put our prior disagreements aside for the time being, and open the temple first."

The three forces had spent a lot of time and energy in trying to open up this temple. Finally, the Other Shore Key was within reach, so how could they possibly let go of this opportunity?

"That's right. Just get that guy's hand first," No. 14 chipped in.

Just minutes ago, No. 13 and No. 14 had been badly beaten by the human woman. By now, they had replenished some star dust, enough for them to recover. The green flames that were sputtering out were now much more dense and lively.

"Of course we will get that hand," another Nihility Spirit said.

"Humph! Whoever gets it can possess it!"

No. 14 was the closest to Zen.

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly strode towards Zen.

"Knock, knock, knock..."

Zen had been listening to their conversation. Hearing them discuss as though he were already dead made him furious. As No. 14 headed towards him, a trace of killing intent flashed in Zen's eyes.

The chances of him winning against two powerful races were incredibly slim.

However, it just so happened that these two races were mortal enemies. He could use this against them and fight them with all his might.

Just as No. 14 was a few steps away from him, the Wild God Power within Zen's body suddenly erupted.

Chapter 3606 A Safe Path

Previously, the Moon Fire Slaves had to make their bodies smaller and compact in order for them to pass through the first area.

As soon as they arrived at the second area, their height of several hundred feet was quickly restored.

No. 14 had a very simple and straightforward idea. He had planned on defeating Zen using sheer and brute strength. Afterwards, he would cut off Zen's arm that recorded the Other Shore Key.

The Moon Fire Slaves were known as the Element Spirit race's slaves. Despite that fact, they still disdained and belittled the ants in the lower stages.

However, things took an unexpected turn as soon as No. 14 sped toward Zen. He noticed that Zen's body started to expand. Out of nowhere, one of his hands grabbed the Moon Fire Slave by his shoulder and threw a punch toward his chest with the other.

"Unbelievable! His hand..."

At this point, No. 14 had forgotten to defend himself. He was utterly dumbfounded as he stared at Zen's hand in disbelief.

The armor of No. 14 became instantly disjointed around the shoulder area. As Zen extended his hand further, it sank even deeper into the Moon Fire Slave's shoulder. It was entirely enveloped by the Magical Star Flames emanating from within his body.

Everything would be reduced to ashes as soon as it came into contact with the Magical Star Flames within his body.

However, Zen's hand remained safe and intact! He couldn't quite understand how Zen managed to touch his body without getting burned.

While No. 14 was still completely bewildered, Zen had thrown another powerful punch toward his chest.

Boom!

The punch landed with a sickening crunch. The armor on No. 14's back completely fell apart and got blown off. Upon impact with Zen's fist, the

Magical Star Flames inside No. 14's body turned into a column of fire that spurted out from his back. At the same time, his spiritual core also shot out.

It was almost impossible to break the spiritual core with brute force. This showed how much strength there was behind Zen's attack.

Once the spiritual core left the Moon Fire Slave's body, the body would ultimately collapse.

Splash!

No. 14's armor had scattered all over the ground. There were flames flowing everywhere. All that was left of his existence were bits of shattered armor pieces, flames, and his spiritual core.

He had already collapsed before in the annular desert area wherein a large amount of stardust was consumed before he had recovered. And now, he had collapsed once more under the might of Zen's blow.

The Magical Star Flames flooded the ground and were gushing everywhere. Because of this, Elvinia was forced to fall back.

While she was retreating, she felt utterly astounded at what she had witnessed.

She had no doubt that Zen would be able to hold out against a Moon Fire Slave. However, she knew it wouldn't be that simple. How was he able to defeat him with just a punch? Meanwhile, Zen himself was a little confused as well. He was surprised at how he managed to put a lot of damage to the Moon Fire Slave.

It was well-known that the most important thing in the body of the Moon Fire Slave was the spiritual core.

With that said, the spiritual core was usually wrapped in the Magical Star Flames. When battling a Moon Fire Slave, there were very few opponents who dared to penetrate the Magical Star Flames and take the spiritual core away, because if they did, they would definitely get burned to a crisp.

When facing some formidable opponents, the Moon Fire Slaves would allow their spiritual cores to wander constantly all throughout their bodies. They would not let the most important part of their bodies stay in the same place all the time.

Nevertheless, No. 14 was reckless. It never crossed his mind that Zen could become that huge and wouldn't be afraid of the Magical Star Flames.

Whoosh!

Da! Da! Da!

The spiritual core flew for a few miles and fell directly on the gobi. It rolled directly in front of No. 12.

"I have the Other Shore Key right here. Who else dares to take my hand away?" Zen said coldly as soon as he came to his senses.

The Moon Fire Slaves and the Nihility race were maintaining a balance. Zen had to let them know that it wasn't that easy to take him down. If they lost, they would be devoured by their opponents.

No. 12 bent down and took the spiritual core in his hands. He looked perplexed as he gazed at Zen.

The woman inside the red ball also frowned. It seemed incredulous to her that Zen was able to kill a Moon Fire Slave with just a single punch. Zen's actual strength was really way beyond her expectations.

If she decided to attack him, the two other Moon Fire Slaves would surely take action immediately as well.

After weighing out the stakes, the woman broke into a smile. "I have to admit, I was very much mistaken. You are indeed very powerful. Who else will dare to take your hand? I think it is better if we go through this dangerous place and open the temple together. What do you think?"

No. 12 remained silent. He was fully aware of their current risky situation. The three parties still had the power to fight each other. Eventually, only one party would benefit from this.

Their best option was to avoid any unnecessary battles and just open the temple together.

"Humph!"

Zen grunted begrudgingly.

He decided to come and open the temple because he wanted to go inside it with Elvinia.

However, he had not foreseen that the temple had already been targeted by the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race. It was clear that this temple was very important.

Zen disliked the idea of the Moon Fire Slaves and Nihility Spirits getting inside the temple.

On the other hand, the woman was quite patient. She waited calmly for Zen's answer.

Given the strength that Zen had displayed, he was truly qualified to become the third force of this place. However, he had no other choice. He had to agree to her suggestion.

"Hmm. Since you don't decline my offer right away, it means you are agreeing to my suggestion. Well then, let's just bury the hatchet and become allies," said the woman as she withdrew inside her red ball again.

The two Nihility Spirits began slowly drifting towards the center of the gobi and led the way.

After putting away No. 14's spiritual core, No. 12 glanced once again at Zen. Afterwards, he walked off together with No. 13.

Zen knew that it was difficult to escape this situation now. Nevertheless, he had no intention of escaping. He really wanted to open the temple. In addition to that, with the Nihility Spirits and the Moon Fire Slaves leading the way, he knew it would be much easier to pass through the gobi.

As soon as the red balls arrived at the center of the gobi, they halted and the woman came out again.

She stretched out her hand. Then, she gently and cautiously probed the air ahead of her. As her soft fingertips touched a certain area, the space in front of her became distorted. Instantaneously, an invisible force left a huge footprint in the middle of the gobi.

Boom!

The footprint appeared right in front of her. It was only a few inches away from where she stood.

"The energy soul of heaven and earth is very powerful. Once it is formed, it will be indestructible for a very long time. Many of the temples found in Stage Thirty-one are guarded by it," explained the woman.

It seemed like she was saying this to Zen.

"However, it also has a huge flaw. Anyone who enters it will be attacked indiscriminately," added the woman as she slowly opened her hand and gently blew on it. As she did this, a blood red mist gradually dispersed from her palm.

The mist contained a faint energy. As soon as the mist drifted forward to the distorted space, a strange scene occurred.

Huge invisible feet stomped down from above and began attacking the blood mist.

However, the blood mist was formless. Therefore, the huge feet weren't able to damage it all.

"This area is heavily guarded by the energy soul of heaven and earth. In any case, there should be a path around here that would allow us to safely pass through it. The path avoids all the attacks of the energy soul. Normally, it can't be seen clearly by the naked eye. But while the energy soul is attacking the blood mist, we will be able to see it," she continued.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As the attacks continued, the blood mist was able to outline the countless footprints that appeared beneath it.

Among these seemingly messy footprints, a winding path was exposed. There were no giant footprints along this path. Obviously, this was what the woman had mentioned earlier.

Chapter 3607 Meeting Chiyou's Statue Again

Zen couldn't help the burst of admiration that flooded his heart as he stared at the path flanked by countless footprints.

If the red mist hadn't lured out all these footprints, he would've never seen it.

The human woman whispered something to another red ball and Zen watched it zoom straight onto the path.

"This way please," she said to him with a smile.

The path was winding and zigzag. If she entered first, Zen might flee behind her. There was also the possibility of the Moon Fire Slaves abducting him.

Zen and Elvinia looked at each other with alert, but they still stepped on the path in silence.

The human woman originally wanted to walk behind Zen and Elvinia but No. 12 beat her to it, shrinking his body and situating himself behind them.

The fight had ceased on the three sides but they still remained on guard against each other.

Since it didn't really matter, the human woman chose to just let it be and settled herself at the very back.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Thunderous footsteps echoed around them as invisible feet stomped on both sides of the path, trampling the gobi into pieces and only leaving the path they were walking on intact.

This winding path wasn't long and with the red ball leading them, they were able to pass through in just about three minutes.

As the human woman walked out of the path, she drilled out the red ball, placed her palm on her lips, and sucked in the air.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh

All the red fog got sucked into her mouth!

When it disappeared, the energy soul stopped attacking and the messy gobi resumed its original form as if nothing happened at all.

"You can open the temple now," the woman said to Zen indifferently.

Zen nodded and walked towards the temple gates.

The temple wasn't small by any means. Zen considered it very large in comparison to the ones he'd seen.

As he stared at the gates, he couldn't help but gasp in shock.

A huge part of the gates had been charred!

Not only that, but there were also numerous scratches and irreparable damage on both sides of the gates.

A lot of effort had gone towards opening the gates, Zen had no doubt about that.

"Is the temple so impenetrable?" he asked. The damage it had taken was dire but it didn't look as if it yielded at all. "None of you can open it?"

As far as Zen knew, destroying a temple shouldn't be that hard. The Grand Sky Temple in Stage Thirteen, for example, could definitely be opened with brute force if he was given enough time. Was this temple before him different then? After all, many powerful masters had descended from higher stages, trying to open it before.

These masters came with their own methods, and it couldn't be that none of them ever succeeded.

Zen's question was ignored by the Moon Fire Slaves but the human woman smiled. "Of course nobody could open it. What's the point in waiting for you then if it could be easily opened?" she replied. "Many people have perished in trying to destroy this temple. A Spirit King even met his end here."

Back then, a Spirit King from the Element Spirit race had come to Stage Seventeen. At that time, the race had personally brought a purified being into this place in hopes of invading the temple.

Both the Spirit King and the purified being died in the end.

This piece of news was top secret within the Element Spirit race and the human woman overheard it through a special channel. Now, she wanted to seize the chance to verify it from the Moon Fire Slaves.

After all, the death of a Spirit King was a horrible loss to the Element Spirit race.

"Cut the crap and open the temple!" one Moon Fire Slave snapped, glaring at her coldly.

She let the attitude pass and continued to talk to Zen. "This temple is extremely sturdy but that's not the only reason why people can't enter. It is, in fact, possible to destroy it but doing so will incite calamity and destruction upon those who try."

A trace of fear crossed her features as she recalled what happened when the Nihility race had tried to get inside the temple.

She had been an ordinary member of the Nihility race back then. Though she didn't have a high position, she was present in their attempt to invade the temple and witnessed the instant death of all the elites who were there.

Zen nodded, taking her words to heart. There was definitely a reason why the temple stood here for countless years.

As he walked to the gates, Zen could see a square stone that protruded in the center of them, engraved with stripes that corresponded to the lines on his palm.

It was a peculiar feeling, finding the key to a door that had long since been unopened. The temple had been closed-off for countless years but now its secrets would finally be revealed. It was understandable for the Moon Fire Slaves and the human woman to be anxious.

"Elvinia, stay close to me," Zen muttered in a low voice.

Elvinia nodded and quietly moved closer to him.

Nobody knew what waited for them inside but Zen knew that his life would only be valuable before he opened the gates. Once that was done, the temporary balance between them would break and chaos could ensue. They had to be on guard for this.

With a deep breath, Zen stretched out his hand and pressed it upon the square stone.

It was a perfect fit!

Buzz...

A ray of blue light suddenly emerged from the stone, extending along the entire surface of the gates.

His arm tightened on the stone and the gates let out a dull sound.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

As the gates opened, the Moon Fire Slaves and that human woman took a step back.

That step back had been necessary because of the heavy wave of killing intent that suddenly washed over them. Although Zen had used the Other Shore Key to open the gates, they remained on high alert.

Zen, on the other hand, felt no fear. He didn't even bother assessing the situation before grabbing Elvinia and heading straight inside.

The temple was dark but the moment they stepped inside, golden dots of light appeared like fireflies and illuminated their way.

As these dots of light appeared, numerous candles also lit up and illuminated the entire hall.

Around forty statues stood in front of them, most were human-shaped but a few were of strange forms. Zen's eyes were immediately fixed on the sixth statue from the left.

This statue had a human body and a snake tail. It was a member of the Snake Goddess race.

It wasn't surprising to find this statue in a human race's temple since both races were related by blood.

However, the statue in front of them looked exactly like the Snake Goddess Zen had met in the Pear Hill.

Seeing the Snake Goddess's statue here was one thing but the one next to it confused Zen even more. There, in full-glory with three heads and six arms, stood Chiyou's statue.

Chapter 3608 A Powerful Statue

Although Zen had seen Chiyou's statue for many times, he had only seen Chiyou once.

The Chiyou statue in front of him now was no different from those he had already seen before.

'Now that both the Snake Goddess' and Chiyou's statues are here, does that mean Fuxi's and the Eastern Emperor's will be here as well?'

As Zen thought about this, Elvinia gently tugged at his sleeve. Her eyes never left the statues, but it seemed as if she was focused on one of them—the statue that half knelt on the ground, with a sword in hand that pierced the ground. It was a statue of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

"Why...Why is Father's statue here?" Elvinia asked in a hushed tone.

Zen squinted his eyes as he scanned through the statues before him. For everything to make sense, the Divine Farmer's and the Yellow Thearch's statues should have been present too. However, Zen had never seen them in person, so he could only wonder if their statues were here.

"I'm afraid that the statue is not of Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself," Zen told Elvinia.

"It's not Father?" Elvinia asked, unconvinced that the statue was not her father.

"Right." Zen nodded.

Since the Snake Goddess was willing to give Zen the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed, she did not know of the Other Shore Key in the seed, which also meant that she had no clue about the existence of this temple either.

It was likely that the temple had stood there for such a long time, that it had survived through a thousand chaotic eras.

Naturally, it was impossible for Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Chiyou, Fuxi, or even the Snake Goddess, to set up their statues here inside this particular temple.

"If this is not Father, who could it possibly be?" Elvinia questioned, "What on earth is up with this temple?"

She did not understand the origin of this round of chaos, leaving her pretty much in the dark to what was happening.

On the contrary, Zen had learned a handful about the Other Shore and the chaotic eras from No. 9527 and the Regal Jade Spirit. Aside from this, he had also studied the origin of human beings from the Snake Goddess.

In fact, the human beings in the current round of the chaotic era, should not have existed at all. The fact was that they had been secretly and strategically placed there by the human beings from the Other Shore.

When the Snake Goddess explained all of this to him, Zen couldn't help but have too many questions.

Why was the Snake Goddess born to be the Snake Goddess in the first place?

Why was Fuxi born to be Fuxi?

Moreover, why were the Yellow Thearch, the Divine Farmer, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Chiyou, and so on born to be themselves?

When Zen saw the statues standing in the hall, he suddenly had answers to all of his questions. It all made sense.

What he understood was that the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others had already existed in times of the 77th civilization. During that time, they were top masters of that era. But before they had finished the Finale Way, all of them entered the Other Shore and became human beings on the Other Shore.

So when the seeds of humans were planted into the new round of chaos, it was most likely that they had prioritized their own clones.

The clones were born to have powerful bloodlines, which was what made them so precious. This was why the Snake Goddess founded Pear Hill, why the Yellow Emperor founded the Bearing race, and why Eastern Emperor Taiyi had won over all those humans in the world alone with a sword just to found the Oneness Sky Palace.

"I'm afraid the Eastern Emperor Taiyi here is the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi." Zen gestured at the statue. "While your father might be his clone." Zen was quite sure at this point, that this was the explanation for what happened.

"How could that be possible?"

Just as Elvinia was about to ask more questions, the Moon Fire Slaves and the Nihility Spirits also rushed into the temple to see the statues for themselves.

"I can't believe the temple was opened so easily!" said the human woman from the Nihility race, with shock in her tone.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Just then, No. 12 Moon Fire Slave entered and headed straight towards the center of the hall without speaking a word.

"Did you think you were quick?" the human woman sneered at the Moon Fire Slave. With just a wave of her hand, the blood in the red ball quickly solidified and turned into a chain that she swung towards No.12.

"Boom!"

As the chain rolled out at around a dozen feet, No. 13 stepped on it as if it were nothing. However, as if the chain were a living creature, it wrapped itself around No. 13's body and tightened its grip.

A sharp pain went through No. 13's body and he winced in agony. While this was ongoing, No. 12 had arrived at the center of the hall.

At the center of the hall stood an independent statue that resembled the one outside the temple. This statue looked down onto the square stone platform in front of it, over where a blue book was floating.

Since Zen and Elvinia had entered the temple, their attention did not ever leave the statues. Because of this, they had completely disregarded the floating book that No. 12 had come for.

"Hahaha..."

No. 12 chuckled, sending out a cold expression.

He did not realize the value of the entire temple like the Element Spirit race did.

But No. 12 knew that bringing back something so valuable would get him promoted immediately. It was very likely that his status would jump from No. 12 to No.1.

But just as the Moon Fire Slave reached out to grab the book, the statue that had been reading it suddenly raised its head.

The statue took a long look at the Moon Fire Slave, and then a confused expression spread across its face. "This temple could only be opened by a human being," the statue said. "How could you enter here?"

"That...is none of your business!"

said No. 12, as he stretched out his hand to slap the statue. One slap could send a statue to pieces.

However, No. 12 failed to recall the similar statue that stood outside the temple.

If the statue could be destroyed so easily, the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race would have shattered it by now. However, the one outside still stood firm and undamaged.

When No. 12 lifted his hand to slap the statue, the statue smiled. It then stretched out its finger and lightly tapped in the air.

"Pop!"

Just like that, a cracking noise echoed from inside the hall.

No. 12's tall and sturdy body stiffened in fright.

A spiritual core rolled out from his right shoulder, which turned into powder as it rolled down.

"Splash..."

The spiritual core was broken, which meant that the Moon Fire Slave was completely destroyed.

His flaming body evaporated, leaving his armor clamoring as it fell to the ground.

"The spiritual core? The spiritual core is broken?" No. 13 that was watching their exchange couldn't help but be frightened.

Historically, it was very difficult to kill a Moon Fire Slave.

This was because their spiritual cores could not be destroyed just by ordinary means.

The perfect example of this would be No. 14, who had "died" twice yet could revive himself with star dust.

It was notable that the statue killed No. 12 so easily.

But the statue didn't stop the killing after getting rid of No. 12. "Alien races are not allowed to enter the temple," it muttered.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Suddenly, two invisible beams of light emerged from its fingers.

As much as No. 13 wanted to run away, he did not have enough time to do so. The light pierced through his body and shattered the spiritual core inside. The Magical Star Flame that formed his body immediately extinguished.

At the same time, another beam of light shot right into the body of a Nihility Spirit that was close by.

Chapter 3609 Test

Aside from the Nihility Spirit being actually strong, the red ball that was wrapped around their body was also extremely powerful.

However, that ray of light which possessed an immense penetrating power, had actually pierced through it without any problems!

"Phew!"

Once the ray of light punctured the red ball, the red ball broke like a water tank and its shattered pieces flew in all directions.

Bright red blood gushed out next, and inside the red ball floated a strangely shaped skeleton. The skeleton clearly was not in the human form.

"Jazlene!" the human woman screamed.

She was utterly shocked when she saw that her companion was killed so suddenly.

Based from what the statue said, Zen understood that only humans were allowed to enter the temple. In addition, the statue was highly goal-oriented and clearly knew its targets. At first it killed No. 12, and then No. 13, and finally that Nihility Spirit.

As for this human woman, she was probably related to the human race. Specifically, she was most likely a member of the Snake Goddess race, so the statue did not attack her.

Despite that, she remained frozen at her spot and didn't dare to move at all.

Even Zen and Elvinia were stunned when the statue's fingers released those rays of light. They thought that the statue that stood in the middle of the hall was a real one made of stone. How could it be a sentient being with such great power?

The stone statue raised its head to look at Zen, Elvinia, and the human woman. "I thought it was the inheritors of the thirty-nine heroes who came, but I didn't expect that none of you are any of them," the statue said in an aloof voice.

At the words "thirty-nine heroes," the human woman's vision darkened slightly, while Elvinia was confused, and Zen's eyes flashed.

Zen had counted all the statues and there were exactly thirty-nine of them.

"Master!" he exclaimed. Then, he quickly cupped his hands towards the statue.

"Don't call me master," the statue shook its head. "I'm just a soul puppet who can only follow the orders of my former master," he added.

Generally speaking, such a puppet only had a small memory of its former master. In addition, it was considered inferior to a soul fragment like No. 9527.

Its eyes stared at the human woman as it continued, "That is why even I know that she is a traitor, I can't do anything to her."

The human woman had been very nervous. She originally came from the human race, but she betrayed them and joined the Nihility race. Naturally, she was afraid that the statue would eliminate her. When she heard the statue's words just now, she immediately sighed in relief.

"She has a human body but a tail of a snake. Can she even be considered a human?" Elvinia huffed. She was not convinced.

In the Source World, the Snake Goddess race in the Pear Hill were not humans, but they were closely related to the human race. Furthermore, there was a considerable number of humans who lived in the Pear Hill, including the Human Sovereign, Fuxi.

Therefore, they were still considered a human force most of the time.

"The Snake Goddess has the same origin as humans, so of course she could be considered a human," the statue said calmly.

After the statue was finished, Zen continued to ask, "Are the thirty-nine heroes you mentioned the masters of the thirty-nine statues in this hall?"

"Yes," the statue nodded. "Are they still alive on the Other Shore?" Zen asked again.

He had previously promised King Manard that he would help him search for the human race on the Other Shore.

In theory, the Other Shore human race should exist on the Other Shore. After all, they were the one who had spread the seeds of the human race in the present chaotic era.

"Of course they are," the statue answered confidently as it eyed the human woman, then added, "Your Nihility race have been looking for them for a long time. Unfortunately, you haven't found anything so far, right?"

The human woman remained silent.

Ever since she had joined the Nihility race, she had chosen a path that she was completely uncertain of.

In any case, there was no right or wrong when it came to choosing among the Purge Way, the Finale Way, and the Nihility Way.

It was just that different people chose different ways to follow in order to pursue the goal they wanted to achieve.

She had her own pursuit, and that was why she stood on the opposite side of the human race in the end.

"Can you tell me where they are now?" Zen asked again. This time, the human woman said, "Of course, they remain hidden on Stage Thirty-three.

How can they have a foothold elsewhere? The metal spirits, wood spirits, water spirits, fire spirits and earth spirits would never let the human race have an easy life."

The Element Spirit race was known as the most powerful civilization on the Other Shore. They opposed the human race and even many other civilizations. Most civilizations hid on the Other Shore. What happened after they had climbed up and reached the Stage Thirty-three was either they chose to endure, or to submit.

"Although the Element Spirit Civilization is powerful, how can it be that strong? There are still other powerful civilizations on the upper stages," Zen said with a frown.

Even if the Element Spirit Civilization was the strongest civilization on the Other Shore, there were over a thousand other ruling civilizations, large or small, that existed in the same place as them. Besides, although some civilizations had disappeared or hidden like the Regal Jade Civilization, they wouldn't possibly let the Element Spirit Civilization monopolize the Other Shore.

According to the information the Regal Jade Spirit had given, all of the ten great civilizations were exceptional.

A small smile graced the human woman's face, as if she meant to mock Zen's ignorance. "What you just said was the situation a long time ago.

Indeed, that was the case hundreds of chaotic eras ago--but now, there are only a few forces that can contend against them. And we, the Nihility race, are one of them. You can consider joining us," she suggested.

When Zen had killed a Moon Fire Slave, she was very impressed and that aroused her interest in him.

"There are only a few that can contend against them..." Zen muttered. Suddenly, his gaze froze.

"Yes, the other civilizations are either forced to join the Blood Assembly, or have completely disappeared from the Other Shore," the human woman said with a nod.

The Regal Jade Civilization had hidden on Stage Thirteen for a long time, and the situation on the upper stages of the Other Shore had undergone drastic changes within the span of these hundreds of chaotic eras. Thus, the real situation now was plainly different from what Zen had known.

The current Element Spirit race was even stronger than what Zen and the Regal Jade Spirit had imagined.

In the same way, the power of the Nihility race was no longer what it used to be. It had become one of the few big races that could fight against the Element Spirit race.

The statue just listened nonchalantly to the conversation between the human woman and Zen.

Once the human woman was finished speaking, it said, "Of course I know of the heroes' whereabouts, but if you want to know, I will tell you when you pass through there."

Then, it pointed towards the ground not far away.

A starry pattern appeared on the ground. There was a faint space fluctuation in the pattern, as if it was another world. "Is this a test?" Zen asked.

"Yes," the statue said with a smile. "The human race had built the Creation Myth Temple with all their might and resources. Those who have betrayed our race may not be able to pass the test so easily," it explained.

Up until now, Zen didn't know why the human race had hidden the Other Shore Key in the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed, but they might have their own plans.

It would be too simple and laid-back if the temple recognized any human who appeared in this place.

Therefore, he wasn't surprised that there would be a test.

"Let's go!"

He obviously wasn't afraid of the test the Creation Myth Temple had given. Meanwhile, Elvinia followed him without hesitation.

On the other hand, the woman from the Nihility race only looked at the starry pattern not far away, her eyes filled with doubt.

She wasn't sure if the statue said that to threaten her or just to frighten her. It was easy for her to enter recklessly, but if she wanted to leave safely, perhaps it wouldn't be that easy.

Chapter 3610 The Orexis Test

The human woman only hesitated for a moment before she finally made her decision.

This temple was the last fortress of the human race. It had stood on Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore for so many years, and was never once explored. Naturally, she would never let go of such a rare opportunity!

She gently nudged forward from inside of the red ball. Her snake tail swayed as she followed closely behind Zen and Elvinia.

Now, Zen was the first one to step on the starry pattern.

The pattern appeared to be made of some kind of thick mercury. When he stepped on it, the pattern suddenly flashed a beam of starlight, which immediately consumed him.

"Zen!" Elvinia shouted.

Without thinking twice, she quickly followed him and jumped into the starry pattern. Like Zen, she also disappeared inside the mysterious starlight.

The last who went in was the woman, the human betrayer.

After the starlight had swallowed Zen, he looked around and found himself in a totally different space.

Countless dots of light continuously fell down on him.

A seemingly infinite number of stars illuminated the sky and formed a silver stream of light.

Back then, he had once marveled at the beautiful starlight in his father's universe. However, the stars in his father's inner world paled in comparison to the current scenery in front of him. The number of stars above him was way beyond anyone could count.

Stars fell from the sky, flew past the corner of his eye, then began to disappear from his view.

It wasn't until he heard the whistle of the wind that he realized what was really going on. The stars weren't actually flying away from him, but rather, he was falling down fast.

Below him was a huge continent that was shrouded in the darkness. It was originally as small as a hand in his eyes, but as he kept falling down, it rapidly expanded and the expanse of its territory became increasingly clear to him. Soon enough, a vast land appeared beneath him.

Suddenly, he remembered that he was getting closer and closer to the ground.

"I need to brace for impact!" he exclaimed.

Almost subconsciously, he attempted to fly up into the air.

"Rise!"

"Thunder Materialization!"

"Wind ..."

He used several methods in a row, but none of them worked to slow down his speed.

It seemed that his theurgies were useless in this space.

Just as he was about to hit the ground, an invisible force cushioned him from behind, then slowly and gently eased him down.

Once he had landed, he got up from the ground and examined the state of his body first.

"My inner world is gone?!"

"No. 9527! Master Regal Jade! Can you hear me?"

"I can't even use my Chaotic Source Spirits! My body..."

When he was done carefully examining his body, he finally discovered that he was now reduced into an ordinary mortal!

He couldn't even look into his inner world or use his chaotic energy, let alone release his spiritual sense or draw his soul out of his body.

'Hmmm… this mortal body was specially built for me to use in this illusion world. It is quite unique, but what is it for?' he wondered.

It was quiet everywhere in the dark wilderness.

He had originally planned to find Elvinia first, but now it seemed impossible.

There were no hints given in the test, so he had no choice but to move forward aimlessly.

Due to his current mortal body, he was no longer as strong as he used to be. After he had strolled for two hours, he gradually felt worn out. He sensed a long lost feeling of fatigue from deep within him.

"I'm so tired..."

He wiped the sweat off his forehead. Although he had walked for such a long time, he bet that he should have been able to travel such a distance with a single step if he still had his real strength.

The moment sleepiness and hunger began to overtake him, he suddenly saw a bonfire in the distance. Several people stood around the bonfire and held kebabs, which they grilled above the fire. The blazing flames illuminated the oil that dropped from the meat, which shone with a tempting glaze and burned with crackling sounds.

The meat released a wonderful aroma that almost touched Zen's soul. It was an unimaginable temptation, especially for him who was currently so tired and hungry.

The people around the bonfire soon saw him, and they all looked at him with awe and respect. They bowed respectfully to him, as if he was a great and authoritative figure.

Somehow, he felt relieved at the way these people reacted to him. He pointed towards the kebabs and his orexis, or appetite, was clearly palpable.

Among the seven emotions and six desires humans possessed, the orexis was the most intense one. Ever since Zen no longer needed to eat food, he rarely had big meals apart from some special treats he had enjoyed in the divine land. Now that he was reduced to an ordinary mortal, his desire overwhelmed him when it had gotten aroused.

"You can't eat this!"

"If you eat this, you will die!"

"If you die, you will be eliminated from the test!"

To his surprise, the people warned and stopped him, their faces filled with horror.

In turn, he looked at them with confusion. Of course, he hadn't forgotten that he was still in an illusion, trying to pass the test the statue had arranged.

Still, he refused to believe that he would die once he ate the meat.

The meat kept giving off a tempting smell. Zen swallowed hard and reached out to the kebab, ready to feast on it.

However, one of them took the meat before he could and gobbled it.

After a few bites, the man's eyes suddenly rolled to the back of his head. He foamed at the mouth and fell heavily to the ground!

"This is poisonous!"

"You can't eat this!"

"Or else, you will die like him!"

The others warned him harshly once again.

Afterwards, he glanced at the people's solemn faces and only rolled his eyes in response.

'What a weird test. Am I only supposed not to eat a piece of meat?' he thought.

As of now, he was still able to pull himself back.

Previously in the Dark Region, the Dark Nether Bugs had posed a great temptation to him, but he had still managed to suppress his desire. Thus, he believed a few pieces of roasted meat were no problem for him.

He remained perfectly calm. On the other hand, those people kept fussing around like idiots and exclaimed that he shouldn't eat the poisonous meat.

"Where is this place?

What the hell do you want?

Is this the test for me?" he asked continuously.

Despite his many questions, the people only turned a deaf ear to his words.

In the end, he just shrugged and moved on.

The world he was in was a boundless wilderness, and there seemed to be no end to it at all.

Not even a single hint was given to him. The only thing he could do was move forward.

After four more hours, he was finally completely exhausted. He felt his throat burn as thirst and hunger began to cloud his mind.

'I need to eat and drink...'

As soon as the thought came to his mind, a gust of wind suddenly carried a delicate bouquet of wine to him.

The wine's fragrance rushed into his nostrils, until it reached all the way into the depths of his soul.

He shivered as he was deeply dazed and exhausted. Still, he managed to look up and saw some brilliant lights in front of him.

There was a big table laden with various kinds of fruits, while fragrant wines of different colors filled the glasses and emitted an intoxicating scent.

There were people who sat around the table, who all stood up and bowed respectfully to Zen.

"Please help yourself to the wines and fruits," they said.

'They didn't stop me from eating and drinking!' he happily thought to himself. "But, you should know, they are all poisonous!" someone suddenly warned.

"What's wrong with you?" Zen grumbled.

He glared sullenly at the people around him. He felt that he was about to go crazy!

After he was demoted to an ordinary mortal, all of his emotions and desires felt authentic. Therefore, it was difficult for him to resist his instinct for eating.

Finally, he couldn't help but satisfy his desire for food. Even though he had a very strong will, he now gave in to his orexis.

As he stumbled helplessly towards the wines and fruits, he suddenly heard a voice in his mind that said, "If you die here, your previous efforts will be wasted!"

It was true that he had gone on a hard path before entering the temple. Of course, there was no way that he would resign himself to the prospect of losing right then and there.

Chapter 3611 Six Desires

No proper introduction was given regarding the rules of this world or how to pass the test.

However, those people had already given Zen a clear hint.

If he ate all the food, he would certainly die. His death would mean he'd surely be kicked out of the game.

This round of the game would test his self-discipline and willpower.

Although Zen's tremendous amount of experience had made his soul powerful beyond measure, it did not affect his decisiveness and willpower whatsoever.

Besides, when one's willpower had increased to a certain extent, it would be difficult for it to advance further.

Normally, Zen would've dealt with similar situations by utilizing the Emotion Closing Godly Way. Now that he had lost all his abilities and theurgies, it would be impossible for him to use it.

A familiar scent wafted through his nose and made him swallow. It was wine. With a newfound determination, he turned around and left.

In the wilderness, he was still alone.

His body was exhausted from being pushed to its limit—a constant reminder of his hunger and thirst. It was so bad that he felt his throat was dry and burning with each exhale.

This worsened once he saw light appear before him again.

Beneath it was laid a bevy of delicious food. What would've normally been pure pleasure turned into pure torture at that moment.

The light illuminated a mouthwatering and tempting array of food and wine, which suppressed Zen's waning restraint.

He thought to himself a few times that this wasn't just merely a test but an act of torture as well!

Eight hours passed...

Ten hours passed...

Twenty hours passed...

This mortal body he possessed, although strong, could only take so much. If it reached its limit, then he would die too.

'If I push this body too much, then I'll never be able to pass the test, '

he thought to himself as he walked onwards like a living corpse.

When he was lost in his thoughts, everything before him faded into black as his eyes fell shut and his body fell to the ground with a thud.

It took a while before he gradually regained his consciousness.

He immediately and quickly took a look at his surroundings as he came out of his slumber.

He should've been back at the temple if he failed.

To his surprise, he wasn't in the wilderness nor the temple. Now he sat on a throne within the walls of a golden palace, his body covered in an imperial robe. At the bottom of the steps leading to the throne stood the civil and military ministers.

"I'm not eliminated. Have I passed the first test?" he asked as he still sat on the throne, a slight hint of joy beginning to wash over him.

The first round tested his desire for food and drink. What would the second test have in store for him?

As Zen gazed down at the ministers gathered before him, his faces held strange expressions. He came to realize something and asked, "Will this round test my desire for power?"

Since he was aware that everything was merely an illusion, he also knew that the power and wealth surrounding him were fake. He began to wonder how this test could work. Moreover, he never held a desire to possess a high position or vast amounts of wealth.

This round of test wouldn't be too difficult, then.

However, Zen would soon find out that this round would be anything but simple and easy.

In a limited period of time, tests like this were meaningless.

However, illusions such as this had the potential to make him feel as though hundreds or even thousands of years had passed.

Zen was able to cope with this world with an indifferent attitude in the beginning. But as more time passed, he soon became more convinced that he was indeed the mortal emperor of this world for dozens of years...

It appeared that his real memories were slowly fading away—as if to give space for his new, mortal memories to take over.

He became entangled in the various situations of the citizens, ministers, and even concubines. In one way or another, he was involved with all of them.

Within the temple, the statue located within its center tilted its head to gaze at the starry pattern.

Among the stars, Zen, Elvinia, and the human woman were all undergoing different trials.

The statue, which was a puppet, could still think like a normal person. However, it had its limits as well.

Its current mission was to wait in the temple and choose the most qualified one.

Deep within its heart, it had already rejected the idea of choosing the woman from the Nihility race or Elvinia from the beginning. If it had it its way, it would've prevented them both from entering the starry pattern and accepting the test in the first place.

"Will he find his end at this round?" the statue uttered to no one in particular.

In fact, Elvinia and the human woman were performing better than Zen.

The woman from the Nihility race had already managed to pass three out of the six desire tests. What amazed the statue even further was the fact that Elvinia had passed four desire tests in a row, as if none of the desires had great control over her. She seemed to be totally in control of herself.

"I wonder if they know," the statue said, "that the more complicated experiences one has, the harder it would be to make it through each test?" The statue could do nothing more than let out a sigh and see what would happen next.

In Elvinia's case, her past experiences were vast and unpleasant but far from complicated. Before meeting Zen, a majority of her life was boring. This gave her the mindset and resistance to be able to pass through the temptations with ease.

Back in the illusion, Zen had believed that he had been emperor for nearly a hundred years.

He seemed to have completely forgotten who he truly was and now believed that he was someone else—the sovereign emperor of an imaginary kingdom.

Throughout his rule, he had received numerous compliments from his subjects and every word he said was regarded as a law.

Two hundred years passed...

Three hundred years passed...

Five hundred years passed...

One day, a strange feeling suddenly overcame Zen.

His original memories returned and crashed into him like a tidal wave. Soon, he recognized the ridiculousness of all that surrounded him.

While he was realizing this, all the citizens, ministers and concubines turned into skeletons, their crumbling bones turning to dust that was swept away by the wind.

The huge palace collapsed in the blink of an eye.

Only then did Zen realize that he had been trapped in the test for a long time. It took him hundreds of years to pass the test.

However, time in the starry illusion passed at a different rate from time in the outside world.

In reality, Zen had only been trapped in that kingdom for ten minutes.

After Zen passed the test, the entire world began to change once more. Before him stood numerous beautiful women. Some of them were coquettish while others were more affectionate.

"A test of...sexual desire?" Zen raised his eyebrows.

The third test was considerably easier for Zen. Although he was a mortal now, he had already experienced love. The gorgeous women surrounding him were unsuccessful in tempting him any further.

While they possessed the most pleasant and seductive voices and smelled of the most enticing perfumes, Zen was able to restrain himself. Slowly but surely, he passed the third test.

The fourth test passed...

The fifth test passed...

Finally, the sixth test passed...

Originally, Zen was lagging behind the other two competitors, in last place to pass the tests. But now that both women were stuck in the test of same desire, he was miraculously in the first place.

"Now that I've passed the tests of six desires, does this mean that I've passed the entire test?"

If this was what the starry illusion would always be like, then it should be a piece of cake for Zen. After all, he only had difficulty in the second test.

But Zen remained in this world of illusions. He remained among the stars.

As if sensing his confusion, the stars began to cover and spin around him once more.

As a result, the spinning began to project spectacular scenes before his very eyes.

The grand desolated land, the sea, the mountains...

As the vision continued, he began to see the entire world before him from a great distance.

What he initially thought he was staring at was the Source World. However, he later confirmed that this was an entirely different world.

Whereas the Source World was shaped like a huge egg with numerous provinces within its shell, the world Zen saw before him at that moment was made up of countless stars.

Chapter 3612 The God Of Fire

Zen traveled through the stars.

A huge star swept past his head, and as he gazed at it, all the knowledge of it drilled itself into his mind.

Its name was Mysterious Earth, and eighty hundred million humans lived on it.

"There are so many humans on this star, and none of them are secondary creatures from the inner worlds," Zen murmured to himself, amazed and deep in thought.

He whizzed past three more stars and once again, their names jumped into his mind.

There were thirty billion humans living on them. This number was truly impressive.

He then saw many more stars up ahead.

Perhaps being in this illusion for too long had slowed him mentally, for it was only now that he suddenly realized that this was the human race's chaotic era, also known as the 77th chaotic era.

Zen had seen the chaotic eras of the Dreaded Eye Demons and the Regal Jade Civilization once.

But whether it was the view shown to him by the Eye of Will or displayed through the Civilization Artifact by the Regal Jade Spirit, they both paled in comparison to what he saw now.

The sheer amount of stars was ridiculous and each star housed hundreds of thousands of humans.

If he was not aware he had been in an illusion, he would have treated this place as another Source World.

Swoosh!

The stars sped up rapidly, zooming in at him and flying by in an instant.

They varied in size; the small ones were thousands of miles in diameter, while the big ones were tens of millions of miles in diameter.

"Buzz..."

After passing through millions of them, finally, Zen looked upon a gigantic star before him. It was probably over a hundred billion miles in diameter. Its entire body burned a fiery red, its surface a sea of hellfire. Blazing fire dragons spiraled up from the surface, spurting flames towards the sky.

'Wow, that's incredibly hot...'

Zen thought, feeling the heat as he approached the star.

His body had now returned to its normal state and although the heat was excruciating, he could handle it.

As he got closer, a massive flame palace came into view below him, entirely dark red with molten lava flowing within.

In such extreme heat as this, any material would be melted. Who knew what it actually was that flowed like lava?

Even the fire spirits would find it difficult to survive here. The flame palace appeared to be the core of the entire star.

When Zen landed in front of it, he saw someone ahead.

It was a man with red hair and red eyebrows, sitting completely naked atop a huge fire lotus. When he saw Zen, he pointed at him and yelled, "Please sit down!"

"Who are you?" asked Zen.

He recalled seeing a statue of this person in the temple.

"I am Zhurong, the ruler of the Fire Region, and the God of Fire," the red haired man said proudly.

Two faint flames flickered in his eyes. They looked as though they could burn anything and everything.

"The God of Fire," Zen muttered, raising an eyebrow.

Zhurong was one of the thirty-nine heroes who had put their statues in the temple on the Other Shore. He was probably one of the top masters in the human race.

"My test is very simple. Please sit next to me for five minutes," said Zhurong calmly, pointing to the fire lotus beside him.

Zen blinked and the corners of his mouth curled up slightly as he jumped onto the fire lotus.

The moment he sat down, flames ignited in the eyes of Zhurong's statue in the temple.

The statue that was looking at the starry pattern noticed what Zhurong was doing. It smiled and said, "This guy just passed the tests of six desires, and now he has to take your test."

"I will burn him to ashes," the statue of Zhurong replied, soft and frightening.

The statues finished speaking and Zen's fire lotus in the starry illusion instantly turned to a blazing white. The white light surged up and enveloped Zen's body.

Buzz! Buzz!

Zhurong looked on indifferently.

He was perpetually irritable and cold-hearted.

Even though only a wisp of his energy soul was in his statue, he was still incomparably harsh. Meeting him in the first test after the tests of six desires was a bad stroke of luck for Zen.

However, his indifference didn't last long. Soon, his eyes widened strangely before his expression morphed to outright shock and disbelief!

Golden vortexes circled Zen's body and absorbed all the heat from the fire lotus, which hadn't caused him much trouble at all.

If things went on like this, Zen would most probably remain safe and sound no matter how long he sat there.

"Buzz..."

The fire lotus released even more heat.

Its light turned from blazing white to brilliant blue, reflecting an odd color onto Zen's body.

And yet Zen still sat motionless and unbothered.

Swoosh!

After five minutes, the fire lotus's heat gradually simmered down. Zen, still sitting on the fire lotus, cupped his hands towards Zhurong and asked, "Master Zhurong, have I passed the test?"

Zhurong looked at Zen, confused. He had a lot of questions himself.

But when he created this energy soul, he had set some limitations on it, so he was prevented from asking anything.

"You may leave now," replied Zhurong briefly.

Zen then left the palace and took off at blistering speed, quickly leaving this unimaginably huge star behind him.

It was as Zhurong said that this area was known as the Fire Region and was once under his control.

Once Zen had left the Fire Region, many icy blue stars floated towards him from the distance. They were terrifyingly large, their bodies crystal clear. Obviously, they were pure.

Soon, a pure white star came straight at Zen.

The strong stream of air on the outermost side of the star mixed with the snowstorm, capable of tearing through anything in its path.

Zen entered the interior of the star, only to find it white and strangely quiet.

A huge ice palace emerged in front of him, a thin man sitting alone inside it. His body was a translucent blue with ripples of water flowing across its surface.

Before Zen could open his mouth to ask, the man introduced himself, "I am Gonggong, the God of Water. Please have a seat."

After Zen met the God of Fire, the sudden appearance of the God of Water did not surprise him. 'Will all thirty-nine statues test me in turn?' he muttered in his heart.

Chapter 3613 The Buddha Region

Water suddenly gushed out and filled the surroundings of the palace.

The temperature gradually reached an extremely low point but the water continuously flowed without being frozen.

However, as the water eventually made contact with Zen, a sudden unimaginable chill seeped into the deepest parts of his soul. He instantly lost focus and was flabbergasted by the uncontrollable piercing sensation brought about by the cold water.

"It's so cold..." Every part of his body was already trembling.

The water rose quickly, almost submerging four-fifths of their bodies. Gonggong then said to Zen, "If you're able to hold on for five minutes, you pass. If not, then you fail."

Soon, the rising water filled the whole palace, fully submerging both Zen and Gonggong.

Zen's body heat quickly dissipated and his entire body grew stiff. It was a very dangerous situation as he couldn't even move an inch.

'I can't take this anymore...'

Previously, during the test by Zhurong, the God of Fire, Zen easily aced it as his body couldn't be harmed by fire. However, as he faced Gonggong, his weakness was exposed as he had so much difficulty in dealing with the low temperature that was overwhelming his body.

Crack!

Under the supreme pressure brought about by the numbing cold water, cracks began to appear on the surface of Zen's body. His flesh was gradually being torn apart.

What scared him more was that as his body started to rip, he didn't feel any pain.

'How did all my strength leave my body? Is it because of the very low temperature?' Zen thought as his mind went hazier by the minute.

When his body started to crack, even the Chaotic Source Spirits couldn't be activated. This was the first time that Zen had experienced being subjected to such a low temperature.

'I need heat to restore my strength!'

He remembered that energy could bring heat into one's body as it swirled inside.

In the moment of desperation, Zen madly extracted a lot of divine megatons of force.

As the force surged through his body, his stiff bones and muscles gradually recovered. Heat quickly gathered and spread throughout his body.

At the same time, Gonggong was looking at Zen indifferently from a distance. He was quite disappointed with his performance.

'He should have been smarter than this and done something right away when he came into contact with the cold water. Now it might be too late for him.'

Zen had been frozen for a while and Gonggong thought that it might be impossible for him to counter the situation.

In the middle of the palace, Zen was standing still like a frozen figure.

From the outside, it seemed like he was already finished as he was unable to do anything to get rid of the cold water.

However, inside his body, many divine megatons of force was furiously circulating.

The faster it moved, the more heat and energy it accumulated.

Just when Gonggong deemed that Zen had miserably failed the test, Zen's fingers suddenly shook. His arms also began to move, followed by his shoulder, torso, and legs.

"Oh? This guy..." Gonggong's eyes narrowed as the scene developed in front of him.

As Zen gradually recovered and unfroze his stiff body, his movements became more natural. The ice-cold water in the palace began swirling around him.

The water rotated frantically as the temperature increased gradually. In a matter of seconds, the once ice-cold water that filled the palace became lukewarm.

As Gonggong became satisfied with Zen's performance, he gently waved his hand. The abundant water quickly rescinded and flowed away until there was none left.

What was left was Zen's figure enveloped by a thick mist. It turned out that due to Zen's high body temperature, the cold water nearest to his body vaporized into this mist.

Zen slowly stepped out from the mist and said, "Can I leave now?" He was proud of his achievement but still managed to show utmost respect as he bowed to Gonggong.

With a faint smile on his face, Gonggong didn't say anything but pointed his finger at the door, signaling Zen that he could now leave.

This region of stars that Gonggong was in charge of was called Water Region. It occupied many stars, about the same size as the Fire Region under Zhurong's jurisdiction.

'The Water Region and Fire Region should be comparable to a super force in the Source World. It also means that the strength and status of Gonggong and Zhurong must be about equal to the Snake Goddess' and Eastern Emperor Taiyi's. However, those two have been on the Other Shore for countless years. I wonder how strong they really are now...'

Zen was immersed in these thoughts as he flew through the stars.

As he continued traversing across the starry sky, he knew he had to pass the tests of thirty-nine heroes.

'It seems like I don't have a choice but to accept all of their challenges. I'm not actually against it. Actually, it would be such a great honor if I could meet them all in person. It's just that...'

Zen realized a great problem that was waiting for him.

Facing all the heroes generally meant that he would have to face the real Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Chiyou, and so on.

The Snake Goddess in the Source World could be considered as another persona that was created purposely. They were both the Snake Goddess but were different at the same time. Zen understood the concept but still felt a little strange.

Swoosh!

As Zen dashed at top speed, the surrounding stars changed in appearance yet again.

Bright golden stars began swarming towards him one after another.

When he landed, he saw golden Buddha statues all over the place. Each golden Buddha statue had a different shape and appearance. Some were standing while some were lying on the ground. There were myriads of statues in various postures.

In fact, wherever one's eyes went on this golden planet, it was still covered by Buddha statues.

"So this must be the Buddha Region…" Zen narrowed his eyes as he scanned the entire area that was beaming in golden lights.

In his father's universe, Buddhism was inherited and practiced in some portions. However, upon reaching the divine land, there wasn't a single trace of Buddhism. It disappeared from the Source World as well.

There was actually an explanation regarding that.

The civilization of the 77th chaos shouldn't have appeared in this particular round of chaos.

Both the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi were seeds that were planted purposely.

Likewise, Buddhism might have been spread, but for some reason, it hadn't developed.

When Zen had read through the ancient books in the Source World, he also found out the origin of Zhurong, the God of Fire. He discovered that he belonged to a human force that had fought with the Sky Rending Rhinoceros before. But since the said force didn't develop, they also disappeared in the Source World.

Dong!

A loud and melodious bell rang out in front of Zen.

Immediately after, a ray of golden light bloomed out before Zen as a huge Buddha statue appeared from the blinding lights.

His hands took the mudra of teaching. Then he looked at Zen with an amiable gaze.

Just when Zen was about to speak, the Buddha suddenly closed his eyes.

Suddenly, Zen felt that his chest became unusually heavy. His eyes were also forced to close. Everything turned dark and inaudible.

However, for Zen, whose six senses were sealed, did not fall into the darkness.

In his innermost being, the golden light bloomed once again. He faced the Buddha with his consciousness. He saw that the Buddha was still staring at him with the mudra of teaching. With this, his innermost being was also sealed and he sank to the innermost being of his innermost being.

Just as Zen was about to face the Buddha again using the innermost being of his innermost being, the same thing happened that forced him into the third layer of his innermost being.

As Zen kept on being sealed repeatedly, he had lost count of which layer of his innermost being he had reached.

He only felt that the change of time was extremely slow, and every time that he would open his eyes, he could always see the calm face of the golden Buddha.

Chapter 3614 An Easy Test

Once light and dark ceased to replace each other, the sealing finally concluded.

"Is this to test one's state of mind?" Zen asked. The Buddha nodded in affirmation.

"Yes."

Zen tilted his head in curiosity. "Am I supposed to break the seal in five minutes?"

The Buddha nodded once again. "If that is what you wish."

"Alright then."

Zen prepared himself by taking a deep breath before he began to concentrate his mind and energy on the task at hand.

He was literally trapped in his own mind and everything was happening in his head, but that did not mean that the world around him was not real.

A benefit of his current situation, however, was being able to do whatever he wanted.

"Mind Sword!" he called from within him. "Break!"

As Zen's mind shouted his command, long swords suddenly materialized beside him.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack

His swords, borne from his own will, flew out and shattered the Buddha statues that once covered the land. With the statues gone, the world around him began to crumble.

Like a huge illusory curtain, Zen's swords had split the world open, tearing it apart in order to reveal another, newer world underneath.

"The swordsmanship that is used to mainly cultivate the state of mind was inherited from the Starry Sword Region," the Buddha told him in a calm, enlightened voice. Zen raised an eyebrow at the mention of the technique's origin.

"The Starry Sword Region?" he repeated. He then remembered the Oneness Sky Palace and its ruler. "Is that region ruled by Eastern Emperor Taiyi?"

"The one and only," the Buddha confirmed. "However, I'm afraid it's going to be too difficult to break the mental prison with just this cultivation method. Though your state of mind is sharp, it is not enough."

Zen couldn't help but scoff in amusement. "Really? I don't find it difficult to destroy this world though."

Boom!

As soon as he said that, a loud explosion reverberated all around them as the long swords from before shot out and shattered everything. When the old world fell, another took its place.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

It was a constant state of creation and destruction as Zen continued to shatter the thirteen worlds that surrounded his mind.

At this rate, five minutes would be more than enough for him to pass the Buddha's test.

On the fourteenth world, Zen summoned his swords once again but the number he was able to conjure was noticeably less. When he launched his attack, the world did not shatter and only cracked in a few places.

Zen frowned and willed himself to try again. "Mind Sword! Shatter!"

A gentle, understanding smile appeared on the Buddha's face. "You're tired."

Zen's state of mind was sharp, but his strength turned out to also be his boon. His mind was too sharp that it consumed a large amount of mental strength, which lessened his endurance.

As the Buddha said, Zen felt tired. "There is no standard for the cultivation of mental strength. I'm afraid I can't cultivate it," he sighed.

The cultivation of the state of mind was mysterious and it was all up to one's own comprehension.

"You don't know how to cultivate it but that doesn't mean you can't. I can teach you an omnipotent Buddha theurgy to enlighten you if you want," the Buddha said with a smile.

Zen's eyes flashed at the Buddha's offer. "An omnipotent Buddha theurgy?"

These thirty-nine heroes were once considered the strongest figures in the past chaotic era.

Though he did not know the Buddha's real name, Zen knew that he was still considered a master in Buddha Region. His theurgy was no doubt unparalleled.

"Isn't this a test?" Zen asked. "Why are you offering to teach me?" It didn't make that much sense to him. Why offer a lesson in the middle of a practical test?

"Whether it's a test or not depends on your own perception," the Buddha vaguely explained. "Fate brought us together so there is no need for me to test you."

That explanation wasn't enough to clear all of Zen's apprehensions. This test was completely different from what he imagined.

As he thought it through, the Buddha began to speak.

A series of strange words reached Zen's ears but since he was trapped in his mind, he couldn't really hear anything.

However, even if his ears weren't working, he still felt that soft pressure in his mind.

"These words..."

They were all meaningless but they were connected to each other since they had such a profound effect on him. Zen couldn't help but compare them to Sanskrit words as the pressure continued to build in his mind.

When the Buddha ceased his chanting, the pressure had reached its peak and he felt a warm feeling flood through his head. The fatigue that previously plagued him was long gone and he felt extremely relaxed.

"Mind Sword!"

Boom!

"Mind Sword!"

Boom!

He was now back to shattering the worlds in one strike. If he felt himself getting tired, Zen merely activated the mind method that the Buddha just taught him.

In no time at all, Zen had broken through all the sealed worlds and passed the Buddha's test. On top of that, he even learned an omnipotent theurgy!

To say he was happy was an understatement.

Zen, however, couldn't help but be curious. "What's the name of this mind method? How does it have such a miraculous effect?"

"It is named the Buddha Mind Method and if you use it in reverse, it can trap your opponents in mental prisons," the Buddha answered.

Zen cupped his hands in respect. "Thank you! May I have your name?"

His reply was a mere smile. The Buddha calmly pushed him away and put distance between Zen and the Buddha Region.

Just as Zen was convinced he was never going to find out this master's name, he heard a voice mumble softly in his head. "My name is Tathagata."

"Tathagata..."

Zen repeated the name to himself, intending to keep it with him as he flew into the void.

In the 77th chaotic era, the Buddha Region might have very well been a powerful force.

To Zen, since the 77th civilization had been dominated by humans, then that must mean it was much better than the current chaotic era.

In fact, it was much more complicated than he had first imagined.

As Zen flew, he was once again enveloped by new scenery.

He found himself a star. Zen landed on it and saw a man with incredibly delicate and graceful features. He was so handsome that he could even be considered more beautiful than most women.

"Who are you?" Zen asked. The handsome man gave him a shining smile.

"I'm Emperor Charm."

Zen's eyes immediately widened. "Emperor Charm?!" The emperor nodded and waved his hand dismissively.

"You can go. I don't have any test for you."

His nonchalance took Zen aback. "You don't have any test for me?"

Wasn't the whole point of being here to let these human heroes test and recognize him?

Zen did not immediately do as he said. He merely stood there and stared at the emperor of the Sun Crow race before opening his mouth. "Emperor Charm, did all of you have the same goal back then?"

Emperor Charm tilted his head in curiosity. "What goal?"

"Changing the fate of the chaos and realizing the Finale Way," Zen replied.

Emperor Charm let out a charming laugh that sounded like light, chiming bells on a sunny day. "Of course we had the same goal!"

"It's a pity that the Emperor Charm in the current round of chaos has chosen the opposite way."

The laughter died on Emperor Charm's throat after he heard what Zen just said.

The Emperor Charm in the current round of chaos had inherited everything of him: talent, personality, bloodline, and even theurgies. However, at the end of the day, he remained his own person and even the real Emperor Charm had no power over him.

"I see."

Emperor Charm waved his hand, summoning a gust of wind that blew Zen away.

Chapter 3615 The Past

Many regions of stars enveloped Zen endlessly, where he met each powerhouse of the human race one by one.

Among these people were Houtu, Queen of the Earth, in charge of everything that revolved around nature, Houyi, who shot the suns with a bow...

(*TN: Most of these heroes are deities from Chinese mythology and folktales.)

Though they presented themselves as humans in front of Zen, most of them were not pure human beings.

For example, Emperor Charm had demonic blood going through his veins because he was a Sun Crow in nature.

There was also the Snake Goddess who was half human and half snake, while Wukong was actually a monkey with extraordinary combat effectiveness.

However, because these beings were all born in the 77th civilization, they all agreed with the human civilization.

When Zen saw the Snake Goddess again, he felt strange.

He knew the two Snake Goddesses were not the same person, but they could almost be considered one. They both possessed the power to read people's minds.

"I thought I would be the one to open the temple with the Other Shore Key," the Snake Goddess said to Zen. "How come it ended up being you?"

She was referring to the Snake Goddess in the Source World.

"Is this a test?" Zen responded, smiling at the Snake Goddess.

"Sort of." She shrugged.

In fact, except Zhurong and Gonggong, other powerhouses didn't really test Zen.

Zen didn't hide anything; to him, there was nothing worth hiding.

Very calmly, he told the Snake Goddess how he obtained the last Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed, and how he had discovered the Other Shore Key.

Once he finished explaining, the Snake Goddess was baffled, "I did not realize I'd not have the patience to obtain the last Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed. It's fate. You..."

The Snake Goddess hesitated and did not finish her sentence.

After leaving the starry region the Snake Goddess was in, Zen made his way to enter another starry region, where he met Fuxi.

Surprisingly, the Fuxi before him seemed to be the same as the one in the Source World.

"Hey man," Fuxi called out. "Am I powerful in the Source World?"

"Yes, you are," Zen responded lightly.

In terms of pure strength, most powerful warriors in the Source World were inferior to Fuxi. No one was ever willing to get into a fight with him.

"Well, how did the woman from the neighboring starry region treat me?" Fuxi continued to ask..

"What?"

Zen was shocked to hear this, having just seen the Snake Goddess prior to Fuxi.

Under the pressure of Fuxi, Zen bragged about his position in the Pear Hill before he let him go.

After Zen left, a look of confusion spread across Fuxi's face. Among the thirty-nine heroes, Fuxi was the most unwilling to accept his fate. What he thought was surprisingly the same as what the Fuxi in the Source World thought.

Not long afterwards, Zen met the Divine Farmer and the Yellow Thearch.

After both of them finally understood their incarnations' choices in the Source World, they grew to become extremely grim.

Both the Divine Farmer and the Yellow Thearch were clear about their personality and their incarnations. Once they were determined on their own path, they would have to go on without hesitation. As the real them were trapped on the Other Shore, they couldn't do anything about it.

Over time, more and more stars swept past Zen as he met the past powerhouses one by one.

"The thirty-eighth one..."

As another starry region enveloped him, he ended up at the top of a cyan mountain. Right before him stood a burly middle-aged man.

Although the middle-aged man appeared quite different from Chiyou's energy soul Zen had met, he could still recognize the man at a glance.

It was known by everyone that Chiyou in the divine land was already dead. He was naturally not as imposing as the one in front of Zen.

"My blood is flowing in your body," Chiyou pointed out. "Are you my descendant?"

Zen smiled and nodded. "You... You are my grandfather."

Just then, Chiyou's face shifted from puzzled to ecstatic as he gave Zen a warm embrace.

It was after a heated discussion that these powerful masters decided to place the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds in the Pear Hill.

Before, it was assumed that the Snake Goddess was going to open the temple. However, it ended up being Zen, Chiyou's grandson. Chiyou said in surprise, "It seems that the Nine Li race has developed well."

The Nine Li Region was a very strong existence in the 77th civilization, so Chiyou had no doubts of Nine Li race's power.

"Here's the thing, grandpa. The Nine Li race was destroyed, and you were killed by the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer in the Source World," Zen said, trying to soften the blow with his tone. "Only some members of the race are still alive. Moreover, I've joined the Oneness Sky Palace."

Chiyou's face stiffened for a moment, but eventually, eased up as he smiled helplessly. "I didn't expect things would go this way, but I am more than proud to hear that you have opened the temple!"

Chiyou was never one to focus on the negatives. Even after hearing about the tragic ending of the Nine Li race, he was not disgraced. He asked Zen about many things.

Among all the stars he visited, Zen remained with Chiyou the longest. He made sure to tell Chiyou what he had experienced in detail.

Chiyou never would have guessed that this was the situation in the Source World.

In the beginning, the plan of the human race was very successful. There were many civilizations in the Source World, and this brought an upper hand for the humans of the 77th civilization. Unfortunately, the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race ended up betraying everyone, which took them by surprise.

After a few more hours, Zen eventually left the Nine Li Region.

The regions of stars that he'd visited positioned themselves above his head and spiraled around each other. Then the golden region of stars in the center shrouded him.

Just then, Zen fell into the depths of the palace of a golden star. Green jade slips floated in the air, and the words on the slips were never ending.

Among the slips stood a statue-like being, which turned out to be a real person who faced Zen.

"Young man, you can sit down," the man said, gesturing towards the chair right in front of Zen.

"Thank you, sir," Zen said, following the man's instruction. It was only then that he'd realized this person was the most important figure among the thirty-nine heroes.

The man smiled at Zen, positioned a few jade slips before him, and asked, "You are a human, aren't you? Are you interested in the history of the human race?"

"You mean the human race in the 77th chaos?" Zen shot back with a question.

"Yes," the man nodded. "All about the 77th civilization."

Zen had no idea this was what he was getting into. "Yes, I am more than interested."

Hearing this, the man gently knocked on the jade slips that were resting on the table, and green threads suddenly floated out of them. These threads attached themselves to Zen's temples, flashing the entire history of the human race into his mind.

It seemed that even back then, the human race already had many disputes and conflicts.

Overall, even in the early stages, the 77th chaos had gone through three massive tribulations: the battle of ancestral sorcerers, the battle for becoming gods, and the battle of Taoism and Buddhism.

It seemed that every tribulation caused much destruction, and Zen couldn't help but flinch at the sight of these.

Chapter 3616 The Book

In the 77th civilization, there were three major sects above the many regions of stars. They were the Human Sect, the Interception Sect, and the Enlightenment Sect.

The person in front of Zen now was the leader of the Enlightenment Sect, the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"I have a general understanding of the history of the human race, sir," Zen offered.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded. "Do you know why we sowed human seeds in this round of chaos?"

Zen lowered his head, thinking for a moment. "It is said that this round of chaos is the last chance to complete the Finale Way," he replied.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded once again. "Right. You know enough. The human race already failed once. We had to retreat to the Other Shore after the failure, but we have never feared anyone!

The human race was born in the 77th civilization. Before that, the 76 ruling civilizations had already established their foothold on the Other Shore. It was not easy for the human race to fight for a place, but our master led us all the way up."

"Your master?" Zen looked confused.

The jade slips didn't record who the Primeval Lord of Heaven's master was. However, it seemed that the leaders of the three major sects had had the same master.

The strength of the Primeval Lord of Heaven might have surpassed that of the Wing King of the Regal Jade Civilization. The strength of the three leaders' master must have been even greater.

"The records about my master have been erased by me. The memories related to him can't appear in the mind of any creature on the Other Shore. Even I can no longer recall what he even looked like," the Primeval Lord of Heaven admitted.

"That explains it! That's why only nine people were recorded to have attempted completion of the Finale Way, when there should have been ten," Zen exclaimed.

From the memories, he had seen the human race embark on the Finale Way and fight against that needle.

King Manard had once mentioned that the human race was well-prepared with a variety of methods to complete the Finale Way. Compared to them, the solution of the Wing King of the Regal Jade Civilization actually only ranked eighth.

He had said that there had been ten methods carried out by ten people, but from the memories presented by the Primeval Lord of Heaven, Zen had only seen nine.

Zen initially thought that King Manard must have been mistaken, but it turned out he was right. A memory had just been hidden.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was an intelligent man. He keenly caught the implication of Zen's words. "You know there really were ten people. How?"

Zen cleared his throat awkwardly. After hesitating for a moment, Zen decided to tell the truth. "I've heard from someone else that ten people were appointed to complete the Finale Way. The one who came the closest to doing it was known as the human ancestor. It's said that the Other Shore Tokens he used were the Heart of Limit and the Overdraft Stone."

Every single word King Manard had said at that time was committed to Zen's memory, although he had never seen these aforementioned Other Shore Tokens.

"Who did you hear this from?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

King Manard had entrusted Zen to look for the human race on the Other Shore. In a way, Zen had found them. There was no need to hide anything. "He is also a member of the 77th civilization, but he is not on the Other Shore," Zen said truthfully.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was completely taken aback by this. "What? That's impossible!"

The disbelief showed clearly on his face.

As a member of the 77th civilization, he naturally knew of the fate of the human race then.

And what he knew was that the humans of the 77th civilization who had not entered the Other Shore had died and had become a part of the chaos.

Most of those who entered the Other Shore, excluding the top masters, were also now dead or injured. They hid whatever was left of their waning existence in Stage Thirty Three.

Humans like Zen were the fruit of seeds the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the two other leaders quietly planted.

Thus, no other human was known to exist outside these three groups.

Seeing the Primeval Lord of Heaven's shocked expression, Zen couldn't help but smile. It was an unexpected sight on a person he deeply admired. "No, he really does come from the 77th civilization, sir. He was only able to avoid the destruction of the chaos by accident."

"By accident? How?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven pressed, truly amazed.

"The Son of Truth of the 77th chaos had exiled him into a unique space," said Zen.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded as realization dawned on him. "That unique space is called the Land of Ashes. The Son of Truth you are talking about must have been a Red Cloud Beast, which was in opposition to the human race at the time. They had exiled many people, including my son.

But the Land of Ashes is emptied every once in a while, and everything in it is purged, so how could anyone survive that?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven's exiled son had disappeared in such a purge, so they were never able to reunite on the Other Shore.

"That's what I heard, too. He not only avoided it but actually caused such purges to cease. Since the 77th civilization, everything that is thrown into that space has been preserved. He even calls the shots there now," Zen replied.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled through his astonishment. "If he was exiled by the Red Cloud Beast, he must have been someone of note. May I know his name?"

"He goes by King Manard," Zen replied.

"King Manard?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was puzzled. He prided himself for his retentive memory. But he remembered no such person.

Zen nodded at the confused look on the Primeval Lord of Heaven's face. "When I was reading your memories, I did note that King Manard was not there. But I encountered him when I was exiled to the Land of Ashes myself. It was he who asked me to look for you."

Zen began to detail all he had experienced and learned in the Land of Ashes.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't seem surprised hearing about the Abstruse Energy World. It seemed he was already aware of it.

His eyes shone brightly after Zen finished retelling his encounter with King Manard. "So, he actually wants to create another Other Shore! Haha!"

"Unfortunately, because of the limitations of the rules, King Manard can't enter the chaos, nor can he enter the Other Shore. I can, however. If you want to send him a message, I can relay it for you," said Zen.

"No need to hurry," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said. With this, he waved his hand.

Their surroundings dissolved in an instant. The stars and the world turned into nothingness. Zen was left feeling like he was just awakening from a dream.

He was back in the center of the temple hall. Elvinia and the human woman were nowhere to be found.

"Young man, come here," called a voice from the statue in the center.

It was the statue of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, whom Zen had just met in the illusion. He began to realize the other statues around him must be sentient as well.

Zen walked up to the statue of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the hand of which now held up a book.

Chapter 3617 How Many Do You Have

Upon entry to the Creation Myth Temple, the Moon Fire Slaves wanted to grab the book.

However, that plan was cut short when the Primeval Lord of Heaven killed the Moon Fire Slaves with a single finger.

Of course, Zen knew that the book was probably one of a kind. "You seem to have cultivated several Truths of Godly Ways, right?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

"Yes, there are three Truths of Godly Ways in total," Zen answered with a nod.

In reality, he had cultivated five Truths of Godly Ways.

The only thing was that the Truth of Three-Energy Construction and his physical body's Truth of Godly Way could not carry the Other Shore Tokens.

Now, he had already guessed that the Primeval Lord of Heaven intended to ask him to fuse with that book.

"This book is the Civilization Artifact of our human race. You can fuse with it by means of the Truth of Cultivation Nature," the Primeval Lord of Heaven stated.

"Well, it..." At that moment, Zen began to hesitate.

"I'm afraid it's not appropriate." "Why? Do you know the meaning of the Civilization Artifact?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven questioned with a smile.

Not many races could leave Civilization Artifacts behind on the Other Shore. That was why the Primeval Lord of Heaven thought that Zen didn't know the meaning of the Civilization Artifact.

"I know," Zen answered.

Aside from being an authoritative figure, the Primeval Lord of Heaven also had a vast knowledge and abundant experience.

Thus, his understanding of the Other Shore and the chaos should be far better than that of the Regal Jade Spirit and No. 9527.

Not to mention the function of the human race's Civilization Artifact, it would already be a good thing for him if he could have the Primeval Lord of Heaven's guidance! "Then why is it not appropriate?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked curiously.

"Because my Truth of Cultivation Nature has already carried another Civilization Artifact," Zen replied.

After the Primeval Lord of Heaven heard those words, the eyebrows of his lifelike statue slightly shot up.

Truth be told, the test of the Creation Myth Temple wasn't very strict because only one Other Shore Key was given out, and there was only one chance to choose a suitable person.

Therefore, many of the powerful warriors in the civilization met with Zen. Most of them followed the same rule to do so, and some of them even took the opportunity to teach him a theurgy.

It could also be said that they subconsciously did not take Zen's strength seriously.

After all, the human civilization in the past was a civilization where talents were born for generations. In the following rounds of chaos, however, it was almost impossible to produce a talent like them.

Yet, here was Zen, who had surprised the Primeval Lord of Heaven once again with his answer.

Whatever civilization that could hide on the Other Shore must be a strong ruling one, but even so, it was difficult for a ruling civilization to reach the higher stages.

Still, a civilization that could make a Civilization Artifact was already considered extremely powerful!

All in all, was such a civilization really willing to choose this young man from the human race? "Which civilization does the Civilization Artifact belong to?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked again.

"The Regal Jade Civilization," replied Zen.

Once again, Zen's answer took the Primeval Lord of Heaven aback.

It was true that when the Regal Jade Civilization was at its peak, it was one of the ten great civilizations.

"It is a great opportunity for you to obtain a Civilization Artifact," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a nod. "Fortunately, the Civilization Artifact is rather complicated, and there usually are more than one Truth of Godly Way that it can match with. If you have cultivated the Truth of Goodwill and Malice, you can use it to bear this Civilization Artifact too."

A red flush rose on Zen's flustered face. He simply said, "Well, my Truth of Goodwill and Malice also carries a Civilization Artifact..."

The Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization still released tasks every day and night. Since Zen had been quite busy recently, he had not paid attention to it.

But when necessary, it was completely fine to extract several thousand divine megatons of force from it.

The corners of the Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes slightly twitched in shock when he heard Zen's words.

To fuse with one Civilization Artifact was already a great blessing for anyone. Yet, this man in front of him had already fused with two Civilization Artifacts, and now he was going to fuse with the third...

Just then, the Primeval Lord of Heaven turned his head and his gaze fell on Chiyou's statue.

Chiyou's statue glowed with a red light, and all of the three heads had a gentle smile.

Although the seeds they had sowed failed to meet their expectation, he was a little proud that such a young man had appeared in the Nine Li race.

Furthermore, even though he was not Chiyou in the Source World, the blood of the Nine Li race that Zen had inherited was genuine!

"Then you only have the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent left," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said. Then, this time he cautiously asked, "Has this Truth of Godly Way fused with another Other Shore Token?"

"No. The Truth of Eternal Sword Intent carries the Strength God Totem. This Other Shore Token needs to be replaced," Zen answered.

"Perfect! Let's begin to bear the Civilization Artifact now," the Primeval Lord of Heaven exclaimed.

With a wave of the Primeval Lord of Heaven's hand, both Elvinia and the human woman were thrown out of the starry illusion not far away.

He glanced coldly at the woman and said, "I won't kill you not only because the rules prevent me from doing so. Though I can't kill you inside the temple, it's still easy to trap you to death with the illusion."

Naturally, the woman was shocked and her face was immediately drained of color.

She knew that they couldn't kill her in the Creation Myth Temple, but the illusion was under their control. There must be many other ways to deal with her, but she still foolishly went inside the illusion...

"The Snake Goddess has already told you what you need to know. Remember to relay those words to my junior fellow disciple. You can leave now," the Primeval Lord of Heaven hissed.

After the human woman had passed the tests of six desires, she met the energy soul of the Snake Goddess. Since the two of them were members of the same race, the Snake Goddess was clearly the suitable being to inform the woman of those words.

Before the human woman left, she looked at Zen with an unreadable expression. She wanted to remember his appearance.

Unfortunately, his figure was blurry so she couldn't see him clearly. Sadness filled her heart, and she walked out of the Creation Myth Temple.

Meanwhile, Zen was also dumbfounded.

The junior fellow disciple of the Primeval Lord of Heaven?

Based on the memories that the Primeval Lord of Heaven had given him, he knew that he had a senior fellow disciple and a junior fellow disciple. His senior fellow disciple was the leader of the Human Sect, and his junior fellow disciple was the leader of the Interception Sect, Grandmaster of Heaven.

'Did the Grandmaster of Heaven betray the human race on the Other Shore and become a member of the Nihility race?' Zen guessed.

As his thoughts flooded his mind, the human woman was already gone.

Then, the Primeval Lord of Heaven held the blue book in his hand and gently raised it towards the sky.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

There was a deep rumbling sound as the entire temple began to shake.

The strategy the human race had chosen was quite similar to that of the Regal Jade Civilization, but there was also an essential difference between them.

The Regal Jade Civilization hid in the lower stage.

The human race was even stronger, so they stood on Stage Seventeen. In fact, those large races still didn't have an effective way to deal with the temple of the human race!

On the other hand, Elvinia felt quite tense when she saw what happened around her. Her lips quivered nervously as she walked towards Zen.

She had passed the tests of six desires as well, and also saw Emperor Charm afterwards.

He was the man who shared the same bloodline as her. As always, his handsome face was pleasant and enchanting.

Even though Elvinia had the bloodline of the Sun Crow race, she resented and loathed them very much.

Chapter 3618 Leaving

Fortunately for Emperor Charm, he had already heard some news from Zen and guessed the reason for Elvinia's disgust towards them.

Therefore, he asked her who she would like to see.

Among the thirty-nine statues, the only person that Elvinia was willing to see was the statue of his father—Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

In turn, Emperor Charm transferred her to the Starry Sword Region, where she had met her "father." After that, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had even taught her a theurgy of swordsmanship before she left.

But after she had departed from the starry illusion, she was still in a trance.

This "Eastern Emperor Taiyi" had a better understanding of swordsmanship than her father. She didn't know if he knew about it, so she was determined to tell him about it when she could leave the Other Shore this time.

Thud, thud, thud…

Meanwhile, the temple continued to rumble, and everything inside it began to peel off and crack!

Bang!

A stone pillar in the corner of the hall exploded, but a space floated within it. Inside the space were towns and mountains, as if it had formed a world of its own. In addition, there were also people from the 77th civilization.

It turned out that after the humans had decreased most of their forces, the majority of the humans on the Other Shore entered hidden spaces.

Whoosh!

At that moment, the space flew to the book.

Boom!

Another stone pillar shattered, and the space hidden inside it rushed into the book too.

After eighteen stone pillars were destroyed in a row, eighteen spaces showed up. It seemed the world of the human civilization was bigger than that of the Regal Jade Civilization.

When the eighteen spaces rushed into the book, the statues also broke, and all the energy souls quickly rushed into the book as well!

The Civilization Artifact of the humans was similar to that of the Regal Jade Civilization, but there were some key differences between them.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and all the other powerful masters had their real bodies in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. Their presence now was just in the form of their energy souls, which was a bit like the form of No. 9527.

Besides that group of thirty-nine people, the book had also absorbed most of the 77th civilization's possessions!

On the contrary, such was not the case with the Regal Jade Civilization.

The Regal Jade City was still located in the Dark Region of Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore. Nevertheless, Zen could still borrow many divine megatons of force from it through the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization.

The big difference between the two Civilization Artifacts was because after Zen had visited the thirty-nine heroes, he had gotten their full trust!

Swish, swish, swish… The book was like a bottomless black hole.

The huge temple continued to collapse due to the constant absorption. The whole scene looked like a process of a building being weathered by time, as its fragments quickly flowed into the book.

It wasn't long before Zen, Elvinia, and the Primeval Lord of Heaven were the only ones who stood there. The temple had already disappeared, and only the remnants of its foundation were left.

Both Zen and Elvinia had seen the temple's foundation when they had first found the temple. Now, if it wasn't for the statue of the the Primeval Lord of Heaven nearby, Zen would've thought that it was only a dream.

"Bear it!"

Whoosh!

At that point, the Primeval Lord of Heaven's statue began to weather as well.

His energy soul rushed into the book, and the book floated towards Zen.

Zen took the book in his hand and looked at it for a while, before he handed it to Elvinia.

"Why?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven's voice came from within the Civilization Artifact.

Since the book was now a Civilization Artifact and was given to Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven naturally didn't want it to be in another person's hands.

"My corporeal body can't bear the Other Shore Token. Only when my soul returns to the Other Shore can I bear it," Zen explained.

He clearly couldn't change the rules on the Other Shore, so he could only ask Elvinia to help him pass this Other Shore Token to his Soul of Light.

After Elvinia put the book into the Sumeru Space, they turned to leave the area.

Compared to entering the Creation Myth Temple, leaving it was much easier.

Once Zen and Elvinia were gone, the three circular areas turned into a gobi, a grassland, and a desert.

In any case, Zen had no intention of staying in Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore. When everything was done, he and Elvinia went north along the junction of the desert and the grassland.

However, not long after they went a certain distance, Zen saw a few fist-sized caves not far away. Those caves glowed with bean-sized lights. They were none other than the Extremity Mice, which were ordered about by the Nihility race.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, Zen dashed forward and headed straight for those caves.

When the Extremity Mice that hid in the caves saw who had come for them, they burrowed even deeper inside.

The Nihility race would most likely not give up on the temple. Thus, there might be huge trouble if he let these Extremity Mice monitor their whole journey.

He stretched out his hands and grasped on the ground. Many divine megatons of force suddenly blew up, and then slammed down heavily against the caves.

Smash!

All the caves below the area collapsed under the immense pressure, so these Extremity Mice naturally had a hard time escaping.

The caves these Extremity Mice had dug were very complicated. If Zen relied on his strength alone, it would be nearly impossible for him to clear all of them up.

But once the caves in this area were sealed, he spread out his thunder wings, took Elvinia in his arms, and leapt up high in the air. Finally, they flew west in the direction of the grassland, then moved towards the north.

On the other hand, the human woman dragged her snake tail and traveled towards the northeast. Under the guidance of the Extremity Mice, she entered a cave which was more than a shoulder wide.

At the bottom of the underground caves was the headquarters of the Extremity Mice.

Although the Extremity Mice were intelligent creatures, it was hard to find anything pleasant in their living environment.

Their place reeked of some strange and pungent smells that made her want to vomit.

After they passed through the underground caves for several thousand feet, the path in front of them eventually widened.

Something appeared in front of her. It was a shiny golden snake!

The Nihility race had originally placed the golden snake there. After the Extremity Mice had seen Zen and the Moon Fire Slaves earlier, they had relied on this golden snake to pass on the news for them.

Just then, the woman reached out her hand and gently stroked the golden snake's head.

The golden snake, which appeared to be carved out of gold, suddenly opened its eyes and stick out its tongue.

Hiss, hiss…

After the golden snake confirmed the woman's identity, it circled around her body.

Aside from being used to convey information, the golden snake could also tell if the person who had sent the information was lying.

When the snake was done circling around the woman, its head approached her and said in a strange voice, "Has the temple opened?" "It's opened..." the woman replied.

"Did you see them?" the strange voice from the snake's mouth asked rather excitedly. "Yes, I did, but I was driven out," the woman answered in a low voice.

A heavy silence filled the air.

This time, not only did she lose a Nihility Spirit, but she also absolutely failed her mission.

Hiss!

The golden snake that was wrapping around the woman suddenly shrunk and let out an ear-piercing sound.

Even though this woman came from a high stage, it was hard for her to resist such a tight force, especially when her strength was subdued by this stage. At that moment, her body emitted several cracking sounds.

Of course, the sound came from her bones that broke inside her body.

Chapter 3619 Carrying The Book

The woman's face was contorted in agony. Still, she made no sound.

This was a punishment she was willing to bear.

There were surely more severe punishments waiting for her in the higher stage.

The golden snake tightened its grip on her. "You don't have to return for the time being."

"Why?" the woman had to ask, through the pain.

She had been convinced the golden snake would ask her to get that Civilization Artifact back.

Not that she could. She would be facing the two strongest fighters in Stage Seventeen whom she was no match for. That man must have already gotten the Civilization Artifact. How could she snatch it from him?

"Go to the lower stages and find a human called the Evil God. He is a Soul of Light," the golden snake said.

The woman gritted her teeth at this. Her strength diminished with every lower stage she would cross. It was a slow torture.

The pain she felt now would only be heightened in the lower stages.

Every fiber of her being screamed in refusal, but she knew she had no choice. "What do you need a Soul of Light for?"

She had nothing but scorn for her fellow humans in the Source World. In her eyes, they were just failed clones of the 77th civilization.

"Lead him into the Chilling Bone Land," the golden snake instructed.

"What?"

The woman was taken aback.

Every civilization and every large race had secrets hidden on the Other Shore.

The Element Spirit race, the Nihility race, and even the human race all had their secrets. The Chilling Bone Land was one of those.

"A Soul of Light in the Chilling Bone Land?" the woman asked, hesitantly.

Even she was not qualified to cultivate in the Chilling Bone Land. How would some unknown human be able to enter it so easily?

"Do as I said. Find him as soon as possible. Failure is not an option. Otherwise, you know what awaits you!"

The woman's blood froze at the golden snake's threat.

With those words, the golden light in the snake's eyes dimmed. It loosened its grip on the woman's body.

Finally able to catch her breath, the woman frowned as she mulled over the latest orders given to her. She took one last look at the Extremity Mice around before entering another small cave.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the midlands of Stage Seventeen, Zen hid Elvinia's physical body for safety before they retreated from the Other Shore.

Instead of walking out of the cultivation room, he began to fuse with the Other Shore Token.

The aura of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent slowly spread out, and the book slowly descended in his inner world.

Whoosh!

The Primeval Lord of Heaven flew out of the book and hovered high in the sky.

His eyebrows knitted together as he looked down.

"Why is this inner world a primitive land?" Another figure floated out of the book. It was Zhurong, one of the 39 statues.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The energy souls rushed out of the book one after another, taking in their surroundings.

Like the Primeval Lord of Heaven, they were puzzled at the state of Zen's inner world.

They had never heard of an inner world turning into a primitive land.

"Interesting! How was this guy able to do this?" Fuxi asked as he scanned the landscape.

The Snake Goddess next to him shook her head. She fixed her gaze on the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "This primitive land is..."

"We have to fight for the Source World," the Primeval Lord of Heaven suddenly pronounced, interrupting the Snake Goddess.

Zen overheard the conversation clearly, his manifestation floating near the others. So they still wanted to do battle for the Source World.

As Zen absorbed the implication of these words, the Primeval Lord of Heaven turned to look at him. "Why is your inner world like this?"

Zen didn't need to hide anything. With a sheepish smile, he briefly explained the Primal Chaos Technique and his master Bromley.

The Regal Jade Spirit had also been perplexed when he first saw this primitive land.

He knew well of the primitive land, but it had been his first time to actually see an inner world like it.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven turned over what Zen said in his mind.

He had an idea what this primitive land meant, but he was uncertain. In the end, he waved the thought away. He looked at Zen steadily. "Carry the book and we will help you!"

Zen did not hesitate to do so. It was easy to carry the book under the protection of the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Chains wrapped around the book. It was thus ready to be borne.

The three Civilization Artifacts now hovered side by side, emitting an indescribable aura.

Just then, a figure floated up toward the assembly. It was Geoffrey.

Geoffrey greeted his father with a smile before continuing toward the artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

A mechanical voice piped up from the artifact. "The earth-level third-class task: occupy and expand the Crimson Divine Kingdom..."

"Task accepted!" Geoffrey responded promptly.

Buzz!

With a beam of light, the Civilization Artifact designated the task to Geoffrey. With this accomplished, Geoffrey cupped his hands and bowed to Zen before flying away excitedly.

All this time, Zen hadn't paid much attention to his inner world. He closed his eyes now and focused. All memories of Geoffrey's activities in his inner world flashed across his mind.

It was only then that he realized Geoffrey was undergoing cultivation in a special way.

Geoffrey had taken the Regal Jade Spirit as his teacher and had been working very hard to cultivate in Zen's inner world.

However, he had yet to reach the Other Shore Realm in this way. The body-refining cultivation method the Regal Jade Spirit taught him was exceptionally mysterious. The warriors below the consummation of True God Realm might be no match for him, but he was still much weaker than the powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

Geoffrey had chanced upon the cubic object floating in the sky one day, and discovered that it had been issuing tasks nonstop.

Some of the tasks sounded inconceivable, far beyond what Geoffrey could do.

Some tasks, however, were simple and could be completed in the inner world. Geoffrey had accepted one of the tasks and completed it. To his amazement, the cubic object actually improved the power of his physical body as a reward!

Geoffrey took advantage of this easy method to improve.

All this time, he had been receiving the tasks released by the Civilization Artifact almost every day and night. With the completion of each task, his physical body and strength became more and more powerful. He now could release 30 divine megatons of force.

This amount of power was just normal for Zen, of course.

But it was enough to qualify Geoffrey to become a Flag Master in the Dragon City.

Geoffrey hadn't even stepped into the Sea of Truth yet.

As Zen was lost in his thoughts, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the other energy souls sized up the other two Civilization Artifacts.

Every Civilization Artifact represented the civilization behind it. The Primeval Lord of Heaven had been raring to meet the Regal Jade Spirit.

But they soon found they couldn't communicate with the Heavenly Obsession Civilization at all.

Chapter 3620 Confusions

The Regal Jade Spirit was glad to see the human beings arrive.

He had learned about powerful human warriors from King Manard. They were a race that had almost disappeared on the Other Shore, and were once powerful enough to contend with the Element Spirit Civilization.

Most importantly, they shared the same interests as the Regal Jade Spirit.

After speaking with him, the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked Zen to release the people from within the Civilization Artifact.

There were a total of eighteen independent spaces in the Creation Myth Temple and hundreds of thousands of people in each space. A considerable amount of them were born on the Other Shore, but nearly half of them came from the 77th civilization.

These were not the most powerful humans at the time, yet they still held high positions.

Zen obliged the Primeval Lord of Heaven. However, since so many humans would be added to his body, he required a new space.

With a flash of his mind, in the distance, the chaotic sea began trembling. From beneath the water's surface, a gigantic mound of some sorts broke through, splashing water in all directions as it emerged. Just like that, a new continent came into being.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, please place the spaces there, on that new continent," requested Zen.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven waved his hand gently and the pages of the book began flipping over. The eighteen spaces descended from the sky onto the continent. Humans began walking out in small groups, looking around the new world with varying reactions.

Energy souls, such as Fuxi, Chiyou and Gonggong, flew down and guided their respective clansmen.

Now that they had been assigned to this continent by Zen, naturally, they would rebuild their homeland here.

These people had been hiding in the temple for too long. Since the humans lost, most of the weaker ones had been hiding in the spaces in the Creation Myth Temple. After countless years, they were finally able to see the light of day again, so it was only natural to have mixed feelings about it.

Looking at the humans brought up some questions for Zen.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, as far as I know, my inner world is a primitive land. So these humans should be viewed as returning from the Other Shore to the chaos, right?" Zen asked curiously.

As a leader of the humans, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was extremely knowledgeable.

But Zen's question stunned him, left him trapped.

In principle, the Other Shore and the chaos were two worlds separated from each other.

Once someone entered the Other Shore, there was no way back.

During the past more than a thousand chaotic eras, the creatures on the Other Shore had tried to influence one civilization after the other, but none of them had come to the chaos.

This truth had still not changed thus far.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had used a loophole on the Other Shore to let humans' seeds descend. Other races had done the same thing, causing the chaotic phenomena in this round of chaotic era.

However, all they sent down were seeds, not their real bodies.

Even though the true body of the Primeval Lord of Heaven was incredibly powerful, once he left the Other Shore for real, he would be killed by the truth in an instant. No other possibility existed.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven paused a moment before nodding and saying, "Indeed."

"The primitive land and the inner world are two different concepts. Every primitive land is located in the chaos. Of course, we are coming to the chaos," the Snake Goddess chimed in from the side.

"But why didn't the truth punish them?" Zen asked, somewhat confused.

Carefully thinking back, he realized that his inner world had been a "primitive land" for a long time. That meant, as soon as he carried the first Other Shore Token, he had brought something from the Other Shore to the chaos.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven narrowed his eyes and thought a while, a bitter smile forming.

The Source World was another primitive land, but it did not serve as anyone's inner world. It was the countless creatures in the Source World that carried the Other Shore Tokens.

It was certainly the first time he had met an exception such as Zen, and so he had no answer for him.

"Perhaps it's because this place is not connected to the outside world. If it is really connected to the chaos, we energy souls, and them, and even the Other Shore Tokens will not survive," the Snake Goddess speculated.

"It's indeed possible," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

From this point of view, entering Zen's inner world was not advantageous. It might in fact cause unforeseen trouble.

"Then what should we do?" Zen asked now frowning as well.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven offered some words with a faint smile, "Don't worry. Every problem has a solution. A primitive land has its own significance. Since such a primitive land came into being within your body, there will naturally be a solution. Let's take it easy and find it."

He was very fond of exploring unsolved mysteries, and this was the purpose of his Enlightenment Sect as well. He had already lived unimaginably long, and yet he still explored everything he could tirelessly.

"You're right." Zen nodded.

His inner world was situated in a corner of the chaos. It wasn't large, and the chances of it being found were slight. There was no need to worry.

In Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, the Evil God received a message from Shera. It told him to wait at the foot of the Heavenly River Mountain in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore.

In the past he would not have obeyed an order from Shera.

In fact, he had disobeyed her many times in his brief stint on the Black Ship.

Right now though, he was left with no other choice. He had to stay on the Other Shore in exchange for a brief window of freedom.

After receiving the order, the Evil God passed through the energy whirlpool and headed straight for the Myriad Spirits City.

Zen had reserved soul crystal for the Evil God in the Myriad Spirits City. He hadn't meant to use it at first. He could strengthen himself by simply devouring souls, so it was not an urgent need. Besides, he did not want to owe Zen a favor.

But if he left on his own without receiving the soul crystal, he feared that Zen would be suspicious.

As Zen's Inner-world Generating Avatar, any of his mistakes would destroy him.

The Evil God absorbed the soul crystal and left the Myriad Spirits City.

Exploring Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore was common for a Soul of Light and so drew no suspicion.

He arrived at the foot of the Heavenly River Mountain and waited there patiently.

He had always been very confident, but this time he wasn't sure if he could escape Zen's control.

"Rumble..."

He had been waiting a while when he heard furious rumblings of beasts' hooves thundering from the mountain, as if thousands of horses ran wild.

He raised his head to see a group of unicorns galloping down the mountain road not far away.

His soul was powerful to be sure, but it was still difficult for him to face the fierce beasts on the Other Shore head on.

Escape was the only thought on his mind.

Just as he was about to take a step forward, he felt as if his feet were nailed to the ground and he was unable to move.

"Illusion Breaking Rune!"

Recognizing something was wrong, the Evil God immediately chanted the Illusion Breaking Rune in an attempt to leave the Other Shore.

But just as he opened his mouth, a green thread wrapped around his Soul of Light. That was an exceptionally thin Soul Binding Thread.

Chapter 3621 Fake Memories

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Hundreds of unicorns rushed towards the Evil God. If he were to be trapped underneath their stomping hooves, he would surely die.

"Illusion Breaking Rune!"

Signaled by his loud chant, his Soul of Light flashed brightly and tried to escape from the Other Shore.

However, the green thread firmly bound his Soul of Light to the Other Shore. As powerful as the Evil God was, he couldn't break the thread's hold.

Once the Evil God saw the herd of unicorns draw closer with each gallop, various thoughts raced through his mind.

Amid his despair, something unexpected happened—the herd rushed towards either side of the Evil God to avoid trampling him. It was almost as if they were frightened by something.

"This..."

The Evil God stared dumbfounded at the scene playing out before him. He had no idea what was happening.

"The souls wandering on the Other Shore are too fragile. Haha..."

A scornful voice mocked.

A woman suddenly appeared not too far away from him, half of her body wrapped within a red ball.

"Who are you?" the Evil God asked, his voice severe.

He had always gone on a rampage on the Other Shore. Apart from showing restraint on Stage Eleven, he portrayed even more aggressive than Zen.

But the woman in front of him gave him the feeling that she was probably the most threatening person he had met here!

"Who am I? You don't have to know," she replied coldly.

As soon as she finished speaking, a powerful aura burst out of the Evil God's Soul of Light. The aura held a force that brought about an intent to kill, like a sword that eagerly waited to slash and slaughter.

This aura would be enough to easily injure any opponent with an ordinary Soul of Light.

This woman before him, on the other hand, was anything but ordinary. He made sure not to make a fool out of himself and proceeded with every interaction with her cautiously.

He decided that he couldn't afford to provoke an opponent he knew nothing about and risk too much. The aura burst for a split second before dissipating as if it had never existed.

This left the mysterious woman shocked.

No ordinary person would have enough power to burst out such a killing intent.

All who were qualified to enter the Chilling Bone Land possessed exceptional talents.

This man had the power that qualified him to enter the Chilling Bone Land with the mere form of Soul of Light, perhaps he had immeasurable value, the woman thought.

Remembering her leader's words, she sighed inwardly and finally replied, "You may call me Sienna. I've been ordered to escort you to the Chilling Bone Land."

"Chilling Bone Land? What is that? Will it help me get rid of my position as the Inner-world Generating Avatar of another person?" he asked her all at once.

As long as he was Zen's Inner-world Generating Avatar, he wouldn't be able to live peacefully.

If the place the woman mentioned was only about lucky chances to improve his strength or locations to hidden treasures, he could search for them on his own. What mattered more to him was an opportunity to escape the control of Zen.

"Inner-world Generating Avatar..." After Sienna heard this, realization dawned on her. No wonder the leader asked her to take him to the Chilling Bone Land.

Getting rid of the role of an Inner-world Generating Avatar would be difficult, but certainly not impossible in the Chilling Bone Land.

Utilizing the Chilling Bone Land to solve the Evil God's problem would be feasible, but this would still be simply making a mountain out of a molehill.

"Will going there help me or not?" he asked as he stared at Sienna. He sensed hope in the expression she portrayed.

"Yes, it will help you," she nodded in assurance.

The Evil God placed his defensive guard down. He even gave the woman a respectful bow before excitedly pleading, "If you'd be so kind as to lead me there, I'd be very grateful!"

This was probably the only time he remembered acting so courteous to someone throughout his entire life.

Slightly smug at the success of her offer, she replied, "Follow me to the upper stages."

As the red ball wrapped around the lower part of her body began to float, she flew up to the mountain, the Evil God tailing behind her.

Just as they arrived in front of the star ring, the Evil God's expression suddenly changed.

Sienna turned around and noticed the strange change in the Evil God. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

"Someone is forcing me to wake up," the Evil God said nervously.

This trip would help determine whether he could finally be free or not. Once extremely arrogant and fearless, the Evil God now found himself restrained and humbled by the opportunity.

No one would normally wake up a warrior cultivating on the Other Shore unless a major change was about to occur or there was something of great importance to discuss.

"You can make up an excuse. Tell them you've entered a temple and that you can't leave the Other Shore," Sienna suggested. Although she appeared to be compassionate, the truth was she just wanted to put aside her prejudice and get this task over with as soon as possible.

"That excuse won't be good enough." The Evil God shook his head. As soon as he entered the Myriad Spirits City, he had the feeling that Zen had complete control over Stage Fourteen. Thus, such a lie would soon be exposed.

"Then what do you want?" Sienna asked impatiently.

Although Zen couldn't perceive what the Evil God was doing on the Other Shore, he could still know it by reading his memories.

"Do you have any methods to change one's memories?" the Evil God asked.

He possessed the ability to wipe out memories, as well.

But there was one problem. Erasing memories would leave an obvious void within the Inner-world Generating Avatar's memories. This would likely cause Zen to be more suspicious.

Sienna shot the Evil God an impatient look. Reluctantly, she stuffed one of her arms into the red ball and pulled out what appeared to be a mini dipper. "This," she continued, "is the Kaleidoscopic Golden Dipper. Whoever wields it has the power to create their own world within it—one that you can enter and change according to your will."

The Evil God's eyes flashed open as wide as saucers. Without hesitation, he leaped into the Kaleidoscopic Golden Dipper.

Then he began to build various memories in his mind—him exploring Stage Thirteen, him crossing the energy vortex, him exploring a temple on Stage Fourteen, and more. At the same time, he erased his real memories of the journey on the Other Shore to deceive Zen.

He was worried that it was Zen who was trying to force him awake.

But he was wrong. At the time, the blaring of horns echoed throughout the entire Land of Sword Grief and in turn activated the array in front of each cultivation room.

Once activated, they woke up the people that resided within each secret cultivation room.

The disciples who were cultivating in seclusion or just roaming the Other Shore were all awakened.

Save for a few disciples who were within the temples and were unable to part from the Other Shore, those other disciples on the first to the third floor walked out of their cultivation rooms upon hearing the horns.

Zen had long retreated from the Other Shore and had been studying the Civilization Artifact of the human race.

At the sound of the blaring horns, he raised his eyebrows and then proceeded to open the door to his cultivation room. He witnessed many of the second-floor disciples gathering in the corridor with worried faces.

"What happened?"

"Are they gathering all the people in the Land of Sword Grief?"

"I'm afraid it's not that simple..."

The Land of Sword Grief's disciples were powerful forces in the Oneness Sky Palace. This meant that they could enjoy a quite relaxed environment for cultivation here.

As long as they could finish the challenge at the beginning of the month, they were free to come and go whenever they pleased. So to see them all gathered in one place was an unusual sight.

In the cultivation rooms on the third floor, the doors were opened.

There were only a dozen disciples on the third floor. Even outside the Oneness Sky Palace, these people were fully capable of fighting and defending themselves.

Even they appeared concerned upon hearing the horns.

"Click..."

To the far right of the third floor, the door to the No.1 cultivation room opened. A woman donning a plain robe walked out

Chapter 3622 The Guts To Challenge

As soon as the woman got out of her room, every disciple on the third floor turned their heads and focused their eyes on her. It was like a royalty suddenly appeared and graced them with her presence.

There were a total of thirteen disciples on the third floor, twelve of whom were all men. She was the only woman, and she was regarded as the top disciple.

Her attainments in martial arts surpassed each of the male disciples with a large margin.

It was said that she was a one in a million talent that no one in the past had ever surpassed, nor would anyone in the future.

Her name was Libby, the number one disciple of the Land of Sword Grief.

In terms of gender, she didn't really have a special advantage in cultivation. However, when considering her age, she was the youngest amongst every disciple. On top of it, every disciple on the third floor was inferior to her in terms of strength.

"Oh Libby, have you finished your cultivation?" A handsome man quickly approached her. He was Gabriel Liu, the eldest son of the Bright Mountain's leader, and he ranked seventh among the disciples on the third floor.

"Where have you gone during your long secluded cultivation? I've been waiting for you in the Soul City but you never showed up," another man with a long hair asked as he tried to get her attention.

This person was Ahern Ming, the son of the Ivory Mountain's leader.

As soon as they saw Libby, these men flocked and circled her just to see her gallant face.

"I didn't go to the Other Shore during my cultivation," Libby answered perfunctorily in a cold tone.

"Then, did you make progress in your theurgy?" Gabriel inquired, trying to somehow change the awkward mood.

Libby shook her head as her eyes diverted to the outside of the building. "We have to go now. Master Goran has arrived."

Immediately after she finished speaking, she took a gentle step forward.

In a flash, she had descended from the third floor to the front of the building, making it seem like the distance between the two spots was just a couple of steps away.

"Glad to see you again, Master Goran," Libby greeted politely.

"I'm happy to see you too, Libby," Goran replied with a broad smile across his face.

Libby was actually recommended by Goran to the Oneness Sky Palace, and since then, they considered her as a gift from heaven.

It wouldn't take much of her time to reach an equivalent status to that of Goran.

But with all her achievements, she had always treated Goran with the same utmost respect and politeness as in the older times.

As they continued in talking, the rest of the disciples from the third floor also jumped down from the windows and landed to where Libby and Goran were.

They approached Goran and greeted him while bowing down respectfully.

Soon after, the disciples from the second floor also came down.

Zen, who was among them, didn't exactly know what was happening, and just decided to follow his fellow disciples. As he saw who the reason for the commotion was, he hurriedly walked towards Goran with cupped hands and greeted him, "It's been a while, Master Goran!"

"Zen! I've heard that you already obtained first place among all disciples on the second floor now. That's incredible progress. You never failed to surprise me!" Goran didn't hold back on his praises.

As Oneness Governors, Goran and Athemar were tasked with a significant mission of searching for bright human talents.

The Sword Light Palace, which was founded by Athemar, had already recommended a large number of talents to the Oneness Sky Palace. However, despite the great number of disciples that they endorsed, only a few of them were considered to be outstanding.

On the other hand, Goran eyed for quality over quantity. He had only recommended a small number of disciples since then — one of whom was Libby. But with Libby's endorsement alone, Goran garnered a higher reputation than any of the other Oneness Governors.

Every time they would talk about Libby's achievements, even Athemar couldn't help but sigh in awe. It was a unanimous belief that Libby was probably the greatest disciple to exist since the establishment of the Oneness Sky Palace. It also came up in conversations that it might be just a matter of time before she became a mountain head.

Such an excellent disciple was truly unprecedented.

It was almost carved in stone that the Oneness Governors regarded that no one would ever be able to measure up to her.

However, all of that changed a few years ago when Goran met another promising disciple who had all the capabilities of surpassing even Libby. That was Zen

"So that's the disciple who suddenly ranked first on the second floor."

"Yeah, I've heard about him. On the first day that he joined the Land of Sword Grief, he became the top disciple on the first floor. Then, about two months later, he ranked first among the disciples on the second floor."

"It's kind of preposterous to say but… his progress is even faster than Libby's."

The disciples on the third floor had heard the news about Zen. However, since they rarely came out and halted in their cultivation, this was their first to actually see him in person.

In Libby's case, she was even more isolated from the outside world due to her long-term closed-door cultivation. Thus, it was her first time to even hear the name of Zen Luo.

For all those who were familiar with the overall prowess and capabilities of the disciples in there, it would be an otherworldly feat to reach the top of the first floor in a day and especially reach the top of the second floor in just two months.

No one would be able to deny that Zen's current progressing speed far surpassed that of Libby.

With this thought in mind, Libby turned her head and took a glance at Zen.

Zen, who was standing some meters away from her, politely nodded in reply as he noticed Libby's gaze directed at him.

He had essentially heard of Libby's name several times already on the arena, but he had no idea what kind of person she was or what she even looked like. That was why when he saw that she was actually a petite woman, he wasn't able to hide the hints of surprise in his eyes.

"Are you one of those disciples who have just returned from the Chaotic Source World?" Libby asked with a straight face.

She believed that Zen was definitely not a newcomer who had just reached the Chaotic Source Realm, but someone who had joined the Land of Sword Grief by chance. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to achieve such a degree of improvement in a very short time.

"Yes, he is one of them," someone butted in before Zen could answer the question.

Upon hearing the unexpected answer, Libby's eyes flashed with a sullen look.

Libby was not born from a great family, but ever since she joined the Land of Sword Grief, she had always been treated like royalty.

Moreover, even the descendants of the mountain heads weren't given the same treatment that they were giving her.

However, this new disciple had managed to break her record in a manner that didn't even make it a close competition. Realizing all of this, she naturally felt displeased.

As an arrogant genius, she believed that even with all Zen's accomplishments, he wouldn't have the guts to challenge her. She provokingly asked, "The beginning of another month is coming soon. So are you going to challenge me?"

Neither Libby nor any of the other disciples on the third floor thought that Zen would even dare to do so.

It was not like he would be just facing a bunch of slightly powerful Roccos on the third floor.

Although Zen managed to easily defeat Rocco, who was supposedly the top disciple on the second floor before he came, the gap between the second and third floor disciples was extremely huge.

It was the primary reason why Rocco was still held back on the second floor for so long.

Then, unexpectedly, they heard a response in a nonchalant tone, "Yes, that's exactly what I want to do. Hope you don't mind."

It hadn't been long after Zen merged with the Civilization Artifact of the human race. He had been exploring the uses of the book he acquired.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven told Zen that he would grant various abilities into the book according to his needs.

In that book, there were the energy souls of the thirty-nine human heroes.

Although the energy souls were not as strong as their real presences, they had fully inherited their theurgies. Just imagining that all these abilities could be utilized through the book, any opponent during combat would surely tremble.

However, it was such a pity that Zen wasn't able to test the book's prowess on the arena in the Land of Sword Grief. However, Zen had also absorbed a large amount of Body-strengthening Jades. Though his physical body had not yet reached its limits, it wouldn't be long before he could have a breakthrough and reach the Wild God Body Realm.

'This will be a good chance to test the increase of power in my physical body.' This was the thought inside Zen's mind as he answered Libby's question with a straight face.

When it came to the competition to recognize the first place in the Land of Sword Grief, Zen didn't really pay much attention to it. He had a deeper goal in mind that was of more significance.

Unfortunately, his answer was obviously wrongly perceived by the disciples on the third floor. All they heard was a response from someone full of himself.

"Hey, did you hear that? He actually has the guts to challenge Libby!"

"I admit that he is a rare genius, but is he thinking that he could just really be on par with someone from the third floor? This guy is mocking us!"

"On top of that, of all the third floor disciples, he wanted to challenge Libby! What a sick joke!"

The male disciples from the third floor hurled out insults in response to Zen's misplaced confidence.

Their words reached Zen's ears, but he didn't seem to mind them in the slightest. "It's kind of funny because the disciples from the first and second floor said the exact same thing when I challenged Cleon and Rocco, and you knew what happened next. I wonder if you would still wear those smug faces, once I make you eat your words," Zen fired back with a subtle smirk.

Chapter 3623 The War

Ahern snorted coldly as soon as Zen finished speaking. "Cleon and Rocco aren't powerful. How can those two good-for-nothings compare to Libby?"

His words weren't lost on Rocco and Cleon who were standing within earshot.

Both men's faces paled when they heard Ahern's words.

The two of them were famous in the Land of Sword Grief but here was Ahern, who readily sneered at them and easily branded them as 'good-for-nothings'.

Cleon had an extraordinary background but it was nothing compared to Ahern who was a disciple on the third floor and was set to be a Oneness Governor in the future, hence why the latter did not take him seriously.

Zen's confidence also surprised Goran.

Did his cultivation increase in such a short period of time?

Goran fixed his eyes on Zen and Libby. "I'm also looking forward to this challenge but I don't think today is the right time, as I have something important to announce."

Around ninety percent of the Land of Sword Grief's disciples were gathered in front of Goran.

What he was about to tell them was definitely no small matter since he gathered almost all of them here.

Once the chattering quieted down, everyone waited to hear what Goran had to say.

"The Mountain Viewing Province has been attacked and conquered," he announced.

This sudden news threw everyone in an uproar.

"Has the Grand River Fortress been captured?!"

"Impossible!"

"If the Mountain Viewing Province has been conquered, then does that mean..."

Multiple passes surrounded the province and though it wasn't as important on its own, it definitely provided the gateway to conquering other, bigger provinces. The Sun Crow race must know this when they chose to lay siege on the Mountain Viewing Province.

The shock was evident on Zen's face.

He had gone to the Mountain Viewing Province not long after entering the Dragon City. The Lofty Swords in the Grand River Fortress left a deep impression on him. He didn't think it was going to be conquered so easily.

"After the Sun Crow race took control of the Mountain Viewing Province, they quickly mobilized and conquered several nearby provinces. Right now, it seems they've arrived at the North Unicorn Province," Goran continued, further adding to everyone's distress.

"What?!"

"That fast?!"

"Oh my God!"

All disciples, from the first to the third floor, could only stand there in shock.

The North Unicorn Province was located right next to the Bloom Divine Province, which meant that the Oneness Sky Palace was next! None of them ever expected the Sun Crow race to move this fast.

Goran looked at all of them with a serious expression. "You are the members of the Land of Sword Grief and the Oneness Sky Palace. Now that things have come to this, I hope you can all rise up and protect the Oneness Sky Palace and the Bloom Divine Province!"

There were many provinces under the Oneness Sky Palace's jurisdiction but ninety percent of its power and resources were concentrated in the Bloom Divine Province.

If the Sun Crow race truly went and invaded the Bloom Divine Province, then that would mean inconceivable consequences for all of them.

The Dragon City and the sword sects in the seven mountains were already beginning to mobilize their forces. The Land of Sword Grief would also follow suit.

The disciples present knew what a war among the super races meant. Chaos would fall upon the entire land and even powerful Chaotic Source Realm warriors could perish in the battlefield.

All the disciples kept their mouths shut in a tight line and the atmosphere was incredibly heavy. In the silence, Gabriel spoke, "Master Goran, we were able to become outstanding and powerful warriors because of the Oneness Sky Palace. It is only natural for us to lay down our lives on the line to defend it from its enemies!"

"Gabriel is right! I'll kill all those damn birds when they come!" More and more disciples echoed Gabriel's sentiments and the previous icy mood began to heat up with conviction.

"How dare the Sun Crow race..."

If it was a battle they wanted, then so shall it be delivered.

They were all human beings and their foundations were built upon the Bloom Divine Province. If the Oneness Sky Palace was destroyed, then all of the disciples' foundations would also crumble. The only way to go about this situation was to willingly lay down their lives and fight to the death.

Goran couldn't help the burst of pride that swelled in his chest, but he was still in a bad mood.

The crisis in the North Unicorn Province was tricky, but that was no longer the Oneness Sky Palace's biggest concern...

"War is imminent! Everyone, ready yourselves and gather in the Dragon City. Your tasks shall be assigned to you there!" Goran announced. After he finished speaking, he began to distribute golden swords to the disciples one by one.

These golden swords were tokens of the Oneness Sky Palace, held by the five-star Oneness Guards.

Zen received two, since he would need to give the other one to the Evil God.

The warriors who cultivated in seclusion were also called out and Zen expected the Evil God to come out with them.

To his surprise, the Evil God was nowhere to be seen. 'Is he trapped inside a temple?' Zen thought to himself.

After Goran left, Zen made his way back to the bronze building with the others.

Inside, he found the Evil God looking a bit red and flustered. Zen waited as the Evil God rushed over towards him and gave a respectful bow. He returned the Evil God's bow with a nod. "Have you arrived at the Myriad Spirits City during this secluded cultivation?"

The Evil God nodded. "I have but I accidentally explored a temple outside the city and obtained something, so I was late."

Zen couldn't control what the Evil God did on the Other Shore.

The Evil God looked composed enough but Zen remained doubtful.

It wasn't an easy feat to leave a temple at will and Zen wouldn't doubt it if the Evil God came out after a few days, but he came out after just a short period of time.

"Buzz..."

Zen's eyes flashed and all the memories the Evil God had on the Other Shore started to flood his consciousness.

He saw the Evil God explore Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore...

cross the energy vortex...

receive the soul crystal in the Myriad Spirits City...

come upon an Other Shore Key and explore the temple...

The Evil God had built a completely nonexistent world within the Kaleidoscopic Golden Dipper.

These memories were all the things the Evil God had imagined.

However, the Evil God himself was convinced that these were real since his true memories had been taken away.

This was how the Inner-world Generating Avatars worked. If they wanted to deceive their masters, then they had to deceive themselves first.

However, the Evil God felt strange, since training obediently on the Other Shore wasn't his thing.

Zen felt this strangeness but couldn't figure out just what was wrong.

He then chose to hand over the golden sword to the Evil God, instructing him to prepare before leaving.

After he returned to his training room, Zen took out a piece of paper and unfolded it before him. There was a moment of hesitation, but he began to write something down: the Truth Enlightenment.

He had previously hoped that the Oneness Sky Palace could help him revive his race in exchange for the Truth Enlightenment.

However, Zen now understood that the human race existed as a whole and could no longer hide the Truth Enlightenment from them anymore. He planned to take this piece of paper and hand it over to Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Chapter 3624 The North Mysterious City

Zen carefully folded the paper. He had completed writing down the Truth Enlightenment.

He went to the first floor and handed the paper to Elvinia.

"What's this?" she asked.

"It's the complete version of the Truth Enlightenment," Zen said simply.

Elvinia blinked, caught unaware. Sure enough, Zen had been able to decipher the whole Truth Enlightenment!

Elvinia would have been more shocked in the past.

But she had spent enough time with him now to know amazing feats like this were just a matter of course to him.

"The Oneness Sky Palace owns the Truth Enlightenment. I just translated it. So it should be your father who passes it down to the swordsmen in the world," said Zen.

Elvinia carefully stowed the Truth Enlightenment away, pursing her lips as she realized she could not accompany Zen to where he headed next.

She was the daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Now that the Oneness Sky Palace was in danger, she couldn't just hide. But she had to go back to the Phoenix Palace before heading to the North Unicorn Province.

Having handed over the Truth Enlightenment to Elvinia, Zen set off for the Dragon City with the Evil God.

For a long time, the Dragon City had been a lively place.

But in recent times, it had fallen into desolation.

This was true both inside and outside the city.

Most of the Oneness Guards had been gathered in the Grand River Fortress when the Sun Crows attacked it. They fought with all their might, but still suffered heavy casualties in the end.

The Flag Masters and the Alliance Chiefs posted outside the Dragon City had actually gone through numerous tests to become Oneness Guards.

But the rules were suddenly changed just a few days ago.

People would be automatically qualified for the Oneness Guards as long as they had participated in a certain amount of battles!

This was a once in a lifetime opportunity for a vast majority. All the Alliance Chiefs and Flag Masters led their men to head in droves to the battlefield in hopes of meeting the qualifications.

Thus, only a few remained posted outside the Dragon City.

That was why when Zen arrived, he found, to his surprise, that his companions from the Sword Light Palace had been taken away.

Even the weaker subordinates were taken away. The Oneness Sky Palace seemed to be in big trouble this time.

Arriving at the Dragon Shadow Pavilion in the Dragon City, Zen and the Evil God showed their golden swords for verification. After Oneness Guards checked them, they took them to the transmission array. They headed straight for the North Unicorn Province.

The North Unicorn Province's population was quite small although it was adjacent to the Bloom Divine Province.

There were only 16 cities in the North Unicorn Province, and the total population of 15 of them was equal only to that of a medium-sized city beside the Clear Lake.

There was only one big city in the whole province. It was called the North Mysterious City.

The civilians from the North Mysterious City, however, had already evacuated to the Bloom Divine Province because of the war.

The city was now being used as a stronghold for the Oneness Sky Palace.

Zen finally arrived at the North Mysterious City through the space channel.

Many Oneness Guards bustled around. There were also a large number of Other Shore Realm warriors. A lot of them were only at the second or third stages of the Other Shore Realm based on their auras.

While busy, they however, moved silently, a hardened look on their faces.

The depressing atmosphere of the war loomed over everyone, though the bloodshed had not yet reached the North Mysterious City.

"Welcome, disciples of the Land of Sword Grief. This way, please," a five-star Oneness Guard said as he cupped his hands and bowed to Zen, the Evil God and other new arrivals.

Those who had reached the Land of Sword Grief held very high positions in the Oneness Sky Palace. After all, even the weakest disciples of it had already reached the Desire World, when even the strongest five-star Oneness Guards were unable to do so. If Oneness Guards had reached the

Desire World, they would have been taken to the Chaotic Source World last time.

Therefore, the Oneness Guards highly respected the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief.

The Oneness Guards led Zen and the others through half of the city and to a large pavilion.

Around 20 disciples from the Land of Sword Grief were already gathered there. Zen spotted a few familiar faces. Many of them were here after being mobilized by Goran.

"Zen!"

"Zen!"

"…"

Several disciples on the first floor greeted Zen. The disciples on the second floor merely glanced indifferently at him without saying anything.

In their minds, Zen had progressed too fast. He might have defeated Rocco, but he had yet to earn their full admiration.

In contrast, most of the disciples on the first floor owed much to Zen. Most of them had reached Stage Fourteen and received soul crystal in the Myriad Spirits City. They had also received a lot of benefits from the several races on the Other Shore. Zen's methods often shocked them, but they were grateful to him.

The Oneness Guards advised Zen, the Evil God and the others to stay in the pavilion. Then they turned around and left.

Zen didn't know the situation on the battlefield in the North Unicorn Province, and he had just arrived. He was willing to wait here to be briefed.

He soon found to his shock, however, that the others had already been waiting here for about 14 hours.

Occasionally, the Oneness Guards would bring newly arrived disciples from the Land of Sword Grief and then leave again. Some disciples had already demanded an explanation as to what they were waiting for, but they couldn't give a definite answer.

Zen and the Evil God, however, remained patient. They just sat cross-legged in their seats without saying anything.

Before long, more than 20 hours passed. They had been waiting there until the next morning.

The disciples on the first floor and even some on the second floor couldn't bear it any longer.

"We came to the North Unicorn Province in response to Master Goran's call. We could be killing Sun Crows by now! Why have we been left here?"

"I heard the war in the North Unicorn Province was raging, but if they're too busy to take our help, maybe we should just leave them at it, on their own!"

"…"

Several disciples were shouting now.

Just then, a burly man entered the pavilion accompanied by several five-star Oneness Guards.

He was obviously a fighter, with his crew cut and his eyebrows arched like arrows. He gave off a murderous aura developed, clearly, from actual experience. The disciples from the Land of Sword Grief were powerful but they rarely killed, so even they didn't have this kind of aura.

Zen had been through a lot of deadly battles, though, so it didn't faze him. He looked the man up and down calmly.

"Disciples from the Land of Sword Grief," the man said as he bowed to the crowd, "you are the top figures of the Oneness Sky Palace, the treasures of the seven mountains, and the future hope of the Oneness Sky Palace!"

The disciples who had grown impatient were somewhat appeased by the praise. They smiled smugly. This only lasted a moment.

The man continued, "But no matter how valued you are and how strong you are, in my eyes, you are still useless. If you want to live, stop being so goddamned proud."

The disciples' smiles froze on their faces. They glared daggers at this impudent man.

Chapter 3625 Seven Arrays And Twelve Passes

The disciples the man was talking to were all from the Land of Sword Grief, meaning they had all reached the Chaotic Source Realm. Even those from the first floor could be considered powerful masters in the Source World.

There was no way they were going to tolerate this man's insult.

Raising his eyebrows, a disciple on the second floor called out, "Sir, you might be a Oneness General, but it is very rude of you to say we are 'useless'."

"Like every one of us, you yourself must've come from the Land of Sword Grief. Are you useless too?" a disciple on the first floor retorted haughtily.

Oneness Generals were put in charge of the Oneness Guards, so they were considered the commanders of the Oneness Sky Palace's army.

The status of these Oneness Generals was one level lower than that of the Oneness Governors. In fact, a few disciples on the second floor of the Land of Sword Grief were training in the army. Once they'd gained enough experience, they'd be considered for the title of Oneness General.

Although Oneness Generals were known to be extraordinarily strong, there was no way the disciples from the Land of Sword Grief were going to back down from his insult.

Chaos erupted among the disciples as they indignantly tried to defend their honors. However, the man remained calm. "You," he suddenly said, a crafty smile creeping onto his face. "You, you, you... And you."

Lastly, he pointed at Zen. Each time he pointed at someone, their golden swords would suddenly glow. The same went for Zen.

The situation in the North Unicorn Province was extremely critical, so they sorely needed skilled fighters.

Upon catching word that the disciples from the Land of Sword Grief had come, many of the Oneness Generals had returned to the North Mysterious City. According to the rules made by the leaders, each of them could choose five assistants.

The man with a crew cut was Sinclair Su, and he was the first Oneness General to arrive at the North Mysterious City.

Sinclair was no stranger to the battlefield. He knew it was bloody and cruel. Because of this, he knew he wanted to choose disciples with a calm mind. This would explain why, the moment he showed up, he riled the disciples. He wanted to see which ones responded calmly.

Just now, Zen and the other four disciples Sinclair had chosen had remained stoic in the face of being insulted. In Sinclair's eyes, these were the ones most fit to be his assistants.

Initially, he had chosen the Evil God. Sinclair could immediately sense the unbelievable power emanating from him. However, once they locked eyes, Sinclair had felt his heartbeat quicken. Trusting his gut, he instinctively decided against recruiting the Evil God.

"You five, come with me. As for the others, I'm so sorry for having offended you!"

Sinclair bowed with his hands clasped, apologizing sincerely.

The disciples weren't stupid. In an instant, they caught on to what Sinclair was up to. Some of them rolled their eyes, while others smiled helplessly. These Oneness Generals of the Oneness Guards were too cunning!

As Zen stood up to follow Sinclair, he shot a glance at the Evil God. Using his consciousness, he spoke to him secretly, "If someone chooses you, try your best to assist them. In the face of danger, however, prioritize getting out of there alive."

"Yes, Creator." The Evil God nodded meekly.

Not long after Zen and the other four left with Sinclair, two more Oneness Generals arrived at the pavilion.

Similar to Sinclair's approach, they tried to infuriate the disciples.

The disciples looked at the Oneness Generals exasperatedly. As if they were going to fall for the same trick again!

However, the Oneness Generals were unfazed. With a shrug, they continued picking their assistants. More and more Oneness Generals arrived, each selecting assistants among the disciples.

Most of the Oneness Generals were ferocious and resolute, but for some reason, no one dared choose the Evil God. After a while, the Evil God found himself sitting in the pavilion, alone.

The North Unicorn Province was shrouded in smoke all year round.

After leaving the North Mysterious City, Zen and the other four disciples followed Sinclair all the way north.

"The Sun Crow race has taken over the Grand River Fortress, and a million people have died." Sinclair narrowed his eyes as he brought them up to speed. "The Oneness Guards have also suffered thirty thousand casualties, and more than thirty Oneness Generals have died."

The total number of the Oneness Guards was only eighty thousand. At this point, they had lost more than a third of that. Moreover, there were only two hundred Oneness Generals in total, and more than thirty of them had died.

Suffering such a loss was indeed too heavy a burden for the Oneness Sky Palace.

"It was easy to defend the Grand River Fortress, but difficult to attack," a fair-skinned scholar-like disciple suddenly chirped from behind Zen. "Moreover, there were transmission arrays inside. Even if the enemy had managed to break in, the people inside should have been able to retreat without suffering any losses."

The fair-skinned scholar-like disciple was Guzman, and he ranked thirty-third on the second floor.

Before Sinclair could answer, Zen asked, "Was the Cage of Heaven and Earth used?"

Back when Zen had gone to the Mountain Viewing Province, he had witnessed the Cage of Heaven and Earth in action. The cage could cover an entire province, and no one could use Grand Teleportation to get in or out.

Sinclair nodded. "Yes, the Cage of Heaven and Earth was used."

"Even Oneness Generals couldn't break free from the cage?" Zen frowned.

As far as he knew, Elizabeth had the power to break free from the Cage of Heaven and Earth and was able to use Grand Teleportation. The Oneness Generals shouldn't be much weaker than her.

Sinclair sighed, "If the Cage of Heaven and Earth were to envelop the entire province, it wouldn't be able to trap us, but under the surprise attack of the Sun Crows led by Emperor Charm, we humans were forced to retreat to the Grand River Fortress. The power of the cage was only aimed at the fortress, so we couldn't get rid of it."

At that time, Sinclair had also been in the Grand River Fortress. Under the leadership of the other elders, he had fought and then retreated. It was lucky enough that he managed to escape.

However, his younger brother, who was also a Oneness General, wasn't so fortunate. He had died in the Grand River Fortress.

As Sinclair recounted this, Zen noticed a hint of sadness in his eyes.

After occupying several big provinces, the Sun Crows had finally stopped in the North Unicorn Province.

Now the task of the Oneness Guards was to stop the Sun Crows at all costs in the North Unicorn Province.

"From the North Mysterious City to the northwest, seven arrays and twelve passes have been set up. I'm responsible for guarding the Mountain Sea Pass, which is the most dangerous one." That sly smile crept on his face once more. "You must be careful when we get there."

The disciples exchanged wary glances upon hearing Sinclair's last few words.

The situation was already very dangerous, yet they had to guard the most dangerous area of all. Such bad luck!

Sinclair seemed to sense what was going on in their heads. "Don't worry," he said in an attempt to comfort them. "The Mountain Sea Pass might be the most dangerous, but it's also the most heavily guarded. Even if the Sun Crows manage to invade the Mountain Sea Pass, the others will come to our aid."

Guzman nodded. "The North Unicorn Province is the last pass of the Oneness Sky Palace. The Oneness Sky Palace will definitely block the Sun Crows here. Many elders from the seven mountains have also come. We shouldn't be pessimistic."

"Right. The elders of the seven mountains are in charge of the seven arrays. Not far behind the Mountain Sea Pass is the Vastness Array, which is defended by the strongest warriors of the Vastness Mountain," added Sinclair confidently.

"The Vastness Mountain?"

Zen raised his eyebrows at the mention of this name.

Chapter 3626 Using Humans As Bait

Zen frowned. The conflict between Zen and the Vastness Mountain ran pretty deep.

Back then, if it hadn't been for Yasamin and Flamine, he probably wouldn't have been able to leave the Vastness Mountain.

To Zen, the news that people from the Vastness Mountain were in command here was definitely bad news.

But given the current situation, he doubted the Vastness Mountain would do anything rash to take revenge on him.

Sinclair didn't notice Zen's crestfallen expression. Pointing downwards, he said excitedly, "Look! That's the Vastness Array!"

Zen looked in the direction he pointed and saw that the ground below them had been excavated.

A huge sword-shaped array was carved on the ground, and in the very center was a high tower. It was obviously newly built, its stone walls practically shining.

Just as Zen was studying the high tower, someone was looking up from a small window in the tower. It was Natasha, who was dressed in red.

"The disciples in the Land of Sword Grief have gathered in the North Mysterious City one after another," Natasha said in a low voice. "The first group has already arrived at the front line."

Behind her sat an old man in black. He had a hooked nose and drooping eyes, as though he loathed everything in existence. It was Holden, the one who had forcefully taken Zen away from the Dragon Path.

"I think Zen will also go to the North Mysterious City," Holden said in a hoarse voice.

"I've sent someone to check it out," Natasha said, the corners of her mouth curving upward gracefully. "This is the best time to take action. Everything's so chaotic in the North Unicorn Province. He'll never see it coming!"

Ever since Zen got on the wrong foot with the Vastness Mountain, he had never left the Oneness Sky Palace.

Even when he went to the Chaotic Source World, there were powerful warriors protecting him all the time.

Now that all the disciples in the Land of Sword Grief were coming out, the Vastness Mountain was presented with an excellent opportunity.

After passing by the Vastness Array, Zen and the others continued moving forward. In the distance, they could see a temporary pass—the Mountain Sea Pass.

Even though it was just temporary, the pass was quite large in scale. After all, building a bunch of houses was a very simple task for warriors of the Other Shore Realm.

In front of those buildings was a slender array.

It stretched as far as the eye could see.

"Is this the Sky Net?" asked Guzman as he stared at the slender array in the distance. "Woah. They resorted to this to prevent the Sun Crow race from infiltrating..." He whistled in awe.

The entire Sky Net Array stood across the northwest corner, forming a wall that climbed to the sky.

As long as the Sky Net was not broken, no one from the Sun Crow race could break through.

"Yes," Sinclair replied, nodding his head. "A few days ago, the Sun Crow race had tried to launch an attack, but they couldn't get past the Sky Net. Let's go down here."

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As the six of them descended from the sky, the people below watched them closely.

Many people guarded the Mountain Sea Pass. In addition to the Oneness Guards, there were also many warriors of Other Shore Realm recruited from the Bloom Divine Province. Many Alliance Chiefs and Flag Masters from the Dragon City were also assigned here.

"I heard that they are from the Land of Sword Grief!" one of them said, daring to hope.

"So what? Like they'll help us at all..."

"Alas..."

Faced against the Sun Crow race, the people had learned to lose hope.

Of course, Zen and the others, having just arrived, didn't notice the pessimism at first. Guided by Sinclair, they headed straight for the largest building in the Mountain Sea Pass. There they were greeted by several Oneness Generals.

After brief introductions, Sinclair said seriously, "I'm in charge of the whole Mountain Sea Pass. I'm sorry if I offended you in the North Mysterious City. But now, you're here. I hope you will trust and obey all my orders."

The disciples from the Land of Sword Grief were not happy to hear this, but they all knew that what he was saying was true, so they dared not speak out against him.

Once more, Sinclair discussed the current situation to all who were present. Then, he allocated a room for each of the five disciples.

Once they had settled everything, Sinclair let them go to explore the Mountain Sea Pass.

Zen wandered on one side of the Mountain Sea Pass and surveyed the area. He tried to memorize the environment and get a feel of the place.

Right in front of the Mountain Sea Pass was a plain that resembled the shape of a snake. If they were attacked on the left or the right side, they could defend it while waiting for reinforcements. The terrain was ideal. This was probably why the Sun Crow race was keenly targeting it.

After wandering around for a while, Zen found that the Mountain Sea Pass was divided into two tiers. The upper tier was guarded by Oneness Guards, while the lower tier was mostly guarded by warriors in the first stage or second stage of the Other Shore Realm.

Zen didn't know why, but as he passed by, he felt the gaze of the people below fixed on him. When he turned to look, he found that their eyes were filled with hatred.

Zen felt strange, but he eventually shrugged it off.

Just as he was about to return to his room, a voice suddenly came from the lower tier, "Master... Flag Master!"

Zen hadn't been called that in a long time. The people who called him that were most likely from outside the Dragon City.

"Shut up!" a four-star Oneness Guard from the upper tier snapped. "There is no 'Flag Master' here! This is a Oneness General our Oneness Guards have invited here! Go back now!"

With his hand clasping a golden sword, Zen realized he had been promoted to a Oneness General.

In fact, because of this battle, every disciple in the Land of Sword Grief had been promoted to Oneness Generals. It was only natural these Oneness Guards treated Zen with respect.

After being scolded by the four-star Oneness Guard, the man from the lower tier dared not say anything more and retreated.

However, Zen shot the Oneness Guard a cold look. Turning on his heel, he leapt onto the lower tier to catch up to the retreating man.

"Jago!" Zen smiled warmly.

Indeed, it was Jago of the Sword Light Palace. "Flag Master! It's really you!" the man cried excitedly. "I knew it was you!"

The last time Zen passed by the Dragon City, the people who had stayed outside the city were nowhere to be found. This left him with a bad feeling.

In such an emergency, he had figured that the Oneness Sky Palace might have put all these people into the battlefield. But, judging from their low cultivation level, the chance of them surviving this war was slim.

"Where are the other disciples of the Sword Light Palace? And where is Monica?" Zen asked with concern.

Hearing Zen's questions, Jago's lips trembled slightly, and his eyes shone as tears welled within them.

Originally, Jago had been just a playboy in the Sword Light Palace, and had never really experienced any hardship. Even in the Dragon City, he was protected by Zen. After Zen left, Monica had become an Alliance Chief and took good care of the disciples of the Sword Light Palace.

But not long ago, ever since they were recruited by the Oneness Sky Palace to serve in the North Unicorn Province, the disciples of the Sword Light

Palace had been scattered. The past few days alone, Jago had suffered a lot and had stared death in the face more often than he'd have liked.

"Flag Master, Faegan was already eaten by the Sun Crows. They gobbled him whole, without leaving a single bone! As for the others, they have been guarding the Heavenly Wind Pass under the leadership of Alliance Chief Monica. But I'm afraid they don't have much time left..." At this point, a single tear streamed down his face. "The Oneness Guards don't give a crap about us! They use us as bait!"

The troops that guarded the North Unicorn Province could be divided into three categories. The strongest ones were the Oneness Generals, such as Sinclair and Zen, who were with high-end fighting power. The second group was the Oneness Guards. The major sword sects in the seven mountains also sent their disciples here, who would become the Oneness Guards automatically once they joined the troops.

The last group was the large number of warriors from outside the Dragon City.

These people were weak, and were definitely not equipped to fight against the Sun Crows. Yet, someone had decided that they would be the ones to venture outside the Sky Net to lure the Sun Crows in.

Using living people as bait worked well, for everyone except the people used as bait, of course.

Chapter 3627 Attack

A deeper frown appeared on Zen's face when he heard Jago's complaint.

Although only a small number of people outside the Dragon City could join the Oneness Guards and very few of them joined the major sword sects, they were still members of the Oneness Sky Palace.

However, these people were sent to the North Unicorn Province, where they were used as bait.

When Zen learned of this matter, he too was enraged! "What if you don't obey their orders?" Zen asked again.

"Those who disobey the military orders won't be able to escape death," Jago replied with a bitter smile.

Back then, Jago thought that he was lucky to enter the Dragon City.

Therefore, he had cultivated so hard in the Dragon City and had stepped into the Other Shore Realm in the past few years. Now, he was in the second stage of the Other Shore Realm.

If he stayed in the Sword Light Palace, he wouldn't be able to make it even after thousands of years...

However, he ended up in his current state after he became an Other Shore Realm warrior. If he stayed in the Sword Light Palace all the time, he might not be able to achieve anything in the future, but it would be a good thing to be a socialite or a playboy of the Yuebai Clan.

Of course, Jago didn't mean to blame Zen. They had looked forward to entering the Dragon City before, after all.

Furthermore, the Sword Light Palace would have already been destroyed if Zen had not come.

A mischievous grin graced Zen's face, and then he said, "Go up with me!"

"Go up..." Jago's eyes glinted.

Just as Zen invited him, the Other Shore Realm warriors on the lower tier immediately caused a ruckus.

Those Other Shore Realm warriors and Jago shared the same fate. All of them would be sacrificed as bait, but to be fair, who was willing to accept that?

"General, please take me with you!"

"General, how about letting me be promoted to a Oneness Guard?"

"Master Zen, I've met you in the Dragon City. I..."

At that moment, the Other Shore Realm warriors began to swarm Zen.

However, they were interrupted when several five-star Oneness Guards from the upper tier came down.

"Go back right now!" one of the guards shouted.

That particular Oneness Guard had a Soul of Light that was in Stage Twelve of the Other Shore and could soon turn into the Indigo Soul.

The aura he emanated felt like a gentle breeze to Zen, but it forced those warriors to retreat!

Jago couldn't bear it at first, but Zen pulled him to his side and blocked the aura. Fortunately, Jago was fine.

"You... How dare you!" shouted Zen.

His eyes were filled with wrath, and the aura of his Soul of Light flowed out from him.

His Soul of Light had turned into the Indigo Soul of the ultimate level, so the aura he emitted was naturally quite powerful. Those five-star Oneness Guards immediately blanched when they felt the immense pressure.

The moment Zen was about to leave with Jago, another figure appeared beside Zen.

This person was another Oneness General in the Mountain Sea Pass, who was known as Basil Zhu. He had introduced himself to Zen before.

Basil Zhu stood in front of Zen and politely said, "General Zen, you can't take this person away." "Why?" Zen asked coldly.

"Although there are many warriors and his departure will not affect anything, I'm afraid it will be difficult to convince the crowd if you forcefully take him away," Basil Zhu said as he waved his hand.

Upon hearing his words, those who were driven away by the five-star Oneness Guards nearby watched them eagerly.

It was clear that they were envious and unwilling.

Like Basil Zhu had said, these people would definitely be upset if Zen took only Jago away.

"Really?" Zen said with arched brows. "In that case, I need a guard by my side. It's good that Jago becomes my guard!" he exclaimed.

However, as soon as he finished speaking, the warriors in the distance became restless again.

"Master Zen! I can also be your guard!"

"Sir, I can serve you!"

"General Zen, I am much stronger than Jago and my Other Shore Token is..."

As Basil Zhu watched the commotion among the crowd, he smiled peevishly at Zen and said, "You can also see the current situation now. I didn't mean to stop you deliberately."

The warriors on the lower tier were like a group of crabs in a bowl. Every time a warrior wanted to get out, the others pulled them back. None of them wanted to give up the chance to survive.

In turn, Zen glanced at Jago and told him, "You stay here first. I won't let anything happen to you."

"Flag Master..." Tears welled up in Jago's eyes.

"The other disciples of the Sword Light Palace will be fine as well," Zen reassured him.

Then, Zen returned to the upper tier and asked Basil Zhu about the Heavenly Wind Pass. It turned out that the Heavenly Wind Pass was next to the Mountain Sea Pass, and one could see it after moving a hundred miles southeast from the Mountain Sea Pass. Once the war began, the Heavenly Wind Pass on the right side and the Battle Rage Pass on the left would send out troops.

After Basil Zhu's introduction, he said to Zen in a low voice, "Zen, what you did just now is reckless. If you need to bring that young man up, you can just inform those Oneness Guards first, but it's not appropriate for them to let you do that in public..."

It actually didn't matter if Jago left the Mountain Sea Pass, but the members on the lower tier were miserable all the time. Therefore, it was troublesome to take him away in front of so many people.

"Indeed, I have been a bit reckless, but it's alright," Zen replied. After all, it wasn't only Jago who he wanted to save.

Nothing had happened in the first three days after Zen had arrived at the Mountain Sea Pass. Not even a single Sun Crow had appeared.

Sinclair and several other Oneness Generals were worried about it. The calmer it was, the greater trouble there would be.

In those three days, the Vastness Mountain had sent three people to inspect the issue, and the seventeen Oneness Generals of the entire Mountain Sea Pass had to greet and meet them.

Now, Zen had never seen those three people from the Vastness Mountain before.

Despite that, those three frequently glanced at him while they inspected, and he didn't know if that was intentional or not.

He naturally sensed a thing quite fast, but he kept calm. Instead, he couldn't help but feel taunted.

It seemed that he had underestimated the Vastness Mountain. The Vastness Mountain would not give up the opportunity to make moves...

However, the current Zen was no longer what he used to be. Even a warrior as powerful as Natasha would fail to defeat him.

Besides, the Vastness Mountain didn't dare to make a scene.

On the fourth day, the white mist in the distance gradually dissipated, and some black dots floated within it.

"There are enemies coming!" one of the Oneness Guards shouted when he realized what was happening.

"The Sun Crows are coming!"

"Hurry up and inform everyone!"

"Open the Sky Net!"

"Buzz..."

The array that stretched thousands of miles released a beam of light, and then a huge net suddenly appeared. It was the Sky Net Array, which blocked the Sun Crows.

At that point, Sinclair and the other sixteen Oneness Generals stood at the top of the Mountain Sea Pass.

More and more black dots materialized in the distance. The densely packed Sun Crows gathered together and formed a huge dark cloud, which spread towards the Mountain Sea Pass. They looked like they moved slowly, but it was actually the opposite.

"This will be another fierce battle," said Sinclair.

"This time, their number is even bigger than before. I wonder if there are demon women of the Divine Lair there," Basil Zhu commented.

To a Oneness General, the ordinary Sun Crows were nothing, and it was the demon women of the Divine Lair who posed a great threat.

Chapter 3628 The Nine Positions

There was a large gap in strength between the demon women in the Divine Lair.

Zen had fought several of them in the Mountain Viewing Province. Sure, they hadn't reached the Chaotic Source Realm, but Zen also had a natural advantage against the divine flames of the Sun Crow race.

But there were more powerful demon women in the Divine Lair, some as powerful as Elizabeth.

"All we need to do is guard the Mountain Sea Pass and activate the array!"

Sinclair roared and nine circles appeared in front of the Mountain Sea Pass, distributed on the outside of the Sky Net. If the Sun Crows showed up, the nine important positions of the array would be the first line of defense.

"I'll man the first position in the center, and you guard the other eight in pairs," ordered Sinclair.

"Why are the nine positions set outside the Sky Net? Isn't that too dangerous?" Guzman asked, staring at them.

"The setting of the nine positions has been carefully calculated. Together they form a circular array. They are not flawed; the real flaw is inside the Mountain Sea Pass. We just need to take down as many Sun Crows as we can in our positions," said Sinclair with a faint smile of pride.

As long as the Sun Crows didn't break the Sky Net, they couldn't hurt the people in the nine positions. In this way, those in the positions were invincible.

"I see. This array is amazing!" Guzman exclaimed.

"But if they discover that they can't hurt us, they'll begin attacking the Sky Net. Once the Sky Net is broken, then we'll be in danger. So I hope you will give it your all, not only for the Oneness Sky Palace, but for all of us!" Sinclair said.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Just then, a wave of space fluctuation appeared in the nine circles. Nine space channels that distorted the surrounding light extended before Zen and the others.

"Let's go!"

Sinclair stepped into one of the space channels and appeared in the first position.

Guzman and another Oneness General then followed suit, appearing in another position.

The other Oneness Generals, in pairs, did the same, leaving only Zen and Basil.

"General Zen, please," Basil said with a smile, gesturing for Zen to go first.

Zen nodded courteously and stepped into the space channel.

It was only over a thousand feet long. Passing through it was like carrying out a short spatial transference. In an instant, Zen appeared in one of the positions.

It was a circle filled with dim lights. To his surprise, they were like a layer of oil spreading in the space, rippling in waves around him.

When he took a step towards the edge of the circle, it followed him.

"This circle moves with me?" Zen asked curiously.

He took a step back, and so did the circle. He took a step left, and once again, so did the circle.

As Zen was testing this out, Basil appeared as well. Seeing Zen pacing back and forth made him smile. "It's your first time doing this. You should spend some time getting used to it."

"The position moves with me, but there are two of us," Zen said, puzzling a little.

"We need to act together, or we'll both be standing at the edge while the position remains still," Basil revealed as he walked in the opposite direction to Zen.

They stood at both ends of the position so it would not move.

Zen nodded and Basil continued his explanation, "In addition, the position can help us conjure weapons."

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand and released some divine megatons of force.

Whoosh!

A transparent long sword floated out of their position.

Basil wielded the sword and slashed out into the space.

A ray of sword light was created and shot into the distance.

"Is it Power Shaping?" Zen asked, curious.

"Have you ever cultivated the Might Godly Way?" Basil was taken aback. "You could tell from just a glance? All you need to do is release some divine megatons of force," he said.

Most in the Source World focused on one Godly Way, rarely studying the others. But so long as they could reach the Other Shore, everything would be fine.

Zen nodded and stuck his hand out. He released some divine megatons of force and a long sword floated out of their position, under his control.

"Could I conjure as many swords as I want with the Power Shaping?" Zen asked, seeming to have a plan brewing.

Basil nodded and said, "Of course. It's up to you. But the more swords you conjure, the more difficult it is to control them. If you get distracted, it can become too much to handle. I think you'd better..."

Before he finished speaking, another transparent sword appeared.

With both of Zen's hands clasped, more and more swords began appearing. The space around was dense with long swords, each having ten divine megatons of force.

With a total of one hundred and twenty-eight swords, that came to more than one thousand divine megatons of force.

This was not a large amount to a Oneness General.

But the long swords danced around their position in unison.

This stunned Basil and the other Oneness Generals. Basil smiled and said, "General Zen, you are an accomplished warrior of the Might Godly Way. I admire you greatly."

He admired Zen on the surface, but beneath that, he and the other Oneness Generals harbored great disdain in their hearts.

"Hey, are all the disciples in the Land of Sword Grief practicing these useless methods now?" a Oneness General asked with a condescending smile.

Guzman stood aside and said nothing, but sneered within himself.

'Useless?

Zen has become the number one disciple on the second floor in just two months with his true strength. How could the Oneness General call his method useless?' he thought.

Seventeen people in the nine positions of the array were ready as the Sun Crows got closer and closer.

"Quack, quack, quack..."

Countless Sun Crows cawed queerly. The sounds felt like sandpaper grating against their ears, leaving them in pain.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The first group of Sun Crows approached, turning into sharp black swords releasing golden light, shooting straight for the nine positions of the array.

"They're Sharp-winged Sun Crows," Zen said, raising his eyebrows.

"Kill them and don't let them get any closer!" Sinclair bellowed.

The seventeen people in the array stretched out their hands and transparent swords flew upward one by one.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Under the control of the crowd, the swords moved all over the place with ease. Some slashed out sword radiance, some quickly strangled the Sharp-winged Sun Crows and some stabbed out thousands of lines to kill them.

Chapter 3629 Being A Backbone

The penetrating power of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows was indeed amazing. If they went for a head-on collision with the important positions of the array, they would definitely cause a tremendous impact on the Mountain Sea Pass.

With that, everyone was trying their very best to stop the Sharp-winged Sun Crows from coming down and approaching the array.

"Take this! Straight Strike!" Sinclair shouted mightily.

The long sword that was floating outside began exerting fierce momentum. Then it started dashing through the targets while faint cracking sounds echoed through space. Due to the intense and impressive sword momentum, some of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows had already been slashed to pieces even before the sword actually touched them.

Judging from the theurgy he just used, everybody could notice the big difference in strength between Oneness Generals and the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief.

Most theurgies that Oneness Generals exerted were straightforward but powerful. They had no fancy moves but focused on annihilating the target through intense power. The only shortcoming that one could observe was the lack of agility.

On the other hand, the disciples from the Land of Sword Grief used different swordsmanship theurgies that had one thing in common. Their theurgies were skillful and full of elegance but were noticeably insufficient in power.

However, these Sharp-winged Sun Crows weren't that strong enough. Thus, even the swordsmanship theurgies of the disciples from the Land of Sword Grief were enough to kill them.

In fact, the disciples from the Land of Sword Grief had killed more Sharp-winged Sun Crows.

"There's only one key to killing these Sharp-winged Sun Crows—exert quick and full-powered attack towards your target. Remember that, Zen. This way, you can be more efficient in dealing with your enemies." The swordsmanship theurgy that Basil was using was similar to that of Sinclair. He wanted to show and teach Zen that their way of dealing with the enemies was more effective and efficient.

"Did you just say efficient?"

After looking at the surroundings for a while, Zen's eyes narrowed. He gently raised his hand and shouted, "Rise!"

Swish! Swish! Swish!

One hundred and twenty-eight long swords suddenly turned into a sword stream and shot up into the sky.

As Basil saw this, he only knew that Zen had easily created these long swords out of the array with his Power Shaping skill. What he didn't know was the method of controlling the long swords was what Zen learned from the Grand Purple Aura Technique.

Splat!

One of the long swords pierced through a Sharp-winged Sun Crow which immediately turned into a puddle of blood.

The transparent swords contained some divine megatons of force and a part of the Mountain Sea Pass. As long as the Mountain Sea Pass remained undamaged, these swords could stay pretty invincible.

With a wave of Zen's hand, the swords scattered in various directions.

Shing! Shing! Shing!

Each long sword instantly pierced through dozens of Sharp-winged Sun Crows. In just a matter of seconds, thousands of them fell victim and died.

At the same time, Basil's long sword swirled wildly in the air, killing many Sharp-winged Sun Crows one by one. There were thousands of enemies on the position he guarded, but in just a minute, he obliterated all the Sharp-winged Sun Crows who came in his way. As he completed his task, a proud look on his face was very visible.

Basil looked around to check on others, and Zen caught his eye. He smirked at the sight of Zen exerting more than a hundred swords simultaneously. He thought that it was a fancy but a rather inefficient move. There was no doubt in his mind that no warrior could possibly control over a hundred swords all at the same time.

He knew that the Sharp-winged Sun Crows were not that smart, but were extremely agile.

In his mind, if Zen was really using this skill, he presumed that there was no way Zen could stab even a single Sharp-winged Sun Crow in the air. Well, if he was pretty lucky, then he might pierce a few ones by chance.

However, his eyes widened and his jaw almost dropped as he took a closer look upon Zen's area.

The number of dead bodies on Zen's side was easily a hundred times more than what Basil accomplished.

Each of Zen's transparent swords seemed to have a soul of its own as they continuously darted upwards.

Shing! Splat!

Every time a Sharp-winged Sun Crow got pierced by the sword, it would explode into a messy cloud of blood.

Around every sword, clouds of blood continuously formed and spread in the air, dyeing the surrounding space with a misty autumn afternoon scenery.

With every sword shooting upwards, thousands of Sharp-winged Sun Crows were vanquished, and after a few rounds of merciless assault from Zen, perhaps more than one hundred thousand were slaughtered in his hands.

However, the Sharp-winged Sun Crows were not afraid of death, being creatures of low intelligence. In fact, the more they were killed, the more they became aggressive and attacked without regard for their lives. But regardless of their sheer number, Zen's swords drilled them all, not letting a single one escape. Soon, the sky above became clear and silent, as not a single Sharp-winged Sun Crow was to be found. Nothing but a pool of blood and dismembered bodies were left below.

"That Oneness General is invincible!"

"He controls over one hundred swords like they were parts of his hands. Furthermore, every sword's power is equivalent to what a single Oneness General could exert. That makes his power almost equivalent to that of a hundred Oneness Generals!"

"Thank goodness. We don't need to do anything!"

The warriors in the lower tier of the Mountain Sea Pass were so excited at what they saw, they almost burst in tears.

The nine important positions of the array looked pretty indestructible. The big array passed through the Sky Net and was located in the Mountain Sea Pass.

However, there was still a possibility that the array might collapse if it received an overwhelming volume of attacks.

Therefore it was earlier agreed upon that if the array suffered serious damage, Sinclair would order the Oneness Guards to release the warriors in the lower tier, though that order would most likely endanger them.

Fortunately, now that Zen had eliminated all the Sharp-winged Sun Crows on his own, the warriors didn't need to come out. Thus, they were all greatly relieved.

"Hey, Jago! Is he really your Flag Master?" an old man asked with his eyes wide open due to extreme shock.

Jago proudly nodded and replied, "Yes! He used to belong to the Sword Light Palace. Then, he brought us to the Dragon City."

"You've only been in the Dragon City for a few years but he instantly grew into such a powerful warrior!" another strong man remarked in utter disbelief.

Earlier, they had heard Jago addressing Zen as Flag Master but they still found it quite hard to believe.

After all, most of these warriors were from the Bloom Divine Province. They knew well about several powerful masters in the Oneness Sky Palace. It was already very difficult for a Flag Master to become an Alliance Chief. Moreover, to become a Oneness Guard, a warrior needed great opportunities and talents. However, Zen even skipped that and directly became a Oneness General.

Even the warriors who witnessed what Zen underwent with their own eyes found it unbelievable.

"If you doubt me, you can ask Jaxon and Chace. They were all born in the Dragon City and have seen Flag Master Zen before," Jago insisted.

Back when Zen was still a Flag Master, he had defeated Alliance Chiefs. This event left a deep impression on the members of Dragon City.

"To be perfectly honest, it was really hard to believe that he was the same Zen that we knew before."

"We know that he easily defeated Fergus, but I still didn't expect him to reach this far in such a short time!"

There were mixed emotions as they looked at Zen standing still and stained in red, matching the color of the blood mist that he created in the sky. Some were in awe, while others shivered. But one thing was for sure, Zen's current strength was enough to serve as a backbone of the Oneness Sky Palace.

There were about two to three million Sharp-winged Sun Crows in the first dark cloud.

Previously, even with the twelve Oneness Generals going all out to subdue the enemies, a considerable number of Sharp-winged Sun Crows were still able to crash into the important positions of the array. These kamikaze attacks were enough to destroy the array in the Mountain Sea Pass.

Therefore, there were hundreds of warriors stationed in the Mountain Sea Pass on standby. Their purpose was to pour divine crystals into the array to continuously repair it. Once it couldn't be repaired, the Mountain Sea Pass would collapse.

However, this time around, not a single Sharp-winged Sun Crow was able to lay a hand on the array. More than half of their total number was wiped out and fell victim to Zen's swords. Even if there were a few occasional ones who escaped, they were quickly hunted down by the other Oneness Generals.

After killing the Sharp-winged Sun Crows, Zen slowly retracted his hands. The one hundred and twenty-eight long swords withdrew and returned into the ground.

Basil had always shown Zen the respect he deserved, but on the inside, he didn't take him seriously.

He used to be a Oneness Guard. After he became a five-star one, he entered the Chaotic Source World, and then he joined the Land of Sword Grief to cultivate further.

However, he wasn't able to get to the second floor so he returned to be a Oneness Guard. As a Oneness General now, he had the tendency of looking down upon the warriors from the Land of Sword Grief.

But at this moment, he stared at Zen, rendered speechless.

Chapter 3630 The Invisibility Curtain

Basil's strange emotion went unnoticed by Zen.

He looked up to the sky and said, "These Sharp-winged Sun Crows should only a test, right?"

Coming back to his senses, Basil replied, "Yes, yes. It's just a test."

Still, even if it was a mere test, it was far too easy to deal with their attack.

Standing in the front was Sinclair, holding two transparent swords in his hands, giving Zen an emotionless glance.

Zen used a method that could completely defeat a great number of Sharp-winged Sun Crows, but they did not make up the main force or the real threat.

After millions of Sharp-winged Sun Crows in the dark cloud perished, the second dark cloud glided toward the nine positions of the array.

In the center was a woman sitting upright in the air with one hand on her waist, looking down at the Mountain Sea Pass in front of her.

"A mere pass won't stop us. I'll take you through it." With that, the woman gently picked an Other Shore Token from above her head—it was a colorful curtain.

Swoosh!

Giving it a shake, she made the curtain grow larger and larger. As the pigment bloomed, it turned all the Sun Crows invisible.

It was none other than the Invisibility Curtain, an Other Shore Token of the mysterious type, as well as a sixth-grade Other Shore Token in the Divine Lair.

In the northeast corner of Stage Nineteen was a cave in the most dangerous mountain. There lived a special kind of spider the size of an ant—the five-colored spider.

Given its size, it didn't attract much attention—it had no attacking power, nor did it hold any poison.

But it could weave the most beautiful webs, entwined with magnificent colors.

When the web was first discovered, it was thought to be rather strange—how could such a colorful web capture its prey? No creature, no matter how stupid, would fall for such an eye-catching web.

As the man examined the web, he found that it had the unique ability to hide itself and everything on it.

The man then proceeded to collect the webs for several years. After collecting enough, he set a fire in the cave, driving the five-colored spiders to extinction.

From the collected webs, the Invisibility Curtain was formed. Although it came from the Other Shore, it was an artificial token.

Anything the curtain covered could be hidden completely from sight for about three minutes. During this period, not even spiritual sense could uncover it.

Swish!

And so the Invisibility Curtain covered all the Sun Crows before disappearing without a trace.

"They've disappeared?"

"All the Sun Crows are invisible?"

"Use spiritual sense to find them!"

Sinclair, Basil, Guzman, and the rest of the Oneness Generals immediately activated their spiritual senses, but nothing was found in the sky. No Sun Crow was above their heads.

But the shrill cries of the Sun Crows rang in their ears one after another.

Although Zen released his spiritual sense as well, he quickly withdrew it after failing to detect any Sun Crows. He noticed a slight change in the cries—the originally noisy chirps grew sharp, indicating that they were now flying at high speed.

"The Sun Crows are spurting! Stop them!" Zen roared before the invisible long swords flew upward.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The invisible swords created a blood red mist in the air.

Although Sinclair and the rest were in a state of panic, Zen's roar had them lift their swords immediately.

Even though they couldn't see the Sun Crows themselves, they could still chop at them randomly.

While they managed to kill many this way, there were still many remaining because of the aimless killing. An invisible Self-exploding Sun Crow landed right in front of Sinclair.

All of a sudden, an extremely strong energy burst from the Self-exploding Sun Crow's body. With a loud bang, the explosion released over a hundred divine megatons of force.

The array of the Mountain Sea Pass couldn't be destroyed with only over a hundred divine megatons of force, but the Sun Crows often appeared in groups.

When the first Self-exploding Sun Crow burst, more of them landed beside the array.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Streaks of golden light bloomed around the nine positions of the array, completely submerging them.

But the damage to the nine positions was undertaken by the array in the Mountain Sea Pass.

On the upper tier of this pass lay a huge circular array—it was the main array. When the nine positions outside were all attacked, this circular array continued to tremble, cracks appearing around it.

"Replenish the divine crystals!"

someone shouted.

Around the main array, hundreds of people were on standby.

Under the command, everyone immediately crushed the divine crystals and threw them into the main array—it easily absorbed the liquid that flowed out of the divine crystals.

Buzz…

The main array emitted a pure-white light, rapidly repairing the cracks that appeared.

While the Oneness Generals in the nine positions were left unharmed, they were still frightened upon seeing the explosion of countless Self-exploding Sun Crows outside.

Their faces grim, Sinclair and the rest hacked the invisible Sun Crows to vent their anger, but only a few were killed.

On the other hand, Guzman and the other disciples of the Land of Sword Grief chose to forfeit. Staring into the light from the explosion with wide eyes, they thought about how to escape once the Mountain Sea Pass fell.

Zen already had his eyes shut and ears covered.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

The one hundred and twenty-eight long swords were still flying in the air. The weapons were swinging randomly, but they could still easily kill the many Sun Crows present.

But Zen noticed something unusual as the long swords flew across.

Two of them suddenly lost their aim as they shot forward, as though some force caused them to deviate from their path.

While the Self-exploding Sun Crows were surely larger than ordinary Sun Crows, they couldn't affect the long swords that flew at high speed.

At this moment, Zen grew extremely sensitive. In an instant, the other transparent swords had already shot in that direction.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As the swords shrank like a net, about eight of them were suddenly sent away.

"Caught you..."

The corner of Zen's lips curled up into a sly smile when he noticed it.

Chapter 3631 Repelling

The moment the Sun Crows disappeared, Zen immediately noticed a problem.

There was a limited number of theurgies in the Source World and even if a theurgy was created using more than ten Truths of Godly Ways, it would still be impossible to make so many Sun Crows invisible just like that.

This effect could only be achieved through the use of an Other Shore Token.

These Sun Crows had been hidden right before launching an attack, which meant the cloaking technique could only last for a short period of time. Otherwise, they could just hide the Sun Crows when they were still far away and let them explode right above the nine positions of the array, which would be a disaster for the Mountain Sea Pass!

Since the Sun Crows remained hidden during the charge, that meant the person who used the cloaking theurgy was within the group. Zen had a hunch that it was most likely a demon woman from the Divine Lair.

He summoned more than a hundred long swords to slash at the enemies around him. He wanted to kill as many Sun Crows as possible while searching for the possible demon woman.

More than a hundred swords hacked and slashed all around, trying to find Zen's true target. Finally, two swords were able to pinpoint this elusive demon woman. She thought the swords were mere ordinary blades, so she casually pushed them away.

Unfortunately for her, her action attracted Zen's attention, and he shot all the other swords towards her.

She was just about to break out of the encirclement and sent several swords flying, but the rest of the swords immediately rushed towards her at top speed!

"Draw more divine megatons of force!"

There was no way Zen was going to let go of this opportunity. He immediately let the power within his body erupt all at once!

The transparent swords were originally infused with ten divine megatons of power, but Zen's sudden burst of energy made three of the swords each contain four thousand divine megatons of power!

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Loud explosions followed after the barrage of these swords upon the demon woman. However, she simply used the Invisibility Curtain in her hand to block the attacks.

"Using the swords to find out where I am? Very smart! Unfortunately, these swords are still too weak..." The demon woman stalked closer towards Zen with a sneer.

Dealing with an ordinary Sun Crow was possible with these puny swords imbued with ten divine megatons of power, but that wasn't going to cut it for her. There was no way a Chaotic Source Realm warrior such as her would ever be defeated by such weak energy.

Just as she thought of this, ten more transparent swords shot towards her.

"Bang, Bang..."

The first few swords bounced off her, but when she touched the fourth sword, her cocky expression suddenly changed.

"Whoosh!"

This fourth sword did not contain just ten divine megatons of force, but four thousand! She could only watch in horror as it slashed through her fingers cleanly.

Had she not been a Chaotic Source Realm warrior, then the sword would've cut off her entire arm!

It was also fortunate that the Chaotic Source Spirits helped her resist the damage but they now surged restlessly in her body.

"Whoosh..."

Just as she was about to retaliate, another sword came towards her!

In desperation to avoid this attack, the demon woman spread her wings and attempted to somersault in the air. Unfortunately for her, the sword still hit her.

"Bang!"

The force that hit her was extraordinarily strong, but the Chaotic Source Spirits within her body pulled through and cushioned most of the blow.

However, Zen wasn't done.

"The next sword..." he muttered.

"Splash..."

As he extracted the power from the Civilization Artifacts, the aura within Zen's cinnabar field was released.

His powerful aura startled Basil who was standing right next to him. "Zen! What are you doing?!" Basil exclaimed in panic.

Why was Zen so serious in dealing with these weak birds? Why did he let out such an oppressing wave of power?

Unfortunately, Zen's ears were sealed and Basil's question did not register.

He was now solely focused on locating that demon woman and dealing the killing blow!

The nine positions and the long swords outside them were maintained by the main array in the Mountain Sea Pass.

Zen naturally didn't hold back with the power he poured onto his swords. He forcefully drew out fifteen thousand divine megatons of power all at once!

"Swish!"

Not even Anthemar could ignore such an outstanding show of power!

The oncoming transparent sword emitted a sharp sound, like a ferocious ghost screaming its battle cry, before shooting towards the void.

"Bang!"

"Crack!"

The demon woman had no strength left in her to dodge. She could only watch as the long sword flew towards her, signifying her doom. The Chaotic Source Spirits were a frantic mess and tried to block it, but all of them instantly fell asleep the moment the sword pierced through her chest.

"Puff!"

A fountain of blood spurted from her chest and painted the sky a misty red.

This explosion of blood mist attracted everyone's attention despite the constant explosions from the Self-exploding Sun Crows.

"Come back!"

After stabbing the demon woman, Zen stretched out his finger and hooked it, commanding the sword to come back to him.

Despite the obvious stab wound on her chest, Zen worried that it might not have been enough to kill her. He couldn't take any chances.

As the sword returned to Zen, a figure stumbled into everyone's sight: the demon woman from the Divine Lair with a colorful cloth in her hand!

The moment she appeared, the other Sun Crows also became visible and many Self-Exploding Sun Crows fell!

Even Sinclair and the other experienced Oneness Generals couldn't help but shudder at the sight.

This demon woman's eyes were filled with hatred.

She had finally discovered the person who was controlling all those swords. It was Zen who sat in a position of the array with his eyes closed!

"Explode!" she ordered as she saw the long sword fly back towards her.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Over a million Self-exploding Sun Crows floated in the air, but at this moment, all of them swarmed towards her and consecutively exploded.

They wouldn't be able to stop Zen but they could at least make him miss his target. This strategy proved effective as Zen's sword narrowly missed her by inches.

With a wave of her hand, the demon woman once again covered herself with the Invisibility Curtain and disappeared from sight.

The moment she disappeared, Zen wasted no time and once again gathered over a hundred long swords in an effort to scout her out. This time though, the demon woman was prepared and hid herself very well.

However, she left in such a hurry that she failed to take the Self-exploding Sun Crows with her.

Her last command had been for them to explode and so they did, sacrificing themselves like fireworks in the sky.

When the last Self-exploding crow detonated, Sinclair and those surrounding the main array finally heaved a sigh of relief.

They were fortunate to have arrived at this outcome since they didn't have that many divine crystals on hand.

Chapter 3632 Corpse Spirit Sun Crows

After the demon woman of the Divine Lair floated backwards for several thousand feet, she removed the Invisibility Curtain from her.

"Drip, drip, drip..."

A big hole in her chest flowed with blood as a result from Zen's sword.

But though she seemed seriously injured, it was not fatal to her at all.

As she flapped her wings profusely, her voice echoed majestically into the nine positions. "I thought I could capture the Mountain Sea Pass in one go, but I had no idea that you people had skill," she snickered.

If the Self-exploding Sun Crows kept bursting and if Zen hadn't forced her to show up, the array of the Mountain Sea Pass would have collapsed. The divine crystals stored in the pass wouldn't be able to hold on for too long.

"Bitch, stop talking nonsense!" a Oneness General scolded. "Don't run away!"

As the woman heard this, her pale face still perked up to a smirk. "I've been here the whole damn time," she said sweetly. "I don't intend to run away."

"Oh yeah? Then let's see if you really have what it takes!" the other Oneness General in the same position shouted.

Just as he stopped speaking, both of them darted towards the woman at the same pace.

As they moved, the position that shielded them followed.

This was a defensive tactic, because as long as they were in the position, they were safe. To them, it would be no problem to chase the woman because of her injury. Luckily for them, Sinclair had no intention of stopping them. They were going to return anyway.

Zen gradually retracted the more than one hundred swords and activated his hearing sense. The soft, sweet voice of the woman rang in his ears, and his heart began to beat quickly. However, once he saw the two Oneness Generals going after the woman, his face suddenly changed. "General Sinclair!" Zen called out. "Please ask them to come back quickly. Something is wrong! They're being enchanted by the woman!"

Originally, the seventeen Oneness Generals, including Zen, had already been nervous.

But because Zen repelled the demon woman from the Divine Lair, they had more hope.

The woman should have escaped, but after she distanced herself from them, she showed up and used her voice to enchant the two Oneness Generals.

"Kemp!

Hargrove! Come back this instant!"

Sinclair also had a feeling something bad was going to happen.

At this point, the two Oneness Generals were deaf to Sinclair. They kept rushing towards the woman, the position of the array protecting them, and never looked back.

"What should we do?"

"Their position is connected to the main array," someone pointed out. "If they move too far away from the main array, it'll make the entire Mountain Sea Pass suffer!"

The nine positions of the array were all somewhat connected to the main array, which meant that all attacks on the positions would implicate the entire Mountain Sea Pass. Because of the two Oneness Generals, a position had been compromised. This gave the Sun Crows an opportunity to attack it, and disintegrate the Mountain Sea Pass.

After Sinclair had attempted to call them back, his expression grew cold. "Cut off the Earth Dragon Position! Now!"

This was the position that Kemp and Hargrove used as protection. Once it was disconnected, the two would be left exposed and easily devoured by the Sun Crows.

Sinclair had no choice, and he had to make a decision that was for the benefit of more than just the two Oneness Generals.

"Buzz..."

Once he gave the final order, a wave of energy spread out. It disconnected Kemp and Hargrove from the main array.

Almost instantly, a group of Sun Crows spiraled down and headed straight towards the two Oneness Generals.

The demon woman appeared behind the two, grabbed their heads by the hair, and said disappointingly, "Alas, you were resolute in action, or I would have captured the Mountain Sea Pass already."

"Queenie, you arrived earlier than us," a voice hissed. "If you want to capture the pass all alone, then the full credit will go to you. We will have nothing to do with this."

Behind her, more than ten demon women from the Divine Lair were approaching. They all had powerful, demonic auras that made it obvious they had obtained extraordinary Other Shore Tokens.

"Cut the crap!" Queenie shouted at them. "Hurry and heal my damn wounds!"

The woman floating behind her moved closer and stretched out her hand. With one wave, a circular corona appeared.

"Hiss..."

The woman fiddled with the corona, moving the shadow of time to an hour earlier. Just like that, Queenie's chest was healed.

"Queenie, you are too ambitious," the demon woman said after tucking the corona away. "Even if you manage to capture the Mountain Sea Pass, you won't make it through the Sky Net."

"The Sky Net has its own flaws we can work around. After we capture the Mountain Sea Pass, our next move is to figure out how to break the net," Queenie responded confidently.

"It's not that simple," the woman shot back. "The seven arrays and twelve passes are two lines of defense. After we capture the Mountain Sea Pass, the Vastness Array will be waiting for us," the woman trailed away, trying to seem less worried. "I'm afraid we cannot go up against the warriors of the Vastness Array."

Queenie frowned hearing this. "So, what do you propose we do?"

"I bet we can capture the Mountain Sea Pass and break the Sky Net," the woman said as she pointed at the distance. "We need to seek help from the inside. As long as someone can help us from there, breaking the Sky Net will be a piece of cake."

"Someone to help us inside? Who?" Queenie raised her eyebrows. "Why didn't Master Elizabeth tell me about this?"

The woman smiled. "Because Master Elizabeth will come in person."

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Behind the group of demon women, the black Sun Crows parted to both sides, which sent over a hundred huge Sun Crows to gradually descend.

Because the huge Sun Crows brought out a heavy aura, it made the other crows become restless and uneasy.

"Corpse Spirit Sun Crows!"

Queenie was surprised to see the Sun Crows descending, especially because they were so strong.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were personally nurtured by Emperor Charm, which made them the strongest of the Sun Crow race. They had been hidden underground, only to appear when the Divine Lair was attacked.

In other words, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows could only be used if the Sun Crow race was ever in danger.

Elizabeth appeared, standing steadily on the last Corpse Spirit Sun Crow that appeared. She looked down at the Sky Net in the distance with a dignified expression.

"Master Elizabeth..."

Before Queenie could finish her sentence, Elizabeth raised her hand and stopped her.

"Our Sun Crow race has no choice but to go all out," Elizabeth said. "We might suffer our biggest loss in battle with the Oneness Sky Palace. Worst-case scenario, we will disappear from the world for good." Elizabeth let out a huge sigh, saddened by the thought of their defeat.

She knew for a fact that the entire Source World, as well as the chaos, would undergo a great reformation eventually.

The battle between the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace marked the beginning of that change.

But as the leader of the Divine Lair, Elizabeth couldn't help but feel sorry for her people. "I only hope that you find a way to escape this calamity and be among the lucky ones who survive," she said solemnly. "Only then can you live forever."

Chapter 3633 General Offensive

Negative thoughts began to flood Elizabeth's mind. After all, she couldn't help but feel doubtful when she heard the plan from Emperor Charm for the first time.

If the Purge Way was carried out according to the way Emperor Charm had said, then less than ten thousand people were qualified to live. She couldn't imagine the consequences of such a thing.

Although she was highly uncertain, she did not show it.

Since Emperor Charm was the king of the whole Sun Crow race, Elizabeth still believed his decisions unconditionally, even if she herself was the commander in chief of the Divine Lair.

After the great change in the Source World, however, no one knew how many people could survive safely. Furthermore, it was rather dull to live in a world with less than ten thousand creatures.

In the end, Elizabeth only sighed and gently waved her hand forward. All the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows flapped their wings, and many demon women from the Divine Lair stood behind the Sun Crows.

Numerous Sun Crows turned into dark clouds once again and enveloped the whole atmosphere. After that, it became impossible to see everything inside the dark cloud enclosure from the outside.

Meanwhile, Sinclair did not look pleased in the Mountain Sea Pass.

Many people had died from the moment he had guarded the Mountain Sea Pass, but all of them were insignificant Other Shore Realm warriors. Only a few Oneness Guards were killed.

Besides, the twelve Oneness Generals who had fought against the Sun Crows in the positions of the array were completely unharmed.

This time, it wasn't easy for Sinclair to invite five disciples from the Land of Sword Grief to offer help. It was like adding five Oneness Generals to the array, but in the blink of an eye, they lost two Oneness Generals already! More importantly, those two who died were Kemp and Hargrove, his right-hand men!

"It's indeed a pity that Kemp and Hargrove died, but the Mountain Sea Pass is still fine. If it weren't for Zen, the Mountain Sea Pass would have been captured," Basil, who was beside him, comforted.

A few seconds had passed, and Sinclair finally calmed down a bit and nodded. "It was really close. I went to check the main array, and they don't have many divine crystals left.

The array of the Mountain Sea Pass withstood this round of attack, but at the price of a hundred million divine crystals..." he said.

If Zen hadn't killed a large number of Self-exploding Sun Crows, the Mountain Sea Pass would have been besieged. "Since there are not many divine crystals left, won't the array of the Mountain Sea Pass be unable to work?" Guzman asked.

"The Vastness Mountain is sending two hundred million divine crystals here. There shouldn't be any problem," Sinclair answered.

Such a war would definitely consume a great deal of divine crystals. A single battle could possibly cost about ten billion divine crystals, and sometimes it could go up to hundreds of billions of divine crystals. It was so disastrous that the weak forces often ran out of divine crystals before the war ended.

"But I'm afraid it's still difficult to deal with them if the demon woman of the Divine Lair continues to lead the team to attack," Zen said with a frown.

Right now, it was totally lucky for Zen to have found out the location of the demon woman from the Divine Lair. It was thanks to his discovery that he was able to stab her a few times.

However, if she continued to bring the Sun Crows to attack again, he would probably have a hard time finding her if he relied solely on luck.

"If only the Sun Crows didn't attack frequently." Basil sighed.

Overall, the Oneness Generals, the Oneness Guards, and the Other Shore Realm warriors who were stationed at the Mountain Sea Pass never had a good sleep ever since the crisis began.

"It seems that they won't take action frequently in the future," Zen said with a smile. "What do you mean?" Basil asked.

Zen's lips curved into a pout, while the others looked into the distance. Basil also turned to look, and then his gaze froze in shock.

The Sun Crows had formed dark clouds in their previous attack, and now they had gathered together and took up half of the sky!

The entire sky was divided into black and white. The white part of the sky was an area that the Sun Crows did not cover, and the black part was filled with countless Sun Crows. Then, the black skyline slowly moved towards the Sky Net and devoured it little by little.

Soon enough, the length of the entire skyline was almost impossible to measure! "It's a general offensive!" Sinclair exclaimed with wide eyes.

"Give the order to the Vastness Mountain!" an Oneness General roared. "Give the order to the Azure Array!

The Sun Crow race is launching a general offensive!" a silver armored Oneness General shouted from the top of the Heavenly Wind Pass. According to the Oneness Sky Palace's orders, the seven arrays and twelve passes in front of the North Mysterious City were the last defense line.

Once this defense line was broken, the entire Bloom Divine Province would fall.

If that really happened, then the Oneness Sky Palace would have no place to hide except for the seven mountains!

Now that they were under the Sun Crow race's general offensive, they had no choice but to guard their territory with all their might.

On the other hand, the Evil God sat nonchalantly on the roof of the house at one side of the Heavenly Wind Pass. He appeared to be quite unconcerned as he looked at the dense mass of Sun Crows.

The Inner-world Generating Avatar was a little different from the Rebirth Land. With the Rebirth Land, Zen could only sense where he was, but not what he was doing or thinking. Zen wouldn't even be able to tell his location from a distance.

However, the Inner-world Generating Avatar was more closely linked to him. Even if they were more than one hundred miles away from each other, Zen could still discern the thoughts in the Evil God's mind.

The Evil God had a strong feeling that he had lied to Zen and planned to escape, but the memories in his mind were not right. The feeling made him uneasy.

He hoped that more black Sun Crows would come over, and that the world would be more chaotic...

At that moment, the runes were connected from end to end and converged towards the center of the Azure Array.

In the center of the Azure Array, countless layers of runes wrapped around a particular item. At a glance, it looked like a sword, but it was difficult to see what it was because so many runes were wrapped around it.

A middle-aged man with long hair stood in the center of the array with his hands behind his back. Then, he gently placed his hand on the item wrapped in the runes.

"Swoosh..."

Just then, all the runes became weightless and floated upwards. They looked like thousands of yellow birds that had taken flight. However, it turned out that there was nothing wrapped in the runes right now!

"Splash..."

Then, the runes condensed together and formed a huge sword. This sword contained a strange but powerful aura.

"I haven't used the Heavenly Rune Sword for a long time. It's a pity that Fuxi is not here," said the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man with long hair was the leader of the Azure Mountain, Jonathan Su.

Numerous Oneness Generals guarded the twelve passes, while the leaders of the seven mountains watched over the seven arrays. However, not all of the leaders came.

In the Origin Array

Countless rays of sword light twisted, rotated, and surged in the array like water ripples.

Beside the Origin Array stood Winchell and the other masters of the Origin Mountain. All of them looked serious and solemn.

If it was a battle of life and death, the Oneness Sky Palace might not be afraid of the Sun Crow race.

However, the seven arrays were currently in their greatest crisis, and that was the absence of Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin.

Without those two, the strength of the Oneness Sky Palace had decreased by more than fifty percent!

Moreover, the outsiders still did not know the news. Then again, if all the soldiers knew it, they would probably suffer from low morale before the battle began.

As the beautiful woman who sat in the center of the Origin Array looked at the sullen faces of Winchell and the others, she suddenly said, "Don't worry, everyone. Madam Yasamin has already nurtured six million Deity Sword Souls. Although my cultivation base is far inferior to that of Madam Yasamin and I can only use one move of the Origin Deity Attack, we are not that far from each other when it comes to our strength."

The beautiful woman was called Felicity, and she had a close relationship with Dorothy. She was also Winchell's sister-in-law.

Although Yasamin had always regarded Dorothy as her successor, the war was about to begin and Dorothy's cultivation base was still low even though she had mastered the Origin Swordsmanship. Therefore, it was Felicity who had to go into battle.

Chapter 3634 Rebellion

The powerful warriors on the Origin Mountain were able to come up with this replacement method, but that was not the case for Oneness Mountain.

In the Land of Sword Grief, Zen had written down the complete Truth Enlightenment and handed it to Elvinia.

As soon as that was done, Elvinia eagerly went straight to the Phoenix Palace.

There were two reasons for her excitement: first, she wanted to personally hand it over to her father; second, she wanted to tell her father what she had seen in the Creation Myth Temple.

Soon enough, she arrived at the Phoenix Palace. She was told that her father was in the Supreme Dragon Hall.

She quickly went to the Supreme Dragon Hall, but the gate was heavily guarded and she couldn't see her father. Later on, she visited her mother, Flamine, instead. That was when she knew that her father was trapped on the Other Shore, and the Oneness Sky Palace was under a great crisis.

She thought of Goran recruiting soldiers in the Land of Sword Grief before, and finally realized that the Oneness Sky Palace was really in great trouble this time.

At this time, huge swords surrounded the Oneness Array.

On top of the swords' hilts stood Athemar, Goran, and the other Oneness Governors.

Then, two old men with grey hair stood on the two swords at the forefront of the Oneness Array.

The man on the left was Pearce Gan, who had been following Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

The man on the right was called Auden Ning.

Many important officials of the Oneness Sky Palace were gathered on the Oneness Mountain. They were the group with the most number of members and also the strongest, but their respective leader was not there.

Everyone present had extraordinary auras, but none of them was confident.

"Based on the movement of the Sun Crows, they still intend to break the Vastness Array and capture the Mountain Sea Pass. It seems easy, but in reality it is very dangerous for them," said Pearce. He took out a small golden gourd as he spoke, pulled the cork, and took a sip of the wine.

Auden's wrinkly face convulsed. The man was dressed in a cloth gown and he looked like an ordinary woodcutter. On his right hand was a rusty sword.

Despite his plain appearance, all of the Oneness Governors in the gathering highly respected him.

He and Pearce were known as Eastern Emperor Taiyi's very capable assistants. Both of them were slightly stronger than the Oneness Governors and were as strong as the mountain leaders.

"The Sun Crows clearly know what will happen," Auden said in a shaky voice. "Once their main forces have gotten close to the Mountain Sea Pass, the nearest three passes and three arrays will kill them. They will suffer heavy casualties," he continued.

While he explained, his fingers drew lines in the air and pointed out the locations of the passes, such as the Mountain Sea Pass.

Athemar, Goran, and the others silently stared at the lines and passes and studied them seriously.

"Elder Auden is right. Anyone with a discerning eye can see that it is a trap. They won't choose to do so, unless they are really arrogant, or..." Before Athemar could finish his sentence, he abruptly stopped.

At that moment, all of them began to feel anxious. No words were needed for them to know what could obviously happen.

It was known that Gethin wasn't convinced when Eastern Emperor Taiyi had beaten him in the past. He had never admitted defeat.

Unfortunately, since the Vastness Mountain was one of the seven mountains, they could never rebel after Eastern Emperor Taiyi had taken control of the Bloom Divine Province. Thus, the Xu Clan and the Vastness Mountain both lived under the roof of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Yet, in the past few years, Gethin had secretly expanded his influence until the Vastness Mountain became as powerful as the Origin Mountain.

Although he never revealed his ambition, everyone knew what he wanted.

Even then, he never dared to betray Eastern Emperor Taiyi as long as the emperor was alive.

Nevertheless, a great opportunity had now presented itself to him!

If he wanted to rebel, he could help the Sun Crows from within the Sky Net. That could be the exact reason why the Sun Crows chose to attack Mountain Sea Pass first.

These people from the Oneness Sky Palace were all intelligent beings, so they immediately knew what Gethin was up to based on some of his obscure movements. "What can we do?

Are we going to attack Gethin now?" Goran asked. "Kill him," Auden answered with a glint in his eyes.

"He hasn't rebelled; that was only our guess. If he really wants to rebel, then he must be well prepared," said Pearce as he closed his eyes.

"Everything would be fine if Eastern Emperor Taiyi was here, but since he is not, we will be at a dead end sooner or later," he added. "Well, we can't just sit still and wait for death no matter what. Now that things have come to this, we can only follow the established plan.

If Gethin really dares to rebel…" Athemar countered, his eyes filled with determination.

"Don't worry. If he dares to rebel, I will perish with him," Auden reassured with a hesitant voice.

The second he was done speaking, he stomped his feet on the ground.

In turn, all the Lofty Swords outside the Oneness Array began to glow.

It was Athemar who had made all the Lofty Swords, but everyone had control over them.

As the Sun Crows continued to advance, everyone in the seven arrays and the twelve passes got ready to fight.

On the lower tier of the Mountain Sea Pass

"Alas, I thought we didn't need to be the bait since we had General Zen, but..."

"Now, we don't even have a chance to be the bait. With so many Sun Crows, we are doomed!"

"It doesn't matter. As human beings, we have to protect our families!"

At that point, the Sun Crows had covered the entire heaven and earth. Even though the Other Shore Realm warriors on the lower tier couldn't see clearly what was happening, they knew that the Sun Crows were serious about this war.

The reason they had hesitated earlier was that the Oneness Guards had driven them out to fight, but they themselves remained in the Mountain Sea Pass.

Now that everyone, including the Oneness Generals and the Oneness Guards, was ready to attack, they did not complain anymore.

On the contrary, Sinclair felt his throat run dry at the sight of the Sun Crows.

As a leader, he should've said something reassuring to their army, but now he was restless and didn't know what to say.

Suddenly, purple lights glowed from behind the Mountain Sea Pass.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Those lights transformed into swords that were tens of millions of feet long, and anyone who saw the lights felt their power and strength. Then, the sharp lights pierced through the air. It looked like they could penetrate through everything.

"The Vastness Array is activated! Everyone, don't be discouraged. With the Vastness Array's support, we will not lose this battle!" Sinclair finally shouted to boost their army's morale.

The shining sword radiance truly did make them feel more confident. The Oneness Guards, and the ordinary warriors at the Other Shore Realm finally felt resolute.

At the source of the lights, an extraordinary aura emanated from Gethin as he sat cross-legged, his gaze fixed on the northeast.

"Sinclair in the Mountain Sea Pass ahead is encouraging his soldiers," Natasha said in an enchanting voice from beside Gethin.

"I'm wondering what expression he will have if he knows the truth. Ha-ha..." a leader of the intelligence agency sneered.

Gethin snorted. "Those old men are smart and cunning. I'm afraid they have already figured out the truth seeing the Sun Crows' movements," he commented.

A detached smile graced Natasha's lips. "So what? You didn't play any dirty tricks. What else can they do?" she remarked.

The Vastness Mountain's rebellion wasn't actually a secret conspiracy, considering that the Oneness Sky Palace was already in danger. In fact, Gethin was open about it because he was sure that the Oneness Sky Palace couldn't do anything to him.

Chapter 3635 Powerful Defense

The countless Sun Crows formed a black ocean as they raced towards the Sky Net.

When the mass of crows were within twenty miles of the Sky Net, they broke their original formation and swarmed together to move in one direction. Towards the Mountain Sea Pass!

The moment they did so though, the Sky Net also began to shift and change.

It had originally been traversing across the southwest, but now it had begun to fold and roll away from the Mountain Sea Pass to advance on the mass of Sun Crows. It looked to be attempting to encircle them!

As it began to roll inwards on either side, the generals and soldiers of the Battle Rage Pass on the left, and those of the Heaven Wind Pass on the right, began to converge on the Mountain Sea Pass.

Other generals and soldiers from the six arrays and eleven passes, excluding those in the Vastness Array and the Mountain Sea Pass, advanced forward along the sides of the Sky Net.

Splash!

As the battalion of Sun Crows grew closer, they scattered, putting more and more distance between each of them.

In their reformation, they could now see a smaller group of Corpse Spirit Sun Crows amongst them.

At the sight of about 100 Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, the warriors of the seven arrays of the Oneness Sky Palace emerged grim-faced.

"The Sun Crow race... They are absolutely insane!"

"I can't believe Emperor Charm has released the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows..."

"They are the basis of their race. They truly plan to wage a mighty battle against the Oneness Sky Palace."

In the past, the two factions had a peaceful relationship. They had allied themselves, and their leaders had known one another quite well.

There was no doubt at all that the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were incredibly powerful, but they rarely ever fought unless their race found themselves faced with the crisis of possible extinction. So the others were boggled as to why they showed up now. They were determined to destroy the Oneness Sky Palace!

Elizabeth's lips stretched into a charming smile as she sat at the top.

There were countless humans gathering like ants behind the Sky Net.

As far as Elizabeth was concerned, apart from the masters of the Oneness Sky Palace, the soldiers at the Other Shore Realm were the same as these brainless Sun Crows. They were all meaningless and just numbers to her.

Their numbers would dwindle and disappear, their bodies turning to cheap dust and being swept away with the wind into the sky, forever lost.

Such was the terrible, pathetic lives of the weak.

"Begin the first wave of attacks."

Elizabeth stretched her hands out slightly in front of her.

A gentle glow began to emanate from her shoulders, and turned into a ray of golden light as it wrapped along her arms. The glow was nearly blinding as it stretched past her wrists and towards her fingertips.

Buzz!

Once the golden light met her fingertips, it bloomed and spread away from her fingers.

The Sun Crows, even the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows for all their power, did not possess intelligence. They were under the control of the Divine Lair, which was under the command of Emperor Charm.

Since Emperor Charm was nowhere to be found, they were controlled by Elizabeth in this war.

As the light spread farther from her fingertips, the eyes of the many Sun Crows glowed with the simple message-attack.

Quack! Quack! Quack!

As one, they rushed to the Sky Net.

In response, Zen and the other Oneness Generals entered the positions of the array once again.

Sinclair stood at the forefront, watching impassively as the Sun Crows charged forward. Without a single thought, he roared, "Soldiers of the Mountain Sea Pass, attack!"

He had used much strength behind the command, so much so, that it had drowned out the cry of the Sun Crows.

"Soldiers of the Battle Rage Pass, attack!"

"Soldiers of the Heaven Wind Pass..."

All Oneness Generals in the remaining eleven passes responded in kind in the distance.

The Oneness Guards and the warriors at the Other Shore Realm who were stationed in the passes activated their Other Shore Tokens in a flash and were there to greet the first attacks of the Sun Crows.

In a battle of this magnitude, Zen found it hard to concentrate and determine those he should protect.

He sat upright at his position, eyes closed. There was a constant energy pulsing from his body, and into the space around him.

He had only used 128 transparent long swords earlier; however, as he continued to draw out the Other Shore Power now, the number of swords increased exponentially.

Each sword contained ten divine megatons of force, and this time he had drawn out sixteen thousand divine megatons of force!

The sight of more than 1, 000 flying swords nearly made Basil's eyes pop out of their sockets.

Not to mention the difficulty of controlling the swords, the amount of force it took to shape them was no laughing matter. What incredible Other Shore Tokens had Zen fused with?

Now was not the time to question him though. After watching the spectacle for a long moment, Basil held his long sword in the air and made a wide arc towards the Sun Crows.

"Rise!"

Sixteen hundred flying swords spiraled up as if they were jubilant, dancing birds, and entangled with each other before rushing into the sky.

Every time a sword pierced through a Sun Crow, a spray of blood would burst from the bird in a cloud of red mist. The weapons were efficient and quick with ridding the sky of the creatures. They had at least cleaned up a good portion of them on the front line.

"It's that human brat again!"

Queenie glared at the swords, her eyes glinting dangerously and promising death. "Who will destroy the positions of the array with me?" she cried.

"I will!"

"Queenie, allow us to do it together!"

Two demon women cried in response.

It seemed Elizabeth's goal was not to destroy the Mountain Sea Pass, but the Sky Net.

The task of demolishing the Mountain Sea Pass was assigned to the demon women of the Divine Lair.

A sharp swishing noise cut through the air.

Queenie swiftly grabbed the air before her, taking hold of the Invisibility Curtain. With a nonchalant wave of her hand, the five-colored light curtain enveloped three Corpse Spirit Sun Crows. They disappeared instantaneously.

The size of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows took up much space though, so their sudden disappearance easily attracted Zen's attention.

Zen waved his hands beside him, drawing out some of the flying swords and sent them hurting towards the seemingly empty air.

As they neared the space, there were several harsh clanking sounds.

The swords had encountered some kind of resistance.

Zen's expression did not change despite his irritation. The ten divine megatons of force could obviously easily kill the fragile Sun Crows, but this was different.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were massive, and not ordinary in any way.

"Assemble!"

Swords cut through the air with loud whooshing noises.

The swords were starting to merge, and as they combined they could contain more and more strength.

"Five thousand divine megatons of force!" Zen called.

One of the swords finally pierced through the false void.

Unfortunately, there was another harsh, metallic clang.

The sword had met yet another barrier, and spun away from the void.

There was a brief flicker of surprise on Zen's face. The defensive power of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows far exceeded his expectations.

"Eight thousand divine megatons of force!" he snarled.

The spiraling sword corrected itself, and once more zipped towards the void at alarming speed.

Another sharp clang.

The sound echoed in his ears as the sword spun away erratically.

"Fifteen thousand divine megatons of force!" he yelled, his voice shaking.

Zen stopped releasing power to a majority of flying swords, and then forced all the power into a long sword and sent it towards the void once more.

A crack was heard.

The sword had finally pierced through an object in the void, but it seemed to have only made it half a foot.

Although he was elated that the sword had gotten through, he was still shocked to learn it didn't go any farther. With a clenched fist, he released the power within the sword. "How troublesome..." he grumbled to himself.

The power of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows was far beyond his expectations.

"How troublesome is it, exactly?" Basil asked in confusion. He had heard Zen's softly spoken words.

Zen pointed ahead and said, "Take a look."

The three Corpse Spirit Sun Crows that had been hiding were now slowly descending as the Invisibility Curtain was taken away by Queenie. The mouths of the now visible massive creatures were alight with blue flames.

Chapter 3636 The Power Of The Flames

The strong azure flames burned brightly as they gave off a striking aura.

Even so, Zen had already expected such a thing when he had attacked the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

The moment he saw that the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were about to spit flames, he immediately shouted, "Everyone, get out of here!"

Then, he quickly rushed to the far right side of the position.

Fortunately, Basil was also quick to react. As soon as Zen finished speaking, he sped up and moved to the right as well.

The other Oneness Generals also followed suit and dodged to the side in pairs.

However, two Oneness Generals in a position behind Sinclair panicked and dashed towards the opposite directions.

As a result, their position didn't move with either of them.

When one of them realized what happened, he ran to the other side and three Corpse Spirit Sun Crows spat out fire in return.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

In the blink of an eye, three blue flames with mysterious sparks were shot forward and swallowed the position in an instant.

The two Oneness Generals stood in the position and as they looked at the blue flames that were heading towards them, they thought of leaving things to chance.

Perhaps the blue flames from the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were not that powerful.

Unfortunately, they would soon realize that they were very wrong.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

At that moment, the array of the Mountain Sea Pass, the positions that protected Zen, Sinclair, and the others, and the transparent long swords they had formed all shattered into pieces.

What was worse was that the people who guarded the main array had no time to stabilize it with more divine crystals.

Furthermore, the two Oneness Generals who faced the blue flames were burnt to ashes and vanished without a trace when their position was broken.

Meanwhile, the blue flames continued to fly forward, but they did not hit the Mountain Sea Pass.

That was because the Sky Net had appeared and blocked the flames when they were about to approach the Mountain Sea Pass.

Although the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were powerful, they couldn't tear the Sky Net apart with only a few flames from their mouths.

"Sisters, I'll leave the rest to you. I'll deal with that guy!" Queenie said as a coquettish red light flashed in her eyes.

Since Zen had almost killed her just now, she naturally wanted to take revenge and kill him herself.

Swoosh!

The second she finished speaking, the Invisibility Curtain in her hand spread in the air, and then she and a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow completely disappeared.

The Mountain Sea Pass was damaged, and the shattered array couldn't protect Sinclair and the other Oneness Generals anymore.

Now, they had no room to retreat.

In the end, the Oneness Guards and the Other Shore Realm warriors in the Mountain Sea Pass ran outside the Sky Net and fought against the enemy. Since they were Oneness Generals, they also couldn't retreat to the Sky Net.

Moreover, the Sky Net was not omnipotent. Once it collapsed, they would still have to face the Sun Crows.

As soon as Zen saw that Queenie and the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow disappeared, he became more vigilant. He began to fly backward, a long sword in his hand.

"Nine-Flash Light-splitting Swordsmanship!" he shouted.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

In turn, streaks of sword light swiftly formed a net and advanced forward.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow's defense power was quite strong, so he didn't expect the golden light to injure it.

In the next second, the net-shaped sword light cut across the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow's body with a muffled sound. Just like he had guessed, Queenie had driven the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow to try to attack him.

Even though the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was gone, the sword net still drew its shape.

"Kill him," Queenie, who stood on the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, ordered in a cold voice.

Despite Zen having injured her, she still didn't think that he was a powerful being.

Instead, she believed that he defeated her with the array of the Mountain Sea Pass.

Swoosh!

A strong gust of wind blew as the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow circled in the air, its wide wings like thick blades that slashed towards Zen.

In return, he relied on the continuous sword radiance as the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow continued to assault him.

He took a slight step back and suddenly jumped backward, and successfully avoided the wings' attack.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Just as he had dodged, several deep and wide cuts appeared on the ground.

Zen was shocked to see those cuts the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow had made, but he didn't show it.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow seemed to have no intelligence, so it couldn't possibly cultivate—let alone enter the Other Shore. Therefore, how did it release so many divine megatons of force?

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Just as he thought about it, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow launched a series of attacks once again, so he quickly dodged and slashed with the sword radiance in response.

After he had blocked about six strikes in a row, Queenie's beautiful eyes narrowed into slits, and then she flapped her wings and left the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. It wasn't long before she had quietly passed through the net of sword radiance and was now near Zen.

Clap! Clap!

When she finally landed, she stretched out her hands and quickly patted Zen on the shoulder two times.

The seemingly gentle pat left two lock-shaped marks on Zen's shoulder.

Right after the lock-shaped marks appeared, he felt his arms and legs become incomparably heavy. It turned out that his limbs were fixed in place and he couldn't move at all!

"You are dead..." Queenie whispered with a smile.

Then, she turned around and did not look back.

Not far away was the hidden Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, which finally showed up.

Its mouth spurted out blue flames as it passed by Queenie and headed straight towards Zen.

Whoosh!

Alas, Zen failed to dodge. The blue flames had hit him and devoured his entire body.

Queenie's wings flapped as she looked down from the air, her eyes filled with pride.

The blue flames that the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow spat out was also a kind of divine flame of the Sun Crow race. The Sun Crow race classified their flames, and one of the deadliest flames among them was the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow's, which was only inferior to Emperor Charm's.

As an Oneness General, Zen was quick to react, but he would die as the flames had hit him.

The whole battlefield was in chaos, but the light of the blue flames still attracted some people's attention.

Even Sinclair, who was busy killing the Sun Crows, froze when he saw the scene. He sighed a little and looked away.

Of course, he thought that Zen was an outstanding young man. After all, Zen had just left the Land of Sword Grief, yet he had displayed such strength. It was rare to see a talent like him, so it was a pity that he died like that.

Basil, Guzman, and the others were also shocked, but they couldn't think too much as they were in the middle of a fight.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The blue flames continued to burn Zen's body for over thirty seconds, but he simply stood still. After a while, golden spirals materialized on his body and absorbed the flames.

The situation wasn't new to him as he intentionally or even unintentionally let various kinds of flames burn him all the time. Most of the time, however, those flames did not have much effect on him.

He had taken the test of the God of Fire, known as Zhurong, back in the Creation Myth Temple, but sadly that was only an illusion the Primeval Lord of Heaven had made. Thus, it didn't benefit his physical body at all.

Chapter 3637 Control The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow

Although at first intimidated by the blue flame's strength, Zen didn't think that it could harm him in any way.

Just as the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow stopped spewing out flames, Zen abruptly jumped up to rush towards Queenie.

Queenie, who thought that Zen died, had shifted and fixed her gaze on another Oneness General.

Just as she flapped her wings to return to and mount the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, Zen had unexpectedly pounced on her.

Queenie was caught off guard. She never expected Zen to return safely from the blue flames!

The look of astonishment on her face froze as Zen's long sword pierced right through her chest. At that point, her Chaotic Source Spirits had managed to restore to just thirty percent of their original power after Zen had consumed it earlier.

That meant his sword was only met with slight resistance before it successfully pierced her through the chest.

"I thought…the fire…killed you…" Queenie stuttered in confusion with whatever remaining strength she had.

"Well, you thought wrong," Zen replied.

Whoosh!

Upon finishing his sentence, he suddenly withdrew his long sword from her chest before wielding and slashing it to split her into two.

Now that he had successfully slaughtered Queenie, Zen returned his gaze to the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

Because it no longer had a master to order it around, the beast appeared lost and clueless as to what its next move should be.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was like a puppet, useless without a master controlling it.

As Zen thought it through, he suddenly remembered the human race's Civilization Artifact. Apart from the Primeval Lord of Heaven's energy soul, there was also Emperor Charm's energy soul in that Civilization Artifact.

Although these energy souls weren't their real bodies, they still possessed and retained their memories and auras.

As he was casually wiping out dozens of approaching Sun Crows, another thought flashed through Zen's inner world and called out to the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

His inner world had undergone tremendous change ever since carrying the human race's Civilization Artifact. All of this was caused by the Primeval Lord of Heaven and other energy souls that had been carrying out experiments on his inner world.

The successful integration of the Civilization Artifact into Zen's body meant that he trusted them. During this period of transformation, even the Regal Jade Spirit often followed the Primeval Lord of Heaven and kept asking numerous questions.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven raised his brows after learning Zen's encounters and thoughts in his inner world. He then pointed a finger to the book in the air.

After a few pages were turned, a handsome man appeared. It was none other than Emperor Charm.

"What? Corpse Spirit Sun Crow?" The emperor's face appeared shocked. "Although my avatar betrayed the Finale Way, he is able now. He's even summoned the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows…"

"Emperor Charm, are you able to control them?" Zen's question rang in his inner world.

"It'll be a piece of cake," Emperor Charm assured Zen.

Soon, the shadow of the book materialized above Zen's head. The outline of Emperor Charm's head stretched out from the pages. With the help of the Civilization Artifact, Emperor Charm began to get a glimpse of the world over a thousand chaotic eras later.

What he witnessed truly vexed him.

The Sun Crows, blocking the sun and sky with their massive wings, fought with the humans. This stirred up some unhappy memories he had kept.

"Emperor Charm, I'm talking about that Corpse Spirit Sun Crow," Zen explained and pointed towards the large bird ahead.

The other demon women were locked in combat with the Oneness Generals, and so none of them took heed of Zen.

"You can mount it," Emperor Charm said.

Without saying a word, Zen jumped onto Corpse Spirit Sun Crow's back.

Immediately, a strange yet familiar feeling came over him. He realized that not only could he control the beast, he could also control the Other Shore Token that was embedded in its body as well. "This Corpse Spirit Sun Crow has quite an…unusual Other Shore Token…"

The token the bird carried within it was shaped like a spindle similar to a fruit core.

"It's considered an Other Shore Treasure," Emperor Charm informed nonchalantly. "It's the Demonic Star Fruit. Only about a hundred in total exist. I only placed them in Stage Thirty-One. Unexpectedly, another me had found them…"

The Other Shore Treasure in the Source World could carry the Other Shore Token.

But most of the Other Shore Treasures weren't strong enough to carry Other Shore Tokens in higher level due to their limited strength.

The Demonic Star Fruits had many divine megatons of force, and how did the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows carry them…

Getting to the bottom of that matter would have to wait. Now, Zen stood on top of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow he mounted and gazed at the other Sun Crows that were located not too far away. A thought then flashed through his mind.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow beneath his feet opened its mouth and from deep within it burst brilliant blue flames.

Whoosh!

How powerful were the blue flames, exactly?

So powerful that they had reduced the ordinary Sun Crows to nothing but ashes.

"This way!"

"Left! Burn them now!"

Whoosh!

Under Zen's control, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow constantly spewed out blue flames in all directions and burned thousands of Sun Crows to ashes.

Not far away, Jago and the other warriors at the Other Shore Realm were running wildly.

Normally, it wouldn't be difficult for a Oneness General and a five-star Oneness Guard to kill the Sun Crows.

However, with the strength of Jago and his peers, they could do nothing but escape in the face of thousands of Sun Crows.

"Those Sharp-winged Sun Crows are rushing down!"

"Everyone, get down!"

At this order, everyone in the group lowered themselves to the ground as quickly as possible.

Soon, the Sharp-winged Sun Crows began to rain down on them like lightning bolts during a heavy storm.

Reflexively, Jago lay on the ground with his body huddled up, trembling with fear.

He had no chance of fighting these vicious beasts at all.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The whistle of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows slicing the air was followed by the deaths of dozens of people—many of them with their stomachs sliced wide open.

Hot blood splashed onto Jago's face.

More than half of the 300 people who made up the group were slaughtered in this single attack alone.

"I'll slaughter them even if it means death!"

One terrified man exclaimed as he prepared to activate his Other Shore Token.

Unfortunately, Other Shore Tokens that originated from Stage Two or Stage Three couldn't work in this kind of battles at all. Using it against the swift Sharp-winged Sun Crows would be useless.

Before that man could activate his Other Shore Token, one of the Sharp-winged Sun Crows swooped down and slashed his neck. He was beheaded before he even got the chance to cry out.

Jago felt nothing but utter hopelessness as he witnessed his comrades drop dead all around him.

'How can Flag Master… survive this?'

Jago's mind went blank as he realized he'd be unable to protect himself now. But he still clung to the hope that Zen would be able to save him. Although at this point, it seemed quite impossible…

Swoosh!

A sudden wave of heat passed over his face.

All he saw above him was a brilliant blue flame before an enormous Sun Crow landed beside him.

"Come on up!" Zen beckoned from the back of a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

Blinking his eyes, Jago could hardly understand what was happening in front of him.

Chapter 3638 Grabbing

Jago had been staring at Zen with his eyes wide open for a few seconds. After a while, he was jolted back to his senses by his desire to live.

As soon as he had lifted himself off the ground, he bolted straight towards the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow and jumped on its back.

"Flag Master, forgive my ignorance. But why are you able to command the Sun Crow?" Jago looked thoroughly awestruck as he asked Zen.

It went without saying that he knew how terrifying a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was. It seemed incredulous that Zen was able to control it.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were enormous. Moreover, they were aggressively assaulting the Sky Net above. The warriors of the Other Shore Realm as well as the Oneness Guards were not even qualified to be the opponents of these magnificent and powerful Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Zen remained standing straight on the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. He was controlling it to spew out blue flames constantly. As he heard Jago's question, he seemed amused. "You can do the same," he replied calmly.

"What? That can't be right!"

Jago was utterly bewildered at Zen's answer. Meanwhile, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow flapped its massive wings splendidly and swiftly soared forward.

Most of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows had already gathered above. They charged fearlessly towards the Sky Net as commanded by Elizabeth. There were only a few Corpse Spirit Sun Crows left to deal with the Oneness Generals inside the Mountain Sea Pass.

"Wow! That looks terrifying," Jago exclaimed as he observed their movements.

All of a sudden, a stream of blue flame hurtled down from the sky. It narrowly missed Sinclair as he rolled on the ground to dodge it. However, the heat of the flames had singed his hair.

He had the protection of the Chaotic Source Spirits to thank. Without it, his body would have been badly burned by that attack.

As he was dodging the flames from above and on the ground, Sinclair brandished his long sword and slashed three times towards the direction of the sky.

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

"Three Consecutive Punishment Slashes!" Sinclair shouted at the top of his lungs.

Three rays of sword radiance broke through the air. They dragged the traces of countless space cracks and slashed at the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow above.

Surprisingly, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow didn't dodge his attack at all. It seemed like it wasn't taking Sinclair's three slashes seriously.

"Puff! Puff! Puff!"

The theurgy of swordsmanship that Sinclair cultivated was an extremely offensive technique. However, the sword radiance didn't even damage the feather of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow as his attack landed.

"Unbelievable. These Corpse Spirit Sun Crows really are too strong. I can't stand against them..."

As Sinclair admitted this, a look of complete disappointment registered on his face

When he was guarding the Mountain Sea Pass, he was very much aware of the fact that he would have to fight to the death.

There were so many of his companions that had met their demise in the Grand River Fortress. He was very lucky to have been able to escape and survive this long. He thought it was enough for him to have lived for more days than his companions.

As he thought of this, his fighting spirit declined significantly. He felt quite hopeless and dejected now. However, he was still fighting.

"What a foolish human! You will end up the same way as your companions no matter how much you struggle. Give up now!" a demon woman mocked and taunted Sinclair as she stood on the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow opened its huge beak once more and spat out blue flames towards Sinclair.

Sinclair was now facing death as a stream of flames shot towards him from above. He didn't have any option left other than to escape and run away once more.

"Swoosh..."

At that very moment, Sinclair spotted another huge shadow sweeping past the corner of his eyes.

"What rotten luck. Here comes another Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. It's such a waste of energy for such powerful existences to deal with me, a mere Oneness General. Alas..." Sinclair sighed deeply. He was starting to accept that he would most probably lose his life here.

He couldn't even stand a chance against one Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. One was already more than enough to kill him, let alone two of those powerful beings.

The demon woman of the Divine Lair who stood on the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was also surprised to see another one of these creatures. She thought she would be able to dispose of the Oneness General with ease. Therefore, she didn't need anyone else to interfere. However, she noticed that the other Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was soaring at her direction at an extremely fast speed. It showed no sign of slowing down. Soon enough, the demon woman finally realized that something wasn't quite right.

It was too late. She didn't have any time to redirect her Corpse Spirit Sun Crow out of the way. The other Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was flying so fast towards her that she wouldn't be able to dodge the attack. Moreover, she couldn't quite see who was controlling it. She only saw a manly figure dismounting the other Corpse Spirit Sun Crow and rushing in front of her at lightning speed.

"Oh, no..." She only had one choice now.

The demon woman left her mount without the slightest hesitation. But as soon as she dismounted and flew upwards, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow on the opposite instantly raised its massive wings and slashed at her from a very suitable height.

"Puff..."

The wings of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow were extraordinarily strong. Even Zen could hardly withstand their attack. In the blink of an eye, the demon woman was chopped into pieces.

Zen soared towards the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow and resumed his position on its back. He turned around and smiled at Jago. "I told you you could do it too."

What Zen told him was true. It was not that difficult to control a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. Jago was able to enter the Other Shore Realm. Thus, it meant the strength of his soul was more than enough to command it.

When they went over to where the second Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was, Jago was the one who controlled the first one. Zen just frightened the demon woman enough to make her leave her mount. In this way, they got the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow very easily.

"Incredible! I can control it too!"

Jago exclaimed excitedly.

Never in his wildest dreams did it occur that he would be able to take control of such a powerful and magnificent existence.

While he was pondering on this newfound ability, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow under his feet suddenly spurted blue flames towards the distance. They effectively burned thousands of Sun Crows to ashes.

Below them, Sinclair couldn't believe his eyes. He was completely dumbfounded when he saw Zen grab a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow with such ease.

Putting aside Zen's peculiar means, he knew it was impossible to take hold of Corpse Spirit Sun Crows. These were known as powerful weapons used by the Sun Crow race. However, Zen was able to put the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow under his control as soon as he gently leapt on its back. It was simply unbelievable.

As Zen stepped lightly on the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, it descended to the ground smoothly. "General Sinclair, please get on." He smiled encouragingly.

"I... I can get on it too? Incredible." Sinclair felt completely flattered and amazed.

"Of course! Come with me and let's grab another Corpse Spirit Sun Crow!" Zen replied graciously.

When they launched a broad attack, Queenie ordered three Corpse Spirit Sun Crows to target the Mountain Sea Pass. Now, there was only one Corpse Spirit Sun Crow chasing the other Oneness Generals in the Mountain Sea Pass.

As soon as Sinclair stepped on the back of one, the two Corpse Spirit Sun Crows flew upwards once again.

They soared high up in the sky towards the other Sun Crows.

Nearly a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were spurting out blue flames simultaneously. The swirling flames poured onto the Sky Net above.

The defensive power of the Sky Net Array should not be underestimated. It was highly regarded as one of the most powerful skills of the Oneness Sky Palace. No matter how wildly the blue flame burned, the Sky Net remained unmoved and unharmed.

The blue light of the flames shone on Elizabeth's face. Her beautiful eyes were full of confident calmness.

She believed that no matter how tough the Sky Net was, it would eventually collapse. If they continued to burn it like this, it would only be a matter of time before they broke through it.

Once the Sky Net Array was broken, the Sun Crow race would charge forward. Then, they would launch an all-out attack.

Elizabeth thought that as long as she attacked the Sky Net, all the powerful warriors in the seven mountains would be drawn out.

She had commanded the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows to burn the Sky Net for quite a while now. However, the strong warriors in the seven mountains still did not take any action. It was only the Oneness Guards and the Oneness Generals stationed in the twelve passes that rushed out of the Sky Net and fought with the Sun Crows.

After the blue flames had continued burning the Sky Net for five minutes, streaks of sword light shot into the sky from behind it.

"Well, well. So you finally lose your cool?" Elizabeth's mouth curled into a taunting smile.

"Impressive!" she remarked as she observed the streaks of sword light.

A hundred thousand feet long ray of sword radiance unfolded from afar. It seemed to be able to cut the sky in halves as it passed through the Sky Net without resistance. Moreover, it accurately slashed toward Elizabeth's direction.

Elizabeth remained sitting upright on the back of a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. It was as though she was merely sitting on a small boat that was moving with the tide. She gently swayed to the side to avoid the sword radiance.

Just like Elizabeth, the other Corpse Spirit Sun Crows hovering in front of her easily avoided the sword radiance. It seemed like they were not in the same space at all.

Chapter 3639 My Words Carry No Weight

It was the leader of the Golden Mountain.

When the sword radiance missed completely, the look on the leader's face did not flinch or change a bit.

Instead, he raised his golden sword horizontally, and the roaring noises of dragons and tigers echoed from the blade of the sword.

With his other hand, he pinched the sword and suddenly slashed out the golden sword. There were flames of fury behind his eyes.

Swish! Swish!

Just then, the huge sword radiance roared away once again.

Meanwhile, the leaders of the other six mountains waited patiently for orders from the Oneness Mountain. They made sure to never leave the arrays that they were guarding.

Though the attack was powerful, it remained a challenge to hurt Elizabeth or any of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

After the leader of the Golden Mountain finally made his move, a violent wind rushed out from the other side. Apparently, countless swords were hidden in the wind, and this same wind swept away taking the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows and Elizabeth with it.

"Destroy!"

The Azure Mountain's leader declared.

Crack! Crack!

The forceful gusts of wind released bolts of lightning that exploded in all directions.

Elizabeth sat firmly and calmly on the back of a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. The corners of her mouth lifted up into a smile. "It seems that these old men don't even dare to come out. Are they just going to test it like this?"

As soon as she finished speaking, snake-shaped sword shadows began to approach her.

These shadows created gray marks in the air, and multiplied dramatically over time. This was the move from the Bright Mountain, and it could cross spaces in order to hit its targets.

Because Elizabeth relied on a spatial magic treasure, she and the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows could easily avoid the attacks aimed at them. The leader of the Bright Mountain only hoped that the snake-shaped sword shadows would be able to hit her.

However, though the shadows continued to spread out, they could not get to Elizabeth.

Swish!

Right before Elizabeth, an intense purple light shot up from the ground and pierced the sky. Afterwards, it descended and landed right above her head. It was a very long purple sword!

Boom!

When the purple sword landed, it did not cause any pain to Elizabeth. Rather, it brought out a purple glow that spread throughout the sky.

Elizabeth took a look at the purple glow, growing a mocking smile at their vain attacks.

The Vastness Mountain had already become a chess piece of Emperor Charm. What was ironic was that they still had to act otherwise before the other six mountains.

It was standard that the seven mountains used their own methods to attack behind the Sky Net. However, this was a tentative attack, and it was close to nothing.

Meanwhile, a number of warriors stood on the Lofty Swords in the Oneness Array, trying to discuss what happened and what to do next.

"Are we going to start?" Auden asked the group.

Pearce's eyes squinted, trying to focus on what was happening so far away. "I think we should wait a little longer..."

"But being burned by the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, the Sky Net won't hold on for long," said Auden.

Among all the powerful swordsmen present, Auden had the highest attainments in arrays. He had also participated in the establishment of the Sky Net in the first place.

He knew that although the Sky Net was sturdy, it could never endure continuous powerful attacks.

"What's more, the Oneness Generals have already suffered a great loss," said Athemar, who was next to Auden.

In battle, all the elites of the Oneness Sky Palace had been used to their limit. If the Oneness Generals, the Oneness Guards and the disciples of the Land of Sword Grief were killed, it would be a loss that the warriors of the various sword sects grieved.

Everyone who was there could resonate with Pearce's worry.

As for their opponents, the Sun Crow race, only Elizabeth led a group to join the battle.

Elizabeth's strength was actually on the same level with that of Athemar and the rest. While the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were powerful, they were like puppets who lacked intelligence. Therefore, it would be impossible for those Corpse Spirit Sun Crows to break through the defense line of the Oneness Sky Palace.

But since Elizabeth was so calm, she must have a powerful backup.

Still unwilling to take any action, Pearce had some misgivings. He hesitated, then reached out for a communication token. "Master Gentry, can you lead the Golden Mountain to attack first?"

If they exerted all the strength of a mountain, there was no way Elizabeth and the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows could resist. Then they would have to show their trump cards.

Only after Pearce figured out her trump card, could he lead the Oneness Sky Palace to deal with her.

That was the only chance.

If the mountain leaders were all killed, the remaining warriors in the seven mountains wouldn't be able to protect the Oneness Sky Palace for long. They would be doomed to lose.

"I will follow your orders but the seven mountains are connected and we should fight back together," the leader of the Golden Mountain spoke. "If the Golden Mountain takes the lead, I'm afraid it will make my people..."

It came to a point that anyone knew whoever took lead, would end up dead.

If he led his men towards the battle, there was no way they would survive. Even though the members of the Golden Mountain were not afraid of death, they never would have sacrificed in this way. Besides, Pearce's order couldn't make them obey fully.

Gentry's words were transmitted to Auden and Athemar, who looked at each other and sighed in disappointment.

Once again, Pearce held the communication token and begged the Ivory Mountain to make a move. However, like the leader of the Golden Mountain, the leader of the Ivory Mountain declined as well.

Token after token, Pearce asked the leaders of mountains but received all the same refusal.

After going through each mountain leader only to be declined, Pearce crushed the communication token in his hand and shook his head. "I have to admit that my words carry no weight as I'm in a low position. I cannot represent Eastern Emperor Taiyi..."

He figured that if Eastern Emperor Taiyi led the battle, no mountain could disobey him.

There would be no reason for them to refuse to spearhead the attack.

Although Pearce and Auden were the elders of the Oneness Sky Palace, they were no match for Eastern Emperor Taiyi. The mountain leaders would not be driven by Pearce, who was weaker and less important than them.

"Elder Pearce, I'll go up with Goran!" Athemar volunteered enthusiastically.

Goran also cupped his hands in agreement, his eyes flashing with a fierce determination to get it done.

"I'm afraid you two are not enough," Pearce said. "If you go up like this, you'd die," Pearce said, shaking his head.

"Then I'm in!" said Master Hai, who hadn't spoken a word the whole time.

"I've lived long enough. Count me in," Auden added, smiling.

"And me..."

"Elder Pearce, me..."

Seeing all the willingness of them, Pearce couldn't help but smile. "Among the seven arrays guarded by seven mountains, the Oneness Array is the most important," he announced. "If you all go up, that would leave me to preside over this array alone."

Everyone grew silent, and Goran gritted his teeth hearing this.

The Sun Crows' orderly advance really placed the Oneness Sky Palace in a dilemma that left them close to hopeless.

Suddenly, Athemar looked into the distance and spotted something odd. "Look, what's that?"

Oddly enough, more than 100 Corpse Spirit Sun Crows soared gracefully in the air, but there seemed to be three Corpse Spirit Sun Crows circling below them. These three crows spewed out blue flames at their own members!

Chapter 3640 Robber

Zen originally made the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow under his feet fly close to the ground. But after grabbing the third one, he had risen to a higher altitude.

Sinclair and Jago controlled the other two.

While Jago had a rather low cultivation level, he was superior to Sinclair when it came to controlling the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

Upon Athemar's reminder, everyone on the Lofty Swords turned to the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Pearce's pupils contracted until a triangular mirror appeared in their depths. Even if the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were over a hundred miles away, he could see every detail on them as clear as day.

His wrinkled face was dumbfounded at what he saw.

And he wasn't the only one stunned frozen.

Auden was struck with astonishment when he saw Zen flying atop the back of a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow as it spat out blue flames.

Meanwhile, Athemar, Goran, and the rest used their own methods to observe—some used their spiritual senses, while others used their eyesight, but all of them wore bewildered expressions.

The sight had them shocked, speechless, and confused.

"Those three men snatched away the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows?" Eventually, Pearce couldn't stop himself from asking.

"It seems so." Goran nodded.

"How is this possible? The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were nurtured by Emperor Charm with great effort. How could he have the qualifications to attack the North Unicorn Province if they could be taken away so easily?" said one of the Oneness Governors, shaking his head.

Even if he had seen it with his own two eyes, he couldn't believe it.

If the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows could be snatched away so easily, Emperor Charm had no power to fight with the Oneness Sky Palace.

He must have set many restrictions on the powerful puppets.

Zen and Sinclair were merely Oneness Generals.

Even if Eastern Emperor Taiyi came in person, he could only crush the crows to dust—he wouldn't have been able to snatch them away.

"Who took the three crows? Was it Sinclair?" asked another Oneness Governor.

Among the Oneness Generals, Sinclair was considered a veteran. If he further improved his strength, he'd easily gain the qualifications to become a Oneness Governor. Because of the fact, most of them thought it was him doing the miracle.

"It must be Zen," Athemar said with a smile—it seemed he had put aside all his previous worries.

"I think so, too," Goran said, nodding in agreement.

Doing such a thing was not a matter of strength.

Even Athemar himself couldn't do it. Besides, Athemar and Goran were well aware that Zen was much stronger than Sinclair.

All the while, Pearce remained silent.

Suddenly, a glimmer of hope sparked in his heart—he was hoping Zen and the two could beak the current deadlock.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow that Zen was controlling suddenly flew up at high speed.

His body was nearly completely vertical.

Initially, he had planned to use the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow to kill more of the ordinary ones, but the Sun Crows came at him overwhelmingly—there was no way to kill them all.

What turned out most crucial, though, was that they were attacking the Sky Net.

In this war with the Sun Crow race, Zen wasn't a key figure, nor did he know much about the plans set by the Oneness Sky Palace's senior leaders.

All he knew was that if the Sky Net was broken, the situation would turn out much worse.

"Emperor Charm, you can control the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows without touching them. Am I right?" Zen asked.

Before he could snatch the first two crows, he had to get close enough to them. When he tried to snatch the third, the demon woman from the Divine Lair was thrown right off by the crow, letting Emperor Charm control it from far away.

"Yes," replied Emperor Charm. "But the premise is that there are no demon women from the Divine Lair on the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows."

Zen was overjoyed to hear the fact. "Can you control the ones above?"

Over a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were flying above, but only twenty of them had demon women riding on their backs.

If they managed to get all the crows, even a typically calm man like Zen wouldn't be able to hide his excitement.

"Of course, get closer," Emperor Charm said plainly in return.

In truth, Emperor Charm was rather disappointed in the Sun Crow race. Everything they were doing went against his original goal of sowing the seeds.

Whoosh!

From beneath Zen's feet, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow suddenly quickened and dashed upward.

Elizabeth sat on the back of the topmost Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. She stared blankly ahead, expecting the Oneness Sky Palace people to rush out upon their arrival. She figured they wouldn't bear to watch the Sky Net collapse.

The interesting part of the show was yet to come, and Elizabeth was looking forward to watching the restless, helpless expressions of the people there.

But at that moment, she suddenly felt something quickly approaching. She looked down to find a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

"Are they back?"

When the general offensive was launched, Queenie had led another two women to capture the Mountain Sea Pass. It was about time they returned.

But why was the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow flying at such a high speed?

A strange feeling of anger rose within Elizabeth.

Just as she was about to scold the one on the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, her beautiful eyes suddenly began trembling as she saw Zen.

She was already very familiar with this man.

In their first encounter, she had failed to kill him.

In their second encounter in the Chaotic Source World, she had almost lost all the demon women because of him.

In their third encounter on the Other Shore, her loss was even more miserable—she had to give up Stage Fourteen to Zen.

This time, he even managed to snatch the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Now, Zen's innocent face terrified Elizabeth. His calm demeanor was more like the calm before a storm—it was like a nightmare to Elizabeth as she felt all her power shrink to nothing. The man who was supposed to be not worth even mentioning could crush her to death effortlessly.

"Master Elizabeth!"

"Master Elizabeth, how did a human snatch the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow?"

"He's approaching with one!"

Many of the demon women riding the crows had also noticed Zen's arrival.

"All of you, go catch him!" Elizabeth ordered urgently, gritting her teeth.

If it was anyone else, she would've killed him immediately.

But Zen was important—he had to be caught alive.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The demon women then dashed downward.

In the distance, Athemar, Pearce, and the rest closely watched the front.

Seeing the demon women descend one after another, Athemar couldn't help but say, "It's too dangerous. What does Zen want to do?"

"Should we do something?" Goran asked.

But Pearce reached out his hand to stop him.

Although he was also worried, he had the instinct to take the risks. "Hold on! He must be rushing up like this for a reason!"

66
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3640 Robber
Chapter 3641 Rushing Into The Flames
Chapter 3642 Run Away
Chapter 3643 A Cognitive Space
Chapter 3644 Flipping The Sky Net
Chapter 3645 The Shrinking Sky Net
Chapter 3646 Collapse
Chapter 3647 One-on-one Battle
Chapter 3648 Summoning Worlds
Chapter 3649 Planning On Escaping
Chapter 3650 The Real Emperor Charm
Chapter 3651 Bloodline Worship
Chapter 3652 The Second One
Chapter 3653 Approaching
Chapter 3654 Getting More People To His Side
Chapter 3655 Gethin Taking Actions
Chapter 3656 Cooperation Of Two Races
Chapter 3657 Defeat The Vastness Mountain
Chapter 3658 Escape
Chapter 3659 Nine-Sun World Destruction
Chapter 3660 Under The Scorching Suns
Chapter 3661 The Golden Bow
Chapter 3662 No Way Back
Chapter 3663 A Simple Shoot
Chapter 3664 Witnessing
Chapter 3665 The Hope
Chapter 3666 Distress Signal
Chapter 3667 The Dragon Cliff
Chapter 3668 Reaching The Core Area (Part One)
Chapter 3669 Reaching The Core Area (Part Two)
Chapter 3670 Sacrifice Himself (Part One)
Chapter 3671 Sacrifice Himself (Part Two)
Chapter 3672 Insist
Chapter 3673 Destroying The Sword Array

Chapter 3674 Rescue
Chapter 3675 Starlight Witness
Chapter 3676 Wantonly Killing
Chapter 3677 Fight Back
Chapter 3678 Duplicating Gemstone
Chapter 3679 Solution
Chapter 3680 Siege
Chapter 3681 Borrowing
Chapter 3682 A Giant Bird
Chapter 3683 Kill With Poison
Chapter 3684 Possessing The Body
Chapter 3685 Eastern Emperor Taiyi's Energy Soul
Chapter 3686 The Fake Eastern Emperor Taiyi
Chapter 3687 Golden Rune Swords
Chapter 3688 One Chance
Chapter 3689 Traitor
Chapter 3690 Explosion
Chapter 3691 The Minimum Spaces
Chapter 3692 Fast Destruction
Chapter 3693 Pushing The Mountain
Chapter 3694 Eternal Warriors
Chapter 3695 Taking Them Back To The Inner World

Chapter 3640 Robber

Zen originally made the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow under his feet fly close to the ground. But after grabbing the third one, he had risen to a higher altitude.

Sinclair and Jago controlled the other two.

While Jago had a rather low cultivation level, he was superior to Sinclair when it came to controlling the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

Upon Athemar's reminder, everyone on the Lofty Swords turned to the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Pearce's pupils contracted until a triangular mirror appeared in their depths. Even if the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were over a hundred miles away, he could see every detail on them as clear as day.

His wrinkled face was dumbfounded at what he saw.

And he wasn't the only one stunned frozen.

Auden was struck with astonishment when he saw Zen flying atop the back of a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow as it spat out blue flames.

Meanwhile, Athemar, Goran, and the rest used their own methods to observe—some used their spiritual senses, while others used their eyesight, but all of them wore bewildered expressions.

The sight had them shocked, speechless, and confused.

"Those three men snatched away the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows?" Eventually, Pearce couldn't stop himself from asking.

"It seems so." Goran nodded.

"How is this possible? The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were nurtured by Emperor Charm with great effort. How could he have the qualifications to attack the North Unicorn Province if they could be taken away so easily?" said one of the Oneness Governors, shaking his head.

Even if he had seen it with his own two eyes, he couldn't believe it.

If the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows could be snatched away so easily, Emperor Charm had no power to fight with the Oneness Sky Palace.

He must have set many restrictions on the powerful puppets.

Zen and Sinclair were merely Oneness Generals.

Even if Eastern Emperor Taiyi came in person, he could only crush the crows to dust—he wouldn't have been able to snatch them away.

"Who took the three crows? Was it Sinclair?" asked another Oneness Governor.

Among the Oneness Generals, Sinclair was considered a veteran. If he further improved his strength, he'd easily gain the qualifications to become a Oneness Governor. Because of the fact, most of them thought it was him doing the miracle.

"It must be Zen," Athemar said with a smile—it seemed he had put aside all his previous worries.

"I think so, too," Goran said, nodding in agreement.

Doing such a thing was not a matter of strength.

Even Athemar himself couldn't do it. Besides, Athemar and Goran were well aware that Zen was much stronger than Sinclair.

All the while, Pearce remained silent.

Suddenly, a glimmer of hope sparked in his heart—he was hoping Zen and the two could beak the current deadlock.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow that Zen was controlling suddenly flew up at high speed.

His body was nearly completely vertical.

Initially, he had planned to use the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow to kill more of the ordinary ones, but the Sun Crows came at him overwhelmingly—there was no way to kill them all.

What turned out most crucial, though, was that they were attacking the Sky Net.

In this war with the Sun Crow race, Zen wasn't a key figure, nor did he know much about the plans set by the Oneness Sky Palace's senior leaders.

All he knew was that if the Sky Net was broken, the situation would turn out much worse.

"Emperor Charm, you can control the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows without touching them. Am I right?" Zen asked.

Before he could snatch the first two crows, he had to get close enough to them. When he tried to snatch the third, the demon woman from the Divine Lair was thrown right off by the crow, letting Emperor Charm control it from far away.

"Yes," replied Emperor Charm. "But the premise is that there are no demon women from the Divine Lair on the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows."

Zen was overjoyed to hear the fact. "Can you control the ones above?"

Over a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were flying above, but only twenty of them had demon women riding on their backs.

If they managed to get all the crows, even a typically calm man like Zen wouldn't be able to hide his excitement.

"Of course, get closer," Emperor Charm said plainly in return.

In truth, Emperor Charm was rather disappointed in the Sun Crow race. Everything they were doing went against his original goal of sowing the seeds.

Whoosh!

From beneath Zen's feet, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow suddenly quickened and dashed upward.

Elizabeth sat on the back of the topmost Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. She stared blankly ahead, expecting the Oneness Sky Palace people to rush out upon their arrival. She figured they wouldn't bear to watch the Sky Net collapse.

The interesting part of the show was yet to come, and Elizabeth was looking forward to watching the restless, helpless expressions of the people there.

But at that moment, she suddenly felt something quickly approaching. She looked down to find a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

"Are they back?"

When the general offensive was launched, Queenie had led another two women to capture the Mountain Sea Pass. It was about time they returned.

But why was the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow flying at such a high speed?

A strange feeling of anger rose within Elizabeth.

Just as she was about to scold the one on the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, her beautiful eyes suddenly began trembling as she saw Zen.

She was already very familiar with this man.

In their first encounter, she had failed to kill him.

In their second encounter in the Chaotic Source World, she had almost lost all the demon women because of him.

In their third encounter on the Other Shore, her loss was even more miserable—she had to give up Stage Fourteen to Zen.

This time, he even managed to snatch the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Now, Zen's innocent face terrified Elizabeth. His calm demeanor was more like the calm before a storm—it was like a nightmare to Elizabeth as she felt all her power shrink to nothing. The man who was supposed to be not worth even mentioning could crush her to death effortlessly.

"Master Elizabeth!"

"Master Elizabeth, how did a human snatch the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow?"

"He's approaching with one!"

Many of the demon women riding the crows had also noticed Zen's arrival.

"All of you, go catch him!" Elizabeth ordered urgently, gritting her teeth.

If it was anyone else, she would've killed him immediately.

But Zen was important—he had to be caught alive.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The demon women then dashed downward.

In the distance, Athemar, Pearce, and the rest closely watched the front.

Seeing the demon women descend one after another, Athemar couldn't help but say, "It's too dangerous. What does Zen want to do?"

"Should we do something?" Goran asked.

But Pearce reached out his hand to stop him.

Although he was also worried, he had the instinct to take the risks. "Hold on! He must be rushing up like this for a reason!"

Chapter 3641 Rushing Into The Flames

Over a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were scattered above Zen.

"Is it okay, Emperor Charm?" Zen asked just as he was about a thousand feet away from the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows at the bottom.

Emperor Charm nodded. "Yes."

Green light flashed in the emperor's slender eyes and Zen began to feel something press onto his mind.

"Buzz..."

Seven or eight Corpse Spirit Sun Crows at the bottom looked down as a trace of green light also flashed in their eyes. Zen felt the existence of these Corpse Spirit Sun Crows within his mind just as the connection was made.

Zen's eyes widened in wonder! "It's done!"

He continued to fly towards the higher layer where there were more than ten Corpse Spirit Sun Crows waiting. Zen noticed how they had to maintain a certain amount of distance between them owing to their incredibly huge sizes.

This time, before he even started to make a request to Emperor Charm, the eyes of these Corpse Spirit Sun Crows flashed green and their consciousness connected with his mind.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

At that moment, sharp, whistling sounds came from high above.

More than twenty Divine Lair women were quickly descending on the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows and their target was obvious: Zen.

It wasn't a problem for him to kill one or two Divine Lair women given his strength, but it was a rather different story if there were more than twenty of them.

"Descend."

Zen heard Emperor Charm's voice echo in his head.

Even without this reminder, Zen wasn't willing to continue his ascent.

As he descended, Zen noticed that the Sun Crows commanded by Emperor Charm remained in the air in their original positions. They even continued spitting out their blue flames.

The Divine Lair women who were hot at his tail were none the wiser and simply ignored these Corpse Spirit Sun Crows. They did not notice any abnormality whatsoever and continued to chase solely after Zen.

"Catch him!"

"Don't let him escape back to the Sky Net!"

"You think we'll let you go this time?" "We'll definitely catch you!"

These demon women that chased after Zen were all elites in the Divine Lair. Their individual strength could easily suppress an outstanding Oneness Sky Palace warrior.

There was really no need to send so many people after someone like Zen and all his pursuers were confident that they'd be able to catch him even with their eyes closed.

Elizabeth watched the spectacle from high above as she sat on the back of a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

These Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were all controlled by her and she suddenly felt the loss of her connection with the ones below.

There was no way someone could've severed her connection with these Corpse Spirit Sun Crows. Her power over them was absolute, unless Emperor Charm was involved.

To think that something like this could happen...

Though they continued to spit out blue flames, Elizabeth couldn't help the apprehension that rose to her chest as she looked down at the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows below.

"This..." she muttered through gritted teeth. It was supposed to be impossible but she couldn't deny that her control over them had been entirely severed. "Damn it! Come back! All of you!" she shouted. Her voice instantly spread to the minds of all the demon women that pursued Zen.

These Divine Lair women were all created by Elizabeth and they obeyed her completely. With her command, they ceased their pursuit and ordered their mounts to hover in the air.

They were now on the same level as the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows controlled by Zen.

"It's time..." Zen muttered to himself with a smile as he descended.

His chance had come!

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, who were continually spouting jets of blue flame, turned in unison. The blue flames were like sharp swords that came at the demon women.

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle...

These flames were harmless to the other Corpse Spirit Sun Crows but the same could not be said to the Divine Lair women. The moment the flames licked their bodies, their Chaotic Source Spirits instantly fell into fatigue and they quickly turned to ashes.

Those who were lucky enough to see this quickly reacted and abandoned the Sun Crows in an effort to escape.

Unfortunately, there were more than twenty Corpse Spirit Sun Crows in the air and their flames scorched through everything. The Divine Lair women who tried to escape never stood a chance.

Pearce, who was standing on top of the Lofty Sword a hundred miles away, whooped, "Well done!"

"Great job!"

"He killed all those demon women whilst snatching away more than twenty Corpse Spirit Sun Crows! It's amazing!"

"Amazing! It's truly amazing!"

Zen's feat was so astounding that Auden, Athemar, and Goran couldn't help but shower him with praises.

"Maybe..." Pearce began as he looked at the scene in front of him in awe. "Maybe what, Pearce?" "Maybe he can force the fellows hiding in the dark to appear!"

This was once an unrealistic hope but now, Peace couldn't help but feel that there might now be a possibility for this to happen.

Meanwhile, in the Vastness Array

"Why is Elizabeth so lame?" Gethin asked.

Elizabeth was considered as the most powerful figure in the Divine Lair of the Sun Crow race and with so many powerful demon women with her, there was no excuse for her to have let Zen get away!

Someone calculating like Gethin would naturally choose to be on the stronger side of the war.

The scene he had just witnessed suddenly made him doubt the Sun Crow race's strength.

"That Zen is too cunning," Natasha muttered beside him. "Maybe he used some sort of special method?"

When they had caught Zen back in the Vastness Mountain, she had been the one to interrogate him.

His skills definitely left a deep impression on her.

A group of warriors considerably stronger than him couldn't do anything to him at that time.

Had Zen's strength grown to the point that he could now face off against Elizabeth?

"I swear I'll kill you today!" Elizabeth snarled angrily at Zen.

She had already forgotten her own duty.

In her angered state, Elizabeth manipulated all the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows to spit their blue flames towards Zen.

Facing the barrage of so many blue flames, even the mightiest warriors would choose to dodge.

All eyes were on Zen at that moment.

"Zen, run!"

"You've already stolen twenty Corpse Spirit Sun Crows! That's enough..."

"It's too early for you to fight against Elizabeth!"

"It should be easy for him to dodge while controlling his mount!"

Even the warriors of the Azure Mountain, the Bright Mountain, and the Ivory Mountain were paying close attention to him once they realized that he could determine the trend of this entire war.

The Sky Net had almost reached its limit and would not be able to withstand any more power. However, when the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows stopped releasing fire, it began to repair itself.

As he faced the oncoming flames, Zen suddenly had a bold idea. "How would you react if I took away all the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows?!"

He did not command his mount to carry him to safety. Instead, he made it rush headfirst into the flames.

In just a few moments, he, along with the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, disappeared into the blue flames...

Everyone was stunned into silence.

Save for a small number of people who knew the truth about Zen, most people viewed his actions as suicide!

"What is he doing?!"

"Is he asking for death?!"

"He has no reason to do so!"

All the leaders of the seven mountains along with all the powerful warriors in the seven arrays could only look on in confusion.

Chapter 3642 Run Away

Pearce and Auden had set a high expectation for Zen.

Such an unrealistic expectation became the key to breaking the dilemma.

However, things suddenly turned to a direction that the two of them found hard to accept. Did Zen really rush into the raging flames and commit suicide?

There was nothing Pearce could do or say, except for the shocked twitch of his face.

Naturally, Auden was very much taken aback as well.

Both of them didn't know much about Zen. They had met Zen for the first time in the Supreme Dragon Hall, and their impressions of him weren't so great. They thought that Zen was extremely arrogant and even dared to refuse the marriage that Eastern Emperor Taiyi had arranged for him.

On the other hand, Athemar and Goran knew Zen much better.

For instance, Athemar knew that Zen wasn't afraid of the unearthly fire, but even Athemar himself didn't dare to touch the flames that the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows spat out. If that was the case, would Zen truly be safe?

But of course, Zen was not a brainless person. Perhaps he was quite confident in his abilities, which was why he charged straight like that.

"Splash..."

Zen and his Corpse Spirit Sun Crow were bathed together in the blue flames, and as time passed, the distance between them and the other crows became closer.

At that moment, a consciousness floated in Zen's mind. "Emperor Charm!

Is it okay?"

Emperor Charm's shadow nodded in response and then his eyes flashed a ray of green light.

To take control of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows was a piece of cake for him.

A few seconds later, the connections with the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows kept appearing in Zen's mind!

On the contrary, Elizabeth was agitated.

The remaining Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were originally under her control, but now they quickly disappeared from her mind one after another!

"He is still alive!" she shouted angrily in despair.

After a while, all the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were finally under Zen's control except for the one she sat on.

"Splash..."

With just a thought, Zen made the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows stop spurting blue flames. His pure golden body came into everyone's sight once again.

Below them was Sinclair, who looked up dumbfoundedly at the scene in the sky. He couldn't believe what just happened!

Of course, he didn't know about the true fight between the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace. He simply thought that the Sun Crow race's strongest weapons were the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, and Zen alone had subdued such a formidable force...

He had fought against the entire Sun Crow race alone.

That kind of thing was more of an illusion than a dream!

"Nice to meet you again," Zen said with a smile.

Needless to say, Elizabeth felt resentful and miserable. Her shoulders trembled slightly. She only wanted to tear Zen apart alive.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

Just then, wisps of thin flames gently lit up along her body.

She slightly shook her right hand, and then all the silky flames went up along her arms. The flames began to weave together like thin threads until they turned into a long, fiery spear.

"You are indeed an opponent that deserves my admiration," Elizabeth said as she held onto the flaming spear. "I can give you a chance to challenge me, or even kill me. What do you think?"

Her voice had a trace of magic, which lured Zen to agree to the duel.

Although Zen's cultivation level was lower than hers, he now controlled over a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows!

In terms of combat strength, a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was actually on par with Elizabeth. Thus, he had a great advantage this time.

Now, Elizabeth had no choice.

It was Emperor Charm who had ordered to break through the Sky Net with the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

The Oneness Sky Palace's two strongest and most troublesome fighters, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, were still under control on the Other Shore, but it seemed that even without them, the Oneness Sky Palace was still powerful after all.

They would attract the siege of the seven mountains if they broke through the Sky Net first. The Sun Crow race would wait for the leaders and strong warriors of the seven mountains to be exhausted and defeated if they did get out of the Sky Net, before anything else.

However, Zen had appeared so suddenly and took all the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows!

Since everything had escalated to this point, Elizabeth could only deal with Zen first.

"Challenge you and kill you?" Zen asked as he sat on the back of a Sun Crow. The other Sun Crows turned around and faced Elizabeth. If he ever thought about attacking her, they naturally would capture her.

"Yes. You've improved your strength every time I see you. Now it's time for you to fight me. What do you think?"

said Elizabeth in a hazy voice.

"I'm interested," Zen answered attentively.

The corners of Elizabeth's lips curled and she straightened her chest. Only by defeating Zen on her own could the plan go smoothly.

The moment she thought that she now had her chance, Zen exclaimed, "I changed my mind now!"

"Swoosh..."

In the blink of an eye, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow that he sat on flew towards the Sky Net.

After that, the other Corpse Spirit Sun Crows suddenly opened their mouths and spat out blue flames towards Elizabeth. Then, they spread their wings and followed behind Zen.

When Pearce saw what happened, he was overjoyed.

"Hurry up! Turn off the Sky Net's restriction and let those Corpse Spirit Sun Crows in!" he ordered. Generally speaking, the huge Sky Net only allowed the people of the Oneness Sky Palace to come in and out.

Therefore, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows couldn't enter it, even though they were under Zen's control.

Fortunately, the Oneness Sky Palace had intervened, and the Sky Net was quickly adjusted.

"You want to escape? It's not that easy!" Elizabeth hissed.

"Whoosh!"

She immediately made her Corpse Spirit Sun Crow avoid the blue flames and chase after Zen.

The pair of fire wings on her back flapped, and then she dashed forward together with the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. Her speed was more than twice as high as Zen's!

As long as she could successfully catch him, she could intercept these Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

That was the only thought that ran through her mind.

As soon as she got closer to him, she jumped up from the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. The tip of the flaming spear in her hand spun at high speed and let out an ear-piercing sound.

The spear contained a terrifying number of divine megatons of power. It was so intense that under its immense pressure, the space that touched the tip of the spear formed a dark dot.

"This spear strike would definitely kill you!"

Elizabeth had channeled all her grief and remorse into her spear strike, so much that she had completely forgotten about the order to capture Zen alive.

Yet, she saw that Zen only looked back at her with scornful eyes.

It could be that she was afraid of him mocking her, so when she met his gaze, she felt an inexplicable rush of panic.

'Why does he look at me like that?

Did I miss anything?!

Whatever!'

She discarded all her thoughts, and proceeded to throw the spear of flames in her hand.

However, at this moment, the eyes of the last Corpse Spirit Sun Crow that Zen did not take away lit up like emeralds.

Its torso flipped in the air. Then it fiercely flapped its wings and hit Elizabeth's body.

"Bang!"

The wings slammed her hard, and she fell from the sky.

Chapter 3643 A Cognitive Space

If those Corpse Spirit Sun Crows had owners present, it would be impossible for Emperor Charm to steal them.

Previously, when Zen stole the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, he had to drive the demon women of the Divine Lair away from them or directly burn them to death with blue flames.

Since Elizabeth sat firmly on the last Corpse Spirit Sun Crow's back, Zen couldn't take it away.

However, she suddenly left the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow in the last minute. Fortunately, it wasn't that far, so Zen had a chance to steal it.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

While Elizabeth fell from the sky, Zen immediately entered the Sky Net with all the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

At that point, he had taken away all the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows led by Elizabeth.

Of course, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow's wings were quite strong. As a result, she didn't manage to stabilize herself in the air until she had dropped down sharply for a certain distance.

Once she was back to her senses, she looked closely at Zen and saw that he had already fled to the inside of the Sky Net with all the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Now, Zen didn't leave right after he had entered the Sky Net. Instead, he flashed her a smile and shouted across the Sky Net, "To be honest, I'm interested in fighting with you."

Although he hadn't climbed up to a higher stage of the Other Shore Realm yet, there wasn't a big difference between him and powerful warriors like Elizabeth and Athemar when it came to the Soul of Light, corporeal body, and the Other Shore Token.

"Now," Elizabeth said seriously.

Her eyes were full of hatred, as if she wanted to eat Zen alive.

"Not now," Zen answered with a grin.

He clearly wasn't like Athemar or Pearce, who had more access to information because of their higher positions.

But even without thinking, he could tell that the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were by no means the only weapon of the Sun Crow race.

Since Elizabeth and her army alone were able to make the seven mountains remain inside the Sky Net, the leaders of the seven mountains, the Oneness Governors, and other powerful warriors must be afraid of something—though he didn't have the chance to know what that was yet.

Still, he inadvertently got involved as he controlled nearly a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth's pupils continuously dilated as she stared at Zen. Blue wisps of fire appeared on her crimson golden wings. The originally loose flame feathers turned into blue short swords, and at the same time, her aura surged.

"Swoosh!"

Elizabeth's aura spread out.

Within three seconds, it had spread to hundreds of miles around it.

At the twelve passes on both sides of the Sky Net, including the Mountain Sea Pass, the Battle Rage Pass, the Heavenly Wind Pass, the Oneness Generals, the Oneness Guards, and warriors of the Other Shore Realm were all fighting against the Sun Crows.

Generally speaking, each pass was only responsible for the area in front of them.

Chaim, the Evil God, and the others were all assigned to the twelve passes. They led many Oneness Guards to a fierce battle against the Sun Crows.

"Swoosh…"

When the powerful aura swept like a windstorm, both the Sun Crows and the humans who were in a fight, froze and simultaneously looked in the same direction.

In the past few days, the Evil God had guarded the Heavenly Wind Pass.

Without Zen by his side, he was much more relaxed and he no longer felt restrained.

The first time he arrived at the Heavenly Wind Pass, he had enraged several Oneness Generals to the point that they almost battled each other. When the Evil God remembered that Zen was behind him, he restrained his impulse to fight.

Nevertheless, it wasn't long before the Oneness Generals in the Heavenly Wind Pass were finally impressed with his powerful strength. In a short period of time, he had led the warriors to repel several rounds of attacks from the Sun Crow race.

That was why he was very surprised when he felt that strange aura and said, "Is there such a powerful existence among these poor birds?"

He was so intrigued that he was even itching to leave the battlefront at the Heavenly Wind Pass, just so he could find out and see what kind of being gave out such an aura.

Just then, a long sound of horns suddenly came from within the Heavenly Wind Pass.

It was a sound that signaled them to retreat.

The Evil God frowned at the sound. He hadn't been tired of killing yet today, so he didn't want to retreat so soon.

He still wanted to fight more, but to the warriors of the Other Shore Realm who were pushed out like livestock, the blare of the horns was like the sweet sound of nature that gave them a life-saving straw.

"Retreat! We will be safe once we are within the Sky Net!"

Gant floated in mid-air with three red swords by his side.

As a disciple of the Flow Sword Sect, he was summoned to the Heavenly Wind Pass. In addition, he had the same status as a Oneness Guard.

On the contrary, the disciples of the Sword Light Palace led by Monica, such as Beldene and Elgin, were in a worse situation. Despite their considerable talent, it was too short a time since they had joined the Dragon City.

Due to their current skill set, it was hard for them to be promoted to the Oneness Guards in less than a hundred years, let alone join the Flow Sword Sect.

Judging from their strength, they would suffer a lot of damage in the battle against the Sun Crows.

Luckily, Gant had borrowed a powerful sword from his race before he set out. He and Monica tried their best to protect the disciples of the Sword Light Palace. Many of their people were injured, but only a few had died, which could be considered a miracle in their situation.

"Run!"

"I can finally go back!"

"God bless me!"

All the humans quickly retreated to the inside of the Sky Net.

It turned out that it was Pearce who had given the order.

The battle had reached the second phase, and the twelve passes had accomplished their mission.

And the Oneness Guards in the twelve passes were not qualified to take part in the following battle.

At the same time, the Sky Net couldn't block the aura Elizabeth released. Zen stood right in front of her so of course, he received the aura's impact from all directions.

If his Soul of Light hadn't reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul, he would have suffered serious damage.

"What kind of skill is this? She became much stronger!" he exclaimed.

"It's the Dream Blood Theurgy," replied Emperor Charm.

"She will have a desperate fight," he added. "A desperate fight? Can she tear the Sky Net apart?" Zen asked.

"I don't think she'll be able to tear it apart," Emperor Charm glanced at the Sky Net and answered.

The Dream Blood Theurgy was a theurgy that only Emperor Charm himself could bestow upon someone, and it could greatly stimulate one's own potential.

In the 77th chaos, he had only granted it to no more than a hundred demon women.

Then again, the Sky Net could endure the continuous attacks of more than a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows. Even if Elizabeth's strength increased by ten times, it still wasn't enough to tear such a powerful array apart.

Zen had planned to run away, but he changed his mind after he heard the answer from Emperor Charm.

Although Elizabeth had activated the Dream Blood Theurgy, it was true that she wasn't in a hurry to attack him.

After all, she knew that it was in vain, and she only did such a thing to release her emotions.

She did it for the people behind her to see. "Is this your strategy, Springer? It's so ridiculous..." she said through life vitality.

As she spoke, her voice echoed in a space behind her.

That particular space was quite strange that it fell in the category of cognitive zones.

To be precise, the space existed, but it did not exist.

Because she believed that the space existed, it floated behind her.

As for the others like Zen, Pearce, Athemar, the Oneness Generals, and the Oneness Guards, they didn't know the existence of that space. Thus, for them, it did not exist.

Chapter 3644 Flipping The Sky Net

Pearce, Auden and the leaders of the seven mountains all had very sharp insights.

Because of this, ordinary hiding skills could never deceive them.

However, the method the Sun Crow race used was one they had never seen coming.

It was for this reason that they failed to see through the Sun Crow race, even if they did everything in their power. This was also why Pearce didn't dare to act rashly.

Just then, a cocky voice rang through space. It was no other than Springer.

"Humph, are you blaming me? What a damn shame! Over a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were gifted to your Divine Lair, but they were all taken away while the Sky Net is still there intact. What a joke," Springer said sarcastically.

Even if he was rude, he was right. And as a super force, the Sun Crow race had several branches to use for their advantage.

Found in these branches and the Divine Lair, were the royal guards of Emperor Charm. Among these guards was Springer, who was given a status and strength that was on a par with Elizabeth's.

Any race would know that a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows would be a great advantage and weapon of destruction. The Sun Crow race could not tolerate such a loss. While it was Springer who came up with the plan, he'd want to put the blame on Elizabeth.

"Yes, Elizabeth, your Divine Lair is too lame," another voice spoke out. "Over a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows are more than enough to annihilate an ordinary great force!"

Elizabeth pursed her lips. "If it were you, what would you have done? You saw how Zen stole the Sun Crows away. Who could have stopped him?"

Springer suddenly said, "I will kill him before he gets close."

However, not many agreed with this. One voice expressed this very clearly, "I don't agree with you on this, Springer. It is easy to be wise after the event. Could you foresee he was able to take away the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows just like that?" The voice was shrill, almost anxious and angry at the same time.

There seemed to be many powerful people gathered in the space.

"You're right. It's not Elizabeth's fault! The human boy is to blame," another voice cried out. "I'm still puzzled by him and how he'd managed to take away the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows."

As they continued to argue, it came to a common conclusion. What happened was so strange, that it could have only been possible if Emperor Charm had intervened.

Elizabeth's eyes narrowed slightly as she spotted Zen from a distance. "There's no point arguing about this. We have already lost the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, and the Sky Net can't be broken in a short amount of time," she said hurriedly. "What are you going to do?"

Suddenly, Springer rose up in the space. He resembled a human being, but had a pair of black, powerful wings behind him. These wings clattered with every flap as if they were made of metal.

"Pearce is as smart as a fox," Springer pointed out. "Now that the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows have been taken away, he would keep on defending at all costs."

"True. The Six-flame Array has been set up, and it would be difficult to change plans now..." another person said.

Similar to the Sky Net, the Six-flame Array was found to be a very powerful array.

The main difference between the two were their uses: the Sky Net was used for defense while the Six-flame Array was used for attacks.

"Then we must wait. Maybe Emperor Charm will come," Elizabeth said calmly.

Despite all their efforts, the Sun Crow race still had the upper hand. It was only a matter of time until they broke through the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Indeed! I think a stalemate would be the best decision for now."

"Just let them live a few more days!"

"We are not in a hurry, anyway."

One by one, the people in the space expressed their agreement.

Though the Sun Crow race would be willing to enter a stalemate, this was not what the Oneness Sky Palace thought.

Back then, when Pearce followed Eastern Emperor Taiyi, he was not only powerful in strength, but also resourceful.

It was because of this that he could see through every move of the Sun Crow race. However, due to the insufficient strength of the Oneness Sky Palace and his low prestige, he couldn't command or ask help from the powerful masters of other six mountains. Thus, he was put in a passive situation.

In this case, the Sky Net would collapse sooner or later, which could cause chaos.

However, Zen accidentally stole the Sun Crows which allowed for the situation to be reversed.

This brought Pearce on his toes, and his eyes flashed with a dazzling light. The communication rune in his hand lit up once again as he ordered, "Flip the Sky Net!"

"Wait? Flip the Sky Net?" As Goran heard Pearce's order, his heart skipped a beat.

Even Auden, who was usually stoic, revealed a trace of surprise.

The Sky Net was used for defense, but flipping it around could make it become a fierce weapon of attack.

"Isn't this decision too hasty? After all, Eastern Emperor Taiyi is not here yet... " Auden asked, hesitating to proceed.

However, Pearce's face was painted with determination. "This is not a rash move. There is only one chance for us," he said firmly. "Since Zen has made them suffer a great loss, we'd have to seize this opportunity or else he would have done it for absolutely nothing."

"Flip the Sky Net! The Golden Array and the Ivory Array, move south. The Curved Spirit Pass, the Battle Rage Pass, head north. The Bright Array..." Pearce ordered.

Aside from the Mountain Sea Pass and the Vastness Array, the remaining arrays and passes all turned around towards different directions.

Originally, the Sky Net closed in on the Sun Crow race from both sides. According to Pearce's orders, the two sides of the Sky Net advanced forward. In this way, the Golden Array and the Bright Array which were on the ends of the two sides would meet, forming a circle, enveloping the entire Sun Crow race right at the center of the Sky Net!

Before, no warrior of the seven mountains wanted to be the first to fight. However, through cooperation with each other, their plan moved so smoothly.

Just like that, the six arrays of the mountains and eleven passes all moved in sync with the Sky Net!

When it all started happening, the Sun Crow race didn't notice. They were complacent in the fact that their strong warriors and Elizabeth were hiding not too far away in front of the Mountain Sea Pass. The only ones left at the back were the Sun Crows of lower intelligence.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth concentrated on deploying the forces as she planned to summon more Sun Crows from the North Unicorn Province.

An hour had passed and she found a large group of Sun Crows that remained in a place eight hundred miles behind her. Puzzled by what she saw, she released her spiritual sense and her face changed slightly. "The Sky Net..." she said, "is trapping us in it!"

As soon as Elizabeth finished speaking, the surface of the once translucent net emitted a bright red glow. Just then, the surging killing intent spread along with the glow, as if it could kill anything that approached it. The Sky Net was now one big killing machine.

At this time, the voice of Pearce rang out.

"Shrink!"

The Sky Net which had turned into a huge circle began to shrink inch by inch!

As the Sky Net shrank, the distance between the seven mountains and the twelve passes grew closer. Eventually, it would trap the Sun Crow race, and seven mountains would also attack together. With the Sun Crow race trapped in the center, they would all have great advantages to win.

"What a smart move!"

Gethin praised from the Vastness Array.

"And throughout the execution, not once was the Vastness Mountain needed. I have underestimated that Pearce!" Natasha said coldly.

The entire Sky Net began to fold right from the Vastness Array and the Mountain Sea Pass. This also meant that there was no need for the Vastness Mountain to move. Since the Vastness Mountain already had plans of rebelling, this move fueled their suspicion that they might have been exposed.

Chapter 3645 The Shrinking Sky Net

Gethin did plan to join the Sun Crow race's attacks on the Oneness Sky Palace eventually, but at a critical moment to deliver the fatal blow.

While the Sky Net remained in place, the Vastness Mountain wouldn't dare make a move.

They couldn't risk revealing their hand in the conspiracy too early. For now, he had to continue pretending to be on the side of the other six mountains.

He had to wait for the right moment to strike and make his rebellion known.

Meanwhile, Zen remained on guard near the Sky Net even after seizing control of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

The Sun Crow race still hadn't made a move, even as the Sky Net continued shrinking. It was clear a storm was brewing.

A voice suddenly piped up in Zen's head. "General Zen, please come to the Oneness Array."

Zen quickly recognized the voice. It was Pearce, the master who had once scolded him in the Supreme Dragon Hall.

Not that it mattered to Zen now. It was but a distant memory in this time of war.

With his mind, he directed the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows to fly to the Oneness Array. They headed out in a neat formation.

They soon arrived at a magnificent array of Lofty Swords.

Each one was occupied by a master from the Oneness Mountain.

Zen cupped his hands in front of him and bowed to them respectfully.

The masters eyed the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, which all emanated such gloomy and powerful auras they subconsciously made anyone observing them keep their guard up.

The Oneness Array was consisted of Lofty Swords arranged in a wedge-shaped formation: One in front, then others widening to the back on both sides.

Libby, who occupied a Lofty Sword at one end of the array, craned her neck to finally catch a glimpse of this Zen people kept talking about.

The disciples on the first and second floors of the Land of Sword Grief were in different arrays of the twelve passes, while the disciples on the third floor were in the arrays of the seven mountains.

This was because the disciples on the first and second floors were closest to Oneness Generals in terms of strength, while the disciples on the third floor were most similar to Oneness Governors.

This didn't explain, however, why the powerful Libby was placed at the end of the array.

She was definitely not weaker than the masters of the Oneness Mountain. She had simply been placed in a less prominent position because of her junior status.

After joining the array, she had been sitting quietly on the Lofty Sword, waiting for orders.

She was not qualified to participate in the decision-making yet. She was only subject to the more senior masters' commands during battle.

Libby now stared at the new arrival. When Pearce and the others had been discussing Zen earlier, Libby hadn't been paying much attention.

She was just now realizing she had seen Zen before. She had already encountered him in the Land of Sword Grief, but he had left such a weak impression in her mind then that she didn't even bother catching his name. She never imagined that guy would be the famous Zen.

Her eyes narrowed at him.

'This is the guy who ranks first on the second floor?

I would never have thought he was the same person Elder Pearce and Elder Auden were talking about!'

Libby thought to herself, scoffing with incredulity.

Word in the Land of Sword Grief was, this Zen's talent was extraordinary. Some had even said he could surpass Libby. But she refused to accept he could match up to her in only a few months. Over her dead body.

He was probably just another over-hyped upstart.

She did wonder, however, how a new disciple on the second floor managed to turn the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows over to his side.

She couldn't deny that accomplishment. He was accompanied by the crows, after all.

'Hmph! He probably just stumbled upon a special method by sheer luck, '

Libby thought to herself disdainfully, looking Zen over with a raised eyebrow.

She had always been the pride of the Oneness Sky Palace. She didn't even take the mountain chiefs' sons seriously. Why would some newbie disciple impress her?

She was confident enough in her strength to take on masters like Athemar and Goran. Zen probably couldn't even compete on the same level.

As he straightened up, Zen spotted Libby in the array.

He was a bit surprised she was in the formation, but he figured disciples on the third floor were qualified to join the great arrays, anyway. Shrugging it off, he continued riding the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow toward Pearce.

Libby slit her eyes. She was sure Zen had caught sight of her, yet he didn't even acknowledge her. She glowered at being so disregarded.

"You summoned me, Elder Pearce?" Zen asked, as he approached.

Pearce eyed the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow hovering beneath Zen's feet. "Yes, it was me. But first, I must apologize, Zen, for my behavior before. Forgive my indiscretion," he said humbly.

To punctuate his words, he bowed deeply before Zen.

That Pearce, one of the founding members of the Oneness Sky Palace, would humble himself before Zen this way surely boosted Zen's status.

"Oh, no, please, sir, it was no issue at all! No offense taken!" Zen waved his hands frantically in embarrassment.

To his surprise, Auden chimed in. "You truly deserve not only our apologies, General Zen, but also our gratitude. Without you, we would have been in deep trouble by now!"

Zen was taken aback by Auden's words.

He only had the guts to steal the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows from Elizabeth simply because he was confident the Oneness Sky Palace had his back. He didn't realize, until now that Auden highlighted it, that he had made a rather crucial move they hadn't even thought of.

"Since these crows are under your control now, General Zen, we hope you can assist us when the Sun Crow race breaks through," Pearce implored him.

Zen nodded. "It would be my honor. I came here on Master Goran's call-to-arms. It is my duty to fight for the Oneness Sky Palace. But if I may ask, what is the situation now?"

Zen guessed Elizabeth had a greater force behind her, but he knew nothing about the details, nor how the Oneness Sky Palace planned to deal with it.

Pearce trained his eyes on the shrinking Sky Net. "If I'm guessing right, there should be a great array behind Elizabeth. After the Sky Net shrinks to a certain extent, the Sun Crow race will launch their full attack."

As the other six arrays and eleven passes continued to move, the circular Sky Net kept contracting toward its center.

Strong as Elizabeth was, she had no choice for now but to fall back in the face of the Sky Net.

Nothing could be seen in the space behind her.

With a series of caws, the Sun Crows swooped in from all corners of the sky to gather in the area behind Elizabeth. They all disappeared in groups as soon as they reached that spot.

The Sky Net shrunk to only 800 miles across.

500 miles.

200 miles.

50 miles.

As the span of the Sky Net continued to shrink, the distance between the twelve passes and the seven arrays also decreased.

The mountain chiefs all guarded their large arrays as they observed the Sky Net warily.

No one would let their guard down, not even if the Sun Crow race were successfully caught in the Sky Net.

The Sky Net shrunk further.

It was only 25 miles wide now!

The Sun Crow race was now only one step closer to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Up in the sky, all the other Sun Crows had seemingly disappeared, save for Elizabeth.

Elizabeth exhaled and moved her hands. Six dots of light emerged behind her, flickered, and quickly expanded into six hexagonal seals. Together, they formed an immense array.

Chapter 3646 Collapse

The array was engraved with six fire-shaped seals emanating ferocious energy.

Pearce recognized the seal on sight.

"This is the Six-flame Array!"

"It's extremely deadly!

"Everyone, be careful!"

Terror washed over the mountain leaders as the warning reached them.

The array must be a sure killer if no less than Pearce was spooked.

Buzz!

Figures started to become visible within the array.

There were over a hundred people within the Six-flame Array, and most of them were Emperor Charm's royal guards. Though the Divine Lair was the main force of the Sun Crow race, these guards matched Elizabeth in strength and status.

Elizabeth flapped her wings, positioning herself in the center of the array.

Springer hovered beside her, beating his black wings. He glared at the Oneness Array. "You've forced our hand, so here we are," he called out menacingly.

He turned to the Sun Crow race, booming out in a voice that reverberated in everyone's ears. "Destroy the Sky Net!"

At these words, the energy in the six fire-shaped seals burst out in six flames of different colors!

The Heavenly Canopy Flame!

The World Exterminating Flame!

The Spiritual Karma Flame!

The six kinds of flames shot out simultaneously. They had all been created by Emperor Charm with the divine flames of the Sun Crow race. Each flame was stored in the seal and nurtured for tens of millions of years. When the flames emerged, they looked less like fire and more like six sharp sabers. As the Six-flame Array began to rotate, the six sabers slashed at the Sky Net!

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The entire Sky Net Array began to shake violently.

The sight horrified the Oneness Generals of the twelve passes.

"What kind of array is that?"

"It's powerful enough to destroy anything!"

"The Sky Net Array can't withstand it at all!"

The Sky Net had been able to survive the fiery power of over a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows. But now, after only a few cuts from the Six-flame Array, it was about ready to collapse!

Pearce, however, remained steadfast in his faith. "The power of the Six-flame Array is extraordinary, but the Sky Net Array is powerful, as well!"

Indeed, the Sky Net began to glow fiercely no sooner had Pearce uttered these words.

The Sky Net, which earlier appeared to be on the verge of collapse, had recovered to its original state in an instant! Its bright light turned into huge swords that slashed back at the Six-flame Array.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The shining swords sliced through the Six-flame Array. The colorful flames burst out in all directions.

The Six-flame Array was extremely powerful, but it was not built for defense. It also began to shake as soon as it was cut.

Elizabeth looked around at the unstable array, the panic mounting on her face. "It seems the Six-flame Array can't withstand the attack."

Springer just sneered. "Don't worry. The Six-flame Array doesn't break that easily. Let's see who will last longer."

Buzz!

A pattern appeared beneath Springer's feet, emitting great energy. With a flash, the Six-flame Array stopped shaking and stabilized.

Indeed, it appeared the battle would thus be decided on which array could last longer!

The powerful warriors positioned in the various arrays of the seven mountains started to become uneasy.

Whichever side gave in first would be put at a great disadvantage. It could even determine the victory of this war.

Creak! Creak!

Whoosh! Whoosh!

As the two great arrays continued to attack each other, the power they produced reached over 100, 000 divine megatons.

Ripples in space began to spread because of the immense energy fluctuations.

The Oneness Generals, the Oneness Guards, and the Other Shore Realm warriors of the twelve passes could only gape in awe at the sight.

"What a horrible force!"

"The impact might be powerful enough to crush everything it hits instantly into powder!"

"We can't participate in a battle of this level!"

Five minutes passed.

Ten minutes.

Fifteen minutes.

When the battle had raged on for about an hour, a huge crack started to appear on the surface of the Sky Net.

CRACK!

The net started to fracture like a beautiful glass mosaic.

Springer, Elizabeth and the others in the Six-flame Array felt a rush of triumph at the sight, but it didn't last long. Cracks also started to spread like fish scales on the surface of the six seals on the Six-flame Array.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The Six-flame Array began to collapse.

"It can't stand the attacks anymore!"

"I hope the Sky Net Array still manages to trap them!"

Amid the hubbub, there were those who remained silent.

These were the people at the bottom ranks. They detested the war. They knew they had very little chance of surviving. Even if their side won, the rewards that would trickle down to them likely wouldn't be worth all this risk!

Pearce turned serious as he kept his eyes trained on what was happening to the great arrays. "Get ready, all of you. The victory or defeat of the Oneness

Sky Palace depends on the next move!"

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The arrays of the seven mountains began to light up. Everyone was now on full alert.

Zen, too, concentrated his mind.

The mouths of more than a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows began to glow with the blue light, ready to shoot flames.

BOOM!

The Sky Net collapsed first.

What began as a crack was now a full-on gap. The entire array began to dissipate, starting from the ruptured area.

But as this happened, the six seals of the Six-flame Array also collapsed into a crystal clear powder.

"Go!"

Zen was the first to react.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows emitted light beams from their mouths, straight at the center of the collapsing Six-flame Array.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

The powerful warriors positioned in the Oneness Array started rising from the ground, pulling out the huge Lofty Swords they had been occupying.

It came quite naturally to Pearce, Athemar and some of the other warriors.

Libby, however, struggled a little with her Lofty Sword, her fair face betraying a hint of fatigue. She gritted her teeth and eventually managed to keep pace with the other masters.

The Bright Array, the Golden Array, the Ivory Array, and all the other arrays also began to move. Everyone was ready to give their all in this battle.

Just then, a purple light shot into the sky. It came from the Vastness Array.

But instead of targeting the Six-flame Array, the purple light separated into six rays, turning into six huge purple swords. Each one hurtled straight for the other six arrays!

A cold smirk played on Gethin's lips. He had chosen this critical moment to bring the rebellion out in the open.

Gethin knew Pearce and the others had been on guard against him for a long time. It was too bad that they were too busy to be on the lookout now. It was a fatal mistake.

Chapter 3647 One-on-one Battle

The purple long swords that came down from the sky suddenly charged straight towards the six arrays. The sudden sword attacks greatly shocked the mountain leaders.

"What is the Vastness Mountain doing?"

"Gethin is really rebelling!"

"True, but he was really good at hiding from us!"

The seven mountains had been accumulating their strength to try to fight against the Sun Crows in the Six-flame Array, but the Vastness Array just used their accumulated strength on their peers!

"Don't be distracted. I'll do it!" Auden shouted.

Then, he flew upwards as the Lofty Sword beneath him glowed a bright golden light.

Splash!

Just then, the Lofty Sword's blade flipped and flew straight into the sky.

Although Gethin was powerful and so was the Vastness Array, his attack ended up being divided into six parts. If Auden used all his strength, he might be able to take the impact.

The Golden Mountain and the Ivory Mountain could also resist the attack, but they would have to be distracted because of this attack.

Suddenly, a strong spatial fluctuation burst out from the Six-flame Array when it exploded. In turn, the people inside the array all used the Grand Teleportation technique and quickly disappeared.

As a result, the blue flames from the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows and the fierce skills the other mountains released had all missed their targets!

The Cage of Heaven and Earth had been set since the beginning of the battle in the North Unicorn Province.

However, people like Elizabeth, Athemar, and Pearce were still able to break free from the Cage of Heaven and Earth.

As the battle continued to advance south, however, the range of the Cage of Heaven and Earth became smaller and smaller.

It was known that the smaller the area the cage covered, the stronger its power would be.

That was why if the entire cage shrunk to a radius of ten thousand miles, even a powerful being like Pearce wouldn't be able to use the Grand

Teleportation technique there.

Despite all those conditions, there were still some theurgies in the Sun Crow race that could resist the Cage of Heaven and Earth!

Such a case was also Springer's second conspiracy.

Buzz!

At that point, Springer and another eight people appeared in the Ivory Array.

Their sudden appearance stunned all the powerful warriors in the Ivory Array.

After all, they had been on their guard the moment they saw all the members of the Sun Crow race disappear just now, and they did not expect that those members of the Sun Crow race would be so bold to transfer themselves into the array via the Grand Teleportation technique.

Springer glanced at the leader of the Ivory Mountain, who was close to him and said, "Break it!"

Then, he flapped his black wings and flew towards the leader of the Ivory Mountain.

In turn, the leader of the Ivory Mountain sneered and slashed at Springer's head with his blood-red sword, and a fierce battle between them ensued!

The Sun Crow race moved to different arrays in batches, which was also Springer's idea.

Even though the Sky Net was torn open, the six arrays continued to guard against the Sun Crow race.

For instance, the Oneness Mountain had deployed the Thirteen Spiritual Swords Array, which possessed the mighty strength of the thirteen Lofty Swords.

Meanwhile, the Ivory Mountain deployed the Bloody Array.

The Golden Mountain also had its own array.

Now, over a hundred people including Springer and Elizabeth could indeed use the Grand Teleportation to leave since the Sky Net was already broken.

However, the Sun Crow race's goal was not only to break the Sky Net, but also to completely capture this group of mountain leaders.

It was highly necessary to break the several arrays the mountains were guarding. Of course, the Vastness Array was not included.

As soon as Springer fought fiercely against the leader of the Ivory Mountain, the others began to tear the entire Ivory Array into pieces.

At the same time, Zen saw the members of the Sun Crow race instantly disappear when he drove the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows from his position in the Oneness Array. He thought that something unfortunate was about to happen.

The next moment, a blue feather suddenly appeared in front of him. At the end of the feather was Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was an executive in the Sun Crow race, while Springer was the brains for them. When Springer had proposed a new plan, Elizabeth agreed without hesitation.

She hated Zen to the core so much that she couldn't allow to let him live for one more second.

Of course, there were also other members of the Sun Crow race who came along with her. Those other members dealt with the strong warriors like Pearce and Athemar.

"It's not up to you now," Elizabeth said with a ferocious smile. Her snow-white and delicate face looked somewhat charming despite her evilness and ferocity.

Swoosh!

The moment she was done speaking, her wings flapped furiously and she flew towards Zen.

When she was near him, her wings grasped Zen just like a big pair of hands.

Then, she simultaneously pierced him with her flaming spear!

No matter what tricks Zen used, he had no chance of winning against someone stronger than him.

Furthermore, he couldn't teleport like last time because he was under the shackles of the Cage of Heaven and Earth.

The sight of Zen, who had toiled her plans repeatedly, but was now about to die greatly pleased Elizabeth. She sighed contentedly as if she had finally killed a powerful opponent.

As for Zen, he simply patted her wings and leaned forward. When he saw that the spear was about to touch his body, he took a deep breath and rolled over in an attempt to avoid the spear's tip.

However, Elizabeth was quicker to react than he was. Even if he endlessly rolled left and right, her delicate but deadly spear always followed him like a shadow, as if his defenses didn't affect it at all.

Whoosh!

The flaming spear let out a whistling sound, then it was directly pointed at his chest.

Phew!

In a split second, he had become a flaming man.

Because he had never been harmed due to fire many times, Elizabeth didn't expect that he would burn to ashes.

But her spear strike contained fifteen thousand divine megatons of force this time!

She had personally witnessed him enter the Chaotic Source Realm. Furthermore, it had been only a few months since he had left the Chaotic Source World. She was sure that he was still at the early stage of the Chaotic Source Realm!

Not to mention that fifteen thousand divine megatons of force, even half of it might be enough to exhaust his Chaotic Source Spirits and disintegrate his body into pieces.

But this was Zen, and with him, something unexpected happened a lot.

Cling!

Finally, Elizabeth's spear stabbed into Zen's body, but it only made a crisp sound.

It turned out that the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body withstood the spear. Then they began to weaken, but his mysterious Truth of Godly Way rapidly fluctuated and pooled within each Chaotic Source Spirit, thus quickly restoring their strength!

"How?" Elizabeth exclaimed in disbelief.

She couldn't believe what she saw, and Zen even had the guts to smile at her.

"Go to hell!"

Nevertheless, she released all the power within her body. Her flaming spear released a terrible force of twenty-five thousand divine megatons, which was close to her limit.

She didn't know how Zen had blocked her first spear, nor did she want to figure it out. She paid it no mind and proceeded to release more force!

Whoosh!

The immensely strong force pushed the flaming spear even more, then it let out a sharp whistling sound and went straight towards Zen's head.

Even in the face of such a powerful spear strike, Zen just faintly smiled.

Could he still withstand this spear's attack?

Just as Elizabeth thought about it, she felt a burning aura around her. The aura did not come from her flaming spear, but from the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows that were flying everywhere.

Chapter 3648 Summoning Worlds

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows now followed Zen's every command.

When Zen was fighting with Elizabeth, all the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows scattered around had closed in on them.

Before the beasts had the chance to burn them with their blue flames, Elizabeth quickly moved towards Zen and thrust her spear into him.

Unfortunately, her attack failed to kill him and the blue flames burst from the beasts' beaks and swept over them.

It would be impossible for her to survive the attack even with her exceptional ability to control fire.

Zen, on the other hand, could easily withstand the flames.

As she flapped her wings, Elizabeth's extremely slim body began to float back in the air. It was as if she was as weightless as a piece of paper. She passed safely through one of the gaps in the blue flames while Zen accepted the baptism of fire with ease.

Elizabeth originally planned to find another way of taking him down once she was at a safe distance away from the roaring blaze.

However, it was obvious that Zen had no intention of letting her escape so easily!

Just as she passed through the hot inferno, three Corpse Spirit Sun Crows had already surrounded her. Their wings were similar to sharp blades.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Their wings sang as they sliced through the air.

A casual strike from one of these crows contained twenty thousand divine megatons of force. It would be difficult for Elizabeth to defend herself from such powerful strikes. Her body still floated in the air and her wings flapped constantly to dodge the attacks.

Just as she managed to escape the three Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, a dozen more Corpse Spirit Sun Crows rushed towards her!

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Aside from those Corpse Spirit Sun Crows that attacked her in close combat, more Corpse Spirit Sun Crows also began to spew blue flames in her direction.

Just as Elizabeth spun over the back of one of these crows, several more of the vicious beasts began to claw at her head.

Now, over a hundred of them took their turns to try and attack Elizabeth!

"Get away!"

From her delicate and tender outstretched hands burst an unexpected and unimaginable power. She grabbed two of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows and began to swing them around.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The two Corpse Spirit Sun Crows she spun around encircled her like a windmill, sweeping all of the other Corpse Spirit Sun Crows away.

During this attack, another figure silently approached.

It was none other than Zen!

Quickly, he morphed into a sharp arrow and struck down from high above with his sword and aimed at Elizabeth's back.

Crack!

Zen's strike failed to hurt Elizabeth due to the Chaotic Source Spirits protecting her. To her surprise, his casual strike turned out to contain ten thousand divine megatons of force!

A few more strikes from him and her Chaotic Source Spirits would surely be exhausted.

'Is he strong enough to kill me?'

The terrifying thought emerged in her mind.

"Whoosh!"

Elizabeth flapped her wings, trying to make Zen stay. But as soon as he struck his first blow, he ran as quick as a cheetah and disappeared behind the flock of Corpse Spirit Sun Crows in the blink of an eye. Unfortunately for her, the monstrous birds surrounded her again.

Ever since he had gained control of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, Zen began to wonder how to best use them to his advantage.

They were impervious to water, fire, swords, and spears. However, one disadvantage was that they were rather slow due to their huge size. They could only rely on their numbers to defeat someone as powerful as Elizabeth.

It would be challenging to trap a warrior as strong as her.

But without warning, Elizabeth jumped straight into Zen's trap using Grand Teleportation. She was right where he wanted her to be.

Zen was worried she'd use the same power to escape again. Judging by the current situation, she wouldn't be able to use that power when she was alone.

"Bang!"

Elizabeth managed to smash one more crow, but even more of them arrived and enveloped her.

They just kept piling on, layer by layer.

Once she managed to pass through two of them, Zen appeared again, undetected like a ghost.

Swish!

Another strike from Zen's sword slashed her back. Luckily, the Chaotic Source Spirits prevented her wings from being cut off.

As Elizabeth turned to try and catch Zen, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows that were hard to defeat wasted no time in attacking her.

When Zen and Elizabeth were locked in combat, others from the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace were locked in their own battles too.

Springer's plan worked wonderfully. The powerful masters of the seven mountains didn't expect that the Sun Crow race would charge into their arrays.

In the blink of an eye, the Bright Array, the Golden Array, and the Ivory Array were destroyed by the Sun Crow race.

But the powerful masters of the seven mountains weren't weak.

Even without the help of the arrays, they were still strong enough to defend themselves and attack.

"Buzz..."

A blood-red light burst as the leader of the Bright Mountain shook his long sword.

Soon, the world around them was tinged in red as vibrant as blood. Even in the middle of the battle, the leader had managed to directly summon an entire world!

The Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization which Zen had obtained and the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization which the Evil God had obtained were limited to Stage Thirteen and Stage Eleven. Although the power of the Civilization Artifacts was terrifying, due to the pressure from the Other Shore, neither Zen nor Evil God had reached their full potential and power yet.

The Civilization Artifact the leader of the Bright Mountain held came from Stage Thirty. The power the Other Shore Tokens from the Desire World burst out was unlike any of the Lust World's Other Shore Tokens.

"Bloody Descent!"

The blood-red light spread out and covered a radius of a million miles!

The entire area now appeared to be bathed in blood.

All everyone could see was tinged with a vibrant crimson.

"The leader of the Bright Mountain summoned the blood-red world!"

"He's bent the rules in this area!"

"It is said that the blood-red world can suppress all others' bloodline powers to increase his own bloodline power!"

"Whoosh!"

With a long sword in his hand, the leader of the Bright Mountain turned into a ray of blood radiance and pierced through a member of the Sun Crow race.

"You think you're the only one who can summon a world?"

In the distance, Springer let out a sinister laugh. He spread out his black wings and black feathers began to float in the air.

These feathers spread out quickly, like drops of black ink on white paper.

Soon, another world was summoned and it covered the blood-red world!

Now, black masses floated everywhere. They were like ferocious ghosts that pounced in various directions.

Whoosh!

A Oneness Guard hardly had time to dodge when a black mass invaded his body and turned his flesh black almost instantly.

He looked at his hands and feet. His face was full of fear.

But this fear was short-lived.

Black spikes began to jut out of his back one by one. His eyes sank into the sockets and his body began to broaden. He turned and twisted until he became an unrecognizable monster.

"Come out, Fickle Demons! Ha-ha!" Springer laughed and commanded.

The Civilization Artifact he carried was used to summon demons. Once it was used, everything in the world would become sacrificial offerings.

The more sacrifices, the more powerful the Fickle Demons would become!

If there were enough sacrificial offerings, they could even produce Fickle Demons that could surpass powerful masters like Emperor Charm and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Chapter 3649 Planning On Escaping

As the battle raged, many Oneness Guards and Oneness Generals in the twelve passes could only watch in awe.

They wouldn't dare get caught in a battle of this level.

But they were snapped out of their stupor when the ink blobs appeared. Their blood ran cold at the sight.

"Activate the array!"

"Everyone, withdraw and head to the pass!"

"We can't fight that thing!"

Countless Oneness Guards and warriors of the Other Shore Realm stampeded into the passes.

Every time a world descended, the rules were changed.

Fortunately, no other world had been unleashed but those by the leader of the Bright Mountain and by Springer.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Dozens of ink blobs appeared above the Heavenly Wind Pass, floating in the air. As one, they rushed downward, wrapping themselves around the five-star Oneness Guards before they could enter the protective array.

As soon as the ink touched them, the Oneness Guards' skin turned black and started to crack like charcoal. They became another manner of creature altogether. Now hollow-eyed monsters, they turned around and wildly pounced on their former colleagues.

"Woo...woo..."

one of the black monsters howled as it scrambled toward the Evil God.

When the black monster was about two dozen feet away, light flashed in the Evil God's hand. He tossed a diamond-shaped token formed by the Ways-blending Energy.

Bang!

The diamond-shaped token exploded on the black monster's head, smashing it into pieces.

The Evil God snorted, "You asked for it."

Nothing could have survived that blast.

However, the black monster somehow began to get up again, its head having reformed.

"A monster created in this world becomes immortal in this world, huh?" the Evil God murmured to himself, thinking aloud.

The blast drew the attention of more black monsters. They all began heading toward the Evil God.

The Evil God glanced at the Heavenly Wind Pass not far away. He deliberated if he had enough time to make it there.

Deciding he did, he was taken aback when he turned in that direction.

It had taken him only a second to decide, but the path was now cut off by a large number of black monsters, swarming toward him. The Evil God had no choice but to run. But an idea was starting to form in his mind.

The Oneness Generals who were able to make it to the Heavenly Wind Pass observed the situation from afar.

"It seems the Oneness General called the Evil God can't make it, after all."

"Should we help him?"

"No. Leave him alone."

The Evil God had displayed his powerful strength at the Heavenly Wind Pass, but he was still generally disliked. The Oneness Generals had fought on the battlefields for many years but somehow feared the Evil God, so they were hesitant to come to his rescue.

But the Evil God, at this moment, had other things in mind. As an Inner-world Generating Avatar, the Evil God couldn't even think of opposing Zen.

But he could distance himself from Zen using these black monsters and the chaos of battle as an excuse.

Thus far, Zen had showed he could freely control the Evil God. If he so wanted, he could freeze the Evil God on the spot, making him unable to move. However, the Evil God was convinced there must be a limit to that control. There must be some range beyond which the controller would no longer be able to reach the Inner-world Generating Avatar.

The Evil God now saw a chance to test that theory.

"Wha...wha..."

The black monsters chased after the Evil God as fast as they could. The Evil God was as light as a swallow as he sped onward, flying close to the ground.

After reaching certain distances, he would draw some divine megatons of force from the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization in Zen's inner world.

He could only do this as an Inner-world Generating Avatar under Zen's control.

The Evil God theorized that once he was no longer able to extract the force, then it must follow that he was out of Zen's control.

At this moment, Zen was crouching down on the back of a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, taking a break. Controlling so many Corpse Spirit Sun Crows was not an easy task.

After fighting with Elizabeth for a while, Zen decided to return control of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows to Emperor Charm.

The creatures seemed more agile in his hands, anyway.

Pop!

Elizabeth suddenly lobbed a ball of blazing flame at Zen.

The flame was so strong that even Athemar might not have been able to survive it. But surrounded by Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, the flame didn't reach Zen at all.

In Elizabeth's anger, it seemed she forgot Zen was unaffected by the flames.

At this moment, something caught Zen's attention in his mind.

It was the Evil God, running eastward at full speed.

In a flash, he entered the Evil God's mind.

Through the Evil God's eyes, he saw the dozens of twisted black monsters chasing after him.

Zen figured these black monsters probably appeared from a summoned world.

Zen read the Evil God's memories. He discovered that the Evil God had been drawing some divine megatons of force from his inner world as he was being chased. This struck Zen as somewhat strange.

"Stop running. Kill those black monsters and come back to me."

Zen's orders took over the Evil God's mind.

The Evil God stiffened on the spot. He gritted his teeth.

This had been his only chance to escape!

But he wasn't able to disobey Zen at all.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Evil God stretched out his hand and flung diamond-shaped tokens at the monsters.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Each token exploded on a black monster's head.

However, these creatures were indeed immortal. After exploding into pieces, they simply reconstructed and came back to life.

To make matters worse, every time they recovered, the black monsters only seemed to grow in size and strength.

The Evil God squinted at them.

He had another idea brewing.

He flipped his body in the air, flinging diamond-shaped tokens again and again at the black monsters.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The black monsters exploded again and again, continuing to reform and reanimate. With each recovery, they became more and more powerful.

Springer, who was watching events unfold from the core zone, began to get puzzled.

These monsters came from the world he unleashed, which was called the Fickle World, so they were called Fickle Demons. He knew they were immortal, and that they grew stronger with every reanimation.

It could go on endlessly.

Most opponents would stop attacking the Fickle Demons as soon as they discovered this.

But now, here was someone who still kept attacking despite clearly seeing this only made the Fickle Demons more powerful.

Unbeknownst to Springer, the Evil God was doing this intentionally. Outwardly, he was only following Zen's order to kill the monsters, after all. But once the situation reached a tipping point, he would make his escape.

Chapter 3650 The Real Emperor Charm

Whiz!

All of a sudden, a sword radiance was aimed right at Elizabeth's back.

However, just as the sword slashed down, Elizabeth already prepared for the attack. She spun around and broke Zen's long sword into two clean pieces. After that, she swung her spear right at Zen's head.

Looking at Elizabeth who grew more and more angry by the second, Zen was surprisingly calm.

As if by chance, his head tilted enough and avoided the spear completely. Right after he recovered, he sat steadily on the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow.

Though Elizabeth wanted to chase after him, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows piled up and blocked her way.

These crows resembled a moving forest, so dense and hard to navigate through. This made Zen a hunter lurking, and Elizabeth, the beast.

Zen would stab Elizabeth with his sword whenever he had the chance.

A stab would not hurt Elizabeth, but it could consume a small amount of Chaotic Source Spirits.

Hopefully a number of strikes could kill her, too.

Elizabeth never would have guessed that she'd be on the losing end. It seemed that these Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were so agile that no matter which direction she fled to, they would follow right after her and block her way.

She was always too proud to ask for help from the other members of her race, but this time was different.

After being slashed several times, she felt a sense of urgency and desperation.

If she didn't escape, she would be as good as dead.

On top of that, the fact that Zen was a junior frustrated her.

Eventually, Elizabeth decided to summon for help. However, no one came to her rescue or even responded to her. It seemed that the other members of the Sun Crow race were all preoccupied, and no one could salvage her.

Whoosh...

Just as she dodged the attack from a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow's wings, Elizabeth gritted her teeth and spread her wings wide. They flashed and glowed with a magic luster, prepared for her next move.

"Hundred Phoenixes Dance!"

Just like that, Elizabeth's body emitted a blue light as her bloodline power was awakened. This made her incomparably agile now.

She then flapped her wings so powerfully, that she turned into a hundred fierce phantoms.

As long as a small gap was maintained before her, the phantoms could go out.

Even from a distance, one could see many phantoms of Elizabeth, some big and some small!

All she wanted to do was get rid of Zen. She had no choice but activate her bloodline power and use her bodily movement skill to save her life.

It was notable, because this form of bodily movement skill was so complex and strange that even warriors with higher levels of cultivation, like the leaders of the mountains, were unable to locate her in a short period of time.

Among others, Zen was the most surprised to see the Elizabeths of different sizes. At one point, he was dazzled by what he saw.

If it was Zen who controlled the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, he wouldn't be able to stop her.

However, the real opponent Elizabeth had to face was not Zen anymore - it was Emperor Charm.

Emperor Charm had a smile across his face.

The Hundred Phoenixes Dance proved to be a unique bodily movement skill of the Sun Crow race, and in fact, it was a theurgy he'd created.

So even though Elizabeth was extremely agile and created phantoms to set people off, Emperor Charm could see right through her.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows from the outermost layer circled around once, only to be followed by the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows from the middle layer, and finished off with the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows of the innermost layer.

As the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows moved in this motion, Elizabeth's avatars were destroyed one by one. This sent her speeding towards a narrow passageway, just in her hope to break through.

From the passage, she could already see the blue sky outside.

Just as Elizabeth thought she could escape, two Corpse Spirit Sun Crows came at her at the same time.

"Crack! Crack!"

But before she could even pass through the passage, four huge claws of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows cornered from both sides and she could no longer move.

With a look of pure shock, her eyes widened as she watched Zen emerge from under a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. She turned pale and cold, as if she had just seen a ghost.

Zen approached her slowly, looking calm and stern at the same time. Because Elizabeth had broken Zen's sword, he held the Soaring Snake Sword tightly in his hand right now.

At this point, Elizabeth already lost more than half of her Chaotic Source Spirits. She probably wouldn't stand a chance against a slash from the Soaring Snake Sword.

It was right then and there that she realized she had already been defeated.

She remembered that two years ago, she could have destroyed him with just a flick of her finger.

"Why can you break my bodily movement skill?" Elizabeth asked.

She sounded calm, as if she'd accepted the death that awaited her.

However, she still felt it unbelievable that Zen had seen through the Hundred Phoenixes Dance at first sight.

Zen didn't strike her with the sword. "I didn't see through your bodily movement technique," he answered.

"Then how..." Elizabeth trailed off, more confused than ever.

"It was someone else who saw through your bodily movement skill," said Zen.

"Who is it?"

Elizabeth knew that only Emperor Charm could see through it at a glance, but it was impossible that he would be here, much less that he would help Zen.

However, Zen didn't acknowledge her question. Just then, a shadow appeared above his head; it was none other than Emperor Charm himself.

With a gasp and wide eyes, Elizabeth couldn't believe what was before her. Numerous guesses of what might have happened crossed her mind. "You are..."

She even thought for a second that before her was only a soul fragment of Emperor Charm, but the aura didn't match completely. However, her instinct told her that this was most definitely Emperor Charm himself.

"I am Emperor Charm," answered Emperor Charm, completing her sentence.

As Elizabeth absorbed what she saw, she couldn't help but fall to her knees. Emperor Charm exuded an aura of unmatched authority. It was so powerful that his presence alone was enough to make any one of the Sun Crow race surrender.

"But you are not..."

She still had doubts, no matter how real he was right in front of her.

"I'm not the Emperor Charm you know," he said. "I'm the real Emperor Charm, the first Sun Crow ever. The Emperor Charm you know of is a seed I sowed in the Source World. He's my avatar."

Of course, the Emperor Charm in the Source World knew about his origin, but he had never exposed anything about the 77th civilization to the public.

Elizabeth's eyes widened once again.

Over the years, the Sun Crow race was a super force that was highly submissive to Emperor Charm. But according to this man, the Emperor Charm in the Source World was only his avatar?

"I... I don't believe it!" she gasped again, looking befuddled.

She was the type of person to be firm in her belief, and that was what kept her always energetic and full of fight. Her belief was Emperor Charm who she obeyed unconditionally. But because of this man, her belief had been gone. To Elizabeth, this was worse than dying.

"Zen," said Emperor Charm.

Meanwhile, as he was watching the event unfold, Zen held the sword and struck it outwards into the air. The sharp Soaring Snake Sword burst out with a strong force that was aimed towards her shoulder.

However, the toughness of Elizabeth's body surprised Zen.

Seeing that she was not affected with the strike, he struck her three times in a row.

Eventually, Elizabeth's Chaotic Source Spirits grew tired, and the sword finally pierced through her shoulder.

As blood gushed out of her, Emperor Charm's eyes flickered with a golden light, and just like that, Elizabeth's blood floated into the air, forming a thin red line.

"My avatar gave you the Dream Blood Theurgy, which can stimulate your potential. However, he indirectly controls you this way," Emperor Charm explained patiently. "I created the Dream Blood Theurgy when I was young. It had a flaw before, but I solved that later."

Emperor Charm had lived through over 1000 chaotic eras on the Other Shore.

Because of this, he had enough time to think and rethink cultivation methods, theurgies, and ideas that he had created before. This had allowed him to perfect each and every one of his creations.

Chapter 3651 Bloodline Worship

The thin line formed by the blood rotated under the control of Emperor Charm. It acted like a red silky ribbon tied on a stick, and Emperor Charm took control of that invisible stick. At the same time, dots of light were extracted.

The light dots moved together and formed into a strange pattern in the air.

Zen stared at the light dots bewilderedly. He followed their movements with his head and tried to understand it. He asked curiously, "What are these light dots?"

"The bloodline power," replied Emperor Charm as his hands moved in the air, guiding the movement of the dots.

Zen and Elizabeth were taken aback upon hearing Emperor Charm's response. Both of them took a gasp and looked at each other with wide eyes.

The bloodline power had been hidden in the blood, but both Zen and Elizabeth had never seen anyone ever extract it.

It was the first time that they had seen the physical bloodline power. As this was something peculiar, Zen and Elizabeth watched avidly.

After extracting the bloodline power, Emperor Charm began to adjust the light spots. He pushed some further and drew some others closer.

Zen felt as if the light dots were a little familiar. They were very similar to those in the Abstruse Energy World.

However, the distance between the light dots in the Abstruse Energy World was significantly large, and there were many of them. That was not like the few in front of him now.

It took only a short while for Emperor Charm to properly adjust the light dots.

"Buzz..."

The light dots that maintained their positions merged into Elizabeth's blood again.

"Hiss..."

The blood turned into a thin line which moved in a steady pace and went into Elizabeth's wound.

Her face revealed a painful expression during the process. Her hands were balled into a fist; she clenched her teeth and her eyes were shut closed.

The bloodline power that had been adjusted by Emperor Charm was different from the original one. Thus, it was rejected by the bloodline power in Elizabeth's body. Because the two kinds of bloodline repelled each other, there was an unbearable pain for Elizabeth to bear.

With astonishing willpower, Elizabeth endured the pain silently.

The bloodline power refined by Emperor Charm was more powerful. It continuously assimilated the remaining blood in Elizabeth's body. In just a short span of time, the blood in her body had been completely transformed.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows that had caught her also loosened their huge claws.

Zen took a step back as his body's reflex. His expression revealed a look of vigilance and his breaths grew faster and shallower.

After all, this woman had tried to kill him again and again. It was understandable that he had to guard against her.

"Don't worry. She can't kill you," said Emperor Charm, trying to sound reassuring.

"What do you mean?" Zen asked, confused.

"After the transformation, she will only acknowledge allegiance to me," replied Emperor Charm.

Zen shot a look at Elizabeth upon hearing his response and witnessed how Elizabeth's expression became very complicated.

In her heart, she clearly hated Zen. She wanted to kill him badly, but it was as if her body did not agree. No matter how hard she tried, her body refused to move.

It was not because she was spiritually enslaved. Rather, it was her blood that was enslaved by Emperor Charm.

In fact, unbeknownst to some, this kind of enslavement had been existing since the birth of the Sun Crow race. The ordinary Sun Crows and the many demon women in the Divine Lair unconditionally trusted and submitted to Emperor Charm. This kind of submission was engraved in their blood.

Therefore, there were only very few betrayers in the Sun Crow race. If there were any betrayers, like Elvinia and Flamine, their blood was not pure. Also, they would be detested and hated by their race. This loyalty was part of the bloodline worship.

It was also in this way that the Ear Mice could control other kinds of mice.

Emperor Charm turned to face Elizabeth and spoke in a firm tone, "Zen is the spokesperson of the 77th civilization. From now on, he is your master."

Hearing this, Elizabeth was not convinced. Her body experienced a dissonance. The pair of wings on her back were trembling slightly, but her instinct forced her to lower her head. She gritted her teeth and said, "Yes, Master." She was not in control of her own body, but the annoyance was very much noticeable in her tone.

Not long ago, she had been doing what she could to try to kill Zen, but now she was respectful to him. After seeing Elizabeth obey the command she was given, although reluctantly, Zen was surprised. An idea suddenly came to his mind. "Her blood has been transformed. If we inject her blood into other members of the Sun Crow race..."

"You are smart," said Emperor Charm with a faint smile.

This kind of bloodline worship was engraved by instinct, and of course, it was only effective for the Sun Crow race.

Under the order of Emperor Charm, Elizabeth reluctantly drew out her blood.

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crows that had been wrapping Elizabeth quickly separated. Elizabeth was positioned in the inner layer and was riding a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow. After she locked a target, she rushed over to attack.

In midair not far away, Libby was stepping on the Lofty Sword with a serious and determined look on her face.

In front of her stood a burly member of the Sun Crow race. He was standing confidently, making him look much bigger than he really was, as if he weren't built big enough.

His name was Dugan, and he was one of the best royal guards of Emperor Charm.

For Libby, Dugan was the strongest opponent she had ever faced.

In the battle with him, she would definitely die if she were not careful enough. Her pretty oval face was full of caution and seriousness. She squinted her eyes and clenched her fists.

"You seem to be very young," Dugan said confidently as he spread his wings. He raised his right hand, and fire snakes slowly moved around his arm. "It's rare to see such a young talent. Ha-ha..."

Before Dugan could finish his words, Libby tapped the Lofty Sword with her tiptoe. The sword then suddenly turned over, slashing towards Dugan in an immense speed with supreme power.

At the same time, Libby ran hurriedly along the blade of the sword.

She had two short swords in her hands, both of which were extraordinary and sharp.

Whoosh! There was a tingling in the air as she moved her hands holding the swords.

As the two short swords flickered, her speed suddenly increased and she disappeared in an instant.

The next moment, she appeared on the right side of Dugan. Dugan had surely underestimated Libby's agility.

The Lofty Sword slashed from the left, and Libby attacked from the right. Dugan had no way to escape.

"Nice try..." Dugan looked at Libby with a wide smile. "Unfortunately, your strength is too weak."

He stretched out his wings and moved to dodge the Lofty Sword on the left, pouncing towards Libby.

There was a flash of surprise in Libby's bright wide eyes, and she waved her hands in an instant.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

In just a few seconds, Libby had slashed over a hundred times.

Because the power of these strikes was not that strong, they were still unable to exhaust Dugan's Chaotic Source Spirits, so he was not hurt at all.

"I've told you that you don't have enough strength," Dugan said with a mischievous smile on his face.

Libby frowned and leaned back. Like a swallow flying backwards, she tried to escape back to the Lofty Sword.

But Dugan had already stopped Libby before she was even able to move. He spread his wide wings, and countless fire snakes flew out from them. They quickly formed a huge fire net, completely enveloping Libby.

"It's a pity that a talent like you would be killed like this." Dugan licked his lips with excitement on his face. With a gentle pull of his hand, the fire net began to shrink rapidly. His eyes were gleaming and the flames were reflecting on them. He couldn't seem to wipe the smirk off his face.

Unlike Zen, Libby couldn't bear the burning of the flames.

If the fire net continued to shrink and burn, it would not be difficult to imagine what would happen to her.

Libby's face turned pale. Just then, a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow flew down and pierced through the fire net to her side.

She was terribly desperate at the moment. When she saw Zen rush in, she was utterly stunned. When she came to her senses, she asked, "Why are you here?"

Zen didn't answer her, but instead pointed to the sky. Elizabeth, riding another Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, landed beside Dugan.

Chapter 3652 The Second One

Elizabeth landed, followed by more than a dozen Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Dugan saw them and scoffed disdainfully, "It took you so long to get just these few Corpse Spirit Sun Crows back?" He raised a brow in Zen's direction. "You even kept that bastard alive."

As far as Dugan was concerned, it was because of Elizabeth's carelessness that the Sun Crow race lost the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows. The least she could do was to get them back.

Dugan sneered. He had thought with her long departure, she would have managed to retake more of the beasts. But she even failed to kill Zen.

"I tried my best," Elizabeth said weakly, avoiding meeting Dugan's eyes.

Dugan rolled his eyes and shifted them onto Zen and Libby. He smirked at Zen. "I don't know why you threw yourself into the net, but feel free to go to hell together with that beautiful girl!"

The fire net that had been broken by Zen was restored to its original state. It began to shrink at an alarming speed.

Libby was still confused, but Zen hadn't answered her question.

She gritted her teeth. "I have no other choice..."

Buzz!

Three ice crystals emerged over Libby's head. They were Snow Ice Crystals from Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore.

As soon as the Snow Ice Crystals appeared, the temperature around Libby dropped sharply.

A big ice cocoon enveloped her and Zen.

The ice cocoon had amazing defensive effect. It could not be broken by even 20, 000 divine megatons of force.

However, the Snow Ice Crystal could only serve as passive defense, and could not be used as a main Other Shore Token. Back then, Libby had merged with this Other Shore Token because she thought it might come in handy some time.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

The surface of the ice cocoon pushed into the fire net. The blazing flames started to melt the firm ice, slowly but surely.

"At this rate, the ice cocoon can only hold for half a minute at the most. Once it's all melted, we're still dead," Libby said with a trembling voice, desperate and helpless.

She turned to look at Zen and was surprised to see that he looked quite calm, without the slightest trace of panic.

She wondered angrily how he could be so unperturbed at a time like this.

Zen looked Dugan straight in the eye and motioned toward Dugan's side.

"Watch your left."

Zen smiled.

Puzzled, Libby looked to the left of Dugan.

So did Dugan.

A few thoughts raced across his head as he turned to look. The icy cocoon was holding on for now, but not for long.

It seemed the fire net would kill Zen and Libby quite soon.

But Zen didn't look like a person on the verge of death at all. He even had the gall to continue chatting with him. Now what could be so important on his left?

Dugan's eyes landed on Elizabeth.

The moment Dugan turned his head, Elizabeth approached him and grabbed his neck with one hand.

"What are you doing?" he cried out.

Elizabeth's only answer was a ball of flame in her palm.

Boom!

Elizabeth used all her strength to attack Dugan, not to kill him, but to exhaust the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body.

Dugan was stupefied that Elizabeth would attack him.

The Chaotic Source Spirits in Dugan's body began to lose power under the force and the divine flame of the Sun Crow race combined.

Now that Dugan's Chaotic Source Spirits were depleted, his physical strength became negligible.

Elizabeth cut her fingertip lightly, infusing a drop of her blood into the meridian on Dugan's neck.

"Have you gone mad? What is this, Elizabeth?"

Dugan covered his neck with his hand and stepped back. Of course his first thought was that Elizabeth had betrayed their race, but if that were so, why hadn't she killed him?

Libby was as confused as Dugan.

She turned to look at Zen. "What the hell is going on? What are you two up to?"

After Zen appeared, Libby had been expecting a fight, not this inexplicable scene.

"Just wait and see," Zen said in a flat tone.

Stumbling away from Elizabeth, Dugan suddenly felt a fierce pain from his neck, spreading all over his body rapidly. The blood in his entire body felt like it was boiling as it was assimilated by the blood Elizabeth had just infused him with.

The pain went on for a while before subsiding as quickly as it began. There seemed to be nothing wrong with Dugan's body now except for the exhausted Chaotic Source Spirits within him.

"Elizabeth, if you don't explain this to me right now, I'll kill you along with them!" Dugan screamed, seething.

Elizabeth heaved a deep sigh.

The bloodline worship was a kind of faith rooted in their blood. The culture of the Sun Crow race, entrenched across generations, made this faith stronger than steel. Elizabeth felt that she was somehow betraying her Emperor Charm like this, but she literally had no control in the matter.

Now that there was someone else caught in this dilemma though, she started to feel a little better.

"Ask him," Elizabeth said, pointing at Zen.

Confused, Dugan and Libby turned to look at Zen again. The shadow of Emperor Charm now appeared above his head, making a pronouncement, "When you see Zen, consider him as you would me. Obey his orders unconditionally."

"Why you..."

Dugan was about to curse Zen for that vague illusion of Emperor Charm. But just then, an overwhelming force took over him. "Yes, I will do as Zen commands," he ended up saying.

Libby's mouth hung open in surprise at this turn of events.

She seriously wanted to hurl profanities right now.

It all seemed like a charade, but she knew this was all real.

"And we have the second one. Very good." Zen smiled faintly. He glanced up at the sky.

High above the Oneness Array, the Lofty Swords and the members of the Sun Crow race continued to fly around, caught in a fierce battle.

What the Oneness Sky Palace could really use right now was some higher-caliber combat power.

The strength of Emperor Charm's royal guards alone could match that of the leaders and powerful warriors of the seven mountains.

If Zen could infuse the blood into these guards, they would all be under his control and would serve their side instead.

Elizabeth had been the first infusion. Dugan was the second.

"Explain to me what the hell is going on. Right now!" Libby shouted, frustrated at not having been given a straight answer all this time.

In response, Zen only said, "Please melt the ice cocoon."

"Just answer my question, or I swear I'll lock you in here for the rest of your life!" As she said this, the Snow Ice Crystals above her head flashed with light. The ice cocoon grew thicker.

Zen gave Libby an exasperated look. He didn't understand why she was so angry, but it seemed he had no choice but to explain. "I just had some means to make them defect. All you have to know is that they are now subject to my control."

Having gotten a simple answer, Libby reluctantly opened the ice cocoon.

She actually still didn't understand exactly what Zen did, but it seemed he was telling the truth. After all, two prominent members of the Sun Crow race, Elizabeth and Dugan, were indeed obeying his orders.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A group of Corpse Spirit Sun Crows arrived. Libby watched Zen stand on one and take to the sky. She was left in a daze, bracing against the updraft of their flight.

Chapter 3653 Approaching

Emperor Charm had more than eighty royal guards.

They were divided into three ranks according to their strength.

Dugan was a very strong warrior and was near the top of the second rank. Meanwhile, Elizabeth's strength belonged in the first rank even though she was not a royal guard.

Of course, as the leader of the Divine Lair, Elizabeth had an extraordinarily superior status in the Sun Crow race. Even the most powerful royal guards were not as good as her.

Micah and Bagot were at the top of the first rank of the royal guards.

But even though they were the highest in rank, they always kept a low profile. They guarded the Sun Crow race all the time and they rarely showed up in public.

There was no hint of a doubt that they were absolutely loyal to Emperor Charm.

The battle in which the Sun Crow race had gone all out was a huge test for their abilities. After all, the Oneness Sky Palace was heavily defended and by no means weak.

At this moment, Micah flapped his wings so hard as he went upward.

The one who was constantly retreating to the covers of the sky was none other than Auden from the Oneness Mountain.

Whoosh!

He kept flying and retreating in the air, with three evil eyes floating all around him.

The three evil eyes constantly blinked. Every time they blinked, a flying sword with a sharp blade shot out quickly.

These flying swords looked ordinary, but the power contained in them was truly terrifying.

Even a powerful warrior like Micah would not be able to withstand a single stab from the flying sword. The flying sword was really deadly.

Micah had already suffered from two strikes from trying to get close to Auden previously. As a result, the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body had been tremendously exhausted.

After that, Micah was so careful in pursuing Auden that he did not dare to fight head on.

So even though his speed was far faster than Auden's, he still did not approach him.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The flying swords continuously shot out viciously from the three evil eyes.

There was a profoundly serious look on Auden's old face.

He could not remember how long it was since his last battle. At this critical moment, he had no choice but to go all out.

With his wings flapping tirelessly, Micah moved gracefully in the air from left to right as he dodged the flying swords. With every flying sword he dodged, he closed the distance between him and Auden.

"The Oneness Sky Palace is doomed. We both know that you are a famous veteran in the palace, so you must be able to assess the situation clearly. If you submit to the Sun Crow race, our emperor will forget everything you did in the past," Micah said as he approached.

Back then, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Emperor Charm were as close as brothers. However, the two became hostile and cold to each other later.

Auden had scolded and embarrassed Emperor Charm right in his face, so they bore grudges and resentment against each other.

The three evil eyes floating beside Auden were constantly rolling, so the angle of the flying swords was quickly adjusted. He smiled lightly and said, "Swordsmen attach great importance to moral integrity. So you must be aware that if the Oneness Sky Palace falls, we will kill ourselves with our swords. I don't care whether Emperor Charm will forget the past or not!"

Micah stared at Auden indifferently. He knew very well that Auden was a stubborn man. Besides, he didn't mean to convince him. The reason why he was conversing with him was to distract him.

"The path that our emperor follows is the only true solution. It would be for your good if you just surrender and completely submit to him," Micah said calmly.

The corners of Auden's mouth curled up into a smirk. He said in a rather disdainful tone, "When it comes to choosing the right way, you demonic birds surely can't think independently, can you? You just blindly follow your emperor. What a pity. Ha-ha..."

Because of the bloodline worship, Emperor Charm always had the final say in the Sun Crow race. Even though Elizabeth and Micah were extremely intelligent, they had no doubt about Emperor Charm's thoughts and decisions.

Since the Oneness Sky Palace didn't adhere to bloodline worship, they didn't have the same situation. No matter how wise and powerful Eastern Emperor Taiyi was, his subordinates would always give him advice when he did something wrong. Therefore, it was reasonable for Auden to despise the Sun Crow race and their bloodline worship.

However, just as Auden finished speaking, the corner of Micah's mouth curled up into a grin. A white light rushed over from his back at an extremely fast speed.

Swish!

When Auden realized what had happened, he was unable to dodge Micah's attack. His eyes suddenly opened wide, and a crescent shaped bubble appeared on the surface of his body.

The white light that was rapidly approaching him was Bagot of the Sun Crow race.

He was fighting with Pearce at first. But after he activated his bloodline power, he greatly increased his speed and shifted to attack Auden secretly.

At such an incredible speed, Bagot was extremely confident that he could wreck Auden with a single blow!

However, the fragile-looking bubble that appeared on the surface of Auden's body turned out to be incredibly tougher than what Bagot expected. Under the impact of Bagot's attack and speed, the bubble was constantly compressed and deformed, but it did not break.

With a bow, Auden managed to distance himself from Bagot. The three evil eyes around him emitted an even more ferociously blinding light.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The vicious flying swords continued to attack Micah.

When Bagot was about to launch another attack, a sharp sword light suddenly fell from the sky and blocked him.

With a grim face, Pearce said, "Bagot, I'd like to remind you that your opponent is me!"

Bagot frowned and stared at Pearce fiercely.

Although their strength was pretty much the same, it was extremely difficult to fight against Pearce. Bagot was angry and annoyed to have Pearce as his opponent.

He planned to kill Auden first, and then deal with Pearce together with Micah.

The four of them confronted each other as they were in the air.

However, the intense confrontation did not last long.

A large number of Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, led by Elizabeth and Dugan, flew over to them from below.

When Bagot saw the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, he was extremely overjoyed. "Just in time! They finally made it!"

On the other hand, the faces of Pearce and Auden darkened.

Previously, they had really hoped that these Corpse Spirit Sun Crows would be of help to the Oneness Sky Palace.

But Elizabeth had taken them back sooner than they expected. They realized that Zen, the controller of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, might be in danger.

Pearce and Auden looked at each other grimly, their eyes filled with regret. The speed at which the Oneness Sky Palace collapsed was way faster than they had imagined.

Over a hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows emerged from below and formed a small island floating in the air. Elizabeth and Dugan stood side by side, while Micah and Bagot followed behind them.

Micah and Bagot could sense if the Other Shore Tokens or other methods, such as the Inner-world Generating Avatar, were used to control people's thoughts or souls.

Never did they think that Elizabeth and Dugan would submit to another Emperor Charm.

"Elder Auden, Elder Pearce, I'd like to give you one final chance," Micah continued. He really wanted to recruit the two of them to their side.

However, they completely ignored him. They had long wanted to sacrifice themselves, and now was the time for them to fight desperately to the end.

"Cut this crappy nonsense!" Pearce shouted coldly.

The sword blades wildly vibrated, and his aura soared.

Just as Auden and Pearce were about to fight desperately to their deaths, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, which originally spread out in the air, suddenly rolled up.

Then, Zen showed up from under one of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

Chapter 3654 Getting More People To His Side

The huge Corpse Spirit Sun Crows were controlled by Emperor Charm like vicious puppets.

They intertwined with each other and formed a unique and gigantic maze that eventually trapped Elizabeth, Dugan, Micah, and Bagot.

Leaning against a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, Zen turned to Auden and Pearce who were a few meters away, and let out an intriguing smile.

Whoosh!

A huge Lofty Sword darted upwards. Sitting on the magnificent blade, Libby couldn't help but purse her lips as she looked at the pile of Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, with doubt and caution.

Pearce caught a glimpse of Libby and then stared back at Zen, bearing bewildered eyes.

"Zen, what is going on?" Auden finally asked.

It was really absurd from whatever angle it was looked upon. No matter how hard they guessed, there was no telling what was inside Zen's head at that moment.

"Elder Pearce, Elder Auden, just trust me. You'll know later," Zen replied but didn't disclose anything.

At the same time, blue and green flames suddenly burst out from inside the maze formed by the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows. It turned out that Elizabeth and Dugan had taken the initiative to launch the first strike.

As the flames swirled violently, Micah and Bagot were caught by surprise. They couldn't figure out why the loyal Elizabeth would dare betray the Sun Crow race.

The flames continued to sizzle from within the maze as Micah and Bagot roared, mightily deflecting the attacks thrown at them.

Soon after, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows also spurted out blue flames, boosting the attacks of Elizabeth and Dugan. The whole maze was blazing like a tremendous hellfire.

Micah and Bagot were powerful warriors, only second to Emperor Charm in the whole Sun Crow race. Their strength was even comparable to that of the leaders of the seven mountains. Even if they were caught off guard by the sneak attack of Elizabeth and Dugan, they wouldn't be defeated by them in one go.

However, if it was Emperor Charm himself who dealt with Micah and Bagot, then they wouldn't stand a chance, as he had supreme control over the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows.

The fierce battle lasted for only about half a minute. Then, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows forming the maze started to spread out again.

Elizabeth and Dugan finally got out.

Dugan was unscathed, while half of Elizabeth's beautiful face was burnt due to the encounter.

"Are you all right?" Zen asked worriedly.

Elizabeth reached out her hand and gently brushed her face. The burned part of her face quickly began recovering. She shook her head and answered, "I'm fine. It was my fault that I was accidentally injured by the flames."

She didn't have any dissatisfaction since it was the method of Emperor Charm that had hurt her. Being killed in his hands would even be an honor for her, so there was no issue whatsoever for receiving a measly injury.

As for Micah and Bagot, the two were covered with dust and grime as they got out of the encirclement. They were not severely harmed but their faces were contorted in pain.

Each of them obtained a wound on their chest, where the transformed blood flowed. After the pain was gone, they floated in midair and stared blankly at Zen. There was an extremely contradictory feeling that rose from within their hearts.

Buzz…

Emperor Charm's shadow emerged in the sky and once again issued an order to make the two powerful warriors submit to Zen. Micah and Bagot didn't have a choice, so they lowered their heads as they felt rather conflicted about what was happening.

Even Pearce and Auden were dumbfounded at the scene.

They were so shocked that they couldn't think of a logical reason why this was happening.

They wondered what that shadow above Zen's head really was.

It couldn't be a soul fragment of Emperor Charm, could it?

If it was a soul fragment of Emperor Charm, it could indeed command the hearts and minds of those who belonged in the Sun Crow race like Elizabeth and the others.

But still, the impending question was why would Emperor Charm help Zen and the Oneness Sky Palace?

If he was that kind of person, the war wouldn't have happened in the first place.

It didn't make any sense for the two old men. They needed an explanation or they wouldn't be able to accept that these were all true.

"Fascinating…"

Libby chuckled as she sat on the Lofty Sword, watching the unfolding scenes.

Previously, she thought that Zen had just obtained the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows by sheer luck. However, they were all witnessing that he also made the most powerful warriors of the Sun Crow race stand on his side.

By what it looked, it seemed that Zen was planning to bring all the members of the Sun Crow race to his side.

The warriors of the Sun Crow race present were enough to give the entire Oneness Sky Palace an atrocious and tortuous battle. Now, if Zen really had full control over them, his status would even far surpass that of the mountain leaders, and ultimately be comparable to that of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

One who possessed admirable talent would always have a strong sense of vigilance towards the rise of another domineering talent.

Therefore, even if Zen didn't do anything to provoke or offend Libby, she wouldn't be able to hide her hostility towards him in their first encounter.

But after only several days, she realized that they were not on the same level. Zen's ultimate ambition didn't lie in the Land of Sword Grief or the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Zen, can you please tell us now?" Auden asked as cautiously as possible.

There was definitely no one in the Source World that could make the strong warriors of the Sun Crow race fall into absolute submission except for Emperor Charm. So they were beginning to wonder if the shadow was the real Emperor Charm.

Zen was actually faced with a difficult question that it almost gave him a headache.

During the fierce battle between the two enormous forces, both sides lost powerful warriors every second.

He didn't want to see anyone from the Oneness Sky Palace or the Sun Crow race die. But it was something inevitable in order to attain a much bigger goal.

Looking at the expression of the two elders, Zen didn't have a choice but to explain so that they could let this go.

Therefore, Zen gave a simple answer, "I used the bloodline of the Sun Crow race… and it isn't the real Emperor Charm."

Normally, the elders wouldn't be satisfied with those explanations alone. However, they also recognized that the on-going warfare was at the most menacing stage. Since Zen had come up with such an incredible scheme, they naturally had to seize every opportunity to gain the upper hand.

In fact, the two elders had the resolve to sacrifice themselves in this war if worst came to worst. But now that they were witnessing a new light of hope, they decided to push aside their doubts for now. The only thing in their minds right at this moment was to survive and win this war in any means possible.

"I understand your reason if you cannot disclose all information right now. Rest assured, no matter what kind of method you are using, Auden and I are at your disposal," Pearce said with a burning passion in his eyes.

Zen nodded slightly as he was relieved to finally hear their positive response. At the same time, something caught his attention and he quickly turned towards that scene.

Seven huge sword shadows madly bombarded a certain member of the Sun Crow race. Deafening sounds reverberated like thunderous roars.

It turned out that the one who blasted out the sword shadows was Athemar, and the recipient of his ruthless skill was Tyrese of the Sun Crow race.

Tyrese's strength was categorized at the bottom of the second rank among the royal guards. He presumed that Athemar's strength was far weaker than Pearce and Auden. With that, he thought that he could easily defeat Athemar in a one-on-one battle.

However, it never occurred to him that Athemar was actually strong enough to be ranked first among the Oneness Governors.

The Lofty Swords chased him down vehemently. Tyrese could only curse wildly as he continued to retreat.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Under the persistent bombardment of the sword shadows, Tyrese's Chaotic Source Spirits had already fallen into severe exhaustion. Fear started to crept all over his face as he hysterically thought on how to successfully escape.

Athemar had a serious look on his face and didn't have the slightest intention of letting him go alive.

"Master Athemar, wait for a second!" Zen suddenly descended and tried to stop him from pursuing Tyrese.

He threw a cold glance at Zen. "What do you think you're doing?" He couldn't think of any reason for Zen to stop him.

Tyrese let out a deep sigh as he noticed that Athemar stopped for a while from pursuing him. As he was about to fly away and escape farther, Elizabeth appeared and landed beside him.

"Elizabeth! Great timing! I was initially thinking of escaping, but now, I could use your help!" Tyrese let out a wicked smile as he told Elizabeth his plan. He didn't need to run away anymore, and he could get even with Athemar for humiliating him in the earlier battle.

"Let's go together and kill that bastard!" Tyrese turned into the direction of Athemar and was already prepared to go back. However, Elizabeth ignored him and with a gentle flap of her wings, she had already approached Tyrese.

As Tyrese's Chaotic Source Spirits had suffered too much fatigue due to the earlier battle with Athemar, it saved her a lot of effort. A dark red light flashed from her fingertips and quickly pierced through Tyrese from his back.

Chapter 3655 Gethin Taking Actions

Elizabeth changed Tyrese's blood under Athemar's suspicious gaze.

Pearce landed quietly beside Athemar and patted him on the shoulder.

There was no need for words. Athemar could figure out what Pearce meant with that simple gesture.

With Elizabeth's help along with the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows, Zen was able to change the blood of all warriors of the Sun Crow race that attacked the Oneness Array.

One of the members sensed something was wrong halfway and tried to escape. Unfortunately for him, Micah and Bagot forcefully recaptured him under Zen's orders.

The more members of the Sun Crow race in Zen's team, the easier it would be for him to deal with his other remaining enemies.

After dealing with the Sun Crow race in the Oneness Array, Zen turned his attention to the Azure Array.

The seven great arrays were originally separated by several hundred miles. After the Sky Net was folded, the arrays drew closer to each other. The distance between the Azure Array and the Oneness Array was now only about two hundred miles which could be crossed in the blink of an eye.

Azure Mountain was the best at defense among the seven mountains and the Azure Array was called the Shield and Sword Array as a result.

After launching their attacks, the Sun Crow race still failed in destroying the array and ended up getting driven out by the people of the Azure Mountain.

The Azure Mountain's head joined his warriors to defend their array and keep it guarded at all times.

Defense, however, was intrinsically passive. There was still the possibility of the array being destroyed if all the Azure Mountain people did was stay there on guard – which was exactly what happened.

The Shield and Sword Array was now on the verge of collapse under the relentless attacks of the Sun Crow race. All the strategic positions on the left side had been conquered leading to low morale among the Azure Mountain warriors.

"Hold on, brothers! The Oneness Array is quite close. Once they defeat their enemies, they'll surely come to our rescue!" the Azure Mountain's head assured his warriors in a loud, determined voice even if his own resolve was already shaking.

His assurance did the trick in lifting his brethren's spirit. The beaten warriors looked a bit better with their faces now filled with anticipation. Things might not necessarily go their way but a sliver of hope remained.

The Sun Crow race had an edge in this war since they had more powerful warriors in their ranks. Though the Oneness Array was marshalled by the likes of Pearce and Auden, there were far more powerful people within the Sun Crow race that could face against them. For all they knew, the people of the Oneness Mountain might be too busy protecting themselves, but the Azure Mountain had to remain hopeful.

Soon enough, black dots appeared in the distance and the Azure Mountain's head looked on in despair.

"More Sun Crows are coming!"

"They came from the direction of the Oneness Array!"

"Did the Oneness Mountain fall?"

Any sort of hope they had was now squashed by the appearance of these Sun Crows. They wished for reinforcement but they were given more enemies to seal their doom. Such was the cruelty of reality.

"Welcome, Micah and Bagot!" a Sun Crow called Calvert greeted these new arrivals. "You came here faster than I would've thought. These Azure Mountain brats are a bunch of cowards, always standing guard in their array." These incoming allies were welcomed warmly by the Sun Crow race. Calvert, like Micah and Bago, was a first-rank warrior and led the attack against the Azure Array.

Micah nodded with a fake smile plastered on his face as he landed beside Calvert along with Bagot, Elizabeth, and Dugan.

"The humans guarding the Oneness Array are the strongest amongst the seven mountains," Calvert remarked. "How were you able to defeat them in such a short period of time?"

Micah only sighed. "It's a long story."

Calvert nodded with a smile. "A story to share for another time. Let us conquer the Azure Array first!"

Victory was definitely within their grasp!

The people of the Azure Mountain could only look on hopelessly at the imminent attack of their now larger enemies.

Once all seven mountains were defeated, the destruction of the entire Oneness Sky Palace would be inevitable.

Emperor Charm did not even need to show up.

Their defeat was now moments away.

Micah nodded at Calvert. "Okay then. Let's do it."

With Calvert's directive, the Sun Crows he led began to launch their attack.

Unbeknownst to them, Micah's group was not there to aid but to attack them!

As Micah gave the signal, Zen controlled all the Sun Crows and made them stab their own allies.

Calvert's group was weaker compared to Micah's and the suddenness of their betrayal caught them off guard.

The sight of Sun Crows stabbing their own shocked the Azure Mountain's head immensely. He had to pinch himself just to make sure it wasn't a dream.

"What... What are they doing?!"

"They're killing each other!" "How is this possible?!"

"What in the world is happening?!"

After Micah subdued Calvert's group, Zen along with Pearce and Auden slowly descended from the sky.

All throughout, they hadn't given Calvert and his men any chance to resist. Before they could even think of escaping, they had already been injected with the transformed blood.

Zen nodded in satisfaction. "Well done."

He now had over twenty warriors of the Sun Crow race on his side. His force was nothing to be scoffed at since it was comprised of these powerful warriors.

Any decrease in the Sun Crow race's army was a victory as far as he was concerned.

"Elder Pearce! Elder Auden! What happened?" The earlier events felt like a dream and the Azure Mountain's head was still in a bit of a daze.

He couldn't be blamed for still remaining on guard at their strange but much-appreciated allies. Their situation was just completely reversed in a snap.

He was actually scared that it was all just an illusion.

There was no need for Zen to explain things all over again. Pearce simply sent a message to the Azure Mountain's head via life vitality to give him a brief outline of the situation.

After all the information had been given, the Azure Mountain's head could only stare at Zen with wide-eyed shock.

This man had long been a famous disciple in the Oneness Sky Palace.

Zen had stood out in Stage Four of the Other Shore, causing quite a stir. Back then, the Bearing race couldn't deal with him and had no choice but to negotiate with the Oneness Sky Palace.

All of the mountain heads agreed that he was someone who had a promising future.

It normally took hundreds or thousands of years for a young genius to become a real master.

However, it had only been a couple of years and Zen was now the mastermind behind this reversal of fortune in the great war between two super forces.

The Azure Mountain's head could only sigh in disbelief. It didn't matter to him just what sort of method Zen used in making the Sun Crows surrender to him, what mattered was that this war was now in their hands.

When the array opened to let them in, a new group of people appeared in the distance.

Rays of purple light emerged from their path as they arrived.

Pearce's face darkened angrily as he saw the arrival of this purple glow. "Gethin is coming!"

Even the Azure Mountain's head looked infuriated. "He must think that our Azure Mountain is the weakest among all the mountains so he chose to attack us first."

Gethin's betrayal of the other six mountains at such a critical moment greatly disappointed the other leaders.

There was no way back for the Vastness Mountain now. This betrayal would forever stay with Gethin and he would have to eliminate the other six mountains to avoid any possible revenge.

When the Sun Crow race launched their violent attacks among the six mountains, Gethin took his time and got his own people ready.

Just as the Azure Mountain's head predicted, they were his first target.

Chapter 3656 Cooperation Of Two Races

Gethin and Natasha seemed highly imposing when they arrived at the Azure Array so spectacularly.

With the strength of the Vastness Mountain in cooperation with the Sun Crow race, bringing the Azure Mountain under their control was supposedly easy.

But seeing Pearce and Auden came as a surprise to Gethin—he hadn't ever expected the Oneness Mountain people all to be there.

With these two as commanders, the Oneness Mountain was no push-over that could be bullied by just anyone.

Frowning, Gethin turned his head to find many members of the Sun Crow race gathering outside the Azure Array. When Gethin saw Micah and Bagot, in particular, confidence came flooding back into him.

While the two sides were equal in strength, the Vastness Mountain was enough to break the balance.

"Gethin! Eastern Emperor Taiyi has treated you well, but how could you betray him when the Oneness Sky Palace is in trouble?! Do you even have a conscience?" Pearce couldn't hold back his anger the moment he saw Gethin arrive.

The seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace had always been related much like siblings, which served as the foundation on which the Oneness Sky Palace was founded. If it weren't for Eastern Emperor Taiyi, neither the Vastness Mountain nor Gethin would have had it so easy.

"A conscience?" Gethin merely sneered. "Eastern Emperor Taiyi is so willful that he has led all creatures of the world onto the wrong path. We, the Vastness Mountain, do nothing but seek the right path!"

Gethin wanted those words to be heard by Elizabeth, Micah, and the rest of the Sun Crow race to show his sincerity.

He had expected Micah, Elizabeth, and others to echo his words, but when he turned to them, all he found were cold eyes looking back at him. Something was wrong about the atmosphere, he thought.

Nevertheless, Gethin couldn't imagine what happened to them.

Inwardly, Micah and Bagot agreed with Gethin's choice, but they didn't seem to express it.

Meanwhile, Auden looked at Gethin with a forced smile and said in an aged voice, "This may be the most stupid choice you've ever made in your life."

"What? Why do you think so?" Aggressively, Natasha asked in return.

Zen looked at her and smiled faintly. "You'll know soon," he said.

When her eyes fell on him, the color of her face shifted immediately. "Zen, you're so lucky you're still alive right now!"

As early as a few months ago, they had already received an order to capture Zen, but they never found a good chance to take action.

Despite the fierce battle between the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen had managed to stay safe and sound, much to Natasha's surprise.

"You seem surprised, Lady Natasha?" Zen asked plainly.

With brows raised in response, Natasha said condescendingly, "I am indeed surprised. But it doesn't matter. You're destined to die today."

In her and Gethin's opinion, the Sun Crow race was likely to win along with the Vastness Mountain.

But Zen revealed a bright smile. "I'd like to see who is destined to die today."

Then, he pointed a finger at the sky. "Go!"

Gethin, Natasha, Holden, the leaders of the intelligence agency, and the rest of the powerful warriors of the Vastness Mountain found Zen's behavior all too strange.

Did he have the right to give orders there?

Pearce and Auden were present, after all.

But the next moment made everything clear.

It wasn't the people from the Azure Mountain Zen was giving orders to—it was the Sun Crow race.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

In the blink of an eye, many members of the Sun Crow race, including Micah, Bagot, and Elizabeth, were flying up and surrounding Gethin and his comrades.

Gethin stared at Micah with eyes wide open in disbelief.

Natasha's jaw went slack as her body grew extremely stiff.

"Micah, what's going on?" Gethin asked carefully.

Giving Gethin an indifferent glance, Micah sighed as he said, "Take action."

There was nothing light about Zen's order—the members of the Sun Crow race couldn't disobey him.

Seeing that Micah, Bagot, and the rest intended to fight against them, Gethin roared. The powerful warriors of the Vastness Mountain followed suit and pulled out their Other Shore Tokens.

In an instant, the sky was filled with auras and flames.

Taking a look at the sky, Zen then turned to Pearce. "Elder Pearce, can you give the Sun Crow race a hand?"

The Sun Crow race had completely surrendered to Zen and now served as a valuable combat force.

While they were definitely strong enough to fight against the Vastness Mountain, casualties probably couldn't be avoided.

With the help of the Oneness Mountain and the Azure Mountain, though, things were bound to be much easier.

Pearce knew just what Zen was thinking.

"Everyone," he said immediately. "We should stand out there and eliminate the traitors from the Vastness Mountain. Those members of the Sun Crow race have already surrendered to Zen—don't be afraid of them!"

And so Pearce took the lead and rushed out.

Having followed Eastern Emperor Taiyi almost all his life, he absolutely loathed traitors.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Auden, Athemar, Goran, and many powerful warriors of the Azure Array also soared into the air.

It couldn't be ignored how much progress Gethin had made developing his strength over the years.

As he held a wide, purple sword in his hand, purple dragon energy circled his body. Each time he waved the sword, purple light appeared before everything surrounding him was crushed to dust.

Even Micah and Bagot, two of the most powerful warriors of the Sun Crow race, couldn't get close to Gethin when they worked together. They couldn't dream of taking him down so soon.

But once Pearce and Auden joined the battle, the position of the Vastness Mountain shifted dramatically.

While Gethin was indeed powerful, he was still no match for Yasamin nor Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Pearce and Auden might not have been as strong as Gethin, but the gap between them wasn't too great. When the two attacked

Gethin along with Micah and Bagot, not even Gethin could contend with them.

He was rather high spirited when he arrived, but the tables had turned on him. Gethin was enraged.

For a moment, he even wondered if he was having a nightmare.

Just as Gethin was struggling to fight, Natasha's scream resounded from nearby.

Among the many powerful warriors, Natasha wasn't all that outstanding. She couldn't hold on for mere seconds when she was attacked by a number of people simultaneously.

At the sight of her tragic death, Gethin roared, furious. The purple light was surging then—he was determined to avenge Natasha.

But as his aura surged, flying swords came rushing at his head one after another.

They were strong, having emerged from the three evil eyes by Auden's side. No one was willing to face them head-on.

Gethin was ready to dodge them when an Other Shore Token appeared over Bagot's head. It was a triangle with three sides as smooth as mirrors—something very small and exquisite. No one had ever seen such a token before.

"Freeze!"

Bagot called out.

With a flash of light on the token, Gethin was imprisoned in a triangular space, rendered unable to escape.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Flying swords containing great power crashed toward his body as he was imprisoned.

Even with a rare defensive Other Shore Treasure, he still couldn't withstand such a relentless attack.

Chapter 3657 Defeat The Vastness Mountain

Soon enough, the Other Shore Treasure that protected Gethin's body was shattered and he could only resist attacks with his physical body.

He did have strong Chaotic Source Spirits inside his body, but the force he could bear was limited.

In desperation, he intended to burn his Other Shore Token to attack, but given the current situation, he eventually gave up.

Perhaps he could still put up a fight, but he still wouldn't be able to evade death and had to bear the indescribable pain.

He never actually thought that he would pass away during the war between the two great races, the Sun Crow race and the human race.

Even if he didn't burn the Other Shore Token, one of his subordinates did.

The one who did so was Holden, the old man who took Zen away from the Oneness Mountain before. His own Other Shore Token was a golden monkey.

It was known that anyone who burned the Other Shore Token would receive the punishment of the truth, which was extremely painful.

Furthermore, it wasn't only the violator of the rule who would suffer—but the Other Shore Token as well.

It wouldn't have been a problem if the Other Shore Token was lifeless, but Holden's golden monkey was still alive.

A loud, ear-splitting scream filled the air as the golden monkey burned hotly. A second later, its body grew to the size of a huge mountain and swallowed Holden in whole.

That Other Shore Token had just killed its master!

The furious golden monkey continued to burn and tried to tear everything around it apart.

If there had been ordinary masters around the area, the golden monkey would've killed them.

Luckily, those who were present were by no means ordinary.

For instance, both Pearce and Micah were second only to those most powerful warriors.

Although the golden monkey was quite powerful, it was still under the control of several people. In the end it burned to death and left only a smoky smell, and finally it disappeared in the sky.

Swoosh! "This thing from the Other Shore is really horrible after it descends!" Pearce said after they got rid of the golden monkey.

Zen, who was not far away, heard Pearce's words and his heart skipped a beat. "Elder Pearce, the Other Shore Token has been burnt. Why did you say that it descended?" he asked.

Pearce looked at him and explained, "The true essence of burning the Other Shore Token is to make it descend.

The constant burning is just an appearance." "Is it because the truth rule is triggered?" Zen asked.

"Exactly," Pearce answered and glanced at Zen. Then he realized that the younger warrior knew as much as he did.

Zen simply nodded.

The Other Shore was indeed a level higher than the chaos from a certain point of view. At the very least, the flowers and plants that lived on it had powerful energy. Even the sand in Stage One contained one divine megaton of force, which was way more than those in the Source World and the chaos.

Five minutes later, Gethin, the ruler of the Vastness Mountain, died.

Two leaders of the intelligence agency were defeated and died as well.

In the end, only Barnaby and the other three masters from the Vastness Mountain were left.

One of the strong cultivators of the Azure Mountain used the chain that his Other Shore Token had formed to tie up Barnaby and the three masters. Finally, their fates rested in the hands of the Oneness Sky Palace.

Barnaby passed by Zen and looked at him with dull eyes. After all, he still couldn't come to his senses from the huge change.

Regret was evident in his face.

Although he hadn't figured out why, he had clearly heard that the members of the Sun Crow race followed Zen's orders.

It was because of Zen that the Vastness Mountain had ended up like this! "I should've killed you at that time…" Barnaby hissed.

Back when Holden had brought Zen into the Vastness Mountain, he didn't know how to deal with Zen. Therefore, he ended up asking Barnaby for help. They didn't obtain the Truth Enlightenment, because Flamine and Yasamin soon found out what happened.

If Barnaby had already killed Zen, there wouldn't have been so much trouble.

Despite Barnaby's hateful stare, Zen only flashed a small smile. Then, Barnaby was taken away.

"Gethin asked for the moon. If it wasn't for Zen, he could've easily broken my array with the help of the Sun Crow race. Furthermore, he could've broken the other mountains' arrays one by one," said the leader of the Azure Mountain.

"That's for sure," Athemar said, smiling at Zen with satisfaction.

Even he himself couldn't believe that Zen could turn the tables on his own.

"What should we do next?" the leader of the Azure Mountain asked as he looked at Elizabeth and her clansmen. An idea suddenly popped up in his mind. Could Zen control all the members of the Sun Crow race?

"Hurry up to the next array," Zen answered.

Of course, everyone knew his intentions.

Elizabeth pursed her lips. It was clear that she was unwilling. She wasn't convinced as Zen had controlled her for some reason.

Then came the Bright Array, the Golden Array, and the Ivory Array...

As more and more members of the Sun Crow race followed behind Zen, it became easier to deal with the remaining members that put up a struggle in their deathbed. Now, Zen's team had the absolute advantage since they were large in number.

While Zen subdued the members of the Sun Crow race, Pearce, Athemar, and even Libby secretly observed him.

It wasn't long before they discovered some rules.

It seemed that in order to control the members of the Sun Crow race, blood was needed. Those who had been controlled by Zen all had such kind of blood.

However, they were still confused about Emperor Charm's shadow, which suddenly appeared above Zen's head.

Was that really Emperor Charm?

If so, why would he help Zen?

If not, why could he control the members of the Sun Crow race?

Nevertheless, they were overjoyed.

The Oneness Sky Palace had a difficult time in the battle, but they won in the end.

The moment they arrived at the Ivory Array, Zen had already subdued more than eighty warriors of the Sun Crow race. They were originally their race's main fighting forces.

Beside the Ivory Array was Springer, who led about eight members of the Sun Crow race to fight.

Yet, his plans were suddenly cut off when he saw Elizabeth and the other members of the Sun Crow race who stood on his opposite side. He couldn't believe his eyes.

Elizabeth stepped forward and persuaded him to surrender.

Everyone in the Sun Crow race knew that Springer had always refused to obey Elizabeth.

He refused to surrender from the start. No matter how many opponents he faced, he could hold on for a long time as long as he had the Inheritance of World.

Therefore, Zen asked Emperor Charm to personally persuade him to surrender.

Although Springer and the other members of the Sun Crow race hadn't been injected with the blood yet, they began to doubt their own position as soon as they saw Emperor Charm. After all, eighty percent of their warriors, including Elizabeth, Bagot, and Micah, had already surrendered to him.

After a few moments of hesitation, Springer let out a helpless sigh. He gathered the remaining clansmen to surrender and let Elizabeth infuse her blood into his body.

Just when he was about to retrieve the world that he summoned, he looked towards the southeast with an unreadable expression.

"Eh, these Fickle Demons..."

The world that he summoned had a range of three million miles, and there were some Fickle Demons that loitered around in it.

Most of the Fickle Demons were quite weak, and only a few of them in the east had grown to the size of a small mountain.

Chapter 3658 Escape

Zen's heart hammered in his chest when Springer mentioned the east side. He realized that he had forgotten about one important thing.

The Evil God!

He immediately focused and tried to sense the Evil God's location with a thought.

The Evil God was now his own Inner-world Generating Avatar. Just like his hands and feet, Zen could control him as long as he could sense him. Furthermore, the Evil God could not refuse any order that Zen gave him.

However, Zen couldn't find the Evil God's location. He was naturally shocked and something popped up in his mind.

Before their current situation, he had already ordered the Evil God to return immediately after killing those Fickle Demons. Technically speaking, the Evil God would be unable to disobey the order or even escape.

After he thought for a while, he suddenly looked up at Springer and asked, "Can those Fickle Demons be killed?"

Now, Springer didn't know why Zen had asked such a question, but since "Emperor Charm" said Zen was his master, he couldn't refuse to answer him. Thus, he could only answer honestly, "The Fickle Demons can't be killed, and they can grow bigger if someone keeps hunting them down and killing them. They would disappear only if the entire Fickle World is destroyed. I will withdraw the summoned world now!"

There were still many Fickle Demons within the area. Most of the Oneness Guards hid in the twelve passes, but the Fickle Demons still continued to attack the twelve passes' arrays like mad.

"Wait a minute. Could you possibly check what the Fickle Demons see?" said Zen.

"Of course I can," Springer replied, but he became even more confused. What did Zen want to do?

"I want to find someone who is in that direction!" Zen exclaimed and pointed to the east. Upon hearing Zen's words, Springer suddenly thought of the huge Fickle Demons.

In the blink of an eye, he had entered the Fickle Demons' minds.

He couldn't help but be stunned at what he saw.

He caught sight of a human being, who was attacking the Fickle Demons like crazy.

Those Fickle Demons did not die, but became stronger every time they were attacked. That human being should've realized that already.

Despite that, he patiently continued to attack the Fickle Demons and seemed to make them become stronger!

When the Fickle Demons' bodies became larger, the man was finally at a disadvantage. He had no choice but to run to save his life.

As he ran, he did not forget to turn around and attack the Fickle Demons. Then he flew towards the east. "Have you found him?" Zen asked.

Springer stretched out his hand and a translucent black gem appeared on his palm. The black gem was the Fickle World's Civilization Artifact, which was also Springer's most important possession. He seldom showed it to others.

"Buzz..."

The black gem released a thick black smoke that floated towards Zen's eyes.

The smoke from the Civilization Artifact could turn a person into a Fickle Demon. If Springer chose to launch a sneak attack, then Zen might not be able to resist.

Indeed, Springer had intended to do so.

Yet, he immediately discarded the thought as soon as the idea came to him. He could not hurt his master.

He mentally sighed and chose to compromise. Besides, the whole Sun Crow race had defected, and he wasn't the only one to blame.

When Zen's eyes touched the smoke, he saw the scene that the Evil God was being chased by the Fickle Demons.

"He just used the Ways-blending Energy, but why did he keep activating the power of the Civilization Artifact?" said Zen with arched brows. He had sensed just now that the Evil God had used the power to deal with the Fickle Demons, which he thought was normal.

He didn't think much about it, but felt that something was not right.

He knew that the Evil God only used one or two divine megatons of force at a time.

Although he had been confused about the matter before, he didn't really think about it carefully. Now, it seemed that the Evil God was testing the limits of his control.

Springer saw how Zen clearly looked cautious and stressed, and then said, "This person has only left for a short time, so he must be still in the North Unicorn Province. We can help you find him!"

In turn, Zen hesitated for a second, before he finally ordered the members of the Sun Crow race in a deep voice, "Find where he is now!"

He didn't want to order the Sun Crow race to do anything at this critical moment, especially when he wasn't their real commander in chief. It was just that he simply couldn't ignore the Evil God's potential and the fact that he had comprehended the Ways-blending Energy.

He wouldn't let the Evil God escape!

"Yes!" Springer said and bowed to Zen. Then he turned to Bagot.

To find someone in the vast North Unicorn Province was like searching for a needle in a haystack. However, there were many members of the Sun Crow race, so they might be able to find the Evil God if they searched together!

Bagot waved his hand, and numerous Sun Crows flew out, heading to the east.

The current situation was no different from what Zen had thought.

The Evil God had continuously extracted the power not to defend against the enemy, but to check Zen's control range.

He couldn't disobey Zen's orders, but he also couldn't kill the Fickle Demons. Therefore, he didn't need to return to Zen before he killed them.

Whenever he attacked, he also retreated. After he had retreated for one million and five hundred thousand miles, he discovered that he couldn't draw out more divine megatons of power.

He was slightly happy. Thus, he stopped fighting the Fickle Demons, got rid of them, and ran away.

He was finally free from the feeling of being imprisoned that had haunted him for so long!

Actually, the Nihility race had already decided to help him get rid of the Inner-world Generating Avatar through the Chilling Bone Land. It was known that entering the Chilling Bone Land was equivalent to being reborn.

Unfortunately, he had to ask Sienna to erase his memories so he could deceive Zen. As a result, the Evil God right now didn't know about that specific detail at all, which was why he was willing to take the risk and escape.

As he continued to move east for another million miles, the Fickle World in that same area disappeared.

Since he used to own a Civilization Artifact, he clearly knew the rules of the world that descended.

If a world disappeared, it meant that either its owner withdrew it, or the owner had died.

The Evil God refused to accept either of those outcomes, as it meant that the war would end.

Furthermore, he wasn't safe in the North Unicorn Province, so he wanted to leave as soon as possible.

But the North Unicorn Province was extremely large. If one wanted to leave without the transmission array, it would probably take them over a month.

A few moments later, he had an idea. He eventually found a river and jumped in with a splash. After he sank to the bottom, he dug out a cave and proceeded to drill downwards.

Hiding deep underground should be the safest way.

He dug a cave with a complicated pathway as he went along. He killed a few long snakes that lurked underground, and then finally opened up a small underground secret hideout.

In the secret hideout, the Evil God sat cross-legged as he recited the Truth of Godly Way and went to the Other Shore.

He didn't know that he had already contacted the Black Ship because he had lost his memories, so he continued to think about how to get in touch with Shera.

Chapter 3659 Nine-Sun World Destruction

As the Evil God's Soul of Light condensed on the Other Shore, from not far off, a red ball shot out of a diamond shaped array.

Sienna emerged from the red ball, glaring at the Evil God impatiently.

He stared back warily at this uninvited guest.

"You made me wait too long," complained Sienna.

She had no desire to stay in such a low stage of the Other Shore, especially with a pervading pressure in Stage Fourteen weighing down and making her uncomfortable.

But she could not disobey her leader and was left with no choice but to wait patiently on the spot. How could she be expected to be in a good mood after that?

"Wait for what?" The Evil God stared at the woman before him from top to bottom.

Sienna ignored his question and waved her hand. The Kaleidoscopic Golden Dipper covered his head and the memories she had erased began pouring back into the Evil God's mind.

A short while later, she withdrew the Kaleidoscopic Golden Dipper.

The Evil God stood motionless, digesting the memories. After a long while, he chuckled and said, "Interesting! It seems that my escape was unnecessary."

"What are you talking about?" Sienna asked, confused.

He then proceeded to tell her how he had escaped from Zen and the fight between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race.

A rare trace of caution crept into her after she heard this tale.

Although she was unable to return to the Source World, she knew its layout very well through the Black Ship.

The fact that the Sun Crow race had launched a decisive attack against the Oneness Sky Palace was a clear signal that the Element Spirit race might be planning another major move. Sienna felt she had to report this to her master.

Lofty Swords were inserted into the ground, emitting a different kind of imposing momentum.

The warriors of the Other Shore Realm, the Oneness Guards, the disciples of various sword sects, and the Oneness Generals from the twelve passes all gathered in front of the Oneness Array.

All from the Oneness Sky Palace had been quite pessimistic of their chances, sure that they would lose the battle.

No one had expected an end like that.

The warriors of the Other Shore Realm and the Oneness Guards all felt incredibly fortunate to have survived such a fierce battle.

Yet they still feared the members of the Sun Crow race, who were now on the right side of the Oneness Array, greatly.

"Have those members of the Sun Crow race really submitted to our Oneness Sky Palace after fighting us so viciously?"

This was inconceivable to some and they saw it as a joke.

"They do not obey the Oneness Sky Palace, but Zen instead!"

"Yes, Zen was once our Flag Master!"

Such an explanation still sounded unacceptable, but the fact was clear to their eyes.

Bagot sat upright beside Zen, his eyes closed and pondering.

He controlled millions of Sun Crows. They spread out blisteringly fast, searching every corner along the way.

Unfortunately, Bagot had been maintaining this posture for a long time without any change. He had found nothing.

Elizabeth sneaked a peek at Zen from aside and was surprised to see that he looked distressed. She did not know he was capable of that.

She had known roughly the whole story.

The Evil God, who had been terribly arrogant in the Chaotic Source World, had been cultivated into an Inner-world Generating Avatar by Zen. However, Zen hadn't erased his memories and so he escaped.

Deep down, Elizabeth could not help but admit that Zen was truly a freak. Even a creature in his inner world possessed such incredible power. It would only take a little training for the Evil God to become one of the most influential figures on the Black Ship.

Pearce and Auden were very concerned about Zen as well.

Although they couldn't understand how important that "Inner-world Generating Avatar" was to Zen, they still sent their men to hunt down the Evil God.

Auden had brought the Oneness Generals, the Oneness Guards and many warriors of the Other Shore Realm back to the North Mysterious City.

After searching for three days and nights, they had covered a considerable portion of the North Unicorn Province, but found nothing in the end.

"Just forget about it. Elder Pearce, let's head back to the North Mysterious City before we make a decision," Zen said politely.

He then asked Bagot to call the Sun Crows back and returned to the North Mysterious City together with the members of the Sun Crow race and the powerful warriors from the mountains.

As soon as they entered the North Mysterious City, something strange occurred in the sky. An enormous sun appeared, lighting the entire North Unicorn Province, making it clear and easy to see.

"Buzz..."

The huge sun shook for a moment and began splitting into two, three, four, five... Finally, nine suns floated in the sky!

Elizabeth, Micah and other Sun Crows saw the nine suns and their faces went pale as a sheet.

"Nine-Sun World Destruction!"

"Is Emperor Charm here in person?"

"Does he wish to destroy the North Unicorn Province?"

Most of the members of the Sun Crow race behind Zen were the royal guards of Emperor Charm, and so they had no difficulty in recognizing the huge suns in the sky.

Even without a reminder from the Sun Crow race, others could still decipher what it was.

The temperature of the entire North Unicorn Province shot up when the nine suns appeared. Soon the water in the rivers and lakes began to boil and the mortals living in remote mountain areas died in an instant.

The ordinary mortals in the North Mysterious City had already retreated. The weakest ones left were at the Other Shore Realm and able to bear such intense heat.

Even so, facing nine rapidly expanding suns still sent them into a panic.

Even Pearce and Auden were astonished at what took place before them, their most primal fears now coming to the surface.

During the war between the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace, the biggest crisis for the Oneness Sky Palace was not the Sun Crows advancing one step at a time, but the fact that Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin were trapped on the Other Shore.

If Emperor Charm came in person, there was no one who could oppose him.

If this happened, the Oneness Sky Palace would have been defeated without a fight.

But the battle went on and Emperor Charm did not show up. Pearce began thinking he might never come and that they had had a stroke of good luck.

Furthermore, Zen had helped the Oneness Sky Palace get through this and buy them some time. Pearce hoped that Eastern Emperor Taiyi could manage to leave the Other Shore as soon as possible.

However, just as they returned, what had appeared in the sky shattered Pearce's hope.

"Everyone, go to the transmission array!"

"Retreat to the Bloom Divine Province!"

"..."

The entire North Mysterious City had broken out in an uproar and everyone rushed towards the transmission array.

As they did, the nine suns grew bigger and bigger, as if they were falling to the ground.

"Phew! Phew..."

All the flowers, plants and trees in the North Unicorn Province roasted and burned as the temperature continued to climb.

It was not so bad for the powerful warriors of the Chaotic Source Realm who could bear the scorching heat by way of their Chaotic Source Spirits.

But for ordinary warriors of the Other Shore Realm, it was horrific.

Some had their clothes ignited and instantly flashed into fire balls, screaming horrendously beneath the blazing infernos.

The transmission array in the North Mysterious City was not very large. The warriors rushed towards it and gathered together, when the fire began rapidly spreading through them as well.

"Wow!"

Just then, a blue umbrella unfolded above the North Mysterious City, by a powerful warrior from the Bright Mountain.

The city began to cool as the umbrella temporarily kept the heat at bay.

Chapter 3660 Under The Scorching Suns

The nine huge suns inflated like giant balloons of fire about to pop.

As the suns grew, the flowers and trees were scorched to ashes, while rocks and stones exploded like popcorn.

"Run!"

"Quick! Get to the transmission array, or we're dead!"

"You go first..."

Many Other Shore Realm warriors ran about like headless chickens in a panic.

Everyone tried to head for the transmission array. However, the array was so small that it could fit only around three people at a time. Moreover, it'd take a while to transmit those people.

The people huddled around the transmission array, anxious to get in.

"Fuck off!"

a five-star Oneness Guard roared.

Fighting for survival, the more powerful warriors sneered as they shoved the weaker ones out of the way.

The five-star Oneness Guard suddenly summoned his Other Shore Token, a huge white skull. It was the skull of the South Sky Rhinoceros in Stage Twelve of the Other Shore, the most powerful creature of that stage.

The Other Shore Power contained in its skull was astonishingly formidable.

He trudged through the crowd, ominously clutching the skull of the South Sky Rhinoceros.

"Bang, bang, Bang..."

Suddenly, a throng of people were flung into the air, clearing a path for that five-star Oneness Guard.

Just as he was about to enter the transmission array, a beam of sword radiance as thin as thread wove its way through the crowd until it landed on the skull of the South Sky Rhinoceros.

"Crack..."

The five-star Oneness Guard abruptly stopped in his tracks, and his jaw dropped in shock. Then, his eyes rolled to the back of his head, and a wound as thin as a needle made its way from his forehead to his torso.

"Plop! Plop..."

In the blink of an eye, he had been split in half by the thin sword radiance.

"If you wish to enter the transmission array, line up obediently. Anyone who dares disobey will end up like that man."

A crisp voice cut through the air. The people turned towards the voice, only to find out it was none other than Libby.

Goran had ordered her to maintain order. As she surveyed the chaos that erupted, she said nothing more. She hadn't expected someone would use his Other Shore Token to hurt his companions! Her eyes narrowed as rage seethed within her.

If the people submitted to their panic, it was only a matter of time before everyone started using their Other Shore Tokens against each other.

In fact, Libby had already sensed the aura of many Other Shore Tokens being activated. If these people used their Other Shore Tokens, the transmission array was at risk of being destroyed. By then no one would be able to escape!

Thus, Libby made the swift decision to kill that Oneness Guard.

Frowning deeply, Libby glared at the people.

They were all horrified with the scene before them.

Quietly, they put away their Other Shore Tokens.

The once panicked, chaotic team gradually returned to their senses.

Libby was about to sigh with relief when suddenly something exploded in the sky.

"Crack!..."

A crack appeared on the icy blue umbrella.

The heat radiating from the rapidly growing nine suns seeped in from the crack. It seemed that the powerful warrior from the Bright Mountain could not hold out any longer, no matter how hard he tried.

"Crack! Crack! Crack..."

The crack started to snake its way across the surface of the umbrella, until a gap formed. From the gap, rays of light streamed in and landed on several Oneness Guards.

"Ah!!!"

Screams pierced the air as those unfortunate people exploded into a cloud of ashes under the heat of the sun rays.

As the others were horrified at this scene, panic welled within their hearts.

They had thought they could hold on a bit longer. However, when they saw these Oneness Guards die gruesomely, their hearts sank. It was only a matter of time before the umbrella collapsed completely.

Zen frowned and looked to the sky. It seemed nothing could block out these suns.

"Crack! Crack..."

Just as he was gazing at the sky, he noticed another crack forming. A small ray of light shone from the small crack. Like a divine sword descending from the sky, it swiftly made its way to the North Mysterious City. Then another round of screams pierced the atmosphere.

"Dodge quickly!"

"It's coming! It's coming!"

"The crack is spreading towards us..."

Zen turned towards the sound of someone screaming, only to find out it was actually Kenelm!

Kenelm was nowhere near as strong as the other disciples of the Sword Light Palace.

Even with the resources of the Dragon City, he was still unable to reach the Other Shore.

Although the Oneness Sky Palace was in urgent need of extra hands, the True Gods not reaching the Other Shore Realm wouldn't be summoned. Kenelm didn't even have the qualifications to enter the North Unicorn Province.

However, Kenelm was very faithful to his friends. He knew that the disciples of the Sword Light Palace might be in great danger or even die this time, so he followed Monica to the North Unicorn Province without hesitation.

Somehow, he had been surprisingly lucky. Even though he'd faced the Sun Crow race several times already, he never suffered any serious injuries.

However, it seemed as though his luck was running out. As the crack made its way across the umbrella, more rays of light streamed in, steadily closing in on Kenelm.

Kenelm shouted as he retreated, but no one was there to save him...

Kenelm ran as fast as he could, until his knees were about to buckle from under him. He almost fainted as the scorching wave charged toward him. Just as he was about to give up, a huge shadow suddenly covered him. He looked back to see what it was, and to his relief, it was a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow!

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was made by Emperor Charm himself, and it was immune to water and fire. Even Elizabeth could not destroy it!

"Rise!"

Zen barked. Under Zen's control, the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow spread its wings and flew upwards, blocking the light that streamed in from the crack.

Kenelm's eyes stung as he looked at Zen gratefully, unable to fight back the tears.

He had met Zen back when he was in the Excellence City. At the time, he and Zen were both consummate True Gods, but now Zen was someone he looked up to. According to what Monica and Gant had said, Zen had even single-handedly reversed the situation of the war.

What did this mean?

Only the powerful masters like Eastern Emperor Taiyi could do something like that...

Kenelm let out a sigh of relief. It was probably his greatest luck to have met Zen.

However, the worst wasn't over yet. More and more cracks formed on the umbrella. Zen continued to command other Corpse Spirit Sun Crows to rise. Each of them spread out their wings that spanned thousands of feet to block the rays of light.

In a short while, over one hundred Corpse Spirit Sun Crows had flown up to cover the cracks.

The powerful warrior of the Bright Mountain was still struggling to hold on. As he used up all his strength, his face grew paler and paler.

"Buzz!"

As the nine suns grew to an overbearing size, the warrior cried desperately, "I can't hold on any longer!"

More cracks pierced the icy blue umbrella... In just a few moments, it was going to shatter into pieces.

"Let me do it!"

Felicity of the Origin Mountain flew towards him. As she stretched out her hands, an enchanted barrier flowed onto the umbrella, covering the entire North Mysterious City.

Chapter 3661 The Golden Bow

There hadn't been any time to set up the arrays since the powerful warriors of the six mountains had just arrived in the North Mysterious City.

Now, they could do nothing but resist the nine suns in turns.

However, as the nine suns continued to expand, the heat they released became even more unbearable for the warriors.

Felicity was far stronger than the powerful warrior of the Bright Mountain, but even she faced difficulty in sustaining the enchanted barrier.

Swish!

The enchanted barrier that had just unfolded continued to twist and turn as it was brought to the brink of collapse.

A warrior from the Ivory Mountain rushed forward.

"Let me do it!" he declared before summoning a large, black, silk cloth.

This silk cloth was so big and so dark that it seemed to cover the entire sky and block out all the light.

However, he was only able to hold on for fifteen seconds before the cloth was set aflame.

There was no shortage of warriors who awaited their turn, but they were quickly running out of time.

Zen turned his attention to the transmission array. It hadn't transmitted away many people yet with the Sword Light Palace disciples still waiting in line on the west side of the road.

At this rate, only a third of the people in the North Mysterious City could be evacuated.

Just a few moments ago, the Oneness Generals had been calm. Though the nine suns were powerful, they were confident that they'd be able to withstand them.

Now, though, it was an entirely different story as even the Chaotic Source Realm warriors easily burnt to a crisp under the heat of these formidable nine suns.

Retreat seemed to be the logical option and that was only possible through the transmission array.

"Emperor Charm!" Zen called out in desperation. "Is there any way to solve the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy?!"

As the emperor of the Sun Crow race, Emperor Charm was bound to know the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy best.

His shadow appeared and stared up at the nine suns in the sky.

A flash of nostalgia crossed his features. "Of course there's a way," he told Zen. "But I'm afraid you can't use it."

"It'll be okay if someone else can use it!" Zen assured him. If it was a matter of strength, then that wasn't going to be a problem! There were multiple mountain leaders present as well as elite warriors like Pearce and Auden.

However, Emperor Charm shook his head.

"They can't either."

His words made Zen freeze.

He himself wasn't afraid of the burning flames, but the Other Shore Realm warriors were different.

Zen met eyes with Monica as he swept his gaze across the area.

She knew he was busy, so she only forced him a smile, a silent plea to get through this hurdle with everyone.

To her, hope remained so long as Zen was here with them in this distressful situation.

He reversed the entire battle situation with just his strength, so what more were a few blazing suns?

It wasn't just Monica. Everyone here who had followed Zen before, had unconditional confidence in him. It was because of this blind trust that Monica, Gant, and the Sword Light Palace disciples remained calm despite everything.

"Is there really no other way?" Zen asked. So many people were relying on him. There must be a way.

"Of course there's a way, but you should not ask me for that way," Emperor Charm exclaimed with a hint of disgust.

"Then who should I ask?!" Zen raised his eyebrows at Emperor Charm. "Should I ask the Primeval Lord of Heaven?!" Emperor Charm was an immense help to Zen during the battle with the Sun Crow race, but the Primeval Lord of Heaven remained to be the strongest master in the Civilization Artifact.

However, Emperor Charm shook his head.

"No. It's Houyi."

(*TN: In Chinese mythology, Houyi, whose prowess with a bow earned him undying fame, is said to have shot down 9 of 10 suns (one account says 8 of 9 suns) that were burning up the earth in prehistoric times.)

"Houyi?" Zen repeated. He had seen him in the temple. Houyi was a powerful man who had shot countless stars down with his bow.

Emperor Charm nodded though his expression made it known that he had a bit of doubt. "He once used his magical Sun Shooting Bow to break my Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy..."

A faint trace of hatred was present in his voice when he spoke of the tale.

It seemed there was a feud between Emperor Charm and Houyi.

That feud would have to be set aside for now since lives were currently at stake. People couldn't die just because of what had happened more than a thousand chaotic eras ago.

All Zen wanted to deal with right now were the nine suns in the sky. He communicated with the Primeval Lord of Heaven who thought highly of Houyi and summoned him out of the Civilization Artifact.

"Buzz..."

The shadow of a long-haired man rose above Zen's head. If one looked at Zen right now, they would see two human heads floating above him, painting a rather peculiar sight. Of course, due to the current situation, nobody really paid attention to anyone else.

"Oh! Nine suns!" Houyi remarked happily as he looked at the blazing suns in the sky.

Emperor Charm replied to his cheerful remark with a ferocious glare. The anger was obvious with the way his eyes twitched.

In the 77th civilization, Emperor Charm had once been invincible.

His Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy had been extremely influential since it was his key weapon in winning all his battles, until he met Houyi, of course.

It remained Emperor Charm's greatest shame.

"Master Houyi, I would like to know if you have any way of dealing with the suns?" Zen inquired respectfully.

It wasn't difficult asking help from these old masters. The moment they acknowledged Zen, their fates had already been connected.

Houyi chuckled good-naturedly. "That's easy, especially since the Nine Sun World Destruction Theurgy is far weaker than what it used to be."

"It's not weaker," Emperor Charm muttered. "But you are weaker now. There's no way this is going to be easy."

The nine constantly expanding suns before them were definitely not weaker than the ones Emperor Charm once summoned, and Houyi didn't appear personally. He was just an energy soul attached to the Civilization Artifact.

However, Houyi retained his confidence. "You're not afraid of fire, are you, Zen?"

"I'm not, but I'm wary since the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy might be too powerful for me to bear," Zen replied.

Houyi stretched out his hand and gave it a gentle wave. Zen felt the Civilization Artifact within his body fluctuate before a golden bow materialized before him. "It's going to be a bit troublesome. My real body cannot come, but I can give you a theurgy. Your strength won't be enough to extinguish the suns from here though. You'll have to get close."

"Get close to them..." Zen repeated.

He was very confident in his corporeal body and had never been hurt by any flame. However, these nine suns were no ordinary globes of fire.

These nine suns were Emperor Charm's great theurgy and were entirely different from ordinary divine flame of the Sun Crow race.

Any hesitation disappeared from Zen's face as he strengthened his resolve. "I'll go!" he declared with determination.

"Swish!"

He used the back of a Corpse Spirit Sun Crow as a boost and flew straight into the sky.

The sight earned him puzzled looks from onlookers. "What are you doing, Zen?" Pearce asked.

"I'm going to extinguish those suns," Zen casually replied.

"You?"

There were many powerful warriors from the mountains, yet here was Zen braving the heat and declaring that he was going to extinguish the nine suns that gave them so much trouble.

They knew Zen wasn't afraid of the Sun Crow race's divine flame, but that didn't mean he was invincible against the suns. This theurgy was Emperor Charm's, after all.

Chapter 3662 No Way Back

Elizabeth along with the rest of the Sun Crow race stood by and watched Zen soar into the air, without a word.

On the one hand, they hoped Zen would finally perish this way, but on the other, they still worried about him almost instinctively.

The common contradicting feelings left them in an uncomfortable position.

Swish!

The moment Zen left the enchanted barrier, his physical body turned blazing white. He could barely open his eyes in the strong light.

Buzz!

Sanskrit words began appearing on his body, spinning ceaselessly and frantically absorbing the heat.

Whoosh!

The Corpse Spirit Sun Crow was normally immune to water and fire, but after it reached ten thousand feet outside the barrier, its feathers started burning.

"How powerful these flames are!" Zen exclaimed in awe.

He didn't know what kind of method Emperor Charm used to create the crow beneath him. Its defensive power was extremely astonishing. Even if the members of the Sun Crow race were highly powerful, they couldn't burn the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, nor could they tear it apart by trapping it in fire.

But as it approached ten thousand feet high in the air, its feathers were already burnt. Zen wondered how terrifying the suns' temperature was.

He wasn't certain if he could withstand it himself.

But at this point, there was no way back.

On the back of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow, Zen stood upright, his eyes flashing with determination as the crow then rapidly sped up.

The nine suns were still in the midst of expanding, slowly moving south. They were no doubt about to pour all their heat into the North Mysterious City.

As Zen continued to rise, the temperature rose along with him.

Crack! Crack!

The surface of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow beneath Zen's feet was crackling from burning.

The bones of the Corpse Spirit Sun Crow turned to ashes.

Once the bones of the wings exploded, the rest of the crow was completely destroyed.

In another bursting sound, the creature collapsed, falling to the ground.

On the other hand, Zen merely took a step and flew upward on his own.

"Is this distance enough?" Zen asked.

He had already risen to about eighty thousand feet in the air, with the nine suns like white mountains above his head. While they appeared close because of the sheer size, there was still a considerable distance until Zen reached them.

"Not enough," Houyi said plainly.

Frowning, Zen continued moving upward.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The golden whirlpools continued circling, sucking in the heat. On the surface of Zen's body, they seemed like little monsters devouring flames like food.

Finding no damage done to his physical body, Zen sighed in relief.

If even the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy couldn't burn him to death, there was unlikely any fire in the world that could touch him.

As Zen continued rising rapidly, something sour was unfolding in the North Mysterious City.

Many powerful warriors began taking turns activating the enchanted barrier to resist the scorching suns. But even as they did all they could, the time they managed to maintain the barrier was only lessening.

Despair spread throughout the city.

The Oneness Guards, the Other Shore Realm warriors, and a great number of Oneness Generals were all losing hope. Even the Chaotic Source Realm warriors couldn't hold on for much longer. Once the enchanted barrier was destroyed, they'd die along with it.

Above the transmission array stood Libby, holding a thin sword in her hand. Her bright eyes looked around vigilantly, examining her surroundings.

Previously, she managed to quell the turmoil in the city and stabilize its situation by killing a warrior as a warning to the rest.

But as the enchanted barrier above the city continued deteriorating, everyone could feel how critical the situation was getting. It was likely that the mountain masters were to fall any minute, leaving everyone else to burn as the city was burned to ashes.

"I have to go ahead!"

an Oneness General guarding an area nearby roared and shot toward the transmission array like an arrow.

The rest of the Oneness Generals had the same thought, following suit and going for the array.

"Get out of my way!"

In the lead, the Oneness General dashed forward and punched the air before the transmission array.

"Boom!"

In terms of strength, the Oneness General was far superior to the Other Shore Realm warriors. In a single punch, the wave of impact sent the people near the transmission array flying out.

"How dare you!"

Libby felt her brows raise at the scene, slashing at the Oneness General's head with her thin sword, triggering the sword's radiance to shoot out.

Among the many Oneness Generals, that man was the best. While he was once on the second floor of the Land of Sword Grief like many, his current strength was enough to allow him to enter the third floor. He didn't even bother dodging Libby's attack, as he knew it wasn't at full power. Instead, he reached out to block it.

All of a sudden, a black shield appeared in his grasp. Libby's sword radiance was blocked with a clatter against the shield.

Frustrated, Libby turned over and continued relentlessly stabbing her sword at the Oneness General.

"Da! Da! Da!"

The dense rays of sword radiance pierced toward her opponent like a series of violent winds and rain, but the Oneness General had no trouble raising his defense and easily blocking the attacks with his shield.

But Libby's full strength was still greater than that of the Oneness General. As more and more long and thin rays of sword radiance approached, the Oneness General still had to take a few steps back. As a result, the distance between him and the transmission array was growing wider.

In the battle against the Sun Crow race, the Oneness General had proven to be truly brave and courageous. When he guarded the North Pool Pass, never had he taken a step back. However, his current situation left him with nearly no chance to escape. Libby's sword attacks forced him back quite a bit, making him grow even more indignant.

"If you won't let me live, everyone else must die!"

the Oneness General roared as he burned the black shield in his grip.

His face twisted in extreme pain, and the black shield turned into dark fragments, merging into his fist.

With a sudden wave of his hand, he smashed his fist into the transmission array.

The sight had Libby shocked. The Oneness General was by no means inferior to her in status, so she had no intention to kill him. All she did was to force him back—never did she expect him to go to such extremes and fight for his life.

Once the Other Shore Token was burnt, the power of the punch was truly formidable. Even Libby, who was undoubtedly powerful, couldn't withstand its force head-on.

"Boom!"

Along with a great rumble, the transmission array had been smashed into pieces, and the many Other Shore Realm warriors who were lining up were affected.

Meanwhile, the masters of the mountains had their attention fixed on the suns in the sky. They were all racking their brains, trying to figure out a way to buy some time and open up enchanted barriers to allow the others to retreat. Even the Sun Crow race was helping them out.

The loud rumble drew everyone's attention. Even the mountain leaders were shocked upon witnessing the scene.

A considerable distance stood between the North Mysterious City and the border of the North Unicorn Province. Even if a mountain leader used the

Grand Teleportation technique, jumping back to the Bloom Divine Province in a single move was still impossible.

The transmission array remained the only means to leave the North Unicorn Province. No one expected it to be destroyed so suddenly. Now they lost their only way to retreat.

Chapter 3663 A Simple Shoot

Naturally, Zen didn't know that such a change had happened in the North Mysterious City. As he continued to fly upward, the closer he got to one of the suns.

At that moment, the huge ball of light above his head formed a strange reverse vortex of flames, as if the flames spurted out from it.

On the other hand, the situation in his body was different.

All the vortexes spun around and continuously absorbed the flames that came to his body.

Zen stared at the huge vortex before him and the small vortexes on his body, lost in thought. "Did those flames in the sun really come from Emperor Charm? Or did they come from somewhere else?" he asked.

After all, he felt that the flames in the sun seemed to be from another space, while the vortexes in his body had pulled the flames into another space.

Although neither his physical body nor the huge vortex in the sun had any spatial fluctuations, his sixth sense told him that it should be the case.

Upon hearing Zen's question, Houyi and Emperor Charm glanced at each other and silently exchanged surprised looks.

"The Nine-Sun World Destruction is my bloodline theurgy. How could it come from somewhere else?" Emperor Charm said with a grin.

The sun continued to expand as Zen looked at it in confusion. "It seems so, but it looks like the flames in the vortex are extracted from another place."

"Don't they come from the Other Shore?" Houyi asked jokingly. However, Zen shook his head.

"I don't think so. It doesn't contain any Other Shore Power," he said.

Zen's answer pleased Emperor Charm, who praised, "What a keen intuition! I remember that it had taken the Primeval Lord of Heaven dozens of chaotic eras to realize this."

"This? What do you mean by this?" Zen asked confusedly.

"The energy in the chaos doesn't come from it," answered Emperor Charm.

"The energy in the chaos doesn't come from it…" Zen muttered to himself.

He still found it hard to understand. "How is that possible? Do you mean that all of our power comes from outside of the chaos?" he asked again.

"Yes," Emperor Charm confirmed.

"But I wasn't able to see this before."

"Because the level of energy is usually not high enough. If an energy has reached the level of the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy, then you'll be able to see it. That is why you can feel that the sun rotates," Emperor Charm explained.

The energy that the mortals used to ignite a torch or the energy that warriors at the Other Shore Realm used to smash the mountains was related to the outside of the chaos, but those energies' level was still too low to be noticeable. However, when an energy's level had reached a certain point, the things that people could see would be different. It turned out that only after the qualitative change transpired could some things be visible.

"The level..."

At that point, Zen felt that Emperor Charm's explanation finally made sense. He did notice that feeling he mentioned just now!

But what about his physical body?

His physical body didn't release energy, but rather devoured energy. How could that be explained?

What he didn't know was that the Primeval Lord of Heaven was already considered an extraordinary talent because he had made such a hypothesis. It was even more impressive because at that time, he knew almost nothing about the chaos. He was like an ant that tried to calculate the height of the sky, but surprisingly, what happened later proved that he was right.

That was also the reason why many human masters were willing to follow him.

The discussion stopped while Zen had gotten quite close to the first sun. The golden Sun Shooting Bow on his shoulder let out a series of sounds. It seemed to have its own consciousness and became excited.

Although Houyi was the one who gave the Sun Shooting Bow, the bow was actually a part of the Civilization Artifact. Just like the Wing King's cyan feather, it was an Other Shore Token.

A second later, Zen pulled the longbow, clasped the string with one hand, and then skillfully drew it.

Crack!

He slid his fingers to the side, but did not pull back the thin bowstring.

If it wasn't for the Chaotic Source Spirits' protection, the bowstring would've cut his fingers already.

"Why couldn't I draw the bow?" he asked curiously. Houyi chuckled beside him.

"You can't just casually draw the bow with only your strength!" he said.

"Then what should I do?" asked Zen. "Try again," Houyi answered.

When Zen drew the bow once again, Houyi mumbled something.

Suddenly, streaks of golden light bloomed from his shadow and turned into a mark, which then imprinted itself on Zen's body.

Buzz!

The mark disappeared. As soon as it was gone, Zen drew the bowstring for half a foot, but he couldn't draw it again after that.

Then, Houyi recited the invocation once more. It seemed that the invocation was inherited from the 77th chaos, and each word from it was full of power.

Buzz!

The golden mark enveloped Zen and disappeared again. When the golden mark vanished, the golden bow in his hand was pulled back a distance of another half a foot.

The process repeated six times.

Finally, the Sun Shooting Bow was fully stretched.

Next, Zen aimed at the huge sun not far away.

However, it appeared that he didn't need to aim at it in such an angle. "Just release the bowstring?" he asked.

Some powerful bows didn't need to be equipped with arrows, as the arrows would be condensed in the void.

"I forgot to give you the Sun Extinguishing Arrow!" Houyi exclaimed and slapped his forehead.

Meanwhile, the corners of Emperor Charm's eyes twitched slightly. He always felt that to lose to an idiot like Houyi was unforgivable.

Even Zen looked quite helpless, but there was nothing he could do since Houyi was a human master.

Houyi stretched out his hand and gently waved the Sun Shooting Bow. Then, a golden arrow materialized in front of them.

Afterwards, Zen drew the bow and the arrow was in place. He no longer hesitated.

Pop!

The Sun Extinguishing Arrow was shot towards the vortex!

The Sun Extinguishing Arrow was completely different from what he had imagined. It didn't have the power to destroy the heaven and earth.

It was like a rather ordinary arrow, and its speed wasn't even fast enough when he shot it. "Can the Sun Extinguishing Arrow really destroy the sun?" he asked doubtfully.

Houyi looked at him smugly. Before he could answer, Emperor Charm interjected and said, "Of course it can. It doesn't destroy the sun with greater power, but instead extinguishes it."

According to the Primeval Lord of Heaven's theory, the energy within the chaos did not come from the chaos, but from somewhere else.

The suns' energy was the same.

Now, Houyi's Sun Extinguishing Arrow was considered powerful because it severed the connection between two places and cut off the energy supply.

As a result, Emperor Charm's theurgy was restrained.

Truth be told, Houyi's strength back then was far inferior to Emperor Charm's, but Emperor Charm couldn't do anything to him.

Whoosh!

The Sun Extinguishing Arrow slowly flew to the center of the sun.

Just then, a small black dot appeared.

The small dot quickly spread out and spun within the vortex in the sun.

A few moments later, the sun was extinguished.

Chapter 3664 Witnessing

With no loud sounds heralding its destruction, the sun simply and quietly disappeared from Zen's field of vision.

"Did I just shoot down a sun?" Zen asked in shock, dazedly holding the Sun Shooting Bow.

Houyi chided him, "What's the big deal? Should I set off some fireworks for celebration?"

Zen looked at Houyi and rolled his eyes.

It didn't matter how it happened; what was clear was that the Sun Shooting Bow could definitely help destroy a sun.

Zen couldn't help thinking of the masters in the North Mysterious City and how long they could still hold on. His most important task right now was to shoot down and destroy the remaining suns.

He put away the golden bow and directly flew towards the next nearest sun.

A hundred provinces from where Zen had been located

Smack dab in the center of that province, there was a huge abyss. At the bottom of this abyss, there stood several people.

There was a huge crack in front of them.

The crack looked very strange, as if it was embedded in the stone wall and parallel to the space.

A burly man stood on the abyss floor beside the crack. It was Mount who had fought with Zen in the past.

"I'll go in now," Mount uttered, cupping his hands towards the other people.

The man who stood closer to Mount smiled faintly. "Do you have any hesitation with integrating yourself with it like this?"

Mount mastered his expression to stay calm. "We are from the same origin. After I merge with it, what you will see may be either me or it. I have nothing to lose, so why should I hesitate?"

The man nodded and said, "Go ahead."

Mount stepped towards the crack.

In the blink of an eye, his entire body had been covered by countless mirror-like shards of space that turned him into many smaller pieces.

The fragments did not really tear Mount apart, so they did not trigger the Chaotic Source Spirits within his body. Countless shards reflected back a complete image of Mount stepping into the crack.

"Woo..."

The moment that Mount's fragments disappeared into the crack, a gigantic eye peered out of it.

The crack was more than 40 million feet deep and 3 million feet wide; but when the eye appeared, only a small portion of it was visible.

Those people who had been standing in front of the crack were all top masters in the Source World, but they still got nervous under the creepy gaze of the eye. They only breathed a sigh of relief when the eye disappeared.

These people were top masters from the Sun Crow race, the Divine Farmer race, the Bearing race, and the New Moon race.

Standing in front of the group was a man wearing a black coat made of feathers and with sharp eyes. He was the Yellow Thearch, leader of the Bearing race.

"Can you make sure that there would be no accident this time?" the Yellow Thearch asked.

Divine Farmer, who stood just beside him, gave a slight nod as affirmation. "There would be no hitches regarding our plans, but..."

He trailed off as he glanced at Emperor Charm a small distance away.

There was a condition that needed to be fulfilled before these plans could take shape, and that was the great descending.

Even though the group had already obtained half the number of Descending Rings, the great descending hadn't succeeded yet.

After deduction, they fixed their sights on the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's hands. Perhaps if they took those spirits, they might succeed.

They had already planned to obliterate the Oneness Sky Palace first and because of Zen, they started the war ahead of schedule.

It should have been easy work for the Sun Crow race to destroy the Oneness Sky Palace after they had had Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi trapped on the Other Shore.

However, the news that was brought back by Emperor Charm did not bring good tidings.

Emperor Charm enveloped himself inside a fluffy white fur robe, his delicate face framed by the immaculately white fur. His eyes flashed fiercely as he said, "All the surviving fighting forces of the Oneness Sky Palace are still in the North Unicorn Province. With the Nine-Sun World Destruction, I will decimate the North Unicorn Province and also obtain the Chaotic Source Spirits myself."

Emperor Charm's handsome visage was unperturbed on the surface, but his anger was raging inside his heart.

Although he was only a direct clone of the real Emperor Charm, his bloodline, strength, and mood were almost the same as that of the real Emperor Charm.

The possibility that the Sun Crow race could be defeated had never entered his mind.

Moreover, they were captured by the Oneness Sky Palace in an extremely humiliating way!

Exploding in a fit of fury, Emperor Charm had no choice but to finally use the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy.

Every time the Sun Crow race invaded a province, he would mark that province with nine seals made of his bloodline. Then he could use them to deploy the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy regardless of distance.

This would be his last resort. He had never thought that the time would come that he needed to use this theurgy.

"What?"

As soon as Emperor Charm finished speaking, he suddenly opened his eyes with a piercing look and knitted eyebrows.

"What's wrong, Emperor Charm? Did someone destroy your Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy?" Divine Farmer smirked.

His question was made in jest.

None could dodge their doom once Emperor Charm activated this theurgy, not to mention that the Oneness Sky Palace was short of Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin. Even if they faced that theurgy, they could only run away with their subordinates.

"One sun has been extinguished," Emperor Charm muttered in disbelief.

The Yellow Thearch, who was standing close to him, snapped his head towards him when he heard this. Surprise was written all over his features. "How is that possible?"

"It has been really extinguished. I'll take a closer look," Emperor Charm said as he waved his fingers in front of him. His eyes glowed with a blazing white light while he saw the world that had been burnt by the scorching suns in his mind.

His vision of the world slowly came into focus and he looked around. Shortly after, he saw Zen flying through the air.

Zen was flying directly towards the second sun, clutching a golden bow in his hand.

An idea came to Emperor Charm's mind. It was so absurd it seemed impossible...

'Did this runty brat extinguish one of the suns?'

Just as Emperor Charm was ruminating about this possibility, Zen aimed the bow and pulled the string taut. Golden marks appeared on both his body and the bow, then he let the arrow loose.

Whoosh!

That arrow's power seemed ridiculously feeble in Emperor Charm's eyes.

It flew towards the center of the sun, seemingly in slow motion, before it turned into a tiny black ball that expanded before dissipating.

The huge sun also disappeared.

'What is it?'

Emperor Charm's eyes twitched as if he had witnessed the most unbelievable scenario he had ever seen in his life.

"How did it go out, dude?"

The interest of the two strongest warriors, Divine Farmer and the Yellow Thearch, were extremely piqued.

With an irritated snort and a wave of two of his fingers in the air, Emperor Charm conjured a space in front of them that reflected Zen's figure as he pulled the long bow taut.

"Isn't he the guy with the Soaring Snake Sword?" the Yellow Thearch asked.

"It's him," Divine Farmer confirmed.

After the battle of the Chaotic Source World, Zen had attracted the attention of these beings.

However, they had not seen Zen go to any significant place except wander around the Other Shore. A number of super forces had already hatched some plans to kill him, but no one could follow his tracks at all.

They had planned to kill Zen and Elvinia on the Other Shore, but instead, it was their stage ruler who had been killed by them. Not a hair on their head had been harmed.

"He isn't afraid of the scorching suns?" Divine Farmer asked innocently. He thought this was what Emperor Charm wanted them to see.

"No, he has destroyed my two suns," said Emperor Charm, a finger pointed accusingly at Zen's figure.

Right at that moment, Zen pulled his long bow again, already aiming at the third sun.

Chapter 3665 The Hope

Buzz!

As a series of marks enveloped Zen, he pulled back the string of the Sun Shooting Bow once more.

Aiming carefully, he released the string. The seemingly ordinary arrow slowly shot towards the center of the sun.

In a flash of black light, the huge sun suddenly went out.

Divine Farmer, Yellow Thearch, and other powerful warriors all watched quietly. Despite their calm expressions, there was a trace of shock in their eyes.

It was not that they were surprised that an entire sun had been destroyed almost effortlessly. After all, with their experience, they had seen all kinds of things.

Even if dozens of provinces were destroyed right in front of them, they wouldn't have batted an eyelash.

However, it was Zen's method of shooting the sun that unsettled them.

"Is it an Other Shore Token?" Divine Farmer asked, his eyes narrowing.

"It must be," answered Emperor Charm.

Yellow Thearch shook his head. "The Other Shore Token that can shoot the suns with arrows doesn't exist below the Three Purities Stage. Moreover, he can't possibly be carrying any Other Shore Token from the Three Purities Stage."

Several masters behind Yellow Thearch nodded in agreement.

While they all might have seen some extraordinary things in their time, there were indeed still many mysteries in this world.

The powerhouses present, however, were at the top of the Source World and the Other Shore.

There weren't many things that could shock them, and yet...

"Rumble..."

Just as the many powerful warriors were deep in thought, suddenly, the eye appeared once more in the huge crack beside them.

It seemed the eye was also taking in the scene that was transmitted by Emperor Charm.

"Goo..."

"He can do it. He can see it. It's the space outside the space..."

The voice thundered from the crack, ringing in everyone's ears.

As the Chaos Ancient God in charge of space, he boasted of the keenest sense of space in the entire Source World. Having watched this scene unfold right before him, he felt somewhat unsettled.

"What's the space outside the space?" Yellow Thearch asked.

The huge eye in the crack paused for a moment before answering, "I don't know. It's another kind of space rule, surpassing the space truth."

"What?"

"Surpass the truth?"

"Is there anything in this world that surpasses the truth?"

The several masters behind Yellow Thearch whispered amongst themselves anxiously.

However, Emperor Charm, Divine Farmer, and the leader of the New Moon race still kept their composure.

After they decided to follow the Element Spirit race, the latter had revealed some very special information about the origin of the chaos.

Without a doubt, truth was an unbreakable rule in this world. However, it was possible something out there was even more powerful than truth.

"This man must die," Emperor Charm said quietly, as he stared at Zen on the screen.

Divine Farmer stared at Yellow Thearch and said, "Your Bearing race and the Sun Crow race are attacking the Oneness Sky Palace together this time. Can you order your people to capture Zen?"

When they planned to destroy the Oneness Sky Palace, their original goal was to kill Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, whereas capturing Zen was only a second priority.

But now that Divine Farmer realized how dangerous Zen truly was, he felt that capturing him should be of utmost priority.

Zen's ability was so strange that he couldn't even begin to comprehend it.

"My people are trying to enter the Bloom Divine Province from the other side. I'm afraid they are busy breaking the arrays now," Yellow Thearch said with a frown. "At this point, it won't be easy to capture Zen."

Emperor Charm turned to look at the huge sun and pursed his lips. His eyes flashed coldly. "I have a simple solution. I'll go there myself."

The members of the Sun Crow race were interconnected, and they could easily sense each other's existence. As the king of the Sun Crow race, Emperor Charm had the sharpest senses.

He could clearly feel the existence of Elizabeth, Micah, Bagot and others. They were still alive, but he could tell that there was something strange going on with them.

Without hesitating, Emperor Charm spread his massive wings.

The surrounding space formed tiny grids, and he left the abyss at an extremely fast speed.

Ever since the transmission array was destroyed, chaos erupted in the North Mysterious City.

Although many powerful warriors were still trying their best to build the enchanted barriers, feelings of desperation and helplessness hung in the air.

Everyone was keenly aware that they were about to be burned to death. It was only a matter of time.

Looking at the blazing white sky, Auden frowned deeply. Turning to Elizabeth, he asked, "I know that your Sun Crow race isn't just good with flames, but also has an affinity with space." Pausing for a moment, he continued, "Can you create a space to avoid all this?"

While they had submitted to the Emperor Charm in Zen's body, they still felt quite hostile towards the humans.

However, since this was a matter of life and death for everyone, the Sun Crow race had decided to join forces with them. They were either activating the enchanted barriers, or at the very least, helping stabilize them.

"It's useless." Elizabeth shook her head. "When the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy is activated, everything in the province, including the space, will be destroyed."

As she spoke, she pointed towards the sky.

While ordinary people could only see the sky as a blinding, blazing white light, Elizabeth and Auden could see cracks forming.

It seemed the flames were so powerful that they burned even space itself.

Auden's frown deepened. Was there really no way out?

"Don't you still have that man?" Elizabeth said sarcastically.

After saying this, she suddenly felt a chill run down her spine. It seemed her instincts were telling her to not speak ill of "that man".

"You mean Zen?" Auden smiled bitterly. "While he has indeed created many miracles, he can't solve every problem. It'd be wishful thinking to expect such a junior to deactivate Emperor Charm's Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy..."

However, before he was even able to finish speaking, the blazing white light in the sky suddenly dimmed.

All the people in the North Mysterious City turned to look towards the sky.

Although the sky was still blazing white, they noticed one out of the nine suns was missing.

Elizabeth's eyes widened. She scanned the atmosphere, thinking the ninth sun had probably shifted its position.

Auden too stared at the sky. Just like Elizabeth, he had guessed that one sun had ended up blocking the other. Never in his wildest dreams would he have imagined someone had shot it down.

As they both scanned the sky intently, the sky darkened even more, and another sun disappeared.

"The suns are being extinguished!"

someone shouted. Auden pursed his lips dubiously.

"Yes, two of them were extinguished!"

"There is hope. We must hold on. The suns will definitely be extinguished!"

"…"

Two suns had disappeared. While they didn't know how or why, finally, the people in the North Mysterious City felt a surge of hope.

Chapter 3666 Distress Signal

At that moment, everyone's eyes were on the blazing sky.

The strong light almost blinded their eyes, especially those of the weak Other Shore Realm warriors.

However, none of them wanted to lower their heads. After all, whatever happened in the sky was their only hope of living.

Everyone held their breaths as they carefully watched every movement in the sky, their instinct to survive fueling their attentiveness.

After a while, the third sun was gone from everyone's sight.

"Wow..."

The whole North Mysterious City was in an uproar again.

"Maybe Emperor Charm let us off?"

"It should be! But why did he do that?"

"Because we've captured the Sun Crows?"

The air was filled with chatter as many of them began to guess why.

They didn't know how Zen had managed to capture the members of the Sun Crow race, but the Sun Crows obeyed him. Thus, it was no surprise that they considered them as "prisoners".

There were some people who thought that it was Emperor Charm who had shown mercy.

On the other hand, some had different opinions.

"Is it possible that Zen has done something to destroy the suns?"

"I saw him leave the North Mysterious City and fly towards the suns..."

"It is impossible! Zen is indeed powerful, but he's only an ordinary Chaotic Source Realm warrior. He's only on the same level as the Oneness Generals. If even the mountain leaders can't do anything about those suns, then how could he destroy them?"

Although many people had seen Zen fly towards the suns, most of them didn't actually think that he could deal with them.

Suddenly, Jago said, "I believe it is Flag Master who has destroyed the suns."

"I believe the same too!" Kenelm agreed. Meanwhile, Monica looked up at the blazing white sky, her eyes filled with mixed emotions.

"If there is really someone who could create such a miracle, then it must be Zen!" she whispered.

"Buzz…"

At that point, another sun had vanished from the sky. The one who had destroyed them had now eliminated the fourth sun.

As the suns disappeared one by one, there was less pressure on the masters who used the enchanted barriers.

Originally, after an enchanted barrier was built, it would only last for a few seconds. Now, it lasted more than a minute. The others took turns to maintain the barrier more easily, and therefore they had time to replenish some divine crystals.

In that way, they could use the enchanted barriers to keep the people in the North Mysterious City alive.

The sixth sun...

The seventh one...

The eighth one...

The ninth one...

The blazing white light eventually got dim as more and more suns were gone. When the last sun was extinguished, the North Unicorn Province returned to its normal state.

At the same time, everyone saw a black dot glow in the sky. It was the same black light that appeared when a sun had vanished. There had been the black light before, but the light from the other suns had covered it.

As the black dot flickered, the people in the North Mysterious City also saw a figure as big as an ant that floated in the sky.

"Someone is there!"

"Who is there?"

"This person was beside the suns while the suns were destroyed. Was he the one who extinguished them?"

The people in the North Mysterious City became excited again, and some of them stared straight at the figure with their eyes wide open.

On the contrary, Auden, Pearce, and the leaders of the Ivory Mountain, Golden Mountain, and the other mountains were utterly shocked.

"It's Zen..."

"It's really him!"

"He is the savior of our Oneness Sky Palace!"

Goran and the others were even more ecstatic, especially Athemar, who was in an extremely good mood at that point.

As Zen descended with the golden bow, more and more people saw and recognized him.

"It's Zen!"

"Oh my God! He did it! He really destroyed the suns!"

"How is that possible?"

They were unaware that Zen felt it was easy for him to destroy the nine suns. After all, such a deed was beyond their imagination and understanding. Thus, they considered what he had done as a miracle.

Furthermore, Zen's cultivation base was greatly different from that of Emperor Charm.

Even the wisest men among them like Auden and Pearce never thought that Emperor Charm already had an invincible nemesis over a thousand divine eras ago, and that nemesis could defeat him easily.

As for Elizabeth, Micah, and the other members of the Sun Crow race, they thought of another matter. Since Emperor Charm, who was quite familiar with the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy, lived in Zen's body, he must have told Zen how to extinguish those suns.

"Whoosh..."

A few moments later, Zen landed in the middle of the North Mysterious City.

Thunderous applause echoed in the North Mysterious City.

After everyone had gone through a life and death crisis, all of them felt truly grateful.

Even though they could only offer a round of applause now, their cheers were heartfelt.

Of course, Kenelm, Gant, and Monica were overjoyed. They all ran towards Zen and enveloped him in a long hug.

Still, Libby was confused. She knew that Zen was a disciple of the Land of Sword Grief, so how did he know those Other Shore Realm warriors? She decided to ask some people, and their answers surprised her more. She didn't know that Zen had been promoted step by step from the Dragon City...

There were two words in the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy, which were "World Destruction", Those words were enough to prove the theurgy's immense power.

Just now, a layer of the surface of the entire North Unicorn Province got peeled away.

As a result, the creatures on the ground of the North Unicorn Province, ranging from small ants in tiny crevices to some rare beasts, all burned to ashes.

Only a small number of them that hid deep underground had survived.

Now, the Evil God had been hiding deep beneath the ground and was still in cultivation. He didn't know what had happened in the outside world.

Fortunately, the place the Evil God had chosen was far away from the North Mysterious City.

If he was in the southwest of the North Unicorn Province, then he would've been in trouble even if he hid deep below the ground.

That was because the nine suns were up high in the southwest and descended from the sky. In other words, they had targeted the North Mysterious City.

But now they were gone, and everything looked different from they used to be.

The ground around the North Mysterious City was burned and had turned into layers of flowing magma. If one stood on the city wall of the North Mysterious City, they would see the vast ocean of magma around them and even feel the heat it emanated. It was like the North Mysterious City had turned into a lonely boat in the middle of the magma sea.

After the catastrophe was over, the leaders of the mountains brought their men back to the Bloom Divine Province.

The southwestern region of the North Unicorn Province had already become a sea of magma. It was unknown how many years it would take for the magma to solidify.

Since the magma couldn't trap them, everyone flew up in the air and left the destroyed North Mysterious City.

Pearce, who flew in front of the others, thought about what the Sun Crow race would do next.

Zen had almost taken away all the core members of the Sun Crow race. Once Emperor Charm learned the news, he would naturally be furious and would likely launch an aggressive attack in return.

And since he was too powerful, no one in the Oneness Sky Palace could stop him.

The mere thought of it made Pearce upset.

In the next second, a golden sword on his waist glowed and transmitted a wisp of consciousness straight to his mind. It was the distress signal from the Oneness Mountain.

The leaders of all the mountains also received the signal, and their hearts pounded loudly in their chests.

Chapter 3667 The Dragon Cliff

The Bloom Divine Province was the base of the Oneness Sky Palace.

With the invasion of the Sun Crow race, Pearce chose to lead the soldiers to resist the enemy in the North Unicorn Province.

He just didn't want the Sun Crow race to wreak havoc in the Bloom Divine Province.

However, when the Sun Crow race wantonly attacked, he didn't expect that the Bearing race would assign another force to advance from the southeast.

The southeast of the Bloom Divine Province had always been uninhabited. From time to time, races from the savage land would attempt to launch attacks from there.

Later, the Oneness Sky Palace set up a pass in the southeast of the Bloom Divine Province. There, on the Dragon Cliff, they set up the Bloody Sword Array.

For hundreds of years, powerful Oneness Governors had guarded the Dragon Cliff.

Currently, the designated Oneness Governor was a man called Patton Lin.

Just like Zen, Patton also had a perfect matching with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. As a direct descendant of the Lin Clan in the Origin Mountain, he was treated with the same respect as Dorothy was. However, a dispute in the Oneness Sky Palace involving him had broken out two hundred years ago, which led to the death of his wife.

Since then, he had volunteered to come to the Dragon Cliff. For the past two hundred years, he had been the one guarding the cliff.

In his time there, the savage alien races from the southwest rarely dared to invade. The few who did dare ended up being brutally annihilated...

Ever since the Sun Crow race's invasion from the northeast, the Oneness Sky Palace had been in a state of panic. Even the soldiers on the Dragon Cliff had been worried and engaged in lively discussions.

"This time, the Sun Crow race has come with great power. I wonder if the seven mountains will be able to defeat them..."

"They have to. They've retreated from the Mountain Viewing Province all the way to the North Unicorn Province. They must not let those birds get even the Bloom Divine Province!"

"I have made an application to participate in the war in the North Unicorn Province, but I was rejected..."

"There's nothing we can do about that. Fighting against the Sun Crow race is very important, but guarding the Dragon Cliff is equally important. If we leave, what if the savage races seize this opportunity to stir up trouble?"

As they discussed among themselves, a man in cyan flew towards them.

Upon seeing the man, all the soldiers stood up immediately and bowed towards him.

"Sir, is there any news about the North Unicorn Province?"

"Is our Oneness Sky Palace winning?"

"Did they stop the Sun Crow race in the North Unicorn Province?"

The man in cyan robe was none other than the Oneness Governor Patton.

Patton looked into the eyes of his soldiers. He could tell they were just as concerned about the war in the north as he was.

However, it was difficult for news to be delivered across provinces. Even Patton found himself receiving delayed information through communication tokens.

He shook his head. "I got the news that the battle is still going on. However, the specific situation is not clear."

Their hearts sank.

"Sir, it doesn't matter if the Dragon Cliff is guarded or not. Anyway, those savage alien races won't dare to enter the Bloom Divine Province!"

"Yes. How about we go north?"

"……"

Patton's expression darkened. "Nonsense! We can't leave our post. Even if we do, how much help could you offer them, given your strength?"

Although Patton was considered a rare talent in the Origin Mountain, his foundation was still shallow. He was probably a bit stronger than Libby, but he was nowhere near the level of Athemar, who was also the Oneness Governor.

Even if he led these soldiers to battle, he doubted their presence would tip the scales in their favor.

After being scolded by the Oneness Governor, these soldiers immediately shut up. They silently looked at the landscape in the distance.

Suddenly, rays of red light burst out from the patterns in the front of the Dragon Cliff.

Patton and the others present frowned at the sight of the red light.

"Speak of the devil. Those savage aliens really decided to pick a fight now!" a soldier said fiercely.

Another soldier drew his sword. "Humph! And I just wanted to vent my anger. Perfect timing!"

All of them were no strangers to slaughtering the savage aliens.

Patton eyed the rays of red light in the distance warily. Instead of giving orders, he stood still, as though deep in thought. After a while, he finally said in a low voice, "Things are not good..."

"Sir, what's wrong?" a burly soldier with a huge sword resting on his shoulder asked.

Normally, Patton would resolutely start giving orders at this point. How come he was so hesitant today? He couldn't imagine Patton being scared. After all, he was their fearless leader.

Patton pointed at the rays of red light. "The Bone Array, the Dream Array, and the Spiritual Array have been forcefully destroyed. But what about the Secret Array, the Picture Array, and the Darkness Array?"

Then, the others also sensed that something was amiss. As they kept their eyes glued to the red light, their expressions grew grave.

The Bone Array, the Dream Array and the Spiritual Array were arranged behind the other three arrays: the Secret Array, the Picture Array and the Darkness Array. Since the former three arrays had been destroyed, the latter three ones should have been in worse shape. However, they couldn't determine the condition of these three arrays now.

This probably meant that the Secret Array, the Picture Array and the Darkness Array had been cracked...

Those savage aliens had all sorts of powerful talents, but their intelligence was generally inferior to that of humans. How could they possibly crack such intricate arrays?

The red light meant something-- that there were extremely powerful array breakers among the intruders.

This ultimately meant these intruders were not savage aliens!

In the currently delicate situation, they needed to be on high alert for any tiny change!

"Activate the Bloody Sword Array," Patton finally ordered.

The Bloody Sword Array was the greatest sword array on the Dragon Cliff. It had only been activated three times since the Dragon Cliff was built, not long after the Oneness Sky Palace was established. Since Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself eliminated the three major savage alien races, the Bloody Sword Array had never been activated again.

Buzz...

Streaks of blood-red light flashed around the entire Dragon Cliff.

The huge cliff resembled a giant dragon stretching its neck to look at the sky. With the Bloody Sword Array activated, it was as though the dragon was coming to life.

An immense aura soared into the sky, flowing forth from the Dragon Cliff. Patton stood atop it, gravely surveying the scene before him.

As he expected, several figures soon appeared around thirty thousand feet away from the Dragon Cliff.

Seeing those people clearly, Patton shut his eyes tightly and took a deep breath. A strong sense of frustration came to him.

He figured that the people in the distance were either from the Bearing race or the Divine Farmer race. If this was so, it'd be impossible for his soldiers to defend the Dragon Cliff.

"Everyone," he addressed his soldiers loudly, "get into the transmission array and return to the Oneness Sky Palace. Now!"

At the sight of the enemy, the soldiers gasped in horror. However, despite their initial fear, they still felt there was a chance they could fight their enemy.

Upon hearing Patton's orders, everyone was stunned for a moment. When they finally came back to their senses, they broke into an uproar.

"I won't leave!"

"You can leave if you want. But I am staying to fight!"

"I'm willing to guard the Dragon Cliff, if it's the last thing I do!"

Chapter 3668 Reaching The Core Area (Part One)

These soldiers had already understood that the intruders were extremely powerful, and that the Dragon Cliff could not resist them.

Patton knew this well, which was why he had asked his men to leave first.

They could guard the seven mountains if they remained alive.

But none of the soldiers was willing to retreat. Patton ignored their determination. What had to be done, had to be done.

"Please kill us if you don't want us to stay!" the strapping man said firmly.

Patton looked at them, stunned. After a long time, he said, "Walker, you need to go to destroy the transmission array. You can all leave through the transmission array before it is destroyed. I'm letting you go back because then you can guard the seven mountains. I'm not going to let you become deserters!"

Everyone knew this, but no one wanted to leave. They didn't have a way back if Walker destroyed the transmission array.

Some distance away, an old man in white approached them, a black rod perched on his shoulder. He shouted, his voice hoarse, "I've heard that the person guarding the Dragon Cliff is Patton, a talent of the Origin Mountain. Are you Patton?"

Patton unsheathed the three-foot-long sword in his hand. The red light on the Dragon Cliff flickered, and the sharp radiance of the Bloody Sword Array appeared. "Yes. What is it to you?"

"We are humans. There is no need for us to fight each other. The Bearing race is in need of powerful warriors. If you are willing to pledge allegiance to our race, you can become immortal and own an eternal life!" the old man said.

Patton understood what the Bearing race was after. Offering the eternal life was indeed a good incentive but nothing could persuade Patton to pledge allegiance to the Bearing race.

He sneered, "Nonsense! Our Oneness Sky Palace is the most orthodox human force in the world. How can we join you?"

The old man didn't think he could persuade Patton. He sighed and looked at the Bloody Sword Array that was wrapped around the Dragon Cliff. Then he stretched out his finger, and tapped lightly on it. "Pass through the middle line. I can break the array easily."

About fifteen minutes later, the old man came upon the broken transmission array that lay behind the Dragon Cliff.

He frowned.

"This is completely destroyed. Even if it's repaired, it cannot build an accurate space channel," he said.

Beside him stood a masked man, his skin dark green. He said rather stoically, "We can advance once we enter the Bloom Divine Province. It doesn't matter if we have to spend a longer time."

"Let's go," another man said, passing through the transmission array and flying on forward.

After dozens of people had flown away, the old man shook the fishing rod on his shoulder. Patton's head was hanging at the front of the fishing rod. His head had been cut off, his handsome face still scrunched with malice. He stared at the old man ferociously.

"I cracked the array fast enough, but you still killed three of my people with a sword and a broken array," the old man said with a sigh. "Young people nowadays can't be underestimated."

Saying thus, he took a step forward and jumped.

Patton's head was now hanging on the fish line, floating behind him.

After the old man caught up with the team, a tall, thin man asked, "There are seven mountains in the Oneness Sky Palace, but our goal should be the Oneness Mountain, right?"

The old man nodded. "The biggest trouble of the Oneness Sky Palace is Eastern Emperor Taiyi. If he breaks free from the shackles and wakes up, all of us will die."

"We'd better kill him first, since he's trapped on the Other Shore," the tall, thin man said.

"Of course. I will lead my men to attack the Phoenix Palace of the Oneness Mountain," said the old man.

There were many arrays in the Oneness Mountain, and even a strong warrior couldn't break through them easily.

But this old man was a super-normal talent of the Bearing race. His talent involved breaking arrays. There was no array in the world that he couldn't break.

Gethin had handed over most of the information about the Oneness Mountain to the old man. He knew the Oneness Mountain very well, causing him to believe that attacking it wouldn't be too difficult.

But since the transmission array broke, they had to use the slow way—flying.

Soon after they entered the Bloom Divine Province, they found the Ethereal Dragon City in the southwest.

There were also people from the Oneness Sky Palace guarding the Ethereal Dragon City. But they weren't skilled enough to resist an attack from these masters of the Bearing race. They were all killed in the blink of an eye.

Some people had wanted to destroy the transmission array in the Ethereal Dragon City again, but their efforts had been in vain.

After they passed through the transmission array, the members of the Bearing race reached a mountain city. They then passed through the transmission array once again, following which they reached the Dragon City.

The transmission array of the Dragon City lay outside the Dragon Shadow Pavilion, guarded by several Oneness Guards.

During the war, the entire Bloom Divine Province remained heavily guarded, and all the arrays of various sizes in the Oneness Mountain were activated. Even so, the Oneness Guards had never dreamed that these people would enter the Dragon City through the transmission array.

They were stunned to see the old man and the other members of the Bearing race.

"Who are you? Show me the Sword Card of the Oneness Sky Palace!" one of the Oneness Guards shouted.

Before he could finish speaking, a thin fish line was wrapped around his throat. The old man's arm trembled, and with one yank, the Oneness Guard had been beheaded.

The other Oneness Guards were alarmed. Some screamed, some shouted out warnings, some took out their Other Shore Tokens to fight, and some chose to escape.

But it didn't matter what these Oneness Guards did or what choice they made, it was all meaningless in the face of these powerful warriors.

The members of the Bearing race were casual in their moves but many of the Oneness Guards had disintegrated into pieces.

The death of these Oneness Guards alarmed more people.

Sellers who guarded the Sword Tower, Calum who guarded the Dragon Path, and other powerful warriors stationed in the Dragon City swung into action.

These warriors were much stronger than the Oneness Guards. But since the members from the Bearing race were as powerful as Athemar, they couldn't take them seriously.

In the next five minutes, many people in the whole Dragon City were massacred and the city was destroyed.

The old man's wrinkled face looked bored. He looked up at the Oneness Mountain. The mountain's protecting arrays had already been activated.

"I'd prefer to break the arrays as against killing," he said, carrying the fishing rod to the Dragon Path.

Blazing flames shot up everywhere in the Dragon City.

The Truth Library, the Best Swords Shop, and other places were all now burning.

Those warriors of the Bearing race slaughtered people and burned the Dragon City before flying into the air and following the old man.

The old man climbed up the mountain, breaking all the arrays on the way.

Regardless of the extraordinary power of the various strange arrays on the Oneness Mountain, he could figure out their essence and easily break them.

He climbed to the top of the Dragon Path in less than three hours.

He led the crowd, but did not move towards the three sword sects. They had no interest in either the Flow Sword Sect or the Killing Sword Sect.

Chapter 3669 Reaching The Core Area (Part Two)

He made a detour from the side of the Dragon Path and went to the Phoenix Palace.

News had been sent back to the seven mountains about the members of the Bearing race attacking the Dragon Cliff.

The enchanted barriers of the arrays in the seven mountains had been opened, but the disciples of the major sword sects were still panicking.

In the Flow Sword Sect

Trish, dressed in white, flew along the road between the yards. She gently pushed the door of a house open and found Letitia walking up to her and asking with concern, "How's it going?"

The Sun Crow race had attacked suddenly. Zen had been afraid that Letitia and the others would be worried about him, which was why he hadn't gone up the mountain when he had made his way to the North Unicorn Province from the Dragon City.

It was quite a while before Letitia got the news that the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace were fighting, and that Zen had joined the Oneness Guards to fight the Sun Crow race.

Letitia was worried about Zen. But after having gone through so much with Zen, she knew that Zen was able to resolve the crisis. She believed that Zen would return safely.

"The situation is not looking good," said Trish.

"What happened?" Letitia asked, her heart sinking.

Trish hesitated before saying, "Word is that Emperor Charm has employed the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy in the North Unicorn Province and burned everything in the province to ashes."

Those who had escaped through the transmission array had relayed this news. After the transmission array was destroyed, they had thought that the North Mysterious City had been burned to ashes and that the seven mountains' powerful warriors had died in the process.

"Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy?" Letitia's eyes narrowed.

Trish nodded and said, "That's Emperor Charm's theurgy. I'm afraid it's very difficult for Mr. Luo..."

On hearing the terrifying rumor, Trish thought that Zen might have died in the North Unicorn Province along with the other powerful warriors.

Zen was powerful, but his growth and progress in such a short period of time was limited. Even the strong warriors like Athemar and Pearce had died in the North Unicorn Province. It was far-fetched, according to her, that could Zen escape.

"Okay, I see," Letitia said, nodding.

Trish noticed that Letitia was calm. She knew that Letitia had a deep, close relationship with Zen, which was why she found Letitia's calmness at the news so strange.

Letitia was worried, but in the past many years, she had never seen Zen fear fire.

If the scorching suns had really burned them, the others wouldn't have survived. But Zen's chances of survival were very high.

It was at this moment that another woman in purple walked over to them and asked in a rather hurried tone, "Trish, do you have any news about my husband?"

The purple clothed woman was Edna. Zen had released her from his inner world and allowed her to live in the Flow Sword Sect.

The Evil God had become Zen's Inner-world Generating Avatar, but Edna was still very concerned about the Evil God.

According to her, as long as the Evil God didn't betray Zen, there would be a bright future for him.

The women in the yard had seen the Evil God before, and they all had an instinctive aversion towards him. That was why they disliked Edna. Trish glared coldly at Edna and said, "He's a nobody. How would I know anything about him? He might have died in the North Unicorn Province."

Edna's shoulder trembled at Trish's answer, her eyes brimming with tears. She forced a smile and turned around.

Margaret looked down at them when she was standing on the second floor, and heard everything that Trish had just said.

Margaret would have cried bitterly in the past at such bad news.

But with her pregnancy, she had become calmer. She had begun to do everything according to Zen's instructions. All for the baby in her belly.

She paled a little, pursing her lips. But she forced herself to calm down, her expression returning to normal. She believed that Zen would come back.

Not long after Trish arrived, the ground began to suddenly shake.

Rumble...

A dragon-shaped lightning exploded in the distance, seeming to cut heaven and earth in half.

Even a colossal thing like the Oneness Mountain began to shake. It looked like a giant beast trying to shake off the lice on its body.

Margaret was agile. She had been leaning against the fence to stare at the lightning which came from behind the Flow Sword Sect. It wasn't hard to guess that it came from the Phoenix Palace.

The Oneness Mountain, especially the Phoenix Palace, the core of the Oneness Sky Palace, was on high alert. After all, Eastern Emperor Taiyi was protected in the Phoenix Palace.

If the intruders were to attack and kill him, the Oneness Sky Palace would lose its biggest support.

More than sixty people floated above the white mist, led by an old man carrying a fishing rod.

A man with red hair had just released the lightning. Many bolts of lightning were still moving in the man's palms like small insects. He smiled and said, "Master Ware, you met with no resistance on your way here. But this white mist is now stopping you. I wasn't expecting this!"

This man was called Hancock Zhu and he was the brother of one of the Five-element Emissaries from the Bearing race.

Ware glared at Hancock Zhu and sneered, "The previous arrays are powerful, but their techniques aren't that great. Breaking them is cakewalk for me. The Primitive Illusion in front of us was personally set up by Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Breaking it isn't that easy."

When Hancock Zhu had launched a series of punches at the Primitive Illusion, Ware felt the hate bubble up within him. He thought that he was just another vulgar man. If Hancock Zhu hadn't had a brother who was one of the Five-element Emissaries, he wouldn't have been qualified enough to stand together with Ware.

Ware shook the fishing rod, sneering disdainfully at Hancock Zhu. The thin, long fishing line had already disappeared into the mist.

"The Primitive Illusion is arranged using the eighteen pillars of the Primitive Temple. If we can't find the eighteen pillars before entering the illusion, we could be trapped inside for life," Ware said, smiling faintly.

Back then, the Oneness Sky Palace had been on good terms with the Sun Crow race. Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Emperor Charm had had a close, friendly relationship, and treated each other as brothers. Some secrets weren't secret to the two races, which gave Ware the confidence to break the array.

Everyone in the Phoenix Palace was panicking.

The lightning that had descended from the sky was enough to prove the strength of the opponent.

Fortunately, it was not that easy to break the Primitive Illusion. The lightning had fallen outside the Phoenix Palace, but the palace itself was not damaged.

But could the Primitive Illusion really block the powerful warriors?

Most of them despaired.

There were a lot of guards guarding the Supreme Dragon Hall.

Over a thousand golden armored guards stood guard on the outermost layer.

Most of these golden armored guards were only as powerful as the five-star Oneness Guards.

Flamine stood before the palace gate, knowing that once the Phoenix Palace was destroyed, these golden armored guards would be nothing more than cannon fodder.

She raised her head, her eyes easily piercing through the layers of white mist and falling on the strong warriors of the Bearing race.

"They split into two groups. The first group went to capture the North Unicorn Province, while the second group came to attack the Bloom Divine

Province..." Flamine sighed.

This was not a complicated strategy.

When the Oneness Sky Palace fell short of soldiers and generals, it would have no power to fight back against the joint attack of several large races.

"What should we do if the powerful warriors come in? How about we move Eastern Emperor Taiyi away from here?" Jean paced back and forth in panic.

Chapter 3670 Sacrifice Himself (Part One)

Jean was always arrogant in the Phoenix Palace, holding her head high. She wasn't afraid of anything other than Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

But she shivered violently as she faced this real crisis, fearful of what was to come.

"Mother!"

Even Cleon, Chance, and Ahmad who were sitting on the stairs, couldn't bear to see the timidity in her features.

The three brothers were selfish but given that they were the sons of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, they remained calm in such a crucial life-and-death situation.

They understood that they could hold high positions in the palace because Eastern Emperor Taiyi was their father. And now that their father was in danger of dying, they had obviously chosen to fight the invaders and protect him till the end of their lives.

"I'm trying to find a way out," Jean said, glaring at her sons to conceal her panic and embarrassment.

Cleon was calm as he tried to persuade her. "Those powerful people have already surrounded the Primitive Illusion. We can't move Father even if we want to. We have no way out!"

"If they break in, we should go all out!" added Chance.

Those who sat on the stairs with him were all children and grandchildren of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Elvinia also sat beside them, an elbow on her knee, and held a piece of thin paper that had been floating in the wind with the other hand. A number of words were scribbled on it.

At Chance's words, she merely looked indifferently at him.

In such a critical situation, the three brothers became courageous and persistent, in sharp contrast to their mother. No wonder they were Elvinia's half-brothers. They were much better than their mother.

Elvinia regretted coming back. No matter how exquisite the Truth Enlightenment was, it was useless in this moment. Her father couldn't even see it, and even if he did, what would be the use of it all in such a critical moment?

Could the people around her defeat the powerful invaders above with it?

She couldn't send the Truth Enlightenment to her father. Moreover, she was blocked here and couldn't go to the North Unicorn Province either.

The news about the tragic battle in the North Unicorn Province was being brought to the Phoenix Palace and Elvinia had learned of it the first time it had come here. As a "demon woman" from the Divine Lair, she knew better how terrible the Nine-Sun World Destruction was.

'Have all the powerful warriors of the seven mountains been killed?

Zen should be the only exception. Has he survived?'

All of a sudden, a flame lit up from her fingertip and burned the paper.

Lavender, who was sitting on the step below Elvinia, looked curiously at the burning paper and said, "Little Master, what are you burning?"

Elvinia smiled and answered, "Something written by Zen."

At the mention of Zen's name, Laquisha, Lavender, and Nelly suddenly became interested. "What did he write?" they asked in unison.

"The whole Truth Enlightenment," Elvinia replied with a faint smile.

The others didn't care about what Elvinia was burning, but at the mention of the Truth Enlightenment, their gazes immediately shot to her.

Even Flamine, Jean, and a few strong masters who had stayed in the Phoenix Palace turned to her.

Flamine asked, "Is that why you came back to the Phoenix Palace and wanted to meet your father?"

"Yes," Elvinia said simply.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" Flamine said, frowning.

"What difference does it make if I told you?" Elvinia asked as she stared up at Flamine.

Flamine thought for a while and said nothing more.

The whole Truth Enlightenment was important to Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the Oneness Sky Palace.

But with the crucial life-and-death situation in the Oneness Sky Palace at this point, it would be of no meaning to take it out.

"But it shouldn't have been burned! That's the Truth Enlightenment!" Jean exclaimed, glaring at Elvinia.

Elvinia looked coldly back at her. "So what? We let them take it away?"

This was enough to render Jean speechless. They couldn't fend for themselves, let alone fight to keep this paper. Jean looked up at the sky, sighing in frustration.

A thin fishing line was moving relentlessly in the Primitive Illusion.

The thread acted as Ware's eyes. He could feel anything it touched.

"I've found the sixth pillar. It is easier than I thought," Ware said with a happy smile.

He had found six pillars in a short period of time, much faster than he had expected. It looked like it wouldn't take much time to find all the pillars in the Primitive Illusion.

Ware was loud on purpose. His voice was loud as thunder, echoing clearly through the Phoenix Palace.

"The seventh pillar!"

"The eighth pillar!"

"The ninth pillar!"

Every time Ware counted a number, the hearts of the people in the Phoenix Palace would tremble and skip a collective beat.

"The sixteenth pillar!"

"The seventeenth pillar!"

"The eighteenth pillar!"

Buzz!

The thin thread emitted a cyan light in the Primitive Illusion that penetrated the thick white mist with ease.

The white mist that had been lingering over the Phoenix Palace all year round dispersed in an instant, revealing only eighteen bare pillars.

Flamine stood at the top of the stairs in front of the Supreme Dragon Hall, her long luxurious sleeves fluttering. She looked at all the people sitting below and said firmly, "We have no way out. If Eastern Emperor Taiyi dies, we all will die. So please don't hold back!"

Only seven people who were as strong as Flamine stayed at the front of the Supreme Dragon Hall.

Buzz!

Ripples spread before the Supreme Dragon Hall, and another big array rose into the air. Flamine stretched out her legs and stepped gently into the air. She then reappeared at the center of the big array, the Three-Element Sword Array!

Three long swords shot out of the array.

These swords were the Heaven Sword, the Earth Sword, and the Human Sword. Flamine, without any hesitation, took charge of the Heaven Sword. Another two masters followed her and grasped the Earth Sword and the Human Sword.

Ware looked down at the Three-Element Sword Array in front of the Supreme Dragon Hall and said with a mocking smile, "I didn't expect such a dignified existence as Eastern Emperor Taiyi would rely on his wife to protect him. The Three-Element Sword Array is indeed powerful, but it's a pity that you meet me!"

He then waved the fishing rod and barked an order, "Attack it! Hold the three swords and I'll continue to break the array!"

"Now that victory is in sight, why should you be bothered? Master Ware, let me destroy this palace!" A short man behind Ware said anxiously.

"Illusory Mountain Press!"

The shadow of a huge mountain emerged from nowhere, dashing swiftly towards the Phoenix Palace.

This shadow was like an upside down mountain. Although it was virtual, the power contained within it was still terrifying.

At the sight of the illusory mountain, Flamine's expression shifted several times before she managed to calm herself.

She waved the Heaven Sword lightly and said to the other two, "Three-Element Defense!"

Bang!

With the joint resistance of the three swords, the illusory mountain was halted outside the array.

An area of about ten thousand feet around the Supreme Dragon Hall was now protected, but under the pressure of the mountain shadow, all other halls and pavilions of the Phoenix Palace turned to dust.

"Again!"

The short man stretched out his hands, and the huge mountain shadow solidified and became more powerful.

Sizzle!

The Three-Element Sword Array sizzled under the pressure, but it finally managed to block the attack.

"I'm in!"

"Let's see how long you can hold on."

Chapter 3671 Sacrifice Himself (Part Two)

"It's just a sword array, and it's not good at defense. Why bother to hold on?"

Some masters of the Bearing race looked down at those of the Phoenix Palace who were trying their best to support the sword array. They looked playful as they made their moves.

Boom!

Some of the Bearing race came from the Sky Guard Pavilion.

The Sky Guard Pavilion was to the Bearing race what the Land of Sword Grief was to the Oneness Sky Palace, except for the fact that there were memorial tablets in the Sky Guard Pavilion.

When the masters were strong enough to undertake tasks alone, they would obtain a memorial tablet representing high status. Their strength was almost the same as Flamine's.

These masters relied on the theurgies of various Other Shore Tokens, which were in different forms but all with terrifying power.

Flamine and the other two masters wielded the swords in their hands calmly to resist the enemies.

No matter how strong the theurgies these people poured out were, the Three-Element Sword Array was unbreakable and withstood consequent attacks!

"Lavender, Nelly, Laquisha, hide behind the Supreme Dragon Hall," Elvinia said suddenly.

"Why?" Lavender asked, confused.

"Once this array is broken, you can take the opportunity to escape. Their target is my father. They won't do anything to you," said Elvinia.

As the daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Elvinia was determined to live and die with her father.

But she didn't want Lavender and the other two to die with her. After all, they still had Zen.

"Little Master, let's run away together. Please!" Laquisha said anxiously.

In a battle of this level, Elvinia's strength was insignificant. She could escape with them.

Elvinia smiled bitterly and shook her head.

People born in the Phoenix Palace could obtain more resources, and as a result, they'd have to take up more responsibilities.

Elvinia and her half-brothers didn't have the slightest intention of running away.

"Let's wait for a moment. We can't leave the array now. Even if we leave, we might not remain alive," Lavender suddenly said.

The powerful warriors in the sky sent out tens of thousands of divine megatons of force every time they attacked.

The bricks and tiles of the Phoenix Palace turned to dust, having been crushed over and over again. They would also turn to dust if they were to flee at their current strength and weren't careful enough.

This round of attacks lasted for a while and once they ended, the expressions that the powerful warriors from the Sky Guard Pavilion wore, changed.

They hadn't expected the last array to be so powerful as to forcefully shut them out.

"Master Ware, I'm afraid it's not that easy to destroy the array with brute force. Please help us," the short man said deferentially.

The short man hadn't expected a mere sword array to so easily block all his attacks.

An unfathomable smile on his face, Ware said, "The Supreme Dragon Hall is protecting the real body of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. The last array won't be so easy to destroy. With your forcible attacks, you may not be able to destroy it even in a few days and nights."

As he spoke, he threw the fishing rod again.

Whoosh!

The thin fishing line fell from the sky and rolled towards the Three-Element Sword Array below.

Flamine raised her eyebrows at Ware's action. The thread wrapped around his fishing rod was his Other Shore Token called Sky Cloud Thread.

With this thread, he could break through almost all the arrays in the world.

That was why he had become a great array breaker in the world.

With the help of the Three-Element Sword Array, Flamine had thought she could still defend them until Eastern Emperor Taiyi woke up.

And now, it was almost impossible.

But she had no other choice. She would never allow Ware to break the array.

"Master Heller!"

Flamine turned, with the Heaven Sword in hand, and exclaimed.

An old man sat on the stairs behind her. He was as strong as Auden and Pearce, but he hadn't made a single move.

He had once fought alongside Eastern Emperor Taiyi, but had been cursed when wandering in Stage Thirty-two. He had encountered a kind of Other

Shore Token with negative effects which, when touched, forcefully laid the curse on his inner world.

His strength had greatly reduced since. Over the years, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had used a special method to help him suppress the curse.

The curse was so powerful that it consumed a lot of energy just to suppress it each time.

Master Heller was loyal to Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who had helped him survive. He felt that he had become a burden to the emperor and wanted to die.

But he had changed his mind a while ago.

Zen got two Hearts of Accomplice in Stage Thirteen. One of them was presented to Eastern Emperor Taiyi by Athemar.

The Other Shore Token was powerful, but it would cause the owner to sacrifice themselves.

It was not difficult to find a person willing to be sacrificed in the Oneness Sky Palace.

But Master Heller was also present at the time. His eyes lit up as he learned about this Other Shore Token. He applied to Eastern Emperor Taiyi to merge with the Heart of Accomplice.

At least, he'd no longer be a burden after fusing with it.

He would be qualified enough to fight the top masters just like Pearce and Auden and perish alongside them.

Seeing that Master Heller was desperately seeking death, Eastern Emperor Taiyi agreed to his request. At least he would want to live on after he had merged with the Heart of Accomplice.

They would never let him die until the last moment.

Neither Flamine nor Eastern Emperor Taiyi had expected that this last moment would arrive so soon.

At her call, Master Heller suddenly stood up and laughed harshly, soaring into the sky.

"Ha-ha-ha! Array breaker, do you still remember me?" Master Heller asked, tucking his silver hair behind his head.

Ware had controlled the thread to break the array. At Master Heller's shouts, he looked up and said casually, "A loser from hundreds of years ago. You haven't died yet?"

The Bearing race had had a hand in the curse on Master Heller. At the time, even Eastern Emperor Taiyi had suffered a great loss.

"Are you disappointed?" Master Heller said with a relieved smile. "I'm going to die today!"

Ware merely looked at him before saying, "Help him."

At this order, those next to Ware made to move towards Heller but the loud sound of a heartbeat broke through the air.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

Breaking the array using the Sky Cloud Thread had demanded a great deal of effort and attention from Ware. What was more, Flamine was constantly changing the array to disturb him. And now, the sudden heartbeat was having a great impact on his mind while greatly confusing him. Where was this sound coming from?

Master Heller continued to laugh loudly. "I'm going to die today, but I won't die alone!"

"What do you mean?" Ware finally realized that something was wrong. The sound of heartbeat grew louder and louder.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

Ware was also a man with vast knowledge. All of a sudden, he realized what could be wrong.

Ware hurriedly stopped the men beside him from making a move and said, "Damn it! Stop! It's the Heart of Accomplice! He actually has it!"

Master Heller laughed a sinister laugh. "Stop? You think I can't die just because you stop?"

Swoosh!

A shadow of a heart appeared above his head - the Heart of Accomplice. It then lit up; he had burned this Other Shore Token!

Chapter 3672 Insist

There were a few records stating that Lord Shaw was killed by the Heart of Accomplice, and no one had ever burned this heart.

Splash!

As the Heart of Accomplice began to burn, so did the entire body of Heller.

This was a special reaction of energy, only possible with the heart.

Aside from it being rare, it was also severe torture. Even Heller, a powerful warrior who had reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul, couldn't find it in himself to endure it.

However, though his face expressed pain, his eyes shone excitement.

He was just happy that a loser like him could still help Eastern Emperor Taiyi before he died.

Splash!

As Heller's body burned, a wave of fright struck Ware.

Just then, a sharp pain pierced through his back that sent a burning sensation all over. Apparently, this was the consequence of Heller burning the Other Shore Token and violating the truth.

"Help... Please help me..." Ware wailed in pain.

The strong warriors surrounding him were stunned, their faces shifting from confident to serious.

But no matter how much Ware cried out for help desperately, they didn't help him. Instead, they kept retreating backwards.

"Kill him!"

"Kill that old man and we might be able to save Master Ware!"

"Attack!"

These people knew that it was all because of Heller. If they killed him, they could save Ware.

Swish! Swish!

All of a sudden, two men soared down from the air. The one on the left held a spear, while the one on the right held a halberd.

"Don't, don't kill him..."

Ware pleaded in agony. If Heller died, he would definitely die along with him.

However, his voice was too weak for anyone to hear. Meanwhile, the two men were so determined to save his life that they didn't hold back. A bright light flashed and the spear and halberd turned into two beams of lightning that pierced through Heller's body.

Puff! Puff!

In one instant, Heller was sliced cleanly into two pieces, and so was Ware. However, as this happened, the burning did not ever cease.

After a few moments, the two were burnt to ashes.

In front of the Phoenix Palace, Flamine paused and looked up into the sky, her face filled with grief.

The reason why Eastern Emperor Taiyi was able to expand the Oneness Sky Palace was that he'd been assisted by loyal elders. It seemed that until their very last breaths, the elders played their roles to the fullest extent.

Right in the sky, the strong warriors of the Bearing race had to witness Ware die, but they could do nothing to stop it.

After a long silence, Hancock cocked his head and spoke out, "Since Master Ware has died, we have no choice but to break the array by force. Although it is difficult to break the Three-Element Sword Array, there is still a solution! Guys, come on! We shouldn't lose hope!"

Although everyone had been weary from Ware's death, Hancock's words easily lightened up their moods.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi still stayed hidden in the Supreme Dragon Hall below. As long as they destroyed the final array, they could kill him so easily. It was their final goal.

"It's just an array. We must work together to break it!"

"It shouldn't be so difficult to get rid of that woman who guards the array!"

"Everyone, come with me!" People screamed and cheered in confidence.

Just then, a small oil pot appeared and hovered over Hancock's head. A flame burned in the mouth of the pot. This was a famous treasure that produced endless flames using blood.

Hancock took out a small blade and sliced a small part of his wrist. He then held his wrist over the pot, letting the blood drip. Then he grabbed the oil pot and made its mouth face the array.

Instead of blood, black fire oil poured out of the pot.

This fusion of fire and oil helped him form a huge flame waterfall.

Though the flame seemed like any other flame, it had astonishing power to never go out. Once it was attached to something, it would never extinguish unless the oil burnt out.

"Guards!"

Seeing the flames, Flamine spun around and summoned the guards for help.

With one word from Flamine, one guard jumped up and an icy blue vortex appeared above his head. This vortex caused a huge icy storm that swept over the fire oil, forming an ice column more than ten thousand feet high.

However, because the fire oil was so powerful, it would only melt the ice column eventually.

Another guard who observed for a while decided that it was time for him to take action. A pair of jade swords appeared in his hands, and with continuous tapping of the swords, a dozen runes circled around the ice column.

Once the runes stabilized, the flames began to seal.

Hancock saw this and grinned. "Although your method is ingenious, do you really think you can block all of us?"

On his cue, the people behind him began to let go all the theurgies they had.

This went on for a minute.

Five minutes passed.

An hour...

Four hours...

The attack never stopped, and there was no sign of it slowing down anytime soon.

Although Flamine was safe under the protection of the Three-Element Sword Array, she seemed drained as ever.

Aside from her, the two men with the Earth Sword and the Human Sword also appeared tired.

At this point, everyone's theurgies sent out thousands of divine megatons of force. Some of the methods were strange, so they had to constantly change their array to deal with them. Even if Eastern Emperor Taiyi stood in the array for hours, there would be a point wherein he would not be able to withstand the attacks, let alone Flamine.

"Lady Flamine can't hold on much longer."

"Lady Jean, could you replace her?"

"I... I can't control the Three-Element Sword Array."

"It's very difficult to control the Heaven Sword. I'm afraid I can't do it either."

Seeing Flamine grow weaker after blocking each attack, everyone behind her grew worried. At this rate, the array would be broken in no time.

It came to a point that the people in front of the Supreme Dragon Hall had begun to lose hope.

Was this it? Was the Oneness Sky Palace going to be defeated?

Sadly, Pearce and Auden, who led the masters of the seven mountain, died in the North Unicorn Province.

They had no more reinforcements and no more miracles. They had hoped for a second that Eastern Emperor Taiyi would wake up, but he seemed nowhere close to consciousness.

Meanwhile, Pearce led the group of warriors to open up a space channel. After they had traveled it for a while, they reached the wall between the provinces.

As the group followed Pearce, they passed through the wall and arrived at a large city in the northeast of the Bloom Divine Province, the Tiger Peace City.

Having heard the news of Nine-Sun World Destruction, people began to leave and move out of the city. After all, if the Sun Crow race advanced further, they knew that the city would be their first stop.

Everyone seemed helpless and defeated.

With the masters killed in the North Unicorn Province and the destruction of the Oneness Sky Palace, it seemed like everything was just falling apart.

Even if the people living in the Tiger Peace City retreated, where would they go?

After everything that had happened, the Clear Lake and the seven mountains could not put a stop to the Sun Crow race.

But just as everyone was about to surrender and let their guards down, a voice rang through the crowd.

"They are back! Thank God they're still alive!"

Chapter 3673 Destroying The Sword Array

Under Pearce's leadership, the powerful warriors of the six mountains, the Oneness Generals, the Oneness Guards, and the warriors of the Other Shore Realm of the twelve passes appeared in the sky.

All the people in the Tiger Peace City looked up and found themselves cheering when they saw Pearce leading the troops.

They couldn't tell what exactly had happened during the battle, but at the very least, the powerful warriors had survived.

Just as they arrived at the Tiger Peace City, someone appeared in the transmission array, looking agitated. He rushed out, and when he saw Pearce and the mountain leaders, he was dazed for a moment before coming to his senses and excitedly saying, "Masters, it's so great to see you're safe and sound!"

The man came from the Origin Mountain.

Since the Bearing race invaded the Phoenix Palace, once they dealt with Eastern Emperor Taiyi, their next target was likely Yasmin of the Origin Mountain.

Even the Origin Mountain couldn't escape the calamity.

As the Oneness Sky Palace was stuck in such a situation, they were all in despair.

The man had been sent to the Tiger Peace City to inquire about the situation of the battle in the North Unicorn Province.

According to previous news, it was likely that the powerful warriors of the seven mountains in the province had already been killed. Little hope remained.

But as soon as he arrived at the Tiger Peace City, he saw Pearce and the others descend.

Over a hundred thousand Oneness Guards and Other Shore Realm warriors were also there.

One couldn't even tell that they had just come from a fierce battle against the Sun Crow race.

It seemed they had even managed to completely dodge the Nine-Sun World Destruction.

The man from the Origin Mountain was both excited and confused. But when he saw Zen bringing in with him many members of the Sun Crow race, his face changed color—he had no clue that the Sun Crow race had already surrendered to Zen.

Knowing that it wasn't the right time to satisfy his curiosity, he immediately rushed to Pearce. "Sir, the Bearing race is invading the Oneness Sky palace from the south!"

"What did you say? They've broken through the Dragon Cliff?" The news made Pearce's face turn cold.

Athemar, Goran, and the mountain leaders turned grim as well.

"Patton should be guarding the Dragon Cliff. Is it possible that he…" Athemar mumbled and trailed off.

The man from the Origin Mountain cupped his hands as he said, "It is said that Governor Patton has died."

Hearing that, several Oneness Governors shut their eyes, revealing pained expressions.

"Where are they now?" Pearce asked once again.

"They've gone to the Oneness Mountain. They're probably besieging and attacking the Phoenix Palace now…They mean to kill Eastern Emperor Taiyi," answered the man.

Anger flashed through Pearce's eyes. "Oneness Guards, remain in the Tiger Peace City. The leader of every mountain, along with your people, follow me into the transmission array!"

The transmission capability of this array in the Tiger Peace City was rather limited. Now that the Phoenix Palace was in danger, Pearce was anxious. He decided to send the most powerful warriors back first.

The Bearing race had destroyed the transmission array beside the Dragon Shadow Pavilion in the Dragon City. As a result, the array in this city could only transmit this particular group of people to the Origin Mountain.

Soon, many powerful warriors began emerging from the beacon platform of the Origin Mountain, one after another.

The powerful warriors from the seven mountains hadn't suffered great casualties. Over eighty people still remained. Zen had dozens of members of the Sun Crow race behind him, and the Oneness Generals were also transmitted there.

Once everyone arrived, they headed straight for the Oneness Mountain.

"Receive my great halberd!"

A man in black armor from the Bearing race threw his halberd into the air.

Countless purple-black halberds began shooting down from the air like a rainstorm, crazily tearing at the Three-Element Sword Array.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

When all the halberds dropped, they made a deafening sound, making terrifying power erupt in the explosion.

The Bearing race's powerful warriors launched their attacks in turns. Flamine struggled to hold on, but she was clearly nearing her limit. The entire Three-Element Sword Array was like a candle in the wind that could break at any time.

"Crack!"

Once the long halberds exploded, a great crack appeared in the middle of the Heaven Sword in Flamine's hand before it broke. In the next moment, Flamine spat out a mouthful of blood.

The two powerful warriors holding the Earth Sword and the Human sword in their hands also began spitting out blood. One of them even fainted to the ground.

And so the Three-element Sword Array was destroyed.

"Haha!"

Hancock laughed at the scene. "Friends, we shall kill all the people in front of the Phoenix Palace, and then we will take down Eastern Emperor Taiyi!"

The powerful warriors of the Bearing race gazed down with sinister smiles. To them, their opponents were weak, consisting mostly of women and children. It was enough of a miracle that Flamine could even resist them with a sword array for so long.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Seven powerful warriors of the Bearing race then rushed out, clad in black clothes and hats—they were from the Black Jade Clan of the Bearing race. Even though the members of the clan had joined the Sky Guard Pavilion, they had a style of their own.

Seeing the seven members of the Black Jade Clan rushing down, the golden-armored guards in front of the Supreme Dragon Hall burst into a deafening roar.

"We will protect our emperor with our lives!

We will stand guard till death!

Kill them!"

The guards at the Phoenix Palace were merely elites selected from the five-star Oneness Guards. In truth, it was still a question whether or not they were truly qualified to even be deemed as elites.

A considerate part of the five-star Oneness Guards were above guarding the Phoenix Palace, after all.

In most people's eyes, the palace was absolutely safe. To stay there was no different from living in retirement, some thought. It was nearly impossible for a guard to grow from working there.

No one had ever expected the Oneness Sky Palace to fall into such a desperate situation in a short time.

"Gee..."

"I haven't seen such innocent cannon fodder in a long time."

"I'm warning you! You'd better not get any blood on my clothes!"

After quietly exchanging a few words with each other, the seven members of the Black Jade Clan rushed toward the Oneness Guards like eagles after their prey.

The one in the lead twisted his body, transforming into a black cyclone.

Regardless of where the cyclone passed, all sorts of broken limbs flew in the air, and blood splattered the area.

Meanwhile, the other six launched their own fierce attacks. The five-star Oneness Guards couldn't hold on for even half a round before the powerful warriors.

Tick…tick…tick…

Blood began falling like rain.

Dripping onto the eaves of the Phoenix Palace, it slid down the stairs.

People began screaming and running off.

On the stairs sat Elvinia, indifferent to the blood splattering on her body. She examined the broken limbs and blood falling from the sky, her eyes full of gloom.

"Why are you still here?" she asked.

At her foot sat Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly.

"I'm afraid we can't leave," Lavender answered, pointing to somewhere nearby.

While she wasn't exactly stronger than these people, her vision was still sharp.

As early as the destruction of the sword array, some people began making use of the messy situation to escape. But soon after they rushed out, purple spear radiance descended, piercing through their bodies—the Bearing race intended to kill each and every one of them.

Chapter 3674 Rescue

It only took less than thirty seconds before over a thousand golden armored guards had been killed.

At that point, there were only two to three hundred people left on the steps of the Supreme Dragon Hall. Most of them were the children of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Moreover, there were also a few maids among them.

Flamine had been controlling the Three-Element Sword Array for quite some time now. Undoubtedly, this had her feeling extremely exhausted. No matter how desperate it might seem, she had no choice but to keep on fighting.

Splash!

The Sun Crow race's divine flames burned brightly upon her face. Slowly, she rose in the air and prepared for an attack. The divine flames turned into a flame phoenix. It spread its marvelous wings and soared towards the seven people.

"Let's go!"

Without a second thought, Cleon and the others took out their Other Shore Tokens as well.

Among the children of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Elvinia, Cleon, Chance and another four were at the Chaotic Source Realm.

Even though they had already accepted the fact that they were no match for those powerful beings, all they could do now was leap into the breach. In any case, there was no way out of it so they had to fight with all their might.

"Buzz..."

As Elvinia watched her mother's back, her weary face was suddenly filled with burning determination. With that, she also jumped upwards and followed Flamine.

At this point, all of the powerful concubines had taken out their own Other Shore Tokens. They were completely ready to fight for their lives.

Jean was previously in a state of panic. But as soon as she saw her sons join the fray, all of her fears vanished. She no longer had any care in the world and was now prepared to risk everything. With that, she also joined the other warriors.

The leader of those from the Black Jade Clan was clad in all black. To him, Eastern Emperor Taiyi's family members merely seemed pathetic with their hopeless attempt to fight back. He sneered as he saw them charging towards him and his group. "Don't show any mercy. Kill them all!" he ordered them with such apathy and arrogance.

Whoosh!

As soon as he said that, he stretched out his hands and soared towards Flamine.

The divine flames of Flamine were extremely sharp. However, her energy had been severely depleted while she was controlling the Three-Element Sword Array. She had not regained much energy since then, so her face was still deathly pale. When she directed the fire phoenix to attack the man in black, the man's eyes glinted with a bright green light. Almost simultaneously, he launched a soul attack towards Flamine.

Flamine had already reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul. Therefore, her soul was extremely stable. Under normal circumstances, she would not be afraid of the soul attack at all. However, she was utterly exhausted now. So now, she could not withstand it.

When the soul attack hit her, she instantly felt dizzy. Seeing this, the man in black took advantage of this window of opportunity to get near her.

He had a dagger equipped in both of his hands. He used them to attack and aimed them at Flamine's neck.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Even though the two daggers seemed plain and ordinary, their explosive power was actually insanely terrifying.

Fortunately, Flamine was a well-known master. After countless years of nurture, the Chaotic Source Spirits in her body had been absolutely strong. Her seemingly delicate neck had effectively withstood the attack.

But as the Chaotic Source Spirits helped her block the damage, they instantly felt worn-out. If she was slashed with those daggers again, she would definitely die.

Good thing she finally regained her consciousness at the most critical moment. Flamine gritted her teeth and swerved. She stretched out her hand and gave a sudden blow.

"Take this!"

The divine flames looked like petals attached to her palm. With a gentle flick, the heat evaporated instantly. The man in black's initial plan was to launch another slashing attack. But right now, he had no choice but to fall back for a bit.

However, he only took a step back and vanished. With the speed of light, he immediately reappeared behind Flamine, stabbing one dagger deeply into her back.

Puff!

Just as the other dagger was about to slash at her head, a figure rushed towards them. "Mother!" the other person cried out in shock and fear.

Flamine was in extreme pain from the attack. Now, she also looked very anxious when she heard Elvinia's voice. This was not the battle Elvinia could participate in!

But at this moment, Elvinia didn't care about anything else. She had to save her mother! She activated the power of the Other Shore Token in her body and quickly held onto the man's arm as tightly as she could!

"Unhand me!" the man in black commanded.

He didn't expect that Elvinia would appear out of nowhere. In his anger, he gathered his strength in his arm and instantly struck her with his elbow.

Undoubtedly, a warrior with such terrifying power could easily split mountains and earth with his strength. This elbow strike contained over ten thousand divine megatons of force.

The blow hit Elvinia's chest. In an instant, she went limp and fell down from the sky like a stone sinking into deep water.

"No! Elvinia!"

Flamine screamed in pain and anguish.

Seeing her daughter struck down, she released even more blazing divine flames. She intended to use them to envelop the man in black. However, he seemed to have expected this. He merely leaped back a little and a green light flashed in his eyes again. It was another incoming soul attack!

This made Flamine feel dizzy again. In addition to that, the man in black thrust the two daggers simultaneously towards her head.

Since Flamine couldn't withstand the soul attack, she wouldn't be able to avoid the two daggers as well. It looked like there was no escape. She was now staring death right in the face.

Just as the daggers were about to pierce through her head, a flying sword came out of nowhere. It appeared as though it had been thrown from afar.

The flying sword was flickering as though it was shuttling through space in such an incredible speed.

Cling! Cling!

The flying sword hit the two daggers with such unbelievable accuracy. It effectively stopped the attack as the daggers rebounded.

"Who in the world threw that?!"

Anger was written all over the man's face. He had the perfect opportunity to finish off Flamine.

He believed that the Bearing race already had full control of the situation. The Dark Jade Clan just had to deal with all the family members of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. It never crossed his mind that there would be any other changes to their original plan.

However, he was immediately dumbfounded as he angrily looked toward the direction of the flying sword and saw who had interfered.

There, in the distance, was Pearce who approached them swiftly along with the other six mountain leaders. Beside Pearce were the three evil eyes that Auden had summoned. He was the one who thrust the flying sword.

The man in black was not the only one who was stunned by this unexpected turn of events.

Hancock and the others were watching the scene unfold while they were in the air. They were flabbergasted when they saw lots of people from the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Isn't the main force of the Oneness Sky Palace currently being suppressed by the Sun Crow race? What happened?" one of them asked confusedly.

"There's no doubt that the Sun Crow race has the ability to obliterate them all!"

"But how are they here? Did something happen?"

There were only over forty people from the Bearing race left. Meanwhile, the number of people from the Oneness Sky Palace was twice as big.

When it came to sheer strength, the people from the Bearing race were extremely powerful. However, they were not the strongest group of the Bearing race. And now, they were clearly outnumbered.

Realizing this, they immediately felt desperate. The situation suddenly turned bleak and it seemed like the tide had turned against them.

At that very moment, another group was fast approaching from the other side.

As Hancock and the others took a closer look, they felt overjoyed. It looked like they had a chance after all because the members of the Sun Crow race were coming!

In addition to that, they had also seen Micah and Bagot in the group.

"Hooray! It's the Sun Crow race!" shouted one of the members of the Bearing race.

"Their timing is absolutely perfect!"

"Whew! We are saved. As long as we join hands with the Sun Crow race, we will be able to defeat the Oneness Sky Palace!"

However, they didn't know that Gethin had the same thought before.

"Micah, we..."

Hancock looked at him admiringly. After all, the strength and status of Micah were far greater and higher than his. Even Ware, who led the team here this time, couldn't quite compare to Micah's might and prowess.

But before Hancock could even finish his sentence, he noticed another figure standing in front of Micah. It was none other than Zen.

Zen's face was drained of color when he saw Elvinia lying motionlessly on the ground. He didn't know whether she was alive or dead.

He had initially thought that the Phoenix Palace was the safest place to go, so he let Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly stay here. Clearly, he wasn't expecting that Eastern Emperor Taiyi would be trapped and the Bearing race would launch a sneak attack on the Phoenix Palace.

"Slaughter them all," Zen commanded mercilessly.

"Yes, sir! Right away!"

Micah, Bagot, and the others answered without any second thoughts.

The longer the modified blood stayed in their bodies, the more loyal they became to Emperor Charm and Zen. This was the true power of bloodline worship.

Chapter 3675 Starlight Witness

Hancock and the other members of the Bearing race were frozen in shock upon hearing the Sun Crows' answer to Zen's order.

Did they hear correctly?

Were these Sun Crows fake? Were they merely disguised by humans who wore feathered wings on their backs?

It was all extremely confusing.

However, the auras Micah, Bagot, and Elizabeth exuded shattered all their speculations.

These people were all genuine members of the Sun Crow race. There was no doubt about it!

"Micah, you..."

"Bagot, we've met each other before!"

"……"

Hancock and the others continued to plead for their lives but the Sun Crows turned a deaf ear to their cries.

How could the Bearing race hold on to their hopes when things had come to this?!

"There's no way we can win this right now. We're outnumbered! Retreat!"

"Run!"

"It was all in vain!"

Just as they were about to escape using the Grand Teleportation technique, a pale, white light flashed over the Oneness Mountain. The Cage of Heaven and Earth worked.

Their only road out was now blocked.

"No! Why can't we leave..."

"Block their attacks!"

"Retreat! Retreat!"

Hancock was declared leader upon Ware's death but he failed to live up to the title.

Though the Bearing race stood calm when bullying Flamine and others earlier, they were an utter mess when facing against these masters of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race.

In the air, all kinds of powerful energy constantly surged.

Despite its big size, the Oneness Mountain shook and trembled underneath their feet due to the attacks.

Flamine descended from the sky. Her chest had been stabbed through and blood burst out from her body like a fountain, but she just flew downwards as if she didn't feel any pain from her wound.

It was far beyond Elvinia's cultivation level to take that blow.

As Elvinia fell down from the air, Lavender, Laquisha, and Nelly immediately surrounded her. She didn't seem to be seriously injured but she was unconscious and that scared them.

Flamine reached out and gently scratched Elvinia's arm, leaving a small scar on Elvinia's skin. She frowned and pressed her hand on Elvinia's forehead, looking gloomier.

"Lady Flamine, is she all right?" Nelly asked, her face marred with worry. To their dismay, Flamine shook her head.

Elvinia's body was able to withstand the blow.

However, her soul was an entirely different matter. It seemed to have been severely injured from the vibrations.

Flamine knew her soul had reached its limit but she still squeezed out her own Soul of Light in order to activate a secret soul technique that might nourish Elvinia's soul.

As Flamine did so, the three women took this chance to observe the sky.

They were grateful to see Zen return safely.

However, the sight of him ordering the masters of the Sun Crow race made them all gasp.

They absolutely believed in Zen's talent but there was no way he could order around all those powerful Sun Crow warriors, right? Their auras were in no way inferior to Flamine's. It was impossible! Or was it?

"I thought I stood a chance to catch up with him in the Phoenix Palace," Nelly said but she shook her head and smiled at the realization that she overestimated herself.

"I never think that way," Lavender said, knowing well just how talented Zen was.

Among the three of them, Lavender had been the one by his side the longest. She, of all people, knew of his rapid growth. Logically speaking, the longer one cultivated, the more difficult it would be to progress. Zen, ever the enigma, just chose to progress with his growth faster!

As the Sun Crow race took the lead in launching their attack, Pearce and Auden also led the masters of the Oneness Sky Palace to make a move.

Whether it was by numbers or sheer power, the Bearing race was at an absolute disadvantage.

However, the seven warriors from the Black Jade Clan still showed their high combat effectiveness. Their Other Shore Tokens appeared as white porcelain fragments above their heads that could form a sort of unique shield when combined.

This shield of thick porcelain could serve as protection for the Bearing race and help them out of their situation.

So even if the fight had been going on for five minutes, only five members of the Bearing race were killed.

The shield, however, wasn't indestructible. It could delay immediate death and give the Bearing race some time but it was bound to give up at some point. There was no way it could block the combined force of the Sun Crow race and the Oneness Sky Palace forever. So long as the Cage of Heaven and Earth remained working, then the Bearing race was doomed to die here.

Despair filled Hancock and his warriors at their hopeless situation.

Meanwhile, something else was also happening in the northwest of the Bloom Divine Province.

The Oneness Guards and the Other Shore Realm warriors had chosen to stay in Tiger Peace City to await further instructions.

They were quite relaxed since the rest of the battle had nothing to do with them. They could contentedly lay back in comfort and safety despite having narrowly escaped death not too long ago.

"How dare the Bearing race attack the Oneness Mountain?!"

"Since Master Pearce has led the troops to go back, they will surely die miserably!"

"I hope the Oneness Sky Palace can survive this calamity safely..."

Just as they discussed this, numerous strange squares began to appear above the Tiger Peace City.

These squares emitted a dazzling blue light that immediately attracted everyone's attention.

After a short while, the squares morphed and materialized into the shape of a young man with wings. His features slowly solidified and everyone saw that he had fine eyebrows, slender eyes, and an air of delicate beauty. He was none other than Emperor Charm.

He merely glanced at the people below ...

Tens of thousands of soldiers, including the Oneness Guards and the warriors at the Other Shore Realm, could only stand frozen in place by his sudden appearance.

Each one of them was nothing more than dust and insignificant ants in front of this powerful emperor.

This was Emperor Charm's strength. He didn't need to make his identity known nor release any special aura. All he needed to do was to look at those below him and they would freeze.

He eventually withdrew his gaze to stretch out his white palm wherein a small cube appeared. There was a world within that cube and the scene within it revealed the fighting that went on in the Phoenix Palace.

His royal guards were currently killing the members of the Bearing race alongside the Oneness Sky Palace.

His face revealed a puzzled expression.

'Elizabeth, Micah, Bagot, why did you betray me?'

He wasn't angry. Truth be told, he felt more confused than angry.

With the support of the bloodline worship, Emperor Charm was certain of Elizabeth's and Micah's absolute loyalty. There was no way they would ever betray him.

There was definitely something more to this!

This entire situation was confusing to him, including the fact that Zen had shot down his suns!

Now that he personally came here to the Bloom Divine Province, he expected the truth to be revealed soon enough.

As he held his square world on one hand, he summoned an Other Shore Token in the other. It was an azure spear, translucent from tip to body like crystal ice.

This was his Starlight Tracking Spear, a unique Other Shore Token he dug out from Stage Thirty-three.

"Starlight Witness,"

Emperor Charm said.

A few dots of starlight flashed above the Bloom Divine Province despite it being daytime. These dots of starlight promptly shot down and appeared above the heads of leaders of the Bright Mountain, the Ivory Mountain, the Azure Mountain, and the Golden Mountain.

Chapter 3676 Wantonly Killing

Bright, twinkling stars floated above the four mountain leaders' heads, and they couldn't help but look at them in astonishment.

"What are these stars?"

"They seem to come from some Other Shore Token. I can feel their aura!"

"Why is an Other Shore Token here?"

While the four mountain leaders were quite confused, Elizabeth, Micah, and Bagot all gazed at the stars with shock.

"It's the Starlight Witness," Elizabeth whispered. A warrior like Emperor Charm didn't usually engage in battles even once for tens of thousands of years.

That was why nobody knew about his Starlight Tracking Spear, although he had owned it for thousands of years already. Only the closest people to him knew about it, such as Elizabeth.

Thus, they knew that Emperor Charm had already arrived in the Bloom Divine Province when the starlight appeared.

After a while of being amazed at the starlight, the four mountain leaders quickly became cautious.

They were all old warriors that had lived for many years, so their innate fighting instincts told them that those stars weren't as simple as they seemed.

Furthermore, lots of Other Shore Tokens had strange abilities, and any negligence on their part might lead to their doom.

"No matter what they are, do protect yourselves!" the leader of the Azure Mountain declared as he beat his chest hard.

Swoosh!

A flurry of thunderstorms materialized and enveloped him entirely.

The thunderstorms spread to a radius of a thousand feet around him and formed an absolute energy zone. It destroyed anything that passed through its area.

The leader of the Ivory Mountain brandished his sword, and then sword shadows appeared continuously. Countless sword shadows grew rapidly like weeds and tightly wrapped around him.

The leaders of the Bright Mountain and the Golden Mountain also followed suit and used their own methods to protect themselves.

Because of the starlight, the masters who had been chasing the Bearing race stopped for the time being.

The members of the Bearing race temporarily had a chance to breathe, but they were confused. They didn't know why the Oneness Sky Palace suddenly stopped.

"Buzz..."

Just then, a square-shaped object appeared in the sky.

Something had crossed the space and moved above the Oneness Mountain.

The Oneness Mountain had already been covered by the Cage of Heaven and Earth. Even powerful masters like Auden and Micah couldn't use the Grand Teleportation. After all, there weren't many people in the world who could completely ignore the Cage of Heaven and Earth.

"Buzz..."

The square shook as a blurry dark figure appeared. The figure looked like it had a pair of wings that were several hundred feet wide, and an azure spear.

Whoosh!

Just as the figure came into view, it also instantly disappeared.

Crack!

The next moment, everyone saw that the blurry figure had rushed towards the leader of the Azure Mountain.

Alas, his thunderstorms that could tear anything apart couldn't do anything to stop it.

At that moment, the leader of the Azure Mountain felt an extremely powerful aura, and instinctively thought that he would die.

Puff!

The azure spear pierced through his body.

When the tip of the spear penetrated his body, he only felt that it took away everything he had. His strength, soul, consciousness, will, and spirit no longer belonged to him.

The azure spear didn't stop after it pierced through the leader of the Azure Mountain.

Before the blurry figure pulled out the tip of the spear from his body, it weirdly disappeared. Then, it stabbed the body of the Ivory Mountain's leader next.

Puff!

It penetrated, disappeared, and appeared...

In the next second, the spear skewered the leader of the Golden Mountain.

The four leaders died in succession.

However, none of the dead leaders nor the others noticed the order of killing.

They only saw four azure spear lights flash and pierce through the bodies of the four leaders at the same time. After the four leaders had died, the figure with huge wings appeared again.

Only then did they see its face. It was Emperor Charm of the Sun Crow race!

Hancock and his companions cried out desperately as they ran for their lives. When they finally saw Emperor Charm, they felt a glimmer of hope amidst a crisis.

"Emperor Charm!"

"Emperor Charm of the Sun Crow race is here in person!"

"Thank heavens! We're finally saved!"

Of course, the people of the Oneness Sky Palace were worried and in a state of panic.

There was no one who could fight Emperor Charm except for Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

If they were well prepared, the leaders of the six mountains might be able to fight him.

Yet, Emperor Charm acted quickly and swiftly killed the leaders of four mountains just now.

Although there were many powerful warriors present, who could fight him head-on?

Meanwhile, Emperor Charm floated in the air. As he slowly spread out his wings, a golden disk shadow appeared behind him. It was the faith object of the Sun Crow race, the sun totem.

"Buzz..."

All the members of the Sun Crow race knelt when the sun totem came to light.

It was their rule that had existed for countless years, and they couldn't disobey it.

The members of the Sun Crow race, such as Elizabeth, Micah, and Bagot, also felt their legs tremble and were about to bend down when they saw the golden sun shadow.

But their instincts restricted them.

All of the people of the Sun Crow race suffered. Their bodies convulsed as their instincts fought with their limbs.

In the end, they didn't kneel. Their instincts had gained the upper hand.

Disappointment was written all over Emperor Charm's face when he saw Elizabeth, Micah, and the rest of them float in the air motionlessly.

Micah, Bagot, and the other members of the Sun Crow race were silent. They didn't betray Emperor Charm, but the one in front of them.

When Emperor Charm received no answers, he didn't force them.

He raised his azure spear horizontally, and starlight spread throughout the sky once again.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

This time, seven rays of starlight appeared above the heads of the seven powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The people of the Oneness Sky Palace were still not over the deaths of the four mountain leaders.

Naturally, they clearly knew that the starlight above their heads would kill them.

Whoosh!

When a member of the Ivory Mountain saw the starlight above his head, his face paled, and he impulsively ran away.

The other six did the same. They either used a secret technique to strengthen themselves or chose to escape.

While they were fleeing, Emperor Charm raised the heavy azure spear in his hand.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Everyone saw the spear stab all seven of them at the same time.

Such a killing method was powerful and overbearing, almost irresistible.

The people of the Oneness Sky Palace felt desolate. They were like a group of helpless lambs, unable to do anything to Emperor Charm.

Emperor Charm, who had killed the seven people, flew back up the sky once again. He held his azure spear indifferently and chose his next target.

Chapter 3677 Fight Back

In general, these warriors were powerful enough to dominate any province in the Source World.

However, their lives were in Emperor Charm's hands.

"Buzz..."

Another starlight descended and landed above the head of a bald man.

The bald man was called Norbert Chen, a close friend of the Ivory Mountain's leader.

His eyes were still bloodshot as he hadn't recovered from having watched Emperor Charm kill the mountain leader.

Now that the starlight fell above his head, the veins in his temples popped out and he roared, "This winged demon is attacking our Oneness Sky Palace! I will try my best to fight him!"

"Whoosh!"

Then, he stomped his feet in the air, which distorted the space beneath him.

His Other Shore Token appeared on his right hand. It was a tiger-shaped gauntlet.

"Buzz!"

He rushed towards Emperor Charm as the tiger's eyes on his gauntlet turned red, and an immense power gathered within it.

His Other Shore Token was of strengthening type, which came from Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore.

However, he had more than one Other Shore Token!

Aside from his tiger-shaped gauntlet, he also had another Other Shore Token in the form of a palm-sized wooden compass. He released the compass, and its needle began to spin like mad.

"Crack! Crack! Crack..."

In turn, Emperor Charm arched his brows at the sight of the compass.

Norbert Chen's tiger-shaped gauntlet was an ordinary Other Shore Token. Although it came from Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, it could only release a power of fifty thousand divine megatons.

On the other hand, the wooden compass was much more powerful!

It was made of withered wood. Three compasses were discovered in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, but nobody knew who made them. Someone had guessed that the Instant Civilization had deliberately left the compasses behind as a malicious joke for the next generations.

The compass had three scales, and the first scale read 'one'. If the compass' needle was pointed to one, the power the owner released wouldn't change at all.

The second scale was zero. If the needle was pointed to zero, the power would return to zero, no matter how strong it was.

The third scale was three hundred!

If the compass' needle was turned to three hundred, the power the owner exerted would be multiplied by three hundred times!

In other words, Norbert Chen could unleash a terrifying power of three million divine megatons if he used the power of ten thousand divine megatons together with the compass!

Three million divine megatons...

Not even the supreme masters in the Source World or the Chaos Ancient Gods could withstand such a blow.

If there were no other restrictions on the compass, it would probably be the strongest Other Shore Token in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore!

Although there was only a one-third probability of the needle pointing to three hundred, such a force was enough to kill the opponent in an instant.

However, the compass itself was not a descending type of Other Shore Token.

It meant that the physical body that released the power had to bear all the power first.

In theory, it might be great to increase one's strength by three hundred times, but in reality, that amount of power could cause the owner's physical body to collapse.

Despite that, there was still a way to release a certain part of the power even if the physical body collapsed.

Someone had tried it before Norbert Chen.

There was a time when the leader of the Mountain Monkey race in the Source World had carried this compass. The Mountain Monkey race was a small race, located beside the Separate Abyss race. The Separate Abyss race had oppressed them for generations. During one battle, the leader of the Mountain Monkey race finally made use of this compass. At the same time, he employed another Other Shore Token, the Paramount Sky Bead!

His body collapsed after he had used such an uncontrollable force, but the Paramount Sky Bead flew straight and smashed the leader of the Separate Abyss race to death.

It was safe to say that it was a compelling Other Shore Token.

The Separate Abyss race had destroyed the Mountain Monkey race later on, but they had fought to the death until the end.

Therefore, the powerful masters of the Source World also knew what the compass was for. It was used for desperate moments in battle!

"Strength! Gather!" Norbert Chen roared.

The tiger-shaped gauntlet on his hand continuously released surging amounts of power.

"Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack..."

After a while, the compass finally stopped. The needle on the compass slid past zero, past one, and finally stopped at the scale of three hundred.

"Swoosh..."

Under the influence of the compass, the power in the tiger-shaped gauntlet quickly increased.

The tiger-shaped gauntlet's strength had originally reached sixty thousand divine megatons, but after it multiplied three hundred, it reached up to eighteen million divine megatons.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The power's immense pressure even caused the space locked up in the Cage of Heaven and Earth to collapse.

Norbert Chen was filled with grief when he saw that the mountain leader was dead. Now that he had chosen to fight desperately, how could he even hesitate?

"Sky Splitting Attack!

Go to hell!" he shouted.

Just as he uttered those words, he had already erupted eighteen million divine megatons of force.

Even the Chaotic Source Spirits that he had nurtured for many years immediately dimmed and became exhausted.

Yet, his attack also burst along the tiger-shaped gauntlet at the same time!

"Boom!"

A tiger-shaped fist shadow suddenly came out of his right hand and sent out a violent punch.

His current choice was more tragic and terrifying than burning the Other Shore Token. It was a much fiercer desperate battle.

The punch was so strong that its impact shook the entire Oneness Mountain.

The tremors were felt even in the mountain far away, where the disciples of the three sword sects felt their legs weaken as they sat on the ground.

Lastly, the tiger-shaped fist tore up everything in its way and rushed towards Emperor Charm at top speed.

"The power of this punch is enough to kill Emperor Charm, isn't it?"

"Truly. Norbert Chen is not famous in the Ivory Mountain, but he could still launch such a powerful attack before his death..."

"Millions of divine megatons of power. That Other Shore Token is really amazing!"

Although the power was terrifying, Emperor Charm still had an indifferent expression on his face.

"No matter how powerful his strength is, it is useless if he fails to hit the target."

Just as the tiger-shaped fist shadow approached Emperor Charm, Emperor Charm's body once again turned into fist-sized squares.

The Sun Crow race was good at flames and space. This destructive punch was indeed unable to hit Emperor Charm.

But just as Emperor Charm was about to leave, two more people appeared not far away from him.

One of them grabbed a leaf.

That leaf turned out to be the Grand Hidden Leaf!

Under the leaf's cover, even a powerful and agile man like Emperor Charm didn't notice that the two of them had approached him.

The other man had a small black snake in his hand.

The little snake was a creature from Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore. The man and the snake had been together for so many years, and they shared a very deep relationship. He had even found a woman's body for the black snake, taught her to read and speak, and even married her.

At this moment of life and death, he and the little snake chose to fight until their end.

"Splash..."

The little snake's whole body burned hotly, and then it quickly bit Emperor Charm.

Emperor Charm had planned to use the space theurgy to leave, but the little snake bit him, and the bite paralyzed his body. The space theurgy didn't work anymore, and the blue squares disappeared one by one.

Almost all the powerful warriors at present were top masters who had crossed Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore. Thus, how could he kill them all at will?

Chapter 3678 Duplicating Gemstone

The tiger-shaped fist shadow zoomed and quickly rushed towards Emperor Charm. Because of the immense force, the surrounding space was constantly twisted and broken, forming a curved "bubble".

As the "bubble" approached quickly, a worried expression finally took form in Emperor Charm's face. He squinted his eyes and clenched his fists, as if anticipating the incoming danger.

He knew if this punch hit him, he would surely be smashed to pieces!

The light in his eyes flickered and he tried to forcibly teleport away. However, those small squares disappeared as soon as they appeared. After being bitten by the black snake, he had lost the ability to escape!

This was how the battle between the strong was like.

No matter how powerful a warrior was in the Source World, they would still have setbacks if they were to encounter some special abilities. And indeed, Emperor Charm was in the middle of this situation.

If the "Heart of Accomplice" hadn't been used to kill Ware before, Emperor Charm would have been dead by now.

In the same way, Emperor Charm's Starlight Tracking Spear was also a very special killing weapon. This spear could only kill the people who were targeted by the Starlight Witness, and anyone who was targeted would be killed in one strike. That was how the Starlight Tracking Spear had directly killed the leaders of the several mountains before they could even react!

But now, ironically, Emperor Charm was facing the same problem. The two warriors from the Ivory Mountain got close to him in a strange way, as if sneaking up to him. And then, one of them used the little black snake to bite him. Emperor Charm couldn't figure out the ability of the little black snake, so he couldn't break free from it. In addition to his already difficult and painful situation, with the powerful punch from Norbert, he was bound to die.

Pearce, Auden and the others of the Oneness Sky Palace looked expectant. Of course, it would be great if Emperor Charm would be killed by this blow! A smirk was visible on their faces and their eyes were gleaming and hopeful.

A trace of anxiety appeared on Emperor Charm's face. As he gritted his teeth, a small gemstone suddenly appeared from the spot between his eyebrows. This gemstone was also an Other Shore Token. After it appeared, it shot upwards.

Just after the small gemstone left him, the tiger-shaped fist shadow had already approached him and hit his body head-on.

Crack! Crack! Crack...

The eighteen million divine megatons of force was by no means something a physical body could resist.

Under the gaze of everyone around, Emperor Charm turned into a cloud of dust and quickly dissipated. The tiger-shaped fist shadow continued to fluctuate diagonally upwards, shooting into the distance.

There were gasps and sighs of relief. "He made it!"

"Emperor Charm just got killed?"

"It's unbelievable!"

A trace of joy appeared on the faces of the people from the Oneness Sky Palace. The scene they had witnessed before their own eyes was beyond their imaginations. It was simply unbelievable. Regardless, the people felt as though a burden had been lifted from their shoulders.

The members of the Sun Crow race, however, were silent. In their consciousness, the death of Emperor Charm was the biggest grief to them.

Those members of the Bearing race all paled.

They had been hoping for Emperor Charm to help them out. Who would have thought that the powerful Emperor Charm would be smashed into pieces by one punch?

However, most of them had missed the gemstone that was flying in the air.

After the gemstone flew away in a distance, it suddenly emitted a green light. The green light quickly became intense, and Emperor Charm, who had already been turned to dust, once again was reborn from the green light.

The joy on the faces of the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace was unmistakable. This happiness, however, only lasted for a few seconds before their expressions turned into astounded looks.

Zen, who was watching the scene from below, also had a puzzled expression in his eyes. He couldn't comprehend what had just happened. "It's so strange. Emperor Charm should already have been killed."

The scene just now was definitely not an illusion. The tiger-shaped fist shadow clearly had smashed Emperor Charm into smithereens like crushing dry weeds.

"Those who have entered Stage Thirty-three naturally have a couple of tricks up their sleeves to save their lives. That Duplicating Gemstone is not rare in the Heavenly Treasure Cave. It can perfectly duplicate oneself after being carried. It is equivalent to gaining an extra life," explained Houyi.

"Duplicating Gemstone? Perfectly duplicate oneself?" Zen was stunned and confused. "Then if one gets a few more of the Duplicating Gemstones, won't that make them immortal?"

This was something new to Zen: the ability to perfectly copy oneself. Such Other Shore Tokens were simply too powerful. And according to Houyi, there seemed to be a great number of them?

"Everyone can only carry one of such gemstone. If it is used, then you will not be qualified to carry a second one," Emperor Charm in his mind added concisely.

Such a treasure was precious, but everyone only had one chance to use it.

Emperor Charm had relied on the Duplicating Gemstone to avoid the calamity of death, and in this case, he had already used his one chance with the precious gemstone.

He looked down at the people below him angrily, the muscles on his face stiff. "If it weren't for my special trick, I would have been killed by you on the spot today!"

"Buzz..."

The Starlight Tracking Spear in his hand shook again. It made an eerie buzzing sound, and then six rays of starlight descended.

Norbert had collapsed and died because he had unleashed a too great power.

The warrior who had taken out the little black snake was also burned to death together with the snake itself. This was a result of burning his Other Shore Token. Only the warrior who provided the Grand Hidden Leaf was still alive, and one of the six rays of starlight fell directly above that person's head.

When the man saw the Starlight Witness above his head, all his blood left his face and he was dead pale. Out of instinct to escape, he swiftly raised the Grand Hidden Leaf. His aura was completely hidden, and he disappeared.

However, the Starlight Witness followed him like a shadow. No matter which direction that invisible person moved to, the Starlight Witness also moved and followed. He would never be able to escape.

"Since you have offended me, you must be prepared to die," Emperor Charm said as he shook the Starlight Tracking Spear. His tone was fierce and his eyes were sharp as blade.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

At the same time, six avatars of Emperor Charm appeared behind the six powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace. Then, six rays of spear radiance pierced through them.

After killing the six people, Emperor Charm returned to his original position.

It took a while before he was able to calm down and when he finally did, his face became cold and arrogant again. His eyes swept over the people below him slowly, as if he were meticulously judging each person. He was choosing a new target.

When his eyes swept over Zen, he paused for a moment.

It was this guy who had shot down his suns...

It had cost him a lot of energy to use the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy.

If it weren't for the fact that he needed to help Divine Farmer and Yellow Thearch, he wouldn't have used the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy, nor would he encounter such a strange thing.

However, Zen had successfully aroused his interest. Emperor Charm gave out a small smile and felt a bit excited.

Of course, he didn't want to kill Zen this easily. On the one hand, he wanted to know what Zen had relied on to shoot down his suns. On the other hand, the group of golden red Chaotic Source Spirits was still in Zen's hands.

Just as Emperor Charm was choosing the next group of targets to kill, Pearce moved his lips slightly and began to communicate with the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace through life vitality.

Although Emperor Charm was undeniably powerful, he had his own weakness.

Moreover, it was impossible, and of course, illogical for these people from the Oneness Sky Palace to wait to be slaughtered like lambs.

After a short discussion, Pearce's face suddenly looked determined. His expression was hard and his eyes were serious and sharp. He suddenly flew at Emperor Charm who was up in the air.

Whoosh! The air blew as Pearce's body ascended.

Led by Pearce, the other powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace also flew following him.

If it was only one or two powerful warriors that came to fight him, Emperor Charm would not be afraid.

But now that most of the people were rushing towards him, he naturally needed to act with caution.

"A desperate struggle?"

Disdain appeared on Emperor Charm's face. Just as he was about to fight them, the members of the Sun Crow race also came flying straight for him.

Zen couldn't bear to see the strong warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace face Emperor Charm alone, so he gave the order to the members of the Sun Crow race to attack him together.

Chapter 3679 Solution

As Pearce rushed at Emperor Charm, he ordered his men to remove the Cage of Heaven and Earth.

The cage was only capable of trapping the members of the Bearing race, and would be ineffective against Emperor Charm. In fact, it restricted the activities of their own people.

It was Pearce's first encounter with the Starlight Tracking Spear and although he did not know its origin, he kept guessing at it.

No matter how powerful an Other Shore Token was, there was always a way to destroy it!

The Starlight Tracking Spear was no doubt intimidating, but there should be some rules contained within it. If he could figure out the rules, he could definitely break the spear.

Judging by the way Emperor Charm used it, it seemed he could only attack those whose heads were covered by the starlight.

So if one could avoid the starlight, one would avoid Emperor Charm's attack too.

"Buzz..."

With the sudden tremor of the space, the Cage of Heaven and Earth was removed.

Pearce was well prepared, disappearing the second the cage was lifted. He then reappeared behind Emperor Charm, faster than the eye could see.

Emperor Charm hadn't expected the cage to be removed so suddenly. He was even more surprised at Pearce's bold head-on attack!

He had forgotten...

that the powerful warriors following Eastern Emperor Taiyi were hardened from hundreds of battles. The fear of death didn't even make them flinch.

"Equinox Flower, bloom!"

A huge red flower emerged above Pearce's head in full bloom, shimmering beautifully!

"Emperor Charm, this is where you'll stay for the time being,"

Pearce said as a space illusion enveloped Emperor Charm, trapping him inside.

Playing a trick of space on Emperor Charm was like juggling before a king. He had little difficulty avoiding the Cage of Heaven and Earth, so this illusory space he was now in wouldn't be tough to handle.

Small squares appeared on the surface of his body, and he quickly shuttled through the illusory space.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

There were lights and shadows of different colors all over. Red, white, black, yellow, green, blue and purple were spread throughout as if countless dye tanks had burst and spilled into space.

He traveled through but could not find a way out!

The powerful warriors in the sky gathered around Pearce when Emperor Charm had been trapped.

They could not see Emperor Charm from the outside of the Equinox Flower.

The Equinox Flower was capable of creating a truly strange space, formed of many layers upon layers that locked him in. This was what made it difficult for even a powerful warrior like Emperor Charm to speedily find an escape.

But even if he couldn't find a way out now, it certainly did not mean he would never find one.

"I can't hold him in for too long," Pearce said in a low voice, deep in focus. "Only working together will allow us to deal with him effectively!"

Defeating a powerful warrior like Emperor Charm would prove difficult in a head-on fight.

However, all of the powerful warriors present had merged with unique Other Shore Tokens. If they could make good use of their Other Shore Tokens' abilities and rely on their mechanisms, they might stand a chance.

"His speed is too fast. There is almost no way to grab hold of him. When he gets out of Elder Pearce's illusory space, we will not be able to catch him," said a warrior from the Bright Mountain worriedly.

As he finished speaking, Felicity of the Origin Mountain gently waved her hand, and a small cross arrow appeared in her palm. "I have an Other Shore Token. Although it can't capture Emperor Charm, it's enough to hold him down in a certain spot!"

When Auden saw the cross arrow, his eyes gleamed. "That is the Heavenly Immobilizing Marker!"

Felicity nodded.

Anyone targeted by the Heavenly Immobilizing Marker would be pulled back to their original position no matter how far away they had gotten, as long as the owner held the thought in their mind.

As an Other Shore Token of Stage Thirty-two, the Other Shore Power it could unleash was only dozens of divine megatons. Because of this, once anyone was located by the Heavenly Immobilizing Marker, there was absolutely no possibility of getting rid of it!

"That makes it a lot easier!" "When Emperor Charm escapes from the Equinox Flower, he will definitely attempt to teleport away. That's when Felicity can use her Other Shore Token to pull him back!" another middle-aged man suggested.

As he spoke, he took out an Other Shore Token as well. It was a huge bone stick, also dug out from one of the upper stages on the Other Shore. As an Other Shore Token of strengthening type, the bone stick could unleash an astonishing power.

Beside the middle-aged man was an old man who held a mirror. When the middle-aged man looked into the mirror, there soon appeared his reflection, who also held a bone stick in his hand and looked powerful and majestic.

The warriors readied themselves to launch the fatal blow once Emperor Charm escaped the illusory space.

Pearce grew more and more cautious as he stared the Equinox Flower before him. "He seems to have found the flaw and is breaking through!"

The layers of space were like the layers of petals on a rose, tightly wrapped around the real exit.

But Emperor Charm's knowledge in space was remarkable and in just a few moments he had already seen through the layers and began breaking through as if bursting from a cocoon.

Pearce was proud to have trapped him for as long as he did.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

Within the Equinox Flower, Emperor Charm casually opened the layers of space following the invisible veins. When he reached the last layer, he suddenly halted his outstretched hand. "There are a total of nine hundred and ninety-seven layers in this space. This is the last layer," he muttered to himself calmly.

The slightest smile broke out and a trace of mockery appeared in his eyes. He did not break through the last layer, but raised the Starlight Tracking Spear in his hand.

Pearce's nerves were rattled as he continued to stare at Emperor Charm in the Equinox Flower. "Everyone, get ready. He is coming... Oh no!"

When he saw that Emperor Charm had raised the Starlight Tracking Spear, his eyes narrowed before shooting wide open again in shock and terror. "Rigoberto! Atticus! You..."

Just then, a figure appeared on the backs of Rigoberto, Atticus and four other warriors.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

The spear pierced through the six of them.

Five of the six shadowy figures of Emperor Charm that stood behind them disappeared in the blink of an eye, save for the one behind Rigoberto. With a gentle flap of his wings, innumerable little squares appeared on his body and he disappeared instantaneously. The next moment, he appeared in the sky once more.

He had used the power of the Starlight Tracking Spear to escape the Equinox Flower, hiding behind one of six warriors as protection from any attack. Naturally, he had escaped quite easily after that.

He looked down at Pearce and said condescendingly, "What a childish and ridiculous game..."

As he spoke, he noticed a strange look on Pearce's face. Before he could finish his words, six threads suddenly emerged from his body with figures at the end of them, figures of the six he had just killed. They now looked cold and lifeless like zombies at the end of the strings.

Earlier, Emperor Charm had exerted six rays of Starlight Witness on those including Rigoberto, Atticus and the other four warriors.

Pearce had been thinking of a solution to counter his skill this whole time.

Emperor Charm could come and go freely in the space. Even if he could trap him in the Equinox Flower, it could not imprison him permanently. It was almost impossible to seize him and attack.

In the end, he was left with no choice but to try to make some headway in this fight through the sacrifice of Rigoberto, Atticus and the other four.

Chapter 3680 Siege

Pearce wasn't familiar with the exact abilities of every powerful warrior from other six mountains.

After all, some warriors chose to hide their Other Shore Tokens after they obtained them, so they could use them to take their opponents by surprise.

Having asked everyone about it through life vitality, he ended up turning to Master Hai.

Ever since Master Hai had fled to the Oneness Sky Palace and had been stationed in the Dragon City, he hadn't been in a single fight.

However, Master Hai had once fused with an Other Shore Token of Stage Thirty-two -- a thumb sized worm, which was known as the Corpse Weaver.

This tiny worm's ability was to creep into the body of a person who had just died, triggering a very unique effect: the corpse would come to life, in another form, and could attack the person who had just killed them.

Corpse Weavers were suitable for creating Latent Theurgies. However, Master Hai hadn't used this Other Shore Token ever since he fled to the Oneness Sky Palace.

Nevertheless, given the current circumstances, Pearce decided Master Hai needed to take action.

The ability of the Corpse Weaver could only be activated after someone died, which meant that someone among the warriors at present must be killed for them to catch Emperor Charm.

As all those warriors were afraid of death, they could only hope that Emperor Charm would break through the last layer of the Equinox Flower in the way they had anticipated.

However, Emperor Charm still ended up using the Starlight Tracking Spear to break out of the Equinox Flower, and at the time he was out, the six rays of Starlight Witness had already hung above the heads of six warriors.

Their initial plan was then rendered useless and the Corpse Weaver was activated.

Looking sadly at the six corpses before him, Master Hai shook his head slightly.

In such a short period of time, dozens of warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace had been killed. Even the leaders of the four mountains had been killed by Emperor Charm. It was indeed heartbreaking.

Although the six corpses moved a bit stiffly, they were incredibly fast.

The second they came to life, they pounced on Emperor Charm.

Emperor Charm glanced at them indifferently. As the corpses approached him, he abruptly twisted his body, his vast white wings as sharp as two blades.

Crack, crack, crack, crack, crack, crack!

The power of the wings was as great as tens of thousands of divine megatons -- but these corpses' bodies were as hard as gold and iron. They emerged from the attack unscathed.

However, the impact of the blow was enough to send them flying backward.

To Emperor Charm's annoyance, there was some sort of thread woven around him that linked him to the chests of the corpses. Just as he had sent them flying for about a few hundred feet, the threads suddenly grew taut and pulled them back.

Emperor Charm's expression turned grim as he looked at the six corpses.

"Buzz!"

Reaching out his hand, a small square appeared on Emperor Charm's fingertip. With a flick of his finger, the square glowed a bright blue, enveloping one of the threads. When the square disappeared, the thread was still there, unharmed.

Emperor Charm frowned. He actually couldn't cut the thread off!

While he wasn't afraid of these corpses, he didn't understand how the Corpse Weaver worked. He still needed to face the powerful warriors of the

Oneness Sky Palace. Dragging these corpses around while fighting would be such a nuisance.

"Master Hai's method worked! The corpses have trapped him!" Pearce's eyes flashed. He felt a flicker of hope. "Everyone, go!"

Everyone had been waiting anxiously by the Equinox Flower. When he had broken through using the spear, their plan was disrupted. But now, Pearce was telling them to follow through. Without hesitating, everyone charged towards Emperor Charm, shouting at the top of their lungs.

Carrying the bone stick, the middle-aged man moved nimbly, appearing right behind Emperor Charm.

Just then, another figure appeared. It looked exactly like him. He had made a duplicate using the mirror!

The two figures raised their bone sticks above their heads, poised to strike. The bone sticks flashed, and a powerful force surged out like a tidal wave.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Seeing two bone sticks coming at him one after another, Emperor Charm frowned slightly. In the blink of an eye, his whole body disintegrated into countless tiny squares.

Emperor Charm's Grand Teleportation was special. He didn't teleport through the space channel, so the others could not block him by entering the space channel.

Normally, Emperor Charm could've appeared in another place, even in a place tens of thousands of miles away.

But this time, he was dragging six corpses. The situation was different now and the six corpses had not been teleported away.

What everyone could see was that the threads connected to the six corpses suddenly grew taut, and the corpses were yanked into the air.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As the six threads intertwined with the space, it was as if they had been pulled into a gear, making constant cracking sounds. Along the way, various cracks appeared in the space, as if someone had cut the sky with an irregular saber.

Even though Emperor Charm was proficient in space theurgy, it was still impossible for him to teleport with the six corpses in tow.

After a few moments, his body appeared once more, not very far away.

How could the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace let go of this opportunity?

At the moment when Emperor Charm appeared again, the two middle-aged men who had attacked just now vanished in a flash, then appeared next to him once more. The two bone sticks whistled in the air as they were swiftly swung towards Emperor Charm's head.

This time around, Emperor Charm didn't have the time to dodge. He tried to shield himself by wrapping his pair of white wings around his body.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Thunderous noises echoed through the air as the two huge bone sticks hit Emperor Charm's body, releasing an incredible amount of power.

Although Emperor Charm was able to protect himself with his wings, the force was enough to send him flying. His entire body fell down like a meteorite.

"Let me finish him!"

The voice came from a young man in black from the Bright Mountain. As he spoke, a black cross appeared above his head. Brandishing two swords, he launched himself towards Emperor Charm.

Swish! Swish!

The two rays of sword radiance crisscrossed, aiming Emperor Charm at its center.

"Puff! Puff!"

When the two rays of sword radiance hit Emperor Charm, thin lines appeared on his pure, white wings. Then, blood seeped out from the lines.

"He's injured!" the young man in black cried out excitedly.

Usually, it wasn't a big deal for the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace or Emperor Charm to be slightly injured.

However, if a warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm was injured, it usually meant that the Chaotic Source Spirits inside them were fatigued. And once the Chaotic Source Spirits did not work, the defensive power of Emperor Charm would greatly decrease!

Just as the young man in black finished his attack, a golden arrow shot out from behind him, whizzing straight towards Emperor Charm.

Boom!

The arrow exploded, and rays of golden light shot out in all directions, piercing through Emperor Charm's dazzling wings. The archer, a strong warrior from the Bright Mountain, smiled in satisfaction when he saw his attack had also injured Emperor Charm.

"And me!"

Another series of sword radiance slashed at him with a whistling sound.

Emperor Charm had killed the leaders of the four mountains. The strong warriors of these mountains hated him to the core. Everyone wanted a chance to strike him, to avenge the fallen.

Chapter 3681 Borrowing

The warriors from the four mountains weren't the only ones eager to strike Emperor Charm.

Even Auden and the others launched their attacks simultaneously.

Boom! Boom!

The attacks kept coming nonstop. As powerful as he was, Emperor Charm couldn't take these attacks head on.

His body flashed as small squares appeared on its surface. He tried to teleport once more, dragging the six corpses along.

However, he could never get far; the corpses were truly weighing him down. No matter where he tried to flee, the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace found him and attacked.

After circling the sky a few more times, Emperor Charm finally realized it'd be impossible for him to evade all these attacks, not with the six corpses he was dragging. His patience running thin, he suddenly roared furiously. Then, a crack appeared between his eyebrows.

A blue eyeball peeked from beneath the crack. Obviously, this eyeball was some kind of Other Shore Token.

For warriors at Emperor Charm's level, they would only merge with the rarest and most precious Other Shore Tokens. The warriors who had been attacking him so fiercely just now hesitated slightly, not knowing what this Other Shore Token could do.

Swish!

The blue eyeball emerged from the crack and floated in front of Emperor Charm.

"Lend me your Other Shore Token," said Emperor Charm.

From millions of miles away, identical blue eyeballs appeared on the foreheads of the Divine Farmer, the Yellow Thearch, and Mahoney, the leader of the New Moon race.

"I thought you said this'd be a piece of cake. Did I overestimate you?" Yellow Thearch teased.

"Cut the crap," Emperor Charm snapped coldly.

Indeed, he had thought that, with the help of the Starlight Tracking Spear, killing these people should've been easy. He never expected he'd fall into such an embarrassing situation.

He had been so pushed into a corner that he was forced to use the Duplicating Gemstone, which could only be used once. To make things even worse, he had to ask for help from these fellows!

"Whose Other Shore Token do you want? Divine Farmer's or mine?" Yellow Thearch asked.

"I want Mahoney's!" Emperor Charm exclaimed impatiently.

Yellow Thearch raised a brow in astonishment. "What on earth are you up against?"

On the other hand, Mahoney responded calmly. Summoning her Other Shore Token, Mahoney reached out her hand and gently pressed her forehead.

Both the eyeball on her forehead and the one in front of Emperor Charm flashed blue simultaneously.

In an instant, Mahoney's Other Shore Token traveled through space and appeared above Emperor Charm.

Apparently, the blue eyeball allowed them to borrow each other's Other Shore Tokens, no matter how far away they were from each other!

The Other Shore Token that Mahoney lent Emperor Charm was called the Spearhead Armor of Destruction. It was an Other Shore Token of the descending type that could greatly enhance one's body and strength. In Emperor Charm's eyes, it was the most suitable one for this situation.

The Other Shore Token floating above Emperor Charm melted like mercury and flowed around him, til it enveloped him completely, including his wings.

After fusing with the Other Shore Token, Emperor Charm emerged in front of the crowd. His eyes flashed with killing intent.

The middle-aged man who wielded the bone stick had been following him closely.

Buzz!

The middle-aged man raised the bone stick in his hand the second he saw Emperor Charm.

To his surprise, Emperor Charm charged directly at him, instead of escaping. In a flash, Emperor Charm had stretched out his wings and smacked the middle-aged man with incredible force.

The middle-aged man was taken aback by this sudden attack. Without much time to react, he used the bone stick to try to block the blow.

Although the bone stick was sturdy, after fusing with a new Other Shore Token, Emperor Charm's strength increased greatly. Channeling the strength into his wings, the blow was strong enough to knock the bone stick out of the middle-aged man's hand.

Bang!

Left defenseless, the middle-aged man was stunned. Emperor Charm took this opportunity to land a punch onto the middle-aged man's belly. The strength in that punch was enough to pierce his belly right through, destroying his inner world completely. The middle-aged man shrieked in pain as he fell down from the sky.

As the middle-aged man fell, two more warriors came at Emperor Charm. Raising their swords in the air, they shouted their battle cries. However, before they could even get close, a strong gust of wind blew them backwards.

Emperor Charm started to spin at an extremely high speed, wielding the six corpses strung to him as weapons!

Since the corpses were indestructible, they became lethal missiles whizzing through the air.

Bang! Bang!

With two heavy thuds, the corpses managed to hit the two warriors, knocking them out of the sky as well.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Emperor Charm stopped trying to escape. Instead, he traveled through space and charged at the warriors head on.

The corpses that initially held him back were now some sort of weapon!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

He flung the six corpses around as he kept changing direction. Every time he emerged in the space, he would smash corpses towards the warriors in his way.

Bang!

A warrior failed to dodge in time and fell from the sky after being hit by the corpses.

Another tried to use spatial transference to escape. However, before he could flee into the space crack, Emperor Charm clenched his fist, crushing the space channel into shreds.

The warrior stumbled out of the space channel, dazed and confused. Before he could react, a corpse smacked into him, knocking him out of the sky.

Although the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace didn't die after being hit by the corpses, their Chaotic Source Spirits were instantly exhausted, and could no longer sustain their bodies. Some were so gravely injured that they were forced to retreat.

Master Hai was dumbfounded as he watched this scene unfold before him. He had never expected his Other Shore Token would be used against them.

After smacking warrior after warrior out of the sky, Emperor Charm managed to change the tide of the battle.

Just then, a burly man teleported to Emperor Charm's side, wielding a huge sword. With a roar, he swung the sword towards Emperor Charm's head.

The huge sword erupted eighty thousand divine megatons of force. When the sword radiance was produced, it was accompanied by a shrill scream. The scream supposedly had the effect of disturbing one's mind.

However, Emperor Charm just sneered. Tilting his head slightly, a corpse was pulled backward. With a heavy crack, it smashed into the burly man's back. Staggering forward, the burly man was thrown off balance. Emperor Charm dodged the sword with ease, and turned to kick the burly man on the back.

"Go to hell!"

Whoosh!

The man fell from the sky like a meteor and smashed into the Supreme Dragon Hall.

Emperor Charm's kick had released tens of thousands of divine megatons of force.

The Supreme Dragon Hall collapsed with a loud bang at the impact.

In the center of the hall, Eastern Emperor Taiyi sat cross-legged with his eyes closed. He was still trapped on the Other Shore.

Seeing that the Supreme Dragon Hall was destroyed, the expressions of the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace all fell.

"Go and protect Eastern Emperor Taiyi!"

"We can't let him approach the Supreme Dragon Hall anymore!"

"Stop him!"

Chaos erupted among the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace while Emperor Charm looked down at them from the sky.

He stared quietly at the figure of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Once upon a time, they were like blood brothers. However, in the end, they turned against each other and went along different paths.

And now, it was finally the time for him to end his life...

Originally, Emperor Charm planned to kill all the remaining warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace before facing Eastern Emperor Taiyi. However, at this moment, he suddenly felt that there was no need to go about it the hard way.

Whoosh!

Taking a step forward, countless blue squares enveloped him, swallowing him into space.

In the blink of an eye, Emperor Charm landed in front of the cross-legged figure.

Chapter 3682 A Giant Bird

How could so many powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace let Emperor Charm approach Eastern Emperor Taiyi?

The powerful warriors, who still had the strength to fight, instantly acted. Emperor Charm was shuttling through the space, and they couldn't capture him, so they all shifted their target and immediately pounced on those corpses.

Pearce and Auden also joined them.

These powerful warriors grabbed the corpses and dragged them to the opposite direction. The Other Shore Power they emitted formed a joint force that couldn't be underestimated.

As a result, Emperor Charm's attacking momentum was forcefully stopped.

"Buzz..."

Emperor Charm showed up from the void and looked back at the people holding the corpses behind him. There was a glint of killing intent in his eyes. He turned back swiftly and crashed into the nearest person.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Relying on Mahoney's Other Shore Token, Emperor Charm was practically able to go on the rampage in hand-to-hand combat. With his wild, violent fighting method, four people who were dragging a corpse were sent flying by his attack in an instant.

Without any pause, Emperor Charm went straight to another corpse

Despite the fact that she was treating Elvinia on the ground below, Flamine's attention to the situation above never decreased. Seeing that

Emperor Charm was gradually gaining the upper hand, she became more and more anxious.

She had exerted a lot of energy in this battle, so she was practically at the end of her tether now—she could do nothing to help.

In her anxiety, she looked around. When her sight fell on Zen, an idea suddenly popped out in her mind. She said, "Zen, go and carry Eastern Emperor Taiyi on your back. Let's escape together!"

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was the core essence of the Oneness Sky Palace. If Eastern Emperor Taiyi died, the Oneness Sky Palace would really be done for.

"Okay," Zen answered, nodding his head.

Previously, Zen had told the members of the Sun Crow race to fight against Emperor Charm together. However, the Bearing race was watching the scene from the other side. When they saw that Emperor Charm gained the upper hand, they seemed to want to join the battle and help Emperor Charm.

Zen sent some members of the Sun Crow race to stop Emperor Charm, while the rest was arranged by him to guard against the members of the Bearing race. At the very least, this arrangement should deter the Bearing race from acting rashly.

Zen's gaze fell on Lavender, Laquisha and Nelly.

The situation was critical now. Even though they met again, Zen didn't talk much with them. The three girls were quite considerate—they stayed in a corner quietly when they couldn't help.

"You can hide in my inner world first," said Zen.

Back then, he was willing to put them out of his inner world because the Oneness Sky Palace was very safe. But now that the Oneness Sky Palace was in turmoil, hiding in his inner world was the safest option for them.

None of them objected to Zen's suggestion. After all, they didn't have what it took to participate in a battle of this scale. If they stayed outside, they would only be a drag on Zen.

After taking the three girls into his inner world, Zen's figure zoomed away so fast that he looked like he suddenly disappeared from where he was. Before long, he already appeared inside the hall.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi looked still calm. Since he was on the Other Shore, he didn't know what was happening here.

Zen couldn't help but let out a soft sigh when he saw Eastern Emperor Taiyi's serene expression.

It wasn't easy for the Oneness Sky Palace, which Eastern Emperor Taiyi personally ran, to develop to this level. In the blink of an eye, however, it was already on the verge of destruction. Zen couldn't help but sigh at this change.

He stretched out his hand, took Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and carried him on his back. With one light leap, he already appeared by Flamine's side again.

After dealing with Elvinia's injuries, Flamine also carried her on her back.

In fact, it was impossible for Elvinia to withstand that blow with her own strength. A force worth fifteen thousand divine megatons was enough to tear her apart. However, when her Chaotic Source Spirits were exhausted, a Latent Theurgy that Eastern Emperor Taiyi had personally planted in her quietly became active. This protective Latent Theurgy had saved her life at such a critical moment.

Seeing that Zen was going to carry Eastern Emperor Taiyi away, the powerful warriors of the Bearing race, who had been watching from afar, finally became agitated and started to make their moves. They couldn't just let such a good opportunity slip away.

Some members of the Sun Crow race noticed the uproar among the Bearing race. Vigilant expressions appeared on their faces. After all, Zen had ordered them to block these people.

"Guys, this is a good opportunity to kill Eastern Emperor Taiyi. You guys work together and hold these birds back!" Hancock suddenly suggested.

The other members of the Bearing race also knew that they couldn't delay any longer. They had to take advantage of the current opportunity, so they took out the Other Shore Tokens they had and rushed towards the members of the Sun Crow race.

While the powerful warriors of the two races were engaged in a fierce battle, Hancock squinted, took a step back, and directly used the Grand Teleportation. Along with a spatial fluctuation, he appeared next to Flamine and Zen.

"Run!"

Hancock's sudden appearance made Flamine's expression change in an instant. As the divine flame of the Sun Crow race showed up in her hand, Flamine stretched her hand towards Hancock's head in her attempt to buy some time for Zen to escape.

Zen didn't want to stay any longer and hurried into the space channel.

Flamine's strength had been weakened greatly in the battle, and her speed was also much slower than before.

Seeing that Flamine stretched out her hand towards him, Hancock immediately moved and dodged Flamine easily. He bypassed her, stretched out his hand towards Zen's back, grabbed the shoulder of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and pulled him violently.

Zen had already stepped into the space channel when he felt the weight of the burden on his back disappearing. He looked back, only to find that Eastern Emperor Taiyi had been pulled away by Hancock and that he had stepped into the space channel alone.

When Hancock captured Eastern Emperor Taiyi, a wild and arrogant smile bloomed on his face. In a flash, a scarlet dagger appeared in his other hand, and he swung it towards the top of Eastern Emperor Taiyi's head.

"Ding!"

In any case, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had stronger Chaotic Source Spirits than ordinary people.

Hancock's scarlet dagger carried a force of tens of thousands of divine megatons. But despite the crisp sound, Eastern Emperor Taiyi wasn't damaged.

Nevertheless, the endurance of Chaotic Source Spirits was still limited. If Eastern Emperor Taiyi was stabbed repeatedly, his Chaotic Source Spirits would be exhausted sooner or later. It was just a matter of time.

"No!"

Flamine's face turned deathly pale. With Elvinia on her back, she pounced over and tried to headbutt Hancock.

Hancock didn't take her seriously. He casually kicked her away and stabbed the scarlet dagger towards Eastern Emperor Taiyi for the second time.

"Ding!"

A crisp sound once again rang. Eastern Emperor Taiyi's Chaotic Source Spirits withstood this attack again.

"As expected of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, you've managed to withstand my strikes twice only with the help of the Chaotic Source Spirits. Now, let me see if you can withstand my third strike!"

As he spoke, Hancock raised his scarlet dagger again.

At this moment, the weak Elvinia opened her eyes.

Just now, Flamine had spent quite a while in treating Elvinia's injuries so that her Soul of Light was gradually stabilized.

The moment Elvinia opened her eyes, she saw Hancock holding a dagger and trying to stab Eastern Emperor Taiyi with it. Despite her being still a little dazed, an unknown power burst inside her, and she directly pounced on Hancock.

When Hancock saw Elvinia rushed to him, his eyes glinted. Without thinking too much, he raised his dagger and swung it towards Elvinia.

"Puff!"

The dagger pierced into Elvinia's neck. Blood spurted from her fair neck, and her head drooped to the side

"Elvinia!"

Flamine let out a shrill scream.

On the other hand, Zen also appeared from the space channel. When he saw this scene, fury blazed in his eyes.

However, Hancock nonchalantly threw Elvinia to the side. He raised his scarlet dagger, intending to stab Eastern Emperor Taiyi again.

But right at this moment, the shadow of a giant bird suddenly appeared above Elvinia's head.

Along with the appearance of the shadow, a loud chirp that drew everyone's attention echoed around.

Chapter 3683 Kill With Poison

When Zen saw the huge shadow of the bird, he was stunned for a brief moment, but then a look of ecstasy soon appeared on his face.

"The Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow!"

It was the highest level treasure of the Star Falcon race. Zen clearly remembered giving this Other Shore Token to Elvinia before.

Flamine continued to grieve as she sat on the ground. A puzzled look was visible on her face as she witnessed the sudden appearance of the huge bird.

Meanwhile, Hancock also looked surprised. 'Where did it come from? Am I the one who attracted it?' he thought.

They knew that it wasn't just any ordinary sparrow. Its aura was extremely strong, which definitely meant that it wasn't an ordinary Other Shore creature.

Swoosh!

Before Hancock could react, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow already flew towards him and tried to peck his head.

The sparrow flew back and forth and attacked without ceasing.

In its first few attacks, Hancock was easily protected by the Chaotic Source Spirits. However, with the sparrow's last peck, the Chaotic Source Spirits were finally exhausted. The sparrow's long beak was able to break through and inflict a deep gash on his chest, which eventually bled profusely.

The Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow was such a savage creature that it treated Hancock like an earthworm. It was pretty determined to strike him until he became its meal.

However, Hancock was a pretty strong warrior who had reached Stage Thirty-two. There was no way that he would just stand by and become the sparrow's snack.

After he came to his senses, his face was quickly filled with anger as he readied for a counterattack. When he drew close enough, he used his blood-red dagger to slash the neck of the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow.

Shing! Shing! Shing!

Though his dagger was very sharp, the defenses of the huge sparrow were not to be underestimated. Ultimately, the dagger only left a few scratches on the sparrow's body.

"What the hell? Why can't I kill it?" Hancock was so annoyed that the sparrow was giving him a hard time.

He then changed his approach and attacked it with his fist.

Crash!

The Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow was knocked back by the impact of Hancock's massive punch.

The sparrow was a sixth-grade Other Shore Token from Stage Fourteen, but it didn't contain an endless amount of power like the Civilization Artifact. As the top treasure of the Star Falcon race, it could easily deal with ordinary Chaotic Source Realm warriors. Unfortunately, its prowess would fall short in the face of an elite warrior like Hancock.

After the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow directly took Hancock's fist, it became more agitated. It suddenly flapped its wings so hard and aggressively flew towards him, intending to swallow him whole.

Hancock was able to dodge the attack and countered it by letting out a few heavy punches. Once again, the huge sparrow was forced to fly back.

Flamine's face grew paler by the moment. She didn't dare to look at her daughter's face.

She was frustrated with the fact that the sparrow appeared after her daughter was already dead. If it was trying to protect her, it should have done sooner.

While thinking about this, Flamine wasn't able to hold back her tears and began to sob.

Zen stared at the movements of the giant sparrow, and a plan started brewing in his head.

The Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow could bring Elvinia back to life.

There weren't many Other Shore Tokens that possessed such incredible abilities.

But in order to do that, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow had to kill the person who had killed Elvinia.

The only problem was that the sparrow alone wouldn't be able to bring down Hancock. In fact, it was already being beaten slowly.

Upon hearing the sobbing voice of Flamine, Zen spoke in a soft voice, "Lady Flamine, take good care of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. It's not yet too late. We can still bring Elvinia back."

Flamine was so surprised when she heard Zen's words. She would not abandon any shred of hope if there was a chance that they could bring her daughter back to life.

Immediately, Zen dropped to the ground on all fours. Then, the structure of his body began to change.

Sclerites stood up all over his body except the ones on his head. In just a matter of seconds, Zen's appearance didn't look human any more.

As the sclerites continued to roll up, a tail formed and appeared behind him.

Flamine was stunned. She began to have doubts if Zen was actually a human. 'Was he just disguising himself this whole time? Did the Oneness Sky Palace know about this?'

Zen didn't care about Flamine's thoughts at the moment. He needed to do what he could to save Elvinia. After activating the blood of the Chaos

Ancient God, he crawled on the ground like a beast, and focused his eyes on Hancock.

The Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow was somewhat similar to the Corpse Weaver of Master Hai. Both of them were used to avenge the dead, but the Corpse Weaver was definitely more powerful as the corpses couldn't be killed at all. Even a powerful warrior like Emperor Charm wouldn't be able to destroy them.

In terms of endurance, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow was also inferior. After being bombarded by Hancock's attacks for quite a few times, it showed a trace of fatigue, and its power also decreased.

"I'll smash you to pieces, you damned bird!"

Crash! Crash! Crash!

Hancock's fists were soon stained by the blood of the sparrow.

The weakened sparrow wasn't able to dodge most of his attacks, so it started retreating.

It lost its earlier aggressiveness and became the one who was on the defensive.

Not long after, many cracks appeared on the surface of the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow. This was a sign that it was about to collapse.

Hancock was about to deliver his final blow. He put his hands together and an ominous red light began to shine brightly.

"I'm going to finish you off! Go to hell!'

Just when Hancock was about to attack, Zen pushed his hands and feet so hard to the ground. Using them as a spring, he bounced off the ground and appeared beside Hancock in the blink of an eye.

If Hancock was an ordinary warrior, he wouldn't have enough time to react and dodge Zen's sudden attack.

However, Hancock's strength was even comparable to that of Athemar and Goran. He reacted so quickly and even managed to maneuver for a counterattack.

"Are you kidding? You think you could pull off a sneak attack on me? I don't think so!"

The moment Hancock felt the space fluctuation near him, he retracted back and tried to punch Zen's chest as hard as he could.

Zen was also able to react quickly. He withdrew his hands to cover his chest with his arms.

Boom!

He took a direct hit from Hancock and was sent flying backward.

When the power of tens of thousands of divine megatons smashed into his body, Zen felt his blood surge up that he almost suffocated.

However, as he flew backward, a smile appeared at the corners of his lips.

Noticing the weird smile on Zen's face, Hancock couldn't help but wonder inwardly, 'Is this guy insane? How could he still smile when he is getting a beating? Even if he isn't killed by that strike, I'm sure that he will be at least half-dead.'

However, there was one thing that Hancock didn't put into consideration.

He ignored the change in the structure of Zen's body.

When Zen executed his sneak attack earlier, he quickly placed his tail at Hancock's nape. Before he was blasted off by Hancock, Zen's tail managed to pierce through his nape.

Much earlier, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow was able to exhaust all of Hancock's Chaotic Source Spirits due to its ceaseless attacks. Therefore, without the safeguarding of the spirits, Zen was able to penetrate the back of Hancock's neck.

It was too late when Hancock noticed what Zen did.

Immediately after, Hancock's body trembled and his vision became blurry. He reached the back of his neck with his wobbly hand and felt a trace of a tiny bloodstain. He looked at Zen in disbelief as his body continued to lose balance.

"What poison did you—" Before he could finish his sentence, his body dropped to the ground with a flop.

The same moment that he fell, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow hurriedly swooped down and swallowed him whole. It spread its wings and flew towards Elvinia.

Chapter 3684 Possessing The Body

The Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow flew over and tried to catch Elvinia in its mouth.

The sight shocked Flamine but she chose to stand her ground and not do anything yet.

Zen's reminder echoed in her mind as she remembered the treasure held by the Star Falcon race of Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore.

She was still a member of the Sun Crow race when she heard about the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow. She had only heard of it back then but now, it was right in front of her.

After it completely swallowed Elvinia, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow bent down low and crawled on the ground.

In just a few short moments, it let out a long, shrill cry as it beat its wings wildly and leaped.

A giant egg was left from where it once stood.

"Crack! Crack! Crack..."

There was a series of large cracks as the egg broke into pieces, revealing a very much alive Elvinia.

With her appearance came the sharp roar of the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow.

"Pop!"

One of its eyes had exploded, partially blinding the creature.

From what Zen heard before, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow had the ability to save its master thrice. Each rescue would result in blinding one of its eyes.

At the sight of the scene, Elvinia immediately understood what just happened. She died and used up one of the chances of salvation from the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow.

"Whoosh..."

Now blinded on one eye, the Three-eyed Dragon Sparrow circled the air once before rushing down towards Elvinia and returning to the inner world that carried it.

After Zen restored the sclerites in his body, he walked over towards Flamine who looked at him with a complicated expression.

Hancock's tolerance to poison was far beyond anyone's imagination, but he instantly died after being stabbed by Zen's 'tail'. Just what kind of horrifying poison did Zen carry?

Flamine was about to ask when another violent fluctuation came from the sky.

"Boom..."

It was so loud, deafening even, and for a brief second, they thought the world had been shattered.

Auden's body came tumbling down from the sky and smashed onto the Oneness Mountain like a broken sandbag.

"Rumble..."

The impact caused the entire Oneness Mountain to shake violently.

A crack appeared in the peak, running across the entire length of the mountain!

The east side of the Oneness Mountain was relatively flat and faced the Dragon City, while the west side, wherein the Phoenix Palace was located, was a bit more concave.

It was on the steep area of the west side that the crack appeared.

It wasn't just Auden who fell, a few more people also began to smash down onto the mountain face.

Emperor Charm was no doubt furious with how violent and heavy his attacks were.

"Boom!"

"Boom..."

People like Auden who were stronger than the average warriors could still survive the impact, though with serious injuries.

The weaker ones were not so lucky. Before they even reached the mountain, their bodies had already turned into a disgusting mass of flesh and blood.

As bodies continued to rain down from the sky, the crack in the middle of the mountain continued to expand, furthering the chances of the entire Oneness Mountain being cut in half!

"We'd better get out of here as soon as possible!" Flamine told them. Pearce and the others had taken the risk in order to save Eastern Emperor Taiyi, while the members of the Bearing race were blocked by the Sun Crow race.

This was their only chance to escape along with Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

However, Zen didn't have the same thought process. As he looked at the mountain on the verge of collapse, he suddenly thought of Letitia and Margaret!

It wasn't that big of a problem since everyone in the Flow Sword Sect could fly but it could not be denied that the Bloom Divine Province had become a dangerous place to be in. Zen knew he would have to bring them with him if they left.

Zen had planned for Elvinia to leave with Eastern Emperor Taiyi while he went to the Flow Sword Sect.

Unfortunately, before he could say anything, Emperor Charm suddenly appeared and swooped down over them.

The Other Shore Token Mahoney lent him proved extremely effective in contending against dozens of enemies, to his advantage!

"Run!" Flamine screamed.

With a wave of her hand, Zen, Elvinia, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi were enveloped by a piece of space.

As a demon woman of the Divine Lair in the past, she was also quite proficient in space theurgy.

However, just as they were about to move, Emperor Charm was already at their heels.

He stretched out a finger and summoned a blue cube out of nowhere.

"Wow!"

This blue cube slammed down on Flamine, Zen, Elvinia, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi, trapping them within.

There was no escape. The space around them was locked.

Flamine's expression darkened. She tried to create another space channel but the blue cube was unyielding.

There was no way they could get out of this one. The most proficient master when it came to space theurgy, aside from that Chaos Ancient God, was Emperor Charm.

"Is it useless?" Zen asked.

His gaze hardened and he decided to throw a punch towards the cube.

"Boom!"

Aside from a muffled sound, there was no sort of fluctuation in the entire space.

With them locked up, Emperor Charm became even more unbridled and direct.

He soared into the sky before diving back towards the Oneness Mountain.

As he descended, Emperor Charm's body dissolved into countless blue cubes that scattered all over the mountain. The strong warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace, including Pearce, could only rely on their own physical bodies to collide with these cubes.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Numerous explosions erupted all over the mountain as Pearce and his companions collided against Emperor Charm's cubes.

Soon enough, Emperor Charm came out of the mountain and continued his assault, further widening the crack on the mountain face.

"I can't break Emperor Charm's space imprisonment!" Flamine exclaimed in panic.

She paced back and forth within the cube, her face marred with anxiety.

Elvinia couldn't help but feel restless upon seeing her mother so disturbed.

Meanwhile, Zen was lost in thought as he stared at Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

A strategy was currently being formulated in his mind. "Eastern Emperor Taiyi is on the Other Shore. If we control his physical body, then his strength could be used, right?" he asked.

Both Houyi and the real Emperor Charm remained beside him and hadn't yet returned to the Civilization Artifact. There was no way they were going to miss what was happening outside.

Houyi was the first one to speak. "You want our souls to possess his body?"

Emperor Charm shook his head. "As a supreme master, Eastern Emperor Taiyi surely has a powerful secret weapon to protect him. It won't be easy for us to control him with the energy soul."

Zen considered their inputs for a moment. "What about letting the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi try?" he asked.

In theory, the two Eastern Emperor Taiyis were the same person. This one in front of them was only a replica projected to this round of chaos.

Emperor Charm's and Houyi's eyes flashed upon hearing Zen's suggestion.

Nobody in history had ever done such a thing, so naturally they needed to try it for themselves.

In no time at all, a third figure appeared above Zen's head, none other than Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

Flamine's eyes widened upon the sight. This Eastern Emperor Taiyi felt so familiar yet also so strange to her.

Elvinia had seen this person in the Creation Myth Temple but was still stunned for a brief moment. Her heart thumped upon the realization of what Zen intended to do.

"Lady Flamine, do you mind letting us use Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body for the time being?" Zen asked. Flamine gaped at Zen.

She had no idea what the man intended to do.

However, since they were already in such a tight situation, anything was worth trying.

Chapter 3685 Eastern Emperor Taiyi's Energy Soul

Flamine and Elvinia saw the energy soul of Eastern Emperor Taiyi as it went straight to his head.

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi owns a special soul pendant. This strand of soul..." said Flamine, but she trailed off in hesitation.

With the protection of the soul pendant, no one could snatch Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body shell. The energy soul released by Zen would probably be instantly recognized by the soul pendant and then annihilated.

However, this energy soul was a strand of the soul of Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself, though it gave off a strange aura.

While Flamine was worried, the energy soul entered Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body without a hitch. Within a few seconds, his eyelids trembled and he opened his eyes.

His eyes shone brightly, as if stars were within them.

Flamine gave a hard look at Eastern Emperor Taiyi. She couldn't stop blinking in disbelief that he had woken up.

"Your Majesty..."

Flamine couldn't help but grab onto him, feeling him to make sure he was real and alive.

Embarrassed on behalf of Flamine, Elvinia pulled her back and said, "Mother, that is not my father."

From her experience on the Other Shore, she knew the truth.

However, she had no clue whether the man before them was the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi or not. After all, both the soul and the body belonged to Eastern Emperor Taiyi, though one was real and the other was a clone. She couldn't help but still be puzzled.

"It's impossible," said Flamine, shaking her head.

If the body shell of Eastern Emperor Taiyi had really been snatched, his aura wouldn't be as familiar as it was right now. Because of this, she stuck to her judgment and decided that Zen probably woke up Eastern Emperor Taiyi by some means.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi took a look at Flamine and then turned towards Elvinia. He gave her a warm smile as he said, "We meet again. Is this your mother?"

"Yes," Elvinia replied with a nod. "She seems to have mistaken you for my father."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi nodded back and looked at Flamine. "I am indeed Eastern Emperor Taiyi, but not the one you knew. He was a seed I sowed in the chaos."

"A seed?" Flamine gasped, not knowing what was going on.

Seeing the confusion of her mother, Elvinia continued to explain, "The real Eastern Emperor Taiyi went to the Other Shore a long time ago. Mother, you must have heard of the human race on the Other Shore, right? My father was a clone created by the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi."

She made sure to keep it simple so that she didn't bombard Flamine with the news. Flamine nodded as she tried to absorb everything. She had heard of all kinds of legends about the human race on the Other Shore from her husband, but she had never seen them once in her life.

Zen, who observed from the side, gave a faint smile. "Eastern Emperor Taiyi, may I know how much strength you can display?"

He placed the energy soul of Eastern Emperor Taiyi into the body so that he had the power to go against Emperor Charm. If Eastern Emperor Taiyi didn't exert all his strength, they might as well be doomed.

Just as Eastern Emperor Taiyi stood up, he reached out his arm and the Purple Rainbow Sword materialized. After he gave it a good look, his eyes looked up towards Zen. "What a good sword."

He couldn't help but be impressed. "The gap between souls can't be ignored," he continued, "but in other aspects, I may be able to display one hundred percent of the strength."

The strand of energy soul was too weak that Eastern Emperor Taiyi could not withstand the soul attacks. However, with the help of the soul pendant, he was not threatened by ordinary soul attacks. Furthermore, there was no guarantee that Emperor Charm would use the soul attack on him.

Just then, Eastern Emperor Taiyi began to read and analyze the Memory Flames of his clone. If it was a soul invasion, reading the Memory Flames would take a while and could even be rejected. This was because the Memory Flames did not belong to him.

However, it seemed that the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi was not bothered with any of these problems. As if instantaneously, he was able to read and understand all the Memory Flames.

Boom!

Right there and then, a loud boom echoed from the Oneness Mountain.

On the surface of the mountain, big holes and gashes appeared. Along with small blue squares, Emperor Charm flew high into the sky again.

As he dragged the corpses, they began to break even if they were woven by the Corpse Weaver. Apparently, even if they were determined to get revenge, they still had a limit.

As for the strong warriors like Pearce who hung onto the corpses, they were covered and smeared in dust and dirt.

At this point, Emperor Charm had thrown away many people, leaving only five people behind. Included among these people was Pearce.

"Since you seem so damn persistent, don't blame me for this," said Emperor Charm, looking back at Pearce with a smirk across his face.

As he spoke his last word, he opened his wings wide. A shadow of the sun appeared behind him, and the temperature of the atmosphere rose.

Because he'd already used the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy, he could not use it again. However, this was no problem to him, because he could still release the strongest divine flames of the Sun Crow race.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

As his wings flapped and lifted him into the air, fire snakes grew out from the sun shadow behind him. These snakes stretched out their necks and spouted flames, all directed towards Pearce and the rest.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

As the flames rushed towards the group, they tried their best to dodge. If not, they would be burnt to ashes.

Clinging on to the mountain wall, Auden shouted, "Elder Pearce, please let go!"

It seemed that there was no point in trying to stop Emperor Charm, because he was determined to kill Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

"No!"

Pearce used the back of his hand to wipe the mud off his face. He then summoned his Other Shore Token.

All of a sudden, Equinox Flowers began to sprout and bloom one after another around him and the others.

The Equinox Flowers were not as effective as the one that had trapped Emperor Charm before, but they were still capable of absorbing everything through the space theurgy. As the fire snakes spat out flames, the flowers absorbed them and they disappeared without a trace.

"Haha..."

Seeing the helpless thing Pearce did, Emperor Charm couldn't help but let out a chuckle.

As more flames were thrown at the flowers, they rose into flames and the inner spaces were burned through and through.

Phew! Phew!

All of a sudden, the blazing divine flames spread out and made their way towards one of the men, instantly burning him to ashes.

Though Pearce was not one to give up, he had to act smartly. He finally let go of the corpse, and the others followed suit. Pearce continued to move, but shook his head in disbelief. They had failed.

While the group retreated, the once indestructible corpses collapsed and were burnt to a crisp.

Just then, Pearce descended from the sky and landed on a huge stone, kneeling and facing down.

Crack!

As soon as his kneel made contact with the stone, it disintegrated into powder.

In fact, the direction to which he knelt was the Phoenix Palace.

For countless years, he had been working for Eastern Emperor Taiyi with much loyalty and perseverance. He couldn't help but be consumed by disappointment due to the fact that he wasn't able to protect him.

After kowtowing, he continued to ascend back into the sky. At this point, all he could do was fight with his life.

Chapter 3686 The Fake Eastern Emperor Taiyi

A gust of wind blew as Pearce jumped upwards. His hand shook violently, and the back of his palm up to his arm burst into cracks.

"Puff!"

Blood gushed from the cracks and spread out until it turned into a handful of blood mist.

He gently brushed the blood mist in his hand, and then a long sword condensed from the mist.

"God-detaining Sword!"

The moment he pulled out his sword, the area around him shook again, and another handful of blood mist bloomed. He stretched out his hand, and a second sword was condensed from the blood mist.

"Diabolic Sword!"

"Crane Sword!"

More blood mist spurted out from his arm and condensed another long sword. Afterwards, more than ten long swords floated beside him.

"Unite!"

As soon as Pearce uttered the word, all the swords piled up to form one sword and the aura of the sword became stronger.

"Demon-annihilating Hand!"

Just then, he brought out another Other Shore Token.

It was a black ghost hand with jagged skin and sharp nails.

The black ghost hand quickly replaced Pearce's original hand and fitted itself over his forearm like a glove.

Then, he grabbed the sword and disappeared in a flash.

"Whoosh!"

In the next second, he appeared behind Emperor Charm. He wasted no time and immediately swung his long sword, slashing towards Emperor Charm.

"Crack!"

As a descending type of Other Shore Token, the ghost hand had also released many divine megatons of power.

Furthermore, the sword strike was especially forceful because Pearce forged his sword with the blood essence.

But as soon as the sword slashed down, the corners of Emperor Charm's mouth curved slightly. Suddenly, he grabbed one of the ghost hand's fingers, lifted it, and sent Pearce rolling in the air.

"Bang!"

Pearce flew up high in the sky, and then landed on the ground not far away from Zen with a heavy thud.

He had consumed too much of his blood essence already. He almost collapsed after he fell, but there wasn't much blood that flowed from his wound. His face was even as white as a sheet.

'I... I've tried my best...'

Suddenly, an idea flashed through his mind.

If there was still anything he could do to change the situation, that would be burning the Other Shore Token.

However, burning the Other Shore Token was a taboo for many people in this world. Even if he didn't do so, he thought that Eastern Emperor Taiyi might not blame him.

Just as he lay on the ground waiting for Emperor Charm to kill him, his gaze turned to Zen.

His eyes narrowed into slits, and he quickly became shocked.

He saw Eastern Emperor Taiyi open his eyes and stand up...

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was awake?

When he looked more closely at Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Emperor Charm who was in the sky looked down at the ground.

He was amazed and confused at the same time.

How did that happen?

"Someone is possessing Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body shell..." he thought.

That was the first thought that came to his mind.

Since Eastern Emperor Taiyi was trapped on the Other Shore, it was impossible for him to return!

After he came to a realization, his confusion and astonishment turned to anger.

He and Eastern Emperor Taiyi had a close relationship in the past. Even if he wanted to kill Eastern Emperor Taiyi, he would not allow anyone to take Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body shell. Moreover, it was an act of humiliation to Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

"Who the hell are you?" asked Emperor Charm in a cold voice.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi looked up at Emperor Charm in the sky, his face full of confidence. "I am Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the master of the Starry Sword Region!" he declared.

Once again, Emperor Charm was stunned.

Based on Eastern Emperor Taiyi's expression, he didn't look like he lied, but what did he mean by the master of the Starry Sword Region?

Even Zen was a little shocked. It would be the best if he could frighten away Emperor Charm by taking advantage of Eastern Emperor Taiyi's own title.

Why did he say that he was the master of the Starry Sword Region, which confused everyone?

Of course, Zen didn't know that Eastern Emperor Taiyi was trembling with excitement after he had obtained the physical body.

He had never seen the chaos for many years...

He had been there over a thousand chaotic eras ago...

And today, he got the same chance again. He wasn't afraid of fighting at all. In fact, he wanted to battle.

If Emperor Charm really ran away, he would be very upset.

Meanwhile, Emperor Charm's face darkened. He was already sure that someone had taken Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body shell. Anyway, he wouldn't even have a meaningless argument with Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

With a pinch of his hand, the blue cube began to shrink.

As the blue cube shrank, it was enough to crush the people inside into meat paste.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi's eyes narrowed into slits as he looked at the shrinking space with a smile.

He stretched out two fingers and gently scratched the space.

"Swish..."

When the two scratch marks appeared on the space, the space exploded.

"It is the perfect space construction method. However, such a small trick cannot be used to trap me. Ha-ha!" Eastern Emperor Taiyi said as he kicked the ground lightly and flew up.

On the other hand, Emperor Charm became even more confused.

It seemed that Eastern Emperor Taiyi knew his space theurgy very well.

In the air, Eastern Emperor Taiyi looked around. The current world was completely different from the 77th chaos. The 77th chaos was filled with the starry regions of various sizes, but this space right now was a vast and boundless land!

He tore his gaze off his surroundings and held the Purple Rainbow Sword in his hand.

"Buzz!"

The Purple Rainbow Sword shook slightly, and a melodious sound filled the air. It turned out that Eastern Emperor Taiyi made a series of strange sounds with the sword.

The sound was melodious and pleasant at first, but as it became louder and louder, it suddenly made people feel irritable.

Emperor Charm stared at Eastern Emperor Taiyi. He wanted to see what the fake Eastern Emperor Taiyi was up to, so he listened carefully.

Surprisingly, Eastern Emperor Taiyi suddenly stretched out his finger and flicked the Purple Rainbow Sword.

"Ding!"

When the sound turned harsh, Emperor Charm felt as if his heart exploded. Then, he was in a trance.

"Whoosh..."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi swiftly took advantage of this opportunity. He raised his sword and stabbed Emperor Charm!

By the time Emperor Charm had regained consciousness, the tip of the sword had almost reached his chest. However, his expression changed. He barely dodged the stab, turned into countless blue squares and quickly disappeared.

Emperor Charm appeared not far away and stared at Eastern Emperor Taiyi with his cold eyes. "Where did you learn the small trick?" he asked.

In turn, Eastern Emperor Taiyi held the Purple Rainbow Sword and said with a faint smile, "Someone almost died due to such a small trick..."

Now, not only Emperor Charm but also Pearce who lay motionless on the ground, Auden, and the others, understood that this person was not the Eastern Emperor Taiyi they knew!

After all, Eastern Emperor Taiyi regarded himself as a decent swordsman after he had founded the Oneness Sky Palace. He was honest and upright in his ways. He would never cultivate such a skill.

As for how this person had easily possessed Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body shell, they couldn't understand either.

Still, Eastern Emperor Taiyi didn't care about the others' stares at all.

It wasn't easy for him to attain his freedom. Besides, he just wanted to apply what he had deduced for so many years, especially because the Other Shore's environment was still very different from the chaos.

Chapter 3687 Golden Rune Swords

Emperor Charm stared at Eastern Emperor Taiyi, his dark eyes expressing a strong killing intent.

"Then I want to see what your little trick is capable of!"

Swoosh!

Emperor Charm stretched out his right hand, and the Starlight Tracking Spear appeared. He pointed his left hand at Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and then a beam of starlight fell and floated above the latter's head.

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi!"

Pearce and the other powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace immediately panicked at the sight of the starlight.

They had witnessed how Emperor Charm had used the Starlight Tracking Spear to kill many powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace. Of course, they didn't want Eastern Emperor Taiyi to end up the same.

However, they didn't have time to warn him. The Starlight Tracking Spear had already marked him.

Meanwhile, Emperor Charm lifted his spear and disappeared.

At that moment, Eastern Emperor Taiyi seemed to be still looking at the starlight above his head and thinking of a solution.

As soon as Emperor Charm vanished, Eastern Emperor Taiyi rushed towards the front of the mountain wall with the Starlight Witness.

Buzz!

Just then, Emperor Charm appeared again and stabbed forward with his spear.

With his strength, Eastern Emperor Taiyi would never be able to avoid an attack launched behind him. Moreover, this Eastern Emperor Taiyi was just a fake one.

Crack!

'Did I stab him?' Emperor Charm thought.

But he quickly felt that something was wrong. He didn't feel like he had stabbed Eastern Emperor Taiyi. He looked into the distance and was shocked at what he saw.

In front of him was a huge mountain wall, and his spear had bored a huge hole on its surface.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

There was already a crack on the Oneness Mountain that continuously expanded. Now that a spear had struck it again, the crack extended even more. There was a rumbling sound, which meant that the mountain could collapse.

"How did he dodge my attack?"

Emperor Charm pulled out the Starlight Tracking Spear and looked at Eastern Emperor Taiyi above in disbelief.

Even the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi couldn't avoid the attack of the Starlight Tracking Spear. How did this fake dodge it so quickly?

"You..."

The moment Emperor Charm opened his mouth, Eastern Emperor Taiyi shook his finger at him and said lightly, "The mark can be moved away. Your starlight is just a mark!"

Emperor Charm stared at Eastern Emperor Taiyi with doubt. Suddenly, he raised the Starlight Tracking Spear and charged again.

Crack!

A second strike hit the Oneness Mountain.

The third strike...

The fourth strike...

Emperor Charm had missed his target in five strikes in a row.

What made it even worse was that Eastern Emperor Taiyi had the chance to counter him while he attacked, but the former had no intention to do so.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi didn't make a move.

In fact, he just let Emperor Charm stab into the mountain wall every time.

"Is the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi so powerful?" Zen asked as he stared at the sky.

"Ha-ha! We have lived for over a thousand chaotic eras. We are much more experienced than the clones," Houyi said. "I guess my clone is going to be furious," said the shadow of Emperor Charm above Zen's head.

Although these clones had different experiences from their owners, their tempers and personalities were the same.

For example, Emperor Charm was a serious and stubborn man, and his clone in the Source World was the same.

Naturally, he couldn't stand someone tricking him in a battle.

At the same time, the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace looked up and watched Eastern Emperor Taiyi constantly flash and dodge. All of them looked quite excited.

After all, Emperor Charm had killed dozens of their peers. To say they hated him was an understatement.

After five failed attacks in a row, Emperor Charm finally calmed down. Anger brewed in his dark eyes. He was on the verge of exploding with fury.

On the contrary, Eastern Emperor Taiyi looked at him calmly.

The real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had a good relationship with the real Emperor Charm in both the 77th chaos and the Other Shore.

Thus, he knew that the Emperor Charm in front of him was already quite enraged.

Swoosh!

After a moment of silence, Emperor Charm spread his wings and his body began to rapidly expand.

"It's the Wild God Body..."

Flamine said as her eyes narrowed into slits.

In fact, by the end of ancient times, the embryos of the various super forces in the Source World had already formed.

At that time, there existed the three magnates of the Ear Mouse race, the captain of the Black Ship, the Yellow Thearch, the Divine Farmer, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi...

Before the truth changed, these powerful warriors entered the Land of Bone Tribulation on the Other Shore with their Wild God Bodies. There, they obtained the Myriad Tribulations Bodies and subsequently improved their bodies.

However, the cultivation of the Wild Gods had been prohibited since the middle ages, so the later generations weren't able to catch up with them.

That was why even if there were many outstanding warriors born in the next generations, there was a natural defect in their physical bodies. The remedy to this defect was to absorb the Chaotic Source Spirits, but the Chaotic Source Spirits had their limits. Even if the younger warriors had reached the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm, their abilities were still much far from those of the people like Emperor Charm and Fuxi.

More importantly, there were two conditions to enter Stage Thirty-three. One was to enter the Soul City, and the other was to make it through the Land of Bone Tribulation. Therefore, no matter how hard the masters like Athemar, Goran, Winchell, and Elizabeth worked, they couldn't enter Stage Thirty-three.

Of course, they couldn't become the most powerful masters like Emperor Charm and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Among the people of the Oneness Sky Palace, only Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi had been to Stage Thirty-three.

Splash!

Emperor Charm's body quickly expanded until he turned into a giant with wings and a height of one hundred thousand feet.

He flapped his huge wings, and a hurricane formed.

Stones, dust, and other debris flew and rolled around everywhere.

"Are you serious?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi said with a faint smile.

He also activated the Wild God Power and his body began to expand rapidly as well.

In the blink of an eye, he also turned into a giant of one hundred thousand feet in size, standing not far away from Emperor Charm.

He stretched out his hand and grabbed in the air as he said, "Grow!"

In turn, the Purple Rainbow Sword grew bigger and bigger.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had forged the sword with a special material. It was originally six hundred and sixty thousand feet long, but after he forged it with a secret technique, he had shortened its length to six feet and six inches. Now, it had returned to its original size.

At that point, Emperor Charm had completely lost his patience. His wings shook, and a scorching sun appeared behind him as he flew towards Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi slowly took a step back. The space around him quietly fluctuated, and he moved to a higher height.

The war between the Wild Gods would easily hurt the innocent. He didn't want to involve Zen in the battle.

After Emperor Charm missed his target, numerous blue squares emerged from his huge body, and he began to chase Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Just as he caught up to his opponent, a huge golden sword shadow appeared in the sky.

The shadow was so big that it almost covered the dome above the Bloom Divine Province.

Buzz!

The shadow spun to the side and turned into dozens of golden swords. Then, those swords blocked the sky above the Bloom Divine Province.

The tens of millions of creatures in the Bloom Divine Province were bathed in the golden light.

As for Flamine, Elvinia, and the others in the Phoenix Palace, they all covered their mouths when they saw the scene.

It turned out that those were the Golden Rune Swords, which were activated by the bloodline power of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

In the past, when Eastern Emperor Taiyi had gone all out, he could only activate three Golden Rune Swords at most. Even then, such a move was still quite powerful, and the other powerful warriors in the Source World were very afraid of it.

But now, the number of Golden Rune Swords in the sky was more than ten times bigger!

Chapter 3688 One Chance

Pearce, Auden and the others were shocked. They didn't know what the truth was.

Slowly, a smile crept on their faces as they watched the golden sword radiance light up the sky.

"His Majesty has grown stronger on the Other Shore!"

"Has His Majesty obtained an Other Shore Token that can strengthen the power of his bloodline?"

"These are Golden Rune Swords... This hasn't been used in ages, yet it's still incredibly powerful. Unbelievable!"

The Oneness Sky Palace was not a force made up of members from the same clan. Only those in the Phoenix Palace shared the same bloodline with Eastern Emperor Taiyi, which made his bloodline rare.

Buzz...

A huge vortex surrounded the Golden Rune Swords, as though energy was constantly being drawn towards its center.

Zen watched the vortex as though in a trance. "Master Houyi, Emperor Charm," he suddenly said, "does that vortex connect somewhere outside the chaos?"

Previously, Houyi and Emperor Charm had said that the energy in the chaos actually didn't come from the chaos.

However, the energy that was released was usually too little for people to find out this fact.

In theory, if the energy was strong enough, a vortex would form, connecting to the outside of the chaos.

Yet here it was, in the flesh. The power of the Golden Rune Swords was extremely terrifying.

"Exactly!" Houyi answered excitedly.

"Master Houyi, can your Sun Shooting Bow destroy these Golden Rune Swords?" Zen asked curiously.

"Well..."

Houyi hesitated. Just then, Emperor Charm smiled bitterly and answered for him. "Nonsense. He was just lucky enough in the past to have shot down my suns..."

"Oh, I didn't expect the vortex would be so different from those in the suns," Zen muttered.

"It's not like that," Emperor Charm said. "The energy has different types and comes from different sources. Thus, cutting off the different types of energy will require different methods."

"In other words, there are ways similar to the Sun Shooting Bow that could be used to suppress the energy?" Zen raised his brow.

Emperor Charm nodded. "Yes, among us, the one who has studied this the longest time is the Primeval Lord of Heaven. However, despite his wisdom and the countless years he has spent on the research in this field, he's got nothing conclusive."

"Exploring things outside the chaos from within the chaos is like trying to peep at a leopard using a pipe," Houyi said lazily. "It's guaranteed the results will be inaccurate."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was known for his intelligence. Even the human powerhouses admired him for it. Yet, even a man as intelligent as him couldn't figure out the rules outside the chaos.

Swoosh!

Golden light pierced the air as

the Golden Rune Swords shot towards the sky.

Once the swords connected with each other, a powerful aura surged forth and the bright golden light enveloped the world.

"This is the extreme intent of swordsmanship!"

"His Majesty has indeed made a breakthrough!"

"It's too powerful. Emperor Charm is definitely no match for him!"

Watching this beautiful scene unfold before them, the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace were so giddy with excitement.

On the other hand, the members of the Bearing race trembled in fear, their faces as pale as death.

Emperor Charm was their only hope.

If he didn't succeed, there was no way the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace would let them go so easily.

As if the warriors weren't troublesome enough, they also had to face the wrath of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

As the golden light flashed in the sky, suddenly, a huge red fireball appeared.

It was another sun!

Emperor Charm sighed bitterly.

He had just used the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy, so it was impossible for him to use it anytime soon.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect to face Eastern Emperor Taiyi, or that the fake who was controlling him would be so powerful.

Emperor Charm was confident he knew Eastern Emperor Taiyi better than anyone else.

Yet, he was perplexed. How could the power of these Golden Rune Swords grow so rapidly?

The soul curling up inside Eastern Emperor Taiyi's mind must be some kind of monster.

Just as quickly as the new sun appeared, a strong sword radiance shot out towards it.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Emperor Charm was left with no choice but to use the Grand Teleportation technique. This time, the sword radiance pierced the sun, causing it to burst into flames that quickly sputtered out.

However, the Golden Rune Swords covered the sky above the Bloom Divine Province. No matter where Emperor Charm moved, a Golden Rune Sword would follow.

Under Eastern Emperor Taiyi's control, the Golden Rune Swords picked up speed with every second that passed—but Emperor Charm was also able to teleport just as quickly.

Buzz buzz buzz buzz...

Emperor Charm darted across the sky in a flash, disappearing into countless blue squares each time he teleported.

Above the Clear Lake, the blue squares started to materialize. However, before Emperor Charm could even emerge, a golden light shot down from the sky, straight towards the blue squares. Reacting in a flash, Emperor Charm disappeared once more.

Splash...

The golden sword radiance pierced the surface of the water, causing ripples as large as a tsunami to sweep across the land.

Fortunately, the big cities around the Clear Lake had powerful warriors. Together, they all took action to prevent the tidal wave from destroying their cities.

These masters were not too worried about the damages they'd suffer from the tsunami. Rather, they anxiously looked to the sky as they watched streaks of golden light attack a blue figure.

As the aborigines of the Bloom Divine Province, they could easily tell that the one who was attacking was Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself. As for the blue figure, very few could tell who he was.

That didn't matter to them. What was most important was for Eastern Emperor Taiyi to win. At least, the Bloom Divine Province would ultimately be safe.

Buzz!

When Emperor Charm teleported away from the Clear Lake, he appeared on a plain in the west. But before he could even catch his breath, a Golden Rune Sword slashed at him.

Crack! Crack! Crack

The blade of the Golden Rune Sword slashed into the ground, and the earth erupted. In the blink of an eye, a canyon was created right next to Emperor Charm.

Gritting his teeth angrily, Emperor Charm had no choice but to teleport again.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi controlled the Golden Rune Swords easily with his mind.

"If you were wise, you'd have escaped by now...

But I know you won't run away." Eastern Emperor Taiyi smiled wickedly.

"You might've dodged my sword with the help of Grand Teleportation many times, but it's only a matter of time before you tire yourself out."

As Eastern Emperor Taiyi spoke, countless small squares suddenly materialized behind him.

Emperor Charm's eyes flashed with killing intent as he emerged, poised to land a sneak attack.

However, Eastern Emperor Taiyi just laughed.

A huge Golden Rune Sword dashed towards them from the sky, threatening to pierce straight through Emperor Charm's head.

Emperor Charm's face fell. Flapping his wings desperately, he managed to narrowly dodge the golden light.

But at that moment, another Golden Rune Sword came straight at him from behind!

In a flash, Emperor Charm twisted his body to dodge that golden light by a hair.

However, as soon as he recovered, another sword slashed towards him from the side.

His expression darkened. There was no way he'd be able to dodge in time. He could only turn to protect his vital parts.

Puff!

Grunting, Emperor Charm realized the Golden Rune Sword cut off one of his arms and half of his wing.

His arm was more than four hundred thousand feet long, and his wing was two million feet long. When they were cut off, they returned to their normal sizes and fell from the sky.

Blood spurted from his wounds, raining all over the Bloom Divine Province.

Chapter 3689 Traitor

Emperor Charm's body trembled as he stared at his wounds.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi still stood with his hands behind his back, an indescribable sadness washing over him.

He had read through all the memories of his clone after taking his body.

The two emperors had once been as close as brothers, but had turned against each other in the end. The thought of it made Eastern Emperor Taiyi sigh.

Splash! Splash!

Blood dripped down from Emperor Charm's body. Nobody dodged it, but instead looked up at the movements above them.

"You are no match for me," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said calmly.

If he was up against the real Emperor Charm, he might not come out on top, but compared to his clone, Eastern Emperor Taiyi was much more capable in terms of control of the blood and combat.

The corners of Emperor Charm's eyes twitched. He raised his hand and a huge flame began to condense into a long spear.

He would not allow himself to fail, even if it cost him his life!

But just as the enormous flame spear formed, a crack suddenly appeared between his eyebrows and an eyeball drilled through it.

"Come back. You really are no match for him," said Yellow Thearch.

The eyeball allowed them to not only share the Other Shore Tokens, but to observe and convey information to each other as well.

When Emperor Charm and Eastern Emperor Taiyi fought, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer were watching.

"Not only are you no match for him, but even I would meet the same fate as you if I faced him," said Divine Farmer.

Their tones were rife with caution. It seemed they regarded Eastern Emperor Taiyi as quite a formidable foe.

"Why?" Emperor Charm was not convinced. "He is not the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Why is he so powerful?"

"He is indeed not the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi, but he might be another Eastern Emperor Taiyi," said Yellow Thearch.

"Another Eastern Emperor Taiyi? What do you mean?" Emperor Charm asked as his heart sank.

"Zen was able to deactivate your Nine-Sun Destruction Theurgy because someone called Houyi gave him a bow. There is another me, another Divine Farmer, and another Emperor Charm in this world."

"What?" This news surprised Emperor Charm. "How could such people exist?" he asked.

Same as the people of the Pear Hill, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer had been searching for the human race on the Other Shore since their birth.

However, the clues left by the human race on the Other Shore were all recorded in the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree which was in the hands of the Snake Goddess. For this reason, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer knew much less about the human race on the Other Shore than the Snake Goddess did.

The Element Spirit race in the upper stages had seen everything that the Moon Fire Slaves had seen, so they knew Zen had entered the Creation Myth Temple and taken the Civilization Artifact.

As the second ruling civilization, the Element Spirit race naturally knew the movements of the human race on the Other Shore. To them, the so-called secrets were not secrets at all.

But they had never revealed any information to Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer. The reason was very simple. They supported Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer because they wished to fragment the human race. So how could they tell them the history of the human race on the Other Shore?

Yellow Thearch had just been to the Other Shore. It was not until he asked about Zen's Sun Shooting Bow that the Element Spirit race told him the secrets they knew. Now that they had reached this point, the Element Spirit race had complete control of them, leaving them no right to turn back.

But the truth shocked him and he immediately confessed it to Emperor Charm.

"So I'm just a clone?" Emperor Charm murmured.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi still looked at him calmly. After Emperor Charm had turned into a Wild God, his body had become colossal. Although he murmured low and soft, Eastern Emperor Taiyi heard him clearly. Since Emperor Charm now knew he was a clone, he might have known some of the truth.

Emperor Charm lowered his head and thought a while before dissipating the Wild God Power.

His gigantic body shrunk back to its normal size.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi stared at the small sized Emperor Charm and dissipated his Wild God Power as well.

"You are the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi, right?" Emperor Charm asked, disheartened.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi nodded and said, "Yes."

Emperor Charm looked down at the Oneness Mountain and said, "I want to see my real self."

This sudden request surprised Eastern Emperor Taiyi, but he didn't hesitate and quickly replied, "Okay."

The two came back one after another.

The powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace had no idea what they were up to, but seeing Emperor Charm making his way back made them nervous.

Among the warriors, only a few could still fight. Libby was one of them. As Emperor Charm came back, they stepped forward and surrounded him in case he decided to attack suddenly.

"Zen, he wishes to see his real self," said Eastern Emperor Taiyi through his life vitality.

Zen was astonished. He hesitated a moment and the real Emperor Charm said in his mind, "Let me meet him. I can talk to him."

Zen nodded in approval. Eastern Emperor Taiyi stood beside him while Emperor Charm, who had lost an arm and a wing, stood opposite Zen.

Buzz!

A faint light flashed and the shadow of the real Emperor Charm appeared above Zen's head.

After staring at his real self for a while, Emperor Charm finally brought himself to ask, "They say I'm your clone. Is it true?"

"It's true," replied the real Emperor Charm.

"Why did you create me?" Emperor Charm asked.

"We want you to make the last attempt to complete the Finale Way," the real Emperor Charm said.

"Is that also why you created Divine Farmer and Yellow Thearch?" Emperor Charm asked.

"That's correct. In fact, we have sowed many seeds, but most of them haven't survived. You are one of the lucky few, so are Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer," the real Emperor Charm said with a smile. "I can ask their energy souls to show up."

"No need." Emperor Charm waved his hand and continued, "But why are we on different paths? Why don't we follow the same path as Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the Snake Goddess and Fuxi?"

Emperor Charm felt wronged. Finding out he was a traitor hurt his heart and filled him with regret. But he had betrayed them unintentionally, so he blamed his real self for it.

The real Emperor Charm sighed and said, "It didn't all go according to plan. The Element Spirit race intervened, and we were trapped in Stage Thirty-three. We could do nothing to help. It was not until Zen opened the Creation Myth Temple and bore the Civilization Artifact that our energy souls were released."

"Oh, I see. I took the wrong path," Emperor Charm said, lowering his eyes. "Then I can choose another path."

While Emperor Charm asked these questions in the presence of Zen, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer listened intently in another area of the Source World. When they heard Emperor Charm say that he would choose another path, their demeanor shifted drastically.

"Damn it!"

The Element Spirit race had told them the truth because they were sure they would not dare to betray them.

Betraying them now, at this critical moment, would lead to unimaginable consequences.

Chapter 3690 Explosion

Zen, Flamine, and the others were stunned.

Emperor Charm was powerful and with this power came extreme determination and a strong will. Once he chose a path, he would doggedly stick to it even if he was wrong.

But just a few words from the real Emperor Charm pushed him to change his mind.

The real Emperor Charm was not surprised and remained calm as usual.

Emperor Charm and the real Emperor Charm had similar personalities. The real Emperor Charm knew that his duplicate couldn't accept deception and betrayal.

Emperor Charm's duplicate had once been the king of the Sun Crow race, and hadn't considered his behaviors as betrayal. But things changed after the duplicate had discovered his identity.

At the time, Emperor Charm's duplicate had argued with Eastern Emperor Taiyi's duplicate about which path they should choose. And now that he had finally proved his fault, he wasn't about to accept anything else.

"Of course, you can choose another path if you want," the real Emperor Charm said.

Emperor Charm nodded.

He was still interested in the bloodline power of the Sun Crow race.

He also wanted to know what the human race and the real Emperor Charm were like in the past.

But Emperor Charm had just nodded when the eyeball on his forehead suddenly flashed a triangular black light, and a strange cry rang out from it. "What's the point if you're willing to do that? You should also ask if we are willing to let you do it!"

Emperor Charm looked worried at these words. "Who-who are you?" he stammered.

The Element Spirit race had given this eyeball to Emperor Charm. But for a long time, Emperor Charm had always used it to communicate with the Yellow Thearch, the Divine Farmer and Mahoney, or to borrow Other Shore Tokens from them. But this scream was from none of them!

"Who am I? Ha-ha!" The voice laughed but did not answer.

"I know who you are."

A figure appeared above Zen's head once again. It was none other than the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

When Zen had asked the energy souls of Emperor Charm, Houyi, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi for help, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had begun to pay attention to the outside world.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had finally chosen to show up when the voice of the eyeball had sounded.

The triangular black light in the eyeball stared at the Primeval Lord of Heaven's energy soul and its laughter became even more arrogant. "Nice to meet you again. Tell me, do you want to stir up trouble just by relying on this strand of energy soul?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven stared calmly at the triangular black light in the eyeball and said, "I have obtained the opportunity."

"Really? In that case, why are you hiding in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore? You are inferior even to the Nihility race!" The triangular black light continued to taunt him.

Every race on the Other Shore that believed in the Finale Way were suppressed. They either disappeared from the Other Shore, or joined the Element Spirit race.

Even the human race, which had been extremely powerful for a period of time, had been trapped within Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

Only the Nihility race was an exception.

The path of cultivation that this race had chosen was completely different from that of the Element Spirit race. But before the Element Spirit race could begin to suppress them, the Nihility race had successfully attracted many talents and powerful warriors from many large races.

It had grown to an extent that the Element Spirit race had found it really difficult to suppress it.

"Your plan is unfortunately a little too late," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a smile. "You don't have an advantage in the chaos."

"This advantage is nothing for our Element Spirit race!"

Perhaps the voice wanted to prove that it didn't care. The eyeball began to suddenly blink.

Buzz!

The eyeball turned red, a terrifying energy brewing within it.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi stood beside them and noted Emperor Charm's every movement. He was afraid that Emperor Charm would kill people and cause trouble.

When the energy began to spread, he transported himself so he was standing before Zen in a flash.

In the meantime, Emperor Charm had also guessed that something was up.

He turned to look at his subordinates and then glanced at the real Emperor Charm, saying, "This man is the real Emperor Charm. I'm just a clone. Perhaps this is why you betrayed me. I'm willing to believe it, but please follow and support him."

As he spoke, small blue squares appeared around his body, and he appeared in the sky.

"Flamine, please forgive me,"

Emperor Charm said, looking down at Flamine.

Flamine had Sun Crow race's bloodline flowing in her veins.

When she had married Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Emperor Charm had obviously agreed.

But Flamine had been the one to cause the conflict between the two races at the beginning and she was considered to be a traitor in the entire Divine Lair.

Bang!

Before Emperor Charm could finish speaking, the red eyeball exploded.

Emperor Charm had soared into the sky because he didn't want to hurt Zen, Flamine, and the others.

But although the eyeball was strong, the shock wave did not cover a large area. The explosion only caused Emperor Charm's head and the upper part of his body to shatter into pieces, causing the lower part of his body to fall from the sky.

"Emperor Charm!"

The members of the Sun Crow race were heartbroken at this development.

Elizabeth flapped her wings and flew upwards, catching Emperor Charm's broken body in her arms.

The Sun Crow race needed to listen to Emperor Charm in Zen's mind because of the bloodline worship, but their memories and emotions were still there. This kind of grief bubbled up from the depths of their hearts.

Flamine bit her lips, her face lined with sorrow.

Elvinia didn't share a good relationship with Emperor Charm. The Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race had turned into enemies even before she was born. She detested the winged demon women of the Divine Lair.

But her mood soured when she sensed Flamine's sadness.

It was truly pitiful for a leader of a super force to die in this way.

The moment Emperor Charm died, everyone's eyes fell back on Hancock and his companions.

Hancock and his companions had wanted to escape in the beginning. But after Emperor Charm had launched an attack on the Bloom Divine Province, they had become unwilling to leave.

When all the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace were killed, they would be able to search and snatch any treasures on the seven mountains. A super force had a very deep foundation and abundant resources after all.

It never occurred to them that Emperor Charm could be no match for Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

In this moment, they were thinking about whether Emperor Charm could run away along with them. With Emperor Charm's strength and his control of the space theurgy, it would be easy for him to do it.

But they hadn't expected Emperor Charm to suddenly stop fighting and start a chat with them.

Moments after, Emperor Charm even soared into the air and exploded.

Hancock and the others were stunned and at this point, found it impossible to escape.

The moment the eyeball on Emperor Charm's forehead exploded, a violent vibration was transmitted to the foreheads of the Yellow Thearch, the Divine Farmer, and Mahoney in a different place in the Source World.

They frantically tried to sense Emperor Charm's eyeball, but the other side had fallen into darkness.

Chapter 3691 The Minimum Spaces

Yellow Thearch, Divine Farmer and Mahoney looked at each other in silence.

They had expected the Element Spirit race to punish Emperor Charm, but they hadn't expected it to be done by such violent means.

He had only exhibited a smidgen of rebellion. He hadn't even rebelled yet, and still they killed him without hesitation.

They were a truly cruel race.

There was also an eyeball buried into each of their foreheads.

They had once thought that this Other Shore Token would bring endless possibilities. With more Other Shore Tokens, they would be able to enhance each other's strength far beyond what was previously possible.

But now, all it seemed to be was a fatal tool to be used against them.

How could such powerful masters as Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer allow someone else to have such control over their lives?

Taking their lives at any moment? Even the superior Element Spirit race should not be allowed that power!

As they stood silently, the eyeballs on their foreheads opened. A triangular black light appeared from the center of the eyeballs, and the voice could be heard again.

"Have you seen the fate Emperor Charm has met?" the triangular black light asked.

"Yes," replied Yellow Thearch.

"Do you have any feelings about this?" the triangular black light continued.

Yellow Thearch's eyes grew stern as he said, "We have already chosen our own path, and we will not stray from it. Emperor Charm made his choice to rebel. We do not need such a foolish ally!"

The triangular black light trembled for a moment before saying, "That's right. Remember, this world will eventually prove that the path we have chosen is indeed the right one. The Purge Way is the only way to survive. I don't want to see this happen again. You have seen his ending!"

Once it had finished speaking, the triangular black light vanished immediately.

Yellow Thearch, Mahoney and Divine Farmer all remained silent.

The strong warriors following behind them were silent as well.

Their leaders' lives were in someone else's hands. All it would take was an order to be given and they would be dead. This thought dragged their spirits down.

But the eyeballs remained rooted in their foreheads and so even a private conversation was out of the question.

After a short silence, Yellow Thearch turned to Fire Emissary, one of the Five-element Emissaries, and said, "Go ahead with your work."

Fire Emissary looked at Yellow Thearch worriedly but nodded nonetheless.

He stretched out his arm and made a lifting gesture in the air, and wisps of cyan flames rose from his hands.

"Sizzle, sizzle, Sizzle..."

The flames rose up and were sucked into the space above, like vortexes swirling and converging into a single point.

The space of the chaos had the smallest unit. If a space was constantly divided, the smallest space would be formed. This method was exclusive to the Chaos Ancient God, Othniel.

Fire Emissary now began condensing all the flames into this Minimum Space.

An hour later, the flames in the Minimum Space had finally reached a critical state. No matter how hard Fire Emissary tried, he couldn't compress any more flames into it.

"It's done," Fire Emissary said to Yellow Thearch.

Yellow Thearch nodded at the huge eye in the crack of the abyss, and the Minimum Space slowly rose up.

Above the pitch black abyss, there were over a hundred of such Minimum Spaces. They were incredibly small, so small that the tip of a hair could hold over a million of them.

However, the sheer number of flames in them made the Minimum Spaces very conspicuous, especially in the darkness where the cyan dots of light were like dazzling stars.

"Are the concentrated flames really that powerful?" Fire Emissary asked.

Yellow Thearch smiled faintly and said, "You may have a try if you wish."

"Okay!"

Fire Emissary was already very curious and so jumped at this opportunity. He stretched out his hand, picked a cyan light dot from the air and pinched it hard.

Splash!

The Minimum Space exploded.

It had already been filled to the limit with flames. If it weren't for the Chaos Ancient God named Othniel who had controlled it personally, the Minimum Space would have collapsed.

Othniel could achieve a wonderful balance in this Minimum Space.

The moment it exploded, the cyan flames spread out and plummeted down from the sky.

When they reached the bottom of the abyss, they rose upwards once more.

The abyss was so big that it could accommodate a large province, and yet it was instantly enveloped by flames.

"That fire is incredibly fierce!" Fire Emissary exclaimed, staring at the flames above. "But I think there are too many flames in it."

"The entire space exploded with your flames. That space itself turned into a part of the flames," Yellow Thearch explained.

"Is that little space so powerful?" Fire Emissary asked, totally stunned.

"Yes, the mechanism is very complicated and difficult to explain. All you need to know is that all materials in the chaos are made up of countless Minimum Spaces. No matter how the chaos is destroyed or reborn, these Minimum Spaces have always been here. Ordinary people can't usually use these Minimum Spaces." Divine Farmer reached out his hand to touch the flames around him. "The power of the flames is not very strong, but they are destructive enough to kill all the creatures in a province."

Those flames had already filled the huge abyss. Such powerful flames wouldn't cause any harm to people like Divine Farmer and Yellow Thearch, but if they were placed in a large province, the creatures there would suffer.

If a Minimum Space exploded, a large province, as well as tens of millions of creatures there, would be burnt to ashes.

"How many provinces should I burn to make the Source World react?" Fire Emissary asked, frowning intently as he appeared to try and work it out himself.

Human nature was complicated.

Fire Emissary was a ruthless figure in the Bearing race and countless people had died by his hands.

But even burning the provinces and killing all the creatures like this gave him a reason for pause.

"According to my calculations, we will have to burn down at least three hundred provinces," Divine Farmer replied flatly.

Everyone fell silent again on hearing this.

The fact that the Element Spirit race had killed Emperor Charm already aroused feelings of rebellion within them.

The previous plans seemed logical until they carried them out. Then they felt like stopping and wanted to give up.

"I'll go first!"

Mahoney said, taking the initiative while everyone else remained silent.

Among the several super forces, the New Moon race was the smallest. In the past, they were not qualified to be ranked as a super force. They developed to this point with the support of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race.

At this crucial moment, Mahoney felt obligated to do something.

After the cyan flames that spread throughout the abyss disappeared, she flew up and stored the Minimum Spaces in her space ring. She then moved out of the abyss and Fire Emissary continued to compress the flames into the Minimum Spaces.

The Vast Sea Province was on the other side of the abyss.

Chapter 3692 Fast Destruction

Soon after, Mahoney arrived above the Vast Sea Province and released a Minimum Space from her space ring.

The Minimum Space was almost weightless and so small that to the eye and touch it was almost nothing. If an ordinary person were to touch it, it would pass straight through their bodies.

Because of this, it was only through her space theurgies that Mahoney could move these Minimum Spaces.

After she released one, it floated slowly in the air.

With a gentle breeze, the Minimum Space, which was a million times smaller than dust, spiraled in the air and floated downwards.

The sun shone in the Vast Sea Province, so it was definitely not as dark as the abyss.

With the sunlight beaming, even if the Minimum Space emitted light, it was nowhere near as dazzling as the star and would be a little more inconspicuous.

It continued floating down gently before making its way down to an island below.

The Vast Sea Province was almost completely covered in water, with only a few large islands present on the surface.

On the island below, there lived a small race called the Fox Fish race. Their race's power was ranked high in the Vast Sea Province. But even if they were ranked in the top ten in the Vast Sea Province, it was still a very small and insignificant race when compared to the super powers in the Source World.

Any master from the Bearing race or the Divine Farmer race would be capable of destroying such a puny race.

However, as the Vast Sea Province was relatively remote, and there was no unique production, it had always been peaceful.

Except for the two great races fighting underwater from time to time, peace was maintained. Such a harmonious state was rarely seen in the Source

World.

"Look over there. What's that?"

a member of the Fox Fish race said as he had noticed the dot of light falling from the sky.

Many of the Fox Fish race then looked up curiously.

"Is there a star falling?"

"It's daytime..."

"Let's go and have a look!"

They had no idea of the impending doom and still chased after the dot of light.

One of them was faster than the rest.

He had reached the consummation of True God Realm. He constantly flashed his figure and got below the light first.

"What a small dot of light! But it's so bright that it can be seen dozens of miles away. What sort of treasure is this?" he exclaimed, reaching out to touch the light still gliding down.

The moment he came into contact with this Minimum Space, it penetrated right through his hand and fell to the ground, going further down deep into the earth below his feet.

"What the..."

He was a little confused. Was that light actually real?

Naturally, there was no way for him to understand how small the Minimum Space was. Compared with the Minimum Space, his body was like a rough sieve through which the space could just pass straight.

As he pondered on the dot of light, he felt a heat rising from beneath his feet.

Whoosh!

A cyan flame burst from the ground and soared into the sky.

The other members of the Fox Fish race standing in the distance saw the soaring column of fire and their faces filled with horror. They all turned to run the other way, spurred on by their absolute terror.

But the cyan flame was spreading too fast.

Before they could turn, the cyan fire column had caught up to them, engulfing their bodies instantly.

It was as Divine Farmer had said; the flame released from the Minimum Space was not very powerful and wouldn't cause any harm to the masters at the Chaotic Source Realm or warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

However, 99.9% of creatures in the Source World were unable to resist it.

As the cyan flames continued to spread rapidly, the members of the Fox Fish race screamed, roared, and cried with despair as most of them were burnt to ashes in seconds.

Everything, including the trees and buildings, was set on fire...

The Fox Fish at the consummation of True God Realm laid an enchanted barrier against the flames rising from below, but it could only hold off the fire for a few seconds.

He swiftly switched to trying to use the Grand Teleportation to avoid the cyan flames.

But just as he had teleported to a position he thought was safe, the flames had already spread and enveloped him once again.

He used the Grand Teleportation again, but was still caught by the fast spreading cyan flames...

When he finally reached the sea surface, he found that the cyan flames seemed to have covered the entire Vast Sea Province!

Splash!

He leaped into the sea.

It wasn't long before the sea water began to boil.

But compared to the burning of the flames, he considered the water 'cool'. At the very least, he could endure the heat of the boiling much easier.

He soon found, however, that even the bottom of the sea was not safe...

The cyan flames had spread to fill the entire Vast Sea Province. Even the sea water began steaming intensely under the frenzied burning of the flames, and the sea level began falling at a visible rate.

The large races at the bottom of the sea then fell into panic as well.

They didn't know where the flames had come from, but at the rate the water steamed and evaporated, it wouldn't be long before the sea water completely disappeared, and their fate would be no different from that of the creatures on the island.

What unfolded before their eyes was completely beyond their knowledge and expectations.

They couldn't understand why someone would kill the others and destroy everything for no reason.

As the flames continued to roll in the air, all the sea water in the Vast Sea Province was totally evaporated.

Floating high above in midair, Mahoney looked down indifferently.

Once the sea water had evaporated, the boundless salt was released. The salt and the black charcoal mixed together, forming an endless black salt land...

Puff...

The flames in the Minimum Space finally burnt out.

The flaming Vast Sea Province finally regained some semblance of coolness.

Only a minute number of creatures survived. Some of them were powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm who had special Other Shore Tokens, and two were powerful warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm, sitting at the bottom of the sea.

Not long ago, these two supreme elders had been the strongest warriors of two races in the Vast Sea Province. They had fought for a resource for tens of thousands of years, and the two of them had always been at the forefront of the battle.

They hadn't expected that they could lose everything they possessed so quickly. The sea water had been evaporated and their clansmen burnt to a crisp. They were left with nothing.

The two of them looked at each other speechlessly, with awe, horror and hopelessness in their eyes.

Even though they were powerful warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm, they could do nothing about that fire except protect themselves.

Tens of billions of creatures died in fear and anger right in front of them, as they watched.

Negative emotions could be infectious.

One person's negative emotions could be passed to a group, and that group could do the same to the world.

The negative emotions of tens of billions of creatures were like an invisible hammer that slammed down and began to shake the entire Source World.

Swoosh!

Even Mahoney seemed to be affected by it. She took a deep breath before darting off towards the province next to the Vast Sea Province.

Chapter 3693 Pushing The Mountain

The dreary battle between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race had finally come to an end. Since the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi showed up, the remaining members of the Bearing race were either captured or killed in the battle.

Strictly speaking, the Sun Crow race didn't suffer a heavy loss. However, in exchange for that, they had lost Emperor Charm.

Most of the elite warriors of the Sun Crow race, including most members of the Divine Lair and Emperor Charm's royal guards, survived the battle.

During the war, when Emperor Charm was still alive, Elizabeth, Micah, and their other colleagues had undergone fierce mental struggles. When Zen ordered them to attack their emperor, there were a lot of contradictory feelings that couldn't be pushed aside.

Likewise, because they were his loyal subordinates, Emperor Charm wasn't able to fully harm them.

Now that Emperor Charm was no more, it meant that the core of the Sun Crow race had disappeared, and they had no other choice but to follow Zen with all their hearts.

Also, after defeating Emperor Charm, the energy soul of the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi gave up the body out of his own accord.

By then, Flamine, Pearce, and the others had already realized that the Eastern Emperor Taiyi that they knew was still in slumber, and there was someone else who occupied his body. This person was none other than the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi that was inside Zen.

"Considering the troubled times, I must say that the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi can still stay in his body since the current one hasn't returned from the Other Shore yet," Pearce suggested

In Pearce's mind, the most important thing at present was to ensure the safety of the Oneness Sky Palace. If there came another being that was as powerful as Emperor Charm and attacked them at their chaotic state, he knew that they might not be able to last.

In the meantime, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had already returned to Zen's inner world and entered the Civilization Artifact. Zen served as a mediator to deliver him Pearce's message.

After a while, Zen received Eastern Emperor Taiyi's response and a slight frown became visible on his face. "He refuses. He says that if the Oneness Sky Palace was in danger again, he would definitely help with all his might. However, he doesn't want to stay in his body if it isn't necessary."

"Really? I heard that all the creatures on the Other Shore are reluctant to leave the chaos.

Why would he refuse to stay?" Pearce asked curiously.

Since he had been working for Eastern Emperor Taiyi for so long, Pearce was quite knowledgeable of the situation.

Those creatures that had been born in the chaos and then later entered the Other Shore, all missed their past old lives in the chaos because they were already trapped on the Other Shore.

Some Other Shore creatures were even willing to be carried and become other people's Other Shore Tokens so that they could have a chance to cross and see the chaos again.

However, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi seemed to be unwilling to experience that.

"Maybe it's because he knows that this is just a temporary matter. He may be afraid that he can't give it up later," Auden chimed in and gave his opinion.

Most of the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace who managed to survive were all seriously injured.

Fortunately, due to their high cultivation level, recovery would be a sure thing.

That was why Auden, who also took severe damage during the earlier battle, looked much better now.

"Oh, at least someone understands!" Houyi suddenly appeared and commented on Auden's remark.

"We have been locked in the dark temple for countless years, motionless as a statue. We have lived without any desire, any greed or anything. Yes, it is so exciting to be able to come back to this world and experience the previous life. And that exactly is the main reason why he will be reluctant to leave later. So, he made the right choice!" Houyi explained.

He saw everyone staring at him in a daze. "And yeah, I'm leaving too!" he exclaimed.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, he returned to Zen's inner world too.

"Zen, who was that man?" Pearce couldn't help but ask.

Now they understood that none of the people residing within Zen's body was ordinary, especially the old man that just appeared suddenly and talked directly to the Element Spirit race.

"That was Houyi. I borrowed his bow to extinguish Emperor Charm's suns."

Zen explained that the bow and arrows he had used to shoot down Emperor Charm's suns were from Houyi.

Pearce and the others present were all amazed by the story. They had never imagined that humans had once possessed such tremendous abilities.

At the same time, Libby was helping others treat their wounds in a nearby place. Naturally, she heard all the tales told by Zen. A trace of sulk appeared on her delicate and pretty face.

In this war, all her pride turned into dust.

This man, who had advanced so much faster than her, had turned the tide of the entire war all by himself. He had relied on his own abilities to suppress and defeat the Sun Crow race.

He put under his control the Corpse Spirit Sun Crows and the members of the Sun Crow race, and ultimately defeated Emperor Charm to end the war.

With that said, everyone else in the Oneness Sky Palace just acted the supporting role.

As for Libby, it was already a great performance from her to be able to help and support Athemar and Goran in their battles.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

While Libby was lost in thought, sounds of explosions were heard coming from inside the Oneness Mountain.

During the fierce battle between Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Emperor Charm, the center part of the Oneness Mountain had been riddled with huge holes. Moreover, this part was the weakest point of the mountain. As the mountain couldn't bear the pressure from the upper area, the inner part gradually collapsed, and it began to slowly crumble.

"The Oneness Mountain is collapsing!"

someone immediately shouted.

If the upper part of the mountain fell, Dragon City, which was at the foot of the mountain, would be completely crushed to nothingness.

Although the Dragon City had already been in ruins, thanks to the members of the Bearing race, it was not completely destroyed. It could still be salvaged and be brought back to its original state. However, if the Oneness Mountain smashed it down, there would be nothing left to rebuild.

Boom! Crash!

Upon seeing that the mountain was continuously tilting sideward, Zen immediately directed his order to the Sun Crow race, "Hold back the Oneness Mountain!"

As soon as they heard the order, the members of the Sun Crow race appeared on the side of the upper part of the Oneness Mountain in a flash.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

The combined strength unleashed by several powerful warriors of the Sun Crow race couldn't be underestimated.

Also, some of the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace that had already recovered rushed forward to help the members of the Sun Crow race.

However, even with the combined efforts of the two groups, it wasn't enough to stop the sliding of the upper part of the Oneness Mountain

The mountain was just too huge.

Compared to it, their bodies were like insects who were trying to push off an enormous boulder.

When they exerted their forces and pushed the mountain wall, the soft surface of the mountain began to crumble. As a result, they sank into it.

When the members of the Sun Crow race found this problem, they spread out their wings and tried to increase the surface area of their contact against the mountain. However, this tactic still failed and they also sank into it.

In this kind of situation, it would be easier if the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi used his Wild God Power.

However, since the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had already returned into Zen's inner world, it was not appropriate to call him right away.

As Zen perceived that the situation was getting out of hand, he also dashed and appeared on the side of the mountain.

'There's no other choice. Wild God Body!'

In the blink of an eye, Zen turned into a colossal giant, and started pushing the falling part of the mountain with his entire body.

Chapter 3694 Eternal Warriors

Even though Zen was an extraordinarily powerful warrior, he couldn't stop the mountain from sliding down.

He could only slow it down a bit.

Libby refused to sit back and watch this happen. Planting her feet firmly into the ground, she leapt and flew towards the sliding mountain in an attempt to block it. However, she ended up drilling right through it, failing even to slow it down.

When she had burst out from the mountain, suddenly, an idea crossed her mind. "Master Athemar, use the Lofty Sword!"

The Lofty Sword itself was massive. Athemar turned to look at her when she called him, and upon hearing her words, he nodded in understanding.

Without hesitation, Athemar started to recite the spell. Then, multiple rings of light appeared in the air, and from the center of these huge rings, the Lofty Swords shot out.

In a flash, the huge Lofty Swords planted themselves firmly onto the side of the mountain. Elizabeth, Libby, and the others pressed themselves against the Lofty Swords, trying to push the mountain backward.

Athemar made sure to distribute the Lofty Swords around the mountain evenly, and wherever he looked, a strong warrior had gotten a hold of the Lofty Swords to push back the mountain.

Thanks to this newfound strategy, the collapsing of the upper half of the mountain slowed to a halt!

At this time, Pearce finally gathered enough strength to speak. "Auden, you take Athemar and the others to cast the arrays. First, we must fix the mountain body."

Auden nodded and flew to Athemar to relay his orders. Immediately, they began to set up arrays in the area where the mountain initially broke.

It was no easy task to build arrays that would fix such a massive mountain.

Even though these arrays were just enough to make a temporary fix, it took them almost two hours.

As they worked on the arrays, Elizabeth and the others kept on pushing the mountain to keep it from sliding. This exhausted a considerable amount of divine crystals, yet they knew they had no choice but to use the power of their Other Shore Tokens.

Two hours later, the arrays were activated, finally stabilizing the mountain. At the sight of this, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

When Zen saw that the mountain had settled down, he deactivated his Wild God Body and descended to join the others. Once he landed, Pearce stared at him strangely.

It was no secret in the Oneness Sky Palace that Zen had cultivated the Wild God Body.

Actually, even in this era, it wasn't too out of the ordinary to cultivate the Wild God Body.

While wild bones were indeed exhausted, that didn't mean that the super forces hadn't collected any of them from the past. In fact, their stocks were enough to allow a small number of people to cultivate the Wild God Body.

However, the reason why Pearce looked at Zen dubiously was because Wild Gods weren't supposed to be able to enter the Other Shore. Additionally, it was difficult for them to obtain more than one divine megaton of force, so it was practically useless to focus on cultivating the Wild God Body.

However, Zen was different. Not only was he strong in a Wild God Body, but he was also able to enter the Other Shore. This made Pearce finally realize another pressing problem.

"Zen, you really have made rapid progress in such a short period of time after you came to the Oneness Sky Palace," Pearce suddenly said.

Zen cast a confused look at Pearce, unsure of the latter's intentions. Nodding modestly, he answered simply, "I'm flattered."

Pearce shook his head. "I know your physical body can enter the Other Shore, and naturally you will have great potential in the future. But more than a year ago, you were still in Stage Thirteen of the Lust World. And that was too far from the upper stages. I didn't expect you to step into the Desire World so soon." Pearce paused, his gaze fixed on Zen. "Besides, your soul is extremely stable. You have already reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul, right?"

Zen nodded.

It wasn't difficult for him to reach the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul. In fact, he was even able to help others reach this level.

"After the ancient times, countless people have reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul," Pearce continued indifferently. "But not a single one of them got the Myriad Tribulations Body. So, since then, no one has stood a chance to enter Stage Thirty-three."

"After ancient times, no one has entered Stage Thirty-three?" Zen echoed in surprise.

"Yes, there are two conditions for one to enter Stage Thirty-three. First, to transcend the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul to become a Holy Soul. Second, to own the Myriad Tribulations Body. After meeting these two conditions, one will be able to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting in Stage Thirty-two and then get up to Stage Thirty-three, the Three Purities Stage!" Pearce said excitedly, his eyes flashing with a hint of yearning.

He, Auden, and Athemar had all reached the Holy Soul Realm. But because they couldn't get the Myriad Tribulations Body, they failed to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting. Naturally, this meant they couldn't proceed to Stage Thirty-three. They were forced to limit their cultivation to Stage Thirty-two, which was fruitless.

This was their biggest regret.

Not far away, Micah and Bagot had been listening. The two exchanged helpless looks as they heard what Pearce was saying. They were by no means weak, but because of the Other Shore rules, they too were doomed to share the same fate.

"Eternal Scroll Painting?" Zen asked, his heartbeat quickening.

"Yes, it's a huge scroll painting floating in the air in Stage Thirty-two, with all sorts of powerful creatures drawn in it. The masters who enter the Eternal Scroll Painting are called Eternal Warriors, or 'Eternal Beings'," Pearce smiled. He was pleased to answer Zen's question.

"Is Eastern Emperor Taiyi also an Eternal Warrior?" Zen asked, raising his eyebrow curiously.

"Yes," Pearce answered. "Only two people from the Oneness Sky Palace are Eternal Warriors: Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Madam Yasamin. So, naturally, their strength is higher than that of the other five mountain leaders!"

After the battle between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race, Zen had gotten a general understanding of these people's strength.

Previously, he was under the impression that the gap between the other mountain leaders and Eastern Emperor Taiyi wasn't that big. However, now he realized that he had been wrong; while they were only one stage apart in cultivation level, the disparity in strength was extreme!

"Your soul and body are qualified. I hope you can enter the Soul City as soon as possible and pass the Land of Bone Tribulation, and become an Eternal Warrior," said Pearce, looking at Eastern Emperor Taiyi who was sitting on the ground. "Maybe you can go to Stage Thirty-three to save Eastern Emperor Taiyi..." he said softly.

"If I'm qualified to become an Eternal Warrior just because my physical body can enter the Other Shore," Zen said, "what about Elvinia?" As he spoke, he looked at Elvinia, who was standing nearby.

Elvinia's situation was a little out of the ordinary.

Her own physical body did not enter the Other Shore, but her purified being's body did.

Pearce smiled. "Maybe. After all, the test of the Eternal Scroll Painting is on the Other Shore. Theoretically, anyone who passes it can enter Stage Thirty-three, but I can't be completely sure."

Elvinia's case was so different, even Eastern Emperor Taiyi could not be sure.

"I will definitely be an Eternal Warrior," Elvinia suddenly said determinedly. "I want to save Father!"

Pearce looked at her dotingly, his wrinkled face full of fondness. "I believe you will do it!"

Elvinia cast a glance at Zen.

She knew in her heart that the key to become the Eternal Warrior was still him.

Under the gaze of Elvinia, Zen looked a little uneasy. He glanced at the Oneness Mountain that had been stabilized and suddenly said, "I need to go back to the Flow Sword Sect!"

Although it was unlikely that the Bearing race would go to the three sword sects, Zen was worried. Now that the war in the Oneness Sky Palace had been settled, it was time for him to go back to check on his family.

The moment he finished speaking, he stretched his arms and launched himself into the sky.

During the battle, the Bearing race had destroyed the arrays that had been set up along the mountain. Because of this, Zen didn't need to climb the mountain anymore, he just flew straight to the top.

Chapter 3695 Taking Them Back To The Inner World

The disciples in the Flow Sword Sect had also witnessed the groundbreaking scene.

They watched as the two giant figures of Emperor Charm and Eastern Emperor Taiyi fought fiercely—the sun versus the Golden Rune Sword, respectively.

Anxiously they rooted for their own leader, Eastern Emperor Taiyi. They hated to think about the consequences if he lost.

Trish and Carrie kept on heading outside the courtyard house to inquire if there was any news.

Letitia, however, decided to err on the side of caution and refused to leave the courtyard house.

On the other hand, Margaret was surprisingly calm. She only asked about Zen a few times, concerned for her husband's safety. She didn't concern herself with other matters from the outside.

The people in the courtyard continued to feel the earth quake as the battle raged on below. Initially, the ground trembled ever so slightly, but to their surprise, after a while, it felt like the whole mountain was sliding down!

What would become of them if the huge mountain crashed?

If it ever came to that, while the disciples of the three sects could easily flee by flying into the sky, they were still worried.

To their relief, the sliding of the mountain lasted only for a short while, and then they felt the ground beneath their feet stabilize once more.

Trish went out to inquire about the matter again and found out that the war in the Oneness Sky Palace had subsided. Relieved, she eagerly returned to relay the news to the others.

Just then, Zen landed in the courtyard. When the women saw Zen, joy filled their faces as they rushed towards him.

Although they believed that Zen would return to them in one piece, they had been worried since the Oneness Sky Palace was almost destroyed. When they knew their beloved husband was facing powerful warriors of the Sun Crow race, there was nothing they could do but silently pray for his safety.

Thus, seeing him return to them unharmed was a huge relief.

After Zen, Letitia, Margaret and the other girls had settled down, Edna quietly walked out from a corner and asked in a low voice, "Creator, is the Evil God safe?"

Zen had corrected her several times before, telling her not to call him "Creator". It seemed, however, that she was incapable of changing her ways.

At the mention of the Evil God, Zen frowned slightly.

While Edna saw his abrupt change in expression, her heart sank. Could it be that the Evil God had died?

She knew that her husband had already been refined into an Inner-world Generating Avatar, which was equivalent to Zen's avatar puppet. In this case, no matter how powerful the Evil God was, it would be difficult for him to betray Zen. He was most likely dead...

Edna was fully prepared to accept this.

"He has escaped," Zen said helplessly, his frown deepening.

"Escaped?" she echoed in surprise. "How is that possible..."

Zen shrugged.

The fact that the Evil God was able to escape was purely an accident. In theory, it was impossible for the Evil God to disobey Zen's orders. However, when he was faced with the creatures he wasn't able to kill, he was able to flee, taking advantage of Zen's order to prioritize his freedom.

"Sorry..."

Edna apologized, her face full of shock.

Zen shook his head. "It's not your fault. I was negligent. Don't worry. I'll find him sooner or later."

Zen knew that even if the Evil God had found a way to escape, he was still his Inner-world Generating Avatar.

If they met each other one day, as long as they were close enough in proximity, the Evil God wouldn't be able to disobey Zen.

"Then, can I return to your inner world?" Edna asked.

She considered leaving his inner world as a gift from Zen. Now that the Evil God had wronged him, she felt that she didn't deserve this gift.

She knew that the Evil God would always find ways to disobey Zen.

However, she also was under the impression that the Inner-world Generating Avatar was strong enough to suppress the Evil God. She never thought he'd be able to run away like this. Thinking about this made her uneasy.

Zen glanced at Edna indifferently. "I came back here to take Tia, Margaret, and Aura back to the inner world. If you don't want to return with them, I won't force you."

There was no Rebirth Land for Edna in Zen's inner world. Once she left, it was impossible to find she back.

"But," he continued, "the Source World is not peaceful recently. If you travel alone in this world, the chances of finding the Evil God are very small."

Edna was considered one of the top warriors in Zen's inner world, but in the Source World, she was quite weak. With her talent, it was possible she would be able to reach the Other Shore Realm, but it was still a futile mission.

Hearing Zen's words, Edna was stunned for a moment. Then, her eyes lit up excitedly, like a prisoner who had seen the sun for the first time in years... "Creator, are you willing to let me go?"

"If that's what you want, I won't stop you," Zen repeated.

"Then, I want to leave!" Edna said firmly.

She could stay in Zen's inner world and wait for the Evil God to return, but what she really wanted was to search for him. No matter how dangerous it was, she didn't care.

"But my children are still in your inner world..." Although she loved the Evil God, their ways were different. As a mother, she cared for her children deeply.

"I won't interfere with the development of my inner world. I believe you know that," Zen replied indifferently.

In most cases, Zen would allow his inner world to evolve, and he wouldn't interfere anything unless someone as reckless as Evil God appeared.

Edna nodded. She felt reassured. Her Creator was a man of his word, after all. Without further hesitation, she took her leave. Now that the Oneness Sky Palace was recovering from the turmoil of war, the chances of someone stopping her were slim.

"I've already brought Lavender and the others into my inner world. You can also stay there to avoid any danger. Especially you, Margaret. You need a peaceful environment," Zen said, turning to face her.

Margaret must've changed a lot while he was gone. She nodded meekly, with no objections.

When they heard that Zen was going to take the women into his inner world, Trish and Carrie exchanged worried glances.

In the past few years, Zen's status in the Oneness Sky Palace climbed each day. Consequently, as his maids, Trish's and Carrie's status had also been elevated—at least, among the rest of the maids of the Flow Sword Sect.

Even the other disciples were courteous to them. They had never experienced such respect before Zen came into their lives.

Moreover, the two of them had silently agreed that they would devote their lives to Zen.

Now that Zen was gathering his family to move them back to his inner world, the two maids felt uneasy.

"Mr. Luo, are you not coming back to the Flow Sword Sect?" Trish asked boldly.

Zen glanced at Trish and realized shamefacedly that he had completely ignored the two maids.

"The Oneness Sky Palace is not peaceful now," he said carefully. "If you two are willing to enter my inner world, you can also..."

Zen was still a little hesitant. After all, the two maids were born in the Source World; he was afraid they wouldn't be willing to live in a small inner world.

Yet, to his surprise, before he could even finish speaking, Trish and Carrie shouted in unison, "That would be great!"

Seeing that they couldn't wait to enter his inner world, Zen realized that his hesitation was unnecessary.

67
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3696 The Captain Of The Black Ship
Chapter 3697 Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake
Chapter 3698 The Land of Ashes
Chapter 3699 Ziya Jiang
Chapter 3700 Forging Bodies
Chapter 3701 Go Further
Chapter 3702 Ball
Chapter 3703 The Heart of Limit
Chapter 3704 An Invitation
Chapter 3705 Birth Of The Evil
Chapter 3706 The Reborn Usman
Chapter 3707 Soul City
Chapter 3708 Another Way
Chapter 3709 A Trap
Chapter 3710 The Power Of Finger Light
Chapter 3711 The Boiling Blood
Chapter 3712 Before The Gate
Chapter 3713 The Soul Pillars
Chapter 3714 Reading The Sanskrit Words
Chapter 3715 One Thousand Feet To Pass The Test
Chapter 3716 The Holy Soul Imprint
Chapter 3717 Nine Holy Soul Imprints
Chapter 3718 Nine-Imprint Holy Soul
Chapter 3719 A Cabin With A Spire
Chapter 3720 Chain Bridge
Chapter 3721 The Door Closed
Chapter 3722 Dreaded Eyes
Chapter 3723 The Second Hand
Chapter 3724 A Cold Civilization
Chapter 3725 Starry Roc-fish
Chapter 3726 Return
Chapter 3727 Visitors
Chapter 3728 Strong Soul
Chapter 3729 Deduction Of Descending

Chapter 3730 The Augury Dog
Chapter 3731 Summon A Powerful Warrior From Other Shore
Chapter 3732 Have A Try
Chapter 3733 Dorothy's Situation
Chapter 3734 A Dangerous Door
Chapter 3735 The Monsters In The Passageway
Chapter 3736 Two Doors
Chapter 3737 Use Him
Chapter 3738 To The Blooming Jade Stage
Chapter 3739 Two Layers
Chapter 3740 Penetrating Through The Ice
Chapter 3741 Cold Prisons
Chapter 3742 The Core Of The Heavenly Obsession Civilization
Chapter 3743 Two Civilizations
Chapter 3744 The Civilization Made Up Of Insects
Chapter 3745 The Remarkable Calculation Ability
Chapter 3746 The Failure Of The Heavenly Obsession Civilization
Chapter 3747 Connection
Chapter 3748 A Bald Giant
Chapter 3749 Unable To Communicate
Chapter 3750 Magical Thunder Slave
Chapter 3751 Imprisoning Lightning

Chapter 3696 The Captain Of The Black Ship

The following days were busy. The Oneness Sky Palace was focused on clearing up the battlefield.

Emperor Charm and the Bearing race had only managed to destroy the Oneness Mountain and the Dragon City, and the Phoenix Palace had suffered the most damages.

Majority of the palace was smashed to pieces. They had no other choice but to rebuild it.

A few days had passed before the reinforcements from the Pear Hill finally arrived.

Before the Sun Crow race even launched their general attack, the Oneness Sky Palace had already sensed the unrest and sent for the Pear Hill, asking them for help.

However, the distance between the Pear Hill and the Bloom Divine Province was too long.

Besides, the real problem didn't lie in the distance. Just as the reinforcements of the Pear Hill were about to embark on the journey to the Bloom Divine Province, powerful warriors of the Divine Farmer race suddenly showed up in the north of their territory to wreak havoc.

But once the warriors of the Pear Hill showed up to face the Divine Farmer race, they quickly retreated.

It then became clear to them that the Divine Farmer race had just distracted them from helping the Oneness Sky Palace.

But even then, they could do nothing about it.

Fuxi had left the Source World because of something important, while the Snake Goddess was busy trying to rescue Eastern Emperor Taiyi from the Other Shore.

The Divine Farmer race repeated the operation for several times. Their powerful warriors neither launched attacks nor fled away. They just dawdled along the north area, taunting the Pear Hill teasingly.

Although there were also many powerful warriors in the Pear Hill, they couldn't risk leaving it unguarded.

It was not until the powerful warriors of the Divine Farmer race retreated that they dispatched over sixty people to the Oneness Sky Palace.

However, the battle in the Oneness Sky Palace had already come to an end by the time they arrived. When they heard the news that Emperor Charm had been killed, the powerful warriors from the Pear Hill were shocked.

In their opinion, if Emperor Charm came to the Bloom Divine Province in person, only the Snake Goddess and Fuxi themselves were strong enough to defeat him.

To their surprise, however, it seemed that the Oneness Sky Palace had defeated Emperor Charm on their own.

Pearce smiled at them hospitably, but he didn't tell them all the details.

In his mind, what had happened to Zen was inconceivable. Even if these things were to be disclosed, the only one who should talk about it was Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself.

Meanwhile, from outside the chaos, everything was covered in darkness.

No light, no matter how strong, could illuminate it.

Even if thousands of suns were thrown into the chaos, they would only look like specks of dust amidst the darkness.

There were, however, chaos clouds that emitted faint, brown light.

Among these chaos clouds lurked a huge Black Ship.

The Black Ships had always been notorious for being hard to find.

This one was a little special.

The front end of the ship was made of seven-star obsidian stones, and on both sides of the ship, there were blurry words carved. They looked like enlarged Sanskrit words.

Swoosh...

Just as the Black Ship emerged from the chaos clouds, a huge set of Eight Diagrams suddenly appeared in front of it.

The Black Ship's path was blocked. It had no choice but to stop above the chaos clouds. As the Eight Diagrams spun furiously, Fuxi appeared behind.

"Eight Diagrams Rope!"

Fuxi shouted.

Eight sets of the Eight Diagrams quickly appeared on all sides of the Black Ship, firmly holding the Black Ship to the spot.

In terms of strength, Fuxi was confident he could defeat any Eternal Warrior in the Source World, even this mysterious captain of this Black Ship.

But Fuxi had an Achilles' heel—his speed was ever so slightly inferior.

The reason why the Thunder Dimorphodon had managed to escape from Fuxi's grasp was because of its avatars and speed.

If Fuxi had managed to catch the Thunder Dimorphodon, one punch from him and it would be dead.

This time, however, Fuxi had learned from his previous mistakes. The minute he determined the location of the captain, he immediately trapped him.

Swish! Swish!

A wisp of black smoke suddenly floated, rolling continuously till it formed the silhouette of a hooded cloak. The figure wearing the cloak could not be seen clearly.

In fact, no one had ever seen what the captain actually looked like.

His existence was more of a symbol, even in the eyes of the members of the Black Ship.

"Oh, I didn't know the Human Sovereign was visiting. What can I do for you?" the captain asked flatly.

"The Descending Rings of our Chaotic Source World were taken away by the Thunder Dimorphodon," Fuxi answered coldly.

"Human Sovereign," the captain replied indifferently. "Then you can find the Thunder Dimorphodon and take them back from it."

Fuxi snorted. Raising his hand, he threw something into the air.

A ring unfolded, from which a huge bat's head slowly fell out.

When the person in the hooked cloak saw the bat's head, his body trembled slightly. The Thunder Dimorphodon, one of the top ten ferocious beasts in the chaos, had been killed by Fuxi?

"Just because I haven't made a move in years, some idiots have already forgotten their place," Fuxi snarled. "They must be tired of living." As soon as he finished speaking, Fuxi threw a punch at the bat's head.

A fist mark with the shadow of Eight Diagrams was imprinted on the bat's head.

"Pop!"

The Thunder Dimorphodon's head instantly burst into fine powder.

The top ten ferocious beasts in the chaos were forces to be reckoned with. In fact, their strength was comparable to that of an Eternal Warrior.

However, a force as formidable as the Thunder Dimorphodon was still killed by Fuxi! Indeed, Fuxi was quite terrifying.

"The Thunder Dimorphodon has taken away twelve Descending Rings, and six of them have fallen into your hands. Give them back to me," Fuxi said impatiently.

Divine Farmer and Yellow Thearch had offered the Thunder Dimorphodon a handsome price to help them.

However, the Thunder Dimorphodon hadn't expected that, after being rewarded, he'd be chased by Fuxi until the end.

The first few times, it had managed to escape. Ultimately, however, Fuxi captured it. Before the Thunder Dimorphodon died, it had disclosed to Fuxi the whereabouts of the twelve Descending Rings: six went to the Divine Farmer, while the other six had been forcibly taken from it by this Black Ship.

After thinking for a while, Fuxi had decided it would be better to go after the Black Ship.

After a moment of silence, the captain said slowly, "Human Sovereign, do you really think I can be trapped by just an Eight Diagrams Rope?"

His Black Ship had crisscrossed the chaos and the Source World. Even though he had pissed off many super forces, he managed to get away each time. That was all because he had a terrifying ability to escape.

"What if I told you I have a Ring of Prediction?" Fuxi asked coldly.

Standing on the deck, the captain in the hooded cloak seemed to be lost in thought once more. After a long time, he sighed quietly. As he stretched out a hand, three Descending Rings appeared. "I can return three Descending Rings to you, but on one condition. If you agree, I will tell you some more valuable information."

When Fuxi saw the three Descending Rings, he felt a little surprised.

He had thought that he would have a fierce battle with the Black Ship. He hadn't expected the captain would give up half of the Descending Rings so easily.

"What condition?" asked Fuxi, eyebrow raised curiously.

"I want those golden red Chaotic Source Spirits in exchange," said the captain bluntly.

"Golden red Chaotic Source Spirits?"

Fuxi was dazed for a few seconds. Then, it hit him.

After the mother of the Chaotic Source Spirits was killed, Zen had dug out some special Chaotic Source Spirits.

At the time, Yan had gifted one of them to Fuxi, so he could study it. Even though Fuxi had pondered over it for a long time, he still hadn't found a way to refine it.

Chapter 3697 Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake

Fuxi immediately understood what was behind the Black Ship captain's words.

Until then, he had been misinterpreting things — the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits weren't used to strengthen one's power. Instead, they were necessary when something needed to descend into the chaos.

"And what if I refuse the exchange?" Fuxi then asked.

Thirty golden red Chaotic Source Spirits remained in Yan's hands. As far as he knew, Zen had obtained most of the remaining spirits.

Regardless of whether or not the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits were of great use, Fuxi didn't think it necessary to make the deal with the Black Ship's captain.

He was there to make him hand over the Descending Rings, not make a deal with the man.

"If you don't agree to my terms of exchange, you will never get the Descending Rings from me, believe it or not!" replied the captain of the Black Ship. "The chaos is vast," he added. "It will be easy for me to hide several Descending Rings from you."

Fuxi's face darkened, and a cruel glint flashed in his eyes. He began gathering his power as he threatened, "It seems you're still unwilling to admit defeat."

"Admit defeat?" The Black Ship's captain only smiled faintly and said, "Human Sovereign, you truly have the power to be confident. But have you ever considered why it was so easy for you to find the Black Ship that comes and goes without a trace in the Source World?"

Fuxi's face seemed to turn cautious upon hearing this. Quietly, he took a look around and examined his surroundings.

A black wisp of aura circled the place — something he had failed to detect because of the dark surroundings.

The captain's intent was clear — he knew that Fuxi was tracking the Black Ship, so he had purposely set a trap for Fuxi, giving himself a chance to negotiate with the latter about the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits.

"I don't have many spirits with me," Fuxi said, stretching out his hand.

The only one he had received from Yan then appeared in his palm.

Two golden beams of light flashed under the captain's cloak. "How many more of them can you get," he asked, sounding excited.

"About thirty," Fuxi answered.

He reported only the number of Chaotic Source Spirits in Yan's hand. While he could ask Zen for more, Fuxi didn't want the Black Ship's captain to get his hands on too many.

"We want all of them," claimed the captain of the Black Ship.

"Don't you think you're being too greedy?" Fuxi said with a frown.

"Not at all. I know you can get more if you want," answered the other nonchalantly.

While the Black Ship had plans to plunder Zen's, they hadn't had time to carry them out. Even without mentioning Zen, though, his threat was clear as day.

"Alright, I'll give you all of them. But you have to tell me what's wrong with the Descending Rings," Fuxi demanded calmly.

After killing the Thunder Dimorphodon, Fuxi had tried to scour the beast's memory.

But it had used a secret technique to jumble up its memories, setting a trap in its soul before it could be killed.

It was this trap Fuxi nearly fell into as he extracted the beast's memories.

"Of course, I will tell you about it. But everything must be done in accordance with the contract…" The captain spoke, rolling up his sleeve.

From under his sleeve, a living Other Shore Token slowly crawled out, revealing a twin-headed snake.

Its scales were of two brilliant colors — the head on the left was a bright red while the head on the right was a deep blue. The snake hissed aggressively out in the open.

"Is this… a Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake?" Once Fuxi identified the snake, his expression was flooded with astonishment.

"Human Sovereign, once you return to the Pear Hill, I won't be able to touch you. To honor our contract, please choose a snake head!" announced the captain of the Black Ship.

The Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake was an Other Shore Token of Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. It was the kind with strange habits and exceptionally powerful abilities.

Usually, it appeared before warriors who encountered desperate situations on Stage Thirty-three, otherwise known as the Three Purities Stage.

Previously, Fuxi had been forced into a desperate situation, having been chased by a swarm of powerful bees in a pool of the Three Purities Stage. At the very end of the pool, he bumped into a Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake that had offered to bail him out of danger, but he was required to complete a task for it in return.

Back then, Fuxi was left with no choice but to accept the terms — it was his means of survival.

Once he agreed, the twin-headed snake followed through on its end of the contract.

And afterwards, to keep his promise, Fuxi spent five to six thousand years on the edge of the Three Purities Stage to complete the snake's contract.

No one knew of the snake's nature — it seemed to appear before those who needed help.

It was a miraculous creature.

Some regarded it as a kind of mascot, while others saw it as a curse. But fulfilling its contracts was no easy task. Breaching it also meant a terrible price.

Most people who had been to the Three Purities Stage had either witnessed or heard of this magical creature.

But no one had ever managed to fuse with it as an Other Shore Token for them to carry in their inner world and bring to the chaos.

As the snake twisted its body, the red head suddenly spoke out in human language, "The contract is bound by lethal poison. So long as you keep your promise, the poison will be detoxified! Choose a snake head and make your contract now!"

"It makes no difference to me," Fuxi exclaimed.

In the next moment, he rushed to the deck and reached out to the twin-headed snake.

Whoosh!

The red snake head then bit Fuxi's arm at lightning speed. Its venomous fangs didn't pierce the skin, instead, it left a unique bite mark.

Simultaneously, the blue snake head bit on the captain's arm.

And so the contract and its restrictions came into effect at the same time. Both Fuxi and the Black Ship's captain were under their influence completely.

Once they were bound to the contract, the Black Ship's captain handed three Descending Rings to Fuxi as he explained, "These Descending Rings indeed help Other Shore creatures descend into the chaos, but they can't avoid the punishment of the truth. I've tried several times — every creature that descends into the chaos ends up being eradicated by the truth."

He promptly detailed the results of using the Descending Rings to Fuxi.

As Fuxi listened to his explanations, he realized that if it were him, he'd attribute the problem to the lack of golden red Chaotic Source Spirits as well — he understood why the captain of the Black Ship wanted to obtain them.

But a thought came to his mind just then, and his expression changed upon remembering it.

It was no secret that Zen had obtained most of the Chaotic Source Spirits. Both the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race must have known of it.

If the Yellow Thearch along with the others also aimed at the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits, that meant Zen and the Oneness Sky Palace would also likely be in great trouble.

"Please send your men to the Pear Hill. I will ask someone to hand over the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits to you. I need to leave now!" After cupping hands, Fuxi employed the Grand Teleportation technique to quickly travel through the chaos.

"He is in such a hurry…looks like he figured it out, but it's all too late," murmured the Black Ship's captain once Fuxi left. "I bet the Oneness Sky Palace must have been conquered by now."

As Fuxi chased after the Black Ship, it had kept a close eye on the Oneness Sky Palace.

So he knew all there was to know about the war between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race.

But the result hadn't yet reached the Black Ship's captain — he believed that the Oneness Sky Palace was doomed.

Chapter 3698 The Land of Ashes

Four days had passed since the Oneness Sky Palace stabilized, and Zen finally got into his inner world.

The moment he transformed into his incarnation, he spotted a huge round leaf that hovered in the sky. This leaf floated and rotated in midair, and glowed with a light green hue.

Zen's eyes widened at the sight of the leaf. With a flash, he came to the side of the leaf.

Right above the leaf were human beings who happened to be busy. They were carving strange arrays across the leaf.

Apparently, they were from the human race's Civilization Artifact, and they belonged to the human race of the 77th chaos.

When Zen created a separate continent for them, they never stopped building in his inner world.

"Excuse me, but what is this leaf?" Zen asked into the air, hoping one of them to answer.

One of them looked up as he recognized Zen's voice. After all, he was their ruler.

However, though Zen was their ruler, they were a cocky race. Because they were not born and raised in Zen's inner world, they did not revere him with respect and authority.

"It's the Divine Aura Leaf," one of them responded, without even looking up.

"And what is its use?" Zen continued.

"It has the ability to speed up cultivations of all the creatures in the world," the same man responded.

After hearing this, Zen paced around to get a better look at the leaf. He didn't realize that the Primeval Lord of Heaven would have these people cultivate such a useful feat in his inner world!

He walked towards the edge of the leaf and small balls were floating a few feet away. "What are those?"

"They are Transformation Balls," the man replied, and without hesitation, he continued to explain, "Any True God can enter the Transformation Ball to cultivate, strengthen their souls, and make necessary preparations to enter the Other Shore..."

"And what are those storms in the distance?" Zen asked, pointing towards the dense grey clouds.

Looking around, Zen did not expect the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the rest to build so many things while he was gone.

Because he was gone for so long, Zen didn't know that the Primeval Lord of Heaven gathered the vast majority of the elites in the 77th chaos. Back then, they had created the most suitable cultivation methods and the most convenient methods, too.

After the Primeval Lord of Heaven confirmed Zen's inner world was indeed a primitive land, he put a lot of hard work into making it what it was now.

Aside from using the inner world as land, he also explored Zen's inner world in detail, including the forbidden lands and the composition of the races. Afterwards, he asked Fuxi and the rest to come up with a plan that would change the inner world completely.

No matter what, Zen believed in these humans and their potential. It was no surprise that he'd gifted the Primeval Lord of Heaven with full disposal of his inner world.

He was just surprised to see that it had been rebuilt and improved in such a short period of time.

In fact, not only did the Primeval Lord of Heaven modify the world, he had also guided it singlehandedly.

In the past, Zen's world structure was simple. This was when the powerful warriors in the entire world were controlled by the Evil God, and soon after, Edna and her clan controlled them. At that time, they wanted to control the inner world and had no interest in strengthening the humans. This was what made them such brutal tyrants.

However, after the Primeval Lord of Heaven took control of the world, he completely changed the dynamic.

This birthed the ancient legends that told people about the divine gate that led to the heaven. When one reached the True God Realm, they could step into the divine gate and reach such paradise.

In addition, they provoked the battles among several great forces, which sent the cultivation atmosphere to grow tense. Left and right, all sorts of creatures cultivated themselves to grow stronger. In the end, this was what the Primeval Lord of Heaven wanted to see.

"Buzz..."

Just as Zen finally grasped all the new knowledge, wisps of golden light flashed in the distance, rocketing into the sky.

"Then what is it?" Zen asked curiously.

"That... I'm not sure," the man replied, looking puzzled as ever.

The flashing lights seemed odd, so Zen took it upon himself to find out.

He teleported right to the place where the golden light was shining. There, he was shocked to be among a lot of large, golden pillars.

In the center of the pillars stood the Primeval Lord of Heaven, looking up at them with a big, genuine smile across his face.

"The Truth of Five Orientations, the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent and the Truth of Void Destruction..." Zen looked around as he noticed the words etched on each pillar.

In total, there were 14 golden pillars, 13 of which had the Truths of Godly Ways recorded on them. However, one of the pillars was completely blank.

"Why did you engrave the Truths of Godly Ways here?" Zen asked politely.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven sighed. "This is for the cultivation of the creatures in the primitive land. You might have forgotten, but because this is the primitive land, people here can reach the Other Shore once they comprehend the Truth of Godly Way."

Was it possible for the creatures in his inner world to be on the Other Shore with him? Zen had never thought about it.

"This blank golden pillar..."

Zen spoke out, but the Primeval Lord of Heaven interrupted, "I plan to engrave the Truth of Three-Energy Construction on it." As he walked towards the blank pillar, he added, "However, as you said, King Manard only imparted the Truth of Three-Energy Construction to you. I won't ask you to engrave it just yet. We may discuss things when we see King Manard."

"Then we can go now," Zen said enthusiastically.

This was perfect, especially since Zen already agreed to visit King Manard along with the Primeval Lord of Heaven before. Because of the war in the Oneness Sky Palace, their meeting had been severely delayed.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes lit up. "That is good."

He did not mean to be abrupt, but he had been waiting for this moment for a long time.

After they shook hands, Zen dissipated his incarnation while the Primeval Lord of Heaven summoned people from the book.

Right there and then, the energy souls of Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Emperor Charm, Zhurong, Gonggong and the others appeared beside the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Each of them had a personal interest in King Manard, but mostly, they wanted to meet King Manard who created the second Other Shore in the Land of Ashes.

Meanwhile, after dispersing his incarnation, Zen reappeared in his room, sitting cross-legged. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and began to silently activate the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

"Buzz..."

After a few moments of silence, a mysterious Truth of Godly Way surrounded him and he appeared in another space. It was not someplace unfamiliar, because this was the space Mount had exiled him to before.

He opened his eyes and looked around. In the distance, the ruins connected, and eventually formed a long, thin "trash belt".

Not long after, the Primeval Lord of Heaven led his group and they all appeared right above Zen's head. There were over 30 heads floating above him.

Seeing so many heads, Zen couldn't help but be a little tense.

However, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others did not let petty worries bother them. Their eyes widened as they tried to familiarize themselves with the space.

"Everything in the Land of Ashes should have been destroyed, but these things were preserved so well. This is incredible..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven spoke out, admiring this special space.

"What's more incredible is that King Manard has also transformed this world into an Other Shore," the Snake Goddess pointed out.

Chapter 3699 Ziya Jiang

After moving along the trash belt for some time, they saw the dim light of the Deleting Pillars in the distance.

On his first time coming here, Zen had been disoriented and become a captive of those little monsters. This time, he was more level-headed and could appreciate the scenery.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As they passed through the trash city, a few one-eyed monsters would crawl out of the remains and stare at them with wide-eyed awe.

These monsters no longer had enmity with Zen but when he passed, they would constantly jump around to surround him.

"These creatures all have very special auras," the Snake Goddess remarked.

It was not every day that the Snake Goddess and the others found something special. They had lived through many chaotic eras and witnessed the births of countless creatures on the Other Shore.

They'd seen the unique creatures of the Metal Civilization and the Regal Jade Civilization so their shock threshold was set quite high.

Judging only from their appearance, these one-eyed little monsters looked ordinary but, just as the Snake Goddess said, the auras they exuded were special. In fact, they felt similar to the Truth of Three-Energy Construction Zen released.

Zen opted to provide them with an explanation. "The Truth of Three-Energy Construction is composed of three kinds of energy which allows me to construct things out of the void at will. Three kinds of monsters reside here and it seems that King Manard distributed the three kinds of energy among them."

Curiosity filled the Snake Goddess's eyes. "Oh? Is that so?"

Among all the heroes, she had always been the most curious, always inquisitive about what was happening in the world.

This was the reason why the Snake Goddess in the Source World often went out to explore, desperate to search for the human race on the Other Shore.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven continued to size up his surroundings and contemplated their situation.

As they passed through the remains, the small star suddenly appeared.

On this planet was a huge statue.

"This is the statue of King Manard," Zen told them.

All eyes were fixed onto the statue, interested to know what he looked like and what kind of person he was.

There was no way King Manard, who was very clear about the Finale Way of the human race, could be an unknown figure in the human race.

He was the one who knew what Other Shore Tokens had been used and who executed the plans.

There was a moment of silence as everyone took their time to look at his statue.

"…"

"…"

It was Zen who first spoke. "Can any of you recognize him?" he asked.

"No."

"I've never seen him before!"

The response was unanimous. None of them knew who King Manard was.

Zen shrugged. "It doesn't matter. Once you meet him, you'll know who he is." He gently leapt onto the planet and flew towards the Deleting Pillars.

King Manard's palace was located at the node between the pillars and it was not difficult to find it.

Not long after, Zen arrived at the door of the palace just in time for Houyi, Snake Goddess, and all the other phantoms to retreat back into his inner world.

Two figures greeted him: a handsome man and an enchanting woman who were both disciples of King Manard.

These two were the only ones who stayed while King Manard led his other disciples to explore outside the chaos.

They knew Zen very well and greeted him with gladness and respect.

"Zen," the handsome man greeted by cupping his hands in front of him.

Zen returned the gesture. "May I know if your master, King Manard, is in the palace?"

The king was always out exploring the outside of chaos and it was not an easy feat to find him.

Fortunately, the handsome disciple nodded. "Yes. He is meditating in the palace. Have you got any news about the human race on the Other Shore?"

The two disciples grew up in this world and could only imagine what the chaos and the Other Shore looked like. However, they were concerned about their master's wish.

Zen nodded. "Yes, I have."

The handsome man's eyes crinkled with joy. His master would be very happy to hear the news.

"I'll go and ask my master to come out!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

He quickly turned around to summon King Manard while the enchanting woman invited Zen in.

A few seconds later, Zen heard a hearty laugh just as a figure appeared beside him. "Haha, Zen! You've only been away for a short time but you already have news about the human race on the Other Shore?" There was expectation on his face but it was tinged with a hint of doubt.

"Legitimate news or groundless rumors?" King Manard asked.

He had previously gathered a bit of information about the human race on the Other Shore, courtesy of Zen, the Regal Jade Spirit, and No. 9527.

Traces of the human race popped up here and there but they were terribly good at hiding themselves from their opponents. Even the top ten civilizations, such as the Regal Jade Civilization, had never found them on the Other Shore.

There was very little chance for Zen to have found them on his own.

"I assure you, what I have aren't groundless rumors," Zen assured King Manard with a smile.

The king stared at him with a cautious look in his eyes.

Upon closer inspection, he could see numerous souls curling up in Zen's body.

"Buzz..."

Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Houyi, Emperor Charm, Gonggong, Zhurong...

One by one, the former heroes of the human race floated above Zen's head with the Primeval Lord of Heaven coming in last.

The sight of all these people rendered King Manard speechless.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was the first to speak. "I've heard about you from Zen. He told me that you are very familiar with our methods of completing the Finale Way in the past. You are by no means a nameless person in our human race. King Manard is not your real name." This declaration echoed through the hall as the Primeval Lord of Heaven uttered his critical question, "Who on earth are you?"

Plop!

To everyone's surprise, King Manard plopped down onto the floor and knelt in front of the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Even Zen wasn't expecting this.

"Master!" King Manard's voice was full of excitement and adoration as he kowtowed.

Even his two disciples were shocked. They had never seen him like this before.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, whom King Manard was calling, was also confused.

He had accepted twelve disciples in the past and only these twelve had the privilege of calling him 'master.' After failing to complete the Finale Way, some died and a few others left. Nevertheless, he recalled every single one of their faces.

Who the hell was this King Manard?

Seeing the slight embarrassment on the Primeval Lord of Heaven's face, King Manard quickly remembered the fact that he had changed his appearance years ago, over a thousand chaotic eras to be more precise.

Even his own aura had undergone a tremendous change. Of course his old master wouldn't be able to recognize him!

King Manard quickly raised his hand and gently brushed his face, activating the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. His face began to morph until it returned to its original appearance.

"Ziya Jiang?"

"Ziya? Unbelievable!"

"Ziya! You are still alive?!"

(*TN: Jiang Ziya was an ancient Chinese military strategist, and also a main character in the popular novel Fengshen Bang written over 2, 500 years after his lifetime.)

Everyone immediately recognized him once he revealed his true appearance.

Chapter 3700 Forging Bodies

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others regarded Ziya as a junior.

The ancient human civilization had miserably ended because they failed to complete the Finale Way. It was so tragic that even when the human ancestor sacrificed himself, it still didn't stop the disaster.

At that time, Ziya had a great reputation among the human race, but he wasn't the central figure in the battle of the Finale Way.

In other words, no one in the chaos had noticed him.

Who would've thought that he would be banished to the Land of Ashes, also known as the Deleting Space?

Then, over a thousand chaotic eras had passed, and he met his master, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, again. Of course, he was quite excited.

"Ziya..."

It was safe to say that a being like the Primeval Lord of Heaven had seen through the vanity of life. He, however, was enthusiastic to see his beloved disciple.

Meanwhile, Zen pursed his lips.

He didn't expect King Manard to be the disciple of the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "How did you get exiled to the Land of Ashes?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

Ziya was lost in thought. It was a long time ago, so he found it hard to recall the details of the past. After a while, he began to tell the Primeval Lord of Heaven about how he got exiled and what had happened in this space.

Zen listened quietly and he found that he had heard about some of those things before, but this time, Ziya had everything spelled out.

Although Ziya was the Primeval Lord of Heaven's disciple, he wasn't weak compared to the Eternal Warriors such as the Snake Goddess and Houyi. In fact, he had led many powerful warriors to step into the Eternal Realm and become the Eternal Warriors during the 77th chaos.

Among the twelve disciples of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, Ziya was the most important.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven let out a long sigh after Ziya had explained what happened in the past, including the events in the Deleting Space. "Back then, we had absorbed the quintessence of the elders and made ten plans, but in the end, we failed. Since then, the Element Spirit race has suppressed us. I didn't expect that you still got a chance to find such a place," he said.

When Ziya saw his master sigh, he was confused. "What do you mean?" he asked.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven stared at him and said, "We have fought against the Element Spirit race on the Other Shore for an exit for a long time. We still haven't attained that exit, and now, it's still in their hands. That is one of the reasons we are trapped in Stage Thirty-three."

"Exit? Master, do you mean there is an exit in Stage Thirty-three?" Ziya asked again.

He was also an Eternal Warrior and had been to Stage Thirty-three.

However, the human race's understanding of the Other Shore was far from thorough as it was now when he had been in Stage Thirty-three. Therefore, he didn't know that there was an exit there.

"Yes," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with piqued interest. "Over the years, I've had many speculations about the outside of the chaos, but I can't prove them if I don't go there in person.

Ziya, please take me there so I can have a look," he asked. "Sure!" Ziya readily agreed.

He got up, but he seemed to have remembered something. He turned to Zen and said, "Please come with me. I want to help my master and the elders forge their bodies!"

He waved his hand as he spoke, and instantly transported both of them to another place.

Since he could control the time and space in the Deleting Space, he was the one who had the final say.

They walked through some winding paths for a while, and then Zen saw a small mountain that was several hundred feet high in front of him. This mountain seemed to be a part of the ruins.

Its surface was wet and sticky like watery soil. "King... What's this, Master Ziya?" Zen asked curiously.

Ziya smiled and said, "This is the Nirvana Clay."

Zen simply blinked as he didn't know what the Nirvana Clay was.

On the other hand, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and the others looked at it curiously. "As far as I know, there shouldn't be such a thing in the Source World, right?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

The Snake Goddess and the others believed that everything in the Deleting Space was deleted from the Source World. However, the Nirvana Clay was a kind of Other Shore Token that could help the Other Shore creatures rebuild their bodies. Thus, it shouldn't be in this place.

"It doesn't come from the Source World or the Other Shore. I brought it back from the Abstruse Energy World," Ziya said with a smile.

"You can bring things back from the Abstruse Energy World?" the Snake Goddess asked in shock. As for the Primeval Lord of Heaven, he knew that there was another world outside the chaos, but he had never seen that world.

But since Ziya had named that world the Abstruse Energy World, then they also used that name.

"I was lucky. I can forge your bodies with the Nirvana Clay, but the new bodies can only live in the Deleting Space," Ziya stated.

After he spoke, he stretched out his hand towards the small mountain of Nirvana Clay and gently scratched it. Soft clay fell off the mountain wall, turned into human shapes and slowly walked down the slope.

As the human-shaped clay walked down, their faces, hair, and features slowly formed.

At the same time, Ziya activated the Truth of Three-Energy Construction to make clothes for them.

Because the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others were in Zen's body, their energy souls had appeared as the Other Shore Tokens. Thus, their energy souls could leave as long as Zen allowed.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The energy souls all drilled into the bodies made of the Nirvana Clay.

Naturally, Ziya was ecstatic when he saw the former masters, elders, and powerhouses have reappeared in front of him.

It was just like he had returned to the 77th chaos, the world of starry regions humans had dominated.

Once the heroes had adapted to their new bodies, he led them to the cave.

It was hard to dig this cave, and the cave itself was quite small, so everyone entered one by one.

Ziya, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the Snake Goddess walked in the front. Zen had been in there once, so he was the last one to enter.

While Zen waited for his turn, he heard the Regal Jade Spirit's voice from his inner world that said, "Zen, Geoffrey wants to see the Abstruse Energy World. Can you let him go there to have a look?"

"Geoffrey?" he asked in disbelief. Needless to say, he was stunned.

After he entrusted Geoffrey to the Regal Jade Spirit, he didn't care much about him anymore.

Now that the Oneness Sky Palace was under attack and in chaos, he didn't plan to release Geoffrey from his inner world.

Still, it was a good choice to settle him in the Deleting Space.

Most importantly, Ziya had mentioned that anyone who had a powerful ability to decipher Sanskrit words would adapt much easier to the Abstruse Energy World.

Geoffrey could decipher almost all Sanskrit words in a second, so Zen wondered if he could quickly adapt to the Abstruse Energy World.

"Sure. Tell him that I'll let him out after the human elders return," Zen told the Regal Jade Spirit.

Chapter 3701 Go Further

At that moment, King Manard pulled back the ropes that were tied to the side of the cave one by one, then tied up the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and some others with these ropes.

Once everything was in place, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others went straight towards the Abstruse Energy World.

As soon as they arrived at the Abstruse Energy World, they turned into many light dots and scattered around. Their bodies and their energy souls stepped into the Abstruse Energy State.

Since these human heroes lived as long as Ziya Jiang, they shared the same amount of knowledge as him.

Right now, however, they were as excited as children as they ran around and kept rubbing their hands.

"Monkey, can you move out of my way and let me have a look first?" Houyi, who stood a little behind, asked. The monkey with a furry face turned his head and gave Houyi a ferocious stare.

In turn, Houyi immediately fell silent and didn't press any further.

The monkey was one of the strongest among the thirty-nine human heroes and his strength was on par with Fuxi's. Though Houyi had a way to restrain Emperor Charm's skill, he was relatively weak in terms of overall strength. After all, the monkey had taught him a hard lesson before.

Meanwhile, the Snake Goddess, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others wandered around the Abstruse Energy World for a long time before they reluctantly left.

"The information in the Abstruse Energy World is difficult to decipher," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with an unreadable expression after their trip to the Abstruse Energy World.

"I saw a mountain," said the Snake Goddess.

It was known that the Snake Goddess understood Sanskrit words better than the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

On the other hand, the Primeval Lord of Heaven's strength was his analysis and deduction of many things.

He wasn't good at deciphering Sanskrit words. "Why didn't I see it?" asked Fuxi.

"I didn't see it either…" Emperor Charm agreed as he shook his head. Only the Snake Goddess could see the mountain among the first group of warriors who entered the Abstruse Energy World.

"You are brilliant, Snake Goddess," Ziya Jiang praised.

"Although there is no concept of distance in the Abstruse Energy World, the mountain is the easiest to find. I didn't recognize the mountain from the starlight until many years later. I also got the Nirvana Clay from there. I didn't expect that you'd see the mountain the first time you entered!" he enthused.

"I just saw the shadow of the mountain," the Snake Goddess said with a smile.

"That's also very rare," Ziya Jiang commented.

At that point, the Primeval Lord of Heaven untied the rope around his body and gave it to the person behind him.

Then, they entered and came out one after another. It turned out that the Abstruse Energy World was just a small test for them.

Those who were good at deciphering Sanskrit words could adapt much faster in the Abstruse Energy World. After all, they could also accurately describe what they saw and felt.

On the contrary, those who found it difficult to understand Sanskrit words couldn't adapt to the Abstruse Energy World.

For instance, Houyi returned from the Abstruse Energy World in a daze, completely unaware of the situation. It took him a long time to recover from his muddled mind.

Ziya Jiang was a little disappointed at their performance.

Back then, these heroes were either on the same level as him or on a higher level when it came to cultivation and talent.

He had been in the Abstruse Energy World for countless years, but he still couldn't find anything meaningful. In the end, he just dived into that mountain and dug out some mud.

He believed if any of them could see through the rules of the Abstruse Energy World, they might be even able to unravel the Abstruse Energy

World's secrets!

However, even the most talented Snake Goddess could only see the shadow of the mountain. That was still far from Ziya Jiang's expectations.

When the last group entered the world, Zen stepped forward and said, "Master Ziya, there is another person who wants to enter the Abstruse Energy World."

Ziya Jiang was very grateful to Zen for bringing his master in person with him. Thus, he kindly asked, "Who do you want to send to the Abstruse Energy World?"

"It is my son," Zen answered.

A smile graced Ziya's face. "No problem. You are free to show him something new. Please, go ahead!" he said.

Zen's son, Geoffrey, was already prepared as he waited in his father's inner world.

The Regal Jade Spirit already had an idea after he had seen the Abstruse Energy World last time. He and No. 9527 both agreed that Geoffrey was very suitable to enter the Abstruse Energy World because he could decipher Sanskrit words very quickly.

If only Zen hadn't been very busy after he had returned from the Chaotic Source World last time, the Regal Jade Spirit would have urged him to go to the Deleting Space again.

Furthermore, Geoffrey also became interested in the Abstruse Energy World when the Regal Jade Spirit had described it to him.

Geoffrey felt a strong gravitational force on him. His body spun, and then he landed in the small cave.

"Father, Grandpa Primeval, Brother Monkey..."

The moment he came out, he greeted all the human heroes one by one.

"What are you calling them?" Zen asked with a frown. It was not a big deal to call the Primeval Lord of Heaven as grandpa, but he even called Wukong Sun as brother.

That was unreasonable and disrespectful!

"What's wrong? That is what I call them in your inner world," Geoffrey said and shrugged.

After this group of "outsiders" came to his father's inner world, he became quite familiar with them. He could even talk a little to Wukong Sun, who was known for being unapproachable.

"We have lived for so many years. Seniority means nothing for us," the Snake Goddess said with a faint smile.

"That's right. Ordinary mortals can't live for more than a hundred years, so they pay attention to such things..." Geoffrey scowled.

"Should I call you dad then?" asked Zen. In return, Geoffrey only pursed his lips as he didn't know how to respond.

Then, he shifted his attention to the outside of the cave.

"Is this the Abstruse Energy World my master has told me about? It's interesting!" he exclaimed. His gaze travelled to the floating light dots.

Just then, Ziya handed the rope to Geoffrey and said, "This world is very wonderful. You'll know when you get in."

Geoffrey took the rope and after he had tied it to him, he jumped out of the cave.

Buzz...

He had turned into many light dots and quickly scattered into the distance.

Those who entered the Abstruse Energy World for the first time couldn't locate themselves at all.

They didn't know where they were but lost all senses of distance, direction, time, and vision. Everything had changed, and they also couldn't find the cave where they could return to the chaos. Thus, they needed to tie ropes around their bodies.

"Those light dots..."

For Zen, those numerous light dots were meaningless.

However, Geoffrey had already understood what they meant in a single glance.

"These light dots are a mountain..."

"It's really interesting. I can land on this mountain!"

The mountain itself was also made up of light dots, and the Snake Goddess also saw it clearly the first time she arrived. It was already quite an impressive talent to have, but Geoffrey went further and stood straight on the mountain.

After Geoffrey had landed, he looked around again.

It seemed that the light dots had a special meaning to each other.

Some light dots clumped together and formed a large rock, while some turned into a swamp. Ziya Jiang had dug out the Nirvana Clay from the swamp before.

Still, Geoffrey wasn't interested in those things. He wanted to go further.

Chapter 3702 Ball

The dots of light that Geoffrey had turned into shuttled through a seemingly chaotic mass of light dots he found himself surrounded by.

From one point of view, it seemed as though it was not Geoffrey that moved, but the mountain formed by the light dots moved.

But in the Abstruse Energy World, perception and depth were not as ordinary people understood them. In this world, it was actually Geoffrey who was moving.

He soon left the mountain.

As he continued moving through, the light dots circled him like water, forming a sort of river as he saw it.

It flowed past his body and circles of light dots then appeared in front of him.

They now seemed very orderly, as if carefully arranged.

He observed this phenomenon for a while and frowned, the dots of light representing his eyebrows drawing closer together.

These arranged light dots looked like some sort of three-dimensional plain. He could understand it, and yet he could not describe it because he had never seen or heard of anything like it and thus had nothing to compare it to. This place was not the chaos after all.

This plain attracted something deep inside him. He couldn't help but walk towards it, like a moth to a flame.

After only a few steps, he felt the rope he was tied to became taut.

He shook his body slightly and the rope was untied.

At the entrance to the cave, the rope began to shake and the runes on the surface began to flicker.

Ziya saw the change in the runes and his expression shifted in turn.

Zen had worried about sending Geoffrey into the Abstruse Energy World. He saw the expression on Ziya's face and immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

"The other end of the rope has loosened!" said Ziya in a slight panic.

"How could this be?" asked Zen.

"There are only two possibilities. The first is that Geoffrey was attacked by something on the other side," Ziya revealed seriously.

"Something on the other side?" Zen asked as his heart sank.

Nobody knew what was in the Abstruse Energy World...

It was simply incomprehensible. If monsters of some sort did exist there, what they were and how they behaved and attacked were still left only to the imagination.

"Yes," said Ziya. "My disciples were attacked when travelling through the mountain. They never returned..."

Ziya was unsure of their condition but he felt it safe to assume they had died.

"What is the other possibility?" Zen asked hoping for good news.

"Geoffrey untied the rope himself," replied Ziya. "But the possibility of that is very low. Those who enter the Abstruse Energy World have no sense of direction, nor can they distinguish their shapes. It would be impossible to untie the rope."

Ziya's meaning was quite clear. It was highly probable that something had gone wrong for Geoffrey.

Zen's face darkened. He had thought that the Abstruse Energy World was safe and that something like this could not happen.

"It could just be an accident. I'll go and have a look!"

After tying a rope to himself, Ziya jumped up and turned into many dots of light that then spread out.

Among them, Ziya knew the Abstruse Energy World the best and was the only one who could save Geoffrey.

"Buzz..."

The creatures in the Source World had little understanding of the Abstruse Energy World.

Even though Ziya had been immersed in this world and researched and figured out many of its rules, he was still easily lost.

He barely entered the mountain and was already at his limit. He hoped Geoffrey just accidentally fell into the mountain, and he was confident he could then bring him back.

As Ziya was searching hard, Geoffrey slowly entered the plain.

At first Geoffrey needed to decipher the light dots he saw, just like deciphering Sanskrit words.

The first thing he saw was the golden Sanskrit word, and the second was the hidden information within the Sanskrit word.

But as he went deeper and deeper in the Abstruse Energy World, the light dots also began changing in his eyes. Each dot had its own meaning and in combination they revealed a great substance.

He could see a piece of lush green grassland with undulating mountains and in the center were a whole bunch of light dots.

As for the substance formed by the light dots, Geoffrey failed to understand it. It could have been that there was no corresponding substance in the chaos.

There were also stairs formed by light dots. In the center of a whole lot of them, some light dots had gathered together to create a small ball.

He was unable to tell what the 'ball' was, but in his subconscious he knew this was what had attracted him here.

His heart skipped a beat. He walked up the stairs and reached out to grab the ball of light dots.

Ziya had cultivated for countless chaotic eras to learn how to retrieve things from the Abstruse Energy World, and he could still only barely do it.

But for Geoffrey, it was a piece of cake.

He didn't need to adapt or practice, it was as if he was born here.

He grabbed the ball and looked out into the distance.

Farther away, there were still light dots scattered chaotically.

They moved at such speed that even Geoffrey was unable to distinguish them.

But as he continued staring into the distance, he saw an eye emerge from the light dots, staring right back at him.

He was not the kind of person who was totally fearless. This eye sent a pang of angst through him.

Without hesitation, he grabbed the ball and ran back in the direction he had come, countless light dots dancing and intersecting as he did.

He soon found the rope at the edge of the grassland and moved quickly along it, crossing the river and the mountains.

Ziya searched a long while, but could still not find Geoffrey.

He had no choice but to return to the cave.

"Have you found my son?" Zen asked with concern when Ziya returned.

He would never be able to forgive himself if something bad happened to Geoffrey. Besides, he wouldn't know how to face Letitia.

"Unfortunately..."

Ziya sighed. He was about to speak when he caught a glimpse of the rope beside him. His eyes widened in disbelief as he said, "How is this possible? The rope seems to have recovered to the normal state again."

"What do you mean?" Zen asked anxiously.

"Your son is still on the other end of the rope. That's impossible. Did he break free from the rope and tie himself back again?"

Ziya was at a loss for words when many dots of light began gathering at the entrance of the cave.

And the next moment, Geoffrey appeared in the cave.

"Ah! It's so hot!"

Geoffrey entered, still holding the ball in his hand. He felt a scorching pain and instinctively reacted and threw the ball on the ground.

Chapter 3703 The Heart of Limit

"Click, click, click..." They were rooted to the spot as they heard a strange sound echoing inside the narrow cave.

Soon after, they saw a ball rolling in circles on the ground. Finally, it stopped when it touched the wall of the cave.

The ball's surface was covered all over with bronze hollow patterns. There was a red dot of light inside. Somehow, it looked like it was beating.

Plop! Plop! Plop! They heard a curious sound coming from it.

It seemed as though the light dot was beating like an actual heart. It contracted and relaxed with each heartbeat.

Ziya was absolutely stunned when he saw Geoffrey return all by himself.

As his eyes settled upon the ball on the ground, his expression seemed blank.

Meanwhile, the expressions of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and the others changed drastically. They were standing on the other side of the cave and were utterly bewildered when they saw the ball.

"I-is that the Heart of Limit?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked tentatively.

"No, it can't be that Heart of Limit!" The Snake Goddess couldn't believe it either.

"The Element Spirit race has already destroyed that one, remember? Where does it come from?" The other beings whispered among each other.

They couldn't quite contain their excitement and it showed in their curious faces.

The Heart of Limit was an Other Shore Token. It was well-known that the human race possessed this artifact before.

Long ago, the human ancestor bore the Heart of Limit. Afterwards, he used it as his own heart.

During that time, the most powerful Other Shore Tokens had been in the possession of the human race. It could even be said that the human race itself was the strongest weapon that existed in the chaos.

Even though the human race had failed to complete the Finale Way, they were actually very close to attaining success.

Unfortunately, the tremendous efforts of the human race had attracted the unwanted attention of the Element Spirit race. Later, both the Heart of Limit and the Overdraft Stone were destroyed.

Judging from the reaction of the Element Spirit race, the Primeval Lord of Heaven deduced that the human race had made the right choice, but something was missing. Unfortunately, they didn't find new substitutes after the Heart of Limit and the Overdraft Stone were destroyed.

This meant that the once perfect plan of the human race could no longer be fulfilled. No one would be able to complete the Finale Way.

But to everyone's surprise, Geoffrey had successfully brought back a Heart of Limit from outside the chaos! Clearly, they weren't expecting to see it once again.

Even Zen expressed his concern as he gazed at the ball. He was completely taken aback by this turn of event as well.

Geoffrey couldn't help but feel a little uncomfortable being stared at by these powerful warriors. He could feel their truly overwhelming and terrifying auras around him. He felt a bit scared so he stepped back cautiously. Then, he asked, "Why are you all staring at me like this?"

As he said this, the powerful warriors regained their senses. The Primeval Lord of Heaven squeezed through the narrow cave and picked up the Heart of Limit. With a serious look, he turned to Geoffrey and asked, "Where did you get this Heart of Limit?"

Geoffrey pursed his lips. "Well, I just went to the star, oh wait, I mean the Abstruse Energy World. Then, I just picked it up there," he answered nonchalantly.

"Wait, what? You are able to pick up the things there?" Ziya asked him sharply. He turned to Geoffrey with such a piercing look.

Geoffrey looked at Ziya confusedly. "Uh, yes. It's fairly easy for me," he replied.

"Did you untie the rope by yourself?" Ziya asked, getting more and more bewildered.

"Yes," Geoffrey answered simply and shrugged.

With that, Ziya was rendered utterly speechless.

Being able to move freely within the Abstruse Energy World was an absolutely complicated matter for the creatures in the chaos. Therefore, what Geoffrey did was an incredible feat.

The moment people entered the Abstruse Energy World, it became extremely difficult for them to think straight. Thus, it was much more difficult to move freely.

For instance, Zen and the others were unable to distinguish space and time. If it wasn't for their keen observation of the light dots, they wouldn't know. They could not tell their exact position, distance, or even how long they had been staying in the Abstruse Energy World.

Ziya instantly regarded the Snake Goddess as a highly talented being due to her ability to see the mountain from the very first time she entered the Abstruse Energy World.

Being able to enter the mountain, touch it, and even dig out what was inside required countless years of adaptation and repeated practice. Even Ziya himself was unable to do this smoothly and without much thought.

On the other hand, Zen's son was able to untie the rope right after he went in. He could also pick up a Heart of Limit without a hitch. Ziya felt like he was dreaming because this kind of thing seemed a little unreal. It was truly extraordinary.

However, he quickly calmed himself down and gathered his senses. "Geoffrey, where does this Heart of Limit come from? Did you find it in the mountain?" He asked with unabated curiosity.

"Mountain, huh? There is nothing but a pile of mud in the place of that so-called mountain," Geoffrey said with obvious disdain.

"What…"

Ziya was rendered speechless once more. It took a while before he continued, "Well, did you cross that mountain?"

"Yes, I did. And there seems to be a river behind it..."

Ziya, who had already calmed down, interjected loudly once again before Geoffrey could even finish his sentence, "River? You saw a river?" This whole thing sounded really incredulous to Ziya.

"I did," Geoffrey answered affirmatively.

Ziya took a deep breath and ran his hand through his forehead.

Indeed, there were many light dots flowing behind the mountain. Ziya had even made several assumptions about what those light dots were and made a plan to cross them.

However, the speed at which the light dots changed was too fast for him. He could neither decipher them nor cross them at all!

What he didn't expect was that it was actually a flowing river!

It had been extremely difficult for Ziya to decipher the light dots. On the other hand, Geoffrey was immediately knew what they were with just a single glance. He was certainly remarkable.

Seeing that everyone was still staring at him, Geoffrey explained everything to them at one go, "After crossing the river, I realized that the rope was too short. So I untied it and found this on a platform in the depths of the grassland."

As he spoke, he gestured at the Heart of Limit.

He actually didn't know what the Heart of Limit was used for. Nonetheless, he still brought it back by himself.

If they wanted to take it, he would agree. As long as they gave him some good things in exchange for it, he had no problem giving it away.

Ziya had no idea what Geoffrey was thinking. He just smiled at Zen and said, "I didn't expect that you have such a highly talented son. This is astonishing."

Zen had anchored his great hope upon his son. After all, he knew that Geoffrey was highly talented in deciphering Sanskrit words.

Nevertheless, he hadn't anticipated that Geoffrey would be this outstanding. It was his first time to enter the Abstruse Energy World. And already, he was able to bring back a Heart of Limit!

It was from Ziya that Zen heard about the origin of the Heart of Limit before. It was a very important Other Shore Token even in Stage Thirty-three.

"Well, my son seems to..."

Just as Zen was about to praise Geoffrey, a dense stream of radiant starlight suddenly surged towards them from the Abstruse Energy World outside the cave.

Buzz! Buzz!

With so much starlight pouring in, it meant that something was hurtling towards the cave.

As Ziya saw the stream of dazzling starlight, his expression suddenly changed.

As it poured in from the Abstruse Energy World, it immediately turned into grayish brown tentacles and directly swept towards the people inside the cave.

"Let's go! Now!"

Ziya shouted as he lifted his hand instantaneously.

A powerful airflow instantly exploded inside the narrow cave. The airflow pushed everyone backwards and into the Deleting Space.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! The grayish brown tentacles kept on pursuing them and sweeping the area.

As those tentacles broke through the cave, they rapidly expanded and extended. Then, they followed the people towards the Deleting Space.

"Take this!"

Ziya stretched out his fingers and made a cut in the air.

There were invisible forces that intertwined constantly and pierced the space.

It seemed like Ziya had summoned an invisible cutter.

The invisible cutter continued to slice at the tentacles that were now frenziedly pouring out of the cave into pieces.

Chapter 3704 An Invitation

The tentacles quickly transformed after being cut into pieces.

Each piece morphed into the shape of a five-pointed star. A crack then appeared in the center and an eye popped out of it.

The pieces now looked like starfish.

The starfish searched around for a second before locking onto the Primeval Lord of Heaven as their target. Their mission when they had entered the Deleting Space had been to retrieve the Heart of Limit that Geoffrey had taken.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

All the starfish swept towards the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Seeing them surging towards him didn't scare him in the slightest. He flew upside down, dodging and weaving, leaving mere shadows behind him.

Ziya's face darkened further on seeing the starfish giving chase. Once more, he extended his arm out and cut through the air.

Space cutters appeared one after the other behind the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The starfish passed through thousands of space cutters and were again cut into even smaller pieces.

The starfish that were once the size of a fist were now no more than powder.

But they remained tenacious and energetic, continuing to charge after the Primeval Lord of Heaven even after being turned into powder. They looked like dark brown poisonous smog as they stuck close behind him.

Perhaps on realizing that individually they were too small to inflict any real damage, they had evolved toxins within the tiny organisms to make up for their size.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven circled the Deleting Pillars and then passed by Zhurong and said flatly, "Burn them."

"Puff!"

A scorching flame suddenly ignited, immediately burning the entire poisonous smog following behind the Primeval Lord of Heaven, leaving behind only the pungent smell of charred meat.

Dealing with such a dilemma as this was a simple task for the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others as they had experienced numerous battles. But the appearance of these monsters in the Abstruse Energy World put them slightly on edge.

"Are there other creatures in the Abstruse Energy World?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

"Yes." Ziya nodded.

He had been here for a long time, and in that time other creatures had attacked this place.

The first was a sort of "light" creature. It didn't have a form, but was simply a special kind of light. It did not attack Ziya and the others but reproduced endlessly as soon as they entered the Deleting Space.

Soon the "light" creatures could be found all across the Deleting Space, and they proved difficult to get rid of by normal methods. Ziya had tried many means before finally succeeding in driving the "light" creatures away.

The second attack involved these tentacles.

This was not Ziya's first encounter with them. When he had seen the "mountain" for the first time, he sensed something special inside it. At that time, he knew little of the Abstruse Energy World, so he was unable to determine what it was.

And as soon as he returned to the cave, he was strangled in a tangle of these tentacles.

Fortunately, he had reacted quickly and gotten rid of them. If they had pulled him into the Abstruse Energy World, he might not have been able to fight them off despite his great strength.

After that incident, he didn't dare to enter the Abstruse Energy World for a long time.

He never saw the tentacles again when he finally decided to enter the "mountain" again.

It now seemed that those tentacles had moved to the grassland mentioned by Geoffrey, and the Heart of Limit that Geoffrey had unintentionally taken, very likely belonged to them.

For them, to enter the chaos rashly was a very risky move, but they took the risk to get the Heart of Limit back.

"The Abstruse Energy World is not lifeless. It may be difficult to comprehend, but it is very lively," Ziya deduced.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded with gratification. Among his twelve disciples, Ziya's personality was the most similar to his. He was good at deduction and planning. It seemed destined that Ziya had been deleted to this space.

"It seems that our hope lies in the Abstruse Energy World," declared the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"But Ziya, you explored too slowly. It has been many years and you still cannot even perform as well as a child," the Snake Goddess retorted mercilessly.

Geoffrey and Zen were approaching gingerly when they heard the Snake Goddess' words. "I'm not a child, Snake Goddess!" Geoffrey corrected.

The Snake Goddess smiled faintly. She saw little difference between Zen's and Geoffrey's ages. They were both children to her.

"Perhaps I am simply not talented enough," Ziya sighed. He looked at Geoffrey again and his eyes flashed with hope.

He had been here for so many years and still was not able to even cross a river yet. In contrast, Geoffrey had done it with ease. It seemed that if

Geoffrey was given time, he would be able to travel freely in the Abstruse Energy World.

"Geoffrey, you're talented enough to travel freely in the Abstruse Energy World. Would you care to stay here and help us?" Ziya asked hopefully.

Geoffrey's eyes flickered.

Even if Ziya hadn't asked this of him, he would still ask his father for permission to stay.

He had been longing to leave his father's inner world and the first time he stepped into the Abstruse Energy World, he had felt abnormally satisfied, as if he belonged in the world.

It was a feeling he would never forget for as long as he lived.

Although he already wanted to stay here, he still could not miss this opportunity to take advantage of the situation. "Yes I would, but I have conditions."

"Oh? What conditions, Geoffrey?" Ziya asked smiling.

If Geoffrey was willing to stay, he would agree with whatever conditions he had.

After thinking a moment, Geoffrey said, "I want a palace of the same size, and..."

Geoffrey's request was not excessive or difficult to fulfill by using the resources in the Deleting Space.

"I can grant you all you wish," Ziya said without hesitation.

Worry appeared on Zen's face, who had been silent the entire time until he asked, "Although he can travel freely in the Abstruse Energy World, is it not dangerous for him?"

The monsters in the Abstruse Energy World might even break into the Deleting Space. If Geoffrey encountered them in the Abstruse Energy World, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"Dad!"

Geoffrey's eyebrows shot up like sharp swords.

Leaving Zen's inner world was not easy for him, how could he be willing to return there?

Seeing Geoffrey's determination reminded Zen of himself. He realized it might not be that easy to get his son to compromise. Zen sighed and said, "Your decision is fine with me, but as for your mother..."

"Just don't tell her. Isn't the Deleting Space very safe?" Geoffrey asked in a hurry, trying to convince his father.

"I'll do my best to keep him safe. He's truly very important," Ziya said enthusiastically, standing by their side.

Ziya still had many questions and theories about the Abstruse Energy World.

He even had a theory that there could be another cave just like theirs and another world too.

Or, was there another civilization in the Abstruse Energy World, made up of another kind of light dots?

Ziya was unable to solve and perfect these questions and theories, but now he could rely on Geoffrey for help.

Chapter 3705 Birth Of The Evil

Silence hung in the air as the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others stared at Zen and waited for his decision.

There were many reasons Geoffrey should stay and help Ziya, such as to help the human race and for the Finale Way.

However, Geoffrey was still Zen's son, and it was normal for a father to worry about his son's safety.

Finally, Zen came to a decision. "I will tell your mother that you are here to learn martial arts," he said.

When Geoffrey heard those words, excitement quickly replaced his previously upset expression.

Zen shook his head at the instant change in his son's attitude, but he still reminded him, "Although I allow you to enter the Abstruse Energy World, you have to know that this is not my inner world.

Only you can save yourself once you are in danger..."

It wasn't a problem for Geoffrey to turn the world upside down within his inner world, but of course, the real world was much harsher. "I know," Geoffrey said affectionately. He was touched as he felt his father's deep love for him.

But he was no longer young, and he had the burden of living under his father's glory before. It was time for him to march alone.

He had grown up listening to all the legends of Zen back when he was in the Cloud Hall. Later on, he went to the divine land and met many powerful warriors like Augustus, Joy and the others—but his father seemed to be far too stronger than them.

Then, he arrived at the Source World and was kept in his father's inner world for quite some time.

During that time, it seemed that his father only contacted him when he needed to decipher Sanskrit words. It looked like Zen forgot about him most of the time.

Still, he understood that his father had been very busy and hadn't stopped a bit for over a hundred years.

But the busier he was, the more Geoffrey wanted to prove that he was very useful!

It was probably impossible to catch up with his father in terms of cultivation, but travelling in the Abstruse Energy World was his strong point.

Besides, these great warriors who seemed to be mightier than his father all placed great importance on the Abstruse Energy World.

Most importantly, he also liked the feeling of staying in the Abstruse Energy World. He wanted to continue exploring that world!

A while later, Ziya invited Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the others to move within the palace.

He had already shown the Abstruse Energy World to everyone, but aside from that, he also needed to consult the Primeval Lord of Heaven on how to transform the Deleting Space.

In the last countless years, he worked hard alone in this space. Now that more people with ideas came along, he truly felt less pressured.

After more than half a day in the palace, they suddenly heard a violent roar that came from somewhere in the Deleting Space. At the same time, a bright blue flash of light appeared.

Everyone was confused when they heard the strange sound. They all turned to Ziya, as if to ask him about what happened.

In turn, Ziya looked to the north of the Deleting Space and said, "It started again. Recently, that Chaos Ancient God seems to be very active."

He gently waved his hand as he spoke.

The space above him turned into a mirror-like object and projected the current scene in the north.

In the north was a floating blob of red lava. .

Bubbles constantly appeared on its surface and emitted a scorching hot energy. "How could Othniel delete such a large space?" Zen asked as his eyes widened in awe.

"It has been like this recently," Ziya nodded. "Is there any fierce battle going on in the Source World?" he asked.

Zen shook his head in confusion.

Although the Source World was not peaceful currently, the Chaos Ancient Gods weren't involved in the battles. He didn't know why Othniel kept deleting spaces.

Meanwhile, something began to brew in the Dust Blood Province.

A bright beam of light burst out and illuminated the area.

Flames combusted from the Minimum Space and spread at an alarmingly fast rate.

It wasn't long before the whole Dust Blood Province was covered in flames.

There was no emotion on Divine Farmer's face as he watched the flames spread. Then, he turned around and left.

The flames would kill most of the creatures in the Dust Blood Province, but Divine Farmer was already numb to such a slaughter. After all, he had witnessed so much.

A few moments later, he showed up in another province. With a flick of his finger, a dot of fire bloomed once again.

Trillions of creatures in every province he set fire on perished!

There had been countless fights and disputes in the Source World ever since its birth. Needless to say, the number of creatures that died in several past major battles was no less than horrifying.

Among the many battles that broke out by the end of the middle ages, the melee between several races was the most tragic. Almost all the races had been involved in that war, leading to extremely large casualties!

Usman was born after the melee among the various races.

He was transformed from the negative emotions of the Source World and quickly rose in a short period of time. When he was at his peak, he had even surpassed the captain of the Black Ship and became someone who all forces feared.

Later on, as Usman defected, the captain of the Black Ship had no choice but to join hands with other super forces to kill him.

Many years passed since Usman had died but those who had gone through that battle knew his strength like the back of their hands.

He was a fiend who lurked in the Source World. He was everywhere, waiting for someone to wake him up.

If the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race wanted to start a war that would affect the entire Source World, they might also wake that fiend up. And to set fire on provinces with the flames from the Minimum Spaces was undoubtedly the most economical method.

Five minutes later, Divine Farmer appeared in the White Seal Province.

Just as he was about to take out the Minimum Space, a giant eagle shadow appeared in front of him.

It was from the Gale Eagle race in the White Seal Province.

The Gale Eagle race wasn't very famous in the Source World, but they had a quite strong leader.

Although he didn't become an Eternal Warrior at the Eternal Realm, he had been in Stage Thirty-two for a long time.

Back then, the leader of the Gale Eagle race had once helped the Divine Farmer race on the Other Shore. "Why did you set fire everywhere and burn down trillions of innocent creatures?" the Gale Eagle asked.

"Mission," Divine Farmer answered briefly.

"Can you let go of the White Seal Province?" the Gale Eagle asked again. "No," said Divine Farmer, a hint of pity in his eyes.

"But you can lead the Gale Eagle race to leave," he added.

The Gale Eagle was clearly disappointed. He shouted, "The White Seal Province is the ancestral home of our race, so how can we easily give it up? You'll burn it over my dead body!"

Since Divine Farmer was an Eternal Warrior, he was far stronger than the Gale Eagle. The Gale Eagle naturally knew that resistance was futile and he would be like a mantis trying to stop a chariot. Thus, he was ready to die.

"You once helped us before. Please don't make things difficult for me," said Divine Farmer.

However, the Gale Eagle turned a deaf ear to his plea. At that moment, an Other Shore Token spun above his head. Then, he spread his wings and attacked Divine Farmer.

A few minutes later, the eagle with broken wings fell from the sky and plunged into the ground. Along with him was the Minimum Space with a dot of flame.

Soon enough, the provinces burned to ashes one by one. Restlessness and misery hung like a thick blanket throughout the Source World.

When there was a slight conflict between creatures and races, they would pull out their weapons and attack each other. It happened so much that there were endless conflicts amongst races!

Not long after, the negativity in the Source World escalated to the extreme, then suddenly vanished without a trace.

While all of those happened, a new creature was born in one corner of the Source World. This creature emitted an intense aura of evilness.

Chapter 3706 The Reborn Usman

This evil creature was born in a human tribe in the Jade Law Province.

The Jade Law Province used to belong to the Nine Li race but after the race was destroyed, it fell under the control of the Bearing race.

Ninety percent of the province's population was comprised of humans.

Shortly after their occupation of the Jade Law Province, the Bearing race conducted a ruthless purge within the province.

Those who remained loyal to the Nine Li race were exterminated and any news about the Nine Li race was completely blocked and prohibited.

In time, any trace of the Nine Li race was thoroughly erased and the people of the Jade Law Province completely shifted their loyalties to the Bearing race. Of course, the shifting of loyalties came after the realization that they had no choice but to accept the Bearing race as their new leaders.

The past few days were literal hell as the temperature in the entire Jade Law Province constantly soared. The scorching sun seemed determined to evaporate every last drop of water in the land and the air was thick with heat and irritation over the entire province.

Somewhere within Peace City was the city lord's mansion and in it, a baby was born.

This was a moment of great joy for city lord Paxton Zhou but the moment his child was birthed, he heard a shrill scream.

Concerned about the safety of his wife and child, he hurriedly rushed into the delivery room.

He was not prepared for the sight that awaited him.

His wife lay dead in a pool of blood while several midwives were horrifyingly beheaded. On the floor was a naked baby.

The appearance of his child stunned him.

Judging from the baby's initial appearance, it was undoubtedly human. However, the two short horns on his head made him look like a fiend.

This fiendish baby giggled and waved his little, bloody hand towards Paxton Zhou as if to proudly tell him that yes, he was the one who killed all these people.

Paxton Zhou felt a shiver run down his back at the sight of his supposed son's evil smile.

He shook his head in denial and tried to make sense of it all.

"This is impossible!" he murmured under his breath. "My son wouldn't do this! You are not my son!"

He was an outstanding warrior in the Jade Law Province. At the young age of over thirty, he was able to reach the Other Shore Realm and become the city lord of Peace City, which was a very extraordinary feat.

How could this terrible devastation happen to his wife and child?

As soon as he came to his senses, Paxton Zhou immediately unsheathed his saber.

This was not his son, but a monster from hell! Thus, killing this devil child was justified.

"Whoosh!"

A wild saber intent was released, ready to hack away at the baby's head.

The power contained within this strike was over a hundred divine megatons, enough to defeat a considerably powerful enemy!

Not many people in the entire Jade Law Province could resist an attack from Paxton Zhou and this newborn was no exception.

Or so he thought.

As the saber shadow approached him, the baby smiled. There was no trace of fear in his face as he stretched out his chubby hand towards the oncoming attack.

"Crack!"

Instead of being beheaded, the baby grabbed the saber and halted his father's attack!

To say Paxton Zhou was shocked would be an understatement.

Even if this child was truly a fiend, he was only a newborn. How in the world was he able to resist such a powerful attack?!

"Creak!"

A strong force emanated from the baby as he actually bent the huge saber with his small hand!

A great sense of crisis immediately overwhelmed Paxton Zhou.

He didn't know what was going on but he knew that if he let this baby live, it could spell chaos and destruction for the entire Source World!

He immediately let go of his saber and rushed towards the baby instead.

There was only one way to go about this and that was to end this fiend's life!

If he couldn't use his saber then Paxton Zhou would rely on his fists!

Normally, a person would be averse to punching an actual baby. His smooth and milky skin would no doubt deter any malicious thought upon him but the aura he emanated was so malicious that Paxton Zhou had no problems not holding back his attack.

Just as his fist was about a few inches away, an innocent smile broke through the baby's face and Paxton Zhou felt his mind bombarded by sharp, unbearable pain. There was a scream moments before blood spurted out of his orifices and his head exploded.

With his enemy dead, the baby let out a victorious smile and slowly began to crawl out of the delivery room.

Paxton Zhou's scream attracted the guards' attention and all of them rushed towards the delivery room.

Upon arrival, they saw the baby crawling his way out of the bloody chamber, much to their confusion.

As they stared at the baby, he looked up and gave them a mysterious smile.

Puff puff puff puff puff…

There was no time for them to run as their heads suddenly exploded and filled the mansion with even more bloodshed.

Their deaths attracted even more guards along with a few famous masters at the Other Shore Realm.

Of course, the result remained the same. Any person who caught sight of the baby met only one end: with their heads exploded.

All one thousand and eleven people that resided in the mansion died that day.

But the baby was not done with his bloodshed. As he ventured out onto the gates, he crossed paths with various people. All of them shot him strange, panicked looks and why wouldn't they? He was an infant completely covered in blood with eyes that glowed strangely.

Puff puff puff puff puff...

One smile, and that was all it took for all of them to die.

A day passed and the originally bustling Peace City became eerily quiet with nothing but dead bodies.

The seemingly innocent baby was now on his way out of the city gates.

However, just as he was about to cross the threshold, a thin figure appeared in front of him. It was Yellow Thearch!

He instinctively resisted this figure and a cautious look plastered all over his face. He suddenly knitted his tiny brows and launched an explosive attack towards Yellow Thearch's head.

"Bang!"

There was a loud sound as Yellow Thearch took the blow but, unlike all the previous victims, his head remained whole and his expression remained unchanged.

A trace of anger appeared on the baby's face as he continued his barrage of attacks in an effort to blow up Yellow Thearch's head.

"Bang, bang, Bang..."

For some reason, no matter how hard the baby tried, Yellow Thearch remained unyielding nor did he make any effort to fight back. In fact, there was a trace of tenderness in his eyes when he looked at the small infant.

To the baby's horror, Yellow Thearch bent down and picked him up in his arms.

What could've been seen as a gentle act was actually anything but. Yellow Thearch's hold contained an irresistible force.

The baby was effectively restrained by the powerful being. "What's your name?" Yellow Thearch asked.

Nobody in their right mind would ask a baby a question and expect an answer, but then again this was no ordinary baby. Not only did Yellow Thearch expect an answer from him, but his tone also held a trace of authority that allowed no retorts.

There was a momentary trace of hesitation on the baby's face but Yellow Thearch insisted.

"Tell me."

Realizing that there was no dodging the powerful being's query, the baby babbled for a few seconds before answering. "My name is Usman..."

The corners of Yellow Thearch's mouth curled up in a smile. "Very good." He was not surprised to hear that.

The Usman that previously existed belonged to the Black Ship and was killed in the hands of Yellow Thearch and a few other people. However, someone like Usman, who was the incarnation of all negative emotions of the Source World, could not really die. So long as resentment and hate remained and accumulated to a certain level, he would be reborn infinitely.

"From now on, you will be the boy of our Bearing race!" Yellow Thearch declared.

As he said that, he tightened his grip onto the baby and walked into the void, leaving behind a dead city with headless corpses.

Chapter 3707 Soul City

After he finally understood the entire story, the Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't order Ziya any further.

What occurred in the Deleting Space was beyond what he'd imagined.

He needed time to absorb what he'd seen, and at the same time, had to hand over the exploration of the Abstruse Energy World to Ziya and Geoffrey. After all, energy souls couldn't give much help.

As for the Heart of Limit, Zen tried to carry it.

Since the Heart of Limit was taken to the Deleting Space from the Abstruse Energy World, he tried to use the Truth of Three-Energy Construction to carry it but failed.

No matter how hard they analyzed, neither Zen nor Ziya could seem to understand the reason it didn't work.

But because Zen was the first person to carry the Other Shore Token in the Deleting Space, the problem could be in the Truth of Three-Energy Construction, Deleting Space, or the Heart of Limit itself. Still, they couldn't pinpoint the right one.

Ziya looked very disappointed. He wanted so bad to see the Deleting Space as another Other Shore.

But Zen wasn't bothered by it.

With his current abilities, he still could not bring the three Civilization Artifacts to their limits. Even if he truly carried the Heart of Limit, there would be no guarantee that it would help him.

At this point, his top priority was to achieve a higher level on the Other Shore. Nothing else mattered except this.

A few days later, Zen left the Deleting Space.

And since Zen left, so did the energy souls. Meanwhile, the bodies Ziya had created for the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others remained like statues in the palace.

Geoffrey, on the other hand, remained in the Deleting Space. He was not alone - he had the holy maiden of the Flower Dancing Sect as company. Zen's promise to Geoffrey was finally fulfilled now.

Even so, Zen was still uneasy with this action. He mentioned to Letitia that Geoffrey had been chosen by a human master and accepted as a disciple. This meant that he was to be secluded and isolated for a long stretch of time.

If Letitia found out that Zen lied to her, would she still treat him as intimately as usual?

Weeks went by and the Oneness Sky Palace was gradually restored to its original state.

The once damaged Dragon City had been rebuilt, while the Phoenix Palace had been moved elsewhere.

Because the Bearing race broke through the Dragon Cliff, the southeast of the Bloom Divine Province grew restless. It was for this reason that Goran replaced the dead Patton in order to guard the cliff and protect the province.

All the creatures in the Bloom Divine Province were jittery and anxious. It came to a point that a handful of powerful masters even chose to move their families all the way to the Pear Hill.

This was a smart move. No matter what had happened, the Pear Hill proved to be much stronger than the Oneness Sky Palace.

Whoever wanted to attack the Pear Hill, might it be the Bearing race or the Divine Farmer race, would have to think hard before taking a move.

The leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace did not stop anyone from moving if they wanted to.

In essence, a good bird perches only on a fine tree. In the same suit, humans of Bloom Divine Province could move if they found it more suitable. Even

Pearce and Auden wanted to move all the senior leaders of the Oneness Sky Palace to the Pear Hill, just so they could avoid any more disasters.

As long as Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi woke up, they could return to the Bloom Divine Province safe and sound.

This was the most rational choice. But if all the masters of the Oneness Sky Palace fled from the Bloom Divine Province, it would only lead to the collapse of the palace. Hence, they didn't dare to make such a decision for Eastern Emperor Taiyi as he had spent a long time building the palace.

After a hasty, passionate discussion, Pearce, Auden, Athemar, and Winchell chose to stay in the Bloom Divine Province. Once they came to an agreement, Pearce replaced Eastern Emperor Taiyi and issued an imperial edict to the Bloom Divine Province.

Through the edict, the war between the humans and the Sun Crow race was made public. Also written in the edit, he informed that the Pear Hill would provide assistance if necessary, to calm down the panic in the Bloom Divine Province.

Still, Zen didn't care too much regarding these matters. Even though he had been in the Oneness Sky Palace for a long time, it was not meant for him forever.

After knowing Elvinia had burned the Truth Enlightenment when she thought she was doomed, he wrote down another one for her.

After Pearce obtained the Truth Enlightenment, he was very surprised. There was no point in hiding it anymore now. All he wanted to do was to help the palace with it.

However, if everyone in the Oneness Sky Palace knew the Truth Enlightenment, it wouldn't be long until everyone started using it for their own personal interests. Many people from the Bearing race, Divine Farmer race, and other super forces could also learn it, especially because they also cultivated the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

It was for this reason that Pearce made a rule. Every person who read the Truth Enlightenment could only share it with one person they trusted. Also, they needed to swear an oath so that the Truth Enlightenment could not be leaked.

Meanwhile, in Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore, the figures of Zen and Elvinia reappeared.

They had cleared their goals just after the fierce battle with the Sun Crow race had finished.

In order to enter Stage Thirty-three, they would have to enter the Soul City and go through the Land of Bone Tribulation first. With their Indigo Souls at the ultimate level, it would be no problem for them to enter Stage Twenty-nine to get to Soul City.

There happened to be temples in Stage Seventeen, but none that interested them.

Once they'd passed through the white star ring, Zen and Elvinia transformed into two rays of white light and made their way upwards.

Then, they arrived at Stage Eighteen which was a translucent ice field. Here, ancient secrets were sealed within the thick ice. Historically, many ruling civilizations had made this stage their habitat. However, they ended up disappearing into history - some were eliminated, and some were forced to hide.

The two walked a long distance along the ice field before they came into contact with the star ring leading to Stage Nineteen. Here, they stepped onto the star ring and were sent up into the air once again.

Once they arrived in Stage Nineteen, they stepped out of the star ring and a whistling wind swept through them.

In Stage Nineteen, the hurricanes never ceased. As they scanned the area, they could only see boundless yellow sand.

Fortunately, the star ring leading to Stage Twenty was not too far away. Elvinia led the way, and they found the star ring in less than five minutes.

Near the star ring, some human Souls of Light sized up them. Their origins were unknown, but they seemed to be powerful. Not long after though, the Souls of Light retreated from the Other Shore after whispering among each other.

Just as Zen and Elvinia were about to step into the star ring and enter Stage Twenty, Zen paused.

He recalled that not long after he entered the Source World, he obtained an Other Shore Key from the tomb of the Sword Light Palace's leader. That Other Shore Key could open up a temple in Stage Nineteen.

But now, such a temple was no longer attractive to Zen. He wanted to give that Other Shore Token to Chaim and his companions for exploration.

After a few moments, he continued and stepped into the star ring alongside Elvinia.

They passed Stage Twenty, Stage Twenty-one, and Stage Twenty-two...

And as they passed each stage, they saw every scene change drastically.

If it were any other person, they would have stopped in each stage just to explore.

However, Zen and Elvinia had one goal only. They moved up stages quickly, each and every time they found the star ring.

It didn't take long until they arrived in Stage Twenty-eight, the Eternal Prohibition Stage. The upper stage of it was the Constant Glory Stage, where the Soul City was located. Their journey was about to finish! However, they met some challenges in no time.

Chapter 3708 Another Way

Generally speaking, the forces in different stages of the Other Shore had different structures.

For instance, the ruling civilizations were considered as the supreme forces in some stages, just like the Abyss Spirit race that dominated Stage Eleven of the Other Shore.

In some stages, the native races on the Other Shore became the rulers.

At the very beginning, the Element Spirit race had tried to rule the Other Shore. They also had a plan about the stage rulers, especially since the Dark Region had appeared. They wanted to occupy all the nineteen stages of the Desire World and make sure that they would control the ruler in each stage.

It was a good plan. During their peak, nearly thirteen of the nineteen stage rulers belonged to the Element Spirit race.

However, what the Element Spirit race did was an offense to everyone else.

By the time the Dark Region had appeared, the Other Shore was already a very perfect world. Many of the ruling civilizations that escaped from the chaos were not easy to deal with.

The high pressure on the Element Spirit race was what eventually broke them. At the same time, there were other races such as the Nihility race that attacked them. Now, only six stage rulers were completely under the Element Spirit race's control.

Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore, the Eternal Prohibition Stage, was under the control of the Element Spirit race. However, the higher the stage was, the more the larger races would restrain themselves.

Although the stage ruler of the Eternal Prohibition Stage was from the Element Spirit race, in the past few years, the Element Spirit race had rarely interfered in the travel of other races on the Other Shore.

After many races had resisted in their last attempt, the Element Spirit race realized that they could only control the Other Shore if they did it step by step. Hindering the development of the other ruling civilizations or completely destroying them would have adverse effects.

Such a strategy conceptualized after reflection was effective. Under the continuous influence of the Element Spirit race, many races and ruling civilizations on the Other Shore were willing to or were forced to join them. Now, there were very few races that could oppose the Element Spirit race.

Recently, there had been some changes in the Eternal Prohibition Stage. More and more Moon Fire Slaves descended from Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore.

As the strongest fighters of the Element Spirit race, the Moon Fire Slaves were undoubtedly a powerful force.

Therefore the races of the Other Shore that lived in Stage Twenty-eight felt uneasy at their presence.

Numerous mountains were everywhere in the Eternal Prohibition Stage. They were so many that if one looked down at them from the sky, they looked like a herd of elephants looking for food. In the center of the mountains was a huge basin, where the only structure was the big city in the Eternal Prohibition Stage—the Forbidden Rain City.

Meanwhile, Zen, who carried Elvinia on his back, floated high up in the sky and observed the Forbidden Rain City.

"The Dark Region in Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore is so small..." he commented.

In the center of the large city was only a beam of black light. The Dark Region looked particularly weak in Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore.

"Perhaps it's because Stage Twenty-eight is not important. This beam of black light must be a passageway to the Dark Region," Elvinia deduced.

Recently, Elvinia became very rational and had a detailed understanding of the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation.

Back then, she didn't want to face her past. Now, she realized that she belonged to the Oneness Sky Palace and was a real human being. Even if she couldn't save her father, she could still do something for the Oneness Sky Palace. She couldn't just be an incompetent member of royalty who couldn't do anything but watch the Oneness Sky Palace decline.

"The star ring within Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore should be in the northwest," she said.

"We can get to the Soul City after we've passed through the star ring," Zen said with a smile.

At that moment, the two of them climbed up the stages of the Other Shore at a great speed.

Suddenly, Elvinia became more cautious. "The entire Stage Twenty-eight is under the control of the Element Spirit race. If we want to pass through it, we must be careful. Thus Master Pearce has sent someone to pick us up at the gate of the Forbidden Rain City," she said.

It was known that Zen had caught the attention of the Element Spirit race several times.

After all, he had killed the stage ruler in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore and opened the Creation Myth Temple in Stage Seventeen. If the members of the Element Spirit race weren't fools, of course they would stop Zen from entering the star ring.

"Whoosh! Whoosh..."

They crossed countless mountains, and finally arrived at the edge of the Forbidden Rain City.

Perhaps because the Element Spirit race had controlled the entire Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore, the Forbidden Rain City didn't guard against the creatures that came in and out of the city. There weren't even any guards who watched over the city gate.

But for some reason, Zen and Elvinia caught the attention of the creatures from the Other Shore the moment they arrived.

At that point, Zen became vigilant. He didn't believe that their attention was out of kind concern.

A human Soul of Light stood by the side of the city gate, and quietly approached Zen and Elvinia when they showed up. Then, he lowered his voice and said, "Are you Princess Elvinia?"

"Yes," Elvinia answered.

"I'm Doyle Zhuo. Let's talk outside the city," said Doyle Zhuo.

He was a member on the third floor of the Land of Sword Grief. Zen had seen him twice before, but they had never talked to each other.

When Zen and Elvinia saw the mysterious look on Doyle's face, they also lowered their heads and followed him out of the city gate. After they found a secluded place, Doyle Zhuo said, "Elder Pearce asked me to lead you to the Constant Glory Stage.

I have been observing in the Forbidden Rain City these days." "How is everything going in the city?" Elvinia asked.

"Quite a few Moon Fire Slaves recently came here. There weren't a lot of them here before, until now. They might come over to take action against the two of you," Doyle Zhuo answered.

Upon hearing those words, Zen and Elvinia frowned at the same time.

They had already witnessed how strong the Moon Fire Slaves were, but at that time, the Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore had greatly restrained the power of the Moon Fire Slaves. Now that they were in Stage Twenty-eight, they could demonstrate far greater power.

"Are they only targeting us? How about the other Souls of Light from the Oneness Sky Palace?" Zen asked curiously.

"No," Doyle Zhuo said and shook his head. He looked at Elvinia and continued, "Both of you came here with your physical bodies, and your face is clear, Princess Elvinia.

You can't pass through the star ring openly without alerting the Moon Fire Slaves!" "Then what should we do?" Elvinia asked as her beautiful eyes narrowed into slits.

Zen also lowered his head in silence.

If the star ring was really heavily guarded, there would be no other decent way except for breaking into the star ring as he did in Stage Eleven of the Other Shore.

"But this time, there are creatures from other races that are willing to help," Doyle Zhuo said out of the blue.

"Who are willing to help?" Elvinia asked curiously. "The Ear Mouse race," replied Doyle Zhuo with a smile.

"Elder Pearce has spent a lot of soul pills on the cooperation with the Ear Mouse race. You can go to the star ring through the underground passageway outside the Forbidden Rain City," he explained.

The mouse races on the Other Shore were always considered as strong and formidable beings, and most of them had a good relationship with the Ear Mouse race.

Yet, Elvinia just rolled her eyes at Doyle Zhuo's answer. Since he was already prepared, he could just come straight to the point. Why did he have to beat around the bush now?

It was true that he came all the way from Stage Twenty-nine to meet with Elvinia, so she didn't say much. There was only a slight hint of dissatisfaction in her voice as she said, "Then please lead the way!"

After that, Zen and Elvinia, under Doyle Zhuo's lead, traveled to the front of the mountain nearest to the Forbidden Rain City.

On one side of the mountain was a naturally formed cave. Several huge mice guarded the cave's entrance.

Chapter 3709 A Trap

These mice were gigantic. Their faces looked ferocious, and their bean-sized eyes were fixated on them.

Upon seeing the unfriendly gazes of these giant mice, Zen said, "Doyle, I don't think the Ear Mouse race is here."

The Ear Mouse race had entered the Other Shore in the form of Souls of Light, and Zen had been on good terms with them.

Now that he couldn't see any Ear Mouse here, Zen felt something was amiss.

"Most Souls of Light don't stay in Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore. The Ear Mouse race will also choose to stay in the Constant Glory Stage to pass the test of the Soul City. If it weren't for you and Princess Elvinia, I wouldn't have come either," answered Doyle.

"But these giant mice..." Zen said hesitantly.

"Don't worry, Zen. These are members of the Twilight Mouse race. They take orders from the Ear Mouse race, so there is no problem," said Doyle, who then took the lead and entered the cave ahead of Zen and Elvinia.

Elvinia glanced at Zen and smiled faintly. "Don't be suspicious. Let's go in too!" she said.

Zen stood still on the spot for a moment. It was as if he was communicating with someone. Before long, the deep creases in his brows smoothened, and he raised his legs and strode forward to catch up with Elvinia. His steps were now firm.

Mice were good at digging holes underground. The Twilight Mouse race had been living in Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore for several chaotic eras.

The underground world of Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore was even more complicated than the Forbidden Rain City, but the Twilight Mouse race had obviously become the hegemony here.

After the three of them entered the cave, a Twilight Mouse reached out and gently pressed the wall of the cave.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

With a series of reverberating booming noises, a huge rock rolled down at a slow speed and fell right at the entrance, sealing the entrance tightly.

The moment the entrance of the cave was sealed, the inside of the cave immediately darkened.

Crack!

As soon as the cave fell into darkness, several dots of flames appeared at their sights.

Several Twilight Mice were holding torches in their hands, illuminating the surroundings with ease.

"Princess Elvinia, Zen, please," said Doyle, stretching out his hand and making a "please gesture" towards the cave.

The cave near the surface of the mountain was very spacious. The Twilight Mouse race seemed to have even leveled the ground inside the cave, because the road ahead looked quite flat.

After about dozens of miles, however, the cave became increasingly narrow.

In some places, only one person could pass at one time.

Although the bodies of the Twilight Mice were huge, it didn't affect their agility. They could pass these narrow areas in a flash, while Zen and Elvinia had to spend more time doing the same.

Half a day later, they had traveled more than a hundred miles underground. After walking in the narrow cave for so long, Elvinia finally asked impatiently, "Why haven't we arrived at the destination, Doyle?"

"Princess Elvinia, the Forbidden Rain City is very large. We have to cross more than half of the city to go to the northwest corner, so it will take some time," replied Doyle.

"Squeak! Don't worry, we'll arrive soon. Why are you this anxious?" one member of the Twilight Mouse race said coldly.

Doyle turned around and gave the Twilight Mouse a fierce glare. The Twilight Mouse lowered its head and fell silent.

Elvinia blinked her eyes and looked at Zen quietly. No matter how obtuse she was, she could sense that something was wrong at this moment.

Zen secretly winked at her, signaling her to keep silent.

Doyle was a member of the Oneness Sky Palace. If he betrayed the Oneness Sky Palace, he definitely wouldn't be able to leave alive, so he wouldn't do such a thing.

Therefore, there were only two possibilities. One was that the Doyle in front of Zen and Elvinia was a fake, and the other was that Doyle's Soul of Light was controlled by someone else.

As for these Twilight Mice, they most likely had nothing to do with the Ear Mouse race.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, now, I'm afraid there's really something wrong with this," Zen said in his mind.

In fact, he had already felt that something was amiss when they were outside the Forbidden Rain City. At that time, he had wanted to remind Elvinia and refuse Doyle's request, but the Primeval Lord of Heaven told Zen in his mind that he shouldn't take any action right away.

Now that they had spent such a long time traveling underground, they were most likely heading to trouble, so Zen naturally hoped that the Primeval Lord of Heaven would show up and solve the problem.

"Don't worry," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said calmly. "It's only Stage Twenty-eight of the Other Shore. I can handle it."

In the Creation Myth Temple, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had only used one finger to kill those Moon Fire Slaves.

At that time, the strength of the Moon Fire Slaves was indeed suppressed, but so was the Primeval Lord of Heaven's. As long as he didn't encounter any genuinely powerful warrior of the Element Spirit race, he still had some ways to cope.

"Don't listen to the nonsense of these mice. After all, they are just animals. Haha," Doyle explained and then continued to lead the way.

After passing through those narrow parts, the road ahead gradually became wide again.

Soon afterward, the three of them and the Twilight Mice arrived at a circular cave. The walls of the cave had been carefully carved. Instead of a cave, the place where they were now looked more like a magnificent palace.

As soon as Zen and Elvinia entered the cave, Doyle said, "We are under the star rings."

"We can enter our star ring after we go up?" asked Elvinia.

"Yes, you're right," Doyle said, nodding his head. "But it's a pity that you won't have the chance to go up alive..."

"Dong dong dong..."

There were six passages around the circular cave. The sounds of heavy footsteps echoed from those passages, and green light also spread from inside them. Very soon, Moon Fire Slaves with green flames burning on their bodies flooded out of the passages.

Elvinia took a step back and leaned against Zen. She frowned and glared at Doyle. "Doyle, what do you mean by this?"

With a smirk, Doyle said, "Nothing serious. Someone wants to take your lives, and I just brought you here as required."

As soon as he finished speaking, those Moon Fire Slaves entered the cave. The temperature in the whole cave continued to rise.

"Are you really Doyle?" Zen asked.

Zen's calmness made Doyle somewhat flustered and even a little apprehensive. In an impatient tone, he said, "Whether I'm Doyle or not, what does it have to do with you?"

"I'm just curious. Doyle's still a member of the Oneness Sky Palace. If he betrays the Oneness Sky Palace, he won't be able to survive. This being the case, you're most likely not Doyle," Zen said in a flat tone.

"Haha! I'm not him—so?"

The shape of Doyle's Soul of Light gradually changed, and his voice also turned sharper. Although his face couldn't be seen clearly, it was obvious that he had changed into another person.

As it turned out, someone else's Soul of Light had been disguising as Doyle.

"If you're Doyle, I can show you some mercy. But since you're not, you're doomed to death," Zen replied indifferently.

"Really? Haha... Then you'd better see if you can survive first!" The man took a step back while pointing at Zen and Elvinia.

The Moon Fire Slaves, who had been approaching them slowly, now rushed over from different directions.

"Zen, we have no other choice but to fight!" Elvinia squinted and said.

Just as she was about to rush towards one of the passages, Zen stretched his hand, grabbed her wrist, and pulled it gently. At the same time, a shadow appeared on his forehead.

Chapter 3710 The Power Of Finger Light

The shadow which had appeared was the Primeval Lord of Heaven himself. Even in the Eternal Scroll Painting, his ranking was quite high.

In the past, it was he who led the human race to fight against the Element Spirit race face to face. Furthermore, he himself had killed many Moon Fire Slaves throughout his time.

Although his real body was trapped and only his energy soul was left, it was not a problem for him to use the power left in the Creation Myth Temple to help Zen resist the Moon Fire Slaves.

Whoosh! Vibrations could be felt in the air as the battle started.

"Take this!"

A finger light drew an arc and shot towards the Moon Fire Slave in the front. The Moon Fire Slave collapsed to the ground with a loud thump, which was almost impossible to hear amidst the surrounding din.

Clap! The finger light's force left thunder-like sounds.

The power of the finger light could be considered extremely strong in Stage Seventeen. It was also at the top in Stage Twenty-eight, but it was no longer as terrifying as it was in Stage Seventeen.

However, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had experienced many battles. His experience harnessed not only his instincts, but also his skills. The finger light that pierced through the armor of the Moon Fire Slaves accurately pierced into the flames and through their spiritual cores.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The nine Moon Fire Slaves that surrounded them from all directions froze in place.

After a few seconds, the flames that were emitted from the armor gradually shrank, disappeared, and extinguished.

The Moon Fire Slaves were a kind of fire spirits, and the flames were their forms. Since their spiritual cores were broken and their flame bodies disappeared, the powerful armor on their bodies collapsed and fell to the ground.

The Soul of Light and the several Twilight Mice that had deceived Zen into coming in were all stunned. Their eyes were in a sort of daze and confusion was evident on their faces.

What had just happened was indeed unexpected, for they really looked up to the Moon Fire Slaves. In fact, in their eyes, the Moon Fire Slaves were invincible.

No one in Stage Twenty-eight could resist them. Even the ruler of Stage Twenty-eight couldn't resist the joint attack of several Moon Fire Slaves.

It should have been a piece of cake for the nine Moon Fire Slaves to kill two human beings, who had mere physical bodies, in a confined space.

But in a flash, the nine Moon Fire Slaves were killed! Their shock was unmatched. Amongst the crowd were gasps, dropped jaws, and pale faces.

"Kill them! Kill them!" the Soul of Light ordered desperately, once he realized what had just happened.

He had a high status, but after all, he was just a Soul of Light. It was impossible for him to fight against Elvinia and Zen.

Following the man's order, those Twilight Mice all determinedly rushed towards Zen and Elvinia.

Zen's eyes narrowed slightly. He lowered his body and jumped high towards the sky. His feet landed directly on the top of the head of the Twilight Mouse positioned in front.

Boom!

The Twilight Mouse's head was directly crushed.

Zen didn't stop. With a crisp crack of lightning, his fist had already smashed into the head of another Twilight Mouse.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

His body flashed a few times, and the several Twilight Mice had lost their heads.

The Soul of Light's eyes widened as he watched the Twilight Mice being killed one by one by Zen. Then, he realized that he should withdraw from the Other Shore.

Just as he began to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune, he saw a handful of green sand pouring over like rain. The Soul Restraining Sand fell on the surface of his Soul of Light, locking him on the Other Shore. Now, as much as he wanted to leave, he couldn't.

Elvinia clapped her hands to clean up the Soul Restraining Sand between her fingers. A small smile curled on her lips as she asked, "All this makes me want to know who will die now, us or you?"

The Soul of Light's desire to survive was very strong. After realizing that he was unable to leave the Other Shore, he turned around and wildly ran towards a passageway in the cave.

After all, he had been trained in the Soul City, so his escape speed was not slow.

If he met another person, he might have been able to escape, but unfortunately, he met Zen.

Crack!

Accompanied by a loud bolt of lightning, Zen suddenly appeared beside him. He stretched out his hand and gently pulled the Soul of Light. He was like a kite with a broken string, weightless, and was easily thrown back by Zen.

"Let, let me go..." the man pleaded. His heart was pounding tremendously against his chest, and he struggled to catch his breath.

"Besides ambushing us here, does the Element Spirit race have any other plans?" Zen asked in a firm tone. His eyes were sharp, as if they were to pierce through whatever lies this man might stutter.

"No, no!" the man answered immediately, afraid that Zen didn't believe him. Fear was reflected in his eyes. Zen tried to look deeper to see if there was malice in his answer. He then added, "Who would have thought that so many Moon Fire Slaves couldn't do anything to you? I thought even one Moon Fire Slave would be enough. What had happened was beyond my imagination."

"Is this really the northwest corner of the Forbidden Rain City?" Zen asked again. He was still unsure whether to trust this man's answers, but he needed to understand the situation better.

"Yes. You will reach it as long as you go up through this passage. There are some Twilight Mice along the way but with your strength, you can pass through smoothly," the man said.

Zen glanced at Elvinia, whose eyes flashed with killing intent. Elvinia nodded at him and a small smile formed on her thin and sharp lips.

Before the man could react, Zen's arms slightly curled his head.

Pop!

The Soul of Light was like a fragile bubble, shattering and disappearing in the blink of an eye.

They didn't really care who this person was. Since he was a human, it was most likely that he came from the Bearing race or the Divine Farmer race. As for where the real Doyle was and whether he was killed or not, they could only investigate after they left the Other Shore.

Following the direction given by the Soul of Light, Zen and Elvinia soon saw flat steps. Their every move was done with caution and all their senses were alert. After climbing up a certain distance, they heard some squeaks ahead. Then, bean-sized eyes floated from the darkness on both sides of the steps.

Sure enough, as the man said, there scattered many Twilight Mice in this passageway.

"Those Moon Fire Slaves are all dead below. I wouldn't mind killing the entire Twilight Mouse race as well. If you don't want to die, you can come up," Zen said coldly. His eyes were sharp and alert and he said those words in all seriousness.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

The Moon Fire Slaves were arranged by the Twilight Mice. The Twilight Mice were shocked when they heard that all nine of the Moon Fire Slaves had been killed.

Even as creatures of Stage Twenty-eight on the Other Shore, they were still not qualified to participate in a battle of this level. Moreover, the Element Spirit race did not give an order to let them attack Zen and Elvinia.

Squeaks echoed and soon, the eyes glowing in the darkness disappeared one by one.

After the Twilight Mice left, Zen continued to walk up with Elvinia. After they came out from a square well, they saw neatly arranged star rings.

"The Soul of Light didn't lie to us," Zen said, nodding his head slightly as he sized up the star rings.

In the Lust World, there were many star rings on each stage. Almost every ruling civilization had a star ring.

However, many civilizations were still not able to reach a high stage. Now that it was Stage Twenty-eight, the number of star rings had decreased significantly. There were only more than 100 star rings in front of them, which meant that only more than 100 ruling civilizations had once come here.

After finding the human race's star ring, Zen immediately threw himself into it. Elvinia immediately followed, imitating Zen's posture. Then, the two of them turned into two white lights and flew into the sky.

Stage Twenty-eight was under the rule of the Element Spirit race. If they knew that the Moon Fire Slaves had been killed, they would probably turn to the stage ruler. If that happened, there might be another fierce battle. Thus, the earlier they left, the better.

In what seemed to be an instant, two beams of straight white light shuttled all the way and finally arrived at Stage Twenty-nine, where the Soul City was located.

Chapter 3711 The Boiling Blood

A peak in blood-red color stood towering into the cloud. This was where the star ring of the human race was located.

The circle of light in the middle of the star ring quivered, and two figures suddenly appeared in its vicinity.

Once Zen's eyes adapted to the environment, he looked around and was instantly stunned.

On that peak, there was a circular platform with about seven or eight star rings at its center. The ones ascending to this place weren't limited to the human race; other races also ascended to this place. Dozens of Souls of Light crowded around the circular platform.

These Souls of Light had different forms. They belonged to various races, but for some reason, none of them belonged to the human race.

When they saw Zen's and Elvinia's corporeal bodies, their eyes lit up.

"These two people... They have corporeal bodies?"

"How do they do that?"

"That human girl seems to be an Other Shore creature?"

Since they could see Elvinia's features clearly, they naturally took her as an Other Shore creature.

Ignoring these Souls of Light, Zen walked to the edge of the round platform and looked around.

There were many blood-red peaks in the Constant Glory Stage. They were quite far away from each other and were surrounded by abysses. A lava-like red liquid flowed at the depth of those abysses.

"From Stage Twenty-nine to above, the Other Shore will be extremely dangerous," Elvinia, who stood beside him, spoke. "As you can see, the bottom of the Constant Glory Stage is filled with red liquid known as 'boiling blood', Any creature that comes into contact with it will completely melt away."

"But it isn't dangerous, is it?" Zen's gaze had already shifted from the bottom to the side of the peak. Paths that looked endless had been built among these peaks. As long as they didn't seek death and jump into the boiling blood, they would naturally be able to pass through safely.

Moreover, Zen could fly in the air, so it was naturally easier for him to pass through.

"Human friend, the boiling blood at the bottom isn't a big deal, but don't forget that there are still those Garudas in the sky!" A Soul of Light almost thirty feet tall suddenly came towards them.

"Garudas..."

Zen looked up.

Vaguely, shadows of giant birds could be seen flying about behind the clouds. However. Those birds seemed to do nothing else except circling around high in the sky.

"According to the information I've checked, we indeed have to be wary of them," Elvinia said as she nodded. "The Garudas are the most powerful creatures on the Constant Glory Stage. Even the Other Shore creatures are prey for those birds, let alone the Souls of Light."

Souls of Light were much more fragile than corporeal bodies. Even if one had entered Soul City, they would still be powerless—that was unless they could completely pass the test of Soul City, become a Colorless Soul, and enter the Holy Soul Realm.

"Yes, yes, yes! That's correct."

The thirty feet tall Soul of Light came over and said, "The situation on the Constant Glory Stage is too dangerous. We've been staying here waiting for a chance to go to the Soul City. Since you two have corporeal bodies, could you please escort us there?"

"I'm from the Wild Lion race. As long as you two are willing to escort me through, you just need to name your price..."

"……"

A hint of curiosity appeared on Zen's expression when he heard this. "Are you trapped here?"

"Yes! Those Garudas are cunning. We're safe only when we stay on this round platform. Once we step onto those paths, we'll be targeted by them," the member of the Wild Lion race said with a nod.

A smaller Soul of Light beside him had already come to the edge of the round platform. He quietly took a step towards the path and said, "See for yourself if you don't believe us!"

The Soul of Light had just stood on the path for a short while when a gust of wind swept down from above. A huge winged shadow rushed down at an incredible speed and then landed next to the path.

Nevertheless, the short Soul of Light managed to take back his foot before the Garuda rushed down.

"Chirp!"

The Garuda let out an angry cry. It then directed its beak fiercely towards the short Soul of Light to peck him.

However, the moment its beak crossed the edge of the platform, a streak of blood-red lightning emerged out of thin air along with sizzle noises. The Garuda let out a miserable cry, quickly flapped its wings, and rushed back to the sky, leaving behind a lingering burnt smell in the air.

"That's how it is," the short Soul of Light said.

The thirty-foot tall Soul of Light chuckled and said, "Jairo, the Garuda will certainly bear a grudge after you teased it like this. When you walk through the path, you'll be its first target."

Jairo said nonchalantly, "These birds are guarding this place all the time anyway. At worst, I'll just have to stay here for the rest of my life."

When Zen heard their conversation, it finally dawned on him that these people had probably been trapped here for quite a long time.

If the Constant Glory Stage had always been like this, it was theoretically impossible for them to get through.

He pondered the matter for a while and then said, "No, this is strange. If those Garudas have always been here, how did the others go to Soul City before?"

"Everyone can only wait for an opportunity," Elvinia said. "I heard that as long as there is blood fog, the Garudas will never want to come down. That being the case, when the blood fog spreads, everyone will quickly rush to the Soul City where they'll thus be safe!"

"Then how often does the blood fog occur?" Zen asked.

"We've stayed here for a long time, but we've yet to see the blood fog," another Soul of Light replied.

The appearance of the blood fog was completely random. Sometimes, the blood fog could spread for more than half of the Constant Glory Stage. Sometimes, even though there was blood fog, it could only cover a portion of the area, so they still couldn't go to the Soul City.

"Then do you want us to fight against those strange birds?" Zen asked.

"Exactly!" the short Soul of Light said.

"It's too dangerous," Elvinia vetoed the idea. "Those Garudas are the most powerful creatures here. If they swarm over, you won't be able to defend yourself against them!"

Although she was confident in Zen, she didn't want him to take risks.

Elvinia's objection made those Souls of Light disappointed. One after another, they went back to their original positions. Some of them even chanted the Illusion Breaking Rune and withdrew from the Other Shore.

Right at this moment, the voice of the Primeval Lord of Heaven suddenly rang in Zen's mind. "This is really strange. Has the Blood Fog Spell already gone extinct in the Constant Glory Stage?"

"Blood Fog Spell? What is that?" Zen asked.

"Well, it seems that the Element Spirit race have worked hard over the years to erase a lot of things," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a helpless smile. "The Garudas on the Constant Glory Stage are indeed powerful. Even the ruler of this stage is a Garuda. This is indeed a rare occurrence."

Generally speaking, the creatures in the Dark Region were much more powerful than the creatures in the Light Region. However, it was indeed rare that both the Dark Region and the Light Region of the Constant Glory Stage were dominated by Garudas.

Fortunately, the Garudas were very arrogant.

No matter how hard the Element Spirit race tried, they had never been able to win them over. Although these birds were dangerous and cruel, they didn't listen to the Element Spirit race.

The Garudas that stood on the top of the Constant Glory Stage were most afraid of the boiling blood in the abyss. In fact, most of the Other Shore creatures on the Constant Glory Stage relied on the boiling blood to survive.

After the Primeval Lord of Heaven told Zen the origins of the gigantic Garudas, he continued, "Long ago, someone had discovered that the blood fog could drive the Garudas away. Using the Blood Fog Spell to summon the boiling blood fog was practically the necessary means to pass through the Constant Glory Stage. I never expected that no one knows about it now."

Chapter 3712 Before The Gate

The Other Shore hadn't always been the same. Since the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others hadn't returned to the high stages in a long time, they didn't know that they had undergone earth-shattering changes.

Zen was hesitant now. He wondered whether he should listen to Elvinia and leave when the blood fog appeared, or just barge through.

It would be great if the Blood Fog Spell that the Primeval Lord of Heaven had mentioned really existed.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, does the Blood Fog Spell still have an effect?" Zen asked doubtfully.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven said, "You'll know when you try."

The Blood Fog Spell was similar to the Illusion Breaking Rune and was easy to master. Zen had mastered it in less than five minutes. He then walked to the edge of the round platform.

Elvinia and the others were confused at Zen's behavior and thought that he was about to tease the Garuda like the short Soul of Light.

But they heard Zen vaguely chant something.

While Zen had recited, the blood in the abyss at the foot of the mountain boiled even more fiercely, as if a fierce beast was emerging from it.

A trace of bright red blood floated up into the air.

Elvinia and the others gasped, their eyes widening in shock.

"How has the blood fog appeared so soon?"

"He can summon the blood fog?!"

"I've never heard of such a method before!"

The Blood Fog Spell was not a complicated method, but the Element Spirit race had erased it from history for a long time. There still remained a small number of people who had mastered this method, but no outsider knew of it.

As they watched the blood fog spreading, the Souls of Light rushed cheerily into the path.

But the blood fog seemed to consider Zen as the center and spread around him. It wouldn't move if Zen didn't move forward. This caused the Souls of Light to come to halt and wait for Zen to take the lead.

"Let's go," Zen said with a smile.

Elvinia, who was standing behind Zen, whispered to him, "Did that senior master teach you this?"

"Yeah," Zen said, nodding.

After he had carried the book, he had owned a number of abilities within himself that he couldn't explain. Elvinia knew the truth, and Zen also hadn't the slightest intention of hiding it from her.

They had no idea who had built the paths that connected those otherwise isolated peaks.

When the Garudas saw people moving ahead on the path below, they spread their wings and pounced down upon the path. But the moment they approached the blood fog, they flapped their wings and flew backwards, crying out in disgust.

As Zen and his companions moved along the path, the blood fog moved along with them.

It faded away about an hour after it started following Zen. At this, Zen chanted the Blood Fog Spell again, and the blood fog became denser and denser once again.

They had just passed the last peak when a huge blood-red peak loomed ahead of them. The surrounding small peaks were nothing compared to this one.

At the top of this peak was a huge platform, on which floated a blurry city.

"Is that the Soul City?" Zen muttered, looking at the blurry city with wide eyes.

It was more a mirage than a city.

The city wasn't real, but an illusion that sat at the top of the peak.

"I think it is," said Elvinia, her eyes burning with excitement. She had read some information about the Soul City, but this was the first time she was seeing it with her own eyes.

"But it's just an illusion," Zen said with a frown. What he was seeing was beyond his expectations.

"Not at all," said a Soul of Light from behind him.

The reason why they were able to come here so easily was because of Zen. They didn't have anything with which to repay him, which was why they were willing to give out information they knew. The Soul of Light continued, "The Soul City itself is made up of souls. It is said that it sucked tens of millions of souls before becoming what it is now. So the city you see is similar to a Soul of Light."

"The city formed by Souls of Light is so huge!" Zen gasped, shocked.

A short while later, he and Elvinia passed through the long, winding path and reached the top of the peak. The blood fog that had followed him dissipated here.

The gate of the Soul City was huge and grayish brown.

Two gigantic square columns sat on both sides. When Zen walked to one of the columns, he could hear a moan emanating from within.

The square column itself was formed by Souls of Light. They could see dark brown masses within it floated ceaselessly, with many strange faces on them.

"Are these Souls of Light still alive?" Zen asked with surprise.

"Of course they are alive, but they are and will always be a part of the Soul City. They can't be reborn forever!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven's voice rang out.

"It looks like I have underestimated the Soul City," Zen muttered, growing serious.

The Soul City tested the Souls of Light. Only Indigo Souls at the ultimate level were qualified to enter the city. As it opened once every 132 hours, most of the Souls of Light would leave the Other Shore after arriving and would enter the city when its door opened.

Most of the Souls of Light that stayed at the entrance of the city hadn't reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul yet. They either sat cross-legged at the entrance and cultivated, or tried to collect enough soul crystal to strengthen themselves.

"Elvinia, wait for me here," said Zen.

Zen's physical body was here, but his Soul of Light was still in the lower stage. If he wanted to enter the Soul City, he had to come with his Soul of Light. Elvinia had a natural advantage over him since her physical body was just similar to an "armor" which protected her soul on the Other Shore. It was not as troublesome as Zen's body. Now that he had sent Elvinia here, he had to bring his Soul of Light up.

Elvinia nodded in response and waited.

It took some time for Zen's Soul of Light to arrive here from the lower stage. Without the protection of his physical body, Zen's Soul of Light, which was at the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul, was relatively weak and he still had to pass through Stage Twenty-eight.

Fortunately, the Element Spirit race paid most of their attention to his physical body, which was why they didn't do a strict inspection of the Souls of Light. What was more, it wouldn't be easy for them to recognize Zen's Soul of Light.

After safely crossing Stage Twenty-eight, Zen quickly came to Stage Twenty-nine, the Constant Glory Stage. He used the Blood Fog Spell to move forward. It took him more than half a day of non-stop journey to finally appear at the entrance of the Soul City and meet Elvinia.

The two of them continued to wait at the gate of the Soul City. A day later, more and more Souls of Light appeared at the gate.

They included members of the Separate Abyss race, the Azure Wolf race, the New Moon race, and the human race.

Souls of Light of all races had emerged.

The previously quiet square in front of the Soul City became noisy almost instantly.

"To enter the Soul City, you need reach the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul. You will be courting death if you don't. I still have the soul crystal that I'm selling at a low price. Only three million soul pills per finger-size trunk." an Ear Mouse exclaimed, seizing the opportunity to sell its soul crystal.

Chapter 3713 The Soul Pillars

A smile appeared on Zen's face when he heard the voice of the Ear Mouse hawking its soul crystal.

Normally, a finger-size chunk of soul crystal could be bought with one million soul pills. Now, however, these Ear Mice asked for three million. Their greed was really insatiable.

Nevertheless, the Souls of Light crowding around the gate of the Soul City were in a hurry to pass the trial. If they really fell just a little short of the required level, they would most likely choose to pay three million soul pills. Besides, the strong warriors who had reached this level must have a high status in their respective races, so they could afford so many soul pills.

After a while, the gate of the Soul City slowly opened.

The moment the gate opened, numerous faces of the Souls of Light appeared on the gate and let out incessant wails.

At the same time, a vast amount of soul auras flooded out of the city.

Zen had seen the auras of the Souls of Light of Eternal Realm masters, such as Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Emperor Charm. However, even the auras of Eternal Warriors could not be compared to those in front of him.

The Soul City was formed by trillions of souls after all.

"The gate is open!"

"I hope I can go further this time!"

"Every time I came, I always failed to move forward. I've been stuck in that step for years."

As soon as the gate was opened, it was immediately jammed with countless people trying to enter the city.

"Let's go in," said Zen.

He and Elvinia immediately followed the other Souls of Light into the Soul City.

The moment Zen set foot in the Soul City, he was immediately wrapped in the ubiquitous soul auras. Generally speaking, the soul aura could be seen as leaked consciousness, and consciousness itself could be said as one's deepest thought or desire. For example, when someone's desire to kill was strong, their soul aura would become extremely sharp, just like a sharpened knife.

A weak soul exposed to a murderous aura would feel very uncomfortable. If it was too weak, it would even be annihilated directly.

If it was a gentle aura, it could comfort the other party and even had the effect of repairing the soul.

There were countless souls in the Soul City, and each had their own consciousness, so the soul auras contained within were incomparably complicated. They had a very cumbersome impact on Zen.

He seemed to be able to listen to the thoughts of millions of people at the same time. Some of them were crying; some were drowned in sadness; some were feeling like outcasts; some were angry; some were bubbling with excitement; some others were filled with happiness.

Elvinia was also experiencing the same thing as Zen.

It was different from real hearing. Listening to these souls could not be gotten rid of, and they had to bear with it as long as they were in the Soul City. In fact, the test had already begun when they stepped into the Soul City.

Fortunately, Zen and Elvinia had already reached the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul, so their souls were strong and very stable.

Not far from them, a Soul of Light casually walked into the Soul City. Before long, however, he staggered. The pressure of the complex soul auras gradually increased as he went farther into the city, and he couldn't endure it. He tried to cover his ears to escape from the auras but to no avail.

Once the auras became too overbearing to bear, he finally let out a scream and used all his strength to rush out of the Soul City. He managed to step out of the Soul City right as his soul power was exhausted, but he soon fell on the ground, dying.

Many people in the city noticed this scene, and most of them had pity in their gazes.

"That guy is so bold."

"How dare he come to the Soul City before reaching the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul? It's courting death!"

"Fortunately, he still had the brain to escape when he couldn't hold on any longer. Otherwise, he would've become a part of the Soul City!"

After they walked in the Soul City for some time, some pillars appeared in front of them. The pillars were only half a person tall, and they could climb up by leaping. One after another, those who walked in the front started to leap onto the pillars and then sat cross-legged.

When Zen was sizing the pillars up, Elvinia said, "These are the soul pillars. Let's go up too."

"Soul pillars?" Zen repeated curiously.

"Yes, the test in the Soul City is completed on top of these soul pillars. As long as you pass this test, you will have a Colorless Soul and reach the Holy Soul Realm," said Elvinia.

She got this information after rummaging through a number of books. As for what exactly they would experience on the soul pillars, she actually didn't really know.

Zen nodded. After finding an unoccupied soul pillar, he gently jumped up and then sat down on top of it with his legs crossed. Elvinia found a soul pillar beside Zen's and did the same.

After everyone sat down, numbers appeared on the soul pillars. Both Elvinia's and Zen's soul pillars showed "one", while that of the Soul of Light on Zen's right side showed "sixty-three". A number above 1, 300 even appeared on an occupied soul pillar quite a distance away.

While Zen looked around, Elvinia said, "These numbers should represent how many times we've entered the Soul City. It's our first time, so our soul pillars show 'one'."

"The number on that pillar is more than 1, 300, so the Soul of Light sitting on it has entered the Soul City for more than 1, 000 times?" Zen asked.

"Exactly," Elvinia answered with a nod.

After Zen sat on the soul pillar, it gave no response. Nevertheless, more and more Souls of Light entered the Soul City, and some humans also entered in groups.

A group of about six or seven people walked towards Elvinia upon entering the area of the soul pillars.

"Princess Elvinia!" someone shouted.

Just like the creatures on the Other Shore, Elvinia had a physical body in the Soul City, so her presence was very conspicuous. The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace naturally noticed her at a glance.

Elvinia looked at the Soul of Light and asked, "Who are you?"

"My name is Gabriel," the man replied.

"I'm Carver," another man introduced himself.

"I'm Libby," a woman said.

These people were all disciples from the third floor. They were quite famous in the Oneness Sky Palace. Elvinia had naturally seen them before, but she wasn't too familiar with them. Now that they introduced themselves like this, she naturally knew who they were.

Elvinia smiled and said, "What a coincidence. I guess I'll make a breakthrough to the Holy Soul Realm along with you guys."

Entering the Soul City and reaching the Holy Soul Realm was never an easy task.

It was an extremely painful test for souls. Some people gave up after trying several times, unwilling to take this test again for the rest of their lives. Those who could come to the Soul City for hundreds or thousands of times were the persistent ones.

It was the first time Elvinia had entered the Soul City. In the eyes of others, she was a mere newcomer.

"Princess Elvinia, work hard," Gabriel encouraged.

Upon introducing herself, Libby looked at the soul pillar next to Elvinia's and asked, "Princess Elvinia, may I know who this man is?"

In fact, she already knew the answer. After the battle in the Oneness Sky Palace, she knew that Elvinia had a close relationship with Zen. The man who came to Stage Twenty-nine with Elvinia must be that powerful Zen.

"This is Zen," Elvinia replied curtly.

While Zen didn't return to the Land of Sword Grief after the battle with the Sun Crow race, the story of his deeds had undoubtedly spread to that place, turning him into a household name.

Before Goran went to the Dragon Cliff, he said in the Land of Sword Grief, "If it wasn't because our Oneness Sky Palace had Zen, the human race in the Bloom Divine Province would've been exterminated."

The significance of Zen's presence was self-evident.

Chapter 3714 Reading The Sanskrit Words

Together with the other disciples of the third floor, Gabriel observed Zen's Soul of Light with utmost curiosity.

Considering Zen's Soul of Light alone, it might seem there was nothing absolutely remarkable about him.

After all, anyone who was able to enter the Soul City was obviously at the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul. People like Gabriel and Carver had been staying at this level for a long time.

Therefore, Zen and Elvinia who had just made it to Stage Twenty-nine were still considered as novices here.

However, Zen was a famous disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace. Almost everyone had heard of his name before.

Among the disciples in the entire Land of Sword Grief, Libby had seen the most of the battle against the Sun Crow race. Back then, she was a novice in the Oneness Array.

On the other hand, Gabriel and Carver only had the option to join the twelve passes and become Oneness Generals.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Zen!"

"Nice to finally meet you!"

Gabriel, Carver, and the other disciples of the third floor all came forward, cupped their hands and bowed slightly as they greeted Zen. They all seemed too enthused.

With that, Zen also bowed slightly to them. "This is the very first time that Elvinia and I have entered the Soul City. Thus, we are very unfamiliar with this place. I hope you can lend us a hand," he said politely.

"No problem! It is safe to say that with your strength, it won't be that difficult to pass the test of the Soul City," replied Gabriel with a reassuring smile.

"Is that so? Well, that is quite flattering." Zen humbly accepted the compliment with a wave of his hand.

All of a sudden, his soul pillar flashed and began to vibrate slightly while he was still speaking.

Carver noticed this as well. So he said, "The soul pillars are about to ascend. Come, let's choose our own pillars!"

There were lots of soul pillars all over the entire Soul City. Many of the ones located behind Zen were not occupied. With a gentle leap, Carver, Gabriel, and the other disciples skillfully boarded the soul pillars and sat down cross legged.

The number on Libby's soul pillar was seventeen. This meant that she had already come to the Soul City for the seventeenth time. Carver's number was one hundred and ninety-eight, while Gabriel's was two hundred and thirty. The two of them had been to the Soul City many times before.

"With Zen's strength, it'll be very easy for him to pass the test of the Soul City, right?" Carver whispered to Gabriel.

Gabriel merely snorted at this. "As far as I know, he did not gain those great achievements in the battle against the Sun Crows because of his own strength. He only attained them because he received lots of help from some supreme masters!"

Being disciples on the third floor of the Land of Sword Grief, Gabriel and Carver felt extremely proud of themselves. Libby was the only person they admired within the entire place.

To be honest, they were quite uncomfortable with Zen's arrival.

Gabriel was the son of the Bright Mountain's leader. His father's death was a great blow to him. Needless to say, he did everything in his power to investigate what happened to his father. Therefore, he knew more about Zen's deeds than ordinary people.

"I see. It really was quite unthinkable that a man who didn't even pass the test of the Soul City could stand against the mighty warriors of the Sun Crow race. All of the people in the Oneness Sky Palace have even admired him as if he was a God. This will be too much for him," Carver said.

"Well, it's his first time to sit on the soul pillar. Judging from the looks of it, he doesn't even know what kind of test he is going to face. It'll be fun watching him make a fool of himself later." Gabriel smirked mockingly.

At this very moment, the soul pillars trembled once again. Slowly, they began to rise.

The soul pillar that Zen had sat on was rising as well. It gradually ascended by ten feet, twenty feet, thirty feet...

As soon as the soul pillars rose, a brown cloud started to press down from above the Soul City. The cloud seemed to contain a mix of countless souls and innumerable twisted faces that struggled and howled inside it.

The soul cloud continued pressing down as the soul pillars went up. The soul pressure became more and more intense as Zen continued to approach the cloud.

"Could this be the test of the Soul City?" Zen mumbled to himself with a frown.

He wondered whether merely dealing with the soul pressure was enough to strengthen one's own Soul of Light.

From the moment Zen began to cultivate his soul, he had felt no change yet.

Everyone's soul had reached a limit after reaching the ultimate level of the Indigo Soul. Even if they absorbed more soul crystal, they still wouldn't be able to advance to a higher level.

Therefore, Zen didn't believe that the test of the Soul City was to just deal with the soul pressure. There had to be a different trial hidden behind this.

The soul pillars had now ascended to fifty feet.

They rose to a hundred feet while the pressure kept rising.

Zen noticed that they were now nearing two hundred feet.

As soon as the soul pillars reached two hundred feet, they stopped. The soul cloud above also stopped descending. It hovered just ten feet away from all of the Souls of Light.

At this close distance, Zen could observe the soul cloud more clearly.

There were all sorts of strange faces and some sharp tiny crystals swirling within the cloud. These tiny crystals were the ones that reflected colorful lights from the soul cloud.

What were they supposed to do now? Were they going to enter the soul cloud?

All of a sudden, they heard strange sounds coming from within the cloud just as Zen was pondering about what their next move should be.

At first, they sounded like unintelligible screams. However, they started to become even more peculiar now.

After listening to them for a while, Zen noticed something. The tones and pronunciation of the screams were becoming intensely rhythmic. Now, they sounded like a pleasant song!

"Wait a second. It's a song?" Zen gazed at the cloud intently. His face registered a look of astonishment.

Realizing this, it gave him an utterly bizarre feeling. It felt like the cloud had taken the form of a young girl who was singing. However, this young girl didn't have a mouth so obviously, she wouldn't be able to sing. Therefore, she was using the mouths of the souls in the cloud. She created a song by gathering lots of different sounds together.

At this point, the voice of the Primeval Lord of Heaven rang clearly once again. "Listen carefully, Zen. This song contains the comprehension of the Colorless Soul."

"The comprehension of the Colorless Soul is in the song?" Zen repeated as he stared incredulously at the soul cloud. "What shall I do? I can't understand it at all." Zen was evidently stunned.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven looked at him and smiled. "Well, do you understand Sanskrit words?"

Unfortunately, Zen couldn't understand Sanskrit words either. He didn't have the incredible ability to decipher the Sanskrit words instantly just like Geoffrey. If he truly wanted to decipher the Sanskrit words methodically, it would definitely take him a very long time.

Coming out of his reverie, Zen had a sudden realization. "Do you mean to say that this song..." His voice trailed away as he waited for the answer.

"Yes, these are their voices." The Primeval Lord of Heaven confirmed what Zen had on his mind.

It was well-known that Sanskrit words were incomprehensible within the chaos.

If people really wanted to read and understand them, they had to decipher them first. However, this method was time-consuming.

Meanwhile, Geoffrey had merely translated the Sanskrit words without even knowing how to read them.

In actuality, Sanskrit words could be read. However, there wasn't a single person in the chaos who could read Sanskrit words instantly.

"It turns out those Sanskrit words are read in such a strange and baffling way," Zen mused. He tilted his head to the side and listened carefully.

Based on his observation, there were times when the sounds were rising and falling in cadence and then suddenly becoming delicate and subtle. To him, they seemed like a poem or a song. They were like people scolding each other in the marketplace. They could only be understood mentally. Therefore, they could not be described by mere words.

After listening closely for a while, Zen smiled bitterly. "How will I be able to cultivate the Colorless Soul and reach the Holy Soul Realm with this? I can't quite make sense of these chaotic and irregular sounds."

Chapter 3715 One Thousand Feet To Pass The Test

"Listen carefully," the Primeval Lord of Heaven muttered in an urgent tone. "Back then, I only entered Soul City three times before I was able to pass through. I was able to do that because of my comprehension of this song."

Zen's eyes widened in astonishment. "You were able to pass through after just three tries?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven beamed with pride. "Of course!"

It was not difficult to pass the Soul City's test, but that didn't mean it was easy either. After all, only those who were able to reach Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore were able to enter the Soul City, which meant they had to have a certain level of talent and skill to be qualified.

Every third-floor disciple of the Land of Sword Grief like Gabriel, Carver, or Libby would also be considered a favored talent had they been part of any other super force in the Source World.

So long as they worked hard and tried their best, they would eventually pass the Soul City's test. The only variation was the length of time it took for them to succeed.

The fastest person in history to have passed through Soul City was the Grandmaster of Heaven, who was the Primeval Lord of Heaven's junior fellow disciple.

The two of them had entered the Soul City for the first time on the same day. The Primeval Lord of Heaven passed after three tries while the Grandmaster of Heaven was able to do it after two. This was the main reason why the Primeval Lord of Heaven always thought his fellow disciple was way more talented than him.

Their records remained unbroken even now.

The song lingered in Zen's ears and he no longer cared whether he understood the lyrics or not. Instead, he chose to close his eyes and listened closely.

Elvinia was also listening with a serene expression on her face as she sat cross-legged on another pillar.

Whilst everyone listened, a soul pillar began to rise. On top of this pillar was a member of the Separate Abyss race.

This Separate Abyss member had a big build and looked somewhat funny on top of the pillar because of it. He had to carefully maintain his balance in order not to fall off.

Since he was the first to enter the soul cloud, everyone's attention was on him.

"That's Toby from the Separate Abyss race!"

"He is ascending so fast! Is he determined to pass the test this time?"

"Of course he is! He's already tried for more than one thousand three hundred times, right?" "Toby was a very promising member of the Separate

Abyss race, but he's been stuck in Soul City for quite a while. His other race members laugh at him because he can't pass the test and the only way he'd get his prestige back is if he succeeds and passes through."

Zen's eyes also fell on the soul pillar as he heard everyone's discussion. As they said, the number displayed on the soul pillar was over one thousand three hundred.

As the soul pillar rose, Toby got closer and closer to the cloud. He let out a growl before finally entering it.

Numerous faces in the cloud rotated around the vortex where he entered.

As Toby disappeared into the soul cloud, another number showed up on his soul pillar.

Zen didn't need any explanation from Elvinia. He quickly understood that this new number indicated the height Toby was at in the soul cloud.

It seemed that after entering the soul cloud, Toby was able to rise in one go.

Meanwhile, the number on the soul pillar continued to increase.

Ten feet...

Twenty feet...

Thirty feet...

Though it seemed as if his speed was slow, in the eyes of the Souls of Light in the Soul City, this feat was already impressive.

"Toby has indeed made progress!"

"He spent three seconds less on the first one hundred feet than last time!"

"It seems that the Separate Abyss race will be gaining one more powerful warrior in the thirty-second stage of the Other Shore Realm!"

It was a significant feat for one's Soul of Light to reach Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, but there was no way a warrior would be able to become an Eternal Warrior due to the absence of a corporeal body.

Flamine, Athemar, and Goran all fell into this category.

Nevertheless, nobody really hoped to become an Eternal Warrior. Everyone knew it was an impossible dream in this era.

One hundred feet...

Two hundred feet...

Five hundred feet...

The moment just before someone passed the test always garnered the most attention.

After all, the Soul City opened every few days and not that many people were eager to pass the test. During times like this, everyone focused on one specific warrior to see if he'd be able to succeed.

Not long after, the number on Toby's soul pillar broke through the nine hundred feet mark.

Nine hundred and fifty feet...

Nine hundred and sixty feet...

Nine hundred and seventy feet...

Nine hundred and eighty feet...

"He's about to reach nine hundred and ninety feet!"

"Last time he got to around nine hundred and eighty feet. There's only ten feet left!"

"Nine hundred and ninety! He's reached nine-hundred and ninety! Only ten feet left!"

Toby only needed ten more feet to reach his goal of achieving the Colorless Soul!

Just as everyone waited in bated breath for the number to reach one thousand feet, the soul pillar shook.

"Whoosh!"

They watched as a figure, thirty feet tall, came crashing down through the soul cloud, and slammed heavily onto the ground.

Toby had failed yet again.

There was a series of disappointed sighs as they looked at his unmoving form.

"Alas, he was so close..."

"He reached nine hundred and ninety-five feet! He was so close!"

"Only five feet left, what a pity! He can only try again next time..."

Whenever the test started, everyone would be given only one chance to ascend. There was no getting back on a soul pillar to try again for that round.

The defeated Toby slowly got up and leaned against the soul pillar and cast a silent but sad look at the soul cloud above him.

He had failed for more than one thousand times, but he took it in stride. Toby knew his own strength and that there was no way he'd be able to rise even half a foot more when he was up there. He'd have to work on himself more to pass the test sooner or later.

After Toby's initial failure, a few other Souls of Light began to drive their soul pillars up through the cloud. Others still eagerly listened to the song in hopes of an epiphany.

"There's no need to be nervous for your first try, Zen. Everyone fails the first time," Gabriel assured Zen.

Carver echoed his sentiment. "Yes. There's no need to be nervous. Besides, even if this is your first time I don't doubt for a second that your performance will be extraordinary!"

Being in the soul cloud wasn't a walk in the park. If one was not well-prepared, then he or she could end up in a miserable state.

Hearing their words, Elvinia, who had been listening attentively to the song, opened her eyes and gave them a frown.

She was just about to refute what they said when a voice suddenly spoke. "Gabriel, Carver, what nonsense are you two spouting?!"

It was Libby. She turned to Zen and began to give him tips and warnings. "Zen, the cloud is full of dangers. Don't be careless. You can't enter the soul cloud until you've comprehended the song to a certain degree. If you feel uncomfortable at any point, you can jump down. It won't matter if you fail. Just don't ever force yourself to hold on!"

Libby's scolding was effective in zipping Gabriel's and Carver's mouths into silence.

Zen nodded in understanding at her warning and continued to listen to the song.

At the same time, Libby's soul pillar began to rise and send her up into the soul cloud.

It was only her seventeenth time here in the Soul City but the speed at which she rose was remarkable owing to her outstanding ability of comprehension.

Chapter 3716 The Holy Soul Imprint

The last time she entered the Soul City, Libby had risen to a height of six hundred and twenty feet.

It was only her sixteenth time entering the Soul City, so being able to reach such a height was a big deal in the city. There were very few people like her, at least in the Source World. Naturally, she attracted a lot of attention in the Soul City.

Libby's rising speed was far from Toby's. She was careful the entire time, rising at a constant speed. Within five minutes, she had risen over a hundred feet.

After a few minutes, she was at six hundred feet.

Gabriel, Carver, and the rest paid close attention to Libby, nervously watching her soul pillar.

"This time, she may rise to a height of over seven hundred feet!"

"Maybe she can break the Oneness Sky Palace's record!"

"Look, she's broken her last record!"

After reaching the height of six hundred and twenty feet, Libby continued to rise. While she was somewhat slowing down, she still rose steadily and constantly.

When the soul pillar reached a height of seven hundred feet, it finally came to a stop.

Whoosh!

A shadow descended from the soul cloud quickly, steadily landing on the ground.

Just as Libby had said to Zen, she never forced herself in the soul cloud. It was only natural that she wasn't as miserable as Toby when she landed.

"Libby, you've reached a height of seven hundred feet at the seventeenth attempt. You truly are the pride of our Oneness Sky Palace!" praised Gabriel.

"I'm flattered," Libby said flatly.

After all, she never gave much importance to the records; otherwise, she could have pushed her abilities further.

Just as the people of the Land of Sword Grief complimented her, an emotionless voice came from nearby. "The Oneness Sky Palace is proud of seven hundred feet? Interesting."

Everyone turned to the source of the voice. Standing on the soul pillar was a human Soul of Light. The soul pillar displayed the number eleven.

This indicated that the person had entered the Soul City eleven times.

"It's Dailey Ji from the Bearing race!"

"He is said to be the strongest talent of the Bearing race since its beginnings, someone with talent greater than the Yellow Thearch's!"

"It's said that the first time he entered the Soul City, he had risen to a height of seven hundred and ninety feet. At his tenth time, he's already reached nine hundred and fifty feet."

Regardless of what race they belonged to, so long as they were geniuses, they'd always attract much attention.

Dailey's words immediately attracted the Souls of Light's attention. He was the topic of conversation for both the human race and the other races in the Source World.

"What's the big deal? You haven't even reached a thousand feet yet. Even if you reach nine hundred and ninety feet, it's no different from ten. Before daring to mock it, you must go through the Soul City first," Gabriel retorted coldly.

Daily threw him an indifferent glance—he looked down upon the latter, someone who had entered the Soul City over two hundred times.

"One thousand feet?" With a faint smile, Dailey said, "It's easy to achieve the Colorless Soul. What I pursue is nothing like what you do. You don't understand anything!"

At that, Gabriel, Carver, and the non-human creatures were all left confused.

Those who entered the Soul City all pursued the Colorless Soul and the Holy Soul Realm. What else was Dailey pursuing?

"Look, everyone, and the pride of the Oneness Sky Palace," Dailey called out with a smile as the soul pillar under his feet began to rise.

The pillar rose rapidly, as did its number.

One hundred feet.

Two hundred feet.

Three hundred feet.

In about thirty seconds, Dailey had risen to a height of over eight hundred feet before going straight to nine hundred.

"That is fast!"

"The soul cloud imposes no hindrance to him whatsoever…"

"It seems he can pass through the Soul City this time…"

Before the speaker could finish speaking, the number on Dailey's soul pillar revealed one thousand.

"Buzz..."

When the number appeared, the entire dense soul cloud began emitting a faint light, indicating that Dailey had passed.

"I knew he could do it fast!"

"I'm so jealous. He can safely pass the Soul City and go to the upper stage on the Other Shore now."

"Eh? Wait, look..."

Normally, so long as people reached a thousand feet, they would be relieved before jumping down from their soul pillars. It was meaningless to remain there or continue going beyond the finish line, after all.

But as everyone gazed upon him, Dailey did not leave. Instead, he continued rising just as the number on the soul pillar continued increasing.

"What does Dailey want to do?"

"He wants to make a name for himself in the Soul City?"

"No, I heard a stronger level lies above the Holy Soul Realm, so long as we have the ability to continue to advance."

From the soul cloud, a light shot into the sky. Dailey sat upright on the soul pillar as he rushed out of the soul cloud and continued rising in the light.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, isn't the limit of the Soul City a thousand feet?" Zen asked, looking at Dailey.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven chuckled and said, "For the vast majority of people, it's indeed a thousand feet. Crossing this height means one will obtain a Colorless Soul and reach the Holy Soul Realm. But do you remember I told you that the Holy Soul Realm is not the end?"

Zen nodded. He had indeed told him when they first met.

"When one achieves the Colorless Soul, they will have a chance to try and reach a higher level. There is only one chance of this. If one misses it, there will be no second chance. But most of them choose to give up because moving forward proves to be too difficult," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, looking at Dailey who was above the soul cloud. "He is an outstanding warrior of perception. He should be able to obtain a Holy Soul Imprint."

"A Holy Soul Imprint?" Zen asked, raising his brows.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded. "One imprint should be his limit."

Having already reached a thousand feet, Dailey found it difficult to go further.

The fact was now obvious to most.

While Dailey was indeed extraordinary, it wasn't easy for him to move upward in the light, let alone quickly.

An hour later, he had risen up to eighty feet, with the soul pillar showing a thousand and eighty feet.

Buzz!

A golden imprint circled Dailey, attaching itself to the very surface of his soul. He then jumped down from the soul pillar and fell hard to the ground.

Although the crowd couldn't see Dailey's face clearly, they could still feel his great joy.

When he entered the Soul City for the eighth time, he already had the confidence to rise up to a thousand feet. For so long, he had prepared to reach his goal of the Holy Soul Imprint.

Chapter 3717 Nine Holy Soul Imprints

Everyone stopped whatever they were doing, stunned by what just happened to Dailey.

Most of them were clueless of the Holy Soul Imprint to begin with.

When ordinary people reached one thousand feet, they would have met the end of their ropes. At this height, they wouldn't be able to hold on long, and their soul pillars wouldn't rise any more.

However, the world always had extraordinary warriors.

In the past, people already discovered that one thousand feet was not the farthest they could go. Once this height was met, the soul pillar could still rise if one possessed enough strength.

Meanwhile, there were a handful of creatures with extraordinary talents who attempted to push the envelope. Though one person would only have one chance, some of them finally obtained the Holy Soul Imprints.

"I can't believe that Dailey obtained a Holy Soul Imprint!"

"He truly is so great!"

"Wow, and it's been so long since I saw someone do that last time..."

People started chattering about Dailey's success.

Because those who were qualified to obtain a Holy Soul Imprint were so few, ordinary people forgot about it. Seeing Dailey do it, everyone was reminded about the imprint and in turn, shocked them.

As Dailey studied the Holy Soul Imprint on his chest, the corners of his lips turned up for a small smile.

"Congratulations, Dailey!"

"Another member of the Bearing race successfully obtained a Holy Soul Imprint!"

"Dailey, you surely have a bright future ahead of you!"

Just then, the Soul of Lights from the Bearing race also came up to congratulate him.

However, Libby stood a few meters away, looking not so pleased.

In the Oneness Sky Palace, she was the apple of everyone's eye, but in the Source World, she was not significant at all.

It was for this reason that she knew Dailey was a lot stronger than her in everything.

"Big deal."

Gabriel snorted, annoyed with the situation. He sat on his soul pillar, which was found deep into the soul cloud. Behind him followed Carver, who rose into the cloud very gracefully.

The two often came to the Soul City to test their strength, so they knew their limits quite well.

Once he reached five hundred and sixty feet, Gabriel stood up and leaped off his soul pillar. Carver on the other hand, reached six hundred feet, which was five feet higher than his previous record. Such small progress was still success to him.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, what exactly is the Holy Soul Imprint?" Zen asked politely.

"Think of it as a symbol of surpassing the limit of the Holy Soul Realm," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered, "The benefits are self-explanatory. For warriors, it would make them stronger than others who have only reached the Holy Soul Realm. Moreover, it would bring them an additional advantage if they manage to reach the Eternal Realm, because they are stronger than ordinary Eternal Warriors."

"How many Holy Soul Imprints did you retrieve, sir?" Zen continued to question.

"Seven," the Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled. "The first Holy Soul Imprint is the Blazing Fire Imprint, which the young man from the Bearing race has just obtained. The second is the Myriad Lives Imprint, followed by the Lifeless Imprint, and the fourth... Overall, there are nine Holy Soul Imprints. If one obtained all, they would achieve a Nine-Imprint Holy Soul. That means the limit of the soul pillar is one thousand seven hundred and twenty feet high. So far, no one has been able to go high enough to obtain the last one."

"You haven't obtained all, sir?" Zen was shocked to hear this, especially since the Primeval Lord of Heaven was so powerful.

In the same moment, the Regal Jade Spirit who happened to listen in on their conversation, couldn't help but join in, "The Wing King of our Regal Jade Civilization only obtained five Holy Soul Imprints." The spirit exalted, "Primeval Lord of Heaven, you are amazing to have seven of them!"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven shook his head, "Still, obtaining more makes no difference. I still failed to complete the Finale Way."

As soon as the Primeval Lord of Heaven finished speaking, Elvinia's eyes widened with excitement, "I seem to have some comprehension. Zen, I'll try it out first."

Suddenly, the soul pillar below Elvinia rose up and took her to the cloud.

As she disappeared into the sky, her body appeared like a vague silhouette.

Compared to Libby, Toby, and Dailey, Elvinia was not interested in drawing attention. After all, she was new to the Soul City, so people would have doubted her abilities anyway.

However, the longer she remained in the soul cloud, the more people noticed her.

"This is the first time the human woman in her physical form took her test! She seems to have surpassed five hundred feet!"

"That's awesome!"

"I think it's the daughter of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. If that is true, her talent is not even a surprise."

As Libby and Dailey watched from below, they looked closely at Elvinia's soul pillar.

For a new-comer, five hundred feet in one go was surprising.

Eventually, the number on Elvinia's soul pillar came to a stop at six hundred and seventy. It seemed that her first performance surpassed Libby's and Dailey's past tries.

As for Gabriel, Carver and the others, they couldn't help but feel somehow depressed.

Though Elvinia was Eastern Emperor Taiyi's daughter, they couldn't accept inferiority to her easily.

Whoosh!

Within minutes, Elvinia descended from the soul cloud and landed gently on the ground without a sound.

The soul cloud made her feel solid, as if her soul materialized inside her physical form.

"Zen, it's your turn now!" Elvinia giddily said.

There was no doubt she was proud of what she'd done.

While the rest looked at Zen in contempt, Elvinia was worried about other things. She was afraid that Zen's performance would surpass hers by too much.

Because if Zen passed through the Soul City right there and then, she realized that she'd have to spend a handful of years here without him by her side.

Zen rested on his pillar and nodded at Elvinia. With one thought in his mind, his soul pillar began to rise slowly and took him to the sky.

The minute he entered the soul cloud, he sensed tides rushing towards his Soul of Light. Meanwhile, ghost faces hid within the tides, all biting at Zen with ferocity.

For some reason, Zen was unharmed by their bites. It came to a point that the ghost faces left without harming him.

The longer he remained in the soul cloud, the more confused he got.

In the past, Zen went through countless trials and tribulations that he was not shocked with them anymore. He'd suffered in all aspects, whether mentally or physically. In each test, he always came out stronger than ever.

This was the first time all he had to do was sit. He had never been through such a peaceful test.

Once the ghost faces stopped, Zen opened his eyes to see something odd - his soul pillar didn't rise by even an inch!

At this point, the Souls of Light under the soul cloud paid attention to him and began to giggle in mockery.

"The poor guy didn't comprehend even a little! That's funny!"

"Is he the kind of Soul of Light that can never turn into a Colorless Soul?"

"I've heard that some Souls of Light can't achieve the Colorless Soul, so they can't advance even an inch in the soul cloud. That rarely happens though." People were laughing and confused at the same time.

For some reason, the number on his pillar never advanced. How was this possible?

Chapter 3718 Nine-Imprint Holy Soul

Inside the quiet confines of the soul cloud was Zen, who was still quite confused.

It wasn't only him, however. Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven was baffled as well.

The truth was that he had indeed planned to help Zen pass through the Soul City.

Not only that, but he also wanted to help Zen obtain nine Holy Soul Imprints.

Even though more than a thousand chaotic eras had passed, he still clearly remembered when he had obtained the seven Holy Soul Imprints, he had faintly seen that there seemed to be something else on top of the light column.

He didn't know what that was, but he guessed that it might have something to do with the Instant Civilization from the beginning.

Everything about the Instant Civilization greatly piqued his interest.

However, it was extremely difficult to obtain nine Holy Soul Imprints.

Despite so many chaotic eras that had passed, the highest record was still eight Holy Soul Imprints.

He thought that it was the first time that Zen had entered the soul cloud, so it would be better if he could take some time to adapt to the whole thing.

Therefore, he planned to teach Zen about his experience after the latter returned from the soul cloud.

Yet, Zen had remained motionless after he entered the soul cloud. That was why the Primeval Lord of Heaven was so confused. "Zen, what's wrong with you?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

"These things from the soul cloud don't seem to affect me at all, and it looks like I can't drive the soul pillar up either," said Zen.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes slightly widened at Zen's words. "It's impossible…" he muttered.

In general, one had to repeatedly replace the Soul of Light to achieve the Colorless Soul.

The "colorless" indicated the world of materials. A person's soul was born with seven emotions and six desires. Those seven emotions and six desires were constantly replaced when the "faces" in the soul cloud devoured one's soul.

For instance, Zen would constantly forget something but also obtain something during the whole process.

Only after he had forgotten everything could his Soul of Light be reborn and become a real Colorless Soul. By then, his Soul of Light would be in the Holy Soul Realm.

At that point, the Soul of Light that turned into a Colorless Soul would've undergone some drastic changes.

The soul cloud looked like a chaotic mass to ordinary people, but in reality, it could be divided into different layers, and each layer could replace the Soul of Light to a different extent.

That was why no matter how weak Zen's talent was, such a situation could never happen. "Is it possible that you have repelled the Colorless Soul?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked cautiously.

If so, then Zen might not be able to pass through the Soul City, and let alone become an Eternal Warrior.

"Repel..."

Zen reached out towards those "faces," and they kept biting him like mad.

The rhythmic song echoed throughout the soul cloud.

He still couldn't understand what it meant, but he suddenly felt a strange sensation surge deep in his soul.

"What… They…want to bestow me?" he said out of the blue. He saw the cloud as a whole, but those "faces" inside the soul cloud were separate individuals.

Still, the feeling he had in his soul was accurate.

"Buzz..."

As the faces continued to bite, the purple light inside Zen's Soul of Light began to quickly peel off. It was as if his soul was divided and eaten, then a completely transparent soul had replaced it.

When the Primeval Lord of Heaven saw what happened, he couldn't help but be stunned. "What? The replacement is all done?"

The entire soul cloud raged like a storm. Even the people below like Toby, Libby, and Dailey all clearly saw that the faces had gathered in one place, then finally assembled at the soul pillar where Zen sat.

There were many other Souls of Light that entered the soul cloud at the same time as Zen. Those Souls of Light all rose at varying rates, but when those "faces" rushed towards Zen, there was no face that helped them replace their souls. Their soul pillars also stopped rising. They were all shocked and didn't know what was going on.

"What happened?"

"Why did all those faces gather at Zen's spot?"

"I've never heard of this situation before…"

Meanwhile, Dailey just observed everything with vigilance.

It could be said that the twenty-ninth stage of the Other Shore Realm was the starting point of another level. To put it simply, the powerful warriors who were on this level now would probably compete with each other in the future.

Of course, Dailey refused to watch such an abnormal scene.

"It seems a little different," Elvinia said with a smile. Although she didn't know what had happened either, she had great confidence in Zen.

Those faces gathered for quite a while before they immediately dispersed. Then, Zen's Soul of Light became completely transparent. "What happened?" Zen asked in surprise.

He looked at his own hands in confusion. He was really afraid that he would disappear!

"You've now achieved the Colorless Soul," the Primeval Lord of Heaven stated. "Don't I have to go up?" Zen asked.

"It seems that is unnecessary now. Those faces came down at their own will. Ha-ha!" In reality, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was secretly quite surprised. Those faces that were raised inside the soul cloud devoured seven emotions and six desires as usual, but no one had ever had the same experience as Zen.

"But if I achieve the Colorless Soul in this way, I won't be able to obtain any Holy Soul Imprint, right?" Zen asked again. The Primeval Lord of Heaven was startled when Zen mentioned the Holy Soul Imprint.

After one had attained the Colorless Soul, they only had one chance to obtain the Holy Soul Imprints.

That chance was certainly not easy to miss. Now, the Primeval Lord of Heaven never expected that Zen had entered the Holy Soul Realm in this way. He was so confused and his mind was a mess.

Soon enough, however, he decided, "Don't leave the soul cloud. Go upward!"

But even Zen himself wasn't sure if he could drive the soul pillar. At the very least, the soul pillar didn't react when he tried to drive it just now.

As soon as he heard what the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, he thought for a moment and pulled the soul pillar upward once again.

This time, the soul pillar finally moved.

Swoosh...

From the crowd's point of view, those "faces" suddenly swarmed towards Zen and abruptly left in flocks. They were completely confused.

Just then, the soul pillar began to rise rapidly.

One hundred feet...

Three hundred feet...

Nine hundred feet...

One thousand feet...

"Buzz!"

As the light column on top of the soul cloud rose, Zen's figure also appeared.

At that moment, he was still climbing up with the soul pillar under his feet.

Once he had crossed a distance of one thousand and eighty feet, a golden Holy Soul Imprint was already engraved on his chest.

As soon as the golden imprint appeared, however, Zen still continued to climb upwards.

When he had crossed one thousand one hundred and sixty feet, he received the second Holy Soul Imprint.

One thousand two hundred and forty feet...

One thousand...

The Holy Soul Imprints imprinted themselves on his body one after another.

Meanwhile, Elvinia watched him from under the soul cloud with her hand over her mouth. She was speechless.

Aside from Elvinia, all the others were similarly astonished and surprised as well.

Dailey, in particular, trembled every time a Holy Soul Imprint appeared on the surface of Zen's body.

To obtain only one Holy Soul Imprint was considered the easiest, but only Dailey knew how much he had suffered just to get that one coveted Holy Soul Imprint.

Chapter 3719 A Cabin With A Spire

To reach the Colorless Soul was still a hard task for a Soul of Light who had reached the twenty-eighth stage of the Other Shore Realm.

However, if given enough time, they still might be able to do it.

Still, it usually took a huge deal of effort to obtain the Holy Soul Imprints.

After all, every second inside the light column was no better than swimming in hot magma.

It had already been a matter of life and death for Dailey to just hold on until the first imprint appeared. However, it seemed so easy for Zen to obtain those imprints! Of course, he found it hard to accept this.

It wasn't only Dailey who felt depressed, everyone present couldn't keep calm as well.

For instance, Gabriel had previously encouraged Zen in hopes of teaching him a lesson, but he never thought that Zen could cross the soul cloud and enter the light column above.

"Blazing Fire Imprint!"

"Myriad Lives Imprint!"

"Lifeless Imprint!"

"Myriad Ghosts Imprint!"

"Myriad Ways Imprint!"

"No Three Imprint!"

"Earth Moving Imprint!"

"Returning Sky Imprint!"

The first eight Holy Soul Imprints hit the surface of Zen's soul one by one.

There was one on his chest, one on his elixir field, two on his shoulders, one on his forehead, and two on his waist.

When Zen had obtained eight Holy Soul Imprints, the rising soul pillar under his feet suddenly stopped.

Still confused, Zen asked, "What's going on?"

"I don't know either," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered with a shake of his head.

It was known that the Primeval Lord of Heaven had a deep understanding of the Other Shore, and perhaps there were few people who knew some things he didn't.

However, Zen's problem now was truly beyond his comprehension.

He repeatedly tried to figure out what was wrong during the whole process.

He also knew Zen's origins quite well. After all, he had also created the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree, and the only variable in Zen's growth was probably his special physical body and the Primal Chaos Technique. But even so, those two shouldn't have much to do with the Soul City.

Since the Primeval Lord of Heaven couldn't figure out what the problem was, Zen didn't bother to think about it.

In any case, the soul pillar didn't rise or fall, so he looked around to observe the surrounding environment instead.

From his point of view, he could see the whole Soul City.

There was a circular area within the city, and the soul pillars were equally distributed inside it. A group of greyish-brown buildings that were only made of souls were located far away from the soul pillars.

The buildings and houses in the Soul City were all inaccessible. Some Souls of Light had managed to enter, but they never came out of them. It was said that they had turned into a part of the Soul City, and since then, no one ever dared to explore those houses anymore.

Now, the Souls of Light just came to the city and reached the Holy Soul Realm, then left in a hurry.

However, that cabin on top of the Soul City still caught the attention of many Souls of Light.

This cabin had a spire and a small window on one side. Every time the gates of the Soul City opened, a faint yellow candle light shone through the window.

Because the candlelight always lit up once the city's gates opened, many Souls of Light believed that there must be creatures that lived inside that cabin.

However, no one had ever set foot in that cabin.

Even the Element Spirit race, which dominated the Other Shore for the longest time, had never been inside it!

In fact, the cabin was so mysterious that the Element Spirit race had tried to go in during the second and third chaotic eras.

To see what was inside, the Element Spirit race had once invited the "Ghost Head" from Stage Thirty-three to come down. That was the strongest Other Shore creature the Element Spirit race had invited.

After the Ghost Head had entered the cabin, it completely disappeared ever since.

At that time, the soul cloud had also devoured all the Souls of Light in the Soul City.

Since then, the Element Spirit race never tried to go inside that cabin again.

Five minutes had passed since Zen's soul pillar stayed. Then, the light became brighter, and all the golden lights seemed to gather and form an entity.

When viewed from afar, the light pillar continued to condense and almost turned into a solid golden column that tightly enclosed Zen.

The Soul City and faces in the soul cloud originally made various kinds of sounds.

But after the golden column appeared, the whole Soul City immediately became quiet.

The song that rang continuously also stopped.

Everything was silent but it felt uneasy, so all the Souls of Light that were present became vigilant.

Meanwhile, the Souls of Light who were still in the soul cloud chose to give up and jumped down from the soul pillars. Then, they looked at the scene above in shock.

Crack!

The soul pillar under Zen's feet trembled and began to rise slowly again.

Zen, who remained nonchalant the whole time, finally began to feel a lot of pain.

When the golden column was fully formed, it thoroughly wrapped Zen within.

In turn, Zen couldn't move or see anything. It seemed that he had become a part of the golden column.

When the Primeval Lord of Heaven saw that Zen was about to ask something, he immediately uttered, "Stop asking. Let's wait and see!"

Although the Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't know what that was, he was actually quite excited. He realized that Zen had a chance to ascend to the top. Even though everything came so suddenly and was even hard to understand, things seemed to go in a way he had expected.

It wasn't long before a number of 1, 720 feet appeared on Zen's soul pillar.

At that point, the solid golden column that wrapped Zen suddenly collapsed, and the material of the column repeatedly shattered, peeled off, and fell into the soul cloud from above.

When those "faces" saw the broken pieces fall, they swarmed towards them like a school of fish in the pond and desperately scrambled for those fragments.

While the golden column continued to peel off, Zen's Soul of Light slowly appeared, then the ninth Holy Soul Imprint fell on his head.

"Power Guide Imprint!"

Zen stood on the surface of the soul pillar, straightened his waist, and breathed slightly.

The nine Holy Soul Imprints in his soul outlined golden meridians that were distributed the same way as his body's meridians.

As he exhaled, the golden meridians turned from light to dark, then from dark to light.

Even though his soul had reached the Holy Soul Realm and had almost the same strength as his physical body, it was still a soul.

At that moment, however, his soul underwent a qualitative change.

The nine Holy Soul Imprints formed a large circulation, and made his soul a different life!

"What's this?" Zen asked when he saw a small copper ring float in front of him.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven looked at the copper ring with interest.

He had seen it before when he obtained the seventh imprint.

Zen stretched out his hand and gently pulled the copper ring, which caused the entire Soul City to shake.

A huge gear wheel on the right side of the Soul City rolled slowly and continuously released the chain made of souls.

A chain bridge, which was originally hidden inside the wall, descended slowly and extended towards Zen. The bridge led to that cabin with a spire!

Chapter 3720 Chain Bridge

Light streamed out from the window of the cabin.

However, despite that the cabin was illuminated by the candlelight, one couldn't see anything through the window with just their naked eyes.

As the chain bridge came down from the opposite side of the soul pillars, the opportunity of exploring the secret in the cabin that remained unknown for over a thousand chaotic eras finally presented itself.

"Go ahead, Zen," the Primeval Lord of Heaven coaxed. "Perhaps you have obtained a chance to face them."

Staring at the chain bridge before him, Zen hesitated.

To be honest, the only reason why he was exploring the Soul City was to reach the Holy Soul Realm. Now that he had achieved his goal, he had a chance to turn back.

Yet, something tugged at him from the back of his mind. He carried the book of the human race, after all. He was the only hope of the human race.

In a sense, he didn't have the right to give up the opportunity to explore the secret.

"Who are 'they'?" Zen asked.

"The civilization that built the Soul City," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered.

Zen's heart skipped a beat. "Is this the civilization that never existed?"

"Never existed? Who told you that?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven raised his eyebrow slightly, feeling a bit stunned.

"Snake Goddess," Zen replied. "Actually, to be precise, the avatar of her."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled faintly. "Snake Goddess thought too highly of herself. The Soul City, the Land of Bone Tribulation, and the Eternal Scroll Painting are the proofs of the existence of the Instant Civilization. No matter how powerful the Element Spirit race is, it's impossible for them to create these things. In fact, they would try every way to destroy them first if they have the chance!"

If the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation were completely destroyed, no one else would be able to enter the Eternal Realm. As the forerunners, the Element Spirit race could have prevented others from becoming stronger than them by simply destroying the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation. Obviously, they had every reason wanting to destroy them.

Unfortunately, they hadn't succeeded. Despite trying more than once, they couldn't seem to completely destroy them. Helplessly, they had no choice but to watch as the Other Shore creatures and the Souls of Light came and went through the Soul City freely.

"Then... Are you saying there are remnants of the Instant Civilization inside that house?" Zen's interest was finally piqued.

"We will only know after you enter and have a look," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied with a smile.

Zen nodded.

Without further hesitation, he took a step forward--right onto the chain bridge.

Because his Soul of Light had changed, the way he perceived the world felt different. This new Colorless Soul felt like a newborn beast that had just emerged from its shell. Whenever it touched anything, it felt novel and soft.

Just as Zen stepped on the chain bridge, something suddenly rushed over from the entrance of the Soul City.

It was clear as crystal, as though it were made of sculpted ice. It seemed to have a form, but Zen couldn't tell for sure as it kept morphing into different shapes as it rushed over. At this moment, it had turned into a pair of wings, flying towards the soul cloud.

"Whoosh!"

It was astonishingly fast. Before Zen even had the time to blink, it had stepped onto the bridge.

Zen watched it head straight towards the building on the other side of the bridge. He noticed that when it had rushed for a certain distance, dots of orange light appeared on the chain bridge.

One by one, the dots of light stuck to the surface of its crystal clear body. The figure started to struggle, as though each orange dot was a hand that pulled at it.

The crystal clear thing kept trying to shrug off the orange dots of light, but soon, it could barely even budge.

Gradually, the icy body melted into a pool of blue liquid that flowed along the chain bridge.

"What's that?" Zen finally asked, as he watched the pool of blue liquid trickle down the sides of the bridge.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven sneered. "It is a Chill Ice Slave."

"It's from the Element Spirit race?" Zen raised an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Yes, they are stronger than the Moon Fire Slaves."

In the past, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had slain countless Moon Fire Slaves and Chill Ice Slaves-- however, he had struggled slightly more with the latter.

The bodies of the Chill Ice Slaves were ever-changing. Additionally, they were much stronger than the Moon Fire Slaves.

The Soul City was important. Naturally, the Element Spirit race kept a close eye on it. After Zen had caused all the strange things to happen, the Element Spirit race was immediately alerted.

The instant the Element Spirit race found out the chain bridge had been put down, they wanted to seize the opportunity to explore the secret. They too wanted to know what was within the cabin.

However, they had failed in their efforts.

Zen gingerly took another step forward, then another, and another. After a few more steps, the dots of orange light appeared once more.

Now that Zen could see the light dots up close, he noticed they were irregularly shaped. Some were circular and some were in diamond shape, looking like orange petals floating in the air.

As Zen saw these light dots approaching him, he furrowed his brows.

Just now, the Chill Ice Slave was killed by the orange light dots. Naturally, he didn't want to experience the same fate.

But these orange light dots were too densely packed together, there was no possible way Zen could pass through safely.

"Da..."

Just as Zen hesitated, an orange petal landed gently on his arm. Zen jerked back by instinct, but the petal had already latched onto his arm.

To his surprise, the orange petal didn't hurt. In fact, it seemed his skin just absorbed it. After touching the golden meridians in his arm, the orange petal merged into his body and became a part of his Soul of Light.

Simultaneously, Zen felt a trace of warmth emanating from his arm, specifically the spot where the petal landed.

"These...things won't hurt me?" Zen asked, thoroughly perplexed.

"Of course." The Primeval Lord of Heaven chuckled softly. "After all, you got nine Holy Soul Imprints and activated this chain bridge. How could the Instant civilization make the mistake of hurting you?"

His eyes twinkled. In the Primeval Lord of Heaven's mind, the Instant Civilization was the chief designer of this entire world.

Time, space, truth, Godly Ways, and any laws--these were all designed by the Instant Civilization, a magical race that never made mistakes.

Zen nodded. Then, he proceeded to cross the chain bridge with ease.

The orange petals of light did no harm to Zen. On the contrary, they nourished his soul like a warm embrace. As Zen walked through the dense cloud of orange petals, he raised his arms to let his Soul of Light absorb them.

The chain bridge was only a few thousand feet long. It wasn't long before Zen arrived at the end of the bridge. Taking a deep breath, he stepped off the bridge and onto the path that led to the cabin with a spire.

It was only then he realized that the buildings in the Soul City were built quite strangely. The entrances were quite narrow. If the creatures of the Instant Civilization had forms, they must've been very thin...

However, after a few more steps, the path gradually widened.

Carvings decorated the sides of the steps, but they were of neither beasts nor scenery. The carvings were quite abstract, showing only shapes from squares to circles to triangles, and so on.

There seemed to be rich notes around these shapes. Upon a closer look, Zen realized these were fist-sized Sanskrit words that seemed to be explaining the connection between these shapes.

Zen surveyed his surroundings. However, he couldn't decipher the Sanskrit words. He was about to keep moving forward when the Primeval Lord of Heaven suddenly stopped him.

"Zen, wait for a moment. I want to study these intricate carvings..." The Primeval Lord of Heaven was extremely interested in these carvings and Sanskrit words.

Chapter 3721 The Door Closed

Zen had made it here, so he was in no hurry. Since the Primeval Lord of Heaven now wished to observe and study, he would let him do so.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had lived for over a thousand chaotic eras. Although he was not as skilled at deciphering Sanskrit words as Geoffrey, his attainments in Sanskrit words were still notable.

As long as the words weren't too complicated, he would have little trouble reading them.

The carvings contained many secrets of the inner workings of the world and while he pondered over them, he seemed to have resolved many doubts he held in his heart.

There were some things he didn't know or couldn't understand before, but he was able to find them on the carvings on both sides of the path.

"I see...

I did not expect that!"

the Primeval Lord of Heaven exclaimed in a number of strange ways, while Zen slowly moved forward.

As he moved further and the patterns on the walls turned more complex, the Primeval Lord of Heaven exclaimed less, simply because they were too complicated for him to understand.

Eventually, the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, "Hurry up. I can't understand any of them anymore."

In this world, the unknown always outweighed the known.

Zen nodded and sped up.

Beneath the soul cloud, all the Souls of Light stretched their necks, watching Zen's every move.

What took place had nothing to do with them, but once they left the Soul City, they would most definitely report in great detail the events that transpired.

"So many years have passed, and finally someone is able to enter that cabin!"

"Will he be able to come back?"

"Zen, be careful..."

Some were jealous, some were envious, and some even cursed under their breath.

Elvinia though, was a little worried.

She had heard of the origin of the Soul City, but she had never thought that Zen would be able to reach its top.

Zen took a few more steps and an exquisite wide square with all sorts of obscure patterns around it, hanging in the air, came into view.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven could not understand them but this did not stop Zen. He passed through the hanging square and a small ladder was placed in front of him. Above the ladder was the door to the cabin with a spire.

Zen climbed the ladder and at the top, saw a wooden gray door.

"This door... is not made of souls?" Zen muttered, raising his eyebrows in confusion.

Everything in the Soul City was constructed from the souls; buildings, floors, walls, ladders, and so on.

However, the door of the cabin was different. It was just an ordinary wooden door. It seemed the door had been there a long time as the entire thing looked gray.

A small iron ring hung on the left side of the door. Zen stretched his hand out and gently knocked it against the door.

But the knock did not ring out...

Zen felt something soft in his hand, and the iron ring had already been embedded in the door. It appeared to be made of dust. After a gentle touch, it collapsed into a cloud of dust drowning Zen beneath it.

Gradually, the dust dissipated.

Zen still held the iron ring in his hand as he peered into the cabin.

The interior was decorated very simply; the walls were plastered with gravel and the floor was covered with a gray blanket. In the center of the blanket stood a small wooden table with a little golden pot atop it.

A wisp of pale yellow flame flickered at the opening of the pot, illuminating the cabin.

Zen stepped on the blanket and it puffed into another cloud of dust.

"Puff!"

It was not just the blanket but the table as well that had collapsed into dust at the slightest contact.

"Bang!"

The golden pot fell to the floor with a solid thud and the flame was extinguished.

The flame died out and the light in the room dimmed. At the same time, the light throughout the entire Soul City began dimming as well.

"Hoo..."

Soul faces began appearing one by one on the walls around the Soul City!

Some faces looked like humans and the souls appeared in human form. Some appeared as strange beasts, some had slender bodies, some were flat, some were jagged...

For a moment, all sorts of strange souls floated around the Soul City.

"Awoo..."

They rushed out of the wall and soon found that this time was a little different. In the center of the Soul City, there seemed to be a large number of Souls of Light near the soul pillar!

These Souls of Light were still alive and were the most delicious living creatures they had ever seen!

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

For a moment, the souls rushed crazily at the Souls of Light.

"Where did these things come from?" Dailey asked, caution growing within him.

A few brown souls rushed over. He stretched his hand out and began slashing it out.

"Soul Whipping Skill!"

Suddenly, his five fingers elongated and turned into five slender whips, lashing forward.

"Crack! Crack! Crack..."

All the souls shattered with a thunderous clap.

Those who could reach Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore all possessed Indigo Souls of the ultimate level. They all fought back at the souls rushing at them.

As for Elvinia, she had no trouble at all destroying those souls charging at her.

Any souls that dared approach her were swiftly smashed to powder by her gentle palm strike.

When they had rushed out of the wall, the door at the entrance of the Soul City had rumbled like an earthquake!

"Is the door to the Soul City closing?"

"What's going on! Why is it closing so early?"

"Get out of the Soul City right now!"

All the Soul City's terrible legends came to everyone's mind.

The front door to the Soul City was about to close and they were still a ways away from it.

"Hoo, hoo..."

Just then, countless souls rushed out of the soul cloud, their surfaces faintly coated in gold. The aura they emitted was quite obviously much stronger than that of the other souls.

One of the members of the Separate Abyss race stood right below the soul cloud. He was swallowed by a large fish-shaped golden soul before he even had the time to react.

His miserable screams echoed from the belly of the giant fish, but soon after disappeared...

"Anson has been eaten by that big fish!" Toby roared.

The others of the Separate Abyss race all cried in horror as well.

It was then that the door to Soul City shut completely with a monstrous bang.

Chapter 3722 Dreaded Eyes

Each time the gates to the Soul City were closed, the souls imprisoned in the walls and the earth would emerge in a bloodthirsty haze.

Because they had no consciousness, their only instinct was to constantly devour or be devoured. There were no winners here.

Even the most powerful of souls would eventually exhaust its energy, and turn into a mindless zombie till it sank back into the earth and became a part of the Soul City.

After a while, they would be born once more, and began to devour other souls to grow more powerful, until they sank back into the earth, and so on. The cycle was never ending.

The Souls of Light from the Source World often waited outside the Soul City. From the gates, they could hear all kinds of howls and shrieks coming from within the Soul City.

The Soul City was not home to Souls of Light nor the Other Shore creatures. It was home to these resentful souls.

Now that the door was closed and all the Souls of Light were locked inside, it was not hard to imagine how things would turn out for them.

"Everyone, huddle!"

Libby reacted quickly and ordered with a trace of anxiety in her voice.

In a situation this chaotic, if they tried to fight on their own, it was only a matter of time before they all died. Now, they needed to band closely together.

Obediently, the other Souls of Light moved closer to her. Even Dailey from the Bearing race, who was initially hostile towards her, huddled towards the others.

Just as everyone gathered around Libby, a dragon-shaped soul rushed towards them from the sky.

"Soul-shattering Strike!" Libby cried.

The moment she saw the dragon-shaped soul headed straight for them, she knew how powerful it was. Without hesitation, she launched her strongest soul attack.

Raising her hand to the sky, countless soul swords shot upwards, one after the other.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

The Soul-shattering Strike was indeed powerful. If it was any other Soul of Light, it'd have been beaten to a pulp by now.

However, when the swords hit the surface the dragon-shaped soul, the energy actually bounced off and disappeared into thin air.

Libby's face fell. Trembling slightly, she felt an incredible need to run away.

However, the dragon-shaped soul was extremely fast. It bared its menacing teeth at Libby, poised to bite her head off.

Libby froze. As panic welled within her, she silently resigned herself to her fate.

Just as she was about to shut her eyes tight, a figure flashed in front of her.

"Boom!"

Under such a violent collision, the dragon-shaped soul was smashed into pieces. Its head writhed and wriggled on the ground before them.

However, when the other souls saw the mangled dragon-shaped soul, they had flocked over it and devoured it violently. In no time, there was nothing left of it.

"Princess Elvinia..." Libby looked at the figure in front of her gratefully.

In her eyes, these princes, princesses, as well as the children of the leaders of the mountains, were not even worth much thought. Even if these people were talented, Libby always thought they were too unruly and arrogant and they couldn't achieve anything extraordinary.

Yet now, she felt indebted to Elvinia. She had forgotten that Elvinia had a physical body here!

"Get up," Elvinia said indifferently. "Follow closely behind me."

Libby nodded slightly and stood obediently behind Elvinia. Now was not the time to feign bravery.

When Gabriel, Carver, and other disciples from the third floor of the Land of Sword Grief realized how strong Elvinia was, they too rushed to her side. They thought they might have a better chance of making out of this alive if they stayed close to her.

Swoosh...

Just then, a golden fish-shaped soul lurked nearby, swimming across the ground as though it were water. Ominously, it swam beneath everyone's feet, taunting them almost.

This fish-shaped soul had had a taste of the Souls of Light before. How could it give up this delicious opportunity so easily?

"Whoosh!"

After locking onto its target, the fish-shaped soul suddenly jumped up from the ground, like a salmon leaping gracefully into the air from a river. Opening its bloody mouth, it swallowed up three Souls of Light that were nearest to it in one gulp. Then, it hid under the ground once more.

It wandered along the ground until it reached the walls of a building in the Soul City. As it swam around, digesting its most recent prey, it eyed the Souls of Light beside the soul pillars.

The big fish was not the only hunter here. Countless golden souls rushed out from the soul cloud, hungry for soul food. Each hunter could live for a very long time, and their strength could not be underestimated.

Despite chances of survival looking quite slim, the Souls of Light continued to launch their counterattacks. Except for Dailey who had reached the Holy Soul Realm, the other warriors, including Toby of the Separate Abyss race didn't have the ability to fight back. Consequently, the air was filled with their screams.

"Hurry up! Step back behind Dailey!"

"Princess Elvinia from the Oneness Sky Palace has a physical body. She can protect us!"

Gradually, those Souls of Light gathered behind the two of them.

However, those light golden souls were not willing to give up. They wandered in the ground and observed carefully. As long as there was a chance, they would jump up, tear up a Soul of Light, swallow it into their mouths, and then dive into the ground...

In the cabin, from the small window, Zen could see the chaos taking place outside. His expression darkened.

All these strange things started happening only after the golden pot fell to the ground, extinguishing the flame.

It didn't take a genius to figure out the cause and effect.

The Soul City would open every 132 hours. When it opened, the window of the cabin would be illuminated. Evidently, this was thanks to the flame of the golden pot.

In other words, every 132 hours, the golden pot would automatically light up with a flame--or, someone lit it every 132 hours.

Once the flame was ignited, the doors to the Soul City would open.

Then, 132 hours later, the flame of the golden pot would be extinguished, closing the gates to the Soul City.

Now that the flame was extinguished by Zen, the door closed in advance!

Just seconds after flame was extinguished, the Soul City was already in chaos. Zen needed to ignite the flame again somehow.

"Flame..."

When Zen was in the form of his physical body, he could use the Elementary Fire Godly Way to easily release flames.

But in this situation, where could he possibly find a fire?

Anxiously, he racked his brains trying to come up with a solution. Suddenly, his eyes lit up and he turned to the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "Is Master Zhurong able to..."

Before he could even finish speaking, the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied. "If Zhurong can make a move, I can also release flames to help you ignite the golden pot. But you have forgotten what form you are in now."

The Civilization Artifacts were borne by Zen's inner world, turning into a strange form. When Zen entered the Other Shore with his physical body, he could release them from his inner world.

However, when he was in the form of Soul of Light, he couldn't use any Godly Way. Consequently, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others wouldn't be able to help much.

Zen's frown deepened and he turned to stare outside the window again.

Suddenly, a streak of golden lightning flashed across the soul cloud.

"Crack!"

Two huge dark blue eyes emerged from the depths of the soul cloud.

Chapter 3723 The Second Hand

Many soul hunters with strange shapes and peculiar figures had already emerged from the soul cloud.

These hunters moved at an incredibly high speed all over the place. They moved on the ground, on the walls, and along the surface of the soul pillars. They were eager to find any chance to devour the Souls of Light as soon as possible.

However, as soon as Elvinia and Dailey attacked them, the situation stabilized gradually.

The two of them protected most of the Souls of Light, one on the left side and the other on the right side. As soon as the hunters jumped out of the ground, Elvinia and Dailey would immediately attack them and tear them apart into a million pieces.

However, when two deep dark blue eyes suddenly appeared in the massive golden cloud, all the hunters seemed to be frightened for their lives. They quickly moved on the ground to hide in the buildings around the Soul City...

At the same time, the soul cloud emitted an extremely powerful aura, which seemed to be astoundingly irresistible.

Under the pressure of this aura, those Souls of Light, which had turned into the Indigo Souls at the ultimate level, immediately trembled. They were shaking so badly as if they were naked in a world with nothing but ice and snow.

"What is that?"

"What an intense soul pressure! I feel like I'm going to be torn apart!"

"Oh my God! If the door doesn't open soon, we will all die here!"

Even Dailey, who had already turned into the Colorless Soul and reached the Holy Soul Realm, felt great pressure as he looked up at the two deep dark blue eyes. He clenched his teeth together so hard and his face turned as pale as a ghost.

The aura of the soul alone was already very terrifying. If the monster within the soul cloud came out, how could he survive at all?

Although Elvinia was already protected by her physical body and felt slightly better than the rest, the powerful and overbearing pressure also made her incredibly pale and shocked. She didn't think she could resist that thing and survive with her physical body.

When Zen saw the pair of deep dark blue eyes, the corners of his eyes also twitched crazily.

He had encountered many dangerous experiences and resolved countless crises in his life, but the pair of deep dark blue eyes that he was facing now were undoubtedly the most dangerous type he had ever encountered!

"Where can I find fire to light the pot? It's simply..."

Just as Zen was feeling extremely anxious, his eyes fell on Elvinia. His heart skipped a beat as an idea popped into his mind. The divine flames of the Sun Crow race! Because of her bloodline, Elvinia could use this soul theurgy!

In the Dark Region, Elvinia had lit up candles through the divine flames. Zen was so anxious about what was happening just now that he totally forgot about it.

Without any hesitation, he grabbed the shiny golden pot on the ground and rushed towards the door.

However, just as he was about to reach the door with the golden pot in his arms, the pot was suddenly controlled by a huge force and firmly fixed it at the door. Zen was caught off guard and was thrown out of the cabin with a spire. Fortunately, he grabbed the ladder and didn't fall all the way down.

The golden pot could never be taken out of the cabin!

"Elvinia!"

Zen roared as he hanged on the ladder.

Elvinia, who stared at the pair of huge eyes in the soul cloud, didn't dare to even move a little bit. When she heard Zen shout, a trace of confidence suddenly blossomed in her heart.

As long as she and Zen stayed together, no matter how big and difficult the crisis was, they could overcome it!

"I need flame!

Give me the flame as fast as you can. Fire can disperse these demons and ghosts!

It might also help in opening the door of the Soul City!"

Zen's booming voice attracted everyone's attention.

"What? Did I hear that correctly? Can he really disperse these souls?"

"He can still open the door? Is that true or is he just lying?"

"I don't care whether he is telling the truth or not. We should believe him and at least let him try."

When the Souls of Light heard Zen's loud shout, their hearts were immediately filled up with hope.

After understanding the meaning of Zen's words, Elvinia took a step forward, then quickly passed by the soul pillars, and ran wildly into the depths of the Soul City.

"Puff!"

At that moment, a wisp of slender flame appeared in Elvinia's hand.

She could use the divine flames of the Sun Crow race gracefully and skillfully. As she sprinted, she reached out her hand and gently pointed towards Zen, who was standing outside the cabin.

"Swish!"

The wisp of flame turned into a long thin thread and it shot towards Zen from the distance.

The cabin was more than three thousand feet high. Even with such a long distance, Elvinia could still release the flame with ease. As the thin thread continued to extend towards the cabin, the deep dark blue eyes flickered gently in the soul cloud behind Elvinia. They revealed a trace of malicious aura.

As the soul cloud surged, a ginormous hand suddenly stretched out!

The skin of this hand was as rough as a bark of a tree. Its surface was also covered with neoplasm, which looked extremely terrifying.

Just as Elvinia was concentrating on releasing the flame, Zen suddenly shouted from above, "Watch out! Something is behind you!"

When she turned around, she realized that she had no time to dodge as the giant hand had already reached her. With a scream, she was grabbed by the hand, and the wisp of flame that she had released was broken...

"Oh no! Elvinia is caught by that enormous hand!"

"What are we supposed to do now? That's our only hope!"

"Stop it!"

As the scene unfolded right before their eyes, many Souls of Light were shocked to their core.

Dailey and the others also realized that the reason why the door closed in advance was definitely because Zen had entered the small cabin with a spire. And the only chance for them to leave the Soul City was that Zen used the flame to help them!

Even if the monster within the soul cloud was ridiculously strong, they could only fight with all their might.

All of the Souls of Light, including Dailey, tried to stop the huge arm before it caused more damage.

However, even Elvinia, who had a physical body, was unable to break free from the strong hand. When these warriors attacked the giant hand, it was as if they were tickling it since it had no effect at all.

"Break up!"

A strong desire to survive rose from the bottom of Dailey's heart.

His hands suddenly transformed into two long whips with sharp edges. With countless sharp whip shadows, they cut crazily and deeply on the huge arm.

"Crack! Crack! Crack..."

The bark-like skin of the arm was cut by the long whips. Bits and pieces of the skin were scattered everywhere.

Dailey had reached the Holy Soul Realm and obtained a Holy Soul Imprint. Compared to the other Souls of Light, he could at least do some damage to the giant hand.

"Dailey! We need you! Cut off this hand now!"

"If the hand is cut off, it will automatically release Elvinia!"

"Come on! Do it now!"

Many Souls of Light encouraged Dailey's spirit and gave him hope.

However, this injury was nothing to the giant hand. It was not even a flesh injury. Instead, what Dailey did only enraged the monster within the soul cloud more.

Just as Dailey was carefully cutting the hand, a black shadow suddenly appeared in the soul cloud. It was another hand!

"Ah, damn it..."

Dailey suddenly felt an ominous premonition in his heart.

"Boom!"

The hand quickly descended from the sky and slapped Dailey to the ground.

The ground in the whole Soul City was trembling because of the impact. When the huge palm left the ground, Dailey had disappeared.

Elvinia kept struggling to escape from the first hand, but she couldn't move at all because the huge hand was around her waist.

Just as she was about to be dragged into the soul cloud, the thought of the deep dark blue eyes staring at her sent a chill down her spine.

In despair, she suddenly thought of her right hand!

Chapter 3724 A Cold Civilization

When they were in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, Elvinia had given all the things stored inside her Sumeru space back to Zen.

Afterward, when they stepped into the Dark Region in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, Zen had returned two candles to her.

In fact, by that time, Elvinia had become a purified being and already mastered the Great Sanskrit Light. She could easily maneuver her way through the Dark Region, rendering the need for the candles useless. Even so, Zen had asked her to bring them along as an added precaution had the need occurred. Not thinking much of it, she put them away with her.

However, during their venture in the Dark Region in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, she never got to use them.

Once that memory flashed in her mind, she instinctively raised her right hand. Suddenly, a blast of blue light took the shape of a square as a candle slipped out of the Sumeru space.

"Puff!"

When the flame that rested on her palm brushed across the tip of the candle, it caused it to ignite in response.

A "Soul Candle" had unique characteristics that set it apart. Once it was lit, it would be impossible to extinguish its flames. Even if it was placed in the Sea of Truth, it would still be insufficient to put out its flares.

As soon as the candle was lit up with compelling flames, Elvinia wasted no second and jerked her hand upwards to violently throw it in the air.

The strength of Elvinia's corporeal body was by no means weak. In fact, she was a force to be reckoned with. If she wanted, she could throw the candle at an unbelievable height of hundreds of thousands feet high, let alone a few thousand feet high.

"Woo!"

An eerie sound coming from the soul cloud filled the air as if to pierce through the nerve-wracking atmosphere. The giant hand that entrapped Elvinia suddenly began to close around her as it exerted strenuous pressure. The feeling of being crushed rang like a jolt of electricity on her bones as she faced the repercussions and let out a painful cry. She desperately held onto every last thread of life she had left in her.

Fortunately for her, Zen had instructed her to refine a fair amount of Body Strengthening Jades for her safety. If not for that, her bones would have been reduced to dust, and her body crippled beyond repair.

As she processed her thoughts, her eyes met the other giant hand stretching out from the soul cloud. When she followed its direction, she realized it was heading towards the candle at an incredible speed.

"No!"

One after another, Elvinia felt her spirits crumble in unison with every bone that cracked under pressure. Even though her corporeal body acted as an armor to protect her soul underneath, the sensation of her body slowly going frail felt real. It wasn't hard to fathom the excruciating pain that came with having all bones broken as if they were nothing.

Despite her situation, she kept her gaze fixated on the candle as her last beacon of hope.

"Damn it!"

Zen was quickly alerted when he saw the floating candle. His eyes flashed and widened all of a sudden.

But when his eyes fetched the scene of the giant hand trying to grab ahold of that candle, the overwhelming sinking feeling in his heart caused his body to slump.

However, he suddenly had made up his mind as he clenched his fists.

"Whoosh!"

Within a split second, he had jumped off the ladder without a second thought.

At this point, both the candle and the giant hand had ascended to a height of three thousand feet. It wasn't far from the cabin with a spire. As Zen closed the distance between himself and the candle, he effortlessly grabbed the candle, securing it. At the same time, he used the back of the giant hand as a boost as he lightly touched it with his tiptoes.

With this strategy, he gained enough momentum to boost himself upwards back on the ladder. Then without wasting a second, he used both his hands and feet to climb his way towards the cabin with a spire.

"Waah...Waah..."

Earsplitting cries erupted from the soul cloud.

Dark clouds of rage clouded around the big dark blue eyes that now looked as frightening as ever.

Soon, the entire Soul City was filled with traumatized Souls of Light that shook unwillingly after being exposed to such strong negative emotions. The intensity of its rage was so overwhelming that they couldn't resist, and they were scared out of their wits.

Meanwhile, the giant hand that outstretched from the soul cloud made its way towards Zen in an attempt to capture him.

However, before it could even brush over him, Zen's free hand suddenly burst out a spark of soul force, causing it to momentarily flinch. Taking advantage of the window of time, he rushed up the ladder and rolled himself to safety in the cabin.

Even with all odds stacked up against it, the monster in the soul cloud refused to accept its defeat. It continued to extend its hand towards Zen's direction in hopes of dragging him out from the cabin.

However, the moment the giant hand made the slightest contact with the door of the cabin, it was quickly blocked by an invisible barrier. It refused the monster any access inside.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Still continuing its efforts, the monster struck the door with its massive fist three times, each blow stronger than the last. But the invisible barrier remained firm and refused to let down its guard. Feeling defeated, the giant hand retreated reluctantly.

Zen had no time to waste on stressing over the giant hand outside the cabin. With the candle in his possession, he quickly turned it around and pointed it towards the mouth of the golden pot.

"Buzz..."

At this gesture, a wisp of flame formed at the mouth of the golden pot. Soon, the candlelight in the cabin with a spire shone brightly once more and lit up the entire place.

"Woo..."

As if its demise was triggered, the dark blue eyes that were once filled with rage showed a hint of sorrow as they gradually closed. The giant hand that entrapped Elvinia loosened its grip and returned back to the soul cloud.

Following suit were the golden souls that also rushed towards the soul cloud while the others vanished into walls or sank into the ground.

"Rumble..."

With a rustic sound, the gate of the Soul City opened up slowly.

As if an immense catastrophe was averted, the Souls of Light from various races across the Source World heaved a deep sigh of relief.

Whatever might have happened, for them, it was satisfying enough to see the gate of the Soul City open before them.

Once the gate was opened, they felt much safer. No accident had been reported inside here when it was open for the past countless years.

However, after having experienced their fair share of traumas just now, they all walked towards the gate of the Soul City.

"Princess Elvinia!"

Libby, Gabriel, Carver, and the other members from the Oneness Sky Palace quickly rushed to Elvinia's side.

Libby crouched down next to her and closely examined her profile before heaving a sigh of relief. "Luckily, Princess Elvinia is just unconscious after what she just faced. There is nothing to worry about. We must move her out of the Soul City first!"

Of course, she was saying these things to Zen.

In fact, everyone knew full well the mess was nothing but Zen's fault. He was the root cause behind it.

Libby was unaware of what Zen had discovered above to have caused such a mishap. Even so, due to being a member of the Oneness Sky Palace, she had no choice but to give him support. Moreover, after the closing of the gate of the Soul City, many Souls of Light of the Oneness Sky Palace were lucky to be unscathed. Only Elvinia ended up injured.

So she hoped Zen would take the opportunity to explore the top of the Soul City instead of coming down to check up on Elvinia.

Zen's paced breathing didn't take a second's worth of rest until he heard the news from Libby from below.

How could he live with himself if he were to become the cause of Elvinia's death?

He stood inside the cabin with a spire and continued his search. With the golden pot still in his hands, he rotated it from all sides to observe it intently.

The table and carpet inside the cabin had been reduced to dust. There was nothing worth a second glance other than the golden pot in his hands.

"Is this golden pot the key to the gate of the Soul City?" Zen muttered to himself, his voice now low with disappointment.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven seemed very calm.

Although he also entered the cabin with his expectations high, he knew this kind of disappointing result was common.

In fact, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had explored a few similar relics before, such as the end of the Sky Cloud Water Road in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, and the grey white house in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. Those things couldn't have been built by the Element Spirit race. The civilizations on the Other Shore weren't gifted with such an ability. They could only have been left behind by the Instant Civilization.

However, the Instant Civilization appeared to be devoid of all emotions or thoughts. They would not leave any trace or information in the relics, which was somewhat abnormal.

Many civilizations that had entered the Other Shore would bear extreme disappointment towards the Other Shore after staying there for a period of time. They would end up killing away all the creatures of their civilization, which meant that they would commit mass suicide together.

But before they wiped out all the creatures of the civilization off the surface of the map, they would build a temple and leave information and something else there to vouch for their existence.

In contrast, the Instant Civilization hadn't left any information whatsoever. The relics they had left behind all looked cold and empty. They appeared to scream with arrogance, "We once existed, but we don't need your understanding. You are not qualified enough to find us."

Chapter 3725 Starry Roc-fish

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others all agreed with the Primeval Lord of Heaven's conclusion.

The arrogant Instant Civilization was stingy with clues.

As for why, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others had many ideas and speculations.

The Snake Goddess believed the reason to be very simple. The Instant Civilization was so powerful that they took the other ruling civilizations as weak and pitiful tiny bugs.

Why would they leave any clues to the bugs?

The Snake Goddess' deduction was simple and crude, so not many agreed with it.

The others didn't think it was that simple. If the Instant Civilization really looked down upon the later "bug"-like ruling civilizations that would come, they would not have made all kinds of complex rules on the Other Shore.

For example, the suppressive power of every stage of the Other Shore was different. If this rule was removed, the Element Spirit Civilization that had set foot on the Other Shore first, would probably have dominated the entire Other Shore and anyone who came after wouldn't have stood a chance.

Not to mention the deliberate and careful arrangements such as the Soul City, the Land of Bone Tribulation and the Eternal Scroll Painting that were obviously for the promotion of the later generations.

The Instant Civilization would not create such a meticulous and painstaking blueprint if they saw the future generations as bugs...

The arguments about things they did not know were endless, plus the theories everyone put forward could not be proved. Thus, to this day, whether it was the human race, the Element Spirit race or the Nihility race, they had yet to understand the attitude of the Instant Civilization.

"It makes sense for a key to the gates of the Soul City to be hung here," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said smiling.

Zen stared at the golden pot, stretched his fingers out and extinguished the flame at the mouth of the pot.

Rumble!

The gates of the Soul City began closing once more.

As it did, all the souls began floating around, as if a banquet was about to begin.

"Ah, why is it closing again?"

"Zen hasn't come out yet!"

"Luckily we got out..."

Libby and the others outside were overtaken with anxiety at the sight of the Soul City about to close its gates again.

Seeing the ghosts about to dance in the Soul City, Zen gently tapped the candle to the mouth of the pot and lit it, igniting a faint flame as before. As he did this, the souls returned to the walls and the gates slowly opened.

After lighting the flame, Zen put it out.

He lit it again, and then put it out...

His repetition finally aroused heated dissatisfaction.

The souls that howled in the walls let out angry roars. The pair of dark blue eyes that had been immersed in the darkness appeared again. "Woo... Woo..." Zen didn't understand what they said, but from their tone he figured they were mad at his recklessness.

"Zen, what are you doing?"

Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven was confused.

Zen curled his lips and said, "The golden pot must be ignited to open the city gates. Since the gates are opened every 132 hours, it means that someone must be lighting the pot every 132 hours..."

The logic was simple and sound. But perhaps it was because the Primeval Lord of Heaven hadn't been surrounded by human ways of thinking for so long that he hadn't considered this himself.

"The floor, door, and table of this room can't be touched," Zen added.

After Zen reached the Holy Soul Realm, his soul was already solid and as strong as his body. All it took was a gentle touch to destroy everything in the room, which meant no one had touched it before he had.

"This means that the 'person' that lit the golden pot came from above," Zen said, raising his head to look up.

There didn't appear to be anything above his head except for the fist-sized stones the whole room was made up of.

He stared at the stones for a moment before jumping up and putting his fingers into a crack between the stones and fixing himself on it. Holding himself up, he raised the golden pot to the stones.

Under the light of the fire from the golden pot, they began to change color.

The originally grayish white stones turned dark blue embellished with colorful dots of light, seeming to form a wallpaper of a colorful starry sky that spread out above the room.

"It's a painting of a fish. It's really quite mysterious..." Zen said with a curious smile.

All the stones glowed and it became apparent that the lights were not arranged in random. Instead, they formed the outline of a huge fish.

"That's no ordinary fish. It's a roc-fish, the Starry Roc-fish!" said the Primeval Lord of Heaven, his voice trembling with excitement. He was even more exhilarated by this than Zen.

"What is the Starry Roc-fish?" Zen asked inquisitively.

"It's a giant sky beast that flies throughout Stage Thirty-three," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied. "When it passes by, the entire sky will change. It is a gentle and beautiful creature."

Zen thought a moment and then asked, "But Primeval Lord of Heaven, if we see the Other Shore as a special space, it would still be within the chaos. Stage Thirty-three is at the top of the chaos, then if we look up, what we see above our heads should be the ceiling, right?"

"You are wrong," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, shaking his head in disagreement.

When Zen had first told him about King Manard, namely Ziya Jiang and the Abstruse Energy World, he wasn't all that surprised as he had seen the Abstruse Energy World in Stage Thirty-three once he raised his head!

Stage Thirty-three was different from the Deleting Space. The latter was separated by a "wall" and in order to break that wall, Ziya had spent a great deal of time, using any means possible.

However, there was no ceiling at the top of Stage Thirty-three. The bright dots of light above were the starry sky which was exactly the Abstruse Energy World!

"Since there is no ceiling, why haven't you gone there?" Zen pressed on. This was all new to him.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had mentioned that there was also an entrance to the Abstruse Energy World in Stage Thirty-three. However, the entrance was under the control of the Element Spirit race, so there was no way for them to go that way.

"Although the Abstruse Energy World is atop Stage Thirty-three, there is an invisible force field a million miles above us. The inner layer of this force field is not equal to its outer layer. When any material passes through, it will be torn to pieces as a result of this unequal pressure," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained. "The force field was discovered by Fuxi, so it was named Fuxi Unequal Force Field. It covers the entire Stage Thirty-three..."

"The only road to cross through the force field is controlled by the Element Spirit race," the Primeval Lord of Heaven added.

"I see," Zen nodded while he stared at the wall.

He noticed a thin, sharp horn on the head of the Starry Roc-fish, and a flame drawn on the horn.

"Flame..."

"Golden pot..."

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, I think the golden pot is lit by the Starry Roc-fish," Zen said confidently.

Chapter 3726 Return

There was only one picture within the cabin. A wisp of flame was gracefully depicted on the Starry Roc-fish.

Zen's judgment was based on such simple logic after all, and it needed further evidence to prove it to be true.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven spoke quietly, "It's highly likely. But how can you prove it?"

"Prove it?" Zen looked out of the window as he considered the question.

His gaze pierced through the thick soul cloud, and fell upon the city gate in the distance.

The gate would open or close every 132 hours; open for 132 hours and then closed for 132 hours.

He believed it would not be difficult to prove his theory. He simply needed to wait for another 132 hours.

The souls wandering around outside the cabin could not enter it. Zen couldn't help but worry that something unexpected would happen as he was waiting.

He turned around to look at the Starry Roc-fish again. His expression became grave, and with little hesitation, he blew out the flames of the golden pot with a puff of air.

A deep rumble shook the ground.

His eyes shifted back to the window to watch the gate of the Soul City slowly swing closed.

Zen had opened and closed the gate to the Soul City too frequently. Maybe that was why the Souls of Light paused at the sound before crawling from the walls and flooding the city streets.

Meanwhile, outside the city gate...

Libby, Elvinia, Gabriel and the others watching the gate from the outside were confused.

"Zen can freely open and close the city gate..."

"Why would he close it now, though?"

"Do you think something is wrong?"

Despite her look of worry, Elvinia was trying to remain as calm as she could.

It seemed the souls could not enter the cabin, so Zen must have had his own reason for doing so. She decided to wait patiently here.

They could still see light from within the cabin, but it looked to be just the candle that was shining.

Zen kept a watchful eye on the candle. He needed to be able to protect it at a moment's notice. If the light were extinguished, he would most likely lose the chance to leave.

He watched as the souls within the walls and in the soul cloud began to move, one after the other.

Zen knew there were many souls residing in the Soul City, but the longer he remained here and watched, the more souls he noticed. The city was practically swarming with souls.

The souls hidden within the walls acted like water that gushed out of a mountain ravine nonstop.

They were all densely packed together, overlapping and falling over every inch of the Soul City.

Zen could feel his scalp begin to tingle as he watched the densely packed souls from the window.

The sharp sound of a large object whistled through the sky.

Zen watched as several predators burst through the soul cloud, their golden light reflecting eerily off the mist. They devoured thousands of souls in their path. The lowest level souls had piled up, so it was impossible to know the true number eaten.

An hour had passed before the pair of dark blue eyes appeared again.

The monster whose true face was obscured by the soul cloud was the strongest of the predators. It stretched out its hands and aimed to capture those light golden souls.

Zen watched with blank expressions for more than sixty hours, the scene the same all throughout the city: the large fish ate the small fish, and the small fish ate the shrimps. And then it all stopped.

The souls in the square had become fewer, and only a small portion of the light golden souls floated around corners to avoid being eaten by the massive eyes.

When it was full enough, the pair of menacing eyes focused their piercing stare on the cabin. Zen knew that it could tell he was in here. His suspicion was confirmed when it reached out a hand towards the cabin to gently tap the window with a finger.

It tapped three times, 'knock, knock, knock'.

The creature seemed to be taunting Zen, reminding him of its existence.

In fact, Zen had paid the most attention to it, so he didn't need to be reminded.

Although he knew it could not enter the cabin, he couldn't help the nervousness creeping up his spine.

The soft sound of singing made its way to Zen's ears.

When the knocks subsided, Zen could make out a bit more of the song. It was a harmony of a variety of voices coming from within the cloud.

The song was fast paced and exciting at first, and then it gradually slowed to take on a smoother, melodious sound. After a moment of the beautiful sound, a tinge of sadness began to creep into the voices.

"Could it be the monster singing this song?" Zen muttered under his breath.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven hummed in acknowledgement, "Yes, I believe so."

"So it knows the Sanskrit words?" Zen asked.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was silent for a moment before saying, "That seems to be the case."

It seemed that the monster had been simply trying to communicate the only way it knew how, by singing that strange song.

However, neither Zen nor the Primeval Lord of Heaven could understand a single word.

The singing continued for several more hours until the sound became slow and listless before it finally gave up and fell silent.

Time continued to drag by as Zen waited patiently.

Once 132 hours had passed, the colorful lights on the walls began to shimmer and fluctuate.

Zen's eyes grew wide as he watched the change.

The Starry Roc-fish on the wall began to move. It twisted its tail and swam along the wall. Suddenly, it peeled itself from the wall and jumped straight for the golden pot.

Atop the tiny horn on its head, an orange flame danced and wiggled.

It paid no mind to anything within the cabin as it made its way to the golden pot, but when it came close it realized that the pot had disappeared.

An odd cooing sound fell from its fishy lips.

The strange sound seemed to be it questioning the lack of golden pot.

For countless chaotic eras, the position of the golden pot had never been changed. Where could it have gone?

Its head turned to and fro before it realized that Zen sat in the corner.

"Woo?" it cooed once more.

The Starry Roc-fish felt a little uneasy at the appearance of a stranger.

Zen could feel its nervousness that was slightly edged with fear, so he slowly pushed the golden pot a little further out in front of him. "I-I don't wish to harm you. I would just like to speak to you," Zen said softly so as not to startle it.

As Zen spoke, the eyes of the Starry Roc-fish flashed with multicolored lights.

It took a moment for it to comprehend his words before words started to spit from its mouth.

"Fire..." The voice was small and raspy with disuse.

"World..."

"You, I..."

The series of words didn't make any sense until Zen's eyes widened with surprise. "It, it seems to be..."

"It is adapting to our language," the Primeval Lord of Heaven cut in.

"But I only said one sentence..." The shock in Zen's voice was obvious.

"Some creatures have different methods than ours," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said. "Perhaps with a single word from you, it is able to learn our entire language. It must process information differently from us."

After uttering what seemed like an endless stream of random words, the Starry Roc-fish finally spoke a full sentence. "You returned too late. You did not come while he was waiting. You returned too late..."

Despite the fact he could now understand what was said, Zen still found himself confused. "What do you mean by that?"

"He has been waiting for you to return!" the Starry Roc-fish repeated in a sharp tone.

"Return..."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and Zen suddenly thought of something.

When Zen had broken through the soul cloud and obtained the nine Holy Soul Imprints, he went about it a very different way than others did before him.

He hadn't suffered too much pressure to the point it had all seemed too easy. The feeling was just like going home, so the Primeval Lord of Heaven guessed that it might have something to do with the mysteries in Zen's background and origin.

Chapter 3727 Visitors

These words made Zen rather perplexed.

He never had any doubt about his background and origin—the blood running in his veins was undoubtedly inherited from his parents.

Everything in Soul City was related to souls. One's bloodline completely didn't matter here.

Therefore, when Zen heard what the Starry Roc-fish said, the first thought that appeared in his mind was that it had mistaken him for someone else.

"Return? You mean this isn't my first time to the Soul City?" Zen asked.

The Starry Roc-fish blinked and made a slight nod.

"Have I come here before?" Zen asked again.

The Starry Roc-fish nodded again.

"What makes you think so?" Zen became more and more bewildered.

"You're the only one who can get nine Holy Soul Imprints; nobody else can," the Starry Roc-fish said concisely.

Upon hearing what the Starry Roc-fish said, the Primeval Lord of Heaven heaved a deep sigh and said, "I see."

"What?" Zen asked in his mind.

"I've told you before that I obtained seven Holy Soul Imprints back then and that it is already an extremely rare occurrence on the Other Shore, right?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked back.

"Yes, but you also said that someone else managed to obtain eight Holy Soul Imprints," Zen answered.

"That person was my junior fellow disciple. His talent has always been greater than mine," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said regretfully, "but after he obtained eight Holy Soul Imprints, he was always unhappy. He felt that with his talent, he ought to be able to obtain the ninth Holy Soul Imprint successfully. Moreover, his soul pillar had grown to 1, 710 feet tall. Unfortunately, when he was about to succeed, he was suddenly attacked by an unknown force and fell down."

The junior fellow disciple of the Primeval Lord of Heaven was the Grandmaster of Heaven. At that time, he had yet to have a falling-out with the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and they still treated each other like brothers.

"In other words, the ninth imprint..." Zen said hesitantly.

"It is impossible to be obtained by anyone else but you," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Zen shrugged and smiled helplessly. "Apparently, I have to get acquainted with myself again..."

The Starry Roc-fish swung its tail from side to side repeatedly, stuck its horn out, and started to sway around at the mouth of the golden pot. Before long, a wisp of flame suddenly burst at the golden pot's mouth, and the gate of Soul City was once again opened.

The Starry Roc-fish had to do the same task day after day. Even though Zen's arrival was a very special event, it didn't really pique its interest.

It continued to swing its tail, intending to return to the wall.

"Wait a minute." Zen stepped forward and stopped the Starry Roc-fish. He still had a lot of unanswered questions weighing on his mind—how could he let it go that easily? "Since you said I had been in the city before, you must know me. Tell me, who am I? And who's waiting for me?"

"The one waiting for you is my master, and you're the one my master's waiting for."

The Starry Roc-fish then continued to swing its tail, propelling its body forward and passing through Zen's hand.

Its body was neither soul nor corporeal form, so Zen simply could do nothing to stop it.

"Buzz..."

The moment the Starry Roc-fish drilled into the wall, it turned into a mural that glittered with dots of lights.

"Hey!

So you won't move anymore?

That isn't an answer at all. You should at least explain it clearly!"

Zen shouted at the wall. Just as he prepared himself to wait for another 132 hours, the Starry Roc-fish suddenly stuck its head out and came out of the wall again. It then swept its head along the wall gently.

The light dots on the wall continued to converge. In a short while, they already shaped some sort of a small key.

In the next second, the key popped out of the wall and fell to the ground with crisp jingles.

"Ding, Ding, Ding..."

"I'm just a spirit servant that's guarding the Soul City on my master's behalf. You should go to Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. This key should help you in finding my master..." Upon saying that, the Starry Roc-fish sank back into the wall and didn't come out again.

Zen picked up the key and examined it for a while.

There was nothing special about this key. At least from its appearance, it just looked like an ordinary key.

Zen smiled bitterly and said, "There are so many locks in this world, but you just gave me a key. God knows for which lock this key is..."

"It shouldn't be difficult to find the lock," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a smile.

"You mean..."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven continued, "There are indeed many locks in this world, but there aren't many in Stage Thirty-three!"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was one of the very few people who had set foot in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore, so he naturally knew the Three Purities Stage well. Just now, he had even come up with a few guesses regarding this matter, so Zen should go to the Three Purities Stage to verify his guesses.

With a shrug, Zen stretched out his hand. A blue square of light appeared out of thin air and started to flicker. Without further ado, Zen threw the key into it.

Immediately afterward, Zen left the cabin. When he arrived at the soul pillars, many of the Souls of Light present quietly directed their gazes at him. After all, he now looked completely different from them.

The aura he emitted even scared them.

"Zen!"

When Zen passed by the area where the soul pillars were, he heard Elvinia's call.

Elvinia already entered the city the moment the gate opened, but instead of climbing back up the soul pillar, she stood waiting next to it in silence.

After seeing that Zen was safe and sound, she finally heaved a relieved sigh.

"Sorry, I didn't inform you in advance when I closed the gate to the Soul City..." Zen said apologetically.

In any case, Elvinia must've been worried about him for a long time.

Unexpectedly, Elvinia smiled and said, "I've gone to the Flow Sword Sect to see you and found you were fine, but my mother also asked me to send you a message. The Snake Goddess has come to our Oneness Sky Palace. She wants to see you."

Although the Oneness Sky Palace was temporarily peaceful, a large number of people were still pessimistic about the future.

After all, it was very dangerous for a super force to have no Eternal Warrior watching over it.

Although the Snake Goddess of the Pear Hill came to the Oneness Sky Palace only for a visit, her presence undoubtedly made many people feel much more relieved.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi were the most outstanding among the Eternal Warriors after all.

"Okay, I see." Zen looked at Elvinia and said, "Come on! You should do your best too!"

Elvinia wanted to step into Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore with Zen, but Zen had already passed the trial in Soul City in one try. She, on the other hand, might have to spend a while stuck in here.

Even though Elvinia was talented, it wouldn't be easy for her to pass through the Soul City in a short time.

She naturally understood this clearly.

"Okay!"

Elvinia nodded and then leaped onto the soul pillar.

Right after Zen stepped out of the gate of Soul City, he chanted the Illusion Breaking Rune under his breath and left the Other Shore.

After a period of reconstruction, the originally destroyed Phoenix Palace was almost completely reconstructed.

However, the current Phoenix Palace was only good in terms of its external appearance. The powerful arrays protecting it, such as the Primitive Illusion and the Three-Element Sword Array, had already been destroyed.

Pearce, Auden, Winchell, Athemar, and other important officials of the Oneness Sky Palace, were all waiting in the Supreme Dragon Hall.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess both sat on the seats of honor in the Supreme Dragon Hall. They were here naturally to wait for Zen.

Chapter 3728 Strong Soul

"The last time I was here, I saw the ingenuity of the Primitive Illusion, and praised it. But alas, I didn't expect it to be destroyed in just a few short years..." the Snake Goddess trailed off, a trace of sadness appearing on her beautiful face.

"It's just an illusion array. I can set it up at any time. Since Zen hasn't retreated from the Other Shore yet, I can set it up now," Fuxi said reassuringly, to comfort the Snake Goddess.

Pearce's eyes lit up at Fuxi's words. He said gratefully, "Human Sovereign, if you are willing to set up an array for us, it will be a great honor for the Oneness Sky Palace."

However, the Snake Goddess did not look impressed. She gave Fuxi a cool look and said, "The Oneness Sky Palace does not lack a powerful array. What it needs is warriors that can confront those in the Eternal Realm, and an array will be of no use for that."

Fuxi saw the way the Snake Goddess was staring at him and felt embarrassed.

The Snake Goddess was right. No matter how powerful the array was, it would be meaningless for the Oneness Sky Palace without protection of Eternal Warriors. At most, such arrays could only slow down the enemy's attack.

As they were speaking, a guard's voice suddenly came from the front door of the Supreme Dragon Hall. "Here comes Zen Luo from the Oneness Mountain!"

Zen swept into the hall, and the conversation stopped as everyone turned towards him.

Strong masters like Athemar and Master Hai raised their eyebrows when they caught sight of Zen. It was immediately apparent that he had undergone some great trials, for there were fundamental changes in his aura.

His eyes were bright with an incomparably strong aura. Indeed, just gazing into those brilliant eyes made everyone feel surprised. Only after his soul had made great progress could Zen produce that awe-inspiring effect on others.

"Zen, have you passed the trial in the Soul City?" Athemar asked, already knowing the answer.

He was familiar with Zen's abilities, and had always predicted that Zen would be capable of stepping into the Land of Sword Grief in a few years.

But now, Zen had exceeded even his high expectations. In an impossibly short period of time, he had faced and overcome the trial of the Soul City.

It gave Athemar a jolt to realize that Zen's cultivation level was now almost equal to his own.

"Yes," Zen said simply.

People burst into chatter, reacting to his astonishing announcement. "You managed that so fast!"

"I'm sure that only a few days ago, you had only reached the eighteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm. And now you have reached the Holy Soul Realm?"

"It all sounds unbelievable!"

Pearce stared at Zen, unable to hide his shock. Mere days ago, he and Zen had discussed Stage Thirty-three. To have passed the trail of the Soul City since then was nothing short of astounding.

Flamine, who was sitting on the leftmost, smiled faintly. "Elvinia didn't tell me!"

The news that Zen had reached the Holy Soul Realm made the people of the Oneness Sky Palace feel proud and overjoyed, but there was also a sense of frustration.

After all, they were not the Eternal Warriors. They were only at the Holy Soul Realm. They couldn't help but feel slightly envious that a young man like Zen managed to catch up with them in only a few years, making them pale in comparison to him.

Zen turned to the guests in the room. He cupped his hands towards them and said formally, "My greetings, Snake Goddess and Human Sovereign."

Fuxi snorted arrogantly, while the Snake Goddess curled her lips in a smile. She said, "How many times did you try to reach the Holy Soul Realm?"

The others looked at Zen expectantly, for they had forgotten to ask him about this. No one in the Source World had ever reached the Holy Soul Realm in fewer than ten tries. If Zen had done it on fewer attempts, he would set a new record.

Zen's expression didn't change. "One," he replied calmly.

His answer stunned everyone who heard it. Flamine's eyes widened. She knew that even Eastern Emperor Taiyi had attempted to reach the Holy Soul Realm ten times before succeeding.

The powerful warriors in the Supreme Dragon Hall gazed at Zen with increased respect, feeling honored to be in the presence of such a great talent.

A single attempt?

No one could think of anybody who had ever passed the trial of the Soul City on their first attempt.

They thought back on what they knew of history and tried to remember other great warriors, but it seemed that such a record had never been seen before in this round of chaos.

Even Fuxi had dropped his arrogant expression. He stared at Zen with amazement, as though he was looking at a monster. "Is this true? You reached the Holy Soul Realm on your first try?"

The Snake Goddess maintained her composure. She said calmly to Zen, "And how many Holy Soul Imprints did you get?"

The Souls of Light present in the Soul City had all witnessed Zen obtaining the Holy Soul Imprints, and surely many of them had reported it to their own races by now. There was no way for him to hide the truth.

"Nine," Zen replied honestly.

For a moment, silence fell upon the Supreme Dragon Hall. Then it was broken by a burst of noise as everyone began talking all at once.

"Zen, did you really get nine Holy Soul Imprints?" someone asked incredulously.

"I...I got only one..."

"Most of us got none!"

Among all the senior officials of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, only Auden had been able to obtain a Holy Soul Imprint. But even that single imprint had made Auden's soul far stronger than other Colorless Souls.

They were dumbstruck at the thought of how powerful Zen's soul had become, with nine Holy Soul Imprints. He had become incomparably strong.

"No one has ever obtained nine Holy Soul Imprints. Are you exaggerating?" Fuxi couldn't resist asking. His brows were drawn together in a frown. He couldn't believe that Zen had managed to gain such an impossible feat.

Even the Snake Goddess had narrowed her eyes, astonished at Zen's claims. But unlike Fuxi, she didn't ask any accusing questions. She met Zen's eyes and said, "Please release the soul pressure and show us what you've accomplished."

She was inclined to believe Zen, but she still wanted to see proof. She also wanted to see exactly how strong a soul reinforced by nine Holy Soul Imprints could be.

Zen had just withdrawn from the Other Shore, and had yet to test the limits of his newfound power. He felt an unprecedented sense of overwhelming strength, but he didn't know precisely how powerful his Soul of Light had become.

"All right," he agreed, wanting to see for himself.

He closed his eyes slightly and took a deep breath.

The room had fallen quiet as everyone watched Zen. The only sound was Zen's soft exhalation as he breathed out.

In that moment, his eyes opened, and a formidable soul aura burst out.

Gasps could be heard around the hall at the sight. The nine Holy Soul Imprints combined to form a whole, constantly circulating within his soul.

The soul aura expanded rapidly, permeating the entire Supreme Dragon Hall and exerting pressure on everyone within it.

All the warriors present, except for Fuxi and the Snake Goddess, felt the suppression of a more powerful aura than their own.

"Incredible!"

Athemar couldn't hold back a slight, bitter smile.

He had initially thought that Zen's cultivation level was now on par with his own, but it seemed now that he had underestimated Zen.

Outside the Supreme Dragon Hall, new guards stood on duty, unaware of what was happening inside. They all possessed great cultivation strength.

But when Zen's invisible soul pressure burst outside the bounds of the hall, it soared past them into the sky, enveloping them. The guards stiffened and looked around, feeling as though there was some ancient, powerful beast in the hall. A sensation of iciness washed over them and many of the guards fell to their knees as their legs trembled, unable to stand.

The soul pressure lasted for a few seconds. Zen closed his eyes again, and retracted his aura. After a moment, he blinked, and his eyes returned to normal. But they still emitted a sense of contained power.

"I've never seen anyone who has nine Holy Soul Imprints. Zen, you have not yet entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, but your soul is already so powerful. Once you have done so, your strength will only grow. I look forward to what you can accomplish," the Snake Goddess said, nodding to him to show her appreciation.

Even Fuxi had no mocking words for Zen. A hint of gloominess was evident in his expression.

Fuxi had never been convinced of Zen's abilities the way so many others were.

After all, there had once been a huge gap between Zen and himself. He had not expected nor imagined that it was possible for Zen to catch up with him so quickly.

Would Zen really surpass him in a few days?

Fuxi scowled. He would never accept that!

"I hope to step onto Stage Thirty-two as soon as possible, and become an Eternal Warrior," Zen said.

Murmurs rose from the crowd of people, and the Snake Goddess lifted an eyebrow. She said, "I heard that you had summoned Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Did you really find the human race on the Other Shore? Could I meet them?"

Pearce had told her the truth about Eastern Emperor Taiyi defending against the enemy, so the Snake Goddess was extremely concerned about it.

Chapter 3729 Deduction Of Descending

The reason Zen found the Creation Myth Temple was because of the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed.

At first, he obtained the seed in the hopes of increasing the blood of the Ancient Chaos God in his body.

But since the Snake Goddess didn't even ask about it, Zen decided it would be best to not report to her.

"I did find them, and I also found you," Zen replied.

The Snake Goddess's eyes widened, surprised with his response.

Pearce mentioned that the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had appeared beside Zen, and this left her confused. If this was possible, could it be that there was another Snake Goddess? However, Pearce failed to explain clearly, so the Snake Goddess was just assuming based on a whim.

Just then, Zen transmitted his voice into his inner world.

Within a few moments, three faint figures floated right out of Zen's head.

The two figures on the left and right were the Snake Goddess and Fuxi respectively and the Primeval Lord of Heaven was in the middle.

The Snake Goddess looked at her real self before her, studying each and every part. She brought her fingers to her mouth, shocked that her real self had the exact same aura, appearance, and expression as hers.

Meanwhile, Fuxi frowned at the sight of his real self.

At the same time, he couldn't help but notice how free and easy his real self was.

"You... You are me?" the Snake Goddess asked.

The real Snake Goddess nodded politely with a soft smile, "Yes. I've heard that Pear Hill led the many seeds we sowed before. You're quite extraordinary, if I do say so myself."

"Are you praising yourself or praising me?" The Snake Goddess let out a small chuckle.

"Both."

The two Snake Goddesses got along so easily, as if they were the best of friends. The Fuxis, on the other hand, had not moved since their eyes met. Their eyes were wide and both of them appeared speechless, making it really awkward.

After a few minutes, the Primeval Lord of Heaven introduced himself and explained the situation of the Other Shore to the Snake Goddess.

When Fuxi heard that the Civilization Artifact was carried by Zen, a look of sadness washed over his face.

It seemed that Zen was becoming more and more significant to the human race.

"I actually had a gut feeling when I initially planted these seeds," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained. "If it weren't for the intervention of the Element Spirit Civilization, the human race would have already had the largest, most absolute advantage."

It was known that the Primeval Lord of Heaven found and used a loophole that helped him sow the seeds of the human race. Though other races used this tactic as well, it was no match for the Primeval Lord of Heaven's plan.

At this time, the Element Spirit race's progress was relatively slow, but they were still able to use Divine Farmer, Yellow Thearch and Emperor Charm. They ended up taking half of the human forces.

With the assistance of the Element Spirit race, the half human forces had potential to dominate the entire Source World.

Although the Pear Hill was not weak, with the strongest warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace being trapped on the Other Shore, the overall strength of the other half proved to be weaker.

"It doesn't mean that we can't put up a fight," Fuxi expressed with ferocity.

His sudden snap made everyone turn to look at him. It seemed that Fuxi pointed out something no one had thought before.

"Okay, I came here to ask Zen for something," Fuxi strayed away from his earlier topic.

Zen blinked his eyes a few times. "And what is it that you want?"

"The golden red Chaotic Source Spirits."

At the mention of the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits, Zen's eyes shot up and pierced through Fuxi.

The first time he came across the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits, Zen had high expectations. However, after a long while, he could not figure out how to use them. They didn't seem to be used to strengthen physical bodies.

In order to speed up the process, Zen left some for Yan to study. Zen's eyes softened as he responded, "Master Fuxi, have you figured out how to absorb the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits?"

Fuxi rolled his eyes. "It is obvious that you want to absorb everything. But you don't know that the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits are not used to strengthen your body- they are used to support the Descending Rings."

"The Descending Rings?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and his two companions couldn't help but shake their heads and exchange looks of confusion.

The crystals produced by the Chaotic Source Spirits had effects on strengthening the Other Shore Realm warriors. This was the information the Snake Goddess had obtained from the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree, and it was passed down by the Primeval Lord of Heaven himself.

However, he and other humans from the Other Shore knew nothing about the Descending Rings, and the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits.

When the Snake Goddess saw that the Primeval Lord of Heaven was a little confused, she immediately said, "Primeval Lord of Heaven, it seems that you are unaware of the change in the Chaotic Source Sea. The Element Spirit race used a method to interfere with the Chaotic Source Spirits, and that is what caused the Descending Rings to appear. Divine Farmer obtained six rings, the Black Ship got three, and Fuxi got the rest three, but... "

She went on to explain everything she knew.

Once she finished speaking, the eyes of the real Snake Goddess, the real Fuxi and the Primeval Lord of Heaven glowed, it was so bright that it resembled starlight.

Seeing this phenomenon, the Snake Goddess's jaw dropped. She had forgotten the desire of the Other Shore creatures to descend...

There was no way that the creatures on the Other Shore could descend from the Other Shore. This law was tough as stone, and had existed since the early years of the Element Spirit Civilization. No one had ever come close to breaking it.

This also meant that the truth would never be violated.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven shook his head to the news. "The Descending Rings? Did any Other Shore creature actually descend with it? "

"Yes," Fuxi said as he nodded. "Divine Farmer attempted to make a Moon Fire Slave descend, but he was quickly killed by the truth."

He knew this after he'd seen the Moon Fire Slave descending through the memory of Thunder Dimorphodon.

"Killed by the truth..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven murmured to himself, trying to understand what had happened. "This only means that the restrictions were never lifted."

In fact, the biggest problem of the creatures on the Other Shore was not descending. The Primeval Lord of Heaven had taken several opportunities to make uses of the loophole to help the creatures descend.

However, the consequence of being erased by the truth was the problem. No matter what descended, it would be erased by the truth. This kind of descending was meaningless.

Eventually, when the Primeval Lord of Heaven discovered another loophole, his agenda was no longer to "descend". Instead, he sowed the seeds of the human race, which was how the greatest human forces emerged: the Pear Hill, the Oneness Sky Palace, the Bearing race, and the Divine Farmer race.

"He was killed by the truth due to the lack of golden red Chaotic Source Spirits. Exactly the ones in Zen's hand," Fuxi added. "If the Descending Rings could cooperate with the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits, the Other Shore creatures would dodge the truth and completely descend, unharmed."

With a gentle wave of his hand, Zen held out his palm to expose the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits he kept. "I didn't realize these Chaotic Source Spirits have such an effect."

Fuxi stepped forward and grabbed one from Zen's hand, and smiled. "Well, it's just a really good deduction. Next thing we have to do is make sure I'm right."

Chapter 3730 The Augury Dog

Fuxi made sure he was well-prepared prior to coming to the Oneness Sky Palace.

However, the one thing he still needed was the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's hand.

Zen eyed him curiously. "What are you going to summon from the Other Shore?" he asked.

Fuxi simply smiled. "You'll know soon enough," he replied cryptically before tossing the golden red Chaotic Source Spirit in his hand as he sat cross-legged on the step.

The steps on both sides of Eastern Emperor Taiyi were reserved for Pearce and Auden.

Of course, since the Snake Goddess and Fuxi were here, the two naturally had to show their respect and let them sit on the steps.

As Fuxi sat down, the real Fuxi above Zen's head spoke. "Why do I feel like this duplicate is even more arrogant than me?"

In the 77th civilization, Fuxi was known for being an unparalleled warrior but also an extremely arrogant man. His talent was incredibly remarkable and his strength was beyond compare.

The real Snake Goddess and her duplicate smiled, knowing full-well Fuxi's reputation and personality.

Whilst everyone waited, Zen turned to the Snake Goddess. "How are Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Madam Yasamin on the Other Shore?"

Everyone's faces darkened at the mention of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Shortly after arriving at the Supreme Dragon Hall, the Snake Goddess told everyone present Eastern Emperor Taiyi's situation. She calmly repeated this to Zen. "I immediately got the news when Yasamin got trapped on the Other Shore. With Eastern Emperor Taiyi's invitation, I followed him to save her with no hesitation. Unfortunately, in his haste to save Yasamin, Eastern Emperor Taiyi put himself in danger."

In fact, she was so close to rescuing Eastern Emperor Taiyi some time ago, but her efforts were in vain.

It wasn't easy to get Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi out of harm's way.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi came over not only because of the Descending Rings and the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits, but also to impart the news regarding Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

The Pear Hill and some masters of the Oneness Sky Palace planned to move all members of the Oneness Sky Palace to the Pear Hill. Pearce, however, did not agree.

If all their members moved into the Pear Hill, it could cause a series of unintended consequences. This matter needed to be planned and considered meticulously.

"Zen has already passed through the Soul City. If he is able to pass through the Land of Bone Tribulation, then he'll be able to reach the Eternal Scroll Painting. Once he does that, our Oneness Sky Palace will finally have an Eternal Warrior who can save Eastern Emperor Taiyi," Athemar remarked with a smile.

After ancient times, there was nobody who was able to become the Eternal Warrior and reach the Eternal Realm.

If Zen managed the impossible, then it would no doubt cause quite the stir in the entire Source World.

"If I am able to step into Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore, I will definitely go and save Eastern Emperor Taiyi," Zen promised.

His definitive reply made Athemar smile with relief.

At that moment, Fuxi suddenly opened his eyes and retreated from the Other Shore.

The Descending Ring floated near him along with the Chaotic Source Spirit.

He gently stretched out his hand and flicked the Chaotic Source Spirit towards the direction of the ring.

"Da!"

In a flash, the golden red Chaotic Source Spirit shot straight towards the Descending Ring.

The moment the golden red Chaotic Source Spirit touched the ring, it quickly melted into golden liquid that flowed around the Descending Ring.

Soon, the entire ring turned golden.

"Buzz!"

There was a buzzing noise as the Descending Ring shook and a small creature appeared below.

It was a dog with bright fur and was only the size of a fist.

The dog was extremely adorable but everyone in the Oneness Sky Palace looked at it cautiously.

Its aura was extremely powerful, no weaker than the Snake Goddess' and Fuxi's!

The dog opened its eyes and looked around curiously.

"Have I descended?"

Fuxi nodded. "Yes."

He was nervous but there shouldn't be any problems. According to the captain of the Black Ship, directly using the Descending Ring would trigger the punishment of the truth, but making use of the golden red Chaotic Source Spirit would be able to deter such a disaster.

However, this was his first attempt so he couldn't be too sure.

The dog looked around and took in its surroundings. 'So this is the world below. The people around here don't seem to be weak, ' it thought.

This dog was an Other Shore creature within Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. Its name was Augury Dog.

The Augury Dog had a good relationship with Fuxi and followed him all the time when the latter reached Stage Thirty-three.

Since it was a creature of the Other Shore and had never entered the Source World, its understanding was limited to Fuxi's stories.

According to what it learned from before, the Source World should be full of weak creatures, but why did the people in this place seem so powerful?

Fuxi smiled at the Augury Dog. "The Source World is bigger than you think..."

As soon as he finished speaking, an invisible wave appeared on top of the Oneness Mountain.

The powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace could feel just how powerful this wave was. Even the Other Shore Realm warriors and civilians were aware of it, having subconsciously lifted their heads towards the Oneness Sky Palace.

The dog's face paled as the power seemed to be aimed at itself.

"It shouldn't be..." Fuxi mumbled with a dark expression.

"Swoosh..."

This sudden wave of truth energy was so powerful that it was enough to destroy heaven and earth. It swept over their heads and quickly went away, not landing on the dog at all.

"Awoo!"

The Augury Dog couldn't help but let out a roar after noticing that the crisis had passed.

Fuxi himself breathed a sigh of relief. "It's done!"

The real Snake Goddess, the real Fuxi, and the Primeval Lord of Heaven were also obviously pleased and excited at the result.

The truth energy had descended and they knew better than anyone what this meant.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, if you could descend to the Source World, then you'd be able to preside over the situation. You'd be able to lead the human race towards prosperity!" The Snake Goddess rejoiced. "I just don't know which realm of the Three Purities Stage you're in. If I join hands with Fuxi, perhaps we can help you out..."

He now had the means to descend, but, there was an even bigger problem.

The outstanding human heroes had also been trapped there for a long time.

So many chaotic eras had passed but all efforts the Primeval Lord of Heaven made were in vain.

He sported a bitter smile on his face. "We are trapped in the Jade Pure Realm."

Everyone's hearts lurched at the mention of the words "Jade Pure Realm".

The Three Purities Stage was divided into the Grand Pure Realm, the Supreme Pure Realm, and the Jade Pure Realm.

The Augury Dog belonged to the outermost layer: the Grand Pure Realm.

Those who could enter the Supreme Pure Realm were supernormal to the Augury Dog's eyes. How could this old man in front of it reach the Jade Pure Realm?

That place only existed in legends the Augury Dog had learned. Some people were able to enter this realm but none ever came out.

Chapter 3731 Summon A Powerful Warrior From Other Shore

It was known that before the human civilization came to life, the Element Spirit Civilization was relatively open.

In fact, they even "helped" other civilizations that just arrived at the Other Shore back then.

However, the price for their "help" was that those civilizations could not threaten the Element Spirit Civilization. Besides, as the second civilization, the Element Spirit Civilization had many advantages, thus they were much more powerful than the other civilizations.

Meanwhile, the concept of the Finale Way had already existed in the first few chaotic eras. But the members of the Element Spirit Civilization internally agreed that it was a ridiculous idea.

All the time, the whole Element Spirit Civilization only watched the other civilizations struggle on the Other Shore amusingly.

It wasn't until the birth of the human civilization that the Element Spirit Civilization felt a sense of trepidation.

Most civilizations felt that to step into Stage Thirty-three was enough to prove their strength. After all, it wasn't easy for even the Chaos Ancient Gods or the Wing King to explore that stage much deeper.

Indeed, there were only about eight races that had reached the innermost part of the stage, the Jade Pure Realm, up until now. Those eight races were quite ancient and were considered legendary.

That was also the reason why the Augury Dog was surprised.

"I believed that our human race was extraordinary when I obtained the unique information from the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree. However, I didn't expect that you would reach the Jade Pure Realm…" At that moment, the Snake Goddess' eyes glinted.

On the other hand, the Primeval Lord of Heaven looked calm. He shook his head and said, "Truth be told, it isn't that none of those civilizations that came after us couldn't surpass our human civilization—it's just that the Element Spirit Civilization never gave them a chance."

The Snake Goddess nodded firmly and added, "If they finish the Purge Way as they planned, then there will be no chance for the entire chaos to survive in the end."

A faint smile graced the Primeval Lord of Heaven's face. "That's not necessarily the case. The degree of chaos will always increase and never decrease. According to their plan on the Purge Way, it will only greatly delay the development of chaos..." he said.

In general, all the activities in the world were in constant chaos. Every time another round of chaos began, the degree of chaos always increased.

If only ten thousand creatures were to survive the Purge Way of the Element Spirit Civilization, then the increase of chaos would naturally slow down. However, as long as even one creature was alive, then it would always increase.

Perhaps after thousands of chaotic eras, the Finale Way would still need to be done...

Therefore, the Primeval Lord of Heaven reasoned that the Purge Way of the Element Spirit Civilization was not a solution, but a way of delay. Whatever was supposed to come would still come.

Upon hearing the Primeval Lord of Heaven's words, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Zen, Pearce, and the others present also felt quite enlightened. Although all of them firmly believed in the Finale Way, some part of them agreed with the concept of the Purge Way and thought that it was another way to save the chaos, even if it was too cruel.

Based on the Primeval Lord of Heaven's analysis, they understood that Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer had chosen the wrong path from the very beginning, and that path was destined to fail.

"It's a pity that Divine Farmer and Yellow Thearch stubbornly chose the wrong course," said Pearce with a shake of his head.

"Some people are just like that. They could never realize that they are wrong by themselves. They need to be slapped awake," Fuxi said nonchalantly.

Pearce's face lit up when he heard Fuxi's words. "Are you saying that you people of Pear Hill will take action?" he asked.

After the Oneness Sky Palace and the Bearing race had a fall-out with each other, they only had the occasional trivial fights. Also, Pear Hill had never fought head-on because there were rules. As a result, the Sun Crow race launched a surprise attack, and the Oneness Sky Palace almost suffered a catastrophe.

Thus, the Oneness Sky Palace must be lying if they ever said that their people felt no resentment at all.

Then again, they had no other choice but to endure as Eastern Emperor Taiyi was still trapped.

But, it was true that they would be happy if Pear Hill did do something.

"If Pear Hill kept tolerating them, of course, they would come to torment us someday. Actually, when the Sun Crow race took action this time, it meant that the war had begun.

The most important reason is that what they are doing currently is completely unbearable," said the Snake Goddess. "What? What they are doing now?" Pearce asked cautiously.

"They used a strange kind of flame to burn many provinces of the Source World. That flame didn't damage the warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm, but the ordinary creatures at or below the Other Shore Realm. They have already set fire in three hundred provinces in succession," the Snake Goddess explained.

"What? How could they do such a brutal thing?"

"Why did they do that? Is it just to clean up those big provinces?"

"Is Yellow Thearch crazy?"

The strong warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace felt distressed at the news.

Even if the Bearing race was quite powerful, they couldn't just slaughter lives recklessly like that!

While everyone was still confused, Master Hai, who was on the far left of the Supreme Dragon Hall, suddenly said, "Usman, I'm afraid that's their purpose."

The Snake Goddess nodded at him, which showed that he was right.

Master Hai's reminder made the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace quickly realize why the Bearing race did such a thing.

"Trigger the negative emotions of the Source World!"

"Have they got Usman?"

"The Yellow Thearch's plan all along was to control the entire Source World through Usman..."

At that point, everyone's fears and anxieties further intensified.

Now that the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill could ally with other super forces to fight against the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race, the outcome of the battle was hard to predict. After all, both sides were on the same level.

But if Yellow Thearch took control of the Source World, it would be as if he started a war on a higher level, wherein he would launch much deadlier attacks.

"Although Usman is the incarnation of the negative emotions of the Source World, he is still just an incarnation. Whether or not he can shake the will of the Source World is only a guess, and nobody knows if he would succeed. Everyone, calm down," the Snake Goddess said and raised her hand to placate everyone present.

The Source World was the primitive land of this round of chaos. Its will was superior and unfathomable.

Yet, ever since Usman was born, many wise warriors had made assumptions, such as one might be able to control the Source World through its negative emotions.

Before the current situation, everyone else thought that such an assumption was only a theory—but now Yellow Thearch began to try it out.

"It seems that things don't look good," someone sighed.

Many of the people's faces dimmed at the comment.

Zen, who had been quietly standing at the side, suddenly smiled and said, "The situation might be not as bad as you think.

Now that we have Descending Rings, we will be able to summon a powerful warrior from the Other Shore!" "Which stage of the Other Shore does the warrior you said we could ask for help come from?" the Snake Goddess asked as she gazed at him with her beautiful eyes.

"We can summon Ziya, who is King Manard I told you about last time," answered Zen.

Chapter 3732 Have A Try

The last time Zen was in Pear Hill, he had taught the Snake Goddess the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

Although the Snake Goddess and Fuxi were quick to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way, they still needed more time.

Even if Zen had already found the human race on the Other Shore and had been to the Deleting Space again, the Snake Goddess still hadn't completely mastered the Truth of Three-Energy Construction, so she naturally didn't have the chance to meet King Manard.

On the other hand, King Manard, namely Ziya Jiang, used to be a master at the Eternal Realm. Moreover, he had stayed in the Deleting Space for over a thousand chaotic eras, so he was strong surely.

If he could descend, then he would undoubtedly become the strongest warrior in the Source World!

"Yes… King Manard can descend…" the Snake Goddess murmured.

Fuxi's eyes lit up upon hearing her words. "Is it that master who's trapped in the Deleting Space?" he asked.

Fuxi was known to be jealous of anyone who was stronger than him, but he was still an upright and kind-hearted man. He was definitely on the side of the human race.

"We can try to let Ziya descend. I wonder if the Descending Ring is suitable for the Deleting Space..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a nod.

Zen smiled and walked straight towards Fuxi. He stretched out his hand and said, "We'll know if it works or not after we try."

With a flick of Fuxi's finger, a Descending Ring floated in front of Zen.

Under the crowd's watchful eyes, Zen sat cross-legged and put the golden red Chaotic Source Spirit into the ring. Then, he began to recite the Truth of Three-Energy Construction and soon returned to the Deleting Space.

These days, Ziya had been accompanying Geoffrey to explore the Abstruse Energy World.

He had been shocked at Geoffrey's performance when the latter had entered the Abstruse Energy World for the first time. After that, Geoffrey continued to surprise him as they continued to explore the world together.

When Ziya had previously explored the mountain on his own, he felt like a blind man who entered a forest. Every step he took had been so difficult.

He could only rely on his superior memory and analysis to make up for what he lacked.

His exploration was extremely time-consuming and exhausting. Therefore, he didn't get to cross the mountain though so many years had passed, let alone cross that river.

However, Geoffrey changed everything.

Generally speaking, Geoffrey's perception was completely different from Ziya's. It was like his eyes were born to distinguish the paths of the Abstruse Energy World.

He had thoroughly understood the whole mountain's situation in only a few days. He had solved all of Ziya's puzzles within a short amount of time.

Ziya's only regret was that Geoffrey was right when he said that the mountain didn't have any resources and he wasn't interested in it.

They proceeded to cross the river next. As Geoffrey led him, Ziya crossed the river and began to explore further.

Truthfully, he was still half unaware of everything about the Abstruse Energy World, and Geoffrey had to lead him almost all the way.

After several explorations, they finally got something new. Ziya's understanding and guess of the Abstruse Energy World increased with each passing day. During the explorations, he had some contradicting thoughts.

He wanted to get in touch with the creatures in the Abstruse Energy World, and more importantly, he wanted to know about the civilization of this world.

Yet, the Abstruse Energy World wasn't as safe as it looked. Many times during their explorations, it was Geoffrey who found the dangers ahead of time and rushed with him, which allowed him to escape back to the Deleting Space.

Even though the Abstruse Energy World was dangerous, it was still fascinating. Ziya even treated Geoffrey like a rare treasure.

He tried his best to meet any requests Geoffrey made, as long as they were within his abilities.

When Zen returned to the Deleting Space, he saw that another magnificent and exquisite palace had been built on the other side of the Deleting Pillars. Of course, the palace was for Geoffrey.

Even if Ziya was omnipotent in this space, it still took him a lot of effort to build such a palace out of thin air with the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

Zen waited in front of the palace for a while. Then, Ziya appeared in front of him through the space fluctuation.

Back then, Ziya had always acted like he was a transcendent being whenever he was in front of Zen. This time, however, he was completely different. He jovially smiled as if he was good friends with Zen.

In turn, Zen was confused, but he respectfully asked, "Master Ziya, where is Geoffrey?"

"He is still in the Abstruse Energy World.

He has been staying there for the past few days," replied Ziya. "Will he be in danger as he is alone?" Zen asked again worriedly.

He would be lying if he said he wasn't worried about Geoffrey when he handed him over to Ziya.

Ziya patted his head and said, "We've encountered several dangers recently, but that kid escaped the Abstruse Energy World at such an amazing speed every time. He should be fine."

The space in the Abstruse Energy World existed in a very special form, so Ziya couldn't understand the way Geoffrey moved.

When Zen saw that Ziya was sure of his words, he felt slightly reassured.

After all, Ziya had been in the Abstruse Energy World for so many years. Fortunately, Geoffrey was like a fish in the water when he was in the Abstruse Energy World, so it meant that he could protect himself.

"This time, I didn't come to see Geoffrey," said Zen.

"What happened?" Naturally, Ziya was confused. He thought that Zen was eager to come back because he was worried about his son.

"I want to invite you to descend to the Source World," replied Zen.

Ziya's eyes widened to the size of saucers. "Descend? That's too dangerous!" he exclaimed.

In reality, his control over the space could allow him to go to the chaos on his own.

But something happened to him before. Many chaotic eras ago, he had tried to throw the things which were created in his inner world into the chaos. However, the second he did so, the things he threw triggered the truth and eventually disappeared. He had given up doing that since then.

As soon as Zen noticed Ziya's hesitation, he told him about the descent of the Augury Dog and took out the Descending Ring.

When Ziya was still unsure, the Primeval Lord of Heaven appeared again. He smiled and said, "You have always been cautious, and cautiousness ensures safety. After all, the Deleting Space is still a bit different from the Other Shore..."

Upon hearing those words, Ziya stretched out his hand and brought out a dark cyan toad from his inner world.

Meanwhile, in the Supreme Dragon Hall, everyone silently waited for the master who was to descend from the Deleting Space.

As Zen opened his eyes, a cyan toad appeared under the Descending Ring. Everyone's expressions became more unreadable at that moment, and the entire hall became even quieter. Since they had met the Augury Dog, which descended from Stage Thirty-three once, many of them thought that the toad was that master they were waiting for.

A violent wave came from the sky, but the toad avoided the punishment of the truth. Once Zen had confirmed that it was safe, he returned to the Deleting Space. A few seconds later, Ziya finally appeared in the Supreme Dragon Hall.

Chapter 3733 Dorothy's Situation

Ziya had lived for a long time. It was only natural that he emitted a strong aura of vicissitudes when he descended into the Source World.

His aura was completely different from that of the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

While the latter gave people the impression that he was someone full of wisdom and knowledge, Ziya seemed like the aggressive sort.

Back when the Primeval Lord of Heaven created the Enlightenment Sect, he had entrusted Ziya with an important post. In fact, these masters of the human race could successfully become Eternal Warriors and reach the Eternal Realm because of Ziya.

When the many powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace sensed the man's aggressive aura, their expressions shifted.

In terms of cultivation alone, Ziya was merely an Eternal Warrior. But his aura was far stronger than that of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess. Was he the powerful master that had descended from the Deleting Space?

"I really didn't expect to come back after over a thousand chaotic eras…"

Ziya strolled along the Supreme Dragon Hall before cupping his hands toward the Primeval Lord of Heaven above Zen's head. "Master, may I have a look at this world?"

"Of course," the Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded.

Once Ziya took a single step forward, everyone was blinded by a white flash of light. They felt nearly no fluctuation in the space, but the man had completely disappeared from the hall.

High up in the sky of the Bloom Divine Province, Ziya stood atop the clouds, overlooking the vast land.

In the Deleting Space, Ziya had absolute freedom. But it was a mere recycle bin to the chaos. The Land of Ashes, which was its another name, was a place where garbage and ashes belonged.

Whoosh!

Once Ziya took a deep breath, the clouds within a hundred thousand-mile radius surged rapidly toward his stomach.

Once the clouds dissipated, everything in the Bloom Divine Province came into view.

When leveled roads and plains were all he could see, a strange look came over Ziya's face. The shape of the world was far from what he had imagined.

In the 77th chaos, the human civilization was established among vast starry regions, while the Source World was much like a giant egg. Every large province was about the size of a starry region.

After taking some time to observe, Ziya returned to the Supreme Dragon Hall and bowed to the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "I've already observed this world, but I still hold much doubt in my heart…"

"If you have any questions, just ask," urged the Primeval Lord of Heaven with a smile.

And so the Snake Goddess came forward and answered the questions about the general situation of the Source World.

Once Ziya picked up more information, the Snake Goddess continued, "Because Eastern Emperor Taiyi is trapped on the Other Shore, the Oneness Sky Palace is in danger without any Eternal Warrior to guard it. But the people of the Oneness Sky Palace have no intention of moving to the Pear Hill, so now, they need a powerful warrior to guard it."

When Pearce, Auden and the other elders of the Oneness Sky Palace heard the Snake Goddess' words, their eyes suddenly lit up.

Moving the Oneness Sky Palace to the Pear Hill was far too big a project, not to mention the fact that the Oneness Sky Palace was already in a state of panic. There was no guarantee that they could avoid trouble during the migration process.

If there was truly such a powerful warrior around to fill Easter Emperor Taiyi's vacancy to guard the palace, everyone would feel at ease.

"If Master Ziya could guard the Oneness Sky Palace, we'd surely be very grateful. So would Easter Emperor Taiyi!"

"Please stay!"

Auden and Pearce cupped their hands and begged in unison.

Much to their surprise, Ziya said, "But I still have something important to take care of in the Deleting Space."

Returning to chaos was a unique experience for Ziya, but his focus was still on the Abstruse Energy World.

Seeing the disappointment in Pearce's and the others' eyes, Zen took a step forward and said, "Master Ziya, I know you have many affairs to deal with in the Deleting Space. But if a strong enemy approaches to attack us, I will help you descend. Is this okay with you?"

At that, Ziya was overjoyed. "Yes, that will do!"

Eastern Emperor Taiyi's physical body was currently still in the Oneness Sky Palace. If he let the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi possess his body, his strength wouldn't be inferior to that of any Eternal Warrior. With Ziya's help, the Oneness Sky Palace could naturally grow more stable.

This time, when Fuxi came, Zen handed over half of the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits while simultaneously obtaining a Descending Ring.

Before Fuxi left, he also warned Zen that the Black Ship had three Descending Rings. He was forced to hand over the thirty golden red Chaotic Source Spirits Zen had given to Yan so that the Black Ship could also summon the Other Shore creatures to descend into Source World.

Now, the most grim were likely the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer. They had another six Descending Rings in their hands, but because they lacked the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits, they couldn't summon the Other Shore creatures to the Source World.

In the Chaotic Source World, many people knew of Zen having obtained the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits. The Yellow Thearch could easily take notice of the fact and target Zen for an attack.

After giving Zen a warning, Fuxi threw a small Eight-Diagram disc to him—it was a voice-transmitting tool of the Pear Hill. Even if Zen was several provinces away from Fuxi, it could still send him a message instantly. Fuxi gave Zen the tool for the purpose that if something went wrong, Zen could ask him for help immediately.

After everything was arranged, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess left with the warriors of the Pear Hill.

Zen was also prepared to return to the Flow Sword Sect and continue to explore the Other Shore.

Just before leaving the Supreme Dragon Hall, his gaze suddenly fell on Winchell, bringing Dorothy to mind.

Since Yasamin was trapped, Dorothy hadn't participated in the war with the Sun Crow race, nor had she appeared on the Other Shore. "Master Winchell, how has Dorothy been recently?" Zen asked when he walked up to Winchell.

"She's not good," replied the latter slowly, wearing a heavy expression.

"What's wrong?" Zen frowned.

Winchell smiled faintly and said, "If you want to know, I'm afraid you'll have to personally pay a visit to the Origin Mountain and have a look. We don't know what happened to her. If the Primeval Lord of Heaven could take a look at her, we'd be very grateful."

The words 'very grateful' lingered in Zen's ears, sounding somewhat ironic.

Part of the reason Zen joined the Oneness Sky Palace was because of his acquaintance with Dorothy, after all. Zen's relationship with her only grew closer after that.

In the eyes of the people of the Origin Mountain, Zen was now the most popular in the Oneness Sky Palace.

It wasn't right that he had completely forgotten about Dorothy, even if he was busy exploring the Soul City.

"You're being too polite, Master Winchell," Zen said anxiously. "Please allow me to go with you."

And under Winchell's lead, Zen headed to the Origin Mountain.

In front of the emerald green palace atop the mountain, Felicity guarded the gate.

Anger flashed across her eyes when she saw Winchell bringing Zen along. "Why did you bring this guy here? Take him away!"

Winchell was a person who would pay attention to the interests of the whole Oneness Sky Palace. Objectively speaking, Zen owed nothing to the Origin Mountain. On the other hand, thanks to Zen, the entire Oneness Sky Palace avoided complete destruction.

But Felicity thought differently.

Chapter 3734 A Dangerous Door

Felicity felt anger welling inside her.

Seeing what was happening, Winchell felt a little embarrassed. In a low voice, he hissed at her. "Felicity!"

Despite Winchell scolding her, Felicity just snorted, "Outsiders are not welcome here."

With an embarrassed look on his face, Zen walked up to Felicity to try to reason with her. "Aunt Felicity, I'm sorry. I didn't know that something happened to Dorothy. So please, let me see her first, okay?"

Zen said sincerely.

He and Dorothy had been through a lot together. Dorothy had accompanied him from the Sea of Truth all the way to Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore. Moreover, she had saved his life before.

After glaring at Zen for a while, Felicity finally stood up. With a gloomy expression, she begrudgingly gestured for Zen to follow her.

Then, she led Zen into the palace.

The palace was not too big. After passing through a hallway, they arrived at the inner hall already.

Upon entering the hall, Zen's eyes fell on Dorothy, who was at the center of the hall. He gasped in shock once he saw her.

On the surface of her body were tiny lines, which flashed with luster. It was as though beneath her chapped skin were glowing gems.

The lines emitted faint red light, but the energy condensed within the red light was extremely terrifying.

Zen was now a powerful warrior in the twenty-ninth stage of the Other Shore Realm. He had three Civilization Artifacts under control and had seen extremely powerful forces. However, almost none of the forces he had ever seen was comparable to what he was seeing now in Dorothy.

"The energy in her body is so powerful..." Zen whispered. He was absolutely floored.

Standing behind him, Winchell said, "Once the energy bursts out, it'll be enough to raze the entire Bloom Divine Province."

Zen's heart skipped a beat. "It's that powerful?!"

"And the energy in her body continues to increase every day," Felicity added.

Ever since Yasamin got trapped on the Other Shore, Dorothy had fallen into a depression.

She no longer went to the Land of Sword Grief, but spent all her time by Yasamin's side.

Felicity recalled there was a time she came to visit Dorothy, but Dorothy was busy thinking about how to save her grandmother.

Back then, Felicity thought that Dorothy was just wishfully thinking.

After all, Dorothy was not able to pass through the Land of Bone Tribulation, let alone become an Eternal Warrior. There was no way she could rescue Yasamin!

To Felicity's surprise, however, Dorothy had resigned herself to meditation since that day. Till now, she hadn't woken up yet.

But during this period of meditation, Dorothy's aura grew more and more powerful with each day that passed. Simultaneously, her skin cracked little by little each day, revealing more lines.

"Buzz..."

The shadow of the Primeval Lord of Heaven once again appeared above Zen's head.

Winchell felt a glimmer of hope. The reason why he had lured Zen here in the first place was because he had wanted the Primeval Lord of Heaven to take a look at Dorothy.

If even the Primeval Lord of Heaven couldn't figure out the reason behind what was going on, then perhaps no one in the world could.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, why are these lines appearing on the surface of Dorothy's body?" Zen asked the question on everyone's minds.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven observed Dorothy carefully for a while. "There seems to be many divine megatons of force in her body. Has she made use of any Other Shore Token?"

Theoretically speaking, if anyone wanted to possess power as great as the energy emanating from Dorothy, they needed to have an Other Shore Token.

It was already very difficult to possess one divine megaton of force with means from the Source World.

"Since she's been on the Other Shore, I doubt she has used any Other Shore Token." Winchell frowned.

The only possibility was that Dorothy had released some kind of Other Shore Token before she had entered the Other Shore, but it was highly unlikely.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven contemplated in silence. It seemed, even he couldn't understand the scene in front of him.

Even though he was extremely knowledgeable, he was not omniscient. There were many unsolved mysteries about the Source World and even the Other Shore.

"Did anything suspicious happen previously?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

Winchell shook his head. "She entered the Other Shore Realm together with Zen. She is an outstanding talent among the members of the Origin Mountain. However, other than that, there's nothing special about her."

As Winchell spoke, Felicity gave him a hesitant look.

She didn't believe that there was nothing special about Dorothy.

Dorothy thought she was the biological granddaughter of Yasamin.

However, this was not the case.

Dorothy's bloodline had been inherited from Yasamin through a special way. When she was young, she had taken Yasamin's unique Blood Upgrading Pill, so that her bloodline had been enhanced to a very high level.

So technically, Dorothy was just an adopted granddaughter of Yasamin.

Yet, Yasamin seemed to have grown fond of her. Having been with each other for many years, Yasamin and Dorothy had a strong bond. But there must have been a deeper reason as to why Yasamin decided to adopt Dorothy.

But alas, no one else knew what the hidden reason was.

Just as the Primeval Lord of Heaven studied Dorothy's body, Zen suddenly clapped his hands as though he remembered something important. "I've once seen a closed door in the depths of her soul. That was in Stage One of the Other Shore. Is it possible that was an Other Shore Token?"

At the time, Zen had been confused as to why such a door was hidden in the depth of Dorothy's soul. Despite his initial confusion, he had never given it any further thought.

Now that he thought about Dorothy carefully, he suddenly remembered how an Other Shore Token could be fused with one's soul.

But at that time, they had just entered the Other Shore Realm. It was unlikely she had a chance to carry any token.

"A door? What kind of door was it?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked curiously.

Zen closed his eyes and searched through the Memory Flame. Then, he plucked an ink brush and a scroll of paper out from thin air, and began to wave his hand.

When one's soul was strong enough, it was easy to navigate through the memories within the Memory Flame.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

As the ink brush danced over the paper, it started to draw very vividly a door with a strange shape.

When the Primeval Lord of Heaven saw the door, his face suddenly changed color. "Zen, are you sure this is what you saw?"

"Yes," said Zen firmly.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven couldn't conceal his shock. "This is the door to another world, and also the most dangerous door in all the thirty-three stages of the Other Shore..."

"The most dangerous door?"

Zen echoed in a daze. The corner of his mouth twitched. He was so anxious that he didn't even take notice of the first part of the sentence—

It was the door to another world.

Dorothy had no idea what would happen if she opened this door.

She had never tried opening it, since Yasamin had warned her not to. She was always obedient to her grandmother, and trusted every word she said.

However, now that Yasamin was on the verge of death, Dorothy saw that she had no other option.

As soon as she entered the Other Shore, she headed straight for the door without any hesitation.

She was keenly aware that monsters were on the other side of that door.

This she knew because more than once she had seen eerie, slender arms and demonic scarlet eyes from the hole on the door.

The instant Dorothy opened the door, she saw a dark passage within it. Somehow, she felt drawn towards it, as though there was some source of power hidden in its depths.

After a moment's hesitation, Dorothy walked past the door's threshold determinedly.

The door was opened in the Myriad Spirits City in Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore. It appeared for only a moment before it quietly disappeared with Dorothy.

Chapter 3735 The Monsters In The Passageway

After Dorothy stepped into the door, the smell of sweet rust filled her nose, even before her eyes adjusted to the darkness.

Frowning, she felt a sense of confusion.

"How come I can smell at all?" she pondered aloud.

She was just a Soul of Light which didn't have a sense of smell...

But to her surprise, when she looked herself up and down, she seemed no longer an ordinary Soul of Light.

Her soul body was filled with red threads which glowed like a lustrous ruby.

These red threads formed veins on her neck, arms, and legs, and even formed outlines of her internal organs, eyes, ears, mouth, and nose.

"What... happened to me?"

Dorothy took a few steps back in fear, instinctively bolting back to the door.

However, at the thought of her grandmother, the fear in her heart dissolved like snow in the summer.

No matter what kind of fate was waiting for her, she was willing to accept it.

If Dorothy had been to the Soul City, she would have found that everything that was happening to her Soul of Light was very similar to stepping into the Holy Soul Realm.

The only difference was that she didn't need to enter the soul cloud; she only had to step through the door.

Since her soul now had gained the five senses, she became more sensitive to the illusions around her. She could even see the dark passageway before her quite clearly.

"Are these...prisons?" She frowned.

On both sides of the passageway, countless rooms separated by menacing fences lined the path.

The fences closest to the door were all broken. It seemed that someone or something had escaped the prison.

Dorothy continued to move forward cautiously along the passageway, her gaze constantly sweeping across the rooms on both sides. She needed to be vigilant now.

"All of them are empty...

Have all the things locked in them run away?

But I have seen those monsters before."

In her eyes, those monsters represented fear.

When she was young, she often woke up screaming from nightmares of these monsters...

Yet, at the same time, these monsters also represented strength.

She needed strength. She knew she was only going to get it through these monsters. Clenching her fist, she knew she wanted to face them.

As she kept walking, she passed by more and more empty cages. She couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed. After all, she had summoned up the courage to open the door, only to be greeted by empty prisons. This was not what she had expected.

Just as she passed by another empty room, she suddenly heard a rustling sound coming from up ahead.

She quickened her pace, her heart beating rapidly.

As soon as she approached the iron fence, a big hand covered in thick fur suddenly grabbed at the metal bars. "Bang!"

All the fences shook violently.

"Bang, bang, Bang..."

"Awoo..."

When the other monsters heard this, they too rushed towards the fences.

They pounded on the metal bars aggressively, howling and shrieking in frustration.

The entire passageway became noisy at this moment. Squinting through the darkness, Dorothy thought she saw something in the distance. To her horror, she realized it was a humongous monster's mouth, gaping widely. Its surging aura forced Dorothy to take a few steps backward.

The monsters in the prisons began to scream excitedly, as though they were alerting something.

From the depths of the darkness, two rays of red light suddenly appeared. The red lights suddenly grew nearer and nearer, quickly closing the distance between them and Dorothy.

As the monster approached, Dorothy could finally see its face clearly.

It looked like a huge monkey. Its limbs were long and dangling, covered in thick fur that hung low above the ground. Its fingers had dangerously sharp nails that scratched the earth as it ran towards her.

Dorothy's eyes widened. It was the same monster that had observed her from the door countless times before!

"You... I'm here now," Dorothy said cautiously.

She wanted to find out who it was.

Somehow, she felt as though she knew it from before.

It had observed her many times, and she had also observed it many times. Somehow, it didn't seem appropriate for her to ask this question.

The monster stretched out its long arms, and its sharp nails were extended towards Dorothy.

Even in the dark, the monster's nails glinted menacingly. Dorothy had no doubt that this monster could easily rip her into shreds.

However, it stopped abruptly and knelt down on one knee before her.

"We... We've been waiting for so many years," it stammered, as though exhausted. "It's so painful. Please fulfill your promise and help us!"

Its voice was hoarse, like two pieces of rusty iron rubbing against each other.

But Dorothy saw past its strange voice. She could tell that this monster was...begging her.

"Help you?"

Dorothy's eyes were filled with confusion.

"The curses on our bodies have lasted for too long. Many of my companions couldn't hold on any longer and all ended their lives. I dragged them out of the prisons and buried them..." the monster responded woefully.

Now, Dorothy had new pieces to her puzzle.

The monsters in the rooms had been locked away here, cursed to wait for her arrival.

However, it seemed she had gotten there a little too late.

The big holes on the fences must've been created by this monkey-like monster in front of her. The monsters hadn't escaped, instead they had been buried...

"I don't know how to remove your curses," Dorothy said slowly.

Her mind was whirling. Her grandmother, Yasamin, was well aware that she had this door, and that she could order around the monsters within it.

However, her grandmother had never mentioned what this door meant, or what her relationship was with these monsters.

Maybe, even Yasamin didn't know...

As soon as Dorothy finished speaking, the monsters on both sides of the passageway immediately roared in despair.

Her answer did not satisfy them.

"Whoosh!"

The monster swiped at her, enveloping her tiny soul in its massive fist.

"Impossible! How could you not know?" The monster's voice was filled with indignation. "This is not what we agreed on. You should have saved us!"

The monster was extremely powerful. With a simple flick of its wrist, it could squeeze Dorothy to death.

She felt as though she were a fragile porcelain doll in its hand.

"Awoo... Awoo..."

The voice of the monsters on both sides of the passageway gradually sounded the same.

"Do you hear them?" The monster's grating voice continued. "They said if you couldn't do it, they would kill you... They have been in despair for too long. They don't care about killing off their last bit of hope!"

Dorothy trembled. She knew that this was not only a threat, but a bared truth.

She had grown up blissfully, with a rather uneventful childhood. Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined that this whole time, these monsters had been hoping for her to come.

Even as she stepped through that door, she had known nothing about it.

She sympathized with them. Desperately, she too wished she knew how to lift the curse.

"Hoo... Hoo..."

Just as everyone was clamoring, they suddenly heard a sharp voice from the depths of the darkness.

The master of the voice seemed to be very authoritative. The instant it spoke, the passageway instantly grew silent.

Biting her lips, Dorothy muttered apologetically, "I really don't know..."

"Purr... Hoo..."

the voice in the distance continued grunting.

The monster that held Dorothy in its hand listened for a while before dropping her onto the ground. Its tone slightly softened. "Follow me..."

Chapter 3736 Two Doors

Under this circumstance, Dorothy was left no other choice.

All she could do was to follow this tall and strong monster.

They walked through more than ten thousand feet of passageway with rooms on either side filled with monsters with long hair.

At every room she passed, the monsters would rattle the bars in their excitement and anger.

Suddenly, Dorothy felt deep inside her that she had a debt to pay them.

Perhaps she owed them something in her previous life and now was the time to repay them for it...

They walked ten thousand feet more when a faint voice came from a room on the left. It was the one who had given the order.

Dorothy approached the cell and saw a long-haired monster whose hair had turned white. Its body was half the size of an ordinary long-haired monster, and it seemed weak and frail.

But the white-haired monster appeared to be highly respected. At the very least, the others obeyed it.

It observed Dorothy for a moment before asking, "Have you really forgotten everything?"

Dorothy nodded and replied honestly, "I remember nothing but this door..."

"Hoo..."

The white-haired monster sighed. "That makes sense. If you remembered anything, you would have come here a long time ago. Coming here is your only way to get home."

"Get home?" Dorothy's eyes widened. "Was I born here?"

The white-haired monster shook its head and pointed not far ahead where there was a fork in the passageway.

At the fork was a door on the left and a door on the right.

"The door on the left is your way home," the white-haired monster said.

Dorothy blinked in uneasiness, her heartbeat quickening, and she asked, "What about the door on the right?"

"That door leads to Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore," the white-haired monster replied.

Dorothy narrowed her eyes on hearing this.

Upon learning her grandmother was in danger, she wanted little else other than to enter Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

But she knew this was impossible for her.

She first had to become an Eternal Warrior and she might never even achieve that.

All her hopes were now placed on that door.

She did not expect there to actually be a path leading to Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

"If I want to step into Stage Thirty-three, I must become an Eternal Warrior and reach the Eternal Realm. Can I do that in my current state?" Dorothy asked.

"Of course not." The white-haired monster laughed.

"You do not want to go home, you want to go to Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore?" The long-haired monster asked, hovering behind Dorothy as she looked forward down the passageway.

Dorothy was their race's only hope.

Just now, the long-haired monster and the white-haired monster had discussed whether they should tell her the way home.

If they told her, would she move on and leave them behind?

Should they explain to her what had happened in that world?

What if she insisted on doing as she pleased?

They had prepared a detailed explanation, but it seemed that Dorothy was not interested in the way home at all!

And so the long-haired monster couldn't help but ask her that question.

"I have to go to Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore," Dorothy replied firmly.

The long-haired monster and the white-haired monster looked at each other, their eyes twinkling with surprise.

If she wanted to remove the curse, she would also have to go to Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

No matter what Dorothy's purpose was, at least she was headed in the same direction as them!

"It is true that in your current state, you are unable to step into Stage Thirty-three, but I have a way to get you in," said the long-haired monster. "But you have to tell me your purpose of going there."

"To save my grandmother!" Dorothy blurted out.

The long-haired monster nodded. "We can help you with this matter, but we ask that you please keep your previous promise."

"To help you remove the curse?" Dorothy inquired.

"Yes."

Dorothy had already made up her mind as she walked down the passageway.

Her current fate seemed to have been determined in her previous life. She had no other choice but to fulfill that promise.

She would not refuse these monsters' requests.

Now they revealed they could help her save her grandmother in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore!

If they really could help her, she would risk her life if she had to. She would obviously not hesitate to agree with them.

In the Crane Blood Province

The Star Crane City was the most prosperous city of the Bearing race.

Three ancient towers were like pillars stretching out of the city to the sky. Each ancient tower had thousands of floors, and housed the core disciples of the Bearing race. The Ji Clan was located in the Supreme Memorial Tower, between the other two towers.

Two hundred Other Shore Realm warriors had lined up on the capacious top floor of the Supreme Memorial Tower.

The Ji Clan had posted a notice some time ago, announcing they planned to select some strong Other Shore Realm warriors to join the Yellow Emperor Guards.

This was an excellent opportunity for the Other Shore Realm warriors scattered among the ordinary citizens to show their potential.

Joining the Yellow Emperor Guards would mean obtaining better resources and even some powerful Other Shore Tokens!

Naturally, since the notice had been posted, more and more warriors flooded this place with hopes of becoming a Yellow Emperor Guard.

But now, their faces filled with confusion as they began muttering to themselves...

They were unsure of the reason for their being sent here. This was the headquarters of the Ji Clan, a place that was difficult for even the most powerful warriors in the Crane Blood Province to enter.

A huge gap existed between the Ji Clan and ordinary people.

Why would the warriors who applied to be one of the Yellow Emperor Guards be sent here?

"Enter!"

The guards escorted the warriors into a palace.

A moment ago, they had smelled the faint scent of the wood in the corridor, but that was replaced with a strong smell of blood after they entered the palace, so strong that some almost passed out.

After they had entered, they saw a young man with black hair curl up in the corner of the palace.

He was naked, covered in blood, and his eyes flashed with a fierce light.

When the Other Shore Realm warriors saw him, they were instantly overtaken with a sense of foreboding.

Some wished to retreat...

Some wondered what was going on...

Suddenly, the door closed behind them and the guards shouted, "If you kill that young man, you qualify to join the Yellow Emperor Guards!"

"That young man doesn't appear to have even reached the Other Shore Realm!"

"He is at most a consummate True God. He can't even possess the power of one divine megaton."

"I will kill him!"

It was obvious how big the gap between the Other Shore Realm warrior and the True God was.

Such a large gap dispelled the fear in some hearts.

Others still kept a cool and collected head, not getting ahead of themselves.

If killing this man was easy, why were two hundred Other Shore Realm warriors sent here all at once?

Those who recognized something was not quite as it seemed retreated to the corner, and some even looked for ways to escape...

But with the means of the Ji Clan, how would the mere Other Shore Realm warriors be able to escape?

The black-haired boy stood up and a sinister aura began filling every corner of the room. Then, like a wolf ravaging a flock of sheep, he pounced on the crowd!

Streams of blood spurted and sprayed on every wall as the warriors were ruthlessly killed.

Chapter 3737 Use Him

It only took him five whole minutes to slaughter the two hundred warriors at the Other Shore Realm.

If that was not impressive enough, he was able to kill one hundred and ninety-eight of them in two minutes.

The rest were a bit difficult to get rid of because they resisted with their Other Shore Tokens. It came to a point that one of them transformed into a cloud of black fog, so naturally, his body couldn't be torn to pieces.

On the other hand, the remaining man used his Other Shore Token to open a box space and hid himself within.

Though the methods of these two were unique and effective, they did not last long. Eventually, the boy still dealt with them and killed them without breaking a sweat.

Pah! Pah! Pah!

As soon as the boy was finished with the last man standing, a round of applause roared from the other end of the hall.

It was a woman in a white fox-fur robe, looking beautiful, dignified, and powerful.

"You've made rapid progress," that woman said.

The black-haired boy squinted his eyes and a darkness flashed behind his eyes. Suddenly, he propped his hands to the ground as if he were a beast, and pounced on the woman without hesitation.

Though it made him look primitive, the killing intent was definitely aggressive. There was no way the ordinary warriors at the Other Shore Realm could avoid this!

The woman, however, just cocked her head and grabbed the boy by the arm, completely unthreatened.

Whoosh!

With one swing, she tossed him away as if with little effort. Her one move contained about eight thousand divine megatons of force!

Bang!

Just like that, the black-haired boy was sent into the sky and slammed right into the wall.

The towering Supreme Memorial Tower let out a little shake in reaction to the impact.

The woman scoffed, "But no matter how much you have progressed, you are still no match to me now."

As she turned around to speak, the boy did not hesitate to pounce on her for the second time.

This time, her eyebrows were raised, surprised to see how confident the boy was. Like the first time, she grabbed him by the hair and lifted him off the ground. Left and right, she smashed the boy with no mercy whatsoever.

Boom!

The force sent cracks into the arrays that protected the ground, and the boy was unmoving.

Still holding him by the head, the woman dragged him to the other side of the room. They entered the transmission door which transported them to an underground hall.

A strange stone was positioned at the center of the hall.

It appeared large, like a huge heart, but it was stronger and sturdier than anything else.

A line of warriors surrounded the stone, all of them having reached the Holy Soul Realm. They were the elites - the very foundation of the Bearing race.

A young man in a brocade robe chuckled at the sight of the woman. "You taught him a lesson again?"

The woman, on the other hand, couldn't help but sigh with resignation. "He won't give up until he is killed..."

"It's good that he can be subdued now," the man in brocade robe continued. "However, when he becomes as strong as Usman, I'm afraid he will become a scourge to us." The man seemed worried, but tried his best not to let it overcome him.

In the past, Usman's behaviors had attracted the attention of all the super forces.

Usman was a very special, rare being. Unlike most warriors at the Other Shore Realm, he did not need to rely on the Other Shore Tokens. More than that, he did not seek the protection of the Chaotic Source Spirits when in battle. For some reason, his physical body and evil soul grew so much that he could even go up against the Eternal Warriors without fail!

His way of growth was so unique that it caught the eye of many forces, and even made them jealous of the Black Ship.

However, his betrayal completely shifted his appearance to the super forces.

Filled with so many negative emotions and intentions, Usman was an ungrateful man. It was because of this that he grew to become an extremely evil existence, one that could never submit to anyone.

Once Yellow Thearch took the black-haired boy back, it worried the masters. They saw his frightening potential to follow in the footsteps of Usman.

However, because the strength of the black-haired boy was still weak and immature, he could still be watched and controlled.

If he continually grew at immense speed, it wouldn't be long until even Yellow Thearch found it difficult to suppress him.

"We are mere executors," the woman spoke out, dignified. "As for the consequences, I believe the emperor might have his own plans..."

Without any trace of gentleness, she dragged the boy and lifted him onto the heart-like stone.

Just as the boy made contact with the heart-like stone, it made a "plop" sound.

It seemed that this heart-like stone suddenly throbbed.

The stone did not move, but it had a powerful sound or vibration from within it.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

A few seconds had passed and the black-haired boy gradually fell asleep.

In his sleep, his bones extended, his hair grew, and he inched taller and taller by the minute.

However, everyone watching was not at all surprised.

They knew very well of the effects of the stone.

Plop...

From a boy with the body of an eight-year-old, the boy had the body of a fourteen-year-old within a few minutes.

"Look! He's about to wake up," the young man nudged the people around him.

"He's definitely going to cause some trouble," he added.

Though a few people were worried, the woman did not seem threatened.

The black-haired boy's eyes fluttered and eventually, opened. As the woman prepared to pin him down, he ended up not moving at all. He only lay on the stone, and then looked up to the sky.

It was as if he saw something that no one else had seen.

Surprised with his calmness, the woman and the young man looked at the scene and blinked their eyes in confusion.

Soon, a space fluctuation came from the left side of the hall.

From it, powerful cultivators at Holy Soul Realm walked out of the channel, and the last one to enter was a middle-aged man with sharp eyes.

"Your Majesty!"

At the sight of Yellow Thearch, all warriors immediately knelt down and bowed.

But Yellow Thearch seemed a bit anxious. He waved his hand to signal everyone to stand. They all made their way towards the side of the black-haired boy.

Just then, Yellow Thearch reached out and gently put his palm against the boy's forehead, then looked up into the sky.

And though they were all underground, he saw through the ceiling almost immediately.

Under the scorching sun, a space was violently reverberating. It was as if something powerful was going to emerge.

This lasted for only a few seconds, until Yellow Thearch looked back down. The boy's expression returned to normal as well.

Meanwhile, the emperor's face lit up as he scanned through the room and looked at the officials who were giving him expressions of worry.

He smiled. "What are you all so worried about?"

"Your Majesty, it's just that this child is the same as Usman. He can't be tamed. Are we..." The young man in brocade robe responded anxiously.

But before the young man could even finish his words, Yellow Thearch let up a hand and asked him to stop. "While it is true that Usman can't be tamed, I did not intend to treat him as a member in the first place."

"Your Majesty, have you found a way to control him?" The young man asked again.

But Yellow Thearch shook his head. "I just want to use him to control this world..."

There was a great connection between Usman and the entire Source World. However, the connection remained hidden and undetectable despite the many efforts to find it.

But the situation had changed now.

With the guidance of the Element Spirit Civilization, he possessed a decent understanding of primitive land that could help them dig out useful information and resources.

Chapter 3738 To The Blooming Jade Stage

The raven-haired boy's face remained dull and stiff for over an hour.

During this time, the fluctuation within the Source World quietly disappeared.

When the boy came back to his senses, he jumped off the stone—his instinct was to run away.

But too many powerful warriors were currently in the underground hall—any one of them could easily subdue him.

Before he could even take another step forward, he was trapped in an invisible cage.

Yellow Thearch walked briskly toward the raven-haired boy.

He figured that the boy would quickly get all memories of Usman, but he was surprised to find otherwise.

While the boy reacted to the mention of Usman, he didn't remember much about him.

Yellow Thearch felt a tremor between his brows before he could say something.

His face seemed to shift in color before he turned to the woman in white fox-fur robe.

"Take him back…"

The latter merely nodded and dragged the boy away.

Taking a step forward, Yellow Thearch disappeared from everyone's view, entering a dark room.

His forehead began to crack, from which an eyeball emerged. "Kill him!" a voice resounded from the eyeball. "Kill that brat!"

Its voice was full of fury.

The Element Spirit race had a deep foundation. Even Yellow Thearch couldn't tell how powerful the second civilization was.

In the face of everything in the Source World, the Element Spirit Civilization always seemed to remain calm.

But this time, it looked rather exasperated. "Kill whom?"

asked Yellow Thearch. "Zen!"

the eyeball nearly yelled back.

Even Emperor Charm had died because of Zen, so Yellow Thearch had figured he should pay attention to the man. Besides, the Descending Rings they had obtained couldn't be used successfully. He highly suspected that the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's hand had something to do with it.

"Why the hurry?" asked Yellow Thearch.

"He has passed through the Soul City," the eyeball said.

"The Soul City? He's quite fast…" said Yellow Thearch plainly.

"He passed through the Soul City in a single try and obtained nine Holy Soul Imprints."

"What?"

At that, Yellow Thearch couldn't hide his shock.

The very idea of passing through the Soul City in a single try was truly astonishing.

What was even more bizarre was the fact that Zen could obtain nine Holy Soul Imprints—something that had never before happened on the Other Shore.

In fact, the news that Zen had obtained nine Holy Soul Imprints already spread through the Souls of Light in the Soul City.

But the internal structure of the Bearing race was complicated. It took some time for the news to spread layer by layer, delaying the dissemination. As a result, Yellow Thearch had yet to find out about what had happened to Dailey.

"Since he's already passed through the Soul City, I'm afraid he'll want to go to the Land of Bone Tribulation. We'd better snip him in the bud in Stage Thirty of the Other Shore," calculated Yellow Thearch.

He seemed to have a good understanding of Zen even without having met him personally.

Zen seemed to be the only special existence that entered the Other Shore.

He had his very own corporeal body.

When Yellow Thearch heard of the fact for the first time, he thought of the Eternal Scroll Painting—something Zen could possibly enter.

But at that time, Zen had just become famous in Stage Four of the Other Shore. There was a long way to go before he reached Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, so it wasn't the time to give it much mind.

In truth, he had even doubted that it was likely Zen could reach Stage Thirty-two alive.

But after only such a short time, Zen had already passed through the Soul City.

"Of course we will," continued the eyeball. "But for security's sake, you must take action in the Source World as well. You also need the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits, after all!"

'Must I personally lead the Bearing race?'

Yellow Thearch wondered, narrowing his eyes.

Though Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin couldn't come back now, the Pear Hill wouldn't let them do anything easily. The fact made Yellow Thearch feel the need to set up certain strategies.

Meanwhile, on Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore…

the Soul City had been open for one hundred and thirty-two hours, and it was time to close it.

Before the gate was shut, the Souls of Light in the Soul City emerged one after another.

From afar, Zen saw Elvinia step out wearing a grim expression. He, on the other hand, walked up to her with a smile and asked, "How is it going this time?"

"Eight hundred and ten feet," Elvinia answered with her head bowed. "I've tried my best, but I'm still too slow…"

"You're already very quick—you obviously already surpass Libby's talent in this aspect," Zen assured her.

But Elvinia merely pouted.

She didn't want the Soul City to become a restrictive barrier. She was very eager to pass through it.

This time, Elvinia had pushed herself to the limit. To a certain extent, even Libby, the top disciple of the Land of Sword Grief, couldn't catch up with her.

But so what?

A great gap still remained between her and Zen. It was impossible for Zen to wait for her the entire time.

"The test in the Soul City is a form of training, so you shouldn't be anxious. I'll wait for you in the Land of Bone Tribulation," Zen assured her.

Urgent was the current situation, so Zen had to press forward.

A Soul of Light nearby quickly walked over to them, carrying an aura that seemed far stronger than the ordinary. It was none other than Libby, who had already passed the test of the Soul City.

"Congratulations, Libby!"

"I didn't expect you to pass the test so soon!"

Both Gabriel and Carver were still around Libby.

Without Zen's incomprehensible record, Libby's performance was amazing in itself.

But over the past few days, all attention had been given to Zen, both inside and outside the Soul City.

Even Libby could feel that passing the test of the Soul City was a common thing—there was nothing to be excited about.

Once she arrived at Zen's side, she immediately said, "I've also passed the test of the Soul City. I want to go to Stage Thirty of the Other Shore and I heard that you know some kind of way to release the blood mist and dodge the Garudas. Can I go there with you?"

Libby hadn't had much interaction with Zen. When they first met, she had even provoked him. Now she felt rather bad having to ask him for help.

But Zen just smiled faintly and said, "We're both disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, so we should help each other out on the Other Shore. If you need to go to a higher stage, I will help you, of course."

Zen's answer had Libby overjoyed with gratitude. "Thank you, Zen!"

It was quite normal for disciples in the Land of Sword Grief to communicate with each other with open arms, but for Elvinia, it was especially hard to accept. She secretly made up her mind about passing through the test of the Soul City as soon as she possibly could.

The Soul City was located at the very center of the Constant Glory Stage. Behind it lay a long and narrow plank road.

At the end of it was a huge, round platform where densely distributed star rings led to the Blooming Jade Stage, Stage Thirty of the Other Shore.

Once he said goodbye to Elvinia, Zen used the Blood Fog Spell to cover both himself and Libby as they moved along the plank road. The moment they arrived at the huge round platform on the opposite end, Zen saw a Soul of Light of the Holy Soul Realm waiting for him.

The Soul of Light carried two wings on her back—she was a member of the Sun Crow race.

"Elizabeth?" Zen asked in a low voice.

While he couldn't quite see her face clearly, he was already well familiar with her aura after fighting against her several times.

Elizabeth's presence had Libby rather nervous until she remembered that the Sun Crow race no longer existed. The remaining members were dependent on Zen, so Libby could feel at ease.

Chapter 3739 Two Layers

Under Zen's arrangement, all the members of the Sun Crow race had to stay in the Oneness Mountain for cultivation.

In reality, however, they were simply on standby.

The reason for that was if the Oneness Sky Palace ever encountered external intruders again, they would do their best to defend against them upon Zen's order.

Still, the only person those Sun Crows followed was the real Emperor Charm. After they knew about the current situation, they thought that they would never betray him.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth stared at Zen with an unreadable expression.

Both of them were at the Holy Soul Realm, but the aura Zen emitted was much stronger.

It made Elizabeth a little confused. "Zen, have you obtained the Holy Soul Imprint? How many did you get?" she asked.

For her, it was almost inevitable for Zen to obtain the Holy Soul Imprint. However, she didn't know how many Holy Soul Imprints he could get.

Three or four?

It might even be possible that he got five imprints.

While Elizabeth pondered over the matter, Libby, who was beside her, answered first, "Zen has passed through the Soul City on his first try and obtained nine Holy Soul Imprints."

Upon hearing those words, Elizabeth's Soul of Light suddenly trembled.

They even saw that the surface of her Soul of Light had fluctuated.

"Nine Holy Soul Imprints? Then, what did you see or what can you do with them?" she asked in a shaky voice.

Back then, she had gone to and returned from Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore so many times. Not even the Element Spirit race could unravel the secret about the Soul City.

If Zen obtained nine Holy Soul Imprints, then he might have obtained different opportunities.

"He can open and close the door of the Soul City freely," Libby said.

On the other hand, Zen glanced at Libby. He was slightly thankful that she answered the questions for him.

Now, Elizabeth asked such questions just out of curiosity.

However, he refused to reveal the secret of the Starry Roc-fish in the Soul City.

"Yes." He nodded, and then continued, "There is a switch to the door on top of the Soul City."

Only then did Elizabeth realize that she had asked something she shouldn't have asked.

If she talked to another master or even Emperor Charm that way, she might get punished.

Yet, Zen had only avoided the topic.

As soon as she came back to her senses, she changed the subject and said, "Zen, you should stay in the Constant Glory Stage for now.

Don't go to the Blooming Jade Stage." "Why?" Zen asked curiously.

"If you go there, the Element Spirit race would attack you. They would never let you set foot in the Land of Bone Tribulation," Elizabeth replied.

Since she had followed Emperor Charm while traveling on the Other Shore, she had witnessed how strong the Element Spirit Civilization was.

In her opinion, it was almost impossible for anyone to defeat the unbeatable Element Spirit Civilization.

"Just because they will attack me in the Blooming Jade Stage like you said, I have to stay in the Constant Glory Stage all my life?" asked Zen. Elizabeth was stunned at Zen's question.

"Some paths are destined to be difficult, but we can't stop because of some obstacles," he said indifferently.

In turn, Elizabeth was silent for a moment. However, she had already expected such an answer from him.

"If you want to go, please follow me. I'm very familiar with both the Blooming Jade Stage and the Element Spirit race. Although it's a bit risky, I can help you reach Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore!" she offered.

Libby blinked and said, "The masters of our Oneness Sky Palace will be there to meet us. He doesn't need you."

Although she knew that Elizabeth had already surrendered and wouldn't attack Zen, there was still a chance that she might do so.

Elizabeth glanced at Libby, and then at Zen. Zen was the one to make the decision.

"I want to get there with my physical body, not my Soul of Light. I'll be back after I change my form. If you have better way to pass through the Blooming Jade Stage, then of course I will choose the easier way," Zen said with a nod.

After all, his top priority right now was to go to the Land of Bone Tribulation. He didn't want to stay in Stage Thirty of the Other Shore.

If his Soul of Light ever went there in the future, then there would probably be a fierce battle between him and the Element Spirit race.

"Then I'll wait for you here," Elizabeth agreed with a smile.

After they were done, Zen left the Other Shore with his Soul of Light and entered it again with his physical body. He continued to use the Blood Fog Spell to move forward.

When he arrived at the star ring, Elizabeth and Libby were still waiting for him.

"Libby, I'm afraid I'll be in trouble when I go to the Blooming Jade Stage this time. Why don't you stay here and wait for a while before going there?" he suggested.

Libby just chuckled at him and said, "Well, I have also stepped into the Holy Soul Realm, so my Soul of Light isn't as fragile as an ordinary Soul of Light."

"You do indeed have the strength to fight against a physical body after you've reached the Holy Soul Realm, but it is vastly different when you are against a truly powerful Other Shore creature. There is still a big difference between your strength and theirs. I suggest you stay here for the time being," Elizabeth said coldly.

When she talked to Libby, she became as arrogant as she was before.

Libby slowly answered, "Thank you for your concern, but I don't need anyone to give me any advice."

"Let's go!" Zen declared.

He did not want to participate in such a meaningless argument, so he walked straight to the star ring.

In just a second, Elizabeth and Libby stepped into the star ring as well and turned into white beams of light that shot upwards.

From Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore, almost every stage had a specific arrangement.

Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore had the Soul City, Stage Thirty-one had the Land of Bone Tribulation, and Stage Thirty-two housed the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Only Stage Thirty of the Other Shore was considered normal!

Therefore, the disputes in Stage Thirty had been the most intense since many chaotic eras ago. It was even safe to say that most races would fight for Stage Thirty.

But since the human race was trapped in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore and the Nihility race was always on the defensive, the Element Spirit Civilization gradually took control of Stage Thirty. A large number of the members from the Element Spirit race stayed in Stage Thirty, which they considered as their headquarters.

"Swoosh..."

The moment Zen left the star ring, the turbulent cold air blew over his body and made him stiff.

When Libby walked out of the star ring, she also felt that her Soul of Light was about to solidify.

She would've gotten injured if it wasn't for her Colorless Soul.

As for Elizabeth, she had already adapted to the low temperature in the Blooming Jade Stage, so she was well prepared.

"What a vast ice field!" Zen exclaimed as he looked into the distance.

The ice field was boundless, and it seemed that the entire Blooming Jade Stage was made of ice. There were even rays of icy light that shone down from the sky above the Blooming Jade Stage.

Zen stared at the sky for a while and asked, "Is there another layer of ice above the Blooming Jade Stage?"

He looked around carefully and found that the ice light above them did not refract from below. It looked like there was another layer of ice above their heads.

"Yes, there are two layers on the Blooming Jade Stage. The upper layer is extremely cold and could freeze both Other Shore creatures and the Souls of Light.

No one can cross the upper layer, so we can only pass through the lower layer of ice," Libby explained.

In other words, all the living beings in the entire Blooming Jade Stage and the many temples and strongholds of various forces were all sandwiched between the two layers of ice. "I wonder what better way of passing through you have come up with, Elizabeth," Libby said and glanced at Elizabeth.

A faint smile graced Elizabeth's lips, and she said, "The better way I mentioned is to pass through the upper ice field."

Chapter 3740 Penetrating Through The Ice

Libby was stunned for a while when she heard Elizabeth's suggestion. Then, she said, "What? Did you just suggest that we go through the upper ice field? Are you trying to kill us?"

The upper ice field was a forbidden area in the Blooming Jade Stage!

If there wasn't a lower ice field, perhaps no one would've made their way to Stage Thirty-one.

"Well, I have to admit that I am only interested in Zen's life. As for yours… I'm not interested in the slightest. You don't have to come with me if you don't want!" Elizabeth retorted.

At that moment, Zen chimed in and asked, "But since the upper ice field is so dangerous, why did you choose that path?"

"According to your current situation, it's almost impossible for you to go through Stage Thirty in the normal way, unless you can overturn the entire Element Spirit Civilization with your strength," Elizabeth explained.

Elizabeth had always analyzed things from a third-person point of view.

For instance, she was well aware of both Zen's ability and the strength of the Element Spirit Civilization.

Now, the death of Emperor Charm wasn't a big loss for the Element Spirit Civilization, but they might have paid greater attention to Zen.

What was worse was that the news Zen had passed through the Soul City might have caused a stir.

"If you don't trust me, you can summon my emperor and he will prove my loyalty," Elizabeth pleaded with a serious look.

"There's no need. I believe you," Zen said with a nod.

Based on the current situation, he knew that the powerful warriors of the Sun Crow race had no choice but to follow him. Furthermore, she could never deceive him due to the influence of the bloodline worship.

Now that Zen had agreed, Elizabeth decided to stop arguing with Libby.

With a gentle flick of her wings, she flew up into the air and said, "I know of a way that leads to the upper ice field. Follow me!"

When Zen was about to activate the Thunder Materialization, he suddenly looked at Libby. An ordinary Soul of Light couldn't fly, but he still didn't know if a Holy Soul, which was also named Colorless Soul, was able to.

To his surprise, several lines appeared on Libby's back and glowed brightly, then she quickly floated upwards and rose into the air.

'So a Holy Soul could fly…' he thought as a pair of thunder wings formed behind his back.

The crack of thunder filled the air, then he also flew up and followed closely behind Elizabeth.

As they flew in the sky, they saw that the distance between the lower and upper ice fields was over a hundred thousand feet!

Therefore, it was no easy feat to fly from the lower ice field to the upper one.

At the same time, the temperature of the air around them became lower and lower as they continued to fly higher.

"Swoosh!"

A strong gust of numbingly cold wind blew over their faces.

If such powerful winds caught even an ultimate-level Indigo Soul, then they would freeze to death and shatter into pieces.

When the winds blew over Elizabeth, the meridians in her soul glowed and she easily resisted the cold.

Meanwhile, Libby had much more difficulty doing so since she had just reached the Holy Soul Realm. When she saw how Elizabeth dealt with the cold, she followed suit and the meridians in her soul also started to flicker with light. She managed to expel all the cold air that invaded her Colorless Soul in this way.

As for Zen...

Although he did feel cold, he could still withstand it and didn't even bother to put up any defenses.

After the three of them reached a height of one hundred thousand feet, they finally arrived beneath the upper ice field.

Zen reached out his hand and touched the thick ice sheet above him. The moment his fingers touched it, white frost quickly spread around his hand like a monster's tentacles.

He tried to pull his hand out, only to find that it was stuck firmly to the ice!

Just as he was about to summon his strength to forcefully withdraw his hand, a ball of golden flames burst from the side and burned his hand.

Phew!

The flames blazed in his hand and quickly melted the white frost, and thus freed him from the ice.

"Be careful not to touch the ice," Elizabeth warned.

Zen smiled with embarrassment and silently followed her.

However, that sort of danger wasn't actually a problem for him. In fact, he could break through the thick ice directly if he wanted to — but on second thought, he remembered that their goal was to pass through the Blooming Jade Stage without being noticed.

Therefore, he decided not to mess things around and just follow Elizabeth's instructions.

They flew along the ice sheet for a long while until they seemed to have arrived at the very edge of the Blooming Jade Stage.

There was a shallow channel at the edge of the ice sheet. Elizabeth flew straight into the channel, then her body began to emit the divine flame of the Sun Crow race.

There were a few sizzling sounds, then thick, white fog spread out from where the fire and ice combined.

After Zen and Libby watched Elizabeth melt the ice for a while, the two of them heard her voice from above that said, "The ice sheet is about a thousand feet thick. Follow me, or you will get frozen in the ice."

In turn, Zen and Libby went into the hole Elizabeth created and followed her into the ice.

Like several moths that bore through a thick book, they slowly penetrated through the ice sheet with the help of the divine flames.

Soon enough, Elizabeth was worn out from keeping the divine flames active for a long time.

After she had advanced over two hundred feet in the ice, she stopped to rest. "May I try?" Zen suddenly offered.

Elizabeth looked at Zen in surprise. "Can you use a fire of the same level?" she asked.

The flames created from Godly Ways couldn't melt the ice at this place.

After all, they were in the Blooming Jade Stage, Stage Thirty of the Other Shore!

Any block of ice in the area was an Other Shore Token with ice attributes.

"I can't, but someone else can!"

He communicated with the Primeval Lord of Heaven in his mind, then gently waved his hand. A fire lotus bloomed in his palm.

Whoosh!

The fire lotus rotated gracefully as it flew towards the ice above.

Hissss!

It was Zhurong, the God of Fire, who had summoned the fire lotus.

Even if he was only an energy soul of the real Zhurong, the fire lotus still possessed compelling powers.

The ice melted quickly under the fire lotus' flames, and clouds of white mist immediately enveloped the three of them.

"The ice melts so fast!" Elizabeth exclaimed as she looked at the rising fire lotus with astonishment.

The fire lotus created a cave that was more than two hundred feet long, before it gradually went out.

"Let's go!" Zen shouted.

He rushed forward first, followed by Elizabeth and Libby.

"Go!"

When Zen reached the end of the cave, he summoned another fire lotus in his palm.

He lightly tossed the fire lotus, then it moved forward and melted another two hundred feet of ice.

They kept going up in this way. When Zen threw out the fifth fire lotus, the ice sheet above them suddenly cracked.

Zzzztttt...

In the next second, a strange and shrill sound came from above.

The fire lotus had penetrated the ice sheet, then strong gales of cold wind howled from above.

The cold winds were quite powerful. It caught Zen, Elizabeth, and Libby off guard as they dropped a certain distance. It was like a huge, invisible hand had slapped them.

Among them, Zen dropped the shortest length, followed by Elizabeth, while Libby dropped the most.

Fortunately, the cold winds only raged for three seconds before the broken ice sheet froze again. After the opening was blocked, the cold winds were gone.

"Such strong winds…The upper ice field is truly worthy of its reputation," Zen remarked with a smile.

He was fully covered in white frost, and so were Elizabeth and Libby.

Chapter 3741 Cold Prisons

Libby couldn't help but sigh dejectedly. "If it's already awfully cold at the entrance, how much colder will it be above? I can't imagine what that'll be like," she said while shivering slightly.

However, Elizabeth merely shrugged indifferently. "To be honest, this is not the coldest place yet. You will know when you get up there!"

"Really? But it's already freezing cold in here. Is this really how we will get up there?" Zen looked at her questioningly.

There was no doubt that if they climbed to the upper ice field without any preparation, even Zen would be frozen.

Elizabeth shook her head. "What? Of course not!" She seemed like she had some sort of trick up her sleeve.

She stretched out her arm for them to see. As they looked at it, a small ring instantly appeared on her wrist. Obviously, this ring was the Sumeru Space.

"Buzz..." It began to vibrate slightly.

As the ring emitted a flash of light, a circular shield appeared in her hand.

"This is the Divine Fire Shield. It is a treasure forged by the fire spirit of the Element Spirit race. Under the protection of this shield, we can move safely around the area above," explained Elizabeth.

Obviously, Emperor Charm had obtained a great deal of benefits from the Element Spirit race when he joined them.

He didn't seem to need this Divine Fire Shield. Therefore, he gave it to Elizabeth instead. It was a good thing he did because this would be a great help in crossing the upper ice field.

Elizabeth began floating towards Zen. As soon as she passed by him, she had released the divine flames of the Sun Crow race on her fingertips.

The divine flames started flowing upward and all over the Divine Fire Shield. The heat coming from the entirety of the shield radiated towards them and gave them warmth.

The temperature of the Divine Fire Shield itself was not that high. However, it was able to control the temperature within a certain range.

"Stay close to me. We'll climb up quickly! Get ready. Here we go!" Elizabeth said.

"Bang!"

Under the protection of the Divine Fire Shield, the three of them dashed upward together.

They broke through the ice-cold hole that was now starting to freeze over. After a while, the trio finally arrived at the upper ice field. They made it with almost no problem at all.

Whoosh! Whoosh... Suddenly they heard a loud swishing sound.

They encountered a fierce cold wind that blew over them. It was quite powerful and should not be taken lightly. It almost overturned the Divine Fire Shield.

"Hold on!" Elizabeth's facial expression changed.

If the Divine Fire Shield was blown away by this monstrous wind, their fate would be sealed. They could already imagine getting frozen to death in this icy wasteland.

Without second thought, Zen immediately clasped the Divine Fire Shield in his hands with lightning speed. He gripped it as tightly as he could. No matter how hard the cold wind blew, the Divine Fire Shield did not budge at all. It remained covering the three of them!

Elizabeth breathed a sigh of relief. If Zen hadn't reacted quickly, the shield would have overturned. "Let's keep moving forward!" She motioned them to follow her. "Over there on the left, you can see the line that marks the end of the ice field. As long as we continue to walk along the line, we should be on the right way... "

The area of Blooming Jade Stage was quite immense.

Even though the path Elizabeth had chosen was considered relatively safe, it still was not that easy to cross.

The only thing they encountered in the boundless ice field was the cold bitter wind that blew hard. Other than the vast blue and white ice field, they couldn't see anything else. Not even a single snowflake was in sight.

Every five minutes, the red light on the Divine Fire Shield would start to dim. In addition to that, the temperature under the shield would also plummet. Every time this would happen, Elizabeth would send a divine flame toward the Divine Fire Shield with just a slight flick of her finger. The light of the Divine Fire Shield would once again become bright.

A few hours had already passed since the three of them had made their way above the ice field. However, all they could see in front of them was just pure white space. They couldn't see the way in front of them or the way they had passed.

"We can't just keep going on like this. It's too slow and we're wasting too much time already," Zen said impatiently. "Can't we just fly over?"

He asked because he knew Elizabeth was able to fly. However, she merely shook her head when she heard Zen's suggestion. "The situation on the ice field is completely different from what you actually see. There are some extremely cold and turbulent currents up in the air that are invisible. If we ever get caught up in those currents, even the Divine Fire Shield won't be able to protect us."

Seeing the serious look on Elizabeth's face, Zen just gave up on that idea. All he could do now was to keep moving forward under the shield.

After they had walked for another sixteen hours, the cold wind gradually stopped.

Without the sound of the wind, the place was so quiet. It was such a deafening silence.

"The cold wind has stopped blowing?" Zen noticed this immediately. He looked around him through the shield. He couldn't feel the wind anymore.

Elizabeth merely shrugged. "Well, that's because the temperature is much lower here than where we were before."

It was common knowledge that as the temperature reached an extremely low point, any kind of energy would become almost stagnant. The cold wind on the ice field was also considered as a powerful energy.

"Hey, Zen! Look! What's that over there?" Libby had been quietly observing the area around them all along.

She already knew that it would be very cold on the Blooming Jade Stage. However, never in her dreams did she think that the upper ice field would be like this.

Northwest of their current location, they saw a portion of the ice field sinking for a few dozen feet. It seemed like there was nothing in that area at all. However, they felt that this zone exuded a particularly huge pressure.

Zen stared at the area that Libby pointed out. Then, his facial expression was filled with utter curiosity. Instinctively, he grabbed the Divine Fire Shield and tried to move towards that area.

"No, wait! Don't go there!"

Elizabeth hurriedly pulled the Divine Fire Shield. She said, "That's a Cold Prison. Don't go there!"

"A Cold Prison? What is that?" Zen raised his eyebrows. He had never heard of that before.

Elizabeth nodded. "The temperature in there is much lower than that of where we are standing right now. That makes it the third coldest place on the entire Other Shore." She began discharging a divine flame of the Sun

Crow race upon her fingertips and turned it into a small flame arrow. She shot the flame arrow made of incredibly condensed heat towards the Cold Prison.

Whoosh! It soared directly towards the Cold Prison.

Strangely enough, the flame arrow suddenly stopped the moment it entered the Cold Prison.

The arrow seemed like it was hovering steadily and slowly. Even the flame on it was flickering very slowly as well.

"The flame arrow looks oddly peculiar," mumbled Zen as he stared at the arrow.

He thought that if the "Cold Prison" was truly extremely cold, then the flame arrow should have been extinguished right away.

In this case, the flame didn't go out immediately. Instead, it actually looked like it was burning really slowly.

"Believe it or not, the flame arrow has already been extinguished," explained Elizabeth. "But due to the extremely low temperature of the Cold Prison, time has been oddly distorted inside. The flame arrow that you see floating slowly right now is merely a mirage."

Whenever something had reached an extreme level, it was usually enough to render some parts of the basic rules ineffective.

As the coldness reached its absolute limit, the properties of many things would also change.

"Sizzle!"

After the flame arrow floated for a few seconds, it suddenly burned brightly.

In a split second, the entire Cold Prison was filled with firelight.

Nevertheless, the firelight just flashed quickly and disappeared without a trace.

The moment the firelight illuminated the Cold Prison, Zen noticed some light dots with strange shapes that appeared inside it. Those light dots were randomly distributed and they looked very similar to the light dots in the Abstruse Energy World.

"So those light dots are..."

Just as Zen was about to ask, Elizabeth began to explain. "So far, we still don't know what those light dots are. But I have heard from Emperor Charm that there are some things imprisoned here. That is why these areas on the ice field are called 'Cold Prisons'."

Simply put, the Cold Prisons on Stage Thirty actually imprisoned the creatures from the Abstruse Energy World.

It was too bad that Geoffrey had been left in the Deleting Space. If he was here, Zen would be able to ask him to tell what these light dots were.

Driven by his absolute curiosity, Zen also flicked a few flames towards the Cold Prison. He observed them carefully just as he did earlier.

As soon as the flames entered the Cold Prison, they all floated slowly like Elizabeth's flame arrow. Then with a flash of firelight, they disappeared too.

After trying several more times, Zen continued to move forward under the Divine Fire Shield.

Soon enough, he discovered that there were Cold Prisons everywhere on the upper ice field.

The densely packed Cold Prisons looked like they were holes that had been dug by worms. They had cut the originally sleek ice surface into many parts.

Chapter 3742 The Core Of The Heavenly Obsession Civilization

They had to step carefully since, according to Elizabeth, the Cold Prisons were horrible and dangerous.

Fortunately, the prisons were special. The temperature inside was indeed extremely low, but it would not hurt them even if they got very close.

"Did you say that the Cold Prisons are not the coldest, but the third coldest?" Zen asked questioning how that could be true.

From what he had seen just now, it seemed the temperature inside was already low to the extreme. Under such a temperature, even time and space had undergone a qualitative change; he found it hard to imagine an environment that could be colder than that.

"You will soon see the second coldest place," said Elizabeth. "But the place with the lowest temperature on the Other Shore is said to be on Stage Thirty-three. I have only heard of it, never seen it."

"I'll soon see the second coldest place..."

Zen repeated to himself, trying to restrain his curiosity. He walked slowly on the path between the Cold Prisons, under the protection of the Divine Fire Shield.

It took them about an hour to pass through the low-lying area filled with Cold Prisons and then, a huge frozen structure appeared before Zen.

"A temple?" Zen wondered as he looked at it closely.

"It could be, but no one can be sure," Elizabeth replied shrugging her shoulders.

It looked like a frozen temple, but its style was very unique in that it looked more like a huge metal box than a traditional temple.

"What civilization would construct a temple like this?" Libby asked shaking her head in confusion and astonishment.

"Has anyone explored this temple before?" Zen asked.

Elizabeth shook her head. "Look carefully at the ice on the outer layer."

Zen stared at it for a while and then raised his eyebrows slightly at what he discovered.

This layer of ice gave off a great deal of pressure, somewhat similar to that of the Cold Prisons.

"This box has the second lowest temperature," Elizabeth said indifferently. "In a Cold Prison, it would take almost all the water in a sea to create a thumb-sized ice cube. Look over there..."

Not far away, on the left, was a very special looking Cold Prison. The others were empty, but this Cold Prison held a small ice cube the size of a thumb in the center...

Zen's jaw dropped slightly as he thought of what Elizabeth had just said. "That ice cube is..."

"It used to have the same amount of water as that in the whole Bright Sea Province," Elizabeth said before Zen could finish his words.

Within the Bright Sea Province was an island and a city, and the rest was all sea.

"A whole sea condensed to only a thumb-sized cube. Then the ice around this huge metal box..." Libby took a deep breath as she spoke.

"It would take an enormous amount of water to condense it to surround this metal box. How could there be so much water in this world?" Zen asked utterly astounded and dumbfounded.

Elizabeth smiled and revealed, "That mystery is still unsolved. Or at least the Element Spirit race could not solve it."

The Other Shore had many similar mysteries and secrets spread throughout. The Element Spirit Civilization had been active on the Other Shore for more than one thousand chaotic eras, yet they still hadn't been able to figure it out.

Zen nodded and moved around the metal box under the shield.

He had felt a sense of familiarity when he first saw this metal box. Its shape was very similar to that of the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

But the shape was quite simple and common, so it wasn't strange that they looked alike. He decided not to say anything in the end.

But then, just as Zen and the others walked from behind the metal box to the front, the Primeval Lord of Heaven's voice suddenly rang out. "Zen, the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization has issued a task again."

Zen was slightly stunned to hear this.

The Heavenly Obsession Civilization had been issuing tasks tirelessly, but Zen was not interested in receiving any of them and thus ignored them.

However, ever since the Primeval Lord of Heaven had entered his inner world, a person had been sent specifically to guard the Civilization Artifact. This person classified and recorded every task issued by the Civilization Artifact.

The recorder was never tired of the work, recording all tasks and classifying them according to different levels; heaven-level, earth-level, first-class, second-class and so on. He recorded everything, not missing a word, and then meticulously reported them to the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Today, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had suddenly issued a task.

"Special task: return to the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization!

Reward: nothing!"

This strange task stunned the recorder.

The tasks issued were never the same. The level and class of the tasks, as well as the reward that would be offered for completing them, would be announced clearly.

Now, the Civilization Aircraft suddenly issued such an unusual task, which baffled the recorder.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had also warned him that he should report anything unusual to him immediately. This was one of those cases and so the recorder hurriedly reported it to the Primeval Lord of Heaven, who then promptly brought it to Zen's attention.

"Special task...

Return to the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization..."

Zen's face twisted strangely at what he had just learned.

If this was what was now put before him, then the Heavenly Obsession Civilization must have something to do with this huge metal box. Was this the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization?

Finally, Zen, Elizabeth and Libby made it to the front of the box.

Just then, something began to change.

A speck of red light flickered dimly on the metal box...

It spread from the bottom to the top of the metal box, which then began trembling vaguely.

"What's happening?"

This switched Elizabeth's expression dramatically.

This huge metal box had stood on the upper ice field for countless years.

No one had even gotten close to it, let alone seen it move.

The sudden change had startled her.

"Crack!"

The ice on the surface of the metal box cracked.

If a thumb-sized ice cube would require the water of a sea to be condensed into it, one could only imagine the kind of power needed to break such thick ice.

"Retreat! Hurry!"

An ice block the size of a fist fell from above and crashed into the ice field.

"Crack!"

This highly condensed ice block held an amount of water equivalent to a huge sea the size of several provinces.

The upper ice field was unable to support it at all. The ice block smashed right into it, penetrating the thick layer of ice, and smashing into the lower ice field.

Luckily, this area on the lower ice field was unpopulated. The ice block had not fallen on any living creatures. The only damage caused was a small pit in the ground, left by the ice block before it disappeared without a trace...

Many more ice blocks fell similarly.

To be safe, Zen, Elizabeth and Libby had all retreated. A long while later, most of the blocks of ice at the front of the metal box had fallen off.

A dark red light silently began glowing to reveal the outline of a door.

"It has a door. Does that mean we can go inside?" Elizabeth was overtaken by excitement.

She had passed by here many times and had always regarded this place as forbidden and not to be approached. Anyone who witnessed this sudden change would be as excited as she now was.

Chapter 3743 Two Civilizations

Elizabeth had always been careful ever since she set foot on the upper ice field, but now she was finally feeling a little bit radical.

"Come on! Let's go over there and have a look!" she excitedly said to the other two.

At this moment, however, Zen became extremely cautious and wary. "Wait a moment. There are still some ice blocks that haven't fallen off. It's not a joke when you get hit by these ice blocks."

As soon as he finished speaking, another large chunk of hard transparent ice fell from above. With a clash, it created a massive hole in the ice field.

The three of them waited at a distance for some more time. They didn't continue their slow approach until there was a clear sign that there would no longer be any solid ice falling.

The door outlined by the light was still closed like before.

Fearing that the metal box would be too cold to touch, Elizabeth immediately released a divine flame of the Sun Crow race.

The divine flame was burning the surface of the metal box, but it did not extinguish quickly. It was like any ordinary flame, burning for a while before it quietly dwindled.

"There is no problem with the metal box, but how can we get in?" Elizabeth asked as she shook her head.

"Look! It seems that the center of the door is somewhat sunken," said Libby, who was by their side.

Zen and Elizabeth shifted their eyes to the center of the door at the same time. It was not until Libby pointed out that they noticed that the center of the black metal door was indeed sunken.

"I wonder, what can be put in this sunken area?" Elizabeth asked. She looked really confused.

However, Zen's heart skipped a beat at that same moment.

Judging from the size and shape of the sunken area, it was completely the same with the size and shape of the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization. It seemed that the movement of this huge metal box had something to do with the Civilization Artifact under his control.

"I think I may know," Zen said with a smirk.

Elizabeth and Libby curiously looked at Zen at the same time. Of course, the two girls hadn't imagined that all of this had been caused by Zen.

"Buzz..."

It was still a little troublesome to take out an Other Shore Token that had already been carried before.

After Zen prepared for a little while, a metal cubic box appeared in his hand.

"This box..."

"It seems to be just the right size!"

Libby's and Elizabeth's eyes abruptly lit up with excitement.

Zen pushed the Civilization Artifact into the sunken area. The Civilization Artifact perfectly fitted and matched with the sunken area.

"Buzz!"

Then, the red light around the door became brighter. With a click, the Civilization Artifact bounced out, and the black door automatically opened.

"It's open..."

Elizabeth said in disbelief.

Things went on almost unimaginably smoothly.

It was as if the path of the upper ice field was made specifically for Zen.

After absorbing the Civilization Artifact into his inner world, Zen was cautious enough to not rush into the metal box immediately. Like Elizabeth, he released a fire column first to test the temperature inside the metal box.

After the fire column went inside, the temperature did not change that much. Only then did Zen enter with the shield for caution.

The inside of the metal box was pitch black as if it was an unending void. Rays of green light could be seen, which made the inside of the metal box look like there were little snakes wandering along the wall.

Libby looked around and asked curiously, "This metal box is not a temple. It's simply an empty house. What's the use of an empty house like this?"

Elizabeth shook her head as if she was saying that she didn't know the answer to Libby's question. She had also never encountered a thing like this before.

Zen was quietly observing the faint light that was flowing on the wall. At the same time, he was also paying close attention to the Civilization Artifact in his inner world.

"You have completed the task of entering the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization, and your reward for this is the activation of the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization."

"Buzz..."

When the Civilization Artifact made this sound, the number of rays of green light on the wall greatly increased. As thousands of rays of green light flowed on the wall, the entire metal box was immediately reflecting in an eerie green glow.

Elizabeth and Libby warily looked around as they squeezed beside Zen with nervous expressions on their faces. If there was a trap, then they would all be doomed.

Not to mention other things but even if a Cold Prison covered them, they would all be frozen to their core.

"Don't, don't be afraid..."

Being squeezed by the two girls, Zen was at a loss for words. He could only say, "It's me who activated the light."

"You?" Elizabeth was stunned by what Zen said.

"Yes, this place is called the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization. It was left behind by the Heavenly Obsession Civilization," said Zen.

"So, what's the use of this place then?" Elizabeth inquired again.

Zen just shook his head and said, "I haven't figured out that part either."

Just as the two of them were discussing, a ray of light suddenly shot out from a wall right in front of them.

The light swept across Elizabeth, Zen, and Libby. Then a green shadow slowly appeared on the wall in front of them. Judging from the curvaceous silhouette, it should be a shadow of a human woman. Its size and form were actually remarkably similar to that of Elizabeth.

When Zen looked at the green figure from head to toe, it suddenly spoke in a tuneful voice.

"Hello..."

This voice was incredibly special. It was neither a voice of a woman nor a man, neither a voice of a child nor an elder. It sounded as if there were multiple people—males and females, young and old—speaking at the same time. Judging by the sound ray alone, it was terribly like the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

"Who are you?" Zen asked gently.

"Me?" The green figure was deep in thought for a moment. "I'm a consciousness created by the Heavenly Obsession Civilization."

"A consciousness that was created? Are you a soul fragment?" Zen asked curiously.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, who was listening in Zen's inner world, also had a strange look on his face.

With the theurgies on the Other Shore, all sorts of things could be created. However, a consciousness could never be created.

Just like what Zen thought, he also thought that the green figure was a soul fragment.

"No, I am not a soul fragment. I am not attached to anyone. I am an independent individual and I was created," the green figure replied affirmatively. Obviously, it understood what a soul fragment was, but it didn't think it was a soul fragment.

Zen was still a little confused at what the green figure was saying. He could only make it clear if he asked it from another perspective, "So you are not a living creature but a puppet?"

"I am not a puppet either. Give me a moment to think about how I can explain it to you more clearly..."

The light that formed the green figure flickered and then suddenly disappeared.

All the rays of green light in front of them lined up, forming a protective green curtain.

A moment later, the green curtain began to emit other colors. Then, a picture appeared in front of them. It was a picture of three people in another completely different world.

When the three of them saw this scene, shock and disbelief appeared on their faces.

"What is this? Isn't this an illusion?" Elizabeth excitedly exclaimed in astonishment.

"I am not sure but it seems to be a scene formed by scrolling pictures," Libby said.

Zen nodded his head, then said, "All of the scenes are made up by constantly changing the light. I've never heard of this means before..."

All kinds of illusions and magic arrays in chaos were very ordinary theurgies.

Now, countless rays of light constantly changed to reflect complicated scenes. In the eyes of Zen, Elizabeth, and Libby, it was a difficult and thankless thing to see. Even if it could be done, it was meaningless to do so.

"The means may seem very difficult for you to do, but it's extremely simple for us," the green figure said.

At this moment, a primitive land appeared on the curtain, and many small insects were born on that land. At the same time, the green figure spoke again with its eerie voice. "The Heavenly Obsession Civilization was actually the second chaotic era we have experienced. The experiences in that round of chaos have been annihilated in history. But I think you must have heard of the first chaotic era we have experienced. That was the Calculation Civilization."

Chapter 3744 The Civilization Made Up Of Insects

Zen had long since heard of the Calculation Civilization.

They were the ones who advocated for another way to complete the Finale Way.

Instead of relying on the Other Shore, the Calculation Civilization completely abandoned that strategy and used their own understanding of space, time, and energy to carry out the Finale Way.

It was said that they almost succeeded but that claim was never confirmed since very little trace of their culture and history remained, which was why not a lot of civilizations believed they were able to almost complete the Finale Way.

Despite that, however, the Primeval Lord of Heaven still acutely learned this. He put the information about the Energy Shaft into the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree.

The Pear Hill finally chose to let Yan cultivate the Energy Shaft. In the Chaotic Source World, she had used it once.

However, it was worth noting that the Energy Shaft she wielded was only rudimentary. The real Energy Shaft could alter time, space, and energy freely. Its power was unimaginably great.

Elizabeth and Libby did not have much of a reaction towards the green figure.

Libby had never heard of the Calculation Civilization or the Heavenly Obsession Civilization before. Elizabeth knew a bit about them but never really thought highly of them. She only felt curious, at most, as to how exactly such an unknown civilization lived in two rounds of chaos and built a temple here.

Zen shared their thoughts. "A civilization can only go through one chaotic era. How could you be able to go through two?" he remarked in mild disbelief.

It was the Primeval Lord of Heaven who made Zen ask the question.

In order to sow the seeds of the human race, the Primeval Lord of Heaven paid a heavy price and it was only by taking advantage of the opportunity when the chaotic era moved onto the next one was he able to succeed.

For the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to have served as a ruling civilization in two chaotic eras was unheard of!

"Because we discovered the method of passing down our civilization," the green being answered.

As it spoke, numerous insects hatched on the wall in front of Zen.

These insects were life fireflies, emitting flickering lights that danced all around them.

"Our civilization is different from other civilizations," the green figure continued. "These are our real forms."

Zen nodded in understanding, his expression unchanged.

It was very common for insects to form civilizations.

At least the Regal Jade Civilization and the Metal Civilization were both rarer compared to this collective of light-emitting insects.

"In our Calculation Civilization, male members release red light while female members release green..."

As the green figure continued to explain, the insects flew around and lined up in an orderly way.

Dots of red and green light paired up with each other. As the insects bonded, red and green light began to flash constantly.

The sight of these lights puzzled Zen. "What on earth is this?" he muttered in amazement.

It wasn't just him. Both Elizabeth and Libby were equally, if not more, confused.

"This is a calculation method," the green figure answered. "You humans have ten fingers and calculate with the decimal system but for us, we count by two colors, red and green, with the binary system..."

This talk about counting methods confused Zen but the Primeval Lord of Heaven appeared above him and directly asked his question. "What is the advantage of this binary system?"

"Advantage?" the green figure repeated. "The advantage is that we have unparalleled calculation ability."

With this revelation, the scene before them began to change.

Tens of thousands, millions, hundreds of millions...

Red and green lined up together and flickered continuously. As the insects gathered together, they calculated the results and communicated with each other.

"Such a special method of calculation!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven exclaimed with excitement. "Just how powerful is it?"

"It can easily decipher Sanskrit words," the green figure replied.

When the Primeval Lord of Heaven heard this, his expression changed.

For so many years, Geoffrey was the only one he knew who was able to decipher Sanskrit words with his inborn ability. The boy was just able to understand the words naturally!

The Calculation Civilization's method was completely different. They deciphered Sanskrit words through terrifying calculation! As a result, the

Sanskrit words, which might be secrets to others, were nothing mysterious to them.

It was through their faultless calculation method that the civilization was able to decipher all Sanskrit words and evolved at such a fast pace.

"If that's the case then why does nobody know of your civilization?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

He had a point. Such an advanced ruling civilization would've definitely left marks on the Other Shore, not unverifiable rumors.

Zen couldn't help but nod in agreement.

"Ha-ha..."

To their surprise, the green figure laughed. "We're too small, even smaller than the tiniest mosquito in your world. It's difficult for individuals in our civilization to increase their strength all alone."

It was indeed true. The insects were incredibly small, just like the indecipherable grains of sand on a beach.

A civilization of micro-individuals would have trouble producing powerful existences.

"Don't be mistaken though. Even if we are small, we still have the means to cultivate. An individual's strength may not be that impressive, but together..."

Countless insects began to appear and flash a barrage of lights on the wall.

These insects combined in a special way to form an indomitable force that could fight against ferocious beasts in that chaotic era.

Alone, they were weak, but together, they could be unstoppable. Thus, the Calculation Civilization cultivated as a unit.

This was the same method No. 9527 adopted inside the Chaos Ancient God Gerald's mind. Each soul fragment had a mind of its own but combined, they formed a complete whole.

"Soon enough, our Calculation Civilization became the ruling civilization in the chaos. Like other ruling civilizations, we also wanted to complete the Finale Way. We climbed towards the higher stages of the Other Shore step by step until we saw the starry sky..."

This description was understood by both Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

The green figure was no doubt talking about the Abstruse Energy World.

Libby, however, was confused. "What starry sky?" It seemed the more she listened, the less she was actually able to learn since she couldn't understand anything.

"I think it's the starry sky of Stage Thirty-three. The one that leads to a world outside the chaos," Zen explained.

"Have you ever been there?" she asked. "How do you know about it? Wait, since you know about it, that means you have been there, right? Am I right?" she asked, throwing out a series of questions but did not give Zen the chance to answer any.

A trace of helplessness appeared on his face. "I'll tell you later."

This exchange was ignored by the Primeval Lord of Heaven who had more questions for the green figure. "Can you also understand what is in that starry sky through calculation?" he asked.

"So long as our calculation ability is powerful and advanced enough then we can understand everything in the starry sky. In fact, we almost achieved such a feat," the green figure answered.

Chapter 3745 The Remarkable Calculation Ability

An expression of surprise flashed across the Primeval Lord of Heaven's face, "You have already made it?"

"Buzz..."

Just then, a light shadow appeared on the wall again. The figure formed by the light shadow seemed to be a complex, futuristic craft.

"Although the size of our members is already small, we are still not small enough." The green figure continued to explain, "After we had processed the sand, we were able to display a stronger calculation ability. However, it took us more than half of the chaotic era to obtain this method..."

The complicated craft slowly morphed into black boxes, quite similar to the Heavenly Obsession Civilization's Civilization Artifact that Zen had fused with.

"Such a powerful thing is actually made of sand..." The Primeval Lord of Heaven sighed.

Meanwhile, the green figure was not concerned with the Primeval Lord of Heaven's exclamation. It knew that their Calculation Civilization was such a unique existence.

While the form on the wall transformed, a world of ice and snow appeared on its surface.

"This is the Blooming Jade Stage," Libby finally voiced out.

She knew what she was talking about, especially because she had passed through the Blooming Jade Stage just now.

"Yes," the green figure responded. "If you came from the upper ice field, you would have noticed the light dots distributed in the Cold Prisons."

Zen nodded in agreement. "That must be from the Abstruse Energy World."

The scene on the wall quickly switched to a Cold Prison, and then the black boxes reappeared. As the green light on the boxes flashed, an illusory outline formed and glowed with green as well.

It seemed that the light spots in the Cold Prison were confirmed by the extremely high-speed calculation.

It was during the presenting process of the wall picture that the green figure murmured words about the calculation. These most probably would have to be the unique words of the Calculation Civilization.

Though Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven could not decipher those words, they assumed the Calculation Civilization had the ability to restore the things in the Abstruse Energy World by means of quick calculations.

All of a sudden, a deformed, odd monster curled up in the Cold Prison.

It was imprisoned in the Cold Prison, but was not dead. The picture showed its eyes that blinked a couple times.

"The monster is still alive?" Elizabeth gasped.

A trace of fear rose in her heart when she thought of the Cold Prisons she had passed by just now.

"Yes, most of them are alive. Only a few died," the green figure acknowledged.

"Do the monsters in the Cold Prisons belong to the Instant Civilization?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

"No."

The green figure heaved out a huge sigh. Like most human beings and other ambitious civilizations, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was on the hunt for the Instant Civilization and the meaning of its existence.

"Since you can see through the world outside the chaos, why haven't you discovered the real way to complete the Finale Way?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven continued to ask.

"It's not like we haven't tried! We have considered many methods, including using powerful Other Shore Tokens," the green figure replied.

When the Primeval Lord of Heaven heard about the Other Shore Tokens, his eyes lit up. "We human beings have collected the Other Shore Tokens within Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore, such as..."

The green figure listened intently as the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained. When he finished, the green figure couldn't help but smile. "You must have failed, right?"

"They did. If they had succeeded, we wouldn't even be here right now," Elizabeth spat.

The green figure shook its head. "I didn't draw the conclusion through this. It is because we have calculated the power needed to put up against that needle."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven scoffed, "You figured out how much strength is needed?"

"Yes." The green figure continued, "Around one hundred and sixty-one million divine megatons..."

Zen, Libby, Elizabeth and the Primeval Lord of Heaven took a deep breath after they heard this answer.

Elizabeth and Zen only had the power of tens of thousands of divine megatons as of the moment.

Plus, if the power of hundreds of thousands of divine megatons was released, that would be terrifying to be around.

Considering the amount of power needed, there was no way they could succeed and make it out alive.

There was no telling what such a formidable force could do.

"That's impossible," the Primeval Lord of Heaven expressed, shaking his head. "In the past, when the human ancestor used his strongest method, he sacrificed himself by releasing over nine million divine megatons of force. He almost succeeded in completing the Finale Way..."

Zen was inclined to believe his words.

When he saw King Manard and the human race on the Other Shore, he had learned that the human race had almost completed the Finale Way.

Over nine million divine megatons of force was already so threatening, but it was nowhere near the power of one hundred and sixty-one million divine megatons.

However, the green figure couldn't care less about the Primeval Lord of Heaven's reaction. "We've collected much information regarding Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. Taking into account of all the existing Other Shore Tokens, we calculated the greatest possible power we could obtain, which is nine million seven hundred and thirty thousand divine megatons.

I wonder if your ancestor used the same amount of power."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was stunned to hear this, and his eyes widened in shock.

Previously, when they saw that the Calculation Civilization consisted of a bunch of insects, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Zen looked down upon them. After all, what could a bunch of tiny insects do?

It was at this moment that the Primeval Lord of Heaven believed these insects developed a powerful civilization on their own.

They calculated anything correctly.

Just then, the Primeval Lord of Heaven recalled that before the human ancestor sacrificed himself, his voice echoed throughout the entire starry region.

"Today, I will do my best to complete this. With the burning of all these tokens, I will unleash the terrifying power of nine million seven hundred and thirty thousand divine megatons..."

The Calculation Civilization had never obtained these Other Shore Tokens before, but they could calculate the amount of power so accurately. The Primeval Lord of Heaven could not believe that.

"The things left behind on the Other Shore seem mysterious, but they prove to be mere illusory traps which lure rounds of civilizations into them. They all assume that they could complete the Finale Way," the green figure said. "But no matter what you do, even your most perfect plan won't get you through the Finale Way."

Convinced, the Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded at the green figure with great reverence. However, his eyes gleamed with an ounce of hope, "So what method can be used to complete the Finale Way?"

"The Energy Shaft," the figure responded. "Only the Energy Shaft can transform endless power."

In the past, when the Calculation Civilization discovered they couldn't complete the Finale Way relying on the Other Shore, they came up with different methods to do so. So far, the Energy Shaft was the most promising one.

Chapter 3746 The Failure Of The Heavenly Obsession Civilization

According to the Calculation Civilization's assumption, the Energy Shaft's transformation ability was virtually infinite.

In theory, after mastering the completed Energy Shaft, one would then possess infinite power.

Not to mention the power of about a hundred and sixty million divine megatons, even the power of a billion divine megatons could be transformed and released.

"It's such a pity that in the period of the Calculation Civilization, the end of the chaotic era arrived when plan of using Energy Shaft finalized. We couldn't set it in motion at the time…" the green figure remarked.

"So instead, you shared the method to obtain the Energy Shaft, right?" asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"Yes," replied the green figure. "Back then, we were in despair, so we placed our hope on other civilizations."

Many other ruling civilizations on the Other Shore had the tendency to exclude other races.

They believed that anyone not part of their own race would be disloyal. They were vigilant and always on guard against other races. And so after many ruling civilizations on the Other Shore set up their own temples, it grew difficult for them to advance to higher levels.

Some of the rules and theurgies they grasped were hidden in the temples as treasures—at the time, they weren't willing to spread them out.

However, the Calculation Civilization was very open-minded. They hoped that other civilizations could do what they failed to.

Unfortunately, most of the later civilizations regarded the Energy Shaft as merely an untouchable thing. Many civilizations grew skeptical of it.

In truth, the Primeval Lord of Heaven also felt that the Energy Shaft was an unreachable kind of fantasy. But the plan was feasible, in the end. And so he stuffed it into Six-Pattern Blood-storing Tree before passing it onto this chaotic era.

"Unfortunately, not a single civilization believed in us. We could only rely on ourselves. And so we opened the second chaotic era—the Heavenly Obsession Civilization," said the green figure.

"I want to know how you opened the second chaotic era," asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

After all, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization owned the Civilization Artifact, so it should have also been a highly prosperous ruling civilization.

The situation likely differed from the human race's current situation. Naturally, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was rather curious about it.

"Our control over life should go beyond your comprehension," continued the green figure. "Our bodies are small, so perhaps we're at an advantage. At the micro level, we found many sources of life, along with the things that make up these sources."

As it spoke, a small ball appeared on the wall.

It changed from one to two, two to four, four to eight, and so on. As it continued splitting, it became a densely packed group of small balls that formed many young lives.

On the picture were wolves, elephants, and all sorts of strange beasts.

"Is life formed by these small balls? What about our human race?" Libby's eyes widened in curiosity.

"They also form human beings," replied the green figure.

"How is that possible?" Libby couldn't help but shake her head in disbelief.

"Now, I can make a scene so you can take a look..."

Soon after, the picture on the wall returned to a single small ball, similar to the previous picture. As it continued splitting, countless small balls were formed, each then turning into an extremely young individual—the human embryo.

The embryo grew rapidly until it became a baby waiting for delivery.

Zen, Elizabeth, and Libby were all amazed. The Primeval Lord of Heaven, on the other hand, seemed rather calm and unsurprised.

It wasn't particularly difficult to observe the process of a baby's growth, but the Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't expect the baby to form from a tiny ball. What he wanted to know was how the Calculation Civilization ended up becoming the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

"As you can see, all the creatures are formed by small balls after they split. So long as the information inside the original ball is modified, we're likely to get our desired results," the green figure said.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven's expression shifted slightly as he asked, "Then you've revised it..."

"Yes," it said faintly. "We modified the balls at the beginning of another chaotic era. When the balls split, the race they formed turned out to be our Calculation Civilization. We were rich in experience and time, so we thought we could easily realize the plan of Energy Shaft.

However, we underestimated the power of the Sons of Truth and the strength of the Element Spirit race."

The green figure's voice seemed rather lonely and disappointed.

On the Other Shore, the Calculation Civilization had always kept a low profile. Who would pay attention to a group of insects, after all?

The Element Spirit Civilization completely ignored the Calculation Civilization. They didn't even bother suppressing this race in the least. According to the assessment of the Element Spirit Civilization, the latter was likely the weakest ruling civilization.

The Calculation Civilization managed to become the ruling civilization merely because, at the time, there were no other powerful races in that round of chaos.

But the appearance of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization quickly aroused the Element Spirit race's vigilance.

The latter found that these insects were not as simple as they seemed. After the Element Spirit race realized it, they began rigorously suppressing the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

Unfortunately, the civilization that existed before the Heavenly Obsession Civilization chose to pay allegiance to the Element Spirit race. And so the Sons of Truth selected in the previous civilization naturally fell under the Element Spirit race's command.

While fighting the Sons of Truth, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization tried creating the Energy Shaft.

"In the end, all our efforts were in vain," said the green figure in return, shaking its head. "It didn't matter when the Sons of Truth suppressed us. Although our Calculation Civilization was small, our absolute strength was powerful enough to fight against them. We already managed to control those Sons of Truth in the second chaotic era...

Our real problem still lies on the Other Shore," continued the green figure. "The plan of Energy Shaft required the help of the Other Shore. But the Element Spirit race was too strong for us to fight against. The ones heading for Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore were too weak, so in the end, even the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was frozen."

The Calculation Civilization was a race known to group together—they needed countless individuals to grow strong.

Entering Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore, one needed to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting. Not many individuals could enter it.

In the entire Calculation Civilization, only about twenty had entered Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

But they were individuals barely as big as mosquitoes. What was their use?

"At that time, you guys could cultivate to become the Wild Gods. Your body size shouldn't be a problem, right?" Zen asked as he wondered.

"We were used to cultivating and fighting together. Even if we turned into huge creatures hundreds of thousands of times bigger than before, we still couldn't display our original strength," the green figure simply said.

"So you were focused on the Energy Shaft at the time? What about the Ways-blending Energy?" Zen asked further.

Chapter 3747 Connection

If Zen's knowledge served him right, the Ways-blending Energy also had great potential.

However, it seemed that the Heavenly Obsession Civilization only focused on the Energy Shaft. It did not mention the Ways-blending Energy at all.

"The Ways-blending Energy?" the green figure asked with a faint smile. "Our Calculation Civilization is best at blending Godly Ways. We even blended three thousand and one Godly Ways back then during the era of Calculation Civilization. But so what? That one missing Godly Way was never found!" the green figure exclaimed.

The method the Calculation Civilization used to blend Godly Ways was naturally different from what the Evil God used.

The Evil God used his impressive talent to blend Godly Ways, while the Calculation Civilization still relied on calculation to do so.

It was possible to permute and combine the three thousand and one Godly Ways in countless ways.

As long as there was enough time and with a powerful calculation ability, one could find the best blending method sooner or later.

In terms of the sequence and operation method, the Calculation Civilization had summarized a total of six ways to blend Godly Ways. "You have blended three thousand and one Godly Ways?" Zen asked as the corners of his eye twitched.

He knew that it was very likely that the Evil God had obtained the "arc light energy" in his hand from the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, but what about the Blood Essence Godly Way of the Regal Jade Civilization?

"Yes, and the Element Spirit Civilization had hidden the last Godly Way," the green figure answered. "We got this information from a Sanskrit word. Maybe the Ways-blending Energy was the best method to complete the Finale Way, but we couldn't resist against the Element Spirit Civilization. It was impossible."

After it was done speaking, the Regal Jade Spirit slowly said, "I didn't expect that someone else had gone further even before our Regal Jade Civilization…"

The Regal Jade Spirit had always believed that only the Wing King had obtained the blood red Sanskrit word.

He had never imagined that someone else had already acquired the Sanskrit word and deciphered the information inside it even before the Wing King could.

Furthermore, the green figure's statements matched exactly with the information Zen knew, so the green figure certainly did not talk nonsense.

Therefore, Zen also told the green figure how he had obtained the Blood Essence Godly Way and the "arc light energy". Then he asked, "Is it truly impossible to get the last Godly Way from the Element Spirit race?"

"That Godly Way should be hidden in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. Our Calculation Civilization can't do anything about it, unfortunately," the green figure said with a shake of its head.

"Maybe we can do something," Zen said with a gleam in his eyes.

"Ha-ha!" the green figure burst into laughter.

It clearly didn't think that Zen could make it. "At what phase is the current round of chaos?" it asked again.

"It's almost at the end," Zen answered.

Truth be told, Zen wasn't sure about the duration of the entire chaos, but he always heard that the chaos had reached the last phase ever since he had entered the Source World.

"What a pity..." the green figure muttered. "With our calculation, we have already deduced and confirmed the best method to make a complete Energy Shaft," said the green figure.

At that moment, the Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes lit up.

If they could get hold of a complete Energy Shaft, then that would probably be the best way to complete the Finale Way. However, there seemed to be an issue since the green figure said "what a pity".

Thus, the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked, "If your civilization could already make an Energy Shaft, then why was it a pity?" "It takes a long time to cultivate the embryo of an Energy Shaft.

Since the current chaos is in the last phase, there isn't enough time," the green figure explained.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven frowned at this answer.

He knew about the plan of the Element Spirit race. If the Purge Way succeeded, then the end of the chaos would be delayed, and there would probably be no chances anymore.

Yet, Zen suddenly thought of something. "What if there is a ready-made Energy Shaft?" he asked.

"Ready-made?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the green figure looked at each other in confusion.

Last time when the Snake Goddess and Fuxi visited the Oneness Sky Palace, they only discussed some important things.

They hadn't told the Primeval Lord of Heaven that the embryo of the Energy Shaft was already placed inside Yan's body.

Zen nodded and proceeded to describe the "Energy Shaft" he had seen before. "My sister Yan only got that Energy Shaft not long ago, and according to Fuxi, that was just an embryo," he added.

In turn, the green figure's whole body fluctuated as if it was excited. It said, "We Calculation Civilization never believed in fate, but it seems that fate has guided you to come here.

The embryo of the Energy Shaft should have existed for a long time, otherwise, it couldn't merge with your sister."

It was true that the Energy Shaft of Pear Hill was constructed a long time ago.

However, there had never been a suitable object to merge with it.

Thus, the Snake Goddess proposed to create a perfect self to merge with the Energy Shaft. That was why she used the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed to create Yan.

"Can she have a complete Energy Shaft?" Zen asked. "Of course!" the green figure answered.

"Although we've been frozen here for a while, we have always waited for an opportunity.

For us, this is a once-in-a-lifetime chance," it said.

The two girls, Elizabeth and Libby, were both stunned when they heard the whole conversation.

Zen had already exhibited too much unknown power back in the battle between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race. However, it wasn't until now that they realized their knowledge of Zen was only the tip of the iceberg.

"Then what should I do now?" Zen asked again.

"Take out the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization," the green figure replied.

Then, Zen brought out the square, box-like Civilization Artifact from his inner world once again.

"Buzz..."

The edge of the Civilization Artifact began to glow with green light.

Then, rays of green light also flashed around the place.

It wasn't long before the green figure disappeared from the wall and in the next moment, reappeared on the Civilization Artifact.

At the same time, it said, "It is impossible to destroy the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, but because it was frozen, you cannot carry it. But, it can still help you since the core is now activated and connected to the Civilization Artifact."

"What can it help me do?" Zen asked curiously.

"Calculate," the green figure replied simply.

Calculation was the foundation of the Calculation Civilization.

While Zen was still confused, the Primeval Lord of Heaven gently reminded him, "With the help of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, you can decipher Sanskrit words that you don't understand—and even the Abstruse Energy World."

"I see!"

Back then, he had to ask Geoffrey for help for him to read the Sanskrit words.

Thus, it would be very convenient if the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization could directly decipher the Sanskrit words. "Can we see the creatures in the Cold Prisons then?" he asked.

"Yes," the green figure confirmed.

At that point, Zen put away the Civilization Artifact, then he and the two girls carried the Divine Fire Shield out of the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

When they came across a Cold Prison, the Civilization Artifact released a ray of green light, which illuminated the white spots in the Cold Prison.

Soon enough, the big core began to glow brightly. It meant that it had started to calculate at an insane speed.

Chapter 3748 A Bald Giant

After the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization performed more than half a minute of calculations, the Civilization Artifact released a green beam of light.

The green light then formed a light curtain, which outlined the hideous monster in the Cold Prison.

The monster had no head, only two round eyeballs. Its eyes blinked twice, which made it look frightening.

Suddenly, a thought popped inside Zen's mind. "Why can these monsters maintain their forms in the Abstruse Energy World?" he muttered.

He remembered that those monsters from the Abstruse Energy World he met before turned into tentacles after they entered the Deleting Space.

"It should be because of the extreme temperature. If the Cold Prisons were destroyed, then those light dots would return to their original forms," the green figure explained.

"But why are they sealed off here?" Elizabeth asked.

Her eyes were filled with curiosity as she observed them. She had passed by this place several times, and she felt awkward when she thought about how the monsters stared at her every time she was around.

"I don't know," the green figure said and shook its head. "The Cold Prisons already existed when we built the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization here, but at that time, there weren't so many of them," it mumbled.

Back then, there were only over a hundred Cold Prisons surrounding the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization. Now, there were potholes everywhere, and there were tens of thousands of Cold Prisons.

"Maybe the Element Spirit Civilization captured and locked them here for study," said Libby, who stood beside them.

"That's possible," Zen agreed and nodded.

When the Calculation Civilization had managed to see the original appearance of the monsters, they also tried to communicate with them.

If the monsters were intelligent beings, then the Calculation Civilization could obtain information about the Abstruse Energy World from them.

Therefore, they tried every way they could, but they had failed every time. In the end, they finally gave up.

Zen also planned to communicate with them but did not bother anymore when he heard about the Calculation Civilization's failed attempts.

Despite that, he unexpectedly gained a wonderful skill after he followed Elizabeth's advice to pass through the upper ice field and activated the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

True enough, he could decipher all the Sanskrit words and see through the light dots of the Abstruse Energy World through the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization. His new ability was immensely useful to him and the Primeval Lord of Heaven. Still, the most important thing was the Calculation Civilization's goal was to create a real Energy Shaft.

If Yan could control the complete Energy Shaft, then that would easily solve all their problems!

After the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization operated for a while, it stopped and became quiet. The calculation had consumed a large amount of energy.

"The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization has been here for so many years. With the way the Element Spirit Civilization does things, I'm afraid they will try their best to destroy it. Why did they just choose to seal it?" Zen asked.

"They tried, but failed," the green figure said with a hint of pride.

The Element Spirit Civilization was not omnipotent.

For instance, the human race's Creation Myth Temple had stood on Stage Seventeen for so long, but the Element Spirit race couldn't do anything about it.

Once Zen was done asking some other questions, he continued to move towards the other end of the upper ice field under the Divine Fire Shield.

When he passed by the many large and small Cold Prisons, he also quietly observed them.

Some of the Cold Prisons were quite spacious and had many light dots inside them. Zen stopped in his tracks and asked the green figure to help him decipher them.

Fortunately, the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was now activated, so he could still rely on it no matter how far he was away from it or even if he was in the upper stages.

"Buzz!"

His cinnabar field released two rays of green light which directly entered his pupils.

At that moment, he finally saw that the light dots in the Cold Prison in front of him were already in their original appearance. It turned out that sealed inside the Cold Prison was a bull-shaped monster.

Next, he proceeded to advance further and observed more kinds of creatures.

Elizabeth and Libby were curious and also wanted to see these creatures, so the green figure reflected the scene in their eyes. After they looked at a few strange monsters, however, they were no longer interested.

As for Zen, he felt a little disappointed as he observed them.

He wanted to find some traces of civilization from the monsters of the Abstruse Energy World, but after he had examined them for so long, it seemed that all the creatures in the Cold Prisons were very primitive.

The three of them saw a Cold Prison that was thirty miles wide on the ice field when they passed through a particular area.

This huge Cold Prison stood in front of them and blocked their way. "This Cold Prison is so huge!" Libby exclaimed as she stared ahead.

The biggest Cold Prison they saw before was only over a hundred feet wide, and they could easily go around it. This time, the one in front of them was thirty miles wide, and it would take a lot of effort to go around it.

"That's strange. This Cold Prison only appeared recently. I've never seen such a big one two years ago," Elizabeth commented.

The last time she had passed through the ice field was two years ago, and she did not see this big Cold Prison at that time.

"Let's see what's in this huge Cold Prison first," said Zen.

There were numerous white dots scattered around the Cold Prison. Of course, the creature sealed inside it must be massive in size!

"Buzz..."

After the green light swept through the light dots, the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization began to calculate again.

The Cold Prisons Zen had previously seen were all quite small and did not contain many light dots. Thus, the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had quickly deciphered them. It only took about half a minute to complete the whole process.

Meanwhile, this thirty-mile wide Cold Prison had so many light dots inside, so it was much more complicated to calculate.

It was not until about an hour later that the green light entered Zen's eyes.

"Buzz!"

His jaw dropped as soon as he saw what was inside the Cold Prison. He couldn't help but take two steps back and almost dropped the Divine Fire Shield.

Luckily, Elizabeth was quick to react and immediately caught the Divine Fire Shield before it fell. At the same time, she asked, "What did you see?

Why are you so excited?" "It's a giant..." he murmured.

It was a fat bald giant.

The giant wore handcuffs and shackles.

His bald head was down and his eyes were closed, as if he was asleep.

This was the first human-shaped creature that Zen had seen, so he was naturally a little excited.

Just as he was looking at the giant, the giant suddenly opened his eyes!

"Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz..."

The light spots in the Cold Prison fluctuated like mad. They were like countless sparks that rose when a bonfire was destroyed.

The giant struggled madly in Zen's sight. Then, the giant got up and grabbed at him who was outside the Cold Prison. This giant could move freely inside the big Cold Prison!

"Hold the Divine Fire Shield tightly!" he warned.

Without hesitation, he held the Divine Fire Shield and quickly retreated.

In return, the giant's large hands stretched out from the Cold Prison and grabbed at their heads!

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, Zen had retreated about four thousand feet with the protection of the Divine Fire Shield. Thankfully, there was no Cold Prison behind them. If there was, then the consequences were unimaginable.

Chapter 3749 Unable To Communicate

It all happened so suddenly that Elizabeth and Libby barely had any time to react.

All they saw were light dots fluttering by like restless fireflies, and then a pair of giant hands reached out to grab their heads.

Fortunately, Zen's superior reactions came to their rescue.

Over and over again, the giant hands were only inches from them. The girls felt incredibly unsafe and in serious danger.

But it all happened as quick as a flash and their astonishment didn't last long. When they had come to their senses, the giant hands had extended to their limit.

Dark cyan chain was wrapped tightly around the wrists of the giant hands, tingling and clanging.

At the same time, a rhythmic tune could be heard coming from the Cold Prison. It was as melodious and pleasant to the ears as singing, yet a hint of anger was clearly hidden within.

"That sound is very similar to the one from the soul cloud in the Soul City!" Libby remarked.

Zen nodded in agreement.

It had been many years since Elizabeth had passed through the Soul City and so this had not occurred to her immediately.

But Zen and Libby had just come from the Soul City and so it was still fresh in their minds.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! "

The pair of giant hands slapped down on the ice, sending waves of ice shards flying through the air with every slam.

They shot in all directions and flew like invisible weapons, one of them hitting Elizabeth in the arm. Even though she had already stepped in the Holy Soul Realm, the ice fragment still pierced her skin, causing her to let out a muffled groan.

"Get behind me!"

Zen turned the Divine Fire Shield around and stood in front of the girls to block them from the ice fragments.

The giant slapped the ground a dozen times before he finally tired himself out.

Such a terribly cold environment affected the giant as well. Due to this, a layer of white frost had condensed on the surface of his skin. Clapping the ice violently had actually created about a dozen cracks across his arms.

The pair of giant hands then slowly retracted into the Cold Prison.

To Elizabeth's and Libby's eyes, the hands turned to a stack of incomprehensible white light dots as they retracted.

"The bald giant seems afraid of the cold too, but why isn't the extremely low temperature in the Cold Prison affecting him?" Zen asked.

The temperature in the Cold Prison could almost not go any lower. Any creature sucked into it should die.

According to Zen's observations in the Deleting Space, the creatures in the Abstruse Energy World were not immortal.

"It's their form. Their form allows them to avoid the damage of the low temperature," the green figure replied.

The Abstruse Energy State was different from the rest. If one wanted to destroy them in the Abstruse Energy State, they certainly couldn't use ordinary means.

Zen nodded in understanding.

From what he saw, the bald giant opened his mouth, waved his hands and roared endlessly in the Cold Prison.

But what he heard was a melodious and rhythmic song.

It was perhaps the expression he could see on the giant's face that gave him the sense of anger in the song.

"Can you decipher what he is saying?" Zen inquired.

"I can give it a go," the green figure said.

The Calculation Civilization wouldn't miss this chance to communicate with a creature from the Abstruse Energy World.

However, this was also the first time the Calculation Civilization would attempt to translate the sounds of the Abstruse Energy World.

A lack of previous samples for reference meant it would take much longer to decipher the song.

Since Zen had come this far, he was in no rush to move on to Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore. After asking for Libby's and Elizabeth's opinions, he decided to wait on the spot.

This time, the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization calculated for more than twenty hours.

Day and night did not actually exist in the Blooming Jade Stage, but around a day and a night had passed before the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization got a rough translation of the bald giant's language. It was made easier by the fact the giant used simple words.

"He is cursing the Element Spirit race...

He says that the members of the Element Spirit race are cunning swindlers who lured him to this damned place..."

"…"

Zen now began to understand the situation a little more.

The bald giant appeared to have been tricked into entering this world by the Element Spirit race, and then imprisoned in this damned place.

Anyone would be as angry as he was after being imprisoned for so long. It was understandable that he wanted to tear apart any creature he came across.

Zen and the girls had been waiting for a whole day and night and the bald giant had sung the entire time. His resentment towards the creatures in the chaos was quite clear.

"Is there any way to communicate with him?" Zen asked hopefully.

Since he was capable of using language, communication with him should be possible. Zen would not waste the chance to get speak to him.

"We have only deciphered part of his words. We can try, but I'm afraid it's difficult to imitate the way he speaks," the green figure said.

The bald giant's speech seemed to have multiple syllables and when he spoke it sounded as if more than ten people spoke together.

The green figure taught Zen a rough method of pronunciation, and he then walked off singing.

Just as he began singing, the bald giant suddenly stopped. He stared intensely at Zen with eyes wide open.

'Does he understand me?'

Zen's heart filled with joy. He continued walking forward, and at the same time, singing what he wished to say.

But then, the giant pounced and an enormous hand appeared once more, drawing a large arc as it slapped down towards the three of them.

"Retreat!"

Zen frowned and retreated under the cover of the Divine Fire Shield.

"Bang!"

The gigantic hand left a mark of five fingers on the solid ice surface. The bald giant snickered and slowly withdrew his hand.

"Your song must be very unpleasant to the ears," Elizabeth said with a cheeky smile.

Zen shrugged helplessly. "I suppose I don't sing the right way."

The giant's way of speaking involved multiple syllables.

Expressing it through a human's way of speaking was incredibly difficult.

It was possible that despite Zen singing for a long time, the bald giant didn't understand a word.

Zen tried a few more times, even asking the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess to brain storm solutions, but all attempts failed.

The bald giant maintained a furious frown, reacting violently to Zen's every approach.

Feeling helpless, Zen had to give up, for now.

After bypassing the thirty-mile wide Cold Prison, they continued towards the other side of the upper ice field.

The Cold Prisons were in the center of the whole ice field. Once they left this area, moving forward would be easy.

Several hours later, they finally arrived at the other side of the upper ice field.

Elizabeth chose a spot and melted a cave a thousand feet deep beneath the ice.

Going down the cave, they reached the lower ice field.

Chapter 3750 Magical Thunder Slave

The lower ice field of the Blooming Jade Stage was still frozen solid and there were even snowflakes continuously falling from the sky.

Still, the cold here was more bearable than that at the upper ice field.

Even if they removed the Divine Fire Shield, the temperature remained pleasantly cool like they were in a breezy field in the middle of spring.

A circular ice castle loomed in the distance. It looked fantastical given its smooth, azure surface, as if everything about the castle was carved entirely out of solid ice.

The entirety of the Blooming Jade Stage was largely controlled by the Element Spirit race.

There was a total of six ice castles in the lower ice field, five of which were distributed in the middle of the ice field. All star rings were placed in this last one.

"Follow me!" Elizabeth said.

After putting away the Divine Fire Shield, she took Zen and Libby with her to approach the side of the ice castle.

Just as they were some distance away, she advised Zen and Libby to find a place to wait while she headed straight into the castle alone.

Zen took her warning to heart and was instinctively on guard as Elizabeth's figure disappeared.

The Blooming Jade Stage was the most important gathering place for the Element Spirit race and there was no way they were simply going to let Zen pass through peacefully. The race's defense must be at the maximum.

In fact, Zen's assumptions weren't wrong. The Element Spirit race had indeed dispatched a lot of soldiers to guard the first few ice castles.

However, they never expected Elizabeth to help him sneak into the last castle through the upper ice field.

Despite their sneaky efforts, however, Elizabeth knew that this last ice castle was heavily guarded and she did not want Zen to break in by force. In order to avoid any untoward incidents, she wanted to scope out the area and check the situation by herself first.

News of the Sun Crow race's defeat had already spread.

However, the matter that Elizabeth, Micah, and the other members of the Sun Crow race had switched sides remained a secret.

The Element Spirit race was not aware of these members' betrayal. All surviving members of the Sun Crow race told the same narrative: they survived the battle with the Oneness Sky Palace and then hid themselves after escaping from the Bloom Divine Province.

It was difficult to verify their claims so, in the end, the Element Spirit race still regarded Elizabeth as someone who could be trusted.

When she arrived at the gates, she found it guarded by two Chill Ice Slaves.

Chill Ice Slaves could morph into various forms. Right now, they looked like strange insects with strong, slender legs for speed and blade-covered bodies for defense.

As Elizabeth approached, one of the Chill Ice Slaves took a step forward.

All seven blades that covered his body were pointed at her, closing in on her from both sides.

The suddenness of the act and the inherently cold temperature of the blades made Elizabeth tremble.

These Chill Ice Slaves were more powerful than Moon Fire Slaves and the environment of Stage Thirty was advantageous to them. Even if Elizabeth had been to Stage Thirty-two, she might not be a match against them here.

"Show me your token," the Chill Ice Slave ordered brusquely.

Elizabeth obliged, stretching out her hand and summoning the small, triangular token from her Sumeru Space.

Although the Element Spirit race controlled the Blooming Jade Stage, they weren't previously as strict when it came to controlling the passages. However, things quickly changed after the war between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race broke out.

The Chill Ice Slave took Elizabeth's token and pinched it. After the edge of the token flashed with a ray of light, it was returned to Elizabeth. "Enter through the left door."

Her face flashed with a strange expression when she heard the arrangement.

All the star rings should be behind the middle door. Why did the Chill Ice Slave tell her to go through the left one?

She didn't really have a choice though. She had already come to the ice castle and there was no reason for her not to follow the order of the Element Spirit race.

As she entered through the left door, Elizabeth noticed the floor flash blue from the thin layer of Soul Restraining Sand that covered it.

She had a bad feeling about this.

Before she could venture forth, Elizabeth decided to turn back and flap her wings in an effort to escape.

Swish!

She immediately tried to take off and scale along the side of the castle.

However, as she began to rise, a handful of Soul Restraining Sand blew towards her.

Elizabeth spun in the air, her wings stirring up strong winds.

The strong gale got rid of most of the Soul Restraining Sand. Unfortunately, a few grains found their way to the surface of her Holy Soul which meant she wasn't going to be able to leave the Other Shore anytime soon.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The two Chill Ice Slaves, who stood guard in front of the ice castle, bent down and four, silvery wings grew out of their bodies as they rushed towards Elizabeth at an extremely fast speed.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Their bodies were covered with blades that began to spiral, making them look like two, mobile mixers.

Elizabeth was well aware of just how powerful these Chill Ice Slaves were. In order to avoid them, she dove down sharply before rising up at the last moment. With the crisis momentarily averted, she decided to fly close to the ground outside the castle.

Her wings flashed with golden light and the divine flames fluttered in the wind like heralding flags. The fire swirled around those two Chill Ice Slaves who continued to chase after her so closely.

Although the Chill Ice Slaves were stronger than the Moon Fire Slaves, they had one weakness: fearing fire.

The Element Spirit race was made up of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth spirits. These Chill Ice Slaves were actually borne from water spirits.

Although they were fast, they had no choice but to slow down in order to avoid Elizabeth's flames. This led to a wider gap between them and her.

Just as Elizabeth breathed more easily and figured that she might be able to get lucky and escape, an explosion suddenly came from inside the ice castle.

When she looked, she saw a ball of lightning that had risen into the air. This ball of lightning contained a rough outline of a person.

"Crack!"

There was a sharp sound as the ball of lightning exploded and rushed towards Elizabeth at breakneck speed.

It wasn't in the Element Spirit race's nature to participate in fights directly and they preferred to create all kinds of slaves to serve as their champions in battle.

The creature formed by this ball of lightning was called the Magical Thunder Slave!

Elizabeth was in trouble now. If the Chill Ice Slaves were already powerful, this Magical Thunder Slave was a few notches stronger!

Crack! Crack!

Before the deafening explosion could reach her ears, Elizabeth had used all her strength to roll forward.

"Boom!"

She felt a wave of power behind her as the explosion caused devastating ruin and created a deep hole on the ground. It was fortunate that she was able to get away.

There was no time to see the extent of the damage. She was able to dodge once but she had to keep moving!

"Kof, kof, kof..."

Streaks of lightning revealed the slave's face and his irregular smile.

From behind her, the Magical Thunder Slave had transformed into a bolt of lightning that was determined to strike her down. The face formed by the lightning quickly twisted and finally turned into a straight line, hitting her body precisely.

"Crack!"

There was a sickeningly loud sound that echoed through Elizabeth's ears as she was sent up into the sky by the lightning, rolling like a leaf in the wind.

Fortunately, she had achieved the Holy Soul so her injuries weren't so serious.

Had she only been an Indigo Soul then she would've already been shattered.

"Boom!"

As Elizabeth fell from the sky, the Magical Thunder Slave rushed towards her.

When she landed, she hit the ground hard and rolled thousands of feet before stopping.

"Those who betray our Element Spirit race never have a good ending..."

Elizabeth heard another thunderous roar as the Magical Thunder Slave's body gathered terrifying lightning energy and became blindingly white.

Chapter 3751 Imprisoning Lightning

Elizabeth lay on the ground and stared at the gradually brightening Magical Thunder Slave. Her face darkened with despair.

Not long ago, she had contacted the Element Spirit race, and conferred with Micah and the others in Stage Thirty-two.

The Element Spirit race, still regarding the "losers" of the Sun Crow race as their allies, had not been on guard against them.

How could her secret have been exposed as soon as she entered the ice castle?

At this point, however, the reason hardly mattered.

The fact was that Elizabeth was no match for the Magical Thunder Slave. Indeed, after fending off his first two attacks, she was already exhausted. She was certain that she couldn't withstand the next one.

At that moment, unbidden, the thought of Zen came into Elizabeth's mind.

Zen and Libby were hiding not far away, and she hoped dearly that the Magical Thunder Slave and the Chill Ice Slaves would not be able to find them.

A crash of thunder was heard in the air.

The Magical Thunder Slave rushed towards Elizabeth, launching his next attack. She waited helplessly for the onslaught.

But as the lightning approached Elizabeth, a figure darted forward from the side.

It was Zen.

Elizabeth had led them competently and cautiously through the upper ice field.

Moreover, she had been calm and confident as she entered the ice castle, so Zen had believed that she would pass through safely.

To his surprise, not long after she entered the ice castle, she had been chased out.

Zen and Libby were crouched together in an ice pit, concealing themselves. At the unmistakable sound of thunder and battle, Zen had warily poked his head out of the ice pit, determined to see what was happening. He'd seen and understood Elizabeth's plight, and immediately jumped out of the pit to aid her.

Libby tried to stop him, but Zen went anyway.

Libby sighed. It was already a risk for them to sneak through the Blooming Jade Stage!

Now that Zen had revealed himself, they wouldn't be able to hide any longer.

Zen moved with such speed that the air whistled past him.

He reached out and tried to grasp the lightning as it struck at Elizabeth.

To his astonishment, he found that it was the real body of the Magical Thunder Slave, which writhed like a lightning snake most of the time.

"So, you dare to try and catch me!"

The Magical Thunder Slave spoke in a sneering voice, but he was also caught by surprise at how Zen had seemingly rushed out of nowhere.

Moreover, Zen had appeared with a physical body, and the Magical Thunder Slave wondered to which race he belonged. Who would dare to help Elizabeth in the Blooming Jade Stage?

The Magical Thunder Slave hesitated for a moment before realizing that he couldn't see Zen's face clearly. It meant this warrior had entered the Other Shore with his physical body.

He immediately realized that Zen might be the human brat long sought by his superiors on the Other Shore.

But how had he passed through the other ice castles?

As far as the Magical Thunder Slave knew, the Magical Thunder Slaves, the Chill Ice Slaves, and the Moon Fire Slaves—all stronger than himself—had already made those ice castles impassable.

It should have been impossible for Zen to come through...

But since he was here, safe and sound, that could only mean that Zen had somehow broken through all the strong lines of defense that barred his way.

Then it must be that Zen's power was far greater than it appeared at first glance.

As the Magical Thunder Slave considered these implications, he hesitated, yet remained confused and vigilant about Zen's strength.

But anyway, the Magical Thunder Slave was among the most powerful of the Element Spirit race. He did not believe that Zen could defeat him directly. And as for how Zen had arrived here, well, there must be some hidden reason he could not see.

The Magical Thunder Slave was half right. It was true that Zen didn't arrive here through normal way. But he was wrong about Zen's power. Zen was definitely strong enough to defeat him in a fight.

There was a sizzling noise, as though from an electric current.

Zen kept his grip on the lightning, but it was very thick and wiry in his hand.

Like a snake, the lightning coiled around his hands and up his arms, twisting around his neck.

It released the terrifying power of thunder as it moved along Zen's body, corroding his physical body and rapidly consuming his Chaotic Source Spirits.

The Truth of Godly Way could be used to restore the Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's body, but it was not quickly enough to match the speed of the lightning attack.

"This Magical Thunder Slave is indeed extremely powerful. Primeval Lord of Heaven, please help me!" aloud he said.

Zen had been also well-prepared before coming to this place.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had a deep understanding of the Element Spirit race, so he must know the ways of restraining them.

However, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was not an invincible existence. His physical body was still trapped in Stage Thirty-three.

Currently, he was just an energy soul. But with the help of the power of a Civilization Artifact, he was able to defeat those weak members of the Element Spirit race in and below Stage Twenty-eight.

But the Blooming Jade Stage—where Zen, Elizabeth, and Libby now found themselves—was already Stage Thirty.

In this stage, due to weaker and weaker suppression, the creatures of the Other Shore became stronger and stronger.

Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't have the confidence to win by himself in an encounter with the Magical Thunder Slave, so he needed to rely on Zen.

A buzzing sound filled the air.

After Zen voiced his request, sparks of purple light flashed in his hands.

They traveled from his skin and into the body of the Magical Thunder Slave, which was still entwined around Zen's body.

The effect of the purple light was quick and remarkable. As the purple light shone on the Magical Thunder Slave, his body became solid and opaque, turning into a muddy, grayish-brown substance.

"What have you done?" asked the Magical Thunder Slave, sounding shocked.

He wrapped himself more tightly around Zen's body and frantically released the power of thunder.

The Magical Thunder Slave had already been amazed when, upon his attack, Zen managed to resist for several seconds.

But after all, he had heard that Zen's physical body was incomparable, and that he had even become the ruler of Stage Fourteen. So the Magical

Thunder Slave was prepared for an extraordinary display of strength. Still, he had never imagined that Zen would be able to release a theurgy capable of altering his lightning form!

The Magical Thunder Slave lived in the lightning form. That made him an immensely difficult enemy, for as an entity of pure energy he was capable of powerful attacks and was virtually immortal.

The purple light was the work of the Primeval Lord of Heaven. It was called the Imprisoning Lightning.

When it was first conceived, the Imprisoning Lightning was not used as a weapon against the Magical Thunder Slaves.

A long time ago, the group of human heroes led by the Primeval Lord of Heaven ended up being trapped in the Heavenly Thunder Plain of Stage Thirty-three. At that time, the 77th civilization hadn't been destroyed. All the human masters, including the Primeval Lord of Heaven, didn't dare to return to the Other Shore.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was forced into seclusion in the chaos for a long while before he finally created the Imprisoning Lightning and led the human masters back to the Other Shore.

The Imprisoning Lightning was not intended to destroy thunder. Instead, it acted to infuse another unique energy into the electric force of thunder.

When the Imprisoning Lightning merged with the thunder, the thunder would be converted into another form.

After the Primeval Lord of Heaven released the purple light of the Imprisoning Lightning, the lightning that covered the entire plain turned into grayish brown objects that fell onto the ground. The Heavenly Thunder Plain, which had been rumbling for billions of years, became quiet for perhaps the first time in known history.

Now, the Imprisoning Lightning that had silenced the lightning of the Heavenly Thunder Plain also had an astounding effect on the Magical

Thunder Slave.

The purple light was not released by the Civilization Artifact—it was the Primeval Lord of Heaven's own theurgy.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven in Zen's body was just an energy soul, so he could only release the Imprisoning Lightning at a very close range. In this case, Zen had needed to get as close as possible to the Magical Thunder Slave to ensure the effectiveness of the attack.

The purple light flashed as it was emitted from Zen's hands, continuing to pass through the lightning body of the Magical Thunder Slave.

To his horror, the Magical Thunder Slave realized that his range of movement was becoming more and more limited as his body turned into a solid grayish-brown substance. He felt stiff, almost as though he had been paralyzed.

68
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3752 Fleeing Back
Chapter 3753 A Trap At The Dead End
Chapter 3754 A Pair Of Giant Hands
Chapter 3755 Singing Together
Chapter 3756 The Magical Slipknot
Chapter 3757 Uproar
Chapter 3758 The Holy Soul's Strength
Chapter 3759 Falling From The Sky
Chapter 3760 Fight
Chapter 3761 The Earth Wood Seal
Chapter 3762 The Method Of Dodging
Chapter 3763 Wipe Out
Chapter 3764 Arrangement
Chapter 3765 Bone Cave
Chapter 3766 Getting Involved
Chapter 3767 The Bottom Of The Sea
Chapter 3768 Outside
Chapter 3769 Bone Slaves
Chapter 3770 Bone Island
Chapter 3771 Myriad Tribulations Storm
Chapter 3772 The Tearing Force
Chapter 3773 Too Slow
Chapter 3774 Sudden Change
Chapter 3775 Division
Chapter 3776 Temporary Closure
Chapter 3777 The Eighteenth Layer
Chapter 3778 Reverse Vortex
Chapter 3779 Celestial Stone
Chapter 3780 Demonic Murloc
Chapter 3781 Gains
Chapter 3782 Dragon Threads
Chapter 3783 The Blood Spirit Tortoise
Chapter 3784 Intimidate
Chapter 3785 Could Do Nothing To Him

Chapter 3786 The Might Of A Spear Strike
Chapter 3787 Exit
Chapter 3788 The First And Second Volumes
Chapter 3789 Protection Rules
Chapter 3790 The Heavy Stone
Chapter 3791 Stone Forest
Chapter 3792 Kill
Chapter 3793 Claire
Chapter 3794 Three Purities Stone
Chapter 3795 Three Eyes
Chapter 3796 Help
Chapter 3797 The Violet Cloud Race
Chapter 3798 No Longer Tolerant
Chapter 3799 Samantha
Chapter 3800 The Reborn Evil God
Chapter 3801 Have Everything You Want
Chapter 3802 Another Invitation
Chapter 3803 Zen's Choice
Chapter 3804 On The Eternal Scroll Painting
Chapter 3805 Pressed
Chapter 3806 The Beasts In The Eternal Scroll Painting
Chapter 3807 A Smiling Face And A Crying Face

Chapter 3752 Fleeing Back

The greyish-brown substances could be ground into powder, which was called the Solid Lightning Powder.

It was a kind of material that was formed after lightning was solidified, but the lightning's energy still remained in the powdered form.

Back then, the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked some powerful human warriors to collect the brown substances on the Heavenly Thunder Plain, and later he ground them into Solid Lightning Powder.

Generally speaking, a considerable amount of Solid Lightning Powder could release an extremely terrifying amount of power.

For instance, there was a time when a Divine Retribution Beast hunted down humans on Stage Thirty-three. The human warriors suffered many casualties, but when their lives were finally at stake, the Primeval Lord of Heaven threw a large amount of Solid Lightning Powder into the giant mouth of the Divine Retribution Beast.

After that came an explosion, then the lightning bolts that erupted formed a large circular ball of lightning!

It unleashed such a powerful force that even the Primeval Lord of Heaven himself was shocked. After all, they did collect those lightning bolts on the Heavenly Thunder Plain for several days, so it surely had a strong effect. When the attack badly mutilated the Divine Retribution Beast's head, the human warriors survived.

Of course, Zen didn't know where the Imprisoning Lightning came from, but he wouldn't let the opportunity pass, especially when the Magical Thunder Slave had shown up with a form.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

As he kneaded the greyish-brown substances with both of his hands, they quickly pulverized into powder and scattered all over the ground.

"No!"

"You... You can't do this!"

"Stop!" the Magical Thunder Slave roared continuously from the last section of the lightning bolt.

Generally speaking, the Moon Fire Slaves and the Chill Ice Slaves all had spiritual cores.

Those spiritual cores were their life source, so they needed to conceal them well when they were in battle. If their spiritual cores were damaged, they would die.

On the other hand, the Magical Thunder Slaves didn't have spiritual cores, because they didn't die easily with their special life forms.

That was why the Magical Thunder Slave didn't expect Zen knew the way to kill him!

Despite that, he refused to give up even in his death. He struggled and roared, and his cries pounded in Zen's ears like thunder.

As for Zen, he acted as if he didn't hear anything.

He simply unleashed the Imprisoning Lightning and crushed the Magical Thunder Slave into powdery bits.

When only the Magical Thunder Slave's last section remained, he transformed into a human face and begged for his life, but Zen didn't give him any chance.

A purple beam of light flashed, then the human face became powder in Zen's fingers. "How…

How did you kill a Magical Thunder Slave so easily?" Elizabeth, who lay on the ice, uttered in disbelief.

She used to work for the Element Spirit race, so she was familiar with the Magical Thunder Slaves and Chill Ice Slaves.

The ever-changing Magical Thunder Slaves had left a deep impression on her. After all, they were powerful, indestructible, and immensely fast. They were almost perfect creatures that were born to fight.

However, such a powerful being didn't survive for five minutes in Zen's hands.

This man…

Now, Zen didn't know what Elizabeth was thinking. He stared attentively at the two Chill Ice Slaves nearby and asked, "What should we do now? Break in directly?"

Unfortunately, he didn't know the situation in the ice castle. If no one guarded the ice castle like on Stage Twenty-eight, he would just charge straight in and head upwards to Stage Thirty-one.

Even though Elizabeth was weak now, her mind was still sharp. "Charge in!" she immediately ordered.

According to her judgment, the Element Spirit race would place most of their forces in the first few ice castles while the last ice castle wouldn't be heavily guarded. However, it didn't matter much because Zen had already killed a Magical Thunder Slave.

Zen pulled Elizabeth up from the ground and said to Libby, "Follow me!"

Libby nodded while the wings on Elizabeth's back began to glow with a golden light. Despite her frail state, she could still control the divine flames of the Sun Crow race to defend against attacks.

The two Chill Ice Slaves that saw Zen kill the Magical Thunder Slave were also afraid of him now. When they found out that he was about to break into the ice castle, they had no choice but to defend despite their fear.

Just as Zen was about to move forward, however, the ice castle suddenly shook, and waves of reddish-brown soil burst forth from it!

The mass of soil carried strong waves of energy as well.

As soon as it was released, it quickly turned into multiple humans made of soil!

"Burial Earth Slaves!" Elizabeth exclaimed.

These Burial Earth Slaves also belonged to Five-Element Slaves. Although they moved slowly, they had powerful defensive power. They were harder to kill than the Magical Thunder Slaves!

Had they guarded the ice castle, then Zen and his company would have a difficult time breaking in.

"No matter what kind of slave they are, we can only break in by force!" Zen shouted.

With that, he gritted his teeth and rushed towards the ice castle!

But when he was halfway, a blue beam of light flashed from the inside of the ice castle, and snow-white figures came out of it. They were Chill Ice Slaves, and there were probably more than a dozen of them!

With so many Burial Earth Slaves and Chill Ice Slaves that surrounded the ice castle, it was almost impossible for Zen to break in by force.

He stopped abruptly, and his face turned grim.

He and Libby were able to retreat from the Other Shore, but Elizabeth would die there. Furthermore, the Element Spirit race would likely send more forces to guard the place after they left, and he would never expect to return to the Other Shore again.

"Boom! Boom! Boom…"

Deafening roars sounded from afar, and streaks of lightning chased after them.

It turned out that the Magical Thunder Slaves from the other ice castles immediately came after they got the news.

Everything became worse now that they couldn't break into the ice castle, and an army of Magical Thunder Slaves surrounded them from behind. There was almost no way to escape!

"Before the Soul Restraining Sand taints both of you… You'd better leave the Other Shore now…" Elizabeth croaked.

She also knew the consequence if Zen retreated from the Other Shore, but at least he could save his life. Besides, there was no other choice.

Zen suddenly looked up and said, "No, there's another way..."

Upon hearing his words, Elizabeth and Libby immediately realized what he was talking about.

He meant to flee back to the upper ice field!

The ice cave they had just dug wasn't completely frozen yet, but there was a layer of ice pieces that had solidified. Nevertheless, they still had a chance to go up and escape.

"Let's go!"

The second Zen made his decision, he pulled Libby, hoisted Elizabeth on his back, then flew upward!

The two Chill Ice Slaves not far away saw that he wanted to escape, but they wouldn't let him get away so easily.

They flapped their wings and quickly followed them!

"Humph!" Elizabeth snorted coldly.

Her golden wings suddenly shook, then the blazing divine flames of the Sun Crow race swept down like fire clouds and forced the two Chill Ice Slaves back.

"Whoosh!"

In less than nine seconds, Zen finally entered the ice cave. As the golden flames burned inside it, the icicles all around it melted.

Afterwards, he went through the ice sheet and climbed up to the upper ice field. At the same time, Elizabeth took out and ignited the Divine Fire Shield, which covered the top of their heads.

While Zen held the Divine Fire Shield in one hand, pulled Libby with the other, and carried Elizabeth on his back, he swiftly ran on the intensely cold upper ice field.

Chapter 3753 A Trap At The Dead End

Not long after Zen and the two girls passed through the ice cave, the two Chill Ice Slaves caught up with them.

The other kinds of Five-Element Slaves wouldn't be able to cope under extremely low temperatures, but the Chill Ice Slaves' body temperature was also quite low. Thus, it wasn't hard for them to survive in such an environment.

As soon as the Chill Ice Slaves, who were crystal clear, rushed to the upper ice field, white frost immediately covered the surface of their bodies. They were immensely flexible before, but now they were also a bit slow.

"Follow them!"

"Summon the other Five-Element Slaves to attack them!"

The two Chill Ice Slaves hadn't forgotten the miserable death of the Magical Thunder Slave, so they were smart enough not to make a move immediately, but instead, followed Zen and his companions behind.

Meanwhile, Zen occasionally observed the movements behind him as he sped forward.

"What do they mean by closely following us like this?" Libby asked.
"That's the most troublesome," Elizabeth said and shook her head.

If Zen could get rid of them, then the three of them could find a place and wait for the Soul Restraining Sand on Elizabeth's body to lose effect there.

After that, they could silently leave the Other Shore to avoid any trouble and consider how to enter Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore later.

However, they couldn't leave the Other Shore at all because the Chill Ice Slaves followed them everywhere.

"We have to find a way to get rid of them!" Zen said with gritted teeth.

The wind ran through his hair as he continued to rush forward at high speed.

Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks.

"Buzz—"

Once he steadied himself on the icy surface, he ran towards the two Chill Ice Slaves in the opposite direction.

Of course, the two Chill Ice Slaves were also very vigilant.

The moment Zen stopped moving forward, they stopped as well. When they saw him rush towards them, they flapped their wings and quickly retreated.

They always kept a distance of about a thousand feet from Zen, which was neither near nor too far.

On the other hand, Zen felt helpless when he realized that he couldn't catch up with the Chill Ice Slaves.

Thus, he had no choice but to turn back and move forward.

At the same time, the ice in another area of the upper ice field broke. A cold wind blew through it, and a huge ice cave appeared.

"Crack!"

A giant fiery hand stretched out from the ice cave and pressed on its edge. Then, a huge body covered in green flames jumped out from it. It was a Moon Fire Slave! "Wow!

It's so cold!" the Moon Fire Slave exclaimed as he shivered.

Generally speaking, the Moon Fire Slaves weren't suited to the immensely cold environment in the Blooming Jade Stage.

Therefore, they had to take extra protection measures if they wanted to climb to the upper ice field.

Now, the armor on the Moon Fire Slave's body was similar to the Divine Fire Shield.

As long as the armor was injected with a certain amount of flames, they could resist the intense coldness and low temperature.

Still, the Moon Fire Slaves were annoyed at the severely low temperature.

Yet, they were given an order. They were surprised when they heard that the human man they had been waiting for actually fled to the upper ice field.

Then again, they didn't have to stay in the cold for too long as long as they captured that man and fulfilled their mission.

At that moment, tall and big Moon Fire Slaves came out of the square ice cave one by one.

Once the Moon Fire Slaves confirmed their target's location, they ran towards that direction at full speed. Although the ice was a thousand feet thick, it trembled like there was an earthquake since so many Moon Fire Slaves ran over it.

While that happened, an ice hole in a size of a bowl appeared in another area of the upper ice field.

"Crack!"

Thick streaks of thunder emerged from the ice hole.

Then, Magical Thunder Slaves, which looked like long snakes, swirled in the air and quickly turned into strange and abstract human shapes.

They all silently confirmed the location of their target. Then, they went straight in that direction.

They immediately intertwined and elongated into much longer snakes, then moved forward at an extremely high speed.

It turned out that the two Chill Ice Slaves regularly sent Zen's location to their companions. The Five-Element Slaves formed a huge circle and charged from all directions.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Zen's eyes slightly darkened when he heard the rumble of thunder again.

He looked to the left and saw a burst of thunder in the distance. He knew that the Magical Thunder Slaves must be near.

"Dong, dong, dong..."

At that point, the ground began to shake rhythmically as well. Then, more tall Moon Fire Slaves chased them from another side.

These Five-Element Slaves' momentum became increasingly palpable, and Zen and his companions had a slimmer chance to retreat.

After he ran forward for a while, he saw a Cold Prison which was dozens of miles wide.

There were Five-Element Slaves in three directions, while in front of them was the Cold Prison, which was a forbidden area.

Zen and the two girls truly had no escape. "What should we do?" Libby bit her lip.

She was still young. She didn't want to die, nor did she want her Soul of Light to be trapped in the Blooming Jade Stage.

Zen did not respond to Libby. He just frowned and slowly stepped back against the Cold Prison.

Just then, he heard the Primeval Lord of Heaven's voice that said, "Zen, get close to that Cold Prison!"

"Get close to the Cold Prison?" He was confused.

The bald giant confined in the largest Cold Prison was dangerous. When it came to strength alone, he was more powerful than all the Five-Element Slaves.

If Zen recklessly went closer to it, the bald giant would attack him. Wouldn't that be courting death?

"That bald giant should hate the Element Spirit race more than he hates you," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied simply.

Zen arched one brow upon hearing those words.

There was a dead end ahead of them.

Even with the Primeval Lord of Heaven's help, it would be difficult for him to defeat so many Five-Element Slaves.

But if the Primeval Lord of Heaven's assumption was true, then that might be a solution.

According to the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, the Element Spirit race had captured the bald giant, so the giant must loathe them the most.

In turn, Zen nodded and said to the green figure, "Please help me activate the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization. I want to see the inside of the Cold Prison!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization in the distance was activated again.

Since the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had already deciphered the light dots in the Cold Prison before, it was now more skilled in doing the task. Two rays of green light entered Zen's pupils, and he quickly saw the inside of the Cold Prison.

He was taken aback.

The bald giant was already over the edge of the Cold Prison. His bell-like eyes were wide open; his body lunged forward; and overall he looked like he was ready to pounce at any time.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was right about one thing: that this bald giant couldn't hate the Element Spirit Civilization more. He always wanted to tear up the members of the Element Spirit race. Now that he saw the Five-Element Slaves, he even intended to swallow them alive.

Of course, the Moon Fire Slaves didn't understand the light spots in the Cold Prison, nor did they know that there was a powerful giant inside of it who had his eyes on them. They only knew that there was a dead-end behind Zen and that he couldn't retreat.

"Human boy, you cannot escape now. If you obediently follow us back, we can still keep you alive," the Moon Fire Slave in the front of their group said with a sinister smile.

This Moon Fire Slave planned to drill an ice cave from their current spot and return to the lower ice field because he hated the low temperature of the upper field so much.

However, Zen didn't respond to him, and instead, continued to step back.

The bald giant was bound in chains, so he could only attack within a range of three thousand feet around the Cold Prison.

Now Zen was already within the three thousand feet range, but the bald giant still didn't move. It seemed that he indeed did not target Zen.

Chapter 3754 A Pair Of Giant Hands

Both Libby and Elizabeth were also extremely nervous.

While they couldn't see the giant with their own eyes, they had already been attacked by his hands before.

If his strike landed, they would both have already been dead.

But they were left with no other choice.

Covered by the Divine Fire Shield, Zen retreated step by step.

Meanwhile, the Moon Fire Slaves moved forward at the same pace, with the Chill Ice Slaves and the Magical Thunder Slaves approaching from the other directions.

Three thousand feet...

Two thousand feet...

When Zen retreated to within two thousand feet from the Cold Prison, the Five-Element Slaves entered the bald giant's range of attack.

As he retreated, Zen observed the creature when he could.

The giant maintained his original posture, keeping his eyes wide open.

'The giant seems really calm, ' Zen thought to himself. 'Does he want to capture all these Five-Element Slaves in one go?'

One thousand feet...

Five hundred feet...

Zen turned back frequently, which drew the Five-Element Slaves' attention.

The Moon Fire Slave leading the group chuckled, "Brat, why do you keep looking back? Can you see what's in the Cold Prison??"

The Moon Fire Slaves, the Chill Ice Slaves, and the Magical Thunder Slaves all knew of the bald giant trapped in the Cold Prison. To get him in there, the Element Spirit race had to pour in great effort—as the slaves of this race, they had to do everything just to imprison the creature.

But now that the bald giant was trapped, he could barely move, and was no longer as threatening as he had been before.

Nevertheless, the Moon Fire Slave couldn't help but feel a bit confused by Zen's behavior.

Zen should have only been seeing light dots in the Cold Prison, so what was he looking at?

As Zen continued retreating, he smiled as he said, "Of course I can."

"If you can see clearly, then can you tell me what lies in the Cold Prison?" from the left, a Magical Thunder Slave sneered.

Naturally, none of them believed Zen could see within the prison.

Zen's eyes narrowed at the challenge.

It was a critical moment.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had correctly guessed the bald giant's mental state.

He had been intensely irritable since his imprisonment—he hated all creatures on the Other Shore.

It was no wonder he launched an attack at Zen the moment he woke up.

Two reasons kept Zen from successfully communicating with the bald giant. On the one hand, he couldn't pronounce the Sanskrit words, and on the other hand, the bald giant was immediately hostile toward him.

But judging from how the giant patiently waited for the Five-Element Slaves to continue approaching, he was not stupid by any means.

And so now, Zen had to make sure the giant knew he was an enemy to the Five-Element Slaves.

While the giant possibly already knew the fact, Zen needed to deepen his impression.

An enemy's enemy was a friend, after all.

In his mind, Zen made contact with the Primeval Lord of Heaven. In mere seconds, he replied, "There is a bald giant in the Cold Prison."

Zen's answer completely stunned the Moon Fire Slaves. They hadn't expected him to get it right.

Could he truly see what was happening in the Cold Prison, they wondered?

While they were stuck in a daze, Zen abruptly rushed forward, grasping the Divine Fire Shield in his hand. As he closed the distance, he called in his mind, 'Primeval Lord of Heaven, please take action!'

He had to keep the shield in place to protect Elizabeth and Libby, hindering him from properly fighting. All he could do was leave it up to the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

With an energy soul's strength, it was impossible for the Primeval Lord of Heaven to defeat all the Five-Element Slaves, but at the very least, he could easily kill off one or two Moon Fire Slaves.

The moment Zen rushed forward rapidly, the shadow of the Primeval Lord of Heaven appeared, pointing ahead of him.

Buzz!

Using the book's power, he shot out a ray of light from his fingertip.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the ray pierced through the spiritual core within the body of the Moon Fire Slave right in front of the group.

The body began trembling instantaneously, the green flames in his body surging before getting extinguished in the next second. His armor disintegrated and fell to the ground.

By killing one of them, Zen wanted to signal to the giant that he was on the opposite side of the Element Spirit race.

From where he was, he couldn't quite tell if his action was effective enough. He figured he'd have to leave it up to fate.

The moment the Moon Fire Slave was killed, Zen retreated.

In the next instant, he was flying over five hundred feet before reaching the edge of the Cold Prison. If he took another mere step, he would have fallen in.

Despite the Divine Fire Shield's protection, Zen and the two girls could still feel a chill creeping up their backs.

Zen had already killed one of their companions, and the Moon Fire Slave died because of his spiritual core breaking—this meant complete death.

All the Five-Element Slaves flew forward into a rage.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Their initially gentle approach turned into a high-speed chase heading straight after Zen.

"Brat! How dare you! We won't let you die so easily!" roared one of the Moon Fire Slaves.

'What are you waiting for?'

Zen thought to himself, turning back to the bald giant. To his surprise, the creature's eyes met his—it wasn't until that moment that Zen noticed a faint smile on the giant's face.

It seemed that the giant had just seen through him.

The Moon Fire Slaves were closing in on Zen, only worsening his anxiety. If the giant didn't make a move, Zen was as good as dead at that moment.

When the Moon Fire Slaves were only about a hundred feet away from Zen and the girls, countless dots of light within the Cold Prison suddenly curled up.

A pair of giant hands extended from it, slamming down right before Zen.

"Bang!"

With an explosive sound, the pair of giant hands slapped about eight Moon Fire Slaves who were rushing ahead of the group on the icy surface.

The hands continued rolling on the ice.

It wasn't the bald giant's first time fighting the Element Spirit race, so he knew that the flame creatures were driven by spiritual cores.

By rolling his hands, he ground and crushed all the Moon Fire Slaves' armors, along with their bodies' spiritual cores.

When the giant raised his hands, only armor debris remained on the ice, while the Moon Fire Slaves perished along with their spiritual cores.

The Chill Ice Slaves and the Magical Thunder Slaves were all stunned by the sudden attack.

All of them froze abruptly.

Without anyone to give an order, they didn't know how to deal with the situation—they were all hesitant and stuck in place.

"Bang!"

The giant's hands moved decisively toward the Chill Ice Slaves at an incredible speed—he swatted at them as though they were mere mosquitoes in summer.

The Chill Ice Slaves immediately changed their form once they saw the hands approaching.

But just as the Moon Fire Slaves did, the Chill Ice Slaves' lives depended on their spiritual cores. They only differed in that the Moon Fire Slaves had fire spiritual cores, while Chill Ice Slaves had water spiritual cores.

As the giant hands continued rolling over the icy surface, the Chill Ice Slaves perished.

And with that, the bald giant then targeted the Magical Thunder Slaves.

As it turned out, the bald giant was much smarter than Zen had expected.

The creature seemed to know that the Magical Thunder Slaves lacked spiritual cores, making them a more difficult kill. So his hands suddenly flew in the air, pushing the Magical Thunder Slaves into the Cold Prison.

Chapter 3755 Singing Together

Once the thunderbolts made their way into the Cold Prison, they would take another form.

That form would allow the bald giant to kill the Magical Thunder Slaves quite easily.

But they reacted surprisingly fast, moving quickly and nimbly like eels!

"Crack!"

With the thunderous bangs, the Magical Thunder Slaves slithered through the gaps between the giant's hands and ran off in all directions.

The giant stretched and grabbed over and over, attempting to catch them again, but they kept escaping before he even knew it.

In less than thirty seconds, some of the Five-Element Slaves had died and some had successfully fled. Only Zen, Elizabeth and Libby were left beside the Cold Prison.

"Should we... leave too?"

Libby asked, her voice trembling.

She knew escape was an almost unreasonable hope; that pair of hands would not allow them to leave so easily. But even now, she still held a glimmer of hope in her heart...

When she looked at Zen, he was her rope hanging from above that she could climb to safety if things got too bad.

"No," Zen said firmly, shaking his head.

Elizabeth and Libby could not see it, but Zen saw clearly that the bald giant stared at him with a faint smile spreading across his face.

He fixed his gaze on him like a tiger stalking its prey, ready to pounce and feast on him.

From this distance, escape was impossible.

The only sliver of hope he had was the previous hint!

He and the bald giant had a common enemy, and they both stood on the same side of this.

Fleeing now would only incite an attack from the bald giant.

"Buzz..."

The light dots in the Cold Prison grew restless once more. The bald giant lifted his hands and slapped at the three of them again.

"Ah!"

Libby's long hair blew from the force of the slap and she couldn't help but scream.

She had had a lot of training experience on the Other Shore, but she hadn't come face to face with any real serious difficulty or danger. She was thus left ill-prepared for the grave life and death situation they now found themselves in.

In contrast, Zen and Elizabeth were much calmer.

Elizabeth had become the leader of the Divine Lair after she had been through countless bloody battles and come out victorious. This was her strength. To this day, she regarded life and death as unimportant details and Zen shared this view after similar experiences.

He had always had an inkling that the bald giant was not stupid. If he still longed for freedom, they were his best shot at getting it!

"Whoosh!"

The two enormous hands finally came to a halt two or three feet above the Divine Fire Shield, and then slowly withdrew towards the inside of the Cold Prison.

Libby stopped screaming and seemed to gasp for breath.

Of course, her soul did not need to breathe. It was simply an expression of relief after all the nervousness that had overtaken her.

"Woo... Hoo..."

Soon, rhythmic sounds could be heard from the Cold Prison, as if many people were singing together.

"Help me decipher it," Zen said to the green figure.

After the green figure had moved from the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to the Civilization Artifact, it had been sitting there, paying close attention to Zen's every move. If Zen gave the order, it would activate the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization immediately.

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization quickly began deciphering the content and transmitted it directly to Zen's mind. "He is asking if you are enemies of the Element Spirit race," said the green figure.

Zen raised his eyebrows slightly. This question proved that his strategy had worked.

Zen had wanted the bald giant to understand that he was on his side.

The new issue was how to answer the giant's question.

As a creature from the chaos, even if he knew how to express himself, he still couldn't actually make the correct sounds. The bald giant even could not understand the similar sounds. He had tried this before and failed...

"Dong, dong!"

Zen hesitated in his response and the giant uncurled a finger from the depths of the Cold Prison and hit the surface of the ice.

A rhythmic sound was heard again, exactly the same as before.

"Zen, he's asking us a question, right?" Elizabeth asked, noticing the giant in the Cold Prison was getting a little impatient.

"Yes, he asked if we're enemies of the Element Spirit race," Zen replied.

"But how do we answer him?" Elizabeth asked helplessly.

"I'm trying to figure that out," said Zen.

Libby, who had been extremely nervous, suddenly blurted out, "The souls in the Soul City are not creatures from outside the chaos, but they are capable of making the sounds of reading Sanskrit words!"

Zen's eyes suddenly lit up at this revelation. "Yes! Many souls make sounds at the same time that mix together..."

The pronunciation of the Sanskrit words was not made of a single syllable. When the bald giant spoke, it was as if dozens of people spoke and sang at the same time.

Although the green figure had taught Zen the proper pronunciation, he would be unable to create such a complex sound alone. If there were dozens of people making sounds together, it could be possible.

Zen speedily conveyed this idea to the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was thinking this himself. Being very intelligent, he reacted immediately at Zen's suggestion.

If there were enough people together to make the correct sounds and combine them together, they could create the same effect as the bald giant!

The Primeval Lord of Heaven quickly gathered the elites of the human race in the Civilization Artifact. At the same time, he let the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization disassemble the pronunciation of the Sanskrit words. Every piece of pronunciation that contained multiple sounds was disassembled into single syllables, and each elite of the human race was responsible for uttering one single syllable.

"Dong, dong, dong!"

The bald giant hit the ice surface with his thick finger again, splashing the debris of ice in all directions.

He was growing increasingly impatient. He asked the question a third time, and the smile on his face had disappeared entirely.

Libby and Elizabeth looked at Zen simultaneously, hoping he would come up with a solution...

Just then, more than thirty heads suddenly appeared above Zen's head. The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Houyi and the others uttered words as if they sang together. "Yes, the Element Spirit race is my enemy!"

The bald giant obviously hadn't expected Zen to answer in this way. After a moment of amazement, a smile returned to his face. "Is the Element Spirit race the ruler of this world?" he asked.

Using the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, the green figure deciphered the sentence and conveyed its meaning to Zen.

"The ruler of this world? No. They are nothing but cowards in this world," Zen replied.

In Zen's eyes, the Element Spirit Civilization's pursuit of the Purge Way was a helpless compromise to make the world peaceful. If one wanted to truly solve the crisis of chaos, they would have to rely on the Finale Way.

Therefore, the pursuit of the Purge Way was a coward's venture.

After Zen finished speaking, the green figure once again translated the words into complex syllables, and then disassembled them for the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others to sing together and make the composite sound.

Communicating in this way was very inconvenient, but at least it could help Zen communicate with the giant.

However, Fuxi, Houyi and the others rolled their eyes as they sang this strange song. This task had clearly left them in a bad mood and they felt helpless in having to do it.

Chapter 3756 The Magical Slipknot

After the bald giant heard the human heroes sing, he couldn't help but respond, "You are right! They are indeed a group of cowards. They set up a contemptible trap against me, and that was how they caught me!"

Once he finished, he gritted his teeth in pure anger.

"The Element Spirit race are quite cunning and despicable," Zen pointed out.

As the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization translated for him, the human heroes conveyed his words using song.

"Exactly! What a group of deceitful bastards!" The bald giant agreed as he nodded.

"Such a hateful race just brought shame to all of the civilizations in the chaos!" Zen continued to curse in disgust.

Meanwhile, the human heroes furrowed their eyebrows in confusion while Zen cursed the Element Spirit Civilization so passionately.

Just then, the Snake Goddess broke the tension. "Zen, what's the point of cursing the Element Spirit Civilization this way?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven also looked up at Zen, revealing a look of doubt.

They encouraged Zen to inquire about the bald man's background before making any impulsive actions. It would have been helpful if they knew if he was a member of the Instant Civilization, or if he had any knowledge on what civilizations existed in the Abstruse Energy World, etc.

However, instead of doing so, Zen cursed profusely at the Element Spirit Civilization, which surprised the rest of them.

For them, it seemed like a meaningless bicker especially because they all cultivated to such a high level.

All of a sudden, Zen winked at them. "I think we'd better go along with the giant first."

Based on what the giant had done, Zen figured that he was an impulsive and wilful man.

Though the giant spared their lives, there was no guarantee he wouldn't return if Zen irritated him some more.

This was the reason Zen echoed the giant's curses on the Element Spirit Civilization. He wanted to gain his approval.

On the other hand, this was an ordeal to the human heroes, though. While he was cursing, the heroes conveyed the translations with songs that they would not be able to understand.

This process took a long while, and eventually gave time for the bald giant to cool off most of his anger. His violent aura had dissipated a lot over this time.

He looked at Zen with what seemed like a look of friendliness. "You look similar to me, my friend," the giant said. "Are you also a member of the Colossus race? But why are you so small in size?"

The Colossus race? What was that?

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, Zen and the others repeated the phrase to themselves as they tried to see if it would ring a bell.

This gave them insight that the bald giant was not alone. He had a race.

"I can change my body size. Look!"

Just then, Zen secretly activated the Wild God Power which sent his body to grow up to twenty feet high.

He made sure to be cautious, especially because of the restriction of the Divine Fire Shield. There was no way Zen would send himself to the ordinary size of a Wild God.

The giant's eyes widened at the sight of this. "You can even shift your body size like a member of Colossus race! The angrier we are, the larger we can grow." The giant seemed excited to know Zen was an ally. "Are we exactly from the same race? Are there any others of our kind in this world?"

Zen knew well that he did not belong to the Colossus race.

However, he noticed the similarity in his appearance with the giant, which made him wonder if the human race did have any connection to the so-called Colossus race.

But in order to be on his good side, Zen had to play smart. Hence, Zen didn't deny him, and instead, gave a vague answer and a shrug. "Well, it's possible."

But just as the bald giant was about to jump for joy, Zen changed the subject. "As far as I know, the creatures in the Cold Prisons have been imprisoned for a very long time. Some have exceeded eras! My friend, do you plan to be imprisoned for a long time here as well?"

Hearing this, the bald giant's face shifted from excitement to infuriation. His nostrils bulged as he took heavy breaths. "They can't imprison me. If they do, they will pay for it!"

As he spoke his last word, the bald giant pulled out a huge iron stake from his belt.

The Element Spirit race tied up the bald giant to this iron stake at the center of the Cold Prison. However, under his relentless struggle, he managed to pull the stake up from the ground, and that was why he could move within the range of the Cold Prison.

Still, he was chained, which prevented him from breaking free completely.

However, the bald giant believed that the three chains proved no threat to him.

"But now that this event has happened, it won't be long before the Element Spirit race sends reinforcements to tie you up again. If it comes to that, you won't have another chance to escape!"

The bald giant wanted nothing more than freedom from the Cold Prison.

As Zen said this, the bald giant shook his head as he realized the gravity of his situation.

Even though he killed and repelled the Five-Element Slaves, he could not underestimate the strength of the Element Spirit race again. There was no way he wanted to stay imprisoned.

"I have to get out of this damned place now!"

The bald giant screamed, impatient and bitter. He shook and flailed around in attempt to tear the iron chain around his hands.

What Zen did not know was the material used for the iron chains. Though the giant possessed immense strength, the chains were undamaged.

Bang!

Just then, the bald giant smashed the iron chain onto the ground. He slouched and heaved for a breath, helpless and panting. "I... I can't destroy it!"

"Can you try and throw the chain out of the Cold Prison so I can take a look?" Zen asked.

He summoned the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others to take a look at the chains.

Zen was determined to free the giant, so that he could use the giant's power to defeat the Five-Element Slaves in Stage Thirty.

"Can you break this chain for me?"

The bald giant pleaded. He stretched out his hands, showing it to Zen.

Seeing it up close, the iron chain was as wide as a human being. It was bronze, while the rings were fastened tightly.

The soul of the Primeval Lord of Heaven floated up to get a closer look at the chain. With a light tap of his finger, lines of densely arranged runes suddenly appeared on the chain's surface.

Theses runes connected to one another, resembling a chain.

Pleased, the Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled at such change. "Just as I suspected. It's a Magical Slipknot! Once an iron chain is painted with this kind of runes, a Magical Slipknot Array would form on the joints between every two rings. If one attempts to escape it, the chain would only tighten."

"Do you know how we can break the array?" Zen asked impatiently.

"Please." The Primeval Lord of Heaven brushed off his shoulder. "This is a piece of cake."

It was true that the Magical Slipknot Array was not too difficult to deal with. The Element Spirit race never would have guessed that someone would have helped the giant solve it.

After Zen told the bald giant that they could free him, his face lit up with pure excitement. In turn, he followed all their orders without another word. He obediently bent down, spread out hands, and placed them right before the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Extending his hands, the Primeval Lord of Heaven stroked one ring of the chain. Within seconds, a faint green light flashed from his palms.

This light began to flow like a thick liquid as it made its way towards the Magical Slipknot Array.

As the green light made contact with the Magical Slipknot Array, the array's originally golden light died down.

Just then, the Primeval Lord of Heaven retreated backward and merely nodded at the giant.

With one stretch of his arms, the chain broke apart.

Buzz!

It was in this moment that Libby's and Elizabeth's visions saw the numerous light spots in the Cold Prison dance.

Zen watched the bald giant intentionally. He noticed the giant did not expect it to be so easy, and his eyes widened at the knowledge that he was finally free.

Chapter 3757 Uproar

Once the Primeval Lord of Heaven unbolted the remaining two chains, the bald giant got to his feet and stepped out of the Cold Prison.

The smooth ice field shone light on him, emitting a primitive, powerful aura.

The bald giant squatted down and spread his hand towards Zen and said, "My friend, it's time to settle accounts with those bastards!"

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization deciphered his words, causing Zen to smile.

He then walked into the palm of the bald giant with Elizabeth and Libby.

The ice shook as the bald giant walked on the upper ice field.

The temperature here was low, but not as low as in the Cold Prison.

The moment the frost condensed on the surface of the bald giant's body, it sizzled, turned into hot air, and disappeared.

The giant's skin turned bright red, steaming heat gushing out of his body and resisting the low temperature of the ice field pretty easily.

"This place is covered with ice! Where is the Element Spirit Civilization?"

the bald giant asked after they had traversed some distance.

Zen was not familiar with the Blooming Jade Stage either. But he had already walked through it once before and knew that as long as he walked in this direction to the very end, he could advance to Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore.

Zen was about to direct the giant in the right way when Elizabeth suddenly said, "Now that this bald giant wants to take revenge on the Element Spirit race, why don't we let him enjoy himself?"

"Enjoy himself?" Zen's eyes narrowed.

"Since the Element Spirit race controls the Blooming Jade Stage, it would be inconvenient for any other race to go up or down. Zen, your body has passed the Blooming Jade Stage, but your soul is still in Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore. If you want to go to Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, I'm afraid it will become troublesome by then. It also won't be easy for your people from the Oneness Sky Palace to pass through the Blooming Jade Stage," Elizabeth reminded him.

Zen's eyes lit up at this and he asked to clarify, "What do you mean?"

"Overturn Stage Thirty of the Other Shore," Elizabeth answered with a shrug.

The Element Spirit race had Stage Thirty of the Other Shore under full control. As a result, other races, civilizations, or powerful individual creatures on the Other Shore had no choice but to bear with the Element Spirit race when they passed through the Blooming Jade Stage.

If the base camp of the Element Spirit race in Stage Thirty of the Other Shore could be destroyed, other forces on the Other Shore, like the Nihility race, and civilizations in support of the Finale Way, would probably take the chance to enter the Blooming Jade Stage.

This was a good opportunity to weaken the power of the Element Spirit race, and there was no reason for them to miss it.

"Please show him the way," Zen said, smiling.

Elizabeth shrugged again. She had been traveling in the Blooming Jade Stage for a long time and was familiar with the distribution of the ice castles belonging to the Element Spirit Civilization.

Many octagonal ice castles stood at the center of the lower ice field in the Blooming Jade Stage.

These ice castles weren't very large, but were connected to each other, forming a permanent ice city. The Element Spirit race had even built a thick ice wall on the outer side of the ice city.

Different types of Other Shore creatures ventured in and out of the ice city. Souls of Light, native Other Shore creatures, and former civilizations in the chaos were among them. All of them had one thing in common—every single race had been subject to the Element Spirit Civilization.

The atmosphere in the ice city was subdued today. Both the Other Shore creatures and the Five-Element Slaves were unusually silent.

The troops formed by the Moon Fire Slaves, the Chill Ice Slaves, and the Magical Thunder Slaves had very recently suffered a great loss. Except for the Magical Thunder Slaves having staged a lucky escape, all the Moon Fire Slaves and the Chill Ice Slaves had been killed.

A round platform carved with ice crystals sat at the center of the ice city. The center of this platform shimmered in a strange darkness.

The Dark Region was so dark that no one could clearly see what was going on inside.

But the creatures living in the ice city knew what it was covering.

Many Moon Fire Slaves, Burial Earth Slaves, and Chill Ice Slaves surrounded the round platform and knelt down towards the Dark Region. They silently lowered their heads.

"You are a group of losers!

There were just two Souls of Light and a corporeal body!

How could they kill all my Moon Fire Slaves and Chill Ice Slaves?!

I really underestimated that stupid giant!"

"..."

The voice roared from within the Dark Region for quite a while before a ball slowly floated out of it.

Blue ice crystals floated inside the ball.

These ice crystals circled within the ball a few times before forming a little ice man.

This man was Hosea, a water spirit of the Element Spirit race.

As the ruler of Stage Thirty of the Other Shore, he had been in charge of everything in the Blooming Jade Stage. He had dispatched troops to the upper ice field to encircle and annihilate Zen as soon as they had discovered his whereabouts.

He had thought that it would be very easy to capture Zen. But in the end, his troops returned in bitter defeat and with heavy casualties.

This was a result that Hosea could not accept, so he flew into a rage.

He leaped lightly and his small body emerged from the ball.

He looked short, but his real body was taller than a human.

He waved his hands lightly and two blades appeared beside his arms.

These blades were curved and glinted with cold light that none could explain.

Hosea was about to lead the Five-Element Slaves on their journey when he spotted a Soul of Light flying towards them in the close distance.

The Soul of Light was Neal, a powerful warrior of Holy Soul Realm from the Divine Farmer race. He hurried to report his findings to Hosea. "Master Hosea, Zen has come down. He is at the gate of the ice city!"

Hosea was stunned.

He had thought that Zen would find a place to escape from the Other Shore after surviving the chase of the Five-Element Slaves.

If that had really been the case, there would have been nothing that Hosea could do with Zen for the time being. He could only have pinned his hope on the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race in the Source World.

But to his great surprise, Zen hadn't escaped. He had, instead, come to him of his own accord. Hosea was overjoyed as he muttered, "I'd like to see what tricks he wants to play!"

Saying thus, he floated away towards the city gate.

All the Five-Element Slaves followed closely behind.

Five minutes before this, pieces of solid ice had suddenly fallen from above the ice city.

The guards of the ice city were confused. The ice was solid and looked unlikely to fall unless external force was applied to it.

The guards were still pondering over this when a figure came smashing through the upper ice field from the cave and into the gate of the ice city.

"Who are you?"

"Tell us your name!"

"..."

These guards were from Other Shore races that were dependent on the Element Spirit Civilization.

The strengths of the Other Shore races varied greatly which was proven by the fact that these guards were far weaker than the Five-Element Slaves.

However, these Other Shore races flourished under the protection of the Element Spirit Civilization.

Since Zen wasn't answering their questions, several guards thrust their spears towards his head.

Zen's body flashed as he passed through the guards.

The guards felt their eyes blur, and their hands become empty, the long spears that they had been holding appearing in Zen's hands.

Swoosh!

Zen threw the spears towards the ice wall, each of them stabbing into it with a terrifying force.

Zen jumped up to stand on top of the ice wall with the help of the spears. He looked into the distance and smiled as he said, "We should make it bigger."

Chapter 3758 The Holy Soul's Strength

Back in Stage Four of the Other Shore, Zen destroyed the Bearing race's temple all on his own.

That time though, his physical body held a bit of an edge against everyone since his enemies were all Souls of Light that had limited strength to fight back.

However, this was Stage Thirty of the Other Shore.

Even the Other Shore creatures here held considerable power.

Moreover, after upgrading to Holy Souls, these Souls of Light considerably increased their strength to the point that they could now contend with a physical body.

Zen's form on top of the ice wall immediately attracted a lot of attention.

Nobody ever dared to act like this in the ice city! Zen was asking for trouble.

"Where did this reckless human brat come from?"

Not far away was a platform where numerous burly creatures, covered in silver scales and with huge heads of golden hair, stood.

They were members of the Scale Lion race which used to be the ruling civilization during the 337th chaos.

This race had a good relationship with the Element Spirit Civilization and paid direct allegiance with them after entering the Other Shore. They were extremely loyal among all of the Other Shore civilizations.

Their hostility towards Zen was natural after the man made his invasion known.

"Howl!"

Accompanied by a burst of primitive roars, the members of the Scale Lion race suddenly jumped together and began to scale the ice wall, headed straight towards Zen!

One thing about the Scale Lion race was that they did not rely on their theurgy to fight and instead cultivated a special fighting instinct that helped them deal fatal blows upon their opponents. They were mean fighting machines who knew how to strike and defend effectively.

If an opponent was on par to their strength, then the Scale Lion race would be invincible. However, if the opponent was stronger, the increase of the Scale Lion race's strength would be limited.

Zen's physical body was already at maximum power courtesy of the Body-strengthening Jades, and add to that the support of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

There was no need to take these approaching creatures seriously given his current strength. The only ones he had to watch out for were the Five-Element Slaves.

The moment the first Scale Lion reached him, Zen bent forward and threw a wicked punch towards his opponent's abdomen.

Scale Lions, as their name suggested, were covered with extremely hard scales save for their bellies. Zen's strike was incredibly powerful and was enough to break all his internal bones.

One punch was all it took to eliminate the first opponent but the second one was already stretching out his sharp claws towards Zen's head!

Zen was faster and he was able to strike first. Afterward, he clasped the sharp claws headed for him and spun violently.

He used the Scale Lion as a weapon against his companions!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang...

Several Scale Lions failed to dodge and were directly smashed onto the ice wall. Zen grabbed a few of them and threw them up to a height of hundreds of feet into the air before they fell down and crashed onto a nearby building.

Zen found himself looking into the distance. "The noise is nowhere near loud enough to attract attention," he mumbled to himself. He was here to mess things up, which meant the louder he was, the better.

Just as he thought up of ways to make a bigger commotion, he heard a voice speak to him. "You are incredibly fearless, but it is time to stop..."

The voice shocked Zen greatly.

He quickly whipped around to see a figure dash behind him. It was a human Soul of Light that held a huge ink brush. With unbelievable dexterity, he drew the brush and flicked a stroke towards Zen.

Zen noticed that something was wrong, so he wanted to keep his distance from this person.

This person was only a Soul of Light but his bodily movement was incredibly mysterious and amazing. He was like a maggot that kept following Zen's moves.

Swish! Swish...

The second stroke of his brush landed directly on Zen's chest!

The third stroke...

The fourth stroke...

The fifth stroke...

During this barrage of attacks, Zen exhausted all means to dodge, counterattack, and even soar into the air. Unfortunately for him, the Soul of Light continued his pursuit and left behind many strokes on his body.

"The stroke is incomparable, making the mountains and stars move. Seal!"

the Soul of Light uttered, after suddenly drawing seven strokes on Zen's body.

It felt as if these brushstrokes came to life like snakes that coiled around Zen's entire body and tightly wrapped around him.

He felt his power within him sealed as he smashed onto the ice wall.

With Zen effectively restrained, the Soul of Light slowly approached with his ink brush propped on his shoulder.

Although Zen couldn't see his face clearly, he could see that the Soul of Light resembled an old man with a stooping body.

This old man's name was Reed and he came from the Divine Farmer race. He was a high-ranking warrior at the Holy Soul Realm, and had been active in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore for a long time now.

"Ha-ha, you're a daring one, aren't you? You successfully blocked the Sun Crow race's invasion and now even dared to enter the Blooming Hade Stage!" Reed said with a faint smile.

As he spoke, Zen couldn't help but shift his eyes to the large brush the old man carried.

This ink brush was a unique magic treasure called the Dragon Sealing Brush.

With Reed's soul theurgy, it had the ability to seal everything, even the powerful warriors on the Other Shore!

There was no way Zen would be able to attack, now that he was sealed. He could only lie on the ground and stare at the old man with indifference.

He didn't expect for an old man who had reached the Holy Soul Realm to be his match.

"Since you had the guts to break into the ice city, you're as good as dead. The Element Spirit race will be very happy if I hand you over to them," Reed continued, stretching out a hand to lift Zen up.

However, the moment Zen got to his feet, the strokes that restrained him suddenly broke free.

Reed's eyes widened in horror as he immediately let go of Zen and took a few steps back.

"How is that possible!"

Bang!

There was no time to ponder over that, as Zen instantly threw him a punch square on the face.

Though it had been a long time since he reached the Holy Soul Realm and the stability of his soul was comparable to that of a physical body, Reed still suffered greatly from the man's attack.

As his soul was smashed into the air, he found it best to retreat from the Other Shore.

Puff!

Somewhere in the Source World was a palace and in this palace sat the old man, Reed. The moment he opened his eyes, he spat out a mouthful of blood and suddenly fainted!

He did not know that in the eyes of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, his unique sealing theurgy was a mere party trick.

When he sealed Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven made quick work of negating the magic and reminded the man to launch a surprise attack once Reed approached.

Zen shook his head. "This Holy Soul really is so strong. This is indeed unexpected."

He thought his punch would've been enough to smash Reed's Holy Soul to ashes, but the strength of the old man's soul exceeded his expectations.

Chapter 3759 Falling From The Sky

Another human warrior at the Holy Soul Realm stood in an ice pavilion. It was Neal of the Divine Farmer race.

Neal was the equal of Reed in terms of strength. When Neal saw Reed being forced out of the Other Shore by Zen's punch, he was astonished, though he tried to conceal it.

Obviously, Reed had wanted to capture Zen so that he could ask for rewards from the Element Spirit race.

The Element Spirit race was known for the generosity of its rewards, which its members used as a means of controlling others and obtaining what they wanted.

However, not only had Reed been unable to catch Zen, he had also sustained serious injuries. Reed's failure convinced Neal that it would not be a good idea to go forward.

He quietly retreated. His human-shaped Soul of Light disintegrated into a series of slender threads, which shivered in the air like visible wind spreading into the depths of the ice city.

It would also be a great achievement to be the one to bring the news to the stage ruler, Hosea.

"That human brat defeated the Scale Lion race? And he threw a Holy Soul out of the Other Shore?"

"I know who he is! He is the one whom Master Hosea is hunting down. Many of the Five-Element Slaves have been killed while hunting him!"

"He is too arrogant! How dare he come to the ice city? You must catch him!"

The news of Zen's feats spread to the strange-shaped creatures of the Other Shore, and it caught their attention immediately. They were intrigued and wanted to know more about Zen.

They took an interest in Zen for the same reason as Reed. Since Zen was wanted by the Element Spirit race, his capture would lead to enormous rewards.

"Come on, let's go!"

Several short-statured creatures, shaped like giant beetles, were gathered by the side of the city gate. In a moment, they spread their wings and rose into the air, gliding along the ice wall and heading straight towards Zen.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

As soon as they drew nearer to Zen, to their shock, the shadow of a fist had approached and smashed them down along the ice wall.

But as soon as the giant beetles had been smashed down, dozens of birds appeared in the air, flying towards Zen. These birds were small, no larger than a human fist, but they had long beaks, at least three feet in length. They also flew much faster than the beetles. They zoomed like living arrows towards Zen. No ordinary creature could block such an attack by these deadly birds.

However, Zen was in possession of the Chaotic Source Spirits, which made his body an impenetrable fortress. If the birds tried to pierce him with their beaks, he knew that the consequences would be terrible for them—his body was like rigid stone.

Indeed, as soon as the birds reached Zen, their sharp, slender beaks broke upon contact with his body. Their tiny warm bodies slammed into him next, and were pulverized by the impact into a mist of blood and feathers. For the birds, it had been a suicide attack.

Even as the flock of birds died, two more monsters showed up. They were large, stooping figures carrying pots of poison. They climbed the ice wall and positioned themselves above Zen, sprinkling their multicolored liquid venom over his body. But Zen was immune to all poisons. He shook off the venom and leapt up to kick the monsters from their perch on the wall.

Still, no matter how easily Zen fended off the attacks, more and more Other Shore creatures showed up. Many were eager to claim the reward promised by the Element Spirit race, and soon Zen was surrounded. He was preparing to fight all of them when a chill swept through the air. A cold wind was blowing in, and the temperature suddenly dropped severely.

Zen and the Other Shore creatures turned to look in the direction of the wind. In the distance, a large blue shadow was moving towards them. As it progressed, it seemed to infect everything it passed. The snow-white buildings of the ice city turned a dark blue, and the temperature became even colder.

The blue shadow was followed by many Moon Fire, Magical Thunder, and Chill Ice Slaves.

"It's Master Hosea!" cried someone.

"Master Hosea is here in person. This arrogant human brat has met his match now!"

"He has to pay the price for his wild actions! Death!"

Zen listened to the words of those creatures below the ice wall, his gaze fixed firmly on the looming blue shadow. He said softly, "It seems that the master has arrived. How powerful is Hosea?"

"Hosea is a figure of significance within the Element Spirit Civilization," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied. "But the truly powerful existences of the Element Spirit Civilization are all in Stage Thirty-three."

The most important stage on the Other Shore was Stage Thirty-three. In the eyes of the Element Spirit Civilization, Stage Thirty-three was the land of exploration—all the lower stages were merely distractions, areas that needed to be managed and maintained.

As Hosea approached, the temperature continued to drop, until everyone felt the bite of the cold. On the ice wall, the growing frost formed beautiful polygonal condensation patterns, like ice flowers.

Most of the Other Shore creatures began backing away from Zen. They grew quiet and watched Hosea coming nearer and nearer.

In a few moments, Hosea reached the opposite side of the ice wall, floating in midair. His sharp eyes fixated immediately on Zen, but there was a look of puzzlement in his expression.

"I'm curious," said Hosea calmly. "You managed by luck to defeat the Five-Element Slaves, but you must have known retribution would follow. You should have hidden yourself in the Source World. What gives you the courage to break into my ice city?"

As a member of the Element Spirit Civilization, Hosea had passed the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation. He had also entered the Eternal Scroll Painting. As a master at the Eternal Realm, Hosea possessed an immensely powerful aura. It was like thousands of sharp knives hidden within his body, and he could exert enormous pressure on those within his range.

Zen met Hosea's fierce gaze without any fear. When Hosea had spoken, Zen smiled faintly and answered, "Courage is not a problem for me. I have never been afraid to go after what I want."

"That's not courage, that's stupidity," Hosea said in a cool tone. He raised his hands, and the blades on both sides of his arms flickered with an icy light.

The Other Shore creatures and the Five-Element Slaves formed a wide circle around Hosea and Zen, watching in wide-eyed silence.

The sight of Hosea engaged in battle was something rare and unexpected.

"It has been tens of thousands of years since the last time Master Hosea fought, right?"

"We might never have the chance to see anything like this again!"

"Unfortunately, Hosea's opponent is too weak for him," someone observed in a disappointed voice.

Hosea was a stage ruler at the Eternal Realm, an existence of incomparable power. Most of the watchers felt that Hosea's talent would be wasted on killing someone like Zen who was so much weaker. In fact, some thought privately that Hosea should just leave Zen to them, as he was not worth Hosea's personal attention.

"Too weak?" Zen repeated. He chuckled and said, "Well, why don't we see what strength I can summon?"

Zen was clearly unafraid, and his words caused murmurs and looks of confusion in everyone around him, even Hosea. At that moment, there was a loud crackling sound in the air above them.

Cracks were forming on the thick frost covering the upper ice field. In seconds, it splintered into shards that fell in heavy, razor-sharp shards onto the ground.

They heard a deep boom.

The huge ice piece shrouded an ice castle, which was also smashed into pieces. Some of the ice splinters landed on Other Shore creatures, killing them before they could react.

To everyone's shock, as the ice piece fell, a huge, hulking figure jumped down to stand beside Zen. There was a thud as his weight landed solidly on the ground. It was a bald giant.

The thick ice wall couldn't bear the force of his landing, and collapsed.

Many Other Shore creatures stared at the strange giant in open-mouthed disbelief.

A giant descending from the upper ice field?

How had such a creature survived in a land of extreme chillness without the protection of the Divine Fire Shield?

Just what kind of existence was this giant?

To their further astonishment, the giant moved his lips and began emitting strange words.

It seemed that the bald giant was singing without any recognizable tone or rhythm.

Zen listened attentively. The core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization had sent out the contents it had deciphered. Zen gazed at Hosea and said evenly, "This guy of the Colossus race told you that he'd met you again!"

Hosea's eyes widened in recognition and shock. He was astonished that the bald giant had escaped from the Cold Prison. Yet he was even more stunned that Zen was capable of understanding what the bald giant said.

Chapter 3760 Fight

The Element Spirit Civilization had naturally thought of many ways to communicate with the creatures outside the chaos.

Like most other civilizations, they wanted to gain rich experience so they could decipher Sanskrit words, the light dots, and even their voices.

Sanskrit words were the text; the light dots were the form; and the voices were the verbal expression.

Among the three of them, the words were the easiest to decipher. Every ruling civilization that had passed through the chaos had done profound studies on the Sanskrit words, and the Element Spirit Civilization was no exception.

However, it was extremely difficult to decipher the form and the verbal expression. For instance, the creatures in the chaos weren't capable of entering the Abstruse Energy World, which was their innate limitation.

Nevertheless, it was possible to break such a limitation.

For example, Ziya gradually adapted to the rules of the Abstruse Energy World after countless years of exploration.

The only thing was, that way of adapting was quite inefficient, and that was why Ziya still couldn't exit a mountain even after so many years.

Then again, his explorations were only one individual's efforts. As the oldest civilization, the Element Spirit Civilization had many talents in the Element Spirit race, who when they explored together, could surely find out more about the Abstruse Energy World than he did.

Furthermore, the Element Spirit Civilization even knew how to fight and set traps.

Over the years, they had captured a considerable number of creatures in the Abstruse Energy World just to understand how the civilizations there worked.

All the creatures they had captured from the Abstruse Energy World were brought to the Other Shore and detained in the Cold Prisons.

They built the Cold Prisons in such a way that their temperature was always at an immensely low level. Not only were the Cold Prisons very suitable for holding creatures from outside the chaos, but they also helped the Element Spirit race study them.

Aside from that, they also made a series of detailed plans to capture those creatures, but they never got to carry out those plans smoothly.

Many people from the Element Spirit Civilization died in the Abstruse Energy World during their first attempts.

That was because the Element Spirit Civilization was not good at fighting in the Abstruse Energy World.

After some careful consideration, they changed the strategies of their plans.

They might not be able to defeat those creatures in the Abstruse Energy World, but they believed that they could defeat them on the Other Shore.

If they set up a bait, they could gradually lure the creatures from the Abstruse Energy World to the Other Shore. The moment those creatures arrived at the Other Shore, the people of the Element Spirit Civilization would surround and capture them.

Although it was a despicable method, it was quite useful.

They eventually carried out the plan and as a result, the number of creatures in the Cold Prisons began to increase rapidly.

But even after the Element Spirit Civilization studied them for a long time, they still weren't satisfied.

The reason was that the trap that the Element Spirit Civilization had set up was rather simple. It consisted of just putting food as bait in the Abstruse Energy World and luring those creatures with it.

Then, almost all the creatures in the Abstruse Energy World who were fooled by the food bait were low-level.

Those creatures did not possess intelligence. Aside from their fighting instinct and strange howls, they were useless. It was even more impossible to learn about any civilization in the Abstruse Energy World by studying them.

Despite that, the Element Spirit race couldn't find a better way. In the end, there was nothing they could do except setting up the traps in a more sophisticated way.

Finally, one day, a bait had attracted a member of the Colossus race, and that creature accidentally fell into the Element Spirit Civilization's trap.

It turned out to be the bald giant, and the whole Element Spirit Civilization was in an uproar at the capture.

Even though the Element Spirit Civilization pursued a very conservative way, which was the Purge Way, they were always eager to know more about the world outside the chaos. They wanted to use the Purge Way to delay the end of the chaos as much as possible and at the same time, they wanted to explore the Abstruse Energy World to find another method of ending.

After a long time, they finally caught an intelligent member of the Colossus race. How could they not be excited?

Their excitement faded when even after two years of imprisonment, the Element Spirit Civilization didn't get anything out of the bald giant. They hadn't even understood his language.

Still, the bald giant hadn't been in prison for a long time yet, so most of the Element Spirit race was still optimistic.

They believed that they would get the information they needed sooner or later, as long as the bald giant was in prison.

Yet, they never imagined that Zen would release the bald giant purely out of a series of coincidences! "You... You can talk to this bald giant?" Hosea asked Zen in disbelief.

Zen only shrugged and didn't say yes or no.

"Tell me!" Horsea shouted.

At that moment, his whole body turned into an azure flying shuttle and charged straight towards Zen's head.

Before he could reach the ice wall, a huge fist fell from the sky.

"Pop!"

The bald giant smashed Hosea to the ground with a loud crunch.

As soon as the fist touched the ground, a visible shock wave formed around it. The shock wave swept over the ice walls, ice castles, and ice crystal buildings, and all of them were crushed into bits.

More than half of the ice city was destroyed like that!

"My ruler!"

"The fist of the bald giant is truly powerful..."

"I wonder if Master Hosea is all right..."

All the Other Shore creatures and Five-Element Slaves who witnessed the scene became worried and panicked.

A few seconds later, all of them sighed in relief.

Wisps of white frost spiraled up along the bald giant's fist. As the white frost condensed, it turned into a thick layer of ice and wrapped around the giant fist.

Hosea's face was on the bald giant's arm, but the face was looking at Zen. "Ha, did you think you would win by releasing this guy?"

"Buzz!"

The cold air quickly spread to the bald giant's torso, legs, neck, head.

In the blink of an eye, the ice had frozen the bald giant on the spot and rendered him motionless.

Hosea slipped out of the bald giant's arm and stared coldly at Zen. "Tell me, how did you communicate with him?" he sneered.

In turn, Zen was a little shocked at the sudden turn of events.

If the bald giant really didn't have any other ability, he probably shouldn't have broken into the ice city.

When Hosea saw that Zen didn't say anything, he jumped up once again. He stretched both of his hands, which held two curved wing-like blades, then flew towards Zen.

The moment he jumped, a shattering sound came from behind him. The giant hand once again grabbed him.

"Crack!"

A cracking sound came from the bald giant's palm. Hosea's body was crushed into pieces.

However, Zen's face didn't relax when he heard the sound.

It was because he knew that the Element Spirit race evolved from various elements, so it wasn't easy to kill them.

For instance, the Chill Ice Slaves and the Moon Fire Slaves had spiritual cores. If their spiritual cores were damaged, they would die. On the other hand, the Magical Thunder Slaves had no spiritual cores, and the bald giant couldn't seem to kill them.

Since Hosea was a water spirit among the spirits with five elements, it was impossible to kill him with just violence.

In the next moment, Zen's prediction became true.

Wisps of white frost spread out from the bald giant's palm once again, turned into thick ice, and tightly wrapped around his body.

Chapter 3761 The Earth Wood Seal

The solidified ice was more stable than the last one, and on it were blue patterns.

Hosea came out of the ice and didn't stop at all.

In a split-second, he flew up high into the sky, and part of his limbs turned into an ice spear that was over ten thousand feet long!

Suddenly, Hosea spun his body around and the ice spear shot to the bald giant!

Crack!

Although the ice spear was truly powerful, it failed to pierce through the bald giant's body.

Hosea frowned when he realized that he couldn't injure the bald giant with his own strength. Thus, he floated up again and condensed a second ice spear.

Crack!

This time, the icy blue spear pierced through the bald giant's armpit.

Then, Hosea condensed more ice spears immediately after.

Dozens of ice spears shuttled down from all directions and repeatedly punctured the bald giant until he was firmly fastened on the ground.

Hosea then stopped when he felt that the bald giant was finally subdued.

After he took a look at his work, his lips curved into a satisfied smile. Then, he slowly floated towards Zen.

There was a big hole in the upper ice field, which would take some time to repair itself.

A cold wind blew across the whole ice city, which made the whole place's temperature drop sharply.

At the same time, Libby and Elizabeth also felt their hearts drop.

For their safety, the two women didn't go down to the lower ice field with Zen and the bald giant. Besides, Elizabeth had previously spent a lot of effort melting the ice for the bald giant to go down.

The Divine Fire Shield covered the two women as they observed the situation from the upper ice field.

"Eh, the bald giant is lame..." Libby said. "You shouldn't have let Zen make such a dangerous move!" She glared at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth stayed silent for a moment before she said, "I did overestimate his strength..."

Indeed, the bald giant was powerful when it came to strength and defense.

Even the ice spears Hosea had thrown with all his might failed to cause even the slightest damage to the bald giant. So Hosea could only seal him.

However, the bald giant didn't know how to kill Hosea either.

He couldn't do anything to the ever-changing water spirit like Hosea.

That was why when Zen saw Hosea float towards him, he automatically increased his guard.

His strength was truly beyond Zen's expectations. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, is there any way to defeat this water spirit?" Zen asked.

Even the Magical Thunder Slave he had encountered before couldn't be killed with brute force—but after the Primeval Lord of Heaven used the Imprisoning Lightning, he transformed into another form and became easy to kill.

"Yes," the Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded.

It was safe to say that in the whole human race and even among the civilizations on the Other Shore, the Primeval Lord of Heaven probably knew the Element Spirit Civilization best. He had his way of restraining the Five-Element Spirits.

"The Five-Element Spirits don't have forms, which makes it hard to kill them, but after a long time of being in conflicts with them, the civilizations that insisted on the Finale Way finally came up with some methods."

Back then, the civilizations that believed in the Finale Way had also privately exchanged methods on how to deal with the Element Spirit

Civilization.

The water spirits did not have a form, but that didn't mean that they were completely flawless. The most common method against them was fire attacks.

They could be burned and sealed with strong fire until their forms completely disappeared, then they died. "Could you possibly use such a method?" Zen asked again.

"We're just energy souls. My previous attacks relied on the Civilization Artifact, so I can't fight against a water spirit at the Eternal Realm with my energy soul," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said and shook his head.

If the real God of Fire, Zhurong was with them, he could fight Hosea with the fire attack. Still, the fire the energy soul of Zhurong released wasn't enough to threaten Hosea.

"But there is another method," the Primeval Lord of Heaven continued. "It is somewhat similar to the Imprisoning Lighting. You need to transform the water spirit into another form, then kill him. This way is called the Earth Wood Seal, but it's also very difficult to seal Hosea. Most importantly, you need to be strong enough to kill him after you seal him," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained.

As the Primeval Lord of Heaven spoke, the human race's book began to turn over, and a triangular rune flew out from a particular page.

On the top of the rune was a water-shaped pattern, and on both sides of the bottom were earth and wood-shaped patterns.

When Zen, who was now a little desperate, heard those words, his heart skipped a beat.

Even if the Primeval Lord of Heaven felt that it was hard for Zen to resist, the Earth Wood Seal would still give him a chance to counterattack!

Just as Zen was still communicating with the Primeval Lord of Heaven, Hosea was already in front of him. At the same time, he raised the blades in his hands, as if he was going to chop Zen's head at any time. "I'll give you one last chance. How did you understand the bald giant's language?" he hissed.

Zen's gaze crossed Hosea as he stared at the bald giant behind him.

Even though the bald giant was sealed and unable to move, his eyes were still flexible. His angry red eyes were still visible through the dark blue ice.

The bald giant had just escaped from the Cold Prison, but Hosea froze him just now. Everyone could only imagine how angry he was.

Anger could make him stronger.

The bald giant had once mentioned to Zen their source of strength.

Perhaps, Hosea's ice seal might not be able to seal the bald giant in the end.

Therefore, Zen thought quickly and made a decision.

He wasn't sure if the bald giant could break through ice around him, but at that point, Zen couldn't do anything but delay things and give the bald giant more time to break through the ice!

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, please give me the Earth Wood Seal!" Zen communicated to his inner world. Of course, the Primeval Lord of Heaven did not hesitate.

He extended his hand and gently pointed at the triangle rune. The triangle rune spun a few times, then it turned into a golden beam of light and flew towards the sky!

Buzz...

Once the rune was out from his inner world, Zen held it in his hand.

When he saw that Hosea had gotten a little impatient, he immediately said, "Because I've deciphered his language!"

"Deciphered his language?" Hosea narrowed his eyes in doubt.

The Element Spirit Civilization had also tried to do this before.

However, the bald giant's language was very complicated, and every enunciation could mean multiple things.

The Element Spirit Civilization was not as good as the Calculation Civilization in calculation. It would probably take them a long time to decipher the language after taking so many possibilities into account.

The Element Spirit Civilization was also aware of it. That was one of the reasons why they froze the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization!

The green figure had previously told Zen that the Element Spirit Civilization couldn't destroy the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization. But in fact, they could do this if they wanted.

The truth was, the Element Spirit Civilization just wanted to control the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization at the right time, so they naturally didn't want to destroy it.

Chapter 3762 The Method Of Dodging

Zen met Hosea's eyes and made a gesture with his finger. "I simply used the Sanskrit deciphering method to understand his language..."

He was, of course, spouting nonsense, but it wasn't entirely baseless. There was bound to be some similarity between Sanskrit words and the bald giant's language, but the latter was definitely far more difficult to understand.

However, his claims attracted Hosea's attention. "The Sanskrit deciphering method..." he repeated. Hosea's eyes shone with intrigue as he looked at Zen. "Which civilization's rules did you use? The human civilization?"

There were numerous methods in deciphering Sanskrit and every civilization developed their own. The Element Spirit Civilization once consolidated and summarized all these methods.

Since Zen was human, Hosea naturally thought that he used the human civilization's rules.

"Human civilization's rules?" Zen repeated with a smile before he shook his head. "No, I found a lost Other Shore civilization in Stage Twenty-six of the Other Shore that summarized the method."

Thus began Zen's long, drawn-out tale of complete, utter nonsense.

All sorts of secrets were hidden on the Other Shore and not even the Element Spirit Civilization knew everything. It was not difficult for Zen to fool Hosea with wild, elaborate, and vivid descriptions and the latter could only listen patiently.

It didn't matter whether Zen was lying or telling the truth.

At the end of the day, Stage Thirty was Hosea's territory. Everything was under his control here.

As Zen continued his nonsensical tale, he noticed the bald giant's eyes get redder and redder while his face got even more distorted.

"Bang!"

To his horror, the solid ice that encased the bald giant shattered with a loud bang.

The bald giant's skin turned blood-red as it expanded. Infinite power burst out from his body and the ice spears that trapped him snapped one by one.

"Boom!"

Once free from the ice seal, the bald giant stepped forward and the whole ice city began to shake.

"Whoosh!"

With stunning agility, the giant's blood-red fist rushed towards Hosea's head.

Hosea merely responded with a mocking smile.

He was an immortal water spirit and it was impossible to kill him with just brute force.

When the huge fist smashed down upon him, Hosea made no move to dodge. All he needed to do was blink and the bald giant would freeze once again.

At that moment, Zen's eyes flashed and he finally made his move.

He had the triangular Earth Wood Seal imprinted on his palm and the distance between him and his target was only ten feet.

"Whoosh!"

He took a step forward and was able to bridge the gap between him and Hosea.

Hosea turned around with a look of confusion on his face.

Perhaps it was due to his arrogance that he did not think for a second that Zen would be able to hurt him. Instead of dodging, Hosea merely sneered at the oncoming attack.

However, the moment he saw the imprint on Zen's palm, he froze.

The Earth Wood Seal?

There was no way that a water spirit like him wouldn't know what that was.

This seal had taken countless water spirits' lives!

How in the world could it be here in Stage Thirty, his domain?

Just as Hosea came to a sinking realization, it was already too late for him to dodge. Zen's palm had already landed on his back and imprinted the Earth Wood Seal.

A water spirit had the ability to morph into whatever shape he wanted.

If Hosea willed it, he could integrate himself with the entirety of the ice city.

In fact, it could also be said that the ice city itself was part of his body already.

However, the moment the Earth Wood Seal landed on his back, his entire body turned a sick shade of brownish-yellow. The former water spirit seemingly turned into an earth spirit as tender branches began to burst out of his body layer by layer.

"You, you..."

In this moment of crisis, Hosea could only stutter in frustration.

He was unable to change shape because of the Earth Wood Seal and he would definitely die under this heavy blow.

With rage in his eyes, Hosea let out a desperate, horrifying scream.

"Let's die together then!" he shouted as he stretched out his arms and wrapped them around Zen with branches from within his body.

At the sudden barrage of branches, Zen did his best to twist his way out. Unfortunately, though the Earth Wood Seal transformed Hosea's entire constitution, it did nothing to lessen his strength.

As a powerful Eternal Realm warrior, and despite the pressure of Stage Thirty of the Other Shore, Hosea's strength remained superior. There was no way Zen could get rid of his branches at all.

"You want to break away from me?" Hosea sneered.

His branches wrapped around Zen even tighter and the huge fist quickly pressed the two of them to the ground.

Zen grit his teeth as he struggled in vain. "I can't break free, but you seem to have overlooked something..."

He paused and did not continue until they were only ten feet away from the ground. "I can exit the Other Shore."

Hosea was evidently struck dumb when he heard this. He had completely forgotten to use the Soul Restraining Sand on Zen!

As a result, the tightly wrapped Zen was able to disappear!

The man had already recited the Illusion Breaking Rune in advance and Hosea only had time to shout a curse before he fell into eternal darkness.

"Boom!"

The explosion was deafening and the ground trembled under the sorrowful pounding of the bald giant. "My friend..."

He could have never left the Cold Prison without Zen's help and viewed him as a close ally.

The bald giant understood the situation but couldn't take his fist back.

Libby and Elizabeth, who were on the upper ice field, were struck dumb at what they had just witnessed.

Elizabeth was even more distraught. To her, Zen and Emperor Charm were already one and Zen was the only one she could follow. To see him die this way was an extremely difficult thing to accept.

Meanwhile, Zen had quietly returned to the Other Shore and heard the bald giant's sad song. He smiled and whistled low.

When the bald giant saw Zen reappear, he immediately pounded on his chest in excitement.

Both Elizabeth and Libby were also wide-eyed in shock. It seemed that Zen did not die but just withdrew in order to dodge that fatal blow.

As for the Five-Element Slaves, they were, in one word, dumbfounded.

"Master Hosea is still alive!"

"The stage ruler just hid himself!"

"He's just waiting for a chance to give the bald giant a fatal blow!"

They could not believe Hosea would die this way.

It was a known fact that the Blooming Jade Stage was controlled by Hosea and he held absolute authority over it.

At that moment, a circle of light rose from the ground and flew towards the bald giant's head. With a slight fluctuation of light, the bald giant disappeared.

When a stage ruler was killed, the one who killed him would be heralded as the new stage ruler.

The appearance of the circle of light signified the bald giant's new role as ruler of the Blooming Jade Stage.

It was only then that Hosea's death was confirmed to the Five-Element Slaves. The entire Blooming Jade Stage was now set for a lot of changes.

Chapter 3763 Wipe Out

The Other Shore creatures in the ice city hid in every corner of the ice castles. From there, they observed the battle without having to worry about getting hurt.

When they realized that Hosea had died, everyone was washed over with a wave of sadness.

Neal, the powerful Holy Soul Realm warrior of the Divine Farmer race, was no exception to this. He frowned and left quietly.

Even if Hosea was not among the most powerful warriors of the Element Spirit race, he still held a special status. His death would mean the loss of the Blooming Jade Stage. Knowing this, Neal had to inform Divine Farmer as soon as possible.

Aside from a small group of the Souls of Light, most of the Other Shore creatures were at a loss. They had no clue what would happen to the Blooming Jade Stage. Should they retreat or would it be smarter to stay in the ice city?

"Master Hosea really died..."

"That human brat! It is all his damn fault!"

"He killed Master Hosea!"

Within seconds, the Five-Element Slaves were in a rage. At this point, retreating was not an option anymore, and they charged madly at Zen.

However, though the Five-Element Slaves were very powerful, they didn't have any high positions in the Element Spirit race. After all, they were merely slaves created by the Element Spirit race in the first place.

Seeing the Five-Element Slaves rush towards him, Zen remained calm and unmoved. Because he could not put up a fight, he decided it would be best to dodge.

With a light tap of his toe against the ground, he glided backwards to create distance. As he saw the Magical Thunder Slave in the front aiming for his head, his figure faded away and he exited the Other Shore.

"He ran away! What a coward!"

"He retreated from the Other Shore again!"

"What should we do now?"

Since their main target disappeared, the Five-Element Slaves did not know what to do. After all, they were only capable of carrying out tasks. With their leader dead, they did not know how to continue.

However, their confusion did not last long. Not long after, a ray of white light shone, revealing a huge figure.

Before, it took Zen much effort to eventually become the ruler of Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore.

However, the bald giant came from outside of the chaos. He had a skill for comprehending Sanskrit words, so understanding the theurgy on the slate was a piece of cake for him.

Once he returned, the bald giant gave the Five-Element Slaves cold looks. He ground his teeth against each other in anger.

He hated the Element Spirit race!

Whoosh!

With one deep breath, the giant smashed his fist directly towards the Moon Fire Slave that was in front of him.

At this point, the Moon Fire Slaves and Chill Ice Slaves realized something was wrong. They began to flee and flail in all directions, running without thinking.

But no matter how fast they ran, they could never escape the bald giant!

Thump! Thump! Thump...

The bald giant's first punch didn't hit the Moon Fire Slave, so he chased the slave down and began smashing his fist randomly.

The Moon Fire Slaves crawled like crippled bugs on the ground. With a hit, their armors and spiritual cores were smashed into pieces.

On the other hand, the Chill Ice Slaves had it a little better. Because they transformed into various flying forms and scattered in all directions. They were much harder to target.

There still happened to be a few Chill Ice Slaves that were hit, but other than that, the rest were safe.

As for the Magical Thunder Slaves, they were probably the safest among the slaves.

The bald giant did not have an effective way to deal with them, especially because they launched attacks on his weakest body parts.

However, these tactics only caused weak damage to the giant. After one round of the battle, the bald giant had no serious injuries, which sent the Magical Thunder Slaves to retreat.

By the time Zen returned to the Other Shore, he saw that the Five-Element Slaves on the ice field had almost been killed by the bald giant.

As for the other creatures on the Other Shore, a few decided to escape, while the others didn't intend to resist.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth and Libby didn't descend from upper ice field until they caught sight of Zen.

"The central ice city has been taken. Anything else?" Zen asked them calmly.

"It would be easy to occupy the remaining several ice castles," Elizabeth smiled. "Besides, the bald giant became the stage ruler. Let's see if he has any interest in hunting down the Element Spirit race."

"I might as well ask him," said Zen.

Just then, the energy souls of Fuxi, Houyi, Emperor Charm, the Snake Goddess and the rest hovered over Zen's head again and began to sing their song.

After he finished, Fuxi's face looked disgusted. "When the hell will this end?"

Singing stupid songs was not part of what he signed up. He hated it, especially because no one could understand them.

"Very soon," the Snake Goddess comforted him. "Primeval Lord of Heaven is training the rest. It won't be long until they take our places."

The singing was necessary for Zen to communicate with the bald giant. Without the songs, the bald giant wouldn't have understood anything.

Anyway, these songs were simple to create. They just needed to make some sounds that ordinary warriors could do. With this, the Primeval Lord of Heaven recruited some people in Zen's inner world to take the place of the elites who had helped Zen "pronounce".

When the bald giant heard the singing, his eyebrows raised in interest. "The other several ice castles? I won't let go of anyone from the Element Spirit race!"

The giant had a deep hatred for the Element Spirit race. There was no way he'd let them off so easily.

Two thousand miles away from the ice city stood three ice castles, strategically connected to one another.

These ice castles were meant to be the gathering places, second only to the ice city in the Blooming Jade Stage.

The news of the fallen ice city and Hosea's death had not spread yet, so the Five-Element Slaves in the ice castles were unaware of the crisis.

Thump! Thump! Thump...

As the ice-covered earth trembled, the Other Shore creatures and the Five-Element Slaves made their way out of the ice castles.

With a clear view of who coming over, their faces shifted from calm to anxious. Chaos struck, and everyone ended up shouting, dodging, and running as fast as they could.

Within five minutes, the three ice castles were left to ruins.

On the other hand, with the guidance of Elizabeth, the bald giant charged towards the next nearest gathering place.

It was in these three days that the Blooming Jade Stage was far from peaceful.

Over time, the ice castles built by the Element Spirit race were completely destroyed to dust, all by the bald giant.

Meanwhile, the Five-Element Slaves and the Other Shore races who were obedient to the Element Spirit race suffered great losses. None of them had any good plans to deal with the giant, which led them to surrender. It was their only choice—death or retreat.

The races on the Other Shore appeared innocent, but neither Elizabeth nor Zen had any intentions of letting them off so easily.

The fact that they joined the Element Spirit race meant that they had to stick to their stands. After all, if the Element Spirit race was ever in trouble, the creatures on the Other Shore would not hesitate to aid them.

After three days passed and the chaos subsided, the bald giant carried Zen, Elizabeth, and Libby to the front of the ice castle found in the deepest area of the Blooming Jade Stage.

It was only a few days ago when the three were blocked in front of the castle. Now, they had the giant to carry them.

At this point, the castle was empty and all the Five-Element Slaves that once guarded it retreated to Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore. It was a ghost town here.

Chapter 3764 Arrangement

"You can go to Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore through the star rings in the ice castle, but the star rings have been provided for the creatures from the chaos. I don't know if you can pass through one," Zen said to the bald giant.

Each star ring corresponded to a race. Only members of a race could ascend from their star ring.

It was unlikely that the Colossus race had an exclusive star ring. The members of the Element Spirit race had probably used some other means to bring the bald giant to where he was at the moment.

In addition to this, the bald giant was also facing another problem. He had become the ruler of the Blooming Jade Stage. According to the rules of the Other Shore, once he became a stage ruler, he would forever be bound to this stage of the Other Shore.

Elvinia and Zen had become stage rulers in succession, but they had not become bound to their respective stages of the Other Shore. This confused Zen, who wondered if the bald giant would be accorded such treatment.

The bald giant nodded and took a step forward. He lifted the roof of the ice castle into the air, revealing the star rings neatly placed within.

He grabbed at the star rings, spilling them all over the ice.

"These things are so small. How can I get into them?" the bald giant said, frowning.

"Just step into a star ring," said Zen.

The star ring was similar to a transmission door. No matter how large an individual was, a star ring could accommodate them.

Even the star rings for races with huge figures, such as the Abyss Spirit race, were about the same size as that for humans.

The bald giant stared at a star ring before taking a deep breath and then stepping forward into it.

Buzz...

The star ring sucked him in with a whoosh, emitting white light as it did.

"He seems to be going through the star ring for the Ear Mouse race. Is it possible?" Libby asked, worried.

Zen shrugged and said, "I don't know. He has to try it himself."

Zen had communicated a lot with the bald giant on their way here.

He had established a certain friendship with the giant after multiple rounds of battle. They had more to talk about with each other now and the Primeval Lord of Heaven also took the opportunity to tell Zen to ask him some questions.

The bald giant was called Pompeo, a name that had a far more complicated pronunciation than it looked.

To the disappointment of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Colossus race seemed to be a primitive race. Pompeo could read a few Sanskrit words, but he didn't know a lot about the Abstruse Energy World.

He only knew that the Colossus race controlled ten mountains, each of which was vast and boundless. He lived at the top of one of the mountains all year round and fell to the Other Shore when he went hunting one day.

He had no idea about the other races and their geography and culture in the Abstruse Energy World.

He had a vast knowledge about hunting skills and all kinds of beasts in the mountain. Zen had seen these beasts, which were the monsters that were also imprisoned in the Cold Prisons.

At these answers, Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven looked disappointed.

At this point, they only knew that the area outside Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore was mountainous and that was where Pompeo's clansmen lived. They knew nothing else.

But when Zen began to inquire about the colorful Starry Roc-fish, Pompeo looked at him with a newfound respect. He told Zen that the Starry Roc-fish was a sacred beast of the Colossus race. Whenever the sacred beast appeared, no matter what the clansmen were doing, the priest of the Colossus race would lead all of them to kneel down before it.

This sacred beast had, however, never descended. It only floated back and forth in the sky.

It was easy for a primitive race to form a faith. According to the Primeval Lord of Heaven's judgment, the members of the Colossus race might not have any inner connection with the Starry Roc-fish. But for some reason, the Starry Roc-fish had been circling in the sky of the Three Purities Stage and flying over the ten mountains. This had resulted in the members of the Colossus race taking it as their faith.

This was all that Zen had heard from Pompeo.

The star ring for the Ear Mouse race suddenly began to tremble violently, and it spat out a ray of white light.

Pompeo's body came flying out of the star ring and smashed into the surface of the ice not far from them, tumbling in several circles before he came to a stop and got to his feet.

"He failed!"

Libby's and Elizabeth's eyes flashed.

They had both anticipated this result. It would have been incredible if he had ascended from the star ring for the Ear Mouse race.

"I couldn't ascend," said Pompeo, touching his bald head.

Zen smiled and said, "Try another star ring."

Taking Zen's advice, Pompeo stepped into another star ring.

It wasn't long before he was thrown out again.

It was not until he had tried several star rings in succession and failed every single time that Zen sighed and said, "It looks like we'll have to use some other means to send you up."

"What other means?"

Pompeo asked helplessly. He had always wanted to return to his race and was unwilling to stay on the Other Shore any longer.

"We'll have to find some means from the Element Spirit race," said Zen.

"I can't go to the Three Purities Stage!" said Pompeo anxiously.

"But I can. I will help you find a way to step into the Three Purities Stage," Zen said.

Pompeo looked grateful at this. "What can I do?" he asked.

"Help us control the Blooming Jade Stage and suppress the Element Spirit race," Zen said.

Because of Pompeo's actions, the Element Spirit race had chosen to temporarily retreat. Except for the Five-Element Slaves that Pompeo had killed, the remaining members of the Element Spirit race had all retreated to Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore.

Although all the ice castles in the Blooming Jade Stage had been swept away, there was no doubt that the Element Spirit race would make a comeback once Pompeo left.

But if Pompeo were to stay here, he would be able to help the humans gradually take control of the Blooming Jade Stage.

Zen had come up with this idea before, but he wouldn't keep Pompeo here if he could ascend.

Now that Pompeo couldn't leave by himself, Zen had to make good use of this situation. In return, he would help him find a way to ascend to the upper stages.

Pompeo blinked his huge eyes and nodded, agreeing with Zen's suggestion.

The Colossus race was a primitive race, but Pompeo was not stupid. He knew that Zen would not help him for no reason. He himself had helped Zen because they had the same enemy and they could make use of each other.

"Elizabeth, would you like to stay in the Blooming Jade Stage to assist Pompeo?" Zen turned to ask Elizabeth.

By asking Elizabeth to assist Pompeo, he intended for Elizabeth to take charge instead since Pompeo would be fighting most of the time.

Elizabeth didn't refuse, but she was hesitant as she said, "But I can't communicate with him."

Now, the only person who could communicate with Pompeo was Zen.

"It doesn't matter. I'll talk to him about everything in advance. He'll follow your orders," Zen said.

Pompeo needed to kill all the members of the Element Spirit race who entered the Blooming Jade Stage, or anyone that Elizabeth considered a threat. She only needed to give simple orders for him to do her bidding.

Chapter 3765 Bone Cave

Zen spoke with Pompeo a while longer and asked him to cooperate with Elizabeth.

Pompeo wanted to return to his hometown and so demonstrated absolute willingness to do whatever was needed of him.

Now that this problem was solved, Zen and Libby decided to head for Stage Thirty-one.

Before they took their leave, Elizabeth stopped them, "Wait a moment."

"What's the matter?" Zen asked with curiosity, turning to look at Elizabeth.

"The Land of Bone Tribulation is way more dangerous than the Soul City. I can't go with you, but just... be careful..." Elizabeth said tenderly.

Her original plan was to escort Zen all the way to Stage Thirty-two, after sneaking through the Blooming Jade Stage. He was inexperienced and having Elizabeth at his side would certainly help him in avoiding many dangers.

However, she had never expected her plan to have such a huge flaw. As a result, she would actually have to stay in charge of the entire Blooming Jade Stage.

The sudden change of the situation was difficult for her to adapt to and left her feeling somewhat overwhelmed.

"Don't worry about me, you still need to worry about the Element Spirit race's retaliation. They won't let you off easily," Zen warned.

With Pompeo's strength, he could defeat every enemy in Stage Thirty, but who knew what strange methods the Element Spirit race would use against him?

Zen and Libby then walked straight through the star ring of the human race. As they crossed the threshold, they transformed into two rays of white light and shot upwards to the higher stage.

The Sanskrit Light Stage, Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore, was said to be the most mysterious of them all.

Zen opened his eyes once they had entered the Sanskrit Light Stage and saw nothing but blank whiteness. He was soon surprised to discover he was in a narrow cave that was white in every direction he looked. It was certainly strange on the eyes, and there appeared to be a special aura around as well.

An aura familiar to Zen. It reminded him of the bottom of the chaos. This feeling he got now was very similar to the aura in the prison created by the Chaos Ancient God.

"What is this cave?" Zen asked looking around and taking a few steps forward.

"It's no ordinary cave. This is a bone cave," answered Libby. This might have been her first time here, but she had done her research beforehand and thus knew more about this stage than Zen. "In fact, we're inside a very large bone right now."

"Inside a bone?" Zen's astonishment didn't last long; his eyes widened and he looked around again as he soon understood why he sensed the familiar aura of wild bones.

Generally speaking, the bones were empty inside. Some gigantic creatures did have large openings within their bones, and these were enough for smaller creatures to move around freely.

He walked up to the wall of the cave and reached out to touch it. It felt cool on his palm; it was indeed the touch of bones.

"It is said that all paths in the entire Sanskrit Light Stage are formed by similar bone caves to this. The world outside the caves is a deadly forbidden area, similar to the upper ice field in Stage Thirty," Libby said smiling joyfully.

She had once believed quite firmly that the upper ice field was a forbidden area. But then she had followed Zen across it twice! It was inconceivable. She now thought that no so-called 'forbidden area' existed in the world at all.

"You mean we will travel through the Sanskrit Light Stage in these bone caves? How do larger creatures pass through these caves? It seems it would be impossible for them," Zen asked lost in curiosity.

It was no problem for creatures of human size, and even creatures twice the size of a human would still be able to pass through these bone caves, even if only barely.

But for enormous creatures like those of the Abyss Spirit race, if they were to enter a cave of this size in the Sanskrit Light Stage, they would either stretch the caves dreadfully or get crushed in the narrow space.

And it would only be worse for a member of Colossus race. If Pompeo were with them, his life would have come to a grim end.

"There are larger bone caves for them," Libby explained cheerfully.

Elizabeth had been their guide in Stage Thirty since she was most familiar with the area. Even if Libby knew anything about the places they went, she had virtually no chance to show it.

Now that Elizabeth was no longer with them, Libby felt the important mission of guiding Zen fell to her.

"What? Larger bone caves?" Zen exclaimed in shock, "A space this large inside a bone is astonishing enough. If there are caves massive enough for the Abyss Spirit race, how large will those bones actually be? What sort of creatures would have such gigantic bones?"

Libby shrugged and said, "I haven't found any information relevant to that in the documents." She patted the wall of the bone cave and added, "I don't know what kind of creature's bone this is either. Let's go now."

Zen nodded and followed her into the depths of the cave.

The entire bone cave was dead straight for the around a thousand feet they advanced. But then, a sharp bend revealed itself before them, with a bulging joint between the two bone caves.

Zen looked at the corners of the walls as they made their way through the joint. He hoped to get a glimpse of the forbidden area Libby had mentioned. But the joint had no gaps at all, and he couldn't see anything beyond the walls.

This next bone was also a thousand feet long. Once they had passed through the second bone cave, they came to an open space. It was a huge bone cavity which connected with other bone caves.

They entered the bone cavity and Zen glanced around before asking, "There is more than one path. Which one should we take?"

The bone cavity was connected to four other bone caves creating four different paths. It appeared the entire Sanskrit Light Stage was an incredibly large maze.

"The second one on the left," answered Libby without hesitation.

"How do you know?" Zen asked curiously.

"From the records of the predecessors. Didn't you try learning about the higher stages before entering the Other Shore?" Libby asked.

Knowledge of the higher stages of the Other Shore was kept confidential to the public, but it was open to the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, especially the elites in the Land of Sword Grief.

Not only was Libby a genius with extraordinary talent, but she worked hard to learn anything she could as well. She had already done her research about stages to come before entering the Soul City.

Zen smiled awkwardly and said, "Apologies for my carelessness."

"That's all right. I'll lead the way," Libby said walking to the front and entering into the second bone cave on the left.

They walked along this path a while before coming to another bone cavity. Again, Libby didn't hesitate in choosing the second cave on the left. She then turned to explain to Zen, "There's actually more than one correct path leading to the Land of Bone Tribulation. This is the shortest recorded path..."

As she spoke, they suddenly heard a rustling coming from the depths of the cave ahead of them.

The caves were hollow so even the smallest sound would echo through and travel a long distance. They listened carefully and soon realized there were creatures running towards them.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Several figures emerged ahead. The one at the front yelled at them, "Run! Humans, run for your lives! There are Ghost-claw Worms coming!"

"Is that an Ear Mouse?" Zen recognized the voice and then saw the shapes of five Ear Mice clearly.

Libby's joy fled at the creature's warning. "Oh no, we should run now!" she exclaimed.

Zen didn't fully understand what was coming but he could tell that Ghost-claw Worms were formidable enemies from Libby's reaction. He quickly turned and followed her out of the bone cave.

Chapter 3766 Getting Involved

They retreated from the cave hurriedly and the Ear Mice soon followed.

For these Ear Mice to be in the Sanskrit Light Stage meant they too were powerful warriors of the Holy Soul Realm. However, their terror as they fled was clear. Zen realized the Ghost-claw Worms they spoke of should not be underestimated.

Whoosh!

As the Ear Mice escaped into the bone cavity, a dark black object suddenly came from behind them.

It looked like a snake, but its front end split into three, like a three-fingered ghost claw!

Crack!

The three fingers of the ghost claw suddenly stretched and slammed down heavily on the head of an Ear Mouse, its fingertips penetrating right into the poor creature's soul!

"No!"

The Ear Mouse let out a series of desperate screams as it was dragged back into the bone cave. Its distressing squeak could be heard a long while before it finally stopped. This must have meant that the Ear Mouse had been dragged a great distance away!

The other four Ear Mice could do nothing but watch helplessly as their companion was hauled away. Without missing a beat, they then escaped into another bone cave, swiftly moving on.

Zen and Libby followed the four Ear Mice into the bone cave.

Behind them, many black Ghost-claw Worms were swarming over, chasing after them blisteringly fast, so fast it seemed as if they were flying!

Zen glanced back as he ran and saw that they were not flying but crawling along the walls of the cave.

There were countless tiny feet on the limbs of the Ghost-claw Worms, similar to those of a centipede. Their feet moved fast and flowed like waves, advancing them along the wall at high speed!

"What the hell are these Ghost-claw Worms? Their heads look like a ghost claw, but their bodies are worms..." Zen asked sounding a little disgusted.

"I don't know. According to the documents, these creatures come from the outside world," answered Libby while she kept running hard.

"The outside world?" Zen was stunned.

"These bone caves are not completely closed off. Some parts of the bone joints are broken and creatures from the forbidden area outside break in," Libby revealed.

The bone joints Zen had observed were closed tightly, but apparently not all were this way. This gave the Other Shore creatures outside the bone caves a chance to invade.

Stage Twenty-nine and Stage Thirty-one were chocked full of dangers. The Element Spirit race couldn't establish a gathering spot on the two stages, which was why they attached great importance to the Blooming Jade Stage.

Swish!

The Ghost-claw Worms were fast and relentless, quickly closing the distance between them. If this continued, sooner or later they'd be devoured.

"Zen, take the first path on the left!"

Libby shouted as they got close to the next bone cavity coming up ahead.

She had never imagined they'd encounter such dangers when they had just entered the Sanskrit Light Stage.

They rushed into the bone cavity and Zen and Libby made a sharp turn, taking them into the first bone cave on the left. The Ear Mice, however, rushed into a cave in the middle.

Then something unexpected happened. The black Ghost-claw Worms didn't follow behind them; they ignored them completely. They seemed focused on targeting the Ear Mice and only chasing them down as fiercely as they had been.

"Well..." Zen stopped at the entrance of the cave. "They seem to be set on the Ear Mice."

"It's possible, but we still have to keep our guard up," said Libby vigilantly.

The black slender bodies of the worms wriggled past in front of Zen and Libby. Their bodies seemed to be infinitely long, long enough for them to hunt down and swallow every life form in the Sanskrit Light Stage.

"No!"

It wasn't long before the miserable screams of another Ear Mouse came from the next cave as it was dragged away horribly.

"If we cut off their bodies, will they die?" Zen asked, excited by his idea.

It was very hard for a super force to have a Holy Soul Realm master, so it would be a great tragedy to lose a master at the said realm.

The Ear Mouse race had always been on good terms with Zen so he didn't have the heart to see them die right before him.

But Libby shook her head furiously at Zen's suggestion, "No! Please don't do that!"

Libby had much less experience than Elizabeth in dealing with crises. All she knew was the documents contained warnings to never provoke any living being in the Sanskrit Light Stage. Just like the Garudas in Stage Twenty-nine, they also lacked in power to combat the creatures in this stage.

Similarly, she believed that the best course of action was to avoid the Ghost-claw Worms and so didn't want Zen to meddle.

She hoped the worms would simply leave after capturing all the Ear Mice.

Unfortunately, things didn't go according to plan. The remaining three Ear Mice fled along the bone caves, circling all the way around and coming out the other side of the cave Zen and Libby were in!

"Oh no!"

Despair washed over the Ear Mice's faces as they saw the long bodies of the Ghost-claw Worms behind Zen and Libby.

The heads of the Ghost-claw Worms were hot on their heels, while their long bodies blocked the opposite end leading out. The cave they had escaped into had obviously turned out to be a dead end!

"These guys..." Libby sighed, exasperated at the Ear Mice coming back at them.

She had expected them to draw the Ghost-claw Worms away. Yet they brought disaster back their way and took her and Zen back into the middle of a predicament.

Zen gazed cautiously at the ferocious heads of the worms and asked Libby, "Do you have any Other Shore weapons with you?"

His physical body couldn't have a Sumeru space on the Other Shore, so all the weapons and treasures he had collected in Stage Fourteen were left in Elvinia's care.

"Yes!"

Libby answered. She flicked her hand and a flash of blue light sparked from her Sumeru Space and a golden long sword appeared in her hand.

It was made of the sort of rare ores she had dug up in Stage Twenty-five, and it was one of her favorites.

Zen took the long sword from her and strode out of the bone cave!

Buzz!

As the incredible power of the Civilization Artifact surged into his body, he slashed the sword forward. A beam of sword radiance containing tens of thousands of divine megatons of force gathered and shot out.

Puff!

The bodies of the Ghost-claw Worms were sliced like a bundle of hemp rope and left an opening for them to escape through.

The heads of the Ghost-claw Worms behind the Ear Mice all hissed in pain. Even when their bodies were cut, their heads remained alive and even quickened their speed.

Zen did not care what was happening behind him. He rushed forward with Libby, and the three Ear Mice followed closely behind them.

"Human friend, thank you very much!"

"Thank you for saving our lives!"

"My friend, you are on the Other Shore in your physical form. Are you Zen Luo from the Oneness Sky Palace?"

When the Ear Mice saw Zen offering his hand, they all made up their minds to follow closely behind him. In their eyes, he was the last life-saving straw they had. They were able to identify Zen quickly by his special form, as it was famous on the Other Shore.

"What the hell did you do to provoke these Ghost-claw Worms? Why do they keep chasing you like this?"

Libby asked, annoyed and impatient, before Zen could even answer their question.

They had just reached the Sanskrit Light Stage and were now stuck being chased incessantly by these worms. It was all the Ear Mice's fault and she made her indignation obvious to them.

Chapter 3767 The Bottom Of The Sea

"Squeak! There's something wrong with the whole Sanskrit Light Stage!"

the Ear Mouse in the lead said.

This Ear Mouse was called Fidel. It was one of the nineteen elders of the Ear Mouse race and held a high position in the race.

"Why is there something wrong with the Sanskrit Light Stage? What's the problem?" Zen asked with a frown.

Zen had passed through the Soul City quite smoothly. He had expected passing through the Land of Bone Tribulation to not be difficult either. But it didn't look easy.

"Many bone caves have been damaged! A number of things have come in!" Fidel squeaked, horrified.

It was obvious that the Ghost-claw Worms had not been the only ones to drill into the bone caves from the outside.

"You can leave the Other Shore, but why do you still choose to run like this?" Libby asked.

The monsters outside the bone caves weren't like the Element Spirit race which stayed in the ice city. If they had no way out, they would recite the Illusion Breaking Rune and retreat.

Libby didn't want to help the Ear Mice, but she also didn't stop Zen when she noticed that he wanted to help them.

If they really couldn't find a way out, the worst that would happen was that she and Zen would temporarily have to leave the Other Shore.

But even though the Ear Mice kept being chased by those monsters, they still did not retreat from the Other Shore. There had to be a reason for this!

"Can't you see our feet?" Fidel squeaked.

Zen and Libby looked down to see that the footsteps of the Ear Mice were flashing with the pale blue light.

"Soul Interdicting Water?" Zen's gaze froze. "Do the Other Shore creatures of the Sanskrit Light Stage know how to use this thing?"

"I think..."

Libby was about to answer Zen's question, but Fidel interrupted her and said, "Zen, don't you have a good understanding of the Sanskrit Light Stage before entering it?"

Today was the second time that he had been asked such a question and Zen's face flamed in embarrassment. "Not really."

"The entire Sanskrit Light Stage is soaked in the Soul Interdicting Water. The Soul Binding Thread, the Soul Interdicting Water, and the Soul Restraining Sand on the Other Shore are produced here," replied Fidel.

The Soul Interdicting Water in the Sanskrit Light Stage brought about many experiments among the super forces.

After collecting the Soul Interdicting Water, one needed to steam it with fire to remove all the impurities within it and obtain the purest Soul Restraining Sand. If one processed the Soul Restraining Sand again, they could get the Soul Binding Thread which was more difficult to get rid of.

The Sanskrit Light Stage not only had the Land of Bone Tribulation, but was also considered to be a place rich in mineral resources. The mine here, however, would just be regarded as a tool for the Other Shore Realm warriors of the chaos to kill each other.

"These bones are soaked in the Soul Interdicting Water!" Zen exclaimed, astonished.

"It's common sense. I thought you knew it," Libby said, shrugging.

There had once been a small number of people who had been to the forbidden area outside the bone caves and seen the Soul Interdicting Water as an ocean. A large portion of bones were soaked in the sea, while the rest of bones remained above sea level.

Zen and Libby were at the bottom of these bones when they ascended from the Blooming Jade Stage, which meant that they were actually at the bottom of the sea.

Strange creatures like the Ghost-claw Worms lived in the Soul Interdicting Water all year round and were clear about what their prey constituted. They would first attack creatures that were tainted with the Soul Interdicting Water.

So they had taken to ignoring Zen and Libby during the previous pursuit.

Even though Zen had cut off their bodies, the Ghost-claw Worms didn't have any intention of attacking Zen and Libby. They weren't intelligent and only kept chasing the Ear Mice all the time.

Whoosh...

Four Ghost-claw Worms sped up along the wall of the cave. The three fingers on their heads opened up, clamoring to grab the Ear Mice.

"Squeak! Squeak!"

The three Ear Mice didn't give up and kept trying to escape the attacks of the Ghost-claw Worms.

They were, after all, at the Holy Soul Realm. Their souls were no weaker than ordinary physical bodies.

Fidel's body pressed against the ground as it rushed up along the circular wall of the cave, and managed to avoid the attack.

The other two Ear Mice also used the same method to display their agility.

But the Ghost-claw Worms were faster. One of the Ghost-claw Worms raised its three-fingered claw and grabbed one of the Ear Mice by the head, intending to drag it backwards.

The Ear Mouse squeaked and

struggled in anguish.

Whoosh!

A sudden ray of sword light flashed at the Ghost-claw Worm's head, which was also its hand, and cut through it.

A mouth appeared in the palm of the Ghost-claw Worm's broken hand, and it let out a painful scream.

The three fingers released the Ear Mouse, as the Ghost-claw Worm rolled back and forth on the ground in pain.

Once the Ear Mouse broke free from the Ghost-claw Worm's grip, it recovered quickly and hurried to follow Fidel.

"This will be easy to deal with, especially since these Ghost-claw Worms are hell-bent on attacking only you," said Zen.

The Ghost-claw Worms were not invulnerable to blades and spears. They only moved fast, were large in number, and were very aggressive. But killing them wasn't difficult, especially with Zen's current strength.

"Squeak! Squeak! Indeed!"

"Thank you, Zen!"

"Squeak! Squeak!"

Fidel and the other Ear Mice were overjoyed.

The Ghost-claw Worms had chased them for a long time, and several of their members had died as a result of this.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Several more Ghost-claw Worms sped up and rushed over to them.

Zen raised his head, his gaze narrowing. The long sword in his hand had already started to emit specks of starlight.

Puff, puff, puff...

After several consecutive sword strikes, Zen stabbed at the wrists of the Ghost-claw Worms, which were also their necks.

The beheaded Ghost-claw Worms fell to the ground one after another, wailing and rolling on the ground. They were no longer able to chase the Ear Mice.

After he had figured out how to deal with the Ghost-claw Worms, Zen found that it was easy to handle them.

There were a large number of Ghost-claw Worms behind him. But as long as there were worms that dared to stretch their heads out, Zen would use his long sword to chop, stab and behead them.

In five minutes, Zen had killed more than thirty Ghost-claw Worms.

An hour later, there were only a few Ghost-claw Worms scattered on the wall.

Zen stopped and waved his long sword towards the sky. An arc-shaped sword light shot out of the sword and cut off the heads of the Ghost-claw Worms. They were now all struggling on the ground.

The Ear Mice stopped running and breathed a collective sigh of relief when the Ghost-claw Worms were finally killed.

"We got rid of them!"

"Zen, we would have died if it weren't for you!"

"What a coincidence! You saved my son in the Chaotic Source World before. You hadn't stepped into the Desire World at the time. I haven't expected you to reach the Sanskrit Light Stage and save my life," one of the Ear Mice exclaimed.

The three Ear Mice were expressing their gratitude when Libby suddenly asked, "But where are we now?"

At her question, the Ear Mice began to panic. Caught up in the chase that the Ghost-claw Worms had given them, they had no idea which bone cave they were in now.

Chapter 3768 Outside

Libby's question made Zen and the three Ear Mice realize this was a problem that needed to be addressed.

The bone caves in the Sanskrit Light Stage formed the most complicated maze any of them had ever come across. Up until now, there was still no one who had completely worked out the entire maze.

"Deviating too far from our original route would be disastrous, I'm afraid," Fidel said seriously.

Zen considered their options for a while before finally saying, "Those Ghost-claw Worms always leave traces, and we can go back the same way we came by following those traces they've left."

After that, he turned and began walking back.

Zen had sliced the Ghost-claw Worms' heads off at the neck and they still struggled on the ground. Even now they still stretched out three fingers in an attempt to grab Zen as he passed.

"Whoosh!"

The long sword in Zen's hand shook, and with a flash of sword radiance, he had cut the wriggling heads in halves.

Zen and the Ear Mice felt more comfortable with their plan after seeing these Ghost-claw Worms. Zen had killed many along the way so it'd be an easy trail to follow back...

They followed the corpses, walking the wrong way on several occasions before they had finally found the original path they had taken here.

The Ear Mice had come from a different bone cave and recorded a different path. Now they too, like Zen, were counting on Libby to lead the way.

Fortunately, although it was Libby's first time in the Sanskrit Light Stage, she was very smart and remembered the way to the Land of Bone Tribulation clearly.

"There are eight bone caves in the bone cavity. We should take the seventh one..."

"There are two roads here. We should take the left one..."

"The first bone cave..."

Under her guidance, they continued onward, slightly uphill.

Just as Fidel had said, they were in fact still in the sea formed by the Soul Interdicting Water. If they broke through a wall of a bone cave, the Soul Interdicting Water would gush in.

But many bones were in the water, looking like countless tubes.

The route the Ear Mice had taken had been submerged by the Soul Interdicting Water, but everything was fine for the one the human race had recorded in their documents, and they continued smoothly along the way.

The size of the Sanskrit Light Stage was no smaller than that of the Blooming Jade Stage. Zen and his companions climbed up the bone caves for four hours before they finally came to a huge bone cavity.

There were many bone caves of different sizes here. The largest was massive and the smallest was only as big as a fist.

Zen looked around and said, "It seems that all the bone caves are connected to this bone cavity?"

"Yes, this one is our Ear Mice's bone cave," said Fidel, pointing at a cave that was neither too big nor too small. "That is the bone cave of the Separate Abyss race... Eh?"

Fidel shrieked as it pointed at a wide bone cave. It was so large that even those of the Separate Abyss race could walk through it freely. This was indeed their bone cave. But there was something odd about it; a green light flashed at the entrance of the cave as if reflected by a mirror. It soon discovered that the entire cave had been filled with Soul Interdicting Water!

"What's wrong?"

Zen and Libby had noticed Fidel's strange reaction immediately. They walked over to have a closer look and were both shocked at what they saw.

"Whose bone cave is this?" Zen asked.

"The Separate Abyss race!" exclaimed Fidel.

"It seems that the Separate Abyss race have it much worse. Their cave is filled with the Soul Interdicting Water. I wonder if there's anyone trapped within it," Zen mused, shaking his head.

As Zen climbed higher up the stages of the Other Shore, the number of Souls of Light he could meet lowered. There was only the Land of Bone

Tribulation on the huge Sanskrit Light Stage where warriors could explore. A warrior like Libby, who had reached the Holy Soul Realm, would usually choose to pass through the Sanskrit Light Stage and go directly to Stage Thirty-two, the destination of the powerful Holy Souls.

"Splash..."

As they looked on, the Soul Interdicting Water had risen by a foot!

When it eventually overflowed it would probably pour into the other bone caves around it.

"Let's go! The bone cave is full of Soul Interdicting Water. Who knows what monsters might burst from it," Libby urged standing aside.

Zen nodded in agreement and looked up at the other end of the bone cavity. "I wonder which bone cave leads to the Land of Bone Tribulation..."

There were many bone caves of various sizes around the huge cavity, but in the center were three bone caves that extended up diagonally. It was Zen's first time here but he understood enough to know that the exit of the Sanskrit Light Stage was among these three caves.

"Zen, Are you heading to the Land of Bone Tribulation?" Fidel asked excitedly.

Since ancient times, no one in the chaos had been able to enter the Land of Bone Tribulation.

Over the years, only a small number of Other Shore creatures had gone there, but no one in the chaos had the necessary qualifications to enter.

"Yes." Zen nodded.

"We'll be taking the cave in the middle to go to Stage Thirty-two. To get to the Land of Bone Tribulation, you should go through the cave on the left." Fidel said enviously, "If you succeed, you'll be the first to qualify to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting after ancient times!"

This was important news to the Ear Mice and when Fidel could leave the Other Shore, it would surely bring it to the superiors immediately.

Libby looked at Zen in silence. She knew the left bone cave led to the Land of Bone Tribulation, but because she couldn't go there herself, she knew little of it and could not offer Zen any advice.

Zen glanced at her and said, "Since you can't come with me and the Ear Mice are going to Stage Thirty-two, you should go with them."

"I... I'll wait for you here," said Libby.

"It's too dangerous here!" Fidel yelled in warning.

"Normally, you staying here wouldn't be a problem. But Fidel is right, the Soul Interdicting Water has begun flooding and who knows what followed the water in," Zen pointed out shaking his head as he spoke.

The Ghost-claw Worms alone were tough to deal with, not to mention there could be more than one kind of creature in the Soul Interdicting Water.

Libby considered this a while and decided Zen made a lot of sense and so she agreed.

Zen then jumped up straight to the first bone cave on the left and climbed up along the wall.

It was over ten thousand feet long and very wide. He could still hear the echo of his footsteps when he walked. When he was halfway up, a black fog appeared around the cave.

This gave him pause and he hesitated.

But then, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, who had been observing Zen this whole time, reminded him, "Don't worry. This black fog is only to scare off souls and can't harm a physical body."

Holy Souls were forbidden to step on this road, naturally there were some measures to stop them.

These words of comfort swept Zen's worries away and he continued climbing up.

He was almost at the top when a ray of light shone in front of him, lighting the dim cave.

"Does this bone cave lead outside?"

Zen's eyes glinted and he quickened his pace.

When he finally reached the top, he saw what it was like outside the bone cave...

He saw a boundless blue sea and slender bones in the water upside down, sticking out like bamboo growing in the sea. This was the forbidden area outside the bone caves that Libby had mentioned!

Chapter 3769 Bone Slaves

Once he was out of the bone cave, Zen saw a sprawling white beach in front of him.

He bent down to grab the white sand and watched it fall in between his fingers. "This sand is also bones. Were countless bones truly crushed and gathered here?"

"Ordinary crushed bones would have already been weathered. These bones were originally this small," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered.

Hearing this, Zen lifted the sand on his palm and looked at it more carefully. As the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, these bones were indeed whole and were just incredibly small.

For such bones to be so small that they ended up covering an entire area and be mistaken for sand was both incredible and unsettling. "Are these from the tiny creatures of the Calculation Civilization?" Zen asked.

The green figure on the Civilization Artifact shook its head. "It's not us. We're even way smaller than these bones."

Too many civilizations and creatures had existed in the chaos.

Over a thousand races had once become ruling civilizations and those underneath them, were even more numerous. Of course, there would always be creatures bigger or smaller than others.

"If you walk a bit more, you'll come upon some new discoveries," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

Zen decided to walk further along the beach and, to his surprise, found the bones that littered the ground progressively get larger. At first, it had been the size of a grain of sand until it became the size of a pea, then the size of a fist...

This somehow reminded him of the Immemorial Wilderness save for the fact that the bones there were randomly placed. Here on the beach, the bones were arranged in a certain orderly manner.

As he ventured forward, Zen began to see more familiar bones, specifically, human bones!

He bent down and picked up a random arm bone. "The bone beach records all creatures on the Other Shore?"

"Yes," the Primeval Lord of Heaven confirmed.

Zen turned the bone in his hand curiously. "What about the Regal Jade Civilization?" he asked.

Some civilizations had special forms and the Regal Jade Civilization was one of them since they did not have any bones.

"Look at the front left," the Regal Jade Spirit suddenly said, with a smile on his face.

The Regal Jade Spirit had also stepped into the Land of Bone Tribulation before, so he knew some things.

Zen did as he said. When he looked to the left, he saw various green fragments in between the bones. Beside these fragments were metal bones from the Metal Civilization.

"Entering the Soul City allows one's soul to complete a transformation while entering the Land of Bone Tribulation allows one's body to undergo change. The degree of transformation of soul and body directly determines the power you will obtain in the Eternal Scroll Painting," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained.

Eternal Warriors at the Eternal Realm were the most powerful existence in this world.

However, the Eternal Scroll Painting also had a ranking system and the higher one's ranking was, the greater power one would obtain.

Zen raised his eyebrows with interest. "The Eternal Scroll Painting?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded. "Yes. You've gotten nine Holy Soul Imprints..." he began. "You are the number-one person in history and just by relying on these nine Holy Soul Imprints, your ranking in the Eternal Scroll Painting won't be low. However, if you can obtain nine Bone Tribulation Imprints, then your ranking could naturally go higher!"

In fact, the Primeval Lord of Heaven already spoke to the elites of the human race about this. All of them had high expectations for Zen.

"The more imprints, the higher the ranking?" Zen surmised. It hadn't been that hard to figure out.

"Most cases go like that though there are exceptions," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said. "My junior fellow disciple obtained sixteen imprints but the ranking he received hadn't been ideal. The one who ranked first only had fourteen imprints."

More imprints meant a bigger advantage in the Eternal Scroll Painting but it wasn't the end-all and be-all of everything. There were always creatures with astonishing willpower that could create miracles and defeat those far stronger than them.

This piqued Zen's interest. "Then, who is it?" he asked.

A trace of caution appeared on the Primeval Lord of Heaven's face. "It's the Eye Spirit of the Element Spirit race."

There weren't many creatures that could make the Primeval Lord of Heaven so cautious but the Eye Spirit was one of them.

"Eye Spirit..." Zen repeated. "Is it the strongest warrior of the Element Spirit race?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded grimly.

"Yes."

That was the only answer Zen needed and he stopped asking about the subject.

After passing through the Land of Bone Tribulation, he would enter Stage Thirty-two and then get into the Eternal Scroll Painting. Now though, he had to focus on getting through this beach of bones first.

After he passed by the human bones, the following bones all got bigger and bigger. Now, there were bones several dozen feet, further on they would get bigger until they were several hundred feet, and so on! Only a small part of these huge bones floated above the sea, leaving the rest under the waters.

Not long after, Zen finally arrived at the edge of the beach. Any further and he would be in the ocean of Soul Interdicting Water.

"It's the end. Where is the Land of Bone Tribulation?" he asked.

"Wait. There should be bone slaves coming," the Primeval Lord of Heaven told him.

Zen did as he was told and took a seat on one of the huge bones to wait. In the distance, dark green flames suddenly blazed to life.

'Ghost fire?' Zen thought to himself.

The cemetery was a place to bury bones and phosphorescent flames frequently rose due to the sheer amount of remains buried there. It was just a bit surprising that there would be flames that burned, though it was the daytime here.

As the flames rose, they floated towards the skulls that then gained sentience and began to look for the rest of their bodies.

Spine, shoulder blade, ribs...

A short while later, fully-formed and assembled human skeletons began to walk towards Zen.

"Are they the bone slaves you were talking about earlier?" Zen asked.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded with a smile. "Yes. Every race will have their own bone slaves."

Zen nodded in understanding but a question suddenly popped in his head. "What if a certain race enters this place for the first time?"

"Before they enter, the bones of their race will have been created and placed here," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained patiently.

There were some special powers on the Other Shore. It should also be noted that the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation were constructed by the Instant Civilization and were thus naturally different from other places.

Zen raised yet another question. "These bones... they were created out of nowhere then?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled, associating Zen's question with the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. "It is indeed possible!"

Ziya discovered the Truth of Three-Energy Construction outside the chaos, which meant the Instant Civilization also came from there.

The reanimated skeletons came straight to Zen and the first skeleton that passed him by flipped a slightly larger bone. Zen watched as the bone landed on the surface of the Soul Interdicting Water and transformed itself into a boat.

"Please get on," the skeleton said in a strange voice and gestured invitingly towards the boat.

A trace of vigilance appeared on Zen's face as he asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven's opinion in his mind.

"If you want to go to the Land of Bone Tribulation, then you naturally have to board this boat," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, assuring Zen and comforting his nerves.

With no more reservations, Zen jumped and landed in the middle of the boat.

The other skeletons quickly got to work, scouring the ground for bones to be used as paddles and also getting on the boat.

Chapter 3770 Bone Island

The white bone boat floated on the blue ocean.

It was rowed manually by the bone slaves, so it did not move too fast.

Zen possessed the ability to fly and could do so across the ocean, or even help the bone slaves speed up if he wished.

But the Primeval Lord of Heaven warned him not to break the rules of the Land of Bone Tribulation. They had entered the land in this way before. As per the advice he was given, Zen just watched on as the bone slaves paddled the boat forward slowly.

Their intelligence was at the most basic level, and although they were able to communicate smoothly with Zen, they seemed to know very little. When he asked of theirs and the Land of Bone Tribulation's origin, all they offered was dull, stiff answers.

After asking a few more questions, Zen gave up this pursuit with them.

Splash! Splash! Splash...

The boat continued on slowly, bypassing bones jutting out of the sea one by one, before Zen finally caught sight of a white island.

The island was made of thick bones piling up together and in the center was a huge skull, but Zen didn't know what creature it belonged to.

"Is this the Land of Bone Tribulation?" Zen asked.

"Yes," a bone slave nodded.

As the boat slowly approached the shore, Zen leaped casually into the air and landed on the island.

He stood firm when suddenly, a handful of sea water splashed at his head!

Being on the Other Shore for so long, Zen was very alert to Soul Interdicting Water and the like. The thunder wings on his back exploded violently as his body turned away, barely avoiding the Soul Interdicting Water!

He stabilized in midair and now saw clearly that there were more than a dozen creatures on both sides of the island!

They were of many different shapes and sizes; some were tiny, some were as big and burly as giants. But it was obvious they were Other Shore creatures.

"Hasn't it been a long time since anyone entered the Land of Bone Tribulation?" Zen asked in confusion.

He thought he was the only one here. Seeing so many Other Shore creatures appear all of a sudden was certainly unexpected.

"Creatures in the chaos can't enter the Land of Bone Tribulation, but the Other Shore creatures can," the Primeval Lord of Heaven revealed to Zen.

As long as they were not stage rulers who were bound to a certain stage, the creatures of the Other Shore were also capable of becoming stronger, gaining the Holy Soul, receiving the training in the Land of Bone Tribulation and entering the Eternal Scroll Painting to get to Stage Thirty-three.

"It's that human brat!"

"Human, don't you know the rules? Those from outside the Other Shore must be tainted with the Soul Interdicting Water before they can land!"

"Yes, it's a rule. We'll let you down after you bath in the Soul Interdicting Water!"

The Land of Bone Tribulation was more difficult to pass through and would take more time than the Soul City.

These Other Shore creatures had been here a long time and had become familiar with each other. Ganging up against outsiders was easy for them. Unfortunately, Zen was quite clearly an outsider.

"Rules? Who made these rules?" Zen asked narrowing his eyes slightly.

"No one made them, this has always been the way in the Land of Bone Tribulation," explained an Other Shore creature.

"Ha-ha," Zen laughed coldly. "No one in the chaos has been able to enter here after ancient times, and still, after so long, this rule has not been abolished? Or is it that you made it up just now?"

The Soul Interdicting Water only had an effect on the creatures outside the Other Shore. This rule was clearly intended for the creatures in chaos. But it had been quite a long time since any of them stepped into this land.

Why did the rule come back just as Zen had appeared? This must be the doing of the Element Spirit race.

Zen's question left the Other Shore creatures speechless.

"The only reason why you sprayed the Soul Interdicting Water on me is to prevent me from escaping, am I right?" he asked, slowly descending as the Other Shore Power within the Civilization Artifact surged crazily in his inner world.

Splash!

The Other Shore Power erupted and sent his body smashing down towards the island like a meteorite falling from the sky.

The Other Shore creatures had intended to surround Zen, but when they felt the speed at which he had fallen, they all wore stunned expressions and rushed backwards.

Boom!

Zen slammed into the island.

Under the immense power, the entire island began shaking violently and spreading mini tsunamis out over the surrounding sea.

Zen looked at the ground in surprise. It too was made of bones, but they were tough far beyond his expectations. There wasn't even a hint of damage to them from his impact!

He might not have shattered the bones, but instead shattered the confidence of the Other Shore creatures.

It seemed it was as Zen had guessed; they had indeed received news that a creature from the chaos was on his way and if they captured him, their races would be rewarded handsomely.

They had expected the creature from the chaos would be weak and an easy capture if they took advantage of the Soul Interdicting Water, as long as he was off guard. They certainly had not expected him to possess such incredible strength.

They were stunned silent and lowered their heads like children being reprimanded by their parents.

After all, they were not creatures from the chaos and could not leave the Other Shore. Surrendering was their best option when faced with a far stronger warrior.

"Does anyone else want to sprinkle the Soul Interdicting Water on me?" Zen asked menacingly as he scanned the creatures around.

No one answered. They just looked at Zen with reverence.

Zen walked towards a burly creature. He had the head of a bull and a pair of sharp horns. He was from the Sturdy Bull race residing in Stage Twenty-seven. Seeing Zen heading straight for him, the Sturdy Bull quickly explained in a panic, "He told us the news. He came here and told us that if we attacked you, the Element Spirit race would reward us, which would benefit our race!"

The Sturdy Bull pointed at a cat-like creature not far off.

The cat-like creature took two steps back when he was pointed out. His eyes narrowed and gazed dangerously, ready to deal with Zen's attack at any moment.

But Zen just glanced at him indifferently and said, "I came here to pass the Land of Bone Tribulation. As for the grudge between me and the Element Spirit race, you'd better stay out of it!"

These Other Shore creatures were also outstanding warriors of their different races. They had thought Zen was a weak lamb they could bully, and naturally they wanted to rush forward to capture him.

But Zen displayed such great power that they decided it was better to not risk their lives!

"Yes, yes. I'm not a member of the Element Spirit race," the Sturdy Bull nodded.

They immediately let out a sigh of relief and all the tension in the atmosphere relaxed when Zen showed restrained hostility.

Zen looked into the depths of the island and asked, "Has the Land of Bone Tribulation opened yet?"

On the bone boat, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had told him the basics rules of the Land of Bone Tribulation.

Like the Soul City, the Land of Bone Tribulation also opened for a period of time and then closed for another period of time. But the periods were much longer than that of the Soul City.

Chapter 3771 Myriad Tribulations Storm

The skull that occupied three fourths of the island was in fact the entrance to the Land of Bone Tribulation.

"The Land of Bone Tribulation opens every eight hundred hours. Six hundred and forty hours have now passed," the Sturdy Bull replied.

"So it will open in seven days?" asked Zen.

"Yes!" The Sturdy Bull answered.

Seven days...

Zen pondered this a while and decided not to leave the Other Shore.

These Other Shore creatures were not reliable. If he left, there was no guarantee they wouldn't set up arrays and wait for an opportunity to strike at him...

He sat down cross-legged facing the skull, dead still in meditation, waiting for its opening.

The Other Shore creatures stood behind him, sizing him up silently. They didn't want to provoke him anymore and so waited with him.

Seven days passed by quickly.

Once it had been eight hundred hours, the huge skull trembled and began rising slowly.

Zen sensed the change and opened his eyes, staring intently at the rising skull before him.

He now realized it was a complete skull but the lower end of it had been buried in the island before.

As it continued to rise, more and more was revealed and a cervical spine now became visible; it turned out to be a complete skeleton!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Once the skull had risen a fair bit, a strange sound echoed from between its jaws. Its mouth slowly opened, releasing, incredibly, a pathway.

The Other Shore creatures itched to give it a go. When the Land of Bone Tribulation had opened before, they would swarm in.

But this time, as Zen stood at the front, none of them dared to move first.

Zen walked without hesitation, straight into the large mouth of the skull.

The Other Shore creatures followed in as soon as he entered.

Inside the skull were stairs made of thin bones. After walking down the bone stairs, they returned to the bottom of the sea. Then another wondrous scene was revealed to them.

The Soul Interdicting Water with dark blue light was blocked by an invisible force, forming isolation walls.

In the center were many floating white bone plates.

This was Zen's first time entering, so he stood on the stairs and looked at the bone plates carefully.

The Other Shore creatures behind him dared not to force him further, so all they could do was wait silently. Zen watched the plates for a full five minutes before they could not wait any longer. After all, time was precious when the Land of Bone Tribulation opened.

"Human friend, you should sit on the white bone plate first to enter the Land of Bone Tribulation," the Sturdy Bull said from behind.

Zen smiled faintly, sensing the angst among these creatures. He jumped down from the stairs and landed on one of the bone plates.

Whoosh!

The moment he set foot on it, the bone plate carried him to the side.

The other creatures jumped onto the bone plates too and sat down, also retreating to the side.

Once they all sat on bone plates, identical bone plates appeared on the opposite side with skeletons placed on them.

On the plate opposite to the Sturdy Bull, was a huge skeleton similar to him.

On the plate opposite to Zen, was a human skeleton, the same size as he was, making the same moves he did.

Zen raised his hand and so did the opposing skeleton.

Zen turned his head, and so did the skeleton...

It seemed to be a mirror image, but with no flesh and blood-it was just a pale white human skeleton.

"Is this my tribulation skeleton?" Zen asked, staring at the skeleton.

In the Land of Bone Tribulation, everyone had their own corresponding tribulation skeletons. When they accepted the test of the land, their tribulation skeletons would in turn undergo a significant change.

Zen's tribulation skeleton had just been born when he had entered, so it was as white as white jade.

But the huge tribulation skeleton corresponding to the Sturdy Bull was covered with a faint layer of golden glaze. He had been here for a long time and clearly had gained a lot.

However, this was all gained for the tribulation skeleton. Before it merged with him, he had gained nothing on his own body.

Although these creatures had been here a long time, they still did not possess the ability to compete with Zen!

"Your tribulation skeleton is too new," the Sturdy Bull said with a trace of pride. He looked at his own tribulation skeleton, which shone with golden light, with love glinting in his eyes. He finally had something to be proud of in front of Zen

The other creatures shared the same sentiment. They didn't know what Zen had done to obtain control of that amazing power, but what did that matter?

Here, he was still a newcomer!

Once they obtained the Myriad Tribulations Body, their strength would still be able to surpass Zen's!

Zen's eyes flashed with mockery as he asked, "How long have you cultivated here?"

"I've been here only seven years. I've reached this level quite fast actually!" the Sturdy Bull admitted confidently.

"Yes. Brice is quite talented, mainly because he has a divine body which is stronger than other creatures' from the moment he was born," said an Other Shore creature. He then pointed to a centipede-shaped creature close by. "That long insect there is even stranger. He has cultivated a unique body refining method. In just a year, he has already entered the sixteenth layer of the Myriad Tribulations Storm!"

The surface of that centipede's tribulation skeleton shone with golden light as well. It was almost a Myriad Tribulations Body!

The centipede had been silent this whole time, lying motionless on his own bone plate. He was focused solely on cultivating the Myriad Tribulations Body and had no interest whatsoever in other matters. Even when the Element Spirit race had sent a message to attack Zen, he paid it no mind.

As they spoke, an intense pressure overtook the entire space, suddenly expanding and contracting along with the violent rising and falling of the surrounding sea water. A storm had formed in the center!

The storm rose and swept out the Soul Interdicting Water from the surrounding "walls".

Drops of Soul Interdicting Water gathered in the center of the storm.

Zen was inevitably hit by the Soul Interdicting Water as he sat on the bone plate.

He tried to dodge, but the Soul Interdicting Water was too dense. He was hit and then gave up trying to dodge it. He had accepted that he was unable to leave the Other Shore.

Buzz!

The Soul Interdicting Water was completely submerged in the rising storm, forming a larger blue storm.

'Is this the Myriad Tribulations Storm?' Frowning, Zen looked at the scene unfolding in front of him. At the same time, he felt confused as to whether he should refine his body with the Soul Interdicting Water.

When he was still at a loss for what his next move should be, streaks of golden liquid suddenly rose from the bottom of the storm.

Feeling the aura of the golden liquid shrank his pupils. Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven who was observing in his inner world seemed to remember something, which changed his face in an instant!

Chapter 3772 The Tearing Force

The golden liquid's aura was quite similar to that of the Descending Rings.

Not long ago, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess from the Source World personally asked Zen for the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits. When they were used together with the Descending Rings, they could directly summon anything from the Other Shore down to the chaos. It was a way equivalent to breaking the restrictions of truth!

In fact, the Primeval Lord of Heaven also knew that there would be a blue-golden storm in the Land of Bone Tribulation.

The blue was the Soul Interdicting Water, but so far, no one knew what the golden liquid was.

However, it had been a long time since the Primeval Lord of Heaven was in the Land of Bone Tribulation, and he had long forgotten about the aura of this golden liquid.

That was why he couldn't connect them to the Land of Bone Tribulation at all when he saw Zen's golden red Chaotic Source Spirits before.

But now that Zen had entered the Land of Bone Tribulation, he and Zen naturally realized immediately what the golden liquid might be. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, why is this golden liquid's aura in this storm the same as the aura of the Descending Rings?" asked Zen.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was lost in thought. There was a somewhat strange connection between the two.

The Myriad Tribulations Storm was a great test for warriors who entered it for training, and only those strong-willed enough could pass it.

The mixture of the golden liquid and the Soul Interdicting Water could cause a violent stab of pain to anyone it hit.

It was so painful that even the Primeval Lord of Heaven still clearly remembered how it felt when he experienced it over a thousand chaotic eras ago. "If the golden liquid is the same type of thing as the Descending Rings, then it is used to summon things from the Other Shore, while the Soul Interdicting Water works to prevent anything from descending..." Zen analyzed.

Upon hearing Zen's words, the Primeval Lord of Heaven broke free from his train of thought. He suddenly perked up and said, "I got it. It turns out that the Land of Bone Tribulation is so ingeniously designed.

The Instant Civilization was smart to make use of the geographical advantages..." "What geographical advantages?" Zen asked curiously.

"As you said, the Soul Interdicting Water prevents things from descending while the golden liquid works the same as the Descending Ring, which is used to summon things down. Their functions contrast each other. If they appear at the same time, then the Myriad Tribulations Storm, which could tear almost everything apart, is formed," the Primeval Lord of Heaven theorized.

Back then, he couldn't figure out why the mixture of the Soul Interdicting Water and the golden liquid could have such an effect.

Now, he seemed to have completely understood it.

The two types of liquid within the storm were like two hands: one hand extended to the Other Shore, while the other extended outside the Other Shore. Naturally, a powerful tearing force was produced.

"I'll go in first!" the centipede declared before he and his bone plate entered the Myriad Tribulations Storm in the center.

At the same time, the tribulation skeleton on his opposite side followed suit.

It entered the Myriad Tribulations Storm from the other side of the storm!

"Da! Da! Da!"

Countless drops of blue and gold mixed together and floated inside the Myriad Tribulations Storm. When the droplets hit a body, they exploded and produced numerous strange black cracks. The cracks expanded, then released a powerful tearing force.

If the droplets hit a body that wasn't cultivated to perfection, then it would be quickly torn apart!

As the centipede continued to advance, the tribulation skeleton on his opposite side also moved towards the center of the Myriad Tribulations Storm.

The small water drops in the outermost layer of the Myriad Tribulations Storm were very small and sparsely scattered. About ten feet deeper inside, however, the small water drops grew bigger and became denser. When viewed from the outside, there was a layer of water drops every ten feet—and there was a total of twenty layers from the outermost part to the center of the storm!

After the centipede was thirty feet deep into the Myriad Tribulations Storm, small rings suddenly appeared on the surface of his body. The rings were tightly locked together and increased the centipede's physical strength.

"Da! Da! Da!"

In turn, the rings blocked all the black cracks the small water drops made on his body.

Meanwhile, his tribulation skeleton on the other side experienced the same as well. As a result, the tribulation skeleton glowed a golden light after the storm repeatedly hit his body.

The water drops at the outermost layer did not affect the tribulation skeleton at all, so the centipede had no choice but to go deeper into the storm every time the Land of Bone Tribulation opened.

As he moved forward with ease, he abruptly stopped in the sixteenth layer and remained motionless right after. His tribulation skeleton also stopped in the sixteenth layer on the other side.

Of course, all the Other Shore creatures who saw the centipede move so quickly sported envious looks.

"It seemed that he can easily withstand sixteen layers of the Myriad Tribulations Storm with the help of the tribulation skeleton…"

"I don't know when I can reach the same level!"

"My tribulation skeleton has just entered the third layer..."

The Other Shore creatures began to discuss among themselves as they drove their bone plates forward and entered the Myriad Tribulations Storm.

Generally speaking, one's tribulation skeleton became stronger after they entered the Myriad Tribulations Storm. It also affected their real bodies' strength, so it meant that they could advance further after that process.

But after one got out of the Myriad Tribulations Storm their tribulation skeletons and their real bodies were no longer connected. Only after they had truly obtained the Myriad Tribulations Bodies would their tribulation skeletons and their real bodies finally merge.

Once all the Other Shore creatures had entered, Zen also took control of his bone plate and entered the Myriad Tribulations Storm.

"Da!"

A blue-golden drop of water hit his right arm first and burst into a black crack. His body slightly trembled.

Indeed, the tearing force from that small water drop was powerful!

Fortunately, he had absorbed a large amount of Body-strengthening Jades and his physical body had reached its limit, so he was strong enough to take it. Furthermore, he wasn't afraid of anything because he had the Chaotic Source Spirits to protect his body. Thus, he simply continued to drive the bone plate forward.

On the other hand, the Other Shore creatures in the Myriad Tribulations Storm all looked at him.

As for them, they all activated their body protecting theurgies to defend against the water droplets. Some of them used illusory shield shadows that surrounded their bodies, while some others' bodies glowed with a golden light. While all of them changed in some way, there were no changes in Zen's body at all.

"Did that guy just withstand the water drops with his physical body?"

"Will he really go to the second layer the first time he has entered the storm? He's so aggressive!"

"Just wait and see, he'll surely suffer!"

It was known that the water drops were immensely powerful despite their size. It was likely for one to lose their life if they weren't careful in the Myriad Tribulations Storm.

Some of the Other Shore creatures even began to think that if Zen was seriously injured, they wouldn't mind killing him. They became more excited now that the Soul Interdicting Water had tainted Zen, since he would have no way to escape!

But just as the crowd thought, Zen had already driven the bone plate thirty feet forward and stepped into the third layer.

On the other side, his tribulation skeleton also sat upright on the bone plate. The water droplets continuously hit it, but there were only faint golden marks on its surface.

"Even though these small water drops have a strong tearing force, it cannot affect my body on a large scale. Warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm are best at resisting such attacks," Zen said in a low voice.

The Chaotic Source Spirits feared bearing too much power at once the most. However, the constant tearing of the water droplets hardly exhausted them.

Zen looked ahead and the corner of his mouth slightly curled up. Then, he did something that surprised everyone around him.

He leaned forward a little, then the bone plate quickly moved forward. In the blink of an eye, he was already a hundred feet into the storm and had landed at the side of the warrior from the Sturdy Bull race!

Chapter 3773 Too Slow

The member of the Sturdy Bull race still focused on resisting the water drops. His muscles flashed with a bronze glow.

Every time he activated his bloodline theurgy, his blood vitality became more potent and greatly increased the toughness of his physical body.

"I need to hold on for six hours!" he exclaimed.

As long as he stayed within the tenth layer for six full hours, his tribulation skeleton would surely grow stronger.

However, to do so was a huge challenge. After all, to continuously activate the bloodline power consumed a lot of his strength.

Fortunately, the current round of Myriad Tribulations Storm had just started. He was still full of energy, so the task was a piece of cake.

Just as he sat down and turned around to check how the human newcomer was doing, he suddenly realized that Zen was already at the spot beside him.

His eyes widened to the size of saucers. He stared blankly at Zen for a long while before he came back to his senses.

"How is this possible?"

He was so shocked as if he had seen a monster and not a human. He couldn't figure out how Zen had reached the spot beside him in such a short period!

They were already a hundred feet into the Myriad Tribulations Storm at that point, and the water drops in the tenth layer were far more powerful. It was simply impossible, even if one's physical body had absorbed enough Body-strengthening Jades and had cultivated to its limit!

What made it more surprising was that it was Zen's first time to experience such a trial, and his tribulation skeleton hardly even bore any damages!

With a steady drip, the water drops kept hitting Zen's body.

Black cracks spread all over his skin, but it looked like he wasn't in pain at all.

Opposite him on the other side of the Myriad Tribulations Storm, the water droplets had quickly tempered his tribulation skeleton.

The closer they got to the center of the storm, the faster the tribulation skeleton would be refined.

The refinement speed at the tenth layer was a hundred times faster than that in the outermost layer!

As the small drops of water poured continuously onto Zen's tribulation skeleton, its golden color became increasingly clear.

"This is..."

Then, it glowed brighter while he felt his body become solid and stable as if an invisible power had enhanced it.

"Is this feeling from my tribulation skeleton?" Zen muttered with raised brows. Of course, he was a bit surprised.

He was different from the Other Shore races, like the Sturdy Bull race. After all, he could withstand the Myriad Tribulations Storm with merely the help of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

In fact, had it been ordinary Chaotic Source Realm warriors, it wouldn't be long before the water droplets had exhausted their Chaotic Source Spirits.

Thanks to the special Truth of Godly Way Zen had obtained, his Chaotic Source Spirits recovered quickly after an attack.

That was why he could easily survive in the Myriad Tribulations Storm. "You, you... How did you resist the water drops?" the Sturdy Bull couldn't help but ask curiously.

"With my physical body, of course," replied Zen.

The Sturdy Bull's face twitched as he was rendered speechless.

The Sturdy Bull race was an Other Shore race that only appeared in recent chaotic eras. They didn't know much about the human race, and most of their curiosity came from the sudden increase of human Souls of Light on the Other Shore in later years.

However, they still didn't take the human Souls of Light at the Holy Soul Realm seriously. After all, even though the Holy Souls were strong enough to fight against the Other Shore creatures, the Other Shore creatures could still become much stronger if they cultivated a Myriad Tribulations Body.

However, contrary to the rumors, not only did Zen have a physical form, he also had too much power that was beyond what the Sturdy Bull had imagined!

While the member of the Sturdy Bull race was still in shock, Zen suddenly asked, "It seems that the refinement speed in the tenth layer isn't fast. How long will it take to achieve the same level of your tribulation skeleton?"

Zen's dissatisfaction at the refining speed in the tenth layer stunned the Sturdy Bull once again. He remained quiet for a while before he said, "It will take you at least a couple of months. Every time the Land of Bone Tribulation opened, I held on for five hours in the tenth layer. I have spent about a total of three months here already!"

Generally speaking, the time between the openings of the Land of Bone Tribulation was very long. Even if the Sturdy Bull activated his bloodline power to its limit, he could only hold on for five hours to six hours at most.

However, he still stayed in the eighth or ninth layer to refine his tribulation skeleton even after he had already exhausted his bloodline power. He didn't leave until the Land of Bone Tribulation was closed.

"Three months... That's too much time for me!" Zen said and shook his head.

After that, he suddenly drove the bone plate beneath his feet forward.

It turned out that he directly crossed the tenth layer and entered the eleventh layer!

The water drops in the eleventh layer were much more violent, and the black cracks that appeared on Zen's skin grew wider. His Chaotic Source

Spirits became twice as exhausted, but the refining speed of the tribulation skeleton also increased several times!

The member of the Sturdy Bull race clearly knew the benefits of entering the eleventh layer. Once one was strong enough to withstand the water droplets in the eleventh layer, their cultivation speed would greatly increase.

However, it was already hard for him to stay in the tenth layer for six hours due to his current strength. He wondered if he could hold on for even five minutes in the eleventh layer.

In the end, he decided not to enter the eleventh layer before his tribulation skeleton reached a higher level.

On the other hand, Zen barely spent time in the tenth layer before he advanced further into the eleventh layer. Was his body strong enough to withstand the water drops' rapidly increasing power?

"Easy does it, my friend. The difficulty of the eleventh layer is..." Before the member of the Sturdy Bull race could finish his warning, Zen had arrived steadily at the eleventh layer.

He looked back at the member of the Sturdy Bull race and said, "Sorry. What was that you said?"

"It's nothing... Never mind." The Sturdy Bull waved his hands and smiled awkwardly. He realized that his worries were completely unnecessary.

The tribulation skeleton's refining speed in the eleventh layer increased greatly, and at the same time, the pressure Zen felt also intensified by several degrees. Even so, the exhaustion of the Chaotic Source Spirits was still within his control.

At that moment, all the remaining Other Shore creatures in the Myriad Tribulations Storm observed Zen and started to discuss among themselves.

"How is this possible?"

"Even if he cultivates some special theurgy, he won't be able to hold on for long, right?"

"You should know that his tribulation skeleton hasn't grown so strong to protect his body!"

Even the centipede that fully concentrated on his cultivation in the sixteenth layer turned his head, his eyes filled with bewilderment and uncertainty.

The centipede had reached his current level through step-by-step improvement.

His physical body was already strong enough to bear the water drops in the outer layers, so his tribulation skeleton could grow stronger much faster. In turn, his enhanced tribulation skeleton served as additional protection as he advanced further.

However, Zen had rushed into the eleventh layer even though he hardly spent time in the outer layers. His tribulation skeleton was barely refined, so it couldn't support him at all.

If the centipede stayed in the eleventh layer without the protection of the tribulation skeleton, he wouldn't be able to withstand the water drops!

Most of the Other Shore creatures who bet that Zen wouldn't be able to stay long in the eleventh layer were indeed right. It had only been five minutes since he had arrived there, but he already felt dissatisfied with the refining speed in the eleventh layer.

Chapter 3774 Sudden Change

With everyone looking on, Zen drove the bone plate forward once more.

He passed the twelfth layer.

The thirteenth layer...

The fourteenth layer...

The fifteenth layer...

The sixteenth layer...

He moved inwards for a hundred and sixty feet and finally arrived beside the centipede-like creature.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The small water drops within the sixteenth layer rained down hard on Zen like a violent storm.

His whole body was wrapped in the black cracks that tore wildly at his body.

The Chaotic Source Spirits in his body continued to absorb the battering he took, but they dimmed fast at the same time.

As the Chaotic Source Spirits dimmed, the Truth of Godly Way continued to gush out. The warm current was like the water of an oasis in a desert, nourishing everything it flowed over.

Before the Chaotic Source Spirits fell into absolute fatigue, the Truth of Godly Way had already restored them.

'I'll stay here!' Zen thought to himself, assessing the situation.

This was a point of perfect balance for him.

If he continued onward, his Chaotic Source Spirits might not be able to withstand the force. Once they were fatigued, Zen would not be able to hold on much longer.

And on the sixteenth layer, he could not only refine his tribulation skeleton quickly, but he could also cultivate the Chaotic Source Spirits at the same time!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Countless small drops of water fell on the surface of his tribulation skeleton, and wisps of golden light swiftly covered it.

Passing the trial of the Land of Bone Tribulation usually took a long time because the tribulation skeleton would only begin refining on the outermost layer. But as the refining effect was so unsatisfactory on the outer layers, it would take a long time surely to complete the trial.

In fact, from the sixteenth layer onward, the speed of refining would increase greatly!

"He... What the hell is he?"

"He went straight to the sixteenth layer!"

"If I were there, I'm afraid those little water drops would tear me apart!"

They had just been thinking Zen wouldn't last long on the eleventh layer, yet now he stood steadily on the sixteenth layer. Getting there would take most of them a great deal of time but he did it in an instant!

His speed stunned the Other Shore creatures to their core...

"Is this real?"

"How ridiculous!"

"I finally understand why the Element Spirit race wants him dealt with!"

Such rapid growth would pose a terrible threat to anyone.

When the centipede stared at Zen, the rings on his body began to crack!

His cultivation method relied on his extremely powerful belief.

The stronger his confidence was in himself, the stronger the protection power of the rings would be!

With the help of this theurgy, the centipede, like Zen, had also crossed the first six layers in an instant and entered directly into the seventh layer for cultivation. His speed was clearly far beyond the others.

This gave him massive confidence, making him feel as though he was the most talented there was. Thus, the power of his rings was greatly increased.

Soon, after his tribulation skeleton grew stronger, he would be able to enter the seventeenth layer!

If he then passed another three layers, he would be able to obtain the Myriad Tribulations Body. Imagining how powerful he would become once he fused with his tribulation skeleton excited him a whole lot.

The centipede was silent not because this was his personality, but because he felt that he was special and decided not to communicate with the others. It was true the others that entered the Land of Bone Tribulation were also outstanding in their respective races, but he was still above them.

Now however, Zen had brutally shattered his stable and confident state of mind.

It was his first time in the Land of Bone Tribulation, and yet here he was, on the same layer as he was!

Such a talent was unheard of!

The centipede cried out in his heart continuously.

No matter how hard he tried to deny this, even closing his eyes again and again in the hope it wasn't real, Zen was still sitting steadily beside him.

The undeniable fact that he was not the greatest ever began to discourage the centipede. His cultivation method had its flaw and cracks began appearing on the rings.

Seeing that his theurgy was no longer able to help him resist the small water drops of the sixteenth layer, he had no choice but to retreat back ten feet and enter the fifteenth layer.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

But even the water drops of the fifteenth layer still tore his rings and forced him to continue his retreat.

On the fourteenth layer, he retreated again...

On the thirteenth layer, he retreated again...

On the twelfth layer, he retreated again...

He finally stopped on the eleventh layer, only ten feet away from the Sturdy Bull.

The centipede's downfall attracted the whispers of the other creatures.

They had cultivated together for so long and knew what kind of theurgy they each used.

They also knew that the centipede's body protection theurgy was connected to his state of mind. It seemed that Zen's performance had dealt a heavy blow to the centipede.

Of course, Zen didn't know he had unwittingly made the centipede retreat again and again.

After maintaining balance, Zen also calmed down and sat upright on the bone plate to be baptized by small drops of water.

One day passed.

Two days passed.

Three days passed...

In the Myriad Tribulations Storm, all that could be heard was the patter of the small drops of water that smashed onto everyone's body.

Occasionally, when the Other Shore creatures couldn't bear it, they would retreat ten feet. If they felt that their condition had improved, they would advance back ten feet.

When the centipede was on the eleventh layer, he did a lot of self-reflection and after calming down, he advanced twenty feet and entered the thirteenth layer once more.

Ten days passed...

Twenty days passed...

The Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's body had experienced an unprecedented torture.

At the same time being repaired by the Truth of Godly Way, the Chaotic Source Spirits didn't take a break...

Zen had often performed this kind of oppression after he came out of the Chaotic Source World. It was thanks to this method he was able to step into the later stage of the Chaotic Source Realm in such a short period of time!

However, after staying in the Myriad Tribulations Storm for twenty-eight days, his Chaotic Source Spirits finally encountered some issues.

They had integrated into his body and suddenly disappeared and changed into another form. This process caused them to no longer absorb energy for him!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

When the tiny water drops struck the surface of his body, it immediately caused a terribly intense pain!

"What's going on?"

The pain had shocked Zen.

He had no choice but to protect his head with both hands and drive the bone plate to retreat.

His body had originally been as sturdy as a weapon. Moreover, in the past nearly a month, the tribulation skeleton had been greatly enhanced to protect him.

If not for this, the moment the Chaotic Source Spirits disappeared, the black cracks that the small water drops created would have torn him to pieces!

After retreating to the outermost layer of the Myriad Tribulations Storm, Zen stopped.

The surface of his body looked horrible and was covered in wounds caused by the black cracks that burst out.

Chapter 3775 Division

Zen appeared to be grievously injured, but in truth, the damage was only skin deep. The water drops did not hurt his muscles and bones.

Circles of green light blossomed on Zen's body, and the surface-level wounds began to heal rapidly.

The Other Shore creatures saw what was happening, and they were dumbfounded at Zen's quick recovery.

Zen had persisted for almost a month, while most of the Other Shore creatures retreated again and again. Zen had been staying on the sixteenth layer to receive training, and the others all reluctantly agreed that Zen seemed to have gotten used to the sixteenth layer at this point.

They didn't expect that in the last few days, Zen would actually leave the Myriad Tribulations Storm, and he appeared to be injured.

"Is there something wrong with his method of body protection?"

"Perhaps..."

"Hey. It's clearly good enough for him to hold on for this long at the sixteenth layer. His tribulation skeleton has already surpassed many of ours!"

Even if Zen left awkwardly right now, what he had already accomplished was enough for them to recognize him as an extraordinary warrior.

After all, everyone relied on the method of body protection to stay within the Myriad Tribulations Storm. Although they couldn't see what method Zen had used to protect his body, it was already quite astonishing that he had held on for almost a month.

The green light shimmered and bloomed, spreading along the surface of Zen's body. After about five minutes, Zen's body returned to normal.

Zen, for his part, was less concerned about his own bodily injuries than about the Chaotic Source Spirits.

"There seems to be something wrong with the Chaotic Source Spirits," Zen murmured, frowning.

"What's wrong?" asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"I am unable to detect their existence," replied Zen. He sought to sound calm, but he was deeply concerned.

Previously, he had been able to clearly sense the Chaotic Source Spirits scattered within his body. Now, however, it seemed that the Chaotic Source Spirits within him had vanished entirely. No matter how he probed, he could not sense them.

"How could that happen?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked curiously.

The Chaotic Source Spirits were special. They had been a subject of study for the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the Snake Goddess had been able to use them through information hidden in the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed.

However, despite his extensive study, even the Primeval Lord of Heaven hadn't completely understood the Chaotic Source Spirits. The vast majority of people wouldn't be able to advance when they reached the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm.

Even Athemar and Elizabeth would find twenty thousand divine megatons of power almost too much to be endured. If they wanted to bear a greater amount of power, it could be done only through a special bloodline theurgy or body protection theurgy.

However, since they couldn't cultivate the Myriad Tribulations Body, the bodies of the Chaotic Source Realm warriors were not strong enough. Therefore, there was still an enormous gap between the talented warriors like Auden and Pearce, and the powerful masters like Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

On the other hand, Zen was something entirely unprecedented. He was probably the first person to step into the Land of Bone Tribulation after fusing with the Chaotic Source Spirits. He didn't expect that such a thing would happen this time.

"I'll check again," said Zen.

If he had truly lost the Chaotic Source Spirits, it would lead to a drastic reduction in his level of strength.

Without the help of the Chaotic Source Spirits, even if one possessed a Civilization Artifact, the power that they could unleash would be limited. The situation would be different if the Inheritance of World was activated. However, the Inheritance of World would also cause the Civilization Artifact to consume a lot of energy. It was impossible to keep using it continuously during each battle.

Zen carefully searched within himself, and finally sensed what was wrong.

His body was full of tiny light dots, each no larger than the point of a needle. The light dots had been too small for Zen to notice them without paying close attention. Now, as he probed further, he realized that the light dots were like grains of dust spreading throughout his body.

"Are these the light dots of the Chaotic Source Spirits which have disappeared? Why have they become so small?" Zen wondered, feeling stunned at his discovery.

It seemed that the light dots of the Chaotic Source Spirits had become abnormally small, and yet they had also multiplied in number. Listening, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was also confused, for he had not heard of such a thing happening before.

'The golden liquid in the Myriad Tribulations Storm is related to the Descending Rings, and the Descending Rings went to the Source World along with the Chaotic Source Spirits. There must be some connection, ' he thought.

"Zen, try using these tiny light dots the same way you always use the Chaotic Source Spirits. See if they can help you withstand the power," suggested the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Everything on the Other Shore could provide some divine megatons of power, but the amount of power the Chaotic Source Spirits provided was a minus.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven theorized that everything on the Other Shore was simply a projection of energy from the Abstruse Energy World. In his theory, the Chaotic Source Spirits projected all the energy they had absorbed to a certain place in the Abstruse Energy World.

Of course, he was merely speculating, but he was interested in what Zen's predicament could reveal about his theory.

Zen nodded. "All right, I'll give it a try," he said.

He drove the bone plate again and entered the Myriad Tribulations Storm. Even without the help of the Chaotic Source Spirits, Zen was capable of enduring the first layer without sustaining too much damage. At this point, he had been cultivating on the sixteenth layer for nearly a month. With his own tribulation skeleton he would still be able to enter the seventh or eighth layer.

But his intention now was just to test the tiny light dots. It wouldn't be necessary to advance to the higher layers.

He immediately felt the vivid blue and golden droplets on his skin.

In the outermost layer of the Myriad Tribulations Storm, the water drops were sparse, and the power of the black cracks that appeared on Zen's body was much weaker.

He paid little attention to the cracks. Instead, he turned his focus to the light dots within his body.

As a drop of blue and gold water hit Zen's skin, the tiny light dots in that area vibrated, and then were extinguished.

"They are fatigued,"

Zen said to himself, feeling helpless.

As the light dots got tired, the Truth of Godly Way produced by his physical body circulated within him. When it reached the affected light dots, they lit up again like stars.

However, as soon as they began glowing, another small drop of water hit Zen's skin, and the light dots immediately died down again.

These minuscule light dots were constantly getting tired and getting rejuvenated, in a nonstop cycle.

Zen realized that he would have to go through the entire Chaotic Source Realm again.

"I've already stepped into the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm. Have I made use of these Chaotic Source Spirits to the limit?" Zen asked.

"Of course not," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered quickly.

In the Source World, there were many powerful Chaotic Source Realm warriors, and each of them was countless times older than Zen. When these warriors cultivated to the late stage of the realm, they all stopped, unable to make any further progress. But they hadn't encountered a situation similar to Zen's.

"Then there are two conditions," Zen said. "The warriors have to cultivate to the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm. And they also need to receive the training of the Myriad Tribulations Storm. Right?"

"That's possible," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

He thought that based on Zen's experience, it seemed that the Chaotic Source Spirits had completed a round of division!

After the fission, it looked like the number of Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's body had increased by a huge amount.

If these Chaotic Source Spirits could grow stronger, and Zen entered the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm again, would his physical body be able to bear much more divine megatons of force?

"What if you cultivate to the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm again, and let the Chaotic Source Spirits split up one more time?"

suggested the Primeval Lord of Heaven. At his words, Zen's eyes lit up.

If the Chaotic Source Spirits continued to divide infinitely like this, his physical strength would probably increase to a terrifying level!

It seemed that he would have to stay in the Myriad Tribulations Storm for longer than he had anticipated.

Chapter 3776 Temporary Closure

Once the Land of Bone Tribulation was opened, the warriors had a training time of eight hundred hours. That was nearly a month.

But now that only fifty hours remained, Zen was no longer in a rush or held the same interest as before in refining the tribulation skeleton. In fact, he had been staying at the first layer on the very edge of the Myriad Tribulations Storm.

Previously Zen had successfully refined his Chaotic Source Spirits by the method of "being beaten." The rate at which they grew was astoundingly fast. It didn't take long before Zen made his way to the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm.

When he attempted to refine the Chaotic Source Spirits with the assistance of the blue-golden water drops in the Myriad Tribulation Storm, he was also "being beaten." But this method proved to be more effective.

The tiny light dots that signified the Chaotic Source Spirits were going through the constant process of being rinsed and refined. They were as minuscule as a needle tip in size. Over and over, they extinguished and lit up, then extinguished and lit up in an endless loop. While this method kept on repeating itself, the tiny particles of light simultaneously grew.

This sensation felt quite subtle. It resembled the feeling of countless seeds spreading and breaking through their roots inside his body, and slowly branching their way out. It was as if the Truth of Godly Way acted as an enzyme and sped up the process by infusing itself with them.

In just half a day, the size of the light spots had more than doubled.

Not only did they grow in size each passing minute, but their endurance to the power rose to a higher degree as well. With his newly acquired strength and resistance, Zen effortlessly took a step forward and made his way onto the second layer.

With this action of his, he attracted various curious eyes towards him that belonged to the creatures on the Other Shore.

After Zen's month-long stay on the sixteenth layer, it could be said that the first and second layers didn't prove fruitful enough for him, which was most of the reason why the Other Shore creatures failed to conclude his motives.

Of course, Zen didn't explain to them either. Instead, he chose to prioritize his refinement and kept all his focus on it alone. Slowly and gradually, as he moved forward, the light dots kept on growing in unison with his steps.

When the light dots grew to a certain degree, Zen began to count them carefully. They appeared to have tripled in numbers as the once two hundred Chaotic Source Spirits had now increased to six hundred.

"To conclude everything I know, the two hundred Chaotic Source Spirits can absorb about ten thousand divine megatons of force. When I cultivate to the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm once more, I can resist the attack of more than thirty thousand divine megatons of force only by the help of Chaotic Source Spirits."

Watching the Chaotic Source Spirits' rapid growth, Zen couldn't help but feel his heart flutter with joy.

He had entered the Land of Bone Tribulation intending to cultivate a Myriad Tribulations Body. The sudden surprise of the growth of Chaotic Source Spirits came as an unexpected gain for him, so he couldn't help but feel giddy over his recent discovery.

With only fifty hours remaining, Zen moved to the third layer. Meanwhile, the tiny light dots-like Chaotic Source Spirits slowly grew till each of them manifested itself into the size of an ant from its previous form of a needle tip.

When the time limit expired, the Myriad Tribulations Storm slowly subsided.

Just as the storm began to soothe up, the blue Soul Interdicting Water and the golden liquid retreated, respectively. As these events unfolded, a swarm of monsters swam their way out of the surrounding walls formed by the Soul Interdicting Water.

In addition to the Ghost-claw Worms, there were also various other unknown creatures. They had varying appearances, and their figures differed from one another. Their unknown origins made them a bigger threat as they glanced the Other Shore creatures in the inner space with eyes brimming with malice.

"The Myriad Tribulations Storm has stopped. Move quickly and get out of here!"

"The seawater will gather up soon enough. If we fall into the sea, we will be doomed..."

"Let's head up..."

Since the surrounding seawater slowly squeezed itself to pave its way towards the center, the space would soon be filled, leaving them nowhere to go.

Similar to the rules at Soul City, outsiders were not allowed to stay after the Land of Bone Tribulation was closed.

Taking caution to the situation, Zen lightly tapped on the bone plate with his tiptoe and flew up towards the bone stairs.

As for the tribulation skeletons, they remained on the bone plates and were eventually flooded by the Soul Interdicting Water.

Once Zen and the Other Shore creatures pushed their way out of the huge head, the jaws made clicking sound again. As if triggering something, the mouth closed up, and the head began to descend. The only thing it left to vouch for its existence was the skull that was left outside.

After a good round of rinsing and refining, the Other Shore creatures felt their enmity towards Zen dissolve. Some of them even revealed hints of high respect and goodwill towards him on their faces.

However, they were increasingly curious about the kind of body refining technique Zen had used.

Of course, Zen didn't let them in on any of the details. Besides, it would have been useless even if he decided to tell them.

The Chaotic Source Spirits on the Other Shore existed in a different form from those in the Source World.

The Chaotic Source Spirits from the Other Shore were ordinary creatures who harbored average strength. Even if they were carried by someone from the Source World as an Other Shore Token of the auxiliary type, their abilities would display minimal improvements.

However, in the Source World, the reproduced Chaotic Source Spirits took the form of life between the Other Shore and the Source World. They did not stray from the truth, and they could stay in the Source World.

The crystals found inside the bodies of the Chaotic Source Spirits held the ability to absorb energy and resist against damage. These Other Shore creatures were unable to see the crystals lying dormant in the bodies of the Chaotic Source Spirits, and they didn't carry anything.

The creatures from the Other Shore couldn't leave the Other Shore. For the next eight hundred hours, they were left with no choice but to wait it out and stay on the bone island.

The member of the Sturdy Bull race wasted no time and proceeded to draw himself a peculiar array on the ground. Once it was complete, he stepped inside and sat down to concentrate on cultivating his body refining method. On the other hand, the centipede found himself a hollow bone and curled up inside it to rest his eyes and sleep. His protection theurgy seemed to have drained a considerable amount of his energy. He lay there and rested to recuperate after his month-long stay in the Myriad Tribulations Storm.

Zen bid his time and waited for the effect of the Soul Interdicting Water to wear off. Then, he left the Other Shore to learn about the current situation in the Source World.

The past month, the Source World had undergone a few mishaps that threatened its peace, but nothing too serious. However, it seemed Libby was encountering a few issues which prevented her from going to Stage Thirty-Two of the Other Shore.

According to her, the bones in the Sanskrit Light Stage that led to the top seemed to have been destroyed, and this kind of damage probably had something to do with the changes in the Sanskrit Light Stage.

Having no other choice, she had to reluctantly retreat to the largest bone cavity. After this, she chose to leave the Other Shore for a short period.

Libby had no one she could trust in the Sanskrit Light Stage. Helpless as she was, all she could do was wait. Maybe if Zen were to pass through the Land of Bone Tribulation, she could turn the tables in her favor?

Meanwhile, Elizabeth had gained a firm foothold and strengthened her position in Stage Thirty of the Other Shore.

Elizabeth had plans to summon her powerful clansmen of the Holy Soul Realm, from Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore. She had debriefed the news to the Oneness Sky Palace. Pearce and the others felt themselves well up with joy upon hearing this from her. Stage Thirty of the Other Shore held significance in terms of its location. If humans were to gain control of this stage, the benefits would be incalculable.

However, when the strong warriors of the Holy Soul Realm attempted to rush down from Stage Thirty-two to claim the area, they encountered the same issue as Libby. There was something strangely wrong with the bones in the Sanskrit Light Stage, which prevented them from passing through it.

The Holy Souls residing in Stage Thirty-two were refused access to go down. Even so, the Holy Souls currently in Stage Twenty-nine and Twenty-eight of the Other Shore were able to move up to get there. Although the Holy Souls combined from both stages weren't dominant in numbers, they were enough to lend Elizabeth a hand.

During this period, the Element Spirit race had also dispatched Five-Element Slaves from the higher stage. Unfortunately for them, they were quickly obliterated by Pompeo, the bald giant.

After successfully taking over the ice city, Elizabeth commanded all the Other Shore creatures in Stage Thirty to obediently submit under her rule.

Elizabeth had been leading the Divine Lair in the Sun Crow race, so she was experienced on how to bring others under her control through either brute force or bribery. The Other Shore creatures residing in Stage Thirty had no other choice but to pick the easier option and surrender, or they would have been asked to leave.

Within a short span of a month, the once rough Stage Thirty of the Other Shore was brought to strict order and became organized under the watchful rule of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had someone else send the message to Zen, while she herself had been staying on the Other Shore during this period of time. She was too preoccupied to leave the Other Shore.

Chapter 3777 The Eighteenth Layer

During the period he was unable to enter the Land of Bone Tribulation, aside from comprehending the Truth Enlightenment, he turned into the incarnation to enter his inner world.

Meanwhile, the Primeval Lord of Heaven continuously transformed Zen's inner world, which made more and more strange things appear.

After he heard the related introduction, Zen made his way to the fairy palace.

Over the several months of her pregnancy, Margaret's belly grew day by day. She would give birth in four months' time.

Being cared in the fairy palace also meant that she was in good hands. They were so meticulous so there'd be no room for accidents and mistakes. It was during this month that Zen spent most of his time lounging around in the fairy palace.

Days went by, and eventually, one month had passed.

With his physical body, Zen entered the Other Shore and appeared on the bone island.

The creatures on the Other Shore were basically the natives to the place. They were aware of the Source World below the Other Shore, but because of the Element Spirit race, they were hostile to the warriors from the Source World all the time.

But since Zen showed up, they finally had the opportunity to understand him. After all, they still wanted to know more about him.

"Buddy, can your body withstand all the suffering when you travel back?" the member of the Sturdy Bull race asked curiously.

"I don't return just by traveling," replied Zen.

"Oh really? What method do you use?" another Other Shore creature asked.

After thinking for a while, Zen answered, "Maybe I have created a new body."

There were various debates on the relationship between the warrior's form on the Other Shore and that in the Source World. However, there remained a common truth that the warrior created an identical avatar on the Other Shore.

"You created a new body? Can your another body move?" The strange questions made Zen morose.

After he answered them with a few perfunctory words, the Other Shore creatures stopped asking.

A period of time later, the skull rose once again. Its jaws opened, which revealed a set of bone stairs.

After they entered the wide space under the island, the Myriad Tribulations Storm began to spin once more. Everyone was cautious, and they stepped on the bone plates as they made their way into the Myriad Tribulations Storm.

Zen entered the third layer of the Myriad Tribulations Storm in order to receive the baptism of the small water drops.

Compared to everyone else, the member of the Sturdy Bull race was the most curious about Zen. He remained at Zen's side and reminded, "You've cultivated on the sixteenth layer for nearly a month, so cultivating here would be pointless. I suggest you enter the seventeenth layer, although that would be difficult for you..."

Because he knew that Zen stayed on the sixteenth layer for nearly a month, he assumed that this was Zen's limit. The seventeenth layer would be a challenge to Zen.

Zen turned around to look at the Sturdy Bull and nodded politely. He was not in the mood to argue.

As he saw Zen's disinterest, the Sturdy Bull shrugged his shoulders and moved away without another word.

As the Chaotic Source Spirits grew to the size of an ant, they increased in speed as well.

Zen moved quickly to the fourth layer, the fifth layer, the sixth layer...

The small light dots continued to grow, eventually into the size of a mung bean and then as big as a broad bean.

Not long after, Zen was finally back and safe in the sixteenth layer.

The last time he was here, he reached his limit.

However, this time was different. For some reason, there was still enough room for the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body to grow!

Having stayed in the sixteenth layer for more than twenty hours, the Chaotic Source Spirits grew to the size of two broad beans. This was the standard size of the normal Chaotic Source Spirit. However, as the amount of the Chaotic Source Spirits increased threefold, the damage they could bear would naturally increase by three times.

Naturally, this meant that within such a short period of time, Zen reduced from the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm to the early stage, and then cultivated to the late stage again.

Carefully, Zen tilted the bone plate ever so slightly, but just as he was about to enter the seventeenth layer, the centipede beside him began to speak, "Don't listen to the guy from the Sturdy Bull race. The seventeenth layer is too much to handle, compared to the sixteenth layer. I would advise you to stay on the sixteenth layer for even a few more years."

This was true. The Myriad Tribulations Storm had twenty layers, and the higher layer one attained, the more brutal the tearing force became.

Although the centipede believed in Zen's capabilities, he also knew well that everyone had a limit in terms of the growth and cultivation speed.

In the centipede's eyes, the sixteenth layer was Zen's limit, and entering the seventeenth layer was not going to be a piece of cake.

"Thank you for the kind reminder."

Zen nodded and smiled at the centipede. Then he moved on and entered the seventeenth layer without hesitation. He was quite eager to see the potential of the Chaotic Source Spirits, especially after their amount increased by three times.

Da! Da! Da!

Beneath the tearing of the small water drops, the six hundred light dots in Zen's body wore out quickly, while the Truth of Godly Way continually repaired the Chaotic Source Spirits.

"I can withstand that!"

The corner of Zen's mouth curled up in a grin. He looked around, but eventually his gaze fell on the tribulation skeleton opposite him. Within a second, his grin turned into a frown.

A part of the tearing power of the water drops within the seventeenth layer was most probably borne by the tribulation skeleton. This was far beyond what Zen wanted, and he was probably the first one to be displeased by this.

"Really? Can you really hold on?"

As the centipede saw this unfold, he couldn't help but let out a screech of surprise.

He was shocked by what Zen had achieved when he entered the Land of Bone Tribulation for the first time. But this time, the scene made him get even more shocked.

Initially, Zen managed to step into the sixteenth layer with his unique body refining method.

Then, after he cultivated in the Land of Bone Tribulation for a month, he entered the seventeenth layer. This was too fast.

However, as the centipede was still speechless in surprise, he saw Zen directly enter the eighteenth layer.

For some reason, Zen could still withstand everything!

The black cracks that formed from the small water drops in the eighteenth layer resembled long bugs, lasting longer than those in the previous layers. Therefore, their tearing power naturally increased by several times.

Over time, the six hundred Chaotic Source Spirits in his body dimmed and were repaired again and again. Within a few minutes, Zen regained the balance point. He was ready to continue on.

At the same time, the tribulation skeleton opposite Zen underwent an unprecedented refinement.

This time, Zen was much more vigilant than last time!

As he received training, Zen studied the Chaotic Source Spirits all the time.

After all, the energy of the water drops in the eighteenth layer was several times stronger than that on the sixteenth layer. If the light dots of the Chaotic Source Spirits failed to work, his body would be shattered by the small water drops...

On one hand, Zen made sure he paid attention to the Chaotic Source Spirits, always checking if they turned non-effective. Simultaneously, he expected they would split up again.

If one Chaotic Source Spirit divided into three like before, this meant that the six hundred Chaotic Source Spirits in his body would be divided into a thousand and eight hundred. If this happened, the Chaotic Source Spirits could withstand around one hundred thousand divine megatons of force, which would help him a lot in his quest.

A few minutes had passed and Zen observed the Chaotic Source Spirits continuously.

Eventually, sixty hours had passed and he finally saw that the light dots of Chaotic Source Spirits in his body began to flash. Each of the light dots divided into three dots, dimming quickly throughout the process.

"Get out!"

Zen drove the bone plate and leaned backwards, after which he rushed out of the Myriad Tribulations Storm at high speed.

But even though Zen reacted quickly, his physical body could not escape the water drops of the eighteenth layer. Within seconds, the long and thin black cracks created wounds across his back, chest, and legs.

Chapter 3778 Reverse Vortex

His left leg was the most injured. It was almost cut off by the black cracks, painting an incredibly terrifying sight.

However, Zen did not care. Instead, his heart was filled with ecstasy.

"Incredible. It seems the Chaotic Source Spirits can really split infinitely. My God..." The Primeval Lord of Heaven also took a deep breath.

He knew just how powerful this characteristic was.

After the second split, Zen would be able to withstand one hundred thousand divine megatons of force.

However, the Primeval Lord of Heaven remained unable to clearly judge the true conditions for this current situation.

Could it be that one would be able to split up the Chaotic Source Spirits so long as they merged with the Chaotic Source Spirits and entered the Myriad Tribulations Storm with their physical body? Or was the Truth of Godly Way in Zen's body an indispensable part of this process?

As the Primeval Lord of Heaven thought this through, Zen began to heal himself.

The four wounds he sustained were incredibly serious and it would take him a significant amount of time to heal them.

As soon as he was back to full health, Zen rushed into the Myriad Tribulations Storm with great interest.

On the one hand, he wanted to go back and experience the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm, but on the other, he couldn't help but expect something more. Could the Chaotic Source Spirits split again?

Thus, once he entered the Myriad Tribulations Storm, Zen repeated his cultivation way once more.

Step by step, he was once again able to return to the eighteenth layer!

This time, his progress was much faster owing to the fact that his tribulation skeleton had gotten even stronger. In just a little over 10 days, the one thousand eight hundred Chaotic Source Spirits in his body rapidly expanded and lit up, occupying almost every corner of his body.

Every single Chaotic Source Spirit within him emitted light and completely turned his body into a pillar of luminescence.

When Zen looked within, he suddenly found a strange phenomenon.

He quickly called out for the Primeval Lord of Heaven for this unexplainable occurrence. "There seems to be a vortex in my body," Zen told him.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven inhaled sharply. "Vortex?!"

Zen continued to stare at this abnormality with deep curiosity. "It seems to be similar to that vortex in the suns created by Emperor Charm, also to that one on Eastern Emperor Taiyi's golden sword!" he described.

This kind of vortex seemed to be spinning crazily but in truth, it was a mere, flat surface. To the creatures in the chaos, it did not exist and was only considered a form of expression.

The one in Zen's body was the same. It slowly rotated but did not devour anything.

It was truly an interesting phenomenon. "Oh!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven exclaimed. "Let me have a look then!"

Zen quickly agreed and the Primeval Lord of Heaven saw through his body.

Among the many white light dots, he indeed saw a vortex.

"What do you think? Are they the same?" Zen asked curiously.

There was no way that the Primeval Lord of Heaven wouldn't know about this type of phenomenon. He was bound to be the highest authority of knowledge about this sort of thing.

At last, the Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded in reply. "Yes, but the vortex is spinning in the reverse direction!"

This sort of vortex was known as the descending vortex phenomenon. In nature, all energy descended from outside the chaos. But when it reached a certain level, it would form a vortex.

All the descending vortexes he met before spun left but Zen's was spinning right.

"Reverse direction..." Zen repeated.

He wasn't stupid. He knew what this most probably entailed. "It seems that this is related to the characteristics of the Chaotic Source Spirits. The power they absorbed has actually been transferred to a space outside the chaos?!"

"Very smart!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven exclaimed in satisfaction. "The Snake Goddess was the first one to make this conjecture a long time ago. After all, there was no way the power absorbed by the Chaotic Source Spirits would disappear for no reason. We weren't able to find any evidence to support this, until now!"

Zen tilted his head in curiosity. "Where is the absorbed energy being transmitted?" he asked.

His reply from the Primeval Lord of Heaven was a shrug. "I'm afraid I don't have the answer. We do not know much about the Abstruse Energy World and there's no way to find out in such a short period of time. We'll have to rely on you and your son to explore it..."

The Regal Jade Spirit, who had been silent all this time, suddenly sighed. "I thought Wing King had had a thorough understanding of the Other Shore. I never expected so much of it to be shrouded by mystery. It's really incredible."

As the Regal Jade Spirit understood the human civilization little by little, he gradually found that the Regal Jade Civilization's understanding of the chaos was far inferior although they were powerful.

"Regal Jade Spirit, you're being too modest. To the entire Abstruse Energy World, our knowledge is but a drop in the ocean. I had previously thought our human race's understanding was second to that of the Element Spirit Civilization but it seemed we were far more inferior compared to the Calculation Civilization," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

It had to be noted that the Calculation Civilization had been able to transform the light dots into normal images and communicate with the creatures in the Abstruse Energy World. But the human race couldn't do this till now.

After spending a bit more time in the eighteenth layer, Zen broke through the nineteenth and twentieth layers relying on the strength of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

The Other Shore creatures were already able to remain calm after seeing his performance. His previous outstanding performance had stunned them enough.

It seemed when the Land of Bone Tribulation was opened for the third time, Zen would no doubt be able to achieve the Myriad Tribulations Body, perhaps even obtain a few Bone Tribulation Imprints.

The core of the Myriad Tribulations Storm was a mixture of Soul Interdicting Water and a sort of golden liquid.

It was like a fierce tornado with the central area as the most chaotic and dangerous part.

When Zen got sucked in, so did his tribulation skeleton at the other side.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Countless black cracks appeared and turned into tens of millions of black blades that cut Zen's body and his tribulation skeleton at the other side.

After Zen passed through the eighteenth layer, his tribulation skeleton turned completely golden and released a dignified aura. If this glowing, golden skeleton merged with him to make him obtain the Myriad Tribulations Body, then Zen would be able to release an amazing power with the help of the Civilization Artifacts. He had a lot of expectations for this.

However, even as he entered the twentieth layer, Zen had to give his tribulation bones a bit more time to be refined. Thus, he could only sit on the bone plate and wait patiently.

There was no sign of a third split for the Chaotic Source Spirits, which made him feel a bit disappointed.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven," Zen called out, "I know the Myriad Tribulations Body is obtained on the twentieth layer, but how will I be able to obtain the Bone Tribulation Imprints?"

The Holy Soul Imprints, along with the Bone Tribulation Imprints, were related to the Eternal Scroll Painting and deserved his attention.

"You'll get the chance when your tribulation skeleton reaches the level of the Myriad Tribulations Body. I don't think it will be long..."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was sizing up the glittering gold tribulation skeleton on the other side but his words were cut off by the sudden luster it released. It was like a newborn sun that burned with bright flames and emitted a dazzling light!

Chapter 3779 Celestial Stone

The majority of people didn't spend a long time on the twentieth layer.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, for example, had merely spent a short while on that layer once he had successfully concluded his cultivation on the nineteenth layer. Within a short span of time, the refining of his tribulation skeleton had been completed, and he had achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body.

However, Zen had spent little time on the first nineteen layers, so it stood to reason that he should require more time on the twentieth layer.

But the Primeval Lord of Heaven had obviously underestimated the refining speed on the twentieth layer. After just a few minutes, Zen had successfully completed his refining.

In other words, if someone could directly bear the power of the blue gold currents on the twentieth layer, then theoretically, they would only require one or two days, or even less, to achieve the Myriad Tribulations Body!

'I've already achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body?' Zen studied his tribulation skeleton with a dazed expression.

As the tribulation skeleton emitted a golden light, the bone plates beneath his feet and his tribulation skeleton began to rotate with the tornado. The distance between the two bone plates decreased continuously, and finally they overlapped with each other!

'Is this bone plate an illusion?'

Zen was stunned when he saw the two bone plates intersect and fuse into each other.

At this point, not only did the bone plates become phantasmal, but even the tribulation skeleton morphed into a phantom.

When the two bone plates were completely overlapped, Zen and his tribulation skeleton followed suit.

Once the tribulation skeleton had completely entered Zen's body, the golden light became diffused and faded into nothing. But Zen felt as if his bones had been scorched by fire, and he felt a fiery agony in his skull, spine, arms, and legs...

At this time, Zen was already within the eye of the tornado, sitting atop the bone plate while spinning crazily.

"In two months, he has already achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body..." the Sturdy Bull murmured in disbelief.

Even though he was clueless as to the shortest time to achieve the Myriad Tribulations Body, from his point of view, Zen's cultivation speed was simply miraculous as he had got the Myriad Tribulations Body after the Land of Bone Tribulation opened only twice!

"Achieving the Myriad Tribulations Body is not his limit," the centipede said. "The twentieth layer was still quite easy for him. He is very likely to move to the next level."

"The next level?" another creature queried curiously.

The centipede nodded and said with wizened eyes, "It is said that very few people can obtain the Bone Tribulation Imprints in the Land of Bone Tribulation. Yet, one requires those imprints to become a super strong warrior!"

The Other Shore creatures were of naturally inferior numbers compared to the entire Source World.

The centipede and the Sturdy Bull were both considered talents among their own races. However, as the creatures in the Source World were countless times more numerous than those of the Other Shore, and the chances of a talent being born were much greater, the vast majority of the talents who obtained the Bone Tribulation Imprints came from the chaos.

Just as the centipede had anticipated, Zen's entire body began to sink while spinning.

The blue golden tornado quickly gobbled Zen down like a fast flowing vortex.

Splash!

Zen sank swiftly to the bottom of the sea.

Buzz!

A light column rose to meet him from the bottom, and Zen was soon enveloped.

'This light column is similar in nature to that in the Soul City...' Zen's eyes flashed with recognition.

While contemplating this, he suddenly felt a burning sensation on his back.

Click!

It was as if a red hot iron had been placed on his back, branding a mark on it.

"Dirty Body Imprint!"

Before the burning feeling subsided, another scorching imprint was ruthlessly placed on his chest.

"Internal Shaking Imprint!"

Click!

"Lasing Golden Imprint..."

Click!

"……"

As Zen plummeted downward, the Bone Tribulation Imprints continued to appear on his body one after another.

After descending all the way to the bottom, nine Bone Tribulation Imprints seared into his flesh one by one, as if they had been prepared in advance.

However, Zen didn't feel anything except when these imprints touched his body.

"This is also similar to what happened in the Soul City. Didn't you say that nine Bone Tribulation Imprints were incredibly difficult to get?" Zen asked since things were quite different from what he had expected.

In the Soul City, Zen had also obtained nine Holy Soul Imprints without much effort. At that time, he and the Primeval Lord of Heaven had been extremely confused, but now, the similar thing had happened again. With so little difficulty, he got nine Bone Tribulation Imprints, which was reeking of strangeness.

"It's indeed odd," the Primeval Lord of Heaven agreed, and his face shone with confusion.

Perhaps it was blind luck that Zen had obtained the nine Holy Soul Imprints in the Soul City. But now such a thing had happened again in the Land of Bone Tribulation, and this clearly had nothing to do with luck.

Regardless of the mystery, it was beneficial for Zen to obtain the Bone Tribulation Imprints successfully.

Outside the light column was a dark blue sea.

The vast sea in the Sanskrit Light Stage was a mysterious landscape to those of the outside world.

To the Other Shore creatures, the Sanskrit Light Stage was those bone caves. The world outside the bone caves seemed to not exist. Only when the bone caves were broken would the creatures in the sea invade them.

However, those bone caves were very much alive. Even should they be damaged over a period of time, they could still repair themselves. Therefore, the vast majority of the Other Shore creatures only viewed the Sanskrit Light Stage as a passageway.

Even the Element Spirit race, who knew the Other Shore best, lacked any real knowledge about the Sanskrit Light Stage.

While Zen was still at the bottom of the light column, a black figure rose from the depths of the sea like a wraith.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The black figure quickly approached the light column and extended a hand towards Zen.

That "hand" was made of a number of tentacles!

As the tentacles entered the light column, they wrapped around Zen one after another and pulled him down from the light column!

When the Other Shore creatures in the Myriad Tribulations Storm witnessed this sudden event, they were all dumbfounded.

The many strange creatures in the sea had always appeared to be controlled by a law of some kind and never dared to rush into the Land of Bone Tribulation to attack warriors. Therefore, at the occasional sightings of the ghost hand creatures swimming along the sea walls, they were not overly concerned.

But what happened now boggled their minds!

"Zen was taken away from the light column?"

"What kind of creature do those tentacles belong to?"

"It wants to kill Zen!"

"Look, there's a spear wrapped in the tentacles over there!"

Although the light at the bottom of the dark blue sea was very dim, these creatures had excellent vision, and they could still clearly view the events unfolding.

Some of the tentacles had wrapped around Zen, while others were wrapped around a long spear!

The spear was completely blue. Powerful energy was surging within it, and on the surface of the spear tip, a red light was pulsing mysteriously.

"That spear!" The Primeval Lord of Heaven was shocked at seeing this.

"What is it?" Zen asked. He also noticed the extraordinary qualities of the spear.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven cautiously explained, "The spear itself is insignificant, but the tip of it is made of a Celestial Stone, which can amplify power nine-fold. It's a very rare and useful treasure in Stage Thirty-three. The only problem is that it can't be combined with the Other Shore Tokens that can amplify force too."

Chapter 3780 Demonic Murloc

Below Zen, a great creature floated in the dark blue sea.

While most of its body was shrouded in darkness, a huge outline could be recognized vaguely in the water. Its torso was akin to that of a human's, but its limbs were tentacles several hundred to a thousand feet long.

It was none other than a Demonic Murloc — a very mysterious race on the Other Shore.

Very few members of this race existed, but each one was extremely powerful — they were the strongest creatures in this sea.

The outside world knew little about these creatures apart from a record that the Demonic Murlocs had once broken the biggest bone cave a long time ago, attacking the creatures inside.

Typically, they stayed in the deepest parts of the sea, rarely getting involved in the world outside.

As the Element Spirit race tried gaining their support, the Nihility race and many other races did so as well — they all wanted to rule the Sanskrit Light Stage with the Demonic Murlocs' help.

But these creatures refused them all.

Like the Garudas in Stage Twenty-nine, the Demonic Murlocs in Stage Thirty-one couldn't resign themselves to the outside world's power. Perhaps it was their creator's deliberate arrangement, or maybe it was a mere coincidence. So in the end, these races had no choice but to forfeit.

The Element Spirit race, however, saw a sliver of hope — even while the Demonic Murlocs remained at the top of the food chain, they weren't free from disputes of power within the race.

When the chance came, the Element Spirit race assisted a Demonic Murloc called Kendall to beat out his competitors and come to sit on the race's throne.

Even after Kendall became the Demonic Murlocs' king, his subjects still rarely displayed any friendliness to the Element Spirit race. Fortunately, the king himself had made a promise to the Element Spirit race, offering them a helping hand at a critical moment.

It was at this time that Kendall finally decided to fulfill his promise.

The Celestial Spear was a gift from the Element Spirit race — it contained terrifying power, and when Kendall wielded it, he couldn't help but be shocked by the sheer force.

For a long time, Kendall waited beneath the Land of Bone Tribulation because he couldn't attack the creatures within the land.

But once Zen left, he could attack him at will.

And so in theory, if Zen failed to get the Bone Tribulation Imprints, Kendall probably wouldn't get a chance to attack Zen in the sea.

Because of this, Kendall was entirely bewildered by the Element Spirit race's order.

He couldn't understand how they could be so certain of Zen's success.

As he watched and waited quietly in the sea, Zen indeed obtained the Bone Tribulation Imprints — he even got nine of them.

'This human is an extraordinary talent…'

Kendall was completely taken aback by Zen's achievement.

But since he decided to kill him, he wouldn't hesitate at the last moment.

Even if Zen had cultivated the Myriad Tribulations Body, Kendall believed that his all-out attack was more than enough to kill Zen. The Celestial Spear he got from the Element Spirit race was a great weapon in itself.

It could increase strength nine-fold, after all.

If he used 15, 000 divine megatons of force, an attack he launched through the Celestial Spear would contain over 130, 000 divine megatons of force.

Such was something most people would dread to even imagine.

Swoosh!

The sea water's resistance didn't hinder Kendall in the slightest.

The long spear penetrated the water like a bat shuttling through the night sky, heading straight for Zen.

Dropping at the very bottom of the light pillar, Zen had no time to dodge at all.

He tried swimming upward, but it was clearly too late.

'This spear strike is unimaginably great — seems like I have to take it head-on!'

The moment Zen thought it, the Celestial Spear had already made it straight to his chest.

Crack!

The spear pierced Zen's body with a strange sound.

In a flash of white light, the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body formed a circling whirlpool.

The Chaotic Source Spirits, which had increased six-fold in number, managed to neutralize about 100, 000 divine megatons of force. The remaining force of the strike spread throughout Zen's chest and into his body. But with the tribulation skeleton that had already merged with his body and the nine Bone Tribulation Imprints, he withstood the power all too easily.

The Celestial Spear only slightly pierced into Zen's chest, narrowly stabbing into a rib. Traces of blood started spreading in the seawater.

Withstanding the spear strike that contained such an immense amount of force, he was barely even injured.

Upon witnessing the scene, the Demonic Murloc was so astounded that his eyes almost bulged out.

In truth, the spear strike could have easily pierced through his own body — the attack's power was enough to shatter the body into shreds.

It was a truly formidable spear strike.

And yet the human managed to survive it.

Not to mention the fact that he was barely even harmed.

Was the man really human, one would wonder?

Because the Demonic Murlocs were born strong, they naturally understood the weakness of many Other Shore creatures.

Humans were normally the weakest of all.

But the scene unfolding before Kendall was completely beyond his imagination.

Buzz!

Once the strike was delivered, the tip of the spear quickly dimmed.

The Celestial Stone couldn't be combined with another Other Shore Token, and it would take a great long time to recover after being used once. Such were the weaknesses of the Celestial Stone — the warriors that wielded weapons forged from this stone usually had to kill their enemies in a single strike.

Once some powerful warriors in the Source World merged with this Other Shore Token, they faced the same problem. After failing to kill their opponents in a single blow, they'd be left with no choice but to escape.

When Kendall realized his attack caused no damage to Zen, he fell into a panic.

He attempted to flee with the long spear in his hand.

Crack!

Zen then reached out and caught the Celestial Spear. Staring into the darkness, he asked, "Who are you?"

Unsurprisingly, Kendall gave Zen no reply. Instead, he remained silent and tried to pull the spear back.

But Zen's physical body had been greatly strengthened — he could display a considerable amount of the Civilization Artifacts' power as his physical body was already strong enough to withstand it.

Whoosh!

In an instant, he managed to snatch away the spear from the Demonic Murloc.

Then, he stabbed down, hacking into the water.

Over 50, 000 divine megatons of force erupted from his body before it turned the dark blue current into an intense tornado.

Like an invincible saber, the long spear chopped down.

Puff!

As the tip of the spear swiftly slashed against the water's surface, several tentacles were rapidly cut off before black blood spread widely into the seawater.

While Zen wanted to chase after Kendall, the Demonic Murloc was more familiar with the water than he was. He fled into the sea at a surprisingly great speed. In the blink of an eye, he completely disappeared from Zen's view — only darkness remained below.

"I bet the Element Spirit race sent him," Zen muttered with a shrug before swimming back into the light pillar.

Following the light pillar, he returned to the Land of Bone Tribulation. All the Other Shore creatures there gazed at him with wide eyes.

The power Zen displayed on the bone island made them both astounded and cautious. The fact that Zen cut off the Demonic Murloc's tentacles had everyone overwhelmed with fear and awe.

Chapter 3781 Gains

Of course, the Other Shore creatures that wandered in the Sanskrit Light Stage were well aware of the powerful strength of those monsters in the sea.

Still, such a powerful monster fled in the presence of Zen.

How mighty was he?

Meanwhile, Zen drove the bone plate and floated out of the Myriad Tribulations Storm. The blue-gold raindrops still hit his body, but the black cracks on his skin no longer posed any threat to him.

The Other Shore creatures gathered at the entrance continued to drive their bone plates to make way for him.

At that moment, the centipede came forward and said, "Congratulations on your achieving the Myriad Tribulations Body!"

The creatures of the Source World couldn't enter the Land of Bone Tribulation, and in any case, it would take a long time for the Other Shore creatures to achieve the Myriad Tribulations Body.

"Thank you," Zen answered with a nod.

The centipede didn't say anything else, then he retreated to the side with the other creatures.

They didn't dare to pry into the secrets of such a powerful warrior. They were afraid that if they behaved too attentively, they might annoy him.

As for Zen, he walked out of the bone stairs and returned to the bone island again.

If he wanted to leave the Other Shore, he had to wait until the effects of the Soul Interdicting Water disappeared.

However, he didn't intend to leave the Other Shore at all.

Libby, who had failed to enter Stage Thirty-two, still waited for him in the bone cavity. He could go there now and meet her since he had obtained the Myriad Tribulations Body.

By the edge of the bone island stood the bone slaves who waited for orders.

Since the bone slaves were no different from the dead, they looked like soulless skeletons when they lowered their heads and stayed motionless.

When Zen approached them, however, they suddenly seemed to have souls and began to move.

They proceeded to look for the bone oars, and when they found them, they quickly jumped back to the bone boat.

Once they finished, Zen leaped lightly and landed steadily on the bone boat.

It would take some time to return to the beach, but he wasn't in a hurry. He leaned firmly against the side of the boat and played with the long spear in his hand.

"The Celestial Stone's light seemed a little brighter," he said.

When the Celestial Spear was pointed at him, he saw that its tip was extremely dazzling even in the dark blue ocean.

But after one shot, the tip of the spear quickly dimmed.

After one hour, the light at the spear's tip became a little brighter again.

It would take more than twenty hours for the Celestial Stone to completely recover. For now, it can only double your strength," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said as he stared at the long spear. "Once it has completely recovered, the spear will release its power. You can instantly kill any powerful warrior by then," he added.

Zen was not too surprised to hear this.

His body could carry over one hundred thousand divine megatons of force. If he were to extract all of that and infuse it into this spear, the spear's strike would probably contain over a million divine megatons of force!

How terrifying would such an amount of force be?

It was known that in the past, the human ancestor had only released less than ten million divine megatons of force even though he had fused with the best Other Shore Tokens from Stage Thirty-three.

Then again, that force was supposed to complete the Finale Way.

On the other hand, Zen could release a million divine megatons of force now when he relied on the spear. Thus, one could only imagine how truly strong the spear was.

But just as the Primeval Lord of Heaven had said, although the Celestial Stone was powerful, it sadly couldn't be used together with the Other Shore Tokens of the strengthening type. Therefore, choosing the Celestial Stone meant that one's increment of power would be fixed at nine times.

In this case, the spear appeared nothing to a master at the Eternal Realm.

"No matter how strong it is, I can't carry it," Zen said regretfully.

The three Truths of Godly Ways in his body each carried a Civilization Artifact. The Civilization Artifacts were not like ordinary Other Shore Tokens that one could abandon. Once Zen had them, he would develop some sort of relationship with them.

For instance, the Regal Jade Spirit and the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization were inseparable from him now. Of course, it was unrealistic for him to give them up.

Fortunately, he could use the spear on the Other Shore. Although it wasn't a sword, it could be used as a weapon to increase strength.

After the bone boat had drifted on the sea for a long time, it finally arrived at the beach made of bones.

They docked the boat, then Zen set foot on the beach. The bone slaves followed suit and went to their positions, then their bones immediately scattered.

Without rest, Zen walked along the beach and returned to the huge bone cave.

After he reached the cave, he went to the huge bone cavity again.

He thought that the bone cavity was empty, but the lively commotion in it proved that he was wrong.

There was the Ear Mouse race, two members of the Separate Abyss race, one of the Celestial Wolf race, and Libby.

Libby had previously sent a message to Zen where she told him that she couldn't enter Stage Thirty-two, and she would just wait for him to pass through the Land of Bone Tribulation in the Sanskrit Light Stage.

However, she heard that the cultivation speed in the Land of Bone Tribulation was immensely slow. It took years to pass through it.

Therefore, no matter how talented Zen was, it would probably still take him a few years to finish the cultivation. Of course, she didn't want to stay in one place all the time.

Thus, she continued to enter the Sanskrit Light Stage to find a way to pass through it.

She couldn't find a way, but she met several other Souls of Light.

Those Souls of Light had become Holy Souls. But they couldn't enter Stage Thirty-two just like her. In the end, they decided to gather in the bone cavity to find a solution.

They were shocked when they suddenly saw a person come out from the bone cave on the right.

"Zen!" Libby exclaimed in surprise.

"Have you already passed the Land of Bone Tribulation?" she asked.

"Pass the Land of Bone Tribulation?"

"Does that mean that he has obtained the Myriad Tribulations Body?"

"How is that possible?"

The two members of the Separate Abyss race and that one of the Celestial Wolf race were stunned.

One who had obtained the Myriad Tribulations Body could enter the Eternal Scroll Painting and reach the Eternal Realm.

They subconsciously thought that it was impossible, but the name "Zen" was like a needle that pierced into their minds.

Zen, who had brought his physical body to the Other Shore, was able to reach the Eternal Realm!

"Squeak! It has only been three months, but he has already obtained the Myriad Tribulations Body.

How could it be possible?"

"It is too fast. Squeak!"

The Ear Mice knew that he had entered the Land of Bone Tribulation, but they never thought that he would pass through the land so quickly!

"Yes, I have passed the Land of Bone Tribulation," Zen said and nodded in response. "That's great!" Libby praised.

There were changes in the Sanskrit Light Stage, and the bone cave that led to Stage Thirty-two was blocked.

And she couldn't count on the Ear Mice or the members from the Separate Abyss race.

They had been discussing in the bone cavity for a few days already, and all of them remained vigilant. They planned to leave the Other Shore as soon as there was any accident. Hence, she knew that she couldn't pin her hopes on them.

However, Zen must be able to solve the problem. For some ineffable reason, she was always strangely confident in him.

Chapter 3782 Dragon Threads

The fact that Zen had passed through the Land of Bone Tribulation was good news for Libby, as well as for the other Souls of Light.

Holy Souls were already very powerful in a general sense, so it was possible for them to fight against ordinary Other Shore creatures.

But a physical body which had achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body was undoubtedly even more powerful. "I wonder what has blocked the way to Stage Thirty-two," asked Zen.

He had encountered so much trouble ever since he left the Soul City. The Element Spirit race had set up all sorts of obstacles along his way!

In fact, the Element Spirit race caused most of those problems in the Sanskrit Light Stage.

"Go there and look yourself, then you'll know," Libby said.

In turn, Zen walked towards the bone cave in the center of the bone cavity, then Libby and the other Souls of Light followed him.

He had seen the view outside the bone caves before. It looked like many tall bamboos that reached to the sky.

After they climbed in the cave for a while, something suddenly blocked their way.

Zen got closer to inspect it and saw that it was another bone that was in their path.

Someone had stabbed a piece of bone horizontally into the cave, which completely blocked the path. There were no gaps at all.

He stepped forward to touch it and was amazed. "How did they make this? It would've required a lot of strength to stab this bone horizontally like this," he muttered.

A warrior from the Separate Abyss race shook his head and said, "That bone is unbelievably heavy. We already tried to push it away together, but it wouldn't budge."

The members of the Separate Abyss race were known for their indomitable strength. After they reached the Holy Soul Realm and together with their blood theurgy, they could make their Holy Souls unleash unparalleled power.

Yet, the bone that blocked the cave was too heavy. Even if they worked together, it still didn't move—so they had no choice but to go back to the large bone cavity.

"Zen, let's all work together to help you move the bone away," Libby, who stood beside him, suggested.

As Zen stared at the bone, he said, "I don't need your help. I'll try it first!"

The member from the Celestial Wolf race scoffed at his words. "Even if you have achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body, it's only the toughness of your physical body that has increased. Your strength is still the same as before. You will do it alone? Don't overestimate yourself," he sneered.

Meanwhile, the two members of the Separate Abyss race and the Ear Mice stayed silent.

Although what the warrior of the Celestial Wolf race had said was unpleasant to hear, it was true.

It was indeed a miracle that Zen had achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body. It broke the rules that existed since after the ancient times.

However, the amount of power he could draw from the Myriad Tribulations Body shouldn't be too much. Even with the help of his Other Shore Tokens, he could only release thousands of divine megatons of force.

In return, Zen flashed a faint smile.

He pressed his hands against the huge bone, then the Civilization Artifacts in his body suddenly trembled. His power flowed through his cinnabar field and rushed towards his hands.

"Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack…"

A series of crisp cracks filled the air then his fingers clasped onto the bone's surface.

The members of the Separate Abyss race, the Ear Mice, and the warrior from the Celestial Wolf race were all stunned at the scene.

They previously tried their best to move the bone away together, but the surface of the bone was too smooth and there was no place for them to grasp it.

On the other hand, Zen simply placed his fingers on the bone, and they actually penetrated its surface. How could that be?

"The bones of the Sanskrit Light Stage are not as strong as I thought. I can actually break through this bone, but…" He suddenly spread out his legs, then his body unleashed a turbulent force. "But there's no need for that!" he exclaimed.

It turned out that the power came from his inner world. It rose from his cinnabar field, split up, then gathered in both of his hands. Finally, he exerted it upon the giant bone that blocked their way.

When the power burst out, the members of the Separate Abyss race, the Ear Mice, and the unconvinced warrior from the Celestial Wolf race all felt their bodies tremble. They were too shocked to say anything.

"Scratch!"

An ear-piercing noise that sounded like two large objects rubbing against each other rang throughout the cave, and the bone in front of Zen began to move.

"Scratch!"

At that moment, the sound of the friction became louder, until he finally pushed the huge bone out of the way!

"Swoosh!"

The bone he just pushed away was quite large but hollow inside. When it quickly fell, there was a shrill whistle-like sound when the air flowed out of the bone's hollow interior. In the end, it fell into the sea with a splash.

The two members of the Separate Abyss race, the Ear Mice, and the warrior of the Celestial Wolf race all stood there astounded for a long time.

Even Libby, who already expected that Zen could move the bone, was also dumbfounded.

Zen clapped his hands as if what he had done was a piece of cake. "We can go to Stage Thirty-two now," he announced.

Because the situation of the Oneness Sky Palace was stable, he would continue to go up until he reached Stage Thirty-three.

Just as he stepped forward, two silk threads appeared out of nowhere. Although he was quick to react, he still touched them!

He had a bad feeling at that point.

Almost reflexively, he raised the Celestial Spear in his hand.

"Zen! What happened?" Libby asked worriedly.

The series of events kept surprising her every time!

After Zen touched the two silk threads, he stood there motionlessly while he held the long spear.

No matter how many times Libby called him, he didn't seem to hear it.

At the same time, something was brewing in the Bloom Divine Province.

A silk thread flew across from the southwest, and another one swept across from the northeast.

The silk threads were quite thin and weren't visible to the naked eye, but they were noticeable through sunlight.

"Swish…"

Once a thread crossed a mountain, it cut it off in half.

The upper half of the mountain fell with a rumbling sound. The ground within a thousand-mile radius repeatedly shook as if there was an earthquake.

The two silk threads converged precisely when they reached the Flow Sword Sect of the Oneness Mountain.

Afterward, the silk threads swept Zen, who was meditating in the courtyard house, off the ground. The silk threads rose above the ground with him, and not long after, he was hung high above the Oneness Mountain!

The noise from the two silk threads quickly alarmed the masters in the Oneness Sky Palace.

All the powerful warriors at the Holy Soul Realm including Auden, Pearce, and the others, flew to the top of the Oneness Mountain at once.

As soon as they saw the two crossed silk threads, they frowned.

"Dragon Threads!"

"Did someone attack Zen on the Other Shore?"

"How impressive! Someone is actually willing to pay such a high price."

Auden recognized the silk threads immediately.

The Dragon Thread was also a considerably rare treasure on the Other Shore. It had a unique ability—it could transfer the enemy to a strange place!

That place could be considered the Other Shore, but not the Other Shore in another way.

In addition, the body which the threads had transferred was the owner's real body, but also not the real body in another way!

It was very strange!

To put it plainly, Zen in the Source World was up high in the air, while the Zen in the Sanskrit Light Stage was motionless and glued to the threads.

In reality, however, Zen was dashing towards one direction with the Celestial Spear in his hand.

Clouds and mist surrounded him so no one could tell where he was, and there was an irresistible force that forced him to run.

Chapter 3783 The Blood Spirit Tortoise

It was at this very moment that Zen grew confused and weary. The space turned out to be too strange for his understanding.

Oddly enough, it was not created by his illusion because it actually existed.

But how was he dragged here if he was just at the bone cave?

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, do you know where this place is?" Zen asked.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven scanned the vicinity in an attempt to familiarize himself.

"Did you touch two threads just now?"

"Yeah." Zen nodded.

"The two threads must be Dragon Threads," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained.

"Dragon Threads? What are they? What is their use?" Zen asked rapidly.

Because the Other Shore Tokens of mysterious type were too complicated, it was notably impossible to guard against them.

"Think of the Dragon Thread as a space treasure. Once it is activated, it can pull you into a special space," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered.

"It took me into a different space? So you're saying that I'm no longer in the Sanskrit Light Stage?" Zen gasped.

"You are there, but you are not," the Primeval Lord of Heaven responded calmly.

"What do you mean?" Zen paced back and forth, trying to understand.

"Let me ask you first. Where exactly were you when you were in the Sanskrit Light Stage? Were you specifically in the Bloom Divine Province or just the Sanskrit Light Stage?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked, looking at Zen with a suspicious expression.

Just as Zen was about to speak, he hesitated. He then opened his mouth to speak again. "I...I believe I was in both of them..."

During this time, Zen's corporeal body actually existed in the Bloom Divine Province, while another body existed on the Other Shore.

"So what if there exists a place within a place? For example, an Other Shore of the Other Shore?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven spoke slowly, making sure Zen absorbed each and every word.

In fact, the Dragon Thread was connected to a special space, and this was merely demonstrated as an Other Shore within the Other Shore.

When they first discovered the Dragon Thread and its properties, many powerful warriors of the Eternal Realm travelled far and wide to collect it, hoping to find its secrets within the space.

To their surprise, the space was completely empty, which left them to assume that the Other Shore within the Other Shore was meaningless.

Because the powerful warriors of the Eternal Realm were all geniuses, someone eventually discovered the use of the Dragon Thread. Apparently, it could help the activator send his or her opponent into the space.

With full training and understanding, one could even utilize the Dragon Thread to not only bring his opponent to the space, but also kill him. This was most probably the most significant feature of the Dragon Thread.

Once he heard the explanation of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, Zen pursed his lips. "Are you telling me that I have an opponent waiting for me at the end of the space?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded once. "I believe so."

"Well, who is it? Is it an Other Shore creature?" Zen asked persistently.

"Not necessarily," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered monotonously. "The Dragon Thread is quite strange. It can be activated by creatures in the chaos, as well as by creatures on the Other Shore. However, if it was activated by a creature in the chaos, something must have been wrong with your physical body in the Bloom Divine Province already."

Zen had no idea that his body was already pulled up into the air. The powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace, including Pearce and Auden, rose into the air and floated beside "Zen" as well.

Confusion and anxiety were written all over their faces.

"Zen is now in the Land of Bone Tribulation. If that is so, who is in the Sanskrit Light Stage?" Pearce asked almost as if he was screaming. His voice spread out like thunder, demanding a response.

"Whoosh!"

Meanwhile, Athemar flew straight up and bowed to Pearce. "I heard that the passage in the Sanskrit Light Stage was destroyed. Libby is the only one member of the Oneness Sky Palace who remains in the Sanskrit Light Stage."

"Wake her up then," Pearce spat.

If this were any other day, they would never wake up Libby, especially because she was a well-respected genius.

But this moment was different, not to mention Zen was too important to the Oneness Sky Palace, so that they could not take a risk. They had no choice but to wake up the warrior from her meditation.

Just as Athemar was about to wake up Libby, they caught her floating towards them. She fixed her eyes right at Zen, who remained up in the air. Her face was filled with astonishment.

"So Zen is also entangled by the threads here?" Libby scoffed.

"What on earth happened on the Other Shore?" Pearce asked again, unable to understand the entire situation.

"After Zen moved the bone away, he ended up touching the two threads..." Libby continued on to explain to them what had occurred in the Sanskrit Light Stage.

After they heard the whole story, Auden frowned. "Well, it is good news that Zen has cultivated the Myriad Tribulations Body. However, whoever dared to use the Dragon Threads must have been fully prepared. I'm afraid only a strong opponent exists in that space."

Pearce shook his head in helplessness. He expected Zen's opponent to be no less than an Eternal Warrior of the Eternal Realm.

Moreover, now that the Dragon Threads appeared in the Bloom Divine Province, it only meant one thing: the one who set up the threads was a member of the chaos.

Just as Pearce tried to guess who that might be, a huge shadow appeared in the sky, right above the Bloom Divine Province.

Everyone looked up and their jaws dropped. It was a giant red tortoise.

As they observed, they saw that the edge of the tortoise's shell was serrated. Its eyes emitted strong killing intent, making anyone who looked at it uncomfortable.

"The Blood Spirit Tortoise!"

"One of the ten most ferocious beasts in the chaos!"

"Why is its shadow projected here?"

The powerful warriors of all the other mountains also gathered and looked at the magnificent Blood Spirit Tortoise that hovered in the sky.

Among all top ten ferocious beasts of the chaos, the Blood Spirit Tortoise was one that rarely appeared. Over the years, people had only seen it one or two times, and no one knew its standpoint.

It was also said that the Blood Spirit Tortoise was not merely a creature, as it carried an entire city on its back. On the shell of the tortoise resided the Blood Spirit race.

Perhaps the fact that the Blood Spirit race lived on its back was the main reason the Blood Spirit Tortoise did not appear often. However, despite this, their strength could not be underestimated.

"Look at this. Such losers of the Oneness Sky Palace..." the Blood Spirit Tortoise said. "From now on, the Bloom Divine Province is under my authority. If you don't want to die, kneel down to save your damn lives!"

Its voice echoed like thunder, and it spread throughout the entire Bloom Divine Province with a roaring vibration.

The trillions of people in the Bloom Divine Province pointed at the sky, horrified and worried. Among them, the cowardly ones actually got down on their knees just as the tortoise ordered.

Previously, the Sun Crow race failed to occupy the Oneness Sky Palace. Nonetheless, the Element Spirit race did not give up.

However, both Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer feared the strength of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Though the Element Spirit race ordered them to take over the Bloom Divine Province and attack Zen, the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race did not budge at all.

It was through the death of Emperor Charm that they knew about the energy souls released by Zen.

After he passed the test of the Soul City, Zen made his way to the Land of Bone Tribulation.

This was the reason for the Element Spirit race and Yellow Thearch's plan. They ordered the Blood Spirit Tortoise to place the Dragon Threads that would confine Zen at the Other Shore of the Other Shore.

As long as the energy souls were not released, only the powerful warriors of the Holy Soul Realm were left in the Bloom Divine Province. These warriors were not enough to put up a battle against the warriors of the Eternal Realm.

Chapter 3784 Intimidate

After the battle against the Sun Crow race, the Oneness Sky Palace had immediately made plans and strategies in case other powerful races invaded them again.

Pearce, Auden, and the other elders also knew that things destined to happen would happen sooner or later.

Now, the core of all their plans was Zen.

The plan was to use the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi's energy soul inside Zen's body, to control the physical body of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. That way, the resulting power would be much stronger than that of their Eastern Emperor Taiyi himself.

Of course, the current Oneness Sky Palace didn't rely on Eastern Emperor Taiyi alone.

Not long ago, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess wanted to invite the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace to move to the Pear Hill temporarily when they visited the Oneness Sky Palace. Yet, Zen summoned Ziya, who had lived for over a thousand chaotic eras, to descend to the Source World. In turn, Ziya promised to guard the Oneness Sky Palace in time of danger.

Therefore, the Oneness Sky Palace felt assured.

In the eyes of Pearce and Auden, the Oneness Sky Palace was probably much stronger now that the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Ziya guarded the place, than when Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi were in charge.

The only thing was, the presence of Ziya and the control of Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body both needed Zen.

But Zen was still trapped in the Dragon Threads. No one knew if he could leave the Other Shore inside the Other Shore alive, more so if he could release the energy soul or summon Ziya to descend.

Pearce, Auden, and the other powerful warriors from the Oneness Sky Palace all shared dark looks.

"Is it only the Blood Spirit Tortoise that invaded the Bloom Divine Province?" Auden asked. "Why do you ask that?" Pearce countered.

"If the powerful warriors at the Eternal Realm from the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race are here, then why did they have to use the Blood Spirit Tortoise to threaten us?" Auden asked again. The Blood Spirit Tortoise was considered one of the top ten ferocious beasts in the chaos and it was indeed very powerful.

Compared to Emperor Charm, however, both of them had the same level of strength.

If the Blood Spirit Tortoise didn't have anything to hold it back and had already taken the other powerful warriors at the Eternal Realm to the Bloom Divine Province, they would've landed at the Oneness Mountain by now.

However, the Blood Spirit Tortoise had hidden in some place that no one knew where.

Furthermore, it projected its shadow for everyone to see. It must be fearing something.

"It is still afraid of Eastern Emperor Taiyi," said Pearce with a gleam in his eyes.

The Blood Spirit Tortoise was not willing to work for Yellow Thearch in the first place. It came only because it had no choice but to follow the orders.

It turned out that Pearce was right: the Blood Spirit Tortoise was indeed afraid of Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

To his credit, Eastern Emperor Taiyi did kill Emperor Charm.

Therefore, the reason it released the shadow was not only to intimidate everyone but also to test the waters.

"Since it is afraid of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, let's frighten it," Auden suggested.

With that, he took a deep breath, and his originally wrinkled body became as plump as a ball.

The ball-shaped Auden floated high in the sky and roared, "If you have the guts, then bring it on! Why use the shadow to threaten us and make a fool of yourself?"

After he spat out those words, his inflated body quickly shrank back and became thin once again.

It took a long time before the Blood Spirit Tortoise finally heard his voice.

Upon hearing such confident words, the Blood Spirit Tortoise didn't dare to risk its life. It thought for a moment then sneered, "As far as I know, that human boy's energy souls are things that descend from the Other Shores after he carried them. If he dies, the Other Shore Tokens he has will be gone as well!"

It referred to the fact that after Zen had carried the Civilization Artifacts, their fates became tied to each other.

Although the energy souls could leave Zen's physical body, once he died, the Civilization Artifacts would still be destroyed. The energy souls of the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others would be gone as well.

It seemed that his death would solve everything once for all!

At that moment, both Pearce and Auden fell silent.

The powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace, such as Athemar, Libby, Winchell, and the others, also realized the problem. Since the Blood Spirit Tortoise had set up the Dragon Threads, then Zen's opponent would also be the Blood Spirit Tortoise.

"Then I'll do what you want!"

Just as the strong warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace were still worried, the Blood Spirit Tortoise roared and the surroundings suddenly changed.

Smoke clouds filled the air, and a blurry figure moved quickly amidst them. It was none other than Zen, who got sucked into the Other Shore inside the Other Shore.

Of course, he didn't know that his body was hung up in the air of the Bloom Divine Province.

Fortunately, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had warned him, so he understood that what he was about to face was not an ordinary Other Shore creature, nor a powerful warrior at the Holy Soul Realm. It was most likely a warrior at the Eternal Realm or even one from the Element Spirit race!

Though he had achieved the Holy Soul and the Myriad Tribulations Body, he hadn't entered the Eternal Scroll Painting. Naturally, he felt greatly pressured to fight a warrior at the Eternal Realm. There was almost no chance of winning in a one-on-one battle.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, it has been a long time since the Celestial Spear was repaired. How many times can my strength be magnified?" Zen asked.

Right now, he could mostly depend on the Chaotic Source Spirits after they went through the division. His body could release up to one hundred thousand divine megatons of force with the help of the Chaotic Source Spirits. Combined with the Celestial Spear, he could further increase his strength.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven glanced at the spear and found that the light inside the originally dim tip of the spear had recovered a bit. "About three or four times," he estimated.

"Three or four times..." Zen nodded slightly.

At that point, the clouds in front of him slowly dissipated, and he felt a strong deathly aura.

Then, a huge red turtle's shadow gradually revealed itself from the clouds. "A giant red turtle, is this the Blood Spirit Tortoise?" Zen muttered and raised his eyebrows.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was not a warrior of this round of chaos, so he naturally didn't know the giant turtle.

After Zen had entered the Source World, he gained a good understanding of these well-known fierce beasts. This great blood-red tortoise could only be the Blood Spirit Tortoise!

"Hiss! Hiss…"

Two Dragon Threads on the back of the Blood Spirit Tortoise rolled like mad.

The Dragon Threads, which no one knew where they began and where they ended, turned out to be the two streams of force that pulled Zen forward.

The Blood Spirit Tortoise stared at Zen, who was rapidly approaching and let out a strange laugh. "Are you the little guy who gave the Element Spirit race a headache? Let's see if you're worth fighting!"

As soon as it finished speaking, streaks of blood light flashed on its back.

The blood-red light spread from its shell and quickly gathered in its head. Then, its whole head turned crimson, and the mass of energy accumulated on its mouth.

When it opened its mouth and spat out, copious streaks of blood-colored lightning flew towards Zen's body and painted him red!

"Crack! Crack…"

As the torrent of blood-red lightning washed down on him, he looked like a small leaf in a hurricane as his body tumbled up and down.

The mighty warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace watched the scene with horrified eyes. Every time the blood-red lightning exploded, their hearts pounded in their chests.

"Zen has already achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body. He can surely withstand it..." Libby mumbled nervously and clenched her fists.

Each streak of the blood-red lightning contained power as much as eighty thousand divine megatons.

The Blood Spirit Tortoise thought that Zen was weak and couldn't withstand even three strikes, although he had achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body.

It didn't expect that even though eighty thousand divine megatons of force was powerful, it wasn't enough to break Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits.

Chapter 3785 Could Do Nothing To Him

Every time the blood-red lightning struck Zen's body, the Truth of Godly Way surged and flowed through his limbs and bones in waves.

The Truth of Godly Way surged around his body and brought the weakened Chaotic Source Spirits back to life.

Dozens of blood-red lightning bolts struck his body in a row and made him look immensely dangerous. When the Blood Spirit Tortoise looked at Zen, its huge blood red eyes widened in shock.

"He's… completely unharmed? How is that possible?"

The Blood Spirit Tortoise couldn't believe what it saw!

Since Zen had just obtained the Myriad Tribulations Body, he could only bear a limited power of about ninety thousand divine megatons. After he entered the Eternal Scroll Painting and reached the Eternal Realm, he could further increase his strength.

Therefore, the blood-red lightning strike could still tear his body into pieces, even if it couldn't kill him. Yet he was completely unscathed.

The Blood Spirit Tortoise had seen such a strange occurrence before.

The Holy Soul Realm masters, who had fused with the Chaotic Source Spirits, were the same with general injuries. The Chaotic Source Spirits in their bodies absorbed the power unleashed upon them, so their bodies remained unharmed.

The Blood Spirit Tortoise had always loathed those powerful warriors at the Holy Soul Realm. They weren't qualified to enter the Land of Bone Tribulation, nor were they exceptional or strong enough.

Although they could use the Chaotic Source Spirits to make up for their physical bodies' weaknesses and even create a realm called the "Chaotic Source Realm", all of those simply served to cover up their flaws.

Even those masters at the late stage of the Chaotic Source Realm could only bear about twenty thousand divine megatons of force. They weren't worth mentioning at all.

"It's impossible! It can't be the Chaotic Source Spirits!"

The maximum power that the Chaotic Source Spirits could bear was quite low, and they definitely couldn't withstand about eighty thousand divine megatons of power.

But why was Zen still uninjured after the blood-red lightning had hit him?

"You can try again," Zen said with a smile.

He noticed that the Blood Spirit Tortoise got a little impatient, so he deliberately provoked it.

As long as the Blood Spirit Tortoise's attacks didn't exceed a force of one hundred thousand divine megatons, it wouldn't cause him substantial damage.

Even if its power did exceed one hundred thousand divine megatons, his newly acquired Myriad Tribulations Body could still endure it. Furthermore, his Myriad Tribulations Body had nine Holy Soul Imprints, which made it more powerful than an ordinary Myriad Tribulations Body.

Despite that, he did not forget that he was still trapped on the Other Shore of the Other Shore.

It was highly likely that the Blood Spirit Tortoise couldn't do anything to him, but it was also difficult for him to kill it.

His greatest chance at killing it lay on the Celestial Spear in his hand. The spear could increase his strength by about four times now, but he could only use it once.

He only had one chance. He hoped that he could hit his opponent in one spear strike!

At that point, the Blood Spirit Tortoise increased its guard. After all, it didn't believe that Zen could resist the lightning it spat out without sustaining any injuries.

It thought that Zen must have a special method to save his life, but no matter what magical method it was, there were still limits.

He couldn't withstand everything infinitely.

"Go to hell!"

"Boom! Boom! Boom"

The thicker blood-red lightning rushed towards Zen.

The blood-red lightning spread around Zen until an area with the radius of ten thousand feet looked like a purgatory.

Regardless of how powerful the creatures present were, it was hard for them to stay safe in that area.

Yet, Zen had survived.

Above the Oneness Sky Palace

Pearce, Auden, and the others also watched the scene with undivided attention. "Is this the strength of the Myriad Tribulations Body?" Pearce asked in surprise.

Although Pearce and the rest never had the chance to cultivate the Myriad Tribulations Body their whole lives, they knew how powerful the Myriad Tribulations Body was, since they had stayed in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore for a long time.

The Myriad Tribulations Body itself served to strengthen one's physical body, unlike the Chaotic Source Spirits, which made one's physical body invincible to a certain extent.

In other words, if a force of over ten thousand divine megatons hit a Chaotic Source Realm warrior, the warrior would remain unharmed. However, if that same power struck a warrior with the Myriad Tribulations Body, the warrior might sustain slight injuries.

"It is impossible!" Auden shook his head firmly and said, "The Myriad Tribulations Body couldn't be unscarred in such a situation. Perhaps he has relied on the Chaotic Source Spirits to absorb so many divine megatons of power..."

"The Chaotic Source Spirits?"

Pearce, Athemar, and many powerful warriors from the Oneness Sky Palace were stunned.

"It's true," Winchell stated. "It seems that Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits have absorbed all the energy..." he trailed off.

"The Blood Spirit Tortoise is one of the ten fiercest beasts of the chaos, and it can casually launch an attack with at least seventy thousand divine megatons of force! Do you mean that Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits are so strong that they could bear such a large amount of power?" Pearce asked in disbelief.

Many of the Holy Soul Realm warriors present had already cultivated the Chaotic Source Spirits to the extremes.

They could bear twenty-five thousand divine megatons of power at most with the help of other body protection treasures and cultivation methods, and that was the limit. It was common sense.

So, the meaning of Pearce's words was very simple—no matter how powerful Zen was, he couldn't withstand such a strong force with only the help of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Winchell just shrugged and said, "I don't know the specific reason, but from his performance, it's true."

After all, there were many strange things that had happened to Zen.

And so, it didn't seem odd for something strange to happen to him again.

"Elder Pearce, regardless, it's still advantageous as Zen could resist the Blood Spirit Tortoise's attack," Libby suddenly reminded.

Because what happened just now was too unusual, no one paid attention to the core issue.

Zen swayed back and forth in the streaks of blood-red lightning, but in the end, he was still unharmed.

"That's right. Although the Blood Spirit Tortoise can't do anything to Zen, Zen can't do anything to it either. I wonder if he can break free from it," Auden commented.

As soon as he finished speaking, a bolt of blood-red lightning hit Zen hard and he bounced upwards.

"A chance?"

In turn, Zen quickly jumped up, turned into a meteor, and flew towards the Blood Spirit Tortoise.

"You little human, how dare you fight back? Scram!" the Blood Spirit Tortoise hissed.

It opened its huge mouth and spat out blood-red lightning again.

The thick, blood-red lightning whipped and lashed at Zen several times and sent him flying more than ten thousand feet away.

On the other hand, Zen stabilized his body, and with narrowed eyes, he retorted, "You are just a coward. You aren't strong at all, but you have the gall to make such reckless remarks. It's ridiculous!"

In the eyes of the Blood Spirit Tortoise, Zen was just a nobody that the Element Spirit race ordered it to eliminate.

Thus, it was enraged when an unimportant being like Zen mocked it. It immediately spewed out lightning to consume the unknown body protection theurgy on Zen's body out of infuriation.

However, its series of attacks did not affect Zen at all. Instead, he just laughed at it. How could it tolerate him?

In the end, it lost its patience in anger. It suddenly opened its mouth, which revealed rows of fangs, with blood-red lightning bolts that surrounded them.

"Do you really think I can't do anything to you? I'm going to swallow you!"

The moment the Blood Spirit Tortoise finished speaking, its head abruptly extended from its turtle shell and dashed towards Zen like a long dragon.

Chapter 3786 The Might Of A Spear Strike

Head to head with the Blood Spirit Tortoise's huge mouth, Zen didn't flinch at all.

He was well aware that it would not be an easy task to kill the Blood Spirit Tortoise, but he could also tell it wasn't good at attacking. It might've ranked first among the top ten ferocious beasts of the chaos, when it came to the defensive power.

If Zen wanted to kill it with a single strike, he'd have to wait for the perfect opportunity.

Combating the tortoise head on made his chances extremely slim, but Zen was never the type to back down in the face of adversity.

Fortunately, Zen's trick to mock the beast had successfully infuriated it, enticing the Blood Spirit Tortoise to devour him.

Zen smiled wryly. Most of the time, an excellent opportunity could only be found in the midst of great danger!

Zen pretended he was incapable of dodging, and allowed himself to be swallowed by the Blood Spirit Tortoise in one gulp without much of a fight.

The eyes of the Blood Spirit Tortoise glowed red. Then, all the lightning flowing through its body streamed through its neck, until it was all gathered in its mouth.

The beast was confident it could kill anyone, once it had them in its mouth — even if it were an Eternal Realm master.

A silence fell over the Oneness Sky Palace as they witnessed Zen being swallowed alive.

Just moments earlier, they had felt a sliver of hope. But now that he had just been devoured by the Blood Spirit Tortoise, everyone fell into the depths of despair.

However, Libby was able to shake off her feelings of hopelessness and snapped back to reality. Pulling her gaze away from the illusion, her eyes landed on Zen's real body. Hope surged within her once more.

"Don't worry! Zen is fine!" Libby reminded the others excitedly.

If a warrior's Soul of Light got injured on the Other Shore, their soul in the Source World would be injured similarly.

However, if one's Soul of Light was completely destroyed on the Other Shore, then this creature would lose soul in the Source World, rendering them a simpleton.

Such instances weren't rare.

The same problem existed for those who entered the Other Shore in their physical forms. If their physical forms on the Other Shore were injured, their physical bodies in the Source World would suffer equally.

As Libby had pointed out, Zen's body in the Source World remained unscathed. This meant he was unharmed even from within the Blood Spirit Tortoise's mouth!

With rumbles of thunder, the red bolts of lightning exploded inside the mouth of the Blood Spirit Tortoise.

The red lightning wrapped around Zen tightly, surrounding him with an unimaginable amount of energy.

At this point, the power of the energy flow had already exceeded one hundred thousand divine megatons of force. Not even the Chaotic Source Spirits could withstand this much energy!

Crack!

The Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's body were exhausted by this attack, even though it all happened in the blink of an eye.

Without the protection of the Chaotic Source Spirits, the surface of Zen's body was immediately scorched. Gritting his teeth, he felt something he hadn't felt in a long time — pain.

The Chaotic Source Spirits were not completely fused with warriors' physical bodies. In essence, they were like an enchanted barrier or a shield. Once they were exhausted, they would completely lose their effect. Now that Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits were all used up, he had nothing protecting his bare flesh from the red energy flow.

Fortunately, Zen had achieved the Myriad Tribulations Body. Additionally, he had also obtained nine Bone Tribulation Imprints to enhance his body.

Although he was in excruciating pain, his body wasn't completely destroyed. Still, when the people of the Oneness Sky Palace noticed Zen's physical body started to turn black from the injuries incurred on the Other Shore, they felt their hopes fall once more.

If it were any other warrior being swallowed by the Blood Spirit Tortoise, they would have been dead by now.

However, the power of Zen's special Truth of Godly Way quickly rejuvenated his Chaotic Source Spirits. The reverse vortex in his body whirled, continuously transferring the damage he was taking to another space.

By now, the Blood Spirit Tortoise was astounded that Zen was still alive.

When the Element Spirit race entrusted this task to the beast, initially, it had felt nothing but confusion.

Was a young human really worth the trouble? Was there really any need to use the Dragon Thread?

But now, even the Blood Spirit Tortoise had to admit it had underestimated this human!

If this human were to reach Stage Thirty-two on the Other Shore and enter the Eternal Scroll Painting in the future, how powerful would he become?

"I must admit, I'm surprised you're still alive," the voice of the Blood Spirit Tortoise echoed in its mouth. "But now that you're trapped in my mouth, you won't be able to escape death. No matter how hard you struggle, it's futile."

Crack!

As the voice echoed, the red lightning continued zapping at Zen. Soon, Zen's Chaotic Source Spirits were exhausted once again.

A current of energy flow swept past the surface of his body, leaving several deep cuts on his body. Blood spurted out from his wounds, causing Zen to wince in pain.

While his body in the Sanskrit Light Stage bled profusely, so did his body in the Source World.

Rolling on the tongue of the beast, Zen narrowly dodged a string of red bolts of lightning. With a smile, he exclaimed, "Well, I don't think my struggles will be in vain!"

The moment he finished speaking, he leapt upward.

As the Chaotic Source Spirits recovered, Zen summoned all the power within his body.

This whole time, he had been on the defense only because he was looking for the right position.

Once he had found it, he hesitated no further, channeling all the power within his inner world to the Celestial Spear.

As the Celestial Stone increased his power by four times, Zen's force reached a terrifying amount of six hundred thousand divine megatons. At this point, the Blood Spirit Tortoise began to sense that something was wrong. 'How the hell does this human possess such a great power?!' it wondered as fear seized every fiber of its being.

It realized with great regret that it should never have devoured this human!

However, it was too late for the Blood Spirit Tortoise to respond.

In the confused eyes of the people of Oneness Sky Palace, they watched as the Blood Spirit Tortoise opened its mouth in a hurry, as though trying to spit out the hot potato it had just swallowed.

However, before it could even fully open its mouth, a formidable beam of spear radiance pierced through its head from inside.

Five to six hundred thousand divine megatons of force was more than enough to pierce through nearly everything!

A large hole with a diameter of several thousand feet appeared in the head of the Blood Spirit Tortoise. Its huge red eyes quickly dimmed, and its head drooped to the side of the turtle shell, lifeless.

After Zen crawled out of the big hole, the Blood Spirit Tortoise fell into the bottom of the space shrouded in clouds, and the projection of the illusion in the Bloom Divine Province also disappeared.

Swish!

In the Sanskrit Light Stage of the Other Shore, the two threads in the bone cave suddenly disappeared, and Zen, who had been stuck to them, fell to the ground.

Meanwhile, in the sky above the Oneness Sky Palace, the two threads that strung up Zen's body in the air suddenly disappeared, and all at once, Zen's body fell from the sky.

The people below gasped. On the other hand, Athemar acted quickly and flew up to catch Zen. Gently, he placed him on his flying sword.

As for the other powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace, they were still too stunned to react.

"So, the Blood Spirit Tortoise was killed by Zen... just like that?" Pearce asked, clearly still bewildered.

"I suppose so... Killing it on the Other Shore is the same as killing it in the chaos," Auden nodded to confirm.

"Then, that would make him the new Eternal Realm master of our Oneness Sky Palace!"

"No, he hasn't reached the Eternal Realm yet. But, he's strong enough to kill one!"

"Zen's a legend!"

The warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace all at once began to cheer loudly.

Since ancient times, the Eternal Realm masters had been the most powerful beings in the chaos.

Every time an Eternal Realm master in the chaos died, it meant one gone in the batch of limited number. However, it had been a well-known fact that only an Eternal Realm master could kill another at the said realm!

Now, Zen had performed an impossible miracle!

Many warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace surrounded Athemar's sword, excitedly waiting for Zen to wake up.

But even after a long while, Zen still showed no signs of consciousness.

"Libby, go and have a look!" Athemar demanded. His brows furrowed, he was worried that Zen might've encountered more troubles on the Other Shore.

Libby quickly sat cross-legged on Athemar's huge sword as she activated her Truth of Godly Way and returned to the Other Shore. To her surprise, Zen was holding the Celestial Spear at the spot, with a trace of helplessness on his face.

Since he was in his physical form, Zen had been unable to put away the Celestial Spear. He had been waiting helplessly for Libby to return to the Other Shore and leave the spear in her care before he could leave the Other Shore.

Chapter 3787 Exit

It was not until he left the Other Shore that Zen discovered the Blood Spirit Tortoise had projected an illusion of their fight into the Bloom Divine Province.

When he awoke, Pearce and the others gathered around him. Some asked how it went, while others were more concerned about his injuries.

When these powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace had faced Zen in the past, they looked at him as elders looked at the younger generations. But now, there was a reverence within them that only appeared when they looked upon a powerful warrior of the Eternal Realm.

Many disciples in the Land of Sword Grief had already flown over and landed in the Oneness Mountain.

Milo, Chaim and the others were among them, all watching from afar.

Those surrounding Zen were all core figures of the Oneness Sky Palace. The disciples of the Land of Sword Grief were not even permitted to approach him.

"It hasn't been long since Zen left Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, has it?" Chaim asked as he sighed heartily. He had wondered when Zen would return to Stage Fourteen of the Other Shore, but it turned out he had already reached Stage Thirty-one.

The corners of Milo's mouth twitched slightly at Chaim's words and

his eyes unintentionally fell on Libby. After waking Zen from the Other Shore, Libby had taken a step back from the commotion.

Right now, even a genius like her could do little more than retreat to the side.

She had her back to Milo and her thick straight hair fell on her thin shoulders, looking a little dejected.

Milo was still a junior, but he followed a similar path to Libby.

If the Oneness Sky Palace continued to operate steadily, once Libby left the Land of Sword Grief, Milo would most likely be her replacement and the next promising talent in the land.

But any light they shone was not worth mentioning with Zen around. They were like fireflies competing with the sun, and so Milo understood how Libby felt.

To the southeast of the Dragon Cliff, the endless mountains and forests were shrouded in a poisonous miasma.

Ordinary people, and even powerful warriors of the Other Shore Realm, had no choice but to take necessary precautions when entering the mountains.

But the savage alien races that lived here had adapted to it and most of them were poisonous creatures themselves anyway.

This was why the people of the Bloom Divine Province did not go to the southeast. They simply guarded the Dragon Cliff to prevent the savage alien races from invading.

Not long ago, a giant creature had come to this place.

The savage alien races, famous for their ferocity, stopped fighting endlessly among themselves and instead aimed at this giant creature.

The most ferocious race among the savage alien races led the attack.

But the elites of the savage race were trampled to powder in a single step.

The rest of them had never imagined such a powerful being would ever exist here. In fear, they scattered like birds and beasts and hid, observing the giant creature's movements in secret.

Earlier today, they had seen two threads extending straight into the sky.

A while later, the giant creature's head suddenly stretched out and smashed into the ground and the strong soul aura began dissipating.

Had it died?

Such a powerful being died so silently?

The Blood Spirit race, who lived on the back of the tortoise, were more shocked than the savage alien races.

They had relied on the Blood Spirit Tortoise for generations, it also being the figure of their faith.

That it would one day die had never even crossed their minds.

The Blood Spirit Tortoise's soul aura dissipated and stunned everyone still and silent. Once they came to terms with what had happened, they then began wailing and whining bitterly.

They were still stuck in grief when the savage alien races lurking in the forest began making their move.

The Blood Spirit Tortoise was a powerful being whose body was full of treasures.

Now that its aura was completely gone, it was obvious its soul had been destroyed. How could the ferocious savage alien races miss this opportunity?

Countless creatures surged out of the poisonous miasma from all directions. The Blood Spirit race had no choice but to fight. Although their race was powerful, they couldn't match the savage alien races charging over like a tsunami.

This time, the Blood Spirit Tortoise's attack on Zen made the members of the Oneness Sky Palace nervous, and at the same time confused.

It now seemed that the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits that could summon Other Shore creatures, were indeed very important to the Element Spirit race.

From what they knew of the Element Spirit race, they would not let this opportunity slide.

They could have sent powerful warriors like Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer to fight. If these powerful warriors of the Eternal Realm joined forces, the Oneness Sky Palace would not be able to compete with them.

But the fact was that all the Element Spirit race had done was to bring the Blood Spirit Tortoise here. Moreover, the Blood Spirit Tortoise had only used the Dragon Threads in an attempt to take Zen's life.

It seemed that Divine Farmer and Yellow Thearch didn't have many resources to use. Either that or they had something more important to do.

These were of course just the speculations of Pearce and the others.

In Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, Pearce and the others had also sent a message about the Blood Spirit Tortoise to the powerful warriors of the Holy Soul Realm from the Pear Hill, so those of the Holy Soul Realm could then pass the information to the Snake Goddess and Fuxi.

In addition to collecting information, Pearce and the others had also gone to the star rings of the Grand Plain Stage, Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, to receive Zen in person.

Zen returned to the Sanskrit Light Stage.

Of course, the Ear Mice and the members of Separate Abyss race wouldn't wait there for Zen. After the obstacle in the passage was removed, they carefully bypassed the Dragon Threads and headed straight for the top end of the cave.

Libby followed Zen back to the Other Shore. She carefully removed the long spear and exclaimed, "Here you are!"

In the Oneness Sky Palace, she had already heard that Zen had managed to kill the Blood Spirit Tortoise, in large part due to the so-called Celestial Spear.

With it, he had quadrupled his own strength, meaning he now possessed five to six hundred thousand divine megatons of force.

This was an absolutely astronomical number for Libby.

It meant Zen himself needed to release more than a hundred thousand divine megatons of force. Libby wondered how his body was able to withstand such a terrifying amount.

"We have to fly through the star ring later. Please keep it for me for the time being," requested Zen.

Libby nodded obediently and put the Celestial Spear back into her Sumeru Space.

Before she came to the Other Shore, she had been told several times to try her best to assist Zen.

Deep down, she was unsure of how to feel about this.

She had once been the most promising prospect in the Oneness Sky Palace, and had become a powerful warrior of the Holy Soul Realm after passing through the Soul City. But now, she had become nothing more than Zen's follower and companion, having to serve him and obey his every command.

However, on second thought, she remembered that if it weren't for Zen, she wouldn't have been able to pass the Blooming Jade Stage, let alone the Sanskrit Light Stage.

After climbing to the top of the bone cave, they arrived at the exit.

Outside, on the huge round platform, were many neatly arranged star rings. Beside one of them, waited a powerful human warrior of the Holy Soul Realm.

Chapter 3788 The First And Second Volumes

Zen walked forward and respectfully folded his hands before the human Holy Soul. "Master Pearce."

Zen couldn't clearly see the Soul of Light clearly, but it was easy to distinguish Pearce's aura. Libby also bowed to Pearce.

"There's no need for such courtesies," Pearce said, waving a hand. "You've already made it this far, so we can treat each other as equals from now on."

In the Source World, seniority was based on strength. Pearce was treating them as peers with all honesty.

The only reason he had come here was to lead Zen into Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore.

Zen had been able to fight powerful Eternal Realm creatures like the Blood Spirit Tortoise even before reaching the Eternal Realm. If he were to become an Eternal Warrior, wouldn't his strength advance by leaps and bounds to a terrifying level?

That was why Pearce could be unbothered by the others who entered Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, but when Zen arrived, he had a discussion with the masters of the Oneness Sky Palace before going to personally meet him.

As the human's star ring continued to spin, the three of them turned into white light and shot towards the sky.

Buzz!

After they emerged from the star ring, Zen looked around from force of habit.

The scenery he saw in each stage of the Other Shore varied greatly and he was used to it. But what he now saw shocked him.

When Zen looked into the distance, he saw a bronze plain.

"Is this the Grand Plain Stage?" Zen asked, unable to conceal his surprise.

It was not right to call this place a 'plain'. It was simply a huge, endless bronze iron plate, with nothing on it.

"No wonder it's called the Grand Plain Stage. It's really as flat as a plain," Libby said with a smile.

Zen noticed that the star ring had disappeared and turned around to ask, "Why did the star ring disappear?"

They had just been transmitted up through the star ring of the Sanskrit Light Stage, but the star ring had disappeared the moment they arrived. This greatly confused Zen.

Pearce had expected Zen's confusion, but he was in no hurry to explain. So he merely pointed to the ground and said, "Look at the ground. You might be able to figure out the reason."

As Zen's gaze lowered, he caught sight of a sculpture on the bronze ground beneath his feet. It was a star ring.

"Is this the star ring?" Zen was even more puzzled.

The sculpture on the ground was nothing more than just a painting.

"Yes, this is the star ring," Pearce said with a smile. "Look at the star rings around you. They are of different sizes and belong to different races."

Zen took a few steps forward to look at the sculptures of the star rings and realized that they were neatly distributed on the bronze ground.

It looked like there were many star rings here, but all of them had been pressed into the ground and turned into a picture.

"Why are these star rings embedded in the ground?" Zen asked again.

"In addition to the star rings, there are many other things embedded in the ground," Libby said, a smile lacing her voice. "Look."

Zen looked down along the star rings and discovered what made this bronze plain so unique.

Not far from them was a vast desert, painted onto the ground. All kinds of strange monsters were on it and a temple stood at the end of the desert.

"Do the desert, monsters, and temple all exist?" Zen asked.

He began to understand these concepts bit by bit.

He couldn't believe that Stage Thirty-two looked like a lifeless plain, but everything in this stage had turned into a painting.

At this sight, Zen thought of the Eternal Scroll Painting and asked, "Is this bronze ground the so-called Eternal Scroll Painting? These creatures are all at the Eternal Realm, right?"

Pearce laughed. "Yes! This bronze ground is also called the Eternal Scroll Painting. It's just the second volume of the painting. The first volume is above our heads,"

Pearce said, pointing to the sky.

Zen looked up to see a colorful sky.

He wouldn't have discovered the mystery of it if he had thrown it a casual glance. But now, after carefully examining the sky, Zen was able to distinguish a huge rectangular scroll painting. But this scroll painting had colors swirling within it. It was nothing like the vivid sculptures of creatures with various forms on the bronze ground.

"You two come with me," Pearce said as he began to walk. "The Grand Plain Stage is also divided into two layers, like the Blooming Jade Stage. Most creatures on the lower layer are either Other Shore creatures that live within Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, or Holy Soul Realm warriors like us. There are also many temples that have been built there."

As he spoke, Pearce pointed in the three directions in the distance.

The number of the temples in the Grand Plain Stage was huge. There were three temples just in this small area.

"Some Other Shore creatures are very powerful, such as these Corrosive Calamity Crabs. Even though we have reached the Holy Soul Realm, we don't dare provoke them," said Pearce, pointing at his feet.

Crabs were engraved on the bronze ground where he was pointing to. Dozens of horse-like creatures ran helter-skelter before these Corrosive Calamity Crabs.

Zen observed them keenly for a while before asking, "Are the crabs chasing those horses?"

"They are Cloud Pattern Horses," Pearce said, nodding. "The Corrosive Calamity Crabs like capturing these horses as their prey. The Cloud Pattern

Horses run fast but they just can't escape the Corrosive Calamity Crabs."

Zen frowned as he thought over what Pearce had told him. "But the sculptures on the ground don't change at all. How do they move in this scroll painting?" he questioned.

If these creatures could really enter the painting to live in it, then everything on the painting should be moving around. But it seemed to him that the painting was a dead thing.

"The painting changes from time to time," Pearce answered before something in the distance caught his eye and his expression shifted. "Looks like the change has come. What a coincidence."

In the far distance, a white flashing light seemed to grow closer to them. It was fast and had reached the group in the blink of an eye.

After this light had blown over it, the painting on the bronze ground seemed to change.

The Cloud Pattern Horses, which had been frozen mid-run before, had now disappeared. The Corrosive Calamity Crabs had gathered together. Broken legs and heads of horses could be seen on their huge pincers.

These Corrosive Calamity Crabs had obviously caught the Cloud Pattern Horses and eaten them.

"The sculptures on the bronze ground change every hour," said Pearce.

"I see," Zen said, finally understanding how it worked.

As he walked behind Pearce, Zen saw sculptures of mountains, rivers, deserts, and even suns. All sorts of strange scenes greeted his eyes.

They had moved for quite some distance before the sculpture of a huge temple appeared on the ground. A three-foot-long sword sat on top of the temple. This was the temple built in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore by the Oneness Sky Palace.

Chapter 3789 Protection Rules

"How can I enter the world contained in the second volume?"

Zen asked after strolling around the temple.

The temple really existed, but it was in the form of an exquisite image before Zen's eye.

Zen even saw three figures at the side of the temple. Perhaps because these three people were Souls of Light, their appearance was still indistinct.

Pearce held out his hand, and a dazzling-white light appeared on his palm.

He slapped his glowing palm hard on the bronze ground, and a bright white vortex burst forth from the ground.

"This is the entrance," Pearce declared.

"The light in your hand seems to be the same as that from the distance," Zen said. The mystery had piqued his interest.

"Yes," Pearce nodded and said. "The light coming from afar is to lead people into the painting. Through the Light Stone, we can gather and wield this kind of light. If we need it, we can release this white vortex and gain entry into the second volume."

Having explained, Pearce gently turned his ring and retrieved an oval stone from his Sumeru Space. It looked like a shiny cobblestone, and emanated brilliant snow-white light.

Whoosh!

Pearce gently tossed it at Zen and said, "All the most powerful warriors at the Holy Soul Realm who have entered Stage Thirty-two are required to journey to the temple and retrieve such a Light Stone. I have a spare. Here you go."

Zen held the Light Stone in his hand and examined it closely. Then Pearce continued, "You can try to forge an entrance."

"I see!" Zen nodded.

As the white vortex Pearce had created gradually dissipated, Zen also grabbed the Light Stone and slammed it onto the ground.

The light stored in the Light Stone immediately exploded from inside and struck the ground, creating a bright white vortex.

"You can step inside now," said Pearce, smiling.

As Zen entered the white vortex, the Grand Plain Stage seemed to have disappeared.

He had been transported to the world contained in the second volume. The sight that greeted his eyes was the temple built by the Oneness Sky Palace in Stage Thirty-two!

Pearce and Libby had also followed Zen into the vortex. They materialized in the world in the scroll painting instantaneously.

"The world within this scroll painting is a real world," Zen said. "So, the first volume in the sky of the Grand Plain Stage is also another world?"

This kind of reasoning was probably not flawed. However, Pearce shook his head and disagreed, "I heard from Eastern Emperor Taiyi that there is a big difference between the two."

Just as Zen had seen, the second volume was yet another world. However, everything in this world was represented in 2D relief by the pictures on the bronze ground, so the first volume should be similar.

Most people made this deduction before they entered the world of the first volume. But, in fact, the two volumes were not alike at all.

The world in the first volume was a completely different landscape. All living forms were displayed in a unique form.

"It is like a whole person has been completely flattened into a painting, and everything in it is flat," said Pearce with a smile. "That's how Eastern Emperor Taiyi put it at that time. But unfortunately, I didn't have the chance to enter it, so I didn't have the chance to see that wondrous vista."

Hearing Pearce's description, Zen's eyes flashed with excitement. As soon as he was ready, he also wanted to enter the first volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting and discover what lay within.

At this point, four Souls of Light also materialized in the temple.

Taking the lead were none other than Auden and Athemar.

The world of the second volume in Stage Thirty-two was endlessly vast. Almost everyone who entered the painting aspired to build a temple for their own race. After some Other Shore races had perished, the temples of their races were then abandoned there, naturally becoming places of exploration to others.

Many powerful warriors at the Holy Soul Realm of the Oneness Sky Palace were engaged in explorations of the world in the second volume, hoping to discover mightily powerful Other Shore Tokens.

In fact, the Other Shore Tokens of Stage Thirty-two were already impressive. If a warrior was lucky enough, they could even unearth a Civilization Artifact. For example, the leader of the Bright Mountain had dug up a Civilization Artifact somewhere in Stage thirty-two.

The Souls of Light who could enter the Grand Plain Stage were naturally the central figures of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The temple of the Oneness Sky Palace had existed in the Grand Plain Stage for so long. Although it was not as lucrative as those of the Other Shore creatures, it still contained some treasures.

In addition to giving Libby a Light Stone, Athemar also knocked over a wall of the temple in which, they could see a range of Other Shore Tokens embedded. A powerful aura of energy was surging within them.

"Although these Other Shore Tokens don't hold a candle to those in the Three Purities Stage, they are already at the top of the Grand Plain Stage. You can choose one according to your unique needs," Athemar stated.

The temple in Stage Four also offered Other Shore Tokens. However, there were too many disciples who entered Stage Four, so they were chosen by a selection process.

However, those who were able to enter the Grand Plain Stage became like the treasures of the Oneness Sky Palace, and they were rare. So, naturally, they could choose any Other Shore Token they desired among those collected in the palace.

At the sight of those Other Shore Tokens, Libby's eyes glowed with desire.

Her Other Shore Token originated from Stage Twenty-eight. If she could replace it with a fourth-grade one from the Grand Plain Stage, it would increase her strength tremendously!

By comparison, Zen lacked all interest in them. After all, he had already merged with three Civilization Artifacts, and he no longer had any extra Truth of Godly Way to fuse with an Other Shore Token.

When Libby was choosing an Other Shore Token, Zen thought of something and asked, "Primeval Lord of Heaven, since the Oneness Sky Palace can also build a temple here, then the human race must have also constructed one here, right?"

"Of course, we did," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a smile. "We had created a lot of temples. We must have left behind more than 20 temples…

The human heroes like the Snake Goddess and Fuxi had been considered great forces within the 77th civilization. Upon reaching the Eternal Realm, they were naturally eager to build a temple for their own race. At that time, the human ancestor had also built a temple for the human race."

"Are these temples still standing in the Grand Plain Stage?" Zen asked hopefully.

"They've been destroyed," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, a trace of regret in his voice.

"Destroyed?" Zen was stunned. "If those temples were destroyed by the Element Spirit race, then why didn't they demolish the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace?"

At that time, the human race had been a powerful force. As a ruling force, it had been much stronger than the current super forces like the Oneness Sky Palace, the Bearing race, and the Pear Hill.

Even the humans at that time were unable to remain in Stage Thirty-two, why did the Element Spirit race let go of the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace?

"Because there exists a set of protection rules for the creatures currently in the chaos," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained. "Before the end of this round of chaos, no powerful Other Shore race, no matter whether it is the Nihility race or the Element Spirit race, can attack the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace or those of the Ear Mouse race and the Separate Abyss race."

Chapter 3790 The Heavy Stone

It had always been difficult for a newcomer to gain a firm foothold in the Grand Plain Stage.

The powerful masters that had built the Other Shore had considered this problem and as a solution, had provided a protection period of a chaotic era for the new creatures from the chaos.

The new races were often able to gain a firm foothold after a chaotic era had passed.

While this kind of protection only lasted for a chaotic era, this was enough for the new races to develop and grow.

Even when facing the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race, a number of Other Shore races were able to protect themselves by using the many rules of the Grand Plain Stage that were in place to protect the weak.

"I'll choose this Chill Rope!"

Libby jumped back and forth before she spotted a long, thin rope.

Athemar smiled faintly as he remarked, "You have really good sight, Libby. This Chill Rope will be of great help to you if you can use it properly."

Most Other Shore Tokens in the lower stages of the Other Shore were of the strengthening type and the auxiliary type. But the ones in the higher stages of the Other Shore were more of the mysterious type.

All the Other Shore Tokens of the mysterious type functioned in weird, mysterious ways, which was probably what gave them their name.

This didn't mean that they were powerful. Some weird functions were of little value, but some others were extremely powerful, like the one Libby had chosen.

Once used, the Chill Rope could automatically track the opponents and effectively trap them.

This trap wouldn't cause their opponents to become immobile. Instead, their locations would begin to be recorded.

The most important detail was that if Libby were to inflict hurt on an opponent, the rope would triple the damage at the very least.

This meant that if Libby were to attack the opponent with her sword that contained twenty thousand divine megatons of force, her opponent would have to bear an attack of sixty thousand divine megatons of force. In a battle between powerful warriors of the Holy Soul Realm, such a powerful sword strike was fatal.

If Libby had been stronger, her sword strike could have contained close to one hundred thousand divine megatons of force, which was enough to contend with even a powerful warrior of the Eternal Realm.

"Zen, are you really not going to choose an Other Shore Token?" Athemar looked questioningly at Zen, a small smile playing on his lips. "Or is it that we older guys can't tempt you with them?"

Athemar, Pearce, and the others were desperately hoping that Zen would choose an Other Shore Token to bear.

After all, Zen had given the Oneness Sky Palace a lot.

Zen had always been a part of the Oneness Sky Palace and represented it. But the Oneness Sky Palace hadn't gotten too many chances to return his favors, which was why they were now hoping that Zen would accept a gift from them.

"Are all of them used to carry the Civilization Artifacts?" Auden teased, smiling.

They could not tell how many Civilization Artifacts Zen had in his body.

Zen had activated the Inheritance of World when he had been in the Chaotic Source World and had later swallowed the Evil God and taken back the Rebirth Land.

These things had happened in Zen's inner world, but outsiders could, to a certain extent, deduce the result.

Zen smiled and didn't deny what he was saying. Instead, he asked, "I know that a Light Stone is needed to enter the second volume of the Grand Plain Stage. But what is needed to enter the first volume?"

The reason he had entered Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore was to reach the Eternal Realm. He needed the answer right now.

"You will also need a stone when you enter the first volume. It is similar to the Light Stone and we call it a Heavy Stone," said Pearce. "I've already told Winchell and the others to fetch a Heavy Stone for you. We will be able to send you to the Eternal Scroll Painting once we have it."

There were several necessary conditions to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting. Obtaining a Heavy Stone was one of them, and it was also the simplest.

Since it was possible for Zen to reach the Eternal Realm, Pearce and the others had made preparations in advance.

At this, Zen folded his hands in respect and acknowledged what Pearce was doing for him. "Thank you so much, sir."

"It's not a big deal. You're welcome," Pearce said. He thought for a while before continuing, "Getting a Heavy Stone isn't very difficult. Considering the time when they set out, they should have come back already."

"It's probably because the Heavy Stones haven't been picked up for many years. And Winchell and the others have never done this before, so it's normal for them to spend more time in the stone forest," said Auden.

Just as the two of them were talking, a ray of white light shot down from the sky to the ground before the temple.

Swish!

The white light had barely touched the ground when a figure walked out of it.

Harland Zhu, a powerful warrior of the Holy Soul Realm from the Golden Mountain. He had gone to get the Heavy Stone together with Winchell.

But as he walked out, Harland's soul aura showed signs of decline. It was obvious that he was seriously injured.

He called out to them loudly as he entered the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace, "Elder Pearce! Elder Auden! Something has happened!"

Pearce's face darkened at this.

Winchell had led a group of people of the Holy Soul Realm on a quest to look for and fetch a Heavy Stone but they hadn't come back for a long time. This had filled Pearce with worry.

Now that Harland had returned in such a state, he realized that they must have fallen into big trouble.

Zen and Libby frowned. Pearce hurried forward and asked, "What happened? You failed to get the Heavy Stone?"

"Yes! And it's not just a failure! Many powerful warriors of the Holy Soul Realm from our Oneness Sky Palace are trapped in the stone forest. Kendal and Dante of the Ivory Mountain have already been killed!"

Harland had entered the Holy Soul Realm a long time ago. He was the second strongest warrior and part of the backbone of the Golden Mountain, only second to the leader of the mountain. But now, he looked close to tears as he spoke. It was obvious that he had encountered something unusual.

"How can it be?" Pearce said worriedly. "Did the Element Spirit race attack you?"

"The Element Spirit race didn't attack us personally, but they must have been the driving force behind the Other Shore creatures. There were about a thousand Ghost Cicadas blocking us in the stone forest. And now, Winchell is trying to keep everyone sane enough to struggle to hold on!" Harland reported anxiously.

"Why didn't you seal the painting?" Auden asked reproachfully.

"I know we were careless. There has been no conflict in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore for a long time and we didn't expect them to make a move this time either," said Harland, shaking his head.

The second volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting was divided into a number of regions, with no way to pass between them.

For example, the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace was one region, and beside it was a region belonging to another race on the Other Shore. If one wanted to enter the region of that Other Shore race, they would first have to retreat from the region where the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace was located.

After entering a region, one could temporarily seal the region.

Once a region was sealed, no one could enter it by using a Light Stone to release the light. This operation was known as "sealing the painting".

The price of sealing the painting was extremely high. Even though the Oneness Sky Palace had been operating in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore for so long, they would still hesitate to use this method.

Winchell and the others had thought that it wouldn't be difficult to get a Heavy Stone.

But the moment they entered the stone forest, a number of ferocious beasts rushed at them in attack.

"So many seniors are trapped. What should we do?" Libby exclaimed anxiously.

Pearce frowned as he thought. He finally seemed to come to a temporary solution and said, "Let's go to the stone forest first."

Chapter 3791 Stone Forest

The bronze ground in the Grand Plain Stage was quite vast.

Pearce had taken Zen and Libby all the way to the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace after they stepped out of the star ring. But in fact, they just went through a corner of the Grand Plain Stage.

After returning to the bronze ground again, they marched forward for a short distance and saw a vast sea carved on the ground ahead. The sea was dotted with various small islands. Looking closer, they could also see some huge Other Shore creatures swimming within.

"This is the Sea of Sky Intent. As you can see, it's very large," Pearce looked around and spoke.

Pearce just briefly introduced the environment to Zen, because he was worried about Winchell and the others.

'The Sea of Sky Intent is indeed such a large area. Would it be divided into pieces like the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace?'

Zen thought in his head. He felt confused and at the same, curious. All of a sudden, a white light flashed beside him.

Murlocs with frog feet came out of the bronze ground one by one. These Murlocs curiously sized Zen and his companions up. Each of the Murlocs stretched out their hands and gently tapped the ground with a Light Stone, releasing a white vortex. Then they jumped into the vortexes and directly headed into the sea in another region.

'It is indeed divided, ' Zen thought to himself. The corner of Zen's mouth curled up slightly as he realized this.

These Murlocs had swum to the end of the sea. Hence, if they wanted to continue forward, they had to get out and jump into the other side with the help of the Light Stones.

On their way north, Zen and the others encountered many Other Shore creatures.

No fight was feasible in this area of the bronze ground, so these creatures behaved kindly. Some of them even greeted Zen and his companions as they passed by, as if they had met old acquaintances.

The politeness and hospitality surprised Zen.

After all, Stage thirty-two should be the highest stage below the Eternal Realm. The competition in this stage should be very intense. However, surprisingly, most of the creatures seemed to get along well with each other.

Just as Zen thought about how the atmosphere was harmonious, two Other Shore creatures from different races appeared near where he was. One appeared to be a hybrid of human and bear. His body was huge and bulky. The other creature had a bull head but human body. In an instant, these two burly and strong Other Shore creatures started to break out into curses with each other.

They couldn't do anything on the bronze ground but provoke each other using only words. As they weren't able to fight, they asked each other to enter their own space in the scroll painting.

However, these Other Shore races had been operating in their own territory for a long time. Surely, they had set up a lot of internal arrays. Without enough strength, they would just basically court death if they were to get into the other's temple rashly.

"Quarreling like this won't solve the problem, right? Is there any way to solve the conflict in this stage?"

Zen couldn't help but ask after they passed those two quarreling creatures.

"Yes," answered Auden in a somewhat disdainful tone. "In fact, there is a public area where they can fight, or even kill each other. But both of them are timid. They would just give up after quarreling for a couple of days. You will get used to it after staying here for a long time." Auden's lips curled a bit as he finished his response.

After they continued to head north for five hundred miles, they noticed that stone-like relief sculptures appeared on the ground. Most of these stones were slender, as if they were thick trees growing into the sky.

"We have arrived at the stone forest!" Pearce stopped and looked around. He took a careful step forward and tried to absorb his surroundings.

Whether it was Light Stone, Heavy Stone, or Sealing Stone, they were all found from the stone forest.

The stone forest could be seen as a giant mine that was accessible to all races. Many creatures of different races travelled far and searched in this forest all year round.

As the Light Stone was very common in the stone forest, it was the least valuable. While the Heavy Stone was much rarer and more valuable.

However, there weren't many other creatures that were strong enough to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting these years. The Other Shore creatures that were born in Stage Thirty-two hadn't reached the Holy Soul Realm or achieved the Myriad Tribulations Bodies. If they wanted to enter the first volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting, they still needed to go downwards to Stage Twenty-nine and Stage Thirty-one.

Although the Heavy Stones were rare, they were not in great demand. Moreover, they were not difficult to obtain.

The most difficult stone to obtain was the Sealing Stone. Just as its name suggested, the Sealing Stone was able to completely seal off a region for a period of time. During the process of sealing, no living beings could enter or leave this region.

Considering this, the one who used it could protect themselves while stopping the others from leaving.

However, the Sealing Stone was too rare. Though Eastern Emperor Taiyi had operated here for so long, and had sent many Holy Souls to search in the stone forest, he was only able to put his hands on two Sealing Stones.

In fact, as the Oneness Sky Palace fought against the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race, they should know that the Element Spirit race would not let them go too easily.

They should have been careful when looking for Heavy Stones in such a delicate state.

If they had used the Sealing Stone, they wouldn't have been blocked inside by those vicious beasts.

As Pearce tried to figure out which area Winchell was trapped in, Auden suddenly patted him on the shoulder and said, "Pearce, watch for the left!" His tone was urgent and his body turned towards the direction.

Everyone faced towards the left and saw a person from not so far away. It was a Holy Soul. On the surface of his soul, there were traces of cyan flames wandering. It made him appear as though he was glowing. The Holy Soul looked similar to the Sun Crow race as they both had the bloodline theurgy with fire attributes.

Behind him followed a large group of evil-looking Other Shore creatures. They marched on fiercely, each step made the ground tremble a bit. The atmosphere was suddenly tense and ill intention could almost be smelled in the air.

"Pearce, long time no see," the Holy Soul said with a sneer. His voice trailed off, apparently with a hint of ridicule. The Holy Soul looked at Pearce from head to toe without moving his head, using only his eyes.

"Fire Emissary," Pearce stared at the Holy Soul and said coldly, "are you coming to the stone forest in such a grand way to dig out Light Stones?"

"It's none of your business, right?" Fire Emissary answered as he chuckled. "But I'm afraid that those guys who look for Heavy Stones will never be able to get out again." His tone was cold and strict, but somehow playful as if he were trying to piss Pearce off.

Then he wagged his finger at the ground in front of him.

From inside the stone forest on the ground, it could be distinguished that there were eleven people retreating to a corner. These eleven people were the group of Winchell who helped Zen search for the Heavy Stones. The group of people seemed as though they were firmly guarding a corner, and in front of them, there appeared many huge Ghost Cicadas floating in the air.

Pearce, Auden, and the others looked over. When they saw that Winchell was still holding on, their worries were slightly relieved. At least they were still alive. However, this was not the time to rejoice.

The next moment, the white flash in the distance swept over again.

When the white flash swept across the bronze ground, the relief sculptures on the ground were again refreshed.

In the stone forest, the group of Winchell retreated again. But there were only six people left.

Five people had already died in such a short period of time!

Pearce's and Auden's faces were stricken with fear and horror. What was happening was beyond their imagination.

During the battle between the Oneness Sky Palace and the Sun Crow race, many masters at the Holy Soul Realm of the palace had been killed. The leaders of five mountains had died. Because of that instance, now, the death of any Holy Soul would be an unacceptable loss to the Oneness Sky Palace.

"The Crane Split race! The Ice lynx race! The Cyan Spirit race! Just kill all those Holy Souls!"

Fire Emissary gave an order maliciously. He then stretched out his hand and flicked his fingers lightly. Three Light Stones in his hand shot out three white lights that quickly turned into three vortexes. The Other Shore creatures behind him rushed towards the white vortexes and entered the stone forest.

Chapter 3792 Kill

The creatures Fire Emissary had brought neither reached the Eternal Realm nor gained the Myriad Tribulations Bodies.

However, as creatures from the Grand Plain Stage, they were not weak. At the least they could put a lot of pressure on the Holy Souls.

The Ghost Cicadas that had been sent out earlier had already made Winchell's group struggle hard. If these three Other Shore races joined forces with them, there was no doubt they would be crushed.

These Other Shore creatures continued entering the white vortexes while Fire Emissary's gaze fell on Zen.

Obviously, he had come for Zen by the order of the Element Spirit race.

What puzzled him was that they had only ordered the Crane Split race, the Ice Lynx race and the Cyan Spirit race to attack. These three races belonged to the second tier in Stage Thirty-two and possessed ordinary strength.

If reports were true, Zen had killed the Blood Spirit Tortoise on the Other Shore and these three races would be far from enough to challenge him. This confused Fire Emissary. He had no idea what the Element Spirit race was up to.

In fact, when Yellow Thearch gave him such an order in the Source World, he had outspoken his doubt. But the emperor did not explain and just ordered him to do as he was told.

Pearce and Auden were very hesitant when they saw the Other Shore creatures constantly drilling into the painting.

Zen was clearly the Fire Emissary's target and not Winchell.

If they entered the painting as well, they definitely wouldn't be able to save Winchell. If Zen made a move, defeating these creatures would be no problem, but he would have to stay alert to their cunning tricks.

In Pearce's hesitation, Zen turned around and stretched a hand to Libby. "Give me the Celestial Spear," he said.

Libby paused a moment and then with a gentle wave of her hand, a long spear burst from her Sumeru Space and landed firmly in Zen's hand.

"Zen, are you really going in?" Pearce thought about dissuading him, but he couldn't stand aside and helplessly watch Winchell and the others being killed.

"I can't watch them die. Master Winchell was the one who brought me to the Oneness Sky Palace, and now they're in danger because they were searching for a Heavy Stone for me. How can I just stand by?"

Zen finished speaking and walked straight towards Fire Emissary, the Celestial Spear spinning like a rotor in his hand before he pointed it at the latter's face. "Fire Emissary, you've been famous for a long time. Do you have the guts to get into the painting as well?"

Fire Emissary was embarrassed, as he hadn't expected Zen to challenge him so suddenly.

But he didn't say a word to this junior's provocation.

Zen hadn't expected a response anyway, and he just jumped right into the vortex.

Whoosh!

With the Celestial Spear in his hand, he fell into the stone forest.

The members of the Crane Split race, the Ice Lynx race and the Cyan Sprit race gathered up north after they entered the stone forest.

These three races didn't hold a high position in Stage Thirty-two, so seeking refuge with the Element Spirit race was all they could do, but even so, the Element Spirit race didn't attach great importance to them.

The leaders of the three races had been overjoyed to receive orders from the Element Spirit race.

The only drawback was the Element Spirit race only allowed them to attack some Holy Souls...

Although these souls were strong enough to hold their own against ordinary Other Shore creatures, they were nothing compared to the three races. Asking the three Other Shore races to fight was quite a fuss.

"Just a few Holy Souls. We Ice Lynx can deal with them. You two races should stay and rest here!"

"Humph! I can handle them myself!"

"I guess it depends on who gets there first!"

The members of these three races rushed to the north.

The topography of the stone forest was very strange. There were giant stone pillars all around that towered into the clouds.

On the path between the stone pillars, the corpses of Ghost Cicadas were scattered everywhere. In some places, the corpses even piled into hill-like mounds. One could only imagine how fierce the previous battles had been.

Behind the two huge stone pillars on the northernmost end, was a col that was easily defended but difficult to attack.

Five powerful Holy Souls of the Oneness Sky Palace hid inside with a hundred-foot-tall giant ape stood in front of them.

Winchell had morphed into the giant ape, now any Ghost Cicadas that tried to rush in would be torn to pieces!

It was because of Winchell that these five people of the Oneness Sky Palace survived.

"There are fewer Ghost Cicadas!"

"Great! If we can kill them all, we can leave this damned place!"

"Winchell, thank you so much!"

Those powerful Holy Souls hiding behind Winchell had launched attacks as well, but they didn't kill nearly as many as Winchell.

Winchell roared in response.

If the Ghost Cicadas were really their only opponent, they might narrowly escape alive this time.

But would things go as they hoped?

Once Winchell had crushed the last wave of Ghost Cicadas, he heard a rumble of footsteps rolling out of nowhere. Then he saw a group of Other Shore creatures rushing at them like a tidal wave.

The sight of them dissipated Winchell's will to fight like a ball deflated in an instant.

He was very clear that it would be impossible for him to defeat all of them alone, and those with him felt the same. All their hearts sank as they accepted their fate that they would now die here.

Buzz!

The giant ape's skin flashed a cyan light and shrunk all the way down to Winchell's original size.

With a flip of his hand, a round black stone appeared in his palm. It was a Heavy Stone.

They had been very lucky this time and not long after entering the stone forest, he found this Heavy Stone.

"What a pity..."

He raised his hand and was about to throw the Heavy Stone when

a wild clanging suddenly rang out from not far off.

Behind the creatures rushing over, came the bang of heavy objects clashing. Then there were broken limbs floating in the air, blood splashing everywhere and gruesome howling could be heard throughout.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

A Celestial Spear was spinning in Zen's hand.

To him, these Other Shore creatures were nothing.

He had only released fifty thousand divine megatons of force, which was still far more than these creatures could take.

The long spear spun around like a windmill, the slightest touch of it causing death or serious injury.

Zen killed the creatures all along the path like this. When the last Other Shore creatures had been minced, he appeared before Winchell and the others. His body was soaked in blood of all sorts of colors, as if he had been painted on like he was a canvas.

Winchell and the others stood not far away, staring blankly as they watched Zen rushing in and killing every creature in his path.

They had been at the end of their rope and now couldn't believe what they were witnessing!

Chapter 3793 Claire

Although Winchell guessed that it was Zen before them, he still stood his ground and dared not greet him.

Zen then came forward with his hands respectfully cupped in front of him. "Master Winchell, sorry for being late."

"It really is Zen!"

"We're out of danger now!"

"I thought we were doomed!"

The five Holy Soul Realm warriors breathed a sigh of relief.

Winchell also smiled and bowed towards Zen. "It is fortunate that you were able to get here just in time. You've saved us all, Zen."

Zen shook his head and hurriedly went to his side. "Master Winchell, you've risked so much to help me look for the Heavy Stone. I should be the one thanking you."

Winchell shook his head. "The Oneness Sky Palace owes you so much, and the Origin Mountain even more. You've grown so powerful and there's little we can do to help you. I am thankful that this was within our ability to do for you."

When he finished speaking, he handed a round stone over to Zen.

"A Heavy Stone?" Zen muttered, turning the stone over in his hand curiously.

Winchell simply nodded as he took the stone from him.

"With this stone, you'll be able to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting when the time comes," he told Zen. "However, your Soul of Light needs to ascend to this stage first."

In order to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting, one's soul needed to be integrated with the physical form, and his Soul of Light remained at a lower stage.

However, Zen had already cleared the path from the Blooming Jade Stage to the Grand Plain Stage so there wouldn't be any problems for him to enter the latter.

Meanwhile, Fire Emissary, Pearce, and the others simply waited on the bronze ground. Nobody talked and there was not a peep, not even a whisper amongst them. An hour later, the silence was broken by a few gasps as a streak of white light swept across the bronze ground. The relief sculptures immediately changed before their very eyes.

When the current scene in the forest appeared, Pearce and the others all heaved sighs of relief.

The figures of the Other Shore creatures couldn't be seen that easily since the picture was so small but they could distinguish their broken limbs if they looked hard enough.

Fire Emissary smiled when he saw this before he turned around and left.

Pearce could only stare at Fire Emissary's back, lost in thought.

He initially thought that the Element Spirit race left behind some traps in the stone forest.

To his surprise, they didn't seem to have done so.

What did the Fire Emissary seek to gain when he did this? Was it just truly to send the members of the three Other Shore races to their deaths?

True, these three Other Shore races were weak and had no Eternal Realm master so why would the Element Spirit race suddenly decide to kill all of them? For sheer entertainment? That couldn't be it.

Just as Pearce continued to mull this over, a white vortex suddenly appeared beside him. From the vortex came forth Zen, Winchell, and the rest of their brethren.

"Winchell!" Pearce shouted in glee at the sight.

Winchell gave him a smile and a polite bow. As he stood up, his eyes also caught the Fire Emissary's retreating back. "Pearce, this is too weird!"

"I think so too," Auden chimed in. "That's not the only issue. Haven't you noticed? The Element Spirit race's actions against Zen have been extremely weird."

Zen's eyes gleamed with apprehension upon hearing Auden's words.

If the Element Spirit race was indeed in such a hurry to obtain the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits and stop Zen from entering Stage Thirty-three then they should've gathered all their strength in order to deal him the killing blow. If it truly mattered so much then why didn't Yellow Thearch, Divine Farmer, and the Chaos Ancient God behind them take action?

Their forces in the Source World chose to stay put and, even if they attacked Zen several times on the Other Shore, they never really made any trouble for him. The Element Spirit race was holding back.

This last attack couldn't even be called a proper offense. Everything smelled fishy.

A noticeable frown was plastered on Pearce's face. "What is their true purpose?"

Zen could only sigh in resignation. "I'm afraid the Element Spirit race are the only ones who truly know."

Pearce huffed proudly in response. "No matter!" he declared. "You'll be able to reach the Eternal Realm in the near future since you've obtained the Heavy Stone! It doesn't matter what kind of wicked scheme the Element Spirit race is brewing."

As of the moment, Zen had obtained eighteen imprints in total. So long as he entered the Eternal Scroll Painting with no problems then he was set on his way to becoming an Eternal Warrior. He was now strong enough to kill the Blood Spirit Tortoise and once he reached the Eternal Realm, he would finally gain the ability to save Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin.

Once Fire Emissary left, he began to cross over hundreds of miles on the bronze ground.

Soon enough, he came to a halt in front of a strangely-shaped relief.

In front of him was the relief of a circular, blood-red building — the Blood Assembly, the Element Spirit race's base camp in the Grand Plain Stage.

Fire Emissary took out a Light Stone and lightly tapped it on the ground, creating a white vortex that he could use to enter the world within the relief.

Given his status and identity, he was not actually qualified to enter the Blood Assembly. Only those like Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer were given such high privilege.

Thus, Fire Emissary had no choice but to relay everything to a Moon Fire Slave who would then deliver his message to the higher-ups.

Not long after...

A small orb appeared in the innermost part of the Blood Assembly. This orb was made up of pure elements and had a small flame floating inside it.

Buzz!

The flame continuously changed, rising and falling before it finally took on the shape of a human woman.

So long as they wanted, the Element Spirit race could change into any form. This was one of their abilities: complete transformation.

In the past, the race strictly regulated the form its members took, however, time softened such restrictions until all of them were eventually lifted. Thus, more and more race members began to take on more unique shapes and a large number of them preferred human forms.

This particular race member was one of those who preferred the human form and the one she transformed into seemed a bit similar to the Snake Goddess, though she evidently looked more mischievous.

She merely floated within the orb and looked up at the top of the space.

"Les, what did you call me for?"

At the top of the space, directly above her, was a circular mirror and within it was another member of the Element Spirit race — a thunder spirit.

Les, the thunder spirit, looked at the fire spirit with sharp, raging eyes. "I've just received the reports. What the hell did you do, Claire?!"

Claire merely blinked and a small smile made its way to her lips. "Carrying out the task given to me by the great Eye Spirit!" she declared proudly.

Les looked like he was on the brink of exploding. "Eye Spirit ordered you to kill that human brat!"

There had been a lot of troubles at Stage Thirty-three recently and there was a need for the powerful Element Spirit race to deal with them carefully, thus, they handed the other, less significant matters over to Claire.

When Les received a series of reports detailing Claire's failed attempts at killing Zen, he was naturally furious. Claire obviously wasn't taking her job seriously.

They were bound to be a laughingstock if people found out that the almighty Element Spirit race couldn't even deal with one human boy.

"Eye Spirit doesn't really want to kill the human," Claire muttered with a pout.

"Cut the crap!" Les snapped. He was overcome with emotions and a terrifying aura engulfed his surroundings as bolts of lightning began to emanate from his orb.

Claire huffed. "I'm serious! Nine Holy Soul Imprints and nine Bone Tribulation Imprints! This human is the first-ever creature to have received so many and he deserves our expectations."

Chapter 3794 Three Purities Stone

"What are you expecting? This guy to get to Stage Thirty-three?" Les asked furiously on the other side of the mirror.

The Element Spirit race had once regarded Stage Thirty-two as their base camp too.

The race occupied many regions in Stage Thirty-two. The Blood Assembly stood at the center while the Other Shore races within a radius of a hundred miles were considered to bend to it.

For the Element Spirit race, they might not take even an Eternal Realm warrior seriously, because the Eternal Realm masters were only rare in the Source World.

As a great number of Other Shore races had gathered in the thirty-two stages, these races could always produce one or two Eternal Realm warriors after many chaotic eras of reproduction.

However, after reaching the Eternal Realm, many chose to move to Stage Thirty-three. Very few chose to stay in Stage Thirty-two.

But Zen was special. He was the only one who had eighteen imprints, an indicator of the great potential he possessed.

"I just have expectations for him," Claire smiled.

"But don't forget that he is on the opposite side. He is our enemy, not our friend!" Les snapped.

Claire chuckled at this. "Sometimes the enemy's enemy is also a friend, right?"

Les looked startled but he finally came to his senses after a brief pause. "You mean our real enemy is the Nihility race?"

"Yes," said Claire, nodding. "At the time, Eye Spirit's wrong decision gave the Grandmaster of Heaven a chance to survive. Who would have thought that that same guy would gradually become so powerful? He's now threatening the foundation of our Element Spirit race!"

"Even so, do you expect the human race to stand with us? Is it even possible? Don't forget that we still have the Primeval Lord of Heaven and his fellows in our custody," Les said. .

The conflict between the Element Spirit race and the human race was so huge that it was practically irreconcilable.

"We don't need them to stand with us," Claire said with a mysterious smile. "Don't forget that the conflict between the Nihility race and them is greater than what exists between them and us."

The goal of the Element Spirit race was not to destroy the entire chaos, but to stabilize it into a normal state. The Nihility race, however, planned to destroy the chaos and return everything into nothingness.

According to reports from Yellow Thearch, a warrior who had been painstakingly trained by the Nihility race through the Black Ship also held a grudge against Zen.

Les was silent for a while before he spoke, "Does Eye Spirit agree with this idea?"

"No," Claire said, shaking her head. "But I believe that he will agree."

It was thanks to Claire's persuasion that Les had calmed down. "I will speak with Eye Spirit, but you need to guard Stage Thirty-two. What happened in the Blooming Jade Stage shouldn't happen here!"

The Element Spirit race hadn't ever expected the Blooming Jade Stage to face such defeat. It had shocked the entire race.

No one had thought that Zen could release the bald giant from the Cold Prison, which in turn led to the loss of the Blooming Jade Stage.

The influence and strength of the Element Spirit race in the Grand Plain Stage were far greater than those in the Blooming Jade Stage. Moreover, the Grand Plain Stage wouldn't suppress their strength and they had the help of the Eternal Realm warriors. Hence, they would hardly lose as they did in the Bloom Jade Stage.

"Go ahead," said Claire, shrugging.

Her figure floated in the ball, and her slender legs slowly gathered together before she burst into a flame.

After obtaining the Heavy Stone, Zen and the others chose not to return to the temple of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The Grand Plain Stage was safe for them as long as they didn't enter the Eternal Scroll Painting.

They continued to walk north for a while and as they did, triangular sculptures began to appear on the ground. A small round hole sat at the center of each of these sculptures.

"These triangular sculptures are called Three Purities Stones. Only with them can one enter the first volume," Pearce explained.

Zen's gaze followed the densely packed stones. There were creatures sitting in the corners of a few of them.

He found it strange that the three creatures sitting in the corners of the same Three Purities Stone all looked the same.

"Sir, what's going on with these creatures?" Zen asked. "Have they already entered the first volume?"

Pearce nodded and reached out to point at a Three Purities Stone. "The three creatures in this stone are actually the same creature. The one in this corner is his Soul of Light, this corner is his physical body, and the last corner is his Eternal Body."

"The Eternal Bodies of these creatures still remain here?" Zen asked curiously.

"Of course not," Pearce said, shaking his head. "Most of the Eternal Realm masters have entered Stage Thirty-three. These are just traces they've left here."

Pearce then turned to Libby and said, "You can find a stone and enter it. Place your Soul of Light in it. This will improve your strength of the Holy Soul Realm."

The Three Purities Stone integrated body and soul into one and sent the warrior to the first volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting. The warrior would obtain the Eternal Body after reaching the Eternal Realm.

But the creatures in the Source World only appeared on the Other Shore using their Souls of Light and couldn't enter the first volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting. They could only place their Souls of Light in Three Purities Stones. It would, at the very least, improve the strength of their Souls of Light.

For the Three Purities Stones close by, only one sculpture stood in each of them. Only their Souls of Light were in the stones.

"Okay!"

Libby already knew of this method to strengthen herself. She nodded and found a Three Purities Stone sculpture. She gently hit the Light Stone in her hand to the ground and went into the white vortex produced by the stone.

Everyone waited outside. When the white flash began to refresh the bronze ground, they saw Libby's Soul of Light appear on one corner of the Three Purities Stone.

Even after Libby emerged from the ground, they could still see her figure within the stone.

"I'm done," said Libby with a smile.

Placing the Souls of Light in the Three Purities Stones could increase the strength of the Holy Souls by more than 10%, a design loophole.

"It's your turn, Zen," said Pearce. "Since your Soul of Light hasn't arrived yet, you can place your body in it today."

Like Libby, Zen found a Three Purities Stone sculpture, slammed a Light Stone into the ground and went into the vortex produced.

The Three Purities Stone sculpture looked like a palm-sized triangle from the outside.

Upon entering it, Zen discovered that it was not that small.

There was an empty seat in each of the three corners of the triangle. He randomly chose a seat and sat down on it.

The moment he sat down, his entire body seemed to freeze and become one with the triangle. . 'How do I get off now?'

Zen muttered, stunned.

But on second thought, since even Libby's Holy Soul had been able to leave, there was no reason for his body to be stuck here!

Just a gentle flow of his strength would make it easy for him to escape from the seat he was on.

But Zen was startled when he looked back. His physical body was still sitting on the seat!

Chapter 3795 Three Eyes

Zen even reached out to touch his body.

The "statue" that sat upright was exactly the same as his own corporeal body, though it didn't move of course.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, is this just a statue?" Zen asked, slightly hesitant and overtaken with curiosity.

"No," replied the Primeval Lord of Heaven, shaking his head.

"Then what is this? Is it my real body? How could that be?" Zen asked, even more taken by what he saw.

"Not exactly," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a faint knowing smile.

As the most wise and knowledgeable human being, he had a deep understanding of Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore as well as of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"Think of it as an anchor," he said. "Let's call it a sort of anchor body!"

"An anchor you say?"

Zen stared pensively.

"Yes," the Primeval Lord of Heaven confirmed with a smile. "Think of us as a ship drifting. This anchor body fixes us here so we can receive power from external areas, namely, the power of the Eternal Realm..."

"The power of the Eternal Realm?" Zen's eyes glinted.

Of course, he knew that Eternal Warriors of the Eternal Realm were very powerful, but he hadn't understood why.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven recognized Zen's confusion. Suddenly, he asked, "In your opinion, is there any difference between the bloodline of Sun Crows and the bloodlines of the ferocious beasts in the Source World?"

"The bloodline of Sun Crows and the bloodlines of ferocious beasts..." Zen frowned and thought for a while. "I think the difference is probably in their strength. Although the ferocious beasts are also capable of inheriting bloodlines, theirs won't increase their own strength very much, but the bloodline of Sun Crows is different."

"Then have you ever thought about why their blood power is so strong?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked, smiling once more.

Creatures in the Source World could summon such great power because they relied on the Other Shore Tokens on the Other Shore.

However, this rule was broken by blood power.

When Emperor Charm had used the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy or Eastern Emperor Taiyi had used the golden sword, their power hadn't come from any Other Shore Token, but their own bloodlines.

"So how can they unleash such power without using any Other Shore Token?" With the Primeval Lord of Heaven's hints, Zen now understood. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, you mean... the Eternal Scroll Painting? They have obtained their bloodlines from the Eternal Scroll Painting!"

Zen had been wondering how Emperor Charm's and Eastern Emperor Taiyi's blood power could be so strong. So strong they were able to destroy a whole province with ease. Obviously, their blood power was much more powerful than Other Shore Tokens.

But both Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Emperor Charm were powerful seniors; Zen had thought perhaps they had used means he did not know of, so he hadn't thought too deeply about this question.

But the Primeval Lord of Heaven's reminders helped Zen figure it out quickly.

"The Three Purities Stone is an anchor that binds your real body here, so that at the same time, you may enter the Eternal Scroll Painting and obtain your own bloodline. The other end of your bloodline is connected to somewhere in the distant Abstruse Energy World..." explained the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"No wonder there is a vortex in both Eastern Emperor Taiyi's golden sword and Emperor Charm's suns!" Zen said, nodding excitedly at this new found revelation.

The power of the Abstruse Energy World was connected to the Eternal Scroll Painting, and the power of the Eternal Scroll Painting was connected to the statues in the Three Purities Stones. The statues were like anchors, closely connected to the Eternal Realm warriors.

"The blood power can be inherited, so the children of these powerful warriors of the Eternal Realm have it too..." Zen appeared confused again.

Putting himself aside, Yan had also obtained the Snake Goddess' bloodline through the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seed, and could now use the shadow of Snake Goddess as an energy entity.

Although Yan's shadow of Snake Goddess couldn't be compared with the actual Snake Goddess, she at least possessed the blood power.

"All creatures with the same bloodline have an invisible line that connects them to that powerful warrior of the Eternal Realm," the Primeval Lord of Heaven began. "Therefore, using the Blood Splitting Technique, you can, quite ingeniously, kill all people with the same bloodline in a region, by relying on that invisible line."

Zen abruptly raised his eyebrows at the very mention of the Blood Splitting Technique.

The members of the Nine Li race in the divine land had been killed by the Yellow Emperor Guards using the Blood Splitting Technique. It was not until then that Zen had learned of the Blood Splitting Technique.

"The Eternal Scroll Painting is not the only way to obtain the power of the Abstruse Energy World, is it?" Zen asked.

Theoretically, all kinds of power could come from the Abstruse Energy World, but the power obtained through the Eternal Scroll Painting was far stronger than any ordinary power. Generally speaking, as long as some power was obtained through the Eternal Scroll Painting, it could reveal the "vortex" that was connected to the Abstruse Energy World.

"Of course not," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied. "The Chaotic Source Spirits in your body is another way, just in the reverse direction? There are also some Other Shore Tokens in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore that can achieve a similar effect."

"If that's the case and I enter the Eternal Scroll Painting, will I obtain a new bloodline?" Zen inquired.

He already had two bloodlines in his body.

One was the Chaos Ancient God's bloodline, and the other was Chiyou's. If he entered the Eternal Realm in the Eternal Scroll Painting, he would obtain a third bloodline and he thought that would be too many for him.

"Once you obtain a new bloodline, Chiyou's bloodline will disappear from your body," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said matter-of-factly. "Back in the times of the 77th civilization, Ziya entered the Eternal Realm and my bloodline was removed from his body."

"I didn't know a bloodline could be replaced in the Eternal Scroll Painting."

Zen became looking forward to obtaining his blood power in the Eternal Scroll Painting.

When he withdrew from the second volume, he saw a group of an Other Shore race coming over from not far off. They were almost the same as humans, except for the third eye on their foreheads.

The man who led them possessed an extremely powerful aura, no weaker than Eastern Emperor Taiyi or Yasamin. It was obvious he was a powerful warrior of the Eternal Realm.

When Pearce and the others caught sight of them, they immediately walked up to them with smiles strewn across their faces. Bowing to the powerful warrior of the Eternal Realm, Pearce said, "Chief, seeing as you're leading your clansmen here in person, it must mean the Three Eyes race is not lacking in young talents!"

In Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, most races submitted to the Element Spirit race, while others were under the protection of the Nihility race. However, in addition to these two camps, there were also other races that maintained a neutral position.

In fact, these neutral races all pretty much agreed with the Finale Way, and were thus potential allies of the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill. That was the reason for Pearce's politeness.

The chief nodded slightly, turned and waved his hand. "This time, there will be three members of our Three Eyes race entering the Eternal Scroll Painting. Of course I hope they can enter the Eternal Realm."

His wave signaled the three members, who stood out from the rest of the group one at a time.

The one walking in the front was the shortest and looked like a child.

Zen stared at him for quite a while before he finally realized who he was. He was the three-eyed boy he had met in the Dark Region in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore.

But this was not the Dark Region. As a creature in the Dark Region, how could the three-eyed boy have entered the Light Region?

Chapter 3796 Help

When the three-eyed boy stepped forward, he saw Zen who stood at the side.

Every human he met in the past were all in their soul forms on the Other Shore, except for the one he encountered when he had trained in Stage

Thirteen.

The three-eyed boy was well-respected in their race because, over recent years, he was the most promising talent to become an Eternal Realm master.

Their race, known as the Three Eyes race, sent him to Stage Thirteen after they discovered a large number of Burning Crystal mines there. They both wanted him to fight for the mines and hoped that he would get more training in real combats.

The competition in Stage Thirteen was exceptionally fierce. Both the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race had grabbed their shares of the pie, so the Three Eyes race would naturally have a hard time taking their cut.

Fortunately, they had a good relationship with the giant ape in Stage Thirteen. Thus, they had more advantages over the other races with the giant ape's help.

In the end, the powerful combination of the three-eyed boy and the giant ape continuously defeated the forces arranged by the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race in the Dark Region. The black monkeys that was affiliated with the Nihility race suffered the most damage since the three-eyed boy and the giant ape slaughtered so many of their kind.

As for the pig-faced monsters affiliated with the Element Spirit race, they pinned their hopes on something else instead — which was to produce a purified being.

The purified being didn't exist in the Dark Region of Stage Thirteen back then. The pig-faced monsters' plan went smoothly until Elvinia had interrupted their leader Teague, and all their efforts went to waste.

After that, Zen and Elvinia escaped from the Dark Region, and the three-eyed boy never saw them again.

Now that the three-eyed boy saw Zen again in Stage Thirty-two, he realized that Zen was somehow familiar to him.

But after Zen had passed through the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation, his aura had changed tremendously. Therefore, it was difficult for the three-eyed boy to confirm his identity.

At that moment, the leader of the Three Eyes race noticed the three-eyed boy's curious gaze towards Zen, so he asked, "Egan, do you know this human?"

Instead of answering the leader's question, Egan turned to Zen and asked, "Have you ever been to the Dark Region in Stage Thirteen?"

Zen smiled and calmly replied, "Of course I have been there."

Silence hung in the air for a while, then Egan's lips curved up into a smile. "Grandpa, I was once seriously injured in Stage Thirteen. It was this human who helped me heal my wounds at that time!" he exclaimed. 'I didn't expect that he would reach the Grand Plain Stage in such a short time!' he thought.

He wasn't sure of Zen's identity at first because he knew that it was very difficult to ascend to the current stage where he was from Stage Thirteen.

Those who were born in Stage Thirty-two like himself were the exception, but he couldn't believe that someone had passed through the lower stages so quickly!

Their leader was utterly shocked as well. He stared at Zen and said in a deep voice, "As far as I know, it has only been three years since you went for training in Stage Thirteen. Am I right, Egan? So you mean to say that he ascended from Stage Thirteen to Stage Thirty-two in only three years?"

The leader of the Three Eyes race was very surprised at such an achievement.

"Pearce, is it true that it only took him three years?"

"What a fast improvement, it's almost a miracle!"

"It seems that the Oneness Sky Palace has discovered an extraordinary talent!"

The other members of the Three Eyes race behind the leader all remarked in awe.

Although the Three Eyes race couldn't compare to the large races like the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race, they had a higher status than the Oneness Sky Palace in Stage Thirty-two and had a much stronger force.

The reason the Oneness Sky Palace had gotten a foot in the door of Stage Thirty-two was because of the protection mechanism in the stage. If the current chaotic era had ended, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, the only two Eternal Realm masters of the Oneness Sky Palace, weren't enough to protect their temple in Stage Thirty-two.

Therefore, the warriors of the Three Eyes race never expected that a weak force like the Oneness Sky Palace would have such an extraordinary junior.

Zen's fast improvement even exceeded that of Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

Just as the members of the Three Eyes race had yet to recover from shock, Egan suddenly said, "Grandpa, you are wrong. I met Zen two years after I entered Stage Thirteen. That was about a year ago."

The people of the Three Eyes race immediately fell silent. They could not help but look Zen up and down once again.

To ascend from Stage Thirteen to Stage Thirty-two in only one year...

How did the Oneness Sky Palace manage to find such an extraordinary talent?

While the people of the Three Eyes race were stunned into silence, Pearce and the others of the Oneness Sky Palace felt overjoyed at their reaction.

Of course, the people of Oneness Sky Palace knew Zen much better than the outsiders.

They knew that his fast improvement was just one aspect of his many striking talents. "The Oneness Sky Palace must have put a lot of efforts and resources into helping you improve, didn't they?" the leader asked with a smile.

Pearce wanted to deny what the leader said because he knew that Zen obtained all those resources through his own efforts. However, Zen answered before him and said, "That's right! I would've never reached the Grand Plain Stage so quickly without the generous support and abundant resources the Oneness Sky Palace had given me."

If the Oneness Sky Palace channeled all their resources to provide Zen with sufficient soul crystal and Body-strengthening Jades, then Zen's incredible achievement would seem somehow reasonable.

As Zen expected, the warriors of the Three Eyes race sighed in relief at his answer. His explanation sounded easier for them to accept.

"The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace don't have a physical form, just a soul on the Other Shore. You are a rare exception since you have entered the Other Shore with a physical body, so of course, they will do their best to train you," the leader of the Three Eyes race said with a smile. "My grandson had obtained four Holy Soul Imprints and five Bone Tribulation Imprints a long time ago.

He is the warrior with the most imprints in the history of our race. I believe that he will achieve a good ranking in the Eternal Scroll Painting," he added.

He shifted the topic to his grandson and forgot to ask Zen about the number of imprints he had obtained.

Egan's childish face was full of confidence. "Grandpa, I won't let you down," he assured.

"This young man from the Oneness Sky Palace has helped you a lot. After you have entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, you must help him in return," the leader nodded and said. "It will be my pleasure!" Egan exclaimed and smiled at Zen.

"Thank you very much, Chief," Pearce said calmly and cupped his hands.

At that point, the leader of the Three Eyes race cast a curious look at Pearce.

The people of the Oneness Sky Palace were usually overjoyed if the Three Eyes race made them such a promise.

However, Pearce was calm and composed when he expressed his gratitude. It seemed that his grandson's help didn't matter so much to him at all.

'Maybe I am just overthinking...' he thought.

He didn't know that although his grandson was talented enough to obtain four Holy Soul Imprints and five Bone Tribulation Imprints, it was nothing compared to Zen's achievements. They were not even on the same level.

Once their discussion was over, Egan and the two other members of the Three Eyes race found a Three Purities Stone each. They used the Light Stones and entered the Three Purities Stones to put their bodies and Souls of Light into them.

Generally speaking, the soul and body of the creatures on the Other Shore were always together.

Two anchor bodies appeared on each of the Three Purities Stones after they came out. One was their physical body, and the other was their soul. If they reached the Eternal Realm, the third anchor body would appear there as well.

Soon enough, many Other Shore races also showed up and followed suit. All of them wanted to put their bodies and souls into the Three Purities Stones before the first volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting opened.

Chapter 3797 The Violet Cloud Race

After all these races in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore had shown up, Zen realized there were a lot more here than he had originally thought.

After all, the ruling civilizations usually built their own temples in Stage Thirty-two in the past.

The Regal Jade Civilization had once developed and grown in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, but they were unable to cope with the relentless chase and pestering of the Nihility race. They were left no choice but to enter a lower space and hide in the Dark Region of Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore.

The humans had been in a similar situation. The human beings, led by the Primeval Lord of Heaven, were unable to contend with the Element Spirit race and were forced to flee into Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. As for the other humans, they hid in the Creation Myth Temple of Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

In the distance, black cubes glided along the bronze ground like flying carpets.

From the black cubes jumped many creatures as slender as bamboo sticks. They were tall and strong, with skin of cyan-purple. Their faces were long, like that of horse, and they looked very arrogant. They lined up in a row and three more warriors stepped down from the black cubes.

Their aura was extraordinary as they were all Eternal Realm masters.

"What race are they? They actually have three warriors at the Eternal Realm..." Zen asked curiously and astounded.

"That's the Violet Cloud race. They used to be one of the top five ruling civilizations," Pearce said in a low voice. "But now they have pledged allegiance to the Element Spirit race."

"Even one of the top five ruling civilizations has pledged loyalty to the Element Spirit race..." Zen said disgustedly, shaking his head.

He had learned from the Primeval Lord of Heaven that in Stage Thirty-two, all the races, except for the Three Eyes race and few others that followed the Finale Way and remained neutral, had joined the Element Spirit race or the Nihility race. Even with this knowledge, he couldn't help but sigh in disappointment when he saw it with his own eyes.

"The entire Violet Cloud race is pitiful and ungrateful. They have joined the Element Spirit race but they aren't in an important position. It's been so many years and they still haven't progressed their strength and development," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven, his voice rife with contempt.

"Does the Violet Cloud race hold a grudge against the human race?" Zen asked.

"After our human race entered Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, under the leadership of our human ancestor, we were able to stand up to the Element Spirit race. Many Other Shore races and civilizations then joined us. The Violet Cloud race is the 62nd civilization, even older than us, and was once the most solid ally of our human race," the Primeval Lord of Heaven mused, lost in thought of the past.

Back then the Grand Plain Stage was not as lifeless as it was now. Many ruling civilizations sprung up there and developed into powerful and prosperous races.

The human race continued upholding the Finale Way. Even if the 77th chaos had failed, the human race and the other civilizations on the Other Shore still continued firmly supporting the Finale Way...

At the human race's peak in the Grand Plain Stage, there was even a hint of a possibility they might be able to defeat the Element Spirit race. It was at this most critical moment that they were betrayed by several ruling civilizations, including the Violet Cloud race.

After the human race failed, the Finale Way was gradually neglected by others.

Now, any forces that once supported the Finale Way had either disappeared or chosen to side with the Element Spirit race or the Nihility race. Either that or they had chosen an existence like that of the Three Eyes race, which remained neutral, and achieved nothing.

"The Violet Cloud race once had such a relationship with our race..." Zen muttered.

Too much had happened during a thousand chaotic eras.

Just then, the Violet Cloud race suddenly began making moves on both sides, enveloping an area of Three Purities Stones. As they did so, one of their Eternal Realm warriors yelled, "All souls and physical bodies sitting on the Three Purities Stones in this area, should be removed!"

Several warriors had already hung their souls and physical bodies on the Three Purities Stones before the Violet Cloud race had gotten there, including Zen, Libby, and three members of the Three Eyes race.

When the Eternal Realm warrior suddenly roared for them to remove their souls and physical bodies, everyone was confused.

The leader of the Three Eyes race glared at the Eternal Realm warrior in displeasure and said, "You only need one of the Three Purities Stones to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting, and it doesn't matter which is used. Why do you ask us to remove the souls and physical bodies?"

The Eternal Realm warrior of the Violet Cloud race put his hands behind his back and with a sinister smile, said, "It doesn't matter which Three Purities Stone is used to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting, but the Eternal Realm warriors of our race have all chosen this area to keep our souls and bodies. No one else is allowed here!"

The sculptures around the Three Purities Stones on the ground did indeed have slender and long figures. There was no doubt they belonged to the

Violet Cloud race.

Even so, their behaviors were petty and unreasonable.

It did not matter whether they were the Element Spirit race or the Nihility race or anyone else, they had to choose a Three Purities Stone at random. But the Violet Cloud warriors were domineering and even though the others had already hung their souls and bodies on the stones, they still asked them to remove them.

"What if we don't remove them?" The leader of Three Eyes race asked with anger flaring in his eyes.

The three-eyed boy named Egan and the other members of the Three Eyes race were all furious.

Another Eternal Realm warrior of the Violet Cloud race chuckled, "I seem to recall that the Three Eyes race doesn't do well with torture. If you do not want to remove them, you may try your luck and see what happens to you!"

The Three Eyes race could protect themselves within the Grand Plain Stage. But if the Violet Cloud race attacked them with all their might, they would have a tough time dealing with it.

This threat left most the members of the Three Eyes race feeling indignant, while Egan seemed understanding and even suggested, "Grandpa, we'd better remove our souls and bodies. We'd lose nothing by switching Three Purities Stones."

Under Egan's persuasion, their leader could only agree. Egan and the other two members of the Three Eyes race returned to the inner space of the second volume and took back the bodies hanging there.

The Three Eyes race had chosen submission and the other small races couldn't afford to offend the Violet Cloud race as well, and so obediently followed suit. Only Zen and Libby were left. One of them had placed the soul on the stone, and the other had put the body there.

The Eternal Realm warrior of the Violet Cloud race glanced at the two Three Purities Stones and saw this. He turned around, stared at Pearce and ordered ferociously, "Why are the humans here? Remove them now!"

Both Pearce and Auden were unsure how to deal with this. They didn't want to offend these Other Shore races when Eastern Emperor Taiyi was not here.

Zen on the other hand took the opportunity to stand up. "What if I don't remove it?"

The people of the Violet Cloud race had never imagined the weak human race would refuse, especially in this round of chaos where the humans couldn't even enter the Other Shore with their physical bodies. All they could do was to put their souls into the stones. They were quite simply just unimportant characters.

That was why when Zen spoke, it drew the eyes of all the Violet Cloud warriors. Several Eternal Realm warriors looked at Zen strangely when they noticed his physical body.

Chapter 3798 No Longer Tolerant

Zen had caused quite a stir in the lower stages of the Other Shore, but very little information had been transmitted to Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore.

Although the Element Spirit race knew a lot about Zen, they wouldn't communicate any information about Zen with their subordinate races, which was why the members of the Violet Cloud race were all surprised to see his corporeal body.

"Interesting," the powerful warrior of the Eternal Realm from the Violet Cloud race said, looking Zen up and down. "The Truth of Powerful Holy

Body is forbidden in the current round of chaos, so your corporeal bodies should not have been able to enter here. How did you manage to do it, human?"

"Why should I tell you?" Zen retorted.

At this, several members of the Violet Cloud race rushed towards him, the one leading them looking menacing. "Human, it's an honor to be asked a question by Elder Howe. You'd better answer his question honestly!"

All the humans in the current round of chaos kept a low profile. Even a large number of Holy Soul Realm humans, including Pearce, in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore stayed out of the limelight. That was why the members of the Violet Cloud race weren't taking Zen seriously.

"Or what?" Zen smiled.

"Or..." the member of the Violet Cloud race faltered, taken aback at Zen's confidence. The Three Eyes race feared the Violet Cloud race because the members of the Violet Cloud race had a number of means of torturing them.

But the humans from the Oneness Sky Palace were still under the protection in the Grand Plain Stage, and while this was so, the Violet Cloud race couldn't do anything to harm them.

"Your alternative is that after this round of chaos, I will make sure that your Oneness Sky Palace disappears from the Grand Plain Stage," Elder Howe of the Violet Cloud race said, his voice booming.

This obvious threat drew the attention of all the remaining Other Shore creatures that were present.

All the Other Shore creatures, including the members of the Three Eyes race, looked at Zen in surprise. They were also curious, wondering why a human of the Holy Soul Realm dared refute the Violet Cloud race, and thought that he was courting death.

Pearce, who had been standing silently to the side for quite a while, suddenly burst into laughter.

Pearce and Auden were the most powerful officials in the Oneness Sky Palace, second only to Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin. But they were filled with anger every time they entered Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, and each time, they had had to swallow their anger and tolerate anything that came their way.

They never dared compete with any other race on the Other Shore for the sake of the Oneness Sky Palace's long-term development. They always greeted the Other Shore races with broad smiles. When they explored the temples, they had to act according to the etiquette that these Other Shore races demanded.

When the Violet Cloud race began to make things difficult for them, Pearce had thought about dealing with them in the usual manner. But on second thought, he realized that the Oneness Sky Palace and the Element Spirit race had already come to an open break since the Element Spirit race had trapped Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin.

Since the disparity in strength was huge, begging for mercy didn't make sense.

"Hello, Elder Howe of the Violet Cloud race," Pearce said, walking forward. "You're in the Eternal Realm, but you don't seem to have a working brain."

"What did you say?" Howe's voice had been stern and cold before, and now, it sounded even colder.

The other members of the Violet Cloud race stiffened as well. They didn't think a mere human soul was qualified to speak to a warrior of the Eternal Realm this way.

Pearce was weaker than Howe, but he was a very sophisticated man. He had experienced everything in his lifetime so far. He said unhurriedly, "In the Source World, the Element Spirit Civilization has attacked our Oneness Sky

Palace several times, but they failed every single time. The Element Spirit race is our sworn enemy, and we have an irreconcilable hatred for them. Your Violet Cloud race is nothing but a mere vassal force of the Element Spirit race. If we surrender now, will you let the Element Spirit race let go of us?"

The Violet Cloud race had joined the Element Spirit race, but they were not the strongest among the Other Shore races affiliated to the Element Spirit race. They had almost no say in the workings of the Element Spirit race.

Pearce's remark successfully rendered Howe speechless. Howe's face trembled with rage as he roared, "You're courting death!"

"Courting death? You're a powerful warrior of the Eternal Realm. So it will be easy for you to destroy me, a mere Soul of Light. Am I right?" Pearce retorted.

Howe suddenly jumped, his tall body doing a flip in the air.

A wide purple saber in his hand burst out a terrifying force, chopping down towards Pearce's head.

Pearce didn't budge. He only looked at Howe coldly.

The saber was just inches away from Pearce's forehead when it stopped abruptly.

It had no effect at all. All the power it contained was erased by the rules in the Sanskrit Light Stage. Any battle on the bronze ground was meaningless.

Howe knew this but he had still attacked Pearce for two reasons. One was because he was angry, and the other, because he wanted to intimidate the Oneness Sky Palace.

He put away his saber before threatening Pearce again, "I hope you will remember never to meet the members of our Violet Cloud race in the second volume. If you do, I will surely tear you into pieces. Let's go!"

Howe had just turned around to leave with his clansmen, when a voice rang out, "Wait!"

Zen slowly walked out of the crowd.

The members of the Violet Cloud race turned to look at him rather coldly.

They knew that even though they had spoken tough to the members of the Oneness Sky Palace, they could do nothing to them. The anger in their hearts had only multiplied, thanks to this. Their gazes were sharp as knives and they looked like they wanted to cut Zen to pieces.

"I want to know which of you from the Violet Cloud race will enter the first volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting," Zen said, smiling pleasantly. "Please show me mercy when you do."

Zen wasn't really asking them to show mercy. This was simply another way to declare war.

Howe's eyes lit up at Zen's words. He had almost forgotten that Zen could anchor his corporeal body on the Three Purities Stone. And if he could anchor his soul too, he would be able to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"Very good! Walden!"

Walden, a member of the Violet Cloud race, walked out of the group.

This time, the Violet Cloud race would send six members into the Eternal Scroll Painting. Walden was the strongest of the six. He had ten imprints in all: five Holy Soul Imprints and five Bone Tribulation Imprints. This elevated his status in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore.

Walden's eyes squinted as he smiled and said, "I'll keep it in mind, now that you mention it. I hope you won't disappoint me. Let me show you great mercy."

Behind him stood the other five members of the Violet Cloud race, radiating unfriendliness. It was obvious that they were taking in everything about Zen, their common opponent.

The members of the Three Eyes race were so astonished at what was happening, that they remained frozen in the places.

"I understand that he once saved your life and that you want to repay him, Egan, but I think we should act within the limits of our abilities," the chief of the Three Eyes race whispered to Egan.

"I know, Grandpa," Egan said helplessly.

He knew that Zen must have extraordinary means, but he thought it was unwarranted on Zen's part to fight against the Violet Cloud race before the first volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting was opened.

Egan was more puzzled at the fact that the elders of the Oneness Sky Palace were doing the same thing as Zen had done.

Though his grandfather had reminded him, because he was not ungrateful, he was still willing to give Zen a hand if his own safety could be assured.

Chapter 3799 Samantha

The opening of the Eternal Scroll Painting was an important event for all forces of Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore.

Therefore, all the races on the Other Shore arrived ahead of time. Then, the allied races planned to strategize and cooperate together in the scroll painting.

In the past few days, more and more races on the Other Shore had gathered at the location of the Three Purities Stones.

There was the Extermination race that was stronger than the Violet Cloud race, the Sickle race whose members had notably strange form, the Delicacy race, and other races.

However, the majority of the races in the chaos did not come. Aside from the Oneness Sky Palace, only the Ear Mice showed up.

Of course, the Ear Mouse race didn't come for the Eternal Scroll Painting. There was a preparation period of ten days before the Eternal Scroll Painting opened, and a large number of Other Shore creatures gathered at that time. They went there to do business.

Meanwhile, Zen had a small argument with the Violet Cloud race, and then his physical body retreated from the Other Shore.

He had to hang his soul to the Three Purities Stone before the scroll painting opened. However, his soul was still in the Constant Glory Stage.

Although his Soul of Light had nine Holy Soul Imprints, it was still nothing compared to his physical body. Thus, he needed to be careful.

Before he went to the Blooming Jade Stage, he had sent someone to ask Elizabeth about the situation in the place.

Once he confirmed that everything was fine, he headed for the Blooming Jade Stage from the Constant Glory Stage.

The moment he arrived in the snowy and icy world, he saw that many Other Shore creatures neatly stood in front of him and bowed to him, while Elizabeth stood at the side as she quietly stared at him.

The Other Shore creatures always looked down on the creatures that were in the form of souls on the Other Shore.

During so many years, Zen's soul was probably the only one that enjoyed a better treatment.

"What are you doing?" Zen asked as he looked back at Elizabeth.

"We are here to meet and welcome you," Elizabeth said with a chuckle.

Zen frowned and groaned, "You don't have to do this next time."

"Okay," Elizabeth said nonchalantly with a shrug.

She knew that he was quite tired of special treatments, but she only did so because of one thing.

She wanted to show her ability and tell him that she could manage the entire Blooming Jade Stage very well.

As Zen's strength increased, the members of the Sun Crow race, such as Bagot and Micah, became worried. They felt that they were of little use to Zen. It was dangerous if they just stayed in the Oneness Sky Palace like that, since they might be considered insignificant warriors who would be sacrificed at any time.

Elizabeth didn't think that Zen would do such a thing, but she understood the worries of the Sun Crow race.

That was why she was very happy when Zen gave her the chance to rule over the Blooming Jade Stage. She became completely dedicated to the task.

Now that Zen had passed by, of course she had to display her capabilities!

Under the protection of Elizabeth and the Other Shore creatures, Zen quickly crossed the Blooming Jade Stage.

The bald giant, Pompeo, also did well, but it was inconvenient for Zen to visit him in the form of a soul in that stage. "Have all the Other Shore races in the entire Blooming Jade Stage surrendered?" Zen asked as he looked at the ice castles in the distance.

"Of course. A few Other Shore races that refused to surrender have been eliminated," Elizabeth answered quickly.

"You did a good job," Zen praised. "But there's one thing you need to understand. Since I let you take charge of the Blooming Jade Stage, it means I trust you. Therefore, you don't have to continue to gain my trust," he added.

In any case, if Zen didn't trust Elizabeth at that time, he could've asked someone from the Oneness Sky Palace to take care of Pompeo.

When Zen saw through her thoughts, her voice became lower.

"Okay, I know."

Yet, she was not unhappy at all. She was a little joyful even. After all, what had happened was somehow another answer she wanted.

There was no barrier on the way from Stage Twenty-nine of the Other Shore to Stage Thirty-two, so Zen's soul had a smooth journey to the Grand Plain Stage.

When he arrived at the location of the Three Purities Stones, he found that more and more Other Shore races had assembled.

All the Other Shore creatures that reached the Holy Soul Realm and obtained the Myriad Tribulations Bodies already attached their souls and bodies to the Three Purities Stones. They just had to wait for the Eternal Scroll Painting to open.

Once again, Zen entered his own Three Purities Stone and sat upright at another corner. Not long after, his soul also turned into the same anchor body as the first one.

Afterwards, he only had to wait for the Eternal Scroll Painting to open as well.

While he waited, the members of various Other Shore races arrived one after another.

They were slightly confused when they saw Zen, and Zen silently observed them in return.

Three days later, the noisy crowd suddenly lowered their voices.

Out of the blue, three blood-red balls appeared not far away!

The blood-red ball was the most important symbol of the Nihility race. They were the only race on the Other Shore that could fight the Element Spirit race head-on. As soon as the red balls appeared, the air immediately felt oppressive.

Although many races joined the Nihility race, the Nihility race had brought much fear to the Other Shore creatures. Not only did they have all sorts of insane ideas, but they also brutally implemented those ideas!

As the blood-red balls continued to approach, the Other Shore creatures avoided them. Even some of the Eternal Realm masters didn't want to have a dispute with the Nihility race, so they stood up and moved aside.

The warriors of the Violet Cloud race stayed thousands of feet away from Zen on the other side.

When they saw that the three blood-red balls of the Nihility race had arrived, they got a bit shocked.

"The members of the Nihility race are coming!"

"Will they do something against us?"

Even though the Violet Cloud race was a big race in Stage Thirty-two, they were still very much afraid of the Nihility race.

"What are you afraid of?" Howe coldly scolded them, and then cupped his hands towards the blood-red balls that slowly moved forward. "Would you tell me why you came over to visit us?" he asked.

The Violet Cloud race relied on the Element Spirit race, and the Element Spirit race always supported them no matter what happened. Thus, Howe didn't find any reason to be afraid.

"Fuck off! Who visits your Violet Cloud race anyway?

Is this your race's territory?" a cold female voice inside one of the blood-red balls hissed.

As soon as Howe heard the female voice, his jaw dropped.

As an Eternal Realm master who had traveled around Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore, he was very familiar with that voice. It belonged to Samantha of the Nihility race.

The Nihility race had three famous women—Samantha and her two sisters, Sienna and Stella. Samantha was the best among them in terms of strength and status.

Now, Howe was a powerful figure in the Grand Plain Stage, so he felt slightly embarrassed when Samantha rudely mocked him.

Still, he gritted his teeth and endured it for the sake of his race. Then, he led the members of the Violet Cloud race to retreat to the side.

He felt perplexed while they walked back. It seemed that the members of the Nihility race did not target the Violet Cloud race, so who could it be?

Only the Three Eyes race was in the area they were headed to, but this race was rather average. In what way were they qualified for Samantha to have personally taken action?

Aside from Howe, many Other Shore creatures also stared at the blood-red balls as they slowly moved.

To their surprise, the three blood-red balls all stopped in front of Zen.

Chapter 3800 The Reborn Evil God

Just now, the Three Eyes race was also shocked to see those blood-red balls rushing towards them.

Except for the races that had submitted to the Nihility race, almost none of the other races on the Other Shore were willing to have anything to do with the Nihility race.

The Three Eyes race had been thoroughly petrified, but they could do nothing aside from tensely watching the movements of the blood-red balls. When the blood-red balls stopped in front of Zen, the members of the Three Eyes race instinctively sighed with relief.

Nevertheless, the confusion Egan and the leader of the Three Eyes race had in their hearts grew even heavier.

Even though the opening of the Eternal Scroll Painting was a big day, the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race usually didn't show up.

Now, the Nihility race suddenly appeared, and they actually came for Zen?

"Are you Zen?"

Samantha's cold voice came out of the blood-red ball before him. The silhouette of a graceful woman could be vaguely seen in the red ball.

Zen frowned. "Yes, I am. Is something the matter?"

The last time he was in the Creation Myth Temple, Zen suffered a lot in the hands of the Nihility race. The experience didn't leave any good impression of them on his mind, so he naturally wouldn't bother to be courteous with them.

Because they had come straight to him, he knew that their question was just to confirm his identity. They already knew who he was and was just trying to be certain, so Zen just admitted his identity outright.

"Someone wants to see you."

After Samantha finished speaking, her blood-red ball floated to the side.

The blood-red ball behind Samantha's slowly floated forward and stopped in front of Zen. There was vaguely a human silhouette inside the red ball.

Before long, a black-haired man came out of the blood-red ball.

The black-haired man stood with a wicked smile on his face but soon laughed out loud. "Have you ever thought of seeing me here?"

Upon getting a clear look, Zen found that the man was surprisingly the Evil God.

The moment the Evil God appeared, many of the Oneness Sky Palace's Holy Soul Realm warriors standing behind Zen looked like they got hacked by thunders.

Most of them, like Athemar for example, had seen the Evil God before, so they naturally recognized him.

This fellow had been swallowed by Zen, but why was he still alive? Furthermore, how could he become a member of the Nihility race?

What baffled them the most was his form. The Evil God's form was different from Zen's when Zen entered the Other Shore with his physical body. His entire features and even the details of his physical body could be seen clearly - he was actually an Other Shore creature!

Zen was also baffled. The Evil God's appearance here didn't surprise him. The Evil God's form, on the other hand, came as a baffling shock for him. "I've thought that you might become a member of the Nihility race, but I've never expected that you'd have a physical body on the Other Shore..."

"Hahaha..."

The Evil God burst into laughter again.

He gently stroked his body with both hands, looking utterly satisfied. "It's more than having a physical body. I've completely become an Other Shore creature!"

"What?" Zen raised his eyebrows.

He thought that the Evil God, just like Elvinia, obtained a new body by chance. If that was indeed the case, his new body was just like an armor that couldn't leave the Other Shore and had nothing to do with his body in the chaos.

However, what the Evil God just said completely shocked him and broke his conjecture.

"If you've become an Other Shore creature, what about your physical body in the Source World?" Zen asked curiously.

Logically, after becoming a pure Other Shore creature, one couldn't have another body in the Source World.

If the two bodies existed at the same time, wouldn't there be two Evil Gods when the Evil God of the Other Shore descended to the Source World?

"I burned it."

The Evil God calmly said, "I've burned down the Evil God you created. The Evil God standing before you now has gone through a rebirth!"

A few months ago...

Led by Sienna, the Evil God went to a place exclusive for the Nihility race—the Chilling Bone Land.

The Chilling Bone Land was a very strange area. Before the Evil God went in, Sienna warned him that once he entered the Chilling Bone Land, he would transform into another creature and that he wouldn't be able to return to the Source World.

This way, not only could the Evil God get rid of the restraints of the role of Inner-world Generating Avatar, but he would also have an extremely powerful body.

The disadvantage was obvious—he wouldn't be able to return to the Source World unless the Nihility race found a method for him to go there.

Nevertheless, the Evil God agreed without the slightest hesitation.

Whatever the price was, he was willing to pay as long as he could get free from Zen's control.

Before entering the Land of Bone Tribulation, the Evil God decided to return to the Source World for one last time.

In the Source World, he dug a small tomb for himself, sat upright inside it, and then buried himself with his own hands.

Not long after the Evil God returned to the Other Shore, a wave of violent energy surged in the North Unicorn Province.

If the North Unicorn Province was still in its heyday, many people would be alerted by this phenomenon.

However, after a round of Nine-Sun World Destruction activated in the North Unicorn Province, the entire province had been destroyed and left in ruin. That was why, despite such a terrifying force of truth being released, it completely didn't attract anyone's attention.

Whoosh!

That wave of energy flashed past and went straight towards the tomb dug by the Evil God. When the energy reached the tomb, the Evil God's body inside it suddenly combusted. The green flames burned fiercely and quickly turned his body into ashes. However, the flames seemed to be restricted to his body, so the tomb was completely undamaged.

The way the Evil God became an Other Shore creature was completely different from what happened to Elvinia. In her case, she obtained a physical body, which would act as armor for her Soul of Light in special circumstances, so she didn't trigger the Punishment of Truth. What the Chilling Bone Land of the Nihility race did to Evil God, on the other hand, was against the truth. Since it was something forbidden, it would naturally invite punishment from the truth.

Zen stared at the Evil God for a long while before he suddenly shook his head. "You haven't become another person. You're the same Evil God as before."

"What do you mean?" The Evil God frowned.

"Nothing has changed in my inner world," Zen replied shortly.

The Evil God was the incarnation of negative emotions in Zen's inner world. If he had really broken away from Zen and his real body had perished, the negative emotions would definitely return to Zen's inner world.

"So what?" The Evil God shrugged. "At least, I'm free from your control!"

"Only for the time being," retorted Zen.

"You... You are talking nonsense!"

The blue veins on the Evil God's forehead bulged and looked like they were going to explode.

The memories of the past left too deep of an impact on the Evil God. Every time he fought against Zen, he always ended up defeated, something completely unacceptable for the extremely arrogant Evil God.

Realizing that he was losing his composure, he quickly focused himself. He said calmly, "No one knows what will happen in the future. Maybe there will be a way for us to coexist someday!"

Once again, surprise emerged in Zen's gaze.

During the time the Evil God spent with the Nihility race, his personality seemed to have undergone a great change. At least, he was no longer eager to kill Zen the moment he laid eyes on him like before.

"So? What do you want to say to me? You can't be coming all the way here just to tell me about your current situation, right?" Zen asked.

"On behalf of the Nihility race, I want to invite you to join us," said the Evil God.

The Evil God's request caused an uproar among the crowd.

On the one hand, these races of the Other Shore were afraid of the Nihility race. On the other hand, they envied the Other Shore creatures which were favored by the Nihility race.

Since the Nihility race could become another great force that had the power to contend against the Element Spirit Civilization, they naturally had their own unique advantages. For example, they possessed the Chilling Bone Land, which could transform the creatures of the Source World to the Other Shore creatures at any time—something that even the Element Spirit Civilization couldn't achieve.

Chapter 3801 Have Everything You Want

The one who controlled the Chilling Bone Land had the privilege of choosing and recruiting talents in the chaos before anyone else.

This privilege was only enjoyed by the Nihility race, though they were always known for being extremely picky.

Those who were selected by the Nihility race were often outstanding warriors with terrifying and unique abilities, or their spokespersons in the chaos.

Expressions of curiosity were plastered over the faces of the Other Shore creatures present.

Who was this Evil God? He was a mere youth who hadn't even reached the Eternal Realm yet. How was he recruited by the Nihility race?

To think that he was also asking this other human youth from the Oneness Sky Palace to join the Nihility race!

Of course, these things had nothing to do with the Other Shore creatures but they strained their ears to listen out of sheer curiosity.

"From what you know of me, do you think I can be persuaded?" Zen asked as the corners of his mouth curled up into a smile.

The Evil God was born from Zen's inner world and he had been there for a long time so of course he knew him quite well.

In fact, it could be said that he spent most of his life trying to figure out how Zen's mind, as the God of Creation, worked.

Given his extensive knowledge of Zen's personality, the Evil God was quite sure that it was going to be impossible to convince him to join the Nihility race.

Any sort of sweet-talking would only result in disappointment.

The Evil God shook his head. "I know I may not be able to talk you into this, but I know someone who can."

Zen raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued by this sudden ace that his creation held. "Pray tell, who is this person?"

The Evil God smiled and took two steps back. As his toes lightly tapped on the bronze ground, he lay down on the blood-red ball and Zen watched as it slowly wrapped around his body and completely sucked him in.

"Buzz..."

After the blood-red ball which carried the Evil God left, the last of the three, blood-red balls slowly floated over.

The first blood-red ball carried Samantha, the second carried the Evil God while the third...

A trace of curiosity glinted in Zen's eyes as he wondered who was within that third ball. Who exactly was this person the Evil God was so confident in?

His questions would be answered soon enough. A black figure began to slowly emerge from the ball but when that person appeared, a strange aura permeated everyone's hearts. It felt as if their thoughts were being read and revealed to this newcomer!

Every single Eternal Realm warrior from the Violet Cloud race, the Three Eyes race, and all other races revealed extremely shocked expressions.

"He actually returned to Stage Thirty-two in person..."

"It's him!"

"He actually came back for a mere human?"

Everyone was frozen in shock, still trying to find the logic in the situation.

The one that caused all this hubbub was a young man, dressed in a grey overcoat. He had curly hair, and a somewhat sunken, unhealthy face with eyes that revealed a deep melancholy.

He looked every bit an ordinary, if not famished, person.

However, Zen could sense that he was by no means a simple person. There was just something extraordinary about him, that much he was certain.

Nonetheless, Zen knew there was nothing to be afraid of and chose to speak first. "Who are you?"

"Whoosh!"

The mysterious youth's eyes wandered around before they turned to Zen. "I am the Grandmaster of Heaven and the leader of the Nihility race," he declared.

Zen's body trembled at this sudden announcement.

"Grandmaster of Heaven!"

He knew of this person's existence from the Primeval Lord of Heaven. Shortly after entering the Creation Myth Temple, Zen was privy to various information about him.

This so-called Grandmaster of Heaven had been the Primeval Lord of Heaven's junior fellow disciple and was also a member of the Nihility race...

Of course that was then. Now, he actually introduced himself as the leader of the Nihility race!

Some of the Other Shore creatures were also a bit shocked by how the Grandmaster of Heaven introduced himself.

The leader of the Nihility race!

That meant he was one of the strongest existences on the entire Other Shore.

What was more amazing was the fact that he personally went back to Stage Thirty-two just to convince this young man, who had yet to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting, to join the Nihility race!

A trace of embarrassment appeared on Egan's face. "Grandpa, maybe this guy doesn't need me to help him..." he mumbled shyly.

Back in Stage Thirteen's Dark Region, he had already known that Zen wasn't simple.

However, as an Other Shore creature of Stage Thirty-two, Egan still carried an air of arrogance around him and paid his suspicions no mind.

In short, he didn't really take Zen that seriously when he met Zen again.

But now, it was an entirely different matter. To think that the Grandmaster of Heaven himself would show up just because of him? Zen was definitely no ordinary person!

"Yes. I didn't expect this," the leader of the Three Eyes race said with a cautious expression

He also did not understand how things came to this but since the Grandmaster of Heaven was involved, then this was no simple matter.

After experiencing this short period of shock, Zen quickly collected himself and called for a bit of help inside his mind. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, your junior fellow disciple has appeared."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven rarely mentioned his fellow disciples so Zen did not really know what was between them.

Since the Grandmaster of Heaven had come in person to talk him into joining the Nihility race, he thought it necessary to remind the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

However, the previously talkative Primeval Lord of Heaven remained silent.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven..." Zen called out again. To his dismay, there was no answer.

Meanwhile, the Grandmaster of Heaven smiled at Zen and exuded a gentle and elegant aura. "It'll be useless to call him. He won't come out to see me."

Zen's eyes widened in astonishment. "You can hear my thoughts?" he asked in a low voice.

He communicated with the Primeval Lord of Heaven through pure consciousness so there was no way other people would be able to hear their conversations.

The Grandmaster of Heaven shrugged nonchalantly. "The Grand Plain Stage has suppressed most of my abilities so I can't really read your mind. Let's just say it was a smart guess on my part."

Zen huffed in disbelief.

"You guessed?"

Since the Primeval Lord of Heaven refused to come out, Zen realized that he would have to deal with this matter on his own.

He had already met with a lot of powerful human warriors these past few months so he wasn't really that nervous in facing off against the Grandmaster of Heaven. Besides, contrary to his grand name, the Grandmaster of Heaven wasn't imposing at all and looked quite approachable.

"I wanted to invite you to our Nihility race. If you join us, you will have everything you could ever want," the Grandmaster of Heaven promised.

"Everything?" Zen repeated skeptically. "Do you know what it is that I want?"

Zen left the divine land for the sake of the Nine Li race.

However, after his trip to the Pear Hill, he realized that there were some goals that were still far beyond his reach. The world wasn't as simple as he had first thought and there was the existence of an Other Shore.

It was just as the Snake Goddess said: the most urgent thing was not reviving the Nine Li race, but completing the Finale Way. Because if the chaos was destroyed, nothing could be done.

"Of course I know," the Grandmaster of Heaven said, his deep eyes penetrating deep within Zen's heart. "I can help you rebuild the Nine Li race and restore it to its glory. I can even make your grandfather Chiyou come back to life. I can make all that you want yours, so what do you think?"

If ever the Grandmaster of Heaven followed his promise and revived Chiyou, the one he would revive was the Chiyou of this round of chaos.

Such a feat was not easy, especially since the Nine Li race was a super force. It should also be taken into account that the Nihility race had to face pressure from the Element Spirit race. They truly wanted Zen to join them to have promised such things.

Chapter 3802 Another Invitation

If Zen had been promised this when he had just entered the Source World, he would have agreed without hesitation.

Back then he had quite a shallow understanding of the entire chaos and reviving the Nine Li race was all there was on his mind.

But now, his horizons had been broadened and his knowledge expanded, so naturally his goals had changed as well.

"Revive our Nine Li race and bring my grandfather back to life?" Zen replied with a smile. "As far as I know, there isn't much time left in the current round of chaos. So what would be the purpose of me reviving the Nine Li race? It will be destroyed with the ending of the chaos anyway."

The ruling civilizations present all nodded in agreement. When a round of chaos was coming to an end, all within it became meaningless.

All substances would disappear and turn into the most primitive energy of the Great Unity, and all that had happened in the past would be reset.

"Don't get too greedy," the Grandmaster of Heaven continued, trying to persuade him. "Even if the Nine Li race hadn't been annihilated but had existed up to now, they'd eventually be wiped out as well. The arrival of the finale of the chaos is inevitable and irreversible. When it comes time for the finale of the current round of chaos, the countless creatures in this round of chaos will all be doomed."

He was right. Since the moment the chaos had come into being, this process had been repeated without exception.

"What if I can complete the Finale Way?" Zen asked calmly and confidently.

This amused the Grandmaster of Heaven greatly and sent him into a burst of laughter.

Even the members of the Violet Cloud race and other creatures on the Other Shore, burst into laughter from not far off.

"Complete the Finale Way?"

"He dares be so cocky? Even those of the Eternal Realm have all failed to complete the Finale Way."

"Young people like you are always lost in the clouds, dreaming..."

There were a considerable number of ruling civilizations within Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore. They all had a great many talents and some of them existed as those who had obtained the luck and resources of the chaos.

They had put a great deal of effort in and had much more experience than Zen in completing the Finale Way.

And yet they had all failed without exception.

Their disdain for Zen was understandable when he began speaking so confidently in spite of all they had done. They all believed, without a shadow of a doubt, that he was overestimating himself.

However, when the members of the Three-eyed race heard Zen's resolute words, their hearts skipped a beat.

These ruling civilizations that had once stood by the Finale Way had all been suppressed for too long. The Three Eyes race had not turned to the Nihility race or the Element Spirit race. They just kept to themselves and this left them in the difficult position of having to defend relentlessly against the pincer attacks of the two major races.

In the beginning, all these civilizations held their faith in the Finale Way, forming alliances with one another as well as the humans in an attempt to thwart the process of the chaos, and help the civilizations in the chaos complete the Finale Way.

But since the humans had thinned out, they had been unable to disrupt the forces within the chaos. A long time passed and they had completely given up. The Finale Way became nothing more than an unrealistic hope to them.

Now, Zen's mention of it in public awakened a flicker of their original intent and previous dedication.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was blunt. He had experienced more and knew more than Zen. He said, "You can't. That probability of pulling it off is infinitely close to zero. You'd do much better to seize the opportunity in front of you."

"What sort of opportunity is that?"

As the Grandmaster of Heaven finished speaking, a white ball floated over from afar.

As it came nearer, a female's voice rang through everyone's ears.

When the Other Shore creatures saw the white ball, their expressions abruptly changed. This new presence floating in was from none other than the Element Spirit race.

Those that had submitted to the Element Spirit race, such as the Violet Cloud race, appeared respectful, intending to welcome the member of the Element Spirit race graciously.

The Element Spirit race had established the Blood Assembly in Stage Thirty-two, which was jointly ruled by the famous "big ten". This made those races wonder which of the ten masters was on the way.

The white ball approached and when they saw the shape of the flame within it, the color from their faces suddenly drained. The Other Shore races dared not get closer to the white ball for a long while.

Swoosh!

By the time the white ball came beside the Grandmaster of Heaven, the flames swirled around it calmly before out of the flames, morphed a perfect body.

It turned out to be none other than Claire, one of the few members of the Element Spirit race capable of coming into contact with the Eye Spirit. She held a status much higher than the so-called "big ten".

"Are you on holiday, Grandmaster of Heaven? I can't imagine how else you'd have the time to come to Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore," Claire asked with a cheeky smile.

The Grandmaster of Heaven glared at her in silence, holding back his aggravation. He said, "It is none of your business and has nothing to do with you."

"Of course it does,"

Claire argued, turning her head to smile at Zen. She looked at him as if he was an exquisite piece of art.

She twisted her body slightly and came out of the white ball, her flawless face close to Zen's.

She was a fire spirit that would melt any substance that got this close to her. But by the laws in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, Zen did not feel the tiniest hint of warmth.

"I chose this person before you did. I have sacrificed many lives at his hands in order to see him more clearly," Claire said, smiling devilishly. She looked back at the Grandmaster of Heaven and asked, "How could I now let you take him away from me?"

"You have sacrificed many lives at my hands?" Zen asked in confusion, frowning intensely. "You mean those..."

"Yes," Claire replied, nodding dutifully and looking at Zen with expectation and admiration. "Except for what happened in the Blooming Jade Stage, I arranged all the rest."

When Elizabeth had led Zen into the Blooming Jade Stage, they hadn't taken the usually used paths.

If he had broken into the lower ice field in the Blooming Jade Stage, he would have surely gone through great difficulties before he finally stepped into Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore.

But instead, he passed by the upper ice field and released Pompeo, the bald giant. This caused the Element Spirit race to lose control of the Blooming Jade Stage.

"What was the purpose of all this?" Zen asked, horrified.

"My purpose is the same as the Grandmaster of Heaven's," She said, grinning. "I had to observe you to determine if you'd be a valuable addition to our Element Spirit race."

Claire of the Element Spirit race extended an invitation to Zen as well.

When the Other Shore creatures present heard the news, they burst into an uproar once again.

The Element Spirit race had control of almost the entire Other Shore. They hadn't even seen the actual Eternal Realm talents as something special, let alone a talent who had not even entered the Eternal Realm yet.

Then why did they try to recruit Zen so openly?

Who was this human brat? How could two major races fight for him and dispatch their core figures to recruit him? All those present were utterly confused.

Pearce, Auden and the others stood motionlessly not far away.

They hadn't expected things to pan out this way either and were now a little more nervous; they weren't too sure if Zen would refuse both races.

Chapter 3803 Zen's Choice

Zen's mouth corners curved up slightly into a wry smile. "You've engaged in so much trickery. What conclusion have you reached from all your observations?"

"The conclusion is plain as day." The smile on Claire's face slid off her lips, and she became serious in her countenance. "Joining our Element Spirit race is the only path forward for you. I will ensure that you rank above the big ten in standing. Only six members have ever held this level of authority in our Element Spirit race."

Claire's offer shocked the Other Shore creatures present into silence.

The Element Spirit race had always been an enigma, and their governing structures and divisions of power had always remained unknown to outsiders.

Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven, who had led the human race against the Element Spirit race for many years, only knew that the leader of the Element Spirit race was called the Eye Spirit.

However, the creatures of Stage Thirty-two were well aware of the big ten of the Element Spirit race. After all, all their dealings in the Grand Plain Stage were usually handled by the big ten.

Would they really grant Zen a standing above the big ten if he were to join the Element Spirit race?

This was an impossible thing to consider, and shock echoed in the hearts of many Other Shore creatures.

Some of the weaker Other Shore races rarely had the opportunity to witness one of the big ten even if they joined the Element Spirit race.

In local terms, only the Eternal Realm masters of the major forces were qualified to attend the Blood Assembly. It was not hard to envision the true power and status of the big ten then.

'Is she speaking nonsense?'

'What qualifies this human to be so valued?'

'She must be kidding...'

Most of these Other Shore creatures were considering these and other thoughts in their minds.

Although they disbelieved Claire's offer, they only dared to think so and would not risk speaking it aloud.

"After the Purge Way is successfully concluded, I will give you three hundred places among the survivors. If you desire more, you are welcome to ask for more," added Claire.

It was the plan of the Element Spirit race to delay the end of this round of chaos indefinitely.

However, the only way to delay the end was to restrict the expansion of the chaos.

To put it plainly, the plan was to purge all but ten thousand living creatures from the chaos, while destroying the rest.

Therefore, each of the ten thousand places for the survivors would be precious and highly sought after.

If the Purge Way were really carried out, the value of three hundred places among the survivors was priceless.

With that knowledge, Claire still promised Zen three hundred places among the survivors without hesitation and might even give him more if he wanted. This was a sign of her sincerity.

"Three hundred places among the survivors..." Zen momentarily considered and gently shook his head. "That's not sufficient for me."

"How many do you demand then?" Claire asked as her eyes widened slightly in surprise.

"Nothing less than ten billion will suffice, I think," Zen replied, shrugging his shoulders. He wanted everyone in the divine land to survive. Ten billion was probably still not enough.

"Wait, ten billion is an impossible number because the degree of chaos will exceed our control," Claire answered earnestly as she pondered over Zen's demand. On second thoughts, she realized that Zen was pulling the wool over her eyes, and she immediately became enraged. "You!"

"I won't be joining any of you. I don't approve of the paths you have chosen," Zen said nonchalantly as he stared at Claire's angry face impassively. "During my early days in the Source World, Master Athemar had disclosed the three paths of the future to me!"

He suddenly raised his chin and announced in a thunderous voice, "The Purge Way is nothing more than a cowardly compromise. What is bound to come will inevitably come. You will murder everyone else in order to survive. What's the point of this?

The Nihility Way smacks even more of a madman's balderdash. Those guys only want to drag everyone else to hell with them!" Zen continued, "I don't know why the needle would descend to end the chaos, but just because it exists, we have no reason to stop fighting against it! I know that there are many other ruling civilizations present who have fought for the Finale Way, and I believe that this is the true and just cause. As for the Purge Way and the Nihility Way, those are nothing but the paths of evil!"

"You are a shameless upstart to dare make such remarks! You haven't even reached the Eternal Realm. What gives you the right to run your mouth like that here?" Elder Howe of the Violet Cloud race snarled at Zen.

Howe was highly offended by the tempting offer that Claire had tried to seduce Zen with, and he was even more shocked that Zen had refused her without hesitation. It was simply inconceivable!

He denounced Zen at this moment because he believed it was an opportunity to curry favor with Claire.

"Great speech, young human! If the Element Spirit race hadn't interfered with our efforts over the years, the Finale Way would have already succeeded. The Element Spirit race is to be blamed for the repeated failure of the Finale Way! They sabotaged our efforts!"

Following Howe, another Other Shore creature also stepped forward to speak his piece and take a stand.

This thin creature was from the Swallow Victory race. Like the Three Eyes race, the Swallow Victory race was not a mighty race, but they were well enough equipped to protect themselves at least.

There were actually several Other Shore races like them in Stage Thirty-two. They had all failed dismally at any attempt to complete the Finale Way.

"Young man, you are bold and courageous. Perhaps you will be the one who achieves the Finale Way!" The leader of the Three Eyes race also spoke up for Zen.

"We won't yield as long as even the last shred of hope still remains..."

"I agree..."

The Other Shore races who had supported the Finale Way in the past all now elected to back Zen's play. Emboldened, they were even prepared to face down Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven, and they didn't hesitate to declare their support for Zen.

The faces of Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven both darkened as the scene unfolded.

With the fall of the human civilization, these Other Shore races had also disintegrated. By necessity, the independent races like the Three Eyes race and the Swallow Victory race had all been forced to maintain low profiles because they lacked the ability to oppose the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race!

However, if they were to unite under one banner, they would become such a powerful force that it could not be underestimated!

Pearce and Auden were astounded by this sudden turn of events. They had never expected that Zen's words would actually manage to illicit support from so many Other Shore races. This sort of thing was simply unfathomable to them.

"All of you, shut up!"

Claire abruptly roared in anger.

Her voice was so loud that it almost flashed like lightning through the air of the entire Grand Plain Stage. The power contained within the sound wave spread out in all directions like a living entity, flowing uninterrupted as if it was water. Her formidable strength was obvious.

"That's a terrifying energy flow!"

Zen's expression changed slightly when he witnessed the surging energy.

If not for the protection mechanism of the Grand Plain Stage, the roar alone would have crushed a vast majority of the creatures present into powder.

The Other Shore creatures were all shocked by this display of energy, and they immediately tumbled into silence. However, despite this the Grandmaster of Heaven still appeared calm.

Claire's anger was momentary, and a smile quickly appeared on her face again as she turned back to Zen.

She would stay on her determined course of action, and besides that, she had already reached consensus with the Eye Spirit.

Zen's refusal had humiliated her, but she still wouldn't relent.

"That's fine," said Claire, taking two steps back with her hands behind her back. "I won't try to twist your arm in persuasion, but, in the end, I believe you will change your mind."

Chapter 3804 On The Eternal Scroll Painting

With a loud sizzle, a terrifying flame suddenly rose from Claire's slender body, burning her to ashes. .

The scarlet flames floating in the white ball was her real body.

The moment she turned into a ball of flames, a cold voice rang out yet again. "Grandmaster of Heaven, I advise you to give up."

"Just a word from you and you expect me to give up?" The Grandmaster of Heaven remained stoic. "Even if the Eye Spirit came to me in person, he has no right to force me to give up."

"If the Eye Spirit were to come to you in person, he wouldn't stop until he killed you," Claire added.

Over the years, the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race had fought quite fiercely both openly and secretly. The Nihility race hadn't declined, but had instead become stronger with each passing day. But overall, the Element Spirit race still held an absolute advantage.

If the Element Spirit race really wanted to fight the Nihility race to death, they would most likely find themselves in a situation similar to what the human race had been in back then.

The human race had once grown so powerful that they had become a threat to the Element Spirit race. But although the Element Spirit race had suffered a heavy blow, they had finally won. They had eliminated most of the humans, and trapped the outstanding human heroes on Stage Thirty-three.

Unfortunately, the Nihility race hadn't existed at the time. If it had, the Element Spirit race wouldn't have dared attack the human race at such great cost. After all, the fight between any of the two races would work as an advantage of the third one. No one would have dared do such a stupid thing.

This situation was somewhat similar to that of the past. The sudden rise of the Nihility race had already threatened the status of the Element Spirit race. If the Element Spirit race fought despite the risk of suffering heavy blows, they might succeed in eliminating the Nihility race.

There was no third great force that would profit from their fight. The Other Shore races that still stuck to the Finale Way weren't a threat in any way.

The Element Spirit race had a psychological advantage over the Nihility race.

But the Grandmaster of Heaven was mighty.

He had led the Nihility race from strength to strength.

The Grandmaster of Heaven remained stoic in the face of these threats. He replied calmly, "Then let's fight till death."

There was grit and determination in the simple reply.

Claire didn't say anything. The flames in the white ball trembled but she had already left.

The Grandmaster of Heaven stared at Zen.

He was also a very smart man. Zen's words made it clear that he believed in the Finale Way, and there was no question of changing his mind.

It would be meaningless for the Grandmaster of Heaven to stay here and persuade Zen to join the Nihility race. He had to find another way.

"Some ideas will change with time," the Grandmaster of Heaven said slowly and then dived into the red ball.

The three blood-red balls flew towards another direction.

Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven had left, but the shock that they had caused still lingered.

The final exchange between the powerful warriors of the two races had shocked the Other Shore creatures.

Were the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race preparing to fight to death in order to win Zen over?

It was a well-known fact that the two biggest races on the Other Shore had been fighting openly and secretly for nearly four hundred chaotic eras. But both sides were scrupulous and had never come to a stage where they had to fight to death.

And now their confrontation had escalated just because of a human boy who hadn't even reached the Eternal Realm yet?

What did it mean?

It probably meant that there was a reason why they thought Zen was worthy enough that they needed to fight until death.

What was the reason though?

The collective interest of the Other Shore creatures in Zen was piqued.

Even Pearce, Auden, and the others from the Oneness Sky Palace were confused.

They knew that Zen was important to the Oneness Sky Palace, but not to the point that two races were willing to fight for him!

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, what's going on?" Zen asked, confused and helpless.

The attitude that these two great races held towards him was beyond Zen's comprehension. He wanted an answer from the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had been silent from the very beginning. He seemed to want to avoid the Grandmaster of Heaven for some reason.

And now that the Grandmaster of Heaven had left, the Primeval Lord of Heaven returned to normal. He said slowly, as if he was mulling over his words, "Perhaps it's because of the eighteen imprints you've obtained."

The Other Shore creatures of Stage Thirty-two didn't know that Zen had obtained eighteen imprints, but the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire probably knew about it.

"Because of these imprints?" Zen said, even more confused. It wasn't a very convincing reason.

"As far as I know, the more imprints one has, the better they could handle everything in the Eternal Scroll Painting. But back then, it was unclear whether the eighteen imprints would cause other problems. Now that so many years have passed, many things might have happened that I do not know about."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven knew a lot about the world but he had been trapped on Stage Thirty-three for a long time. He didn't know anything about what had transpired in the past many chaotic eras. According to him, the problem was still in the eighteen imprints.

Everyone was absorbed in guesswork when the edge of the scroll painting in the sky suddenly became coated in a layer of gold.

The scroll painting hanging in the sky of the Grand Plain Stage revealed many different colors which slowly took shape and turned into silhouettes of different Other Shore creatures.

"Buzz..."

A circle soon appeared in the Eternal Scroll Painting. It rotated slowly and before long, a long colorful ribbon had emerged from it. It twisted and turned into a huge vortex, filling the entire Eternal Scroll Painting. The scene presented was magnificently eye-catching.

"Vortex!"

Of late, whenever Zen saw a vortex, he could not help but think of the Abstruse Energy World.

"Yes, it is connecting to some part of the Abstruse Energy World," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, confirming his thoughts.

As the vortex continued to fluctuate, the silhouettes that had shown up began to line up in an orderly fashion within the vortex.

The vortex was made up of hundreds of circles of different sizes. The silhouette of the Other Shore creature that was in the innermost circle looked like a single ball.

This ball was likely a member of the Nihility race or the Element Spirit race.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had once mentioned that the Eye Spirit of the Element Spirit race was ranked first in the Eternal Scroll Painting. This ball was probably the Eye Spirit.

A spider like creature was ranked second. The Primeval Lord of Heaven explained to Zen that it was a spider spirit from the Star Spider Civilization in the 96th round of chaos. Its silhouette had been left on the Eternal Scroll Painting, but its real body had already perished on Stage Thirty-three.

"Can such a powerful existence that ranked second in the Eternal Scroll Painting die in Stage Thirty-three?" Zen was surprised.

"The closer one is to the top ranks in the Eternal Scroll Painting, the more outstanding blood power one will be able to obtain. But these rankings don't represent their full strength," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said. "The Grandmaster of Heaven never managed to enter the first four circles, but he still became the leader of the Nihility race."

Chapter 3805 Pressed

While there were many ways to determine the strength of an Eternal Realm master, the Eternal Scroll Painting was the most crucial aspect.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was so powerful not only because he had obtained a unique bloodline power, but also because of what he obtained in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

One could say that within the entire Other Shore, the thirty-two stages had many separate spaces, while Stage Thirty-three was a completely different world.

That was the dome of the entire chaos, and it could even lead to the Abstruse Energy World.

"The scroll painting has already been unfolded!"

"Everyone, get ready!"

"Put your Heavy Stones into the Three Purities Stones."

The Other Shore creatures that had already put their souls and bodies into the Three Purities Stones all pulled out their Light Stones to create white vortexes on the ground. Through these, they entered their own worlds of Three Purities Stones.

Zen followed suit, putting the Heavy Stone into the round hole at the center of the Three Purities Stone.

After the Heavy Stone was positioned inside, magnificent, complex textures began appearing on the surface of the Three Purities Stone. The textures looked like the red-hot iron, converging toward the Heavy Stone in the middle.

As the textures gathered, the Heavy Stone was ignited, turning into a bright red ball.

With that, Zen sat at the last corner of the Three Purities Stone, waiting quietly for it to help him enter the Eternal Scroll Painting.

While many other creatures were busy entering the Eternal Scroll Painting, the Swallow Victory race, the Three-eyed race, and the other small Other Shore races all sent people to gather around Pearce.

"Sir, would you happen to be Elder Pearce from the Oneness Sky Palace? And is this Elder Auden?"

"I'm Florian of the Swallow Victory race."

"Can you tell me where Eastern Emperor Taiyi of the Oneness Sky Palace is?"

In the past, the Other Shore races didn't think much of the Souls of Light of Pearce and his companions, but now they managed to pay a visit together and treat him with some reverence.

Both Pearce and Auden felt rather flattered.

The purpose of their visit was simple—they wanted to know Zen's identity. To do so, they even revealed their utmost willingness to support him.

It was something that would have been almost unimaginable in the past.

Back then, when Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the Snake Goddess, and the others tried uniting with the Other Shore races in Stage Thirty-two of the Other

Shore, all the races refused them.

The Other Shore races had once tried their best to complete the Finale Way but to no avail. After they failed in the end, they chose to stay in a small world within Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, satisfied with managing their small territories.

It wasn't that they weren't willing to fight back, nor that they were scared. Both the bad end of the human race and some Other Shore races had served as a lesson for them.

But today, the attitudes of the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire offered them a glimmer of hope. Coupled with Zen's attitude, these Other Shore races felt they should gain a better understanding of the situation.

Of course, these Other Shore races didn't make such a big deal out of it.

Instead of showing up themselves, the leaders of the various races sent their members here.

The Other Shore races remained under the pressure of the Element Spirit race.

Pearce, of course, was unwilling to let go of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. While explaining Zen's origins, he also made some remarks to praise the warrior.

Many Eternal Realm warriors remained within these Other Shore races. If they could gather, they'd form a great force as well.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

At this moment, a ray of straight golden light suddenly shot out from the Three Purities Stone, shooting rapidly into the painting.

The first ray of golden light shot out, followed by the second ray, then the third ray...

The golden light was formed from the Heavy Stone embedded within the Three Purities Stone. The moment the light entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, it sent the Other Shore creature into the painting.

Zen was sitting in a corner of the Three Purities Stone. As the Heavy Stone grew brighter, the surrounding space began vibrating.

A great gravitational force pulled Zen's body upward.

Whoosh!

The moment Zen entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, it was as though he crashed into a solid wall at high speed. Or rather, he was hit by some sort of irresistible force.

Regardless of how strong his physical body was, the power was unbearable.

His entire body was pressed into a thin piece which was then imprinted onto the Eternal Scroll Painting.

And it was at this moment that Zen finally understood why the people on the Eternal Scroll Painting were all silhouettes.

As it turned out, they were also forcibly pressed onto the painting, becoming as thin as paper.

Normally, this meant anyone's death.

Even a soul that was squeezed to this extreme would dissipate.

But in this situation, Zen's own consciousness and his physical body's perception were complete. His movements, however, were rather strange.

Whenever he tried moving his hands, his feet moved at the same time, and vice versa.

His body was then crawling horizontally on the Eternal Scroll Painting like a crab.

While he could move, Zen was a little morose.

He felt as if he had changed into a creature of a completely different form.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, is this Eternal Scroll Painting turning us into a picture?" Zen asked.

"You should have seen that before you entered the scroll painting." The Primeval Lord of Heaven had long anticipated Zen's reaction.

"What's the point of this?"

Both the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation were built to strengthen the warriors through trainings.

Was it necessary to turn the warriors into the painting for them to reach the Eternal Realm and become Eternal Warriors?

"The point?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven took a moment of thought before continuing, "Perhaps this is another way to enter the Abstruse Energy World."

Apart from the Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore and the cave in the Deleting Space, there was no other way to enter the Abstruse Energy World, let alone the transmission method.

But if warriors obtained their own bloodline theurgy in the Eternal Scroll Painting, it indicated that they had already left the chaos. It might be a different means of transmission, but the warriors had to be pressed flat beforehand.

Of course, the Instant Civilization wasn't going to do anything meaningless—the Primeval Lord of Heaven's conjecture was valid.

After hearing the Primeval Lord of Heaven's words, Zen attempted to nod when he realized he couldn't complete the movement.

It took a while to get used to it, and then he managed to move his hands and feet at the same time. He wasn't moving too slowly, but as he crawled along the Eternal Scroll Painting, he saw something slender approaching him from the distance.

It was like an arrow, rapidly sweeping past Zen.

After it was out of sight, Zen realized it was a member of the Violet Cloud race.

"That's unfair!"

Zen shouted.

The Violet Cloud members' bodies were suited to moving in this form, so they naturally ended up far faster than Zen.

"You haven't seen the members of the Element Spirit race. You're going to find it even more unfair when you do," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven, shrugging his shoulders nonchalantly.

The bodies of the Element Spirits were ball-like. After being crushed, they remained in the same form, able to move freely within the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Chapter 3806 The Beasts In The Eternal Scroll Painting

There was never such a thing as fair in the world.

Every creature had its unique form and its advantages in a specific environment. For example, a fish could swim freely in water, but it would die on land.

Now, it was clear that humans didn't have any advantages with their forms in the Eternal Scroll Painting.

This was evident when Zen had no choice but to move awkwardly like a crab.

From the outside, the Eternal Scroll Painting looked like a single piece of paper, but in fact, it was three pages.

Furthermore, all the pages weren't as blank as they seemed. In reality, there were many beasts inside them.

There were many speculations about the origin of the beasts in the scroll painting. Some people said that the beasts in the scroll painting were creatures from the Abstruse Energy World, but the Eternal Scroll Painting turned out to be more habitable for them. Others said that the Instant Civilization created the beasts in the scroll painting.

Nevertheless, they were all simply assumptions.

It wasn't long before Zen encountered a beast after he entered the Eternal Scroll Painting.

The beast looked similar to the silhouette of an Other Shore creature. It wasn't that big, and it looked like a small wolf that was no taller than a human's leg.

The second he saw the beast, it quickly pounced on him.

The Other Shore creatures and Zen could only do limited things within the Eternal Scroll Painting. It truly felt like they were embedded in a painting, as their movements were restricted. On the other hand, the beasts in the scroll painting had more freedom.

In turn, Zen chose to counterattack directly.

However, the whole battle was simpler and more boring than he had imagined.

Zen immediately swung down the second the beast approached him. Although the movement felt awkward, he was still able to grab its leg accurately. At the same time, he twisted his other hand and tore the leg in half.

The whole process went by quietly as if a peaceful scene silently played out before his eyes.

The mangled beast turned into wisps of black smoke and swiftly gathered towards his body, then completely fused with him.

When all of the smoke had merged with him, his whole body trembled violently.

At the same time, a wisp of black smoke flew out of the Eternal Scroll Painting and fell from the sky, then headed straight towards his Three Purities Stone.

After that, a black mark appeared on the intricate pattern on the stone's surface. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, how many beasts do I need to kill before I can go to the second page?" Zen asked.

There was an important condition that one had to fulfill before they could go to the second page, and that was to absorb enough beasts in the scroll painting.

"I can't say exactly," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said. "The beasts on the first page aren't too powerful, and the black smoke you can absorb from them isn't much. If you only kill beasts of that size, then you need to kill about four thousand to five thousand of them," he explained.

Generally speaking, there were only a limited number of beasts every time the Eternal Scroll Painting opened.

Therefore, those Other Shore creatures were in a hurry because they wanted to kill enough beasts in the shortest time possible.

"Four to five thousand... That's a lot," he sighed.

He couldn't help but feel a little helpless.

It wasn't hard to kill the beasts in the scroll painting, but the problem was that there seemed to be very few of them.

Those who didn't kill enough beasts in the scroll painting couldn't advance to the second page. Furthermore, when the Eternal Scroll Painting closed, those who couldn't enter the second page would naturally be expelled, which meant they had failed.

Yet, the price of failure in the Eternal Scroll Painting wasn't too heavy. The "Heavy Stone" would simply be destroyed afterward.

Besides, if even the Oneness Sky Palace wouldn't have a hard time obtaining a few Heavy Stones, then the Other Shore races could get more.

That was why all the Other Shore creatures that had obtained the Holy Souls and the Myriad Tribulations Bodies successfully entered the Eternal Scroll Painting. As a result, the competition in the Eternal Scroll Painting became more intense.

Of course, the Eternal Scroll Painting was not a safe place. Many people died inside it every time it opened.

Some of them died because the beasts in the scroll painting had killed them, but most of them died in each other's hands.

After Zen had killed the beast, he traversed through the Eternal Scroll Painting like a crab once more.

But he couldn't even tell his position because of his limited vision. He just moved in one direction.

Moreover, he had been having bad luck. He only encountered a few beasts along the way, and most of them were quite thin and small.

Despite that, he didn't let go of any of them.

Overall, he only came across eight beasts in more than two hours. One of them was a snake-shaped beast, which had even escaped. He chased it for a long time but eventually had to give up in the end.

Meanwhile, many Other Shore creatures on the bronze ground observed the Three Purities Stones on the ground.

When the Eternal Scroll Painting had opened, it showed the silhouettes of the masters at the Eternal Realm. That was the scene on the third page. Since Zen and the others were still on the first page, their movements naturally couldn't be observed.

Every time the creatures from the Other Shore killed a beast in the scroll painting, however, a black streak of ink dropped from the scroll painting and left a mark on the Three Purities Stone.

Every time the bronze ground was refreshed, one could see the progress of the warriors in the Eternal Scroll Painting through observing the Three Purities Stones.

Most of the Other Shore races only cared about their own warriors' Three Purities Stones. This time, however, a lot of the Other Shore creatures were focused on Zen's Three Purities Stone, whether intentionally or unintentionally. It didn't matter if it were the Other Shore races that surrendered to the Element Spirit race or races that were neutral like the Three Eyes race; all of them quietly observed Zen.

Usually, anyone who caught the attention of Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven supposedly performed well in the Eternal Scroll Painting, and it shouldn't be hard for them to reach the Eternal Realm on their first attempt.

However, more than two hours had passed, but there were only very few marks of ink on Zen's Three Purities Stone!

"That human guy doesn't seem to have any extraordinary abilities."

"Over two hours have passed, but he has only killed a few beasts in the scroll painting?"

"If he continues like that, he'll soon be eliminated…"

Some creatures chattered among themselves in low voices, but Pearce, Auden, and the others from the Oneness Sky Palace still heard them.

"What is Zen doing?" Pearce asked. Auden shook his head.

"Maybe luck is not on his side today. I heard that the beasts in the scroll painting appear at random," he said.

All the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace who were present were at the Holy Soul Realm, so they couldn't enter the Eternal Scroll Painting and had no idea what might have happened inside.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

Just then, wisps of black smoke emerged continuously from the Eternal Scroll Painting and quickly descended towards their direction.

Pearce and the others immediately perked up when they saw the streaks of ink. 'Have they finally come?' they asked in their hearts.

A smile graced Auden's face as well. He knew Zen would never let them down.

But as the streaks of ink continued to fall, they went towards a Three Purities Stone nearby, which belonged to Walden of the Violet Cloud race.

The members of the Violet Cloud race knew what the warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace were thinking, and they felt disdain because of it. One of them even sneered, "I was wondering what kind of extraordinary being he was, but he's a loser after all. Now he wants to challenge our Violet Cloud race? Could he even enter the second page? Even if he did, he would only end up dead!"

Chapter 3807 A Smiling Face And A Crying Face

The members of the Three Eyes race and the Swallow Victory race who stood nearby also saw Zen's Three Purities Stone.

Their facial expressions changed subtly as well.

They thought that Zen would amaze everyone with his outstanding performance in the Eternal Scroll Painting, and that was how things were supposed to go.

To their great surprise, his performance was by no means outstanding. Instead, his journey in the Eternal Scroll Painting was fruitless until now.

For instance, the Three Eyes race had a total of three members who entered the Eternal Scroll Painting this time. One of them was the three-eyed boy, Egan, who performed the best, while even the one who did the worst among the three of them did much better than Zen.

Still, they didn't believe that the Grandmaster of Heaven would be wrong about his evaluation of Zen. They thought that the reason behind Zen's poor performance was probably because it was his first time to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting.

In any case, it wouldn't be a big deal if Zen couldn't get to enter the Eternal Realm this time anyway.

Most of these Other Shore creatures in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore had failed several times. Even the mighty warriors who were already at the Eternal Realm had also entered the Eternal Scroll Painting multiple times, and some of them a dozen or even a hundred times before.

But because of Claire's and the Grandmaster of Heaven's perception of Zen, everyone began to hold high expectations of him and believed that he would pass the Eternal Scroll Painting in one attempt. They had never imagined that he would've performed so clumsily.

Meanwhile, Zen moved leisurely inside the painting.

Although he didn't know how the others fared, he knew that he had killed far too few beasts in more than two hours.

However, it wasn't his fault since only a few beasts had appeared around him.

"Eh, that is..."

Just then, he suddenly saw a dark thing rolling not far away. It wasn't until he got closer to it that he realized it was quite a big beast.

He felt slightly happy to see the beast. It seemed that he wasn't that unlucky after all.

The moment he quickly approached the beast, however, three Other Shore creatures from another direction rushed towards it.

The three Other Shore creatures moved aggressively. Two of them pinned the beast down on both sides, while the other stabbed it.

The dead beast turned into wisps of black smoke and quickly gathered around the Other Shore creature that killed it.

It wasn't after they killed the beast that they noticed Zen, who stood not far away.

"Is that the human brat?"

"Ha-ha! He seems to have killed only a few beasts..."

"I thought he was a big shot, but he isn't even qualified to enter the second page! He doesn't deserve any attention."

Even though everyone turned into a flat picture, their voices were still transmitted in their original forms. Furthermore, the space allowed them to hear everything clearly.

The more beasts they killed, the more black smoke wrapped around their bodies.

Dense black smoke surrounded these three Other Shore creatures' bodies. On the contrary, only a small cloud of black smoke enveloped Zen.

It was hard for those Other Shore creatures not to envy him back then when both the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race invited him at the same time, especially when he wasn't even an Other Shore creature. He came from the chaos, but he could freely enter and leave the Other Shore.

After they mocked him for a bit, they immediately left.

Everyone was currently in a hurry to hunt the beasts, and no one wanted to waste their time.

As soon as they left, Zen helplessly rolled his eyes. Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven could not help but sigh quietly at his supposedly bad luck.

It wasn't that hard to pass through the first page of the Eternal Scroll Painting, and the beasts appeared at random positions. Even if someone was really unlucky, they should still be able to catch more than a few.

Therefore, neither Zen nor the Primeval Lord of Heaven thought that it was not because of bad luck that he hadn't encountered many beasts.

Every time he moved towards an area with a beast, the beast would mysteriously disappear or move to another place.

The same thing happened repeatedly for more than two hours.

No matter how fast he traveled, most of the beasts had avoided him on time.

However, he couldn't see what happened from his point of view. He could only blame it on his bad luck.

At that moment, a huge smiling face floated above the Eternal Scroll Painting.

The face was also a picture, but it left the Eternal Scroll Painting and floated in a special space.

"He seems to be a little impatient," the smiling face said softly.

When the voice came through, however, the smiling face quickly turned into a crying face and the voice became rough.

"Do we begin to guide him now?" the voice asked gruffly.

"Let's wait a little longer. There are too many ants that have flocked into the scroll painting this time.

I want to kill some of them," the soft voice came back as the face smiled. "Will they find out?" the crying face asked.

"Do you think they don't know we exist? Those cunning men aren't capable enough, so they just want to make us help them. They're really dreaming," the smiling face snorted coldly.

"Then let's do something about it right now!"

At that point, the crying face stopped worrying anymore.

On the other hand, a big black hand that held a slender ink brush appeared in the special space.

The hand gently drew on the Eternal Scroll Painting. Then a vivid beast came to life.

This beast was much bigger than those that appeared before. Its face looked ferocious with its evil fangs, and sharp thorns covered its whole body. It wasn't like the beasts that couldn't defend themselves from the warriors.

This beast was called the Worm Tapir. It was quite rare to find, even on the second page. Furthermore, the creatures on the Other Shore always tried their best to avoid it.

There was once a time that an Other Shore race killed a Worm Tapir but at the price of nearly forty members' lives.

As the slender ink brush continued to draw, more Worm Tapirs appeared on the scroll painting one by one.

Not long after, more than a hundred Worm Tapirs filled the scroll painting.

"Go and eliminate at least more than half of them," the crying face ordered.

In turn, the newly created Worm Tapirs immediately scattered everywhere like spilled ink and looked for their prey.

The competition among the Other Shore creatures on the first page was extremely fierce. Every time the Eternal Scroll Painting opened, only one-third of the creatures were allowed to enter the second page, so that every beast mattered.

Four Other Shore creatures worked together and just killed a group of beasts in the upper left corner of the Eternal Scroll Painting. Just as they were about to hunt for more, a black shadow suddenly appeared nearby.

They got excited as soon as they saw the black shadow and decided to capture it. However, one of them felt that something was wrong. A chill ran down his spine when he saw how the beast looked like.

"That's a Worm Tapir! Run!"

The Other Shore creature who saw the beast had once been to the second page, where he saw a powerful Worm Tapir with his own eyes.

He was confused, though. Why did a Worm Tapir appear on the first page?

Of course, he had no time to know the answer.

Once the Worm Tapir had targeted its prey, its body became erratic.

Then, it appeared and disappeared from time to time.

The Worm Tapir was also a picture, but unlike the Other Shore creatures who became pictures, it could leave the Eternal Scroll Painting for a short period.

The second it jumped out of the Eternal Scroll Painting, it looked like it had disappeared when viewed from the painting.

When the Worm Tapir fell back onto the Eternal Scroll Painting, it appeared again.

While the scene played out repeatedly, the Worm Tapir tore the four Other Shore creatures into pieces. Black ink, which turned out to be those four Other Shore creatures' blood, gushed out from their mutilated limbs and flowed across the white painting.

69

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

- Chapter 3808 Rain Of Blood
- Chapter 3809 Special Care
- Chapter 3810 The Second Page
- Chapter 3811 The Brush-wielder
- Chapter 3812 The No-break Maze
- Chapter 3813 Poisonous Leeches
- Chapter 3814 Eliminate
- Chapter 3815 Huge Snake
- Chapter 3816 Another Snake
- Chapter 3817 Keep Making Turns
- Chapter 3818 A Dead End
- Chapter 3819 Food
- Chapter 3820 The Fox Girl
- Chapter 3821 Smash
- Chapter 3822 Glazed Body
- Chapter 3823 Breaking The Defense
- Chapter 3824 One Opportunity
- Chapter 3825 Walls
- Chapter 3826 The Origin-Level Bloodline
- Chapter 3827 The Void Sand
- Chapter 3828 Imprint Transmission Tower
- Chapter 3829 Complete Erosion
- Chapter 3830 Results
- Chapter 3831 Surpassing
- Chapter 3832 The Closure Of The Eternal Scroll Painting
- Chapter 3833 Migration
- Chapter 3834 The Last Room
- Chapter 3835 Infinite Reproduction
- Chapter 3836 The Ultimate Cycle
- Chapter 3837 Something In Return
- Chapter 3838 The Eternal Divine Courtyard
- Chapter 3839 Four Creatures
- Chapter 3840 The Blood In The Cup
- Chapter 3841 Window

Chapter 3842 The World Within The Window
Chapter 3843 Investigation
Chapter 3844 The Four Spirits Sect
Chapter 3845 No Passing
Chapter 3846 The Boundary Wall
Chapter 3847 Cut The Ship
Chapter 3848 High In The Sky
Chapter 3849 Fists
Chapter 3850 Challenge
Chapter 3851 Tomos
Chapter 3852 Cooperation
Chapter 3853 Trapping
Chapter 3854 Fuxi's Great Strength
Chapter 3855 The Land Of Ancient Flesh
Chapter 3856 In The Black Ship
Chapter 3857 Combat Dragon Absorb
Chapter 3858 A Good Weapon
Chapter 3859 The Growing Light Column
Chapter 3860 The Creation Quadrant
Chapter 3861 Unable To Leave
Chapter 3862 Gap Of Strength
Chapter 3863 A Huge Figure

Chapter 3808 Rain Of Blood

When the four Other Shore creatures were killed, four blood dots simultaneously appeared within the Eternal Scroll Painting.

The moment those dots formed, the Other Shore creatures standing under the painting felt a sense of cautiousness creep under their skin.

They all knew that once a dot appeared, it could only mean that someone had died. However, they couldn't discern who it was or which race it came from.

With the forming of the dots came an uneasy sense of foreboding. It had been less than four hours since the warriors had entered the Eternal Scroll

Painting, and a death rarely ever occurred on the first page.

As everyone stared at the dots intently, a sudden ray of blood light erupted from each one.

Woosh! Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

They all watched as the four beams of light headed to the north, illuminating four Three Purities Stones.

Standing beside the stones were members of the Dull Blood race.

The Dull Blood race was well known within Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore. Their expressions darkened when they realized what the rays of blood light meant.

Those warriors that had died were incredibly talented, all trained by the Dull Blood race. It was nearly incomprehensible that they had died in less than four hours after entering the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"What on earth could have happened in the Eternal Scroll Painting?"

"They should be on the first page. Why?"

Their questions went unanswered.

Those of the Dull Blood race were struggling with the feelings of sadness and puzzlement while the other races of the Other Shore felt a keen sense of relief. It didn't matter what happened in the Eternal Scroll Painting as long as the dead were not of their own race.

An overwhelming amount of Worm Tapirs had been released into the Eternal Scroll Painting though, so how could the other Other Shore creatures be spared the same fate?

It was not long after the first four deaths that two more blood dots marred the surface of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

As they watched the circles form, their hearts rose to their throats, choking them.

"What is going on in there?"

"Since when was the first page of the Eternal Scroll Painting this dangerous?"

"I can't believe it! Another two people have died..."

They all watched with bated breath as the rays of light fell over another race on the Other Shore. Each face of the Other Shore race turned sullen.

"It had to be an accident!"

"Dying on the first page may be rare, but it has happened throughout history..."

"They're just unlucky. That's all!"

Throughout history, very few had died on the first page of the Eternal Scroll Painting. And if anyone happened to die then, it was maybe one or two. However, this time was proving to be incredibly different.

As they watched the painting with rapt attention, dozens of blood dots began to rapidly appear. Most of the Other Shore creatures thought that this must be a mistake.

After realizing it was not a hoax, the entire bronze ground fell into a deafening silence.

The Other Shore creatures looked up to the sky with impossibly wide eyes, their mouths flapping open and closed as if trying to speak but no sound came out. This occurrence was so unexpected and crazy that no one knew what to think or say. Something terrible had happened on the first page.

The newly formed blood dots hummed softly.

Dozens of rays of blood light burst from the newly formed dots in haphazard patterns. When a beam of light touched a Three Purities Stone, they all knew it meant that the Other Shore creature represented by the stone had died.

There was an odd sound of disbelief that echoed through the silence. "How could this be?" Pearce asked, his voice wobbly with anxiety.

"Will Zen be all right?" Auden asked in a much calmer tone.

"Look! A ray of blood light is coming!" Libby suddenly pointed to the sky.

The beam of light from the Eternal Scroll Painting was barreling towards them. As they watched the light, the hearts of those of the Oneness Sky Palace skipped a beat.

They could hear the humming of the ray as if a swarm of insects were hovering around their heads.

At the last second, the light deviated slightly and landed on a Three Purities Stone not too far away from them. That particular stone represented a member of the Violet Cloud race.

When they realized the light was not for Zen, the Oneness Sky Palace breathed a collective sigh of relief.

The death had not been Zen.

Opposite of the Oneness Sky Palace's relief, the members of the Violet Cloud race felt heavy with their comrade's death.

There had been six from the Violet Cloud race to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting. Aside from Walden, the dead member was another who had been most likely to enter the Eternal Realm. Their sadness for the member was almost all consuming.

Once the rays of light had found their stones, the creatures of the Other Shore returned their gazes to the Eternal Scroll Painting.

So many had perished in a single breath on the first page, so they could only assume the remaining creatures were having just as difficult of a time.

Unfortunately, their thoughts were proven correct.

After a brief reprieve, nearly a hundred blood dots began to litter the painting.

When the blood light began to fall from the dots, a brilliant flash of white light burst across the bronze ground in the distance.

When the relief sculptures on the bronze ground were renewed again, the Other Shore creatures shifted their gazes to the Three Purities Stones of the warriors who had had their lives taken.

The bodies that were anchored to these Three Purities Stones had been torn to shreds and scattered all over the ground.

Despite the Eternal Scroll Painting already being disfigured by a bloody storm, the Other Shore creatures still within it were calm.

The canvas of the painting was immense, and because the Other Shore creatures within it had turned into pictures on the Eternal Scroll Painting, their vision was quite limited. They could only see a bit far ahead of them, so they had no idea how many had actually met their end.

Zen found himself at a relatively remote position, so he was able to avoid the Worm Tapirs with relative ease.

As he glanced around for the beasts though, he paused and felt an odd sense of confusion fill him. The ground before him was covered in black.

He thought that it might be a beast curling up on the ground. With a pleased grin, he charged forward only to discover what he saw was not a beast, but a torn "picture" and the space was pooled with blood.

"This must have been an Other Shore creature. How could he have been torn apart like this?"

Zen was slightly surprised. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, didn't you say that there would be no danger on the first page?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven looked just as surprised as Zen was. He thought for a moment before speaking, "Perhaps it is an exceptional case. Some of the Other Shore creatures are quite weak."

"Everyone here has achieved a Myriad Tribulations Body though. How could such an Other Shore creature lose to a beast in the scroll painting?" Zen questioned, doubting what had been said.

Nodding his head, the Primeval Lord of Heaven couldn't help but agree. "Perhaps some beasts that shouldn't appear on the first page have appeared. It's a very small chance that it happens, but still possible."

If that were true, then Zen would need to be careful.

While the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Zen were analyzing the situation, three Other Shore creatures suddenly rushed over from afar. They had been able to kill a beast before Zen earlier.

Zen looked at them a little closer, and realized they were screaming for help as they ran from something.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven noticed what was chasing them before Zen did.

"It's a Worm Tapir! On the first page? Zen, run!" he called to Zen in warning.

"A Worm Tapir?"

Zen hesitated, but he could hear the urgency in the Primeval Lord of Heaven's voice.

He could see a black silhouette appear and disappear behind the Other Shore creatures, as if it were riding waves.

It was moving incredibly fast, taking no time at all to reach the three Other Shore creatures.

When the black silhouette crashed over the top of them, they were ripped apart at the middle. Their blood spurted out in all directions creating a grotesque, abstract image.

Chapter 3809 Special Care

"Hurry up!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven urged Zen. "What are you thinking about there?"

Zen merely stood on the spot and the Primeval Lord of Heaven saw it fit to get him moving.

There was no way to distinguish the corpses of the three Other Shore creatures from each other given that they were all covered with black ink.

Hearing what the Primeval Lord of Heaven had said, Zen quickly mobilized and began to wildly run towards the opposite direction.

Moving like a crab in the Eternal Scroll Painting made it extremely difficult for him to run but he was surprisingly fast since it was currently a life-and-death crisis.

After killing the three Other Shore creatures, the Worm Tapir turned its attention to Zen who was trying to escape with his life. It straightened its body and only left four, black dots on the Eternal Scroll Painting. These dots were the projection of its four legs.

Suddenly, the black dots disappeared! This was when the Worm Tapir jumped into the air and lunged forward.

What it actually did was move to a higher space in order to get closer to its prey.

Zen witnessed it disappear every now and then but every time he caught sight of it, it seemed to get closer and closer.

A trace of helplessness appeared on his face. "It's so fast!" he whined and the Primeval Lord of Heaven harrumphed in reply.

"This is why I told you to leave in the beginning but no! You decided to stand there and watch it approach!"

Zen was no stranger to crisis. Ever since he carried the human race's Civilization Artifact, all he seemed to face was crisis, after crisis, after crisis. Through it all though, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was always his source of calm and clarity, however, this didn't seem to be the case for their current situation.

The reason he could be so calm back then was either because he had something up his sleeve or the trouble was so trivial that Zen would be able to deal with it by himself.

This time, however, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was at a loss. The moment Zen entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, he was already a part of it and subject to its irregularities.

It didn't help that his current form was very inconvenient. There was no way to escape from whatever crisis the Eternal Scroll Painting was going to throw at them.

The Eternal Scroll Painting could be entered but to leave it was a different story altogether.

If some people remained trapped on the first page because they failed to kill enough beasts, they wouldn't be able to leave until the Eternal Scroll Painting was closed.

There was definitely no form of escape to get away from this Worm Tapir!

"What should I do now?" Zen asked in desperation. The distance between him and the Worm Tapir was only less than ten feet now.

If it went on like this, then there was no doubt that he would die within the next few seconds.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was currently trying to think of a way to help Zen escape his current predicament.

"What you can do is..."

It could not be denied that he was under so many limitations and there was only so much they could do to get out of this alive.

There was a large part in the Primeval Lord of Heaven's heart that he simply wanted to tell Zen to give up and resign to his fate. However, when he opened his mouth to tell him this, all that came out was one word: "Run!"

Heeding this advice, Zen rushed forward and tried to create more distance between him and his pursuer. At that point, the Worm Tapir was already less than a foot away.

Its next leap would no doubt reach him!

From the corner of Zen's eye, the Worm Tapir disappeared once again.

Having noticed this, Zen stopped abruptly and ran in the opposite direction.

Sure, the Worm Tapir might be able to bridge distances using its method, but there was no way it would be able to predict Zen's movements.

This was only a temporary strategy to his problem but whatever bought him time was a welcome solution.

To his relief, this strategy actually worked!

As the Worm Tapir reappeared, it suddenly pounced towards Zen's original spot only to find him already gone.

Just as it was about to turn its head, a huge, black hand suddenly appeared out of nowhere and snatched it in the air. A crying face also appeared above the Eternal Scroll Painting and announced a gloomy warning. "You can kill anyone else but him."

The hand seemed to have humbled the Worm Tapir who now curled up like a docile kitten.

The hand lightly tossed the Worm Tapir away who then fell into another place within the Eternal Scroll Painting where two Other Shore creatures were staying.

"Aoo..."

With a loud roar, the Worm Tapir revealed its ferocious tusks and began to rampage once again.

On the other hand, Zen continued to run.

His strategy might have worked but the fight wasn't over yet.

He still needed to make sure he was safely at a distance. Once the Worm Tapir landed, it would no doubt chase after him again, right?

As he ran, Zen looked back just to see how far away the Worm Tapir was this time only to find it already gone!

It had completely disappeared!

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, where did it go?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied, also looking around for any sign of the Worm Tapir.

"Could it be..." Zen muttered. "Did it fall somewhere else when it pounced?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven shook his head and huffed. "Impossible! The Eternal Scroll Painting is a flat plane. Where could it have fallen into?"

Despite their misgivings, there was no way for them to know where the Worm Tapir went. At least Zen managed to stay alive.

Having survived this nightmare, Zen chose not to linger and continued ambling towards the direction he was headed to.

He, unfortunately, still did not encounter any beasts along the way though he did see quite a number of dead Other Shore creatures. They were either miserable pools of black ooze or scattered body parts all over the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"Were they all killed by that Worm Tapir?" Zen wondered out loud as he looked at all the strewn bodies. Was it even possible for the Worm Tapir to have caused all this carnage?

Even if it could move really fast and had a large range of motion, there was no way it could've killed all these Other Shore creatures in such a short period of time.

There was only one explanation for all of this. There was more than one Worm Tapir here.

Just as Zen came to this conclusion, a long, thin silhouette emerged from a distance. It was a member of the Violet Cloud race!

Among all Other Shore creatures, the Violet Cloud race was the fastest. Despite their agility, however, they were still no match for the Worm Tapir.

Since it was fast, the warrior of the Violet Cloud race managed to outrun the Worm Tapir but it also caught the attention of five to six more. These Worm Tapirs followed behind the poor warrior so closely that Zen was completely ignored.

The massacre continued for about ten more minutes and the crying face above soon turned into the smiling one. "Ah, many of them have been cleared away..."

It originally wanted to eliminate more than half of Other Shore creatures but a lot more perished during the disaster. If the Worm Tapirs didn't stop killing, then it was only a matter of time before all of the creatures were annihilated.

With a wave of the huge hand, all the Worm Tapirs ceased their murderous rampage.

It was only then that the Other Shore creatures could breathe a sigh of relief.

"What should we do next?" the smiling face asked. "Should we start guiding him now? Or should we get him out directly?" The crying face appeared and shook its head.

"Don't make it so obvious. Let him enter the second page first," it said.

With that, the huge hand grabbed the brush and smeared it onto the Eternal Scroll Painting. Beasts began to materialize within the painting and gathered towards Zen.

This large pack of beasts headed straight towards him was greatly unnerving but Zen soon found that they were of normal strength levels. He would be able to beat them with his abilities.

Chapter 3810 The Second Page

Although Zen didn't feel comfortable with his current form, he could now make do with it as he had been like this for so long.

The beasts that were rushing over him were much weaker than him.

It didn't matter if it was big or small. The moment he caught a creature, he tore it up like it was just a rotten piece of hemp rope.

The dead beasts were like ink on paper, soaring towards Zen's body and lingering around him.

The ink dripped from the Eternal Scroll Painting and turned into wisps of black smoke, shooting straight into Zen's Three Purities Stone.

"He finally gets some black smoke," Libby said, happy at this development.

Everyone from the Oneness Sky Palace knew that Zen was highly valued, and that his previous performance had been bad.

The only thing that made them happy was that Zen seemed to have saved himself even though so many Other Shore creatures had died within the Eternal Scroll Painting that had clearly turned into a bloody field.

They hadn't expected Zen to finally begin hunting beasts in the scroll painting.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Wisps of black smoke continued to gather, gaining speed with each passing minute.

"Gosh, how many beasts did he kill in one go?" Pearce asked, panting, his eyes wide.

He had never entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, but he still knew a few things, thanks to the ancient books. It wasn't normal for Zen to collect the black smoke at such a fast speed.

The Other Shore creatures that had originally held a keen interest in Zen had all chosen to give up because many people belonging to almost every Other Shore race had died. But now, the descending black smoke attracted their attention once again.

"What's going on with Zen?"

"How is he so fast? Did he encounter a large group of beasts?"

"So many people have died in the Eternal Scroll Painting. Does it have anything to do with him?"

There was no doubt that there was something unusual about Zen's performance, and the Eternal Scroll Painting that had killed so many people. No wonder people were beginning to connect the two together.

But even Zen, who was in the painting, was dumbfounded.

There were too many beasts that were coming for him and surrounding him, like lambs to the slaughter. .

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, what do you think is the point of killing these beasts?"

Zen asked as he waved his hands to tear the beasts apart. "The Eternal Scroll Painting is also a trial. So what's the use of the black smoke?"

Both the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation were well understood. The Soul City allowed one's soul to enter a new realm, while the Land of Bone Tribulation allowed one's physical body to enter a new realm, both multiplying one's strength.

One usually entered the Eternal Scroll Painting to obtain a bloodline, but what was the use of killing the beasts in it and obtaining the black smoke?

"This black smoke is a kind of medium," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said. "The place where people can obtain bloodlines isn't in the chaos but in the Abstruse Energy World. I believe you know how difficult it will be if you enter the Abstruse Energy World in your ordinary form."

Zen had been to the Abstruse Energy World. He had lost himself once he had entered it and had lost track of time and space. It was as if he had become completely blind and deaf.

The others were much worse than how Zen had been.

If the bloodlines were really placed on the ground like treasures, the Other Shore creatures would either not be able to pick them up, or they wouldn't be able to understand what it was on the ground.

But Geoffrey was obviously an exception.

Transforming into the special form in the painting was only the first step. Fusing with the black smoke was the second. This kind of medium was a disguised test.

The Other Shore creatures were also busy killing beasts.

More than two-thirds of the Other Shore creatures had been eliminated by that group of Worm Tapirs. As a result, more than half the competitors in the Eternal Scroll Painting had been eliminated. The competition was really not that fierce. The remaining creatures didn't need to fight for the beasts.

No one could say if there would be another group of Worm Tapirs appearing on the first page. The best thing for them to do would be to quickly move to the second page before anything else happened.

Wisps of black smoke continued to descend from within the Eternal Scroll Painting and into the Three Purities Stones. Zen's Three Purities Stone was the most prominent of them all. The black smoke was like a pillar that stretched endlessly.

This lasted for about five minutes. Zen didn't know how many beasts he had killed. The moment he was done fusing with the black smoke, he suddenly felt his body sink.

It was as if someone had poured a massive amount of lead into his body. The Eternal Scroll Painting's white ground began to sink, with Zen trapped within it.

It took only a moment to go from white to black and then from black to white again.

When Zen's vision was restored, he discovered that he was still lying on the Eternal Scroll Painting, in the flat form.

"The second page seems to be no different than the first page," Zen said.

"Not at all. Go and have a look," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

Zen moved some distance before two lines came into sight.

He found that these two lines outlined a road. Black thorns lined the road on both sides.

These thorns were in the painting but the Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't hesitate to warn Zen that they would be fatal.

Even without his warning, Zen wouldn't be so bored that he'd be compelled to step on them.

According to what they had previously understood, since the first page of the scroll painting was a process of absorbing the medium, the second page must technically be a transition between the Abstruse Energy World and the chaos. Seen this way, the third page was already in the Abstruse Energy World.

The key to decide what one could get in the Abstruse Energy World was on the second page.

Zen walked along the road for quite a while. The two lines curved out in the distance and opened out into an open platform on which a few Other Shore creatures were already standing.

Zen was not the first one to enter the second page. When the Worm Tapirs had appeared, quite a number of creatures had already killed enough beasts. These creatures had been lucky to avoid the slaughter.

The human-like figure standing on the left side of the platform was familiar to Zen. His forehead had an eye drawn on it. A three-eyed warrior!

Zen was sure that this was none other than Egan from the Three Eyes race.

"You've also entered the second page!" Egan exclaimed, noticing Zen.

"What's wrong?"

Zen said, noticing that the moment he entered the platform, all the Other Shore creatures, including Egan, surrounded him.

"Where are the other members of my Violet Cloud race? Why haven't they entered the second page? Tell me if you don't want to die!" a member of the Violet Cloud race commanded. 'This must be Walden, ' Zen thought.

Chapter 3811 The Brush-wielder

"The other members of the Violet Cloud race?"

Zen repeated with a hint of hesitation.

"Yes! Where are they now?"

Anxiety seeped into Walden's voice as he asked.

"They should all be dead by now," was Zen's indifferent response.

"Nonsense!" snapped Walden.

The Violet Cloud race's fighting capacity wasn't considered particularly outstanding among the many Other Shore races, but they held the advantage of moving freely within the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Even if something wrong were to happen on the first page, the people of the Violet Cloud race weren't likely to die so easily.

"Zen, how could anyone possibly die on the first page?" Egan asked in disbelief.

"That's too questionable. I've never even heard of anyone dying on the first page," another Other Shore creature echoed from the side.

Taking note of the suspicious gazes on him, Zen replied nonchalantly, "Since you don't believe me, why bother asking?"

"It seems you have yet to learn how to talk properly. Shall I teach you?" threatened Walden impatiently.

On the bronze ground, the Violet Cloud race had confronted Zen. Neither Walden nor the other members had any intentions to befriend Zen.

But Claire's kindness toward him had dumbfounded the Eternal Realm masters of the Violet Cloud race.

If the Violet Cloud race wanted to kill Zen in the Eternal Scroll Painting, they'd undoubtedly be subjected to Claire's utmost wrath. So before Walden and the rest entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, Elder Howe had to remind them specifically not to attack Zen.

As Zen had been so highly esteemed by the Element Spirit race, Walden was extremely envious of him. In spite of Howe's warning, Walden decided to teach Zen a lesson.

As Walden approached threateningly, Zen raised his hands in a stance of attack.

While Zen had never intended to get along with the Violet Cloud race either, he hadn't yet fully understood the Eternal Scroll Painting's mechanism. He figured it would be wise to put aside any chance of conflict in the meantime.

But if Walden launched a challenge, he wasn't going to hesitate to fight back.

Just then, another Other Shore creature appeared — it was none other than a member of the Three Eyes race.

The guy was lucky enough to have survived the Worm Tapirs' slaughter.

"Egan, are you alright?"

While the warrior from the Three Eyes race did survive, he had witnessed a terrible amount of dead bodies torn apart by the Worm Tapirs on the first page — it was undeniably a horrifying sight.

"It's you, Kirk! Of course, I'm fine. Why do you ask me that? What happened on the first page?" While Egan was surprised to see one of his kindred, he was even more astounded by the frightened look on the other's face.

Egan knew Zen rather well — he didn't believe the latter was the sort of person who would ever lie to them.

Still, the fact that the other members from the Violet Cloud race all perished on the first page was far too astonishing. He couldn't help but be skeptical.

But the concern that filled his clansman pushed him to believe that something terrible had indeed unfolded on the first page of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Walden stopped to stare at Kirk and waited for an answer.

"A great number of Worm Tapirs appeared on the first page. Many people have been killed, including our brother..." Kirk delivered the grim news.

"What?!"

Walden and the Other Shore creatures were all shocked and slack-jawed at the news.

It was well-known just how powerful a single Worm Tapir was, as well as how terrifying an entire pack of the ferocious beasts could be.

It was then that they realized Zen told no lies.

"What about my people? Did you see any of them?" Walden asked anxiously.

For a second, Kirk hesitated before replying, "I couldn't quite verify that, but I did see three of their corpses along the way."

"Three of them…"

Walden's shoulders drooped at that.

This time, the Violet Cloud race had sent only a total of six warriors into the Eternal Scroll Painting, but three of them were now confirmed dead. The other two were also likely to have died.

Just as Walden did, the rest of the creatures began to understand the gravity of the situation.

Once Kirk arrived at the circular platform, more and more Other Shore creatures entered the area, bringing in more information about the first page, further verifying Zen's and Kirk's words.

On the first page, the Other Shore creatures had suffered heavy casualties. In the end, only about forty of them survived and gathered on the circular platform — the number went far lower than any of the previous records.

Because of the abundant brutal killings, a heavy and somber atmosphere blanketed the platform.

Most of them kept silent if they could.

Such a great catastrophe unfolded on the first page so it was natural that they were dreading the second page. Now, they were wondering if they could even come out alive.

At that moment, they heard a strange rustling sound out of the blue.

A narrow line suddenly appeared out of nowhere in front of the circular platform. As it extended, it eventually formed a door.

"This door... did someone just paint this?" Zen muttered to himself in disbelief.

"It's possible," the Primeval Lord of Heaven agreed.

The Eternal Scroll Painting's form was already highly special — it was still uncertain whether it was in the chaos or the Abstruse Energy World. Meanwhile, for the one who drew the actual lines on the painting, it was a far more complicated matter.

In the upper space outside of Zen and the rest's view, a huge brush drew on the second page of the painting.

Once the door was completed, the brush moved upward, forming a long and narrow path. Once the path extended up to a certain distance, it connected to another area that turned into a maze.

"There's no need for it to be so troublesome. Just draw a path that passes right through the maze," grumbled the crying face.

"Then why don't we just take him down from the painting and send him there directly?" the smiling face asked in return.

"Would that be too straightforward?" While the crying face was clearly hesitating, it indeed considered the possibility.

Snorting, the smiling face said, "As the brush-wielder, we've already done too much to help him. If we guide him right through the maze now, the consequences will be incalculable. Even if you're willing to do so, I will not allow it!"

The smiling face and the crying face were two separate souls of a single creature. All members of their race carried two souls in one body — their conversations were signs of the inner contradictions of a lonely brush-wielder.

"If he dies halfway, all our previous efforts will be wasted," said the crying face with worry.

"He obtained all the eighteen imprints. If he still fails, it means we're destined to fail as well. No one else can be blamed for that," the smiling face said decisively.

And so the brush continued to extend upward until it reached the very top of the Eternal Scroll Painting where a black vortex lay. From their point of view, there were numerous white dots of light flashing in the depths of the vortex.

This black vortex was the so-called third page of the Eternal Scroll Painting — something people could see in the Grand Plain Stage. It was still white when they looked up at it from the stage, but the inside was actually black.

Once the brush-wielder connected the lines to the black vortex, they seemed to get pulled into it. Then, the circular platform at the bottom began rotating slowly until the door opened with a tug.

"The door is open..."

"I don't want to participate this time…"

"Now that we've reached the second page, we must advance!"

Naturally, the many casualties from the first page had some Other Shore creatures grow hesitant to proceed.

The trip in the painting was far different from the previous ones. Some decided to merely wait on the platform. Once the event ended, they'd be able to leave the painting safely.

Since the Other Shore creatures could pass through the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation, they all possessed outstanding wills and talents — eventually, of course, most of them managed to conquer their fears and step into the door.

Chapter 3812 The No-break Maze

Behind the door, two straight lines extended upward, forming another long and narrow path.

Walden of the Violet Cloud race no longer seemed to be in the mood to make trouble for Zen. He passed through the door and rushed to the forefront of the group.

The other Other Shore creatures all trailed behind Walden, following close behind him.

On this occasion, the Three Eyes race had sent three members into the Eternal Scroll Painting. One of the three had died, which they considered quite a good result.

The creatures from the Other Shore entered the door one after another. Once most of them had passed through, Zen moved forward in a strange sideways manner, waving his hands and feet.

Egan and Kirk were the last to enter the door. They had intentionally waited for Zen to advance before them. However, when the two members of the Three Eyes race saw the way Zen moved, they immediately burst into laughter.

Egan said, grinning, "Zen, we have a better way of moving in this current form."

He had found that Zen had been moving strangely since he entered the round platform.

"What do you mean?" Zen asked.

The members of the Three Eyes race were very similar in form and build to human beings. Zen thought that if Egan and his clansman knew a better style of movement, he would be able to imitate it.

Egan stretched out his hands and raised his arms. In a single motion, he slashed his arms downwards, and the motion propelled his body into the air.

"It looks almost like you're swimming,"

Zen observed, his brows furrowed.

"Yes, this way is like swimming, and it should be the fastest way," said Egan. "Your way, on the other hand..."

Zen stood with his arms outstretched, imitating Egan's earlier pose. He slashed his hands downward, and his entire body was propelled a good distance forward. He smiled.

Egan was right. It was much faster and easier to move forward using these motions.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven," Zen muttered.

Zen was slightly put out that the Primeval Lord of Heaven hadn't told him about this way. He believed that the Primeval Lord of Heaven had to have known about it.

"Well, I thought you were enjoying walking like a crab, so I didn't mention it," replied the Primeval Lord of Heaven with a chuckle.

Zen rolled his eyes.

He continued to slash with his arms, moving his body forward along the path formed by the two thin lines.

After he had covered a lengthy distance along the path, Zen stopped to take a look around him. The round platform at the bottom was no longer visible. He gazed at the top, but nothing could be seen.

A question suddenly arose in his mind. 'The path is enclosed by the two lines. I wonder what will happen if anyone steps outside the boundary of the lines?' he thought.

He decided to ask Egan. In fact, Egan had been waiting for Zen to ask such a question since they stepped through the door, for it was the first time Zen had entered the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"The path is not as simple as it looks," Egan explained. "Without this path, this area would be a dark, bottomless abyss. If you want to see for yourself, there's a place in the middle of the path where you can observe the abyss."

"Observe the bottomless abyss?" Zen asked with interest. Of course, he was fascinated by what lay outside the lines of the path, and he wanted to see the abyss Egan had mentioned.

Egan nodded. "Wait, and I'll tell you when we reach the right spot."

They continued to move forward for some time. Finally, Egan came to a stop, and Zen could see why. The path had suddenly become wider.

But they had not yet reached the end. They were at the midpoint of the path.

Several small rings had been drawn in the middle of the path. Inside each ring was the outline of a hexagram array.

Zen opened his mouth to ask another question, but Egan was already telling him the answer. "If you stand on the hexagram array, you can see the environment that surrounds this path."

There were six hexagram arrays in the open space. Most of the Other Shore creatures passed by without slowing down, seemingly disinterested in the arrays. Perhaps it was because they had already seen the abyss many times.

However, as a newcomer, Zen was extremely curious about the characteristics of the Eternal Scroll Painting. As soon as Egan finished speaking, he hurriedly went to stand on a hexagram array.

Indeed, it was actually more accurate to say that Zen was crouching, not standing. After all, there was no concept of "height" in the limited dimension of the Eternal Scroll Painting. In actuality, Zen was crawling slowly across the ground.

When Zen had positioned himself at the proper spot on the hexagram array, he caught his breath, for everything around him had changed.

Previously, his perception of the environment had been constrained. He could only see one plane of his own and the scene around it. But at that moment, Zen seemed to have returned to his original form.

It was as though he stood on a long, narrow black bridge, surrounded by the darkness of an infinite, fathomless abyss.

"Now do you understand?" asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven, who sounded like he was smiling.

"If I leave the path drawn by the lines, I will fall off the bridge and into the abyss," Zen murmured, nodding to himself.

While he stood on the hexagram array, Zen had regained a temporary freedom of movement, so he seized the opportunity to move his limbs as he wished.

"To be more precise, you will find yourself lost in the passage between the chaos and the Abstruse Energy World," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven, to clarify Zen's answer.

There were several notorious instances of people who had crossed the lines of the bridge, unable to resist their curiosity.

None who left the path had ever returned. Once someone fell into the abyss, he would be lost forever.

As Zen reveled in the freedom to move his hands and feet, he glanced down at the bridge. The lines on the Eternal Scroll Painting looked exquisite. Egan and Kirk stood patiently on the bridge, waiting for him.

From Zen's vantage point, these two members of the Three Eyes race were no longer comprised of lines. Instead, their own original appearances were imprinted on the bridge.

Zen observed them, intending to withdraw from the hexagram array after a few more moments.

But an unexpected chill suddenly lifted the hairs on the back of his neck. He quickly turned. To his shock, he caught a fleeting glimpse of a crying face floating in the darkness, staring at him across a great distance.

"What's that?" he asked quickly.

He was startled, and tried to catch sight of the face again, but there was nothing but blackness.

The crying face had vanished almost as soon as it appeared.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven tried to see what Zen was talking about, but the crying face was gone, leaving only empty darkness behind.

"What did you see?" asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"A face!" Zen exclaimed. He had only seen it for an instant, but he was absolutely certain of what he saw.

There was no doubt in his mind that it had been a face. After all, he had seen it as clearly as he saw the bright lines of the path floating in the dark abyss.

"Perhaps you saw something else," the Primeval Lord of Heaven muttered.

He had an idea that there must be some creature in charge of the Eternal Scroll Painting. But if there was, then such a creature had not been seen in living memory. It had stayed hidden through countless chaotic eras.

Why would that creature choose to appear just when Zen entered the Eternal Scroll Painting?

"I don't think so," Zen said.

But he was beginning to have second thoughts. He realized that he had been in the Eternal Scroll Painting for some time now, and it was not unlikely that some illusion had manifested in his vision when he first regained his original form.

He glanced around, peering into the depths of the abyss, but this time he saw nothing but darkness. He sighed. With a shrug, he stepped out of the hexagram array.

As soon as he left the array, he found himself prone on the ground again.

The transformation between the two forms was not a painful process, but it was slightly uncomfortable. He felt awkward in this form.

"So, did you see the abyss and the bridge?" Egan asked with a smile.

"Yes, and it definitely seems like a bad idea to stray from the path," Zen replied.

He decided not to mention the crying face to Egan and Kirk.

The three of them lifted their arms and slashed downwards, resuming their forward motion. The hexagram arrays had been the midpoint of the journey, and they had made it through half of the remainder of the path when they came to a halt. To Zen's astonishment, the two distinct lines of the road had branched out to form an enormous, complex pattern.

It was the famous No-Break Maze of the Grand Plain Stage.

Zen said nothing as he stared at the maze. He absorbed its vastness and complexity.

In general, there was a real risk of getting lost in a maze, as anyone wandering through high-walled paths could easily lose their sense of direction and position.

But that was not the case in this situation. The vantage point of Zen and the others was such that they looked down at the maze from the top of the Eternal Scroll Painting, so although they could only see a portion of the maze, they could clearly see all the paths and passages within. From their point of view, the maze was only a series of lines. What was the purpose of setting up such a maze here?

Chapter 3813 Poisonous Leeches

The other creatures from the Other Shore entered the No-break Maze without hesitation and Zen, Egan and Kirk followed in behind them.

The maze itself was not complicated. Its purpose was not to trap and confuse creatures but to usher them through the tests the maze provided.

If one was strong enough, he or she would be able to pass through and make their way to the third page to choose his or her bloodline.

The weak, however, would be eliminated or die.

The process of becoming a powerful warrior had always been this cruel.

"Such a form does not allow us to exercise our true strength," Zen complained to the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

He could not even move freely now that he was in the form of a picture, and so naturally his fighting ability was reduced.

Zen was not the first to complain.

Other methods could have been employed for the purpose of selecting Other Shore creatures to obtain the bloodline abilities. A competition in an area of the Grand Plain Stage could be held, or a trial could be set up in a place similar to the Soul City or the Land of Bone Tribulation.

This would have been better as in their form in the Eternal Scroll Painting, it was impossible to show their strength.

"Don't worry, you will not be in this form forever," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven with a smile. "Remember the hexagram arrays?"

"Sir, do you mean to say there are also hexagram arrays in the maze?" Zen asked, his eyes lighting up.

Just a moment ago he had returned to his original form and he felt like a drowning man that had just climbed ashore. It was obvious he wished to fight in his standard form.

"Yes, that is correct," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered, nodding his head.

The reason the Eternal Scroll Painting was designed this way was because of how difficult it was to build a passage from the chaos to the Other Shore.

In the context of the vortex, even for that mysterious civilization, it was quite difficult to transport creatures one at a time. Perhaps it was the stubbornness of the Instant Civilization that had the trial still set in the passage to this day.

It was because of this that, even though they were unhappy with it, every Other Shore creature that entered the passage would be compressed into a picture.

It was true that when their forms were flat, their strength was suppressed. But even for an incredibly powerful civilization like the Instant Civilization, it was impossible to allow Other Shore creatures to maintain their true form throughout the passage. And so the hexagram arrays were created as a compromise.

They had made their way through a fair distance of the maze when they came to their first fork in the road. Those Other Shore creatures made their choices quickly and moved on.

Zen had learned that one could choose either path and reach the destination as long as one was strong enough to handle it.

The difference between the paths were the beasts on them.

Some of the Other Shore races had already learned the arrangements of the beasts and had their choices ready.

As for Zen, his mind was totally blank.

"Zen, left or right?" Egan stopped and asked.

"Well... Is there any difference?"

Zen hoped the Primeval Lord of Heaven would offer some advice, but he revealed that the arrangements of the beasts in the No-break Maze changed over time and so after so long, they would have changed too much for him to be of any use here.

"Of course there are differences," replied Egan, "According to the last ten openings of the Eternal Scroll Painting, the right will prove more troublesome, while the left path is much safer!"

"Then why did they choose the right one?" Zen asked confusedly of some of the Other Shore creatures.

Their choice didn't seem to surprise Kirk at all. "The information different races have collected varies. Perhaps, for them, taking the right path will be easier."

"Since this is your first time in the No-break Maze, you can follow us," Egan suggested.

He might not have seen Zen fight with his own eyes, but he believed Zen must have some merits to be invited by two great races.

"Okay,"

Zen replied, accepting the invitation. Although it was possible for the Primeval Lord of Heaven to lead him through, the Eternal Scroll Painting changed constantly, not to mention, his impression of the Three Eyes race was good.

They decided on the left passage and came across several forks in the road along the way.

Every fork further divided the Other Shore creatures into different paths. Four forks later and it was only the three of them left on this one. Now, two thin lines that twisted like waves formed the curves of the channel before them.

There were many circular objects on the walls on either side and Zen didn't have the slightest clue as to what they were.

"Zen, I think it'd be best to walk faster on this road. The things you see on the walls are Poisonous Leeches. If we get caught by them, we'll be in big trouble," Egan warned.

This was the most treacherous section of the road ahead. Once they passed through here, the rest would be much easier.

"Got it," Zen nodded.

They made some preparations at the intersection and suddenly all three of them rushed along the curving passage.

Zen changed his method of charging forward and could now keep up with Egan and Kirk. They all seemed to be swimming through a river course and made great strides in their advance.

Just as they entered the curved passageway, the circular objects began breaking apart and worms as thick as arms poured out. They appeared to have wings and flew at them

It turned out the circular objects were in fact eggs containing disgusting worms.

Zen followed closely behind Egan and Kirk, not forgetting to observe the beasts.

"Zen, stay close and don't fight these Poisonous Leeches. Even if you kill them all, more will just appear," Egan, who marched on the front line, reminded Zen.

The Poisonous Leeches weren't very strong but they were large in numbers and highly poisonous. Thus, most of the Other Shore creatures opted not to choose this path.

But then, Kirk suddenly yelled out in shock, "Egan, there's something wrong with the eggs ahead of us!"

Egan saw the eggs and his face lost all its color too.

The eggs on both sides of the path were slightly black on the surface.

The white eggs contained ordinary Poisonous Leeches, while the slightly black eggs contained Chill Poisonous Leeches. These were far stronger than the ordinary Poisonous Leeches.

There had always been Chill Poisonous Leeches on this path, but before, there had only been one or two at the end of it.

They were difficult to deal with but not that big a problem if one could run fast enough.

But now, they had only traveled a little part of the journey and had already encountered quite a few Chill Poisonous Leeches. This was beyond Egan's expectations.

"All we can do now is to continue pushing forward!" said Egan, gritting his teeth.

They were almost completely blocked off by the leeches behind them, making retreat impossible.

They were left no choice but to rush out with all the strength they could muster.

A rush of cold spread from the black eggs when they cracked open.

Zen, Egan and Kirk immediately felt the drop in temperature. Black Chill Poisonous Leeches burst from the eggs and surrounded them.

At the front, Egan and Kirk stretched their bodies out to avoid the group of Chill Poisonous Leeches.

But behind them, Zen had been stopped by the leeches.

He was unable to pass through and one concern grew within him: would his physical strength still be the same now that his form had changed?

Chapter 3814 Eliminate

Now that Zen was in a special form in the painting, it restrained many of his abilities. However, it was still his body.

He was formerly immune to all poisons, but did that change when he was in this special form?

He wasn't sure about that, but he had no time to think about it now.

As the Chill Poisonous Leeches continued to come at him, he waved his arms in defense. "Egan, the Chill Poisonous Leeches have surrounded the human!" Kirk warned.

"But we can't get back to him!" Egan said in frustration. The two of them continued to rush forward while the black eggs on both sides broke one after another.

They couldn't stop since if they halted for even a second, the ever-increasing swarm of Chill Poisonous Leeches would swallow them.

They already had enough problems with fighting off the Poisonous Leeches alone.

If they got infected with the venom, they were doomed. It was clear that the Chill Poisonous Leeches would be one of their worst nightmares if they fell under siege.

Normally, they were supposed to encounter only several Chill Poisonous Leeches in the place, but the current number of Chill Poisonous Leeches had reached half of the whole swarm already. They realized that it wasn't only the first page that changed, but the second page as well!

In such a desperate situation, a moment of hesitation would naturally bring them to death. Besides, they weren't powerful enough to save Zen anyway.

They could only charge forward.

With a heavy heart, Egan turned his head during escape and saw Zen's figure had completely disappeared from his view. All he saw was a big ball of Poisonous Leeches, and Zen was inside. He supposed that Zen had died already.

After the two members of the Three Eyes race ran for a certain distance, the ball of Poisonous Leeches suddenly moved. The worms continued to wriggle around it, then the ball slowly nudged forward.

As the ball rolled along the path, it attracted more and more Poisonous Leeches to it.

As a result, Zen couldn't see his body, let alone Egan and Kirk.

When he looked down from the top, he only saw an increasing amount of Poisonous Leeches that continued to pile on top of each other and crawl around him. Then, he felt something sticky around his body.

Fortunately, he was still immune to poisons in the Eternal Scroll Painting. Even though the Poisonous Leeches repeatedly spat venom at him, he wasn't injured at all.

However, the venom of the Chill Poisonous Leeches made his body feel numb and cold. It seemed that the venom contained immense freezing power. It wasn't a problem, though, since the numbness only lasted for an instant.

But as he continued to nudge forward, more and more Chill Poisonous Leeches attached to the ball.

Every time they spat out venom at him, he inevitably had to pause for a second.

Therefore, he forcibly had to stop from time to time and moved at a very slow pace.

Yet, the crooked passage was not long. Egan and Kirk in front of him managed to rush out before they got caught in the swarm of Poisonous Leeches.

Both of them stood at the end of the passage and looked back, but they couldn't see what was happening behind them from their spot.

"I don't think Zen will survive that..." Kirk said after a while.

"I know," Egan agreed and nodded.

At the back of Egan's mind, he started to regret ever taking Zen along this path. Not only did he fail to help Zen, but he also led him to death. Guilt quickly overwhelmed him.

"Let's go," suggested Kirk.

Many creatures had died in this journey in the Eternal Scroll Painting, and Zen was just another of them.

The Other Shore races that had lived in the Grand Plain Stage for a very long time understood that necessary sacrifices were inevitable. Egan and Kirk were fully aware that if they were not careful enough, they would die in the Eternal Scroll Painting as well.

However, no matter how dangerous the Eternal Scroll Painting was, it didn't rob them of their desire to reach the Eternal Realm. No one wanted to give up entering the Eternal Scroll Painting because of fear. On the contrary, all the Other Shore creatures cherished such a rare opportunity.

"Let's wait a bit more," said Egan with a frown.

Although Egan and Zen weren't very close, Zen's amazing performances during their two encounters impressed Egan. Thus, Egan still hoped that Zen wouldn't die that easily.

Kirk sighed in resignation and stood beside him.

They looked inside the depths of the passage until they saw a huge ball of Poisonous Leeches that rolled out of the corner. "The Poisonous Leeches..." Kirk muttered, his eyes wide with shock.

"What happened?" Egan asked. The scene took him aback as well. Before the two of them escaped, they witnessed the ball of Poisonous Leeches swallow Zen.

However, the size of the ball of Poisonous Leeches now was far bigger than before.

The mass of worms was tangled closely together, and the whole ball almost blocked the passageway.

The huge ball nudged and stopped as it slowly moved towards the end of the passageway. "I-it's Zen. He's still alive..." Egan slowly uttered in realization.

"He survived so many Poisonous Leeches? And there are so many Chill Poisonous Leeches among them..." Kirk was also dumbfounded.

They only knew of one possibility that could explain this: Zen was immune to poisons.

"Retreat! He's getting closer to us!" They suddenly snapped back to reality and hurriedly ran back.

Zen was not afraid of the Poisonous Leeches, but they were!

While they retreated, Egan growled, "Zen! Zen! Can you hear me?"

Everyone who entered the Eternal Scroll Painting still retained their senses.

Therefore, Zen could still hear Egan even though layers of Poisonous Leeches enveloped him.

"Yes," he replied calmly. "Are you still alive?" Egan asked again.

For a moment, the stupid question rendered Zen speechless. But then, he asked back, "Is there any way to get rid of these Poisonous Leeches?"

Zen had tried to crush and kill the Poisonous Leeches.

However, they were so slippery that he only managed to kill a few of them after a long time.

There were probably thousands of Poisonous Leeches wrapped around his body, and God knew how long it would take to kill them one by one.

Egan slowly stepped back to distance himself from the cluster of Poisonous Leeches. Then he said, "Yes, there is. Keep moving forward and then turn left at the corner. You will enter a room with a hexagram array. Once you enter the array, you'll be able to deal with them!"

That was the purpose of the hexagram arrays scattered around the No-break Maze. Those who stepped onto the arrays would turn from a part of the painting back into living creatures, then they would be able to fight the monsters.

However, this was probably the first time that someone had attracted so many Poisonous Leeches.

In turn, Zen followed Egan's instructions and continued to move slowly.

After he turned around the corner, he indeed saw a separate room on the side. In the center of the room was a hexagram array.

He dragged the Poisonous Leeches hard and moved towards the array. The second he stepped on it, his whole form underwent a drastic change.

He regained his original appearance as a creature, and so did the Poisonous Leeches.

When the Poisonous Leeches were just a painting, they didn't look that disgusting. Now that they turned into real creatures, however, Zen instantly felt sick in the stomach at the sight of them.

"Oh fuck! Go to hell!"

He felt miserable at the thought of how long the disgusting creatures stuck to him. His body trembled in rage, and he released a tremendous amount of power.

The great force sent the thousands of Poisonous Leeches wrapped around him flying in all directions. Then, his power formed numerous spirals that spread everywhere, and the Poisonous Leeches were sliced into pieces before they fell on the ground.

Meanwhile, Egan and Kirk, who stood outside the room, watched in utter surprise.

The path the Three Eyes race had chosen might seem easier than the others, but it was also full of dangers. A large number of the members of the Three Eyes race had died in the hands of the Poisonous Leeches. This time, though, it looked like the Poisonous Leeches had found their nemesis.

Chapter 3815 Huge Snake

After Zen had cleaned his body, he checked his surroundings.

Except for the hexagram array in the center, there was nothing else in the room.

An idea popped out of his mind. "Now that I've returned to normal, what if I walk out of this room?" he muttered.

Driven by curiosity, he walked towards the door of the room.

When he reached the door, however, something strange happened. The moment he stepped out, countless thin black threads suddenly appeared in the passage.

The thin black threads formed a net that blocked his path.

"Don't try to challenge the rules they've set, lest you cause unnecessary trouble," the Primeval Lord of Heaven warned.

Judging from the number of the hexagram arrays the Instant Civilization had arranged, it wasn't easy to open a room of the hexagram array. Anyone who broke into the area outside the room by force would bring great pressure to the Eternal Scroll Painting. No one knew what would happen after that.

Just as Zen was about to exert even more strength, he retreated when he heard the Primeval Lord of Heaven's words.

After he stepped into the hexagram array, he turned into a picture again.

Egan and Kirk had been watching outside for a long time. When they saw Zen exit the room, both of them immediately went to him.

"Zen, your body is immune to the poison! What a truly great advantage," Egan said with admiration.

Members of various Other Shore races in the Grand Plain Stage had different body shapes, but only a few of them were truly unafraid of the poison.

Moreover, the venom of the Poisonous Leech was quite special, and even the few creatures with the poison resistant physique found it hard to resist the Poisonous Leeches' attack. "Aside from the Poisonous Leeches, are there any other creatures on this path?" Zen asked.

At that moment, Egan became cautious. "It was easy to pass through this path before. In the past, everything went smoothly as long as one went through the corridor with Poisonous Leeches, but now, it's hard to say in this special period," he said.

When the Eternal Scroll Painting opened this time, there was something wrong on the first and second pages. Thus, how could the remaining path be so easy to pass?

The three of them advanced into the depths of the No-break Maze once again. Then, several more forks appeared in front of them.

Since Kirk was familiar with the forks, he chose the direction without hesitation.

Some beasts in the scroll painting came from both of their sides along the way. The beasts weren't that strong, but before Zen could attack them, both Kirk and Egan already killed them.

However, they did encounter one tricky thing: it was a spider the same size as Zen, and there was a hexagram array not far away from the spider.

This time, Egan entered the hexagram array and returned to his normal form. Then, he asked Kirk to provoke the spider and lure it into the room with the hexagram array.

The moment the spider entered the room, Egan's forehead suddenly released a ray of light.

Outside the room, Zen saw a ray of black light flash above Egan's head. He didn't know what kind of powerful theurgy the black light was. In just a second, the light sliced the spider in half.

When Zen first saw Egan in Stage Thirteen of the Other Shore, the stage suppressed the latter's true power. Therefore, he didn't think that Egan was strong.

Now that Egan had returned to the Grand Plain Stage, he was indeed extraordinarily powerful. After all, he was the best warrior among the young generations of the Three Eyes race. His strength was only second to those of the Eternal Realm masters of his race.

Once they had dealt with the spider, the three of them set off again.

There were no longer any forks on the path. The other paths in the No-break Maze began to converge, and they saw members from the other races of the

Other Shore on their way.

Although the Three Eyes race was neutral in the Grand Plain Stage, they had a good relationship with the other races of the Other Shore. Egan was young, but he seemed to get along well with the others in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore. Thus, he took the initiative to communicate with the Other Shore creatures and roughly understood the situation.

The other paths had also changed, but the overall change wasn't that big. Only a few members of the Other Shore races encountered great danger, but most of them passed safely.

At that rate, it wouldn't be long before they passed through the maze and went to the third page.

Thoughts about the high possibility of becoming Eternal Realm masters filled the Other Shore creatures' minds, which boosted their morale and increased their speed.

"The end of the No-break Maze is right in front of us. It's also the most dangerous area," said Egan.

The entire No-break Maze looked like a huge spindle. There was only one entrance and one exit, so all the Other Shore creatures would eventually gather together.

No matter which path they chose in the maze, there was no easy way to pass through it, and the end of the maze was the most difficult and dangerous of them all.

Just as Egan, Zen, and the others arrived at the end of the maze, three Other Shore creatures stood in front of them.

The one on the left was none other than Walden of the Violet Cloud race. "Why don't you move along?" Egan asked.

Walden observed Zen, Egan and Kirk for a while, especially since Zen looked very much like a member of the Three Eyes race. At that point, only through the lack of an eye on Zen's forehead, one could tell him from the other two.

When Walden realized that Zen had also passed smoothly, he looked slightly disappointed. The human brat made it through the maze alive?

Then, he said, "The end of the No-break Maze is right in front of us. It used to be very dangerous. I wonder what kind of powerful creature is there this time, but we won't dare to go there. Will you try?"

Egan blinked his eyes and took a step back, while Zen stood still as if he hadn't heard what Walden said.

It would be fine if Walden didn't say anything, but now his words made Zen and the others more vigilant.

Five Other Shore creatures explored the maze together with Walden. The six of them cooperated well with each other, so they were the first to arrive at the end of the maze.

Based on the principle of teamwork, they planned to go directly out of the No-break Maze and enter the third page.

As soon as they rushed forward, however, a large black creature appeared.

It turned out to be a big black snake, and its enormous body occupied almost the maze's whole passageway!

Walden and two of his companions reacted very quickly. The moment they saw the big black snake come out from one side, they used almost all of their strength to retreat to the passageway.

However, the three Other Shore creatures that were in front weren't so lucky. They didn't even have time to call for help before the black snake swallowed them.

The big black snake was so strong that resistance was futile. That was why Walden and his group waited in their spot.

When he saw Zen and the others arrive, he suddenly had a wishful thought. He hoped that Zen would risk his life to deal with the huge snake. He didn't expect that Zen would turn a deaf ear to his words!

Not long after, more and more Other Shore creatures came out from the different paths in the No-break Maze and gathered in the same area.

"Why don't you all move forward?"

"I'm afraid the beast guarding the exit of the No-break Maze is not easy to deal with this time!"

Of course, the Other Shore creatures had different personalities.

Some of them were quite patient and chose to plan before they took action, while others were very irritable and rash.

When no one wanted to go forward, a tall and burly member of the Earth Tremor race squeezed out of the crowd and stood in front of everyone. "It's not a good idea for you to only wait here. Let me step forward and have a look," he announced.

He quickly stepped forward after he spoke. As soon as he walked away, a large black shadow emerged from the other side of the passageway. It opened its big, black, bloody mouth and closed it right after. At the same time, the member of the Earth Tremor race disappeared from everyone's sight.

Chapter 3816 Another Snake

The passageway erupted into an uproar after the warrior of the Earth Tremor race was swallowed by the black snake. The Other Shore creatures at the front even began backpedaling non-stop.

"It's the Evil Orochi!"

"Could it really be?"

"I know this time has not been ordinary, but why did an Evil Orochi have to appear?"

They all fell deep into despair when they saw the black snake known as the Evil Orochi.

Many Other Shore creatures had been studying the No-break Maze and the Eternal Scroll Painting diligently for many chaotic eras.

Most were very clear on what beasts would appear in which part of the maze, the beasts' strength and how to deal with them. It was well established that the road chosen by the Three Eyes race was abundant in Poisonous Leeches and the path the Violet Cloud race often took possessed a large number of Devil Shadow Butterflies.

There were usually powerful beasts guarding the end of the maze.

They were few in number, but they were seriously powerful.

Among them was the beast known as Worm Tapir. It had appeared on the first page before but often appeared at the end of the maze.

Although Worm Tapirs were powerful and their movements were erratic, there was usually only one of them guarding the end of the maze, so it likely would not cause any devastation like that on the first page.

There were also other beasts of different shapes and sizes that had appeared at the end of the maze.

All were extremely powerful but had their weaknesses.

For instance, Worm Tapir, due to its shape, couldn't enter the room with a hexagram array. The attack of another venomous beast was terrifying but it moved slowly...

In addition to these common beasts, there were also some rare ones such as the Wall Ghost and Earth Monkey. If they came across these, all that could be done was pray for luck.

The Wall Ghost and Earth Monkey were still not the most powerful beasts around though. Undoubtedly, the most powerful and the rarest, was this giant serpent before them, Evil Orochi!

In recorded years, it had only appeared five times

and when it did appear, none of the creatures had reached the Eternal Realm.

When it appeared the first time, the Other Shore creatures that had entered the Eternal Scroll Painting did not know of its strength. As a result, almost all of them were killed.

Things ended much better on its second appearance. Those who had entered knew they stood no chance against it and simply surrendered and were eventually kicked out of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

From then on things continued in this way. If warriors were unlucky enough to meet the serpent, they chose to give up, which could at least allow them to escape with their lives.

This was why when the Other Shore creatures saw the Evil Orochi this time, they all heaved heavily. They stood no chance and would have to give up.

"It seems you are quite unlucky. You've encountered this beast on your first entry into the Eternal Scroll Painting," Egan said with a bitter smile.

The image of this giant snake flashing by replayed in Zen's mind. He frowned and asked, "Is it really as powerful as you say?"

"Yes," replied Egan firmly. "Not a single soul had managed to survive it."

"We can't go forward. We'll just wait till the next time the Eternal Scroll Painting opens," said Kirk standing beside him.

They weren't the only ones feeling this way; the other creatures were resigned to surrender as well.

They had time to wait for their next opportunity. After all, they had been faced with the Evil Orochi, and there was no shame in leaving empty handed.

But Zen would not back down so easily. Egan had said this giant snake was invincible but he still asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven for advice before he made any kind of move.

"Its first appearance that the boy from the Three Eyes race mentioned occurred in the 83rd chaos, the 5th chaotic era after our human race entered the Grand Plain Stage," explained the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "Nine of the human race entered the Eternal Scroll Painting and none returned. If I had entered with them, I fear I would not have come back either."

Back then, the human race's power in the Grand Plain Stage was not small and there were certainly a large number of human warriors strong enough to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting every time.

And yet even the Primeval Lord of Heaven would have had no chance of coming out victoriously against the Evil Orochi. Zen made his mind up fast and decided to give up on entering the third page and would instead wait for the end of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Just then, as many Other Shore creatures accepted their choice to give up, a black light flashed from below their gaze.

This left everyone stunned. 'Is this another gigantic snake?' they wondered.

Once they had transformed into pictures, they couldn't look in all directions. From their vantage point, the end and exit of the maze were above the other parts. But the flash had come from below.

"Is that... Another huge snake?"

"T... Two snakes?"

"Will it come in?"

Some trembling voices spoke their fears.

Encountering an Evil Orochi was already incredibly unlucky.

The Eternal Scroll Painting had opened and closed countless times and the Evil Orochi only appeared five times. But there were no records in history of two appearing at once!

Everyone discussed in shaky voices and then the Evil Orochi swept past them from below once more while another passed overhead. These two snakes now blocked off everyone in the passageway.

Fortunately, they just passed by and disappeared in seconds.

But even their shadows flashing past in the blink of an eye was terrifying for all the Other Shore creatures.

"Do you think they can enter this passageway?" asked one of the creatures.

With this question hanging out there, everyone's nerves rattled much more.

They had not been told of any safe areas in the No-break Maze, but those who had been unwilling to rush forward would wait in this passageway, hoping it was safe enough.

But was it really safe?

"It... It should be safe here..." another creature replied, quivering in fear.

"Well, generally, Other Shore creatures at the end of the maze won't come in," said Kirk confidently.

"But that Evil Orochi doesn't come from the end," said Egan, frowning.

Several abnormalities had occurred in the Eternal Scroll Painting this time and now the impossible seemed to be unfolding before them. Who was to say whether this passageway was safe or not?

Egan's words shrouded everyone's hearts in an ominous dark cloud. "Shut up!" screamed Walden.

Egan had long been displeased with the Violet Cloud race and replied coldly, "I was talking to my friends!"

"You!"

Just as Walden was about to retort, the Evil Orochi swept across again from below. This time, halfway through, it suddenly drilled into the passageway. Their greatest fear was being realized.

They had remained vigilant in the passageway; still and cautious. So the moment they saw the Evil Orochi rush into the passageway, they all rushed upwards.

If they stayed there, they would surely die. Rushing to the exit of the maze at least gave them a chance at survival, even if only a small one.

Chapter 3817 Keep Making Turns

The first to rush upwards were the three Other Shore creatures of the Wind Wave race.

The Wind Wave race was one of the ancient races on the Other Shore. Although they had also submitted to the Element Spirit Civilization, their status was much higher than that of the Violet Cloud race. The Eternal Realm masters of the Wind Wave race even had a certain influence within the Element Spirit Civilization.

This time, the Wind Wave race was quite lucky. Among the four members they sent into the Eternal Scroll Painting, only one died on the first page.

The moment the second Evil Orochi appeared, the three members of the Wind Wave race guessed that it would likely rush up along the passage, so they quietly crept upward ahead of everyone.

They were already in the lead, and when the Evil Orochi below really did rush up, they immediately took to their heels.

"Rush out as fast as we can!"

"We'll be safe as long as we can come out of the maze!"

"……"

The three members of the Wind Wave race also had a strong desire to survive.

They didn't know whether or not they could successfully break out of the maze. However, they knew that if they continued to stay where they were, they would definitely die.

Although the chance of making it out alive was slim to none, they could only continue to fight for their survival!

Nevertheless, what happened next just completely extinguished their hope. The huge black snake hiding at the end of the passage suddenly came out of its hiding spot and slithered towards them at a lightning speed. Its jaws were wide open. The last thing the three of them saw before they were swallowed was an endless, slimy, black hole inside the snake's fanged mouth.

Everything happened in a matter of seconds. The three disappeared without even leaving a tiny bit of scream, much less traces of blood on the scene. But it was actually such a quietly creeping death that planted an indescribable fear in the hearts of the others. Lives had disappeared before they even knew what was happening.

Almost right after those three Other Shore creatures were swallowed, three streaks of bloody light fell on three of the Three Purities Stones in the Grand Plain Stage. The area where they fell was precisely the territory of the Wind Wave race. Upon seeing the bloody lights, the members of the Wind Wave race waiting outside immediately roared in anger.

Each race had suffered heavy losses this time, except for the Wind Wave race, which only had one member dead. The Wind Wave race had been secretly rejoicing in their hearts because of this. How could they possibly think that they would lose the remaining three people at the same time?

The surviving Other Shore creatures in the passage were practically beside themselves with dread. The path ahead was blocked, and the pursuer behind was hot on their trail—they really had their back against the wall now...

But in this situation, they had no time to ponder about other ways to go out.

The passage wasn't long, and the Evil Orochi below would soon come up.

Even though the three members of the Wind Wave race were swallowed by the other Evil Orochi, they still had to continue to rush up!

The next four Other Shore creatures that rushed up were quite lucky. Maybe because it had just swallowed three people, the Evil Orochi couldn't change its direction fast enough to bite those four.

Seeing the success of the four creatures, Zen and the others immediately followed their lead and rushed up as fast as they could.

Thus, the usually tranquil world inside the scroll painting was now full of hustle and bustle as creatures that had transformed into paintings were all running for their lives.

At the end of the maze, there were many crisscrossing passages, dividing the area into many smaller squares. Upon arriving at the intersection, Zen and the Other Shore creatures immediately changed their direction and went into the passage paralleled to the one they came from.

Just right after they stepped into the passage, the Evil Orochi from below caught up with them.

Two Other Shore creatures didn't dodge fast enough and ended up in its belly.

"How miserable..."

Kirk's face paled in fear upon personally witnessing the two creatures being swallowed alive. As he was a picture now, he could also see his paper-white face.

In comparison, Zen and Egan looked much calmer.

Zen, needless to say, had experienced life-and-death crises none of these creatures had experienced before or would experience in the future. Almost nothing could shock him now. Besides, he had long learned that neither panic nor fear would be of much help in the face of mortal dangers.

As for Egan, he had been relying on his own ability to venture in Stage Thirteen for a long time. The crises he went through in his journey had honed both his abilities and guts.

"The way the Evil Orochi moves is very strange," whispered Zen, who had pasted himself to the wall in the passage.

"Yes, its speed seems to be fast only when it moves in a straight line," an Other Shore creature replied.

This creature also had herself pasted to the wall. She was small and had a pair of pointed ears on top of her head. Her body was half-human, half-fox. Because she was in the form of a painting now, her detailed features were almost inconspicuous.

What this "fox" said made Zen subconsciously take a few more glances at her.

Most Other Shore creatures in their group were already in panic by now. They only thought about how terrifying the Evil Orochis were and how to escape. This fox, however, remained calm and assessed the opponent. She also seemed to have come to the same conclusion as him.

"It should be so." Zen nodded at her.

Just now, when the Evil Orochi made a turn and entered the passage where they took shelter, the speed at which it changed its direction was extremely slow.

Had it been able to change direction quickly at that time, all of them would've been killed, including Zen.

"If the Evil Orochis can't change their direction quickly, doesn't it mean they are quite easy to deal with?"

The gears in Egan's mind turned at a lightning speed. A glimmer of hope for survival had completely rejuvenated him.

There were many huge square areas at the end of the No-break Maze, and each of those areas had countless rooms with hexagram arrays inside.

In such a layout, there would be many corners at which they could turn no matter where they went.

The speed of the Evil Orochis was unbelievably fast. Even the Violet Cloud race, which was well-known for their quick speed, couldn't outrun or dodge them. But if they could only change their directions slowly, the threat they posed on the remaining Other Shore creatures would be greatly reduced.

At this moment, the Evil Orochi that rushed past them had turned around and was now rushing back to the intersection. Its speed was still incredibly fast.

But when it rushed to Zen's side, its speed suddenly became extremely slow. It slowly turned its head and entered the horizontal passage where Zen and the others were!

"It-it's turning around!" An Other Shore creature exclaimed with a trembling voice.

While the Evil Orochi slowly turned its body, its head was already a few feet away from where they were hiding.

"Let's make a turn and move to another passage," Zen said calmly.

As the passage where they were now was a horizontal one, he, Egan, and the others turned at one of the corners and entered a vertical one.

As soon as the Evil Orochi entered the horizontal passage, it found that its prey had all fled to the vertical one. After a moment of surprise, it slowly turned its head and followed after them.

However, a slow Evil Orochi wasn't a threat to them.

They continued to move back and forth between the horizontal and the vertical passages. Slowly but surely, they crept upward bit by bit.

Their speed wasn't fast either, but by moving this way, they were moving closer and closer towards the exit of the maze. As they continued to slowly make their way towards the exit, the rekindled hope in their hearts continued to grow brighter.

"It seems… the Evil Orochis aren't as powerful as people said..." an Other Shore creature said with a trace of disdain.

"What's so terrifying about animals that can't even turn at a corner?" another Other Shore creature replied with a laugh.

Nevertheless, if it was so easy to deal with those snakes, how could so many Other Shore creatures become their victims before?

Zen didn't say anything. He always felt that something was wrong with this whole thing.

If the Evil Orochis were really that easy to deal with, people wouldn't have put the word "evil" in its name. After all, those who could enter the Eternal Scroll Painting were all supposed to reach the Eternal Realm. They were all smart and would never do something without a good cause.

Just as they moved to another horizontal passage from a vertical one, a black shadow suddenly flew towards them from a distance at a high speed. It was the other Evil Orochi!

Chapter 3818 A Dead End

When the Other Shore creatures went through the horizontal and vertical passageways, they were so focused on the first Evil Orochi that they completely ignored the second one.

Forgotten by them, the second Evil Orochi changed its direction in a farther distance. Just as the Other Shore creatures turned around the corner of the passageway, they happened to come face to face with the Evil Orochi.

This sudden meeting stunned some of the creatures.

"Charge!" Zen roared with a raised fist.

He arched his back and used almost all of his strength to charge to the side.

There was no going back now. The only choice they had was to dash forward.

It wasn't just Zen who did that. All the Other Shore creatures were also adamant in fighting their way forward. In the face of death, desperation often gave way to explosive power.

As soon as they rushed forward, this Evil Orochi dashed towards them!

It was a silent death attack from the black snake shadow.

As the two parties were about to collide, the Other Shore creatures couldn't help but look daggers at the Evil Orochi with the hopes that it would at least slow down.

Egan and Kirk were in the middle of the oncoming group with Zen following closely after the latter.

The next moment, Zen felt a terrifying force hit his body. He was not swallowed up by the Evil Orochi, but he was hit by it. The powerful wave of energy made him spin quickly like a spinning top. It took a long while for him to stop.

When he stopped, Zen looked down at his body and was extremely shocked by what he saw.

The surface of his own painting was covered with cracks, and pain emanated from every single part of his body. There was no denying just how extremely serious his injuries were.

Because of the wounds he sustained, the Chaotic Source Spirits naturally fell into fatigue. The force of the impact actually exceeded one hundred thousand divine megatons.

However, Zen was still lucky. The same could not be said for the Other Shore creatures behind him.

Two Other Shore creatures had also been hit.

These two also cultivated the Myriad Tribulations Body, but they couldn't withstand the terrifying impact and their bodies shattered immediately. All that was left of them were broken limbs strewn all over the ground.

As paintings in the scroll painting, however, they were not that bloody.

Those who were even more unfortunate got swallowed up by the Evil Orochi and did not even have time to scream.

Egan, who stood not that far away from Zen, quickly checked on him. "Zen! Are you okay?" he asked.

Zen felt the atmosphere grow a bit strange and stifling as everyone's gaze focused on him.

"I'm slightly injured but I'm fine," he assured Egan.

Slightly injured? He was slightly injured?

The Other Shore creatures couldn't help but scoff in disbelief.

The Other Shore creatures that were able to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting must have cultivated the Myriad Tribulations Body.

Due to this fact, everyone shared the same threshold in terms of enduring a strike.

Even though Zen had obtained a few more Bone Tribulation Imprints than them, and they could only bear eighty thousand divine megatons of power while he could bear one hundred thousand divine megatons of power, the gap between them could not possibly be so big.

The two unfortunate Other Shore creatures behind Zen earlier were respectively from the Reverse Training race and the Iron Lineage race. These two races were famous for their strong bodies. After they obtained the Myriad Tribulations Bodies, their bodies were expected to be much stronger than ordinary Myriad Tribulations Bodies.

However, they shattered just like that while Zen remained standing.

A few cracks littered his body but other than that, he was fine.

Egan couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. "That's good then. Let's continue to move upwards."

The extent of Zen's strength was a mystery to them and it was Zen's secret, so Egan naturally did not ask.

How his physical body remained intact despite that wave of overwhelming force would remain a secret and the Other Shore creatures knew that there was no way Zen would answer if they asked. Still, that did not mean that it wouldn't be a hot topic amongst them.

"I heard that absorbing Chaotic Source Spirits is a unique method to strengthen one's physical body in the chaos."

"I've heard about that too, a long time ago, but it's not really worth mentioning. Those are just creatures from the Chaotic Source Sea in Stage

Twenty-two of the Other Shore. Even if they use those creatures to the extreme, they would only be able to withstand ten to twenty thousand divine megatons of power."

"Then how was he able to block the Evil Orochi's attack?"

"I don't know. If you want, then why not ask him?"

Everyone constantly moved and shifted between the horizontal and vertical passageways, slowly moving towards the No-break Maze's exit.

The space at the exit wasn't very large and everyone grew even more excited as they got closer.

Nobody had ever passed through the area guarded by the Evil Orochi, so they felt a sense of pride for having accomplished such a feat.

However, Zen and several Other Shore creatures remained cautious. There was no way it was going to be so easy, right?

"Everyone move to the left! The second Evil Orochi is on the other side!"

The shout came from the Other Shore creature who was half-human and half-fox, guiding everyone towards the next passageway.

They hadn't noticed the second Evil Orochi earlier and suffered a great loss. Since the fox led the way, they naturally followed.

"Move to the upper right!"

"Upper left!"

"Upper right..."

With the fox's continuous command, everyone quickly traversed the squares as the two Evil Orochis could only slowly twist their heads, unable to speed up.

"Upper right!"

"Upper right!"

"Upper right again!"

As they listened to the fox's instructions, nobody noticed the corners of her mouth rise and reveal a mocking smile.

"Eh!" someone remarked when noticing something was wrong.

"If we keep moving to the upper right, won't we be led farther and farther away from the exit?"

The exit was located in the middle of the No-break Maze's end. If they kept heading towards the upper right, they would get farther and farther away.

"How did you lead the way?"

"Should we change directions?"

"We should, right?"

Just as everyone was blaming her, the fox stopped and laughed. "You only noticed now. You're all truly too dull."

Her words made Zen and the others frown.

At that moment, the two Evil Orochis suddenly appeared and blocked their path from both sides. Having bypassed several crisscrossed roads, these two were able to trap the warriors.

This fox deliberately led them to a dead end.

Everyone's eyes were heavy with anger as they stared at the fox. "Why did you do that?"

"Why do you want to harm us?"

"If you lead us to a dead end, you'll die too!"

Everyone's faces paled as they stared at the two Evil Orochis that surrounded them. Their fear was also coupled with great puzzlement.

Why did the fox bring everyone here when she was also an Other Shore creature?

"In the Grand Plain Stage, is there an Other Shore race whose members are half-human and half-fox?" Zen asked out of the blue. Silence was the only reply he received.

Though there were all sorts of Other Shore races in the Grand Plain Stage, there wasn't really any sort of half-human and half-fox race. Could it be that this creature was not an Other Shore creature?

Chapter 3819 Food

The forms of the Other Shore creatures who entered the Eternal Scroll Painting had undergone a great change. Thus, as the "fox" traveled through the maze looking very similar to the others, they had taken her without doubt as one of their own.

However, Zen's words raised everyone's suspicions.

"Are you a beast of the scroll painting?" Zen asked.

The fox stood nearby, and spoke in a disdainful tone. "That's the name given by you stupid creatures."

As an intelligent being, she was very dissatisfied about being named a beast.

"Anyway, it doesn't matter," said the fox, giving a short laugh. "You are no different from the thousands of idiots who came before you. Like them, you will surely die."

As she spoke, she beckoned with her hand.

The two Evil Orochis, which had been blocking the way out, slowly crawled in the passageway.

Obviously, they were under her control.

"Thousands... You've killed thousands of creatures?" Egan asked, raising an eyebrow in surprise.

The fox smiled faintly. "Probably more, but I've forgotten the exact number."

"Did you kill them with the help of the Evil Orochis? That's impossible. The Evil Orochi had only appeared a few times," said Kirk.

According to the records of the Grand Plain Stage, the Evil Orochi had only appeared five times in known history. At the first time, it had killed all the creatures; on the other four occasions, some Other Shore creatures had survived by directly choosing to quit.

The fox snorted. "You think I really need the Evil Orochi to kill you idiots?" she said sarcastically. "Use your head and search your memories. You must remember that your people had been all killed several times in the Eternal Scroll Painting."

The test in the Eternal Scroll Painting was notoriously difficult. Many people gave up when they realized they could not survive, but many others chose to keep going and attempt to pass the test.

When the Eternal Scroll Painting opened, it was not unusual for around thirty to fifty percent of those who entered to perish in the test. There were also rare occasions when not a single creature survived—all were killed for some unknown reason.

The Other Shore creatures in the Grand Plain Stage were all afraid of the Evil Orochi and several other powerful beasts in the painting. But at least these beasts were known, because those who survived their encounters with them recorded their appearance and nature once they had left the Eternal Scroll Painting alive.

However, there seemed to be one beast of the Eternal Scroll Painting who was absent from the records... because all who saw her were killed.

Many of the Other Shore creatures were beginning to realize their peril. "What should we do now?" they asked, their voices trembling.

"There is nothing you can do but await your death," said the fox calmly.

"We'll kill you first!" someone shouted.

One of the creatures leapt out and rushed towards the fox.

At the same instant that the creature approached, the fox's body dwindled then diminished altogether. Like a projection, she vanished then reappeared on top of her attacker.

Before the creature knew what had happened, he was covered by the fox, who instantly slashed him into two.

If Zen could observe this scene from a more advanced perspective, he would see that this fox had instantly jumped out of the second page of the Eternal Scroll Painting. The fox flipped her hands in the air and crossed them on the second page, tearing that creature's painting apart.

The painting of the creature ripped into two pieces instantly.

"It's the ability of the Worm Tapir," Zen murmured, frowning.

Others, including Egan and Kirk, had noticed the same thing.

They had planned to rush forward to subdue the fox, but her strength and mode of attack were terrifying. Even if they all united and tried to attack a Worm Tapir at the same time, they would find it difficult, if not impossible, to win against it.

"Who else is ready to die here?" the fox asked. Her figure was quickly returning to normal, until it was completely restored on the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"You are very powerful, and you can control the Evil Orochis. Why don't you just kill us directly?" Zen asked in a low voice.

The two Evil Orochis had already had them cornered, under her control.

If she had simply wanted to kill all of them, it would have been unnecessary for her to lead them all the way to the upper right corner of the maze.

Those who heard Zen's question pricked up their ears, listening anxiously.

Judging from how harshly the fox had spoken to them so far, they wondered what answer she would give, and knew it would be unpleasant.

"It's too wasteful to let the Evil Orochis swallow you," the fox said casually. "There are still many 'beasts of scroll painting' you mentioned waiting for food..."

With that, the fox turned and walked up the right corner of the passageway.

Two Evil Orochis appeared from both sides, approaching the group of Other Shore creatures, whose skin tingled with dread.

None wanted to follow the lead of the fox. However, the Evil Orochis limited their options. Maybe the fox would harm them, but the Evil Orochis would definitely kill them right now if they tried to retreat.

Escorted by the watchful eyes of the Evil Orochis, everyone slowly followed the fox.

They came to a stop when they saw that there were indeed some small beasts waiting at the end of the upper right corner. They looked like dogs. Some of the Other Shore creatures immediately recognized them.

"Are those the Iron Dogs?"

"They are!"

"Are you going to feed us to them?"

The Iron Dog was very common in the first page. Many of Other Shore creatures in the group had seen and killed these beasts, so they naturally recognized them at a glance.

"Hmm?" the fox said distractedly. She glanced back at them. "You're right, they're Iron Dogs. Very clever of you to recognize them so quickly."

They didn't feel any pleasure at her praise.

All the Other Shore creatures had fallen silent. They had always been the great talents in the Grand Plain Stage, and even on the Other Shore. Now, for the first time, they were the prey—they were the ones facing defeat at the hands of a stronger opponent. They were entirely at the mercy of the fox.

Black despair began filling their thoughts, and their hearts felt heavy with dread.

Zen kept moving forward very slowly, quietly observing everything around him.

The end of the maze was comprised of squares, and many paths crisscrossed each other. At this point, however, every channel was blocked by the Evil Orochis, which prevented them from finding a way out.

As they crossed another horizontal passageway, following the fox, Zen suddenly paused briefly, his eyes fixed on something in the distance.

Two hexagram arrays were placed symmetrically on the right corner.

"Egan," Zen whispered.

Egan immediately followed Zen's gaze. Kirk and some other creatures also caught sight of the two arrays.

In fact, there were a lot of hexagram arrays at the end of the maze. Two such arrays would appear after they passed through every three passages.

Zen was thinking hard. The problem was that even if they managed to reach the arrays and regained their original forms, they still wouldn't be a match for the Evil Orochis who guarded them. No one had bothered to use that strategy against the Evil Orochis because it was no different from courting death.

But the situation was getting desperate.

No one was willing to be torn apart by the dogs and eaten as food.

If the result was death either way, then it was better to die fighting than to wait passively to be killed.

Many of the Other Shore creatures had reached the same conclusion.

When they moved past the next passageway, two groups of creatures rushed out on both sides.

In the blink of an eye, several Other Shore creatures had stepped into the hexagram arrays. They finally returned to their original forms. Yet they wore grim expressions, for they knew that they were still outmatched by the formidable opponent.

Still, they were also determined to put up a good fight. Regardless of the outcome, as long as they were in the arrays, they could at least fight with their real strength.

Chapter 3820 The Fox Girl

The fox girl stood at the upper right corner of the No-break Maze, sneering at the scramble taking place below.

There were many rooms of hexagram arrays at the end of the maze; those unwilling to surrender would most likely attempt to escape into these rooms. She had expected them to follow this course of action.

"Do you seriously think resuming your original form will help you fight me?

Unfortunately, none who came before you got away from me. Do you think you'll manage it?

Hahaha..."

Her laughter was as crisp and sweet as wind chimes stirred by a gentle breeze, but it was lined with menace which shook all the Other Shore creatures to their bones and made them shiver when they heard it.

She then slowly turned away from the upper right corner.

"She's coming down!"

"Does she plan to enter the hexagram arrays?"

"She's not going to let the Evil Orochis attack instead? She's going to fight on her own?"

Everyone trembled in fear.

They might have returned to their original forms, but they were still not confident they could contend with the Evil Orochis.

If she drove the giant serpents right into the rooms, they'd all be destroyed with ease. Even if they possessed some truly special skills, dealing with the Evil Orochis would still prove mightily difficult.

But it seemed the fox intended to go in alone.

She stopped in the center where the passages intersected. Zen, Egan, Kirk and some other Other Shore creatures were in the room of hexagon array on the left, while Walden and another group were in the room on the right.

A short while later, she had made her choice and walked towards the room on the right.

When the creatures, including Walden, saw her coming, their eyes widened and their hearts began beating vigorously.

They had no way to effectively deal with the Evil Orochis but they believed they might stand a chance against the fox alone.

They had appeared to be stuck in a dead end but it now seemed a favorable opportunity that they would all seize desperately.

"Everyone, spread out!"

"She controls the Evil Orochis, so if we capture her, the snakes will be forced to retreat..."

"Don't hold anything back. Do whatever is necessary using whatever you have!"

They had all been cowering in the corner of the room, but now, in the face of battle, they summoned all the courage in their hearts and stood in a semi-circle, surrounding the door. They gathered all the strength they had in their bodies.

The fox stepped into the room and onto the hexagram array, revealing her true form.

She looked like a little girl of thirteen or fourteen years old with two fluffy ears on her head, her body emitting a faint halo. She was as flawless as white jade, her light purple hair covering most of her baby fat face.

"This form is truly disgusting..." the fox remarked at her own body.

As a beast in the scroll painting, she believed her painting form to be at a higher level and that this one contained too many details and was low-grade.

"Let's get her!"

Walden bellowed his war cry the second she turned into her normal form.

He shifted his body slightly and a purple jade token appeared in his hand.

"Puff!"

He pinched the token and crushed it to powder.

As it shattered, a purple shadow burst forth, releasing a vast aura as it did. The aura was confined to the room and the intense pressure it gave off forced everyone to take a few steps back.

Only the fox girl seemed unfazed and stood motionlessly.

"It's the Blessing Myriad Token! It seems to be of a high grade!"

"The Violet Cloud race is so generous that they have allowed this man to take this token!"

"…"

A flame of hope ignited in the Other Shore creatures' hearts when they saw the purple shadow.

The Blessing Myriad Token came from Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

There was a mountain known as the Blessing Mountain where there were life forms of pure energy. These life forms were similar to pure energy entities, gentle in nature and numerous in number.

Once they perished, they would fuse into a kind of purple jade found in the mountain and stay there.

The more lives fused into a piece of jade, the higher grade it would be.

Divided according to their colors, there were a total of six grades of the Blessing Myriad Token. The sixth grade was the highest and was considered a lethal weapon in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

This Blessing Myriad Token was a personal token of Walden's grandfather, who had kept it for many years but never used it. His grandfather had given it to him for protection before he entered Stage Thirty-three.

It had never occurred to Walden that he might use it in the Eternal Scroll Painting. Now that the fox girl had given them a shot at survival, he cared about little else. His life was obviously more important than the precious token.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The fox girl's head was shrouded in the purple shadow containing pure energy. She gingerly raised her hand, her two light pink nails intertwined and flicked gently.

She seemed to have triggered something that spread from her fingertips.

The wildly surging purple shadow was suppressed in an instant and it shrank and disappeared.

Walden was in a daze when his chest was suddenly hit by a heavy hammer that sent him into the wall with a thud.

He leaned against the wall, his muscles, bones and blood imploding. His entire body was almost completely crushed. His soul hadn't been seriously injured but he only had a single breath left.

"They don't like eating dead things," the fox girl said, looking at his body, disappointed.

She stretched her pink finger slowly and removed Walden from the wall, dragged him to the hexagram array and threw him from the room.

The instant he was thrown, his body split into pieces. The broken pieces turned into pictures and scattered on the white scroll in a gruesome scene.

The Iron Dogs in the upper right corner caught the smell of blood, crawled along the passage and began devouring Walden's broken body.

The Other Shore creatures still in the room trembled violently. They couldn't help but be overtaken by the fear of being fed to the Iron Dogs.

"What a strange and horrible skill!"

"We're going to die anyway, let's at least go down fighting!"

"…"

They mustered the courage that remained in them and charged forward together.

The fox girl's face remained unchanged. She tapped her fingers lightly and her pink nails flicked out once more.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Waves of immense power pummeled into their chests. None of the Other Shore creatures, no matter their sizes, had any power capable of counterattacking. They were already on their last gasp when their bodies hit the wall.

With another flick of her finger, they too turned into pictures and like Walden, were thrown into the passage to feed the dogs.

After disposing of the last of them, she slowly turned towards the room across the corridor.

It was time to clear the left room.

Chapter 3821 Smash

The doors of these two rooms with hexagram arrays were opposite each other.

Zen and the others stayed in the room on the left and saw what happened in the other room. All of them blanched in fear at the scene.

The fox girl's lips curved into a smile as she knew the Other Shore creatures in the left room were watching her. "I'm coming," she said.

Her tempting voice sounded like the final judgment of death, which sent a chill down everyone's spine.

"Retreat!"

"We have no choice but to fight her!"

"Fight? Even the Blessing Myriad Token had no effect on her. Do you have any better ideas than that?"

The Other Shore creatures in the right room were by no means weak. They bravely fought back, but they still ended up dead!

One of the most terrible things that could happen to anyone was to be unable to do anything in a desperate situation.

They silently watched the fox girl step out of the hexagram array, turn into a beautiful painting, and slowly walk towards them while they couldn't think of any solutions at all!

"What kind of method did she use just now? It looked like she directly dissolved the energy in the Blessing Myriad Token," Egan said thoughtfully. He was one of the few people who could remain composed.

Of course, Zen also thought hard about the same question.

The Blessing Myriad Token Walden had summoned was indeed quite powerful. Even if they weren't in the same room, Zen could sense its strength.

However, the fox girl didn't fight the Blessing Myriad Token directly. Instead, it seemed that she had used a special method to dissolve its energy.

But how could she erase such an immense amount of energy in the Blessing Myriad Token without a trace?

What kind of method was that?

"I've never seen such a powerful method before. I didn't even know that someone so strong was hiding within the Eternal Scroll Painting," the Primeval Lord of Heaven commented.

If even the knowledgeable Primeval Lord of Heaven couldn't understand what method she had used, then it was over. Zen's heart sank in despair.

Just then, Egan suddenly said, "I have a Soul-trapping Rope. If I can capture her with it, everything she will do will be useless!"

"A Soul-trapping Rope?! Is that true?"

At that moment, the miserable Other Shore creatures in the room quickly lit up with hope.

These Other Shore creatures who had entered the Eternal Scroll Painting were outstanding elites and highly valued in their respective races. Sure enough, they all carried some precious treasures with them.

"The only problem is if the Soul-trapping Rope will have any effect on the fox girl," said Egan hesitantly.

"Whether it will work or not, we still have to try," Zen said determinedly as his fighting intent rose in his chest.

According to his rich experience in fighting in desperate situations, those who were indecisive and hesitant always lost and died. On the other hand, they could still have a chance of survival if they launched a counterattack against the odds.

"Okay then," Egan said with just as much resolution.

Then, he took two steps forward and shook his right hand. A golden rope appeared on his arm and coiled around it like a snake.

As for Zen, he retreated to a side and stood beside the hexagram array.

Since the fox girl was a creature who lived in the Eternal Scroll Painting, she must be somehow different from them. Whether ordinary methods were effective against her or not was an important question, but they practically had no other choice at the moment.

Meanwhile, the remaining Other Shore creatures retreated to the back of the room.

"This is useless..."

"She's just too invincible!"

"We all will die. We will truly die here today!"

After they witnessed the horrible scene in the other room, they lost their will to fight. They believed that it was useless to counterattack like what Zen and Egan did.

"Zen, I have a treasure that will protect you well," offered Kirk, who managed to conquer his fear.

In his hand was a small purple gourd. He pointed the gourd towards Zen and Egan as he spoke, then its opening emitted shimmering light films.

The rays of light floated in the air and gathered around Zen and Egan.

"This is the Heavenly Gourd Robe. It can help you withstand fifty thousand divine megatons of force," explained Kirk.

Fifty thousand divine megatons of force was a substantial amount of energy.

If Kirk's treasure and a Holy Soul's Chaotic Source Spirits were combined, then it would be enough to block an ordinary Eternal Realm master's attacks. Evidently, the Heavenly Gourd Robe was an extraordinary Other Shore Token.

Zen and Egan held their breaths in concentration. The fox girl on the ground slowly moved into the room and approached the hexagram array.

She turned from a painting into a living creature, and her attractive figure quickly materialized in front of them. "Do it!" Zen commanded in a low voice.

With a flick of Egan's hand, the Soul-trapping Rope slipped from his arm and wrapped around the fox girl's body.

As soon as the Soul-trapping Rope wrapped around the fox girl, Zen's body unleashed his strength. Driven by tremendous power, his fist collided against the fox girl's head like a hammer to a nail.

In turn, all the other creatures in the room were stunned into silence.

The Blessing Myriad Token that Walden had just summoned was quite powerful, but Zen's punch contained nearly half of the same force. Did it mean that his physical strength was on par to half the power of the Blessing Myriad Token?

Weren't Eternal Realm masters the only ones who possessed such a level of strength?

All of the creatures present came to the Eternal Scroll Painting with the desire to reach the Eternal Realm, but Zen was already as strong as an Eternal Realm master!

However, their current situation was extremely critical. Although everyone was shocked at Zen's display of strength, they were still worried about the fox girl and not him. Would his punch be enough to kill her?

The fox girl, who was bound by the Soul-trapping Rope, did not have time to react before she saw a massive fist smash down her head.

Boom!

Zen's eyes widened to the size of saucers when his fist hit the fox girl's skull. It worked!

It seemed that the fox girl truly lost her powers and theurgies after the Soul-trapping Rope bound her. Zen's fist broke her skull open, then blood and brains gushed out of it.

Although half of her head was gone, she was still alive. She raised her right hand and crossed two fingers together. It turned out that she wanted to use her strange theurgy!

Crack! Crack!

In return, Zen quickly twisted her slender arms and ruthlessly broke her bones in the process. That way, he prevented her from unleashing the strange law power from her fingertips.

It was a critical moment, so Zen naturally didn't show any mercy. After he broke her arms, he threw another punch to her chest. The strong force hit her chest so hard that it sent her petite body flying backward.

Because the hexagram array was in her path, she turned back into a painting on the ground as she flew out of the room. Finally, she hit the wall opposite the room, and her mangled body was torn into pieces.

The painting she turned into was no longer in a human shape but scattered on the ground like a broken sack.

On the other hand, Egan still tightly held on to the other end of the Soul-trapping Rope.

Half of the rope was in its normal form, while the other half was entangled with the broken pieces of the painting outside the room. "Is she dead?" Egan asked cautiously.

Even if Zen's attacks had mutilated the fox girl's body, he didn't dare retrieve the Soul-trapping Rope until he confirmed she was dead.

"If she was a normal Other Shore creature, she should have died," Zen said with a frown.

He had crushed her head and pierced her chest. Even an Eternal Realm master would've died from such serious injuries.

Those Other Shore creatures who had given up also stared at her damaged body on the ground. Zen's counterattack completely turned the tables, and they started to see the hope in survival.

However, their optimism only lasted for several seconds. About ten seconds later, the broken limbs suddenly moved.

Chapter 3822 Glazed Body

Everyone's hearts stopped when they saw the broken limbs on the ground suddenly move.

Was she still alive?

Creatures that had reached the True God Realm possessed immensely strong and persistent life energy. To lose hands, legs, and even internal organs wasn't a big deal.

However, even when warriors reached the Other Shore Realm, their two most important body parts, namely the soul and the cinnabar field, couldn't sustain serious injuries. If their cinnabar field was destroyed, they would lose all their cultivation; if it was their soul, then they would die.

None of the creatures Zen had encountered could break such a rule. Even the Blood Spirit Tortoise, one of the top ten ferocious beasts of the chaos, was no exception. It would die like the others if its Soul of Light was damaged.

Just now, Zen showed no mercy at all to the fox girl, with the only desire to kill her.

His powerful attack had crushed her into pieces—but she was still alive?

"She... is fine?"

"What kind of monster is she? Her soul was not hurt at all?"

"This is impossible..."

At first, everyone assumed that Zen and Egan had killed the fox girl. They felt ecstatic as they thought that they could finally escape death, but now, it didn't seem like it.

The maimed limbs on the ground moved slowly, and at the same time, the black clumps merged and reconstructed.

By the time the pool of black clumps and body parts reached the door of the room, it already took the shape of the fox girl.

"She's back," Egan said bitterly.

"Then let's do it again," Zen answered indifferently.

In any case, there was no other efficient way to deal with the fox girl now. If they could still tear her to pieces, then they would do it all over again. There was no way the fox could be reborn infinitely!

Egan had already pulled back his Soul-trapping Rope. However, when the fox girl entered the hexagram array again, he quickly tossed the Soul-trapping Rope to bind her once more.

At the same time, Zen suddenly unleashed his power and blasted it towards the fox girl.

However, the fox girl's body now shone with a glassy luster. Her snow-white skin became translucent, and her body became extraordinarily strong after her transformation.

"Bang!"

The moment she saw Zen's fist coming at her, she had already raised her hand and smoothly grabbed it.

She had effortlessly blocked a punch that contained eighty thousand divine megatons of force! "Do you think the rope can trap me?"

The fox girl grabbed his fist with one hand and the Soul-trapping Rope with the other.

"It can't?" Egan narrowed his eyes.

He already had a bad feeling when he saw the fox girl's skin become a glazed color. If the Soul-trapping Rope had restrained her, she wouldn't be able to change into such a state. The only possible explanation was that the rope had lost its effect on her.

At that point, the fox girl grabbed the Soul-trapping Rope and slightly pulled it. The other end of the rope slipped from Egan's grip, and then she casually threw it on the ground. Her big eyes shifted to Zen, and a smile graced her translucent face. "You haven't given up yet? The rest gave up already."

Most of the Other Shore creatures in the room lost their will to fight. They either pinned their hopes on Zen who still fought, or waited for death. Only Egan and Kirk looked determined to battle.

However, the man in front of her was completely different. His eyes burned with fire, and although he was silent, his fighting spirit fiercely surged inside him. He had no intention of giving up.

"Why should I give up?" he shot back.

He opened his eyes and put his hand on the fox girl's shoulder.

After the fox girl's body became translucent, it became smooth and extremely tough. Zen tightly grasped her shoulder and swept her off the ground, then forcefully threw her behind him.

"Boom!"

The energy waves from the impact spread out in all directions. Those Other Shore creatures who leaned against the wall felt that it was so strong that they could hardly breathe.

The Instant Civilization had built the room that contained the hexagram array using rules, and it was almost unbreakable. Since the ground was quite solid, it caused a loud collision.

However, the fox girl with the glazed body did not have any cracks on her body.

Her body still remained upside down and she looked at Zen with a mocking smile. "Ninety thousand divine megatons of force? Is this your limit?" she sneered.

In a close combat, Zen could release about two hundred thousand divine megatons of force.

The only thing was, his Chaotic Source Spirits would be temporarily exhausted. Although the time was short, it was still quite dangerous.

Therefore, he made sure that he released no more than one hundred thousand divine megatons of force.

As he looked at the fox girl's mocking expression, he kicked her high into the air. Then, he bent down and released a large amount of force.

Afterward, he threw another punch at her chest.

"Boom!"

In turn, the fox girl flew away and slammed into the wall.

She landed beside an Other Shore creature who trembled violently in fear. If she had hit him, then he would've died already.

"That's not enough," the fox girl said with a taunting smile. She was getting serious in killing him.

At that moment, her body's translucent glazed color gradually faded away. Zen gently raised his left hand and winked at Egan. "Egan!"

Swish!

A gust of wind blew as the Soul-trapping Rope wound around her body once again.

As soon as the Soul-trapping Rope tied the fox girl, her face froze for a moment. She hurriedly put her slender index finger and thumb together, but she couldn't trigger the power of the theurgy. The Soul-trapping Rope had taken effect.

Her eyebrows shot up as her somewhat childish face sneered. She felt humiliated now that they saw through her. "Very good. Since you want to die more miserably, I'll satisfy you!" she scowled.

It turned out that the Soul-trapping Rope worked after all. At the very least, it stopped her from putting her fingers together and using the strange theurgy. She could still turn into her glazed form but was unable to use the theurgy.

It was Zen's idea. Earlier, when the fox girl had snatched the Soul-trapping Rope and threw it on the ground, he secretly asked Egan to pick it up through his chaotic energy.

Even though he didn't know what tricks and theurgies the fox girl had up her sleeves, he couldn't withstand the strange power she released when she put her index finger and thumb together. With the help of the Soul-trapping Rope, he could at least prevent her from using that kind of theurgy.

Just then, her skin turned into the glazed color again. At the same time, she stretched out her hand then tried to snatch the Soul-trapping Rope.

Fortunately, Egan was very smart. He pulled back the Soul-trapping Rope in time and watched over the fox girl vigilantly.

He knew that it was a life-and-death battle, so he was not afraid of offending her.

"In that case, I'll just kill you!"

The fox girl didn't want to play the seesaw game with Egan. Her face became filled with rage, and she immediately stabbed the head of the Other Shore creature beside her with her glazed hand.

"Pop!"

The head of the Other Shore creature exploded like a watermelon.

In the next moment, her petite body, which didn't reach Zen's chest, crashed against him.

"Boom!"

As a result, Zen was thrown away and crashed against the wall on the other side.

The fox girl was very confident in her glazed body, and that was exactly what he wanted.

Chapter 3823 Breaking The Defense

When Zen hit the wall, he turned over to give the fox girl a surprise attack.

"Boom!"

A loud rumble that came after almost deafened Zen.

After slamming into the wall, the fox girl turned around expressionlessly. "Your reaction speed isn't bad, but… it's not nearly impressive!"

Zen's face darkened before his body turned over once again.

But the fox's speed was far superior to Zen's. Before he could move, a hand grabbed his arm.

"Whoosh!"

The fox lifted him up like nothing and threw him right back down to the ground.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

The two had extremely tough bodies, carrying terrifying strength. Every time Zen smashed into the ground, an invisible shock wave would spread.

Those Other Shore creatures also became smart. As long as the two of them had any tendency of getting near them, they would hide far away, afraid of being hurt from the impact.

With such a terrifying power, anyone who was hit by the slightest shock wave would die or at least get crippled.

Every time the fox girl threw Zen down, the Other Shore creatures trembled. While they feared the fox, they were all the more amazed by Zen.

No wonder both the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race wanted him. The guy's body was extremely strong indeed.

Egan, on the other hand, seemed worried.

While Zen's physical body was undoubtedly strong, he couldn't withstand the situation if it was prolonged. Regardless of what kind of theurgy Zen used to stabilize his body, the fox's brute force was going to break it sooner or later.

"Bang!"

"Bang..."

The Heavenly Gourd Robe Kirk released was highly unique. While it could withstand fifty thousand divine megatons of force, it carried an important feature—it could be reborn infinitely.

Each time the fox girl smashed Zen into the ground and the impact exceeded the fifty thousand divine megatons limit, the Heavenly Gourd Robe instantly shattered.

But just when she lifted Zen up, the Heavenly Gourd Robe instantly wrapped around Zen's entire body once again. In turn, the Heavenly Gourd Robe could actually be regarded as an enhanced version of the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Naturally, the Heavenly Gourd Robe wasn't comparable to the Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's body. Its only shortcoming was that there was a time limit to its use.

When the Heavenly Gourd Robe and the Chaotic Source Spirits worked together to protect Zen's body, the latter could withstand one hundred and fifty thousand divine megatons of force directly.

The fox girl had used only a hundred thousand divine megatons of force in the first few strikes, bearing no damage to Zen.

But once she confirmed just how strong his body was, the fox girl didn't hesitate to increase the strength of her strikes.

One hundred and ten thousand divine megatons of force...

One hundred and twenty thousand divine megatons of force...

One hundred and thirty thousand divine megatons of force...

She figured Zen could only bear up to ninety thousand divine megatons of force because that was the most power he displayed in his previous attacks.

But it was becoming clear to her just how high Zen's tolerance was.

Still, she knew he was not completely invincible—if she continued increasing the power of her strikes one at a time, sooner or later, she knew she was going to shatter him to pieces.

"One hundred and forty thousand divine megatons of force!"

"Boom!"

When Zen hit the ground, there was a sharp noise that resounded along with a loud rumble of impact.

The moment he hit the ground, Zen twisted his body suddenly like he was holding onto a wooden pole. He then grabbed the fox's glazed arm with both hands and feet.

A hundred and fifty thousand divine megatons of force was his limit.

Once the attack exceeded the limit of what his body could bear, the Chaotic Source Spirits would grow fatigued enough that his body could take damage—he absolutely had to fight back.

Just as he grabbed the fox girl's arm, ready to throw her back, the fox sneered, looking at him pitifully.

She was by no means inferior to Zen when it came to controlling strength. When he leaned back, about to throw her out, the fox turned the situation around and rolled over agilely in the air, grabbing Zen.

"Whoosh!"

Simultaneously, she landed and lifted Zen high in the air, ruthlessly throwing him to the wall. Her movements were highly skillful—she made no unnecessary movements.

"Boom!"

The power that erupted from the impact had already reached a hundred and sixty thousand divine megatons.

The Heavenly Gourd Robe and Chaotic Source Spirits helped bear a hundred and fifty thousand divine megatons of force. The extra ten thousand had to be borne by Zen's physical body.

His Myriad Tribulations Body had nine Bone Tribulation Imprints—he was by no means weak. When he forcefully resisted the power of ten thousand divine megatons, he could only feel his blood roiling inside him and nothing else.

"Huh, you can withstand a hundred and sixty thousand divine megatons of force, I see. Let's continue, then." The fox walked toward him threateningly.

The smile she wore could easily be an innocent one, save for the terrifying threat hidden underneath.

The Other Shore creatures knew Zen's body was strong, but they didn't know exactly what sort of great power he was enduring. Hearing just how powerful the force was made them gasp in disbelief.

Just how powerful was this man?

Even after being smashed into the ground so many times, his body remained intact.

"One hundred and seventy thousand divine megatons of force…"

Before she even finished, she had already grabbed Zen's neck with her hand.

Initially, Zen wanted to dodge, but the fox already saw through him. Shifting a foot in one direction, she caught him with accuracy.

At this moment, Zen grew anxious.

If the Chaotic Source Spirits were not exhausted, they could be continuously repaired.

But recovering from fatigue could take a while.

If he used his physical body to withstand the power of a hundred and seventy thousand divine megatons of force, even with the help of the Heavenly Gourd Robe, it would far exceed his limit.

"Crack!"

Power burst out of Zen's arms, passing under the fox's arms and ready to lift her up.

When she was in the air, her feet swept past Zen's head and suddenly kicked into the wall.

Under the great counterforce, she once again grabbed Zen in the air, ready to smash him into the ground.

"Repair.."

Fear surfaced in Zen's eyes. The truth aura within his body was constantly surging—if the Chaotic Source Spirits weren't repaired, the attack could easily shatter him to pieces.

As he fell to the ground, the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body lit up once again before recovering.

"Boom!"

Zen's body had to withstand the extra twenty thousand divine megatons of force. His face turned red as his blood and energy surged radically.

"Your body protection theurgy can't withstand it anymore, I see?" The fox girl looked condescendingly down upon Zen.

The slight change in Zen's body could easily go unnoticed by anyone else, but not the fox girl. "It seems your limit should be a hundred and fifty thousand divine megatons of force. The further we go, the more difficult you'll find it to bear the power. I'd better send you to your death in one go!"

"Two hundred thousand divine megatons of force!"

In truth, Zen could actually bear exactly two hundred thousand divine megatons of force. But after the Chaotic Source Spirits grew completely tired, the limit was reduced by a hundred thousand divine megatons.

When she increased her power to two hundred thousand divine megatons, she had every intention to kill him.

The Chaotic Source Spirits in Zen's body were still fatigued when the fox's attack was falling—how could they dare to face it?

And so Zen held his breath and shifted his body a foot away.

"Puff!"

The fox's glazed hand stabbed into Zen's chest, making blood spurt out like a sharp arrow.

A long lost feeling of pain rose in him. After obtaining the Chaotic Source Spirits, no one had ever really managed to hurt him.

The fox's hand that pierced Zen's body slashed down, heading for Zen's cinnabar field—she intended to completely destroy his inner world. If she succeeded, he'd lose all contact with his Other Shore Tokens, cutting off his very source of strength.

Fortunately, after Zen merged with a Chaos Ancient God's blood, the bones in his body had undergone a great change. The thick layers of sclerites abruptly blocked her hand.

Chapter 3824 One Opportunity

Now that the sclerites were blocking her, the fox girl used her bloody hand to punch Zen in the stomach again.

Zen had expected this and twisted his body to avoid the blow.

A smile appeared at the corners of the fox girl's mouth. She had thought that Zen's struggle would be in vain. But this time, Zen also kicked at the ground, causing his whole body to be sent flying upwards.

The moment he bounced upwards, the tired Chaotic Source Spirits in his body were instantly repaired.

With a tell-tale swish, a cyan feather appeared above Zen's head. The feather was from the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization.

The moment this feather appeared, Zen's agility increased by leaps and bounds.

But this was far from enough.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven!"

The pages of the human race's blue book began to flip through and then it suddenly stopped, causing the green light somewhere in Zen's inner world to flash.

This was a pool built in the sky called the Phoenix Pool.

After the Primeval Lord of Heaven had occupied Zen's inner world, he had assigned many tasks to the humans. The Phoenix Pool was one of these tasks.

The energy souls of the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the real Snake Goddess that remained were very weak. They had to make use of the Civilization Artifact of the human race.

The light of the book began to suddenly shimmer, green ripples appearing on the Phoenix Pool. Streaks of green light rushed out of Zen's inner world, blooming from the surface of Zen's body.

With the support of the two Civilization Artifacts, Zen's speed suddenly increased multi-fold.

The fox girl still wasn't taking Zen seriously. She wanted to grab him and dismember him, which, in her opinion, would take her less than fifteen seconds.

But the moment she made to grasp him, Zen, like a slippery eel, slipped out of her way.

Crack!

He grabbed the fox girl from behind and threw her to the wall.

Boom!

The fox girl's body was about to hit the wall when she bent her legs so that she ended up looking like she was striding across the wall. She stood there, horizontal and surprised, and said, "So your speed has increased! But it's still of no use. You can't hurt me with your strength. Your attack is just like a mere itch for me!"

She kicked off the wall and turned her body upside down, aiming at Zen's head.

If this kick were to hit him, it would become very difficult for Zen to escape or survive.

But thanks to his increased speed, Zen only had to tilt his shoulder slightly to dodge the powerful kick that contained over one hundred thousand divine megatons of power. The fox girl's attack spiraled out of control and landed on a different creature of the Other Shore.

The room of the hexagram array was not large enough for the Other Shore creature to escape the attack. And by the time he had realized the danger he was in, it was too late.

Pop!

The back of the fox girl's foot swept across the head of the Other Shore creature, causing it to explode into bubbles of blood. The Other Shore creature was now a headless corpse that shook violently for a while before falling to the ground. Blood flowed from the gaping hole in his neck.

The other creatures of the Other Shore trembled like rabbits coming face to face with a wolf. They didn't dare resist, only praying that Zen would kill this monster.

They couldn't react and move fast enough. Even if they remained curled up in the corner, they would be injured or killed during the battle if they didn't pay attention. This was worse than risking their lives and fighting the battle.

On the other hand, two Other Shore creatures had used their unique methods. One of them had turned his body into a grayish brown poisonous mist. He did not think his poisonous mist could defeat the fox girl, and had only used it to protect himself.

The other one curled up in a corner the size of a fist, which made him a much more difficult target to attack.

Zen finally got a chance to breathe after his speed increased.

Before the Chaotic Source Spirits recovered, he hadn't wanted to take on the fox girl. He had just relied on his nimble body to dodge her. But he had begun to do his own analyses during this time.

The fox girl's strength had increased almost every time she had attacked. And now, her strength was close to two hundred thousand divine megatons!

This meant that she could withstand a power of two hundred thousand divine megatons with her physical body.

The limit of the explosive strength from Zen's physical body was only two hundred thousand divine megatons. He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to shatter the fox girl's glazed body.

Boom!

Boom!

Zen's body floated, narrowly avoiding the fox girl's attacks. Her strength had now increased to two hundred and twenty thousand divine megatons.

Perhaps it was because of her incomparably strong body that the fox girl's attacks became more and more formidable with every strike.

"It's no use dodging this way." The fox girl sighed as she chased after him. "Even if I gave you the chance to fight back, what could you do? The limit of power that my physical body can bear is far beyond your imagination."

She was of the opinion that even if she stood there and let Zen attack her at his full power, Zen probably wouldn't be able to injure her.

After the Chaotic Source Spirits had recovered, Zen had seized the opportunity and landed quite a few punches on the fox girl. His strength was controlled, at about ninety thousand divine megatons, and his attack could not cause any harm to her.

Bang!

Zen moved behind her and kicked her back again. The kick contained nearly one hundred thousand divine megatons of power but she blocked it quite easily.

Egan and the others looked on in despair.

If Zen had displayed his full strength, they would be doomed this time. After all, Zen could not hurt his opponent.

And in this narrow room, Zen would fail sooner or later, and one failure meant death.

"You should be able to control more than one hundred thousand divine megatons of power. Why don't you use it?"

The fox girl blocked Zen's attack and smiled as she turned around to grab him. But Zen had already floated away, avoiding the attack by inches.

Zen seemed abnormally calm in this battle.

There was still a chance as he could use the Celestial Spear.

When he had been in Stage Thirty-one of the Other Shore, Zen had let Libby keep the Celestial Spear that he had obtained. Before entering the Eternal Scroll Painting, Zen returned in the form of the Soul of Light and took it back from Libby.

With the Three Purities Stone, he fused his soul with his body. He could thus also use the Sumeru Space owned by his Soul of Light.

"Or do you think you have a trump card that will help you fight back and defeat me?"

The fox girl was suddenly reluctant to kill Zen.

She had hunted many low-level creatures in the Eternal Scroll Painting that were weak and vulnerable in her eyes.

But the human being before her was the only one who had fought her for so long.

He had probably been able to hold on for so long because they were fighting in the room of hexagram array.

But he was still outstanding for holding his own while fighting her.

Whoosh!

"If you have any powerful skills, use them quickly, or you won't stand a chance!"

The fox girl jumped a hundred feet as she spoke, and then, with a sudden kick of her legs, swooped down on Zen.

She used her own body as a weapon.

She had used this method a number of times before and every time, her attack had been formidable and threatening. Zen had had no choice but to escape.

But Zen stayed put this time. He merely took a step back before an azure square appeared in his hand. He had barely pulled the Celestial Spear from the square when a hysterical voice rang out from his throat and echoed across the room. "I'll do what you want!"

Chapter 3825 Walls

By then, the Celestial Spear had returned to its peak, capable of increasing Zen's strength ninefold.

If Zen now went all out and unleashed two hundred thousand divine megatons of force, the blow would be as powerful as one million eight hundred thousand divine megatons of force; a truly terrifying figure.

But he only had one shot at it and so had to be very precise.

He exercised great patience when fighting the fox girl and now he waited for his final opening!

"Buzz!"

The power of two hundred thousand divine megatons surged along his arms like a vigorous tide.

The Chaotic Source Spirits could now only bear one hundred thousand divine megatons of force, while Zen's physical body would have to bear the remaining one hundred thousand divine megatons of force. Consequently, one hundred thousand divine megatons was actually his body's limit.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Faint cracking noises came from within him as he brandished the Celestial Spear.

He was at his limit and his body was struggling to bear such great force and so thin cracks began appearing on his bones.

If he remained in this extreme state for much longer, his body could collapse.

But the Celestial Spear had already been drawn towards the fox girl.

With two hundred thousand divine megatons of force contained in the attack, the Celestial Stone embedded in the tip of the spear emitted intense light and an indescribably heavy pressure was exerted on it.

As Zen waved the spear around, its shaft was pressed into the shape of a full moon.

"Whoosh!"

The Other Shore creatures felt a strong wind whip and cut at their faces. They tried to dodge the intense pain but there was nowhere in the room to escape to.

From the very beginning, the fox girl had never viewed Zen as her opponent, as capable of challenging her, and she certainly had never thought he would pull out a weapon such as this.

The power she felt from the tip of the Celestial Spear changed everything and wiped a look of pure shock across her glazed face.

She could not accurately deduce the Celestial Spear's power, but she knew that if she was hit by a strike from it, she would most definitely die.

Her body was in an incredibly powerful state. Under normal circumstances it was impossible to break. But once the power climbed too high, breaking a single spot would shatter her entire body.

Egan and Kirk were awestruck at what they saw. They hadn't expected Zen to still have a trump card like this hidden up his sleeve.

The Celestial Spear was about to strike the fox girl when suddenly, a huge hand drew a line into the No-break Maze. The line just so happened to be drawn in the room Zen was in.

The line was nothing but a black mark on the Eternal Scroll Painting. But in the room, between Zen and the fox girl, a wall had been added, and the Celestial Spear carrying a power as high as one million eight hundred thousand divine megatons hit it.

"Boom!"

A deafening boom rang out and the entire No-break Maze trembled under the massive force. The two Evil Orochis blocking the way were rattled too. They held great power themselves and so any power stronger than theirs frightened them.

The wall was unbreakable but still caved in from the extraordinary force.

Even from above the Eternal Scroll Painting, the new line was curved.

The crying face was not worried about it being smashed through though. All walls in the No-break Maze were a whole; unless the entire maze was erased, none of the walls would be destroyed.

Zen was stunned and frustrated that his strike had been blocked by a wall appearing out of the blue.

Regardless of how it had appeared, he now had no other way to fight back against the fox girl.

She had planned to close her eyes and wait for death to take her. The sudden appearance of the wall stunned her too. She raised an eyebrow and fell into deep thought.

A few moments later, a murderous look appeared on her face. She moved around the wall in an attempt to get at Zen.

Zen stepped back, gritting his teeth.

The fox girl took two steps forward and another wall was placed in front of her.

She refused to give up. She stepped back and tried going around the other side.

"Swish!"

A third wall appeared, completely blocking her off.

The room was now divided into two. Once the fox girl accepted she was unable to enter the area Zen was in, she helplessly exited the hexagram array and turned into a flat picture.

She immediately looked up at the face in the sky, which was constantly changing between crying and smiling.

"Master Brush-wielder! Why did you stop me from killing him?" the fox girl asked furiously.

"Because you had already lost," said the smiling face calmly. "If I hadn't done something, he would have smashed you to bits."

"Why not just help me?" she asked, still upset.

"Hahaha..." the smiling face chuckled gloomily. "The reason I helped you in the first place was because I needed you to do something that was inconvenient for me to do myself, not because you needed help killing people in the passages. If all I want is death, I could do it myself."

This revelation left the fox girl speechless.

The face gave her and her companions everything they had. What it said made sense.

But the fox girl was smart and quickly picked up on something. "No, you would not have paid so much attention to me just because you're worried about me!"

There was no doubt about her strength. It was very unlikely she would encounter any danger she couldn't handle, so the brush-wielder would not need to pay so much attention to her. There was nothing he'd have to rescue her from.

The only possibility that remained was that he was watching someone else.

It was obvious: it was the human boy she had been fighting. The brush-wielder was concerned for his safety.

Her guess was right. The brush-wielder's eyes never left Zen. He wanted to test Zen's limits and see how far he could go, but he had never imagined he would be able to kill the fox girl.

At the critical moment, he stepped in and stopped the fight from continuing.

"Why? Is he special?" inquired the fox girl curiously.

"Yes," the smiling face replied.

"Is it possible that he may enter the final room?" The fox girl's attitude had now shifted.

"At the least, he passed your test," said the smiling face, turning into a crying face but still with an unusually happy voice.

The fox girl fell silent for a moment, feeling that the brush-wielder seemed to be acting reasonably.

If she put aside his abnormal behavior of silently protecting Zen, she had to admit that the human had indeed defeated her and was even about to kill her.

"All I know is that he is one we have waited for, but whether he is able to reach the end, I'm unsure," said the crying face slowly. "When all is said and done, he is the most likely to reach the end. So, according to our agreement, you will have to talk with him."

"Got it, sir."

The fox girl lay in the Eternal Scroll Painting and returned to the room.

Zen and the others were unable to leave because of the several walls that had been put into place.

They had no idea what was going on and were all worried about what would happen to them.

They were lost in thought when the sound of something being erased scratched in all their ears and the walls quickly vanished before their eyes.

The disappearance of the walls displeased them as the fox girl stood in front of them once more.

Chapter 3826 The Origin-Level Bloodline

The amount of twists and turns perplexed these Other Shore creatures to the point that they almost went numb from the nervousness.

Nobody tried to escape. All they could do was stare at the fox girl with glazed, frozen eyes.

It was as if they were no longer concerned with whether she would kill them or not. Their fate had been sealed the moment they entered this trap. All they could do was accept their death with dignity.

The fox girl turned her gaze to Zen.

This was her home turf so she had the upper hand but she still ended up defeated by this man. Was it a matter of luck, perhaps? Nevertheless, whether or not Zen got lucky, she was still defeated which meant the brush-wielder had chosen the right person.

She nodded at him pointedly. "You, come to me."

Zen had just recently restored the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body and was extremely on guard, however, her sudden command still caught him by surprise. "What do you mean?"

"You've defeated me, so I will tell you something," she replied.

Zen immediately shook his head. "I refuse!"

He didn't know what was up with this fox girl, however, he knew for a fact that once he left the room and changed into a painting then the strength gap between the two of them would grow significantly. He would completely be at her mercy.

Seeing Zen's vigilance, the fox girl was at a loss with how to persuade him. After a while, she decided to turn her attention towards the Other Shore creatures behind him. "You can leave the room now."

Since Zen was not willing to come to her, then she would have to empty out the room to privately converse with him.

"We're not going anywhere..."

"Those snakes are still guarding outside. If we go out, we're as good as dead!"

"Exactly! What he said!"

It was only after looking at the determined expressions on their faces that the fox girl truly realized how much of a threat they viewed her as.

Truth be told, she initially only planned to spare Zen's life since he was the one who defeated her. However, she remembered the brush-wielder's words and knew it would be meaningless for her to kill these creatures.

"You will leave here safely. I shall remove the Evil Orochis and ensure a safe path for you all," she assured them.

"Really?"

"You're truly going to let us go?"

"You're not messing with us, right?"

Of course, despite her assurance, they still found her words a bit too hard to believe.

Having noticed that their suspicions remained unabated, the fox girl decided to send out a command to the Evil Orochis that told them to retreat from the upper-right corner of the No-break Maze.

However, even if the two snakes had retreated far away, the creatures still refused to believe in her. There was no way they were going to trust someone with such large amounts of power.

The fox girl gritted her teeth from irritation. "I'll give you ten seconds. If you don't leave then you leave me no choice but to kill you!"

Fortunately for her, this ultimatum was enough to send the Other Shore creatures running. They all stepped past the hexagram array and turned into paintings as they left.

Before Egan and Kirk left, they shot one last look at Zen, wishing him luck for whatever the fox girl had in store for him.

She didn't seem to have any more intentions of killing anyone but they weren't sure what she wanted from Zen.

Once everyone left and they were finally alone, the fox girl talked to Zen directly. "You've obtained a total of eighteen imprints in the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation, right?"

"Yes," Zen replied with full honesty.

There was no need for him to hide anything or lie since she was already forthright with her question.

She smiled and asked another question. "What kind of bloodline do you want to obtain?"

The specificity of her question made Zen freeze.

According to the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the most difficult part of the Eternal Scroll Painting lay on the third page which was a huge vortex wherein Zen could fully test his own strength.

As far as Zen knew, the imprints he had collected could be used to help him explore the vortex. The fox girl's question just now sounded like she was offering Zen whatever bloodline he wanted. Was it really that easy?

"Ever since I entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, I have strived to achieve a lot of things. The bloodline I will obtain will just depend on my fate, right?" he replied after thinking about it for a while.

As the saying went, "Man proposes, God disposes," and Zen believed this wholeheartedly.

"I want you to go to the end," the fox girl said with a very serious look.

"The end?" Zen repeated with a scoff of disbelief. "There are so many elder masters who've entered the Eternal Scroll Painting before me. I'm not sure I'm worthy enough of surpassing them and making it to the end."

The Other Shore was almost entirely under the control of the Element Spirit race which was already composed of countless elites. To surpass them all would be an incredibly difficult task for Zen. It wasn't a feat he had that much confidence in achieving at the moment.

The fox girl's eyes glinted with a hint of annoyance. "I wasn't asking you to surpass those losers. I said I wanted you to go to the end. Do you understand me?" she huffed. "Those guys you mentioned just got the root-level bloodline. That's nowhere near enough!"

Zen raised an eyebrow at the term she just used. "Root-level bloodline?" he repeated.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was quick to rush to his aid. "I've never really heard of this term before. Perhaps it's a definition set for grading bloodlines. We usually separate the large vortex of the Eternal Scroll Painting into the inner and outer circles. The innermost circle has all the best bloodlines. Anyway, let's just hear her out first."

It was a good thing that the fox girl no longer held any hostility toward Zen.

"Bloodlines in that world are divided into three levels with the weakest being the ordinary source-level bloodline. All bloodlines in the sixteen outer circles of the vortex are all on ordinary source level while those in the four inner circles are on root level," she explained.

"That's quite similar to our grading methods!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded. "There are sixteen outer circles and four inner circles. The inner ones naturally have better bloodlines than the outer ones."

Chiyou, Houyi, and a vast majority of Eternal Realm warriors obtained ordinary source-level bloodlines in outer circles. Only a small number of people managed to obtain bloodlines in inner circles.

This explanation clarified some things for Zen. However, there was still something that bothered him. "You mean to tell me that it isn't enough to obtain a root-level bloodline?" he asked.

A root-level bloodline was at the same level as those powerful masters in Stage Thirty-three. Shouldn't that already be enough? It didn't seem to be enough judging from what the fox girl just told him.

Zen's words immediately filled her eyes with disappointment. "If you came to the Eternal Scroll Painting only to obtain a root-level bloodline then I'll just end your life right now!"

The fox girl raised her hand. Her thumb and index fingers were clasped together and the moment she snapped, Zen would instantly die.

She employed the use of a unique Law Power within this channel, a theurgy bestowed upon her by the brush-wielder.

Zen couldn't help but secretly roll his eyes at her dramatics. He truly hadn't met a more unreasonable person but since he knew that she was serious about killing him, he had to submit. He immediately held up his hands in surrender. "Wait! I'll try my best to meet your requirement. If you say that the root-level bloodline is not enough then what's stronger than that?"

"The origin-level bloodline," she told him, finally stretching out her hands. "There are four kinds of origin-level bloodline inside the room at the very end. You have to get one of them. If you can't then I'll kill you."

The corners of Zen's mouth twitched when he looked at her solemn expression. How did things come to this? Now he wasn't even allowed to get an ordinary bloodline, no, he had to get one of those so-called origin-level bloodlines or risk death.

Meanwhile, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was lost in thought.

As far as he recalled, the bloodlines in the inner circles were the most powerful. So long as Zen obtained one of them then he would be qualified to establish a force in Stage Thirty-two or Thirty-three and guarantee the survival of their race.

However, according to the fox girl, there were actually far stronger bloodlines. It was something he had never heard of before.

Chapter 3827 The Void Sand

Before stepping out of the room with hexagram array, the fox girl signaled Zen to stand still, and then she gently pressed her white fingers onto Zen's forehead.

Zen knew the power her hand possessed was very formidable. As he was about to retreat, two of the fox girl's fingers had already touched his forehead, and a wisp of black gas instantly penetrated his head.

Zen felt a chill seep into his forehead, but the chill immediately disappeared without a trace.

"What did you do?" Zen asked with a frown.

The fox girl shrugged her slender shoulders and explained, "I just did you a favor, and now you can move more smoothly in the big vortex."

Zen suspiciously stared at the fox girl for a few seconds before he stepped into the hexagram array and turned into a flat picture.

The moment Zen became a painting, a strange feeling stirred in him.

Previously, after he had transformed into the painting, his angle of sight had been fixed, and he could only view the scenery within a limited range. However, at this moment, his angle of sight had slightly changed.

What was happening now?

Reflexively, Zen raised his head. He suddenly gazed straight ahead and discovered the end of the Eternal Scroll Painting. Only then did he realize that he was standing on the Eternal Scroll Painting!

He was still a painting, but he had turned into a painting that had stood up.

"This is a skill of the Worm Tapir!"

Zen was momentarily stunned before he realized what had happened.

Both the fox girl and the Worm Tapir could temporarily disappear from the Eternal Scroll Painting, which meant they could jump out of the painting.

Right now, he had stepped on the No-break Maze. The wall that resembled a line didn't seem to exist to him, and he could cross it with just one leap.

If someone saw Zen in the No-break Maze, they wouldn't be able to see his whole body, but only the soles of his feet.

"No wonder the Worm Tapir is so powerful. Its ability is utterly remarkable." Zen immediately understood the creature's ability.

In his current form, it was a piece of cake for him to kill the other creatures of the Other Shore. Those Other Shore creatures were not in the same league as him at all. They would not even know who attacked them if he stepped on them.

Zen no longer moved along the maze's pathways. Instead, he moved to cross the walls and headed straight for the end of the No-break Maze.

When he reached the gate at the end of the No-break Maze, Zen lowered his body back into the painting and moved out through the gate.

After passing through the No-break Maze, he reached the third page of the Eternal Scroll Painting and drew within sight of the huge vortex, which appeared in the Grand Plain Stage.

At this point, the Other Shore creatures in the Grand Plain Stage all sighed.

"It's the Black Disaster. They must have faced it!"

"This time, the Black Disaster is too powerful. Almost all of them have been slain!"

"Only a handful of people survived..."

Sometimes, the Eternal Scroll Painting was known for being extremely dangerous, and this particular sort of danger was known as the Black Disaster.

Every time the Black Disaster materialized, it could cause havoc and completely destroy the Other Shore creatures.

However, the chances of meeting the Black Disaster were very small, and it had never appeared on the first page before.

When most of the Other Shore creatures perished and only a scraggly few survived, they were convinced that they had met their ends due to the Black

Disaster. This time, those who entered the Eternal Scroll Painting would probably be completely annihilated.

"At least there is one of our members left. Our race still has some hope," an elder of the Life race said.

"There's no one left of our Swallow Victory race..."

"It's a great fortune for our Three Eyes race to have two warriors still alive!"

Just as the Other Shore races were tallying the surviving warriors, someone pointed at the Eternal Scroll Painting and exclaimed, "They're coming out. They're about to enter the vortex!"

After entering the third page, the shapes of the Other Shore creatures were clearly visible. Many Other Shore creatures had materialized at the bottom of the huge vortex.

Inside the Eternal Scroll Painting

Egan, Kirk, and the other survivors stood to the side. Instead of entering the vortex immediately, they were quietly checking things out.

Something floated in the large vortex—a kind of black sand, which was called the Void Sand.

Occasionally, a grain of Void Sand floated towards them and hit the bodies of Egan, Kirk, and the others, after which the sand instantly vanished, leaving a sand sized hole on the surface of their bodies as an agonizing pain filled them.

Those who had all entered the Eternal Scroll Painting and reached the big vortex on the third page had an instinctual fear of the Void Sand. Even those who had already achieved the Eternal Realm were no exception. Every time they even mentioned the Void Sand, their expressions would be greatly charged with fear.

Some Other Shore creatures might have been able to cultivate to become Eternal Realm warriors, but after being tortured by the Void Sand for some time, they all chose to quit.

The Void Sand could pierce into the physical body of any creature and dissolve it one bit at a time. And the agonizing pain it caused was not something that could be easily borne by most.

While they were still quietly watching the big vortex, Zen stepped through the gate of the No-break Maze.

"Zen, are you okay?" When Egan saw Zen, a pleasantly surprised look appeared on his face.

When the other creatures of the Other Shore laid eyes on Zen, they let out a collective sigh of relief. They were glad that Zen had made it through alive.

Although these Other Shore creatures all had their own viewpoints, Zen had saved their lives in the end. At the very least, they could fight together on the same side here.

"I'm fine," Zen replied. "Why haven't you entered the big vortex yet?"

"We're waiting for you," Egan said with a bashful smile.

In fact, so many terrible things had transpired on the first and second pages, so these warriors were all a bit scared.

Although there were neither beasts, nor the Black Disaster on the third page, they were afraid that an accident would happen again. If someone as powerful as Zen could lead them and face the dangers first, it would fill them with a certain sense of security.

"In that case, we should go in now!" said Zen.

He finally reached the final step, so he became a little excited.

Before he had taken more than a few steps, a grain of Void Sand came hurtling at him from the distance and hit the back of his hand.

Ba!

The moment the grain of sand impacted with Zen's body, it instantly vanished. A sharp and lancing pain instantly pierced him as if a needle had shot right into his Soul of Light.

Although the pain lasted for a short while, it had a burning intensity. It seemed that there was nothing Zen could do to eliminate or avoid it.

"Is that the Void Sand?"

Earlier, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had instructed Zen that this large vortex was constructed from a massive amount of Void Sand, with each grain being able to devour the material it impacted with.

If enough Void Sand were to hit someone, their physical body would be utterly dissolved by the sand.

But it didn't seem to faze Zen at all since he had the Chaotic Source Spirits.

Zen gently stroked the area where the Void Sand had hit. With the protection of the Chaotic Source Spirits, his body remained intact and unscathed. "It doesn't seem to have had any lingering effect."

"The Chaotic Source Spirits are really able to block the Void Sand..." The Primeval Lord of Heaven also seemed a bit surprised. He then cautioned, "That's indeed good news for you, but don't become careless. The Void Sand can dissolve more than just your body."

"Dissolve my soul." Zen frowned tightly.

Although the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body could physically fend off the sand, he didn't have an effective method to protect his soul. Without anything else to rely on, he would only have the protection of the nine Holy Soul Imprints.

Chapter 3828 Imprint Transmission Tower

"Da, Da, Da..."

The Void Sand occasionally hit their bodies, and the pain felt like needles pricking their skin.

What was worse was that it was both physical and mental pain.

It was especially hard for the warrior of the Life race on the left since he was highly sensitive to pain. Every time a grain of sand hit him, he gritted his teeth and groaned in agony.

It also hurt both Egan and Kirk, but they endured it a lot better. They only frowned and simply put up with it.

In comparison, the sand wouldn't quickly erode Zen's body, but he couldn't just get rid of the pain in his soul.

After they moved forward for a certain distance, a square appeared on the scroll painting. There was a big hexagram array drawn at the entrance of the square.

Their group of nine entered the hexagram array and returned to their normal state. At that moment, a circular tower appeared in the center of the square. The tower looked only like a simple circle on the scroll painting, but it looked magnificent and lofty in the square.

"This is the Imprint Transmission Tower," said Egan as he turned to Zen. "This is the starting point that leads to the big vortex. If you got some imprints while you were in the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation, you can get the corresponding protection from the Imprint Transmission Tower."

Zen thought that it was nice of Egan to explain everything to him in detail, as Egan knew that it was his first time to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting. Although the Primeval Lord of Heaven had already told him about it, he still listened carefully, as Egan explained.

In general, ordinary Other Shore creatures weren't resistant to the Void Sand's erosion. It was perfectly fine for them to be in the sixteen outer circles since there was not much Void Sand there. However, there was a massive amount of Void Sand in the deep part of the vortex, and those grains of sand could easily erode them. If they wanted to travel smoothly in the depths of the vortex, they had to rely on the Imprint Transmission Tower.

In front of the tower was a member of the Jade Crown race who took the lead to step forward.

"Buzz!"

When the warrior approached the Imprint Transmission Tower, his chest, back, and head began to glow. In turn, seven imprints appeared on the tower.

"Three Bone Tribulation Imprints and four Holy Soul Imprints, that's not bad," said Egan.

The three Bone Tribulation Imprints were exposed, so everyone saw them. The Holy Soul Imprints were on one's soul, and they were invisible to the naked eye but easy to figure out.

"Swish!"

The imprints on the Imprint Transmission Tower only remained for a short while before they disappeared. Then, a golden light came down from the tower and enveloped the warrior of the Jade Crown race.

"Now he should be able to reach the ninth circle from the center since seven layers of imprint light protected his body. But I can't say for sure if he could do better than that," Kirk commented.

"If he has stronger willpower and a faster speed, maybe he could break into the eighth circle," said Egan with a smile.

Egan had nine imprints, which made him an outstanding warrior. His goal was to rush into the fifth circle. He felt a sense of superiority when he saw the seven imprints of the warrior from the Jade Crown race.

After the warrior of the Jade Crown race obtained the protective light, he retreated to the side.

The next one who entered was the warrior of the Life race.

As soon as he neared the Imprint Transmission Tower, four imprints flashed across his body, and eight imprints on the tower lit up. It meant that he had four Holy Soul Imprints, and four Bone Tribulation Imprints, respectively.

The warrior felt very proud. He turned his head and announced, "My goal is to enter the seventh circle!"

It was difficult for a warrior who had eight imprints to enter the seventh circle, but it was clear that this warrior was determined.

Next, Egan and Kirk approached the Imprint Transmission Tower and obtained their protective light.

Generally speaking, the more imprints one had, the stronger the protective light the Imprint Transmission Tower gave them.

For example, the protective light Egan acquired was much denser than that of the warrior from the Jade Crown race.

After nearly all of them received the protective light, only Zen and a member of the Grasshopper race were left. The warrior from the Grasshopper race wasn't tall and remained quiet throughout, and most people ignored him.

"It's your turn, Zen," Egan said with a smile.

He had nine imprints, so he was the one with the most imprints among the group. He wanted to see how many imprints Zen had, and the Other Shore creatures were curious about it as well.

Although Zen had shown great strength, it didn't necessarily mean that he had a lot of imprints.

However, the warrior from the Grasshopper race suddenly walked towards the Imprint Transmission Tower.

"Buzz!"

Just as he approached the Imprint Transmission Tower, the imprints on his body lit up. Thirteen imprints appeared on the Imprint Transmission Tower. "My goal is to enter the inner circles," he declared.

The inner circles were the four circles near the center, and the bloodline they could get from there was much stronger than that in the outer circles. That was also the root-level bloodline the fox girl had mentioned before!

Thirteen imprints were extremely rare, so he was indeed qualified to break through to the inner circles.

"The Earth Grasshopper of the Grasshopper race actually has thirteen imprints!"

"A wise head truly makes a closed mouth. I didn't expect that he had so many imprints!"

"Break through to the inner circles... After we reach the Eternal Realm, he would still be more powerful than us."

Some of them were envious, but there was nothing they could do. After all, some things had already been decided when they passed the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation.

Although the number of imprints did not mean everything, some special abilities and willpower could fill the gap. But except for a small number of extremely powerful people who could narrow the gap, the others wouldn't be able to do much.

"Swish!"

A dazzling beam of protective light appeared around the warrior of the Grasshopper race. The light he released was much more intense than that of Egan, and it was the brightest of all.

Now, only Zen was left.

"The strongest one among us should be the Earth Grasshopper."

"Yes, thirteen imprints. No one had achieved such an extraordinary feat in a long time..."

"……"

The performance of the warrior from the Grasshopper race caught everyone's attention, so they expected a bit less from Zen's performance. After all, it was hard for him to surpass thirteen imprints.

After the warrior of the Grasshopper race left the Imprint Transmission Power, Zen walked towards it.

The moment he neared it, his chest, legs, back, arms, head…

All of his body parts glowed with the imprints' light, and so did the tower. Nine Bone Tribulation Imprints of different shapes and nine Holy Soul Imprints appeared on the tower at the same time.

The ray of light was somewhat blinding, and the crowd in the square fell silent. It wasn't until quite a while later that they began to roar.

"How many imprints are there?"

"One, two, three... Eighteen, eighteen imprints... "

"Eighteen imprints? Has he achieved complete success in both the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation?"

The Other Shore creatures present grew up on the Grand Plain Stage, so they had watched the Eternal Scroll Painting unfold over and over again.

They were familiar with all sorts of stories about talents, but they had never heard of anyone who had obtained eighteen imprints! "Zen, it this real?" Kirk asked in shock.

He couldn't believe his eyes!

In turn, Zen just shrugged slightly at Kirk's disbelief. "Zen, are you going to break through to the first circle?" Egan asked.

"I'll try my best," Zen answered.

The bloodline power in the innermost circle was only at the root level. It naturally didn't meet the requirements of the fox girl, so he could only try his best to explore the vortex and reach the end.

"Buzz!"

After the eighteen imprints disappeared, the protective light appeared on his body. The layer of protective light was as thick as real armor, and it tightly wrapped around him.

Chapter 3829 Complete Erosion

All the creatures present stood still in shock. They had never heard of anyone receiving eighteen imprints since the beginning of history, and the protective light that everyone else obtained wasn't as dense as Zen's.

Even Zen himself felt that the protective light was too dazzling, and it took him quite a while to get used to it.

Meanwhile, the others stared blankly at him for a long time, their eyes filled with envy.

That level of protective light would enable him to easily enter the inner circles and even break through to the third or second circle.

They all entered the Soul City and passed through the Land of Bone Tribulation, but why was there such a big difference?

No wonder both the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race fought tooth and nail for Zen. That was probably the secret reason.

On the other side of the square was another big hexagram array.

After everyone had acquired protective light, they gathered in front of the hexagram array.

From there, they could see the ethereal Void Sand that floated above the ground. "Are we going to rush out together?

I can take the lead," Zen offered.

However, the people behind him had mixed emotions regarding his suggestion.

"Zen, you can't do this," Egan said and shook his head.

"Why not?" Naturally, Zen was puzzled.

"The more people are gathered together, the more intense and severe the Void Sand's attacks will be," Kirk answered.

When the Eternal Scroll Painting was first designed, its designer had considered that some warriors might enter the inner circles in groups. After all, if someone powerful took the lead, then everyone behind him would benefit from it. Furthermore, it would be too easy for the weak ones to enter the inner circles.

There were a few who had tried to do it before, but when multiple people attempted it, the Void Sand in the vortex gathered like mad and became harder to resist.

From then on, everyone learned their lesson and entered the big vortex one by one.

"But this protective light..."

Zen felt that the protective light was quite powerful, but to maintain such a powerful state consumed a lot of energy. Thus, he was afraid that the protective light could only last for a limited time.

"Don't worry, Zen. As long as you stay inside the square, the protective light won't weaken," Egan assured him.

Upon hearing those words, Zen didn't say anything more. Besides, it wasn't the first time these people entered the Eternal Scroll Painting.

They gained their experiences from the many generations before them, so what they said shouldn't be wrong.

"Then I'll go first!" the member of the Life race declared.

He went forward and stepped on the hexagram array, then transformed into a picture and rushed forth.

All the eyes of the Other Shore creatures in the Grand Plain Stage were on him. The members of the Life race, in particular, even shouted and cheered.

The last remaining member of the Life race had eight imprints, which included four Holy Soul Imprints and four Bone Tribulation Imprints. The more balanced his corporeal body and soul were, the more even his protective light would be.

"Lionel will certainly get a good result!"

"His goal is to enter the seventh circle. He'll surely be able to make it."

"I believe in Lionel's strength!"

At that point, the member of the Life race ran wildly in the big vortex.

As soon as he left the square, the Void Sand began to rush towards him. More than a dozen pieces of the Void Sand hit his chest at the same time, but the protective light immediately dissolved them.

But of course, some of the protective light was dissolved as well. Fortunately, it wasn't an issue for concern.

With the protection of the protective light, the outermost circle of the big vortex didn't obstruct him at all. He had already passed through it in only five minutes. Then, he went through the nineteenth circle, the eighteenth circle, the seventeenth circle...

The creatures in the Grand Plain Stage saw what was happening, but Zen and the others couldn't. They only saw a golden light dot quickly ran on the ground in the distance.

Not long after, the member of the Life race had reached the tenth circle.

Some hexagram arrays were sparsely scattered on the ground outside the tenth circle. Then, behind each hexagram array was a round room.

If this member of the Life race wanted to obtain a bloodline, he could choose a hexagram array and enter the room behind it.

However, this member of the Life race named Lionel had long aimed for the seventh circle and did not intend to compromise.

The moment he entered the ninth circle, a large amount of Void Sand hit him.

The Void Sand eroded his protective light up to the point that its golden glow was fading at a speed that was visible to the naked eye.

"It seems that Lionel's protective light is quite weak!"

"Perhaps it truly is difficult to maintain the protective light until he reaches the seventh circle."

"…"

The Life race was a race that had gone through all kinds of hardships. Although they were under the Element Spirit race's protection, they were weak and undervalued. The other races always abused them, and until now, only their leader was at the Eternal Realm.

As Lionel grew up, he swore to himself that he would become a mighty warrior of the Eternal Realm, and explore Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore to revive their Life race.

Because of his great ambition, he had worked hard.

"The eighth circle!"

Once he entered the eighth ring, the protective light on his body became very weak.

Logically speaking, the eighth circle should be his destination at that point. However, he refused to stop there. Since he decided that he would enter the seventh circle, then he wouldn't give up until he made it. The deeper he went, the stronger the bloodline he would get. Thus, he convinced himself that he had to do his best and reach his limit.

If he couldn't even do that, then how could he revive his race?

When he was halfway through the eighth circle, however, his protective light completely disappeared.

Without the protective light, things would get very complicated and dangerous for him.

"Lionel, please choose a bloodline already!"

"Your protective light is gone!"

the other members of the Life race shouted repeatedly, but they couldn't transmit their voices from the Grand Plain Stage to the Eternal Scroll Painting. Besides, based on Lionel's mentality, he wouldn't stop even if he heard them.

The Void Sand hit his arms, chest, belly, and legs, and left countless sand-sized pits. The intense pain was like thousands of needles that stabbed into his Soul of Light.

If he had a weaker will, then he would've passed out from the pain by now. He continued to rush forward with gritted teeth as his arms covered his face.

By the time he reached the seventh circle, the Void Sand had eroded more than half of the arm that covered his face. The bones inside it broke, then his arm completely fell off his shoulder.

His legs were also damaged, so he could only limp forward.

The members of the Life race kept shouting in the Grand Plain Stage. They saw that his picture in the Eternal Scroll Painting became increasingly smaller until it almost stumbled forward on the ground.

Eventually, Lionel still managed to crawl into the seventh circle. As soon as he entered it, however, a swarm of Void Sand submerged him, and he disappeared into the depths of the great vortex. The Void Sand had devoured and eroded every tissue of his body.

Chapter 3830 Results

The light at the far end gradually disappeared and Egan said in thought, "The man from the Life race has failed."

"Failed? What makes you say that?" asked Zen surprised.

He didn't know how Egan had come to this conclusion. When they were observing in the square, all they could see was a dot of light spinning in the distance before finally disappearing.

"If he had entered a room and fused with the bloodline, a blazing light would have flashed. But now, the protective light has disappeared but there is still no blazing light shining, which means he hasn't entered a room," Egan explained.

"He was trying too hard," commented Kirk while shaking his head.

In fact, the big vortex on the third page was relatively safe. As long as one's body was not totally eroded, they would be able to take their pick of a nearby room to obtain the bloodline and reach the Eternal Realm smoothly.

But some people got too greedy and chose to go further even without possessing the necessary strength.

"Let me have a go!"

The member of the Jade Crown race then came forward. He stepped into the hexagram array and quickly left the square, sprinting towards the depths of the big vortex.

About ten minutes later, his protective light was falling dimmer and dimmer. Then, a blazing light shot into the sky; the member of the Jade Crown race had already chosen a room to enter. After fusing with the bloodline, he reached the Eternal Realm.

"That was quite a rational decision. From what I see, he is probably in the ninth circle, matching the strength of the imprints he had obtained," Egan said, nodding to Kirk. It was Kirk's turn to enter the vortex.

Kirk had obtained seven imprints, just like the man of the Jade Crown race and he didn't overextend himself either. After reaching the ninth circle, he simply chose and entered a room with a hexagram array.

Several Other Shore creatures then followed suit. Perhaps the tragedy of the member of the Life race sucked away their will to gamble. They no longer dared grit their teeth and fight head-on. Most of them had each chosen a room with a hexagram array while the protecting light still shone.

Egan was the third to last to enter the big vortex. The protective light released by the nine imprints guaranteed to take him further. In the end, he reached the expected sixth circle.

In the Grand Plain Stage, the members of the Three Eyes race were overjoyed. Despite the outbreak of the Black Disaster, they still had two members successfully enter the Eternal Realm. Even more special was that Egan himself had reached his goal and made it into the sixth circle. They naturally felt proud and honored.

"The sixth circle is probably the pinnacle of the Eternal Scroll Painting this time, right?" a member of the Three Eyes race asked, filled with pride.

The disciples of the larger races had died on either the first or second page and lost their chance to compete.

But just then, another began rushing along the big vortex. The person was very small. He was from the Grasshopper race.

This race was even more inconspicuous than the Life race in the Grand Plain Stage and was not held in high esteem by outsiders.

But when the other members of the Grasshopper race saw one of their own appear, they stood and watched expectantly.

It had been many years since their race had produced such a talent.

It would definitely increase the strength of the entire race by one level if he could enter an inner circle and reach the Eternal Realm.

Many Other Shore races looked on indifferently. The member of the Grasshopper race passed through circles, entered the fourth circle directly and obtained a bloodline there. He did more impressively than seemed possible for this race.

Bloodlines in the inner circles were on the root level.

Since ancient times, very few had obtained one. Perhaps only one had entered an inner circle in the thousands of times the Eternal Scroll Painting had opened!

Many Other Shore races were then shocked to see what the member of the Grasshopper race had achieved.

A small, unknown race actually had a figure entering an inner circle... This would no doubt change the fate of their race.

However, some of the other races close to the Grasshopper race were not pleased. There was much competition and many disputes between them and the Grasshopper race and so they did not want to see such an impressive talent popping up.

"Why hasn't Zen gone yet?"

"His turn should be soon."

"He's the last to go!"

Pearce and the others were all in the Grand Plain Stage. Every time the Eternal Scroll Painting opened was like a grand banquet, but they always missed it as they were from the Source World.

Zen had come with eighteen imprints; he wondered what expressions this would inspire.

When Zen saw the blazing light soaring into the sky in the distance, he stepped into the hexagram array and turned into a flat painting, moving forward along the big vortex without hesitation.

Even after he had turned into a painting, his protective light was still intensely bright.

As the protective light blocked the Void Sand, he moved forward easily.

He encountered almost no resistance in the first sixteen circles.

A while later and he had successfully entered the fourth circle.

Zen had also garnered a lot of attention, but the Element Spirit race's and the Nihility race's interests in him had already proved he was extraordinary.

His entering an inner circle was almost expected and inevitable.

It would, after all, be ridiculous if the one selected by both Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven could not even enter an inner circle.

Zen had no time to relax when he entered the fourth circle. Once there, the size and density of the Void Sand increased greatly and rushed towards him wildly, consuming his protective light.

Although it was indeed very strong, it still would not be able to hold on much longer.

But the closer the circle to the center, the shorter the distance there was to travel through.

Without pausing, Zen advanced rapidly along the path through the big vortex.

The fourth circle...

The third circle...

The second circle...

All the Other Shore creatures in the Grand Plain Stage stared silently. They watched as he smoothly entered the inner circles, their expressions shifting with increasing amazement with his every advancement.

The gap between the Eternal Warriors was decided the moment they reached the Eternal Realm.

The warriors in the outer circles were all at the ordinary Eternal Realm, while those who managed to make their way to the inner circles were capable of becoming the leaders of powerful races. Of course, they would most likely be recruited straight into the Element Spirit race or the Nihility race.

As for those who entered the third or even second circle, they would be powerful forces in exploring Stage Thirty-three. By then, they could even dominate a territory.

And the strongest would enter the innermost circle in the center of the vortex. These creatures had the potential to compete to be the strongest existence on the Other Shore!

Now that Zen had effortlessly stepped into the second circle and still showed no signs of slowing down, it seemed that he would rush into the innermost circle.

"It's no wonder the two great races would fight for him..."

"They already knew what he was capable of!"

"He reaches the first circle. Up until now, there have only been eleven kinds of holy-level bloodlines. I wonder if he will obtain the twelfth."

Some Other Shore races referred to the bloodlines provided in the innermost circle as the holy-level bloodlines. These were also regarded as the best.

But this was a controversial view. After all, there were some incredibly powerful figures that did not rank high in the Eternal Scroll Painting. Thus it was believed that the difference in bloodlines from the four inner circles was not that great.

Chapter 3831 Surpassing

Under the Other Shore creatures' gaze, Zen rushed right into the innermost circle.

There, the Void Sand was dark purple, having stronger corrosivity than that in outer circles. As though it had its own intelligence, the sand flew all over the sky, swarming toward Zen like a cloud of bloodthirsty mosquitoes.

Buzz!

The once solid protective light then began swaying violently like candlelight flickering in strong gusts of wind. Now, it could be extinguished at any given moment.

If it weren't for the fox girl's special requirement, Zen might have already chosen to stop at this point. A bloodline in the innermost circle had met his initial expectations, after all.

To the left nearby Zen lay a hexagram array. Once he entered it, he'd be able to arrive safely at the room behind it, where a strange, flat pattern would be awaiting him — it likely had something to do with obtaining a bloodline.

But the fox girl's warning lingered in Zen's ears. He had no choice but to obey her — if he wanted to pass through the innermost circle smoothly, he had to speed up.

"I just have to charge without stopping!"

While he attempted to quicken his pace, the Void Sand reacted even more intensely, preventing him from advancing altogether.

Numerous clouds of Void Sand seemed to have materialized, forming a great monster that enveloped Zen, leaving no space for him to escape.

Countless grains of this unique sand counteracted Zen's protective light, corroding it in the field. Zen's protective light merely continued to shrink and dim.

"I can't hold on for much longer…" Zen muttered with a frown.

As he watched the sand dance along the surface of the painting, a thought suddenly sparked in his head — he then tried to lift his entire presence out of the Eternal Scroll Painting, leaving behind only his feet.

"Eh?"

"What happened?"

"Did he just leave his feet behind? Is it possible that..."

"Maybe the sand already eroded the rest of his body!"

The Other Shore creatures observing him speculated and bemoaned regretfully.

The members of the Three Eyes race glanced at the Oneness Sky Palace's people pitifully.

"What a shame. He should have chosen to integrate with a bloodline the moment he reached the innermost circle."

"Alas, maybe the boy was just far too greedy for a good rank. But the rankings in the inner circles don't matter all that much. He's still too young and doesn't know when to give up."

"This human's failure is far more regrettable than that of the warrior from Life race. He could have become an excellent master…"

Meanwhile, Pearce, Auden, Libby, and the rest of the Oneness Sky Palace stood as motionless as statues. They were all holding their hearts in their mouths the moment Zen made it into the innermost circle.

As always, Zen continued to surprise them with his excellent performance.

But they never expected Zen's advance to end so abruptly — he had only just taken a few steps into the circle.

It was an unacceptable fact, most especially for Pearce. He was stunned frozen in place, picturing the significant changes Zen's death could bring to the Oneness Sky Palace. They could easily be forced to migrate from the Bloom Divine Province. Not to mention that they had to save Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Madam Yasmin without Zen's power? All of a sudden, the future seemed far too dangerous.

Whether or not he admitted to the fact, the young man had become an indispensable existence to the Oneness Sky Palace.

The other races' remarks of regret pierced their ears like needles, overwhelming them with grief and distress. For a moment, none of them dared speak a word, only staring at Zen's footprints on the painting.

"Wait. But his protective light hasn't dissipated. He shouldn't be dead yet, right?" Suddenly, Libby chimed in.

While the Oneness Sky Palace's people had never entered the painting themselves, they did have a general understanding of it. Before eroding one's body, the Void Sand had to first break down one's protective light completely.

But Zen had disappeared so suddenly, leaving behind only his feet. Naturally, everyone assumed his body had been quickly devoured by the grains of sand. But upon further consideration, they began to realize that there was something wrong. His protective light was indeed weak, but it was still intact.

Following Libby's lead, the rest of the crowd in the Grand Plain Stage also noticed the inconsistency.

"They moved! His footprints moved on the painting!" Someone suddenly shouted with utter shock.

"They're disappearing every now and then… this seems familiar…"

"I see now! It's the Worm Tapirs' mysterious ability! This boy must have the means to lift himself out of the painting!"

The Worm Tapirs' mysterious style of movement was widely known— they were believed to have the ability to separate themselves from the painting while keeping their painting form. They would disappear and appear repeatedly as they moved across the painting.

Such an ability was nothing short of incredible — it allowed the Worm Tapirs to move in a higher space that ordinary people couldn't see with their bare eyes.

No one had ever expected Zen to carry the same kind of ability. How on earth did he learn it, they thought?

Many knowledgeable warriors of the Eternal Realm widened their eyes in astonishment as they observed Zen's footprints that appeared on the painting from time to time.

Once Zen separated himself from the painting, he heaved a deep sigh of relief. The Void Sand had finally lost its target, turning instead to corrode Zen's feet, the soles of his feet that kept him in contact with the painting, to be exact.

As Zen leaped high off the surface, his entire presence completely disappeared from it.

'I should've just tried this earlier. I could've saved so much effort!"

At this point, Zen was complacent enough to wonder such things. But the space above the painting suddenly began trembling. Much to his surprise, clouds of dark purple Void Sand had also left the painting to surge toward him.

"What? I didn't know it could also separate itself from the painting!"

After a moment of shock, Zen's alarm kicked in as the wave of sand was just about to swallow him whole. His body sank downward as he once again returned to the painting.

A deafening cheer erupted from the Grand Plain Stage the moment he returned. Pearce, Auden, and the rest could feel all their worries fade away at the sight of his arrival.

Just as Libby had surmised, Zen wasn't damaged at all. The Eternal Realm masters' reaction told them that Zen had obtained an extraordinary ability to separate from the painting at will.

The minute Zen returned to it, though, the Void Sand followed suit and continued swarming toward him.

But the interval it provided when the Void Sand shifted between forms gave Zen a break.

Without any hesitation, Zen lifted himself out of the painting once again before the Void Sand followed him out.

And so Zen continued moving in and out of the painting continuously. The motion was somewhat like swimming — it was as though he was repeatedly diving into the water and bobbing up. The Void Sand was still on his tail. But with this strange means of movement, he managed to avoid getting eroded and getting his protective light broken down.

Soon enough, Zen had already passed by the many hexagram arrays along the way that his predecessors had entered.

Once Zen surpassed the record of the spider spirit from the Star Spider Civilization, the Element Spirit race's Eye Spirit was the only one left who held a higher rank. For countless years, the Eye Spirit was in first place — he was known as one of the most powerful beings on the Other Shore.

Chapter 3832 The Closure Of The Eternal Scroll Painting

The room the Eye Spirit went in was a little far away from the one the spider spirit went in, as two rooms of hexagram arrays lay in between them.

This meant that the Eye Spirit was much stronger than the spider spirit.

However, such long distance of superiority was easily surpassed by Zen in less than half a minute.

"He really surpassed him!"

"I've never seen anyone who reached this level! He actually surpassed the Eye Spirit of the Element Spirit race!"

"But isn't the Eye Spirit already in the center of the innermost circle? If he surpassed the Eye Spirit, then will he have the chance to fuse with a bloodline?"

In everyone's mind, the Eye Spirit was the pinnacle of strength, the symbol of the final destination.

Since ancient times, the Eye Spirit's position remained unshakeable. Everyone thought that there might be a select few who could also reach the same destination but never surpass it.

Yet now, Zen easily went past this pinnacle. That one step forward meant a lot to these Other Shore creatures.

"There's still a hexagram array ahead but I can't see if there's also a room. It might just be covered up by darkness..."

Zen continued to jump in and out of the scroll painting. He did not have the luxury to observe and could only step onto the hexagram array.

In the center of the huge vortex was a mass of black substance.

This eldritch mass had already been repeatedly analyzed by numerous Other Shore creatures. Some believed it to be a form of Void Sand while others thought it was a passage.

Nobody ever had the chance to verify these assumptions because none of them had ever been able to surpass the Eye Spirit.

There were also a lot of arguments about the substance. Since the Eye Spirit stopped just before he reached it, people began to think that it was because he couldn't resist the Void Sand or that he did not dare approach it because he too did not know what it was.

Today, they finally had a chance to figure out just what this black mass was.

In a corner of the Grand Plain Stage, a half-human, half-bull creature sat on the bronze ground, his big eyes transfixed on the Eternal Scroll Painting.

This creature had made a bold guess: that the position of the Eye Spirit was not the destination and that the center of the huge vortex was, in fact, somewhere else.

Most of the Other Shore creatures he knew viewed his conjecture as a joke. This half-human, half-bull creature did not even have the strength to enter the vortex, so what right did he have to assume what lay within that black mass?

As Zen stepped onto the hexagram array just at the edge of the black mass, his figure disappeared.

"A passage!" the half-human, half-bull creature exclaimed. "It's a passage! I was right!"

He could've very well jumped in joy but, unfortunately, there was nobody he could share his discovery with since the area he was in was deserted.

"Did he just...disappear?" the Other Shore creatures whispered amongst themselves.

"Was he absorbed by the black substance?"

"Maybe he was transmitted away?"

There was no blazing light on the Eternal Scroll Painting when Zen stepped onto the hexagram array. He just simply disappeared; one moment he was there and the next he wasn't.

It was quiet all throughout the Grand Plain Stage as everyone tried to come up with a reason for Zen's sudden disappearance.

"Buzz..."

Somewhere in the Grand Plain Stage, a ball floated somewhere. Inside this ball was none other than Claire of the Element Spirit race.

She was not in the form of a woman nor was there any expression on her face.

Claire took a good, long look at the Eternal Scroll Painting. "I wonder what the consequences will be..." she muttered under her breath.

Another woman appeared in a blood-red ball in a different area of the Grand Plain Stage. It was Samantha of the Nihility race. The Grandmaster of Heaven had already left with the Evil God and she was tasked to stay and record what Zen did.

"Things seem to be in accordance with the master's guesses," she said with a cautious look on her face. There was a blood-red gem in her hand which recorded all the scenes that had taken place within the Eternal Scroll Painting. Through this gem, the Grandmaster of Heaven would be informed of all the important happenings.

The Souls of Light from the Oneness Sky Palace once again grew nervous since they couldn't confirm Zen's condition. "Go and see how Zen's corporeal body looks like," Pearce ordered Athemar.

Zen's true body remained in the Oneness Sky Palace but the one on the Other Shore had disappeared. Even Pearce could not understand the consequences of this event.

Athemar did as he was ordered and withdrew from the Other Shore. Twenty seconds later, he returned and breathed a sigh of relief. "Zen's corporeal body is safe."

Pearce nodded in understanding. "I hope he can come out of the Eternal Scroll Painting safely."

Both Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi remained trapped on the Other Shore. He didn't want Zen to follow in their footsteps.

The other Souls of Light remained silent and the atmosphere around them grew frosty. Everyone's heart was naturally filled with worry.

"You're worrying too much, Elder Pearce. Zen's never let us down," Athemar said.

His words eased the atmosphere just a bit. Auden and the others let out a chuckle as they echoed Athemar's sentiments. "That's true! He's never let us down."

Five minutes passed.

Ten minutes passed.

Fifteen minutes...

"Bang!"

A sudden ray of blazing light flashed from within the Eternal Scroll Painting. It shot down and smashed onto a Three Purities Stone on the bronze ground. Soon enough, the member of the Jade Crown race with a rather big build emerged.

He was the one who entered the huge vortex after the one from the Life race. He had seven imprints and managed to enter the ninth circle of the vortex. His other race members couldn't help but look at him in awe since the bloodline of the ninth circle was no doubt enough to make him a backbone of their race.

Following his return, rays of blazing light would continue to smash down onto the bronze ground, accompanied with a cheer from the respective Other Shore race that received them.

"Bang..."

Kirk, Egan, and a talent of the Grasshopper race were the last to arrive. The last one managed to enter an inner circle.

Save for the member of the Life race who died and Zen who mysteriously disappeared, everyone managed to return safely.

The Souls of Light from the Oneness Sky Palace craned their necks in an effort to see if Zen made it.

It wasn't just them. The Three Eyes race, the Swallow Victory race, and even the other neutral races were also concerned about the situation. Since Zen supported the Finale Way and had shown his potential by surpassing the Eye Spirit, they all hoped he would be able to come back alive.

However, there were quite a number of those who hoped for the opposite. Those affiliated with the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race, such as the Violet Cloud race, hoped for Zen's death. There was no way they could stomach the rise of another force.

"There's no need to wait! That guy has no doubt been eroded to dust by the Void Sand."

"It's been so long. There's no way he's coming back!"

"…"

The ridicule from the Violet Cloud race was truly too much!

Libby wanted to refute them and say something equally scathing, but Pearce stopped her. Arguing with them was useless in this situation.

They continued to wait for an hour more before the black mass within the Eternal Scroll Painting fully dissipated.

The huge vortex and the Other Shore creatures' pictures disappeared, which signaled the closing of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Chapter 3833 Migration

The fox girl was on the second page of the Eternal Scroll Painting. Her figure was still proportioned perfectly, even when outlined by the black ink.

She was surrounded by black savage beasts, but they weren't hostile, they scurried around her like her pets.

Swoosh!

A gust of cold wind blew from afar, dissipating some of the ink on the scroll painting rather quickly.

"Master brush-wielder, is he there?" asked the fox girl somewhat desperately as she looked up.

From where she stood, she couldn't see Zen's exact route.

The brush-wielder appeared above. He was able to see everything from page one to three.

"He's in," answered the crying face.

The fox girl breathed a huge sigh of relief but there was still a hint of worry visible on her face, "I do hope he succeeds..."

Being so patient in waiting for this one chance was no mean feat. Zen could not fail. Fear overcame her as she waited hopefully. If he did manage to succeed, her race's curse would probably be broken.

But one chance was all there was. She had no choice but to pray vehemently in silence.

Somewhere in Stage Thirty-three, in a huge metal mountain, a white ball slowly rose up.

There was nothing in it, not even any of the five elements.

The white ball floated above the metal and began rattling chaotically on the inside. A thin crack surfaced in the center, when it suddenly opened, a black eye appeared out of it.

This was the strongest warrior of the Element Spirit race, Eye Spirit, who had been the number one warrior on the Eternal Scroll Painting for countless years.

"Sizzle..."

The big black eye opened and a red light glowed in front of it, a slender woman appearing from within it. "Chief, why have you summoned me?" she asked sweetly.

"Claire, I've told you hundreds of times not to come before me in this human figure," reprimanded the Eye Spirit sternly.

She didn't seem to take it seriously and said, "I feel free in this form. I like it."

She didn't seem afraid of the Eye Spirit despite being a subordinate. She did, after all, hold the right to make many decisions.

"I have prepared a body for you as well. Would you like to try it?"

She pointed to the side and the flames flickering on her fingertips created a human with a well-proportioned and in-shape body. In fact, it looked very much like Zen.

"Don't make such horrible jokes." The eye flashed a white light which shattered the human body.

Claire wasn't offended or at all bothered. She simply recreated it and put her arm around the man's neck, smiling playfully. "I know what you're thinking. Zen has indeed already surpassed you in the Eternal Scroll Painting!"

The Eye Spirit's annoyance was clear in the eye. "I'm sure it was designed by him."

"Exactly right," Claire replied with disdain all over face. "Chief, you are suspicious and cunning, but your character has held you back. I've known it since the beginning."

"Is this why you let him in?" His dissatisfaction could be felt clearly.

The Element Spirit race had faced several big and dangerous challenges on the Other Shore. This threat came from a mere human but the Eye Spirit still regarded it as the greatest of them all.

Claire stretched a finger out and drew circles on the look-alike Zen's face. "Since we can't stop him, all we can do is make the best of the situation. We still have a great chance of winning him over."

"How do you plan to accomplish that?" asked the Eye Spirit.

She moved her palm up from fake Zen's face and opened his eyes. "Getting the origin-level bloodline is not easy, it cannot be obtained quickly. If he stays in that place for a while, his physical body may not be difficult to get.

If I get his body, he will submit to me, yes?" Claire turned her head to look at 'Zen'. It was her little puppet that she could make do exactly as she wanted. She made it nod stiffly and reply, "Yes."

Her strategy satisfied the Eye Spirit. "If that's the case, you have to make a move as soon as possible."

"Don't worry, Chief. I'm fully prepared. There will be an attack on the Oneness Sky Palace again and this time we will kill them all," she promised with a sweet smile, while the look-alike Zen beside her grinned as well.

The Eye Spirit's big eye blinked, and before he closed it he added, "By the way, you should show me more respect next time."

He finished speaking and completely disappeared into a white ball, slowly descending from the top of the metal mountain.

"I will be the one to be respected," Claire muttered menacingly.

She looked at 'Zen', very satisfied with this body. She kissed it gently and their two bodies turned into flames and disappeared within the sphere.

Pearce saw the Eternal Scroll Painting close and fell into a daze for moment. 'Something is wrong, ' he thought to himself.

"What's the matter, Pearce?" asked Auden.

"Let's get out of the Other Shore first!"

As soon as Pearce finished speaking, he left the Other Shore.

At the same time, all the Souls of Light around him, including Auden, Athemar and Libby, hastily chanted the Illusion Breaking Rune and returned to the Source World.

"Swish!"

A golden light rose from the Phoenix Palace and exploded above, forming a snow-white circle of light. This was Pearce's summoning order.

The masters of the seven mountains of the Oneness Sky Palace saw the circle of light and began whispering words of worry in their hearts. The Oneness Sky Palace had just stabilized a few days ago and now something major was already happening? The color drained from all their faces as they made their way to the Phoenix Palace.

Soon all the masters were gathered in the hall, including the representatives of the Sun Crow race.

"All the members of the Oneness Sky Palace are expected to migrate to the Pear Hill," announced Pearce.

The hall erupted into an uproar.

Pearce had wanted to move the Oneness Sky Palace to the Pear Hill when they had been invaded by the Sun Crow race. In this way, they could save their lives and energy before Eastern Emperor Taiyi awoke. However, Ziya and the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had later given the Oneness Sky Palace the strength to put up a fight.

Now that Zen was trapped in the Eternal Scroll Painting, whether he was safe or not, he could not protect the Oneness Sky Palace. This was why Pearce had announced the migration.

"You must give me reason!" A master from the Bright Mountain demanded. He had been in charge of the Bright Mountain since the death of their leader.

"I will not give you a reason. It's simple. If you want to die, stay. You have one day to mobilize your people," Pearce replied briefly.

The implication was clear. The Oneness Sky Palace was about to suffer a catastrophe. If they didn't move, they would die.

The masters of the mountains understood. Pearce's attitude indicated that they indeed had no choice.

Chapter 3834 The Last Room

It was not easy for all of the members of the Oneness Sky Palace to relocate to another place. To do so in only one day was virtually impossible.

Within this short period of time, only some of the core disciples and royal members could be removed.

These core disciples were the hope of the Oneness Sky Palace for the future. After all, as long as they survived, hope still remained.

Several huge flying ships had landed on the sword sects of the seven mountains, and the training rooms were opened by force one by one.

Those disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace who were still cultivating on the Other Shore were rudely awakened by force. Some disciples who were still in the temple or unable to leave the Other Shore were unceremoniously moved to the flying ships and stacked in rows, like goods to be transported.

In front of the Phoenix Palace, a huge flying ship had docked, and the disciples of the three sword sects quickly marched onto it, one after another.

It was not compulsory for the Other Shore Realm disciples to join the migration, but the dire consequences of staying on in the Bloom Divine Province could be imagined. Once the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race invaded the Bloom Divine Province, the chances of anyone surviving would be very small.

Some of the more stubborn disciples chose to return to the clans of the Clear Lake, and the Oneness Sky Palace did not try to stop them.

"Disciples of the Land of Sword Grief, step over here," Chaim called, guiding the disciples onto the flying ship.

Behind Chaim, many disciples, including Elvinia, were sitting cross-legged.

Elvinia was still receiving training in the Soul City, so he couldn't force her to wake up. He had carried her onto the ship and placed her here.

"I didn't expect to be forced to depart the Oneness Sky Palace so soon..." A disciple of the Land of Sword Grief gazed with reluctant eyes at the river and mountains in the distance.

The seven mountains were the bed-stone of the Oneness Sky Palace. The Oneness Sky Palace had stood here for countless centuries, but no one had expected they would have to leave it in such a hurried disarray.

"We will return," another disciple from the Land of Sword Grief muttered. "We will return, rest assured."

They were a part of the high-level reserve forces of the Oneness Sky Palace, and they had faced some real and hair raising situations. The current situation indeed didn't bode well for the Oneness Sky Palace, but as long as they could survive this hard time, they would return sooner or later.

"Excuse me!"

Pearce shouted from his midair position, carrying a huge red crystal on his shoulder.

After the disciples cleared a space for him, Pearce landed on the deck of the flying ship and gently set down the red crystal. A physical body was imbedded in the red crystal, seemingly asleep. It was none other than Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

This red crystal had an extraordinary history. It had been excavated from the depths of the central rift valley in the Source World. It was known to be one of the hardest materials in the Source World.

The red crystal could oppose the power of over one hundred thousand divine megatons, which was the equivalent of an all-out attack by an Eternal Realm master.

After lowering the body of Eastern Emperor Taiyi on the flying ship, Pearce retreated two steps backward and bowed respectfully to Eastern Emperor Taiyi. The red crystal was absorbed into the ship's interior.

Soon after, another figure appeared in the sky. This was Winchell. He also carried a red crystal and what locked inside the red crystal was the body of Yasamin.

Just like Pearce, he lowered the red crystal to the deck of the flying ship, and it sank inside the ship.

Seeing the two strongest warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace being transported here, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were muttering among themselves in low voices.

"Even Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Madam Yasamin have been brought here. But where is Zen?"

"It is said that Zen is occupied in the Eternal Scroll Painting and won't be able to return for the time being. Otherwise, we wouldn't have to leave the Bloom Divine Province."

"Alas, I have an ominous feeling that Zen will definitely not return."

Just as these people were discussing this, a woman robed in blue stepped over.

As she heard their words, her pair of neat eyebrows suddenly twisted, and a fierce light burned in her eyes. "What are you talking about?"

The woman in blue was none other than Libby, who had returned from the Other Shore.

The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace, who were discussing this in low voices, fell silent, and they dared not say anything else.

Libby had successfully completed her cultivation in the Land of Sword Grief. Due to Eastern Emperor Taiyi's imprisonment on the Other Shore, he couldn't make her the Oneness Governor, but given her strength, she was comparable to the Oneness Sky Palace's Oneness Governors.

In the blink of an eye, another figure appeared in the sky. It was Athemar who was carrying the last red crystal on his shoulder as he arrived on the flying ship. Zen was lying inside this red crystal.

As Libby stared at Zen inside the red crystal, her eyes darkened.

She believed without a shadow of doubt that Zen would definitely wake up. However, could the Oneness Sky Palace survive until then?

After the Oneness Sky Palace reached a decision, they quickly informed the Pear Hill through the Other Shore. The Pear Hill's members also rushed to the Oneness Sky Palace...

However, due to the attitude of the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race towards Zen, it was impossible for the two races not to step up and take action.

They were hard pressed for time. Every second and every minute were of vital importance.

After placing the three red crystals with their occupants into the flying ship, the seven mountains all sped up.

After most of the core members of the Oneness Sky Palace had boarded the flying ship, a white light ignited from the bottom of the ship. A long and sharp flute sound reverberated through the ship, and the giant flying ship slowly began to rise into the sky.

From the other six mountains, other identically huge flying ships also rose ponderously. Soon after, seven giant flying ships gathered into formation and flew towards the west at tremendous speed.

Inside the Eternal Scroll Painting

The moment Zen had stepped into the hexagram array, his form had returned to normal.

Once he clearly saw everything in front of him, his face suddenly froze. "Is this... the last room?"

There was no room inside the black mass. The information the fox girl had provided was false!

All that he could see was a huge and empty space. Zen was in a corner of this space, standing atop the stone platform of a hexagram array.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, are all of the rooms in the big vortex similar to this?" Zen queried.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven instantly shook his head. "The other rooms are much smaller, but they are similar to what you would expect. Once you enter through the hexagram array, you will find it possible to merge with the bloodline."

Zen had also come in through the hexagram array, but he seemed to have entered an unusual place.

After observing the room from the stone platform of the hexagram array for a while, Zen finally jumped down.

The ground was a kind of soft soil, and there was a faintly putrid smell to it. Every step he took left a one-inch-deep footprint on it.

After Zen had taken a dozen steps forward, a figure only half his height suddenly appeared behind him. It appeared to be a human boy with bangs and a pale face, and he was covered with rotting wounds. He looked as lifeless as a corpse.

Once he appeared, he walked forward on the footprints Zen had left. His movements were mechanical and strange. He appeared clumsy when moving his hands and legs. He didn't seem to be human at all when walking and was like a kind of saprophagous animal.

When Zen took a step forward, so did he. The two of them moved almost in unison.

With Zen's high cultivation base, his spiritual sense was constantly alert, but he couldn't even sense the little boy's movements.

Zen walked over a thousand steps, but the small pale-faced boy walked the same amount without showing any strain.

The little boy's legs were short, but with every step he took, he would float into the air for a short distance, moving ever closer and closer to Zen.

Chapter 3835 Infinite Reproduction

As soon as the boy was only a step away from him, Zen finally felt that something was wrong, and turned his head in confusion.

Yet, there was nothing behind him.

He frowned as his confusion grew.

"What's wrong?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

"It seems that something is following me," Zen answered. He sniffed and sensed a cold aura that floated around him.

"This place is a bit strange. You must be careful," the Primeval Lord of Heaven reminded him.

No one had ever entered this world until Zen. The Primeval Lord of Heaven was not sure what was ahead of them, so he could only remind Zen to be careful.

Zen nodded. Just as he was about to take another step forward, the cold aura suddenly intensified.

He quickly turned around and saw the little boy's crumbling face. The little boy opened his bloody mouth, and the cracks at the corners of his mouth extended to his ears. His teeth were as sharp as a beast's tusks. Black saliva, which smelled strongly of blood, dripped from them like threads.

"Fuck off!" Zen roared.

Such an ugly and disgusting face startled him so much that he subconsciously punched the little boy.

Boom!

Zen's punch of about forty thousand divine megatons landed on the little boy and disfigured his face and mouth. The force also twisted his body so horribly that it looked like braided dough, then sent it flying several hundred feet away before it crashed on the ground.

'Why is there a monster in the form of little boy in this damned place?' Zen wondered as he moved towards where the boy fell.

The punch smashed the boy's body into a pulp. Zen was sure that he was dead.

Upon closer look at the pit, however, he was shocked.

There was only a twisted piece of human skin left in the pit. It was the boy's skin.

"What's going on?" Zen muttered with a frown.

At that exact moment, he felt a gust of coldness behind him again. When he turned around, he saw many little boys who stood not far away, dispersed around.

All of their mouths were cracked to their ears and revealed their sharp teeth. At the same time, their eyes glistened with a strange light.

However, the light didn't seem to be malicious, but more of mocking.

"Is this place suitable for you?

Can you stay here?

Come with me..."

The little boys spoke simultaneously and repeated the same thing. "Are you real?" Zen asked with narrowed eyes.

No one answered him. As the little boys repeated their words, they opened their big mouths and rushed towards him.

Bang!

In turn, Zen slightly shook his hand when one of the little boys had neared him.

Thirty thousand divine megatons of force instantly gathered on his fist. Then he punched the little boy, and the boy's body twisted and flew far away.

He knew that it would be hard to get the origin-level bloodline, but so far, the difficulties he faced were nothing to him.

Although the little boys had horrible faces and strange auras, they were not that strong.

As they continued to get close, Zen threw punches at them.

Every single time, his punches sent the weak-bodied little boys flying with twisted bodies.

Every time Zen attacked, he went to the spot where the little boys' bodies fell, and looked into the pits. Just like before, only pieces of human skin remained.

After he got rid of all the little boys, he took a short break. Suddenly, he felt a strong wind of cold air behind him.

More boys with unusual facial expressions appeared. This time, there were about four thousand of them, and they all looked at Zen with a strange glint in their eyes.

At that point, Zen became serious. This world was certainly real and not an illusion. The current situation was a little alarming. Although these little boys weren't powerful, what if they just kept increasing?

Then, the little boys rushed towards him.

A cyan feather appeared above his head. His body became light and nimble, as he flew forward. He had already slipped away before those boys could approach him.

Bang!

When some of them caught up with him, Zen slapped their bodies to clear his way. However, more boys appeared every time he killed one of them.

Therefore, he stopped attacking and used his nimble bodily movement skill to travel instead.

Meanwhile, the thousands of little boys behind him drooped their heads and repeated, "Is this place suitable for you? Can you stay here? Come with me..."

Then, the large crowd followed closely behind him.

While he ran, the Primeval Lord of Heaven turned around to look, his face twisted into a thoughtful expression.

Since the inheritance of the bloodline took place in the Eternal Scroll Painting, he figured that the four origin-level bloodlines that the fox girl had mentioned must also be in here; there must be a reason why these little boys had appeared.

"It seems to be the end of this world!" Zen suddenly said and disrupted the Primeval Lord of Heaven's thoughts.

The desolate world he was in was small. He only ran for a short distance, but he reached the end.

At the end of this world was a large bronze wall, and there was a crack filled with numerous white dots of light in the center of the wall. The dots were light dots from the Abstruse Energy World.

Theoretically speaking, Zen was now in the Abstruse Energy World after he had traveled through the Eternal Scroll Painting. However, someone had forcefully created a space in the Abstruse Energy World with the hexagram array.

In that space, creatures from the chaos could move around freely.

When Zen rushed to the bronze wall, he discovered that there were Sanskrit words on both sides of the crack. "Can you decipher them?" Zen asked the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

Even though the place was too weird, Zen tried out every possible way to get useful information.

"Yes," a voice came from the Civilization Artifact.

In Stage Thirty of the Other Shore, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization's core began to operate. Soon enough, it deciphered the Sanskrit words on the left. It said: "The origin-level bloodline will reproduce to the limit, then it can be acquired."

Zen was stunned when he heard those words. "Reproduce to the limit? What kind of bloodline is that?"

"I see," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said after a moment of contemplation. When he thought about the little boys, he immediately realized what had happened. "The bloodline in this deserted world is this infinitely multiplied bloodline. It means that after a person with this bloodline dies, there will be even more of them. Those little boys' words mean something," he explained.

"Is this place suitable for you? Can you stay here? Come with me..."

"Is this place suitable for you?

Stay here..."

Those little boys finally caught up and each of them spoke clearly. They were not the creatures of this world, but the bloodline itself.

"After its death, it will still reproduce fast. It is an extremely powerful bloodline!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven exclaimed.

At that moment, Zen's eyes glinted. He didn't describe such a bloodline as strong, but rather a dishonest method.

He didn't believe he could really "infinitely reproduce" if he inherited this bloodline. However, thinking about copies of him fighting by his side, he couldn't doubt the power this bloodline would bring him.

Chapter 3836 The Ultimate Cycle

"I can obtain this bloodline when they reproduce to the limit?" Zen muttered.

Then, he turned around and stared at the little boys who pounced on him. He finally understood what they meant.

These little boys couldn't reproduce infinitely. They would reach their limit if he continuously killed them.

And when they did, then he would be able to obtain the bloodline.

"Well then, let me try!"

He violently kicked another boy who pounced on him to the ground. The moment the boy fell, dozens of more boys appeared.

"It's too slow..."

He lifted his leg and rushed towards the little boys.

He was like a shuttle as he flew and left only a long series of shadows behind. He killed nearly a hundred boys in an instant, who all immediately disappeared except for their skins.

After that, thousands of more boys appeared in the deserted space.

Just as Zen was about to speed up the slaughter to make the number of the little boys closer to the limit of their reproduction, the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization said, "Pass through the crack and move forward, then you can find the next origin-level bloodline, which is named the 'Ultimate Cycle'."

Upon hearing those words, Zen stiffened slightly and descended from the sky.

"Boom!"

He trampled dozens of little boys as he went down. "How did you know that?" he asked curiously.

"Because I have deciphered the other Sanskrit word," answered the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

There was a Sanskrit word on each side of the crack in the middle of the bronze wall.

What the Civilization Artifact said just now was the meaning of the other Sanskrit word. "Are you going there to have a look or stay here to merge with this bloodline?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

After all, Zen himself should make the decision about the bloodline.

"Whoosh!"

Suddenly, he kicked back, and his body rotated dozens of times in the air before he landed steadily in front of the bronze wall. He looked at the light dots in the crack and said, "I want to go and have a look."

There were four origin-level bloodlines, which should all be different. Thus, he wanted to understand them first before he merged with any of them.

However, he still doubted if he could pass through the Abstruse Energy World or not.

That was because although he had entered the Abstruse Energy World before, his understanding of it was not as good as Geoffrey's. It would be terrible if he couldn't move a single step after entering the passage.

While he thought and hesitated, a large number of little boys swarmed towards him.

Since he didn't have much time to think about it carefully, he decided not to think about it anymore and directly went into the crack.

"Buzz..."

As soon as he entered the crack, he turned into countless light dots and flew far away.

In that form, he couldn't control most of his own body, nor could he even tell what form he was in.

Fortunately, the whole process didn't last long. He suddenly felt heavy a few seconds later, then he fell.

Swoosh!

It turned out that he fell from the sky of the second world.

Now, the top of the world he was in was also a bronze wall with a downward crack.

He fell dozens of feet more then he began to float steadily in the air. He looked down and saw the entire world.

It was a large cave, and a massive bronze mountain floated in the center. A long, strangely shaped snake was drawn on the mountain's surface. The snake circled, and it seemed that it was devouring its tail.

"What does this painting mean?"

When he was about to get closer to the mountain to see it better, he felt a powerful force that pressed down on him.

"Whoosh!"

He dropped several thousand feet. He felt the scene in front of him flash by, and he was in front of the mountain again.

"This..."

Before he could say anything else, the gravitational force pressed down once more. He plummeted fast and returned to the side of the mountain again, where he saw the snake that ate itself.

This time, he didn't say anything. He quietly waited for the power to descend.

A few seconds later, the gravitational force pressed down again, and he fell in front of the bronze mountain again.

At that point, he roughly understood what was going on: he had entered a special "cycle", while the snake that ate itself on the bronze mountain also represented a unique cycle.

"I guess that you have to obtain the bloodline of the 'Ultimate Cycle' through constant circulation," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

"That snake is called the Ouroboros. I've seen one in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore once. Its meaning was once compared to the chaos because the chaos is also a cycle that continuously repeats," he explained.

"What's the use of the Ultimate Cycle bloodline?" Zen asked. "Well, I don't know..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven shrugged.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven also found it hard to understand these worlds, but there was one thing he was sure—none of these four origin-level bloodlines was weak.

"At least we know how to obtain the bloodline of the Infinite Reproduction, but there is absolutely no clue about the Ultimate Cycle. I'd better see the next one..."

When he reached the bronze mountain again, Zen abruptly flew towards the side.

The gravitational force did not follow, but allowed Zen to escape from it.

Once he left the circle, he arrived at the far right side of the world. There was another crack there, and on both sides of the crack were two Sanskrit words. The Heavenly Obsession Civilization helped him decipher the messages as well.

The first Sanskrit word explained the meaning of the "Ultimate Cycle", and it was almost the same as he had guessed before. He had to understand the painting of the Ouroboros through repetitive circulations of meditation. When he completely understood it, then he would naturally obtain this bloodline.

The second Sanskrit word was worthy of his attention. After he entered the crack, he could acquire a bloodline called "Myriad Birth and Destruction".

"The Ways-blending Energy in the chaos already has all essences, and the meaning of the 'Myriad Birth and Destruction' is not hard to imagine. Can it control the birth and destruction of all kinds of energy? If we analyze it literally, it shows that the bloodline is even more powerful," he said in a serious voice.

"Ha-ha, that's impossible," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a smile. "If the bloodlines could be understood literally, you will be able to reproduce millions of you once you obtain the Infinite Reproduction bloodline. Although these are origin-level bloodlines, they can't be that powerful."

"You're right." Zen nodded.

"But you have already mastered the Ways-blending Energy. Will the Myriad Birth and Destruction be helpful to the Godly Ways Great Unity?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven reminded.

Zen's eyes lit up at those words. He immediately entered the crack.

In less than a second, he passed through the Abstruse Energy World.

He had first thought that the place of Myriad Birth and Destruction might have mixed with all sorts of complex energies.

To his great surprise, the world in front of him was just a flat plain with some dead trees in the center. Purplish-black flowers continuously grew on the branches of the dead trees, and the new blossoms floated and disappeared in the wind.

Zen floated over and stood in the center of the dead trees. Suddenly, a strange feeling filled his heart, and he said, "Things are constantly born and grow; things constantly die and disappear. Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Myriad Birth and Destruction bloodline doesn't refer to energy, but all kinds of things."

Chapter 3837 Something In Return

Zen watched as the purplish-black flowers grew, then withered.

Suddenly, he went still, his senses alert. He could feel an invisible force beneath him, penetrating into the soles of his feet.

The force flowed into his body and his eyes widened as he felt a sharp pain in his feet.

He realized that something was spreading throughout his body, spreading from his feet and up his legs.

Startled, he tried to lift his feet and leap upwards, away from the source of the pain.

However, Zen found himself firmly fixed onto the ground. The unknown force was holding fast to his feet.

But he was unfazed. After all, he had not used his full strength yet. He was confident that if he did, he would be able to rise.

He bent his knees, gathered his strength, and forcefully pushed off from the ground. This time he succeeded in soaring upwards. He looked downwards at the spot where he had been standing, and saw a green seedling sprouting in the soil.

He wondered if this seedling had been the cause of the strange sensation of penetration in his feet.

Even as Zen studied the seedling, it continued to grow. It was rapidly rising, growing thicker and larger before his eyes.

'What is this?' Zen thought.

His eyes narrowed in astonishment when the shape of the seedling finally emerged.

The seedling seemed to have grown according to the structure of the meridians within Zen's body. The branches extended and intertwined until they formed a complete human shape that resembled Zen's own form.

"If I hadn't managed to escape, the seedling would have grown inside me, completely filling my meridians!" Zen muttered, frowning.

"It's possible," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven, sounding serious. "Look around you at the other trees in this place. They look remarkably familiar, don't they?"

Zen glanced around him. The Primeval Lord of Heaven was right.

Zen had not closely observed the shapes of the trees, but he realized that each one formed an unusual shape, more like a creature than a standard tree.

On his left, for instance, there was a tree whose branches sloped downwards in the shape of four crawling limbs. There was a cluster of leaves that could be recognized as a head. From a distance, it was shaped like a large beast. On his right, meanwhile, there was a tree which seemed to have two legs. It stood several hundred feet tall, towering over the other trees. It was the same size as Pompeo. Perhaps this was a member of the Colossus race?

"Are they the forms of the creatures who have successfully fused with the Myriad Birth and Destruction?" Zen asked.

"Perhaps," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven thoughtfully.

"It seems that there are many creatures in the Abstruse Energy World who obtained this origin-level bloodline," Zen commented, looking around him at the surrounding trees. By his count, there were about seventy to eighty different forms of creatures in this forest.

There was a strange sound.

Zen immediately turned in the direction of the noise. It was coming from the seedling. He stared as the rich green foliage faded away to yellow, then darkened into black. In a moment, the black tree had crumbled into ashes that blew away on the wind. There was no trace of it left behind.

"It seems that these plants have to grow inside creatures in order to survive," Zen mused.

To confirm his conjecture, Zen returned to the ground and stood still until he sensed two pinpricks touching the soles of his feet. Before they could penetrate, he leapt up once more.

The seedling, failing to stab into his body, didn't even grow. It just darkened and returned to the soil.

"What a powerful origin-level bloodline!" Zen said. "It's able to penetrate easily through my Chaotic Source Spirits. But I want to see the last bloodline before I make my decision."

Zen was determined to witness the power of all the origin-level bloodlines one by one. He would take his time weighing each bloodline and considering the advantages and disadvantages of each, before he made his final decision.

With that, he flew towards the edge of the forest, where the space ended. Similar to the previous spaces, there was a crack in the bronze wall marked by two Sanskrit words. One of these words explained how to obtain the Myriad Birth and Destruction.

Zen's speculation was partly correct. In order to obtain the Myriad Birth and Destruction, he would have to let the seedling take root and sprout inside his body.

However, there was one aspect in which he was mistaken. The various forms of trees in that forest were not creatures that had successfully fused with the bloodline — in fact, they were the losers!

Those who successfully fused with the bloodline had left this space with the seedlings growing in their bodies. This was what 'Birth' meant.

The losers, however, would have to stay here forever, turning into dead trees. This was the other side of the coin: 'Destruction.'

Zen raised his eyebrows, thinking of the heavy price to be paid for failing to fuse successfully with this bloodline.

Of course, he thought, there might also be a price to pay for the failure of fusing with the first two bloodlines. It was just that Zen hadn't discovered what they were.

The second Sanskrit word recorded the information of the final bloodline, which was called the Infinite Time and Space.

Zen passed through the crack. He gazed around him at the space and saw a long line formed by numerous cubes. Each of these cubes was a separate space, arranged neatly in a row. They were of varying sizes. Each cube revolved along the line according to a certain rule.

Zen did not try to approach the cubes.

From the name and the structure of this area, Zen could tell that the Infinite Time and Space had a certain connection with the power of space, and perhaps it also had a certain connection with the power of time. He quickly grasped that if he got trapped in one of those strange spaces, it would be extremely difficult to get out.

Zen fell into deep thought. He now had an understanding of the four origin-level bloodlines, yet he couldn't decide which was better suited to his needs. They were all origin-level bloodlines so none of them would be a bad choice, but which one was the best?

"Primeval Lord of Heaven..." he pleaded.

"Zen, you must make this decision by yourself," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven calmly. "I can't give you any advice."

This step that Zen had taken was a new domain, one entirely unfamiliar to the Primeval Lord of Heaven. Because he had not encountered this before, he had no advice to give Zen.

Zen stared at the rows of cubes rotating in front of him, feeling deeply ambivalent.

As he hesitated, a movement caught his eye. A shadow had flashed within one of the cubes. It was a pale face with thin scales on it, and there were three sharp horns on the top of its head, but the front horn was broken.

The face was framed by a crown of disheveled hair. It screwed up its features, seeming to be exerting all its strength to send a series of sounds towards Zen. It sounded like a strange song.

'Is this the language of the Abstruse Energy World?' he thought. He kept his eyes on the face and commanded, "The Heavenly Obsession Civilization, please decipher that for me."

"It is being deciphered," said a woman's voice from the Civilization Artifact.

Just as the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization was activated to decipher the words, the cube containing the face mixed with the other cubes, gradually moving away. It was some distance from Zen when the Heavenly Obsession Civilization finally finished deciphering the song.

"You are here to obtain a bloodline, aren't you? Do you want a stronger bloodline?"

Zen was astonished.

Weren't the origin-level bloodlines the strongest?

Was there a stronger bloodline out there?

His interest piqued, Zen leapt up into the air, moving so quickly that he looked like a blur.

He went in the direction of the cube with the face, but no matter how he scanned the long row of cubes, he could no longer find it. The face had vanished.

Zen was agitated. But as he returned to his spot, he reminded himself that there was only a finite number of cubes within this space, and all the cubes were lined up in a certain order. As long as Zen waited on the same spot, it would appear before him sooner or later.

Patiently, he stood there, considering the idea of an even stronger bloodline. After a long while, the cube with the pale face finally appeared again. It sang the same song to Zen.

"Do you want to get a stronger bloodline? One stronger than the four origin-level bloodlines?"

"Yes, I do,"

Zen called out in a determined tone. He moved forward to stay with the cube, not wanting to lose track of it again.

However, he remembered that the face could not understand his language.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, I need your help..."

When he was in Stage Thirty, Zen had communicated with Pompeo by interpreting his words into the language of the Abstruse Energy World. Back then, the energy souls of the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and other human heroes had helped him convey his words by chorusing to Pompeo.

Later, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had specially trained a group to deal with this sort of situation, but they had never come in handy. Until now. It was finally time for them to demonstrate their worth.

With the group's chorus, Zen conveyed his reply to the face. "I want the strongest of all bloodlines."

"I'll tell you what you want to know, but I will need something in return..."

The pale face spoke in a hoarse, weak voice.

"What is it?" Zen asked. He was prepared to do almost anything the face demanded.

"You must kill me, please!"

Zen was taken aback by this unexpected reply. His eyes narrowed as he gazed closely upon the face, noting the look of desperation etched on its features. He was stunned, understanding at last that he was speaking to a being that was imprisoned within the cube.

Chapter 3838 The Eternal Divine Courtyard

After a brief exchange with Zen, the human face in the cube let out a cry brimming with agony.

The face switched colors between fiery red with frustration to pale white, and then again from pale white to red.

"Pro...promise me..." He continued to sing, his voice soft and filled with grief. It was as if he was desperately holding on to every ounce of sincerity left within his existence through the painful song.

Zen felt a strange empathy take over him as he felt his emotions scatter all over the place through the song. Only those who desperately awaited the sweet release of death would display such sentiments.

"Alright, I promise." Zen gave a slight nod then looked up in his direction. "But you have to tell me the situation here first."

The people who resided in the chaos were left in the dark when it came to the Abstruse Energy World; they knew little to nothing about it.

However, it wasn't as if they had no interest in exploring the world beyond their boundaries. For instance, Ziya and the members of the Element Spirit Civilization harbored an undying passion when it came to exploring the outside world. They had spent most of their lives traveling to discover what lay beyond their world.

In fact, it was because they were bound by the constraints holding them down as creatures of the chaos that they were unable to go too far...

Their scenario of entering the Abstruse Energy World could be equated to that of a blind man walking into a colorful world. Witnessing the whole world in all its contrasts and colors was always considered to be an ambitious thing to accomplish.

"This is the Eternal Divine Courtyard, which has already been deserted. It was sealed by the Time Lock a long time ago. Logically speaking, no one can approach this place. I don't know how you came in, but since you have come in, I'm assuming your goal must be for the origin-level bloodline, right?" the face asked.

"Yes. That is correct." Zen nodded in response as he captured several words that the face had said.

Eternal Divine Courtyard, Time Lock, deserted... All these things the face had said left Zen in a daze, his thoughts running amok in his head.

Was it possible that the Eternal Scroll Painting was connected to a deserted land?

"The Eternal Divine Courtyard is the land where they keep their bloodlines. The root-level bloodlines are hidden in the lower layer, and the origin-level bloodlines are hidden in the second layer. While that place..." The face took a short pause between his explanation to look upwards, before saying, "That's where the ancestry-level bloodline is."

"Ancestry-level?" Zen blinked several times, taken aback.

"Yes, ancestry-level bloodline! That's what provided them with a foundation to gain a firm foothold and also the foundation for them to fight other worlds..." The more he explained the mechanisms of the world, the more his expressions overflowed with overwhelming excitement. He grew red as if he had used all his strength to talk. "You should be grateful for the existence of the Time Lock. They thought no one could enter this deserted Eternal Divine Courtyard. Otherwise, you would have been long doomed. Hahaha..."

After he finished speaking, Zen took his time to examine this mad guy in utter bewilderment. He was lost for words for a moment.

As per the face's statements, he had stumbled upon a place that restricted outsiders from breaching its boundaries.

Or maybe, the small passage Zen came through of the Eternal Scroll Painting had been built a long time ago. It was possible for the so-called "they" the face spoke of to have overlooked it when they used the Time Lock to seal off the Eternal Divine Courtyard. Because of that, Zen was able to trespass on their land under fortunate circumstances

Zen assumed that to be the case.

"Go ahead. The ancestry-level bloodline is right above there. You must get it. They might never have expected that one day an outsider would enter here..."

After the man went on talking for a fair amount of time, he suddenly went quiet abruptly. It was as if he remembered something he initially set out to do. He looked at Zen and spoke straightforwardly, "Now that I've told you all you need to know. You must kill me."

His eyes gleamed with vibrant color; they depicted vivid traces of slyness.

"You need to tell me how to get to the upper layer first," Zen said as he looked at the face and pointed upwards. Zen didn't notice any other crack in this space.

"No. You have to kill me first," the man demanded with a firm tone as he pressed Zen to give him what he wanted.

Zen glanced over at the face to read his expressions: he now looked impatient, his eyes more desperate than ever. Slowly switching his gaze from the man to the space ahead of him, Zen shrugged his shoulders indifferently and said in a solemn voice, "If that's how it is, then I apologize. I guess I'll have to look for it myself."

When he finished declaring his intentions, Zen slowly began to ascend upwards.

"No! Please, stop!"

Now in a panicked state, the man let out a desperate cry. In a moment of desperation he pounced towards Zen, completely forgetting the fact that Zen was outside the cube.

However, the cube was exceptionally rigid; it was crafted with no margin for errors. Thus, it was almost impossible to break through from the inside.

"Bang, bang, Bang..."

With a series of blows that landed directly on the shackle, the man attempted to escape the prison he was in. But it was all to no avail. No matter how high of energy he exerted on the cube, it refused to budge. To his dismay, it just rotated in place, mocking him in all his failed attempts.

When he tried to hit the cube with all his might, every detail of his physique lay bare to Zen.

The upper portion of his body, from his abdomen to his face, appeared to be human. However, the lower part had eight sharp legs, like that of a spider. At the ends of each leg was an eye that shot sharp light columns to bombard the cube with continuous attacks.

Boom! Boom! Boom...

His constant blows immersed in his fury fluctuated in the form of terrifying energy that enveloped the cube. Even though the cube successfully absorbed all of his intense attacks, it still surprised Zen as he watched without blinking even once.

Zen heaved a sigh of relief in his thoughts as he made the right call of not releasing him.

With eyes full of despair, the man saw Zen ascend into the sky and grow smaller in size as he slowly went out of sight. Dropping everything, he stopped struggling to fight his fate and slumped back down.

Being locked up in the same place for countless years, he had fantasized about ending his life and escaping this sorry fate more than once. Regardless of his situation, he still held a small glimmer of hope. What if someone were to reset this Eternal Divine Courtyard?

He knew his wish had slim chances of coming true. Even so, he lived on harboring grave agony in his restricted space. But now, this opportunity finally came face to face with him.

People outside could freely enter the cube. As long as anything outside came in contact with him, he would be able to walk out of the cube successfully. At the same time, he would obtain the bloodline at the top of the Eternal Divine Courtyard. It was the bloodline of ancestries.

Unfortunately for him...

He finally came so close to achieving all his life-long ambitions, only to have them snatched away from him by Zen.

So close, yet so far...

What was worse was that he had revealed enough information to set Zen on his way. His initial intentions were merely to gain enough of Zen's trust to trick him into releasing him, but it backfired.

Zen floated above this space, he scanned his surroundings to look for a passageway that would lead him to the upper layer.

He could feel that what the spider man had told him was not a complete lie. There was some truth hidden beneath those words. At least, he had a chance to see what the Abstruse Energy World was like.

There was also a layer of bronze wall above this space. There were no evident cracks on it, so Zen naturally couldn't pass through it.

After examining the bronze wall for a bit and studying its mechanisms, Zen decided on punching his way through it to pass.

"Boom!"

Over ten thousand divine megatons of force exploded in abundance as it hit the bronze wall. It was as if Zen was pounding on a gigantic drum with his fists. The loud rumbling sound of his fists making contact with the wall echoed throughout the vast space.

"It's hollow on the inside. Maybe I can break it open by force?"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Thirty thousand divine megatons of force...

Fifty thousand divine megatons of force...

One hundred thousand divine megatons of force...

Even when Zen exerted the limit of the Chaotic Source Spirits and smashed with a force of one hundred thousand divine megatons, it bore no fruit. The bronze wall remained sturdy and stood tall without having moved an inch.

However, Zen did not plan on giving up after coming this far. If one hundred thousand divine megatons of force couldn't break it open, then he would have to wait until the Celestial Spear was fully restored. With the help of the Celestial Spear, he might be able to force it open.

"You can't open it. Without my guidance, you will never be able to get the ancestry-level bloodline..." The spider man in the cube below began to sing again after having witnessed Zen struggling to get past. "I can make a deal with you, as long as you..."

"Heavenly Obsession Civilization, there's no need to decipher his words," Zen said abruptly.

Even if he could release this spider man without himself getting hurt, the latter would probably still kill him the first chance he'd get and later obtain the ancestry-level bloodline. There was no point in communicating with him anymore.

After the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization stopped deciphering, the spider man's voice was reduced to a rhythmic wail like that of ghosts and wolves to him.

Crossing his arms, Zen stared hard at the bronze wall above his head and processed different ways he could use to get through it in his mind. Suddenly, he stumbled across a clear pattern etched over the bronze wall.

The pattern had previously been covered by thick dust. As Zen launched constant blows without pause, the layer of dust was shaken off by the continuous tremors of the bronze wall. Naturally, the pattern that was once veiled by the dust was revealed out in the open.

Chapter 3839 Four Creatures

The pattern on the bronze wall was incredibly large. Zen was only able to see it in its entirety after descending a fair distance.

"Bird, monkey, snake and human being?"

The four patterns had been lengthened deliberately and weren't totally accurate, but one could vaguely tell the types of creatures from the outlines.

The bird's feet arched back, the monkey's tail was like a long stick and the snake was covered in spikes. Only the human being appeared relatively normal, but no one even knew if it was actually a human being.

Among the four patterns was the pattern of a door.

The door caught Zen's attention and it filled his heart with joy. His body floated towards it, and although it was a painting, since it appeared here, there would be a way for him to pass through it.

But as he approached, the door's lines began emitting an ominous red light and at the same time a powerful repulsive force hit and pushed him down a distance.

The force was not all that strong to Zen. He was frustrated and refused to give in, so he accelerated and rushed up, hoping to force his way through the door.

But unexpectedly, as he sped up, the repulsive force increased by a thousand times and hit back!

"Hoo!"

The incredible force knocked him from the air and sent him smashing down hard into the ground.

"Damn it!"

On his way down, he was falling towards the cubes!

The purpose of entering these cubes was to attempt to fuse with the bloodline known as the Infinite Time and Space. Zen was more interested in the ancestry-level bloodline the spider man had mentioned. On the other hand, he wasn't absolutely confident in merging with that bloodline.

If he failed and was trapped in the cube, he'd be in serious trouble...

As he fell towards a cube, in a moment of desperation, he released a burst of strength and twisted his body violently, his upper and lower body shifting to an unnatural angle.

He dodged, brushing one of the cubes as he passed by before finally smashing into the ground.

"Humph. Why am I so unlucky!"

The spider man crawled in the cube and looked at Zen with resentment and jealousy.

There was a connection between the cubes, so the spider man wished Zen would fall into one of them and accompany him. But in the end, it was not Zen's fate to fall into any of them.

Zen had already discovered the textures on the ceiling and as he was a human being, he'd be able to pass through it sooner or later.

This thought encouraged the spider man not to give up. He put on a kind face and asked, "May I discuss something with you? If you successfully obtain..."

After the sounds of singing rang out, Zen glanced at the spider man with confusion and then flew up to the ceiling.

"Damn it!" the spider man cursed, gritting his teeth again.

Zen had no time for his nonsense, and he was focused on trying to find a way through the door.

"Four patterns correspond to four orders, right?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven was unsure himself and warned, "Zen, when you approach these textures, be careful..."

Great peril would befall him if he accidentally triggered some mechanism or form of punishment.

He leaned towards the monkey on the left. When he was ten feet from the pattern, the textures shone with a deep red light.

"Buzz!"

"Roar!"

A fierce roar came from the pattern as the light flashed, as if a truly powerful monkey was actually there roaring.

Zen made the sensible decision to stop in his path and retreat.

He then approached the bird's pattern and much like the monkey, it flashed red light and a loud squawk echoed out.

The squawk had a strong sense of threat within it. Zen was obviously not allowed to go near it.

His two attempts had been shut down, so he decided against approaching the snake.

"I don't think this is the mechanism to open the door, but some sort of qualification test. If so, there's only one option," Zen said, breathing deeply and looking at the pattern of the human being. If he didn't qualify, he would not be able to pass through.

"It's a human shaped pattern so any human qualifies here, right?" "Could it be that the human race also holds a high status in the Abstruse Energy Civilization?" wondered the Primeval Lord of Heaven, smiling.

Under the leadership of the human ancestor, the human race had once risen to prominence, and in that time felt that they were the most special of the races.

Later, their Finale Way failed and they were defeated during the war with the Element Spirit Civilization in the Three Purities Stage. The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the human elites later reflected on what had happened and realized that perhaps they were not all that special.

But now, the human pattern in the Eternal Divine Courtyard reminded the Primeval Lord of Heaven of the past, and he began thinking that humans might not be as simple as they had imagined.

"Buzz!"

Zen approached the human being pattern. It flashed with a green light which quickly spread in the direction of the door, turning the entire door green as well.

"It works!"

Zen's face lit up as he moved towards the door once more.

This time, no repulsive force fought back and he touched the door without resistance.

He tried to push it, but when he did, he discovered that the door was completely illusory and his hands went straight into the bronze wall...

The spider man watched hopelessly, burning with jealousy, as Zen drilled into the wall. Seeing Zen so easily enter the place he had been yearning for depressed him deeply.

Zen moved through the short passage in the bronze wall and came out the other side.

As he emerged, before him stood a wide bronze square with a huge dome above it, supported by four thick pillars with four statues mounted on them. The statues were of the bird, monkey, snake and human being that he had seen before.

"It seems these four creatures are grouped together," Zen said.

It seemed likely that these four races were born together, forming an extremely powerful civilization.

"But what do these four races have to do with the Instant Civilization and the chaos?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked, frowning.

"We'll know by the end of all this," Zen replied, walking towards the center of the square. There appeared to be a cup as tall as a person, with something in it and patterns carved on it.

As he stepped into the center of the square, the eyes of the four statues ignited in a red light at the same time.

They all came to life, their bronze carved bodies peeling off from the pillars and smashing into the bronze square with a thunderous bang. The bronze snake with spikes all across its body was the first to speak, "How has a human being made it here?"

"Anyone who enters the Eternal Divine Courtyard will be killed!"

The bronze monkey was bad-tempered and rushed towards Zen aggressively.

Chapter 3840 The Blood In The Cup

When the bronze monkey was halfway to Zen, the bronze human on the other side caught hold of him and pulled him back.

Boom! Boom! Boom...

The footsteps thundered loudly on the bronze square.

Incensed, the bronze monkey asked, "Why did you stop me?"

"This era no longer belongs to us. This place has been abandoned since ages ago and there's no need for us to guard it anymore," the bronze human said.

The bronze bird and snake stopped short at these words. What was the point of them following the old rules?

"I don't care. All I know is that outsiders are not allowed to step in here!"

The bronze monkey's flexible body allowed him to shake off the bronze human's grip and break free. He charged towards Zen but skidded to a halt at the bronze human's next words.

"What if he is not an outsider?

This place is sealed by the Time Lock. It would be impossible for any outsider to enter the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

Do you think he has the ability to break the Time Lock and force his way in?"

"I'm not sure,"

the bronze monkey said hesitantly.

"We can first check if he is qualified. Even if he isn't, we can let him try," the bronze human said.

They knew that this place was abandoned but were still faithfully fulfilling their duties.

A vast majority of the people who entered the Eternal Divine Courtyard could only obtain the source-level bloodlines that were at the bottom, while a few could obtain the root-level bloodlines. Very few could take away one of the four origin-level bloodlines.

The warriors who could enter this bronze square were all top existences in their respective worlds.

But even they often failed. It was considered lucky even if two out of ten people could succeed.

There were hardly any people who could obtain the ancestry-level bloodline. People from these worlds were not qualified, which was why they took it for granted that this human who had suddenly appeared wasn't qualified either.

The bronze monkey hesitated for a moment and then gathered his wits before saying, "Are you out of your mind? Who else is qualified aside from them? Killing him is the right thing!"

Zen's attention snapped back into vigilance as the bronze monkey spoke.

The Heavenly Obsession Civilization hadn't translated the words of these statues at the beginning. But Zen heard them clearly, now that the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had been activated.

They thought he was not qualified enough, which was why they were planning to kill him.

However, the bronze human smiled. "Let him in since he's already here. If he doesn't have the qualifications, he can't escape death. It will save you the energy of killing him. Don't you think you should give him a chance?"

There would be a price to pay if one failed to acquire the origin-level bloodline. For example, the trees in the Myriad Birth and Destruction, and the permanent imprisonment by the cubes of the Infinite Time and Space were the ends that some warriors had met when they had failed.

The ancestry-level bloodline was stricter, and Zen would die if he failed.

The bronze monkey was still hesitant. He felt that giving Zen a chance was an act irreverent to the Eternal Divine Courtyard. But the snake and bird beside him agreed unanimously with the bronze human.

"Giving him a chance is not such a big deal."

"Let him choose his manner of death, since he is going to die anyway."

The bronze snake and the bronze bird were saying thus only because they had been in here for far too long, devoid of any entertainment. They just wanted to see something new.

They didn't care if Zen could obtain the ancestry-level bloodline or not, or whether or not he would die.

Since everyone else thought the same, the bronze monkey realized that it was meaningless to insist. He scoffed impatiently and retreated a couple of steps, still staring at Zen with hostility.

Clump! Clump...

The bronze human walked up to Zen and asked, "Can you understand me?"

Zen nodded, and at the same time, a chorus sounded from his inner world as if to reply, "Yes."

"It's a strange way of communication," the bronze human remarked, looking curiously at Zen. "It's good that we can communicate. And since you understand what we were just talking, there's only one way out for you."

Bang!

The bronze human stomped his feet, and the bronze square began to shine.

The bronze wine cup at the center of the square began to emit a brilliant light that formed a bright road that stretched all the way up to Zen's feet.

"You can survive only if you can merge with the bloodline. You will die otherwise. I helped you get this chance only because I am of your kind. You have to depend on yourself from now on," the bronze human said as he walked towards his pillar.

"Sir?"

Zen had a number of doubts.

These bronze statues, however, were not "sirs". They were just a group of bronze puppets with memories and emotions.

They wouldn't heed Zen's other requests.

The four giant statues quickly returned to the pillars. The light in their eyes dimmed and they turned into real statues.

Zen's eyebrows shot up as he looked at the shiny road under his feet. "It looks like there's no way back."

Zen had clearly heard the conversation between the statues.

Inheriting the ancestry-level bloodline wasn't dependent on perseverance, talent, or strength. Instead, it needed some specific qualifications.

Judging from the monkey's attitude, it was obvious that he wasn't qualified.

Did this mean that he would most definitely die, since he was not qualified?

"I'm afraid you won't get a chance to go back." The Primeval Lord of Heaven's voice sounded in Zen's mind, a bitter smile lacing through it.

Zen heaved a sigh. "It looks like the spider man trapped in the lower layer didn't know all this. All I can do is try my best."

Zen had been confident when he had been in the big vortex.

After all, the fox girl had given him a unique ability, enabling him to walk freely within the Eternal Scroll Painting.

But he did not have anything special to rely on here, especially since obtaining the ancestry-level bloodline was more than the fox girl had expected of him. He was unsure about whether or not he could succeed.

Zen followed this path and came upon the huge cup.

Buzz!

As Zen approached the cup, the lights rose inch by inch and formed a staircase that finally reached the rim of the cup.

Zen walked up the stairs and as he reached the peak, he saw everything that was in the cup.

The cup was filled with a thick, crimson liquid that seemed to be in a constant state of motion.

As the liquid flowed, deep cracks, irregular like the teeth of a monster, appeared from time to time.

The liquid in this cup began to react the moment Zen stepped on the stairs. A chasm seemed to appear at the center of the liquid, expanding rapidly and turning into a monster with its large mouth wide open.

Zen hesitated as he stood on the steps before walking forward into the big bloody mouth.

The thick blood wrapped around Zen the moment it touched his body. From the outside, it looked like he was wearing a well-fitting blood robe. .

A few seconds later, countless tiny bubbles appeared on the surface of the blood robe, making it look like the blood was boiling.

The blood robe began to shrink rapidly, a large amount of thick blood beginning to merge with Zen in the process.

Chapter 3841 Window

The bronze statues on the four pillars silently watched all of this.

Their eyes shifted, as if they were looking at a dead person.

The ancestry-level bloodline was by no means something that ordinary people could touch. The bronze statues were sure that Zen was courting death.

The word 'ancestry' was very easy to understand. The mass of blood in the sacred cup was ancestral to all bloodlines.

Only the strongest were qualified enough to tame the ancestry-level bloodline and find their own path that suited them.

That was why the abilities that the ancestry-level bloodline could display weren't fixed. Everyone who successfully fused with the ancestry-level bloodline would obtain a unique power.

They stood together at the source of all bloodlines, and then chose a direction and opened up a path.

Four of the directions were widely known. These were the four origin-level bloodlines in the lower layer. These bloodlines had been born from the ancestry-level bloodline.

Buzz!

A huge circle appeared around the cup and short light columns emerged from within, creating a symmetrical map.

A grand ceremony was held when a warrior began fusing with the ancestry-level bloodline in the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

Here, the strongest warriors in all the worlds would prostrate themselves around the square and become devout believers.

This revelry was sometimes like a ceremony to be held before executions. And since most creatures entering the sacred cup couldn't escape death, what followed the ceremony was usually death rather than success.

"The map has appeared."

The bronze human was looking at the circle of light outside the cup.

When the people in the cup began to merge with the bloodline, light columns would rise from the bottom of the cup. There were a total of three hundred and seventy-three light columns, and each of them represented a possible ability of the ancestry-level bloodline. This was the bloodline map.

The bloodline map formed by the three hundred and seventy-three light columns had a number of changes, extending to the infinite. This meant that the ancestry-level bloodline had an infinite number of abilities. Even the bronze statues hadn't completely understood the bloodline map. They had roughly classified the abilities of the bloodline into four categories.

If there were more light columns on the upper left, it meant that the ability of the fused ancestry-level bloodline would be more about creation. If there were more light columns on the upper right side, it would be about space and time. If there were more light columns on the lower left side, it would be more about life, and if there were more light pillars on the lower right side, it would be about destruction.

With so many different light columns extending from the bottom of the cup, there would be a combination that could not be classified into any of the four categories. This classification could only be used as a reference.

"All the light columns begin to extend, but they will soon stop," the bronze monkey said disdainfully.

Even if a pig were to be thrown into the cup, all the light columns at the bottom of the cup would rise a few feet once the ancestry-level bloodline got into the pig.

These light columns represented the potential of the creatures in the cup. When their potential was exhausted, their lives would come to an end.

They could escape death only if there was at least one light column connected to the surrounding circle of light before the potential was exhausted. It would then mean that the person in the cup was qualified to fuse with the ancestry-level bloodline.

"They stopped?" The bronze snake said, his attention fixed on the movements of the light columns at all times.

The sacred cup was at their center when the surrounding light columns came to a stop.

The originally crimson human shape began to slowly melt in the sacred cup, turning back into thick blood and sinking into the cup.

"He is dead. He was devoured by the ancestry-level bloodline, unable to bear its pressure," the bronze monkey sneered.

The bronze human remained silent.

He was, in fact, hopeful. This person had been able to break into this place, seemingly without reason. Was it just a coincidence? Was he really failing?

'What am I thinking about?

It is only normal that he fails to merge with the ancestry-level bloodline, isn't it?' the bronze human thought and shook his head.

If the monkey wasn't so hot-tempered, he would have talked more with this person. At least he would have known where he came from.

"The light columns haven't disappeared," the bronze snake said suddenly.

The four statues were puzzled. If he really died, the map would disappear, and everything would return to its original state.

Was there something wrong with the cup because it hadn't been used for a long time?

They watched in confusion as two of the light columns began to rapidly expand.

These two light columns were located on the lower left side. Light columns in this area usually meant that the ancestry-level bloodline possessed the life attribute.

"He is dead. But why are the light columns still growing?" the bronze bird asked curiously.

"Something must be wrong," the bronze monkey sighed.

There was indeed something wrong with the bronze square, the sacred cup, and the ancestry-level bloodline.

Would it be their turn next?

This place was called the Eternal Divine Courtyard, but there was no real eternity or immortality in this world.

Plop! Plop...

The thick bloodline in the cup suddenly turned into something very strange. A figure slowly emerged from the cup not long after.

"Blood Merge Reconstruction?" the bronze human exclaimed in surprise.

The other three bronze statues were equally shocked.

The ancestry-level bloodline had unlimited possibilities.

Once, someone had entered the ancestry-level bloodline and turned into a golden statue. Also, once someone had touched the ancestry-level bloodline and disappeared into a wisp of cyan smoke.

There were simply too many combinations among the three hundred and seventy-three special attributes. No one could predict what would finally happen.

The Blood Merge Reconstruction was extremely rare.

When the ancestry-level bloodline had invaded Zen from within, a sharp pain shot through every part of his body. He felt like his body was boiling.

The ancestry-level bloodline was special. It could merge with almost anything, ranging from skin, to bones, internal organs, blood, and even souls.

Zen couldn't even move, let alone get rid of it. He could only watch as his entire body was devoured by the ancestry-level bloodline. It was not long before he sank into the darkness.

Zen originally had two kinds of bloodline power within his body. They now began to merge with the ancestry-level bloodline.

The first kind of bloodline power he had had was from Chiyou, which was a kind of source-level bloodline

The second kind of blood power was from a Chaos Ancient God. The six great bloodlines of the Chaos Ancient Gods were not at the source level, but were directly derived from the truth in the chaos. However, they were on par with the bloodlines at the root level. This was why there was one long and one short light columns with the life attribute extending from the bottom of the sacred cup.

In this absolute darkness, Zen watched as specks of light appeared in the distance.

Zen had lost his vision, and his five senses were numb. He didn't know what form of existence he was now.

But when he noticed these dots of light, he had a faint feeling that they were related to each other and formed the image of a mountain.

He wanted to reach out, but couldn't. He wanted to sense what they were, but there was no way he could use his senses.

What were they showing him?

The mystery of the Abstruse Energy World? Or was this some kind of a special test?

In the Abstruse Energy World...

Some light dots floated, the result of the combination showing that a creature was moving.

This creature was none other than Geoffrey.

There was a rope around Geoffrey's waist, and behind him was Ziya, who held the other end of the rope.

It looked like Geoffrey was dragging a blind person forward.

Once they had entered the Abstruse Energy World, Geoffrey was unable to communicate with Ziya.

This was not Geoffrey's fault, because Ziya could neither hear the voice nor speak.

In his last exploration, Geoffrey had already crossed the grassland and seen a mountain which was beyond description. He climbed up the mountain out of curiosity and surprisingly found a window, similar to the one that Ziya had broken through from within the chaos.

Chapter 3842 The World Within The Window

This window was much different from the one Ziya had opened. It was large enough in size to be considered as a door.

Geoffrey had a strong sense of awareness about the limits of his strength. Even if he cultivated under the watchful guidance of Ziya, it was still too risky for him to explore the unknown Abstruse Energy World without the protection of the Chaotic Source Spirits and the support of the Other Shore Tokens.

Geoffrey voluntarily decided to retreat. The fear of the unknown of what might lie on the other side of the window prevented him from crossing it.

After Geoffrey returned to Ziya and debriefed him about what he discovered, it piqued his interest.

In the past, Ziya had explored a small portion of the vast Abstruse Energy World. Based on all his findings, he had made a conclusion about it. He suspected the existence of other secondary worlds within the boundaries of the Abstruse Energy World.

However, there was nowhere to prove Ziya's statement right as he had only scratched the surface when he explored it. The range he could travel in was quite limited back then. He was only able to explore the nearby areas due to the fear of losing the lifeline that was tied to him. If it were to be cut off, the chances of him ever returning would be lost with it.

But after he was joined by Geoffrey, the range of his activities expanded to a higher degree than before. The only remaining issue was encountering the tentacle monsters on the grassland.

The tentacle monsters weren't that strong, and they weren't dominant in numbers either. If Ziya could move freely in the Abstruse Energy World, he would obliterate them without breaking a sweat. The only thing holding him back was the fact that he had no fighting ability when he stepped into the boundaries of the Abstruse Energy World.

"I think we can capture those tentacle monsters in the cave if we fish them out," Geoffrey suggested after studying the situation.

"Fishing? That's a great idea!" Ziya exclaimed with excitement as he clasped his hands together.

The days that followed, Geoffrey worked closely with Ziya to put their plan into action. They pulled long ropes into the grassland and tied live cattle and pigs at the ends to act as bait. Ziya created this livestock using the Truth of Three Energy Construction for the specific purpose of using them to reel in the monsters. They didn't possess much intelligence and were rather docile since they didn't even resist while being sent into the Abstruse Energy World.

Soon after the traps were set, one after the other, the tentacle monsters were tempted by the livestock and ended up getting fished out and killed by Ziya. He was quite a talented fisherman.

Even though they weren't mighty creatures, the tentacle monsters were smart enough to quickly catch on with what was going on. When they noticed their kind disappearing one after the other, they stopped taking the bait. However, Ziya had other tricks up his sleeve. He quickly replaced the old livestock lure with a more tempting and delicious one, which made it hard to resist not taking a bite. It quickly worked as the tentacle monsters began to munch on it and were later captured.

Watching the situation unfold, the last remaining tentacle monsters realized they were at a loss and began to retreat from the grassland.

Once they left, the obstacles in the way of Geoffrey's search were cleared up, and he was able to explore a wider area without having to worry about potential threats. It later amounted to him locating the window that led to another world.

Upon arriving at that window, Geoffrey pulled Ziya to his side to keep him protected and pushed him in before closely following after.

Buzz!

Soon, the tiny specks of light with a dazzling gleam gathered in one place and transformed into the flesh bodies of Ziya and Geoffrey.

While viewing it from the outside, the window appeared to be average-sized. It wasn't too large, and not too small. However, upon entering, it soon became clear to them that it was much bigger than what they had initially thought. In fact, it was the entrance to a spacious cave.

Inside the cave, the atmosphere was a pale misty yellow. It seemed to be some toxic mist.

Ziya took caution to their surroundings and created a protective space around Geoffrey to keep him from the poisonous mist with a swift wave of his hand.

Buzz!

After exercising the Space Godly Way successfully, Ziya was lost in his thoughts for a moment before he muttered to himself, "It seems the basic Godly Ways also work here…"

The three thousand Godly Ways were derived from the Ways-blending Energy, which was also the foundation of the chaos.

If there was no trace of Ways-blending Energy in this world, the three thousand Godly Ways would refuse to exist. As a result, Ziya would be rendered powerless as he would fail to display the power of any Godly Way.

"Alright then, let's head inside and take a closer look!"

The deeper they went into the cave, the more excited Ziya got to explore what lay inside of it. Giving in to his enthusiastic self, Ziya grabbed ahold of Geoffrey's arm and dragged him along to move faster. The next moment, the two of them morphed into individual beams of light that rushed their way into the depths of the cave.

Initially, Ziya had imagined the cave to be similar to any average cave he had come across. He thought if they rushed through, it wouldn't take long before they would reach the other side. But after hundreds of miles of travel, the space ahead would refuse to meet any end and would just appear to get wider and wider. Moreover, the yellow poisonous mist didn't seem to subside even after coming this far.

"This world appears to be quite peculiar. Geoffrey, stand firm and maintain a good grip!"

Just as he exclaimed his instructions, Ziya employed the Grand Teleportation technique and disappeared from the spot he once stood along with Geoffrey.

Buzz!

Using this ability, Ziya was able to cover a great distance of more than ten million miles each time without a hitch.

Soon after, Ziya and Geoffrey found themselves in another space. This one was much wider than the last, and they weren't even able to locate the surrounding edges due to how spacious it was. In terms of appearance, it resembled the chaos with only one visible exception; the air wasn't decorated with chaotic clouds scattered about, but it had the yellow poisonous mist they had encountered earlier.

"This place holds a striking resemblance to the chaos, doesn't it?" Geoffrey asked as he looked around to soak in his surroundings.

He had never seen the chaos with his own eyes before. The only source of information he had was through various descriptions he had heard in the past regarding it.

"No, not really," Ziya shook his head to disregard Geoffrey's statement and continued, "It's just a larger cave than the one we were previously in. This world is quite strange. It seems to be made up of countless gigantic caves that cease to end. It could be said that this is a world of caves..."

As he spoke, Ziya gripped Geoffrey's hand firmly once more and used the Grand Teleportation technique over and over again.

Just like the previous times, they teleported to another vast cave, and just like the others, it was desolate with no signs of life anywhere. Except for the constant yellow poisonous mist that followed them everywhere, they never found anything else that appealed to their interests.

After more than a hundred successive implementations of the Grand Teleportation technique, they entered the vicinity of a new cave.

However, this time, they finally found something worth a second glance. At the bottom of this cave, there was a layer of huge pits like volcano craters closely packed against each other.

"Wow! There are so many volcanoes down there…" Geoffrey exclaimed in a high-pitched tone out of overflowing excitement. His eyes gleamed with joy.

"They aren't volcanoes," Ziya rubbed his chin as he squinted his eyes to look into the distance. "It seems they are lairs of some creatures that live down there."

Ziya had dragged Geoffrey along a great distance. Geoffrey was only able to comprehend the many caves flashing by his eyes when they teleported, but all this while Ziya had spread his spiritual sense in his surroundings to keep a lookout at all times.

With his observational skills, he had already found some clues and began to conceptualize a theory about this world.

In the depths of these huge caves, there were subtle traces of living beings, and even ruins of some simple buildings that had been buried deep underground for a very long time.

Even the sturdiest of buildings couldn't bear through the erosion of time and collapsed under pressure. After the passing of one or ten billion years, everything would eventually be reduced to nothing but soil.

However, this place was quite different. Ziya had sensed life force coming from those volcano craters. He instantly pinned them to be living creatures.

As soon as the two of them made their way to the ground, they noticed a fountain of yellow poisonous mist spurt out uncontrollably from a volcano crater within close proximity. As if on cue, brownish-yellow four-legged snakes slithered their way out of the mist and dashed towards them intending to kill.

These four-legged snakes appeared to be quite hostile with a malicious aura surrounding them. Their backs were covered in dense yellow poison sacs. Their fearful appearance made Geoffrey feel intimidated by them as he subconsciously froze in place.

With a click of his tongue, Ziya expressed his disappointment as he shook his head and said, "Don't be scared. They're low-level creatures who lack intelligence."

As he spoke, he stretched out a hand and pressed it in the air. Long swords appeared out of nowhere and nailed these four-legged snakes down to the ground, killing them instantly.

"I can't believe there's no intelligent creatures in this world. We need to keep looking for them!"

Ziya fell in utter dismay as to what might have happened to this world.

However, if there existed any Other Shore Realm or Eternal Realm masters, they might have left some traces in this world to vouch for their existence.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Ziya used the Grand Teleportation technique over and over again.

After countless attempts, Geoffrey suddenly reminded him, "Master Ziya, if the Finale Way also existed in this world and it already failed, then no intelligent creatures would exist after that. Am I right?"

Hearing Geoffrey's words, Ziya stopped during the course of his action of using the Grand Teleportation technique and was stunned into silence.

When every round of chaos came to an end, everything in the world would be eliminated, leaving no traces of lives whatsoever.

Could it be that this world had been completely destroyed after the Finale Way failed?

Chapter 3843 Investigation

Geoffrey's words put into the light the current situation of this world to Ziya.

When a round of chaos ended, a destructive power would eliminate everything in the entire world.

After that, if no new intelligent lives managed to be birthed, then the world would exist as nothing more than a shell.

Ziya nodded. "You're right. Maybe the Purge Way and the Nihility Way also existed in this world and the ones who believed in the latter dominated everyone and destroyed everything. Or maybe the Purge Way won. They limited the number of creatures in a very small range and hid themselves somewhere in these caves."

This world was infinitely vast and trying to locate that small number of creatures was even more difficult than finding a needle in a haystack.

Either way, they knew the Finale Way in this world had failed.

"Is there also an Other Shore in this world?" Geoffrey asked. Ziya couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at Geoffrey's question.

"It's possible. Why not come with me to see if there is one!"

Since the three thousand Godly Ways worked in this world then the Truths of Godly Ways must be the same since they were derived from the Instant Civilization, a far more superior civilization from the Abstruse Energy World.

They should be more universal than the Ways-blending Energy.

Geoffrey had completely mastered the Truth of Cultivation Nature under the Regal Jade Spirit's guidance, however, Zen never allowed him to leave his inner world. He still hadn't even gotten the chance to enter the Sea of Truth, yet here was Ziya inviting him to explore the Other Shore of this strange world.

Buzz!

In a flash, Ziya sat cross-legged in the air and clapped four consecutive times in all directions. Four palm shadows appeared around him that held faint sword shadows. These sword shadows slowly rotated around him and Geoffrey protectively.

This world seemed devoid of all lives but it was never unwise to carry a bit of protection.

The two of them then began to recite the Truths of Godly Ways and tried to enter the Other Shore.

Slowly, the yellow, poisonous mist around the area headed towards them. Soon enough, the two of them were surrounded by it.

A trace of curiosity appeared on Ziya's face. "Can the Truths of Godly Ways attract the poisonous mist?"

Back when they cultivated the Truths of Godly Ways in the chaos, they never attracted chaotic energy like this. Then again, this world was vastly different from the chaos.

As the two of them continued to recite, the whole world began to spin around them.

Newcomers to the Other Shore of the chaos would first arrive in the Sea of Truth but subsequent visits would lead them to the exact spot of their last exit.

Since this was the first time Ziya and Geoffrey entered the Other Shore of this world, they couldn't help but wonder if there was also a Sea of Truth here.

As the sky and earth spun, they felt as if their minds were bombarded by relentless thunder. Just as it was about to become unbearable, they found themselves in a yellow world with nothing but clouds and mist.

Geoffrey swept his gaze around their surroundings. "Have we entered the Other Shore of this world?"

As he looked around, he found a small armada of creatures about to approach.

Scorpions with six pairs of compound eyes, snakes whose bodies were covered with thorns, jumbo-sized mosquitoes of varied colors — all sorts of poisonous creatures were now crawling their way towards them.

Ziya frowned at the sudden appearance of these curious life-forms. "Are they Other Shore creatures?" he muttered to himself. Their arrival had been smooth and even if there were a lot of critters headed for them, they didn't seem to be that intelligent nor threatening.

Nonetheless, the poisonous creatures were quick to make their aggression known.

Having discovered these two newcomers, they hissed angrily and came upon them in a mad rush.

Ziya didn't even lift a finger but he somehow managed to eliminate all the oncoming creatures within a hundred feet radius through a series of lightning bolts that struck the ground.

Since there were too many creatures, their corpses soon piled up around them.

Whoosh!

Ziya quickly grabbed Geoffrey's hand and flew onto the poisonous mist and left the pile of corpses behind.

"There doesn't seem to be a Sea of Truth here," Geoffrey muttered in observation.

"The layout of the Other Shore is arranged through the will of the Instant Civilization. Even if there is no Sea of Truth, there is still this endless poisonous fog," Ziya told him.

Fortunately, this poisonous fog was a piece of cake for Ziya and he could also protect Geoffrey from it. However, the natives of this world would've no doubt suffered from this deadly fog as they entered the Other Shore.

This yellowish fog of death seemed boundless and filled every inch of the air.

The two of them continued to travel through the mist for quite a long time. Ziya, with his abilities, could afford to travel like that for months, even years, yet experience no sort of fatigue. Geoffrey, however, soon grew stiff and tired from the long and boring trip.

It was only twenty hours later that they finally reached the end.

What awaited them was a vast void of brownish-yellow energy currents.

When they looked down, they noticed that the edge of the earth was sharp and indented, like broken porcelain.

Geoffrey couldn't help but gasp in astonishment. "The earth is shattered, Master Ziya!"

Ziya nodded solemnly. "I'm afraid the whole Other Shore of this world has been destroyed. Shattered into pieces with nothing left but this void."

It was worse than what he had first expected. The Other Shore of this world should've survived the end of the world since it was supposed to be a permanent shelter for the inhabitants.

However, it didn't seem to be that way. The Other Shore of this world wasn't able to escape its doom.

"Master Ziya," Geoffrey called out to him as he pointed towards something in the distance. "Look over there."

Among the scattered energy currents was a floating remnant of the destroyed earth. It wasn't big but they could see a silhouette of low buildings on it.

Ziya immediately grabbed Geoffrey's hand.

"Come with me!" he exclaimed as they flew towards the remnant.

A look of hesitation crossed Geoffrey's features. "Aren't you afraid of the energy currents, Master Ziya?" he asked.

Geoffrey felt an instinctive fear for the formidable power contained within the currents that filled the void. So long as he brushed against the tiniest amount of energy, he would completely corrode into nothingness.

"It doesn't matter. I can withstand them!" he assured the young man.

Ziya, after all, was an Eternal Realm master with the root-level bloodline.

He also stayed in the Deleting Space for a long time which led to the exponential growth of his power. He ranked at the very top when it came to strength. These currents would not harm him one bit.

Whoosh!

As they flew into the void, they got closer and closer towards the floating remnant the size of a small island.

Soon enough, the two of them arrived.

The sight that awaited them caught Geoffrey by surprise. "There are so many houses here!" he exclaimed.

The buildings were small and low, only around the height of Geoffrey's waist. These tiny buildings densely covered the island to the point that the two newcomers couldn't figure out where to set their feet on.

"Show yourselves!" Ziya suddenly shouted.

He was no fool.

The moment they landed, he was able to sense the existence of numerous Other Shore creatures that hid underneath these buildings.

Their arrival had scared these creatures which led them to hide in the caves that were underneath each structure.

Geoffrey couldn't help but sigh helplessly. "Master Ziya, you shouldn't scare them..."

They were strangers and Ziya's attitude wasn't helping them gain these creatures' trust.

"Don't worry, we don't mean you any harm. We just want to investigate something and hope to communicate with you," Geoffrey explained in a calm, sincere tone.

Perhaps his friendliness worked as a rustling sound came from one of the buildings. Soon enough, a short, furry creature emerged. He looked quite strange especially with that transparent poison sac filled with bright yellow venom on top of his head.

It seemed that all the creatures in this world, whether intelligent or not, were related to poison in some way.

Chapter 3844 The Four Spirits Sect

The short creature walked towards Ziya in wobbly little steps. His fearful, vigilant gaze never strayed from the two of them.

They could also sense many similar gazes falling on them from those buildings. Apparently, many similar creatures were watching them from the dark. But there was nothing strange about this. After all, they were strangers here and aliens to them.

The short creatures could feel that Ziya was powerful. Their guts even told them that he could exterminate all the creatures on the island with just one finger if he desired it.

"Gulu... Master... Welcome...What...What can I do for you?"

This race had its own language, but when this short creature realized that neither Ziya nor Geoffrey could understand their language, he started to speak in human language.

A trace of surprise appeared on Ziya's eyes.

He'd long known that the human language commonly used on the Other Shore wasn't created by the 77th civilization. Nevertheless, this place was another world, and it was still unknown whether or not there were humans in this world.

"Master, it's been ages since I last spoke in the common language. Please forgive me if you can't understand what I say..." said the short creature. He saw that Ziya was in a daze, so he thought that Ziya couldn't understand what he said.

"Where did you learn to speak the common language?" Ziya asked.

"The common language... is a very old language. Once upon a time, all creatures in the Dream World spoke in this language," the short creature said. A longing expression emerged on his face as he recalled that prosperous era. "Now, I'm the only one in the tribe who knows it."

The short creature's hair was sparse, and his skin was crumpled. He had lived on the Other Shore for a rather long time.

"The Dream World he referred to should be about the same as our Other Shore, right?" Geoffrey asked.

"I think so." Ziya nodded and then asked, "What happened to the Dream World? Why did it become like this?"

Ziya's question made the originally gentle and cowardly short creature show an aggrieved, indignant expression on his face.

This short-statured creature was of the Dark Fiend race, a race that had once occupied a dominant position in the Dream World.

The Dream World was a very huge annular world with fifteen rings from the outside to the inside. The stronger a race was, the more qualified they were to enter the inner ring. The former headquarter of the Dark Fiend race was located in the fifth ring.

At that time, this short creature had just been born. His young self often imagined that like the other talented individuals of their race, he would fight for their race and bring the Dark Fiend race to a higher level of glory after he grew up.

But before he became stronger, a disaster already descended upon the Dream World.

A strange force that had lurked in the Dream World for many years suddenly started rounds of purging in the Dream World. Even the world of poisonous mist wasn't spared.

Consequently, the Dream World was destroyed, and almost all intelligent creatures in the Dream World were either killed or injured.

When the Dream World was destroyed, one of its fragments, within which some creatures happened to be trapped, was bounced out and became the island where they were now.

Along with the passage of time, the creatures also grew in number. Now, many years after the incident, the island already became densely populated. Every place, every corner on the island was occupied. This was how these crowded buildings could come about.

"Did that strange force have a name?" Ziya asked again.

"Yes, they called themselves the Nihility!"

Even after so many years, the short creature still gnashed his teeth with hate every time he said the word "Nihility". After all, this race had destroyed their homeland and everything they had once had.

Ziya was also stunned to hear the name "Nihility".

Although Geoffrey had never been to the Other Shore, he had stayed together with the Regal Jade Spirit and Ziya, so he was quite knowledgeable. He asked, "The Nihility race also exists in this world?"

What appeared in Ziya's mind was the appearance of the Grandmaster of Heaven, the junior fellow disciple of his master.

The last time he returned, Ziya had a long chat with his master, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, so he had, of course, learned about the current situation of the human race.

It was quite a shock for him to learn that the amiable Grandmaster of Heaven had become the leader of the Nihility race.

Compared to other major races on the Other Shore, the Nihility race appeared relatively late. It was only the 748th civilization. Despite its late birth, this civilization could advance by leaps and bounds. This was something that the Primeval Lord of Heaven and others had never understood.

Now, the answer finally dawned on Ziya's mind.

As it turned out, the Nihility race didn't come from the chaos.

So there might still be another existence behind the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The short creature told Ziya everything he knew. However, he was a native creature of the Dream World; he only knew about the situation in the Dream World but didn't know much about what happened with the world of poisonous mist.

Because of the short creature's limited knowledge, he couldn't answer many of Ziya's questions.

Nonetheless, when Ziya finished questioning the creature, he turned around and pointed to the distance. "Do you want to go to the world over there?"

The short creature's eyes suddenly lit up. "Master, can you send us there?"

Creatures of both the Dream World and the world of poisonous mist relied on absorbing poisonous mist as their primary means of survival. This island was densely populated, and there was little poisonous mist on this island.

The island opposite them, however, was practically covered in dense poisonous mist clouds. For the Dark Fiend race, those poisonous mist clouds were like out-of-reach delicacies they could only see with longing.

Many of the younger members of the Dark Fiend race drooled over the poisonous mist clouds all day long.

"Yes," said Ziya.

The short creature immediately turned around and spoke to his clansmen in their own language.

The quiet island suddenly became even quieter.

After a few moments of silence, deafening screams exploded from all over the place, causing the buildings on the island to shake from the noise.

"There are many poisonous animals and plants in that world. Aren't you guys afraid?" Geoffrey asked.

The short creature turned around and faced them once more, saying proudly, "Those poisonous animals and plants are just creatures without any intelligence—the growth of their strength will always be limited. Besides, our Dark Fiend race isn't a weak race."

Thus, Ziya started to shuttle back and forth between the two islands. The pure energy flow between the islands wasn't at all a trifle, so Ziya had to be extremely careful when he was escorting the Dark Fiend race to the other island.

It took Ziya two whole days to send all the members of the Dark Fiend race over.

At this moment, all members of the Dark Fiend race were going all-out in sucking the poisonous mist. Geoffrey could only shake his head to see their intoxicated looks.

Now that he had fulfilled his promise, Ziya said to Geoffrey, "Let's go. There's nothing else here."

A world of deathly stillness indeed wasn't of much value—at least, not according to Ziya.

"Wait," the short creature called out. "There's one more thing that I think you should know."

"What's the matter?" Ziya asked.

"Before the Dream World was destroyed, the elders of our race secretly mentioned some things to us. I heard that the Dream World was built by the Four Spirits Sect, and the human spirit in the sect looked exactly like you," the short creature said.

"The Four Spirits Sect..."

Ziya and Geoffrey looked at each other. Shock once again swept over them.

Chapter 3845 No Passing

Most of the creatures from the chaos believed that the Instant Civilization created the chaos upon their existence.

However, as it was always a mystery of the Instant Civilization's existence, it left few clues behind.

Even there was some, they had been completely concealed by the Element Spirit Civilization when they first appeared in the chaos.

Upon hearing about the so-called Four Spirits Sect, Ziya was surprised, "What's the story of the human spirit? Tell me. I want all the details."

Ziya's sudden intrigue startled the little creature. "I... I don't know much, but I can say that the strongest Celestial Warriors in the Dream World would be favored by the Four Spirits Sect because they were quite outstanding and more than qualified to merge with stronger bloodlines..."

"Stronger bloodlines..." Ziya murmured to himself as he thought for a moment. "Had the Celestial Warriors you mentioned entered the Eternal Scroll Painting too?"

As he heard this, Geoffrey already understood that the Celestial Warrior should be corresponding to no other than the Eternal Warrior at the Eternal Realm.

"Eternal Scroll Painting?" the creature said as he shook his head. "I'm not sure what that is, but in order to become a Celestial Warrior, one has to enter the Celestial Painting. Only the most powerful Celestial Warrior can meet those from the Four Spirits Sect through the Celestial Painting. If I'm not mistaken, the four spirits of the Four Spirits Sect are human spirit, monkey spirit, snake spirit and bird spirit."

To become a Celestial Warrior had always been the creature's dream, so he was very knowledgeable about these things from continuous research and dedication.

"Master Ziya, the Four Spirits Sect is likely to be the Instant Civilization, right?" Geoffrey asked from where he stood.

Ziya nodded in response. "Yes, but it seems that this world is a little different from our chaos. Why did the Four Spirits Sect choose to meet the creatures of this world but continuously hid themselves from the creatures of the chaos?"

Geoffrey was very intelligent. Even if he had never been to the Other Shore, he could understand things through mere explanation. "There are two possibilities. It can be that the passage from the Abstruse Energy World to the chaos was broken, so the people of the Four Spirits Sect couldn't come. It could also be that the world of poisonous mist existed much earlier than the chaos, and later the people of the Four Spirits Sect died, disappeared, or left, so the people in the chaos had never met them!"

Ziya looked at Geoffrey and gave him a light smile of satisfaction. Although Geoffrey had some flaws, he was smart and Ziya admired this. From the time they met up until this very moment, Ziya treated Geoffrey as his own son.

"Do you know how many years this world of poisonous mist has lasted?" Ziya asked the little creature again.

The creature shook his head, "I don't remember. I only know it has lasted for a long time..."

Considering how long ago it was born, it was impossible at this point to determine exactly how many years. He didn't keep a record, so he couldn't give them a good answer. However, Ziya expected this and did not hesitate to ask some more, "Was the Celestial Painting also destroyed?"

The creature shook his head once more.

Before the Dream World was destroyed, he did not have enough abilities to go to the second ring, so he had not seen the so-called Celestial Painting either.

Ziya stopped asking. Before leaving, he assisted the Dark Fiend race to get rid of all the poisonous animals within the radius of a hundred miles. If there was any trouble that awaited them in the future, the Dark Fiend race would have to solve it by themselves.

Ziya was unsure whether the Dark Fiend race, the last offspring of the world of poisonous mist, would flourish despite these.

Afterwards, Ziya continuously travelled around the Dream World with Geoffrey by his side. He wanted to discover the traces of the Celestial Painting, but no matter where he looked, he couldn't seem to find it.

As he searched, a few islands caught his eye. He soared down to check them out, only to find out that they were empty and did nothing for his harvest.

"Master Ziya, that creature from the Dark Fiend race mentioned that one can only see the people of the Four Spirits Sect through the Celestial Painting. Doesn't that mean the Celestial Painting is a passage? And if so, what about the Eternal Scroll Painting?" Geoffrey asked.

Ziya looked at Geoffrey and replied, "This speculation existed a long time ago. The Eternal Scroll Painting itself may be a passage to the Abstruse Energy World."

"Have you been to the end of this passage? Or has anyone in the chaos ever successfully travelled there?" Geoffrey asked again.

"The end? No. Is it possible?"

Ziya's eyes narrowed slightly. What he had previously obtained was only a bloodline from an inner circle. He hadn't stepped into the innermost circle.

However, he recalled that the center of the big vortex was still covered by a black mist!

"It seems that people from the chaos can't do that," Geoffrey pointed out as he shrugged his shoulders.

Ziya smiled helplessly. He knew exactly what Geoffrey meant.

In order to meet the people of the Four Spirits Sect, one must enter the center to obtain qualification first. Regretfully, Ziya, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Eye Spirit hadn't entered the center, so they were not qualified enough.

After they had exited the world of poisonous mist, Geoffrey sent Ziya back to the Deleting Space.

Although Ziya didn't ask Geoffrey to do anything, Geoffrey still set a goal for himself: to discover a window to another world.

He had a gut feeling that there were more than two such worlds that existed within the Abstruse Energy World.

There existed a small and remote province in the western part of the Source World:

the Separate Amber Province.

This place was very primitive and it was filled with numerous savage creatures. Normally, few intelligent creatures would find their way into this province.

Swoosh!

Just then, a violent wind pressure descended from the sky and blew the dense forest into a messy, disheveled area.

One by one, the black-faced monkeys in the dense forest began squealing in fright. They mistook the pressure for a Wind Snake that regularly hunted them down.

As they panicked, seven huge black shadows suddenly appeared in the sky. They were seven giant flying ships!

The seven giant flying ships hovered at a very low height to avoid any attention. However, no matter their efforts, they failed to go unnoticed due to their large size and fast speed. They produced a strong wind pressure, as if they had plowed the ground where they passed.

"Master Pearce, would it be too cautious for us to make a detour?" one of the masters from the Oneness Mountain asked.

They would reach the Pear Hill soon if they headed west directly. As long as they entered the Pear Hill, they would be safe there.

In the Source World, it was known that if any super force attempted to hurt the Pear Hill, they had to be one hundred percent sure of the consequences.

However, Pearce decided to change their route and make a detour, which prolonged their journey to the Pear Hill.

"We have to be cautious," Pearce replied.

During these days, Pearce had always been tense and restless.

In fact, he had reacted very quickly. The moment the Eternal Scroll Painting closed, he summoned the masters of seven mountains to start the migration. He also remembered to inform the Pear Hill and make a detour on the way...

For some unknown reasons, he couldn't help but still be worried. His nerves had reached almost their limit.

Whoosh!

"Master Pearce, we have successfully arrived at the boundary wall of the Separate Amber Province," a member reported.

There were always unshakeable boundary walls in between provinces. In order to enter them, one had to use the Sanskrit word that matched the one on the boundary wall to open the passageway.

"Just pass it. Why are you even reporting this?" Pearce asked with a frown.

"The Sanskrit words can't match, so the passageway cannot be opened. We cannot pass through," the man responded hastily.

Chapter 3846 The Boundary Wall

The report had all the Oneness Sky Palace warriors confused.

"Did you use the wrong Sanskrit word?" Auden asked.

The man shook his head and affirmatively said, "It's impossible. I've checked it carefully and confirmed that the Sanskrit word on the flying ship is correct."

"Could it be that someone made a mistake when recording the Sanskrit word before?" Pearce guessed.

"Buzz!"

As the space fluctuated, Winchell's figure appeared before everyone's eyes. His face seemed serious as he said, "It's impossible. Even if there is something wrong with the flying ship of the Oneness Mountain, there couldn't be something wrong with the ship of the Origin Mountain at the same time. And even if something is wrong with both mountains, what about the flying ship of the Golden Mountain?"

Both the Origin Mountain and the Golden Mountain had just made an attempt, but the two flying ships were blocked outside the boundary wall.

"Why is this happening?" A strong warrior from the Oneness Sky Palace asked.

"There's only one possibility," Winchell said, raising his dashing eyebrows. "Someone modified the Sanskrit word on the boundary wall."

"How is that possible?"

"But that's the boundary wall..."

"I've never heard of anyone who can actually modify it!"

The wall served as the dividing line between the two provinces—a unique product of the Source World.

The ordinary mortals and even many of the True Gods didn't have the ability to cross through several provinces. But such a task was a piece of cake for the powerful warriors of various large races. A long time ago, they had already gathered all the Sanskrit words within all the boundary walls of the Source World.

To visit a particular province, one only needed to show the corresponding Sanskrit word.

"I'll go and have a look!"

As soon as Pearce finished speaking, his figure disappeared from where he stood. The next moment, he appeared before the boundary wall.

Stretching out his hand, he gently punched it, releasing a Sanskrit word corresponding to the one that had already appeared on the boundary wall.

"Buzz!"

The two words failed to react to each other, and no passageway appeared on the boundary wall.

Meanwhile, Auden, Athemar, Goran, and the rest also moved over. But Pearce's failed attempt made all their faces fall grim.

They believed that something must be wrong, especially at this critical moment.

"Well, since we can't use the normal method to pass through the wall, let's break it," Winchell suggested.

While the Separate Amber Province was a small province, it was no easy task to break its boundary wall.

If one wanted to do so, they had to first reach the Eternal Realm.

But while these warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace present hadn't yet reached that realm, they were at the Holy Soul Realm and had already fused with the Chaotic Source Spirits. With joint effort, they figured they could break the wall down.

In the Source World, destroying the boundary wall was considered taboo. While these crystal-like boundary walls would still recover after decades, no one dared to break them unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Let's do it, then," Auden said decisively.

At this moment, he had nothing to worry about. The moment he finished speaking, the Other Shore Tokens in the bodies of Pearce, Goran, Athemar, and the rest began moving as their power accumulated.

Just as they were about to shatter the wall, the crystal surface suddenly flashed with a circle of light.

"Buzz!"

The next moment, the entire boundary wall of the Separate Amber Province turned pitch black.

An enormous figure was projected on the wall in front of Pearce.

It was a human teenager.

With raven hair and eyes, he was rather handsome.

But that didn't make him seem good-natured, as there was a sinister look in his eyes.

"You won't be able to break this wall," he said with an almost evil smile.

His figure was somewhat illusory, as though it was coming from the wall or the sky.

"Take action!" Pearce shouted out.

In the blink of an eye, the strong warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace, including Auden, Athemar, and Goran, all made their move.

While they knew it was no simple task they were trying to do, all of them were highly determined people, capable of remaining composed at critical moments like this.

Regardless, they intended to break the boundary wall first.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Streaks of sword radiance hit the wall, making the surrounding space start fluctuating violently.

The raven-haired boy merely pointed in front of him, making a stable pattern appear both in front of him and in the inner layer of the boundary wall.

The pattern seemed to be a great spider web, and it could evenly distribute the power within a certain range onto the entire boundary wall of the Separate Amber Province.

In essence, it was also a means of energy transfer, and just so happened to be the boy's ability.

The joint attack of about seven powerful warriors from the Oneness Sky Palace was equal to the full attack of an Eternal Realm master—it was probably enough to blow out a great hole in the boundary wall.

But because of the spider web's existence, the boundary wall didn't budge an inch.

"How weak," said the boy with disdain. "It's impossible to even test my strength."

Once he finished speaking, he disappeared from the wall.

Immediately after, a thin crack appeared above the boundary wall, opening like two doors. From there, three giant flying ships slowly emerged.

On the first was engraved the words, 'Bearing race'. Atop the ship was a man dressed in luxury clothes. He was none other than Yellow Thearch, the leader of the Bearing race.

"Boom!"

With Yellow Thearch as the center, a grand aura was released.

It was an extremely penetrating aura. Even as the seven giant flying ships of the Oneness Sky Palace were guarded by many arrays, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were still suppressed by the aura.

"Whose aura is so powerful?"

"Did we get into trouble?"

"I knew this trip would not be that simple..."

The Oneness Sky Palace disciples' faces darkened.

In the center of the Oneness Mountain's giant ship, three great red crystals were placed side by side. Inside them were the physical bodies of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, and Zen.

This area was heavily guarded. Under the enchanted barrier's protection, not even a mosquito could get in and out.

After leaving the Soul City, Elvinia found that her mother had taken her on the flying ship. Knowing that both Zen and the Oneness Sky Palace were in great danger, she wasn't in the mood to receive any training in the Soul City, even though she wasn't far from reaching the Holy Soul Realm.

"If only Zen could wake up in advance..."

Across the red crystal, Elvinia could see Zen's peaceful face—it was like he was merely asleep.

"Why don't you say if only your father could wake up?" Flamine said with a smile.

After a moment of thought, Elvinia bluntly said, "Even if Father wakes up, he might not be able to protect the Oneness Sky Palace, but Zen can."

As Eastern Emperor Taiyi's daughter, she had gone too far by saying such words. After all, Eastern Emperor Taiyi was taking charge of the Oneness Sky Palace.

But what she said was true—with how the situation was turning out, the Oneness Sky Palace couldn't get out of trouble merely by relying on Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Flamine could see right through her daughter, but she just smiled helplessly in return. Before she could respond, she and Elvinia both felt a vast, strong aura from outside the flying ship.

Concerned, Flamine stretched out her hand and hit the air. The scene outside the flying ship appeared on the surface of the crystal wall nearby.

The moment they saw the Bearing race's flying ship, their faces turned grim.

Chapter 3847 Cut The Ship

Atop the enormous flying ships stood all the mighty Holy Soul Realm warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace.

They all felt desperate and miserable when they realized that Yellow Thearch had personally come.

Pearce, Auden, and the others, in particular, were immensely shocked and upset.

This time, three flying ships came over. The words "Bearing race" were engraved on the ship in the middle, the words "Divine Farmer race" were engraved on the ship at the left, and the words "New Moon race" were engraved on the ship at the right. It was likely that both Divine Farmer and Mahoney had come.

At that moment, Yellow Thearch looked down at the flying ships below. He shook his long sleeve and said, "Go ahead. I know you can't wait."

A thin figure popped out from behind him. He was the black-haired teenager, Usman.

A hint of madness flashed in his eyes. As soon as he jumped off, he rushed towards a gigantic flying ship like an arrow.

"I'm going to tear this ship apart!"

For some reason, he looked oddly excited, and his heart hammered in his chest.

Although he could previously kill people at will, those he had fought before were people the Ji Clan had selected. Once they fought to a certain extent, they were forced to fall asleep, and Usman felt that it wasn't exciting at all.

Now, he finally had the chance to kill on his own accord.

He flew directly towards the giant flying ship and sensed a large number of people's breaths in it. To tear the flying ship apart was naturally the most efficient way to kill them.

"How dare you!" Pearce screamed.

His face darkened, and he froze as if the frost had enveloped him.

Then, his right hand shook violently, and a handful of blood mist gushed out of his right arm. The blood mist condensed quickly and turned into a long sword.

"God-detaining Sword! Go to hell!"

"Buzz!"

The sword moved so swiftly in zigzag motions, and then it slashed at Usman's front.

"Puff!"

There seemed to be only the giant flying ship in Usman's eyes. As Pearce went all-out with his sword attack, he did not dodge. Instead, he withstood the strike with his physical body.

The powerful sword radiance left a mark on Usman's body, but the mark only lasted for a few seconds before it disappeared.

"This young man isn't at the Chaotic Source Realm.

But he can withstand my full blow!

How is that possible?" said Pearce.

He couldn't believe his eyes!

If Usman was at the Chaotic Source Realm, then it was understandable that he could block his sword strike, but he was not! The sword radiance clearly left a trace just now, but it disappeared quickly.

How could someone who wasn't at the Chaotic Source Realm withstand his blow?

He suddenly felt that the world had gotten even more mysterious. Some young men who appeared out of nowhere looked quite exceptional, and their strengths were simply beyond his imagination. Zen and Usman who was in front of him, were included.

"Stop him!"

Just then, three evil eyes floated out of Auden's body and released countless sharp swords.

"Da! Da! Da!"

The sharp swords stabbed Usman's body, but their effect was just the same as Pearce's attack. They left multiple scars on Usman, but they were small, shallow, and healed immediately.

"You can never pass through!"

"Go to hell!"

"Stop!"

At that point, Winchell, Athemar, Goran, and the others also joined the fight. All of them had attacked Usman with all their might, but the results were the same. They couldn't stop him at all.

"Bang!"

"Boom!"

Soon enough, Usman crashed hard against the side of the giant flying ship.

The whole giant flying ship shook violently, and the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace inside also tumbled due to the sudden movement.

The golden light around the flying ship exploded, and the arrays on its surface were damaged. At the same time, a large crack began to spread on the ship. Then, the ship tore with a loud cracking sound.

"Crack!"

Light shone inside the ship through the cracks. The disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace inside the cabin blanched with fear. They all thought that they would be safe inside the flying ship, but they never expected for such a disaster to happen.

Beads of sweat rolled down their temples. They saw through the crack that there was a boy in his teens outside the ship.

Even though the boy was just a teen, no one dared to come forward!

Just as everyone was about to retreat, a quick figure already dashed towards the crack.

It was Libby whose long legs tapped lightly on the ground, and she left a shadow every time she touched the floor.

When she was near Usman, she lifted the long sword and shook her right hand at the same time.

"Chill Rope!"

In a split second, a rope wrapped around Usman.

"Buzz!"

After the rope had bound his body, it turned into a mark and appeared on his neck.

"Get out!" Libby shouted and swung her sword at him.

Her sword strike had the power of eighteen thousand divine megatons!

Usman's excitement only increased as he stared at Libby's angry face. Then, he stretched out his hand and casually tried to grab Libby's sword.

Eighteen thousand divine megatons of power was indeed not enough to defeat him.

After Pearce and the other mighty warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace had attacked him, he was still unharmed.

However, he was slightly shocked when he touched Libby's sword.

It turned out that the sword's power had suddenly increased by three times and reached a total of fifty-four thousand divine megatons!

His abilities allowed him to resist the power that was ten times stronger than fifty-four thousand divine megatons of force.

Yet, he knew nothing about the Chill Rope. While the rope secured him tightly, the power of all Libby's attacks was multiplied by three times. Of course, the sudden increase caught him off-guard.

"Boom!"

The sword radiance hit Usman directly and pushed him out of the crack!

"Libby is so remarkable!"

"She threw out that young man with a single sword strike! No wonder she's a Holy Soul Realm warrior!"

"In the Land of Sword Grief, Libby has always been..."

Naturally, many disciples were ecstatic as they watched and showered Libby with various praises.

Meanwhile, Libby only frowned as she gripped her sword. She wasn't complacent at all. She attacked Usman with almost all her might, but why was he unharmed?

Of course, she didn't see that Pearce and the others had already attacked Usman together before.

While everyone continued to praise her, two more loud sounds came from the ship.

"Bang, bang!"

The first sound came from the outer shell, and the second sound came from the deck under everyone's feet. The next moment, Usman appeared in the cabin.

He stroked his chin and gazed at Libby with a playful smile. Then he mused, "I won't kill you yet. I'll tear down this ship first and then play with you..."

"How dare you!"

Even in the face of an invincible opponent, Libby wasn't afraid at all. She had always focused on cultivating the sword skill as a diligent disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace. She had done her best to improve, and little by little became so powerful.

After that, a long sword followed behind Usman like a shadow.

"Clatter, clatter, clatter..."

Libby's sword radiance continuously struck Usman like flowing water.

In turn, Usman withstood all her attacks with his physical body and kept retreating at the same time.

As he retreated, however, he repeatedly flipped his hands and made all sorts of strange patterns. Every time he launched a palm strike, it left a weird print in the air.

He retreated from the left side of the cabin to the right side, and Libby slashed him about forty times.

She still used her full strength for each sword strike, but she couldn't hurt Usman.

"Have you finished attacking me? If you're done doing that, get out of the way. This route is very dangerous!" Usman warned.

He made a gesture and pointed towards the route where he had retreated.

Once he finished speaking, he twisted his hands and formed a pattern. Then, the prints he left along the way lit up, and a large blade appeared.

The blade the space had formed immediately spread out.

"Crack!"

Everything happened so quickly. It was as if an invisible blade moved past and cut the flying ship in two with a crisp sound.

Chapter 3848 High In The Sky

The invisible space blade, after cutting open the huge flying ship, continued to expand in all directions.

High up in the sky, a group of tiger-headed wild geese were flying in a herringbone formation. The one in the middle suddenly let out an almighty screech before splitting into two.

The other wild geese were confused as they roared and scattered in all directions.

A straight, neat crack had appeared on the ground beneath the flying ship, extending all the way from north to south till it had reached the boundary walls on both sides of the Separate Amber Province.

This space blade had cut through a great number of plants and creatures along the way.

The bottom of the flying ship was made of one whole floating stone, which was why it didn't fall even when it was cut into two.

However, the three red crystals stored in the flying ship were now exposed.

Elvinia, and Flamine were still beside the red crystals. Their faces darkened as they looked up at the flying ship. They had only heard a muffled sound before everything had changed.

The dazzling light from the red crystals in the sun attracted Usman's attention. He stared at the corporeal bodies in the red crystals, a contemptuous smile on his face.

This had been too easy.

The Oneness Sky Palace didn't even have a member at the Eternal Realm. All of their members were good for nothing. How could it be called a super force?

With such thoughts in his mind, he turned and shot an arm out at the red crystals.

"Mom," Elvinia called worriedly.

"Step back. I won't let him pass," ordered Flamine.

Traces of the divine fire of the Sun Crow race spread along her skin. She was about to take a fighting stance.

"But can you stop him by yourself?" Elvinia didn't think Flamine could stop the black haired young man.

"She is not alone!"

Dozens of figures began to float towards them from the end of the cabin. The voice belonged to Elizabeth, who was leading these members of the Sun Crow race. Their wings looked like flags rising up into the air.

The members of the Holy Soul Realm of the Sun Crow race went along when the Oneness Sky Palace had begun to migrate.

But the Sun Crow race preferred to stay out of the limelight. They seldom went out in public even when they had been in the Oneness Mountain. They were now at the bottom of the cabin ever since they had moved with the Oneness Sky Palace.

But now that the flying ship had cracked, the members of the Sun Crow race were out in the open. .

Micah and Bagot rushed forward to Usman.

They had once been assistants to Emperor Charm, the way Pearce and Auden were assistants to Eastern Emperor Taiyi in the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Puff!"

They struck their palms out as they approached Usman and under the combined force, Usman was blasted backwards.

Half the flying ship that was floating in the air because of the loss of driving force, began to slowly rotate in the air because of the inverse impact of the two palms.

"Move the crystals away as soon as possible!" Micah shouted.

The members of the Sun Crow race weren't worried about Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, but they had to protect Zen.

Flamine didn't hesitate as she carried the red crystal that contained Eastern Emperor Taiyi on her shoulder.

Elizabeth flapped her wings and raised the crystal that contained Zen, while Bagot gently raised the red crystal that contained Yasamin.

"Buzz..."

Their carrying the crystals meant that they were about to open the space channels and escape.

But Usman's voice stopped them in their tracks. "You can't leave."

A long, transparent saber appeared in his hand and he twirled it around, as if showing off his moves.

All of a sudden, three shots sounded from beside Elizabeth, Flamine, and Bagot.

The space channels that the three of them had built, collapsed in an instant.

The dust had barely settled when Usman attacked them, violently slashing the saber in his hand at them.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Two more visible space fluctuations spread towards Elvinia and the group.

Just like the invisible space blade that had appeared earlier, these space fluctuations continued to expand forward, cutting through everything along the way.

"Dodge!"

Flamine, Elvinia, and all the members of the Sun Crow race dispersed.

Another resounding crack sounded, and the half of the flying ship further split into two pieces.

"It's no fun, letting you go so easily!"

Usman said, his growing excitement palpable. He flew up into the air and waved the transparent saber even more zealously.

An invisible blade spread out every time he waved his saber, and advanced all the way to the end of the province.

If one looked down from the sky, one could see long thin lines appearing on the ground. Anything that blocked the thin lines was ruthlessly sliced into pieces.

The power of the invisible blade was terrifying but it wasn't very fast. Flamine and the members of the Sun Crow race were able to easily dodge them.

However, it was difficult for the giant flying ships of the other six mountains to avoid these messy blades. They couldn't escape the invisible blades. Many disciples in the ships had already encountered these blades and received a brutal cutting through.

Meanwhile, the powerful warriors of the Holy Soul Realm from the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the New Moon race swarmed out of their flying ships to attack the Oneness Sky Palace warriors who had left the flying ships.

In under five minutes, the scene had turned chaotic, the smell of blood spreading in all directions.

The Yellow Thearch stood atop the Bearing race's flying ship, looking up at the sky. His body was like a statue made of molten iron. He wasn't looking at what was going on below him. It was like he thought it had nothing to do with him.

He didn't do anything, even though it was now extremely easy for him to capture Zen who was sealed within the red crystal.

In the sky, at a height of about three million feet, several small black dots floated in the air.

If one were to move closer, they would find that these black dots were actually black ships.

When the Yellow Thearch had received the order of the Element Spirit race, he had known that this trip wouldn't be easy.

The dilapidated Oneness Sky Palace was not within the scope of his plan, and there had been no need for the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the New Moon race to dispatch all their powerful warriors to deal with it. But he knew that he had to face a more troublesome opponent.

Twelve people stood on the black ships in the sky.

There usually were exactly thirteen people in the Black Ship. But today, the last position was reserved for the Evil God. Now that he had been rebuilt and kept on the Other Shore, he wouldn't be able to get out before he descended. Therefore, the thirteenth position was vacant.

"I think the guy down there is Usman," Tomos, the Ear Mouse, remarked sharply.

"He has come back to life too soon! I really want to go down and crush him into pieces. Captain, when can we take action?" The brass man had never liked Usman.

The captain's voice sounded from deep within his black cloak, "No hurry. Everyone hasn't arrived yet. It's too disadvantageous for us to fight now."

"How long do we have to wait?" the brass man asked again.

"Until Fuxi can't restrain himself any longer," the captain replied.

Chapter 3849 Fists

Although the members of the Oneness Sky Palace were transported efficiently and swiftly, it was still a mammoth project.

In fact, when the seven huge flying ships flew west, there were informants constantly cascading the information to the Black Ship and the Bearing race.

The Bearing race and the Black Ship had received instructions from the Element Spirit race and the Nihility race respectively. Their goal was clear, and they intended to gain control over Zen at any cost.

At the same time, in the Grand Plain Stage, Pearce also appealed to the Pear Hill for help.

In fact, as the Oneness Sky Palace members arrived at the Prime North Province, the three forces, including the Pear Hill, the Bearing race, and the Black Ship, had all appeared, and they were intrigued by the discovery of each other's existence.

However, for the time being, the Pear Hill was not in a hurry, while Yellow Thearch and the captain of the Black Ship were both growing anxious.

Of course, they didn't intend for the flying ships of the Oneness Sky Palace to enter the safety of the Pear Hill's territory. However, Yellow Thearch and the captain were both shrewd warriors, and neither of them were willing to make the initial move.

Everyone wanted to win out and reach the top, but they didn't want to take any action to do so.

The captain was a man of calm demeanor. He trailed behind the flying ships, slowly following through the skies with the fleet of the Black Ship.

However, the members of the Bearing race were the first to no longer be able to contain their anxiety.

Yellow Thearch didn't want to make the first move, so he released Usman to intercept them in the Separate Amber Province.

As for Yellow Thearch, Divine Farmer, and Mahoney, they were on standby in their flying ships.

If Usman kept launching successful attacks and killing many warriors like this, it would be the turn of the Pear Hill to get anxiety.

Therefore, the captain was fairly confident that Fuxi would take action before him.

"Shera, what is on your mind?" asked the captain.

Shera was sitting by the railing of the ship, and her pair of smooth, white and long legs were hanging in the air. The black hemline of her dress fluttered in the breeze, and there was a tired look in her eyes.

She kept a watchful eye on Usman, noting the blades moving from all directions and forming disorderly lines.

"Are you still infatuated with Usman?" the "bamboo pole" wrapped with bandage asked. Everyone was aware at that time that Shera had a crush on Usman.

Shera shrugged and said indifferently, "This Usman is merely an incarnation of resentment. He is someone else."

"I don't believe that," the captain said, shaking his head. "In fact, he is still the same Usman, but he just lacks all memories of his past."

Shera glanced at the captain.

Since the captain had raised this matter on purpose, he clearly wanted to make a point and say something more.

He added unhurriedly, "As the incarnation of resentment, Usman is bound to be out of control. In fact, what Yellow Thearch has done is merely a repetition of what we have done in the past."

"Sooner or later, they will face a counterattack from Usman," Shera said indifferently.

"Maybe they will not suffer a counterattack," the captain countered, shaking his head.

"Why?" Shera asked in a confused tone.

"The Grandmaster of Heaven has instructed us that the goal for now is not only to capture Zen, but also to devour Usman," the captain replied.

"Devour Usman? Who will be responsible for that?"

Hearing this news, the members of the Black Ship were confused.

"That Evil God," the captain explained indifferently.

"The Evil God? Isn't that warrior still on the Other Shore?" the brass man asked in a hollow and metallic voice.

"We can help him descend," said the captain.

"Bring that brat back here? Isn't it too..."

To force something or someone to descend from the Other Shore would require the consumption of a golden red Chaotic Source Spirit. Every golden red Chaotic Source Spirit was priceless and far too precious to waste.

Since so many powerful members of the Nihility race needed to descend, the chance of the Evil God coming down was slim. After all, he hadn't even stepped into the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"If he can really merge with Usman, it is a sacrifice worth making," the captain said calmly.

"But by nature, he is no different from Usman. He is only useful while he is weak. Once he gains strength, I'm afraid we won't be able to control him at all," Shera said, her eyes gleaming with concern.

The captain shrugged his shoulders and said, "Who knows what the Grandmaster of Heaven is planning? We must do as he said..." At this point, the captain seemed to notice something and added with a smile, "Fuxi can't stand it anymore."

The destructive power of Usman was too potent.

The thin cracks had been formed by the invisible blade along the ground, and these were spreading out, almost slicing the entire Separate Amber Province into countless puzzle pieces.

The Holy Soul Realm warriors and even the Chaotic Source Realm warriors were strong enough to dodge.

But given the situation, the seven ships of the Oneness Sky Palace were loaded with many disciples. Scores of them were sliced into two pieces without even knowing what had happened.

Although most of the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had scattered in all directions, the invisible blade pierced through the entire Separate Amber Province, and in the end, they could not avoid it. If they were not watchful and alert, they would lose their arms and legs, or even be severed in half.

As a member of the human race, Fuxi couldn't tolerate this continued slaughter.

While Usman was engaged in the wanton slaughter of the people, a huge mark of Eight Diagrams appeared on the boundary wall, and on the chest of Usman, another mark of Eight Diagrams materialized.

When Usman saw the mark of Eight Diagrams on his chest, he was briefly stunned.

Then he felt a terrifying wave rolling up from behind him, and a large hole instantly appeared in the solid boundary wall.

The terrifying wave did not stop after it pierced through the boundary wall. Instead, it directly slammed into his chest.

"Boom!"

It was a power that Usman had previously not experienced.

He felt his chest explode from the impact, and the irresistible force slammed him to the ground with a tremendous force.

The wave of impact collapsed the ground, and the power that slammed him down even left a huge crater in the ground.

Even though the crater was already thousands of feet deep, the remaining power still continued to press him down. The black soil buried him past his head, and he didn't know how deep he had sunk.

However, before the power could dissipate, another massive force lifted him up.

When Usman was raised out of the thick soil, he saw a man with black hair standing in front of him. This man's unique temperament and aura left Usman feeling a little uneasy.

From the moment of his birth, Usman had never feared anyone. It could even be said that he had no knowledge of what fear was.

Even in the face of Yellow Thearch, he remained unafraid.

However, this black haired man before him filled him with trepidation.

"Did you think no one can defeat you?" Fuxi glared balefully at Usman.

"Just you..."

However, as Usman was about to speak, a mark of Eight Diagrams appeared on his face.

"Boom!"

Even an Eternal Realm warrior would have faced death if this punch had landed on their face.

However, since Usman was formed by the resentment of the Source World, he had been integrated into the world.

Although he was still quite weak, he could easily control a province!

The power of the blow had completely been transferred to the boundary wall by him...

"Boom!" "Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack..."

In the distance, another large hole appeared in the boundary wall, accompanied by a web of cracks. This was the damage inflicted by Fuxi's punch.

"Can you keep transferring the power infinitely?" Fuxi asked.

"Humph!" Usman snorted in derision.

"When I completely smash the boundary wall of the Separate Amber Province, I'll see if you can still grin and hold on then," Fuxi threatened, clenching his fists again.

At the same time, many Eight Diagrams patterns appeared all over Usman's body, covering his face, chest, legs, abdomen...

"What are you planning to do?" There was a hint of fear glimmering in Usman's eyes.

"Beat you!"

As soon as Fuxi had spoken, his fists began swinging towards Usman, instantly creating countless fist shadows, all of which landed on Usman's body.

Chapter 3850 Challenge

Usman hadn't fully grown up yet, so he was still much weaker than his previous self in the past.

Moreover, no one could tell how powerful a fully grown Usman would be.

The leaders of the super forces concluded that he could control the entire Source World in the future. He had so much potential that once he had fully grown up, no one would be on a par with him.

However, Usman's betrayal of the Black Ship gave them a severe headache back then. On the contrary, the other super forces were pleased since the Black Ship was notorious all over the Source World.

Still, Usman's unrestrained growth worried them. Therefore, they finally helped the Black Ship kill Usman.

The only thing was, Usman was already very strong even though he hadn't fully grown up yet.

Of course, Fuxi was much more powerful. He marked his opponent with the Eight Diagrams and left no space for him to dodge his punches.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Thus, Usman got reduced to an immovable live target.

Now that he couldn't wield his invisible blade and kill, the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace finally had a chance to breathe.

Some of the disciples floated in the air, while the others stayed on the ground as they all watched Fuxi beat Usman with the countless fist shadows he created. Adrenaline rushed through their veins at the thrilling sight.

They knew that Fuxi's ferocious attacks could crush even an Eternal Realm master into muddy flesh.

Yet, Usman remained unharmed. How was that possible?

The young disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace didn't understand it, but the powerful masters figured out why.

As soon as Usman had arrived in the Separate Amber Province, his real presence fused with the whole land. Thus, all the damage he suffered went to the ground.

For instance, every punch Fuxi threw at him created a large hole on the once indestructible boundary wall of the Separate Amber Province.

That boundary wall surrounded the entire province. Although it was sturdy and extensive, it would collapse anytime soon because of the large holes that continually appeared on it.

Yet, Usman still couldn't transfer the damage he bore at his own will. After all, he was only an incarnation of resentment in the Source World. Once the boundary wall completely collapsed, he would undoubtedly die.

That was how the last Usman died in the past.

Back then, it was a large province twelve times bigger than the current province, but a powerful Other Shore Token had trapped the last Usman in the center of the province. With no way to escape, he had suffered from the attacks of several Eternal Realm masters. In the end, they smashed the last Usman to death after the boundary wall of the entire province was completely destroyed.

Now, Fuxi tried to kill him with the same method.

Since Yellow Thearch, Divine Farmer, and Mahoney refused to show up, he would beat Usman to death first.

Unlike the other great masters who preferred to scheme and calculate a lot before they made their move, Fuxi chose to deal with things simply and directly — that was, to fight with his fists.

And because of his involvement in the war, all the others stopped their battles.

When Pearce, Auden, and the others saw Fuxi had come to their rescue, all of them lit up with hope.

Because Zen couldn't wake up and help them under the current circumstances, the Oneness Sky Palace's only back-up was probably Pear Hill. Although their seven flying ships were all destroyed and many disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace had died, Fuxi's appearance was timely for them.

The Holy Soul Realm warriors of the Bearing race looked up at the sky above the boundary wall. They knew that none of them was a match for Fuxi, but they wanted to know their leader's next plan.

However, Yellow Thearch only stood at the top of their flying ship and remained silent.

The sounds of the collapsing boundary wall lingered in his ears, like Usman's pathetic cries for mercy. They reminded him of the ruthless beating Usman endured.

"He will soon be killed," Divine Farmer's voice resounded in Yellow Thearch's ears. He knew he couldn't just stand by now.

Yellow Thearch squinted his eyes and eventually opened his mouth to plead Fuxi, "Human Sovereign, this person is a member of my clan. Please show mercy on him."

Swoosh!

Fuxi's punch stopped halfway, but its power still exploded and cast the Eight Diagrams' mark on Usman's body.

Bang!

Usman still didn't suffer any damage from the attack, but another large hole appeared on the boundary wall.

Several holes connected, then a large part of the boundary wall collapsed to the ground.

Fuxi looked up at the sky and sneered, "Since the member of your clan dared to kill the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace at will, why should I show any mercy?"

"The Oneness Sky Palace has offended the Bearing race. As the leader of the race, it's reasonable for me to punish them. On the other hand, I don't think it's justifiable for you to intervene. Human Sovereign, don't you think so?" Yellow Thearch replied in a calm voice.

Although the situation in the Source World had been quite tense recently, the conflicts between the super forces still hadn't escalated into an all-out war.

At least the Bearing race still hadn't declared war against Pear Hill, so Fuxi's intervention somehow lacked a good reason.

With a disdainful look on his face, Fuxi still retorted, "Yellow Thearch, there's no need to waste your breath on bickering at this point! From now on, the Oneness Sky Palace and Pear Hill are one. I will smash anyone who dare hurt a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace into pieces! Am I clear now?"

All the disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace were deeply moved upon hearing Fuxi's words.

The Human Sovereign had always been regarded as the strongest warrior of the human race, and now he was quite determined to protect them.

"Do you want to declare war on my Bearing race?" At that point, the veins on Yellow Thearch's forehead popped, and there was a fiery rage in his eyes.

As the emperor of the Bearing race, he could no longer stand Fuxi's defiance against him no matter how good-tempered he was.

Fuxi glanced at him, and chuckled, "You came all the way here not just to enjoy the scenery, did you?"

In reality, several super forces already knew that the Source World was already on the brink of a full-scale war, and it could probably happen today.

"You're right. It would be my pleasure to fight you..."

At that moment, Yellow Thearch gently slid his finger across his chest, then his golden silk robe floated away with the wind and revealed a close-fitting black armor inside.

Fuxi was well-known as the Human Sovereign, and the title was enough to demand the respect he enjoyed from all the humans.

On the other hand, the Bearing race's influence hugely increased over the years because they had allied with other races. Still, Yellow Thearch's real strength was a secret to outsiders. There were even rumors that he was mightier than Fuxi.

Yellow Thearch spread out his hand in the air, and a crack appeared in his palm. Blood gushed out from the crack and quickly formed a simple three-foot-long sword.

It was his lifeblood treasure, the Yellow Thearch Sword, which came from his root-level bloodline.

Even though Yellow Thearch and Fuxi belonged to different super forces, they had dealt with each other for countless years.

Yellow Thearch knew what kind of person Fuxi was. He was the type that once he had chosen a path, he never showed mercy to anyone who dared hinder him.

That was why Yellow Thearch would certainly fight him with all his strength.

"I'll hold Fuxi back. Mahoney, you should go and block the Black Ship. Divine Farmer, you're responsible for taking Zen away," Yellow Thearch said through his life vitality.

Before he set out, he had set other goals, including killing Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin.

But since the three forces confronted each other now, the situation became too complicated.

As a result, Yellow Thearch began to feel uncertain due to pressure from the battle. "What about the Snake Goddess?" Mahoney asked.

Everyone was afraid of Fuxi's formidable fighting ability, but what they feared more was the wisdom of the Snake Goddess.

When they realized that the Snake Goddess still hadn't shown herself, all the Eternal Realm warriors further increased their guard.

Chapter 3851 Tomos

A hint of fear could be seen in Yellow Thearch's eyes.

Before the Snake Goddess made a move, they wouldn't know what the result would be.

"If the Black Ship wants to mess things up, then everything will change. We need to take action according to the situation," said Yellow Thearch.

He had hoped for things to be under control, but that was not what it was at the moment.

"Go!"

Yellow Thearch raised the sword in his hand, the golden light around it shining brightly.

This sword light seemed to follow a holy path. This sword strike seemed invincible and looked like it could destroy everything in the world.

"Will our choice be worth it?" Divine Farmer asked, worried. He was still uneasy about the developments

and thought it wrong to go against the Pear Hill.

"The gift of fate has already been marked with a price. Perhaps it's time for us to pay back," Yellow Thearch said, jumping up.

The golden light enveloped his sword. It looked like he was holding a torch and his own holy path.

The Eternal Realm masters like Yellow Thearch, Divine Farmer and Mahoney were shocked at the death of Emperor Charm. They were now doubting the path they had chosen.

But there was no point doubting themselves now. They were destined to not be able to get rid of the Element Spirit race. What was more, they had placed all their bets on the Element Spirit race a long time ago.

The Element Spirit race didn't extend their help and support for free, and it was now time for them to pay the price.

Whoosh!

The golden light soared into the sky and then began to pour down.

It was as if someone had pierced through the sun with a sword and caused the flames to flow down the sun's body.

But that wasn't a flame. It was the holy way, a comprehension exclusive to Yellow Thearch.

"Good timing!"

Fuxi exclaimed, his face lighting up.

He trembled with excitement, not having met an opponent of this level in a long time.

The golden holy path poured down, an inexplicable aura surrounding it.

The weaker disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace bent down to kneel before the holy path.

It took a lot of energy even for powerful and strong-minded warriors like Libby to resist the aura.

Buzz!

A mark of Eight Diagrams suddenly appeared on the golden holy path.

Fuxi then threw a punch at this mark, a boom resounding through the people present.

Fuxi's punch smashed the invincible and overbearing-looking holy way into pieces.

Whoosh!

Fuxi had also disappeared along with the holy path.

But in the next moment, he appeared behind Yellow Thearch, with a mark of Eight Diagrams on Yellow Thearch's back.

"I have disliked you for a long time!" Fuxi said as he prepared to throw a punch.

As long as the mark of Eight Diagrams remained with him, this punch would definitely hit its target.

There were very few people in this world who could resist Fuxi's punch.

Yellow Thearch, who had turned around at Fuxi's words, swung his sword towards Fuxi's fist.

Yellow Thearch would suffer greatly against Fuxi's fist, but if his sword were to pierce into Fuxi's fist, it would disable one of his arms for the time being.

Fuxi frowned and lowered his hand, dodging Yellow Thearch's sword. He wanted to attack him again.

But Yellow Thearch's sword was still aimed at Fuxi's fist after it had drawn a circle.

After a while, it looked like they were sparring with each other. The way they were fighting looked strange and absurd, but they were in great danger.

Fuxi was an irritable man. He retreated a thousand feet in the air, gathering all his energies to throw another punch. But Yellow Thearch merely smiled as he said, "It's too late."

Bang!

The mark on Yellow Thearch's back exploded with a loud bang.

The mark of Eight Diagrams lasted for a while and would automatically explode if Fuxi didn't trigger it.

The explosion was powerful enough to be impressive, but it was nothing to Yellow Thearch.

Fuxi looked at Yellow Thearch, his face devoid of expression, and said, "You haven't made any progress over all these years."

"I've made enough to defeat you!"

Yellow Thearch had raised his sword up before him so that it was parallel to the ground. As the golden light boomed again, the two top masters of the Source World dove in to fight each other once again.

Yellow Thearch had just made his move when Divine Farmer made his way across the space to Elizabeth's side, one hand on the red crystal.

Fuxi was very clear about the fact that someone else would be attacking Zen. But he had no choice but to go all out while facing Yellow Thearch. He'd face defeat if he so much as got distracted one tiny bit. That was why he couldn't protect Zen at the moment.

"Let go of him and I won't kill you," Divine Farmer said, staring at Elizabeth.

The old man was not unfamiliar to Elizabeth.

She had come into contact with Divine Farmer several times when she had followed Emperor Charm. This was how they were familiar with each other.

"I can't do that," Elizabeth said, shrugging.

"So be it. You should know that I'm not going to let you off even if Emperor Charm is still alive," Divine Farmer said, wiggling his hand and causing a jade ruler to pop out of his arm.

The Divine Farmer Ruler was his life's treasure, which could both kill and save people.

He waved the ruler around before throwing a deadly-looking strike at Elizabeth.

It was obvious that the Divine Farmer Ruler was going to kill people. As Divine Farmer waved the ruler around, the smell of blood permeated the air around them. If the weaker ones were to take even one sip, their skin and flesh would rot and they would turn into dried bones.

Now that she was facing an Eternal Realm master who was even stronger than Emperor Charm, Elizabeth didn't know how to fight back.

She lowered her body in order to avoid the Divine Farmer Ruler and moved behind the crystal.

Since Divine Farmer and Elizabeth were previously acquainted, he showed her some mercy. But if he were to use all his strength, he would definitely kill her.

However, after Elizabeth had dodged him by hiding behind the red crystal, the surging divine flames of the Sun Crow race shot towards Divine Farmer along the red crystal, and in an instant, surrounded him.

Phew!

The divine flames of the Sun Crow race still couldn't destroy Divine Farmer's Chaotic Source Spirits, but Divine Farmer was angry. "You're reckless, aren't you?" he spat out. "You're courting death!"

Thick green light flashed out from the center of the Divine Farmer Ruler and turned into a green, thumb-sized hummingbird.

The hummingbird devoured the divine flames of the Sun Crow race on the surface of Divine Farmer's body, and then charged towards Elizabeth.

"Venomous Candle Hummingbird!" Elizabeth said knowingly.

She was experienced and knowledgeable, and knew that this theurgy of Divine Farmer was formidable.

If she didn't retreat now, this little hummingbird would definitely kill her.

Whoosh!

Elizabeth loosened her grip and entered the space channel, simultaneously appearing at a spot thousands of feet away.

Her eyebrows furrowed in indignation.

The gap between her strength and Divine Farmer's was too great.

It was obvious that she was no match for him.

Divine Farmer was about to move away with the red crystal when a cloud of black smoke suddenly appeared on the surface of the red crystal.

The black smoke had a special characteristic that allowed it to drill into the red crystal.

"Is that the Filthy Smoke?"

Elizabeth was surprised to see the black smoke.

Anything that was tainted with the Filthy Smoke couldn't be transferred through space channels.

Half of Divine Farmer's body had already drilled into the space channel. He didn't know what was happening outside. When he grabbed the red crystal and tried to stuff it into the channel, he discovered that he couldn't do it.

He had no choice but to drill out of the space channel. On inspection, he found that an Ear Mouse was holding a cigarette pipe and blowing out black smoke.

It was none other than Tomos, the betrayer of the Ear Mouse race and a member of the Black Ship.

Chapter 3852 Cooperation

According to the Divine Farmer's plan, he must leave with the red crystal as quickly as possible. He must do this without any delay.

He thought that if the captain of the Black Ship tried to stop him, he would immediately release a space snake.

It was known that the space snakes were almost extinct within the Three Purities Stage. They naturally lived in the void. However, there were only three of them left now, one of which was in the possession of the Divine Farmer.

The space snake was given to the Divine Farmer as a gift. He received it from the Element Spirit race.

The space snake had a rare and useful ability. It could temporarily change the shape of the space channel. This was extremely helpful in times when the user wanted to make sure that no one else could enter the space channel.

The Divine Farmer figured that he would be able to escape with Zen as long as the captain of the Black Ship didn't break his space channel.

However, a problem occurred before he could even drag Zen into the space channel. The red crystal had already been contaminated by the Filthy Smoke. The expression on the Divine Farmer's face was indescribable. It looked frightening.

His strength was comparable to that of the Yellow Thearch. However, he preferred not getting into fights. He rarely fought whenever he was in the Source World.

"How dare you stop me?" Anger began to show in the Divine Farmer's eyes. He grabbed the red crystal with his left hand. Meanwhile, he held the Divine Farmer Ruler on his right. With that, he charged fearlessly towards Tomos.

Even though it was now facing an Eternal Realm master, Tomos maintained its composure.

As it saw the Divine Farmer approaching it at breakneck speed, Tomos immediately smoked its pipe.

Bang! A loud noise echoed through the space.

Before Tomos could blow the smoke out of its pipe, the Divine Farmer had already hacked at its head with the ruler.

A direct attack from an Eternal Realm master was more than enough to kill a Holy Soul Realm warrior.

As soon as the Divine Farmer slashed, he easily cracked and split Tomos' skull wide open. Its body appeared as though it had been seared by the scorching sun. In addition to that, it had no shape. There was only some sort of gray smoke under its skin.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

As the gray smoke started to dissipate, it quickly formed a cage and effectively trapped the Divine Farmer inside it.

"You are truly extraordinary as an Eternal Realm master. I must admit that I have always admired you. However, I may have to offend you today."

The members of the Black Ship were a little different from other forces. It was in the sense that all of them were desperadoes. The moment they decided to join the Black Ship, they had already abandoned everything else. They didn't care whether they lived or died.

They didn't care about how powerful their opponents were. No matter what happened, they refused to give up without a fight.

Just then, three Ear Mice that looked exactly like Tomos appeared inside the cage. It was apparent that they were made out of the smoke.

"I'm afraid it would be very unwise of you to provoke me!"

The Divine Farmer slowly raised the green ruler in his hand. As he did this, he lightly stepped into the air.

A string of bright and colorful lights began to encircle him. A profound space law flitted upon his body as though it was dancing.

He brandished his ruler then slashed at the Ear Mice. With graceful ease, he had split the three smoke incarnations apart.

However, three more smoke incarnations instantly appeared not far away from him.

He took a slight step forward and seemed like he was about to charge towards them. But all of a sudden, he turned around and stabbed.

Puff! It sounded like something popped.

The Divine Farmer Ruler had pierced into the void. Then, blood started to fill the space where the Divine Farmer had stabbed.

At once, Tomos materialized and its body began to rapidly dissipate. It immediately turned into traces of green that gathered around the Divine Farmer Ruler.

"Do you think this pathetic little trick can deceive me?" the Divine Farmer asked with a cold and hard expression on his face.

Tomos' face didn't quite express any pain. In fact, it even revealed a sly smile. "Perhaps..."

As soon as it said this, its body quickly rotted and turned into a horrible-looking corpse. It seemed like this was still not its real body.

While watching this scene unfold before him, the Divine Farmer noticed a white and weightless bandage had materialized on the red crystal in his hand. The moment the bandage touched the red crystal, it had spread out and covered the red crystal in the blink of an eye.

The bandage had tightly wrapped itself around the red crystal. Suddenly, there was an awfully strong pulling force coming from the bandage. Without any warning, it dragged the red crystal towards the sky.

The Divine Farmer was caught off guard by this abrupt move and the red crystal slipped out of his grasp.

However, he reacted very quickly. When he saw the red crystal being pulled away by the bandage, he instantly went after it and swiftly grabbed it in his hand.

But then, the Divine Farmer felt a powerful force pulling at the other end of the bandage. It was so strong that it also dragged him away. This force was utterly formidable.

"Well then, we will see who is stronger!"

As he said this, the Divine Farmer's face darkened. The power within his body suddenly erupted.

It was well-known that there was a huge gap between the Eternal Realm and the Holy Soul Realm warriors. They had huge differences in terms of physical strength, real strength, speed, and soul.

The moment the Divine Farmer's power had erupted, the bandage could no longer be pulled away from him. It couldn't budge for even a millimeter.

"Break!"

With a wave of the long ruler in his hand, he instantly severed the bandage off.

However, he frowned as he grasped the red crystal with his other hand. It didn't feel as heavy as it used to be. He felt a bad sense of foreboding.

He tore off the bandage in a hurry, only to find a big black stone inside it! "This can't be..."

The red crystal that contained Zen inside had actually been replaced!

"My apologies."

Once again, Tomos appeared a short distance from the Divine Farmer. It bowed to him then turned into gray smoke and instantly dissipated.

The warriors at the Eternal Realm considered those at the Holy Soul Realm as weak beings.

Nevertheless, the number of warriors at the Holy Soul Realm in the Divine Farmer race was ten times bigger than that of the Black Ship.

The Divine Farmer thought that it didn't matter even if they had Other Shore Tokens from the Three Purities Stage. Their number was too small. It was not enough to fight against him because the gap in strength was just too huge.

But obviously, the members of the Black Ship were far stronger than the ordinary warriors at the Holy Soul Realm. With their cunning tricks and teamwork, they had actually managed to take away Zen from the Divine Farmer's hands!

The Divine Farmer felt he was fooled. He had walked right into their trap.

This was extremely humiliating! He couldn't accept that he had fallen for their cheap tricks.

"How dare you play tricks on me? You will pay for this!"

The cultivated Divine Farmer finally showed a terrifyingly ferocious expression on his face.

A thin crack appeared on his forehead. It began to open slowly and revealed an eyeball. A triangular frame appeared on the surface of the eyeball. Afterwards, there was a sudden flash of brilliant light.

After being punched by Fuxi, Usman had remained lying on the ground and gasping for breath. At this very moment, a triangular frame suddenly appeared in his eyes. At once, his body seemed like it was being controlled by his eyes. His eyeballs bulged and lifted his upper body with force. At the same time, his head spun in a strange angle.

Cracking sounds could be heard as his head spun around. Obviously, his neck was broken.

However, he didn't feel any pain. He closed his eyes and fell to the ground once more. He quickly had regained his consciousness.

When he woke up, he had no idea what had happened. But the severe pain from his neck made him wince and curse.

He looked around him and a strange and different sight was transmitted to the Divine Farmer's mind.

At that moment, he appeared as though he was looking down at the whole Separate Amber Province. He was able to see everything within the province very clearly. He continued to scan through the horizon. Soon enough, he noticed something a hundred miles away from him.

He saw a space ship floating alone in the void. The members of the Black Ship were either sitting or leaning inside it. The red crystal that contained Zen was dragged by a bandage into the space ship.

All these times, the Divine Farmer thought that his opponent must be the captain of the Black Ship.

He wouldn't be so angry if it was the captain of the Black Ship that was able to take Zen away. But now that he knew it was merely a group of warriors at the Holy Soul Realm who managed to easily abduct Zen, he was utterly infuriated.

"You will pay for this with your lives!"

All of a sudden, the Divine Farmer's figure became huge. With this, the Divine Farmer Ruler also grew in length and size.

He took a mere step forward and was able to cross a hundred miles. The Divine Farmer Ruler in his hand slashed towards the void.

With the slash, the void collapsed. The space ship couldn't remain intact.

Chapter 3853 Trapping

Just then, several people joined hands to take away Zen's red crystal.

After Tomos stopped the crystal from being taken away with the smoke, he and Shera respectively used the illusion skill and the controlling technique to confuse Divine Farmer's judgment.

And indeed, Divine Farmer misjudged.

The 'bamboo pole' untied his bandage to wrap around the red crystal. Meanwhile, another Black Ship member's skill was used to replace the red crystal with the stone.

It was the brass man who dragged the bandage, and he had a unique secret technique that allowed him to increase his strength threefold in a short period of time.

Once he activated the technique, the brass man was powerful enough to fight against even an Eternal Realm master.

In truth, if Divine Farmer was on full alert, even the Black Ship members could have a difficult time taking Zen away.

But Divine Farmer had always been on guard against the Black Ship's captain. Because he didn't quite take these people seriously, they found their chance to take action.

Now, in Divine Farmer's towering rage, he swung his ruler, slashing it down. The broken space spread all the way toward the space flying ship.

Inside, the members of the Black Ship had just brought in the red crystal, while Shera was leaning against the crystal to observe.

Just then, a crack in the sky rapidly spread over, shocking everyone with the sight.

"He found us out so soon." Tomo's eyes were full of astonishment.

"An Eternal Realm master naturally has the ability mysterious to anyone else. Edith, just transfer to another space." Shera turned around and gave the order.

In the corner of the space ship sat a blue-skinned woman with long locks. Her Other Shore Token was passed to her by the Grandmaster of Heaven. It was the transparent flying ship docking in the void and happened to be the Invisible Ship in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

Theoretically, even an Eternal Realm master would find it difficult to find this ship—it wasn't one that could be easily sniffed out.

But the Black Ship people never expected Divine Farmer to make use of Usman's ability. Since the latter took control of the entire Separate Amber Province, everything there was in his view.

"Okay, Shera." Edith nodded.

She had a rather pitiful background—her very race had been exterminated, leaving solely her behind.

While she had never been particularly famous in the Black Ship, the other members of the Black Ship, Shera most especially, had always treated her very well.

In turn, Edith also treated Shera as her very own big sister.

With a flash of light in her gray eyes, the Invisible Ship suddenly collapsed, and the ruler of Divine Farmer then failed to hit it.

The entire space was concentrated at a single point. In the next moment, Edith had controlled the Invisible Ship, making it appear in another location a hundred miles away.

But the distance of a hundred miles was nothing to an Eternal Realm master.

Still, Edith and the rest of the Black Ship were highly confident in the Invisible Ship.

Divine Farmer couldn't discover it too soon, regardless.

But once Divine Farmer saw the ship disappear, his face grew dark as the eye in his forehead flashed again.

Usman was getting up from the ground.

The force of twisting his neck came from his own body just now, so this force was not transferred to the boundary wall.

In his confusion, he felt that his eyes bulged, dragging his entire head to twist.

"Again!"

This time, Usman was smarter about it.

So he merely jumped up and rotated his body along with the direction his eyeballs were circling in.

He had to turn in a full circle before his eyes recovered.

But the situation still left him just as clueless.

After finding the ship through Usman's eyes, Divine Farmer advanced again, slashing his ruler in the ship's direction.

The motion completely shocked Edith.

She was certain to leave no clue whatsoever when she moved the ship. Even the Eternal Realm warriors couldn't track her. It was unimaginable that Divine Farmer was still able to do so.

"Keep moving!"

Before she could even finish calling out, the Invisible Ship disappeared once again.

But just as it moved, Divine Farmer managed to catch up, closing the distance between him and the ship.

At this point, the Black Ship people couldn't remain composed.

"How did he find us?"

"Look, he's coming again!"

"Was there any clue left on the red crystal?"

They searched frantically for a clue, completely reluctant to fight against Divine Farmer directly.

"Would Usman have told him how to find the ship?" Shera asked.

"It's possible..." Edith nodded, considering the thought.

Many years ago, Usman easily found the ship with a unique ability.

"That guy..." Even the brass man was deep in confusion, displeased.

While Usman had troubled the Black Ship before, never did it occur to them that Usman would dare do it again after being reborn—he was a natural troublemaker.

"What should we do? Should we find a way to kill Usman?" asked the "bamboo pole".

"We can't kill him. Even Fuxi can't kill him, let alone any of us," Shera said regretfully, shaking her head.

Seeing Divine Farmer approach, Edith had no time to even speak. The moment she reached a place, she had to move away immediately. If she was even a second slower, the Invisible Ship would be destroyed.

Usman suffered greatly under such a case.

Each time Divine Farmer checked the ship's location, Usman's eyes bulged and pulled him to a complete turn.

Yet if he didn't cooperate, his neck would be completely twisted off.

And so while people could see Usman constantly spinning in circles and cursing into the air, they had no clue what was happening to him.

Meanwhile, in the sky above the Separate Amber Province, the Black Ship's captain stood atop his ship's bow.

The edges of his black cloak were drenched in blood which seemed to be flowing somehow, heated up and emitting fine bubbles.

The ship's surface was also badly charred.

While there was no actual fire, the ship had been charred anyway, becoming suited to its name, Black Ship.

Before the captain was the huge shadow of Snake Goddess floating in the air. It had already stretched out its arms to envelop the entire ship, along with the captain.

And so the captain couldn't take action being directly confronted by the Snake Goddess.

"Snake Goddess, Divine Farmer has already attacked the Black Ship's members. With the strength of Divine Farmer, sooner or later, he'll be able to take Zen away. I don't think it's wise to fight me," the captain said.

It was Divine Farmer and the Black Ship members that fought over Zen, after all.

Regardless of who got the man, the result would be unacceptable to the Pear Hill.

"The Black Ship members may be only a group of Holy Soul Realm warriors, but they are not ordinary ones. Not long ago, it took only four of them to stop the Thunder Dimorphodon. No matter how powerful Divine Farmer is, the outcome will not be determined in such a short period of time." The Snake Goddess was shaking her head, highly confident in her own judgment.

"But what's the point of trapping me?" asked the captain again.

"It will be meaningful once Fuxi wins," responded the Snake Goddess calmly.

If Fuxi defeated Yellow Thearch, he'd have enough time and energy to fight for Zen. Whether or not there were other variables involved, she had to act accordingly.

In truth, at this point, the three forces were still testing each other—both the Snake Goddess and the captain were cautious, carefully trying to pick out each other's trump card.

Chapter 3854 Fuxi's Great Strength

A small shadow soared through the air and crashed into the side of an enormous stone mountain, well over ten thousand feet in height. It had stood there, solid and immovable, for thousands of years. As soon as the shadow hit the stones, the mountain collapsed as though it had never existed.

Deep rumbling sounds echoed as the mountain crumbled from the force of the impact.

The huge mountain had been destroyed in the blink of an eye.

The stone shards of the mountain flew out in all directions. Many were sharp and deadly, and pierced through the nearby creatures like airborne weapons.

Most of the stabbed creatures died immediately. For all who lived in the mountain area, this day was the end of their world.

As the rumbles of the collapsing mountain began to fade, there was a strange buzzing noise.

A mark of the Eight Diagrams had appeared on the ruins of the mountain. A closer inspection revealed that the outer layer of the mark was blurry, because it was actually formed by the overlapping of many marks.

"Take this!"

A boom sounded.

For a moment, time seemed to stop and stand still.

Fuxi's arms were barely visible as he landed thousands of punches in very, very rapid succession. The speed and force of the punches released a great energy that flowed down from the ruins of the mountain.

But the buzzing sound continued.

The various noises merged with each other, each loud enough to obscure the original sounds, until only a continuous high-pitched note could be heard.

The overlapping marks of the Eight Diagrams exploded simultaneously.

The ground began to sink beneath the rubble of the mountain.

One thousand feet, ten thousand feet, one hundred thousand feet, one million feet...

The Source World was hollow, and almost all of its living beings lived in the inner layer. The outer layer was not thick. The thickest part was only sixty million feet at most, and the thinnest part was only a few million feet.

The majority of the exit points from the Source World were located in the weak spots of the outer layer.

The Separate Amber Province was itself located in a weak spot. The distance from its surface to the chaos outside was only more than ten million feet. Now, through sheer force, Fuxi had smashed it through.

In the chaos, the Yellow Thearch Sword exuded a golden light, ensuring the protection of the Yellow Thearch.

The golden light contained a holy way with the strongest defensive power.

However, even with such protection, the Yellow Thearch was still in a sorry state.

He had felt very confident since the defeat of the Nine Li race.

With the help of the Element Spirit race, his strength had improved by leaps and bounds. He became much more skillful in the use of his bloodline and the combination of Other Shore Tokens.

Meanwhile, Fuxi—who used to be honored as the strongest warrior at the Eternal Realm—was just an amateur. However, with his talent and fierce pursuit in the Three Purities Stage, he achieved what he had today.

Now, in the middle of the battle, the Yellow Thearch realized that he had underestimated Fuxi.

Fuxi didn't have many techniques. He didn't even rely on any Other Shore Token. He was simply strong.

Fuxi's relentless attack penetrated through the weak spot.

As he penetrated through the ground of Separate Amber Province, chaotic energy poured in through the hole, spreading throughout the province.

The energy burst into the Source World, emitting a buzzing noise.

The first wisp of chaotic energy swept past the rubble and came into contact with a blade of grass. In an instant, the green grass withered, blackened, and died.

For weaker creatures, chaotic energy was a deadly poison.

Many creatures in the vast Source World did not have the strength to resist the chaotic energy. Most of the aborigines in the Separate Amber Province would die.

"Your sword is very good. It saved your life," said Fuxi calmly, standing at the entrance of the hole.

Although he stood over one thousand feet away, his voice was clear and loud.

The Yellow Thearch floated in the chaos. He withdrew his sword and said grimly, "The sword is a part of me."

A lifeblood weapon was refined with one's own bloodline, so the Yellow Thearch's statement made sense.

"I knew the strength of your sword a long time ago," Fuxi replied. "If the Element Spirit race hadn't helped you to refine it, I would have broken it already." Fuxi spoke in a confident tone, as he stood in front of a hole he had punched through the very fabric of the Source World.

Especially now, he felt incomparably strong, as though there was nothing in the world that he couldn't break.

The Yellow Thearch slowly raised his sword above his head. "Everyone has their own lucky chances. I was lucky that I got the help of the Element Spirit race, and you were also lucky because you got the secret blood inheritance."

As he talked, the Yellow Thearch Sword emitted a golden light, and three holy ways appeared. They were one of his most powerful theurgies.

"But luck isn't the most important factor! In the end, strength and weakness matter the most," said the Yellow Thearch. With a gentle motion, he shook his long sword.

The three holy ways intertwined and headed straight for Fuxi in the Separate Amber Province.

"Today you will learn what real strength is!"

Fuxi said coldly. He did not try to evade the attack. He stood directly in its path and raised his fist as he saw the three holy ways rushing towards him.

He didn't care what kind of theurgy the Yellow Thearch used. He was certain that whatever attack came his way, he would be able to block it and smash it into pieces.

The holy ways swooped towards him.

Several marks of the Eight Diagrams appeared on the holy ways. Fuxi threw several punches, and the marks immediately exploded.

But the holy ways were not broken by the explosion. They seemed like illusions, impervious to the impact of Fuxi's blows.

The holy ways seemed to be both concrete and ethereal, and they behaved in an unpredictable manner.

"Fists are not enough for the holy ways," the Yellow Thearch said with a sneer. "Now let's see if you have any real strength."

The three illusory holy ways surrounded Fuxi, and cracks began to form in the golden light. Soon, the holy ways reformed into a thin net that enclosed Fuxi.

The Yellow Thearch left his spot.

In an instant, he appeared outside the net. He gazed at Fuxi, trapped within the crisscrossing lines.

The golden light emanated continuously from the surface of the Yellow Thearch Sword. He thrust the sword forward, and a terrifying energy was released from the thin strands of the net. Every line turned into sharp golden sword radiance, shrinking towards Fuxi in the center of the net.

"Shatter!" commanded the Yellow Thearch.

Instantly, it was as though thousands of swords slashed at Fuxi.

The Yellow Thearch launched this attack with all his strength.

He was so focused that his very bloodline seemed to boil, and his eyes glowed with a golden light. He put all his energy into attacking Fuxi, wanting to tear him to pieces.

The golden sword radiance slashed into Fuxi's body.

The net had shrunk and now completely enveloped Fuxi until he was no longer visible.

In that moment, the sword radiance exploded, and it was so bright that even the sun looked dim in comparison.

In the far distance, the powerful warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace, the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race paused briefly amid their fighting to glance at the golden glow of sword radiance on the horizon.

However, the Yellow Thearch was not Emperor Charm. The swordsmanship he cultivated was completely different from Emperor Charm's Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy.

Several moments passed before the golden light dissipated completely.

Something unexpected had happened. When the Yellow Thearch saw the result of his attack, his eyes widened, and one eyelid began twitching with alarm.

Fuxi stood there, entirely unharmed. He wore a slight, sardonic smile as he said, "Well, you said my fists are weak, but your sword seems even weaker!

You have no true strength!

You are weak."

Fuxi's eyes glinted as he repeated, "Weak!"

With that final word, Fuxi vanished.

The marks of the Eight Diagrams appeared and rushed towards the Yellow Thearch.

Fuxi came into view, threw a punch, and disappeared again.

The Yellow Thearch couldn't follow Fuxi's motions because he was moving at an unimaginable speed. Every time he caught a glimpse of Fuxi, he was in a different position. This made it difficult, if not impossible, for the Yellow Thearch to launch a counterattack.

This put the Yellow Thearch at a severe disadvantage. He was forced to passively wait to see what Fuxi planned to do, without any chance to fight back.

Chapter 3855 The Land Of Ancient Flesh

The huge shadow of Snake Goddess stayed still up in the sky as its arms held the black ship.

Snake Goddess and the captain of the Black Ship previously used their own methods to learn about the full situation, and they also watched the battle between Fuxi and the Yellow Thearch.

Just now, the captain of the Black Ship thought that the Snake Goddess was too confident. After all, the Yellow Thearch was still quite powerful, and it wasn't easy for Fuxi to take him down.

When they fought, however, it was evident that they were far too different.

Fuxi was much more powerful than everyone had expected. The captain quickly grew serious, and he said, "It seems that there is a reason for your confidence in the Human Sovereign."

"Of course," the Snake Goddess said with a glint in her cat-like eyes.

"But, are you confident enough to trap me here?" At that moment, the captain looked at the shadow of Snake Goddess above his head.

If Fuxi had really killed the Yellow Thearch, then the members of the Black Ship and the Divine Farmer would fall into Fuxi's hands no matter who won.

The mere thought of it made the captain restless.

"If you want to try, you can do it with Mahoney," the Snake Goddess calmly said as she looked towards the void on the left.

The area exhibited a wave of space fluctuation, and Mahoney, who was hiding inside, appeared.

"You are quite keen, Snake Goddess," she said.

"Your whispers are too loud," the Snake Goddess replied.

At first, Mahoney planned to attack the captain, but the captain asked his crew to fight, so things changed.

She had been hiding in the dark and waiting for a good chance. She never thought that the Yellow Thearch would be disadvantaged, so she took the initiative to communicate with the captain.

While all of that happened, the Snake Goddess had cleverly captured the wave of their consciousness. "I wonder who is stronger, you or the Human Sovereign?" the captain asked.

In reality, Fuxi's power scared the captain. He hadn't seen the Snake Goddess fight for a long time. If she was as strong as Fuxi, then things would get tricky.

The captain was first quite confident in himself. He thought that he was as strong as the Yellow Thearch, so when he saw that the Yellow Thearch got defeated all the time, he became not that confident.

Confidence was the foundation of strength, but arrogance that grew out of confidence was a hindrance to survival.

The captain had what he had today because he never underestimated any of his opponents.

The Snake Goddess looked down and shook her head. "If I were the Human Sovereign, and the Yellow Thearch didn't have another trump card, he would have died," she commented.

Upon hearing those words, Mahoney and the captain frowned.

Did the Snake Goddess mean that she was stronger than Fuxi?

"If so, then we can only try," the captain stated.

A cyan Other Shore Token appeared on the surface of Mahoney's body. It was the Spearhead Armor of Destruction that Emperor Charm had worn. Then, a powerful force continuously gathered within her body.

The Snake Goddess gently raised her head and put her hands on either side. Her large shadow followed suit and waved its hands to slap both the captain's and Mahoney's heads.

Swish!

The shadow of Snake Goddess was made out of pure energy and could erode almost anything.

Furthermore, it was much purer than those of the people of Pear Hill because she was their leader.

In turn, Mahoney flew backward to avoid the energy beams.

Meanwhile, the captain of the Black Ship stood at the side and waited for the shadow of Snake Goddess to descend from the sky. As soon as her shadow landed on the black ship, his black cloak exploded.

A bald man emerged from the black cloak. He was covered in a thin layer of scales and had two sharp horns on his forehead.

The captain didn't resist but let the energy beam hit him.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Some of the long and thin energy beams at the end of the shadow of Snake Goddess landed on the black ship.

The black ship immediately shattered, while the energy eroded its wooden body and set it on fire.

Then, the energy beams in the middle lashed at the captain's skin and burned him. Bright red blood gushed out of his charred black scars.

The Snake Goddess found it strange that the captain didn't dodge. However, she would never hesitate in such a battle.

Since he didn't avoid the attacks, she would kill him first.

The fabric of her golden dress fluttered when she slightly twisted her waist. Her shadow followed her and turned around, then forced Mahoney back with ease.

Afterwards, she reached out her other hand towards the captain.

Her shadow also did the same thing with one hand and the tentacle-like energy beams wrapped around the captain.

The erosion caused by the pure energy beams was terrible, especially since they came from the shadow of Snake Goddess.

The energy beams went into the captain's body at a visible speed. Blood spurted out of his sunken body, then the energy beams quickly evaporated it.

Mahoney was stunned when she saw the scene.

Was the captain trying to get himself killed?

Would the Snake Goddess kill him in that way?

Or perhaps the Snake Goddess had used a method that made the captain unable to dodge?

Multiple thoughts swam in Mahoney's head. She now wanted to escape as quickly as possible.

On the other hand, the energy beams quickly eroded the captain's body into two. His whole body melted like a candle. He would surely die.

Still, the Snake Goddess didn't feel relaxed at all. She didn't think that the captain was dead. Instead, she remained highly vigilant and stared straight at the other black ships not far away.

"The power of your shadow is truly extraordinary." The captain's voice floated over. This time, he appeared on another black ship.

"What?"

Just then, Mahoney squinted to get a closer look.

Truth was, it wasn't difficult to get a physical avatar with their strength. It also wasn't hard to distinguish if the opponent was a real body or an avatar.

Mahoney just saw that the shadow of Snake Goddess had eroded the captain's real body. How did he reappear?

Maybe he had used some rare Other Shore Token to bring himself back to life, but there was no reason for him to let the Snake Goddess kill him once.

"It seems that the rumor is true," said the Snake Goddess. She bit her lips, crossed her hands, and waved them.

"I heard that the captain of the Black Ship doesn't have a real body. These ships are your bodies!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The moment she finished speaking, countless energy beams lashed towards the black ships like whips.

Most people thought that the Black Ship was an intimidating force, but the real strong ones were its members. The ships were just ordinary flying ships.

Without the help of those at the Eternal Realm, the ordinary warriors at the Holy Soul Realm or even the Chaotic Source Realm could destroy them.

But when the Snake Goddess's energy beams struck the ships, there was only a muffled sound, and the beams just bounced off the ships' surfaces.

The powerful energy beams had lost their desired effect. "In addition to the fact that my real bodies are the ships, I wonder what else you have found out?" the captain said from the ship.

The Snake Goddess thought for a while before she asked hesitantly, "Have you integrated with the Land of Ancient Flesh?" The Land of Ancient Flesh was an immensely dangerous place.

It was quite a small land in the far south of the Three Purities Stage, but it was frightening and forbidden.

After all, its exterior was a large piece of flesh.

It also had a distinct feature. Any power could only work there once. The second and succeeding times, they would be ineffective.

Chapter 3856 In The Black Ship

The Land of Ancient Flesh was a whole large chunk of flesh located in the far south of the Three Purities Stage.

Though no one knew who explored the Land of Ancient Flesh first, it could be assumed that it was easy to break into the place in the beginning.

However, after someone dug into the land once, no pure physical force could work on it anymore. Because of this, the very first mark on the ground could still be seen to this very day.

After one used fire to melt the Land of Ancient Flesh, they found that it would only successfully melt off a small piece. Since then, the Land of Ancient Flesh grew immune to the fire, and no longer feared any flames.

All of these failed attempts led to the conclusion that

methods and attempts only worked once when used on the Land of Ancient Flesh.

This large chunk of flesh seemed to have developed this rare evolutionary ability, which worked very well to its advantage.

At this point, the Land of Ancient Flesh had endured so many attacks that it was basically unstoppable. The flesh feared nothing now.

Many people had attempted to break it, including the Snake Goddess and Fuxi and others. However, they failed to cause even a dent in the Land of Ancient Flesh.

Just now, the Snake Goddess used her shadow and corroded the body of the Black Ship's captain. The captain didn't dodge because he wanted to adapt to the energy beams from the shadow of Snake Goddess.

After the captain experienced the power of the beams, the shadow of Snake Goddess became an ineffective attack to the black ships.

It was in this moment that the Snake Goddess realized that this resistance possibly had something to do with the Land of Ancient Flesh.

Because of the flesh's extraordinary characteristic, many people attempted to obtain the land to use its powers. However, it was due to this evolutionary characteristic alone that no one succeeded.

In theory, the Land of Ancient Flesh could not be sliced, separated, much less be merged with anyone. If this was so, how did the captain of the Black Ship merge himself with such an incredible Other Shore Token?

"You are quite smart to have understood it so quickly," the captain smirked, "Please do aboard the ship and stay there for a while."

As soon as the captain finished speaking, the black ship closest in proximity to the Snake Goddess suddenly swooped down in her direction.

Just then, Snake Goddess tapped her toes in the air and flew backward rapidly, her long dress flowing gracefully in the air along with her.

Normally, the Snake Goddess's speed should have been enough for her to escape, but the black ship suddenly produced a space fluctuation. Within a second, the Snake Goddess noticed the light dimmed around her, and she was already within the black ship.

It was a gloomy, quiet cabin and no matter how much the ship sped up, jolted or swayed, the people inside it were stable and unbothered.

"Buzz!"

In an attempt to leave, the Snake Goddess tried to use the Grand Teleportation and exit.

However, as soon as the space channel appeared and opened up, it vanished just as quickly.

It was obvious that the captain of the Black Ship already had used the power of space to contain her earlier. Because the ship had evolved, the power of space was unusable inside it.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Just then, the swords that hung on the wooden wall behind the Snake Goddess shook and vibrated. Suddenly, they shot up and pointed straight at her.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

It was as if a hidden person controlled the short swords and aimed towards the Snake Goddess. Though the swords were short, they had immense power within them.

The Snake Goddess's body dodged and avoided the short swords. However, the nearby mast against the wall spun three hundred and sixty degrees and fell towards her.

Caught off guard, all the Snake Goddess could do was raise her arms to block it.

With a loud bang, she was sent right into a wall. When her body collided with the wall, numerous spears hovered at the end of the passageway, ready to shoot her.

It seemed that everything in the black ship was a part of the captain - and they were all more or less fatal.

Initially, Mahoney stood by and watched the fight from a distance. However, when she saw that the Snake Goddess was devoured by the black ship, a feeling of apprehension slowly consumed her.

She had originally discussed with the captain of the Black Ship that they were going to join forces to deal with the Snake Goddess. As of the moment, this didn't seem like the case.

It suddenly occurred to her that she and the captain were on opposing sides.

A strong sense of urgency rose within her, but just as she was about to use the Grand Teleportation, a black ship swooped down and engulfed her within a few seconds.

Once the two warriors of the Eternal Realm were trapped, a third black ship descended towards Divine Farmer this time.

Since Fuxi and Yellow Thearch were still at war against one another, the captain figured that if he trapped the Divine Farmer, he could easily take Zen away.

For the captain, his plan was fool proof. This was going to be too easy.

Meanwhile, Divine Farmer chased after the Invisible Ship with the Divine Farmer Ruler gripped in his hand.

At the same time, Edith concentrated on controlling the Invisible Ship to dodge Divine Farmer, but to no avail. Anywhere she went, Divine Farmer appeared right after.

"Buzz!"

A few moments later, both the Invisible Ship and Divine Farmer appeared in the north corner of the Separate Amber Province.

Edith didn't have enough time to control the ship to dodge this time.

"Ghoul Substitute!"

Shera stretched out her arms and gripped hard, as if she held onto thin, invisible threads. All of a sudden, a huge monster that was made up of corpses hovered right above the Invisible Ship.

The ghoul had cost Shera years to piece together, so it possessed extremely strong defensive power.

However, no matter how powerful a ghoul was, it would never be able to resist a single blow from Divine Farmer.

"Puff!"

Just like that, the huge ghoul was sliced in half by the ruler, and it spewed green blood left and right.

As Shera saw her ghoul get killed in one strike, her eyes filled up with sadness. However, this did not mean the efforts were useless. Because the ghoul blocked the ruler, it gave Edith the window to teleport away.

"We can't go on like this. How about I go out and stop him? Edith, you must take everyone away," the brass man spoke out.

The people of the Black Ship were not naturally a united group in normal times. After all, they had already been tainted as evil in the Source World, and each one of them had done repulsive things in the past.

However, when it came to sacrifice and saving their members, they didn't hesitate at all.

After they lived on the Black Ship for so long, they eventually became a part of it.

"You can't stop him all by yourself," Shera snapped back.

"No, but at least I can buy you some time." Just then, the surface of the brass man's body turned yellow and solid like an iron wall. Without asking for any help, he prepared to sacrifice himself.

"Let's attack together. Let Edith take the red crystal to leave first," another creature spoke from not too far away. He was Vance, half human and half deer and a longtime member of the Black Ship.

"I agree." Shera nodded. "Even if we fight head on, we won't necessarily lose."

If the members of the Black Ship teamed up, they would have enough strength to put up against a warrior at the Eternal Realm. After all, it was not long ago that the Black Ship trapped the Thunder Dimorphodon with only four of them.

However, the strength of warriors at the Eternal Realm also varied in amount and energy. A warrior like Divine Farmer was obviously among the more powerful ones at the Eternal Realm. No one on the Black Ship was willing to face such a powerful existence unless it was an utmost necessity.

Left with absolutely no choice, they decided to fight Divine Farmer head-on and as a team.

All of a sudden, the Invisible Ship moved through spatial transference again.

As usual, Divine Farmer appeared behind it like a taunting shadow. Once he slashed down with the ruler, the brass man was already out of the Invisible Ship.

A light emerged from the brass man's body, and just like that, the aura of an Other Shore Token surged out from him.

At the same time, a huge brass pillar appeared in his right hand as he charged towards the sky!

"Crack!"

With one attempt, the strike of Divine Farmer's ruler hit the brass pillar precisely. The brass pillar cracked right at the middle, and as if it was made out of soft mud, the crack trickled down all the way to the bottom of the pillar.

The Combat Dragon Pillar, which was the brass man's prized weapon, was destroyed in an instant.

Chapter 3857 Combat Dragon Absorb

After Divine Farmer had destroyed the Combat Dragon Pillar with the ruler, he slashed at the brass man once more.

Just as his second strike was about to land on the brass man, a bandage suddenly wrapped around his arm.

At the other end of the bandage was the "bamboo pole".

The "bamboo pole" glowed with colorful light after the bandage unwrapped. In the Black Ship, the "bamboo pole" was the most proficient in using poison. Back then, when the first Usman appeared, he also relied on his fast-spreading "Flash Insect Poison" to make thousands of the provinces in the Source World turn red.

Whoosh!

The "bamboo pole" then pulled the bandage and passed by the brass man and rushed towards Divine Farmer.

His whole body shone brightly and had turned into a semi-liquid state. Under his skin was not flesh, but water.

"Whoosh!"

Meanwhile, the ruler slashed down and sank into the body of the "bamboo pole." In turn, the "bamboo pole" immediately softened and turned into a mass of sticky venom that spread out on Divine Farmer's arms!

"Sizzle..."

As soon as the venom came into contact with Divine Farmer, his arms became pitch black. The black spread at an alarming speed, and in no time, it reached his forearms.

"You used poison on me? How naive of you!"

The Divine Farmer Ruler he held emitted a green light that rolled towards him. The light mildly surrounded his arms and turned them back to normal. Then, the remaining green light followed the spreading venom.

In reality, the venom was the real body of the "bamboo pole". It was his trump card. It liquefied his form and turned it into a toxic liquid that he used to attack.

Although the "bamboo pole" hadn't reached the Eternal Realm, he was a much-experienced warrior in the Black Ship. He was ranked third on the Black Ship in terms of age.

He had liquefied himself into poison three times in the past. It took him a long time to recover every time he was liquefied, and the recovery process was painful. However, he was always successful in killing opponents who were very difficult to deal with, including a warrior at the Eternal Realm.

This time, however, his opponent was Divine Farmer!

Furthermore, the ball of green light Divine Farmer used was fatal to him.

He immediately felt chills when he saw the green light. He wanted to escape, but it was too late. The green light had already entangled with the venom, then the venom neutralized and disappeared.

"Bane!"

"Damn it!"

When the real body of the "bamboo pole" got destroyed, two more warriors charged towards Divine Farmer from both sides.

The person on the left carried a huge saber, and his name was Alonzo, and the person on the right was Shera.

The two of them had a good relationship with the "bamboo pole", whose name was Bane. There was no way they weren't going to do anything when the green light from the Divine Farmer Ruler melted him!

"Buzz!"

At that moment, a strange dark mark appeared on the surface of the great saber on Alonzo's back. Then, he lifted the saber and swung it at Divine Farmer's head.

The black saber radiance cut towards Divine Farmer with an irresistible and overpowering force.

Aside from the captain, the strongest one among the thirteen members of the Black Ship was probably Alonzo.

Unfortunately, the Eternal Realm was far too stronger than the Holy Soul Realm, especially when the warrior of the Eternal Realm was Divine Farmer, who had a powerful lifeblood weapon.

Alonzo's strike, which seemed to be able to chop the heaven and earth, only made a muffled sound when it touched the Divine Farmer Ruler. The black saber radiance disappeared. The strange mark on the great saber disintegrated, and so did the whole saber itself.

"Phew!"

After Divine Farmer blocked the attack, he slapped Alonzo with his ruler.

Bang!

The strike landed squarely on Alonzo's head. Although he had Chaotic Source Spirits to protect him, even a single strike from a warrior like Divine Farmer contained over one hundred thousand divine megatons of force. Thus, Alonzo's Chaotic Source Spirits quickly became exhausted, and at the same time, his head turned into a mass of blood.

Then, he turned into a headless corpse and fell.

"Alonzo!"

Shera's eyes turned dark red as she stretched out her hand and tried to grab Divine Farmer's head.

On the other and, Divine Farmer didn't even look at her. Instead, he raised his ruler.

"Da!"

However, Shera had grabbed the Divine Farmer Ruler!

Divine Farmer didn't expect that the woman who reeked of corpses could resist his strike. In turn, he immediately tried to pull the ruler out of her hand.

Even then, Shera's white jade-like hand still tightly held on to the ruler like a pincer.

Divine Farmer was utterly shocked. "How could your hand have such power?" he asked in disbelief.

Ordinary people didn't smell Shera's stench. Or, maybe she didn't stink like that at first, but because she was always around the dead, she eventually smelled like them.

She was a mere cultivator at the Holy Soul Realm who strengthened her body to the point that she could fight a warrior in the Eternal Realm. It was indeed something that surprised Divine Farmer.

Just as Shera had bought more time, three more members of the Black Ship came over.

Of course, they wouldn't let such a fleeting opportunity pass by.

Then again, they were far too different when it came to strength. Moreover, the remaining members became chaotic and couldn't cooperate well anymore due to the deaths of Bane and Alonzo.

While that happened, Divine Farmer tapped Shera's head with his other hand to force her to retreat.

As Shera retreated, Divine Farmer had already pulled out the ruler, and the ruler whirled around his back.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

One of the three members of the Black Ship was cut into two at the waist, and the other two lost their arms.

Although they wouldn't die, they couldn't fight in a short time.

"Whoosh!"

When Divine Farmer had taken down several members of the Black Ship in a row, he flew towards the Invisible Ship.

Inside the Invisible Ship was Edith, who was visibly anxious. No matter where she went, the Divine Farmer followed closely behind. What made it worse was that the other members of the Black Ship couldn't defeat him.

When panic was about to overtake her, the brass man appeared in the Invisible Ship again.

"What are you doing?" she asked. She didn't know why the brass man returned.

The brass man did not answer and only stared fiercely at Zen's red crystal. Then, he stretched both of his hands and put it on his shoulder.

"Combat Dragon Absorb!"

He roared, then his hands released a faint mist and fused him with the red crystal.

It turned out that the Combat Dragon Pillar that Divine Farmer had just broken was not an Other Shore Token, but a weapon that the captain of the Black Ship had made for him.

The brass man's Other Shore Token could combine his weapon and his body into one. He had always used the Combat Dragon Pillar to fight, and now Divine Farmer had destroyed it. Of course, it was hard to find a suitable weapon in a short time. Suddenly, he thought of the red crystal. So he placed it on his shoulder and merged it with his body.

Right after that, he left the Invisible Ship and rushed towards Divine Farmer!

Now, the reason Divine Farmer had chased the Invisible Ship for so long was because of Zen.

The second he saw the brass man rush towards him, his face became unreadable.

The red crystal was undoubtedly a good material to use, but wouldn't that be giving him what he wanted by using Zen as a weapon and coming to him?

Therefore, he didn't dodge and instead charged forward as well.

Once again, he used the Divine Farmer Ruler to slash through the air and swung it at the red crystal!

"Bang!"

"Crack!"

The first strike failed to shatter the red crystal, but the second strike finally broke it.

"Combat Dragon Absorb!"

White mist burst out from the brass man's hands.

Since the red crystal was damaged, he could no longer use it as a weapon. Thus, he made up his mind. He took Zen's body inside the red crystal and merged with it.

Chapter 3858 A Good Weapon

There was no way the brass man could think of anything else during this critical moment.

He knew that Zen was the crux of all these matters and was the reason for Divine Farmer's chase.

They wanted Zen for a specific purpose and until this purpose was fulfilled, there was no way they would harm him.

It was fortunate that the brass man's conjecture turned out to be true. Divine Farmer's frown was very obvious when he decided to use Zen as a weapon.

Divine Farmer, Yellow Thearch, and Mahoney all received the same order from the Element Spirit race: take advantage of Zen's inability to leave the Other Shore and capture him!

Seeing the brass man carry Zen on his shoulders as he rushed towards him, Divine Farmer had no choice but to tilt his Divine Farmer Ruler to hit the brass man's head and avoid harming Zen.

Given his rich experience in combat, the brass man easily saw through his opponent's move. He ducked and swung Zen's body forward to use him as a shield!

Determined to protect himself, the brass man raised Zen's body and smashed it towards the Divine Farmer.

In fear of hurting Zen, Divine Farmer chose to withdraw his ruler. In his haste, he did not have enough time to dodge the swipe heading towards him and could only take the force of the attack head-on!

Bang!

Zen's head directly slammed onto Divine Farmer's chest with a loud thud.

The impact was so strong and penetrated deep into Divine Farmer's chest, through his heart, and onto his spine.

This strong, penetrating force was the result of the brass man's theurgy: the Combat Dragon Power.

It did not just stop with the Divine Farmer's body, in fact, the same power erupted on several thousand feet of ground behind him. The amount of destruction caused by this theurgy was terrifying and could very well play a decisive effect in normal combat.

Divine Farmer's body trembled and the sharp pain he felt in his chest confirmed his injuries.

A murderous glint flashed through his eyes, furious that this brass man managed to deal such heavy damage to him. Divine Farmer quickly made a dash and came upon his opponent's back.

He raised his Divine Farmer Ruler and brought it down!

Clatter!

The surface of his weapon glowed an ominous dark green as numerous black carvings flowed through it.

Divine Farmer was good at detoxification but he was also considered an expert at weaponizing poison.

This Willow Green Poison, for example, was a unique concoction Divine Farmer himself created.

It was so potent that not even an Eternal Realm master could hope to survive it.

He did not normally use this on Holy Soul Realm opponents but the rage he felt from being hoodwinked by the brass man was enough to make him pull out all his cards.

Unfortunately for him, the brass man was also set to go all out in this fight.

Although Divine Farmer's agility was on par with his, all the brass man really needed to do was be fast enough to wield Zen as his shield.

As the poisonous ruler headed towards him, the brass man quickly brandished Zen as his primary defense. He didn't even need to turn around.

This counterattack was so sudden that Divine Farmer couldn't react in time.

He watched in horror as his Divine Farmer Ruler chopped down towards Zen's body and he was unable to stop it.

Bang!

There was a loud, clanging sound as the weapon hit Zen's leg. Instead of going through the flesh, it was as if another weapon collided with the ruler.

The sound and sight shocked not only Divine Farmer and the brass man but the rest of the Black Ship's members.

There was no way the brass man expected Divine Farmer to hit Zen so carelessly.

Meanwhile, Divine Farmer was at his wits' end in fear of Zen dying from his poison.

However, what astonished everyone was that Zen remained unharmed through this entire ordeal.

The attack dealt by Divine Farmer had at least one hundred thousand divine megatons of force!

How in the world was Zen able to resist such a blow? Could it be that his Chaotic Source Spirits managed to absorb the attack and saved his life? Were his Chaotic Source Spirits truly so strong that they were able to resist one hundred thousand divine megatons of force?

The exchange of blows boosted the brass man's confidence. It was basically a confirmation that he could choose to wield Zen as an invincible weapon, so he carried the man towards Divine Farmer. "Brothers of the Black Ship! Lend me a hand!"

Ready to answer his call, a member of the Black Ship stretched out his hand and patted the top of his skull where an Other Shore Token emerged. It was a black and withered branch.

"Withering Power!"

This was similar to the Latent Theurgy Zen once used to resist Elizabeth in the past!

Another member of the Black Ship patted his chest and a small circular lens appeared. He quickly chucked it towards the brass man.

"Power Transfer Lens!"

Buzz!

These two Other Shore Tokens worked well together: the Withering Power released by the black withered branch, that could increase one's strength sixfold, was reflected by the lens. The brass man could easily feel its effects rush through him.

Since the brass man was a power type warrior, his full strength could very well reach over fifty thousand divine megatons!

Such formidable strength truly stood out among all Holy Soul Realm warriors and could easily reach the threshold of the Eternal Realm!

However, with the use of Withering Power, his strength soared to three hundred thousand divine megatons!

So long as these two other members of the Black Ship continued to assist him then the brass man could continuously unleash such frightening amounts of power.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A white mist began to emanate from the brass man's hand that held Zen's body. He felt really good considering the significant increase in his strength.

Though cooperation wasn't a strange concept to the Black Ship, this was the first time they used such a strategy against such a powerful being like Divine Farmer.

"Go to hell!"

Whoosh!

Even Divine Farmer faltered in the face of this ferocious attack.

He fully intended to avoid this all-powerful force headed his way but he was also worried and wondered if Zen would be able to withstand the brass man's super-strength.

Before Divine Farmer could come up with a decision, another Black Ship member decided to intervene. It was Edith, the controller of the Invisible

Ship.

"Invisible Ship!" she commanded.

The Invisible Ship itself was an Other Shore Token. Although it was virtually useless in combat, it had other functions that could be put to good use.

"Space Imprisonment!" In times of need, the Invisible Ship could be used as an escape method or a way to trap enemies.

With Edith's command, the Invisible Ship instantly disassembled into countless, transparent space fragments that recombined into a space cage intended to trap Divine Farmer.

Given Divine Farmer's strength, it wouldn't be that difficult for him to break out of this space cage if he had the time, around twelve seconds to be exact.

However, when Edith trapped him inside, she also let the brass man in!

Divine Farmer was essentially cornered! There was nowhere left he could run to escape the brass man's attack!

A wicked grin flashed through his opponent's face. "Divine Farmer! Let's see if you can withstand this!" he shouted.

The brass man could feel the blood within his body boil as his mist-covered hands raised Zen's body and smashed it against Divine Farmer's head.

Left with no other choice, Divine Farmer slid his fingers across the Divine Farmer Ruler.

Buzz...

Green light flashed from the ruler and spread all throughout his body, like a blossoming willow.

Just as the light began to shine, Zen's head made contact with Divine Farmer's body.

Pop!

Despite the harsh blow, Divine Farmer was unharmed.

However, his once indestructible Divine Farmer Ruler twisted so suddenly.

Pop!

Determined to not give Divine Farmer any chance to recover, the brass man quickly smashed Zen down on him.

This second attack twisted the Divine Farmer Ruler even more and completely distorted its shape.

Pop!

Upon the third smash, Divine Farmer fell back and smashed the space cage Edith trapped him in.

His weapon was now greatly distorted but at least he managed to withstand three, incredibly fatal attacks!

Of course, the state of his Divine Farmer Ruler made his heart ache. It would take a long time to nurture his lifeblood weapon back into shape.

Still, Zen's unharmed state concerned him more. How in the world was the young man completely intact after enduring intense bouts of power?

A look of regret flashed through the brass man's face when he realized that he had failed to subdue Divine Farmer. Just a few more smashes and he was certain to have ended him. It would take the brass man a few seconds to realize that the astonishment on Divine Farmer's face wasn't directed at him, but to Zen whom he wielded as a weapon.

'Well, I got to admit this boy's physical body makes for a good weapon, ' the brass man thought to himself.

Then he remembered that Zen withstood nearly three hundred thousand divine megatons of force but was barely injured.

It wasn't long before the brass man's face was the exact mirror of astonishment on Divine Farmer's.

Chapter 3859 The Growing Light Column

In the far northwest of the Source World, there was a unique copper tree.

The roots of the tree reached deep into the ground. After growing for a long time, it was now able to extract a very special type of copper ore from the deep underground and absorb the ore into its core.

This copper was very flexible, and its raw form, which was viscous liquid, gave it the name "water copper".

The water copper could be cut with a knife easily.

But once a huge force came into contact with it, it would automatically become solid and extremely hard in an instant. All in all, instead of a type of ore, it could also be described as a kind of liquid with magical properties.

Based on these properties, the captain of the Black Ship finally built the Combat Dragon Pillar for the brass man.

The brass man had wanted to test the effect of the Combat Dragon Pillar before, so he used the Power Transfer Lens and the Withering Power to exert a force of nearly three hundred thousand divine megatons on the pillar. The result was satisfying for him—the pillar could take on the force easily.

Therefore, the stronger the force the Combat Dragon Pillar received, the stronger it'd become.

Had the brass man possessed three hundred thousand divine megatons of force before, Divine Farmer wouldn't have been able to cut the Combat Dragon Pillar.

But at that time, the brass man had only relied on his own strength when he used the Combat Dragon Absorb, so the Combat Dragon Pillar was naturally destroyed by Divine Farmer with a casual strike of his ruler.

Now, however, the brass man's weapon wasn't the "Combat Dragon Pillar"—his weapon now was a human's body.

Although Zen was basically an Eternal Realm warrior, a force of three hundred thousand divine megatons wasn't a laughing matter. Even a warrior like Zen would still have his body crushed if his body was struck by such a force!

Everything the brass man did just now was done on the spur of the moment and without any further consideration at all. Now that he calmed down, he realized that what happened didn't at all make any sense.

On Zen's Three Purities Stone in the Grand Plain Stage, Zen's anchor bodies changed.

The force exerted on Zen's real physical body had been transmitted to his anchor bodies.

One's anchor body was connected to the Eternal Scroll Painting, and the Eternal Scroll Painting was connected to the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

When the force was transmitted to Zen's anchor bodies, an imperceptible wave of energy was also transmitted to the sacred cup in the Eternal Divine Courtyard at an unimaginable speed.

Pa!

Zen's body shook. Consequently, even the entire sacred cup shook.

After the tiny ripples on the surface of the thick blood in the cup died out, the map in the circle of light on the ground began to change.

There were originally two light columns rising in the map. Each of them respectively represented the bloodline of Chiyou and the bloodline of the

Chaos Ancient God. These two light columns both had a life attribute, so they were in the lower left area.

However, after Zen took on the three hundred thousand divine megatons of force, another light column grew several inches tall in the fan-shaped area on the lower right side, the area which represented destruction!

Complicated expressions appeared on the faces of the four bronze statues on the square.

It was already hard to believe that this guy was able to perform the Blood Merge Reconstruction.

Now, he also wasn't playing by the rules?

Generally, even if a qualified person succeeded in obtaining the recognition of the ancestry-level bloodline, the shape of the map would be set in the shortest amount of time and wouldn't change again.

Zen had been lying motionless in the sacred cup for a long time, so why did the light column in the map grow again?

This looked like he was cheating.

However, as long as there was a light column connected to the edge of the circle of light, it meant that he was acknowledged by the ancestry-level bloodline and also obtained the ancestry-level bloodline.

There were 373 light columns in total. How great the potential of the ancestry-level bloodline one merged with was would depend on how much potential the warriors in the sacred cup had and how many light columns they connected.

"Something seems wrong with the ancestry-level bloodline, don't you think?"

"If this light column can also reach the circle of light, then this kid will have three light columns connected to the circle of light..."

"The best record in the Eternal Divine Courtyard is fourteen light columns. It happened a very long time ago, and unlike what he's doing now. The warrior, who made that record, made the fourteen light columns grow in one go…"

The four bronze statues were all staring at Zen. A faint trace of excitement was apparent in their eyes.

Their sense of duty made them wish that everything would go as usual, so when Zen first appeared, they were quite hostile to him.

At this moment, however, their thoughts had somewhat changed.

The Eternal Divine Courtyard had been abandoned for a long time...

Sealed by the Time Lock, what was left of the nearly eternal time might remain this way forever, and that would mean endless boring years for them.

Although no one said it out loud, deep in their hearts, they all hoped that something would break this stagnant eternal state. And now, this strange thing appeared.

Divine Farmer stared pensively at Zen, who was carried on the brass man's shoulder.

Even though he couldn't figure out what was going on, he now fully understood why the Element Spirit race wanted to win Zen over.

But he'd gone this far, so he didn't intend to give up.

With a slight wave of his right hand, the already twisted Divine Farmer Ruler was hidden inside his body.

Swoosh!

A terrifying bloodline power was released from Divine Farmer's body. A split second later, a green, horned, bull-headed shadow appeared behind him.

The shadow let out a strange cry and disappeared in an instant. The moment it disappeared, it started materializing within Divine Farmer's body.

In addition to using their own bloodline to condense a lifeblood weapon, Eternal Realm warriors also had their own bloodline theurgies.

For example, the golden sword of Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the Nine-Sun World Destruction of Emperor Charm were both their bloodline therugies.

Divine Farmer named his bloodline "Weird Blood". As one of the root-level bloodlines, the Weird Blood was extremely powerful, not at all inferior to the bloodline belonged to Yellow Thearch, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Emperor Charm, or other Eternal Realm warriors.

However, very few people in the Source World had seen the bloodline theurgy of Divine Farmer because he very rarely used it.

The Weird Blood could transform him into three different mutants, which were all indestructible. During the transformation process, however, Divine Farmer's consciousness would be hazy. Moreover, the more he used his blood theurgy, the longer he would stay in his mutant form.

He was worried that one day, he might lose the ability to transform back to his original form and become a strange monster without wisdom, so he was very careful in using this bloodline theurgy of his.

In fact, he didn't want to use his bloodline theurgy in handling the members of the Black Ship.

Nevertheless, upon seeing the strange characteristics of Zen's body, he felt the urgency to activate his blood theurgy.

His body began to lengthen, and two horns grew on his head. His feet also turned into a pair of strong hooves...

It was a mutant in the form of a goat monster... Divine Farmer's consciousness was gradually fading.

The goat monster was the most ferocious of his three mutant forms, but it was also the form that Divine Farmer hated the least.

The only thing that Divine Farmer could do to control this goat monster was to plant a purpose in his mind—he must take Zen back.

A second later, the consciousness in the goat monster's eyes completely disappeared. After a moment of haziness, it let out a strange howl.

The brass man standing not far away had been observing for a long time. Seeing that the goat monster was still a little confused, he immediately carried Zen and smashed at the monster with Zen's body.

"Boom!"

The strike still contained a force of three hundred thousand divine megatons.

While the goat monster was still howling, it was directly thrown down from the air, creating a huge crater in the ground.

However, the almost indestructible goat monster suffered no injury at all. It turned over, ran a few steps on the ground with both hands and feet, and pounced on the brass man.

"Boom!"

With Zen on his shoulder, the brass man once again smashed Zen towards the ground. He didn't believe that the mutant transformed from Divine Farmer wouldn't really be killed.

However, what the brass man didn't know was that every time he carried Zen and smashed him, the third light column in the area symbolizing destruction under the sacred cup in the Eternal Divine Courtyard would grow taller.

Chapter 3860 The Creation Quadrant

The light pillar in the destruction quadrant continued to rise.

Soon, it touched the ring of light at the very edge of the map.

The four bronze statues all looked upon the cup.

Now that there were three light pillars, Zen was supposedly ready to wake up.

He obtained the ancestry-level bloodline so easily!

Yet he remained lying motionless in the sacred cup.

The bronze statues had no clue that Zen was also confused.

As he lay in the darkness, he was positive that he was awake and not in a dream.

But he couldn't feel himself at all. At the very least, his sense of touch and smell had already left. He couldn't even perceive if he had a corporeal body—it seemed as though he was floating in the darkness as a mere lonely soul.

Fortunately, the soul's eyes and ears remained intact—Zen could see dots of light in the distance, as well as hear some sounds from his surroundings.

Murmurs rang in his ears every now and then. Each time a sound came through, the dots of light would spread out like dancing flies.

It seemed like there was someone chanting incantations…

and the light dots were following the commands of said incantations.

Why was such a thing in his mind, Zen wondered?

How long would the state last?

He received no answer.

Meanwhile, in the Source World…

something explosive resounded.

A pit that could hold a great lake suddenly appeared—the brass man smashed into the ground.

At the bottom of the pit, as soon as the goat monster's body was exposed, it was thrown into the air and smacked back down by the brass man.

"Boom!"

Another great pit appeared as the goat monster was once again smashed into the ground. Behind them, there were already over twenty lake-sized huge pits.

While the brass man's series of attacks caused no substantial damage to the goat monster, the latter was at least sufficiently suppressed enough so it had no strength to fight back.

But with each strike, the brass man released three hundred thousand divine megatons of force, enough that the other two Black Ship members could hardly bear it any longer.

The Withering Power and the Power Transfer Lens were both Other Shore Tokens from Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore, but they consumed divine crystals rapidly.

At such a consumption rate, it was impractical to crumb divine crystals one after another to replenish the Other Shore Tokens. A single replenishment of such a level cost millions of divine crystals.

Even if the powerful warriors of the Holy Soul Realm were extremely agile, they couldn't possibly crush all the crystals one by one.

Before entering a battle, they usually prepared a space ring where they collected the many crushed divine crystals—this way, they could replenish their Other Shore Token with divine crystal energy during the battle.

But the brass man had used the force far too extravagantly.

Once the Black Ship members replenished divine crystal energy three consecutive times, the spare space ring was already empty.

"Shera!"

"Edith!"

The Black Ship members shifted their eyes to the two, pointing to them at the same time.

Both Shera and Edith immediately understood what they meant and instantly moved to the front of the two, giving them their spare space rings.

And so there was a break during the transfer.

The brass man was pouring his force into the goat monster's body through Zen, but there was now a sudden break in the force's steady stream.

As a result, the brass man attacked with only a few thousand divine megatons of force.

"Bang!"

The goat monster struck a pose, ready to be thrown out again.

Suddenly, it found the impact on it far too gentle and weak.

It glared at the brass man in surprise.

When the man looked back at it, his eyes were filled with the same expression.

Realizing that the brass man lost his strength, its two horns began flashing green light before immediately lowering its head to push the man up with just its horns.

Each time the Divine Farmer turned into a goat monster, it would kill many people. With its ferocious personality, it refused to stop until it killed the brass man.

Seeing the horns rushing toward him, the brass man was so anxious that he lifted Zen up, using him as a shield to cover him.

The Divine Farmer ordered the goat monster to take Zen back before his consciousness disappeared.

But the goat monster didn't seem to care one bit about what the Divine Farmer was thinking whatsoever. Instead, it rushed right at Zen's head.

"Crack!"

The collision's great impact sent both Zen and the brass man into the air. Because of the "Combat Dragon Absorb", the brass man was still firmly gripping Zen when the latter once again displayed something miraculous—he was left completely unharmed from the goat monster's attack.

"Woo..."

After having taken quite many beatings from the brass man, the goat monster didn't care to show any mercy toward him now that it finally had its chance for revenge.

As its pair of strong and powerful rear legs made a leap, its sharp horns with green light pierced toward the brass man once again.

In terms of real strength, even powerful existences such as Fuxi and Yellow Thearch couldn't defeat the goat monster too easily—let alone the brass man who was only at the Holy Soul Realm.

Knowing that he couldn't defeat the goat monster, the brass man had no choice but to place his hopes on Zen, tightly placing him in front to serve as a shield.

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

The goat monster then turned into a white shadow before attacking the brass man over and over. The brass man was like a matador, defending himself carefully with Zen, sweat dripping down his face. He couldn't help but rejoice when he saw how the goat monster was not all that intelligent.

Because of the goat monster's repeated attacks, another light pillar extended from the quadrant that represented "creation" at the bottom of the sacred cup—it was exactly the same as the one in the destruction quadrant, rising upward.

The four bronze statues believed Zen would stop. But they were left dumbfounded again in the face of the new light pillar.

"There was one in the destruction quadrant just now…but another one is popping out of the creation quadrant?"

"This light pillar can also reach consummation?"

"This is the fourth one, and the four light pillars exist in three different quadrants…"

All of them were speechless as they gazed at the extending light pillar.

The root-level bloodline that the Divine Farmer inherited was initially born from the creation quadrant.

The very fact that he had turned himself into a goat monster was a form of creation.

From its appearance, strength could be displayed in thousands of billions of forms, but in the map of the ancestry-level bloodline, strength would be simply divided into four great quadrants: destruction, creation, life, and space-time. Only small differences existed among the three hundred seventy-three light pillars that focused on various areas.

The goat monster's attacks directly helped Zen consummate a light pillar.

Once it launched over ten attacks in a single shot, the two Black Ship members finally replenished enough divine crystal energy.

When the Power Transfer Lens once again faced the brass man, his force surged once again.

Just as the brass man was ready to go against the monster again, a great black shadow suddenly shrouded them from above their heads, swallowing the goat monster with a bang.

It was a black ship that formed the great black shadow that descended—the captain's real body.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of roars emerged from within the ship, but it wasn't broken. It was clear that the goat monster struggled to escape.

"Captain!"

The brass man only felt he had endless power to release.

"You can't kill it. It's an immortal body. Since you've obtained Zen, don't waste any time. Let's leave as soon as possible," the captain said when he reappeared on the deck like a ghost.

Chapter 3861 Unable To Leave

This was the captain's style of doing things. He always completed tasks at minimum cost.

The other members of the Black Ship never doubted him. Even if the Divine Farmer killed a few of them, no one even thought of killing the

Divine Farmer in revenge.

The Black Ship always took revenge, but they needed better timing. They believed that their captain would take care of it.

"But what about Usman?" Shera asked, her hair fluttering in the wind.

The mission would be completed when they were able to take Zen away with them.

But she hadn't forgotten the captain's another goal. If possible, he would summon the Evil God to swallow Usman.

This way, the Evil God would become stronger and gain some authority in the Source World.

"This is not the right time. We'll find another chance," said the captain.

Shera nodded wordlessly and entered Edith's Invisible Ship along with the other members of the Black Ship. In a flash, the Invisible Ship had reached the sky.

The captain's three black ships had trapped Mahoney, the Divine Farmer, and the Snake Goddess.

Each black ship was a part of the captain's body, but they were parts that he could abandon.

The remaining black ships flew into the distance alongside the Invisible Ship.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Snake Goddess flew among the houses in one of the black ships.

The door of the cabin before her suddenly slammed shut and bumped violently into her.

A red light flashed at her fingertips, turning into a sharp claw light before she unleashed it at the door.

Crack!

The door instantly cracked into pieces.

Blood flowed from the cracks of the door.

The black ship was made of flesh!

"I don't think you have completely inherited the ability of the Land of Ancient Flesh," said the Snake Goddess.

The power she had used was still bloodline power. Her lethality had greatly increased after she had fused her shadow into her real body.

She used the power of her shadow to open the door of the black ship.

If the captain really had occupied the Land of Ancient Flesh, he would be invincible, and the shadow of Snake Goddess wouldn't be able to cause any damage to the black ship.

"You are intelligent and your judgment is accurate, but I've already got Zen. So it's goodbye."

The captain's voice echoed around the cabin.

A capstan in the black ship suddenly boomed. A huge square of wood smashed through several rooms and towards the Snake Goddess. It seemed to be the captain's heavy punch.

The Snake Goddess stretched out a hand and blocked the wood. She pinched it with her slender fingers, instantly turning it into dust.

"Do you really think you can leave?" she said calmly, dusting her hands.

"Why can't we?" the captain asked, tendrils of frustration lacing through his voice.

Fuxi and the Yellow Thearch were engaged in a fierce battle, the others barely posing any threat. The captain was relaxed because he thought that no one could stop him.

The Snake Goddess merely waved her arms around, causing her shadow to form innumerable energy beams that extended to different rooms. The energy beams were like densely packed ropes, and bound up the pillars and walls of the black ship.

The Snake Goddess's body then began to spin. Under the force of the energy beams, the black ship began to creak.

It was beginning to crumble from within.

The power of the Snake Goddess grew to a point where the black ship shattered into pieces.

The fragments of the ship rained down, along with the blood its structure contained.

The Snake Goddess stretched out a hand, causing an energy beam to sweep towards the falling fragments of the black ship and grabbed one of the planks.

The plank was colored slightly differently from the others. Its surface was golden, and it filled people with warmth as they held it.

"Why can't you leave? You'll know soon," the Snake Goddess said to the golden plank.

She then pinched the plank gently, crushing it and causing blood to spurt out of it.

Once the plank broke, the falling fragments of the black ship burst into flames.

If the Snake Goddess hadn't crushed the golden plank, the broken black ship would have recovered its original form in minutes. The black ship's power and ability to maintain its own shape came from the golden plank, which was a part of the captain's body.

Meanwhile, the other black ships and the Invisible Ship were rapidly shuttling through the space channel.

At the speed they were moving, they could cross several big provinces in a short time.

The Source World was quite large. They'd be safe as long as they avoided the first round of tracking. It would not be easy to find the Black Ship.

"We've passed through three provinces. Are we safe now?" Edith asked.

Edith was nervous and had become more so when the captain had suddenly asked her to take everyone with her.

"As we have left the Separate Amber Province, they will never be able to find us. Edith, you've done a good job this time," said Shera, smiling.

"Thank you."

Edith stared ahead, concentrating on controlling the Invisible Ship. They were about to pass through a large province. She had to prepare the appropriate Sanskrit word to pass through the boundary wall.

They had just passed through the boundary wall when Edith's face froze. She looked at the scene before her in a daze and said, "Shera! Captain! You need to look at this!"

Every member of the Black Ship turned to look, their expressions changing as one.

They were now in the Separate Amber Province.

Why had they come back?

"That's impossible!"

"We have been heading west. This is impossible! We can't return to the Separate Amber Province!"

"…"

The members of the Black Ship didn't know what was happening.

The captain in his black cloak thought hard. It was a moment before he said, "Someone has tampered with space. Even the Invisible Ship has gotten lost. We are trapped in here."

The Snake Goddess had warned him, and now, they were encountering this. He knew exactly what was going on.

"How can someone do this to the space across so many provinces? I mean, who can do that?" the brass man asked.

He was still carrying Zen on his shoulder, unwilling to put down such a handy weapon.

"Ordinary warriors at the Eternal Realm may find it difficult to do," the captain said, his eyes serious. "But what if it is Othniel who has mastered the truth-level theurgy?"

Othniel was the Chaos Ancient God standing behind the Bearing race. If the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race wanted to ensure that everything was all right, they might ask Othniel to help them.

The Finale Way and the Purge Way both had Chaos Ancient Gods to support them, because there would always be a place for them to live no matter which way was completed.

This was exactly the Black Ship's disadvantage.

Their ultimate goal was to completely destroy the chaos and cause the Chaos Ancient Gods who had mastered the truth-level theurgies to disappear. This was why no Chaos Ancient God was willing to be their ally.

Chapter 3862 Gap Of Strength

It was because of the Chaos Ancient Gods that the Black Ship had spent their days sailing endlessly, never settling down in the Source World.

The Chaos Ancient Gods didn't like the Black Ship, so they couldn't establish a stronghold in the Source World.

The six Chaos Ancient Gods had secretly been working behind the scenes.

"How powerful will Othniel's control over the space be?" Edith asked, eyes wide with astonishment.

She had once been told by the captain of the Black Ship that she was probably the most talented person in the Source World in terms of manipulating space.

However, even she paled in comparison to the Chaos Ancient God, who had mastered the space truth.

"I'm afraid we're about to find out," the captain said gravely.

Under normal circumstances, the Black Ship never cowered away from battling other super forces.

However, when faced with the Chaos Ancient Gods themselves, even the Black Ship knew this would be quite the challenge.

They had been lucky enough to avoid the Chaos Ancient Gods in the past, but this time, it seemed there was no way out of this.

"Should we summon him?" Shera suddenly asked.

"Of course," said the captain, squinting. Apparently, he had been well prepared.

Boom!

A huge hole ripped through the bottom of a black ship, from which Mahoney emerged.

Rage flashed in her eyes as she scanned her surroundings, searching for her prey. She had wanted to join hands with the captain of the Black Ship to fight against the Snake Goddess, yet he double-crossed her and imprisoned her on a black ship!

While it had taken her a great deal of effort to get out, all she wanted to do now was seek revenge.

Mahoney activated her spiritual sense, and soon she found another black ship nearby.

Tearing through space once more, she teleported to the next black ship in a single breath. "Captain," she smiled. "Don't blame me for what happens next!"

Swoosh!

A formidable energy wave emanated from Mahoney's body. Immense divine megatons of force formed a ring around her as she threw a punch towards the black ship.

Just as her fist connected with the hull of the ship, she heard a loud thud coming from within it.

Boom!

Apparently, this black ship also contained a prisoner — the goat monster that the Divine Farmer had transformed into.

Even if it had more power than the Snake Goddess, it couldn't match her intelligence. It hadn't been able to escape the black ship till then.

Now, as Mahoney and the goat monster smashed the hull from both inside and outside at the same time, the black ship broke into pieces under their joint efforts.

Crash!

As the black ship collapsed before her, Mahoney drew her fist back to throw another punch, thinking the person on the ship was its captain.

To her astonishment, it turned out to be a goat monster!

The goat monster was in a state of rage when it emerged from its prison. Seeing someone about to attack it, it didn't hesitate to strike back.

Divine Farmer's original consciousness was buried deep; the goat monster practically had a mind of its own. Unfortunately for Mahoney, it couldn't see that she was actually an ally.

Boom!

Though exceptionally good at melee combat, Mahoney was at a distinct disadvantage when faced with this invincible goat monster.

Before she could even throw her punch, the goat monster rammed right into her. Countless cracks appeared on her armor.

"You...!"

Mahoney was stunned for a moment before she recognized her opponent. It was the goat monster that Divine Farmer transformed into using his bloodline power!

"Wait!" she cried as the goat monster smashed its sturdy hoof on Mahoney's chest, knocking the breath out of her.

Crack!

The armor on her chest shattered instantly, and the impact caused her to fall to the ground like a meteor.

"Divine Farmer, stop it..."

Mahoney pleaded weakly, but the goat monster wouldn't listen to reason. Without giving her time to breathe, it thrust at her with its sharp horns.

Mahoney felt immense fear. How miserable it would be to be killed by an ally!

As soon as she crashed into the ground, she jumped to her feet and tried to escape into the distance, like a streak of lightning.

Mahoney flew very fast, but the goat monster was even faster. Bleating angrily, the goat monster gave chase.

Meanwhile, Yellow Thearch was also preoccupied, running as fast as he could along the boundary wall.

Behind him, numerous marks of Eight Diagrams kept appearing on the boundary wall.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

As the marks exploded, they formed huge holes on the boundary wall, as if an invisible giant beast had sunk its teeth into it.

If Yellow Thearch dared slow down, he risked having a mark of Eight Diagrams catch up to him.

Once that happened, the punches would follow.

The instant a mark of Eight Diagrams landed on Yellow Thearch's body, a fist radiance already exploded on him all at once.

In his peak state, Fuxi was a force to be reckoned with. Even a single strike from him could pose a huge threat to any Eternal Realm warriors.

Slowly but surely, he forced the Yellow Thearch to a dead end.

Bang!

Before Yellow Thearch could figure out what to do next, the fist radiance and the mark of Eight Diagrams exploded on his body.

The power in those moves was so destructive that it rampaged within his body.

Yellow Thearch slammed heavily into the boundary wall. Spitting out a mouthful of blood, his face paled as his body weakened rapidly.

He knew he couldn't defeat Fuxi, but he never thought it would end so miserably.

"How did you make such a rapid progress with your strength?" Yellow Thearch looked at Fuxi piteously, his tone full of mixed emotions.

Fuxi floated in the air, looking down at the Yellow Thearch. "I'm not really fast in my cultivation." A sly smile crept on his face. "Instead, you're too slow. After you joined the Element Spirit race, you unconsciously slacked off on cultivation. How much do you know about the Three Purities Stage?"

Some time ago, Fuxi, Yellow Thearch, and Divine Farmer were all roughly on the same level of strength. Back then, it never would've crossed Fuxi's mind that he would defeat Yellow Thearch with ease.

However, after reaching the Eternal Realm, Yellow Thearch and the others had grown lax under the protection of the Element Spirit race.

The resources granted to them by the Element Spirit race had indeed helped them improve by leaps and bounds over a certain period of time. However, this meant their activities were limited.

They couldn't explore the areas that the Element Spirit race forbade them from entering.

So, while they might have been protected, they also had little room for exploration and growth.

On the other hand, things were different for Fuxi and the Snake Goddess. They had to take huge risks every step of the way in Stage Thirty-three.

Even if the Element Spirit Civilization controlled the 'exit' for Stage Thirty-three, even they hadn't completely explored every nook and cranny of the stage. There were still a large number of areas that remained a mystery to them.

Fuxi couldn't count how many times he'd risked his life to explore new areas. However, he had grown stronger each time.

It was because he had chosen to take the rougher path that he had grown stronger than the other masters at the Eternal Realm.

Yellow Thearch stared at Fuxi wordlessly, unable to come up with a response.

Admittedly, he was jealous of Fuxi's great power. If he had known things would turn out like this, he might have made different choices.

But it was too late for regrets. This was the path he had chosen.

After a moment of silence, Yellow Thearch suddenly smiled. With a crazed look in his eyes, he threw his head back and laughed. "Do you really think you've won this war?"

Fuxi clenched his fist. "At least... I've won against you."

A mark of Eight Diagrams appeared on Yellow Thearch's body, and Fuxi threw out another incredibly powerful punch.

Boom!

The earth-splitting power of the punch exploded on Yellow Thearch's body.

However, as the dust cleared, Yellow Thearch still leaned quietly against the boundary wall, unscathed. There was an invisible space in front of him which had blocked the blow completely.

Fuxi's eyes narrowed in realization. Angrily, he whipped his head upwards to look to the sky.

There was only one person in the entire chaos who would be able to control space this way — Othniel, one of the Chaos Ancient Gods.

Something in Fuxi's eyes began to burn like crazy.

There was a huge gap of strength between an Eternal Realm master and the Chaos Ancient Gods.

Still, even when he was imprisoned at the bottom of the chaos, Fuxi had always wondered if he was capable of killing a Chaos Ancient God...

Chapter 3863 A Huge Figure

Back then, Fuxi had challenged Gerald, but he failed. In turn, Gerald had taught him a hard lesson.

What made it more impressive for Gerald was that even though he was in a bad situation at that time, he was still able to defeat Fuxi.

However, Fuxi had never accepted his fate. He went on to find ways to suppress the truth on the Other Shore since it was at a higher level than the chaos in some way.

That was why when he felt the space truth's suppressive power, an immensely strong fighting intent filled his heart.

"You want to take all my powers by just folding the space?" he sneered. Then, his arm swelled up, and he released his strength once more.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

A mark of the Eight Diagrams and fist radiance exploded in front of Yellow Thearch, but it didn't have any impact on him at all. It was as if they were in two separate worlds.

Yellow Thearch leaned against the boundary wall with an arrogant smile and mocked Fuxi's fruitless efforts.

He calmly stood up and casually reached out his hand. The Yellow Thearch Sword suddenly appeared on his palm.

Upon closer look, it appeared that the surrounding space was a little distorted as Yellow Thearch moved. It turned out that he was isolated in another space.

Swish!

Yellow Thearch gently waved his sword and leisurely walked towards Fuxi step by step.

Buzz!

With a slight buzzing sound, a holy way with intense killing intent slashed towards Fuxi's head.

In return, Fuxi punched the incoming attack.

Swoosh!

Surprisingly, he missed, and his punch went past the holy way. They were in separate spaces that did not intersect.

Boom!

On the contrary, Yellow Thearch's sword attack hit Fuxi accurately!

Fuxi had restrained Yellow Thearch before, but that didn't mean that the latter was weak.

There was a muffled sound, and then Fuxi fell to the ground.

Yellow Thearch raised his sword, and he looked calm again. Suddenly, he launched another sword attack!

His spiritual sense flowed through as he swung his sword again.

Splash!

A large cut immediately appeared on the ground, but Fuxi already dodged it using the Grand Teleportation technique.

"How can you escape under Othniel's gaze?" The voice of Yellow Thearch boomed from all directions.

At that moment, he seemed to have heard something and waved his sword towards that direction.

As the holy way advanced, a passage opened up in the space in front of him, and Fuxi emerged out of it!

Boom!

The holy way hit Fuxi again!

After all, the Chaos Ancient God understood the space much better than Fuxi did. Fuxi had changed the space channel by using the Grand Teleportation technique, but Othniel pulled him back and the sword strike hit him again!

Even though Fuxi's body was powerful, he could not withstand two sword strikes from Yellow Thearch in a row.

He spat a mouthful of blood and chose not to use the Grand Teleportation technique. Instead, he flew straight into the distance.

However, Yellow Thearch wasn't in a hurry to chase after him. He even playfully watched Fuxi as if the latter was a domesticated pet. There seemed to be an invisible transparent cover in front of Fuxi. Fuxi couldn't jump out of it, so he would have to return to the starting point.

"No matter how powerful you are, you are still at the Eternal Realm. You can't fight against the truth."

Once again, Yellow Thearch paced in the air as he slowly moved with his sword in one hand. Meanwhile, the accumulated power of the holy way in his sword became more and more intense.

If everything went well, Yellow Thearch hoped to kill Fuxi himself—he didn't want to bother Othniel to aid him.

Generally speaking, the Chaos Ancient Gods were the foundation of the chaos. Once they participated in the mortal battles, the situation would become quite complicated.

According to Yellow Thearch's plan, they were supposed to abduct Zen while they helped Usman increase his strength. If they successfully executed both, then the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race would be forever invincible!

However, things didn't go smoothly. Now that Othniel was directly involved in the battle, they might have to do everything in advance before they made full preparations.

But no matter what, he was already invincible because Othniel coated him with a layer of space membrane.

Swish!

Yellow Thearch slashed Fuxi with his sword once more, and Fuxi dodged it using his fast speed instead of the spatial transference.

Although he successfully evaded one strike, he couldn't dodge all the follow-up strikes.

In only a short amount of time, Fuxi acquired several horrible wounds, and half of his face had gotten disfigured. He looked miserable.

"So much for that!"

Yellow Thearch's eyes glinted coldly, and then three more holy ways gathered on his sword.

For him, Fuxi was just like an immovable target. If he couldn't even deal with Fuxi in this situation, he would be worthless.

Buzz...

As his sword, which contained three holy ways sounded, innumerable sword shadows flew towards Fuxi at full speed.

Just when he thought that Fuxi was powerless now, the latter's aura suddenly changed.

A bright green beam of light lit up his eyes, as if an immensely powerful life force was infused into his body. All of his severe wounds healed in a second.

The green light only lasted for a while, and then it turned red. His aura also became quite aggressive.

Whoosh!

In the next moment, he swiftly pounced on Yellow Thearch.

Even if Yellow Thearch had the protection of the space membrane, a chill ran down his spine.

Instead of swinging his sword to fight back, he instinctively dodged and retreated.

Crack!

The space membrane that covered him exploded, and then his left arm was ripped off by Fuxi.

Still, his decision to retreat saved his life. Had he relied on the space membrane and counterattacked, Fuxi could've killed him.

He pulled a long face once he had landed far away. He also looked up at the sky like Fuxi did before. What he had been worried about really happened-another Chaos Ancient God had a hand in their affair.

Just then, a giant scorpion shadow appeared in the Separate Amber Province and other hundreds of provinces, including the Bloom Divine Province and the Pear Hill.

Many creatures raised their heads to look at the enormous scorpion, and all of them had mixed feelings: first was that they felt deeply attached to the scorpion, and second was they also feared it, as if it would destroy them right then and there.

Gerald was the Chaos Ancient God who controlled the truth of life. In the early days of the Source World, Gerald could interfere with the cycle of life and even create creatures. Therefore, it was safe to say that all living creatures in the current chaos originated from him.

Furthermore, he was the ruler of all living creatures. Not only could he create lives, but he could destroy them too.

As soon as Gerald's figure appeared, another enormous figure also emerged on the other side. It was a gigantic one-eyed monster with a strange stooping body.

It was none other than Othniel, who had coated Yellow Thearch with a layer of space membrane.

"Haven't you figured it out yet?" Othniel's voice echoed throughout the hundreds of provinces.

The Chaos Ancient Gods also had their stands.

From their perspective, the Purge Way was clearly in line with their interests. That was why Othniel was willing to help Yellow Thearch.

Despite that, Othniel didn't want to fight with Gerald. They both came from the last chaotic era, and although they belonged to different races, their races got along well with each other at that time.

Therefore, he still tried to persuade Gerald to stand with him even now.

70

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3864 Exile
Chapter 3865 The Descending Man In Black
Chapter 3866 Blind Spots
Chapter 3867 Direct Exile
Chapter 3868 Uncle
Chapter 3869 Passing The Ball
Chapter 3870 The Heart-piercing Lock
Chapter 3871 Backup Plan
Chapter 3872 Swallow
Chapter 3873 Fusion
Chapter 3874 Taking Advantage Of The Moment
Chapter 3875 Being Stopped
Chapter 3876 Real Strength
Chapter 3877 Element Destruction
Chapter 3878 Kill With Poison
Chapter 3879 Half Of The Light Columns
Chapter 3880 The Purple Lightening Hammer
Chapter 3881 Completely Absorbing
Chapter 3882 Return
Chapter 3883 Exploration
Chapter 3884 Conjecture
Chapter 3885 Four Pillars
Chapter 3886 Return To The Scroll Painting
Chapter 3887 Meeting
Chapter 3888 Display Of Abilities
Chapter 3889 Threshold
Chapter 3890 The Destination Of The Key
Chapter 3891 Explosion
Chapter 3892 Break
Chapter 3893 Trap Everyone
Chapter 3894 Restrain Everything
Chapter 3895 Encounter
Chapter 3896 Rescue
Chapter 3897 Defending

Chapter 3898 The Restriction Of The Energy Shaft
Chapter 3899 Salome
Chapter 3900 Judson's Test
Chapter 3901 The Black Pages
Chapter 3902 Changing The Location
Chapter 3903 Trigger
Chapter 3904 The Strength Of The Statue
Chapter 3905 The Problem Of The Ancestry-level Bloodline
Chapter 3906 Gathering
Chapter 3907 Yan's Golden Dress
Chapter 3908 A Game Of Seesaw
Chapter 3909 Compromise
Chapter 3910 Black Snakes
Chapter 3911 Take The Initiative To Attack
Chapter 3912 The Second Truth
Chapter 3913 A Sneak Attack
Chapter 3914 Activate The Array
Chapter 3915 The Primordial Energy Cat
Chapter 3916 See The Cold Prison Again
Chapter 3917 Just So-so
Chapter 3918 Strengthen
Chapter 3919 Helpless

Chapter 3864 Exile

A hush fell over the skies. Suddenly, Gerald's eyes lit up with a green light.

Buzz!

In the Invisible Ship, a small dot of green light flew out of Zen's body. It was no other than No. 9527, a soul fragment of Gerald.

Back then, Gerald had been optimistic about Zen. Now, he wanted to know if he had made the right choice.

As the others of the Black Ship watched the green dot of light float out of the Invisible Ship, no one dared stop it.

Although No. 9527 was just a weak soul fragment, the aura it emanated was the same as that of Gerald.

Whoosh!

The green light dot rose steadily, soaring through the sky until it shot into Gerald's forehead.

In Gerald's mind, he was surrounded in the middle by many brain masters, like a human emperor, awaiting No. 9527's arrival.

When the green dot of light entered Gerald's head, No. 9527 emerged and stood in front of its master. Suddenly, No. 9527 did a very human thing: it bowed towards its master.

"You are me," the master said confusedly. "Why do you use such etiquette with your own self?" No. 9527 remained silent. Gerald thought for a moment, then finally said, "You've been gone for a long time. Have you grown attached to your own consciousness?"

To some extent, the soul fragment was also an independent individual.

After being with Zen for so long, No. 9527 had gradually developed its own personality.

It even didn't want to go back to its master. In its own way, it wanted to be a special No. 9527, not just a soul fragment.

"Yes, Master," No. 9527 replied sincerely. "I... I want to leave you. For good."

As soon as No. 9527 spoke this, the brain masters surrounding Gerald broke into indignant chaos.

How dare a mere soul fragment ask to break away from its master's consciousness?

In the brain world, this was an absolutely outrageous act. It was impossible for brain masters and soul fragments to be this individualistic!

"You have made a great contribution and successfully assisted Zen to the Eternal Realm. Spread yourself out before me," Gerald ordered. "Once I understand what has happened to you during this period of time, I can allow you to leave."

Without any hesitation, No. 9527 spread out itself.

Countless fragments were instantly deciphered by Gerald. From Zen's journey to the Source World, to the scenes of his encounters on the Other Shore, all of them were laid out before him.

At the beginning, Gerald was grateful to see how No. 9527 was of great help to Zen.

Although Zen on his own was extraordinary, with the help of No. 9527, he was able to reach greater heights.

However, as Gerald kept absorbing, he noticed that as Zen advanced on the Other Shore, he no longer needed No. 9527 as much. So much so, that at some point, No. 9527 was practically negligible. Later, with the appearance of the Regal Jade Spirit and the Primeval Lord of Heaven, No. 9527 paled in comparison.

Nevertheless, Gerald was astonished to see what Zen had been through.

When Zen replaced the Element Spirit race to control the Blooming Jade Stage, he felt even more shocked.

However, just as he felt like he couldn't be any more impressed, he reached the part where Zen entered the Eternal Scroll Painting. He became more stunned!

Although No. 9527 had kept silent and did not disturb Zen when Zen was in the painting, it roughly understood the communication between Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Through No. 9527, Gerald had seen the center of the scroll painting, and known about the Four Spirits Sect, and the Primeval Lord of Heaven's guesses.

All this happened in the span of seconds. In the blink of an eye, Gerald had fully understood what No. 9527 and Zen had been through together. He gently shut his huge eyes, and then opened them again slowly, as he felt conflicting emotions rage within him.

Zen's performance was completely beyond his expectations, and even beyond his imagination...

Previously, Gerald had been a little hesitant, but at this moment, he no longer had any misgivings.

"I understand now," Gerald's voice rang out in the air, and it was easily transmitted to the ears of all the creatures from over a hundred provinces, sounding very peaceful. "Let go of Zen and retreat. Then we can forget what happened today."

Hearing the choice of Gerald, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess immediately heaved a sigh of relief, while Yellow Thearch and the others looked on coldly.

On the other side of the sky, Othniel said, "You still haven't figured out that in this world, we are..."

But Gerald interrupted his persuasion directly. "Not another word. I've seen more than you know. I won't believe their words anymore."

Buzz!

A blue light flashed across Othniel's one huge eye.

Instantly, his aura became menacingly strong.

"You really want to fight with me?" Othniel asked once more.

"I have only one condition," Gerald replied decisively. "Let go of Zen."

Just from studying No. 9527's memories, he had fully realized Zen's importance to this world. His value was so great, and Gerald was willing to sacrifice his life if it meant keeping Zen alive.

Buzz...

Othniel's single eye shook wildly.

The concentrated power of space shook crazily in his eye.

Othniel had the highest space authority in the chaos. Now that he couldn't reach a consensus with Gerald, he planned to exile him.

Swoosh!

Gerald was well aware of how great Othniel's power was. However, there was no way he was going to allow Othniel to exile him easily.

Putting aside the Deleting Space, even if Gerald was only exiled into a corner of the chaos, it would still take him time to return to the Source World.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

As Gerald spurted toward Otheniel, invisible space walls appeared and blocked his way.

Each space wall was as strong as the boundary wall, but to Gerald, they were as fragile as glass. With ease, Gerald smashed each of them at a touch...

Even though the space walls did no real damage to Gerald, it did slow him down momentarily.

Before Gerald even had the chance to attack Othniel, Othniel's eye had already gathered enough space power. Without hesitating, he shot a thick blue light onto Gerald's body.

Once the blue light disappeared, so did Gerald.

"Ha-ha-ha..."

Othniel's laughter roared throughout the skies.

Then, he shrank his body, from a huge god-like scale to that of a human. His appearance also transformed into that of Mount. This was the complete Mount.

Next, Othniel appeared beside Yellow Thearch, and pulled at the air in front of him.

Suddenly, space itself seemed to warp and distort all over the Separate Amber Province.

He had pulled the important figures to his side.

They included the Divine Farmer, who was currently a goat monster, Mahoney, the members of the Black Ship, and the Snake Goddess...

They didn't see this coming. As space itself seemed to fold before them, they hadn't reacted before Othniel pulled them towards him.

Then, Othniel stared at Zen as he saw through the Invisible Ship. He felt as though he had stumbled upon an invaluable treasure. Stretching out his hand, he wanted to pull Zen towards him, too.

However, even under his pull, Zen remained unmoved.

His invincible space truth had no effect at this moment!

Chapter 3865 The Descending Man In Black

The captain of the Black Ship, Shera, and the others also stared at the brass man, feeling quite confounded.

The brass man shrugged his shoulders while carrying Zen to show that he had no understanding of the situation...

The Chaos Ancient God was unable to retrieve someone from a Holy Soul Realm warrior. Even Othniel's expression became quite unnatural.

Othniel reached out his hand towards the brass man again, and the irregular power of space folded around Zen. However, when the power of space was applied to Zen, it vanished without a trace.

Zen had become like a black hole in the shape of his body. He could absorb all forms of power.

After failing twice in a row, Othniel finally relented and quit. His figure flashed, and he came to the Invisible Ship. He glanced at the captain and then reached out his hand to grab hold of Zen.

The brass man looked at the captain in a mute appeal for help. Given the situation, if the captain did not make a move, the brass man would not take action either.

As Othniel's hand grabbed out, the white fog created by the brass man's Combat Dragon Absorb began to thin and dissipate, and Zen was taken away by Othniel.

Before leaving, Othniel glanced back at Edith and flippantly commented, "This space ship is very exquisite. It will make a fine tomb for you..."

Once Othniel finished speaking, his figure disappeared, and he reappeared beside Yellow Thearch still holding onto Zen.

After they had left, Edith suddenly sensed trouble brewing and exclaimed in a state of panic, "Captain, I can't control the Invisible Ship..."

The Invisible Ship was Edith's Other Shore Token, but now it was no longer under her control.

"Your Other Shore Token is out of control?" Shera arched her eyebrows.

"Yes..."

Edith stared at the transparent Invisible Ship in horror. "The Invisible Ship is shrinking!"

The Invisible Ship, which was thousands of feet in size, had steadily begun shrinking. In less than nine seconds, it had already shrunk by half. The people of the Black Ship, who were in the cabin, would soon be squashed by the Invisible Ship.

The members of the Black Ship used their Grand Teleportation technique at the same time, trying to teleport from the Invisible Ship.

However, the instant they used this technique to escape, they were surprised, and their expressions filled with fear. There was no fluctuation in the space. It must be Othniel's ploy to have trapped them here using some skill.

It would be a small feat for the Chaos Ancient God, who was in charge of the space truth, to trap them!

"Captain!"

"What should we do?"

"We are trapped here!"

While the crowd panicked, the Invisible Ship had shrunk to the size of ten feet, and there was only one shoulder width on the left side and the right side. Tomos from the Ear Mouse race and Shera could still fit in the small ship, but the ship was not large enough to accommodate the tall and strong brass man.

The brass man stretched out his hands, trying to push the Invisible Ship outwards and stop it from shrinking more.

However, he had used almost all of his strength, yet he couldn't stop the Invisible Ship's shrinking even an inch.

The power which was shrinking the space was not something the brass man could oppose. The bones in his body creaked loudly, and his face turned cherry red.

Crack, crack, crack...

An explosive sound emanated from the brass man's chest, and the bones of his arms suddenly broke completely off!

Meanwhile, other members of the Black Ship, such as Shera and Edith, had also joined hands to stop the ship from shrinking. However, even though all the members of the Black Ship took action, the Invisible Ship continued shrinking at the original speed.

After a short while, they could no longer even turn around. If the ship continued to shrink, they would all be squeezed to a pulp!

Then Shera craned her neck to look at the captain. It would be too late if they didn't summon that man now.

Just as Shera was becoming desperate, a golden circle of light suddenly appeared behind the captain. Within the golden circle of light stood a man in a black robe. The man had a pair of deep eyes, and their depths seemed to be filled with stories and secrets. The faint stubble on his chin hinted at an unruly character.

"Do you need any help?"

Crack!

He stretched out his feet and kicked up against the transparent wall of the Invisible Ship. It seemed unnervingly easy for him to do that. The ship shook violently and stopped shrinking.

As the man began exerting his strength on the Invisible Ship, the unbreakable space barrier around the ship shattered into thousands of pieces with a bang.

He gently hitched up his robe and flew upwards like a black goshawk. At the same time, a rumbling sound echoed from the sky. A terrifying energy quietly swept past and then disappeared without a trace. This was the punishment of truth that could not descend.

Othniel didn't think the members of the Black Ship would ever escape. In his mind, it was inconceivable they would be able to escape from the Invisible Ship.

After he had dealt with the Black Ship, there were only two targets of the Pear Hill remaining.

Since he made his move, he would not let any of his targets escape.

But moments after he left the ship, he felt a huge movement coming from behind him.

Othniel turned around and saw the man in black. His cold eyes flashed a trace of seriousness.

In the chaos, even the strongest Eternal Realm warrior couldn't oppose the Chaos Ancient Gods who controlled the truth. Therefore, even Fuxi and the Black Ship had not been taken seriously by Othniel. At least, Othniel felt that these Eternal Realm warriors posed no threat to him.

However, the man in black who had now appeared made Othniel feel an instinctive vigilance. This vigilance only happened when he was facing other Chaos Ancient Gods. He didn't expect that he would have such a feeling when facing a mere human, and this left him feeling a little confused.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess, who had been pulled here by Othniel, quietly exchanged nervous looks.

Of course, they knew that the man in black had descended from the Other Shore and must be a member of the Nihility race. However, the members of the Nihility race always took mysterious and unpredictable actions, and they were unable to determine the man in black's identity.

In fact, not long ago, the man in black had appeared in Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore. If Pearce had been present, he would have been able to recognize him.

However, if the Nihility race could duel Othniel to the death, Fuxi and the others would celebrate seeing it.

"Who are you?" asked Othniel.

The man in black sniffed the air, revealing some enjoyment on his face. "I've been looking forward to this moment for a long time. Even though more than a thousand chaotic eras have passed, the scent of this world still hasn't changed,"

the man in black said without answering Othniel's question. Othniel's face darkened, and he asked in a low voice, "Tell me who you are!"

As he spoke, he suddenly lashed out at the man in black, and a crescent-shaped space crack hurtled straight towards the man in black. The space crack that the Chaos Ancient God had so casually created was extremely lethal.

Facing the space crack, the man in black smiled faintly and extended his palm to block the crack as if swatting a fly.

Sizzle...

When the man's palm met the space crack, a grating noise sounded, and the space crack disintegrated.

Then his lips formed a warm smile. "It doesn't matter who I am. The most important thing is that man. You have to hand him over to me,"

the man in black said, pointing at Zen, who was draped over Othniel's shoulder.

"Not in your wildest dreams," responded Othniel.

If it weren't for the fact that Zen was able to absorb all the energy and couldn't be transported away, Othniel would have hidden Zen in a corner of the chaos as he had done to Gerald.

If Othniel had done so, it wouldn't matter how strong the man in black was.

Finding a human in the vast chaos was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Chapter 3866 Blind Spots

The eyes of the man in black clothes were devoid of emotions.

When people looked at him, they got an impression of a tightened bow simmering with a surging power that could be released any time.

His emotions were like deep water in a tranquil lake. He looked outwardly composed, as if he was merely taking a walk in his courtyard. But everyone could sense that there was great power concealed below the surface.

No one could see through his real thoughts, not even Othniel.

"I asked nicely but since it didn't work, I'll have to use my fists," the man in black said in a flat tone.

It was as if declaring war on a Chaos Ancient God was quite common for him.

Although Othniel considered him a strong enemy, he had no intention of backing down. He threw Zen into the void and pointed at him so that a space cage instantly formed around Zen.

Even if Zen were to suddenly wake up and fight back, he would not be able to escape from the space cage. No one could help him break it from the outside either. It would be a difficult task even for the Eternal Realm masters present.

But much to the shock of everyone watching, the moment Zen touched the bottom of the space cage, he completely absorbed the energy shaping the floor and his body was quickly dropped from the cage.

Everyone was amused and was rendered speechless. Shera couldn't help but snigger.

Zen's physical body had been in such a strange state that even Othniel had made mistakes dealing with it more than once.

They had so far noticed that Zen would absorb all the power around him except for the brass man's Combat Dragon Absorb. Perhaps it was a mere coincidence, or perhaps it was because of the inferior power of the Combat Dragon Absorb.

For what it was worth, Shera's conjecture was very close to the truth.

Zen didn't really absorb all sorts of power. The process only occurred according to the map on the square. It was true that the power of the Combat Dragon Absorb was not superior enough for Zen to absorb it.

Othniel's power on the other hand, was an excellent option. Every time Othniel used the power of space against Zen, Zen's body immediately devoured it.

This occurred multiple times before a new light column appeared in the space-time quadrant of the map, rising rapidly.

Even when Zen fell from the sky, the black-clothed man looked to be in no hurry to snatch him.

Othniel was embarrassed, teleporting almost instantly to Zen's side. He caught Zen, flew up to the Yellow Thearch, and handed Zen over to him as he said, "Protect him well."

And then, Othniel rose back to the same height as the man in black.

Frowning in confusion, Yellow Thearch turned to look at Fuxi and the Snake Goddess, whom Othniel still had in his trap.

The Pear Hill was a great force not only because it had the support of the Chaos Ancient God. Fuxi and the Snake Goddess themselves were very powerful warriors.

Whatever was happening was heavily disadvantageous to the Snake Goddess and Fuxi. Irrespective of who won, the result would be unacceptable for Pear Hill. The best result for them, perhaps, would be for Othniel and the man to fight like Kilkenny cats.

But Fuxi and the Snake Goddess remained quite calm and composed. Did they have a trump card up their sleeve?

As Yellow Thearch wondered about this, a dazzling blue light, even brighter than the sun, shone out of the sky. Everyone squinted in the sudden glare of light.

When the blue flare finally disappeared, a long transparent blue saber appeared in Othniel's hand. It was obviously a weapon he had created with the power of space.

Othniel rarely chose to fight face to face. Most times, he only needed to exile his opponents, the way Mount had exiled Zen into the Deleting Space.

Othniel had exiled Gerald as well, when he hadn't been careful enough.

But this man before him caused a deep need of annihilation within Othniel.

With a sudden wave of the long saber in his hand, he split the space in front of him in half, creating a huge space crack.

The space crack extended like the mouth of a huge fish as it loomed over the man in black.

The man in black raised an eyebrow and gently tilted his body. A wisp of cyan light thick as a finger surged into the sky, shooting up to millions of feet away.

A three-foot-long thin sword appeared in his hand, his usual weapon, the Cyan Misty Sword.

"Flash, my sword!"

The moment the man in black brandished his sword, he disappeared into thin air.

He and his sword had turned into a cyan glow that spread throughout the sky, shooting towards Othniel.

The space crack that Othniel had created disappeared the moment it met the cyan glow. The space power seemed unable to withstand even a single blow.

Othniel was not that shocked even though his first strike had so easily dissolved.

Instead, he looked up at the sky, trying to track the man in black's position.

If they were in the same space, no one could ever avoid Othniel's detection. It was his talent that neither did he need to search for his opponent's aura nor did he have to use his spiritual sense to scan the space. He simply sensed everything that existed in the space around him. This ability of Othniel's was similar to the one that Usman had.

To his surprise, though, the man in black seemed to have completely disappeared in the cyan glow. How was this possible? Othniel was gobsmacked for a moment, finding it hard to accept this truth.

"The space truth is the highest rule in the chaos. You can't completely grasp it even as a Son of Truth. What you've comprehended is only a small part of it."

The voice of the man in black sounded from behind Othniel.

Othniel turned around abruptly, bringing the space saber in his hand slashing down in the direction of the voice.

Others might have misjudged the direction, but Othniel never made such mistakes.

He struck the sword three times in a row.

The azure blue space slashes were fast enough to split everything in their path, including the space itself.

A large number of space cracks emerged as the space slashes swept across the sky. The sky was like a book, and these space cracks were like pages that had been torn off from the book. The space itself looked miraculous under Othniel's formidable power.

The structure of the space itself was completely destroyed. If the man in black was hiding himself in the space, he would split into countless pieces as well.

But Othniel still couldn't see any signs of the man.

"Since what you've grasped is only a part of the space truth, you also have blind spots in space."

The man's voice echoed again. Othniel lifted the space saber but discovered that he couldn't determine the direction of the voice this time. The man's voice seemed to come from the depths of his mind. How was he doing that?

Just as Othniel was looking around incredulously, a beam of cyan light suddenly shot out from behind him.

It pierced through Othniel's back and continued to shoot straight ahead, crossing several provinces, boundary walls, and thick earth along the way before it shot straight out of the Source World and into the chaos.

Since the cyan light was only as thick as a little finger, it didn't create a hole large enough for the chaotic energy from the outside to flow into the Source World. But it had killed innumerable innocent creatures on its way out.

The small wound wasn't much trouble for Othniel. He only felt a slight pain in his back, and he brought his saber down behind him a few more times.

Large areas of space were destroyed, but the man in black seemed not to exist. Othniel's strikes had nearly destroyed everything in the space behind him, but he still failed to touch the man in black.

Chapter 3867 Direct Exile

Generally speaking, the self-healing ability of the space in the Source World was quite strong.

The space usually repaired itself quite quickly after it was damaged. To put it simply, the space cracks created by even the mighty warriors of the Other Shore Realm only lasted for a moment before they disappeared without a trace.

However, Othniel's impact on the space was too much. The dilapidated space was exposed and formed strange scenes.

"You're just a coward who is good at hiding!" He tried several times, but he failed to touch the man in black every time. Now he felt a little anxious.

A powerful being like Othniel knew almost everything. There were few secrets that they couldn't understand. Thus, he naturally felt uneasy when he faced an unsolvable problem.

"Buzz!"

At that moment, another ray of cyan light bloomed on his forehead.

This time, he didn't dodge. His eyes glowed blue, and the space in his head had changed. As soon as the cyan light entered his head, it refracted ninety degrees and ran through towards the other side.

"Whoosh—"

The cyan light flew towards the direction where Fuxi and the Snake Goddess located. Although the Snake Goddess dodged very fast, blood flowed out from her strong, graceful leg.

Still, she remained nonchalant, and she didn't even frown. The injury was nothing to her.

On the contrary, Fuxi's eyebrows furrowed tightly.

In turn, the Snake Goddess personally reassured Fuxi and told him to not get agitated, but to be patient.

But it was not Fuxi's style to hold back his emotions.

"Now that this man in black is here, let's take this chance to kill Othniel together!" Fuxi told the Snake Goddess through telepathy. The Snake Goddess slightly shook her head.

"Even if we managed to kill Othniel by working together, how would we deal with the man in black from the Nihility race?" she asked.

Fuxi's eyes only darkened at her question, which was rather rare for him.

He seldom felt discouraged, because except for the Three Purities Stage, there was no opponent he was afraid of on the Other Shore or in the Source World.

But the man in black was stronger than anyone he had met before. Fuxi didn't think he had any chance to win against him.

"There will be a chance," said the Snake Goddess in a gentle voice with a smile in her wise eyes. "Fuxi, be patient."

No matter how irritable Fuxi was, he would calm down when he heard the soft voice of the Snake Goddess.

Now, Othniel might have mastered the method to fight against the Cyan Misty Sword.

A small space stood out and blocked the cyan light whenever it lit up. The cyan light that could pierce through millions of feet deviated due to the reflection of the space.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

However, the cyan light was too powerful. It could extend up to several or even dozens of provinces, and all the creatures in its way would suffer.

On the other side of the Separate Amber Province, the great warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace stared at the mighty warriors of the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race and the New Moon race.

Their previous fight had gotten suspended because of Othniel's and Gerald's appearances. Naturally, their battle became meaningless since beings with higher levels of power had arrived.

The battle would come to an end when the fight between the great warriors at the higher level ended.

Right after that, however, Gerald suddenly disappeared. A few moments later, rays of immensely strong cyan light began to shoot everywhere.

The warriors of the Holy Soul Realm and the Chaotic Source Realm didn't have a physical body as powerful as the Snake Goddess'. It was bearable if the cyan light hit their hands or feet since they would only lose their arms or legs at most. However, they would die if it hit their heads or chests.

The two sides who had been confronting each other in the air finally withdrew tacitly and dodged. However, it was useless, because after all, the cyan light bypassed almost any kind of obstructions.

"Swish!"

"Bang!"

A ray of cyan light pierced through the sky and hit Zen's body, but it did not puncture him. That was the first time that the cyan sword radiance failed to penetrate something.

After Zen's body had blocked it, the cyan sword radiance turned into a pool of liquid that glimmered with cyan light. It did not last long, however as Zen's body quickly absorbed it.

Yellow Thearch had put Zen above his head to use him as a shield, but he wasn't sure if Zen could block the cyan light or not.

When he saw that Zen was still safe and sound even after the cyan light had hit him, he was utterly shocked.

'This guy is really extraordinary...'

"It's a waste of time if you only hide in the dark," Othniel said as he moved slowly. His eyes divided the entire world into blocks, and he shifted his attention to the energy reaction inside those blocks.

After all, he was the Son of Truth of space. As he continued to observe, he gradually understood how the man in black made it.

Countless figures flashed inside the space blocks. Those figures were the man in black.

The man in black did not disappear. Instead, he moved at an incredible speed.

According to the common space rules, one had to create a short distance or even a long distance space channel for the Grand Teleportation or instant teleportation. Only then could they cross from one end to the other end of the space channel.

However, the man in black didn't need to do that. He could appear at any point then disappear at another point on his accord.

Even Othniel couldn't do such a thing.

"You can't possibly refract all my sword radiance, nor can you stay cautious all the time. Just three sword strikes are enough. It's impressive to kill a Son of Truth with three sword strikes," the man in black said from the space.

As he spoke, his sword released more concentrated cyan sword radiance. The long sword radiance, which was as thick as a finger, was like a thick thread. While Othniel was at the center, it refracted in all directions like mad.

In this way, the mighty warriors of the Eternal Realm, including the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and Mahoney, were in a more dangerous situation. The sword radiance came and pierced through them from time to time, and they almost couldn't dodge it.

Only Yellow Thearch remained unharmed because he placed Zen above his head as a natural shield.

Crack!

Like the man in black had said, Othniel couldn't be careful all the time.

Although he could refract ninety-nine point nine percent of the cyan sword radiance away, there would always be a little cyan sword light left as time went by.

Finally, one ray of cyan sword radiance dodged Othniel's refraction and punctured his shoulder.

"The second sword strike." The voice of the man in black came again.

Othniel's face darkened.

The man in black had just said that he could kill him with three sword strikes.

Based on the cyan light's lethality, not even thirty or three hundred strikes could cause any substantial damage to him, let alone only three strikes.

Yet, according to the man in black, there might be some other consequences if the cyan light hit him thrice. Or was it just a threat?

The Three Purities Stage was a magical place with all kinds of strange abilities.

At first, Othniel wanted to deal with the man in black slowly while he tried to come up with a solution—but after he felt that things had gotten much worse, he suddenly looked ferocious.

His eyes suddenly turned into two weird blue energy entities and abruptly exploded. At the same time, a large block appeared covering dozens of miles around the man in black.

Then the block disappeared, together with the man inside it.

Chapter 3868 Uncle

A space which was thirty miles wide, thirty miles high, and thirty miles long had been deleted from the chaos and exiled into the Deleting Space.

On all sides, everything squeezed into the gap to fill in the disappeared space. The ground itself was pulled up. A majestic mountain, thirty miles high, appeared out of thin air.

The last time, Zen had quickly returned after Mount exiled him. This attracted Othniel's attention.

The outside world thought that the Land of Ashes—also known as the Deleting Space—was controlled by Othniel. In fact, he couldn't affect anything in the Deleting Space.

The information left by the Sons of Truth on the Other Shore seemed to indicate that the Deleting Space was under the control of Othniel. But much had changed over the past few hundred chaotic eras. The Deleting Space had undergone a dramatic transformation, and Othniel had lost control of it.

He didn't know for certain what had happened inside.

All he knew was that he had the ability to exile people and things into the Deleting Space. However, he had no power to delete the creatures and things within that space.

Zen's safe return from the Deleting Space had shaken Othniel. He immediately tried to invade the Deleting Space to reclaim his authority over it.

None of Othniel's attempts to regain control was successful.

Othniel had always felt that something strange was in the Deleting Space, something that he could not track or detect. It was a sore spot in his heart.

In this case, Othniel would not have chosen to delete the man in black unless he had no other choice. After all, it might prove ineffective.

However, since the man in black had been deleted, Othniel seized this opportunity to take Zen away.

The man in black frowned as he floated in the Deleting Space.

He raised a hand to pat his head, muttering, "I was too careless. I forgot this trick."

It was not a good thing for him to be exiled to this damned place.

He had come with the help of the Descending Ring, but now the Descending Ring had grown dim. He had lost contact with the Other Shore.

What if he was truly trapped in this cursed space, unable to find his way out? It would cause enormous problems for the Nihility race.

As he floated, the man in black suddenly realized the strangeness of his situation. "Shouldn't the things in the Deleting Space be completely destroyed? Why is this place..."

To his surprise, after some time, he noticed something visible in the distance. He squinted. It seemed to be a vast, endless, floating wasteland.

He stared at this unexpected sight, feeling more confused than ever. His eyes widened when he saw two figures flying in his direction. One was

Ziya, and the other was Geoffrey.

At first the man in black doubted if it was truly Ziya. But when he confirmed the truth of Ziya's identity, twin flames began burning in his eyes.

When he was facing Othniel, a powerful Chaos Ancient God, he had managed to act cool and collected, as though nothing had happened.

But when he saw Ziya, the man in black could no longer restrain the anger that had burned in his heart for countless years. His gaze was filled with killing intent.

A low buzz sounded as he attacked.

He tapped the Cyan Misty Sword, and a thin ray of cyan light shot towards Ziya.

Not long after Ziya and Geoffrey returned, a loud noise could be heard coming from the Deleting Space.

This was a common occurrence, so Ziya didn't take it seriously. He brought Geoffrey directly there to see what was going on.

But before he had even noticed the man in black, he saw the extremely sharp and deadly ray of cyan light rushing towards him.

His eyes narrowed when he sensed the power of the cyan light. He instantly waved his hand, and a golden whip lashed out like a poisonous dragon at the ray of cyan light.

The golden and cyan lights converged in midair. Ziya waved his golden whip, forming many small spirals, and soon the cyan light was swallowed up.

Geoffrey hung back, watching the attack and counterattack with surprise.

He had always considered Ziya to be much stronger than his father.

Despite the fact that he was powerless in the Abstruse Energy World, Ziya had never met an opponent in the chaos. He had a grim look on his face that Geoffrey had not seen before.

Geoffrey caught sight of the man in black and wondered who he was. Why had he initiated a fight with Ziya as soon as he arrived, without even speaking to him first?

But the fight was not over.

Rays of cyan light shot out from afar, and some of them headed straight for Geoffrey.

Ziya's face turned cold. His lips formed a sneer as he raised the golden whip in his hand and flicked it, causing a loud explosion in midair. The whip reformed into an arc of bright golden light which lashed towards the cyan rays.

The previously invincible cyan lights seemed fragile compared to the golden lights.

Every time a golden light bloomed, a cyan ray was drawn away, turning into a cyan lotus that slowly dissipated into space.

The cyan rays blasted towards Ziya one after another, and he lashed out at each one with his golden whip.

In the span of a few seconds, thirty-six rays of golden light bloomed, and thirty-six cyan lotuses appeared and dissipated.

The fierce clash of energy was a spectacular, dazzling scene. Geoffrey watched with great fascination. He knew that although the colorful bursts of energy were beautiful, they were also terrifying. A single ray of light could kill him instantly.

His estimation of Ziya rose, and he now believed more than ever that Ziya was immensely powerful.

Although all his attacks had been dispersed, the man in black seemed undaunted. He raised his Cyan Misty Sword once more. Six black flags appeared behind him.

Thin black energy lines flowed on the surface of each flag.

These were known as the Six Soul Flags.

Ziya raised an eyebrow. He called out, "Are you really planning to fight me to the death, uncle?"

The Cyan Misty Sword trembled in the man's hand. He drew a circle from top to bottom with himself at the center. Although there was no wind, the Six Soul Flags fluttered, and a mysterious and indescribable aura spread out from his body. He shouted back, "You have the cheek to call me uncle?"

Again, a buzz signaled his impending attack.

The black energy emanated by the Six Soul Flags suddenly flowed inward, gathering on the surface of the Cyan Misty Sword. The cyan glow of the sword intersected with the black energy, and the sword began to burn. Raising his sword, the man in black rushed towards Ziya.

Ziya gently pushed Geoffrey, and an unseen force propelled Geoffrey away.

In the face of such a powerful attack, he had no time to protect Geoffrey.

"Let bygones be bygones. Why do you still keep the past in mind?" Ziya said, lifting his own golden whip once more.

Ziya's God Lashing Whip had been created by the Primeval Lord of Heaven with Ziya's root-level bloodline. It was his most powerful weapon.

"Your master has said the same thing many times," the man in black said coldly. "It is nonsense!"

He was the Grandmaster of Heaven whom Zen had met.

He and the Primeval Lord of Heaven had learned from the same master, so he was Ziya's uncle.

At first, Ziya had not known if he was still alive. After all, when the 77th chaos ended, Ziya had been exiled to the Deleting Space.

Ziya didn't know anything about what happened later on the Other Shore until Zen took him out from the Deleting Space.

Although Ziya had grown much since those days, he still found it deeply unsettling that the mere sight of him had spurred the Grandmaster of Heaven to an immediate fight to the death.

Chapter 3869 Passing The Ball

Within the 77th chaos, there had been a great conflict between the Interception Sect, created by the Grandmaster of Heaven, and the Enlightenment Sect, created by the Primeval Lord of Heaven. The reason behind this conflict was also related to the Finale Way.

At the end of the battle, the Grandmaster of Heaven had been defeated by Ziya, and the foundation of the Interception Sect had been destroyed beyond repair.

The Grandmaster of Heaven had led the remaining people of their sect to the Other Shore in an attempt to escape, and there they had quickly disappeared. In the past hundreds of chaotic eras, no one had ever seen the Grandmaster of Heaven himself, or the members of the Interception Sect.

It was not until the Nihility race appeared out of the blue that the Grandmaster of Heaven began to show his face once again.

There was no known knowledge of what the Grandmaster of Heaven had gone through, or how he had become the leader of the Nihility race during that time.

The moment Ziya had descended into the Bloom Divine Province, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had warned him of the Grandmaster of Heaven, and to be cautious if he were to ever come across him. The latter had not moved on from when the Interception Sect had been destroyed.

Ziya hadn't felt the need to take the words seriously at the time. He had thought that time would ease the pain, and erase the hatred in the Grandmaster of Heaven's heart. However, when they had come across one another in the Deleting Space, fury and hatred had burned in the Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes as he looked at Ziya, regarding him as if they were old enemies.

A metallic 'whoosh' had cut through the air.

With the Cyan Misty Sword in hand, the Grandmaster of Heaven had rushed towards Ziya.

The Six Soul Flags in the distance quivered, and the black fire licking along the blade burned with heavy violence.

Ziya understood just how powerful the Six Soul Flags were. He also knew that the Grandmaster of Heaven had led the Nihility race to great power, and that they could easily stand up to the Elemental Spirit race as near equals. His strength had grown exponentially.

"God Lashing Whip!"

Ziya struck out hard with his whip as he retreated.

The resounding cracks caused by the whip were ear-piercing.

As shadows danced and shimmied along the whip, the void began to tremble. What looked to be ripples appeared in the air, warping and distorting everything within their sight.

The movement of the God Lashing Whip was erratic, and had no pattern to follow as it sent golden shadows one after another into the void.

Those countless shadows then melded together to create a long, narrow dragon shadow that immediately rushed the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The shadows seemed alive, sizzling and cracking as they moved.

The Grandmaster of Heaven thrust his sword in front of him and shifted forward. The black flames soared high, and ate away the golden shadows from the whip as they approached.

When he had advanced to only a few dozen feet away from Ziya, Ziya relinquished his hold on his God Lashing Whip and bowed to the Grandmaster of Heaven with cupped hands.

The Grandmaster of Heaven paused, confused by the gesture. His eyes flashed with anger before turning cold. "Do you think this display will make me show mercy? Ziya, how naive you are!"

"No, I did not think you would show me mercy. Now is not the time for us to fight. I'm sorry that I have to do this to you," Ziya said quietly.

"What?"

The Grandmaster of Heaven found himself thoroughly confused, and the sudden sensation of the sky and earth moving made his head spin. In the next moment, he appeared in the Separate Amber Province. This was where Othniel had exiled him.

Ziya had total control over the Deleting Space. He had more authority than the Chaos Ancient God here. Not only could he freely dispose of things within the space, he could also find the same time node.

It wasn't that Ziya didn't have the strength to battle the Grandmaster of Heaven, but he shared the same thought as his master, the Primeval Lord of Heaven. When they had defeated the Interception Sect, they had felt some modicum of guilt and did not want to fight him because of that.

The moment the right space and time node had been found, Ziya sent the Grandmaster of Heaven out of the Deleting Space.

Once Othniel had exiled the Grandmaster of Heaven into the Deleting Space, he floated down. He worried that the Grandmaster of Heaven would return quickly, so he planned to take Zen away as soon as possible.

But before he could descend, a space fluctuation occurred not far away, and the Grandmaster of Heaven emerged.

Othniel's face contorted slightly before smoothing back out. Without hesitation, he slashed his hand through the air in the direction of the Grandmaster of Heaven, and immediately wrapped him in another expanse of space.

The Grandmaster of Heaven found himself still in a daze after being forced out of the Deleting Space. It made no sense. How did Ziya have such an ability?

While he was stuck within his cloud of confusion, a space fluctuation enveloped him flawlessly and he found himself once more in the Deleting Space.

Ziya couldn't find the words to express his own confusion. Within a span of several seconds, the Grandmaster of Heaven had been cast out only to be returned moments later.

What the hell was going on?

With his intelligence, it was not difficult for Ziya to grasp what was exactly going on.

The only possible explanation could be that when the Grandmaster of Heaven descended through the Descending Ring, he had fought with the Son of Truth who controlled that particular space.

Ziya could have never guessed that the reason the two fought was Zen.

"You'd best vent all that anger on the Son of Truth," Ziya grumbled.

With a wave of his hand, he sent the Grandmaster of Heaven back out.

Othniel though, who was in the Separate Amber Province, was on his guard. The moment he saw the Grandmaster of Heaven was cast out, he began to delete the space.

With no time to react, the Grandmaster of Heaven was sent right back to the Deleting Space. He felt as if he were going to be sick...

Ziya sighed, his shoulders slumping. The Grandmaster of Heaven might be difficult to deal with, and the Son of Truth probably had no choice but to continue to send him back, but it was not a good idea to keep throwing him back and forth like a ball.

"I suppose all I can do is close the Deleting Space."

Over countless chaotic eras, Ziya had managed the affairs and taken over the rights of the Deleting Space. He certainly had the ability to refuse the space that the Son of Truth had "deleted" to enter.

However, Ziya needed the substances that were sent in, one after the other, from the chaos. It allowed him to learn things from within the chaos.

A soft whooshing sound startled Ziya from his thoughts.

The Grandmaster of Heaven had regained his senses enough to utilize Grand Teleportation and reach Ziya instantly.

He raised his hand and swung his sword!

The black radiance along the edges of his sword was as bright as fire, and came barreling towards Ziya's face.

Ziya though was a little bit faster...

Before the attack could plow into him, the Grandmaster of Heaven disappeared.

Ziya turned quickly to look at the Deleting Pillars at the far end of the Deleting Space. He waved his hands before him, and a portion of the Deleting Pillars hummed to life with a bright light before quickly dimming.

With that action, the rules of the Deleting Space had changed. There was a unique space node at the entrance of the Deleting Space, and it so happened to be controlled by Othniel. However, Ziya had long ago changed it to be one way, so people could enter but not leave.

But now that particular rule had changed. People could neither enter nor leave.

When the Grandmaster of Heaven had been sent out once more, Othniel immediately enveloped him with space and began to delete it.

However, the space did not disappear, no matter how hard Othniel willed it to.

The Grandmaster of Heaven remained where he had appeared, and stared at Othniel with a puzzled expression.

Could a Chaos Ancient God even make a mistake?

"What have you done?! I can't sense the Deleting Space!" Othniel cried in shock.

Losing the ability to delete meant losing a trump card, but usually Chaos Ancient Gods had many of those up their sleeves.

The fact that the ability he had obtained from the space of truth was weakened or muted by another made him feel on edge, the horrible feeling creeping up his spine.

Chapter 3870 The Heart-piercing Lock

The Grandmaster of Heaven had already readied himself to enter the Deleting Space once more when Othniel said something strange to him. A visible frown appeared on his face as he stared back at Othniel.

In the eyes of the Grandmaster of Heaven, his opponents on both sides needed to be personally dealt with.

As he was expelled in the Deleting Space that was controlled by Ziya, he was surprised when he observed that the time node could be directly changed.

When he was being transferred between the two places, all he thought about was how he could defeat Ziya.

In his mind, if he could replace Ziya who was controlling the Deleting Space, then he could earn a lot from it. Most importantly, he could also return to the chaos through the time node.

"I didn't do anything. If you want, you can try again," the Grandmaster of Heaven responded with a straight face.

While Othniel heard these words, a strange expression glimmered in his eyes. He took a few steps forward and sneered, "Are you mocking me?"

"No. Of course not," the Grandmaster of Heaven quickly replied. "I'm just hoping that you can try sending me back into that space again."

Seeing the sincere expression of the Grandmaster of Heaven, all of the Eternal Realm warriors that were currently present couldn't help but look at each other with confused faces.

Right now, the Grandmaster of Heaven had a rough estimate of Ziya's abilities.

It seemed that Othniel wasn't pretending. Ziya had most probably shut down the Deleting Space.

Now, the Grandmaster of Heaven was more interested in this magical place and yearned for it even more.

However, Othniel couldn't understand what the Grandmaster of Heaven was really thinking. He tried several times, but the space around the

Grandmaster of Heaven was just constantly shaking and there was no way to send him in.

With all that was happening, Othniel couldn't help but ask him, "Tell me. What exactly happened in that space?"

The Grandmaster of Heaven shrugged and said, "Ha, I can't tell you that."

Of course, he didn't have the slightest intention of telling Othniel the matter about Ziya.

"All right then. I'll know after I kill you." Othniel's voice suddenly became cold. He had a strong urge to figure out what had truly happened in the Deleting Space.

Suddenly, the cubic space surrounding the Grandmaster of Heaven transformed into a solid cube.

Othniel controlled the space truth. With it, he could define and manipulate most of the spaces in the chaos. This time, he controlled the space containing the Grandmaster of Heaven and transformed it into a solid state.

Crash!

With a wave of his hand, the whole cube instantly collapsed.

If it was an ordinary Eternal Realm warrior, they would be completely shattered along with the crushed space fragments.

However, the Grandmaster of Heaven was fully prepared, and he was powerful enough not to be easily defeated by such kind of move.

When the view became clear, all they saw were broken space fragments. The body of the Grandmaster of Heaven couldn't be seen anywhere.

Othniel instantly felt a shiver creeping beneath his skin, as if some dangerous beast was glaring at him somewhere in the dark. Suddenly, the Grandmaster of Heaven appeared above his head.

He was holding a long sword that was pointed downwards, like a praying swordsman. The tip of the sword immediately dashed downwards in an attempt to directly stab Othniel's head.

At the same time, a blue light flashed in Othniel's eyes, and the space above his head suddenly became distorted. The long sword that was supposed to stab his head disappeared as it touched the distorted space. Immediately after that, the sword appeared from the side of the Grandmaster of Heaven, directly aimed at his head.

Othniel bent the space and threw the sword back to the Grandmaster of Heaven to stab himself instead.

However, just before the sword thrust through him, the eyes of the Grandmaster of Heaven also beamed with the same blue light. Suddenly, the space beside his head also became distorted. The Cyan Misty Sword that was fast approaching him instantly disappeared. In a split second, a distorted space appeared in front of Othniel's chest, and the sword rushed out with a violent force, thrusting directly towards his chest.

Splat!

A ray of cyan light pierced through Othniel from front to back.

A hint of confusion appeared in Othniel's eyes as he slowly looked at the sword stabbing in his chest. Blood was dripping on his mouth as he stared back at the Grandmaster of Heaven. "Only I could distort the space. How did you..."

The truth was many people could actually connect two points in space and create a circular space channel. It was also the case with the space distortion that Othniel created.

However, most temporary channels that were created by ordinary people were unstable. Only Othniel could manipulate and create a distorted space that could deflect a sword strike that had the power of hundreds of thousands of divine megatons.

But it turned out that Othniel wasn't the only one who could do it now, as the Grandmaster of Heaven blatantly used the same powerful skill to attack him. Since Othniel began to fight with this man, there had been several mysterious things he witnessed that he couldn't comprehend.

"You're asking me why I can do that?" the Grandmaster of Heaven spoke as he slowly pulled out his Cyan Misty Sword from Othniel through the distorted spaces. "It's because the truth-level theurgy is not unique to you. I can also grasp it. And you know what? I can grasp more skills from you if I want."

Othniel's eyes narrowed. There was an extreme mixture of surprise and rage on his face.

If their previous battles seemed to be opportunities to test each other's strengths, then now would be the time for a showdown.

The Grandmaster of Heaven's words rang in his ears, and he understood them very well.

They meant that the Grandmaster of Heaven could deprive the abilities of the Chaos Ancient God.

Whether he could really do that or not was still unknown. However, the fact remained that he had just used the same space distortion theurgy as Othniel did.

"You're an arrogant piece of crap, aren't you? Let's see if you really have the ability to do that!"

Othniel roared in anger. His face began to deform, his pair of eyes started to merge into one, and his teeth became sharper. His head was beginning to expand rapidly as he attempted to return to his original form.

The spectating warriors also knew that the two powerful masters would likely transform into their strongest forms if they were determined to have an all-out battle. That meant that Othniel would turn into his original monstrous form, and the Grandmaster of Heaven would use his Wild God Body.

However, much to their surprise, that wasn't the intention of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

He stood in the air and stared at Othniel with a mocking smile.

Suddenly, Othniel's transformation stopped abruptly. It was as if a superior force suppressed the changes that were going on.

"Why would you need to transform? You look good in your human form. You don't need to become that ugly one-eyed monster."

Then, the Grandmaster of Heaven gently raised his Cyan Misty Sword. Soon after, three thin threads quietly appeared and turned out to tightly wrap around Othniel's body. Suddenly, the white thin threads grew larger and turned into white jade chains. The other ends of the chains were connected to a small yellow lock that was in the hand of the Grandmaster of Heaven. The lock was exceptionally exquisite, and there were undecipherable Sanskrit words on both sides. It was the Heart-piercing Lock, another powerful magic treasure of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Previously, the Grandmaster of Heaven had given a hint that three strikes were all it would take him to kill Othniel. These three sword strikes were what activated the Heart-piercing Lock that completely suppressed Othniel's body. Now everything in Othniel's body was locked up, meaning that all his theurgies were sealed. That was why there was no need for him to use the Wild God Power.

On the outside, Othniel looked motionless. But the truth was he was currently in a fierce struggle within his body. He was trying to free himself, but the Heart-piercing Lock was absolutely powerful. He was extremely enraged with the fact that the dignified Chaos Ancient God like him would be defeated by the Grandmaster of Heaven in this way.

The Grandmaster of Heaven knew about Othniel's on-going efforts and struggling, but he didn't pay much attention to it. He just slowly descended while dragging the white jade chains.

Now that he was able to successfully trap Othniel, it was time for him to deal with the other warriors present.

He knew these warriors' high positions and standpoints in the Source World, but it didn't matter to him. Since he couldn't kill the real masters in the Three Purities Stage, he decided to annihilate first these duplicates of them.

Chapter 3871 Backup Plan

After the Grandmaster of Heaven descended, he couldn't help but gaze at those down below.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Yellow Thearch, each one of them made his blood boil.

He knew that the people that stood before him had different standpoints and were mere avatars devoid of memory, but it didn't stop the inexplicable hatred that surged in his heart when his eyes swept over their faces.

His negative feelings did not go unnoticed. Everyone felt the waves of anger that emanated from the Grandmaster of Heaven, including Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer who had gradually recovered from the form of a goat monster.

Mahoney, however, felt a bit lucky.

This mysterious man in black had such a furious expression when he looked at the others but when it came to her, all he had was an expressionless gaze. She hoped she wouldn't find trouble with her.

Just as Mahoney silently rejoiced, the Grandmaster of Heaven turned towards her. "I shall kill this irrelevant person first.

"Buzz!"

The Heart-piercing Lock in his hand trembled just as a long, thin chain emerged and headed straight towards Mahoney. Instead of white jade, the chain was stark black, obviously of lower grade than the one that had trapped Othniel. But it was more than enough to trap Mahoney.

After she heard the Grandmaster of Heaven's words, Mahoney's face quickly paled. She rolled backwards, just as the chain headed her way, and tried to get out of her now precarious situation.

The space in front of the black chain distorted as it appeared right in front of Mahoney.

"Puff!"

Mahoney's armor, a masterpiece that she was quite proud of, shattered underneath the piercing force of the black chain.

With no defensive chestplate, the black chain sunk into her chest, and the moment it entered her body, the Spearhead Armor of Destruction on her body collapsed instantly while her life force rapidly faded away.

In the blink of an eye, Mahoney's life force dissipated entirely.

An Eternal Realm warrior truly was no match against the Grandmaster of Heaven.

As the chain retracted, Mahoney's corpse snapped back and shot towards the black ship.

"Deal with the corpse," the Grandmaster of Heaven muttered darkly.

The sight of Mahoney's corpse made Shera salivate.

Her ghouls were weak and all she could really do was transform her own body.

The Grandmaster of Heaven basically awarded her an Eternal Realm warrior, which meant she had a lot of room to work with when it came to her transformation. In her eyes, Mahoney's body was an extremely rare treasure.

Shera caught her body and gave Fuxi and the others a momentary side glance. "Thank you, Grandmaster of Heaven."

The meaning behind her eyes was clear: these Eternal Realm warriors were next.

If Shera cultivated these warriors into ghouls then she would be able to do anything she wanted in the Source World.

Yellow Thearch's and Divine Farmer's faces darkened when they witnessed Mahoney's end. Meanwhile, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess began to gather their power.

Not long ago, these two groups of people were still fighting each other. Now there was no other choice out of this situation but to join hands and fight against this powerful enemy!

This mysterious man in black was truly strange.

Not only did he possess Othniel's truth-level theurgy which was impossible to guard against, he also had the Heart-piercing Lock that had the ability to entrap and lock everything within its hold.

The Snake Goddess exchanged a knowing look with Fuxi as she summoned a Descending Ring in her hand.

After she obtained the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits from Zen, she carefully studied the use of the Descending Rings.

In the beginning, Fuxi was keen on reserving the Descending Rings to summon the Augury Dog.

The Augury Dog was powerful, and was his best friend in the Three Purities Stage. In terms of strength, he was only a little weaker than Fuxi, and much more powerful than the ordinary warriors at the Eternal Realm.

A Descending Ring was not easy to obtain so why would they use it just so that one more Eternal Realm master could guard the Pear Hill? The Snake Goddess did not want that.

So on the Three Purities Stage, she gave a Descending Ring to the Primal Crocodile race.

They were also an extremely powerful force in the Three Purities Stage but were extremely xenophobic and cared little for the affairs of the world. Even the Element Spirit race did not dare provoke them, much less enter their territory.

A long time ago, the Snake Goddess saved the life of a little Primal Crocodile and earned her this elusive race's friendship.

With this friendship forged, the leader of the race agreed to the Snake Goddess's request and promised to help her out whenever she needed their support to return the favor.

There was no way she would summon such powerful warriors from the Other Shore if she had any other choice.

This situation was so unexpected. Just a moment ago, everyone was watching the two fighting and then suddenly Othniel was captured and all Eternal Realm warriors had to worry about their fates.

Beside her, Fuxi's eyes remained full of fighting spirit.

Save for the Heart-piercing Lock and a few small theurgies, this man in black wasn't that intimidating. Fuxi figured that if he truly went all out then he could defeat him.

Just as the two were about to make their move, Yellow Thearch's forehead split open and a burst of hearty laughter was heard.

"Grandmaster of Heaven! Why are you in such a hurry to descend from the Other Shore?" It was Claire from the Element Spirit race!

There was no surprise on the Grandmaster of Heaven's face when he heard this voice. He'd fought with the Element Spirit race for hundreds of chaotic eras so it would be more surprising if they didn't show up.

A smile broke through his face. "As far as I know, you haven't found a way to descend yet."

Claire scoffed. "That's because they're too stupid."

"It doesn't matter if they are stupid or geniuses. If you don't have backup plans, just shut your mouth and admit that I've won."

After he spoke, the Grandmaster of Heaven lifted his Cyan Misty Sword and stabbed towards Yellow Thearch's forehead.

Yellow Thearch's expression changed and he revealed an incredibly charming smile. "Although we missed the Descending Rings, it doesn't mean we don't have other ways to descend!" he said in a girlish voice.

"Phew!"

Everyone was witness to how Yellow Thearch's hair suddenly burned and the eyeball in the center of his forehead glowed with a golden light that emitted an aura similar to that of Descending Rings.

They watched as his appearance, expression, and aura, all transformed into Claire's image.

Before the Grandmaster of Heaven could react, Claire had already stepped forward and swung Zen towards him, hard.

"Buzz!"

A burst of blue light flashed in the Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes as he used the spatial distortion to dodge the blow.

"Damn it!"

"Grandmaster..."

"That Zen can devour..."

The people from the Black Ship all tried to warn him but it was already too late.

The moment Zen touched the twisted space, he completely devoured the energy and returned the space to normal which meant he smashed onto the Grandmaster of Heaven with no hindrance whatsoever.

"Puff!"

Hit by such a formidable weapon, the Grandmaster of Heaven was sent flying into the air.

Claire smirked in satisfaction at this temporary weapon of hers.

"Fire!"

Sizzle!

She wanted to ignite a flame but forgot the characteristics of Zen's body. The fire barely flickered as it was immediately absorbed by him.

She made a face but did not really care. She took a step forward and reached the other side of the space. Again, she wielded Zen as a blunt weapon.

"Bang!"

As Zen's body smashed onto the Grandmaster of Heaven the second time, Othniel, who was bound by the Heart-piercing Lock, was also dragged down and hit the ground hard.

Chapter 3872 Swallow

The Separate Amber Province looked like a rag. As the two fought, it began rolling, wrinkling, and tearing.

Creatures that resided on the rag died miserably—they didn't even have any clue what had happened. All they felt was how heaven and earth collapsed. Even the few people who were aware of what happened weren't capable of resisting in a battle of this caliber.

The boundary wall that could only be broken down by the Eternal Realm warriors' full strength grew weak under the impact.

Splash!

Once the south of the Separate Amber Province sank, the ground was split into two—a crack that extended millions of miles revealed the scene in the chaos.

The negative pressure produced as a result then attracted the chaotic clouds nearby which then swarmed toward the crack.

While the creatures of the Separate Amber Province could only sit still and wait for death, the Oneness Sky Palace's members still held a glimmer of hope for life.

The weakest disciples of the Oneness Sky Palace present were now at the Other Shore Realm, free from the threat of chaotic energy.

But during the battle between Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven, only a slight impact could cause them either death or injury.

"Everyone, run to the west!"

"If you get lost, head for the Pear Hill!"

"To the west! Go through the boundary wall!"

The initially indestructible boundary wall was now riddled with holes, no longer able to stop everyone from escaping.

Libby, Pearce, and the rest quickly organized the Oneness Sky Palace's disciples for smoother passage through it.

In the meanwhile, the disciples of the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the New Moon race all returned to their respective flying ships.

A battle of this level had already completely disrupted the initial plan, but so long as they made it to the Pear Hill, survival wasn't impossible.

All the while, Claire was occupying the Yellow Thearch's body. The Divine Farmer had just been freed from a goat monster's state, and Mahoney had died. They had no time to worry about the lives of the Holy Soul Realm warriors.

Splash!

Another crack appeared on the ground as thousands of clods were thrown into the sky—each clod was as huge as over a hundred mountains.

In one of the clods, a two-winged earth dragon was curling up. Once it felt movement from outside, it quickly came out of the clod, only to find it was already high in the sky.

Although it had reached the True God Realm, it wasn't all that intelligent—while it was still thinking hard about what exactly was going on, a flame shot toward it.

When the flame was still dozens of miles away, the heat it emitted had instantly burned the earth dragon through and through.

The Grandmaster of Heaven didn't want Othniel behind him to be any hindrance, so he simply stuffed him into another spatial treasure, the Fishing Drum. The two of them displayed incredible flexibility in a series of battles.

While Claire had occupied the Yellow Thearch's body through the eyeball, her strength wasn't affected in the least—she held no disadvantage in the face of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"Grandmaster of Heaven… This is the second time I've fought with you, isn't it? It doesn't seem like you've made any progress," Claire said with a mocking smile.

The Grandmaster of Heaven remained composed, but he was rather surprised.

In terms of real strength, he was at the Eye Spirit's level—after fighting each other several times, this point was already proven.

But while in the Element Spirit race, Claire was ranked third in terms of strength, a great gap remained between her and the Eye Spirit. At least, the Grandmaster of Heaven wasn't taking her seriously back then.

In just a few chaotic eras, she had managed to grow so strong, exceeding his imagination.

Whoosh!

While he was lost in thought, Claire used Zen to swing at him once again.

It had to be noted—in this state, Zen was an absolutely perfect weapon.

He had already managed to restrain several of the Grandmaster of Heaven's trump cards—he was a highly specialized weapon that could absorb all sorts of energy. Most importantly, it was impossible to damage him.

Thanks to Zen, the Grandmaster of Heaven was stuck in a passive situation.

After obtaining their freedom, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess flew to the southwest of the Separate Amber Province and stayed put.

"I thought I was the strongest in the chaos, but these two really are quite surprising…" Fuxi said resentfully, watching both Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven up in the sky.

"They've lived through over a thousand chaotic eras. Of course, you can't even think of comparing yourself with them," remarked the Snake Goddess calmly.

The Nihility race, the Element Spirit race, and even the Snake Goddess were determined to get their hands on Zen. Now that their strength proved to be unequal to the task, they had to rely on a good strategy.

And while the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire were distracted in battle, they had a chance.

As for the Black Ship, the captain wasn't watching the battle unfold.

If the Grandmaster of Heaven was defeated, the Black Ship would be doomed. Therefore, the captain merely had to wait for the result.

After all, he had something far more important to take care of.

Buzz!

Another two Descending Rings were activated.

Then, two members of the Nihility race appeared before the captain.

One turned out to be Samantha, the Grandmaster of Heaven's disciple, and the other was the Evil God.

The latter glanced at the members of the Black Ship before snorting dismissively.

To that, the brass man's face immediately darkened. "Do you have something to say?"

The members of the Black Ship were not to be underestimated, after all.

It was with the Black Ship's help that the Evil God could grow so fast, get rid of Zen, and enter the Other Shore.

But he'd become rather supercilious soon after getting strong.

"Just leave him alone. He was cocky enough when he was weak," Shera said, smiling at the Evil God.

The Evil God smiled right back at her as though they were good friends that hadn't seen each other for a time.

It was because of Shera that he could stay on the Black Ship—she had proven to be greatly patient.

"Where is the incarnation of the evil will?" Samantha chimed in and broke the tension.

"Come with me," said the captain, nodding at Edith.

Once Edith stretched out her hands, an invisible space ship enveloped everyone. The next moment, it appeared in the west of the Separate Amber Province, where the Pear Hill and the Bearing race had first fought.

As the Divine Farmer chased the Invisible Ship, he consumed far too much of Usman's power, leaving the latter very weak.

Fortunately, he was bound to the Separate Amber Province. So long as it wasn't completely destroyed, he wouldn't perish.

Buzz!

The Invisible Ship descended.

All the members of the Black Ship, the Evil God, and Samantha appeared before Usman.

As the latter raised his hand, his gaze fell upon Shera and the Evil God.

From Shera, he could feel a specific kind of emotion that seemed to have something to do with him.

Looking at the arrogant Evil God, he saw a bit of himself.

"What do you want?"

With the group approaching aggressively, he knew something bad was about to happen.

But he didn't seem to feel a sense of belonging to the Bearing race. He was like a drop of oil floating in the water, impossible for him to join any kind of force.

If he was forced to join the Black Ship, though, he wasn't going to refuse.

"This is the incarnation of the Source World's evil will. You will swallow him," said Shera firmly, pointing at Usman.

At that, Usman was instantly shocked. He raised his head to look Shera square in the eye. He wasn't afraid of anything, not even the warriors at the Eternal Realm, but now, a cold shiver just ran down his spine.

Chapter 3873 Fusion

Just when Usman was about to struggle, Samantha, who was standing next to him, waved her horsetail whisk gently on his body.

As the whisk touched Usman's face, he instantly felt his body become stiff all over.

He was desperately trying to utter a word, but even his mouth was paralyzed, unable to say a word.

"How to devour him? Do I just eat him up directly?" the Evil God said as he looked at Usman with a wicked grin.

Although the Evil God would not devour the human flesh, he was pretty satisfied with Usman.

The aura being emitted by Usman was almost exactly the same as his. That was why he thought that Usman was very suitable to be a part of him.

"Don't you have the ability to absorb one's soul?" Samantha asked in confusion.

"That's right. You just need to devour his soul," Shera added.

There was actually nothing wrong with devouring Usman's physical body, but the most important thing was to fuse with his soul by consuming it.

With that, Samantha reached out her hand towards Usman's forehead, and a ray of cyan light was released from her palm.

Unable to move an inch, Usman only felt a grueling gravitational force coming from Samantha's hand. His eyes rolled and his body trembled violently. Soon, his soul was gradually dragged out of his body.

Generally, one's soul would look the same as their physical body, and there were only a very few exceptions.

Usman's soul was one of them. His soul was very unique. It sort of looked like a cat with its fur standing on end and covered with soul thorns. As Samantha dragged it out, it started struggling insanely in her hand.

However, if his physical body wasn't able to escape from Samantha, then his soul would be much more helpless.

Whoosh!

Samantha waved Usman's soul and quickly placed it on the Evil God's head, for it to be absorbed into his mind. In just a matter of seconds, Usman's soul was successfully integrated into the Evil God's mind.

Unexpectedly, as soon as Usman's soul fused with the Evil God, it struggled and even tried to take over.

However, Samantha didn't have any intention of helping the Evil God out. Instead, she asked him to deal with it by himself.

"Will he be okay?" Shera asked curiously.

"Well, it depends on him. But he better sort it out quickly." Samantha shrugged her shoulders and didn't seem to care much about it.

Upon seeing the indifferent expression on Samantha's face, Shera also backed off.

In fact, even the entire Nihility race treated the Evil God and Usman with the same attitude. As the incarnations of the evil wills, they weren't destined to be faithful partners for their race.

Besides, the Nihility race just needed their identity, and it didn't matter to them whoever played the dominant role.

However, for Shera, it was a bit complicated. Previously, she was infatuated with the original Usman, and the two of them shared some memories. So, she had quite a mixed feeling as the current Usman's soul was given to the Evil God.

"We have already given so much to the Evil God. If he can't even deal with the recently reborn Usman, then we might as well support Usman instead," Samantha added.

Meanwhile, a sharp look of pain suddenly appeared on the Evil God's face. The muscles on his face twisted constantly and gave off strange expressions.

After a few seconds, his eyes closed and all his movements stopped. He seemed to have calmed down already.

Then, after a short while, he finally opened his eyes. Something definitely changed as his eyes were as deep as the ancient wells.

"So, you won?" Shera was the first to ask.

Shera felt that the Evil God didn't really change physically, but many incomprehensible expressions were contained in his eyes this time.

Then, the Evil God moved towards Shera. He looked at her with a peculiar expression in his eyes. "I found some strange memories."

"What do you mean by strange memories?" Shera asked.

All of a sudden, the Evil God reached out his hand, touched Shera's face, and drew her straight black hair towards him. As he smelled it, there was a visible frown on his face and he said, "There's a strong stench of corpses. Why does that guy find it fragrant?"

"W-why do you have his previous memories?" Shera stuttered as she quickly stepped back. Her pale face turned a little red.

The other members of the Black Ship who were present eventually realized what was going on, but were also confused as to why it happened.

Usman often did that to Shera in the past. He loved her scent even though it smelled like corpses. But it was obvious that the Evil God didn't like that smell.

"When I merged with his soul, I also found some of the memory fragments. I guess the current Usman wasn't aware that these memory fragments existed within him," the Evil God explained.

With the appearance of the incarnation of the evil will, the memories of his previous life should have completely disappeared. Even in the Source World, that was how they viewed reincarnation because the Memory Flame had completely vanished.

However, it seemed that some memories from the previous life of Usman were somehow carried on. And now, even the current Evil God had them.

"Well, it doesn't matter. What's important is how much impact you will have on the Source World," Samantha butted in.

To be able to control the Source World was equivalent to controlling the core of the chaos. This was also how other Eternal Realm masters thought.

But of course, it was no easy task to control the largest primitive land in the chaos.

Moreover, there had never been an incarnation of the primitive land, so they thought that theoretically, it was impossible to gain control of it.

However, many primitive lands had the incarnations of evil will. Take the one in Zen's body as an example. It was so small, but the Evil God still appeared.

The Black Ship and the Bearing race intentionally cultivated the incarnations of the evil will for the same purpose. They wanted to control the Source World through them.

"My impact on the Source World, huh?"

The Evil God's eyes narrowed as he looked at the boundary wall not far away.

After he devoured Usman's soul, he instantly felt that the broken boundary wall was somehow related to him.

Without wasting any time, the Evil God stretched out his hands towards the boundary wall.

Suddenly, the amber crystal clear boundary wall began to flow like melted honey.

Under his control, the boundary wall that stretched for hundreds of miles quickly collapsed and flowed steadily.

Seeing this, the other members of the Black Ship, including Shera and even Samantha, were greatly shocked.

After the previous Usman's appearance, he was carefully cultivated by the Black Ship.

At that time, Usman told them that he felt there were five stages that he could attain to improve himself.

When he reached the second stage, he was already able to merge with the boundary walls. It meant that he could open and close the boundary walls of the Source World.

He said that when he reached the third stage, he would be able to control the boundary walls at will. When that happened, even powerful Eternal Realm warriors would have a hard time dealing with him.

Unfortunately, as he was about to reach the third stage, he had become the rebel and was killed.

Eventually, the next Usman was cultivated by Yellow Thearch. But he was already devoured by the Evil God while he was still at the early level of the second stage.

Logically speaking, even if the Evil God had fused with Usman's soul, he would be able to reach the second stage at most. However, what they were seeing now defied logic and exceeded their expectations.

Whoosh! Crash!

At the same moment, a huge whistling sound came from the skies above.

The Grandmaster of Heaven suddenly appeared and was smashed down towards the boundary wall by Claire.

When the Evil God saw this, a pitch-black light flashed in his eyes and he stretched out his hand.

In a matter of seconds, the boundary wall which was flowing like a fluid suddenly began to condense into a long spear.

The boundary wall that was hundreds of miles wide was condensed into a nine-foot-nine-inch-long spear. He held it in his hand as it released a tremendous amount of power.

As Claire viciously threw the Grandmaster of Heaven down, her figure flashed and she kept chasing after him.

At her top speed, her body could flicker and her figure couldn't be perceived by the naked eye. Even Samantha would find it difficult to capture her.

However, now that the Evil God had devoured Usman, he also gained the connection to the Separate Amber Province. It meant that as long as any object was within the Separate Amber Province, he could easily tell its location in an instant. With that, he raised the long spear with his right hand, and forcefully threw it in a certain direction.

Chapter 3874 Taking Advantage Of The Moment

It never occurred to Claire that someone would dare to attack her.

In her eyes, no one matched her in strength, other than the Grandmaster of Heaven and the Chaos Ancient Gods.

She was moving to the left, as the Grandmaster of Heaven fell towards that direction.

However, as soon as she emerged from the space channel, a long spear shot towards her unexpectedly.

Boom!

The spear itself was extremely sturdy, and the power contained within it was immensely great.

The impact from the spear sent Claire flying back into the space channel.

Unfortunately, she slammed into it so hard that the space channel was smashed into pieces. As she flew backwards, the space around her cracked and shattered.

As the Evil God waved his hand, the spear moved according to his control, dancing in the air a few times.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Finally, he had adjusted the spear enough for it to point directly towards Claire. Without any hesitation, the Evil God launched another spear attack on her.

Claire had been caught off guard. When she finally came to her senses and saw the spear shooting towards her, her eyes flashed with rage.

Whoosh!

She violently swung Zen, using him to parry the incoming spear.

To her surprise, the spear didn't shatter, but she did manage to deflect it. They stood no chance against her as long as she had her wits about her.

However, just as Claire had deflected the spear, the Grandmaster of Heaven appeared from behind.

Buzz!

A ray of cyan light shot out like a delicate thread. Then, a thin chain was made out under the light. It was the Heart-piercing Lock.

If he managed to cast three chains, the battle would finally come to an end.

However, Claire's speed and strength far exceeded the expectations of the Grandmaster of Heaven. In their last battle, he was left at a complete disadvantage.

While the Grandmaster of Heaven tried to retreat quickly, the long spear suddenly flew to his aid.

He stabbed Claire through the ribs with his sword. Just as he was about to use the first chain, Claire's body suddenly transformed.

Fire spurted out from every orifice on her head. Her body erupted in flames, too. The flames soon enveloped Zen, rapidly moving him to the side.

This was Claire's true form.

The creatures of the Element Spirit race didn't have a clear concept of life. From the moment they were born, they continued to grow in strength, devouring weaker members in the process.

No one knew just how many fire spirits of the Element Spirit race Claire had devoured in her lifetime. They only knew that she was a combination of all kinds of fire energy.

She had sensed the strength of the Grandmaster of Heaven's sword, so she quickly transformed into her real form to avoid the strike.

However, it slipped her mind that she was carrying Zen, a human who could somehow absorb all kinds of energy.

Splash!

Any flame that touched Zen was quickly absorbed by him.

Claire was frustrated as she realized what was happening. However, she figured that Zen had a limit to how much he could absorb, so she decided to stay in her true form.

But the next moment, she felt the speed at which Zen was frantically absorbing her flames. She panicked. If she held on to Zen, it wouldn't be long before her whole body was absorbed by him.

'What the hell is with this guy?' she cried in her mind.

After occupying the Yellow Thearch's body, Claire had suppressed a portion of her energy.

Even an Eternal Realm warrior would not be able to withstand the eruption of her energy.

However, Zen was absorbing her flames as though they were harmless rays of sunshine. Unbelievable!

At this point, Claire realized she had no other choice but to let go of Zen. But by the time she loosened her grip on him, he had managed to absorb more than a third of her body!

As Zen plummeted towards the ground, in the Eternal Divine Courtyard, more than thirty light pillars suddenly rose from the map surrounding the sacred cup.

The energy of most flames was destructive, and the rising light pillars were mostly in the area symbolizing destruction. Only a very small number of light pillars were in the areas symbolizing creation and life.

The four bronze statues were numb to the light pillars that came out from time to time. The man in the sacred cup was obviously different from any other creature in the past.

But now, more than thirty light pillars suddenly appeared, which shocked them.

"Is this man a monster?"

"Is he trying to perform some miracle?"

"No one has ever reached this level before!"

While they were shocked, their expectations of Zen grew exponentially.

Swoosh!

After dodging the attack of the Grandmaster of Heaven, Claire took shape again. In a flash, she reached out to grab Zen once more.

Of course, the Grandmaster of Heaven wasn't going to let this happen. As he waved the Cyan Misty Sword, a ray of cyan light rushed towards her.

Just as Claire was about to close the gap between her and Zen, the cyan light spilled into the gap, effectively blocking her way.

Angry, Claire had no choice but to withdraw her hand. Quick witted, she used spatial transference and reappeared on the other side of Zen.

However, the Grandmaster of Heaven saw this coming. Just as quickly, he shook the Cyan Misty Sword again, launching a cyan light to block Claire's way.

As the two fought, Zen continued to fall to the ground at a dangerous speed.

Just as Zen was about to land, a figure poked his head out of a space fluctuation. A pair of hands suddenly emerged and plucked Zen out from the air, dragging him into the space channel.

Once they saw what had happened, the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire were stunned for a moment.

"It's Fuxi!"

The Grandmaster of Heaven's expression darkened.

Because of Claire, he didn't have the time to finish off the two fakes.

Even so, he never expected they would take action while he was preoccupied with battling Claire.

How dare they!

Just a moment earlier, the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire had been fighting fiercely. Now, they wordlessly decided to join forces to go after Fuxi.

With Zen in his arms, Fuxi retreated back into the space channel and flew rapidly along it.

With his speed, it was impossible for any ordinary Eternal Realm warrior to chase him. Perhaps only the Chaos Ancient Gods could do that.

However, Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven were special. In a flash, the two of them also entered the space channel and caught up to Fuxi.

Splash!

Tiny fire snakes burst out from Claire's hands one after another. These fire snakes had a mind of their own and rushed towards Fuxi in the space channel.

At the same time, the Grandmaster of Heaven also summoned cyan sword radiance directed at Fuxi.

Sensing their theurgies quickly closing in on him, Fuxi turned around, with Zen in front of him.

Click! Click! Click!

The extremely sharp sword radiance and the extremely fierce fire snakes all disappeared the instant they connected with Zen's body. Fuxi smiled. He could now use Zen as a really handy protective treasure!

The Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire didn't give up the chase. However, after a while, they realized they couldn't seem to catch up to Fuxi.

In fact, it seemed as though he was getting farther and farther away!

"How is he so fast?"

"It seems that something is pulling him..."

The Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire were puzzled. They both knew that despite Fuxi's incredible strength, there was no way he could travel at that speed alone. They keenly sensed that something was yanking Fuxi forward.

This was true. In the space channel, a thin energy beam was wrapped around Fuxi's waist.

The red energy beam was actually the shadow of Snake Goddess!

The shadow of Snake Goddess could extend indefinitely. Now, the Snake Goddess, who was over a hundred miles away, was dragging Fuxi forward at high speed.

In front of the Snake Goddess, there was a huge light sail. In order to reach this speed, the Snake Goddess was pouring most of her shadow into the light sail. The light sail then dragged her, Fuxi and Zen to quickly escape.

Chapter 3875 Being Stopped

This Cloud Light Sail was an auxiliary type of Other Shore Token from Stage Thirty-three.

Theoretically, if enough energy was put into it, the Cloud Light Sail could become incredibly fast.

This Other Shore Token wasn't the most popular of Other Shore Tokens on Stage Thirty-three since it was helpful only during travel. But the Snake Goddess had still merged with it, and it was now coming in handy.

The Cloud Light Sail was fast, but the amount of energy it consumed was astonishing. It wouldn't last long even if the Snake Goddess had cast her shadow in it.

Fortunately, even the range of perception the strong masters like Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire had by way of their spiritual sense was limited. The Snake Goddess assumed that if they were far away from their pursuers, they would be able to escape.

They headed east, moving further and further away from the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire. Fuxi was relieved.

He had fought a good many head to head battles in the past few years, but the other Eternal Realm warriors in the Source World always gave in to him. And now, he was the one running away. It was hard for him to accept.

Deep in his heart, Fuxi didn't think he was incapable of fighting them. But the Snake Goddess had made a strategy and he had no choice but to follow her plan and escape.

Once Fuxi's spiritual sense could no longer perceive the existence of the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire, he said to the Snake Goddess, "Have we shaken them off?"

The Snake Goddess was ahead of Fuxi, but her spiritual sense could perceive much more than Fuxi could.

"No, I'm afraid we can't get rid of them just by relying on our speed," the Snake Goddess answered calmly.

The distance between them was increasing but the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire had extraordinary tracking abilities that no ordinary Eternal Realm warrior could compare to. It would be difficult to get rid of them when they were in the same big province.

The Snake Goddess stretched out two thin fingers, several small creatures appearing at her fingertips.

These creatures were like jellyfish, a mushroom crowning the top of their heads. The mushroom was cracked and two horns sat on top of it. Funnily enough, they looked like monsters that were making faces. Thin tentacles floated below the heads, emitting rays of light in perfect symmetry.

"Ghost Jellyfish Mask, transform!"

The Ghost Jellyfish Mask was a rare Other Shore Token on Stage Thirty-three. It could easily change into shapes of other creatures and was also an auxiliary type of Other Shore Token.

The Snake Goddess was the incarnation of wisdom. She had cultivated several Truths of Godly Ways and had mastered several Other Shore Tokens of auxiliary type.

Other Shore Tokens of auxiliary type weren't strong by themselves, and ordinary people didn't want any of them to take up a Truth of Godly Way.

However, when more than one Other Shore Tokens of auxiliary type were combined, the effect they had would often be terrifying.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The Ghost Jellyfish Mask quickly turned into the reflections of the Snake Goddess and Fuxi.

The fake Snake Goddess was connected with the fake Fuxi using the shadow of Snake Goddess, and they were quickly sent backwards.

Before long, Fuxi found two identical figures of them floating in front of him too. They were also connected by a shadow of Snake Goddess as they moved forward.

"Let's head south!"

Saying thus, the Snake Goddess dragged Fuxi and headed south.

The fake Snake Goddesses and Fuxis were heading east and north, one pair in each direction.

Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven who were in hot pursuit after them felt the change at the same time. They looked at each other, stoic in their confusion.

Their spiritual sense could cover a long distance, easily sensing anything within a large province.

But once their targets moved beyond their range, they became blurry, making it difficult for them to find the true ones.

And the Snake Goddess had perfectly used the Ghost Jellyfish Mask to create their clones.

Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven had been quite confident at the beginning, but they began to panic when they suddenly found their targets head in three different directions.

If each of them chose a different direction, they would have only one third of the chance to capture and nail down the real targets. If one were to find the true bodies of the people they were chasing, the other would fail. This was something they were finding hard to digest.

'Do I have to split myself into several avatars to chase them?' Claire frowned.

If it weren't for Grandmaster of Heaven, she would have done that. But Zen had just absorbed one third of her body. If she did split into multiple avatars now, there was the possibility of the Grandmaster of Heaven killing her instantly.

The Grandmaster of Heaven had the same concern. He had a secret technique with which he could create a powerful guard for himself that would have fifty percent of his strength. The downside of this technique was that his own strength would be reduced by half.

The two of them wordlessly flew alongside each other for some time before finally choosing to go their separate ways.

Claire went after the two avatars in the north, while the Grandmaster of Heaven chased the two avatars in the east. Neither made the effort to bother about the avatars in the south.

Luck was on Snake Goddess and Fuxi's side, who were actually heading south.

The Snake Goddess heaved a sigh of relief on sensing the change in their pursuers' directions. "They will go farther and farther away from us," she said.

She infused a huge amount of energy into the two Cloud Light Sails that dragged the two fake pairs, enough for them to fly for some distance. By the time the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire found out that they were chasing in the wrong directions, it would be too late to turn back.

Once their targets split into three paths, Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven sped up. They had to confirm whether the targets they were chasing were real as soon as possible.

They gave chase for a distance before they realized that the speed of their targets was dropping.

"Are these fake?" Claire exclaimed, frowning.

She quickly shifted her attention to the targets that the Grandmaster of Heaven was chasing.

The Grandmaster of Heaven also found that his targets had slowed down. He began to shift his attention to the targets that Claire was chasing.

They were taken aback when they realized both of them had been chasing the wrong targets but they recovered quickly enough to turn around and head south. By this time, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess had already approached the edge of the Separate Amber Province.

They would have a chance to escape once they flew out of the Separate Amber Province.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi were becoming more and more optimistic. If they could take Zen away like this, the risks they had taken to snatch Zen from Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven would all be worth it.

But they were just about to approach the boundary wall when a long spear suddenly shot out of the wall before them, taking them by surprise. .

The Snake Goddess had been vigilant all along and had considered every possible obstruction ahead of them. But she had ignored the boundary wall. She had ignored the Evil God who could control the boundary wall and detect everything that happened within the Separate Amber Province.

Boom!

The spear shot through the space channel at a high speed and hit the Cloud Light Sail.

The Cloud Light Sail was an excellent auxiliary type of Other Shore Token, but was also very fragile. It was shattered by the long spear, causing the Snake Goddess to roll to the side and come to an abrupt stop.

Fuxi, who had been following behind, soon caught up with her. He stared at the boundary wall before asking, "What's wrong now?"

The existence that could stop the Snake Goddess had to be strong.

"Over there." The Snake Goddess pointed.

The amber liquid on the boundary wall flowed and turned into a reflection of the Evil God. The highly condensed long spear had returned to his hand.

"Devouring one is not enough for me. He has to stay." The Evil God pointed at Zen who was on Fuxi's shoulder.

"You want to court death?"

Fuxi said, his countenance turning cold. If it was only a young man controlling the boundary wall, the man would be no match for him.

Chapter 3876 Real Strength

Right now, the Evil God's true body was with the members of the Black Ship hundreds of thousands of miles away.

After he successfully absorbed Usman's soul, he was constantly exploring his abilities.

At present, he could sense the existence of the Source World, but the Source World was not responding to him. With his current strength, he couldn't use the power of the Source World yet, so he could only control the province he was in.

Despite this, his combat effectiveness had increased to a higher level.

He could now accurately block the attacks of the Snake Goddess, and counterattack using his avatar on the boundary wall.

"Ha! Aren't you giving up? You can't kill me!" the Evil God sneered.

If it was any other human junior, even if they knew that they had quite an advantage, they wouldn't dare to be so arrogant in front of Fuxi.

However, the Evil God was different. He was afraid of no one.

"Let's see where your arrogance can take you!"

Boom! Boom!

Suddenly, the mark of the Eight Diagrams exploded on the surface of the Evil God's body and caused it to tremble violently.

At the same time, the remaining boundary wall of the Separate Amber Province also shook wildly. Fuxi immediately recognized that the impact of his attack was deflated.

His face darkened. He was attacking the Evil God with all his might but the power of his strike was being transferred.

Like Usman, the Evil God also gained the ability to use the boundary wall to block his attacks.

Furthermore, compared to Usman, the Evil God's technique and control were much better.

Usman could only transfer the power that he received to a certain part of the boundary wall. With Fuxi's massive punch, he could easily make a big hole in it.

On the other hand, the Evil God was able to evenly distribute the power to every part of the boundary wall. That meant that it had a better chance of withstanding powerful attacks.

Although the boundary wall had already been riddled with countless holes, there was still a huge part that remained intact.

So far, the Evil God had been able to withstand even the strongest strikes that Fuxi threw at him.

In Fuxi's mind, he was indeed wondering how the Evil God suddenly appeared and acquired Usman's power. But the greater problem was that the Evil God was more adept in using this power than Usman.

"You know that it wouldn't be easy to kill me. But I could easily crush you!"

The Evil God suddenly reached out his hand and materialized the long amber spear.

Actually, the Black Ship didn't order him to intercept the Snake Goddess and Fuxi. He attacked them on his own volition because of the past grudges that he still held against them.

First, he still bore a huge grudge against Zen. Second, he also badly wanted to get his revenge for what Fuxi had done to him at the gate of the Chaotic Source World.

He would never forget how Fuxi had humiliated him in public.

Now that Fuxi and the Snake Goddess were right in front of him, he decided that it was the right time to retaliate.

Swoosh!

Upon seeing the Evil God who was approaching rapidly with the amber spear, Fuxi stretched out his hand.

Crash! Boom!

The mark of the Eight Diagrams appeared again on the surface of the Evil God's body. Fuxi's massive punch instantly exploded as soon as it touched the body of the Evil God.

However, this time, the Evil God didn't transfer the power of Fuxi's punch into the boundary wall. He migrated it into the end of his amber spear.

He used Fuxi's own power as a weapon against him.

The force of hundreds of thousands of divine megatons gathered at the end of the spear. The Evil God didn't need to throw the spear. With the power it contained, it left his hand and darted towards Fuxi at an incredible speed.

Fuxi didn't expect that the spear would rush towards him at such a fast speed in that short distance, so it was too late when he began to dodge. The spear instantly pierced through his right chest, leaving a huge bloody hole.

With a wave of the Evil God's hand, the spear flew back into his hand. He stared at the pitiful state of Fuxi with a devilish grin.

The Evil God's quick-wittedness was able to drive Fuxi to his limits.

At the same time, the Snake Goddess caught a glimpse of the situation. She immediately went to Fuxi and grabbed Zen's body from behind him.

Her body flickered again and appeared in front of the Evil God this time. Without any warning, she quickly raised Zen's body and smashed it down on the head of the Evil God.

At such a close distance, the Evil God didn't think twice. He didn't dodge the attack, but immediately turned the tip of his spear towards her.

He thought that he could also use the power of the Snake Goddess, transfer it to his spear, and use it against her.

However, the Snake Goddess had something else in mind.

As soon as Zen's body touched the spear and the body of the Evil God, they quickly softened and gradually turned into amber-colored liquid. Then, Zen's body quickly absorbed the liquid.

The amber liquid was a kind of energy, and the boundary wall was made up of this energy and the Space Law. In essence, it was completely made up of energy.

Since Zen's body could absorb any kind of energy, it instantly devoured the amber liquid.

In no time, the avatar of the Evil God and the highly-condensed spear were both consumed.

"Fuxi, let's go!"

The Snake Goddess turned around and looked at Fuxi with disappointed eyes.

Sometimes, Fuxi could be too reckless. If he had just kept his cool, he could have used Zen's body to block the spear just as what the Snake Goddess did.

Fuxi shrugged his shoulders and readied to set off with the Snake Goddess.

However, just when both of them were about to leave the Separate Amber Province, fluctuations occurred in the space surrounding them. Then, Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven came out of the space channel.

"Whoa! These fakes are very like their real selves," the Grandmaster of Heaven said as soon as he saw Fuxi and the Snake Goddess. "Well, in the end, they're just fakes. Since they dared to steal something that belonged to me, they deserve to die!"

"Yeah. I hate deception the most!" Claire chimed in with a ferocious smile.

Seeing that the two wouldn't let them go without a fight, Fuxi smiled bitterly.

Since they wouldn't let them escape easily, they might as well have a good fight. Besides, he hated it when people referred to him as a fake.

"Fake, huh? Then let's see how you'll get crushed by the strength of a fake!"

While Fuxi's vicious eyes were fixed on the Grandmaster of Heaven, he stretched out his hand and grabbed the air. Immediately after, an Eight

Diagrams disk appeared in his hand.

He then threw the Eight Diagrams disk in the sky. It constantly grew as it absorbed the wind, turning into a huge Eight Diagrams disk that floated in the air.

As the Eight Diagrams disk spun, Fuxi's aura also drastically changed.

Even when he was fighting with the Yellow Thearch, he didn't use all his strength.

But now, since they were facing two people who were much stronger than them, he had no choice but to go all out.

Meanwhile, the shadow of Snake Goddess was also growing. Countless tentacle-like energy beams surged out and attacked the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire at the same time.

Although the energy of the shadow of Snake Goddess was extremely terrifying, its speed was subpar to that of the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire. That was why both of them easily avoided her attack.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire rushed towards the Snake Goddess after they successfully avoided her energy beams.

Just a bit earlier, these two powerful beings were fighting desperately against each other, but now they were temporarily working together.

However, before they could approach the Snake Goddess, a huge shadow suddenly appeared from the sky above them. A gigantic tail with a poisonous needle emerged and shot fiercely at them.

Chapter 3877 Element Destruction

The huge tail appeared out of nowhere, and by the time Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven realized what was happening, it was too late to try to dodge it.

Boom!

In a single blow, both of them were struck and smashed into the depths of the ground.

The gigantic creature floating in the sky was no other than Gerald!

Earlier, Othniel had sent him to a desolate place in the chaos. However, he exhausted all his means to rush to the Separate Amber Province. Upon his return, he immediately rushed to help Fuxi and the Snake Goddess.

"You can go. I'll deal with them."

Gerald's voice boomed loudly.

"I'm afraid you can't deal with them alone," replied Fuxi.

"What do you mean?"

Gerald looked at Fuxi confusedly. He didn't know that Othniel had been caught by the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The moment those words left his mouth, a violent pain shot up from his tail.

Splash!

Suddenly, a wisp of dark red flame erupted from the surface of Gerald's tail. Before Gerald had the time to react, his entire tail was burnt to a crisp by the flame.

At the same time, Claire's body began to transform rapidly, growing until she became a massive giant of flames. Her beautiful face was no longer visible; instead, raging flames took its place. "I didn't expect to meet such trouble when I descended the first time," she said in a muffled voice. "Well then, let's finish this once and for all!"

The arrival of the Grandmaster of Heaven had been part of the Black Ship's plan all along, but Claire's arrival was just an alternative plan for Yellow Thearch. Even the Yellow Thearch himself was strongly opposed to the way Claire occupied his body.

However, as the situation changed, the Yellow Thearch was unable to resist the enemy and finally chose to compromise. Therefore, Claire rushed in hastily, not knowing what to expect. She never thought she'd encounter so much trouble.

The series of unfortunate events finally exhausted her patience. In that moment, she decided she would get rid of all these problems, once and for all.

Splash!

A line of flames appeared in the distance and spread towards them at an incredible speed. It was almost as though the flames weren't traveling through space!

In the blink of an eye, the flames had shrouded half of the Separate Amber Province and even part of the province nearby.

"Element Destruction!

Let everything here disappear!"

Claire rolled her shoulders backwards and lifted her arms to the sky, roaring at the top of her lungs.

Then, ice blue lightning flashed around her. Countless streaks of lightning lit up the sky, illuminating the world below.

Countless flames like red-hot clouds rained down, followed by ice spears of a few hundred thousand feet long.

Claire was, after all, a fire spirit comprised of countless more fire spirits.

The members of the Element Spirit race who had reached the same level as Claire could activate the Element Destruction with their clansmen's help. All the element energies in the area would become chaotic. When the Element Destruction was displayed, it could destroy everything in the area.

This was one of the most powerful theurgies of the Element Spirit race.

Claire's plan was very simple. Zen's body could absorb almost all the energies, which meant he'd come out of this alive. The Element Destruction, however, would kill all the other irrelevant fellows in one go.

When the Grandmaster of Heaven saw what was happening, his face turned pale. What was Claire doing? Had she gone mad? Generally speaking, the Element Spirit race rarely ever used Element Destruction.

The members of the Element Spirit race didn't have physical bodies. They were all creatures formed from elements. Thus, the Element Destruction would consume their bodies. The risk was just too great.

Within the range of Element Destruction, Gerald was the largest and the first to feel its attacks.

Initially, Gerald didn't take it seriously. Although its destructive power was astonishing, it was easy to display such power if the Eternal Realm warriors used their bloodline to the extreme.

Gerald was under the impression that the Element Destruction was on the same level as the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy.

With his outstanding healing ability, it was useless even if ten strong warriors on the same level as Emperor Charm used the Nine-Sun World Destruction Theurgy simultaneously.

However, when the flames licked at Gerald's body, he began to feel something was wrong.

While his black shell was extremely solid, the flames were causing cracks to form on it.

Fortunately, the flames only lasted a moment, but the lightning bolts were like countless little earthworms that drilled into his body ruthlessly.

Buzz!

A bright green light was released from Gerald's body. The wounds inside and outside his body quickly healed. His tail, which had been cut off by Claire, also regenerated.

However, the Element Destruction kept on attacking. Claire was going to stop at nothing until everything in this area was destroyed.

A larger size would definitely attract more attacks. After Gerald realized this, his body began to shrink rapidly. He turned into a black scorpion the size of a person and rushed towards Claire.

As a Chaos Ancient God who controlled the truth of life, Gerald had the ability to create lives and conversely, destroy lives. The latter involved poisons.

However, these poisons were completely different from the usual ones. The poison surging through Gerald's yellow and green tail was called the Poison of Decomposition.

This type was so lethal that it could poison not only creatures, but also substances.

Once the substances, including those things without forms like souls and energies, were infected with the Poison of Decomposition, they would, as the name implied, start decomposing immediately.

Even if Claire was now in the form of a fire giant, Gerald still had the potential to defeat her.

However, before Gerald could even get close, the energy of Element Destruction swept towards him like a snowstorm, forcing him to take a few steps back.

Meanwhile, the Grandmaster of Heaven had already summoned the Six Soul Flags. At the same time, he placed the Cyan Misty Sword in front of him with a pair of golden scissors in his hand.

Flood dragons twined around the scissors, flashing a dazzlingly bright gold. It was another magic treasure of the Grandmaster of Heaven: the Golden Dragon Scissors.

It could cut through almost anything, even energy.

However, the power of the Element Destruction gradually increased. While the Grandmaster of Heaven was still able to resist it, he knew he had to do something drastic if he wanted to make it out of this alive.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi were at a disadvantage. Although the two of them were working together, their strength was relatively weak compared to the others. Their only advantage was Zen.

Fuxi stood in front of the Snake Goddess and placed Zen in front of him. At the same time, the Snake Goddess used her shadow to form a circular enchanted barrier to protect them.

Fuxi kept turning around, trying his best to use Zen as a shield to block the energy.

However, the attacks came from all directions. There was no way he'd be able to block all of them.

The slightest mistake could cause the Snake Goddess's enchanted barrier to collapse, rendering them vulnerable to the attacks of the Element Destruction.

Chapter 3878 Kill With Poison

Faced with such a crisis, the Snake Goddess was also focusing her entire concentration on the fight. It wouldn't have been possible to catch her off guard right now.

As soon as the enchanted barrier was broken, she instantly activated another one. This blood red enchanted barrier was seemingly as fragile as an eggshell for now, but it was once known as the toughest enchanted barrier in the Source World.

Unfortunately, things had changed! Just as the second enchanted barrier was activated, it was able to only slightly block the incoming flames before shattering to pieces again.

Without hesitation, the Snake Goddess activated several more enchanted barriers.

Six of them were out forward in a row to block the energy that was swarming over towards the team.

The truth was, only a small portion of the energy was being blocked, while most of it was being absorbed by Zen.

"Let's move. We'll try to get close to the edge of this area," the Snake Goddess suggested.

Fuxi instantly understood what she meant. He grabbed her, flew to the side, and was almost instantly at the edge of the area.

Once they got close to the edge, they placed Zen's body in front of them.

The power of Element Destruction could only surge from one direction, and with Zen's body in front, it would naturally be completely absorbed by him. With his body, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess had created a small safe haven for themselves.

Claire noticed this, but at the moment, her main opponents were not these two. Rather, she was facing the Grandmaster of Heaven and Gerald.

"Now that you have shown your own abilities, let's see how long you can hold out with those!" Claire roared.

The power of Element Destruction was divided into seven levels, and at the moment, Claire was using the third level. Even then, it was incredibly powerful.

So much so that apart from the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Zen, Gerald, and the Grandmaster of Heaven, no other living being could be seen in this area. Every single part of space had been torn apart by the overwhelming elemental energy.

"The fourth level!"

Splash!

With a burst of extraordinary power, a huge column of swirling wind began to spin in the center of the space, accompanied by intense lightning and flames. As the flames spun with the wind, it looked like they were creating a fiery localized cyclone that would devour everything in its path.

When the flames swept over Gerald, layers upon layers of embedded carapaces began to grow on his body.

They were a powerful defensive mechanism which could greatly lower the efficiency of the Element Destruction, protecting Gerald's body from much harm.

The Grandmaster of Heaven kept a straight face. The Golden Dragon Scissors in his hand instantly shattered all the energy that was trying to approach him.

"The fifth level!"

Once the Element Destruction reached the fifth level, Claire's huge body began to shrink down at a visible speed.

She had come there with the Yellow Thearch's body. Now, she was consuming her own strength as well as the Yellow Thearch's to fight.

Since she had already activated the Element Destruction now, she had no intention of giving up. She wasn't going to stop until all of these pesky people in front of her had been turned to ash!

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi curled up together behind Zen, who was still protecting them.

The power of the Element Destruction at the fifth level was already quite terrifying. If it weren't for Zen, the Snake Goddess and Fuxi wouldn't have been able to hold on even for just a few minutes under such extreme pressure.

Even the Grandmaster of Heaven and Gerald found it difficult to resist this power.

If Claire decided to activate the sixth or seventh level, then there was no telling how powerful she was going to be! They could die if that happened!

And then misfortune struck further! While Gerald was lost in thought, he suddenly heard Claire say in a cold voice, "The sixth level!"

Then, the power of the Element Destruction was further enhanced.

Obviously, with the enhancement came its price as well. Claire couldn't hold on for too long now, and her huge body was now shrinking rapidly.

But her opponents were going to be able to hold on for an even shorter time.

Crack!

A thin bolt of lightning drilled into Gerald's body. Under the effect of the Element Destruction, this seemingly ordinary bolt of lightning had become extremely powerful. It easily penetrated through his carapaces and went all the way through his body, coming out of his back like a slithering snake.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was also in a fix now. Although he was managing to hold on with a few extremely powerful magic treasures for the time being, once Claire activated the seventh level of her move, even he would be in great danger.

Near the edge of the area, the explosive power of the elements surged into Zen's body like a tidal wave.

These elements were the most basic ones, but with the efforts the Element Spirit race had made across countless years, they had evolved into numerous different types.

For example, Claire's real body itself was formed from dozens of kinds of flames. Therefore, after Zen had absorbed one third of her real body, more than thirty light pillars had risen in the map.

Claire was borrowing the power of the other members of the Element Spirit race to activate the Element Destruction. Each of the elements had about thirty to forty types.

In the Eternal Divine Courtyard, the map under the sacred cup suddenly began to respond to the immense energy surge. This time, there were more than 130 light pillars extending all at the same time.

The statues on the four pillars exchanged some curious glances with each other, but fell silent afterwards. Whatever was happening in front of them was beyond their comprehension.

The changes in the map had exceeded all they had ever expected or been trained for. They had nothing left to say or do.

"The seventh level!"

Claire finally decided to use the seventh level power of the Element Destruction, and now, she had no intentions of making any considerations for the Yellow Thearch. After she released the immense power, her own strength was going to suffer a heavy blow, and the Yellow Thearch's body suffered an even more tragic end. Chances were that his body would never be able to come back to its original form.

However, just as Claire was about to release the seventh level power, the Grandmaster of Heaven suddenly made a move, and a cube appeared in front of him with a flash. At the same time, another cube also appeared in Claire's body, and a third one surrounded Gerald.

The three spaces where these three characters were suddenly turned into one, which was also a kind of theurgy of the space truth.

The Grandmaster of Heaven joined hands with Claire a moment ago, but now he had no choice but to use Gerald's power. The moment Gerald was enveloped in the cube, he had appeared in Claire's body. Without any hesitation, he pierced his tail through the cube and stabbed at Claire.

Energy with two different colors, yellow and green, quickly spread through Claire's body.

The Poison of Decomposition had an extremely rapid and powerful effect on soul and energy based bodies, and was far less effective on creatures with physical bodies.

As the Poison of Decomposition spread around quickly, Claire's huge body quickly collapsed, and pretty soon, disappeared into nothingness.

"You... You..."

Claire had never expected that the Grandmaster of Heaven would be bold enough to send Gerald directly into her body, nor had she expected that the latter's Poison of Decomposition would be so deadly.

Within a short period of time, the Poison of Decomposition had spread throughout her entire body, and coursed through all her veins. In a moment, her body was completely decomposed.

As the Poison of Decomposition spread over her head, Claire finally realized that she could do nothing to regain her winning position now. She raised her head, and a golden eyeball shot into the sky and disappeared.

Far away, the golden eyeball appeared in front of the Divine Farmer. Then a tattered body formed near the eyeball and slowly took a misshapen shape. It was none other than the body of the Yellow Thearch which had been occupied by Claire for a long time. Nothing but a twisted form was left now.

After the eyeball was gone, Claire's huge body instantly dissipated, and the power of the Element Destruction never managed to reach the seventh level. It began to weaken and dissipate, and finally everything was calm once again.

Chapter 3879 Half Of The Light Columns

At that moment, Gerald quickly turned into an oval cocoon to protect himself from the Element Destruction.

The Element Destruction then hit the cocoon, which became charred and carbonized.

Soon enough, the Element Destruction stopped. The charred part of the cocoon cracked then a pinkish tender body came out of it. The body immediately stiffened and turned into a shiny black shell upon coming out.

It looked like Gerald had recovered to normal, but in reality, he had exhausted all of his strength. He was already quite weak.

On the contrary, the Grandmaster of Heaven, who was nearby, looked a lot better than Gerald. He was unharmed since he relied on a few magic treasures to protect himself, but he still had to maintain the Heart-piercing Lock to restrain Othniel.

The amount of energy used by the Heart-piercing Lock was not significant, but the Grandmaster of Heaven had consumed a large amount of energy to resist the Element Destruction. Thus, it wasn't easy to maintain the Heart-piercing Lock as it was before.

Therefore, the Grandmaster of Heaven's overall situation wasn't actually much better than Gerald's.

Far away from them, after the Snake Goddess withdrew the blood-red enchanted barrier, she and Fuxi slowly appeared behind Zen.

Fuxi took a deep breath, but his eyes still twitched.

The energy he released when he used the marks of Eight Diagrams was the strongest kind of power in the Source World. Furthermore, he thought that since he had gone to numerous battles in the Three Purities Stage, there was nothing to fear.

But he was utterly shocked when the Element Destruction happened.

The Element Destruction didn't affect a large area, and only half of the province got hit, but the force that struck the province was far beyond what he had imagined.

Was that how powerful that member from the Element Spirit race was?

"Let's go!" the Snake Goddess shouted.

She looked at the distance and quickly pulled Fuxi while she activated the Grand Teleportation. After she opened a space channel, the two of them went inside.

A smile graced the Grandmaster of Heaven's face when he saw them escape hurriedly. Then, he followed them.

Claire, who was the most troublesome to deal with, was gone, and Gerald was already weak. The Snake Goddess and Fuxi were just like mice. Everything would be under his control.

"Whoosh!"

The moment the Grandmaster of Heaven moved, Gerald's tail suddenly stabbed him. The tail's poisonous needle glowed with a cyan light, which was another kind of deadly poison.

In turn, the Grandmaster of Heaven abruptly turned around and revealed a mocking smile. At the same time, a cyan ray of light flashed and hit Gerald's tail.

Crack!

Once again, the cyan light sliced Gerald's tail.

As soon as his tail fell off, black flames engulfed his body.

It was difficult to kill a Chaos Ancient God, especially if it was someone like Gerald, who had unparalleled life energy.

Still, the black flames that enveloped him were enough to restrain him for a while.

Since Gerald couldn't escape, he had no choice but to produce more body tissues to isolate the uncontrollable black flames from his body. It was indeed impossible for him to chase after the Grandmaster of Heaven in this situation.

In the end, the Grandmaster of Heaven successfully went into the space channel and chased the Snake Goddess and Fuxi.

On the boundary wall not far away, the Evil God's body took shape once more.

The spear and body he had previously condensed with the boundary wall had long since disappeared in the Element Destruction. Moreover, he felt quite regretful when he saw Fuxi have taken Zen away and left the Separate Amber Province.

For him, it would be best if the warriors killed each other in the Element Destruction, then that was when he would finally show up and devour everyone else—including the Grandmaster of Heaven!

Unfortunately, things didn't turn out the way he planned. Now, even Zen had run away.

He wasn't sure if the Grandmaster of Heaven would have any issues if he devoured Zen. If the Grandmaster of Heaven caught Zen, he probably wouldn't hand Zen over.

What was worse for him was that his power only worked within the Separate Amber Province. If he went beyond the boundary wall, the body formed by the boundary wall would collapse. Thus, he could not follow them.

In the darkness, Zen saw more and more mountain-like light dots, which continued to get closer to him.

At first, the light dots lined up in an almost random way. As they increased, however, he gradually discovered that the light dots seemed to convey some sort of information.

There was a kind of violent energy inside the light dot nearest to him. When his consciousness touched the light dot, he felt an intense burning sensation, as if there was fire trapped inside it.

Meanwhile, the light dot on the far left felt extremely cold. He would be frozen if he approached it.

The energy inside the light dots was quite pure and primitive. It was so pure that it didn't seem to be energy at all, but rather a creature.

Since he got trapped in the darkness, the light dots continuously increased at random speeds. Sometimes it was fast, and sometimes it was slow. They also increased by varying numbers, as sometimes only a few new ones came up, sometimes it was a dozen. Most incredibly, nearly more than a hundred new light dots appeared not long ago.

He couldn't figure out the rules at first, but as the number of light dots increased, the rules got revealed.

Some of the light dots contained the power of space and time. The other light dots that were connected to them had the same attributes and were arranged in an orderly fashion.

There was a gap between the light dots that were together. He guessed it was because there were other light dots with a similar energy that hadn't lit up.

Would he only get to leave this dark space when all the light dots had lit up? He could only wonder.

But how did the light dots light up anyway?

Did it all depend on luck, or was there a pattern he had yet to comprehend?

He couldn't do anything after he entered this dark space, except to wait quietly.

In the Eternal Divine Courtyard, the four bronze statues began to discuss intensely after a moment of silence.

"There are already one hundred and eighty-six light columns that have lit up. Do you remember the legend that once spread in the Eternal Divine Courtyard?" the bronze bird asked the bronze monkey.

"When the number of light columns that have lit up is more than half of the total number, the ancestry-level bloodline would automatically become complete?" "Yes, I remember!

There was indeed such a legend! I just thought that such a thing couldn't possibly happen at that time. I simply thought it was a story," the bronze human said excitedly. The other bronze statues also became ecstatic when the bronze bird asked the question.

At that time, only a few creatures were qualified to enter the sacred cup.

Furthermore, even fewer of them could light up a dozen light columns in the map.

If half of the light columns or one hundred and eighty-seven light columns to be exact have lit up, then the remaining light columns would automatically rise to complete the bloodline map.

Now with one more column to light up, the number would reach half.

What if the legend was true?

How strong would the ancestry-level bloodline be in its complete state?

The four bronze statues all had the same thought. If they could see it with their own eyes, then it would be worth even if they would end up dead.

At that point, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess were still running like mad in the space channel while they carried Zen.

Although the Snake Goddess had condensed the Cloud Light Sail again, it took some time for the sail to speed up. During that period, the Grandmaster of Heaven had already caught up with them.

Chapter 3880 The Purple Lightening Hammer

The Cyan Misty Sword cut through space silently and sent a straight cyan light from the void which hit the Cloud Light Sail.

Splash!

With the Cloud Light Sail slashed, a large hole appeared in the center as it began to collapse from the inside out.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess had just sped up but now came to sudden dead stop.

"Those two fakes are really quite powerful," remarked the Grandmaster of Heaven. "But that's it. I've had enough!"

He had once feared the real Fuxi.

But since joining the Nihility race, he had improved his strength immensely and could now kill ordinary warriors at the Eternal Realm effortlessly.

Now, even the real Fuxi was no match for him, let alone his avatar.

But the two avatars' tenacity exceeded the Grandmaster of Heaven's expectations.

He raised the Cyan Misty Sword and the sword radiance soared up into the sky. From his body burst an intense aura powerful enough to pierce through the heaven and earth.

A mark of Eight Diagrams then covered him, just as he brandished his sword.

Fuxi had quick fists and so the fist radiance would be released as soon as the mark of Eight Diagrams appeared.

Before the Grandmaster of Heaven even knew what was going on, he had already been struck by Fuxi's terrifying fist radiance.

Boom!

Caught off guard, the Grandmaster of Heaven was flung in the distance.

"Seal!

Limitless Power!"

Whoosh!

The Eight Diagrams disk above Fuxi's head rotated and countless marks of Eight Diagrams, both small and large, condensed all over the Grandmaster of Heaven's body.

Fuxi was like a beast rushing at its prey; every muscle in his body swelled and his shoulder blades raised high like little wings.

The Limitless Power was one of the Eight Diagrams disk's unique techniques. He could use the Eight Diagrams disk to maximize his bloodline and summon triple his base power in a short period of time.

The Snake Goddess interlocked her fingers and strands of crimson light flowed and flashed from her fingertips.

"Faceless Phantom!"

Sizzle!

Suddenly, a dark faceless figure appeared on the other side of the Grandmaster of Heaven. Although it had no visible face, its appearance and aura were the same as Fuxi's.

This was the effect of the Faceless Phantom; it could create an identical phantom within a certain range which possessed all the power of its real counterpart. In this way, Fuxi could double his attack power.

The air froze for around three seconds and he paused. Then, his hands transformed into numerous shadows, charging at the Grandmaster of Heaven at blistering speed, the phantom mirroring both him and his speed.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The fist radiance exploded when it came into contact with the marks of Eight Diagrams. The shock waves that resonated from the impact tore everything in the surrounding spaces apart and decimated them to pieces as small as a grain of sand. They were so small that they looked like smoke as they shot and spread out in all directions.

Fuxi kept this relentless pummeling up for five minutes straight.

Spurred on by the Limitless Power, a single punch could seriously injure an Eternal Realm master, and it would take five punches at most to kill him for sure.

In five minutes, he had struck out heaps of times.

When the Limitless Power was depleted, the Eight Diagrams disk floating above Fuxi's head dimmed. The swelling in his muscles went down and he shrunk to his normal height, breathing heavily and exhausted as he returned to his ordinary state.

The eruption of such incredible power caused his body to emit a ridiculous amount of heat. A piece of raw meat would be scorched instantly if put anywhere near him.

The sand sized fragments slowly dissipated, gradually revealing the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Fuxi's eyes widened when he saw that he had come out of it unscathed.

He was well aware that he was powerful and so he had held nothing back. He thought that even if he could not kill the Grandmaster of Heaven, he had certainly done enough to make him suffer.

But the truth was far from what he had imagined.

"Well," began the Grandmaster of Heaven, smiling ever so slightly, "in comparison to the rest, you may very well possess the most strength during the last several hundred chaotic eras. I think it's safe to say you're powerful enough to be the Son of Truth in the next round of chaos."

"Unfortunately, there won't be a next round of chaos," he continued, shrugging his shoulders.

Buzz!

He lifted his Cyan Misty Sword and countless cyan lights rained down on the Snake Goddess and Fuxi like a storm.

They fell in straight lines and were so scattered that some of them were not aimed at them.

But then, a small cube formed in the Grandmaster of Heaven's eye and those cyan lights changed their path

and headed straight for Fuxi and the Snake Goddess.

"Keep your distance from the lights!"

With Zen in one hand and the other holding the Snake Goddess, Fuxi flew downward to avoid the cyan lights.

They then refracted once more, turning and shooting at Fuxi.

Unable to dodge, he lifted Zen and placed him on his head.

Da! Da! Da!

The cyan sword lights came down Zen's body like a dense rainfall. His body absorbed the sword lights' energy like a black hole and was left barely damaged.

However, as he had already absorbed the cyan sword lights before, no new light column rose in the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

Seeing this, the Grandmaster of Heaven frowned and shot more cyan sword lights, at the same time flashing the cube in his eye and refracting the cyan sword lights further to let them come at Fuxi from all directions.

Fuxi spun Zen in his hands, rotating him like a wheel. He couldn't quite come up with a way to deal with the Grandmaster of Heaven. But with Zen as an invincible shield, he could defend himself rather well.

Da! Da! Da!

No matter how many times the cyan sword lights were refracted and no matter which angle they came from, Zen took them all.

"It seems that you've gotten ahead of yourself, Grandmaster of Heaven," Fuxi said, shrugging with a smile.

They hadn't confirmed the Grandmaster of Heaven's identity until they had heard how Claire addressed him. They then had a rough idea of who he was.

Even at an absolute disadvantage and on the defensive, Fuxi didn't panic. Instead, there was a shrewd smile across his face.

Obviously, the Grandmaster of Heaven was as powerful as the Chaos Ancient Gods. He had possibly even slightly surpassed them. If Fuxi hoped to defeat such an opponent, he would have to remain on the defensive and wait patiently to exploit his few flaws once they were exposed.

When Fuxi had finished speaking, his smile slowly retreated and his intense seriousness returned.

The Grandmaster of Heaven stretched out his hand and a big purple hammer materialized in it. It was another of his powerful magic treasures, the Purple Lightening Hammer.

Chapter 3881 Completely Absorbing

This was the most formidable magic treasure of the Grandmaster of Heaven. When he yielded the handle of the Purple Lightening Hammer securely in his grip, the lightning snake emitting extremely daunting aura coiled itself around it till it reached the surface of the hammer.

Sizzle...

The breathtakingly eminent aura radiating from the pure purple lightning made the onlookers gasp in awe.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess remained rooted to their spots, and their pupils shrank visibly at this sight. Apparently, they too felt intimidated by the daunting presence of the Purple Lightening Hammer.

The Grandmaster of Heaven seemed unbothered and refused to hold back. He had attempted to catch the two for quite a long time without tasting the sweet nectar of success. Because of that, his patience had run out, and there was no longer any room for error.

When the black fire was extinguished by Gerald, he would catch up again. The Grandmaster of Heaven feared if he didn't act quickly, everything he worked so hard for would slip away from his hands once more.

Boom!

The Grandmaster of Heaven glared at the space ahead of him and raised his hammer before smashing it into thin air.

Visually, there was nothing in front of him.

But when he swung the hammer in the air, it seemed to have hit an obstruction that was indestructible. As a result, the collision sent down shockwaves as it experienced violent tremors. The repercussions were so severe that they pushed back the Grandmaster of Heaven a few steps.

Amidst the wild outburst of the explosion, countless bolts of thin purple lightning gathered and morphed themselves into the shape of a thick lightning snake that charged towards Fuxi.

Crack!

Acting on his sharp reflexes, Fuxi took the initiative and lifted Zen up right in the nick of time.

Buzz!

The moment the lightning snake came in contact with Zen's body, it switched its previous ferocious form and transformed into many purple lightning flowers. Within a flash, Zen had absorbed more than half of the energy of the purple lightning snake, causing its intensity to weaken.

However, after the lightning snake jumped on Zen's body once, the rest of it switched its course of direction to pounce at Fuxi and the Snake Goddess.

Crack! Crack...

It was one of the attributes of thunder and lightning. Once a bolt of lightning was released, it would jump several times before coming to a stop.

Even though it was weakened by Zen absorbing more than half of its energy, the remaining energy of the purple lightning snake still posed as a severe threat to Fuxi and the Snake Goddess.

When the lightning snake bounced off of him a third time, its energy was reduced substantially. Even so, when it struck the Snake Goddess, it sent her lightweight body flying high before she fell to the ground with a heavy thump.

The moment Fuxi's body was thrown off like a ragdoll, Zen's physical body lost contact with him as he was forced to let go of his hand.

Taking advantage of the circumstances, the Grandmaster of Heaven reached out to grab Zen. However, the energy formed due to the space fluctuation was consumed by Zen's body before he could lay his hands on him. How could he catch him now?

Frustrated by the constant delays, the Grandmaster of Heaven frowned before executing the Grand Teleportation technique to directly appear beside Zen. Only then did he manage to grab Zen and he carried him on his shoulder.

After securing Zen, the Grandmaster of Heaven had no business left with Fuxi or the Snake Goddess. He could just ignore them and move on.

But when he began to recall all the unnecessary trouble these two had caused him, a wild fit of rage began to consume every fiber of his being. With a tight grip on his Purple Lightening Hammer, he charged in the direction of Fuxi's motionless body with a newly found desire for revenge.

Surrounded by darkness, Zen was still recovering from his daze.

Although he had no sense of direction on what he should do, he decided he could not just sit back and watch anymore.

The appearance of those light dots gave off the impression that they were connected to him in some way. However, they did not rely on his sheer will, and they didn't seem to be affected by the depth of his comprehension either.

He had thought long and hard about it, but he still failed to come up with a logical conclusion to interpret the situation.

Buzz!

Another light dot flickered freely in the air as it lit up.

Zen's consciousness quickly swept across the light dot.

As per his analysis, it only contained the explosive power of both thunder and lightning...

Zen's consciousness did not linger on this light dot.

In fact, the energy entrapped in each light dot was free of all impurities and thus was formidable. As long as he could figure out a way to gain control of even one of them, he could bear the fruit of pure primitive power.

However, Zen was overwhelmed by the presence of so many light dots dominating the space. It so happened that this was only one of the over 180 light dots.

In his confusion, Zen didn't realize there were a total of 187 light dots after this one was lit up!

Meanwhile, within the boundaries of the Eternal Divine Courtyard, the bronze monkey couldn't contain his excitement as he watched this scene unfold. He kept jumping up and down enthusiastically.

In contrast to the bronze monkey, the bronze bird, the bronze snake, and the bronze human maintained their composure. However, the intensity of the sparkle igniting in their eyes testified their increasing expectations.

The ancestry-level bloodline was pure. But at the very same time, it had lost all of its distinctive characteristics.

It was the creatures that had entered the sacred cup that had once again made the ancestry-level bloodline complete. Simultaneously, it became complicated and also managed to reclaim its once lost characteristics!

"The 187th light column has risen!" the bronze human murmured, concealing his apparent excitement.

Each of them was at the edge of their seats, anticipating whether the legend could finally come true.

Although their growing excitement was undeniable, they still harbored concerns in a deep corner of their existence.

After all, legends were sometimes nothing more than myths altered through history...

The remaining light columns seemed to have no intention of rising.

Meanwhile, in the deep pits of darkness, Zen felt his consciousness slowly sink into an unusual state, which he had never experienced before.

In fact, after each light dot appeared before him, Zen sensed a more in-depth understanding build up in his mind about the energy it carried inside.

But after that light dot rose up just now, something far stranger happened.

He could feel the light dots which connected to his left and right sides, and deduce those that did not exist!

It all came naturally to him. It was as if right after someone counted from one to four, without a hitch, Zen began to count from five to eight.

Buzz!

Completely engulfed in this strange state of deduction, those dots of light that didn't exist suddenly appeared and stationed themselves in their spots!

One, two, three...

In the map, one after the other, many light pillars began to extend at a frightening yet even speed!

Previously the light pillars in the map made a sudden appearance, but then they stopped growing just as abruptly as they came. Now that the other light pillars appeared with a constant speed, there was definitely something mysterious about this!

"Is it finally starting?"

"Is this really happening?"

"The moment that was once witnessed by history repeats itself. That legend is true!"

The four statues couldn't help themselves, wanting to get a closer look at the incredible scene taking shape right in front of them. Each of them left the pillars again and walked to the edge of the square to feast their eyes on something they had waited for desperately to happen.

In a short while, the remaining 186 light pillars had gradually risen one after the other.

In the map, below the sacred cup, the light pillars were arranged in equal proportions, and they were evenly distributed on every portion, forming a pattern.

When the very last light column connected itself with the others, the map became flawless!

Purr...

The ancestry-level bloodline in the sacred cup began to boil and drill into Zen's body. The thick blood in the cup emptied itself at an alarming speed as if rushing to familiarize itself with his body.

Ever since the ancestry-level bloodline existed in the Eternal Divine Courtyard, it had never decreased.

Instead of saying that one fused with the ancestry-level bloodline within the sacred cup at will, it was more accurate to say that the ancestry-level bloodline gave the warrior who entered the sacred cup the powerful bloodline and unfathomable power...

But this time was different.

The ancestry-level bloodline actually drilled itself into Zen's body willingly.

The ancestry-level bloodline was as thick as glue. When it moved along Zen's meridians, his meridians bulged out in such a way that it looked as if a little rat was frantically moving along them.

Zen could endure the massive volume of blood pouring into him because of his astonishingly strong body. If his body fell short of the requirement and was weaker than it was, his meridians would probably burst open due to not being able to hold it all in.

After a short while, all the blood that originally filled up the sacred cup had been emptied into Zen's body.

At this sight, the four bronze statues' mouths fell to the ground with utter astonishment. Silence reigned the air before the bronze bird took the initiative and spoke, "Has the ancestry-level bloodline... been possessed by him?"

Judging by the bronze bird's growing grim expression, he seemed to be thirsting for the ancestry-level bloodline that was now possessed by Zen. The increasing desperation in his eyes felt like he was eager to cut open Zen's belly to extract all of it for himself.

The bronze snake beside him had a similar intention. Although they were happy to see Zen create such a miracle, it was difficult for them to digest the fact that he took away all of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"Well, let him take it!"

The bronze monkey, who had been very radical from the start, seemed to have thought of something. His eyes flashed in response to his emotions and reflected a different color, as if he was expecting something big to happen.

Chapter 3882 Return

In most cases, they say that eternity was nothing but a synonym for destruction.

"Running water is never stale, and a door hinge never gets worm-eaten." Only something so dynamic could achieve genuine eternity.

This was inside the thoughts of the bronze monkey.

If there was not a single blood-receiver that could enter the Eternal Divine Courtyard, then the place would lose the purpose of its existence.

After the Eternal Divine Courtyard was sealed by the Time Lock, it was regarded to be worthless and was just something that awaited its impending destruction.

But in the end, this human unexpectedly broke in and soaked himself into the sacred cup without hesitation.

With this, this human actually extended the lifespan of the Eternal Divine Courtyard. Now, changes that were never foreseen should be expected.

The bronze human also had the same thought, so he immediately stopped the bronze bird and the bronze snake.

After some time, the four bronze statues came to an agreement. In the meantime, they would quietly observe the sacred cup and see what would happen.

Still shrouded in darkness, all of the light dots that appeared in front of Zen had been completely lit up. They were arranged in such a way that they formed four neat triangles together.

At this time, the meanings contained within the light dots were all grasped by Zen.

'The meaning of power is completely beyond the limits of the chaos.' Zen was immersed in this thought.

The power of the three thousand Godly Ways was based on the most original power of the chaos, which was also the foundation of the entire chaos. On the other hand, the three hundred and seventy-three entities of power in the light dots were way more extensive and profound. They covered wider ranges and were formed based on rules of higher levels.

They could even be called the origin of everything.

Inside Zen's mind, this information flashed like bolts of lightning. All of a sudden, he seemed to have a fair understanding of everything.

Whoosh!

All of the lights intensely brightened as Zen's eyes snapped open.

Eventually, he regained all of his six senses. He had a brief struggle to adapt as his consciousness gradually returned. It was like the sensation of being awakened from a very long dream.

He was still lying quietly inside the sacred cup, staring blankly at the huge dome of the Eternal Divine Courtyard. He felt sort of light-headed as his consciousness was still somewhat in a blur.

Then, he gently moved a finger, followed by his arms, legs, until he could already feel his whole body.

Swoosh!

With a quick somersault, Zen leaped from the cup and landed steadily on the ground. As he looked down, he noticed that there was a perfect bloodline map sketched on the square.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The four bronze statues immediately jumped into the square again. This time, they all showed deep respect on their faces.

After all, as long as one could get the approval of the ancestry-level bloodline, it would be more than enough to make them bow down in respect. This was because all creatures that were approved by the ancestry-level bloodline were regarded as the top talents in the Four Spirits Sect.

Moreover, Zen turned out as someone beyond their comprehension as he directly absorbed all of the ancestry-level bloodline.

As they looked at Zen, they were no longer able to define his abilities. Never did they expect that such a thing could possibly happen.

"Human, what are your plans after inheriting the ancestry-level bloodline?" the bronze human asked while bowing respectfully to Zen.

Zen immediately knew that the changes in their attitudes were only brought by him merging with the ancestry-level bloodline.

He wondered if the bloodline was really worth that much respect from them.

Nonetheless, Zen had a precise feeling that the bloodline flowing within him was indeed something extraordinary.

"My plans? Of course, I would be returning to my world," Zen said flatly.

He knew that he rarely had anything to do with the Eternal Divine Courtyard, so he didn't see any reason to stay behind. Now that he had achieved his goal in this place, he decided that it was time to return.

He was actually been trapped here for so long, and he was worried that something bad might have happened to the Oneness Sky Palace during his long absence.

With his nonchalant reply, there was an obvious change in the expressions of the four bronze statues.

They had actually figured out that Zen was most probably from another world.

However, those worlds were insignificant in the eyes of bronze statues.

The only thing that was important for them was the Eternal Divine Courtyard, as well as the shackle attached to it — the Time Lock that had sealed the courtyard.

"You're going to return to your original world? What for? Does that even matter now?" The bronze monkey didn't understand Zen's logic so he was totally confused.

Zen was kind of annoyed by the response of the bronze monkey and said, "Then can you tell me what matters?"

"Human, you have acquired the ancestry-level bloodline. You can be considered as the new master of the Eternal Divine Courtyard. Don't you want to start anew in this place?" the bronze human hinted at Zen with a pleasant smile.

Zen was kind of surprised. "The new master? Do you really think so? I could really assume that position?" he asked with a faint smile.

The four bronze statues exchanged glances then fell silent. This immediately made Zen see through their facade.

At the back of the minds of the bronze statues, the real master of the Eternal Divine Courtyard would always be the Four Spirits Sect.

Moreover, the purpose of the existence of the statues was to protect the ancestry-level bloodline, and make sure that it was safeguarded in the

Eternal Divine Courtyard throughout generations.

However, Zen's unexpected appearance gave the bronze statues a new idea.

Since Zen had absorbed the ancestry-level bloodline, he could really be considered as the new master of the Eternal Divine Courtyard. With his power, he could even restart and continue the legacy of the courtyard.

"First, I have no intention to be the master of this place. I just got what I needed according to the rules. Maybe I'll come back when the proper time calls for it, but right now, I have to return to my original world as soon as possible," Zen explained to the bronze statues.

Right after he spoke, Zen tapped his toe on the ground.

Whoosh!

A square dimension spread out from beneath his feet, and a passageway opened on the ground that instantly swallowed him in.

Swoosh!

In a matter of seconds, Zen fell into the space below the Eternal Divine Courtyard. It was the space where the bloodline known as the Infinite Time and Space existed.

Since it had been a long time since Zen had entered the Eternal Divine Courtyard, the spider man who was imprisoned in that cube believed that Zen should've already died. Thinking about this, his heart was filled with regret.

He had almost succeeded in saving himself.

If he had just lured Zen into the cube, he should've escaped already from this damned place.

Furthermore, he thought that he should have been the one who got the chance to acquire and merge with the ancestry-level bloodline.

Now, he thought that he might never have the chance to escape.

The spider man didn't have anything to do but recall the scene over and over again. With just a simple mistake, his situation had turned out for the worst.

However, while he was wallowing in his regrets, he had no clue that he was about to meet Zen again.

Then, without any warning, Zen abruptly appeared in this space once more.

The spider man's eyes widened as soon as he saw him. He started speaking to him in his unique language, ignoring his disheveled hair.

"Heavenly Obsession Civilization, translate it for me," Zen ordered.

The Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization quickly activated its core and translated what the spider man was saying.

"Young man, did you get the ancestry-level bloodline?" the spider man asked impatiently. However, he strongly believed that Zen wouldn't be able to obtain it. He thought that Zen must have left the Eternal Divine Courtyard without gaining anything.

"Well, what do you think?" Instead of answering directly, Zen just answered back with a faint smile.

"if you didn't get the ancestry-level bloodline, I can teach you the skill for merging the Infinite Time and Space. Even with just this, you will be strong enough!" The spider man offered eagerly. It was as if he had completely forgotten that he had attempted on attacking Zen the previous time they met.

However, Zen pretended to be interested in what he was saying. He descended to the cube where the spider man was and asked, "What is this skill that you're talking about?"

"Give me a finger then! Hurry! I'll demonstrate it for you!" The spider man's eyes seemed to be unusually desperate. He forced a smile and thought that Zen was a fool.

Zen went along and stretched out one of his fingers.

As soon as his finger was stuck into the cube, the spider man grabbed it desperately, as if it was his last lifeline.

He believed that if he could successfully pull Zen inside, everything would work out for him. He was thrilled and nervous at the same time.

However, while he touched Zen's finger, his movement suddenly stopped, and his expression changed drastically.

Chapter 3883 Exploration

The finger in the spider man's hand seemed ordinary, but a strange flame lingered around it.

Even though he was exceptionally strong, he instantly felt an unbearable pain when he touched it.

He had been trapped in the cube for countless years and endured all kinds of torture.

However, he couldn't take the pain from the formless flame around Zen's hand. He quickly withdrew his hand.

But how could he give up such a great opportunity?

As soon as he pulled out his hand, he spat out the green spider silk towards Zen's hand.

The spider silk was his race's unique ability. His race lived between space layers and inside space cracks, so the spider silk also had a special space quality.

No one else could break the spider silk they released.

The spider silk quickly wrapped around Zen's hand, and at the same time, the spider man's eight legs stepped back. Then, he unleashed a powerful force that pulled Zen into the square space.

If Zen didn't use the Celestial Spear, he wouldn't be as strong as the spider man in terms of strength alone.

The spider man became extremely excited when he saw that Zen was pulled into the space by him.

If he successfully pulled in a person, then he would be able to leave this damned place!

Still, he wouldn't kill Zen.

He wanted to keep Zen alive, so Zen would also be tortured and suffer in living hell.

Whoosh!

He tried to rush out of the square space, but a loud "bang" sound followed after he came into contact with the space's inner wall. He slammed into the wall, and the space still prevented him from leaving.

"What happened?"

Out of panic, he stretched out a long, thin leg and stabbed the inner wall.

Boom!

The wall also blocked his leg. He was very desperate now.

"How could this be? This is impossible! It's simply impossible..."

He turned around and saw Zen, who calmly stood on the other side with a faint smile on his face. At that moment, he suddenly realized something.

It must be Zen who played those tricks!

Previously, Zen had been very cautious and didn't even dare to approach the square space. Now that he suddenly dared to come in, he must have done something!

"What did you do?

Let me out!

Or else, I will kill you!"

Buzz...

The spider man's legs began to glow. It was clear that he only wanted to kill Zen now because he was upset.

Yet, Zen just looked around and said with a smile, "It seems that the inner space is still big. It should be smaller..."

The moment he finished speaking, his figure flashed and left the square space.

When he left, the space began to shrink.

This place could become large or small in the first place. After the spider man stayed inside it for so long, he had understood the Infinite Time and Space to a certain degree, and he could also adjust the internal space.

However, he encountered Zen this time.

As the origin-level bloodline, the Infinite Time and Space was originally derived from the ancestry-level bloodline.

The moment Zen touched the square space, he had already analyzed the structure of the Infinite Time and Space, and also grasped the method to control such energy.

As the space continued to shrink, the spider man's fear also increased. "How did you do it? Did you fuse with the Infinite Time and Space? Why? Why?"

He was naturally afraid, and as a result, the energy in his legs erupted. Numerous light pillars with destructive powers swept through the space's inner walls. Yet, the square space remained unmoved, and he couldn't do anything but watch it shrink further.

When the space shrank to about ten feet in length, the spider man felt his body get squeezed.

In turn, he tried his best to curl up and adapt to the increasingly small space.

But when the space shrank to five feet in length, he finally couldn't bear the pressure anymore. Cracking sounds filled the air as his eight legs broke, and his big body was squashed.

"Let's stop here," Zen said coldly.

"Let me out, please..." the spider man managed to croak out a plea for mercy.

His face was squeezed against the space's inner wall, while his eyes and nose pressed into a flat plane.

At that point, the pain he felt was a hundred times greater than before. It was an extremely terrifying torture that even made him wish for death.

However, Zen turned around and left as if he didn't know what happened or hear the spider man's begging. He didn't care about the spider man's situation at all.

After all, the spider man was determined to kill him. If he hadn't gotten lucky enough, he would've been trapped there for the rest of his life.

He had no mercy for such an opponent.

Buzz!

He stepped forward and headed for another space, which was the location of the bloodline called Myriad Birth and Destruction.

Click!

He stood on the ground again. Then a seedling drilled into his feet and spread along his legs.

He didn't struggle or move, and instead allowed the seedling to grow.

When it grew and took shape, he gently stepped back.

A tree that outlined the meridians all over his body took shape.

Technically speaking, the tree should dissipate on its own after he moved away from it.

This time, however, something unexpected happened.

He reached out his hand and gently stroked the tree. The tree then glowed with an emerald light and emitted the aura of vitality.

"It looks like after I fused with the ancestry-level bloodline, I can grasp the origin-level bloodlines quickly," he commented happily. Then, he took another step forward and returned to the second space.

There was an Ouroboros carved on the bronze mountain in the second space. It was the space of the bloodline called Ultimate Cycle.

Among the four origin-level bloodlines, the Infinite Reproduction, the Myriad Birth and Destruction, and the Infinite Time and Space had roughly visible outlines. However, the meaning of the Ultimate Cycle was unknown. Even its form was invisible.

Now that he had the ancestry-level bloodline as his support, Zen became curious and naturally wanted to comprehend it.

In a split second, he stood on the bronze mountain, just at the center of the Ouroboros.

Swoosh...

An invisible wave came from the Ouroboros. Then, the Ouroboros' statue began to move, and it swallowed its tail bit by bit.

Although the snake devoured itself, its tail also continued to grow. Such a process was an infinite cycle.

When the Ouroboros began to rotate, Zen also felt that the ancestry-level bloodline in his body had started to react.

A strange image surrounded him, and a world that developed in endless cycles appeared in front of him.

Everything in that world grew and then died. Soon enough, a new world was born.

"Is this the chaos?

Or is it similar to the chaos?" he asked in confusion.

Just then, several similar worlds appeared in front of him.

Just like the previous world, those worlds were also destroyed and quickly revived, full of life.

Chapter 3884 Conjecture

"There is more than one chaos," Zen uttered in realization.

This picture had just given him a piece of vital information.

Within it, worlds were constantly rebuilt and destroyed and Zen found it best to look at them carefully.

Soon, he was able to find something wrong.

Even with the constant cycle of rebirth, the internal energy of the worlds remained constant though Zen felt the addition of new energy every time they died.

For example, if a world was made up of ten units of energy, upon its death, it would create three more units of energy.

Of course, it did not sound many on paper but when one thought about it, if every world was destroyed with 1/3 more energy, then wasn't it actually terrifying?

As the world died, this added energy would burst out and then also quietly disappear.

This observation made Zen frown.

"Where did this extra energy go?"

Upon further investigation, he was able to discover something.

At the moment of destruction, violent energy fluctuations would burst out and a spurt of strong energy would escape from the bottom as if sucked away by something.

Zen could only make a rough judgment since all he could base his assumptions on was this virtual picture.

However, he had a good source he could ask. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, what do you think is the significance of the chaos?"

Every existence in this world had a purpose.

The chaos was no exception. It was obviously built to serve some kind of purpose.

"Maybe the Instant Civilization built it to expand their influence?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven suggested. He had sensed that Zen already had a conclusion so all he could offer was a baseless suggestion.

"If they wanted to expand their influence, then they could've lived and multiplied within the chaos after they built it. The Element Spirit Civilization would've never risen in power and there wouldn't have been various kinds of ruling civilizations," Zen muttered.

This theory of Zen's had long since been put forwarded by other people but with differing opinions. Some claimed that the Instant Civilization sowed the seeds of civilizations and was so strong that they did not bother asking for anything to return.

A few would say that the chaos was an unexpected world, which was probably why it was constantly rebuilt and destroyed over the ages. All sorts of assumptions were made and floated around as time went on.

However, it was obvious that Zen had just learned something different from the Ultimate Cycle so the Primeval Lord of Heaven saw it fit to hear what he had to say.

"The Instant Civilization or the Four Spirits Sect probably built the chaos to absorb its energy. With this in mind, they had probably built more than one if they wanted to collect a huge amount," Zen continued as he gazed at the picture in the distance.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven couldn't help but frown. "But the energy within the chaos should be constant and non-renewable. The total amount of chaos should remain the same from its conception until this very moment."

Zen shook his head. "I disagree. The energy actually increases by a third when a new chaos is built and loses the same amount when it is destroyed. Only through this can balance be achieved."

Zen's statement made the Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes tremble. He transmitted his words to the other heroes and one of them, the Snake Goddess to be exact, let out a laugh.

A puzzled expression appeared on Zen's face when he heard it. "Why are you laughing, Snake Goddess?"

"Ask the Primeval Lord of Heaven," she replied.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven sighed. "She's the most intelligent person in our human race and also extremely sensitive to energy."

In the past, the Snake Goddess once invented a unique method of measuring the total energy in the chaos.

The primitive land, the various worlds, the chaotic clouds, everything within the chaos was made up of materials and composed of energy.

She used a unique method to calculate the total energy of the chaos and came upon the conclusion that it was constantly increasing.

Her conjecture, however, was dismissed as mere, utter nonsense and many Eternal Realm masters laughed behind her back because of it.

After each round of chaos was destroyed, the Sons of Truth survived in the new one and could directly observe the most original power of the chaos: the Ways-blending Energy.

The Ways-blending Energy of each round was constant, which proved that the Snake Goddess was wrong.

Since the Sons of Truth had a different conclusion, the Snake Goddess herself was confused. According to her measurements at the time, the energy would increase by 1/3 after the end of a chaotic era.

Who would have thought that some of the energy would be siphoned away when a round of chaos ended?

When the Primeval Lord of Heaven finished speaking, Zen was suddenly filled with admiration for her. "You're truly intelligent, Snake Goddess. You were able to come to the same conclusion through measurement. I really admire you!"

The Snake Goddess snorted, "It was a pity that nobody believed me and chose to take the side of those stupid Sons of Truth!"

To her, the Sons of Truth were just lucky to have been chosen by the chaos as the protectors of the next one but in truth, they were weak and only controlled a bit of truth-level theurgies.

"It's all my fault. I'm sorry," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said helplessly.

The Snake Goddess merely ignored him. "If this is the case, then the Instant Civilization wouldn't want to see the completion of the Finale Way."

Once the chaos defeated that needle and completed the Finale Way, its constant cycle of destruction and rebirth would be no more. Extra energy would no longer circulate as the chaos would use it to expand outwards.

"In other words, that needle was arranged by the Instant Civilization," she muttered in finality.

Upon this conclusion, Zen's and the Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes flashed. The truth had given them clarity.

The destroyer was also the creator.

The chaos was constantly built, developed, and destroyed.

This Ultimate Cycle was probably not some kind of theurgy but a method of education engraved in the bloodline that told the descendants of the Instant Civilization how to survive.

"But this is only a conjecture," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

The Snake Goddess chose to remain silent. What he said was true. Though her words were reasonable, she had no concrete evidence to prove it.

"There is a way to prove it," Zen told them with a smile. "So long as we find a world like chaos in the Abstruse Energy World, then we will be able to prove it!"

Chapter 3885 Four Pillars

In the Abstruse Energy World

Some of the light dots froze in place, while some others continued to twirl and dance.

It was surprisingly easy to express and illustrate some complicated things with light dots.

For example, it only required less than forty light dots to construct the shape of a person.

On the other hand, there were some simple shapes that required innumerable light dots to create. For example, a rope was actually built by three to four hundred light dots.

In the beginning, Geoffrey had wanted to record a guide of rules to help Ziya and the other warriors learn faster and adapt to the Abstruse Energy World more easily.

After some lengthy efforts proved unsuccessful, Geoffrey chose to give up.

No matter how omniscient and capable Ziya was, once he entered the Abstruse Energy World, he became as a child, knowing nothing about the workings of that world.

Even though he had such astonishing wisdom, he was now like a three-year-old child trying to figure out the complicated light dots.

Last time, after crossing the grassland, Geoffrey and Ziya had found another world similar in nature to chaos. Ziya had been very interested in it as if he had discovered a new continent. He became even more enthusiastic about the Abstruse Energy World.

Since there was this second world, there must be a third and a fourth one...

There were endless living creatures and clues in these worlds.

After sealing off the Deleting Space, Ziya had urged Geoffrey to continue exploring the Abstruse Energy World.

After bypassing the mountain in the world of poisonous mist, Geoffrey had continued to move forward. A narrow mountain path led upwards, and the terrain in front of him became rugged and difficult, which had caused Geoffrey to hesitate for a moment.

Although Ziya was powerful, it would be difficult to deal with some of the strange creatures in the Abstruse Energy World.

But since he had come so far, Geoffrey didn't want to retreat. He was also fascinated by this strangely familiar world.

After ascending the mountain path with gritted determination, Geoffrey prepared to go up to the mountainside when he suddenly noticed a pair of red eyes not far away, burning in a face like an ape's.

The creature saw Geoffrey in the same instant, and it jumped out of the crevice that ran up the mountainside.

This creature was tall and strong with slender but powerful arms. Gripping a big stick in its hands, it seemed to amble over with ill intentions. More importantly, there was more than one long-armed ape. Soon, more than ten long-armed apes jumped out from the crack in quick succession!

The leading ape with long arms suddenly jumped and swung its big stick at Geoffrey.

In the Abstruse Energy World, even these unintelligent creatures possessed a powerful and brutish strength, at least stronger than Geoffrey!

Noticing that trouble was looming, Geoffrey pulled Ziya behind him to the front and patted him on the shoulder.

In the Abstruse Energy World, Geoffrey hadn't found a good way to communicate with Ziya yet.

The two of them had agreed that if Geoffrey encountered a crisis that he couldn't solve, he would push Ziya ahead and pat him on the right shoulder to indicate he should act!

When Ziya felt Geoffrey's pat, his heart sank. It meant that Geoffrey was in trouble!

In this state, Ziya was as lost as a blind man.

He couldn't use any theurgy, though he still possessed a powerful physical body and formidable strength.

In front of him, a large mass of strange light dots that was quite indistinguishable swarmed over. Ziya simply stretched out his hands and hacked at the mass!

He had practiced this movement countless times before!

Now, finally, it came in handy this time!

The tall and sturdy long-armed ape in the lead didn't take Ziya seriously.

As it swung the wooden stick towards Ziya, a dull thud sounded, but Ziya's body did not move at all, like an iron tower. The ape didn't know that its blow with full strength was as nothing in Ziya's eyes.

Crack!

Ziya's palms lashed out at the ape's shoulders. As the terrifying power was exerted on its body, the ape watched in horror as its bones broke, and its entire body became compressed and ripped to pieces by a huge force...

Geoffrey was also overwhelmed by the sudden destruction of the long-armed ape.

In the Abstruse Energy World, Ziya couldn't tell the strength of his opponent, so he had hit the ape with close to his full power, immediately smashing it to pieces.

The bloody scene shocked the other long-armed apes in front of them. Although they were not evolved life-forms, they were not complete idiots either. The two human beings in front of them were obviously not warriors to trifle with. They produced strange screams and disappeared into the crack in the mountainside.

Having scared off the long-armed apes, Geoffrey pulled Ziya along and followed after them into the crack through the mountainside.

Not long after they entered the dark crack, a large cave appeared in front of them.

Geoffrey's eyes gleamed with anticipation. 'Is this the third world?'

With this in mind, Geoffrey would not retreat. Without hesitation, he entered the cave with Ziya in tow.

The cave was not only very deep, but also massively wide. A large part of it was filled with the long-armed apes. These apes were obviously now terrified of Ziya. When Geoffrey and Ziya passed by, the long-armed apes curled up into a mass of trembling shapes.

Of course, Geoffrey ignored them and went deeper into the cave.

When the long-armed apes watched Geoffrey continue forward, their eyes filled with expectation and pity.

Although their intelligence was only at a bestial level, they knew that they couldn't move deeper into the cave.

All of the long-armed apes that had entered deeper into the cave before had never returned. It was an endless abyss. These two human beings would probably die if they entered!

After they had walked thousands of feet along the cave, the space ahead of them suddenly changed significantly.

The scattered dots of light quickly gathered in one direction, and the two of them quickly rematerialized as human shapes.

"What attacked you just now? Where are we?"

In front of Ziya was another huge space, but compared to the world of poisonous mist, this place was even more desolate, or phrased differently, it was completely void!

Ziya and Geoffrey continued to use the Grand Teleportation technique. But regardless of how much distance they covered, they found no living beings. Not even a soil particle, or a blade of grass existed here. This was a completely empty world!

The two of them tried to enter the Other Shore by way of the Truth of Godly Way, but this didn't work either. The Other Shore didn't exist at all...

"It seems that this world is even worse off," said Ziya with a grim face.

The previous world of poisonous mist had basically been destroyed. The fate of only one world didn't signify anything, but the world they discovered now was in the same situation, and it was completely destroyed. All things had been destroyed here, which meant that there was massive trouble looming. The chaos would probably fall into the same situation in the end.

"Maybe the next world didn't suffer the same fate..." Geoffrey comforted.

"I hope so. Geoffrey, please continue to lead the way," Ziya said with a grim smile. After being in the Deleting Space for so many years, Ziya had perfected the art of indifference, and he was not upset by much.

After the two of them left the empty world, they continued to climb up the mountain path.

After Geoffrey gripped the rope and dragged Ziya to climb over the rugged and endless mountains, he finally saw a strange scene.

Standing in the distance, four huge black pillars had attracted Geoffrey's attention. Everything in the Abstruse Energy World became the size of miniscule insects compared to these four black pillars, hardly worth mentioning.

Everything was small in terms of size compared to these, and the black pillars' aura was also massive in comparison.

Geoffrey couldn't find words for this feeling, but at first sight of the black pillars, he paused in shock.

Chapter 3886 Return To The Scroll Painting

As Geoffrey stood still, gazing into the distance, Ziya was confused. He couldn't tell why Geoffrey remained motionless.

The dots of light changing before him left him feeling suspicious.

In the past, his activities in the Abstruse Energy World were limited to a low-lying area, where he could observe only a few things. Thus, he was unable to distinguish between heaven and earth.

Now, the countless, densely-packed dots before him confused him greatly.

It was completely beyond his comprehension.

Whenever he tried to figure out what those dots of light were, he suddenly felt a splitting headache, as though someone had stabbed him in the head.

Desperate to relieve himself of the pain, he tried to distract himself from the dots of light. Anyway, he knew it was futile to try to understand what they were.

"In the center of the four giant pillars, there seem to be some buildings," Geoffrey pointed out.

Looking far into the distance, he could faintly make out the outline of a huge palace, but it was too far away and hazy.

After staring into the distance for a while, Geoffrey suddenly pulled Ziya, urging him to keep moving forward.

Now that he had discovered something new, Geoffrey had no plans of retreating.

On the way to the four giant pillars, Geoffrey kept Ziya's instructions in mind, cautiously searching the whole way.

Other than the chaos, they had already discovered two other worlds, including the one with poisonous mist. It was possible they'd stumble upon other worlds on their journey.

In fact, after having stayed in the Abstruse Energy World for so long, Geoffrey was under the illusion that these weren't real worlds. Rather, they were large caves or some sort of low-level spaces.

In contrast, everything in the Abstruse Energy World lived in harmony.

Everything contained energy. The energy in the low-level worlds, like the chaos and the world with poisonous mist, seemed to be hidden. For example, stones, water, and herbs all had energy hidden in their bodies, which needed to be activated by various methods.

As for the things in the Abstruse Energy World, they appeared as dots of light. These dots of light seemed to be made of energy, and they seemed to be more intuitive.

Of course, Geoffrey was only theorizing at this point.

After all, he was able to move with ease in the Abstruse Energy World.

But to the creatures in those worlds, the Abstruse Energy World was like a nightmare.

After searching for some time, Geoffrey finally found the fourth world.

This world was soaked in some kind of strange mercury.

Spiritual sense was completely blocked by the mercury, so Ziya couldn't use his spiritual sense to scan the world. Moreover, the mercury also affected the Space Law.

The Grand Teleportation could only transport him over short distances. After a few attempts, it finally dawned on him that the mercury was messing with him.

If he tried to explore this world further, he might've completely lost himself to the mercury. Thus, he decided to return with Geoffrey.

As they explored the mercury world, Geoffrey told Ziya about the four huge pillars and the massive palace he'd seen prior. Immediately, Ziya recalled the densely packed dots of lights he'd seen, and his face lit up in excitement.

To their disappointment, they didn't find anything noteworthy in the three worlds they'd just discovered. This couldn't possibly be a coincidence.

Those worlds must have been destroyed.

But this didn't answer the question as to how the chaos managed to escape this disaster. They figured they'd probably glean some more information from the four huge pillars.

Geoffrey made up his mind. Instead of wasting time exploring those other worlds, he headed straight for the four huge pillars.

Meanwhile, the Ouroboros in the Ultimate Cycle stopped spinning, and the picture in front of Zen also disappeared.

But Zen's mouth still hung open in shock.

It came as quite a surprise to him that the vast chaos turned out to be a mere tool that generated energy.

Once he retreated from the Ultimate Cycle, Zen returned to the first space, where the creatures could multiply infinitely.

As soon as he entered this space, he felt a chill run down his spine.

Simultaneously, a strange and cold voice cut through the cold atmosphere.

"Do you want to stay here..."

A frightened-looking boy stared at Zen, his mouth wide open.

The first time Zen entered this space, this creepy boy had chased after him the whole time.

Although Zen tried to counterattack, the boy continued multiplying, generating more avatars with each second that passed. Zen was left with no choice but to escape.

But now, as Zen stared down this boy, he felt the ancestry-level bloodline surging within his body, like ripples on a lake. The attributes of the ancestry-level bloodline started to change constantly, and several kinds of energy with life and destruction attributes merged together.

"I can stay here," Zen said. As he spoke, he raised his index finger.

Then, a small gray thing appeared on the tip of his finger, like a gray bug.

The boy had been smiling mischievously, his eyes dancing playfully. However, the moment he saw the small gray bug on Zen's finger, his expression fell.

"Waah!"

With a shrill scream, the boy took a step back.

He was the incarnation of the origin-level bloodline named Infinite Reproduction, and the energy of the bug on Zen's finger was completely different from the Infinite Reproduction. It could restrain the boy, so the boy had an instinctive fear of the bug.

Eyes filled with fear, the boy tried to retreat. But Zen only needed to take a few strides to catch up to the boy. As he gently patted the boy on the shoulder, the bug landed on the boy's body with ease.

In the blink of an eye, the boy's body began to swell like a balloon. Fist-sized bubbles dotted his skin, and he began to writhe violently.

Then, he exploded into a pool of blood.

Zen squatted down next to the pool and dipped his hand into it. "The origin-level bloodline named Infinite Reproduction has eleven types of power in the map. If this truly is the origin-level bloodline, then the bloodline I just created must also be regarded as the same."

The small grey bug suddenly emerged from the pool of blood and crawled onto his hand once more. Apparently, Zen created it instinctively.

Then, he turned around abruptly to return to the stone platform of the hexagram array.

He had done this before, so he assumed he just needed to retrace his steps. However, when he stepped onto the stone platform, nothing happened.

Puzzled, he looked down at the stone surface beneath his feet. He sensed that the rules of space and time of the stone platform had changed somewhat.

Buzz!

With a slight nod, he immediately figured out what to do. The ancestry-level bloodline in his body surged again, transforming accordingly to one with space-time attribute.

Then, a stream of energy flowed down his arms, then legs, until it passed from his toes and onto the stone platform. Suddenly, the stone platform lit up, and Zen vanished into thin air.

Chapter 3887 Meeting

The moment Zen disappeared from the stone platform, he felt the ancestry-level bloodline in his body surging once more.

At the same time, he finally understood the composition of energy in the hexagram array.

The first time Zen was teleported in, he didn't feel the power of the space fluctuation.

However, that didn't mean the power didn't exist. It just meant that, at the time, Zen wasn't able to understand it.

Now that the ancestry-level bloodline surged within him, Zen instantly understood the power of space within the hexagram array. In fact, it was not one, but two kinds of power of space that were combined in such a way that they offset each other.

Upon returning to the Eternal Scroll Painting, Zen was once again pressed into a picture. Then, a huge vortex appeared before him.

"There are two more lines here,"

Zen observed as he took a few steps forward.

He had arrived at the very center of the huge vortex of the Eternal Scroll Painting. Since ancient times till the present, Zen was the sole being who had entered this place; who else could've left these two lines here?

Zen walked forward cautiously, wrought with confusion. The instant he stepped between the two thin lines, they shot upwards until the two lines were floating above the huge vortex. Unwittingly, Zen had activated a path that stretched above the vortex, extending into the distance.

Zen broke free from the plane and climbed to the top of the Eternal Scroll Painting. From there, he saw that the path headed straight to the second page of the Eternal Scroll Painting. "That is where the fox girl was," he muttered to himself.

Generally speaking, someone who had obtained a bloodline from the Eternal Scroll Painting would return to the Grand Plain Stage through the vortex.

Now that the Eternal Scroll Painting had been closed, it was impossible for Zen to return to the Other Shore through that normal way. He had no choice but to come up with another solution.

Previously, the fox girl had insisted that he take an origin-level bloodline. If he didn't, she would kill him.

Now that he had managed to obtain the ancestry-level bloodline, he figured the fox girl wouldn't make any attempt to kill him.

Bearing that in mind, Zen relaxed a bit. He continued along the path towards the second page of the Eternal Scroll Painting with ease.

The second Zen stepped foot onto the Eternal Scroll Painting, the brush-wielder sensed his presence and provided the path specifically for him.

"He's back," the smiling face of the brush-wielder said.

The fox girl frowned. "So soon? Did he fail?"

It was definitely not easy to obtain an origin-level bloodline. As a matter of fact, the fox girl had settled into thinking that it'd take Zen decades, or even a century, before he successfully obtained an origin-level bloodline.

She had even gone so far as to entertain the thought that Zen would die there and would never return.

Only a short time had passed since Zen left. Naturally, she was suspicious he had returned unsuccessful.

The brush-wielder continued, "Anyway, I've drawn a path to guide him here."

"Are you going to speak to him face to face?" asked the fox girl, raising an eyebrow.

The brush-wielder was the manager of the passages. He had never personally faced any creature on the Other Shore. Usually, the fox girl handled these sorts of things.

"It doesn't matter anymore," the brush-wielder sighed emotionally. Then the crying face continued, "Many rules have been broken. If we continue to abide by the rules, we might as well draw a circle on the ground to serve as a prison for ourselves!"

With that, the fox girl fell silent.

Over the years, the brush-wielder seldom showed his face to anyone. It seemed he had placed his hopes on Zen.

With ease, Zen continued along the path that was set for him. The moment he stepped onto the second page of the Eternal Scroll Painting, the fox girl and the brush-wielder appeared before him.

Since this was the second time he encountered the fox girl, he greeted her politely. As for her crying companion, Zen didn't have a clue as to who he was. Naturally, he looked at him vigilantly; it seemed this character had something to do with the Eternal Scroll Painting, but Zen was at a loss as to how exactly.

"Zen?" the brush-wielder asked.

Zen nodded cautiously, cupping his hands politely. "May I know who you are?"

Suddenly, the brush-wielder's sullen face beamed happily. It was now a smiling face in front of him. "I am the brush-wielder."

As he spoke, he summoned a huge ink brush in the air.

When Zen's eyes landed on the ink brush, his eyes flashed with understanding. "Are the lines in the Eternal Scroll Painting drawn by you?"

"Yes," The brush-wielder replied. "It can also be said that everything here is created by me."

The Eternal Scroll Painting served as a special passage, thus the brush-wielder served as the master of this special passage.

"I see..."

The light suddenly broke in upon not only Zen but also the human heroes such as the Primeval Lord of Heaven. They were also interested in the constantly emerging lines within the Eternal Scroll Painting. They knew that there should be an invisible existence over the Eternal Scroll Painting, but none of them had ever seen the true appearance of such an existence.

It could be said that they were slightly in awe to be in the presence of the brush-wielder.

"Have you gotten an origin-level bloodline?" the fox girl suddenly cut in.

She was not the type to waste time. Anxious to find out, she decidedly interrupted their conversation.

Zen smiled faintly. "I think I did."

"What do you mean by 'you think'?" the fox girl asked coldly.

"I can't pretend to have obtained one if I haven't, right?" Zen asked, raising a brow mischievously.

"Then show me!" the fox girl demanded impatiently.

The only way Zen could do so was to demonstrate the power of the bloodline he had obtained, which was something he couldn't do in the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Spreading out his hands, Zen said helplessly, "I'm afraid I can't use it in this form."

Although Zen was standing upright in the Eternal Scroll Painting, he was still two-dimensional. This hampered his abilities.

"Then turn into your normal form and let me see," the fox girl ordered.

Impatient, she wanted to expose his lie as soon as possible.

Thus, the two of them entered a room of hexagram array and returned to their normal forms.

The fox girl's flawless fair face exuded a cold aura. "You can prove it now."

Zen studied her expression. It seemed she was willing to kill him on the spot if he failed to prove her wrong.

"First of all, there is something you need to know," Zen said.

"I want to see your bloodline theurgy. Now!"

the fox girl said through gritted teeth, obviously running out of patience with every second that passed. She was under the impression he was stalling for time.

"Behind the four origin-level bloodlines, there is a stronger bloodline, which is called the ancestry-level bloodline," Zen continued with a mischievous smile. "The ancestry-level bloodline in the Eternal Divine Courtyard is the origin of all bloodlines, and the four origin-level bloodlines also originate from the ancestry-level bloodline."

The fox girl remained expressionless. Instead, the killing intent in her eyes intensified tenfold. "One last chance, Zen. Show me your bloodline theurgy right this instant!"

Just as the fox girl was about to attack Zen, the astonished voice of the brush-wielder suddenly came from above, "How do you know the ancestry-level bloodline? And the Eternal Divine Courtyard? Were you able to enter that square?"

Even the fox girl didn't know about the ancestry-level bloodline, nor was she aware of the existence of the Eternal Divine Courtyard. She had been told that there were four origin-level bloodlines at the end of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Zen's words stirred up a storm in the heart of the brush-wielder as he stared at him intently from above.

Chapter 3888 Display Of Abilities

The fox girl looked at Zen with confusion when she heard the panic in the brush-wielder's voice.

She had learned everything she knew about the Eternal Scroll Painting from the brush-wielder. He had said there were only four origin-level bloodlines in the center of the Eternal Scroll Painting and she believed him.

That was why she now thought Zen spoke absolute nonsense.

But the brush-wielder's response perplexed her and filled her with doubt. Perhaps Zen was not lying.

"Yes, I entered it," Zen replied honestly.

Of course, he could have kept this to himself as the fox girl's request only involved an origin-level bloodline and he was able to display an origin-level bloodline theurgy with ease.

But his trip to the Eternal Scroll Painting had raised too many questions for him.

It was obvious that the brush-wielder and the fox girl hoped he would grow stronger.

And he wished to get more information from the brush-wielder, so he was willing to share some of his secrets.

Zen's answer caused the brush-wielder's crying face to tremble suddenly and flip it to a smiling face instead. "Then you have given it a try?" inquired the smiling face.

Obtaining an origin-level bloodline was very difficult and the brush-wielder had high hopes that Zen would be able to do so.

As the ruler of the Eternal Scroll Painting, he not only guarded the passage in the chaos but also controlled the passages in other worlds.

Because of this, he knew better than anyone else how difficult it was to obtain an origin-level bloodline.

The creatures in these worlds were born with defects. If they obtained a root-level bloodline, they would be considered one of the top masters, but if they obtained an origin-level bloodline, they would be able to dominate a world.

As for the ancestry-level bloodline, it was not meant for the creatures of these worlds. It was the foundation of the existence of the Four Spirits Sect and even their talents had great difficulty in getting the opportunity to enter the sacred cup.

As far as the brush-wielder could remember, very few creatures were able to enter the Eternal Divine Courtyard, and even fewer had succeeded in merging with the ancestry-level bloodline.

"I tried," Zen answered.

"Did you succeed?" pressed the brush-wielder, his voice urgent. He didn't seem to be breathing, if he did he would probably do so quite heavily.

Zen stretched his hand towards the fox girl who stood opposite him and a gray aura surged out. It turned into a sharp claw with razor sharp fingertips and grabbed at her.

The fox girl had a keen sense that Zen would not kill her, but when she felt the terrifyingly destructive aura emanating from the sharp claw, her soft face lost all its color and turned pale.

"Da! Da! Da!"

Her snow-white bare feet skipped across the ground as she retreated to the edge of the wall. She was clearly rattled and frightened, with her arms crossed and her chest heaving as she gasped for breath.

Right from the start, she had been aggressive and overbearing. Zen's sudden attack would mean punishment.

He had casually used his bloodline to combine three kinds of energy with the destruction attribute and two kinds with the life attribute. This combination of energy was not all that powerful but it was incredibly intimidating and could cause an extremely powerful spiritual pressure.

"Well... What sort of ability is that?" The brush-wielder was now even more taken aback.

Zen had not displayed just one single ability, but a combination of several.

This meant he had not only merged with the ancestry-level bloodline, but also possessed its multitude of abilities.

Generally speaking, the combination of multiple abilities would only result in four abilities—Infinite Reproduction, Myriad Birth and Destruction, Ultimate Cycle and Infinite Time and Space. These four abilities were separated from the ancestry-level bloodline, meaning they were made up of more than ten kinds of energy from the ancestry-level bloodline, combined in different ways.

However, the origin-level bloodline and the ancestry-level bloodline were not the same thing, so the talents of the Four Spirits Sect still scrambled for the ancestry-level bloodline. Even if they could only obtain one form of energy by merging with it, it would still be much stronger than an origin-level bloodline.

Those who were able to obtain two or more abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline were the most blessed in the Four Spirits Sect. Such people were few and far between, even for them.

Of course, the brush-wielder already understood this.

But when he had witnessed Zen's demonstration of such a strange ability, he had not considered all that. Instead, he wondered which form of energy among the three hundred and seventy-three forms was this powerful.

"It's the combination of the sixth, the seventh and the fifty-seventh kinds of energy from the destruction area and the first and thirty-third kinds of energy from the life area," Zen revealed. He then allowed himself a slight smile when he saw the pale face of the fox girl. "This ability has no name yet. Let's call it 'Energy Intimidation' for now."

The fox girl was still at a loss for words and the brush-wielder fell silent as well.

Zen had really and truly obtained the ancestry-level bloodline.

This alone was far beyond the brush-wielder's expectations. It should have been good news but his sudden, terrifying display of the combination of five abilities left the brush-wielder stunned and speechless.

Even when the Four Spirits Sect was at its peak, only a tiny fraction had obtained multiple abilities.

What was more, Zen seemed to imply that he had created the ability on the fly simply to intimidate the fox girl.

He had merged with more than five abilities, and was able to use them at will.

This was beyond what the brush-wielder understood. He would need some time to come to grips with it all.

Zen noticed the fox girl had been scared silly and now looked uncharacteristically pitiful. He withdrew the sharp gray claw and comforted her, "To be honest, this thing only looks scary. It's not actually all that terrifying."

As he spoke, a green light, made up of three abilities of life attribute, flashed on his fingertip. It surrounded the fox girl in a warm energy. The cold feeling of falling into an icy cave disappeared and was replaced with a bathing of her heart in a spring wind.

"You are able to use the abilities bestowed by the ancestry-level bloodline freely? How many? Twenty, thirty?" asked the brush-wielder, his voice trembling.

The fox girl blinked her big eyes in surprise. The brush-wielder was not himself today. He seemed so agitated.

Zen had just shown the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline. The smile on his face now vanished as he barked angrily, "You required me to obtain an origin-level bloodline and I went beyond what you had expected. If you wish to know how many abilities I have obtained, answer my questions first!"

Too much confusion had accumulated within him.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had once been able to answer most of his questions, and the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had answered the rest.

But it seemed this was always the way it went: the more he knew, the more ignorant he felt.

The way ahead seemed carved out by riddles and the further he walked, the more questions he had.

Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven was unable to explain much of what now took place.

Chapter 3889 Threshold

The brush-wielder didn't experience what Zen had gone through, so he wondered why Zen had asked such a question.

In any case, he now thought even more highly of Zen since the latter had obtained the ancestry-level bloodline.

"Tell me, what do you want to know? I will tell you everything I know," he said.

Zen looked up and asked, "What is the Four Spirits Sect? Are they the founders of the Instant Civilization?"

It seemed that every secret was related to the Instant Civilization, which in turn was closely connected to the Four Spirits Sect. Thus, he wanted to know the connection between them.

"Since you've already been to the Eternal Divine Courtyard, you should've known that it was the four holy spirits who formed the Four Spirits Sect. They are invincible beings in the outer world. They can create everything, as well as destroy everything. They are the creators, and the annihilators as well," said the brush-wielder.

The four holy spirits were human spirit, monkey spirit, snake spirit, and bird spirit. In a broad sense, it was difficult to tell if the Four Spirits Sect was good or evil.

"The Instant Civilization you referred to should be the creator of the chaos. They indeed belong to the Four Spirits Sect, but they are only a small branch," he continued.

As the Four Spirits Sect developed and expanded, they were divided into many factions, and each of them had a clear division of work.

For instance, some of them were pioneers, responsible for exploring new worlds; annihilators, responsible for killing other creatures; others were creators who built secondary worlds and many more.

"The Instant Civilization you've mentioned should be the world builders of the Four Spirits Sect. Among them, human spirits have the largest population," he explained.

In turn, Zen quietly lowered his head and thought deeply. The brush-wielder's answer was quite close to his guess. Then, he asked, "The world builders have built more than one world of chaos, right?"

"Yes," the brush-wielder nodded.

"Did they build those worlds for the sole purpose of obtaining energy?" Zen recalled that it was what he had witnessed in the space of the Ultimate Cycle.

"Yes," the brush-wielder nodded again. "The creatures in secondary worlds are quite weak, but they are in large number. After a new world is created, and once its time is accelerated, lots of extra energy will overflow. The Four Spirits Sect needs such energy for its expansion," he added.

A secondary world could produce astronomical amounts of energy in one whole chaotic era.

The Four Spirits Sect had built dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of such worlds. "Then why should they end those worlds? Isn't it better to let the worlds continue to grow stronger?" Zen asked with a frown.

The pictures in the space of the Ultimate Cycle answered some of his questions, but they didn't quell his doubts.

"There are too many secondary worlds. If they continued to exist, they would eventually threaten the status of the Four Spirits Sect at some point. Furthermore, extracting the energy of a world will only cause violent turmoil. After careful consideration, they concluded that destroying the secondary worlds and building them over again is the best solution," the brush-wielder answered.

Besides, the Four Spirits Sect didn't just enforce their rules on a whim. Everyone regarded that as the best solution after countless years of exploration and experiments!

Aside from the rules, the time span of a chaotic era, the size of the primitive land, and so on were also included. All of those were decided after a long period of attempts and experience.

"You mean they are afraid that the creatures of the secondary worlds will threaten the status of the Four Spirits Sect?" Zen asked. "The creatures of our world can't even understand the space and time in the Abstruse Energy World. How is it possible for us to pose any threat to the Four Spirits Sect?" he said with a wry smile.

Upon hearing those words, the brush-wielder paused for a moment and asked, "Have you ever been to the Abstruse Energy World you mentioned?"

According to what he knew, the Three Purities Stage should be the only exit to the outside of the chaos.

Therefore, Zen couldn't leave the chaos before he entered the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"Yes," Zen admitted honestly. "Is there any other way out of the chaos?" he asked in astonishment.

"Sorry, but I can't tell you about that," Zen said and shrugged.

Zen could tell the brush-wielder everything about the Eternal Divine Courtyard since the brush-wielder himself was the ruler of the Eternal Scroll Painting. However, he wouldn't reveal anything about the fact that he had entered the Abstruse Energy World through the Deleting Space.

The brush-wielder didn't pursue the matter anymore. He just said, "It's true that creatures of the secondary worlds can't survive outside the chaos. However, that doesn't mean that they can't threaten the Four Spirits Sect."

The Four Spirits Sect never united as a whole, and they always had severe internal conflicts.

The world builders initially did not impose restrictions on the first secondary worlds. They allowed those worlds to develop freely, which resulted in the birth of many strange and powerful creatures.

Most of those new creatures joined the Four Spirits Sect, but the others refused to submit. Instead, they connived with the traitors in the Four Spirits Sect, which in turn caused chaos.

After that, the Four Spirits Sect restricted the development of the secondary worlds. In other words, they restarted the secondary worlds, and at the same time, extracted their energy once in a while.

Still, there were many talented creatures born in the secondary worlds. Of course, it would be a big waste even for the Four Spirits Sect if all those creatures got destroyed along with the secondary worlds.

Therefore, the world builders came up with a remedial plan to make up for their loss. They added an Other Shore on top of every secondary world. The Other Shore was like a fishing net that collected the biggest fish for them.

Then, the strongest warriors in the secondary worlds would eventually enter the Eternal Scroll Painting. A few of them might manage to reach the deepest part of the Eternal Scroll Painting then they would step into the Eternal Divine Courtyard, and finally join the Four Spirits Sect.

If all the secondary worlds still operated like normal and the Eternal Divine Courtyard hadn't been abandoned yet, then Zen might have already joined the Four Spirits Sect by now.

However, the Four Spirits Sect had undergone drastic changes, which gave him the chance to obtain the complete ancestry-level bloodline and come back safe and sound.

All those happened by sheer luck.

"So that is the real use of the Other Shore," he muttered.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, the real Snake Goddess, and the rest were all lost in thought. After a while, the Snake Goddess remarked ironically, "Looks like we're too weak to even meet the threshold of the Four Spirits Sect."

All of the Eternal Realm warriors on the Other Shore were powerful enough to dominate a chaotic era. Especially during the chaotic era of the human race, where countless warriors in the Eternal Realm emerged like mushrooms after the rain.

Yet, it still took them a lot of effort to obtain a root-level bloodline, not to mention the origin-level bloodline or even the ancestry-level bloodline in the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

The Snake Goddess, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and Fuxi were all arrogant. After all, they represented the human race, and each of them had dominated a great starry region before.

They rarely encountered someone on par with them in the 77th chaos, or at any other time in over one thousand rounds of chaos.

Despite that, they all felt disheartened upon hearing what the brush-wielder had said. It turned out that although they had reached the Eternal Realm, they still didn't meet the threshold set by the Four Spirits Sect. Naturally, they felt dejected.

Chapter 3890 The Destination Of The Key

Zen was reminded by the Snake Goddess's words.

Then, he asked the brush-wielder, "There is still one thing that I don't understand. According to what you said, the Four Spirits Sect will only recruit those who have entered the Eternal Divine Courtyard. But more than a thousand chaotic eras have passed, and it looks like I'm the only one who entered. Isn't that too high a threshold?"

In the current round of chaos, the only other person who had fused with the strongest bloodline was the Eye Spirit. Yet, even he had failed to reach the last room in the past.

If the Other Shore was surely a mechanism built to select talents for the Four Spirits Sect, it was a bit absurd for it to be so strict.

"The current Four Spirits Sect is no longer what it used to be. You should have known something about that in the Eternal Divine Courtyard," the brush-wielder said.

Zen nodded thoughtfully.

The Eternal Divine Courtyard was known as the main center of the Four Spirits Sect.

If they had abandoned even such an important center, then it wasn't hard to imagine what major crisis the Four Spirits Sect had undergone. He started to wonder if this force still existed.

"I've already answered your question. Now you should tell me how many light columns appeared when you integrated with the ancestry-level bloodline," the brush-wielder said.

After all, that was what the brush-wielder was most concerned about.

"All of them," replied Zen.

"What do you mean?" The brush-wielder was confused at Zen's words for a moment.

"All three hundred and seventy-three kinds. The bloodline map on the square was completely activated. I've fused with the complete ancestry-level bloodline," Zen explained nonchalantly.

The truth was that even he didn't get why he obtained the complete ancestry-level bloodline. He was no less curious and confused than the brush-wielder.

He had discussed the problem with the Primeval Lord of Heaven on his way back to the Eternal Scroll Painting from the Eternal Divine Courtyard. He tried to figure it out, but he didn't find any clues that could lead to the truth.

As for the brush-wielder, he fell silent again after hearing Zen's answer. The fox girl beside him blinked with confusion. She could sense the unusual emotions from the brush-wielder.

"The complete bloodline map... As far as I know, no one in the Four Spirits Sect has ever managed to activate it. They couldn't even activate a complete single quadrant," the brush-wielder murmured.

There were a total of four quadrants on the bloodline map, which included the destruction quadrant, the life quadrant, the creation quadrant and the space-time quadrant. If any of them was fully activated, the result would undoubtedly be an immensely strong bloodline.

However, to initiate even a single quadrant required more than ninety light columns to be activated. Someone in the Four Spirits Sect had used a unique method to achieve this, but not when they were merging with the ancestry-level bloodline.

Therefore, the brush-wielder concluded that it was a nearly impossible task.

Since he also didn't see it for himself, Zen's words sounded absurd to him. "How will you prove that?" he asked further.

In reality, the truth of the matter made no difference to him — but it was something he had never heard of, so he couldn't help but feel curious.

In turn, Zen blinked and thought for a while.

First of all, he couldn't use the complete ancestry-level bloodline at his will.

Second, his control over it wasn't that good ever since he had merged with it. Most of the time, the ancestry-level bloodline only worked automatically to help him.

For example, it could help him identify the composition of all energies, or adjust the kinds of energies he used to restrain those of his opponents.

After thinking for a while, he stretched out his hand. With a surge of the ancestry-level bloodline inside his body, a specific type of energy suddenly appeared in his palm.

That was the first kind of energy in the life quadrant.

Afterward, that energy continually changed. It changed from the first kind to the second, the third, then the fourth.

Meanwhile, the brush-wielder observed the ever-changing energy in Zen's palm for a long while. Finally, he let out a short, wry laugh and said, "No wonder... no wonder you can freely combine the abilities of the bloodline. How did you obtain all the abilities on the map?"

He had once controlled all the passageways to the Eternal Divine Courtyard, so he had seen a lot of talents from different secondary worlds. However, no matter how amazing and extraordinary they were, none of them achieved the same thing as Zen.

Furthermore, even the geniuses of the Four Spirits Sect couldn't do that as well.

It was a miracle that such a thing happened to Zen.

"I don't know," Zen answered earnestly.

Both the brush-wielder and the fox girl were rendered speechless.

They exchanged silent looks and wondered how they should react.

In any case, Zen had greatly exceeded the expectations of the brush-wielder no matter what.

Of course, that boosted his confidence in the future. "Sir, may I leave now?" Zen asked.

He had stayed in the Eternal Scroll Painting for too long, and he didn't want to waste any more time in the place.

"Of course you can," the brush-wielder nodded, "but I have one more thing to tell you."

"Please go ahead," Zen said without much surprise.

During his journey from the Soul City to the Land of Bone Tribulation, then to the Eternal Scroll Painting, he had sensed that things had gone too smoothly for him. It felt like everything had played out in a well-planned way.

Thus, he didn't believe that all of these happened only by sheer luck.

Still, no matter where all of these led him, they helped him grow stronger in the process. Therefore, he decided not to go against it for the time being.

The brush-wielder was one part of the plot.

Since he had passed through the Eternal Scroll Painting, Zen decided to know everything he could from him. "You've got a key in the Soul City, haven't you?" the brush-wielder asked.

"Yes," Zen nodded.

Many people knew that Zen had entered the room at the top of the Soul City, so he couldn't be bothered to hide it.

"After you enter the Three Purities Stage, take the key to the center of the Jade Pure Realm," the brush-wielder said.

"The center of the Jade Pure Realm?" Zen arched an eyebrow in surprise.

"Yes. That's the core area of the Three Purities Stage," the brush-wielder added.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others also seemed astonished at the information.

If the entire Other Shore were to be divided into two parts, the first thirty-two stages would be the first half, and the Three Purities Stage alone would be the other half.

Perhaps the Three Purities Stage wasn't large, but every Other Shore Token that came from it was far more powerful than those in the first thirty-two stages. Naturally, it was more dangerous there as well.

Now, even the Grand Pure Realm was much dangerous, let alone the Supreme Pure Realm.

As for the Jade Pure Realm, very few people, including those from the ruling forces, entered that area throughout all chaotic eras.

Even the Element Spirit Civilization, who was said to have occupied the Three Purities Stage, didn't know much about the Jade Pure Realm.

As for the center of the Jade Pure Realm, it meant the innermost part of the Three Purities Stage.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't know what was inside there, or what kind of danger awaited them in that place.

"What will I find there? Is it a door that needs a key?" Zen asked with a smile. To his surprise, the brush-wielder nodded.

"You're right. It's a door buried in the ground. You have to open it!" he exclaimed.

"What's inside it?" Zen asked curiously. "Someone will answer you after you open it," the brush-wielder replied.

"But I don't have to open it. Maybe it's not necessarily a good thing for me.

So, you have to tell me what's in there," Zen shot back with a smile.

Despite his threat, the brush-wielder did not seem to care at all. Then, he floated up in the air and said in an ethereal voice, "You will go there anyway. This world is the last pure land. You won't just stand by and watch this pure land collapse. Since he has blessed you, you cannot escape this fate..."

Soon enough, the brush-wielder disappeared from his view and left the fox girl behind, who still stared at him in disbelief.

Chapter 3891 Explosion

The fox girl stared up at Zen with a faint smile. "Actually, there is something that you don't need to know so clearly."

Zen scoffed. "Are you willing to just be a chess piece?" he asked her.

The fox girl tutted but there was a trace of envy in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Even so, you're the most important chess piece," she told him.

In fact, not many people were qualified to become chess pieces in the game in the first place.

Zen, however, found no honor in this. "I don't want to be a chess piece," he said. "I want to be the player." "The player," the fox girl repeated with a smile. "Those who played chess and those who watched by the sidelines have all died. There is no player now. Nobody can control you. It's all up to you."

She was able to get the knowledge of the Four Spirits Sect from the brush-wielder.

"The chaos was never the main battlefield but just a lucky survivor of the fiercer wars that occurred outside it. The war within the Four Spirit Sect, however, will ultimately affect the chaos so it must continue in another way. You are the key figure on one side of this war," she explained.

Zen had an idea which side it was. "The side of the Finale Way?"

She nodded in confirmation. "Yes."

Of course, even if she didn't tell Zen, he and the Primeval Lord of Heaven would be able to reach the same conclusion through deduction.

However, there was one more thing Zen wanted to know. "Who is the leader of the opposite side?"

The fox girl merely shrugged. "I have no idea. The brush-wielder has hidden this information for his reasons. Don't think about it too much. Anyway, I'll be sending you out..."

As they followed the path drawn by the brush-wielder, the fox girl and Zen eventually returned to the edge of the third page. Since the Eternal Scroll Painting had already closed, it meant that this passageway was now closed.

However, since everything here was controlled by the brush-wielder, it wasn't too difficult for him to open up a temporary exit.

Since the closing of the Eternal Scroll Painting, the entire Grand Plain Stage had returned to its former peace though the aura of killing intent was heavy in the air.

A piece of news floated about: the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race were finally able to grasp the method of descent and were now able to transfer the battlefield to the chaos.

Buzz!

Whoosh!

A light column fell from the first volume of the Eternal Scroll Painting that floated in the air, and smashed onto the bronze ground of the Grand Plain Stage, where the Three Purities Stones were situated.

It was only a flash of light but it attracted attention just the same. Many Other Shore creatures quickly gathered around the area to check what exactly was going on.

As he moved his body around, Zen felt a sort of connection. When he looked back at his statues on the Three Purities Stone, he felt that he was connected to them by blood.

Through the anchor bodies, Zen was able to connect to the power from the Abstruse Energy World.

While Zen crawled out of the bronze ground, he found a few creatures scattered about, their eyes wide with shock as they looked at him.

"It's that human!"

"He's not dead! Does this mean that he also reached the Eternal Realm?"

"I have to go back and report this!"

Before the Eternal Scroll Painting opened, Zen managed to leave a deep impression onto the Other Shore races in the Grand Plain Stage. Even those who were on the neutral side began to attach great importance to him.

A few of the creatures intended to report this matter to their respective leaders right away while a couple of them decided to approach Zen first and ask him what happened.

However, Zen had no time to answer their inquiries. He was too worried about the Oneness Sky Palace, so without any pause, he began to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune.

From above, a lightning dragon appeared and nose-dived to the ground before it disappeared without a trace. Soon enough, the land within a ten thousand-mile radius from where it disappeared turned a charred black.

Boom!

Terrifying lighting broke through the earth as huge rocks and mountains were thrown into the air along with the Snake Goddess and Fuxi.

The two of them looked very miserable. The Grandmaster of Heaven was one of the biggest crises they'd ever met.

Whoosh!

A mountain soared past them under the force of lighting and blocked the Snake Goddess and Fuxi.

Fuxi circled his hands and the Eight Diagrams disk rotated above his head.

"Help me!" he shouted desperately. The Snake Goddess nodded.

"Okay!"

She sat cross-legged in midair and a shadow that mirrored the same gesture appeared behind her.

Energy beams emanated from her and turned into thin needles that stabbed towards Fuxi.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Once the needles pierced into Fuxi's body, the shadow of Snake Goddess quickly deflated.

Buzz!

A flash of red light glinted in Fuxi's eyes and the Eight Diagrams disk above him rotated at an impossibly fast rate.

Suddenly, Fuxi's aura began to increase dramatically!

The Snake Goddess's face also flashed with a fierce expression as the power of her bloodline also served and replenished her shadow's energy.

This secret technique served to enhance Fuxi's strength.

Drawing out the power of her bloodline would cause great damage to her but it was worth it if it meant that they would get out of this alive.

Her face paled and aged in a manner of seconds while her eyes, which used to be filled with wisdom, also dimmed.

Boom!

As the purple lightning split the mountain, the Grandmaster of Heaven reappeared.

He gave them a sinister smile. "You should be proud for having resisted this long, however, this is your last..."

Before he could finish his words, a mark of Eight Diagrams appeared on his body.

This mark was surrounded by a circle of ominous, blood-red light.

Boom!

Fuxi bid his time and now, the power of his palm had increased several times especially with the Snake Goddess's help.

The Grandmaster of Heaven's body flew away upon contact with Fuxi's overpowered palm.

Of course, Fuxi knew one strike wasn't going to defeat him. "Again!"

He and the Snake Goddess quickly teleported and reappeared above the Grandmaster of Heaven's body.

Buzz!

Another blood-red mark of Eight Diagrams appeared on his body. In such a passive position, the Grandmaster of Heaven reflexively raised Zen's body on his shoulder.

The mark of Eight Diagrams was then transferred to Zen's body.

Just as Fuxi was about to deal his attack, he stopped upon seeing the mark on Zen's body. The Snake Goddess behind him frowned at the sight of this.

Had Zen's body undergone a new change? How did this happen?

Zen's body had previously been a black hole that sucked in any sort of energy laid on him. Since the mark of Eight Diagrams was also a type of energy, it should've been absorbed by him.

How did it end up imprinted on his body? Could he no longer absorb energy?

A trace of confusion also appeared in the Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes.

He had personally come for Zen and he wouldn't want to see him die in Fuxi's hands.

As he thought about it for a while, the Grandmaster of Heaven decided to throw Zen into his Fishing Drum where he had also previously thrown the Chaos Ancient God named Othniel.

This Fishing Drum was a spatial treasure filled with the power of space and Zen should have been able to absorb the power within it due to his special body.

However, since he had lost this ability now, he would naturally be absorbed into the Fishing Drum.

Chapter 3892 Break

Being tricked and trapped in the Fishing Drum by the Grandmaster of Heaven filled Othniel with hatred and anger.

In a rage, he activated his bloodline power in an attempt to break free from the Heart-piercing Lock.

He was the master of the truth after all!

Was this guy so powerful that he could defy even the truth?

Othniel was unconvinced; he didn't believe such a ridiculous freak existed in the chaos.

He had been trapped for some time when something flashed in the distance and another figure flew in. It was Zen.

He appeared to still be unconscious, floating aimlessly in the space.

Othniel sighed helplessly as he looked on at this new trophy of the Grandmaster of Heaven. Even with no Chaos Ancient God to support them, the Nihility race had still come out of this battle totally victorious.

As Othniel was growing more and more upset, Zen suddenly opened his eyes.

Zen's real body was still in the Oneness Sky Palace when he entered the Eternal Scroll Painting from the Grand Plain Stage. He had his concerns for the Oneness Sky Palace but assumed not too much could happen in a short period of time.

However, he opened his eyes to find that he was not in the Flow Sword Sect, but in some strange space.

If circumstances were normal, the people of the Oneness Sky Palace would not move him.

If they were left with no choice but to move him, they must have suffered something catastrophic.

These thoughts began racing through his mind when he felt there was someone behind him. He turned around and saw Othniel.

"Mount?" Zen queried, raising his eyebrows.

The Othniel in front of him was in human form and looked exactly the same as the Mount he had encountered before. Naturally, at a glance, Zen recognized him as Mount.

"No, you're not Mount. You're much stronger. You are the Chaos Ancient God Othniel!"

This person before him had an aura incomprehensibly stronger than Mount's. It was impossible for him to have improved his strength to such a level, no matter how fast he worked. Zen knew the relationship between Mount and Othniel very well and so quickly surmised that this was in fact Othniel in front of him.

"So what?" snorted Othniel.

He treated Zen as simply the loot of the Grandmaster of Heaven. They were trapped here with no possibility of getting out and so he reacted unpleasantly in his unhappiness.

"Where are we? Why am I here with you?" Zen asked curiously.

Othniel glanced over at him with a hint of pity in his eyes. It seemed as though Zen still didn't understand the situation he was in.

"This is a space treasure," said Othniel flatly, "the space treasure of the Grandmaster of Heaven to be exact. He's trapped you here!"

"The space treasure of the Grandmaster of Heaven?" Zen's face changed and his voice trembled slightly with nervousness. "The Grandmaster of Heaven! He's descended to the chaos?"

Zen knew Fuxi had handed the golden red Chaotic Source Spirits over to the Black Ship, but would the Grandmaster of Heaven really descend to the chaos so soon? "Did he land at the Bloom Divine Province?"

This change in Zen brought joy to Othniel's heart. He then couldn't help himself and blurted out, "Bloom Divine Province? The Oneness Sky Palace is gone. How could he possibly have landed on the Bloom Divine Province!"

"The Oneness Sky Palace is gone?" Zen's face darkened and his voice seemed distant, lost in his thoughts.

"My guess is that anyone left from the Oneness Sky Palace is dead. I wonder whether the two old fellows: Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, have died. You know what, they're probably dead too..." Othniel said mockingly.

Zen burned with anger at these words.

He hadn't expected such a horror to befall the Oneness Sky Palace once he entered the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"Anger is useless. Even I can't break free from the Heart-piercing Lock and all you can do is stay here and do nothing," Othniel remarked as he stretched his hand out and pulled at the chain at his chest which sealed the space truth.

"Heart-piercing Lock?" Zen looked down at himself and said, "I don't have any chains on me."

"What?" Othniel exclaimed perplexed.

He then realized Zen had been unconscious and so the Grandmaster of Heaven probably didn't think about it too much when he threw him into the Fishing Drum. Zen was not trapped by the Heart-piercing Lock.

But...

As fast as this little glimmer of hope appeared, it disappeared just as quickly.

The Fishing Drum itself was also an extremely powerful space treasure. Even if he was in his best condition, it would still require some great theurgies to break it. This was impossible for Zen with his current strength.

He might be able to break the Heart-piercing Lock for him, but the lock was under the Grandmaster of Heaven's control. The slightest movement would alert him so that wouldn't work either.

Both Othniel and Zen observed each other closely.

Zen saw the subtle changes in Othniel at this news; he could see how eager he was to escape this place!

He thought it through and asked, "Does the Grandmaster of Heaven carry this Fishing Drum on him?"

"I think so," answered Othniel.

"If I help you get out, can you take care of the Grandmaster of Heaven?" Zen asked, serious and hopeful.

Othniel and the Grandmaster of Heaven were enemies too. Since he had trapped Othniel, it must mean they were against each other.

"You? Get me out? I think you've underestimated this place," Othniel said with a cheeky smile. He believed it impossible for Zen to pull it off. But his eyes festered with hatred and he said, "But if I do get out, I'll tear that guy to pieces, no doubt!"

"Underestimated?"

Zen then unfurled a finger and waved it gently and a hint of space fluctuation spread from his fingertip.

Othniel rolled his eyes when he felt it.

As the Son of Truth in charge of the entire space in the chaos, anyone using the space theurgy in front of him was but a jester juggling before a king.

This human brat knew who he was and still dared attempt this. He was too full of himself.

"Don't waste your energy. You can't break the Fishing Drum," Othniel said disdainfully.

But then, a ripple appeared in this strange space inside the Fishing Drum. The entire space sank in towards Zen's fingertip and then spread out in all directions.

"What?"

Othniel's eyes widened in disbelief.

Ordinary beings would not have been able to understand what he had done, but Othniel was so sensitive to space that he immediately understood that he had changed the state of the space within the Fishing Drum in an instant!

He was actually capable of controlling a top space treasure quickly and effortlessly.

This was not something a human should be able to do!

Even he could only break the Fishing Drum by force. Controlling the space treasure from the inner space would take ages!

"Now do you believe that I can get you out?" Zen asked solemnly. "I can help you remove those chains as well, but you have to help me deal with the Grandmaster of Heaven once you're out."

"You can break the Heart-piercing Lock too?"

Othniel was still in shock, and truthfully, a little confused by all this.

Although he still did not believe it, this time he was not so highly skeptical as he was before.

"It'll be easy."

With a blank face, Zen approached Othniel. The ancestry-level bloodline in his body began to surge and the three chains disintegrated at his fingertip.

Chapter 3893 Trap Everyone

Othniel stared at Zen in horror, as if he was looking straight at a monster.

He was practically speechless.

It was only then that he finally realized why Yellow Thearch was so eager to take Zen away and why the Element Spirit race was so determined to get him.

Othniel swallowed thickly as he muttered a question to this horrifying freak in front of him. "How did you make it?"

Zen shot him an indifferent glance. "Why should I tell you? You can go out now."

Although he had fused with the ancestry-level bloodline, Zen's use of the blood was still limited in the usage of the inter-restriction properties between energies.

If worse came to worst and he had to fight head-on with beings like Othniel and Grandmaster of Heaven then he might not be able to make it.

Since he did not know much about what was happening outside, he needed to use Othniel's power.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was too busy fighting with the Snake Goddess and Fuxi that he didn't notice Zen sneakily changing the state of space in the Fishing Drum.

This change of space cut off the connection between the Grandmaster of Heaven and the space treasure.

However, the Heart-piercing Lock was a real thing connected to the Grandmaster of Heaven and the moment Zen broke the chains, the former's expression changed.

Fuxi took his opponent's distraction to his advantage and placed another mark of Eight Diagrams on the Grandmaster of Heaven's body.

Boom! Being hit by Fuxi's strike, the Grandmaster of Heaven was sent flying away. Despite the slight elevation in terms of advantage, both Fuxi and Snake Goddess felt a bit strange.

This was a life and death battle that even a powerful warrior like the Grandmaster of Heaven had to go all out with his attacks. That momentary distraction was unlike him. Did he, perhaps, encounter some sort of trouble?

No matter what sort of trouble it was, the fact remained that they were currently embroiled in a battle to the death so Fuxi and the Snake Goddess showed no mercy. Their bodies flashed as they chased after the Grandmaster of Heaven.

With no time to deal with his oncoming opponents, the Grandmaster of Heaven quickly flew backward in retreat.

He had been able to trap Othniel into the Fishing Drum effortlessly because he caught Othniel off guard. If Othniel really managed to escape, that would be the biggest trouble.

Since Othniel was still in the Fishing Drum, the Grandmaster of Heaven figured that it would take him a long time to completely break out which meant that he still had a chance to stop him.

"Whoosh!"

However, when the Grandmaster of Heaven was sent flying backwards, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess remained relentless in their pursuit.

"Damn it!" the Grandmaster of Heaven cursed.

Soon enough, he flipped his hands and the Six Soul Flags flew in the air. .

At his command, the Six Soul Flags moved on their own and emanated a cold aura that caused the temperature within a hundred-mile radius to drop significantly.

Refined with six powerful ghosts, the Six Soul Flags were formidable, and these ghosts could be considered the weapon spirits of the Six Soul Flags.

From within the flags, six black ghosts sporting a single horn on their heads rushed out and let out chilling howls.

Usually, these ghosts were the Grandmaster of Heaven's trump card and there was no way he'd use them on a regular fight. However, he was faced with no other choice if he had to deal with Othniel.

These ghosts would be enough to stop Fuxi and the Snake Goddess for him. Soon enough, the ghosts all collectively headed straight towards Fuxi!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

At the approach of these ghosts, Fuxi simply held out his hand and branded all of them with marks of Eight Diagrams.

There were six, successive explosive sounds as the ghosts were blown away. They were not destroyed entirely but the Six Soul Flags still suffered heavy damages from Fuxi's attack.

The horrifying pained cries of the ghosts made the Grandmaster of Heaven even more distressed. He had to move fast since his trump card might not be enough to deter his opponents. He quickly raised the Fishing Drum and intended to use the power of space to bind Othniel.

However, the moment he grabbed it, his whole body froze.

The space treasure that had accompanied him for countless years was disconnected from him!

Even the lock that bound Othniel had come undone. Could he have broken his Fishing Drum in such a short period of time? That was impossible!

There was no way he could believe it.

Just as he was about to forcefully take control of the Fishing Drum, he heard a light sound coming from the Fishing Drum.

An invisible space fluctuation softly spread out along with the light dongs.

"Dong, dong! Dong, dong, dong!"

Soon the Fishing Drum emitted a series of rhythmic sounds.

Each soft bang was accompanied by the space fluctuation and even attracted Fuxi's and the Snake Goddess's attentions.

"Dong-dong-dong! Dong-dong!"

The Grandmaster of Heaven could only stare at the Fishing Drum with a frown. He was astounded inside.

There were nine rhythms that the Fishing Drum could produce.

The one he was hearing now belonged to the eighth rhythm, which meant that the Fishing Drum was about to release the creatures he had trapped inside!

What the hell?! How was that possible?

The only one who was able to do that was him and him alone!

Was it possible that Othniel grasped the method due to his understanding of space truth?

"Buzz..."

Faced with the inevitable, the Grandmaster of Heaven could only watch as Othniel effortlessly came out of the Fishing Drum.

There was a shared look of unusual shock on both their faces as they looked at each other.

Othniel was shocked at Zen's ability. The Grandmaster of Heaven was understandably shocked that Othniel was able to come out.

'What is the matter with Othniel's expression?

Why is he confused?

Didn't he come out by himself?'

Just as the Grandmaster of Heaven began to think that there might actually be more to this situation, the Fishing Drum began to beat once again.

"Dong-dong-dong! Dong-dong!"

It was still the eighth rhythm that signaled the release of a creature trapped within.

Soon enough, another person emerged from the drum. It was none other than Zen!

The sight of the young man instantly cleared things up for the Grandmaster of Heaven. Zen had woken up!

So that meant the one who released Othniel was Zen?

Of course, this conclusion only led to more confusion. How in the world was this young man able to unlock the Heart-piercing Lock and take control of the Fishing Drum?

"Zen?"

"He woke up?"

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess, who stood by the side, were just as equally shocked.

If Zen was awake then that meant he left the Eternal Scroll Painting and managed to obtain a bloodline. He was now a warrior at the Eternal Realm!

However, it would be difficult for him to unleash his newly obtained bloodline since he just reached the Eternal Realm. There was still no way he'd be able to contend with the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Also, there was the matter of his and Othniel's emergence from the Fishing Drum. How in the world were they able to do that?

"I've helped you out, and now you have to hold up your side of the bargain," Zen told Othniel meaningfully.

His words made Fuxi and the Snake Goddess look at each other in shock.

Othniel was released by Zen?

How?! What had happened to Zen?

Othniel simply gave Zen a smile. "Of course! I'll make my move but none of you can leave."

As soon as he finished speaking, the fluctuation of space truth began to gush out from his body in waves.

The bloodline theurgies of Chaos Ancient Gods were terrifying when they burst out. The only reason Othniel was imprisoned was because he had been caught off guard. It did not have anything to do with skill or power but pure, dumb luck on the Grandmaster of Heaven's part. That was why Othniel was resentful at his capture.

Now that Othniel was free, there was no way he was going to repeat his mistake.

He was determined to kill the Grandmaster of Heaven and afterwards, capture Zen!

"Buzz!"

A huge, triangular pyramid appeared, spanning ten thousand miles. It was so big and stable that it formed a world on its own.

Othniel had pushed the space truth to the limit. This theurgy had exceedingly surpassed the Grandmaster of Heaven's Fishing Drum and made one thing clear: Othniel was not going to let anyone go!

Chapter 3894 Restrain Everything

At that moment, a burst of blue light shone from a side of the large triangular pyramid.

Upon closer inspection, it appeared that some obscure words formed tiny dots of light.

When the blue light lit up, so did the orange light on the second side of the triangular pyramid, then the purple light on the third side, and the grey light under everyone's feet.

Fuxi looked up at the triangular pyramid and frowned.

The six Chaos Ancient Gods were undoubtedly strong, and they possessed extraordinary power of the truth-level theurgy, which relied on the chaos.

Othniel gently raised his hand, and the four light rays quickly disappeared.

Then, the blue light flashed again, and the space fluctuation immediately surrounded the triangular pyramid. In turn, the Grandmaster of Heaven, Zen, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess all fell.

It turned out that the space rule in the triangular pyramid had changed. Since the rule that they adapted to wasn't applicable anymore, they could not stay in the air.

However, they were aware of the space rule. As soon as the blue light flashed, they sensed that something was wrong. Therefore, they quickly adapted to the new space rule.

Among them, the Snake Goddess was the fastest to adapt. After she fell for more than one hundred feet, she abruptly stopped mid-air.

Meanwhile, Fuxi and the Grandmaster of Heaven managed to stop and float in the air almost simultaneously.

The slowest one was Zen.

The blood in his body flowed around when the space rule had changed. Moreover, he understood the essence of the triangular pyramid through the ancestry-level bloodline.

He had obtained the method to break the triangular pyramid, but he still needed to adapt to the rule by himself.

That was why he fell for over a thousand feet before he barely adapted to it.

Othniel sneered when he saw that everyone had steadied themselves in just a short period. Then, the blue light dimmed, and the orange light flashed.

The rule changed again!

Everyone fell again, and they began to adapt to the new rule once more.

But just as they had adapted to it, the orange light faded, and the purple light glowed.

Othniel had set up a total of four space rules. Those sets of rules weren't that different from each other, but they could switch quickly.

To put it simply, when the lights on the four sides of the triangular pyramid switched, the rules regularly changed.

Even the Snake Goddess now found it hard to adapt to them. She had just adapted to the first rule, but in the next moment, she had to change for the second rule. Before she could fully adjust to the second one, she had to face the third rule!

Buzz! Buzz!

The large triangular pyramid shone with four kinds of light. Zen, the Grandmaster of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and Fuxi finally fell hard to the bottom of the space.

Meanwhile, the rules in the space were gone.

At the same time, Othniel's body changed, and rapidly expanded, until he turned into a massive one-eyed monster.

The Grandmaster of Heaven looked gravely at the one-eyed monster. After all, he had no choice but to fight a Chaos Ancient God who was in peak form, while his space theurgy was lacking.

"Whoosh!"

At that point, he also grew into a giant with a height of millions of feet.

Since Othniel revealed his real body, then the Grandmaster of Heaven also activated the Wild God Body!

The two gigantic creatures unleashed bursts of energy, which filled every corner of the space as if it was real. "It is better if the two of them get injured!" Fuxi yelled as he looked up at them.

"It doesn't matter if they are injured or not. The most important thing is that we should leave, Master Fuxi!" a loud voice exclaimed behind him.

Fuxi turned around and saw Zen. He shook his head and said, "Leave? It might not be that easy to open this space!"

He stood at the bottom of the triangular pyramid on his tiptoes. It wasn't easy to destroy such a tough space imprisonment.

Zen was still too young, and his idea was too simple. "Zen, do you have a way to take us out?" the Snake Goddess slowly said as she stared at Zen.

Based on Zen's tone, it seemed that he had controlled the Fishing Drum to release Othniel. Furthermore, Othniel could not resist at all because the Heart-piercing Lock had restrained him. It was likely that Zen had broken the Heart-piercing Lock.

The Snake Goddess didn't know how Zen had such an incredible ability, but that was most likely related to the bloodline he had obtained. But what kind of bloodline could be so unbelievable?

"What kind of way can he have?" Fuxi shrugged.

Zen glanced at Fuxi, squatted down, and gently scratched the ground with his finger. A circular mark appeared on the transparent ground.

Clap!

He pushed the mark hard, and then a round hole appeared.

"What the hell is this method?" Fuxi's eyes widened.

The Snake Goddess covered her mouth in shock, and smiled. She walked towards the round hole.

No matter what kind of method it was, they should leave first.

The three of them entered the hole, turned into three beams of light, and rushed into the space channel.

On the other hand, Othniel and the Grandmaster of Heaven were still in battle inside the triangular pyramid. The triangular pyramid completely isolated both their auras and voices.

The Grandmaster of Heaven attacked in a slightly passive way since he still couldn't use the Space Law. However, he was still stronger than Othniel. The two of them fiercely kept fighting each other.

Othniel had sensed that Zen penetrated the triangular pyramid he had released, but he had no time to care about that because he currently focused on his battle against the Grandmaster of Heaven. Thus, he had no choice but to let Zen run away.

In the space channel, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and Zen all flew at high speed.

Although they were still in danger, Fuxi couldn't wait to ask, "How did you do it? You shouldn't be able to suppress or control both the Fishing Drum and the Grandmaster of Heaven."

When Zen casually drew a circular mark just now, it looked simple, but Fuxi felt the unique energy from it. That energy was also a kind of space power, but it was very different from Othniel's.

Othniel's space power came from the truth. And what kind of power did Zen use?

The opposite truth?

He felt amused by his guess, but that was his intuition.

On the contrary, the Snake Goddess attentively listened as she didn't have any baseless speculations.

Since Zen had entered the deepest part of the Eternal Scroll Painting and successfully came back, he must've obtained a unique bloodline power, and at least it was stronger than that of the Eye Spirit.

"I can find a way to restrain the opponents in a short period of time," Zen said.

Fuxi narrowed his eyes and gently waved his hand at Zen. The mark of the Eight Diagrams appeared on his body. "Is there any way to restrain it?"

He had never heard of a theurgy that could restrain the Grandmaster of Heaven and Othniel in a short period, so of course, he wanted to verify it in person.

In turn, Zen got up and dusted his body. The mark of the Eight Diagrams just fell off him like dust.

When Fuxi saw what happened, the corners of his eyes twitched.

Chapter 3895 Encounter

'This guy is really...'

Fuxi sighed silently with profound resignation.

Initially, while he was at the bottom of the chaos, he was honestly not convinced that Gerald had chosen Zen. However, now it seemed that Gerald had a foresight.

He then realized that Zen was indeed the person that they could rely on, and was also the most suitable person to complete the Finale Way in this round of chaos.

The news that Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven fought for Zen in the Grand Plain Stage had been spread to the Pear Hill. The two top masters on the Other Shore might have already expected this.

Even so, Zen's magical bloodline was still beyond everyone's expectations.

While Fuxi was lost in thought, the Snake Goddess's eyes flashed. "Eh?"

In that moment, she sensed a strong space fluctuation in the distance. She felt as though the fluctuation contained a familiar aura and full vitality.

She then gracefully stretched out two fingers. From there, two strands of crimson energy rubbed against each other and produced a violent reaction. At the same time, the formed energy let out a sharp scream, which could be transmitted far away in the space channel.

The fluctuation in the distance suddenly stopped and swiftly approached the Snake Goddess.

Soon, an unexpected visitor appeared in the space channel. It was the Chaos Ancient God, Gerald.

Previously, he was trapped by the strange black fire released by the Grandmaster of Heaven. The black fire could hardly be put out, so it took a lot of time for him to completely extinguish it.

After successfully putting out the black fire, he hurriedly dashed forward to catch up.

However, after the fierce battle between the Grandmaster of Heaven and Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, the group had already been far away from him. Gerald continued to travel through several large provinces and unexpectedly met the Snake Goddess and the other two here.

"Are you all right?"

After taking a look at the Snake Goddess and Fuxi, he turned to look at Zen. He was most concerned about Zen. The sincerity was reflected in his tone as he spoke.

"Yeah," the Snake Goddess replied. "While the Grandmaster of Heaven was fighting with Othniel, we took the opportunity to escape."

"What happened?" Gerald asked worriedly. What he just heard had him stunned.

The Snake Goddess then told Gerald about the fact that Zen had released Othniel. The latter was so shocked upon hearing this revelation that he could not help but let out several cries in disbelief.

"However, we can't stay here for too long. If the two of them figure it out, I'm afraid they will stop fighting and start to head out for us," Gerald said quietly.

In fact, the Grandmaster of Heaven, Othniel, and Claire fought for the same reason. They all wanted to kill each other and get Zen.

All they wanted starting from the very beginning was Zen.

The fight between the Grandmaster of Heaven and Othniel was meaningless other than for the purpose of getting revenge.

"You're right. We can't stay here for too long," the Snake Goddess said with a nod.

"Come on."

Just as he spoke, Gerald grew to several times bigger than before, like a massive ship floating in front of the three people.

The three skillfully jumped onto Gerald's back, and Gerald sped along the space channel at high speed.

Although Gerald was not like Othniel who could control the space truth, he was better than the Snake Goddess and Fuxi in terms of speed.

Standing on Gerald's back, Fuxi sighed. Gerald had always been arrogant, but now surprisingly, he was willing to carry them on his back, all thanks to Zen.

Swoosh! The air let out a sound as they dashed swiftly.

They headed west for the Pear Hill.

After passing two provinces in a row, they were finally able to enter the Victory Province, through which they would arrive in the Pear Hill.

As soon as they entered the Victory Province, they saw a golden light flash by the mountain range in the distance. Then, a bolt of golden lightning as thick as a bucket swept upward.

Suddenly, a powerful sound shook the whole area. Boom! The sound echoed and shook the ground slightly.

It was obvious that some people were fighting in the mountain, creating the booming sound.

They might be at the Holy Soul Realm at least.

Zen heard from the Snake Goddess that after the flying ships of the Oneness Sky Palace were broken, the elites of the palace could not do anything but walk towards the Pear Hill.

It was very likely that the people who were fighting were from the palace.

"I'll go and have a look,"

Zen said before leaping towards the sound's direction. In a flash, Zen's figure was up in the air and reached the top of the mountain.

A huge crack, as deep as a hundred thousand feet, was formed in the middle of the mountain.

At the bottom of the crack, Flamine carried the red crystal which contained Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Her black hair was disheveled and her clothes were dirty and ripped. She was no longer as elegant and dignified as before.

Beside her stood Athemar, Goran and Pearce, each holding a sharp and glimmering sword.

Zen was gone. For now, their top priority was to send Eastern Emperor Taiyi to the Pear Hill.

Finally, they had already arrived in the Victory Province. They were exhausted and catching their breath. They had never expected that they would be hunted down by the Bearing race on the way.

Above the crack stood the Five-element Emissaries of the Bearing race.

During the fierce battle just now, two of the Five-element Emissaries were injured by Pearce. Because of this, they didn't dare to attack by force for the time being. Instead, they continued to display their theurgies above the crack.

The golden lightning that appeared earlier was the Golden Toad Lightning released by the Metal Emissary.

After releasing the Golden Toad Lightning, the Metal Emissary spoke in a sharp voice, "No matter what, you're all dead. Why don't you hand over Eastern Emperor Taiyi? If you do so, we can still let you go."

This time, the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the New Moon race all came out, and they had suffered a great defeat.

The Divine Farmer fled with the Yellow Thearch's broken body, and the remaining members scattered in different directions.

The Five-element Emissaries were the elites of the Bearing race, and their status was only second to that of the Yellow Thearch. It was difficult for them to accept such a crushing defeat, but as they were unable to join the battle for Zen, they then just aimed their attacks at Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin.

They were divided into two groups. The Holy Soul Realm masters of the New Moon race and the Divine Farmer race were responsible for chasing after Yasamin, while the Five-element Emissaries were responsible for chasing after Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

They chased desperately all the way and finally caught up with Pearce and his group in the Victory Province.

As they joined hands with each other, their strength doubled and they were able to block the way of Pearce and the others below. If it weren't for the fact that they were afraid of the mysterious swordsmanship theurgies of Pearce and Goran, they would have already killed them.

Standing behind Flamine, Elvinia looked up at the five people in the sky. She was frowning and was confused. She didn't expect the situation to change so fast.

The day Zen was trapped in the Eternal Scroll Painting, all the people of the Oneness Sky Palace began to flee, but they were still unable to escape this chaos.

If Eastern Emperor Taiyi died, the Oneness Sky Palace would completely disappear in the Source World.

Thinking of this, Elvinia couldn't fathom what was happening. It was as if she were dreaming.

"Let us go? Huh. Do you think I'm a fool?" Pearce's cold voice floated up along the crack. He scoffed as he finished his sentence.

He had decided to fight until his last breath. There was no uncertainty in his tone or his expression.

Besides, even if he retreated, he would surely die. It was then better to take this opportunity and fight head on.

"Ha-ha! If you keep wasting time like this, you won't be able to escape death in the end. Why don't you just do as I say?"

Realizing that they wouldn't surrender, the Metal Emissary laughed wildly. Then, another Golden Toad Lightning as thick as a bucket smashed down powerfully.

Boom! Boom! Explosive sounds covered the whole area once again.

The surroundings were chaotic. Broken stones flew and dust filled the air, making it difficult to see.

Pearce, Athemar and the others tried their best to defend themselves, but in the end, they still failed. Just as what the Metal Emissary said, they would die at the bottom of the crack sooner or later.

"Let's fight them to death!"

"Lady Flamine, run away with Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Princess Elvinia. I'll pin them down!"

"Even if I die, I will die fighting and they shall die with me!"

Determination was written all over the faces of Pearce, Athemar, and Goran. They still had a way to win, and that was to burn their Other Shore Tokens.

Chapter 3896 Rescue

The power of the three masters at the Holy Soul Realm burning their Other Shore Tokens would be quite intimidating.

However, they had to pay the price of such power with their lives.

"But..." Flamine hesitated. If they stayed, the reinforcements would come to aid them.

She pitied the lives of these elders of the Oneness Sky Palace.

"Don't hesitate!" Pearce said seriously. "As soon as we go out, follow us," Athemar declared with determination in his eyes.

When the three of them were about to go out and burn their Other Shore Tokens, they heard a voice from above.

"Since you can't escape death anyway, I can let you die a little faster," the voice said.

Upon hearing the voice, Pearce and the others were shocked.

Elvinia tilted her head and looked up at the sky. The owner of the familiar voice stood opposite the Five-Element Emissaries.

Coincidentally the owner of the voice also looked down. Although he was a hundred thousand feet away, Elvinia felt that he was close, and a strange warm feeling filled her heart.

Ordinary people would be overjoyed if they survived a disaster, but Elvinia wasn't. The warm feeling overwhelmed her senses, and she was calm and happy.

"Is that Zen?"

"Is he awake?"

"Has he made it to the Eternal Realm?"

Even at such a critical moment, what they cared about was still whether Zen had reached the Eternal Realm or not.

If he had reached the Eternal Realm, then it naturally meant that he was stronger and might be able to defeat the Five-Element Emissaries.

Speaking of the Five-Element Emissaries, they were all stunned when they saw Zen, who appeared like a ghost.

They weren't concerned about the battles of the masters at the Eternal Realm. After all, those had nothing to do with them.

Furthermore, the Pear Hill only had Fuxi and the Snake Goddess. They should be the weakest of the three parties, and they would surely be defeated.

However, did it mean that the Pear Hill had won since Zen appeared safe and sound?

While the Five-Element Emissaries had yet to recover from their shock, the leader, the Metal Emissary, coldly said, "He is all alone, and he has just reached the Eternal Realm. He's no match for the five of us!"

The Five-Element Emissaries were extremely powerful if they worked together. They could even fight Eternal Realm warriors.

Since Zen had just reached the Eternal Realm, there was a big difference between his strength and the senior Eternal Realm warriors'. Moreover, he was alone, so the Five-Element Emissaries didn't take him seriously.

When the Metal Emissary finished speaking, he pointed towards Zen.

Boom!

The Golden Toad Lightning, as thick as a bucket, hit Zen's body.

The moment it touched him, the ancestry-level bloodline inside his body fluctuated, and he learned about the Golden Toad Lightning's structure.

"The branch of the third lightning energy from the destruction area. It is not pure, and very weak."

He reached out and grabbed the golden lightning in his hand.

Because the lightning itself didn't have a real body, it could only flash by.

However, it froze when he grabbed it. It was like a golden stone pillar, which extended from his hand to the front of the Metal Emissary.

Crack!

He squeezed hard. The golden stone pillar began to crack, and it shattered into countless pieces on the ground.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had once used the Imprisoning Lightning on the Other Shore to transform the lightning, which the Magical Thunder Slave had released, into Solid Lightning Powder. That Imprisoning Lightning was from Stage Thirty-three, and it was not easy to obtain it.

But with merely a thought, Zen had transformed the Golden Toad Lightning by using a method that was very different from the Primeval Lord of Heaven's.

"What kind of theurgy is that?"

Naturally, the Five-Element Emissaries were all confused. They couldn't figure out how Zen had solidified the lightning in an instant.

"It doesn't matter! Let's fight together!"

"Tribulation Array of Five Elements!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Each of the Five-Element Emissaries stood in their positions. Five different colored lights connected them, which formed a five-pointed star.

They activated their array, which released a powerful aura of energy. Then, a large lock flew from the array and shot towards Zen.

At that point, Pearce, Athemar, and Goran just came out of the crack. When they felt the power of the array, all of them looked alarmed.

"Zen, retreat!

Even the real Eternal Realm masters can't resist the Tribulation Array of Five Elements!" Pearce shouted.

Zen was speechless when he heard Pearce's warning. Did Pearce mean that he was not a real Eternal Realm warrior?

Splash!

However, he didn't dodge.

He allowed the lock to land on his body. "Oh?

Why didn't you dodge?" the Water Emissary said with raised brows. "How arrogant of you! You will die!" The Earth Emissary laughed manically.

On the contrary, the Fire Emissary looked vigilant.

Among the Five-Element Emissaries, the Fire Emissary was the first one who had encountered Zen.

Not long after Zen stepped onto the Other Shore, he had turned their temple in Stage Four upside down. At that time, they still didn't know who the mysterious man was.

He was not a proud and arrogant man. He must be confident in himself, so he dared to do the things he did.

As soon as the lock secured Zen, the ancestry-level bloodline inside his body fluctuated again.

The fluctuation of the ancestry-level bloodline caused by the Metal Emissary's attack and the Five-Element Emissaries' joint attack wasn't as intense as when it was against the Eternal Realm powerhouses.

"Part of the theurgies used by the Five-Element Emissaries are from the Element Spirit race, right?" Zen said. He grabbed the lock and pulled it slightly. "It's just so-so," he sighed.

Just as he was about to break the lock, he suddenly looked up at the sky.

The others didn't understand why he did that, but they also did the same.

"It seems that I don't need to do anything," Zen said and pursed his lips. Whoosh!

The space above suddenly shattered, and then a huge scorpion tail struck the Tribulation Array of Five Elements.

Gerald didn't need to use his poison needles on the Five-Element Emissaries because they were too weak.

His scorpion tail contained a potent amount of power, which was enough to break the Tribulation Array of Five Elements and crush the Five-Element Emissaries into meat paste.

The lock that bound Zen quickly disappeared when the Tribulation Array of Five Elements got destroyed.

"We don't have much time. We need to finish the battle as soon as possible," Gerald said.

Even though only his tail was exposed, Pearce, Goran, and the others were still shocked at his aura as a Chaos Ancient God.

After all, they didn't expect that Zen came with Gerald!

Yet, it wasn't the first time that the people from the Oneness Sky Palace had seen the world. When they realized that it was the Chaos Ancient God Gerald, they all cupped their hands towards him.

Soon enough, Flamine arrived with Elvinia and Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Then everyone else jumped onto Gerald's back and headed for the Pear Hill.

While they traveled, Zen asked about Yasamin's whereabouts. Winchell, Auden, and the other elders of the Oneness Sky Palace escorted her. If they were lucky enough, they would be able to enter the Pear Hill's territory safely.

However, when he asked about Dorothy, no one responded to him. According to Elvinia, Dorothy had been missing when Yasamin got trapped. When the people of the Oneness Sky Palace moved together, they still didn't see her.

Chapter 3897 Defending

A frightening energy burst and flowed wildly throughout the huge triangular pyramid.

The black flames occupied almost the entire space, as if they burned up from the most ferocious hell.

And among it all, two gigantic creatures brawled like beasts in captive!

The two powerful masters had used many theurgies and were now left with only their physical bodies to end this battle.

Othniel might have had an absolute advantage in terms of spatial transference, but he still could not get the upper hand on the Grandmaster of Heaven, who was giving it all he had. In fact, he was in grave danger.

"Can this space you've created really bear my hellfire all the time?" said the Grandmaster of Heaven, sneering.

The relentless, unending black fire released from the Six Soul Flags continued burning the space, causing numerous cracks to form.

If they continued to grow, eventually the entire space would collapse with an enormous bang.

The Grandmaster of Heaven would then be free and Othniel would be no match for him.

Whoosh!

Dozens of ten million-foot-long space blades sliced at the Grandmaster of Heaven. He responded by raising his Cyan Misty Sword and waving it gently, collapsing the space blades as soon as they were touched by the cyan light that came off the sword.

Othniel glanced at the cracks and a trace of worry crept into him, but he still allowed himself to say, "The space can withstand your flames for hundreds, even thousands of years!"

His body shuddered as he spoke and the cracks in the triangular pyramid quickly closed and the space recovered!

He was unable to defeat the Grandmaster of Heaven here. He had basically already lost. The man before him had surpassed the Chaos Ancient God.

However, Othniel could delay this battle.

The Grandmaster of Heaven looked at the rapidly healing triangular pyramid and inquired, "You wish to take Zen away, right?"

"What do you mean?" Othniel asked, staring down his opponent.

"This sort of battle is meaningless," said the Grandmaster of Heaven calmly. "They have already fled to the Pear Hill. At the very least, we should catch Zen and then we can resume this battle and find a winner!"

"You wish to call for peace?" Othniel asked astounded.

"I just think that it would allow us both to get what we need," the Grandmaster of Heaven replied smiling.

Othniel shook his head. "How do I know you won't just attack me once I let you out?"

This round of their bout revealed the gap between them to Othniel quite clearly; there was no way he would let the Grandmaster of Heaven go without caution.

"I will not attack you until I have destroyed the Pear Hill," the Grandmaster of Heaven answered earnestly.

"Why should I believe you?" Othniel asked, still not trusting him.

The Grandmaster of Heaven pondered for a moment before saying, "I can swear with the Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake."

The Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake was the captain of the Black Ship's Other Shore Token. Once an oath was made, the snake would form a huge restraint, and if one broke the oath, they would pay a heavy price.

Naturally, Othniel had heard of the Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake. His large single eye blinked as he considered this, but he still seemed unconvinced. "If you have the snake, I will trust you for now," he said finally.

"I don't, but someone else has it," said the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Soon after he spoke, several black ships came from the distance and stopped beside the triangular pyramid.

The captain in a black cloak stepped out of one of the ships and gently knocked on the wall of the space.

Othniel hesitated for a moment and then let the captain in.

The Grandmaster of Heaven then made an oath using the Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake, after which their battle finally subsided and the massive triangular pyramid was removed.

"Grandmaster of Heaven, are you off to the Pear Hill now?" asked the captain.

"Of course," he answered. He was a man of action and would not give the Pear Hill any chance of escape. He turned to Othniel and said, "Will you be joining me?"

Othniel snorted and was enveloped by a square space. In an instant, his huge body vanished right before the Grandmaster of Heaven and the members of the Black Ship.

Their agreement was that the Grandmaster of Heaven would not make a move on Othniel before the Pear Hill was destroyed. Once that was done, no restriction existed and they would most likely battle for Zen once more.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was in such a hurry that Othniel could easily pretend it was none of his business.

The captain looked at the place where Othniel had disappeared and reminded, "Grandmaster of Heaven, I'm afraid Othniel will not leave so easily."

"Of course he will not leave," the Grandmaster of Heaven said, shrugging his shoulders with a stone faced expression. "And he can't leave either."

The captain did not understand what he had meant; he simply nodded, led him onto the ship and began heading west.

On the ship, the Evil God sat cross-legged, falling into a deep and strange trance.

When he closed his eyes, he still saw many large provinces in the distance, connected together.

Every time he entered a large province, an invisible tentacle extended towards him, trying to establish a connection.

Once it was completed, the Evil God was connected to this province.

Every detail of the entire province would be laid bare before his eyes, and the harm he suffered would be transferred to the boundary wall of the province.

This ability was very useful, but the Evil God was not satisfied with it.

Above his head was a space wider still; it was the entire Source World.

He could feel the tentacle representing the entire Source World, but it was only faintly visible, seeming to evade him.

His goal was to make contact with this tentacle.

Two hours after the Snake Goddess and the others returned to the Pear Hill, milky white clouds rose up above the whole province.

If one stood at the highest point in the Source World and looked down, they'd see that it seemed the largest mountain in the Source World had been covered in snow rather quickly.

The layers of clouds spread like a waterfall, creating a wondrous and beautiful scene.

The people in the Pear Hill, however, were not pleased but worried.

This was the Cloud Cover Array, the most powerful array of the Pear Hill, which had not been opened for a great many years. Its activation meant the Pear Hill now faced an incredibly formidable enemy.

Not long ago, When the Pear Hill was under constant provocation from the Bearing race, news arrived that the temporary peace in the Source World would probably not last much longer.

The reality often came faster than rumors...

After the Cloud Cover Array was set up, the whole Pear Hill was like a giant beast crawling across the ground.

Under the jadeite platform atop the Pear Hill, the nine mountain leaders and more than two hundred grand sect leaders had already gathered and awaited orders.

From the center of the platform, the Snake Goddess glanced at the mountain leaders and the grand sect leaders and said, "All the sects and mountains have to restrain their own disciples from going out. For the next several months, no one is allowed to leave."

The mountain leaders and grand sect leaders raised their heads and looked at the Snake Goddess in astonishment, their faces filled with confusion.

The Pear Hill was in danger. They had to pledge to fight to the death to defend it. Why had the Snake Goddess suddenly issued this ban?

Chapter 3898 The Restriction Of The Energy Shaft

The leader of a mountain stepped forward and bowed before the Snake Goddess. "Snake Goddess, why are we banned from leaving our places?"

"If an enemy were to attack, all the elites of our Hot Mountain will go all out to fight. We will even be ready to give up our lives to protect our place!" Another mountain leader stepped forward, her lips set in a firm line.

These leaders of the various mountains and sects were loyal to the Snake Goddess.

The crisis of the Pear Hill was also their crisis.

It would be a great insult to them if they couldn't stand up for it in times of danger.

The Snake Goddess looked at them in silence and then at the cloudy sky. She then said, "The battle we are going to face is not something you can participate in."

"Why can't we participate?"

"We aren't powerful enough, but we'd be pleased if we could do our bit!"

"Not even an outstanding warrior at the Holy Soul Realm like the leader of the Hot Mountain can participate?"

These mountain and sect leaders were also top-level masters at the Holy Soul Realm. If they couldn't even participate in the battle, what kind of enemy would the Pear Hill have to meet this time?

The Snake Goddess shook her head and said, "Even Fuxi and I can't protect ourselves in the battle that is to come."

The leaders froze at these words.

The people of the Pear Hill had immense confidence in the Snake Goddess and Fuxi. The reason why the Pear Hill had stood there for so many years was because of these two people.

The Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race were powerful, but if the Pear Hill could come together, these two races might not be able to defeat them.

But the Snake Goddess was telling them that even she and Fuxi couldn't be sure of the fate they were about to meet in the coming battle. This was truly inconceivable.

"What kind of powerful existence in the Source World can make it difficult for you to protect yourself?" the leader of the Hot Mountain asked. .

"Are they the Chaos Ancient Gods?" the leader of the Witching Mountain pitched in. .

The Snake Goddess nodded. "Yes, but also creatures that are stronger than them."

"Stronger than the Chaos Ancient Gods!"

"How could such creatures exist in the chaos?"

"..."

The many leaders of the mountains and the sects were stunned as the Snake Goddess told them that Other Shore creatures could descend to the Source World.

This was not a secret, and there was no need for her to hide it from her subordinates.

The mountain leaders remained silent for a moment, shocked to hear that the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire had descended to the Source World.

The leader of the Witching Mountain said, "Even if we are really mosquitoes in the grand scheme of things, we still have to contribute what little power we have."

"Yes!"

"Even if we die, we want to die a worthy death!"

"..."

The clamor began to rise but the Snake Goddess raised her hand to silence them all, exercising her absolute authority over them. .

"There is a way you can contribute your power while you are in the Pear Hill. The Cloud Cover Array can absorb your power," the Snake Goddess said.

"What if it absorbs all of our power?"

"There are so many of us and so many different kinds of power. Can the array make full use of our power?"

"The Cloud Cover Array couldn't really achieve that, could it?"

If so many different kinds of power were gathered together, it would be in what felt like a violent flame. Not being careful would result in one being hurt by their own power.

"The Cloud Cover Array can't do it, but someone else can," the Snake Goddess said. "She needs your power."

The leaders frowned at this. But their eyes soon lit up as they realized what it meant.

These powerful cultivators at the Holy Soul Realm knew many secrets of the Pear Hill. After all, the Snake Goddess hadn't really secretly trained Yan somewhere. What was more, Yan also needed a group of warriors at the Other Shore Realm and the Chaotic Source Realm to protect her when she roamed the Other Shore.

The secret of nurturing the Energy Shaft in Yan's body had already spread among the senior leaders.

That was how they guessed almost immediately that there might be a big breakthrough in the Energy Shaft being nurtured in Yan's body.

The moment the Chaos Ancient God, Gerald, entered the Pear Hill, he began to communicate with another two Chaos Ancient Gods, Kendrick and Judson.

The six Chaos Ancient Gods each took charge of one kind of truth. They also had different understanding of the chaos, and a communication method at a different level, which ignored the distance.

Because of the conflict between the Finale Way and the Purge Way, the Chaos Ancient Gods had been divided into two factions a long time ago.

They had argued with each other in the beginning, but had ended up fighting fiercely together.

At the time however, the end of the chaos had still been distant to them, so the fierce battle had not reached a point where people fought to death.

Herbert dragged Gerald to the bottom of the chaos. Herbert believed that everyone was equal and everyone should let things take their own course but Judson had turned up and forced him away. The fierce battle among the Chaos Ancient Gods had thus finally stopped.

It was now time they fought again.

Once Zen arrived in the Pear Hill along with the others, he settled his companions from the Oneness Sky Palace. Then, with Fuxi leading the way, he went to see his sister, Yan, whom he hadn't seen for a long time.

After they had parted last time, Zen had never seen his sister again, but had always protected her in some way or another.

When Yan was on the Other Shore, all the humans she had met had taken good care of her. Since Zen had gotten rid of all the enemies along the way on the Other Shore, there were almost no force that could act against them. As a result, Yan was able to rapidly ascend to the upper stages on the Other Shore.

Even before Elvinia had passed the test in the Soul City, Yan had already stepped into the Soul City.

In addition to the improvement in her cultivation, the biggest change in Yan was the way she used the Energy Shaft.

Yan had been able to draw a portion of that energy in the Chaotic Source World.

She had still been weak at the time. Being able to draw and transform the energy of the Evil God was already testing her limits.

But the Snake Goddess's personal training, coupled with her own unique talent, pushed her into becoming more and more proficient in the use of the Energy Shaft until she could transform more and more energy.

The Snake Goddess had always been prepared. Before Yan's Energy Shaft had completely matured, she could integrate different kinds of energy into one and transform it for her own use. The Snake Goddess thus changed the

Cloud Cover Array and set up positions on each mountain and sect, so that Yan could absorb the energy through these positions.

Happy as she was to see her brother again, Yan told him about what she had gained during this period.

"This Energy Shaft is interesting. If it can freely transform space, time and energy, and have infinite power as we're expecting, then it will be really powerful," Fuxi said, shrugging.

It had been the Snake Goddess's idea to cultivate the Energy Shaft, and Fuxi hadn't thought highly of it. But what Yan had done had exceeded Fuxi's imagination.

"I don't think I can do it yet. The maximum amount of energy I can transform is seven hundred thousand divine megatons. I can't control the energy once it exceeds that amount," Yan said, shaking her head.

"Is it because your body can't bear a more powerful force?" Zen asked. .

"No." Yan frowned. "The power doesn't fall on me. It is the Energy Shaft that can't bear too much power. And I don't have a way of strengthening it!"

No one could tell what kind of substance the Energy Shaft in Yan's body was made of, making it impossible to strengthen it like the way she had done to the magic treasures.

If the strength of the Energy Shaft couldn't be increased, Yan's limit would probably be stuck where it now was.

A warrior who could control seven hundred thousand divine megatons of force could also be considered a powerful figure in the chaos. The ability had surpassed that of ordinary warriors at the Eternal Realm. The potential of the Energy Shaft was probably more than that.

Yan looked at her brother who had a faint smile on his face, and said, frowning, "Zen, why are you smiling?"

"It looks like there is a way to solve the Energy Shaft problem," Zen said, his smile broadening.

Yan blinked, as Fuxi stared at Zen, gobsmacked.

The information about the Energy Shaft had spread on the Other Shore for a while now. Now that Zen suddenly looked as if he was absolutely confident of solving the problem, they were naturally confused.

It was at this moment that a green figure appeared above Zen's head, and asked Yan, "Can you show me your Energy Shaft?"

Chapter 3899 Salome

Yan's senses snapped alert at the appearance of the green figure transformed from the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

The Snake Goddess had repeatedly advised her not to show the Energy Shaft to anyone.

Yan wouldn't agree even if Fuxi wanted to take a look.

This green figure had emerged from her brother's body, but she wouldn't show it the Energy Shaft without the Snake Goddess's consent.

"Are you confident enough to strengthen the Energy Shaft?"

the Snake Goddess asked as she walked into the hall.

The Energy Shaft was special, and she had tried every means to strengthen it.

She had tried to use the ice crystals from extremely cold places in the depths of the chaos, the precious meteorite from the Source World, and all kinds of other special materials. But none of them had any effect on the Energy Shaft.

The Energy Shaft was an independent object, barely reacting to the outside world.

The Snake Goddess didn't know who this green figure was. Why was it able to give Zen so much confidence about strengthening the Energy Shaft?

Zen's theurgies were undoubtedly powerful, but even he couldn't strengthen the Energy Shaft.

Even if he had absorbed the Civilization Artifacts, it would be impossible for him to do anything to the Energy Shaft, even with the help of the thirty-nine human heroes in his mind.

The Snake Goddess posed this question to the green figure in disbelief.

"Yes," the green figure replied. "If I'm not mistaken, you used the Quantity and Energy Method to refine the Energy Shaft. According to the energy reaction in her body, the Energy Shaft has now reached the fourth level. And you want to improve it to the fifth or even the sixth level. Am I right?"

The Snake Goddess's eyebrows shot up. "The Quantity and Energy Method is a method left behind by the Calculation Civilization. I'm not surprised that you know it. I know that there have been many civilizations interested in the Energy Shaft throughout the chaotic eras. But very few people are able enough to improve it to the fourth level, let alone the fifth and the sixth ones. I obviously want to, but I can't do it now."

The Snake Goddess meant that since she couldn't do it, the green figure couldn't either.

"We only made a level three Energy Shaft at the time," the green figure said.

The Snake Goddess nodded. A level three Energy Shaft sounded good, but was, in fact, ordinary. Several civilizations in history had made it, but had only been able to control tens of thousands of divine megatons of force. It would be better to train an Eternal Realm master than to spend so much effort on it.

"But over the years on the Other Shore, we have made thorough calculations and have a new idea to strengthen the Energy Shaft," the green figure continued calmly.

"Just an idea?" The Snake Goddess glanced almost condescendingly at the green figure.

If Zen hadn't released this green figure, it would already have been driven away. Time was pressing and the Snake Goddess didn't want to listen to its nonsense.

"Yes, just an idea," the green figure said. "The defect of the Energy Shaft has existed since the Quantity and Energy Method was designed. We neglected one important thing when we designed the method: the position of the Energy Shaft."

"You designed the Quantity and Energy Method?" The Snake Goddess's eyebrows rose in shock. "Who are you?"

"It's a member of the Calculation Civilization," Zen said as way of introduction.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and Yan were taken aback by this piece of information. It was obviously way beyond their expectations. They had never expected Zen to bring the creator of the Energy Shaft to them.

The Snake Goddess looked embarrassed. She rolled her eyes at Zen's smiling face. "You brat! Why didn't you tell me this earlier?"

Zen chuckled but said nothing.

When she turned to face the green figure this time, her attitude had undergone a great change. She had become modest as she began to ask some key questions.

The Energy Shaft involved many complicated things. The green figure began to explain the relationship between space, time, and energy. Zen found it difficult to understand, but Yan's and the Snake Goddess's eyes lit up, because the green figure had just solved a lot of their problems.

Not knowing how long this talk would last, Zen retreated from the main hall and sat on one side, his legs crossed.

His eyes closed as an avatar materialized in the sky in his inner world, remaining there for a moment before entering the fairy palace.

The last time Zen came to the fairy palace, Margaret had been pregnant for five months.

Zen had been travelling on the Other Shore during this time, which was why he had no time to take care of her. He finally got the chance to visit her after he had left the Eternal Scroll Painting.

When he saw Margaret again, her slightly bulging belly had disappeared. She was holding a lovely baby girl in her arms. The baby girl was sleeping, curling up like a kitten.

Zen couldn't help but blame himself. When Geoffrey was born, he had not been by Letitia's side. And he had been away again this time when his daughter was born.

Margaret didn't blame Zen, though. She knew that Zen must have met a tricky problem since he was unable to accompany her. With Letitia and Aura taking care of her after the childbirth, she felt at ease.

She told Zen that their daughter's name was Salome.

"We came up with this name together. You can change it if you don't like it," Margaret said softly.

Zen's face broke into a joyful grin as he held his daughter in his arms. He said, "It's a lovely name. There's no need to change it."

Zen's strange aura caused Salome to suddenly burst into tears. She began to struggle in Zen's arms.

Margaret picked up the scroll beside her and unfolded it in front of Salome.

At the sight of the scroll, Salome calmed down almost immediately and began to smile through her tears.

Zen looked at the scroll, confused. On it was just one Sanskrit word. He was stunned.

Knowing that Zen would be curious, Margaret explained, "Salome seems to be innately interested in Sanskrit words. Just like Geoffrey."

When Salome had started to cry and kept at it one day back in the past, Margaret hurried to visit Letitia with the baby in her arms. At the time, Letitia had been cultivating in seclusion to comprehend the Truth of Godly Way. When Salome saw the Sanskrit words, she immediately stopped crying and became quiet and curious.

From then on, Margaret had used Sanskrit words to coax and mollify her daughter and had been doing it for a few months.

When Geoffrey deciphered the Sanskrit words, he didn't try to form conjectures about them. He understood their meanings by instinct.

At her young age, Salome couldn't understand the meanings of the Sanskrit words, but the Sanskrit words she saw were different from those that ordinary people saw.

The Sanskrit words meant more in her eyes.

Zen was rendered speechless as he watched his daughter stare at the Sanskrit word with a smile on her face. It looked like she could also see the light dots of the Abstruse Energy World.

It couldn't be a coincidence that both Geoffrey and Salome were interested in the Sanskrit words.

His children could easily travel through the Abstruse Energy World, but he couldn't. The more he thought about it, the more confused he became.

Chapter 3900 Judson's Test

Salome's blood vitality was extremely exuberant, thanks to the tonics that Zen had collected before she was born.

With the abundant resources of the Source World, she was born much stronger compared to the children of ordinary warriors.

It was safe to say that in terms of strength alone, she was as strong as the warriors at the Internal Elixir Realm in the Eastern Region. In the near future, she would definitely be an outstanding warrior in the Source World and would have a great chance to reach the True God Realm much faster than the others at her age.

With her innate talent, she could obtain twice the expected result with just half the effort. Her cultivation would even be much faster than Geoffrey's.

While Zen was staying in the fairy palace, he told his wives what was happening outside. He knew that they might worry so he tried his best to describe and explain the situation with more optimism.

Margaret, Lavender, and the others didn't think much about it, and just believed whatever Zen told them. However, Letitia immediately sensed that there was something wrong going on.

The Oneness Sky Palace, which was considered one of the most powerful forces in the entire Source World, had been destroyed. This would surely entail a drastic change. With this, Zen must be worried about the capability of the Pear Hill to survive the upcoming challenges.

After leaving his inner world, Zen returned to the hall and there he saw his sister, Yan, sitting with legs crossed, with a triangular shaft floating in front of her.

The green figure of the Calculation Civilization kept whispering in her ear as she did what it said.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi were also there on the sides, watching Yan with faces full of expectation.

Since the green figure had already fully explained the principles, it would just be a matter of time for her to improve and take the Energy Shaft one level further.

As the Snake Goddess saw Zen return to the hall, she whispered to him, "If Yan can bring the Energy Shaft to level five, it would be a great help to the Pear Hill. We need all the forces that we could acquire right now."

Since the Pear Hill was in dire need of powerful warriors, Yan's breakthrough would be perfect timing.

Upon hearing this, Zen smiled and responded, "Actually, I have two other great warriors in mind that will be a great help for us. But that's only possible if you and the Human Sovereign are willing to cooperate."

"What do you mean?" The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed with intrigue.

Zen clearly understood what kind of opponents were about to attack the Pear Hill. Only those at the Eternal Realm and above would be able to help them.

"I'm talking about the Human Sovereign and you," Zen said straightforwardly.

Fuxi wasn't able to figure out right away what Zen meant, but the Snake Goddess understood it instantly.

The Oneness Sky Palace didn't really rely on Zen's strength to resist the Sun Crow race's invasion before. But it became possible because of the real

Eastern Emperor Taiyi that was inside Zen's body.

Although the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi was only a wisp of energy soul, he could still exert his bloodline power to an extreme extent. Therefore, during the previous battle, his strength far exceeded the power of Emperor Charm.

The Snake Goddess had already known that she and Fuxi were only avatars that possessed their own consciousness.

"So you mean that my real self and the real Fuxi will take control of our bodies, right?" the Snake Goddess asked Zen.

"That's your idea?" Fuxi frowned as he looked at Zen.

Zen nodded and answered, "Yes."

In fact, when Zen was still on his way back, he had already discussed this matter with the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

In the case of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, he couldn't resist the invasion of his real self because he hadn't woken up yet.

But for the Snake Goddess and Fuxi, the situation was different. They had their own consciousness in the Source World. Thus it wasn't appropriate for them to sacrifice their bodies to their real counterparts. Zen bore this in mind, and tried to be very careful when he proposed it.

He had already expected that they might oppose the idea, so it wasn't a surprise when Fuxi showed expressions of antipathy. But he became hopeful when he saw that the Snake Goddess fell silent and sincerely thought about it.

Currently, in addition to asking Gerald to summon the other two Chaos Ancient Gods, the Snake Goddess also tried to persuade other super forces, which had Eternal Realm warriors, to their side. The Ear Mice and even the Separate Abyss race were included.

Previously, these super forces tended to play it safe. On one hand, they were afraid of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race. They even hoped that the Element Spirit race could take care of them on the Other Shore. On the other hand, they also didn't agree with the Purge Way.

Now was the time for these super forces to make their own choice.

After thinking for quite some time, the Snake Goddess gave a serious look at Zen and said, "I want to talk to my real self."

Zen nodded and looked at Fuxi. However, Fuxi just waved his hand and said, "Leave me alone. I won't allow anyone to control me, not even that guy."

Back when the Snake Goddess and Fuxi knew that they were just avatars, they felt very disappointed. The news came as quite a shock for both of them.

Fuxi had always been conceited and prideful. That was why it was difficult for him to accept Zen's proposal.

Since Zen didn't have the authority to impose, he respected Fuxi's decision. After that, Zen communicated with the real Snake Goddess, and her energy soul floated out.

As the Cloud Cover Array was activated, the light in the Pear Hill became much dimmer under the thick clouds.

Three days later, at exact noontime, a huge crack suddenly appeared in the clouds, and the sunlight poured in. Everyone in the Pear Hill turned their heads and gazed into the sky.

On the huge crack where the rays of sunlight were shining in, a huge shadow suddenly descended from it.

The creature was so huge and looked like a bradypod. It turned out that it was one of the Chaos Ancient Gods—Judson.

Among the six Chaos Ancient Gods, it was said that Judson was the most discreet one.

Even back in the era when the Chaos Ancient Gods had the most intense conflicts and disputes, he had only appeared and attacked twice.

Splash!

Judson's body quickly shrank as he landed beside a pool in the Pear Hill.

At the same time, Gerald was there to meet with Judson. His body also shrank a lot. Most of his body was soaked in the pool, and only his head and his poisonous tail were exposed.

"So where's the guy that you're talking about? I want to meet him," Judson said outright.

Gerald mentioned Zen when he was trying to recruit Judson on their side. Since Judson didn't know Zen, he found Gerald's stories about him quite inconceivable.

Eventually, Gerald called Zen over to meet Judson.

As soon as Zen climbed to the pool, he saw a bradypod-like creature wave his hand at him. At the same moment, he felt a strange wave of spiritual energy rush towards him. In an instant, an illusory world surrounded and enveloped him.

Inside the illusory world, there was no way to know if it was day or night. There were mazes everywhere and the atmosphere was disharmonious.

'A spiritual attack?'

Zen suddenly became vigilant. He perceived that the world he was in was obviously a spiritual illusion.

Although his soul had already reached the Holy Soul Realm, had nine Holy Soul Imprints and was much stronger than those of ordinary Eternal Realm warriors, it still wasn't easy for him to break free from Judson's truth-level theurgy using the strength of his Holy Soul alone.

"Don't you think you oversold this guy?" Judson said to Gerald as he shook his head in disappointment. With all that he heard about Zen, he thought that Zen should be able to easily break free from the illusion that he made.

However, just seconds after, Judson felt unusual vitality burst out from Zen's body. It was supposed to be a kind of soul aura, but he was sure that it came from Zen's body.

While Judson was still confused, he suddenly widened his eyes and felt that the illusion he had created began to collapse. Before he could understand what was going on, the illusory world was completely destroyed by Zen.

Chapter 3901 The Black Pages

The spiritual attack that Judson launched relied on the soul. It was energy in essence.

The abilities of the spiritual level in the ancestry-level bloodline were mostly gathered in the area symbolizing life.

The moment the illusory world enveloped Zen's body, the ancestry-level bloodline started to react. Zen felt a chill rushing up from his back and integrating into his soul. In the blink of an eye, the huge world was broken.

Judson stared at Zen with amazement. "The person you chose is really extraordinary, Gerald," he said just before blotting out the expression on his face.

Gerald took a slight glance at Judson. A moment ago, Judson thought he oversold Zen, but now his attitude changed.

Gerald floated out of the pool. "Zen, this is another Chaos Ancient God, Judson," he said.

He motioned to Zen to come closer for an introduction.

"Master Judson," Zen greeted Judson politely, cupping his hands towards him. It seemed that the spiritual attack Judson had launched was just a test for him.

"You really are an exceptional young man," said Judson as he narrowed his eyes, appearing as if he expected highly of him. "The bloodline you have been infused must be the origin-level bloodline. It happens to be the bloodline that can resist the soul attack, right?"

If the origin-level bloodline that Zen obtained could strengthen his soul, then it made sense that he was able to easily resist Judson's attack.

Gerald chuckled. "Judson, you can try another way," he suggested.

Judson felt strange about Gerald's request, but he did as he was told.

He stretched out his claw towards Zen's head, and an indefectible glazed goblet appeared out of nowhere. It flew towards Zen, trapping him with no escape.

Strong energy engulfed the entirety of the goblet. It was obviously not an ordinary object.

Whoosh!

As the energy surged inside the goblet, Zen felt a great debilitating pressure running through his veins and across his body.

If his cultivation base was lower than the Eternal Realm, the energy could have crushed him.

Zen stretched out his finger and lightly tapped the transparent wall, digging a small hole.

Whoosh!

The great pressure in the goblet was unleashed from the hole, forming an energy sword. The impact of the pressure then shot the sword towards the pool.

Splash!

The calm waters of the pool began to ripple from the aura of the energy sword.

Zen looked at Judson with questioning eyes. He broke the goblet only with a single tap. His strength was evident.

Judson was introverted. However, he was also competitive. 'I don't plan on losing to you, ' he thought to himself.

The truth-level energy from his claw soared, combining with the energy from the glazed goblet. A blinding blue light was emitted.

Realizing that Judson was unwilling to admit defeat, Zen stretched out his hands and scratched the goblet wall even more vigorously.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

The goblet started to disintegrate from more holes made by Zen's move. It couldn't bear Zen's strength any longer and finally broke into pieces.

"Well..." Judson was rendered speechless.

"If I remember correctly, this Heavenly Glazed Goblet is the strongest thing you have ever made?" Gerald said with a smirk.

"It used to be," Judson replied. "But now it's not."

Among the six Chaos Ancient Gods, Judson possessed the creation truth, the only way that chaotic energy was transformed into any kind of material. It was similar to the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

However, the creation theurgy which used the power of truth was naturally much stronger than the Truth of Three-Energy Construction.

Not only could Zen easily break free from Judson's spiritual attack, but he was also able to destroy the Heavenly Glazed Goblet effortlessly. Such methods were inconceivable for Judson.

In fact, Gerald did not invite Zen to show off his strength.

Judson, Kendrick, and Gerald did not support the Snake Goddess and Fuxi. Their gathering in the Pear Hill was because they advocated the Finale Way, and they had always hoped to complete it. And now, Zen was the only one who could complete it.

Judson had come all the way to meet Zen.

Now Zen's performance was beyond Judson's expectations, which confirmed that his trip wasn't rather useless. At least, he would firmly stand by the Pear Hill's side.

After leaving the pool where Gerald was located, Zen had to go to the Deleting Space.

On the one hand, Letitia had asked about Geoffrey's current situation, and on the other hand, Ziya would be a great help in the oncoming battle.

Zen tried to activate the Truth of Three-Energy Construction. He was about to enter the Deleting Space when he felt a force of resistance. He was actually being rejected by the Deleting Space!

He had entered the Deleting Space for several times, but this had never happened before.

"What happened?" he pondered.

Zen couldn't help but have a bad feeling. He was wondering and confused at the same time.

After trying and failing for several times, his face darkened.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven suddenly spoke, "Don't worry. The change in the Deleting Space might have something to do with Othniel."

Othniel had also participated in the battle this time. It was Othniel's theurgy to delete the space into the Deleting Space.

It was most likely that Othniel had discovered the secret of the Deleting Space, so Ziya might have done something to protect it.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was smart. His guess could somehow be close to the truth.

"That makes sense." Zen nodded as he was feeling a little relieved.

It was a risk to place Geoffrey in the Deleting Space. However, it was his own choice as he was already an adult, but Zen did not intend to tell Letitia about this.

While Zen was in deep thought about the mystery of the Deleting Space, Geoffrey and Ziya were passing through a plain in the Abstruse Energy World.

After a long and tiring journey, they reached a spot close to the four huge black pillars. A strange plain with big and small caves suddenly appeared in front of them.

"Could those caves be worlds?" Geoffrey wondered as they walked towards them.

He pulled Ziya into one of the caves. They explored the inside and found that he guessed right.

The worlds were similar to the chaos. There were independent spaces within, which were not as vast as the worlds they knew. They were much smaller.

Just as before, dead silence filled the caves. No living being thrived as there was no evidence of life.

Geoffrey had given up exploring and moved towards the four giant pillars. At the end of the plain was the nearest black pillar.

After passing through each round cave on the seemingly unending plain, Geoffrey finally saw the huge pillar in front of him.

The pillar seemed to be formed by numerous pages of book. The thick and huge pages were placed in a spiral, forming an upward stair.

Walking to the side of the pillar, Geoffrey reached out his hand and touched a black page. To his surprise, his hand felt that it was not made of paper, but of solid stone.

He blinked his eyes in disbelief and proceeded to step on a stair.

Buzz!

The moment he stepped on the stair, a light orange thread appeared and flew into the distant sky.

Geoffrey frowned and looked at the thread, confused.

It seemed that the thread was headed to the direction of the chaos.

Chapter 3902 Changing The Location

Geoffrey took a good, long look at the thread but still couldn't figure out its use.

Just as he was about to reach for it in an attempt to pull it closer, a scene flashed in front of his eyes.

He saw a golden beach, picturesque and beautiful, with the cold seawater that constantly surged at the edges.

His pupils contracted as he took in the sight. "Is this the Sea of Truth?" he muttered to himself.

He traced the length of the thread and discovered that it was connected to a grain of sand on the beach.

He found himself filled with awe and confusion. "Could it be that such a long thread connects to a single grain of sand?"

He then remembered Ziya told him that the energy of all Other Shore Tokens came from the Abstruse Energy World.

Geoffrey asked him how exactly the energy was transmitted, but Ziya couldn't answer. After all, it wasn't a subject Ziya dabbled in.

The concept of space in the Abstruse Energy World was completely different from that of the chaos. Now Geoffrey perceived this thread was very long, but in fact, it might not be necessarily true.

"A grain of sand connects to a thread. If that is the case, then..."

As he was thinking, he took a step forward and onto the second stair. He was now on the second page and suddenly, dozens of threads appeared.

Geoffrey reached out for the threads and saw every single scene at the end of each one.

"Sand, sand, sand, and sand..."

It was as he had predicted. Each thread connected to a grain of sand on that golden beach. The threads grew in number but the scene stayed almost exactly the same.

Upon the realization that the pages at the bottom might just contain endless sand, Geoffrey decided to draw Ziya and climb up the stairs.

The spiral staircase formed out of the pages. The further he went, the greater the number of threads that appeared was.

Each time he passed by a page, Geoffrey would reach out just to check and found each page was full of sand.

Just as he thought that maybe there was nothing else to see, he finally came upon a new discovery. He had arrived on the tenth page and found that the thread connected to a grain of sand, much like the others, except this particular grain was fused with a creature that had just reached the Other Shore Realm.

This grain of sand was not on the beach but in a round inner world!

The sand was the lowest-level Other Shore Token and contained less than one divine megaton of power. Only a fool would choose to fuse themselves with the sand, yet Geoffrey was encountering such a fool.

He was practically speechless and spent quite a while just staring. After his shock receded, Geoffrey decided to continue his ascent.

Ten pages...

Twenty pages...

Thirty...

After a while, Geoffrey soon climbed a certain height.

The higher he went, the more threads the pages released. After he reached the thirtieth page, tens of thousands of light threads emanated from the page.

On the eightieth page, he was finally able to leave the area of sand as stones began to make an appearance.

"This should be within Stage One of the Other Shore. The power offered by the Other Shore Tokens in Stage One is very weak," Geoffrey remarked.

He wanted to communicate with Ziya, but there was no way Ziya was going to hear him. He could only rely on himself to judge the things he saw.

The items connected to the light threads were arranged by size, from smallest to largest, and there were also a few precious Other Shore Tokens strewn about, hidden in rooms of various shapes and styles.

Geoffrey could only look at them in wonder.

"The rooms on the Other Shore? The Other Shore Tokens in the temples..."

He did not know much about the Other Shore and had to think for a while in order to understand.

After entering the Other Shore, most Source World creatures made it their goal to explore the temples in the hopes of obtaining a decent Other Shore Token.

From here on out, the other ends of the threads connected to multiple inner worlds.

"It seems that the size and shape of the Other Shore Tokens don't really matter," he muttered thoughtfully. "What matters is the place to which the threads connect."

He was a thoughtful young man and as he continued to climb, he could judge the strength of the Other Shore Tokens with just a few details and observations.

The Other Shore Tokens that connected to the outermost threads of the page were often ordinary, while those connecting to the inner ones were more precious.

A bold idea then came to Geoffrey's mind. 'If I change the position of the thread, will the Other Shore Token's nature also change?' he thought to himself.

Eager to test his idea out, Geoffrey quickly made his way to the edge of the page. After a bit of careful investigation, he found that the root of the thread was a thumb-sized, square stone embedded on the page.

Geoffrey reached out and tried to dig out this stone!

To his amazement, it came loose! "It's moveable!"

Just as he dug out the square stone, the thread that connected to the far distance also disappeared.

At the same time, in an empty corner of Stage Two of the Other Shore, the huge Three-layer Stone suddenly lost its luster.

Everything on the Other Shore, save for the soul pill, soul crystal, and a few other specific things, contained energy.

When Geoffrey took out the stone, he inevitably cut off the thread that connected to the Three-layer Stone and turned it into an ordinary rock. It was no longer an Other Shore Token.

Afterwards, Geoffrey walked to the inner side of the page and found a large number of black pits of the same size there.

Without any hesitation, he stuffed the stone into one of those pits.

Click!

The moment the stone was fitted onto the slot, the thread once again appeared and extended onto the Other Shore. Once again, the Three-layer Stone's surface lit up, this time with red-orange light. The amount of power contained within the stone also rose by more than ten times!

Two horse-faced creatures that resided in Stage Two sensed the powerful aura that was suddenly released from the distance.

"What in the world happened over there?"

These two were from the Triumph race, a very small group of horse-faced creatures in the Source World. They had no might nor any fame to their name.

They had stayed in Stage Two of the Other Shore all this time because their Souls of Light were nowhere near strong enough to reach the higher stage.

The two of them made the trek towards the Three-layer Stone and could not contain their amazement when they reached their destination.

"Shouldn't a Three-layer Stone normally contain only two or three divine megatons of power?"

"Yeah, but why does this one seem to have dozens of divine megatons of power?!"

"I can feel its scorching aura! It seems to contain some sort of special fire ability!"

"It's at the highest grade!"

Their hearts boiled with excitement. The two of them had spent so many years here in Stage Two, but they suddenly came upon this strange Other Shore Token that could reverse their fortune!

Nobody would believe a single word they said about this incident.

Meanwhile, Geoffrey, who had seen all of this unfold, felt a strange feeling in his heart. It was when he raised his head to look at the endless black column that he realized it was the overwhelming feeling of omnipotence!

Chapter 3903 Trigger

The four massive pillars had some sort of a strict ruling in which every thread was not to be touched or moved.

No one was allowed to change their positions without authorization.

Anyone who broke the rule would have to face severe consequences.

After Geoffrey moved one of the threads, at the end of the staircase, a statue suddenly came to life. Its eyes glowed a red light, and its body trembled slightly.

"Anyone..."

Fortunately for Geoffrey, this statue had been asleep for countless years and was practically a few steps away from disintegrating into a pile of dust. If this had taken place a while back, the statue would've leapt into action immediately, killing the intruders on the spot.

However, it was way past its prime. Its stone body had practically melded into the ground it stood upon.

Statues weren't supposed to rot, but this one did. In comparison, the four statues of the Eternal Divine Courtyard were much luckier.

Because of the existence of the Time Lock, they were destined to continue in pristine condition, unlike the statue that angrily flashed its red eyes at Geoffrey.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The statue felt the energy fluctuations coming from the pillar, and desperately tried to free its legs from the ground.

However, it didn't take long before all its energy was used up, and its eyes quickly dimmed till it was lifeless once more.

This whole time, Geoffrey didn't know what was going on above. Upon climbing to the 500th stair, he found that the threads of light here were connected to much more Other Shore Tokens.

Stretching out his hand, he lightly brushed some threads of light closest to him, and had visions pertaining to where the Other Shore Tokens were located.

"This inner world is full of fish," he cried in amusement, as the Other Shore Tokens revealed to him many different inner worlds.

"What a disgusting inner world! There is sticky blood everywhere.

None of these looks enticing..."

Finally, Geoffrey found an inner world full of humans.

"This guy must be a human..."

Geoffrey didn't know whether the owner of this inner world was friend or foe, nor did he care. The only thing on his mind now was his insatiable curiosity with a hint of mischievousness.

Without any hesitation, he dug out the square stone under the thread and inserted it into the first black pit on the inner side.

Meanwhile, in the Rose Sect of Pear Hill, the sect leader Emily was leading over a hundred disciples to cultivate a unique cultivation method.

Before, Zen had given enough Chaotic Source Spirits to Emily. With those spirits, she might be the last one to reach the Chaotic Source Realm. Additionally, she was the one who helped bring Yan and Zen into the Source World, so she was trained with utmost priority by the Pear Hill.

Now, the Rose Sect was the most popular among the small sects of the Pear Hill. Anyone with a discerning eye could see that it wouldn't be long before it became a powerful sect, and Emily would be promoted to the grand sect leader.

"Ah!"

Just then, a beautiful female disciple who had been following Emily shrieked. The other disciples whipped their heads to see where the scream came from, only to find the female disciple trembling slightly, her face as pale as a ghost.

Emily frowned. "What's wrong?"

The female disciple sat there in shock, but answered Emily obediently, "My Other Shore Token seems to have been destroyed."

This disciple had just entered Stage Four, and her Other Shore Token was very ordinary. However, Emily just so happened to be fond of her. Sooner or later, Emily was willing to help her obtain a powerful Other Shore Token.

"Destroyed?" Emily's frown deepened. She too was stunned.

The female disciple felt the gaze of the other disciples. Afraid that no one believed her, she summoned her Other Shore Token, a white stone flower.

The stone flower looked pretty ordinary, as though it was a simple decorative paperweight. No energy fluctuations seemed to be pulsating within it.

"Is this Other Shore Token really broken?"

"It doesn't look like its energy has been depleted..."

"How about replenishing it with the divine crystals?"

The other female disciples of the Rose Sect broke into an uproar.

Even the Other Shore Token that had used up all its energy would've reacted. This stone flower truly seemed to be an ordinary object.

On the Other Shore, everything had energy. It was almost impossible to find something devoid of it!

Emily's brows furrowed in confusion. She had never encountered such a situation.

Buzz!

The stone flower suddenly shook violently in the disciple's hand. A cold aura gushed out from it and enshrouded the entire hall. It seemed the Other Shore Token had been strengthened by at least twenty times in such a short time!

"Eh?"

the female disciple grunted confusedly, and even Emily was surprised.

They had never seen Other Shore Tokens become stronger in this way.

Back on the massive pillar, after Geoffrey once again changed the location of a thread, another strand of energy surged out from within the pillar.

At the end of the staircase with one thousand pages, the eyes of the broken statue flickered once more, this time with an even brighter red light.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The statue finally managed to break free from its pedestal and took a step forward.

"Anyone who dares to break in will be killed!" it explained, finally able to complete the sentence it was trying to utter earlier.

This statue was designed to protect the huge pillar.

Once untethered, the statue was actually quite nimble. It rushed down the stairs speedily.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Of course, the sound of the statue running caught Geoffrey's attention.

As the statue closed in on its target, Geoffrey felt a sense of dread welling up within him. Standing at the edge of the staircase, he looked up towards the clamoring sound. Only then did he see the tattered statue rushing down the stairs.

Instantly, Geoffrey realized that the statue was aiming for him.

Not wanting to fight the statue, Geoffrey abruptly turned and ran down the stairs.

However, the statue really was incredibly fast. In just a few moments, the distance between the two closed quickly. Geoffrey was somewhat slow because Ziya was behind him.

Seeing there was no outrunning this statue, Geoffrey whipped around to make Ziya face the statue. Urgently, he patted Ziya on his right shoulder.

All Ziya could see were the dense light dots in front of him. He knew that Geoffrey had climbed up the pillar.

Without the slightest hesitation, he reached out to slap whatever was in front of him.

Boom!

Normally, creatures in the Abstruse Energy World wouldn't stand a chance against Ziya's palm attack.

However, the statue on the pillar was by no means ordinary. Even a blow from Ziya just caused it to shake its head in a daze for a moment, but it quickly recovered.

"Damn it!"

When Geoffrey saw this scene, his eyes widened in fear. Ziya was probably no match for the statue, at least not in this form.

In a rush, he grabbed Ziya's hand and yanked him towards the edge of the stair. Together, they jumped off the pillar and plummeted to the ground.

Boom!

Upon landing on the ground, Geoffrey immediately jumped up and helped Ziya up as well.

Ziya was confused. How did they fall? He didn't recall feeling any sort of impact from the statue's counterattack.

However, when he stood up, he positioned his hands, ready to strike again. To his surprise, he felt Geoffrey yanking at the rope.

No matter what happened, he had to follow Geoffrey, so he didn't have the time to try attacking again and decided to follow Geoffrey.

The statue was not going to let Geoffrey go. Muttering something under its breath, the statue quickly spiraled down the stairs.

As they ran, Geoffrey kept one eye on the pillar behind him. Then, he narrowed his eyes ruthlessly.

If he couldn't deal with the statue here, he would have to lead it into the real world.

Chapter 3904 The Strength Of The Statue

The nearest cave on the plain was only a few hundred feet away. With a few strides, Geoffrey arrived in an instant and went in.

The caves on the plain seemed to be empty, but each one had a very unique and terrifying interior.

There was one which was filled with corrosive liquids, another containing poisonous gases floating within, and another one with a scorching hot interior as if a sun was stored in it.

Closely behind, a statue was chasing after him at an incredible speed. Before he knew it, the statue was just about ten feet away from him.

Without any hesitation, he jumped into the nearest cave, dragging Ziya along.

Whoosh!

The statue's goal was to hunt down the intruders. Even after Geoffrey successfully left the pillar, the statue still chased after him and was determined to kill him.

As Geoffrey and Ziya jumped in, the statue followed them.

Buzz! Buzz!

Thousands of light dots, like a torrential rain, drilled into the cave below.

The two quickly turned into their normal forms, as they continued to fall into the cave.

Ziya instantly analyzed their situation, quickly grabbed the rope around his waist, and pulled Geoffrey towards him.

Just as he steadied himself, a whistling sound came from above. He saw that the statue stretched out its big hand and tried to grab his head.

The statues on the pillars didn't possess extraordinary abilities. However, their bodies were extremely sturdy, and their movements were incredibly fast. With just brute strength and speed to rely on, they still couldn't be underestimated.

Ziya knew that if the statue got a hold of his head, it would be crushed easily.

Fortunately, he was a smart man. He never took his opponents lightly and was always alert at his surroundings.

He instantly realized that the statue was not easy to deal with.

With his quick reflexes, he drew his head back, and the statue missed.

At the same time, he did not waste the opportunity for a counterattack. With a wave of his hand, a golden whip shadow shot towards the statue.

Boom!

The moment the God Lashing Whip touched the statue, a deafening explosion resounded.

It was so loud that Geoffrey couldn't help covering his ears as he shouted in pain. Blood started dripping to his fingers that were covering his ears.

Ziya immediately saw Geoffrey's condition so he reached out his hand, grabbed him, and stuffed him into the space channel. Now, he could focus on dealing with the statue with no restraint. The power within his body quickly surged towards the God Lashing Whip.

To his surprise, the statue managed to withstand his attack. Never had he seen such a solid statue before that couldn't be destroyed by his mighty whip.

"Death to the invaders!"

The statue regained its balance after being sent away with the impact caused by the God Lashing Whip. It rushed towards Ziya again, but what waited for it were endless whip shadows.

Golden whip shadows drew an arc of tens of thousands of feet from left to right. They lashed the statue at lightning speed, creating space ripples in rapid succession.

In just a few seconds, Ziya had cracked his whip for more than a thousand times.

The statue's speed became useless in the face of Ziya's attacks. It could do nothing but rely on its sturdy body to withstand the strikes.

Clap! Crack!

The loud sound of whipping reverberated throughout the entire cave.

The more Ziya attacked, the more he got surprised.

He knew that the power of his whip was absolute.

In the chaos, no matter how powerful his opponents were, there was no way that they could withstand such an astounding volume of attacks.

The statue wasn't even a special being, but it could actually endure an all-out attack for a long time.

'What material is this statue made of?!' Ziya was getting impatient.

Clap! Crack!

Ziya continued his furious attacks. Soon, he noticed that the statue was already showing signs of collapse. Eventually, one of its arms got destroyed.

Soon, the other arm, legs, torso, and the head were also torn apart by the golden whip shadows.

Ziya was relieved as he defeated the seemingly indestructible statue. He then grabbed the air and released Geoffrey from the space channel. While he was treating Geoffrey's wounds, he asked with a serious expression, "Did that statue run down from one of the four pillars?"

"Yes," Geoffrey answered as he stared at the remains of the statue that were now nothing but scraps of metal. He knew that the statue was indeed powerful since Ziya took quite some time before he could destroy it.

"Did it attack you as you climbed up the pillar?" Ziya asked. Since he was not aware of the passage of time in the Abstruse Energy World, he didn't know how long Geoffrey had stayed on the pillar.

"Actually, no." Geoffrey shook his head while his brows were furrowed.

"I'm thinking maybe it attacked because I moved something that I shouldn't," he continued.

"Wait. What do you mean? What was on the pillar?" Ziya asked curiously.

Then Geoffrey told him about the pages and the threads of light on the pillar.

"What are you saying? The threads of light here are connected to the Other Shore?" Ziya was so shocked that his mouth remained wide open.

There were actually several various theories about the Other Shore. One of the most popular ones was that its energy was flowing and coming from the Abstruse Energy World.

Right at this moment, Ziya finally confirmed this theory.

There were a lot of things that entered his mind as he discovered this secret. He was kind of trembling and was pacing back and forth.

With this discovery, it meant that all the powerful, sacred, and terrifying forces on the Other Shore actually relied on the four huge pillars.

Furthermore, it seemed that the situation on the Other Shore of the other worlds was just the same.

In Ziya's mind, he couldn't help but think that the four pillars might be the origin of everything.

He was even more puzzled when he heard Geoffrey saying that the positions of the threads of light and the nature of the Other Shore Tokens could be changed at will.

"I remember it clearly. The statue didn't make a move the first time I made changes, but when I did it for the second time, the statue chased after me. I guess there's more than one statue on the pillars," Geoffrey explained. He thought that he could just do whatever he wanted, but it turned out that it wasn't that simple.

Upon seeing his sullen face, Ziya smiled and said, "You can go to the pillar again and lure the other statues down."

Ziya clearly knew about the function of the four pillars, so he didn't want this opportunity to slip by.

"You want me to lure them down? But what if I can't escape?" Geoffrey said in a trembling voice.

The first statue was shabby, and its intellect wasn't so high. If Geoffrey encountered a statue that possessed a high level of intelligence, it might be difficult for him to escape.

"Don't worry. Just deal with them the same way as you did with the first one." Ziya stretched out his hand, and the Truth of Three-Energy Construction began to operate. The rope that tied him and Geoffrey continued to lengthen.

The plan was Ziya would stay behind while Geoffrey returned to the pillars.

If something unexpected should happen, he could tell Ziya immediately through the rope so that he could pull him back instantly.

Meanwhile, on the Dark Haze Peak of the Pear Hill, a droplet of blood dripped from the wound on Zen's fingertip.

The droplet of extremely thick ancestry-level blood fell into a clear pool.

As it splashed into the water, the blood continued to sink without dispersing.

Suddenly, the droplet of blood stopped sinking, jumped out of the pool, and rushed back towards the wound on Zen's finger.

Like a small red bug, Zen flicked the droplet back into the pool.

It splashed into the pool again. This time, it wandered around the pool and sank into the bottom.

Immediately after, the temperature within the entire pool rapidly rose.

Due to intense heat, a thick white mist began springing up.

Soon after, the clear water in the pool had completely evaporated.

Chapter 3905 The Problem Of The Ancestry-level Bloodline

The Dark Haze Peak was a place of cultivation in the Pear Hill. The pool looked small, but was in fact ten thousand feet deep.

A drop of the ancestry-level blood could instantly cause the water in the pool to evaporate. The heat emanating off of it was not to be underestimated.

Whoosh!

The blood at the bottom of the pool began to lengthen before Zen's eyes. It was ten feet long before it stopped. It then drilled into the Dark Haze Peak.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Cracks sounded from within the peak as the blood began to cut the peak.

It had gone rogue just because Zen hadn't accepted it. And at the rate it was going, it looked like it was threatening Zen by saying that it would destroy everything if he didn't accept it.

"Alas..."

Zen was rendered speechless. He was no longer treating it as a drop of blood, but as a living being.

A while later, a neat cut appeared on one side of the Dark Haze Peak.

If given enough time, this drop of blood could hack the Dark Haze Peak to dust.

Zen had no choice but to stretch out his right hand, in order to summon it back.

He then felt a strange fluctuation of the ancestry-level bloodline in his body, as if it was releasing a signal to make that drop of blood return to him.

That drop of blood seemed to have ears. At the summons from the bloodline in Zen's body, it quickly rushed back and drilled into his finger.

Zen had originally planned to accept this drop of blood, but his face darkened as he felt the difference of the ancestry-level bloodline in his body. He flicked his finger once again, sending the drop of blood flying outwards.

How could he allow his blood to master his own body?

He had already sensed back in the square that the process of his fusion with the bloodline was slightly different from that of others.

According to the Primeval Lord of Heaven, once the bloodline was successfully absorbed, it would become a part of him.

He might not be proficient in using the theurgy bestowed by the bloodline in the beginning. But he would become more and more skillful as time passed and with constant use.

The bloodline was part of the body. It wouldn't cause trouble without reason.

But the bloodline in Zen's body was acting strangely.

He didn't know how to use the ancestry-level bloodline. When he had emerged from the Eternal Scroll Painting, the ancestry-level bloodline had displayed several theurgies according to the situations on its own.

In a nutshell, the ancestry-level bloodline was like a puppeteer while Zen was just a puppet.

It was not easy to obtain the ancestry-level bloodline.

But how could he become its puppet?

Zen would not allow this to happen!

The drop of blood suddenly changed form.

It was only the size of a bean, but in this moment, it turned into a monster's head. It even had a mouth and a vocal organ and was wailing in protest.

Zen felt his body spiral out of control.

It felt like someone else was holding him in his body. He pounced towards the drop of blood, his body stiff.

No matter how he tried to summon his strength and activate the Other Shore Tokens, he was unable to change anything.

He trembled and stretched out a hand to the drop of blood. The monster-like blood finally returned to normal. It got in through his fingertip. It was only then that the force that controlled his body disappeared and his body finally returned to normal.

Once the violent conflict between the two forces disappeared, Zen felt pain in his body. He lost his strength and fell to the ground. He asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven while panting, "This blood..."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was also rendered speechless.

He had felt that something was wrong when the ancestry-level bloodline began to make all sorts of responses.

Since the ancestry-level bloodline was extraordinary and beyond his realm of knowledge, he thought that perhaps this was its own ability and didn't think further about it.

But now, it seemed that the ancestry-level bloodline had its own consciousness and was about to disobey every one of Zen's orders.

"Perhaps you haven't really refined the ancestry-level bloodline yet," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

He was worried, now that he knew the background of the ancestry-level bloodline in the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

An origin-level bloodline alone was extremely powerful. What would the ancestry-level bloodline that no one had ever completely obtained be like?

Zen also realized the seriousness of the problem. "What should we do?"

It was true that the bloodline was powerful, but it wouldn't be worth it if he became a puppet of this bloodline.

"You must find a way to refine it and erase its consciousness. Let me help you," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

Zen didn't know how intelligent the ancestry-level bloodline was, so he didn't say anything. He merely sat cross-legged and conjured an incarnation in his inner world.

Fortunately, there were still a lot of forces that Zen could rely on in his inner world.

Under the arrangements that the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and the others had made, a red net array was formed in Zen's inner world.

Zen had to refine the ancestry-level bloodline completely to erase its consciousness.

A full six days passed in his inner world.

When, in his excitement, he moved the net array out of his elixir field and activated it, the bloodline in his body began to fluctuate.

The net array collapsed and disappeared without a trace.

"…"

Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and the other human heroes were dumbstruck.

"It has been eroded by a completely opposite energy," the Snake Goddess said awkwardly.

"Things aren't as simple as we think," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, shaking his head. The ancestry-level bloodline could dissolve any kind of energy, and Zen probably wouldn't be able to refine it by himself. "It looks like we'll have to turn to external forces."

"External forces?" Zen repeated thoughtfully. "You mean Gerald's power?"

"Yes," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, nodding.

Gerald had mastered the life truth, while Judson had mastered the creation truth.

Zen didn't hesitate. Now that he was facing a formidable enemy, a war would break out at any time. And before that happened, he had to solve this hidden trouble in his body. Gerald was trustworthy.

Zen went to visit Gerald and told him about the bloodline. Gerald was surprised at the weirdness of the story but thought it was understandable.

The bloodline that Zen had obtained was too powerful.

As the Son of Truth who was in charge of the life truth, Gerald was familiar with bloodlines. He thought for a while before turning towards Zen and taking action.

He punctured Zen's back. When the truth energy was injected into his body, it disappeared without a trace, just like the net array.

Although Gerald knew the characteristics of Zen's bloodline, he was still a little unconvinced. He didn't believe that he couldn't suppress the bloodline.

The truth energy was again infused and dispersed into Zen's body.

Gerald became tired but the ancestry-level bloodline in Zen's body remained the same.

The bloodline remained unaffected, seemingly invincible.

Chapter 3906 Gathering

Despite having spent so much effort, Gerald had failed to suppress the bloodline within Zen's body—it was rather embarrassing.

All he knew was that Zen had fused with a powerful bloodline, but he couldn't tell the bloodline's grade or rank in the Eternal Scroll Painting, and Zen hadn't given him all the information.

"The power of the bloodline is simply inconceivable." After a moment of being awestruck, Gerald insisted on giving it another go. "I'll call Judson over to help!"

From the looks of it, it seemed he wouldn't stop until he managed to help Zen suppress his bloodline.

After hearing what Gerald asked him to do, Judson also showed great interest.

It was because of their special bloodlines that the Chaos Ancient Gods were all powerful. Naturally, they were highly concerned about other unique and powerful bloodlines as well.

Once Judson came over, he discussed the matter with Gerald. The two then worked together to suppress Zen's bloodline, but with disappointing results.

The ancestry-level bloodline remained at the top in terms of energy level, and it could work out energy that restrained the enemy's energy, accomplishing a great task with little effort by clever maneuvers.

Although they tried both the internal and external forces, neither of them worked.

This time around, even the Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't know what to do with it.

"When I first entered the Supreme Pure Realm, I encountered over a hundred crises. Sometimes, even after trying every single available means, I still couldn't overcome certain obstacles," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "But at the time, I didn't complain. It was my first time entering the Supreme Pure Realm. Everything was so strange...I needed to explore it all step by step, even fighting with my life..."

Entering a strange domain meant coming across more unknown difficulties and dangers, but he also gained much from it.

Zen's ancestry-level bloodline was truly powerful.

No one in even the Four Spirits Sect had obtained the complete ancestry-level bloodline.

This 'unknown' served as a great test for Zen, as well as a great opportunity.

As for how to control the ancestry-level bloodline, all he could do was explore step by step.

After returning to the Dark Haze Peak, Zen tried communicating with the ancestry-level bloodline to see if there was any turn of events.

In the Victory Province beside the Pear Hill were many black ships in a row.

The Black Ship's captain stood at the bow along with the Grandmaster of Heaven, followed by the other members of the Black Ship. All of them wore serious expressions.

"Will Othniel play tricks?" the captain asked uneasily.

The pair had made a vow through the Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake. According to the vow, Othniel wouldn't attack the Grandmaster of Heaven before they took down the Pear Hill.

Instead, their agreement entailed they would attack the Pear Hill together.

But as the Grandmaster of Heaven just arrived with the Black Ship members in the Victory Province, Judson, another Chaos Ancient God, had also arrived at the Pear Hill.

Even with two Chaos Ancient Gods guarding the Pear Hill, the Grandmaster of Heaven had still decided to make a move until Othniel stopped him.

According to the latter, the Pear Hill likely had an extremely powerful trump card. Now that it had the two Chaos Ancient Gods supporting them, he was afraid they'd suffer losses if they acted too rashly. At this point, he had already summoned another couple of Chaos Ancient Gods for help—Herbert and Lamont.

The three Chaos Ancient Gods followed the Purge Way, meaning they remained on the Element Spirit race's side.

The three of them gathering meant a great threat to the Nihility race. Even the Grandmaster of Heaven would find it difficult to deal with them—it was rather worrying.

As Othniel called for help, the Pear Hill also called for strong reinforcements.

In the past couple of days, the captain of the Black Ship already felt a few strong space fluctuations—it was obvious that some powerful warriors had arrived at the Pear Hill through space channels.

Among the three parties, they were the only ones lacking strong reinforcements. The longer they waited, the greater their disadvantage was.

Meanwhile, the Grandmaster of Heaven seemed very calm, even a little relaxed.

"The conflict between them is greater," said the Grandmaster of Heaven. "There is no need for us to rush along and steal the show."

A battle was inevitable between those who believed in the Purge Way and those who believed in the Finale Way—these opposing forces produced the greatest conflict in the Source World.

Initially, the Grandmaster of Heaven descended to the Source World in quite a hurry, but he finally figured things out.

The Nihility race didn't need to be all that anxious about a fight.

While they kept their voices low in the conversation, the Evil God was near enough to pick it up—they hadn't considered having to hide anything from him.

The Evil God seemed focused on finding the tentacle, indifferent to anything else.

But behind his demeanor, he had his own plans.

And he decided it was likely the best time to carry them out.

Everything worked to his advantage now. He had completely got rid of Zen's control and he had devoured Usman. Moreover, he had the chance to take advantage of the Nihility race.

It was his goal to grow stronger in the shortest time possible before finding the perfect opportunity to control everything there, including this powerful being.

The Evil God gazed at the Grandmaster of Heaven from behind, malice filling his eyes.

In the Taoism Province, west of the Pear Hill…

The Taoism Province was very close to the Pear Hill and was ruled by the Pear Hill. Many humans lived across the area—it had countries, cities, and villages.

The people of the Taoism Province raised their heads to look up at the sky. In the boundless blue, they found a twisted silhouette, as though someone had twisted the very sky into a pretzel.

While there was nothing concrete, so long as they looked up, they could feel the pressure.

If someone used Grand Teleportation to get into the space channel for observation, they'd find an enormous body nearly ten million feet high hidden within—it was Othniel hiding in there.

His means of hiding wasn't anything impressive, but he never intended to hide well in the first place.

Herbert and Lamont both rushed over—the moment either of them arrived, Othniel would make a move.

While waiting, Othniel also contacted the Divine Farmer to ask for the necessary support from the Element Spirit race. The latter delivered the Element Spirit race's message, telling him that they would take action at the most critical moment.

But Othniel could sense the bitterness in the Divine Farmer's tone.

While Claire had previously been killed by Gerald's Poison of Decomposition, she hadn't truly died. But it affected Yellow Thearch, nearly killing him.

If the Element Spirit race still wanted to directly participate in the war, the Divine Farmer himself was going to be the next victim—it was definitely not something the Divine Farmer was willing to see.

But at this point, he had no choice.

"Buzz..."

A strangely-shaped cage suddenly appeared in the air above the Taoism Province.

Its structure was truly exquisite, like a well-crafted artwork.

A space fluctuation emerged from it before a great figure appeared—it was none other than Herbert, one of the Chaos Ancient Gods.

He had no intention to hide his arrival whatsoever. When his great body left the cage, his aura spread in all directions like an invisible storm, wandering throughout the entire Taoism Province.

The aura contained a form of truth energy that could imprison everything—all the living beings in the entire province were suppressed, left unable to breathe.

"This day arrived earlier than I expected," Herbert said slowly.

His stand was not as firm as Lamont's or Othniel's.

For so long, he had Fuxi trapped, giving him the chance to persuade him to change side, but the latter failed.

Chapter 3907 Yan's Golden Dress

Herbert was the most gentle among the six Chaos Ancient Gods.

However, he had chosen the Purge Way because, on behalf of the Element Spirit race, the Yellow Thearch had promised him that the chaos would exist forever.

Herbert didn't care much for his own life, but the Yellow Thearch's words piqued his interest.

In the previous round of chaos, most of his clansmen had perished when the Finale Way was being executed. Even his one true love didn't make it out alive. This was one of the main reasons why he wasn't swayed by Fuxi.

In Herbert's eyes, Fuxi indeed had a great talent, but there was almost no possibility of him completing the Finale Way.

"When the end comes, we won't stand a chance," said Othniel gravely.

Once the chaos reached a certain extent, the needle would emerge.

The people who advocated the Purge Way now needed to eliminate anyone who was obsessed with the Finale Way, and then lastly, they needed to exterminate all the other creatures in the Source World.

As a matter of fact, they had already started the process of extermination.

Previously, Othniel played a big role in killing creatures in three hundred provinces.

"Well, what're we waiting for?" Herbert was already fully aware of the situation at hand, and had resigned himself to his fate. Thus, he saw no need to hesitate.

Othniel nodded. Just then, a human flew towards them from the ground.

He was a native of the Taoism Province. He had once been to the Pear Hill for further study, and now his cultivation base was at the ninth stage of the Other Shore Realm.

Facing the huge figures before him, he surprisingly felt calm. Mustering up all his strength, he shouted at the two Chaos Ancient Gods, "Great Chaos Ancient Gods! The chaos created you for the completion of the Finale Way, not the other way around!"

Most of the people who had acknowledged the Finale Way believed that the Chaos Ancient Gods should unite together.

But in the end, things went awry. There was a great divide among the Chaos Ancient Gods.

Othniel looked at the tiny human expressionlessly. A ray of light suddenly flashed in his huge eye, and the human found that he couldn't move, frozen in the air.

Splash!

With a crisp sound, the miniscule human shattered into countless pieces.

Every fragment floated aimlessly in the space.

Herbert frowned at his fellow Chaos Ancient God. As he pointed at the fragments, an invisible cage enveloped what once was the tiny human from the Taoism Province.

When the cage shrank, it skillfully pieced all the fragments together, restoring the human's original shape.

His body was flawless and brought back to normal, but he had lost all his vitality in the process.

"I don't like too much chaos," Herbert commented under his breath.

Othniel sneered disdainfully, "Restoring him consumes more energy, which leads to more chaos."

Suddenly, a wave of incredibly powerful energy surged out of Othniel's body.

The wave rippled all over the Taoism Province, shaking the very core of the earth beneath it.

Every building, mountain, river, and creature disintegrated into mounds of dust under the force of the vibration.

Very few warriors at the Other Shore Realm survived, but they were seriously injured.

Othniel knew these creatures would be killed sooner or later. He had just sped up the process. He felt absolutely no pity for them.

Herbert shook his head when he saw what Othniel had done. Stretching out his slender fingers, he gently waved his hands in the air.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

Blue pillars rose from the cracked earth, one after another, forming a circle around the Pear Hill. These blue pillars continued to rise until they pierced the very skies.

The Pear Hill was a prison now. Everything within it was doomed.

From the other end of the province, the people of the Black Ship could see the pillars rising.

"Herbert has made his move," the captain of the Black Ship said with a nod.

The Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes were also fixed on the rising blue pillars. "Now that the Pear Hill is being besieged, let's see how they will deal with it."

He was always very calm.

Although the Chaos Ancient Gods were difficult to deal with, he knew what he needed to do.

The six truth-level theurgies had been thoroughly studied. For people like the Grandmaster of Heaven, he was more afraid of the unknown than this.

Therefore, Zen, despite looking like the weakest one of the lot, made him anxious.

Previously, Zen had been able to control his Fishing Drum. Even now, the Grandmaster of Heaven was still confused as to how he did it.

He clenched his fists as he thought resolutely, 'I need to capture him.'

The moment the first blue pillar emerged from the earth, a huge vibration was transmitted into the Pear Hill, and the hill sounded the alarm.

All the mountain leaders and sect leaders ordered their people to return to their positions.

The Snake Goddess had already briefed them on what was to come when she summoned them.

This was a life and death battle among top masters. Those at the Holy Soul Realm were not qualified to join.

But together, they could form one, massive being using the Cloud Cover Array.

It was only through this that the Pear Hill would stand a chance against the Chaos Ancient Gods.

At the top of the Pear Hill, a golden magic array floated in the air. Yan stood at the very center of it.

From afar, the complex golden magic array resembled a long, flowing dress that shone brightly, covering her snake tail.

Buzz!

The golden array suddenly began to glow.

At the same time, Yan activated the Energy Shaft.

"Let's begin," she said, her voice trembling slightly. There was a trace of nervousness in her eyes.

She hadn't spoken very loudly, but as the words left her lips, they traveled with ease towards the bottom of the hill.

"Begin..."

"Begin..."

"Begin..."

Her voice echoed in the ears of every disciple of the Pear Hill.

The Pear Hill took up almost the whole province.

The people were arranged according to rank in strength. The ones closer to the top were the strongest, and conversely, those at the foot of the hill were slightly lower in rank.

Of course, the grand leaders of mountains and sects were positioned near the top of the Pear Hill, whereas ordinary sect leaders and disciples were located on the mountainside.

The cities built by province citizens and mortals were mostly at the foot of the Pear Hill.

Upon hearing Yan's voice, the disciples sat cross-legged and channeled their strength into the golden arrays before them.

Each small golden magic array was a branch. The branches converged into the nine arteries, and the power of the nine arteries finally converged into Yan's "golden dress".

As the energy surged along the golden magic arrays, the white clouds that shrouded the Pear Hill rumbled with activity.

"Woo..."

The power contained in the "golden dress" became terrifyingly strong. After a few moments, it had collected all the complex energy of the disciples of the Pear Hill.

It was impossible to harness this much energy without the help of the Energy Shaft.

Seeing how everyone was doing their part and sending energy her way, Yan gently touched the magic array with her fingers. The second her fingers connected with the magic array, the energy burst upwards and shot towards the Energy Shaft.

With the guidance of the Calculation Civilization, her Energy Shaft had been greatly improved in a short period of time.

However, the Calculation Civilization had also told her that this was still not the complete version of the Energy Shaft. If the expected Energy Shaft was actualized, wars would be completely eradicated. Such an Energy Shaft would bring infinite power and infinite strength.

Raising her right hand resolutely, Yan pointed towards the blue pillars in the distance.

"Go!"

she cried.

Obediently, the Energy Shaft above her head shot out a pale golden light, which rushed towards the blue pillars.

Chapter 3908 A Game Of Seesaw

These blue pillars were enough to seal the whole Pear Hill. Once they were formed, it would be difficult to break even if Gerald and Judson joined forces to try.

As such, Herbert was very confident it was foolproof.

However, just as the blue pillars were rising into the sky, a faint golden light shot towards them like a streak of lightning.

As soon as he saw the golden light beam, Herbert gasped. He could feel the immense power contained in it. Spreading out his hands instinctively, he released truth energy from his palms and directed it towards the blue pillars.

Then, the blue pillars were coated in a light blue film, which stabilized them.

"Boom!"

As soon as the pale golden light hit the blue pillars, it exploded violently. The once stable blue pillars immediately shook like toothpicks, and many even collapsed.

Even Othniel was shocked when he felt the power of the golden light.

It was very easy to distinguish the truth energy. This golden light was obviously not a kind of truth energy from Gerald or Judson, nor could it be from the Snake Goddess or Fuxi. However, if that were the case, then who else in the Pear Hill was strong enough to release such energy?

Quickly recovering from his initial shock, Herbert snorted, "It won't be that easy to destroy my prison."

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

From the area where blue pillars collapsed, new ones sprung from the earth to quickly replace them, like a hydra.

Herbert might have been the most quiet among the six Chaos Ancient Gods, but he was also the most determined. Once he decided to make a move, he would prepare solutions to deal with every possible situation he might face.

In his eyes, it was futile for the Pear Hill to use powerful energy to stop the prison from forming. He knew that he'd be able to deal with whatever they threw his way.

From the peak of the Pear Hill, Yan smiled as she watched the golden beam knock down multiple blue pillars.

Tens of thousands of living beings of the Pear Hill were here, including her brother, the Snake Goddess and Fuxi...

This was their last stronghold. No way in hell was she going to sit back and watch it be destroyed before her.

"What the--"

When Yan saw the new blue pillars emerging from the ground, the smile was wiped from her face, and her eyes flashed coldly. Through gritted teeth, she muttered, "Let's see if you can grow pillars faster than I can chop them down."

As soon as she finished speaking, she flicked her ten fingers.

Instantly, the energy that had been pulsating in the "golden dress" below her gathered at the Energy Shaft. Under Yan's control, the Energy Shaft shot out many golden light blades.

The ability to control energy was innate to Yan. The first time she condensed the shadow of Snake Goddess, she had instantly mastered it. This was why the Snake Goddess had chosen Yan to cultivate the Energy Shaft.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

The golden light rained on the blue pillars. Any pillar that touched the golden light blades instantly collapsed.

However, no matter how many pillars were smashed to pieces, new ones emerged to take their place. For Herbert, summoning blue pillars was as easy as breathing.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

Even the massive Pear Hill began to shake slightly under the impact. Occasionally, mountain peaks would collapse and rocks would roll down along the mountain.

However, no one bothered to bat an eyelash at this collateral damage. This was no big deal compared to what they were up against.

The Snake Goddess, who had been hovering in the air nearby, watched as the golden light beams tore down pillars while new ones sprouted like bamboos. She pursed her lips, deep in thought.

At this point, Herbert's and Yan's moves could only be regarded as a way to test the water.

Yan shouldn't have been the first to fight, since she was one of the Pear Hill's trump cards.

However, the Snake Goddess had arranged for her to be the first one to take action. Her hope was that by doing so, the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race would feel intimidated. At the very least, she wanted to give an impression that the Pear Hill was a force to be reckoned with.

The tug-of-war became like a game of seesaw. Two hours of this back-and-forth dynamic passed by.

On the one hand, Herbert's truth energy could last long, and he was not afraid of it being consumed by the passing of time.

On the other, Yan relied on the power of thousands of warriors in the Pear Hill. While these warriors were contributing their power, they were also constantly replenishing the divine crystals

Before the war began, the Pear Hill distributed all the divine crystals that had been tucked away over the years. Thus, they could hold out for probably a month.

Another six hours passed.

Both sides appeared to be very patient, especially Yan. This was her first time to face a Chaos Ancient God. She wasn't going to risk it all by being careless! Her eyes flashed determinedly, as she continued sending golden beams of light towards the blue pillars.

However, Othniel didn't feel the same way. Exasperated, he saw no point in what Herbert was doing. If even after eight hours they couldn't build a prison, then they should stop wasting time on it!

"Buzz!"

Othniel's huge eyeball flashed suddenly, and a huge ball appeared before him.

Then, spikes that spanned a million feet long appeared one after another all around the ball. As they appeared, they squeezed into the ball. In a short while, there were already over ten thousand spikes inside the ball.

"Shrink!"

Othniel spat impatiently.

The ball began to shrink rapidly, and the one-million-foot long spikes inside the ball were also quickly compressed. Soon the ball was roughly the size of a massive boulder.

Then, Othniel stretched out his hands and touched the surface of the ball gently, and a blue square enveloped the ball. Instantly, the ball was teleported into the Pear Hill without a warning.

Through the Cloud Cover Array, Yan could sense if anything had entered the Pear Hill.

As soon as she noticed the presence of the ball, she flicked her finger towards it.

"Buzz!"

A golden light blade hit the ball.

The ball by itself was already on the verge of bursting, since it was loaded to the brim with massive spikes.

Even a full blow from an ordinary warrior at the Other Shore Realm could easily shatter it, let alone Yan's golden light blade.

However, the instant the ball shattered, it exploded and sent the one-million-foot long spikes raining onto the Cloud Cover Array like meteors.

As the spikes swept across the Pear Hill, peaks were sliced off and craters were formed.

If they were to land on a sect in the Pear Hill, the entire sect would be destroyed, and the people inside would also be crushed to a pulp.

Even the arrays set up on the mountains along the way were destroyed by the spikes.

Seeing that his attack was working, Othniel continued. Three more round balls appeared in front of him, and at the same time, more spikes squeezed in.

In a flash of blue light, more balls were sent into the Pear Hill.

But by now, the Pear Hill knew what to expect.

In a flash, Judson appeared in front of one of the balls, and a glazed goblet had appeared in his hand. It was the Heavenly Glazed Goblet.

"Bang!"

Judson threw it at the ball. The goblet swallowed it instantly.

"Bang!"

The round ball exploded inside the glazed goblet. The countless spikes were effectively blocked by the goblet's shell.

Meanwhile, the second ball was swallowed by Gerald, who had appeared just in time.

The spikes might cause damage to Gerald's body, but ordinary injuries were nothing to him.

The Snake Goddess handled the last ball.

While she might be inferior to Gerald and Judson in terms of strength, she was still extremely clever and wise. The instant the third ball appeared over the Pear Hill, she had tossed a thin rope towards it. The moment the rope looped around the ball, it was transported into the interior of the Pear Hill.

The area in the center of the Pear Hill was incredibly vast. Even though the ball exploded inside the Pear Hill, the walls of the mountain were too incredibly thick that the spikes just buried themselves into the mountain after traveling tens of millions or even hundreds of millions of feet in the rock stratum.

Chapter 3909 Compromise

This round of attack was blocked, but Othniel sneered as he said, "Can you block the attack every time?"

The attacks from Othniel and Herbert were mainly aimed at destroying the fragile creatures in the Pear Hill.

It was a good idea and was working so far.

The energy that Yan's Energy Shaft had released was so powerful that even the Chaos Ancient Gods couldn't bear it.

Only if Othniel and Herbert killed a large number of disciples, sect leaders and mountain leaders in the Pear Hill would Yan's foundation no longer exist.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

Five more huge balls appeared before Othniel. Once a large number of space spikes were compressed in the five balls, Othniel gently raised his hand and sent the five balls to the Pear Hill.

"Let me deal with this alone!"

Judson's huge figure flashed above the Pear Hill. He was moving so fast that it gave people whiplash.

His figure split into five, each figure holding a Heavenly Glazed Goblet in their hands.

Bang, bang, bang!

With five cracking sounds, the Heavenly Glazed Goblets caught the balls pretty accurately.

After the balls exploded, the spikes in the inner part of the balls could do nothing to the Heavenly Glazed Goblets. Judson had single-handedly blocked Othniel's attack.

When Othniel sensed this, he merely snorted but didn't adjust his methods. He still compressed the spikes inside the spheres, and sent them into the Pear Hill.

But no matter how many spheres Othniel sent in, Judson blocked every single one of them.

In the Pear Hill, the Snake Goddess had returned to the jadeite platform, her eyes gloomy.

The Pear Hill had resisted the attacks of the two Chaos Ancient Gods. But this was still way below the Snake Goddess's expectations.

"Othniel is so irritating! We keep defending the Pear Hill, but he is patient and just won't break in!" the Snake Goddess said, frowning.

The Pear Hill was powerful. The Snake Goddess had arranged a great counterattack method in the Pear Hill to deal with the Chaos Ancient Gods. She wanted to see which one of the Gods attacked first.

Her intuition told her that Othniel would be the first to break in.

But Othniel wasn't stupid. He did what Herbert had done. He seemed to use formidable methods, but it was all a ruse to stall for time.

"They want to wait for the members of the Black Ship to make the first move," said Fuxi, looking at the other side. He could clearly see a row of black ships floating in the air through the Cloud Cover Array.

The members of the Black Ship wanted the Chaos Ancient Gods to make the first move and then intended to reap the benefits. The Chaos Ancient Gods had the same thought.

This was often the case when three parties competed against each other.

"Well then. We'll just wait. I'd like to see who is more patient and who buckles first." The Snake Goddess pursed her lips and smiled.

On the Dark Haze Peak, Zen could see golden light blades shooting out and exploding in quick succession.

Yan's strength was so terrifying, and every time a light blade exploded, it shook the Pear Hill.

Zen looked serious.

He had just reached the Eternal Realm and couldn't yet control his bloodline.

The strength he could use in a battle of this level was limited, which annoyed him to no end.

If the Chaos Ancient Gods and the Grandmaster of Heaven were to really launch a large scale attack on the Pear Hill, Yan, who was in control of the Energy Shaft, would probably be their first target.

Zen was worried at this thought.

"I can't use the ancestry-level bloodline. All the changes that the ancestry-level bloodline has made before were only to restrain the external energy to protect itself. I might as well absorb an origin-level bloodline if this is the case," Zen said, helplessly shaking his head.

Soon after he obtained the ancestry-level bloodline and when he left the Eternal Divine Courtyard and passed through the spaces, the ancestry-level bloodline seemed to suddenly become generous. It even allowed Zen to comprehend the structure of the origin-level bloodlines.

If Zen could adjust the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline by himself, he could then change it into an origin-level bloodline.

But ever since he had left the Eternal Scroll Painting, the ancestry-level bloodline had become more and more independent, no longer giving Zen any rights.

When the Primeval Lord of Heaven heard Zen's voice, he knew that Zen was depressed. He was about to persuade Zen, when Zen, after having exhausted his Chaotic Source Spirits, sliced through his arm, creating a wound.

This time, a larger amount of the ancestry-level bloodline was released.

The surface of the ancestry-level bloodline began to undulate, transforming into the shape of a little monster and roaring at Zen.

Zen didn't understand its strange roar, but he still replied seriously, "I don't care what your purpose of hiding in my body is, but I need strength to get through this!"

He pointed into the distance where three golden light blades exploded in the air. The huge sound waves spread throughout Pear Hill, causing the mountains to sway.

"Do you think you are safe?" Zen sneered. "Can you guarantee that there is no member from the Four Spirits Sect behind them? Knowing your base, they would naturally have a way to defeat me and you!"

Zen could roughly understand the simple idea of the ancestry-level bloodline. It gave him the ability to protect himself, and could help Zen subdue everything.

It wasn't concerned with the powerful strength that Zen was pursuing.

"Aww, aww..."

The fist-sized blood beast was still howling, but its voice grew quieter.

Zen was sure that the Four Spirits Sect was the Instant Civilization. However, the Four Spirits Sect was not one whole, so he couldn't figure out what exactly their standpoint was.

But from what he knew, even the creatures of the Four Spirits Sect were interested in the ancestry-level bloodline.

"If you help me, they won't catch me. I don't know what will happen if you don't help me," Zen said, threat evident in his voice.

He had barely finished speaking when the blood beast roared again. Zen felt his body stiffen. His blood dragged his legs away, wanting to escape.

He had just taken a step forward when Zen himself erupted with power.

His legs were now tied together, and he fell to the ground.

"How can I let you get what you want?" Zen said with a smile.

He stood up from the ground as he spoke. Forced by the blood to run forward, he quietly exerted his strength and tripped himself again.

The ancestry-level bloodline could only control Zen's physical body through his blood. But Zen's body still had bones and meridians.

He still had the upper hand in the fight for the control of his body.

Of course, this seemed only a temporary solution. The future was uncertain. Zen was obviously worried about it.

Perhaps it had completely understood Zen's words, or perhaps it had realized that it couldn't change Zen's mind for the time being. The little blood beast that was still outside Zen's body groaned as if begging for mercy, and jumped onto Zen's shoulder.

It didn't get in through the wound on Zen's right arm, but waited for Zen's permission.

"Are you willing to compromise?" Zen said, smugly overjoyed. "You should at least let me get an origin-level bloodline theurgy."

Chapter 3910 Black Snakes

As Zen spoke his last word, the ancestry-level bloodline began boiling within him.

He sensed that it had used six abilities of the life quadrant, as well as the ability of the space-time quadrant, which ranked a bit lower than eightieth in this quadrant. This was very rare.

These seven abilities mixed together to form the bloodline.

"Is this an origin-level bloodline?" Zen froze for a moment as he pondered.

These three hundred and seventy-three abilities might have infinite combinations, but the origin-level bloodlines the Eternal Divine Courtyard had were those in the four spaces.

Zen made an attempt to activate the bloodline ability and almost immediately felt a burning sensation within, as his body began transforming dramatically.

Thin muscles bulged out and quickly morphed into a layer of thick and solid armor

which quickly sank and embedded itself on the surface of his skin, tightly enveloping his entire body.

The sight of his own body left Zen in a dismal state. "You didn't provide me with an origin-level bloodline. You did this to prevent me from letting my blood out again!"

The ancestry-level bloodline seemed unwilling to let Zen separate from it and now this disgusting armor had overtaken his body to prevent him from harming himself and allowing any of it to leave.

"This is not enough to fight them.

Aren't you afraid of being found out by them?"

Zen added a few more threatening remarks, but the ancestry-level bloodline just ignored him and didn't move.

Rumble...

The Pear Hill still shook slightly.

Yan's proficiency in attacking with the Energy Shaft was improving greatly and the golden light blades were being released faster and faster. They had now almost dug up an entire moat around the Pear Hill.

Herbert continued driving the growth of the blue pillars. However, as Yan sped up her actions, the blue pillars that surrounded the Pear Hill began weakening and a huge gap appeared among them.

If it went on like this, Yan could possibly completely suppress Herbert.

As for the balls Othniel had thrown in, Judson had grabbed them all one by one.

The Pear Hill was humongous, but destroying a province was still an easy task for the Chaos Ancient Gods. The energy Othniel and Herbert had released was already enough to destroy the Pear Hill several times.

But under the protection of Yan and the others, the Pear Hill remained unmoved.

On a black ship, the Grandmaster of Heaven finally could take no more and grew irritable.

After all, Othniel and Herbert were just as much his enemies. The only reason they worked together now was because they shared a common goal.

These two Chaos Ancient Gods led an attack on the Pear Hill and were failing; they were obviously wasting time!

"Do they intend to keep stalling for time with this pitiful assault?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked, frowning with annoyance.

Taking note of his anger, the captain of the Black ship responded, "Perhaps they need someone to finally break through and turn the tables."

"You mean they're waiting for me to take action?" queried the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"I think so," the captain said and nodded.

"In that case, let me shatter this stalemate..."

The Grandmaster of Heaven waved his hand, and the Six Soul Flags floated up into the air.

As he swayed gently, the black flames on the Six Soul Flags flowed out like endless black snakes entangling with his Cyan Misty Sword.

He stretched a finger out to point at the Cyan Misty Sword and the aura of the life truth spread out.

This got the attention of the captain, the members of the Black Ship and even the Evil God as they sensed the aura.

The members of the Black Ship were bewildered at how the Grandmaster of Heaven was able to use the life truth, but they then remembered he had used the space truth before and so thought nothing more of it.

None had any idea how the Grandmaster of Heaven had obtained such an ability.

The Evil God, however, had felt the energy of the Truth Crystal from Zen, and its aura was exactly the same as that of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Once the black snakes in the Cyan Misty Sword were infused with the energy of the life truth, they began circling the Grandmaster of Heaven as if they had come to life.

Ten snakes, twenty, thirty, forty...

In a little more than a moment, he had created more than three hundred black snakes.

Buzz!

He shook the Cyan Misty Sword gently and flicked his right hand, and many blue space frames appeared on the black snakes' bodies. The Grandmaster of Heaven then sent them into the Pear Hill.

"The Black Ship is taking action as well!" the Snake Goddess announced gravely.

They had been paying close attention to the Grandmaster of Heaven as they battled the two Chaos Ancient Gods. After all, he was certainly more difficult to handle than these two.

"I'll deal with the black flames!"

Gerald had been entangled by the black flames before, and by means of the life truth, a unique formula had been created that extinguished the black flames.

He had experience with these black flames and so felt confident facing them again.

But when he let out his spiritual sense and was about to pull the black snakes out, he found himself perplexed. He was unable to detect any traces of the black fire snakes within the range of his spiritual sense!

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess were having the same trouble.

The intense energy was usually hard to miss with one's spiritual sense. It now being undetectable was truly strange.

At that moment, inside the Heavenly Shuttle Sect in the middle of the Pear Hill, many members of the Snake Goddess race continued offering the energy they had.

Swish!

A black snake appeared seemingly out of nowhere and headed straight for the sect leader.

The leader of the Heavenly Shuttle Sect was a powerful Chaotic Source Realm warrior. She was still going through the test of the Soul City, and was only one step away from the Holy Soul Realm.

She knew this snake coming at her was powerful and immediately employed her Other Shore Token.

But the black snake's speed was beyond what she had expected.

It was too late, because when her Other Shore Token was activated, the black snake had already bitten her on the neck and her body fell lifeless...

"Master!"

"Master..."

The disciples of the Heavenly Shuttle Sect fell into a panic. Some stepped back, some tried to protect the sect leader and some attacked the black snake in vengeance.

However, the black snake was incredibly quick and they could not track it with the spiritual sense.

They stood no chance against it; almost all the Heavenly Shuttle Sect's disciples were killed within 30 seconds. Only a few smart and shrewd disciples managed to escape using the Grand Teleportation technique.

Such massacres were taking place all across the Pear Hill.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others couldn't locate the black snakes, but they sensed the hysteria, horror and fear among the commotion.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi were getting agitated as their numbers started dwindling.

"All sect leaders and mountain leaders, please do whatever you can to kill those black snakes!"

She issued the order and flashed to the Heavenly Shuttle Sect. Her heart sank and broke when she saw their members fall to the ground, one after the other.

The black snake hunted for a while and now wished to hide in the mountain. But before it could drill into the ground, the Snake Goddess got hold of it!

It struggled in her grip and black flames burst out from it, burning the Snake Goddess' white fingers, contorting and charring them. But she seemed to feel no pain. She used the energy of the shadow of Snake Goddess to suppress the snake and smash it to pieces!

Chapter 3911 Take The Initiative To Attack

Blood splattered across the ground as the Snake Goddess killed a black snake, then she quickly moved to the next place.

She wasn't the only one who attacked. Upon hearing her call, Fuxi, the sect, and mountain leaders also jumped into action and cleared the black snakes in the Pear Hill.

However, the area covered by their spiritual sense was much smaller than that of the Snake Goddess. Thus, they could only kill the black snakes near the central area of the Pear Hill. They couldn't reach the black snakes beyond that area.

Furthermore, the spiritual sense couldn't be used to locate the three hundred black snakes, so it was quite hard to kill them.

When they sensed that a warrior of the Pear Hill had died, that was only when they could go to the place and kill.

The wild flames were intense, but the Grandmaster of Heaven had used them to create three hundred black snakes, so the power was divided. Warriors at the Holy Soul Realm could resist them, as long as they were careful.

Although they killed the black snakes, the Pear Hill had suffered many casualties.

Within five minutes, the entire Pear Hill was in a fix.

The Snake Goddess surmised that after the group of snakes entered the Pear Hill, over seven hundred members of the Pear Hill had died, which included many elites.

Although the Pear Hill had many members, all the warriors who died were her members. No one could blame her for feeling devastated.

Soon enough, Yan felt the panic of the people of the Pear Hill.

After all, those mountain and sect leaders contributed nearly half of the energy needed. When they left to kill the black snakes, the energy used for the Energy Shaft naturally became unstable.

Fortunately, Yan was quite skilled. She restrained the blue pillars that grew like mad with constant adjustment.

When the mountain and sect leaders returned to their positions, the supply of energy to the Energy Shaft became stable again.

Zen, who was in the Dark Haze Peak, also saw the commotion, but he did not act rashly. Before the war, the Snake Goddess said that she was in command of everything.

Elizabeth, Pearce, and some others were in another main peak and infused energy into the Cloud Cover Array as well, but they also did not participate directly in the battle.

When they returned to the jadeite platform, Fuxi looked calm as usual, but the Snake Goddess was a little worried.

"If everything continued like this, I'm afraid that the Pear Hill won't be able to hold on," the Snake Goddess said.

Fuxi glanced at the Snake Goddess. He knew that she had a kind heart and didn't want to see her people die.

However, it was common for millions of creatures to die in such a large-scale war.

"I'm afraid they won't come in," said Fuxi, lost in thought.

According to the Snake Goddess's plan, everything would be successful if they could trick and lure a Chaos Ancient God into the Pear Hill then kill him. Now, it seemed that it was never going to happen.

While Fuxi and the Snake Goddess racked their brains for a solution, the Grandmaster of Heaven, who was in the distance, shook the Six Soul Flags once more, and hundreds of black snakes dived into Pear Hill again.

Five minutes later, it appeared that things just repeated.

The Snake Goddess and her people killed the black snakes once again, but more than a few thousand disciples of the Pear Hill had died!

The core disciples were always few. How could they hold off against such a slaughter?

At that moment, the Snake Goddess turned from worried to aggressive. She looked at Fuxi and said, "If we let the real Snake Goddess and real Fuxi take over our physical bodies, we can fight our way out."

After she came back to the Pear Hill, she talked to the real Snake Goddess once.

The Snake Goddess quickly accepted her identity as an avatar. She felt the real Snake Goddess's character and real aura. She was the same as the real Snake Goddess, but the real one lived longer and was more knowledgeable.

She didn't mind that the real Snake Goddess occupied her body. Furthermore, the real Snake Goddess remained trapped in Stage Thirty-three and the one she referred to right now was only an energy soul, so she could not really control her.

However, Fuxi strongly opposed the idea. Even if she begged him in private, he would never compromise.

But now that the people of the Pear Hill were dying one after another and they couldn't find a way to stop it, they had to change their previous strategy and take the initiative to attack.

The safest way to do that was to let the real Snake Goddess and real Fuxi take over their bodies.

"No need." Fuxi shook his head.

"Fuxi." The Snake Goddess stared at her husband. She was begging him.

Of course, she knew that Fuxi was a proud man.

Then again, he was the number one warrior when the Chaos Ancient Gods were excluded and was said to be the strongest warrior at the Eternal Realm.

Even someone as powerful as Yellow Thearch, who had the Element Spirit race's support, was still no match for him.

Now, to let someone occupy his body was ridiculous.

Even if that person was the real Fuxi, he still found it hard to accept.

When he felt that the Snake Goddess had stared at him for a while, he finally felt annoyed. He simply waved his hand and said, "I'll give him only two hours! After that, I will take back my physical body."

Meanwhile, the Grandmaster of Heaven was quite satisfied with his attack method.

In many cases, small tricks often had a good effect.

The people in the Pear Hill guarded the place with all their might, so he naturally wouldn't charge recklessly.

The best option was to force them out step by step while he waited. That was the most effortless way.

When he released the fifth wave of black snakes, the situation in the Pear Hill far away finally changed.

The white clouds that surrounded the Pear Hill quickly dissipated and revealed the vast, green mountain range.

As the Cloud Cover Array was removed, an enormous figure, which was millions of feet high, emerged. It was neither Judson nor Gerald, but the real Fuxi, who had activated the Wild God Body!

The corners of his mouth curved up in relief.

"I haven't fought for a long time..."

Then, he spread out his hands, and the blood in his body flowed at insane speeds.

Compared to Fuxi in this round of chaos, the real Fuxi had more power and control over his bloodline!

"Clap!"

He clapped his hands, then two marks of Eight Diagrams appeared on his palms.

"You can make a move now!"

As he spoke, he slammed his hands hard on the ground.

"Buzz!"

Othniel and Herbert were both in the Taoism Province. Suddenly, enormous marks of Eight Diagrams appeared under their feet, and the same happened to Grandmaster of Heaven, who was in the Victory Province.

"This is..."

Upon seeing the big mark, the Grandmaster of Heaven felt a chill run down his spine.

In turn, he quickly grew up to ten million feet high. With a wave of his hand, he sucked the black ship into his long sleeve and suddenly teleported away.

"Boom!"

Powerful palm prints immediately fell from the top of the marks of Eight Diagrams, and a bottomless pit appeared on the ground.

The Grandmaster of Heaven only took away one black ship. The other black ships swiftly turned into thousands of pieces as the palm prints covered them.

Although these black ships could repair themselves, the captain of the Black Ship still felt crushed when he saw that the black ships were destroyed just like that.

Still, the real Fuxi didn't stop attacking, and his large hands continuously slapped the ground. As the palm prints kept coming down, the Grandmaster of Heaven, Othniel, and Herbert had no choice but to move and dodge.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was confused when he dodged and retreated.

He had never seen Fuxi become so powerful when he fought against him before. It seemed that he suddenly became a different person, which reminded the Grandmaster of Heaven of the Fuxi in the past.

This was not a good omen.

Just as Othniel and Herbert still dodged, the real Snake Goddess, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Gerald, and Judson all rushed towards the Victory Province at the same time.

The Snake Goddess planned that they would all charge forward to take down the Grandmaster of Heaven first, then deal with the Chaos Ancient Gods next.

Chapter 3912 The Second Truth

The marks of Eight Diagrams appeared one after another under the Grandmaster of Heaven's feet while he dodged the palm prints that kept descending from the sky.

The ground behind him was densely packed with palm prints, which formed a wide ditch.

"Boom!"

The moment he avoided another one palm print, he became shocked when he saw the Pear Hill.

His spiritual sense always covered an area with a radius of over a hundred million miles. He saw that the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Gerald, and Herbert were fast approaching!

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi."

Although it was his first time to descend into the chaos, the Black Ship was always the one that gathered the information from the Source World then sent it to him before.

Of course, he knew that Eastern Emperor Taiyi had defeated Emperor Charm easily.

He also knew that the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had gotten trapped in Stage Thirty-three.

It must be the case that someone had taken over his physical body, which greatly enhanced his strength.

The truth behind it might be a puzzle for others, but the Grandmaster of Heaven easily figured out what had happened.

Now, Fuxi had become much more powerful, and perhaps the Snake Goddess's strength had also increased. They might have let the real Fuxi and the real Snake Goddess take over their bodies.

Since the Grandmaster of Heaven faced them alone, the pressure he felt naturally increased.

Had it been someone else, they probably would've run away by now. He could at least join the two Chaos Ancient Gods who were in the Taoism Province.

Yet, he didn't choose to escape.

Instead of continuing to dodge the palm prints of Eight Diagrams, he suddenly stopped in midair!

Boom! Boom! Boom...

Fuxi continued to slap the ground in the Pear Hill, but the palm prints went through the Grandmaster of Heaven's body.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was like a ghost in the air, and he avoided all his attacks.

That was the ability of the Chaos Ancient God Othniel—the Void Illusory World, which could create a unique separate space for him to stay.

"Grandmaster of Heaven, long time no see!" the bright-eyed Snake Goddess exclaimed.

Because it was the real Snake Goddess, she spoke in an unusually confident manner.

"Hmph, it's just as I thought. Even if you have a complete body to use, you still can't bring your full strength into play," the Grandmaster of Heaven coldly shot back.

At that moment, the Snake Goddess spread her fingers and gently lifted them.

In turn, crimson energy filaments burst out from her snow-white skin.

The energy filaments constantly whirled and changed, then finally turned into a gigantic shadow of Snake Goddess.

Usually, after the Snake Goddess activated her Wild God Body, her body would grow as high as eight million feet, while her shadow reached up to ten million feet high!

This time, however, her shadow extended up to a hundred million feet high. It covered the sky and the sun, and contained endless energy!

The Grandmaster of Heaven, Gerald, and Judson looked very small in front of the shadow of Snake Goddess.

"It should be enough to kill you," the Snake Goddess said seriously.

As soon as she finished speaking, her large shadow slammed down the Grandmaster of Heaven's head.

Swoosh...

The Void Illusory World was completely independent from the outside space. Although the shadow of Snake Goddess was powerful, it didn't harm the Grandmaster of Heaven at all.

Still, she was in no way discouraged. The energy beams on the shadow's hands continuously entangled with the Grandmaster of Heaven until they completely wrapped around him.

"It's useless," the Grandmaster of Heaven sneered.

"Really? The Void Illusory World may not be invincible as you think!"

Suddenly, Gerald, who was at the side, released powerful life energy. Numerous silkworms with wings came out of the dark green fog, and each of them had a pair of sharp teeth that glowed blue on their heads.

They were the World-devouring Silkworms, a kind of creature Gerald had created.

He knew that he would fight against the other Chaos Ancient Gods one day, so he was naturally prepared.

He created the World-devouring Silkworms to deal with Othniel, but he did not expect that the Grandmaster of Heaven had Othniel's ability. Thus, they came handy at the moment.

Crack! Crack! Crack...

The World-devouring Silkworms flapped their wings and flew towards the Grandmaster of Heaven. The sharp teeth on their heads clattered and devoured the space bit by bit. The task looked as easy as eating leaves to them.

The Grandmaster of Heaven didn't know that Gerald had such a power. When he saw the World-devouring Silkworms move forward to devour him, he had no choice but to get out of the Void Illusory World.

Just as he came out, however, the Snake Goddess's energy beams were already there to bind him!

"Pfft!"

Crimson energy beams quickly corroded his body!

Even the body of a warrior at the Eternal Realm could not endure the erosion from the shadow of Snake Goddess. At that point, the Grandmaster of Heaven's skin became charred.

However, it only lasted for quite a short period.

A strong force of life truth suddenly emerged from the Grandmaster of Heaven's body. A green mist rolled out, and not only did it repair his body, but it also left a thick layer of tissue on his skin.

The mist formed the layer of tissue, especially to deal with the energy of the shadow of Snake Goddess.

As a result, the erosion caused by the shadow of Snake Goddess wouldn't be as strong.

"Life truth?

He can also use the life truth!

How did he make it?" Gerald said in utter disbelief.

It wasn't a big deal that the Grandmaster of Heaven used Othniel's theurgy, as perhaps Othniel had made an exchange with him.

The big deal was that the Grandmaster of Heaven also exhibited the life truth, which was puzzling.

But now they were in a battle, so Gerald didn't have the time to think about it.

When he saw that the Grandmaster of Heaven was about to forcefully come out of shadow of Snake Goddess, his body suddenly slipped, and his large tail stabbed the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The Poison of Decomposition at the end of his tail was incurable. Someone as powerful as Claire still died after she was poisoned, and the Grandmaster of Heaven was no exception.

But of course, the Grandmaster of Heaven knew Gerald better than Claire did.

Thus, he had decided to pay particular attention to Gerald's movements. As soon as he saw the needle stab towards him, he turned over and quickly avoided it.

The second he dodged the tail, a golden sword shadow fell straight towards him.

Without even looking at it, the Grandmaster of Heaven held the Cyan Misty Sword in his hand.

"Bang, bang, Bang..."

The huge swords clashed against each other, and the sword radiance danced in all directions.

Every collision was powerfully destructive. If the creatures in the Victory Province looked up, the dazzling golden light would blind their eyes.

After the Grandmaster of Heaven and the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had exchanged dozens of sword strikes in an instant, the Grandmaster of Heaven suddenly stepped into the void. His big body was like a ghost as he flew south, which was the location of the Taoism Province. His goal was to get the other two Chaos Ancient Gods who were in the Taoism Province involved.

"Go after him!"

At that point, the Snake Goddess, Gerald, and the others followed him closely.

At first, Othniel and Herbert, who were in the Taoism Province, were still panicking when they faced Fuxi's attack.

However, the attacks of the Eight Diagrams and the palm prints came a little delayed as they reached the Taoism Province. Furthermore, it wasn't hard to avoid them with their abilities.

At the same time, the two Chaos Ancient Gods also noticed that the Pear Hill took the initiative to attack the Grandmaster of Heaven!

Othniel and the Grandmaster of Heaven were not on the same side. In reality, Othniel was afraid of the Grandmaster of Heaven when it came to strength. Since the Pear Hill had exhibited powerful capabilities, it would be a good thing for them if they took the opportunity to kill the Grandmaster of Heaven.

After all, the Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake didn't require Othniel to help the Grandmaster of Heaven.

It turned out that all this time, the two Chaos Ancient Gods chose to standby and not interfere. What they didn't expect was that the Grandmaster of Heaven evaded the attacks launched by the people of Pear Hill, then charged straight towards them.

Chapter 3913 A Sneak Attack

Eternal Realm masters wouldn't take long to cross an entire province.

The Grandmaster of Heaven and the people chasing him were far stronger than ordinary Eternal Realm warriors, and as a result, were much faster.

That was why Othniel and Herbert had to make a quick decision.

"Should we avoid them or fight?" Herbert asked, puzzled.

The goal that was Herbert's priority was to subvert the Pear Hill and help the Element Spirit race complete the Purge Way.

He didn't have an opinion about Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, or even Zen. It was purely a matter of stance on the future.

On the other hand, Othniel looked hesitant.

Their previous attack against the Oneness Sky Palace had been a complete failure. The people belonging to all the forces involved, like the Divine Farmer race, the Bearing race, and the New Moon race had died or escaped during the war. Even Claire had been killed.

Now, Fuxi's and the Snake Goddess's strength had greatly increased, and with the help of Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the other two Chaos Ancient Gods, Pear Hill had become an invincible force.

If the Grandmaster of Heaven were to be defeated or even killed by them, what would await him and Herbert before the Pear Hill?

These thoughts lingered in Othniel's mind for a while before he made his decision. "We should fight!" he said eventually.

He had barely finished saying this when blue dust appeared in his huge eye.

If one looked carefully, they'd realize that the blue dust motes were numerous cubes the size of a fist. They only looked tiny like dust before Othniel's huge form.

The blue cubes disappeared from Othniel's eye and appeared to the east of the Taoism Province, floating irregularly in the air.

These cubes were insignificant to the powerful warriors who had activated the Wild God Bodies.

Gerald warned the others as he noticed the sudden appearance of the blue dust. "Be careful! They're inverse spaces released by Othniel!"

The moment Gerald alerted his companions, Othniel activated the cubes.

The blue spaces, originally the size of a fist, expanded rapidly to a width of about one million feet each. These inverse spaces instantly filled up the space at the south of the Taoism Province.

These inverse spaces were a special type of space. There seemed to be nothing inside, but they were, in fact, filled with a special energy.

Gerald, the Snake Goddess, and the others felt like they were running in water the moment they were trapped in these spaces. Their speed slowed down considerably.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was also caught up in an inverse space, but Othniel could control these spaces at will. Under his control, the inverse spaces before the Grandmaster of Heaven quickly turned back into the size of a fist.

Once his path was cleared, the Grandmaster of Heaven regained his former speed and in just a few seconds, had left the Snake Goddess's group far behind.

The real Fuxi, who was in the Pear Hill, became worried as he witnessed this scene unfold. He turned around and told Zen, "I'll leave the great array in your care. I have to go and help them!"

Saying thus, he created a space channel and entered it in a flash. In just a second, he was gone.

The great array that the real Fuxi had mentioned to Zen had something to do with the Ear Mice.

The Ear Mouse race had always been a force to be reckoned with in the Source World. This race was omnipresent and extremely rich.

Yellow Thearch had tried to befriend the Ear Mouse race many times, but the Ear Mice had always stayed neutral. They seemed uninterested in both the Purge Way and the Finale Way.

Every businessman was believed to always be on the fence. Yellow Thearch didn't really care about what the Ear Mice thought as long as they didn't side with the Pear Hill.

But King leuan's real intentions were not what it showed the world.

The Ear Mice's great fortune relied on their huge numbers, making it impossible for them to follow the Purge Way.

A long time ago, the Ear Mice had secretly allied themselves with the Pear Hill.

King leuan was at the Eternal Realm, but its strength wasn't even noteworthy among the other Eternal Realm warriors.

However, no one in the Source World could compete with it in terms of wealth.

The divine crystals that King Ieuan had collected for so many years might account for more than half of the amount in the entire Source World.

These divine crystals contained pure energies. Many people coveted such a great fortune but none of them knew where the Ear Mice hid them.

Even Zen had known nothing about this until recently. He was astonished that all the divine crystals were hidden in the Pear Hill. With her unprecedented talent, the Snake Goddess had used the divine crystals to set up an array, which had turned out to be a huge trap.

Even a Chaos Ancient God would find it hard to escape this trap alive if they were to fall into it.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi had previously wanted to lure Othniel or Herbert into this trap, but neither of them had dared approach the Pear Hill. Because of this, the people in the hill had been forced to leave their field and fight.

Now that Fuxi had left to join the battle, the great array was handed over to Zen.

Once Fuxi left, the lines on the surface of the jadeite platform began to flash, a green light gathering beneath Zen's feet.

Zen had now become the center of the array.

The whole of Pear Hill instantly became translucent in Zen's view, and a massive amount of divine crystals appeared before his eyes.

"There are so many divine crystals!" he exclaimed.

The divine crystals were equally distributed around the Pear Hill as they circled around it.

The Pear Hill was nearly as broad as the province where it lay, and these divine crystals occupied close to one seventh of its entire surface. Counting these divine crystals one by one would undoubtedly lead to an astronomical figure.

"If we fully activate the energy of these divine crystals, will it be enough to destroy the entire Pear Hill?" Zen asked, dazed.

"There's no need for so many. Ten percent of them will do," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

It was not difficult to invade a defenseless Pear Hill. Any Eternal Realm warrior could do that alone. However, this great array that had been formed by divine crystals had the power to kill even a Chaos Ancient God.

At the center of this great array sat several powerful creatures, King Ieuan of the Ear Mouse race in the lead.

When the Snake Goddess had asked for help a few days ago, the core members of the Ear Mouse race had come to preside over this great array in succession.

Zen observed the goings-on for a while before he looked around, only to meet his sister's gaze. The siblings exchanged a warm smile.

As the battle went on, the fate of the Pear Hill had now been handed over to them.

An intense fight was taking place in the Taoism Province, while the Pear Hill was strangely quiet in contrast, as if they weren't involved in the war. The disciples and the other members on the Pear Hill were relieved for a moment.

They couldn't participate in the higher-level battle. All they could do was pray silently as they remained in the Pear Hill.

It was then that a huge figure suddenly appeared in the sky above the Pear Hill. It was a creature with white hair all over the body.

The appearance of this creature caused an invisible chill to quickly spread over them from above.

The temperature dropped sharply, and silver white frosts began to spread down from the top of the Pear Hill, like a circular ice ring blooming around it.

Both Zen and Yan raised their heads to try to get a clear look at the figure clearly. Their faces hardened, almost in unison.

This was Lamont, the third Chaos Ancient God who had followed the Purge Way.

Once he arrived at the Pear Hill, he decided to ignore the fight in the Taoism Province and attacked the Pear Hill first.

He probably believed that since Fuxi had left, there was no one left to guard the Pear Hill, and that it would be an easy task to destroy the hill.

The temperature was still dropping rapidly, many rocks in the Pear Hill freezing and shattering into pieces with a cracking burst.

If the temperature continued to drop, all living creatures in the Pear Hill would freeze to death.

Yan wouldn't allow this to happen. She stretched out her hands, and under her control, the Cloud Cover Array worked to block the deadly cold air attacking the Pear Hill from outside.

Chapter 3914 Activate The Array

While isolating the freezing air from the Pear Hill, Yan also activated the energy flow of the Cloud Cover Array.

Not only did the members and disciples of the Pear Hill live in the Pear Hill, there were also many mortals there who could not cultivate.

The temperature did not drop all that low when the frigid air reached the edge of the Pear Hill.

Even so, for those mortals, it would still be a fatal exposure.

Sensing this, Yan frowned and aimed her energy at the huge creature above!

The mission Yan had been given by the Snake Goddess was to amass the power of Pear Hill and do all that was needed to protect it.

However, till now, she had been running a defensive movement only.

After suffering fierce attacks for half a day, she finally had the chance to strike back. Naturally, Yan poured out masses of energy without any hesitation!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh…

Huge golden light blades formed and shot upwards.

The energy contained within those golden light blades couldn't be underestimated, not even by the Chaos Ancient God.

Hiss...

Lamont hovered in the sky and suddenly opened his mouth, taking a deep breath. His huge belly bulged even more.

Swoosh...

The air, which had been sucked into his stomach, suddenly spewed forth again.

The cold air erupting out from the huge body was enough to create a freezing hurricane.

However, the chill was not as fierce as the others had feared. Instead, it formed a gentle white zone of cold beneath him.

When the golden blades entered this zone, they lost momentum, slowed down, and finally stopped. The golden light of the blades' surface suddenly dimmed, and the blades completely melted away in this cold band.

The golden blades possessed energy at a fiery temperature. Though they melted, they also reduced the cold air by several degrees.

Yan's face darkened slightly. She flicked her hands, and more golden light blades appeared, shooting outwards.

No matter how powerful the strength of the Chaos Ancient God was, the truth power he possessed was limited. Given the massive divine crystals in the Pear Hill, Yan could naturally squander them at will!

The golden light blades surged up like a kaleidoscope of butterflies, quickly melting through the cold area!

After completely heating up the cold band, more golden light blades shot towards Lamont with a violent intent.

Lamont merely looked down at Yan in silence. His originally motionless body suddenly disappeared, and then reappeared on the top of the Pear Hill. He was only one million feet away from Yan!

Everyone knew that Lamont was ten million feet tall. One million feet was only a small step for him!

Whoosh!

The instant he appeared, Lamont was already swinging his fist towards Yan's head.

"Yan!"

Seeing this dilemma, Zen was shocked, and the hair on his body stood on end.

Yan was not at the Eternal Realm, so her physical strength was barely stronger than that of an ordinary Chaotic Source Realm warrior.

Not to mention taking a full blow from the Chaos Ancient God, even if she was hit by only one of Lamont's fingers, she would be smashed to pieces!

Facing Lamont's attack, Yan didn't panic.

She reached out her hand, gently stroking the golden dress. A golden shield suddenly enveloped her with a protection radius of hundreds of thousands of feet. Zen on the jadeite platform was also enveloped inside.

Bang!

Lamont's punch struck the shield, making a booming sound.

The golden shield, which was fortified and sturdy, merely vibrated slightly.

Then Yan waved her hands, and the golden blades fired forth from the Energy Shaft, traveling at great velocity!

Because of the small distance, the first three golden light blades instantly ripped into Lamont's chest.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

With three muffled sounds, three huge and bloody holes appeared on Lamont's chest. Blood gushed out from the holes like a triple waterfall, and the smell of blood pervaded the Pear Hill.

Lamont clearly hadn't expected the power of these light blades to be so massive. He had no option but to flee far away in pain!

Obviously, Yan didn't intend to let him off so easily. As long as he was within the Pear Hill, he was within range of her attack.

The endless light blades hotly pursued Lamont. With these continuous explosions, a series of golden lights bloomed in the sky.

Zen breathed a sigh of relief. The Cloud Cover Array the Snake Goddess had set up was still powerful, and even the Chaos Ancient God wasn't able to destroy it so easily.

But at this point, an old voice suddenly sounded in Zen's ear. "Zen, if Lamont draws near again, we must seize the opportunity to activate the Divine Crystal Array to trap and kill him in the Pear Hill."

The whisper was the voice of King Ieuan.

It indeed presented a great opportunity when Lamont got so close just now.

But while Zen was worried about Yan's safety, he had completely forgotten about it.

Although King Ieuan controlled the entire Divine Crystal Array, it couldn't activate it, and only Zen had the power to do that from the jadeite platform. King Ieuan could only remind Zen kindly.

"I see." Zen nodded.

From above the Divine Crystal Array in the Pear Hill, King Ieuan also nodded to the other creatures.

The idea of building the Divine Crystal Array had been King Ieuan's proposal, but to perfect and establish it had still depended on the Snake

Goddess. Even the Other Shore Tokens of the several creatures that were in charge of the Divine Crystal Array were searched and obtained by the Snake Goddess and Fuxi in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore.

It was also due to the combined power of these Other Shore Tokens that the power of the Divine Crystal Array could be swung into play.

Lamont retreated a short distance and roared at the sky. The muscles in his chest wriggled and then healed themselves.

It was obvious that he was not as cautious as Othniel. The human girl wasn't even at the Eternal Realm, but she had actually hurt him. It was proving a great humiliation!

Whoosh! Whoosh!

A circle of white cold air emanated from Lamont's body. In a moment, an armor of solid ice formed on the surface of his body, and thus armored, he pounced on Yan again.

Despite Yan's golden light blades being extremely powerful, Lamont still intended to fight her head-on!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

When the golden blades collided head-on with Lamont's armor, something strange happened. As the golden light blades impacted on the armor, their lights flashed and disappeared!

Other Chaos Ancient Gods might not dare to resist the golden light blades as Lamont did, but his armor was the nemesis of all pure energy.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Yan hurled out over a hundred golden light blades in quick succession, but they were all absorbed by Lamont's solid ice armor.

Seeing Lamont's huge body dashing over, Yan had no choice but to employ the golden shield again.

Bang!

The golden shield vibrated, but it was still stable.

Lamont didn't show any mercy at all. He stretched out his fists, and even his fist shadows smashed at Yan from all directions!

Bang, bang, Bang...

As tens of thousands of punches landed against the golden shield, the shield trembled more violently.

Yan's face became pale, and panic could be seen flashing in her eyes.

Each punch could obliterate her. If the golden shield was broken, she would definitely perish, and even her brother would not be able to survive.

All of a sudden, Yan remembered the Divine Crystal Array...

In a panic, she looked at Zen.

It was not difficult for Zen to activate the entire Divine Crystal Array; however, the one who really controlled it was King Ieuan below.

He sat cross-legged on the jadeite platform, with his hands on it. The green luster of the platform quickly gathered in his hands.

The jadeite platform began to slowly rotate. The entire Divine Crystal Array became like a massive hungry beast that began to devour enormous amounts of divine crystals.

Chapter 3915 The Primordial Energy Cat

For such a large amount of divine crystals, it would take a long time to extract all the energies in them.

However, it wasn't a big deal for the Snake Goddess. She already had a plan in mind.

As the jadeite platform spun, all the divine crystals would be crushed in a certain direction and then release the internal energy.

The blue energy that gushed out from the divine crystals flowed towards the center like hundreds of small streams. As they gathered in the center of the platform, they formed an azure river of energy.

The produced river of energy was actually very gentle. Even ordinary people wouldn't get hurt if they came into contact with it. It wouldn't be able to kill a Chaos Ancient God.

However, when the river of energy rushed over, three Holy Soul Realm Ear Mice quickly took action.

Three identical Other Shore Tokens appeared above their heads.

Apparently, these tokens were all from Stage Thirty-three. However, because they were of the auxiliary-type, they were not very suitable for combat use.

Nonetheless, the main purpose of the tokens was to compress the river of energy as they interacted with it.

The river of energy was continuously compressed, and once again turned into crystals.

The divine crystals were originally ores that contained a great amount of energy, but now, they were transformed into pure energy crystals.

The energy contained in a piece of the compressed crystal was equivalent to that of seventy million divine crystals.

In the past, the Snake Goddess also tried to condense all of the divine crystals to such an extent, so that it would be much easier to save and store them in the Pear Hill.

However, after being fully compressed, the crystals became very unstable and weren't able to maintain the condensed state for a long time.

The river of energy continued to roll and surge, and the energy crystals that were condensed floated in front of King Ieuan.

Above its head was a peculiar-looking Other Shore Token. It was actually a living Other Shore Token, the size of a palm, and looked exactly like a black cat.

It was known as the Primordial Energy Cat, a magical creature that was found in Stage Thirty-three on the Other Shore.

At first glance, it looked like a ferocious black cat, but it was actually an energy entity. Most times, it was in the form of an energy ball. Only when it was hunting would it turn into the form of a black cat.

The Primordial Energy Cat had a very unique and extraordinary feature. For most Other Shore Tokens and Other Shore creatures, they could only devour and consume a limited amount of divine crystals.

Usually, for Other Shore Tokens from Stage Thirty-three, they could easily absorb millions to tens of millions of divine crystals, but that would be their limitation. Any amount higher than that would be difficult for them.

However, that was where the exceptional feature of the Primordial Energy Cat differed from the others. It could absorb an unlimited amount of divine crystals. The more crystals it absorbed, the stronger it would become.

When people discovered this insane characteristic, they all pinned their hopes of realizing the Finale Way on it. Even Fuxi had the thought of subduing it before.

Then, later, they found out that the attack method of the Primordial Energy Cat wasn't even strong. A world existed in its stomach, and the divine crystals that it devoured could only be utilized inside it.

Most people, including Fuxi, got so disappointed, but the Snake Goddess had an idea in mind and gave it to King Ieuan as a gift. Together with King Ieuan, she had set up the Divine Crystal Array, which should come in handy in a critical situation.

This time, before the war with the Chaos Ancient Gods, the Snake Goddess had summoned King Ieuan to help control the array.

"Oakley! Dempsey!" King Ieuan called out in a low voice.

The two Ear Mice, who were standing beside it, hurriedly took out their Other Shore Tokens.

The duo was King Ieuan's capable assistants. They were tasked to trap their opponents in the array for as long as they could.

Meanwhile, Lamont was still bombarding the golden shield tirelessly.

As he was busy dealing with the golden shield, he suddenly felt the flowing energy within the Pear Hill.

Lamont thought that the flowing energy was used to stabilize the golden shield, so he did not pay much attention to it.

Boom! Boom!

The golden shield shook more and more violently from Lamont's intense strikes.

The disciples and members of the Pear Hill tried to replenish the divine crystals and infuse their energy into the Cloud Cover Array as fast as they could.

However, their speed wasn't enough to keep up with the rate of how the array consumed the divine crystals.

Every time an attack hit the array, Yan's face turned paler.

But as the primary controller of the Cloud Cover Array, she couldn't move from her position.

At such a crucial moment, even if she tried to flee, she would also die.

"King Ieuan!" Zen shouted.

He turned to the jadeite platform with anxiety written all over his face.

"I hear you. We are ready!" King Ieuan replied. "Dempsey, Oakley, attack!"

Crack! Crack!

A big crack suddenly appeared on the mountain wall not so far from the jadeite platform. Oakley took out its Other Shore Token. It was a small golden piece called the Heaven Shaking Gold, and it was a one-time type of Other Shore Token.

As Oakley threw the gold out, it was quickly set ablaze. At the same time, beams of golden light shrouded the area.

Amazingly, the golden light was not blinding or dazzling. Instead, it was bright but gentle to the naked eye.

The moment the golden light bloomed, an irresistible spiritual storm appeared with it. No matter how powerful a person was, they were instantly affected by it.

When Yan saw the golden light, her mind suddenly went blank and she lost her consciousness.

Likewise, all the other creatures, who were illuminated by the golden light, experienced the same thing.

Even Lamont was no exception. Although his soul was far stronger than any ordinary Eternal Realm warrior's, it was unable to resist the surge of the spiritual storm.

Among all the people present, Zen was the only exception.

As the whole area was being illuminated by the golden light, he clearly felt the fluctuation of his bloodline inside his body. Before he could figure out what was happening, he saw Lamont stop his movement in midair.

During this critical moment, even a few seconds could be fatal for any warrior like Lamont.

Before they engaged in this battle, King Ieuan and its subordinates had prepared and practiced countless times. The moment Lamont briefly stopped, a stone tablet instantly darted and made a clear hit.

After the stone tablet attached to Lamont's body, it quickly emitted black ripples. The other stone tablet, which was on Dempsey's hand, reacted and emitted white ripples.

When Dempsey saw that the black stone tablet had successfully attached itself to Lamont's body, it threw the one it was holding to King Ieuan.

Then, the Primordial Energy Cat on top of King Ieuan's head leaped and swallowed the white stone tablet in one go.

"Now!"

Dempsey didn't waste any time and activated the pair of stone tablets.

The stone tablets were actually called the Interchange Stone Tablets. Their ability was that they could instantly reverse the positions of the things that they were attached to.

In the blink of an eye, Lamont's body, which was just outside the Pear Hill, suddenly disappeared and was brought into the belly of the Primordial Energy Cat.

At the same time, the white stone tablet, which was swallowed by the Primordial Energy Cat, appeared midair outside the Pear Hill, where Lamont's body originally was.

Zen, who was not affected by the Heaven Shaking Gold, was dumbfounded as he witnessed everything that happened. The swapping ability of the stone tablets didn't even produce space fluctuations. This kind of forcible interchange was very domineering.

After swallowing Lamont whole, the Primordial Energy Cat meowed towards King Ieuan and lay on its shoulder.

From the lazy expression of the Primordial Energy Cat, it was as if it just swallowed an insignificant rodent. In the world in its stomach, a whole bunch of terrifying energy was raging.

Chapter 3916 See The Cold Prison Again

Lamont didn't expect that the Pear Hill would have prepared so thoroughly. Without any defense, he was dragged into the belly of the Primordial Energy Cat.

In Pear Hill, Lamont only took the Snake Goddess and Fuxi seriously. The rest were close to nothing in his eyes.

Little did he know that these nobodies didn't rely on Pear Hill to hold on and struggle for life, but tried to find a chance to kill him.

Swoosh...

Lamont could not believe his eyes as he saw countless massive energy windstorms that rotated at high speed.

When he felt the terrifying energy, the contempt in his eyes disappeared and was replaced with an expression of uncertainty and caution.

"Where am I? This place exists in the Source World?" There happened to be many dangerous places in the Source World, but most were only considered dangerous for True Gods and the Other Shore Realm warriors.

As for the powerful masters like Lamont, there was no place in the chaos that they couldn't explore, nor was there any place dangerous enough to threaten their lives.

However, today was a different story. This dangerous place was the last thing Lamont had expected.

His initial reaction was to assume that he was merely hallucinating and that everything he saw was an illusion. However, with one simple distinction, he soon understood that this was real, and so was the roaring energy of this horrific place.

Buzz!

A strong space fluctuation burst out from the body of Lamont, who wanted nothing else but to leave the world.

However, because the space was formed in the stomach of the Primordial Energy Cat, his theurgies were completely ineffective.

"This is bad!"

As he realized the gravity of his situation, Lamont had already seen a mass of energy windstorm rolling towards him.

In the past, his solid ice armor could withstand Yan's attack, because any energy that came into contact with it would soon be affected by the armor's extremely low temperature.

The stronger the energy was, the higher its temperature would be. This meant that when the temperature dropped, the energy would grow stagnant.

In conclusion, the solid ice armor was also the standing nemesis of the energy windstorm!

However, the strength of the energy windstorm was far from what Lamont had expected. In the beginning, the energy windstorms had been blocked by the solid ice armor, but after the energy windstorms swept across the armor, they managed to leave thin lines across the surface.

At first, there were dozens of lines, which later on became a thousand. The number of the lines increased too fast to even observe!

When the number of lines on the armor reached hundreds of thousands, the armor shattered onto the ground.

"Condense!"

Ready for anything, Lamont instantly condensed his disintegrated armor.

Within seconds, the once destroyed armor was good as new, and it attached itself onto his body easily.

Then, the first wave of energy windstorms had dissipated, meaning Lamont withstood it head-on.

But then came the second, the third and the fourth waves of energy windstorms that showed no mercy.

Hundreds of thousands of energy windstorms existed in this world. Even at the edge of the world, more energy windstorms were generated from the thick, pure energy.

Lamont gritted his teeth and held on, observing such a ruthless world. At this point, he felt like he was going crazy.

Even the Other Shore Tokens couldn't release such energy, so how did the Pear Hill even make it?

Clatter...

The solid ice armor shattered again.

Although Lamont could condense his armor at will, it still consumed much of the power of truth within him.

As Lamont's power of truth decreased each time the solid ice armor was condensed, the armor grew thinner and more vulnerable to the blows of the windstorms.

But for some reason, though the energy windstorms in the belly of the Primordial Energy Cat raged, it appeared quiet and still.

Just then, it curled up on the shoulder of King Ieuan, as if it was sound asleep.

Meanwhile, King Ieuan pressed its index finger on the Primordial Energy Cat's head. By doing so, it could quickly observe what was happening in its belly.

"Your Highness, what's the situation?"

Dempsey asked politely. Because they had put so much effort into their mission, the handful of Ear Mice were naturally concerned. "I don't think he can hold out any longer," said King Ieuan.

Supposedly, the Divine Crystal Array could kill a Chaos Ancient God according to its initial design.

However, King Ieuan was still nervous. After all, Lamont was in control of the truth.

Oakley and Dempsey nodded in approval and waited silently.

At the very top of Pear Hill, Zen and Yan heard the voice of King Ieuan. The two of them sighed in relief.

Finally, the Chaos Ancient God had been suppressed.

Zen's state of mind happened to be much calmer than King Ieuan's.

Though Zen was much younger than King Ieuan, what he had faced and conquered was far beyond what King Ieuan had encountered.

Over the many chaotic eras, many Sons of Truth had passed away. Furthermore, in the Abstruse Energy World, the Sons of Truth meant nothing.

However, Zen and Yan paid close attention to the movements ongoing in the Pear Hill. They knew that before the Chaos Ancient God died, everything could change, so they had to be on guard.

After five minutes passed, King Ieuan slightly frowned and looked down. Just then, the Primordial Energy Cat opened its eyes.

"Woo..."

The Primordial Energy Cat sensed the strangeness that occurred in its inner world.

But just as it was about to intensify the energy in its body, its stomach expanded to more than two hundred feet wide.

The rapid expanse even knocked King Ieuan, Oakley, and Dempsey out of the way.

Whoosh...

Whoosh... Before King Ieuan could regain its balance, the body of the Primordial Energy Cat swelled up and expanded once again to more than three thousand feet!

This space created in the Pear Hill was only five thousand feet high, and more than half of that space was occupied by the Primordial Energy Cat. The expression on the creature remained innocent despite this, and it let out a roaring whine.

"Your Highness!"

"Why?"

Oakley and Dempsey sensed that something was wrong.

King Ieuan also shook its head in disbelief.

Once again, the body of the Primordial Energy Cat swelled up. This time, it rose to fifty thousand feet wide!

Boom...

Under the pressure of the expanding body, the cave inside the Pear Hill cracked and fell apart.

Seeing this, Zen, who watched from the jadeite platform, rose into the air and grabbed Yan. "Let's go!"

"But..."

Yan was in charge of the Cloud Cover Array, so she couldn't just leave without consent.

"If you don't leave, you will die!"

Zen's tone was demanding and almost harsh.

Yan hesitated for a moment and then pointed to a peak in the distance. "Let's head there first!"

It was the Panoramic View Peak, where the second center of the Cloud Cover Array existed. She then brought the golden dress-like array to the Panoramic View Peak so that she could simultaneously control the entire Cloud Cover Array.

In sheer desperation, Zen hastily agreed.

Just as he took his sister away, the body of the Primordial Energy Cat swelled up again. From fifty thousand feet in width, it rose to three million feet.

The Primordial Energy Cat didn't have the Wild God Body, so its physical ability could not withstand the pressure. Eventually, its round belly exploded with a loud bang.

Lamont's massive body finally escaped and he restored himself into a huge monster. The middle of the Pear Hill was completely overturned by him!

Moreover, the strange energy radiated from Lamont's body as a peculiar phenomenon appeared.

The stones and trees that surrounded him seemed to have lost their weight as they hovered around him.

After a moment, these stones and trees morphed into countless white dots of light that flashed dramatically and disappeared.

Yan blinked her eyes as she saw this, surprised with what just happened. Zen was familiar with this as he had seen something similar in the Blooming Jade Stage. It was the Cold Prison.

With this Cold Prison to protect Lamont, no matter how powerful the energy was, it proved to be no threat to him.

Chapter 3917 Just So-so

When any kind of material was trapped or came into contact with the Cold Prison, it would be instantly converted into a different form, and energy was no exception.

No matter how strong the energy in the Primordial Energy Cat's stomach was, it was rendered useless in the face of the Cold Prison.

This turn of events was something that the Snake Goddess and King Ieuan never expected.

They didn't know the existence of the Cold Prison, nor did they see Lamont use such an ability before.

If it was Othniel or Herbert, they were sure that the two would have perished in the Primordial Energy Cat's stomach. Unfortunately, they had to deal with Lamont right now.

Lamont looked down at a crushed stone in the Pear Hill. "King Ieuan, I'm disappointed at you. After colluding with the Pear Hill, this is all you can do?"

King Ieuan stood on the stone and looked up at Lamont with a gloomy gaze.

In the past, it once boasted as the richest creature in the Source World. However, the massive amount of divine crystals that it had didn't bring any qualitative changes to its race. So, King Ieuan decided to make use of the divine crystals.

With the help of the Snake Goddess and Fuxi, the Divine Crystal Array was flawlessly established. Everything went smoothly—or so they thought.

Then came Lamont. In an instant, the tide of the battle suddenly went against their favor.

All the terrifying energy that swarmed at Lamont turned into mere dots of light that vanished immediately after. Witnessing all that, King Ieuan couldn't begin to imagine how powerful Lamont really was.

"Lucky for me, I have grasped the skill of creating the Cold Prison. If not, I might have died in your cat's stomach. But unfortunately for you…"

As he was still speaking, Lamont stretched out a finger and aimed at King Ieuan below. A white aura began circling on his fingertip. An extreme murderous intent was oozing in his eyes.

Swoosh!

A blast of cold air was condensed into a white arrow. It quickly darted off from Lamont's finger and dashed towards King Ieuan.

King Ieuan just stared at the approaching arrow, as if fear and helplessness crippled its entire body.

"My king, get a hold of yourself!"

"You need to run!"

Oakley, Dempsey, and the three other Ear Mice rushed over to King Ieuan as fast as they could.

The five Ear Mice were King Ieuan's most trusted subordinates. Even in the most hopeless situation, their loyalty and passion to protect their king remained undaunted.

"Divine Picture Shield!"

Suddenly, a round purple shield appeared above Oakley's head.

Aside from the Heaven Shaking Gold, the Divine Picture Shield was its most powerful Other Shore Token.

It was a defense-type Other Shore Token from Stage Thirty-three. The power of any kind of attack that came in contact with it would automatically be reduced to one-third of its original strength.

With this, even if Lamont was a high-level Eternal Realm master, Oakley was confident that it would withstand his attack.

Whoosh!

Oakley's eyes widened as it saw that the white arrow pierced through the Divine Picture Shield. It didn't stop for one bit, and it drilled into Oakley's chest. Immediately after, Oakley became frozen like an ice sculpture.

Seeing what happened, Dempsey, who was behind Oakley, immediately threw an Interchange Stone Tablet towards the white arrow. The moment it latched onto the arrow, Dempsey activated the stone tablets.

In the blink of an eye, the white arrow disappeared and re-appeared in another direction where it pierced into another huge piece of rock.

The rock that came into contact with the arrow became brittle and instantly shattered into a pile of ice dregs.

King Ieuan came back to its senses and was astonished at Oakley's sudden death. Its face was quickly filled with grief and anger. It abruptly took out two Other Shore Tokens, which were a pair of sharp and shiny knives.

The light reflecting on the knives left countless deep cuts on the surface of the surrounding rubbles.

King Ieuan knew that in one way or another, it was going to be killed by Lamont. So, it chose to fight until death rather than try to escape like a pathetic king.

"Tch. Do you think your bravery will gain you anything? You useless rodent!"

Lamont had no intention of taking King Ieuan seriously. So, he raised his hand and decided to kill the latter in a swift manner.

Just then, several golden light blades came rushing from a distance and rained on Lamont.

Swoosh! Crash!

The moment the light blades fell into the Cold Prison, they instantly turned into countless dots of light that eventually vanished.

Standing on the Panoramic View Peak, Yan glared at Lamont with tremendous hostility.

Zen knew the secret of the Cold Prison, and he also knew that at the current level of the Energy Shaft, it would be useless and too weak to break the Cold Prison, let alone damage Lamont.

However, he didn't expect that Yan would suddenly make a move, so he had no time to stop her.

Lamont was initially focused on dealing with King Ieuan, but after Yan's sudden attack, she successfully attracted his attention.

"Human girl, I'd like to commend you for your courage."

Lamont turned towards Yan with a huge ugly smile on his gorilla-like face. Immediately after, his huge body rushed towards her.

Whoosh!

Yan quickly unleashed the golden shield again.

With the efforts of the Ear Mice, the energy of the Cloud Cover Array was replenished to such an extent that the golden shield was quite solid.

Then, Lamont stretched out a finger. In an instant, the shield turned into dots of light and immediately dissipated.

Lamont let out a horrifying laugh. He quickly clenched his fist and attempted to throw a massive punch directed at Yan.

As his fist was approaching her, the Cold Prison touched Yan and dispersed her energy.

She didn't disappear but was transformed into a form under the extremely low temperature. It was actually very similar to the form outside of the chaos.

"B-brother…"

As her consciousness was slowly fading, her instinct made her call for Zen.

Suddenly, Zen's body expanded as he activated his Wild God Body.

The truth was he didn't want to fight any Chaos Ancient God right now. Before he had mastered the ancestry-level bloodline, his strength was just comparable to that of an ordinary Eternal Realm warrior.

However, he didn't have much choice right now. In the face of the overwhelming odds, he had to bite the bullet.

In addition to unleashing his own strength, he could only bet on the power of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"I hope you can be smart enough to know what you are doing!"

In a flash, Zen's body expanded to a height of more than four million feet, like a huge mountain, protecting Yan at all costs.

Lamont was over ten million feet tall, so Zen was just half of his size.

As Lamont threw the punch towards Yan, he clearly saw how Zen turned into a giant. A smile crossed his ferocious face and his expression became more intense.

'Come to think of it, is this the guy that Herbert mentioned?

They said that they will be capturing him alive.

Ha-ha, they can't blame me. He's the one who walks into his death, ' Lamont thought.

Even Lamont couldn't fully control the Cold Prison. Anything that came in contact with it would be ripped off its energy, and Lamont couldn't restore them either. Trying to protect Yan, Zen rushed into the Cold Prison and approached Lamont's fist by throwing his own massive punch. Lamont couldn't help laughing in his mind because he knew that Zen already fell into the trap, and he would surely end up like the others who became victims of the Cold Prison.

However, Lamont's expression suddenly changed and his eyes widened.

Crash!

With a muffled sound, Zen's fist collided with Lamont's. Zen wasn't stopped by the Cold Prison and his energy didn't dissipate either.

Due to the overwhelming force that Zen had put in his fist, Lamont was pushed back and had to take several steps backward.

Lamont's force was undoubtedly more powerful than Zen's. However, he didn't use his full strength just now because he didn't expect that it would be necessary.

As Lamont regained his balance, he stared at Zen with a visibly disorganized expression on his face. He was trying to understand what had just happened. He was thinking if Zen used a certain secret skill that he missed to notice.

"This can't be… You! What the hell did you do?"

Lamont knew very well how the Cold Prison worked, so he was flabbergasted at what just happened.

"What? You're wondering why the Cold Prison didn't work on me?" Zen looked at his slightly stiff fist and brushed off the frost on its surface. "Well, your Cold Prison is only so-so."

Chapter 3918 Strengthen

The Cold Prisons in the Blooming Jade Stage were forbidden lands for any creature, and even Zen didn't dare to enter.

Only those who were as supernormal as Pompeo could stay in a Cold Prison.

The Cold Prison had an extremely low temperature. What made it more terrible was that the creatures of the chaos seemed to slowly turn into light dots and then vanish into thin air inside it.

Yet for the creatures of the Abstruse Energy World, the Cold Prison was not so dreadful. Even some relatively weak creatures of the Abstruse Energy World would only be temporarily frozen when they fell into it. Once they left the Cold Prison, they would recover from frozen state, and again return to being energized and vigorous.

Zen had decided to take action because he was worried about Yan. Although the ancestry-level bloodline could defeat all the energy, the Cold

Prison was very special. It could be possible that Zen himself might be destroyed in it.

The moment he came into contact with the Cold Prison, the temperature began to rise unexpectedly. Zen felt it was easily breakable.

"You know this is the Cold Prison? And you are able to break it?" Lamont finally uttered, after a moment of silence.

"There are many Cold Prisons in the Blooming Jade Stage." Zen smiled. As to whether he could break it or not, he didn't need to answer.

Lamont carefully looked at Zen. He had been thinking about whether he should kill him earlier. "It seems that I thought too much. I'm afraid it will take me a lot of energy to defeat you!"

Swoosh...

Lamont tilted his huge body and pounced towards Zen.

He was an old monster that had lived for countless years. His eyes were extremely sharp and he possessed great knowledge.

Indeed, Zen had an incredible method to break the Cold Prison. Even Lamont was convinced that he was capable.

However, he also sensed that Zen's strength was not enough. Lamont's physical body was an advantage; it was no doubt that he could overthrow Zen!

When Lamont went to face Zen, a red light flashed from Yan's eyes. Golden light blades appeared, moving in cutting motions towards his head.

Lamont, having suffered from a loss once, drew a huge ice cover enclosing Yan's head. He then grabbed Zen in midair, and ruthlessly smashed him towards the Pear Hill.

Boom! Boom!

Zen's more than four million-foot-tall body crashed into a mountain. The impact embedded his body onto the Pear Hill.

The originally solid and huge mountain crumbled, almost becoming as soft as mud; it was unable to bear the damage of two giant creatures.

Whoosh!

A ray of white light flashed from Lamont's hand. A long and thin ice spike started to form and stabbed towards Zen's head.

Zen had no time to dodge and instead reached out his hand to grab the ice spike.

As the ancestry-level bloodline started a surge within Zen's body, the ice spike appeared to have been roasted and instantly melted into a pool of water.

Lamont was stunned again. He frowned as he refused to use the power of truth any longer. He simply drew his fist back and powerfully punched Zen!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The sudden vibration reverberated throughout the whole Pear Hill.

The scene wasn't new for many people in the Pear Hill; but the mountain leaders, the sect leaders, the disciples, and the members of the race were unable to participate in such a level of battle. On the other hand, they needed to provide Yan with a steady flow of energy.

Crack!

Yan had finally smashed the ice cover on her head into little pieces. She looked for her brother, but when she saw him, her eyes turned red. He was being pressed and attacked on the ground!

Buzz...

The Energy Shaft began to shake violently.

The energy gained through the Cloud Cover Array had been released by Yan.

With the help of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, the energy that the Energy Shaft could transform had greatly increased, but there was still a limit.

The energy released by Yan exceeded this limit!

Clatter, clatter, clatter...

The huge golden blades spiraled at high speed and flew to hit Lamont. Overpowered by the golden blades, he immediately employed the Cold Prison again.

The Cold Prison didn't have any effect on Zen, but it could entirely restrain Yan's energy attack.

Without sound, light or vibration, the several huge golden light blades entered the Cold Prison and turned into tens of millions of white light dots before dissipating.

Yan's chest heaved up and down while her face flushed into a strange red. This kind of energy overuse did great damage to her. Shortly, she became unable to use the Energy Shaft. She could only watch in agony as Lamont kept beating up Zen's body.

Previously, during Zen's communication with the ancestry-level bloodline, the ancestry-level bloodline had massively strengthened him.

However, this strengthening was limited, and was unable to block Lamont's attack.

After the Chaotic Source Spirits fell into fatigue, wounds and injuries began to cover Zen's body. Besides his control of the temperature, Lamont's physical quality also made him become outstanding among the Chaos Ancient Gods.

At this time, Zen could resist if he used a Civilization Artifact's Inheritance of World. He remembered that the Primeval Lord of Heaven had given him the suggestion.

But this suggestion was rejected by Zen. Even if he activated the Inheritance of World, he might still not be a match for Lamont. After all, Lamont was skilled in dealing with the attacks of energy.

He wanted to take advantage of this opportunity to continue convening the ancestry-level bloodline to come to his aid.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

Lamont attacked like a huge gorilla, his thick hands punching on Zen's body. Zen's chest bones cracked as they were broken into pieces.

While Lamont was still launching his constant attacks, a slight confusion struck him.

He felt that although Zen's strength was very weak, he wasn't likely to have given up struggling.

He looked at Zen closely and wondered why under his body, Zen seemed to have stopped resisting.

'What's going on?'

Before Lamont could figure it out, something more strange happened. Zen began talking to himself.

"Aren't you afraid of being in another person's hands?

If I lose, your situation will become worse!

I don't think they will let you go. You're wasting your only chance!"

According to the information from the brush-wielder and the four statues, Zen was the only one who had fused with the complete ancestry-level bloodline and was able to take it away. No one had ever done that before.

Zen's communication with the ancestry-level bloodline distracted Lamont.

Although he didn't stop punching, the agitation in his eyes was evident. It grew stronger and stronger as Zen continued to talk.

Who was he trying to persuade?

Was he trying to convince someone who could finish Lamont?

Zen's chest suddenly cracked...

Surprisingly, no blood flowed as his broken ribs were exposed, extending to both sides.

The texture of the broken ribs quickly changed and the ribs like two rows of blades directed towards Lamont.

The abrupt transformation broke off Lamont's attack. He felt an instinctive threat.

If he didn't kill this brat, something unexpected would happen!

"Go to hell!" he shouted.

He used up all his strength and smashed towards Zen's head.

Zen's eyes, mouth, and nose sank, revealing a horrifying appearance. His face was deformed.

As Lamont hit hard, his fist sunk deep into Zen's head with a sunken face.

Out of instinct, Lamont tried to pull his fist back, but he failed.

Chapter 3919 Helpless

Zen's head remained latched onto Lamont's hand as if he was biting into it.

Then, Lamont raised his arm and lifted Zen's body with it.

"Let go of me, you bastard!"

Lamont swiftly swung his arm sideways in an attempt to throw Zen into the Pear Hill.

However, Zen remained firmly latched onto his hand. Even though Lamont was knowledgeable and powerful, a strong sensation of anxiety and vexation was creeping beneath his skin.

Since Zen wouldn't let go, Lamont raised him high in the sky and smashed him down to the mountain.

Unexpectedly, Lamont didn't feel that Zen was loosening his grip, so he smashed him again and again.

In just a few seconds, several craters appeared on the top area of Pear Hill where Lamont repeatedly smashed Zen's body.

However, even though Lamont felt that he almost used up all his strength, his hand was still unable to get rid of Zen.

Yan grew worried and speechless as she saw her brother being beaten so furiously.

Zen seemed to withstand all of Lamont's attacks, but it wouldn't be good for him to be continuously beaten like this.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

As Zen was still being rammed into the Pear Hill, a huge stone about ten feet wide flew towards the side and almost hit King Ieuan, who had just climbed out of the Pear Hill.

Crack!

Before the huge chunk of stone hit King Ieuan, its tail whipped the stone at high speed, splitting it into two halves.

The other Ear Mice also followed King Ieuan and had a clear view of the brutal battle between Lamont and Zen. However, as they watched intently, there was a strange sensation that they couldn't shake off.

Zen was a dear friend of the Ear Mouse race. All of the members present, including King Ieuan, knew all of the miraculous things that he did in the past.

They never even thought that Zen could already fight the Chaos Ancient God after he got out of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

"I don't understand what's happening. Zen's current state is pretty strange. He seems to be seriously injured now, but he can still latch onto Lamont," an Ear Mouse told its observation.

King Ieuan nodded at the Ear Mouse's statement and stared at Zen with its soybean-sized eyes. "His body has indeed become very strange. I don't think he is injured. It's as if his body voluntarily became like this..."

"Does that mean that his bloodline affects his physical body this way?" one of the Ear Mice blurted as it was lost in thought. Actually, it was not that unusual for an Eternal Realm warrior to obtain some kind of bloodline that could alter their physical body.

However, King Ieuan explained further, "That's not exactly the point. Did you notice that for a while now, Lamont hasn't used his bloodline power? That's the most exceptional thing so far! Zen might've done something that we couldn't comprehend."

The greatest reliance of Chaos Ancient Gods was their bloodline power, which was known as the truth-level theurgy. This was their basic foundation.

However, when the power of truth became ineffective, they could only rely on their sturdy physical body.

Bang! Bang!

After launching several consecutive attacks, Lamont finally had enough of it. He grabbed the air with his other hand and summoned a huge ice blade that was formed by thick white mists.

At the back of Lamont's mind, he thought that since Zen had degenerated into this pitiful form, it would be impossible for him to resist his power of truth again.

As the ice blade slashed towards Zen, Zen's strange body didn't react to it and just continued latching himself on Lamont's hand.

However, just as the ice blade was about to touch Zen, one of his hands quickly responded.

It seemed to have an extreme ability of perception, like having an eye of its own. His hand accurately held off the sharp edge of the blade and the blade didn't even cut him.

Immediately after, the sharp ice blade melted completely.

Then, his hand quickly went back.

Lamont felt like he was going insane.

He couldn't get rid of Zen or smash him to death. Moreover, his theurgy was being completely suppressed. There was nothing left that he could do to beat him.

The current situation was something new to Lamont and that was why he was very frustrated.

Lamont never had the intention to take Zen seriously before, but now, he couldn't believe that he would become so troublesome.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Why can't you die?"

Lamont was so exasperated now. He wanted to finish this useless battle as soon as possible, so he began dragging Zen to a mountain nearby.

The peak was like a sharp sword that was soaring into the sky. It turned out to be the Sword Blade Peak, which was apparently guarded by the mountain leader, Dwight Xu.

While on the mountain, Dwight Xu was also silently observing the vicious battle between Zen and Lamont. Upon seeing that the two were headed towards the mountain, he immediately gave an order to all the disciples stationed there.

"All disciples must retreat from the Sword Blade Peak at once!"

There were several mountains around the Pear Hill.

In previous battles, the disciples in the mountains naturally felt their power. However, even if they tried their best to release their energy, the strong feeling of fear was still there.

After all, it was a Chaos Ancient God that Zen was dealing with. If they were slightly affected, it might cost them their lives.

Therefore, as soon as Dwight Xu gave the order to retreat, all the disciples hurriedly used the Grand Teleportation technique and dispersed in all directions.

Just a moment ago, there were tens of thousands of people on the Sword Blade Peak, but now, it was completely empty.

Lamont dashed in front of the Sword Blade Peak and stopped there. Then, he stretched his hand to pat the peak.

Gradually, as Lamont continued to put his palm on the peak, the Sword Blade Peak became frozen solid and almost impregnable.

Even Fuxi and the Snake Goddess would have a hard time destroying it.

After freezing the peak, Lamont dragged Zen and made a giant leap into the sky.

Upon seeing his course of action, King Ieuan, Yan, Dwight Xu, and the others immediately understood what he was trying to do.

Lamont brought Zen up in the sky and wanted to impale him straight into the Sword Blade Peak.

Right now, this was the best idea that Lamont had thought. He didn't have any other good way to kill Zen on his current state.

Zen might not be able to eliminate Lamont's power of truth, if his physical body fell down at high speed. He would be defeated once his body was successfully impaled through the Sword Blade Peak.

However, just as Lamont aggressively dragged Zen up in the sky, one of Zen's arms suddenly stretched downward and extended as if it had lost all of its bones. It patted the Sword Blade Peak and injected a stream of green energy into it.

Sizzle!

The Sword Blade Peak, which was frozen solid just seconds ago, instantly melted. Not only that, the surface of the mountain blossomed into what seemed to be a fairyland, full of various plants all around.

Lamont's jaw dropped while he was still in midair. Obviously, he was shocked at what just happened.

Even the others who saw the scene were utterly surprised.

"Zen, what is this?"

Yan couldn't believe her eyes. "Is this even a battle?"

Zen, a superior human being, and Lamont, a powerful Chaos Ancient God, were two of the most powerful beings in the entire chaos because of their abilities and strength.

But right now, the battle between these two mighty beings was not making any sense.

Lamont stayed in midair for a few more seconds, and then decided to go back down at the Sword Blade Peak. He patted the peak again and infused the power of truth into it.

After quite some time, Lamont noticed that the Sword Blade Peak wasn't freezing.

As he lowered his head, Lamont saw Zen's slender and boneless hand was also touching the mountain, countering the effect of his power of truth.

"Ha-ha! What the hell!"

In the distance, Dwight Xu couldn't help but burst out laughing.

King Ieuan and the other Ear Mice on the other side of Pear Hill also laughed out loud.

Even Yan temporarily forgot that her brother was in danger. She just couldn't believe that a vicious battle would turn into a comedy show.

"You bastard!"

Lamont felt that he was going crazy. His angry roar echoed throughout the entire Pear Hill.

71
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3920 Devour
Chapter 3921 Reinforcements
Chapter 3922 Struggle
Chapter 3923 Lawless Cage
Chapter 3924 The Desperate End
Chapter 3925 Unexpected Appearance
Chapter 3926 Breaking The Lawless Cage
Chapter 3927 The Foundation
Chapter 3928 The Origin Of The Light Region
Chapter 3929 Join Hands
Chapter 3930 Press
Chapter 3931 Pressing Forward
Chapter 3932 My Will
Chapter 3933 The New Captain
Chapter 3934 Restored
Chapter 3935 The Passage At The End
Chapter 3936 Inside The Layer Of Earth
Chapter 3937 Digging
Chapter 3938 Being Caught
Chapter 3939 Intelligent Blood Vessels
Chapter 3940 Poison
Chapter 3941 Determine The Location
Chapter 3942 The Heavenly Thunder Plain
Chapter 3943 The Monsters In The Door
Chapter 3944 Flaming Maple Forest
Chapter 3945 Fight Hand-To-Hand
Chapter 3946 The Misty River Race
Chapter 3947 Outflank
Chapter 3948 Dragged In Forcibly
Chapter 3949 The Consequence
Chapter 3950 Writing
Chapter 3951 Giant Turbid Crocodiles
Chapter 3952 Rescue
Chapter 3953 The Secret Of The Long-haired Monsters

Chapter 3954 An Offer
Chapter 3955 Hawley
Chapter 3956 The Confrontation Of Two Strong Warriors
Chapter 3957 Nurture
Chapter 3958 Beaten
Chapter 3959 The Second Form
Chapter 3960 Going In Circles
Chapter 3961 Track
Chapter 3962 Black Limbs
Chapter 3963 The Choice Of The Flaming Maple Forest
Chapter 3964 Inquire
Chapter 3965 The Second Body
Chapter 3966 Track
Chapter 3967 Mark And Offer A Reward
Chapter 3968 Brewing Storm
Chapter 3969 The Jade Bone Arrows
Chapter 3970 A Deal
Chapter 3971 Inexhaustible Life Energy
Chapter 3972 The Whining Road
Chapter 3973 Interceptor
Chapter 3974 Eternal Realm Hunters
Chapter 3975 The Black Sun

Chapter 3920 Devour

In a fit of rage, Lamont's eyes flashed as he activated the full bloodline power in his body.

An invisible yet tangible chill spread out.

Although Yan tried to block the chill with the help of the Cloud Cover Array, it was much colder than before.

The people on the edge of the Pear Hill were alright, but the disciples in the middle of the hill started to shiver from the cold. Many of them started releasing flames to prevent themselves from getting frostbite.

Three blue spheres began to appear in the sky, one by one. They almost looked like blue suns, but the light they emitted was not warm at all. Everyone felt as though they had fallen into a cold hell.

With the appearance of the three blue suns, the temperature in the Pear Hill dropped sharply.

Whoosh!

Raising his hand above his head, Lamont lifted Zen up as though he were some sort of a sacrificial offering.

"Go to hell!

Three Freezing Suns!"

This had been Lamont's most powerful theurgy before he figured out how to create the Cold Prison from the truth power.

The three blue suns flashed an icy blue, and azure arrows made of ice started raining from them, shooting straight towards Zen.

Lamont thought that Zen had some kind of bloodline that could withstand, or even restrain, the coldness. Zen didn't seem to flinch in the face of the coldness, so Lamont was quite frustrated to have him as an opponent.

However, Lamont believed there was a limit to Zen's bloodline power.

With his truth power as a Chaos Ancient God, Lamont was confident in his own strength.

Now that all his bloodline had been activated, he was determined to defeat Zen.

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

Countless thick ice arrows shot down towards Zen. Anyone else would have been pierced to shreds in just a few seconds.

However, there seemed to be an invisible energy film on the surface of Zen's body. The ice arrows that touched this energy film bounced off him, leaving him unharmed.

Lamont had already anticipated this, but he believed that the bloodline power within Zen's body would be used up sooner or later. With the Three Freezing Suns, Zen would be exhausted to death.

However, what Lamont did not know was that Gerald and Judson had already tried this method. The two Chaos Ancient Gods had worked together to try to exhaust Zen's ancestry-level bloodline, but they ended up failing. Little did Lamont know that he too was doomed to fail.

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

Countless huge ice arrows continued to shoot at Zen, and the ice debris falling from the sky froze some areas of the Pear Hill.

Even a thumb-sized piece of ice was extremely lethal.

The creatures on the Pear Hill kept moving so as to avoid the collateral damage caused by the battle between Lamont and Zen.

Since Lamont was so focused on dealing with Zen, Yan and the others were left idle. The leaders of the mountains and the sects quietly yet anxiously watched the battle in the sky.

The battle between Zen and Lamont was going to determine the fate of the Pear Hill, so naturally, they were quite anxious.

"Zen is doomed to die under such heavy bombardments!"

"He doesn't have the ability to fight back at all."

"Alas, it's impossible for him to defeat a Chaos Ancient God."

Many people fretted as they watched the powerful ice arrows rain on Zen.

Just a single piece of ice debris that was spattered out could kill a warrior at the Holy Soul Realm. How could Zen survive from so many ice arrows?

The ice arrows kept attacking Zen.

Five minutes...

Ten minutes...

Fifteen minutes...

The crowd held their breath as they continued to watch the ice explode in front of Lamont, who held Zen in front of him. From the ground, they couldn't see what exactly was happening in the skies.

With each minute that passed, their confusion grew.

There had been countless ice arrows.

If it were any Eternal Realm warrior, or even Fuxi and the Snake Goddess, they would have been smashed to pieces by now. But why was Lamont still attacking?

More than an hour had passed.

The scattered ice dregs left several mountains white with snow.

The three blue suns in the sky gradually dimmed, and the ice arrows that fell down became weaker and weaker.

"Lamont's bloodline power is starting to weaken," said King Ieuan, its brows furrowing.

Zen had managed to exhaust the bloodline power of a Chaos Ancient God. Just how powerful was he?

Splash! Splash! Splash!

Less and less arrows were shot out of the three suns, and it seemed they had slowed down, too.

Zen finally emerged from the explosions of ice, unharmed. The crowd let out a sigh of relief, and started cheering.

Lamont looked at Zen in front of him, his eyes wide with fear.

Stunned, he finally realized he had used up all his bloodline power, and yet, Zen still remained here unscathed. Did this mean Zen would cling to him for the rest of eternity?

Lamont never thought that he was only half right. After Zen felt that his bloodline power began to weaken, his face spread towards his arm again.

Zen's head turned into a ring and passed through Lamont's arm, leaning on his shoulder.

Lamont was no stranger to danger, but he was still terrified in this moment.

Just as Lamont attempted to pry the ring off, he shrieked in pain. Zen's ribs were like sharp blades, tearing through his body.

"Fuck off!"

Lamont wanted to push Zen away with brute force. In terms of pure strength, without a doubt, Lamont was much stronger.

However, before he could even try pushing Zen off, Lamont felt another sharp pain in his back. Craning his neck to see what had happened, Lamont nearly fainted at the sight.

The ribs that had pierced through his body had grown barbs that were several thousand feet long. These barbs firmly locked his body with Zen's.

"Monster...

An incredible monster...

I..."

Lamont was finally too frightened to even speak fluently. He had never felt so scared in his life!

His mind was whirling. Not knowing what to do, Lamont began to struggle desperately.

But the more he tried, the deeper the barbs sank into his skin.

No matter what Lamont tried, he couldn't get rid of the barbs.

He felt as if he was the prey of a spider web, and was slowly devoured by the monster in front of him. Exhausted, his body gradually paralyzed and finally sank into darkness.

Even Yan and King Ieuan couldn't help but show a trace of panic when they saw what Zen did.

Was this truly the man they knew as Zen? Or was this some kind of monster?

At the top of the Pear Hill, Zen lay on the side of a mountain.

He had been conscious this whole time, but he had completely lost control of his body.

After he swallowed Lamont, his body changed again.

The wound on his chest gradually healed. A huge armor began to spread out from his chest, and many white hairs grew on his back.

His arms became longer and stronger, resembling those of a gorilla.

'Am I assimilated after I swallowed Lamont? Or did the ancestry-level bloodline do it on purpose?' Zen thought to himself.

With what had happened just now, his bodily transformations didn't surprise him anymore.

The ancestry-level bloodline could completely change the shape of one's body. Even if part of his body had been assimilated after he devoured Lamont, the ancestry-level bloodline should've been able to quickly repair it. However, it was possible there were other underlying reasons as to why his body took on some of Lamont's physical characteristics.

Chapter 3921 Reinforcements

Yan floated over slowly and then gazed at the huge body in a vigilant manner.

To be honest, it was a bit difficult for her to link this huge monster with her brother. It just didn't seem possible.

However, she had personally witnessed the entire fierce battle herself. There was no doubt about it. This was undoubtedly Zen.

"Brother..."

Yan called out.

Hearing her voice, Zen raised his head slowly.

When she saw Zen's face, Yan took a deep breath and involuntarily retreated a few steps back.

Rigid, round muscles had swollen to bulges around Zen's face. These special muscles were as tough and indestructible as powerful and refined magical treasures.

His eyes, nose and mouth were almost completely invisible due to those muscles. The sunken structure could now protect his eyes, ears, mouth and nose as much as possible.

However, it was extremely horrible to watch. He looked uglier than a fiend.

Forcing the disgust she was feeling deep inside her, Yan called out once again, "Brother, is that you?"

Zen smiled and reached out his hand to her as if to say 'I am here, sis!'

This gesture finally relieved Yan. She took Zen's palm and pouted softly, "Brother, why have you become like this?"

"I am sorry. This is something that I can't control," Zen replied, shaking his head.

After he had changed his form, his voice had also changed a lot.

His voice didn't seem to be coming from his throat anymore. Instead, it was a chesty growl. It was not only hoarse but also quite harsh.

"His looks don't matter. What we witnessed is that he killed a Chaos Ancient God by himself!" King Ieuan floated to Yan's side. Its bean-sized eyes were full of appraisal for the half-man, half-beast in front of it. "This body may be ugly in your eyes, but it is remarkably strong. It is made for battle!"

Zen had killed a Chaos Ancient God by himself.

He was the first warrior to ever manage that feat in the entire Source World.

Moreover, he had killed Lamont by devouring him, which meant that the killing process had actually made Zen stronger.

This man had really lived up to everyone's expectations.

"Made for battle? Come on. It's too ugly. It doesn't even look human!" Yan said as she sniffed. She wanted the best for her brother.

Looking at his sister's reluctant expression, Zen smiled and tried to comfort her, "It's okay! I might be able to change back after I dissipate the Wild God Power out of my system."

Then his body began to shrink rapidly.

When it reached about ten feet in height, the shrinking stopped, and Zen's appearance didn't come back either.

As he looked at his fluffy hands and his body the size of a gorilla, his face became a little pale, as if he were afraid.

In the past, whenever he cultivated other strange theurgies, his physical body had also changed, but those changes were controllable, and he had never looked so ugly. If he really couldn't change back, it would be troublesome.

The problem most likely lay in the ancestry-level bloodline.

Just as Zen was about to communicate with the ancestry-level bloodline, a rumble came from the distance.

Looking in the distance, he saw that the noise had been caused by a crack on the ground.

After that, Zen, Yan, King Ieuan and the others saw a giant crack appearing in the distance and spreading towards the edge of the Pear Hill. It didn't stop until it had touched the boundary wall.

After seeing what was happening in the distance, which was crystal clear due to its magnitude, King Ieuan took a deep breath and said, "They have ruined the Taoism Province."

The Taoism Province was the farthest place that could be seen from the Pear Hill. It was normal for dozens of provinces to be ruined when several Chaos Ancient Gods fought. It was impossible to imagine just how much havoc they wreaked everywhere they went.

"I wonder how the Snake Goddess is doing," Yan muttered. She was still worried about the safety of the Snake Goddess and Fuxi.

"Don't worry. They have their real selves with them, so they should be fine," Zen comforted her. He was right.

The strength of the real Fuxi and the real Snake Goddess was high enough to easily fight against a Chaos Ancient God. Coupled with the strength of Eastern Emperor Taiyi, as well as Gerald and Judson on their side, they were surely at a good advantage, if not a great one.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Before anyone could say something, a second crack appeared, and the entire Taoism Province directly disappeared in a pile of dust.

Faced with such a fierce battle, Zen finally couldn't sit still anymore.

If the people of Pear Hill and the Chaos Ancient Gods on their side were really defeated, then they would lose Pear Hill.

The magical ability that the ancestry-level bloodline had just displayed had allowed Zen to devour Lamont. He could feel Lamont struggling inside his body, but as the ancestry-level bloodline continued to change form, it finally managed to digest Lamont and assimilate his powers for Zen's use.

It looked like the ancestry-level bloodline would never let him fall into the hands of the Element Spirit Civilization. This meant that he could easily use the ancestry-level bloodline to his advantage.

"I'll go and have a look. Yan, you protect Pear Hill along with King Ieuan."

Whoosh!

Zen floated in the air and disappeared, leaving a burst of shadows behind him like a rocket trail.

Two huge cracks had appeared right in the heart of the Taoism Province, like the two jaws of a monster trying to devour the province.

Giant brown chaotic clouds were floating quietly under those cracks. Suddenly, they began to surge, and a golden sword light rushed out, which stirred the heaven and earth.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

The sword light extended around for tens of millions of feet and stabbed towards one side of the chaotic clouds.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

It seemed like the golden sword light collided with something solid inside those clouds, and the crisp sound it caused could be heard across tens of millions of miles. Any creature that was too close to the clouds would have been shattered by the intense sound wave!

Whoosh!

However, unable to break that solid object with several consecutive strikes, the attacker rapidly retreated.

After something rushed out of the chaotic clouds, everyone finally saw who the attacker was. He was Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and he had activated the Wild God Body and was now more than six million feet in height!

"Oh you want to escape? It's too late for that!"

Just as Eastern Emperor Taiyi was about to retreat, he bumped into an invisible wall. With a groan, he rolled over and tried to cross the wall from the other side. However, both sides of the wall were sealed by an invisible force field, and he was trapped!

The next moment, Othniel appeared outside the wall. His single eye, gigantic in size, was filled with a trace of anger and depression.

The strength that the Pear Hill had displayed in this fight was far beyond his expectations. Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess had already made several powerful strikes. Gerald and Judson were also on the opponents' team.

If it weren't for the Grandmaster of Heaven, Othniel and Herbert would have already been defeated and the battle would have been over.

While the Grandmaster of Heaven was busy fighting Gerald and Judson, Othniel had managed to find a chance to trap Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

However, Eastern Emperor Taiyi didn't seem too worried by the fact that he had been trapped.

Buzz!

A strong bloodline power darted out of his body, and a golden sword light surged, spreading across the entire visible space.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sword light bounced back and forth, like laser beams between mirrors in the space that had trapped Eastern Emperor Taiyi. However, the space seemed remarkably stable. It could not be destroyed so easily.

"It's useless to struggle. Our bloodlines determine the difference in our strength," Othniel sneered.

With a flash of blue light that rushed out of his eye, several smaller spaces began to appear in a crisscross fashion across the space that had trapped Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Othniel seemed to want to use these small spaces to directly cut Eastern Emperor Taiyi into countless pieces.

When the small spaces began to appear, they immediately targeted Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body and locked on to him. Numerous large and small cuts appeared on the surface of his body. The cuts continued to deepen rapidly, and blood began to flow out.

Just as Othniel was about to breathe a sigh of relief with the feeling that he had finally defeated at least one of the opponents, a small figure suddenly appeared at the top of the spaces he had created.

Chapter 3922 Struggle

Zen's appearance hadn't returned to normal; he was still a ten feet tall monster and in this form, his aura had also undergone a huge change.

At a glance, Othniel could not recognize him. But under current circumstances, any creature daring to come down could not be ordinary.

Swoosh...

The blue light in Othniel's only eye flickered and a space formed on either side of Zen.

If these spaces could restrain him, he'd be able to cut him in half with ease.

But as soon as they enveloped Zen's body, they dissipated immediately!

"What?"

Othniel was dumbfounded and he quickly thought of Zen in his mind. Was this monster actually him?

This thought lingered in his mind when Zen suddenly grew even more, to a monster more than eight million feet tall!

When Zen had previously activated his Wild God Body, he was only capable of expanding to around four million feet high. Before he had activated it this time, he still believed that was his limit.

He now realized, however, that his body had doubled in size!

Was it because he had devoured Lamont?

Othniel had a bad feeling about this.

Zen had been able to break the Grandmaster of Heaven's Fishing Drum, and the triangular world he had summoned, quite easily. If this horrific monster truly was Zen, he was now stuck in quite a terrible situation.

Even more curious were Lamont's features that this monster shared; such as his long, strong arms with the white hair on them.

"Who are you?" Othniel asked brazenly, raising his head.

All Zen offered was an ugly smile. He then raised his foot and stamped down lightly, creating a huge crater in the space that imprisoned the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

"It really is him..."

Othniel was now sure it was Zen; only he could break through his space barrier so quickly and easily.

But why had he become this monstrosity...

He was still lost in confusion when the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had thrust his sword out, sending countless golden rays of sword radiance bursting out.

Phew!

The space already had a big hole in it and now the sword radiance obliterated it into pieces.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

The sharp golden radiance covered Othniel like a net.

His space barrier could hold the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi, but it didn't mean he had the power to do as he pleased to him.

Once the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had pushed his own bloodline to the limit, he displayed an outrageous and terrifying level of swordsmanship. If Othniel wasn't careful, he'd be sliced up for sure.

He retreated as fast as he could, at the same time clapping his hands and creating space shields ten million feet wide, one after the other.

Bang! Bang! Bang...

The real Eastern Emperor Taiyi chased him down relentlessly, shattering every space shield he came across.

The golden sword light was like the God of Death, not resting until it had taken him!

He then went all out, doing all he could to shake off the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi. As he did, he suddenly felt a space fluctuation from above.

As the Chaos Ancient God in charge of the space truth, Othniel was extremely sensitive to space fluctuations, and as soon as he felt it, he knew it was Zen who had begun attacking him!

"Buzz..."

He pointed upwards as a reflex and a space fluctuation surrounded Zen, ready to exile him to a corner of the chaos.

Othniel had lost sight of the fact that his original intention of attacking the Pear Hill was to complete the Element Spirit race's mission - capture Zen at all costs.

But he now planned to exile him because he felt threatened!

It mattered not. As the space fluctuations gathered on Zen's body, they disappeared instantly, without a trace...

It was then that Othniel felt clearly that Zen's body had given off a space fluctuation opposite to his to counter his exile force!

"How is this possible?"

Othniel's eye was overflowed with disbelief.

A power absolutely opposite to his own power of space actually existed in the chaos?

If he hadn't seen it with his own eye, he wouldn't have believed it. More to it, Zen had pulled it off so effortlessly.

Othniel still hung in a state of astonishment when Zen pounced over and seized him from behind into his tight grip.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

From not far off, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi took this opportunity to attack, the golden sword radiance exploding and inflicting many bloody holes on Othniel's body.

Othniel then desperately activated his bloodline power to teleport himself away. The blue space truth circled around his body, making him seem like an object about to disappear. His body morphed back and forth between a shadow and a real body of substance, popping in and out of view.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

Othniel continued struggling as sixteen ribs as sharp as swords, shot out of Zen's chest and pierced into his body. Then the barbs that grew from the ribs bound the two bodies firmly together.

The real Eastern Emperor Taiyi had been in Zen's inner world this whole time, so he had a general understanding of the ancestry-level bloodline within him. Even so, what he saw now shocked him to his core. How did this kid have such an attack method?

Othniel felt the pain and knew something bad was about to happen.

There was still a considerable gap between him and Lamont in their abilities to use truth-level theurgies.

Lamont was skilled at controlling temperature. Relying on extreme cold, he was almost immune to all energy attacks. This was why the Divine Crystal Array of King Leuan had failed to hurt him.

As for Othniel, his skill lay in controlling space and his theurgy was unparalleled in confinement and escape!

With a roar, Othniel's body suddenly collapsed

like a tower made of sand. Every grain of sand within his body turned into a Minimum Space, which was the smallest matter in the chaos. Only then did Othniel finally rid himself of Zen's control.

An eight-foot tall person was made up of tens of billions of Minimum Spaces. Othniel's massive body possessed way more than that.

Innumerable Minimum Spaces, indistinguishable to the naked eye, moved to another spot where Othniel's body gradually reformed. This process was, however, heavily draining for him.

When he finally looked at Zen again, fear filled his eye as he realized that if he had not just put everything he had into escaping, he would probably have lost his life. What Zen said next proved him right.

"Impressive. Your method is much smarter than Lamont's, but that's it." The voice that rang from his chest sounded very strange.

Othniel suddenly widened his eye. "Lamont has descended to the Pear Hill? What happened to him?"

In his heart he already knew the answer. The white hair and the pair of arms on Zen's body told him all he needed to know but it was still hard to accept that a Chaos Ancient God had died at Zen's hands.

After all, for as long as one could recall, a human had never killed a Chaos Ancient God.

As existences that controlled the truth in the chaos, the Chaos Ancient Gods were thought to be invincible.

"He is dead," Zen said decisively, giving Othniel the answer he least wanted to hear.

Chapter 3923 Lawless Cage

It was true that there were many forces in the chaos, but it didn't make things complicated.

After the six Chaos Ancient Gods split into two factions, the division of powers in the Source World became quite stable.

Fuxi was the one who wanted to complete the Finale Way the most. He tried his best to make himself stronger, enough to kill the Chaos Ancient Gods and break the balance.

The only thing was that the Chaos Ancient Gods were invincible, and this was one of the truths in the chaos.

He couldn't break that truth, but Zen had surprisingly done it.

Othniel looked at Zen again, but this time with a hint of fear and caution. After all, the Chaos Ancient Gods were not immortal. Anyone whose life was on the line, like him, would be on guard.

Although he already believed what Zen said, he still countered, "Just you? Don't brag about yourself!"

Zen glanced at him indifferently and said, "You'll know whether I'm bragging or not soon."

As he spoke, he suddenly disappeared from where he stood.

Moreover, his disappearance didn't cause any space fluctuation, nor did he build a space channel.

It was as if he had used another theurgy that never existed before to teleport!

Naturally, Othniel was shocked when he saw that Zen had disappeared.

After all, he was a Chaos Ancient God in charge of the space truth. What skillful method did Zen use to avoid his detection?

"Buzz!"

His eye glowed a bright blue then he released a mighty truth power. That was when he finally noticed something.

There was an immensely thin line in the black void that moved like a worm as it swiftly approached him.

When he got to see it more clearly, it was already quite close to him!

"Go!"

In turn, he used the Grand Teleportation without a second thought.

Zen had already jumped out from the end of the line the moment Othniel disappeared, but it was too late. Othniel had already teleported far away.

"He actually spotted me. If it was any other Chaos Ancient God, they probably couldn't have done that." Zen shrugged.

After the ancestry-level bloodline devoured Lamont, it naturally became more interested in consuming Chaos Ancient Gods.

The ancestry-level bloodline also played an active role when Zen dealt with Othniel. For instance, the bloodline released this particular space theurgy that even Othniel found it hard to see through it. Zen almost succeeded in devouring him just now.

Even though Othniel could also still turn into multiple Minimum Spaces to escape, such a method consumed a lot of energy, and he might not be able to get away after a few uses.

As for Zen, he failed to catch Othniel at his first attempt. At that point, he turned around and nodded at the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

The real Eastern Emperor Taiyi understood what Zen meant. His eyes flashed with a sharp light, and the long sword in his hand turned into golden lights that filled the sky and swept towards Othniel. At the same time, Zen disappeared again.

Othniel dodged the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi's golden sword radiance and simultaneously watched out for the curved line.

The line was easy to miss, and it was almost impossible to distinguish it among the bright golden sword radiance.

He used the Grand Teleportation once more, and his large body dashed forward while he avoided the golden sword radiance. In a short amount of time, he was already millions of miles away.

But the moment he stopped, the line appeared behind him out of nowhere. Meanwhile, Zen's ribs extended and seized him from behind once again!

"Puff, puff, puff, puff..."

The thick, sharp ribs pierced through his body and left sixteen gaping, bloody holes on it.

This time, he did not struggle anymore. He immediately turned into trillions of Minimum Spaces and escaped from Zen's arms before his body condensed and took shape again.

However, although he was powerful, he felt exhausted the second time he turned into multiple Minimum Spaces.

Just as he took shape again, Zen disappeared and turned into a thin line once more, then flew straight towards him. He didn't even have a chance to catch his breath!

As he observed Zen's aggressive attack, he only sighed and finally chose to exile.

He couldn't exile Zen, but he could exile himself.

When Zen appeared at the end of the thin line, Othniel had already gone to the edge of the Source World.

"He didn't use the Grand Teleportation this time?" Of course, he was surprised.

"He must have exiled himself. I'm afraid it will take some time to get him back," the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi said with certainty.

"He sure ran fast," Zen muttered with a shrug. At that point, the chaos cloud in the distance burst and unleashed a strong energy fluctuation.

He and the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi glanced at each other, then swiftly went straight for the chaos cloud.

The chaos cloud was incomparably enormous. It was so big that a body millions of feet high was only like a drop in the ocean compared to it!

Outside the chaos cloud were sixteen tall purple pillars that floated in the air. Each purple pillar was painted with mysterious patterns and contained vast amounts of hidden power.

Then, the purple pillars turned into a perfect cage and trapped all those from the Pear Hill inside it.

The real Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, Gerald, and Judson all had suffered heavy injuries.

There was a big hole one million feet wide on the real Fuxi's chest. A black fire burned on the hole to prevent the horrible wound from healing.

On the other hand, Judson lost an arm, and half of his head got broken.

However, Gerald looked the worst of them all. Both of his pincers were damaged.

Only the real Snake Goddess looked slightly better. Although she was not injured, her face still looked fatigued. The battle with the Grandmaster of Heaven had cost a lot of her energy.

Gerald's life truth-level theurgy could immediately heal all their wounds, but the black fire kept their wounds burning at bay.

The black fire was the nemesis of the life truth. Back then, it took Gerald a lot of time to get rid of the black fire when it burned him once. Now that he was currently in an intense battle, he didn't have time to help his companions deal with the fire.

Furthermore, the cage formed by the purple pillars was the Lawless Cage, which Herbert had made using the confinement truth.

Therefore, the warriors who were inside it lost half their strength.

The Grandmaster of Heaven stood on one of the purple pillars and looked down at them. "I can give you a chance to join our Nihility race and surrender to me," he said with a cold smile.

As Herbert, who had built the Lawless Cage, heard those words, his face instantly darkened.

It was true that the Grandmaster of Heaven was powerful, but Herbert also contributed greatly in subduing the four warriors.

Also, his stand was completely different from the Grandmaster of Heaven's. The only reason they worked together was that they wanted to fight against the Pear Hill. After that, a battle would probably ensue between them.

Now, the Grandmaster of Heaven wanted to make all the people of the Pear Hill surrender to him. How could he accept that?

"Grandmaster of Heaven, you and I worked together in order to take down the Pear Hill. These people can't be restrained; they can only be killed," he said bluntly.

The Grandmaster of Heaven turned to look at him and sneered, "Why should I listen to you?"

"I also did my part to take them down," he threatened. "If I remove the Lawless Cage, I'm afraid you'll also be in trouble."

No matter how strong the Grandmaster of Heaven was, it was hard for him to deal with the two Chaos Ancient Gods at the same time. What was more, the real Fuxi and the real Snake Goddess were there as well, so he was less likely to win the fight.

"This Lawless Cage is indeed powerful, but I'm afraid you are not the only one who could control it," the Grandmaster of Heaven said nonchalantly and ignored the threat. Suddenly, four of the sixteen purple pillars rose and trapped Herbert.

Chapter 3924 The Desperate End

Back then, the Grandmaster of Heaven had made a contract with Othniel using the Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake.

According to the contract, he would not attack Othniel before taking down Pear Hill.

However, the contract didn't mention anything about Herbert.

Now that he had taken advantage of Herbert to capture the people of Pear Hill and possessed the same abilities as the latter, Herbert no longer had any value to him. "What do you mean by doing so, Grandmaster of Heaven?" Herbert's face darkened.

He already felt that he had gotten quite weaker in the Lawless Cage.

If he completely lost control of the Lawless Cage, then the Grandmaster of Heaven could do anything to him.

"I'm eliminating my future enemies in advance. Is there anything wrong about that?" the Grandmaster of Heaven stated matter-of-factly.

As the head of the Nihility race, the Grandmaster of Heaven was one of the Element Spirit Civilization's mortal enemies. It was inevitable for him to confront Herbert.

"You..."

Herbert's body began to glow brightly as he tried hard to activate his bloodline power.

As the powerful energy surged in his body, the purple pillars also began to glow. It was clear that he was scrambling for control over the Lawless Cage.

If he was still outside the Lawless Cage, he could've probably defeated the Grandmaster of Heaven with his excellent understanding of the truth power.

But now, the Lawless Cage greatly limited his strength. His struggle only lasted for a few seconds before victory was declared.

In the end, he had to admit defeat to the Grandmaster of Heaven. "As the leader of the Nihility race, you are shameful to be such a treacherous man!" Herbert snapped resentfully.

"I never swore anything to you. What made me treacherous?" the Grandmaster of Heaven said with a shrug.

"You..." At that point, Herbert was too angry to speak anymore.

Unlike the other Chaos Ancient Gods, he rarely traveled around the mortal world. Thus, he didn't know about such lies and deceit.

"Hmph, the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization are all the same. They only come to you when they need something from you, then they will kill you the moment you're of no use to them. I tried to convince you before, but you ignored my words like nothing!" Fuxi suddenly shouted from the side.

Fuxi had lent his body to the real Fuxi, but he still got detained in the end. Still, he didn't blame it on the real Fuxi.

After all, things might have ended up worse if he had personally fought in the battle.

When he saw that Herbert also got incarcerated in the Lawless Cage, he couldn't help but grab control of his body again so he could sneer at Herbert.

In the past, he had almost won Herbert over to their side. However, the latter finally believed other people's lies and chose to follow the Purge Way.

As for Herbert, he was enraged at first, but expressed mockery upon hearing Fuxi's words. "Isn't Pear Hill the leader of the Finale Way? You thought you were right and justified, but all of you just ended up like me!" he retorted.

At that moment, Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, Gerald, and Judson, all felt downhearted.

The end of chaos would bring about destruction sooner or later.

The chaos had already experienced many ends now. When the ends of the previous rounds of chaos came, people still had a chance to fight back. In this round, however, they didn't even get to try. It was truly pathetic.

"Even if we can't complete the Finale Way in this round of chaos, we will have another chance in the next round," Fuxi shot back.

Herbert laughed and pointed towards the Grandmaster of Heaven. "Now that victory belongs to him and the Nihility race, do you think there will be another round of chaos?" he scoffed.

Fuxi glanced at the Grandmaster of Heaven, and he finally felt hopeless.

He and the Snake Goddess knew their mission very well ever since the establishment of Pear Hill. The Finale Way remained engraved in their bones, and they were not afraid to sacrifice themselves for it.

He believed that after many rounds of chaos, a noble hero would emerge and lead them to their victory.

If they could not do it after trying one thousand times, then they would try ten thousand times. If they could not do it after trying ten thousand times, then one hundred thousand times.

Besides, time was quite cheap compared to their eternal cause. As long as it was still possible to complete the Finale Way, they would eventually succeed after countless attempts. That was Fuxi's belief.

However, at that moment, he realized that he had underestimated the Nihility race. They were simply a group of insane monsters!

The most incredible thing about it all was that the leader of the Nihility race was a real human! "You… Why did you choose the Nihility Way?" Fuxi raised his head and asked.

The connection between the Grandmaster of Heaven and the 77th civilization was clear to the real Fuxi and the real Snake Goddess, but not to him.

"You are just a replica. It's meaningless for you to know much," the Grandmaster of Heaven said indifferently. "You just need to know that if you want to live, you have to submit to me!" he declared.

As soon as he finished speaking, he shook his long sleeve then a black ship came out of it.

The captain of the Black Ship leaped out from the bow and simultaneously activated the Wild God Body. Then, he summoned the Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake.

"Make your vow before the Contract-restricting Twin-headed Snake. If you submit to the Grandmaster of Heaven and join the Nihility race, you can live," said the captain.

Generally speaking, not even a Chaos Ancient God could escape the restrictions of such contracts. Once they took an oath, they had to follow it all their lives.

"If you refuse, I'll send you to hell," the Grandmaster of Heaven stated in a deathly calm voice as if he didn't care about their choices at all.

Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, Judson, Gerald and Herbert all fell silent.

Warriors at their level could afford to accept death, but they still had to consider their companions' situations if they died.

Most importantly, defeat in this war would probably cost Pear Hill everything.

"My time is limited," the Grandmaster of Heaven chirped as he gently brandished the Cyan Misty Sword. Cyan sword radiance mixed with black fire swayed on the edge of the weapon.

This battle only eliminated Pear Hill's forces, and the Grandmaster of Heaven knew he hadn't won the final victory yet. Next, he had to deal with the Element Spirit Civilization. The battle against them might take place in the chaos or the Other Shore.

Since no one had spoken yet, he shot the cyan sword radiance at them.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

The strike punctured all of their chests, and black flames burned hotly in their wounds.

Although such injuries weren't enough to kill them, the black fire still felt like torture. Everyone's faces twisted in pain.

However, even though the black fire burned continuously, all of them in the Lawless Cage endured it silently without yielding.

"I only want to recruit more men in the chaos who could be of use to me, but it looks like you are all strong-willed people. Since you refuse to join me, let me send you to hell."

With a murderous glint, the Grandmaster of Heaven waved his hand, and the entire Lawless Cage began to shrink rapidly.

The distance between the purple pillars continued to lessen, while the pressure inside the cage increased.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others still tried hard to resist the black fire, but they had quite a hard time now that the Lawless Cage was also shrinking.

As they became increasingly powerless to resist, the black fire burned more and more wildly on their bodies and brought death closer to them.

Buzz!

Just then, a golden sword radiance crossed a vast distance and slashed squarely on the Lawless Cage.

The mighty golden sword radiance was powerful enough to go against the Grandmaster of Heaven's cyan sword radiance. Its attack rocked the entire Lawless Cage quite violently, which weakened the cage's restraints. Therefore, the Snake Goddess and the others inside it had a chance to breathe.

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi?"

The Grandmaster of Heaven raised his head and looked at the figure in the far end of the horizon. He had thought that it would be Othniel who came out of the battleground victoriously, but that was not the case.

Chapter 3925 Unexpected Appearance

The real Eastern Emperor Taiyi was not weak by any means, but he was no match for Othniel.

That was why it shocked the Grandmaster of Heaven a great deal to see him walking towards them.

Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, Gerald and Judson also sported expressions of surprise on their faces, while Herbert even bordered on desperation.

In a flash, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi spiraled into the air and brandished his golden sword radiance.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz...

His bloodline-activated swordsmanship was geared to the max as nineteen golden long swords were summoned by his side.

These golden swords looked illusory and extended far into the distance. Some directly stabbed into the Source World, but did not really damage it. A few sensitive creatures felt their hearts palpitate but nothing more.

The blades, however, were very solid and even the toughest magic treasure in the chaos could be slashed open by them easily.

Buzz!

With a shrill, ear-shattering whistle, the nineteen golden swords merged into one and immediately slashed down towards the Grandmaster of Heaven.

At the moment before impact, the light emanated from the blade and formed a golden arc in the air. A terrifying force was released from the sword as the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi was going to break through the Lawless Cage and pierce through the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Fuxi's eyes sparkled in excitement. "Eastern Emperor Taiyi is so powerful!"

In contrast, the real Snake Goddess was calm and the real Fuxi sighed slightly.

The real Eastern Emperor Taiyi was by no means weak, but the gap between him and the Grandmaster of Heaven was way too big. Even if he pushed that physical body to the limit, his efforts would remain futile.

They had no idea how the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi defeated Othniel, but it would be impossible for him to change the situation now.

In the face of such a seemingly devastating attack, the Grandmaster of Heaven only snorted as he lifted his own Cyan Misty Sword to resist his oncoming opponent's attack.

His sword was fixed and stayed motionless atop his head.

Bang!

Upon the moment of impact with the Cyan Misty Sword, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi's golden sword trembled. However, the Cyan Misty Sword remained motionless.

With eyes full of determination, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi clenched his hand and lifted his sword to let out a series of slashes upon his opponent.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

This golden sword was his strongest theurgy, but it remained unable to shake the Cyan Misty Sword that kept resisting each attack.

During the course of the one-sided struggle, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi tried to change the direction of his strikes in an attempt to kill his target but to no avail.

All the Grandmaster of Heaven did was flicking his finger and blocking each of his pursuer's sword strikes.

After ten strikes, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi's sword showed signs of fatigue and the golden light was significantly dimmer than before.

"I have no idea how you managed to escape Othniel, but since you're brave enough to come at me and court death, then I will fulfill your wish," the Grandmaster of Heaven muttered darkly as he went through the purple pillars and headed straight towards the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

As soon as he got out of the Lawless Cage, Herbert immediately tried to gain control. However, the Grandmaster of Heaven merely turned around and silenced him with a glare. Soon enough, several purple pillars flashed and suppressed Herbert.

Meanwhile, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi remained resolute and had no plans to retreat. He continued to wave his dimmed golden sword and hacked away at the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Whoosh!

It was a battle of blades as each strike from the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi was deflected by the Grandmaster of Heaven's Cyan Misty Sword. In the blink of an eye, the latter appeared in front of his opponent, slashing at him with his Cyan Misty Sword in order to conclude this fight.

"Go to hell!" the Grandmaster of Heaven shouted.

However, in the split second that he was about to deal his blow, the Grandmaster of Heaven saw a look of ridicule on the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi's face with no trace of cowardice whatsoever.

How could someone make such an expression in the face of death?

Momentarily distracted by his confusion, the Grandmaster of Heaven was caught off-guard when he felt a piercing sensation at the back of his neck that soon escalated into indescribable pain.

He turned around on reflex and saw a huge, ugly, gorilla-like monster in front of him.

"Fuck off!" he screamed just as the monster was about to hug him.

His reaction was extremely fast and he was able to predict what would happen next.

In an effort to ward off the beast, the Grandmaster of Heaven held his Cyan Misty Sword in front of him and was ready to pierce through the oncoming monster's chest.

If this monster dared to come closer, he would surely cut it in half with the Cyan Misty Sword!

Of course, any regular creature would immediately give up, but Zen was considerably all-powerful in this form.

Two ribs suddenly drilled out of his chest, strange, solid and metallic-looking. At the end of each rib was a small split that held the Cyan Misty

Sword at bay.

The strange sight made the Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes widen in shock. It was as if the two ribs had formed a customized sword rack for his blade!

"What the hell is that?!" he cursed in disgust.

It was half amazing yet also half disturbing.

While he was frozen in shock, Zen took the chance to wrap his arms around him. At the same time, a few more ribs jutted out of his body and pierced through the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Puff, puff, puff...

These ribs were akin to the sharpest sword and thus were able to pierce through the Grandmaster of Heaven's flesh with no resistance at all.

All the onlookers in the Lawless Cage could do was to stare at this scene with looks of disbelief on their faces.

"Who the hell is that?"

"Where in the world did this monster come from?"

"Is fate smiling down on us and sending us help?"

Everyone knew that their fortunes had just been reversed by the sudden appearance of this white-haired monster.

Ever since the battle began, Fuxi and the others had no time to pay attention to Zen.

They thought that even if Zen was able to fuse with the ancestry-level bloodline, he was still weak compared to the Chaos Ancient Gods and there was no way he'd be able to contend with them. That was the reason why they asked him to guard the Pear Hill with Yan.

Who would've thought Zen would be their unlikely trump card in the form of this white-haired monster.

As the Grandmaster of Heaven was trapped within Zen's arms, he forcibly tried to struggle, just as Othniel had done.

His figure constantly shifted between blurry and solid, yet he remained in Zen's hold. Soon enough, he came up with the same escape method Othniel had used and turned himself into countless Minimum Spaces to escape.

There was a sour expression on the Grandmaster of Heaven's face as he shifted into countless Minimum Spaces, since it was, after all, Othniel's ability that helped him escape.

He glared hard at the monster. "Who are you?" he asked coldly.

It wasn't just him. Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, Gerald, Judson, and even Herbert wanted to know who this monster was.

There was no powerful beast that existed in the chaos like the one in front of them, save perhaps for the Chaos Ancient God, Lamont.

Chapter 3926 Breaking The Lawless Cage

Even before the battle began, Zen's body had already started mutating, and the Snake Goddess had noticed it.

When the huge monster suddenly appeared, she had a hunch but was still a little uncertain. The gap between the monster and Zen was just too great.

For one, Zen's Wild God Body was only a little over four million feet tall. However, this monster's body was over ten million feet tall. It was more than twice of Zen's size.

"It's a pity that you dodged it," Zen said with an unpleasant sound coming from his chest.

The voice had a strong penetrating power that would send shivers on one's spine, and there was also a bewitching power in it.

Almost all living things would instinctively feel fear and disgust towards Zen when they heard his voice. Even those powerful Eternal Realm masters were of no exception.

"Who the hell are you?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked again. He instinctively felt that this monster would be difficult to deal with. If it was possible, he wouldn't take the chance to fight it.

"This is impossible. There is no such existence in the chaos!" The captain of the Black Ship was in denial as the monster didn't give a direct answer.

It was the Black Ship's duty to gather news and information in the chaos for the Nihility race.

If the captain missed accounting such a powerful existence, it would be a grave dereliction of his duty.

The captain was so puzzled. If the monster was really from the chaos, there was no way that it would just appear out of nowhere. 'Is this creature from the Other Shore then?' he thought.

"Such a bother! What..."

As the Grandmaster of Heaven was still conversing with the captain of the Black Ship, the monster secretly turned and gave a hint to Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

With that, Eastern Emperor Taiyi condensed his golden sword again and took the opportunity to hack it towards the Grandmaster of Heaven's head while his guard was down.

However, the Grandmaster of Heaven was too strong to fall for a sneak attack. With just a flip of his Cyan Misty Sword, he deflected the incoming sword strike.

But what he didn't know was that it was just a diversion created by the white-haired monster. While the Grandmaster of Heaven was busy with the attacks from Eastern Emperor Taiyi, he didn't notice that the monster had already disappeared. The next moment, it emerged inside the Lawless Cage, next to Fuxi and the Snake Goddess.

Herbert was the one who created the Lawless Cage. It looked ordinary on the outside, but it was extremely powerful.

Even Chaos Ancient Gods like Gerald, Judson, and Herbert himself, were completely suppressed by the Lawless Cage.

With the sudden appearance of the white-haired monster, they thought that it might have the chance to defeat the Grandmaster of Heaven. Everyone who was held captive inside the Lawless Cage thought that the monster could bring the situation a favorable turn.

However, to their dismay, they didn't expect that the monster would enter the Lawless Cage on its own volition.

"Why are you here? Are you out of your mind?"

Fuxi's eyes widened as he stared at the white-haired monster. He wanted to curse as he discerned that the monster just made a seemingly stupid move.

On the other hand, both the Grandmaster of Heaven and the captain of the Black Ship didn't understand what just happened but were overjoyed by the unexpected turn of events.

No one expected that the monster would throw itself into the Lawless Cage.

No matter how powerful a person was, their strength would be greatly weakened if they were trapped inside the Lawless Cage. As a result, the Grandmaster of Heaven could do anything to them as he wished.

He initially thought that the white-haired monster was going to be troublesome, but he didn't expect it to be so reckless.

Now, almost all his powerful opponents were already inside the cage. Only one remained outside.

Meanwhile, a sharp light flashed in the eyes of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. A line of undecipherable Sanskrit words flowed down his face like tears.

Buzz! Buzz!

As the Sanskrit words glinted, his strength and speed immediately surged. Right now, he was the only one who could move freely and take on the Grandmaster of Heaven.

At the same time, the Grandmaster of Heaven also increased the aura gushing from his body. This instantly made Eastern Emperor Taiyi heighten his senses and defenses. Under the constant activation of his bloodline power, the golden sword emitted a blinding light again.

Meanwhile, in the Lawless Cage, the black fire that enveloped several parts of the bodies of the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Gerald, and Judson hadn't been extinguished. While the Grandmaster of Heaven was dealing with the white-haired monster earlier, the suppression force of the cage had somewhat weakened. Therefore, they were able to at least stop the fire from expanding further.

However, now that the Grandmaster of Heaven was just dealing with Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the suppression force of the Lawless Cage had increased greatly again.

Given the speed and the intensity of the black fire, it wouldn't be long before it devoured all those who were affected.

At this crucial moment, the white-haired monster suddenly reached out and grabbed the purple pillars of the cage.

The purple pillars of the Lawless Cage were supposed to be indestructible from the inside. Even with the combined powers and efforts of the two Chaos Ancient Gods, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess, the purple pillars didn't budge at all.

Upon seeing what the monster was doing, all of the prisoners inside laughed bitterly. Herbert, who was also watching, shook his head.

However, a few moments after the white-haired monster grabbed the pillars, the purple light on their surface instantly dimmed and gradually turned into a gray light, which spread rapidly throughout the entire cage.

"What's happening?"

"Hey, what is this?"

"Are you breaking the Lawless Cage?!"

Everyone's eyes widened and their jaws dropped.

In front of them, the seemingly invincible Lawless Cage was collapsing like a fragile sculpture.

Herbert, who was the creator of the Lawless Cage, was the most surprised. As he comprehended the mechanism of the Lawless Cage from the power of truth, he knew that only the outer layer of the cage was vulnerable.

That was why the sword attack of Eastern Emperor Taiyi from before made the Lawless Cage tremble. But there was no way to deliberately destroy it from the inside.

Or so they thought—until they witnessed how the white-haired monster destroyed it with its bare hands.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was about to go all out on capturing Eastern Emperor Taiyi when he suddenly perceived that something wrong was going on. As he turned at the direction of the Lawless Cage, his face grew pale at what he saw.

The purple light of the Lawless Cage had turned to gray. It seemed like it was eroded by some kind of opposing energy.

"What did you…"

Victory was almost in the grasp of the Grandmaster of Heaven. Once he killed all the people inside the cage, the problem in the chaos would be solved. The only thing that he needed to focus afterward was the war on the Other Shore. However, all his plans crumbled when this unknown monster suddenly appeared and destroyed the Lawless Cage effortlessly.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was quick-witted. He didn't want to believe his suspicion, but it was the only explanation. "Damn it! You are Zen!"

Previously, Zen had used a similar ability, and only he possessed such an unusual and powerful skill in the entire chaos.

Fuxi, who had just escaped from the Lawless Cage, glared at the white-haired monster when he heard the cry of the Grandmaster of Heaven. "Wait. Are you really Zen? What kind of ability is that? No offense, but you completely look like an ugly monster."

The Snake Goddess was just calm. Gerald and Judson also had a hunch earlier. When they saw how the monster easily crushed the Lawless Cage, they instantly knew the identity of the white-haired monster.

"Yes, it's me. Ha-ha, you don't have to emphasize the ugly part." Zen had no intention of hiding his identity.

"Well, given your remarkable strength, your appearance doesn't really matter," Fuxi said as he stared at Zen's body with admiration. Although it was weird, every part of it was useful and suitable for killing and fighting.

"Herbert, are you seeing this? As a zillion creatures have been born in these over a thousand chaotic eras, there are always some powerful beings that would appear no matter what. Now, do you still want to be part of the other side?" Gerald pointed out as he tried to persuade Herbert.

Herbert chose to follow the Purge Way, though he was a little uncertain. The ancient and powerful Element Spirit Civilization made him think that it would be much easier to complete the Purge Way.

However, after seeing what Zen did today, Herbert began to harbor doubts and have a little change of perspective. He thought that perhaps, it was destined that this round of chaos became different from the rest.

Herbert kept quiet and didn't reply. As a Chaos Ancient God, he didn't have the luxury to easily change his mind. But for now, since he was released, the only certain thing was the Grandmaster of Heaven was his enemy.

Chapter 3927 The Foundation

The Grandmaster of Heaven had worked hard to come up with the situation. But only within a short period, it was ruined.

The people who had been controlled had obtained their freedom, resulting in him facing seven opponents including Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, Gerald, Judson, Zen, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and Herbert!

They were all top masters of the Eternal Realm, except for the three Chaos Ancient Gods—Judson, Herbert and Gerald; and Zen was even more remarkable.

As for the Grandmaster of Heaven, he only had one helper, the captain of the Black Ship.

In the face of these powerful masters, the captain could not do anything to them. When it came to real strength, he would be at a disadvantage in the battle with Fuxi, far inferior to the real Fuxi.

"I made the correct judgment when we were in the Grand Plain Stage," the Grandmaster of Heaven said, staring at Zen with confidence.

He believed that Zen deserved the Nihility race's great deal of effort to win him over, so he took action in person. Unfortunately, neither he nor Claire had succeeded.

Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven both had sharp intuition. They were determined that they had to get Zen. He could either be destroyed or become a huge hidden trouble if they couldn't get him.

Therefore, the only purpose that the Black Ship and the Bearing race attacked the Oneness Sky Palace after Zen entered the Eternal Scroll Painting was to take him.

However, contrary to the wishes of the Black Ship and the Bearing race, the situation had developed to this point after the three forces took action. It was beyond the Grandmaster of Heaven's expectations.

It had only been a short while since Zen returned, but he was able to kill him.

What kind of bloodline did Zen get?

Even the origin-level bloodline shouldn't be so powerful in a short time.

"It doesn't matter whether your judgment is right or wrong, because you can't affect the situation," Zen responded, dismissing the Grandmaster of Heaven's certainty.

There were two choices for the Grandmaster of Heaven at the moment. He could either abandon the Descending Ring and escape back to the Other Shore, or stay where he was and fight to death.

The Nihility race didn't suffer too much loss. Returning to the Other Shore was the best choice for the Grandmaster of Heaven. He could wait for the next opportunity, and when the Element Spirit Civilization fought with the Pear Hill, he could take the chance to achieve his goal.

However, he was still a ruthless master who had fought with the Eye Spirit for several hundred chaotic eras. After he heard Zen's remark, a fierce light flashed through his eyes, and his lips curled into a sinister smile.

"Hahaha...

It's so ridiculous..." the Grandmaster of Heaven said condescendingly.

He pointed at Gerald, saying, "Do you really think that you will be able to reverse the situation just because there is someone like Zen in this round of chaos? Do you think that the Finale Way, which could not be completed for over a thousand chaotic eras, could be completed this time?"

His voice resonated with sarcasm as he heard what Gerald had just said to Herbert.

"The only fate of the chaos is to remain desolate forever. This chaos and the other tens of thousands of worlds could never escape from it, including you!" the Grandmaster of Heaven sneered as he waved his hand at the crowd.

The faces of Gerald, Judson, Herbert and Fuxi were consumed with shock as they heard this declaration.

However, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Zen, and the real Snake Goddess stayed calm, unswayed by his words.

The Grandmaster of Heaven had great insight and sensed the wave of emotions crashing over everyone. However, he wondered why Zen, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the real Snake Goddess seemed unbothered.

"The other tens of thousands of worlds... Do you mean that there are similar worlds outside the chaos that have been destroyed?" Fuxi asked in disbelief.

Not long ago, Fuxi knew that there was an Abstruse Energy World outside the chaos, but he didn't know that there were tens of thousands of other worlds similar to the chaos and that all of them had faced destruction.

"With your thoughts and intelligence, you simply couldn't understand what happened." The Grandmaster of Heaven glared at Fuxi indifferently.

"What do you mean?"

Fuxi stared at him in confusion. As a replicate, Fuxi was not taken seriously by the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"We can't understand? You are exaggerating!" The real Snake Goddess glanced at the Grandmaster of Heaven, turned around, and explained to Fuxi, "The chaos is just a tool to absorb energy. There are tens of thousands of similar worlds outside, and these worlds have provided them with a steady stream of energy. However, they are not united as one. Maybe they have been divided into two factions, three factions, or even more. When these factions took action against each other, many worlds were destroyed, and only the chaos was left. The Element Spirit Civilization is one of those factions." The real Snake Goddess pointed at the Grandmaster of Heaven. "And you have joined the faction that constantly destroys the worlds and have become their puppet," she accused.

Fuxi speechlessly stared at the real Snake Goddess, wondering why this wisp of energy soul knew so much.

Gerald, Judson, and Herbert were even more stunned, their eyes widening over what was said.

The entire chaos was only a tool for absorbing energy.

There were still many similar worlds, but in the end, the Finale Way had never succeeded. Those worlds had all been destroyed by the Nihility race.

Every word set their eyes ablaze, like shocking lightning.

Zen looked at the real Snake Goddess, almost seeming to commend her unforeseen intelligence.

When Zen returned from the Eternal Scroll Painting and passed through the world of the Ultimate Cycle, the real Snake Goddess that was attached to Zen's body had deciphered some special information. Later, he had gained some knowledge from the brush-wielder, but the brush-wielder had not yet explained everything to him.

Neither Zen nor the Primeval Lord of Heaven knew whether the chaos was the last remaining world or not...

But as soon as the Grandmaster of Heaven said those words, the real Snake Goddess came to this conclusion according to his revelation. It was completely logical–worthy for both Zen's and the Primeval Lord of Heaven's admiration.

The Grandmaster of Heaven didn't expect that the real Snake Goddess would know so much. The excitement on his face slowly faded into a darker emotion, but he still managed to mock her, "So what? My senior fellow disciple has persisted for such a long time, but he hasn't even found out the truth. Now you still want to complete the Finale Way? It is just wishful thinking!"

Hearing the Grandmaster of Heaven make such remarks of ridicule, the real Snake Goddess only shrugged it off with a smile. She knew that the brush-wielder gave Zen the hope, which meant that there was a chance to complete the Finale Way. The Grandmaster of Heaven was clueless about that.

"Wait and see if it is just wishful thinking. What I know is you're in a bad situation now!"

Zen slightly leaned his body forward and disappeared after taking a step.

He transformed into a thin thread, spreading towards the Grandmaster of Heaven at an extremely fast speed.

After seeing Zen do his move, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, and the three Chaos Ancient Gods also took action!

The powerful warriors each activated their strength at the same time. Even the huge chaos clouds on the side drifted away slowly as if wanting to keep distance from the battle.

"There are some powers that are inappropriate for you," the Grandmaster of Heaven said with a domineering aura. "There are things that you don't qualify to know, and there are also some powers that you cannot resist. In that case, let me show you the foundation of the Nihility race!"

Chapter 3928 The Origin Of The Light Region

Raising his Cyan Misty Sword high, the Grandmaster of Heaven had a white light column strike him.

While the chaos wasn't pitch-black, it was rather dim.

The eye-catching white light column appeared abruptly—it seemed to purify everything somehow.

The moment it appeared, Zen raised his brows.

"The Great Sanskrit Light?"

Once Elvinia became a purified being, she mastered the Great Sanskrit Light. Soon after, Zen became a purified being himself and was highly familiar with the Great Sanskrit Light, so he could recognize it at a glance.

Was the Grandmaster of Heaven also a purified being, then? Zen wondered because the man seemed to be able to release the Great Sanskrit Light at will.

But the Great Sanskrit Light could only harm the creatures in the Dark Region—it was completely useless against the creatures from the Light Region.

The creatures in the chaos weren't afraid of this light in the least. Was it somehow related to the "foundation" the Grandmaster of Heaven mentioned?

While Zen had become a purified being, he still hadn't been able to figure out the true relationship between the Dark Region and the Light Region. In Stage Fourteen, an Insect Master had told him that their race's ancestor had gone to the dark sky—something that couldn't be found at Stage Fourteen.

Once Zen climbed up to the Blooming Jade Stage, he learned that the Dark Region was under the Element Spirit Civilization's control. So was the Light Region controlled by the Nihility race, Zen wondered?

"I don't care what kind of power you have. I'll smash you to pieces!"

Taking the lead, Fuxi waved his hand from where he stood.

The Eight Diagrams marks weren't imprinted on the Grandmaster of Heaven's body, but on the surface of the column of the Great Sanskrit Light. And so Fuxi began waving his hands at top speed.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In an instant, Fuxi unleashed countless palm prints that exploded along with the Eight Diagrams marks—the force they released was nothing short of terrifying. But the Great Sanskrit Light column wasn't damaged in the least. It had managed to resist every single one of Fuxi's attacks.

"Well..."

Fuxi seemed desperate at this point.

He had always been proud to be the strongest warrior in the chaos. But just now, he utterly failed after pushing himself to his absolute limit. The seemingly weak light column was impenetrable.

This indicated just how great the gap between him and the Grandmaster of Heaven was.

"It's your turn," Fuxi murmured to his real self that was hiding within his body.

Once he requested his real self to release his physical body, his real self had done as promised. After all, the latter was merely an energy soul. It was impossible for it to forcibly occupy Fuxi's physical body.

But Fuxi's own strength was far inferior to that of his real self. He was well aware that it was more suitable for his real self to fight in this sort of battle.

And so Fuxi's real self obtained control over the body once again. "That's the purest light in the Light Region. It's a method that only the purified beings have. The light shouldn't be so strong."

As Fuxi's real self was observing, Herbert rushed up first.

While Gerald and Judson also hated the Grandmaster of Heaven, Herbert was hell-bent on killing him after being previously betrayed by the man.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A circular, serrated bone plate grew upon Herbert's back. As it spun, several slender bones began extending from it.

The slender bones then extended rapidly. While they looked like Herbert's wings, they didn't extend backward as normal wings did. Instead, they extended forward, forming a great circular space in front of Herbert, entrapping the Grandmaster of Heaven within.

"I have many kinds of cages. The Lawless Cage is merely one of them. This Bone Corroding Cage is my greatest masterpiece!"

Seeing the Grandmaster of Heaven trapped in his cage, Herbert was overjoyed.

The Bone Corroding Cage was a terrifying place of killing. Herbert had always been rather strange, but among the six Chaos Ancient Gods, he boasted about the most profound study of the truth power.

Once the Bone Corroding Cage covered the Grandmaster of Heaven, transparent bone membrane quickly appeared on either side of the bones, transforming the entire cage into an oval sphere.

Soon after, yellow mist rose within the cage—a mist that could corrode all tangible materials. Up until then, all things it had touched corroded in an instant.

And so the yellow mist began intertwining with the white light like water being poured into a boiling pot of oil.

Sizzle!

Under the violent reaction, the yellow mist rolled crazily within the cage.

But the light column was slightly shaking—instead of dispersing, it neutralized the yellow mist, forming a layer of harmless black powder at the very bottom of the cage.

"It doesn't work?" Herbert's eyes widened.

While the Bone Corroding Cage couldn't kill the Grandmaster of Heaven, he figured it would do him some damage at the very least.

But the seemingly ordinary light column was indestructible.

"Let me try!"

Judson flew up to the Grandmaster of Heaven's level. A silver spear appeared in his grip as he stretched out his hand.

"Saint Killing Spear!"

It was not merely Judson's theurgy, but also the most powerful material he had ever created.

The moment the spear was thrown out, it turned into ten identical spears, all shifting into streaks of silver light that poured down on the light column.

Da! Da! Da!

With some cracking sounds, the spear broke into pieces.

But Judson had expected the spear to shatter. It wasn't particularly sturdy, after all. It was brittle.

But much to his surprise, the spear failed to even pierce through the light column. His strongest theurgy seemed to be a mere joke before the Grandmaster of Heaven. As a normally aloof and arrogant Chaos Ancient God, he found the fact was hard to face.

In the light column, the Grandmaster of Heaven still held the Cyan Misty Sword. It greedily sucked the white light. This white light formed several flowing light spots on the sword's surface as infinite power gathered within it.

"It's useless. You can't penetrate the power of the foundation," said the Grandmaster of Heaven proudly.

Just then, Zen suddenly appeared beside the light column. He stared at it from nearby and said, "This seems to be the Great Sanskrit Light. I am a purified being as well, but as far as I know, the Great Sanskrit Light works only on creatures of the Dark Region."

"You have no more than a superficial knowledge of light," snorted the other. It was clear that he didn't take Zen seriously in spite of their shared status.

"Really?" Zen paid no mind to the other's attitude and asked further, "So the power of the foundation you mentioned is also based on the Great Sanskrit Light?"

"Yes... So what?" Realizing that Zen was fishing for information, the Grandmaster of Heaven glared at him.

The latter only smiled faintly. "If you don't want to say it, then forget it. The light column is powerful, but can it block me?"

As he spoke, he reached out, pushing at the column's surface.

While the Grandmaster of Heaven was highly confident in the foundation's power, his heart couldn't help but race in worry as he saw Zen's palm push on it.

'This guy is just too strange… I'm not sure if ...'

he thought to himself. When Zen's palm touched the light column, the bloodline in his body began fluctuating chaotically.

The ancestry-level bloodline needed to change its very structure each time it restrained the external energy. But this time, the fluctuation was far more violent.

Chapter 3929 Join Hands

Theoretically, the four quadrants of the ancestry-level bloodline contained all the abilities.

From the Abstruse Energy World to the secondary worlds, the abilities were always in the range of these four quadrants.

The entire ancestry-level bloodline could restrain any energy perfectly. Zen firmly believed in this even though he couldn't completely control the ancestry-level bloodline.

After all, from the Eternal Divine Courtyard, the four origin-level bloodlines below the Eternal Divine Courtyard, and the passageway of the Eternal Scroll Painting to the chaos, this point had already been proven right anywhere.

However, when faced with the Great Sanskrit Light, the ancestry-level bloodline proved ineffective for the first time.

Under the violent fluctuations of the bloodline, Zen did not find any effective restraining ability. Soon after, he felt a storm within his body, and his organs violently trembled in reaction.

Instantly, his arms changed again!

The two arms that were covered in white hair began to contract. At the same time, the hair shed and the bones softened. Just as the two arms transformed into pure muscles, round holes appeared on the muscles' surfaces, expanding and eventually turning into suckers.

"Are these octopus tentacles?"

Zen asked, shocked to see how his arms had changed.

Although the transformation caused no pain and was an advantage, Zen still found it terrifying.

Click, click, click...

The two tentacles flailed around as they were completely out of Zen's control. Then, they drooped across the light pillar and began to wiggle.

Seeing Zen's worry and helplessness, the Grandmaster of Heaven sighed in relief.

Initially, when Zen broke the Fishing Drum, the Grandmaster of Heaven was confused profoundly. Not long after, he concluded that Zen must have obtained the ability by chance to restrain the space theurgy.

That was why the triangular world of Othniel and his Fishing Drum couldn't restrain him.

However, just now, he saw with his own eyes that Zen broke the Lawless Cage of Herbert. This had never been done before, so he was bewildered again. Could this mean that Zen's bloodline restrained different energies?

If so, why couldn't Zen restrain the Great Sanskrit Light?

This relieved the Grandmaster of Heaven. Knowing that an Eternal Realm warrior could not break the power of the foundation brought him a dose of hope.

As long as he was the only one who could obtain the Sanskrit Light Body, he could kill everyone before him. However, he was going to spare Zen because he wanted to study the man's secrets.

Just as the Grandmaster of Heaven was gloating, one of the tentacles of Zen began to suck intensely along the light wall.

"You want to break the light wall in this way?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked with much spite.

Gradually, small black dots appeared on the surface of the pure white light. These dots expanded and eventually formed small holes.

"This tentacle is absorbing the light wall!" The Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes widened.

The protective light wall formed by the Great Sanskrit Light might have seemed ordinary, but little did people know that the method of directly forming the wall with energy was very special.

Because it was so rare, the Grandmaster of Heaven did not anticipate that it could be destroyed.

This left the Grandmaster of Heaven speechless. Then anger rose within him as he hated Zen even more. He thought that Zen would be the biggest threat to the Nihility race if he was not killed at once!

On behalf of the Nihility race, the Grandmaster of Heaven saw the Element Spirit Civilization as the race's greatest threat originally.

The thirty-nine elite human warriors that were trapped for so many years could only be considered as trouble. The Grandmaster of Heaven believed that they could be ignored.

Now, the Grandmaster of Heaven saw Zen as a major threat.

"The wall has been broken?"

After the tentacle moved away, Zen finally caught a glimpse of the holes on the light wall.

Because he was over ten million feet tall, the holes were rather small to him when in fact, they were all over one hundred thousand feet wide.

"Since you are in such a hurry to die, I will give you a hand!"

The Grandmaster of Heaven raged and released the surging killing intent. Just then, the sword in his hand turned white, and then the color spread throughout his whole body.

Eventually, the Grandmaster of Heaven was covered from head to toe by the white light.

Whoosh!

He slashed his sword and aimed for Zen's head. The solid light wall did not stop him from slashing. With one roaring sound, the white sword blade was close enough to swallow Zen.

However, Zen was a smart warrior. He chose to retreat the moment he saw the sword coming down upon him.

Meanwhile, because the tentacle was controlled by the ancestry-level bloodline, it was not in sync with all Zen's movements. It continued to suck at the light wall.

As Zen's body backed away sharply, his arm was dragged and extended for millions of feet. It was hit by the white light sword.

Puff!

Just like that, the tentacle broke

and blood gushed out from the wound.

The ancestry-level bloodline had its thoughts. While some of the blood splashed out, some also went directly inside the broken arm. The broken tentacle wriggled like a big worm, crawling along the light wall to the other side.

The Grandmaster of Heaven could not care less about the tentacle. When he saw that Zen retreated, he followed closely behind.

"Where are you going?"

In a moment, the Grandmaster of Heaven launched his second strike.

However, just as the sword was swung, Judson suddenly appeared at the side. He pointed at the blade in the Grandmaster of Heaven's hand and numerous cobwebs quickly appeared.

These webs were extremely thick and layered on top of one another, making it a great obstruction to the Grandmaster of Heaven's attacks.

The Grandmaster of Heaven attempted to shake the webs off but was unsuccessful. At the same time, the shadow of Snake Goddess quickly descended and merged with the Grandmaster of Heaven.

If any ordinary Eternal Realm warrior was fused with the shadow of Snake Goddess, they would have been eroded by the energy within it. The shadow of the real Snake Goddess had more power than that of the Snake Goddess in this chaotic era.

However, the Grandmaster of Heaven had transformed into the Sanskrit Light Body, and the shadow of Snake Goddess was completely unable to corrode the white light.

"Tie!"

With no intention to kill the Grandmaster of Heaven, the Snake Goddess tried to temporarily trap him!

"The Formless Snake Shackle!"

Meanwhile, Herbert also activated his bloodline power to utilize the shackling method. Four indistinct shadows of snake-shaped shackles appeared on the hands and feet of the Grandmaster of Heaven, coiling around his wrists and ankles.

Fuxi appeared in front of the Grandmaster of Heaven. He lifted his arm and launched a palm strike at the Grandmaster of Heaven.

What seemed like an ordinary palm strike vibrated for over ten thousand times as it came into contact with the chest of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"Break the body!"

Fuxi's goal was not to kill the Grandmaster of Heaven but to weaken his defense of his Sanskrit Light Body as much as possible.

Next, Gerald appeared. He waved his tail and stabbed right at the center of the Grandmaster of Heaven's chest, exactly where Fuxi's palm hit.

Gerald's strikes were so powerful that even Claire had been killed in his hands by the Poison of Decomposition. If the Grandmaster of Heaven was pierced deeply enough, he would die the same way Claire did.

Chapter 3930 Press

More than half of Gerald's bright-colored tail needle was impaled into the Sanskrit Light Body of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The tail needle was about three hundred thousand feet long, and about two-thirds of the total length was drilled deep into the body.

Ideally, it was already enough to break the Sanskrit Light Body.

"Nice work, Gerald!"

"There's no way he could resist the Poison of Decomposition!"

"Finish him!"

Everyone yelled and was full of expectations.

Technically, the Poison of Decomposition was not a poison, but a kind of energy that could destroy things at a molecular level. Supposedly, no one had a good way to withstand it.

Just when everyone thought that they had finally succeeded, the expression on Gerald's face gradually changed. "What is this? There is no—"

"Physical body?" the Grandmaster of Heaven sneered as he finished Gerald's sentence.

Everyone clearly witnessed how Gerald's needle pierced into the Sanskrit Light Body of the Grandmaster of Heaven. However, the body was empty. It turned out that it was not a real physical body.

"So what? That doesn't matter!" Gerald retorted, trying to still sound confident.

The Poison of Decomposition was supposed to destroy everything, including energies and souls. That was why Gerald was still confident that they could take the Grandmaster of Heaven down.

Soon, a black mass leaked at the place where the needle stabbed the body. Like a thick dripping ink, it began to diffuse but soon stopped.

In just a matter of seconds, the all-conquering Poison of Decomposition was subdued and lost its effect.

"Are you done with your childish games?!"

the Grandmaster of Heaven shouted contemptuously.

Then, at his bidding, his long sword emerged, shrouded in pure bright lights.

He waved his sword and a white sword arc instantly appeared in the void. The sword arc was lashing in the air at such an incredible speed.

Upon seeing this, Gerald quickly pulled his tail and retrieved it from the body of the Grandmaster of Heaven. However, there was not enough time.

Splat!

Gerald's tail was slashed, and a stream of green blood gushed out immediately.

The Grandmaster of Heaven raised his sword and aimed at Gerald again. The sharp lights coming from it seemed to be able to illuminate the entire chaos.

This time, as the Grandmaster of Heaven threw his second strike, Gerald's reaction was quicker. He was able to use the Grand Teleportation in order to avoid the incoming attack.

"Humph! What an annoying insect!"

The Grandmaster of Heaven was going all out. He intended to do anything and release everything in his arsenal just to bring down all his opponents.

With that, he prepared his next set of attacks.

Suddenly, the space around him solidified. He dragged the white shadows of light and instantly appeared in front of Fuxi.

"Die! Weaklings!"

Fuxi was caught off guard. The white arc of light quickly rushed towards his head.

"So fast! I won't make it!"

His body froze for a few seconds before it could react.

Compared to the Grandmaster of Heaven's lightning speed, everyone else seemed to move so slow.

Realizing that he couldn't dodge the sword strike, Fuxi turned his body around and sacrificed his legs.

Splat!

Fuxi's legs were immediately cut clean and blood spurted out.

There was no sign that the Grandmaster of Heaven was stopping. He quickly launched another sword strike, with the intent of finishing Fuxi off this time.

"Not on my watch! Myriad Heavy Water!"

Judson outflanked the Grandmaster of Heaven. With a clap of his hands, a drop of water suddenly appeared.

The droplet of water instantly expanded to a size large enough to envelop the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"Now! Condense!"

The water might look just like an ordinary one, but it was extremely dense. As the Grandmaster of Heaven was sealed in it, his movements were immediately restrained. Only then did Fuxi have the chance to escape from the sword strike.

Then, Gerald quickly approached Fuxi. He stretched out a pincer and gently patted it on Fuxi's wounds. Two dark green forces of truth were injected into the wounds at once, making his broken legs begin regenerating.

However, the Myriad Heavy Water was only able to seal the Grandmaster of Heaven for a few seconds. After a while, the Grandmaster of Heaven's body suddenly trembled, and the Myriad Heavy Water instantly broke apart, splashing in all directions.

Just when the Grandmaster of Heaven was about to continue chasing Fuxi, several spores, the size of a fist, suddenly appeared on the surface of his Sanskrit Light Body. The spores quickly latched to his body. The roots wrapped around him and so were the vines that sprouted.

Apparently, before Judson launched the Myriad Heavy Water, Gerald had discreetly stuffed the spores into it. When the Grandmaster of Heaven was enveloped by the Myriad Heavy Water, the spores quickly attached to his body.

The thick golden vines were extremely tough. Even the Grandmaster of Heaven struggled hard before he was able to break some of them. However, more and more vines wrapped around him.

The Grandmaster of Heaven admitted that these Chaos Ancient Gods and Eternal Realm masters were formidable. Even if he was omnipotent, he was still hindered by their tenacious skills and methods.

"We're not done! Slaughter Prison!"

Herbert, who was now on the side of the Pear Hill, activated his other theurgy. In a flash, six lightning-like columns began to take shape around the Grandmaster of Heaven.

However, just before the Slaughter Prison was about to be completed, a snow-white hand reached out from within the golden vines, and a finger pointed at Herbert.

Suddenly, a light emerged in front of Herbert.

He was so busy activating his bloodline power to set up the Slaughter Prison that he didn't notice the light. Suddenly, the light expanded, and that was the only time that Herbert noted it.

However, it was too late when Herbert noticed it.

The white light instantly formed a sturdy space that trapped Herbert within.

Herbert realized that his life was in great danger. He did all he could in order to break the light column.

However, the light column was so indestructible that even the ancestry-level bloodline was not able to destroy it. Previously, it had to produce tentacles to absorb the column bit by bit. So Herbert, who only used brute force to break it, didn't make it budge even a little.

Crash!

Suddenly, an unusual noise resounded from within the light column. Herbert's movements were stopped as if there was an extremely powerful force that was pressing on his body.

The downward pressure in the light column continued to grow stronger and stronger, crushing Herbert's body little by little.

After a short while, Herbert's body was tightly pressed at the bottom of the light column.

Crash!

Crack!

Herbert's bones began to break and his body was starting to collapse.

The pressure continued to increase. Everyone just stood there, watching his agony as they also couldn't do anything about the light column. At this point, Herbert couldn't even struggle or make a sound anymore. His eyes revealed a look of total helplessness and misery.

Splat! Hebert's entire body exploded and was completely crushed.

His huge body, which was millions of feet tall, was reduced into a puddle of blood. Everyone couldn't believe that a dignified Chaos Ancient God could die in this miserable way.

Gerald, Judson, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess didn't avert their eyes from the scene. Instead, their faces darkened and their eyes were filled with rage.

At this time, the Grandmaster of Heaven had finally removed all the golden vines that were wrapped on his body. There was a smirk on his face, yet an extreme murderous intent was oozing from his eyes.

He was getting impatient because his real enemy wasn't there. Originally, he did not intend to use too much of his foundation power, but these people gave him a hard time. With that, he decided to handle them using a fiercer method.

"Are you mad? Well, you ask for it! Now, I'll kill you one by one!"

Gerald became instantly aware when the Grandmaster of Heaven pointed at his direction. He knew immediately that something bad was about to happen. He quickly tried to flee, but the light column was already forming before he could even move from his position.

"You're the next one to die," the Grandmaster of Heaven said coldly.

Then, the pressure inside the light column suddenly increased. Instantly, Gerald's body was pressed at the bottom.

Chapter 3931 Pressing Forward

The miserable death which Herbert had suffered was still lingering on everyone's mind. Trapped and unable to escape, Gerald was obviously about to end up the same.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess and Judson were becoming anxious now.

"Come on! Let's destroy this light column!"

"How? It's not going to be so easy to destroy it."

"We have to try! I'm afraid that Gerald won't be able to hold on for any more than thirty seconds."

Although they knew that the light column was almost completely invulnerable, they still had to try. Therefore, they launched their attacks in unison, trying to destroy the light column that had trapped Gerald.

Even under their attacks, the pressure in the light column increased sharply, and the hard shell on the surface of Gerald's body began to emit cracking sounds. Countless cracks spread out, like lines of minuscule bugs crawling over his body.

Gerald himself also knew how powerful the light column was. Trapped inside, he had to try and make an effort to save himself since no one else could do so.

Buzz!

A green colored light began to leak out from the cracks.

The Grandmaster of Heaven felt the strong life energy that was contained within the light column with a look of contempt on his face.

Gerald was a Chaos Ancient God who had mastered the truth of life. However, it was impossible for him to use that power to repair his body.

"Huh! Don't try to struggle. It is useless,"

the Grandmaster of Heaven sneered. And as soon as his words finished, the squeezing force in the light column doubled suddenly.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

With a wispy, cracking sound, Gerald's shell was suddenly broken completely. Under the irresistible pressure, the tissues in his body began to bleed profusely, and his huge and fragile compound eyes exploded outside.

However, the truth power surrounding him did not try to repair his body. It could not. Instead, it was transforming his body.

The truth was, even if it did try, it was useless to repair the broken shell. The shell was just a broken defense mechanism. It was not suitable for such a high pressure environment.

The truth power was instead growing a thin layer of tissue over the hard shell. The tissue was flat and weirdly thin, as if it were made of countless pieces of paper.

This was the only visible change on the surface of Gerald's body. At the same time, several more changes were taking place inside him.

The squeezed body tissue was quickly being transformed by the truth power. Gerald's height was being reduced constantly. Finally, he became completely flat. In fact, that was what he wanted to do.

In a short while, the originally scorpion shaped Gerald had turned into a thin pie.

This was a highly powerful move. Some fishes in the deep sea had to bear intense sea water pressure all year round, which had evolved their bodies into flat shapes. However, they needed millions of years to evolve, but Gerald had done this in an instant.

A green light flickered on the side of his flat body, and a pair of slender eyes grew to observe everything around him.

"What the hell?"

The Grandmaster of Heaven was confused now.

Herbert had also been crushed into a meat pie just now, and therefore the Grandmaster of Heaven hadn't paid much attention to the change in Gerald's body. But the strong life energy that had leaked out could not repair Gerald's body, which had surprised him a bit.

Maybe the repair speed was not as fast as the squeezing speed. Therefore, he had not thought much about it. And yet, after a few seconds, Gerald still had a lot of life energy left and there wasn't much damage to him.

When the Grandmaster of Heaven realized what had happened, he sneered, "Your desire to survive is strong. In this form, your pressure bearing ability has increased by at least six times. But that is still in vain!"

Once he had finished speaking, his palm emitted a strong white light.

From the way he was utilizing his strength, the power of the foundation seemed to be inexhaustible. The squeezing force in the light column continued to increase even now.

"Goo Goo..."

Still being squeezed continuously, Gerald's body became more and more flat, and his slender eyes revealed a sad expression. Since the pressure was explosively increasing even now, it was going to be difficult for him to resist for too long.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Outside the light column, Judson, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess were still attacking it with all kinds of methods and moves, but the outer wall of the light column was still totally intact.

"Where is Zen?"

Judson cried among the battle. He was placing his hope on Zen.

Just now, after Zen had dodged the sword strike of the Grandmaster of Heaven, he seemed to have disappeared.

Even Judson didn't know his whereabouts since he had the power to teleport himself anywhere and everywhere without a trace.

At Judson's words, a thin thread suddenly appeared in the void. And out of nowhere, Zen appeared.

And when he was finally visible, they saw that his entire body had changed greatly.

In addition to the terrifying and strange head he had already developed, his limbs had turned into over a hundred tentacles, which were covered with over ten thousand circular suckers.

Now, Zen no longer resembled a human from any angle. Instead, he looked like an octopus.

The moment he appeared, he placed his limbs on the light column, and the suckers began absorbing the Great Sanskrit Light without a moment's hesitation.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Black patches quickly appeared on the surface of the originally indestructible light column. As the light column became more and more fragile through Zen's sucking, Zen pulled at it hard.

Splash!

The light column suddenly collapsed like a large structure made of water, and the pressure inside was instantly released. Gerald's pie-like body fell down rapidly like a heavy hammer.

After escaping death, Gerald regained his life energy once again. His body tissue, outer defensive shell, and even his tail, which had disappeared, recovered at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The Grandmaster of Heaven looked at the octopus-like Zen with a cold expression in his eyes.

Previously, it had taken Zen a long time to break the light column, but now, he was powerful enough to easily break the column. This was after he had disappeared for just a little while.

Such a speed of growth in strength was unimaginable. Zen was omnipotent now!

An opponent with power of this magnitude was going to be extremely tricky to deal with.

Whoosh!

Dragging over a hundred tentacles around him, Zen suddenly disappeared once more, turning into a thin line and rushing towards the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The Grandmaster of Heaven felt threatened at this sight. If he were to be trapped by Zen's tentacles, his Sanskrit Light Body would be absorbed soon and he would be dead.

As he retreated rapidly, a blue light flashed in his eyes. Once he had located Zen, he reached out his hand and grabbed at something in the air. With a buzzing sound, a light column materialized and covered Zen.

As Zen's tentacles absorbed the wall of the light column for a while, the wall was broken down once again. The light column was able to hinder Zen for just a single second.

However, the Grandmaster of Heaven didn't have any other way to deal with Zen as of now. Therefore, as soon as the light column was broken, he summoned yet another one. The light columns kept on materializing one after another and this bought him some time.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

All the light columns were broken by Zen.

If one observed carefully, the suckers on his tentacles were subtly changing shape during the whole process.

In the beginning, the suckers had been circular, but now they had slowly evolved into a diamond-shaped structure. That way, they could absorb the Great Sanskrit Light much more efficiently. The speed at which they could break the light columns was increasing with every strike, which left the Grandmaster of Heaven flabbergasted.

Gerald, who was quickly repairing his body, along with Judson, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess quietly watched the scene unfold before their eyes, without any intention of interfering. They knew their presence wouldn't make much of a difference in this battle.

What confused the Grandmaster of Heaven was that after breaking the light columns, Zen could have just moved forward to attack him. If he were caught by Zen's tentacles, he would definitely die.

However, Zen was pressing forward very slowly. What was he up to?

While the Grandmaster of Heaven was lost in thought and trying to understand what was going on, a thin line was floating in the void behind him.

When he finally approached the thin line unwittingly, a mass of tentacles appeared out of nowhere and swallowed him.

Chapter 3932 My Will

These particular tentacles came from the one that had been cut off by the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The ancestry-level bloodline refused to be divided, and even the ones that were divided were very eager to return.

However, just this one time, the ancestry-level bloodline allowed this individual to stay apart, hide in space, and continue to reproduce on its own.

As Zen broke the light columns one after another, the hidden tentacles gained his experience, and the suckers on their surfaces began adjusting.

Just when the Grandmaster of Heaven, who had transformed into the Sanskrit Light Body, was close enough to the tentacles, they attempted to swallow him whole in one gulp. They were like a greedy serpent that wanted to devour its prey in one go.

The suckers of the tentacles aggressively absorbed the Great Sanskrit Light while he was desperately struggling.

Splat!

The Grandmaster of Heaven managed to thrust his white sword into many tentacles. The sword pierced so deep that only half of the blade remained exposed.

However, the lower half of the sword quickly turned black and was completely corroded. In an instant, the sword broke, and the exposed half was sucked into the tentacles.

On the surface of the Grandmaster of Heaven's body, there were hundreds of visible black dots.

From there, the power of the foundation was gradually absorbed, and his strength grew weaker and weaker.

In the beginning, he could still tear the tentacles at will, but as time passed by, he lost his strength to resist against them. His entire body was now wrapped around by the tentacles, and the Great Sanskrit Light contained within his body was being extinguished rapidly.

However, the Grandmaster of Heaven was still showing tenacity and was unwilling to give up. He gathered all his remaining strength and rushed forward in an attempt to break free. When he realized that there was no chance to escape, he desperately stretched out his hand until a finger was exposed outside of the tentacles.

Whoosh!

A ray of light shot from his fingertip just before his body was completely devoured by the tentacles.

Then, the light from the Grandmaster of Heaven's finger condensed in the sky and transformed into his appearance.

However, the avatar formed was so dim, like the light from a candle that was about to die. His body was almost transparent, and the energy in his body was so weak that it was almost negligible.

Zen didn't bother to kill the avatar because he knew that he would also disintegrate in no time. So, he just took the opportunity and asked, "Is this the power of the foundation?"

"Yes," the avatar replied. He stared at Zen with a complicated expression in his eyes.

At the back of his mind, he had never thought that he would be defeated. He even used the power of the foundation to its fullest.

"I see. It's very weak then," Zen remarked as he shrugged his shoulders.

Upon hearing this, the Grandmaster of Heaven was rendered speechless. He just stood frozen, and he had the expression on his face that wanted to confirm if he heard Zen's statement correctly.

Even the real Fuxi and his avatar that was hiding in his body were also shocked. They couldn't help but smirk, thinking that this guy was actually more arrogant than them.

"What did you just say? You called the power of the foundation weak?!" The Grandmaster of Heaven, who had been depressed, was suddenly filled with rage. Consequently, the rate at which his body dissipated also increased.

"Yeah, did you not hear that clearly? Your power is weak. That's why you're going to die now," Zen said as he let out a faint smirk.

"What? Ha-ha! You've got guts, huh?" The Grandmaster of Heaven laughed so hard as if he had heard the funniest joke in his life. "I expect you to go to the Three Purities Stage one day. Let's meet again. I will wait for you there."

The voice of the Grandmaster of Heaven became softer and softer until it was inaudible. Soon after, his entire body completely vanished.

As Zen stared in the void for a while, he suddenly remembered something when he sensed several intermittent space fluctuations in the distance.

"Wow, they run so fast," Zen said as he shook his head.

After the Grandmaster of Heaven activated his Sanskrit Light Body, not one member of the Black Ship joined the fray.

Perhaps, the Grandmaster of Heaven and the Black Ship had communicated secretly that they needed to flee as soon as they saw that he was at a disadvantage.

In the battle earlier, the Eternal Realm masters and the Chaos Ancient Gods focused all their attention on the Grandmaster of Heaven. They didn't expect that the Black Ship would use that opportunity to escape.

The members of the Black Ship knew that no one pursued them, but they were still in distress.

Although no one could see the captain's expression, everyone felt his gloomy and miserable aura.

"Zen could actually destroy the Grandmaster of Heaven's Sanskrit Light Body. His strength cannot be underestimated anymore,"

the captain uttered to himself.

Not long ago, the captain had only treated Zen as his junior.

But in just a short time, Zen was able to surpass and even kill the person that he looked up to.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was the leader of the Nihility race.

Furthermore, he was known for his outstanding strength on the Other Shore.

"What are you talking about? That's not even his own power," Shera said, shaking her head as if unwilling to accept the fact that the Grandmaster of Heaven fell in the hands of Zen.

"Even so, it's a power that he can use. What difference does that make?" the captain answered.

"The Grandmaster of Heaven must have been too careless. He didn't expect that Zen would be that strong," said a member of the Black Ship.

The way that Zen's strange body continuously adapted and evolved was way beyond the imagination of people with ordinary bloodlines. Even for Eternal Realm warriors, that kind of strength was unconventional.

"Ha-ha!"

As most of the members of the Black Ship were feeling depressed, the Evil God burst out laughing.

Shera quickly turned around and gave him a sharp gaze. "What are you laughing at?"

Then, the corners of the Evil God's mouth curled up. "It's so simple. The Grandmaster of Heaven is weaker than Zen. Why are you still justifying him? It's ridiculous!"

Crash!

As soon as the Evil God finished speaking, he suddenly felt a fist smashing on his face.

The Evil God instantly flew and crashed on the deck of the Black Ship. A huge hole was created where he landed.

It was the brass man who punched him. His fist remained clenched, and the cold look in his eyes could turn water into ice.

Actually, if he didn't make the move, other people on the Black Ship would have taken the initiative. The look in their eyes was clearly screaming that no one could speak ill of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The Evil God slowly crawled out of the hole, still wearing a smug look on his face. "What? Did I say something wrong? Ha-ha! Why would you even defend the reputation of someone who failed because of his weakness?" He wasn't apologetic at all.

As the brass man heard his impious laughter, his rage started contorting his face.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

His heavy body ran wildly on the deck and rushed towards the Evil God. Holes and cracks were appearing as he passed by the deck.

The Evil God's laughter became more intense just before the brass man approached him.

The other members of the Black Ship were also hopeful that the brass man would shut the Evil God's mouth, and teach him a lesson. However, their hearts began throbbing when the Evil God shouted, "Kneel!"

Swoosh!

A strong will instantly descended from above.

It wasn't just any ordinary will. Its power was beyond words.

Crash! Boom!

Under the excessive pressure of the surging will, the aggressive brass man froze and knelt before the Evil God.

"Evil God! Do you have a death wish?"

"Dare to make one false move, and we'll be sure that you regret it!"

"Don't be an idiot!"

As soon as the members of the Black Ship saw that the brass man was being utterly humiliated, they started yelling with angry faces. With just a single order from their captain, they were ready to take the Evil God down.

However, the captain stayed silent and looked up.

From where he stood, he could see the enormous outer wall of the Source World above them, from where the tremendous will had just come.

"Tell me, is that the will of the Source World?" the captain asked straightforwardly.

"No," the Evil God replied with a confident sneer. "It's my will."

Chapter 3933 The New Captain

The Evil God had tried to communicate with the Source World all this time.

He could faintly sense the will of the Source World, but was unable to grasp it.

The members of the Black Ship did not participate in the battle with the Pear Hill. The Evil God had studied his own abilities all the time.

The opportunity had appeared after he had left the Source World. The will of the Source World, which had once tried to dodge the Evil God, seemed to want him to stay in the Source World.

If the Source World were considered a living being or a person, it wouldn't want its own evil will to leave. This was because Usman had originally been a part of the Source World and the Evil God had devoured him.

The Evil God had also been a part of Zen before and Zen had had to think twice before letting the Evil God leave.

When the Grandmaster of Heaven had fought the people of the Pear Hill outside the Source World, the Evil God seized this opportunity and quickly connected with the Source World.

The Evil God felt that the Source World was a vast and powerful will. He saw it as a living being, born with the birth of one round of chaos.

When the Evil God's consciousness had merged with this vast will, he was like a tiger that had broken into a flock of sheep.

There were millions and millions of sheep, but they were no match for the tiger.

It was easy for the Evil God to pollute the will of the entire Source World and become its ruler.

"How did you make it?" the captain of the Black Ship asked.

Usman had lived for a longer time and had been stronger than the Evil God at the time. However, he hadn't been able to fuse with the will of the Source World.

The Black Ship had allowed the Evil God to merge with Usman, because they wanted him to replace Usman and control the Source World.

This thought was, however, impractical. Some of the key steps were like mysteries that could not be solved. They needed the Nihility race to join hands with the Black Ship in order to slowly explore them.

Everyone knew that it was impossible to achieve overnight. But the Evil God had completed the task pretty easily, after having devoured Usman a few days ago.

"This is not the tone you should be talking to me in," the Evil God said rather arrogantly.

He stood up a little taller, while the captain looked minuscule before him. His condescending manner angered all the members of the Black Ship, including Shera.

"You brat! What kind of a tone do you think we should use?" the brass man shouted, trembling as he struggled to stand up. The deck under his feet creaked. It was not easy to resist the pressure of the Source World's will.

"Ha-ha..." The Evil God merely sneered contemptuously.

Boom!

The deck under the brass man's feet broke and he was pressed into the ship's cabin.

Nobody could tolerate the Evil God, seeing as he was bullying others so ruthlessly. Even Shera's eyes glimmered dangerously.

When all of them took out the Other Shore Tokens, the captain raised one hand, making a gesture to stop them. He then bowed to the Evil God.

"Captain!"

"What are you doing, Captain?"

"This guy is so ungrateful!"

The members of the Black Ship exploded in indignation as they watched the captain they had admired and respected bow to the Evil God.

The captain said, "The reason why the Nihility race supports our Black Ship is because they want to have a stronger power in the chaos. And it looks like we haven't done a good job."

The battle between the Finale Way and the Purge Way was a combat among the Chaos Ancient Gods. The Black Ship could only let the Grandmaster of Heaven join the fight. The members of the Black Ship, led by the captain, weren't even qualified to watch.

"The Black Ship should be led by someone who is immensely powerful. From now on, I am no longer the captain of the Black Ship. He is the new captain," the captain said to the members of the Black Ship as he bowed once again to the Evil God. "I will pass this decision to the Grandmaster of Heaven. Are you satisfied?"

The captain's decision to abdicate pushed the members of the Black Ship into a deeper shock than they could have imagined.

The captain had never changed ever since the Black Ship was born.

"Captain, please don't!"

"Captain, how can you let this man rule the Black Ship?"

The members of the Black Ship had never trusted the Evil God.

Apart from Shera, most of them disliked the Evil God. They were on guard against him because of what had happened to Usman.

The members of the Black Ship might not be willing to obey the Evil God if he became the captain.

The captain turned a deaf ear to the complaints. He merely stared at the Evil God.

"Okay," Evil God said, shrugging, and then turned around to enter the cabin. Before he went in, he turned around and said, "When the Grandmaster of Heaven is revived, ask him to see me as soon as possible."

Saying thus, the Evil God got into the cabin, leaving a wave of fierce wrath roiling among the members.

The brass man, who had climbed up from the bottom of the cabin, asked, his eyes red, "Why would you do something like this, Captain?"

"Even if you let him fulfill his wish, he won't be on our side!" another member said.

"It's my fault, letting him join the Black Ship!" Shera said bitterly, her eyes pained. It looked like she had brought trouble to the Black Ship.

After all the members had vented their anger, the captain said slowly, "Are you all done?"

The members stared at the captain. They had nothing to say but to denounce the Evil God.

"Both the Evil God and Usman, as the incarnation of the evil will, are destined not to submit to anyone," the captain said, his gaze fixed on the brass man. "Usman, Evil God, the Grandmaster of Heaven, and I are very clear about this."

"Then why did you still cultivate him? Why do you let him act so willfully?" the brass man asked, confused.

The captain smiled and replied, "Remember the mission of our Black Ship. Our goal is not to create or survive, but to destroy."

The Nihility race didn't care whether or not the Evil God was loyal. As an incarnation of the evil will, he was born for destruction.

This destruction came from his evil nature, which was different from the reasons behind the Nihility Way, but they had the same goal and that was enough.

The captain then went back to his cabin, leaving the members standing on the deck.

A crack passed through the Taoism Province. It was hundreds of millions of miles long and looked dangerous. The fatal chaotic energy had already deadened the Taoism Province.

The boundary wall between the Taoism Province and the Pear Hill was damaged. A crack, hundreds of feet wide, now decorated the boundary wall, chaotic energy spreading slowly through it. All the creatures in a radius of dozens of miles around the crack had retreated to safety.

This was quickly reported. Before the chaotic energy spread out completely, a mountain leader appeared, carrying a mountain, and placed it into the crack in the boundary wall.

This was only temporary. The Pear Hill would find a way to repair the wall in the future.

While the Pear Hill was coping with the aftermath of the disaster, Zen, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the two Chaos Ancient Gods finally returned safely.

When these huge masters appeared in the Pear Hill, it caused great excitement and cheer among the people there.

They had won the final victory in the eyes of the members and disciples of the Pear Hill.

But Zen, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess knew that this war was only the beginning. The real test was still ahead and it was going to be anything but easy.

Chapter 3934 Restored

The battle of the Pear Hill had shocked the Source World.

There was an old belief that the Other Shore always had an impact on the chaos. For instance, both the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race supported some powerful races in the chaos.

However, their strategies were always subtle. The power of the Other Shore had never been directly exerted on the chaos.

The chaos had always been governed by the lucky Chaos Ancient Gods and the ruling forces.

But this time, the tables had turned—the rules had undergone a fundamental change.

The Grandmaster of Heaven of the Nihility race had personally descended into the chaos, and Claire of the Element Spirit Civilization had also participated in the battle. They were existences that could not only defeat but also put the Chaos Ancient Gods to their death.

The insurmountable wall between the Other Shore and the chaos had been torn down!

Warriors at the Eternal Realm of superpowers and the top ten ferocious beasts of the chaos had once been considered powerhouses for dominating a part in the chaos. However, when compared to the powerful warriors of the Other Shore, they were no match. They had inferior strength incomparable to theirs.

The attitude of some super forces such as the Separate Abyss race had always been ambiguous. They would not choose side until one of the Purge Way and the Finale Way clearly gained the upper hand.

In the battle of the Pear Hill, Claire was defeated and the Chaos Ancient Gods, Herbert, and Lamont had unfortunately died. The Bearing race, which appeared to be extremely powerful, faced a crushing failure. The Pear Hill destroyed the two Chaos Ancient Gods, and on top of that, they had killed the Grandmaster of Heaven behind the Black Ship.

Many of the ruling civilizations reacted quickly even as they were still in a state of shock...

These Eternal Realm warriors were only opportunists, but as the main force that supported the Finale Way, the Pear Hill had to fight against the joined forces of the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race. There was no point in refusing these super forces that willingly crossed over to their side.

It was unrealistic to expect these forces to help them fight against the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization, yet it was enough that they would not fight the Pear Hill.

Not long after Zen and the others returned to the Pear Hill, Kendrick also arrived.

He was the third Chaos Ancient God that supported the Finale Way. He was a creature that resembled a black turtle; his movements were considered slowest among the six Chaos Ancient Gods. When he had finally reached the chaos, the war had already ended.

Among the six Chaos Ancient Gods, Othniel mastered the truth about space, Gerald the truth about life, Herbert the truth about confinement, Lamont the truth about temperature, and Judson the truth about creation. The truth that Kendrick, the last one of them, grasped was defense.

Compared to the first five Chaos Ancient Gods, Kendrick's attacking power was not too strong, but his defending power was extraordinary among them.

After Kendrick descended to the Pear Hill, he directly entered its inner space. His entire body integrated with the Pear Hill, forming the strongest defensive line for it...

All over the Pear Hill, from the Snake Goddess to the mountain leaders, the common members, and the disciples, all proceeded to work, busying themselves in building up the defense.

No one knew when the next war would break out. They didn't want to be taken by surprise, or be caught unprepared. They could only try their best to contribute to strengthening the Pear Hill.

After returning to the Pear Hill, Zen didn't go to see Yan and his family immediately. Instead, he chose to stay secluded.

He glanced at a mirror only to be terrified at the sight. The ancestry-level bloodline had transformed his body, almost turning him into a hideous monster.

Tentacles had grown all over his body and his head was unimaginably horrible. Anyone who faced such a monster would certainly be frightened. 'I have to return to my original appearance, ' he urged himself.

On the Dark Haze Peak, there was also a young man dressed in cotton robe, together with Zen. This young man was No. 9527 who had just obtained its freedom.

However, Gerald was someone who would never set a soul fragment free.

Normally, a soul fragment like No. 9527 who had formed the consciousness of its own would be retrieved by Gerald himself. But this time, he made an exception. He not only allowed No. 9527 to leave freely but also created a human body for it.

For No. 9527, the only person in this world it had a connection with was Zen. Naturally, it chose to follow Zen.

"You look mighty with your new look," No. 9527 said with a smile. "And in this form, your strength should be more powerful," he presumed.

"That's true, but this appearance makes me no longer a human..." Zen answered, shaking his head.

The tentacles on his body could not only absorb the Great Sanskrit Light, but they were also capable of acquiring other energy.

If the Snake Goddess fought with Zen now, it wouldn't even take a second round for Zen to completely absorb the shadow of Snake Goddess. Just one round would be enough.

As No. 9527 said, the combat strength he had in this form appeared to surpass that of his original form…

"It doesn't matter whether you are a human or not," No. 9527 replied.

As a soul fragment of Gerald, No. 9527 had a unique perspective of life.

In his opinion, it was not important to maintain the human form.

"Then why did you take that human form?" asked Zen with a smile.

No. 9527 was stunned upon hearing his question.

After staying with Zen for a long time, No. 9527 began to better understand the human race. Moreover, he wanted to follow Zen, so he was naturally willing to have a human form.

Zen said no more and once again tried to communicate with the ancestry-level bloodline.

It was certain that the ancestry-level bloodline already had its consciousness, but Zen was unable to tell the level of this consciousness it had reached.

Did it rely on its instinct to act, or did it have a mind of its own? There was a huge difference between the two…

Zen continued to try to communicate with it. His constant persistence from morning until evening had worked; the ancestry-level bloodline finally responded and spared Zen.

Two days later, there was a transformation in Zen's physical body.

The tentacles on his body quickly degenerated–his old body and limbs grew out again, forming his normal state.

Seeing that there was a thin net draped on the surface of his body, Zen could only smile bitterly. The ancestry-level bloodline had memories, and it was still afraid that Zen would let out the blood. That was why it left the net on his body.

Now that his physical body had been restored, Zen was relieved.

After he sent the news to the Snake Goddess, she immediately told him that someone wanted to see him.

Zen rushed over and was surprised to see that there were already over three hundred people gathered in the hall. Sally and Hutton were among them. He squinted his eyes and recognized the old man in the lead–it was Ambrose!

Sally, Hutton, and several others of the Nine Li race had followed Zen and stayed in the Flow Sword Sect. The Oneness Sky Palace had moved to the west, and they also entered the Pear Hill with the disciples of the Flow Sword Sect.

"Grandpa Amborse!" Zen's eyes lit up with excitement as he approached.

Ambrose nodded at Zen with a relieved smile on his wrinkled face. Beside Ambrose, a skinny middle-aged man stared at Zen with tearful eyes. "I didn't expect that our Nine Li race would have a chance and that such a character belonged to us..."

Hearing what this person said, Zen looked at him from head to toe. This person's aura was extraordinary and he was at the Holy Soul Realm.

Zen looked at Ambrose with confused eyes, as if asking who the unfamiliar man was. Ambrose cleared his throat and introduced, "This is Tucker, the little brother of Grand Chieftain and I. He is the only powerful warrior that remained in the Nine Li race..."

Among the nine chiefs, Tucker Li was the only warrior at the Holy Soul Realm that had survived.

There were several branches of the remaining members of the Nine Li race. The group led by Tucker Li and the one led by Ambrose didn't know about each other's existence. Not long ago, Tucker Li finally found this other branch.

After knowing what had happened in the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill, Tucker Li decisively rushed to the Pear Hill with all the remaining members from his group.

Chapter 3935 The Passage At The End

"Grandpa Tucker," Zen bowed to Tucker respectfully.

In turn, Tucker hurried forward and helped Zen get up. "You are the king of our Nine Li race now. You don't have to salute me," he gently scolded.

Generally speaking, Zen was currently more than strong enough to command the remaining members of the Nine Li race. Moreover, his origin alone entitled him to a high status in the Nine Li race.

"This is to thank you for the Latent Theurgy you left for me back then," he said sincerely.

"Latent Theurgy?" Tucker was bewildered.

When Ambrose saw Tucker's surprise, he explained, "It's the Latent Theurgies we left behind in the divine land back then. The Grand Chieftain wanted to pass them on to the descendants of the Nine Li race, but it turned out Zen had gotten them..."

At that time, Zen had relied on that Latent Theurgy to escape from Elizabeth's hot pursuit.

"Our Nine Li race is destined to be blessed. After all, everything is predestined. Our other brothers can finally rest in peace..." sighed Tucker.

At that moment, the members of the Nine Li race welled up in tears. They were the survivors of the Nine Li race's core members from before, and their blood was relatively pure.

Ever since the destruction of their race, they had been moving on in difficulties. Now that they finally saw hope in Zen, how could they not be happy?

The moment they came to the Pear Hill, they were determined to stand together with Zen.

Zen's appearance and his growth surprised all of them. If someone easily defeated him, then there would be no point for them to continue their existence in the world.

It wasn't just the remaining members of the Nine Li race who realized that, though. The super forces that crossed over to the Pear Hill's side also understood that only a very few people were qualified to enter the Other Shore at the end of the chaotic era.

If the Pear Hill failed, then everything would be over.

After the survivors of the Nine Li race had settled down, the Snake Goddess asked Zen about the Deleting Space.

The Deleting Space closed during the battle between Othniel and the Grandmaster of Heaven. The Snake Goddess speculated that Ziya had closed the entrance to the Deleting Space, but it hadn't been opened yet.

When she mentioned the matter to Zen, he tried to enter it again. However, he still couldn't get in. It seemed that there was no better way but to wait.

"Although we don't know what the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization will do next, you can enter the Other Shore during this peaceful period," the Snake Goddess suggested.

Zen never went to the Other Shore after he returned from the Eternal Scroll Painting. However, he didn't forget that he still had a mission.

The war in the chaos had temporarily come to an end, but the trouble he had to face on the Other Shore was probably even more complicated.

The vast bronze plain in the Grand Plain Stage, which was Stage Thirty-two had recorded the history of every chaotic era.

Some of the races became extinct, but some were still active in the Grand Plain Stage.

The civilizations that had gotten a firm foothold on the Grand Plain Stage were the ruling civilizations. Those civilizations were also quite concerned about what happened in the chaos, especially the battle in the Pear Hill. After all, that was the first time the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization were directly involved.

There were many ways for them to hear about the news, but all the news that spread to the Grand Plain Stage came from the warriors at the Other Shore Realm in the Source World.

At first, the creatures on the Grand Plain Stage believed that the winner of this war would surely be the Element Spirit Civilization. That was because rarely any race had defeated them for the past many chaotic eras. It was safe to say that the ruling civilizations on the Grand Plain Stage all lived under the shadow of the Element Spirit Civilization.

To their surprise, the Element Spirit Civilization lost.

The forces led by the representatives the Element Spirit Civilization had chosen and supported, such as the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and the New Moon race, all suffered a crushing defeat. The Chaos Ancient Gods, Lamont and Herbert, who were behind them had died. Othniel was the only one that survived in the group of Chaos Ancient Gods that sided with the Element Spirit Civilization, and one of the three backbones of the Element Spirit Civilization, Claire, was defeated as well.

What shocked the many forces on the Grand Plain Stage was that even the Grandmaster of Heaven was killed.

The Pear Hill fought against the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization alone, but in the end, they had won the battle. Naturally, the civilizations in the Grand Plain Stage were shocked when they heard the news.

There was already a group of civilizations that were willing to help Zen in the Grand Plain Stage. When the news of the Pear Hill's victory reached them, some of the ruling civilizations that had submitted to the Element Spirit Civilization even began to stray from them.

"Maybe this time is different?"

"Before Zen entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire came to him in person. They must be afraid of something!"

"It was said that the Element Spirit Civilization was not in a hurry to make a move in the beginning. This time, they attacked the Oneness Sky Palace purely because of Zen..."

Even though these Eternal Realm masters had surrendered to the Element Spirit Civilization, they didn't necessarily agree with what the civilization had done. The legend of the battle on the Pear Hill and the story about Zen ignited the flames of bravery in their hearts—but even if they had their thoughts, they kept it a secret at that stage.

The bronze plain on the Grand Plain Stage seemed endless that it took a lot of time to walk from one side to the other. The entrance to Stage Thirty-three was at the end of the Grand Plain Stage.

"The dots on the ground are...snow..." Zen looked down at the bronze plain, where there were countless snowflakes on the ground.

The images on the ground were real, but all the images in the plain refreshed once an hour. Only the snowflakes remained fixed on the ground.

What was interesting was that when he stepped on the ground, he felt the cold air that came from the bronze plain.

"The end of the far north is a land of wild snow. Except for those masters at the Eternal Realm, very few other shore creatures come here," Libby, who was beside him, explained.

Currently, in the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen was the only one who could go to Stage Thirty-three. Of course, Libby, Pearce, and the other warriors at the Holy Soul Realm couldn't enter, so they only escorted Zen to the entrance.

"I can see that," he said as he looked at the ground engraved with dots in the distance. "Is the temperature here lower than that on the upper ice field of the Blooming Jade Stage?" he asked.

In reality, the space under the bronze ground was quite expansive. Since there were so many creatures from numerous chaotic eras in the Grand Plain Stage, there were many living species within it.

He had seen all sorts of Other Shore creatures along his way here. The gathering places of the Other Shore forces stretched endlessly, and some kingdoms and worlds crowded the area. However, he saw no signs of life when he arrived here. It was like all the creatures became extinct.

"I think so." Pearce, who stood next to him, nodded. "Although there is no Cold Prison here, life is still forbidden in this land. Even the Eternal Realm warriors would find it hard to survive here," he explained.

While he spoke, Zen saw a great bronze circle appear in front of him. There were Sanskrit words engraved around it.

To his surprise, it appeared that the Sanskrit words continually changed.

Moreover, they changed from one to another in just a blink of an eye.

"We're finally here at the Stage End Passage," Pearce announced as he looked at the ring.

It turned out that it was not a star ring that led to Stage Thirty-three, but this massive ring.

Just as Zen and his group went towards the passage, a part of the bronze ground nearby suddenly glowed.

Three white balls emerged from the world of ice and snow under the bronze ground. They were members of the Element Spirit race.

Chapter 3936 Inside The Layer Of Earth

Unlike Claire, these three members of the Element Spirit race didn't have their own forms. They all maintained their original form as Element Spirits.

"Buzz..."

The one at their helm was a cross-shaped block of solid ice. Its surface shone with a bluish-white luster.

Beside it was a ball of flames, then the last member's body was made up of several different elements.

Their bodies constantly changed, so it was hard to distinguish them, unlike Claire, who had a unique form.

However, they emitted remarkably strong auras that were only slightly weaker than Claire's.

Pearce and the others found it quite easy to deduce that they were probably part of the big ten of the Grand Plain Stage. "Are you Zen?" the cross-shaped member of the Element Spirit race asked.

"What's the matter?" Zen said indifferently. Among the humans on the Other Shore, he was the only one in physical form.

Thus, there was no need for him to hide his identity now.

"Join us, we can give you three thousand places for survivors after the Purge Way is realized," said the cross-shaped ice.

Previously, Claire had offered him three hundred places, but he rejected her.

They increased the offer by ten times after the war with the Pear Hill, which meant that the Element Spirit Civilization's sincerity also intensified by the same value.

"It's not about the number of places. I've already talked to Claire. Forget about three hundred or three thousand as I won't agree even you offer thirty billion. That is my decision," Zen said with a smile.

Once he had chosen a target, there was no way he would change it.

The cross-shaped ice in the ball shook slightly then calmly replied, "This is your last chance. If you refuse, we will hunt you to no end in Stage Thirty-three."

Since the Grand Plain Stage had rules, it could be a good place for many civilizations to live and work in peace and contentment.

On the other hand, the only rule on the Three Purities Stage was strength, and the Element Spirit Civilization was undoubtedly the most powerful force in that place.

"You have hunted me many times," Zen said with a shrug. He ignored the three members' threat, then walked past them towards the large ring along with the masters at the Holy Soul Realm of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The three members of the Element Spirit race stared at Zen for a while. They seemed to understand that they couldn't make him change his mind, so they just retreated.

Claire's failure had also caused immense shock in the Element Spirit Civilization. Thus, both the big ten of the Blood Assembly and the three backbones of the Element Spirit Civilization became divided into two factions. One thought that they should try their best to kill Zen, while the other insisted that they should continue to persuade him to join them.

In the end, the Blood Assembly compromised and decided to convince him one last time, which failed. Therefore, now the Element Spirit Civilization would prioritize killing him.

After the three members of the Element Spirit race left, Zen and the others went to the large ring, which was the Stage End Passage Pearce had mentioned.

Swoosh...

The ring embedded in the bronze plain sensed that an Eternal Realm warrior had approached it, and began to rotate automatically.

"We have to stop here. Only Eternal Realm warriors can step into the Stage End Passage. Once warriors like us step on it, our souls will be gone," said Pearce.

Such a tragedy had happened before. Back then, some warriors at the Holy Soul Realm and even some with the Myriad Tribulations Bodies tried to pass through the Stage End Passage. As a result, both their bodies and souls became utterly destroyed after the ring sucked them in.

Therefore, some civilizations and races in the Grand Plain Stage used the ring as a special punishment. They brought those who committed a capital crime to the Stage End Passage for execution.

"The Stage End Passage represents the Grand Pure Realm, which is the outermost part of the Three Purities Stage. Its high-speed rotation will enable you to appear anywhere at the Grand Pure Realm's periphery. That periphery is also quite dangerous for the warriors in the Eternal Realm, and there are three death lands in it..." Libby kept on elaborating the situation to Zen.

"Libby, this is the third time that you have explained this to him..." Goran, who was beside her, said with a helpless grin. "Although I haven't entered the Three Purities Stage before, the books state that the Grand Pure Realm is the most dangerous when an Eternal Realm warrior has just entered it," Libby said calmly.

The Stage End Passage randomly transported the warriors who entered it to any area in the Grand Pure Realm.

That way, they could avoid being chased by the forces in the Grand Plain Stage. However, it was extremely difficult for an Eternal Realm warrior to survive alone on the Grand Pure Realm, so the first step was very important.

"Don't forget that Zen is not an ordinary Eternal Realm warrior," Pearce commented. After all, he was quite confident in Zen's strength.

"I'm about to enter the Three Purities Stage for the first time, and I'm not familiar with everything. Libby is right to warn me of the danger," said Zen.

Then, he cupped his hands towards the people of the Oneness Sky Palace as a sign of goodbye and stepped towards the Stage End Passage.

The moment he stepped onto the Stage End Passage, he felt his entire body spin at a crazy speed with the ring.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

At that moment, all that Libby, Pearce, and the others saw was a blurry shadow.

As the Stage End Passage spun faster and faster, the speed at which the Sanskrit words around it changed increased as well. Not long after, the light glowed brightly, and Zen's figure disappeared in the Stage End Passage. Finally, the entire Stage End Passage became still.

When he got teleported out of the Stage End Passage, he found that it felt similar to his experience in the star ring, but this time, it was much faster. His body felt extreme pressure under the violent vibrations.

It was said that many Eternal Realm masters suffered severe injuries when they entered the Three Purities Stage for the first time.

But since the ancestry-level bloodline had transformed his body, it was easy for him to endure the pressure.

The sensation lasted for five minutes before his speed finally slowed down. The once blurry surroundings slowly became clear, and everything in his vision was very dark. At the same time, an earthy scent filled his nostrils.

"Am I in the soil?"

As soon as he realized that, he immediately shut his mouth.

Libby had also warned him that when he passed through the Stage End Passage, it might send him to some strange places, like inside a thick layer of earth. Still, he didn't expect to end up in such an odd place when he first entered the Three Purities Stage. It was hard to get out of such a thick layer of soil!

"It's better to land inside the layer of earth than in the death lands. It would be quite troublesome if you ended up in the death lands," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "I've been inside the layer of earth twice before. Please light up this place and let me see how deep you are," he added.

In turn, Zen tried hard to stretch his body and forcefully opened up space within the soil.

As he raised his hand, a dull white light spread out from his palm and illuminated the small space.

The soil around him was soft, and it seemed that it was soaked in blood as copious amounts of thick, red liquid kept seeping out. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, how deep am I now?" he asked.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven hesitated for a moment then said, "This is… the Diabolic Earth. You should be in the underground of the Land of Diabolic Demons."

Chapter 3937 Digging

Although it was known that Stage One to Thirty-two on the Other Shore were also full of danger, it was only dangerous for the fragile Souls of Light.

If one could enter the Other Shore in physical form, they were more likely able to deal with the troubles thrown at them. This was why Other Shore Realm warriors used to be tough enemies for Other Shore creatures in the past.

Therefore, ever since Zen entered the Other Shore in his physical form, he had rarely encountered any unsolvable problems.

In fact, Stage One to Thirty-two on the Other Shore could be seen as a huge training ground. The training started with Stage One, was complicated by the Soul City and the Land of Bone Tribulation, and ended in the Eternal Scroll Painting.

But the Three Purities Stage was a completely different story.

Horrible creatures lived here. To enter meant putting one's life in danger.

While it was true that the Three Purities Stage was extremely dangerous, the rewards it offered were extremely tantalizing.

For instance, after Eastern Emperor Taiyi reached the Eternal Realm, he had taken back a batch of Other Shore Tokens from the outermost Grand Pure Realm. These alone were enough to greatly enhance the Holy Soul Realm masters of the entire Oneness Sky Palace to a higher level.

Moreover, countless secrets were hidden in the Supreme Pure Realm and the Jade Pure Realm — secrets which, when discovered, were bound to enlighten and strengthen their finders.

But even the outermost Grand Pure Realm was much more dangerous than the lower stages on the Other Shore.

Although the Primeval Lord of Heaven had been to the Land of Diabolic Demons, he had never plunged into the Diabolic Earth. Thus, he decided to question the other human heroes to glean any information about it. Finally, he got the answer from Gonggong, the God of Water.

There were a total of three death lands on the periphery of the Grand Pure Realm, and among them, the Land of Diabolic Demons was considered the most dangerous one.

"If I am now under the Land of Diabolic Demons, then that'd mean..." Zen trailed off as he studied his surroundings. Suddenly, he looked up. "I would need to dig out a path upward to leave."

It wasn't difficult for Zen to dig out a passageway through hundreds of miles of normal soil.

"Things are not that simple," the Primeval Lord of Heaven interrupted with a shake of his head. "The bodies of the Diabolic Demons are formed from the Diabolic Earth. This bloody Diabolic Earth is a part of their bodies."

"You mean, this whole place is alive...?"

Sizzle!

Before Zen could even finish his sentence, a scarlet liquid suddenly gushed out towards him from the wall of the small cave he was in. As the blood streamed out onto the mud, faces made of blood red soil appeared all around him, one by one.

Then, in addition to the blood red faces, sinuous arms and sharp claws also burst forth from the muddy ground.

Just moments earlier, Zen had thought there was nothing extraordinary about this soil — boy, he was wrong!

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Zen snapped into action. Swinging his fists towards the faces that emerged from the soil, bloody mud splattered everywhere violently.

However, it seemed to be futile. With every face Zen bashed in, more took its place.

Everything was happening in a blur. All Zen could see was the horrible faces and sharp claws that constantly materialized around him.

"Gah, gah, gah..."

The Diabolic Demons made creepy sounds as they extended their sharp claws towards Zen from all directions.

"Go to hell!"

Zen shouted, clamping a considerable number of slender arms under his armpit. Then, he spun around violently.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The sickening sound of the earth-formed arms spinning rang throughout the soil. Then, a blue light flashed in Zen's right hand as he summoned a long sword from his Sumeru Space. As he brandished the sword, sharp sword radiance filled up the narrow space.

Initially, this cave was as narrow as a human's breadth. But, with Zen swinging his massive long sword around, it wasn't long before the cave walls crumbled to make more room. After a few moments, the cave was around ten feet high. The Diabolic Demons continued to attack him from the walls, but Zen was quicker than them, slashing at them before any could get close.

"These Diabolic Demons are not that strong... I'll manage."

Zen suddenly pointed his long sword upwards, his sword radiance shooting into the ceiling of the cave.

All the Diabolic Demons that appeared from above were minced to shreds by the sword radiance. In this way, Zen also paved a passageway spanning several hundred feet long.

"Be careful. There will be more powerful Diabolic Demons on the way ahead," the Primeval Lord of Heaven warned.

The safer forbidden lands within Stage Thirty-three had long been cleared and eliminated by the Element Spirit Civilization or other civilizations. All races that were able to survive for over a thousand chaotic eras had their own unique strength and survival methods.

Back then, Gonggong had encountered great dangers when he explored the Diabolic Earth alone. He had been left with no choice but to turn his body into formless water that seeped deep into the earth. He had finally managed to flow into a hidden river in the bottom of the ground and that was how he escaped alive. Yet with Zen, instead of acting stealthily like Gonggong did, he actually faced the danger head on!

After Zen had drilled around several thousand feet in, he noticed the Diabolic Demons emerging from the walls in the distance were much larger than the ones he had just dealt with. Moreover, their thin and long bodies had a faint gray color shining on the surface. Zen narrowed his eyes, he knew what this meant: both their attacking and defensive abilities were much stronger.

However, they still weren't enough to stop Zen. He just pushed onwards, slaughtering anything that blocked his path.

Meanwhile, on the surface of the Land of Diabolic Demons, a huge, triangular flower petal suddenly unfolded. In its center sat four black Diabolic Demons.

Pop!

A pillar of bloody red mud suddenly emerged from the soil and rose until it connected with the head of the black Diabolic Demon sitting in the front. This demon blinked as he absorbed the information being sent to him through the mud pillar.

After a while, the Diabolic Demon grinned, revealing his sharp teeth. "A worthy prey is here."

"Is it an Eternal Realm warrior?" another Diabolic Demon asked excitedly.

"Yes," the Diabolic Demon in the lead nodded, smiling mischievously.

"What's the level of the creature's bloodline?" the third Diabolic Demon asked.

The first one shook his head. "I don't know. He has a strong body, and he hasn't yet used the power of his bloodline. I bet his bloodline is quite powerful..."

There was a reason why the Three Purities Stage was dangerous even for Eternal Realm warriors.

Devouring one made the aboriginals here stronger. While they couldn't obtain the abilities of the bloodlines, the more Eternal Realm warriors they devoured, the stronger they became. Moreover, this kind of enhancement was permanent. Not only would the current generation grow stronger, but so would their children and the generations to come.

The Diabolic Demons were notorious for their cruelty on the periphery of the Grand Pure Realm. There were a great number of Eternal Realm warriors who had died in the Land of Diabolic Demons. Even so, the

Diabolic Demons were still not qualified to gain a foothold in the Supreme Pure Realm.

The four leaders of the Diabolic Demons were eager to become stronger. They would never let potential prey slip through their fingers.

"Then don't hesitate. Let's kill him," the fourth Diabolic Demon stood up immediately, raising his hands towards the outside of the huge petal.

On the scarlet earth, thousands of Diabolic Demons rose at their leaders' command. Then, they dove back into the earth, heading straight for Zen.

The thick earth was as soft as water to the Diabolic Demons. Following their subordinates, the four leading Diabolic Demons also plunged into the earth.

Zen, who was still deep in the Diabolic Earth, sped up his digging, but he was still unable to confirm where exactly he was underground.

He didn't know that he was digging towards the very center of the Land of Diabolic Demons, nor did he know that a large army of Diabolic Demons were closing in on him from every corner.

Chapter 3938 Being Caught

The bright silver sword radiance was unstoppable. All the Diabolic Demons that crossed its path were shredded into pieces and became lifeless blood red Diabolic Earth again.

Zen didn't feel guilty in the slightest over killing all these Diabolic Demons. In his eyes, they were soulless creatures.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Clang!

Zen was stunned. To his surprise, his long sword had slashed at the arm of a Diabolic Demon, yet it just bounced off, leaving only a mark.

It was his first time to encounter a Diabolic Demon that was able to resist his sword strike.

"It's a purple Diabolic Demon," Zen muttered as he looked the demon up and down.

Then, he noticed he was rapidly being surrounded by this new type of Diabolic Demons. Their skin glowed a corpse-like purple, and he knew they were much stronger than the grey ones he had been dealing with till now.

"Go to hell!"

A bright light flashed in Zen's eyes, and the power of his sword strike increased dramatically.

Crack!

The purple Diabolic Demon was instantly cut into two pieces.

After Zen became an Eternal Realm warrior, his physical body was further strengthened. With a casual sword strike, he could release three to four hundred thousand divine megatons of force. Ordinary Eternal Realm warriors were no match for him.

However, despite this, the purple Diabolic Demons were still hard to slay. Zen's pace was slowed down considerably.

"The purple Diabolic Demons are the backbone of the Land of Diabolic Demons. They are much stronger," the Primeval Lord of Heaven commented.

"But I don't think they are strong enough," Zen said with a sneer.

Splash!

The half-moon shaped sword radiance lashed out, and three purple Diabolic Demons were sliced in half.

"Dark brown and black Diabolic Demons are the most powerful. The dark brown ones are the generals of their race, though there are not many of them. The black ones are their kings. It is said that there are only four kings in the whole Land of Diabolic Demons."

While the Primeval Lord of Heaven was lecturing, a dark brown Diabolic Demon appeared.

About seven dark brown claws suddenly stretched out from the cave wall above. They were not afraid of Zen's sword blade. To his surprise, they grabbed onto his blade and started pulling at it.

Under their joint effort, they were able to yank the sword right out of Zen's hand.

Seeing that they were about to take away his long sword, Zen quickly grabbed one end of the sword. Then, he somersaulted backwards, with silver sword radiance twirling around him.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sword radiance hit the dark brown sharp claws, but only a crisp sound was heard. The dark brown claws emerged from the attack, unscathed. Not even a mark was left on them.

Zen's eyes widened in shock.

Libby had told him repeatedly that the three death lands were extremely dangerous, and even the Primeval Lord of Heaven had also warned him since he entered the Land of Diabolic Demons. Yet, he was too consumed with confidence and didn't take them seriously.

He had fought all the way on the Other Shore. Except for the few stage rulers in the Dark Region, he didn't encounter any other formidable opponents.

The Diabolic Demons were the creatures on the periphery of the Grand Pure Realm. He had been under the impression that they weren't that strong, since they were just made of earth.

But this time, Zen was wrong. There were really no such thing as a weak race in the Three Purities Stage!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The demons took Zen's momentary surprise as an opportunity to strike. Suddenly, those dark brown sharp claws reached out to grab him from all directions, wrapping around his limbs, body, and neck. It wasn't long before Zen was completely entangled.

Then, the dark brown Diabolic Demons emerged.

"Kof, Kof, Kof..."

"Goo, goo..."

They spoke in their own language, so Zen couldn't understand what they were saying.

Zen tried to break free from the claws, but they held him down tightly. Even if he used all his strength, it was futile.

"I warned you," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said helplessly. "It's irrational to force your way out."

"But I didn't have a chance to get out of here, anyway," Zen whined through gritted teeth.

He wasn't able to tell the direction underground, and when he first arrived, he was instantly surrounded by the Diabolic Demons. There was no way he could've escaped earlier!

He didn't have the ability to turn himself into water and sneak away, like what Gonggong did.

Just then, the generals of Diabolic Demons carrying Zen suddenly bent their bodies slightly. Then, four black Diabolic Demons appeared in the earth in front of the passageway. They were the kings that the Primeval Lord of Heaven had mentioned.

The black Diabolic Demon in front studied Zen intently. His ugly face contorted into what looked like a frown. "You caught him, just like that? Wasn't it too easy?"

The kings were all under the impression that Zen was stronger than this.

As a result, they were quite disappointed he had been captured so easily. They must've overestimated his strength.

After all, the stronger an Eternal Realm warrior was, the better his bloodline would be.

What the kings wanted to devour the most were the Eternal Realm warriors with higher-level bloodlines.

However, Zen was caught quite easily, which meant he was weak.

"He didn't use any ability of his bloodline. Strange." Another king shook his ugly head.

"Maybe his bloodline power just strengthens himself. Don't you think his body is quite sturdy?" a third black Diabolic Demon speculated.

The other Diabolic Demons could only communicate in their own language, but the four kings could communicate in human language very fluently.

As Zen heard what they said about him, his heart sank. "Are you not satisfied with me?" he asked piteously.

The first king took a step forward. "Of course not. Your bloodline power is of little use to us."

"What do you mean?" Zen was stunned.

"If we devour Eternal Realm warriors, we will get the rewards engraved in their bloodlines, which can greatly enhance us and our entire race," the king said as he stretched out his sinewy hand to wrap Zen's neck in his sharp ebony claw.

Zen was then pulled out of the dark brown claws.

His neck was tethered, but his hands and feet were free.

Clasping the king's arm with one hand, he kicked forward violently.

Bang!

Zen gritted his teeth. His kick did nothing. The king barely even flinched.

"You probably just reached the Eternal Realm. It's not bad for you to have such power, but unfortunately, your bloodline is too weak." Once he finished speaking, the king threw Zen backwards like a rag doll.

Another two kings grabbed Zen from the left and the right. The last one grabbed a piece of earth from the wall and smeared it all over his body.

The Diabolic Earth was the mother of the Diabolic Demon race. It also was honored as their sacred place.

It was fine the outsiders intruded into the surface of the Land of Diabolic Demons. As long as they were on the ground, they wouldn't irritate the Diabolic Demons and had the chance to escape.

However, any creature that dared enter the Diabolic Earth was doomed. It was considered grave desecration of their sacred place. Zen was in great trouble now, since he even dug a path spanning dozens of miles long.

After Zen's body was covered with the Diabolic Earth all over, two kings pulled him up and drilled upwards until they reached the surface. The strange thing was that, with his body covered with the Diabolic Earth, he could move freely in the earth without damaging it, just like the Diabolic Demons. It was as though he were water seeping through the mud...

Chapter 3939 Intelligent Blood Vessels

The Diabolic Earth flowed quickly along Zen's body. It was as fluid as water, and as red as blood.

The two kings of Diabolic Demons held on to Zen, dragging him all the way up. Soon they emerged from the ground.

Zen quickly looked around him. Nearby, he caught sight of an object that looked like a triangular flower petal. The moment he confirmed his position, Zen's lips curved in a bitter smile.

He had managed to dig for dozens of miles underground—but he dug in the opposite direction. He was now right in the center of the Land of Diabolic Demons.

"Drag him in," ordered the king of Diabolic Demons in the lead.

The two kings who had Zen in their grasp dragged him towards the triangular petal.

There was a series of sharp cracking sounds.

As Zen came closer, he realized that the triangular petal was in actuality an enormous living creature. The triangle shape was the mouth of some kind of monster. It was ringed with huge spikes.

The kings dragged Zen directly into the triangular petal, and tendrils as thick as fingers suddenly stretched out from the depths of the mouth. The tendrils snaked around Zen until they were wrapped tightly around his whole body.

"Don't try to struggle," one of them told Zen.

"This is the most painless way to die," said the other king. "If you try to struggle and escape, we will ensure that you suffer a fate worse than death."

Zen calmly listened to their warnings.

Curiously he asked, "Aren't you going to eat me?"

The kings snorted with disgust. One of them snapped, "We don't eat humans."

With that, they checked to see that he was secure in the grip of the tendrils. Then they turned and walked away from the triangular petal.

The four kings of Diabolic Demons stood in a circle around the petal and Zen. They stretched out their thin arms, waving their sharp claws as they communicated to each other in their own language. As Zen was held immobile, the kings were soon accompanied by other Diabolic Demons, and they all began to sing and dance.

"If they're not planning to eat me, then what? Is this petal-mouth going to swallow me?" Zen asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"Even if they devour you, they won't be able to inherit your bloodline power. So naturally they won't do such a thing," replied the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "The formation of these death lands isn't a coincidence. The residents all have their own methods of sacrifice."

"Sacrifice..." For a moment Zen was puzzled. Then he understood what the Primeval Lord of Heaven meant. "Swallowing Eternal Realm warriors?"

"Yes," admitted the Primeval Lord of Heaven. He explained, "Sacrificing Eternal Realm warriors will increase the strength of their entire race, so every Eternal Realm warrior is the prey of all the Other Shore creatures in the Three Purities Stage. And this is what makes the stage dangerous."

Not much was known about the Three Purities Stage in the Oneness Sky Palace. None of the warriors of the palace, even Libby, knew much about it. Libby was well-read and had learned that the vicious beasts of the Three

Purities Stage had a deep enmity towards Eternal Realm warriors, but she did not know why.

"To whom do they make their sacrifices? The Four Spirits Sect?" Zen asked.

"I am not wholly certain. I know that the recipient is outside the Abstruse Energy World, because whenever they offer up a sacrifice, they open a passageway that looks remarkably like the Eternal Scroll Painting. I didn't know about the Four Spirits Sect before, but now it seems like the most likely conclusion," said the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Zen sighed. "So I was targeted to be their sacrifice as soon as I entered the Three Purities Stage..." He trailed off, sounding depressed.

A series of strange cooing sounds suddenly issued from within the triangle petal.

The noise grew louder. Abruptly, the corners of the triangle petal folded inwards, as the mouth closed in on itself. The spikes on the petal clustered together in the center of the mouth as darkness enveloped Zen completely.

He could see only pitch blackness, but he heard a buzzing sound.

The darkness lasted for only a moment. Then, to Zen's surprise, complex Sanskrit words began to appear on the inner walls of the petal. A beam of light shone upon him, cloaking his entire body in light. The beam shot upwards, into the depths of the sky, as though it was establishing a connection with the Abstruse Energy World.

Meanwhile, more and more of the slender tendrils snaked around Zen's body. The tendrils had tips made of hollow thorns. These thorns were intended to pierce through skin to absorb all the blood in the body of the prey.

Zen's lips tightened. "It seems that this so-called sacrifice is just a way to obtain the bloodline of the Eternal Realm warriors," he muttered. "Hey, you, you should make your move before you get absorbed."

Normally, when Eternal Realm warriors merged with a bloodline, the two would become a single, fused whole. The power of the bloodline would be available for their use.

But that was not the case for Zen. The ancestry-level bloodline wouldn't fuse with his body at all. It would only help Zen when it had no other choice.

However, it refused to leave Zen's body as well. So the sacrifice method of the Land of Diabolic Demons would surely enrage it.

The sharp tips of the hollow thorns touched Zen's skin, about to pierce through.

Suddenly, Zen felt a wave of blood power rising within his body. It felt like his blood itself surged under the surface of his skin.

Zen's eyes widened. He had theorized that the ancestry-level bloodline would help him to forge a strong physical body, and that it would make it impossible for the thorns to penetrate his skin.

His conjecture was wrong.

Although he felt an enormous change had taken place, his body had not become stronger.

The first batch of hollow thorns was blocked by the Chaotic Source Spirits in his body. However, the Chaotic Source Spirits could only absorb a limited amount of power, so one round of the violent attack from the thorns was enough to exhaust them.

A second wave of thorns rushed towards Zen. At that moment, something strange happened.

The large and small blood vessels in Zen's body wriggled and swayed like snakes. They seemed to be dodging the thorns. Like a warrior evading an opponent's sword, they managed to avoid every thrust of the hollow thorns that pierced Zen's skin.

The thorns stabbed repeatedly at Zen.

Each time, the hollow thorns remained empty. They could not absorb even a single drop of blood from him.

Zen realized what was happening, but his face was screwed up as he fought to endure the pain of the stabbing thorns. His body had been repeatedly pierced and his skin was densely packed with holes.

"Hey, you... This is too much!" Zen said with groan.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was speechless. Apparently, although the ancestry-level bloodline should have a better way to counteract the thorns, it had chosen this way instead. By doing so, it was exacting its own form of revenge on Zen.

The triangle petal had attacked Zen relentlessly, but it still could not absorb any of his blood. In another wave of stabbing, the petal drove the hollow thorns as hard as it could into the depths of Zen's body. Although each thorn penetrated very deeply, the blood vessels in Zen's body continued to dodge the thorns, almost as though they were intelligent creatures who had anticipated each move of the thorns.

Meanwhile, outside the triangle petal, there was a sense of uncertainty in the air.

The four kings of Diabolic Demons and the others behind them were all kneeling in unison on the ground.

Sacrificing was a significant and solemn act for Diabolic Demons, and they always kept absolutely quiet until the whole ceremony was completed.

They knew the sacrifice was complete when they felt the power surging in their bodies. This would be strongest in the four kings, who stood to benefit the most from each sacrifice.

Based on past experience, the sacrificial ceremony should end after around five minutes.

But by now, at least twenty minutes had passed, and none of them felt any surge of power. It was still not done.

On very rare occasions, the sacrifice took longer than five minutes. It happened only when the bloodline of the sacrificial object was very pure and of the highest quality. So at first, their anticipation rose at the delay, as they realized that this sacrifice would yield results that were better than usual.

However, as time went by, the king of Diabolic Demons in the lead began to sense that something had gone wrong. Regardless of purity, the ceremony should not have lasted longer than fifteen or twenty minutes at the most. What had happened inside the petal?

By the time thirty minutes had passed, every single Diabolic Demon present at the ceremony began to feel restless and uneasy. There was still absolute silence, but everyone began looking furtively at the petal, or exchanging wordless glances with each other.

Finally, the most important of the kings of Diabolic Demons made up his mind. He stood up, and all the demons who still knelt were shocked. They watched as the king began making his way to the petal to see what was going on.

Chapter 3940 Poison

The altar formed by the triangular petal was a living being.

As far as the kings of Diabolic Demons knew, none of the Eternal Realm warriors who were locked up in the altar had succeeded in breaking free.

After all, they hadn't been able to catch the powerful Eternal Realm warriors. The ones they had caught were weak.

But unfortunately for them, they had encountered the strange phenomenon that was Zen.

The hollow thorns kept stabbing Zen and piercing into his body, but they couldn't get any blood. The altar seemed to sense the changes in Zen's body. As a result, more tendrils with hollow thorns began to grow.

The hollow thorns remained in Zen's body once they pierced through it. More and more of them stung and pinched at him with every passing minute.

It wasn't long before Zen's body became densely packed with thorns, making him look like a hedgehog.

As the number of hollow thorns in Zen's body increased, little room was left for his blood vessels to move.

"There is no way out. Why don't you fight back? Isn't this enough?" Zen said through gritted teeth.

Zen's heart was divided into many parts, connected by a main meridian, to avoid the hollow thorns.

"Who are you talking to? Why is your body so special?"

The voice came from inside the living altar.

"I'm talking to myself, obviously," Zen said with a wry smile. "My bloodline is special, or I would have torn you apart by now."

"You alone?" the living altar sneered. "I don't know how you've changed your blood vessels but I will stab more thorns into your body."

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

More hollow thorns appeared and shot towards Zen in unison.

Zen smiled at this sight. Only by infuriating the living altar would the ancestry-level bloodline take the matter seriously.

He would then suffer less.

After the last wave of thorns got into Zen's body, the twisted blood vessels could no longer escape them and were pierced in many places.

"Since you're locked up here, there's no point in struggling," the living altar said as it began to greedily draw the blood from Zen's blood vessels.

Zen was surprised as he saw this, his eyebrows rising.

How was the ancestry-level bloodline allowing itself to be sucked out by the living altar?

"The bloodline in your body is strong and pure. I like it a lot! Mmmm so delicious..." the living altar said excitedly as it sucked on Zen's blood.

But before it could finish talking, it stopped suddenly and let out a painful scream.

The triangular petal around the altar turned gray. It was obvious that it was poisoned. When the gray turned black, deep holes began to appear on the petal in quick succession.

The king in the lead approached and watched as the petal turned black and huge holes began to expand rapidly. It then drooped and withered just as quickly. All its life energy dissipated, and the light column that had soared into the sky disappeared.

The king, as well as the three other ones behind, was stunned.

All the Diabolic Demons were still kneeling in devotion, their heads bowed. They didn't realize that their altar had rotted and died.

"Wh-what happened?" the king nearest to the petal stuttered.

In that moment, Zen struggled out of the tendrils and began to pull the hollow thorns out of his body.

The densely packed holes brought great pain to him but they were not serious wounds. As the green light flashed on the surface of his body, they all began to heal, one after the other.

"This altar has eaten something that shouldn't be eaten," Zen said, smiling as he fixed the king with a firm gaze.

"You did all this?" the king asked in disbelief.

He couldn't believe that a human warrior at the Eternal Realm could destroy the altar.

"Well, yes," Zen said, nodding. He was sure that the ancestry-level bloodline was part of him.

"You!" The king was now positively fuming. "I'll teach you a lesson!"

he said, waving his sharp claws as he charged at Zen.

"Time to make a move?"

Zen asked, staring at the king.

The ancestry-level bloodline knew it couldn't let Zen fight the king of Diabolic Demons alone. So it began to surge within his body.

A burning sensation erupted at the fingertips of Zen's right hand. It felt like flames were dancing on his skin. He subconsciously raised his hand and pointed at the king.

Puff!

Zen's fingers began to expand and soon were boring into the king's chest.

The king looked at Zen, confused, his body trembling. Seconds later, he fell to the ground, motionless.

Zen retracted his fingers as the king fell.

Zen looked at his fingers, surprised. This time, the ancestry-level bloodline had only transformed his fingers, but it had been surprisingly useful.

But the moment the king fell, the mud beside him arched suddenly into a pointed pile. The pile quickly changed colors from red to black, and then turned into the king.

"You want to kill a Diabolic Demon on the Diabolic Earth? You dream too much!" the king sneered.

Zen had discovered this characteristic of the Diabolic Demons while fighting them underground.

No matter how many pieces they were cut into, they would always be able to revive themselves. It hadn't occurred to Zen that they could become immortal with the help of the Diabolic Earth.

The fact that the four kings had the ability to be reborn over and over again spelled trouble. Zen would find it difficult to escape the Land of Diabolic Demons.

The king walked towards Zen. He had only taken two steps when Zen discovered that with every step he took, a black footprint was stamped on the scarlet Diabolic Earth.

"The color on your body is fading," Zen pointed out.

The king looked down and his face froze.

The black color on his body spread along his feet and into the Diabolic Earth, like a dye dripping into water.

"Poison!"

the king roared, jumping up into the air and trying to fly.

But his body suddenly felt powerless and he fell to the ground once again, this time, merging into the Diabolic Earth.

He could still be resurrected since the Diabolic Earth could help him through the process for an infinite number of times.

The poison on Zen's fingertips, however, hadn't been aimed at the king, but at the Diabolic Earth.

"Our Diabolic Earth has been poisoned!"

"Dig away the black earth!"

"Kill that brat first!"

The other three kings screamed, flustered.

Their greatest crisis was not that they were facing Zen, but the poison that had spread throughout the Diabolic Earth.

The Diabolic Demons rushed to dig the black Diabolic Earth out. But the earth they dug out merely rose high into the air and fell to the ground again.

What was worse was that the black poison had spread not only across the surface of the Diabolic Earth, but also deep underground.

Chapter 3941 Determine The Location

As the ordinary Diabolic Demons came into contact with the poisonous Diabolic Earth, they also turned black and quickly fell to the ground.

Originally, these Diabolic Demons could be resurrected. However, as soon as they revived, they were poisoned to death again.

Generally, ordinary Diabolic Demons could easily resurrect for up to three times. After that, they would have a really hard time recovering their bodies. The powerful ones could be revived more than thrice, but the Diabolic Earth that they used to revive themselves were tainted with a vicious poison. Thus, whenever they resurrected, they couldn't escape the fate of dying again.

Even the king wasn't able to save himself when he came into contact with the Diabolic Earth.

The other three kings were lucky to prevent themselves from making contact with the Diabolic Earth. As soon as they realized that it was severely poisoned, they immediately leaped and floated in the air.

As the black spots spread at an incredible rate, their faces darkened and they were horrified at the scene.

All of the Diabolic Demons were actually a whole, and their core was the Diabolic Earth below.

No matter how powerful their enemies were, it was always difficult to invade the Land of Diabolic Demons. There was no way to conquer a land that was guarded by immortal beings. Furthermore, there were tens of thousands of Diabolic Demons that would welcome those who dared to enter their land.

As long as the Diabolic Demons were given enough time to expand the Diabolic Earth, they would be able to join the Supreme Pure Realm in the near future.

No one expected that the Diabolic Demons would encounter such a great crisis.

Rumble! Rumble!

The land that turned to black began vibrating. Then, the ground not far away from Zen swelled and bulged high until a blood-red monster finally drilled out from it. However, only half of its original form was seen. Immediately after, it also turned to black and disintegrated like the other Diabolic Demons.

In reality, the Diabolic Earth itself was also a living creature. After it was severely poisoned, it started struggling so hard. The huge creature that got out from the ground and instantly disintegrated, was actually an incarnation of the Diabolic Earth.

After about two hours, the black spots had already spread to the edge of the Land of Diabolic Demons, about hundreds of miles away from where Zen was.

Near the Diabolic Earth's edge, there were clusters of pale yellow plants growing on it.

At the same time, there were also a few striped deer covetously keeping an eye on these yellow plants, which were their favorite food.

However, the current situation of the Land of Diabolic Demons was extremely dangerous. An ominous atmosphere kept the animals from getting any closer.

Perhaps, the deer that found the yellow plants hadn't eaten for a few days, which was why their hunger triumphed over their fear as they rushed to the plants without hesitation.

At this moment, about seven Diabolic Demons suddenly surfaced from the nearby red soil and surrounded the group of deer. It turned out that the yellow plants were actually bait placed by the Diabolic Demons to lure other creatures.

However, just as they pounced on the deer, the black poison quickly spread under their feet. Before they even touched the deer, their bodies collapsed, and the frightened deer fled in all directions.

After collapsing and recovering for a few times, the Diabolic Demons completely died. The originally blood-red Diabolic Earth was now completely enveloped in darkness.

The frightened group of deer waited and observed for a long time if there was any Diabolic Demon that was still lurking. Upon seeing the quiet land, they happily jumped into the area and chewed on the yellow plants.

Strangely enough, when they came into contact with the black Diabolic Earth, where the yellow plants were, nothing bad happened to them.

It turned out that the poison that Zen introduced into the Diabolic Earth could only affect the Diabolic Demons.

The three remaining kings floated in the air and glared at Zen with furious faces. Zen had destroyed everything, including the altar, the race, and even the foundation of the Diabolic Earth. They were fuming with rage and wanted to get back at him as soon as they could.

"Human brat! Come up here and I'll give you a swift death!"

"Just you wait, and I'm going to devour your flesh!"

"I advise you to leave the Land of Diabolic Demons while you still can!"

The poison that contaminated the Diabolic Earth was so intense that it could instantly destroy and kill the Diabolic Demons. Even the kings didn't dare to come down and only shouted in disdain while they were up in the air.

Zen just smiled at them. He slowly dug his toe into the ground, and violently kicked upwards.

Splash!

The black soil quickly spread towards the sky.

The three kings were caught off guard and were scared out of their wits. They immediately flew up to a higher place as fast as they could.

However, one of the kings was a bit slow, and wasn't able to dodge the black soil.

"Aaargh!"

Immediately after, the king fell from the sky and crashed into the black soil. In a matter of seconds, his whole body disintegrated without a trace.

This time, however, the king didn't come back to life.

The resurrection ability of the Diabolic Demons came from the Diabolic Earth. Since it was now engulfed by the deadly poison, the Diabolic Demons had lost their ability to be resurrected, and even their kings were no exception.

After that, Zen ignored the remaining two kings above him. He headed north as soon as he determined the direction he needed to take.

However, the two kings still followed him from behind, keeping a safe distance.

They didn't have the slightest intention of letting Zen go. They were just waiting for an opportunity to attack him as soon as he left the Diabolic Earth.

'Hmm. It'll be a little troublesome if they keep following me. I need to lose them somehow.'

After thinking for a while, he finally knew what his plan would be. He immediately dug a hole in the area and hopped inside it.

The two kings didn't expect that Zen would do such a thing. They didn't dare follow him into the hole because their lives would be in grave danger. After crossing a wide distance inside the Diabolic Earth, Zen came out on the other side and didn't sense the presence of the kings.

"As I move north from the center of the Land of Diabolic Demons, I will be able to see two isolated peaks. The first one is the Spirit Disappearing Peak, and the other one is the Soul Dissipating Peak. Oh, there they are," Zen said as he stared at the two peaks in the distance.

As he was approaching, he saw two mountains were standing in an arc on the left side and on the right side. One was pure silver in color, and the other was golden.

According to the Primeval Lord of Heaven, these two mountains were indestructible. Every chaotic era, an alien space door would open at the place between the two mountains. Many Other Shore creatures and Eternal Realm warriors in the Grand Pure Realm would gather and break into it to explore the area.

The door would only open once every chaotic era, so he couldn't wait for that time to happen.

After finding a well-hidden corner, Zen quietly chanted the Illusion Breaking Rune and instantly withdrew from the Grand Pure Realm. He decided to let the Snake Goddess and Fuxi know where he was.

The people of the Oneness Sky Palace hoped that Zen could rescue Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasmin as soon as possible. To be able to do it, Zen needed to meet with the Snake Goddess and Fuxi first.

The fact that Zen had entered the Three Purities Stage was a big deal for the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill.

The Pear Hill, the Oneness Sky Palace, and even several Chaos Ancient Gods paid close attention to Zen's journey.

Normally, as long as one didn't encounter any sort of trouble, they would choose to wake up as soon as they arrived at the Grand Pure Realm. However, Zen was delayed, which made the masters in the Pear Hill a little worried. They started to think that something must have gone wrong after he arrived at the Grand Pure Realm.

Fortunately, Zen safely left the Other Shore and opened his eyes. He perceived that the Dark Haze Peak suddenly became noisy as he woke up.

"Zen has finally woken up!"

"Really? Then that means he's safe!"

"I told you that we need not worry." Fuxi was standing beside him and quickly asked, "Where have you been transmitted by the Stage End Passage? You were out for quite a long time."

Zen looked around first and saw No. 9527, who was also beside him. He put on a helpless expression because of the number of people that were present. Zen was a very important figure now that even Chaos Ancient Gods visited him several times. All of these people even wanted to sleep there every day just to check up on him. There was no way that No. 9527 could stop them.

After Zen answered Fuxi, there was a sudden silence in the entire Dark Haze Peak. They couldn't believe what Zen had just said. All of their faces were immediately filled with horror as they heard its name.

"Did he just say...the Land of Diabolic Demons?"

Chapter 3942 The Heavenly Thunder Plain

For the vast majority of Eternal Realm warriors, the Grand Pure Realm was equivalent to Stage Thirty-three because they would never be able to go to the Supreme Pure Realm.

The Land of Diabolic Demons was the most dangerous place in the Grand Pure Realm where survival was nigh impossible.

Each and every Eternal Realm warrior who dared pass through the Stage End Passage would have to risk their lives.

This led to a lot of them refusing to explore the Three Purities Stage altogether. Instead, they chose to stay in the Grand Plain Stage where it was safe and they'd be able to stay long there.

"Did you fall on the edge of the Land of Diabolic Demons and escape?" Fuxi asked.

Zen had actually fallen into the inside of the Diabolic Earth, which should be the worst situation.

But Zen just nodded. "I was able to escape. I'm opposite the Spirit Disappearing Peak and the Soul Dissipating Peak now. You and the Snake Goddess can go there and easily find me."

"Opposite the Spirit Disappearing Peak and the Soul Dissipating Peak?" the Snake Goddess repeated. "You are not far away from the Land of Diabolic Demons. That place is still very dangerous."

Zen merely shrugged. "They shouldn't be able to find me."

The entirety of the Land of Diabolic Demons had since turned into a dead area, which would make it difficult for the two remaining kings to find him.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi exchanged glances.

It would be quite risky to venture so close to the Land of Diabolic Demons but since it was Zen, they definitely had to go.

"Don't go to the Other Shore for the time being," Fuxi told him. "You can go back after we arrive at the Spirit Disappearing Peak and the Soul Dissipating Peak."

Soon enough, the Snake Goddess and Fuxi sat cross-legged, opposite Zen, and entered the Other Shore together.

Zen sensed the fear in their hearts, yet he couldn't help but admire their willingness to take the risk with no evident hesitation.

The two had stayed in the Grand Pure Realm for a really long time so they were naturally very familiar with it.

Fuxi's Augury Dog was also of great help since he was able to foretell the dangers that hid in every corner. This ability surely came in handy to warn them in advance of any untoward incident heading their way.

After half a day's journey, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess arrived at the west side of the Land of Diabolic Demons.

A strange feeling rose in their chests as they looked towards that forsaken land in the distance.

"Did the color of the Land of Diabolic Demons change?" Fuxi asked, confusion evident on his face. The Snake Goddess could only stare at the horizon, lost in thought.

For many years, the Diabolic Earth was blood-red. In fact, it was said that it was actually a living creature and the Diabolic Demons that roamed the land were birthed by the earth itself.

Since it had turned black, then did that mean that the Diabolic Earth had become stronger?

Of course, it wasn't the time to instigate an investigation. They might be outstanding Eternal Realm warriors but the Land of Diabolic Demons was a scary place, even for them.

"We should go north and make a safe detour."

"North, and then go parallel to the Land of Diabolic Demons. We'll be safe and reach Zen in no time."

The two ventured forth once they came into an agreement. The Augury Dog followed closely behind Fuxi as they journeyed on. "This is one of the most dangerous places in the Grand Pure Realm, yet I don't sense any danger at all. It's quite strange," he muttered in observation.

Last time the Augury Dog followed Fuxi into the Land of Diabolic Demons, he had spent the entire time urging Fuxi to leave due to the extreme danger he felt from all over the place.

This time, though, he felt no danger at all. The entire Land of Diabolic Demons felt peaceful in its dead silence.

"It is quite strange. Look," the Snake Goddess said as she pointed towards the distance.

Dozens of deer were feasting on plants on the black Diabolic Earth peacefully. There were no signs of any Diabolic Demons around.

"Those Diabolic Demons have a strong sense of territory. They would never allow deer to approach their land. Where in the world are they?" Fuxi asked in concern due to the strangeness of the situation. The two companions' hearts sank at a sudden realization.

"Is it the Element Spirit Civilization or the Nihility race?" the Snake Goddess murmured with a frown. Diabolic Demons expanded their territory at an extremely slow rate and usually stayed within the Diabolic Earth in fierce protectiveness of their land. The Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race wouldn't dare to provoke them, would they?

Aside from these two forces, there wasn't really anyone else who could wipe out the Diabolic Demons.

Halfway through their journey, Fuxi tried to approach the edge of the Diabolic Earth but still did not see any Diabolic Demons.

The situation was very strange but they came here for one thing only. Once they arrived at Zen's location, they immediately retreated from the Other Shore.

When they returned, the Snake Goddess was quick to ask Zen about the situation. "Zen, did you see any Diabolic Demons when you fell into the Land of Diabolic Demons?"

The two waited for his answer with bated breath.

"Of course," Zen answered readily.

The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed. "Were they alive?" she specified.

Zen nodded. "Yes."

"Then can you explain to us why all the Diabolic Demons in the entire land seemed to have disappeared, or perhaps died?" Fuxi asked. His voice had been loud and attracted other people's attention.

"What did he say?"

"All the Diabolic Demons died?"

"Then that means the land is now abandoned?"

"Isn't that good then? The Eternal Realm warriors will now feel safer."

Zen sported a faint smile on his face. "Not all of them died. There are still two kings left but I don't know where they are."

"Two kings?" the Snake Goddess repeated. "What about the others?"

Zen shrugged nonchalantly. "I poisoned them to death."

Fuxi already kind of suspected Zen had something to do with the sudden disappearance of the Diabolic Demons but it was still surreal to hear him admit it in person. He had to take a deep breath to stabilize his heart. The young man had just arrived yet he had already exterminated all the residents of the most dangerous place in the Grand Pure Realm.

Even the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race would be impressed if they heard this.

"This matter must be kept secret," the Snake Goddess announced to those on the Dark Haze Peak.

Zen was currently a thorn in the two forces' side. If they knew what he did, then they would feel threatened and do something to the young man.

After the Snake Goddess gave the order to keep things quiet, she and Fuxi returned to the Other Shore with Zen.

Once inside the Other Shore, Fuxi looked back at the Land of Diabolic Demons and confirmed that there were indeed no more Diabolic Demons left. He sighed and took his companions to the place where Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin were trapped.

After passing the Spirit Disappearing Peak and the Soul Dissipating Peak, they arrived at the southeast part of the Grand Pure Realm. Here, they soon heard deep, rumbling sounds.

"The Heavenly Thunder Plain is right in front of us. It's not safe. We should take a detour," Fuxi warned.

"Crossing the plain will save us a lot of time though, but then again it might be too risky," the Snake Goddess agreed with a look of regret.

Zen, however, thought differently. "The Heavenly Thunder Plain? We might be able to cross it."

Back when he was in the Blooming Jade Stage, the Primeval Lord of Heaven's Imprisoning Lightning left a deep impression on him. He knew that it could perfectly restrain the thunderbolts and lightning here and even help them obtain the powerful Solid Lightning Powder. They couldn't just let this opportunity pass them by!

Chapter 3943 The Monsters In The Door

"Do you know how we can deal with the thunderbolts?" Fuxi asked as he pointed at the distance.

Right as he pointed, a huge thunderbolt fell from the sky and hit the plain below.

After endless hits from the thunderbolts, the entire Heavenly Thunder Plain was charred to a crisp.

Just then, Zen raised his hand and a faint, purple glow radiated from his palm. The purple light grew more and more intense; it was the Imprisoning

Lightning.

"The Primeval Lord of Heaven of the human race once led all the human elites across the Heavenly Thunder Plain just by relying on this Imprisoning Lightning!"

As he spoke, Zen floated forward and landed right in the center of the Heavenly Thunder Plain.

The surface of the Heavenly Thunder Plain was very flat, so anything above its horizon was struck by lightning. Once Zen's toes touched the ground, he quickly attracted the thunder.

Boom!

All of a sudden, a thunder dragon descended and headed straight for Zen's right hand.

However, Zen's right hand flashed fiercely with the purple Imprisoning Lightning. The moment the dragon came into contact with his palm, it disintegrated into brown ashes and scattered under Zen's feet.

Fuxi's and the Snake Goddess's eyes widened and their jaws dropped. This was the first time they had ever witnessed this.

"It seems that the light solidified the thunderbolt, right?" the Snake Goddess asked.

As she was extremely sensitive to energy, she could sense it even if it happened within a second.

Zen nodded as he carefully collected the Solid Lightning Powder and handed it to the Snake Goddess. "This is the Solid Lightning Powder. After the Primeval Lord of Heaven had accumulated enough Solid Lightning Powder, he used it to kill the Divine Retribution Beast."

"The Divine Retribution Beast..."

"The human race killed a Divine Retribution Beast?"

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess couldn't help but gasp in shock.

Although they knew the human race was strong in the past and could even resist the Element Spirit Civilization, they did not expect that the Primeval Lord of Heaven had once killed the Divine Retribution Beast.

As the Snake Goddess examined the Solid Lightning Powder in her hands, curiosity filled her thoughts. Suddenly, a shadow of Snake Goddess silently drilled into the Solid Lightning Powder.

Sizzle...

A streak of lightning flashed in her cupped hands.

"Woof, woof, woof!" the Augury Dog behind Fuxi barked ferociously at the sight of the lightning.

"Toss it out!" Zen shouted.

However, the Snake Goddess was already prepared for any mishaps. With a slight shake of her hand, she threw out the Solid Lightning Powder as if nothing happened.

Splash!

In the same moment, a round thunder ball around the size of a water tank bloomed and emitted a blinding light before them. The lightning lasted for a while until it gradually dissipated.

Fuxi's eyes twitched as he felt the formidable power.

If the Snake Goddess was a second slower, half of her body would have been burnt to a crisp.

A handful of Solid Lightning Powder was already so powerful. What would happen if they accumulated more than this?

And now, they could not only easily cross the Heavenly Thunder Plain, but also accumulate enough such powder. Soon enough, the three of them set off for the depths of the Heavenly Thunder Plain.

Boom! Boom! Boom...

Only a handful of thunderbolts were on the edge of the Heavenly Thunder Plain, but the closer they got to the depths of the plain, the denser the thunderbolts became. As they moved for another hundred miles, the thunderbolts in the sky eventually became a thick thunder curtain.

Any creature sucked into the thunder curtain would be turned into ashes just by the thunderbolts.

Nonetheless, Zen raised his right hand and emitted the strong Imprisoning Lightning for their protection.

Any thunderbolt that came close to them, no matter how thick or thin, turned into dust. Meanwhile, Fuxi collected the powder for future use.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, were you able to absorb all the thunderbolts in the Heavenly Thunder Plain before? How did you make it?" Zen asked politely. He walked casually as he held out the Imprisoning Lightning in his hand, making the thunderbolts into powder each time they struck.

"If my real body came here, the Imprisoning Lightning released could illuminate the entire Heavenly Thunder Plain," the Primeval Lord of Heaven responded with a humble smile.

"Illuminating the entire Heavenly Thunder Plain..." Zen took a deep breath.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was a powerful warrior and was not one to be underestimated. He possessed the same level of power as the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Crack, crack, crack...

After traveling for another six or seven miles, the three eventually arrived at the core area of the Heavenly Thunder Plain. The thunderbolts fell to the ground like rainwater. It was a terrifying sight.

Their safe place was under the Imprisoning Lightning Zen had released. No matter how many thunderbolts struck, they were turned into Solid Lightning Powder.

After all, the Imprisoning Lightning was not the enemy of the thunder. It could just alter the thunderbolts into another form.

As Fuxi concentrated on gathering the Solid Lightning Powder, the Augury Dog beside him barked.

Though the creature was frightened by the Heavenly Thunder Plain, he was calm under the protection of the Imprisoning Lightning. His barks only meant that he sensed something else.

Zen, the Snake Goddess, and Fuxi looked to the direction the Augury Dog barked in. There seemed to be nothing there.

"What's wrong?" Fuxi asked the Augury Dog.

The Augury Dog lay prostrate on the ground vigilantly. "I don't know. It seems that something dangerous is approaching..."

"Even the Other Shore creatures of the Grand Pure Realm can't survive here. You're probably just sensitive with all these thunderbolts," said Fuxi.

Even so, the Augury Dog's eyes still squinted at the direction as he sensed something odd.

They continued their journey for another three or four miles and they were about to go through the core area of the Heavenly Thunder Plain. However, the Augury Dog suddenly dropped to the ground again and whimpered in fear.

The last time when the Augury Dog was this frightened, there had been danger right around the corner.

"What's wrong?" As soon as Fuxi asked, a door suddenly appeared a few feet away and two long-haired monsters stormed out from the door!

The two hairy monsters growled and rushed towards the three of them.

The thunderbolts fell like an unending storm and hit the bodies of the beasts. It seemed that their fur protected them from all kinds of thunderbolts.

Fuxi was still busy collecting the Solid Lightning Powder when he caught sight of the two monsters. The long-haired monsters grabbed him, about to drag him into the flashes of lightning.

The intentions of the monsters were not their only worry now. The thunderbolts in the core area of the Heavenly Thunder Plain were already powerful enough that Fuxi wouldn't last half a minute there.

The moment Fuxi's arms were pulled out of the range of the Imprisoning Lightning, his hair was even singed by the lightning!

Seeing that Fuxi was about to be dragged out, the Snake Goddess and Zen grabbed Fuxi by his arms to drag him back into the range of the Imprisoning Lightning.

Fuxi resembled a rope in a tug-of-war, being pulled on both ends.

The Snake Goddess was not that strong, while Zen's power was not like it used to be. With their combined efforts, Fuxi was motionless like a pillar.

The two monsters also seemed surprised. Their intention was only to take one person and inquire about the situation of the Grand Pure Realm, but none among the three were weaker than them.

Here, Fuxi suffered great pain. His bones were crushed, especially his backbone which was nearly broken. If the strength continuously increased, he'd be torn into two pieces.

Suddenly, the Augury Dog pounced and emitted a faint bronze light from his mouth. He roared fiercely right at the two long-haired monsters!

For some reason, the two long-haired monsters were extremely afraid of the Augury Dog's roar. When they heard the dog's barks, they quickly threw their hands up and retreated into the door.

The moment the door was shut, the door disappeared.

Chapter 3944 Flaming Maple Forest

After Zen and the Snake Goddess pulled Fuxi back to the area covered by the Imprisoning Lightning, Fuxi lay flat on the ground, catching his breath.

Lightning had burnt the muscles on his arms into gray powder. Surprisingly, he didn't feel any pain at all.

It was fortunate enough that only half of his arms stretched out from the Imprisoning Lightning. If he was pulled out a little more, his head would have also been struck by thunderbolts, and he would instantly be killed.

The Snake Goddess held out her hand, revealing a branch in her palm.

The energy of the shadow of Snake Goddess had been insinuated into the branch. The branch then sprouted to life, showing two beautiful emerald leaves.

She picked the leaves and gently wrapped them around Fuxi's arms. Fuxi's charred arms began to recover, bright red flesh, healthy muscles and new skin growing there. In less than a minute, the wounds had been completely healed.

After the Snake Goddess cured Fuxi, she saw Zen staring blankly at the distance. She asked curiously, "What's wrong? Do you know those long-haired monsters?"

The Snake Goddess was experienced and knowledgeable, but she had never seen such strange creatures before.

They could block the thunderbolts and lightning only using their long hair and were also capable of opening a door at will. Was this a new force that appeared in the Three Purities Stage?

"I don't know those long-haired monsters." Zen shook his head. "But I know that door..." he continued.

"The door... seems to be made of the space rule. Have you ever seen it before?" the Snake Goddess asked.

Zen nodded. "Do you know the little girl beside Madam Yasamin?" he uttered again.

"You mean Dorothy, right?" the Snake Goddess asked.

Although Dorothy was only a disciple of the Origin Mountain, she was the apple of Yasamin's eye. Since the Snake Goddess was gifted with a retentive memory, she couldn't forget Dorothy.

"Yes," Zen nodded. "After Madam Yasamin was trapped, Dorothy disappeared, and everyone in the Oneness Sky Palace couldn't find her. Later, the Oneness Sky Palace moved to the Pear Hill, but she still hasn't shown up."

The Snake Goddess frowned, her eyebrows wrinkling slightly. She wondered why Zen mentioned Dorothy, and what she had to do with the long-haired monsters.

"When I entered Stage One of the Other Shore along with Dorothy, I used the Great Dominance Technique once. Upon taking control of her, I saw a door in her mind which was almost the same as that door." Zen pointed at place where the door had just disappeared.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi were surprised by what they heard.

Others only knew that Dorothy had some unique talents. She had a high status in the Oneness Sky Palace with the favor and care of Yasamin who was of the Eternal Realm.

Now it seemed that Dorothy kept more secrets than the others had known.

That door had always been closed...

After her disappearance, it could be opened freely. There must be some connection between the two...

Could it be that Dorothy had opened this door?

If the situation had not been too tense earlier, Zen would have tried to communicate with the two long-haired monsters. But now, he couldn't search for them.

Zen started walking over with the Snake Goddess and Fuxi. He reached out his hand and touched the air, trying to locate the remaining power of space. However, under the attack of the thunderbolts, it had already dissipated.

Perhaps the ancestry-level bloodline had a way to find the door, but the ancestry-level bloodline always hesitated even if Zen asked for its help during a critical moment. It was simply unrealistic to expect voluntary help from it.

"Are you thinking that she probably entered the door?" the Snake Goddess asked, almost seeing through Zen's thoughts.

Zen nodded in agreement. "She is not even at the Holy Soul Realm. There is no reason for her to escape from the Oneness Sky Palace..."

"There are still many unrevealed secrets of the Other Shore, and it isn't too strange that we couldn't find her here. However, since this door has appeared, some secrets shall be discovered sooner or later," the Snake Goddess comforted Zen in a low voice.

Fuxi squinted at Zen when he listened to the conversation at the moment. He then continued to concentrate on collecting the Solid Lightning Powder.

As they passed through the core area of the Heavenly Thunder Plain, the Augury Dog displayed a state of calm and tranquility. They kept moving north, safely passing through the entirety of the plain.

"If all of the Solid Lightning Powder is activated, its resulting power will be unimaginable!" Fuxi exclaimed as he stored the Solid Lightning Powder in his space ring. He was pleased to gain an unexpected harvest. Such an amount of Solid Lightning Powder could be used as a trump card.

A red forest stood in front of them as they went farther from the Heavenly Thunder Plain. The Flaming Maple Trees a thousand feet high towered over them, densely lighting up the whole area. The scenery was magnificent and magically colorful.

"It's so beautiful... What kind of death land is this?" Zen asked, expressing his confusion.

The more beautiful and peculiar a place appeared, the more dangerous it was. Zen concluded this after all that he had gone through.

This time, his guess was proved wrong. The Snake Goddess smiled and said, "The Flaming Maple Forest is considered a safe area within the Three Purities Stage. No one will attack us here."

"How is that possible?" Zen asked curiously.

"Look!"

The Snake Goddess stretched out her finger and pointed at a distant space in the Flaming Maple Forest. A beam of energy of the shadow of Snake Goddess spiraled out from her finger and drilled into the ground.

As the energy beam drilled deeper, all the Flaming Maple Trees began to shake, and a heavy gust of energy rose from the forest.

The strong wave of energy made everyone gasp for air. On the contrary, the Augury Dog was strangely quiet. He was aware that the Snake Goddess' test was safe, and this pressure was naturally a warning from the Flaming Maple Forest.

Whoosh!

Even though the Snake Goddess' move was purely a test, a maple leaf started shooting towards her, hitting her body.

The Snake Goddess didn't bother to dodge because she knew she could not. Instinctively, she touched the blood oozing from her chest. Beneath her hand, the wound started to heal. She turned to Zen and asked calmly, "Now, do you understand?"

"They attack whoever fights here. Is that right?" Zen asked.

"Yes," The Snake Goddess nodded. "Thus, it is also considered a shelter within the Three Purities Stage. Many Eternal Realm warriors enter the Flaming Maple Forest to seek protection after an adventure in the Grand Pure Realm. The Three Purities Stage has more than one shelter."

"This is another reason why the latecomers were able to contend against the Element Spirit Civilization in the Three Purities Stage," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said in Zen's mind.

In the beginning, when the Primeval Lord of Heaven led the human race into the Three Purities Stage, he had also taken refuge in these shelters. The real Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others were now trapped in a similar shelter.

"Don't release any energy in the shelter, or you will suffer a great loss."

After the Snake Goddess' warning, the three of them continued to explore the Flaming Maple Forest.

According to the Snake Goddess, many creatures were hidden in the vast forest.

Some of them were Eternal Realm warriors from the Grand Plain Stage, while some were from the Grand Pure Realm.

These creatures carefully maintained a distance from each other. When they saw the three of them arrive, the creatures quietly left, hiding in the depths of the forest.

For everyone, passing through a safe place was a piece of cake. Zen was also relaxed, but the ancestry-level bloodline in his body did not seem to intend for him to relax.

Chapter 3945 Fight Hand-To-Hand

Not long after they entered the Flaming Maple Forest, Zen was shocked to feel a slight wave of energy that was coming from the ancestry-level bloodline.

Even though the energy fluctuation was extremely slight, it was still enough to cause a reaction in the Flaming Maple Forest.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the entire Flaming Maple Forest, which covered an area of a few miles, began to sway violently. It seemed that the shining maple leaves might fly and attack them at any time.

As Fuxi and the Snake Goddess saw the scene, their bodies froze and their faces turned pale.

If the Flaming Maple Forest really started attacking them, there would be no escaping it, and they would die a horrible death.

The Other Shore creatures that had been hiding behind the tree trunks somewhere in the forest thought that someone reckless had come. In fear that they would be caught in the trouble, they rapidly fled before the trees started attacking.

But after a few seconds, the light on the maple leaves gradually dimmed, and the energy reaction of the Flaming Maple Forest subsided.

When everything calmed down, Fuxi took a deep breath and yelled, "What do you think you're doing?!"

Earlier, the Snake Goddess had strictly warned Zen not to release any form of energy because that would awaken and disturb the Flaming Maple Forest. She knew that Zen wouldn't deliberately do something stupid.

"I'm sorry. The ancestry-level bloodline just got a little bit out of control that it caused an energy fluctuation," Zen explained with an apologetic face.

Fortunately, the ancestry-level bloodline didn't fluctuate further, or else they would have definitely died.

After a while, the ancestry-level bloodline stayed calm and showed no sign of making any trouble. Then, the three of them continued to go deeper into the Flaming Maple Forest.

"The Flaming Maple Forest is located in the western part of the Grand Pure Realm and extends all the way up to the Divine River. That's where Madam Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi are trapped," the Snake Goddess told Zen.

Previously, Zen didn't have the qualifications to enter Stage Thirty-three, so they didn't bother telling him the details about the situation of Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

The Divine River was a mysterious body of water that ran through the Three Purities Stage. It was said that the source of the river was at the Jade Pure Realm. Then, it ran through the Supreme Pure Realm and extended to the Grand Pure Realm.

Both Eternal Realm warriors and Other Shore creatures were extremely interested in the Divine River because of the things that they could find there. These precious items were often washed down from the Supreme Pure Realm or the Jade Pure Realm. Everyone had been fighting real hard for these treasures for the longest time.

Of course, the river was also accompanied by extreme dangers. Countless creatures had already died there since ancient times. However, they still risked their lives for the chance of acquiring a great fortune.

"So, they are trapped at the bottom of the Divine River? What happened? Did someone chase them down there?" Zen curiously asked.

"That's right. At that time, Mahoney of the New Moon race set up a trap and eventually succeeded in luring Madam Yasamin there. Later, Eastern Emperor Taiyi also got trapped because he came and attempted to save Madam Yasamin," Fuxi explained.

"What's with the river? Why can't they escape it?" Zen inquired again.

"It's kind of hard to explain. It'll be better to see it with your own eyes," the Snake Goddess said after failing to think of a better way to explain.

After hearing that, Zen didn't ask any more questions. He just followed the Snake Goddess and Fuxi through the Flaming Maple Forest.

The Flaming Maple Forest was so vast and peculiar that it was difficult to tell which way they should go as they went deeper into it. Without a proper guide, one might easily get lost within it. Fortunately, Fuxi seemed to be rather familiar with the area. Every now and then, he would just take out the Eight Diagrams disk to quickly determine the direction that they needed to tread.

About four hours later, Fuxi suddenly stopped under three tall Flaming Maple Trees. "Wait a moment. I'll be right back," the Snake Goddess said and instantly left the Other Shore.

In less than five minutes, the Snake Goddess re-appeared. From the shadow of the trees nearby, a figure quietly emerged. It was a large Ear Mouse—King Ieuan.

"King Ieuan, it's nice to meet you again," Zen said as he cupped his hands towards it.

"Oh, no need to be so formal. It's my honor to be of help," King Ieuan said with a faint smile.

Previously, Zen had devoured the Chaos Ancient God Lamont alive. Everyone present, including King Ieuan was utterly shocked. If it weren't for Zen's help at that critical moment, King Ieuan and most of its subordinates might have died miserably.

"So, how's the situation of the Flaming Maple Forest right now?" Fuxi asked straightforwardly.

Among the members of the Ear Mouse race, only King Ieuan could enter the Three Purities Stage at will. However, their race boasted the advantage of easily collecting information.

"Actually, some time ago, a lot of people were withdrawn from this place. But just recently, the Element Spirit Civilization sent a lot of people again for monitoring," King Ieuan reported.

Fuxi furrowed his brows and asked, "Does that mean they know about our plan to rescue Madam Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi?"

"That's the only explanation I could think of," King Ieuan replied.

As a disciple of the Oneness Sky Palace, Zen had the responsibility to save Eastern Emperor Taiyi. The Element Spirit Civilization clearly knew about this, so after Zen entered the Three Purities Stage, they wasted no time and sent more people to guard the Flaming Maple Forest.

"Then, is there any way that we can avoid them?" the Snake Goddess asked. If possible, she wanted to save the two without facing the Element Spirit Civilization.

"I'm not sure, but it will be very difficult," King Ieuan honestly said. "They have been waiting on the river courses. There's no other way but to swim in the Divine River. But it is still very difficult to not be discovered."

"All right then. Take us there," the Snake Goddess said in a soft voice.

After they had walked through the dense Flaming Maple Forest for quite some time, they heard loud sounds of water rippling from the distance.

Soon after, the Divine River appeared in front of them. Looking at the mysterious dark green river, Zen suddenly realized that it was made up of the Soul Interdicting Water, just like the Sanskrit Light Stage, but the Soul Interdicting Water contained in the river was much thicker.

He realized that the reason why Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin couldn't escape was that they were soaked in the Soul Interdicting Water present in the Divine River.

"Come on!"

"More!"

"Kill him! The piece of Gold and Silver Bone will be all yours!"

They heard people shouting from the distance.

When Zen and the others got closer to the river, they saw two huge creatures, about forty feet tall, brawling and fighting each other in an open space in the Flaming Maple Forest.

"Hey, what are they doing?" There was a mixed expression of astonishment and confusion on Zen's face.

"They're fighting, of course" the Snake Goddess replied with a playful smile. "The one who wins can take the piece of Gold and Silver Bone for himself."

She then pointed to the side of the open space, where there was a stone table. On top of the table sat the piece of Gold and Silver Bone that she was referring to. It was most probably salvaged from the Divine River.

It was known that if there was a conflict in the process of salvaging, they needed to solve the dispute through hand-to-hand combat.

The one who won would have the right to claim the items at stake.

"I see that, but that's not my point. I mean, isn't it forbidden to fight in the Flaming Maple Forest?" Zen was further confused.

"It's not forbidden to fight. What's forbidden is the use of energy," Fuxi corrected him. "Likewise, we won't be attacked by the maple leaves if we just run, jump, and even fight hand-to-hand," he continued.

Thud! Splat!

Just then, a muffled sound came from afar. One of the two gigantic creatures was seized by the throat. With a sudden mighty pull, his head was completely separated from his body. The more powerful creature smashed the opponent's head to the ground and crushed it. Afterward, the winner raised his hand and roared in front of the rowdy crowd.

"Yes! That's it!"

The crowd burst into loud cheers. They actually enjoyed this kind of scene.

"Fighting hand-to-hand is allowed, huh?" Zen softly uttered as he raised his eyebrows.

"Well, this rule has always been disadvantageous to the human race. There are only few humans who are strong enough to battle those kinds of strong creatures," Fuxi said indifferently, shrugging his shoulders.

Even if the humans were lucky enough to spot a precious item in the Divine River, this would always be taken by the Other Shore creatures because they didn't have the strength to fight them.

On the other hand, the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer were protected by the Element Spirit Civilization, so they had the advantage in this area. After all, a large number of Other Shore creatures followed the Element Spirit Civilization.

Chapter 3946 The Misty River Race

After killing his opponent, the winner stood in the forest glade without moving. He did not take the piece of Gold and Silver Bone away. Instead, he seemed to be waiting for someone.

Zen watched curiously. After a few moments, there was a stir on the other end of the glade—a huge creature had appeared.

The new arrival was enormous, at least twenty feet tall, resembling a human in appearance but with three horns on his head. His body flashed with a bold bronze color. Everyone felt the ground trembling as the giant strode heavily towards the stone platform. He clearly had formidable physical strength.

When the three-horned giant reached the stone platform, he bent down and stretched out his hand to grab the piece of Gold and Silver Bone. The giant stuffed the bone in his mouth, barely chewing before swallowing in large gulps.

Gold and Silver Bone was a precious rarity in the Divine River. Its hardness was its most valuable characteristic—replacing one's skeleton with Gold and Silver Bone led to a great enhancement of their physical strength. But now, this gigantic monster was devouring the bone as though it was no more than a snack.

The cracking of the bone could be heard throughout the forest.

However, as the monster chewed and swallowed, another sound echoed in the forest. It seemed to be the clash of colliding metal.

The winner's face turned pale as he witnessed this scene. But of course, he didn't dare to show any displeasure in front of the giant, so the winner gave a forced, strained smile.

"Have too many Gold and Silver Monsters in the Jade Pure Realm been slaughtered? This Gold and Silver Bone has no chewiness at all, and it tastes really terrible," the three-horned monster complained. He walked with booming steps towards the winner, lifting his arm while announcing, "Congratulations! You're the winner of the duel, so you're qualified to obtain the reward!"

The giant then stuffed the remaining one-third of the Gold and Silver Bone into the winner's hand. The winner gingerly held the mangled bone and almost grimaced before changing his expression into a smile. Finally, he turned and walked quietly away, teeth gritted with suppressed indignation.

"Any more battle for today?" said the three-horned monster, turning to the other creatures in the forest.

Silence fell over the forest clearing. Within the Flaming Maple Forest, this three-horned giant had absolute authority.

The powerful Other Shore creatures, even the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race were deferential to the three-horned monsters in this forest.

The giants were all-powerful in this domain. They played the role of arbiters in every issue, and extorted every creature in the forest at whim.

If the winner had dared to show any obvious discontent at the meager reward, he would have been killed ruthlessly.

"Good. If you don't have any more conflict today, don't bother me anymore, or I'll teach you all a good lesson!" shouted the three-horned monster, shaking a bronze fist. With that threat, the giant began lumbering away, back to the other end of the forest glade.

As soon as the three-horned giant was gone, the atmosphere in the forest clearing changed. Everyone started moving, becoming more loud and active.

The water splashed over the banks as someone jumped into the Divine River. Others followed suit, jumping with noisy splashes into the river.

Many creatures swam and waded in the Divine River, tirelessly dragging the soil for treasures. Others stayed in the clearing, exchanging the treasures they had obtained from the Divine River with great caution.

Zen stood still and observed everyone, then asked in a low voice, "What was that gigantic three-horned monster?"

"That was a member of the Misty River race," said Fuxi. A frown of disgust appeared on his face as he spoke. "That race has very, very few members. There are roughly over twenty of them in existence. But their massive bodies and formidable physical strength make it almost impossible to defeat them here..."

In general, physical strength was unimportant in the Three Purities Stage. If the creatures here were free to use their theurgies, few would be afraid of the Misty River race.

However, with the protection of the Flaming Maple Forest, no one could do anything to harm the three-horned giants.

Over the years, the members of the Misty River race had decided to live on both sides of the Divine River. They constantly took advantage of the situations to further strengthen themselves. Their bodies became stronger and stronger, and now they had complete control over this area.

"Have they never left the Flaming Maple Forest? Not even once?" Zen asked with interest.

Fuxi chuckled and said, "Actually, there was one such case. It was the last patriarch of the Misty River race. He had benefited greatly from the Divine River, and his physical body had reached its peak, which made him believe that he was invincible in the world." Fuxi paused as though remembering the hubris of the giant, shaking his head. "But the monster lasted perhaps five minutes after he stepped out of the Flaming Maple Forest. Within minutes of leaving the forest, his body and soul were completely eliminated."

Many races hated the Misty River race to the core because of their outrageous habit of cheating and robbing those who passed through the forest. For instance, the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race had always wanted to get rid of the Misty River race, but they could do nothing to them in the Flaming Maple Forest.

So when word spread that the patriarch of the Misty River race was planning to leave the forest, it became a rare opportunity for everyone to vent their anger. They all waited eagerly for the giant to leave the boundaries of the forest, then they attacked him immediately.

Afterwards, it turned out that more than arrogance had driven the patriarch of the Misty River race to depart from the Flaming Maple Forest. Someone had coaxed him to leave.

Since then, no one from the Misty River race had ever again left the Flaming Maple Forest. In retaliation, they squeezed the members of other races even more excessively.

Suddenly, Zen and everyone else heard the booming of heavy footsteps.

They stopped their conversation and turned towards the sound.

"Who the hell are you?"

A new member of the Misty River race appeared behind them.

This giant was slightly smaller in size than the one that had just left, but he had a much more malicious aura.

"What a pleasure to see you! Master Larkin, have you forgotten me already?" King Ieuan said politely, stepping forward to greet the monster.

The members of the Ear Mouse race were very talented at befriending and conducting business with other races. Indeed, in the past they had acted as emissaries to help the Misty River race bargain with other forces, so this giant—whose name was Larkin—had a good impression of King Ieuan.

"I know you," said Larkin to the Ear Mouse, his tone softening slightly. "What are you doing here?"

"I was just about to take my friends to the Divine River when Master Brigham came to arbitrate a dispute over a piece of Gold and Silver Bone. It was improper for us to interfere, so we've waited here till now," King Ieuan explained patiently.

"Humph, go ahead then. Remember to teach these newcomers the rules of this area," Larkin said, waving his hand.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess were of course not newcomers, but they disliked staying near the Divine River. Because they avoided that area, the members of the Misty River race were unfamiliar with the two of them.

After King Ieuan took the three humans to the forest clearing, their group immediately attracted the attention of many Other Shore creatures.

There weren't many humans near the Divine River. Moreover, the conflict within the human race that had occurred recently had been hot news among many other races, so it came as no surprise that their appearance attracted many eyes.

Still, although other creatures were curious, they were not seriously interested in the affairs of humans. Most of the Other Shore creatures only watched the group of humans for a minute or so before getting distracted by their own concerns.

"Since the Misty River race rules over this area, how did the Element Spirit Civilization come to exert their influence on this area?" Zen asked in a low voice.

"Through benefits exchange. The Element Spirit Civilization provides some unique benefits to the Misty River race," replied King Ieuan.

"What does that mean? Are the members of the Misty River race acting as hired fighters for the Element Spirit Civilization?" Zen asked, looking concerned.

King Ieuan chuckled and said, "How can you think that the members of the Misty River race would be so easy to manipulate? Not to mention, the

Element Spirit Civilization were involved in the killing of the last patriarch of the Misty River race. If indeed they asked the Misty River race to do something for them, they would ask a huge price in return, and still there would be no guarantee that the Misty River race would keep its word."

As King Ieuan spoke, the surface of the Divine River began to ripple. Waves were forming on the water.

Water splashed as the waves rose and fell on the river.

There were fish swimming with the waves. Each fish was fist-sized, cutting quickly through the churning waters.

"It's the Golden Bites!"

"Go ashore now!"

"Leave the water or else you will become fish feed!"

The air was filled with shouts as the creatures on the ground shouted warnings at the creatures submerged in the river.

Those who were still in the Divine River wore expressions of panic as they tried to reach the shore.

This section of Divine River was within the range of the Flaming Maple Forest. They didn't dare use their theurgies, so they had no choice but to swim desperately towards the shores of the river, hoping to get to solid ground before the fish reached them.

There were thuds and splashes as the first creatures reached the shore.

The creatures tumbled out one after another in their haste to escape from the water.

Unfortunately, not all the creatures in the Divine River reached the shores in time. A few remained trapped in the water when the Golden Bites swarmed around them.

The Golden Bites, a shoal of fist-sized fish with shimmering golden scales, completely surrounded the creatures in the river. Within seconds, their prey sank deep into the water and disappeared without a trace, leaving only the flashing golden scales visible in the depths of the water.

Chapter 3947 Outflank

Within the blink of an eye, the golden fish swam across the Divine River with such finesse that they disappeared without a trace.

But the blood from the bottom remained on the surface of the river for a fair amount of time.

For the races on the shores, it seemed to be an experience they'd gotten used to over time. The creatures that had just crawled out of the water dived right back in without any visible reluctance.

"Do they not fear the Golden Bites?" Zen asked with apparent confusion reflecting from his face as he looked at the creatures in the Divine River.

The creatures residing in the Flaming Maple Forest were quite compelling, but the Golden Bites could easily tear them apart limb from limb. Their sheer brute strength was enough to send chills down their spines.

As soon as the Golden Bites were out of sight, they crawled back into the Divine River. They were fearless.

"Squeak! The Golden Bites won't come back. They eat anything, but they will only go all the way to the lower reaches from the upper reaches in flocks. After a flock of Golden Bites leave, the Divine River will become much safer," King Ieuan explained while maintaining a steady eye contact with Zen.

The creatures on the shores weren't the only ones whose existence was threatened by the Golden Bites. The fierce beasts in the Divine River too were powerless against them, and would end up getting devoured. Therefore, every time they passed through the Divine River, it would be free of the usual threats. Many creatures would take this opportunity to find some treasures in the Divine River.

"Why don't we take this opportunity to save Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Madam Yasamin?" Zen said with determination oozing from his tone.

The reason why he came to the Flaming Maple Forest was to rescue Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin. Since the two of them were trapped in the Divine River, and it was safe to enter it at this time, it was a favorable situation for him.

After scanning its surroundings by running its gaze all around, King Ieuan squeaked, "Don't be hasty. Let me go and check it out first."

Upon saying that, it quietly walked up to the Divine River and dived into it.

The speed at which it swam was insanely fast. It was hard to keep track of its movements. Within a flash, it reached the other end of the river. It was quickly out of sight after going down a distance along the other side.

Stationed at the lower reaches of the Divine River were more than ten creatures to guard that place. They were given strict orders to arrest Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin on sight.

At least, that was what the outsiders heard.

At that time, the Sun Crow race bore ill intentions against the Oneness Sky Palace. Their biggest priority was to annihilate both Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin and erase their existence from the world.

Killing two Eternal Realm warriors on the Other Shore was far less arduous compared to doing it in the chaos.

To follow through with their plans, the Yellow Thearch requested the assistance of the Element Spirit Civilization. He had asked Mahoney to lure Yasamin to the Divine River to finish her off. However, it never occurred to them that Yasamin would escape from their clutches and head to the bottom of the Divine River.

Although Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi had successfully foiled the attempt to assassinate them, they were unable to return to the Oneness Sky

Palace because they were soaked in the Soul Interdicting Water. Even though they hadn't taken them down for good, the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer had achieved their purpose in keeping them away from the Oneness Sky Palace. Taking advantage of the situation, the Sun Crow race went ahead and launched a full-blown attack on the Oneness Sky Palace.

Due to the surprise attack and their lowered defenses, the Oneness Sky Palace faced difficulty in defending themselves against the Sun Crow race. Since they were caught off guard, there was no time for Pear Hill to act fast and reinforce them.

Unexpectedly, Zen appeared and released the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi to turn the situation in their favor.

As a result, the Sun Crow race experienced a massive setback, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin were no longer of any value.

The Element Spirit Civilization didn't even take Fuxi and the Snake Goddess seriously, let alone Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, who were only at the Eternal Realm.

That was why only three people were tasked to guard the place, and the others were transferred to other places one after another.

Then, after their battle raged on with Pear Hill, the Element Spirit Civilization decided to send more people to guard this place as an added precaution. However, this time, they had a switch of intentions. Instead of wanting to capture Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, they were asked to wait for Zen.

The Flaming Maple Forest was not the territory of the Element Spirit Civilization, so they could only send a limited number of spies there. Additionally, King Ieuan was always sharp on its toes. Its cautious nature kept Zen and his group hidden away, avoiding all sorts of unwanted attention. However, it all went down the drain soon after they passed through the open space of the forest.

A hairy creature immediately rushed over to his friends to inform them of his latest discovery. "Some humans have arrived."

The name of their leader was Norris. Visually, he was a towering figure with an incredible height of fifty feet. His skin was of a thick cyan color, and his appearance overall gave off the impression of a wild ancient beast with low intelligence yet infinite reserves of strength.

"Humans? Are they the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer?" Norris furrowed his brows as he asked.

Despite his daunting presence and overwhelming size, his tone reflected calmness with a touch of elegance.

Norris was a tyrant in the Grand Pure Realm. After facing loss at the hands of the Eye Spirit, he had devoted his life to following his orders obediently. Using his authority over him, the Eye Spirit sent him here to capture Zen.

Staying loyal to the Eye Spirit, Norris reassured the success of the task that was given to him. He was going to make sure Zen would not leave the Flaming Maple Forest alive.

"I'm familiar with the auras of the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer," the reporter answered. "But the auras of those people are different from theirs. They're quite strange."

As those words reached his ears, a gleam of light flashed through the pupils of Norris' eyes.

Right now, there were very few humans at the Eternal Realm. Besides the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer, only those from the Pear Hill could be these humans.

"It seems the prey has finally shown itself." Norris suddenly stood up and said to the creatures beside him, "You three continue to guard this place. The others follow me!"

After assigning everyone their duties, he dashed towards the open space in the forest with about eight creatures following closely behind.

Unbeknownst to them, a small black head appeared on the surface of the Divine River. It was King Ieuan. As soon as it arrived, it witnessed the entire scene and caught wind of their malicious intentions. Shocked by the sudden discovery, it dived into the river once again and swam its way back to the upper reaches.

Previously, it swam downstream at an incredible pace to scope the area out for Zen. But now, as it swam upstream, its speed had decreased drastically. It was visibly slower than Norris and his men.

However, the Divine River was in the shape of a funnel, and Norris and his men were far away in terms of distance.

Seeing that Norris was swiftly closing the distance between himself and the open space in the forest, King Ieuan emerged from the river and shouted, "Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Zen, quickly retreat from this place. They are coming!"

When King Ieuan's warning reached their ears, all three of them displayed expression of depression.

As they walked with quick steps and with their gazes fixated on the ground, three huge creatures suddenly appeared in front of them and blocked their path. They belonged to the Misty River race, and the leader was Larkin.

As Larkin eyed them up with disgust, a malicious smirk appeared on his face. "I forgot something. The guy from the Element Spirit race has told me that I would be rewarded handsomely if I were to catch you."

Most of the good things in the Three Purities Stage had fallen into the hands of the Element Spirit Civilization, and they always fulfilled every promise they made. Although the Misty River race and the Element Spirit Civilization didn't usually get along, they could still work together if it involved their mutual interest.

"Retreat from the Other Shore! Hurry up!"

King Ieuan shouted loudly again to remind them of the approaching calamity. However, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and Zen remained rooted in their respective spots as they were forced into a dead end.

The three didn't have any time to process their next move. In a moment of desperation, they chanted the Illusion Breaking Rune, and their bodies blurred as they withdrew from the Other Shore.

The Illusion Breaking Rune was also a kind of energy. When the Flaming Maple Forest felt this energy, it immediately reacted to it in response. Countless maple leaves flashed and flew over, but the three of them had disappeared on the Other Shore before the maple leaves could explode, so they remained unharmed.

Seeing the prey escape from the Other Shore right under his nose, Larkin became furious. "Catch that damn mouse!"

Even after the three escaped, Norris remained calm and showed no signs of frustration. He secretly made a gesture to the creatures under his command, and behind him, three of them jumped into the Divine River to capture King Ieuan.

Norris calmly walked over to the place where Zen, the Snake Goddess and Fuxi had disappeared. He wore a pensive expression on his face as he examined his surroundings.

There was a way to forcefully drag the creatures on the Other Shore back to the Source World. In the past, Flamine had planned to drag Elvinia back, but she was unsuccessful in her attempt.

Norris, on the other hand, had a way to forcefully drag the creatures from the chaos back to the Other Shore.

Chapter 3948 Dragged In Forcibly

On the Dark Haze Peak, Zen, the Snake Goddess, and Fuxi opened their eyes almost at the same time.

No one spoke at first, the silence cutting through the air.

They knew that they could truly escape from the crisis only if they found a secret place to retreat from the Other Shore.

If they left the Other Shore under the watchful eyes of the public, they would probably never be able to return. The Element Spirit Civilization would most likely stay in the Flaming Maple Forest until the end of the world.

But just now, they had no choice but to retreat.

"King Ieuan is in the Divine River and can't leave the Other Shore," the Snake Goddess whispered.

"Go and have a look!" Fuxi stood up.

Whoosh! Whoosh...

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi turned into beams of light and flew away, Zen following them without hesitation.

This time, they went to the Flaming Maple Forest under King Ieuan's guidance. They hadn't expected such a huge mess would be caused.

On a different peak, Dempsey of the Ear Mouse race and several other Ear Mice stood guard. King Ieuan maintained its original posture, looking normal.

Dempsey cupped its hands towards Fuxi and said, "Human Sovereign, King Ieuan is now cultivating on the Other Shore. Please..."

"I know," said Fuxi, shaking his head. "We were together moments ago, but now, King Ieuan can't leave the Other Shore."

Dempsey and the other Ear Mice were shocked at these words.

They had heard of how dangerous the Three Purities Stage was. Now that Fuxi and the Snake Goddess were forced to leave the Other Shore, King Ieuan might be in danger.

"What happened to King Ieuan?"

"Is something big happening in the Grand Pure Realm?"

"Why can't our king escape from the Other Shore?"

The Ear Mice were worried as they shot question after question.

The Snake Goddess looked at King Ieuan and said, "It's not a big deal. King Ieuan might not be caught."

Splash, splash...

As it saw several members of alien races jumping into the Divine River, King Ieuan quickly turned around and swam towards the river's side.

It couldn't leave the Other Shore at the moment, and there was no way for it to survive even if it swam to either side of the Divine River. It had thought of the same method as Eastern Emperor Taiyi's to hide in the undercurrents of the Divine River.

It had no time to think about what would need to be done in the future.

King Ieuan had swum about a hundred feet when panic and despair filled its eyes.

About ten people were gathering in the direction, preparing to besiege it.

The Element Spirit Civilization hadn't left so many people in the Flaming Maple Forest. It was obvious that Norris had bribed these people into arresting it.

These warriors from alien races who had been staying in the Flaming Maple Forest all year round would do what they were paid to do as long as they got a rich reward. Besides, arresting King Ieuan was a piece of cake for them.

King Ieuan was then carried into the open space in the forest.

After keenly observing the place where Zen, the Snake Goddess, and Fuxi had disappeared for a while, Norris turned around and walked towards King Ieuan, stretching out a strong finger and pressing it to King Ieuan's head.

His finger was even bigger than King Ieuan's head.

"Do they care about your life?" Norris asked.

"No," replied King Ieuan, gritting its teeth.

"You can die now then," Norris said, making to press his finger even more heavily into Ieuan's head.

"Yes, they do," King Ieuan backtracked.

After all, it was still afraid of death.

"Can you deliver my message to them?" Norris asked.

King Ieuan's eyes lit up, and it thought that Norris would let it leave the Other Shore. "When the Soul Interdicting Water doesn't work, I can leave and relay your words to them!"

"I didn't mean that," Norris said, shaking his head. "Are they with you? Can they see you?"

King Ieuan didn't know what Norris wanted to do. It hesitated for a moment and said, "I think they can."

"Very good." A smile appeared on Norris's face. He raised his thick finger, a sharp nail at its end, and began to write some words on King Ieuan's body, cutting into it as he wrote. Blood began to ooze out of these cuts, leaving deep, dark stains on King Ieuan's fur.

At the same time, these blood stains also appeared on King Ieuan's body in the Pear Hill.

The blood stains continued to expand into a bloody sentence. "Can you see the words?"

Zen, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Dempsey and the others saw these words, their faces darkening with each word. King Ieuan had already fallen into their hands.

"Come back to the Other Shore and follow me to meet Master Eye Spirit. He can give you what you want."

These words extended all the way from King Ieuan's head to its chest and then to its back. King Ieuan was relatively small. Norris's finger, on the other hand, was thick and large. The bloody words quickly covered King Ieuan's entire body.

When there was no space left on King Ieuan's body for Norris to write, he threw King Ieuan aside like garbage. He turned around, looked at the place where Zen, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess had disappeared, and waited.

The Eye Spirit hoped that Norris could catch Zen. If he couldn't, then he could choose to kill him. So the first step that Norris had to take was to persuade Zen.

Zen wasn't planning to return to the Other Shore anytime soon. Norris's eyes narrowed as he drew a blood line on his arm and with a tug, he forcefully removed his left arm from his shoulder.

And though his arm was now separated from his body, it still was under his control.

The warriors of the alien races that had followed and supported Norris knew what he wanted to do, and retreated hastily. The three members of the Misty River race watched the scene unfold, their expressions cold but guarded.

Buzz...

The palm of his broken left arm flashed, as a ray of orange light began to gather on its surface. Norris then controlled his left arm to grab something in the void.

In the Pear Hill, Fuxi suddenly felt dizzy and soon found himself back on the Other Shore.

Before Fuxi could react, Norris pulled him to his side.

Splash!

The nonhuman creatures beside him had already prepared the Soul Interdicting Water and immediately poured it on Fuxi.

Some maple leaves began to float towards the broken left arm and one by one, attached themselves to it.

Boom! Boom! Boom...

And then, the maple leaves exploded, turning Norris's left arm into dust.

"Have I caught the wrong person? It doesn't matter. I will catch you all!" Norris said, with a demented smile on his face.

His shoulder shook slightly as a new arm grew out of the stump.

Norris liked to strengthen his own body, but he had no choice in the Flaming Maple Forest but to use his left arm to grab Zen. This new left arm was much weaker than the previous one.

In the Pear Hill, Zen and the Snake Goddess were confused, not having known what had happened. Fuxi had lost consciousness and fallen to the ground.

It was not until the same handwriting as that on King Ieuan's body appeared on Fuxi's chest that they realized that Fuxi had been pulled back to the Other Shore.

"You can't escape. You're next."

Both the Snake Goddess and Zen panicked at these words.

They had never heard of anyone who had such abilities. But Fuxi's plight had them believing that someone could catch people in the chaos and pull them back to the Other Shore.

The Snake Goddess didn't panic for long. Like Fuxi, she closed her eyes and was also taken back to the Other Shore.

Chapter 3949 The Consequence

The Snake Goddess also got caught in the open space of the Flaming Maple Forest, where Norris stood and looked at her with a frown.

Generally speaking, there were certain conditions to be met for him to capture the creatures from the chaos and drag them back to the Other Shore.

It wouldn't work if these creatures withdrew from the Other Shore more than three days ago. Because in that case, Norris couldn't see the shadow they left behind on the Other Shore. Besides, he could only randomly grab someone from those who left the Other Shore in groups.

Now, he aimed to get Zen, but he caught the wrong person twice.

Sizzle...

At that moment, a new arm began to grow from the wound on his left shoulder.

The arm that broke before grew quite fast, but after he lost it twice in a row, the regeneration speed for the third arm became slower.

But although Norris felt a little miserable, he wasn't anxious. Zen was the last one, so he would catch him and take him back to the Other Shore next time. He still had enough time to complete the task.

On the other hand, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the Ear Mouse had gotten imprisoned. They exchanged worried looks while in silence.

They survived the war against the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race, only to get trapped in the Flaming Maple Forest!

If Norris caught Zen and took him to the Other Shore, he would be like a fish on the chopping block.

Speaking of Zen, he was now in the chaos with an unusually serious expression.

"Master Zen, what should we do now?"

"Were the Human Sovereign and the Snake Goddess really dragged back to the Other Shore?"

"Zen, I'm afraid you'll be the next one to be pulled to the Other Shore. You'd better find a way to escape as soon as possible. Squeak..."

Dempsey and some Ear Mice, who were with him, couldn't help but feel anxious.

Zen just rolled his eyes and felt a little helpless. If only he could run, he would've run away.

Although he didn't know what method the opponent had used to pull Fuxi and the Snake Goddess in, the enemy had probably taken advantage of the place where they withdrew from the Other Shore. After all, he couldn't change his position if he couldn't enter the Other Shore.

Therefore, it was most likely his turn to be dragged into the Other Shore.

What to do now...

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was also silent, but he too tried to think of a way to break the situation. However, no matter how much he thought, it was useless since the theurgy wasn't allowed within the Flaming Maple Forest.

"If you can't use the theurgy, you can only fight with your physical body. Then, you need more strength and a stronger physical body..."

Puff!

At that point, streams of blood gushed out from the Snake Goddess's back, and crimson words appeared from top to bottom on her snow-white skin.

"You're lucky. You'll be the last one. Are you ready?"

The Ear Mice and Zen stared at the words sullenly. It was as if the words mocked them.

"A stronger physical body and more strength..." Then, Zen raised his hands and looked around.

The ancestry-level bloodline could change his physical form and also give him immensely strong power. However, it was very stingy. It would only strengthen his body when he was on the verge of death.

Just as he was about to persuade the ancestry-level bloodline, he suddenly felt his body become burning hot. The ancestry-level bloodline fluctuated, and then his body began to change drastically.

Finally, his body instantly grew up to fifty feet high. The muscles on his chest became like small dragons, and his bones changed even more: each of his arms had one tibia before, but now six extra tibiae grew.

The extra tibiae formed a more complex but very solid bone system.

As his physical body changed, his aura also changed a lot. Several Holy Soul Realm Ear Mice, including Dempsey, all looked at him in fear.

Even though they knew it was Zen, and he could change, they still couldn't help but feel afraid.

Of course, his excessive strength and powerful physical body also changed his state of mind.

At this moment, he felt a strong urge to fight!

His panic was gone without a trace, replaced with a sense of expectation. He even waited eagerly for the opponent to pull him to the Other Shore!

Meanwhile, multiple nonhuman creatures waited in the open space of the forest.

Norris' left arm was still growing slowly. As the new and tender flesh slowly emerged, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and King Ieuan became increasingly desperate.

Not long after, his left arm had fully grown. Then, he created another bloodstain on his left arm and removed it.

Buzz!

Light glowed on the palm of the broken arm and he stretched it towards the void.

The moment the broken arm touched the void, it caught something.

"I have caught him!"

The corners of his mouth curled up into a smirk. This time, he wouldn't make a mistake again.

With a fierce tug, he dragged Zen to the Other Shore.

He, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the members of the Misty River race who were watching on the side, all expected that an ordinary Eternal Realm human warrior would come out from the other side.

However, what appeared was not a human, but a massive creature that was fifty feet tall!

Upon seeing the creature, Fuxi instinctively thought that Zen had activated the Wild God Body, but the Flaming Maple Forest attacked anyone who used the Wild God Power and made any move related to energy.

Yet, he saw that Zen had changed his appearance entirely. He realized that Zen's bloodline must've worked!

The Snake Goddess' and King Ieuan's eyes both lit up with hope. They knew how powerful the bloodline in Zen's body was.

"I've heard that you waited for me, right?" Zen said as he looked down at Norris in front of him. "You are..."

At first, Norris was complacent and believed that he would surely catch Zen this time.

But now, his voice became slightly shaky as he faced the immensely tall Zen.

The nonhuman creatures behind him looked even more terrified. One of them, who held a basin of Soul Interdicting Water, dare not pour it on Zen!

Even Larkin of the Misty River race stared at Zen in trepidation, his bronze-colored face wrinkling by his frown.

After the Element Spirit Civilization had paid a heavy price, the members of the Misty River race allowed them to act rashly in this place.

However, this "human being" Norris had pulled into the Other Shore secretly threatened Larkin.

He had not felt like that in a long time, so he was extremely upset about it.

"I am Zen," Zen replied. "How did you... become like this?" Norris asked in disbelief.

"You just need to know the consequence of provoking me," Zen said with a smile.

"What consequence?"

"Crack…"

Before he could say anything else, Zen grabbed his shoulder with one hand and gripped his face with the other.

Whoosh!

Zen's strong legs suddenly kicked on the ground and dug two big holes.

Crack!

At the next moment, everyone saw that he had pushed Norris against the biggest Flaming Maple Tree. His force also hit the tree, which caused many leaves to fall. However, the maple leaves didn't shine or explode.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

Next, they all saw that Zen's hands had turned into countless fist shadows. Clouds of blood mist burst out as each fist shadow exploded upon Norris' body.

About thirty seconds later, Norris' powerful body had turned into thin shreds that clung onto the Flaming Maple Tree. None of his body parts were still intact.

Zen turned around and said, "The consequence is death."

Of course, he didn't say those words to Norris, who was already dead.

Chapter 3950 Writing

Norris was known as one of the most powerful cultivators in the Grand Pure Realm. Only a few could match his overwhelming physical strength.

Even the weaker members of the Misty River race were no match for him.

That was why everyone who was watching didn't expect he would die in such a pathetic way. He died on the Flaming Maple Tree before he could even make a move.

The creatures that followed Norris were left dumbfounded. Their eyes and mouths were wide open as they looked at the bloody scene on the Flaming Maple Tree.

They trembled in fear as they realized that the warrior that they looked up to easily died in such a miserable way.

As the creatures turned to look at Zen, their anger dissipated and was replaced by extreme horror. They couldn't help thinking if this guy was just really a human.

After killing Norris, Zen looked at King Ieuan, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess, who were still being detained.

The three creatures that were guarding them were still in shock. However, as they discovered that Zen was looking at their direction, they quickly regained their senses and felt like an electric shock was running beneath their skin. Fearing greatly for their lives, they jumped into the Divine River behind them without thinking twice.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

As their bodies fell into the water, they wasted no time and quickly fled downstream.

At that moment, there were still other creatures in the open space of the forest. Most of them were neutral, while a few of them were closely related to the Nihility race.

However, right now, it was a conflict between Zen and the Element Spirit Civilization, and these creatures were having fun watching the commotion.

"Now this is interesting."

"I wonder if this guy's surprising strength is enough to challenge the members of the Misty River race."

"Humph! That's nothing. He may be able to deal with the ordinary members of the Misty River race, but if that man reveals himself, this human will be ravaged into pieces. Don't even dream about it!"

The creatures chatted and whispered among themselves.

For a long time now, these creatures had lived beside the Divine River and were oppressed by the members of the Misty River race.

They endured so many years, but they were just too weak to fight back. One could just imagine the grievance and agony in their hearts.

With the sudden appearance of Zen, some creatures thought that he might be the glimmer of hope that they had been waiting. But when someone mentioned "that man", the remaining light of hope in their eyes quickly dissipated.

That member of the Misty River race was exceptionally powerful. No one ever defeated him, at least in the Grand Pure Realm.

Meanwhile, the center of the Snake Goddess's palm flashed a faint green light. Wherever the light passed, the wounds on the surface of her body instantly healed.

Fuxi also started healing his wounds, and in no time, their bodies had already recovered.

After that, Zen approached them and said, "I think those guys wouldn't dare to stop us anymore. It's our chance to swim downstream."

There were actually still a few creatures left. However, they were much weaker than Zen. With Zen's current strength, he could just easily kill them all if they tried to hinder them.

When they were about to set out, three members of the Misty River race, who were watching earlier, stood in front of them. Larkin, the leader of their group, deliberately blocked Zen's way.

Even if Zen brought down a powerful warrior like Norris, they remained unfazed. For them, the place was the territory of their race, and all creatures had to obey them.

"You're blocking the way,"

Zen said coldly as he stared down at Larkin. "Do you think you can just leave like that?

You killed someone in our territory," Larkin answered in a condescending tone.

"That someone didn't belong to your race," Zen said with a smirk. "And this is not your territory."

When the other creatures in the open space of the forest heard this, a faint smile appeared on their faces as they repeatedly nodded. The Flaming Maple Forest itself was a shelter in the Three Purities Stage. Then, the Misty River race occupied the place and started threatening the creatures there. However, they couldn't fight back as the Misty River race was much more powerful than them here.

But still, most of the creatures feared the authority of the Misty River race, so they didn't dare utter a word of support towards Zen.

Obviously, Zen's words offended the Misty River race. The faces of the three members immediately darkened, and a strong killing intent oozed from Larkin's eyes.

If Zen was just an ordinary Other Shore creature, Larkin would have already grabbed his head and smashed it to the ground.

However, Larkin clearly witnessed Zen's strength when he killed Norris effortlessly. He did not dare to be rash and only managed to answer with a sinister smile, "Don't push your luck, human. You'll definitely regret it!"

Zen just laughed away his threat. "Stop yapping, and just do it, if you can."

Zen took a quick step forward and knocked off Larkin's sturdy and heavy body with ease. He stared down at Larkin for a few seconds before he left with the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and King Ieuan.

Fuxi had a smirk on his face while shaking his head as they left the area.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi seldom appeared in the Flaming Maple Forest. On the other hand, King Ieuan had been staying in the forest for quite a long time. In order to build a good relationship with the creatures on the Other Shore, it had no choice but to endure several hardships. But now that it was with Zen and the two Eternal Realm masters, it had a beaming self-confidence.

When they approached the lower reaches of the Divine River, they saw that the currents became more turbulent. From time to time, there would be huge whirlpools rapidly appearing and disappearing.

As they arrived at the river, they noticed that the creatures that should be standing guard had already fled.

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Madam Yasamin are at the bottom of the river," King Ieuan informed. "This area is very dangerous. The undercurrents are complex and several unknown monsters reside there."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin were trapped and forced into the undercurrents. However, the two of them seemed to have known the rules applied there. They had stayed there for so long but didn't encounter any sort of danger.

"If the undercurrents are too complex, then it would not be easy to find them. Is there a possibility that they could come out by themselves?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"It should actually be possible. Not long ago, Eastern Emperor Taiyi surfaced and tried to escape. However, his attempt failed because several creatures were guarding the shore," King Ieuan said. "Now that the creatures that were supposed to be guarding have already fled, they should be able to come out on their own. The only problem is how we could inform them."

The eyes of Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and Zen immediately lit up at its words. "Well, the two of them will have to suffer a little bit," the Snake Goddess said with a faint smile.

After the Soul Interdicting Water on their bodies lost its effect, they quickly left the Other Shore and rushed to the residences of Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin.

They saw that their bodies were still in good condition and their breath had not weakened. This meant that they were not hurt on the Other Shore.

After releasing their bodies from the red crystals, the Snake Goddess stretched out two of her fingers, and her shadow turned into a thin energy needle. Then she wrote something carefully on the arms of Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin.

There were caves of various sizes at the bottom of the Divine River. As the caves were connected with each other, complex undercurrents were formed.

Inside one of the undercurrents, there was a long and narrow cave that only a single person could pass through. In the innermost layer of this cave, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin sat there with legs crossed, soaked in the Soul Interdicting Water.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who had been meditating with his eyes closed, suddenly felt a piercing pain in his arm. He immediately opened his eyes and saw that some words were being written on it.

Seeing this, he thought of the person who could be writing them.

"Flamine?" he muttered.

Chapter 3951 Giant Turbid Crocodiles

Thin blood lines formed clear words on Eastern Emperor Taiyi's arm.

"Zen has driven away all the guards above. You are safe now," the words stated.

The emperor's eyes widened in disbelief when he saw the words on his arm.

Had Zen entered Stage Thirty-three?

It was truly unbelievable!

He had met Zen twice in the Oneness Sky Palace, and he thought that the young warrior was exceptional back then.

Moreover, Zen led the human race to occupy Stage Fourteen after he entered the Desire World.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had high expectations for Zen, and he even believed that Zen might reach the Eternal Realm.

However, the news he received was a little too much.

He didn't expect that Zen had entered the Grand Pure Realm after just a short time!

He cast his thoughts aside and stretched out his hand, then pushed Yasamin, who was nearby. When Yasamin opened her eyes and saw the words, she too was surprised.

It felt uncomfortable to be soaked in the Soul Interdicting Water for such a long time, and the undercurrents were quite dangerous.

Back then, when the enemies and three sturgeons hunted her down, she had no choice but to enter the undercurrents. If Eastern Emperor Taiyi hadn't found the passage at the bottom of the undercurrents, she would have died a long time ago.

The two of them waited at the bottom of the undercurrents for quite some time. Sometimes, Eastern Emperor Taiyi quietly went out and investigated the situation, but the enemies were extremely patient and did not give them a chance to escape.

The last time he went to the river's surface to check, he almost could not come back because the beasts from the undercurrents attacked him.

Now, the two of them felt somewhat uneasy these days.

How did the Oneness Sky Palace fare since its only two members at the Eternal Realm got trapped?

It was very likely that before their opponents killed them on the Other Shore, they had died in the Source World.

They didn't know that both the Oneness Sky Palace and the Pear Hill underwent tremendous changes.

Just then, Yasamin fished out a thin needle from her grey hair. Then, she rushed towards Eastern Emperor Taiyi to respond to the words on his arm.

In turn, Eastern Emperor Taiyi glared at her, but he realized that the people in the Source World were watching him. Thus, he had no choice but to let her write on his arm.

"Got it. We'll go up now."

Meanwhile, in the Pear Hill, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and Zen perked up when they saw those words.

After all, they could finally have a break if Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin could save themselves in that way.

Of course, the people of the Oneness Sky Palace were more ecstatic.

They had been living in Pear Hill since they arrived in the place.

Even if they couldn't return to the Bloom Divine Province soon, the return of Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin still gave them a sense of belonging.

Flamine even had tears in her eyes.

"Let's go back to the Other Shore," said Zen.

"Okay, but we need to be careful," Fuxi said with a nod.

Zen, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and King Ieuan entered the Other Shore again and waited by the Divine River.

After Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin came out of the narrow passage, they followed the undercurrents to the left.

Although the undercurrents here were complicated, Eastern Emperor Taiyi knew them very well.

There were two exits out of the undercurrents. If they missed any of them, then they would get lost.

Plop! Plop!

Fortunately, they found their way out. However, strong currents came at them after they left the two exits.

The currents were so strong that the weaker creatures from the Other Shore couldn't even stand in them.

But since Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi were Eternal Realm cultivators, they weren't worried. They slowly moved sideways through the currents. They would reach the river's surface once they crossed the currents, so both of them couldn't help but speed up.

What they didn't know was that Eastern Emperor Taiyi's arm was bleeding.

He had always been a very cautious man. If it had been another time, he would surely heal the wounds first, but now that he knew that they had a chance to escape, he forgot all about it.

There was very little blood that gushed out from the wounds, but some monsters in the undercurrents were highly sensitive.

In the cave below the undercurrents, a large and flat mouth suddenly opened up, then a dark green tongue stuck out from the many rows of sharp teeth.

Even though the blood got diluted in the Soul Interdicting Water and his body was invisible, the dark green beast still targeted him.

Splash!

Water whirled like a hurricane, then monsters with spikes emerged out of the cave one after another.

They formed a neat line and swam along with the strong undercurrents.

At that point, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin already came out of the undercurrents and floated upward.

In a few seconds, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had gotten close to the surface of the river. Suddenly, he stopped Yasamin and cautiously looked around.

They knew nothing about the outside world. What if the person who wrote on his arm was not from the Oneness Sky Palace?

However, Yasamin didn't think much about it. If their bodies did fall into the hands of the enemy, then the enemy did not have to try hard to lure them out. They could just kill them there.

On the other hand, Eastern Emperor Taiyi slowly surfaced and looked vigilantly at the shore. His trepidation was replaced with joy when he saw Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and King Ieuan.

But, he was confused when he saw a large, fifty-foot-tall creature beside Fuxi. Who was that? Wasn't Zen waiting for him?

Where was Zen? "Eastern Emperor Taiyi, you can come up now," King Ieuan said with a smile.

Fuxi also waved at Eastern Emperor Taiyi while the Snake Goddess asked, "Where is Madam Yasamin?"

"I'll ask her to come up as well," Eastern Emperor Taiyi answered.

Then, he looked down into the river as he spoke. His face suddenly changed, and he plunged into the water.

While Yasamin waited for him to confirm the situation on the shore, she suddenly saw him rush towards her. When she looked down, she found a long string of grey, obscure objects. Upon a closer look, she saw more than ten monsters that stayed connected at the ends.

"Giant Turbid Crocodiles!"

The Giant Turbid Crocodiles rarely appeared alone. Every time they appeared, there would be at least a few or even dozens of them. Moreover, they swam close to each other end-to-end. That was why, from a distance, they looked like a big snake under the water.

They were considered powerful predators in undercurrents. Their prey couldn't escape their clutches, and they tore them to pieces and swallowed them up in only a few seconds.

As soon as Yasamin snapped back to her senses, she quickly swam upward, but the Giant Turbid Crocodiles moved very fast. It wasn't long before the Giant Turbid Crocodile in the front bit her.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who had just returned for her, grabbed hold of her body and dragged her up the Divine River.

It was a good thing that he could withstand the power of a Giant Turbid Crocodile, so he could bring Yasamin up to the surface.

Unfortunately, all the other Giant Turbid Crocodiles bit on the tail of the Giant Turbid Crocodile in the front and dragged it down. As a result, Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi sank as well.

The people on the shore didn't know what had happened. Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin did not show up after a long time, but bubbles surged violently from where Eastern Emperor Taiyi dived in. The Snake Goddess began to look worried and said, "Oh no! Are they in trouble?"

Before she could say anything else, Zen took a big step forward and quickly dived into the Divine River.

Chapter 3952 Rescue

As Zen rushed into the Divine River, his huge body went against the currents and stirred up hundreds of waves.

Meanwhile, Eastern Emperor Taiyi struggled to pull Yasamin upwards.

Just as the two of them continued to fight their way up, he suddenly heard a loud noise above them!

Rumble!

The sudden loud noise would've struck fear in anyone's heart but Eastern Emperor Taiyi did not feel afraid when he saw it come from the creature that was with Fuxi. This huge creature must have come to help him!

Yasamin's leg was bitten and continued to bleed.

Those beasts hiding in the depths of the Divine River no doubt smelled it and circled the waters.

Round, black insects emerged from the muddy soil while a black Dragon Mastiff appeared in the distance.

The Dragon Mastiff was alone but its strength far surpassed that of those Giant Turbid Crocodiles that often hunted in groups.

On the left side of the river was a cave that suddenly opened to let out two palm-sized fish.

Though small, these two seemingly harmless fish were in fact Spirit Sharks that ate ordinary fierce beasts for supper.

When they appeared, the other beasts took it as a sign to retreat lest they make a mistake and provoke them.

Since Eastern Emperor Taiyi couldn't pull Yasamin up, he merely gestured and pointed at her leg which was still in the Giant Turbid Crocodile's mouth.

Yasamin knew what he meant. If she got dragged down into the depths. it would be her end.

With gritted teeth, Yasamin unsheathed a dark-cyan saber from her sleeve, a weapon she often used on the Other Shore.

It was a trusty saber that she often used to hack her opponents. She never thought there would come a day when she was forced to use it to hack her leg. With a determined look in her eyes, Yasamin swung her blade and cut off her own leg cleanly.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was able to pull her up but those Giant Turbid Crocodiles weren't going to give up so easily.

Spurred by her attempt to escape, the Giant Turbid Crocodiles broke out of formation.

After swallowing up Yasamin's dismembered leg, they quickly rushed towards the two again. It was at that moment that Zen arrived.

Splash!

With his big, fan-like hands, he clasped both Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin on the shoulder and pulled them up with all his might.

The two were able to rise with his help but the same couldn't be said for Zen who now sank rapidly underneath the waters.

While he sank, Zen stretched his hands out to the Giant Turbid Crocodiles that awaited him.

These beasts had survived countless life and death struggles in the Divine River. Not only were they powerful, they could also sense danger far away.

Zen exuded a terrifying amount of pressure that the Giant Turbid Crocodiles knew to avoid instinctively.

The moment he appeared, all of them wanted to turn tail. Unfortunately, the Giant Turbid Crocodiles that were near Zen had already fallen into his hands, literally.

The man held the head of a Giant Turbid Crocodile and, with a gentle pinch, smashed it in his hold.

He did this four more times before the other Giant Turbid Crocodiles panicked and turned tail to go back to their home.

Zen had no intention of hunting these creatures so he simply let them go.

When he raised his head, he saw two, palm-sized fish in the distance.

They were like two, sharp arrows that suddenly darted towards Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

Zen's eyes immediately narrowed. "They're fast."

Two fist-sized holes appeared on Eastern Emperor Taiyi's body as the two fish pierced through him. By the time he realized it, the two fish were already several hundred feet away.

"Spirit Sharks!"

The Soul Interdicting Water posed great resistance and decreased all creatures' speed.

Those two little fish proved to be the exceptions. Eastern Emperor Taiyi had been hiding in the river for a long time and naturally recognized these dangerous predators.

He was no match for them and could only endure the pain as he tried to float to the surface with Yasamin. Blood gurgled on his wounds but it wasn't anything he deemed too serious.

Unfortunately, the Spirit Sharks were not done. After the initial strike, they turned around and darted back towards Eastern Emperor Taiyi!

Rumble! Rumble!

This time, even Yasamin was hit. There was no dodging or defending against these Spirit Sharks and their attacks. All they could do was take it.

As the Spirit Sharks prepared their third attack, Zen's body suddenly shook violently and generated numerous bubbles that covered him entirely. This attracted the Spirit Sharks' attention.

When he saw the two fish looking at him, Zen flashed them a gesture that could be interpreted as a clear provocation.

Powerful they might be, these Spirit Sharks weren't very intelligent. They had since been rulers of this place and did not even take members of the Misty River race that seriously.

So how in the world would they take Zen's provocation lightly?

With their former prey forgotten, the two Spirit Sharks turned their attention to Zen and immediately darted towards him.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi could only look on in shock. He never expected this huge creature to sacrifice himself just to get the Spirit Sharks off their backs! For a second, he hesitated and thought about going down to help the creature.

However, Yasamin already beat him to a decision as she grabbed hold of his arm and continued to float upwards.

They were too weak to fight and would only end up in that huge creature's way. It was best for them to escape with this window of opportunity they were given.

Splash! Splash!

Soon enough, the two of them broke through the surface and began to swim towards the shore where Fuxi and the Snake Goddess awaited them.

After Fuxi and the Snake Goddess helped them to the shore, their wounds were quickly tended to. Since they were still in the Flaming Maple Forest, the Snake Goddess did not dare to use any theurgy to heal their wounds.

"The guy..." Eastern Emperor Taiyi began. "The guy in the water is besieged by the Spirit Sharks! Which race is he from? Where did you find such a powerful helper? Do you think he'll be okay?"

"Which race?" Fuxi repeated. He and the Snake Goddess exchanged a look but it was King Ieuan who answered.

"That's Zen from the Oneness Sky Palace."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi's eyes widened in shock.

"Zen?!" he cried out in disbelief as he stood up in a hurry. The wound that was recently bandaged burst open from his rash action.

He would've never expected that strange creature to be Zen.

His worries also intensified since he realized that the young man was now at the mercy of those Spirit Sharks.

The Snake Goddess pressed a hand on Eastern Emperor Taiyi's shoulder and pushed him to sit back down. "Don't you worry now. He'll be fine."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi shook his head. "The Spirit Sharks! They'll..."

He wanted to tell them how formidable those two fish were, how scary their powers could be, and that they needed to get Zen out of there immediately. However, the calm look on their eyes stopped him. It was only then that he realized that the current Zen was now beyond his imagination.

Yasamin smiled beside him. "Has he grown in power after reaching the Eternal Realm?"

Splash!

Just as she finished asking her question, a figure suddenly broke through the surface.

Everyone turned around to find Zen holding two fish in his hands: the Spirit Sharks!

These formerly terrifying predators struggled above the water but could not escape Zen's hold.

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi!" Zen greeted. "Madam Yasamin!"

As he reached the shore, Zen respectfully bowed to both of them.

"You really are Zen," Eastern Emperor Taiyi muttered in disbelief.

It was quite a sight to see those two Spirit Sharks that had previously wounded him flail around in Zen's hands as the young man looked at him with a visibly relaxed and unbothered face.

Chapter 3953 The Secret Of The Long-haired Monsters

It was easy for warriors with an extremely high cultivation base like Zen to change the shape of their bodies. However, Zen didn't just change his body form.

Previously, no one was willing to go into the depths of the Divine River to hunt down Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, because its waters were inhabited by two ferocious Spirit Sharks.

Anyone who got into the water instantly died upon encountering the two Spirit Sharks. No one was exempted!

Back then, the members of the Misty River race plotted to kill these two demon-like Spirit Sharks. However, three of their members were put to death while the two Spirit Sharks remained unharmed. In the end, the Misty River race had no other choice but to give up.

Fortunately, the two Spirit Sharks could only stay in the Divine River. The members of the Misty River race were then forbidden to enter this area of the river, keeping them safe.

Many members of other races and Eternal Realm warriors in the Grand Pure Realm had been attacked by the two Spirit Sharks. They were trapped to no escape and swallowed whole.

The hearts of the members of various races and the Eternal Realm warriors pounded hard at the mention of the two fish.

However, why were these two fish at Zen's mercy?

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was astounded!

He thought highly of Zen, yet he had never expected that he would become so powerful in only a short period.

Crack! Crack!

Zen threw the two Spirit Sharks on the ground while commanding, "Don't move!"

How could the two Spirit Sharks possibly behave?

Although they were intelligent and able to understand the words of humans, they were brutal and murderous.

The two Spirit Sharks slammed against the ground as they landed, and then their small bodies quickly blasted out an astonishing force as they jumped into the Divine River.

Clap! Clap!

At fast speed, Zen waved his hands, pulling the two little fish back to the ground.

The Spirit Sharks landed on the ground again, this time changing strategies as they drilled into the ground.

The soft soil was an advantage for the Spirit Sharks. They moved smoothly for a while, but Zen's huge fist had already smashed the other side, stopping them.

Bang!

The ground caved in, and the two Spirit Sharks were stuck under the squeeze of the soil.

"Don't try to escape or I'll smash you into pieces," Zen threatened them in a deep voice before pulling them out.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi looked at the two Spirit Sharks and asked Zen, "Why don't you kill them? Why do you keep them with you?"

"These two little fish seem to have a unique way of moving. If I can fuse with them, they must be good Other Shore Tokens," Zen responded.

The eyes of the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and King Ieuan lit up, but Eastern Emperor Taiyi shook his head and said, "The power from their small bodies is enormous, and the speed at which they swim is very fast. However, such living creatures would rather die than be the Other Shore Tokens."

The two Spirit Sharks could understand the conversation. Their bean-like eyes widened, expressing their resistance. It was as if they would rather die than submit.

"I have a way to make them yield," Zen uttered confidently. "But how can I store them for now?"

There shouldn't be any energy fluctuations in the Flaming Maple Forest, so the space ring couldn't be used. Moreover, the two little fish were powerful Other Shore creatures.

"Squeak! I can take care of that," King Ieuan volunteered. It had been staying in the Flaming Maple Forest all year round, so it knew how to handle the matter.

While King Ieuan was dealing with the Spirit Sharks, Eastern Emperor Taiyi finally asked, "Zen, how did you make it to Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore so quickly? What about the situation of the Oneness Sky Palace?"

Yasamin's face also reflected her concern. When the two of them were trapped in the Divine River, they were most worried about the Oneness Sky Palace and the seven mountains.

"The Oneness Sky Palace..." Zen hesitated for a moment and replied, "Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Madam Yasamin, you two being trapped in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore was originally a conspiracy of Yellow Thearch and his fellows. The Sun Crow race had attacked and invaded our Oneness Sky Palace after you were trapped."

Just as they had guessed!

Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin looked at each other.

Judging from all the actions of the Sun Crow race before they were trapped on the Other Shore, the two of them had predicted that this race would make an attack.

However, the two of them remained safe and sound, which made them suspect that either the Sun Crow race did not attack, or the Oneness Sky Palace had already won the battle.

Now that Zen had already mentioned this matter, the Oneness Sky Palace was most likely to have won.

Zen reported to Eastern Emperor Taiyi about other details, including the invasion of the Sun Crow race and the death of Emperor Charm.

Although Zen narrated those events briefly, the danger and setbacks in them still shocked Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin.

"Later on, after I entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer led their people to attack the Oneness Sky Palace. Elder Pearce and Elder Auden had no choice but to give up on the Bloom Divine Province and transfer the elites from the seven mountains to the Pear Hill, but they were stopped halfway..."

During the first half of the battle of the Pear Hill, Zen was also trapped on the Other Shore, like Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin. He didn't know much about the details of the battle. Fuxi then proceeded to tell Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin what had happened.

When they heard about the Black Ship meddling in the battle and the Grandmaster of Heaven being defeated, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin froze. Taken by great surprise, they were almost unable to move.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was previously shocked that Zen had easily taken down two Spirit Sharks, but now he was unable to say a word, even more impressed that Zen had defeated the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Recovering from her shock, Yasamin suddenly realized a problem. "Zen, where is Dora?"

She had heard Zen mention Elvinia several times, but he didn't talk about Dorothy at all.

Since all the elites of the Oneness Sky Palace had moved to the Pear Hill, Dorothy was likely to be among them. Right?

However, the hesitation on Zen's face caused Yasamin to worry. She asked again, "What happened to Dorothy, Zen? Tell me right now!"

"Since you got trapped on the Other Shore, Dorothy has disappeared from the Origin Mountain. Uncle Winchell and Aunt Felicity have searched the whole Origin Mountain, but they didn't find her..." Zen replied.

"So Dora isn't in the Pear Hill. Is that what you're saying?" Yasamin asked in a serious tone.

"I'm afraid so..." Zen nodded before a long pause. "Maybe she is figuring out a way to rescue you."

Yasamin stared at Zen angrily. She had asked Zen to take care of Dorothy before, so he had to find answers about Dorothy's disappearance. However, when she saw the remorse on Zen's face, she looked away and took a deep breath. "What way can Dora come up with?"

"There is a door in Dorothy's mind, right?" Zen suddenly asked.

Yasamin had already associated the mystery of Dorothy's disappearance with that door. When she heard Zen mention it, she shifted her eyes back to him. "You... you know that door?"

"I've seen it before. I've seen it once when I entered Stage One of the Other Shore along with Dorothy," said Zen. "I've seen it for the second time after entering the Heavenly Thunder Plain."

At that time, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess also saw the door suddenly appear.

"What's inside it?" Yasamin asked.

Zen answered, "When the door opened, two long-haired monsters emerged. These monsters were unafraid of the lightning of the Heavenly Thunder Plain. They wanted to drag Human Sovereign into the door, but they failed."

When Yasamin heard about the long-haired monsters, her face had an indifferent expression.

When Dorothy was still a child, Yasamin had entered her mind several times to come into contact with the door. She had seen one monster with long hair, and she had even communicated with it once.

Chapter 3954 An Offer

The long-haired monster was cautious. All it asked was for Yasamin to be kind to Dorothy and raise her properly.

Also, it had only revealed that their race was cursed. Though they possessed powerful strength, they still needed Dorothy's help.

As Dorothy grew up, Yasamin grew more and more disgusted with the door.

She did not want Dorothy to be in danger, so she tried her best to keep the door a mystery and warned her to never open it.

"As long as Dorothy doesn't open that door, they won't be able to come out. Dorothy must have already entered it," Yasamin said in all confidence.

"But why did the door appear in the Heavenly Thunder Plain?" asked Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

The Snake Goddess's eyes shot up. "If Dorothy could really enter the door and order the monsters, what would she do?"

As they heard what the Snake Goddess said, Zen, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, King Ieuan, and Fuxi all turned to Yasamin.

Since Yasamin was the most important person to Dorothy, it would make sense that Dorothy would use any means to save her.

This way, it would be easy to explain the door's appearance in the Heavenly Thunder Plain. After all, the Heavenly Thunder Plain was right next to the Flaming Maple Forest, and the goal of the monsters would have been to save Yasamin.

Although these were only speculations, Yasamin believed it one hundred percent. She shook her head as she believed Dorothy was a reckless girl.

Within the Flaming Maple Forest, two creatures quietly observed Zen and his companions.

Though they were afraid of Zen's capabilities, they couldn't run away just yet. Otherwise, the Element Spirit Civilization wouldn't let them off so easily.

Moreover, they still had the power to defend themselves if Zen ever attacked.

After Zen eventually left the open space in the forest, the three members of the Misty River race hurriedly left as well. They were led by Larkin.

Meanwhile, the other creatures and the Eternal Realm warriors discussed and chattered among themselves.

"That guy's got balls. He doesn't show any respect to Larkin at all."

"I have a bad feeling about this. Let's just watch the show."

"What's wrong? If anything, Hawley will probably appear and kill that guy."

Though Zen displayed unimaginable power, no one there thought highly of him because Hawley was invincible to them.

The Misty River race was located south of the Divine River. All in all, it was the most beautiful area in the Flaming Maple Forest.

After he rushed back, Larkin headed straight to the village right at the center of their territory.

As the gate of the village opened, he was greeted by a creature covered in black that lay in a large water tank. This was Wheeler, the current leader of the Misty River race and also Larkin's father.

All sorts of bones were soaked in the large water tank. These bones were retrieved from the Divine River, and their quality was much better than that of the Gold and Silver Bone.

Melting bones in water and burning bones with fire were the two known body refining methods of the Misty River race.

However, no fire could be found in the Flaming Maple Forest. Fire was a released energy, which would attract the attacks of the Flaming Maple Forest.

The previous leader of the Misty River race wanted to make a breakthrough. In his attempt, he traveled beyond the Flaming Maple Forest to try and burn the bones with fire. However, the moment he stepped out of the forest, he was killed.

"Father, here came an arrogant guy," said Larkin with a gloomy face.

As Wheeler leaned against the tank, he tilted his head and looked intently at his son. "If he was only arrogant, you would have already killed him by now."

If Eternal Realm warriors wanted to flourish in the Flaming Maple Forest, they had to be well aware of their strength. They must make sure not to go against the Misty River race, or they would be doomed.

Zen was so nonchalant about the Misty River race that it could be assumed he had tremendous strength to back him up. He was not only arrogant, but also strong, which was why Larkin made no move.

"You already knew it?" Larkin asked in annoyance.

"There's no need for us to stand up for the Element Spirit Civilization. We benefited from them in exchange for their freedom in the lower reaches. The other things have nothing to do with us," said Wheeler.

Larkin frowned as he heard this. "But that human brat is so damn arrogant. How can we swallow all this humiliation?"

"If I say I don't have the confidence to win against him, would you endure it?" Wheeler shot back.

Hearing his father's words, Larkin grew speechless.

He did not expect his father to ever admit weakness, especially to Zen.

"You're telling me you can't defeat him? How is this possible?" Larkin shook his head in disbelief.

Wheeler's tone deepened. "You know, Norris' power was extraordinary. Even if I wanted to kill him, I couldn't do it so quickly. That brat... There is no need for us to provoke such a powerful opponent."

Hearing this from his father astonished Larkin. It seemed that he couldn't retaliate against what Zen had done to him today.

Just as he was about to leave, the door of the village was pushed open another time. Behind the door stood a creature from another race. His body was covered with bark-like scars.

Larkin knew exactly who this was: Abner, one of Norris' followers. He was the second leader of their group.

As he entered the village, Abner bowed before Wheeler and Larkin. Before he could say anything, Wheeler cut him off, "If the Eye Spirit wants me to deal with that bloke from the human race, you can show yourself out right now."

Unexpectedly, Abner shook his head in disagreement. "The Eye Spirit doesn't want you to make a move."

Larkin stared coldly at Abner. "Then what are you doing here?"

"The Eye Spirit wants Hawley to make a move," Abner continued to explain.

As soon as Wheeler heard this, a light flashed his eyes. Within a second, Larkin grabbed Abner by the collar and said coldly, "You bastard! Do you know what you are talking about?"

The most powerful member of the Misty River race was not Wheeler. It was Hawley.

Though Hawley never led the Misty River race, he was still regarded as a legend. It was because of his existence that the Misty River race in the Flaming Maple Forest was well respected.

It was said that Hawley accidentally discovered a burnt arm in the Divine River. At that time, he was not so strong, so he tried his luck with the river. Not knowing where the arm came from, Hawley swallowed it.

After that, Hawley's strength increased dramatically. This was also the reason the Misty River race ruled over the Flaming Maple Forest.

"The Eye Spirit wanting Hawley to make a move is stupid and arrogant," Wheeler said. He waved his hand to calm Larkin down. "What do we get in return?"

Abner smiled, "The Eye Spirit will permit the Flaming Maple Forest to expand southwest by one hundred thousand miles."

Bang!

Just then, the big water tank that Wheeler was soaked in burst with a loud bang and water gushed out from the cracks. Larkin shot a look at Abner in surprise.

"Really?" Wheeler asked.

"The Eye Spirit always keeps his promises." Abner nodded.

The Misty River race had only a handful of members and their strength was considered mediocre in the Grand Pure Realm. Everything they had achieved today relied on the Flaming Maple Forest.

The expansion of the Flaming Maple Forest meant the expansion of their scope of influence.

To expand one hundred thousand miles to the southwest would be a huge advantage. Then they would be able to reach the boundary of the second realm of Three Purities Stage, otherwise known as the Supreme Pure Realm.

This was an offer the Misty River race could not refuse.

Chapter 3955 Hawley

Within the Flaming Maple Forest lay the Misty River race's territory—many of the people in the Three Purities Stage believed so.

As did the young men like Larkin from the Misty River race.

But as the Misty River race's leader, Wheeler was sure that this was false.

After the former leader's death, Hawley designated Wheeler to the open position, telling him that the real master of the Flaming Maple Forest was the motionless Flaming Maple Trees, not the actual members of the Misty River race.

These people were merely creatures living in the Flaming Maple Forest and everything they had obtained was bestowed upon them by the forest.

If he found any chance to expand the Flaming Maple Forest, Wheeler would seize it without question.

But expanding the Flaming Maple Forest was an extremely difficult task. On its south side lay the Heavenly Thunder Plain. If the Flaming Maple Forest extended to that plain, it would only turn to ashes under the powerful thunderbolts. On its east side was the cold land, a place unsuitable for trees to grow.

The southwest side remained the most suitable area, meaning that it could expand along the Divine River to its upper reaches.

In the past, the Flaming Maple Forest had also expanded in such a way, but at a certain point, it was discovered by the Element Spirit Civilization.

The latter then poisoned the southwest soil, making the land toxic across twenty miles. The poisonous land was an insurmountable natural chasm for the Flaming Maple Forest—any seeds and roots instantly decayed once they drilled into the soil.

When the Misty River race attempted to negotiate with the Element Spirit Civilization, they were refused. Since the last leader was killed, they figured that the latter would forbid the expansion of the Flaming Maple Forest.

Now that the Element Spirit Civilization took the initiative to mention so, Wheeler had no choice but to accept.

Having seen through Wheeler's thoughts, Abner said nothing more and left.

Standing up, Wheeler wiped his body dry and turned to Larkin. "I'm going to see Hawley."

The Soul Interdicting Water on the bodies of Zen, Yasamin, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi dried up and its effect disappeared, allowing the people to withdraw from the Other Shore.

Flamine, Pearce, Auden and the other masters of the Oneness Sky Palace were all aware that it was a moment of great importance, so they waited aside. Elvinia, who had been cultivating, also came over.

After waiting for so long, there was no news from the Other Shore. Of course, everyone was getting anxious.

At this point, Zen was the first to retreat from the Other Shore before waking up immediately.

"Zen, how is my father?"

Elvinia asked, taking the first step forward. But as she spoke, Yasamin coughed twice from nearby and woke up as well, followed by Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and King Ieuan.

"Madam Yasamin!"

"Eastern Emperor Taiyi..."

"Father..."

The strong warriors of the Oneness Mountain and the Origin Mountain gathered around.

Since Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi were trapped, the Oneness Sky Palace lost their mainstay. Many believed that the two had no chance of ever waking up again.

But now that the two had returned safe and sound, the strong warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace were all ecstatic.

Both Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin had been soaked in the Divine River for a long time, leaving them to suffer greatly. Coming back and seeing their families and subordinates safe and sound, they were all happy and excited.

The Oneness Sky Palace people were all looking forward to being taken back to the Bloom Divine Province by Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Several elders of the Oneness Mountain proposed the idea immediately.

The Bloom Divine Province served as a foundation for the Oneness Sky Palace. The cities at the foot of the seven mountains and by the Clear Lake were all closely linked to the Oneness Sky Palace.

While the Pear Hill treated them very well, many of them still longed to return to the Bloom Divine Province.

After a moment of thought, Eastern Emperor Taiyi refused the request for the time being.

While they won the battle of the Pear Hill, the era was far from those in the past.

Both the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization had the means to descend to this world.

The time when only one Eternal Realm warrior could protect an entire race was gone forever.

If Eastern Emperor Taiyi brought his people back to the Bloom Divine Province, he might be unable to protect the Oneness Sky Palace and in turn destroy the Bloom Diving Province.

Now the superpowers that supported the Finale Way were gathering in the Pear Hill. It merely wasn't the right time to return.

After Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin had a brief meeting with the people from Oneness Sky Palace, they returned to the Other Shore again.

The Flaming Maple Forest was clearly far from a safe place—the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and Zen had been forcibly pulled to the Other Shore before, after all, so Zen had to take them out of there at any cost.

After everyone managed to return to the Other Shore, they followed Zen. When moving across the open area by the Divine River, they could all feel a strong vibration from the ground. Huge creatures were surely approaching.

"Squeak… It seems troublesome," said King Ienuan.

It was well aware of the Misty River race's personality—it knew they would refuse to give up.

It wasn't only Zen and his companions that felt uneasy. The rest of the Eternal Realm warriors and the members of the alien races all seemed upset. The tremors from the ground indicated that the Misty River race made a great move.

Soon, Abner appeared, a few nonhuman creatures following behind him. These warriors stared at Zen as though they were looking upon a corpse. Abner, in particular, was wearing a strange smile as he proceeded.

"I see they've found some powerful reinforcement," Zen muttered to himself with a sneer.

Boom, boom, boom...

As the tremors grew closer, many members of Misty River race appeared, covered in bronze powder.

Their race didn't have many people, and it seemed that most of them had already come.

Bang, bang!

With his black and cyan skin, Wheeler stood before Zen showing no sign of contempt. Instead, his demeanor seemed ready for a negotiation. "You're no match for the Element Spirit Civilization," he said. "If you surrender obediently and leave the Flaming Maple Forest, you will not have to suffer any pain or trouble. I can also guarantee that these people will be safe and sound."

He pointed at King Ieuan, Fuxi, and the rest as he spoke.

To him, the conditions he just proposed were already very generous. If Zen was sensible, he would agree.

But Zen merely curled his lips at the other. "Did the Element Spirit Civilization tell you to say that? They've said the same many times."

Zen figured that the power he used to kill Norris was enough to intimidate the Misty River race.

His provocation made it impossible for the Misty River race to attack.

There was only one possibility remained—the Element Spirit Civilization asked the Misty River race to make a move by promising them great benefits.

"What do you think?" Wheeler pressed again.

"I've never compromised and I don't intend to do so now," Zen said in return, shrugging his shoulders.

Regret washed over Wheeler's face. "Then you will never even get a chance to compromise. You'll die and lie in the Flaming Maple Forest forever, and your flesh and blood will become nourishment for the forest."

"Can you kill me by yourself?" Zen asked, his voice lowered.

"That's too easy for Master Wheeler!"

"If you die here, no one will bother to bury your body!"

"When Master Wheeler tears you to pieces, you'll learn to not be so stubborn!"

The crowd began clamoring upon witnessing Zen's arrogance.

But Wheeler merely shook his head and admitted, "I can't defeat you."

The words had the rest of the Misty River race swallow their words and go silent. Even the rest of the Eternal Realm warriors and the many races in the forest's open space were rather surprised. It was a shock to hear Wheeler admit that he couldn't defeat this human being.

But then Wheeler took a step back, as if to make way for something. "But he should be able to do that for me."

Boom! Boom! Boom...

A great figure of over a hundred feet tall emerged from the forest. The man was dark all over, staring at Zen, his eyes gleaming with ferocity.

Chapter 3956 The Confrontation Of Two Strong Warriors

Suddenly, the open space in the forest had become very quiet, and everyone's focus shifted towards the gigantic black body.

"That's not the leader of the Misty River race. Who is that guy?" someone asked in a soft voice.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him before."

"But how could this be? His aura is much stronger than Wheeler's."

Hawley hadn't shown up in the Flaming Maple Forest for many years. That was why the newcomers had no idea who he was.

However, when some of the long-time residents realized that it was him, they immediately knew that things were about to get extremely troublesome.

"Hawley really came out?"

"What condition did the Element Spirit Civilization offer to summon him? Are they that desperate?"

"It's been such a long time. Things are about to get rowdy."

In the Misty River race, Hawley held a revered reputation. Since he had personally come out to deal with the situation, it meant that it really was a big deal.

The creatures and Eternal Realm warriors that had been staying in the Flaming Maple Forest for a long time had sharp and experienced eyes. When they saw how Zen dealt with Norris with such ease, they discerned that he did have the qualifications to contend against Wheeler. However, Hawley was a different kind of beast. Even with the surprising strength that Zen had displayed, they still didn't think that he had a chance against Hawley.

On the other hand, they also didn't expect that Wheeler would directly turn to Hawley without even fighting Zen.

At the moment, Zen already felt a little uncomfortable being on the receiving end of Hawley's hostile stares. He looked back with his own fierce gaze and slightly smiled. "What's the matter? Aren't you going to persuade me first?" Zen asked indifferently.

"No," Hawley answered with a sneer. "I won't do such a boring thing."

His voice was so dry and hoarse, like the sound of breaking withered crisp leaves.

"I like fighting," Hawley continued. "It's just a pity that I've become too powerful that no one wanted to fight me anymore. But finally, a worthy opponent came." Hawley looked at Zen with a piercing gaze. "There's no way I'll let this opportunity pass."

Hawley's entire body was pitch black. However, his eyes shone brightly, like a pair of shimmering stars in the dark sky.

As the words came out of his mouth, everyone could feel his aggressive fighting spirit spreading out.

Anyone who made eye contact with him would feel the rapid circulation of their blood, the acceleration of their heartbeat, and the heat coming off from their eyes. This was the natural instinct of fearing for one's own life.

Even Zen felt his heart pounding. However, for him, it was more of a thrill than fear. There was an inexplicable desire arising from his inner being.

He then turned around and asked his companions, "Will you leave the Other Shore or stay here?"

The most logical and safest thing to do was to leave the Other Shore. Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others knew that Zen was facing a life and death kind of test in the Three Purities Stage. Obviously, it would be extremely difficult and dangerous, so they could actually leave before it was too late.

However, without hesitation, the Snake Goddess answered on behalf of them, "We'll stay here with you."

The others nodded in agreement, and showed no intention of backing out.

They had risked their lives to fight for their current strength and status. Besides, they were all confident in Zen's strength.

"Enough talking," Hawley said in a low voice.

Crash! With a light stomp of his foot, the whole open space in the forest trembled violently.

As he gathered all his energy into his arms and hands, his muscles suddenly bulged.

Then, the rest of his body also swelled up. The muscles on his shoulders almost enveloped his head. "Let me see your strongest physical form, human," he said.

"My strongest physical form? You're already looking at it," Zen said with a straight face.

His physical body was given by the ancestry-level bloodline, and there was nothing that he could do about it.

"What?" Hawley couldn't help but chuckle loudly. "If that's the case, then you've already lost!"

As soon as he finished speaking, his black figure suddenly disappeared and quickly flashed in front of Zen.

As a rule, no theurgy could be used within the Flaming Maple Forest, which meant Hawley wouldn't be able to use the Grand Teleportation technique. However, his physical speed was so fast that it seemed like he teleported himself to reach in front of Zen.

"So fast!"

Zen's eyes widened as he was caught off guard. There was no time to think so he just instinctively took a step backward.

Bang!

Just a split second after, Hawley's huge fist smashed onto the ground.

A moment after, everyone saw the crater that appeared on the ground.

Fortunately for Zen, he was able to dodge at the last second. If not, his bones would have been crushed by that impact.

However, Hawley was just getting started. Zen immediately saw the look on his face, saying that he might not get lucky the next time. With that, Hawley instantly disappeared again and launched several successive punches.

Crash! Boom!

Several holes quickly appeared on the ground and on the trunks of the trees. Zen and Hawley seemed to transform into two dancing shadows that flew everywhere. Not everyone could track their movements with their naked eyes.

Within a few minutes, the ground within the radius of a hundred miles was in chaos. It was like small meteorites and asteroids rained on it.

However, the roots of the Flaming Maple Trees were all over the forest. They just absorbed Hawley's power and continued to maintain the inner stability of the forest.

Boom! Boom!

Hawley continued to shower Zen with his massive punches, but the latter hadn't thrown a single strike yet.

The two maintained a distance of several feet, and it didn't seem that they became exhausted.

"I have to admit, your speed is fascinating." Hawley's eyes revealed the sincerity of his remark. "But the result is so obvious if you just keep dodging and running!"

Crash! Boom!

Hawley launched another barrage of powerful attacks.

The truth was Zen was still just relying on his body's instinctive reaction to evade Hawley's attacks. However, with Hawley's quick-wittedness and familiarity of the place, he eventually forced Zen into a corner. It was too late when Zen realized that his back was against three tall Flaming Maple Trees, and this time, it wouldn't be easy to get out of that spot.

"Damn it! I was careless! There's no other way. I need to go up!"

Zen's feet sank on the ground as he exerted his strength on his lower body. He used his legs as a spring so that he could rush upwards.

However, Hawley had all things calculated. When he drove Zen into that corner, he already expected what he would try to do.

The moment Zen's feet left the ground, Hawley rushed straight and threw a massive punch on his chest.

Crash!

A great force exploded in Zen's chest, shattering his bones. His entire body was smashed and embedded into the trunks of the Flaming Maple Trees behind him.

"For all your arrogance before, that's the best that you could do?" Hawley stared at him with a disappointed face.

"Well, it's over."

"You still got to give the human some props. His body didn't even explode after taking a direct hit from Hawley!"

"Hawley's just too powerful. End of discussion."

With Hawley's physical strength, there was no doubt that he would stand at the peak of the Grand Pure Realm.

However, he was afraid that the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race would join hands to kill him. Thus, walking out of the Flaming Maple Forest was not an option for him.

Meanwhile, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others fell silent as they nervously stared at Zen's current situation.

There was no way that they could join a vicious battle of physical strength, so they were left with no choice but to place their hopes and trust on him.

Just when Hawley turned away, Zen's body, which was still embedded in the trunks of the trees, slightly moved. He coughed and spat a mouthful of blood. However, the blood quickly bounced from the ground and returned to his mouth.

When the creatures watching saw this scene, they were shocked and confused at the same time. Soon after, Zen seemed to have regained his consciousness.

"I apologize. You haven't enjoyed yourself to the fullest yet. I should not fall down that quickly, right?" As Zen spoke, he slammed both his arms against the Flaming Maple Trees to push himself out. Then, like a ferocious shooting star, he struck his head on Hawley.

Crash!

Caught off guard by Zen's sudden attack, Hawley was hit hard.

However, his head was indestructible. If it was someone weaker than him, his head might have instantly exploded into pieces.

While Hawley was still in a daze, Zen took advantage of the opportunity and launched his counterattack. With that, countless fist shadows emerged and poured on Hawley's body like torrential rain.

Chapter 3957 Nurture

Zen's body, strengthened by the ancestry-level bloodline, displayed an astonishing explosive power!

As each punch landed on Hawley's body, power waves burst in all directions while the Flaming Maple Trees that surrounded them swayed crazily.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

The warriors from various races and the Eternal Realm warriors all hid behind the Flaming Maple Trees as they watched the battle. They were all shocked at the sight of the intense battle.

"The power of this tall human is so terrifying!"

"Yes, Wheeler was right in his judgment. This human is stronger than him."

"But no matter how powerful this person is, he still cannot hurt Hawley..." they talked among themselves.

During the long time that the Misty River race had controlled the Flaming Maple Forest, many races wanted to eradicate them and had devised various plans.

The most powerful ones among them were naturally the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization.

Because of their unique form, the Element Spirit Civilization couldn't enter the Flaming Maple Forest to fight. However, with a huge amount of resources of the Three Purities Stage in their hands, they were capable of using special methods.

Once upon a time, the Element Spirit Civilization created a powerful Dark Blood Puppet. This puppet was personally created by the Eye Spirit consuming a lot of precious resources of the Element Spirit Civilization. Its strength exceeded that of any ordinary member of the Misty River race.

However, Hawley had effortlessly smashed it into little pieces only in the first round of the fight.

Since then, the Element Spirit Civilization realized that they should never try to attack the Misty River race in the Flaming Maple Forest ever again.

The Nihility race had also made similar attempts. Because they knew Hawley was powerful and was the most difficult to deal with, they had targeted him from the very beginning.

The Grandmaster of Heaven created a clone of himself and hid it in the Golden Body Pool of the Supreme Pure Realm. After a few years, the clone went to the Flaming Maple Forest alone to challenge Hawley.

The Nihility race set up a more challenging contest with Hawley than the Element Spirit Civilization. The clone of the Grandmaster of Heaven relied on its excellent bodily movements and endured fighting for several rounds.

However, even though the clone was extremely fast, its attacking method was inefficient to break through Hawley's defense. In the end, only a single punch from Hawley brutally tore it straight into defeat.

From then on, no one had foolishly dared to challenge him.

Hawley usually defeated his opponents with one blow. Most of the warriors from the various races and the Eternal Realm warriors thought that there was no need for him to strike a second time to kill his opponent–but in his fight with Zen, the unexpected occurred. Zen had not only withstood Hawley's first blow but also possessed combat power to counterattack.

However, such a counterattack was in vain.

Hawley didn't dodge. Receiving the hits from Zen's fist, he was forced to retreat. His legs plowed two ditches on the ground, but his face didn't change at all. There was evident mockery in his eyes.

"Your body is tough yet your strength is too weak," Hawley said proudly, shaking his head.

Realizing that the attack at this level was useless on Hawley, Zen stopped and said, "Do you hear that? You are too weak."

Zen's words confused Hawley. Who was he talking to?

Wasn't he alone?

Of course he didn't know that Zen was talking to the ancestry-level bloodline...

Soon, Zen felt the blood in his body rolling like waves. The ancestry-level bloodline knew that energy could not be used in the Flaming Maple Forest, so it surged in a strange way to protest. It sent a special message to Zen through its emotion–I could become stronger, it seemed to declare.

The emotion was inexpressible in words, but Zen deciphered it.

"Since you admit that you are weak, you must also understand the fate of the weak," Hawley said as he opened his arms.

"Of course, I understand," replied Zen, "but you have to wait for a moment." He smiled teasingly.

Zen began to chant the Illusion Breaking Rune. This triggered the attack of Flaming Maple Forest, causing several maple leaves to light up and shoot towards him; but as soon as he finished speaking, his body suddenly disappeared.

Just as before, Zen was gone before the maple leaves exploded.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, King Ieuan, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and Yasamin all joined in chanting the Illusion Breaking Rune and instantly escaped from the Other Shore. Their action caused a more violent response from the maple leaves.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

Some of the maple leaves exploded in front of Hawley but he didn't move, remaining unafraid of them.

"Wait for a moment?" murmured Hawley.

"He must have run away! They can't escape. I'll find a member of the Gear race and drag them back here!" exclaimed Abner as he came forward.

Norris was a member of the Gear race, and pulling the creatures from the chaos back to the Other Shore was one of their theurgies. Moreover, similar theurgies on the Three Purities Stage were not exclusive to the members of the Gear race. It was easy for the Element Spirit Civilization to seek help from others.

"He asked me to wait for him. He will be back," Hawley said coldly as he looked at Abner.

"Master Hawley, these rats will definitely hide in the chaos and dare not to return. I will drag them back before their shadows disappear..."

Hawley threw Abner a deadly look before he could finish his words.

Abner didn't dare continue, his legs trembling as he took a few steps back.

When he retreated to Wheeler's side, Wheeler sneered, "If you have said one more word, you wouldn't have had the chance to stand here. Hawley doesn't need you to tell him what to do."

Hawley stood there motionless. The atmosphere turned gloomy in the open space where the warriors of various races and Eternal Realm warriors gathered. At Hawley's presence, no one dared to look for treasures in the Divine River. Everyone waited by Wheeler's side.

At the Pear Hill...

The faces of the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Yasamin, and the Eastern Emperor Taiyi had darkened after they returned to the Source World.

Having learned from previous experience, they were aware that even if they returned to the chaos, they still wouldn't be safe.

The four of them looked at Zen. He looked at his body and warned them, "Everyone, take a step back..."

Zen's belly suddenly swelled into the shape of a large ball.

The temperature in his huge belly increased rapidly, almost like that of a furnace...

Even Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who was standing slightly further, could only retreat as the heat became unbearable. The Snake Goddess approached the Holy Soul Realm warriors around them. She quickly dispersed the warriors and led them out of the palace.

Not long after they retreated, the palace walls collapsed because of the extreme temperature.

A small dazzling sun rose from the ruins of the palace, and at the center of the sun was a black dot.

"Is there... a freak in Zen's belly?" Elvinia looked at the scene from a distance.

"I don't know what's in there, but it must be something that can make him stronger..." Eastern Emperor Taiyi replied, also shocked by the odd sight.

On the other hand, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess looked very serious.

They had seen Zen strengthen his body many times. He had completely changed out of human form after several transformations, so they were calmer than the others upon witnessing such a scene.

This time, it seemed difficult to deal with Hawley as Zen had made a greater move to strengthen his body.

Swoosh...

Floating in the air, Zen felt that the ancestry-level bloodline in his body was consistently flowing towards his stomach. He stared at the black dot in confusion. 'Is this a pill?' he thought to himself.

Zen faintly understood that Hawley was very powerful. If the ancestry-level bloodline wanted to continue strengthening his body, it was to use more complicated methods.

However, the thought of nurturing a pill in his belly while everyone gazed still left Zen speechless.

Chapter 3958 Beaten

The light from the sun-like object glowed for an hour...

As the light faded away, Zen's round belly also gradually returned to normal.

However, the pill was still in Zen's stomach. Just as Zen wondered about what the ancestry-level bloodline would do with the pill, the pill suddenly melted into Zen's body.

Zen suddenly felt like there were thousands of needles wandering about his meridians at lightning speed. The pain made Zen's face darken. It was so excruciating that he couldn't help but let out a low growl.

The pain gradually dissipated when the pill completely fused into Zen's body, but at the same time, Zen also obtained a strange body!

The skin covering his body had turned blue and translucent. His muscles, blood vessels, and even bones had turned into some kind of extremely solid crystals. Among all, the color of his bones was the darkest, while the color of his muscles was the second darkest...

Zen raised his hand and examined it carefully. His dark blue fingernails were shining, and there was a strong, heavy force circulating around his limbs and bones...

"How are you feeling now?" asked Fuxi.

"Good—it feels like I've opened up a new world," Zen replied with a smile.

"Are you sure you can defeat Hawley?" the Snake Goddess could not help but ask. This was the most crucial issue after all.

Zen shook his head. "I'm not sure."

The theurgy and the power the ancestry-level bloodline gave to Zen were extremely unstable. Although they were very strong, it was difficult for Zen to gauge how strong they were, so he naturally could not be sure about whether or not he could defeat Hawley.

Nevertheless, considering the nature of the ancestry-level bloodline which could practically construct everything, in case it intended to let Zen defeat an opponent, it would definitely provide him with enough strength to do so.

"Then… shall we go back to the Other Shore now?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked solemnly.

"Yes, let's go!"

Zen replied affirmatively and then landed on the ruins of the palace. He then summoned the Truth of Godly Way and returned directly to the Other Shore.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and King Ieuan were all people who had experienced many battles. They all returned to the Other Shore with Zen without any hesitation in the slightest.

In the Flaming Maple Forest, Hawley was still standing there like an iron tower, staring ahead motionlessly.

The members of the various races, as well as the Eternal Realm warriors waiting under the Flaming Maple Trees in the distance, were all whispering among themselves…

"Almost four hours have passed!"

"They're courting death if they come back. Those humans aren't stupid."

"It's just a waste of time to wait like this..."

"Shut up!"

Larkin stepped forward and scolded.

Although Larkin also felt that it was impossible for Zen and his companions to come back, he still had to uphold Hawley's prestige and stop these people from gossiping.

The other members of the Misty River race were still waiting alongside Hawley. All of them looked solemn.

At this moment, a huge creature suddenly appeared not far from Hawley.

Compared to his state before he withdrew from the Other Shore, it was obvious from his current state that Zen had undergone a great change. The huge, translucent, blue crystal figure was completely different from how Zen looked like before.

"Are you ready?" Hawley asked.

He remembered Zen's aura, so he immediately recognized that this huge creature was the human boy just now. He did not make any comment about it, but he was, in fact, also a little baffled to see the mystical changes that had occurred in Zen's body.

"Yes," replied Zen.

"You've wasted my time, and that makes you more sinful. Then... you can go to hell now!"

As Hawley spoke, his huge fist was already swung towards Zen's head.

Zen stretched out his crystal-like right hand, and the two huge forces soon collided with a sharp clang.

The ground under Zen's feet instantly sank, and almost half of his body was forced into the ground. Nevertheless, he managed to withstand Hawley's attack!

"Blocked! He blocked it!"

"This is the first time someone has managed to block Hawley's attack!"

"Does that human really have such a strong body?"

Previously, the fact that Zen was still alive and kicking after taking the blow from Hawley had already shocked all the warriors present here.

Now, he could block Hawley's attack right after he came back?

In their astonishment, their eyes had grown as wide as saucers.

This meant that Zen had the power to fight against Hawley!

A trace of amazement also flashed in Hawley's eyes. He began to fight seriously, flinging punch after punch towards Zen.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom...

Although his attack speed was not fast, his incessant attacks landed at a stable pace all along.

Every time Zen took a blow, he would be forced to take a step back. The ground under him was constantly shaking as if there was an earthquake.

But there was something interesting in this whole situation—those Flaming Maple Trees remained firm on the ground. They were neither breaking nor collapsing despite the fact that the ground was quaking.

"Zen's body has become stronger again!" the Snake Goddess said astounded.

"I really want to know—what kind of bloodline has he fused with that he can become so powerful in such a short time?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi said with a tone that was full of appreciation and curiosity.

If they were to face Hawley, they probably could not withstand even one-tenth of the power in Hawley's punch.

Zen steadily retreated. His hands acted like two pieces of shields that blocked all Hawley's attacks.

After blocking more than thirty punches in a row, Zen had once again arrived in front of the three adjacent Flaming Maple Trees. This time, he did not choose to escape.

Taking advantage of the moment Hawley threw out a punch, Zen leaped back, and his legs stepped on the trunk of a Flaming Maple Tree. Using the tree trunk as his footing, he propelled his body forward and pounced straight on Hawley.

Not only did he dodge Hawley's punch, but he even spread out his arms and used both of them to launch an even fiercer attack towards Hawley!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the blink of an eye, Zen had launched eight punches.

Eight deep dents appeared on Hawley's broad chest, and eight huge fist marks protruded from his back.

At this moment, Zen and Hawley were equally stunned!

Generally speaking, receiving such powerful attacks, the attacked person would surely be thrown backward. As they flew back, they could offset a considerable amount of power that they received.

Now, Hawley just stood motionless in his original spot. That meant he had forcefully taken the power of Zen's eight punches!

However, there was nothing under his feet that could anchor him to the ground. It ought to be impossible for him to stand still and continue to receive Zen's attack head-on...

Was this a special theurgy his body possessed?

Zen was baffled.

"An impressive attack," Hawley praised after spitting out a mouthful of black blood.

Hawley felt like there was another force that fixed him on the spot when Zen threw his punches. He was just like a target that could not move.

Despite Hawley's impressive strength, his body would inevitably be injured upon directly receiving those punches.

Larkin, Wheeler, and the other members of the Misty River race were all watching this scene in horror.

They almost could not believe their eyes. The undefeatable, almost invincible Hawley was actually being beaten by a human and got injured to the point he spat out blood!

Right now, nothing could be more frightening than this in this world!

The warriors from other races and the Eternal Realm warriors also gasped in astonishment.

They were both shocked and ecstatic.

It would be great news for them if this human kid could really kill Hawley!

"How about taking a few more punches?"

Zen did not hesitate. With a slight shake of his body, fierce fist radiance was shot towards Hawley from all directions.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The punches created a series of dull thuds. If one looked carefully, they would see that after each punch hit Hawley, there was a slight tremor in his body. It was as if the space had been disrupted.

Chapter 3959 The Second Form

The space at Hawley's front and back was misplaced, and he became caught in an invisible wall.

He couldn't retreat, neither could he advance, nor dodge. He was forced to bear the brunt of Zen's fists head on!

In the forest glade, some Eternal Realm warriors who had the sharpest eyes were able to see what was unfolding before them. The astonishment in their eyes intensified.

"Did the human just utilize a space theurgy?" one of the creatures questioned in utter shock.

The phenomenon of overlapped spaces was quite similar to that created by many of the space theurgies.

However, they knew using space theurgy involved the facilitation of energy, which was forbidden in this area. If Zen had used a space theurgy, the maple leaves in the Flaming Maple Forest would already have launched their attack on him.

It was common knowledge that these maple leaves possessed a miraculous feature. They would pursue their targets with a relentless speed to the very ends of the world.

In the past, someone had used a theurgy at the edge of the Flaming Maple Forest and had triggered the attack of the maple leaves before fleeing at full speed. About thirty seconds later, though, the maple leaves had easily caught up with their target and exploded.

Others had used the spatial transference at the edge of the Flaming Maple Forest to cross a great distance in a single breath. However, the maple leaves still had caught up with them within a mere thirty seconds. It appeared that the distance had no effect on the leaves' pursuit time.

Up till now, the only known way to avoid the maple leaves' attack was to leave the Other Shore.

It seemed that it was virtually impossible for the maple leaves to reach beyond the Other Shore.

"It didn't look like a space theurgy," another creature commented, shaking his head. "It was a unique wave of power. One so formidable that it was able to manipulate the space in an unexpected manner!"

"I didn't know the human race possessed someone of that genius!" another warrior shouted in utter shock.

At this time, an Eternal Realm warrior who had just come here from the Grand Plain Stage said, "He must be the famous Zen. Both the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization have offered tempting rewards to recruit him, but he refused them both."

Zen was famous in the Grand Plain Stage. All the forces coveted his great potential and extraordinary talent.

When the ensemble heard of Zen's background, their eyes soon filled with envy.

In addition to the indigenous races that inhabited in the Three Purities Stage, the Nihility race and the Element Spirit race were regarded as the strongest. With the protection of these two forces, many things would become greatly simplified.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Under Zen's continuous assault, Hawley found almost no chance to strike back.

Dents constantly formed on the surface of his dark black body. Zen's fists had such formidable force that the punches penetrated through his body, causing his back to bulge.

It wasn't long before Hawley's body was raked with wounds. His arms and legs became contorted and misshapen, and he was powerless to support his body.

However, the space walls Zen had created with his attacks fixed Hawley to the spot. It wasn't until Zen withdrew his fists that Hawley finally collapsed to his knees.

Hawley's large, distended body slumped forward to the ground like a heap of mud. He looked miserable.

A deafening silence roared through the air of the Flaming Maple Forest.

Wheeler and the other warriors from Misty River race stared blankly at Hawley lying on the ground, utterly bewildered.

They found it difficult to comprehend what was unfolding before their eyes, and they wondered if it was a dream.

Could Hawley have been defeated so easily?

On the other hand, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Yasamin, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi all heaved a collective sigh of relief.

Zen's victory was really no surprise to them.

Even the mighty Hawley had been defeated by Zen. They couldn't help but wonder at Zen's actual strength.

The warriors from the other races in the forest were all overjoyed at Zen's victory. Upon defeating Hawley, Zen would become the new ruler of the Flaming Maple Forest. In fact, regardless of who would rule over the Flaming Maple Forest next, they believed that things could only be better than when the Misty River race was in power!

They had all been milked dry by the members of the Misty River race, and they hated them to the core.

However, the silence only lingered for a few seconds.

To everyone's astonishment, Hawley's prone figure stirred on the ground, and suddenly he began moving again.

A red round light about an inch wide glowed in Hawley's right hand. Following that, a band of red light emanated up from the red glowing orb to Hawley's shoulders, then it wrapped his chest, neck, spine, back, legs…

Before long, the glowing light seemed to have consumed Hawley's whole body.

Buzz!

Suddenly, something miraculous began unfolding.

It was as if someone began blowing air into Hawley's shrunken body. The parts that had caved in from Zen's punches quickly swelled up like inflating balloons. The wounds all over his body recovered, and his contorted limbs assumed their normal shapes after being wrapped by the glowing red light.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

With a series of crisp sounds, Hawley's body completely healed from all injuries.

Seeing that Hawley now lay on the ground unscathed as if from a dream, Wheeler became so excited that he suddenly raised his arms and roared, "Hawley!"

The other warriors of the Misty River race instantly followed suit and shouted, "Hawley!"

"Hawley! Hawley! Hawley!"

The deafening cheers of the Misty River race echoed throughout the Flaming Maple Forest. Even the forest seemed to react to their exuberance as the leaves on the maple trees rustled in response.

Those from the other races were overwhelmed by the unison of the roars, and none of them could find the words to say.

Amidst the roars of his kindred, Hawley slowly climbed to his feet. With a trace of regret in his eyes he took a deep breath and said, "What a pity that I'll have to fight you in my strongest form..."

The Misty River race was known to possess extremely strong physical bodies. According to their unique talents, the stronger their bodies grew, the darker their skin became.

The average members of the Misty River race had bodies that shone with a golden color. Upon reaching a certain level, their bodies turned bronze.

If one's physical body reached an extreme level of cultivation, it would then be in the same dark cyan color as Wheeler's, which was believed to represent their limit.

Wheeler had always regarded Hawley as having reached a higher plane, hoping that he could surpass his limit and cultivate to Hawley's level. Unfortunately, even though he had tried all sorts of methods, his body had reached its limits of strength and didn't improve any further.

Only Hawley knew that the secret source of his extraordinary strength was the mysterious scorched arm he had found by chance.

After absorbing that arm, his physical body had undergone an astonishing metamorphosis. The arm had easily helped him surpass the limits of his race and attain a new level!

He had always been curious as to who the owner of that arm had been.

Since it had such a tremendous effect, the owner of the arm must have been a truly powerful being. But who possessed the strength to cut an arm from such a formidable creature...

The awe in Hawley's mind grew every time he contemplated on it. Nonetheless, he was aware that the source of the secret lay at the uppermost reaches of the Divine River, which was in the Jade Pure Realm, in the deepest part of the Three Purities Stage!

Just like the other races in Stage Thirty-three, Hawley had always held the entering of the Jade Pure Realm as his ultimate goal. Therefore, he never revealed his true strength, hoping to use it at a more critical moment. He would never have expected he would be forced to use it while fighting a human today.

Whoosh!

Having spoken, Hawley suddenly stretched forth one hand and grabbed Zen's arm. With a flip, he hurled Zen to the ground, pinning him down.

Then, the band of red light covering his body congregated near his right arm.

Boom!

He launched a massive punch.

An immense wave of power pulsed forth from him, spreading through the ground. Even the densely interwoven roots of the Flaming Maple Trees failed to dampen the heavy vibrations.

The creatures standing close to the Flaming Maple Trees could keep a semblance of balance, while those who stood on the open ground were all sent reeling to the earth. As waves of power spread, they found it virtually impossible to regain their footing.

Boom!

Hawley landed a second punch.

A huge gaping crater appeared beneath Hawley and Zen, devouring them in a cloud of dust. Larger tremors of power radiated from them, rocking everyone with the force of an earthquake.

Boom!

A third punch!

A massive area suffered severe tremors like rolling waves, and the Flaming Maple Trees nearest the epicenter were razed to the ground. Even the members of the Misty River race were cast aside by the earth-shattering vibrations.

Chapter 3960 Going In Circles

The shaking of the earth lasted for a while before it finally stopped. Then, everyone saw that a body was thrown out of the deep pit. It was none other than Zen.

The blue transparent crystal on the surface of Zen's body showed countless cracks that came in various sizes and extended inward. Even his dark blue bones also had cracks. As he received the full impacts of Hawley's heavy punches, his body wasn't able to withstand them anymore.

The warriors of various races all fell silent as they witnessed the crushing impact of the extent of Hawley's strength.

Among the creatures that were spectating, there were actually some spies sent by the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization. Earlier, they were planning to report that the Flaming Maple Forest might change its ruler. However, the sudden turn of events made the situation more complicated.

Although it was a unanimous idea that Hawley would be unbeatable, seeing his true strength with their own eyes still rendered them speechless.

It went beyond their wildest expectations.

"Ha-ha! Finally." After walking out of the deep pit, Hawley approached Wheeler while gesturing something.

Wheeler quickly understood what he meant, so he immediately took out a basin of Soul Interdicting Water from the Divine River and splashed it on Zen's crumbling body. This way, even if Zen regained his consciousness, he would not be able to escape.

After Wheeler was done with his job, Hawley walked over and stared down at Zen's body, which was covered with countless cracks. "No one can challenge my physical strength. You may be an extraordinary warrior in the Three Purities Stage, but you're still nothing in front of me!"

Then, he raised his foot and stepped on Zen's left leg. He continued to exert his force that instantly increased and enlarged the cracks on Zen's leg.

Crack! Crash!

Zen's leg exploded, turning into thousands of pieces that scattered on the ground.

Seeing this scene, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others couldn't help but twitch their eyes and bite their lips.

After two rounds of strengthening, Zen's body still failed to withstand and endure Hawley's attacks.

If he died here today, all of his efforts in his journey on the Other Shore would go to waste.

"This is a mistake after all! Zen's life is much more important than mine and the Oneness Sky Palace!" Eastern Emperor Taiyi regretted the fact that Zen needed to suffer just to save his life. He was deeply frustrated and couldn't help but blame himself.

Although Yasamin didn't say anything, it was evident in her face that she had the same thoughts.

For them, Zen seemed to be their last hope, and the only person that could possibly complete the Finale Way. Now that he fell because of going out of his way to save them, they felt that it was not worth it.

With all the thoughts and emotions that were surging, the Snake Goddess didn't say anything and just looked at Zen with a serious expression.

She still refused to believe that it was the end for Zen. He showed them several miracles before, and she knew more than anyone that Zen was the last person to accept such kind of fate.

Crash!

Hawley stomped on Zen's right leg and immediately shattered it into countless pieces of blue crystals.

He wasn't finished yet. He raised his foot again, and this time, aimed for Zen's body.

However, when Hawley's foot was about to hit Zen's abdomen, Zen finally opened his eyes and stared at Hawley with his scarlet eyes.

When Hawley's eyes locked with Zen's, he instantly felt a shiver crept beneath his skin. He started trembling as if a ghost came back to life to haunt him. With that, he instinctively wanted to kill Zen as soon as possible, so he immediately gathered his strength on his foot, and stomped as hard as he could.

However, just before he hit Zen's body, a space fluctuation was suddenly released from it. Zen instantly disappeared and Hawley's foot hit nothing but the ground.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Since the space fluctuation spread, the Flaming Maple Forest quickly perceived it. Countless maple leaves started circling and lighting up. They flocked like numerous vicious butterflies searching for their prey.

"Humph. What a foolish move. You just started the final thirty seconds of your life," Hawley said with a sneer.

The members of the Misty River race, the warriors from various races, and even the Eternal Realm masters sighed as they looked at the maple leaves.

No matter how far they were, how fast they ran, or how hard they tried to hide, these maple leaves would always arrive in thirty seconds and punish the one who violated the rules. Right now, Zen's only chance to escape was to leave the Other Shore. However, Hawley also cut off this means by asking Wheeler to pour the Soul Interdicting Water of the Divine River on Zen's body.

Therefore, right now, in the eyes of the crowd, Zen only had thirty seconds left to spare before his tragic death. Within this time, he could only do nothing but struggle desperately until his time was up.

For the members of the Misty River race, they liked to appreciate this given time. They enjoyed seeing the warriors from other races and even the Eternal Realm warriors struggle within those thirty seconds, knowing that the end results would still be the same.

There were times that the cruel members of the Misty River race forced the creatures of other races and the Eternal Realm warriors to activate their energy in order to enjoy their struggles in the last thirty seconds of their lives.

Buzz! Buzz!

As Zen disappeared, he immediately built a space channel. The maple leaves quickly separated from the Flaming Maple Trees and flew into the sky.

"What is that brat doing? Is he deliberately attracting many maple leaves?"

"That number of maple leaves are enough to kill him ten times!"

"Well, it doesn't matter. In the end, only his death will be certain."

The maple leaves of the Flaming Maple Forest actually had several magical properties. For one, they would surely catch up with their targets within thirty seconds. Another would be that the damages caused by the explosions of the maple leaves were unstoppable.

Even if one used a powerful enchanted barrier or a space channel, it would still be unable to block the damage that was brought by the maple leaves' explosions.

As Zen emerged from the space channel, they saw a green light enveloping the surface of his body and his broken legs quickly recovering. He looked back at the maples leaves that were hunting him and entered the space channel again.

He drew an invisible path in the entire Flaming Maple Forest, attracting countless maple leaves in the process.

"Wow, this guy runs so fast. He has gone a lap around the forest in such a short time."

"Yeah, but it doesn't matter anymore. He only gets eighteen seconds left."

"Fifteen seconds more…"

"Twelve seconds left! Is he not tired yet?"

"Let him be. After all, that's all he can do now."

"Six seconds left!"

"Three seconds before the explosion." "Here it comes..."

Everyone counted precisely, so they knew that they were on track. With that number of maple leaves chasing Zen, no matter where he escaped, the loud sound of the explosion would quickly transmit and reverberate.

"Boom!" Larkin shouted as he cheered for the explosion that everyone was waiting for.

However, thirty seconds had already elapsed, but not even a little explosion was heard.

On the contrary, what they saw was that Zen emerged in the air. This time, he was flying in the sky and not in the space channel, so they clearly saw more maple leaves that were chasing after him.

A large number of maple leaves had accumulated behind him. However, the leaves weren't cutting the gap. They did not stop chasing Zen, but they also couldn't get close to him.

Everyone's eyes widened as they saw this scene. Hawley was the most shocked. He clenched his fists and yelled, "How the hell is that possible?!"

Due to his overwhelming anger, a slight energy fluctuation was released from his shoulder. Although the fluctuation was very minimal, it didn't escape from the sense of a maple leaf on a nearby tree. Immediately, it suddenly lit up and rushed towards him.

Hawley came to his senses and quickly dodged the maple leaf. He struggled so hard just to get away from it.

However, exactly after thirty seconds, the maple leaf successfully reached Hawley and exploded on his shoulder.

Boom!

Even though Hawley's body had an astonishing defense, the explosion of a single maple leaf still created a crack on the surface of his body.

"These maple leaves work just fine!" Hawley gritted his teeth in confusion. "What the heck did that human do?!"

Zen continued circling around the forest, attracting more and more maple leaves in the process. So much time had now elapsed, but the maple leaves still weren't even close to catching up with Zen.

"What the hell! Did he really do something with the maple leaves?"

"This is impossible. This has never happened since ancient times! The power of the maple leaves is absolute!"

The members of various races and the Eternal Realm warriors were all flabbergasted.

"What sort of miracle did he do this time?"

Chapter 3961 Track

At the start, everyone had anxiously counted down the time till Zen's inevitable death, but when the time came, Zen was still alive and well!

Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others, who had been worried earlier, all heaved sighs of relief.

"This guy..." Fuxi shook his head in awe.

Even Eastern Emperor Taiyi was stunned. "We can't rest easy just yet. Danger still looms."

King Ieuan muttered under its breath, "How is it possible that the maple leaves can't catch up to him? What method is he using?"

The Snake Goddess carefully studied Zen's movements. "The maple leaves in the Flaming Maple Forest do not move normally. The way these maple leaves pass through space is different from what we know; perhaps Zen moves in a similar manner..."

"Does Zen move differently from us? Why can't I figure this out?" Fuxi scratched his head.

"As creatures in the chaos, we are born with limits. It's only natural we can't comprehend," the Snake Goddess replied wisely. "Zen's body must've changed due to obtaining that bloodline..."

While the Snake Goddess didn't know exactly how the ancestry-level bloodline worked, she figured it had a lot to do with how Zen was moving now.

After all, she observed his performance after he had reached the Eternal Realm. His bloodline's strength might have reached a degree that ordinary people could not understand.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh...

As Zen zoomed through the air, he suddenly sped up and continued to fly in circles. Then, he landed on the clearing in the forest and walked towards Hawley as though nothing had happened.

His eyes flashed fiercely with killing intent. As he spoke, his voice rang across the forest. "Is this your strongest form? Will you be able to block them?"

To the others, everything looked strange.

Zen didn't walk quickly—in fact, he resembled an old man walking slowly. Yet, he seemed to be closing the gap between him and Hawley in seconds.

When Hawley heard Zen's threat, it suddenly dawned on him why Zen had aroused all those maple leaves.

Immediately, he whipped around to retreat towards the depths of the Flaming Maple Forest at high speed, as though a venomous snake was at his heels. As he ran, he heard Zen laughing maniacally. "Do you wish to escape? I'll give you thirty seconds...

Thirty seconds!

Twenty-seven seconds!

Twenty-four seconds..."

Everyone watched as Zen slowly took steps forward, like some old man struggling to overtake fatigue.

Meanwhile, Hawley flew through the forest as fast as he could.

Despite Zen seemingly taking his time, the distance between the two of them was still rapidly closing!

"Thirty seconds... Does that guy know how the maple leaves move?"

"This is too terrifying!"

"There's no way Hawley will make it out of this alive..."

When Zen first stepped into the picture, everyone regarded him as a mere challenger. However, now, the tables had turned quickly. It was obvious Zen had some unfathomable abilities.

"Fifteen seconds!

Twelve seconds!

Nine seconds!

Six seconds..."

Previously, when the crowd saw the maple leaves fluttering, they didn't understand how the maple leaves moved. It just looked like sometimes they flew fast, and other times they flew quite slowly.

Now that Zen took his time with every stride, everyone could see the scene clearly.

While it seemed he was moving slowly at the original speed, the span of each step changed.

A one-foot-long space became one inch in front of Zen, whereas a distance of ten feet became just one foot!

In the last three seconds, any place in the world was just a step away to Zen!

Even though Hawley was by no means slow, Zen's ability to cross distances made Hawley look like a turtle.

In one more stride, Zen had caught up to Hawley. Lightly tapping his shoulder, Zen smiled and said, "You still have... thirty seconds left."

Then Zen abruptly turned around and headed towards Fuxi and the Snake Goddess.

The flying maple leaves in the sky had originally circled according to Zen's moving track, but now they changed their direction and rushed towards Hawley like bees.

The first thirty seconds was the time it took for Zen to catch up to Hawley.

Now, the next thirty seconds was the time it would take for the maple leaves to catch up to him.

Previously, Hawley held on to the hope that he would be able to escape. However, as he saw the maple leaves swarming towards him, he stopped running.

"I only have thirty seconds to live," Hawley muttered as he resigned himself to his fate.

He had once said that if he offended the Flaming Maple Forest and attracted the attack of the maple leaves, he would not even attempt to run away, since he knew it'd all be in vain. In the end, he decided to face his fate.

"Eighteen seconds...

Fifteen seconds!

Twelve seconds!

Nine seconds!

Six seconds!

Three seconds!"

Zen was quite far away from Fuxi. Again, he walked slowly, but it only took him thirty seconds to close the distance.

Finally, he stood next to Fuxi and the Snake Goddess to watch what would become of Hawley.

Just then, the maple leaves reached Hawley.

One by one, they each began to explode.

Hawley gritted his teeth as he willed his physical body to reach its peak in a last effort to survive.

A maple leaf explosion could cause any ordinary person to explode in a cloud of flesh and blood, but for Hawley, it only left marks on his skin.

However, there were just too many maple leaves!

Zen had just built a space channel and ran around, almost activating one-third of the maple leaves in the Flaming Maple Forest.

No one had been able to infuriate the Flaming Maple Forest to such an extent before, because from the moment one activated the first maple leaf, they usually had only thirty seconds to escape. However, Zen just ignored this.

In fact, if he wanted to, he could activate all the maple leaves in the Flaming Maple Forest!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

Soon, Hawley was completely enveloped in light caused by the exploding maple leaves.

The sound of explosions echoed throughout the forest.

After more than thirty seconds, the explosions suddenly stopped!

When the light faded, everyone glued their eyes to the spot where Hawley had been just now. However, to their surprise, there was nothing left, except a blackened patch of earth and a huge hole caused by the explosions.

Hawley's physical body was completely obliterated by the maple leaves.

This was a common occurrence in the Flaming Maple Forest, but many people were still left stunned.

A few maple leaves were still whirling around in the air. Since their target had already perished, they circled a few more times, and one by one, exploded into flashes of light.

Then, a hush fell over the Flaming Maple Forest.

The members of the Misty River race stared at the blackened earth where Hawley had stood just moments ago. They were still unwilling to believe that Hawley, their strongest warrior, had died.

As the leader of the Misty River race, Wheeler was livid.

Although Hawley wasn't the only strong member of the Misty River race, Wheeler had still relied on him to gain a firm foothold in the Flaming Maple Forest.

Now, with Hawley gone, this was a huge setback.

If the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization wanted to defeat Wheeler in the Flaming Maple Forest, it wouldn't be too difficult for them to do that. This meant that the status of the Misty River race was in great peril, and that they were in danger of being annihilated because of what they had done over the years.

A piercing coldness crept throughout Wheeler's body, as though he had been stabbed with a blade of ice. Overcome with anger, he was frozen to his spot.

"Zen, how did you make it? That..." Even Fuxi was at a loss for words.

The Snake Goddess stared intently at Zen and asked, "Is it your bloodline that gave you this ability?"

Zen nodded. "I can sense another path which is very unique. It's a different space, so it's different from the space theurgy we comprehend."

As he spoke, he reached out his hand towards a Flaming Maple Tree in the distance.

Chapter 3962 Black Limbs

The maple leaves had left the trees of the Flaming Maple Forest. However, it wasn't long before new maple leaves started sprouting on the trees.

Zen reached out his hand and gently picked one.

He didn't extend his arm, nor did he build a space channel, but he somehow was able to pick a single maple leaf.

"Are you able to pick anything?" The Snake Goddess's eyes lit up excitedly.

If Zen was able to harness this mysterious ability, he would become extremely powerful and extremely useful.

"No." Zen shook his head. "I can only pick the maple leaves."

After he took the terrifying punches from Hawley, he was left almost in a coma. In an attempt to protect himself, he managed to activate the space theurgy to narrowly avoid Hawley, completely relying on the instinct of the ancestry-level bloodline. Upon activating the theurgy, the ancestry-level bloodline gifted him with this miraculous ability.

The instant he gathered his wits, Zen was shocked to see so many maple leaves chasing after him. However, he noticed that the maple leaves flew very slowly. Moreover, it seemed as though the maple leaves followed a certain path. To his surprise, he too was on this same path.

Once he realized this, everything became simple.

Others thought it was incomprehensible, but to Zen, it was simple.

Whenever someone released energy in the Flaming Maple Forest, the maple leaves would come to life and would build a specific path that led to them. No matter how fast the target was, no matter how far they ran, the maple leaves only needed to follow the path and hit the target.

With Zen, however, he realized he could manipulate the path.

This was why he circled the sky several times. He created a path that looped, which trapped the maple leaves in an infinite path. As long as he didn't break the circle, the maple leaves were doomed to fly in a circle for eternity.

He approached Hawley again and tapped him on the shoulder, creating a path that led straight to the latter.

Because Zen now understood the nature of the Flaming Maple Forest, he no longer feared it. In fact, he used it to his advantage. He could let the maple leaves kill Hawley for him.

Once the creatures and the Eternal Realm warriors recovered from their initial shock, they hurried to make plans.

Three short members of the Magic Dwarf race stepped forward first. The one in the lead raised an intact Gold and Silver Skeleton above his head. "This Gold and Silver Skeleton is extremely rare. Please accept it."

The members of the Misty River race watched sullenly.

Generally, when an intact Gold and Silver Skeleton was retrieved, the creatures were not allowed to keep it. The Misty River race would definitely get a share of it. Intact Gold and Silver Skeletons were extremely rare, and the Misty River race would take them as their own, and then give some broken bones to the ones who retrieved the skeletons.

To their surprise, the Magic Dwarf race had actually kept an intact Gold and Silver Skeleton without them knowing.

It was common for other races and Eternal Realm warriors to privately store whatever retrieved from the Divine River.

The Misty River race was aware of this, of course, but they never imagined the Magic Dwarf race was audacious enough to keep a whole Gold and Silver Skeleton and present it to Zen right in front of them.

The instant Hawley died, the Magic Dwarf race ceased to take the Misty River race seriously.

"What do you mean?" Larkin suddenly cut in. "We, the Misty River race, are the masters of the Flaming Maple Forest!"

Larkin was young and aggressive. He couldn't help but scold the member of the Magic Dwarf race.

The member of the Magic Dwarf race turned his head to shoot Larkin a contemptuous glance. "Hawley is dead. You are too weak to be the master of the Flaming Maple Forest," he sneered.

Although the members of the Magic Dwarf race were short, they were by no means ordinary.

Just like the members of the Misty River race, they were all born with strong physical bodies. However, because the Misty River race had Hawley's extraordinary strength on their side, they had always had the upper hand. As a result, the Magic Dwarf race had always been suppressed.

Although the population of the Magic Dwarf race was hundreds of times larger than that of the Misty River race, Hawley was powerful enough to wipe them out by himself.

The Magic Dwarf race were so afraid of Hawley that they were willing to swallow the insults and humiliation thrown at them.

But now, things were different.

Hawley was dead.

The Magic Dwarf race saw this as an opportunity.

It was rare for the human race to reach here. Only those at the Eternal Realm ever made it to the Flaming Maple Forest. In the long history, the human race had made many brilliant achievements, but it disappeared for a long time. It was not until recently that a few of its members appeared in the Grand Pure Realm.

They alone were definitely unable to manage the vast Flaming Maple Forest. As a result, the Magic Dwarf race was happy to do this on behalf of Zen.

"Is it useful?" Zen asked the ancestry-level bloodline in his body.

But the ancestry-level bloodline did not respond. Obviously, it had no interest in the supposed rare treasure before it.

"Of course it's useful! It's sacred to any body refiner. An intact Gold and Silver Skeleton only shows up once every ten thousand years!" Eastern Emperor Taiyi said excitedly.

But when he saw everyone staring at him, he suddenly fell quiet. His face turned red with embarrassment for the first time.

After all, he was the leader of the Oneness Sky Palace, and the backer of the human race in the Bloom Divine Province.

It was indeed a little inappropriate for him to comment on a treasure, especially in front of a younger warrior, but he couldn't help himself.

Although he had found a lot of things in the Divine River in the past few years, not all of them were useful. From time to time, some strange things would float down from the upper reaches of the Divine River, but other creatures would immediately snatch them before he could even get close.

As a result, the Other Shore Tokens that Eastern Emperor Taiyi brought back to the Oneness Sky Palace to benefit the members at the Holy Soul Realm were basically lowly things that no one wanted.

Once, he had found a piece of Gold and Silver Bone, which was only the size of a fingernail. However, this small treasure already made him feel as though he'd uncovered a supreme Other Shore Token. After all, after he reached the Eternal Realm, not many treasures could be used to strengthen his body.

Now that he saw an intact Gold and Silver Skeleton, he could hardly control his excitement.

"Since you say it's a good thing, please accept it," said Zen.

The Gold and Silver Skeleton might not be useful for him, but it was extremely important to Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and King Ieuan, who were all at the Eternal Realm.

The gift that the Magic Dwarf race presented to Zen not only caused the dissatisfaction of the Misty River race, but caused a ripple effect among the other races that lived along the Divine River.

They too scrambled to find worthy offerings. It was evident to all that Zen was an incredibly important, powerful man. If they could get on his good side, they could possibly benefit from it, or at the very least, they could avoid certain death.

However, just as those races were about to line up to give Zen gifts, all the maple trees in the Flaming Maple Forest began to tremble.

Splash!

It was as if a gust of wind had swept through the Flaming Maple Forest, and all the maple leaves began to rustle at this moment. The Flaming Maple Trees suddenly came to life, communicating with each other in a unique way.

Plop! Plop!

Waves suddenly appeared in the Divine River.

Countless thick roots suddenly emerged on the surface of the river. These were the roots of the Flaming Maple Trees!

Curious, the crowd stopped in their tracks to watch the roots carry something out of the water.

It seemed the roots entwined around two burnt, black limbs, and sent them to the shore. One of the burnt limbs was sent to the Wheeler, and the other was sent to the Magic Dwarf race.

Chapter 3963 The Choice Of The Flaming Maple Forest

One of the charred black limbs was a leg and the other was an arm.

The members of various races and the Eternal Realm warriors were stunned, their breaths quickening, as these limbs appeared on the surface of the Divine River.

Hawley devoured a scorched limb, which everyone in the Flaming Maple Forest knew about. Many warriors of various races maintained that this was the reason why Hawley was so powerful.

When these warriors were looking for all sorts of strange treasures in the Divine River, they naturally hoped to get lucky enough to lay hands on the charred limbs one day.

To everyone's disappointment, no one had gotten a second charred limb across the years.

Who would have thought that two black limbs were hidden in the Flaming Maple Forest!

The roots of the Flaming Maple Trees were strong, and both sides of the Divine River were covered with these trees. Everything that happened in the Divine River would be under the control of the Flaming Maple Forest, so it was easy for the Flaming Maple Forest to obtain anything from the Divine River.

"Once the black limb is devoured, one's physical strength will increase by leaps and bounds!"

"It can make me stronger than Hawley!"

"This is our race's sacred object!"

The crowd was now extremely excited.

One's strength could increase to an unimaginable level after they obtained a black limb. This temptation was so strong that it astonished the Other Shore creatures.

The Flaming Maple Forest had probably sensed that many warriors from various races were about to make a move. Branches covered in maple leaves surrounded the members of the Misty River race and the Magic Dwarf race, the maple leaves flashing the red light.

This was a serious warning.

Several warriors saw the red maple leaves and subconsciously came to a halt.

They didn't forget that they were in the Flaming Maple Forest, and knew what would happen if they were attacked by these maple leaves.

But more warriors wished for good luck. They believed that as long as they didn't use their energy, the Flaming Maple Forest wouldn't attack them. And if they were lucky enough to grab the black limbs, the benefits would be obvious enough.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The warriors swarmed towards the members of the Misty River race and the Magic Dwarf race.

"You're courting death!"

"How dare you rob us?"

The faces of the members of the Misty River race and the Magic Dwarf race darkened.

These two races were powerful in the Flaming Maple Forest, but they were under immense pressure in the face of the riot that so many warriors were staging.

The warriors in the front had barely approached them when the red maple leaves fell off the branches.

Before this, the maple leaves had flown in a rather relaxed manner towards their targets. The red maple leaves, however, were completely different. They were like sharp arrows shooting towards the people approaching them.

"That's not a long distance," Zen said.

The length of the invisible route determined the time it would take for the maple leaves to approach the target.

The maple leaves exploded rapidly in this short route.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

The warriors of different races who were at the front of the approaching horde were smashed into pieces by the maple leaves.

When the remaining warriors watched the warriors in front of them meet this miserable end, they became frightened and realized the cruel reality that awaited them.

They'd be courting death if they continued on like this. Once they figured this out, all of them began to retreat. The members of the Misty River race and the Magic Dwarf race remained nervous for a while.

The Snake Goddess seemed to realize something as she watched this scene unfold. "It looks like the Flaming Maple Forest is the real owner of this place. The Misty River race doesn't have the ability to control the Flaming

Maple Forest. Hawley was just a helper chosen by the Flaming Maple Forest."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi and King Ieuan were stunned at first, but soon realized that the Snake Goddess was right. The black limb that Hawley had eaten before had probably been given to him by the Flaming Maple Forest.

"So the Flaming Maple Forest has now chosen the Misty River race and the Magic Dwarf race at the same time, right?" Fuxi asked in disbelief.

"I think so." The Snake Goddess smiled. "Zen has easily killed Hawley, which might have brought a lot of pressure on the Flaming Maple Forest. The forest will, as a result, expand its team."

"It wants to expand its team just to deal with me?" Zen's eyes narrowed. "What will the Flaming Maple Forest do if I grab a black limb?"

Zen had barely finished talking when the three Flaming Maple Trees close by suddenly bent down to Zen, stretching out their branches as if in obeisance. The maple leaves on the branches flickered with the green light. This was a sign that the Flaming Maple Forest was actually showing him kindness.

The forest was afraid that Zen would really fight for the black limbs.

Zen was the only person the Flaming Maple Forest could do nothing to.

"It is just a casual suggestion," Zen said, shrugging.

He wouldn't stay in the Flaming Maple Forest for a long time. What was more, he had no interest in the Flaming Maple Forest or the Divine River.

"However, the black limb can greatly strengthen the physical body. I don't need it but..." Zen said, eyes narrowed and a smirk on his face.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Yasamin, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and King Ieuan were all shocked at Zen's words. If their bodies were strengthened to be as powerful as Hawley's, their strength would also increase greatly.

In the distance, the members of the Misty River race and the Magic Dwarf race were also paying attention to what was happening here, their faces deathly pale.

They weren't afraid of other warriors coming to snatch the limbs. But they couldn't escape or resist if Zen came for them. They would have no choice but to surrender.

The black limbs were related to the races' fate. How could they let others take them away?

However, before Zen could finish talking, the Divine River beside him began to churn violently.

Countless stems lifted the items at the bottom of the Divine River. Among them were Gold and Silver Bones flickering with two types of lights, azure blue crystals, and dazzlingly shiny thin clothes...

Zen knew that these things were very valuable. And though they were not as valuable as the charred black limbs, they were still a huge fortune for the warriors of various races in the Grand Pure Realm.

Everyone, including the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi, were interested in them.

"This fortune is too much!" King Ieuan was good at calculating the value of items. With just a glance, it was able to roughly determine the value of this pile.

Wheeler didn't relax. He knew that although this pile was large, the combined value of these items was not as high as that of the black limbs. What if Zen didn't give up on the black limbs?

Perhaps the Flaming Maple Forest knew this, which was probably why one of the maple trees suddenly stretched out a branch and began to write on the ground. "The Eternal Realm warrior can't absorb the charred corpse and will die after swallowing it. You can try if you don't believe me."

These words disappointed Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others, forcing them to give up their fantasy.

There was a clear distinction between the Eternal Realm warriors and the other creatures. The latter were Other Shore creatures born in the Three Purities Stage, while the Eternal Realm warriors had arrived there through the scroll painting.

With a noncommittal look on his face, Zen asked, "What is the story behind the charred corpse?"

One could strengthen their body to a terrifying extent by swallowing the black limbs. The charred corpse must have been extremely powerful when it was alive; even its backstory was probably extraordinary.

Chapter 3964 Inquire

Zen was not the only one who felt curious. The others—including the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and even the members of the Magic Dwarf and Misty River races—all watched from a distance, eager to know the truth.

Leaves swished and rustled

as the branches danced on the ground again.

"A long time ago, a fireball rushed down from the upper reaches. The fire was so fierce that the Divine River, which was overflowed with water, evaporated completely, leaving the riverbed dry. When the fire was finally extinguished, only these three limbs were left. It is not known who they belonged to."

Everyone felt a slight tinge of disappointment at the answer given by the Flaming Maple Forest. After all, everyone wanted to explore the secrets of the Supreme Pure Realm and the Jade Pure Realm.

Based on that story, however, it must have been an extremely long time since the fireball struck the river. In fact, these three black limbs had been preserved in the Flaming Maple Forest for many years. The black limb in Hawley's hands was also a secret gift from the forest.

"How do you know that the charred corpse is lethal to the Eternal Realm warriors?" Zen asked.

The Flaming Maple Forest stretched out a branch and wrote more words on the ground. "See for yourself."

"No need. I trust you," Zen said, shaking his head. He could try and test the truth of the claim, but there was no reason to doubt the forest.

The air was filled with a rustling sound as the Flaming Maple Forest withdrew the branch.

The members of the Misty River race and the Magic Dwarf race breathed a sigh of relief.

The head of the Misty River race, Wheeler, was especially overjoyed.

He had tried countless times, hoping to reach Wheeler's level. But his efforts didn't pay off.

He was the successor to the previous ruler of the Misty River race, but it had always been very clear that he was just a nominal head.

But now he had a chance to change that. If he devoured the black limb, he would be able to become as powerful as Hawley.

Before the other members of the Misty River race had any idea what he planned, he quickly stuffed the black limb into his mouth and began gnawing at it.

After all, the Flaming Maple Forest had given the black limb to the Misty River race, not to Wheeler specifically. If the other members of the Misty River race were unconvinced, the situation would be even more troublesome.

Meanwhile, the members of the Magic Dwarf race also had the same thought.

The population of the Magic Dwarf race was much larger than that of the Misty River race. They boasted over forty clans. Every now and then, one of the clans led a foray into the Flaming Maple Forest, while the head of the Magic Dwarf race rarely came to the forest.

Logically speaking, the clan who had taken the black limb should present it to the head of the Magic Dwarf race. But that was impossible now, since the clan leader was already devouring the black limb. This would greatly increase his strength, and it was likely that there would be conflict and slaughter when he returned.

Zen had no interest in the internal disputes of these races. He was more concerned about the wealth of resources given by the Flaming Maple Forest.

On the other side of the forest, a wave of energy suddenly appeared out of nowhere. It shimmered in the air, and then formed the shape of a door.

Before the door could solidify, countless maple leaves clustered on the surface of the door. Then, the leaves exploded, destroying the door before it could become fully formed.

On the other side of the door, dozens of long-haired monsters had gathered.

They were shocked at the burst of power they felt when the outside of the door was shattered by exploding maple leaves.

The monsters all began talking at once. "That explosion released real energy!"

"We can't withstand the damage of real energy."

"It would be rash to go out now. We would die."

The long-haired monsters looked worried and helpless.

Through great effort, they had finally managed to catch a creature from outside. The news they heard had spurred them to rush straight to the Flaming Maple Forest, but they had underestimated the strange powers of the forest. The maple leaves actually contained a terrible real energy.

This kind of real energy could pierce through most defensive methods. The more energy the maple leaves released, the more damage they would cause to the target, and there was almost no way to eliminate or reduce the energy.

"I don't care what's in there!" said a crisp new voice from behind them. "You must find my grandma by all means!" The voice continued, "If my grandma dies, the curse on you will never be removed for the rest of your lives!"

Meanwhile, not far away, a human woman sat quietly in a corner, her slender pale legs tucked to one side. It was none other than Dorothy.

There had been significant changes in her body and overall appearance.

Her midnight black hair had turned into vivid purple crystals. Even her eyebrows were made up of amethysts. Her eyes shone like glowing purple gems.

Compared to before, her aura was countless times stronger.

Even the creatures in Stage Thirty-three could no longer stand against her.

The long-haired monsters heard Dorothy's threat, and they were quick to respond. They were afraid of hearing such threats from this violet-haired woman.

"We have worked very hard," said one of the monsters.

"We've heard that she should be in the Flaming Maple Forest now."

"But... What if your grandma died a long time ago?" a monster asked tentatively.

Dorothy was merciless. "Then the curse will not be lifted from you. I will help you only if my grandma is alive," she said curtly, pursing her lips.

A white-haired monster walked towards her, carrying a square, black brick in its hand.

The brick was hollow, filled with a bubbling violet liquid. A white mist flowed out from the surface of the boiling liquid. As the white-haired monster approached Dorothy, it said, "If your grandma is alive, you need enough strength to save her. If she is dead, you also need enough strength to avenge her. Drink this."

Dorothy was at first inclined to refuse, but as she stared at the purple liquid, she began to think that it was sensible advice. She hesitated for a moment, and then she took the black brick and tilted it to her mouth. She swallowed down every drop of the drink.

"Since the door can't take shape in the Flaming Maple Forest, we can try moving it outside. Then we can enter the forest and look for your grandma," the white-haired monster suggested.

"But if we are exposed..." said one of the monsters in an anxious tone.

The white-haired monster chuckled. "We can't hide for the rest of our lives. Sooner or later, they will know."

These words helped to build the resolve of the long-haired monsters. Looking resolute, they moved the door out of the Flaming Maple Forest, as they had been ordered to do.

When the door was opened, four of the monsters silently slipped into the forest. The door disappeared after them.

The rest of them waited, not saying much, but anticipating new developments. Four hours later, the four long-haired monsters returned.

They did this by knocking on the air, which caused the door to reappear. They quickly filed through the door, and when they had all passed, the door vanished once more.

"Have you got any news?"

Dorothy demanded, wearing a worried frown.

"Yes," answered the monster in the lead. "Your grandma is still alive."

Dorothy stood up immediately. A vibrant purple light emanated from her eyes, spreading out across her face and air. She was projecting a powerful, fierce aura.

Even though the long-haired monsters present had their own astonishing strength, they were all suppressed by Dorothy's incomparable aura. The one standing nearest to her made a harsh sound as it felt the force of her power, unable to speak.

The affected monster started to cough. It reached up and grabbed its own throat.

Only then did Dorothy realize what happened. She quickly restrained her aura and said, "I apologize..."

She hadn't been able to fully control her own strength.

The long-haired monsters glanced at each other. When they were certain she had regained control, the one in the lead stepped forward. It took a few deep breaths before telling her what had happened in the Flaming Maple Forest.

Chapter 3965 The Second Body

There were many different races in the Grand Pure Realm, and the Flaming Maple Forest had just undergone drastic changes.

This was why the long-haired monsters hadn't had any trouble sneaking in and getting the information they desired. It was in fact, quite easy for them.

Their report surprised Dorothy greatly. "A human, seventy to eighty feet high saved my grandmother? Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. This human is said to be incredibly powerful," answered the long-haired monster, an eagerness noticeably flickering in its eyes. All these monsters were powerful themselves and were interested in competing against the human mentioned.

"But no human is seventy to eighty feet tall. Did he activate the Wild God Body?" Dorothy pressed further.

"The Wild God Body cannot be used in the Flaming Maple Forest, so it can't be that. No matter how, your grandmother is safe now. It is said the human defeated all the creatures in the Flaming Maple Forest!" The long-haired monster stared intensely at Dorothy after it spoke

and the other monsters did the same.

She had been putting off the matter they had pleaded her to resolve with the excuse of having to save her grandmother first. The long-haired monsters then made it their top priority to save Yasamin.

Now that someone else had saved her, Dorothy had no excuses; it was time for her to fulfill her promise.

"Your grandmother will be fine under the human's protection."

"It's your turn to help us now!"

"It wasn't us who saved your grandmother, but we put a lot of time into it..."

Dorothy looked around mischievously at their pleas. "Before I do that, could I first go see my grandmother?"

The long passageway then fell into a gloomy state of disappointment.

The long-haired monsters stared down Dorothy with daggers in their eyes.

They had been waiting too long for this, patiently hoping she would remove their curse as soon as possible.

It was now obvious she did not take their pleading seriously. They were so infuriated they almost felt like killing her on the spot!

"I'm just kidding," Dorothy said, shrugging her shoulders nervously as she realized her humor was not being well received.

The mood did however seem to ease a bit when she spoke up...

A thick white fog flowed over the broad, low-lying area all year long.

This fog had not cleared since this place had come into existence. This was how it came to be known as the Misty Pool.

If one stood at the edge of the low-lying land and looked down, they would only be able to see ten feet away, at most, never seeing what lay in the center of this mysterious place.

There were some curious creatures and Eternal Realm warriors that had gone into the fog to explore, but none had ever returned.

For as far back as was known, what hid in this pit was an unsolvable mystery. And so it remained.

If someone dared jump into the pit, they would discover their bodies moved out of control in the white fog. They would sink like boulders to the bottom of the pit where the ground was covered in a bright yellow gum. The whole thing looked like a gigantic piece of amber

and the soft gum would slowly absorb anything that was caught in it, dissolving it all bit by bit.

Any creatures unlucky enough to witness this would see all sorts of creatures of all form trapped within the huge amber. Some were only slightly worn away while others were left as nothing more than hard bones...

The amber had a circular hole in the middle which extended down, deep into the ground, to a cave that never saw a spec of light.

In the cave were six round stone platforms with a square coffin placed on each.

Beside the first platform stood three women. They were Samantha, Sienna and Stella.

They seemed to have held this posture for painfully long; so long their bodies had turned stiff. But their faces showed no trace of impatience or suffering. They just continued waiting firmly and devoutly.

Crack!

A strange sound came from the coffin on the platform and the thick, heavy lid slowly slid to the side.

A bright yellow mist emerged from it, quickly morphing into a hand of bone as it left the coffin. Following the bone, flesh, blood and veins soon materialized and formed a complete hand.

It rose into the air steadily and a head, shoulders and a torso quickly formed behind it. It was none other than the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"Congratulations on your return, Grandmaster of Heaven!"

Samantha, Sienna, and Stella bowed to him with tremendous respect.

The Grandmaster of Heaven looked at his arm sadly. After a moment he grumbled, "I'm not used to this new body."

"Did you not say your new body will be stronger than the one you had before?" Samantha asked with a smile.

As members of the Interception Sect, they never regretted following the Grandmaster of Heaven. They wouldn't even hesitate to sacrifice their own lives for him if they had to.

"That's true," nodded the Grandmaster of Heaven, "they gave me three bodies, each stronger than the last. This second one is indeed extraordinary, but it takes some time to adapt to it."

"Is it stronger than the Eye Spirit's?" Stella asked, blinking her eyes in excitement.

"If I had fought the Eye Spirit with this body in our last battle, I would have defeated him," replied the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"Then... What about Zen?" Sienna asked.

Although they held great respect for him, he was not so stern that they had to behave a certain way in his presence. More to it, they had followed him for many years and were very close to him and so were not afraid to discuss sensitive topics with him.

"Zen?"

The Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes flashed at the mention of Zen.

Over the years, he had led the Nihility race against the Element Spirit Civilization as evenly matched rivals. Never in his wildest dreams had he expected he would be defeated so humiliatingly by a young man!

He had been reflecting on his defeat during his resurgence and was now capable of reacting calmly.

"He saved the Pear Hill; he should have entered Stage Thirty-three by now, right?" the Grandmaster of Heaven inquired.

Sienna took a step forward and answered, "According to the latest reports, he was in the Flaming Maple Forest."

"Why would he enter the territory of the Misty River race?" wondered the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"He was trying to save the replica of Eastern Emperor Taiyi," revealed Sienna.

"Although the Misty River race only has a few members, Hawley is not someone he'd be able to defeat easily..."

Just as he murmured thoughtfully, Sienna interrupted him, "The Eye Spirit sent Norris and some others to keep an eye on the Flaming Maple Forest but Zen left them all seriously injured. He even killed Hawley. It is said that even the Flaming Maple Forest bowed to his strength..."

The three women spent most of their time gathering information for the Grandmaster of Heaven and so were naturally very well-informed.

Sienna's news stunned the Grandmaster of Heaven into silence.

"We've been waiting for you to wake up. You're the only one capable of capturing that young man," added Samantha.

"Capture him?" The Grandmaster of Heaven pondered this for a moment before smiling and shaking his head. "Forget it," he said.

"Why?"

asked the three women curiously.

"His next goal is probably to save the Primeval Lord of Heaven," the Grandmaster of Heaven replied. "Let the Eye Spirit deal with him first. Let's just wait and see what happens."

Since Zen carried the Civilization Artifact of the human race, it seemed likely he wanted to rescue all the human heroes. Because of this, he was bound to clash with the Element Spirit Civilization, and the Nihility race needed only to stand by and watch.

Since Zen could defeat Hawley with ease, the Grandmaster of Heaven believed that he would be a severe headache for the Eye Spirit.

Chapter 3966 Track

Shoes roughly scraped off the ground, as Zen and his group continued to head north of the Flaming Maple Forest. The leaves of the Flaming Maple Trees on both sides glowed green along their way and emitted a soft, friendly aura.

When they got out of the Flaming Maple Forest, the branches even waved goodbye to Zen even if there was no wind.

"I'm sure you're the first one to get this treatment," said King Ieuan beside him.

It dragged a hill-like package behind it, wrapped up in a patched-up skin of a tamed cat. It was not convenient to use the space ring in the Flaming Maple Forest, so it had to use such a primitive method to carry their things.

"I'm also sure that the Flaming Maple Forest never wants you to come back," Fuxi chimed in.

In general, Zen was perhaps one of the few people who could safely walk out of the Flaming Maple Forest, even though he had used energy within it.

There used to be some particularly special cases, but none of them was the same as his.

He looked back at the Flaming Maple Forest and asked, "If we head west and go upwards along the Divine River, can we enter the Supreme Pure Realm and the Jade Pure Realm?"

A smile graced King Ieuan's lips at the question.

"Of course not!" it answered. "Why?" Zen asked.

Theoretically speaking, one could reach the Jade Pure Realm by walking along the Divine River since the source of the Divine River was in the Jade Pure Realm.

King Ieuan pointed at the west and said, "It seems that this direction will lead us to the Supreme Pure Realm, but that is only true in theory. We speculated that the Three Purities Stage was originally made up of three independent worlds.

However, these three worlds are connected through a precise dislocation of space." "Then, I suppose there are very few entrances, and they are similar to the star rings and the Stage End Passage?" Zen asked again. "No," the Snake Goddess answered.

"On the contrary, there are many entrances, but very few can walk through them alive..." she explained.

Most of the warriors at the Eternal Realm who entered Stage Thirty-three stayed in the Grand Pure Realm, which was in the outermost part of the Three Purities Stage. Very few of them had gone into the Supreme Pure Realm. Simply put, it was truly hard to enter the Supreme Pure Realm successfully.

"But we already have a way to enter it. You don't have to worry about that," said Fuxi as he untied the bag on his waist. Then, the Augury Dog came out from the bag.

The Augury Dog's talent lay in his ability to detect danger in his surroundings. He could do so by scanning the area using a special energy field, which would activate the maple leaves in the Flaming Maple Forest.

However, he could not stop once he started to detect things. Therefore, Fuxi had put him inside his spirit beast bag before they entered the Flaming Maple Forest.

Like the Sumeru Space, the spirit beast bag wouldn't trigger the power of space as long as it was not used in the Flaming Maple Forest.

As soon as Fuxi released the Augury Dog, he turned around and barked twice at the Flaming Maple Forest. "What's wrong?" he asked.

Ever since Zen exhibited his powers in the Flaming Maple Forest, no one dared to chase after him and cause him trouble.

"Someone is following us," the Augury Dog said.

Upon hearing those words, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, and the others all narrowed their eyes.

Zen had finally solved the problem in the Flaming Maple Forest. They just had to deal with the package first, then find a safe place to retreat from the Other Shore.

Still, if someone with ill will always followed them, everything would be more complicated.

After all, it was easy to find a member of the Gear race, like Norris. If someone dragged them back to the Other Shore from the chaos, they would be attacked off guard.

"Let's lure them out of the Flaming Maple Forest first," the Snake Goddess suggested.

In turn, King Ieuan hurriedly unwrapped the package while these Eternal Realm warriors activated their own Sumeru Spaces to absorb the things inside the package.

After they divided up all the things inside it, they continued to walk north.

As they advanced, King Ieuan flicked the ground constantly.

They suddenly stopped after about twenty miles of travel. King Ieuan turned around and shouted, "Let's see how you can hide!"

As it spoke, it stretched out its hands and quickly raised them.

Multiple cyan beads that glowed with a faint cyan light appeared on the ground in the distance. Although the light was dim, it illuminated the area within a few miles around it.

Then, the outlines of two winged figures became visible in the cyan light.

"Humph!"

Without any hesitation, Zen kicked hard at the ground.

The earth cracked, then he flew swiftly like an arrow and grabbed at the figures with lightning speed.

However, his hands only passed through the two figures, and he grabbed nothing.

He even heard the pair of shadows sneer at him as if mocking his ignorance.

"Zen, come down. You can't hurt them," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said.

In the end, Zen only frowned and slowly descended to the ground.

"They are Shadow Warriors who serve the Element Spirit Civilization. Their real bodies are not here," said the Snake Goddess.

The Shadow Warriors weren't very strong, but their race's theurgy produced a shadow that was resistant to almost anything, which made them the perfect stalkers.

If the Element Spirit Civilization needed to track specific targets, they would just send out the Shadow Warriors.

"It appears that they won't let us return to the Source Word so easily," Yasamin scoffed coldly. "So we can't get rid of them?" Zen asked.

"It's difficult," the Snake Goddess said and shook her head.

"Could they possibly enter the Dark Region?" he asked again. The Snake Goddess immediately understood what he meant and said, "The Shadow Warriors shouldn't be able to enter the Dark Region, but the Dark Region of the Grand Pure Realm is in the northwest.

I'm afraid..."

Since the Element Spirit Civilization had sent out the Shadow Warriors to keep an eye on them, they wouldn't possibly let them escape that easily.

"Then, let's try. Masters, please climb up on my shoulders first!" Zen announced.

He crouched down to let them ride on his broad shoulders, since his body was still about eighty feet tall.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others agreed and jumped up.

Once they were settled down on his shoulders, he rushed forward and headed north again.

The two faint shadows in the sky had never disappeared. They seemed to be completely isolated from the world. Like the moon and sun, they always followed him at a steady speed.

At that moment, the two Shadow Warriors projected the scenes that they saw on an ice piece.

Meanwhile, three white balls floated on one side of the ice piece.

Hot flames burned steadily in the center of one of the white balls. Not long after, a young girl's head appeared. It was none other than Claire.

The moment Claire took shape, thunder and lightning cracked inside the white ball beside her and outlined a burly human figure. It turned out to be Les, the second of the three backbones of the Element Spirit Civilization.

"A human boy actually defeated the Grandmaster of Heaven! Ha-ha-ha!" Les laughed in a hoarse voice.

"My instincts never fail me," Claire said seriously, "though it's a pity that such a talent can't work for us."

"So, he could only die…"

This delicate voice came from the last white ball, which contained a strange-looking life form.

The creature looked like a cold armor but had a pair of long light wings on the back.

He was the last one of the three backbones of the Element Spirit Race, Slade.

Les and Claire were both pure Element Spirits, and they had quite simple forms.

However, Slade was different. He was made up of countless members of the Element Spirit race, who formed a world of their own inside his body. They controlled everything he did.

Chapter 3967 Mark And Offer A Reward

The last time when Les wanted to kill Zen straight, Claire rejected him.

Now that she knew that they could never win Zen over, she no longer tried to dissuade Les from doing what he wanted.

"It's a pity that I can't leave now, or I would go to the Grand Pure Realm and burn this guy into ashes," Les muttered.

A few thin lightning bolts clashed with each other as he spoke, which was why his voice seemed laced with the sizzling noise of electric currents. "We're just watching, but doing nothing?" Claire deadpanned.

As the three backbones of the Element Spirit race, the three of them occasionally received reinforcements.

Those reinforcements also helped them improve their strengths over the years.

They couldn't leave on their own will as of now, and couldn't go to kill Zen.

"I can't get in touch with the Eye Spirit recently. He should have entered the Jade Pure Realm again. It's a bit tricky now..." Claire said with a frown.

She had no hesitation in her the moment she decided to kill Zen. After all, she didn't pity him, though she genuinely wanted him to be on their side.

"Then let the warriors from other races on the Grand Pure Realm do something first," Slade suddenly suggested.

"Warriors of other races?" Les asked. He didn't understand what Slade was talking about.

"Mark and offer a reward," Claire said with a nod.

The two Shadow Warriors listened to Slade's orders, while he formed good relationships with many warriors from various races on the Grand Pure Realm under the Eye Spirit's instruction.

Generally speaking, every race on the Three Purities Stage had their unique theurgies and powers.

An ordinary Eternal Realm warrior who explored the Grand Pure Realm which was the outermost part of the Three Purities Stage was already like a person treading on immensely thin ice. Any warrior from the many races on the Grand Pure Realm was automatically their deadliest opponent.

However, the Element Spirit Civilization had been in the Three Purities Stage for so many years. Although they couldn't subdue all of the races on the Grand Pure Realm, they could still have good relationships with them, as well as exchange interests and make deals with them.

Clatter, clatter, clatter...

At that moment, Slade, who had an armor-like body, suddenly stretched out his hands, and then a white beam of light spread out. At the same time, different treasures appeared one after another.

"It's not easy to make those guys obedient. Offering them the Ghost Tendon? That does not sound good enough. The Dead Sea Glaze? Too unpopular..."

Various treasures flew past the white light in succession.

Even Claire and Les couldn't help but eye the treasures with slight interest.

That was because the Eye Spirit collected most of them. The Eye Spirit usually stored a considerable amount of treasures inside Slade's body.

After all, Slade was not an individual. He could be likened to a city that could move. It was just that members of the Element Spirit race lived in the city. Thus, his current actions represented the decisions of all the members of the Element Spirit race in the city.

"I think I'll just use this one…"

In his glowing hands floated some ordinary bone fragments that were about the size of a thumb.

Upon seeing the bone fragments, Claire and Les looked skeptical.

"The Bone Fragments Secret Soul?"

"It's too precious. Will the Eye Spirit even agree?"

The two of them understood that Slade represented the Element Spirit Civilization's Board of Elders to a certain extent, and he had greater rights than Claire and Les. The Eye Spirit usually did not object to any decisions he made.

"That Zen is quite powerful. The warriors of the other races on the Grand Pure Realm are not idiots. Only a great reward will make them brave," said Slade.

Although Claire and Les felt sad at the thought that such a great treasure had to go, they could not interfere.

Once Slade made a decision, he wouldn't change his mind, let alone consider what the two of them thought.

"Buzz!"

When the white light in his hand flashed, he said towards the ice piece, "Shadow Warriors!."

"Yes, sir!" the Shadow Warriors in the ice piece answered.

"Mark Zen," Slade ordered.

"Yes, sir!"

In turn, the two Shadow Warriors stretched out their hands towards Zen simultaneously.

"Buzz..."

Then, two rays of light intersected with each other and formed a distinct mark on Zen's back.

Meanwhile, Zen suddenly felt something as he ran. He turned his head and glanced at the mark.

"What's this?" he asked. "Shadow Mark!" King Ieuan blurted out.

"What's it for?" "The Shadow Mark lasts for about five days after it appears.

During that period, warriors from various races could find your location," King Ieuan continued.

Zen frowned deeply. "Can it be removed?" he asked again.

King Ieuan shook its head. "No method can remove it," it said regrettably.

The Shadow Mark was quite well-known in the Grand Pure Realm.

After the appearance of the Shadow Mark, the Element Spirit Civilization would offer a big reward to anyone who could do their bidding. Of course, almost all the warriors from the many races would be interested.

Furthermore, the Shadow Mark would stay permanent for a few days. Even if one fled from the Other Shore, the mark still followed them.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others had also heard of it before, but this was the first time they had seen it. All their faces darkened.

However, as soon as King Ieuan finished speaking, Zen's ancestry-level bloodline started to fluctuate. A large, bloody mouth appeared on his back, which was quite near the Shadow Mark. The mouth bit towards it and swallowed it up.

"……"

King Ieuan looked at the scene, dumbfounded.

"……"

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and Yasamin were also speechless.

On the other hand, the two Shadow Warriors that floated in the air looked at each other. They had no idea what had happened.

"The Shadow Mark is something you can't touch, like those two Shadow Warriors. How did you swallow it?" King Ieuan couldn't help but ask.

"Since you swallowed the mark, then that means you could also get rid of the two Shadow Warriors above, right?" the Snake Goddess also asked. A wry smile graced Zen's face as he shook his head.

In truth, the ancestry-level bloodline did things on a whim. Thus, he couldn't control it or make it do what he wanted.

Next to the ice piece in the Supreme Pure Realm stood Slade, who already planned to share the location of the Shadow Mark with the various races.

When the mark disappeared at such a critical moment, he naturally felt enraged. "Shadow Warriors, what are you doing?" he snapped.

"W...we... That Zen had devoured the Shadow Mark!" one of the Shadow Warriors stammered. Clearly, he was immensely afraid of Slade.

"He did eat it..."

"I saw it too."

Claire and Les still watched the ice piece. When they saw the big gap on Zen's back, they were also baffled.

"We can mark the people around him!"

"Yes, that's a good idea!"

Without waiting for Slade to give the order, the two Shadow Warriors once again summoned Shadow Marks.

This time, they aimed at the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Shadow Marks appeared on the two Eternal Realm warriors' backs almost at once.

When Zen saw that the Shadow Marks appeared again, he tried to remove them for the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi, but the ancestry-level bloodline sensed that the marks were none of its business. It did not even fluctuate in the slightest, and entirely ignored them.

As soon as the marks had formed completely, the white light in Slade's hand began to spiral. At the same time, a circular white vortex also appeared on the ice piece.

Several large non-human races in the Grand Pure Realm had a huge ice piece inside their places. At this moment, white vortexes also rolled in the center of these ice pieces.

Chapter 3968 Brewing Storm

The relationship between the many non-human races of the Grand Pure Realm and the Element Spirit Civilization was strained at best.

The Element Spirit Civilization had been the first ones to be born in the chaos, and were the first to enter the Other Shore.

They had a longer history than most of the other living creatures in the Three Purities Stage.

The many non-human races of the Grand Pure Realm had once fought fiercely with the Element Spirit Civilization. Some powerful races were able to win and maintain their own, separate status. Some had lost and had to submit to the Element Spirit Civilization.

As the Element Spirit Civilization grew stronger and stronger, they began to advance on to the Supreme Pure Realm and then the Jade Pure Realm. Because of this, many races in the Grand Pure Realm wanted to curry favor with the Element Spirit Civilization.

The Flaming Maple Forest was strong, but the races in it were still hoping to be able to rely on the Element Spirit Civilization's power to help them march onto the Supreme Pure Realm.

Noticing the needs of these other races, the Element Spirit Civilization gave them many ice pieces. If they ever needed these races' help, they would assign the tasks through them. If the tasks were completed, great rewards awaited them.

Many times in the past, the tasks assigned by the Element Spirit Civilization were mainly targeted at those of the Nihility race.

The Nihility race had grown exponentially in the recent years though. When the races first chased down the Nihility race, they had believed them to be weak. However, the Grandmaster of Heaven had easily slaughtered many of them during tasks.

From that point on, everyone was beginning to realize that the Nihility race was as strong as the Element Spirit Civilization. Very few dared to attack them, and the Element Spirit Civilization rarely assigned tasks through the ice pieces anymore.

A burly bull-headed monster lumbered towards the ice piece and stared at it for a long moment. Greed began to glint in his eyes as he exclaimed, "What? The Bone Fragments Secret Soul! I can't believe it!"

The Element Spirit Civilization had always been generous with their rewards, and the treasures they offered were always rare and precious. The Bone Fragments Secret Soul was just that, it was no ordinary item. With the Bone Fragments Secret Soul, they would be able to further strengthen and expand their race. They'd maybe even qualify to enter the Supreme Pure Realm.

A second monster joined the first, eyes wide with shock. "If Slade is willing to offer such a valuable thing as a reward, I can bet you the target is no ordinary creature..."

"Not really! It's just a small group of warriors in the Eternal Realm, measly humans. Nothing to be afraid of!" The monster in front of the ice piece replied.

The humans in the Eternal Realm were nothing to be feared, so the creatures believed. Those of the Grand Pure Realm were only afraid of the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race, as they should be.

The other creature seemed to be a little more cautious. "Why would they need to set such a high price if it was a simple task?" he asked. "There's more to it."

"Of course there's more to it," the first one grunted, turning his head to look over his shoulder at the other. "Apparently, one of these humans just killed Hawley in the Flaming Maple Forest, and left unscathed. That human is the priority target..."

"The group of humans who killed Hawley?!" Someone yelled from behind them.

Several other of their kind were not too far away, shocked by this revelation.

Hawley's death had been shocking news, and spread like wild fire throughout the entirety of the Grand Pure Realm in a matter of days. Those of their race were living closely to the Flaming Maple Forest, so they were the first to know.

The bull-headed creature standing before the ice piece could sense the fear of his kin. "The Misty River race that resides in the forest is incredibly strong," he shouted, "but they are not worthy of being mentioned outside the forest. Even if Hawley was defeated by the human, it only proves he was physically strong. What the fuck are you all afraid of?!"

"You're right! Hawley was untouchable only because he never left the forest. Otherwise, he'd have been eliminated by the Element Spirit Civilization," Another creature chimed in.

"The target has been marked!"

"The other races will also receive notice of this task."

"We have to do something before others decide to..."

The group of monsters were boiling over with excitement.

Meanwhile, the same occurrence was happening among the other races all over the Grand Pure Realm.

The Shadow Warriors had already left marks on the backs of the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi. This group of humans would be like beacons in the dark to the monsters hunting them from every direction.

The sharp sound of something flying through the air echoed all around.

Zen was zipping through the air at incredible speeds, maintaining the height of ten feet from the ground.

If the Snake Goddess's guidance was right, they should be able to find the entrance by heading north and then west.

There were many different entrances from the Grand Pure Realm to the Supreme Pure Realm. Each one was well designed and full of unknown dangers.

Nearly every non-human creature and Eternal Realm warrior who could enter the Supreme Pure Realm had their own unique methods.

"Those two brats are incredibly annoying!" King Ieuan grumbled as it turned around to look at the two Shadow Warriors flying through the sky.

They were keeping speed with Zen no matter how much faster he attempted to go. It seemed an impossible task to lose them.

"Hey! Look out!"

The Augury Dog beside Fuxi suddenly roared and warned, "There's something coming up ahead, very dangerous!"

He could sense danger with his intuition, although he couldn't tell exactly what kind of danger it was.

Zen squinted, trying to see what was ahead of them. An instant later, a long, thin, green arrow shot towards him.

The arrow was coming at him swiftly like a bolt of lightning.

Fortunately, Zen was always well prepared. With a slight tilt of his body, the arrow narrowly brushed past him.

"More are coming!" The Augury Dog observed.

They whistled through the air as they cut a straight path for them.

More arrows appeared ahead of them, twinkling in the sky like deadly green stars. Simultaneously they all were released and shot towards Zen. They were clumped together in irregular patterns, like a shower of flowers scattered by a fairy.

"Who's firing the arrows?! I can't see anyone." Zen asked.

"It must be the Arrow Demons!" King Ieuan answered. "They use unique arrows that can span across incredibly long distances. Normally, they must aim for the target by eyesight, but since our positions were marked by the Shadow Warriors, they only need to shoot in the direction of the marks."

Zen realized King Ieuan was right. The arrows weren't coming directly for him, they were heading for the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi on his back. The Arrow Demons couldn't actually see them.

The arrows continued to whistle through the air non-stop. When they were struck, they were destroyed with a loud crack.

Zen was avoiding as many of the arrows as he could, but when he couldn't evade them, he would swing his arm and easily deflect them to the ground.

The arrows seemed to have a mind of their own though. Whenever they would hit the ground, they'd ricochet off and continue their path to the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

It left Zen with no other choice but to reach out and snatch arrows to snap them.

Both the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi knew the arrows were coming for them, so they were using their theurgies to protect themselves. The Snake Goddess had wrapped herself in a thick crimson shadow, while Eastern Emperor Taiyi had summoned his golden sword to circle around him.

The sword wouldn't move swiftly until an arrow came too close, then it would snap out and cut the arrow in half.

Despite the mass amount of arrows being rained down on them, very few actually made it near the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Zen continued his flight, remaining low to the ground. In the face of all the sharp obstacles racing towards him, his speed did not falter.

Chapter 3969 The Jade Bone Arrows

About a hundred miles away from Zen, many creatures hung on the vines. Their bodies had strange shapes and they dangled from the vines entangling the trees.

The lower part of their bodies was shaped like half a gourd. On the upper half were hard bones bending upwards, with golden manes falling from the end of the bones.

The hard bones were bows, and the manes were bowstrings. These short creatures were called Arrow Demons.

They took out many green arrows, and without any hesitation, started shooting them out.

The vine next to the leader of the Arrow Demons had already borne a huge fruit. The fruit looked exactly like an eyeball, with the white sclera and a pupil in the middle. This vine with an eye-shaped fruit was called the Heavenly Eye Vine.

The Heavenly Eye Vine bore a fruit that functioned much better than a normal human eye. It had good eyesight that could see ten thousand miles away.

King Ieuan said that the Arrow Demons used the Shadow Marks to lock them, but its assumption was not completely right. The Arrow Demons also used the eyeball. After they found Zen and his group through the Shadow Marks, it was the eyeball that detected them.

All the Arrow Demons attacked according to what their leader saw.

The relationship between the Arrow Demons and the Heavenly Eye Vine was the same as that of the Misty River race and the Flaming Maple Forest. They relied on each other to live.

"The Green Willow Arrows don't work on him. He has a very powerful body; no wonder he was able to kill Hawley,"

the leader of the Arrow Demons muttered. He saw Zen move so quickly even as arrows were shot one after another. They didn't stop or slow him down.

The leader's face darkened as he issued an order, "Use the Jade Bone Arrows!"

Hearing the leader's order, the Arrow Demons felt their hearts sink, but they still turned around. They forcefully pulled out the black hard bones extending from their gourd-like bodies.

The process of pulling out the hard bones was excruciating. Some of the Arrow Demons could not help but scream as blood spurted out.

After they had drawn the hard bones from their bodies, black gas began to fume from the bones. They then placed the hard bones on the bows. These bones turned out to be the Jade Bone Arrows that the leader had mentioned.

Every Arrow Demon would grow six black jade bones in their lifetime, and these bones could not be renewed. If all six bones were pulled out, the Arrow Demons would die.

In other words, they were shooting the Jade Bone Arrows at the risk of their lives.

Generally, the Arrow Demons were to use the Jade Bone Arrows when facing a deadly enemy.

However, the reward Slade offered, namely the Bone Fragments Secret Soul, was too tempting. The targets happened to pass by the Arrow Demons' territory, so they were determined not to let them go.

Under the command of the leader, all the Jade Bone Arrows were shot simultaneously.

Suddenly, the leader let out a long and loud roar.

"Woo!"

All the Jade Bone Arrows came to a stop, suspended in the air.

Phew! Phew! Phew!

A strange shadow began to appear on one end of the Jade Bone Arrows.

It was a ferocious beast's head, covered with cyan skin, with fangs extending from its snout.

The Arrow Demons had Feather Ghosts' unique bloodline. When the Jade Bone Arrows shot out, the leader had activated their bloodline theurgy.

Whoosh!

As the leader's voice shrilled, the long arrows with the Feather Ghosts' heads wailed all over the sky. They shot towards Zen and his group about a hundred miles away.

When the Arrow Demons shifted to use the Jade Bone Arrows, the rain of green arrows halted.

However, Zen did not slow down. The Arrow Demons shot so many arrows towards him; he decided not to let them go.

"Why do the Arrow Demons stop after only three rounds of attacks?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked suspiciously.

"This is not their way of doing things," Yasamin said as she shook her head.

"They are not a powerful race in the Grand Pure Realm. The reason why they gain a foothold in it is that they have very powerful arrows. It is said that these arrows are shot at the expense of their lives..."

As the Snake Goddess spoke, the Augury Dog barked fiercely again.

He would remind them immediately whenever he sensed any danger, but this time, his bark had become wilder.

Then, Zen saw a large group of black dots floating from the distance. They looked like heads with sharp pointed teeth.

"Be careful, Zen. Those are the Jade Bone Arrows,"

the Primeval Lord of Heaven in Zen's mind reminded.

Although Yasamin, the Snake Goddess, and Fuxi had heard of the Arrow Demons before, they had never provoked them. They didn't know much about the Jade Bone Arrows.

"Are they that powerful?" Zen asked.

"They are arrows shot at the cost of the Arrow Demons' lives. They can directly kill their opponents, same as Gerald's Corroding Purple Rain," the

Primeval Lord of Heaven explained.

There was a theurgy in the life truth called the Corroding Purple Rain, which was used as a weapon to kill. When the rain fell, it corroded several provinces, eating away all the lives in them.

In the battle against the Pear Hill, Gerald's opponents were the masters at the Eternal Realm. They were strong and thus unafraid that the raindrops could corrode their lives.

However, the Jade Bone Arrows were different. On one hand, they were more powerful than the Corroding Purple Rain; on the other hand, they killed a certain target in unison, unlike the scattered Corroding Purple Rain.

While the group learned the characteristics of the Jade Bone Arrows, the Jade Bone Arrow in front of them shot towards the Snake Goddess.

Almost faster than lightning, Zen grabbed it with his right hand.

He then exerted a powerful force, crushing the Jade Bone Arrow into tiny pieces. However, the Feather Ghost attached to the arrow had bitten into his arm, leaving a small mark.

Swoosh!

The Feather Ghost's head disappeared. Zen felt cold rushing through his body as if something had vanished together with the Feather Ghost's head.

Before long, he realized that his life energy was deteriorating.

"Zen, are you okay?" The Snake Goddess keenly sensed that the arrow was not simple.

"Yes, I'm fine."

Zen was confident in his life energy and didn't dwell on it too much.

Facing the dense Jade Bone Arrows, he waved his arms that were thirty feet long and as wide as a wooden bucket.

The Jade Bone Arrows had their own consciousness. They still targeted the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi on Zen's shoulders. However, when the arrows were damaged, the Feather Ghosts' heads could only attack whoever was nearby.

In a flash, Zen had destroyed dozens of bone arrows, resulting in more Feather Ghosts' heads biting his arms.

Every time a Feather Ghost's head disappeared, he felt his body slowly turn cold, almost like a portion of his life energy was also being taken away.

At first, there hadn't been a noticeable change in his body, but as he shattered more and more bone arrows, his body finally revealed signs of decline.

Wrinkles and black spots were gradually developing on his originally bright and powerful body surface.

For only a short time, Zen had grown from a young man to a middle-aged man, and then to an old man.

Chapter 3970 A Deal

"Zen, what's wrong with your body?"

Yasamin was the first one to notice the changes in Zen's body. It was weird and kind of creepy too.

The lifespan of powerful masters like Yasamin and Eastern Emperor Taiyi was limitless. As long as they weren't defeated by some extremely powerful entity, they were essentially immortal.

With such impossible ages, they could change their appearance too. Yasamin had made herself look like an old person, and Eastern Emperor

Taiyi always appeared as a middle-aged man. They had chosen these appearances just to be in charge of the Oneness Sky Palace.

The strange changes in Zen's body were occurring obviously because of those Jade Bone Arrows.

"The bone arrows are taking his life... They are sucking his existence from within him!" The Snake Goddess frowned.

Zen's life energy was being crazily devoured, and his speed, strength, reaction capacity and so many other factors were all being reduced significantly.

Whoosh!

Four Jade Bone Arrows found a gap between Zen's hands and shot straight towards Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi sat down cross-legged in a flash and gently pointed with his finger. His sword immediately spiraled over and slashed at the Jade Bone Arrows.

Crack!

The arrows were instantly slashed into two and fell down. However, the Feather Ghosts attached to them were not defeated. They dashed towards Eastern Emperor Taiyi and there was no way to dodge them.

Before Eastern Emperor Taiyi had time to react, the Feather Ghosts bit him and disappeared. Immediately, Eastern Emperor Taiyi turned from a middle-aged man into a very old man with white hair and ragged breathing. From his condition, it seemed that he would be dead very soon.

"Impossible!"

"I didn't know the Jade Bone Arrows were so powerful. How's Zen doing that?"

"He's been hit by so many arrows and yet he lives..."

Seeing that Zen had withstood about three hundred arrows till now, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others had come to the conclusion that although the Jade Bone Arrows were quite powerful, they were still not as terrifying as they had heard of them to be.

Unexpectedly, Eastern Emperor Taiyi was already at his last gasp after being hit by just four arrows! And Zen was still fighting.

Just how strong was the life energy of the latter?

"Zen... Let's leave the Other Shore first! Squeak!" King Leuan said anxiously.

"There are too many bone arrows here. I'm afraid they will kill us all," the Snake Goddess also reminded him.

Previously, they had all insisted on not retreating from the Other Shore because they had already been marked. Even if they left the Other Shore and hid somewhere temporarily, they would still be at the risk of being pulled back. As long as the enemy was waiting for them, retreating from the Other Shore was much more dangerous than staying here.

But now that they were facing those Jade Bone Arrows, they would be killed anyway if they didn't leave the Other Shore.

Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven advised, "That's right! We'd better retreat at least for now. It would be unrealistic to pin the hopes on your bloodline."

Hearing that, Zen nodded silently.

Then the Augury Dog swiftly drilled into Fuxi's spirit beast bag, while everyone else recited the Illusion Breaking Rune and retreated quickly from the Other Shore.

Zen wasn't too worried. He knew that it would be a piece of cake for the ancestry-level bloodline to replenish the life energy inside him.

The trouble, however, was that the bloodline was not under Zen's own control, and sometimes, it wouldn't be as effective as it should be. It was all up to the bloodline's mood. At the moment, he had no choice but to retreat.

They returned to the Pear Hill once again. The white-haired Eastern Emperor Taiyi was unable to hold on any longer and fell to the ground with a plop like dead meat.

His life energy had been used up and he was on the very verge of death.

The Snake Goddess stretched out her hand and gently brushed the air. A dark green pill appeared out of nowhere on her fingertips, immediately turning into a beam of green light and entering the body of Eastern Emperor Taiyi. However, with the damage the latter had suffered, this wasn't going to be enough.

"Go and ask Gerald to come over here now!" the Snake Goddess said in a hurry.

Without any delay, Fuxi moved away in a flash.

After a short while, Gerald's huge figure suddenly appeared in the sky, emitting green light and looking like a green sun.

Buzz!

Two green light columns shot out from his two pincers.

The columns fell down on Eastern Emperor Taiyi who gradually became strong once again. His white hair quickly turned black in front of their very eyes and his body was filled with vitality once again.

"Thank you, Master Gerald," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said as he cupped his hands towards the air in a show of gratitude.

Gerald did not respond. Instead, he turned around and shot two more light pillars towards Zen.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

The light columns shone on Zen's body. A long time passed but no major change was visible! This was unusual!

Gerald's eyes narrowed slightly and he immediately understood what was going on.

It wasn't that his life truth didn't work. But the problem was that the life energy which Zen had consumed was too much for him to recover in a short while. His body was like a bottomless abyss now, and it wasn't going to be easy to fill it up again.

Gerald naturally wouldn't give up. He concentrated and more and more life energy was continuously infused into Zen's body.

On the Other Shore

The Jade Bone Arrows didn't fall down after being unable to find their targets anymore. Instead, they were dragged on by the Feather Ghosts and circled around the place where Zen and the others had been just moments ago.

The Arrow Demons were not surprised at the sudden disappearance of Zen and his companions. They knew that the Eternal Realm warriors who came from the chaos would usually use this means to flee when in too much danger.

In order to counteract this, the creatures on the Other Shore would often prepare the Soul Interdicting Water and use it to lock their targets. However, this time, the incident had happened all of a sudden, and the Arrow Demons hadn't gotten a chance to apply the Soul Interdicting Water on their bodies.

Crack! Crack! Crack...

Numerous Arrow Demons were hanging on the green vines. Suddenly, the vines pierced through the ground and advanced forwards at an astonishing speed.

The Arrow Demons had almost no ability to move. They had to rely one hundred percent on the Heavenly Eye Vine to move.

Pretty soon, using the vines, the Arrow Demons arrived at the place where Zen and the others had disappeared. Once again, the Heavenly Eye Vine grew crazily, and completely surrounded the area.

At the same time, the leader of the Arrow Demons spoke to a hill which was located nearby, "There's no point in hiding! The refracting skill is a mere trick. You cannot avoid being discovered by the heavenly eye!"

At his words, a twisted space suddenly appeared at the back of the hill. As it gradually took shape, three figures with the similar appearance to Norris' appeared. These were members of the Gear race!

"Gah, Gah..."

As soon as the three members of the Gear race showed up, every single arrow was suddenly placed on the bowstrings by the Arrow Demons and pointed at them.

"We're not looking for trouble." The leader of these members of the Gear race raised both of his hands. Then, he continued, "Look. You've already caught the targets and can obtain the bounty, right?"

"It is none of your business," the leader of the Arrow Demons replied coldly.

Dozens of Jade Bone Arrows were still circling around in the sky, and below them was a thorny cage made of the Heavenly Eye Vine. The Arrow Demons were totally sure that they could catch Zen and his companions this time.

"But you still have one last step left." The man of the Gear race made a gesture of grabbing something in the air. "They are outside the Other Shore. We'll bring them back. In return, all we want is one third of the Bone Fragments Secret Soul."

The leader of the Arrow Demons was not happy at all with this bargain. He replied in a cold voice, "Do you think only members of your Gear race can do this task? That's too much to ask!"

The member of the Gear race chuckled and replied, "You can ask help from the members of the Sickle race as well, but Zen is definitely not an ordinary Eternal Realm warrior. His physical body is astonishingly strong. Even some of the most powerful warriors of our Gear race won't be able to hold on for a single round during a fight with him, and his life energy is too much to drain, which means his recovery speed is also astonishing. It won't be long before he regains his life energy. Do you have the confidence to deal with him on your own?"

The leader of the Arrow Demons fell silent at this question.

He had spent so many Jade Bone Arrows already and had forced Zen to reach his limit, like a spent arrow. If what the member of the Gear race was saying was true, it would be a pity if he were to be stingy now.

"One fifth," said the leader of the Arrow Demons firmly.

"One-fourth," replied the member of the Gear race.

"Alright! Deal!"

As soon as the leader of the Arrow Demons finished speaking, the thorny vines that had formed the prison rolled around and created a path.

Chapter 3971 Inexhaustible Life Energy

From the top of the Heavenly Eye Vine, the leader of the Arrow Demons squinted at the three figures in the distance.

The Jade Bone Arrows that spiraled in the air resembled vultures circling over their prey.

The Arrow Demons were unwilling to give the Bone Fragments Secret Soul to the Gear race. The plan was once the members of the Gear race brought back the targets, they'd let the Jade Bone Arrows rain.

The Jade Bone Arrows were deadly. There was no way the targets or the members of the Gear race would come out of this alive.

The Arrow Demons had lived with the Heavenly Eye Vine for so long. They not only relied on their powerful archery skills for survival, but also their ruthlessness.

However, the three members of the Gear race didn't make a move after they entered the center. The one in the lead suddenly raised his head and announced, "We just swallowed the Exploding Fire Essence."

Upon hearing this, the leader and the other Arrow Demons were all stunned.

"Don't worry. As long as we're unhurt, they won't explode," he added.

The Arrow Demons and the Heavenly Eye Vine trembled in fear. They were most afraid of the Exploding Fire Essence. If they set off the explosion of the Exploding Fire Essence, they would be doomed.

The three members of the Gear race eyed the Arrow Demons in the distance warily. When they were sure that they were in the clear, they began to look for Zen's shadow.

It was clear to them that although Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the Snake Goddess bore the marks of the Element Spirit Civilization, the main target was that giant human.

Orange lights flashed in their palms. Together, they grabbed at Zen's shadow which was projected on the Other Shore.

Meanwhile, in the Pear Hill, Gerald was rapidly infusing life energy into Zen's body.

As the Chaos Ancient God in charge of the life truth, his life energy was the strongest. It was easy for him to extract it through his bloodline, providing a steady supply of life energy for Zen.

However, it still cost Gerald quite a lot just to revive Zen.

From an old man, Zen suddenly reverted to being middle aged, then gradually, he returned to his youthful self. Around ninety percent of his life energy had been replenished when suddenly, his eyes rolled to the back of his head and he collapsed to the ground.

"What's wrong?"

"Why did he faint?"

"He has been pulled to the Other Shore," the Snake Goddess said once she figured it out.

"Let's go there too," Fuxi suggested, his eyes flashing with anger.

"Wait a moment," the Snake Goddess said, holding up her hand to stop him.

Everyone was well aware of the situation on the Other Shore. The Arrow Demons were not going to let them go. Not only would they be unable to help Zen, if they rashly returned to the Other Shore, they might even cause more trouble for him.

In the Grand Pure Realm, the three members of the Gear race were all stunned to see Zen have almost completely recovered.

The Arrow Demons and the Heavenly Eye Vine were also surprised.

The amount of Zen's life energy that had been consumed was astronomical. How was it possible he recovered so quickly?

Zen locked eyes with the three members of the Gear race who trembled before him. With a shrug, Zen smiled at them. "You never learn your lesson. Why do you always help those whom you shouldn't have helped?"

"Let's go!"

"Retreat!"

"Leave!"

The three members of the Gear race, immediately realizing something was wrong, attempted to retreat quickly.

Zen, of course, wasn't planning on letting them go that easily.

Planting his foot firmly on the ground, he launched himself towards them, racing towards them like a bull. In the blink of an eye, he had pounced on the last member of the Gear race, pinning him to the ground.

When the other two members realized what had happened, they pressed onward with no hesitation. In their eyes, Zen killing their companion bought them some time to get away.

But to their horror, when they looked back, Zen had stomped on their companion's head, and was already heading towards them.

In two strides, Zen already caught up to the other two.

Boom! Boom!

Zen drew an arc in the air. Using only his palm, he sliced the heads off of the two members of the Gear race. Their heads rolled on the ground, their expressions frozen in fear. A few moments later, their lifeless bodies collapsed to the ground.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

While this was happening, the Heavenly Eye Vine, along with the Arrow Demons, had fled quickly.

"Those liars! They didn't swallow the Exploding Fire Essence!" the leader of the Arrow Demons roared angrily.

On the one hand, they were putting distance between them and Zen; on the other, they were so afraid that the Exploding Fire Essence would be activated, so they immediately took off. To their surprise, even with the three members of the Gear race dead, there were no explosions.

"Well then..." The leader of the Arrow Demons suddenly let out a long roar.

The Jade Bone Arrows that had been circling in the air all suddenly shot towards Zen.

At the same time, under Zen's feet, many sharp thorny vines broke through the soil and wrapped around him.

Da! Da! Da!

Those Jade Bone Arrows were unable to pierce through Zen's tough skin and became blunt. However, the Feather Ghosts that were attached to the arrows drilled into his body one after another.

"Everyone, please offer your black jade bones!"

There weren't many black jade bones left for the Arrow Demons, but they had no other choice at the moment. They had to take Zen down at any cost, or they would be doomed.

The Heavenly Eye Vine also knew this. It continued wrapping its branches around Zen, layer by layer.

However, Zen just calmly shook his body slightly, breaking off all the thorns. He raised his arms fiercely, breaking off the vines as he did.

As soon as the vines fell to the ground, a volley of Jade Bone Arrows showered over him.

The Arrow Demons were desperate. For some, giving up their last black jade bone meant death, yet they still offered it to their companions. They were willing to sacrifice themselves to kill Zen.

With countless Jade Bone Arrows attacking Zen, it took a toll on his body. Zen began to age quickly.

In the meantime, from the Pear Hill, everyone could see what was happening. Immediately, Gerald leaped into action and extended a pair of pincers, replenishing Zen's life energy once more.

More and more Arrow Demons fell as they offered their last arrows, while Gerald consumed the power of life truth.

Under the rain of arrows, Zen flew up to the nearest vine and grabbed it. Clasping the vine in both hands, he shook it violently. The small Arrow Demons all fell to the ground. Swiftly, Zen squashed them all with just one finger.

The Arrow Demons could only put up a fight from afar using their archery skills, as face-to-face combat proved fatal to them.

Zen followed the thick Heavenly Eye Vine all the way to the top till he finally faced the leader of the Arrow Demons.

"Why... Why is your life energy inexhaustible?" the leader asked in a trembling voice.

Desperately, he looked at Zen with pleading yet disbelieving eyes. On his way up, Zen had already been pierced by around five hundred Jade Bone Arrows, yet he still glowed youthfully. Such a feat was inconceivable.

Chapter 3972 The Whining Road

Zen looked at the leader of the Arrow Demons indifferently. Then, he stretched out his right hand in a flash.

Before the leader could even try to beg for mercy, he was smashed into a cloud of blood.

The leader might've been dead, but the eye of the Heavenly Eye Vine still floated around.

"Can you speak?" Zen asked, staring at the eye.

The eye just stared back at him blankly, as though it were dead. The vines that had been attacking Zen now too were motionless.

"If you are playing dead, then you can go to hell." Zen then clenched his fists, poised to strike.

As the eye sensed that it was in grave danger, a purple vine as thick as a finger suddenly extended towards Zen. When it touched him, a strand of consciousness was transmitted to him. "Yes, I can speak. Please don't hurt me."

The voice sounded like a human woman's. Moreover, it sounded very weak. Zen could sense that the Heavenly Eye Vine had a strong desire to live.

"You were trying to kill us just now. What makes you think you deserve to live?" Zen asked harshly.

The situation in the Three Purities Stage was extremely chaotic. Even the Element Spirit Civilization did not implement any rules here. Although the creatures of different races were intelligent, they followed the law of the jungle: kill, or be killed.

"It's those damned Arrow Demons that wanted to kill you. They enslaved me. I had no choice but to follow their orders," the Heavenly Eye Vine said to Zen, trying to disassociate itself from the killing.

"I see... So, how to enslave you?" Zen asked curiously.

The big eye of the Heavenly Eye Vine trembled. Of course, it didn't want to be enslaved by Zen. It just wanted him to let it go.

"Tell me," Zen urged.

The Heavenly Eye Vine realized that it couldn't fool Zen. A vine grew from its eye. The vine extended towards Zen to reveal a small tender sprout on its tip.

"This sprout is my source of life," the Heavenly Eye Vine admitted.

Although it was a plant, it was good at discerning people. It knew that if it refused to tell Zen, then Zen would kill it on the spot.

In order to survive, how could it dare to hide anything?

Zen reached out his hand to touch the source of life of the Heavenly Eye Vine, and he could feel its vigorous life energy. He could even read its memories. The Heavenly Eye Vine spoke the truth. This small sprout indeed controlled its life and death.

Carefully holding the sprout, Zen immediately left the Other Shore.

The people in the Pear Hill were still a little worried, and Gerald was on standby, just in case Zen was in need of replenished life energy.

But as they watched, they could see Zen was handling things well on his own. So everybody waited quietly.

Although they knew clearly how powerful Zen was, the creatures in the Three Purities Stage on the Other Shore had different methods. In addition to sucking Zen's life energy, there were many other methods. Naturally, they were still a little worried.

Fortunately, Zen didn't make them wait too long. After a while, he woke up.

"How's everything going?" Fuxi asked first.

"I have taken care of them," Zen replied calmly.

Everyone looked at him expectantly.

The Arrow Demons had been guarding the place where they left the Other Shore, and their deadly Jade Bone Arrows were a force to be reckoned with.

It was likely that Zen was forcefully pulled to the Other Shore by the Gear race or the other races. It was not easy to eliminate all those creatures.

"All the creatures have been killed?" the Snake Goddess clarified.

Zen smiled. "I think so. But there is one thing left. Follow me, and you will know what it is."

Then, he returned to the Other Shore, closely followed by the Snake Goddess, King Ieuan and the other three Eternal Realm warriors.

When they saw the winding Heavenly Eye Vine, they eyed it vigilantly, ready to attack if need be. The Heavenly Eye Vine and the Arrow Demons had lived together for quite a long time. Although it was not powerful, it was still quite troublesome to deal with it.

Splash! Splash!

The Heavenly Eye Vine's head looped around a bit before it extended towards the Snake Goddess and Fuxi. Then, Zen popped out from above and said excitedly, "Please, come up!"

"Come up?" Yasamin frowned.

The Snake Goddess trusted Zen. She then jumped onto the vine. "I heard that all the Arrow Demons are blind. Their invincible archery technique relies on the eye of the Heavenly Eye Vine. Today is the first time I've seen this eye."

The Arrow Demons were tyrannical. Normally, few creatures could get close to them, so even the Snake Goddess didn't know that much about them.

After everyone climbed onto the vine, Zen used the big eye to look around.

The eye had good eyesight, and it could see everything within a radius of ten thousand miles.

On the other side of the Flaming Maple Forest, there was some sort of a commotion. Upon a closer look, Zen realized many flying snakes with transparent wings were heading straight for him.

On the southwest side, dozens of tall and sturdy bull-headed men carried golden axes and were steadily making their way over.

On the northwest side...

After Zen surveyed his surroundings for a while, his expression grew serious. He even saw the two remaining kings from the Land of Diabolic Demons.

The creatures in the Grand Pure Realm were not easy to deal with. They each had an extraordinary ability. It had taken Zen a lot of energy to deal with the Arrow Demons alone. If these creatures were to besiege Zen and his group, the situation would look dim.

"Go north!"

Zen ordered the Heavenly Eye Vine.

Although the Heavenly Eye Vine was only a plant, it moved surprisingly fast.

Previously, it was over a hundred miles away from Zen, but it carried a group of Arrow Demons and rushed to him very quickly.

Splash! Splash!

The Heavenly Eye Vine didn't dare to disobey Zen. It sent a message to Zen, telling him and his group to hold onto it.

Then the ground began to tremble, and the thick vine drilled into the ground and quickly moved north.

However, despite the Heavenly Eye Vine's speed, it was still unable to evade the watchers in the sky. Two Shadow Warriors flew in the air, following closely behind them.

The three members of the Element Spirit race, Claire, Les and Slade, had all seen what had just happened.

"It's meaningless to have sent those good-for-nothings," Les sneered.

"That's not necessarily the case," said Claire, shaking her head. "The Arrow Demons are very powerful. If it weren't for the Chaos Ancient God of the life truth, they would have already..."

At first, she wanted to say that they would have a slim chance of survival, but on second thought, she felt it was inappropriate to say so.

Zen's bloodline was too strange. Every time he was pushed to the limit, something unexpected would happen.

Staring at Zen in the ice silently, Slade suddenly said, "Since they keep heading north, they plan to enter the Supreme Pure Realm through the Whining Road."

He pointed at the ice and a map appeared on it.

"The Whining Road?"

"Sounds reasonable."

Both Les and Claire were very surprised. There were many roads leading to the Supreme Pure Realm, and the Element Spirit Civilization could easily pass through thirteen of them, excluding the Whining Road. It was known to all that this road was not easy to pass.

Chapter 3973 Interceptor

Every Eternal Realm warrior that could enter the Supreme Pure Realm had their own unique methods.

So it wasn't surprising that Fuxi and the Snake Goddess had grasped a secret that the Element Spirit Civilization had never mastered.

Once again, Slade stretched out his hand and marked an area in the north of the Grand Pure Realm on the map, saying, "They will have to pass through here on their way to the Whining Road."

Claire squinted at the map. "It's the territory of the Mystical Void race."

"What do you mean?" Les asked.

"Send some people to frighten the creatures of the Mystical Void race, and this area will be completely sealed," said Slade unhurriedly. "Once the creatures of the Mystical Void race seal this space, they can only choose to pass the Purple Wind Gorge."

Claire looked calculative at Slade's words before asking, "The Purple Wind Gorge is about to get windy?"

Slade said in an emotionless voice, "Yes. Ninety-nine days form one period, and after this period of time passes, the wind will start again."

"If there is a gust of wind, they will be stuck in the Purple Wind Gorge. Zen is powerful, but he might not be able to survive in face of so many warriors from different races in the Grand Pure Realm laying siege around him!" Claire's eyes lit up.

"Hahaha..." Slade burst out into emotionless laughter.

"You may be proud but please don't laugh like a maniac!" Les muttered, irritated.

Slade was not an individual. When the many members of the Element Spirit race expressed their feelings through him, it was like a torture to Les.

There was a wide passage at the bottom of the Dual Topknot Mountain.

This passage was in the north of the Grand Pure Realm and was called the Silent Path by the members of various races.

The Silent Path was safe. As long as one followed the rules, they wouldn't be attacked or be in danger.

But as the name of the passage suggested, people had to keep absolutely silent while passing through the Silent Path and not make any sound.

Silence was the biggest rule here.

A few fist-sized creatures floated in the air along the Silent Path. These creatures were shaped like jellyfish, looked cottony, and were light as air. They floated in every corner of the Silent Path at all times of the day.

These white flocculent creatures belonged to the Mystical Void race.

The Mystical Void creatures weren't all that intelligent. They fed on space and never contacted the outside world. It was difficult for people from the outside world to capture or interfere with them.

Some even maintained that the members of the Mystical Void race were not living beings, but just another form of space.

The biggest weakness of the Mystical Void race was their cowardice. Any loud noise would spook them and they'd immediately transform from the flocculent form into the space form.

In their space form, they were compressed together and had once crushed many warriors of different races into dust. Only a small number of people could still walk out of the Silent Path after provoking the Mystical Void race.

After Slade gave the order, six nonhuman warriors arrived at the Silent Path.

They were silent as they flew along the Silent Path.

Every dozens of miles, they had placed a silver tube that looked like a whistle on the ground. This way, there were a large number of tubes along the way.

They had walked through the entire Silent Path when one of the warriors reached out a hand and gently pressed the tube at the end.

The silver tube suddenly began to whistle a harsh, keening sound.

The Silent Path was eerily quiet, and the sudden whistling sound was particularly shrill and loud.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

A creature of the Mystical Void race above the silver tube shook violently, its cotton-like body beginning to expand and turning into a milky white space that expanded in all directions.

The space grew larger by ten times, a thousand times, a million times!

As the space expanded, it crashed into the bodies of the six warriors, sending them flying.

The silver tubes in the Silent Path began to whistle in unison, the sound even louder than before.

The usually quiet Silent Path became so noisy that almost all the members of the Mystical Void race were surprised. Their bodies began to swell and they began to turn into the space forms.

These huge spaces squeezed and merged with each other.

It looked like countless bubbles merging together, forming a peculiar golden color.

When the six warriors stood up from the ground and saw this, their hearts still fluttered with fear.

If they remained in the Silent Path, they would be squeezed into meat paste by these space bubbles.

When the members of the Mystical Void race were frightened, they'd become like this for a full month, which meant that the Silent Path would be closed for a month and that the task that Slade had given to the six warriors could be considered completed.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The Heavenly Eye Vine emerged from the ground like a snake and dived back into the ground. This happened multiple times, completely destroying the soil along the way.

Zen looked back through the heavenly eye, frowning.

The Heavenly Eye Vine was fast and moved in a rather extraordinary manner. But the warriors of various races weren't any slower. More and more warriors had gathered in just a short period of time.

These warriors followed it all the way but couldn't catch up soon enough.

But they would besiege Zen and his companions if they were to be intercepted.

"How soon will we arrive at the Whining Road?" Zen asked.

The Snake Goddess took some time to calculate it all and replied, "It's not far from here. There should be around a hundred thousand miles before we reach it. Everything will be fine as long as we pass through the Silent Path."

"Then you'd better speed up," Zen said to the Heavenly Eye Vine.

The Heavenly Eye Vine whined and complained, "I'm moving at the highest speed!"

Zen merely stared at it, ice in his gaze, and the Heavenly Eye Vine trembled. It frantically activated its own strength and sped up.

The Heavenly Eye Vine had just caught a steady faster speed when an invisible space wall hit it with an almighty bang.

Under such great inertia, Zen, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess and the others slammed into the space wall.

Logic dictated that it was impossible to not notice the space wall before them, given everyone's powerful perceptions. But they were now caught off guard, crashing unceremoniously into it.

It was not, however, a big deal for the Eternal Realm warriors present.

Zen stood firm, frowning and slapping the space wall with his hands.

Crack!

The space wall broke with a resounding crack.

He smashed the space wall, causing a phantom-like figure to charge at him. This was an Eternal Realm warrior who had come from the Grand Plain Stage.

Zen didn't hesitate and landed a blow on the man's head.

No one in the Grand Pure Realm could withstand his punch. Not even the Eternal Realm warriors.

Zen hadn't expected the opponent to not dodge his attack. Instead, the warrior launched a palm strike towards Zen.

"You're courting death," Zen warned.

He could feel that something was wrong, but he still chose to fight back.

The moment his fist and the opponent's palm met, he felt the softness of his opponent's palm, and could not find any area of the palm to apply his force.

"Ha-ha-ha!"

The man laughed, his entire body collapsing into spider threads and wrapping around Zen's entire body.

Zen wanted to struggle against the spider threads, but although they were thin and soft, they couldn't be broken or pulled apart.

It was then that two more people appeared on the ground. These were identical twins and were also at the Eternal Realm.

They held hands face to face, and a black hole appeared between them. The hole erupted with great magnetic force and sucked Zen into it.

Chapter 3974 Eternal Realm Hunters

As soon as Zen was sucked into the black hole, the two Eternal Realm warriors let go of each other's hands, and the black hole disappeared!

They smiled as though they had won an incredible prize.

Soon after, a thread as thin as silk appeared behind them, intertwining around itself until it formed a figure of a creature. It was the Eternal Realm warrior that had entangled Zen earlier!

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others who were knocked out finally regained their senses. When they saw the three Eternal Realm warriors grinning at them in a sinister fashion, their faces fell. Did Zen just disappear with the black hole?

"Who are you?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked in a low voice.

As though they had heard the most absurd question, the three Eternal Realm warriors burst into laughter.

"'Who are we?" one of them echoed sarcastically.

"How dare you ask us such a stupid question!"

"Maybe it's because we have stayed in the Supreme Pure Realm for a long time and the lowly creatures in the Grand Pure Realm have forgotten us," the third one sneered. "Well, it's time to make a name for ourselves once more."

The three Eternal Realm warriors looked very experienced.

In their eyes, the Heavenly Eye Vine wasn't worth taking seriously.

Even the five warriors at the Eternal Realm before them weren't worthy to them.

They had only targeted Zen. Now that they had gotten rid of him, the others didn't seem to pose a threat.

"How arrogant you are!" Yasamin cried angrily.

King Ieuan's bean-sized eyes flickered with recognition. "I remember! They are the Eternal Realm Hunters!"

Hearing this, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess and the others gasped.

The Eternal Realm Hunters were known to be a team made up of the Eternal Realm warriors.

Besides the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race, the Eternal Realm Hunters had also gained a foothold in the Three Purities Stage.

They never had a stand; they joined neither the Nihility race nor the Element Spirit Civilization.

There used to be more than 20 Eternal Realm Hunters, all of whom were outstanding warriors at the Eternal Realm and were extremely good at combat. It was said that they had once fought with the Nihility race. Although they were defeated by the Grandmaster of Heaven, they still managed to escape from the Nihility race safely. It was easy to tell they were a force to be reckoned with.

Because they had no stand, as long as they wanted something, they would exhaust all efforts to get it, even if it meant crossing other super forces' paths. Additionally, they had been very active over the years.

At some point, they were chased by the creatures of other races. A big war took place on a mountain located in the Grand Pure Realm, and they had suffered heavy losses. Only three of them managed to escape.

These three people were the strongest among all the Eternal Realm Hunters.

The creatures of other races gnashed their teeth in hatred, but they could do nothing to the three of them.

It was not until the three Eternal Realm Hunters found a way to enter the Supreme Pure Realm that peace was finally restored in the Grand Pure Realm.

When the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others reached the Eternal Realm and went to the Grand Pure Realm, the three Eternal Realm Hunters had already gone to the Supreme Pure Realm, so they had never encountered each other. However, the Eternal Realm Hunters were famous; it was rare for one to not have heard of them.

As the king of the Ear Mouse race, King Ieuan liked to collect and exchange all kinds of information wherever it went. It knew the Eternal Realm Hunters the best.

However, even it didn't expect that they'd run into the Eternal Realm Hunters.

After thinking for a while, King Ieuan cupped its hands towards the three Eternal Realm Hunters respectfully. "You three are from the Grand Plain Stage, and all of us are at the Eternal Realm. Why did you attack us?"

In fact, there was a big difference in the strength of different Eternal Realm warriors. Moreover, in the Grand Plain Stage alone, there were ruling civilizations, and also creatures that were born on the Other Shore, who followed the Finale Way, the Purge Way or the Nihility Way.

However, the Eternal Realm was only a realm, not a status. There was no need to form relations with other Eternal Realm warriors.

But then again, the vast majority of the Eternal Realm warriors found it difficult to make progress in the Three Purities Stage. After all, they were all on the same stage. Under normal circumstances, they would help each other, except for those who were from opposing forces.

The three Eternal Realm Hunters had no enmity with them, so King Ieuan wanted to persuade them to let them be.

The Eternal Realm Hunter who could turn into threads laughed heartily. "You have no enmity with us, but the Element Spirit Civilization has enmity with you."

"So the famous Eternal Realm Hunters have joined the Element Spirit Civilization?" King Ieuan asked, narrowing its beady eyes.

The twins at the Eternal Realm were wearing a careless smile on their faces, but when they heard this, their expressions suddenly grew serious. One of them snapped, "What are you talking about? How could we join them? It's just that they're offering us the Bone Fragments Secret Soul if we capture you. So, here we are!"

The other continued, "Just give up. If you do, we promise to treat you nicely." He smiled mischievously. "Maybe the Element Spirit Civilization will even spare you!"

"Stop talking to them," the Eternal Realm Hunter behind the twins snapped impatiently. "These people are our targets. Just kill them." With a wave of his hand, he transformed into threads once more that floated in the wind.

It was after being entangled by the threads that Zen fell into the black hole without resistance. The threads were not as simple as they looked.

Naturally, the four human masters didn't plan to sit still and await their deaths. Simultaneously, their eyes lit up as the energy within their bodies surged excitedly.

The Heavenly Eye Vine continued to extend its sharp thorny vines underground. Its life source was still in Zen's hands. Even for its own sake, it had to fight desperately these three Eternal Realm Hunters.

Only King Ieuan remained unmoving. Instead, it continued negotiating. "I know you are from the Knotting race, and your names are Sawyer and Thurston. Back then, the whole Knotting race was killed by the Element Spirit Civilization. You have a grudge against the Element Spirit Civilization, so why do you help them now?"

The older brother of the twins was Sawyer, and the younger one was Thurston. The Eternal Realm Hunter behind them was Pearson. These names were given after they became the Eternal Realm Hunters.

At the mention of the painful past, hatred flashed in the eyes of Sawyer and Thurston. Sawyer said, "We just want the Bone Fragments Secret Soul. We will never take the Element Spirit Civilization's side. Sooner or later, we will avenge our clansmen!"

King Ieuan had already expected this. It continued, "The Knotting race used to be a dominating civilization. It is said that in order to complete the Finale Way, tens of billions of its people offered their blood, but in the end, their efforts were all in vain. We really admire them. But now you help the Element Spirit Civilization hinder the completion of the Finale Way. You're holding the candle to the devil!"

"Cut the crap!"

Pearson shook his hands, and the threads all over the sky were about to wrap up the crowd.

Just then, Sawyer suddenly stretched out his hand and grabbed Pearson by the shoulder. With a faint smile on his face and a crazed look in his eyes, he asked, "The completion of the Finale Way? Do you think you can complete it?"

Chapter 3975 The Black Sun

Sawyer and Thurston had not been born on the Other Shore—rather, they came from the chaos.

The Knotting race was the ruling civilization of the 733rd chaos. Sawyer and Thurston were the most capable assistants of the strongest warrior in the Knotting race.

As King Ieuan had said, the Knotting race was known for the courage of its members.

In the quest to achieve the Finale Way, many members of the Knotting race had been killed as blood sacrifices. But it was all in vain. The strongest warrior had still failed, and could only lead the remaining members to the Other Shore.

However, even on the Other Shore, the Knotting race still advocated the Finale Way. This put them at odds with the Element Spirit Civilization. Eventually, the strongest warrior of the Knotting race was killed by the Eye Spirit, along with almost all the other members of the race. Only Sawyer and his brother Thurston had survived.

Like all the members of the Knotting race, the two brothers used to have a deep obsession with the Finale Way. But after they became Eternal Realm Hunters, they gradually began to give up on achieving it. Now, after long years of staying in the Three Purities Stage, they never mentioned the Finale Way anymore.

King Ieuan suddenly said something that immediately caught their attention. It told them that they could realize the Finale Way. Sawyer looked at first shocked, then he smirked as though he'd heard a funny joke.

"So, you are the creatures in the current chaos?" Thurston asked.

"Yes," said King Ieuan.

"This round of chaos is about to come to an end soon. I wonder whether you have been fully prepared, and how strong the strongest of you truly is," said Sawyer in a mocking tone.

King Ieuan pondered this for a few moments. Then it shook its head. "I don't know."

Sawyer let out a sharp bark of laughter.

"Since going to the Supreme Pure Realm, we have paid little attention to what is happening in the chaos, but we know clearly that there is no ruling force in this round," he said. "What makes you think you can realize the Finale Way?"

There were many preparations needed in order to complete the Finale Way.

A ruling civilization established its dominion and ensured that no other force in the chaos could resist it. This allowed the members of that civilization to focus on preparing for the completion of the Finale Way.

Now, however, the various super forces in the chaos were fighting each other. How could anyone have the time to prepare for the Finale Way?

Sawyer's question left King Ieuan speechless.

It quickly realized that Sawyer was right.

So far, almost no preparations had been made for the Finale Way.

How could they complete it?

The Snake Goddess listened calmly from where she stood on the vine. Something flickered in her eyes as she said, "Although our human race is not a ruling force, we have killed Claire from the Element Spirit Civilization and the Grandmaster of Heaven from the Nihility race."

Her words surprised Sawyer, Thurston, and Pearson greatly.

Both Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven were top masters on the Other Shore. Had the members of the human race truly defeated them? What great abilities did they possess to accomplish such feats?

Sawyer sneered. In a tone of skepticism, he said, "Do you have any proof? Are we supposed to simply believe your claims?"

It was hard to fathom the truth of what the Snake Goddess said, since they had not seen Claire or the Grandmaster of Heaven defeated with their own eyes.

"Why else do you think is the Element Spirit Civilization so determined to kill us? Even at the cost of the Bone Fragments Secret Soul?" the Snake Goddess asked coolly.

Sawyer hesitated, exchanging glances with Thurston. The brothers realized that what the Snake Goddess said made sense.

In the eyes of the three Eternal Realm Hunters, this task was extremely simple.

Zen was obviously the most powerful in his group.

The Element Spirit Civilization had used the ice piece to pass its orders and tasks to other creatures. Somehow, the Eternal Realm Hunters had managed to get their hands on an ice piece, through which they received the current task. They then conducted an investigation and learned that Zen had massive physical strength, and that he had killed Hawley in the Flaming Maple Forest.

Thus, based on what the Eternal Realm Hunters knew about the Flaming Maple Forest, Zen had a stronger body than Hawley.

However, the Eternal Realm Hunters weren't afraid of a powerful body or physical strength alone. Without the suppression of the Flaming Maple Forest, they thought it would not be difficult for them to kill Zen using their theurgies.

The task proved as simple as they had anticipated. Zen had no time to fight back before he fell into the Black Sun of Sawyer and Thurston.

But why did the Element Spirit Civilization have to chase after this human team?

They had offered the Bone Fragments Secret Soul as a reward. They had mobilized almost all the creatures in the Grand Pure Realm. Clearly, the Element Spirit Civilization was determined to kill these humans.

"You want us to let you go, right? It's impossible! We'll kill you!"

With an audible hiss, the spider threads spread out over the humans.

The threads enveloped Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi saw that battle was unavoidable, and his eyes began to flash with a deep golden light. The brilliance of his golden sword was blinding.

Meanwhile, Yasamin flipped her hand, and a bone sword appeared in her grip. It looked ordinary, but as she brandished it, the sword emanated a mysterious and powerful aura.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and King Ieuan also activated their bloodlines.

They all understood that they were fighting for their lives, so they would enter this battle at full strength.

The air soon filled with powerful auras.

Green shoots suddenly sprouted from the ground as the Heavenly Eye Vine joined the battle. The shoots rapidly grew into countless thick, thorny vines, transforming the flat ground into a dense, prickly forest.

As the battle was about to start, Sawyer and Thurston felt an unexpected vibration in their chests. Suddenly, two black semicircles appeared out of nowhere, marking their bodies.

The two brothers stared down at the black semicircles on their chests, wearing identical expressions of shock and confusion.

Pearson had already begun to launch an attack, but he stopped abruptly, gazing warily at the strange black marks.

The Black Sun was a bloodline theurgy unique to Sawyer and Thurston.

Only when the two brothers faced each other could the complete Black Sun be summoned.

The Black Sun was an incomprehensible world. If any god was trapped inside, they would be killed—there was no possibility of survival.

Indeed, the most significant feature of the Black Sun was the impossibility of escaping from it. Once Sawyer and Thurston separated, there would be no exit.

No matter how strong one was and what special abilities they had, they could never pass through an exit that did not exist.

For instance, once in the Supreme Pure Realm, the three Eternal Realm Hunters had encountered the immortal Cyan Bone Ghosts, and used the Black Sun on them.

It was said that the ninety-nine Cyan Bone Ghosts in the Supreme Pure Realm never died. They had wandered aimlessly for a long time in the Supreme Pure Realm, killing countless creatures who crossed their paths. The Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race had been unable to deal with them, and instead evaded the Cyan Bone Ghosts when they encountered them.

But when Sawyer and Thurston had encountered them, two Cyan Bone Ghosts had been devoured by the Black Sun. They were never seen again after that—for all intents and purposes, they were dead, killed by the Black Sun.

Since even the Cyan Bone Ghosts couldn't escape the Black Sun, how could Zen ever manage it?

After Sawyer and Thurston sucked Zen into the Black Sun, they were absolutely certain that he was not only gone, but dead.

They had never imagined that someone could survive after being devoured by the Black Sun. It was too strange to even consider.

"What's happening?" Pearson asked quickly, looking with concern at the brothers.

"I—I don't know. I have never seen half of the Black Sun before—"

As Sawyer spoke, he was interrupted by movement within the black semicircle on his chest. He staggered backwards. Something was crawling out from within the dark depths.

It was half a body. Everyone stared, mouths gaping, while the other half of the body also crawled out from the semicircle in Thurston's chest.

The movements of the two halves were coordinated. Obviously, they belonged to a single being, although an invisible space in the middle still separated them as they crawled out.

The two halves of the Black Sun exerted an irresistible gravitational force upon each other. Independent of any action by Sawyer and Thurston, the two black semicircles drew closer and closer to each other, dragging the two brothers towards one another.

Finally, the two halves met, and the Black Sun was formed. As the circle became whole, so did the two halves of the body, joining together to form a single human shape.

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 3976 Stand
Chapter 3977 Heading North
Chapter 3978 Golden Axe
Chapter 3979 Golden Flames
Chapter 3980 A Trick
Chapter 3981 The Skills Of The Hunters
Chapter 3982 The Earthly Dragon Snakes
Chapter 3983 Desperate
Chapter 3984 The Stone Spirits
Chapter 3985 The Green Wind
Chapter 3986 Giant Hawk
Chapter 3987 No Turning Back
Chapter 3988 Treacherous Beings
Chapter 3989 A Village
Chapter 3990 Howls
Chapter 3991 Calling
Chapter 3992 Revive
Chapter 3993 A Hard Choice
Chapter 3994 Possessed By The Treacherous Being
Chapter 3995 The Soul Catching Lamp
Chapter 3996 The Blood Swamp
Chapter 3997 Running
Chapter 3998 To The North
Chapter 3999 The Same Direction
Chapter 4000 An Ingenious Place
Chapter 4001 The Six-headed Eagle
Chapter 4002 Lure
Chapter 4003 Failure
Chapter 4004 A Sudden Stroke of Good Fortune
Chapter 4005 Les
Chapter 4006 Thunder Array
Chapter 4007 Hostility Level
Chapter 4008 Go Deep Into The Freezing Wilderness
Chapter 4009 A Place With No Turning Back

Chapter 4010 Holy Wings Armor
Chapter 4011 The Fish Hook
Chapter 4012 The Large Pool
Chapter 4013 Armor
Chapter 4014 The Big-head Monsters
Chapter 4015 Teamwork
Chapter 4016 The Seventh Time
Chapter 4017 The Power Of Silver Energy
Chapter 4018 Builders
Chapter 4019 Hard To Accept
Chapter 4020 The Black Head
Chapter 4021 A Smiling Man
Chapter 4022 General
Chapter 4023 Seized
Chapter 4024 A Human Shaped Coral
Chapter 4025 Another Accident
Chapter 4026 Treasure Bottle Platform
Chapter 4027 Unfold
Chapter 4028 Reinforcement
Chapter 4029 Giants In The River
Chapter 4030 Divide Into Two Groups
Chapter 4031 On The Treasure Bottle Platform

Chapter 3976 Stand

The man's body was dark in color. Although the people around him could not see his appearance clearly, his eight-foot-tall figure gave away that he was Zen.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

At that moment, Zen coughed violently and spat out a black mass.

He coughed up so much it took him a long time to recover.

Meanwhile, Sawyer and Thurston still couldn't believe and wondered how he had escaped.

After all, such a thing never happened before.

The only unexpected thing that happened was that the Cyan Bone Ghosts' bodies were too powerful and remained intact for a long while in the Black Sun.

Back then, the Cyan Bone Ghosts, who were still alive after being absorbed, wanted to escape, but Sawyer quickly put Thurston's hand down, so they failed to get out.

However, the situation was completely different this time.

Usually, they controlled the Black Sun, but now it was the Black Sun that controlled them. The two brothers never imagined that such a thing would happen.

"He got out of the Black Sun by force. What kind of strength does it need?" In shock, Thurston looked at Zen, who was coughing.

The two brothers had controlled the Black Sun for a long time, and during that period, they thoroughly studied it.

According to their study, someone unknown had created the Black Sun. It should be a remarkably perfect prison.

Anyone who got locked up inside it could not get out unless both Sawyer and Thurston helped them.

From the design point of view, the Black Sun was perfect.

Yet, today, someone broke this perfect philosophy and got out of it.

"What are you waiting for? Swallow him again! I don't believe he can escape a second time!"

Pearson quickly jumped up, and the spider threads swerved towards the opposite direction and shrouded Zen.

In turn, Zen, who was still in a fit of violent coughs, suddenly stopped. Then in a bent position, he turned his head and stared at Pearson.

His whole body was pitch black, but his eyeballs were a little white. His bright and sharp eyes were like arrows that were ready to leave the bowstring any time, which unnerved Pearson and slightly weakened his momentum.

The moment Pearson paused for a bit, Zen fiercely pounced forward with his hands on the ground. Then, he ran like a cheetah for two steps and finally grabbed Pearson by the neck.

Boom! Boom...

Pearson's head collided against the ground as Zen seized his neck and firmly pressed his body down.

Whap!

Afterward, Zen pushed his body to make a ditch on the ground, and then raised a fist to punch him.

If Zen punched him, he would surely die.

Just as Zen's fist touched the tip of his nose, his head and body suddenly turned into thin spider threads!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh...

His threads had a sealing effect and could perfectly close off the bloodline power.

Zen had previously been caught off guard, and the ancestry-level bloodline could not help him, so he got trapped inside the Black Sun.

Hiss, hiss, hiss...

After Pearson's threads wrapped tightly around Zen, they continued to weave until they turned into Pearson's head. "What are you waiting for?"

Pearson angrily yelled at Sawyer and Thurston.

The three of them cooperated closely. When faced with a tough opponent, Pearson subdued their target with his threads, and then Sawyer and Thurston used the Black Sun to suck in the target.

Once the Black Sun had sucked in the target, Pearson's spider threads fell off the target's body to prevent Pearson from being sucked into it.

The three of them always worked together closely and tacitly, almost without any communication.

This time, however, Sawyer and Thurston just stood still.

Since Zen had already escaped from the Black Sun once, he could escape from it again.

However, all the Eternal Realm Hunters were people who lived on the verge of death. They couldn't possibly avoid trying just because it was hard for the Black Sun to kill Zen.

The real reason they stopped was because of King Ieuan's words during the previous conversation.

These humans were the current civilization in the chaos.

They were the hope of completing the Finale Way.

Based on the actions of the Knotting race in the past, they should be friends of Knotting race and be the ones who the Knotting race supported.

Moreover, the powers Zen had exhibited shocked them. Someone like him indeed deserved to be hunted by the Element Spirit Civilization which offered a generous bounty to whoever caught him.

Furthermore, he could also possibly complete the Finale Way. "Do something!" Pearson continued to shout.

"What's wrong with... your companions?"

Zen stretched out his hand and grabbed Pearson's head. With a gentle pinch, Pearson's head immediately turned into countless spider threads.

It was not easy to kill Pearson.

When Zen got trapped in the Black Sun, he did not hear conversation outside. Thus, he did not know the reason.

However, Pearson's two companions suddenly hesitated, which naturally gave him a chance.

As soon as Zen was about to attack the twins, King Ieuan suddenly said, "Zen, they are not enemies. I think you all have the same stand! Squeak!"

Zen looked at King Ieuan in confusion. "If you really plan to complete the Finale Way, I think we are indeed not enemies," said Sawyer.

At that point, Zen quickly understood Sawyer's words.

There were very few creatures on Other Shore who still insisted on the Finale Way, and most of the others paid allegiance to the Element Spirit Civilization or had died.

But these people were indeed allies.

Hiss, hiss, hiss...

The spider threads slipped down from Zen's body and quickly turned into Pearson's body.

"Are you idiots?!" Pearson said in exasperation.

From the beginning to the end, he didn't believe a single word from King Ieuan.

The two brothers from the Knotting race were too naive. They still couldn't forget about the Finale Way, and now they were fooled by a few words.

Then again, Pearson didn't have a powerful combat strength. If the two brothers did not want to cooperate, then he definitely could not fight Zen head-on.

What was worse was that there were several Eternal Realm warriors with Zen.

"Anyway, it's true that the Element Spirit Civilization tries to kill them," Sawyer confirmed.

If Pear Hill, which the Snake Goddess had mentioned, could deal with the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization, then Sawyer and Thurston were willing to side with them unconditionally!

Suddenly, a barrage of loud footsteps came from not far away.

Da! Da! Da!

A group of creatures, half human and half horse, charged towards them at an exceptionally fast speed. "It's the Sacred Horse race!" Fuxi exclaimed.

The Sacred Horse race might not be the best in the Grand Pure Realm, but they were the most challenging race to deal with.

They moved too fast that no one could catch up with them or escape from them. They fought their opponents to death.

Because the Eternal Realm Hunters had delayed Zen for such a long time, he and the others encountered the members of the Sacred Horse race.

"I hope you two won't get me into trouble!" Pearson snorted coldly.

As he spoke, he turned around and flicked his finger. Then, he transformed into extraordinarily thin spider threads that quietly spread out on the ground.

Da! Da! Da!

The members of the Sacred Horse race continued to get closer. In a blink, they finally arrived.

The leader of the group was thirty feet tall and carried a spear full of thorns on his shoulder. He shouted excitedly, "How cooperative of you! Do you wait for us here?"

Chapter 3977 Heading North

"Woo... Hoo... Hoo..."

A large group of members from the Sacred Horse race shouted from behind the leader, and their loud voices filled the air.

They liked to move fast when they got excited. People saw twisted shadows as they galloped. Their bodies traversed distances at speeds that the naked eye could not see.

This group from the Sacred Horse race moved in insane ways. They were like beams of light that dazzled everyone around them.

However, their excitement did not last long.

Pearson merely lifted his arm a little, but the spider threads had already formed a large net, which trapped all the members of the Sacred Horse race inside it.

After the spider web wrapped around the members of the Sacred Horse race, who originally moved insanely fast, their speed drastically dropped at once. They also discovered that their theurgies became entirely ineffective.

"It's your turn," Pearson said without looking back.

Although he did not agree with Sawyer and Thurston's ideas, the three of them, who were Eternal Realm Hunters, had wandered on the Three Purities

Stage for so long that they were like brothers.

Since Sawyer and Thurston were so stubborn, Pearson had no choice but stand with them and fight.

Sawyer and Thurston held their hands together, and the Black Sun suddenly appeared between the two of them.

Whoosh...

The Black Sun spun rapidly and released an extraordinarily strong attraction force.

Even Zen could not resist the force, let alone these members of the Sacred Horse race.

"What is that?"

"I'm trapped in these spider threads!"

"Why can't I use my bloodline power?"

The members of the Sacred Horse race were in a mess. After all, how could they resist the terrifying power of the Black Sun?

One by one, the Black Sun automatically sucked in the members of the Sacred Horse race. Some of the braver members of their race threw their spears before they got sucked in, but their efforts proved useless.

Within nine seconds, the Black Sun sucked in all of the members of the Sacred Horse race.

Meanwhile, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others quietly looked at each other.

Indeed, the Eternal Realm Hunters deserved their reputation. They were formidable and mighty warriors.

Afterwards, Sawyer and Thurston withdrew their hands, and the Black Sun disappeared. Then, its exit closed.

The Black Sun would consume the members of the Sacred Horse race inside it. Since their physical bodies were not that strong, it would not take long to eat them away.

Then, Sawyer cupped his hands towards Zen and said, "The Element Spirit Civilization has marked you. Many races in the Grand Pure Realm have come to capture you from all directions, so you'd better leave here as soon as possible."

Zen nodded. "Will you go with us?" he asked.

"Go with you?"

"Okay..."

Sawyer and Thurston didn't hesitate too much before they answered.

The real reason the two of them joined the Eternal Realm Hunters was that they were homeless and had nowhere to go.

Even though they had obtained great benefits after they became Eternal Realm Hunters, both of them still felt that the road ahead was long and meaningless.

The Finale Way was the most meaningful goal that every ruling civilization pursued. However, in the many chaotic eras that passed, the two of them never found someone worthy of their support.

Now, they both agreed that Zen was indeed the "special" one.

Since they chose to give up the Bone Fragments Secret Soul, they naturally wanted to see if this person was worthy of their trust. "Then come with us!" Zen exclaimed.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

At that moment, Thurston and Sawyer jumped up and stood on the back of the Heavenly Eye Vine.

"Pearson..." Sawyer looked back.

If Pearson did not want to follow, then Sawyer wouldn't force him. Everyone had their ambitions, and the Eternal Realm Hunters were always free to pursue them.

Then again, the three of them had gotten along well with each other for so many years, so of course, Pearson felt reluctant to leave them behind. With a bitter smile on his face, he jumped onto the Heavenly Eye Vine.

"The Heavenly Eye Vine is usually covered with Arrow Demons. It's not easy to deal with them. Why would it help you?" Sawyer asked.

In general, the Eternal Realm Hunters were quite familiar with everything about the Grand Pure Realm and the Supreme Pure Realm.

The Arrow Demons were also a non-human race that posed a high threat to the other races. Even the Eternal Realm Hunters had to avoid them when they encountered them before.

Therefore, the Eternal Realm Hunters found it strange when the Heavenly Eye Vine had now helped Zen and his companions.

"They are dead. He killed them all," King Ieuan said as it pointed at Zen.

Thurston and Sawyer slightly arched their eyebrows at King Ieuan's words.

The fact that Zen had forcefully escaped from the Black Sun already shocked both of them. Thus, they were even more surprised when they heard that Zen could deal with the Arrow Demons all alone.

Pearson pursed his lips. He was suspicious by nature. Unless he saw it with his own eyes, he never believed it.

"Rumble..."

Soon enough, the Heavenly Eye Vine went into the ground and quickly moved as it carried the people on it.

When Claire, Les, and Slade saw what happened through the Shadow Warriors, they were also speechless.

When the Eternal Realm Hunters first appeared, Claire and her companions were a little excited.

Several years ago, Claire had personally tracked down the three remaining Eternal Realm Hunters, but she still failed to kill them.

These Eternal Realm Hunters were undoubtedly all-powerful. If they weren't careful enough, even mighty warriors like Claire and Les could find their lives in danger.

As soon as the Eternal Realm Hunters took action, Claire told Slade that if the Eternal Realm Hunters killed Zen and the others in his group, they would get the Bone Fragments Secret Soul as a reward.

Even if there was hostility between the Element Spirit Civilization and the Eternal Realm Hunters, the Element Spirit Civilization never broke its promise.

But not long after they made a move, the three Eternal Realm Hunters stood together with Zen and his companions, which was confusing.

"It seems that your method did not work," Claire said and glanced at Slade.

Though the Element Spirit Civilization had repressed the Finale Way for so many years, there were still many warriors at the Eternal Realm who yearned for the Finale Way on the Other Shore.

If Zen rose to power, then the Eternal Realm warriors would probably all choose to follow him.

The Element Spirit Civilization did not want to see that.

"If these Eternal Realm Hunters wanted to follow them to death, then let them be," Slade said in a very calm voice.

On the other hand, Les just laughed and said nothing.

Along the way to the north, the Heavenly Eye Vine continuously traveled through the layer of soil.

After it crossed a distance of about three thousand miles, they arrived at a range of bumpy hills.

The hills were quite sturdy and could bear the pressure of over one hundred thousand divine megatons. Even the Heavenly Eye Vine found it hard to travel through them, so it just crawled along the hills' terrain.

"Quack, quack!"

Just then, they heard a strange scream from the sky.

It turned out that about eight peculiar birds lined up and spiraled downwards.

The Snake Goddess released crimson shadows, which were like an octopus' tentacles as they lashed at the sky. Her shadows did not aim at anything, but they forced the strange birds to gather together. Then, a mark of Eight Diagrams appeared on the birds' bodies.

"Boom!"

Then came an intense explosion in the air which struck the strange birds to death. However, there were no corpses, but only some bird feathers that slowly fluttered in the air.

Fuxi blew on his fist and said impassively, "How dare these strange birds attack us?"

As they headed north, he killed some non-human creatures who were surprisingly fast along the way. He showed quite formidable methods and skills and slaughtered those non-human creatures in no time.

Pearson quietly sized Fuxi up. These human warriors in the Eternal Realm didn't seem to be as weak as he thought. At least, Fuxi was qualified to join the Eternal Realm Hunters if it was in the past.

Chapter 3978 Golden Axe

As they traveled north, the low hills continued to rise and eventually turned into lofty mountains.

Fortunately, these mountains were close to one another, making it easier for the Heavenly Eye Vine to leap from mountaintop to mountaintop.

After the Heavenly Eye Vine had crossed the biggest mountain, a path appeared that led northwest. This path extended to the horizon with no end at sight.

On one side of the path rested a deep valley: the Purple Wind Gorge.

Legend had it that this valley was formed by gusts of wind over the years.

When Fuxi and the Snake Goddess saw the path, their expressions shifted. Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, and King Ieuan's faces darkened as well.

"The path seems to be covered by white mist?" Zen pointed out in confusion.

"This is not a white mist," Fuxi snapped back. "It's the members of the Mystical Void race."

"The Mystical Void race?" Zen raised an eyebrow in curiosity.

He was not surprised, especially because he sensed a vibrant energy of life as they approached the area.

At the time, it was an odd feeling, so he did not ask earlier.

The Snake Goddess nodded and continued to explain, "This long, winding road is the Silent Path. Members of the Mystical Void race are scattered along the Silent Path. As we go through this path, we cannot make a sound or we will infuriate the members of the Mystical Void race." She then lifted her hand to point at the mist. "It seems that someone already bothered them. They took this form to block future travelers."

Zen walked towards the path's entrance and stretched out his hand to touch the mist, but his finger was blocked by an invisible space wall.

"Now that the Element Spirit Civilization is tracking you, they might have already figured out where you were headed. They must've irritated the members of the Mystical Void race to stop you beforehand," Pearson said as he walked up and pressed a hand against the space wall.

"All we have to do is eliminate the members of the Mystical Void race," responded Zen.

"You can try," said Fuxi, shrugging his shoulders.

Without any hesitation, Zen sent a punch into the space wall.

His punch was anything but weak. With one strong hit of energy, the wall shattered and revealed a hole of sixty feet deep.

However, the hole was only empty for a second.

A strange whine echoed out and two white dots appeared behind the space wall above them. Such dots could reflect surrounding scenes and sounds. In any case, they were the eyes and mouths of the Mystical Void race.

Seeing that its body had been badly damaged, the creature cried and howled repeatedly. Meanwhile, the other parts of its body pressed against the hole Zen punched. In an instant, the hole was repaired completely.

The members of the Mystical Void race felt no pain, so their concept of injury was nonexistent. If a part of their body was destroyed, all they had to do was to fix it with other parts.

This meant that Zen's punch only reduced the size of this member of Mystical Void race.

Boom!

Just then, Zen threw out an even stronger punch.

This time, he used his full strength. Even the three Eternal Realm Hunters who had seen a lot of the world were in awe at his tremendous power.

They had known Zen's physical body was powerful enough to kill Hawley, but they never expected his burst of strength would be so terrifying. If they ever came into contact with his punch, they would all be shattered.

Crack!

Suddenly, a long, thin hole stretched over to a thousand feet long

on the invisible space wall.

Awoo...

The member of the Mystical Void race whined once again as its body shrank a little more.

However, as the body shrank, a second member of their race swelled up to fill up the vacancy that developed.

As Zen saw this, his jaw dropped in surprise. His efforts were to no avail.

"Don't waste your time and energy on them. Once the members of the Mystical Void race swell up, you won't be able to pass through the Silent Path," Sawyer tried to convince Zen.

They would have to destroy everything above the Silent Path to eliminate the members of the Mystical Void race. God knew how long it would take to achieve that. "Is this the only route to the northwest?"

Zen asked.

"There is one other way..." the Snake Goddess stood up and said. "We can continue moving north through the Purple Wind Gorge!"

"The Purple Wind Gorge is an alternative path, yes. But once the strong gusts of wind arise, it will also be a hard route to endure," King Ieuan sighed.

"But we have no other choice now," Pearson shrugged.

For him, the humans lacked preparation for the journey and underestimated the Element Spirit Civilization.

The Element Spirit Civilization developed in the Three Purities Stage for so long. Certainly, nobody else knew this place better than them.

From the movement of Zen and the group, it was not difficult for the Element Spirit Civilization to guess where they were headed.

If they wanted to avoid the hunt of the Element Spirit Civilization, they should have taken more dangerous, misleading routes.

In the past, when the Eternal Realm Hunters were chased by the Element Spirit Civilization, they were forced to enter the Evil Waters. This was how they shook the Element Spirit Civilization off their track.

The Element Spirit Civilization would stop their hunt when faced with life-threatening areas. However, the Eternal Realm Hunters paid a considerable price — almost all of them were annihilated in the Evil Waters.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others all looked at Zen. Although Zen was youngest among them, he was obviously regarded as a decision maker in this group. After hesitating for a moment, Zen heard a voice within him.

He listened intently, and then his eyes flashed with determination. "Let's go through the Purple Wind Gorge."

Without hesitation, they climbed up the Heavenly Eye Vine again and slid down from the top of the mountain.

They continued moving north until they arrived at a plateau.

The plateau rose to a higher plane every hundred miles, making it appear like a massive stairway to heaven. The formation was called the Sky Ladder Plateau.

After they passed through the Stage End Passage, the Eternal Realm warriors of the Grand Plain Stage fell to the edges of the Grand Pure Realm. They wanted to land nearer to the Sky Ladder Plateau because it was a desolate area with close to no powerful races around the area.

There were a total of seven "steps" going up the Sky Ladder Plateau. At the end of the seventh step rested the famous Purple Wind Gorge.

Once the Heavenly Eye Vine lifted them onto the Sky Ladder Plateau, Fuxi used the heavenly eye to scout their surroundings. All of a sudden, his face turned stone cold. "It seems to be even worse on this way."

"What's wrong? More warriors are gathered there?" asked Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Fuxi shook his head, "No. They're all gone. The creatures from other races have disappeared from my vision."

As they heard this, the Snake Goddess, Yasamin, and the others exchanged looks of confusion. Sawyer asked from the side, "You mean you can't see them through the heavenly eye?"

It was not rare that warriors moved in concealment.

However, the heavenly eye easily saw through most disguises and concealment methods. Now that they failed to see their enemies' movements, this only meant that their concealment methods were far from ordinary.

Fuxi shook his head and gave the vine extended from the heavenly eye to Sawyer. Sawyer took it and looked around through the eye, but saw nothing as well.

Just as Sawyer opened his mouth to speak, they all sensed a formidable power of space from above them. All of a sudden, the clouds parted and a huge golden axe appeared from behind. It slashed down at them before anyone could even react.

The axe was several hundred feet in size.

Its edge was engraved with strange Sanskrit words across it, and it radiated circles of golden light that emitted an extremely strong aura.

Crack!

In a split second, the golden axe fell from the sky and chopped down towards the ground, slicing the thick Heavenly Eye Vine in half.

Chapter 3979 Golden Flames

The Heavenly Eye Vine's only weakness was the heavenly eye.

As a plant, any part cut off from its body could still grow and regenerate independently.

Back when the Arrow Demons fought with the Lightning Ghosts, the latter utilized their ability to travel through space from thousands of miles away to catch their enemies off guard.

In a flash, they were able to cut the Heavenly Eye Vine into dozens of pieces.

Over time, these Heavenly Eye Vine cuttings took root independently and grew all over the place which became even more enemies of the Lightning Ghosts.

However, this golden axe that appeared out of the blue was no ordinary weapon.

When this golden axe was wielded, it cut through the vine and left behind a small circle of golden light. Upon closer inspection, this circle of light was actually golden flames that quickly spread along the length of the vine.

If nothing was done to stop them, the golden flames would quickly swallow up the whole plant and reduce it into nothing but ash.

Whoosh!

A sharp golden ray of sword radiance slashed through the vine as Eastern Emperor Taiyi brandished his blade and cut off the part that already caught fire.

From a once mighty vine, the sliced part fell to the ground and burned bright until there was nothing but ash and smoke.

Yasamin sported an extremely serious look on her face. "Who in the world summoned the golden axe to attack us?"

Fuxi scouted through the heavenly eye and also spread out his spiritual sense in an effort to find the target. "I don't know. The power of space is so weird."

After the huge axe appeared, it quickly shot up into the air and disappeared right before their very eyes. Not even Fuxi's efforts were enough to find its location.

"I recognized that golden axe. It's the bull-headed monsters' weapon," Thurston told them.

Bull-headed monsters were one of the most dangerous races in the Grand Pure Realm as they had excellent combat ability. Fortunately, their weakness lay in their lackluster agility so one would generally be safe if they kept their distance.

"Those creatures aren't idiots. If you're their common target then they would team-up and stop at nothing to subdue you. That's an incredibly serious matter that we need to consider," Pearson grumbled.

It wasn't that difficult to fight against a single race. Each had their own strengths but also their own weaknesses.

If one knew what these weaknesses were and how to exploit them, then it would be an easy fight.

Known as the strongest melee fighters, the bull-headed monsters were a considerably powerful force and those targeted by them would undoubtedly face a miserable end.

In the past, the Eternal Realm Hunters dealt with them easily through the advantage of agility.

However, the situation now was different. They were not just dealing with the bull-headed monsters but all the other races. With everyone's strengths and weaknesses balanced, the opposition became a formidable force to be reckoned. Even the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization would flinch at the face of such an outstanding coalition, what more Zen's puny group?

Buzz...

A space fluctuation appeared above them, accompanied by a flash of golden light. For a split second, everything was silent until a huge, golden axe suddenly emerged and hacked down towards them!

Fortunately, the Heavenly Eye Vine was prepared and twisted its body to the side to avoid the attack. The golden axe hit the ground instead of the vine and left behind a shining, golden crack.

Flames blazed within the crack but seemed to be unable to burn the ground. A few minutes later, the golden fire was automatically extinguished.

"It doesn't matter where they are. We should climb up to the top of the Sky Ladder Plateau first," Zen suggested.

With Zen's command, the Heavenly Eye Vine twisted its body and quickly fled the place.

Buzz...

Of course, there was no way their escape was going to be so easy. As the Heavenly Eye Vine fled, another space fluctuation appeared above them as two golden axes dropped down at the same time.

The axes boxed in the Heavenly Eye Vine from both sides and left no space for it to dodge.

"To the left!" Zen roared.

Quick reflexes were what they needed at that moment.

The Heavenly Eye Vine followed Zen's command and twisted its body to the left.

With the golden axe on the left about to slash down on their heads, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and King Ieuan all scattered but, to their horror, Zen remained to charge at it head-on!

Thurston's eyes widened in shock when he witnessed what Zen was about to do. "Is he crazy?! What in the world is he doing?!"

Sawyer shared his sentiments and shouted after Zen desperately. "Get out of the way! What the hell are you doing?!"

These axes were no ordinary weapons and the flames they emitted were called Life Devouring Flames that could burn any living creatures to ashes in mere seconds!

Crack!

Zen took a wide stance and raised his hands in an effort to resist the oncoming golden axe!

Sharp as it was, it wasn't enough to cut through Zen's body.

"What a strong body!"

"After all, his physical body is even stronger than Hawley's!"

"But the Life Devouring Flames! No matter how strong his body is, the flames will still devour him..."

There was nothing the Eternal Realm Hunters could really do but stare nervously at Zen and wait for his fate to consume him.

Sure enough, the small golden flames quickly spread from the sharp edge of the axe and onto Zen's arm as it burned his flesh with a sizzling sound.

Zen's virtually indestructible body quickly crumpled and charred under the onslaught of the flames but still, he remained standing.

"Do you want to burn me to nothing but ashes?" he muttered. The flames continued to lick at his skin but Zen continued to carry the axe with both hands.

Once caught in the flames, the fire would only continue to spread along the victim's body faster and faster.

If this went on, Zen would definitely be burned to nothing, including the ancestry-level bloodline inside his body.

Up until now, the only way Zen was able to use this formidable ancestry-level bloodline he obtained was by putting himself in danger. If he helped his friends but did not put his own safety in question, then the bloodline would never activate.

In a real predicament like this one, he was sure that the ancestry-level bloodline would rise up and protect itself!

Buzz!

Sure enough, Zen's shoulder suddenly swelled and formed a big sac that exploded and turned into a monstrous, gaping mouth with sharp teeth!

"Okay, here it goes," Zen murmured to himself.

He could only sigh at the sight of the ugly mouth on his shoulder.

The ancestry-level bloodline was truly powerful and Zen had yet to see any limits or weaknesses to it.

However, every time it showed off its power, it seemed to always attach a gruesome and somewhat terrifying addition to his body.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Everyone watched as this monstrous mouth that suddenly grew on his shoulder sucked and devoured the Life Devouring Flames, including those that burned on the axe blade.

Once all of the flames had been eaten, the golden axe became nothing more than an ordinary chunk of sharp metal.

All Zen needed to do was exert a bit of strength before he was able to snap the huge axe in half!

Everyone who witnessed this scene almost had their eyes pop right out of their sockets in surprise.

'What is with that weird mouth that suddenly grew on his shoulder?

How was that mouth able to devour the flames so easily?' they all couldn't help but wonder to themselves.

Among the three Eternal Realm Hunters, Pearson was the most knowledgeable and also most scheming.

When he saw what had happened, he surmised that Zen's body was able to adjust itself to all sorts of predicaments.

So did that mean that he had also sorts of method that could correspond to defeating other theurgies?

If that was the case then wouldn't that make him entirely omnipotent?

It was merely a conjecture since Pearson had no way to prove it. Who knows? Maybe it was mere coincidence that Zen's body had the ability to restrain the Life Devouring Flames.

However, he remembered the fact that Zen was also able to escape from the Black Sun with a strange physical form. Was that also a coincidence then? There seemed to be too many coincidences in this world.

Pearson thought it through but couldn't come up with a sound hypothesis as of the moment. 'Maybe Sawyer and Thurston made the right choice to follow him?' he thought to himself.

All of a sudden, more power of space surged across the sky as multiple giant axes began to rain down upon them in succession!

Chapter 3980 A Trick

The Heavenly Eye Vine was a monster that had lived for countless years.

It could feel the space fluctuation in the sky, and how strong the fluctuation was really struck it dumb.

It would eventually die if it kept fleeing this way, so it could only place its hope on Zen now. After all, it was a fact that Zen managed to crush a huge golden axe with his bare hands—his strength was indisputable.

Thus, while it dodged, it also used Zen as a shield to face those golden axes.

In fact, considering the fact that Zen was still standing on it, Zen wouldn't just stay still and watch on with folded arms. Even if the Heavenly Eye Vine didn't do this, Zen would still take the initiative to fight off those golden axes.

Every time a huge golden axe swung down on them, the big mouth on Zen's shoulder would immediately open and suck down the Life Devouring

Flames. The originally golden axe would immediately lose its luster and turn into an ordinary iron axe.

Although the ordinary iron axe would still retain its slashing momentum, Zen could rip it into halves with just a little twisting movement, and it would end up being thrown aside casually by Zen.

Bang!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Boom!

Some of the axes were torn apart by Zen with bare hands, some cracked, while some others were riddled with holes.

All in all, the fate of those golden axes, which had appeared out of nowhere, never strayed far from being destroyed into pieces by Zen.

Something unexpected also occurred during the fight—someone used the space theurgy and retrieved the broken giant axes. However, they soon realized that the destroyed giant axes were useless and stopped. Since no one took care of those broken axes, wherever the Heavenly Eye Vine passed, there would always be piles of iron scraps lying on the ground.

When Zen first attacked, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others were quite worried, but upon seeing Zen becoming more and more proficient in dealing with the golden axes, their tight nerves gradually loosened.

Right in front of them, at the end of the first stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau, there were over a hundred creatures with transparent wings hovering in the air. These creatures were only about half the height of an adult human. They had small builds, but their heads were big. The combinations of these made them look funny.

Each one of them was covered in a layer of space membrane. It was precisely these layers of space membrane that changed the surrounding light rays and allowed them and the bull-headed men to hide well.

Even if one's spiritual sense swept over this area, their presence wouldn't be detected.

These short creatures were the Space Manipulating Spirits in the Grand Pure Realm, and just like their name indicated, they were highly talented in manipulating space.

After the Space Manipulating Spirits met the bull-headed men halfway, rather than engaging in a dead or alive battle like they usually did, both races unprecedentedly chose to join hands.

Both races were determined to get the Bone Fragments Secret Soul, so after discussing with each other, the Space Manipulating Spirits and the bull-headed men lurked at the end of the first stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau, ready to ambush Zen and his group.

The bull-headed men were very powerful, and the help of the Space Manipulating Spirits made up for their shortcomings—it was like adding brilliance to their present splendor.

In addition, they were in the dark, while Zen and his group were in the light. They should've been able to catch Zen and his group off guard and bring them down easily.

But the truth was poles apart from their imagination.

The Space Manipulating Spirits used the bull-headed men's axes to attack Zen, but Zen dealt with them easily and even smashed them into piles of scrap metal.

The bull-headed men's axes were forged elaborately. They would get a Golden Spirit Axe only after they became real soldiers. In general, they could only have one such axe in their lives.

Only those who'd made a great contribution would be awarded with a second Golden Spirit Axe.

The bull-headed men who came here were the most powerful elites of their race. Many of them had two Golden Spirit Axes, and some even had three.

In the beginning, the bull-headed men were quite willing to use their Golden Spirit Axes to attack Zen. However, when they saw Zen effortlessly tear their Golden Spirit Axes apart, they felt heartbroken. Those with only two Golden Spirit Axes refused to attack again and even began to quarrel with the Space Manipulating Spirits.

"What the hell are you thinking?!"

"That guy's not afraid of

our axes!"

The Space Manipulating Spirits didn't show any weakness and retorted.

"We've overestimated you! Losers!"

"Don't you claim to have the strongest combat power among those in the Grand Pure Realm?"

"You're all elites, but you can't even defeat that one guy!"

When the two races were in a fierce dispute, a blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit said, "Everyone, shut up!"

A bull-headed man with golden horns also roared, "Stop arguing! It's meaningless!"

The two were leaders of their teams. After they stepped up, the two sides finally quieted down.

The bull-headed man with golden horns said, "They don't know where we're yet, but they're heading towards us—we can kill them later!"

"Right," the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit echoed in agreement. There was a vicious glint in her eyes. "I'll trap that human in a space maze. Without him, we can kill the others easily."

Zen had the ability to devour the Life Devouring Flames—it was something that neither the bull-headed men nor the Space Manipulating Spirits ever imagined.

Nevertheless, from their point of view, it was Zen's physical body that was strong. Since it was a physical body, it wouldn't be difficult for them to deal with it.

The two races kept hiding at the end of the first stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau, waiting for the arrival of Zen and his group.

One thousand miles...

Three hundred miles...

One hundred miles...

When Zen and the others finally entered their line of sight, the distance between them was only about forty miles.

Buzz! Buzz!

The Space Manipulating Spirits flapped their wings, and a strong spatial power spread around with them as the center.

The bull-headed men were also ready to fight. They held their Golden Spirit Axes tightly, and their breaths were heavy.

Twenty miles...

Ten miles...

Five miles...

Zen and his group were practically within reach now.

"Fight!"

the bull-headed man with golden horns bellowed.

In an instant, the Space Manipulating Spirits withdrew the space camouflage. They flapped their transparent wings, and triangle space fragments shot towards the Heavenly Eye Vine like raindrops.

The bull-headed men's Golden Spirit Axes shone brightly as they rushed forward.

"Endless Corridor!"

With a gentle wave of her hand, the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit created a winding space corridor in front of her.

Buzz!

The space fluctuated, and a second later, the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit already appeared above the Heavenly Eye Vine. She suddenly clapped her hands, and the space corridor immediately enveloped Zen. In the blink of an eye, Zen fell into the space corridor and vanished from everyone's sight.

Da! Da! Da!

Unable to dodge the triangular fragments released by the Space Manipulating Spirits, the Heavenly Eye Vine's huge body was instantly riddled with wounds and soon torn into pieces.

The three Eternal Realm Hunters, as well as Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, King Ieuan, and Yasamin couldn't withstand the bull-headed men's huge axes. In a matter of seconds, all of them were killed. Blood gushed out of their wounds and flooded the area.

Everything went on smoothly just like the Space Manipulating Spirits and the bull-headed men had planned.

"Is it so simple?" The blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit took a doubtful look at the corpses lying on the ground and then at Zen who was still trapped in the Endless Corridor.

There was a powerful, constantly twisting spatial force within the Endless Corridor, but it shouldn't have had much effect on Zen.

However, the purpose of this Endless Corridor was just to trap Zen.

The blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit's eyes widened suddenly. She saw that Zen's body had already been badly twisted by space in the Endless Corridor.

But his physical body was so powerful that he could even slay Hawley—how could it be twisted by mere spatial power?

"It's a trick!"

the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit shouted as a realization hit her.

Chapter 3981 The Skills Of The Hunters

The bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits were already consumed with suspicions about the entire situation.

After all, the Element Spirit Civilization was prepared to reward them handsomely if they were to capture Zen and his companions. The weakest of them were still at the Eternal Realm.

Even if they attacked Zen and his group without a warning, they were capable enough to defend themselves. But surprisingly, they were quickly killed without putting up a decent fight.

"What just happened?" The bull-headed man with golden horns asked, with his eyes overflowing with confusion.

The blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit shook the Endless Corridor in her palm slightly. At this action, a corpse in a twisted condition was thrown out of it. With her ocean-like eyes reflecting her determination, she spread her transparent wings evenly and prepared to take flight. Her body ascended to the air with the blue light in her eyes shining in contrast to her hair.

As she flapped her wings, the immense power generating in the space around her spread around like an invisible tidal wave.

The speed at which the power of space spread was not fast, but it had enough momentum to cover a significantly large area.

Moreover, nothing within its scope could deceive it or remain hidden. It was much better than the spiritual sense when used for detecting.

The time ticked away, one second followed by the other without any progress.

As a result, the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit felt her nerves tense up in confusion. They were supposed to find the Heavenly Eye Vine on the first stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau, but it was nowhere to be seen. How could this be?

"Stop looking for it. It has gone to the second stair," the golden horned bull-headed man said suddenly after noticing the intensity of her predicament.

"How can you be so sure?" the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit questioned him. But as soon as she turned around to face him, she was left speechless.

Her eyes instinctively fell on the ice piece in the hands of the golden horned bull-headed man. The ice piece was given by the Element Spirit Civilization. As of now, Zen and his companions were being closely pursued by the Shadow Warriors. They could easily track Zen and his group to know their whereabouts using the ice piece.

The blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit averted her eyes and lowered them to the ground to avoid contact as she felt flustered. She put too much faith in her talent for manipulating space. Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine Zen and his group would play a trick on her right under her nose.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

After experiencing a setback, she kept spiraling up until she reached a height of more than ten thousand feet.

Each stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau was over ten thousand feet high. At her height, she was able to see the second stair.

Buzz!

With a flash of intense blue light sparkling in her eyes, she said in a low voice resembling a whisper, "It runs very fast."

As if responding to her gesture, a long, yet thin space corridor shot forward at an untraceable speed. She grabbed the end of the space corridor securely in her hand and dragged it down with force, forging a right-angled space corridor.

This space corridor held the potential to teleport everyone. The killing intent in her eyes raged like flames that refused to be put out. A hefty price would have to be paid for fooling her.

Meanwhile, on the second stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau, the Heavenly Eye Vine was twisting, and turning its flexible body like that of a snake. Its movements were astonishingly agile on the plateau.

Sawyer was holding a small object in his hands. It was the Heavenly Eye Vine, but it was dozens of times smaller than its original size. The sizes of Zen, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others were also reduced in proportion.

"How pathetic!" Fuxi's eyes twitched as he stared at his substitute.

Although he knew it was a fake, he couldn't help but feel a tinge of sadness while watching its body being torn up limb from limb.

"Wow, you really live up to your reputation as Eternal Realm Hunters. Your skills are so ingenious and amazing," King Ieuan praised in an awestruck tone.

"I'm flattered. We've been staying in the Grand Pure Realm for a long time, so we're quite familiar with this place," Sawyer said with a confident smile.

The Eternal Realm Hunters did not join any force and had been wandering around in the Grand Pure Realm. The Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization were in constant search for them. In addition to that, they had to deal with a large number of creatures from other races trying to locate their whereabouts to capture them.

To be able to survive under such hostile circumstances, they had to toughen themselves up naturally.

Just now when they were attacked, Sawyer made quick speculation about the attackers being the bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits. The basis of his judgment was the fact that only the Space Manipulating Spirits harnessed the expertise required to be able to throw those axes over with such accuracy.

Moreover, Sawyer accurately pinpointed the position of bull-headed men and Space Manipulating Spirits. He also had a clear idea of their plans to ambush them ahead.

Thinking quick on his feet to avoid the awaiting calamity, he used a treasure that was discovered in the Supreme Pure Realm. It was a type of white soil that could morph into anything and imitate things perfectly. It was still debatable whether it was alive or not. Nevertheless, it could duplicate everything perfectly.

The white mud was quite a popular Other Shore Token in the Supreme Pure Realm. The Eternal Realm warriors that carried it could transform into any form at will.

Just as Sawyer used the white mud, Thurston took out another treasure. It was a round mirror that was barely visible to the naked eye and harnessed a remarkably powerful hiding effect.

After the white mud transformed into their shapes, Thurston covered them with the round mirror. Their perfect cooperation formed substitutes that were impossible to tell apart from the original.

Their commendable skills earned them the respect of Fuxi and the Snake Goddess along with the others.

Putting their survival experience into practice, they were able to evade two fatal attempts of assassination aimed towards them. One was when they were chased by an Other Shore race in the Grand Pure Realm, and the other was when they were hunted down by the Nihility race. Each time they emerged victorious when it came to fooling the enemy and derailing their plans to capture them.

But this time, there was an enormous loophole left unnoticed in their skills. The Space Manipulating Spirits and the bull-headed men were at a safe distance from them, which was why they were unable to notice their presence, but the two Shadow Warriors floating in the air still kept a close watch on the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

When Zen pointed out the loophole, Sawyer diffused his concerns with a slight wave of his hand. They could only hope that the Space Manipulating Spirits and the bull-headed men would not use the ice piece of the Element Spirit Civilization.

Fortunately for them, Sawyer's judgment was right on the money.

"If they find out these are fakes, they will try their best to catch up. We're not out of the woods yet," the Snake Goddess said with a grim expression on her face.

Even if they had fooled their enemies once, they still hadn't escaped all potential threats that awaited them.

The Space Manipulating Spirits were highly talented in manipulating space. It was only a matter of time before they caught up with Zen and his group for a full-blown confrontation.

"The Space Manipulating Spirits are persistent when it comes to their cause. They will surely come after us and build a space channel." As Pearson spoke, he took out a handful of brown ash from his Sumeru Space.

Simultaneously, a blue thin line made itself visible as it extended from the sky in the distance. The speed at which it approached them was so fast that it was hard to keep track of it with the naked eye.

It was none other than the Endless Corridor released by the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit.

Without wasting a moment, Pearson blew on the ash that rested on his palm.

The ash then spread backwards.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Even though it was small in size, it still covered a massive area. The nature of the space in this area had shifted from its previous form. The large space seemed to have solidified, then it turned into thousands of fragments and collapsed.

The blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit had initially planned to drive the Endless Corridor right in front of Zen and the others to stop them in their tracks and later to teleport the bull-headed men and the other Space Manipulating Spirits there.

The Endless Corridor was slightly different from the space channel. The space channel only closed the distance between two places, but the Endless Corridor had no limitations when it came to distance. It was lengthened or shortened at will by the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit. Therefore, regardless of the distance, they could cross it with something so simple as a single step.

At this moment, the Endless Corridor drilled into the space created by the ash.

If an ordinary space channel touched the ash, only the first part would solidify and then shatter.

However, the moment the Endless Corridor touched the ash, it solidified as a whole. With a loud splash, all of it was shattered as though it were nothing.

Chapter 3982 The Earthly Dragon Snakes

The blue-haired spirit controlled the Endless Corridor, putting the bull-headed men and the other Space Manipulating Spirits into it.

However, as soon as they stepped in, the Endless Corridor collapsed with a loud bang, and they all fell off!

Each step in the Endless Corridor was equal to a great distance. Thus, upon entry alone, some of the bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits had already reached the second stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau, and others were now falling from over ten thousand feet high to the first stair of the plateau.

The bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits now lay scattered all over the ground, though the height wasn't enough to cause these warriors to be injured.

The blue-haired spirit's face fell at this development.

"What happened? Can't you keep it stable?" the bull-headed man with golden horns demanded.

"It's the Bone-coagulating Powder!" the blue-haired spirit responded dismally.

The Bone-coagulating Powder rendered most space theurgies useless, and the Endless Corridor, apparently, was no exception.

"These people are trickier than we expected," the bull-headed man with golden horns muttered, frowning.

They fell right into their opponents' trap.

"It's just a minor setback. We're still more powerful! They can't escape death forever!" A blue light flashed in the blue-haired spirit's eyes. The killing intent was so strong it spread out along the space force, sending a chill down the Space Manipulating Spirits' and the bull-headed men's hearts.

Each stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau had the same height, but the width differed.

The width of each stair was a third shorter than that of the stair directly below it.

Of course, the Heavenly Eye Vine knew how powerful the bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits were.

They were the two most fearsome races in the Grand Pure Realm. If they ever caught up to them, they would undoubtedly be killed.

The vine made use of almost all its skills as it made its way through the Sky Ladder Plateau. It wasn't long before it passed through the second and third stairs of the plateau.

As it moved up, each stair of the plateau became narrower and narrower, and the time it took to cross it became shorter and shorter.

After the bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits finally converged on the fourth stair, the blue-haired spirit once again activated the Endless Corridor.

Learning from the last attempt, the blue-haired spirit did not extend the Endless Corridor straight to Zen's group this time, but extended to another side, a little past them.

On the Heavenly Eye Vine, Fuxi spotted the thin thread in the distance.

"That space thread is chasing us again. It's already on the other side of the plateau," Fuxi warned.

Sawyer squinted at the distance. The Endless Corridor was just an azure thin thread. It couldn't be seen with the naked eye from afar. He shook his head. "It's too far. It's impossible to destroy the passage from this distance."

"All we can do is to make sure they don't catch up," the Snake Goddess said firmly.

Hearing this, the Heavenly Eye Vine sped up again. The three Eternal Realm Hunters were stunned into silence. Sawyer and Thurston knew that the Arrow Demons relied on this vine to move around, but they didn't expect it to be this fast.

But just as they were about to reach the fifth stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau, a swarm of flying creatures came into view.

Dread gripped the group as they realized it was a large number of winged snakes.

They were called the Earthly Dragon Snakes. Though they were barely the size of a human baby's arm, each one was lethally venomous, and they always attacked in swarms.

"Do you three know any way to deal with the Earthly Dragon Snakes?" King Ieuan asked urgently.

The Eternal Realm Hunters had so much experience, so the other Eternal Realm warriors naturally relied on them to know better.

"The Earthly Dragon Snakes are afraid of the smell of sulfur stone. Having one on hand could protect us," Pearson suggested.

"But we don't have any right now," Thurston said, throwing up his hands in frustration. "Do you?"

The Earthly Dragon Snakes were located in the west of the Grand Pure Realm. When they needed to break into the Earthly Dragon Snakes' territory, the Eternal Realm Hunters would dig for the sulfur stones, but they usually didn't prepare any. Besides, they had just come down from the Supreme Pure Realm.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin and the others also shook their heads.

They had never even heard of the sulfur stones, so how could they have such a thing?

The faces of the three Eternal Realm Hunters darkened. Without sulfur stones, they probably wouldn't be able to escape this obstacle.

As the swarm of Earthly Dragon Snakes got closer and closer, their venomous maws became more visible. The desperation loomed heavier on the group.

"You can use the Black Sun to absorb them," the Snake Goddess piped up.

Thurston shook his head. "No, we can't."

He didn't bother to explain why they couldn't.

After all, they had just joined this team. He still didn't completely trust Zen and his companions.

However, Zen understood. He knew the space in the Black Sun wasn't that expansive. What was more, the creatures that were absorbed into the Black Sun were not instantly killed, but were just slowly exhausted until they dissipated.

The real strength of the Black Sun was that it was difficult to break free from it.

As long as the two brothers were separated, the Black Sun would not have an exit. No matter how powerful the creature was, it would be fatigued and die sooner or later.

But just recently, the two brothers had already sucked so many members of the Sacred Horse race into it. They didn't know if the Black Sun had already wiped them out. Even if they were already dead, there was no certainty the Black Sun had enough space to hold so many Earthly Dragon Snakes.

"I've heard the Earthly Dragon Snakes have very weak defensive power. We could just kill them, then," Fuxi said, stepping forward.

"Kill so many Earthly Dragon Snakes one by one?" Pearson gave Fuxi a doubtful look.

"Even if we can do it, it will take too much time. We can't afford it," Sawyer pointed out.

Right now, all the races in the Grand Pure Realm were gathering towards them. Given the difficulty of killing the Earthly Dragon Snakes, taking them on would just give those races time to close in on them.

"It won't take us long!" Fuxi said, smiling. The Sumeru Space in his hand flashed with an azure light. A large amount of brown powder poured out from it.

When Pearson saw the powder, he raised his eyebrows. "What kind of powder is this?"

Even though the Eternal Realm Hunters were experienced and knowledgeable, they didn't know how to use the Imprisoning Lightning, so they naturally didn't recognize this kind of item.

"The Solid Lightning Powder." Fuxi chuckled.

He slightly shook his palm, and an invisible force arranged the powder and turned it into the shape of a palm, as tall as a person.

In the Heavenly Thunder Plain, Zen had collected a massive amount of Solid Lightning Powder, just in case.

Fuxi had just taken out half of it.

"What does the Solid Lightning Powder do?" Sawyer asked curiously.

Fuxi looked up at the sky. A mark of Eight Diagrams appeared in the void, which was also the central area where most of the Earthly Dragon Snakes gathered. "Have you heard of the Heavenly Thunder Plain?" he asked.

"Of course," Sawyer replied, nodding.

"It is the thunderbolts from there!"

With that, Fuxi launched a palm strike upwards.

In a flash, the palm formed by the Solid Lightning Powder suddenly disappeared and reappeared on the Eight Diagrams, striking at it.

Pop!

On impact, the Eight Diagrams broke in a flash of dazzling lightning.

Chapter 3983 Desperate

The Solid Lightning Powder was undoubtedly powerful. The Primeval Lord of Heaven had used it to kill the Divine Retribution Beast that had once hunted the human race.

The terrifying lightning exploded, radiating in all directions like a supernova.

Buzz!

The explosion was so loud that it started sounding like a piercing shriek, leaving everyone's ears ringing.

For a moment, no one could see clearly. They could only see a white light. Everything was shrouded in the white light, including the earth and sky.

After a long time, the white light dissipated, making everything visible again.

The Earthly Dragon Snakes were gone. A large part of them were killed by the lightning released by the Solid Lightning Powder. The others fell to the ground: some killed by the shock waves, some just stunned unconscious.

Without any hesitation, the Heavenly Eye Vine now rushed forward.

The bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits had already arrived a little way ahead of Zen's group. They had been about to attack when they were spooked still by the lightning in the sky.

"What kind of skill was that?"

"What horrible lightning!"

"The color and power looked familiar. Did they bring the lightning from the Heavenly Thunder Plain?"

Because of the lightning, the Space Manipulating Spirits and the bull-headed men had hesitated to approach Zen's group. The Heavenly Eye Vine wasted no time taking advantage of the lull and climbed up to the fifth stair.

"Should we stop them?" the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit asked.

"What if they use that lightning skill again?" the bull-headed man with golden horns said with a frown.

The blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit thought for a moment. "Let's just follow them for now. Let's wait and see if other races will attack them."

Most of the races in the Grand Pure Realm were chasing Zen's group. If the races that didn't know their true strength exhausted them, the Space Manipulating Spirits and the bull-headed men would be able to catch them easily. This was a much safer plan.

"Good idea," the bull-headed man with golden horns agreed.

The two races thus decided not to stop Zen and the others themselves. Instead, they maintained a certain distance from them and followed them all the way.

The width of the fifth stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau was less than a tenth of that of the first stair, and the sixth stair was even narrower. The seventh stair was a platform of hundreds of thousands of feet wide. The Heavenly Eye Vine quickly passed through the fifth stair and went straight to the sixth.

On the other side of the Sky Ladder Plateau, a large number of creatures from other races began to pour in. More and more races joined the chase.

They didn't cooperate with each other as the Eternal Realm Hunters thought. Time was short and they hated each other very much. Although everyone's goal was to catch Zen and his group, they were also still wary against each other.

Even two races that were approaching together maintained a considerable distance from each other.

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

The temperature at the top of the Sky Ladder Plateau started to drop. Thick snow had piled up on the plain, covering everything in a blanket of white.

After passing the sixth stair, the Heavenly Eye Vine climbed up rapidly along the mountain sides of the seventh.

The three Eternal Realm Hunters, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others now looked a little nervous.

If the wind blew from the Purple Wind Gorge, the Sky Ladder Plateau would be a dead end. There would be no possibility of escape.

After the Heavenly Eye Vine reached the seventh stair, Thurston, Sawyer, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess held their breath and looked worriedly ahead.

There was a huge and open valley in the distance.

In the valley, they could see a faint purple wind floating up and down like silk.

"The wind is rising," Fuxi murmured.

The Snake Goddess frowned. This was a difficult problem she could find no solution for.

A feeling of doom hung over Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin and the Eternal Realm Hunters.

They couldn't cross the Purple Wind Gorge if the wind raged at them.

All the creatures in the air would be sucked into the deep gorge, and there was no possibility of survival.

The wind in the Purple Wind Gorge was famously insurmountable.

"Can't we fly above it?" Zen asked, staring at the purple wind.

Pearson scoffed at that. He couldn't imagine how Zen became so powerful while knowing so little about the Three Purities Stage. "If you fly over the Purple Wind Gorge, the purple wind will blow up. As long as the wind blows, this is a dead end. You shouldn't have chosen this path in the first place."

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess and the others frowned. Their faces darkened as they realized they had made a mistake.

"I see." Zen raised his eyebrows but didn't look flustered at all.

"How ignorant you are!" Pearson felt even more embittered now. He regretted that he had sympathized with Thurston and Sawyer and followed these humans.

The Heavenly Eye Vine knew what they were talking about, but it remained silent. From the moment it handed over its life source, it no longer had control over itself.

Not long after they arrived at the edge of the Purple Wind Gorge, they spotted some creatures climbing up the stair.

There was a group of palm-sized but fully armed mouse-shaped creatures.

There were dozens of other creatures covered in the mist.

There were four giants like withered trees, more than two hundred feet tall.

There were two kings of Diabolic Demons radiating with murderous intent.

The bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits also showed up.

But this time, they did not charge in.

The blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit had been betting on the other races to tire out Zen and his group, but they were not so stupid.

Since Zen and his group were wanted by the Element Spirit Civilization, they knew they were definitely not weak.

"You destroyed the Diabolic Earth and killed my clansmen, you brat! You'll pay for that today!" One of the Diabolic Demons took two steps forward, looking like he could swallow Zen in one gulp.

When the other creatures heard this, their expressions changed slightly.

"The Diabolic Earth has been destroyed?" one of the giants asked carefully.

The Diabolic Earth was now as quiet as death. No one dared to go and have a look, so only a few people knew about it.

"Humph!" The Diabolic Demons didn't answer.

"Did they destroy it?" the giant pressed.

"Yes! It's that brat!" The king gritted his teeth and pointed at Zen.

Hearing this, the creatures started to stir uncomfortably.

The Diabolic Demons were among the top three most powerful races in the Grand Pure Realm. It was near impossible to kill them.

All this time, they thought Zen, who had defeated Hawley, just had a powerful physique.

It seemed that the information they got was completely inaccurate.

Although surprised at this development, the creatures did not retreat. After all, they still had the advantage of numbers.

However, they were all now waiting for another to take action first. Even the Diabolic Demons could only seethe in silence and glare at Zen.

They were left in a stalemate.

All the people on the Heavenly Eye Vine looked grave, while Zen remained composed.

The stalemate was broken moments later, however, as Zen sensed something. He suddenly looked at the Purple Wind Gorge behind him. "Master Fuxi, please get the Solid Lightning Powder ready."

Chapter 3984 The Stone Spirits

Faced with such a dire situation, they had no way of retreating.

Without hesitation, Fuxi brought out the Solid Lightning Powder.

Splash!

With just a slight shake of his hand, the scattered granules of the Solid Lightning Powder clumped together as if by an invisible force and turned into a huge palm.

This palm was even bigger than the previous one.

When the bull-headed man with golden horns and the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit saw the palm, their eyes narrowed slightly. Although they had never seen this before, but something about it attracted attention.

The other bull-headed men subconsciously took a few steps back.

They didn't know how the Solid Lightning Powder could channel the lightning from the Heavenly Thunder Plain, but its power was still quite terrifying.

Whoever took action first would be blasted into pieces by the lightning.

The bull-headed men and the Space Manipulating Spirits were at an advantage now. They had seen the power of the Solid Lightning Powder before. And at the moment, they were waiting for those who had no idea about the power to charge forward.

However, it was natural that the creatures that could survive in the harsh environment of the Three Purities Stage would not be so stupid.

As soon as Fuxi brought out the powder, they immediately went on high alert.

"What is that?" a giant asked.

"I have no idea," another giant replied, shaking his head.

"Everyone, be careful. Retreat slowly. We need to be careful!" The mouse shaped creatures began to retreat.

The other creatures followed suit.

"These people are just playing tricks on you. You all are incredibly powerful in the Grand Pure Realm. Why are you so scared of them?" the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit asked loudly.

Let alone the giant creatures, even the small mouse-shaped creatures would not be easy to deal with.

True to their shape, these creatures were known as the Terror Mice. The destructive power of their seemingly small bodies was easily about one fifth of what the bull-headed men were packing. Moreover, their number was much larger than that of the bull-headed men.

"Why don't you attack them first if you are so sure?" one of the Terror Mice asked.

They weren't the only ones who were displeased. Other creatures also cast unfriendly gazes at the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit. She was way too cunning for comfort.

Time passed by. The two sides were at a stalemate.

"They dare not attack us," Fuxi remarked from the middle of the vine. His hand was raised and he would have sent out the powder any time.

"It's not that they do not dare," the Snake Goddess shook her head in negation. "Rather, they are not of one mind. They each have their own plans about dealing with us and they can't come to a single decision."

"Yeah. The problem is, every single one of them wants to pay less and get more in return," Yasamin replied, shaking her head with a sneer. But there was a hint of sadness in her smile.

She had just regained her freedom and would have liked to see Dorothy. However, it seemed like she had no chance at the moment.

"Zen, do you have some ideas? You look rather calm," Eastern Emperor Taiyi suddenly asked through telepathy.

His lips had moved slightly, but his words were heard clearly by everyone on the Heavenly Eye Vine.

Zen thought for a moment and then replied in affirmation, "Yes, I do have an idea. When I say, you grab the Heavenly Eye Vine."

Everyone was confused when they heard his words.

How could he escape from such a dire situation?

The Snake Goddess looked at Zen sideways. She guessed that there was a chance he might have received the Primeval Lord of Heaven's guidance.

Since the Primeval Lord of Heaven had the power and the skill to make the Solid Lightning Powder in the Heavenly Thunder Plain, perhaps he also had a way of dealing with the Purple Wind Gorge.

In any case, Zen's words did calm everyone down a little.

In fact, Thurston and Sawyer were no longer worried. They fully trusted Zen.

There was a strange look in Pearson's eyes though.

The Eternal Realm Hunters weren't the targets of the Element Spirit Civilization. If the creatures did decide to attack them later on, he would easily find a way to take Thurston and Sawyer away. As for the humans, he was already being rather kind by not adding insult to injury.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Just then, a group of Earthly Dragon Snakes also climbed to the seventh stair.

In the last attack, although Fuxi's Solid Lightning Powder had proven incredibly effective and powerful, it hadn't killed them all. Instead, most of them had passed out because of the shock wave. After a long time, they had woken up and were chasing after them once again.

That did not mean that they were unharmed. They had suffered a great loss due to the Solid Lightning Powder. When they saw it in front of Fuxi, they instinctively felt scared.

However, they did not tell other creatures about the power of the powder. Instead, they carefully retreated to a side and hid their poisonous jaws. It was time for some other tactic instead of a head-on collision.

Very soon, a few more creatures came. The already small seventh stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau was becoming rather crowded now. But when the last team finally came up, the eyes of all the creatures present lit up as if they had found salvation.

The final team comprised of several round stone creatures, known as the Stone Spirits.

These creatures were extremely powerful and known to possess infinite amounts of strength. Strictly speaking, the Stone Spirits were under complete control of the Element Spirit Civilization. The Element Spirit Civilization had always treated these spirits in a special manner, and they had maintained a good relationship since a long time ago.

However, the Stone Spirits' intelligence was extremely low. They had no strategic ideas and could be easily cheated, which meant they weren't of much use on their own.

After the announcement of the bounty, the Stone Spirits had come here in a hurry, but they weren't here for the bounty. They just wanted to help the Element Spirit Civilization.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

After the Stone Spirits climbed up one by one, they fixed their eyes on Zen and his group.

No one spoke or gave any orders to them. Instead, as if they were pre-programmed robots, they acted on their own.

The Stone Spirits marched forward and rushed towards Zen and his group.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others saw the Stone Spirits coming their way, and they immediately had a bad feeling about that.

The other creatures were unwilling to make a move first because they were suspicious of each other. The Stone Spirits, however, were simple-minded. And if they were ridiculed by the other creatures and goaded into attacking Zen and his group, they would instantly attack. And who could deal with their attacks!

The situation right now was even worse than they had imagined. The Stone Spirits had instantly rushed towards them right after arriving there.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The Stone Spirits rushed over in unison, and the ground of the seventh stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau began to tremble from their march.

"Zen, aren't you ready yet?" Fuxi called out anxiously.

It was a matter of life and death now, and he had become very serious.

Zen frowned and said, "Now's not the time!"

"Then I guess we'll have to fight." Fuxi's palm shook slightly, and a mark of the Eight Diagrams suddenly appeared and began floating in the middle of the Stone Spirits.

"Let me fight first," Pearson said as he stepped forwards. He waved his hands gently and his arms turned into spider threads that swept towards the Stone Spirits. The Stone Spirits who were wrapped by the spider threads immediately stopped as if they had lost all of their strength and will power.

Within a few seconds, Pearson's entire body had turned into spider threads and wrapped up the Stone Spirits. The Stone Spirits were totally motionless now.

Seeing that the Stone Spirits had been stopped, the other creatures began to make their moves now.

The ones who were shrouded in the mist made the first move. As they stretched out their hands, waves of white mist began floating towards the bodies of the Stone Spirits. When the mist had completely enveloped the Stone Spirits, it turned purple.

These creatures could control several forms of mist, and each of them had a different effect. The red blood mist had the power to confuse the enemy; the yellow poison mist was highly toxic; the green spiritual mist could generate white bones and muscles; the purple mist could corrode everything.

It was undoubtedly not easy to corrode the Stone Spirits. Moreover, the mist creatures hadn't launched a heavy attack this time. Their main goal was to corrode the spider threads wrapped around the Stone Spirits' bodies.

Pearson's body, which was in the form of spider threads, would be corroded into nothingness very soon.

However, as soon as the purple mist was formed, Pearson sensed the danger and immediately pulled back the spider threads to form his body.

Even though his reaction had been extremely fast, the spider threads had broken down at several places. If he had moved just a little later, he would have been completely corroded by the purple mist.

As soon as the spider threads were removed, the Stone Spirits began moving once again.

Chapter 3985 The Green Wind

After some of Pearson's threads were corroded, he grew a little weak.

Looking at the Stone Spirits with a pale face, he shook his head. "I've tried my best, but I can't stop them."

He wanted to take Sawyer and Thurston away but the two brothers' serious demeanor made him hesitate.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

While the Stone Spirits seemed to be slow in movement, they were actually quickly rushing forward, making the ground tremble.

In the distance, the creatures held their breaths. They were looking for an opportunity to make their move, but first, they had to carefully observe the humans' skills.

Fuxi narrowed his eyes at the sight of the Stone Spirits growing closer and closer. Finally, he couldn't restrain himself any longer and stretched out his hand to make a smack.

The palm condensed by the Solid Lightning Powder appeared among the Stone Spirits and collided with the Eight Diagrams mark, now emitting a snow-white light.

Almost all the creatures were enveloped by the light—they had to shield their eyes with their hands.

Following the flash of light, there was a dense and indistinct sound of thunder, like the piercing pitch of a sharp object tearing at a surface. The power that surged had all the mist creatures and Terror Mice quickly retreat. Some of them even jumped from the seventh stair to the sixth.

After a while, the lightning finally dissipated.

Once everyone recovered their sight, they saw the Stone Spirits in the center of the open space lying on the ground. Most of their bodies were completely charred, their hands and feet were chopped to pieces, and some figures were even smashed into powder.

"How horrible…" a Terror Mouse remarked while climbing up from the sixth stair, getting a peek at the scene.

"It was the Heavenly Thunder Plain's lightning. How did he make it?" The mist creatures exchanged glances, confused.

"It has something to do with the powder," shouted a giant.

Then, the others began yelling as well, making the other creatures cast a cold glance at them.

Anyone with a discerning eye could easily see that it had something to do with the powder in Fuxi's hand—they wondered if he still had any with him.

On the ground lay the Stone Spirits that could no longer get up. They gathered so densely that all of them were enveloped by the lightning. None of them managed to escape.

Silence filled the seventh stair.

All the creatures' eyes were on Fuxi.

It seemed like the lightning was the humans' best trump card.

The powder was supposedly highly rare, so it was likely to be limited.

If Fuxi didn't have any left, the situation would be simple.

Noticing all the creatures staring at him, Fuxi couldn't help but feel a tad bit embarrassed.

He undoubtedly knew what they were thinking.

But now, he had used up all the Solid Lightning Powder. He couldn't use it again.

While Fuxi stood stiff, the Snake Goddess suddenly turned to Pearson. "Eternal Realm Hunter, you still have some brown divine thunder powder. Please bring it out."

What was that divine thunder powder?

Before Thurston and Sawyer could even comprehend what she said, Pearson knew exactly what the Snake Goddess was referring to. With a flip of his hand, brown powder began pouring out.

It wasn't the Solid Lightning Powder, but the Bone-coagulating Powder that had been used to destroy the Space Manipulating Spirit's Endless Corridor.

The two kinds of powder looked exactly the same. Both were brown, but their auras were completely different—one contained the power of lightning, while the other contained the power of space. One's spiritual sense could pick out the difference.

But as an Eternal Realm Hunter, Pearson was experienced. When he poured out the Bone-coagulating Powder, he hid its aura ingeniously.

Seeing what Pearson did, the Snake Goddess seemed appreciative.

It was no wonder that the Eternal Realm Hunters could stay in the Three Purities Stage for such a long time. Their reactions were rather quick.

Coincidentally, Pearson had just obtained quite an amount of Bone-coagulating Powder—it turned into a palm as tall as ten feet and stood before Fuxi.

"…"

The sight rendered the creatures speechless.

Previously, the brown palm wasn't as large as the current one, but it had still managed to annihilate all the Stone Spirits with its immense power. Just how terrifying would this brown palm be?

Just like what happened the last time, no one dared to make a move.

But while Pearson and Fuxi's cooperation was flawless, there were still some doubts.

The golden-horned bull-headed man knew that Thurston, Pearson, and Sawyer were the Eternal Realm Hunters from the very beginning. Although they weren't humans, when the Snake Goddess asked Pearson for the powder, Thurston and Sawyer looked completely stunned and unaware of the powder—it was all too strange.

Even stranger was the fact that Pearson had deliberately hidden the brown powder's aura.

The bull-headed man quietly sent his analysis to the blue-haired Space Manipulating Spirit. The latter agreed, but she sneered as she asked, "Will you dare to launch an attack? If you want, I'll send you there."

The bull-headed man merely glared at her and said nothing.

While he was indeed suspicious, he didn't have to risk his life over it.

But the situation couldn't go on as such.

Soon, some of the creatures came up with an idea—they asked each of the races to gather some creatures and set up an attack together.

The plan was acceptable enough for all the races to agree.

Seeing how the creatures prepared for a new attack, Fuxi and the rest pulled a long face.

They were still facing an impasse, after all. No one was attacking them yet, but who could tell when they would need their defenses up before the wind in the Purple Wind Gorge came to a halt?

As quickly as possible, the creatures selected a number of daredevils.

These daredevils were to test the powder in Fuxi's hands—if it was truly the Solid Lightning Powder, they would undoubtedly die.

But the leaders' orders were to be strictly followed without complaints. After forming a new team, they were ready to make a move.

Fuxi frowned. The Eight Diagrams mark was now floating before him as the great palm was ready to slap at any time.

The selected daredevils' bodies trembled violently. If the palm exploded, they would undoubtedly die.

"Are you courting death?"

When Fuxi roared, the mark of the Eight Diagrams began rotating.

Seeing that he was actually going to slap the palm, the daredevils who were determined to sacrifice themselves stopped simultaneously, some of them even stepping back.

But Fuxi didn't dare to use the palm.

Otherwise, the creatures would find out it wasn't the Solid Lightning Powder.

Zen's calm expression shifted, a trace of anxiety filling his eyes. While he had hidden it well, the Snake Goddess had sensed it.

What he was waiting for hadn't arrived.

But a great battle could spark at any moment.

"It's fake!"

"He wouldn't dare to use the powder. This is their last life-saving straw. Attack them!"

"We aren't cowards!"

At this point, the leaders began encouraging the daredevils.

While the daredevils were unwilling, they continued to grit their teeth and rush forward.

Regardless of what means Fuxi used, he couldn't scare the daredevils away.

Suddenly, Zen sensed something.

At the far end of the Purple Wind Gorge, a purple wind mixed with a green wind, the latter rolling and dancing, approaching rapidly.

"Master Fuxi, use the palm!" Zen suddenly called out.

"Why?" Fuxi asked in return, stunned.

"Do as I say!" Zen firmly ordered.

While Fuxi didn't appreciate Zen's tone, he didn't dare to ignore his command at the critical moment of life and death. And so he struck the giant palm made from the Bone-coagulating Powder.

Chapter 3986 Giant Hawk

The Bone-coagulating Powder and the Solid Lightning Powder were similar in appearance, but their properties were vastly different.

After the palm formed by the Bone-coagulating Powder spread out, it exploded out into the air with a terrific roar.

Normally, a small quantity of Bone-coagulating Powder could freeze the space channel and cause it to collapse, but a large amount of Bone-coagulating Powder could even affect ordinary space.

The space around the group of daredevils suddenly became viscous. These daredevils now looked as if they were moving through heavy oil, and their movements slowed and became somewhat comical.

At least, this was how it appeared to those who saw them, but to the daredevils trapped in the space, it didn't feel funny at all.

They felt that their surroundings had changed, and all their hopes were shattered…

'It's all over. This is the end...'

'We are doomed!'

'Self-sacrifice for our race!'

Every race had different values their members lived by, but each member had their own thoughts.

However, this "viscous" feeling lasted for only six seconds and then it vanished.

Everything returned to normal...

They looked down at their bodies and hands, and there was an undisguised relief on their confused faces.

"It's fake!"

"That's the Bone-coagulating Powder! It's known for destroying space!"

"They don't have any more of that powder which they used before!"

The daredevils immediately reacted, and the eyes of the non-human creatures in the distance blazed with fury.

Squeak! Squeak...

The Terror Mice let out terrifing squeaks. While they had been standing randomly, they now suddenly lined up orderly. They piled together according to some unspoken rule, three to a group, or five, or seven, and then they charged forward…

Thump! Thump! Thump...

The giants also barged ahead.

Although their movements were cumbersome, they could cover a huge distance with a single step. For them, a span of hundreds of thousands of feet was only a few steps.

The mist creatures drifted forward...

The blue haired spirit and the golden-horned bull-headed man also became anxious.

They hadn't even considered that the brown powder in their opponents' hands could be fake!

In particular, the blue-haired spirit wanted to slap herself a few times. After all, she had suffered the effects of the Bone-coagulating Powder before, and she should have considered this possibility in advance.

However, they still had a chance. Anyway, Zen and his group couldn't escape.

But it never occurred to them that their thinking was flawed.

As the warriors from many races began their headlong rush, a hint of green arose from the Purple Wind Gorge.

At the same time, wisps of purple wind stirred from the Purple Wind Gorge. These purple winds were the most lethal catchers on the Grand Pure Realm, but they couldn't capture the green shadow.

Only once the green shadow had completely risen did the warriors from many races see its form clearly.

It was a huge hawk!

His feathers, which looked as if they were carved out of jade, were crystal clear, fluttering in the wind.

As the purple wind howled closer, it actually swept over the hawk's feathers; however, it could do nothing to the giant hawk…

"The Wing King!"

When Pearson saw the huge creature, he became very excited.

It was strange that Pearson was familiar with the Wing King, but on second thought, it made perfect sense to Zen.

The Regal Jade Civilization that the Wing King once led had also been a mighty ruling civilization. However, following the battle with the Nihility race, he had been left no choice but to lead the Regal Jade Civilization to hide away in the Lust World.

Their choices were identical to those of the human race, but there were still more human elites trapped on the Three Purities Stage.

When the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others saw this huge hawk, which seemed to be carved from jade, their eyes widened with awe. He could freely soar in the Purple Wind Gorge. Was this where Zen's confidence came from?

"Crack! Crack!"

The Wing King stretched out his pair of razor talons and grabbed the Heavenly Eye Vine, like a hawk catching a snake. The difference was that the Heavenly Eye Vine was unequivocal about its own situation and remained compliantly motionless.

"Stop that bird!"

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! Squeak…

The Terror Mice roared and hurled their weapons at the giant hawk in a frenzy.

The mist creatures also twirled their black hooks, trying to grapple with Zen and the others and bring them back...

Seeing that these warriors of the various races were all attacking ferociously, the Wing King flapped his great wings and flew hard ahead.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

Strong winds suddenly and violently blew on the seventh stair of the Sky Ladder Plateau.

If it had just been a gust of wind, it wouldn't have mattered. The warriors present weren't afraid of the Wing King.

Over the years, they had encountered many powerful warriors from the ruling civilizations.

The problem was that this was the Purple Wind Gorge!

It was unquestionable that the Wing King could avoid the purple wind. What escalated the situation was that when he beat his wings powerfully to create a strong wind, he inevitably attracted the purple wind from the Purple Wind Gorge to rear up at the same time!

Almost all of the warriors now had terror in their eyes.

Earlier, those daredevils had been fortunate to survive, but now that they had rushed to the front, they couldn't avoid the purple wind this time.

The purple wind draped around the daredevils like silk and dragged them towards the Purple Wind Gorge.

It wasn't merely the group of daredevils who proved unlucky. The Terror Mice and the mist creatures who had just rushed forward were also tangled in the purple wind.

No matter the length of their struggles or what theurgy they used, none could break free.

Noticing how unfavorable the situation was for them, the warriors from other races could only beat a hot retreat. In the end, they could only watch the Wing King rise into the air and flap off towards the Purple Wind Gorge...

"Swish, swish, swish, swish..."

The purple wind in the Purple Wind Gorge was like a silken banner which had its own awareness, and it was crazily chasing after the Wing King.

However, the Wing King was very familiar with the patterns of the purple wind, so he didn't struggle to avoid them. The purple wind couldn't touch him at all, and of course, it couldn't touch the Heavenly Eye Vine in his claws either.

"Zen, you scared me! I didn't expect you to possess such a trump card." Fuxi gasped for breath.

The Snake Goddess, King Ieuan, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, and the others also felt intense relief. The Snake Goddess had believed that it would be the Primeval Lord of Heaven who would make a move, but she didn't expect the Wing King of the Regal Jade Civilization would come.

The top of the Heavenly Eye Vine was lifted high, and Pearson was standing at the top, speaking with the Wing King.

Thurston and Sawyer had just allayed the crowd's doubts.

When the Regal Jade Civilization had explored the Grand Pure Realm back then, there had once been a Regal Jade Spirit who became lost.

Later, the Wing King led their race to escape and hide in Stage Thirteen. The Regal Jade Spirit that went missing didn't know about it, so he became a stray of the Regal Jade Civilization, wandering outside.

By chance, this Regal Jade Spirit had become an Eternal Realm Hunter. He had a good relationship with Pearson, and they were as close to each other as brothers.

Unfortunately, this Regal Jade Spirit died at the hands of the Nihility race. Before he died, he entrusted Pearson to help him find the Regal Jade Civilization.

It had proven impossible for Pearson, who had continuously been exploring the Three Purities Stage, to find the Regal Jade Civilization that had been hiding on Stage Thirteen.

However, Pearson hadn't expected that he would meet the Wing King of the Regal Jade Civilization at this time. It was not difficult to imagine how excited he was.

Chapter 3987 No Turning Back

Pearson told the Wing King the story of the Regal Jade Spirit in detail.

The Wing King was silent for a while before he sighed and said, "It looks like Dashawn had done a lot of things after we left. It's my fault. We shouldn't have left him behind."

Dashawn enjoyed a status that was almost the same with the Regal Jade Spirit in Zen's body. He was also the core figure of the Regal Jade Civilization and the Wing King's right-hand man.

"Dashawn didn't regret anything or blame you. He just wanted me to tell you everything he had done," Pearson said.

The Wing King nodded and said, "I see. I hope, one day, you can take me to the place where he died."

"Yes, I will!" Pearson said, folding his hands in respect.

He was also a man who valued friendship. He wouldn't otherwise have risked his life to stay with Thurston and Sawyer. Zen and his group were chased all over by all the warriors from other races in the Grand Pure Realm. No other place in the Grand Pure Realm was more dangerous than where he was staying with them.

But there was now something more important to do, which was why they couldn't immediately visit Dashawn's resting place to pay tribute to him.

Whoosh...

More gusts of purple wind swept over them.

The purple wind had completely occupied the space in the middle of the Purple Wind Gorge.

No one knew what kind of method the Wing King had used. He could always find space in the purple wind and dodge it. And no matter how close the purple wind was to him, it could never wrap itself around him.

The Heavenly Eye Vine was also trembling in the Wing King's claws. Thanks to their keen senses, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others could perceive that this trembling was actually a strange bodily movement technique, which was the secret method to avoid the purple wind.

Zen didn't care about these details. He stared at the purple wind and asked, "There is no purple wind on normal days. What's it like at the bottom of the Purple Wind Gorge?"

"There is a kind of shellfish that is very weak," answered the Wing King. "After taking root at the bottom of the Purple Wind Gorge, they can't move for a lifetime, which is why they lack the means to find food. Fortunately, as creatures of Stage Thirty-three, these shellfish also have a strange theurgy."

"Is the purple wind their bloodline theurgy?" Zen asked.

"Yes," the Wing King continued. "These shellfish release the purple wind, but it's not to seal off the Purple Wind Gorge or to deal with the warriors from other races above. They are just hunting for food. They release the purple wind to hunt for food when they begin to reproduce."

"The warriors from other races that fell down have all become their food! It's really amazing!" Zen murmured.

As for how the Wing King avoided the purple wind, Zen didn't ask.

When he had started to decide the route in the beginning, Zen had known that the Wing King had entered the Three Purities Stage from the Regal

Jade Spirit in his body. The Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization could sense the position of the Wing King.

The Regal Jade Spirit had told Zen with certainty that the Wing King could easily take the group through the Purple Wind Gorge.

Now, it seemed that everything had come through even though there had been a little trouble in the process.

"Did you choose the Whining Road?" the Wing King asked again.

The Wing King had once led many of the Eternal Realm warriors of the Regal Jade Civilization to advance into the Supreme Pure Realm. But they failed when they were four hundred miles from the Supreme Pure Realm.

The Regal Jade Civilization was strong enough. They had merely chosen a different path.

At the time, the Wing King had been in a hurry to prove himself. After entering the Three Purities Stage, he had led his people towards the Supreme Pure Realm through the Flame Road.

The Flame Road was a very difficult road. There were very few people who chose this road to enter the Supreme Pure Realm. At the time, the Wing King had overestimated the strength of the Element Spirit Civilization, which was why he had suffered a great defeat.

If the Wing King hadn't been in a hurry, it would not have been impossible for him to enter the Supreme Pure Realm.

"Yes, Wing King," said the Snake Goddess, folding her hands towards him in respect.

"I've heard that the Whining Road is a dangerous road. Are you sure you will succeed?" the Wing King asked again.

They had failed near the entrance of the Flame Road, which was a pain he would never get rid of in his lifetime. It had made him extremely sensitive to these roads.

"We passed successfully," said Fuxi proudly.

The Wing King nodded, but his expression soon turned gloomy. "That's good. I failed when I had the chance."

"It's not that your strength wasn't enough. You just didn't have a thorough understanding of these roads at the time," the Snake Goddess said, trying to reassure him.

The creatures on the Other Shore knew more about the Three Purities Stage with the passing of time. Just like the mysterious veil had been pulled down bit by bit, the creatures that had later tried had become more familiar with these roads. It would now naturally be easier to pass through them.

"I think I can benefit from your success this time and enter the Supreme Pure Realm with you," the Wing King added.

A smile appeared on the Snake Goddess's face. "Wing King, you are being modest."

Swoosh...

As the wide wings of the Wing King flapped fiercely, the group of people in the purple wind sped up again.

After a few minutes, the Wing King began to rise upwards. He flew upwards for a while before emerging from the purple wind.

Towards everyone's left was a cliff that stretched for thousands of miles. On the right was an endless plain.

Once the Wing King put the Heavenly Eye Vine down, Zen began to look at the scenery in the distance, a strange expression soon crossing his face.

"I'm now standing in the north and facing the south," Zen said, pointing at the plain in front of him. "If I keep going along this plain, won't I reach the south of the Grand Pure Realm?"

To put it more simply, if this plain was the center of the Grand Pure Realm, they could have reached this place if they had gone up along the Divine River and then crossed it after they came out of the Flaming Maple Forest. They needn't have spent so much effort in going around it.

"That's not a plain," the Snake Goddess said, walking up to him. "It's just an illusion. The entrance is over there."

The Snake Goddess pointed at a place a little distance away.

There were two rows of inconspicuous fences.

A simple entrance sat in between these two rows of fences.

Zen frowned at this sight. The fences weren't remarkable but Zen should have noticed them. The fact that they hadn't struck him was strange.

"If we had walked through the plain, the only road to the Supreme Pure Realm would be through the entrance between these two rows of fences." The Snake Goddess stretched out her slender fingers and drew a line in the air. "If you don't walk through this road and try to pass through other places on both sides, you will be lost forever in this endless plain."

"Is this illusion that powerful?" Zen raised his eyebrows.

As the Snake Goddess nodded, the Primeval Lord of Heaven's voice rang out in Zen's mind. "This plain is not an illusion!"

"If it weren't an illusion, we could just come out of the plain by retracing our steps. Why would we be lost forever?" Zen asked in his mind.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven chuckled. "Those who enter the plain can no longer turn around. The thoughts of all of the people who enter the plain will change irreversibly and they will lose the ability of turning back."

"Is turning back also a kind of ability?" Zen was speechless.

"Yes, and changing your thoughts doesn't mean modifying your memories. It's by making you not realize you have this ability of turning around, so that you can only move forward permanently. You know something is wrong, but you will never be able to figure out what it is," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained, shrugging. "This is indeed a miraculous plain. It can suppress the thoughts and logic of all living beings."

Chapter 3988 Treacherous Beings

Zen did not pursue the topic about the plain's magic ability. He went to the entrance, which was two rows of fences, with the others.

The fences seemed to have existed for a long time as they looked utterly decayed.

There were exquisite carvings on the surface of the fences, and they were rotten as well.

Upon closer look, Zen noticed that there was a complete carving on top of a post, but a film of dust covered a part of it. Just as he was about to brush it off, Fuxi looked at him in horror and said, "Zen, don't touch this fence!"

Zen's fingers stopped one inch before the fence and he asked, "Why?"

"There's something ominous about the fences. Anyone who touches them can't get out of the Whining Road," Fuxi said with certainty.

Zen raised one brow. "Is that so?"

He didn't believe Fuxi, but everything was possible on the Other Shore. Perhaps, the fences did have something to do with the Whining Road.

In the end, he did not touch the fence. At that moment, the Heavenly Eye Vine extended a thin branch and gently touched his forehead, then passed its thoughts to him. "I... I've already sent you here. Can I leave now?" it said.

Zen had forced the Heavenly Eye Vine to come with them, and its life source was still in his hands.

He glanced at the Heavenly Eye Vine's large pupil and said, "As far as I know, you can only go through the Silent Path if you go back from here. Do you think those races will let you go?"

The Heavenly Eye Vine was also a member of those races. The problem was that those warriors had thought that it had shifted to Zen's side.

Even in ordinary times, it was hard for it to survive alone without the Arrow Demons. Now, those races were already enraged at what it did, so the chances of them letting the Heavenly Eye Vine go were quite small.

The vine thought for a while and answered, "No, they won't..."

"Then what's your plan?" Zen asked again. "I...

I'd better follow you... " In reality, the Heavenly Eye Vine didn't want to follow Zen and his group.

After all, the Whining Road was dangerous and full of strange things.

Furthermore, it was hard for it to survive alone due to its current state, even if it did reach the Supreme Pure Realm.

"If everyone is ready, come with us. It is said that the Whining Road is very mysterious and terrifying.

I think everyone here must've known about it except for Zen, right?" Fuxi announced. In turn, Zen's eye twitched and he glared at Fuxi.

"The Whining road is indeed dangerous, but it's actually quite simple once we discover its secret.

That is also why we chose it," Fuxi explained as he turned around and walked towards the road between the two rows of fences. "Everyone, please follow me closely. I'm sure we can pass safely!" he continued.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

The Heavenly Eye Vine immediately followed behind Fuxi. It was afraid of being left behind.

But when it went to the front, the others got squeezed out of the line.

Fuxi looked helplessly at the Heavenly Eye Vine and said, "Do you want to stay in my spirit beast bag?"

Fortunately, his spirit beast bag was large enough to hold the Heavenly Eye Vine.

However, most creatures refused to stay in a spirit beast bag unless the bag's owner was someone they highly trusted.

Perhaps the dangerous Whining Road intimidated the Heavenly Eye Vine so much, that it quickly stretched out a thin vine then touched Fuxi's head, sending him the message that it had agreed to his suggestion.

Afterward, Fuxi released the Augury Dog from the spirit beast bag and put the Heavenly Eye Vine inside it. They also needed the Augury Dog to pass through the Whining Road, and he had planned to release him anyway.

Then, they walked into the path between the fences one after another. The Wing King's body was too large, so he shrunk himself before he proceeded.

Yet, nothing changed after they went in.

There was still the endless plain in the distance. On one side was a cliff, and on the other was the end of the Purple Wind Gorge.

As for the two rows of fences, they were like rows of wood lined up on the plain, which did not mean anything.

But after they traveled some more, a faint white fog appeared around them. The further they moved, the thicker the white fog was.

Zen looked back and found that both the cliff and the Purple Wind Gorge disappeared.

However, the two rows of fences were still there, and their positions just annoyed them. "The road between the fences is closed?" Zen asked in a low voice.

There were two rows of fences before, but now they became one as if by magic.

"Don't ask," the Snake Goddess hissed.

Just then, her eyes glowed red, as if she tried to infuse the shadow of Snake Goddess into her eyes. He wondered what she saw when she did that.

But since she told him not to ask, he just stayed quiet.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, and the three Eternal Realm Hunters were also confused, but they followed the Snake Goddess and Fuxi obediently.

They walked for a little more, then a cabin with a spire appeared in the thick fog.

When they got closer, Zen saw that it was a thatched hut.

The thatched hut had no doors, so he couldn't see what was inside.

The moment they approached it, however, they felt extremely uncomfortable.

To the people who had held high positions for a long time like Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin, the sensation felt like an uncontrollable urge to kill each other.

Still, they were in a mysterious place, so they restrained themselves.

As soon as they passed the thatched hut, everyone could restrict the strange feeling inside them.

However, two more thatched huts appeared in front of them.

All the thatched huts were closed, but the creatures inside had given them an unpleasant feeling.

Driven by curiosity and uneasiness, King Ieuan could not help but ask, "What exactly is inside them?"

"Don't ask," the Snake Goddess stated again.

King Ieuan's soybean-like eyes flashed, but it couldn't do anything but continue to move forward.

When they passed by another neat row of thatched huts again, Pearson suddenly stopped. "You have to tell us what's inside them before we decide to move forward or not," he demanded.

It wasn't that Pearson didn't trust the Snake Goddess, but the Eternal Realm Hunters never pinned all their hopes on others.

Therefore, it was better if they knew things in advance so they could deal with emergencies if there were any.

The Snake Goddess's eyes brimmed with regret. She should have told them the rules first before entering the road, but now it was too late.

"It's a kind of Treacherous Being," she replied.

Upon hearing her answer, Pearson only frowned. He already had a rough guess of what was inside the huts, and when he forced an answer out of the Snake Goddess, he was not surprised.

On the contrary, Sawyer and Thurston blanched in fear, and it was clear that they were afraid.

Meanwhile, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, King Ieuan, and Zen didn't have any reaction.

Even in the Supreme Pure Realm, there weren't many creatures who knew about the existence of "Treacherous Beings." Naturally, those warriors who explored the Grand Pure Realm had never heard of them.

When they saw how Sawyer and Thurston looked, however, they immediately understood that those creatures would be a challenge.

Chapter 3989 A Village

Fuxi picked up the Augury Dog when they were passing by the neat row of thatched huts and held him in his arms.

The Augury Dog was sensitive to all kinds of power. Now that they were on the Whining Road, the unpleasant aura around the place was beginning to overwhelm him. He looked sickly and weak.

Every time Fuxi passed by a thatched hut with the dog in his arms, his glassy eyes glinted with obvious hostility.

He probably understood that the things in the thatched huts were too strong for them, so he dared not bark wildly. Instead, he whimpered, trying not to let his voice be obvious.

The Augury Dog continued to whimper as they walked past the first row of thatched huts.

When they reached the end of the first row, Fuxi whispered to him, "Is there a thatched hut available for us?"

The Augury Dog shook his head.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess exchanged a worried glance.

When they had entered the Whining Road the last time, they had found a thatched hut in the front row pretty easily.

Their luck seemed to have run out this time. All twenty-six thatched huts in the first row were occupied.

"Let's try the second row!"

Fuxi knew there was no time for them to lose. He hurriedly went to the second row with the Augury Dog in his arms.

There were a lot of thatched huts in the second row as well. As before, the Augury Dog sniffed at each thatched hut and tried to find a safe place for them to stay.

But they combed through the second row and the Augury Dog still couldn't find an unoccupied hut.

The Snake Goddess blinked but didn't say a word, while Fuxi's face darkened. "The third row then!" he growled.

The others following them remained silent, but they began to become more worried with every passing minute.

It was true that Fuxi and the Snake Goddess had once made their way to the Supreme Pure Realm through this path. But their previous success now seemed to have stemmed out of sheer luck.

And luck didn't seem to be on their side this time.

If they couldn't find an available thatched hut this time, things would become hard for them — even harder than being under siege on the top of the Sky Ladder Plateau.

There were seven rows of thatched huts in this area, like a large village in a savage land.

Fuxi took the Augury Dog along to check on every thatched hut in the remaining five rows, but to no avail. His face looked ghastly pale, as if he was terribly ill.

"It's getting late. The sky is much darker now," Zen reminded them, looking up at the sky.

This area was covered in white mist and it was hard to tell the time, but it was obvious that the sunlight had dimmed.

Fuxi looked up, alert at this news, anxiety coursing through him.

They would be in great trouble once night fell.

Fuxi looked like an ant in a hot pot and the Snake Goddess took it upon herself to console him in a calm, soft voice. "There are more huts scattered around here. Let's check each of them out. There's no hurry, Fuxi. We still have time."

The thatched huts in the middle of this area weren't the only ones. There were many others on the periphery.

Drawing comfort from the Snake Goddess's words, Fuxi took a deep breath and nodded. He then walked towards the scattered thatched huts with the Augury Dog.

He examined one thatched hut after the other but the result disappointed him yet again.

The sky was already dark, night drawing close.

"Since we need an unoccupied thatched hut, why don't we work together to drive the Treacherous Being in one of the huts away? Why should we go to all this trouble to find an empty one?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi grumbled impatiently, unable to stand it anymore.

He thought that no matter how powerful the Treacherous Beings were, it wouldn't be a problem for them to tackle them.

Even discounting Zen, all the warriors present were collectively a force to be reckoned with in the Three Purities Stage.

However, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had barely finished talking when a deep, angry howl suddenly sounded from the nearest thatched hut.

It was hard to tell whether the voice was male or female. The howl seemed to contain an extraordinary magical power, causing everyone to cover their ears.

More shrill wails followed the first howl, each emanating from a different thatched hut. The Treacherous Beings had begun to wake up in succession.

"Oh no!"

The Augury Dog in Fuxi's arms whimpered, terrified.

"There are several more thatched huts over there. We can give them a try," the Snake Goddess pointed at a corner. There were six or seven thatched huts in the direction she was pointing.

Fuxi didn't hesitate this time. He strode up to them, the Augury Dog still whimpering in his arms.

The Augury Dog tried hard to quell his fear and sniff at each hut. When Fuxi passed by the third hut on the left, his eyes suddenly lit up with hope. "Thank God! This one is empty! Let's go in!"

Zen, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others were anxious as they followed.

But the Augury Dog's words were instant in cheering all of them up.

Fuxi lifted the flap of the hut and hurried inside, the others following closely behind.

The thatched hut was almost as tall as the shrunken Wing King, but it was still barely tall enough to let him in. Upon noticing this, the Wing King had to shrink himself further. Only then did he dive into the hut.

Fuxi didn't close the flap until the Wing King had entered the hut.

All of a sudden, the piercing howls that had lingered for so long in everyone's ears died out. And thanks to this, the discomfort that had haunted everyone was now finally gone.

There was nothing inside the thatched hut apart from a wooden pillar at its center.

This pillar, pockmarked with several fist-sized holes, seemed to have existed for a long time and looked like it would fall apart at any time.

"The Whining Road is worthy of its name. It's terrifying enough even though we haven't encountered anything yet," King Ieuan commented solemnly.

"Well, we wouldn't be talking like this if we had encountered something," said Fuxi with a wry smile.

Yasamin breathed a sigh of relief before she asked, "How long will it take us to pass through the Whining Road?"

"Thirty-two hours make for a day on the Whining Road. We only need to stay here for about three days," the Snake Goddess replied.

Zen had zoned out and had been staring at the pillar. At the Snake Goddess's words, he looked around, his eyebrows raised, and said, "We only need to stay safe for three days?"

The Snake Goddess nodded. "That's all, yes. We'll stay here for three days and after that, we'll return the way we came. We'll then be able to enter the Supreme Pure Realm."

"I didn't know the Whining Road is such an easy path!" Thurston was surprised at the rules. The Eternal Realm Hunters had their own way to reach the Supreme Pure Realm.

In fact, they had more than one way.

But no matter which path they took, they would have to expend full courage and strength.

In contrast, the Whining Road seemed too easy.

"It can't be this simple," Sawyer said, shaking his head. "If this was the case, many more creatures and Eternal Realm warriors would've chosen this path and this path wouldn't be called the strangest of all. Don't forget that there are a bunch of Treacherous Beings outside."

At the mention of the Treacherous Beings, it was as if the light was turned down, given how everyone's faces paled, their hearts sinking within them.

"What on earth is a Treacherous Being?" King Ieuan asked curiously.

Except for Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the three Eternal Realm Hunters, no one else knew what their enemies on the Whining Road were or what a Treacherous Being was.

"They have no specific form. They-" The Snake Goddess paused, trying to think up the correct word to describe them. After a while, she said, "It doesn't matter. When it gets darker, you'll be able to see them with your own eyes."

Chapter 3990 Howls

It was already dusk and the village was being engulfed by darkness little by little.

Earlier, some rays of light were strongly shooting into the thatched hut. But as the sun went down, the small hut was also enveloped in darkness.

Fortunately, everyone possessed good eyes that they could still use to see their surroundings clearly, even in the pitch darkness.

"Waah! Waah!"

Soon after, loud howls were heard outside.

Just then, a ball of light was seen not far away. It was so bright that everyone could see it even through the thick thatches of the hut.

"Cover your ears quickly!" Fuxi ordered urgently.

Just after the ball of light appeared, piercing screams resounded. "Waah! Waah!"

After a while, the screams stopped.

"So, that's a Treacherous Being?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked as he pointed at the ball of light seen roaming outside.

When they looked through the thatches, they found that the ball of light had a rather irregular shape and that the piercing screams actually came from it.

"That's right. It seems that they have begun to move," the Snake Goddess replied with a nod.

While they were still conversing, another Treacherous Being appeared from the distance.

And like the first one, it also let out shrilling screams.

As time passed by, more and more Treacherous Beings appeared.

In the beginning, they were still able to bear the head-splitting howls, but as the Treacherous Beings grew larger in number, the howls seemed to be endless and it was as if their energies were being drained.

Soon, their faces contorted badly and turned blue as they became distressed.

"Is it going to continue for the whole night?" Zen asked in a low voice, holding his aching head.

The Snake Goddess smiled bitterly and said, "One thing is for sure, it's just the beginning. There is a division of labor among the Treacherous Beings. Every night, they will gather together and howl desperately. These deafening screams could actually be heard even from faraway places."

The howls had been so terrifying. If ordinary people were on the receiving end, they would surely drive them crazy.

This was because it wasn't just a simple howl, but an aggressive spiritual attack.

"I don't think we can bear this for several hours. Is there something that we can do?" Yasamin asked with a livid face. Her heart was thumping so fast because of restlessness.

"Destroy your hearing," Fuxi blurted out of nowhere. "We can still use our spiritual senses to communicate with each other. We just need to repair our hearing tomorrow morning."

Fuxi's words made sense to everyone. Yasamin quickly raised her hands and stabbed her eardrums with her fingers.

Her hearing was instantly destroyed as a stream of blood came out from her ears. Immediately after, her face relaxed and a clear expression of relief was seen.

Without thinking twice, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, King Ieuan, the Wing King, and the three Eternal Realm Hunters also followed suit and stabbed their eardrums.

It would be pretty easy for them to restore their damaged hearing afterward, so there was no point in enduring a senseless struggle. It was more accurate to say that they "turned off" their hearing rather than "destroyed them".

"Zen, what about you? Can you still bear the howls?" The Snake Goddess asked as she took a glance at Zen.

"Yes, I'm fine," Zen replied.

"You don't have to be stubborn. The Treacherous Beings' howls go against nature. They can make you collapse. You have to destroy your hearing before it takes a greater toll on you," the Snake Goddess warned.

"Okay," Zen answered.

At this moment, the last of the Treacherous Beings walked past the hut and let out a sharp howl. After this, the village fell into a brief silence again.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others had already destroyed their hearing, so they didn't have any reaction to the sudden change in the surroundings.

However, for Zen and the others that still had their normal hearing, the sudden tranquility didn't seem natural.

Unfortunately, the silence didn't last for long.

Through the thatches, they saw from a distance that the white balls of light were gathering again. In just a matter of seconds, the next wave of deafening howls resounded through the sky.

Previously, the Treacherous Beings howled in rapid succession, but this time, they howled in groups. The sharpness was the same as before, but the power they contained was much stronger.

"Woof…"

The Augury Dog barked in a low voice and looked at Fuxi with a pitiful face.

Fuxi then gently tapped the dog's ears with his fingers, and also damaged his hearing.

It was the turn of Fuxi and the Snake Goddess to "turn off" their hearing.

Before doing so, Fuxi turned to Zen again and said, "Why are you hesitating? Hurry up and just do it."

Although Zen's endurance was much stronger than the others, he still felt tortured as the howls grew louder and louder.

He decided to follow Fuxi and also stabbed his eardrums with his fingers.

As he pierced his eardrums, a brief rumbling sound reverberated in his head. Then, the entire world surrounding him became quiet. There wasn't a single sound to be heard.

However, just then, he felt a cool sensation hovering in his ears.

Then, he realized that his hearing had completely recovered.

This time, the ear-piercing howls sounded so much louder than before. It was as if the noise was drilling through his skull.

When Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others saw Zen desperately holding his head with a facial expression of excruciating pain, they were shocked and confused.

"Zen, what's wrong?" the Snake Goddess asked through her spiritual sense.

"My hearing is restored," Zen answered as he endured the pain he was experiencing.

"What? How?" The Snake Goddess was bewildered at what just happened to him.

Then, she started to realize that it must have something to do with his bloodline.

'Don't tell me… The bloodline restored his hearing?' the Snake Goddess thought as she narrowed her eyes.

"Waah! Waah!"

The Treacherous Beings outside once again let out a wave of high-pitched howls which seemed to be ten times louder than before.

The piercing screams started to mess up Zen's mind, so he stabbed his ears and destroyed his hearing. In an instant, he became deaf again.

Just when he thought that there was silence again, his hearing was restored at a faster rate this time.

The howls resounded in his ears again.

"Damn it! Again!"

Zen stabbed his ears again.

However, this time, his hearing was restored before he even felt the pain of stabbing himself in his ears.

When everyone saw him repeatedly stabbing his ears, they were confused and worried. They used their spiritual senses to ask the Snake Goddess about what happened. After knowing what happened, they were rendered speechless, and they looked at Zen with sympathy.

After stabbing his own ears for over a hundred times, Zen finally chose to give up and just let the howls resound in his ears.

Currently, the ancestry-level bloodline was still unable to replace him. Otherwise, it wouldn't need such a troublesome method to make him suffer. However, there must be other reasons for it to do so.

Zen gritted his teeth and sat with his legs crossed. He gathered his resolve and wore a serious face.

Since he couldn't avoid hearing the howls, he had no choice but to do his best to bear them.

Neither Fuxi nor the Snake Goddess knew how devastating the Treacherous Beings' howls could be. Every night, they would destroy their hearing before they experienced a much more intense level of the howls.

An hour hadn't even passed but the intense pain had already been unbearable for Zen. The entire night would last for twenty hours. That meant his suffering would be unimaginable.

While everyone was staring at Zen with a worried face, they still maintained sharp vigilance.

If the Treacherous Beings found out where they were hiding, it meant immediate death for them.

They also had to keep watch on Zen. If the moment came that he wasn't able to control himself and started wreaking havoc because of the pain, they would need to stop him at all costs.

Fortunately, Zen's pain and suffering only lasted for about four hours. As the painful expression on Zen's face gradually disappeared, it was replaced by a suspicious look.

He knew that there was something wrong going on. The howls had changed and turned into low chanting sounds.

Chapter 3991 Calling

Fuxi had been observing Zen closely the whole time.

He was curious as to why Zen's pained expression gradually calmed down. "Zen, have you sealed off your hearing?" he asked through his spiritual sense.

Zen was still carefully distinguishing the low chanting sounds. When he heard Fuxi's question, he shook his head and said, "No."

"It seems that you're not in pain anymore…" At that point, Fuxi was even more surprised.

"The howls are gone. The Treacherous Beings you mentioned seem to be chanting something now," said Zen.

Fuxi arched his brows at Zen's words. "What are they chanting about?"

Before they entered the Whining Road, he and the Snake Goddess prepared quite well.

After all, they would die if they were not careful on their way to the Supreme Pure Realm.

When they hid in the thatched hut before, they also destroyed their hearing. However, Fuxi brought out a mouse from his spirit beast bag every once in a while, so they knew what was going on outside.

The howls on the Whining Road were very powerful. Fuxi's mice also came from the Grand Pure Realm, and they were close relatives of the Terror Mice. Although they weren't rare creatures, they were by no means weak.

However, after the mouse was out for less than nine seconds, its eyes turned bloody red, then its head exploded as it struggled madly.

Generally speaking, the Whining Road had twelve hours of daytime and twenty hours of nighttime.

Fuxi released a mouse every two hours to test the situation.

According to his experiment, the howls lasted twenty hours until dawn.

It was not until daybreak when the mouse he had released returned unharmed, that he and the Snake Goddess dared to restore their hearing.

Based on the mice's reaction, the howls of the Treacherous Beings would last a whole night.

However, Zen just said that the howls had stopped, which contradicted his early conclusion. He didn't believe him at all.

Yet, Zen's reaction told him everything, as he didn't show any pain at all.

Did something happen to the Treacherous Beings on the Whining Road?

Suddenly, an idea occurred to him. He gently touched his ears, as his palm glowed green. Then, his hearing returned to normal.

He had trusted Zen's reaction too much, but he forgot that Zen had a completely different type of life form after he had obtained a unique bloodline.

Just as he recovered his hearing, the ear-piercing howls immediately flooded his mind.

As a result, his eyes rolled back, and his body convulsed.

"Do you want to die?!" the Snake Goddess hissed madly.

She quickly reached out to him and pressed on his ears. After she shut off his hearing, he stopped twitching. He had fully fainted.

Then, she turned to look at Zen. "What did you do?" she asked in confusion.

He and Fuxi had communicated with each other through their spiritual senses just now, so the Snake Goddess naturally did not know what they talked about, nor did she know why Fuxi suddenly restored his hearing.

However, Zen was also confused. He said, "The Treacherous Beings have stopped wailing. Why did Master Fuxi still suffer?"

"Stopped wailing?" the Snake Goddess frowned. "Maybe you heard a different sound from us," she opined.

By that time, Fuxi woke up already. He released a spiritual sense that conveyed resentment. He glared at Zen and said, "You brat, do you want to kill me?"

Right now, the howls of the Treacherous Beings were quite intense. If it wasn't for the Snake Goddess's quick reaction, Fuxi's soul would've gotten seriously injured. Furthermore, exposure to the howls for five minutes was enough to kill him!

"It's my fault, Master Fuxi," Zen apologized. "But what I hear are indeed chanting sounds, and the chants follow certain rules," he explained.

With that, he announced his words to the crowd in the thatched hut through his spiritual sense.

"Chants that follow some rules..."

"Do these Treacherous Beings have language?"

"You must have misheard it. Did the wails damage your ears?"

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the three Eternal Realm Hunters all looked at him strangely.

No one knew about the origins of the Treacherous Beings. They just appeared occasionally in the Supreme Pure Realm.

It seemed that some kind of creature had created them from their resentment. As for why they existed or what they came here for, no one knew. The more they couldn't figure out the Treacherous Beings' origins, the more they became afraid of them.

"I did not mishear," Zen said and shook his head. "These regular chants seem to..."

As he spoke, his eyes suddenly glowed brightly, then he exclaimed, "It appears that they are reciting Sanskrit words!"

The voices uttered the chants in a rhythm. Although their tone was flat and was nothing like singing, it was quite similar to reading Sanskrit words.

Back then, when he was with the bald giant by the name of Pompeo, his voice was like singing, and it was also rhythmic.

It turned out that the Treacherous Beings were not wailing, but communicating through the incomprehensible Sanskrit words!

"Sanskrit words?"

Everyone looked at each other, confused.

"Ha-ha! Forget about whether the Treacherous Beings know Sanskrit or not, or if the wails are a way of their communication with Sanskrit words. Even if it is, you still can't understand it," Pearson said and waved his hand.

There was no way for them to confirm such speculations if they couldn't understand the language used. Thus, Pearson thought that what Zen said was nonsense.

"Not necessarily," the Snake Goddess said with a smile. "He can understand it."

Pearson's, Thurston's, and Sawyer's eyes widened in shock. They thought that the Snake Goddess must be kidding!

The Eternal Realm Hunters wandered in the Three Purities Stage all year round, and they also knew a lot about Sanskrit words.

It was still possible to decipher Sanskrit words that were on paper or engraved on something, but not for "Sanskrit words" in chants.

That kind of language contained too much meaning, and it was too complicated.

Furthermore, the creatures in the chaos had innate limitations. Letting them decipher Sanskrit words was equivalent to making the dumb speak and the blind paint. It was beyond their abilities.

Even Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin also cast Zen strange looks. Then again, they did not know much about what happened on the Other Shore after they got trapped, so they did not know that Zen had such a skill.

"I'm not sure if I can understand, but I can try," said Zen.

What if perhaps the Treacherous Beings did not talk in Sanskrit? If so, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization naturally couldn't decipher them.

Still, he began to communicate with the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

However, he didn't dare let the Heavenly Obsession Civilization listen directly to the wails. Instead, he transmitted the sound he heard into his inner world.

Once the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was ready, it began to decipher the chants.

At the same time, the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization on the upper ice field of the Blooming Jade Stage began to operate like mad.

This time, it took longer to decipher the words. After quite a while, a voice came out from the Civilization Artifact.

"They are indeed speaking Sanskrit," it stated. "Then what are they talking about?" Zen asked hurriedly.

"Most of the sounds are meaningless. Perhaps they are scriptures used in a kind of ceremony, and they recite them over and over again," answered the Civilization Artifact.

"Some scriptures..." In all honesty, he was a little disappointed.

Just then, the Civilization Artifact added, "In addition to those meaningless scriptures, there is also a sentence within them."

He immediately perked up upon hearing those words. "What is it?" he asked again.

"They have been calling out 'come back quickly, ' as if one of them went missing. They continually repeat the words so the missing would return," the Civilization Artifact said.

Chapter 3992 Revive

Come back quickly...

Since the Heavenly Obsession Civilization heard this sentence from the wails of the Treacherous Beings, it meant that they were indeed using Sanskrit.

But who were they calling for?

"How is it going? Do you understand what they are talking about?" the Snake Goddess asked while Zen was in deep concentration.

"I can't understand most of the sounds. They seem to be some kind of scripture," Zen paused, realizing everyone was looking at him.

Of all the warriors present, only the Wing King, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess believed that Zen could understand Sanskrit words.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess knew what happened in the Blooming Jade Stage; and since the Wing King and a Civilization Artifact in Zen's body were bound together, he was also aware of it.

Others remained skeptical, including Eastern Emperor Taiyi. He and Yasamin had just been rescued and did not have enough time to know about the current situation.

"Are they reciting only scriptures?" Fuxi asked.

"In addition to the scriptures, they also seem to be calling for a companion to return," Zen said admittedly.

"Really? Are you sure you didn't mishear?" Pearson chuckled beside him.

The Eternal Realm Hunters didn't believe Zen's words at all. Looking at his seemingly serious expression, they assumed that Zen was talking nonsense.

Zen dismissed Pearson's sarcastic words. He shook his head and said, "No, I'm sure about what I heard."

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization didn't decipher without any basis.

There were only two results of the deciphering: either it was unable to decipher, or it deciphered every word accurately.

Since the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had deciphered it, the information should be correct.

"You are so confident," Thurston said as his eyes glimmered.

"That's it. They indeed lost one companion, so they keep calling for their companion to return," the Snake Goddess suddenly concluded.

Pearson questioned, "You don't know much about the Treacherous Beings, and you just passed the Whining Road by luck. How could you be so certain?"

Pearson could tell that Fuxi and the Snake Goddess were inexperienced in dealing with the Treacherous Beings. They had just hidden in the thatched hut in the past and snuck away after three days when the Treacherous Beings disappeared.

In comparison, Pearson had personally witnessed the Treacherous Beings in the Supreme Pure Realm. He believed that he understood the Treacherous Beings better than everyone.

The Snake Goddess smiled slightly, reading between the lines of his words. "There are two hundred thatched huts here. In the past, every thatched hut had a Treacherous Being inside, totaling two hundred Treacherous Beings. Now, there are only one hundred and ninety-nine of them. That means one is missing, and a thatched hut is vacant,"

she said as she pointed to the ground, referring to where they were all staying. It was the vacant thatched hut.

The reason why the Whining Road had been difficult to pass was that Treacherous Beings were something no one could resist.

Many Eternal Realm warriors and nonhuman creatures chose to walk this path; but no matter the number, they all had been annihilated.

This made the Whining Road notorious for its cruelty...

Now, there was a Treacherous Being missing from the Whining Road–a thatched hut had become empty. They had used this loophole to pass through the Whining Road.

Hearing the Snake Goddess' explanation, Pearson immediately comprehended. He looked at Zen with enlightenment.

Zen actually could understand Sanskrit words...

"Just as Zen said, they are calling for their companion to return. If that Treacherous Being returns, wouldn't we be in trouble?" King Ieuan suddenly asked.

"It had not been back for so many years. What are the odds that it would come back today?" Fuxi answered, rolling his eyes at it.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi previously had this concern. The two of them were nervous when they couldn't find the empty thatched hut, but now there was no need to worry.

For twenty hours, everyone still had their hearing completely shut. They couldn't hear anything

while Zen, on the other hand, continued to listen attentively to the chants.

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had been working as well, trying its best to decipher even a little information for Zen.

However, these Treacherous Beings behaved stubbornly...

For nearly twenty hours, they had been reciting the scriptures with only a little communication between them.

Dawn came at the end of the last hour. A faint light peeped from outside the thatched hut.

The strange Treacherous Beings all returned inside of their own thatched hut. They started to communicate while Zen successfully decoded the communication part by part.

A Treacherous Being started walking towards Zen and his group's thatched hut. The Treacherous Being's footsteps approached, with everyone becoming more anxious as they felt it getting closer and closer.

"What should we do?" King Ieuan panicked.

The Snake Goddess made a gesture, warning it not to use spiritual sense to communicate with others in case they would be discovered by the Treacherous Beings.

She walked carefully to the edge of the thatched hut. When the Treacherous Being was about to lift the edge, the Snake Goddess grabbed it, forcing it to shut. The Treacherous Being failed to open it, eventually giving up after several tries.

The Treacherous Being turned around to look for another thatched hut instead. It walked further from them, putting everyone's heart at ease. They sighed in relief.

Soon, the sky revealed its full brightness. The Snake Goddess told everyone to recover their hearing and opened the thatched hut.

Everyone walked out the thatched hut one by one. Twenty hours inside such a small space had left them in discomfort. They lifted their arms and bent their bodies to stretch.

"Staying on this road for three days and directly entering the Supreme Pure Realm is the easiest thing we've done in history," Pearson said with confidence.

"I remember the first time we entered the Supreme Pure Realm, half of us died..." Thurston sentimentally recalled. The Eternal Realm Hunters were all elites, but even they had to pay a huge price in going to the Supreme Pure Realm.

While everyone was breathing and enjoying the fresh air, the Snake Goddess found that Zen's face was a little gloomy. "Zen, what's wrong?"

Everyone turned their glances, once again focusing on him.

After hesitating for a moment, Zen asked, "Is it really impossible to kill the Treacherous Beings?"

"Yes, it's impossible to kill them," Pearson quickly answered. "Even if they get killed, they will still come back to life. They can't disappear from the world."

The Treacherous Beings were the real indestructible existences in the Three Purities Stage.

"What exactly did you hear again?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"The Treacherous Beings exchanged a few words before they went into the thatched huts. Their companion is trapped outside the Whining Road, which seems to be the Supreme Pure Realm," Zen replied.

"It might have been trapped there for many years." Fuxi nodded.

"But the trapped Treacherous Being has been killed recently. They are trying to find a way to revive it, and they would do it tonight..." Zen continued.

Everyone fell silent upon hearing his statement.

The Snake Goddess stared at Zen nervously. "Are you sure?"

"I'm afraid so," Zen agreed.

King Ieuan interrupted, "If that Treacherous Being comes back to life, doesn't that mean there won't be any vacant thatched hut?"

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi shared a dull aura, their faces darkening in fear.

One more Treacherous Being meant that they would lose their hiding place.

If the Treacherous Beings discovered them, they would definitely be attacked. Everyone could die!

"Do we still have a chance to retreat?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked as his face turned into a frown.

"If we quit the Whining Road before the duration of three days ends, we will not be able to enter the Supreme Pure Realm nor could we return to the Grand Pure Realm. We will only be lost in the plain where we can never turn back," the Snake Goddess said.

"What should we do now?" Yasamin asked, her face flooded with worry.

The Snake Goddess glanced at the thatched huts. "The only way now is to kill another Treacherous Being," she firmly declared.

Chapter 3993 A Hard Choice

Zen and his companions were in great trouble at that point. If the Treacherous Being came back to life and couldn't find its thatched hut, it would hunt them down.

It was most likely that two hundred Treacherous Beings would probably come for them.

Furthermore, Treacherous Beings' strengths only gave them a slim chance of survival.

Had it been one Treacherous Being, perhaps they might still make it.

The Snake Goddess's idea might work.

"Are you sure you want to fight a Treacherous Being?" Pearson sniffed. "Or what?

Should we surrender to them instead?" Fuxi asked darkly. "I did not mean to look down on you," Pearson said indifferently. "There was once a race called the Primal Tiger race, in the Grand Pure Realm.

They were so powerful that even the Element Spirit Civilization never dared to provoke them. We were lucky enough to befriend them…" he continued.

Although the Eternal Realm Hunters usually traveled alone, they did have some friends in the Three Purities Stage.

For instance, the Primal Tiger race was on friendly terms with the Eternal Realm Hunters.

In the past, when dozens of members of the Primal Tiger race fell into a poisonous well, it was the Eternal Realm Hunters who had saved them.

Due to immense gratitude, the Primal Tiger race had promised to protect the Eternal Realm Hunters forever.

After that, the Eternal Realm Hunters turned to the Primal Tiger race whenever they were in peril. That was how they escaped their end several times.

However, a single Treacherous Being slaughtered such a strong race that not even the Element Spirit Civilization dared to instigate!

Back then, the Eternal Realm Hunters were also in the tribe of the Primal Tiger race. They didn't take the Treacherous Being seriously at first since they thought that the mighty Primal Tiger race would deal with it.

Even when the Eye Spirit had personally visited the Primal Tiger race to ask for the Eternal Realm Hunters, they just drove him away. Therefore, who else in the Three Purities Stage posed any threat to them?

Soon enough, the Eternal Realm Hunters found that they were very wrong.

Simply put, the Treacherous Being's power was far beyond their imagination.

At that time, the Eternal Realm Hunters had only gotten a glimpse of the Treacherous Being. It was a continually changing spirit.

After the Treacherous Being broke into the tribe, it immediately exploded and unleashed blood-red flames that had spread in all directions.

As a result, the vast majority of the Primal Tiger race did not have a chance to escape at all, and the red flames swallowed them.

The Eternal Realm Hunters stayed on the edge of the tribe's territory. When they saw the spread of red flames, they quickly fled into the distance — but the red flames still slaughtered three of them.

Even though one of the victims had only barely brushed against the flames, he seemed to have suffered the worst curse in the world. His body crumpled, and his soul turned grey. He faded away each passing day. The others infused their life energies into him but to no avail. In the end, he had died miserably after several months of struggle and torture.

From then on, the Eternal Realm Hunters finally understood the real power of the Treacherous Beings.

After Pearson finished his story, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, King Ieuan, the Snake Goddess, and even Fuxi, all shared dark looks.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi knew that the Treacherous Beings were horrible creatures, but this was beyond their expectations.

"So what should we do? Do we have no chance of survival at all?" asked Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

If the Treacherous Beings were surely that powerful, they could not fight back.

"I don't think all of them are as strong as the one in the story.

We may still have a way to deal with them," Zen suddenly said. "What made you think that?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked.

"Someone must have used a special method to drive that Treacherous Being off and sent it to the Supreme Pure Realm," Zen said as he pointed at the thatched huts in the distance.

It was clear that a Treacherous Being in the Whining Road would not leave the place for no reason. Thus, someone must have found a way to lure it to the Supreme Pure Realm. Since someone had managed to do that, they could also deal with a Treacherous Being if they did find a way.

"I agree. Someone must have driven that Treacherous Being away. If we try, maybe we'll also have a chance," the Snake Goddess said.

Then, Thurston asked, "Zen, are you sure that Treacherous Being will come back to life tonight?"

Zen shook his head. "I'm not completely sure about that. I heard the other Treacherous Beings discuss that they would bring it back to life tonight, but it does not mean that they'll manage to do so," he answered.

Upon hearing his explanation, everyone became hesitant.

It seemed that the chances of the Treacherous Being's rebirth were not high, but once it came back to life, death and destruction would follow.

On the other hand, if they took the initiative to kill another Treacherous Being first, it was not an easy feat at all. They remained stuck in a dilemma.

At that moment, the Wing King, who usually did not speak much, abruptly said, "Don't pin your hopes on others. Losing the initiative is equivalent to waiting passively to be killed!"

The Regal Jade Civilization had placed their hopes on the Nihility race in the past, as they thought that the enemies would pull their punches. In the end, the Regal Jade Civilization had met a tragic end.

"You're right. Once the night falls, we'll have no more chances to fight back," Fuxi said with a nod.

Meanwhile, King Ieuan looked at Thurston and Sawyer, then said, "You can summon the powerful Black Sun, right? If you can pull a Treacherous Being into the Black Sun, then killing it won't be that hard, right?"

It was true that the Black Sun had severe limitations, but it was useful when it came to individual enemies.

"Well, we can try," Thurston agreed. In fact, he already thought of that idea, and that was why he had asked Zen the question.

"Each Treacherous Being has a different level of strength. We still have enough time. We need to find out the easiest opponent," Pearson stated.

Fortunately, daytime in the Whining Road was twelve hours long, so they had sufficient time to prepare before nightfall.

Of course, the task of choosing their opponent fell on the Augury Dog, who was the most sensitive to powers.

He could sense the level of threat of each enemy, which was associated with their strength.

A few leaves gently rustled on the ground as the Augury Dog ran past each of the thatched huts and sniffed them one by one. Every time he passed by a thatched hut, his eyes became filled with fear. However, he went to the next thatched hut without hesitation.

Not long after, he had examined over one hundred thatched huts. When only three huts remained, the Augury Dog stopped before one of the huts and said in a low voice, "This one. This one is the weakest among them all."

The thatched hut he referred to was isolated from the rest.

Still, it emanated a threatening aura.

Then again, it was indeed a little weaker compared to the other Treacherous Beings.

"Get ready," Fuxi said to the three Eternal Realm Hunters.

The three Eternal Realm Hunters had decided their divisions of labor. Pearson was responsible for subduing the Treacherous Being, while Thurston and Sawyer would pull it into the Black Sun.

If everything went well, the whole ordeal would only take them a short while.

Now, the others retreated to a safe distance and formed a circle to deal with emergencies.

Finally, they shut off their hearing, then Thurston and Sawyer summoned the Black Sun.

At that point, Pearson turned into a spider web and blocked the front of the thatched hut. "Who will open the thatched hut for us?" Sawyer asked.

His question met silence. Everyone looked reluctant to do the dangerous task.

"I'll do it," Zen said in a resolute voice.

He walked straight to the thatched hut, grabbed a corner of the flap, and slowly lifted it.

The whole village in the vast, white mist was unusually quiet, to the point that everyone heard their heartbeats clearly.

When Zen had lifted more than half of the flap, they all saw a strange thing that lay on the ground.

It looked like a mass of white liquid, but it had limbs and a head.

It also had two black hollows on its head. Everyone felt afraid when they looked into the holes.

"So this is a Treacherous Being..."

"Is it asleep?"

"Its aura feels depressing..."

Without the thatched hut as a barrier, they were now face to face with the Treacherous Being. The air around it felt so uncomfortable, and it overwhelmed them even more.

It appeared that the Treacherous Being was the nemesis of all living beings. They couldn't help but feel instinctively fearful in front of it.

Zen took a few steps back and nodded at the Eternal Realm Hunters, which signaled them to get started.

Chapter 3994 Possessed By The Treacherous Being

The Treacherous Being was not on-guard at all and seemed to have fallen asleep.

Very few people had ever dared to venture into the Whining Road since ancient times. Not many were brave enough to challenge the Treacherous Beings after all.

Nobody ever came through here, thus the Treacherous Beings did not see the need to be so vigilant.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

One by one, long, thin threads crept up towards the Treacherous Being.

Extremely thin to the point of weightlessness, these spider threads felt no more than specks of dust upon the body of the Treacherous Being.

Soon enough, these threads covered the creature in its entirety. Every single square inch was tightly wrapped by the spider threads!

Swoosh...

The Black Sun in front of Thurston and Sawyer began to spin just as a strong attraction force burst forth from it.

As this strong attraction force came out, it headed straight towards the Treacherous Being and dragged it directly out of the thatched hut.

Its body was soft, liquid, and had the consistency of water. It had since lost its shape and had turned into something that resembled a mass of sticky glue.

"Whoosh!"

With no struggle on the part of the Treacherous Being, it was quickly and flawlessly sucked into the Black Sun.

It was only then that Thurston and Sawyer separated and the Black Sun promptly disappeared.

If one thought about it, it was actually quite amazing. A horrible Treacherous Being was dealt with in such a short amount of time and with no sort of violent struggle whatsoever.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had to voice out his question through spiritual sense. "Has the Treacherous Being been sucked in?"

Yasamin nodded. "I suppose."

The Wing King then took his chance to slowly withdraw his wings.

An open space was necessary to deal with a Treacherous Being. If it ever let out a howl to call out its companions, the Wing King would use the space to block off any sound, if it could block it at all.

With their purpose served, the spider threads retreated and reformed into Pearson's body.

"You two should separate further," he ordered Sawyer and Thurston. The Black Sun had never failed them until Zen, of course.

Even if the Treacherous Being was sucked into the Black Sun, it was best to be careful.

What if it turned out that the Treacherous Being shared Zen's ability? What if like the young man, it could also forcibly gather the separated Black Sun? If that was the case, then things would be very bad for all of them.

Sawyer and Thurston did as Pearson ordered and walked further in the opposite direction of each other.

However, Sawyer had only taken a few steps when a white mass suddenly emerged from his back.

It was the sticky body of the Treacherous Being!

Pearson was quick to point out this horrifying mass. "Sawyer!" he roared in warning. In a fit of desperation, he had forgotten that everyone had destroyed their hearing and only Zen heard what he said.

Sawyer had no idea what was currently on his back and of the warnings Pearson yelled at him.

The white mass of goo gradually bulged and extended its body on top of Sawyer's head. Then two, hollow eyes appeared.

There was no denying that the Treacherous Being had used some kind of technique to escape the Black Sun before it closed.

"Up there! Above your head!" the Snake Goddess warned Sawyer through spiritual sense. Her words were firm but unlike Pearson; she knew how to use her head.

Panic in their current situation was never a good thing.

When Sawyer raised his head, he immediately paled.

How could this be? This thing had attached itself onto his back!

The Treacherous Being was a mass of goo and looked like a slug as it crawled on Sawyer's back. Anyone would get goose bumps just imagining it. When Sawyer turned his head, the Treacherous Being took the chance and planted itself on his face!

Swish! Swish! Swish...

The orifices on Sawyer's face were enough for the Treacherous Being to enter his body.

In the blink of an eye, the mass of goo was gone and had completely entered Sawyer!

"Sawyer, no!" Thurston screamed. A sudden rage erupted from deep inside him when he saw what happened.

However, along with the anger came fear.

Everything happened so fast. There was no time to react, much less help Sawyer.

With the Treacherous Being now inside him, Sawyer's pupils suddenly rolled back and he stood completely still.

The people around him immediately stepped back, eager to keep their distance.

To everyone's horror, Sawyer turned towards Zen and opened his mouth. He was going to start howling!

"Buzz!"

There was a flash of green light as the Wing King spread his wings and formed a protective dome above all of them.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess could only look up in desperate hopes that Sawyer's howls wouldn't wake up the other Treacherous Beings.

Everyone waited with bated breath to see if the protective dome would do its job.

"It works!" they all exclaimed when they saw the thatched huts remain quiet.

To say that they were relieved would be an understatement.

They couldn't be too sure if the space the Wing King conjured completely blocked Sawyer's howls but it proved to be enough since none of the other Treacherous Beings stirred from their slumber.

However, they still had a problem.

"Zen, can you understand what it's saying?" the Snake Goddess asked him through spiritual sense as the Treacherous Being continued to howl.

"It is being deciphered," he replied.

Since the Black Sun's space failed to trap this Treacherous Being, then this situation had now truly become extremely troublesome.

"Should we kill it?" Fuxi asked. Thurston was quick to shake his head.

"No! Of course not!" he exclaimed.

Sawyer was his brother and there was no way he would be willing to kill him. Thurston would rather kill himself than hurt his brother.

"What should we do then?" Fuxi asked. This situation wasn't exactly ideal.

A Treacherous Being's strength was unfathomable and even if the warriors had an advantage, victory remained slippery.

If they waited until the Treacherous Being began to attack them, they would be forced into a passive state.

"I don't care what we do but anyone who hurts my brother will be my enemy," Thurston declared as he shot Fuxi a cold glare. It was obvious that keeping his brother safe and sound was non-negotiable.

"Calm down Thurston. You must remember, that person is no longer Sawyer!" Pearson reminded him.

There were so many monsters in the Three Purities Stage that had the ability of possession.

The Soul-killing Flame for instance was one of these creatures. It existed in the Grand Pure Realm and could possess one's body if a warrior was not too careful. The Soul Leech in the Blood Swamp of the Supreme Pure Realm was another example.

A warrior could already be considered dead the moment these creatures possessed their body.

Since the Treacherous Being was infinitely more terrifying than those things then how could they ever hope for Sawyer's survival?!

He was no more than a corpse now!

Thurston shook his head in denial.

"But...But..." he stammered and watched as his brother, who had previously been content with howling, suddenly rushed towards Zen.

"We need to act now!" Fuxi declared.

Without any hesitation, he stretched out his hand and pressed it onto the ground.

A mark of Eight Diagrams promptly appeared on top of Sawyer's head.

In his determination to take down Sawyer, Fuxi exerted his full strength onto this attack.

Just as Fuxi's attack came down upon the young man, Sawyer suddenly pointed up and touched the mark of Eight Diagrams. To everyone's surprise, it shattered with a loud bang!

The attack, backed by Fuxi's full strength, was broken by Sawyer so casually.

Swish! Swish! Swish...

The Snake Goddess also went on the offensive and stretched out her shadow's densely-packed tentacles to wrap around Sawyer.

Meanwhile, King Ieuan, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and Yasamin got busy with using their own unique skills.

Underneath this green space, the collection of powerful energy and the pressure it released was terrifying. Any ordinary creature would tremble in fear.

Unfortunately, the thing that possessed Sawyer was far from ordinary. The Treacherous Being had an incredible ability that dissipated any sort of energy sent to harm it.

When Zen saw Sawyer rush towards him, his eyes immediately flashed with determination. Instead of a retreat, he decided to face his opponent head-on.

Eager to take on the offensive, Zen lowered his body and threw a solid punch towards Sawyer's head! "Da!"

Since his body had been transformed by the ancestry-level bloodline, it was a given that the power of his punch would be extremely terrifying.

However, instead of the devastating results Zen expected, Sawyer merely stretched out his finger and pointed it to his fist.

The moment their hands touched, Zen's power completely dissipated.

His pupils widened and he immediately jumped back in retreat.

"What the...? No. Retreat! Retreat!"

Unfortunately, that was no longer an option. Sawyer was fast and immediately grabbed hold of Zen's fist. He didn't seem to exert that much strength but Zen found himself unable to break free of his hold.

"Rumble, rumble, rumble..."

At that moment, a stream of white goo emerged from the orifices of Sawyer's face. It was the Treacherous Being's body!

Soon enough, Zen found himself face to face with the Treacherous Being's hollow eyes and its strange smile. It looked at him up and down before suddenly jumping onto his face and into his body the same way it entered Sawyer.

Chapter 3995 The Soul Catching Lamp

Thud!

Sawyer's unconscious body fell to the ground.

At the same time, Zen lowered his head and stood still. Previously, when Sawyer was being possessed by the Treacherous Being, he wasn't able to move either. This time, it seemed that it was trying to invade Zen's body.

"Brother!" Thurston quickly approached Sawyer's body.

He carefully carried Sawyer to one corner to look at his condition.

The others didn't pay much attention to Sawyer right now, for they were all focused on Zen.

Everyone knew how important Zen was. If the Treacherous Being successfully invaded his body, there might be dire consequences.

"What should we do now?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked in a panic.

"We have to somehow find a way to drive the Treacherous Being out of his body!" King Ieuan said anxiously, also not knowing what exactly was needed to be done.

Then, the Snake Goddess's eyes narrowed as she walked towards Zen. She stretched out her hand, and a pink flower lamp immediately materialized.

"The Soul Catching Lamp!"

Everyone's eyes lit up as they saw the lamp emerge from the Snake Goddess's hand.

The flower contained in the Soul Catching Lamp could forcefully drive the soul out of one's body.

Even if that person had reached the Holy Soul Realm, he would still find it difficult to resist its power.

However, despite its power, its use was quite limited. This was because the lamp needed to be close to the target in order to be effective.

Because of this, it had never been used in battles.

But now that Zen's body was still motionless, the Soul Catching Lamp came in handy.

The only problem was that they weren't sure if the Treacherous Being was a kind of soul or not. If it wasn't, then the lamp would also be useless.

The Snake Goddess didn't have much time to think about it, so she just risked it.

Soon after, the pink flower in the lamp began to glow. Wisps of pink smoke started floating out from it.

Whoosh!

The Snake Goddess forcefully blew the smoke.

The pink smoke quickly rushed towards Zen's face and entered into his eyes, ears, mouth, and nose.

Then, the Snake Goddess monitored the movements of the Soul Catching Lamp.

In just a matter of seconds, the pink light in the lamp grew brighter and brighter as the flower started blooming.

However, as the flower reached its full bloom, the light suddenly dimmed, and the petals began to wither rapidly.

With a flash in the Snake Goddess's eyes, she yelled, "Now!"

She started grabbing the Soul Catching Lamp and pulled it hard.

She felt that the smoke inside Zen's body latched onto something, so she was trying to pull it out from him.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Soon, wisps of pink smoke came out from Zen's eyes, ears, mouth, and nose.

Everyone was expecting that the Treacherous Being would be pulled out along with the pink smoke.

However, their faces twitched the moment they saw that there was nothing but the smoke.

The Snake Goddess was the most disappointed of all. She knew that she felt something earlier, so she was also surprised that nothing came out.

Whoosh!

Unwilling to give up, the Snake Goddess once again blew the smoke into Zen's face.

Right now, everyone depended on her, so she couldn't fail them.

However, before the Snake Goddess could pull the smoke out again, Zen suddenly opened his eyes.

Everyone was shocked to see that the pupils in his eyes had disappeared.

His eyes only revealed the white parts, and it seemed that he was no longer in control of his body.

Then, in a split-second, the previously motionless body of Zen quickly rushed towards the Snake Goddess.

Crash!

Zen threw a punch at the Snake Goddess.

The Snake Goddess was totally caught off guard. At such a close distance, she wasn't able to dodge Zen's sudden strike.

Although it was just an ordinary punch, the force it contained was still extremely terrifying.

The Snake Goddess instantly flew backward and was thrown far off to the point that she hit the circular space wall created by the Wing King.

Meanwhile, Zen opened his mouth and did the same thing as Sawyer did earlier. He was howling.

Then, he turned around and threw a punch at the green space wall.

Crash!

The space wall instantly broke into pieces.

Whoosh!

He then strode towards the exit of the village.

"What's going on? What's he going to do?"

"The Treacherous Being doesn't look like it would wake up its companions."

"Then, is it just going to leave this place?"

Everyone had a lot of questions in mind.

They also wanted to chase after Zen, but his speed was just too fast. Moreover, they wouldn't be able to do anything with the Treacherous Being's strength even if they caught up with Zen.

Previously, when the Treacherous Being had possessed Sawyer's body, it had easily resisted the theurgies of the Eternal Realm warriors. Now that it possessed Zen's body, it was more likely that its strength would also be stronger.

In just a few seconds, Zen had already rushed out of the fences of the Whining Road and disappeared through the vast white mist.

King Ieuan, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others just stood there as they watched Zen's figure vanish into the mist.

They were left dumbfounded at everything that just happened.

"But today is not the third day. Now that he just went out like this on his own, would he be lost on the plain?" King Ieuan couldn't help but ask anxiously.

At the same time, Fuxi was busy helping the Snake Goddess heal her wounds. He looked back and said flatly, "Theoretically, yes. However, there may be an exception."

After all, they all knew that the Whining Road belonged to the Treacherous Beings. Since it possessed Zen's body, then perhaps it wouldn't be lost.

But there were bigger problems to be considered, like Zen's survival.

Could he still survive after being possessed by it?

The Snake Goddess was badly injured. But despite her condition, she hadn't stopped thinking of a way to save Zen. However, it seemed like she was also running out of ideas as her face showed an expression of hopelessness.

Eventually, everyone had stopped talking and the atmosphere became even gloomier. At this moment, the silence was broken when they heard someone cough.

"Ahem! W-what happened to me?"

While everyone was getting depressed, Sawyer suddenly woke up in Thurston's arms.

"Brother, you've come to!" Thurston was overjoyed. He was actually thinking if Sawyer was even going to wake up after being possessed by the Treacherous Being.

Everyone's attention focused on Sawyer. As he tried to recall what happened earlier, his face darkened. He started touching his face and his body but found out that he wasn't hurt.

"Brother, you're fine now. The Treacherous Being has come out of your body," Thurston explained in a soft voice.

All of them thought of the possibility that Sawyer might die. But it turned out that as the Treacherous Being left his body, it also left his body and soul intact.

"This is actually good news!"

"He's fine after being possessed by the Treacherous Being. That means that Zen could also survive!"

"That's right. At least there is still a chance."

As they saw that Sawyer was in good condition, everyone seemed to get a hold of a glimmer of hope.

"I'm connected to the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization, so I can sense his location. After we leave the Whining Road, we could go look for him," the Wing King suggested.

"That's good to know then," Fuxi said as he nodded his head.

Just earlier, they were almost about to give up. But now that they knew that there was slight hope of finding Zen, they decided to give their all for this slim chance.

Now, one more Treacherous Being had left the Whining Road. Even if a Treacherous Being really revived at night, there would still be an empty thatched hut here.

After several hours, the sky started to dim again.

The Whining Road was enveloped in darkness once more.

Thanks to Fuxi's treatment, most of the injuries of the Snake Goddess had already been healed.

Then, everyone stabbed their ears again as they went into hiding inside the small hut.

Through the thatches, they saw the Treacherous Beings flickering in bright white lights.

The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed as she concentrated on counting the Treacherous Beings roaming outside.

She counted a few times just to make sure. The result was still the same, and there were a total of one hundred and ninety-eight of them. It meant that two were missing.

The first one did not revive, and the other one was the one that possessed Zen's body.

Then, the night passed. As dawn drew near, all of the Treacherous Beings returned to the thatched huts.

They confirmed that one of the missing Treacherous Beings did not come back to life last night.

All of their faces seemed to be filled with regret.

They thought that making the move was a complete mistake.

However, no one knew what the result might be, so they needed to give it a try.

After that night, there was only one remaining.

Then, they could leave the following morning and enter the Supreme Pure Realm.

Chapter 3996 The Blood Swamp

For the first time in their lives, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, King Ieuan, and the Wing King could finally set foot in the Supreme Pure Realm. This was a momentous achievement for all of them.

This was a huge deal especially for the Wing King. Because no matter how powerful he was, he had never entered the Supreme Pure Realm yet.

Because this was their first time there, it would make sense for them to be full of expectations. They were supposed to enjoy and celebrate this wonderful accomplishment.

However, Zen had been missing for quite a while now. So instead of being excited, everyone's heart was heavy. This unfortunate occurrence had really dampened their spirits.

They discussed at length Zen's possible current whereabouts after he left the Whining Road. For the entire day, they only talked about where he could be and how they could possibly find him.

They were well-aware that talking about it while they were in the village would yield nothing. Still, it was obvious that Zen was extremely important to them.

Deep within the hearts of Fuxi and the Snake Goddess, they knew that Zen was the key to the completion of the Finale Way. He was their only hope. Even if it would cost them their lives, they definitely would not hesitate to save him.

Twelve hours had passed by so quickly. Before they knew it, darkness had fallen once more.

It was nighttime on the Whining Road again. Before long, they heard familiar noises in the distance.

The Treacherous Beings were howling again. This had been happening for the past two nights already. They would appear as soon as the darkness had settled in.

On the third night, the Snake Goddess merely continued counting the number of the Treacherous Beings out there in the dark.

So far, she had counted one hundred ninety-eight of them.

However, she suddenly discovered that some Treacherous Beings formed a strange shape on the Whining Road four hours later.

She kept observing them and realized they were gathering within an area and were making a circle.

All of a sudden, a strange and dazzling white light appeared at the center of the circle.

The Treacherous Beings as well as the white light were blinding. It was almost as if there was a sun shining at night.

The bright light illuminated the entire area so much that the people inside the thick thatched hut were able to see them clearly.

"What is that white light? Where is it coming from?"

"Look! It is getting bigger and bigger."

As the group watched this scene unfold right before their eyes, they noticed a change in the white light. Seeing this, they instantly had a guess as to what it was.

As the expanding white light began taking shape, it seemed clear to everyone what was really happening.

That specific Treacherous Being was being revived.

It became clear that Zen made the right decision.

If they had made the other choice earlier, they could still spend the second night safely, but it would not be the case this night.

The third night would be riddled with danger. They were quite sure about this.

It was sure as day that the Treacherous Beings would be able to find out they had occupied a thatched hut and attack them.

It would be impossible to hold off and stand against the Treacherous Beings by themselves.

"I wished that Treacherous Being came after me instead of Zen," Yasamin sighed sadly. Her face was full of regret.

She would've had gladly traded her life if it meant ensuring Zen's safety.

She would do this in a heartbeat not only for the completion of the Finale Way, but also for Dorothy's sake.

Everyone had seemed downcast ever since Zen's disappearance. They couldn't help but sigh and wish they could have done something. Meanwhile, the Wing King kept observing the scene in the dark. All of a sudden, he spoke using his spiritual sense, "These Treacherous Beings don't seem like they have any sort of intelligence."

His statement was met with looks of utter confusion from everyone in their group. They couldn't quite figure out how or why he came to this conclusion.

They knew that Zen had already deciphered the conversations of the Treacherous Beings before.

Obviously, this meant that they had their own thoughts.

In addition to that, they were even able to resurrect their fallen companions. How could they not possess any intelligence?

"What makes you say that?" The Snake Goddess walked towards the Wing King and asked. Her face was full of curiosity.

"Well, it seems like they don't know that one of them is missing yet," replied the Wing King. "And whenever they aren't able to enter a thatched hut, they won't even try to force their way in to take a look. Instead, they will just move onto the next one. That way of doing things kind of strikes me as very mechanical," he added.

If the Treacherous Beings gathered into a group, they would have noticed that one of them was missing and would set out to find their companion.

Before the Wing King mentioned this, no one felt like there was anything wrong about them. But now that they thought about it, they realized how truly strange it was.

"Well, that's true." Fuxi nodded slowly with a frown on his face. He was trying to recall what happened for the past two nights. "Whenever the Treacherous Beings came, I just propped the thatches up and they would just leave. No one ever tried to enter and check."

"Hmm, but how can you explain they know to revive their companion?" Thurston questioned. He couldn't quite understand it.

"Well, maybe they're just doing it instinctively." The Wing King made an assumption. It wasn't that far-fetched if they tried to think about it.

"How about the Treacherous Being that possessed Zen? Does it also lack intelligence? If so, then why did it run away on its own?" Sawyer paced back and forth while trying to make sense of all this speculations.

The Snake Goddess tilted her head and was lost in thought for a while. "After that Treacherous Being found us and possessed Zen, the best move for it was not to run away. It should have woken up its companions and besieged us instead. What it did is indeed very strange."

To sum it up, the Treacherous Beings' behavior was truly bizarre and incomprehensible.

Hours passed and it was morning once more. They left the thatched hut and walked to the entrance of the Whining Road again.

There were two rows of fences still standing on the left and right of the road. In the distance, they could still see the rolling white mist.

"Well then, let's go! The Supreme Pure Realm is right ahead of us," exclaimed Fuxi confidently.

"Everyone, please climb onto my back. I'm afraid there will be more creatures guarding the entrance of the Whining Road," the Wing King reminded them as he lowered his wings slightly.

Even though they had gotten rid of the two Shadow Warriors in the Grand Pure Realm, the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi still had the Shadow Marks on their skin.

It was known that the Shadow Marks would last for five days. There was no way to erase them during this period.

This meant that once they entered the Supreme Pure Realm through the Whining Road, they would definitely and immediately get noticed.

"Oh, you're right. That settles it then," the Snake Goddess replied as she proceeded to climb up.

One by one, they clambered onto the Wing King's back. As soon as everyone settled in, he stretched out his enormous wings and flew toward the Whining Road.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

After they passed along the fences, they eagerly advanced through the rolling white mist.

The two rows of fences functioned not only as the entrance but the exit as well.

There were two different worlds on either side of the fences.

Right after the Wing King swiftly soared out of the white mist, they saw a potholed swamp ahead of them.

Most swamps were usually dangerous. No one knew what might be lurking in them. Now, the swamp in front of them was quite peculiar.

Those deep recesses contained blood rather than normal swamp water. It looked a bit horrific.

"Wow. This is the Blood Swamp. It has already expanded so much!" the Snake Goddess exclaimed in surprise. She did not expect it to be quite this expansive.

However, the three Eternal Realm Hunters were not surprised when they saw the Blood Swamp. The expressions on their faces remained impassive. "The Blood Swamp will expand every thirty years and it will also shrink in another thirty years. Right now it's in the process of expanding. It's normal for it to expand up to the exit of the Whining Road," Pearson chimed in nonchalantly.

"It seems that the three of you have already come to the Blood Swamp before," Fuxi observed.

Pearson smiled. His expression revealed a hint of excitement. "Yes, we have. Moreover, we actually hid here for quite a long time. That's why we're very familiar with it."

"Well then, please show us the way," the Snake Goddess said as she cupped her hands and bowed slightly at Pearson.

"Our absolute priority now is to find Zen," Sawyer said with pure conviction.

Originally, the Eternal Realm Hunters' goal was to hunt down Zen and his group.

But now, they had chosen to join this group instead because of Zen.

"Okay then. Let's get moving. Wing King, you said earlier that you are able to sense the Civilization Artifact. Can you sense Zen now?" the Snake Goddess inquired enthusiastically.

"Well, I'm going to try."

The Wing King closed his eyes and a green light instantly rose above his head.

It didn't matter how far away he was. He could always communicate with the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization any time. His bond to it was quite special. It was almost as though it was a part of his body.

Buzz! Buzz!

"The Regal Jade Spirit." The Wing King's voice reached the Civilization Artifact and sounded from it.

"Wing King." The Regal Jade Spirit's response was immediate.

"Do you know where Zen is right now?" The Wing King promptly asked the question they had all been wanting to be answered.

"After he left the Whining Road, he entered the Blood Swamp. He continues running wildly towards the north. He hasn't stopped yet." The Wing King sensed a deep anxiety in the Regal Jade Spirit's tone.

It was now clear that Zen's current situation was beyond their control.

Chapter 3997 Running

After the Treacherous Being drilled into him, Zen completely lost control of his body.

Like flowing water, the Treacherous Being drilled into every bone in Zen's body, assimilating itself into him.

Fortunately, the Treacherous Being did not invade his soul.

Helplessly, Zen watched as the Treacherous Being made him run haphazardly.

At some point, he ended up in the Blood Swamp.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

In its low-lying land, the Blood Swamp lived up to its name. Blood spurted and splashed everywhere.

As Zen ran uncontrollably, he tried communicating with his inner world.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, where are we? Why is there blood everywhere?" Zen asked.

"This is the Blood Swamp," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered. "It is very dangerous. If you are not careful, you will die here."

For Eternal Realm Hunters who were familiar with the Blood Swamp, this place might not have been so terrifying.

But to those who stumbled into it for the first time, the Blood Swamp was hell.

Underneath the surface of the blood-red puddles, there lived bright red leeches. They camouflaged perfectly with the scarlet blood, and it was difficult even for the spiritual sense to detect them.

Once they quietly latched themselves onto someone, they would release toxins that paralyzed their victims. Then, slowly, those bloodthirsty leeches would devour their victims' souls.

The most terrifying part was that, once they devoured the souls, they would occupy their victims' bodies for a while.

The Soul Leeches didn't have a mind of their own, but they instinctively moved their victims to the Worm Lizards.

The Blood Swamp also had a unique ecosystem.

The Worm Lizard was massive. It was on top of the food chain in the Blood Swamp.

Any creature that had the misfortune of stumbling across the nests of the Worm Lizards would be dragged into the darkness, never to see the light of day again.

However, the Worm Lizards couldn't leave their nests, so their range of movement was limited. Except for those who didn't know much about the Blood Swamp, all the creatures knew to avoid the Worm Lizards' nests. Therefore, they depended on the Soul Leeches to hunt for them.

However, it was a mutual relationship. The Soul Leeches hunted willingly because they needed the Worm Lizards' blood in order to grow stronger.

As Zen ran haphazardly through the swamp, viscous blood splashed all over him.

The Soul Leeches took this opportunity and quietly latched onto his body. Slowly, they crawled towards his head.

Although these Soul Leeches were very small, Zen noticed them immediately.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, there are leeches crawling all over me!" Zen cried.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was silent for a moment as he studied the situation. "These are the Soul Leeches. They can devour your soul."

"What? These little things can devour my soul?" Zen echoed, his brows furrowing in concern.

"Yes, their abilities are very magical, and they often..." The Primeval Lord of Heaven began to warn Zen, but he had already sprung into action.

"Guess I'll have to get rid of them!"

As he spoke, Zen willed his soul to attack the Soul Leeches.

Since he'd already reached the Holy Soul Realm, his soul was much stronger than that of an ordinary warrior at the Chaotic Source Realm. It wasn't hard for him to slay the leeches that crawled all over his body.

Buzz!

Zen's soul glowed dangerously and countless tiny rays of light shot out.

Da! Da! Da!

The rays of light turned into small swords which slashed at the Soul Leeches. They didn't stand a chance. In the blink of an eye, the Soul Leeches that latched onto Zen's body were shredded to pieces.

Zen let out a sigh of relief.

However, since he was still running uncontrollably, more blood splashed onto him, and with it, more leeches latched onto his skin. Some leeches even managed to take a bite out of Zen's soul.

Even with the help of nine Holy Soul Imprints, his soul was still unable to withstand the attacks from the Soul Leeches.

Zen winced in pain. He knew he couldn't hold out any longer. So, he willed his soul to retreat back into the depths of his mind.

"These leeches are so powerful!" he whined.

The Soul Leeches had only managed to take a few bites, but he already felt half his soul was paralyzed.

"You didn't let me finish speaking," the Primeval Lord of Heaven reprimanded. "Let Zhurong deal with them."

As soon as he finished speaking, Zhurong appeared above Zen's head.

Zhurong's energy soul was shrouded in flames, which burned over Zen's head. Soon, the flames enveloped Zen's entire body. From afar, he looked like a burning man running desperately.

The Soul Leeches on Zen's body were scorched into nothingness by the flames, and the blood from the swamp evaporated quickly.

That was one problem dealt with. However, he was still being controlled by the Treacherous Being.

By now, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Zen had already figured out that the Treacherous Being didn't have its own consciousness.

What the Treacherous Being had said when it possessed Zen's body had been deciphered by the Heavenly Obsession Civilization. It was instinctively expressing its regret and anger, trying to break free from the shackles of the Whining Road.

Now it ran like mad, driven solely by instinct.

As for where it was running towards, Zen didn't have the slightest clue. Neither did he have the time to figure it out, since his top priority now was to stay alive.

Zhurong was just a wisp of energy soul, and before long, his energy was exhausted.

So he was sent back to Zen's inner world. Now, it was Emperor Charm's turn to make a move. After him, another would take his place.

The human heroes had become Zen's bodyguards, protecting his soul from being devoured by the Soul Leeches.

While the many human heroes took turns to attack, Zen's body suddenly stepped into a large pond.

To his surprise, he didn't sink. At the pace he was running, it was a piece of cake for him to walk on the water.

However, he had only taken a few strides forward when a massive head suddenly emerged from the water. It was a Worm Lizard's head. The pond was its nest!

Splash!

The huge Worm Lizard opened its big mouth and swallowed Zen in one gulp.

It was a creature in the Supreme Pure Realm, so it was far stronger than the creatures in the Grand Pure Realm.

The Worm Lizard had sensed Zen's presence long ago through those Soul Leeches, but it was very disappointed that Zen killed them off so easily.

However, to its delight, Zen came straight to its nest. Such good luck!

The Worm Lizard excitedly snapped its mouth shut and was sinking back into the pond when suddenly, cracks as thick as an arm appeared on the surface of its skull.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The cracks rapidly spread, causing the Worm Lizard to feel a little uneasy.

'What's going on here...' it thought confusedly.

When it finally realized that it was the human in its mouth that was causing the cracks, it was too late. Before it could even react, its head exploded into tiny pieces.

Zen emerged, unscathed, and continued sprinting across the pond as though nothing happened.

Chapter 3998 To The North

All the creatures hiding throughout the Blood Swamp were shocked by the Worm Lizard's death.

Despite being the dominant creature of the Blood Swamp, the Worm Lizard had easily been shredded from the inside out. This was incomprehensible to the other creatures.

However, these creatures were only momentarily stunned before they swarmed into the nest of the Worm Lizard.

The Worm Lizard was ginormous, and its flesh and blood contained precious substances.

After devouring them, these creatures would be greatly fortified.

How could they miss out on such a rare opportunity?

As the blood surged wildly in the pool, the dead Worm Lizard's bones and flesh were rapidly devoured until nothing was left...

Splatter...

After vanquishing the Worm Lizard, Zen's body kept charging at a huge velocity.

"Alright, this Treacherous Being is extremely powerful. At least, I don't have to worry about any threats to my body." Zen sighed.

It seemed that the Treacherous Being possessed strange magical powers.

It had displayed these powers on the Whining Road when it had managed to resist Fuxi's and the Snake Goddess's attacks.

Now that the Treacherous Being had attached itself to Zen's body, it had transferred the same strange power to his body. This was how it had destroyed the Worm Lizard.

"When it leaves the Blood Swamp, we will be able to guess at its intended direction," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied.

Zen nodded. He had no other option except to wait and see.

"Here's something strange," the Primeval Lord of Heaven continued. "Why didn't your bloodline conflict with the Treacherous Being in your body?"

Although the ancestry-level bloodline Zen had been endowed with was beyond his control, it had often saved him at critical moments in the past.

"Maybe the bloodline can't act against the Treacherous Being..." Zen guessed.

There could be no doubt that the ancestry-level bloodline had its own intentions. At the very least, it had displayed a reluctance to fall into the hands of the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization.

However, when the Treacherous Being invaded Zen's body, the ancestry-level bloodline showed no reaction to it at all.

"But that's impossible!" The Primeval Lord of Heaven shook his head.

The ancestry-level bloodline filled every cell of Zen's body, and its presence had to have overlapped with that of the Treacherous Being.

It was miraculous that there was no conflict between the two.

"Then what else?" Zen appeared bewildered. He was stumped for any other theory to explain it.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven thought for a long while as he considered all possibilities. His eyes suddenly lit up as a realization struck. "Your bloodline hasn't rejected the Treacherous Being. Then there is a likelihood that it is related to the Treacherous Being, don't you think?"

"The ancestry-level bloodline is related to the Treacherous Being..." Zen suddenly cocked an eyebrow. "Primeval Lord of Heaven, does that mean that the Treacherous Beings are not native to the chaos, but they are creatures from the Abstruse Energy World? Or do you mean that they originate from the Four Spirits Sect?"

"Exactly."

"But the Four Spirits Sect consists of human spirits, monkey spirits, snake spirits, and bird spirits. There is no creatures like the Treacherous Beings among them," Zen said doubtfully.

"The Treacherous Beings are not normal creatures. They possess different forms and float aimlessly throughout the year in the Three Purities Stage. They seem to be a special kind of spirit, or rather...a special kind of soul," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had once conducted a study of the Treacherous Beings. As with most such forces, his study had ended in failure.

The Treacherous Beings were lethal. Sometimes they appeared quite docile, but at other times they became extremely violent.

It was difficult for the forces in the Three Purities Stage to control them by any means, so there was nothing to do except to steer clear of them.

Therefore, no one knew how they came into being or how they had disappeared. Even though they had wanted to study them, they had no idea where to begin.

Even so, conjectures abounded about the Treacherous Beings' origin.

Since the Three Purities Stage was closely located to the Abstruse Energy World, most would always associate the mysterious beings and events in the Three Purities Stage with the Abstruse Energy World.

Many people viewed the Treacherous Beings as souls of the Instant Civilization. As to why these souls couldn't communicate with them or why they acted so unpredictably, there was no explanation for this either.

"That is feasible. However, I was just wondering where this Treacherous Being will lead me to..." Zen sighed with resignation.

After the Blood Swamp's expansion, it now occupied a massive area and seemed almost endless.

As Zen's body crashed ahead at full speed under the Treacherous Being's control, a great number of Soul Leeches were scorched to death along the way. He broke into the nests of six or seven more Worm Lizards, slaughtering them all.

After an entire day…

He reached the northern edge of the Blood Swamp.

The blood in the swamp was getting visibly shallower, while the temperature cooled.

The Soul Leeches liked a warm environment, so there were less of these creatures in this area of the swamp. Therefore, the Worm Lizards that relied on the Soul Leeches during their hunting couldn't survive in this area either.

What replaced them in the food chain was an even more ferocious creature, the Swamp Prawn.

The Swamp Prawns possessed an astonishingly hard outer shell and congregated in large numbers. They usually hunted in packs and could instantly devour their prey.

An important aspect of the Swamp Prawns was that they were not afraid of death. No matter the superior strength of their prey, they would bite it hard, regardless of their own injuries or possible death.

But this time, they faced a prey that they couldn't tackle at all.

The red Swamp Prawns pounced on Zen in groups, but the Treacherous Being maneuvered Zen's body, making him run wildly while swinging his arms like windmills at the same time.

This might have appeared comical, but the damage dealt by his arms was formidable.

Any Swamp Prawns coming in reach of his arms were instantly shredded, without exception.

The Swamp Prawns were the most plentiful creatures in the Blood Swamp. There were forty to fifty thousand of them in total, and even the powerful Worm Lizards were considered their prey.

However, with their failed hunt of Zen, many of their members were slaughtered and their numbers were greatly reduced!

After vanquishing the Swamp Prawns, Zen encountered a group of scavenging black wolves.

As Zen's body was launched into a fight against the black wolves, he heard the Wing King's voice echoing from the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization. The Wing King and the others had left the Whining Road and entered the Supreme Pure Realm. Zen quickly told him his current location. After confirming Zen's location, the Wing King and the others began to soar above the Blood Swamp, chasing after Zen.

Once he had gotten rid of the black wolves, Zen's body finally left the Blood Swamp and moved onto a barren hill.

After directing his body to stand on top of the hill, the Treacherous Being suddenly seemed to have lost its way. It turned Zen's body to look north, west, and then east by turns, as if trying to confirm where it was.

"The west is the Soul-diffusing Highland, and the north is the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, while the east is the Freezing Wilderness. I am unsure of which direction the Treacherous Being will choose," the Primeval Lord of Heaven murmured.

"Where are you being trapped?" Zen asked.

"The north," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied. "Beyond the Myriad Pagoda Mountains..."

Had Zen's body not been controlled by the Treacherous Being, he and the others would have successfully entered the Supreme Pure Realm together. Then, they would, of course, have gone north to rescue the real Primeval Lord of Heaven and his companions.

But now, his first priority was to escape the Treacherous Being's control.

Suddenly, the hill beneath Zen's feet began to violently tremble.

With a great rumble, a gigantic turtle head suddenly popped out from the front of the hill, craning around to bite at Zen.

This was no "hill," instead it seemed to be a huge turtle!

Before the turtle could injure Zen, he stomped heavily on it, cracking its shell open instantly. In that moment, its head exploded into a spray of blood before it could clamp its jaws on Zen.

Then the Treacherous Being steered Zen's body to fly away. It seemed to finally have determined where to go. It was heading towards the Myriad Pagoda Mountains in the north.

Chapter 3999 The Same Direction

"It's heading for the Myriad Pagoda Mountains in the north. What a great coincidence!" Zen exclaimed. "I wonder what it is going to do there." Just now, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had told him that the human heroes' real bodies were trapped at the back of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains. Thus, it was surprising and fortunate that the Treacherous Being had also taken this path.

However, the Primeval Lord of Heaven sort of thought otherwise. "This may not be a mere coincidence," he said. "I don't think it chose this direction just on a whim. It may have a specific purpose to go there," he speculated.

"A specific purpose? What would that be?" Zen asked out of curiosity.

"To enter the Jade Pure Realm," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered straightforwardly.

The Jade Pure Realm was the core area among the Three Purities Stage, and also the most mysterious one.

Like the Element Spirit Civilization, almost all civilizations also wanted to enter and explore what was inside the Jade Pure Realm. That being said, the human race was no exception.

"Wait a minute. So you mean that the entrance to the Jade Pure Realm is in that direction?" Zen was utterly shocked.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled bitterly. "Well, why do you think we're trapped in here in the first place?"

It turned out that all of the thirty-nine human heroes were trapped on their way to the Jade Pure Realm.

The entrance to the Jade Pure Realm had been a tremendous secret for most of the civilizations.

As the Primeval Lord of Heaven led the human race into the Three Purities Stage, the search for the way to the Jade Pure Realm had always been their top priority.

The entrance to the Supreme Pure Realm was located at the center of the Grand Pure Realm. So, the assumption was that the entrance to the Jade Pure Realm might be also lying at the center of the Supreme Pure Realm.

Based on this conjecture, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had managed to find some clues and ultimately discovered an underground passage at the back of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains.

"Until now, I'm still not a hundred percent sure that the underground passage really leads to the Jade Pure Realm," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said in a disgruntled tone. "But ever since we discovered that passage, the Element Spirit Civilization had launched an all-out attack on us. If that passage was useless, then why were they desperately hindering us?"

At that time, the 77th chaotic era dominated by humans had been destroyed, and the 78th chaotic era had already begun.

Under the leadership of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the human race began to rise rapidly on the Other Shore. For a very long time, they had been fiercely fighting against the Element Spirit Civilization.

Back then, the Nihility race had yet to come into being, and the human race was the only force that could stand up as near equals to the Element Spirit Civilization.

The Element Spirit Civilization had regarded the human race as a thorn in its flesh and did all it could to restrain their development. However, it never solely focused on them. After all, the Element Spirit Civilization had more than one enemy. Several ruling civilizations had already appeared before the 77th chaos, and these ruling civilizations were also a threat to them.

However, when the Primeval Lord of Heaven had finally led the human race to the underground passage that could possibly lead to the Jade Pure Realm, the Element Spirit Civilization snapped and didn't hold back anymore. They started attacking them with the determination of eradicating the entire race.

"The Eye Spirit gathered almost all of their elite members, but the best that they could do was trap us within the passage," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with pride.

"If they resorted to these kinds of actions, then they really must have been hiding something important. The passage might be leading to the Jade Pure Realm all along," Zen affirmed.

"Well, that's why I said that I'm still not a hundred percent sure. There are just too many secrets in the Three Purities Stage, and the Element Spirit Civilization came before everyone else, so they must have uncovered most of these secrets. They destroyed those without much value, hid the important ones, and tried to keep them to themselves. Anyway, whether it leads to the Jade Pure Realm or not, I'm sure that the Element Spirit Civilization wants to hide something from us, that's why they kept us from advancing in that underground passage." The Primeval Lord of Heaven's words carried the weight of his determination.

While he was communicating with the Primeval Lord of Heaven through his mind, Zen also looked around and examined his surroundings at the same time.

He saw that the Myriad Pagoda Mountains covered a very large area.

The mountains here were completely different from the other mountainous areas.

At a glance, every mountain looked like a lofty pagoda.

Moreover, it was an amazing sight to behold that all of the mountains were almost of the same height and shape.

As he passed through them, he felt as if he had entered a strange, immense forest formed by numerous lofty mountains.

"I just had an idea. Although the Treacherous Being doesn't seem to possess much intelligence, it knows Sanskrit words. How about we try communicating with it?" Zen suggested.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had long established a capable team within Zen's inner world. This team was well-trained and it would be easy for them to pronounce even the complicated Sanskrit words.

After getting out of the Whining Road, Zen had been preoccupied with the constant troubles that he encountered in the Blood Swamp.

The Myriad Pagoda Mountains looked much quieter and safer, so he deemed it to be a good chance to give it a try.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had also originally planned to do the same thing, but the situation didn't permit him.

Thus, when Zen suggested it, he quickly gathered the members of his team. They had practiced and made other preparations to be skilled in terms of cooperation and synchronization.

Following the instructions of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, they began to pronounce the corresponding Sanskrit words. Their voices echoed in Zen's body.

"Can you understand me?

Who are you?

Can you communicate with me?"

As they pronounced the Sanskrit words together, their voices eventually formed a rhythmic song.

The Treacherous Being had taken over Zen's entire body, so it should be able to hear the song.

Both Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven waited expectantly for the Treacherous Being to respond.

However, to their dismay, it only continued to control Zen's body by running wildly, as if it didn't hear anything at all.

Although the result wasn't totally unexpected, the two of them still felt a little disappointed.

"We could still try a few more times," Zen insisted.

With that, the team in his inner world began chanting again and conveyed the messages through rhythmic songs over and over.

Within five minutes, they repeated the same set of questions multiple times. However, they still didn't get a single response from the Treacherous Being.

"Well, we did what we could." Zen finally gave up and sighed in disappointment.

It was upsetting enough for him to have his body manipulated by another creature. But what made it worse was that the particular creature didn't have a shred of intelligence.

As Zen chose to give up, he noticed that the Treacherous Being suddenly controlled his body and turned left. It was the first time that the Treacherous Being changed directions after a long while.

After entering the range of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, it headed north for quite a distance before finally changing directions.

While Zen's expression was more of confusion, the Primeval Lord of Heaven's reaction was the opposite. He was surprised, but there was a huge trace of expectation on his face.

Perceiving this, Zen couldn't help but ask, "What's the matter?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven's reaction just made Zen more confused.

"Listen. The underground passage at the back of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains is not easy to find. It took us nearly a third of the chaotic era just to figure out the way to open it. The direction to get to the passage is to go north for three thousand miles, go west for five thousand miles, and then overturn the largest mountain at sight!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained in detail.

Since entering the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had paid special attention to the movements of Zen's physical body because of his hunch.

To his surprise, the Treacherous Being had gone north for exactly three thousand miles before it finally turned west.

At the back of the Primeval Lord of Heaven's mind, this didn't seem to be a coincidence anymore.

"Then, perhaps, the Treacherous Being is actually heading for the underground passage that leads to the Jade Pure Realm!" Zen exclaimed in excitement.

'If that's the case, things would definitely work out, ' he thought to himself.

Once they entered the underground passage and met the real selves of the human heroes, they might be able to figure out a way to resolve Zen's current state.

"Well, there's nothing we could do now but hope for the best," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

The Myriad Pagoda Mountains was indeed a peaceful area. They didn't encounter any obstacles as Zen's body trod all the way to the west.

It wasn't long before a round pagoda-shaped mountain finally appeared on their view.

The mountain was several times broader than the rest, and it was also much higher.

After arriving at the bottom of the huge mountain, the Treacherous Being paused for a moment before it manipulated Zen's body to climb up the cliff.

As Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven witnessed this, their minds were both filled with anticipation.

Chapter 4000 An Ingenious Place

The Treacherous Being controlling Zen's physical body quickly climbed to the top of the pagoda mountain from the front and slid down from the back.

Whoosh...

It was on the mountainside when it stopped suddenly.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes glittered with excitement, his voice rising an octave. "Yes, it is right here!"

"But there is nothing here!" Zen said in confusion, looking around.

But before Zen could finish speaking, the Treacherous Being controlling his body hefted a mighty slap at the pagoda mountain.

Bang!

Although these pagoda mountains were made of stone, they were covered with dust and soil as time went by.

After the Treacherous Being had launched a palm strike, the thin layer of soil on the surface of the mountain shattered, revealing a huge red copper disk. The surface of the copper disk was engraved with intricate patterns.

Buzz...

The surface of the red copper disk glowed when a thick light film covered it.

"What should we do next?" Zen asked in his mind. "Do we really need to push this pagoda mountain over?"

"Of course," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a smile. "There are four pagoda mountains in all that need to be overturned. I had spent a lot of time and energy at the time to find these four mountains."

As he spoke, the Treacherous Being maneuvered Zen's body so that it slammed viciously into the red copper disk.

The light film on the surface of the disk was solid. The power released in a collision could reach a million divine megatons, but it failed to break the light film.

Boom!

The collision between Zen's body and the red copper disk produced a huge shock wave that rippled outwards and also affected the surrounding pagoda mountains.

The surfaces of these pagoda mountains were covered in soil.

The shock wave shattered the soil on the surface of each pagoda mountain, revealing what lay underneath. Each mountain was actually a tall pagoda made of red copper metal.

"Are all these pagoda mountains made of metal?" Zen asked, surprised, as he looked around at the copper pagoda mountains.

There was no doubt that the nature was ingenious, but it was impossible to cast so many smooth pagoda mountains with metal.

"All the pagoda mountains are like this," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, nodding. "These were man-made but we do not know who built them and why."

Anything in the Three Purities Stage that couldn't be explained would be explained away as being related to the Instant Civilization.

The blow from the Treacherous Being had caused the huge pagoda mountain to tilt a little.

It was not easy to overturn such a huge metal pagoda mountain.

Boom!

Boom!

The Treacherous Being then hit it for the second time, and then the third time, the fourth time...

Every time they collided, the pagoda mountain would tilt a little more.

When the pagoda mountain had tilted to a certain extent, Zen was surprised to find that it was locked to the ground with gear wheels. At the bottom of the pagoda mountain were two small and one huge gear wheels. The two small ones were tightly connected to the huge one.

"How could such things exist under the Myriad Pagoda Mountains?" The more Zen looked at them, the more surprised he became.

"It is ingenious!" Smiling, the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, "There are many gear wheels of different sizes buried in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains. These are ingenious, but they are only used to open the door. The Instant Civilization has simpler and more intuitive methods of building the door. But they still put a lot of time and energy into making such complicated things."

Zen's gaze turned to the distance where he saw countless pagoda mountains standing proudly, their edges invisible to the naked eye. "It is such a huge area and every part of it has been so carefully carved! This is simply mind-blowing!"

"There was no point of them doing this. They just did it to kill time," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said meaningfully.

"Do you mean..." Zen uttered, his eyes lighting up.

"The Instant Civilization was trapped here," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered Zen's unasked question.

Although Zen had known a part of the truth, he was not as thoughtful as the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others. The humans deduced from and restored every detail they found in the Three Purities Stage, hoping to find out more information. The Primeval Lord of Heaven was naturally much more knowledgeable than Zen in this respect.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

Only after repeated hits was the huge pagoda mountain finally overturned. But the moment it touched the ground, a loud mechanical click sounded from within the mountain.

"There are huge spring pieces at the bottom of the pagoda mountain, which, when they bounce back, will slowly help the pagoda mountain stand up again. The process will take thirty-two hours," the Primeval Lord of Heaven explained, before Zen could ask a question.

If one wanted to go into this underground space, they had to overturn four pagoda mountains within thirty-two hours. After thirty-two hours, the first pagoda mountain would bounce back into place.

"This whole process is so precise." Zen sighed.

The Treacherous Being looked around for a while and then headed north again.

"We can get to the second pagoda mountain by moving three thousand miles to the north and then one thousand five hundred miles to the east," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

Just as the Primeval Lord of Heaven had explained, the Treacherous Being turned east after traveling north for three thousand miles. It then found another pagoda mountain one thousand five hundred miles away.

The first pagoda mountain was huge. One could tell at a glance that it was unusual.

There was nothing special about the second pagoda mountain. It was by no means an easy task to look for it among the countless pagoda mountains.

But it was as if the Treacherous Being could sense it, and it climbed up the mountain quickly.

Just as it had done to the first pagoda mountain, the Treacherous Being began to slam its fist into the second pagoda mountain, causing it to fall to the ground, part by part.

Once it had overturned the second pagoda mountain, the Treacherous Being maneuvered Zen's body towards the northeast, in search of the third pagoda mountain.

It had dealt with three pagoda mountains smoothly.

The Myriad Pagoda Mountains looked desolate. There were no warriors from other races or beasts.

The Wing King flew over the Blood Swamp, when the Treacherous Being was overturning these pagoda mountains.

With the Wing King's help, the Snake Goddess and others were not afraid of the Soul Leeches and Worm Lizards in the Blood Swamp.

But he didn't dare to fly too high!

The three Eternal Realm Hunters were familiar with the Blood Swamp. There was a kind of evil bird that lived in the Blood Swamp, which, when it discovered a target, would emerge to attack it.

The Wing King kept a low altitude and flew dangerously close to the Blood Swamp.

He encountered several troubles along the way, but he managed to deftly dodge all of them.

After leaving the Blood Swamp, the Wing King communicated with the Regal Jade Spirit through the Civilization Artifact again. After confirming Zen's location, he went straight to the Myriad Pagoda Mountains.

"The Myriad Pagoda Mountains should be the safest area in the Supreme Pure Realm. We have explored it before, but there are just huge copper mountains. There isn't anything magical about it," said Fuxi.

The Snake Goddess didn't say anything. When she had last entered the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, she had felt this area to be unique, and her intuition had told her that there must be something underneath it all. She and Fuxi had also tried to break through a pagoda mountain, but hadn't found anything unusual.

Chapter 4001 The Six-headed Eagle

This was the Wing King's first time at the Supreme Pure Realm, so he was mostly just curious and kept silent.

Pearson, the most knowledgeable among the Eternal Realm Hunters, smiled faintly and echoed challengingly, "There isn't anything magical about the Myriad Pagoda Mountains? You are totally wrong."

Fuxi frowned slightly. "Then, pray tell me what makes it so magical."

Pearson pointed at the mountains. "These mountains are the keys."

"Keys?" The Snake Goddess echoed in confusion.

Pearson nodded and continued. "The so-called Myriad Pagoda Mountains are actually countless keys arranged together. If you turn the keys in an order within a certain period of time, you will be able to open a passage. And a different passage will be opened if you change the order."

"For example...?"

Just as the Snake Goddess was about to say something, Pearson cut in, "For example, the passage to the Jade Pure Realm is also controlled by these mountains."

Everyone's eyes lit up excitedly at his words.

To them, this had been an ordinary mountain range. Who knew it carried such secrets?

"But how can these mountains control the passages? Are there magic arrays inside them?" the Snake Goddess pressed inquisitively.

"We once shattered the soil on the surface of a mountain," Fuxi added, his frown deepening, "and we found a circular array, but it only formed a shield."

"That shield is used to push over the mountain." Pearson shrugged. "The way to open the passages is to push over the corresponding mountains."

"But there are so many mountains here. How do we know which ones we should push?" asked Yasamin, brows furrowing.

Thurston calmly began to explain, "The name Myriad Pagoda Mountains doesn't suggest that there are myriad mountains, but that there are a myriad of ways to permute the mountains. It is really difficult to get the right coordinates. So far, only a few ways have been established, and even then, they're in the hands of the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race."

Although the Eternal Realm Hunters knew the secrets of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, they did not know the specific ways to open the passages.

"Now the Treacherous Being constantly changes its direction. Does it mean that it has a way to open the passage?" the Wing King suddenly interjected.

When Pearson heard this, he raised his eyebrows. He had been answering the questions of Fuxi and the Snake Goddess, all the while completely glossing over Zen's situation.

The Treacherous Being did not devour Zen. Instead, it used his body to unconsciously run in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains. Was it possible that it was going to open a passage?

If so...

"That's possible!" Thurston exclaimed in excitement.

"Every passage that opens in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains will be extremely valuable. We need to catch up to Zen," Pearson urged.

Whoosh!

With that, the Wing King spread his wings and transformed into a ray of green light, shooting towards the mountains at lightning speed.

Meanwhile, Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven were keeping an eye out for a specific mountain.

"The fourth mountain, five thousand to the north, and three thousand and one to the west," the Primeval Lord of Heaven reported the location of the last mountain. Then, the Treacherous Being headed northwest.

When it arrived at the 3001st mountain in the west, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Zen thought it would stop and push the mountain to the ground.

To their surprise, it completely ignored the mountain and continued heading west.

"Did we miss it?" Zen asked suspiciously.

"Impossible." The Primeval Lord of Heaven narrowed his eyes and shook his head. "Why would it miss it?"

"Maybe you made a mistake," Zen said slowly.

"That's impossible," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said firmly.

"I've told you before that many passages could be opened in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, and the one we opened might not be the passage to the Jade Pure Realm." The voice of the Snake Goddess suddenly came out from Zen's inner world.

The thirty-nine heroes of the human race were trapped in the passage in the seventy-eighth chaotic era.

The chaos was in its early stages at the time.

Many of the ruling civilizations had very little understanding of the Three Purities Stage.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven led the human race to wander around in the Supreme Pure Realm. They killed a huge ice snake in the Freezing Wilderness, and took out an ancient picture from the ice snake's body. From this ancient picture, they had obtained the method to open the passage.

"Perhaps your guess is right." The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded in agreement.

In fact, in over a thousand chaotic eras that followed, only six passages had been opened in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, all of which were in the hands of the Element Spirit Civilization or the Nihility race.

The situation was different after every mountain was pushed over. Since the Treacherous Being did not push over the mountain as the Primeval Lord of Heaven predicted, it seemed that it had no plans of opening that passage.

The situation had changed again, and Zen had no choice but to wait and observe.

A few minutes later, the Treacherous Being finally chose to knock down the fourth mountain.

To their surprise, while the fourth mountain toppled down, another mountain, namely the fifth, was knocked down as well.

After that, the Treacherous Being continued to head to the east. It was obvious that it was going to look for the sixth mountain.

The easternmost side of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains was connected to the Freezing Wilderness, where the temperature gradually dropped. The mountaintops were covered with a thick layer of snow.

In a mountain, a group of people in black robes were advancing in a line.

They resembled normal human beings. They were all clad in special, thick robes, as if they were extremely afraid of the sunlight. Not an inch of skin was exposed.

"Dad, we've been looking for the eagles for half a month. Will we really find them?" a slightly childish voice whined.

"I'm sure we will," a calm voice replied. "I'm not worried that we won't find them, but if we can subdue them once we find them. Alas..."

"Don't worry, chief. Although those eagles are powerful, we are fully prepared this time. We will definitely succeed!"

"Yes, we are determined to get what we want this time!"

"We won't fail!"

Some subordinates pitched in to boost their morale.

"I hope so," the leader said with a nod.

This time, their race acted quickly yet quietly, since their lives depended on it.

They had to succeed.

At this moment, the group suddenly heard a loud chirp from the distance.

"Aoo..."

An eagle with six heads flew across the sky, its shadow dancing on the mountains.

Hearing the scream of the six-headed eagle, everyone stood vigilantly against the mountain wall.

Their thick robes changed color automatically, and they melted into the mountain wall, camouflaging into the mountainside perfectly.

"Follow me!"

the leader hissed.

They moved against the mountain wall nimbly, like wolves stalking their prey. It was not difficult for them to quickly chase after the six-headed eagle along the mountainside.

Chapter 4002 Lure

Wind ran through the six-headed eagle's feathery wings as it flew slowly.

It almost had no real opponents in the Supreme Pure Realm, or perhaps no other creatures dared to challenge it.

Furthermore, it also had no natural enemies, so there was no need for it to be too vigilant.

The six-headed eagle's nest was built on top of a mountain, where it housed three crystal-clear eggs.

All the living beings in the Supreme Pure Realm highly treasured those glowing eggs. That was because the liquid inside the eggs had a magical corrosive ability—and in theory, it could corrode everything, even space itself.

That corrosive ability was the six-headed eagle's talent. Some creatures hoped to have such an ability, so they tried to subdue, lure, or even force the six-headed eagle, but to no avail.

After all, the six-headed eagle was the most irritable creature in the Supreme Pure Realm. Anyone who dared provoke it got corroded into a wisp of smoke.

If they wanted to stay in the Supreme Pure Realm, however, they needed to rely on the six-headed eagle's corrosive ability to break spaces.

But since they couldn't personally use its powers, they shifted their attention to its eggs. Besides, the corrosive power inside the eggs was much stronger than its own.

Moreover, the six-headed eagle was not intelligent, nor did it live in groups. Thus, it gave the other creatures a chance to steal its eggs.

At that moment, several people in thick robes came for the six-headed eagle's eggs.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As they advanced, the color of their thick robes steadily changed.

Unfortunately, the six-headed eagle did not notice them along the way at all.

After they followed the six-headed eagle for four hundred miles, they finally saw a massive nest.

Thick green tree branches sprawled across the mountaintop and their seemingly irregular arrangement formed a typical nest. From afar, it looked like a green ring on top of the mountain.

"Aoo! Aoo!"

The six-headed eagle roared in the sky.

Six heads popped out from the nest in response. It was another eagle.

It turned out that the flying eagle was the male, which was responsible for hunting outside, while the female eagle that stayed in the nest hatched the eggs.

Then, the male loosened its grip and dropped its prey down from the sky.

The prey was a big stone turtle.

The stone turtle was one of the sturdiest creatures in the Supreme Pure Realm. Its stone shell had a very tough defensive strength. The shell looked ordinary, but it contained a unique space rule. Even some of the most powerful creatures couldn't capture it.

Whoosh!

When the stone turtle fell, the female eagle caught it with its five heads.

These eagles' six heads were not independent. The biggest head was in charge of the other heads. If it got decapitated, a second head took its place.

The five heads were like one hand that caught the stone turtle.

As soon as it caught its prey, the biggest head opened its mouth and gently spat at the stone turtle.

Green liquid splattered all over the turtle shell.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The eagle's green saliva was highly corrosive. As a result, the indestructible turtle shell quickly began to crack.

The turtle inside the shell began to struggle like mad under the intense pain and tried to escape from the female eagle.

However, it could not break free since it directly fell into the eagles' nest.

On the other hand, the female eagle's heads probed inside the turtle shell through the crack and began to eat the stone turtle's flesh. It was quite a bloody scene.

In just a few seconds, it ate up the whole stone turtle and threw the shell down the mountain. The shell fell to the ground with a slight crash, and left a big hole on the soil.

There were many kinds of bones at the foot of the mountain. All of them were remains from the eagles' food.

Meanwhile, the creatures wrapped in thick robes hid at the foot of the mountain. The sudden crash of the turtle shell startled them, and when the leader saw the shell's corroded surface, he could not help but shake his head and sigh.

The six-headed eagle had used a lot of its saliva to erode the turtle shell, and they only needed a cup of it.

However, the six-head eagle was quite irritable and attacked anyone who trespassed its territory. If they wanted to obtain its corrosive saliva, they had to carefully take the eggs away.

Just then, the leader raised his hands and secretly made a gesture.

At the foot of the mountain far away, a man in a black robe brought out an iron cage from his Sumeru Space. Then, he left the cage on the ground and trotted away.

The iron cage continuously shook after it was placed on the ground like something wanted to get out of it.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The creature inside kept kicking the cage until it finally broke. A black bird that was as tall as a human came out. It was a Black Teeth Swallow. It flew very fast, and it was the six-headed eagles' favorite food.

Whoosh!

The Black Teeth Swallow did not know that there was a natural enemy above it. It just wanted to return to the sky right now.

Unbeknownst to it, the male eagle was at one side of its nest, looking around.

Suddenly, it saw a black shadow above. Its six heads let out excited squawks at the same time. The Black Teeth Swallow was its favorite food after all, but it was too small to fill its belly. Thus, it was not worth to travel thousands of miles to hunt for it.

The Black Teeth Swallow seldom appeared in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, but the six-headed eagles did not fear anything. After all, two eagles guarded the nest.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

When the Black Teeth Swallow saw its natural enemy in the distance, it immediately felt scared to death and used all of its strength to escape.

The men in robes had previously fed it with the Phoenix Blood, which increased its speed for a few hours. The six-headed eagles would not catch up with it in just a short time.

Thus, the two birds, one big and one small, quickly flew into the distance.

Upon seeing what happened, the leader of the men in black robes waved his hand again. Then, another man nearby placed an iron cage on the ground. In a few seconds, a second Black Teeth Swallow came out of the cage.

The female eagle did not usually leave the nest.

However, it clearly could not resist the temptation of its favorite food.

The female eagle in the nest also keenly discovered the Black Teeth Swallow that was quickly rising in the air. It let out an anxious squawk in an attempt to call the male eagle to catch the Black Teeth Swallow.

The only thing was, the male eagle had left to chase after the first Black Teeth Swallow.

The female eagle thought about its own situation. It thought that it would not take too long to hunt a Black Teeth Swallow. Therefore, for the first time, it left the nest and chased after the second Black Teeth Swallow.

The men in robes had also fed the second Black Teeth Swallow with the Phoenix Blood. It flew at top speed and lured the female eagle to fly away quickly.

"They are really stupid birds!" the leader sneered. "Hurry up! Now is the time!" he urged his companions.

In turn, the other men in robes jumped and climbed towards the nest at the top of the mountain.

Chapter 4003 Failure

Since it would take some time for the six-headed eagles to catch up with the Black Teeth Swallows, the black-robed men decided to seize this opportunity and take their eggs away.

The Black Teeth Swallows could fly really fast, which effectively bought some time for the black-robed men. In the end, however, escaping from the six-headed eagles would be futile.

It wasn't a question of if but a question of when the six-headed eagles would catch their prey. The amount of time it would take, however, depended purely on luck.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Since they were determined to not let the opportunity slide, the black-robed men climbed up the mountain as fast as they could.

The rest of the black-robed men below held their breath and stared at the top of the pagoda mountain. This was a life and death matter for their race so it was understandable that everyone was nervous.

The leader's son craned his neck in the other direction, towards where the second Black Teeth Swallow had escaped. The female eagle chased after it. The two figures, one big and the other small, shuttled through the mountains!

Puff!

Perhaps the Black Teeth Swallow was nervous, or maybe it was excited after it swallowed the Phoenix Blood. The leader's son couldn't be too sure but those were the only explanations he could come up with as he watched the bird crash onto a pagoda mountain and die.

With its prey dead, the female eagle swooped down and caught the Black Teeth Swallow in its mouth before it promptly turned back towards the direction of its nest.

The leader's son froze in shock when he saw this. "Father! The female eagle is coming back!"

His father was well aware since he also heard the faint thump of the collision and witnessed the Black Teeth Swallow's death. Things weren't going so well since their subordinates were still on the process of climbing the mountain and reached only two-thirds of the height of the mountain.

The situation just grew ten times more dangerous! "Shall we ask them to retreat?" the son asked.

There was a grave look on the leader's face but he shook his head. "If they retreat now, then we will lose our one and only chance."

The Black Teeth Swallows were rare treasures in the Supreme Pure Realm and it took them a lot of effort to catch two of them.

If they let this chance go, then they wouldn't have enough time to capture another Black Teeth Swallow for their mission.

The son frowned in worry as he stared at their subordinates who remained on the mountain. "If they don't retreat then they'll..."

There weren't many members of their race, but the members were very tightly-knit and got along extremely well. How could the leader's son bear to see them die?

However, his father had already decided. "For the sake of our tribe," he said firmly.

Their race had a lot of old, weak members. If they gave up now, then they would face a calamity and die.

A small sacrifice was needed for the greater good.

It would be better for twenty people to risk their lives for the sake of their entire race.

The son, however, remained adamant. "The female eagle will definitely return to its nest. It would be meaningless for them to sacrifice themselves!"

"Shut up!" the leader scolded. He did not look at his son with a father's gaze but with the hard, cold glare of a superior.

The other warriors could say nothing as they knew what they signed up for. They were all willing to follow their leader and sacrifice themselves if need be.

That did not mean that they weren't scared. Death always made the strongest men tremble in their boots and these warriors were no different.

When the leader scolded his son, the latter immediately turned and walked away.

"Elroy!" his father shouted after him. However, his son turned a deaf ear to his cries.

Without looking back, Elroy suddenly jumped along the pagoda mountain and whistled upwards. "Look here!" he cried out.

He wanted to attract the female eagle's attention and buy time for the twenty black-robed men.

The female eagle had no idea that its nest was about to be raided, so it flapped its wings unhurriedly and savored its food.

Elroy's cry distracted the eagle and all its six heads looked down to find him beckoning from below.

Down there was a brat actually stupid enough to provoke it.

Instead of irritation, the eagle's first reaction was confusion.

It wasn't that intelligent and got puzzled by Elroy's provocation.

"Elroy!" the leader shouted.

Meanwhile, the eagle had already taken notice of his son. Soon enough, it quickly flapped its wings and swooped down toward the young man.

When Elroy saw that his plan worked, he immediately went all out and shouted at the eagle that now came rushing towards him!

As it was about to swoop down towards the boy, the eagle suddenly felt that something was wrong. One of its six heads looked up to see the black-robed men slowly approach its nest!

"Aoo!" it cried out.

After it realized that it had been fooled, the female eagle immediately rose and flew back straight to its nest.

"Damn it!" Elroy cursed. He was only able to buy a small amount of time for his men, and the pang of disappointment hit him when the eagle suddenly left.

The twenty black-robed men pushed their speed to the limit. None of them had any idea what had transpired below and could only hear the cries of the six-headed eagle get ever closer. However, they did not pay any attention to it and simply rushed to finish their job.

They were still two thousand feet away from the nest and they could reach it in twelve seconds at most.

However, at that moment, the female eagle suddenly flew up to the top of the pagoda mountain.

Five of its six heads opened their mouths and sprayed corrosive saliva all over the mountain face.

This saliva formed a thin line on the mountain face and poured down like a green waterfall.

The sight of this corrosive saliva freaked the warriors out as they did their best to avoid it.

Their thick robes were made of special fabric and had good defensive power, but it was nothing when it went against the six-headed eagle's saliva.

When the saliva made contact with their robes, their true appearances were revealed. These men looked very similar to humans but had paper-white skin from not having seen the light of day for so many years.

Hiss! Hiss...

As their robes corroded from the saliva, the light soon began to disintegrate their flesh. They were actually creatures from the Dark Region!

Their bodies did not stand a chance under the combined force of the corrosive saliva and the bright light.

"Aoo!"

As the female eagle landed safely back in its nest, it let out a huge cry directed to the leader's son down below. This was the only warning Elroy received before the eagle suddenly spat a mouthful of green saliva towards him.

Hiss, hiss, hiss...

Fortunately, the corrosive saliva disappeared before it reached him.

The six-headed eagle's saliva was terribly powerful and could even corrode the space.

Since there was a long distance between the top of the pagoda mountain and the foot of it, the saliva corroded the space along the way until none of it remained.

Of course, the female eagle already knew this but it only did that to give Elroy a warning.

The black-robed men below couldn't help but feel dejected.

Their plan had failed.

After a moment of silence, the leader turned to his men. "Before we came here, I made it clear to all of you that we would risk our lives to complete our task. I know that it seems as if we have failed and all our efforts have been in vain, but I urge you all to find the strength to try again if you find even the slimmest of chances!"

With their leader's encouragement, all the black-robed men that hid nearby revealed themselves and began moving towards the mountain top.

To go up and try to raid the eagles' nest at that moment was to court death but they did not care. They were ready to risk their lives to complete their mission!

As they approached the mountain top, a low sound suddenly came from the distance.

It seemed someone currently ran at such a high speed that it caused the ground to tremble.

When the black-robed men looked up, they saw Zen!

"A human being?"

"A human being in the Light Region?"

"What is he doing?"

All of them could only mutter in disbelief as they saw Zen rush towards them like a madman.

Elroy decided to come forward and try to stop him in his tracks, maybe even ask him what caused him to run like this.

However, it was like Zen did not see them. The man simply rushed towards the pagoda mountain and ran his way up the mountain.

Chapter 4004 A Sudden Stroke of Good Fortune

Everyone began shouting at once. "It's dangerous there!"

"There is a six-headed eagle!"

"Get out of here right now!"

yelled the son of the leader. His call was echoed by several other men in black behind him. They wanted to stop Zen from climbing up.

However, Zen could not do as they said, even if he wanted to. The Treacherous Being had taken full control of his body. Although Zen's soul remained intact in his own head, he had no way to communicate with the Treacherous Being, so it was even less likely that the Treacherous Being could listen to anyone else.

Without hesitation, without getting distracted, Zen continued to climb up. Clearly, the Treacherous Being was targeting the pagoda mountain upon which the six-headed eagles had built their nest.

The piercing cry of a bird echoed in the air.

The female eagle stretched out its neck to issue a warning call to Zen, who was already halfway to his goal.

The six-headed eagle was very sensitive to danger, and sensed that Zen possessed a strange and powerful aura. Wary of Zen, the eagle did not immediately spit out corrosive saliva at him.

Yet Zen continued to climb, oblivious to the threat posed by the six-headed eagle.

"Don't go up! That eagle has deadly saliva that will melt you completely. It has warned you already!"

"That is weird. The six-headed eagles are always ready to attack without warning."

"Yes, that female eagle is reacting in a strange way..."

The men wearing black robes had prepared well. Because they intended to steal the eggs of the six-headed eagles, they had thoroughly immersed themselves in the lore and habits of the eagles, investigating them to discover their patterns of behavior.

These men had learned that the eagles were quick to attack any creature that dared to approach them, so negotiation was virtually impossible. They would spit on anyone before they could say a word. The men had never seen the eagles hesitate before attacking an intruder.

So for a six-headed eagle to warn Zen was very unusual. If it had truly been a warning, then there was only one obvious explanation—something about Zen must have caused the eagle to be afraid of attacking him directly.

The black-robed men watched Zen closely. How powerful was this human youth?

Everyone subconsciously rejected the idea that Zen could be very powerful. After all, no matter how strong he was, he was still only a human. It was impossible for a human to grow strong enough for a six-headed eagle to be afraid of him.

The eagle let out another mournful cry. "Aooo!"

It was obvious that the eagle was trying to warn Zen to go away, instead of engaging him in direct battle. What was going on? Was a six-headed eagle really afraid of a mere human?

The people in black robes were confused at the unexpected behavior of the eagle, but there was also a glimmer of hope rising in their hearts.

Could this human be capable of dealing with the six-headed eagles?

The eagle got agitated after Zen ignored its second warning. It reared back and spat out a mouthful of deadly green saliva at Zen.

The caustic liquid sizzled upon contact with the air.

The eagle's saliva corroded everything it touched, even the air, and left behind a green line as it zoomed towards Zen's head.

In the blink of an eye, Zen darted to one side.

Controlled by the Treacherous Being, Zen's body had narrowly evaded the missile of deadly spit, dodging to the side with incredible speed and agility.

This was the first time that the Treacherous Being had avoided an attack!

It seemed to understand that the green saliva was dangerous to its host body.

The six-headed eagle hooted furiously. All six heads rose together, and green smoke billowed in their beaks as they all prepared to spit simultaneously at the intruder.

Huge blobs of corrosive saliva rained down on Zen.

The men in black robes watched in tense silence, wondering how Zen would respond. Although they had never met him before, they recognized him as someone similar to themselves, and they felt some regret at the thought that he was about to be melted by the six-headed eagle's saliva after all.

But Zen was not about to stand still and wait to die.

Zen clung like a lizard to the wall of the pagoda mountain. He tilted back his head slightly and opened his mouth, releasing a white substance that fanned out across his body. As the white mass spread out, it thinned, like a white cloth that covered his body to provide protection against the corrosive saliva.

Although the eagle's spit could still corrode the body of the Treacherous Being, it didn't care.

The black-robed people were astonished by Zen's unexpected defensive maneuver.

"What is that white cloth made of? What a treasure it is, if the eagle's saliva can't corrode it!"

"I've never seen anything that could withstand the corrosive saliva before ..."

"Where did he learn to do that?"

Of course, what they didn't know was that the white cloth was the real body of the Treacherous Being, and that Zen was under its control.

Meanwhile, on another pagoda mountain, the Wing King had descended. Everyone on his back had witnessed what had been happening there.

"A part of the Treacherous Being's body voluntarily left Zen's body through his mouth. Should we act now?" asked King Ieuan.

"Act? How? Can we pull that thing out entirely?" Fuxi asked.

King Ieuan thought for a moment, but could not figure out a plan. Sighing, it said, "So we will just watch and do nothing?"

"The only thing we can do is wait. We must stay put and see what will happen next," said the Snake Goddess softly. "At least the Treacherous Being was able to protect Zen's body from the corrosive saliva."

Indeed, not only had the Treacherous Being preserved Zen's soul, it protected Zen's physical body. The situation was bad but not as dire as they had initially imagined.

The eagle continued to spit at Zen, who was pinned beneath the white cloth to the wall.

As the Treacherous Being blocked this wave of spit, it began to develop a rough estimate of the corrosive power of the eagle's saliva.

Its body was plastered closely over every inch of Zen's body, so it looked like Zen's figure was outlined by a layer of wet white cloth.

Zen lifted one arm, and the white cloth covered his skin closely, protecting him. He began climbing once more.

With astonishing speed, he drew near to the top of the mountain, where the nest was located.

The six-headed eagle let out cries of rage and swooped towards Zen.

The female eagle was angrier than it had ever been, and six heads with their sharp beaks all pecked at Zen, determined to drive him away.

Zen lifted his right hand, while continuing to grip the wall with his left. He swung in the air and easily avoided the pecking of the six heads. At the same time, he stretched out his right arm towards the eagle.

He slashed downwards four times.

His attack sliced through the necks of the six-headed eagle, and four heads were cut off, tumbling into the nest. The corrosive saliva in their decapitated heads flowed from their open beaks and melted large holes into the nest.

The female eagle wailed with pain.

Badly injured, it flew up into the sky, circling the nest from a distance.

As long as one of its heads remained unharmed, the eagle would stay alive; but if both of the remaining two heads were cut off, then it would die.

With extreme grief and indignation, it gave up on its nest, deciding to flee the scene. However, at that moment, the male eagle returned carrying a Black Teeth Swallow. After it had caught and killed the swallow, the male eagle had planned to bring the food back to share with the female eagle at the nest. It had never imagined that any creature would dare to break into their nest.

It hooted loudly as it saw the injured state of the female eagle.

The female eagle called out mournfully, gliding as close as it could to the nest while staying out of reach of Zen's attacks.

For several moments, the two six-headed eagles communicated with each other midair. Then the male eagle flew towards the nest, its eyes burning with anger.

The six-headed eagles were notoriously irritable, so others didn't dare provoke them. They not only attacked immediately, they were vengeful creatures that plundered everywhere when they were enraged. A six-headed eagle would never forgive or forget a creature that had invaded its nest.

The eagle sliced through the air as it swooped towards Zen.

Quickly it rose back up, circling in the air once, then swooped down on Zen again.

The only goal of the Treacherous Being was to overturn the pagoda mountain. If it hadn't been provoked first, it wouldn't have fought back.

After driving away the female eagle, the Treacherous Being was ready to topple down the pagoda mountain.

When the male eagle came about a hundred feet close to him, Zen immediately turned and jumped.

He soared through the air and landed on the back of the outraged eagle, who had been completely unprepared for that move. No one had ever even imagined getting so close to a six-headed eagle before.

Zen slashed his hand several times, creating an invisible force that was like a sharp sword cutting through the necks of the male eagle.

Five of its six necks were cut off, leaving only the last one still attached.

Zen had no intention of killing the eagle. Instead, as the eagle veered through the air, emitting cries of pain, he leaped from its back.

He grabbed onto the top of the mountain and slid down. As he moved, he suddenly pushed it.

There was a loud clicking sound, like a gear functioning, then the whole pagoda mountain swayed. Everyone stared as the mountain toppled sideways.

As the pagoda mountain fell to the ground, three bird eggs rolled out of the nest.

Although the eggs were thrown to the ground from tens of thousands of feet in the air, they were unharmed. Evidently, the eggs were very tough and resistant to damage.

The eggs rolled on the ground and came to a stop near the leader of the men in black robes.

The black-robed people were stunned by this sudden stroke of good fortune. They stood motionless, staring at the precious eggs, hardly daring to breathe.

Chapter 4005 Les

After five out of its six heads were all cut off, the male eagle was scared to death and tried to flee.

It didn't dare to attack Zen again and quickly flew high as it trembled.

Howl!

The female eagle, which was also badly injured, rendezvoused with the male eagle and retreated with it.

As the pair of six-headed eagles battled with Zen, they had lost a total of nine heads.

They were still lucky that they survived even though facing such a powerful opponent. All their aggressiveness vanished, and they just wanted to save themselves right now.

As for the falling eggs, they didn't even have the time to look back and care about them.

Crash!

As the six-headed eagles had already flown quite a distance, a bolt of dragon-shaped lightning suddenly surged down from the sky and assaulted them.

The six-headed eagles instantly turned into ashes, drifting away in the wind, as the dazzling lightning struck them.

When everyone saw the tremendous lightning, everyone on the mountain was taken aback. They knew that it wasn't natural lightning and that someone was responsible for it.

"Who the heck released such lightning of that caliber?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked with his brows furrowed.

The lightning contained irregular crystals, and the energy it emitted was devastating.

When Pearson saw the dragon-shaped lightning, his eyes widened and he felt that his throat became dry. There was a mixed emotion of fear and hatred written all over his face. "It must be Les, one of the three backbones of the Element Spirit Civilization."

Les was such a formidable opponent. Back then, he led a team to surround and suppress a group of Eternal Realm Hunters, killing six of them in the process.

"Although he's a bit weaker than Claire, he enjoys the same status as her," the Snake Goddess explained.

"Really? That guy's absolutely powerful then." Eastern Emperor Taiyi's expression changed a little as he realized the trouble that they were about to face.

The other people at the back of the Wing King also looked sullen.

Back when they were in the Source World, they managed to defeat Claire.

This was because the people of the Pear Hill and the Chaos Ancient Gods could fully display their strength. On the other hand, Claire's power was limited as she came with the Yellow Thearch's body.

Now that they were on the Other Shore, the situation was reversed. As a creature on the Other Shore, Les could readily use all of his strength, while the Eternal Realm masters would be the one with the handicap. Obviously, the gap between their strength would be so immense.

Worse, Zen was still under the control of the Treacherous Being, and they hadn't found a way to save him yet. It meant that they couldn't rely on his strength right now.

Crash! Boom!

Continuous bolts of lightning lashed down as if a creature made up of lightning was rapidly approaching.

Crash!

A final bolt of lightning struck a nearby mountain. Immediately after, a transparent sphere appeared with Les floating within.

"Ha-ha!" Les greeted them with a loud chuckle. "How dumb can you be? If you're here to save the trapped humans, then you've chosen the wrong path."

After Zen and his companions were saved by the Wing King back in the Grand Pure Realm, the Element Spirit Civilization tracked them through the Shadow Marks.

But after they entered the Whining Road, the Element Spirit Civilization had lost all their traces.

However, a few days later when they left the Whining Road, the Shadow Marks began sending out messages of their whereabouts again. With this, even with no Shadow Warriors tailing them, they could still estimate their location.

After a brief discussion with Claire and Slade, Les decided to take action and resolve the matter personally.

At first, Slade insisted on coming with Les, but he strongly refused.

Since Les had overwhelming power on the Other Shore, he had so much pride. Bringing Slade meant that countless warriors of the Element Spirit race would accompany him. He felt that it was an insult to his capabilities.

Claire, on the other hand, didn't say anything. She actually didn't like Les. Since she had failed once before, now she was eager to see Les go alone and return in a crushing defeat.

It appeared that the Shadow Marks that Les were tracing were on the bodies of the Snake Goddess and Eastern Emperor Taiyi. However, the moment that he saw Zen, his attention shifted to him and treated the rest of them as insignificant nuisances.

Apparently, Zen's current state wasn't that clear to Les. He thought that Zen would open the passage where the human heroes were trapped, but he had overturned the wrong mountains.

The Treacherous Being that controlled Zen's body glanced coldly at Les before it began running towards the west again.

It was going to overturn another mountain.

Seeing the sudden movement of Zen's body, Les let out a smirk. 'Does this guy really want to play a game of tag with me?'

Lightning flashed on the surface of his sphere as he started chasing after the Treacherous Being.

"Let's go! We also have to follow him!"

The Wing King flapped his wings and followed Les while carrying everyone on his back.

The men in black stayed where they were.

Three of them each held an egg in their arms. They decided to take them back first.

The eggs appeared translucent under the sunlight, making the dark-green liquid and the embryos of the six-headed eagles visible. The liquid contained in the eggs was extremely corrosive, so they had to be very careful in handling them. If they accidentally broke one, their bodies would surely be corroded.

"Father, let's go home," urged the son of the leader.

Although many of their clansmen had died in the process, they were still very lucky to obtain the eggs in the end.

The son was worried that if they stayed for too long, problems might start to arise.

"That human is very special," the leader said.

"But that's not a battle that we can participate in," the son of the leader answered calmly. "Father, please don't forget that this is the Light Region."

Their race was actually powerful.

After all, they had to possess sufficient strength to be able to gain a foothold in the Supreme Pure Realm.

However, they were unable to display the fullest of their abilities in the Light Region. They were like sharks stuck on the shore. No matter how powerful and sharp their teeth were, there was nothing they could do as they faced the six-headed eagles.

"I still want to know more," the leader voiced out firmly. "After all, he saved us."

"I'm willing to follow you!"

"I'm glad to be of service!"

"Please take me with you, chief!"

Some of the people in black robes had also felt the same as their leader.

The leader was relieved. After selecting more than twenty men from their group, he led them quickly in the direction where Zen had gone. The remaining members returned to their home, led by the leader's son.

Crash!

Another dragon-shaped lightning struck down and made a huge crater on the ground.

The Treacherous Being was still controlling Zen's body. It continued to run fast without any intention of fighting Les. It just wanted to overturn the right mountain according to its original plan, but Les had been pestering it from behind all this time.

Eventually, Les noticed that there was something strange with the seemingly ordinary way of Zen's running. There was an odd bodily movement skill incorporated with it.

When Les employed his theurgy, Zen was absolutely shrouded in his lightning. However, just the next moment, he dashed out unharmed, as if his body and the lightning were in two different dimensions.

This made Les rather confused. He tried to think and come up with an explanation.

However, he hadn't seen this kind of theurgy from Zen before.

Crash! Boom! Crash! Boom!

Les released four immense lightning strikes in a row, but the result was still the same.

He clearly saw that Zen's figure had entered the field of lightning, but he wasn't able to sense Zen's existence at all.

"What kind of strange ability is that?!" Les yelled in frustration. "Let's see how you dodge this one!"

In the blink of an eye, the transparent sphere of Les suddenly appeared above Zen's head.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The surface of the transparent sphere began to flash with five-colored bolts of lightning. The red, green, purple, black, and blue bolts of lightning appeared like small serpents that tried to envelop Zen's head.

Chapter 4006 Thunder Array

Buzz!

Upon seeing that the colorful bolts of lightning were coming down to envelop him, Zen suddenly stopped on his tracks and evaded the lightning cage. Then, he leaped and landed on the transparent sphere.

Through Zen's eyes, the Treacherous Being intently looked inside the transparent sphere.

Les, who was inside, clearly saw Zen's face on the surface of the sphere.

The sight was quite strange to him as he saw Zen stared at him with only the white of his eyes.

It was kind of creepy since Zen's face didn't contain any shred of emotion as he stared and tried to pry inside Les's mind.

A sense of discomfort quickly rose from Les's heart, which was caused by the unique aura of the Treacherous Being. However, at this moment, Les still didn't know that Zen's body was being possessed.

"Fuck off, you creepy bastard!"

Les immediately stretched out his hand and gathered his energy on the surface of the sphere.

Crack!

A bolt of lightning burst out from the spot where Zen was attached. The power of the lightning was enough to pierce through him and send him into the air.

However, Zen's body was extremely agile, like a nimble monkey. He easily dodged the lightning and leaped to the other side of the sphere. He landed and clung to the surface with both his hands and feet, and started staring at Les again with his white eyes.

At this point, Zen knew that the Treacherous Being seemed to be very interested in Les.

"I said fuck off!"

Les stretched out his hand again and released another streak of lightning on the surface of the sphere.

Zen still avoided his attack with ease and flew back.

Crack! Boom!

Les tried to drive Zen off several times, but he failed miserably.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Finally, he got totally impatient so he wrapped the entire transparent sphere with the colorful lightning. With this, Zen would have no choice but to separate himself from the sphere.

However, the Treacherous Being still manipulated Zen's body to cling onto the sphere.

The moment Zen's hands and feet landed on the sphere, the colorful lightning enveloping it immediately burned them.

Zen's current physical body had been strengthened by the ancestry-level bloodline, thus ordinary methods could not easily hurt him. However, Les's skills were superb and couldn't be underestimated.

The Treacherous Being looked at the burnt hands and feet of Zen.

As it realized that the body it was possessing was injured, it decided to use its own body to wrap around the injured parts.

However, even before the Treacherous Being could make its move, round blisters suddenly appeared on the surface of Zen's burnt hands and feet. After the blisters were broken, a green liquid flowed out from them. Then, the liquid entered through the burnt parts and quickly healed them. As they fully recovered, Zen's hands and feet revealed a faint metallic color.

The colorful lightning hit Zen's metal hands and feet again, but this time, it could no longer damage him.

For the first time, Zen's manipulated body revealed a strange expression in his white eyes.

The Treacherous Being inside his body was just acting according it subconscious.

It meant that all this time, its consciousness had not been completely awakened.

With just its instinct, the Treacherous Being knew where it needed to go. It also discerned that it had to repel all the creatures that would try to hinder it. However, it still couldn't remember who it really was and what its true goal and purpose were.

But now that the Treacherous Being had begun to show its expressions, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Zen were surprised.

Previously, the ancestry-level bloodline stopped working as if it was dead. It was also unwilling to drive the Treacherous Being out of Zen's body. However, when his body suffered fatal damages, it immediately repaired them.

"I've been thinking about this for a while now. It seems that the Treacherous Being is very interested in Les," Zen told the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"Indeed. I noticed that too," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied.

At this moment, the Treacherous Being still controlled Zen's body to cling onto the surface of the transparent sphere, and no one knew what it was really up to.

Now, the Treacherous Being had grown impatient. It thought that just spying wasn't enough to quench its interest for Les. Thus, it quickly controlled Zen's body and threw a punch on the sphere.

If it wanted to kill Les, it had to break the transparent sphere first to get to him.

Boom!

The strength of the punch was massive. However, the sphere was only slightly shaken and was able to easily repel his punch.

Crash!

With that, the Treacherous Being threw another massive punch.

This time, the punch came directly from above, like meteor that crashed from the sky. The impact didn't destroy the sphere, but it was strong enough to instantly embed it into the ground.

As Les found that he was stuck on the ground, his face was quickly filled with rage. He did not expect that a mere human could do this to him.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Zen's body seemed to have gone insane. He wreaked havoc by continuously throwing massive punches towards the transparent sphere of light.

Inside the sphere, there was a cubic gray stone, the size of a thumb, hanging just beside Les's body. Every time Zen smashed the sphere, the gray stone would flash a faint luster.

Apparently, the energy of the transparent sphere came from this stone. Once all the energy of the stone was exhausted, the sphere would also collapse.

Meanwhile, Claire and Slade had been quietly watching this scene.

Slade was constantly shaking his head since he saw that Les couldn't even hit Zen with his lightning. But now that Zen seemed to have been overpowering Les, he had enough.

"This is ridiculous. Les has underestimated the enemy," said Slade.

"Well, I already expected this. He's always like this, so full of himself," Claire said with a subtle smile on her face.

"His enemy is just a mere human. How could he be overwhelmed like that? What a loser! I want to replace him," Slade demanded.

Before, whenever Slade would speak, there would be no emotion involved because there were many members of the Element Spirit race that dwelled within his body. Every word that he would say was agreed upon by the collective consciousness of the members of the Element Spirit race.

But now, his way of speaking had totally changed. Obviously, there was a lone member of the Element Spirit race that was speaking these words.

"Is that you, Gavyn?" Claire smiled as she noticed it immediately. "Unfortunately, you can't just replace him. The Eye Spirit won't let you out unless Les is killed." Claire added.

The strength of the members of the Element Spirit race inside Slade greatly varied. There were weak ones, which were the average members, but there were also powerful ones, which included Gavyn.

"Tch. Then I hope that happens for real," Gavyn said through Slade's body.

However, although they were seeing that Les was in a bad situation, they didn't think that he would actually lose, let alone die.

Boom! Boom!

Zen had already thrown more than twenty massive punches in rapid succession. The cubic stone hanging beside Les had started dimming, and a thin crack appeared on its surface. Soon after, the transparent sphere burst into pieces with a loud bang.

However, Les was just actually waiting for that exact moment to launch his counterattack.

He suddenly stretched out his hand and grabbed Zen's neck. "I must congratulate you for breaking through my protective shield. Now, have a taste of my true strength!

Thunder Crack!"

Crash! Boom!

Suddenly, countless thunderbolts poured from the sky.

Several bolts of lightning struck the top of the mountains, forming circles of lightning.

Each pagoda mountain had a circle of lightning on the top and there were probably millions of them that were simultaneously formed in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains.

Then, the circular lightning bolts connected to each other, forming a huge Thunder Array.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The Thunder Array continued to descend, destroying the surface of the mountains. Soon, the mountains revealed a kind of metallic color.

"Watch out!"

"Avoid the bolts of lightning!"

"Stay away from the mountains!"

The Wing King and the others on his back, together with the men in black robes closely behind, began to disperse and dodge the horrendous bolts of lightning surging down from the sky

The two groups met again at such an unfavorable situation. They maintained a certain distance and closely watched at the developing scene.

"Array Hold!" Les mightily roared as he soared in the sky.

Right at that moment, all the bolts of lightning contained in the humongous Thunder Array began to gather in Les's right hand.

Chapter 4007 Hostility Level

Les's right hand flashed with bolts of lightning as he held onto Zen's neck tightly.

In the huge Thunder Array, whenever the countless flashes of lightning were squeezed together, they melted into a grey liquid.

Anything thrown into the liquefied lightning would instantly melt and disappear without a trace.

Under the attack of the liquid lightning, Zen's body instantly reacted. Round blisters formed on his skin once more, oozing with a green viscous liquid. In defense, Zen's skin formed a layer of metal to protect himself.

This layer of metal completely isolated the lightning from the outside.

"Humph!"

Les snorted.

Then, the energy in the whole Thunder Array intensified and whirled around faster.

In the liquid lightning that gathered, there were many small triangles wrapped in it. These triangles ground and drilled on the surface of Zen's body. Cracks began to appear on Zen's skin which glowed with metallic luster. His skin was gradually broken.

"Even the ancestry-level bloodline can't resist them?" Zen cried in shock.

After all, from the moment he obtained the ancestry-level bloodline, Zen saw infinite possibilities in it, and every possibility would be invincible.

Zen was surprised, but so was Les.

He had had no idea how Zen formed a layer of metal on his skin, neither did he know what exactly that metal was. He just knew that his lightning lost its effect on Zen the minute it appeared.

In order to break Zen's physical body, he had no choice but to use Thunder Crystal Fragments.

A Thunder Crystal Fragment was the hardest material in the world. As they continued drilling on Zen's skin, they finally breached past the metal layer and into Zen's body. A smile crept on Les's face when he saw his plan was working.

With the help of the Thunder Crystal Fragments, he was able to grind Zen into powders.

Just when Les thought he had the upper hand, a white mass suddenly oozed out of Zen's wounds. It had a strange-looking mouth and hollow eyes, which stared into Les's.

"This is..." Les's eyes widened slightly.

It finally dawned on him why he had had such an unpleasant feeling.

It was a Treacherous Being!

This guy was possessed by a Treacherous Being!

As one of members that held high position in the Element Spirit Civilization, Les knew much more about the Treacherous Beings than ordinary people. As a result, he was fully aware of how terrifying it was to be in this situation.

However, as soon as the Treacherous Being came out, two white hands encircled Les.

"Hissss..."

After the two hands twined around Les's body, a white film was formed, tightly enveloping him.

Les's eyes darted back and forth, watching helplessly as he was being cocooned. Panic seized his heart.

Desperately, he activated the Thunder Crystal Fragments once more to try to break free from the Treacherous Being.

The Thunder Crystal Fragments were his trump card. To his horror, it had no effect on the Treacherous Being.

Try as they might, those tiny triangular fragments couldn't even make a crack on the white film.

"Coo, coo."

Les trembled at the creepy sounds. Then, a pair of hollow eyes emerged on the surface of the white film that enveloped Les. The strange-looking mouth appeared too, cracking an unsettling smile.

Then the white film began to tighten gradually, squeezing Les little by little.

From the other side, Claire and Slade both cried out in horror when they saw the Treacherous Being emerge.

Who would have known Zen ended up getting possessed by a Treacherous Being when he passed through the Whining Road?

"It's a white hostility-level Treacherous Being, one of those on the Whining Road," Claire said. "I wonder if Les will survive..."

Although Claire had teased Les playfully, she was under the impression he'd make it back alive. Now that the situation had taken a turn for the worse, she was a bit worried.

"Well, too bad for him," Gavyn said with a smile. He was hoping Les would die, so that he could take his place.

As members of the Element Spirit race, they had stayed on the Three Purities Stage for a long time and they knew more about the Treacherous Beings than ordinary Other Shore creatures.

These Treacherous Beings were special spirits that were categorized into three levels: the hostility-level, the resentment-level and the hatred-level.

The hostility-level was the lowest level among the three. Treacherous Beings at this level usually gathered in a fixed position, and they would act according to their own goals. They normally were not aggressive, unless someone provoked them or aroused their interest.

Judging from the events that were unfolding, this Treacherous Being in particular was just acting in defense.

However, once Zen lay prone on the transparent ball, the Treacherous Being obviously took an interest in Les.

So the reasons why it attacked Les might be both to defend itself and destroy Les.

"Goo..."

The white film continued to shrink, and the strange face on the white film was deformed because of the shrink, making it look even more grotesque.

Originally Les stood fifty feet tall, but the white film shrunk him down to twenty feet, then ten, five...

Les was a thunder spirit, but he had maintained his current form for countless years. Now that his body was being forcefully compressed by the white film, it ultimately collapsed.

Even though Les's body had already broken down at this point, the white film showed no signs of stopping. In fact, it began to shrink even faster.

Three feet...

One foot...

Five inches...

Three inches...

By now, the white film was nothing but a speck. Of course, the creepy face was gone, too.

Upon a closer look, however, the white film was now a tiny cube.

When Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven stared at this cube, they felt strange. Was it possible that Les had turned into a cube from being squished?

Soon, however, they figured it out.

When the white film was slowly shrinking, a small cubic stone was spat out. There were some cracks on it.

Previously, the energy of Les's transparent light ball came from this small cubic stone. After being hit by Zen again and again, the energy in the stone was exhausted, and the transparent light ball that served as a shield naturally collapsed.

Everything disappeared under the compression of the white form, except for the small cubic stone.

"I get it," the Primeval Lord of Heaven suddenly said. "Previously, when the Treacherous Being had manipulated your body to cling onto the transparent ball of light, it wasn't looking at Les but at the cubic stone beside him. It has taken a fancy to this thing..."

"What's the use of this stone?" Zen muttered.

Of course, only something extraordinary would arouse the interest of a Treacherous Being.

"Coo, coo, coo..."

Whatever remained of the white film suddenly melted into a puddle of murky white water which flowed until it formed the shape of the Treacherous Being. Its unsettling face emerged once more. This time, its smile was even wider and creepier than ever.

Then, it howled...

These howls were so shrill, everyone who had the misfortune of being within earshot winced in severe pain.

Unfortunately, the Wing King and the other warriors with him, as well as the men in black didn't have the time to clamp their ears shut, so they all buckled under the sound of the Treacherous Being's howls.

Fortunately, this didn't last long.

After a while, the howls stopped. The part of the Treacherous Being that was outside Zen's body slowly returned, along with the small, cubic stone.

Because Zen had no control over his body, he didn't feel a thing when the cubic stone entered his body.

Chapter 4008 Go Deep Into The Freezing Wilderness

After the cubic stone was stuffed into Zen's body, the remaining white film left outside his body split open.

A ray of blue light flashed from the white film. It was a bolt of lightning almost the size of a thumb.

It was the real body of Les.

Les' figure had also shrunk. As the Treacherous Being had powerful strength, it wouldn't take much effort to kill Les.

However, it seemed that the Treacherous Being had no intent to kill Les. It started to place the remaining white film back onto Zen's body and left.

The thumb-sized Les paused for a moment in surprise–he didn't expect that the Treacherous Being would let him go. He then realized that it was not a safe place.

His strength had extremely weakened. Any Eternal Realm warrior could kill him now!

Crack!

Les flew fast; he quickly turned into a bolt of lightning and disappeared before everyone's eyes.

Zen's and the Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes widened when they saw Les escape safely.

The Treacherous Being was never a kind creature. Why would it let off Les?

"The Treacherous Being strangely took action from the very beginning. Let's wait for the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to decipher the words it has uttered," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

When it obtained the cubic stone, the Treacherous Being let out a howl. The howl sounded like a low reciting voice to Zen's ears. Zen never missed the Treacherous Being's words. He quickly sent this recitation sound into his inner world, asking the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to decipher it.

Perhaps because the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had been accustomed to the characteristics of the Treacherous Being's language, or because the sentence was short, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization quickly answered, "It said the stone is called the Holy Stone."

"Holy Stone?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven thought for a moment. "I've never heard of such a stone." He shook his head.

After thinking for a while, Zen said, "The stones used to make the ground and pillars of the Eternal Divine Courtyard are closely similar to that cubic stone, but I can't tell whether they're related or not."

Some things looked the same, but their actual uses were different. Zen could only tell them his guess.

Nevertheless, what triggered the Treacherous Being must be something extraordinary.

From its strange behavior at the beginning, its target seemed not to be Les, but this stone. It just took a chance to punish Les as well.

As the Treacherous Being advanced for hundreds of miles, Wing King, his group, and the men in black robes also followed it.

When it pushed down another pagoda mountain, a series of tremors suddenly arose from the ground. The tremors intensely spread east to the far distance.

"It really opened a passage..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven said in shock.

Their knowledge about the Other Shore, especially about the Supreme Pure Realm, had not been updated since the 78th chaotic era. The Primeval Lord of Heaven had never communicated with the Eternal Realm Hunters before.

"I predicted that it would be like this. Entering the Jade Pure Realm through that passage was only a dream for you," the Snake Goddess uttered in a low voice.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had thought he would be able to enter the Jade Pure Realm through the passage, but now it just seemed to be wishful thinking...

It might not be easy to enter the Jade Pure Realm.

"Which passage has the Treacherous Being opened?" Zen asked.

"Let's wait and see," the Primeval Lord of Heaven answered.

"The problem is how I can take my body back," Zen muttered.

Now, the Primeval Lord of Heaven seemed to be even more interested in the Treacherous Being.

The Treacherous Being controlled Zen's body to run all the way west, dashing past many pagoda mountains.

As it stepped further into the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, it approached a snowy land. It was the Freezing Wilderness on the west of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains.

The Treacherous Being became much more agile after opening the passage. It was sure of the direction it accelerated in and stepped into the Freezing Wilderness without any hesitation.

The Freezing Wilderness was covered with white, beautiful snow.

Many kinds of Other Shore creatures had hidden in its seemingly lifeless territory.

As soon as the Treacherous Being flew a distance, a fist-sized Evil Short-beaked Sparrow emerged from the thick snow. The number of the Evil Short-beaked Sparrows was extremely large, and they liked to attack their targets in groups.

The Evil Short-beaked Sparrows let out

a series of chirps, as if calling out to many flocks.

Tens of thousands of Evil Short-beaked Sparrows then came out of the snow land.

The white Evil Short-beaked Sparrows looked like the snowstorm as they swept towards their prey.

With the terrifying attack of the Evil Short-beaked Sparrows, ordinary Other Shore creatures could be bitten to death in only three to six seconds.

This time, the situation was beyond the expectations of the Evil Short-beaked Sparrows. When all the Evil Short-beaked Sparrows came to only three feet away from their prey, a strange force had split them in half.

The first one was killed in an instant, up until the 10, 000th one...

Puff, puff, puff...

The Evil Short-beaked Sparrows had now turned into a rain of scarlet blood falling on the snow of the Freezing Wilderness, leaving behind a bloody trail.

The Wing King was following behind unhurriedly. When Pearson saw the scene, he was also amazed. "The Treacherous Being's power is really frightening. The Freezing Wilderness is even more dangerous than the Blood Swamp. It's only safe to follow Zen..."

"The men in black robes are still following us. I don't know what they are planning to do. Should we communicate with them?" Fuxi asked, pointing behind them.

Although the men in black robes did not show any hostility, Fuxi felt uneasy upon seeing them follow.

"Let me do it," the Snake Goddess insisted. She turned around and glanced back at the men in black robes. "Who are you? Why have you been following us?" she asked through her life vitality.

The leader of the men in black robes hesitated at first. After all, it was not a good idea to follow them all the way. When he heard the voice, he replied, "We are from the Night Being race. We bring no harm. We are here to help."

"The Night Being race?" the Snake Goddess asked as she had never heard of this race.

Pearson's eyes flashed. "They are a race living in the Dark Region and they have a similar appearance to human beings. They have been staying in the Dark Region. Their bodies are pale and colorless, and their hair is as white as snow. They are considered a powerful race."

Even without Pearson's description, one could tell their figures according to their thick robes.

"Why do you want to help us?" the Snake Goddess asked again.

"The eggs of the six-headed eagles are of great importance to us. Previously, dozens of our members have died for them. Thanks to our benefactor, we obtained the eggs," the leader of the Night Being race replied.

The Wing King and his group also saw the members of the Night Being race taking away the eggs. They didn't expect these eggs to be of so much importance to this race.

Of course, the Snake Goddess knew that the "benefactor" the leader mentioned was Zen.

"There's no need for help here. You can go back now," the Snake Goddess coldly said.

The situation was complicated. She didn't want such an unknown alien race to get involved. It was impossible to determine if they had evil intentions just by a few words.

The leader of the Night Being race suddenly replied, "I know that our benefactor's body is possessed by the Treacherous Being. Although the hostility-level Treacherous Being is very powerful, it lacks self-awareness. Thus, it is possible to get rid of it."

Chapter 4009 A Place With No Turning Back

As the Snake Goddess heard the words of the leader of the Night Being race, she gasped in shock.

Seeing her reaction, everyone grew curious. What could the leader have said to make her react like this?

"What did they say?" asked Fuxi.

The Snake Goddess blinked a few times before she spoke, "They said they had a way to help Zen get rid of the Treacherous Being."

"What?"

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin and King Ieuan were taken aback by her response.

"Even if they could deal with the Treacherous Being, why would they do that?" Pearson asked.

The creatures in the Three Purities Stage had their positions. However, no one knew what the Night Being race was up to. This made Pearson even more cautious with them.

"He said that Zen helped them retrieve the six-headed eagles' eggs, so he wanted to repay him," the Snake Goddess explained.

Pearson shook his head. "They did take the eggs, and the eggs are rare, but this reason just sounds so far-fetched at this point."

"I agree," King Ieuan echoed with a nod.

Hearing their discussion, the Snake Goddess remained silent to think it through.

Their problem was tricky. If they couldn't drive the Treacherous Being out of Zen's body, it would be meaningless to follow him. However, if they acted rashly, they'd only be faced with deaths.

Everyone on the Wing King's back grew silent and hesitant.

"I'll grow bigger and let them join us," suddenly said the Wing King. "We can choose to believe them."

Pearson frowned. "Why do you believe them?"

"Because we have no other choice," the Wing King said sternly.

Compared to the three Eternal Realm Hunters, the ones present knew better Zen's importance to the group.

They could lose anyone, except Zen.

"You're right," Fuxi agreed.

"Anyway, I'm afraid we have no point of retreat," said King Ieuan.

The Snake Goddess smiled lightly at the leader of the Night Being race and said, "I believe you. You can come up."

As soon as the leader received her message, the Wing King's body flashed with a light and expanded drastically as he transformed into a huge Regal Jade eagle.

Although the Night Being race could catch up with the Wing King's speed, it would still be challenging. When the Wing King slowed down, they took this as an opportunity and jumped upon his back.

Even though the Wing King invited them, they maintained a certain distance.

The Snake Goddess and her group stood at the base of the left wing, while the people of the Night Being race stayed on the right.

"Do you really have a way to kill the Treacherous Being? Squeak!" King Ieuan asked hastily.

The leader of the Night Being race shook his head in response. "They cannot be killed. Even the Element Spirit Civilization couldn't kill them, what more could we do? But we still have a way to expel the one from Zen's body so he is freed from possession."

Everyone's eyes widened in excitement as they heard this.

"If you can expel the Treacherous Being, we would be indebted to you," the Snake Goddess said as she cupped her hands towards the leader of the

Night Being race. "You also mentioned it was a hostility-level Treacherous Being. Does this mean that Treacherous Beings have different levels?"

The leader nodded. "Yes, there are different levels. Although the Treacherous Beings are indestructible, their strength is still divided among levels. The levels were determined by the Element Spirit Civilization. The weakest is the hostility level, followed by the resentment level, and topped by the strongest hatred level."

"Even if the Treacherous Being is powerful, it is at the weakest hostility level," sighed Eastern Emperor Taiyi. "How strong is the strongest hatred level?"

An expression of defeat washed over Pearson's face. "The Treacherous Being that eliminated the Primal Tiger race should be at the hatred level."

Although the Eternal Realm Hunters were well-informed, they did not live in the Supreme Pure Realm. This kept them unfamiliar with the levels of the Treacherous Beings.

However, the leader of the Night Being race shook his head in disapproval. "That Treacherous Being is not at the hatred level. It is at the resentment level at most."

The people who heard this gasped in shock. Likewise, the faces of Pearson, Thurston, and Sawyer also shifted. Pearson asked, "The Treacherous Being at the resentment level is already so powerful. How much stronger could those at the hatred level be?"

"I don't know. The levels were determined by the Element Spirit Civilization," the leader responded. "Nobody knows whether a Treacherous Being at the hatred level exists or not. I haven't heard of or seen one before."

"We need to catch up with Zen and expel the damn thing," said Yasamin.

However, the leader of the Night Being race waved his hand against it. "We are in no rush. If we take action right now, the Treacherous Being will come for us. All Treacherous Beings have strong will. We must attack it when its will weakens."

What he said was reasonable, which calmed down everyone. They patiently waited to see when Zen would stop.

The Freezing Wilderness spread over a large area.

At this time, every inch of it was covered in pure white snow.

Occasionally, blood could be seen gushing and spraying in the air as the Treacherous Being killed roaming creatures.

At around two thousand miles, the coverage of snow diverted into a large area of wilderness.

No one knew how far the wilderness stretched out. It seemed unending.

"It seems we have arrived at the end of the Freezing Wilderness," Pearson pointed out.

"So the Treacherous Being doesn't aim at the Freezing Wilderness? But the wilderness ahead?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi clarified.

"How is this possible? The wilderness is the same as the plain in the Grand Pure Realm. Once we've entered, there's no going back. We cannot go over this snow line," Pearson said as he pointed towards the line.

Everyone's expression shifted to worry once again.

"Will the Treacherous Being manipulate Zen to go over there?" King Ieuan asked as its thin tail swung restlessly behind it.

"Who knows?"

At this point, Zen was only three miles away from the snow line.

Splash! Splash!

Just then, two Snow Scale Dragons emerged from the snow and rushed towards Zen.

Under the Treacherous Being's control, Zen flashed, rushed towards the snow line and stepped into the wilderness.

The two Snow Scale Dragons tailed Zen, and they had already opened their big mouths. Seeing that Zen went beyond the snow line, they suddenly stopped and immediately retreated.

Although the Snow Scale Dragons were not intelligent, they were not going to cross the line by all means.

They looked at Zen with pity. This guy was dead meat.

Everyone on the Wing King's back sank into defeat once again.

No one had expected this.

"Beyond the snow line, one cannot turn back. I didn't expect that the Treacherous Being would take him there," the leader of the Night Being race sighed.

The Snake Goddess observed Zen's receding figure. "It took the Treacherous Being so much effort to open up a path in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains. This path can't just be a dead end."

"What do you mean?" King Ieuan asked.

"Follow him in," the Snake Goddess ordered.

Chapter 4010 Holy Wings Armor

"It's too dangerous to enter the wilderness so recklessly," Pearson immediately remarked.

Thurston and Sawyer nodded in agreement.

It was far beyond dangerous.

To enter the wilderness carelessly was to gamble one's very life.

While the three Eternal Realm Hunters were willing to follow Zen, that didn't mean they were willing to risk their lives for him.

Looking at Pearson with her eyes full of determination, the Snake Goddess said, "Of course, I won't be forcing anyone here to come along. I will enter first."

It was a place of no return. As the name suggested, after one crossed the snow line, it was impossible to look back, let alone retreat.

If the Snake Goddess managed to remain safe and sound in her attempt, the others' worries would be alleviated.

"I'll go with you," Fuxi said.

"Okay." The Snake Goddess nodded.

The two Pear Hill leaders had a clear understanding of the current situation. If they really failed, then everything would be destroyed. They would die anyway—if they didn't try now, they could only live a while longer.

To the Eternal Realm warriors that had lived for countless years, the period was merely a fleeting moment. It didn't mean much to them.

"I'll help you kill the two Snow Scale Dragons," said Pearson.

They were hidden in the snow, revealing a pair of small eyes, greedily staring at the group of people above. If Fuxi and the Snake Goddess went down, they'd definitely fall under attack.

Whoosh...

Jumping off the Wing King's back, Pearson rushed toward the two Snow Scale Dragons.

When the two Snow Scale Dragons saw their prey approaching, their eyes flashed with greed as they rushed out of the snow with their jaws open wide.

When Pearson reached the Snow Scale Dragons, his body suddenly transformed into thin threads that wrapped around them.

"Buzz!"

Simultaneously, Thurston and Sawyer summoned the Black Sun once again. Under its strong force of attraction, the two Snow Scale Dragons had no chance to resist—they were sucked into the Black Sun.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

Pearson's body was outlined with thin threads before returning to its original form.

When the people in black robes saw how the three Eternal Realm Hunters cooperated with each other, they exclaimed in admiration. Truly, the cooperation between the three of them was perfect.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess didn't hesitate about their plan—they didn't even offer any last words to the others.

The two of them moved quickly, arriving at the snow line.

The thick snow stopped there, forming a low snow slope. Under the slope lay a barren wasteland.

When the two stood on the slope, they could still see Zen's receding figure. They exchanged glances without any hint of fear in their eyes and entered where Zen had stepped through.

After crossing the snow line, the two took a few steps toward the wilderness.

On the Wing King's back, the people watched their every move.

'Can they turn around?'

'God bless them…'

'Please don't let this be a dead-end!'

They all prayed fervently in their hearts.

Then, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess turned around, almost in sync, and smiled faintly.

Fuxi even stepped back on the snow line and said, "There is a road inside. It should be safe. Don't worry, everyone!"

And so he entered the wilderness once again, moving back and forth between the two areas' boundaries.

In the wilderness, the road was a stark contrast against the surrounding soil in color, but no one could see it from where they stood on the snow land—they had to enter the wilderness to figure it out.

"I'll go and have a look!"

Taking a small leap, Eastern Emperor Taiyi followed suit and crossed the line, landing into the wilderness, his movements as light as a swallow's.

There, he looked down to find the path with a slightly dark color extending a far distance, and Zen walked on the far end of it.

Seeing how the several warriors could enter and leave freely, the three Eternal Realm Hunters let go of their psychological burden and decided to enter as well.

If it wasn't actually a death trap, they were quite willing to see what was out there and offer their help.

The men clad in black robes took some time to discuss and reach an agreement. Then, they silently crossed the snow line as well.

In the end, only the Wing King remained in the air. His body suddenly shrank tenfold, down to ten feet in height, before he crossed the snow line and entered the wilderness.

Once he did, the Snake Goddess turned around and headed back to the line, stopping to stare at it for a moment.

Her fingers trembled slightly, making two crimson energy beams shoot out. With a sudden swing of her arms, the two beams detached from her and shot rapidly along the snow line on her two sides.

Once thirty miles of the snow line on each side was destroyed by the beams, the Snake Goddess simply turned and left.

Soon after…

Two transparent balls of light floated over from the vast snow land.

Inside one of them floated a slender girl—she was none other than Claire. In the other was a complete set of armor with six light wings gently dancing on its back—this was Slade.

"They disappeared from here," Claire said, pointing ahead.

"The snow line has been destroyed and we can't tell which path they've taken," Slade said, looking down.

Claire frowned in disbelief. "What a clumsy method they're using…they're trying to deceive us into thinking they've entered the Wilderness of No Return?"

Such was the name given to the place by the Element Spirit Civilization.

"Maybe they really have gone to the Wilderness of No Return. There's a road that opened up in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, after all," Slade concluded. He and the Snake Goddess seemed to have the same idea—

every road that opened up in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains was unusual, so even the Wilderness of no Return likely had a road connected to it.

Much to his surprise, Claire looked at him mockingly as she said, "I think we should let Gavyn control the Holy Wings Armor. Let all the members come out. They must be hiding in the snow land. We must find them, even if that means turning the entire land upside down!"

Claire's remark made Slade fall silent.

Strictly speaking, he held power greater than that of both Claire and Les, and his status was only second to that of the Eye Spirit.

But there were still tens of thousands of members of the Element Spirit race inside Slade's body, each of them holding different opinions. Some believed that Zen and his group were hiding in the snow land, while others believed that they had broken into the Wilderness of No Return.

After a few seconds of silence, the discussion among the members of the Element Spirit race in his body turned into a fierce argument. Eventually, it ended with most people believing that Zen and the others with him were all hiding in the snow land. Then, all members of the Element Spirit race of various forms emerged from the Holy Wings Armor.

Following Claire's orders, the members of the Element Spirit race began an inch-by-inch search across the snow land.

Two dots of gray light flashed on the Holy Wings Armor helmet—it was now being controlled by Gavyn alone.

"Thank you, Claire," he said in a clearly joyful tone.

She threw a casual glance at him before she said, "Les is seriously injured, but he refuses to die. If you really want to take control of the armor forever, you must perform well these days."

The armor held an important position in the Element Spirit Civilization. Not only was it a great honor to control it, but a manifestation of one's ability.

"How well should I behave?" Gavyn asked.

"Good enough that you can impress the Eye Spirit," Claire replied.

"Of course, I will!" He nodded firmly.

As the members of the Element Spirit race continued digging and turning over snow, some creatures were occasionally dug up, all of which were instantly killed.

From the looks of it, they weren't going to stop for anything until they found Zen and his companions.

Chapter 4011 The Fish Hook

The path in the Wilderness of No Return was not a straight line but a crooked one extending to the end of the wilderness.

The Treacherous Being manipulated Zen's body and walked slowly.

Everyone maintained a distance of about dozens of feet from Zen and followed him closely.

Dawn turned to dusk, and dusk turned to dawn, but Zen kept moving forward. He didn't express an intent to stop.

"How far have we moved?" the Snake Goddess asked.

Fuxi had been counting the steps since they entered the wilderness. "About four hundred miles," he answered the Snake Goddess.

Walking over a few hundred miles for dozens of hours took so much of everyone's time.

"So we have left the Supreme Pure Realm and are about four hundred miles away." Pearson sighed.

No any scenery surrounded the wilderness. No matter how far they went, everything still looked the same.

Although they knew they could return any time, a trace of panic lingered deep in their hearts.

"Leaving the Supreme Pure Realm?" "That's right." The leader of the men in black robes nodded in agreement.

Although the Supreme Pure Realm was a large area, its extent was limited.

The Wilderness of No Return surrounding the Supreme Pure Realm obviously didn't belong to it.

"I don't know where we'll end up if we keep going like this. Squeak," said King Ieuan.

"The road doesn't go on forever." Eastern Emperor Taiyi shrugged, smiling optimistically.

The Snake Goddess suddenly pointed and said, "Everyone, look to the side."

While everyone's eyes were fixed upfront, the Snake Goddess peripherally saw a black line from the side.

"What's that?" Pearson's eyes glared with curiosity.

After walking in the wilderness for too long, anything they saw made them cautious.

"I can't see it."

"The distance between it and us is too far..."

"I can't tell."

Everyone squinted into the distance but the black line was too far to be distinguished. From their view, it looked like a thin black snake lying on the ground.

"It's a river," the Wing King suddenly said behind the crowd.

"Can you see it clearly, Wing King? Squeak!" asked King Ieuan.

"Good eyesight!" Pearson commended.

They all thought the Wing King's eyesight was the best among them, but he shook his head and said, "Zen told me."

Zen was still communicating with the Wing King through the Civilization Artifact in his inner world. He could also see things through his eyes. His current eyesight far exceeded that of the group behind him.

"A river in the wilderness? Why is there a river?" the Snake Goddess asked with suspicion.

"Zen said it's the Divine River," Wing King continued.

When they heard this, the look on the crowd's faces changed with ease, but Pearson was lost in thought.

The place of origin of the Divine River was the Jade Pure Realm. The river flowed through the Supreme Pure Realm and the Grand Pure Realm.

If they went upstream along the Divine River, they would reach the Jade Pure Realm, but no one had ever succeeded in getting to the Jade Pure Stage in this way.

"If one moves upstream along the Divine River in the Grand Pure Realm, they can reach the central plain of the Grand Pure Realm. That plain should be connected to the wilderness." Pearson suddenly came into conclusion.

"In other words, the boundless center of the Grand Pure Realm is connected to the extension of the Supreme Pure Realm," the Snake Goddess added.

Fuxi chuckled. "The person who designed the Three Purities Stage is indeed interesting."

As they walked, they discovered that the line of the Divine River converged from afar. It became more recognizable as they got closer and closer.

Splash, splash...

A sound of waves crashed from the Divine River while golden objects streamed along its waters.

"They are the Golden Bites," said King Ieuan.

These Golden Bites could devour anything that appeared along the river.

"If we can enter the Divine River here, I think we can collect many good items." Eastern Emperor Taiyi's eyes revealed a look of envy.

He had stayed in the Divine River for a long time and there was a fierce competition about the river in the Flaming Maple Forest. Now, no one was competing for the items of the Divine River; those who arrived first could take them first.

"I think you better give up this idea. We're most likely to be dead after we get out of this path," said Yasamin with a faint smile.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi shrugged. "Maybe this path intersects with the Divine River."

He had gained a lot of benefits from the Divine River and had also given a lot of help to many Holy Soul warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace. He hoped to go into the Divine River and obtain rare Other Shore Tokens.

Just as Eastern Emperor Taiyi said, the Divine River was getting nearer to the path they were walking.

The shortest distance between the river and the path was only thirty feet. While Eastern Emperor Taiyi was filled with expectation, the ground in front of him suddenly bulged.

Two copper trestles arched out from the ground, forcibly creating an entrance to a cave.

The material of the trestles was the same as that of the copper Myriad Pagoda Mountains. The passage that the Treacherous Being had opened was this cave.

"Do the mechanical devices at the bottom of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains extend all the way here?" King Ieuan asked in confusion.

"Of course not." Pearson disagreed. "If they did, wouldn't it be easy to find the passages by moving along the mechanical devices underground?"

"That's right..." King Ieuan nodded.

Zen walked to the front of the cave and paused. He suddenly turned his head and opened his mouth wide.

"It is going to howl again!"

Fuxi curled his lip and damaged his hearing to protect himself from the loud voice.

Everyone was deeply afraid of the howls from the Treacherous Being. Before the Treacherous Being's wail could be heard, they had already taken action to damage their auditory senses. They deafened their ears in unison.

After wailing at the entrance of the cave, Zen quickly went inside.

The crowd proceeded to follow closely.

To their surprise, the cave was shallow. It took them only a hundred feet to reach its end.

Many fish hooks hung down at the end of the cave.

These fish hooks flickered conspicuously with light blue luster amid the darkness.

The Treacherous Being was clever. It controlled Zen's body to jump up and bite one of the fish hooks.

Zen hung in the air, twisting while he pulled on the fish hook, like a fish biting onto a bait.

Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and those in the cave were puzzled. Suddenly, a huge force came from above and dragged Zen to the darkness above the cave.

It was as if a fisherman had caught a fish...

"Zen has been caught!" King Ieuan exclaimed.

"This cave is only one hundred feet deep. According to the slope, it should be only about ten feet high. Why does the space above seem to be so large?" Fuxi asked in confusion.

"The space rules in the Three Purities Stage are chaotic. Let's follow them and have a look," the Snake Goddess said as she went to observe the fish hooks.

"Squeak, how do we get up there? Should we do the same as Zen did?" asked King Ieuan.

"That's the only way."

As the Snake Goddess spoke, she jumped up and bit the fish hook that hung down from nowhere.

Waiting for a few moments after biting the fish hook, the Snake Goddess wasn't dragged upwards at all.

She could only twist her slender body as Zen did. She frowned and got morose when she suddenly felt a huge force from her mouth and was instantly dragged up.

Chapter 4012 The Large Pool

After the Snake Goddess was dragged away, it was Fuxi's turn.

Fuxi walked towards the bottom of the fish hook and glanced at it. Then, he gingerly jumped up, held the fish hook in two fingers and then dragged it down a few times.

Since he thought that he did not have to bite the fish hook, he wanted to give it a try.

If the fish hook did not drag him up, then he would bite it.

But as soon as he dragged the hook about four times, it suddenly pulled him up.

At that moment, everyone realized that they only needed to grab the fish hook.

Therefore, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, and King Ieuan followed suit and grabbed the fish hooks, which dragged them upwards.

Naturally, the three Eternal Realm Hunters also did the same.

By the time most of them had gone up, only the Wing King and the men in black robes remained.

The leader of the men in black robes glanced at the Wing King and said, "Let's go up too, but we have to leave eight people here to guard."

"No, you all can go up together if you want. I will seal the cave," said the Wing King.

The cave was the only place where they could retreat. Thus the Wing King had to make some arrangements.

Although he believed in these members of the Night Being race, he still chose to rely on himself in critical situations.

The leader of the men in black robes also knew that the Wing King and his group could not completely trust them. Thus, he just briskly said, "That's good. I'll go up with my race members!"

Afterward, the men in black robes grabbed the fish hooks and swung for a while, before the hooks dragged them up one after another.

After the fish hooks had pulled everyone up, the Wing King looked at the entrance of the cave and gently spread out his wings.

"Splash!"

Streams of emerald liquid washed across his wings, which looked like soft, flowing jade. It dripped along his back and quickly sealed the cave's entire entrance.

"Buzz!"

When the cave's entrance was completely sealed, the jade formed from the emerald liquid glowed green, and then froze.

The Regal Jade was immensely sturdy. Without the Regal Jade Civilization's unique methods, it was very difficult to break it.

After the Wing King had finished, he stepped forward and bit the fish hook. He shook a few times and then the hook dragged him into the space above like the others.

Above the cave was a vertical ascending passageway.

The space around the passageway spiraled upwards, so people could not tell its size and distance.

If they were in the chaos, the warriors would probably let go of the fish hooks and explore the space's secrets.

However, everyone currently held on to the fish hooks.

If they stopped, they might lose themselves in the space forever.

Meanwhile, the Snake Goddess was the most miserable one among the crowd.

She felt anxious to follow Zen when she saw him get dragged up, so she just bit the fish hook like the Treacherous Being did.

However, she found that Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, and the others all held on to the fish hooks with their fingers.

That was why she felt quite upset. As the fish hook dragged her up, she stared at Fuxi, who was not far below.

In turn, Fuxi just smiled bitterly at her.

He thought that he should bite the fish hook just like she did so that she would not feel so sad and embarrassed.

Fortunately, the fish hook did not rise very fast. Then, the Snake Goddess slowly reached towards the corners of her mouth and tightly gripped the fish hook with her fingers.

"Swoosh…"

About an hour later, everyone saw the green light and blue light intertwine above them.

The light floated around the space like waves as they gently and slowly moved up and down.

At that point, Zen rose slowly. As he crossed the blue and green waves, circles of blue and green ripples spread out.

Then, everyone below him got surprised.

It seemed that they were in some kind of special "water", but the "water" did not exist at all. It was just the scene above that caused such an illusion.

Soon enough, it was the Snake Goddess's turn. Then Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others followed her.

All of them also caused blue and green ripples when they passed through the waves as well, as if they were fish out of water.

Furthermore, a new scene appeared in front of everyone as soon as they passed through the blue and green ripples.

All of them were in a big square pool, and around the pool stood many great bronze human statues.

Each bronze statue sat cross-legged beside the square pool and held a long fishing rod in their hands. Of course, the fish hooks hung down from those fishing rods.

The statues were quite massive in size, so the fishing rods were naturally the same.

The rods measured about five hundred feet long, and each rod was so thick that two people could get their arms around.

Zen climbed onto the fishing rod and then jumped towards one of the statues. "Why are there so many human statues?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked in surprise.

After Zen looked at them for a while, he said, "They are not the human statues, but the human spirits' statues."

These bronze statues were very similar to those in the Eternal Divine Courtyard, but the bronze statues by the pool had different appearances.

Some of them had long hair, some were bald, some were old, some were sitting, and some were standing. They must have been famous and extraordinary in their world.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven thought for a moment and agreed with Zen's speculation.

The farthest place the 77th civilization had reached in the Three Purities Stage was the underground passage where they got trapped.

As their group's leader, the Primeval Lord of Heaven naturally knew about it.

So there was no way any human being could come to this place and build the big pool and the magnificent statues.

There was only one possibility: it was the human spirits of the Four Spirits Sect that did such a thing.

On the other hand, Zen silently counted the statues beside the pool. "Two hundred bronze statues," he muttered.

"Their total number corresponds to the two hundred Treacherous Beings on the Whining Road, right?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked. Just then, his eyes lit up as if in realization.

"I think so." Zen nodded.

Back then, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had told Zen that the Treacherous Beings were very likely to be the souls of the Instant Civilization.

Based on the number of bronze statues, it was highly possible for this assumption to be true.

The Treacherous Being controlled Zen's body to walk a certain distance, and stopped in front of a bronze statue at the corner of the pool.

The bronze statue was a young man with curly hair. He rested on the ground and lazily held the fishing rod in his arms.

When the Treacherous Being saw the bronze statue, its consciousness became a little level-headed. Then, it controlled Zen to touch the statue's face, and at the same time, it let out a series of deep whines.

This time, however, it wailed all of a sudden. Thus, the group of people who followed behind had no time to damage their hearing and had no choice but to listen to the sound.

Yet, after the wails stopped, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others looked at each other in dismay.

Although the Treacherous Being sounded as unpleasant as ever, it was completely within the range of their tolerance.

Even the unpleasant aura that Zen's body had emitted alleviated by multiple times.

"Did the Treacherous Being become weak? I feel that the grinding howl did not make me very uncomfortable this time. Squeak!" said King Ieuan.

"This Treacherous Being's will has weakened. The statue that rests on the ground is either the Treacherous Being itself or someone highly important to it," the leader of the men in black robes said from behind.

"Its will became weaker?" Fuxi asked. He paused deep in thought, and an idea popped in his head. "Can you drive it out of Zen's body now?" he asked.

"There's no hurry," said the leader of the men in black robes. Then he added, "This is the Treacherous Being's place of origin. Its will will only get weaker and weaker, and by that time, I will be more confident to help Zen get rid of it."

Chapter 4013 Armor

Though the Wing King had accepted the Night Being race by asking them to climb onto his back earlier, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess and the others were still dubious about them.

After all, the Night Being race couldn't even handle the six-headed eagles. What made them think they could deal with the more powerful Treacherous Being?

However, the leader of the Night Being race did prove himself. Now, everyone looked to him expectantly.

While the Treacherous Being was howling in front of the statue, Zen had already transmitted the words he had heard into his inner world.

Soon, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had deciphered them and announced the translation, "I remember...

My name is Campbell.

I want revenge!"

When Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven heard these words, their hearts skipped a beat.

These words revealed two pieces of information.

Firstly, the Treacherous Being's name was Campbell, and secondly, he had an enemy.

The Treacherous Being was a soul from the Instant Civilization, so logically, his enemy could not be the Element Spirit Civilization or the Nihility race. This meant that his enemy must be from the Abstruse Energy World.

"Who is his enemy?" Zen asked in a low voice.

"Who do you think is qualified to be an enemy of a human spirit?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked back.

"Given the strength of the Four Spirits Sect, no creature in the Abstruse Energy World could've been strong enough to fight them," Zen said, as he put two and two together. Then, his eyes lit up. "The enemy of the human spirit might be the other three spirits!"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded. "There must be some sort of conflict within the Four Spirits Sect. Otherwise, this would not have happened."

The brush-wielder in the Eternal Scroll Painting was unwilling to reveal anything more, so Zen had to piece together the information he got by himself.

From what the Treacherous Being said, Zen had gotten the gist.

Da! Da! Da!

The Treacherous Being stopped howling, but it continued to run like a wild animal.

Beside the huge pool was a passageway paved with cyan stones. At the end of the passageway stood a door.

After the Treacherous Being pushed the door open, a vast world suddenly appeared in front of Zen. In the blink of an eye, he was surrounded by a beautifully haunting sky full of stars.

Countless blazing dots of light were densely packed together in the sky, seemingly so far away.

Zen was completely entranced by the vastness of the starry sky; it seemed like he was being sucked into it.

"It's the Abstruse Energy World." Zen realized.

"Who would've thought this place was so close to the outside of the chaos..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, his eyes flashing.

Stars in the sky weren't a rare sight. They could be seen in many places of the Three Purities Stage.

However, those places were very far away from the stars, and there was an impenetrable force field that divided these places from the stars above. Up until now, no one had been able to cross this force field. The Eternal Realm warriors and the creatures in the Three Purities Stage couldn't explore the Abstruse Energy World, because the only path was controlled by the Element Spirit Civilization.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, look into the distance," Zen shouted in excitement.

The two of them looked into the distance and saw huge round trays floating in the air with a pillar running down the center. These trays resembled water lilies floating on the surface of the water, and the pillar extended down to the void like the root of water lilies.

The round trays varied in size, and Zen realized that he and his group were on a small tray.

After observing for a while, the Primeval Lord of Heaven said affirmatively, "This is likely to be the highest realm of the Three Purities Stage, the Jade Pure Realm."

"Yes, I agree." Zen nodded in a daze.

In fact, when they were being dragged by the fish hooks, they had already speculated about this, but they were not too sure. After all, this might just be a special space.

However, with the round trays and the Abstruse Energy World so tangibly close, they realized the truth.

"Well then, the passage where we are trapped should also lead to the Jade Pure Realm. I wonder which tray it leads to," the Primeval Lord of Heaven remarked with a look of epiphany.

At first, he had thought that only one road could be opened up in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, namely the one where the thirty-nine human heroes were trapped.

Only after the Eternal Realm Hunters sent some information about the Myriad Pagoda Mountains through the Wing King did the Primeval Lord of Heaven realize that there was more than one road. Besides the one that had trapped them, the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race each mastered three more.

In the past, no one knew where these roads would lead to.

But now, they finally understood.

Every road eventually led to the Jade Pure Realm.

However, the Jade Pure Realm was apparently made up of large and small round trays, and different roads led to different trays.

The crowd behind Zen also looked around with awe, their eyes practically popping out of their skulls.

"This must be the Jade Pure Realm!"

"It's a branch of the Jade Pure Realm..."

"The Myriad Pagoda Mountains are indeed the keys to the Jade Pure Realm!"

Everyone whispered amongst themselves excitedly. The Treacherous Being, however, continued to move forward.

Although the round tray they were standing on was small compared to the other ones, its diameter was roughly ten miles.

With every step the Treacherous Being took, a strange pattern would appear on the ground. These were not Sanskrit words, so Zen didn't bother asking the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to decipher them.

After a short while, the Treacherous Being stopped beside one of the patterns and made Zen gently stomp his foot.

Then, the ground trembled.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

Stone pillars suddenly emerged from beneath the patterns.

Exactly two hundred stone pillars emerged, all neatly arranged in a row. Each pillar was hollow inside, where silver armors were stored.

The armors and weapons came in different shapes and sizes, but they all seemed to be of the same style.

"The Treacherous Beings must've used these things before they died," the Primeval Lord of Heaven posited.

When Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and King Ieuan saw the shining armors, their eyes lit up in excitement.

If the human spirits were from the Instant Civilization, then these things belonged to the Instant Civilization. Their grades could not be defined in the chaos.

The Treacherous Being walked to one of the stone pillars and put its hand into it.

Buzz!

The armor in the stone pillar let out a sharp sound and started to tremble.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Each piece of the armor flew out eagerly. As though they knew Zen was their master, they attached themselves to his shoulders, head, neck, chest, and legs.

In the blink of an eye, Zen was fully clad in the armor, and then a silver spear appeared in his hand.

The Treacherous Being lifted the silver spear.

Buzz!

A bright silver light was released from the armor and spear.

At the same time, a terrifying aura of energy was also emitted.

The moment everyone felt the energy, they all retreated quickly.

They didn't stop until they were several thousand feet away from Zen.

"The energy contained in the armor is so terrifying!" The Snake Goddess said, trembling in fear.

"Of course. It belongs to the Instant Civilization."

King Ieuan rolled its eyes. It turned its attention to the armors stored within the pillars.

They had gone through a lot of hardships to get here. How could they return home empty handed?

Chapter 4014 The Big-head Monsters

A flash of passion was quickly revealed in everyone's eyes.

However, they had just arrived at this completely strange place. They must be careful about possible powerful restrictions in the stone pillars. They couldn't be rash, so they decided that it wasn't the time to make drastic moves.

After they sized the stone pillars up for a while, their gazes fell once again on Zen.

He was still standing like a statue with a spear in his hand.

At the same time, they perceived that the aura of the Treacherous Being in Zen's body was gradually becoming weaker. It meant that the uncomfortable sensation that they were feeling was being slowly alleviated.

"The Treacherous Being's aura has weakened a lot. Can you drive it out from his body now?" The Snake Goddess turned and asked the leader of the black-robed men straightforwardly.

"I also think that this is the perfect opportunity to do it," the leader affirmed.

He then turned to his men, selected two from them, and quickly went to Zen's location.

The two black-robed men stood on Zen's sides. Each of them took out a small black mirror and began chanting some indistinguishable words. Immediately after, black light shot out from both mirrors.

When the Snake Goddess and the others saw the black light, they instantly raised their eyebrows, knowing that it was the Dark Region.

It was known that nothing in the Dark Region could be brought into the Light Region. If they were brought and entered the Light Region, these things would quickly melt like ice sculptures placed under the scorching sun.

Then, the leader of the black-robed men walked towards the black light. As the leader was completely enveloped with the light, he raised his left hand and gently patted his wrist with his other hand. At the same time, he whispered, "Come out, little fellow. Don't be afraid. It's safe here."

Upon hearing this, a small gecko emerged from the sleeve of his robe.

The gecko's body was completely dark, but its eyes were brightly shining with a golden light. It stayed at the leader's palm as it spat out a dark-red tongue.

The two small mirrors reflected the Dark Region. People from outside the region wouldn't be able to see the gecko's body, but its two golden eyes would be perceived as two golden dots in the darkness.

When all their preparations were ready, the leader of the black-robed men ordered, "Give him a Darkness Fruit."

The gecko was a very fragile creature, and it was only suited for the Dark Region. Since it could only stay in the Dark Region, Zen had to be the one to enter it. Because of that, he needed a Darkness Fruit.

However, when one of the black-robed men beside Zen was about to take out the Darkness Fruit, the Snake Goddess informed their leader, "Zen is the ruler of Stage Thirteen. You should not worry about the erosion caused by the Dark Region."

"Ruler of Stage Thirteen?" The leader of the black-robed men was surprised as he looked at Zen.

As far as he knew, the stage rulers were all creatures on the Other Shore.

That was why he couldn't believe that Zen was actually a ruler of one of the stages.

"Well, don't bother then," the leader of the black-robed men said as he waved his hand. He then gestured his subordinates to aim the small mirrors directly at Zen. As the black light enveloped Zen, the leader approached Zen's body and put the black gecko beside his ear.

The gecko seemed to have immediately sensed something and jumped onto Zen's head. Then it drilled its long tail into his ear.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The golden light in the gecko's eyes continuously flickered. Then, the light passed along its back, all the way to its tail, and went inside Zen's body through his ear.

Despite the gecko's fragile physique, it could actually exorcise all kinds of evil spirits.

However, the Treacherous Being couldn't be simply defined as a soul, so there was no assurance that the gecko's light would be effective. But the moment the light entered Zen's body, the Treacherous Being acted up. It was disgusted with the golden light, so the light could drive it away.

The leader of the black-robed men knew how powerful the Treacherous Being was. So in order for the gecko's power to succeed, he waited until the

Treacherous Being's will was extremely weakened.

Buzz! Buzz!

A few moments after the golden light entered Zen's body, his eyes started to flicker with the same light.

When the leader of the black-robed men saw the golden light in Zen's eyes, he was kind of relieved. He believed that they were on the process of successfully driving the Treacherous Being out of Zen's body.

After a short while, Zen's body slightly trembled and his eyes closed.

The leader approached Zen's body and let the gecko jump back into his sleeve.

Then, the two subordinates gradually removed the Dark Region, and retreated beside their leader.

Everyone was expectant as they stared at Zen.

After a few seconds, his eyelids trembled and his eyes opened slowly.

His eyes went back to normal, and they were abnormally calm.

"Did it work?"

Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others were already cheering for Zen's return.

However, Zen was strangely quiet. He just looked at the crowd with an emotionless face. It was as if his eyes were looking at inanimate objects.

Immediately noticing that something was still amiss, Fuxi asked, "Zen, is that already you?"

Then Zen frowned and whined, "Waah… Waah…"

The sounds he produced were kind of deep but not aggressive.

However, everyone instantly realized that this was not Zen, but still the Treacherous Being.

"What happened? I thought it would work?" Fuxi asked the leader of the black-robed men in a frustrated tone.

"I don't know. This is the first time that it failed. The Treacherous Being should have left by now." The leader couldn't also believe that Zen's body was still possessed.

"Zen, are you there? Can you respond to me?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi tried to communicate with him through his spiritual sense.

Although Zen wasn't able to control his physical body right now, his soul should remain in his mind, so he should still be able to communicate through his spiritual sense.

However, there was no response even from his soul.

Everyone present looked at each other with anxious eyes. Their problem remained unsolved, and there was a possibility that it became even worse.

While they were still at a loss, the Wing King suddenly said, "We have to go now."

"Why? What do you mean?" the Snake Goddess asked. "We're in a bad situation right now.

Zen sent me a message through the Civilization Artifact. He said that the sounds his body just made were warnings from the Treacherous Being," the Wing King explained.

"Warnings? About what? And why can't he communicate with his soul?" the Snake Goddess asked again as everything was unclear at the moment.

"The Treacherous Being has truly awakened, and it has imprisoned Zen's soul. That's why he wasn't able to answer through his spiritual sense.

He has instructed me to let all of you know that this place would be very dangerous. So, we have to get out of here as soon as possible," the Wing King explained further.

After the Heavenly Obsession Civilization deciphered the Treacherous Being's words, Zen immediately asked the Regal Jade Spirit to deliver his message to the Wing King through the Civilization Artifact.

"Then we have no choice. We have to go now," Peterson said with a frown.

"So that means we have to leave Zen here alone?" the Snake Goddess asked, letting out a deep sigh.

No one answered as they knew how the Snake Goddess felt about abandoning Zen in his current state.

And while everyone was still hesitating to leave, a sound of bones crushing suddenly resounded from a distance.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Everyone looked at the direction where the disturbing sounds were coming from. Then, they saw a monster with a big head and a small body emerge from the darkness.

Upon closer inspection, they saw that the monster was chewing something. A pair of legs hung from its mouth, and they were shocked to notice that the clothes of the person being chewed matched the clothes of the black-robed men.

"W-what kind of monster is that?"

"Is it eating one of our men?!"

"There's indeed someone missing!"

The black-robed men were standing farther at the back, so they didn't notice that one of them had been already missing.

"Wait a minute. One more person is missing. Where is Brock?" a black-robed man said as he finished with the headcount.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

On the other side of the crowd, another big-headed monster emerged from the dark. They also saw a man's body hanging from its mouth, and he must be Brock.

When the Night Being race's special robes were broken, their bodies were quickly eroded in the Light Region. However, the speed at which their bodies were eroded was far slower than the rate at which the monsters chewed their prey.

Chapter 4015 Teamwork

All of the Eternal Realm warriors present were always on guard. They frequently released their spiritual senses to monitor their surroundings.

Among all of them, the Wing King had the sharpest senses. Whether it was a mosquito or a fly, he immediately noticed everything.

However, the two big-headed monsters quietly appeared and abducted the two men in black robes. It was very odd!

"Crack, crack, crack..."

"Help me..."

One of the men in black robes named Brock was still conscious and cried faintly for help. Moreover, the sound of his bones being chewed also alerted everyone's ears in the immensely quiet environment.

The other men in black robes could not take it, so they tried to attack the big-headed monster to save Brock.

"Stop!" the leader of the men in black robes shouted.

"But Brock..." one man in black robes said anxiously.

Brock was his best friend.

How could he watch the monster chew him bit by bit?

"I've made myself clear. Don't go there," the leader of the black-robed men said firmly.

He was the leader of the Night Being race, and he cared about all of his race's members. The monster not far away was devouring one of his members, but he did not go there to save him. However, it wasn't because he didn't want to, but more of he couldn't.

The other men in black robes fell silent.

Even though their faces weren't that visible due to their thick robes, the others felt their helplessness.

"What are these monsters?" Pearson asked in a low voice. His hands had already turned into thin spider threads, ready to fight at any time. At best, the Eternal Realm Hunters had only gone to the Supreme Pure Realm to explore. They didn't know much about the Treacherous Beings or the Jade Pure Realm.

"They are Treacherous Beings, too. They are hostility-level Treacherous Beings, and they belong to the killing type," the leader of the men in black robes answered.

"Killing type... What do you mean?" Pearson asked again.

"Most Treacherous Beings have their own goals. Take the one that possessed Zen, for example. When something blocked it from its goals, that's the only time it attacked. But the killing type of Treacherous beings are different. Their goal is to kill, so we have to leave!" the leader of the men in black robes explained in a low voice.

"Then let's go!"

Pearson agreed.

Then, the three Eternal Realm Hunters quickly walked towards the door.

On the other hand, the Snake Goddess looked at Zen.

Zen still looked like he had regained his consciousness as he calmly gazed at the crowd.

Earlier, the Treacherous Being had howled in an attempt to warn them to leave. It was clear that it was out of kindness.

With such a kind gesture… It was unlikely that it would hurt Zen.

"Take care," said the Snake Goddess, even though it was unknown if Zen had heard her or not. Then, she turned around and left quickly with Fuxi and the other Eternal Realm warriors.

The two monsters were still about ten feet away from the crowd. They squatted on the ground and slowly chewed the two men in black robes. They did not intend to attack the others, but they just stared at the crowd with their large, grotesque eyes.

As the warriors passed by them, a chill ran down their spines, and their hairs stood on end.

Aside from the unpleasant feeling that the Treacherous Beings caused them, they also felt a hint of cruelty, a killing aura that made them feel as if all life forms were nothing but garbage to them.

No one looked at the big-headed monsters as they passed by. Instead, they stared at the door. It should be safe after they entered the door.

Just as they were four miles away from the door, however, a dozen large heads popped out from the edge of the round tray!

It appeared as if these big-headed monsters had reached a mutual agreement. At that moment, they crawled up from the edge of the round tray and gathered in the middle.

"So many of them! Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!" King Ieuan exclaimed with wide eyes.

"Charge!" Eastern Emperor Taiyi commanded in a deep voice.

It was unfortunate that they couldn't even deal with an ordinary Treacherous Being. There were more than ten of them in this place, and according to the leader of the men in black robes, the killing type were far more dangerous than the ordinary ones.

What they didn't know was that at the bottom of the round tray, a large black head hung upside down.

The pitch-black head was over ten thousand feet high, and its eyes were closed. It should be asleep.

Around its neck were big-headed monsters that clung to each other, which made them look like a bunch of grapes.

Those big-headed monsters kept falling off the black head's neck. After they fell, they climbed from the bottom of the round tray up to the top of it.

At that point, everyone had a bad feeling and sped up.

The monsters looked stupidly ridiculous. They had big heads but small bodies, which gave the impression that they moved slowly.

However, they were surprisingly fast.

The men in black robes who were in front dashed and left a series of shadows in their wake.

With such a speed, they could enter the door in the blink of an eye. By the time they were a little more than a hundred feet away from the door, the big-headed monsters suddenly turned into black shadows and silently flew over.

"Dodge!" the leader of the men in black robes shouted.

Sadly, it was too late.

Although the people behind stopped, they could not see clearly how the monsters attacked.

As a result, four men in black robes who were still running disappeared.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

When everyone snapped back to their senses, four monsters nearby had already stopped and slowly devoured the men in black robes. Copious amounts of blood gushed from their mouths, accompanied by the pained howls of the men in black robes.

The big-headed monsters that were farther away still crawled slowly towards them.

These big-headed monsters had quite strange habits. They were never in a hurry to attack. If one ran away, they only stared at them with their black eyes.

"Chief, what should we do?" a man in black robes whimpered.

The Night Being race did have some experience in dealing with Treacherous Beings.

This race's unique abilities only worked in the Dark Region. Even if their opponents were the powerful Treacherous Beings, they could still fight against them in the Dark Region.

Outside the Dark Region, however, they were far inferior to even the ordinary Eternal Realm warriors.

"Go back," Pearson suddenly said.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi countered, "I'm afraid if we retreat, we won't have a chance to survive. We can only go all out and charge. Everyone..." As he spoke, Pearson pointed at the door not far away. Dozens of big-headed monsters climbed up from the edge of the round tray, and slowly approached the door.

If they forcefully rushed towards them, they would all die.

"Retreat," said Fuxi.

No one had expected that they would face such a crisis in a short time.

This place was much more dangerous than the Whining Road!

"These big-headed monsters are really odd. Don't move too fast. Retreat slowly!" the Snake Goddess strongly reminded.

"So what if we retreat? We will still die!" a man in black robes shouted hysterically.

"Odin! Shut up!" the leader hissed.

"It's all your fault. You brought us into this desperate situation! If you want to retreat, you can retreat by yourselves. I'm sorry, but I won't follow you!"

Afterward, the man in black robes named Odin brought out a yellow stone and crushed it. A ball of yellow light burst out from the stone and quickly pooled around his legs.

It was the Divine Walking Stone, which could greatly increase one's speed in a short amount of time.

Swish!

Then, he turned into a beam of light and rushed towards the door.

Even if his speed had increased by more than three times, seven big-headed monsters surrounded him even faster as he dashed towards the door.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The seven monsters formed a circle, then chewing sounds filled the air. Then, they immediately divided Odin among themselves.

Chapter 4016 The Seventh Time

Odin's miserable death was a lesson to the remaining men in black robes. They didn't dare to act recklessly anymore.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the three Eternal Realm Hunters, however remained calm.

The Snake Goddess said, "I think the Treacherous Being that has possessed Zen knows what's going on.

Maybe it can protect us."

Letting the Treacherous Being protect them seemed an inconceivable thought.

But it had given them a kind warning before.

Perhaps seeking its protection was the only choice that remained.

They didn't have much reason to hope but they still followed the Snake Goddess's instructions and retreated, step by step.

"Wing King, can you tell Zen about the situation we are in?" the Snake Goddess asked.

The Wing King nodded and sent the news of the monsters with big heads to the Regal Jade Spirit through the Civilization Artifact.

In Zen's inner world, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had gathered dozens of people, ready to sing together.

Now that the Treacherous Being had regained its consciousness, it was possible for them to communicate with it.

Zen's avatar floated on the sidelines and watched them prepare.

They had undergone periods of training, thanks to which they became more and more skillful. They only needed to wait for the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to transmit the syllables to them.

Zen had previously tried to communicate with the Treacherous Being, but had failed since the latter didn't have a mind of its own.

The Regal Jade Spirit used the Grand Teleportation and appeared beside Zen before saying seriously, "Zen, the Wing King and the others haven't left."

"What? Why?" Zen exclaimed, taken aback.

"A number of Treacherous Beings have appeared and blocked their way."

Treacherous Beings?

This meant even more trouble!

According to what they had predicted before, the Treacherous Being named Campbell would leave Zen's body after fulfilling his wish.

But it now looked like things weren't that simple.

"This round tray hasn't been visited in a long time and the big-headed Treacherous Beings appeared as soon as we arrived," Zen murmured.

"I don't think it's a coincidence. Campbell obviously knows about it, or he wouldn't have warned the Snake Goddess and the others to leave," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, trying to analyze the situation.

Zen's eyes flashed. He then said to the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, "Translate my words into Sanskrit."

A while later, a chorus sounded from within Zen's inner world. "Master Campbell, can you hear me? I'm Zen Luo, the owner of this body."

Campbell stood still, silver spear in hand.

Many big-headed monsters were slowly climbing up from the edge of the round tray. Some of them were playing with their huge, horrible heads, rolling them around as they went.

They were slow but they gradually formed an encirclement.

Campbell, however, was in no hurry. He seemed to be waiting for these monsters to appear. He had waited for a while before he saw the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others return.

He howled, "You idiots! Didn't you understand what I told you?"

He had asked these humans to leave out of the kindness of his heart.

After all, they had a sort of connection with him because he was a human spirit, a continuation of the race.

Campbell was still lost in thought when an unpleasant voice sounded from Zen's elixir field. The voice was neither male nor female. It was, instead, a combination of several voices. "Master Campbell, can you hear me? I'm Zen Luo, the owner of this body."

Campbell was stunned. This was the Sanskrit land.

How could Zen speak Sanskrit?

The voice was unpleasant on the ears but he could hear it clearly.

"Why? Why can you speak our language?" Campbell asked.

"You will know once you check my inner world," replied Zen.

Out of curiosity, Campbell began to check Zen's inner world as he was told. He saw that a group of people were divided into three rows, making complicated sounds. "I once communicated with a creature from outside the chaos. I'm prepared."

"A team of so many people. It's interesting..." Campbell was intrigued by what he saw.

The creatures in the chaos lacked knowledge and experience. Limited by their world, neither could they communicate with creatures in the main world, nor did they have a complete understanding of the main world.

However, Zen had overcome the obstacles by virtue of the advantage in numbers.

Campbell had never seen such a thing before.

His companions would be shocked if they knew of this.

Campbell became more interested in Zen. He asked, "What's the matter? Do you want to take back your body?"

The Civilization Artifact transmitted this sentence to the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization for deciphering, and then to Zen. The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was fast, but it still took some time to decipher the message and transmit it to Zen.

When Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven heard Campbell, they looked at each other, bitter smiles.

It looked like taking back his physical body wasn't going to be an easy task.

But right now, the most important thing was to ensure the safety of the Snake Goddess and her companions.

"Let's talk about it later. Both of us are from the human race. Can you protect my friends?" Zen pleaded.

As he spoke, the Snake Goddess and the others moved to his side.

The big-headed monsters were still following them closely.

"I'm not human," Campbell said arrogantly.

Human spirits were one of the most noble creatures in the main world, which was why they were proud of themselves.

Campbell continued, "I can't protect them. I don't even know if I can survive."

Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven were shocked. "You don't know if you can survive these Treacherous Beings?"

Campbell suddenly looked sad and weary. "Most likely not. We were no match for them, at least in the past many years.

We wouldn't have been trapped in that damned place otherwise."

Campbell didn't explain any further but Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven could tell that he was referring to the Whining Road.

"We have tried many times. I myself have tried at least six times," Campbell said, shaking his head.

Six stripes were engraved on the armor of his right arm.

He then raised his long spear and used the tip of the spear to add another stripe on his right arm.

This was his seventh time here.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others were confused as they watched this. They didn't know why Campbell had added that extra stripe.

Chapter 4017 The Power Of Silver Energy

After adding that stripe, Campbell said, "I have tried this for six times already. And I have failed each and every time. It's quite possible that I'll fail once again."

Nevertheless, Campbell remained calm and collected. His composure caused Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven sheer anxiety.

The Treacherous Beings were practically invincible and immortal.

If Campbell failed once again, he could merely return to the Whining Road and be resurrected.

However, Zen and the others would be in big trouble. Therefore, this whole situation was extremely nerve-wracking.

"If I live through this, your friends might survive as well. But if I fail, you can't blame me..." After he warned Zen, Campbell pointed his silver spear towards the Snake Goddess' feet.

"Da!" He began channeling his energy.

Swoosh...

The bright silver energy poured down like mercury. Campbell dragged the long spear on the ground and began walking around the Snake Goddess and the others.

After he walked around, a bright silver circle of light surrounded them. The circle was as thick as an arm.

"Please tell your friends not to step outside the circle of light," Campbell told Zen.

Zen was only vaguely aware of what was happening outside. He couldn't quite see them clearly. Fortunately, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization's Civilization Artifact was able to instantly decipher what Campbell said. When Zen understood this, he immediately asked the Wing King if they could see a silver circle of light around them.

After receiving a positive answer from the Wing King, Zen told him what Campbell said. The Wing King conveyed Zen's message to everyone at once. "The Treacherous Being said that this silver circle of light can protect us! We must not step out of it."

As their group saw the numerous large-headed monsters, they were filled with shock. They were even more surprised when they heard what the Wing King just said. Their expressions showed utter confusion.

They could not quite comprehend how a small silver circle of light could keep the large-headed Treacherous Beings at bay. These creatures were almost indestructible.

However, they were quickly running out of options. Even if they were quite skeptical about it, all they could do now was to stay inside this circle of light.

The large-headed monsters were slowly edging closer towards where they were standing. The nearest monster was only ten feet away from them.

With that, Zen bellowed and then gently shook his spear. With a mighty leap, he rose towards the sky like an eagle.

He soared upwards with such an astonishing speed. In a split second, he was hovering in the air like a silver ribbon.

Meanwhile, the large-headed monsters that were moving so slowly on the ground rapidly jumped into the air as soon as Zen's body soared upwards. They were like beasts that smelled blood and went into a frenzy. They turned into black shadows and instantly pounced towards Zen.

Buzz...

Zen clutched the long spear tightly in his right hand. Then, he held it out in front of him and it began to spin at such great speed. It almost looked like a spinning silver millstone.

The first large-headed monster to reach his position charged directly at him. It opened its enormous mouth and attempted to bite him.

"Hey now..." Zen sneered.

As it drew closer, a mocking smile appeared on Zen's face. With the tip of his silver spear, he drew a silver wheel in the air. It instantly surged towards the monster but it merely passed through its center.

The Treacherous Beings were very tricky to deal with. The main reason was because they could not be easily defeated with ordinary methods. One had to be familiar with their movements and abilities.

Even if their bodies were twisted, squeezed, or even stretched into noodle-like figures, they could just easily recover from it.

However, the silver energy emanating from Campbell's armor had a miraculous effect on the Treacherous Beings.

Buzz...

A ray of silver light streaked across the monster's huge and ugly head. It looked like a sharp weapon leaving a mark at a metal ball.

The large-headed monster's oval head sustained a deep cut from the tip of the spear. It fell downwards as it struggled with the serious wound on its head.

Swish! Swish...

Zen slightly withdrew the silver spear and it swiftly stabbed backwards from under his right arm.

Puff, puff, puff! The group heard several gusts of air from above.

They saw that the silver spear had shot four rays of silver light out consecutively. It looked like four silver dragons that accurately pierced through the four large-headed monsters behind Zen.

The spear light that effectively pierced the monsters extended straight into the distance behind them. It even shot all the way out of the round tray. But in the blink of an eye, the light strangely disappeared.

As they watched this intense fight, Zen's companions huddled inside the silver circle of light and were utterly terror-stricken.

Fortunately, the large-headed monsters seemed to choose Zen as their main target as soon as Campbell used Zen's body to wage a fierce battle against them.

Meanwhile, there were still six monsters on the ground. They were moving slowly around the silver circle of light. It looked like they were thoroughly wary and afraid of the circle because they didn't even dare step on it. They were staring at the sky as they moved. Their gaze followed Zen's every movement. They seemed ready to pounce on him as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

"This silver circle of light is incredibly mystical. The large-headed Treacherous Beings don't even dare step over it. Squeak!" King Ieuan exclaimed in its amazement. It couldn't believe how powerful it was.

"It's not that they don't dare enter it. They are merely disgusted with this kind of energy," the Snake Goddess uttered.

"Well, disgust is also rooted from fear," replied the leader of the black-robed men. "This silver energy obviously has an extraordinary effect upon the Treacherous Beings. It's very similar to the energy released by my Black River Gecko!"

It was true that the Black River Gecko raised by the leader of the black-robed men also bore the same effect. However, the Black River Gecko was too small in size to fight against the Treacherous Beings.

One after another, the large-headed monsters turned into black shadows and pounced at Zen.

Nevertheless, it didn't matter how fast the monsters moved or how wide their mouths were. They would easily be pierced through or taken down by the silver spear light. After receiving serious blows from the silver energy, the large-headed monsters were no longer able to recover. They would instantly fall to the ground and struggle for a while. Then they would collapse and lay there motionlessly.

Once in a while, a few severely injured monsters would land directly inside the circle of light. The Eternal Realm Hunters would quickly move them out of the circle.

"Unbelievable. That spear is incredibly powerful!" Thurston commended out loud.

On the other hand, Pearson had a puzzled look upon his face. He asked his companions, "These Treacherous Beings are all at the hostility level. So why is there such a huge gap between their strength and the strength of the one that has possessed Zen?"

"The Treacherous Being that has possessed Zen's body is not the one that's powerful. Rather, it's the silver energy emanating from the spear and armor," the Snake Goddess responded solemnly. "If we can wield that kind of energy, it will also be very easy for us to kill those large-headed Treacherous Beings!"

When they heard this, the others nodded in agreement. If they could control the silver energy as well, they should be able to deal with the Treacherous Beings effectively too.

In such a short span of time, Zen had already killed almost forty large-headed monsters. He annihilated those powerful monsters as easily as if he was merely slaughtering chickens and sheep. Naturally, everyone's despondent and dejected mood disappeared. Their morale had increased significantly.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh... They heard a rushing noise near them.

The eight large-headed monsters that had been crawling over not far away also leapt into the air.

Zen swung his long spear around. All of a sudden, his calm gaze froze. At that point, the silver spear shot out countless small rays of light.

If one viewed this scene from below, it looked like a shower of silver rain.

Those large-headed monsters were effortlessly torn into pieces by it. As they were struck by the silver light, they fell straight down.

However, three more monsters pounced on him from behind as soon as he killed these eight monsters.

The long silver spear in Zen's hand appeared as though it had a soul. With just a light flick, it automatically stabbed three times behind him. If he could keep this up without any untoward incident, it would be really easy to kill those monsters.

But at that very moment, the silver light on Zen's armor and spear suddenly dimmed. The change in its glow was extremely noticeable.

Poof! Poof!

The first two strikes were still able to pierce through two of the monsters. Upon the third strike, however, the silver light on his armor and spear disappeared entirely.

They noticed that the power of the third strike was far less than that of the previous ones. The monster blocked it with ease.

The expression on Zen's face slightly changed when he failed to pierce through the third monster with his spear.

Bang!

Zen smashed the large-headed monster into the ground forcefully with the shaft of the spear. He managed to do it in the speed of light.

But without the massive support of the silver energy, Zen's attack was unable to cause any substantial damage to the monster. As soon as the monster landed on the ground, it immediately bounced right up and charged towards Zen once more.

As Zen watched this, he swiftly came down and landed beside the Snake Goddess and the others. Meanwhile, his spear was already pointed at the silver circle of light.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The long spear appeared as though it was a vacuum that was sucking the light in. It absorbed all of the silver energy in the circle!

Once again, the tip of the spear flashed with bright silver light. Meanwhile, the monster was already closing in on Zen. It opened its mouth wide and bared its sharp teeth as if it was determined to swallow Zen whole.

Boom!

A mark of Eight Diagrams exploded directly on the face of the monster. It forcefully pushed it dozens of feet away!

It was Fuxi who launched the attack.

Campbell, controlling Zen's body, looked back at Fuxi and nodded with thanks. After that, he pointed his long spear at the monster and slaughtered it.

Chapter 4018 Builders

Most big-headed monsters were eliminated on the round tray, while three or four of them were still left wandering aimlessly in the distance.

When Zen saw them, he immediately rushed over with the long spear in his hand.

As soon as he approached the monsters, several silver spear lights emerged and all of them were instantly killed.

After finishing the job, Zen returned and glanced at the crowd indifferently.

Then, he suddenly tilted his head and opened his mouth.

From Zen's eyes, ears, mouth, and nose, the Treacherous Being's body continuously flowed out until it formed a shape of a human.

Previously, they saw him as an abstract human figure with an extremely odd face.

However, when he went out of Zen's body, his form became complete. Every detail on the body was outlined, and he actually possessed a good-looking face. He looked exactly the same as the bronze statue beside the pool.

Soon after, Zen's eyes opened, and the glisten in his eyes had finally returned.

"Zen! You're finally back!"

"Are you okay now?"

"Thank goodness!"

After killing all of the monsters, they had been thinking about how they could communicate with the Treacherous Being to make him leave Zen's body.

But unexpectedly, he left on his own volition.

"Don't worry guys. I'm fine now. This is Master Campbell, and he's actually a member of our race, so he has no intention of hurting me," Zen explained with a smile.

"His name is Campbell?" the Snake Goddess asked as she raised her eyebrows.

"Then where did he come from?" Fuxi asked too.

"And why did he possess your body? Squeak!" King Ieuan inquired its own question.

Indeed, there were a lot of questions that needed to be answered. Even Zen didn't know all of them, and he desired the answers directly from Campbell himself.

Zen just smiled at his companions and turned towards Campbell. A chorus immediately came from his inner world and translated the words. "Master Campbell, I actually have a lot of questions. Would you care to answer them?"

Campbell just glanced at Zen with indifferent eyes and waved his hand. "What do you still need? I've already returned your body. You can leave now."

After saying that, he softly pointed a finger at Zen. Then, the armor attached to Zen's body was peeled off, and the long spear was also pulled from his hand.

Campbell had completely awakened and regained his consciousness. He had been trying for countless of years, and he finally succeeded with the help of Zen's body.

Two hundred Treacherous Beings that were trapped on the Whining Road had been tirelessly achieving this goal. They would possess the passers-by on the road, and their final goal was to come to this place, no matter what the cost.

Among the rest, he was the first one to succeed in regaining his consciousness and not be eaten by the big-headed monsters. But even though he was overjoyed, he didn't quite reveal his emotions.

He didn't say that he didn't want to answer Zen's questions, so Zen still asked him anyway. "Master Campbell, are you from the Human Spirit Sect? We, humans, are what you may call the continuation of the human spirits. If there is anything we can do to help you, you can tell us without reservations. Don't give us the cold shoulder," Zen said patiently.

Zen wasn't typically the one who wanted to force an answer from others. However, this situation wasn't an ordinary one. It wasn't easy meeting a human spirit, so he couldn't just let an important opportunity like this slip by.

Campbell was still looking at Zen nonchalantly. "Your physical body has been sufficient. It helped me contact the Light of Annihilation and kill those Treacherous Beings. Ultimately, it helped me completely wake up. But it's still not enough…" He shook his head as he continued speaking, "Well, it has nothing do with you now, so you don't have to involve yourself with me."

The Light of Annihilation that he mentioned was the silver energy that was attached to the armor and the long spear.

It could greatly restrain the Treacherous Beings, so Campbell couldn't have direct contact with it. That was why he needed a physical body where he could attach himself.

His instinct told him that he should look for and choose a strong physical body.

Now that he was fully awakened, Zen's body wouldn't suffice anymore.

In his eyes, Zen, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others who were from the secondary world and at the Eternal Realm were not qualified enough to get involved with his matters, given their current strength and innate limitations.

"Well, I still did help you wake up. And I'm not even asking for any reward. I just want some information," Zen insisted and pushed his luck.

Although Campbell was quite arrogant, he was still grateful to have returned to his original form. So, he shrugged his shoulders and sighed, "Sure, go ahead."

"Then, is this the Jade Pure Realm?" Zen asked straightforwardly.

"The Jade Pure Realm, huh? Technically, you can say that. But this is just like the outer layer. There are several Pure Sky Platforms like this in the entire Jade Pure Realm. If you're really looking for the real Jade Pure Realm, go to the Pure Sky Platform in that direction." Campbell pointed his finger to the distance.

"It's a hundred times larger than this one. That must be what you're after," he continued.

Zen looked at the direction that Campbell pointed to. There was a dense mass of starlight in the area, preventing him from seeing anything clearly.

The Snake Goddess had a similar guess to what Campbell had said. She thought earlier that the Pure Sky Platform that they were currently on was a branch of the Jade Pure Realm.

"Another one, are you from the Instant Civilization?" Zen took the opportunity and asked again.

"Instant Civilization?" It was actually Campbell's first time hearing this term, so it was a bit difficult for him to answer.

"It's the name given to the first civilization that existed in the chaos. In short, it should be the civilization that built the chaos." Zen tried to explain in the easiest way to understand.

Campbell quickly understood what he meant. There was a faint smile on his face as he said, "Going by what you said, then yes, I'm from the Instant Civilization. The chaos that you're talking about was built by us."

"So it's true?"

Although Zen already had a hunch, he was still surprised when he heard it directly from Campbell's mouth.

"That's right." There was a bit of a frown that appeared on Campbell's face. "This particular secondary world was built with our greatest efforts, and it was also the last one that we built."

Zen was relieved that he had asked the right question. Now, Campbell was starting to tell more about his background.

The two hundred Treacherous Beings were called the "builders" in the Human Spirit Sect.

They were the ones who built all of the secondary worlds one after another.

After building the chaos, they planned and decided to restart it, so that it could operate on its own.

However, just a day before the plan to restart it, a deadly invisible poison floated out and spread from the Pure Sky Platform.

They had never thought that they would be caught with the internal strife of the Four Spirits Sect.

It was too late when they noticed the poison, and they were all instantly killed.

After the creatures of the main world died in a secondary world, they turned into Treacherous Beings that would never die.

They took the form of spiritual orbs that wandered aimlessly, using their remaining consciousness.

Fortunately, they still possessed strong wills in their hearts. Once they achieved and completed their goals, their chance to return and wake up would be attained.

The two hundred builders of the Human Spirit Sect lived in this Pure Sky Platform. While they were trapped in the Whining Road, they strove and struggled to return to this place. When they successfully did that, it was the time that they would completely awaken and regain their consciousness.

After regaining their consciousness, the first thing they wanted to do was investigate what happened in the past.

How were they killed in an instant?

And who was really behind it?

Unfortunately, as soon as they regained their consciousness, they were devoured by the big-headed monsters before they could even leave the place.

Soon after, they would come back to life on the Whining Road in the form of Treacherous Beings.

The miserable cycle went on, until Campbell was the first one to succeed.

Chapter 4019 Hard To Accept

Campbell's words made Zen's eyes widen in surprise.

Based on his tone, it didn't seem as if Campbell knew much about the Four Spirits Sect.

Zen thought it best to raise another question. "Master Campbell, what do you plan to do now?"

Campbell raised his head to look at the starry sky. "Now that I'm awake, I will naturally go back and look for answers on who poisoned us back then."

The builders had a relatively high position in the Four Spirits Sect and enjoyed a certain level of prestige.

They were, after all, the ones whom the Four Spirits Sect relied on to expand their territory.

To poison such important members of the Four Spirits Sect was a serious crime. It was no doubt done by someone with both guts and power. There was a solemn look in Campbell's eyes as he continued to stare at the sky. "I would like to know why they stopped us from awakening again, and again, and again..."

As his words trailed off, he turned to look at Zen.

He expected a look of enlightenment, an expression bright with realization, but all Campbell saw was Zen's furrowed brows of worry.

The young man's expression made him frown. "What's wrong?" Campbell asked. "Did I say anything wrong?"

Zen licked his lips as he let out a heavy sigh. "Did you never come into contact with anyone from the main world after you were poisoned?" Zen asked.

Campbell shook his head. "No. Neither me nor any of my companions have ever met with anyone from the main world." Every single time he came here led by his obsession, he would end up killed by those big-headed monsters which prevented him from waking up completely.

"So you are unaware of the Four Spirit Sect's current situation," Zen murmured, his eyes twinkling with a strange color.

"Why? What is their current situation?" Campbell asked, half puzzled yet also half-apprehensive with the look on Zen's face.

"If the creatures in our chaos want to enter the Three Purities Stage, we would need to enter the Eternal Scroll Painting and become Eternal Realm warriors to do so," Zen began.

"I built the passage. I know how it works," Campbell replied with a nod.

"I entered the center of the Eternal Scroll Painting."

Campbell's brows rose at Zen's revelation. "Then that means you're quite talented and you inherited the origin-level bloodline. Congratulations. No wonder your physical strength is excellent."

To be able to obtain the origin-level bloodline was a very outstanding feat for creatures from secondary worlds.

Of course, as a member and a builder of the Four Spirits Sect, the origin-level bloodline wasn't as big of a deal to Campbell. After all, those talented warriors of the Four Spirits Sect all set their minds to get the ancestry-level bloodline.

Zen, however, was quick to correct him. "No, I entered the Eternal Divine Courtyard."

This new piece of information made Campbell narrow his eyes at him.

Creatures from secondary worlds weren't expected to reach the Eternal Divine Courtyard. Such a feat was incredibly rare.

Once a warrior obtained the ancestry-level bloodline, that immediately qualified him or her as a member of the Four Spirits Sect. Warriors who managed such a feat were usually outstanding and quickly grew powerful under the sect's guidance.

Normally, the Ten Directions House of the Human Spirit Sect would reach out and immediately try to recruit such amazing talents. Why was Zen here in the Three Purities Stage then?

Did he fail in the Eternal Divine Courtyard? That couldn't be right.

No, it was downright impossible!

Only promising geniuses could ever set foot in the Eternal Divine Courtyard. The Four Spirits Sect made the test extremely difficult and strict on warriors from secondary worlds.

The same couldn't be said for the members of the sect. They could enter the Eternal Divine Courtyard more easily but that also meant that quite a lot of them suffered the unbearable power of the ancestry-level bloodline, and thus were rejected by the bloodline.

However, those from secondary worlds who had already entered the Eternal Divine Courtyard held a greater potential to pass the ancestry-level bloodline's test.

"Did you enter by invitation?" Campbell asked.

"Invitation?" Zen repeated. He shook his head. "I got in by myself."

"What?!" Campbell remarked in shock. Did he hear that correctly? "How in the world were you able to get in by yourself? Are you kidding me?!"

The Eternal Divine Courtyard was the center of the Four Spirit Sect.

There was no way Zen would've been allowed to enter by himself.

Zen's next few words would continue to shock Campbell. "There was nobody there. The Eternal Divine Courtyard was abandoned, at least that was what the bronze statues told me."

Campbell could only shake his head, unwilling to accept Zen's words as fact. He kept silent for a while.

Then he said in a firm tone, "You're lying! There's no way the Four Spirits Sect would give up on the Eternal Divine Courtyard!"

"I believe you," Zen told him in what he hoped was a calming tone. "The Four Spirits Sect would have definitely been unwilling to give the courtyard up but maybe something happened to them? Like a catastrophe, maybe even a massacre?"

Campbell froze. "Massacre..." he repeated. Zen was about to ask him if he was okay when he suddenly let out a loud, maniacal laugh as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

A massacre? The Four Spirits Sect was the sole dominant power in the main world!

Sure, there were a few creatures and races that were quite powerful but they were nothing compared to the Four Spirits Sect.

After his less than sane laughter, Campbell threw Zen an aggressive glare. "Who can massacre our Four Spirits Sect?"

Zen continued to use his calm voice to talk to an obviously distressed Campbell. "Yes, the Four Spirits Sect was indeed powerful," he began. "However, the human, snake, bird, and monkey spirits weren't usually united, correct? Wouldn't there be any internal strife which led them to kill each other?

You said it yourself: the Four Spirits Sect was so powerful that no one would ever dare attack you. Nobody, of course, save for the people within the sect itself," Zen declared.

"I met the brush wielder. He told me that there was some sort of internal strife within the Four Spirits Sect which led to a split-up."

"……"

Zen's words were sent and translated through the Heavenly Obsession Civilization in his inner world. They eventually reached the ears of the group of people who then conveyed them through a song.

His words managed to convince Campbell.

After all, it was the most viable reason.

Who would ever dare attack the powerful world builders? Who would ever dare poison them?

There was no way some external force would be stupid enough to do such a thing. So that meant the culprit was someone from the inside. An outsider would never succeed in poisoning two hundred world builders unnoticed.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the Eternal Realm Hunters, and the black-robed men couldn't understand since Zen's voice was directly transmitted to his inner world. It was better this way since there was some information that couldn't be revealed to everyone.

All they knew was that there was a bit of singing and then Campbell suddenly became very upset so they naturally wanted to know what happened.

"No!" Campbell declared. "I do not believe this. I will go there myself!"

Denial was always the first stage in grief. No matter how rational Zen's words had been, Campbell did not want to believe them.

He wouldn't believe unless he confirmed it with his own two eyes.

Whoosh...

He immediately stamped his feet on one side of the Pure Sky Platform.

From there, a series of patterns flashed on the ground.

Soon enough, a strangely-shaped collection of houses suddenly floated into the air.

The house on the helm was incredibly small and only featured a door that could accommodate a single person at most. There were a total of five houses and each house was twice the size of the one that preceded it.

"Master Campbell," Zen called out to Campbell. "Where are you going?!"

"As a builder, I naturally have a path that could take me to the main world. There is no need to follow me. Creatures from secondary worlds would have difficulty traveling in the main world without undergoing transformation," Campbell answered just as he pushed the door open.

"Crack! Boom!"

He had just taken a step inside the threshold when a great force shook the door.

Campbell tried to grab the door frame out of instinct but it only ended up with him thrown into the air and landing over ten miles away, with both his hands and feet also stretching for the same distance.

Fortunately, Campbell was in the form of a Treacherous Being and was able to withstand the blow.

Chapter 4020 The Black Head

Campbell's body had been stretched out, so it took some time for him to recover and turn back to his human shape.

After he could move properly, he headed back for the door, but as he did, his expression darkened.

The exit had been blasted into pieces; the entire passageway had been destroyed!

"Is this some kind of trap set up a long time ago?" Campbell asked in a low voice.

Only the Four Spirits Sect, or to be exact, only some members of the Human Spirit Sect knew about the secret passage to the main world.

Someone had blatantly destroyed the secret passage. The traitor must be someone from the Four Spirits Sect, or to be exact, the Human Spirit Sect...

This proved Zen right.

"This place is so close to the Abstruse Energy World. Can you leave by going up?" Zen asked Campbell as he pointed at the sky.

Looking up, he felt the Abstruse Energy World was so close, as though it was within his reach.

Campbell glared at Zen. "Don't be stupid. Take that path if you want to court death."

The force field that lingered above the Jade Pure Realm had actually been set up by Campbell and his companions, so he knew the risks.

"If that's the case, then I'm afraid you have no choice but to pass through the road controlled by the Element Spirit Civilization," Zen said with a shrug.

"Of course I know that," Campbell snapped impatiently.

The path they were supposed to take, the one that had been destroyed, was actually a secret shortcut. The usual bridge between the chaos and the Abstruse Energy World was the road controlled by the Element Spirit Civilization.

"But the Element Spirit Civilization won't let you pass," Zen warned.

"The Element Spirit Civilization? Are they powerful?" Campbell asked.

At the mention of any of the creatures in the chaos, Campbell's expression would change a little, from scornful to condescending.

No matter how powerful the creatures in the chaos were, Campbell usually didn't take them seriously.

However, Zen was an exception. After all, Zen had been to the Eternal Divine Courtyard and passed the test of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"It's the strongest civilization on the Other Shore. They were the first civilization after the chaos was created," Zen explained patiently. "There's no way we can defeat them in this condition, and they won't let you pass."

"I can't defeat them?" Campbell asked, eyebrow raised dubiously.

Zen glanced at Campbell hesitantly. "I'm not sure. Well, you have killed Les before you woke up..."

"Is Les a member of the Element Spirit Civilization?"

Even after awakening, Campbell still retained his memories from when he was still asleep. Naturally, he remembered how he had killed Les.

In the eyes of Campbell, Les was indeed powerful, but he still triumphed over him easily when he shrank him into oblivion.

"Yes, it is said that he is one of the three backbones of the Element Spirit Civilization."

Campbell smiled slightly. "Then they're not worth taking seriously, either."

Although his real body had already perished, his body as a Treacherous Being was a great weapon. Naturally, he was confident he could defeat anyone from the Element Spirit Civilization. After all, he did kill one of their leaders.

Just then, they heard maniacal laughter burst out from somewhere on the Pure Sky Platform.

It was as if countless people were laughing crazily. Then, they sensed a terrible aura in the air.

Someone was speaking Sanskrit.

Campbell's expression darkened. It seemed he could understand the voice.

"Heavenly Obsession Civilization, help me decipher the Sanskrit words!" Zen cried as he transmitted the laughter to his inner world.

It didn't take long for the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to translate the noise. "Not worth taking seriously... As a mere world builder who wasn't even accepted by the Ten Directions House, how dare you speak recklessly now? Hahaha..."

From the bottom of the Pure Sky Platform, the huge black head suddenly reared its unsettling face, eyes and mouth wide open. That was where the waves of laughter were coming from!

As it laughed, it slowly moved along the bottom of the Pure Sky Platform until it reached the edge of the platform.

It was a black head that was ten thousand feet tall. It had no body, but instead there were many oval spheres under it. Zen recognized these spheres; they were the large-headed monsters that they had encountered before.

Whenever the large-headed monsters were killed by Campbell, they would disappear and revive in another place. This was the case with all the Treacherous Beings.

However, Zen never expected that the place where these monsters were revived was right underneath the Pure Sky Platform!

These monsters all huddled under the massive black head like grapes on a vine, rendering the black head even more terrifying.

When the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin and the others saw the huge creature, their faces turned pale.

"The resentment-level... It's the resentment-level Treacherous Being!" the leader of the black-robed men cried.

Although the Treacherous Beings were divided into three levels, with the hatred level being the strongest, no one had ever actually seen a hatred-level

Treacherous Being.

Thus, the resentment-level Treacherous Being was already regarded as the most formidable one.

Even the three Eternal Realm Hunters bore serious expressions. Judging from the aura released by the black head, all the trouble they had experienced before amounted to nothing compared to this moment.

"Who are you?" Campbell asked, raising his head.

The Treacherous Being must have been formed by the creature of the main world after it died.

The more powerful the creature was, the more formidable its Treacherous Being would be.

The creature, which formed the resentment-level Treacherous Being, must've been extremely powerful when it was alive.

The black head howled in laughter. "You don't need to know who I am," it said in Sanskrit. "You just need to know that you should've stayed on the Whining Road!"

Buzz!

The black head's eyes began to flicker with red light which shot out after accumulating to a certain extent.

"Run!" Zen cried.

When the crowd saw two rays of red light shooting towards them, they all dodged to the side.

Swish!

Fortunately, they were able to dodge in time. The red light swept over and past them.

Campbell, too, was able to jump out of harm's way.

Only one man in the black robe was a split-second too slow. Before he could even scream, the red light flashed through him.

At first, he stood perfectly still.

Then, the man in the black robe collapsed into a pile of black soot.

Everyone stared at the scene in horror. How could they not be seized with fear, knowing that one touch of the llight would burn them to dust?

Having dodged the red light, Campbell stretched out his hand.

The armor, which had been scattered on the ground, dashed straight for Zen. Even the spear pulsated with energy.

Crack! Crack! Crack...

In less than three seconds, the armor had been completely attached onto Zen's body.

"Kill him!" Campbell ordered Zen.

Zen gripped the spear tightly and nodded. Raising his hand, he jabbed the spear towards the monster in the distance.

A silver light shot out from the tip of the spear. The black head had no form of defenses whatsoever, so the Light of Annihilation pierced through it cleanly.

However, once the silver light faded, there was but a small hole on the black head. Compared to its overall size, the piercing was but a mosquito bite.

However, the Light of Annihilation on the spear in Zen's hand had completely dimmed.

Chapter 4021 A Smiling Man

Zen held up the dim spear and then glanced at Campbell.

With the help of the Light of Annihilation, the latter had killed many hostility-level Treacherous Beings just now.

Now the Light of Annihilation had dimmed. The spear might be of extraordinary quality, but it was still nothing more than a piece of scrap metal in the face of the Treacherous Being.

Everyone looked at the now blunt tip of the spear and then turned to look at Campbell.

"That stone," Campbell suddenly said.

"What?" A strange look appeared on Zen's face.

Campbell didn't explain anything but gently pointed at Zen's chest.

A small bump appeared out of nowhere on his ribs. It was as if there was something extra there, something that didn't belong. Then the bump moved along his esophagus and quickly reached his throat and then his mouth. Then it was involuntarily spat out. Only then everyone saw that it was a cubic stone with several cracks on its surface.

As for Zen, as soon as the stone had moved in his body, he had started to recall that it had been taken out from Les' body.

At that time, Campbell had not awakened. He had merely said that this stone was called the Holy Stone, and then forcefully stored it inside Zen's body.

Neither Zen nor the Primeval Lord of Heaven knew why he had done so. Les had used this Holy Stone to unfold the protective sphere, but once the protective sphere was smashed, the energy contained within the stone should have been exhausted. From the way they saw, the stone was all its name suggested. A stone!

"Can this stone be useful?" Zen asked.

"As creatures of the secondary world, you naturally do not know the mysteries of this stone," Campbell remarked as he pointed at the Holy Stone.

Buzz!

To their immense surprise, the Light of Annihilation immediately burst forth from the Holy Stone like water from a fountain.

When Zen saw this, his eyebrows rose. He quickly grabbed the stone in one hand and held the spear in the other.

The spear was covered with several grooves like drainage paths. As soon as the Light of Annihilation gushed out of the Holy Stone, it quickly filled every single centimeter of those grooves.

Perhaps the black head felt the threat of the Light of Annihilation when this began to happen because its reaction was rather fierce. The red lights in its eyes shone once more. Whoosh! Two beams crisscrossed against the ground and swept towards Zen's head.

Before anyone could warn him, Zen himself jumped and fell to the ground sideways. With the help of the silver spear, he then jumped high into the air like a nimble monkey and fell sharply once more, rolling over again and again to get out of the beams' path.

The fatal red lights followed him all the way, but he managed to dodge them every single time they reached near.

The others merely stood in different corners and positions, afraid of being hit. They weren't fast enough to dodge the beams.

The red lights chased after Zen for two circles before they finally dimmed.

However, the black head was not going to let go of Zen so easily. After all, the Light of Annihilation was extremely lethal to it.

Buzz!

The red lights in its eyes began to accumulate once again.

At that moment, Zen, finding his chance, spiraled up. The long spear in his hand shook violently and he pointed it towards the huge black head.

Swish!

The silver Light of Annihilation turned into a sharp spear light and rushed straight for the black head.

Compared to the big-headed monsters they had just faced, the black head was enormous and therefore, rather clumsy, which meant that for Zen, it was a sitting duck!

The spear light hit the black head right between the eyebrows. A big hole appeared where it had struck and the black head immediately disappeared in the world behind the Pure Sky Platform.

Zen and his companions carefully observed how the black head would react now.

After being hit by the Light of Annihilation, the hostility-level Treacherous Beings had disappeared directly. The effect had been surprisingly good.

And if luck were on their side, then this would also be the case with the black head, and Zen's spear strike would be enough to kill this resentment-level Treacherous Being as well.

However, the black head shook rapidly in the air, and the circular hole between its eyebrows quickly began to heal.

At the same time, two beams of red lights shot out from its eyes towards Zen once again.

Zen's pupils shrank, and he began to dodge like a nimble rabbit. Somehow, he was faster than those light beams.

The others looked on. They were facing a formidable enemy. The Pure Sky Platform itself was not that big. Even if the black head did not deliberately aim at them, there were chances that they could be hit by a stray beam which could take their lives.

As Zen sprinted along the Pure Sky Platform, the Holy Stone in his palm was still emitting large amounts of the Light of Annihilation.

Seizing an opportunity that he got during one of his jumps, Zen once again thrust his spear towards the black head.

The spear accurately reached its mark and pierced the black head, but just as before, the wound healed quickly, and the resentment-level Treacherous Being was unharmed.

"I am afraid that the spear doesn't work!"

"What do you mean? Can't the silver energy kill that black head?"

"No and we'd better run away now. There's no need for us to lose our lives in the effort to do so."

Everyone had thought that with the silver energy, Zen would be able to kill the resentment-level Treacherous Being, or at least he would be able to seriously injure it. It was beyond their imagination and also rather fearsome that even two strikes by the spear didn't do a single darned thing to the black head.

"Master Campbell, why is this happening?" Zen asked.

"I... I don't know," Campbell replied hesitantly as he shook his head.

As nothing more than a builder of the worlds, he was not very good at fighting.

He did have some level of knowledge. He knew that after the creatures of the main world died, they would become Treacherous Beings and fear the Light of Annihilation. However, his knowledge did not extend to a thorough understanding of the division of strength of those Treacherous Beings.

Seeing the perplexed look on Campbell's face, Zen knew that it would be a waste of time to push him for answers. The man sincerely didn't know. Also, since Zen couldn't defeat the resentment-level Treacherous Being, they had to leave. He shouted to his companions, "Look! I can't hurt this thing. Let's move towards the door and leave this place as soon as possible!"

The men in black robes moved the fastest when they heard that. They had been making up their minds to escape from this damned place for a long while now. By the time Zen had finished shouting, several of them were already at the door.

The man who was at the front grabbed the door and tried to open it, but it didn't move at all. He shouted, "The door's locked!"

Hearing that, the other men behind him became anxious. They rushed forward, grabbed the edge of the door and pulled it out fiercely, as if they could tear it into opening, but the door still remained tightly shut.

Very soon, the leader of the men in black robes, the Eternal Realm Hunters, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess all put their backs into an effort to open the door. However, the door seemed to have been locked by some kind of theurgy, and it remained unmoved.

"Hahaha..." When the black head saw their valiant but failed efforts, it let out a mocking laugh. "Dead end! There is no return from this point forth. Since you broke into this place, you won't leave it alive."

Previously, the black head had spoken in Sanskrit, but this time, it was actually speaking in human tongue.

Buzz!

As soon as it had finished its sentence, the red lights in its eyes accumulated once again and were about to shoot towards the door. This time, they would have burned everyone since they were already accumulated there in a group.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two spear lights shot out and hit the bull's eyes, or rather, the head's eyes. Both of its eyes had now been replaced by two gaping holes.

Its eyes were gone, and the red lights naturally dissipated. This was a clever decision, but it was still not enough.

Even losing both of its eyes did not seem to be a problem for it. The two holes quickly healed and became a pair of eyes once again. The head chuckled malevolently, and red lights began to brew within its eyes once again.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zen raised his hand and stabbed the black head's eyes with the light beams once again.

"Agh..."

The black head seemed pissed at this.

The strongest trump card in its pocket, if it could have any, was the dazzling lights in its eyes.

If Zen kept on poking it in the eyes, it wouldn't have any way of fighting back. Although it didn't hurt, it was still extremely inconvenient.

Just as Zen had pinned down the black head, Campbell floated towards the door.

As a builder of the world, Campbell was not too strong, but was very familiar with the chaos, the Other Shore, and everything else that mattered to the construction of this place. When everyone saw him, they all moved aside.

Campbell reached out his hand and pressed it against the door. He rubbed it two times, as if to get a feel of it and then said something that shocked them all, "Something's very wrong with this door."

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others couldn't understand what he meant.

Poking the black head with the spear light once again, Zen turned around and asked, "What do you mean?"

"The door has been replaced," Campbell replied.

"So many years have passed. Maybe the original door was rotten, so it had to be replaced," Zen suggested.

However, Campbell shook his head. "No, it was just replaced. There..."

He pointed to another Pure Sky Platform in the distance.

A person was standing on that Pure Sky Platform, who looked somehow exactly like the black head.

When the man felt the gazes of Campbell and Zen turn towards him from afar, the corners of his mouth curled up, revealing a strange smile.

The black head also raised the corners of its mouth, revealing the same smile as the man's. They were one!

Chapter 4022 General

Upon seeing Zen's and Campbell's gaze shift somewhere else, all the others followed and looked towards the Pure Sky Platform.

When their eyes met the man on the Pure Sky Platform, they were shocked.

"Someone is there!"

"That person looks the same as the black head!"

"Who is he?"

Those who could stay in the Jade Pure Realm were by no means, ordinary people.

"Do you know him, Master Campbell?" Zen asked.

Campbell stared at the Pure Sky Platform as if he was searching his mind for memories of this person.

On the other hand, the man on the Pure Sky Platform flashed a strange smile, and so did the black head. He stayed silent, allowing Campbell to think harder.

As a world builder, Campbell focused on building one world after another, not caring about matters of the main world. When they encountered any trouble before building a world, they only needed to call the Ten Directions House.

The powerful warriors sent by the Ten Directions House would tidy up the messes for them.

Perhaps the ones that the world builders had the most contact with were the people of the Ten Directions House.

After he traced back his memories, something suddenly crossed Campbell's mind. He opened his eyes wide and pointed at the person opposite him. "I remember now. You are a member of the Ten Directions House. You are General Gianni!"

Generals were powerful warriors in the Ten Directions House.

There were many troubles in the main world, large or small–

if the world builders occupied the territory of some races in building a world, or if they needed to destroy the gathering places of some barbaric races, they would need the Ten Directions House to help them.

Under normal circumstances, they would not need generals to show up since the strength of ordinary warriors of the Ten Directions House was enough to solve these problems.

Once, a group of two hundred of them encountered the attack of the Tail Butterfly race. The two hundred builders were trapped, and the Ten Directions House sent three groups of warriors in succession but they all returned in failure. In the end, the Ten Directions House had to send six generals.

It was Campbell's first time seeing a general of the Ten Directions House, and this Gianni was the leader of the group at the time.

The six generals' strength was astonishing. All the members of the Tail Butterfly race were wiped out skillfully.

Although Gianni had left a deep impression on Campbell, they had only met once. The black head had Gianni's face–Campbell remembered it now.

"General Gianni, what exactly happened? Why had someone dared to kill us? I heard that even the Eternal Divine Courtyard has been abandoned. What happened inside the Four Spirits Sect?" Campbell demanded answers one by one.

Campbell had been attacked by the big-head monsters, he was also attacked by the black head that was suspected to be controlled by Gianni...

However, in his heart, he still regarded the Human Spirit Sect as his home and the Ten Directions House as something trustworthy.

He could only believe a portion of Zen's words and he wanted to verify it with Gianni.

"Hahaha..." Gianni made a series of sounds and began to speak Sanskrit. "If I were you, I would kill all of them and then commit suicide. At least, the Whining Road is a safe place where you can still live."

Zen's and Campbell's faces both darkened at Gianni's words. Campbell asked again, "What do you mean by that?"

"You are just a builder. Why do you have so many questions?" Gianni scolded him. "You just need to do as I say. I order you as a general of the Ten Directions House!"

Some things had already been arranged in the first chaotic era. The reason why Gianni appeared was only to get rid of the variables to their plan.

The world builders weren't strong, but they were too familiar with the chaos; thus, they could be considered one of the variables. That was why they had arranged many hostility-level Treacherous Beings here.

Every time any world builder entered this place, they would be thrown back to the Whining Road by the hostility-level Treacherous Beings.

Campbell had won the battle with the hostility-level Treacherous Beings this time, which alerted Gianni.

The generals of the Ten Directions House were existences enjoying high status in the main world.

A single word from them often determined either the life or death of a large race.

With Campbell's status, he could only obey their orders unconditionally. There was no way he dared to disobey.

"Kill them and commit suicide?" Campbell murmured.

Zen looked at Campbell calmly while he held the long spear in his hand tight. The silver-white Light of Annihilation slowly circulated the pattern of the spear's shaft, making its way to the tip. The Light of Annihilation could kill Campbell who was in the form of a Treacherous Being although he had already awakened.

"Master Campbell, your wish was to wake up. Do you still want to return to the Whining Road, to become a soulless Treacherous Being and drift through your life?" Zen asked.

Campbell glanced at Zen and then looked at Gianni in the distance.

He thought for a while before staring at Gianni with firmness. "General Gianni, I can return to the Whining Road, but please answer my questions first. Who on earth killed us, and why?"

A look of contempt appeared in Gianni's eyes, the same with the eyes of the black head. "Who do you think you are? Do you think you have become a somebody after you slept for so many years?"

"Buzz, buzz..."

Gianni's eyes began to flicker into a blood-red light, so did the black head's eyes. It was about to launch another wave of attacks, but before the red light could shoot out–"Pop, pop!" The two beams of silver spear radiance had once again pierced through its eyes.

Zen placed the long spear back on his shoulder and said, "More than one thousand chaotic eras have passed, and perhaps forces like the Ten Directions House and the Human Spirit Sect no longer exist. It's better to find clues by yourself than to ask this guy!"

Zen's voice came from his inner world. His voice wasn't loud, but Gianni had heard him through the black head.

In Gianni's eyes, the others were all irrelevant creatures except for the indestructible world builders.

Although Zen had pierced through the eyes of the black head many times, Gianni thought it was only the Light of Annihilation which achieved such a feat, not Zen's strength.

"Hahaha! You think you can leave now?" Gianni asked teasingly.

"You wouldn't know unless we give it another try, right?" The silver light on Zen's right hand began to radiate again.

"A bug full of itself. I'll let you have another try..."

As Gianni spoke, he took two steps toward the edge of the Pure Sky Platform. Round balls began to bulge from the skin around his neck as if eggs were moving from within.

At the same time, the big-head monsters began to shake below the black head. They started merging and fused into a large mass that spread in all directions–gradually forming the body of a black giant!

The black giant was over one hundred thousand feet tall and could cross the huge Pure Sky Platform in just ten steps.

In the distance, Gianni also tore his clothes as he trembled slightly. One after another, cracks appeared on the surface of his body, giving rise to countless eyes opening all over his body.

The black giant and Gianni moved in sync. Eyes also appeared on the surface of the black giant's body, and as they opened, the blood-red light began to gather again.

Chapter 4023 Seized

The red light glinting in so many pairs of eyes instilled fear in everyone.

This red light was fatal. Anyone exposed to it would immediately be reduced to a pile of dust.

How could they escape a weapon that was being released and concentrated on them by so many eyes?

"Back off!" Zen's face darkened at the sight of these eyes.

The Wing King, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, the Eternal Realm Hunters, and the people in black robes quickly stayed away from the door and retreated towards the edge of the Pure Sky Platform.

They were unable to escape the red light but there was still some room for them to dodge its attacks after they had distanced themselves from the black giant.

Even Campbell retreated along with them.

Zen was the only one to have moved forward instead of retreating.

For the safety of the others, he had to lure the black giant to the other side of the Pure Sky Platform and finish it off.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz..."

The presence of so many eyes took the black giant a longer time to accumulate the red light.

And Zen had already seized this opportunity to launch an attack.

"Break!" Zen shouted, jumping up.

His spear spun once, and came at the black giant's body.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish..."

Zen had earlier been afraid of using up the Light of Annihilation in the Holy Stone, which was why he had tried his best to launch as accurate an attack as possible. He didn't dare waste any light.

And now that he had burnt his bridges, Zen couldn't care less about anything else.

Rays of spear radiance whooshed through space and headed straight for the black giant.

The black head moved at a snail's pace in the beginning, an easy target for Zen. Now that it had a body, it was a complete entity, and under Gianni's control, it was more agile than Zen had imagined it would be.

The spear radiance that Zen had sent out was like a white glowing net, covering the vital parts of the black giant's body. With this round of attack, Zen planned to pierce through at least twenty pairs of the black giant's eyes.

But the moment the spear radiance approached it, the black giant took a single step to the side.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!

The spear radiance pierced through the black giant's body and created dozens of holes, but hit only one eye on its chest.

Zen was not surprised.

Gianni was by no means mediocre as a warrior from the Ten Directions House. One didn't earn Campbell's respect by being merely mediocre. It would be strange if Zen could finish off such an opponent with too much ease.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Zen had pierced through only one of the black giant's eyes, but more eyes opened on its body. The red light that had accumulated for a long time within them spurted out of them.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh...

About forty red light columns shot out from the black giant's body.

As the black giant continued to spin, the red light columns shot out randomly in all directions.

The light columns didn't disappear until they had extended to outside the Pure Sky Platform. No one could escape it.

"Disperse!" the Wing King shouted as a warning.

His wings flapped in the air, his strange posture making him look like water flowing towards the light columns.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others used different theurgies to dodge the light columns.

Squeak! Squeak...

King Ieuan's tiny size was an advantage that allowed it to escape easily. But no one knew where light columns would go or where they would emerge from. Sometimes, a light column seemed to be hurtling somewhere but would suddenly change direction without warning. King Ieuan was unfortunately unable to avoid the red light and was hit in the legs.

Its legs had already turned to ashes by the time it jumped up.

Pearson stretched out a hand as he saw King Ieuan fall backwards. A thin, almost invisible, spider thread wrapped around King Ieuan's body, lifting it up.

Pearson managed to save King Ieuan's life now. But yet another column of red light rose from his side and swept up towards him. He only had half his body left now, and his other half turned to dust.

Fortunately for Pearson, his body was special, having been originally woven with spider threads. His body hissed after losing half of it, following which, the disappeared half of his body returned to him, woven by the spider threads.

However, he was much shorter and paler than before.

The men in black robes were facing even worse.

The leader still had the power to protect himself. But his men almost had no power to resist the red light columns. If they weren't careful enough, the red light columns would find them and turn them into piles of dust.

The leader tried his best to save his men while dodging the columns himself but how would he make it in the face of so many red light columns coming his way? Three men in black robes had died in seconds.

"Whoosh!"

Zen sprinted forward for a while before a column came for him. He lowered his body and then rolled upwards into the air.

Whoosh!

The spear radiance transformed from the Light of Annihilation hit the black giant's legs, catching and decimating an eye on its leg.

Zen rose into the air again after killing the red eye. Before long, he rose tens of thousands of feet into the air to reach the same height as the black giant's head. The black giant looked at Zen and was about to send out a red light column when Zen's long spear began to shake and spear radiance once again shot out at the giant.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!

Zen fell down. Silver spear radiance continued to pierce through the eyes on the giant's body.

Although the black giant's eyes would regrow, Zen would try his best to destroy them in order to reduce the number of red light columns and also ease the pressure on the others.

On the other Pure Sky Platform, Gianni rolled his eyes when he saw Zen jumping up and down like a flea.

The human was quite fast, but that was just how the average person saw and understood it.

Zen was able to launch a series of attacks around the black giant because Gianni hadn't taken him seriously.

"What an annoying bug!" Gianni exclaimed.

And then, he suddenly raised his hand.

The black giant wasn't slower than Gianni just because of its huge size. In fact, the two of them moved almost in unison.

Gianni looked at the void before him and remained silent for a few seconds. He then reached out in the air suddenly, grabbing at it like he was catching a fly.

The black giant's right hand was doing the same thing at an incredibly high speed.

Zen concentrated on piercing through the eyes but he was also on guard against the black giant's hand. But he was astonished, for he had never thought that the black giant, who he had assumed to be clumsy because of its huge size, could be so fast.

By the time he realized that the giant's hand was coming for him, it was too late. The black giant had already scooped him up in its hand.

"It's over now. You can go to hell."

Gianni's voice sounded from the black giant's mouth.

He was speaking the human language. Fuxi, who was still dodging the red light columns in the distance, heard him. And so did the Snake Goddess and the others. They began to panic when they saw that the black giant had seized Zen.

Buzz!

The black giant also had an eye in its palm, and before long, the red light in it burst out of it.

Chapter 4024 A Human Shaped Coral

As soon as Zen was caught in the palm of the black giant, he tried to break free using his long spear.

However, the strength of the black giant was astonishing. No matter how hard Zen struggled, it didn't budge even an inch. It continued gripping Zen's body, rendering him motionless.

Buzz! Buzz!

The red light was activated again. This time, it was going to aim at Zen. Zen's eyes widened as he saw the red light shining upon him. It instantly drowned and engulfed him before he could even react.

"No! Zen!"

"Damn it! It was too late!"

"Zen, don't die!"

The red light that shot out from the black giant's palm was so deadly that it could instantly turn almost everything into dust.

When the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others saw how the red light engulfed Zen, they were all terrified.

Even Zen could be turned into dust with its power. Moreover, with the monstrous grip of the black giant, there was no way that he escaped.

Even the three Eternal Realm Hunters fell silent as they saw the scene.

There was no doubt that they thought so highly of Zen. He was the only reason why they got all the way here.

That was why they didn't expect that he would end up dying in this miserable way.

As they realized that even Zen could fall this way, they thought that they might also meet their end pretty soon.

The leader of the black-robed men stood there in a daze. He was obviously in a state of shock, but his thick robe prevented others from clearly seeing his expression.

Soon after, the black giant slowly opened its palm.

There, everyone saw the silver armor, the long spear, and some black ashes mixing with them.

On the other Pure Sky Platform, Gianni sneered as he saw the scene. He then tilted his hand that was stretched out slightly.

At the same time, the black giant that was under Gianni's control also tilted its right hand. Then, the armor, spear, and the clump of black ashes slid down from its palm and fell to the ground.

Seeing this, Campbell clenched his fist and bit his lip. He struggled so hard to complete his awakening, but now he was again on the verge of being killed without finding anything about the truth from the past.

Thump! Thump!

The black giant started walking, and its eyes were once again filled with the deadly red lights. At the same time, Gianni spoke in Sanskrit, "As I said earlier, it would have been less troublesome for you if you just killed yourself. Now, it's too late for that. Since you wait for me to act, I won't let you die so easily. Well, I can't totally eliminate you, but I can change your will. That way, the possibility of your awakening will be reduced, and you shall live in pain for eternity!"

Just when the black giant walked past the armor and the spear, the pile of ashes scattered on the ground began to move slowly.

The scattered ashes seemed like thousands of ants that gathered bit by bit. Then, in no time, they formed into a small pyramid, which was about ten inches high.

On the surface of the pyramid, bright red blood slowly gushed out.

The blood emitted a strange and powerful aura. As the aura quickly spread, everyone's attention was attracted to it.

"What on earth is that?" Campbell looked at the red blood on the pyramid of ashes behind the black giant. His eyes were filled with confusion as he tried to discern what it really was.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, the Eternal Realm Hunters, and the men in black robes all stared blankly at the blood that grew out from the ashes. It was slowly taking a form of a plant's root, extending upward little by little. As it gradually formed, it almost looked like a blood coral in the sea.

"What the hell?"

Gianni walked forward and stopped at the edge of the Pure Sky Platform.

He also started staring at the transforming blood that caught everyone's attention.

Then, he immediately felt a familiar aura coming from it.

'The ancestry-level bloodline?' he thought to himself.

Before Zen entered the Three Purities Stage, he got a hold of the ancestry-level bloodline. It dwelled in his body and gave him powerful, and sometimes, odd abilities.

Gianni was also familiar with the power of the ancestry-level bloodline, but he didn't know what ability this was.

Why was there a tremendous amount of aura from it? Gianni thought all about it and became more confused.

'What is this growing blood-red coral? Don't tell me—'

Before Gianni could finish his thoughts, the blood-red coral sort of sped up its transformation.

It continued to grow until finally forming a human-shaped coral.

As the human-shaped coral stood on top of the pyramid of ashes, it suddenly started absorbing all of the ashes beneath it.

At the same time, the human-shaped coral also reached out and grabbed both the silver armor and the long spear on the ground. The armor quickly clung to the surface of its body and it held the long spear in its hand.

Finally, the cubic stone wrapped with cracks returned to its hand, and the Light of Annihilation began to flow in its hand.

Buzz! Buzz!

In an instant, the armor and spear restored their silver luster.

"What is this kind of monster?" Gianni couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"He already turned into ashes, but he could still return to his original shape…"

"Is this Zen's ability?"

Everyone was in a daze as if seeing a miracle unfolding in their eyes again. During the battle at the Pear Hill, everyone clearly witnessed the prowess of Zen's ability. He could change into almost anything and suppress even the most powerful enemies.

But even so, no one expected this time that he would just rise from the ashes as if nothing happened.

They knew how powerful he was, but they still couldn't figure out how his ability worked.

Everyone who was witnessing Zen's surprising ability was even more shocked.

That included Campbell, who was still filled with disbelief.

Those who had been baptized by the ancestry-level bloodline were known to be very powerful.

Even being turned into ashes wouldn't kill Zen.

Gianni was gazing at the scene through the black giant for a long time now, but he still didn't understand what was going on.

He didn't know that the blood that transformed into the human-shaped coral was the ancestry-level bloodline itself.

He grew pissed at the thought that Zen completely withstood his strength and power.

"I don't know what you have experienced in the Eternal Divine Courtyard. Honestly, with such a unique ability, you're qualified to join the Ten Directions House. Unfortunately, you were not born at the right time!" Gianni lashed out as he slapped the ground with his hand.

Then, the black giant did the same and slapped the human-shaped coral on the ground.

Buzz! Buzz!

The deadly red light burst out from the black giant's palm and enveloped the human-shaped coral.

In the distance, the Snake Goddess took a deep breath and focused her eyes at the palm of the giant without blinking.

Then, the red light gradually dissipated. At the same time, the human-shaped coral also disappeared on the ground.

Soon after, everyone noticed that red corals were flickering on the surface of the black giant's arm. It was like they formed several meridians extending from its wrist up to its shoulder.

In addition to the red corals, there were also white bolts of lightning that flashed from time to time. It turned out that these were the Light of Annihilation.

Immediately after, the red and white lights intertwined and spread along its entire arm. In just a flash, its humongous arm collapsed.

Because Gianni was directly linked with the black giant, he instantly felt the pain in his right arm with the collapse of the giant's arm. "Aaargh! What did he do?!" He let out a painful scream as his face contorted.

Meanwhile, the red and white lights continued their assault and drilled into the body of the black giant this time. Gianni quickly held his chest as he felt like there was a piping hot iron stirring up his internal organs.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

With the power of the red and white lights, the giant's body collapsed and disappeared too.

Finally, they aimed and drilled into its head.

"No, no, no!"

Gianni clearly saw what the lights were after this time. He screamed furiously as he started feeling a sharp and piercing sensation in his skull.

Unfortunately for Gianni, he couldn't just undo his link with the black giant. It was purposely made in complexity, so it would take time to break it.

With that, he had no choice but to endure the severe pain brought by the red and white lights.

Chapter 4025 Another Accident

Gianni's wail echoed for a few seconds. At last, the black giant had finally collapsed.

Its huge body completely disappeared, and a human-shaped coral slowly descended from midair. When it reached the ground, its armor and spear fell off with a loud clatter.

Everyone stared at the human-shaped coral uneasily.

Could this be Zen?

Not long after, strands of tissue and muscle started to grow on the human-shaped coral.

They intertwined with each other to form muscles and bones, and then layers of flesh rapidly formed, till finally the human-shaped coral transformed back into Zen.

When she realized it was indeed Zen, the Snake Goddess sighed in relief.

Just now, she had been so nervous that she didn't realize she was holding her breath. Now, she could rest easy.

The three Eternal Realm Hunters' jaws dropped in shock. They could not understand what was going on.

They had seen many unique and magical creatures in their time, but they had never encountered such a powerful creature with such a strange form.

Campbell was the first to step forward.

Back then, on the Whining Road, he had instinctively chosen Zen's physical body because he had a feeling that Zen was stronger than the people around him.

After awakening, Campbell knew he made the right choice. After all, Zen was a talent who could be chosen to enter the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

However, even now Campbell kept discovering that he constantly underestimated Zen.

Zen's bloodline power must've been far stronger than he ever imagined.

"Your ability comes from the life quadrant of the ancestry-level bloodline, right? Such a powerful recovery ability may be the combination of several abilities in the life quadrant. You might even be a general of the Ten Directions House!" Campbell exclaimed excitedly.

In his eyes, the generals of the Ten Directions House were invincible.

And it was true. No matter what trouble the world builders encountered, as long as the Ten Directions House sent their generals out, there was no problem that couldn't be solved.

This was also the reason why Campbell was so respectful to Gianni.

"The life quadrant?" Zen thought for a moment. "Maybe..."

When he was enveloped in the red light, he felt the ancestry-level bloodline surging within him.

The ancestry-level bloodline was not under Zen's control. At the beginning, it analyzed the information contained in the fluctuation and passed it to him. When he came into contact with any energy, the ancestry-level bloodline would also analyze it and then gave him the energy to restrain it.

However, over time, the ancestry-level bloodline started to become cold to him. Now, if it wasn't a fatal threat, it wouldn't offer any help.

Just now, Zen fought the black giant head on because he wanted to activate the ancestry-level bloodline.

Campbell didn't ask Zen more questions about his bloodline. He turned around and looked at the other Pure Sky Platform. "But what on earth has General Gianni gone through? Why has he become so violent? Why is he so intent on throwing me back to the Whining Road?"

"The situation must be more complicated than you think," Zen said with a shrug.

On the Pure Sky Platform in the distance, Gianni was freed from the extreme pain, and his face darkened.

Campbell had awakened by accident, which was why Gianni rushed over. However, that wasn't the only accident that happened. A lowly human had managed to kill a resentment-level Treacherous Being! How inconceivable!

The Human Spirit Sect and the Ten Directions House always welcomed extraordinary talents, which was also the foundation for their growth.

However, some human spirits, like Gianni, looked down upon the human beings from the secondary worlds. In their eyes, although these human beings had inherited their looks and were very close to them in many aspects, they were still inferior.

And yet, that human was able to not only kill a resentment-level Treacherous Being, but also was reborn unharmed! How did he do it? What magic did he use?

A mass of black material floated up from the Pure Sky Platform where Zen and his companions were.

It was a remaining part of the black giant.

Then, the black material changed shape in accordance with Gianni's hand movements. Soon, it formed the shape of Gianni's head.

The head was about the same size as an ordinary head, and the aura of Treacherous Being contained within it was very weak.

The space of the Three Purities Stage was very special. Both energies and materials would disappear after they left the Pure Sky Platforms. Sounds worked similarly. Thus, this was the only way Gianni could use to transmit his voice.

"How many light pillars have you triggered in the Eternal Divine Courtyard? Which light pillars are they?" Gianni asked.

The ancestry-level bloodline had three hundred and seventy-three abilities, and they could combine with each other to create many other abilities. The

Four Spirits Sect had studied the ancestry-level bloodline for such a long time, but they were still unable to completely figure out its abilities.

The ability that Zen had displayed was very powerful, so Gianni wanted to figure it out.

"Sorry, I can't tell you that," Zen replied bluntly.

Gianni's expression hardened. "Aren't you afraid of death?"

"Maybe," Zen replied honestly.

Gianni's expression softened at his words. "You are of great value to us. I can spare your life, but you have to kill everyone else."

Hearing this, Campbell raised his eyebrows indignantly.

The others couldn't understand what Gianni was saying, but seeing Campbell's expression made them nervous.

Zen restrained his temper. With a smile, he asked, "Us? Who do you refer to? The Ten Directions House? Or the Human Spirit Sect?"

"You don't need to know too much. Just do as I say," Gianni said dismissively.

"Sorry, I'm not interested." With that, Zen summoned the long spear in his hand and pointed it at Gianni's head.

"Wait, wait!" Gianni said hurriedly. He didn't expect Zen would suddenly turn hostile.

However, Zen didn't give him a chance to finish his words.

The Light of Annihilation had pierced through the floating head and it burst into a cloud of smoke.

The long spear then flashed and pointed straight at the opposite Pure Sky Platform. Zen smiled faintly.

What he was interested in was Gianni's background. Since Gianni didn't want to tell him, there was no need for them to keep talking.

Gianni's eyes were filled with rage. He never thought Zen would attack him like that. This made him feel like he'd been fooled, and it was a lowly human who was fooling him!

"Contact the people of the Joy House and ask them to help!" Gianni ordered in a low voice.

A brown shadow appeared beside him. It was a kind of Treacherous Being that could transmit messages.

The surface of the Treacherous Being flashed for a while, and then it said, "Master Gianni, the people of the Joy House said they can't help right now. The Treasure Bottle Platform is being attacked."

"How dare they attack the Treasure Bottle Platform?" Gianni shouted indignantly.

"Even the Black House has rushed there, as the Joy House asked for help," said the Treacherous Being. "They are determined. They all want to obtain the energy that was extracted."

Gianni's expression darkened.

Chapter 4026 Treasure Bottle Platform

The Treasure Bottle Platform was also a Pure Sky Platform. At the center of this Pure Sky Platform, there was a treasure bottle as tall as a person, and this was how the platform had earned its name.

One of the Godly Ways extracted from the Ways-blending Energy had been sealed up in the treasure bottle. Its purpose was to make sure no complete Ways-blending Energy was ever loosed in the chaos.

Although the chance of completing the Ways-blending Energy was not significant, the feat was not impossible.

Should someone master the complete Ways-blending Energy, it would release terrible consequences, hence, the Treasure Bottle Platform was heavily guarded, and it was virtually impossible for anyone to break in.

More importantly, the secret key in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains was well-protected. It was in the possession of a few Treacherous Beings who had awakened, and it hadn't been discovered for more than one thousand chaotic eras. How had it then come to the knowledge of someone now?

Gianni sensed something unusual was afoot.

By comparison, the world builder opposite him was insignificant...

"You are lucky, but you will not be allowed to leave!" Gianni coldly said as he looked at Zen. Then he turned around and walked to the center of the Pure Sky Platform where he disappeared in the sudden flash of an orange light.

Of course, Zen and the others witnessed Gianni's departure.

"I'm afraid Gianni won't let this go," said Campbell worriedly.

Zen nodded and said, "Let's leave here for now."

At this moment, everyone's attention was once again locked on that door.

According to Campbell, the door had been replaced without anyone noticing. This door prevented anyone who entered the Pure Sky Platform from escaping it. There would be no easy escape as it was unbreakable.

"Let's work together and try again. No matter what, this door is merely an object, a dead thing. I won't believe that we can't open it with our combined efforts!" Fuxi suggested.

Previously, the situation had been dire, and everyone had tried to use brute force to open the door, but they had failed. Now that they had taken some time to consider it, everyone present was somewhat more optimistic.

"Everyone, let's use this." Thurston suddenly took out a small paper bag.

After opening the paper bag, a small block of hardened oil appeared, which wafted with a strange fragrance.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others didn't recognize it, but Eastern Emperor Taiyi's eyes lit up. "Is this Dragon Beast Oil? It's such a large block!"

"Yes." Thurston nodded.

The Dragon Beast was known to be a creature that lived in the Divine River. Once it was killed, one could strip off its skin, open its stomach, and source this kind of oil there. Applying this rare oil to one's hands would greatly increase their strength.

The Dragon Beast Oil was considered a rarity in the Flaming Maple Forest. After all, it wouldn't trigger any attack from the Flaming Maple Forest, and it could greatly increase one's own power.

This Dragon Beast Oil was therefore a treasure Thurston had cherished. However, now in order to escape, he had no choice but make use of it.

Everyone stretched out their hands, and Thurston applied the oily substance to them.

Even Campbell, who was in the form of a Treacherous Being, applied some of it.

Once Zen applied the oil to his hands, he felt warm. Then he felt strength flow through his hands. The oil had a magical effect.

Once everyone had applied the oil, the leader of the men in black robes summoned a small golden statue with a human face and the body of a beast. There were four round balls on its back, but three of them had been crushed. The leader said, "This treasure can double everyone's strength, but it has already been used three times. There is only one more opportunity remaining."

So saying, he reached out and crushed the last ball. With a crackling noise, two rays of golden light shot forth from the eyes of the golden statue.

As everyone stood in the halo of the golden light, they immediately felt the strength in their bodies rapidly increase!

Being able to increase the power of all the warriors within the golden light by double, the golden statue was naturally no ordinary object. However, it was a pity that it would now be useless since it was used up.

In addition to these two treasures, the others also revealed their own treasures.

The Other Shore Tokens in the Three Purities Stage were naturally not ordinary. For a moment, auras of all kinds of energy circulated about in front of the door.

When they were in a state of readiness, everyone began to pull at the door!

Facing the dragging of a terrifying force, the seemingly ordinary door began to tremble slightly.

"Come on, everyone. The door can't withstand much longer." Fuxi's eyes lit up.

As everyone's strength rapidly multiplied, the door shook more and more violently, as if it was about to collapse.

However, in the moment everyone anticipated the door's fall, a Sanskrit word suddenly appeared on the surface of it, and around the Sanskrit word there were intricate patterns that extended all the way to the edge of the door.

"Does this word mean 'seal'?" the Snake Goddess mused aloud as she looked in wonder at it.

The Wing King nodded. "Yes, it does."

Everyone present more or less knew some Sanskrit words, and they could even decipher some of the more complicated Sanskrit words. With this Sanskrit word being very simple, they easily got the meaning at a glance.

However, they only understood this word, but they were clueless as to the patterns on the door.

Campbell said to Zen, "It can't be opened. This is a sealed door, and it can't be broken by brute force alone."

"No matter the strength of power that is exerted on it, it can't be opened?" Zen asked in disbelief.

Campbell nodded. "Yes, no physical power can open it."

Once Campbell spoke, no one relaxed at all. They had forced out almost every drop of their strength, but the door simply stabilized after the word "seal" appeared.

After Zen conveyed Campbell's message to everyone, the Eternal Realm Hunters and the men in black robes immediately became discouraged. The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the other Eternal Realm warriors also gave up on trying to force the door open.

"It's such a pity that my Dragon Beast Oil has been wasted," Thurston said regretfully.

The leader of the black robed men merely shrugged his shoulders. It was obvious his golden statue was even more precious.

"What can we do now? If we can't open the door, we will be trapped here, won't we?" King Ieuan asked.

"Master Campbell, is there no other way to leave here?" Zen asked.

Studying the door for a long time, Campbell suddenly said, "Our last option is to destroy this Pure Sky Platform..."

"Destroy the Pure Sky Platform?" Zen repeated, aghast.

"Don't forget what I can do," said Campbell confidently.

Campbell's strength might be limited when it came to physical combat, but he was a world builder. All of the chaos had been constructed by him, so he understood the mysteries and principles within the chaos.

Previously, the only reason why Campbell hadn't destroyed the Pure Sky Platform was because he cared for the other world builders.

The other one hundred and ninety-nine builders in the Whining Road suffered the same malady as Campbell. Only once they returned here could they wake up.

But now, in order to leave, he had to sacrifice those considerations.

Facing the door, he swung about. Then he walked ten steps backwards, pointed at his feet and instructed, "Break open here."

Following Campbell's instruction, Zen wielded the long spear and stabbed where Campbell had pointed.

The ground of the Pure Sky Platform should have been impenetrable as the earlier fighting had done no damage to it.

"Crack!"

Unexpectedly, as Zen smashed the ground with the sharpened end of his spear, the ground cracked, revealing a rune buried within the soil.

Without so much as a glance at it, Campbell took another ten steps to the side and ordered, "Smash here."

Chapter 4027 Unfold

Zen followed and smashed down per Campbell's instructions.

Crack!

This last smash was strong enough and revealed a unique rune below.

Similar to the first rune, the second faced a different direction. They must be related to one another.

However, Campbell left out an explanation. He continued to walk in another direction, pointing at different areas on the ground, which signaled Zen to smash them open.

Crack, crack, crack, crack...

Zen had created more than twenty holes in the huge Pure Sky Platform. In each hole, they found a different rune.

When Zen formed the last hole, Campbell lightly pressed the rune inside. A ray of faint yellow light reflected out in response to Campbell's touch.

All of a sudden, the runes in the other holes lit up one after another. Once they were all glowing with yellow light, the ground trembled.

Bang!

A muffled sound echoed from the inside of the Pure Sky Platform as if something had just opened within it.

Just then, the Pure Sky Platform slowly rotated. The stone pillars that held the armors rose one by one. At the same time, a noticeable crack appeared right at the center of the Pure Sky Platform that revealed the inside of the platform. Within the shell-like structure were patterns and complex structures.

"The Pure Sky Platform is so ingenious," Fuxi praised.

"Just like the mechanical devices below the Myriad Pagoda Mountains." The Snake Goddess nodded in appreciation and then looked at Campbell.

"These things were probably crafted by the world builders."

"Whatever! I'm more interested in the armors! Squeak!" King Ieuan squealed, mesmerized by the display of armors within the stone pillars.

The first time they saw the armors and weapons, their interest was immediately piqued.

However, Campbell warned that the armors and weapons were protected by powerful restrictions. Afterward, they lost interest and focused on the Treacherous Beings.

Now that the entire Pure Sky Platform had unfolded, King Ieuan grew interested to obtain the armors and weapons.

"Zen, can we take some armors and weapons with us? Squeak!" asked King Ieuan excitedly.

If they utilized these weapons, they could also rely on the Light of Annihilation to get rid of the Treacherous Beings once and for all.

After pausing to think, Zen responded, "Master Campbell, these are useless if they remain here. May my friends have some? It would surely be an advantage and added protection if we go against the Treacherous Beings again."

As long as they could make use of the Light of Annihilation, everyone could defend themselves against the Treacherous Beings.

Hearing Zen's request, Campbell turned around and looked at him intently.

Though the two were at an understanding, Campbell still doubted if he and Zen were on the same side. This could also be due to his confusion with his future. As a builder of the world, he was originally a member of the Human Spirit Sect.

Having no idea what happened to his sect and why the Ten Directions House attacked him, he was full of anxiety and fear. This led him to question Zen and everyone around him, too.

At this point, Campbell was confused and troubled for a very long time.

"Do you still doubt our intention and background?" Zen asked as he noticed Campbell's sudden sadness.

"Yes," Campbell replied with a sigh.

Zen nodded. "I also do not know where you stand, but do not fear. Though you are confused now, we can help you find the truth. We will cooperate with you before we are sure of your standpoint."

Seeing the sincerity in Zen's expression, Campbell nodded in agreement. "You know, it doesn't matter whether I take a standpoint or not. If the Four Spirits Sect was really destroyed as you said, world builders like me have no place in the world. We are useless, hopeless, and abandoned."

It took Campbell more than a thousand chaotic eras to wake up. Since then, he'd grown weary and depressed.

"You belittle yourself." Zen shook his head. "If you are truly forgotten, the Ten Directions House wouldn't have sent people here, and Gianni wouldn't have rushed over!"

Zen's words comforted Campbell. "The armors and weapons cannot be given to anyone. The other world builders need these items when they wake."

The world builders journeyed far to the Pure Sky Platform to fulfill their wishes. As much as the others wanted them, the weapons and armors were necessary for awakening. They were not for Campbell to give away.

"Not to worry. The armors and weapons are not the sources of the Light of Annihilation," said Campbell as he pointed towards the bottom of the stone pillar. "That is where important things lie. Please, take them out."

Puzzled, Zen walked towards the stone pillar and reached out his hand to feel for the bottom of the pillar.

He pulled out a palm-sized cubic stone from below, which had a grain of white sand embedded at the center. Zen brought it back to Campbell and held it out. "What's this?"

"This is a Holy Stone, but a small one," Campbell said with a smile. "The Light of Annihilation in the armors and weapons comes from this grit-like Holy Stone."

Zen was unaware of this before, and his jaw dropped at Campbell's last line.

A Holy Stone the size of a grit could provide loads of Light of Annihilation. As he recalled, the Holy Stone snatched away from Les was a hundred times larger; no wonder the Light of Annihilation constantly flowed from it.

"The Light of Annihilation in these Holy Stones is replenished after it is used up. This is a powerful weapon against the Treacherous Beings, and everyone here can take one for themselves," Campbell said as he gestured towards the pillars.

After Zen told everyone what Campbell had said, their eyes widened in excitement, especially the three Eternal Realm Hunters.

The Light of Annihilation restrained Treacherous Beings better than any other method. No doubt it was a good weapon for the warriors to have.

With Campbell's permission, each of the others carefully took out a stone from the bottom of the stone pillar.

Once Campbell imparted the method of activating the Light of Annihilation to all of them, they put their stones away for safekeeping.

Afterward, Campbell observed the center of the Pure Sky Platform and spotted a wall beside the unfolded area. "It's time to leave here. Just need to break the wall."

Within a second, Zen flew forward and threw a heavy punch at the center of the wall.

Boom!

The wall immediately collapsed with a bang and revealed a small passageway. It was so short that the ceiling of the tunnel was the height of their hips.

Zen bent down and drilled into the passageway. They all moved forward, but at around two hundred feet, they were met with another wall. Zen did not hesitate and threw another punch.

Boom!

Once the wall collapsed, they were met with a large, luxurious pool.

They exited the passage one after another. When they saw the pool and the bronze statues again, they all took a breath of relief.

After the battle, the Eternal Realm warriors and the Eternal Realm Hunters did not suffer much loss. They were quite lucky to have done so.

However, more than half of the black-robed men were killed.

These men in black robes had a grudge against their leader. They risked their lives to follow Zen but inherited no benefits. Besides, many of them ended up being injured or dead for no reason.

However, the leader of the black-robed men comforted them, which allowed them to calm down eventually.

With the help of Zen, they had obtained the six-headed eagles' eggs, which meant that they saved the entire Night Being race. Because of this, they were indebted to Zen.

Moreover, they all obtained a piece of Holy Stone that they treated like a treasure. If they were faced with the Treacherous Beings again, they were prepared this time.

Chapter 4028 Reinforcement

At the edge of the Freezing Wilderness, there were two crystal-like ice frogs sleeping more than a hundred feet deep underground.

This certain species of ice frogs was very rare. As long as there was no external factor that would awaken them, they could continuously sleep for about a thousand years.

Thus, they were considered as one of the most popular Other Shore Tokens that could be found in the Supreme Pure Realm.

Crack!

Suddenly, a powerful force was digging from above. The huge vibration caused by it awakened the ice frogs.

Whoosh!

A white mist was released from their bodies. This mist was of extremely low temperature. It could not only form a protective layer on their bodies, but also freeze the surrounding enemies to death.

However, the digger from above, who was a fire spirit from the Element Spirit race, didn't have a hint of fear for the deadly white mist.

As the white mist surged up the hole that he was digging, the fire spirit just let out a mocking laugh. In an instant, his blazing flames dispersed all of the white mist.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The ravaging flames from the fire spirit poured into the pit and mercilessly melted the ice frogs and their protective barriers.

"Hmm. They're not here. Maybe I'll continue digging westward," the fire spirit informed.

The snow that had been piled up for countess years near the snow line to the east of the Freezing Wilderness had completely disappeared, thanks to the fire spirit. It now revealed a layer of frozen black earth, which was also dug open.

The members of the Element Spirit race continued to dig deeper.

At the same time, Claire floated in the air and was overseeing the digging process. "Can't you find them in such a large area?"

The Holy Wings Armor that was floating beside Claire was actually controlled by Gavyn. He then looked into the black ground and asked, "Is it possible that they entered the Wilderness of No Return?"

Hearing Gavyn's question, Claire narrowed her eyes and there was a hint of caution on her face.

It was true that the snow line had been erased before she arrived. Thus, she thought there was a possibility that Gavyn was correct.

"It makes sense, but were they that stupid to really do it? They couldn't come back if they entered that place. Weren't they afraid of death?" Claire was still suspicious of the suggestion.

"We don't know that yet. There's a possibility that they can find a special road in the Wilderness of No Return," Gavyn speculated. "I can at least give it a try."

With that, he gently raised his hand and a door formed by blue lights immediately appeared above the palm of the Holy Wings Armor.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Several fist-sized fire spirits were released from the Holy Wings Armor.

Upon closer inspection, these fire spirits were still in their childhood.

Since their intelligence was not high enough, they couldn't decide for themselves yet and they would just follow orders.

Upon seeing that Gavyn was about to send several young fire spirits into the Wilderness of No Return, Claire lashed at him, "What do you think you're doing? Do you have to sacrifice that large number of fire spirits?"

"What are you so mad about? It's so easy to produce them. You could give birth to millions of these spirits in the Holy Wings Armor.

What's there to lose?" Gavyn sneered as he shrugged his shoulders. The Holy Wings Armor immediately made the sound of metal rubbing against each other.

"You bastard..." Claire's face darkened. She couldn't utter another word upon hearing his reasoning. She began to regret helping Gavyn take control of the Holy Wings Armor.

It was true that Claire could produce millions of fire spirits. However, in her eyes, no matter how weak the fire spirits were, they were still members of the Element Spirit race. They weren't mere tools.

But Gavyn's perspective was different. In his mind, these young fire spirits were just a bunch of flames that couldn't think on their own. And he could use them however he wanted to attain his goal.

At Gavyn's order, the fire spirits crowded against one another. They excitedly gathered and formed a huge flame.

As the huge flame reached the edge of the snow line, it quickly rushed into the Wilderness of No Return.

Swoosh!

Phew! Phew! Phew!

Gavyn's plan was simple and straightforward. If they found the road that they were looking for, they could return, but if not, they would die.

With that, the first fire spirit rushed into the Wilderness of No Return without hesitation.

It kept running forward until it exhausted all of its energy. Eventually, its flame was extinguished.

One by one, fire spirits continuously jumped out of the huge flame and rushed into the Wilderness of No Return.

From afar, it could be seen that there was a slanted flame line spreading forward, which looked very shocking.

"Those humans destroyed the snow line. If they entered from a particular part of the snow line, we will definitely find that road," Gavyn said confidently.

Claire also knew that this method would work. However, she was against it knowing that several fire spirits would needlessly die.

Whoosh!

More and more fire spirits rushed into the Wilderness of No Return. Gavyn felt that they were getting closer and closer to the road that they were looking for.

Soon the fire spirits had reached a point that was just ten miles away from the road.

Then, there were just five miles to go.

Three miles to go.

When they were only about a mile from that road, it seemed that there was no fire spirit left to rush into the Wilderness of No Return.

"Wow, they were all used up. Release some more!" At Gavyn's command, the Holy Wings Armor opened a door formed by blue lights once more. This time, a mass of bright blue thunder spirits had come out. These spirits continuously crackled and also began to gather to form a huge source of a thunderbolt.

There was no stopping Gavyn. The Holy Wings Armor was under his control, so he would use every member of the Element Spirit race if needed, just to fulfill his goal.

Just when Gavyn was about to give the order to the thunder spirits, a familiar voice suddenly sounded in his and Claire's minds.

"Claire, Slade, you need to come back," the Eye Spirit said.

Hearing the message, both of their expressions became serious.

If the Eye Spirit was summoning them urgently, it only meant that there was a serious situation going on.

"What happened?" Claire asked straightforwardly.

"The Nihility race is attacking the Treasure Bottle Platform," the Eye Spirit answered briefly.

She was greatly shocked at what she heard. "Those bastards, how dare they?!" she yelled in anger.

On the surface, the Element Spirit Civilization was battling against the Nihility race on the Other Shore. But the truth was, there were two more powerful forces behind them.

The Treasure Bottle Platform had always been heavily guarded by the Element Spirit Civilization. But in fact, the powerful Treacherous Beings were also there. Since the Nihility race dared to make a move, they must be pretty confident.

"Come back right now. We need reinforcements," the Eye Spirit ordered.

Naturally, it was an urgent command that couldn't be disobeyed.

So, Gavyn raised his hand and ordered the thunder spirits to return to the Holy Wings Armor.

Claire also informed the other members of the Element Spirit race that were looking for Zen and his companions in the Freezing Wilderness. After all of the members had gathered and returned to the Holy Wings Armor, an authoritative voice sounded. "Hand over the control of the Holy Wings Armor, Gavyn."

The search for Zen and the others was just a special case. Since all the elders of the Element Spirit race had left, Gavyn was tasked to control the Holy Wings Armor.

But now that all the members of the Element Spirit race had returned and merged into Slade again, they had to ask Gavyn to hand over the control of the Holy Wings Armor.

"It's not necessary right now. Didn't you hear that the matter was urgent?" Gavyn replied.

He was actually yearning to control the Holy Wings Armor for a long time now, so he wouldn't just give it back so easily.

The collective consciousness inside Slade answered, "Yes, the matter's urgent. That's why you need to obey the order. Claire, do you think—"

Gavyn let out a cold snort, and Slade's voice suddenly stopped.

The internal world of the Holy Wings Armor was now controlled by Gavyn, so it was just easy for him to block their voices.

"I said it was not the time for that. Let's go!"

Whoosh!

Gavyn spread out the wings of the Holy Wings Armor and quickly flew forward.

Claire soared in the sky and looked at the back of the Holy Wings Armor. She kind of knew what Gavyn was thinking. Her eyes narrowed as she flew closely behind.

Chapter 4029 Giants In The River

Zen and his group returned to the pool and started to crawl along the long fishing rods.

When they reached the end of the rods, they then clasped the hooks with their fingers, swinging themselves down.

In the lead were Zen, Campbell, and Fuxi. Soon after, they returned to the cave.

The moment they stepped inside, they were stunned to find a huge pile of green crystals that filled the entire cave.

The abundance of crystals completely blocked the way in.

"What the hell is that?!" King Ieuan exclaimed in its surprise.

Taking a step forward, Fuxi gently tapped on them. Examining them cautiously, he commented, "This stuff is so dense. I'm afraid it won't be easy to break—"

Before he could finish the statement, the Snake Goddess interrupted him. "These crystals must be the Regal Jades from the Wing King's body. He was the last one to head up, so this must have been arranged by him to cover our rear."

"I think so," Zen agreed with a smile.

While the Wing King never mentioned it to him outright, Zen was rather familiar with these Regal Jades.

Once the black-robed men and the Eternal Realm Hunters followed suit and swung down, the Wing King was the last to return.

For the most part, he remained silent, bringing up the rear.

Walking to the pile of Regal Jades, he stretched out his wings and flapped at them. With that, the solid green crystals quickly melted like wax before fire and flowed toward the Wing King's body.

It wasn't long before he absorbed them all. Once he did, he stepped aside, remaining silent as usual.

In the past, the Regal Jade Civilization suffered a miserable failure when they developed a festering feud with the Nihility race. Ever since they encountered Zen in the Dark Region of Stage Thirteen, the Wing King favored Zen's superior talent, entrusting the hope of the entire Regal Jade Civilization to him.

And never had he regretted the choice, not even now. Zen had never disappointed him — instead, he greatly exceeded each and every expectation the Wing King had for him. Naturally, the latter was willing to devote himself to the man.

Once they left the cave, they returned along the path of the Wilderness of No Return.

The cave's exit stood close to the Divine River, only about thirty feet away.

Previously, Eastern Emperor Taiyi had been rather confident that this path would intersect with the Divine River. If they managed to enter it, he would have liked to dig into the soil for treasures.

Unfortunately, the cave leading to the Jade Pure Realm was the end of the path. Eventually, he had to relinquish the idea of entering the Divine River.

The minute they stepped out of the cave, the strange sight in the river had them all astonished.

Normally, the water in the Divine River was a dark-green color — the color of the Soul Interdicting Water which was preventive against Other Shore warriors from leaving the Other Shore.

The water's color never changed, save for when shoals of Golden Bites swam across the river, their bright scales illuminating the water with a golden shine.

But now, the water was dark red, emitting a strong smell of blood that spread across the river.

"How did the Divine River end up like this?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who happened to be the most interested in the Divine River, muttered to himself.

"It's the smell of blood," said the Snake Goddess, taking a whiff of the air. "I don't know whose blood it is but it seems to have been flowing in the river for a long time. It's beginning to decay…"

Apart from the smell of blood, another rotten odor was coming from the river.

"Have you ever seen the Divine River like this?" Zen asked.

Both the leader of the black-robed men and the Eternal Realm Hunters shook their heads vigorously.

The Eternal Realm Hunters were rather knowledgeable, having been around the Divine River for a long time. But even they were stumped — they had never seen it like this.

"A battle happened at the upper reaches of the river," Campbell suddenly remarked.

Only Zen could understand his language, but as soon as he opened his mouth, everyone tuned in attentively. They knew he was a world builder, after all — nobody in the entire chaos could know more about it than him.

"Do the upper reaches refer to the main Pure Sky Platform?" Zen asked.

Earlier, Campbell had told him that the main Pure Sky Platform was the real Jade Pure Realm. In the end, he surmised that the upper reaches of the Divine River indeed lay in the Jade Pure Realm.

To his surprise, Campbell shook his head. "That's not necessarily the case. When we planned the Divine River's basin, we led its water from the main Pure Sky Platform to some other smaller ones which made it meander several times…"

"The smaller Pure Sky Platforms? But they're not connected to each other. How could they become the Divine River's basin?" Zen asked in confusion.

"We used a special method, of course," Campbell said proudly. Once he got onto the subject of his major, there was no holding him back. "It's a permanent combination of different spaces. It's only in this way that we managed to put the completed Divine River into them..."

As Campbell continued introducing the mechanism, Thurston suddenly pointed to the distance and shouted, "Look there! Something is flowing along the Divine River!"

Immediately, everyone turned to where he was pointing. An enormous figure was floating on the surface of the blood-red Divine River — it was flowing rapidly toward them.

When it got closer, they finally got a clear look.

It was a giant's corpse, lying on his side in the water.

The giant seemed to have been ruthlessly skinned — one half of him soaked in the water while the other half floated on the surface.

Half of his exposed face was swollen from all the soaking, one of his eyes wide open with anger — he seemed to have died a highly resentful death.

On the giant's dead body hopped a flock of crows, pecking at his rotten flesh.

Each of the crows only had a single eye. Despite their small size, they exuded an indescribably evil aura — it was somewhat akin to the Treacherous Beings' aura, but not quite the same.

Soon, the one-eyed crows noticed Zen and the others on the shore.

As it turned out, the crows looked more interested in fresh prey than a rotten corpse.

With a loud caw…

One of the crows took the lead and flew away from the Divine River, heading straight for Zen's group.

But just as it reached about ten feet, an invisible force suddenly wrapped around its body, dragging it forward against its will. Failing to return to the river, it went straight into the depths of the Wilderness of No Return.

The same thing happened to the rest of the crows. Once they left the range of the Divine River, all of them were affected by the mysterious power, reluctantly flying toward opposite directions.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief at the sight. Their nerves had been going wild because the one-eyed crows seemed to be highly powerful creatures of the Jade Pure Realm. Nobody knew what abilities they possessed nor did they have any idea how difficult it would be to deal with them.

When Zen asked Campbell if he knew of these Other Shore creatures, the latter only shook his head in reply.

While it was true that he was a world builder, he already left to find the next suitable spot once the previous world was completed. Because of this, he knew little of the later developments in the secondary worlds. Without having experienced much of the chaos' development, he could only offer so much information.

For a while longer, they lingered on the bank of the Divine River.

In a short period of time, they witnessed six more dead giants flowing down along the river. With that, they concluded that the river must have turned red because of the great amount of blood from the giants.

Whoever had killed them, though, remained an enigma to them.

After taking the time to observe the area, they returned along the same path they had come. Encountering no obstacles in the wilderness, they found the journey back was rather smooth.

But when they arrived at the snowline, much to their surprise, they found an area of bare brown earth.

Chapter 4030 Divide Into Two Groups

Eastern Emperor Taiyi gazed around him, frowning. "If memory serves me right, this should be a thick snow field," he muttered.

The field was brown and completely devoid of any snow.

All the ground within a radius of several miles was sunken to a depth of over a hundred feet.

It seemed clear what had happened. The Element Spirit Civilization had dug far and wide into the depths of this former snow field.

The Snake Goddess shrugged, looking unperturbed. She said, "The Shadow Marks can last for five days. Although the Shadow Warriors didn't monitor us directly, it wouldn't have been difficult to find this place using the marks."

After entering that road in the Wilderness of No Return, the Snake Goddess had used her shadow to destroy the snow line.

In hindsight, it seemed to have been a wise decision. Otherwise, they would be blocked halfway by the Element Spirit Civilization.

They carefully observed their surroundings, keeping a sharp lookout for anyone from the Element Spirit Civilization. After they had ensured that they were alone, they crossed the snow line and returned to the Freezing Wilderness.

Immediately, the body of the Wing King began to expand. His human-shaped figure transformed into the form of a giant hawk, with a wingspan at least several hundred feet wide. He spread his wings and the group of people clambered onto his back, whereupon he soared into the open sky above the Freezing Wilderness.

When they were about a third of the way across the Freezing Wilderness, the leader of the black-robed men turned to Zen. He bid him goodbye and thanked him one last time.

Previously, he had decided to follow Zen as far as he could in order to repay him. Moreover, although their race had always lived in the Dark Region, they had a great relationship with humans.

While they had been able to offer some help during the fray, the leader was very clear that the true strength of the Night Being race could only be displayed in the Dark Region. Once they reached the Light Region, it would be difficult for them to fight against enemies. Indeed, they would only be a burden.

Before leaving, the leader gave Zen a piece of black silk. He explained that it was a way for Zen to call upon them for assistance—should the silk be torn anywhere in the Dark Region, the Night Being race would instantly know his location. Zen acknowledged the gesture, and the black-robed man left with his remaining clansmen.

After they departed, the Wing King spread his wings and rose once more over the vast Freezing Wilderness.

Occasionally, they caught sight of a few creatures in the snow below them. The creatures watched and pointed at the group flying in the sky, their faces filled with malice, as though they would attack them if given the chance.

However, the Wing King flew too swiftly for anyone to catch them. Before they could take action, he had turned into a green light and escaped far away.

Campbell stared out across the vast expanse of white snow. His eyes were hooded, but there was a glimmer of sadness in them. He had always wanted to awaken, but unexpectedly, he had been abandoned after awakening. For a long while he was silent as they flew. Then suddenly, he leaned closer to Zen and asked, "Can you tell me about what happened in the past? Can you tell me what history you know over the past thousand chaotic eras?"

Zen did not look surprised at the sudden questions. He nodded and gave Campbell an overview of the chaos history he was familiar with. Of course, there was some sensitive information that he kept to himself.

Campbell listened closely. When Zen was done, he asked, "So the two strongest forces in the chaos are the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race?"

"Exactly," Zen replied, nodding.

"Yet they are only puppets, controlled by unknown forces with their own ulterior motives," Campbell remarked disapprovingly.

Zen raised an eyebrow, considering Campbell's statement. He said, "I think so too."

Zen himself had not realized this before entering the Supreme Pure Realm.

As he got to know the Treacherous Beings and met Gianni of the Ten Directions House, he had learned more about the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race. In reality, their backgrounds were quite complicated, and a far cry from the simple history he had imagined.

"You are all alone with no reinforcements. It's really surprising that you have come this far," Campbell observed, turning his head to look at the Eternal Realm warriors on the back of the Wing King.

Although Campbell had not been very strong back then, he was clear about the strength of this group of Eternal Realm warriors. It was impossible for them to fight against the forces behind the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race.

"That's right," Zen agreed. He decided to take the opportunity to request help from Campbell. "I hope that you can help us complete the Finale Way and prevent the chaos from being destroyed again."

The chaos had been destroyed repeatedly because the Four Spirits Sect needed to extract energy from it.

Campbell lowered his head, saying nothing. After several moments of contemplation, he said, "If you are correct that the Four Spirits Sect has been exterminated, then it is indeed meaningless to continue destroying the chaos. I can help you to figure out the truth, but I must also save my companions from the Whining Road. I need to awaken them."

"We will awaken them. I believe it can be done without any trouble," Zen said with a confident smile.

Zen and his group had gained a preliminary understanding of the Treacherous Beings from his communications with the leader of the black-robed men on the Pure Sky Platform.

The Treacherous Beings were divided into several types in accordance with their different wishes. For instance, those on the Whining Road belonged to the attaching type. They sought to possess other living beings in order to go to the Pure Sky Platform and retrieve everything they'd had before their death. If they were successful in completing this goal, they would naturally awaken.

Thus, they only needed to send some creatures into the Whining Road and allow the Treacherous Beings to possess them. The Treacherous Beings would wake up after they went to the Pure Sky Platform to get what they wanted.

Zen turned to the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others. He told them, "Master Campbell wishes to awaken his companions."

They knew Campbell was referring to the one hundred and ninety-nine Treacherous Beings on the Whining Road.

"Wake them up, you say?" said King Ieuan. It mulled over the idea. Meanwhile, the Snake Goddess was thinking quickly, formulating a plan. She said, "In that case, we must capture one hundred and ninety-nine creatures on the Other Shore. We will bring them into the Whining Road."

Fuxi said, "It shouldn't be difficult. Although the creatures in the Three Purities Stage are not to be trifled with, there are still some relatively weak races. As long as we have enough time, we can do it. But of course, the top priority right now is to save the heroes of the human race."

Based on the plan devised by Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven, they would begin to rescue the human heroes trapped in the underground after entering the Supreme Pure Realm. But they had lost time while Zen was possessed by Campbell.

It would take a long time to save the Treacherous Beings on the Whining Road now.

When Fuxi finished speaking, something began flowing from the back of the Wing King. Dark green liquid oozed out from beneath the feathers. The green substance pooled together and rose to form a body, turning into a human-shaped Regal Jade statue.

"Zen, ask if this Regal Jade statue can be used," the Wing King instructed.

Zen asked in Sanskrit, "Master Campbell, will your companions possess this Regal Jade statue?"

Campbell studied the Regal Jade statue, then nodded. His eyes brightened with satisfaction. "Yes, they will!"

In fact, the Treacherous Beings on the Whining Road didn't need to possess other creatures to awaken. The reason for possessing other creatures was their desire to use the Light of Annihilation to kill the Treacherous Beings with big heads. But now that all such Treacherous Beings had been killed, they could simply walk straight out of the Whining Road.

However, they still wanted to realize their long-cherished wishes. The Regal Jade statues made by the Wing King would lead them out of the Whining Road and enable them to reach the Pure Sky Platform.

"Well then, we can divide into two groups. I will go to the Whining Road to awaken those Treacherous Beings, and you go to open the underground passage to save the heroes of the human race," said the Wing King gravely.

The Snake Goddess nodded. "I agree. It's a good arrangement."

There was an empty thatched hut since Campbell had left the Whining Road, and it would be safe for the Wing King to enter it alone.

As soon as everyone had voiced their approval of the plan, the Wing King sent them to the Myriad Pagoda Mountains. Then he changed his route. Wings spread, casting an enormous shadow on the ground below, the giant hawk flew alone towards the Blood Swamp.

Chapter 4031 On The Treasure Bottle Platform

In the Jade Pure Realm, on the immense, hundred mile long and wide Pure Sky Platform, stood a huge treasure bottle in the shape of a gourd.

It was crystal clear and beamed magnificent colors as light reflected off it and refracted through it.

A wide river flowed beside the treasure bottle, appearing out of the void of the Jade Pure Realm and passing through the Treasure Bottle Platform.

This was the famous Divine River.

Many giants' corpses lay on either side of the Divine River.

Blood gurgled from their bodies and into the river through the drains, dying it a blood red.

A fat monk stood beside the corpses, smiling relentlessly. He appeared kind and friendly by his face, but the blood soaked into his robe said otherwise.

He grabbed a corpse and pushed it into the Divine River.

Splash!

The body drifted down with the current.

On the opposite side of the river, a woman in a long robe was covered in blood as well, her once pure white robe now a deep red. Like the fat monk, she too was pushing corpses into the river.

The fat man might have looked like a monk, but he was in fact a Taoist priest. His name was Darby and he was the eldest disciple of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The woman was Stella, the youngest of the Grandmaster of Heaven's disciples.

"I did not expect our master to kill so many giants in only three days. His strength must have increased significantly," sighed Darby.

The giants in the Jade Pure Realm possessed terrifying strength.

Facing so many was incomprehensible. If Darby came face to face with just one, he would be forced to retreat.

Being the eldest disciple, not only did he have all kinds of treasures, but the bloodline he had obtained from the Eternal Scroll Painting was extremely magical too. He was definitely among the top figures of the many Eternal Realm warriors.

A speck of worry appeared in Stella's eyes. "Our master has indeed become stronger, but did you notice that he seemed almost entirely not himself during the battle?"

"It's understandable. He was so determined to kill his opponents that perhaps he forgot himself a little and was not as kind as usual," Darby said as if this was common knowledge.

But Stella shook her head and replied, "No, it was more than that. It felt to me that he was possessed by a Treacherous Being.

Do you remember how our sister died?"

Darby darkened at the mention of their sister and scolded, "Don't ever mention her again!"

The sister they were talking about was the second disciple of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

She took care of Samantha, Sienna and Stella like a mother and they treated her as one.

The Grandmaster of Heaven once encountered a powerful enemy and in the heat of battle, he lost control. He bullied his opponent back, forcing him to retreat before he slaughtered him like a mad man.

Although he was victorious, in his wildness, he had accidentally killed his second disciple.

This shadow of hurt had always lingered in Stella's heart. It was a difficult reality for all three sisters to face.

Stella had buried the matter within the depths of herself, but the way the Grandmaster of Heaven mauled his way through all the giants in a craze brought it all back.

She had been standing close to one of the giants as he rampaged. If Darby hadn't dragged her away, the Grandmaster of Heaven would have killed her as well.

When she looked into his eyes, an uncontrollable shiver ran through her. As she looked at him, he was not a person anymore, but a disgusting Treacherous Being.

They had won the battle on the Treasure Bottle Platform, but the thought of the look on her master's face unearthed memories of her big sister and made her terribly uneasy.

She hadn't expected such a harsh reaction from Darby when she mentioned their dead sister.

But Darby's heart softened when he saw the grief on her face and immediately made an attempt to comfort her. "Master has his worries too. Many things are not as simple as they seem. How do we fight the Element Spirit Civilization? Do you think it's possible for Master to do this alone?"

As the outside world saw it, the Grandmaster of Heaven alone led the Nihility race in the fight against the Element Spirit Civilization. However, very few knew the truth and even Stella and her other two sisters were clueless as to it.

Stella pursed her lips and calmed down, admitting in a low voice, "I know. No matter what kind of person he is, he will always be my master."

Splash!

Darby pushed another giant's corpse into the Divine River and the water rippled as it fell. With a smile, he said, "That's right. We shouldn't doubt our master."

Many of the elites of the Nihility race were from other races, but only nine, including the Grandmaster of Heaven, were humans. Naturally, they had always been close with one another.

Four red spheres floated under the massive treasure bottle.

Powerhouses of different shapes floated in these red spheres. They all advocated the Nihility Way and some were leaders of their races on the Other Shore.

With their faith in the Nihility Way, they did all they could to destroy absolutely everything, and so it made sense for them to follow the

Grandmaster of Heaven.

They were Ewing, Sloan, Phelps and Larson.

They each used their own theurgies in an attempt to open the treasure bottle.

But all their efforts were in vain as the bottle remained motionless. On the bottle was a single Sanskrit word, "seal", and around the word were thick lines that extended all over the bottle.

They knew the sturdiness and stubbornness of the bottle were related to the word on it, but none of them could find a way to break it.

"What on earth is in the bottle that the Element Spirit Civilization has to protect it like this?" Ewing's rough voice asked from one of the red spheres.

"In addition to the numerous giants, there are also so many hostility-level Treacherous Beings. Whatever is in this bottle must be very valuable," Phelps speculated.

"I didn't expect us to not be able to open the bottle after we took the Treasure Bottle Platform. This is really embarrassing."

As the four were deep in discussion, the Grandmaster of Heaven sauntered over.

He wore a golden robe that fluttered even though there was no wind. He was a truly intimidating figure to behold.

Swish!

He stretched out a hand and drew a black dagger from his waist. It was not made of gold, copper or jade, but instead looked like the tooth of some kind of monster.

"That's the tooth of someone in the darkness! How did you get that?" Sloan, who looked like a cat and was the first on the left, asked.

The Grandmaster of Heaven didn't answer him. He leaped gracefully and nailed the black dagger firmly in the Sanskrit word, and the lines strewn across the bottle began glowing as he did.

The light faded and the lines that had been used to sustain the bottle turned into cracks.

A pale yellow energy emitted from the bottle, shocking the four powerful creatures when they saw it.

73
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 4032 Meows
Chapter 4033 Possession Of Treacherous Beings
Chapter 4034 Powerful Weapons
Chapter 4035 Cat And Saber
Chapter 4036 Illusory Star
Chapter 4037 Stone Men
Chapter 4038 The Broken Passageway
Chapter 4039 The Possibility Of Repair
Chapter 4040 The Lake
Chapter 4041 The Strange Pattern
Chapter 4042 The Ghost Powder
Chapter 4043 Collecting
Chapter 4044 The Sacrificial Site
Chapter 4045 The Eye
Chapter 4046 The Glazed Crystals
Chapter 4047 The Arcanum
Chapter 4048 The Thorny Treacherous Being
Chapter 4049 A Trace Of Humans
Chapter 4050 Plunder
Chapter 4051 Gained Little
Chapter 4052 Sacrifice
Chapter 4053 The Birdcage
Chapter 4054 Holy Stones
Chapter 4055 Exposure
Chapter 4056 Mess Up
Chapter 4057 Cooperation
Chapter 4058 Allies
Chapter 4059 Attack The Amber Cave
Chapter 4060 Snake Master
Chapter 4061 The Obsession Of Birds
Chapter 4062 The Mist City
Chapter 4063 Studying
Chapter 4064 The Second Insurance
Chapter 4065 Another Observer

Chapter 4066 The One Who Rang The Bell
Chapter 4067 In The Mysterious Yellow Tower
Chapter 4068 The Water Drop Cave
Chapter 4069 Worry
Chapter 4070 Encounter
Chapter 4071 Break Free
Chapter 4072 Deduction
Chapter 4073 Out Of Contact
Chapter 4074 Selection
Chapter 4075 Cary
Chapter 4076 No Way Back
Chapter 4077 Cyan Skin
Chapter 4078 Decker's Courage
Chapter 4079 The Human Great Ghost Priest
Chapter 4080 Disadvantage
Chapter 4081 Verify
Chapter 4082 Conditions
Chapter 4083 Return The Energy Souls
Chapter 4084 A Sign Of Awakening
Chapter 4085 The Thirteen Teeth Necklace
Chapter 4086 A Dream
Chapter 4087 Turning Point

Chapter 4032 Meows

The four powerful creatures didn't quite expect that the energy inside the bottle would be so feeble.

"Huh. The aura of this energy is awfully weak."

"Apparently, this is the aura of the Godly Way. But is it really a Godly Way?"

"Indeed, the aura is extremely unusual. Upon closer inspection, it doesn't belong to any of the three thousand Godly Ways. However, it does look like the aura of the Godly Way."

And even if their cultivation of a Godly Way actually reached the peak level, they would merely acquire one divine megaton of force. Why on earth would they be interested in it?

At any rate, they had been staying in the Supreme Pure Realm for such a long period of time. This meant that they weren't aware of the news circulating in the Grand Plain Stage.

In addition to that, the Grandmaster of Heaven had never divulged any information regarding the Evil God.

"I assure you, this is indeed the Godly Way energy," the Grandmaster of Heaven stated frankly. He didn't want to beat around the bush.

The four red spheres were rotating simultaneously. When they heard the Grandmaster of Heaven's confirmation, they exchanged meaningful glances.

They paid a great price in order to capture the Treasure Bottle Platform. Despite that, all they got was the Godly Way energy. They couldn't accept that this was it.

They had a hard time wrapping their heads around it. Was the Grandmaster of Heaven insane? They all thought so. Why else would he choose to grab this?

Nevertheless, the Grandmaster of Heaven always had the most accurate predictions. He even managed to help them escape from death countless times. Obviously, he would never do such a boring thing.

"So what's the use of the Godly Way energy anyway?" Phelps decided to go along with the Grandmaster of Heaven's train of thought. He might as well learn what his purpose was.

"You are from the Other Shore. Therefore, you have never set foot in the chaos before. Ewing, go ahead and tell him what the use of the Godly Way energy is," instructed the Grandmaster of Heaven.

While Phelps was from the Other Shore, Ewing, on the other hand, was from a ruling civilization that existed in the chaos.

When the Grandmaster of Heaven called his name, Ewing had an inscrutable expression on his face. "The Godly Way energy helps one reach the consummation of True God Realm and subsequently break through to the Other Shore Realm," he answered.

When Phelps, Sloan, and Larson heard his answer, they merely broke into laughter.

The Other Shore Realm was quite insignificant to them.

The Grandmaster of Heaven slightly turned blue in the face as he restrained himself from reprimanding them. He turned around to face Ewing and asked, "Do your race not cultivate the Ways-blending Energy?"

"Huh? The Ways-blending Energy? Why would we? Isn't it just a waste of time?" Ewing questioned. In his honest opinion, cultivating the Ways-blending Energy was far inferior to entering the Other Shore. As a matter of fact, most of the Other Shore Realm warriors had the same notion even until now.

The Grandmaster of Heaven sighed and felt a bit frustrated. "The main reason why the Ways-blending Energy isn't that strong is that it has always been flawed. Remember, the six great truths are all derived from the Ways-blending Energy. The complete Ways-blending Energy is actually very powerful."

Even as he tried to explain it, Phelps, Larson, and Sloan still didn't understand what he meant. After all, the three of them were from the Grand Plain Stage on the Other Shore. And there, they had almost no chance to learn about the concept of the Godly Way.

However, Ewing had a serious expression on his face. He felt like he had heard of this before.

When he was still in the chaos, he didn't cultivate the Ways-blending Energy. However, his now deceased brother was very obsessed with it. His brother had actually spent a lot of time on it. Sadly, the final result was not good.

Later on, his brother told him that the Ways-blending Energy was extremely powerful. The only drawback was it could be extremely difficult to blend the Godly Ways. More importantly, the energy was incomplete and defective.

At that time, Ewing didn't take his brother's words seriously. He simply thought that he had failed in cultivating the Ways-blending Energy, so he just used it as an excuse to save face.

What the Grandmaster of Heaven said strongly reminded him of what his brother also told him once before.

"The complete Ways-blending Energy may be extraordinarily terrifying," Ewing mumbled quietly. The words came out of his mouth as though from a long forgotten memory.

The Grandmaster of Heaven smiled when he heard this. "That is precisely why I wanted to attack the Treasure Bottle Platform."

As soon as he finished talking, he took out a small bottle. "Collect!" he said to the pale yellow energy floating in the air.

Swoosh!

The bottle gave off such an attraction force.

The pale yellow energy floated noiselessly in the air. Trapped in the treasure bottle for many chaotic eras, it had now become intelligent. It was struggling very hard to get out of that attraction force.

However, it was too weak to resist it. Soon enough, it was sucked into the bottle.

At this very moment, everyone heard a strange sound out of the blue.

"Meow..."

The meow was very soft. It was almost like a newborn kitten's cry.

They could tell that the voice came from afar but it could be distinctly heard from all over the place.

"Is there a kitten somewhere? I heard a meow," Stella asked confusedly.

She had just thrown a giant's corpse into the Divine River. However, even the loud splash of the water was unable to cover up the meowing sound.

Darby was a lot more sensitive than Stella was. Without warning, his spiritual sense had spread out and covered the Pure Sky Platform. Instinctively, he turned around and aimed at the northern area.

The Grandmaster of Heaven brought out a wooden cork from his waist band. There were elegant runes carved on the cork. With it, he covered the mouth of the bottle and gently tapped the runes with his fingertips.

Buzz!

The runes on the cork flashed and firmly sealed the bottle.

After that, the Grandmaster of Heaven raised his head and smiled at the void. "I have a question for you."

He held the bottle firmly in his hand and shook it. The bottle had an interesting feature. It would change its color in accordance to the color of the thing inside it. Therefore, the elegant white porcelain bottle had now turned yellow.

"Now that the Godly Way energy has been successfully extracted, why should you not destroy it right away?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked.

"Meow..."

They heard another meow echoing through the entire area.

"There may only be one truth," the Grandmaster of Heaven answered the question himself. "The energy of the entire chaos is constant. Even if you destroy this Godly Way energy, it would just be reproduced somewhere else in the chaos. Is my speculation correct?"

"Meow..."

The meow had gotten even louder and much clearer.

In an instant, they seemed to realize that it had a terrible magic power. As the sound faded away, everyone who heard it felt agonizing pain in their ears. It was almost as if they were actually getting clawed by a cat.

"Ouch! That hurts!"

Stella screamed and covered her ears with her hands.

When he saw this, Darby turned his hand upward and a small golden bell appeared on his palm.

He loved collecting treasures. He carried over a thousand of them with him all the time.

He gently tossed it upwards. In the blink of an eye, the small bell turned into a big golden bell that covered him and Stella. At the same time, it kept chiming softly, which effectively alleviated the pain in their ears.

Phelps, Larson, Ewing, and Sloan also used their own methods of protecting their ears from the shrill and piercing cries.

On the other hand, the Grandmaster of Heaven remained standing still and made no effort to cover his ears. He merely stared toward the north.

From the outside of the Treasure Bottle Platform, an enormous cat head slowly appeared. It had a white ball embedded on the top of it, which was filled with numerous eyeballs. They noticed that these were not illusory eyes, but real ones. Each and every one of them was connected by blood vessels in a very complex manner.

This being was actually the leader of the Element Spirit Civilization, the Eye Spirit.

All of a sudden, a booming voice came out of his body.

"Do you really think you can easily get away with something that is not yours?" he asked them in an intimidating manner.

"Shouldn't the Treasure Bottle Platform be a trap? It could be just like what I did to those puny humans before?"

"What do you think?"

After the Eye Spirit finished talking, Phelps, Larson, Sloan, and Ewing felt ill at ease. Meanwhile, the Grandmaster of Heaven remained as calm as usual.

Chapter 4033 Possession Of Treacherous Beings

The Element Spirit Civilization had always regarded the Treasure Bottle Platform as a very important place for their race. It was heavily guarded by the Joy House.

For the longest time, the members of the Nihility race had never even considered attacking the Treasure Bottle Platform.

But this time, the Grandmaster of Heaven was able to lead them inside. They fought their way in and killed all of the members of the Joy House. The plan went too smoothly that it felt like a trap.

The Grandmaster of Heaven looked around then sneered. "It has taken me some time before I managed to lure out and vanquish the ghosts of the Joy House. But now, it seems like they were just baits. Does it mean that this is some sort of bait as well? Or are you freely handing it over to me?"

After saying this, the Grandmaster of Heaven faced towards the Eye Spirit and shook the pale yellow bottle in his hand.

All of a sudden, one of the Eye Spirit's eyes opened wide and fixed its stare at the bottle. It glared with such force that...

Swoosh!

The Grandmaster of Heaven's arm was completely chopped off by the eye's intense stare. The severed arm still held the bottle in its hand. Both had instantly disappeared and reappeared beside the Eye Spirit.

"Grandmaster of Heaven! Your arm..." Phelps yelled in shock. He stared at it with a frown.

Ewing, Sloan, and Larson exchanged nervous glances. They couldn't believe what just happened.

However, they thought the Grandmaster of Heaven wouldn't have been so careless. Maybe he had a trick up his sleeve. Nevertheless, they were still a little worried when they saw his bloody arm.

They needed not worry because at the next moment, the arm and the bottle that appeared beside the Eye Spirit suddenly exploded. They merely turned into a mass of colorful smoke.

Seeing this, the Grandmaster of Heaven smiled and calmly took out a white silk cloth to cover his wound. Astonishingly, the broken arm had been recovered when he pulled the silk cloth off. The bottle was still in his hand. He continued to shake the bottle towards the Eye Spirit. "It was simply magic."

All at once, each and every eyeball on the Eye Spirit's body blinked. They looked at the Grandmaster of Heaven with disgust and pure loathing. "There is no way I'd let you have the Godly Way energy! You won't be able to get out of here alive!"

"Meow!"

The huge cat under the Eye Spirit got up with its back arched. Its fur stood on its ends as it started to emit an extremely foul and repulsive aura. This was a resentment-level Treacherous Being. It was known to be exceptionally powerful among its kind.

The revolting aura immediately began turning into visible black waves.

Darby's golden bell was a powerful defensive treasure. However, the surface of the bell was instantly riddled with holes as the black waves washed over it. Under the pressure of the black waves, Stella was about to collapse.

"Darby, take Stella away from here," the Grandmaster of Heaven ordered at once.

"Yes, Master! Right away!" Darby bowed obediently and asked, "But can I stay and fight here afterwards?"

However, the Grandmaster of Heaven merely gave him a cold look so he didn't say anything else.

As soon as he put away the golden bell, a silver curtain appeared in his other hand. He wrapped himself and Stella with the silver curtain and quickly dashed towards the other side of the platform.

He was the Grandmaster of Heaven's eldest disciple. Therefore, he clearly knew how and why his master had suddenly become so powerful.

Whenever a battle involved Treacherous Beings, the Grandmaster of Heaven would no longer be human. He would transform into a Treacherous Being, or half human and half Treacherous Being.

There was a time when Darby also wanted to obtain such power. He thought it was a very convenient and useful ability.

Therefore, he and Maynard Zhao had made so many requests for their master to teach them.

After all, they often had to face Treacherous Beings whenever they traveled within the Three Purities Stage. It seemed reasonable that they learned how to use that power as well.

It didn't matter whether the Treacherous Beings were strong or weak. They always had no other choice but to run away from them. It was even difficult for them to move a single step when faced with these monsters.

Nonetheless, the Grandmaster of Heaven refused their requests right off the bat. In return, he gave each disciple a strange stone. The Light of Annihilation was contained within each of the stones. It could easily kill the Treacherous Beings.

All of his eight personal disciples had one.

Even though the stone was only the size of a small bean, the Light of Annihilation contained inside it could effectively slay the Treacherous Beings.

Stella, Sienna, and Samantha were the weakest among the disciples. But even they could kill the Treacherous Beings with the help of their stones.

Whoosh!

After Darby and Stella gained enough distance, they noticed a lump of soil rising from the flat ground in front of them. It was like a tomb without a tablet.

When Darby saw the bump, he instantly pulled the silver curtain and released Stella from it.

Stella was the youngest disciple of the Grandmaster of Heaven. Despite that, she was not easily scared. In fact, she was quite courageous. The lump of soil emitted a disgusting and foul aura. It was most likely that there were Treacherous Beings hiding underneath it.

Swish!

She promptly turned around and swiftly pulled the sword strapped on her waist. She maintained her stance and observed silently.

The stone given by her master was embedded in her sword. In this way, she would be able to inflict serious damage to a Treacherous Being.

Stella wouldn't normally use this sword to defend against any other enemy. But whenever she encountered a Treacherous Being, the sword would always come in handy.

Buzz! It started emitting a powerful energy.

She raised her long sword then positioned it horizontally at the level of her head. The stone embedded on the hilt was emitting the Light of Annihilation. It began covering the edges of the sword.

Meanwhile, a long stick appeared upon Darby's shoulder. His stone was embedded on the center of the stick. The Light of Annihilation emitted by the stone radiated towards both ends of the stick.

The creatures under the bump seemed to have noticed the enemies outside. Before long, some monkeys came out one after another. At that point, Darby and Stella were able to identify them as hostility-level Treacherous Beings.

Hostility-level Treacherous Beings were relatively weak. They could easily take them out if there were just a few of them. Unfortunately, they came in a large number this time.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! One by one the monkeys began to move.

As the monkeys charged at them, Stella's eyes gleamed in anticipation. The sword radiance danced around her. The Light of Annihilation had swiftly and methodically cut into the bodies of monkeys. It effectively obliterated their shapes.

In the meantime, Darby's long stick released thousands of white stick shadows. It smashed the monkeys into pieces in the blink of an eye.

With their outstanding expertise, they efficiently annihilated all of the monkeys that came from the lump of soil.

Soon enough, nothing came out of the bump anymore.

"There is no more monkey left!" Stella shouted to Darby.

"Good job! Let's go!" Darby quickly responded.

Boom!

At that very moment, they heard a violent roar coming from the Treasure Bottle Platform. It immediately caught their attention.

As they turned around simultaneously, they saw that the Grandmaster of Heaven's body had expanded many times. Stella noticed a faint shadow on his arm. Sometimes, this shadow was not visible. But there were also times that it suddenly appeared.

"Darby! Look at Master's arm!" Stella yelled as she pointed at the Grandmaster of Heaven's gigantic body.

Darby merely glanced at it with an impassive expression on his face. "That's none of our business, Stella. Let's keep moving!"

After he spoke, he grabbed Stella's arm and dragged her forward. They needed to get out of here as soon as possible. Before long, another three bumps appeared in their path.

Some monkeys jumped out of the bumps on either sides. Meanwhile, three black creatures emerged from the bump in the center. Their bodies were quite similar to those of humans. However, there were two pairs of bone blades where their hands and feet should be.

It was obvious that they were from the Bone Blade race that supported the Element Spirit Civilization. They were quite strong.

Stella narrowed her eyes slightly and the Light of Annihilation began to flow through her long sword once again. "Darby, you take care of the three members of the Bone Blade race. Meanwhile, I will eliminate the monkeys."

Even though the three members of the Bone Blade race were strong, they were still no match for Darby.

After so many years of patient cultivation, Darby was almost as strong as the Grandmaster of Heaven. Therefore, Stella had complete confidence in his abilities.

But just as Stella finished speaking, the three members of the Bone Blade race had already charged towards them. They moved with such speed that they were only a few meters away front of them.

"Stella, watch out!"

Darby had obviously sensed something was wrong.

He quickly pulled Stella back and an umbrella instantly appeared in his hand.

The umbrella unfurled at once. It had an excellent defensive power. Therefore, it would be extremely difficult to destroy. It was one of Darby's most prized and powerful defensive treasures.

Yet, Stella heard a loud slashing sound. The umbrella had been easily torn apart like it was just a piece of paper. This was the work of the three members of the Bone Blade race. Moreover, Darby's shoulder had also been severed off.

Darby's blood splattered onto Stella's face. Her eyes full of shock and fear, she realized that these were not ordinary members of the Bone Blade race. The expressions in their eyes were exactly like that of her master when he went mad.

Chapter 4034 Powerful Weapons

Blood spurted out from Darby's chest as if a rain of blood had fallen. His entire arm was torn apart, exposing a terrible wound.

"Darby!" Stella's voice trembled at the scene. She didn't expect that the three members of the Bone Blade race would be this powerful. "Heal yourself quickly! I'll guard you for as long as I can."

Saying this, she drew out a second sword.

She only used the first one to deal with the Treacherous Beings, while the second one was actually her personal weapon.

Although she was determined to fight until death, she was still trembling in fear.

Darby calmly said, "Don't move."

"What? What do you mean?" Stella was panicking so she could just ask in confusion.

"Just do it! Hurry up and hide behind me! We don't have much time!" Darby ordered loudly as he saw that Stella was out of it.

Seeing Darby's serious face, she immediately did as she was told, even though she didn't understand what was going on.

Darby immediately stretched out his hand. Suddenly, three items emerged on his palm.

There were a green rune, a yellow rune, and a sheet of transparent glazed glass.

Whoosh!

Darby quickly threw the yellow rune at their feet. Then, as the rune spread out, butterfly-shaped shields emerged from it.

Swoosh!

The shields grew and covered them tightly.

Crash! Bang!

Just when they put up the shields, the members of the Bone Blade race launched another barrage of powerful attacks.

Their speed and strength were completely terrifying. They would be in extreme danger if Darby hadn't put up the shields in the nick of time.

Even the umbrella from before couldn't block their all-out attack. Fortunately, the densely-packed butterfly-shaped shields were able to resist them, buying Darby a few seconds to prepare for his next plan.

The yellow rune was a life-saving treasure for Darby. He had over a thousand treasures with him, and this one would certainly belong to the top three in terms of value and capability. Though he was hesitant to use it at first, he had no other choice if he wanted to save their lives.

Then, Darby used the green rune and attached it to his wound. With a flash of green light, the wound healed rapidly, and his torn arm regenerated.

Now, their only problem was the powerful foes that were still attacking them.

As he completely recovered, Darby raised the glass in his hand. Upon a closer look, the glass was divided into two layers, and there was a strange creature in it. The creature had an odd shape as if it had been crushed and turned into a specimen.

"Master doesn't want me to tell you about it," Darby finally spoke.

"About what?" Stella asked. Crack!

Darby broke the glass by his bare hands.

Then, the creature contained in it immediately surfaced.

It was like fluid in form, but it returned to its original shape in no time. It turned out to be a Treacherous Being!

"There are so many things in this world that are being controlled by Treacherous Beings," Darby said in a soft voice. Then, the Treacherous Being suddenly drilled into his eyes, ears, mouth, and nose. Afterward, a faint shadow appeared on the surface of his body.

Three milky white claws, as sharp as sickles, slowly grew on his arm, while a chain formed in his other hand.

"The Treacherous Beings' power is considered to be the strongest power," Darby said sadly. "But sooner or later, the ones who borrow their power would inevitably become their slaves."

This was the warning that their master told them as he bestowed the Treacherous Beings.

Darby raised his right hand, and the chain drew a visible arc in the air. The claws on his arm spun viciously under the pulling of the chain.

Whoosh!

The three members of the Bone Blade race quickly reacted and retreated. At the same time, the monkeys surrounded them.

The power and speed that were granted to Darby left Stella stunned.

She only saw Darby's figure flash before her eyes, and then the huge claws spun at incredible speed, creating several irregular arcs in the air. The arcs drove away the monkeys and caught up with the three members of the Bone Blade race in the blink of an eye.

They successfully hit their targets.

Crash! Splat!

The bodies of the three members were instantly cut in half.

Soon after, the Treacherous Beings hidden in their bodies had come out.

These three Treacherous Beings were very similar to the monkeys, but they were a bit larger in size.

Whoosh!

As Darby returned to Stella's side, the claws and chain quickly retracted back into his body. Then, he took out the long stick embedded with the Light of Annihilation and said, "Stella, you can make your move now."

Stella was still recovering from shock after witnessing all of this. As Darby spoke beside her, she came to her senses. She waved her long sword and rushed towards the monkeys.

Because the Light of Annihilation was fatal to the monkeys, they were all easily killed.

The three Treacherous Beings that escaped from the bodies of the three members of the Bone Blade race were also killed.

After a narrow escape from absolute death, Stella stared at Darby and took the opportunity to ask, "Where did you acquire the Treacherous Being?"

Darby fell silent for a while before he decided to start talking. He didn't intend to hide anything from Stella, so he told her everything he knew.

In the entire Three Purities Stage, the Treacherous Beings were, without a doubt, the most terrifying creatures.

However, the Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization knew they were afraid of the Light of Annihilation. To avoid the Light of Annihilation, they had to sneak into the bodies of other creatures.

Campbell was even able to use the Light of Annihilation to deal with the other Treacherous Beings after he possessed Zen's body.

However, Zen was possessed passively.

On the other hand, Darby took the initiative to be possessed. He used the Treacherous Being as a weapon.

Although Maynard had got the Light of Annihilation from his master a few years ago, he was still unsatisfied.

Indeed, the Light of Annihilation could deal with the ordinary Treacherous Beings, but when it came to the truly powerful ones, it would not be enough.

Moreover, it was more difficult to deal with the Treacherous Beings that possessed powerful warriors.

"But it means that you'll become a walking corpse if you are possessed by a Treacherous Being, right?" Stella asked, knowing how the process usually worked.

Darby smiled and said, "While that is true for most cases, not all Treacherous Beings will take total control of one's body. Some of them are friendly, and will even help you defeat your enemies. That's the friendly type of Treacherous Beings. They can become our most powerful weapons."

As Darby spoke, he took out two pieces of glazed glass. Then, immediately after, the Treacherous Being that was attached to his body got out from his eyes, ears, mouth, and nose, and returned to the glass.

Right there and then, Stella was able to see the Treacherous Being's form through the glass. From it, she could clearly see the claws and chain that Darby had used earlier.

"Use the Treacherous Beings as weapons, huh?" Stella muttered to herself. It still seemed kind of unbelievable to her.

But what frustrated her was the fact that her master and brothers had hidden this fact from her and her sisters.

"Then, why did you hide it from me?" Stella asked Darby with disappointed eyes.

"Our master didn't tell us anything at the beginning either," Darby said as he shook his head. "After being able to kill a follower of the Element Spirit Civilization, Maynard got a hold of this secret from him. Then, Maynard approached our master and tried to confirm this matter."

The Grandmaster of Heaven was famous for his bloodlust, but he favored his disciples very much. Maynard pestered him until he got his consent to use the Treacherous Beings.

"What do you mean? Our master deliberately hid this secret from us? Why would he do that?" Stella asked as her brows furrowed.

"Yes, he did," Darby replied as he stared at Stella seriously. "But he did it for our own sake. As I've said, not all Treacherous Beings will be willing to cooperate with you. If we control them for a long time, there would be consequences. Possessing others is their way to regain their consciousness. Therefore, our master didn't really want us to resort to this method. He would rather pass this method to Phelps and Ewing than teach us."

Chapter 4035 Cat And Saber

Generally speaking, most Eternal Realm warriors and Other Shore creatures felt apprehensive at the mention of the Treacherous Beings.

After all, most of them had only encountered the killing type and the attaching type, which were the most common types of Treacherous Beings.

The various kinds of Treacherous Beings all had different personalities and obsessions. Some of them were naturally kind-hearted and helpful to others. This type of Treacherous Beings was called the friendly type.

The friendly type was further divided into different kinds. Some of them readily helped others while they stuck to their principles, while others trusted unconditionally and were willing to do anything.

The latter kind was the sort of Treacherous Beings that could be used as weapons.

The Treacherous Being in Darby's glazed glass was called the Three-clawed Beast. It was a hostility-level Treacherous Being with powerful attacks.

After Darby got the Three-clawed Beast from his master, he was only allowed to practice with it a few times before he had to seal it in the glazed glass. Furthermore, his master warned that he should never use it unless absolutely necessary.

However, the Light of Annihilation was not enough to defeat these Treacherous Beings of the attaching type. Left with no other choice, Darby finally was forced to use the Three-clawed Beast to deal with the three members of the Bone Blade race.

The moment Darby finished his explanation, an ear-piercing scratching sound suddenly came from behind them.

Crack!

A giant cat, made up of countless eyeballs, appeared on the Pure Sky Platform!

It seemed that something had hit it. Due to the strong impact, it almost slid off the Pure Sky Platform and fell into the space outside it.

Fortunately, a few hundred feet away from the Pure Sky Platform was still a safe distance. However, the space further than that devoured energies and everything else into nothingness.

The giant cat nailed itself to the ground with its claws, which created long and deep scratches on its way. It tried its best to slow down its descent.

"Go to hell!"

On the other side stood the Grandmaster of Heaven, whose tall figure closed in with a flash. He raised his palm and hacked down like a knife from the sky.

In turn, the giant cat flipped and leaped into the air, then raised one paw to block the Grandmaster of Heaven's palm strike.

Just as it managed to resist the incoming palm attack, a translucent white giant saber suddenly emerged from the Grandmaster of Heaven's body. The giant saber, which was also a weapon formed by a Treacherous Being, ruthlessly chopped down towards the giant cat.

Puff!

Then, the saber cut the giant cat in half. After that one strike, it swung to the side and forcefully sliced the lower half of the cat's body.

The Eye Spirit had transformed into the giant cat, and the cat-shaped Treacherous Being was hiding inside his body.

Although the Grandmaster of Heaven had cut off the Eye Spirit's body with his saber, it was not enough to cut off the Treacherous Being inside him. Still, it managed to expose the Treacherous Being to the air.

"Ewing! Now!" the Grandmaster of Heaven shouted.

Ewing had been waiting for his command. As soon as the Grandmaster of Heaven gave the order, he swiftly leaped up into the air with two "lightning" bolts in his hands — which was the Light of Annihilation!

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Without second thoughts, he immediately threw the lightning bolts down.

At the same time, the Grandmaster of Heaven's other hand became as red as a hot iron. As the two lightning bolts flew towards the Treacherous Being, he also slapped it with his palm.

This cat-shaped Treacherous Being was a resentment-level Treacherous Being.

All Treacherous Beings feared the Light of Annihilation. When hostility-level Treacherous Beings came into contact with it, they would immediately die.

On the contrary, the resentment-level Treacherous Beings were more powerful. The Light of Annihilation only weakened them, so those who wanted to kill them had to use strong theurgies.

When the lightning bolts were about to hit the Treacherous Being, a blue figure suddenly flew over from the distance. It turned out to be the Holy Wings Armor!

The Holy Wings Armor flew at a remarkably fast speed and blocked all the lightning bolts in front of the cat-shaped Treacherous Being.

Boom! Boom!

The Light of Annihilation struck the Holy Wings Armor's chest but did not cause any damage at all.

The Grandmaster of Heaven's red palm also simultaneously slapped down, but the Holy Wings Armor turned around and slapped its palm against his as well.

It appeared that the Holy Wings Armor had the upper hand as it forcefully catapulted the Grandmaster of Heaven into the sky.

The Grandmaster of Heaven flipped in the air and swooped down again with a cold stare. Then, he used the giant white saber that was about seven times bigger than his body, which the Treacherous Being inside him had formed.

Suddenly, he ruthlessly chopped down!

Not only did his attack pack his immense power, but also the theurgy of the resentment-level Treacherous Being in his body!

Buzz!

In turn, the Holy Wings Armor's eyes lit up then it unleashed a massive amount of Light of Annihilation.

The saber formed by the Treacherous Being was virtually invincible, but the Light of Annihilation quickly softened and molded it to its will. The saber struggled like a tentacle in pain!

The Grandmaster of Heaven realized how dangerous it became, so he turned around and retreated to the other side. However, he failed to completely withdraw the saber because it contained too much impact, and the Holy Wings Armor tightly gripped the saber's tip!

After the Light of Annihilation shone on the resentment-level Treacherous Being, its body became very fragile.

With a tug, the Holy Wings Armor tore the now fragile saber apart. Then, its hands released blue rays of light, which created strong currents that flowed onto the broken part of the saber.

Clatter!

As a result, the damaged part of the saber dissipated.

Since it was a part of the Treacherous Being inside the Grandmaster of Heaven, the Treacherous Being began to roll in agony inside his body due to the sharp pain.

Naturally, he also suffered because of the Treacherous Being's violent struggle. His face flushed a deep purple, and he spat out a mouthful of blood then hastily retreated backward.

"Ha-ha! I'm really strong..." Gavyn laughed from inside the Holy Wings Armor.

Upon hearing Gavyn's voice, the Eye Spirit was stunned for a moment but he coldly commanded, "Go and chase him!"

The Godly Way energy was still in the hands of the Grandmaster of Heaven. If he successfully took it away, it would be troublesome.

Meanwhile, the Eye Spirit had thought that the person inside the Holy Wings Armor was Slade, but it was Gavyn instead.

For him, Gavyn was truly special among the members of the Element Spirit race. His talent and ability were on par with Claire's, but he was just too complacent.

Therefore, the Eye Spirit had imprisoned him in the Holy Wings Armor to become a part of Slade.

Yet, he did not expect that after he sent Slade out, Gavyn had taken control of the Holy Wings Armor.

Then again, they were in a critical moment where it was not the right time to hold Gavyn accountable. Thus, the Eye Spirit only suppressed his displeasure. He quickly repaired his body and also chased after the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"Let's get out of here!"

the Grandmaster of Heaven shouted to Ewing, Phelps, and his other subordinates as he fled.

It was not suitable to stay on the Treasure Bottle Platform any longer. The Grandmaster of Heaven had just planned to defeat the Eye Spirit once and for all, but he failed. Therefore, he fled without hesitation.

Of course, the Eye Spirit knew what he had thought about.

He decided to hold on until the Black House and General Gianni had arrived. By that time, he could easily kill the enemies.

Although he couldn't kill the Grandmaster of Heaven, heavily injuring his physical body was good enough. More importantly, he had to keep the Godly Way energy on the Treasure Bottle Platform.

Clatter!

As soon as the Grandmaster of Heaven and his subordinates fled to the edge of the platform, an enormous wall of flames suddenly appeared in front of them and blocked their way.

Chapter 4036 Illusory Star

A body that was almost perfect from head to toe slowly emerged from inside the wall of flames. It was no other than Claire.

At the same time as her appearance, a white dragon rolled and swam in the wall of flames at an incredible speed.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The white dragon swiftly moved in a few circles, and then it entered Claire's body.

This white dragon was also a resentment-level Treacherous Being, which was known for its incredible speed.

Together with her destructive power, she and the white dragon combined increased her strength by more than two times.

"I don't know how you found that there are two paths to the Treasure Bottle Platform, but here..." She gestured for them to stop then said, "No pass."

Meanwhile, the Holy Wings Armor and the Eye Spirit, who had turned into a giant cat, also charged forward.

Although there were only a few people of the Element Spirit Civilization present, it didn't mean that they were at a disadvantage.

Furthermore, they would surely win if they successfully delayed the battle and waited until the warriors of the Black House and General Gianni came.

If that did happen, it would push the five members of the Nihility race into a desperate situation. However, the Grandmaster of Heaven, Ewing, Phelps, and the others did not look panicked at all.

"Hand over the Godly Way energy, and I will leave your corpses intact," the Eye Spirit's voice sounded from the giant cat. The giant cat's eyes kept blinking calmly at them.

The Eye Spirit and the Grandmaster of Heaven had fought with each other for a long time now.

The Eye Spirit had once suffered a big loss from a fight with the Grandmaster of Heaven, but he later triumphed against the latter. This time, he was determined to deal a heavy blow to the Nihility race.

The Grandmaster of Heaven could still be revived if he died, but the other warriors that followed him could not.

If they won this battle, it would be a great blow to the warriors from other races that followed the Nihility race.

"Ha-ha!" Ewing laughed manically.

"Ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha!"

Phelps and the others burst into laughter as well, and it was a laughter of victory after they succeeded in fooling their opponents.

Then, all of their figures became dimmer and dimmer, until they finally became illusions.

At the same time, the Grandmaster of Heaven's body began to curl up and turn into a mass of white objects. It turned out to be a Treacherous Being in the shape of a starfish, with dreamy-colored tentacles.

Afterward, the group of people disappeared.

"Illusory Star!"

Claire hissed with heavily furrowed brows.

After she had transformed into a human, she had always adjusted her appearance. Now that she looked almost perfect, her every move and even just her smile was breathtaking.

"Master Eye Spirit, did you not you see through the illusion created by the Illusory Star with your thousand eyes?" asked Gavyn in the Holy Wings Armor.

He made sure to say his words in a disappointed tone.

As soon as he finished speaking, all of the giant cat's eyes turned and stared at the Holy Wings Armor. It was the Eye Spirit who gazed at him.

On the other hand, Claire glanced at Gavyn and said nothing.

Even though Gavyn hid inside the Holy Wings Armor, he still felt a chill run down his spine. He did not doubt that the Eye Spirit would kill him at this moment.

After a while, the Eye Spirit began to speak.

"You have good control of the Holy Wings Armor. From now on, you will have power over this armor," he said in a cold voice.

"Yes, Master Eye Spirit!" Gavyn answered excitedly.

In the Myriad Pagoda Mountains.

Under the Primeval Lord of Heaven's guidance, Zen returned to the northwest and found the first copper pagoda mountain.

Previously, Campbell had controlled Zen to push down the pagoda mountain. As a result, the soil on the pagoda mountain's surface fell off and revealed the round, red copper disk inside.

Then, Zen went to the back of the copper pagoda mountain and punched the round red copper disk.

"Boom!"

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack...

The first pagoda mountain began to tilt.

After that, he punched several times more in a row. When the pagoda mountain collapsed entirely, he then moved towards the second pagoda mountain.

He had pushed down the second and third pagoda mountains before.

However, the fourth pagoda mountain began to change.

When Campbell saw the route Zen had chosen, he felt a little surprised at first. Later on, Zen explained the reason to him, and he didn't say anything.

As a world builder, he naturally knew about the various changes in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains.

Since Zen knew the path he wanted to open up, he would let Zen do it on his own.

According to the Primeval Lord of Heaven's instructions, Zen toppled down the last pagoda mountain after a short while. With a series of mechanical sounds, the underground started to rumble, and the vibration spread to the distance.

"It really opened!" the Snake Goddess exclaimed joyfully.

"Where is the entrance?" asked Fuxi.

"In the north. There is a small wasteland behind the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, and there is a cave-dwelling under the wasteland," Zen said as he pointed ahead.

But of course, he had never been to that cave-dwelling before. It was the Primeval Lord of Heaven who provided the information about its exact location.

"Then let's go!" Fuxi declared.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh…"

Without much pause, they flew towards the north of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains.

Just as Zen had said, there was a barren land on the north of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains. At a glance, the land looked like it was covered in rubble. The scenery never changed even as they traveled ten miles, fifty miles, or even a hundred miles.

When they had covered two hundred miles, Zen suddenly stopped and quickly moved about four miles to the west, then landed on the ground.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the other Eternal Realm warriors rushed over as well, and they also saw something strange.

A faint crack spread from the direction of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains. It was like a grass snake or a grey thread that continuously appeared and disappeared, also fluctuated.

However, when it reached Zen's feet, it turned into a circular shape.

"Is this the place?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"We'll know after I give it a try!" Zen announced.

Then, he nodded and raised his fist to hit the ground.

"Boom!"

The ground shattered and collapsed.

Below the rubble, a large hollow cave appeared.

He stood at the bottom of the cave and saw a big cave-dwelling at its side. "You found it! This was the cave-dwelling I've been to before. It's still here as I expected!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven said a bit excitedly from Zen's inner world.

At that moment, Zen looked up and shouted, "Everyone, you can come down now. This is the cave-dwelling we're looking for!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

Everyone else followed suit and descended to the bottom of the cave. At the same time, the Snake Goddess asked, "Zen, you have the human civilization's Civilization Artifact. If those human heroes are in the cave-dwelling, you should be able to communicate with them and sense their location, right?"

At the Snake Goddess's reminder, Zen immediately understood what he should do.

Back then, he had sensed the Wing King's position through the Civilization Artifact of the Regal Jade Civilization. If those human heroes were in the cave-dwelling, the Civilization Artifact of human civilization should be able to sense them.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven..." Just as he was about to speak, the Primeval Lord of Heaven cut him off.

"No, they are not there. I've just used the Civilization Artifact to try to find them..." he immediately answered.

It was the Primeval Lord of Heaven's energy soul that controlled the Civilization Artifact, so he knew better what the Civilization Artifact could do.

Furthermore, when he had flown into this area, he had tried to communicate with the human heroes, but no one answered from the cave-dwelling.

"A long time has passed, and some things have definitely changed..." Zen muttered.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded in agreement. "Maybe they have found a way to go to the Jade Pure Realm in the cave-dwelling," he said.

In the end, Zen just told the Snake Goddess and the others about the disappointing result then everyone headed towards the depths of the cave-dwelling.

The space inside the cave-dwelling was a bit spacious, and natural stone pillars scattered everywhere to support it. Just as everyone moved forward a bit, they heard the sounds of stones rolling down from both sides of the cave.

Chapter 4037 Stone Men

Clang! Clang!

The rocks in the cave-dwelling were smooth and solid. The sounds of the stones colliding with each other as they rolled down were especially crisp.

As they moved along, they saw several round and cuboid stones that were covered with densely-packed runes. Obviously, they weren't any ordinary stones.

"What are these things?" Thurston asked with furrowed brows.

Sawyer took a close look and said, "These stones seem to be the earth spirits of the Element Spirit race."

The earth spirits of the Element Spirit race could turn themselves into extremely sturdy stones. They could just be differentiated from ordinary ones because of their unique aura.

"What? Why would they turn into these?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked in confusion as he also inspected the huge pile of stones.

The Element Spirit race once trapped the human heroes in this cave-dwelling, so they might have been sent here to guard the place. But still, they were confused as to why they would turn to these inanimate objects.

"Look! Something is coming out from the walls!" the Snake Goddess quickly warned as she pointed at a wall nearby.

Then, they saw masses of white orb-like things emerged from within the walls.

Judging from the form and the aura they emitted, there was no doubt that they were Treacherous Beings.

"Treacherous Beings!"

"Watch out for them!"

"Be alert! Those who could use the Light of Annihilation, be prepared for their sudden attack!"

After entering the Supreme Pure Realm, they had suffered a lot from the hands of the Treacherous Beings. Thus, they developed an instinctive vigilance whenever they faced them.

From the aura that they were releasing, it was safe to assume that they were hostility-level ones. But as for what type of Treacherous Beings they were, they still couldn't tell.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

There were a total of three Treacherous Beings that emerged from the walls. No one knew what their original form was. When they came out of the walls of the mountain, they were just like flowing water. Then suddenly, they rushed into the pile of stones.

At this moment, they didn't understand what the Treacherous Beings were trying to do. They began pulling several stones and pillars that gradually turned into three huge stone men.

As Zen and his group saw this, that was when they realized the goal of the Treacherous Beings for rushing into the stones that were actually made up of earth spirits.

"These hostility-level Treacherous Beings are vulnerable in the face of the Light of Annihilation, so the Element Spirit Civilization used the earth spirits to serve as their physical bodies," the Snake Goddess muttered.

Everyone's face immediately became serious as they faced the combined prowess of the Treacherous Beings and the Element Spirit race.

They had already experienced the terrifying power of the Treacherous Beings on the Pure Sky Platform, but they still didn't know much about them. On the other hand, the Element Spirit Civilization seemed to be pretty familiar with how the Treacherous Beings functioned, as they even made fortified bodies specially designed for them.

"What should we do now?" King Ieuan asked as it started to panic. "Well, what choice do we have?

We have to kill them using the Light of Annihilation," the Snake Goddess said with a straight face.

"But with those bodies, they won't be afraid of the Light of Annihilation now, right?" King Ieuan said reluctantly.

"Then we do it in a straightforward manner. We break those stone bodies, drive out the Treacherous Beings inside, and kill them," Zen declared decisively. "Master Campbell, can you assist me?"

Campbell nodded at Zen's request.

When he left the Pure Sky Platform with them, he had also put on his silver armor and taken his long spear with him.

As a Treacherous Being himself, he would be pretty useful in battles against them.

Most importantly, if the Light of Annihilation wasn't used on him, he wouldn't be affected. Thus, he had an incomparable advantage in dealing with the Treacherous Beings that hadn't awakened yet.

Just as he took a step forward, Campbell's body suddenly froze. "Zen, it seems like they're well prepared," he said in a low voice.

The three stone men seemed to have immediately sensed Campbell's aura. A white dot of light appeared on each of the huge round stones on their shoulders. A ray containing the Light of Annihilation was instantly produced and was about to burst out at any time.

"Damn it! The Element Spirit Civilization has calculated everything!" Fuxi shouted as he gritted his teeth.

As the dominator of the Other Shore, the Element Spirit Civilization had an unfathomable foundation. They were powerful and wise that they almost had no weakness. Now, Fuxi and the others just felt how terrifying they could be as opponents.

"Get back! Let me handle them!" Pearson stepped forward and took the initiative to attack the stone men first.

"Keep them busy and I'll find a way to break their bodies," Zen instructed Pearson as he borrowed the long Spear from Campbell. Since Campbell couldn't risk fighting the stone men, Zen had to take charge. The surface of the long spear had been specially customized so that the Light of Annihilation could easily spread to the spear's tip.

As the Light of Annihilation burst out from the Holy Stone in Zen's palm, the twelve-foot long spear emanated a dazzling silver light.

Since the Treacherous Beings had an instinctive fear of the Light of Annihilation, they instantly felt the threat oozing out from Zen's spear.

Buzz! Buzz!

Then, the runes on the chests of the three stone men began to glow with red lights.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The surface of the stones transformed into thorns, stretching outward. In a flash, the stone men became huge hedgehogs made of stones.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Discerning that Zen imposed the greatest threat, they immediately rushed towards him.

Pearson let out a smile as his body began to vanish bit by bit. His entire body transformed into countless threads that sneakily lay in wait for the movements of the stone men.

As soon as they rolled toward Zen, they were instantly tripped by countless silk threads, slowing down their movements.

As Zen saw this, his body quickly flashed and appeared above the head of one of the stone men.

The Treacherous Being inside the stone man was quick to react. As it saw Zen above its head, it instantly leaped and tried to impale Zen's body into the stone thorns all over its body.

Zen instantly noticed what it was trying to do. He grabbed on one of the stone thorns and maneuvered his body to dodge its attack.

"Zen, watch out! Another one's coming from behind!" King Ieuan yelled.

Zen saw that another stone man whose body was covered all over with thorns was rushing over at great speed.

Although Pearson's silk threads had slowed down their movement, they were still fast enough to not be underestimated.

Whoosh!

With Zen's fast-thinking, he grabbed the long spear and pressed its bottom part against the body of the stone man he was holding, and placed it horizontally.

Just before the stone man rushing behind made contact with him, he leaped high up. The two stone men collided harshly and the spear pointing towards the second stone man was forcefully stabbed into its body.

"Aaaargh!"

Shrilling screams came from the Treacherous Being inside the stone man's body.

The spear enveloped with the Light of Annihilation pierced cleanly into the body of the hostility-level Treacherous Being. With the power of the Light of Annihilation, it was instantly killed.

Whoosh!

Zen rushed toward the body of the dead stone man and quickly pulled out the long spear. Before the other stone man that collided with the dead one could get up, he dashed over to its side.

Crack!

Before it could even react, the long spear impaled into the other stone man's body. With a hissing sound, the second Treacherous Being was immediately killed.

After quickly eliminating two of the three stone men, Zen looked at the other side of the cave-dwelling.

The third one was blocked and was being taken care of by Sawyer, Thurston, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

At the same time, the Snake Goddess and Fuxi were waiting patiently to launch their attack. Then, suddenly, Eastern Emperor Taiyi finally drove his golden sword into the sturdy body of the last stone man, leaving an opening on the surface of its body. Fuxi immediately took action and used the opportunity to attack the Treacherous Being inside.

As he rushed towards the stone man, his palm showed a snow-white light which was actually the Light of Annihilation.

Clap!

With the impact of Fuxi's palm enveloped by the Light of Annihilation, the Treacherous Being inside was instantly reduced to a pile of ashes.

Fuxi waved his hand with a hint of pride in his eyes.

Previously, during their first encounter with the Treacherous Beings, he thought that they were completely invincible.

He still clearly remembered the fear they instilled in his heart as they passed the Whining Road for the first time.

But now that he possessed the Light of Annihilation, he turned his fear into rage and determination and would kill them easily.

Chapter 4038 The Broken Passageway

Once all three Treacherous Beings were killed, the stones stopped moving.

Though these stones were formed by the earth spirits, they remained as mere piles of dead things.

Zen cut the stones carefully and took out the Holy Stones within. These Holy Stones were about the size of a grain of sand.

He did not know just how many stones Element Spirit Civilization had but he considered them a rare treasure and they would be very useful if he encountered a large number of Treacherous Beings.

After he put the stones away, Zen and the others continued to venture into the depths of the cave.

The path was not complicated and all they needed to do was go down.

As they went deeper, the path got wider and there was a continuous draft that blew above their heads.

"It seems there is a hidden pool or river here in the cave," Eastern Emperor Taiyi told them.

Zen nodded at his observation. "There is indeed a pool at the end of the cave. Your real selves are trapped beside that pool."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi couldn't help but flinch when he heard the word "real'.

It wasn't long ago after he was rescued from the Divine River that he found out there was a "real" version of himself so he still wasn't that used to the concept.

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess had long since accepted the fact that they were their creators' avatars but it was going to take Eastern Emperor Taiyi a bit more time to do so.

Realizing the slip of his tongue, Zen quickly tried to correct his mistake. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine," Eastern Emperor Taiyi assured him with a smile. "I'd actually like to see what the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi looks like!"

Not long after, a pool appeared before them.

The water was so clear that they could see the bottom of the pool.

King Ieuan looked around. "I don't see any of the human heroes..."

"How can that be? This is a dead-end. There is no other way up ahead," the Snake Goddess seconded, walking around to search for the human heroes.

Zen also circled around the pool once and released his spiritual sense in an effort to find something like a hidden passage. Unfortunately, he came up with nothing.

Ever since the Primeval Lord of Heaven told him that he didn't sense the existence of the real human heroes through the Civilization Artifact, Zen had begun to mentally prepare himself for this sort of result. It didn't hurt any less, however, when he looked around and found nothing but an empty cave.

Yasamin looked at the others with a frown. "Do you think they've already been taken away by the Element Spirit Civilization?"

"They were trapped here for quite a long time. Maybe they've already been killed," Pearson murmured.

The Eternal Realm Hunters did whatever they could to hide but in the end, only three of them managed to survive. It was truly highly unlikely that they would still be alive after so long.

"There's another possibility," the Snake Goddess said as she pointed upwards. "What if they went on to the Jade Pure Realm?"

Unlike Pearson, the Snake Goddess chose to be more optimistic. The roads in the Myriad Pagoda Mountains all led to the Pure Sky Platforms after all, and this cave was no exception.

Since the human heroes were trapped in this cave for so long then that meant they had all the time in the world to ascend to the Jade Pure Realm.

Zen nodded in agreement with this assumption. "Master Campbell, do you know how we can go to the Jade Pure Realm?"

As a world builder, Campbell was undoubtedly the one who was the most familiar and knowledgeable about all this. "I know that this path leads to the

Night View Island. It's a huge and independent Pure Sky Platform. Unfortunately, I didn't design this path. Let me think for a second..."

Though he was a world builder, Campbell only partly participated in the construction of the chaos. He didn't know about all the specifics.

Fortunately, he was quite close to his colleagues and had a general understanding of what they did when they built the passages. He walked towards the pool and scooped out a handful of clear water. Soon enough, a smile broke through his features.

"Boil the water," he told Zen.

The man's eyes widened in astonishment. "Boil the water?" he repeated to make sure he heard Campbell right.

It wouldn't be difficult since the pool wasn't that big but Zen was just caught off-guard by the strangeness of the request.

"Yes. Don't worry, you'll find out why when you boil it," Campbell assured him.

Since there was really nothing else to do, Zen took on Campbell's strange request and jumped into the pool. He originally wanted to activate the Godly Way energy but the Primeval Lord of Heaven who was in Zen's inner world was too impatient and directly asked Zhurong to move.

There was a flash of red light and the entire pool immediately began to boil.

Zhurong's powers were at work and if he went all out then he could instantly evaporate the water within the pool.

As the entire pool boiled, a miraculous scene appeared.

A crooked red path appeared in the originally clear and transparent pond. This path exhibited many twists and turns as it extended all the way down to the bottom.

Pearson, who always had a deadpan expression, sported a look of surprise. "Is that the entrance?"

The Snake Goddess nodded. "I think so."

Fuxi could only stare at the sight in shock. "To think the entrance is actually hidden like this. Who would ever have thought of boiling the water?"

Once upon a time, the thirty-nine human heroes got trapped here and tried every means to find the passage out of this place. At some point, one of them probably boiled the water on accident and discovered what was previously hidden.

Zen soon emerged from the water and waved everyone in to follow him as he swam along the red path.

Not willing to be left behind, everyone quickly jumped into the water and followed Zen.

It wasn't until they reached the bottom that they saw a door constructed out of pure light open for them. Zen entered first, followed closely by his companions.

"Splash!"

As soon as he crossed the threshold, Zen immediately felt as if his world was spinning. He was previously swimming downward but now everything was upside down and he was headed upwards.

When his vision stabilized, he saw a passageway above him.

They were very familiar with this passageway. They had grabbed onto fish hooks when they went to the first Pure Sky Platform, but it seemed they had to manually swim their way up this time to reach the Pure Sky Platform they were heading to.

Nobody talked much, too focused on moving their limbs to swim their way up. They'd eventually reach their destination this way, right?

Wrong.

The group swam for quite a while but there was no indication that they were getting closer towards the Pure Sky Platform. Zen quickly surfaced and found himself in the middle of the passageway!

Splash! Splash! Splash...

Everyone looked around in confusion when they saw where they were.

King Ieuan was the first to speak. "We're still in the passageway?"

"Look!" the Snake Goddess exclaimed as she pointed upwards.

They originally swam upwards in an effort to reach the Pure Sky Platform.

However, when they looked up, they saw that the passageway was cut in half. They were in the lower half and the other half of the passageway hung above their heads.

"This passageway seems to have been intentionally destroyed by someone," Eastern Emperor Taiyi remarked in observation.

"Who?" King Ieuan asked. Just who would do such a thing?

"Maybe we're right and the real human heroes did arrive at the Pure Sky Platform," the Snake Goddess said as she continued to look up.

"Why do you think so?" Yasamin asked.

"If those real human heroes found this passageway then they would safely arrive at Pure Sky Platform. However, the Element Spirit Civilization would still be hot at their heels," the Snake Goddess stated with a smile. "If they truly wanted to escape then they had to make sure they couldn't be followed. Breaking the passageway was the best choice to make sure their pursuers would never be able to go the same way they did."

Chapter 4039 The Possibility Of Repair

According to Campbell, this place called the Night View Island was an independent Pure Sky Platform.

There was no way to cross the Pure Sky Platforms. Once the passageway was destroyed, the pursuers could no longer chase the human heroes.

The Snake Goddess judged reasonably.

Both Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven in his inner world agreed.

"Since the passageway is broken, can't we fly there?" suggested Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

The passageway hanging above was reachable that everyone could easily fly to it.

"Let's have a try."

The Snake Goddess snapped her fingers and her shadow stretched out from behind her. It then turned into a blood-red bird and flew upward.

At more than one hundred feet away, the shadow disappeared without a trace. It appeared to be swallowed by a monster in the void.

The Snake Goddess narrowed her eyes, surprised. She shrugged at Zen and said, "It seems that this place also belongs to the Jade Pure Realm."

The area beyond the Pure Sky Platforms in the Jade Pure Realm devoured all the energies and materials in it. It was dangerous to fly there.

Zen looked at Campbell floating on the surface of the water and asked, "Master Campbell, can you find a way through this passageway?"

Campbell didn't answer. Instead, he swam to the edge of the water and stretched out his hand to explore outside the passageway. "We can't pass through it," he said. "There's so much Void Dust in this area."

"Void Dust?" Zen asked with a puzzled look.

Campbell replied, "The Jade Pure Realm is filled with dust that cannot be seen. You can imagine it as invisible dust, and anything that gets close to it will be devoured."

The shadow that the Snake Goddess released was indeed devoured by the Void Dust.

These people were subject to many restrictions since they were all from the chaos.

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was already of great power in itself. Aside from helping Zen understand Sanskrit, it could even restore the white light dots in the Abstruse Energy World.

However, the so-called Void Dust didn't have a white light dot, so the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was unable to decode it.

The others attempted to access the area, following the Snake Goddess's example.

Pearson released a living creature. It was a black bat from the Supreme Pure Realm which was highly toxic. Pearson wanted to tame it for his use after capturing it, but he had not succeeded. Therefore, he decided to throw it away.

Whoosh!

After departing from his hand, the black bat darted forward like a weapon. It didn't know where it was, but it was glad that it could finally get rid of Pearson. No one could catch its speed now.

However, its excitement lasted only for a short while. Coming to its senses, it felt its body being devoured and quickly disappeared.

Energies couldn't make it through the passageway, and neither could living creatures.

"There is a way to deal with the Void Dust. Only the Spiritual Boat can pass through it, so I don't know what exactly to do," said Campbell after the bat had disappeared.

Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven in his inner world were saddened. The hearts of the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and all the other heroes sank after the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization translated Campbell's words.

"So this Pure Sky Platform is a dead end?" Zen asked hopelessly.

"In a sense, yes." Campbell nodded and thought for a while. "Unless we find a way to repair the passageway."

"Repair the passageway?" Zen's eyes lit up.

Seeing the excited expression on his face, Campbell smiled as he shook his head. "Forget it. There was a way back then, but over a thousand chaotic eras have passed. I'm afraid the material needed doesn't exist anymore."

"What material?" Zen asked.

He knew that the material needed to repair the passageway was by no means ordinary, but he was unwilling to give up.

The energy souls of the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the other people in his inner world were also waiting. As long as there was the slightest chance, they refused to quit.

"It's the Eternal Twilight Seed," Campbell said. "It looks like a copper pea and it's found in the main world."

"The seed from the main world..." Zen murmured.

In his inner world, everyone's face was painted with hesitation.

When it came to the Abstruse Energy World, everything was extremely complicated. They couldn't do anything about it.

"The Eternal Twilight Seed is very unique. It is actually a kind of metal but is also a plant. It is a live metal that grows up with superior stability," said Campbell, his hand patting the edge of the passageway. "After its metal branch stretches out, the hollow branch will form a passageway and a huge, flat corolla is formed at the end. With some simple pruning, it will quickly form a Pure Sky Platform."

During that time, it was a mature plan to build the top of a world with the Eternal Twilight Seed. It was also a necessary skill for every world builder.

Zen raised his eyebrows slightly upon Campbell's mention of the metal branch. "Master Campbell, how big is the branch of the Eternal Twilight Seed?" he asked.

"It will be this huge after the seed fully grows up," said Campbell, pointing at the passageway. The passageway and even the Pure Sky Platform sprung from the Eternal Twilight Seed.

"But the branch that has just sprouted is about this big," Campbell said extending his arms.

"Is it metal-colored all over, with flower on it?" Zen's eyes glistened.

The conversation between him and Campbell relied on the group of people singing in his inner world. Naturally, Campbell and the others couldn't sense his mood fluctuations.

However, when he transmitted his words into his inner world, his voice was abnormally excited.

Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and the others also experienced violent mood swings.

Campbell nodded. "That flower is the one that needs to be pruned. Have you seen one before?"

On Zen's right hand, an azure square appeared out of nowhere. He reached out his hand, gently pinched it, and took out a metal branch. "I wonder if this is the metal branch you mentioned," he said, showing it to Campbell.

Not long after Zen entered the Other Shore, he obtained this metal branch in the Sacred Mallow Temple.

He had once shown it to the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others, but none of them knew what it was.

Campbell glanced at the metal branch and took it from Zen's hand. "At least two thousand Pure Sky Platforms hadn't been completed at that time, and these two thousand Eternal Twilight Seeds must have all sprouted and grown into such branches."

The metal branches were exquisite in appearance. They didn't respond to any energy, so they couldn't be used as Other Shore Tokens. It was believed that they had some magical characteristics yet to be discovered.

However, they couldn't grow into Pure Sky Platforms without the world builders.

In addition, normal methods couldn't destroy them. For more than a thousand chaotic eras, they had spread all over the Other Shore. Zen had encountered just one of them.

The Dreaded Eye Demons obtained a metal branch by chance. Like many other races on the Other Shore, they studied it for a long time but didn't find out how to use it. In the end, they hid it in the Sacred Mallow Temple as rubbish, only to be retrieved by Zen later.

Chapter 4040 The Lake

King Ieuan stared intently at the metal branch for a while. Finally, it couldn't contain itself and blurted, "Zen, what's the use of this thing?"

Even Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the Snake Goddess, and the Eternal Realm Hunters were curious.

After all, they couldn't understand the conversation between Zen and Campbell.

"This metal branch can be used to make a Pure Sky Platform," Zen answered. "It should also be able to repair this passageway."

"Really?" Fuxi couldn't conceal the excitement in his voice.

"Every cloud has a silver lining," the Snake Goddess said with a gentle smile. She wasn't surprised that Zen's luck was taking a turn for the better.

"I once sold two such branches," King Ieuan said wistfully. "Everyone thought that they were useless. They were so hard to sell!"

Everyone glanced at King Ieuan speechlessly.

Even Zen was a little surprised, but he quickly understood why.

The metal branches had an extraordinary appearance. According to Campbell, two thousand Eternal Twilight Seeds grew into metal branches at that time, but they were not able to form Pure Sky Platforms.

These metal branches were difficult to destroy, so it wasn't unusual for them to show up on the Other Shore.

If a creature obtained one, it was inevitable that they wouldn't be able to unravel the mysteries within, so their best bet was to just sell the metal branch. It was not strange that King Ieuan came across one or two of these in the past.

What was important now was there was hope to repair the Pure Sky Platform, but first, they needed to leave the passageway.

Campbell took everyone back through the passageway. When they reached the bottom, they reached a dead end. The entrance was nowhere to be found!

"Boil the water," Campbell ordered.

From Zen's inner world, Zhurong was about to make a move but then Pearson suddenly said, "Let me do it."

As he spread out his hands, blood red flames blossomed around his body.

Like magic, the entrance that had vanished now reappeared!

Everyone shuffled through the entrance and stepped into the cave. The pool in the cave was connected to the passageway, so the water in the pool was also boiling.

"Zen, take your companions out of the pool," Campbell barked.

Zen nodded and took everyone to leave the pool.

Once the last person had stepped out of the pool, Campbell stood on the surface of the water, his expression becoming extremely serious.

He used to

be an expert in building worlds, but he hadn't done this for many years.

Splash!

He put one hand in the pool and began to stir the water gently.

Although his movements were gentle, the pool began to quake violently.

Splash! Splash!

Soon, a huge whirlpool was formed inside the pool, and it spun towards the entrance at the bottom of the pool.

At the same time, Campbell raised the metal branch high above his head.

He reached out to grab the air beside the metal branch. He didn't touch it, but it suddenly began to shake.

Then, the look on his face grew more serious. He gently picked the metal branch, and then a white dot of light appeared on its bottom.

"This light dot..." Zen raised his eyebrows curiously.

Logically speaking, there shouldn't be any white light dots in the chaos.

The only exception in the chaos should be the Cold Prisons, due to the extremely low temperature.

But now, the metal branch broke this rule, which naturally surprised Zen.

As Campbell continued to pick, light dots appeared one after another. After these light dots fell into the whirlpool in the center of the pool, they were pulled into the entrance at the bottom of the whirlpool. From there, they drilled into the passageway to the Jade Pure Realm.

The others didn't understand what these dots of light entailed, but Zen did.

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization continuously deciphered these light dots and transmitted a picture to Zen's eyes. Then he saw that one end of the metal branch had grown rapidly and spread into the water, until finally it drilled into the bottom of the pool.

Splash! Splash!

As the water in the pool whirled faster and faster, more and more parts of the branch extended into the pool.

In the others' eyes, they could only see more and more white light dots emerging.

However, the passageway in the Jade Pure Realm underwent big changes.

After the white light dots drilled into the Jade Pure Realm, they quickly formed a huge metal branch, which was still growing steadily. The metal branch quickly drilled through the broken parts of the passageway and grew all the way to the Pure Sky Platform.

Then the metal branch became thicker and thicker, gradually filling the entire passageway.

Crack! Crack!

As the metal branch expanded, cracks appeared on the surface of the old passageway and chunks of it fell off, until all that was left of the broken passageway was a pile of debris.

When the broken passageway collapsed, a shiny new metal branch appeared.

There was no white light spot released from the metal branch in Campbell's hand, but the bud at the top of the metal branch was shining with a bright red light, as if it was about to bloom at any moment now.

Once the bud bloomed, it would form a huge Pure Sky Platform.

However, if the Pure Sky Platform was formed here, the people present would be crushed to death.

Campbell carefully sealed the bud up. The bright red light disappeared and was replaced with a dull grey color.

"Zen, can you give me the rest of the metal branch?" Campbell asked.

Zen smiled faintly. "It belongs to you. I'm just returning it to its rightful owner. You don't need to ask for my permission."

Campbell nodded and smiled back. After putting away the metal branch, he said, "The repair has been completed. You can go in now."

Everyone once again jumped into the water and swam into the passageway along the brand new, glowing red path in the pool.

The size and width of the passageway were exactly the same as before, but the inner wall looked very new. After all, it had just been completed.

"Creak! Why is this new passageway also full of water?" King Ieuan asked as it swam upward.

The Snake Goddess speculated, "Maybe the end of this passageway is connected to a water source. When the new passageway was formed, the water naturally flowed down quickly to fill the entire passageway."

King Ieuan was somewhat skeptical. When it swam to the end of the passageway with the crowd, it was surprised to find that they ended up in another pool of water.

When they finally reached the surface of the water, they all came out with a splash. As they took in their surroundings, their eyes widened in surprise.

It was just as the Snake Goddess said, they were in the center of a lake.

The Night View Island was a very huge Pure Sky Platform. Although it was not as big as the main one, it was over a thousand times larger than the one Zen and the others had been to before. The lake in the center of the island occupied more than half of its area.

The lake was surrounded by grayish mountains. In the night, these mountains were like demons and monsters lying on the ground, emitting a quiet and unsettling aura.

Although this place was not the main Pure Sky Platform, it was still within the Jade Pure Realm.

According to the information they had obtained so far, the Treacherous Beings should come from the Jade Pure Realm.

So it wouldn't have been surprising if they encountered powerful Treacherous Beings here in the Night View Island.

After they left the surface of the water, they flew closely to the mirror like lake. Everyone, including Campbell, tried to move as quietly as possible, so as to not draw any attention to themselves.

Chapter 4041 The Strange Pattern

Zen flew ahead of the group. Just as he was about to reach the lake shore, he spread out his spiritual sense.

The spiritual sense was a handy method of surveying one's surroundings; it made studying things at a distance easier, and even the things hidden underground could be detected by it.

However, just as Zen's spiritual sense swept over the terrain beside the lake, a strange image suddenly appeared in his mind.

It was a circle with ten animal teeth hanging around it!

Crack!

The circle spun violently, and the animal teeth began to flash ominously. Then, Zen suddenly felt a stabbing pain in his mind, which made him almost cry out.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and three Eternal Realm Hunters also released their spiritual senses, as Zen did. They also saw the circular pattern. In unison, they all started crying out in pain.

"Ouch!"

"What is that? It hurts!"

"My spiritual sense is affected..."

When Zen came to his senses, he glanced back at the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the rest in dismay.

"Do you see anything with your spiritual sense?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"A ring with ten teeth embedded in it," Pearson replied concisely.

"I saw it, too! Squeak! Squeak!" King Ieuan exclaimed with a pained expression.

Fuxi studied the bank of the lake in the distance, his forehead creasing in fear.

Under normal circumstances, one should be able to send out their spiritual sense unimpeded. However, some special things could block the spiritual sense.

There were even more powerful things and creatures that could devour the spiritual sense, causing it to disappear without a trace.

This time, their spiritual senses didn't bounce back or disappear after moving around the area. However, what their spiritual senses revealed was the ring inlaid with teeth.

This was very strange, as though someone had deliberately shown them this.

Everyone discussed in low voices, but they couldn't seem to come to a conclusion.

Zen asked Campbell about it, but even Campbell was confused. "The Night View Island is a relatively large Pure Sky Platform, and we haven't arranged anything on it," he said. "I've never heard of the ability of affecting the spiritual sense that you just mentioned..."

As the builder of the world, Campbell was very familiar with the chaos and even the worlds outside it, but even his knowledge was limited here.

"I'll go ashore first, and you follow me," suggested Zen.

The people present had witnessed Zen's almost endless life energy, so they all nodded in agreement.

Zen flew to the lakeshore quickly. He was about to land on a large boulder.

Boom!

The second Zen's foot stepped on the rock, a sickeningly loud explosion went off in his ears. His forehead seemed to have been hit hard by a heavy wooden stick. The moment his mind went blank, the ring inlaid with teeth appeared again!

"What happened?" Zen frowned, wincing in pain.

Although what just happened was a bit strange, Zen figured it was still safe enough to call the others. Zen still said to the Snake Goddess, "You all can come over now. Be careful when you land. There seems to be a strange spiritual attack..."

The Snake Goddess nodded and went ashore with Fuxi and the others.

Boom!

As soon as the Snake Goddess landed on the ground, she was also hit heavily. Her face turned pale, but after a while, she seemed to gather her bearings.

The same thing happened to Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin and the rest. The reactions of King Ieuan and Fuxi were the greatest. They fell on their knees, writhing in pain.

Campbell, on the other hand, landed with ease. He was the only one who didn't feel anything when he stepped on the ground.

"I saw that ring again..."

"There is no spiritual attack nearby...."

"What is this?"

Everyone was filled with worry, especially the three Eternal Realm Hunters.

They had lived in a dangerous environment for so long, and they were trained to stay vigilant at all times. If they were not careful enough, they were in danger stumbling on death's door. Usually, when they encountered this phenomenon which was hard to explain, they figured the best they could do was to keep highly vigilant and be suspicious of everything.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven, try to communicate with the Civilization Artifact again," Zen said to the Primeval Lord of Heaven in his inner world.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had already been prepared. With Zen's order, he appeared on the top of the book. As the pages were turned, the Civilization Artifact tried to contact the real human heroes.

The energy souls of the real human heroes, including the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Emperor Charm, Zhurong and the others, also gathered around the book. They all wanted to know the result as soon as possible.

Splash, splash...

The pages stopped moving, and it began to glow with a green light.

The energy souls of human heroes immediately connected to the book, trying to accept the information that was transmitted from the book.

Boom!

The reaction of these energy souls was exactly the same as that of Zen and the others when they landed on the shore. They had also been attacked and seen the ring with ten teeth...

Although the energy souls still had their powerful theurgies, they were very weak in terms of soul. A stronger soul attack was enough to seriously injure them.

However, the ring's attack did not cause any damage. It only made the people who saw it wince in pain.

Although these energy souls covered their heads and cried for help, thankfully, they were not injured at all.

"Even the Civilization Artifact can be affected..." Zen was speechless.

"The Night View Island might be enveloped by some kind of magical power. You can only explore it with your physical bodies," the Primeval Lord of Heaven suggested.

Zen nodded. They had come a long way to get here, and it was futile for them to even consider giving up.

Although the Night View Island was by no means small, they hoped to be able to gather some clues around the ominous-looking mountains.

Surrounding the lake shore was a greyish-white forest.

When he was flying past the lake earlier, he saw that everything on the Night View Island was grey-white, and now even the forest was in the same color. Out of curiosity, he went forward and picked a leaf. As soon as he took the leaf from a tree, a layer of grey-white ashes fell to the ground, revealing a large emerald leaf.

It turned out that these trees were not grey-white, but their surfaces were covered in a layer of ashes!

"Is there any volcano on the Night View Island?" The Snake Goddess's eyes narrowed.

If there were any volcanoes on this island that erupted, it would explain why the entire place was covered in ashes.

Fuxi shrugged as he reached out to pick a leaf. Cautiously, he sniffed at the dust on the leaf, and said, "This is not volcanic ash. There is no smell of sulfur."

Zen also asked for confirmation from Campbell. Campbell said that there was no volcano set up on the island when the Night View Island was built.

"There has to be some reason why there's dust all over the island..." Sawyer scratched his chin, pondering aloud.

"No." Pearson shook his head and pointed at a place not far away. "Look, the ashes are not evenly distributed. Only the flowers and trees have ashes, but there is no dust in other places..."

After careful observation, Zen and the others found that what Pearson said was true.

Except for the flowers and trees, there was no ash on the rocks and the ground.

"This is very strange," the Snake Goddess said with a deep frown. "Either the ashes belong to the plants, or they have been sprinkled on them by someone..."

Just as everyone was confused, Zen saw something from the corner of his eye. Turning to see what it was, he was surprised to see that a white claw stretched out from one of the trees with a handful of ashes, carefully sprinkling them on the leaves.

The emerald leaves Zen just dusted were now covered in grey-white ashes once more.

Chapter 4042 The Ghost Powder

The white claw continued to scatter ashes.

Soon, the emerald green leaves were covered with a layer of ashes again.

Zen and the others stood still and carefully observed the movements of the claw.

Even from afar, they were sure that it was a Treacherous Being.

However, they noticed that the disgusting aura emanating from the creature was not as strong as those of the previous ones that they had faced.

Although thick leaves were blocking their view, they could still make out its appearance. It was like a sluggish sloth that actually looked adorable.

After the sloth-like Treacherous Being spread a layer of ashes on the plants, it jumped down from the branch and slowly approached Zen's group.

"What does it want to do now?" Fuxi asked as he stared at it warily.

Seeing that the Treacherous Being started walking towards them, Sawyer and Thurston instinctively took out the sand-sized Holy Stones. Just before they activated the stones, Pearson stopped them and looked at them while shaking his head.

The sloth was just a hostility-level Treacherous Being and didn't impose any threat. Thus, Peterson deemed that it wasn't necessary to activate the Light of Annihilation just to frighten it.

Zen actually had the same thought in mind. He just stood still and watched the creature as it walked towards him.

The creature suddenly stopped in front of Zen. Then, it started pointing at the sky, showing a frightened expression.

"What is it trying to say?" Zen's brows furrowed as he didn't understand what it meant.

"It's pointing to the sky with a frightened expression. Is there something in the sky that makes it scared? Or does it want some kind of help?" King Ieuan tried to make a guess.

The Snake Goddess looked around before looking up in the sky. "It might be saying that there is a threat in the sky, but I don't think it wants any help."

As a native of the place, the creature was much more familiar with the environment than them. Moreover, the fact that it was an immortal and had low intelligence meant that there should only be few things that could scare it.

"If that's not the case, then does it want to help us instead? But I don't think that's more plausible," Yasamin said coldly as her eyes were glued to the Treacherous Being.

"Well, there are different kinds of Treacherous Beings. Some like to possess other creatures, while others like killing. We can't rule out the possibility that there are types that are kind to others. For example, Campbell stands on our side after he fully awakened," the Snake Goddess explained with a smile.

"I don't know about that… These monsters are just—"

Zen hushed Yasamin before she could utter another word. He knew what everyone thought about the Treacherous Beings, but he also thought that the Snake Goddess was right. There were so few things that they knew about them, so they couldn't just conclude anything.

After the sloth-like creature repeatedly pointed at the sky, it reached into a pouch in its abdomen. It was filled with the grayish-white ashes that it had been scattering. It grabbed a handful of the ashes and attempted to sprinkle them on Zen's feet.

As a conditioned reflex, Zen immediately stepped back to avoid the ashes.

The creature sensed Zen's vigilance upon its action, so it started pointing towards the sky again. Its eyes revealed a trace of sincerity as if pleading him not to avoid the ashes. Afterward, it walked towards Zen again with some ashes in its hand.

At this moment, a feathered arrow suddenly shot out from a distance.

Whoosh!

The arrow gushed at an incredible speed, and it firmly nailed the ground just in front of the creature.

At the sight of the arrow that instantly landed in front of it, the sloth-like creature was startled. It made a few somersaults and hurriedly climbed a tree.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two arrows fired in rapid succession and shot towards the tree where the creature hid.

Even with the thick forest blocking the shooter's view, the arrows that were shot landed accurately. They struck the trunk of the tree, and the creature was directly behind it.

Swish! Swish!

The sloth-like creature quickly got down from the tree and rushed deeper into the forest to hide.

Although they realized that the arrows were not aimed at them, Zen and the others didn't let their guards down.

With this, the three Eternal Realm Hunters dispersed and looked around.

Deeming that it would be much faster to call out the one responsible for it, Fuxi yelled coldly, "Who shot those arrows? Show yourself right now!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a short creature emerged from the other side of the forest. His attributes were very similar to a human child's. His face was just a bit bigger than usual, but was actually good-looking. He could just be differentiated from humans because of his long green tail with a flat leaf-like end.

"Don't be afraid. I've just driven off the Treacherous Being," the short creature said.

When everyone heard that he could speak the standard human language, their tensed bodies began to relax a little.

The Night View Island was a very anomalous place. Though they hadn't encountered any extreme danger, they might instantly fall into a bad situation if they were not careful enough in this unknown environment.

That said, it would be great if someone could be their guide.

They immediately thought that he could be a big help since he looked so kind and sincere, and he also instantly helped them drive off the Treacherous Being.

"Thank you for your help and I apologize for yelling before." Fuxi cupped his hands and showed his gratitude to the creature.

"You're welcome," he answered with an innocent smile. He then approached and sniffed them, saying, "Your auras are very unfamiliar. Are you perhaps from the outside world?"

"That's right. We are from outside of the Night View Island," Fuxi replied with a nod. "Then, are you a native of the island?"

"Yes. I'm a member of the Wooden Leaf race. You can call me Decker," the creature said as he introduced himself. "It was fortunate that I was around. You were in grave danger just now," he continued.

"Grave danger? Why?" The Snake Goddess was shocked at his statement that she couldn't help asking right away.

"That Treacherous Being is evil," Decker said as he pointed towards the direction where the sloth-like creature ran off. "It wanted to sprinkle the Ghost Powder on you."

"Ghost Powder? I've never heard of that. What does it do?" the Snake Goddess curiously asked again.

The smile on Decker's face instantly vanished as he started explaining, "Every night, certain creatures will come down from the sky. They will come here and devour all the living things that are sprinkled with the Ghost Powder."

When they heard this, there was a variety of expressions that appeared on their faces.

Some frowned, while others raised their eyebrows. Some eyes widened, and some mouths opened.

Zen was one of the most shocked because his feet were almost sprinkled with the Ghost Powder. The three Eternal Realm Hunters exchanged glances with each other.

The Snake Goddess tried to remain calm and continued asking, "These creatures that you're pertaining, are they Treacherous Beings too?"

"Yes, you're correct. They are the powerful hatred-level Treacherous Beings," Decker said with a straight face.

"Wait! Did you just say hatred-level Treacherous Beings?!" Eastern Emperor Taiyi wasn't able to keep his composure.

All of them were utterly shocked. No one could hide their surprise and anxiety as they heard what Decker said.

In the last Pure Sky Platform, they happened to face a resentment-level Treacherous Being. If it weren't for Zen's explosive power at the most critical moment, they would have been dead already.

It wasn't an understatement to say that they just got lucky to surpass that hurdle. They were not even sure if they could successfully beat a resentment-level Treacherous Being next time. Now, if it was true that hatred-level Treacherous Beings would come and assault them, there probably was a zero chance of them surviving.

Instinctively, King Ieuan, Yasamin, and the others took a few steps back.

They were relatively close to the part of the forest where the sloth-like creature sprinkled the Ghost Powder. Knowing that it could attract the hatred-level Treacherous Beings, they had to make sure that they had absolutely no contact with it.

"You said that the hatred-level Treacherous Beings only attack the living things that are sprinkled with the Ghost Powder. So, as long as we don't come into contact with it, we should be fine then, right?" Zen asked after thinking about it for a while.

Then, with an innocent smile on his face, Decker answered, "Hmm, no. You will still be in danger."

Chapter 4043 Collecting

"You are outsiders. Of course, you don't know the cruelty of the Night View Island. Generally, outsiders are killed on the first night!" Decker's face turned pale. "The Night View Island is full of Treacherous Beings. There are a lot of hostility-level Treacherous Beings which are the weakest ones. There are also some stronger resentment-level Treacherous Beings, not to mention the hatred-level Treacherous Beings which are the overlords of the island!"

Thurston, Sawyer, and Pearson looked at each other hesitantly.

Although the Night View Island was many times larger than the previous Pure Sky Platform, it was still small compared to the Supreme Pure Realm.

The hostility-level Treacherous Beings and resentment-level Treacherous Beings, which appeared occasionally in the Supreme Pure Realm, could wreck everything there. Many Treacherous Beings inhabited such a small island, so one could only imagine how dangerous it was!

Pearson was thinking of persuading the others to return to the Supreme Pure Realm. He had to leave along with Sawyer and Thurston even if they couldn't retreat.

After all, as long as a hatred-level Treacherous Being appeared, everyone would die. Staying there and continuing to explore was no different from courting death.

"Almost all the Treacherous Beings are very dangerous. How did you survive?" The Snake Goddess stared straight at Decker as if attempting to read his mind.

"The members of our Wooden Leaf race have fought with the Treacherous Beings for countless years. Countless members have sacrificed during the battles so we could live..." Decker sighed as he appeared to relive past events.

"Is there any safe place in the Night View Island?" King Ieuan asked.

"Yes." Decker nodded.

"Where?" King Ieuan asked again, this time with eagerness.

"Our race's territory," Decker replied.

"Squeak! Can we go there?" King Ieuan was almost hurrying to go.

Decker smiled instantly and said, "Of course, our Wooden Leaf race like to help outsiders the most. There are often some who seek our protection. You can come with me!"

"Okay!" King Ieuan answered with excitement.

Decker then proceeded to lead the way.

However, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Zen, and the Eternal Realm Hunters refused to move. They were doubtful deep inside.

There were some races on the Other Shore who were kind and willing to help others. Decker seemed to be a trustworthy person, but some of his words sounded suspicious.

He claimed that the Wooden Leaf race often helped outsiders, but the Night View Island was originally isolated. There was no way to enter it.

They had just repaired the only passage. How could there have been outsiders before?

He also said that if the Ghost Powder was applied to a living creature, it would attract something from the sky. Weren't these plants considered living beings on the island? If so, how did all the plants on the island manage to stay undamaged?

Moreover, Decker didn't seem to be surprised upon seeing Campbell who was also a Treacherous Being.

"King Ieuan," the Snake Goddess uttered.

King Ieuan turned around and blinked. Through its life vitality, it told the crowd, "We are not familiar with this place. It's too strange. We need to know more about it."

"But..." The Snake Goddess hesitated.

"You're right. We can't communicate with those Treacherous Beings, but we can talk to this race," Fuxi said to everyone. "Besides, both the sloth and the member of the Wooden Leaf race mentioned that something powerful would descend from the sky. We can't find out if we just stay and explore here. It's much more dangerous!"

"That's true," Zen agreed. "The biggest problem is the Ghost Powder."

The Treacherous Being had let them apply the Ghost Powder to avoid the things from the sky. What Decker said was the complete opposite, implying that the Ghost Powder would cause disaster. Thus, one of them must be lying.

Although Zen tended to believe the Treacherous Being, the Treacherous Being did not have intelligence and he could not obtain information from it. He would pay a price if he misunderstood the meaning of the words.

"It's simple." Pearson moved his lips slightly. "I'll collect the Ghost Powder. It can be used in critical moments!"

Pearson's suggestion was a valuable compromise.

"Thank you," Zen commended him.

After discussing for a while, the crowd started to follow Decker.

Low-lying areas and sloping fields lined the way with an uneven pattern. Occasionally, a layer of ashes covered the green grass and trees.

Swoosh...

A gust of wind suddenly blew over while the trees swayed gently to its rhythm.

The Ghost Powder that had been sprinkled on the surface of the trees fell, revealing a large area of green leaves.

Splash!

From the trees, white claws suddenly stretched out, holding a handful of ashes. Then the sloth-like Treacherous Beings carefully covered the trees with ashes again.

"Look!"

"There are Treacherous Beings!"

"The Treacherous Beings are really everywhere on the Night View Island..."

After some sloths finished sprinkling the ashes, they noticed Zen and his companions. They grabbed a handful of ashes and climbed down the trees, walking towards them.

According to the first sloth's movements, they were aiming to sprinkle ashes on the group's bodies.

However, just as these sloths took a few steps forward, Decker raised his hand and shot arrows at them.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The arrows were planted to the ground in front of the sloths, which immediately scared them back to the trees.

Seeing the sloths' timidity, Fuxi, Pearson, and the others curled their lips in confidence.

Not all of the Treacherous Beings were born strong, and some were indeed weak.

While walking, Pearson glanced at his hand and peeled off a spider thread from one of his fingers.

The spider thread trailed all the way to the nearby forest. It spread up a tree and continuously weaved into a broken hand of Pearson. With a flick of the hand, a blue ring appeared. It was Pearson's Sumeru Space.

The hand continued to shake the leaves. It caused the Ghost Powder to fall from the leaves and branches, collecting it into the Sumeru Space.

The movement of the hand soon attracted a few sloths. They took out the Ghost Powder from their pockets again and went to sprinkle it to the hand. This was exactly what Pearson wanted, so he used his Sumeru Space to collect and store the Ghost Powder.

Several sloths kept sprinkling the Ghost Powder, which was all absorbed by the Sumeru Space.

Although they felt confused and wondered why the Ghost Powder couldn't fully cover the hand, they continued doing so. They took out all the Ghost Powder from their pockets and sprinkled until the last bit. After they had none left, they turned around and left.

Not long after, Pearson had collected almost all of the Ghost Powder. After that, the hand turned back into a single spider thread and drew back into Pearson's body.

Everything happened without anyone noticing.

After a long walk, they arrived at the nearest mountain.

One side of the mountain was rowed with circular caves. As Decker led Zen and the others towards it, many members of the Wooden Leaf race drilled out from the caves.

These members didn't come up to welcome Decker. They stood at the entrances of the caves, like zombies staring at Zen and the rest. Their eyes were filled with coldness, hatred, and greed.

Chapter 4044 The Sacrificial Site

As Zen and the others approached, the expressions of disgust and greed of the members of the Wooden Leaf race slowly faded.

They were replaced with flattering, welcoming smiles.

One of the members, who was wrinkly and older, walked up towards the group and bowed down. "Welcome, my friends. You have traveled far."

"This is our patriarch, Graham," Decker introduced.

Zen, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others nodded politely towards Graham.

Graham and Decker then toured the group around the territory of the Wooden Leaf race.

Their territory was made of densely packed caves that were in rows around the mountain.

However, the caves were only half a person high, which was enough for a member of the Wooden Leaf race to merely enter and exit.

For Zen, Fuxi and the other regular human beings, the caves resembled kennels. They had to get on their knees and squeeze themselves through the caves.

"These caves are way too small for us," Eastern Emperor Taiyi complained.

"Even I can't get in easily!" King Ieuan squealed.

Graham smiled and said, "These caves are for the short people like us to live in. Not to worry, there are larger caves above. Follow me."

Zen and the rest did not want to stay here, but they were overwhelmed by the hospitality of Graham, so they followed him.

After they climbed up about a thousand feet from one side of the mountain road, a large cave appeared at the mountainside.

The sun shone brightly against the entrance, revealing the cozy, dry interior of the cave. It was well maintained. A faint fragrance lingered within the cave, making it an above average temporary residence.

Fuxi looked around the cave and turned towards Graham. "Can this cave really resist hatred-level Treacherous Beings?"

"The hatred-level Treacherous Beings?" Graham chuckled. "Though there is no place on the Night View Island that can absolutely resist hatred-level Treacherous Beings, our territory can guarantee your safety."

Decker echoed, "Don't worry! The Wooden Leaf race has lived peacefully on the Night View Island for countless years."

Zen shot a look at Decker and said, "Well then, I assume this place will suffice."

"Of course," Decker added with a nod.

"Is there any other race on this island besides you?" Zen asked.

They wanted to have a clear understanding of the Night View Island through the members of the Wooden Leaf race. This was the main reason they followed Graham and Decker all the way.

"Yes. Many races reside here. There are..." One by one, Decker mentioned the races without skipping a beat.

"Are there humans among these races?" Zen asked.

"Humans?" Decker shrugged his shoulders. "You mean, those like you?"

"Yes." Zen nodded.

Decker shook his head in response. "You must be from the Supreme Pure Realm. I for one, have never seen humans before."

Though Decker denied it, Zen noticed a hint of fear in his eyes when he'd mentioned "humans".

"It's almost nightfall and we still have much to prepare. Please rest here and we'll talk about it tomorrow," said Graham.

As he finished speaking, he pulled Decker away and they exited the cave, leaving Zen and the others to themselves.

Once they were out of sight, everyone's expression darkened.

"I think Decker is lying. He seems to know the existence of the human race, and surely he has seen at least one human in his life," Fuxi pointed out.

"Humans frighten him. I wonder why..." Eastern Emperor Taiyi scratched his head, confused.

"They sure have shitty acting skills," King Ieuan mocked with a scoff.

"Everything seems strange." Pearson sniffed and sneered, "Even the fragrance of the cave doesn't mask the stench of blood. This cave is probably a slaughterhouse."

The rest sniffed and nodded. Indeed, they could smell the blood, too.

The cave was wide from the outside but narrowed as it deepened. The entrance opened up to the sky, so it was most definitely not a good hiding spot.

As she observed the cave further, the Snake Goddess concluded, "This should not be a slaughterhouse."

"Then what is it?" Thurston eagerly asked. After all, the Snake Goddess was the smartest among the group.

"The Wooden Leaf race is so bad at lying that their lies become evident. I guess when Decker saw us, he was caught off guard. Because they weren't prepared, he lured us in and they decided to keep us here first," the Snake Goddess deduced. "This cave might not be a slaughterhouse, but it's most likely a holding unit for their prey."

"Might as well be a slaughterhouse," Pearson snorted.

All of a sudden, the Snake Goddess pointed towards the entrance. "Don't forget that both the sloth and Decker mentioned that monsters would descend from the sky. Now, think about this cave again."

Zen pondered on it for a while. "You mean to say that the Wooden Leaf race keeps their prey in this cave to somewhat offer them as sacrifices to the monsters from the sky?"

"I believe so." The Snake Goddess nodded.

"But why?" Sawyer asked.

The Snake Goddess smiled. "It's simple. They want protection."

The Wooden Leaf race didn't seem too powerful. They were at the bottom of the food chain in the Night View Island, so they had to be creative in coming up with ways of survival.

"If they want protection, they should have lured in weaker beings. Keeping us hostage would do them more damage," Zen said smugly.

Zen and his group were not to be underestimated.

If what they discovered was true, they would not hold back in taking revenge.

The Snake Goddess thought for a while and added, "Perhaps if they offer stronger prey, they will be rewarded. Maybe that's why they took the risk."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi nodded in agreement. "That seems reasonable. What should we do next?"

"If this place is a trap, we need to leave as soon as possible," Yasamin pointed out.

However, the Snake Goddess shook her head. "Though I may be right, the wildness might be more dangerous than here. I think we should stay put and figure out how to survive within the confines of this cave."

Meanwhile, in a circular cave tucked away in the far right of their territory, Graham grunted in anger, "Why did you bring these people here? We have more than enough sacrifices! And besides, have you forgotten the miserable endings of the Thunder race and the White Bone race? Are you trying to get us all killed?"

As the leader of the Wooden Leaf race, Graham was well-aware of that man's strength and capabilities.

"These humans have nothing to do with that man. They are not strong enough and know nothing. If anything, they are the best sacrifices we can offer." A trace of malice washed over Decker's face.

"If that man figures it out, our race will be wiped out," Graham said monotonously. He could already tell that this was going to be a mess they couldn't clean up.

Decker was unmoved and replied with all confidence, "They don't know enough about the island, so they won't be able to live through one night. They will die tonight, and that man will never know."

"But..." Graham trailed off, hesitant.

"Don't forget about the Evil Tiger race from the north mountain. They will never let us go! We do this for the sake of our race's continuity," Decker said calmly.

Graham was finally convinced. His face relaxed as he let out a heavy sigh.

If the sacrifice went smoothly, it would be a great harvest for the Wooden Leaf race. It was worth the risk, and there was no going back.

Chapter 4045 The Eye

The sky turned from vivid purple to deep blue as night fell on the Night View Island.

When the light dimmed, the light spots in the Abstruse Energy World looked more like stars.

Then, the members of the Wooden Leaf race all went back to their own caves.

Inside one large cave above, Pearson brought out the grey Ghost Powder and divided it among the group.

Although he had already distributed the Ghost Powder, they were not in a hurry to use it.

King Ieuan stood at the entrance of the cave, where a large eye floated beside it. It was the Heavenly Eye Vine's eye, which could separate from its body if necessary.

The spiritual sense could not detect what happened in the distance, but the eye could.

There was a vine from the eye on King Ieuan's forehead, and it could see the top of the mountain when it stood on one side of the cave.

An hour ago, Pearson had turned into a spider thread and quietly left the cave. He climbed to the top of the mountain, took out two Grass Bulls from his spirit beast bag, and put them there.

Even though the Grass Bulls were from the Other Shore, they were not intelligent and did not have any theurgy. However, their flesh was very delicious. Pearson caught them for his meals.

To prevent them from escaping, he rendered them unconscious first then fixed them on top of the mountain. Then, he evenly spread some Ghost Powder on one bull. When it became white, he quietly returned to the cave.

Now, King Ieuan saw two motionless Grass Bulls on top of the mountain with the help of the eye. One was black, and the other was white.

Swoosh!

Once the light on the Night View Island was dim to a certain extent, it seemed that a door in one corner of the island had opened. An unpleasant aura rushed forth from the door and spread throughout the island.

King Ieuan's eyes lit up. "Squeak! It's the Treacherous Being's aura," it said.

Everyone in the cave sat in meditation, but the moment the aura descended, they all opened their eyes.

Fuxi somersaulted and walked towards the entrance of the cave.

"Did you see anything?" he asked. King Ieuan shook its head, "Not yet. Squeak!"

Even if it did not see the Treacherous Being, the truth was it still felt scared. A resentment-level Treacherous Being could not cover the entire island with its aura. It was most likely the hatred-level Treacherous Being that could release such an aura.

"When can I return to the spirit beast bag?" the Heavenly Eye Vine asked. The horrifying aura made it a little uneasy.

It had thought that Zen and his group had successfully entered the Supreme Pure Realm, but it never occurred to it that they would reach the Jade Pure Realm directly. It naturally did not want to stay in such a terrible world.

"Not now."

Just as King Ieuan spoke, its bean-sized eyes suddenly widened to twice their size, as if it saw something shocking.

The Heavenly Eye Vine turned to look, and it was also stunned.

Fuxi arched his eyebrows. "What did you see?" he asked.

"Some white things fell from the sky. They look like hairs," King Ieuan answered. Indeed, white hairs that emitted a faint white light fell one by one.

When they piled up to a certain amount, they merged and formed a human-shaped white-haired monster.

It was clear that the white-haired monster found the Grass Bulls and crawled towards them.

However, it hesitated for a moment when it passed by the white bull. Eventually, it gave up and quickly walked towards the black bull.

King Ieuan attentively watched the scene. The moment the white-haired monster touched the black bull, the bull's head disappeared. The white-haired monster had eaten it.

Blood gushed out from the black bull's neck and splashed on the white-haired monster's body. But as soon as the blood touched the white-haired monster, it disappeared without a trace at all. Naturally, the monster also drank it.

As the monster continued to move, it ate the entire black bull.

Splash!

Soon enough, the monster dissipated with a loud bang and turned into thin white hairs that scattered on the ground.

Then, the white hairs slowly disappeared. King Ieuan saw a few transparent crystals which did not disappear with the white hairs.

"What are these crystals?" King Ieuan asked curiously.

White hairs also appeared about ten feet away from it.

Up close, they looked like pure winter snow—beautiful but fatal.

It was not until then that King Ieuan remembered its mission. It grabbed the spirit beast bag and gently put the eye back into the bag. Then, it quickly turned around and returned to the cave. "Everybody, hurry up!

Apply the Ghost Powder!" "The black bull is dead?" Pearson asked.

"Creak! Yes! Hurry up!" King Ieuan confirmed and applied the Ghost Powder on its body.

In turn, Zen, the Snake Goddess, and the Eternal Realm Hunters applied a layer of Ghost Powder on their bodies.

Zen wasn't sure if Treacherous Beings devoured each other, but they had quite a lot of Ghost Powder. Thus, Campbell also applied the Ghost Powder to his body.

As soon as they finished, four human-shaped monsters arrived in the cave.

They kept looking around, as if they were looking for something.

Moreover, they exuded such an intimidating aura that everyone tried their best to resist the urge to escape.

After the white-haired monsters had searched for a while, one of them suddenly turned and looked at Zen, then strode towards him.

He only frowned and did not move, but every muscle in his body tightened.

Even though he did not know how to deal with the monster, he would never wait for death.

When the monster finally approached him, it stretched out its hand, brushed past his ear, and slapped the wall.

He carefully turned his head, only to see that the monster had targeted the plant that just sprouted on the wall.

No wonder the sloth sprinkled the Ghost Powder on the trees! The white-haired monsters also ate plants.

Then, the white-haired monsters searched every corner of the cave and made sure that there was no "living creature" left for them to devour. Afterward, they exploded into a pile of messy white hairs and gradually disappeared.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi let out a sigh of relief. "They finally left."

"Squeak! They won't come back again," said King Ieuan.

On the other hand, the Snake Goddess frowned in thought. "They rely on the life energy to find their prey, right? After we apply the Ghost Powder, we are like dead people," she stated.

Generally speaking, the Eternal Realm warriors present had sharp senses.

Today, however, they became too nervous because of the Treacherous Being. They had not realized that fact until the Snake Goddess reminded them.

The Ghost Powder almost entirely blocked the life energy. In other words, if someone applied the Ghost Powder on their bodies and lay motionless on the ground, they would look like corpses.

"I think so," Pearson said with a nod.

The Snake Goddess thought for a while and said, "I'll try again. Please don't shake off the Ghost Powder on your bodies."

"Don't..." Before Pearson could stop her, she had already removed the Ghost Powder on the back of her hand, which revealed her white and delicate skin.

Just then, white hairs slowly began to pile up not far away from the cave. Not long after, the white-haired monsters appeared again and rushed towards the Snake Goddess.

Yet, she remained calm. She wasn't even in a hurry to reapply the Ghost Powder. Instead, she raised her hand and retreated slowly, luring the white-haired monsters to follow her.

'What a crazy woman!' Pearson thought helplessly.

Chapter 4046 The Glazed Crystals

The Snake Goddess had figured it out!

"These creatures can't see anything. They can only chase after the life energy..." As she spoke, she applied a layer of Ghost Powder on her hand.

The white-haired monster that had been chasing her immediately stopped in its tracks. Confused, it began to sniff and search around.

The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed as her mind raced. "The races on the island all know how to use the Ghost Powder, which means the white-haired monsters should not be a threat to them. The Wooden Leaf race are willing to offer their prey to the white-haired monsters, so there must be some sort of exchange. What do they get out of this? How do they benefit?"

"It's hard to guess." Zen shook his head. "Maybe after offering their prey, they can go somewhere to receive the so-called 'benefits'."

There were too many possibilities, and it was difficult to deduce with extremely limited clues.

"Squeak! By the way, when I used the heavenly eye to observe the Grass Bulls, the white-haired monster swallowed a Grass Bull and left some transparent glazed crystals," King Ieuan suddenly reminded.

Just now, it was busy applying the Ghost Powder, so it failed to share this.

The Snake Goddess immediately looked at Pearson and asked, "Pearson, do you have any more Grass Bull in your spirit beast bag?"

"Yes." Pearson nodded, understanding immediately. Without hesitation, he took out a Grass Bull from the spirit beast bag.

Having been summoned into the world, the Grass Bull felt the strange aura from the white-haired monster. It was immediately frightened and wanted to run away.

But before it could do so, Pearson pointed at its head. With a loud thud, the Grass Bull fell to the ground, in a deep coma.

The white-haired monster was about to leave, but when it felt the life energy of the Grass Bull, it immediately turned around and pounced on it. In a few seconds, it had devoured almost all of the Grass Bull's flesh. When it was done eating, it disintegrated into a pile of white hairs and disappeared.

Ding, ding, ding...

As the pile of white hairs disappeared, several glazed crystals fell to the ground with crisp sounds.

These crystals were thin and long, like glass needles.

The Snake Goddess stepped forward and picked up the crystals one by one. She placed them in her hands and looked at them carefully. These crystals gave her a feeling of discomfort, as if they were a part of the Treacherous Being, and their aura was similar.

"This should be what the Wooden Leaf race is after. If we are devoured, they will get a lot more crystals," the Snake Goddess said as she handed the crystals to Fuxi.

Fuxi held the crystals close to his face and he sniffed them carefully. After studying them in his hand for a bit, he shrugged helplessly. He couldn't shed any more light on the matter. He handed them over to Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who then handed them over to Yasamin.

Each of them took turns to observe the crystals, and finally they landed with Zen. As Zen studied them carefully, Campbell beside him asked, "Can I have a look?"

Campbell had the body of the Treacherous Being, so his perception was completely different from theirs'.

Zen nodded and gave them to him. Then, Campbell clenched his fist, crystals in hand. Slowly, he closed his eyes and stood still.

Campbell's face suddenly began to melt, like wax off a candle. His human body quickly melted into a pool of white and translucent mud, and his armor was clattered all over the ground.

"Master Campbell!" Zen shouted in a hurry.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Why is this happening?"

"Are these glazed crystals used to deal with the Treacherous Beings?"

Anxiety was written all over the faces of the others.

Although Campbell was only a hostility-level Treacherous Being, he was still the builder of the world!

His understanding of the entire chaos far surpassed that of the others. He was indispensable to the group.

If something went wrong because of a few unknown glazed crystals...

"Look, those glazed crystals!" King Ieuan said as it pointed at Campbell.

The previous few glazed crystals had drilled into Campbell's body and were completely wrapped up.

"Let's wait and see. Maybe the situation is not as bad as we think," the Snake Goddess said.

After all, Campbell's Treacherous Being body only melted, but it hadn't eroded. The body of the Treacherous Being was deathless after all, and as long as it could recover, it would be fine.

About fifteen minutes later, the mud formed by Campbell began to shake. A head slowly emerged out of the transparent white mud, and his body slowly returned to the human form.

"Master Campbell, what happened to you just now?" Zen asked, his forehead creasing with worry.

Campbell opened his clenched fist, and the glazed crystals were still in his hand. Eyeing them fondly, he said, "These things seem to be my home. I feel comfortable and want to sleep in them..."

As a unique creature, the Treacherous Being was naturally completely different from a normal creature.

When Campbell held these crystals, he felt sleepy, as if these crystals were a bed beckoning for him.

As soon as he turned into the mud, he took a short nap.

After Campbell returned the crystals to Zen, Zen relayed to the others what Campbell had just told him.

"Sleep..." Eastern Emperor Taiyi frowned slightly.

Sleep was something that weak creatures needed.

A soul which had been tempered would never have the need to sleep.

There was no doubt that the Treacherous Being possessed a more powerful and special soul. However, just now, Campbell had taken a nap! This confused Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

"Maybe this kind of thing can hypnotize the Treacherous Being," Thurston guessed, gesturing at the crystals.

Staring at the glazed crystals in Zen's hand, the Snake Goddess frowned deeply. "Master Campbell has woken up, but he is still unable to resist the crystals. What would happen to the Treacherous Beings which haven't woken up, if they are exposed to such crystals?"

No matter they belonged to the attaching type or the killing type, these Treacherous Beings all relied on their wills to act, without too much judgment.

Wouldn't these Treacherous Beings fall into a coma if they came into contact with these crystals?

"Maybe they can be used to trap the Treacherous Beings," Pearson said.

The Snake Goddess nodded slightly, but her eyebrows still furrowed. She felt that these glazed crystals were more useful than they were letting on.

"We don't have to think too much. The mystery will solve itself at dawn," Sawyer suddenly said.

When the Snake Goddess heard this, her mouth twitched upwards into a smile. "You're right!"

They weren't ruthless and merciless, but the members of the Wooden Leaf race couldn't blame them for anything they did, as they even dared to trap them and sacrifice their lives.

The night of the Night View Island lasted for twenty hours.

After they applied the Ghost Powder, no other white-haired monsters broke into the cave that night.

King Ieuan once again took out the heavenly eye from the spirit beast bag and observed the situation outside.

Occasionally, it heard the screams of some creatures. When it looked into the direction where the sound rang out, it could see the white-haired monsters devouring some unfortunate sacrifices.

Twenty hours later, dawn broke, and the sky gradually lightened.

As the sun rose, so did everyone's downtrodden spirits.

In a small cave at the bottom of the mountain, Decker came out and shook off the Ghost Powder on his body.

The other members of the Wooden Leaf race also came out of their small 'houses', including their leader, Graham.

Decker and Graham locked eyes, excitement written all over their faces.

Chapter 4047 The Arcanum

The Night View Island was rather peculiarly named. Whoever didn't apply the Ghost Powder on this island would die at night.

As those strangers knew nothing, they would have been eaten by the white-haired monsters last night.

"I'm wondering how many Arcana were left," Graham thought out loud with eyes shining with greed.

Over the past few years, because of the appearance of the Evil Tiger race, the west path of the Wooden Leaf race had been cut off. As a result, hunting had become more and more difficult as time had passed. These strangers could not have come at a more fortunate time.

Graham hadn't slept a wink last night and had been hiding in his cave in fear. But now, it was time to harvest.

"They are humans," Decker said with a strong desire in his eyes. "And what's more, they are quite strong when you think about it. I think the white-haired monsters must have left a lot of Arcana!"

The two of them called the other soldiers of the Wooden Leaf race and then climbed up the stairs at the side of the mountain.

Although both Decker and Graham sincerely believed that Zen and his companions had been devoured completely, they still had to be prepared for any unexpected situations that might arise.

The Wooden Leaf race was very good with bows and arrows. The soldiers held simply wooden bows in their hands, but the arrows were cyan black and poisonous. These arrows were known to be incredibly toxic. That was the sole reason the seemingly weak members of the Wooden Leaf race had survived so long.

In the blink of an eye, they had climbed the mountainside and arrived at the cave.

Decker signaled to the crowd. They held their breath and approached quietly.

The soldiers were walking gingerly and slowly approached the side of the cave. Decker was the first to poke his head into the cave, and he was extremely careful in doing so. But there was nothing and no one in it.

Chances were, those humans had been eaten up by the white-haired monsters. Decker had already expected this outcome. He felt more relieved and then looked to the ground.

If those humans had been completely annihilated, then there would be a lot of things left behind there.

Decker's eyes swept over the ground, and his pupils suddenly shrank. He was staring at the center of the cave, where only four glazed crystals were sitting sadly.

"So few?" Decker narrowed his eyes.

"Not even half a dozen crystals?" Graham frowned.

Decker walked in and picked up the glazed crystals on the ground.

Normally, after the white-haired monsters had devoured their prey, Decker and his companions could obtain at least ten glazed crystals. If those humans really had been eaten up by the white-haired monsters, then there should be at least a hundred glazed crystals lying on the ground.

But there were only four here! Only two possibilities could explain this. The first one was that the humans were still alive, or it could be that the glazed crystals had been stolen.

A bad feeling rose from the bottom of Decker's and Graham's hearts.

They were sincerely hoping that the second option was the right one.

If those humans were still alive, then Decker and company were in deep trouble.

As the two of them pondered over the mystery, they suddenly felt the leaves above their heads become extremely heavy. The leaves were quickly turning red.

The members of the Wooden Leaf race had a talent quite similar to what the Augury Dog had, in the sense that they could predict danger in advance.

And perhaps it was because they were good at archery, their talent was also more practical than that of the Augury Dog. They could sense the presence of their enemies from a distance. This complemented their archery skills since arrows could kill from a distance.

Unfortunately, their enemies were rather close this time.

Zen and his group were hiding in the cave, but they were covered with a layer of skin from Sawyer's treasure, known as the Magic Camouflage Skin. It could change into any form and color.

The moment Sawyer removed the Magic Camouflage Skin, Zen reached out his hand and grabbed the bow in Decker's hand.

Decker's reaction was also incredibly fast. He raised his hand and was about to shoot an arrow at Zen.

The other warriors of the Wooden Leaf race also followed suit. Bows and arrows were their weapons of choice, and operating them was in their instinct. Therefore, their reaction speed and accuracy were both very high. However, this time, something unfortunate happened. Before Decker or anyone else had a chance to let an arrow fly, a thin strand of spider thread was wrapped around their arrows.

And when they were about to shoot, the spider thread pulled the arrows away in one direction. The soldiers of the Wooden Leaf race could do nothing but stare at their bows in confusion.

Crack! Just two of Zen's fingers pinched Decker's bow

and crushed it with a gentle force.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The bows of the other members of the Wooden Leaf race shared a similar fate.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the Eternal Realm Hunters also made their moves and crushed the long bows of whoever was nearest.

The Wooden Leaf race was quickly detained.

"You, you... What do you want?" Decker's face turned pale.

"Friends from afar, why are you doing this to us? Have we been ungracious hosts to you?" Graham asked in a calm tone.

As the patriarch of the Wooden Leaf race, he was much calmer than Decker in times of crisis.

However, his calm was immediately lost when he heard the unmistakable crack of bones breaking into two!

Crack!

The warrior behind Graham had tried to pull out his short sword and attack Pearson in secret, but his neck was immediately broken. His large head rolled to a side, and the sound of spurting blood could be heard coming from the cave.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Silver threads wrapped themselves around the necks of Decker and all his friends. And these were not as fragile as ordinary spider threads.

Instead, they felt as sharp as sword blades.

Pearson's cold eyes were full of killing intent now. "Stop talking nonsense. And don't try any unnecessary flattery, or you will die immediately."

"How dare you..."

Crack! Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Another soldier of the Wooden Leaf race was about to threaten Pearson, but the latter immediately moved his finger and the sharp thread cut off the soldier's neck before he could complete his sentence.

As his detached head fell to the ground, so did a cold silence in the cave. Not a single soldier of the Wooden Leaf race dared to say anything now. Pearson was gazing at them fiercely, but they did not even dare to look into his eyes.

The man's intention had been to catch Decker and torture him cruelly yesterday.

Although the method that Zen and the others proposed could also achieve his goal and was more secure, it was too troublesome in his eyes.

Graham and Decker had initially planned on struggling, but now, they completely gave up.

Without further ado, Zen took out a glazed crystal and placed it in front of Decker. "What is this?" he asked.

Decker rolled his eyes, but Pearson threatened, "Answer him now, or you will die."

As soon as he finished speaking, the silver threads wrapped around Decker's and Graham's necks magically tightened themselves. The sharp threads cut into their flesh, and blood quickly seeped out.

"It's an Arcanum!"

"It's an Arcanum!"

Decker and Graham cried out simultaneously.

"Very good." Pearson waved at Zen and said, "Go on."

Zen and the others were a little confused when they heard this strange name. Zen continued the interrogation, "What's the use of this Arcanum?"

"It gets its name from the fact that the Treacherous Beings like it very much. If we accumulate enough of this, we can easily subdue them by distracting them," Decker explained.

"Is that all?" Zen asked.

Decker hesitated, but trembled when his eyes met Pearson's. He quickly replied, "No. If you refine it, you can coexist peacefully with several Treacherous Beings without having to worry about subduing them. You can also turn them into your own weapons and even a part of your body. Then you would be half human and half Treacherous Being."

Chapter 4048 The Thorny Treacherous Being

"Half Treacherous Being?"

Everyone wore strange expressions of mingled shock, calculation, and curiosity.

The literal meaning of the sentence was not difficult to understand.

But the question was, which side would dominate? Would the body be ruled by the mind of the human, or the mind of the Treacherous Being?

When Campbell had possessed Zen's body, Zen had been unable to resist his will at all. Campbell completely dominated the human body. Thus, everyone was inclined to think that becoming half human and half Treacherous Being was the equivalent of suicide.

"If one merges with a Treacherous Being, aren't they afraid that the Treacherous Being will suppress their consciousness and rule over them?" the Snake Goddess asked, voicing everyone's main concern.

"Yes, that's possible," Decker admitted. He explained, "When some Treacherous Beings of the friendly type wake up, some will snatch their hosts' bodies, and others won't. However, the Treacherous Beings' power is very strong. It's worth taking a risk."

Decker's words made some sense.

Indeed, there were creatures who wouldn't hesitate to sacrifice their very lives in order to obtain greater strength and power.

The Snake Goddess nodded. She asked, "You mention a 'friendly type' of Treacherous Beings. Could you explain what you mean by that?"

"They are kindhearted Treacherous Beings, harmless to others," Decker replied. "These good Treacherous Beings are willing to help others, and this is their will. For example, the Treacherous Beings in the form of sloths in the forest are among the friendly-type ones."

The sloths were tireless in applying the Ghost Powder on the surface of the trees, to prevent the trees from being devoured by the white-haired monsters.

Moreover, after they saw Zen and the others in his group, they had also brought out the Ghost Powder to remind them to apply it.

But Zen and his companions were still wary of the sloths, and found it difficult to trust them completely.

Pearson's eyes were blank. His face was expressionless as he lifted one hand, gently holding up the length of silver thread. The other end of the thread was tightly wrapped around the necks of Decker and Graham.

Pearson wanted to kill one of them, so that the remaining one wouldn't dare to lie to them.

Decker was smart enough to see what Pearson intended, so he didn't dare to hide anything from them. He told them everything he knew, but Pearson clearly still had doubts. "The white-haired monsters will also devour those plants. You can directly cut the trees and pick the flowers in exchange for the 'Arcana'," Pearson said flatly. A cold light flashed in his emotionless eyes. "Why did you deceive us into coming here?"

"The white-haired monsters will indeed devour plants, but devouring plants won't produce 'Arcanum'," answered Decker quickly.

Pearson shrugged. Fuxi stepped forward and asked, "Have any of you merged with a Treacherous Being and become half human and half Treacherous Being?"

Since entering the Supreme Pure Realm, Fuxi had felt that his strength was completely insufficient.

Although he had the Light of Annihilation, it was not enough. In fact, for most of his time in these two realms, he'd ended up running for his life.

Naturally, the idea of becoming half human and half Treacherous Being intrigued him, as it presented the possibility of obtaining more power.

"The warriors of our Wooden Leaf race all are half human and half Treacherous Being," answered Decker.

"Really?" Fuxi said, sounding surprised. His eyes widened, for he had expected a more conservative answer.

Zen and the others also looked surprised.

They had assumed that, at most, one or two members of the Wooden Leaf race had successfully merged with a Treacherous Being and become half human and half Treacherous Being.

But now Decker was telling them that all the warriors of the Wooden Leaf race were half human and half Treacherous Being, which was an incredible number.

Pearson's eyes narrowed and he tightened his grip on the silver spider thread with increased vigilance. The thread tightened on Graham's and Decker's necks, and the blood which had already begun to dry now flowed out once more.

"Don't—don't be nervous," Decker gasped, feeling blood dripping down his neck from the tight grip of the thread.

Graham swiftly added, "There are variations in the levels of strength possessed by Treacherous Beings. Our Wooden Leaf race is relatively weak, so the Treacherous Beings we merged with are not that strong."

Pearson's grip loosened slightly. "You're right," he said. "Otherwise, you wouldn't have fallen into this situation."

"Then prove your words," Zen ordered. He was not worried that this command would cause any problems for him and his group.

After all, Zen had already managed to kill the three stone men who were also half human and half Treacherous Being.

The skills of the Wooden Leaf race were centered on archery, not direct combat. They were not much stronger than the stone men, since the space here was limited, and they could not bring their strength into full play.

Under Zen's instruction, Pearson loosened the silver spider thread even further. The leader of the race, Graham, felt much better. He lifted his hand to touch the thread still wrapped around his neck.

With the silver thread tied around him, Graham walked several steps, towards the center of the cave. He took out a small glass bottle from within the folds of his clothing. This glass bottle was made of "Arcana", and it contained a small thorny ball, which was a Treacherous Being.

"Can I use arrows?" asked Graham.

Zen nodded. He gazed at the thorny ball within the glass bottle and said, "But doesn't the Arcanum need to be refined within one's body?"

"The Treacherous Beings that haven't woken up are not suitable to stay inside one's body for a long time," Graham explained. "Otherwise they will affect the warrior's body and mind."

Most Treacherous Beings released an aura that would make other creatures very uncomfortable. Even the sloths, which were supposedly the friendly type of Treacherous Beings, had such an aura. Only the Treacherous Beings that had woken up would not make people feel disgusted.

Graham lightly knocked on the glass bottle, and the shrunken thing in the bottle began to expand and flow out. The Treacherous Being resembled a sea urchin in shape.

Everyone watched silently, and the only sound came from the movement of the Treacherous Being.

The fluid-looking sea urchin stretched and flowed into Graham's eyes, ears, mouth and nose. It seeped like liquid into the orifices, until it was all gone. Then Graham blinked and took out a bow and arrow. His old bow had been crushed so this was a different weapon.

Although this was only intended to be a demonstration, everyone stared at Graham with alertness.

After all, he was going to display the power of the Treacherous Being.

He raised the bow and fitted the long arrow into the string. A white light gathered in his right hand as the aura of the Treacherous Being concentrated in that spot. Graham aimed his arrow at the wall of the cave and said, "The Treacherous Being I merged with is very suitable for archery. When I shoot it out, it will cause a strong destructive force."

With that, he released the bowstring in his hand.

The arrow shot forward.

As the arrow flew, the white light soared forward, converging into the point of the arrowhead.

With a crack, the arrow hit the wall of the cave.

It created a small hole as it entered the wall and burrowed inside the stone.

Zen and the others watched calmly.

It was true that the mountain walls in the Jade Pure Realm should be very difficult to destroy, but they themselves could achieve the same thing with a bow and arrow. It required the use of focused strength, and they thought that given a similar weapon, they could probably do more damage than Graham had done.

However, in the next instant, a crack spread out from the tiny hole, and began to spread out along the surface of the cave wall.

Everyone became more vigilant as the walls began to rumble.

It sounded as though something was moving within the depths of the mountain.

Graham was very familiar with the power of the thorny Treacherous Being. He took a few steps back as the wall in front of him started to collapse. As the wall crashed, a large hole was revealed, and within it was the Treacherous Being in the shape of sea urchin.

It had grown much larger. Its body had expanded at least a hundred times in size. Colorful thorns were embedded in the rock wall around the enormous sea urchin.

This level of damage had been caused by shooting the Treacherous Being into the wall. If it had been shot into the body of a living being, they could only imagine the power of the resulting explosion.

Zen looked sharply at Graham. "All the Treacherous Beings you merged with are of this same type?" he asked.

Graham nodded. "This kind of Treacherous Beings is our first choice. After we get enough 'Arcana', we each find such a Treacherous Being to merge with."

When Pearson heard Graham's answer, his mouth twitched slightly. The fighting capacity of the Wooden Leaf race was not as bad as he had imagined.

If they had fought with the Wooden Leaf race yesterday, they might win, but there might be some casualties. It seemed that Zen and the Snake Goddess's plan was the best plan.

Meanwhile, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and several others were more interested in merging with Treacherous Beings.

After cultivating to the Eternal Realm, one's bloodline power couldn't change any more, and it became more difficult to find a stronger Other Shore Token. It looked like merging with Treacherous Beings was a shortcut to increase the level of one's strength.

Chapter 4049 A Trace Of Humans

Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others raised several more questions.

Once these questions were answered, they had a basic understanding of what the Night View Island was all about.

A large number of different races — close to a thousand — lived in the annular mountain range around the Night View Island.

It was weird but astonishing that so many races coexisted on such a small island.

One or two races were present on almost every mountain here. These races were mainly divided into three tiers and the Wooden Leaf race was among the weakest ones.

The Wooden Leaf race knew their limitations and rarely came into conflict with other races. That was how they had survived in such a complicated environment.

"Did you capture your Treacherous Beings in the mountains?" Fuxi asked.

The Snake Goddess and the others were concerned at Fuxi's question, given that it was an important one. Why were there so many Treacherous Beings on the Night View Island?

They had encountered a lot of sloth-shaped Treacherous Beings on their way to this mountain, which, according to Decker, was just the tip of the iceberg. The abundance of Treacherous Beings on the Night View Island was way beyond their imagination.

Decker shook his head and said, "Most Treacherous Beings in the mountains are weak and the powerful ones are mainly the killing type. The killing type also likes Arcana and will kill you to plunder your Arcana. They're not suitable for warriors to merge with. Our Treacherous Beings came from the Ghost Mountain."

"Ghost Mountain?" Fuxi raised an eyebrow in interest.

"There is a huge Ghost Mountain beyond the annular mountain range on the westernmost side of the Night View Island. There are a large number of friendly-type Treacherous Beings there. You'll see every kind you can think of," explained Decker.

Confused and curious, Fuxi asked, "Are you saying that you can freely enter the Ghost Mountain and choose a Treacherous Being?"

Decker shook his head again and answered, "We can't enter the Ghost Mountain at will. We need to accumulate enough Arcana to enter it."

"Why didn't we see such a mountain when we came out of the lake?" Zen asked.

Decker said, understanding dawning in his eyes, "You can only see it after you cross the annular mountain range. You can't see it from the center of the island."

Zen was still doubtful. He turned around and asked, "Master Campbell, is the annular mountain range the only highland on the Night View Island?"

They had seen the island's terrain once they had emerged from the lake. There was nothing but the lake at its center and a circle of mountains around it. They would have noticed it if there was a huge Ghost Mountain around there!

"As far as I know, the annular mountain range shapes the edges of the Night View Island. There is nothing but a void beyond the annular mountain range," said Campbell with conviction.

At this, Zen's eyes turned cold. "You were lying to us," he said, turning to glare at Decker.

Pearson hooked his fingers and the silver thread tightened around Decker's neck, cutting into his skin. Blood quickly began to drip from the wound.

"No, please no! It hurts!" Decker screamed hysterically at the sharp pain. "I told no lies! All that I said is true! You can ask our patriarch if you don't believe me!"

Graham spoke up hastily. "Yes, yes!" he said. "The Ghost Mountain has been floating outside the island. You can only see it once you climb over the circle of mountains. You can send someone to have a look at it and verify what we're saying!"

At Decker's and Graham's earnest looks, Pearson relaxed the silver thread on his fingertips. "They don't look like they're lying," he said.

"Is there really a Ghost Mountain?" the Snake Goddess said thoughtfully.

According to Campbell, the world beyond the Pure Sky Platforms was full of Void Dust, which could devour all substances and energies.

Campbell had also mentioned that he knew a way of roaming through the Void Dust. This involved using the Spiritual Boat. He didn't say what material the Spiritual Boat was made of. So she surmised that the Ghost Mountain was probably formed by the same substances as the Spiritual Boat, which was probably why it could also roam through the Void Dust.

"Let's put this question aside for the time being," Zen said, quickly regaining his composure. "When I mentioned the human race yesterday, you said that you hadn't seen any before. Let me ask you once again. Have you ever seen any other humans before us?"

This was what they were most concerned about. After all, they were here to find the human heroes.

Decker hesitated.

"Answer him!" Pearson barked.

Decker then admitted hesitantly, "I met a human once before. A tall and sturdy human male. He sat on a fire lotus, flames in his eyes. Beside him was a Treacherous Being that looked like a fiery-dragon and appeared to be very powerful. This man burned up more than ten mountains and annihilated the Thunder race and the White Bone race, which were at the pinnacle of their forces at the time."

"We didn't know how the Thunder race and the White Bone race had provoked him. His fire was so tremendous that two mountains melted into lava and flowed into the lake," added Graham. He had also witnessed this terrifying scene. The fire hadn't extinguished for several days after that.

The Thunder race and the White Bone race used to be two ruling races on the Night View Island. They were far more powerful than small races like the Wooden Leaf race, but that human had destroyed them so easily!

A human male...

Using formidable flames...

Tall and sturdy...

Sitting on a fire lotus...

These descriptions reminded everyone of the same person. The Snake Goddess and the others turned to look at Zen, knowing that that man's energy soul existed in Zen's body.

Zen communicated with his inner world for a while before a vague figure appeared above his head. Zen pointed at the figure and asked, "Is he the man you were talking about?"

Zhurong's figure gradually became clear. It was only half his body and the aura of the energy soul was not so strong as his real self, but Decker's and Graham's faces went sheet-white at the sight of him.

"W-what?!"

"Yes! That's him! Why is he inside your body?"

Decker and Graham looked as if they had seen a ghost.

Zhurong looked proud as he watched these members of the Wooden Leaf race stumble over their words in horror and awe. It looked like his real self still enjoyed great fame on the Night View Island.

Decker would not have dared attack these strangers if he had known of this before.

"Where is this man on the Night View Island now?" Zen asked.

Decker shook his head again. "I don't know. But I guess he's somewhere in the Ghost Mountain. All truly powerful figures on the Night View Island are over there and this master is no exception."

"In that case, it's time for us to go," Eastern Emperor Taiyi suggested.

The Snake Goddess's eyes swept the outside of the cave. She flicked two of her fingers and two tiny shadows appeared at her fingertips. These were energy parasites transformed from the shadow of Snake Goddess.

She stuffed them into Decker's and Graham's mouths and warned them, "Tell your people to behave themselves."

The energy parasites would keep moving in their bodies. It would take at least three months for the energy to be depleted. During this time, the Snake Goddess could cause them to explode with just a thought if she thought Decker and Graham were out of line.

The other members of the Wooden Leaf race had long since laid siege outside the cave. They had bows and arrows in their hands, strong auras of Treacherous Beings emanating from their arrows, and ready to launch their attacks.

"Everyone! Please put down your weapons!" Decker shouted.

But nobody heeded him. Decker's prestige was not enough to order them around.

Graham took a deep sigh and said, "Put down your weapons. They are not someone you can match. Don't bring disaster upon our race."

The leader of the Wooden Leaf race had realized that their whole race would not be a match for this group of humans. Decker should never have provoked them.

Chapter 4050 Plunder

Under the command of their leader, the members of the Wooden Leaf race retreated to both sides. Then, Zen and his group left and walked along the mountain road.

Relief washed over Graham and Decker as they watched them depart.

The fight between different races in Night View Island had been cruel. If Zen and his group were another race that fought against them, their Wooden Leaf race would probably face extinction.

However, Zen and his group had only planted parasites in their bodies and even spared them.

"These humans are quite merciful," Graham sighed.

"They did let us go, but the Evil Tiger race is still watching us..." Decker muttered and shook his head.

The Evil Tiger race expanded rapidly after they moved to the west of the mountain. Moreover, they also acquired the "Arcana" much faster than the Wooden Leaf race did, so they got to merge with stronger Treacherous Beings.

With the current speed of their growth, it would not take long before the Evil Tiger race did something. The Wooden Leaf race surely could not fight against them, and it was easy to predict the outcome.

Of course, Decker refused to accept such fate. That was also why he took the risk to lure the humans to this place.

"It's all fate," Graham sighed again. "Once, only five people remained in our Wooden Leaf race. Our race got slaughtered, but we managed to pull through anyway. If we can't escape from this disaster, it means that our race is destined to end here," he said.

"I don't believe in fate," Decker said in a firm tone.

Then, he took a step forward.

"What are you going to do?" Graham asked nervously.

Yet, Decker turned a deaf ear to him and quickly caught up with Zen and his group. At the same time, he shouted, "Masters, please wait for a moment!"

Zen, the Snake Goddess, and the others turned around and looked at Decker strangely.

Decker continued, "Masters, it's not easy to go to the Ghost Mountain. I'm afraid you cannot enter the Ghost Mountain even if you reach it, especially if you have many people. You need to obtain a good amount of Arcana!"

At that moment, his eyes flashed with excitement and he declared, "I can help you!"

"We can find sacrifices by ourselves," the Snake Goddess said indifferently.

Decker laughed and said, "Of course you can. But every creature from different races in Night View Island hunts for the prey to get more sacrifices. How many prey do you think are left on the island?"

"Then we'll catch the creatures from the many races," Pearson said coldly.

"There are creatures from different races that are sacrificed like prey every day. Although you are powerful, those creatures that have merged with the Treacherous Beings are something else entirely. I'm afraid it won't be easy to defeat them," Decker explained.

Pearson frowned and didn't say anything. He thought what Decker said made sense.

Zen asked, "What's your suggestion?"

"I know about every race on Night View Island. I can help you plan to seize their Arcana," Decker answered.

Honestly, it was a good idea.

Besides, it would take a long time if they collected the 'Arcana' bit by bit.

Everything would be faster if they directly looted the Arcana from the others.

"Why should we trust you?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked.

In turn, Decker pointed at his body and said, "Don't forget that she has planted a parasite in me."

The Snake Goddess glanced at him and said, "Okay, we can trust you."

Finally, he joined Zen's group.

The Wooden Leaf race's gathering place was at the south of the mountain. The west side was originally an open space, but the Evil Tiger race occupied it later on.

"During this period of time, the Evil Tiger race have accumulated quite a lot of 'Arcana'. They are like fat sheep," Decker commented.

He was responsible for guiding these humans to steal the "Arcana." As the biggest threat to the Wooden Leaf race, the Evil Tiger race naturally became their first target.

"Who keeps the Arcana in their race?" Zen asked.

"The leader of the race usually keeps the Arcana. That cave is where their leader lives," Decker answered without hesitation.

As he spoke, he pointed at a triangular cave in the center.

Meanwhile, Fuxi brought out the Heavenly Eye Vine from the spirit beast bag, which extended a thin vine towards Decker's forehead.

When the vine touched his skin, he saw the scene in the triangular cave through the heavenly eye.

"Their leader did not go out to hunt today. He's just in the cave," Decker's eyes lit up as he talked.

"So do we charge in straight?" asked Fuxi. "No." Decker shook his head.

"The Treacherous Beings that the Evil Tiger race like to merge with are called the Wind Ghosts. They are immensely swift, and the warriors of the Evil Tiger race are also quite agile themselves. If we alerted them, we would surely fail to catch their leader, and instead, they would surround us," he explained.

Afterward, Sawyer quietly took out a few pieces of Magic Camouflage Skin and said, "So, we will use our old way."

The Magic Camouflage Skin hid their bodies so they could get close to their target without notice.

Zen covered himself in the Magic Camouflage Skin and quickly descended from the top of the mountain.

The leader of the Evil Tiger race had very sharp senses, especially his sense of smell. His nose could detect any change in the aura around him.

When Zen and the others slid to the cave's entrance, he immediately sensed that something was wrong.

Just as he was sniffing the air, however, a loop of silver spider thread wrapped around his neck.

He choked repeatedly and wanted to escape, but a young human suddenly appeared above his head. The young man stretched out his hand and pressed him down to the ground with a strong force, so he could not move.

"Puff!"

On the other side, a handsome, middle-aged man thrust his sword and stabbed his shoulder. Blood flowed out from the wound.

After that, a beautiful woman swept down and flicked her finger, where a wriggling crimson worm emerged.

She gently patted his shoulder then the energy parasite entered his body.

Their cooperation was flawless. The leader of the Evil Tiger race did not have the chance to use his own bloodline power, nor did he have the time to use the Treacherous Being he had merged with.

But even if he had reacted quickly, Zen and the others still had a way to deal with him. They had even prepared much stronger methods to counter his attacks.

"What are you doing?" the leader of the Evil Tiger race shouted.

"Hand over the Arcana and we will spare your life," Zen demanded.

"No way!" the leader of the Evil Tiger race yelled with rage-filled eyes.

The Arcana were the foundation of peace for the lives of the creatures from the various races like them, and also the only way for them to become stronger. Therefore, how could he be willing to hand them over?

Furthermore, they had intruded the base of the Evil Tiger race. He felt that these people would not really dare to make a move.

"Then go to hell..."

A faint killing intent flashed in Zen's eyes as if he was looking at a dead and cold corpse.

When the leader of the Evil Tiger race realized that he would die, his expression suddenly changed. "The Arcana you want are here, here… I'll give them all to you!" he said hurriedly.

Right after he spoke, a wooden box appeared in his hand. He opened it and revealed more than two hundred glazed crystals. It was a lot of Arcana!

In return, Zen casually counted them, put them away for safekeeping, turned around, and left.

The Snake Goddess stretched out her hand and guided the worm to swim around his chest. A small bulge moved visibly through his skin.

"This worm won't disappear for three months. I hope you won't do anything within that time."

At the same time, she patted the leader's shoulder. Together with Pearson, and the others, they covered themselves with the Magic Camouflage Skin and quickly disappeared before the eyes of the leader of the Evil Tiger race.

The group of people came and went like ghosts, then left the leader who stood numbly in the cave, still in a daze.

Chapter 4051 Gained Little

They snuck in and left the cave in under three minutes.

The members of the Evil Tiger race were not alerted during the entire process.

Decker had seen these people's theurgies but the methods they used still shocked him.

How were they able to take the Evil Tiger race's Arcana so easily?

It was all just a piece of cake for them!

The series of events was inconceivable to Decker but the others simply went on as if everything was entirely normal.

As an independent island, the Night View Island had no means to communicate with the outside world, so it didn't have as many Other Shore Tokens. The combat strength was mainly increased through fusions with Treacherous Beings.

However, even if these Treacherous Beings were powerful, they weren't as good as Other Shore Tokens.

Moreover, Zen and his companions still had the Holy Stones and the Light of Annihilation, which made it easy for them to deal with the hostility-level Treacherous Beings that might come their way. Of course, that was their trump card, so they wouldn't use it unless it was truly necessary.

After they left the Evil Tiger race's territory, Zen and his group made their way towards another connected mountain.

Decker was in a good mood. He had proved his value to Zen and robbed the Evil Tiger race in accordance with the Wooden Leaf race's wishes.

"The members of the Desert race are living at the foot of the mountain. They're our allies," he told them.

"Is robbing an ally frowned upon here?" Pearson asked. Decker hurriedly waved his hand.

"I'm very familiar with the Desert race so it would be easier for us to take their Arcana, but they went to the Ghost Mountain not long ago and have consumed all their Arcana. It wouldn't make much sense to go there since you won't really get any."

The races on the Night View Island were usually shrewd realists.

Both the Wooden Leaf race and the Desert race acknowledged their weakness so they decided to forge an alliance with each other. Once one of them became a strong force, they would immediately turn friends into enemies.

"Next," Zen said dismissively.

It was entirely possible for Decker to have been lying. There was a high chance that he was taking advantage of Zen and his group in order to suppress the Wooden Leaf race's opponents.

Whether this possibility was true or not, Zen and his group did not really care.

Soon enough, they arrived at the third mountain.

Snake-shaped creatures gathered around and flitted here and there.

These snake-shaped creatures could communicate through telepathy. If one of their members were attacked, the rest would know straight away.

"I believe in your strength but fighting with these guys may end badly. I hope you reconsider," Decker told them.

Fuxi shrugged in nonchalance. "Next."

They were in a hurry to accumulate Arcana and couldn't waste any time dawdling.

On the fourth mountain, they came upon the sheep-headed men.

According to Decker, this race was very suitable since they had moderate strength and no doubt had acquired quite a lot of Arcana.

Zen and his group quietly observed the comings and goings of the race for about three minutes before they were able to find the opportunity to sneak in.

It was generally the same process. After they gained control of the huge sheep-headed man, they plundered all the Arcana and left quietly.

After that, everyone expected things to sail smoothly but that wasn't the case.

The races they chose afterward were all bust. Either the races had used up all of their Arcana or they had a special way to hide them. Some leaders were also incredibly resolute and would rather die than hand them over.

In the end, Zen and his group managed to gather fewer Arcana than they would've liked.

One thing that they realized during this series of plunders though was that it was a wise decision to have kept Decker by their side.

His input proved to be extremely useful, especially when they had to deal with troublesome races.

When night came, the group dug out a stone cave on top of a mountain and settled there.

They had collected a total of three hundred and forty-two Arcana, including the Arcana that had been traded with the Grass Bull yesterday.

Zen pursed his lips as he calculated their spoils. "How many people can enter the Ghost Mountain with these Arcana?" he asked.

"A person needs two hundred Arcana to enter," Decker answered. "So it means one and a half people can enter now. You have good luck and great strength, and your efficiency is really high."

In his eyes, their rate of accumulation was already incredible.

The others, however, thought differently. To them, their efficiency was actually extremely slow and they had to pick up the pace tomorrow and earn more.

Once darkness completely shrouded the Night View Island, the group settled and began to apply the Ghost Powder on the bodies.

"This island is full of Ghost Powder. Where did it come from?" Zen asked in the middle of his application.

Decker simply shrugged. "Nobody really knows."

"Hasn't anyone ever investigated this?" the Snake Goddess asked in curiosity. "Of course," Decker told them.

"Even I've tried investigating it myself. The Ghost Powder is taken out of the sloths' pockets and the sloths are also Treacherous Beings. They usually hang out in the forest quietly."

"The Ghost Powder in their pockets should be consumed very soon," King Ieuan said.

"I lived with a sloth for quite a while. The powder in its pocket was almost unlimited. I've deliberately consumed all of it but it would only take a few minutes for its pocket to fill up all over again!" Decker narrated.

"At first I thought it was collecting the Ghost Powder secretly so I tied it up, but then I saw its pocket swell automatically!"

"Amazing," the group murmured.

"Have you seen the inside of its pocket?" King Ieuan asked. "It might be connected with a space channel."

It was very difficult for the Eternal Realm warriors to construct a space channel within the Three Purities Stage. Instant teleportation was also impossible, but there were a number of creatures who could do it.

"I tried but then I almost died."

Zen couldn't help but frown at Decker's answer. "Why? What happened?"

"The sloths' pockets are their exclusive domains. They turn hostile if you touch them," Decker muttered in explanation.

He remembered it quite well. When he tried to open the sloth's pocket, all the sloths within the vicinity began to emanate a strong aura.

The aura they exuded was much stronger than that of the hostility-level Treacherous Beings.

Fearing for his life, Decker immediately bolted from that place.

Those sloths chased him for more than a hundred miles before Decker managed to escape and survive.

From then on, he never dared to investigate those sloths and their secrets anymore.

"This island is full of strange things," Fuxi remarked.

While they talked, white hairs continuously fell outside their cave and formed multiple white-haired monsters.

Everyone looked much calmer this time and quietly watched the white-haired monsters trudge around.

When they moved around the cave in a circle, the white-haired monsters suddenly reverted back into a pool of white hairs and gradually disappeared.

Night soon passed.

On the second day, Zen and his group set off to plunder more Arcana off the other races.

Still, everything went smoothly.

Their targets were not very strong and were at the second or third tier on the Night View Island.

Under Zen's leadership, the group launched several sneak attacks which gave no room for the races to resist.

Unfortunately, the spoils of their labor weren't as plentiful as they had hoped.

The leaders of the races they plundered only held a few Arcana, and some had none at all.

It would be the same for the oncoming days.

The reason why these races only had a few Arcana to spare was finally revealed after they caught a race leader who spilled the fact that they had handed them all over to the Red Demon race.

The Red Demon race was one of the top races on the Night View Island and they abused this position by forcing the other, smaller races to give them their Arcana.

Since the Red Demon race had already robbed the other races, Zen finally understood why they got so little during their raids in the past few days.

On their seventh night, Zen and his group applied the Ghost Powder on their bodies and rested in the cave.

However, a shrill scream interrupted their slumber.

It seemed to have come from a distance and didn't seem to be the last scream they would hear that night. King Ieuan was the first one up. "What was that? Squeak!"

Zen listened attentively and pointed out towards the distance. "Over there. Over the mountain. It's not just one person, but an entire group."

Chapter 4052 Sacrifice

Decker's eyes lit up. "Let's go there!"

"What's happening?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"There is an entire race to be sacrificed and there will be a lot of Arcana. I wonder whether you are interested in making a move or not," said Decker.

The prey on the Night View Island was not enough. There would often be wars among the various races. The races that lost would become captives, and the only fate of being captured was to be sacrificed.

All the people present had experienced a lot of fights. They understood the cruelty on the Night View Island.

Since the members of a whole race were to be sacrificed, the number of Arcana to be produced was large.

Zen and his group didn't get many Arcana–now was their chance.

"Let's go and take a look," suggested Zen.

Fuxi and the others nodded. That night, they quietly left the cave and headed south.

Miserable screams echoed from two mountains away. The distance wasn't far from them.

When Zen and his group climbed over the first mountain, white hairs slowly flew towards them, coming from the mountain's side.

Although the Ghost Powder could hide the aura of life energy, they could still attract white-haired monsters as long as they moved.

Everyone stopped moving and stood like statues. The white-haired monsters then disappeared, and they continued with their journey.

Near a lake at the foot of the mountain, hundreds of creatures appeared trapped, bound by silver chains.

They didn't have Ghost Powder on their bodies and the silver chains disabled their every move.

Out of nowhere, the white-haired monsters appeared like sharks that had smelled blood, devouring the poor creatures.

The number of creatures that each white-haired monster swallowed was limited to ten. After that, the monsters turned into a pile of white hairs and gradually dissipated–leaving behind many Arcana.

The remaining creatures trembled as they saw their companions being swallowed little by little. Their chests were filled with fear as the blood of different colors splashed out from the horrible scene.

Screams, pleas, and the sound of kowtows rang one after another, yet no one could save them...

Flocks of bird-like creatures stood by the lake. Their wings were folded on their backs and they possessed sharp claws. Their bodies were similar to a human's. Their claws each held a sharp wooden stick, with the end smeared with thick black poison.

"Glede Demon race!" Decker exclaimed in surprise.

"I feel that they are very strong," Pearson said.

"It's one of the strongest races on the Night View Island," Decker said with a complicated expression. "But that's not the problem. How dare they catch so many races and sacrifice them all!"

"Why, aren't they supposed to do that?" Pearson was confused.

For both the Grand Pure Realm and the Supreme Pure Realm, the weak races were like helpless fish on a chopping board; they were always slaughtered by stronger races.

Since the Glede Demon race was very powerful, they wouldn't have any difficulty sacrificing their captives.

The Snake Goddess figured out Decker's point. "If they sacrifice so many creatures at a time, it might cause a backlash..."

"Exactly." Decker nodded.

Sacrificing the defeated races often happened on the Night View Island, but it was rare to see several races sacrificed at a time.

Even the Red Demon race and the Grand Mighty race which were at par with the Glede Demon race on the Night View Island wouldn't do that.

The weak races were not idiots themselves. They were connected, and some of them had close associations.

Any force sacrificing several races at a time would cause a large number of weak races to team up as allies.

After allying, there would be a reshuffling of powers among the forces on the Night View Island.

Such things had happened several times in history. The top-ranked races were killed by the alliance every time. As time passed, the alliance fell into a state of disunity, and finally, the situation returned to its original state.

"If the Glede Demon race dares to do so, something must have happened in the Ghost Mountain. They need to accumulate enough Arcana, alas..." Decker concluded. The Wooden Leaf race was also a weak race. He felt sorry upon realizing the fate of these several races.

The process of the sacrifice was rough.

Suddenly, more than ten strong warriors had broken the silver chains, fleeing in all directions.

The Glede Demons on guard flew one after another. They raised the wooden sticks, aimed at the creatures, and threw them down swiftly.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

The wood sticks thrown by the Glede Demons hit their targets hard and accurately. They nailed the warriors to the ground, forbidding their escape. The well-trained Glede Demons returned and lined up once again.

Zen and the others couldn't help but frown upon witnessing the fighting strategy.

Just as Decker said, the strength of the Glede Demon race was far stronger than that of ordinary races. It would indeed be very difficult to fight them.

The white-haired monsters were efficient. In just an hour, hundreds of creatures from other races had been completely devoured at the foot of the mountain, leaving the Arcana on the ground.

These creatures had lost a lot of blood as they were swallowed. The blood flowed into the lake, dying it with vivid colors as it mixed with the water's rippling.

"These Arcana are enough to let you all enter the Ghost Mountain," said Decker. "But the Glede Demons are very troublesome. They like to act as a group while each of them is very strong!"

Zen, the Snake Goddess, and the others didn't say anything. They observed in silence.

Getting these Arcana could save them a lot of time, and they didn't have to invade the mountains one by one.

It would be difficult to obtain the Arcana directly from the Glede Demon race, however, there was still a chance. They still had the Light of Annihilation, which could burst out and destroy the Treacherous Beings that the Glede Demons had merged with.

The Glede Demons quickly collected the Arcana on the ground and put them into a gray cloth bag. One of the Glede Demons flew to a huge nearby tree while carrying the bag.

Only then did Zen and the others discover that a Glede Demon was hiding on the top of the tree!

The Glede Demon had sharp eyes; each of his feathers was like a dagger sticking out from his body. The feathers were pure silver, reflecting light that was inconcealable by the layer of Ghost Powder on his body.

"That's Bacchus, the leader of the Glede Demon race," said Decker in almost a whisper.

Taking over the cloth bag, Bacchus looked at the Arcana within it and seemed dissatisfied. "Nearly five hundred captives afflicted, yet you only obtained a few Arcana. These are only two thousand. Why?"

Several Glede Demons lowered their heads in silence.

The number of Arcana produced after a captive was afflicted did not result in a fixed amount.

Up until now, no one had figured out the rules.

The number of Arcana produced was at random.

In some cases, a lot of Arcana had appeared after small creatures were swallowed up, while there had only been a few Arcana with large creatures.

Even after a pair of identical twins were killed, there was a huge difference in the number of Arcana from them.

In other words, the amount of Arcana that appeared after the creatures were sacrificed was entirely based on the mood of the white-haired monsters.

For ordinary races such as the Wooden Leaf race, two thousand Arcana was a rare great harvest.

However, Bacchus was still unhappy with this number

because the Glede Demon race paid a huge price to get these captives.

"We... we have accumulated a lot of Arcana. Isn't it enough?" one of the Glede Demons couldn't help asking.

Around this time, they had already slaughtered nearly more than forty races; there were even a few large races among them.

They had already surrendered a lot of Arcana in the hands of the leader, but these Glede Demons couldn't figure out the reason it was not enough.

"It's not enough," Bacchus answered coldly. "That's all for tonight. Follow me to the West Shrine Mountain tomorrow!"

When he was about to leave, he looked up at the mountain and said in a chilling voice, "You have hidden for so long. Why don't you come out?"

Chapter 4053 The Birdcage

Zen and the others were covered by the Magic Camouflage Skin. This perfectly prevented them from being discovered by the Glede Demon race.

Senses couldn't be used on the Night View Island, so as long as they held their breath, no one could notice them.

Even if someone walked past them, they wouldn't find anything.

"He found us. We're so screwed!"

Decker's face quickly turned pale as his entire body trembled.

"Calm down!" Pearson tried to pacify Decker.

Zen and the others looked down from the mountain silently and remained motionless as they waited for situation to develop.

A few moments later, another group of creatures emerged from the other side of the mountain.

They had red skin and were covered with bright red fur. They carried big sticks on their hands and their ape-like faces looked ferocious.

"They're from the Red Demon race!"

"Then, it means Bacchus hasn't found us yet."

"Oh, thank goodness! I thought it was going to be our end…"

Decker breathed a sigh of relief as if he had barely escaped the jaws of death.

Even the others were obviously relieved.

They were also nervous but not panicking in an exaggerated way like Decker. At their current distance from the Glede Demon race and the Red Demon race, the possibility of blowing their disguise was very low.

"Ha-ha! Bacchus, you've become dull!

As far as I remember, it was one thousand and five hundred feet the last time. Now, I am able to enter the range of one thousand feet. Beware! Next time, if I make it within a range of five hundred feet, you're dead!" The red-haired creature taking the lead laughed wildly.

It was Tate, the leader of the Red Demon race.

For the past generations, these two big races of the Night View Island had been in a constant dispute.

Whenever there was an opportunity, the Red Demon race and the Glede Demon race would clash with each other.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

"Scrap that!" Tate hit his head with a big stick. "I've changed my mind. There's not going to be a next time. Hand over all the Arcana, or you'll die!"

Bacchus was still standing at the top of the tree, holding the cloth bag in his hand which was filled with Arcana. His brows rose slightly as he listened to Tate's threats.

Without a doubt, the Red Demon race was extremely powerful.

In the entire Night View Island, they were considered as one of the three most powerful races.

However, the Glede Demon race was known to be stronger than them.

Among the thousand races that inhabited the Night View Island, only three of them were ranked in the first tier. These were the Red Demon race, the Glede Demon race, and the Grand Mighty race.

All of the other races bowed down and feared these three superior races.

In fact, the other races even brought offerings to them just to be on their good side.

However, they still needed to observe their limitations.

If they went too far, the other races might start forming an alliance. If that happened, they might not actually lose, but several lives would be needlessly wasted.

Moreover, it had become a taboo in the Night View Island to sacrifice the lives of several races at a time.

The Glede Demon race actually had done that, but it was not entirely their fault.

This happened when the Red Demon race crossed the territorial boundary of the Glede Demon race on several occasions for some time now. Then, they forced the leaders of other races to hand over their Arcana.

Although there wasn't a definite rule about it, the blurry boundaries of the three superior races had always existed.

The races that were under the Glede Demon race offered the Arcana to them out of their own volition. However, the Red Demon race dared to intrude into their territory to take away their Arcana.

As a race that was full of pride, they just couldn't let the barbaric Red Demon race continue to do whatever they wished, especially if they were the ones being inconvenienced.

Bacchus was known as a cruel and wise leader.

As a means to retaliate, he led his clansmen to the territory of the Red Demon race and sneakily captured some of the creatures there.

After that, he spread a malicious rumor.

It said that in order to get the treasures in the Ghost Mountain, the Red Demon race needed a lot of Arcana. To achieve their goal, they were sacrificing a large number of creatures in their territory for that purpose.

When the rumor started spreading, several creatures from different tribes had already been disappearing in the territory of the Red Demon race, and it continued for a few consecutive days.

This news spread throughout the entire Night View Island like wildfire. The natives were convinced that the rumor was true because of the sudden disappearance of several races.

Thus, it aroused extreme fear among the weaker races. They started forming alliances and made their moves in secret.

They had one goal—to hold the Red Demon race accountable.

Of course, the Red Demon race needed to do something to stop that.

With this, Tate led his team and searched for the culprit as fast as they could. At last, they found a clue that led to the Glede Demon race. Now, the Red Demon race wanted to make them pay.

Hearing Tate's threats, Bacchus wasn't even fazed.

The Glede Demon race had never been afraid of the Red Demon race. For several years, they always had the upper hand whenever the two of them met on the battlefield. Moreover, their incredible speed was their most coveted attribute. If they discerned that they were at a disadvantage, they could just escape easily. There was no way to bring all of them down.

While the Red Demon race had supreme defenses and infinite strength, the Glede Demon race also had the exceptional strength to match theirs. Plus, with their unimaginable speed, the Red Demon race could never catch up with them.

Bacchus showed a huge mocking smile as he stared down at Tate.

"Did you just say that you would kill me? When did you become so confident?" Bacchus asked in an indifferent tone.

"Ha! I'll tell you why. Take this!"

Tate stretched out his hand and a small cage emerged on his palm.

It looked like a delicate birdcage, but it was too small to be one.

It was just the size of a palm, and thus no bird could actually be locked inside it.

Bacchus narrowed his eyes as he stared at Tate and the birdcage that he released. His alertness heightened as he didn't know what Tate could do next.

There was a huge grin on Tate's face as he tossed the birdcage in the air. In the blink of an eye, it expanded at an amazing speed.

"What the…"

Bacchus had never seen an Other Shore Token like this before.

As it instantly expanded in front of his eyes, he instinctively realized that it must be an item to trap them.

"Stay away from it!"

Bacchus immediately spread out his wings, turned into a silver light, and quickly flew away.

He knew that flying at high speed would shake off the Ghost Powder on his body. Without it, the white-haired monsters would surely come out and get him.

However, he couldn't care much about them at this moment.

In his mind, he could just apply the Ghost Powder again when the white-haired monsters already appeared. Moreover, the Red Demon race also wouldn't dare to make a move once the white-haired monsters made an appearance.

However, the speed at which the birdcage expanded was far beyond Bacchus's expectations. It beat his top speed, and as he soared into the sky, the birdcage had already entrapped the entire mountain.

Crash!

Unable to immediately stop his movements, Bacchus crashed into the birdcage.

The birdcage was actually formed by a thin type of net.

But the net was made of a unique kind of space, giving it an indestructible form.

It was so sturdy that it was almost impossible to destroy.

Bang! Bang!

The other Glede Demons also crashed into the birdcage. They just bounced back and saw that there wasn't even a scratch on its surface.

Bacchus was obviously infuriated. With a cold expression in his eyes, he spread out his wings again.

Whoosh!

He rushed towards the birdcage and slashed it with his blade-like feathers.

However, it still didn't work.

There was still no dent or whatsoever on its surface.

Buzz! Buzz!

"I'm just getting started," Bacchus said as he wore a serious expression on his face.

Immediately after, milky white lights appeared on Bacchus's head and wings.

Then, a pair of bigger white wings appeared and enveloped his original wings.

He had merged with a powerful Treacherous Being.

With this, he possessed stronger power and theurgies.

Once Bacchus started focusing on a certain thing, he wouldn't stop until he succeeded.

This time, his only goal was to break the giant birdcage.

Whoosh!

He rushed and attacked the birdcage again using his white blade-like wings.

"Take this!

Vertical slash!"

Crash!

The strikes made on the birdcage produced an explosive sound. The birdcage shook and so did the mountain entrapped by it.

However, even after Bacchus's vicious attacks, the birdcage was still intact.

He had to admit that the treasure was truly fascinating.

Bacchus chose not to waste his energy and turned to Tate.

"Is this even something from the Night View Island?" Bacchus asked, pointing to the unbreakable birdcage.

Sensing Bacchus's frustration, Tate grinned complacently. "You don't need to know about that. But I'll let you in on a secret… All of the Glede Demons, including you, will die today!"

"Really? Please. Don't make me laugh." Bacchus let out a deep sigh and instantly calmed down. His arrogant eyes returned and stared down at Tate. "Just because you've trapped us inside this birdcage, you think that you've already won? Why are you so stupid?"

Everyone knew that in a head-on battle, there was no way that the Glede Demon race would be inferior to the Red Demon race.

Bacchus just tried to escape because he didn't want a needless duel with the Red Demons at this moment.

Otherwise, the other superior race, the Grand Mighty race, would just benefit from their losses.

However, being trapped in the birdcage, Bacchus had no other choice but to remind the Red Demons whom they were facing.

Chapter 4054 Holy Stones

As soon as Bacchus finished speaking, the Glede Demons followed suit and spread their wings.

White light flashed on their heads as pairs of white wings wrapped their bodies.

They had merged with the Treacherous Beings named Wolf Owls.

The hostility-level Treacherous Beings were also divided into varying grades—the Wolf Owls were the strongest among all.

With their great size, they wrapped around the Glede Demons like armor, drastically improving their defensive power, strength, and speed.

So long as the Treacherous Beings remained intact, one could say that killing a Glede Demon was nearly impossible.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The Glede Demons rushed into the air, floating closely behind Bacchus.

As long as the latter gave an order, they would fall like sharp knives and cut the Red Demons to pieces.

But much to their dismay, Bacchus remained silent.

Never before had his intuition failed him.

The Red Demons' performance today was indeed strange.

Tate, in particular, seemed especially strange.

Relying merely on the birdcage wouldn't have given him so much confidence.

He was well aware of Bacchus' strength.

Even in a head-on fight, the Red Demons would also suffer a great loss.

From the looks of it, the Red Demon race still had a backup plan available to them.

"Leader! Let's head down there and charge!" called out one of the Glede Demons.

It was none other than Bacchus' assistant, whose eyes were full of fighting spirit.

"Let's cut these Red Demons to pieces!"

"How dare these guys be so arrogant…"

"They're courting death!"

These Glede Demons had always thought themselves to be the noblest race on the Night View Island. It was only natural that they thought so low of the Red Demon race.

Especially when the latter provoked them—the Glede Demon race had been fully prepared to fight to kill.

But Bacchus seemed to remain rather hesitant.

He looked at the faint smile on Tate's face—the latter must have been scheming.

But what sort of method could the Red Demons have that could allow them to defeat the other race so easily?

No such method existed, as far as Bacchus knew.

At the very least, he had never seen such a thing on the Night View Island.

As Bacchus thought it through, his eyes grew colder and colder.

Then, he spread out his wings.

Under the white light, the wings were like sharp swords that covered him.

The ordinary Glede Demons had merged with Wolf Owls which were hostility-level Treacherous Beings.

Meanwhile, Bacchus had merged with a resentment-level Treacherous Being.

It was the Wolf Owl King!

Its white wings were enchantingly beautiful, decorated with unique runes all over.

Once these runes were activated, wisps of blue lightning circled the wings.

From the blue electric current formed the outline of a Wolf Owl—it was visible from quite the distance, even in the night.

"The warriors of Glede Demon race, charge to kill!"

At the very moment Bacchus gave the order, the Glede Demons immediately turned into white lights, all of them surging downward.

Their charge was truly terrifying.

Their size was intimidating enough, but they were also incomparably agile to top it off. Not even the Red Demons, who had protective leathery skin, could resist their fast attacks.

And after the Glede Demons had merged with Wolf Owls, their strength was increased dramatically.

When they flew down like this, they were nothing like birds.

Instead, they seemed more like giant sabers descending from the sky that could pierce through anything that got in their way.

After battling the Glede Demon race for so many years, the Red Demon race clearly knew of their terrifying power.

But of course, they had their own means to deal with them.

It was time for them to summon their Treacherous Beings, which were black turtles.

These were a kind of extremely solid worm-shaped creatures.

Once the Red Demons merged with them, they produced a solid armor that could cover any surface of their bodies.

The black turtles could indeed resist the Glede Demons' attack, but that was it. If the Red Demons wanted to hurt them, they were in for quite the challenge.

Most of the Red Demons could only suffer passive attacks in the fight against the Glede Demon race.

But this time, the action of the Red Demon race was very unexpected.

Facing the other race, they didn't activate the Treacherous Beings immediately, but instead raised their hands one after another.

Each of them carried a small stone in their hands.

All the bean-sized stones glowed brightly with some sort of light.

"Buzz..."

The Light of Annihilation suddenly burst out from the stones.

While the Glede Demons leading the charge couldn't tell what it was, they could sense something was wrong. Still, they continued to rush along.

'It's just a ray of light…

Even if it's powerful, so what?

How much harm could it really do?'

'It couldn't possibly penetrate the Treacherous Beings and kill us, anyway, ' they thought to themselves.

Indeed, the Light of Annihilation couldn't penetrate the Treacherous Beings, much less directly kill the Glede Demons.

But it could actually kill the Treacherous Beings themselves.

The hostility-level Treacherous Beings fell in fear of the Light of Annihilation—they had no means to resist it.

Any of them that the light touched was sure to be killed.

"Splash..."

The Wolf Owls that were attached to the surface of the Glede Demons began rapidly collapsing under the light.

When the Glede Demons rushed to the front of the Red Demons, the Wolf Owls on their bodies suddenly shattered, turning to nothing but dust.

Still, the Glade Demon race was one of the highest-ranked races on the Night View Island.

Even without being able to rely on the Treacherous Beings, they still possessed extraordinary strength—they could defeat the vast majority of any creatures with their raw strength.

But the Red Demon race was known to be just as powerful—they could also make use of Treacherous Beings.

Their hands continued to emit a white light, and soon, they were wearing a layer of white 'gloves.' From this layer grew out sets of sharp claws.

The black turtles weren't only able to provide the Red Demons with impressive defensive power, but they also had their own pair of sharp claws.

Crack!

And so the Red Demons waved their sharp claws, grabbing at the Glede Demons.

If the Glede Demons were still in possession of the Treacherous Beings as protections, then the Red Demons' claws were useless. At the worst, they could merely leave some scars on their bodies, all of which would recover immediately.

And the Glede Demons could also use the Wolf Owls' claws to do the same to the Red Demons—the latter could recover just as instantaneously.

For thousands of years, the evenly-matched forces were stuck in an on and off battle.

But because the Glede Demons were faster and more agile, more often than not, they held the initiative.

But this time, the Glede Demons' Treacherous Beings had been destroyed.

Sharp claws cut into the Glede Demons, tearing them to pieces.

Their wings, heads, and torsos were all completely separated.

They died a truly miserable death.

In the first round of charge, the five to six Glede Demons that had rushed to the front lost all protection from the Treacherous Beings and were easily torn to bits.

Behind them, the other Glede Demons were stunned in shock before they suddenly surged high into the sky.

Their speed was so incredible that they almost hit the ceiling of the birdcage in the sudden turn—they had to fly close to the cage walls for a time before they could properly distance themselves from the Red Demon race.

But Bacchus followed closely behind them to charge.

Tate, of course, was his target.

His main goal remained to be the Ghost Mountain—he didn't want to fight hand-to-hand with the Red Demon race.

Once the leader was taken care of, dealing with the rest was a piece of cake. He was stronger than Tate, after all.

After taking care of him, the Red Demons would disperse naturally.

But just as he rushed toward Tate, the latter pulled out a small triangular stone.

In the next moment, the Light of Annihilation struck Bacchus' body with deadly precision.

The Wolf Owl King was a resentment-level Treacherous Being, after all.

It wasn't like a mere hostility-level Treacherous Being that would shatter directly under the Light of Annihilation.

But in an instant, Bacchus felt a heart-wrenching pain from the 'Wolf Owl King.' The latter's wings, feathers, head, and tail all drooped down as if it had lost all strength, slumping onto Bacchus' body like a deflated balloon.

In such a state, the Treacherous Being could no longer protect Bacchus. How could Tate let such an opportunity go to waste?

Like iron pincers, his large hands grabbed at Bacchus' head.

Chapter 4055 Exposure

Bacchus was after all not an ordinary Glede Demon.

Therefore, he quickly reacted in just the blink of an eye.

However, Tate had caught the soft Wolf Owl King, so Bacchus, who was wrapped by the Wolf Owl King's body, naturally got dragged along as well.

Now, all Tate had to do was to cut open the Wolf Owl King and crush Bacchus into pieces.

He was sure that he would kill Bacchus, who had always defeated him, this time, and it would be glorious!

Unfortunately for him, Bacchus' reaction was faster.

Bacchus did his best not to panic in such a critical moment, but he made a wise decision to take back the Treacherous Being.

That Treacherous Being had a particularly unique form.

When it was soft, it was as soft as feathers or even water.

But when it was sturdy, it became similar to the most powerful Other Shore Token.

When Bacchus thought of it, the Wolf Owl King turned into pieces of white gauze and shrank back into his body.

Of course, Tate wanted to snatch it, but he could not. He could only stand and watch the white gauze slip away.

"You want to run away?"

he shouted as he headed straight for Bacchus.

In turn, Bacchus' wings unfurled, and he quickly rose into the sky.

He sighed in relief, but it was short-lived. Right after he temporarily got away, something suddenly appeared in front of him. "What is that white light?" he said in shock.

Still, no matter how powerful that thing was, he was not afraid.

After all, he could defeat everything with the help of the Wolf Owl King.

The Wolf Owl King was his most powerful magical weapon, and also his closest comrade in arms.

After countless battles, he and the Wolf Owl King became one.

Just now, the Wolf Owl King felt a sharp stab of pain, and Bacchus felt sorry for it.

The white light of the Red Demons was so terrifying that it could directly injure Treacherous Beings.

How did such a thing appear in the Night View Island?

For so many years, the members of the Night View Island depended on the Treacherous Beings to fight their enemies.

They were indeed powerful, but so were the many races.

Currently, the white light in the hands of the Red Demons made the resentment-level Treacherous Being lose its strength and hostility-level Treacherous Beings collapse. It was terrifying to even think about it.

It was like when a group of people fought using sticks, and suddenly, one of them got a knife. Of course, it was an unfair advantage.

What made things worse was that every member of the Red Demon race possessed that white light.

At that moment, Bacchus felt desperate and almost wanted to give up.

"Leader, what should we do?"

"The white light can kill our Treacherous Beings!"

"If we lose the Treacherous Beings, we can't defeat the Red Demon race..."

At that point, the Glede Demons panicked in fear and gathered behind Bacchus.

Although he was also at a loss on what to do, as the leader of the Glede Demons, he had a great mindset and quickly forced himself to calm down.

Six Glede Demons had already died in the current round of the battle.

Furthermore, the Wolf Owls on the seven other Glede Demons' bodies had fallen.

All in all, thirteen Glede Demons lost their powers.

On the other hand, the small stones in the hands of the Red Demons still glowed brightly as ever. Additionally, such a deadly treasure was not disposable.

Soon enough, Bacchus came to a conclusion.

They couldn't fight against the Red Demons. If they failed to escape from the birdcage, they would die.

"Don't confront the Red Demons head-on! Fly around the birdcage!" he shouted.

"But we can't fly out!" said one Glede Demon. Howls filled the air as the other Glede Demons behind him kept clawing at the birdcage for dear life.

Bacchus did not answer.

Now, they were really in a hopeless situation.

Their only hope was that the birdcage would not last long. When the birdcage collapsed by itself, they could escape.

If Bacchus could flee, he would surely ask about the news and find a way to get those kinds of stones like crazy!

To avoid being easily caught by the Red Demons, he asked the Glede Demons to fly around the birdcage. After all, they could still quickly get rid of the Red Demons even in the small space.

However, it was not easy to catch and kill them.

To their surprise, the Red Demons did not have the slightest intention to fly and capture them.

Instead, they all stood on the ground and watched them fly.

Meanwhile, Zen and his group lurked around under the protection of the Magic Camouflage Skin and watched the battle between the two races.

Even the two strongest races had a fatal weakness when they used the Treacherous Beings, which was they could not resist the Light of Annihilation.

Thus, Zen and the others had felt confident that with the Light of Annihilation, they would win against these races.

However, no one among them expected that just as the two races began fighting, the Red Demons brought out the Holy Stones!

There was no Holy Stone on the Night View Island.

That was what Decker had said, and based on Bacchus' expression, they saw that he also thought the same.

"The Element Spirit Civilization has arrived," the Snake Goddess prompted.

"It seems that they acted faster, and they allied with the Red Demon race so quickly..." Zen muttered.

Since the Element Spirit Civilization had handed over the Holy Stones to the Red Demons, he and the others also needed to do something.

Perhaps, they could be allies with the Glede Demons in the Night View Island.

Even then, they were still hesitant as they hid in the Magic Camouflage Skin. It was not wise to expose their whereabouts too early. Besides, it was highly likely that the Element Spirit Civilization also tracked them.

While they thought about it, Tate had already grown tired of the Glede Demons' movements.

He chuckled and said, "This birdcage is for you. Now, you cannot fly out, and you will suffer greatly!"

With that, he reached out and pinched the birdcage hard.

Sizzle, sizzle, Sizzle...

As a result, the birdcage that covered the mountain began to shrink.

Then, the relatively large space began to shrink continually as well.

Bacchus saw the shrinking birdcage and became even more desperate.

The Treacherous Beings could not help them in such a narrow space, so they had no choice but to suffer the Red Demons' torture.

As the birdcage continued to shrink, its edges suddenly touched something.

Tate looked towards it and saw a "space" that moved as the birdcage shrank. There was something hidden inside it!

His blood ran cold.

"Who is it?" he asked sharply.

Whoever got trapped in that birdcage, they would surely be ground into pieces.

The Holy Stone was strong, but it was a secret weapon. One could use its maximum power only during surprise attacks.

In actuality, Tate wanted to eradicate both the Glede Demon race and the Grand Mighty race.

"Come out!"

He took out a bone spear from behind and threw it towards that space, which kept changing color.

Whoosh!

The bone spear flew towards the target at once.

Just as it was about to hit the target, a hand stretched out from the space and firmly caught the bone spear.

Naturally, Tate was surprised.

The Red Demons were also stunned.

There were very few creatures on the Night View Island that could catch the bone spear Tate had thrown.

Also, all of those who could catch it relied on Treacherous Beings to do it for them.

Zen who caught the bone spear lifted the Magic Camouflage Skin and smiled. "I just wanted to watch..." he said.

When the Red Demons and the Glede Demons saw him and the other human beings, they were stunned again.

Tate and Bacchus were the most surprised.

How could they not, when they knew more about the Ghost Mountain than Decker did?

Decker had only seen Zhurong, and that was because only Zhurong had occasionally appeared over the years.

In the depths of the Ghost Mountain, however, there were still dozens of human beings!

Moreover, the Ghost Mountain had recognized three humans as the Great Ghost Priests of the mountain.

Both Bacchus and Tate dreamed of becoming the Great Ghost Priests, and that was why Bacchus collected the Arcana like mad.

The truth behind it was if he became the Great Ghost Priest, he could fuse with a hatred-level Treacherous Being, and become an invincible entity on the Night View Island.

Chapter 4056 Mess Up

Naturally, Bacchus regarded the sudden appearance of these people as good news. This could probably change the course of things.

Now that the Glede Demon race had been backed into a corner, he hoped against all hope that someone would arrive to make a difference.

Meanwhile, Tate was not thoroughly pleased by this recent turn of event. This could ruin everything.

He was shrinking the birdcage when all of a sudden, some humans appeared inside it. Why now?

Where did these people even come from? He was utterly baffled.

Was it possible that they were from somewhere outside the Night View Island? But where?

Even though the Night View Island was an isolated place, the creatures in it still had a certain knowledge of the outside world.

If one stood upon the mountains surrounding the Night View Island, they could easily see other Pure Sky Platforms. However, no one would be able to fly there.

It was also known that there was a cave in the center of the lake. A long passageway was connected to it. Nevertheless, the passageway had long been broken. No one would be able to pass through it.

Two days ago, Tate took his clansmen with him to search for Arcana from every house they encountered.

Under normal circumstances, the Red Demon race wouldn't raid other races. For one thing, the Night View Island housed too many races. If they took it too far, they would be the first one to suffer.

However, the Ghost Mountain needed a new Great Ghost Priest. This might be a once-in-a-lifetime chance.

Obviously, Tate would never let this amazing opportunity just pass him by. He was determined to seize it while it stood.

The small races were also well-aware about the changes in the Ghost Mountain. Once every couple of years, the Red Demon race would come and the small races would obediently hand their Arcana over to them.

They needed not surrender all of the Arcana they had. Nevertheless, they still had to give away most of them.

While Tate was searching for the Arcana, he suddenly saw a few flames emerging from the center of the lake.

The flames were moving closer to the lake shore at a very fast rate. They were heading straight towards Tate.

All of a sudden, he realized that he was in grave danger. He immediately released his Treacherous Being. It took the form of a huge tortoise. It possessed the highest defensive power among all of the resentment-level Treacherous Beings.

As the flames continued to surge towards his direction, a flash of white light shot out from the center of it.

Tate didn't take the flash of light seriously at first. He was quite confident it wouldn't be able to reach him.

He thought it was impossible for such an energy fluctuation to break through his strong defense. Tate had complete faith in his Treacherous Being.

However, the supposedly indestructible tortoise suddenly appeared weakened soon after the white light hit its body. It even looked like it was suffering from an extremely horrific torture. It began thrashing around in agony.

How could this be? This tortoise was a resentment-level Treacherous Being!

Tate was utterly bewildered. He couldn't believe his own eyes.

The other members of the Red Demon race were also dumbfounded.

They were well-aware of how powerful the tortoise was. How could it succumb to such a feeble-looking energy?

Even the strongest warrior of the Grand Mighty race and Bacchus of the Glede Demon race had never been able to break through the tortoise's shell. They thought nothing could ever penetrate it.

However, the white light was able to incapacitate it quite easily!

Why? Not one of them was able to explain how this came to be.

As soon as the flames reached the shore, their blazing temperature made the water boil. They released steam and raised the temperature of the area.

In the blink of an eye, the flames turned into three human-shaped fire spirits.

Little by little, pieces of burning red armor began to condense all over the fire spirits' bodies. Soon enough they were fully covered in armor.

Evidently, the three fire spirits came from the Holy Wings Armor. All of them belonged to Slade just like Gavyn.

Although the Element Spirit Civilization arrived at the Treasure Bottle Platform on time, they were still unable to stop the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The Grandmaster of Heaven managed to escape them easily.

The Godly Way extracted from the bottle was way too important to them. Naturally, the Eye Spirit didn't want the Grandmaster of Heaven to take it away. Therefore, they determinedly chased after him even outside of the Treasure Bottle Platform.

The Eye Spirit was utterly relentless.

They had to get the Godly Way back no matter what. They would still chase after him even if they had to go through the Amber Cave which was known as the Nihility race's lair.

The Nihility race and the Element Spirit Civilization had been fighting against each other for such a long time. Both of these races always had something that would give them advantage over the other.

But this time, the Nihility race had taken away something they shouldn't have. Therefore, the Element Spirit Civilization would stop at nothing. They were determined to fight even it would cost them their lives!

Halfway through the chase, the three stone men placed in the underground cave were completely destroyed. The Treacherous Beings inside them were slain as well.

The Eye Spirit instantly sensed that Zen and his group had entered the underground cave.

However, the Eye Spirit was busy chasing down the Grandmaster of Heaven. Both Claire and Gavyn were helping him pursue the Grandmaster of Heaven. Thus, he had to send out the other members of the Element Spirit race in Slade's body.

The three fire spirits were named Sanderson, Townsend, and Chauncey.

They were the leaders of the fire spirits inside Slade's body. Even though they were not on par with Gavyn in terms of strength, they were not much inferior to him.

They arrived at the underground cave a little too late. After looking around, they discovered that Zen and his companions had already disappeared.

In the past, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others had also quietly vanished.

The Element Spirit Civilization hadn't come into contact with the Treacherous Beings back then. Obviously, they were not aware of the existence of the Four Spirits Sect. They also did not know where the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others were hiding.

After a long period of time, the Element Spirit Civilization finally discovered how to get to the Jade Pure Realm and enter the Pure Sky Platforms.

They were just about to enter the Night View Island when they faced a very unfortunate scenario. The passageway had already been destroyed by the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others.

This time, Sanderson, Townsend, and Chauncey just went straight into the pool. After boiling the water in the pool, they were able to see the passageway.

When they saw it getting repaired, they became ecstatic. It wasn't as hopeless as they first thought it was.

The flames emanating from their bodies were intense and scorching hot, which made the water around boil instantly.

Before setting out, the Eye Spirit instructed them that they only needed to inquire about the movements of Zen and his group. Zen might have managed to repair the passageway. But if he failed, the three of them could just lurk in the cave to observe.

The three fire spirits didn't actually take the Eye Spirit's words seriously.

They doubted that the passageway of the Night View Island could be repaired so easily.

Therefore, they didn't expect that the Eye Spirit was absolutely right.

Obviously, they knew that the Night View Island was far more significant than the lives of Zen and his companions.

They were so thrilled that they ignored the Eye Spirit's words. They hurried into the Night View Island through the passageway.

As soon as they emerged from the lake, they encountered the Red Demon race. It seemed like these demons could easily be intimidated.

This was exactly what they wanted. They needed to gather as much information as they could right off the bat.

"Hurry up! Put out these flames!"

Tate ordered his clansmen all the while retreating farther away from the fire spirits.

With the protection from the turtles, the Red Demons were not exactly afraid of getting burned by ordinary flames. But just as they took a step forward, the turtles covering their bodies were instantly pierced by the white light.

The turtles immediately collapsed.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Red Demons who rushed in front suddenly burst into flames. Their bodies were immediately burned to a crisp. Their corpses were completely charred.

When the other Red Demons saw this, they were terrified and retreated quickly.

Seeing that they were severely disadvantaged, Tate thought about escaping as well. However, it didn't seem like he would be able to do so.

The three fire spirits turned into roaring flames and effectively surrounded Tate and his clansmen.

"Answer all my questions, or no one will ever see you alive again!" Sanderson began intimidating them for information.

Tate was absolutely terrified. As they were leaning at each other's backs, he felt his companions quivering with fear.

He actually felt like his race would be exterminated today. They would be killed on the spot if he didn't cooperate.

With all honesty, he told Sanderson what had happened on the Night View Island. He even explained everything in detail.

He couldn't stop thinking how this might be their ends.

But after he finished speaking, he was surprised the three fire spirits didn't attack them. It seemed like they had no intention of killing them now. He was even more astounded when they threw more than ten Holy Stones in front of him. They even taught him how to use the Light of Annihilation.

"In three days' time, I expect you to collect all of the Arcana available on the Night View Island," Sanderson ordered Tate.

Before, this would have been an impossible task to accomplish.

But with the help of the Holy Stones, nothing was impossible.

If they used the Light of Annihilation like they were taught, the creatures on the Night View Island would be no match for the Red Demon race at all.

The first ones Tate robbed of Arcana were the creatures on the territory of the Red Demon race. This was the best place he could start.

After he took every single Arcanum from these creatures, he proceeded to rob those within the territory of the Glede Demon race.

Now, Tate's greatest goal was to annihilate the Glede Demon race as well as the Grand Mighty race using the power of the Holy Stones.

Naturally, Bacchus couldn't just stand and watch as Tate raided the areas on the border of the Glede Demon race. He brought his people with him to slaughter the creatures from the Red Demon race's territory. The battle between the two races commenced tonight.

Chapter 4057 Cooperation

Sanderson, Townsend, and Chauncey all had a clear goal: to dominate the entirety of Night View Island as soon as possible.

Thus, they decided to pour their combined efforts onto realizing this goal, so much so that they even lost interest in trying to track Zen's whereabouts.

With this goal realized, the Eye Spirit could enter the Ghost Mountain directly when he came here.

This would make for great credit.

If they used the credit they would gain from this, they could apply to the Eye Spirit to take back the control of the Holy Wings Armor.

Previously, the Holy Wings Armor was controlled by Slade, which assured the peace of the Element Spirit race inside it.

All factions had their own positions but the minority was always subordinate to the majority. Once all opinions were organized and consolidated, everyone was found to have sided with Slade.

It was through this that everyone managed to live peacefully for many years.

Factional disputes erupted every now and then within the Holy Wings Armor, the matter with Gavyn as quite the most significant example.

It was forbidden for him to take the Holy Wings Armor away but, through Claire's support, Gavyn was able to do it, which earned him the ire of the members of the Element Spirit race, the fire spirits in particular.

Sanderson, Townsend, and Chauncey were three fire spirits who were the most dissatisfied with Gavyn.

Normally, these three fire spirits should've already gone back since they found nobody in the cave and confirmed that the passageway had already been repaired. Anything else outside of their immediate tasks should've been ignored.

However, in order to obtain the Holy Wings Armor, they had to make a great contribution that would qualify them to make a request to the Eye Spirit.

Once they gained control of the Red Demon race, they would quickly make their way towards the Grand Mighty race's territory on the southern tip of the Night View Island. So long as they were able to destroy one race and control the other two, then their mission would be complete.

None of them expected Zen and the others to pop out of nowhere and get involved in the battle.

"Dave! Kill them!"

Tate ordered.

To him, so long as he had the Holy Stones then he could control everything.

Tate felt no fear against those Glede Demons, so what more these mere humans?

The humans in the Ghost Mountain might be very powerful but there was no way they'd be on these people's side since they rarely left the mountain.

Dave quickly nodded in obeisance. "Yes, patriarch!"

As a strong Red Demon, Dave was easily one of Tate's most capable generals.

He quickly led ten other Red Demons and let out a mighty, thunderous roar!

As they let out their battle cry, their bodies glowed as every square inch was completely covered by the turtles.

Armed and boosted, the Red Demons were ready for battle and quickly rushed towards the mountainside.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Like boulders that came careening down onto the side of a mountain, these Red Demons made the earth tremble as they ran.

The sight was incredibly terrifying. Huge, hulking creatures with thick skin made long, fast strides as they made their way to battle. Their sharp claws were their most formidable weapons and were able to shatter everything in their wake.

Bacchus sported a complicated look on his face as he led the Glede Demons towards the top of the birdcage.

They too did not know where Zen and his group had come from.

However, the enemy of their enemy was a friend and the best thing to do now was forge an alliance with these newcomers.

He knew that once Tate killed these humans, he'd definitely be next.

Unfortunately, as much as the Glede Demons were determined to fight, the white light upon their opponents' bodies was too strong.

If they rushed towards them, they would only be killed instantly.

'Damn it!' Bacchus cursed inwardly.

It felt like a sick joke that these powerful Treacherous Beings proved to be so weak in front of mere white light.

While Bacchus tried to think of a way for them to fight, the Red Demons had already reached Zen!

At that moment, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, King Ieuan, and the three Eternal Realm Hunters stretched out their palms.

On their palms were Holy Stones, bright and bursting with power.

These Holy Stones did not contain much Light of Annihilation but could still easily kill hostility-level Treacherous Beings.

Buzz!

With a slight, buzzing sound, streaks of light shot forth from the Holy Stones and struck the oncoming Red Demons.

Before all these, Dave had thought that they had already won.

There was no way these humans, who hadn't absorbed Treacherous Beings, could engage in combat against them.

However, just as he and his men got close enough, these humans suddenly raised their hands and defied all his expectations!

What in the world was that white light?

Was it

actually the Light of Annihilation?

Whatever it was, the sight shook Dave to the bone.

Just as he realized that something was wrong, the bright Light of Annihilation hit him square on the chest.

In an instant, his turtle collapsed.

The loss of the turtle immediately reduced his speed and power.

Treacherous Beings were indispensable to the creatures on the Night View Island.

At that moment, without the turtles' protection, Dave and his men became sitting ducks.

Soon enough, he found the end of a spear pointed right in the middle of his forehead.

It was a spear Zen borrowed from Campbell.

Pop!

All Dave felt was a sharp sting before a sharp, splitting pain flooded his senses and he lost consciousness.

His head, simply put, had exploded by the force Zen exerted onto the spear.

Whoosh!

It wasn't over. Having disposed of him, Zen quickly turned around and turned his weapon towards his other opponents. In a flash, another Red Demon's head also exploded.

Campbell's spear was a good match for the Light of Annihilation. If Zen chose to infuse it with the light then it would shine a bright, blinding silver.

However, he didn't see the need to do that and found it unnecessary.

Holy Stones were previously unheard of on the Night View Island so the creatures naturally did not know yet how to guard themselves against the Light of Annihilation.

Once the Treacherous Beings had been absorbed by the creatures, their original bodies were insulated by the Treacherous Beings.

This was the best course of action when there was no Light of Annihilation on the island.

It was a known fact that the Red Demon race and the Glede Demon race were both very powerful.

The Wooden Leaf race could never hope to compare. The thorny Treacherous Beings they absorbed were weak and were actually the root cause of their mediocrity.

However, despite their power, both the Red Demon race and the Glede Demon race were unable to withstand a single blow from the Light of Annihilation.

Pop!

Pop!

Pop!

Zen navigated fluidly around the Red Demons, almost as if he was a ghost.

The spear in his hand was a deadly harbinger of death that quickly ended the life of each Red Demon within the vicinity.

It was jarring for the Red Demons that this young man was able to power through the Treacherous Beings they had absorbed and even make their heads explode with a single spear. In their stupefied state, they found themselves unable to do anything against such a formidable opponent.

A few Red Demons turned their tail and ran but it was in vain since Zen caught up to them eventually.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

A massacre. Dave had led his men into a massacre.

"This, this..."

"They also have the Light of Annihilation!"

"How in the world can we fight against them?!"

Not long ago, the Red Demons had also used the Light of Annihilation to defeat the Glede Demons.

Never in their lives would they have thought that the weapon they once wielded to victory would someday be used against them.

It was with this thought that a few Red Demons began to tremble.

They were the apex predators in the Jade Pure Realm.

They were the strongest, the deadliest, and the most formidable.

Over the years, the Treacherous Beings they had absorbed merged with their bodies and gave them strength. Without the Treacherous Beings, it was as if they forgot how to fight entirely.

Decker, who stood at the back of the crowd, was quite frightened by the spectacle.

He knew that Zen and his group were powerful but not to this extent. He never expected that they'd suddenly take out the Holy Stones and utilize them so as to kill the Red Demons so quickly.

He was practically speechless!

Could the creatures outside the Night View Island truly be so powerful?

It wasn't just Decker. Tate, who also watched the entire scene unfold, could only stare at Zen in disbelief.

Only then did he truly realize the gravity of his recklessness.

He never should've made an enemy out of these humans. Could there still be a chance for him to correct his mistake?

Those flame creatures were willing to cooperate with him. Maybe these humans would too?

Tate forced a smile on his face and decided to take on the diplomatic route this time around. Those flame creatures came to the Night View Island to collect Arcana and he did not doubt that these humans came here for the exact same purpose.

"It's your first time visiting the Night View Island, correct? You must be here for the Ghost Mountain. Our race has actually collected quite a lot of Arcana. Perhaps we can settle this fight with a promise of cooperation?"

He did not care who between the fire creatures and these humans would finally obtain the Arcana but it would be best if they fought with each other instead of against them.

However, Zen merely ignored him and instead turned to Bacchus. "Hey! What do you say we kill these Red Demons together?"

Chapter 4058 Allies

At that moment, Tate and the Red Demons feared for their lives because of Zen's words.

On the other hand, the Glede Demons were overjoyed.

In just a short time, the Glede Demon race turned the tables against the Red Demon race and gained the upper hand.

Of course, Bacchus was very excited. "Of course! We are never on the same side with the Red Demon race!" he said in a trembling voice.

All the Glede Demons flapped their wings, and the air became filled with vibrations. They were ready to rush down from the sky at any time.

As of now, the Red Demons had to face the attacks from both groups.

Most importantly, those humans still held the Holy Stones in their hands.

They could not believe that they got reduced to a hopeless situation in a short time!

Tate's face darkened in anger.

When he saw that the human race and the Glede Demon race were about to fight, he suddenly waved his hand, and an exit appeared at the side of the birdcage. "Let's go!' he shouted.

The fire creatures had bestowed the birdcage to him, and he could control it at will.

The Red Demons had been afraid for a long while, and now that their leader initiated their escape, they would undoubtedly follow.

Under Tate's command, the Red Demons rushed out of the birdcage.

This time, he led over a hundred members of the Red Demon race out. When Dave and his team had attacked Zen's group, more than ten of them died. Now, more than eighty people were still alive.

Upon hearing those, Bacchus narrowed his eyes. "You want to leave? It won't be easy!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

Then, all the Glede Demons rushed towards the Red Demons below.

In turn, the Red Demons used the black turtles to protect themselves from the Glede Demons' attacks.

The black turtles were a powerful defense weapon. The Glede Demons' wings tried to slice them, but it was hard to break through such a defense in a short time.

At that point, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, King Ieuan, and the others came from the other side and launched an attack.

However, they did not need to kill the Red Demons directly. What they did was to use the Light of Annihilation to remove the black turtles from Red Demons' bodies.

Streaks of the Light of Annihilation fired through the black turtles and dissipated them.

Without the black turtles' protection, the Red Demons were at a disadvantage. As soon as the Glede Demons swooped down again, their sharp wings hacked through the Red Demons' bodies like large sabers.

In a few seconds, the Glede Demons had killed more than twenty Red Demons!

The other Red Demons did not dare to keep fighting anymore. They all rushed towards the exit of the birdcage.

But before they got out, the exit of the birdcage suddenly closed.

"Leader?"

"Why did you close it?"

"Let us out! Don't abandon us!"

Only half of the Red Demons that were with Tate had escaped, while there were nearly twenty Red Demons in the birdcage.

They desperately begged their leader to unlock the door. Even the Red Demons outside the birdcage also looked quite hesitant.

After all, they were from the same race, and some of them were even biological brothers.

Tate also hesitated.

But if he did not close the birdcage, then Bacchus and those human beings would have a chance to go out.

In the end, he said in a firm voice, "We will leave first, but we will definitely take revenge!"

Afterward, he led the remaining Red Demons to escape.

The Red Demons in the birdcage fell into despair. They lost the will to fight, and they died without any resistance.

Crack!

Bacchus' blade-like wings chopped from top to bottom and split the last Red Demon into two. He wiped the bloodstains on his wings. Then he looked at Zen and asked, "Is there any way to break through this birdcage?"

He was not satisfied with the current result.

If they continued to chase after the Red Demons that escaped, they could kill them and Tate at once.

All the Red Demons led by Tate were the elites of their race. If all of them died now, then the entire Red Demon race would be eliminated from the Night View Island.

Without directly answering Bacchus, Zen reached out his hand and touched the birdcage.

The birdcage had a great space power, and it was not an ordinary Other Shore Token.

If the ancestry-level bloodline in his body could help, then he should not have any problems breaking the birdcage. But the ancestry-level bloodline did not seem to react unless his life was in danger. Thus, he could not count on it.

He looked at the Snake Goddess and the others, only to find that she and Pearson appeared to communicate in secret.

"Snake Goddess, can the birdcage be destroyed?" he asked.

"I think it can," the Snake Goddess answered with a nod.

"Then break it now!" Bacchus uttered impatiently.

"It needs some time," the Snake Goddess explained.

When he heard those words, Bacchus slightly frowned.

The Red Demons escaped at a fast speed. If they broke the birdcage now, they would still have a chance to catch up with the Red Demons. If they got delayed for a little more, how could they catch up?

Now, the Eternal Realm Hunters were very confident that they could break through the birdcage.

The power of space wove the birdcage. As long as Sawyer and Thurston worked together to use the Black Sun and absorb a part of the birdcage, the entire birdcage would collapse.

Pearson wanted to destroy the birdcage directly, but the Snake Goddess stopped him.

The Glede Demons were very powerful on the Night View Island. However, the Red Demon race had defeated them because of the Light of Annihilation.

Since they did not have the Holy Stones, they could not control the Light of Annihilation. Thus, they would still fail if they fought the Red Demons again.

In conclusion, the Glede Demon race had no choice but to cooperate with Zen and his group.

Bacchus was in a hurry to catch up with the Red Demons not only to kill Tate but also to fight for the Holy Stones in their hands.

Although nearly half of the Red Demons had died, only the remaining alive Red Demons had Holy Stones with them. Bacchus felt disappointed.

"Can you be faster?" he asked impatiently.

Just as the Snake Goddess was about to shake her head, pieces of white hairs fell from not far away.

The appearance of the white-haired monsters could take their time, so she pointed at them to warn the group.

When Bacchus saw them, he sighed in exasperation.

Now that the white-haired monsters were there, they definitely could not chase the Red Demons.

Even if they applied Ghost Powder on their bodies, they would still attract the white-haired monsters when they traveled at night.

Furthermore, after the battle among the three sides, they had shaken off a lot of Ghost Powder, which naturally attracted many white-haired monsters.

As soon as the white-haired monsters appeared, they had to stop all their movements. The Glede Demons, Zen and his group quickly reapplied the Ghost Powder and stayed still.

These white-haired monsters wandered around the Glede Demons and Zen's group, but because of the Ghost Powder's protection, they could not see the humans and Glede Demons. Finally, they walked towards the corpses of the Red Demons.

Those Red Demons just died, so their blood was still a bit fresh. Even their corpses emitted powerful life energy.

The white-haired monsters devoured them. After they finished, they left some Arcana behind and disappeared.

Because Bacchus and the others got delayed for a while, Tate and his group had already gone far. Now, Bacchus was no longer in a hurry.

Meanwhile, the Snake Goddess and her group wanted to stall for more time.

Therefore, they did not destroy the birdcage so quickly.

Pearson's hands turned into thin threads and pretended to coil them around the birdcage.

Fuxi also condensed marks of Eight Diagrams in different sizes on the birdcage.

After they pretended to be busy for some time, Sawyer and Thurston finally operated the Black Sun.

The Black Sun's strong gravitational force sucked a part of the birdcage into it. The originally square birdcage looked a little distorted, but it still maintained its entire shape.

Then, Sawyer and Thurston separated their hands, and the Black Sun disappeared.

Clatter!

It destroyed the balance of space force inside the birdcage with a muffled sound, and then the space birdcage collapsed.

The Glede Demons were surprised when they saw the broken birdcage.

These extremely arrogant Glede Demons had never allied with anyone on the Night View Island.

They had always been quite strong and did not need help from the other races, but now they needed help from these humans.

Chapter 4059 Attack The Amber Cave

To the west of the Supreme Pure Realm, the sky glowed an ominous red for several days.

A huge fire cloud floated in the sky day and night, and could be seen clearly from thousands of miles away.

Below this fire cloud was the Amber Cave. People trembled in fear at its name. Amber Cave was the base of the Nihility race.

The Amber Cave was notorious in the Supreme Pure Realm. No one was willing to set foot near it.

The Element Spirit Civilization never wanted to near it, either.

The members of the Element Spirit race were composed of energy. If they came into contact with the white mist of the Amber Cave, their energy would be sucked into it till they were exhausted. Once all their energy was drained, they would die.

For the members of the Element Spirit race, this was a tragic way to die.

Legend said there was once a member of the Element Spirit race chasing after a member of the Nihility race. When the former neared the Amber Cave, the white mist gathered to form a huge hand that grabbed the warrior, and the warrior was never to be found since.

Since then, the members of the Element Spirit race never dared approach the Amber Cave again.

But today, the Element Spirit Civilization launched a massive attack on the Amber Cave.

On the ground on one side of the Amber Cave, there was a huge rune. The Holy Wings Armor sat upright in the center of the rune.

Flames were constantly erupting from the Holy Wings Armor.

The flames followed the lines of the rune and gathered at the end, forming a huge swirl of flame, which spiraled towards the sky.

This was how the huge fire cloud was formed.

"Da! Da! Da!"

The fire cloud in the sky shook violently.

Drops of fire rained down from the fire cloud, falling into the white mist.

The white mist could devour all kinds of energy....

The fire rain had incredible destructive power, but it seemed as though the white mist just swallowed it up with no qualms.

Standing nearby, the Eye Spirit stared at the spectacular scene, blinking occasionally.

Sitting cross-legged beside him, Claire looked bored.

After a while, she yawned. "After so long, the mist in the Amber Cave hasn't weakened, even a bit..."

"The Void Dust's appetite is shocking. It's not easy to satisfy it," replied the Eye Spirit calmly.

It was speculated that a fire cloud that huge should have gathered all the power of all the fire spirits in the entire Element Spirit Civilization.

After several consecutive days of burning, there didn't seem to be any changes to the white mist.

Like what the Eye Spirit mentioned, the white mist was actually Void Dust that spread all over the Jade Pure Realm.

In the Jade Pure Realm, it was colorless and tasteless. If anyone had the misfortune of drifting away from a Pure Sky Platform, they would be quietly devoured by the Void Dust, never to see the light of day again.

When the Void Dust was moved to the Amber Cave, it gained a white color and seemed to have form, although it seemed just like a vapor.

As soon as the Eye Spirit finished speaking, the white mist suddenly surged.

Dozens of misty dragons popped out of the white mist and headed straight for the fire cloud in the sky.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

"They finally got impatient?" A hint of excitement flashed in Claire's eyes.

These mist dragons soared into the sky and went straight for the fire cloud, trying to wipe it out.

"It's not that they got impatient," said the Eye Spirit calmly.

"Don't they just want to put out the fire cloud?" asked Claire.

The Eye Spirit smiled faintly and chuckled. "The source of the fire cloud is here, but they head for the fire cloud. Why is that?"

"They plan to take us by surprise?"

"Yes!"

Just then, the mist formed a huge hand that extended towards them from the Amber Cave. In one sweeping motion, the giant hand slapped the area where the Eye Spirit and his companions were.

The power contained in this slap was enough to squash them into nothingness, leaving only a deep palm print on the ground.

Something similar had happened before, leaving a giant print in the shape of a hand on the ground. Over time, it filled with water, forming a lake, which was then named the Five Fingers Lake by the creatures in the Supreme Pure Realm.

The Eye Spirit had expected the counterattack from the Amber Cave.

He blinked, and suddenly the space was dislocated.

From the position where he and Clare stood to the place of the rune that was burning with flames, the space had moved backward five thousand feet.

Hiss! Hiss...

There was no shocking impact or sound when the huge foggy hand slapped down.

It sank into the ground silently and devoured everything along the way without a sound.

After leaving a huge palm print on the ground, the white mist quickly flowed back into the Amber Cave.

When the white mist retreated, the Eye Spirit blinked again, and the space returned to where it had originally been.

Because the foundation below had been devoured by the Void Dust, the Eye Spirit, Claire, and the Holy Wings Armor looked as if they were standing on a cubic stone.

Sizzle! Sizzle...

By now, the mist dragons had devoured half of the fire cloud. However, with a flash of light on the surface of the Holy Wings Armor, flame began to flow onto the huge rune once again. The swirl of flames also quickly blew up, sending more and more flames into the fire cloud.

The only purpose of the Element Spirit Civilization was to drain their enemy.

The Void Dust could indeed devour everything, but it was impossible to devour things infinitely.

Even if the Void Dust had a shocking appetite, there would come a time when it would be satisfied.

In fact, the Eye Spirit had been waiting for the counterattack of the Nihility race this whole time.

If the members of the Nihility race hadn't made any movement, and they were not afraid of the rain of fire that constantly came down, they didn't need to do anything at all. All they needed to do was to stay within the Amber Cave.

Anyway, the Element Spirit Civilization wouldn't be able to break in.

However, the Nihility race fought back, and in turn, it proved that the Eye Spirit's guess was right: the Void Dust's appetite was slowly being satiated!

If the fire rain continued to burn, sooner or later, the Void Dust would become full.

"Let the thunder spirits join the fight!" the Eye Spirit ordered.

"Yes, sir," replied Gavyn from within the armor.

Soon after, streaks of lightning began to circulate the rune. Ominous crackling noises could be heard constantly from the edge of the fire cloud above, and then the fire cloud was enveloped in flashes of lightning.

Just as the Element Spirit Civilization launched a more aggressive attack, a ball of flame suddenly shot out in the distance.

It was getting closer and closer.

Claire squinted at it and said, "It's the avatar of Sanderson."

After the three stone statues in the underground cave were destroyed, the Eye Spirit had sent three fire spirits there.

Sizzle...

Sanderson's avatar came to the Eye Spirit's side and reported to him, "The passageway to the Night View Island has been repaired."

All the eyes of the Eye Spirit sparkled with excitement.

Claire raised her eyebrows and smiled devilishly. "Your hunch is right," she said to the Eye Spirit.

The Eye Spirit did not respond. He was awakening an eye on his body.

A white film was attached to the surface of the eyeball. After the eye woke up, the white film began to quickly peel off, turning into a small white snake.

The little white snake glanced at the Amber Cave and scolded the Eye Spirit, "Are you stupid or something? After all this time, you still haven't taken down the Amber Cave! Our plan regarding the Ten Directions House has been delayed for several days!"

Claire's expression darkened and she trembled slightly.

In the eyes of all the members of the Element Spirit race, the Eye Spirit was a supreme existence. Being scolded by this small white snake made Claire, who was loyal to the Eye Spirit, feel very uncomfortable.

But she also knew that everything in the Element Spirit Civilization was bestowed by them.

Whether it was the Holy Wings Armor, the Treacherous Beings they had merged with, or even the rise of the Element Spirit Civilization were all due to them.

When the Eye Spirit told her that these snakes hiding in the depths of the Jade Pure Realm were the foundation of the Element Spirit Civilization, she was too shocked to even speak.

Chapter 4060 Snake Master

Most of the time, the members of the Element Spirit race had no concept of individuality.

For the most part, they worked as a collective and were indistinct from each other.

However, when an element's life expanded to a certain extent, it inevitably formed a unique individual. Otherwise, their strength would become stagnant and stop growing.

In the past, the Eye Spirit had informed Claire that he was actually composed of countless members of the Element Spirit race and was infused with an independent consciousness.

The Eye Spirit had been created by those snakes on the Jade Pure Realm, while the subsequent members of the Element Spirit race had been formed directly or indirectly by the Eye Spirit.

Therefore, the Eye Spirit formed the foundation of the Element Spirit Civilization, while the snakes were the foundation of the Eye Spirit!

For a long time, even the Eye Spirit had been unaware of the existence of those snakes...

Under the leadership of the Eye Spirit, the Element Spirit Civilization had flourished. They continued to explore the upper stages, the Three Purities Stage, and the Abstruse Energy World.

They had earned the strongest Other Shore Tokens and even captured many creatures from beyond the Abstruse Energy World!

The strange world made up of light dots had proven difficult to understand, but the mystery about it made it all the more fascinating.

Unfortunately, the members of the Element Spirit race had natural inhibitions, so it was difficult for them to explore it to the furthest reaches.

Over the past one thousand chaotic eras or more, warriors rose—one after another—to challenge them, and they were each eliminated by the Element Spirit Civilization. Except for the strongest of their opponents, the human race who had been forced to escape into the Night View Island, almost all other civilizations had been defeated by them.

They had remained the absolute and dominating authority until the Nihility race had appeared.

Before the appearance of the Nihility race, the Treacherous Beings had also begun making inroads into the Jade Pure Realm, and an unprecedented chaotic battle had even erupted within the Jade Pure Realm.

In the Element Spirit race, none but the Eye Spirit had participated in the chaotic battle.

Later, he returned to the Jade Pure Realm, together with the white snake, but the snake commanded a force more powerful than anyone could have imagined.

Claire was confused when she heard the Eye Spirit's revelation.

How could such a powerful force have been hidden in the Jade Pure Realm for so many years without anyone noticing?

She later discovered that this powerful force had long been annihilated, and the last remnants of it were now living in the form of Treacherous Beings.

In essence, once this force appeared, the Element Spirit Civilization would reinforce their control over the Other Shore.

Who would have thought that a bird in the Jade Pure Realm would support the Grandmaster of Heaven, who in turn led the members of the Nihility race to battle the Element Spirit Civilization even now?

At the little white snake's reproachful words, the Eye Spirit's emotions remained unfazed. He only calmly replied, "The Void Dust has a huge appetite. I'm afraid it will take much longer time. I wonder if you have a better suggestion, Snake Master."

"Give up now," the Snake Master said.

As soon as these words were spoken, both Claire and the Eye Spirit were stunned.

That Godly Way was of the utmost importance.

And they were just quitting so easily?

"Why?" Claire couldn't help asking for clarification.

The Snake Master suddenly raised his head, and his eyes shone with a green light.

All of a sudden, Claire felt as if her brain had been struck by a sledge hammer, and her face contorted in pain.

The intense pain rendered her unable to maintain her form. Cracks appeared all over her body. With a snapped fizzle and several sparks, she transformed into a ball of flames, revealing her original form.

"You have no right to question me," the Snake Master said coldly.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh…

The flames simmered down, and then reconstructed a white skin and body, and Claire resumed her old appearance.

She swallowed the pain and knelt down to the Snake Master.

A trace of anger lingered in the Eye Spirit's eyes, but he made no comment. He had carefully concealed his anger deep inside.

The Snake Master had a dominating aura.

The twin creatures and the fury flame, formerly cultivated by the Eye Spirit, were all killed by the Snake Master because of a single sentence.

Les had almost died at the hands of the Snake Master. Although he had released Les because the Eye Spirit had begged him to spare his life, the Snake Master had banned Les from merging with any Treacherous Being. He even refused to tell him the method for using the Holy Stones.

"Why?" the Eye Spirit repeated Claire's question.

"The Night View Island is very important," the Snake Master replied.

"Because of the hatred-level Treacherous Beings dwelling in the Ghost Mountain?" the Eye Spirit once again questioned.

To his knowledge, there were hatred-level Treacherous Beings in existence in the Ghost Mountain.

"Hatred-level Treacherous Beings..." The Snake Master sneered, "They are an insignificant concern!"

"Then it is to kill those humans?" the Eye Spirit continued asking.

"Humans?" The Snake Master sneered with more contempt, "They are hardly even worth mentioning!"

The Eye Spirit gave up questioning then.

Although he had already discovered some secrets concerning the existence of the Four Spirits Sect through the Snake Master, he was unclear about the grudges involved. After all, these were things that had happened beyond the chaos.

"Do you recall the wolf teeth I gave you?" the Snake Master asked.

"Yes, I do!" His eyes gleamed.

Those were very special.

There was a sum of ten wolf teeth.

Each of them radiated a complex and powerful bloodline aura.

The Eye Spirit had speculated often that these wolf teeth had to be really powerful treasures. The bloodline power of each wolf tooth could be directly used and freely altered.

Unfortunately, when the Snake Master had given these wolf teeth to the Eye Spirit, they had been seriously damaged.

The surface of these teeth was marred and covered with thin cracks as if the wolf teeth were close to shattering should he exert any pressure on them.

The bloodline power within the wolf teeth had eventually dissipated, leaving only a faint aura…

The Snake Master revealed nothing of the origins and uses of these wolf teeth, but he had asked him to keep them safe.

At the Snake Master's sudden mention of them, the Eye Spirit was naturally interested.

"Take the wolf teeth to the Ghost Mountain. You must find a way to wake him up," the Snake Master instructed.

"Whom are you speaking of?"

"Orlando.

One of the four leaders of the Four Spirits Sect!

The Monkey Spirit King!"

When the Eye Spirit heard this, the spirals in his eyeballs rotated crazily.

The shock to his heart instantly reflected on the surface of his pupils. Anyone who looked into his eyes could see the violent shock in his heart.

Claire glanced at the Eye Spirit and was also surprised.

Who was this Monkey Spirit King that the Snake Master was talking about…

How could he have shocked the Eye Spirit so severely?

The Snake Master had shared many secrets with the Eye Spirit, though he did not allow the Eye Spirit to share these. Even Claire, who was closest to him, remained uniformed concerning these secrets.

Of course, she didn't know what this Monkey Spirit King was...

"These wolf teeth are his obsession. Relinquish them to him, and then I will appear," the Snake Master said.

"Yes, sir!"

Without any hesitation, the Eye Spirit ordered Gavyn to remove the rune.

"Buzz!"

As the Eye Spirit's pupils slightly enlarged, the cubic space enveloping this area vanished.

The ground marked off by the cubic space fell into the big hole eroded by the mist hand.

The Holy Wings Armor, Claire, and Eye Spirit flew northeast, while the Snake Master remained behind.

Hiss! Hiss…

The Snake Master wriggled his white body and slithered to the entrance of the Amber Cave.

The light in his eyes flashed slightly, and two rays of orange light beamed into the white mist formed by the Void Dust.

The white mist could devour any substance and even energy, and by all logical sense, it should consume the orange rays of light.

However, the orange rays of light remained unaffected. Instead, they stirred the white mist, which then roiled and suddenly burst forth with a series of obscure and rhythmic songs. It was Sanskrit.

"You stupid birds proclaimed yourselves as destroyers. You are clueless to cause or effect, therefore, you will definitely lose!"

Chapter 4061 The Obsession Of Birds

"Purr..."

The white mist billowed ominously.

Suddenly, a humanoid figure emerged from the white mist.

It had long curly hair and a handsome face. It was Maynard, one of the personal disciples of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"What are you talking about? I don't understand," he said with a wild smile.

The Snake Master sneered. In his eyes, the Element Spirit Civilization was like dregs. How much more these humans?

"Go to hell!"

Buzz!

The little white snake's eyes glowed a fierce green again.

"So scary!"

Maynard mocked as he ducked into the white mist.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

A large amount of white mist that was formed from the Void Dust turned into green powder and fell into the Amber Cave.

The green radiance the Snake Master could shoot from his eyes contained immeasurable power. It was able to destroy the Void Dust.

Just then, the Grandmaster of Heaven emerged from the Void Dust.

"You go to hell too!"

The little white snake's eyes glowed green once more, as he aimed at the head of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

However, the Grandmaster of Heaven calmly raised one hand. Before the green radiance reached him, a hand emerged from the mist just in time to block the attack.

"Calm down," the Grandmaster of Heaven said with a shake of his head. Then, he took out a thin, sharp tooth and abruptly sliced off one of his hands.

Not a drop of blood was shed, even though he severed his arm!

The broken part quickly healed, and the bones and skin of the hand began to morph. Soon, the broken hand transformed into the shape of a bird. Whoosh! The bird flapped his wings urgently as he flew towards the shore.

As he flew, the bird let out a series of rhythmic chirps, speaking in Sanskrit.

"Four hundred chaotic eras ago, you didn't even pay us any heed. Now you threaten us?" the bird taunted.

The Snake Master squinted at the bird in the sky. "You are the stupidest in the world!" he shouted angrily. "That stupid bird's obsession is meaningless. Why do you still follow him?"

Just like what the bird said, the Snake Masters didn't take the birds seriously in the beginning.

Over several hundred chaotic eras, they went about their own business as the birds evolved and grew in strength. Later, the birds chose to support the Nihility race, which was not weaker than the Element Spirit Civilization.

The Snake Masters were still considered quite powerful in the Jade Pure Realm. In fact, they could even be considered the mainstay of the Four Spirits Sect. This was because, in addition to the Snake Spirit Sect, they also had the Human Spirit Sect and the Monkey Spirit Sect under their control.

They represented the orthodox of the Four Spirits Sect. They were also looked up to as somewhat of guardian angels to the sects under them, and also the sole hope for them to stay in this tiny place.

However, all the birds practically worshiped the one stupid bird that could never wake up. The birds had evolved so much that they were strong enough to set an imbalance to the norm.

The bird flapped his wings hurriedly, as though he was struggling to stay that high in the air.

He looked down coldly at the Snake Master below. "Our master's obsession is what makes our lives meaningful. You can question us underlings, but don't you dare insult our master!"

"Stupid bird! He's the stupidest leader of the Four Spirits Sect!"

The Snake Master's curse infuriated the bird. Narrowing his beady little eyes at the Snake Master below, he said, "You aren't afraid of death.

Instead, you are afraid of staying alive!

If you dare insult our sect leader again, we will make sure you live forever!"

The threat hit home.

The little white snake shut up immediately, his thin lips trembling slightly.

He was a Treacherous Being, after all.

In a secondary world such as the chaos, he was immortal.

If he died, he would simply come back to life at a specific spot.

For example, the coordinates of the world builders were on the Whining Road. No matter where they were killed, they would be reborn on the Whining Road, because the Treacherous Beings' coordinates were set there.

The Snake Master was the representative of the Snake Spirit Sect. He was responsible for communicating with the Element Spirit Civilization. He had two revival coordinates: one in the Jade Pure Realm, and the other in the Eye Spirit.

If he wanted to move freely between the two coordinates, he only needed to die.

If the bird was able to catch and imprison the Snake Master to make him always alive, this would prove very troublesome.

The communication channel between the Element Spirit Civilization and the Snake Masters would be temporarily cut off, which was something he couldn't risk.

But it was not easy to capture the Snake Master.

The bird's words managed to shut the irascible snake master up. As the Snake Master realized that he was in a dangerous situation, he suddenly twisted his body into a white light and rushed into the Amber Cave.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The sickening sound of burning flesh rang through the Amber Cave as the little white snake resigned himself to the Void Dust. The Void Dust could erode everything, including the Treacherous Beings.

A few seconds later, the little white snake was completely devoured without a trace.

The bird, after witnessing what just happened, swerved and flew back to the Grandmaster of Heaven in the mist.

"What if you really kept the Snake Master here just now?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked playfully.

The bird thought for a while and said, "He still would've found a way to end his own life, but it might've taken longer."

"Right..." the Grandmaster of Heaven muttered as his eyes flashed. "He behaved a little strangely just now, don't you think?"

It was not the first time that the Grandmaster of Heaven had come into contact with this irascible Snake Master.

Among the many Snake Masters, this one was the most aggressive.

It was uncharacteristic of him to run away from conflict. Just now, the bird just threatened him, but he quickly decided to kill himself.

It was likely that this Snake Master had a very important task to fulfill.

The bird knew what the Grandmaster of Heaven was thinking. "The battle in the Jade Pure Realm is very fierce. I'm afraid they will soon occupy the Mist City again. So, he must've been in a hurry to go back."

"They must have lost miserably in the battle of the Wine Basin. I'm afraid they won't make a concession this time," the Grandmaster of Heaven said, scratching his chin.

"Right," the bird said. "We need to hurry. Destroy your body and hatch the third egg."

The Bird Spirit Sect had given the Grandmaster of Heaven three bodies, each one stronger than the last.

The first body was killed by Zen, so that was out of the picture already.

The second body should've been able to last longer.

However, things went much faster than the birds had expected. They wanted to give the Grandmaster of Heaven more power, so they had to destroy the second body and use the third one.

"Then, let's start now." The Grandmaster of Heaven nodded and gave a few orders to Maynard before taking action.

While the plan was in motion, Maynard was tasked with guarding the Amber Cave.

After giving instructions to Maynard, the Grandmaster of Heaven willingly submitted himself to the Void Dust.

Sizzle!

Once more, the sickening sizzling sound of melting flesh rang throughout the Amber Cave as the Grandmaster of Heaven's body melted as the mist devoured his flesh.

The Void Dust was actually a convenient tool to take one's life, if need be. This was why both the Snake Master just now and the Grandmaster of Heaven submitted themselves to it.

The bird then started to flap his wings and he flew through the white mist. He didn't stop flying until he had reached the deepest part of the Amber Cave, where he landed on a huge egg.

Standing on the egg, he bent over and gently pecked at the egg with his orange, fluffy beak.

Tiny and complex hairline cracks began to appear on the surface of the egg, and a powerful aura of life began to emanate from it.

As the egg began to hatch, the bird watched. There was a hint of helplessness in his small, beady eyes.

He knew that the Nihility Way was a path of no return.

But this was the only way, according to their sect leader.

Every bird in the Bird Spirit Sect was extremely loyal and would never betray their sect, even if it meant flying straight to their death.

In a sense, they were trying to realize their sect leader's "last wish", but at what cost?

Chapter 4062 The Mist City

The white mist gradually spread throughout

the Mist City

on the main Pure Sky Platform, striking terror in the hearts of those who were there.

A few of the more powerful beings took away a small part of the white mist through their own methods.

More white mist turned into the streets, towers, walls, and grounds in this city.

From the outside, nothing looked out of the ordinary. However, the streets, towers, walls, and even the grounds would turn into monsters that would devour the creatures at any time.

On one of the broad streets within the city, a snow-white snake wriggled his body, slithering at an incredible speed.

From the other side of the street, three birds spread their wings and launched themselves into the air.

"Friends..."

The snake sang wistfully.

The song sounded like a cry of grief, a call to his companions.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The snake's singing caught the attention of the three birds, who then swerved in the air to fly towards the little white snake.

Their beady eyes dilated in a craze as they ferociously pecked at the body of the white snake.

As they attacked him, they released more and more intense energy, until their bodies turned red.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The three birds had worked themselves up into such a frenzy that they exploded violently, one after the other. The explosion caused a terrible shock wave that rippled across the city.

Everything in this city was made of white mist.

As the shock wave shook everything, the structures momentarily lost their forms and turned into white mist.

However, the hapless structures only lasted a while. After a few moments, they returned to their original shapes.

Meanwhile, the white snake's body was left in pieces by the explosion. As a Treacherous Being, he could have turned into various shapes, but the three birds released a considerable amount of Light of Annihilation when they exploded.

The Light of Annihilation was fatal to the hostility-level Treacherous Beings.

As for the resentment-level and hatred-level Treacherous Beings, their bodies would change dramatically if they were hit by the Light of Annihilation.

The resentment-level Treacherous Beings would permanently lose the ability to change into different forms. As a result, their bodies would also become very fragile, making them easy targets.

The white snake, with only half of his body left, could not return to his original shape. Coughing painfully, he leaned against a corner of the wall weakly.

In the Mist City, one's only hope to survive was by constantly walking.

The white snake could no longer move. He could only sit back and watch as the wall behind him softened and slowly turned into white mist.

However, he was not too scared.

In the secondary world, Treacherous Beings were immortal.

If he were to be devoured by the white mist here and now, he was bound to be revived somewhere in the Jade Pure Realm.

At this point, Treacherous Beings in the Jade Pure Realm could no longer remember how many times they had been killed and revived.

Almost every one of the Treacherous Beings that had awakened had experienced over a thousand cycles of reincarnation and death.

In the beginning, they found this very exciting.

However, as time went by, they grew bored as the cycle began to feel repetitive.

For example, they had captured the Mist City hundreds of times.

In order to consolidate the city, they set their revival coordinates here right after capturing it, but in the end, they were all killed, and even their coordinates were removed.

However, this didn't stop them from capturing the Mist City repeatedly over time.

This kind of behavior became extremely ridiculous and boring as it was an endless cycle.

Wasn't it just a city that contained the Void Dust?

What if they obtained a portion of the Void Dust that could be controlled?

Could it determine the victory of this war?

Unfortunately, although these awakened Treacherous Beings had their own self consciousness, they worked for the Four Spirits Sect. They could only follow the orders of the senior leaders of the Four Spirits Sect.

Complaining would solve nothing.

The same thing happened in other areas in the Mist City.

At first, the white snakes could only hide in the north of the Mist City. If they attempted to cross the center line of the city, the birds would instantly eliminate them.

Now, as more and more snakes were swarming into the Mist City, the snakes felt emboldened. They began to spread to other areas in the city.

Meanwhile, several black eagles stood perched on a gate tower in the south of the Mist City.

The gate tower was also made of white mist.

As aforementioned, all creatures that came into contact with the white mist were doomed to be devoured. Those black eagles were no exception.

However, every time the gate tower began to twist and deform into white mist, the black eagles would flap their wings and hover above the gate tower.

Then, when the gate tower returned to its original shape, the eagles would land on it once more.

"The battle is coming to an end," the black eagle at the far right commented.

The Bird Spirit Sect once had four branches. These black eagles came from one of them.

"It's not a big deal if we lose the Mist City," the black eagle in the lead said coldly. "We can always take it back later."

The black eagle that had just spoken had three purple luminescent feathers on his head that shone beautifully. He was the leader of this branch.

"But if we give up the Mist City, we will also have to give up all the spoils we got in the battle of the Wine Basin," a black figure pointed out.

The leader's eyes dimmed gloomily. "They have lost once in the battle of the Wine Basin. Even if they make a comeback now, they will still be defeated in the end. Don't worry."

Just as the leader was speaking, a bird flew over.

The bird whispered something to them, while they listened attentively.

After a short while, their originally gloomy eyes lit up with excitement.

"What?"

"They have retreated?"

"They have left the Mist City?"

The black eagles couldn't believe their ears!

The Snake Masters were so close to capturing the Mist City. The eagles led their team to fight them off, but they were just beginning to feel like it was futile.

Now, they received news that the Snake Masters were retreating. Such good luck!

"Is it a trap?" the leader asked suspiciously.

"The Mist City can devour everything left behind. It's impossible for them to set up traps in the city. Once they leave, it's back to square one for them," a black eagle answered reassuringly with a shake of his head.

"You're right. Even if they try to play tricks, it wouldn't work. They've given up the Mist City!" another black eagle agreed.

"Let the birds inspect the entire Mist City," the leader ordered.

Soon, thousands of birds spread their wings and flew across the Mist City, carefully inspecting each street.

But they didn't find anything suspicious.

After they reported what they saw, the leader heaved a sigh of relief. By now, he was sure the Snake Masters had retreated.

The other black eagles scratched their heads, confused as to why the Snake Masters had given up even though they were so close to victory. Sheepishly, they all turned to their leader, who stood perched in the center.

The leader's eyes still couldn't shake off the feeling of suspicion. Uneasy, he helplessly returned the gazes of his constituents. It was just too strange!

If the Snake Masters ended up taking the Mist City, the leader would've felt less unsettled.

But they had given up. This could only mean one thing: there was something more important to them than the Mist City.

The leader frowned deeply as he pondered over this. If the Snake Masters captured the Mist City, they could take back the Wine Basin. What could possibly be more important than that?

"I'm going to visit someone. I should be able to get an answer there."

After saying that, the leader flapped his wings and flew away.

Meanwhile, in the Source World, several black ships were floating in a clear lake in the Roaring Lake Province.

The water of the lake was so clear that it was almost mirror-like.

During the battle against the Pear Hill, the Black Ship suffered great losses, but not as heavy as those of the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race.

Most of their crew survived.

But when the Evil God was appointed as the new captain, the crew was enraged.

Since then, they made all kinds of excuses to try to escape from the Black Ship.

According to the rules of the Black Ship, those who escaped would be regarded as traitors and would be chased down by the Black Ship.

But the former captain had never treated them like this. The former captain let them leave if they wanted to. Now, the Black Ship didn't carry any of the old traditions, just their name.

Chapter 4063 Studying

The Evil God had become the captain but he didn't care about the members of the Black Ship departing.

Finally, there were only two people left in the Black Ship.

One was the former captain of the Black Ship, and the other was Shera.

Shera opened the door of the cabin, her gaze falling on the Evil God, who was sitting at the stern. She walked over to him with a smile on her face.

She wrapped her pale, slender arms around the Evil God's neck. "I have brought you a gift from the Other Shore."

"Let me have a look," said the Evil God.

Shera began to take out the Other Shore Token, which was in the form of an exquisite pot.

This was a good Other Shore Token, but it wasn't suited to Shera.

"What's the use of this Other Shore Token?" the Evil God asked.

Nobody could figure out the functions of many Other Shore Tokens in a single glance. But those with a rich experience could tell the functions according to the aura.

A few Other Shore Tokens of the mysterious type had uniquely powerful abilities, while some Other Shore Tokens of the strengthening type emitted a formidable power.

"It is used to store things," Shera replied.

It was now the Evil God's turn to be surprised.

"Is it really just a pot?" the Evil God asked, his eyebrows raising.

"Yes," said Shera, smiling in amusement.

The pot was strictly a spatial Other Shore Token, but it wasn't considered to be powerful.

Shera had obtained and kept the pot just to help the Grandmaster of Heaven transmit what was within it. Under normal circumstances, it would be impossible for her to fuse with this Other Shore Token.

"What's in the pot?" the Evil God asked again.

Shera opened the mouth of the pot, and a pale yellow energy emerged from it.

The Evil God observed the pale yellow energy, his eyes widening with every second. "The Godly Way energy?" he exclaimed in disbelief.

He was sensitive to the Godly Way energy and could, in a matter of seconds, tell that this pale yellow energy was the Godly Way energy.

"Yes, it's the energy of the Godly Way that was isolated from the others by the Element Spirit Civilization. It doesn't have a name yet. You can give it one," Shera suggested.

"I'm not interested."

The Evil God's eyes were fixed on the Godly Way energy that was floating in the air. He took a deep breath, causing the Godly Way energy to enter his body through his nose. He then pushed Shera away.

"I'm going to cultivate in seclusion. Don't disturb me during this time," said the Evil God.

Shera looked displeased, but she held herself back as she said, "The Grandmaster of Heaven also asked me to pass on a message to you."

"What is it?" the Evil God said impatiently.

Neither Shera nor the previous captain was worth a mention, according to the Evil God.

But the Grandmaster of Heaven was still useful to him.

"After fusing with this Godly Way, drive the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race out of the Source World," Shera said.

The Evil God's eyes narrowed. "Is that an order or a request?"

Shera was silent for a moment. "It is a request."

"Okay."

Shera turned and left, sighing inwardly as she returned to her cabin.

The former captain's calm face appeared on an old board in the cabin.

"You should have expected this from the first day, right?" the captain said.

Shera shook her head. "No."

"There's no need to lie to yourself. The Grandmaster of Heaven, his disciples, you, and me-all of us knew this." The captain looked up at the deck and added, "The Evil God himself knows it too."

It was true. The Evil God didn't have any feelings or emotions. He would be patient only when he found something that would be useful to him.

In fact, the Evil God was not interested in being the captain of the Black Ship. The reason why he had stayed in the Black Ship was because of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"But we need him more. He is almost a perfect man," the captain said. "We will try our best to help him and even sacrifice ourselves if need be."

The Black Ship was a force that was supported by the Nihility race in the chaos, and the Evil God was their hope.

The Evil God had become happy when he had obtained the last Godly Way.

The moment Shera left, his figure disappeared in a flash and appeared in a cabin on the black ship.

He looked up at the wall

from where a pair of eyes was staring at him.

"Go on. Gaze at me if that's what you like!"

he sneered, laughing disdainfully.

He knew that the former captain was observing him all the time.

And then, wisps of Godly Way energy surged out and began to gather together.

The three thousand Godly Ways began to merge, one after the other. It was obviously difficult for them to not reject each other and to arrange themselves in a regular, stable manner.

But the energy of these Godly Ways seemed to have souls, coming to life in the hands of the Evil God.

Every Godly Way could quickly find a suitable object to fuse with.

The Evil God had practiced this fusion process a number of times before.

Every extra energy was a test to the Evil God. When the 3, 001st Godly Way had merged with the others last time, it had brought great difficulty upon the Evil God.

And now, fusing the last Godly Way was a new challenge for the Evil God.

Buzz...

A colorful ball of energy floated before him.

The 3, 001 Godly Ways formed this energy ball. The energy of all the Godly Ways clung to each other and connected together, forming a subtle balance that allowed them to float.

If any Godly Way was added to or removed from this, the balance would be broken and the ball would instantly collapse.

The Evil God observed the ball carefully, trying to find a gap in it. But he had spent a lot of effort to fuse the 3, 001 Godly Ways. How could there be a gap in the ball of the Ways-blending Energy?

He thought for a long time.

A thought seemed to suddenly occur to him and he pulled out a Godly Way from the Ways-blending Energy.

The Evil God had drawn out the Five Elements Godly Way.

As the most extensive and common Godly Way, the Five Elements Godly Way was the foundation of the Ways-blending Energy.

Once the Five Elements Godly Way was extracted, the entire Ways-blending Energy would have to be reconstructed.

The Evil God had incomparable talent in terms of the Ways-blending Energy. He could come to a conclusion and make a judgment only after he observed this ball for a while.

He knew he must do that!

After he had extracted the Five Elements Godly Way, the 3, 000 Godly Ways were pushed into disorder, and a strong aura of energy began to spread out.

Seeing that the Ways-blending Energy was about to explode, the Evil God reached out a hand and began to extract the energy. The Godly Way energy turned into thin threads and wove together continuously. In the end, the Evil God had forcefully covered the aura of the energy.

The former captain watched the scene from the wall.

He couldn't help but sigh.

This kind of talent and method of controlling energy was terrifyingly powerful. The experienced captain was forced to look on in admiration.

Once the Evil God had stabilized the Ways-blending Energy, he put the Five Elements Godly Way back again.

From its appearance, there was no change in the Ways-blending Energy, but the overall structure had, in fact, undergone a tremendous change.

And now, there was a gap in the ball.

This gap was left for the energy of the last Godly Way.

Buzz!

The Evil God once again released the Godly Way energy and slowly inserted it into the gap.

The Godly Way energy and the Ways-blending Energy were now almost perfectly matched.

The Evil God had just begun to smile when the Ways-blending Energy suddenly turned into a snow-white ball.

The light ball covered the ship with the light in the blink of an eye and began to flash on the surface of the lake.

The ball's light was so brilliant that the whole world seemed dark as night before it.

Chapter 4064 The Second Insurance

In the north of the Jade Pure Realm, an enormous brown cubic rock stood on the ground.

This cubic rock was 99, 000 feet long, 99, 000 feet wide, and 99, 000 feet high.

On its surface, an exit opened for every thirty feet in the span of its entire height.

Its inside was hollow, giving way to many intricate caves and passages.

This place was called the Heavenly Square City, and it was one of the headquarters of the Four Spirits Sect.

In a room on the upper left part of the Heavenly Square City was a wounded man dressed in cotton clothes.

His hands and feet were tightly tied by four iron chains, pulling his limbs straight.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

A white whip thrashed violently in the air and lashed hard at the man, landing on his already frail body.

Clap!

As the white whip hit him, it emitted a beaming ray of silver-white light, which was the Light of Annihilation.

The man in cotton clothes was a Treacherous Being.

It was difficult for ordinary punishment methods to damage a Treacherous Being. However, if they were hit by the Light of Annihilation, they would feel pain as when ordinary mortals were stabbed by thorns.

This was the case for only the resentment-level and hatred-level Treacherous Beings.

Once the hostility-level Treacherous Beings came into contact with the Light of Annihilation, they would instantly turn into fine gray ashes.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The man's clothes were torn and stained with blood as he had suffered many beatings for several days.

The one who smacked the whip was a human woman. With each hit, she reprimanded the man solemnly, "Do you understand the gravity of your crime, Alphonse?"

Clap!

"Do you understand the gravity of your crime, Alphonse?"

Clap!

"Do you understand the gravity of your crime, Alphonse?!"

The man's name was Alphonse Shen. He was the chief of the Joy House, which was affiliated to the Human Spirit Sect.

The woman, on the other hand, was a subordinate of the Joy House.

Despite the stern expression on her face, she enjoyed no pleasure from the abuse. Her eyes revealed the pity she felt.

The Joy House was responsible for guarding the Treasure Bottle Platform to protect the Godly Way energy.

Things had been fine in the past chaotic eras. Unfortunately, the Godly Way energy was stolen by the Nihility race some days ago.

As the chief of the Joy House, Alphonse had to take responsibility for an unforgivable mistake.

Clap!

The woman had whipped him day and night.

She feared that if she continued to hit him with the Light of Annihilation, he might get beaten to death.

Without saying a word, Alphonse silently endured the torment.

A voice suddenly spoke from outside the room.

"General Alphonse, how have you been doing these days?"

the voice asked with a hint of mockery.

When the woman heard the voice, she frowned and whipped more forcefully.

If she was seen with favoritism to the chief, he would only receive greater blame and suffering.

A person came into the room and motioned her to stop beating. She then paused, carefully retracted the whip, and stepped aside.

She dared not touch the whip as it contained the tremendous Light of Annihilation.

The visitor was a middle-aged man from the Ten Directions House. It was General Gianni.

Alphonse was the chief of the Joy House while Gianni was the chief of the Broad House. They were at the same level; however, whether before or after becoming a Treacherous Being, Alphonse had always remained stronger than Gianni. They regarded each other as rivals.

After becoming Treacherous Beings, Gianni had been promoted to an important position, while Alphonse had been sent to the Treasure Bottle Platform, which was considered deportation.

Now Gianni visited him with an obvious intent to laugh at him.

Alphonse glanced at Gianni indifferently. "Are you going to eliminate my coordinates?" he asked.

For Treacherous Beings, they could come back to life repeatedly as long as their coordinates remained.

In fact, all the other attacking methods made no difference to the Treacherous Beings.

The woman's continuous whipping would only bring physical pain to Alphonse but would not kill him.

Many members of the Joy House had been killed on the Treasure Bottle Platform, but they had all been revived in the blink of an eye.

However, removing their coordinates was equivalent to sentencing their end. It meant eternal death for Treacherous Beings.

Gianni laughed and said, "General Alphonse, you are known to always set your safety aside. Are you also afraid of death now?"

"When I got awakened by those snakes, I've been ready for this," replied Alphonse.

"They are badly in need of talents. They won't kill you for the time being. Besides, the Joy House's guardianship at the Treasure Bottle Platform is just the first insurance, and the Godly Way energy itself is the second insurance!" Gianni declared as he stepped forward.

"What did you do to it?" Alphonse squinted his eyes.

Gianni turned around. "Come and release him!" he yelled to the woman.

The woman's face lit up. She joyously hurried forward and proceeded to untie the chains that bound her chief.

Gianni then pulled something from his sleeve, taking out a mirror.

The mirror showed a blurry image. It was vaguely a lake where several black ships floated above the water.

"What's this?" Alphonse asked. He had been guarding the remote Treasure Bottle Platform for many years, so he had poor information.

"The Black Ship, a force supported by the birds in the Source World," Gianni explained.

"Is the Godly Way energy in their hands?" Alphonse asked.

Gianni nodded and said, "There is a person among them who can fuse the Godly Ways. They must be anxious in creating the perfect Ways-blending Energy."

"Perfect Ways-blending Energy..." Alphonse rolled his eyes and said, "How can that be perfect?"

The Four Spirits Sect could scale the number of energy in the secondary worlds either up or down at their will.

If a world builder set the number of energy in a secondary world to be one thousand in total, then the Ways-blending Energy formed by one thousand kinds of energy would be the limit in this world.

If the number was three thousand in total, then the Ways-blending Energy formed by three thousand Godly Ways would be the limit.

"To the chaos, this is already perfection. Have you forgotten that we are also members of the chaos now? Don't use your past eyes to define things," Gianni said.

They both knew it was difficult for them to return to their original vast world.

Alphonse glanced at Gianni. "If he masters the complete Ways-blending Energy, he might have the ability to change the structure of the chaos. But you don't seem to be worried at all, do you?" he asked.

"Well, once he merges the last Godly Way, the second insurance will be triggered. We only need to wait and see," Gianni said with complacency.

Gianni, Alphonse, and the woman looked closely at the mirror, quietly observing the scene.

Because the picture was too blurry, they could only recognize the distorted figures of black ships and the lake. The other details remained unknown to them.

A few hours later...

The black ship at the center shook violently on the water.

It was as if an earthquake had started from beneath the lake, creating huge waves.

After that, a sheet of white light had suddenly swallowed the black ship...

"That power is extraordinary,"

Gianni commented as he patted on Alphonse's shoulder. He handed him the mirror and left the room.

Holding the mirror in his hand, Alphonse watched until the white light dimmed gradually and disappeared.

The black ship had been wrecked with its pieces scattered on the surface of the lake. Dark blood started gushing out from its ruins.

The ship was a part of the captain's body. Once it had been damaged too seriously, it wouldn't recover quickly. It reflected that a large amount of blood had been shed from the captain.

"They suspect that I deliberately allowed the Grandmaster of Heaven to steal the Godly Way energy from us," concluded Alphonse.

The woman nodded and asked, "Did he send this mirror to you as a warning?"

"It's not a warning," said Alphonse. "It's just a token of his contempt. He wants to tell me that whatever I want to do would just turn out pointless!" He crushed the mirror into pieces in his hand.

Chapter 4065 Another Observer

There were hundreds of thousands of lakes of different sizes in the Roaring Lake Province.

The Clear Sky Lake in the middle was the largest. If one were to look down from the sky, it would look like a magnificent gem embedded on the horizon.

A bright ball of light suddenly rose from the Roaring Lake Province, shocking all the creatures that were watching.

They stared at the light ball in the sky, unable to grasp what had happened.

A few seconds later, the terrifying shock wave reached them.

Along with this shock wave, a water wave that was thousands of meters high, spread out towards them.

With the Clear Sky Lake as the center, everything within tens of thousands of miles around was swept up by the wave.

It took four hours for the lake to finally return to a peaceful state.

The surface of the Clear Sky Lake had sunk more than eighty thousand feet, leaving only a pool of dirty water behind.

The three black ships lay askew on this pool, their surfaces cracked and blood flowing out of ship decks from time to time.

The sound of blood gurgling and the former captain's pained groan sounded through the mayhem.

The Black Ship had suffered a lot over the years, some ships even having been completely crushed and burnt.

But the captain had been well prepared then.

The destruction of one or two black ships was like cutting off an arm or a leg. Since the captain's cultivation base was at the Eternal Realm, it wasn't as big a problem.

The black ships in the Roaring Lake Province were his only remaining body parts.

These several black ships were seriously damaged, and the black ship carrying the Evil God was smashed to pieces.

This was a huge blow to the captain.

Shera and the Evil God were on the same ship when the explosions occurred.

Fortunately, the captain had sensed that something was wrong and extracted Shera from the cabin in time.

Even so, Shera had been sent smashing into the side of the black ship, thanks to the shock wave. Her body had become embedded in the deck, and many parts of her body were torn open.

Crack, crack, crack...

When Shera woke up, she could hear the sound of the black ships being reconstructed.

The captain was trying his best to repair the black ships.

If someone were to attack him now, the captain wouldn't even have the strength to escape.

"Captain..." Shera called out. "What happened?"

The battle of the Pear Hill had ended just a while ago.

The Source World should logically have experienced a period of peace after the battle.

Neither the Pear Hill nor the Bearing race could start another war, given how the scale of that war could affect them.

Shera had just come to a conclusion when the captain said, "It's the Ways-blending Energy."

"The Ways-blending Energy? How is it even possible?" Shera exclaimed in disbelief.

The Evil God wouldn't use too much energy if he were to integrate the Godly Ways. The Ways-blending Energy was unstable and its power was extraordinary, but it was impossible for it to cause such a huge damage.

"I saw it with my own eyes," the captain said affirmatively.

"Then the Evil God..." Shera's voice trembled.

"I don't know."

The white light ball had devoured the body of the Evil God when it had exploded.

The captain hadn't gotten a chance to save the Evil God, and he even hadn't been able to protect himself.

Shera struggled to get to her feet before she took a few steps on the lake, her spiritual sense spreading out quickly.

The lake had shrunk considerably, making it easy for Shera's spiritual sense to cover it.

She couldn't find any trace of the Evil God within the range of her spiritual sense.

"Has he disappeared?" Shera muttered.

"That energy was so powerful that it might have caused him to evaporate," the captain said.

It was very easy to destroy a person with such terrifying energy.

Now that they couldn't find the Evil God, it was highly possible that he had evaporated and that there was nothing left of him.

"He wouldn't die like this!" Shera said excitedly.

The captain hesitated for a while before he said, "Let's stay here and wait."

The Nihility race had invested a lot in the Evil God. If the Evil God died like this, it would be a great loss to the Nihility race.

Shera continued to float in the air and was about to expand her range when she suddenly sensed a force coming from up ahead.

Her reflexes told her to dodge it, but the force was too powerful. Before she could react, it turned into a big hand and grabbed her. And then, a huge figure appeared in front of her.

The Evil God!

"Evil God... Captain! You're alright!" Shera exclaimed, surprised.

"How could I die in such a lowly manner?" the Evil God sneered.

He raised Shera, placed her on his shoulder, and looked up at the sky.

The Evil God had an extraordinary sensibility in the Source World.

He could sense that there was something unusual in the sky above the Roaring Lake Province. Two looming channels floated up there, some people peeping down through them.

"What's in the sky?" Shera asked.

"Some creatures are observing me," the Evil God answered, frowning.

"Who?" Shera's frown matched the Evil God's.

"I don't know. There seems to be two people..."

As he spoke, he stretched out a hand upwards, an energy spiral forming at his fist.

Whoosh!

The energy spiral was like a giant dragon soaring into the sky. It crashed into one of the channels, shattering it to pieces.

In the Jade Pure Realm, Alphonse squeezed the mirror into pieces and dropped them to the ground.

He smirked and turned to leave when the human woman exclaimed, "General, look!"

The scene in the mirror had earlier been blurry.

It was even more difficult to see now that the mirror had been shattered thus.

Alphonse stretched out a hand and gently touched the fragments of the mirror. The fragments pieced together quickly and became a whole. It was almost as if they had souls.

When the mirror was pieced together, the human woman said, "That person is not dead. He seems to have discovered the Snake Masters' observation channel. What an alert and sharp fellow!"

"He wants to destroy the channel," said Alphonse.

Boom!

It was then that they saw the Evil God's punch coming their way.

Nothing happened after this punch. The scene in the mirror was blurred, but it still existed.

"Did he miss the target?" the human woman asked.

Alphonse stared at the mirror, lost in thought. He then shook his head and said, "It doesn't seem like he failed to hit the channel. He has broken another channel. I think there's another one in addition to the Snake Masters' observation channel."

"Another observation channel? Are those birds also observing him?" the human woman asked.

"That's impossible," said Alphonse, shaking his head.

The birds controlled the Nihility race, and the Nihility race controlled the Black Ship.

Now that the Evil God and the Black Ship were a whole, it was easier to observe the Evil God. There was no need for the birds to observe him in this way.

"But who else will observe him apart from us and the birds?" The human woman was curious.

Was there a third force on the Other Shore?

"I don't know yet..."

Alphonse had barely finished speaking when the Evil God's fist swung upwards once again.

An energy spiral soared into the sky and finally destroyed the Snake Masters' observation channel.

In the Heavenly Square City, the scenes in more than twenty mirrors of various sizes disappeared at the same time.

Alphonse's eyes seemed to brighten with an inexplicable joy as he looked at the blank mirror.

Chapter 4066 The One Who Rang The Bell

There were six great caves lying five thousand feet

below the ground of the Jade Pure Realm's northwest side.

Each cave was about three thousand feet in diameter.

Each cave's outer layer was covered with meat in the state of constant shrinking, which made the entire cave look like a beating heart.

While the cave was merely three thousand feet high, the inner space was far larger than this.

Each and every cave had its own world.

In the lowest cave stood the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

At the very bottom of the tower was a man holding a bronze mirror in the shape of Eight Diagrams.

He was clad in a cyan robe and looked rather wise and remarkable. His aura was impressive.

"What a sharp insight!

The channel has been broken!

This person's control over the Source World has risen to a new level..."

Grabbing the bronze mirror, he flew up to the top of the tower.

Carved on the surface at the top were densely packed scriptures, all of which were written in Sanskrit.

"Cutting and sharpening..."

the immortal-like old man muttered on top of the tower.

Each time he chanted, a circle of golden light spread out from his body.

The golden light swept right past the scriptures, making them rotate chaotically. An extremely solemn aura was emitted, making the old man's aura grow noble and grand.

Anyone who faced the suppression of the golden light couldn't help but fall to their knees.

But once the young man was swept by the light, he merely frowned and shouted, "Old man, the channel you've built so painstakingly has been destroyed! You deceived me again. Didn't you tell me that the channel wouldn't ever be discovered?"

Then, he threw the bronze mirror right in front of the other man.

The latter merely continued muttering.

And the golden light continued circling the Sanskrit words.

Before such a solemn scene, the young man's behavior seemed rather inappropriate.

A few minutes later, the old man's eyes shot open.

Buzz...

The golden light completely dissipated, and the Sanskrit words stopped circling as well, returning to their original form.

Hearing that the channel had been destroyed, the old man showed no sign of discontent on his face. Instead, he smiled and said, "As I expected, the young man wouldn't die under the Maximized Energy. You know, this Maximized Energy is..."

As he spoke, the young man seemed to find it unbearable and interrupted, "The Maximized Energy is produced by using a Godly Way to maximize the Ways-blending Energy. This kind of energy is absolutely uncontrollable. Save for those who don't know, no one would be foolish enough to use the

Maximized Energy. But it is the most suitable to use for killing the Evil God!"

The old man had repeated these words over a hundred times recently.

Having heard it so many times, the young man could recite each word very clearly.

The old man merely smiled helplessly—he didn't blame the younger man at all. "It's good that he's not dead. Everything goes according to plan, then. He might now find a way to break the barrier..."

He was referring to the barrier between the Other Shore and the chaos.

From the moment chaos was built up until this point, no one had ever managed to break that barrier.

Both the Grandmaster of Heaven and Claire chose to come to the Source World by descending.

In terms of form and strength, they'd be highly restricted.

"Can that guy really do it?" the young man questioned skeptically.

After all, the Other Shore was by no means a small nor simple world. It had a particularly special means of connection with the chaos.

"Yes," affirmed the old man.

In return, the young man merely curled his lips. It wasn't the first time the old man had talked nonsense, after all. If he was questioned, he'd undoubtedly make up many arguments to reason with the young man. Even if something false slipped out of the old man's mouth, he'd still manage to come up with several remarks.

But his master had forcefully comprehended a truth back then, resulting in a crack in the barrier. Perhaps, shattering it completely was a possible option.

Just then, a melodious bell suddenly rang from the inside of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

Dong!

As it rang, a blazing white sword light rushed up from below.

"Again! Who is tolling the bell?" The young man in the cyan robe revealed a strange expression.

"Let's go and have a look. It should be a good thing, after all," said the old man with a smile.

And so the younger man turned to head into the tower.

From where he stood, he had a panoramic view of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

It had a total of thirty-three floors, all built according to the situation in the stages of Other Shore.

In the very corner of the first floor was a handful of golden Equinox Sand, the most preliminary Other Shore Token. From there, the stairs spiraled upward, each floor corresponding to a stage of the Other Shore.

Form the sixth floor onward, the Other Shore Tokens on each floor were all of the fourth grade and above.

There were all sorts of tokens—the strengthening type, the auxiliary type, the mysterious type, and the descending type.

"Who is ringing the bell?"

The young man stared at it, narrowing his eyes until he found a figure to the side of the bell.

It was a young man in white, carrying a long sword on his back and exuding confidence and arrogance.

"Damn it! It's him again?" The man was rather speechless. "You just knocked the bell last month, didn't you? Can your body really withstand such strain?"

"Of course, his physical body can withstand it." The old man's voice resounded from above. "Don't underestimate my Grand Drip Technique. It's not inferior to the Land of Bone Tribulation!"

"Grand Drip Technique..." The young man's face twitched for a while, thinking that the old man's naming skill was growing worse and worse by the day.

Ringing the bell was no easy task.

After cultivating the Truth of Godly Way, one could enter the Mysterious Yellow Tower and take away one Other Shore Token.

The weakest Other Shore Token possessed the power of one divine megaton.

After the warrior made a breakthrough, they could obtain a physical body that carried the Other Shore Token from the higher floor. By then, they could ring the bell once again.

The more they cultivated, the more difficult it was to strengthen their bodies, making it harder to ring the bell again.

In the previous month, after the young man who carried a sword on his back rang the bell, he took away the Other Shore Token on the thirtieth floor.

Again, reaching the thirty-first floor from the thirtieth floor was by no means an easy feat.

For some, they could spend thousands of years trying to get there but to no avail.

But only a month later, the man managed to ring the bell again—in just a single month, his physical strength had increased drastically. It was completely astonishing.

In the Ruin Graveyard

At the very core of the Divine Bell City lay a huge bronze bell.

It was considered the Ruin Graveyard's most holy treasure—the object all the creatures there relied on.

Each warrior who had reached the Other Shore Realm would visit to ring the bell and obtain their token.

"Dong!"

A long ringing resounded across the Divine Bell City.

The entire place boiled with excitement.

The sound of the bell belonged to the thirty-first floor. Very few people in the Ruin Graveyard could ever make it.

Sitting cross-legged under the huge bell, Rocher had already entered the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

According to the rules, he had to choose the most suitable Other Shore Token before the bell chime stopped.

Chapter 4067 In The Mysterious Yellow Tower

When Rocher entered the Mysterious Yellow Tower for the first time, the bell only rang for three seconds.

He kept in mind what Bromley and the other elders had told him. He could grab whatever he liked in the tower, but he could just take one.

However, as he only had a few seconds, he didn't have enough time to choose properly. Thus, he just took an Other Shore Token randomly.

When he realized that the token he got was not suitable for the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, he felt so frustrated. All his efforts were put to waste.

The second time he entered the Mysterious Yellow Tower, he could now stay for six seconds. The premise still held that he could only choose one of the Other Shore Tokens of his liking.

Though he still didn't have that much time, he, fortunately, obtained a suitable one this time.

Seeing that he acquired a useful one the second time, he became more determined. He went in again and bet on his luck. As the bell stopped, he was kicked out by a strong force. According to the Ruin Graveyard, he was actually kicked out by a huge foot.

However, not even a single Other Shore Token he obtained in the next three attempts he made could be useful to him. So for now, he had to make do with the one he acquired the second time he went in.

Over time, Rocher improved the strength of his physical body. This made the bell ring for a longer period.

When he already reached the thirtieth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower, the ringing of the bell could now last for five minutes.

In his next attempt, he directly went to the thirty-first floor as soon as the bell rang.

There he saw several Other Shore Tokens embedded on the walls of the Mysterious Yellow Tower. Occasionally, there would be a dazzling light emitting from them, containing incredible Other Shore Power.

Rocher leaned against the wall and walked quickly along the corridor of the thirty-first floor. He analyzed each of the Other Shore Tokens in there so that he could pick the best one for him.

"This one's the Dead Skeleton."

It was a mysterious-type Other Shore Token and Rocher was unsure of its ability. He thought that he should aim for something that he could readily use.

"The Power of Mist…"

It was a strengthening-type Other Shore Token. However, Rocher didn't lack power, so he deemed to choose something that could boost his other attributes.

"The Speed Boots."

It should be a descending-type Other Shore Token that could greatly increase one's speed.

In the Ruin Graveyard, there were specially assigned beings to record, analyze, and evaluate the Other Shore Tokens which were situated on the top floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

In particular, their jobs were focused on the new Other Shore Tokens in the tower.

On the thirty-first floor, there were three special Other Shore Tokens. They were known as the Whirlwind Wings, the Sacred Battle Sword, and the Monta Stone.

Rocher quickly skipped over the ordinary Other Shore Tokens and focused his attention on these as he got to the section where they were located.

"Let's see. The Monta Stone could greatly enhance the strength of one's body.

The Sacred Battle Sword is a masculine type, but the broadsword is not that suitable for me.

Lastly, the Whirlwind Wings should belong to the descending type. They're supposed to greatly improve one's bodily movement skill." Rocher's eyes flashed with excitement as he stared at the last Other Shore Token.

It was like the pair of transparent wings was tailor-made for him.

He had already seen and understood the Whirlwind Wings before from the ancient books in the Ruin Graveyard. He was enticed by it the moment he had laid his eyes on the Other Shore Token.

The Whirlwind Wings had been on the thirty-first floor for the longest time. After all, only very few people from the Ruin Graveyard could reach this floor. However, in recent years, a group of extraordinary talents started appearing in the divine land.

If the divine land was given enough time, the number of their strong warriors would definitely surpass that of the Ruin Graveyard.

Buzz!

Rocher knew that the bell would stop ringing soon.

The ringing started trembling more violently but its sharpness decreased gradually.

It also meant that Rocher needed to hurry in picking the token of his choice.

Once the ringing stopped, he would be instantly kicked out of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

Without any hesitation, he reached out his hand and tried to grab the Whirlwind Wings. However, just when he was about to touch them, the Whirlwind Wings disappeared and he was only able to touch the wall.

His eyes widened as his face was filled with confusion. "What happened?"

But as the sound of bell kept on dissipating, he had not much time to think.

He clearly thought that he couldn't leave empty handed, so he quickly floated towards the Sacred Battle Sword. However, just as what happened with the Whirlwind Wings, it instantly disappeared just before he grabbed it.

"Hey! This isn't funny!"

Buzz! Buzz!

The ringing of the bell trembled more and more violently. Rocher now only had about six seconds before he would be kicked out.

Swoosh!

Left with no choice, Rocher leaped to the other side of the wall and grabbed the Monta Stone.

The stone was still one of the strongest Other Shore Tokens on the thirty-first floor, although it was not suitable for him.

Buzz!

The bell made its final ring and instantly stopped. Rocher felt a sudden force bump into his body. The next moment, he had already returned to the Divine Bell City.

Inside the Mysterious Yellow Tower, the young man in the cyan robe emerged from the dark with a complacent look on his face.

In his hands, he was holding the Sacred Battle Sword and the Whirlwind Wings that disappeared from the walls earlier.

"What's your motive for helping him? You always look down upon the people from the Ruin Graveyard, don't you?" the old man asked.

"No, he's not from the Ruin Graveyard. He's from the divine land," the young man replied.

"Huh? What's the difference? Those two places have now become one," the old man remarked.

The young man paused for a while and said with a faint smile, "Maybe, I was just rooting for him. He has a high chance to eventually reach the thirty-third floor. With the Monta Stone, he will reach it faster."

Upon saying that, he hung both tokens back to the walls.

There were only extremely few people who could even make it to the thirty-first floor. After Rocher took the Monta Stone, the other two tokens would have to wait a long time again before someone could attempt to grab them.

A Bell Ringing Meeting was held every month in the Divine Bell City.

Various races and forces attended this meeting.

There weren't too many conflicts in the Ruin Graveyard. Human and non-human races coexisted without any enmity between them.

To every race that was residing there, the bell ringing wasn't only a way to enhance their strength. It was also considered as a competition among many races.

Originally, three non-human races had an absolute advantage in the entire Ruin Graveyard, while the other weaker races had several limitations.

As for the human race, Bromley was the only one they could rely on.

But as the divine land entered the Ruin Graveyard, its people accidentally discovered that the place was an excellent venue for cultivation.

The Truths of Godly Ways began to spread quickly in the divine land. The True Gods from various powerful clans and ancestral lands began to cultivate the Truths of Godly Ways.

The Ruin Graveyard formerly had a reputation of being a dangerous place in the chaos, but as they accepted the divine land, they eventually began following the rules.

In return, the humans from the divine land also obtained a considerable amount of cultivation resources.

Over recent years, some of the young talents from the divine land had reached the Other Shore Realm.

And among them, Rocher was considered to be the most outstanding one.

He had an extraordinary understanding of the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. In fact, he had mastered it in just a few months after he was sent into the Ruin Graveyard.

The first time he rang the bell of the Divine Bell City, he had successfully obtained a divine megaton of force.

After he reached the Other Shore Realm, he had been cultivating in the Water Drop Cave.

The Grand Drip Technique there could quickly enhance one's physical strength. As he entered the Water Drop Cave, he was given special treatment. His rate of progress was just several times faster than that of any ordinary warrior.

He was considered as a genius and a rising star that appeared in the Ruin Graveyard after all these years.

Chapter 4068 The Water Drop Cave

Sitting cross-legged underneath the enormous golden bell, Rocher slowly opened his eyes. Little by little, he began to take his surroundings in.

A huge plaza was built around the bell. It was obvious that this bell held great importance.

Dozens of people lined up on its right side. All of them were patiently waiting for their turn.

Some of the people standing in line were consummate True Gods. They were hoping to enter the Mysterious Yellow Tower by ringing the bell.

Others were warriors at the Other Shore Realm who wanted to reach higher floors in the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

For these talented individuals of the divine land, accidentally falling into the Ruin Graveyard was actually a great opportunity for them.

Long time ago, the numbers of the powerful clans above the Time Sea and the Holy Beings in the divine land were fixed. No matter what, they remained unchangeable.

Unless they eliminated other powerful clans above the Time Sea, they would only remain as consummate True Gods their entire lives.

Ever since the Luo Clan took control of the divine land, their chances became even slimmer than before.

Fortunately, there were Truths of Godly Ways for them to cultivate as well as places to assist them in their cultivation in the Ruin Graveyard. Therefore, they would have a good chance of reaching the Other Shore Realm.

According to the rules, all of the Other Shore Tokens obtained in the Mysterious Yellow Tower should be shown to everyone present.

As soon as everyone saw Rocher regain consciousness, their eyes were instantly filled with anticipation and excitement. They couldn't wait to see what Other Shore Token he got. He promptly stood up and stepped aside.

"Hey Rocher! What did you get? Was it a good one?" the young man standing beside him asked. He couldn't quite contain his curiosity anymore.

This man was none other than Hallet.

Hallet was able to obtain an Other Shore Token from the fifteenth floor. Even though he was not as outstanding as Rocher, he was still considered as one of the best.

"Did you manage to get the Whirlwind Wings?" another young man piped as he looked at Rocher over Hallet's shoulder.

His name was Augustus. He had a much better luck and talent compared to Hallet's. He was able to acquire an Other Shore Token from the nineteenth floor. Among all of the Other Shore Realm warriors in the divine land, he could easily be ranked as one of the top three.

Rocher took out the Other Shore Token he got. "It's the Monta Stone," he announced.

When everyone saw the gray stone, the whole place was immediately filled with commotion.

This stone was actually one of the best Other Shore Tokens that could be obtained from the thirty-first floor. However, Rocher did not find it suitable. He was hoping to get a different one.

"But why the Monta Stone?" Hallet asked with unabated curiosity.

Even if he didn't manage to get the Whirlwind Wings or the Sacred Battle Sword, he should not have chosen the Monta Stone. It didn't suit him at all.

It seemed that Rocher was also puzzled by this. "When I got there, I wanted to take the Whirlwind Wings. However, they disappeared."

"What? They disappeared? Why?" Augustus looked thoroughly baffled as well.

"Hmm. I heard that such things have happened before as well," Hallet responded. His child-like face bore an expression of utter incredulity and amazement. "The Mysterious Yellow Tower was guiding you. If it didn't want you to take the Whirlwind Wings or Sacred Battle Sword, it means that the Monta Stone might be the one you need the most. This might be more essential for you than the two Other Shore Tokens."

All of the people in the Ruin Graveyard didn't know much about the Mysterious Yellow Tower. All they knew was something peculiar and mystifying would happen in the tower from time to time.

The tower guiding some people to take the Other Shore Tokens befitting them was one of those mysterious happenings.

"But the function of this stone doesn't match my needs." Rocher frowned at the stone in his hand.

When he heard this, Hallet smiled. He said, "Well, you just have to believe that the Mysterious Yellow Tower knows you better than you do. In addition to that, we barely have any ideas about the Other Shore Tokens found on the top floors of the tower. Therefore, we can only speculate about their functions. Perhaps, this stone is not a strengthening-type Other Shore Token."

It was a bit difficult to confirm the ability of an Other Shore Token. It could only be verified after it had been borne and used by its owner.

Only a few number of people were able to bear the Other Shore Tokens on the thirty-first floor. Therefore, their initial assessment was merely a speculation.

"In any case, the guidance of the Mysterious Yellow Tower always has good results. You have to trust its judgment," Augustus added.

In the past, Augustus had very little interest in cultivation. But ever since he was able to reach the Other Shore Realm, he had a change of heart. He cultivated hard, which resulted in his extremely fast progress.

Rocher was a little disappointed and downcast. But when he heard what they said, he began to feel better. Soon enough, he was extremely excited to try his Other Shore Token out. He was curious to see what kind of magic this Monta Stone had.

"I sure hope you are right. We'll just have to see for ourselves." Rocher clapped his hands on their shoulders.

Dong! The sound echoed throughout the entire place.

At that very moment, the gigantic golden bell in the center of the square rang once again.

The person who rang the bell was at the fifth stage of the Other Shore Realm. The ringing only lasted for about thirty seconds.

As the man opened his eyes, he showed the Other Shore Token he was able to obtain and promptly left from the queue.

"Good! It's my turn!"

Augustus exclaimed excitedly and confidently as he walked towards the big bell.

"You seem very confident, Augustus," Rocher said with a smile.

With this, Hallet sighed and shook his head. "He has gained quite a lot in the Water Drop Cave. He is actually planning to ring the bell two times in a row this time." He finished his sentence with a slight smile.

"Two times in a row? Unbelievable!" Rocher was dumbfounded. He didn't know Augustus was that advanced in his cultivation.

The other people waiting in line were filled with shock and envy. They wished they were able to do that as well.

There was a simple answer to this: the Water Drop Cave.

It was a magical cultivation place.

This stone cave was quite massive.

It was very cold and wet. Moreover, it branched out to hundreds of other caves located deep inside it. Each one was different in size and shape.

All year round, there was water dripping from these caves. It was thoroughly clean and crystal clear. In fact, the droplets contained a unique aura that could greatly speed up the comprehension of the Truths of Godly Ways. This was its primary application.

There were numerous places found in the Ruin Graveyard where one could comprehend the Truths of Godly Ways. Examples of these were the Sword Graveyard and the Gate of Nature. Each place corresponded to a specific Truth of Godly Way.

However, the Water Drop Cave didn't have the requirement for a particular Truth of Godly Way. Its effect was actually quite ordinary. Therefore, it was not as popular as the ones mentioned before.

The only time people considered going to the Water Drop Cave was whenever the Sword Graveyard, the Gate of Nature, and others were full. In short, people went here only as a last resort.

Later on, the divine land had been merged with the Ruin Graveyard. Soon after, there were changes that took place in the Water Drop Cave. The once clean and crystal clear water dripping from the caves became turbid.

Warriors had to compete for the resources in the Ruin Graveyard as well. As a recently allied group, it was difficult for the ones from the divine land to gain access to the popular cultivation places. Therefore, the once unpopular Water Drop Cave was their best choice.

The first ones to enter and utilize the Water Drop Cave was Rocher, Augustus, Hallet, Estelle, and the other consummate True Gods. They thought it was good that they still found a place for themselves in this new territory.

One by one they tested the effects of cultivating in this cave. As the turbid water poured onto them, their bodies began to expand in just a short period of time.

The Ruin Graveyard did not have the Chaotic Source World or Land of Bone Tribulation. Hence, they couldn't find a solution to the problem regarding cultivation of physical strength. This became a problem for Bromley after he reached the Other Shore Realm. It became harder for him to improve his cultivation. His physical body was unable to match the corresponding Other Shore Token. Eventually, it became a burden to him.

The change in the Water Drop Cave caused a commotion in the entire Ruin Graveyard. Everyone wanted to try cultivating there.

During that time, fights even broke out in the Ruin Graveyard. People began challenging each other to determine who would be allowed to occupy positions in the Water Drop Cave.

On behalf of the human race, Bromley had reserved a considerable number of seats for the people of the divine land.

In just a short period of time, both the human and non-human races in the divine land were able to produce a group of strong warriors. Soon enough, they reached the Other Shore Realm. All of them owed it to the change in the Water Drop Cave.

However, the Holy Beings of the divine land were unable to make much progress.

Even though they also cultivated in the Water Drop Cave, their improvement was quite slow. They were quite baffled by it because they were highly talented individuals.

It was absolutely unusual that no matter how hard they tried, their cultivation speed was utterly slower than those of the consummate True Gods.

Aside from Bromley, the Holy Emperor of the Leng Clan, Jeremiah, and Joy, the Demi-holy Being of the Han Clan, were the fastest ones to improve their cultivation. In a short span of time, they had already managed to reach the fourteenth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

Meanwhile, Mike, Zeke, Clark, Holy Jay, and other Holy Emperors had only reached the seventh or eighth floor.

If they were on the real Other Shore, they would not even be able to leave the Lust World. They had to spend more time working on their physical strength.

Chapter 4069 Worry

Along the borders of the Ruin Graveyard, a flying ship slowly approached.

As the space beyond the graveyard twisted, the flying ship drilled in without hesitation.

Actually, the whole Ruin Graveyard was an isolated area from other spaces.

The divine land lay at anchor at the entrance of the Ruin Graveyard. Once the flying ship entered, it came to a complete stop at the top layer of the divine land.

From within the divine land, a space channel had been constructed. Seeing that they'd arrived, Mike came out of the channel to welcome the flying ship.

A few people exited the flying ship in succession.

Rosie and her sister, Lorena, were the last two to come out.

After being reincarnated, Rosie was reinstated as a consummate True God again. After she comprehended the Truth of Godly Way, she eagerly explored the Sea of Truth.

Overall, her main goal in breaking through in the Sea of Truth was to find a way to enter the real Other Shore.

After the divine land entered the Ruin Graveyard, more warriors relied on the resources of the graveyard which allowed them to reach the Other Shore Realm.

Lorena couldn't care less about this; all she missed were her daughter and son.

As the journey to the Source World would be difficult and dangerous, she wanted to enter the Other Shore to find them.

Lorena had high hopes for this method. After all, only one Other Shore existed. However, when she asked about the Other Shore, Bromley said that entering through the Ruin Graveyard would lead them to the Mysterious Yellow Tower where there were all kinds of Other Shore Tokens.

Still, they wouldn't be able to go to Stage Thirty-three of the real Other Shore.

This saddened Lorena. If the Other Shore Realm warriors in the Ruin Graveyard couldn't go to the real Other Shore, then perhaps the people of the divine land would be able to do so.

After Augustus had comprehended the Truth of Godly Way, Lorena instructed him that he must not ring the bell nor enter the Mysterious Yellow Tower. Once he fused with the Truth of Godly Way, she asked him to immediately enter the Sea of Truth.

To her disappointment, this still didn't work.

After Augustus activated the Truth of Godly Way, he didn't enter the Sea of Truth. As per Lorena's instructions, he did not ring the bell nor enter the Mysterious Yellow Tower, but he fell into a desolate area of nothing.

Augustus could not move around in the wilderness. Seeing that he had entered the wrong area, he had no choice but to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune and escape.

After she had asked around, Lorena discovered that all the creatures in the Ruin Graveyard encountered this problem.

All of them couldn't activate the Truth of Godly Way to enter the Other Shore. They would only enter the same desolate area Augustus fell in.

Unconvinced, Lorena took her sister, Rosie, to the outside of the Ruin Graveyard. As a True God, Rose comprehended the Truth of Godly Way and could be of use to her.

The rules of the Ruin Graveyard were very strict. Anyone who entered would have a difficult time leaving.

However, Lorena was an exception.

Lorena took Rosie to the chaos and instructed her to enter the Other Shore from there.

Their attempt was not successful. Rosie still fell into a desolate area just like Augustus did.

The look of frustration across Lorena's face was enough for Mike to understand what had happened. "Is it still unable to go to the real Other Shore?"

"Yes." Lorena nodded in disappointment, her eyes looking down.

Mike stepped forward and gave her an embrace. "Don't worry too much. Trust in Zen's strength..."

"The Ruin Graveyard is most probably set up by a super master who can even break the rules of the Other Shore. As far as I know, no one in the Source World can do that. If Zen and Yan don't leave, they would be able to cultivate in the Mysterious Yellow Tower. Not only would they be safe from the dangers on the Other Shore, but they would also cultivate faster,"

Lorena said as she choked on the sobs she had been holding back.

As a member of the Source World, she knew well how terrifying the real Other Shore was. If one was not careful, they would die. On top of that, it was difficult to advance to a higher level and obtain a stronger Other Shore Token.

Notably, the Ruin Graveyard was still a good place for cultivation.

Though the competition in the graveyard was fierce, the internal competition among the super forces of the Source World was just as intense.

The Mysterious Yellow Tower was even more mysterious. Top-grade Other Shore Tokens could be found there and new tokens were added once in a while.

These tokens ranged across all stages of the Other Shore, from Stage one to Stage Thirty-three.

Whoever arranged this must have been extremely powerful and outstanding.

Lorena always had a hard time grasping this. Every time she thought of Zen and Yan, her stomach swirled in regret.

"Even if the the Mysterious Yellow Tower is a good place, it still lacks one thing Zen needs," Mike pointed out.

"And that is?" asked Lorena.

"Training." Mike smiled.

The Ruin Graveyard was in a completely closed status.

After people reached the Other Shore Realm, they could only spar with each other, resulting in the lack of training.

They were not as good as the real Other Shore Realm warriors whose combat strengths were much stronger.

"Should our son train by risking his life?" Lorena was irritated with the idea. "Moreover, the capabilities of the tokens from the Other Shore remain uncertain. It's extremely difficult to obtain a good token there, while every token here is at least at the fourth grade. Even the Nine Li race wouldn't be able to obtain such a token easily during their prosperity period."

Hearing Lorena's words, Mike grew silent. He couldn't refute her at this point.

Respectfully, he kept his mouth shut and listened intently to Lorena. Though Lorena tended to go in circles, he nodded and patiently listened to her.

Rosie also smiled as she understood her sister's worries.

However, Rosie still had great confidence in Zen. She knew that he wouldn't suffer any loss in the Source World, but she also wondered if he could ever find the Nine Li race.

"Though the Other Shore Tokens here are easier to obtain, is this really a good thing?" Mike broke the silence.

The Ruin Graveyard was strange in many ways.

It did not appear dangerous, but it was quite comparable to the Source World.

From where they were, the one who'd built the Ruin Graveyard seemed ambitious.

However, the person never appeared to them.

Bromley and the races of the Ruin Graveyard had little knowledge on the origin of the Ruin Graveyard or who it belonged to. This was a big problem to the human beings in the divine land, and they spent years trying to learn all they could.

"We shouldn't worry! The Ruin Graveyard favors us," Rosie said. "I think the owner of the Ruin Graveyard bears no malice towards us!"

"I sure hope so," Mike nodded.

He was not optimistic about it.

In fact, the Holy Beings in the divine land had the same worry.

There had never been free resources in the world. On top of that, after the divine land entered the graveyard. many changes occurred.

For example, every time the talents of the human race entered the Water Drop Cave, they obtained more water to drip into their bodies. In the Sword Graveyard, the human race obtained more light of comprehension for their swordsmanship compared to the others.

All of this evoked jealousy of alien races around the graveyard. There was even a time when the alien races joined forces to expel the divine land.

However, just as the alien races made their move, a bad omen washed over the Ruin Graveyard. The graveyard punished the alien races, sending them all to hiding. After that, no race ever dared to make an enemy of the human race again.

Chapter 4070 Encounter

The Night View Island was no longer peaceful these days.

This was largely because the Glede Demon race had spread the news that the Red Demon race were sacrificing members of many races in exchange for the Arcana.

This had caused so much panic among the weaker races that they had abandoned their own territories and formed alliances.

Bacchus took advantage of the situation and extended an olive branch to these races. He won them over by claiming he could protect them. Then he asked them to gather in the land of the Glede Demon race to fight against the Red Demon race.

Of course, his protection would not come for free. These races had to hand over all the Arcana they had.

With this strategy, the Glede Demons accumulated a lot of Arcana in a short time, all while amassing the other races to their side.

This would increase the chances of victory for the Glede Demons should the Red Demons launch an attack.

Bacchus handed over all the Arcana he had plundered to Zen and escorted him and his group to the Ghost Mountain.

He wanted three Holy Stones in return.

The Holy Stones were great threats to the Treacherous Beings. Bacchus had to get them at all costs.

Zen agreed to his request.

Previously, he had killed three stone men in the underground cave and obtained three Holy Stones the size of beans. He gave them to the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and their own three stones, the size of grains of sand, were given to Bacchus.

Soon, daylight broke on the Night View Island.

The dawn found Zen and his companions climbing one last mountain with the Glede Demons before arriving at the Ghost Mountain.

As they neared the peak however, they noted something curious. Though there was nothing ahead to block their vision, they couldn't see the Ghost Mountain anywhere in the distance.

The empty expanse ahead left Zen and the others stumped. Both Decker and the Glede Demons said that the Ghost Mountain was here, however. They couldn't possibly be mistaken.

It was only when they crossed the peak line that a huge black shadow came into view.

It was a huge triangular mountain!

As Decker had said, the Ghost Mountain was protected by a special space rule. It could only be seen after they crossed the peak line.

The Ghost Mountain was largely outside the Night View Island, save for a part of its foot, which was connected to the island. A wide and straight path had been carved along this border.

The surface of the whole mountain was covered with irregular lines, which helped it absorb all light.

From this distance, the Ghost Mountain seemed to be floating in the dark sky.

"We need to go down and exchange the Arcana so we can enter the Ghost Mountain," Bacchus pronounced.

He spread his wings and glided down the mountain, leading his clansmen.

Zen and the others followed him down.

Eventually, they came upon two black monkey statues flanking the path.

Zen's expression changed slightly when he saw the statues.

It dawned on him the Ghost Mountain was probably related to the monkey spirits in the Four Spirits Sect.

"The way to enter the Ghost Mountain is very simple. Just feed the Arcana to the monkey statues," Bacchus explained.

As he said this, he took out his Arcana and stuffed them into the mouth of a monkey statue.

The statue opened its mouth like a living creature, devouring the Arcana bit by bit. Its eyes began to glow with a yellow light. A few moments later, its belly slowly opened and exposed a glazed sheet.

Bacchus took the sheet and held it up. "This is the key to entering the Ghost Mountain and to merging with the Treacherous Beings."

"I see. The statues melt the Arcana and then press them into thin sheets, correct?" Fuxi asked with a smile.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had also realized the same thing. The monkey statues weren't too mysterious. They only had a flame rune which melted the Arcana in their mouths and turned them into the glazed sheets.

Bacchus nodded. "That's correct. But we can't enter the Ghost Mountain with just any glazed sheet. It is only through this mechanism we can get the special runes that we need."

He showed the glazed sheet to Zen, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess and the others.

There were indeed indecipherable circles of large and small runes on the surface of the transparent sheet.

"Don't think about it too much. Our only goal is to get in."

As she spoke, the Snake Goddess likewise fed the Arcana to a monkey statue.

Once again, the eyes of the statue flashed, and a thin glazed sheet appeared in its belly.

Zen, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the Eternal Realm Hunters followed suit, each exchanging their Arcana for a glazed sheet.

As the Treacherous Being Campbell also fed his Arcana to the monkey statue, Bacchus pointed out, "He can enter the Ghost Mountain, but he can't fuse with any Treacherous Being. Are you sure you want him to go in?"

He was actually implying that it would be useless for Campbell to enter.

But it was impossible for Zen to leave Campbell behind. "Of course," he said firmly.

Bacchus shrugged his shoulders and didn't press further.

After the Glede Demons also got their glazed sheets, Decker, who was at the back of the line, meekly piped up, "May I go in?"

A Glede Demon shot him a cold glare. "Why? Do you have Arcana?"

Decker was a member of the Wooden Leaf race. The Glede Demons didn't think too highly of him.

Zen had previously allowed Decker to join the team as a guide, but now that they had the Glede Demons to show the way, his function was no longer necessary.

Bacchus, in fact, had once directly asked Decker to leave, but he remained only because Zen had insisted that he stay.

The Glede Demons had been searching for Arcana everywhere the past few days. How dare a member of the Wooden Leaf race have them in his possession and not tell them?

"I..."

As Decker tried to explain, the Glede Demon came forward. "Hand over the Arcana you have, then!" he demanded.

Decker was too weak to disobey.

Decker gave Zen a pleading look as he moved to take out the Arcana he had accumulated. At this point, Zen intervened, "Decker was the one who led us to you. If it weren't for him, we would never have met. Let him join us."

It was a subtle reminder that were it not for Decker, they wouldn't have been able to save the lives of the Glede Demons.

The Glede Demons looked at Bacchus, who waved his hand. "Do as he said."

The Glede Demons relented and moved aside.

Decker shot Zen a grateful look. He quickly took out his Arcana and exchanged them for a glazed sheet.

After everyone had done this, they continued on to the entrance of the Ghost Mountain. They shortly arrived at a black wall with a stone door at the center of it.

"Only one person can enter at a time. Just follow my lead."

As he spoke, Bacchus pressed the glazed sheet against the stone door. As the stone door creaked, he disappeared from the spot.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess and the others followed suit.

Zen took out his glazed sheet. He was about to enter the stone door when he suddenly felt an unusual aura. He paused.

He turned around and saw another group of creatures reach the peak in the distance.

They were the Red Demon race and the Grand Mighty race.

The two races had long been at odds with each other, but here they were, miraculously working together.

The reason for this newfound alliance, of course, was not that they had reconciled, but that they had no other choice, if they were to defeat a common enemy.

Tate bowed and spoke respectfully to the eyeball floating in the light ball, "Master Eye Spirit, this is Ghost Mountain."

"I see it,"

the Eye Spirit said calmly.

His attention landed on the young man in front of the door.

His sharp eyes firmly fixed on Zen. Immediately, Zen felt rooted to the spot, as if suddenly bound by steel chains.

Even Decker, Thurston and Sawyer were affected beside him. They felt only a tenth of the force binding Zen, but it already left them barely able to breathe.

Chapter 4071 Break Free

A hexagonal pattern appeared in the eyeball.

The power transmitted from the eyeball became stronger and stronger as circles of golden light bloomed within the pattern.

Decker's face turned red after being pressed this way, his body creaking dangerously. Sawyer and Thurston were in similar situations. If his strength continued to increase, it would crush their bodies.

Zen could bear a power ten times stronger than what Sawyer, Thurston, and Decker could bear.

His physical body had been strengthened greatly, and it had far exceeded that of most creatures in the Three Purities Stage.

He didn't move even under the pressure of such a powerful force.

"Master Eye Spirit, I'm going to kill him!"

Gavyn said, seeing that the Eye Spirit had already controlled Zen.

But the moment the six wings of the Holy Wings Armor were unfurled, Zen, who was at the foot of the Ghost Mountain, suddenly shook his body and stretched his hands to his sides.

The steel cage that the Eye Spirit had made shattered.

Crack!

The hexagonal pattern in the Eye Spirit's eyeball also dissipated.

Zen then turned to the people around him and ordered, "You go in first".

Sawyer, Thurston, and Decker broke free from the huge pressure, panting, their faces red.

At Zen's words, Sawyer was the first to put the glazed sheet on the stone door. The door spun quickly and pushed him into the Ghost Mountain.

Thurston and Decker followed close behind.

Zen glared at the Eye Spirit, and then put the glazed sheet on the stone door. And as the door revolved, he disappeared from before the door.

"He runs so fast!" Claire said, smiling.

"There is no other way out in the Ghost Mountain. He can't escape," the Eye Spirit said calmly. "Moreover, the power of my eyeball that I just used has reached its limit."

"You can force him to stay using your..." Gavyn cut in.

The Eye Spirit cast a cold glance at Gavyn and said, "I don't need your advice on what kind of theurgy I use!"

Gavin immediately shut up, noticing the displeasure in the Eye Spirit.

"Red Demons, lead the way!" the Eye Spirit ordered again.

How dare Tate disobey him!

He then led the members of his race to walk down the mountain and they finally arrived in front of the monkey statues.

"Master Eye Spirit, I'll help you exchange for the thing you need to enter the Ghost Mountain," said Tate, his tone friendly.

"No need."

The Eye Spirit walked forward and a glazed sheet appeared in the eyeball.

This glazed sheet was also made of the Arcanum. He stuffed it into the mouth of the monkey statue and stepped back. The statue chewed it for a while. He then got another glazed sheet that he'd use to enter the Ghost Mountain.

"Looks like you don't lack Arcanum," said Murdock, the leader of the Grand Mighty race.

"As the leader of the Element Spirit Civilization, Master Eye Spirit doesn't lack in these things," Tate said.

"Cut the crap. Go ahead. Enter the Ghost Mountain!" Claire said, throwing them a disapproving glance.

"Do we need to enter the Ghost Mountain too?" Murdock exclaimed, pretending to be surprised.

"We've been to the Ghost Mountain just a while ago. We don't need to go there again, do we?" Tate said nervously, unable to refuse outright.

The aboriginals of the Night View Island weren't stupid.

The Element Spirit Civilization was much more powerful than other races.

The only value that the Red Demon race and the Grand Mighty race held was to provide Arcana for the Element Spirit Civilization. But now they had lost all value now that the Element Spirit Civilization didn't need their Arcana.

They were nobodies now.

It must have been significant purpose if the Element Spirit Civilization had deigned to come.

Now, there was basically no possibility that these nobodies would survive.

Tate and Murdock didn't want to let the members of their races get involved in this trouble.

"Get in." Claire's voice became colder, a ray of red light flashing on her fingertip and the temperature quickly rising.

Tate and Murdock looked at each other, finding helplessness in the other's eyes. They could only lead the members of their races to exchange for the glazed sheets and enter the Ghost Mountain.

Once the Snake Goddess and the other warriors had entered the Ghost Mountain, they found that Zen and the rest hadn't entered yet. So they waited at the entrance, not budging from their spot.

The interior of the Ghost Mountain was pretty simple.

After entering through the stone door, they found an open space just a few feet from the door. It was pitch-dark.

"What the hell are Zen and the others doing? Why haven't they come in yet?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi was confused.

After all, they were able to pass through the stone door in the blink of an eye.

After a while, they saw Decker, Thurston, and Sawyer passing through the stone door one after the other, panic written large on their faces.

"What happened?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"A big eye!" Decker said fearfully.

"Big eye?"

Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others were confused. The door turned again, and Zen came in. "It's the Eye Spirit. They have come."

Everyone's expressions shifted at Zen's words.

They had known that the Element Spirit Civilization would enter the Night View Island, but they hadn't expected the Eye Spirit to come in person.

Being blocked in the Ghost Mountain by the Eye Spirit meant that they would have no way to escape.

"Is there any other exit in the Ghost Mountain?" King Ieuan asked. It wanted to escape as soon as possible.

Bacchus's face darkened as he heard the conversation and understood that a strong enemy was coming for them. He shook his head and said, "Yes. There is an identical stone door at the back of the Ghost Mountain."

"Where does the stone door lead to?" King Ieuan squeaked, hope glimmering in its eyes.

"It leads to the void, and all the creatures that enter the void will disappear," answered Bacchus. . King Ieuan was surprised into speechlessness.

It knew that the void was filled with Void Dust and that the creatures that approached the Void Dust would be devoured.

"How strong is the Eye Spirit you just mentioned?" Bacchus asked.

According to Bacchus, Zen and his group were very powerful. Even without the Holy Stones, their combat strength was still terrifying.

"He is powerful enough to dominate the entire Three Purities Stage," said Zen.

This answer silenced Bacchus. All these people from the outside were supernormal!

"Let's look for the human beings in the Ghost Mountain," Zen said. "This is probably the only way."

Their journey to the Ghost Mountain had two goals.

On the one hand, they intended to fuse with the Treacherous Beings as Treacherous Beings could greatly increase their strength. On the other hand, they planned to search for the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the other human beings.

Time was pressing in on them now that the Eye Spirit was hot on their heels. Merging with the Treacherous Beings might have to be postponed.

"I'll take you there!"

Bacchus said, turned around, and walked to the front, leading the way for the Glede Demons, Zen and his companions.

The area before them began to close up after they had passed through this open space.

The surroundings were pitch black but everyone could still clearly see that there were many Treacherous Beings floating on both sides of the road.

These Treacherous Beings varied in shapes, but were very small.

The biggest Treacherous Being was only half as tall as a person, and the smallest was the size of a palm.

The aura they emitted was neither strong nor aggressive. All of them were of the friendly type.

As Zen and the others passed by, they sensed the existence of the Arcana and surrounded them.

Chapter 4072 Deduction

King Ieuan, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others remained on the alert. They thought even the weaker Treacherous Beings couldn't be taken lightly.

The Glede Demons, however, were used to them.

Even Campbell, an awakened Treacherous Being, couldn't resist the temptation of the Arcana. How much more these unintelligent, friendly ones?

More and more Treacherous Beings of grotesque shapes gathered around the group, almost completely blocking their way.

"Drive them away," Bacchus ordered.

The Glede Demons swung their blades and cut through the Treacherous Beings easily. The weaker ones were sliced into pieces. The friendly-type ones dodged and scampered in various directions.

Although they couldn't die, the creatures still instinctively evaded danger.

After clearing the way, the group continued onward.

The Ghost Mountain was already massive from the outside, almost as large as half of the Night View Island. Its inner space was even more spacious.

Up ahead, a row of square prison cells came into view. Beside the cells were stone tablets engraved with figures of different creatures.

"What are those creatures?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"They are also Treacherous Beings," Bacchus explained. "But unlike those outside, the Treacherous Beings here can be fused. You can enter the cells after imprinting the glazed sheets on the stone tablets."

Decker at the end of the line piped up, "The thorny Treacherous Beings our Wooden Leaf race have fused with are over there."

He pointed to a cell not far away. There was a pattern of Treacherous Being with poisonous spines on the stone tablet beside the cell.

"Only the weakest hostility-level Treacherous Beings are kept here," a Glede Demon pointed out disdainfully.

Of course the Wooden Leaf race would choose such low-level Treacherous Beings. The Glede Demons scoffed at such weaklings.

The gap in strength between the Treacherous Beings they preferred were quite large. Some top hostility-level Treacherous Beings were as strong as the resentment-level ones.

Among these were the Wolf Owls that the Glede Demons fused with. They were the strongest among the hostility-level Treacherous Beings.

"Now we go to the far right," Bacchus pointed out.

Everyone followed behind Bacchus and entered the rightmost passageway.

After they entered, another row of square prison cells came into view. Hostility-level Treacherous Beings were kept in these cells as well.

"Now we go to the passageway at the far left," said Bacchus.

The layout of the Ghost Mountain was obviously carefully designed. Treacherous Beings were kept in rows upon rows of cells, and the passageway leading to the depths of the Ghost Mountain zigzagged from left to right.

Knowing the Element Spirit Civilization led by the Eye Spirit was very likely to chase after them, the group sped along the zigzag passageway.

"There are about a hundred prison cells in each row, where about a hundred kinds of hostility-level Treacherous Beings are kept. We have passed seven rows along the way, so seven hundred kinds of Treacherous Beings, too." Surprise was written all over Eastern Emperor Taiyi's face.

He never imagined there were so many kinds of Treacherous Beings in the Ghost Mountain.

Bacchus smiled. "There are a total of six hundred rows. At the three hundredth row, there are two bypasses, which lead to the left and right regions of the Ghost Mountain."

"So there are tens of thousands of different kinds of Treacherous Beings in the Ghost Mountain?" Fuxi asked in surprise.

"We've calculated that there are one hundred and ten thousand kinds of hostility-level Treacherous Beings on this floor alone," answered Bacchus.

Everyone was stunned at the number.

King Ieuan turned its head and glanced at Decker. There were so many kinds of Treacherous Beings, yet the Wooden Leaf race only chose those on the first row. How pathetic!

Noticing the gaze of King Ieuan, Decker could only smile helplessly. Given the lack of strength of the Wooden Leaf race, they could only choose the weakest Treacherous Beings.

"Why are there so many?" the Snake Goddess asked, genuinely puzzled.

The creatures in the chaos could not become Treacherous Beings, after all. All the Treacherous Beings came from outside the chaos.

So how could there be so many of them in the Ghost Mountain?

"Someone must have captured about one hundred thousand kinds of creatures in the Abstruse Energy World and placed them here," Fuxi deduced.

"And they were all killed and transformed into Treacherous Beings..." Zen trailed off. He also didn't know the reason.

Why, indeed?

To facilitate the fusion of creatures on the Night View Island with Treacherous Beings?

It didn't make any sense.

"Perhaps the creatures captured from the Abstruse Energy World weren't originally meant to become Treacherous Beings," the Snake Goddess mused aloud.

"So what happened?"

Bacchus asked.

Even those from the Night View Island didn't know much about the Ghost Mountain.

Over the years, they had just taken it for granted, not thinking deeply about how it came into being.

"Perhaps there was an extinction-triggering calamity in the Abstruse Energy World, and some people hid in the chaos to avoid it. At the same time, they brought the creatures from the Abstruse Energy World and built this mountain to hold them. Perhaps an accident caused all the creatures to die, so the Ghost Mountain became what it is today," the Snake Goddess said.

"It's possible," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said, nodding.

Zen agreed. "That theory is probably close to the truth," he said.

It was very likely that there were no original intentions to turn creatures into Treacherous Beings. After all, they were all living creatures before they were brought here.

It took the group more than six hours to reach the last row at the bottom of the Ghost Mountain. Although they moved fast, the zigzag passageway impeded their speed, somewhat.

There were also one hundred prison cells in this last row. Zen finally spotted the tortoises the Red Demon race had fused with and the Wolf Owls the Glede Demon race had fused with.

At the end of the row of cells, there was a stairway paved with black stones.

The steps were several thousand feet high, leading up to the second floor of the Ghost Mountain.

When they reached the second floor, more prison cells came into view.

However, these cells were larger.

The prison bars were quite thick, and through them, they could see the huge resentment-level Treacherous Beings.

There was a giant elephant in the nearest cell.

Its attention was drawn by the arrival of Zen and his group.

Its long trunk stretched out from the space between the bars and slowly swept toward them. It looked friendly and kind.

Friendly-type Treacherous Beings were not known to be aggressive, so Fuxi reached out his hand to touch the elephant's trunk.

But just as he did, the elephant suddenly emitted a disgusting aura!

The auras released by friendly-type Treacherous Beings were not strong, and could even be negligible. But the killing-type and attaching-type Treacherous Beings emanated extremely disgusting auras.

Fuxi reacted quickly. As soon as he felt the aura, he immediately jumped tens of feet back. Zen and the others likewise quickly distanced themselves from the cell where the giant elephant was imprisoned.

The elephant continued to try to reach Fuxi with its trunk.

But it was a moment too late. It failed to grab him.

HOWL!

The enraged elephant roared in its cell.

"Didn't you say the Treacherous Beings in the Ghost Mountain were all friendly-type?" Pearson asked gravely.

Chapter 4073 Out Of Contact

"It seems this giant elephant's obsession was triggered by humans," Bacchus remarked as he stared at the giant elephant in the cell.

The erstwhile gentle giant had transformed completely into a killing machine, raging at the prison bars wildly.

Fortunately, the prison was made of a special material. The thick bars remained steadfast even after relentlessly being struck by the massive creature.

"By us? What do you mean?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"It's possible that humans killed the giant elephant, but it had forgotten this, so it wasn't beset with hatred just a while ago. It appears it has been awakened upon seeing you, turning it into a killing type instantly," said Bacchus.

"Humans killed it?" The Snake Goddess thought for a moment and then shook her head. "The Ghost Mountain must have come into being much earlier than the human race, unless..."

The Snake Goddess tilted her head to look at Campbell.

There were almost no differences between a human being and a human spirit. It was likely that the giant elephant's obsession was triggered by human spirits.

"Now I'm wondering if all the resentment-level Treacherous Beings are like this," Fuxi said worriedly.

He had come to the Ghost Mountain because he had wanted to fuse with a powerful Treacherous Being.

But if all the Treacherous Beings wanted to kill humans, then that would be impossible.

This obviously also weighed heavily on everyone's mind. "We can test it. I'm not a human. Let me try touching them," Pearson offered.

"Good idea," Zen said with a nod.

But the Snake Goddess suddenly whipped around. "It's not the right time, though."

Zen followed her gaze and saw about six small eyeballs floating up to the entrance of the second floor. As soon as they spotted Zen and the others, they started speeding toward them.

"Right. Hold that thought," Zen said.

"Run!" Thurston shouted.

No one needed to be told twice. The group began to run.

The second floor of the Ghost Mountain was quite spacious.

The first floor was at the bottom of the Ghost Mountain, and it was larger than the second floor. More than a hundred thousand kinds of Treacherous Beings were imprisoned on the first floor, and there were over a hundred of each kind.

On the second floor, there were only a few thousand resentment-level Treacherous Beings.

A few thousand huge prison cells were distributed equidistantly on the second floor, and the passageways separated by the prisons extended in all directions.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Everyone knew the strength of the Element Spirit Civilization, so no one dared face the eyeballs head on.

As they ran, they constantly changed directions, trying to lose the flying eyeballs.

However, the small eyeballs were not only very flexible but also extremely fast.

They moved as fast as Zen and the others, and there seemed to be no way they could outrun them.

"Soldiers, swallow those eyeballs!" Bacchus ordered the Glede Demon race.

The Element Spirit Civilization had already drawn the Red Demon race and the Grand Mighty race over to their side. The Glede Demon race was thus on the same boat with these humans, so they, too, needed to escape this.

The Glede Demons stopped sprinting. They flapped their wings in the opposite direction. Their speed quickly dropped before they sped straight toward the eyeballs.

They pecked the eyeballs fiercely with their beaks before swallowing them whole.

"Did they do it? Squeak!" King Ieuan was too apprehensive to look back.

"Those eyeballs used for detecting shouldn't be that difficult to deal with..."

But before Bacchus could finish, the necks of the Glede Demons who had swallowed the eyeballs suddenly twisted, their bodies contorting out of shape.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Blood spurted from the broken necks of the Glede Demons. The eyeballs sped back out.

Seeing this, Bacchus was so outraged that he couldn't speak. He had personally chosen those soldiers because they were the elites of his race, but they were killed so easily!

When Fuxi and the others saw what the eyeballs were capable of, their faces darkened.

It was never a good thing to be targeted by the Eye Spirit, and it seemed these small eyeballs were just as ruthless.

Zen watched as the eyeballs sped toward them again, trailing after the last person in the team. An idea flashed in his mind then. "Everyone, stop!"

"Stop? Why?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked in confusion.

"Just do as I say!"

Zen barked out.

Although everyone was bewildered by it, they still did as Zen asked.

The six small eyeballs were floating not too far away from them. They stared at the group menacingly.

"These eyeballs are acting according to the orders of the Eye Spirit. If you were the Eye Spirit, what would you do after releasing these eyeballs?"

Zen asked the Snake Goddess.

"Order them to find the target, follow it, and deliver back what they see," the Snake Goddess replied.

"Right." Zen nodded. "But the eyeballs wouldn't be able to directly relay what they see to the Eye Spirit. He can only see the necklace with ten wolf teeth."

Hearing this, everyone immediately got into thinking.

Spiritual sense couldn't be used on the Night View Island, so it wasn't possible that these eyeballs were being controlled remotely. They were then likely only mechanically executing prior orders of the Eye Spirit.

"So these eyeballs could be lured away?" Fuxi asked.

"We can give it a try."

Pearson walked straight to the end of the team.

As expected, the small eyeballs diverted their full attention on him.

Seeing this, Pearson quickly took out a huge Grass Bull from his spirit beast bag.

The Grass Bull was asleep. Pearson reached out his hand and slapped it on the buttocks. Startled awake, the creature let out a moo and scampered away.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The small eyeballs followed it, quickly leaving the group alone.

King Ieuan breathed a sigh of relief. "Squeak! It's a good thing the spiritual sense can't be used here, then."

Danger averted, the group continued walking through the second floor of the Ghost Mountain.

Meanwhile, on the first floor, the Eye Spirit was left suffering because of the ring-shaped pattern of the ten wolf teeth.

This endeavor was causing him intense pain.

The problem was that he had released over a hundred eyeballs.

But when he tried to communicate with them, he found that all of them were out of contact.

Over a hundred patterns of wolf teeth surfaced continuously, and the Eye Spirit endured over a hundred times of pain.

This was causing their side much delay.

"Can't you communicate with the eyeballs?" Claire asked.

Pain flashed in the Eye Spirit's eyes. "No, I can't. And the Ten Teeth Necklace is really punishing me."

Claire didn't say anything.

She knew that the Ten Teeth Necklace was the Monkey Spirit King's obsession, and the Eye Spirit was unable to put up any resistance.

"There is only one path through the Ghost Mountain. Let's just go straight to the Ghost Altar at the deepest part on the second floor. We will definitely be able to find them there," Tate suggested.

He knew that Bacchus would be with Zen and the others. With the Element Spirit Civilization now on his side, however, he might be able to kill them all this time.

"Right. They're probably heading to the Ghost Altar," Murdock echoed.

"Go ahead. Lead the way," the Eye Spirit hissed amid the pain.

Chapter 4074 Selection

The passageways in the second floor and the first floor of the Ghost Mountain ran in opposing directions.

The Ghost Altar at the innermost side of the second floor was right above the entrance to the first floor.

Because Zen and his group walked in a straight line on the second floor, the actual moving distance was several times shorter than the moving distance on the first floor. Their speed naturally increased greatly.

It took them six hours to pass through the first floor and only one hour through the second floor.

They passed through an area full of prisons which led to a high black wall.

On the center of the black wall was a red arch covered with golden copper nails.

"Here we are. Inside the copper gate is the Ghost Altar," said Bacchus.

"We can see human beings in the Ghost Altar?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"It's possible. I've seen the human Great Ghost Priests two times recently," Bacchus replied.

A total of twelve Great Ghost Priests took charge of the Ghost Altar and the several human Great Ghost Priests were likely to be chosen as one of the twelve.

"Then we are rest assured," Fuxi nodded.

Bacchus thought for a moment. "But there are also exceptions. There have been several times that no human beings have appeared," he continued.

There were about sixty Great Ghost Priests in the Ghost Mountain, and four of them came from the human race. The probability of choosing human beings from the sixty Great Ghost Priests was one-fifteenth.

Zen interrupted, "The probability of being selected as a Great Ghost Priest is low, right?"

"Very. It's lucky if we succeed after hundreds of attempts. We have participated in the event so many times, but we still haven't figured out the rules. It seems that being chosen is completely determined by the preference of the twelve Great Ghost Priests and the hatred-level Treacherous Beings..." said Bacchus.

"Then that's no problem. Since it's difficult to merge with a hatred-level Treacherous Being, let's try a few more times before the human Great Ghost Priests get a chance to be chosen," Zen encouraged.

he said while he walked forward.

He stepped towards the red arch, stretched out his hands, and pushed the gate inward.

"Clatter..."

The gate opened noisily as pitch-black darkness revealed from the inside.

The group went in and saw that the ground was painted with leaf-shaped glowing lines. The lines were dim, making them only slightly visible.

However, when Zen leaned forward to touch the glowing lines, a ray of bright light transmitted along all the lines drawn on the ground. It was like a seed of fire that lit up the path it went.

The light split into three parts which climbed up the surrounding pillars. It then connected to three huge radiant pearls, illuminating the entire Ghost Altar.

It was a circular hall with twelve entrances above it. These were the positions of the twelve Great Ghost Priests.

The Ghost Altar was currently closed as the entrances remained empty.

In the center of the circular hall stood a pillar that was half a person tall. Above it was a round white stone ball. The stone ball had three holes on top appearing to have been specially carved out.

"How do we open the Ghost Altar?" Zen asked.

"Stand in the center of the Ghost Altar and attach the stone ball to the glazed sheet," said Bacchus. "You can send someone to do it."

"Let me do it!" Fuxi volunteered as he took a step ahead.

Certainly, he wouldn't let go of the opportunity to obtain power.

His cultivation had already reached the peak level of the Eternal Realm and his bloodline could not be changed. If he wanted to make a breakthrough, he could only change the Other Shore Token.

There seemed to be many disadvantages of fusing with the Treacherous Beings. It would even cause the Treacherous Beings' counterattack, but being powerful had always been his goal.

Fuxi walked to the center of the circular hall following Bacchus' instruction. He went closer to the pillar and connected the glazed sheet to the stone ball.

Buzz!

The huge stone ball began to rotate, seeming like the gesture had woken it up.

Buzz...

The twelve entrances then glowed with blue light as it showed a connection to space channels.

A bunch of indefinite figures started to float out from the entrances. They were the Great Ghost Priests.

Zen, the Snake Goddess, and the others looked up excitedly, trying to detect the human beings among the Great Ghost Priests.

Among the thirty-nine human heroes, it was enough that only one of them appeared there!

They searched eagerly as they looked around, yet to their dismay, they didn't find any human being. All of the Great Ghost Priests with strange-looking faces were from alien races.

The Great Ghost Priests glanced back at them without a word, as if they were looking down at all living beings.

"No human beings." Zen shrugged.

It was normal not to see human beings as there was a slim chance of encountering them.

They turned to look at Fuxi again, wondering if he could fuse with a hatred-level Treacherous Being.

Whoosh! Whoosh...

As the stone ball continued to roll, white entities emerged from its three holes. The entities quickly dispersed, turning into a huge creature–a white bull with three horns.

"Moo!"

The white bull let out a roar.

An extremely terrifying aura reverberated throughout the circular hall, accompanied by indescribable pressure.

"This is the hatred-level Treacherous Being. What appears now is only its avatar, not its real body!" Bacchus's eyes were filled with excitement.

The hatred-level Treacherous Being!

Everyone gasped as their hearts raced with fear.

Fortunately, this bull was of the friendly type and its frightening aura was still weak. Otherwise, bearing its aura would be a problem for everyone.

The Great Ghost Priests suddenly began to clamor after the white bull's sound.

"How could there be human beings here? This can't be!"

"I won't allow a human being to be the Great Ghost Priest..."

"It's not good to provoke these guys..."

"I don't agree!"

"No way..."

All the Great Ghost Priests from above the circular hall rejected Fuxi with a unified voice.

Hearing the complaints of the Great Ghost Priests, Fuxi asked loudly, "What's the problem? Why don't you agree?"

The Great Ghost Priests turned around coldly and disappeared back into the space channels.

"Everyone, can you tell me the reason?" Fuxi insisted, waving his hand helplessly.

In the blink of an eye, the Great Ghost Priests had all left.

The unknown bull with three horns also returned into the stone ball.

Fuxi hung his head down, soon retreating from the center of the Ghost Altar.

"It's normal to fail to be chosen as the Great Ghost Priest. I've tried many times, but I haven't succeeded even once," comforted Bacchus.

"I think they have a prejudice against the human race," said Fuxi as his lips curled into a frown.

Decker suddenly asked, "Isn't the process of choosing the Great Ghost Priest simple? Everyone can have a try, right?"

Bacchus glared at Decker and said, "The Ghost Altar itself is used for the natural process of selection. Of course, it doesn't need to be complicated."

"Then why don't you let the members of our Wooden Leaf race have a try? Why did you say that only a creature that has fused with the resentment-level Treacherous Being could get a chance?" Decker asked gloomily.

A Glede Demon beside Decker sneered, "If everyone wants to try on the second floor of the Ghost Mountain, won't the status of our three races be easily affected?"

The Grand Mighty race, the Red Demon race, and the Glede Demon race had always fiercely competed with each other.

However, they cooperated very well in keeping the secret of the second floor of the Ghost Mountain.

According to the normal process, the soldiers of the Red Demon race, the Glede Demon race and the Grand Mighty race stood guard in front of the Ghost Mountain. If members of other races entered the Ghost Mountain, they would be escorted by the members of these three races.

Ordinary races could enter the first floor and the second floor.

As long as they were able to merge with a hostility-level Treacherous Being or even a resentment-level Treacherous Being, they wouldn't be stopped by the three races.

However, the races weren't allowed to enter the Ghost Altar. The three races had also declared that to become the Great Ghost Priest, one had to challenge a resentment-level or even a hatred-level Treacherous Being. If the warriors failed to be careful, they would be killed during the battle.

The races of the Night View Island were skeptical of the process, but they didn't dare challenge the three races.

Bacchus saw that Decker was displeased. "Although luck is a big factor during the selection of the Great Ghost Priest, one's strength also affects the Treacherous Being's choice. Go ahead and try if you are not convinced," he said as he waved his wings.

Chapter 4075 Cary

This time, their reason for coming to the Ghost Altar had nothing to do with becoming Great Ghost Priests.

It didn't matter who went up to the Ghost Altar.

Even a guy like Decker would do.

As long as there was no human among the twelve Great Ghost Priests, it would always prove difficult for them to touch base with the human heroes.

Besides, with Decker's physique, even if the twelve Great Ghost Priests agreed, the hatred-level Treacherous Being that Decker would fuse with probably would not.

Although Decker's face showed a trace of indignation, he was actually thrilled deep inside.

If he were to be honest, when he found out that the Great Ghost Priests were chosen simply by luck, he felt a sudden pang of resentment.

Why were only members of the three great races allowed to enter the Ghost Altar all this time? Why were the other races disqualified from trying their luck?

Then again, the Night View Island had always been that cruel.

The weak races never had a say.

It was just a matter of course for the Red Demon race, the Glede Demon race, and the Grand Mighty race to control the Ghost Mountain.

However, now he had a chance.

The chance was slim, of course, but he was still willing to give it a shot.

Without any objection from Zen and the others, Decker hurriedly stepped into the center of the platform and pressed the glazed sheet in his hand against the stone ball.

Splash!

The stone ball began to rotate.

Rays of blue light flashed at the twelve entrances above the Ghost Altar as another twelve Great Ghost Priests were selected.

Zen's gaze quickly swept across the twelve. His face fell in disappointment.

There were all sorts of creatures in strange shapes, but there were still no humans.

The twelve Great Ghost Priests looked down at Decker with disdain.

There was actually no strict required strength to come up to the Ghost Altar.

However, the Night View Island and the Ghost Mountain had followed the law of the jungle all this time, so only the strongest could go up to the Ghost Altar until now.

Thus, the Great Ghost Priests all used to be among the best of Night View Island.

Decker was much too weak in comparison.

"I haven't gone out for many years, but have the Night View Island's standards fallen so low?" a Great Ghost Priest lamented.

"Such a loser dares to come up to the Ghost Altar? How shameless," another Great Ghost Priest mocked.

"We disagree!"

"We object!"

"We object!"

Most of the Great Ghost Priests actually didn't care about what happened in the outside world.

So unless their interest was piqued, no matter who went up to the Ghost Altar, they would object to the applicant almost by default.

To become a Great Ghost Priest, one had to gain the approval of at least eight of the twelve Great Ghost Priests.

Decker, like Fuxi, had just been rejected.

The difference was that Fuxi was rejected because he was human. Decker was rejected because he was too weak. Decker, in fact, was rejected more quickly.

As the Great Ghost Priests vetoed Decker's application, a white Treacherous Being burrowed out from the stone ball.

He turned out to be a hedgehog, not as ferocious-looking as other Treacherous Beings. He was actually quite adorable with his small round body.

This hatred-level Treacherous Being was very excited to have finally come out.

He had always been very interested in the outside world.

He roamed the Ghost Altar for a few moments before he began to be drawn to the creature standing on the altar. The creature's hand was emitting a strange aura, which somehow made the hedgehog feel at peace.

He approached Decker and put his sharp nose in Decker's hand, greedily sniffing the aura.

Most Treacherous Beings were attracted to the Arcana, and this hedgehog was no exception.

All the Treacherous Beings that appeared on the Ghost Altar were at the hatred level.

They were all very powerful when they were alive. Even after they died, they continued to possess this strength. They usually proved the hardest to lure.

However, this hedgehog was different from other hatred-level Treacherous Beings.

Other hatred-level Treacherous Beings were either powerhouses in the Abstruse Energy World or core figures in the Four Spirits Sect.

The hedgehog, however, was a pet when he was alive.

He had belonged to Orlando, the Monkey Spirit King. His name was Cary.

As Orlando's pet, his strength was undoubtedly extraordinary.

However, he had spent most his life just curling up beside Orlando, never having the chance to fight anyone. He had always been but a sheltered pet, unfamiliar with the ways of the world.

After death, Cary did not change much. He still stayed beside his master as a friendly-type Treacherous Being.

He rarely appeared on the third floor of the Ghost Mountain, so only a few of the Great Ghost Priests knew of his existence.

This time, however, he had left his master by accident as he was unintentionally drawn out.

The Great Ghost Priests suddenly realized that there was a Treacherous Being that they had never seen before, now nuzzling Decker at the center of the Ghost Altar.

"What is that?"

"Is there such a Treacherous Being on the third floor?"

"I don't remember."

"I'm sure he doesn't live here."

"Just take him back."

The twelve Great Ghost Priests had a way to control the hatred-level Treacherous Beings.

The stone ball began to rotate again, this time, trying to re-absorb Cary.

Normally, hatred-level Treacherous Beings would not resist.

However, Cary was an exception. He had now moved on to sniff Decker's glazed sheet, trying to get close to him.

But Decker acted differently.

Although the hedgehog's aura was not strong, he knew if he unsheathed his claws, he would still be able to easily kill him.

Decker grew pale as he gritted his teeth and tried to keep himself from trembling.

When Cary realized that the stone ball was trying to suck him back, his eyes flashed with a sharp light.

His body rolled into a half circle, his nose never leaving Decker's hand. He ejected a sharp spine from his back and toward the stone ball.

Crack!

The stone ball was penetrated.

Countless cracks appeared on its surface.

It was broken just like that!

The Great Ghost Priests above the Ghost Altar were stunned at the sight.

This white round stone ball was a sacred object in the Ghost Mountain.

But the hedgehog destroyed it so easily!

Though extremely frightened, Decker had realized something.

This hedgehog liked the Arcana very much.

This was the foundation to the fusion with Treacherous Beings!

Decker had never fused with resentment-level and hatred-level Treacherous Beings before. He had only ever fused with a hostility-level one, which was the weakest level. But he gathered the fusion method should be the same.

"Do you like this?" Decker asked the hedgehog, summoning up all his courage.

Cary rubbed against the glazed sheet and nodded.

"Then you can integrate yourself into it,"

Decker encouraged.

He offered the glazed sheet carefully, luring Cary into it.

The Treacherous Beings were quite special.

They could be solid enough to resist any attack, but they could also turn into the softest form in the world, compressing themselves into the size of a palm.

Cary purred.

He was quite obedient.

His body turned liquid-like and quickly flowed into the glazed sheet.

Chapter 4076 No Way Back

"Wait. What just happened?"

The Glede Demons standing on the edge of the Ghost Altar were utterly dumbfounded. They couldn't believe their own eyes.

Bacchus personally handpicked these Glede Demons to join the team. They were regarded as the elites of their race.

Over the past couple of years, all of them had the opportunity of going onto the Ghost Altar. In fact, they had been there several times already. However, all attempts proved to be unsuccessful.

Bacchus stood on the edge of the Ghost Altar with his eyes wide in shock. His entire body was trembling. This was unbelievable!

He had a difficult time processing what he had just witnessed.

It was absolutely surreal!

All of the Great Ghost Priests had rejected Decker. Naturally, they didn't quite expect that the hatred-level Treacherous Being would be willing to fuse with Decker's Arcana.

This was preposterous!

Never in the history of Night View Island had this kind of thing occurred. They originally deemed it impossible.

Bacchus was keenly observing the reactions of the Great Ghost Priests. He noticed that they were undeniably flabbergasted as well. The complication must have originated from the Treacherous Being.

At that very moment, he felt a sudden desire to take this hatred-level Treacherous Being away.

Based on his observation, the Treacherous Being had become attracted to only the Arcana. Surely, he wouldn't be interested in a good-for-nothing like Decker.

But in the end, Bacchus managed to suppress the strong urge to do so. He just kept monitoring the situation and stayed silent.

He knew that if he enraged the Treacherous Being, he would probably die a horrific and miserable death. He didn't dare to take the risk.

In the meantime, all he could do was watch the large hedgehog as he merged with the glazed sheet. Soon after, Decker closed it.

"Is that... Is that it? Is it done?" Fuxi asked aloud while staring wide-eyed at the glazed sheet.

As a matter of fact, this was the actual way of fusing with resentment-level and hatred-level Treacherous Beings.

The Arcana could easily be used to lure the Treacherous Beings. As long as one could do it, fusing with them would be possible.

Needless to say, this would only be the first step.

If they wanted the Treacherous Beings to have fighting power and stick with them through life and death, they first had to train these creatures for a long period of time.

"Does this mean... Does this Treacherous Being belong to me now?" Decker looked around and sought answer from the ones present.

However, no one answered him. The twelve Great Ghost Priests were still completely stunned.

Out of the blue, one of the Great Ghost Priests shouted. He had a sudden recollection of something he saw before. "I remember now! I know I have seen that hedgehog somewhere before! That is the Ghost Master's pet! Do you remember? Think hard!"

"You're right! It's Cary! That hedgehog is Cary!"

"That really is the Ghost Master's pet! How can I forget?"

All at once, the other Great Ghost Priests were reminded of the same memory.

There was an enormous painting hanging in the depths of the Ghost Mountain.

The portrait was of a gigantic monkey. This was the renowned master of the Ghost Mountain.

The Great Ghost Priests referred to this huge monkey as the "Ghost Master".

The magnificent painting portrayed the Ghost Master sitting with his legs astride. One of his hands was spread out in front of him. There at his palm laid a little hedgehog.

They deeply acknowledged the Ghost Master's authority. Naturally, they were afraid of him. Hence, they rarely made attempts to study the portrait carefully. Most of the time, they merely sneaked glances at it.

They had been quite oblivious to the little hedgehog in the painting. Because they didn't pay too much attention to him, they almost forgot about his existence.

But now, one of them finally remembered it. Quite possibly, all of those stolen glances had gotten him ingrained in his subconscious mind.

This meant that the hedgehog was not one of the hatred-level Treacherous Beings waiting to be selected on the third floor. Rather, he was the Ghost Master's pet.

Knowing this, how could they allow Decker to take the hedgehog?

"Hand over the Treacherous Being at once!"

one of the Great Ghost Priests demanded. "We cannot allow you to take him away!"

At that point, a diamond-shaped glazed sheet suddenly flashed in between the Great Ghost Priest's eyebrows.

Looked inside, the glazed sheet appeared jet black. It also seemed as though there was a black snake lurking behind it.

They were now aware that this priest's Treacherous Being was black.

Swoosh! They heard a sudden rush of air.

Afterwards, they felt an awfully terrifying aura. It was emanating from the glazed sheet.

The menacing aura was so strong that it seemed tangible as it loomed all over the entire hall.

As soon as Decker sensed this aura, he felt thoroughly anxious and terrified. The corners of his mouth were trembling from fear. "Of course. I'll release the hedgehog right away," he answered. He had no other choice. This was quite a predicament. He had no intention of angering the Great Ghost Priests.

"You saw it with your own eyes.

Even you can tell that I didn't ask the hedgehog to come in.

He came in by himself," Decker explained as he proceeded to release the hedgehog.

He hurriedly shook the glazed sheet in an attempt to throw Cary out. His trembling hands did not make this task any easier.

Unfortunately, Cary was not under his control yet. He remained motionlessly hidden inside the glazed sheet. Decker was starting to panic now.

Under the fierce stares of the twelve Great Ghost Priests, he was now being filled with crippling anxiety.

He even tried to pull the glazed sheet apart. But alas! His strength was still weaker than Cary's so he failed miserably.

Seeing that the Great Ghost Priests were now looking angry, Decker pleaded, "He refuses to come out. I can't get him out."

"The solution is plain and simple. Just hand your glazed sheet to me. Now."

After he spoke, a Great Ghost Priest jumped down and forcefully grabbed Decker's glazed sheet.

Just as he was about to leave, another Great Ghost Priest intervened, "Bainbridge, don't you think it's against the rules for you to take away his glazed sheet like this?"

The Great Ghost Priests had every right to express their disagreement on the matter. However, they were not allowed to take away the Treacherous Beings and Arcana of others.

"Well, it's also against the rules for him to fuse with the hatred-level Treacherous Being like this," returned Bainbridge coldly.

"We will just let the Ghost Face race be the judge of this. Take this fellow with you," the Great Ghost Priest suggested.

"I have to take him with me?" Bainbridge replied with a frown on his face.

Normally, anyone who had fused with a hatred-level Treacherous Being would immediately be brought to the third floor of the Ghost Mountain.

Because the hatred-level Treacherous Beings that appeared on the second floor were merely avatars of the real ones.

In Bainbridge's opinion, Decker was definitely not qualified to go to the third floor.

There were strict rules within the Ghost Mountain. Knowing this, he had no other option but to lift Decker up and fly towards the sky.

"Now that the stone is broken, the Ghost Altar will not be able to select the Great Ghost Priests for a while. Please go back," Bainbridge said as he glanced indifferently at the crowd below.

When they heard this, Zen and the others were shocked. What was happening?

Just like that, Decker would be taken away. There were no other explanations. They didn't even get the chance to negotiate.

Moreover, there would be no selection of Great Ghost Priests for the time being.

This meant that they wouldn't meet any human Great Ghost Priest.

If they went back now, they would definitely encounter the Eye Spirit and his people. They would walk into a dead end.

"Sirs, I implore you," Zen said in a loud voice while cupping his hands. "We have traveled long to look for the humans in the Ghost Mountain. Can you please help me notify them?"

Almost simultaneously, all of the Great Ghost Priests focused their attention on Zen.

In fact, they had already been secretly paying attention to him as soon as they appeared.

They were instantly able to sense a strange and powerful aura from him.

Each of them thought that if Zen were to stand on the Ghost Altar, they would be very happy to let him pass and become a Great Ghost Priest.

However, Zen's identity would be the biggest obstacle. He was a human.

These Great Ghost Priests were on bad terms with the human race. They had poor relationships with them for a long time.

Bainbridge sneered as he heard Zen's plea, "Oh, those humans are so lofty and illustrious. There's no way ordinary creatures like us can talk to them." It was apparent that his voice dripped with sarcasm.

The other Great Ghost Priests laughed derisively. They obviously hated the human race very much.

Just as the Great Ghost Priests were about to enter the space channels, the door was pushed open once more.

The door was opened by a suit of armor.

Floating right next to it was an eyeball and an extremely beautiful woman.

The members of the Red Demon race and the Grand Mighty race were standing behind them.

The woman was Claire. She looked enchantingly at Zen. "I have originally taken a liking to a resentment-level Treacherous Being. But since I knew you were waiting here, I came here first."

As soon as Zen and his companions realized that it was Claire and the others, they quickly retreated to the other side of the Ghost Altar.

He didn't expect to be put into the most troublesome situation at the most inconvenient time. Nothing was certainly going as planned.

Chapter 4077 Cyan Skin

The Element Spirit Civilization's sudden arrival only served to increase the tension on the Ghost Altar.

Tate simply shot Bacchus a smug look.

There was no need for word. A single look was all it took for him to say all that he needed to say.

'Since you chose the wrong side then this shall be your end...'

Bacchus knew the possible consequences of his actions but that did not mean that he regretted it. He continued to look at Tate straight in the eye. If this was the end, then he would go down fighting.

For him, he never chose the wrong side but just ran out of choices.

Back when Sanderson, Townsend, and Chauncey came to the Night View Island, they immediately chose the Red Demon race as allies and instigated them to kill off the Glede Demon race.

If it were not for Zen and his group, then the entire Glede Demon race would've been exterminated by now.

Since their accidental saviours were forced into a dead end, the best way that the Glede Demon race could repay them was to stay and fight until the end.

Claire's eyes sparkled with excitement as she looked at the scene in front of her.

"We chased all the way from the Grand Pure Realm and finally it came to an end..."

She had no animosity with Zen and his group even if she suffered defeat by their hands.

The reason why she was so excited was because she had failed so many times before yet now, victory was so close that she could almost taste it.

Claire felt like a fisherman stuck out at sea but unable to catch the elusive fishes needed to come back to shore.

But now, the fishes she so desperately sought for finally got tangled in her net. It was now time to haul them all in.

As soon as she finished speaking, a crack suddenly appeared on her right shoulder.

In the crack where her flesh should've been, there was only flames. It was like the cracked surface of a volcano where molten magma raged on.

From within this fiery crack rose a small, white dragon.

Despite looking so small and ordinary, this dragon actually contained a strange and powerful aura.

"Grrr..."

It circled Claire once before facing off against Zen and his group.

Claire reached out to touch her dragon's body and the formerly white scales promptly turned into red, set ablaze by her aura!

She knew of the fact that Zen had Holy Stones and could use the Light of Annihilation so she quickly took the necessary measures. This little dragon with its red, scaled armor would now be able to face-off against these humans with no problems.

"Kill them all," she ordered in a cold voice.

Yes, she harbored them no hatred but she did remember how Zen refused her kind offer several times before. Perhaps there was a part within her that felt just a bit bitter about that.

Since he was so ungrateful, then he could only meet his end this way.

"Grrr!"

The dragon roared and headed straight towards the Ghost Altar.

Of course, even if things did not seem to go their way, Zen and his companions weren't going to sit still and wait for death!

They immediately mobilized as their opponent came rushing at them.

Fuxi, who held a Holy Stone, raised his hand and cast a mark of Eight Diagrams to appear on the surface of the little dragon.

The Snake Goddess, meanwhile, condensed her crimson shadows into one, long spear that spiraled at high speed and headed straight towards their oncoming opponent.

So long as they broke through those red, dragon scales and then used the Light of Annihilation, then they would have a chance of winning. At least, that was what they thought.

Bang!

Phew!

However, what happened was the opposite of their expectations.

Even with the combined force of Fuxi's Eight Diagrams and the Snake Goddess's spear, the dragon's red scales remained unyielding and could not be penetrated at all.

There was no way the Light of Annihilation could do its job of annihilating their opponent if this little dragon's armor was too tough to break.

Despite this hurdle, the two of them reacted immediately.

Since their first attack failed, they retreated right away.

King Ieuan, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and Yasamin rushed over to fight.

Whoosh!

With their combined efforts, the group was able to rain down a series of attacks and sword radiance upon this troublesome little dragon.

Yasamin's Origin Swordsmanship shone the most since it was almost incomparable in terms of power and speed in the chaos.

Unfortunately, despite their efforts, the little dragon's defensive armor remained intact.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi and King Ieuan both used their bloodline theurgies and Other Shore Tokens yet were still unable to make a dent on the little dragon's flame scales.

It seemed that this time, the gap in strength was just a bit too great.

Claire suddenly remembered their battle back in the Pear Hill.

She had relied on her own strength and struggled so hard against the siege of the Chaos Ancient Gods and several Eternal Realm warriors.

Now though, it seemed that the tables had turned. This little white dragon she controlled was infinitely stronger than all these Eternal Realm warriors and she was confident they would never be able to win against it.

It was a constant push and pull between them. As the group's attacks failed, they would retreat one step back.

Soon, they were forced into a dead end.

"Grrr!"

With its enemies cornered, the little dragon began to transform. Its body began to swell and its head rose to the sky.

"Let's fight together!"

Bacchus shouted.

Ready to give it his all, he released the resentment-level Treacherous Being, the Wolf Owl King from his body and let it wrap around him.

The other three Glede Demons followed suit and summoned their own Treacherous Beings. There was no other way but to go all out in this fight.

Zen, who was standing behind them, stepped forward.

"Let me deal with this," he said, pouncing on the dragon.

These Eternal Realm warriors were not a match for this little dragon.

Even if they managed to resist the dragon, there was still the Eye Spirit that continued to watch them covetously.

The human race in the Ghost Mountain was the only one Zen felt he could truly rely on.

However, they still remained a no-show.

Since that was the case, he could now only rely on the bloodline within his body.

It was time to use the ancestry-level bloodline!

Claire's eyes curved in mirth when she saw Zen pounce onto her dragon.

This could all have been avoided if he had agreed with her back then, but since he refused then he was doomed to suffer death.

The little dragon was undeterred and patiently opened its jaw with the full intent of swallowing Zen whole.

Just as they were about to meet, a huge finger suddenly fell onto the Ghost Altar!

"Boom!"

What could've been an epic showdown was promptly interrupted by the appearance of this sudden finger that separated both Zen and the little dragon.

It was a Great Ghost Priest!

This Great Ghost Priest sported cyan skin and had eyes the shape of an inverted triangle. Two tusks protruded from his mouth and gave him an incredibly fierce look.

As he stretched out his finger, the Treacherous Being within his body made its move.

This finger that separated the two opponents came from the hatred-level Treacherous Being!

"Fighting is prohibited in the Ghost Altar," the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest told them in an almost bored tone.

His announcement made all the other Great Ghost Priests look at him strangely.

Was there ever such a rule in place?

The warriors from the many races on the Night View Island kept silent like a cicada in cold weather after they had entered the Ghost Mountain. There was no way they would dare break any rules here.

They didn't even dare to speak loudly, let alone fight at the Ghost Altar.

Of course, the validity of this rule was still in question.

In truth, these Great Ghost Priests hated humans especially Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi since they had the same appearance as the humans in the Ghost Mountain.

If anything, they would be very happy to see these troublemakers die.

The reason why they did not leave was because they personally wanted to see these humans die by the hands of these other fellows and send the news to the humans in the Ghost Mountain.

However, even if a huge chunk of Great Ghost Priests hated humans, a small portion was in favor of them.

This cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest was actually one of them.

He was from the Jade Scale race and was a senior among the Great Ghost Priests.

"Ha-ha..."

Claire couldn't believe that this Great Ghost Priest actually expected her to listen. Despite his warning, she simply redirected the little dragon so that it would be able to swallow Zen.

It was quite a big mistake. "Boom!"

The huge finger pressed itself onto the little dragon's neck and nailed it onto the Ghost Altar.

Claire simply looked on as the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest glared at her coldly.

Throughout the Night View Island's history, anybody who ever dared to go against a Great Ghost Priest ended up dead.

As the finger held down the little dragon, it struggled desperately in the Ghost Altar and the fire scales that covered its body began to break under the immense pressure.

There was no change in Claire's expression, meanwhile, the Eye Spirit decided to move.

"Sir, I think this would interest you very much."

As soon as he finished speaking, a wolf tooth began to emerge from the eyeball.

Chapter 4078 Decker's Courage

The cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest had already planned to kill Claire.

However, a chill ran down his spine, and his body violently trembled when he saw the wolf tooth that the Eye Spirit showed him.

Meanwhile, the other eleven Great Ghost Priests just watched everything for fun. However, they too got surprised when they saw the wolf tooth as well.

The creatures in the Night View Island had seen the necklace of wolf teeth in their minds.

There were very powerful fluctuations in the Night View Island every two hundred days and nights, even if they did not use their spiritual senses. On that day, no one could go out because the necklace of wolf teeth appeared in everyone's mind. That day was a day full of pain for all the creatures in the Night View Island.

Many legends about the wolf teeth had spread across the Night View Island.

It was said that they were the teeth of the master of Ghost Mountain.

Those ten teeth chewed up anyone who died into pieces.

Some creatures saw them as totems and worshipped them. After they captured their prey, they pulled out all their teeth and fashioned them into the shape of wolf teeth, then embedded them on tall totems.

As for the wolf teeth's real origin story, the people outside the Ghost Mountain did not know about it, unlike the Great Ghost Priests in the Ghost

Mountain.

Their life's significance rested on those ten wolf teeth. They were their tasks and the Ghost Master's obsession.

Now, the reason the Ghost Master hadn't woken up yet was that he had lost these wolf teeth.

His obsession was to find his greatest magic treasure, the Thirteen Teeth Necklace.

As its name suggested, it was a necklace inlaid with thirteen wolf teeth.

However, the Thirteen Teeth Necklace had long been missing, and now, only three real teeth remained in the Ghost Mountain.

After the creatures in the Night View Island fused with the hatred-level Treacherous Beings, they were led into a special hall. In the center of the hall was a wolf tooth.

The Great Ghost Priests had to remember the aura of this wolf tooth, then find the other teeth.

It was an order from the Ghost Master.

Of course, the Ghost Master hadn't awakened and was still in a dead sleep.

Yet, he instinctively began to collect the wolf teeth!

And his strategy was correct.

The Ghost Mountain was known for its richness in resources.

With the Ghost Mountain's support, the Great Ghost Priests who fused with the hatred-level Treacherous Beings could search the Three Purities Stage and find all the wolf teeth one by one.

At first, two Great Ghost Priests had completed their tasks and brought back two wolf teeth from the Three Purities Stage.

Unfortunately, since the passageway of the Night View Island had gotten destroyed, they could not leave the island.

That was why there were only three wolf teeth in the mountain.

Naturally, the newly selected Great Ghost Priests felt dejected.

After all, they had searched every part of the Night View Island, but to no avail.

Because they could not find the wolf teeth, they were punished and imprisoned in the Ghost Mountain.

That was why it was quite hard for the new Great Ghost Priests to leave the Ghost Mountain these years.

They suffered bitterly, while the Ghost Master himself had given up on himself. He had lost hope on awakening.

However, a group of strangers suddenly appeared, and one of them brought a wolf tooth. Of course, the Great Ghost Priests could not contain their excitement.

Their memories of the wolf tooth's aura were still fresh in their minds.

Just then, the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest's body trembled. He jumped down from the upper layer, then stooped down and smelled the wolf tooth.

"It's quite similar.

But the aura of the energy is different from that of the wolf tooth," he said.

Although he was also ecstatic, he was worried.

"Each wolf tooth contains bloodline power, and the bloodline of each wolf tooth is different. Thus, the aura of the energy is naturally different," the Eye Spirit explained.

"May I verify it?" the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest asked.

"Sure," said the Eye Spirit.

He had a total of ten wolf teeth in his hands. Even if he gave the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest one, he still had nine left.

"But there is one condition," said Claire.

Upon hearing those words, Zen and the others felt their hearts sank.

When the Great Ghost Priests decided to intervene, he and the others finally felt hopeful.

If the Ghost Altar did not allow them to fight, they could stay and wait for the reinforcements of the human race.

However, now that the Eye Spirit brought out a wolf tooth of great importance, the tense situation toned down.

They did not need to think too much to know what condition Claire wanted.

"Let me guess. You want the lives of these people?" the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest asked.

"Yes," Claire answered.

"Let's talk about it after I examine it," the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest said.

"We can wait," Claire said with a smile.

The cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest nodded, then asked the question that all the Great Ghost Priests were concerned about, "How many wolf teeth do you have?"

The Great Ghost Priests' ultimate task was to gather the ten remaining wolf teeth.

"It depends on whether you guys cooperate or not," Claire said playfully.

In turn, the Great Ghost Priests became even more excited.

Did it mean that they had more than one wolf teeth in their hands?

The Great Ghost Priests exchanged glances with each other.

They did not think that the Eye Spirit, Claire, and the Holy Wings Armor were powerful beings.

But now that these people were in their territory, would they just steal all the wolf teeth?

The cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest thought of the same thing.

Claire knew what went on in their minds, and her catty eyes glinted dangerously. "If you try to make a move, you will regret it. Our supporter is on par with the Ghost Master."

The twelve Great Ghost Priests present were stunned.

After a while of thought, they immediately understood what she meant.

If the Eye Spirit had dared to lead his people straight to the Ghost Mountain with the wolf teeth, then he must be quite confident.

"You must be kidding. We are very grateful to you because you brought the wolf teeth here in the Ghost Mountain. How can we do something against you? I'll verify it now," said the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest and looked at Zen and the others. 'I'm sorry, ' he thought to himself.

He originally wanted to protect them, but the tides turned entirely as soon as the wolf teeth were involved.

Not to mention Zen and his companions, even the status of the humans in the Ghost Mountain would decline.

At that moment, the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest brought the wolf tooth back to the space channel.

Five more Great Ghost Priests also entered the space channels, including Bainbridge, who had taken Decker away.

The rest of the six Great Ghost Priests stayed above the Ghost Altar.

The wolf teeth were highly valuable. Thus, they had to watch over these members of the Element Spirit Civilization.

The space channels in the Ghost Mountain were not that long.

Bainbridge carried Decker in his hand. After they passed through the space channel, he entered the third floor of the Ghost Mountain.

There was a dark passage on the third floor.

The other Great Ghost Priests moved forward at immensely fast speed while Bainbridge took Decker to another road.

At that point, Decker regretted everything.

He estimated that he might not be able to get out of the Ghost Mountain alive.

However, the members of the Wooden Leaf race never dared to attempt or even imagine to fuse with a hatred-level Treacherous Being.

As he thought of it, he suddenly felt a sense of satisfaction.

It was worth dying this way. He felt grateful to Zen.

Just as he further drowned in his thoughts, a figure flashed not far away.

It was a human.

A human Great Ghost Priest!

He felt his heart get caught in his throat.

He, who was timid by nature, suddenly dared to glance stealthily at Bainbridge.

Bainbridge, who was unaware of what happened, continued to move forward.

Without any hesitation, Decker shouted at the human Great Ghost Priest with all his might.

"Human Great Ghost Priest, some humans are looking for you on the Ghost Altar!"

Chapter 4079 The Human Great Ghost Priest

Upon hearing Decker's words, the human Great Ghost Priest abruptly stopped in his tracks.

He was a bit confused.

Some humans were looking for them on the Ghost Altar?

Aside from him and his companions, there were no other human beings on the Night View Island. How could any appear on the Ghost Altar?

On the other hand, Bainbridge did not expect that Decker would be so bold.

"Shut up!"

He suddenly gathered his strength and squeezed Decker's neck. Decker choked and flushed a deep red, unable to say a word.

"Wait a minute, Bainbridge." The human Great Ghost Priest followed up out of curiosity.

In turn, Bainbridge's face darkened when he saw the human Great Ghost Priest chase after him, and he quickened his pace.

When the human Great Ghost Priest saw Bainbridge's reaction, his suspicion deepened.

He took a step forward.

Then, his figure suddenly froze in place.

Another copy of his figure appeared right in front of Bainbridge, and his first figure that he left behind slowly disappeared.

"Bainbridge, why are you in such a hurry?" the human Great Ghost Priest asked.

"It's none of your business!" Bainbridge hissed. Meanwhile, Decker kept struggling out of his grip.

"Mmmmph... uhh..."

He desperately tried to make a sound.

However, Bainbridge's hand tightly gripped his neck like an iron clamp. Therefore, he could not speak at all.

"But I heard him say that there are human beings on the Ghost Altar," said the human Great Ghost Priest.

"You misheard him," Bainbridge answered gruffly.

"It does not matter if I misheard him or not. I want to hear him say those words again," the human Great Ghost Priest said seriously.

Bainbridge's nostrils flared in anger. "Are you making things difficult for me?"

"Yes, so what?" the Great Ghost Priest retorted.

When Bainbridge heard those words, he became even more furious.

Thanks to the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the human beings enjoyed a high status in the Ghost Mountain and received excellent treatment.

The main point was that these humans were still quite powerful. Since Bainbridge couldn't defeat them, he had to let go of Decker now.

He hesitated for a moment with a long face, as if he had thought of something. Then, he threw Decker on the ground and said, "Let's see how long you can act arrogantly!"

The reason these humans had an extraordinary status in the Ghost Mountain was because the Monkey Spirit Sect pinned their hopes of awakening on them.

But the Element Spirit Civilization brought wolf teeth...

If the wolf teeth were real, then the humans would be useless!

By then, the humans couldn't act so arrogantly anymore.

Decker got up from the ground and hastily said, "Sir, the Element Spirit Civilization has trapped Zen and the others on the Ghost Altar! Please go and save them!"

The human Great Ghost Priest's face froze. "Zen? Who is he?" he asked.

There was no such person named Zen in the 77th chaos. The human Great Ghost Priest surely did not know him.

Decker didn't know much about that as well. He thought for a while, and then said, "Some people called Fuxi and the Snake Goddess are also in that group..."

As soon as he said those two names, the human Great Ghost Priest became quite serious. "Where are they from?" he asked cautiously.

"From outside the Night View Island," answered Decker.

"Outside the Night View Island?"

The human Great Ghost Priest's expression changed a few times before he turned around and left.

The passage where Bainbridge headed to was connected to the right side of the third floor of the Ghost Mountain.

The humans enjoyed special treatment on the third floor, and they owned almost the entire space on the right side.

When he reached the end of the passage, he pushed open one of the doors.

There was an open hall inside.

In the hall was an old man, who was busy with something.

Drops of blood fell from the old man's fingertips and merged into a small porcelain bottle.

Tens of thousands of porcelain bottles were in front of him, all of which contained the blood of the Eternal Realm warriors. Their blood was the human race's foundation and the key to their survival in the Ghost Mountain.

This old man was none other than the real Primeval Lord of Heaven, and he was carefully fusing with the blood power in the bottles.

The only way to awaken the Ghost Master was to find all thirteen wolf teeth.

However, the way out of the Night View Island was destroyed, so the chances of getting the wolf teeth were quite slim.

Fortunately, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others finally came up with a solution.

The wolf teeth fused with the bloodlines. Each of them contained different bloodline theurgies, and the Thirteen Teeth Necklace was a remarkably powerful magic treasure.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven tried to mix the bloodlines of many different Eternal Realm warriors to obtain the bloodlines similar to those of the wolf teeth.

The process was incredibly difficult.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had been trapped on the Night View Island for a long time.

He had tried again and again for over a thousand chaotic eras, and now he finally achieved some great results.

At the very least, the aura of the fused bloodline made the Ghost Master react.

Even the slightest reaction was enough.

The truth was that the Ghost Master's obsession with the wolf teeth was only due to the auras of the fused bloodlines.

If the Primeval Lord of Heaven could truly create the auras of thirteen different fused bloodlines, then the Ghost Master would have a high chance of awakening.

Because of that, the monkeys highly valued the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and subsequently, the human race held a high position in the Ghost Mountain.

Even if the number of the Great Ghost Priest from other races had an absolute advantage, no one dared to offend the human race to their faces.

Before Emperor Charm could say anything, the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked, "Emperor Charm, what happened? Why are you so anxious?"

"The passage to the Night View Island has been repaired. The avatars of Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi have arrived. The

Element Spirit Civilization has blocked them at the Ghost Altar!" said Emperor Charm.

At first, the Primeval Lord of Heaven wanted to mix the blood power in the two porcelain bottles.

The bloodlines of the Eternal Realm masters were unique. Furthermore, since the bloodlines in the porcelain bottles had already gotten merged twice, he had to be careful when fusing them again.

But as soon as he heard Emperor Charm's words, his hand trembled violently. Suddenly, a wisp of cyan smoke rose from one of the porcelain bottles, and a needle-like flame drilled out of the bottle's mouth. Then, the porcelain bottle broke into pieces.

"What?"

He almost thought that he had misheard Emperor Charm.

In return, Emperor Charm quickly repeated his words.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was considerably shocked. After a few seconds, he said, "Ask Zhurong and Chiyou to go with us!"

The four human warriors who served as Great Ghost Priests were Zhurong, Emperor Charm, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and Chiyou.

At that point, it was like a thick cloud of misery floated in the air.

The Eye Spirit seemed to be asleep and stayed still.

As for Claire, she glanced wickedly at Zen and said, "I'm not happy to let you live a little longer."

"Even if you are unhappy, you have to endure it," Fuxi shot back coldly.

After all, they were now in a pretty bad situation, so he and the others naturally felt anxious.

A cold smile graced Claire's face. Then she suddenly looked up at the Great Ghost Priests and asked, "May I kill a few people first?"

"Go ahead." A Great Ghost Priest waved his hand.

These people's lives had nothing to do with the Great Ghost Priests. They only stayed to guard the Eye Spirit and his group.

"Good!"

With a cruel grin, Claire gently waved her hand, and the little white dragon that was inside her body came out again.

A layer of flame scales coated its body as flames rose from its skin. Then, it moved towards Zen.

At that moment, a voice came from the space channel.

"Stop!"

Finally, the four human Great Ghost Priests came out of the transmission channel.

Chapter 4080 Disadvantage

When Zen and the rest looked up, their eyes fell on the four human Great Ghost Priests.

At this very moment, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and Fuxi were far more nervous than the others.

While they had only seen the energy souls of their real selves in the past, at this moment, they had the chance to actually see their real selves in full.

Had their real selves already merged with the hatred-level Treacherous Beings?

Had they become Great Ghost Priests?

Although they looked up with this anticipation, they were disappointed by what they saw.

They saw Emperor Charm and Chiyou, but the real Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, and the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi were all absent.

Meanwhile, Zen had something different in mind.

Cupping his hands, he greeted with respect, "Good to see you, Primeval Lord of Heaven!"

The real Primeval Lord of Heaven merely nodded nonchalantly at Zen in return.

While Zen and the others sized up the Great Ghost Priests, the latter observed them closely as well.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi were all familiar faces to the Primeval Lord of Heaven — Zen was the only unfamiliar face.

Initially, he surmised that the group before him must have reached this point to enter the Night View Island under Fuxi and the Snake Goddess' leadership. He knew Fuxi had excellent talent and was a natural leader, while the Snake Goddess possessed extraordinary intelligence and could easily serve as a capable assistant.

But looking everyone up and down, the Primeval Lord of Heaven could sense something unknown yet unique from Zen in particular.

His body seemed to have a mixed aura of bloodlines.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had spent countless years studying the bloodline powers, trying to merge them.

His sensitivity to the bloodlines of Eternal Realm warriors had surpassed anyone else's.

Recognizing the mixed aura of bloodlines in Zen's body, the Primeval Lord of Heaven quickly reached a conclusion. 'Perhaps this person fused with an origin-level bloodline?' he thought.

If such was the case…

Then this person's bloodline would be just enough to serve as one of the wolf teeth.

"Are you Zen?" asked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Earlier, when Decker reported to Emperor Charm, he had mentioned a new name to them.

A total of five humans had arrived. Apart from Yasamin, the old lady with greying hair, and the three familiar faces who were replicas of their real selves, the young man must be Zen from the earlier report, the Primeval Lord of Heaven figured.

"Yes, I am," Zen nodded.

"Okay, come up to me now."

He had been living in the Ghost Mountain for many years. While he wasn't as superior as the monkeys, they still needed his help, and had to show utmost respect for his words.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven! Have you forgotten me, my old friend?"

suddenly, the Eye Spirit chimed in.

It was no surprise — the Primeval Lord of Heaven had already noticed the Eye Spirit's presence.

But he refused to cast his eyes at the huge, floating eyeball until the latter spoke specifically to catch his attention.

As he firmly stared at the Eye Spirit, a grave, resentful feeling rose within the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Ever since the 77th chaos, the human race had continued fighting against this enormous eyeball.

After failing to complete the Finale Way, they had retreated into the Other Shore where they continued the running battle.

Although they continued to fight, they suffered failure each and every time. Little by little, they were forced to retreat until the Ghost Mountain became their very last refuge.

Only in this way had the Primeval Lord of Heaven managed to lead the group of human heroes to survive.

Countless years had passed since he last saw the Eye Spirit.

The extended span of time should have been enough for an ordinary mortal to reincarnate hundreds of millions of times — it should have been enough to blunt any deep hatred. But even now, the Primeval Lord of Heaven could still barely conceal the killing intent in his eyes. "You've been trying so hard to enter the Night View Island, haven't you?" he asked.

"Not really, you're just a group of nobodies now," said the Eye Spirit ever so casually.

While he didn't mean to deliberately belittle the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others, he was, if anything, merely telling the truth.

In the past, the battle between the Element Spirit Civilization and the human race was a battle between two civilizations of the chaos. It didn't involve the Treacherous Beings, nor did it involve the Four Spirits Sect. Neither of them were aware of the Four Spirits Sect's existence at the time.

But now, the war between the Element Spirit Civilization and the Nihility race was different. On the surface, it was a war between the Purge Way and the Nihility Way, but in truth, it was a war between the Bird Spirit Sect and the Snake Spirit Sect.

In comparison to that, the human race wasn't even worth mentioning.

Still, the Primeval Lord of Heaven managed to keep his cool upon hearing the Eye Spirit's words. Emperor Charm, however, couldn't suppress his anger.

His eyes turned a deep golden color, as though they held fiery suns within them.

Then, a powerful aura began spreading out in the Ghost Altar.

Such was the aura of a hatred-level Treacherous Being.

Among the four human Great Ghost Priests, Emperor Charm had the sharpest aura.

"Nobodies? What makes you say that?" he snapped back fiercely.

In the face of Emperor Charm's display of strength, the corners of Claire's mouth curled up into a disdainful smile.

Wearing a cunning glint in the eyeball, the Eye Spirit spoke to the Great Ghost Priests of the other races. "Since the Ghost Mountain doesn't welcome us, we'll be taking our leave now!" he said.

As he spoke, he turned around, ready to retreat along with Claire and the Holy Wings Armor.

"Wait!"

"We keep our doors open to all visitors. These humans can't represent the Ghost Mountain!"

"It's up to us here!"

The six Great Ghost Priests from the other races grew anxious when they saw the Eye Spirit ready to leave.

After all, they had planned to stand by and watch until the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest proved the truth of the wolf tooth.

But now, the presence of the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the other three had just further complicated the already difficult situation.

The non-human Great Ghost Priests' words irritated Emperor Charm even more. Staring at one of them, he threatened coldly, "Washburn, have you already forgotten how I defeated you? You said we can't represent the Ghost Mountain. Then, what about you?"

The four human Great Ghost Priests held extraordinary statuses and the greatest strength among all the priests. Washburn, the non-human Great Ghost Priest, had already been beaten by Emperor Charm seven times in the past.

Noticing Emperor Charm's cold gaze, Washburn immediately grew nervous.

As he was at a loss for what to say in response, another non-human Great Ghost Priest sneered and said, "Only the Ghost Master can represent the Ghost Mountain. No one else can replace him." Turning to face the Eye Spirit, he continued, "My friend, since you have the wolf teeth to wake up the Ghost Master, you are a distinguished guest of the Ghost Mountain! I believe that the Monkey Masters will wish for you to stay."

"You're right. If the Monkey Masters manage to gather all the wolf teeth, I think the humans can finally stop their absurd attempts. They've tried for so long but to no avail. What a joke!"

"Exactly!"

As they taunted the humans, the six of them burst into laughter.

Normally, they'd never have even dared to treat humans as such. But now, things were different. The passageway that led outside had finally been repaired, and the wolf teeth brought by the Eye Spirit were likely to be genuine.

Even if the Eye Spirit's wolf teeth were fake, they'd be able to go and search for the lost objects themselves.

After all the time spent shamefully bowing before the humans, they could finally vent their discontent.

"If we wake the Ghost Master now, we'll take all humans' lives. Would you agree to that?" Claire demanded, pointing at both Zen's and the Primeval Lord of Heaven's groups.

"I believe that the Monkey Masters will agree to your small request," Washburn nodded with a smile.

When the humans heard their conversation, their expressions instantly darkened.

It was obvious that the Eye Spirit had been well prepared before he came to this place.

While the Primeval Lord of Heaven had already fused with a hatred-level Treacherous Being, he still didn't dare underestimate the Eye Spirit.

Still, never did he expect the Eye Spirit to bring the wolf teeth to the Ghost Mountain.

He was well aware that the situation was just as Washburn had said.

The Monkey Masters bestowed a special status upon the humans in the hopes that the Primeval Lord of Heaven would manage to wake the Ghost Master, otherwise known as the Monkey Spirit King.

But if the Eye Spirit awakened the Monkey Spirit King with the wolf teeth, the humans would undoubtedly become dispensable to the Monkey Masters.

In such a case, the humans' value to them would shrink to nothing.

Chapter 4081 Verify

"Small request?"

The malicious aura emanating from Emperor Charm grew more intense.

The Treacherous Beings could not be killed, but the creatures that fused with them could.

Emperor Charm slowly raised his arms. Something slowly jutted out from them.

They were two spikes formed by the Treacherous Being he fused with.

"I also have a small request: disappear from the Ghost Mountain," Emperor Charm said with a snarl.

Washburn felt his heart sink with dread. "You have the audacity?"

If one wanted to stage a battle in the Ghost Mountain, they had to make a request to the Monkey Masters first.

Anyone who broke such rules and acted without permission here would be punished.

"Emperor Charm, if you attack in the Ghost Altar, the Monkey Masters will not let you go!"

"You will receive the harshest punishment from the Ghost Mountain!"

"Don't you dare!"

The other five Great Ghost Priests warned.

Emperor Charm didn't budge.

His eyes were flashing like two golden suns now.

The aura of the hatred-level Treacherous Being poured out of him in waves.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven finally stepped forward and placed his hand on Emperor Charm's shoulder. "Stop."

"Why? Are you scared of them?" Emperor Charm scoffed.

For many years, the human race always had a say in the Ghost Mountain.

The Great Ghost Priests of other races could only comply with their tails tucked between their legs.

But now that the Element Spirit Civilization was here, they suddenly turned their noses up at humans. Emperor Charm couldn't bear the disrespect.

"Of course not. But if we act out of turn, we'd just be putting ourselves in trouble," the Primeval Lord of Heaven reminded gently.

Human heroes held the Primeval Lord of Heaven in high esteem. His words carried weight.

With his persuasion, Emperor Charm suppressed his anger and stepped aside.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven turned his attention on Washburn.

Washburn and the Great Ghost Priests of other races actually mattered little to him.

He appraised the Eye Spirit coolly. "Wonderful of you to bring the wolf teeth to the Night View Island. It seems you know a lot about the Ghost Mountain."

The Eye Spirit remained silent.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven continued, "But as I recall, when the Ghost Master used the Thirteen Teeth Necklace to survive a great disaster, it had been broken."

"I know that," the Eye Spirit said.

The wolf teeth were, indeed, covered with mottled cracks, as if they had once been shattered. In fact, the bloodline power inside them had disappeared, leaving only its aura.

Frankly, they had little to no value like this.

"But I also know the Ghost Master's obsession is the Thirteen Teeth Necklace. As long as the thirteen wolf teeth are collected and arranged properly, he will naturally wake up," the Eye Spirit said smugly.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven only smiled at this. "You're wrong. The Ghost Master's obsession is not the Thirteen Teeth Necklace itself, but the bloodline power contained within it. The thirteen kinds of bloodline power are comparable to the power of the four origin-level bloodlines. Without the bloodline power, the necklace is insufficient to awaken him."

Hearing this, the Eye Spirit was taken aback.

"That is nonsense. Treacherous Beings can be awakened by their obsessions, which are usually objects."

Although what the Primeval Lord of Heaven said made sense, obsessions were mysterious and unique to the Treacherous Beings. No one could really tell what they were until they'd tried it.

The Eye Spirit simply chose not to believe what the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

"Go ahead and check for yourself then," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a smile.

Meanwhile, the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest carried that wolf tooth and headed straight for the core area of the third floor of the Ghost Mountain.

When he passed by the huge painting of the Ghost Master, he gazed at it for a moment and compared the wolf tooth in his hand with the depiction of the Thirteen Teeth Necklace.

They looked exactly the same!

This made him feel very excited.

There seemed to be hope in awakening the Ghost Master after all. Perhaps he could finally leave the Ghost Mountain and go out into the world!

He hurried to the end of the passageway.

At this point, the walls were covered with murals depicting all kinds of monkeys, spanning several thousand feet long.

The cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest knocked gently on the wall.

There was no response.

He continued knocking relentlessly.

After a long time, one of the monkeys in the mural slowly began to take shape and eventually emerged from the wall.

He was a Monkey Master.

He was once a follower of the Monkey Spirit King.

"What is it?" the Monkey Master snapped. "Did we not say not to disturb us unless it was urgent?"

In the Ghost Mountain, only the Primeval Lord of Heaven had the privilege to wake up the Monkey Masters at any time and any place.

This was because it was understood the Primeval Lord of Heaven's work was of vast importance.

In the eyes of the Monkey Masters, the other Great Ghost Priests were all worthless in comparison.

The cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest bowed respectfully to the Monkey Master. "I have come here to show you something that might be important."

"What is it?" The Monkey Master was getting impatient.

What possibly could be so important coming from the Night View Island?

The cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest held out his hands, presenting the wolf tooth respectfully.

The Monkey Master took one look at the wolf tooth and was startled. He snatched it up immediately.

He sniffed and gnawed at it with his teeth. He turned it around his fingers for some time, staring at it closely at all angles, before finally pounding against the wall.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Wake up, all of you!"

The monkeys in the murals started emerging one after another.

They were irritated at having been woken so abruptly.

But when their eyes fell on the wolf tooth, they, too, were shocked awake and started chattering among themselves.

"A wolf tooth?"

"Where did you get it?"

"Are there others?"

The first Monkey Master turned back to the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest. "Where did this come from?"

"Some people brought it here," the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest reported. "They come from the world outside the Night View Island."

"They only have this one?" asked the Monkey Master.

The cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest thought for a moment. "There could be more. Based on what they've said so far, it seems they are in possession of others."

The Eye Spirit, after all, seemed quite certain the Ghost Master could be awakened.

Moreover, he handed over the wolf tooth readily, which implied it wasn't his only one.

The Monkey Masters on both sides of the passageway started buzzing in excitement.

"I'll verify if this is real first."

The first Monkey Master brought the wolf tooth into the huge innermost door.

Through the crack in the door, the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest spotted a huge foot. He surmised it must belong to the Ghost Master.

The ordinary Great Ghost Priests had never seen the Ghost Master with their own eyes before.

Among them, only the Primeval Lord of Heaven had.

After a few moments, the Monkey Master came back, his face looking grave.

In a trembling voice, he pronounced, "This wolf tooth is the real thing! Quickly! Take me to those who brought it!"

Chapter 4082 Conditions

"I'll go with you!"

"Me, too!"

"Manuel, please take me with you!"

The Monkey Masters were speaking over each other now, scrambling for the chance to accompany Manuel.

Manuel was the leader of the Monkey Masters.

Manuel's eyes scanned the throng quickly. "Tearrag, Hagar, and Nereus. The three of you, come with me!"

Now that some people had brought wolf teeth here to the Ghost Mountain, there was no need to worry about any of them escaping.

The Monkey Masters were all indispensable core members of the Monkey Spirit Sect. Even if they became Treacherous Beings, they would be extremely powerful after they were awakened.

As the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest led the way back to the Ghost Altar, he felt dread creep into his heart.

He was a Great Ghost Priest on the side of the human race.

He had been worried on his way to deliver the wolf tooth.

If the wolf tooth was real, it wouldn't be good for the humans at the Ghost Altar right now.

Now that that was the case, those humans were definitely in danger.

The cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest and the four Monkey Masters arrived at the space channel shortly. With a small bow, the Great Ghost Priest gestured respectfully for the Monkey Masters to go through first. "After you."

Manuel swaggered into the space channel.

In an instant, he reappeared at an entrance above the Ghost Altar.

"A Treacherous Being?"

Zen and the others looked up and stared at Manuel as he stepped into view.

Manuel wasn't actively emanating any aura.

But his mere presence inspired awe.

Zen hadn't experienced this feeling for a long time, not even with the Eye Spirit.

Was this Treacherous Being a hatred-level one? How powerful was he?

"Greetings, Master Manuel!"

the Primeval Lord of Heaven spoke up, respectfully.

Although the Ghost Mountain belonged to the Ghost Master, he hadn't awoken yet.

The Ghost Mountain was under the control of these Monkey Masters. Among them, Manuel enjoyed the highest status. He was thus, at that moment, the de facto controller of the Ghost Mountain.

Manuel nodded to the Primeval Lord of Heaven in acknowledgement.

He ignored the other Great Ghost Priests completely.

The Great Ghost Priests were powerful and majestic beings in the eyes of Bacchus and the other warriors from many races.

But in the eyes of the Monkey Masters, they were merely a group of slaves.

As far as the Monkey Masters were concerned, the Great Ghost Priests were nothing but prisoners tasked to serve the Ghost Mountain for generations.

After the Night View Island was sealed, these slaves were barred from going out. Otherwise, they would go out to search for wolf teeth on behalf of the Monkey Spirit Sect.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was probably the only one with a high status among them, and the only one whom Manuel respected. Manuel even relied on him to help awaken the Ghost Master.

Manuel's nod of acknowledgement was thus a great privilege the other Great Ghost Priests would never be able to get.

"Who brought the wolf tooth here?" Manuel asked imperiously.

"Me," answered the Eye Spirit.

"How many wolf teeth do you still have?" Manuel continued.

"Nine," the Eye Spirit replied.

The eyes of the four Monkey Masters flashed with excitement.

All those present knew instantly what that meant.

"Hand them over," Manuel ordered.

Although the Element Spirit Civilization was unusual in form, Manuel remained unperturbed.

He had seen many things: the world formed by pure fire spirits, the world formed by water spirits, and many others.

"No," the Eye Spirit replied casually.

The Ghost Altar suddenly became deathly silent.

Everyone held their breath.

It was the first time that Zen, Fuxi and the Snake Goddess, even the warriors from other races like Bacchus, Tate and some others, had encountered Manuel. But they all felt his domineering power upon his arrival.

The Eye Spirit actually dared to openly refuse such a being. Didn't he realize what he was up against?

Manuel was taken aback at the brazen response. His face darkened.

"Are you not afraid of me? Do you have any idea who I am?"

The Eye Spirit responded calmly. "You are the top Great Ape King in the Monkey Spirit Sect, in possession of extraordinary strength. Of course I'm in awe of you. But I entered the Ghost Mountain prepared to die, so I'm afraid threatening me with that just wouldn't work."

Great Ape King was a laudatory title in the Monkey Spirit Sect.

This title was known only to the Four Spirits Sect. In the Ghost Mountain, only the Monkey Masters knew about it.

Even the Great Ghost Priests, including the Primeval Lord of Heaven, had no idea what it was.

But the Eye Spirit just openly revealed Manuel's past identity. It was clear he wanted Manuel to know that the Element Spirit Civilization was being backed by a powerhouse as strong and established as the Monkey Spirit Sect, which was the Snake Spirit Sect.

The Great Ghost Priests trembled.

Any minute now, they were expecting Manuel to fly into a rage at the Eye Spirit's behavior.

There would be tragedy and destruction in the wake of his fury. The Great Ghost Priests were terrified of being caught in that storm.

But what Manuel did next shocked them.

"What do you want, then? What are your conditions?"

Manuel was actually negotiating with someone!

And with a warrior from another race out of nowhere, no less!

They almost couldn't believe their ears.

"First, hand over all the humans to me. Second, let me wake up the Monkey Spirit King," the Eye Spirit said flatly.

In fact, the first condition was supplementary.

What the Eye Spirit really cared about was the second condition: the important task he came here to do.

A look of hesitation crossed Manuel's face, perhaps for the first time in history.

He wasn't hesitating because of the first condition. It was actually no problem to him.

In fact, as soon as he confirmed the veracity of the wolf tooth, he was already prepared to send the Primeval Lord of Heaven to his doom.

He had waited so long for this chance to wake up the Ghost Master, and it turned out he still had to rely on the real wolf teeth to achieve it.

These humans were meaningless to the Ghost Mountain, anyway. The Eye Spirit could have them, for all he cared.

He was, of course, hesitating on the second condition.

It had always been the Monkey Masters' sworn duty to awaken the Monkey Spirit King.

Manuel was the one that the Monkey Spirit King trusted the most and his long-cherished wish was to wake up the Monkey Spirit King himself.

As Manuel remained silent, the Eye Spirit continued. "Great Ape King, it's our common goal to awaken the Monkey Spirit King. As long as he wakes up, everything will work out fine, wouldn't it?"

Manuel nodded. "Yes. You are correct."

This meant that Manuel had accepted the Eye Spirit's two conditions.

"So the lives of these people are at our disposal now?" Claire said, sneering menacingly.

The humans in the Ghost Mountain right now were facing imminent doom. Even if they had four Great Ghost Priests on their side, they stood no chance.

Before Manuel could answer, the Primeval Lord of Heaven piped up. "Master Manuel, the necklace of wolf teeth may not necessarily be the Ghost Master's obsession. Perhaps you should decide on this after the Ghost Master awakens."

Manuel paused to think it over.

"That's right. Please wake up the Ghost Master first. Then you could do whatever you like with these humans," he told the Eye Spirit.

Perhaps he could still use the Primeval Lord of Heaven, after all.

If the Thirteen Teeth Necklace failed to work, at least the Primeval Lord of Heaven would still be there to help figure things out.

If Manuel sent him to his death now, there was no undoing that.

"Great Ape King..."

Before Claire could argue, the Eye Spirit broke in, "That's fine with us. Very well, then. Let's do as you suggest."

Chapter 4083 Return The Energy Souls

Having dealt with the Snake Spirit Sect for so many years, the Eye Spirit knew very well the kind of temperament the Snake Masters had. And it was nothing good.

These powerful warriors were known to be capricious and tyrannical.

In front of any creatures of chaos, they always maintained an innate sense of superiority.

It was not impossible to negotiate terms with them, but that happened only when they themselves needed something rather urgently.

To be honest, even the monkeys were not much different from those snakes at this point...

Even if they were determined to get the wolf teeth, that didn't mean that the Element Spirit race could ask for anything in return, which was why the Eye Spirit had interrupted Claire.

Manuel turned his head and glanced at the Primeval Lord of Heaven. He then commanded in a curt tone, "Take the humans on the Ghost Altar to the eastern region. All the humans will not be allowed to go out during this period of time!"

The eastern region was the territory of the human race in the Ghost Mountain.

The guy had basically imprisoned all the humans just with a single sentence.

"Master Manuel..."

Emperor Charm was about to say something, but the Primeval Lord of Heaven coughed and interrupted him. He agreed instantly, "Yes, sir!"

Then he told Fuxi, the Snake Goddess and the others, "You guys, come on up!"

Zen, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasmin, as well as Campbell, who was at the moment, in the form of a Treacherous Being, leaped up and stood beside the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

And when King Ieuan, the three Eternal Realm Hunters flew up to follow them as well, a powerful force came crashing down on them.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Four muffled thuds were also heard after the large bang.

The four of them had been smashed down hard on the Ghost Altar.

And the smashing force was nothing small. After the dust had settled, King Ieuan tried to get up from the ground, but its legs seemed weak and it merely lay on the ground. Blood was gurgling out from the corner of its mouth.

The three Eternal Realm Hunters were also in a similar situation.

In fact, several of Thurston's and Sawyer's bones had been broken, and they could hardly even try to stand up. Only Pearson was in an okay-ish shape.

Looking around, they discovered it was Manuel who had slapped them down.

The he scolded with a harsh roar, "Just who the hell do you think you are? You are not even Great Ghost Priests, and you want to enter the third floor? I don't think so!"

In the eyes of the Monkey Masters, the Great Ghost Priests were nothing more than a group of slaves. Their sole job was to obey orders.

As for warriors from the many races of the Other Shore, they were nothing but a group of walking corpses to the Monkey Masters.

In retrospect, Manuel had spared their lives only because he didn't care enough to kill them.

Otherwise, if he had used just a little bit more strength, King Ieuan and the three Eternal Realm Hunters would have become a pile of meat paste.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven sighed in his heart and then explained, "Ordinary people are not allowed to enter the third floor of the Ghost Mountain. You can not follow us any further!"

After wiping the blood from its mouth, King Ieuan once again made an effort to get up from the ground.

To be honest, it was aware that it might not be a good thing for them to follow the other members of the company.

Once the wolf teeth really did wake up the Ghost Master, they would all die with the human race.

However, they had been with Zen and his group for a long time and they had gone through thick and thin with them. So naturally, they were unwilling to part ways with him.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven did not say anything more. He merely led Zen and the other humans into the space channel which led to the eastern region, the region where the human race resided.

Manuel then told the Eye Spirit, "You can come up now. Follow me. It's time to wake up the Ghost Master!"

The three members of the Element Spirit race, the Eye Spirit, Claire, and Gavyn jumped up and followed the Monkey Masters into the space channel.

When the Great Ghost Priests had left, the only ones left on the Ghost Altar were the Glede Demon race, the Grand Mighty race, the Red Demon race, the Eternal Realm Hunters and King Ieuan. The last two of the above were busy healing themselves.

"The situation doesn't seem good, Bacchus," Tate remarked in a long voice.

He had endured a long time of silence.

Now that everyone had left, the remaining people could finally speak freely.

"Those human beings are going to die, and since there is no point in letting you Glede Demon race survive, it is certain that you too will die," Murdock said.

"The territory of the Glede Demon race will be divided up by our Red Demon race and the Grand Mighty race, hahaha..." Tate laughed happily.

Over the years, the Red Demon race had suffered a lot at the hands of the Glede Demon race. Although the two were always involved in some sort of tussle, once the latter was gone, they could get their revenge in the form of occupying their territory.

Bacchus's face darkened.

The other three Glede Demons also looked pale at this prospect.

They often boasted that they were the most powerful race on the Night View Island, but now they were finally going to meet their end!

At that moment, King Ieuan suddenly spoke up, "It's too early for you to be celebrating."

Tate glanced at it coldly, "Why do you think so?"

"It's not that easy to wake up Treacherous Beings," Pearson chimed in as well. "It is not necessary true that those wolf teeth are the obsession of the Ghost Master."

"Yes." Thurston also nodded. "The Great Ghost Priest of the human race also said that just now. I really don't know why you guys are so confident. Never count your chickens before they are hatched!"

Tate and Murdock of course were aware of this.

Obsession was a mysterious and unpredictable thing.

Thurston's and Pearson's remarks gave Bacchus and the Glede Demons a slight glimmer of hope. And just a few feet away from them, members of the Red Demon race and the Grand Mighty race began to worry.

Far away in the eastern region on the third floor of the Ghost Mountain.

In addition to the four Great Ghost Priests, namely the Primeval Lord of Heaven, Emperor Charm, Chiyou, Zhurong, the other heroes of the human race were also residents of this area.

Over the long years, most of them had chosen to go to secluded places for cultivation. Some of them had been in isolation for millions or even tens of millions of years now...

Finally, it was today that the Primeval Lord of Heaven called them out one by one.

The real Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, the real Gonggong, the real Houyi, the real Buddha, the real Eastern Emperor Taiyi...

They were all very surprised at this summon. It was a rather unusual event.

The last time he had been here, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had simply collected their bloodlines one by one, which hadn't required him to gather everyone together.

"Old man, what are you calling us for in such a hurry?" the real Fuxi asked in confusion.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled. "There are some people you may want to meet."

As he finished his words, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others walked in from behind him.

When the real human heroes saw these members of Zen's company, they were all left stunned. The real Snake Goddess was the first to react. "Are these the avatars we sowed a long time ago? Have you succeeded in your mission?"

The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed with the same light as the real one. "Not yet."

"How did you find this place?" the real Snake Goddess asked once again.

It was already an extremely difficult task to enter the Three Purities Stage, and it was even more difficult to find a way into the Night View Island. In fact, the real Snake Goddess had always considered it to be impossible.

The other human heroes also looked at them in surprise.

At that time, Zen, who was standing next to the Primeval Lord of Heaven, spoke up, "It's a long story. The answer lies in the memories of the energy souls that you placed in the Creation Myth Temple."

After he finished speaking, energy souls of those human heroes emerged from the top of his head one after another.

When they saw their energy souls, their jaws dropped in shock...

The Snake Goddess was the first one to ask, "Did you go to the Creation Myth Temple? That book... "

"I have already carried it," Zen piped in.

Whoever carried the Civilization Artifact of the human race could be considered as their leader. This was a rule they had decided to follow since a long time ago and it was still binding.

The real Snake Goddess nodded. She didn't utter a word. Instead, she just waited for her energy soul to rush into her mind and began to merge with the memories of the energy soul...

From Stage Seventeen till now, every single memory was drilled into the minds of the real human heroes.

Through that assimilation process, they came to know Zen's name, the situation of the Source World, the reason why the passageway to the Night

View Island was repaired, and the unfathomable ancestry-level bloodline in Zen's body!

The moment the real Snake Goddess found out about the ancestry-level bloodline, she suddenly opened her eyes. She was so shocked that her face turned pale as her gaze turned towards the real Primeval Lord of Heaven.

However, the latter didn't say anything. Instead, he merely smiled at her in response.

Just now, he had merged with the memories of his energy soul, and he had had the same expression as the real Snake Goddess. In fact, his expressions had been much more exaggerated than the real Snake Goddess's.

Chapter 4084 A Sign Of Awakening

When they first reached the Eternal Realm, the Snake Goddess and the Primeval Lord of Heaven already speculated that

aside from the bloodlines in the outer and inner circles of the Eternal Scroll Painting, there should be even more powerful bloodlines that existed.

However, they did not know what kinds of bloodlines there were above the inner circles' bloodlines. After all, no one had ever studied it.

During their imprisonment in the Night View Island, four of them became the Great Ghost Priests and after they cleared many things with the Monkey Masters, they no longer felt that confused.

After all, they now knew that the bloodlines in the inner circles were called the root-level bloodlines, and above the root-level bloodlines were the origin-level bloodlines, which were four blended bloodlines.

In addition to the four bloodlines, the masters in the main world had also merged with many unique bloodlines.

For instance, the Monkey Spirit King had fused with thirteen types of bloodlines and was one of the most prominent creatures.

Since he had gotten to blend those bloodlines, then it meant that the Primeval Lord of Heaven could also do the same. Thus, he decided to give it a try, and only then did the human race have a safe place to settle down in the Ghost Mountain.

Still, putting aside the difficulty to blend the bloodlines, he also knew well that the chances of awakening the Monkey Spirit King through such a method were very slim.

There were many types of bloodlines in the Eternal Scroll Painting alone. According to the information from the Monkey Masters, there were also even more bloodlines in the main world.

It was much harder to form the thirteen bloodlines that the Monkey Spirit King had, through the permutation and combination of numerous bloodlines.

What made things worse was that the Primeval Lord of Heaven only had thirty-nine kinds of bloodlines in his hands. He could not use such a small number of bloodlines to create something that met the requirements of the Monkey Spirit King.

To everyone's surprise, though, he succeeded in blending the bloodlines for the first time, which slightly moved the sleeping Monkey Spirit King. Only then did the Monkey Masters allow him to keep trying out, and he finally felt a glimmer of hope.

However, just after he fused with his energy soul, he learned the damning truth.

In general, the ancestry-level bloodline had a total of four quadrants and three hundred and seventy-three abilities.

When he read the energy soul's memory, he became shocked and distressed.

It turned out that in the end, what he did was all in vain.

Anxiety overcame him as he thought about his useless efforts.

He felt so disappointed that everything passed by almost like a daydream.

As he moped in his sadness, he read more of his energy soul's memory.

Then, he was stunned by what he saw.

He saw that Zen had merged with the holy treasure of the Four Spirits Sect and the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

He shook his head again to be sure. Indeed, the young warrior had fused with it.

He could not contain his excitement when he first saw Zen, as he felt the aura of the blended bloodline. Could it be that he had obtained an origin-level bloodline?

That bloodline was more potent than the root-level bloodline! It was almost too good to be true.

However, he never expected the truth to be entirely beyond his boldest imagination!

How did he make it?

Did such an incredible thing really exist in the world?

Alas, the answer was not in the memory of the energy soul.

Zen himself did not know that, and the Primeval Lord of Heaven's energy soul was also confused.

The human heroes stood still and looked at Zen in disbelief. They all remained silent.

They felt dumbfounded when they saw the memories of their energy souls.

It would take a few hours, days, months, or even years for them to digest this information.

The silence lasted for a long time, until Chiyou decided to speak first. "You are my grandson," he said.

"Theoretically, that's the case." Zen nodded with a smile.

Chiyou's avatar was actually an independent individual.

Therefore, he did not have a daughter called Lorena in the 77th chaos.

In other words, Zen was the grandson of Chiyou's substitute.

"Ha-ha..." Chiyou laughed strangely. Among the thirty-nine heroes, his rank was not that high.

It was also mainly because of luck that he became a Great Ghost Priest.

Now that he knew about Zen's situation, he suddenly felt proud and self-satisfied.

'My bloodline created an incredible miracle, ' he thought.

"Your bloodline is out of control..."

Just as the real Fuxi was about to ask Zen regarding his lack of control of the ancestry-level bloodline, the Primeval Lord of Heaven raised his hand and gently made a gesture.

It was a gesture that asked him to keep silent.

After all, the Ghost Mountain belonged to the Monkey Masters, and they might eavesdrop on the human beings' conversation.

The ancestry-level bloodline was the holy treasure of the Four Spirits Sect. That was why it was a highly important matter that must be kept confidential.

In any case, they all knew about the same thing through their energy souls.

"The situation is still quite dangerous. The Element Spirit Civilization has followed the Monkey Masters to try to wake up the Ghost Master," the Snake Goddess said with a frown.

Everyone else also saw what she mentioned at the end of their memories, which was the scene on the Ghost Altar.

"We should stop the Element Spirit Civilization. With Zen's help, we can surely wake up the Ghost Master, as long as we give the Primeval Lord of Heaven some more time," said Zhurong.

Ultimately, Zen had the ancestry-level bloodline.

That alone could derive any kind of bloodline!

Many of the human heroes nodded in agreement. They thought that Zhurong's suggestion was reasonable.

"I'm not sure. At least we can't succeed in completing that task in a short period," the Primeval Lord of Heaven opposed and firmly shook his head.

Even Zen could not control the ancestry-level bloodline—sometimes it worked, and sometimes it did not. It was not easy to figure the reason out in a limited time.

"The Monkey Masters don't care who wakes up the Ghost Master," the real Snake Goddess said.

Since the Element Spirit Civilization had obtained the teeth, they might be able to wake up the Ghost Master. If that happened, then the humans would be useless to the Monkey Masters, and they could not stop that from happening at all.

"Then we can only place our hopes on..." At that moment, Fuxi waved his hand.

"We can only hope that the Element Spirit Civilization would fail," said the real Fuxi.

Everyone was silent again, and they just hid their hesitance and unwillingness under their bright gazes.

Zen had gone all the way to the Night View Island, and he was the best gift given to the human race. Unfortunately, the Element Spirit Civilization was like a ghost that chased after them all the time, which always made them feel stressed and worried.

Now, they could only wish that the Element Spirit Civilization would fail.

Just then, Manuel pushed open the large door and led the Eye Spirit in.

When the Eye Spirit entered, his eyeball contracted sharply.

Behind the large door was a massive throne, where a mountain-like creature sat.

It was the Monkey Spirit King, Orlando.

He was one of the strongest sect leaders of the Four Spirits Sect.

Even if there were hostility-level, resentment-level, and hatred-level Treacherous Beings, all the Monkey Masters were greater than all of them.

And the Monkey Spirit King outranked them all.

The Monkey Spirit King was also a Treacherous Being, but he looked like he did not have a lot of the Treacherous Being's features. Instead, he looked like an immensely powerful physical body.

The Monkey Spirit King sat on the enormous throne as if he had fallen asleep, with his big, ferocious head tilted to the side and his eyes tightly closed.

The Eye Spirit could hardly imagine what kind of light and horrible pressure the Monkey Spirit King's eyes would release when he woke up

him.

Manuel stretched out his hand.

Four wolf teeth had appeared in his palm.

There were already three wolf teeth in the Ghost Mountain, and plus the one that the Eye Spirit gave to the cyan-skinned Great Ghost Priest, there were four wolf teeth in total.

As soon as Manuel displayed the four wolf teeth in front, Orlando slightly moved on the throne. It was a sign of his awakening.

Chapter 4085 The Thirteen Teeth Necklace

This kind of movement was not rare among Treacherous Beings.

All of them—even hostility-level and resentment-level ones—were capable of acting strangely at certain times. This habit made them difficult to control.

Manuel had come here several times to attempt to awaken the Monkey Spirit King with three wolf teeth. But after repeated failures, he had decided to give it up.

Now, however, Manuel saw an opportunity. He looked eagerly at the Eye Spirit, hoping he would be able to take out the nine remaining wolf teeth.

The Eye Spirit did not move. Four wolf teeth hovered in front of him, slowly rotating in midair, but he did not hand the rest over.

Several moments passed. Finally, Manuel became anxious at the wait. He said urgently, "Where are the nine remaining wolf teeth?"

"I can't give them to you now," the Eye Spirit replied calmly.

"Why not?" Manuel asked. His voice was very cold.

He didn't have the patience to wait any longer.

After all, the Monkey Masters considered it humiliating to ask the help of the creatures from the chaos.

"By the order of Master Sewell," answered the Eye Spirit. "He said that you must leave here before he hands over the remaining wolf teeth."

Manuel scowled. So it was Sewell.

He was one of the strongest Snake Masters in the Snake Spirit Sect.

Indeed, he had a status similar to Manuel's in the Snake Spirit Sect.

Manuel was familiar with Sewell's power and status.

"Did that snake say that?" Manuel demanded.

"I am not lying to you," said the Eye Spirit. "The fact is that I work for Master Sewell, and only he has the ability to take out the nine remaining wolf teeth."

Manuel stared grimly at the Eye Spirit and asked, "Do you have his coordinates?"

"Yes."

"Contact him and tell him I want to see him," Manuel ordered, not bothering to be polite.

The Eye Spirit was unmoved. "Master Sewell does not want to see you. That's one of the necessary conditions to wake up the Monkey Spirit King."

Although the Eye Spirit had seemed very weak before, he was acting aggressive now. Facing Manuel alone, he was stern and unyielding.

Now that he had mentioned Sewell, it was clear he had no intention of giving way.

A hint of cautious hesitation rose in Manuel's eyes.

Even if the Monkey Spirit King hadn't awakened, he was not to be trifled with.

If the Eye Spirit and his companions dared to play any tricks, they would be courting death.

With thirteen wolf teeth, the Ghost Master would be resurrected. At that point, nothing else would matter.

"Very well," said Manuel, coming to a decision. "I shall leave."

He turned and walked towards the door.

As he left, the door slammed with a bang behind him.

When Manuel had gone, silence fell over the huge space.

The Monkey Spirit King released a solemn aura, spreading an invisible mood of gloom and grimness throughout the space.

The Eye Spirit stared at the Monkey Spirit King above him. A strange golden Sanskrit word appeared in his eyeball. The glowing word spun more and more rapidly, emanating growing brightness, until it turned into a bright golden ball.

Once the golden ball had stopped spinning, it dissolved and formed itself into three cross stars. The stars were put together with the longest part of each cross star pointing in the same direction. They were pointed at Sewell's coordinates.

All of the Treacherous Beings had their own coordinates, but most of them were unaware of this. They knew that they would revive in a certain place, but they didn't know where that place would be.

Only the senior leaders of the Four Spirits Sect knew how to extract the coordinates.

They would even destroy the coordinates, which was the only effective way to kill the Treacherous Beings once and for all.

Suddenly, there was a hissing sound.

A small white snake began emerging from the coordinates.

He was Sewell.

As soon as his head was formed, Sewell stared up at the huge Monkey Spirit King, his eyes full of greed.

"Monkey Spirit King, Orlando. You have done your task well, Eye Spirit," said Sewell.

The Eye Spirit accepted the praise calmly. "Thank you."

"You know, this is the most powerful weapon," Sewell said. "Nothing in the world can surpass it."

"But as one of the leaders of the Four Spirits Sect, how could the Monkey Spirit King be ordered around by anyone?" the Eye Spirit asked.

He knew that once the Monkey Spirit King sided with the Snake Spirit Sect, the long-lasting war in the Jade Pure Realm would come to an end.

But why would a being as powerful as the Monkey Spirit King follow the orders of the Snake Spirit Sect?

"Of course, the sober Monkey Spirit King won't. However, an unconscious Monkey Spirit King will do as we ask," Sewell replied.

"So you don't want the Monkey Spirit King to wake up?" the Eye Spirit said, sounding surprised.

"Of course he can't wake up!" snapped Sewell.

If the Monkey Spirit King woke up, he would get to know the turmoil and conspiracy that had happened, and he would not let go of the Snake Spirit Sect.

Awakening the Monkey Spirit King would unleash a formidable enemy against the Snake Spirit Sect.

The Eye Spirit was uncertain about the soundness of this approach, but he said nothing.

If Sewell said so, then he must be confident.

Sewell stretched out, and his long body rose, coiling around the Eye Spirit.

Sewell hissed softly, and the Sanskrit words on his body lit up.

As the Sanskrit words began to glow, one after another, nine more small pupils appeared in the eyeball of the Eye Spirit. These small pupils dilated to reveal a set of exquisite wolf teeth.

There was a roaring sound, accompanied by a deep rumbling.

On his huge throne, the Monkey Spirit King shifted, and each movement was loud and noisy.

The Monkey Spirit King felt the Thirteen Teeth Necklace, which was the thing he was most familiar with.

In truth, the bloodline auras contained within wolf teeth were rather weak. But he was intimately familiar with them because they were his obsession.

The Monkey Spirit King's head was tilted downwards, facing the throne. But he slowly lifted his head as a pair of enormous eyes began to open.

His eyes immediately fixed on the sight of the thirteen wolf teeth. He stopped moving, his face filling with uncertainty and confusion.

However, outside the gate, the Monkey Masters let out cheers of excitement.

"Our king is about to awaken!"

"We have been waiting for countless years!"

"Our long wait is over at last!"

If they could cry, their faces would be streaked with tears of joy and anticipation.

Meanwhile, inside the gate, Sewell spat something out of his mouth.

Three strands of venom shot out, long and gleaming, like sharp arrows.

Each strand had a different color. One was dark red, another was pitch black, and the third was colored a vibrant green.

The strands of venom were thick and dense. As soon as Sewell spat them out, they began solidifying into three slender ropes.

The rope strands intertwined with one another, their pointed ends aimed towards the wolf teeth. As the braided strand drilled through the small holes in the wolf teeth, stringing them together, it formed a complete Thirteen Teeth Necklace.

Sewell opened his jaws and took the Thirteen Teeth Necklace gently in his fangs. He slithered towards the Monkey Spirit King.

In the normal course of things, no one dared to approach the Monkey Spirit King unless directly ordered to do so, or they would get trampled to death.

Even before he had awoken, no one could avoid his kicks, and so they left him alone.

However, the Monkey Spirit King was still slightly dazed and confused, and he allowed Sewell to approach unharmed.

The Monkey Spirit King was not inclined to attack Sewell when he was holding the precious Thirteen Teeth Necklace in his mouth.

The only sound in the space was of Sewell moving closer and closer.

He reached the body of the Monkey Spirit King and began twining his snake form around him.

Eventually he reached the shoulder of the Monkey Spirit King. He flicked his head and released the Thirteen Teeth Necklace, throwing it high into the air.

The necklace rapidly expanded in midair. It soared upwards, increasing in size, then fell down around the neck of the Monkey Spirit King.

Chapter 4086 A Dream

The instant the Thirteen Teeth Necklace draped around his neck, the Monkey Spirit King, who had been restless, suddenly became serene.

His originally cloudy eyes gradually turned clear, and they filled with great wisdom.

Whoosh!

Sewell quickly slid down from the shoulder of the Monkey Spirit King.

"Master Sewell, does this mean the Monkey Spirit King has awakened now?" the Eye Spirit asked worriedly.

Anyone, upon seeing the Monkey Spirit King's crystal eyes, would suspect that he had awakened if they didn't know the truth.

"Not so fast," Sewell cautioned with a chuckle.

Then he slithered and twisted his body.

The Sanskrit words painted all over the snake began to flicker in a rapid succession.

As Sewell continued to coil his body, the three-colored rope that had strung the thirteen wolf teeth together now began to jiggle around the Monkey Spirit King's neck.

A strand of rope separated from the cord and penetrated into the base of the Monkey Spirit King's skull.

If something else had penetrated the Monkey Spirit King's body, he would've rejected it automatically. However, the Thirteen Teeth Necklace was the most cherished treasure to him, so he had no qualms at all about the three-colored rope extended into his brain!

After the three-colored strand bored into the back of his head, it began to unravel inside.

One single strand was subdivided into three, and then three into nine, followed by nine into eighty-one...

In the blink of an eye, tens of thousands of three-colored strands unraveled inside the Monkey Spirit King's head. These strands formed thin needles that pierced into his brain one by one.

Swoosh!

The Monkey Spirit King abruptly raised his head, and then he lifted and stamped his left foot.

Boom!

The entire hall shook violently, and even the Eye Spirit was startled by this unexpected action.

"Don't panic. That is merely a reflex reaction as the Three Resentments Poison infiltrates deeper into his brain..." Sewell explained. "Slowly, the Three Resentments Poison will assume control over his hands, feet, and then his entire body..."

While he was explaining, the Monkey Spirit King lifted and stamped his right foot.

Boom!

The hall began reverberating with the shock.

Once the Monkey Spirit King had stamped both his feet, he suddenly rose from his throne and took a stride forward!

The Eye Spirit and Sewell were both within range of the Monkey Spirit King's next footfall.

"Fall back!"

Seeing the huge sole of a raised foot coming towards them, Sewell had his expression changed slightly.

He and the Eye Spirit quickly rushed out of reach to avoid being trampled.

Bang! Bang!

After taking two ponderous steps forward, the Monkey Spirit King became immobile again.

After seeing the Monkey Spirit King's mechanical movements, the Eye Spirit could venture a guess regarding the workings of the Three Resentments Poison.

The Three Resentments Poison could assume control over the Monkey Spirit King's unconscious body, making him become like a puppet on a string.

However, once the Monkey Spirit King regained his consciousness, it would be a piece of cake for him to assume control over his body, given his formidable strength.

Although he felt it was impolite to doubt Sewell, he still decided to voice his doubts.

Sewell hissed and chuckled. "Of course, it would be impossible to take control of the great Monkey Spirit King with merely the Three Resentments Poison," he said. "During this process, we'll have to erase all of his memories!"

"Is that even possible?" the Eye Spirit asked in awe.

"We can't do it at other times, but we can achieve that during the process of his awakening," Sewell replied, looking at the Eye Spirit. "There's no need for you to fret. We're well prepared for this whole process."

The Snake Masters had been making their preparations for this plan for countless years, and they had considered anything that the Eye Spirit could think of.

At this moment, the Monkey Spirit King's consciousness remained in a blur.

He had been slumbering for a very, very long time, having sunk into a deep and infinite dream.

This dream was like being wrapped in shackles that he could not resist. Despite being the great Monkey Spirit King, he was unable to break free from it.

However, he was crystal clear about one thing: he had died in the chaos.

He required something to return him to life and wake him up. That something was the Thirteen Teeth Necklace; his most cherished treasure, which had been his possession for countless years.

The Monkey Spirit King would have been unable to lead all his subordinates or form one part of the Four Spirits Sect without his thirteen greatest theurgies.

'Bring my powers back!

Bring them back to me!

My descendants, you must find them for me!'

For countless years, the Monkey Spirit King had been making these calls night and day.

Any creature within a 10, 000-mile range of him would hear his calls.

His calls penetrated through the dreamland and echoed within everyone's minds.

At first, his calls had elicited positive responses. After the first couple of chaotic eras, he had seen the first wolf tooth appearing at the edge of the dreamland.

The Monkey Spirit King had celebrated this. His descendants had begun to move on his behalf!

After about twenty more chaotic eras, they discovered the second wolf tooth for him.

Another fifty chaotic eras passed, and the third wolf tooth was found...

The progress was painfully slow, but the Monkey Spirit King held on to the hope of his revival.

Given the speed at which his descendants collected the wolf teeth, they could collect all of them in about three hundred chaotic eras.

Finally, he would then be able to leave this damned 'dream.'

But the next development disappointed him.

After the third wolf tooth had been found, the fourth one didn't appear for a long time.

This was a bad omen.

Had something disastrous befallen his descendants?

Had they given up on helping him find the remaining wolf teeth?

He repeated his echoing calls to the outside world again and again, enticing them to look for the wolf teeth. But from that point on, the remaining wolf teeth never appeared.

After another lengthy period of time, the Monkey Spirit King sensed a special and powerful bloodline, and it had the aura of a blended bloodline. This aura could also penetrate through the dreamland, and he felt it.

However, this new presence didn't please the Monkey Spirit King, instead, it further disappointed him.

It meant that his descendants had failed to locate the remaining wolf teeth and had started to look for an alternative solution.

But any alternative plans were doomed to fail!

The thirteen kinds of blended bloodlines were rare combinations of the ancestry-level bloodline's abilities.

It was no small feat to form a stable blended bloodline. Even the Monkey Spirit King himself would have found it hard to recreate the thirteen different blended bloodlines he possessed.

Besides, his descendants were now living in the chaos, and they couldn't return to the main world.

He waited in dismay for many more chaotic eras.

Except for the occasional instance of a blended bloodline or two, he could no longer sense the presence of a new wolf tooth.

Another thousand chaotic eras rolled away. Then, suddenly, the Monkey Spirit King sensed the fourth wolf tooth!

His hope was rekindled after more than one thousand chaotic eras!

The Monkey Spirit King was overcome with excitement.

This dream resembled a prison, and it required thirteen keys to open it!

Hope shone in the Monkey Spirit King's mind again.

He didn't mind the long wait. As long as the number of wolf teeth multiplied, he would find new hope all the time.

But after only a short span of time, the Monkey Spirit King was surprised to sense all nine remaining wolf teeth!

All of the thirteen wolf teeth had been located!

They had formed a circle, and floated together at the edge of the dreamland.

"I am Orlando! King of all monkey spirits! I will return to you today!"

the Monkey Spirit King roared with excitement, the echoes of his voice spreading throughout the dreamland.

He expected the wolf teeth floating around the edge of the dreamland to come into focus in his mind.

The power of these thirteen wolf teeth would penetrate into the dreamland, returning him to life.

But soon, the Monkey Spirit King discovered something was amiss. The three-colored rope stringing the wolf teeth together was emitting a strange aura.

More importantly, the wolf teeth didn't come into focus in his eyes but remained blurry.

A sense of ill-boding rose in the Monkey Spirit King's mind.

Chapter 4087 Turning Point

The Monkey Spirit King knew that he was currently a Treacherous Being.

The Four Spirits Sect had long found about the secret of the Treacherous Being, and they were able to study and research more about it.

It was known that the main world and the secondary worlds had completely different natures.

Indeed, the creatures born from the main world almost looked exactly the same as those from the secondary worlds in terms of appearance, physical attributes, soul, and inner world. However, that was just what it looked like.

It was also a fact that creatures born from the main world had an attribute that those from the secondary worlds didn't have.

The interesting part was this attribute couldn't be displayed in the main world.

For example, if a certain creature of the main world was killed, then it would die. Its blood would be drained out, and its corpse would rot. Ultimately, it would return to dust.

However, that wasn't the case when this creature was brought to the secondary world.

If it was killed in a secondary world, the corpse would also decay and turn to dust.

But afterward, it would revive in the form of a Treacherous Being.

It was said that the Treacherous Being body was a form of special protection for the creatures of the main world. It would be difficult for anyone to kill it, and even if someone did, it could still revive.

Originally, the location where the Treacherous Being would revive was also the place where it formerly died, and it was intended to be immovable.

These things were what the Monkey Spirit King knew about the Treacherous Being body.

While possessing incredible power and being able to revive repeatedly were definite advantages, a Treacherous Being also had a major drawback—the process of its awakening.

The stronger one's strength originally was, the stronger obsession that person would need to complete their awakening.

Thus it was very difficult to fulfil the Monkey Spirit King's obsession and achieve his awakening.

The Monkey Spirit King was badly hurt just before he died.

The Thirteen Teeth Necklace had disintegrated, and it was nearly impossible to collect and gather all the wolf teeth back.

Now that the wolf teeth had appeared today, the Monkey Spirit King had instantly felt that something wrong was going on.

And when he saw the three-colored rope, his hunch grew stronger.

He tried his best to remain calm and assess what was going on.

Upon giving it a lot of thought, he discerned that the creatures outside were not his descendants.

They were here to plot something against him.

Although it was already clear for the Monkey Spirit King that the situation was very critical, he still didn't understand much about the other party's intention.

The field of dream should be totally safe.

It should block all kinds of danger and anything that was beyond his obsession.

'What's going on? What's with this three-colored rope?'

Just as the Monkey Spirit King was still contemplating and inspecting the three-colored rope, it suddenly disentangled and divided into three parts—red, black, and green strands. Then, in front of his eyes, the ropes became snakes that started drilling towards the edge of the dream world.

"Snakes!

Cornelius, that bastard!

I'm already at such a miserable state, but he still wants to kill me!"

The Monkey Spirit King was shocked at first. Then grief and indignation consumed him.

After over a thousand chaotic eras, his hatred had gradually dissipated.

However, when he saw the three snakes of different colors, the hideous memories in his heart and mind resurfaced once again.

At this moment, the snakes were probing at the edge of the dream.

The edge of the dream was very mysterious, and it was supposed to be a special line of defense for a Treacherous Being.

According to the memory of the Monkey Spirit King, it should be impossible even for the Four Spirits Sect to break through.

However, a thousand chaotic eras had already passed. No one knew of the progress they made. He couldn't rule out the possibility that they were able to come up with a method to break into the dream world.

As the Monkey Spirit King pondered on this thought, his eyes suddenly widened as it turned out that his guess was spot on.

The three snakes that were probing the edge of the dream had finally broken in without much resistance.

'This is bad... I have to run!'

The Monkey Spirit King immediately realized that his life was in danger.

He had to get out of there as soon as possible.

The farther he could distance himself from the snakes, the better.

If this was really Cornelius's doing, then he had to somehow think of a way to get through this.

At first glance, the world of dream seemed to be boundless, but in reality, certain boundaries were in place.

The Monkey Spirit King kept on retreating as the snakes continued extending their bodies, chasing him at an incredible speed.

The world of dream was actually the territory of the Monkey Spirit King. Inside it, his speed couldn't be matched. However, to his astonishment, the snakes chasing after him were close behind. It seemed that their speed was just almost the same as the Monkey Spirit King.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Meanwhile, as the Monkey Spirit King was running away from the little snakes in his dream world, his huge body outside was also having an intense reaction.

He was like a drunken creature, insanely running around.

Crash!

With a few steps, the huge body of the Treacherous Being slammed into the wall of the hall.

The impact shook the entire Ghost Mountain violently as if a big ship was about to overturn during a vicious storm.

Outside the hall, the Monkey Masters became worried as they continued hearing the loud sounds from inside.

"What's going on?"

"Shouldn't we go in and have a look?"

"Is the Ghost Master going to be okay?"

Looking at the closed door, Manuel shook his head and firmly said, "This is a sign of his awakening.

We'll just wait here and see it through."

Some Treacherous Beings' movements were big and loud when their awakening was nearing completion, so it wasn't strange for the Monkey Spirit King to exhibit this behavior.

Moreover, Manuel had always been a man of his word. He promised the Eye Spirit that he would just wait outside, so he intended to keep that.

At the same time, the Eye Spirit and Sewell were constantly dodging the body of the Monkey Spirit King.

The Monkey Spirit King kept on moving and colliding with things inside the hall.

His movements were also kind of irregular and inconsistent, so they had to be vigilant and avoid being hit by him.

"Master Sewell, is everything going to be okay?" the Eye Spirit asked as they continued observing the Monkey Spirit King inside the hall. "Of course, it is," Sewell replied with a grin on his face. His eyes actually lit up as he couldn't hide his excitement.

"The Three Resentments Poison already drilled into his dream world. Sooner or later, his capture would be inevitable!" he continued.

"Is the world of dream that big?" the Eye Spirit asked again.

He wasn't a Treacherous Being, but he seemed very curious about it. "Yes, it's very big. Not only that, but it's also extremely difficult to penetrate it.

A long time ago, we couldn't invade even the hostility-level Treacherous Beings' dreams, let alone the ones from powerful masters like the Monkey Spirit King," explained Sewell.

Throughout a thousand chaotic eras, the Snake Masters had all become Treacherous Beings. They dedicated themselves to do more researches and experiments to further their understanding.

For example, originally, the location where the Treacherous Beings revived was supposed to be fixed. One had to revive wherever their bodies died.

However, the Snake Masters and the Bird Masters could now move them to any location.

Likewise, they had also figured out the method to invade one's dream world.

Since only the Treacherous Beings' obsessions could break open their dreams, all they needed to do was to combine the trap with their corresponding obsession.

After the Eye Spirit listened to Sewell's explanation, his eyeball was filled with awe and respect.

These Snake Masters really deserved to be called as the powerful masters of the Four Spirits Sect. They even came up with a specific method to obtain the Treacherous Being body of a powerful master like the Monkey Spirit King. It was such a fearsome breakthrough.

However, although the Snake Masters had carefully organized a thorough plan, they had missed a crucial point.

According to Sewell's arrangement, the three snakes formed by the Three Resentments Poison should have entered the dream world along with the thirteen wolf teeth.

If the Monkey Spirit King wanted to leave the dream, he needed to get a hold of the Thirteen Teeth Necklace first. But once he obtained it, he would definitely be entangled by the Three Resentments Poison. In one way or another, the Monkey Spirit King should have no way to escape.

However, the problem was that although the wolf teeth were already on the edge of the dream, they were still in a blurry state.

This only meant that the wolf teeth didn't actually enter the dream.

Meanwhile, the three snakes continued to extend their bodies and chased the Monkey Spirit King down.

The Monkey Spirit King kept running until he saw a dead end.

A shiver ran down his spine, as he knew that he was in a complete bind. However, as he turned around and looked at the snakes chasing at him, he was stunned and confused at the same time.

The snakes had straightened their bodies and were unable to move forward anymore.

"Wait. What happened?"

The Monkey Spirit King inspected the bodies of the snakes until his gaze went all the way to the thirteen wolf teeth at their end.

As he noticed that the wolf teeth were still in a blurry state, a huge smile immediately emerged on his face. He instantly understood what was going on and the former terrified expression on his face was replaced with ecstasy.

The three little snakes had come into the dream world, but the wolf teeth did not.

The bodies of the snakes couldn't extend indefinitely, as the wolf teeth prevented them and dragged them back outside of the dream.

"But how did this happen?" While the Monkey Spirit King was overjoyed that he was now safe, he was also confused about what had just happened. "It could only mean one thing.

The wolf teeth are not my obsession?"

74

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 4088 Escape
Chapter 4089 Competition
Chapter 4090 Take A Risk
Chapter 4091 Tear Apart
Chapter 4092 Promise
Chapter 4093 At A Loss
Chapter 4094 The Energy Of A Drop Of Blood (Part One)
Chapter 4095 The Energy Of A Drop Of Blood (Part Two)
Chapter 4096 The Smart Monkey Spirit King
Chapter 4097 One Goal
Chapter 4098 Replenish (Part One)
Chapter 4099 Replenish (Part Two)
Chapter 4100 The Origin Of The Ancestry-level Bloodline
Chapter 4101 Records
Chapter 4102 Bold Conjecture House
Chapter 4103 A Method
Chapter 4104 Coral Blood Sword
Chapter 4105 Reckless
Chapter 4106 Request
Chapter 4107 Eliminate Hidden Dangers
Chapter 4108 The Red Stairs
Chapter 4109 I'm Human
Chapter 4110 Suspicion
Chapter 4111 A Damaged Sword
Chapter 4112 Black
Chapter 4113 Holy Item
Chapter 4114 The Danger (Part One)
Chapter 4115 The Danger (Part Two)
Chapter 4116 The Sky
Chapter 4117 Everything Was Under Control
Chapter 4118 The Strongest Hatred
Chapter 4119 Cut Ties
Chapter 4120 Kill Them
Chapter 4121 The Last Bit Of Obsession (Part One)
Chapter 4122 The Last Bit Of Obsession (Part Two)

Chapter 4123 Absolute Trust
Chapter 4124 Life And Death Holy Way
Chapter 4125 An Indestructible Enemy
Chapter 4126 Outnumbered
Chapter 4127 The Fight Is Over
Chapter 4128 The Next Goal
Chapter 4129 The Black Phoenix Candle
Chapter 4130 Bad News
Chapter 4131 Unexpected
Chapter 4132 Irreconcilable
Chapter 4133 Countermeasures
Chapter 4134 Confronting
Chapter 4135 The Helper
Chapter 4136 The Battle Of Consciousness
Chapter 4137 Abnormal Phenomena
Chapter 4138 Show Up
Chapter 4139 Initiate Zen Into Cultivation
Chapter 4140 A Conjecture
Chapter 4141 A New Flesh World
Chapter 4142 Rebuilding
Chapter 4143 The Only Shelter

Chapter 4088 Escape

It was quite obvious that the Monkey Spirit King was very much obsessed with the wolf teeth.

The thirteen wolf teeth did appear at the edge of the dream and were, in fact, very real.

However, the sight of the teeth seemed to have triggered something in his memory.

The Monkey Spirit King's eyes suddenly flashed!

When the necklace broke, the thirteen wolf teeth that made it up also got damaged.

The Monkey Spirit King wanted not just the teeth but also the bloodline theurgies they contained.

These thirteen bloodlines once formed the foundation of his strength and were even stronger than the four origin-level bloodlines, especially when combined with his trillions of years of experience.

When the wolf teeth broke, their bloodline power also disappeared, so they were unable to enter his dream.

At that moment, the Monkey Spirit King felt both joy and regret.

The loss of bloodline power in those wolf teeth had saved his life but he still felt immensely disappointed.

To wake up, he needed the thirteen wolf teeth that were rich in bloodline power, which was highly unlikely to appear. There did not seem to be that much hope for him.

Back in the hall, the Eye Spirit and Sewell continued to observe the Monkey Spirit King.

They'd been waiting for an hour but the Monkey Spirit King had still yet to make any movements.

Sewell's anxiousness seeped into the air and the Eye Spirit easily sensed it but he did not say anything.

After a while, Sewell's patience ran out.

"Something's wrong."

The Monkey Spirit King's self-consciousness should have been removed by the Three Resentments Poison.

It shouldn't take such a long time.

Whoosh!

Unable to take it anymore, Sewell decided to crawl onto the Monkey Spirit King's body.

As he approached the Thirteen Teeth Necklace, he laid his long tail onto the three-colored rope.

Through it, he was able to see something.

It was quite blurry but to Sewell, the scene was clear enough to make him pale with fright.

The wolf teeth couldn't enter the Monkey Spirit King's dream.

What in the world should they do now?!

Preparations for this day were incredibly extensive and meticulous. The Snake Masters planned it all to the dot. Nobody ever expected something like this to occur!

Not even Sewell, resourceful as he might be, knew what to do.

Knock! Knock!

Just then, a knock on the door interrupted their thoughts. It was Manuel.

It seemed that he couldn't help himself and had to take a look at what was happening.

Sewell's eyes glimmered and he called out to the Eye Spirit below, "Come up here!"

The Eye Spirit had no idea what Sewell was up to but he still flew straight up just as he told him to.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Manuel continued to knock but to no avail.

With no answer, he and the Monkey Masters decided to just burst in with a bang!

The sight of Sewell on the Monkey Spirit King's shoulder made Manuel incredibly angry. He quickly shot Sewell a ferocious glare. "What are you doing, Sewell?!"

Sewell smirked. "I was planning on just leaving quietly but since you burst in so rudely..."

Whoosh!

With Sewell in control of his body, the Monkey Spirit King took a step forward and swung his fist towards Manuel!

Unfortunately, the Monkey Spirit King was a bit clumsy due to the Three Resentments Poison.

Manuel, as the Great Ape King, was only second to the Monkey Spirit King, so a clumsy punch wasn't going to be enough to knock him down.

His reaction was fast and he was able to dodge the Monkey Spirit King's attack.

The same could not be said for the other Monkey Masters behind him who had to suffer the blow because they did not move fast enough.

Bang!

With that strike, the entirety of the Ghost Mountain shook violently.

The punch had sent the Monkey Masters straight onto the wall!

What was once solid brick was now a smashed hole.

Had they been ordinary creatures then that clumsy punch would've been enough to kill them.

Fortunately, they were Treacherous Beings who could only die through the Light of Annihilation.

No matter how hard the Monkey Spirit King punched them, it would do nothing.

Manuel, in an effort to avoid the Monkey Spirit King's strike, did a somersault and climbed up along his arm.

He did not need to fight the Monkey Spirit King head-on. All he had to do was get rid of Sewell.

The Eye Spirit turned to Sewell as Manuel made his way to them. "Do you want me to stop him?"

"No. You won't be able to anyway," Sewell told him.

He knew that the Eye Spirit was no match for Manuel.

As soon as Sewell finished speaking, he suddenly hissed.

The Eye Spirit did not see him move but it seemed that Sewell had already launched his attack.

Manuel, who had been climbing the Monkey Spirit King's arm suddenly began to move and maneuver around acrobatically, as if trying to avoid numerous deadly weapons heading his way.

In a way, the Shadowless Poisonous Lines were indeed deadly weapons of the Snake Spirit Sect.

These things were incredibly difficult to detect because they were almost invisible.

They could not kill Treacherous Beings but they helped to greatly reduce their speed.

In a battle of this level, the slightest loss of speed could spell defeat.

Fortunately for Manuel, he was no ordinary Monkey Master and had extremely strong sensibility.

He was able to weave through the Shadowless Poisonous Lines. Manuel was light on his feet and was able to quickly reach the Monkey Spirit King's shoulder at lightning speed.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

His opponent's arrival seemed to have made Sewell a bit anxious.

To deter Manuel's approach, Sewell decided to set forth more Shadowless Poisonous Lines to his opponent.

It seemed to have worked since the look in Manuel's eyes grew even more cautious.

"Upper left!" he shouted.

True enough, there was a hole on the upper left that he suddenly jumped into.

Bang!

As soon as he came out of the hole, however, the Monkey Spirit King's huge palm slapped down on his head.

Manuel was directly smashed onto the second floor of the Ghost Mountain as a result.

A trace of ridicule appeared in Sewell's eyes as he looked at the crater Manuel created. "As a Treacherous Being now, you're still as stupid as before."

Wasting no time at all, Sewell manipulated the Monkey Spirit King's body to stretch out his hands into the wall and fiercely pull it apart!

Rumble!

With the Monkey Spirit King's continued assault, cracks soon appeared on the surface of the Ghost Mountain's center line.

It seemed he was determined to tear the entire Ghost Mountain apart!

Right now, it would be appropriate to say that everything was a mess.

Members of the Red Demon race, Grand Mighty race, and Glede Demon race continued to wait patiently on the Ghost Altar.

Soon enough, light began to permeate the west wall.

To their shock, the indestructible Ghost Mountain crumbled right before their very eyes!

Decker had stayed in a separate room.

Bainbridge had brought him there to meet the Monkey Masters.

It was a fairly big deal to have fused with the Ghost Master's pet so he definitely had to meet them.

Unfortunately, the matter regarding the Eye Spirit and the wolf teeth took all of the Monkey Masters' attention so they did not bother to respond to Bainbridge's request at all.

Thus, Bainbridge had no choice but to lock Decker in that room until such time that the Monkey Masters would be able to meet him.

Despite his situation, Decker were not desperate.

He held his glazed sheet carefully and took a look at Cary.

Cary was a hatred-level Treacherous Being.

Just having him by Decker's side, even for a moment, was worth it.

At that moment, however, the side of the room suddenly collapsed. The Ghost Mountain had split into two!

As Decker held on and planted himself flat on the other wall, he saw a huge monkey leap out of the mountain.

This monkey took a step on the Ghost Mountain before launching himself onto the Night View Island.

Decker was, in a word, confused. Extremely confused.

He felt a strong, treacherous aura from the huge monkey so he was surely a Treacherous Being.

But could such a powerful Treacherous Being truly exist?

Chapter 4089 Competition

In the eastern region of the Ghost Mountain, the human heroes could also feel the earth quaking violently.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven looked a bit sullen, his eyes downcast in frustration.

He knew that the only one who could cause such a ruckus was the Monkey Spirit King.

This had happened before. When the Primeval Lord of Heaven showed the blended bloodline to the Monkey Spirit King, the earth trembled, similar to now.

Such a violent reaction could only mean that the Monkey Spirit King reacted strongly to the wolf teeth, and that he was about to wake up.

The real Snake Goddess, real Fuxi, Zhurong and Chiyou all knew what the quaking earth entailed.

Everyone stood about anxiously, and the atmosphere darkened with worry.

No one was willing to sit and wait for imminent death.

"If the Monkey Spirit King really wakes up, will the Monkey Masters attack us?" a human hero asked.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded affirmatively. "Yes."

They were just vassals to the Monkey Masters in the Ghost Mountain.

The Monkey Masters wouldn't hesitate to abandon vassals.

"Should we try to fight back?" asked Emperor Charm apprehensively.

"Of course," answered Fuxi without hesitation.

Even if death was imminent, there was no way they were going to die without putting up a fight.

They all knew the consequence of their resistance.

Even if they had the Light of Annihilation and the hatred-level Treacherous Beings on their side, they were still no match for the Monkey Masters.

Moreover, the Monkey Spirit King was bound to wake up soon. When he did, the disparity in strength would be unfathomable.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

The vibrations of the Ghost Mountain came one after another, becoming more and more intense with each one that passed.

Zen frowned deeply as he observed the looks of uneasiness in his companions. "Is there any way to escape?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven shook his head sadly. "Not in this condition."

At least, there was a chance for the Great Ghost Priests to leave.

But they had to ask permission from the Monkey Masters first. Otherwise they could only leave if they were assigned tasks.

Before, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had once devised a plan to repair the passageway of the Night View Island, and they wanted to give it a try. So, the Monkey Masters had allowed them to temporarily leave the Ghost Mountain.

However, his plan had failed, and the passageway of the Night View Island remained broken.

Now, the human race was practically under house arrest. The chances of them being allowed to leave were slim.

At this point, everyone was at a loss for ideas. Just then, the vibrations ringing throughout the mountain intensified to an almost unbearable level.

The whole mountain shook violently, as though it were about to snap any second now.

Rumble! Crack!

Just then, a loud crack rang out from within the mountain, as though an eggshell had been cracked, except the noise was magnified a thousand times.

Upon hearing this deafening sound, everyone exchanged anxious glances.

"Strange. Even if the Ghost Master woke up, he wouldn't make such a sound..."

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The cracks continued to climb along the Ghost Mountain, until they reached the east.

Boom!

All of a sudden, the mountain collapsed in half!

Light streamed into the cave as chunks of the mountain began to crumble.

Fuxi's eyes flashed as though he had suddenly realized something. In a heartbeat, he dashed out into the mountainside.

As he looked at something in the distance, his mouth fell open in shock and his eyes were filled with horror.

"Fuxi, what's wrong?"

The Snake Goddess shuddered slightly. She had no idea what would make Fuxi react in such a way. Following closely behind, she too stepped out into the light to see what Fuxi was looking at. Then, her body began to tremble violently.

In the distance, a giant ape the size of a mountain was ravaging through the debris that was once the Ghost Mountain.

"The Monkey Spirit King smashed the Ghost Mountain apart!"

"We can leave!"

"This is our chance to escape!"

Overcome with relief and joy, the human heroes began to jump in excitement.

On the surface, they were Great Ghost Priests, but truth of the matter was they were imprisoned slaves.

While creatures from the outside tried their best to get in, the human heroes within were actually trying their best to escape.

Now was their chance, a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to finally leave this wretched place!

"Let's go out first,"

the Primeval Lord of Heaven said cautiously.

Just as they were about to leave, they saw some Monkey Masters rushing out from the cracks of the Ghost Mountain, following closely behind the Monkey Spirit King.

"Wait!"

the Primeval Lord of Heaven hissed, motioning for everyone to stop in their tracks.

If the Monkey Masters caught them trying to escape, they would probably be killed on the spot.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven watched closely as the Monkey Masters ran to catch up to their leader. They were surprisingly fast, even faster than the massive Monkey Spirit King.

"Why are those Monkey Masters desperately chasing after the Monkey Spirit King?" the Snake Goddess asked, puzzled.

It was strange enough that the Ghost Mountain split apart when the Monkey Spirit King awakened, but it was stranger still to see the Monkey Masters chasing after him.

Swoosh!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As soon as the Monkey Spirit King jumped onto the Night View Island, he swiveled around and slapped at the Monkey Masters at his heels.

Those unfortunate enough to have caught up to him were blown away. They smashed into the side of the Ghost Mountain, creating deep holes in the mountainside.

"The Monkey Spirit King is attacking the Monkey Masters!"

the Primeval Lord of Heaven cried out in shock.

"Look! The Eye Spirit is on the shoulder of the Monkey Spirit King!"

Zen pointed out. His eyesight was extremely sharp.

The Eye Spirit and Sewell stood on each shoulder of the Monkey Spirit King like flies. The Monkey Spirit King had been moving very fast, so no one noticed them initially.

Upon hearing Zen's words, true enough, everyone saw that the Eye Spirit and Sewell were perched on the Monkey Spirit King.

Then, it instantly dawned on them.

The Monkey Spirit King was probably under the control of the Eye Spirit!

"Hahaha..."

Emperor Charm laughed sarcastically.

He had long known that the Element Spirit Civilization was evil. Something like this should've been expected from them. And yet, the superior Monkey Masters still chose to trust them.

Emperor Charm felt somewhat pleased to see that he had been right all along.

"Let's follow them and see what's going on! Everyone, follow me!"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven barked his orders and led the group as they flew out of the Ghost Mountain.

Boom!

Just as they arrived at the annular mountain range, they saw the Monkey Spirit King slam his huge body against a mountain like some lunatic.

Each mountain in the annular mountain range was hundreds of thousands of feet high, but next to the massive Monkey Spirit King, they looked like small hills.

Under the impact of the Monkey Spirit King's body, the mountain immediately collapsed.

There were two races living in that mountain. With their home being smashed into pieces, this was like the end of the world for them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Once the mountain had completely collapsed, the Monkey Spirit King jumped high into the air and landed with a loud crash.

Boom!

Under the impact, the whole Night View Island sank about thirty feet. The earth quaked outwards, like some violent ripple effect, causing a wild tsunami in the lake.

Bang!

Bang!

Boom!

The Monkey Spirit King continued to wreak havoc haphazardly.

Sometimes he walked normally, but then he would suddenly smash his ginormous hands into the ground.

The creatures on the Night View Island were absolutely terrified. As the Monkey Spirit King, who was larger than their tallest mountain, ravaged the lands, they feared they would be smashed into a pulp.

"What the hell is the Monkey Spirit King doing?" Chiyou asked in confusion, his brows furrowing deeply.

The eyes of the Snake Goddess flickered with understanding. "He hasn't awakened yet, but he can sense that the Element Spirit Civilization is trying to control his body, so he is desperately trying to resist!"

"That makes sense." Fuxi nodded and continued, "It does seem like there are two forces fighting to control his body."

Chapter 4090 Take A Risk

As soon as the Monkey Spirit King realized what happened to him, he began to struggle like mad in the dream.

He did not wake up, but it didn't mean that he could not do anything.

Then again, he always had a violent reaction every time a wolf tooth appeared, and there were thirteen wolf teeth in total this time.

Unfortunately, his struggles happened in a chaotic state.

He could not effectively control his body, so it only affected Sewell's control.

This also made his Treacherous Being body seem strange and contradictory.

Many races on the Night View Island got affected.

But as the commotion grew increasingly louder, more and more creatures noticed the mountain-like body. In a split second, they all left their territories and fled everywhere.

As for Sewell, his brows knitted in seriousness.

He tried his best to steer the Monkey Spirit King in the right direction as they stumbled towards the passageway of the Night View Island.

The Monkey Spirit King's struggle was only a hindrance, but he could still get subdued at any time.

He moved bit by bit, as he rolled and jumped.

And every time the Monkey Masters approached, Sewell always took advantage of his powers to slap them away one by one.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

At that moment, Claire and Gavyn, who had been waiting outside, quickly went near.

The two of them didn't expect such an accident to happen either. However, since the Eye Spirit had completed his task, they had to run away with him no matter what.

As the Monkey Spirit King acted like a crazed demon, both of them did not dare approach him, but instead, they followed him from a nearby distance.

Of course, Claire had also discovered Zen on the other side.

There were dozens of people around him, including four Great Ghost Priests.

They felt quite lucky since Zen did not make any trouble for them. Naturally, they did not do anything to provoke him.

"The Monkey Spirit King is getting close to the exit in the middle of the lake," said Zhurong.

"We can't interfere. When they take the Monkey Spirit King away, we will also leave secretly," Emperor Charm said firmly.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the real Snake Goddess didn't say anything.

That was because they were thinking about a more pressing problem.

It was also an issue that had existed from the 77th chaos, until now.

It was the question of how to fight against the Element Spirit Civilization.

Of course, the Nihility race, which was led by the Grandmaster of Heaven, was also their enemy now.

The Four Spirits Sect supported those two races.

With such strong forces, how could the human race fight them?

The Human Spirit Sect?

Yet, the memories of the energy souls that came out of Zen's body told them clearly that the Human Spirit Sect seemed to be on the side of the Element Spirit Civilization!

Some of the human heroes remained slightly impassive, but the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the real Snake Goddess felt very disappointed.

They had stayed in the Ghost Mountain for so many years. Through frequent contact with the Monkey Masters, they knew about the structure of the Four Spirits Sect, albeit sporadically. At the same time, they also knew that there was a Human Spirit Sect in the Four Spirits Sect that belonged to the human race.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the real Snake Goddess had always had a kind of expectation, as they hoped that one day, the Human Spirit Sect would appear and fully support them.

Now, it seemed like a faraway dream.

If they could awaken the Monkey Spirit King, perhaps they could persuade him to let the Monkey Spirit Sect support the human race.

Alas, the Element Spirit Civilization would take the Monkey Spirit King away now.

What was worse was that they could not do anything but watch.

Even the unimaginably strong and powerful Monkey Masters were slapped away by the Monkey Spirit King, let alone these people.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Loud slaps filled the air as three more Monkey Masters got hit and sent flying away.

The Monkey Spirit King's punch was so powerful that it pushed those three Monkey Masters straight out of the Night View Island's territorial boundary.

Sizzle, sizzle, Sizzle...

Then, the invisible little bugs devoured them and they disappeared in the Void Dust.

The Treacherous Beings could be revived infinitely, but the human race did not have the ability to do so.

While the Primeval Lord of Heaven hesitantly weighed his thoughts, Zen suddenly said, "No, we have to stop the Monkey Spirit King. We need his help!"

Emperor Charm looked at Zen in disbelief and asked, "Stop him? How do we stop him?"

These human heroes were highly intelligent. Although they did not think too much about it, they immediately understood Zen's intention.

However, none of the Monkey Masters could stop him, let alone them.

"We just need to break the Thirteen Teeth Necklace," Zen answered.

Upon hearing what he just said, everyone paid attention to the Monkey Spirit King's chest.

The Thirteen Teeth Necklace dangled around his neck by a tri-colored rope, and the end of the rope went into the back of his head.

"But I'm afraid we're not strong enough... Our efforts might get wasted," Chiyou said and shook his head.

"The hatred-level Treacherous Being is indeed quite strong, but that is still too weak for them," Zhurong agreed.

The four human Great Ghost Priests had merged with four hatred-level Treacherous Beings. When it came to strength, they were considered the best among the human heroes.

Therefore, everyone took the fact that they could always rely on them for granted.

"I have another idea. Why not use the Other Shore Tokens?" Zen suggested.

In turn, the human heroes were stunned.

Before they fused with the Treacherous Beings, they relied hugely on two things: their bloodlines and the Other Shore Tokens.

Compared to the Treacherous Being and the bloodline, the Other Shore Token was much more powerful and terrifying, and it was also changeable.

But after they had stayed in the Ghost Mountain for so long, they kind of forgot about the Other Shore Token.

The Snake Goddess perked up in anticipation.

Everyone present had the Other Shore Tokens from the Supreme Pure Realm and even the Jade Pure Realm.

Although these Other Shore Tokens were not as powerful as the ones they had when human beings were in their prime, their combined strengths were still fatal.

"I can help! I can help anyone get close to the Monkey Spirit King!" Emperor Charm exclaimed.

With a slight shake of his shoulders, a pair of transparent wings emerged behind him.

The transparent wings seemed to be made of diamonds, as their entire crystalline structure shone brightly.

They were the Swift Bird's wings.

This kind of bird was from the Jade Pure Realm.

It was known for flying so fast that no one could catch it. The moment anyone approached it, it quickly disappeared.

It was also impossible to measure the timespan when the bird moved from one place to another. Thus, it disappeared so suddenly, and that was why it was called the Swift Bird.

Theoretically speaking, the bird used a type of space traveling skill, but it had already made full use of space.

Its only disadvantage was that it took a few days to recover once it had used its wings.

To capture the Swift Bird, one had to force it to use its ability once, before they could catch it.

"Why don't you go by yourself?" Houyi glared at Emperor Charm. He had been silent all this time, and now he spoke up.

"I'm afraid of death," Emperor Charm replied.

"Send me there," the real Snake Goddess prompted.

"No! Let me do it!" Chiyou interjected with wide eyes.

"Stop arguing," said the real Fuxi, who stood in front of the crowd. Then he shouted, "Let me do it!"

Just then, a pair of black scissors appeared in his hand.

They were called the Sand Life Scissors.

Although it was only an Other Shore Token from the Supreme Pure Realm, it could directly cut off space.

"Don't forget that I have a Resurrection Egg," he added.

His Resurrection Egg was very rare and had a pretty simple ability. It could make the real Fuxi have two lives.

But even though so many chaotic eras had passed, the real Fuxi never had the chance to use it. Now was the right time for him to take a risk.

Chapter 4091 Tear Apart

When the Monkey Spirit King stepped into the central lake, the water reached until his waist. With each step he took, a huge wave would ripple out.

As the Monkey Spirit King got closer and closer to the edge of the passageway, Sewell and the Eye Spirit grew more and more cautious.

The Monkey Masters cried out crazily and rushed towards them desperately.

Killing a Treacherous Being was a bit complicated. The simplest way was to throw them into the Void Dust.

This tactic was proving effective for the Monkey Masters, as three or four of their kind had already been devoured by the Void Dust. Desperately, they changed their strategy and attempted to approach the Monkey Spirit King from a low altitude.

At least this way, even if they were knocked out by the Monkey Spirit King, they'd land in the lake and not the Void Dust.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Another three Monkey Masters closed in on the Monkey Spirit King's side.

However, the Monkey Spirit King twisted his body slightly and slapped at them.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

The three Monkey Masters smashed into the water violently. The impact was so strong that the water shot into the sky as high as ten thousand feet.

As the Monkey Spirit King was steadying himself, Manual grabbed this opportunity and swooped in. Finally, he was able to land on his shoulder, face to face with Sewell.

"I guess you won't be able to leave," Manuel said coldly, as intricate golden patterns began to appear on his skin.

Then, in a flash, a tremendous amount of force was released from his body and shot towards Sewell.

"Annoying!"

Sewell's eyes narrowed, filled with killing intent. He nimbly dodged the blow, suddenly becoming incredibly fast.

Just as Manuel rushed over to strike once more, Sewell pounced onto him with great agility. In a flash, Sewell had managed to wrap himself around Manuel's body, gradually tightening his grip.

The Snake Masters were all good killers. Any living being trapped in their grasp were bound to die.

But now, Sewell was intertwined with the most powerful Great Ape King.

Manuel looked at Sewell with condescending, pitiful eyes. "Really? You're going to try to kill me this way? Don't even think about it!"

Sewell laughed sarcastically. "If I don't show you my strength, you'll never realize just how obsolete you are in this era. I'll kill you now, but next time, I'll erase your coordinates!"

The second he finished speaking, Sewell released bone spikes from his body.

These bone spikes had been deeply buried in his body. They were hollow and contained Holy Stones within them, which would ensure Sewell's safety when he used them.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

The bone spikes quickly embedded themselves into Manuel's body.

Once secured, the bones shattered automatically, revealing the Holy Stones within.

Buzz!

All the Holy Stones released the Light of Annihilation simultaneously.

The Light of Annihilation was fatal to any Treacherous Being. However, the stronger the Treacherous Being, the bigger the resistance to the Light of Annihilation.

The Light of Annihilation was strong enough to directly kill hostility-level Treacherous Beings. The resentment-level Treacherous Beings had the ability to resist a blow, but they would be severely injured and irreparably damaged.

On the other hand, hatred-level Treacherous Beings could completely withstand the Light of Annihilation.

Manuel was stronger than hatred-level Treacherous Beings. Even if he was enveloped by the Light of Annihilation, he could come out of it unscathed.

Sewell, however, was extremely confident in the Holy Stones.

They were from the top of the four pillars, which meant they were of the highest grade.

When the Holy Stones exploded simultaneously to release massive amounts of Light of Annihilation, Manuel's body began to tremble violently as though he had been electrocuted.

His body, which he could normally manipulate freely, quickly hardened. Hairline cracks appeared on its surface, crawling all over his body until countless white fragments flaked off.

With his body in this state, Manuel couldn't withstand Sewell's power.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Manuel's body began to collapse.

But by now, Sewell had already retreated.

With the dozens of Holy Stones releasing Light of Annihilation, even Sewell himself couldn't stand it.

Sewell and Manuel had been fighting on the shoulder of the Monkey Spirit King. Thus, when the Holy Stones exploded with Light of Annihilation, even the Monkey Spirit King was affected. Immediately, countless cracks appeared on his shoulder.

"Take back those Holy Stones!"

Sewell ordered the Eye Spirit.

He was afraid of the Light of Annihilation, but the light had no effect on the Eye Spirit.

The Eye Spirit sent over some eyeballs to retrieve the Holy Stones.

The Monkey Masters who witnessed what happened were taken aback.

Manuel and Sewell were at the same level. In terms of strength, Manuel was much stronger than Sewell, but now he was killed.

Although they knew Manuel was going to revive from his coordinates, the Monkey Masters still felt hesitant to proceed.

"Hey, losers!" Sewell spat. "If you have the guts, keep on fighting!" Casting them a cold glance, Sewell continued to guide the Monkey Spirit King towards the center of the lake.

He had several cards up his sleeve which he knew were enough to deal with the Monkey Masters.

But just then, a figure suddenly appeared in front of the chest of the Monkey Spirit King.

It was Fuxi.

He raised his head, holding up a pair of black scissors in his hand.

His eyes met with Sewell's, and he grinned wildly.

"How dare you!" Sewell cried indignantly.

How dare those humble humans

take part in the battle of the Four Spirits Sect?

They were courting death!

At this moment, Sewell's mind was racing, but time was limited, so he only managed to spit out those three words.

Crack!

Without any hesitation, Fuxi snipped off the Thirteen Teeth Necklace.

The rope made of Three Resentments Poison fell towards the water, along with the wolf teeth.

"Fuxi, you're courting death!"

The Eye Spirit suddenly floated up ominously, his eyes flashing with killing intent.

But Fuxi had retreated the second he snipped the cord.

The Swift Bird's wings on his back could only be used once. Now they had lost their effect. Whether he would come out of this alive depended solely on his luck.

The Monkey Masters, who had been watching nearby, were stunned.

While they had noticed that the humans escaped from the Ghost Mountain, they had been preoccupied with the Eye Spirit and Sewell.

It never occurred to them that these humans would help them save the Monkey Spirit King!

With the Thirteen Teeth Necklace broken, there was a glimmer of hope!

Sewell didn't have the time to chase after Fuxi. Instead, he quickly controlled the three colored rope to try to string the wolf teeth once more.

Under his control, the three colored rope was like a nimble snake, chasing after the falling wolf teeth.

The wolf teeth had only fallen a thousand feet before they were easily caught and strung up by the three colored rope.

Everyone, from Fuxi, who had managed to retreat, to Zen and the Monkey Masters, felt despair when they saw this scene.

The flicker of hope that they had just sparked was instantly extinguished.

Zen held his breath as he watched the two ends of the rope were about to form a complete, closed loop.

However, the Monkey Spirit King's right hand suddenly reached up.

Grabbing the Thirteen Teeth Necklace on his chest, the Monkey Spirit King ripped it off his neck fiercely.

The Thirteen Teeth Necklace was destroyed!

The three-colored rope that had drilled into the back of his head was also pulled out.

After Fuxi cut the Thirteen Teeth Necklace, Sewell's control over the Monkey Spirit King immediately weakened.

The Monkey Spirit King, who was in the dream, immediately grabbed this opportunity. Using all his spirit power, he fought back against Sewell's control over his body.

Chapter 4092 Promise

Once the Thirteen Teeth Necklace was pulled away, the Monkey Spirit King's body would instantly regain its freedom.

However, he was still in an unconscious state. His dream was firmly restricting his awakening.

Now that the wolf teeth left his body, his control over himself was also greatly weakened.

Because of this, his huge body was constantly moving and attacking the surrounding area.

He was madly releasing his power. That was why no one could just freely approach him.

He would roll, then dash here and there, and sometimes throw massive punches.

At the same time, Sewell still attempted to retrieve the wolf teeth that had fallen into the lake.

After all the efforts that he poured to make his plan work, he was not willing to fail just like this.

However, he also knew how dangerous it was to approach the lake because of the Monkey Spirit King.

With just his subconsciousness, he would attack any creature around him without exception.

Sewell and the Eye Spirit had attempted several times to get in the lake, but they failed miserably. The unconscious body of the Monkey Spirit King didn't give them any chance.

Finally, realizing that the mission had completely failed, Sewell gritted his teeth and ordered, "Let's go!"

Swoosh!

He turned into a huge white shadow and drilled into the middle of the lake.

The Eye Spirit, Claire, and Gavyn quickly followed into the lake.

As they dove into the middle of the lake, several Monkey Masters followed them behind.

The Monkey Masters actually didn't want to hunt Sewell down.

They were more worried about the Monkey Spirit King. Moreover, because of the great changes that already happened to him, they had to keep watch all the more. Besides, even if they killed Sewell, he would just revive afterward.

Right now, their goal was to just expel Sewell and his companions and prevent them from destroying the passageway.

The passageway of the Night View Island was finally repaired after a long time. They wanted to do everything they could to prevent it from getting destroyed again.

However, in the desperate situation just now, they had considered to voluntarily destroy the passageway, if it was the only way to ensure the safety of the Monkey Spirit King.

They prepared themselves for this last resort if they had no other choice left.

Splash! Splash!

The Monkey Spirit King continued to struggle furiously.

At the same time, he was releasing a tremendous power in the middle of the lake.

Not even the Monkey Masters dared to approach him.

The power of the Monkey Spirit King was almost inexhaustible. No one exactly knew how long would this situation ensue.

Zen and his group just hovered over the lake and waited patiently and silently.

Then, three Monkey Masters flew over to them.

They were Tearrag, Hagar, and Nereus.

In the Monkey Spirit Sect, they were just a rank below Manuel.

"What can I do for you?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked respectfully. He stepped forward and bowed as soon as he saw the Monkey Masters approach them.

Tearrag glanced at Fuxi and said, "We want to thank you for helping our king."

"You could've just escaped during the fight just now. Why did you bother to take such a big risk just to save our king?" Hagar asked with a straight face.

These Monkey Masters had a clear sense of mind. For Zen and the others to take that kind of risk, they must have some ulterior motive.

Although these humans had been staying in the Ghost Mountain for countless years, they belonged to a different world and didn't really have a harmonious relationship with them.

So, right now, they just wanted to set things straight.

"I know what you mean. And yes, it's because we have something to ask from the Monkey Spirit King, or technically, from the entire Monkey Spirit Sect," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied with honesty.

"The entire sect? Does that mean you want us to support you?" Nereus asked.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven let out a faint smile due to their straightforwardness.

"Yes," he replied frankly.

"Well, we have no say in this matter," Tearrag said as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Actually, even Manuel can't make the decision," Hagar added.

"We understand that only the Ghost Master can make the decision," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a faint smile.

"I'm glad you understand. If he doesn't wake up, we can't do anything about your request," Nereus remarked.

"Then, what if I wake him up?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven suddenly asked. The eyes of the three Monkey Masters instantly lit up as they heard his words.

They looked at each other and nodded afterward.

They had known the Primeval Lord of Heaven for a long while.

He had established his reputation, and they knew that he wouldn't say such words without being sure that he could fulfill it.

Hearing it from him, the Monkey Masters had begun to see a glimmer of hope.

"You can really do that?" Tearrag asked just to make sure. "There is a way," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied.

"That's good to hear then," Tearrag answered.

"If you can wake our king up, we will definitely put in a good word for you," he added.

The Monkey Masters were unable to make a decision themselves, but the Monkey Spirit King had the utmost trust in his subordinates, so he would absolutely consider their advice.

For the Primeval Lord of Heaven, that was already enough. He just wanted to make sure that the Monkey Masters would keep their end of the bargain.

"Now, I want you to collect all of the wolf teeth," the Primeval Lord of Heaven instructed.

"Sure. And then?" Hagar asked. This was an important mission to them, so he wanted to hear the full details of the plan.

If possible, the Monkey Masters wanted to know what the Primeval Lord of Heaven would exactly do to wake the Monkey Spirit King up.

"After that, you can leave the rest to us," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied with a cautious expression.

The secret of the ancestry-level bloodline should be kept as a top secret. So, he couldn't just tell it even to the Monkey Spirit Sect.

The Monkey Masters understood what the Primeval Lord of Heaven meant, so they didn't pry further. What was more important was to save their king.

With that, they quickly dove into the water and began looking for the wolf teeth.

The wolf teeth had actually become very large, so it wouldn't be that difficult to find them.

With the Monkey Spirit King eventually moving towards the northern part of the Night View Island, they soon found all of the thirteen wolf teeth.

As they waited patiently, the Monkey Spirit King's madness lasted longer than everyone had imagined.

In total, it lasted for ten whole days.

Fortunately, he had stayed in the water. Thus only the northern part of the annular mountain range was damaged severely.

After ten days, the Monkey Spirit King eventually calmed down.

The Monkey Masters couldn't figure out a way to move his huge body, so they just let him stay and sit in the lake.

During the past ten days when the Monkey Spirit King had wreaked havoc in the Night View Island, many inhabitants were greatly affected.

After the Ghost Mountain was broken, a lot of hostility-level and hatred-level Treacherous Beings tried fleeing from the place, but they were all caught and taken back by the Monkey Masters and the Great Ghost Priests.

The members of the Red Demon race, the Glede Demon race, and the Grand Mighty race who had been waiting at the Ghost Altar also secretly went back to their territories.

When they observed the vicious fight between the Monkey Masters and Sewell, they secretly guessed what had happened.

During the past ten days, Tate and Murdock grew anxious for each passing day.

They knew that if they remained there, there was a huge possibility that they would die.

However, the passageway to the island was tightly guarded by the Monkey Masters, and thus escaping was very impossible for them.

In short, for the past few days, they accepted that they could just wait quietly for their impending death.

On the other hand, the atmosphere in the Glede Demon race was much more relaxed.

Although the Night View Island had undergone exceptional changes and all creatures would also probably face unforeseen changes in the future, the Glede Demon race had an advantage because they had chosen to follow the humans.

At that time, Decker was originally guarded by Bainbridge.

However, as soon as the Ghost Mountain collapsed, Bainbridge fled and left him alone. Seeing that he was freed, he left the mountain and returned to the Wooden Leaf race.

This time, he entered the Ghost Mountain to try his luck. He thought that perhaps, he could fuse with a powerful hostility-level Treacherous Being.

Though there might be resentment-level ones there, he didn't dare to think of fusing with them.

But unexpectedly, he had got a hatred-level Treacherous Being named Cary.

Cary was still in his glazed sheet now.

Decker didn't try to fuse with him, but he still mustered his courage to communicate with him through his consciousness.

Fortunately, Cary turned out to be a friendly-type Treacherous Being, so he didn't repel Decker.

After a few days of constant communication, they got along better.

This made Decker totally excited.

He was thinking what the patriarch would say and react once he saw him with Cary.

Even if Decker didn't fuse with the Treacherous Being, he would still have unparalleled combat power.

Thinking of this, he went home briskly.

However, as he returned to the territory of the Wooden Leaf race, his eyes widened as he clenched his fists. He saw that a group of warriors from the Evil Tiger race were besieging the hillside where the Wooden Leaf race peacefully dwelled.

Chapter 4093 At A Loss

The Evil Tiger race had always cast rather covetous eyes upon the Wooden Leaf race.

While the Wooden Leaf race was weak, they were still capable of protecting themselves.

Relying on the power of the thorny Treacherous Beings, in particular, they hid at the mountainside which was easy to hold but difficult to attack.

But because the Wooden Leaf race wasn't of much value, the Evil Tiger race was in no hurry to attack them.

Graham and Decker had already sensed an oncoming crisis. There were so many races on the Night View Island. Many weak races had been eliminated.

Such was why Decker took the risk of following Zen, wanting to grow stronger.

Over the past few days, the situation on the Night View Island had undergone a drastic change.

The Red Demon race and the Grand Mighty race were both destined to be exterminated—the races that followed them had fallen into chaos.

But the drastic change was undoubtedly likely to bring great benefits to some races.

Taking advantage of the chaos, the Evil Tiger race attacked the Wooden Leaf race.

In the lead, Graham brought many of the soldiers up to the top to hide.

Now, they were desperate.

It wasn't that the Evil Tiger race couldn't defeat them.

But the Wooden Leaf race had been well-prepared to fight to the death. If the Evil Tiger race forced their way up, they would definitely suffer heavy casualties.

But since the Evil Tiger race had already made a move, they weren't about to give up so easily.

"Master Graham, can we try to parley with them?" asked one of the Wooden Leaf race's soldiers.

Graham's smile was bitter. "What do you think?"

The Evil Tiger race did not communicate with the Wooden Leaf race. They had slaughtered more than ten members of the Wooden Leaf race as soon as they came.

And they were completely determined to exterminate the Wooden Leaf race.

Slowly, the Evil Tiger race's warriors approached the mountainside.

At this point, they were ready to rush forward at any moment.

The air was heavy.

No one even wanted to blink.

"If you attack us, you'll lose over half of your men. By then, the Ghost Face race in the adjacent mountain will not let you go!" Graham suddenly shouted out.

The Ghost Face race was a hard nut to crack.

If the Evil Tiger race suffered several casualties, the Ghost Face race would undoubtedly take the opportunity to attack.

But the Evil Tiger race's leader chuckled. "You don't need to worry about that. The Ghost Face race has already moved out!"

The said race used to be a major hindrance to the Evil Tiger race. With them gone, the Evil Tiger race had nothing to worry about.

As they talked, the warriors of the Evil Tiger race took a few more steps forward, now only a hundred feet away from the nearest members of the Wooden Leaf race.

Graham gritted his teeth, his heart filling with hesitation. While he wanted his soldiers to attack, he knew it would mean his people's doomsday.

"Look!" A member of the Wooden Leaf race pointed into the distance. "Decker is back!"

"It's Decker!"

"He's back from the Ghost Mountain!"

Many of them began exclaiming, their voices full of hope.

Looking into the distance, Graham smiled bitterly.

'So what if Decker came back?' he thought.

With Decker's strength, what achievement could he have possibly made in the Ghost Mountain?

At the very best, he could have probably fused with a hostility-level Treacherous Being, but that would do nothing to help the situation.

The Evil Tiger race had also taken notice of Decker's arrival in the distance.

Their leader looked back and sneered. Picking out three warriors from the group, he ordered, "Deal with him!"

The three warriors then summoned the Wind Ghosts. These ghosts floated down the mountain rapidly.

In their eyes, Decker was merely a fish on a chopping block.

But just as they approached, Decker pulled out his glazed sheet and asked, "Are you willing to help me?"

In the past few days, he had gotten on harmoniously with Cary.

As a friendly-type Treacherous Being, Cary was as simple as a child, regarding Decker as his friend.

While he was unwilling to leave the glazed sheet, Cary wouldn't hesitate to take action when his friend was in need, especially since the opponents seemed far too weak to give him any trouble.

"Sure," Cary merely said.

After getting his reply, Decker was expressionless as he gave the order, "Kill them all."

When the warriors of the Evil Tiger race approached Decker, their eyes narrowed ferociously—they had been so close, but Decker was adamantly resisting.

Just as the thought flashed through their minds, three sharp spines suddenly extended from the glazed sheet.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

They pierced accurately through the warriors of the Evil Tiger race.

Along with them, they pierced through the Wind Ghosts attached to their bodies as well.

Slowly, Cary drilled out of the glazed sheet, retracting the three spines back to his back.

Now, the three warriors of the Evil Tiger race were attached to his back.

The moment had the entire Wooden Leaf race and Evil Tiger race completely stunned.

Cary's aura was undoubtedly gentle.

But they could tell that he wasn't at the hostility level nor the resentment level.

The terrifying fact was that he was at the hatred level.

A chill ran down the spine of the Evil Tiger race's leader.

To think that Decker had brought back a hatred-level Treacherous Being with him.

Such was something only the Great Ghost Priests were known to be able to do, and even then, it was highly difficult for them to leave the Ghost Mountain.

It was completely unheard of.

While he couldn't believe what he saw, he knew he had to take it as it was. Just then, Cary started rushing toward the Evil Tiger race.

"Run!"

"This is a hatred-level Treacherous Being!"

"Oh my God!"

No trace of arrogance was left on the faces of the Evil Tiger race's warriors.

Instead, they all ran away without hesitation.

While Cary looked like he was moving slowly, he was actually going at an astonishing speed.

He shifted into a huge ball, shooting fast and piercing through the members of the Evil Tiger race, hanging their corpses on his back like they were nothing.

In mere seconds, all the members of the Evil Tiger race were completely slaughtered.

There was a moment of silence before the members of the Wooden Leaf race let out a loud cheer.

Graham's eyes were still wide in disbelief.

The human race no longer returned to the Ghost Mountain.

At their request, a grotto was created in the south of the Night View Island.

There, the thirteen wolf teeth were neatly placed.

To prevent the Monkey Masters from spying on them, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the rest had set up several enchanted barriers.

"The ancestry-level bloodline hates being separated from my body."

"If you get it out of your body without its permission, you will suffer, indeed."

They had tried several methods to use the ancestry-level bloodline's power, but to no avail.

"I'm sure it has intelligence," said the real Snake Goddess.

"I tried communicating with it before I entered the Night View Island, but I also failed," Zen said, shrugging his shoulders.

"But judging from what it did before, it must have a specific purpose," remarked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

The Snake Goddess nodded and said, "It only takes the initiative to make a move if it thinks the situation is in its favor. Otherwise, it will only protect Zen passively."

"Since we can't communicate with or persuade it, it's almost impossible to ask its help," said Emperor Charm pessimistically.

The entire grotto fell silent.

Originally, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had been confident.

But after several attempts, there was no breakthrough whatsoever.

Just as everyone was left at a loss, Zen suddenly stood up and walked up to a wolf tooth.

Crack!

And then, he cut into his arm.

Through the wound, the ancestry-level bloodline could be observed.

But the ancestry-level bloodline was rather thick. When it shrank within the wound, not even a single drop of blood fell.

Chapter 4094 The Energy Of A Drop Of Blood (Part One)

Glowing before the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the other human heroes was the ancestry-level bloodline.

They attempted to trace it with their eyes. Its very existence was unusual to them. Its aura was truly unlike any other aura they had ever felt from the blended bloodlines.

The blended bloodlines of the thirteen wolf teeth had thirteen different auras, each with their own special quality.

For instance, the wolf tooth on the furthest right held the power of fire, from which its scorching aura truly radiated. Its aura was so strong that even if the tooth had been damaged, it still emitted heat. If one inched towards it, they would feel a burning sensation seep into their flesh.

The third wolf tooth from the right radiated a completely different aura. Unlike the previous one, this one was soft and quiet, comfortable even. If one laid their hands upon it, tension would disappear completely from their bodies, being replaced with serenity.

There were other auras in the thirteen wolf teeth. Some complemented each other; some opposed each other. Either way, with all of the auras' complexities, it was difficult to deny the teeth were extraordinary.

The aura of the ancestry-level bloodline was also extraordinary but for a different reason.

To Primeval Lord of Heaven and his companions, it was obvious the ancestry-level bloodline's composition was unusual, but even so, they knew it was far from complex.

It was the simplest thing. It was pure and perfect.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven sighed, putting a hand over his chest.

None of them knew how the Four Spirits Sect was able to obtain such an excellent object.

Out of all of them there, it was Zen who knew how truly powerful the ancestry-level bloodline was. Because of this, it was him who knew how to appreciate it the most for all it was.

However, he also knew that despite how powerful it was, it was nothing unless he was able to make use of it.

Moreover, the ancestry-level bloodline had a mind of its own. No one was able to control it. It made its own decisions.

It could decide to help Zen, but it could also devour him completely.

Despite this, Zen decided its power was worth the risk. After he made a cut on his arm, he spoke, "I do not know whose side you are on, but more than ever, I need you to hear me out. The Monkey Spirit King is in a deep slumber. Only the thirteen wolf teeth can wake him up! If you are against the Monkey Spirit King, then continue ignoring me! But if you are willing to help him, I beg you. Please restore the bloodlines of the wolf teeth!"

He knew this was a desperate action, but he had to do it. Knowing no one was able to force the ancestry-level bloodline into doing any course of action, he called onto it directly, telling it the problem they were facing.

This was the most he could do to persuade it into taking their side.

A few of the human heroes looked at Zen with a mixture of wonder and pity on their faces.

What he was doing was so out-of-character.

For them, it was inconceivable to see Zen talk to his own bloodline and try to ask it to do something.

Of course, Zen felt frustrated about this. Moreover, with the lack of response from the ancestry-level bloodline, he was beginning to lose hope.

But a few seconds later, to his surprise, he felt something trickling down his arm. He looked down and saw a drop of blood leaving his wound. It was the ancestry-level bloodline!

Zen's eyes widened. He could not believe what he was seeing in front of him. Since he had fused with it, this was the first time it had listened to him and left his body!

It submitted to his request!

'Yes!' Zen cheered, holding his arm as he stood up in excitement.

Da! The others all heard and looked at the source of the sound. To everyone's surprise, it was the drop of blood.

They knew how it would look, but no one was aware of how it weighed. Surprisingly enough, it was extremely heavy.

It was only the size of a soybean, but it was so weighty that it fell to the ground with a loud thud, calling everyone's attention.

After a few seconds, the drop of blood that fell to the ground rolled towards the nearest wolf tooth. It climbed right on top of it and seeped into it until it could no longer be seen.

After a few seconds, the wolf tooth's once dull aura began to revitalize.

Like an old man returning to his youth, the wolf tooth gained its strength back!

The holes that once covered the tooth were filled. The cracks that were once there were suddenly gone. Its once gray color was replaced with a soft pearl.

And its glow began to grow brighter and brighter. It was finally alive, and it was making itself known! Its impressive aura was reaching lengths far beyond it, filling the cave.

It made it nearly impossible for the human heroes to breathe.

"Is this the wolf tooth's true form?" the real Fuxi asked, astonishment evident in his tone.

"This is what the Monkey Spirit King needs!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven exclaimed.

He had studied the wolf teeth for years. The stories he read and the people he discussed them with would speak of their tremendous power, but he secretly thought that the wolf teeth were too weak to awaken the sleeping Monkey Spirit King.

It was not until now, having seen the wolf tooth in its true form of vitality, did the Primeval Lord of Heaven realize it was truly full of power.

It was so strong and powerful that its aura penetrated through the enchanted barriers of the cave. Even Tearrag, Hagar and Nereus, who remained outside of the cave to guard it from unwanted visitors, felt its aura.

Truth be told, when they agreed to the Primeval Lord of Heaven's request, they did not have much hope in their hearts that they would succeed. They did it out of their sheer loyalty to the Monkey Spirit King.

Tearrag, having felt the revitalized aura of the wolf tooth, began to wear expressions of incredulity on his face.

"These humans," he said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Have they really repaired the wolf tooth?

Are they really able to fix them?" he continued.

He felt the excitement rush through his veins. Before his mind could even think about it, his feet were already moving, rushing inside of the cave.

Bang!

He had just passed through one of the enchanted barriers outside the cave. There were several more ahead of him.

With his exceptional strength, he knew he would be able to pass through all of them without a sweat.

But then, he remembered the promise he had made to the Primeval Lord of Heaven. After they built the cave, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had made them promise that no matter what would happen, they would not enter the cave and pry into the process of awakening the Monkey Spirit King. And they agreed.

Chapter 4095 The Energy Of A Drop Of Blood (Part Two)

So Tearrag, despite his curiosity and excitement, resisted the urge to break through the enchanted barriers and see the wolf tooth for himself. Instead, he fell on his knees and offered a silent wish.

He said, "Humans, I do not care what method you use. Please do your best to restore the rest of the wolf teeth."

Little did Tearrag know that as he was doing this, the drop of blood, which entered into the first wolf tooth, moved into the second wolf tooth. The magic that happened with the first one also happened with the second one! Its dents were fixed. It gained its color, and it glowed even brighter!

The drop of blood then rolled into the third wolf tooth, the fourth one, and then the fifth one! It went on and on!

Tearrag was shocked to feel the waves of auras one after the other. The human heroes inside the cave felt the same way.

Before this, none of them knew how many drops were needed from the ancestry-level bloodline in order to restore the thirteen wolf teeth. All of them suspected it would take a large amount to fix something so broken.

But the reality was something they did not even consider.

Only a single drop of blood was needed to restore all of the wolf teeth.

Soon enough, it repaired all of them! The thirteen wolf teeth glowed, and their merged aura was more powerful than ever.

As soon as the drop of blood restored all of the teeth, it climbed up Zen's arm. It went directly towards his wound and entered it, sending off the same stream of energy it had given the wolf teeth to his arm. A few seconds later, the long wound on Zen's arm was fading into clear and smooth skin. The drop of blood healed his wound so quickly. It was as if nothing ever happened to it!

"This bloodline..." the real Chiyou trailed. "It is so amazing! I really have no words for it," he continued, his eyebrows still furrowed in disbelief.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven approached Zen, putting a hand over his shoulder. "Everyone," he said, calling all of their attention. "Because of Zen, we were able to accomplish the impossible. Let us hope that this luck goes on until the end of our journey."

By no means was doing what they had just done an easy task, and by no means what they were yet to do was easy as well. However, with this success, they began to feel hopeful.

What they were previously worried about was how to deceive the Monkey Spirit King. Although most of the Monkey Masters did not give much thought to what method they had used to wake the Monkey Spirit King up, there was still the possibility that some of them and even Monkey Spirit King himself would figure out the truth.

The Monkey Spirit King was very knowledgeable. Once he awakened, in an instant, he would know that it was the ancestry-level bloodline that had restored the thirteen wolf teeth.

But having reached so far already, the group knew that fear could not be a choice.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven raised his arms up, and as he did, the enchanted barriers guarding the cave had been brought down, giving access to those who wished to enter. Tearrag, who had been waiting so long for this opportunity, immediately ran inside.

Upon seeing the restored thirteen wolf teeth, he cried out in happiness. "Yes!" he exclaimed, his voice being loud enough for it to reverberate throughout the cave. In this state of celebration, he quickly acted, sending the information of the restored wolf teeth back to Ghost Mountain.

After Manuel was killed, he revived inside the Ghost Mountain, wherein he led the Monkey Masters and the Great Ghost Priests to repair the place.

Even though Manuel was busy, upon hearing the news, he immediately dropped whatever he was doing and rushed to the cave to see if the news was true.

Following him were all the Monkey Masters, who were also eager to see if the thirteen wolf teeth had truly been restored.

Although Manuel wanted so badly for the news to be true, he could not shake off the doubt in the back of his head.

He used to be the star of the Eternal Divine Courtyard, so he knew that the ancestry-level bloodline was the only object to be able to restore the thirteen wolf teeth to their original forms, and the ancestry-level bloodline was something a person could not get a hold of so easily.

Could it be that these humans were able to reach the ancestry-level bloodline?

The thought of it was more absurd than being able to restore the wolf teeth. But it was there. It was real.

Manuel shook off his confusion and focused on what was in front of him. He called on a Monkey Master.

The Monkey Master brought out a long hemp rope from the Ghost Mountain.

He pierced the hemp rope into the wolf teeth, forming a necklace. The Monkey Master carried it in his hand, making sure not to scratch or drop such delicate and important objects. Manuel said, "Bring the Thirteen Teeth Necklace to the Monkey Spirit King. Make sure no harm comes to the necklace on the way." The Monkey Master nodded and went on his way.

All of the Monkey Masters went to the sleeping Monkey Spirit King, making sure the Thirteen Teeth Necklace was safe and used by the one who needed it the most.

When they arrived, none of them dared to be too close to the Monkey Spirit King. They all knew he had just undergone a traumatic crisis. He was only experiencing the world in his dreams, but his dreams convoluted his reality, making his actions unpredictable. They did not know how he would react to them, so they took caution.

They knew the Monkey Spirit King might attack if he sensed there was something wrong.

Swoosh!

With a quick yet careful flick of a wrist, the Monkey Master carrying the Thirteen Teeth Necklace was able to drop it onto the Monkey Spirit King's neck.

Being asleep and deep in a restless dream, the Monkey Spirit King was not able to see what had been placed upon him, but he was able to feel it. He felt the additional weight that had been placed upon his neck, and it took up its own form in his dream.

In the darkness of his sleep, he saw something glowing from the corner of his vision. It was the Thirteen Teeth Necklace, and it had just arrived in his world of dream.

Chapter 4096 The Smart Monkey Spirit King

The Monkey Spirit King had no idea what was happening in real life.

But with his limited perception, he could still tell the good from the bad.

Anyone would regret wanting to hurt him while trying to wake him up.

The Thirteen Teeth Necklace floated through the dream smoothly. This time, the Monkey Spirit King didn't dodge anymore. Instead, he walked towards it and let it rest around his neck.

As it did, the dream started to break with cracks growing from its edges.

It was like a huge mirror being smashed by a strong force.

The dream that trapped the Monkey Spirit King for more than one thousand chaotic eras was finally destroyed.

The Monkey Spirit King's eyelids moved as he struggled to open them.

The Monkey Masters noticed and rushed towards him one after another.

They stood on the water and stared at him with excitement.

The moment his eyes opened, Manuel had led all the Monkey Masters to kneel on the water.

"Greetings, my king!" they shouted as they welcomed the Monkey Spirit King.

Their voices echoed throughout the whole Night View Island.

"You have fallen asleep for more than one thousand chaotic eras. I felt so sorry that I couldn't wake you up," Manuel said.

The Monkey Spirit King sat straight

and looked around the central lake as if he didn't hear what Manuel had said.

For over a thousand chaotic eras, he had stayed motionless in the Ghost Mountain.

Now he felt like a prisoner released from prison, curious about everything outside.

Splash!

He suddenly stood from the water, carrying his huge body. He then leaped towards the top of a mountain, which only appeared as a small hill for his size.

Perhaps it was because he was too excited that he jumped high once more.

The power of the Monkey Spirit King's feet caused the small hill to crumble into thousands of pieces.

"My king, stop doing that!" Manuel frighteningly warned as he saw the Monkey Spirit King flying into the air.

The sky above the Night View Island was covered with Void Dust.

If the Monkey Spirit King reached the Void Dust, he would be devoured.

However, it was too late. The Monkey Spirit King had flown upward, causing his head to be eroded by the Void Dust.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The Void Dust quickly found its way to also devour his entire body.

Surprised, the Monkey Spirit King fell, his feet stepping heavily on the Night View Island.

Boom!

The whole Night View Island shook at the impact that was almost the magnitude of an earthquake.

Since the Monkey Spirit King had awakened, being devoured by the Void Dust wasn't a big deal.

He could still be revived in the Ghost Mountain.

"Manuel, what happened before I woke up?" asked the Monkey Spirit King.

He encountered a huge threat in his dream and he had to investigate it.

Manuel went forward and told the Monkey Spirit King what had recently happened to the Ghost Mountain.

The Monkey Spirit King's eyes flared with resentment when he learned that Sewell had done all those things.

In his dream, he had already judged that it was the doing of the Snake Spirit Sect. Now that he confirmed, he seethed with anger.

"The corporeal body that I had been proud of has been destroyed, and they still want to take away my current body as a Treacherous Being. They are going too far!" the Monkey Spirit King roared.

Manuel looked at him calmly.

'His long slumber has not seemed to change his temperament at all, ' Manuel thought.

After the Monkey Spirit King had calmed down, Manuel revealed, "You escaped from harm and have finally awakened, but it was not because of us."

"What? Then who could it be?" the Monkey Spirit King asked with surprise in his eyes.

The Monkey Masters were the most powerful soldiers under his command.

Was there anyone else stronger than Manuel?

"It's those humans," answered Manuel as he pointed to them. "They not only stopped Sewell from taking you away but also repaired the Thirteen Teeth Necklace."

"Humans?" The Monkey Spirit King directed his eyes towards them and asked, "Are they the descendants of human spirits?"

"They have a great connection with human spirits. They are considered human spirits born in the secondary world," replied Manuel.

Many human spirits, snake spirits, monkey spirits, and bird spirits were born in the secondary worlds.

"Wait!" The Monkey Spirit King paused. "You mean these humans have repaired the Thirteen Teeth Necklace?" he repeated.

The Thirteen Teeth Necklace had already run out of its bloodline power. How did it regain the bloodline power?

The Monkey Spirit King got immersed in the joy of awakening that he did not realize it.

Now that he deeply thought about it, he was startled.

The only way to repair the Thirteen Teeth Necklace was to use the ancestry-level bloodline.

Even if he brought the Thirteen Teeth Necklace to the Eternal Divine Courtyard, it would be difficult to repair it.

Then how did they repair the wolf teeth in the Night View Island?

It was also impossible!

The Monkey Spirit King was convinced that the Thirteen Teeth Necklace on his neck was not fake.

That was why his face was painted with utmost shock.

The human race stood on another mountain peak. They quietly observed what was happening.

They saw the Monkey Spirit King's face clearly as he conversed with Manuel.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess analyzed the possible reactions and results, and they presumed that the situation was just fine.

The Monkey Spirit King was bold and generous. They believed that he was not willful nor cruel.

They discussed in low voices and the Primeval Lord of Heaven already had an explanation in mind.

However, the Monkey Spirit King was much more sensitive than the Primeval Lord of Heaven had imagined.

He quickly noticed Zen who was standing at the back of the crowd.

He stretched out a finger and pointed at Zen. "Come here," he ordered.

Zen wasn't surprised at this.

He was sure that the Monkey Spirit King would investigate the repair of the wolf teeth, yet he did not expect to be noticed only at a glance.

Approaching the Monkey Spirit King, Zen bowed to him with clasped hands.

The Monkey Spirit King looked at him with a grin across his face, while Manuel and the others were puzzled by what they saw.

They knew that the one who had saved the Monkey Spirit King was Fuxi, and the one who had repaired the wolf teeth was the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

It was none of Zen's business.

This young man did not come from the Ghost Mountain. He came from the outside not long ago.

"Was it you who helped me wake up?" asked the Monkey Spirit King.

Zen shook his head. "It wasn't just me. We worked together to wake you up."

The Monkey Spirit King stared at Zen with great interest. "But they don't have the specific bloodline. What surprises me more is that it can only be kept in the sacred cup. Why could you use it? How did you do it?" he asked curiously.

Manuel and the others all looked at Zen in disbelief as they heard the Monkey Spirit King's words.

The only bloodline that had to be kept in the sacred cup was the ancestry-level bloodline.

According to the Monkey Spirit King, Zen had the ancestry-level bloodline in his body!

They suspected that the Monkey Spirit King could have made a mistake. Maybe he just talked nonsense.

After all, it was impossible to inherit the ancestry-level bloodline.

Everyone in the Four Spirits Sect was informed of this fact.

Some people speculated that the ancestry-level bloodline could be replenished and there was a slight possibility of inheriting it, but it was impossible for even half of the light columns to light up.

That legend was never real in the long history of the main world.

Chapter 4097 One Goal

Now, the Monkey Masters saw the legend unfold in the chaos, and it made them uneasy.

If the main world were compared to a huge world, the chaos would just be a small puddle.

So a human who came from the puddle inherited the ancestry-level bloodline?

It seemed like a joke.

Meanwhile, the Monkey Spirit King waited patiently for Zen to speak.

This was surprising, especially because among the four leaders of the Four Spirits Sect, he was the most impatient and innocent one.

When the Four Spirits Sect attacked their enemies on the edge of the main world, he fought hundreds of battles and took thousands of lives.

All of this was just to save a Monkey Master who was not even important to the Monkey Spirit Sect.

Being imprisoned in the dream for more than a thousand chaotic eras, he reflected on everything he had done.

If he were more cautious and less naive, would things have ended differently?

He did not know how many times he had this thought.

Was it a millions times? Or did it go over a hundred million times?

When he realized that Zen had the ancestry-level bloodline in his body, he was shocked but did his best to maintain a calm expression.

"I don't know.

The Eternal Divine Courtyard was already deserted by the time I arrived.

When I entered the sacred cup, the light columns lit up,"

Zen replied genuinely.

The Eternal Divine Courtyard was built by the Four Spirits Sect.

It seemed that the Monkey Spirit King knew more about the ancestry-level bloodline than Zen ever did.

Zen could no longer hide from him, so he decided it was best to answer honestly.

Moreover, it was a good step to get the Monkey Spirit King on his side.

"Light columns? How many would you say lit up?" the Monkey Spirit King asked patiently.

"If I recall correctly, it was all of them," replied Zen.

The jaws of Manuel, Hagar, Tearrag and Nereus dropped down in awe.

Though they wanted to react, all of them were speechless.

Meanwhile, the expression of the Monkey Spirit King was hard to read. He mastered the art of keeping still, and could probably do so even if the whole world collapsed right in front of him.

Even when the rest gasped, his expression never changed.

"Why all?" asked the Monkey Spirit King.

This didn't make any sense. Mere talent was not a reason, either.

Zen shook his head in confusion. "I... I don't know."

One hundred and eighty-seven light columns had risen. At that time, he was completely immersed in the ancestry-level bloodline, so he paid no attention to the outside world.

The moment he woke up, he saw that the light columns below the sacred cup were all lit up.

The Monkey Spirit King saw Zen's sincere eyes and felt a little dubious.

However, it was meaningless to dwell on it now.

"This is incredible!"

The Monkey Spirit King raised his hands in the air. "How should I repay you for waking me up?"

In this world, returning a favor was a high honor.

Even if Manuel and the others didn't point it out, the Monkey Spirit King could tell that Zen had intentions to be fulfilled.

"Well..."

Zen shrugged his shoulders and turned towards the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "It was actually the Primeval Lord of Heaven who helped you wake up, so..."

"But I am asking you." The Monkey Spirit King didn't let him finish.

Because the Primeval Lord of Heaven was the leader of the human heroes, Zen naturally asked him for opinions.

Now that Zen had to make his own decision, he grew uneasy.

After a few deep breaths, he collected himself and continued to speak.

"I want a way to protect the chaos so that it won't come to an end and so the Finale Way can be achieved," Zen requested.

He figured it was a good opportunity to get ahead on his plans.

From the divine land to the Source World, Zen was always on the move.

The closer he got to the truth, the more lost he became.

In the beginning, he was not at all interested in the internal strife of the Four Spirits Sect or the previous human civilization.

However, what unfolded felt like a rope that dragged him to the Other Shore, the Three Purities Stage, and the Night View Island inch by inch.

"The Finale Way? Is that to prevent the chaos from disorder?" the Monkey Spirit King asked with concern.

Zen nodded.

"Well, it's not a difficult thing you ask for," the Monkey Spirit King said.

This was too easy for him.

After all, the Four Spirits Sect built many worlds which served just as their energy pools.

The Finale Way that Zen mentioned was a method to stop the operation of a pool.

When some creatures from the secondary worlds had the ancestry-level bloodline and obtained positions in the Four Spirits Sect, they occasionally asked to halt the energy pools they came from.

This way, the worlds within the energy pools never experienced chaos or destruction again. However, this also meant they would not produce any new energy.

"It may not seem difficult to you, but the Snake Spirit Sect is on the opposite side of us," said Zen.

Back then, to prevent the completion of the Finale Way, the Element Spirit Civilization had to hide some Other Shore Tokens.

This was done without the Snake Spirit Sect.

Now, with the intervention of the Snake Spirit Sect, the chaos might not be as simple as it once was.

Completing the Finale Way could be unimaginably difficult.

"Would you want me to help you deal with the Snake Spirit Sect?" the Monkey Spirit King asked.

"Yes, actually." Zen nodded again.

Just then, the Monkey Spirit King zoned out and got lost in thought.

He reminisced about his past. It was because of the Snake Spirit King that he ended up this way.

Within the long years he spent in the dream, he imagined chopping Cornelius up into pieces.

Since then, he swore to himself that Cornelius would pay for what he had done.

"Count me in." The Monkey Spirit King smiled.

When Zen heard this, his nerves finally relaxed. He was no longer jittery.

Since they'd entered the Three Purities Stage, they had been running away nonstop.

Now, they finally found the human heroes on the Night View Island. However, they didn't expect that the Snake Spirit Sect was behind the Element Spirit Civilization.

Fortunately, the Monkey Spirit King was on their side. Otherwise, they would never have exited the Night View Island.

"Thank you so much!" Zen said and bowed before the Monkey Spirit King.

The Monkey Spirit King smiled faintly. "Follow me."

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand and motioned for Zen to stand on his palm.

Once Zen stood securely, he flew towards the Ghost Mountain.

As they approached, Zen could easily see that the Ghost Mountain was still under repair.

The Monkey Spirit King had created a huge, gaping crack in the center of the mountain, one that would be difficult to repair in a short time.

"I agree to this because we have the same goal," the Monkey Spirit King explained. "The Snake Spirit Sect is my enemy."

"Is this because the Snake Masters want to take away your body?" Zen asked.

"No." The Monkey Spirit King shook his head and pointed towards the Ghost Mountain. "Do you know why so many Treacherous Beings exist in the Ghost Mountain?"

Zen nodded, having already discussed this with the others. "They were not actually Treacherous Beings, but living creatures from the main world," he noted.

"Right. Back then, I stored creatures in the Ghost Mountain so that the myriad creatures of the main world had chances to survive."

The Monkey Spirit King paused and sighed before continuing, "But Cornelius was just too scheming. Because of him, I have lost my physical body, and so have the monkey spirits. It came to a point that even the creatures in the Ghost Mountain have become Treacherous Beings themselves."

Chapter 4098 Replenish (Part One)

Upon hearing what the Monkey Spirit King said, Zen became a bit confused.

He furrowed his brows in confusion. "I thought the Four Spirits Sect was invincible in the main world. If it were, why did you hide in the chaos?"

According to the Monkey Spirit King's words, Zen suspected that there might have been some sort of crisis in the main world.

Before the said crisis came, the Monkey Spirit King realized he and his subordinates couldn't survive it. This left him with no choice. He had to retreat with the Monkey Spirit Sect into another world until it was safe for them to come back.

They did all they could before they went into hiding. One of the projects they did before leaving was the Ghost Mountain, which they built to thrust out all sorts of creatures from the main world.

But who or what was threatening enough to cause the Four Spirits Sect to act in this manner? Who or what held that much power?

The Monkey Spirit King let out a loud huff, almost as if he did not want to answer Zen's question. "A disaster," he said, deciding to reveal the truth. "A great disaster happened."

"What disaster?" Zen asked.

Under his breath, the Monkey Spirit King

replied to him with something in Sanskrit, his voice fluctuating in a rhythmic pattern.

"It is..." the Monkey Spirit King paused, trying to find the accurate words to fit his description. "It is a type of calamity. At least that is how we refer to it in the main world. I do not know how to explain what it is in your language," he admitted.

"Hmm," Zen said, lowering his head in careful thought. For a short while, he seemed to be meditating, and then he slowly raised his head to address the Monkey Spirit King. "The Sanskrit words you said mean the Space and Time Calamity, right? A calamity that crosses space and time?" he said.

When the Monkey Spirit King heard this, he snapped his head towards Zen's direction, looking at him with a confused yet curious expression.

In his position as a leader of the Four Spirits Sect, he had had several odd encounters. Because of this, it was very difficult to surprise him, but Zen managed to do so twice in a row.

Without the aid of the Four Spirits Sect, he knew people from the secondary worlds like Zen were not literate in Sanskrit, but somehow, he was able to understand him.

"Young man," the Monkey Spirit King said, "you are a creature from the chaos, aren't you?" Zen nodded his head in response. "How then are you able to understand Sanskrit?" The Monkey Spirit King followed up.

"Well, " Zen replied, "for starters, I do not understand Sanskrit, at least not with my own abilities. It is being translated to me in the language I speak."

Shortly after he said this, he bowed his head again, meditating. He called onto the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, kindly requesting it to decipher the rest of the Monkey Spirit King's words.

This piqued the curiosity of the Monkey Spirit King. "How exactly is it being translated to you?" he asked, interest evident in his tone.

Zen smiled softly. "Well," he began.

He did not expect the Monkey Spirit King to ask about his mental translation process, what more be interested in it.

Despite this, he began to explain to the Monkey Spirit King how it worked, going into as much detail as possible to avoid any cause of confusion.

As soon as he finished, the Monkey Spirit King flashed him a big grin.

For the first time, he found out that the secondary world had its share of intelligence, and that it had its method of calculation and translation. He made a mental note that if he had an opportunity, he would go to the chaos to experience it for himself.

Putting these thoughts aside, the Monkey Spirit King readied himself to discuss the subject in depth. He took a large breath then began to speak, "Although citizens from this secondary world refer to it as the Space and Time Calamity, this 'Space and Time' is far different from the one you are acquainted with. Space and time in the secondary world are completely different from the ones in the main world. Those who do not inhabit the latter are unable to fully grasp its scope; therefore, they are unable to understand the severity of the disaster. This is why I brought the Monkey Spirit Sect to Ghost Mountain. We needed to avoid the damage it was to bring."

Zen stayed silent, egging the Monkey Spirit King to go on.

Even though this was all happening within the Monkey Spirit Sect, he knew human spirits were also involved, which meant he had to pay attention very closely.

Adding to this was the fact he, out of everyone, had obtained the ancestry-level bloodline. To him, this meant that he was important in the grand scheme of it all, and that not only the chaos was involved.

He continued to listen attentively.

"The Space and Time Calamity has been wreaking its havoc upon the main world for a long time," the Monkey Spirit King said. He turned his eyes upon the "starry sky" and continued, "The space and time in the chaos are linear—from near to distant, from past to future. But in the main world, they are completely different..."

Zen knew what the Monkey Spirit King was talking about.

He experienced the complexity of space and time himself when he entered the Abstruse Energy World for the first time.

Similar to what the Monkey Spirit King mentioned, he was not able to determine how far he had been pacing or how long he had been staying within its domains.

Space and time in the Abstruse Energy World were far different from the ones he had familiarized himself with.

The Monkey Spirit King went on, "Most of the time, the sequence of space and time in the main world follows a rule; however, now and then, glitches will happen, eventually leading to disasters." He paused, trying to compose himself. "Those disasters are very strong, strong enough to devour anything that crosses their paths. Unfortunately, many members of the Four Spirits Sect were devoured. But the coverage of the disasters is actually very small."

Chapter 4099 Replenish (Part Two)

In the past, however, a particular Space and Time Calamity affected a large area, instilling a great deal of panic within the Four Spirits Sect.

When the Snake Spirit King Cornelius heard of this, he made a judgment. He claimed the Space and Time Calamity would hover over the main world like a dark plague, annihilating those who inhabited it. This caused the Four Spirits Sect to worry even more.

He also claimed the only way to avoid the destruction was to find solace in the secondary worlds.

He explained this by mentioning the difference of space and time between the two kinds of worlds. He said that since space and time of the secondary worlds were different from the main world's, then they would be safe from the latter's disaster.

However, as the Monkey Spirit King was telling this story, he began to feel his blood beginning to boil.

"That particular Space and Time Calamity," Zen said, "did it ever happen?" Zen asked.

The Monkey Spirit King simply laughed. He laughed not in a way that showed amusement but in a way that warned rage was coming. "No," he said, shaking his head. "It didn't. That was how I knew it was all orchestrated by Cornelius. That vicious snake set up a trap in the chaos to destroy the Monkey Spirit Sect!" the Monkey Spirit King growled, his eyes fuming with anger.

During the years he was trapped within his dream, he felt his hatred for Cornelius grow more fervent as the days went on.

He couldn't deny the fact that the four sects couldn't stand each other. They couldn't get along, but they still managed to respect each other enough as not to cause any major tensions.

If there were any sects that bonded well together, it would be the Snake Spirit Sect and the Human Spirit Sect.

At first, the Monkey Spirit King did not doubt that Cornelius had the intention to annihilate his sect.

However, the Snake Spirit Sect made its first move after the Monkey Spirit Sect brought the Ghost Mountain into the chaos.

The Monkey Spirit King did all that he could to fight off the attacks, but he could not defeat the treacherous Cornelius, who ended up biting him into a death-like slumber.

Even the Monkey Spirit King's nobility was no match for the Snake Spirit King's poison.

As the poison entrapped him within his dream, the rest of the monkey spirits were led to death too, having no time to resist.

The Monkey Spirit King did not wake up as a Treacherous Being until now.

"The sad thing is, I still have no idea what Cornelius' motive for doing all this is," the Monkey Spirit King admitted, bitterness evident in his voice.

Before the attacks happened, the Monkey Spirit Sect used to be the most powerful sect in the Four Spirits Sect in terms of brute strength.

However, they were wiped off the face of their world without even knowing why. It was a truth they found hard to face.

"Do you know what happened to the other three sects?" Zen asked.

The Monkey Spirit King shook his head. "No, I do not, but as I reckon it, it did not end well for the Bird Spirit King, not even the Human Spirit King."

Within the Four Spirits Sect, it was the Monkey Spirit Sect to be attacked first, and among the four kings, it was the Monkey Spirit King who first bit the dust.

Because of this, he had no idea what happened to the main world and the chaos. This left him plenty of room to suspect.

After answering Zen's question, he raised his finger to point at the surface of the Ghost Mountain, tapping on it ever so slightly. By the touch of his skin, a huge door emerged from the mountain. He then stepped inside the door with Zen still on his palm.

The upper half of the Ghost Mountain was reserved for the Monkey Spirit King, which was the space large enough to accommodate someone of his stature.

After entering the mountain, the Monkey Spirit King gently placed Zen on the ground. He then took off the Thirteen Teeth Necklace from his broad neck.

With a slight wave of his hand, the necklace began to tremble. After a few seconds, thirteen bloodline powers from the necklace began to release their auras.

"Look here, " the Monkey Spirit King said, calling Zen's attention. "These thirteen bloodline powers all came from the ancestry-level bloodline.

However, there are still nine wolf teeth which need revitalizing. Now, you have the ancestry-level bloodline with you. Tell me, can you replenish the nine wolf teeth?"

As soon as he said this, the Monkey Spirit King tapped the ground with his hand, as if he were asking it to do something.

Soon enough, the ground answered, caving in to reveal the nine wolf teeth.

This set of teeth could easily be paralleled to those on the necklace, but unlike the latter, these teeth had nothing inside of them.

Not everything could bear the power of the ancestry-level bloodline. These nine wolf teeth once belonged to the most powerful wolf king in the main world.

The wolf king was more than capable of fighting against all the leaders of the Four Spirits Sect.

After the Monkey Spirit King had defeated the wolf king, he pulled out his teeth—all twenty-two of them. With the ancestry-level bloodline, he was able to obtain thirteen bloodline powers.

He had brought Zen into the Ghost Mountain because he hoped that Zen would be able to help him obtain new blended bloodlines from the ancestry-level bloodline and injecting them into the nine wolf teeth.

Chapter 4100 The Origin Of The Ancestry-level Bloodline

Zen didn't expect that the Monkey Spirit King would bring him back to the Ghost Mountain because he needed help regarding the wolf teeth.

The Monkey Spirit King had just awakened.

The wolf teeth were very important to him. If there was only a chance to infuse the bloodline power into them, he would definitely do it.

Seeing how Zen personally repaired the thirteen wolf teeth, he immediately realized that Zen would be the key.

Now that he knew that Zen possessed the ancestry-level bloodline, there was no way that he would let this opportunity slip by.

However, after being surprised by the Monkey Spirit King's request, Zen let out a sigh as a slight frown emerged on his face.

"I'm afraid I can't do it," Zen finally said. "Why is that?" the Monkey Spirit King asked as his brows furrowed.

"The ancestry-level bloodline is not really under my control," Zen tried to explain briefly.

He was telling the truth. In fact, he even wanted to ask the Monkey Spirit King on how he could control and use the bloodline.

As expected, the Monkey Spirit King didn't believe him right away.

"You know, I don't like to force others. So, you can name a higher price. That won't be a problem," the Monkey Spirit King insisted.

"I apologize, but please believe me," Zen said with all sincerity. "I don't know if it just chose me by pure coincidence or not, but right now, it's living inside my body and I can't really control it. About the wolf teeth, the bloodline repaired them on its own."

The Monkey Spirit King didn't really want to accept Zen's explanation, but he didn't find any reason for Zen to lie about it.

"With that, I am actually hoping if you can give me some advice on how I can properly control the ancestry-level bloodline," Zen added.

After all, the Monkey Spirit King was one of the heads of the Four Spirits Sect, and also its founder. Naturally Zen thought that the Monkey Spirit King should know more about the bloodline than him.

"Really? How could this happen?" The Monkey Spirit King let out a deep sigh as an obviously disappointed expression revealed on his face. Zen already explained his side of the story.

Now it was up to the Monkey Spirit King whether he would believe Zen or not.

"Well, let me think about it first."

The Monkey Spirit King raised his head and looked at the ceiling of the inner layer of the Ghost Mountain. He tried his best to search his memories regarding the ancestry-level bloodline.

Zen just kept silent and waited patiently and expectantly.

After a while, the Monkey Spirit King rubbed his chin and said, "Sheehan was the one who obtained the ancestry-level bloodline. Then, Kincaid studied its abilities, and Cornelius built the Eternal Divine Courtyard afterward. Damn it, I'm the only one who doesn't have anything to do with the ancestry-level bloodline!"

In the beginning, the four sect leaders divided their duties.

Sheehan, the Bird Spirit King, was the one responsible for the exploration of different things. Kincaid, the Human Spirit King, was the smartest, so he was in charge of studying and making researches. Cornelius, the Snake Spirit King, was also very bright, but what he was known for were his resourcefulness and detailed execution.

Lastly, the Monkey Spirit King's strength lay in his expertise in dominating battles.

The Monkey Masters and the monkey spirits didn't possess high intelligence but they were fearsome fighters.

Wherever the Monkey Spirit King led them, they followed suit, and victory was theirs.

If new powerful weapons were made in the Four Spirits Sect, the Monkey Spirit Sect had the liberty to use and try them out first.

That said, the leader of the Human Spirit Sect, Kincaid, was the one who helped the Monkey Spirit King inject the bloodline powers into the Thirteen Teeth Necklace.

As Zen heard the Monkey Spirit King's answer, his mouth almost opened wide as he was rendered speechless.

It turned out that the Monkey Spirit King actually knew nothing about the ancestry-level bloodline.

The omnipotent Monkey Spirit King was apparently the only reckless leader among the four heads of the Four Spirits Sect.

Fortunately, while Zen was still in a daze, the Monkey Spirit King seemed to have remembered something helpful. "I think there are still some documents about the ancestry-level bloodline in the Ghost Mountain."

After all, the Four Spirits Sect shared important resources and ensured that everyone had a copy.

Whenever the Human Spirit Sect found something new, they would give a copy to the Monkey Spirit Sect.

Thus, the Monkey Spirit King knew that they must have some documents regarding the ancestry-level bloodline somewhere in the Ghost Mountain.

They just tended to forget because they didn't pay much attention to these documents. The same was true for every member, including Manuel and the other Monkey Masters.

Back when the Primeval Lord of Heaven was locked up in the Ghost Mountain, he had inquired about the blended bloodlines from Manuel and Tearrag.

However, they did not remember that the documents related to that topic actually existed. Fortunately, the Monkey Spirit King had a slightly better memory than the Monkey Masters.

"I see. Then, can I borrow those documents?" Zen's eyes suddenly lit up. "Yes, sure," said the Monkey Spirit King.

"If it will help you gain better understanding of the bloodline, I'll be more than willing to lend you those," he added.

He had already been skilled at using thirteen kinds of bloodline power.

Because of that, he could maximize the power of the Thirteen Teeth Necklace and release tremendous strength.

And if he obtained twenty-two kinds of bloodline power, he would be able to improve his strength to a whole new level.

For that, he was hoping that Zen could control the ancestry-level bloodline and help him.

It was like hitting two birds with one stone. Zen was also eager to gain control of the bloodline in his body, so it would be both a win for them.

"But I'm afraid I won't be able to do it alone. I need two other people to help me with this," Zen said. "No problem. Do what you got to do," the Monkey Spirit King agreed without hesitation.

After a while, the Monkey Masters went to the Night View Island to invite the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess. They were the two people in Zen's mind that could greatly help him.

As they didn't know why Zen was abruptly summoned to the Ghost Mountain, they naturally looked at him with inquiring eyes.

Zen quickly understood the meaning of their stares, so he told them the overview of the Monkey Spirit King's request.

As the leader of the Ghost Mountain, the Monkey Spirit King appeared to be very omnipotent in the eyes of the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess.

After all, he was a leader of the Four Spirits Sect, the master of everything.

That was why when they heard everything that Zen said, they were extremely shocked.

Apparently, the strongest being in the Four Spirits Sect was the one who didn't know anything about the ancestry-level bloodline.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess had mixed feelings about what they heard.

Of course, it was a given that they were extremely surprised, but they were also overjoyed because it meant that they had the chance to read the documents about the ancestry-level bloodline. Gaining knowledge from the esteemed Four Spirits Sect was something that they would absolutely indulge on.

Soon after, several Monkey Masters had escorted them to the hall at the top floor of the Ghost Mountain.

As they entered the hall, they instantly saw that it was covered with thick dust. They could just imagine how many years had passed by without anyone setting foot in that place.

Tearrag also entered and walked towards the end of the hall. As he gently touched a spot on the wall, a rumbling sound was instantly heard. A rectangular stone coffin surfaced from the wall. Inside it, there were multiple square stone tablets, on which distinct Sanskrit words were engraved.

"These are the records about the ancestry-level bloodline. Study them for as long as you want. However, don't touch the other stone coffins on the wall," Tearrag warned them.

They assumed that the history, unique skills, and bloodline theurgies of the Monkey Spirit Sect must have been recorded there.

Although they were well organized, the Monkey Masters never bothered to take time to read them.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess just nodded at Tearrag as their eyes focused on the stone tablets in front of them.

They had stayed in the Ghost Mountain for a long time so they now had a good understanding of Sanskrit words.

However, they recognized that it would still take them several hours to completely read all the words on the stone tablets. This would make their work both inefficient and inaccurate.

This was an important task so the two stared at Zen after they looked at all the stone tablets.

Zen quickly knew what they meant. He asked the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to decipher the contents on the stone tablets for them.

After they were translated, Zen told them the words.

According to the records on the stone tablets, Sheehan managed to obtain the ancestry-level bloodline on one of his explorations.

Back then, he had lost his way and went into a Time Vessel.

However, the time and space in the main world were totally different from what Zen and the others knew.

Therefore, they weren't able to imagine what the Time Vessel was like. They could only guess that it was some kind of vessel that was related to time.

Then, the records said that the ancestry-level bloodline was obtained in the Time Vessel.

At that time, the Four Spirits Sect was already quite influential, but it was far from being able to dominate the main world.

However, after they acquired the ancestry-level bloodline, everything changed. The human spirits, bird spirits, snake spirits, and monkey spirits were endowed with all sorts of abilities, and their strength increased at an incredible rate.

Realizing that they could obtain more power, Kincaid and Cornelius became greedy and weren't willing to stop at that point. They weren't satisfied with what they had yet, knowing that the energy contained in the ancestry-level bloodline was infinite.

Chapter 4101 Records

According to the records, the four kings had been on good terms and trusted each other.

Any creature in the Four Spirits Sect could have a try to obtain the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline.

After the strength of the Four Spirits Sect increased, they began to expand and enlarge their scale.

Their demand for ancestry-level bloodline also grew in return.

However, merging with the ancestry-level bloodline could only be done by a small number of the talents in the Four Spirits Sect.

The vast majority of the members tried many times, but they all resulted in failure.

However, there was one attempt that marked a turning point—Kincaid's.

He had divided the ancestry-level bloodline with a not very complicated method.

For experiments, the human spirits captured a large number of snow-white mice with wings called Heron Mice. These mice were pinned down and forcibly injected with the ancestry-level blood.

The energy contained in the ancestry-level bloodline was overwhelming, making it unbearable for the mice.

The only consequence for them after absorbing the ancestry-level bloodline was to explode and die.

The experiments yielded the same results repeatedly.

Fortunately, tens of billions of Heron Mice thrived in the forest closest to the Four Spirits Sect.

The monkey spirits in the Monkey Spirit Sect had the most important task of capturing the mice for decades.

Nearly a million mice had died from all the experiments when, finally, one of them managed to survive.

It wasn't because the mouse was special, but because the ancestry-level bloodline had become "tired".

In the beginning, both Cornelius and Sheehan believed the power of the ancestry-level bloodline to be inexhaustible, but Kincaid didn't agree. He felt that everything had its limits.

Orlando himself was not interested in the mystery of the ancestry-level bloodline. He was also unwilling to learn about it, so he blindly agreed with Kincaid.

Only the Human Spirit Sect and the Monkey Spirit Sect supported the research on the ancestry-level bloodline. The Bird Spirit Sect and the Snake Spirit Sect showed no concern with it.

When Kincaid injected the ancestry-level bloodline into the body of the Heron Mouse, he keenly sensed the slight change that occurred in the ancestry-level bloodline.

The inexhaustible energy of the ancestry-level bloodline had proved unsuitable for the fusion before.

He assumed that this kind of ability of the ancestry-level bloodline could be considered as a kind of poison, the poison of rejection, but the poison had limitations.

After causing countless mice's death, its toxicity had weakened. The ancestry-level bloodline finally yielded and successfully merged into the mouse's body.

The mouse instantly changed. It started to breathe heavily and moved as if it wanted to break free.

It displayed an incredible skill from the ancestry-level bloodline.

At that time, whoever could obtain the ability of the ancestry-level bloodline would immediately become a powerhouse.

Both the mouse's strength and speed greatly increased. After the experiment, it managed to attack three human spirits and killed them all. It planned to escape afterward, but Kincaid came to restrain and take it under his control.

Kincaid was overjoyed. He delighted at the thought of his success.

The poison of rejection had only been his speculation, yet it proved true.

He had proudly created a new bloodline from the mouse.

The Human Spirit Sect called this new bloodline the source bloodline.

The source bloodline had an ability of the ancestry-level bloodline but it was incomplete.

Some of the source bloodlines had inherited only one-tenth of a single ability, while some had two-tenth.

Compared to the abilities given by the ancestry-level bloodline, the source bloodlines were not that powerful, but they were highly adaptable.

The majority of the spirits in the Four Spirits Sect were able to fuse with this source bloodline.

There were only a small number of talented warriors who could merge with the ancestry-level bloodline before.

But everyone could now use the ancestry-level bloodline. The members of the Four Spirits Sect shouted and jumped for joy when they found out about the news.

However, Kincaid only allowed the members of the Monkey Spirit Sect to fuse with this source bloodline.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven sighed as he attentively listened beside Zen, "This must be the core problem."

"The Four Spirits Sect was an integral whole. It's undeniable that the Monkey Spirit Sect made great contributions, but the fact that Kincaid showed favoritism for this sect would surely bring a conflict," the Snake Goddess said.

The Monkey Spirit Sect's contribution to producing the source bloodline from the ancestry-level bloodline had always been recognized. After all, it was because of their tireless capture of the mice that Kincaid's experiments were pushed through.

The Bird Spirit Sect and the Snake Spirit Sect felt angry with the way things turned out.

Although they didn't express their emotions at the time, they might in the future.

This was one of the matters that affected the harmony of the Four Spirits Sect.

They continued to capture a large number of mice even after creating the source bloodline.

After the two millionth mouse died, Kincaid obtained the second source bloodline as expected. Its ability was completely different from the first one.

Then came more and more source bloodlines

which all displayed different abilities.

During the process, however, the number of mice in the forest plummeted. Their bones piled up into mountains in the Human Spirit Sect.

Although he had acquired many, Kincaid grew dissatisfied with the power of the source bloodlines.

It was because the source bloodlines could only release one-tenth or two-tenths of an ability of the ancestry-level bloodline.

Their strength wasn't enough—they were simply too weak.

To solve this problem, Kincaid gathered the smartest men among the human spirits for a discussion. The sun rose and set for many days, and then they finally came to a conclusion.

The mice were naturally weak, which determined their weak abilities even after they'd absorbed source bloodlines.

To obtain powerful source bloodlines, they had to use powerful creatures as well.

The main world didn't have many powerful creatures, leaving the Four Spirits Sect with few choices.

They explored and hunted, which led them to several selected targets.

Among these were numerous ants of several hundred feet in size and black midges.

The Snake Spirit Sect and the Bird Spirit Sect agreed that capturing these creatures was difficult, but they appreciated the human spirits' efforts and asked their members to join them in working.

The division of labor in the Four Spirits Sect led to a great improvement in their efficiency.

Soon after, the experiments were carried out with the powerful creatures.

Everything went smoothly. After about one hundred thousand ants died, Kincaid once again obtained a much stronger source bloodline.

It had possessed forty percent of a single ability of the ancestry-level bloodline.

Kincaid named it root-level bloodline, and the previous one was named the source-level bloodline.

With the popularity of the source-level and the root-level bloodlines in the Four Spirits Sect, their strength excelled once again.

They were able to produce elites in batches which could only be resisted by very few races in the main world.

Even so, Kincaid remained dissatisfied.

He aspired to obtain a much stronger bloodline, or better, to figure out a method to directly fuse with the ancestry-level bloodline.

However, he had not fulfilled this wish because of the absence of both an extremely powerful and populous race in the main world.

Chapter 4102 Bold Conjecture House

The general trend was that the stronger a certain race was, the smaller its number of members would be. The direct opposite also held true.

This particular trend could be observed in both the main and secondary worlds.

Although Kincaid failed to find a powerful race with enough individuals to serve as subjects for his experiment, he refused to give up.

He had sacrificed the Heron Mice first, to be the specimens on testing the repelling power of the ancestry-level bloodline. When they were all depleted, he had started using different and stronger creatures to further the experiment.

However, even with this, the experiment still failed in the end.

The main reason was that the repelling power of the ancestry-level bloodline had strange judging criteria. It could only be utilized to a certain type of creature or race. If the experimental subject changed into a totally different one in the middle of the process, the repelling power would recover completely and all of the prior progress would be lost.

This strange phenomenon was recorded in detail on the stone tablets.

After the attempt of strengthening the root-level bloodlines had failed, Kincaid decided to take a new route and tried to merge different bloodlines this time.

As Zen translated the words on the tablets at this point, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was greatly surprised. "Whoa. So, it turns out that the Human Spirit King has begun merging bloodlines so much earlier than I did," he said with a trembling smile.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had also conducted countless experiments in the Ghost Mountain, and he knew how difficult it really was to merge bloodlines.

Well technically, it was not difficult to simply combine two different kinds of bloodlines. However, soon after they were merged, the abilities of the paired bloodlines would start rejecting each other, causing the energy to be very unstable.

Because of this, most blended bloodlines could only exist for a few seconds, while others could last for a couple of hours at most.

After experimenting for quite a long time, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was successful to maintain several types of blended bloodlines up to a few months before they finally disintegrated.

Such bloodlines would be unsuitable to be fused with warriors. However, since the sole purpose of his experiment was only to help awaken the Monkey Spirit King, this drawback could be ignored.

When Kincaid was the one performing the experiments, he had much better conditions and resources than the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Most people around the Primeval Lord of Heaven had only obtained the source-level bloodlines, and only a very few ones had obtained the root-level bloodlines.

On the other hand, after Kincaid did a lot of experiments, all kinds of source-level and root-level bloodlines could be found in the Four Spirits Sect.

Therefore, the Human Spirit King had more options to select from compared to the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

It should have been much easier for him to attain dramatic progress because of his resources.

Furthermore, Kincaid didn't carry out the experiments on his own. He should have many capable assistants in the Human Spirit Sect to help him out.

After a series of complicated experiments, he had finally created four new blended bloodlines.

These were the four origin-level bloodlines that Zen had witnessed in the Eternal Scroll Painting.

The origin-level bloodlines were much more superior. Anyone who could fuse with them would instantly be regarded as top-level talents and would be highly valued in the Four Spirits Sect.

Of course, in addition to these well-known origin-level bloodlines, Kincaid still created other blended bloodlines like them afterward.

Their powers were just as extraordinary as the initial ones. However, this time, Kincaid decided to not make them public. Instead, he only applied them to very few people.

Among them, the Monkey Spirit King was the one he picked to fuse with the most kinds of bloodlines.

"The Monkey Spirit King acquired thirteen kinds of powerful bloodlines. This is the origin of the Thirteen Teeth Necklace," the Snake Goddess said.

"I think so," Zen replied. "From what we know so far, it seems that there is no special trick in merging bloodlines. Anyone could succeed by trial and error, but of course, one would need several resources to increase the rate of success."

They soon learned that the conditions on the Night View Island weren't enough for them to conduct similar experiments.

In fact, they realized that even the entire chaos might not have sufficient resources for this.

Zen clearly remembered that the source-level and root-level bloodlines in the Eternal Scroll Painting were far from enough.

If they wanted to really create blended bloodlines by themselves, they would have to use the ancestry-level bloodline itself and start from scratch. However, they all knew that it would take a lot of time to produce viable results.

Realizing that this was such an impossible task, they couldn't help but just sigh in frustration. "Let's read on the other stone tablets to find out more information," the Snake Goddess finally suggested.

Currently, Zen had already deciphered a total of six stone tablets, and there were still a dozen more to go.

"Look here. There's a signature on this tablet," Zen said as he pointed at the lower corner of the stone tablet.

From the ones that Zen had already finished translating, this was the first stone tablet he encountered that contained a signature. "What does it say?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven inquired

Zen slightly tilted his head as if quite confused at the words written. "It says Bold Conjecture House, Human Spirit Sect."

"Bold Conjecture House?" the Snake Goddess repeated with furrowed brows. "That's a strange name."

They already knew that there were several houses affiliated to the Human Spirit Sect, but this was their first time hearing this one.

"Well, let me go ask about it first," Zen offered.

He walked straight to the door where Tearrag was standing guard, looking bored stiff.

"Master Tearrag," Zen greeted as he bowed to him.

Tearrag had just finished yawning as he cast a nonchalant glance at him and asked, "What is it?"

"I just want to ask if you have heard of the Bold Conjecture House of the Human Spirit Sect before," Zen inquired straightforwardly. Tearrag lightly scratched his head as if he wasn't sure of what he heard.

"What? Bold Con…" Tearrag asked in confusion. "Bold Conjecture House," Zen repeated.

"What the heck is that name?

I don't think I could be of help. There are all kinds of houses in the Human Spirit Sect, and most of them have confusing names like the one you mentioned. I really can't distinguish them," Tearrag answered after he thought for a little while.

"Oh, alright. Thank you anyway," Zen replied in a soft voice.

'Come on. No wonder these monkey spirits were the first ones to be eliminated by the Snake Spirit Sect, ' he thought to himself as he returned to the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess.

At least for now, they knew who wrote the stone tablets. Since they were the ones who knew so many secrets about the ancestry-level bloodline, Zen surmised that this Bold Conjecture House must have a very high status in the Human Spirit Sect.

As he returned, he just shook his head while the other two stared at him. They immediately understood that he didn't get any useful information. With that, Zen just took out the seventh stone tablet and began deciphering it.

From the translated inscriptions, it said that with the creation of the origin-level bloodlines, the strength of the Four Spirits Sect was greatly enhanced.

It was described that each of the four origin-level bloodlines was even stronger than a single ability endowed by the ancestry-level bloodline.

The only problem was that the four origin-level bloodlines required a very high level of comprehension. Many people had dedicated their entire lives to fully comprehend them, but still failed. In the end, they weren't able to fuse with the bloodlines.

But they clearly knew that if anyone succeeded in merging with them, they would definitely become invincible in the entire main world.

Up to that point, Kincaid's achievement had already been astonishing and incomparable.

Although Sheehan was the one who discovered and brought back the ancestry-level bloodline, Kincaid's progress on its usage was undoubtedly a more brilliant feat.

However, even with all those achievements, Kincaid was still dissatisfied.

His ultimate goal was to grasp the ancestry-level bloodline itself. For him, it was the most perfect power in the world, and he wouldn't settle for less until he got what he wanted.

In his long years in the main world, Kincaid had almost tried all sorts of methods just to study it.

He even tried to merge all of the three hundred and seventy-three source-level bloodlines in an attempt to create a new ancestry-level bloodline. But in the end, he failed.

Zen continued reading the contents of the stone tablet which almost seemed like diary entries of someone from the Bold Conjecture House.

"After countless trials, we discovered that the ancestry-level bloodline has a life of its own.

We should have noticed that earlier. It's alive and it has its own mind. But still, the real problem is how we could effectively communicate with it..."

"The construction of the Eternal Divine Courtyard was already completed, and Master Cornelius required that the ancestry-level bloodline be stored in the sacred cup. Master Cornelius ordered that no one is allowed to get close to the ancestry-level bloodline if there is no important reason, not even Master Kincaid. Even the members of the Bold Conjecture House are prohibited from entering the Eternal Divine Courtyard. That's just too much!"

"Master Kincaid said that since we couldn't find a better way to produce greater results, we have to use the simplest method. He said that we needed to refine a body that could withstand the overwhelming power of the ancestry-level bloodline.

But that's just impossible. I asked Master Kincaid what kind of body would be able to withstand the ancestry-level bloodline.

He said that it must be a body that is as strong as the sacred cup.

I didn't really get it. Did he mean that we should refine a creature's flesh into metal? At first, I thought that Master Kincaid must have gone crazy. However, the Bold Conjecture House really started achieving this requirement!"

'They did what?' Zen's mouth remained open after reading the contents of the stone tablet.

As he raised his head and looked at the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess, he saw the same astonishment on their faces.

Chapter 4103 A Method

The process Zen went through in order to inherit the ancestry-level bloodline was very abrupt and quite strange.

Although he thought himself already quite talented, he knew there was a great gap between him and the human spirits.

Judging from the reactions the four statues in the Eternal Divine Courtyard had when they saw Zen absorb the ancestry-level bloodline, they were also quite shocked. It was virtually impossible for such a freak like him to exist in this world.

The Human Spirit King, the Monkey Spirit King, the Snake Spirit King, the Bird Spirit King, and all other geniuses had failed to do that, yet a human from a secondary world, had achieved such a feat.

Coupled with surprise was also a bit of confusion on Zen's part.

Was it because his physical body was special? His body was essentially a weapon but then didn't the Four Spirits Sect have skills that enabled them to create anything?

Those people created the chaos from which even the Metal Civilization appeared.

It shouldn't be that difficult for them to have forged a body similar or even superior to Zen's.

So why in the world did the ancestry-level bloodline favor Zen?

It was only when he looked through the human spirit's diary that Zen was able to find some clues.

"If that is the case, Zen, then I'm afraid your physical body becoming such a weapon is part of someone's plan," the real Snake Goddess said with a frown.

"I'm afraid that the Bold Conjecture House had found the solution. Go on and continue reading the diary," the Primeval Lord of Heaven urged.

Zen decided it best to continue deciphering the contents on the stone tablet.

"We tried thousands of containers but discovered that the ancestry-level bloodline repelled most of the materials.

Even dead wood and soil were rejected.

However, we've discovered that if the wood is burnt until it turns into charcoal or if the soil is heated until it becomes solid brick, then the repelling force would disappear!"

"Alvaro went out to the Eternal Divine Courtyard again. He had a fight with the statues that were guarding it. Even if the human spirits, monkey spirits, snake spirits, and bird spirits each have a statue there, they actually follow the Snake Spirit Sect's orders! These damned fellows!

They did let him in eventually. Alvaro finally found the reason why we failed. His Infinite Eyes can see what is normally too far or too little to be seen. According to him, there are very small living creatures in the soil and wood which have gone unnoticed by ordinary people. These creatures are very weak and would promptly die if subjected to the smallest of flames.

This way, it was made clear to us that the ancestry-level bloodline repels all living creatures but not dead creatures.

Elder Xue forwarded this assumption and hypothesized that there might be a condition for absorbing the ancestry-level bloodline. According to him, it may require a creature that is both alive and dead at the same time.

That doesn't make any sense, though! What's dead will remain dead and what is alive shall continue to live until death. How can a creature be both at the same time?

Our puppet technique can construct puppets that look and move the exact same way as a living, breathing person but, at the end of the day, those puppets remain dead things. If we put the ancestry-level bloodline into a puppet's body, it would be as good as pouring it all into the sacred cup. This is not absorbing the ancestry-level bloodline, nor can we use the ancestry-level bloodline.

We can also create metal creatures but when we tried putting the ancestry-level bloodline in them and even in creatures made of other different elements, they'd promptly explode and die.

Elder Xue remained persistent and began to teach us lessons again. Master Kincaid even got scolded. He said there were too many unknown and incomprehensible things in the main world and though the Four Spirits Sect was powerful, it was not omniscient.

Elder Xue disappeared the next day. He only left a letter behind saying he was going to try and find a solution.

That old man is very stubborn. He must have gone to the Deep Space. There are a lot of strange things up there like the Time Vessel. The place is simply too dangerous. Master Sheeran almost lost his life when he went there. How can Elder Xue dare go there alone..."

The diary ended there and made no further mention of Elder Xue's fate.

Further entries expressed records of dissatisfaction of the Bold Conjecture House with the Snake Spirit Sect who began to change the rules of entering the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

By their rules, it became increasingly more difficult to gain entry.

Sheehan had originally taken out the ancestry-level bloodline and made it accessible to everyone in the Four Spirits Sect.

Unfortunately, after the establishment of the Eternal Divine Courtyard, this open access enjoyed by the sect eventually disappeared.

Over time, the ancestry-level bloodline became a sacred relic to the Four Spirits Sect and was fiercely guarded and protected.

Save for the time when the Eternal Divine Courtyard opened to allow warriors to get some power, it would normally be impossible for anyone to even look at it.

A fierce quarrel between Kincaid and Cornelius erupted because of this but the latter ended up gaining the upper hand.

Nobody knew what sort of method Cornelius used to persuade Sheehan to agree with him but the Four Spirit Sect eventually gave the Eternal Divine Courtyard supreme power in order to facilitate development for the Four Spirits Sect.

However, taking control of the Eternal Divine Courtyard, the Snake Spirit Sect were selfish, and they devised a few sketchy rules and left a back door for their sect.

Their sketchy rules made it very difficult for human, bird, and monkey spirits to accept the ancestry-level bloodline's test while their people met no obstructions whatsoever which only led to Kincaid's growing frustration.

Inevitably, an intense conflict broke out.

Dissatisfied and frustrated by the current state of things, Kincaid poured his annoyance into his work and soon came up with a method to activate the ancestry-level bloodline.

It was a rudimentary method but he still wanted to try it. Everything was well and good until he was stopped by the entrance and was told that he was forbidden from entering the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

In a fit of anger, he smashed the dome and caused some heavy damage onto the courtyard.

Elite members of the Snake Spirit Sect all came and surrounded him.

Cornelius was also there and criticized Kincaid for what he had done.

Afraid of the brewing fight between the two kings, Orlando immediately rushed over.

Meanwhile, the Monkey Spirit King unconditionally stood by the human spirits' side.

It was after the Monkey Spirit King involved himself that a gap in strength was observed. Cornelius had no choice but to concede and allow

Kincaid to continue his experiment.

However, the former made it clear that this was the only exception and that it wasn't a privilege that would be granted to him ever again.

That made Kincaid unhappy.

However, he had no choice but to grit his teeth and agree. Nobody was exempt from the rules, not even the four kings.

Unfortunately, despite all the ruckus he caused to touch the ancestry-level bloodline, Kincaid's method ultimately failed.

The ancestry-level bloodline showed no reaction at all.

This result confused Kincaid since he was quite sure that his method would've been very effective.

How could the ancestry-level bloodline show no reaction at all?

Was it perhaps resistant to Kincaid? That seemed to be the only logical explanation. Since magical blood was sentient, it could reject external interference.

Kincaid's method was recorded on No. 17 stone tablet.

Zen's eyes lit up when he read this.

"No. 17 stone tablet!" he cried out.

He had deciphered sixteen stone tablets and No. 17 stone tablet was up next.

This tablet contained Kincaid's method and the real Primeval Lord of Heaven and Snake Goddess became extremely interested when they realized this.

Soon enough, Zen picked up the tablet.

This one was very different from the ones he held before.

There were only four Sanskrit words on the tablet and they glowed a dull blue.

Zen also noticed that the way these words were written was very strange with extremely thin lines twisted together.

The core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization deciphered the tablet for him and the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Snake Goddess patiently waited for him to speak.

After a minute or so, Zen pursed his lips. "They're undecipherable..."

The core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization relied on a large amount of calculation to decipher words. However, the problem was that these four Sanskrit words were in a form that it had never seen before so it had no idea how to calculate it.

Chapter 4104 Coral Blood Sword

Since the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization couldn't decipher the Sanskrit words on the seventeenth stone tablet, they had no choice but to leave it to the Monkey Masters.

Although there was little hope, Zen still decided to take the stone tablet to them to ask.

Upon receiving the stone tablet from Zen, Tearrag didn't show any impatience. He looked it over for a bit before declaring, "These are not Sanskrit words."

"Not Sanskrit words?" Zen echoed, raising his eyebrows slightly.

Earlier, the records on the stone tablets Zen read were all written in Sanskrit. Could there possibly be another language in the Four Spirits Sect?

Tearrag held up the stone tablet. "It's a Blood-controlling Method," he said. "Look at these curved lines. Don't you think they look like a monkey?"

Zen, the real Primeval Lord of Heaven and the real Snake Goddess all turned their gazes to the stone tablet to study it once more.

Now that Tearrag pointed it out, they could vaguely make out a figure.

Although these lines were messy, they were actually very similar to the meridians in one's body.

"I think it looks more like a human..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven couldn't help but speak up.

"Monkey!" Tearrag snapped decisively, casting him a glare.

One of the reasons why the Human Spirit Sect and the Monkey Spirit Sect were very close to each other was that their bodies were similar in form.

Thus, if the human spirits could use the methods created by Kincaid, the monkey spirits wouldn't have any problem performing the same. However, it was a different story for the bird and snake spirits.

"How does one use this Blood-controlling Method?" Zen cleared his throat.

"Just operate according to the meridians on the pattern. These four pictures are four small circulations, and they form one big circulation..." As Tearrag spoke, his fingers were tracing the lines on the stone tablet. Suddenly, his expression changed. "This operation method is so strange. Does this really have anything to do with the ancestry-level bloodline?"

In fact, the Blood-controlling Method created by Kincaid was no secret in the Four Spirits Sect. However, the Monkey Masters had no interest in matters outside their sect. While they had great talent in cultivation, they only really cared about the methods they could make use of.

If one couldn't merge with the ancestry-level bloodline, the Blood-controlling Method was deemed useless to them, so the Monkey Masters didn't concern themselves with it.

However, what appeared to be a useless waste to the Monkey Masters turned out to be extremely important to Zen. Talk about one man's trash being another one's treasure!

The real Snake Goddess suddenly spoke up. "Back then, when no one could absorb the ancestry-level bloodline, what was the point of creating this Blood-controlling Method?"

"Puppets," Tearrag answered gravely. "I remember, some people from the Human Spirit Sect had asked us to collect all kinds of materials to make puppets. The Blood-controlling Method wasn't used on living beings. They wanted to use it on puppets." His eyes narrowed. "But it should have failed..."

At that time, the Human Spirit Sect had used all the methods they could think of.

However, puppets weren't living things, after all. So the Blood-controlling Method didn't work on them.

As Tearrag trailed off, he shifted his gaze towards Zen.

He suddenly clapped his hands and said excitedly, "Since this Blood-controlling Method didn't work on puppets, how about we try using it on you?"

Actually, this thought had crossed the minds of Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess earlier.

"I'll try it now..." Zen said decidedly.

Previously, all the miracles that happened to Zen's body were thanks to the ancestry-level bloodline.

However, the ancestry-level bloodline was not under Zen's control, and sometimes, it had a mind of its own. If this Blood-controlling Method actually worked, then Zen could say he stumbled upon the jackpot of methods!

Tearrag didn't try to stop Zen. In fact, the Monkey Spirit King was hoping Zen would find a solution here.

Zen sat cross-legged and closed his eyes to concentrate. Then, an invisible force lifted the stone tablet and it floated in front of him.

Previously, Zen had tried various ways to control the ancestry-level bloodline, but none of them worked. After so many failed attempts, he didn't know what to expect this time.

Zen shoved his doubts to the back of his mind as he envisioned the pattern of meridians in the first small circulation.

The pattern started from the right shoulder and terminated in the left leg.

Once he could clearly picture the pattern of meridians, he manipulated his blood to flow along the pattern.

Strangely enough, this time, the originally uncontrollable ancestry-level bloodline followed meekly. The ancestry-level bloodline was like a docile kitten as it flowed in the direction that Zen guided.

Even the real Primeval Lord of Heaven, the real Snake Goddess, and Tearrag, who were not far away, sensed that something was out of the norm.

The ancestry-level bloodline might be gentle and obedient now, but they all knew that things could change in the blink of an eye.

This pattern was very complicated, and the lines contained rules that Zen found difficult to read.

As he guided his blood, Zen quietly marveled at the intricacy of the pattern.

If it was his own bloodline, he would be able to explore it bit by bit as he slowly took control of it. And it would not be surprising that he would finally master the Blood-controlling Method.

However, Kincaid had never absorbed the ancestry-level bloodline. Zen didn't know how he had drawn these lines. What kind of talent it required to enable him to complete such work?

About a quarter of an hour later, Zen carefully neared finishing the first small circulation.

The moment he completed it, he suddenly felt a chill rushing up from his meridians.

Frowning, he then felt something stirring in his mind.

That thing was a square, with a simple rune wrapped in the middle. The rune was in the form of a ring hidden in the middle of a triangle.

"What's this?"

It didn't look like Sanskrit, neither did it look like it was in any language he knew.

So far, it seemed as though Zen had never come across such a rune before.

"The second small circulation begins..."

Zen decided to shrug it off and proceeded to cultivate the second small circulation.

Another quarter of an hour later, Zen finished the second small circulation and another square appeared in Zen's mind.

It was also a rune wrapped in a square, but this time, this square joined the first square, like two puzzle pieces connecting.

Zen ignored this and began to cultivate the third small circulation, and then later, the fourth one.

After he finished the large circulation in this Blood-controlling Method, the four squares that formed in Zen's mind pieced together in sequence to form one large square.

The four patterns in the square were also perfectly connected, like a completed puzzle!

When Zen tried to use his consciousness to explore the big square, a sense of familiarity arose, as though he somehow obtained the ability to understand the runes.

All of a sudden, his eyes popped wide open, and his hands trembled violently.

"What's wrong, Zen?" the real Snake Goddess asked with concern.

"Are you all right?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven piped in.

Meanwhile, Tearrag glanced at Zen indifferently.

The Monkey Spirit King was very interested in the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline, but these Monkey Masters thought differently.

It was because of the ancestry-level bloodline that the Four Spirits Sect was reduced to this situation. In the eyes of the Monkey Masters, this thing was the source of their downfall, and would not bring any benefits to the Monkey Spirit Sect. Thus, they looked at it with disdain.

"I'm fine..." Zen said shakily.

Wincing slightly, he opened his right hand, palm facing up.

His palm began to crack, and traces of bright red blood began to fill the palm.

Raising his hand gently to study it, thin blood streaks painted his palm, like an intricate coral reef.

Then, a thought crossed Zen's mind. Like lightning, the streaks of blood responded immediately. In the blink of an eye, the blood streaks moved around to form the shape of a blood sword, which was exactly what Zen had been thinking!

Because it was woven from threads of blood, the blood sword was filled with pulsating coral branches. It truly resembled an intricately-shaped coral.

The moment Tearrag's eyes landed on the coral blood sword, he immediately took a few steps back.

The Monkey Masters had a strong fighting instinct, and Tearrag immediately sensed that this strange blood sword was dangerous.

The real Primeval Lord of Heaven and the real Snake Goddess didn't budge, but they recalled to mind that time Zen and the resentment-level Treacherous Being had fought back on the Pure Sky Platform.

At the time, Zen's body had been devoured; only coral-like streaks of blood were left of him.

Chapter 4105 Reckless

At that time, Zen had directly got into the body of the resentment-level Treacherous Being. He killed it instantly with the Light of Annihilation.

If not for his quick action, Zen and his companions would probably have all been killed on the Pure Sky Platform.

Now these coral-shaped blood streaks had reappeared, and they actually formed a sword at Zen's will!

"It's a basic Blood-controlling Method. If used on any other bloodlines, it wouldn't be very strong. I wonder how powerful the ancestry-level bloodline would be if this method is used on it?" Tearrag said, staring intently at the coral blood sword.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was feeling somewhat confused. "Master Terrag, may I ask you something? After one merges with a bloodline, one will naturally be able to display its theurgy. What then is the use of this Blood-controlling Method?"

Usually, after a warrior merged with a bloodline, its power would become the warrior's basic talent.

For Eternal Realm warriors, such a Blood-controlling Method seemed unnecessary.

Tearrag was not interested in these theories of the Human Spirit Sect, but he knew a lot about secret skills and theurgies. He snorted at the Primeval Lord of Heaven's question. Coldly, he said, "The Blood-controlling Method is the most basic use of the bloodlines, and it can also stimulate the bloodline to the limit. The Eternal Realm warriors in your system only make use of less than thirty percent of their bloodlines!"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven was stunned, so was the Snake Goddess, whose bright eyes widened at Tearrag's words.

Was it true? The bloodline that they had always been proud of, which they had classified as the bloodline of the Eternal Realm, was only thirty percent activated?

"Or maybe a bit more," Tearrag added.

"But..." The Snake Goddess sounded unconvinced. "Why isn't there any Blood-controlling Method in the chaos?" she asked, looking directly at Tearrag.

This simple question stumped him. For a moment he was silent, at a loss for words.

He knew the Blood-controlling Method, but he didn't know how to build secondary worlds. He didn't even know why there was the need to build secondary worlds. He only knew that they could obtain energy from the secondary worlds.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven spoke up. "Could it be that one can only learn the Blood-controlling Method by becoming a member of the Four Spirits Sect?" he suggested.

Tearrag nodded. "Yes. If those monkeys in the secondary worlds are smart enough, after joining our Monkey Spirit Sect, we will naturally teach them the Blood-controlling Method. Those in the secondary worlds are not qualified to learn the skill."

The real Snake Goddess and the Primeval Lord of Heaven sighed inwardly.

They had only used thirty percent or less of the bloodline power they were proud of. The gap was bigger than they could have imagined.

"Is the Blood-controlling Method only a skill of using bloodlines?" the Snake Goddess asked.

Zen seemed to only have extracted his bloodline and converted it into a sword just now.

This time, Tearrag shook his head. "Of course not. Different Blood-controlling Methods have different focuses. Most of them focus on bringing out the potential ability of one's own bloodline, but a small portion are concerned with the direct usage of the bloodline power. For example, the Blood-controlling Method of the Divine Flame Blood is to directly extract the blood and turn it into divine flames that can be wielded as a weapon against others."

As he spoke of the Divine Flame Blood, a slight frown appeared on his face. It was the strongest and most outrageously powerful of the root-level bloodlines, yet it also caused terrible side effects.

In the past, many members of the Snake Spirit Sect and the Bird Spirit Sect had inherited the Divine Flame Blood. If they fought in a battle using the Divine Flame Blood, they had to consume their own bloodline until they were completely drained, leading to their death.

The Blood-controlling Method left on the stone tablet by Kincaid should be working in the similar way. It only made Zen extract the bloodline directly instead of strengthening the ability of his bloodline. After all, the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline were too complicated.

"The power of the ancestry-level bloodline is quite extraordinary," said Tearrag. "For instance, Rodney—a member of the Human Spirit Sect—once used a drop of ancestry-level bloodline as a hidden weapon. When he injected it into his opponent's body, it caused his enemy to explode and die!"

No living being could bear the power of the ancestry-level bloodline. If they came into contact with it, it caused an explosion, and they died. Thus, it was definitely one of the most powerful hidden weapons a warrior could use.

However, the drop of ancestry-level bloodline that Rodney had tried hard to extract was eventually taken away by the Snake Spirit King.

"I wonder how powerful Zen's blood sword is," the Primeval Lord of Heaven mused.

"We could try it on the Star Stones in the Ghost Mountain," the Snake Goddess proposed.

The Great Ghost Priests of the Ghost Mountain also had their cultivation places. The Star Stones were very solid, and could be used to test the power of the hatred-level Treacherous Beings.

"No need to go through all that trouble," said Tearrag, smirking. He pointed at his own chest. "Go on, stab me right now!"

Zen raised an eyebrow. He and his companions looked at Tearrag as though he was insane, wondering if he was serious.

They knew that Monkey Masters were famous for their bravery and recklessness, but this went beyond that. Tearrag was brave to the point of foolishness.

But Tearrag ignored their stares. "Don't worry," he said in a tone of indifference. "You can't kill me as long as you don't use the Light of Annihilation, and if you do manage to kill me, I can revive in the Ghost Mountain. So hurry up! I want to see the power of your blood sword."

"Master Tearrag, this blood sword is formed from the ancestry-level bloodline," Zen said slowly. "I don't know what special ability it would have..."

Zen certainly had no intention of stabbing Tearrag with the coral blood sword.

He had seen the power of the ancestry-level bloodline, and it was tremendous. There was nothing it could not dissolve.

Although Treacherous Beings were powerful and seemingly indestructible, it was still possible for them to be killed.

But Tearrag had no patience for Zen's hesitation. Even as Zen tried to dissuade him, he reached out and grabbed Zen's wrist. To everyone's shock, he pulled Zen's arm forward.

Zen looked astonished as Tearrag drove the sword into his chest.

In an instant, the coral blood sword was embedded deeply in Tearrag's body.

The real Primeval Lord of Heaven and the real Snake Goddess watched the scene with expressions of disbelief.

It was well known that these Monkey Masters were powerful figures, and they were also reputed to be frank and straightforward in their personality.

But this was too much. Why had Tearrag dared to do such a thing? Was he truly insane?

If there were more Monkey Masters like him in the Monkey Spirit Sect, then no wonder their sect was trapped on the small Night View Island for so long!

"Master—Master Tearrag!" Zen spluttered, staring at him.

"It's just a blood sword," Tearrag said calmly. "It's sharp and can break through my defense. It's power is quite impressive. But... but I..."

In the instant after he stabbed himself, Tearrag had seemed unchanged, as though he didn't care about the sword buried in his body. But as he spoke, he suddenly trailed off, his voice taking on a strange tone.

The moment the blood sword pierced Tearrag's chest, it had sent coral branches throughout the meridians of his body. Within seconds, they had spread out over his entire body.

Zen and the others gaped at Tearrag. The surface of his skin was covered with a net of fine red lines, and his body was growing stiffer and stiffer. He opened his mouth but was no longer able to speak, although his eyes remained wide open.

There was an enormous boom.

Tearrag's body had exploded.

His body, in the form of a Treacherous Being, cracked along the lines of the red net on his skin. Chunks of his body flew in all directions, splattering all across the hall.

Fortunately, the Treacherous Being was not made of flesh and blood. If a normal body had disintegrated like this, the entire hall would be stained with gore.

"Master Tearrag!"

Zen, the real Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the real Snake Goddess gazed around them at the pieces of Tearrag's body, wearing looks of helplessness and anxiety.

"I'm going to find other Monkey Masters for help!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

These Monkey Masters were all elites in the Monkey Spirit Sect. They had to explain what had happened, so no one would think that a Monkey Master had been killed by Zen.

They were startled when a familiar voice suddenly spoke.

"No need for that," said Tearrag.

The pieces scattered across the hall began to wriggle towards each other. In a few moments, they had all joined together to reform Tearrag's body.

Indeed, the Treacherous Beings were truly terrifying. Their bodies were flexible and virtually indestructible. Even a Treacherous Being who had been cut into thousands of pieces, like Tearrag, could regenerate almost immediately.

Of course, if Zen had used the Light of Annihilation, the result might be different.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven heaved a deep sigh of relief upon seeing that Tearrag had completely recovered.

Tearrag came up to Zen and studied his coral blood sword closely. There was a trace of envy in his eyes.

So, the most basic Blood-controlling Method could actually achieve such power. How terrifying would it be if all the potential of the ancestry-level bloodline in Zen's body was brought out fully?

Chapter 4106 Request

After Zen had completely mastered the Blood-controlling Method, he went to meet the Monkey Spirit King again.

The latter was surprised to see Zen's coral blood sword. It was an unusual thing.

However, as a monkey, he knew no more about the ancestry-level bloodline than Tearrag did.

Even if he knew nothing about it at all, it wouldn't matter. All he cared about was whether Zen could grant him the blended bloodlines. He was not interested in the ancestry-level bloodline itself; not unless he could fuse with it.

His past had been rather unfortunate. He was unable to fuse with the ancestry-level bloodline before his corporeal body got destroyed. He might have had a chance at that time. But now, he had become a Treacherous Being, which meant it was impossible for him to do so anymore.

"Alas, I was under the impression that Kincaid had left the methods of merging bloodlines somewhere here," the Monkey Spirit King sighed. There was a look of regret and helplessness on his face.

Zen cupped his hands towards him and said, "Don't worry. I am sure we can still find a way."

"Really? Is there something you can do?" the Monkey Spirit King asked disdainfully.

He admired Kincaid from the bottom of his heart.

In his eyes, only Kincaid could help him in this world. Zen was nothing to him and he was only paying the man any attention because there was a slight chance Zen could help him.

Besides, Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the Snake Goddess were all fake human spirits.

The only reason the Monkey Spirit King hadn't chased them away was that they had saved his life. In any case, it was preposterous to expect them to come up with a way to merge the bloodlines.

Zen himself knew the Monkey Spirit King was rather arrogant. And to be honest, if he were the Monkey Spirit King, he would also have looked down upon the humans.

However, he said in a tone that was neither humble nor pushy, "Although we are not human spirits, we still are sentient, intelligent beings. The Primeval Lord of Heaven managed to merge the source-level bloodlines even though there were only a few dozen of them. You should have noticed this before."

Looking back, when the Monkey Spirit King had been trapped in the dream, he had felt the auras of the blended bloodlines, which had brought him a little glimmer of hope.

"Is it true? Did you do that?" the Monkey Spirit King asked, staring at the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"Yes," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

"Good job." The Monkey Spirit King suddenly complimented him with a laugh and then continued in a serious tone, "If you want me to give you some benefits, you can ask directly. Whatever you do, don't lie to me about blended bloodlines. Although I'm not good at studying, I'm not a fool! And I can easily spot a liar!"

The Monkey Spirit King suddenly began burning with anger. Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the Snake Goddess immediately felt a heavy stone-like pressure pressing down on their hearts.

It was true! The Monkey Spirit King was not stupid, and neither were the Monkey Masters. In fact, they were extremely intelligent creatures, and their intuition was quite strong.

Lying to them was impossible!

Zen had the ancestry-level bloodline in his body. If the Primeval Lord of Heaven really was confident about merging bloodlines, he would never have bargained in this vague way.

The Monkey Spirit King knew this very well.

"Please calm down, Monkey Spirit King," Zen called out, cupping his hands once again. "You misunderstood me."

"Oh, really?" the Monkey Spirit King sneered coldly.

He hated a lot of things but what he hated most was when others treated him as a fool. Kincaid was an exception.

"From what we could learn and decipher from the stone tablets in the coffin, we can merge bloodlines, and the process is not difficult. However, it will take a long time, and we will need a lot of manpower as well as material resources," Zen explained.

"I am patient! I can wait," the Monkey Spirit King replied as he waved his hand.

The wind pressure he was exerting on the people in front of him was lifted. A noise like rolling giant stones could be heard in the hall when that happened.

He had been waiting for countless years. He had all the time in the world.

"You can, but the chaos cannot! And the Snake Masters and the Bird Masters can't either. They will definitely not be satisfied with this," said Zen.

"They can come if they want to. No one is blocking them!" the Monkey Spirit King replied indifferently.

The Monkey Spirit Sect was like the weapon of the Four Spirits Sect.

And the Monkey Spirit King himself was the strongest weapon in the Four Spirits Sect.

Those birds and snakes meant nothing to him.

Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the Snake Goddess fell silent when they saw his expression.

They knew that the Monkey Spirit Sect had once been defeated by the Snake Spirit Sect.

The Monkey Spirit King clearly realized what they were thinking about and said in a low, diffident voice, "Look! If we were in the main world, those snakes would have been torn to pieces by my hands. Even if Cornelius himself were to confront me, he would face no good end. But it is hard to say what would happen in the chaos."

The Monkey Spirit King had been completely invincible in the main world.

"We are familiar with the chaos. As the continuation of human spirits, we will try our best to help you. But you must understand that it's difficult for us to fight them or stand against them. Please grant us the Blood-controlling Methods, and let us fuse with a few Treacherous Beings. That way, we will at least stand a chance against the Snake Spirit Sect. And we will fight alongside your sect."

Zen made a request again.

The Ghost Mountain had once had several strict rules.

Only the Great Ghost Priests were allowed to fuse with hatred-level Treacherous Beings.

Among the human heroes, only four of them had obtained hatred-level Treacherous Beings, while the others merely had resentment-level ones.

But the most important thing right now was the Blood-controlling Methods.

They could increase the power of one's own bloodline by a factor of three, which was an extremely strong boost for the human heroes.

Zen was trying his best right now, and saying whatever he needed in order to persuade the Monkey Spirit King.

The human race didn't only need help from the Monkey Spirit Sect. They also needed the sect to treat them as allies, just like they had been allies with the Human Spirit Sect before. This was much more important than any help they could give.

The Monkey Spirit King looked at Zen with his big eyes. He knew clearly what Zen was implying.

But to him, Zen was like a child making an unreasonable request to an adult. It was ridiculous.

However, the Monkey Spirit King had an intuition that he should trust this human.

And that was only because of the ancestry-level bloodline.

Kincaid knew the most about the ancestry-level bloodline. Zen's fusion with the ancestry-level bloodline was sure to have something to do with Kincaid.

Kincaid's decision was always the right one.

Thinking about that, the Monkey Spirit King felt relieved, and then put on a lazy look. "Tearrag, take them to fetch the Blood-controlling Methods. They can choose whatever Treacherous Beings they like in the Ghost Mountain."

If he were to be honest, the Monkey Spirit King had a few measures he could use to control Zen. However, he had always trusted his instincts, and he was going to do the same today.

Right now, he was treating these humans as members of the Human Spirit Sect, so he would not resort to those despicable methods.

Very soon, Zen and the others left the Ghost Mountain and went to the grotto in the south of the Night View Island.

As soon as Zen announced news of fusion with hatred-level Treacherous Beings, the humans in the grotto got excited.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Yasamin, King Ieuan and the three Eternal Realm Hunters looked at Zen with expectant eyes. They were wondering whether they could fuse with Treacherous Beings as well.

After all, they had come from outside the Night View Island.

Of course, Zen knew what they wanted. He smiled faintly and then set them at ease. "Everyone can choose a Treacherous Being and fuse with it. I also have another piece of good news."

"What is it?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"The Monkey Masters will give you the Blood-controlling Methods," Zen replied with a smile.

"What are they?" Fuxi asked in a confused tone.

"They are methods to activate the bloodlines of the Four Spirits Sect. They can improve your bloodline power," Zen explained.

Chiyou asked curiously, "Really? How much improvement? I mean how much of a difference would it make?"

"A lot! They can improve your bloodline power by about three times," Zen replied with another big smile.

Chapter 4107 Eliminate Hidden Dangers

"Three times?!"

The crowd couldn't help but exclaim and ask repeatedly if what they heard was correct.

All of the Eternal Realm warriors that were present had already lived for countless years.

In those years, they had already used their bloodlines to the fullest, especially the human heroes.

And in the current civilization, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, King Ieuan, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Yasamin, and the Eternal Realm Hunters were in the same situation.

It actually meant that there was almost no room for further development anymore.

That was why it was very hard for them to imagine that a Blood-controlling Method could easily increase their blood power by three times.

After being extremely surprised, expressions of joy instantly filled everyone's faces.

"Zen, can you really confirm that?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked in disbelief. "Yes. It should be true," Zen answered confidently.

"Everyone's bloodline comes from the Four Spirits Sect. Generally, only after one joins the Four Spirits Sect can he or she be taught with the Blood-controlling Method. However, this time, it is sort of a special exception," he continued.

Currently, the Monkey Spirit King did not have much confidence to deal with the ferocious Snake Spirit Sect.

And although the strength of these human beings was much inferior compared to the Monkey Masters, they became worthy of being favored by the Monkey Spirit Sect. Moreover, Zen possessed the precious ancestry-level bloodline, meaning that his potential was limitless.

"I can't believe that there are such methods in this world!"

"It seems that there is still so much that we don't know."

"Well, the Blood-controlling Methods are from the main world outside the chaos. We should just be grateful that we can get a hold of this knowledge."

Everyone talked about it. Even the usually calm ones couldn't help but join the joyous conversations.

There was a huge cave inside the Heavenly Square City.

The cave extended from the left side of the Heavenly Square City to the right side. Then it winded its way west.

It almost extended to every corners of the Heavenly Square City. However, none of the rooms of different sizes inside the city was connected to it.

Cornelius, the Snake Spirit King, dwelled and was hidden in this cave. Beneath the Heavenly Square City, his body spread along the cave and to all the corners of the city.

From the outside, it would look like an ordinary city, but its true face was a lair of Cornelius.

Sewell entered from the top of the Heavenly Square City and climbed down to the center of the huge cave.

This was where Cornelius's head was located.

His head was covered with dark red scales, and each of these scales had unique patterns with red-blood light flowing within them. From these scales, a devastating aura was being constantly emitted.

On the head of the Snake Spirit King was a peculiar pair of cockscombs. Currently, his huge dreadful eyes were closed.

As Sewell arrived in front of Cornelius, he slightly bit his lip before approaching.

"My king..." Sewell whispered as he knelt in front of the Snake Spirit King.

Soon after, Cornelius slowly opened his eyes.

Two crescent-shaped figures appeared in his pair of huge snake eyes.

"So, you failed?" Cornelius asked straightforwardly.

"Yes, I'm sorry," Sewell replied in a soft voice.

"It doesn't really matter. We still have a chance," Cornelius said in an indifferent tone.

"But..." Sewell reluctantly continued. "The Monkey Spirit King has awakened."

Before escaping from the Ghost Mountain, he had already sent some spies to keep watch in the area. Through them, although he wasn't able to detect every movement in the Ghost Mountain, he still had a general grasp of what was happening on the Night View Island.

Until now, Sewell was still confused.

If the Thirteen Teeth Necklace couldn't wake the Monkey Spirit King before, then why were they able to succeed this time using the same item? He couldn't think of what mistake he had committed allowing this failure to happen.

After Cornelius heard Sewell's news, his eyes slightly dilated.

He seemed to be also surprised at that.

But soon after, his eyes returned to their normal state. "That monkey is only invincible in the main world. Right here, I can even kill him twice. Don't be too depressed about it."

Cornelius was famous for being cruel, but when it came to his subordinates, he was actually quite lenient.

With this kind of attitude from the Snake Spirit King, Sewell felt more ashamed of his failure.

"However, we need to kill the monkey spirits in the Heavenly Square City and remove their coordinates. Do this discreetly," Cornelius strictly instructed.

In the Heavenly Square City, there were also monkey spirits and human spirits aside from the snake spirits.

After their leaders had fallen, these monkey spirits and human spirits started treating the Heavenly Square City as the Four Spirits Sect.

Although they were still on guard against the Snake Spirit King, they had no choice but to stay here and work for the Snake Spirit Sect.

Originally, Cornelius planned to control the Monkey Spirit King. Once their king was already at his disposal, then it meant that he could also control the monkey spirits.

But now that the Monkey Spirit King had completely awakened, these monkey spirits immediately became hidden dangers that were necessary to be eliminated. They had to do it quickly before the monkey spirits could plot something against the Snake Spirit Sect.

"Consider it done!"

With that, Sewell immediately withdrew from the cave and planned on how he would execute the task given to him.

An hour later, all of the monkey spirits in the city were gathered.

"Master Sewell, what's the matter? We were told that something urgent came up," the leader of the monkey spirits asked.

He was Alston, one of the previously most powerful warriors in the Monkey Spirit Sect.

"That's right. Your coordinates have been moved to the Supreme Pure Realm," Sewell announced.

"The Supreme Pure Realm? Why?" Alston asked in confusion. Even the other monkey spirits started murmuring with each other.

"We actually found some clues about the Monkey Spirit King," Sewell replied.

The monkey spirits glanced at each other. There were mixed emotions as they heard Sewell's news.

"He is in the Supreme Pure Realm?"

"Did he wake up already?"

The monkey spirits simultaneously asked a lot of questions, expressing concern for their king.

"No. He's actually trapped on the Night View Island and is being guarded by the bird spirits," Sewell replied. "He needs your help, but the entrance to the Night View Island is sealed. I can help you enter the island, but you can only revive through the coordinates."

"I'll do it!"

"Me too! We're going to invade the island!"

"Hurry up! Kill us now!"

Looking at the monkey spirits' determined and impatient faces, Sewell almost couldn't suppress his laughter. 'Such a group of idiots! They're actually begging us to kill them?'

However, he didn't reveal any emotion so as not to get caught. Then, he said, "Everyone, please wait a moment. After we fetch and activate the Light of Annihilation, we will kill you. We have already arranged a large number of snake spirits that will guide you to the entrance of the Night View Island. When you come back to life, we will cooperate together. Those birds would surely not stand a chance."

With a flick of Sewell's tail, hundreds of snake spirits swarmed over. Sharp white bones were inserted into their heads, inlaid with the Holy Stones.

As long as the white bones were stabbed into the bodies of the monkey spirits, the Light of Annihilation would immediately kill those Treacherous Beings.

"Wait a minute, Master Sewell. May I just ask why are we not informed about the matter of moving our coordinates?" Alston asked.

The monkey spirits had the strong intuition.

Although Sewell explained everything clearly, and he didn't show any expression that could harbor doubts, Alston was still quite hesitant. He just felt that something was amiss, and this situation was so rushed.

"I lurked into the Night View Island and was ultimately repelled by the Divine Hummingbirds, so I had no choice but to arrange your coordinates there in a hurry," Sewell replied.

Alston's suspicion grew continuously. "But how come there are so many snake spirits here just to kill us? Are you afraid that we will resist?"

As soon as Alston said this, the other monkey spirits had also become alert. They started to realize that there was something strange going on.

They were willing to defy all difficulties and danger for the Monkey Spirit King, and they were also ready to be killed just so they could enter the Night View Island.

It was quite abnormal for Sewell to arrange so many snake spirits that carried the Holy Stones.

"Come on. You're just thinking too much," Sewell said with a smile and still played it cool.

"Then how about we go to the Night View Island by ourselves? No matter how troublesome those birds are, I don't think we, the monkey spirits, would be defeated by them," Alston insisted.

Sewell's lips started to twitch as he became annoyed with the monkey spirits' stubbornness. "You don't need to do that..." He finally forced a smile as he lost his patience. "I've decided. All of you shall die here, right now!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he wagged his tail and immediately ordered the snake spirits to attack them.

Without the Holy Stones, the monkey spirits were unable to kill the snake spirits even with their monstrous strength. Even if they tore the bodies of the snake spirits into pieces, they would just recover immediately.

On the other hand, once the monkey spirits were stabbed by the white bones infused with the Light of Annihilation, they would instantly die.

It turned out to be a cruel massacre.

The battle was fierce at first but the monkey spirits' resistance was futile.

The monkey spirits were able to battle it out against the snake spirits for an hour before they were all finally eliminated.

"Go and erase their coordinates," Sewell said coldly after watching all of the monkey spirits dissipate after the vicious battle. "You brought this to yourselves. I was actually merciful enough to give you a quick death, but you asked for such a tragic one."

Chapter 4108 The Red Stairs

On the huge pillar, Geoffrey was climbing the steep staircase step by step.

In actuality, climbing up the huge pillar was a very complicated thing.

Every one thousand steps, there would be a statue blocking his way.

When it came to the rotten and scrapped statues, he dealt with them with ease. He only needed to carefully pass them without making any contact.

However, the intact and mobile ones were great trouble.

Every time Geoffrey encountered a statue that could move, he would forcefully pull the rope that connected him and Ziya.

Then, at the foot of the pillar, Ziya would pull Geoffrey down from the pillar.

Ziya wasn't able to clearly see what was happening on the pillar, so he was there as a support for Geoffrey.

Fortunately, he could still control his physical strength very well.

So whenever Geoffrey would be in danger, Ziya would immediately drag him down. And before he hit the ground, Ziya would firmly catch him.

When the statues started chasing after them, they would run towards the nearest cave.

However, the mobile statues were tenacious. Once they locked on their targets, they wouldn't give up easily until they were destroyed.

They circled down the stairs and chased after Geoffrey into the nearest world.

After several attempts of repeating the same process, Ziya realized that they were up for a long-term battle. Thus, he decided to put up a big array at the entrance of the world.

Geoffrey and Ziya entered the array first.

When the statues chased after them and entered the array, the array was instantly activated.

Streaks of golden lightning burst out from all directions and pierced into the weak parts of the statues.

Crack! Crack!

The statues were charred by the bolts of lightning, but they still weren't completely destroyed. With that, Ziya took out his God Lashing Whip.

He let out tens of thousands of golden whip shadows, lashing out the solid statues until they finally disintegrated.

"Fortunately, the statues have been corroded over time, so they were quite easy to destroy," Ziya said after crushing the statues to pieces.

The powers possessed by the statues in the past were absolutely greater compared to what they were experiencing now. Even Ziya couldn't fully resist them.

After destroying the most recent statue, Ziya noticed a frown on Geoffrey's face. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm just tired," Geoffrey answered as he let out a sigh.

Personally, Geoffrey didn't have a persistent attitude.

Back then, he just came to explore the four pillars because he found them really interesting.

At first, he was fascinated by what he found out about it.

He could control other people's Other Shore Tokens at will, and he could climb up the stairs. He wondered what he would encounter if he was able to climb up to the top of the pillar.

He also thought that if he could find his father's Other Shore Tokens there, he would have the opportunity to change them to more powerful ones. He was excited to know how his father would react when he found out that his Other Shore Tokens were upgraded.

But all of that was just his wishful thinking. The reality that he found out was so much different from what he imagined.

The pillar was too high that he couldn't say for sure if he would be able to reach its top.

In the beginning, Geoffrey was still counting the steps that he had climbed.

Whenever he had climbed about one thousand steps, he would encounter the statues that would attack the intruders.

Since he had no means to defeat the statues, he would pull the rope and descend to the bottom, and then he would let Ziya deal with the statues.

After the statues were successfully destroyed, he would continue climbing up.

The higher he climbed, the longer it took him to get back when a statue started attacking.

There were even times when he had mistaken a stationary statue for a mobile one. Because of that, he accidentally pulled the rope, so Ziya immediately dragged him down. In those cases, he really regretted wasting so much energy and effort.

The process was getting so boring.

Geoffrey, who was the one climbing the pillar, was already running out of patience and wanted to give up.

Surely, Ziya also knew about that.

He knew how tiresome and dangerous it was.

However, the fact remained that the pillar could control the Other Shore Tokens in the chaos.

Its importance was very evident.

"We've been here for a long time, huh?" Ziya sighed. "I know it's tough for you, but—"

"Yes, I know," Geoffrey interrupted him before he could finish his sentence.

Then, he grabbed the rope that was lying on the ground and climbed up again without saying anything.

Ziya was surprised at first, and then a faint smile appeared on his face.

Over the years, Geoffrey had always acted on his own and rarely accepted any responsibility.

This was totally new to him, but at the same time, it was the perfect training.

While he climbed and fell repeatedly, he eventually learned how to be patient.

He also learned how to see the positive side of what they were doing.

In fact, there was an interesting feat that could be seen when he climbed up the pillar.

The pages were connected to many Other Shore Tokens. Through the silk threads on these pages, he could witness what was happening on the Other

Shore.

Once, he saw a group of humans through the rays of light on the stairs.

He tried communicating with them, but he got no response.

So, he realized that the rays of light could only project the scenes from the Other Shore, and they couldn't transmit his voice.

What he could do was upgrade their Other Shore Tokens by changing the rays of light.

However, there were too many Other Shore Tokens in there, and they came in various forms.

They were in the form of sand, a leaf, a stone, and generally anything else.

There were so many creatures residing on the Other Shore, so it was simply unrealistic to check them one by one. With that, he also gave up looking for the ones possessed by Zen.

Therefore, as time passed by, Geoffrey started ignoring the Other Shore Tokens and just kept climbing to the top.

When he climbed to a certain height, he noticed that all of the statues guarding the pillar were almost rotten, and they no longer chased him.

Thus, his determination got a boost, and his speed steadily increased.

A few months had passed, and Geoffrey was now able to reach such a great height.

He stuck his head out of the stairs and looked up. He wanted to check if he could already see the top of the pillar.

Finally, he saw that he was quite near. It was still high, but already achievable.

He also tried to look down the pillar.

However, he couldn't see anything except for the rope that was hanging. After all, he was already at such a great height.

He and Ziya were only connected by this rope.

Then, he suddenly thought that if the rope had extended to such a great length, it should have become very heavy by now. But he noticed that it was still the same.

A strange thought came to Geoffrey's mind, so he looked down again and tried to inspect the rope more intently this time.

His expression suddenly changed as he realized that his guess was actually true. He saw that the rope was torn apart.

But Geoffrey was so busy climbing, so he didn't know when it broke.

'This is bad. Should I go back?'

However, as soon as this thought entered his mind, he shook his head and slapped his cheeks with both hands.

Although he still felt tired, he realized how he had worked so hard to climb this height. It would all be in vain if he retreated now.

He still had great confidence that there were no more statues that were going to chase him, so he convinced himself to climb all the way to the top and have a look at what was waiting for him there.

Finally, Geoffrey made up his mind and continued climbing up the stairs without Ziya's protection.

In the upper half of the pillar, he noticed that the rays of light shining upon the stairs had gradually become scarce.

Previously, the light was densely distributed to every step. But now, every stair only had about one or two rays of light on them.

There were still extraordinary Other Shore Tokens at the end of the light, but Geoffrey just continued to move up.

After climbing for a few more days, he was now very close to the top of the pillar. Then suddenly, he noticed that the color of the stairs beneath his feet had changed.

The previously gray-colored stairs glowed bright red.

Moreover, on these bright red-colored stairs, there was no more light shining on them.

"The absence of light means that there are no Other Shore Tokens connected to them," Geoffrey muttered as he observed the stairs.

On the side of each stair, there were still many small black stones, but none of them was emitting light anymore.

As he continued to climb, the stairs that he had stepped on all became bright red in color, and there was still no light on them.

But after about five or six stairs, he finally saw a ray of light from one of the stairs.

The previous ones released an orange light, while this one emitted a bright red light.

Chapter 4109 I'm Human

'It seems that the higher I climb up, the stronger the Other Shore Tokens are at the other end of the light, ' Geoffrey thought.

Then again, he had long confirmed such a theory.

However, a distinct boundary between the steps formed by the pages did not previously exist. He only knew that the Other Shore Tokens were always better in the next page.

Now that there was a distinct boundary, his interest naturally increased a lot.

He squatted on the side of the page and pointed towards the red light.

The moment he touched the red light, he saw a long, simple sword.

A layer of white cloth wrapped around the hilt of the sword, and it appeared worn down.

It also had a rough and dented blade with thin cracks.

Despite the sword's flaws, surprisingly, it emitted great energy all the time!

"Where is this sword located? It appears to be inside a tower…"

Then, he moved his fingers back and forth along the red light so he could adjust the angle of sight.

The inside of the tower was quite empty, but many Other Shore Tokens were neatly hung up on the wall.

"Is this a cultivation tower of some civilization?"

He had noticed before that there were some Other Shore Tokens placed with the other tokens in an orderly fashion.

Generally speaking, some civilizations and forces collected the Other Shore Tokens for their disciples to use.

This tower was no exception.

But compared to what he had observed before, there was more variety of Other Shore Tokens in this place.

While he observed the tower, the old man at the top of the tower suddenly saw something strange. At that moment, he dashed and went inside the tower.

Since he was connected to the Mysterious Yellow Tower, he could notice everything happening inside the tower as soon as it occurred.

For instance, he sensed that someone was observing the situation inside the tower just now.

The old man's movement also caught the attention of the young man in cyan robes. In the blink of an eye, the young man in cyan also rushed to the old man's side.

"What's wrong? Did anything happen?" the young man in cyan asked.

The old man looked around and said in a grave voice, "Someone is observing the Mysterious Yellow Tower."

The young man in cyan also followed the old man's gaze and smiled, "Did you have an illusion? Today is not the day to ring the bell. Why... "

"Shut up!" the old man scolded sternly.

The old man was usually quite amiable, while the young man was rather rude in front of him. However, the old man rarely scolded him in such a harsh tone.

The young man knew that something was wrong, so he shut his mouth.

Meanwhile, the old man proceeded to go around the thirty-first and thirty-second floors of the Mysterious Yellow Tower. Finally, he stopped in the middle of the thirty-third floor and looked at the sword inside it.

It was the Lone Sword.

It was an Other Shore Token with little information, so it was hard to evaluate its grade.

Furthermore, no one knew who had used it.

Neither did anyone know what kind of abilities it had.

The only thing that was clear about it was that one could merge with it with the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent.

Unfortunately, no one knew how to use it after the merge.

For example, the old man had fused with the sword with his unique talent, but he still could not use it. It seemed that it was just an ordinary sword.

Still, the old man did not believe that it was.

In the end, he placed the Lone Sword in the Mysterious Yellow Tower and waited for someone who could make use of it.

After a while of silence, his voice filled the floor.

"Here!" he said in a trembling voice.

On the other hand, the mysterious observer just stared at the sword shamelessly without even bothering to hide his gaze.

The young man in cyan robes looked at the Lone Sword for a while.

He had also tried to use the weapon, but like the old man, he had failed.

"Could it be that there is something in the sword? Maybe there is a soul trapped inside? Or even a Treacherous Being!"

The young man in cyan robes carefully examined the sword and even sniffed it a little, but he did not sense anything strange.

"No…" the old man muttered. "The mysterious presence came from the other side of the Other Shore Token!" he explained.

The young man's eyes narrowed in doubt at the old man's words. "That seems odd…

Are you sure?" he asked. "Yes!" said the old man.

The young man was also shocked, "It..."

Of course, he did not dare to doubt the old man.

Besides, the old man would never talk nonsense about the matter.

The old man stared at the Lone Sword for a while, while the eyes behind its blade continued to observe.

"Hello? Can you hear me?" the old man asked.

"Hello? Can you answer me if you heard me?" he asked again.

"Who are you? Where are you?"

Now, Geoffrey, who stood on the step formed by the page, heard and saw everything.

He even saw the nostrils of the young man in cyan robes quite clearly.

The tower and its owner must have come from a powerful background, and he also wanted to communicate with him.

The old man had sensed his gaze with his keen observation. It was already a miraculous thing because no one had ever noticed him before!

Naturally, he wanted to answer the old man's question.

The problem was that he could not do it at all.

'How can I communicate with him?

Do I use my consciousness?

But the light is one way, and it is impossible to transmit sound!' he thought.

He was now as anxious as ants on a hot pan.

At that point, the young man in cyan robes in the Mysterious Yellow Tower rolled his eyes and said, "If you can hear us, you can stop staring for the time being!"

"Stop staring? Yes, that is also a way of communication!" Geoffrey exclaimed.

Therefore, he did what the young man said, and his fingers left the red light.

In turn, the old man noticed that the gaze behind the Lone Sword had disappeared.

"He heard us," the old man said joyfully.

Whoever was behind that gaze not only heard them but also understood their language!

The young man in cyan robes was so smart. Since they could not communicate through such a one-way observation channel the light had formed, he quickly came up with an effective solution.

"Since you can understand our language, you should be able to write in our language too. Remember, please do as I say. We write according to the sequence of letters," said the young man in cyan robes.

"The first letter is A; the second letter is B; the third letter is C, so on and so forth.

If you blink once, then that means the first letter; twice for the second letter; three times for the third letter and so on," he explained.

All the words in the world consisted of letters.

The person on the other side could not speak, but he could control his gaze, which made it possible for them to communicate.

When the old man heard his disciple's idea, a faint smile graced his face. It was not unusual to spell words in letters to communicate, but his disciple had thought of it in a critical moment. Indeed, the young man was quite smart.

"It's your turn, old man," the young man in cyan said and waved his hand.

The old man asked the first question, "Who are you?"

On the other side, Geoffrey thought for a moment and gently moved his fingers on the red light.

Soon enough, he finished.

The letters spelled "human".

When the old man saw his answer, his face changed dramatically.

"Old man, has he given an answer already? That quickly?" the young man in cyan robes asked. Even then, he still looked impatient.

"Human," the old man said.

"Human!" The young man in cyan robes thought of this word in his mind, and he was also surprised. "It is a human spirit!" he declared.

"It is impossible. The human spirits, monkey spirits, snake spirits, and bird spirits cannot return to the main world. It's impossible to go back. It can't be a human spirit!" The old man shook his head.

On the opposite side, Geoffrey was also baffled.

'What is the human spirit they are talking about?

I'm human!'

Thus, he began to fiddle with the red light with his fingers.

He wanted to add the word "race."

His fingers moved the red light according to the way they agreed on.

Before he even finished, however, the old man already had the word in his mind.

Chapter 4110 Suspicion

The old man was stunned. After a few moments, the young man in cyan robes next to him urged, "Old man, what did he or she say?"

"Human race, he or she is from the human race," the old man replied.

The young man's eyes flashed as he stared at the Lone Sword.

These two words contained so much information that both the old man and the young man tried to think harder.

Human spirits were equivalent to the "humans" of the main world, but they never recognized themselves as human race.

Many arrogant human spirits even insisted that they were completely different from the human race.

This kind of situation was usual among the monkey spirits, the bird spirits, and the snake spirits. Some spirits in the Four Spirits Sect had a natural sense of superiority. They never agreed that the races from the secondary worlds were their kind.

"Did you come from the chaos?" the old man asked a second question.

The person at the other end of the light answered him in a slow and troublesome manner. The old man was afraid that problems might occur if he asked too many questions, so he only asked one by one.

The gaze behind the Lone Sword began to flicker intermittently.

After a while of observing the flicker, the old man got the answer. It was "yes".

"Since you are from the chaos, how did you get out?" the old man continued.

The young man in cyan robes came to a strong realization. The human outside was really his kind!

The problem was, the chaos was a closed world.

How in the world could one get a chance out of a closed world? 'That human probably met an unforeseen opportunity, ' the young man thought.

As the gaze flickered some more, the old man once again received a brief answer.

"I just crawled out."

The old man could not hide his amazement precisely because he had been to the main world.

He knew it was impossible to just crawl out of the chaos.

It was already difficult to break the barrier between the Other Shore and the chaos, let alone the barrier between the chaos and the main world.

The old man felt the other party might have been fooling him so he reminded himself to be vigilant.

It might be someone who worked for the snake spirits.

They might have found a way to return to the main world and get back to the four pillars. They were trying to confirm their location through Other Shore Tokens and it was a very dangerous act.

It wasn't only the old man who doubted the other party. Geoffrey on the other end was also conflicted in answering the questions.

He felt uncertain about the other party's purpose.

Ziya didn't tell him that the secrets of the Deleting Space could not be disclosed, because it was almost impossible for him to come into contact with anyone.

But he was not stupid. It was risky to expose such a secret to outsiders. This old man might not be trustworthy.

There was a hint of suspicion as they approached each other. This caused a gradual unease in their communication.

"Where did you get out?

What's your name?

Can you roam freely in the main world? Can you climb up that pillar?"

The old man asked several questions in a row, but Geoffrey stopped answering any of them.

He put his finger on the red light and silently watched the two of them.

After a long while, Geoffrey decided to fiddle with it again. "Who are you? Are you humans from the Source World?"

The old man smiled bitterly at the response. It turned out that the other party was also doubtful of him.

However, it didn't matter if the other party found out about his identity. The Snake Spirit Sect knew him and had been looking for him anyway.

"I'm the leader of the Human Sect, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord," he replied.

Hearing the name, Geoffrey tried to recall and soon gave up. "I've never heard of it."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had never mentioned this name, and Ziya never said he had such an uncle.

The old man wasn't surprised at all.

Although he was famous in the 77th chaotic era, he had been hiding in the Jade Pure Realm for so long. Times had changed and legends about him had long been lost in history.

They exchanged several questions

but remained on their guard and avoided sensitive problems. It was more like they tested each other until the conversation began to lead nowhere.

"The less trouble, the better..."

Geoffrey muttered. He knew he'd better finish his goal first.

He had climbed the pillar for so long and ought not to waste time on this accident.

Just as Geoffrey was about to end the conversation and pull his fingers from the red light, the big bell in the Divine Bell City of the Ruin Graveyard suddenly clanged.

It was Rocher.

In only a short period, he had already made progress again.

The Bell Ringing Meeting in the Divine Bell City was held every month.

It was not yet the day, but after Rocher broke through, the force ruling the Ruin Graveyard made an exception for him.

As expected, he had successfully entered the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

The old man and the young man in cyan robes didn't expect the bell to ring, and they had never revealed themselves to others before. The old man gently waved his hand and used a deceptive trick to disable Rocher from seeing them.

Rocher showed great excitement, ringing the bell with all his might.

He knew that his cultivation level had advanced so fast, all thanks to the Monta Stone.

The Mysterious Yellow Tower was indeed helping him!

The Monta Stone was by no means an ordinary strengthening-type Other Shore Token.

After entering the thirty-second floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower, he did not intend to carry any Other Shore Token.

With the help of the Monta Stone, he became confident to break through the topmost part of the tower - the thirty-third floor!

Naturally, those who were good at swordsmanship were sensitive to swords.

Rocher had glanced at the Lone Sword hanging at the thirty-third floor too many times from afar.

The simple sword must have incredible power!

'It won't be long before I take off this sword myself, ' Rocher thought as he observed.

Geoffrey was getting ready to leave when he noticed another presence.

He never thought that an acquaintance of his would suddenly arrive in the tower–Uncle Rocher!

Although he didn't have much interaction with Rocher, they had spent some time in the Cloud Hall and the fairy palace.

"Why is Uncle Rocher in this tower?"

he almost cried out.

This was the first acquaintance he had seen through the light.

Rocher wandered around the Mysterious Yellow Tower for a while before he withdrew from the Other Shore.

He was unaware and didn't feel anything unusual.

Geoffrey paused for a while, thinking whether he should say something or not. Finally, he made up his mind to move the red light again.

"I know him! Rocher!"

After getting this information through the flicker of the gaze, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was puzzled.

What the hell...

How could the guy behind the Lone Sword know Rocher?

Geoffrey continued sending messages through the light as his emotions stirred.

About a quarter of an hour later, the old man burst into laughter when Geoffrey finished.

"That's great! Really great!

My nephew has actually done such a feat! I didn't expect such a coincidence in the world!

Hahaha..." he exclaimed while raising his fists just like he won something.

The young man in cyan robes didn't dare to interrupt and stayed silent.

After a while, he could no longer help himself from asking. "What is it, old man? Who is the nephew you mentioned?"

"Ziya!" The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord beamed with pride. It was as if he had never been so happy in the past tens of millions of years.

"Ziya? He is still alive?" The young man in cyan robes blinked as he was also shocked.

Chapter 4111 A Damaged Sword

After revealing such confidential information, Geoffrey started becoming quite nervous.

Most of the humans in the Source World and the divine land knew very little about the truth of the chaos, and they were blindly optimistic about the future.

Their naive optimism sprang from their ignorance. Once the disaster finally befell them, they would not even have a chance to react before they were wiped out from the world.

On the other hand, Geoffrey had acquired vast amounts of information from his father, so he was more aware of the impending crisis than most people.

He was well aware that the chaos was not as stable as most people falsely believed. On the contrary, it was more like a candle flickering in a storm, and it could be snuffed out at any time.

He couldn't anticipate what the consequences would be now that he had revealed so much information to the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. However, since the old man was someone Rocher could trust, he hoped he was someone worthy of his trust as well.

But Geoffrey would never have known the old man was Ziya's uncle.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord became excited for a while before he regained his composure and asked, "As far as I know, the space and time of the main world are vastly different from those of the chaos. Even if Ziya and you managed to leave the chaos, it would be difficult for you to move even a single step. Have you ever experienced the Red Jade Rite?"

Within the entire human race, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was the only one who knew so much about the main world, and that was only due to his mysterious and unique past journeys.

He knew that there was a special and secret method in the Four Spirits Sect that could transform creatures from the secondary worlds into creatures of the main world.

However, this secret method hinged on the availability of some extremely rare materials from the main world. Moreover, those qualified to undergo the Red Jade Rite were usually the most important disciples of the Four Spirits Sect, and this was only performed in very rare cases.

Most importantly, the current Four Spirits Sect might no longer have the ability to perform such a rite.

'What is the Red Jade Rite?' Geoffrey mused. He had never heard of such a thing. After pondering, he then replied, "No, sir. Master Ziya can't see anything in the main world, but I can. I've brought him all the way here..."

"What?! You have sight in the main world? Is this true?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord demanded in shock.

"Yes," Geoffrey simply stated.

Although the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had known it was impossible for Geoffrey to climb up the pillar if he couldn't see within the main world, he was still awed when he received the confirmation.

This should have been virtually impossible...

"What's your name?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord questioned.

"Geoffrey Luo," Geoffrey answered truthfully.

Upon hearing his surname, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord reflexively thought of Zen. He blurted out the resulting conjecture, "Is Zen Luo your father?"

"Yes," Geoffrey replied. "How do you know my father?"

Since Rocher had appeared in this tower, it confirmed that this old man must have connections to the divine land.

Therefore, Geoffrey was not surprised that this old man knew his father.

Still, he wanted to know how he knew his father.

After careful consideration, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord started narrating his stories.

"The Grand Weapon Refining Method your father practiced at the start of his cultivation was passed down from me..."

The Grand Weapon Refining Method had been the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's prized possession for many years. He had followed the advice of his predecessor during the mysterious journey and had been very cautious about selecting a suitable user.

After the 77th chaos, humans had vanished from the Source World for many chaotic eras.

As time trickled by, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had been at a loss on how to deal with the Grand Weapon Refining Method.

Should he relinquish it to another ruling civilization?

But that wouldn't do...

Most ruling civilizations had refused to oppose the powerful Element Spirit Civilization.

Once a chaotic era ended, a small number of elites of the ruling civilizations retreated into the Other Shore, where they would usually join the Element Spirit Civilization for survival.

Still, only a small number of ruling civilizations had ever chosen to fight against the Element Spirit Civilization.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had secretly observed these civilizations, including the Regal Jade Civilization.

For example, the Wing King had been high up on his list.

Unfortunately, at that time, the Regal Jade Civilization had cultivated a great enmity with not only the Element Spirit Civilization but also the Nihility race. In addition, there was a significant difference between the Regal Jade Civilization and the human race.

Therefore, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had crossed him off the list in the end.

After another three hundred chaotic eras, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord still hid away in the Jade Pure Realm, silently observing the world.

When the current chaotic era came, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord finally found a better opportunity.

The seeds human race had sowed finally sprouted in the Source World!

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Divine Farmer, Yellow Thearch, Zhurong, Emperor Charm, Gonggong, Chiyou... It was a great era of talents.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord kept on observing in secret as he searched for the most suitable candidate.

After the appearance of the Primitive Land, the competition within it grew fierce.

Some of the young talents perished in the competition, such as Gonggong and Zhurong.

Many others were powerful, but they chose to join the Element Spirit Civilization.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had been waiting for so many chaotic eras, so he was particularly patient in this era.

This was a matter of great importance, and he needed to ensure everything was suitable.

Originally, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had considered Fuxi as the ideal candidate.

Being powerful, Fuxi had the assistance of the Snake Goddess, and the Six-Pattern Blood-storing Seeds inside the Pear Hill.

However, with the support of the Element Spirit Civilization, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer continued to amass strength. The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord became hesitant.

In the end, the Nine Li race was annihilated. Chiyou exiled the divine land from the Source World.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord then pinned his hope on the divine land. He decided to choose this new land as the hiding place of the precious Grand Weapon Refining Method, where it was then discovered by Bromley.

Geoffrey silently listened as he sat on the pillar.

It was exhausting for him to communicate through the red light, therefore, he remained silent while he could.

"I didn't know Father had been involved in so many great secrets..." Geoffrey murmured to himself.

After listening to the entire story, Geoffrey suddenly asked, "Is it because of the Grand Weapon Refining Method that I am able to move freely in the Abstruse Energy World?"

"That is the only possible conclusion we can draw for now," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord agreed with a chuckle. "Do you have any siblings? Do they possess the same abilities as you do?"

"I was an only child when I left home..." Geoffrey replied. He was unaware that Margaret had given birth to his sister after his departure.

"Then set this aside for the time being," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said. "Which stair have you reached on the pillar now?" he changed the topic.

"I almost reach the top." Geoffrey's eyes shone with joy. "Is there something I can do to help you? I can modify the ability of the Other Shore Tokens," he offered.

"What?! Can you modify their abilities directly?!" The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord couldn't help but exclaim in astonishment.

The young cyan-robed man's ears immediately perked up with curiosity.

"Yes! If you don't believe that, let me change this sword for you now!"

As Geoffrey spoke, he extended his hand towards the end of the red light, where a small black stone was.

"Please don't!" The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord hastily interceded. "This Lone Sword is a powerful weapon. Even though many have carried it, none of them could unleash its power. We've been waiting for someone who can unravel the mysteries within it."

The more mysterious things were, the more attractive they became.

Even the omniscient Grand Supreme Elderly Lord clung to the same belief. He hoped that someone could discover the truth about this mysterious sword.

Upon hearing this, Geoffrey let out a chuckle as he replied, "I know why nobody could unleash the power of this sword! It's because a part of this page has been damaged..."

As Geoffrey was about to remove the small black stone, he discovered a deep crack on the step.

He didn't know what had initially caused this crack, but he believed this was why the sword couldn't unleash its power.

After Geoffrey shared this information, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and the cyan-robed young man exchanged dismayed glances.

It now appeared that this mysterious sword that they always cherished was actually a damaged Other Shore Token.

Chapter 4112 Black

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had spent a lot of time working on the Lone Sword. He was a little depressed about this unsatisfactory result.

After finishing speaking, Geoffrey pulled out the black stone from the page.

The page also had a row of square holes embedded in it. Geoffrey found the innermost hole and integrated the black stone into it.

Crack!

As the two parts assembled, a ray of red light blazed from it, traveling a distance towards the Lone Sword.

When the red light reached and established a link to it, a faint blue light suddenly flashed on its surface.

The surface of the sword began to produce a chill.

The chill spread at an incredible speed, and before the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord could react, a thick layer of ice had already covered the inner wall of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

Splash, splash, splash...

Out of thin air, ice statues started to appear.

The statues shook as they struggled to grow from the ice wall, and then they stood still, like soldiers on duty.

Their stance radiated a very powerful aura.

"The ability of the Lone Sword has changed..." the young man in the cyan robe said stiffly.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord also took a deep breath, as the cold aura also caused his body to chill.

Regardless of the shivers down his spine, he stared at the Lone Sword and said, "The attribute of the Lone Sword has really been changed... How did you do it?"

"It's very simple. Just change the black stone's position," Geoffrey replied.

"Can it be moved to a higher page or even the top?" wondered the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

"I can have a try," replied Geoffrey.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord seemed to have gotten the idea as his face lit up with excitement. His hands trembled slightly as he waited on Geoffrey's move.

The young man in the cyan robe observed his master and sighed with contentment. This old man had not acted like this for many years.

The small black stone was portable and could be easily carried by Geoffrey. If he encountered something uncertain, he could place it into a page nearby. This way, he could ask the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord at any time. It was killing two birds with one stone.

When Geoffrey pulled the small black stone away, the cold air from the Lone Sword immediately stopped blowing. The ice wall within the Mysterious Yellow Tower had also cracked quickly.

However, the rows of ice statues in front did not disappear. They revealed their consciousness after being separated from the Lone Sword and expressed intent of hostility towards the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

Before they could make a move, the young man in the cyan robe had already rushed over like a gust of wind.

He had dashed across without any sign of making a move.

When he stopped at the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's side, the row of ice statues melted into a pool of water.

Geoffrey started to climb up the steps again

and saw a few more red light rays.

Some of these red light rays were connected to the Supreme Pure Realm, and some were connected to the Jade Pure Realm. However, more red light rays were connected to the inner worlds.

Geoffrey got closer to reach the top. He didn't bother to observe the red light rays leading to inner worlds and paid more attention to the Other Shore Tokens in the Jade Pure Realm and the Supreme Pure Realm.

In the middle of the journey, Geoffrey stopped to communicate with the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and asked about his father's situation. He wanted to find Zen through the red light rays.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had easily observed the Source World before, but his Celestial Eye had not been repaired after being broken by the Evil God's punch. He could only guess roughly and told Geoffrey that Zen was now in the Pear Hill and had entered the Supreme Pure Realm of the Other Shore.

The Supreme Pure Realm and the Jade Pure Realm were both large. Finding Zen through just a few Other Shore Tokens was already like searching for a needle in a haystack.

After trying to find him through dozens of red light rays, Geoffrey gave up and proceeded to move towards the top of the pillar.

Four hours later, Geoffrey stopped again.

He was only ten page stairs from the top now.

The ten stairs had become very thick and each of them was ten feet high!

The red light had disappeared

and was replaced by black light.

"Well, this energy is sickening..."

When Geoffrey fixed his eyes on the black light, he was feeling dizzy.

What kind of Other Shore Tokens were these black light rays connected to?

Out of caution, Geoffrey didn't dare to get close to the black light.

Instead, he inserted the small black stone into the eleventh stair, and a red light ray once again connected to the Lone Sword.

The eleventh stair had the strongest energy among the red light rays. The Lone Sword flickered like blazing flames, and even the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord took a few steps back.

Geoffrey immediately told the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord what he had seen. "The last ten stairs seem to have much stronger energy with these black light rays!"

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was not surprised at his statement. "The Other Shore Tokens connected to the last ten stairs are in the hands of the Snake Spirit King," he answered.

The young man in the cyan robe was neither surprised. He had previously heard it from his master.

The power of the Four Spirits Sect did not only come from the ancestry-level bloodline but also the four holy pillars.

The snake spirits, the bird spirits, the human spirits, and the monkey spirits each controlled a holy pillar.

In the past, the holy pillars gave energy to the people of the Four Spirits Sect, but not too much to the secondary worlds.

The four holy pillars shined with dense vivid lights all year round, including the orange light and red light.

These rays of light passed through infinite space and connected with the Other Shore Tokens uniquely, giving the Four Spirits Sect more power.

The power of the ancestry-level bloodline had been very strong, but it was still limited.

Because of the four holy pillars, the Other Shore Tokens had changing abilities derived from the ancestry-level bloodline, and the threshold of them was lower compared to that of the ancestry-level bloodline.

The energy of the four holy pillars came from the energy pools—the secondary worlds that spread over the main world.

As the energy absorbed by the four holy pillars increased, the power of the Other Shore Tokens also increased. The power of the Other Shore Tokens on the highest pages of the pillars was even stronger than that of the origin-level bloodlines.

Those who were qualified to merge with the Other Shore Tokens on the highest pages of the pillars were top masters from the Four Spirits Sect.

The leaders of the four sects also controlled the Other Shore Tokens of the last ten stairs.

"The holy pillar you are climbing belongs to the Snake Spirit Sect, and the strongest ten Other Shore Tokens are probably kept by the Snake Spirit King. It is said that these ten Other Shore Tokens control nearly one-third of the energy of the holy pillar," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord spoke.

"One-third..." Geoffrey's eyes widened. "Then, isn't the Snake Spirit King able to destroy the chaos in an instant?"

He concluded that the energy in the holy pillar was too strong...

The chaos was no match for the holy pillar.

"No." The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord shook his head. "The energy pools are almost destroyed and the power of the Other Shore Tokens is much weaker than before. On the other hand, the chaos is a very special world–a trap carefully set up by the Snake Spirit King. It is far stronger than the ordinary secondary worlds."

In the main world, the Monkey Spirit King was almost invincible. The Snake Spirit King was nothing compared to him, and both the Human Spirit King and the Bird Spirit King appeared to have no advantage against him.

However, the Snake Spirit King had surprisingly pulled the other three kings into a lower-level world. This was the reason why the Snake Spirit King had been able to kill them back then.

Chapter 4113 Holy Item

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord acquired all the necessary information about the Four Spirits Sect and the main world from the Other Shore.

But regarding what he said about the Snake Spirit King's strength, it was merely a rough estimate. The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was not thoroughly certain about it.

Moreover, he was not entirely sure if the Snake Spirit King still had all those ten Other Shore Tokens in his possession.

If the Snake Spirit King was still able to use his full strength until now, he would have already managed to defeat the Bird Spirit King long ago.

These two races had been warring with each other for over hundreds of chaotic eras. One could say that they were mortal enemies.

"If that's the case, then I will destroy all of his Other Shore Tokens..."

Geoffrey had already acknowledged the Snake Spirit King as his father's greatest enemy after the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord explained everything.

He knew that these Other Shore Tokens could be destroyed. All he needed to do was to pull them out.

Geoffrey had succeeded to do that lots of times before. He accomplished this while he was climbing the pillar.

If the person who owned the Other Shore Token seemed wicked, he would immediately pull out the black stone and throw it away.

He was also the one who threw away the black stones of those Other Shore Tokens belonging to the Element Spirit Civilization.

However, he was eager to reach the top as soon as possible. He realized that there were too many black stones on the pillar. It would take him a couple of years to pull them all out. Therefore, he left it entirely up to his mood whether or not he would pull out certain stones.

It meant that during this period of time, all sorts of strange things had been happening on the Other Shore. Every now and then, some people found that their Other Shore Tokens had suddenly stopped working.

Even though Geoffrey's proposal to pull out the Snake Spirit King's Other Shore Tokens sounded a little childish, it was actually very straightforward and effective.

It would be best if he succeeded in pulling them out and was able to destroy the ten Other Shore Tokens as well.

"You are welcome to try but you have to be extremely careful," replied the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. He was obviously concerned about Geoffrey's safety.

At this moment, he felt full of regret.

He should have learned more about the Four Spirits Sect in the past. That way, he could have been of greater help to Geoffrey. Alas! He had already missed his chance.

"Okay! Here I go!"

Geoffrey said as soon as the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord expressed his agreement. Very carefully, he climbed onto the tenth step.

Based on his previous experience, he pointed at the black light in the middle of the step.

It was actually a risky move but he had no other choice now. Entering the Abstruse Energy World was a kind of adventure in its own way.

Boom!

As soon as Geoffrey's fingertip came into contact with the black light, the scene he saw through it exploded and expanded around him.

All of a sudden, he noticed a brown cloud floating slowly and steadily in the distance.

Soon enough, it had entered his field of vision. Up close, Geoffrey observed that the brown cloud was spiral shaped.

"Huh? A chaos cloud?"

Geoffrey scratched his head as he had no idea what just happened.

He originally thought that all the Other Shore Tokens should have been on the Other Shore. He didn't expect that the Snake Spirit King's tenth Other Shore Token would be in the chaos.

Geoffrey adjusted his visual range and saw a black bead. Much to his surprise, he found that the bead was embedded into a wall.

The chaos was supposed to be empty. How could there be a wall here?

Thoroughly confused, Geoffrey adjusted his line of vision once more. He tried to figure out where the wall ended.

Unfortunately, the surroundings were filled with chaotic energy. All he could see was a small portion of the wall.

Just as Geoffrey was adjusting his line of sight, he suddenly discovered some bulges protruding below the bead. He focused his vision closely and carefully looked at it. He was utterly shocked after he figured out what it was!

It was a woman that had been embedded into the wall! The bumps were actually some parts of her body sticking out of the wall.

Geoffrey pondered about how long the woman had been in there. Her face, chest, legs, and stretched arms were the only parts floating serenely outside the wall.

Astonishingly, Geoffrey realized that this woman was still alive despite of her current condition.

Her skin remained snow-white and full of vitality even if it had already been exposed for an indefinite amount of time. It was as though there was an abundant life force emanating from her body.

Upon closer inspection, he saw that the woman's eyes were different. Her pupils were slits instead of the normal round ones. They were almost like thin crescent moons. They were not human eyes but a pair of snake eyes!

This woman had remained in this restrained position for countless years. All this time, all she could do was gaze into the distance.

Her state of mind had remained the same for over a thousand chaotic eras.

If she could struggle against her bonds, she would definitely break free of them. Then, she would be able to end her life as quickly as possible.

Sadly, she couldn't...

Aside from that, she had to stay embedded in the wall and continuously sacrifice herself for the snake.

And because everything was already settled a long time ago, her struggle would be futile.

Her heart had already become numb. She couldn't feel anything else in this silent void.

However, she immediately felt it when Geoffrey looked at her. How could she not? She hadn't felt any other presence for such a long time. Naturally, she would notice if something changed.

There was a sparkle of light in her somber gray eyes. Her crescent-shaped pupils flickered with a faint golden glow.

'Is there someone out there? Someone is spying on me...

...in order to humiliate me?

Oh no! I can feel its presence!

Someone is undoubtedly spying on me through the Evil Bead!

Someone managed to climb up the pillar!'

There was a sudden change in the features of her beautiful face. The face that was once immutable for billions of billions of years looked different.

There was something unusual about her facial expression.

Clearly, the muscles on her face hadn't moved for a very long time, so it became almost harder than steel. Therefore, cracking sounds could be heard when she tried to put on a stunned expression.

She started coughing as she struggled to speak out.

It sounded like her throat was full of sand.

It took her some time before she finally spoke through gritted teeth, "Who is it? Who is spying on me?"

Her voice did not seem like it came from a woman. At the very least, it did not match her beautiful face. It sounded hoarse and husky.

When Geoffrey heard her talk, he became extremely curious.

Where was this woman located in the vast chaos?

Why had she been embedded in that wall?

Most importantly, who was she?

However, he could only ask these questions in his mind.

By using special means, Geoffrey had been able to communicate with the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord earlier. He tried using the same method to reach out to the woman. He began to pluck the black light.

Every time he would pluck the black light, his head felt as if it would explode like a firecracker.

Nevertheless, he gritted his teeth and held on.

'This woman must have an extraordinary origin, ' he thought. This would be the only opportunity he had to find out who that woman was.

Unfortunately, the woman merely stared obliviously at the Evil Bead above. She was utterly confused.

She couldn't understand the way he communicated. Instead, she just said, "The holy pillars... Have they become so unstable? It seems that they would collapse at any moment."

"Then it's fine. If the holy pillars collapse, then these grudges among the four sects would easily be solved..."

Actually, Geoffrey's flickering gaze had misled the woman. She thought there wasn't someone observing her, but there was something wrong with the holy pillars.

When Geoffrey realized the woman didn't get it, he became a little anxious and plucked the black light faster.

However, the woman still couldn't understand what he wanted to say. Communicating with her this way proved to be rather pointless.

After trying for a while, Geoffrey felt a sharp pain in his head. It was as though it had been split open. Finally, he gave up.

The woman discovered that the gaze on the Evil Bead had disappeared. Once again, her expression became stiff and impassive. She remained motionless and assumed her previous state of being.

The chaos cloud that enveloped her became a little thinner. Gradually, more parts of the wall that bound her were revealed. It appears that the wall extended out of the chaos cloud and stretched endlessly towards the far distance.

After leaving the black light, Geoffrey headed back and returned to the eleventh step. He immediately told the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord what he had seen.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord frowned when he heard what he just said.

He didn't expect that there was a wall in the chaos. Moreover, there was a beautiful woman with snake eyes embedded in it.

He couldn't quite understand why such a bizarre thing existed in the chaos.

Needless to say, Geoffrey didn't get an answer from the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. Then without saying anything, he stood on the ninth step and touched the black light.

This time, Geoffrey's gaze landed directly on the Heavenly Square City.

There was an irregularly-shaped piece of metal floating in the middle of a small room.

The moment Geoffrey laid his eyes on the metal piece, the whole Heavenly Square City trembled violently.

The Snake Spirit King suddenly opened his eyes and growled, "My Holy Item! Who dares spy on my Holy Item?"

Chapter 4114 The Danger (Part One)

The ten strongest Other Shore Tokens stored on the top of a holy pillar were referred to by the Snake Spirit Sect as the Holy Items.

The Snake Spirit King Cornelius had selected the ten items himself and strategically ordered them to be placed in this specific location for a very important reason.

If someone was spying on him now through one of these items, it meant that they had climbed up the holy pillar.

"My king, may I know what happened?" Sewell asked, trying to look and sound as respectful as he could be.

He was the first one to come to the Snake Spirit King, and he did not want to try his patience.

The Snake Spirit King granted his request, filling him on what was happening to the holy pillar. When Sewell heard what the Snake Spirit King said, his neutral expression became somber.

"We have left the main world for too long, my king. After the slaughter, many creatures might have been born there. I guess that some of them accidentally climbed up the holy pillar," Sewell said, his voice sounding worried.

This only confirmed what the Snake Spirit King refused to hear. The main world was not empty. It was not dead.

It was simply not prospering the way it did before.

Long ago, the Snake Spirit Sect had sent the members of the Element Spirit Civilization into the main world to have them gather as much information about it as they could.

From this mission, they discovered that there were already small races forming in the main world. Even worse, some of them were strong.

In terms of size and strength, however, they were not much in comparison to the Four Spirits Sect, but this did not mean they were to be discarded. After all, a threat was a threat.

"To think that those losers had the audacity to approach our holy pillar. When I come back to the main world, I will tear them into a thousand pieces," the Snake Spirit King said, each of his words laced with spite.

The holy pillars were forbidden areas in the Four Spirits Sect.

After all, people could see many things that they had no right to know through the holy pillars.

Climbing up the four pillars without losing life would be next to impossible for anyone, but Geoffrey had tested his luck.

Before the Snake Spirit King finished his sentence, Sewell's eyes narrowed, squinting to check if what he heard matched what he would see.

Inside of Sewell's thick tail was a black spiral awl, which was given to him by the Snake Spirit King himself. The awl was a Holy Item too.

The Snake Spirit King responded to his reaction. "Did you detect something?" he asked, readying himself for the answer.

Sewell switched his attention from the awl to his king, nodding his head in confirmation.

"Show me," the Snake Spirit King ordered Sewell.

Sewell bowed his head in submission, wagging his tail to release the awl from it. The spiral awl made its way around the location—from top to bottom, from left to right—before introducing itself to the face of the Snake Spirit King.

The Snake Spirit King looked at the spiral awl in front of him. Through it, he spoke to the intruder, his voice filled with anger. "This is the leader of the Snake Spirit Sect. Who are you? What are you doing on our holy pillar?"

As he was speaking, his beady eyes began to turn golden, and a strong spell glowed around them.

When his eyes would meet another's, the latter would immediately fall to his feet, completely submitting themselves to him. Even the most stubborn person could not stand a chance.

Despite being in a different world, the Snake Spirit King remained confident in his powers. It had never failed him before. With just one look, he knew he would be able to make the intruder fear.

However, just as the Snake Spirit King's eyes lit up, the intruder's gaze in the spiral awl disappeared.

The Snake Spirit King narrowed his eyes. "The intruder is quick to react," he remarked while his eyes began to darken, losing their glow.

"Such a pity, my king," Sewell said in response, genuinely disappointed in what just passed.

The Snake Spirit King rolled his eyes in vexation. Right after, he summoned the Other Shore Tokens from many places in the Heavenly Square City, and they moved in circles above his head.

As long as the intruder touched a ray of the dark light again, he would cast the spell through his eyes immediately. Then, the intruder's mind would swell up in confusion, forgetting what he was there for in the first place.

The Snake Spirit King waited and waited. However, moments passed, and there was still no negative reaction from the Holy Items. The intruder was not doing anything.

"What a cunning lad," he commented, his patience nearing its end. He returned the Holy Items to their original places. He addressed his attention to Sewell and asked, "What do you think that intruder is there for? Do you think he or she is here to break the connection between the Holy Items and the holy pillar?"

Sewell shook his head. "From what I know, no matter how hard a person tries, the connection between the Holy Items and the holy pillar would be impossible to break off."

"Unfortunately, that's not true," the Snake Spirit King interjected. "Although the connection between the items and the holy pillar is supposedly unbreakable, if a person has enough time and the correct resources, he or she would be able to cut it all off," he continued, revealing a fit of growing anger in his expression. "After all, the Deep Space favors no one."

"The Deep Space favors no one"—this was something the Human Spirit King Kincaid would always remind him. The Deep Space was never purposely on anyone's side.

The Deep Space meant a great lot to the main world. Both Sheehan and Kincaid believed it to be the origin of all that existed.

However, despite the supposed greatness of the Deep Space, it was also mysterious and unpredictable, therefore making it dangerous. No one knew what to expect from it, not even the Four Spirits Sect did when it was at its peak!

Most members of the Four Spirits Sect believed the reason why they would rule the main world was because it was a blessing from the Deep Space back then. But Kincaid had a different opinion.

Chapter 4115 The Danger (Part Two)

To him, the prosperity of the Four Spirits Sect had nothing to do with the Deep Space's favor. It was all simply blind luck!

This was why the Snake Spirit King decided to take matters into his own hands. He thought that if the Four Spirits Sect disappeared from the main world, more powerful races would rise and take their places.

His plan was clear, thorough, and well-thought-out. He did what he could to achieve his vision, and all was going according to his plan.

However, if there was anything he failed to take into consideration, it would be Sheehan's personality.

The way the Snake Spirit King saw it, Sheehan, the Bird Spirit King was the most restrained one among the four leaders of the Four Spirits Sect.

However, he did not expect him to be so stubborn.

When the Snake Spirit King put an end to the Four Spirits Sect, Sheehan decided to put an end to the Snake Spirit King's plan.

Thinking about this bothered him deeply, having to remember how someone planned to destroy something he had spent so much time and effort on.

He simply could not understand why Sheehan was so stubborn, why he could not simply let things go according to the plan. He even resisted against him after he died.

"Whatever happens, we cannot let those weaklings from the main world get in our way. We have to make our move," the Snake Spirit King said, his drive for succeeding in his plans becoming fiercer.

"But it is not yet time to take action," Sewell worriedly reminded the Snake Spirit King.

The Snake Spirit King disagreed. "There is no better time than now. Although Sheehan is not awake, those birds are incredibly intelligent. It will only be a matter of time before they recognize the direction of our plan. For now, what we need to focus on is the Monkey Spirit King, who has already awakened from his sleep. We need to carry out our plan ahead of schedule. Tell the others," the Snake Spirit King said.

If they followed their original plan, they would have to stay in the chaos for a longer period.

The Snake Spirit King and his men initially didn't pay attention to the rounds of chaos.

They did not take the ruling civilizations into account simply because they thought the civilizations wouldn't even be a bother. They thought they wouldn't even make a scratch in their plans.

However, unexpectedly, the Bird Spirit Sect became involved. Thus, the Snake Spirit King was forced to act quickly, changing his strategy.

This led him into choosing the Purge Way, which would lead to zero rounds of Chaos, and all went according to his expectations again.

But to the agony of the Snake Spirit King, another disruption was about to happen.

Geoffrey rested his back against the side of the stair. He did his best to catch his breath, while his heart attempted to steady itself. His arms and legs had become so exhausted to the point of being numb, but he had to pick himself up again. He could not allow himself to faint.

When the spiral awl floated in front of the Snake Spirit King's face, he had a hunch that what was to come next could not be good, and he was right. When the Snake Spirit King's eyes began to blaze with a golden light, he knew he had to look away from his direction to protect himself.

In fact, he was unable to protect himself from making eye contact with the Snake Spirit King. Moments ago, he just took a step back in a panic, losing his balance.

Luckily, the ray of dark light slip through his fingers, too, which saved his life.

It was indeed a life and death situation!

'That was too close.

The Snake Spirit King. I just saw the Snake Spirit King.

I almost died just about now!'

Geoffrey's thoughts came flooding into his head in heavy torrents. He needed more than a while to calm down.

'I'm not sure if I can continue with this. I am too weak, too unready. If Father or Master Ziya were here instead of me, they would do so much better in facing the Snake Spirit King!' Geoffrey thought to himself, resisting the frustration he had felt.

"How dare you try to take my life!" Geoffrey screamed. "I'll destroy your precious Other Shore Tokens!" he continued.

With no hesitation, he stretched his hand out. He curled his fingers around the black stone, grabbing it.

In the past, he easily removed the black stones with a single pull;

however, with this stone, no matter how hard he pulled, he couldn't remove it!

"Damn it..." he said. It was becoming more difficult with the sweat dripping down his forehead blurring his vision.

He tried other methods to grab the stone, but none of them worked.

As his mind and body grew more tired, it became more and more difficult to accomplish his mission. The black stair and the black stone were too difficult to deal with.

After a few more tries, Geoffrey, in pure exhaustion, finally gave up.

He rested his body after a long time of struggling, not daring to touch another ray of dark light.

'If the Snake Spirit King is around the Other Shore Tokens, I would be in serious trouble, especially if I make eye-contact with him. I can only imagine how harsh the punishment would be, ' he thought to himself.

He decided to completely leave the dark rays of light alone and headed towards the top of the holy pillar.

As he was climbing his way to the top, he couldn't help but think of the Four Spirits Sect, how they built these gigantic pillars.

His feet finally landed on the top of the holy pillar. When he was there, he discovered he was standing on a round platform, which measured about ten thousand feet wide! In the middle of the platform was a relief sculpture of a giant snake, which seemed almost life-like.

He took a quick look at it, only to realize that he was face-to-face with the relief sculpture of the Snake Spirit King.

Chapter 4116 The Sky

Geoffrey took a few steps forward, carefully studying the relief sculpture on the platform.

The relief of the Snake Spirit King was extremely intricate, but something caught Geoffrey's eyes.

It seemed some parts of the carving were smelted, as though someone had tried to burn them.

Did someone climb to the top of the pillar to destroy the relief before?

The pillar was undoubtedly very solid. Geoffrey wouldn't have been able to damage it, even if he tried.

Back when he was at the foot of the pillar, he had asked Ziya to give it a try, but even Ziya couldn't leave a mark on the pillar.

Except for these strangely burnt parts, there was nothing exquisite about the relief.

Geoffrey frowned in disappointment.

It hadn't been easy for him to climb all this way, yet the journey seemed fruitless.

At the very least, he had helped the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord connect the sword to the eleventh stair.

An Other Shore Token on the eleventh stair was supposedly quite decent; however it was still connected to a red light beam like before. This meant it was surely inferior compared to the Other Shore Tokens on the last ten stairs.

'If I drill a square hole here and insert the black stone in it, will it work?"

Geoffrey's eyes flashed excitedly as he came up with this bold idea.

But he dismissed the idea just as quickly as he hatched it.

The pillar was too solid. There was no possible way he'd be able to dig a hole in it!

'What if I asked Ziya for help...'

It had taken him several months to climb to the top of the pillar, which meant it'd take several more months to go down. Thus, it would take him nearly a year to make a round trip.

As he pondered over this, he inadvertently walked to the center of the platform, where the Snake Spirit King's eyes lay.

Without even looking where he was going, Geoffrey accidentally stepped right on the Snake Spirit King's eyes. Then, the sky began to stir, as though it was unsettled.

Initially, the sky of the main world was as dark as a moonless night.

Whenever he looked up, the sky was always pitch black.

But the instant Geoffrey stepped on the Snake Spirit King's eyes, he noticed a huge courtyard floating nearby.

It was floating in the center of the four pillars.

Upon a closer look, Geoffrey realized the courtyard was tethered by thick chains that glowed brightly. The glowing chains were connected to the tops of the four pillars.

"Why is there a courtyard here?" Geoffrey's mouth fell open in shock.

Back when he was at the foot of the pillar, he didn't notice any courtyard.

But from where he stood now, it was impossible to miss!

Right underneath the courtyard were three cone-shaped stones. It looked as though the floating, massive stones were supporting the courtyard, keeping it afloat.

Geoffrey's gaze shifted from the bottom of the courtyard to its top. His eyes suddenly widened in shock.

"The sky... Is this the real sky of the Abstruse Energy World?"

To his surprise, the sky had changed miraculously.

Instead of the pitch blackness, the sky was now a deep and three-dimensional space.

It was as though it extended infinitely, with strange yet beautiful things floating around in it.

A huge, windmill-shaped object floated far away, with its wheel spinning unimaginably fast.

In the distance, a shape that almost resembled a sphere glowed a deep red, almost like a sun, but it kept changing shape.

In addition, there were also some fragments floating within its orbit.

Everything seemed so far yet so huge. Geoffrey was in utter awe.

For a long time, he stared blankly into the sky in wonder.

When he finally snapped back to reality, he took a step forward. Everything disappeared in an instant. Even the courtyard was gone.

Cautiously, he took a step backward, and the sky changed once more.

"Is this some trick of the Four Spirits Sect?"

Although it felt a little strange, Geoffrey's interest was definitely piqued.

Once he figured out that the trick was to step on the Snake Spirit King's eyes, an idea flashed through his mind. 'What if I try climbing onto that courtyard?'

The courtyard was connected to the pillar he was on by a thick chain. Geoffrey could easily cross over to the courtyard through the chain.

Moreover, he could check out the other three pillars, since the courtyard was chained to them, too.

The only catch was, if he stepped away from the Snake Spirit King's eyes, everything would disappear.

However, did they—the courtyard, the chains, and the sky—truly disappear? Or were they just invisible?

After memorizing the location of the chain, Geoffrey took a deep breath and left the Snake Spirit King's eyes. Cautiously, he walked towards the platform's edge.

He felt his way along the edge carefully, until his fingers brushed against something cold. It was a link in the chain!

Each link was about ten feet wide. Although the chain was completely invisible, Geoffrey was confident he would be able to navigate.

The distance from the pillar to the courtyard was long, about half the distance between the two pillars. It was at least a ten-day climb to reach the courtyard.

After climbing for a few hundred feet, Geoffrey looked down.

He trembled slightly as he realized there was nothing under him.

If he fell from such a height, there was no possible way he'd survive.

Meanwhile, in the Star Crane City, Crane Blood Province, Source World, a huge stone heart was beating slowly yet energetically.

The Yellow Thearch lay on the throbbing stone, staring into space blankly.

His once incredibly strong body was now extremely weak.

Claire occupying his body was taxing enough in itself, but the price he had to pay when she was defeated after descending to the Source World was even more unimaginable.

He was lucky to be alive, but now, the Yellow Thearch was overcome with regret.

He had chosen to join the Element Spirit Civilization

to grow in strength.

But the so-called strength of the Element Spirit Civilization turned out to be bait!

And the Yellow Thearch fell for it. After taking the bait, he had now become the Element Spirit Civilization's puppet.

Now, there was no turning back. He had absolutely no ability to resist, and was completely subject to their control.

Da! Da! Da!

Someone was approaching.

Although the Yellow Thearch's body was badly damaged, he could still acutely sense things around him.

Instantly he knew that the person approaching him was the Divine Farmer.

"What're you doing here?" the Yellow Thearch asked sourly.

After the battle with the Pear Hill, the Divine Farmer had actually rescued him.

But secretly, the Yellow Thearch loathed the Divine Farmer.

It would've been better to die in battle than to continue living as a puppet.

"The Eye Spirit has sent a message," said the Divine Farmer calmly.

"The Eye Spirit" were the last three words that the Yellow Thearch wanted to hear, but he had no choice. With a sigh, he struggled to sit up.

He knew that the Eye Spirit could be spying on them at any given time.

"What did he say?" the Yellow Thearch asked tiredly.

"Kill the Evil God," the Divine Farmer said bluntly.

The Yellow Thearch laughed bitterly. "How are we supposed to do that, especially in this condition?"

In the battle with the Pear Hill, two of the three Chaos Ancient Gods who advocated the Purge Way had perished. Othniel was the only survivor, but no one knew where he was now. How could they possibly kill the Evil God after they suffered such huge losses?

"We have to do it. The Eye Spirit will help us." The Divine Farmer shrugged.

"He will help us? How?"

"We still have Othniel. The Element Spirit Civilization will support us, and the Eye Spirit said he will teach us a special method." There was a hint of excitement in the Divine Farmer's voice.

"What method?"

"The Blood-controlling Method. It's a method to activate the bloodline theurgies, developed from outside the chaos..."

Chapter 4117 Everything Was Under Control

Yellow Thearch was confused after he heard what Divine Farmer said.

When one obtained a bloodline, it would fully belong to them.

On top of that, the more one used their obtained bloodline, the more powerful their theurgy would be.

That was how Yellow Thearch thought the bloodlines worked ever since he became an Eternal Realm warrior.

The Eye Spirit even told him the same thing before.

But now that he knew about the existence of the Blood-controlling Method, he thought everything he knew came into question.

"Master Eye Spirit didn't have the Blood-controlling Method before. It was given to him by a master," Divine Farmer told him.

"A master..." Yellow Thearch's eyes flashed with combined intrigue and surprise.

It seemed that he was right in assuming that these Treacherous Beings were not as simple as they seemed.

There was no way such powerful and terrible creatures came from within the chaos.

Another matter to also consider was the relationship between the Element Spirit Civilization and the Treacherous Beings, but Yellow Thearch pushed this to the back of his mind for the time being.

"Can a master truly activate a stronger bloodline theurgy with just a Blood-controlling Method?" he asked. Divine Farmer's words still made him doubtful.

Divine Farmer merely smiled in reply.

Soon enough, the blood within his body began to boil.

His blood power used to be extremely fierce and violent but now, it was incredibly gentle.

In just a few moments, a figure sporting a goat head with huge horns took shape.

Divine Farmer had just transformed into a goat monster! "What do you intend to do?"

Yellow Thearch immediately became alert.

In this form, Divine Farmer's strength greatly increased but his consciousness was virtually non-existent. He essentially turned into a heartless goat monster.

Was he perhaps planning to kill Yellow Thearch?

A powerful aura emanated from Divine Farmer's monster form, so powerful that it was enough to disrupt rubble on the ground.

To Yellow Thearch's surprise, Divine Farmer spoke, "I'm just trying to prove something to you."

"Can you control your goat monster body?" Yellow Thearch asked in amazement.

"Completely," Divine Farmer replied. "I can freely choose and control any of the three forms of transformation."

Back then, Divine Farmer's transformation forms came at random and, though they were powerful, there was always a risk that he did not get the one he wanted.

"After cultivating the Blood-controlling Method, I was also able to obtain a fourth form. It consumes a lot of energy but its strength is far more complicated than that of the first three forms!" The elation in Divine Farmer's face was unmistakable as he made this declaration.

Meanwhile, Yellow Thearch remained doubtful.

Could the Blood-controlling Method be truly so magical?

There was only one way to find out. "Master Eye Spirit, will you impart such a wondrous method to me?" Yellow Thearch asked hopefully.

Before Divine Farmer could even open his mouth, his forehead suddenly split open to reveal an eyeball.

"Of course," the Eye Spirit replied.

"With the Blood-controlling Method, me and Divine Farmer will steadily grow in power." The Eye Spirit's words excited Yellow Thearch.

All the regret and distress from the past few months completely disappeared in his mind.

"Buzz!"

The eyeball in the middle of Divine Farmer's forehead flickered and soon, numerous Sanskrit words floated in front of Yellow Thearch.

"This is the Blood-controlling Method suitable for you. This battle is not related to the Pear Hill or the Finale Way. The only thing you have to do is to fight against the Black Ship," the Eye Spirit told him. "Don't let me down."

Yellow Thearch stared at all the Sanskrit words given to him with greed and desire.

"Master Eye Spirit, may I ask a question?" he asked. "What is it?"

the Eye Spirit replied.

"The Blood-controlling Method is so powerful," Yellow Thearch began. "Why did you not teach it to us in advance? We wouldn't have suffered so miserably in the battle of Pear Hill back then if you had taught us."

"Well, we have just been taught, too."

There was a hint of dissatisfaction in the Eye Spirit's tone.

The Element Spirit Civilization wholeheartedly served the Snake Spirit Sect but they were not always treated as amicably as they would like.

To the Snake Masters, creatures of the chaos simply weren't qualified to learn nor had the ability to grasp the Blood-controlling Methods.

Deeming his deed done, the eyeball disappeared, and the crack that appeared in the middle of Divine Farmer's forehead closed.

"How long will it take to cultivate the Blood-controlling Method?" Yellow Thearch asked Divine Farmer.

"Very soon, especially since we already have a good grasp on how to use our bloodline. It only took me four days to cultivate it," Divine Farmer answered.

"Once I master the Blood-controlling Method, I will look for the Evil God!" Yellow Thearch declared. This Blood-controlling Method gave hope to him.

Up above the Roaring Lake Province, the aforementioned Evil God's body floated in the air like a leaf.

"Wind..." he uttered as he closed his eyes.

He was an image of tranquility as he floated by.

Soon, however, a stronger wind blew and he found himself hurtling through the sky at an astonishing speed.

"Strong wind..."

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

It wasn't long before the strong wind turned into violent gales that swept through the entire Roaring Lake Province.

The wind was strong enough to suck in the huge lakes and plow the ground into many ditches.

It was a truly destructive storm.

This wasn't the first time the Roaring Lake Province was devastated by such a violent shock wave.

Numerous creatures that lived near the lakes now lay either dead or injured. Those who were lucky to survive moved around the Roaring Lake Province to try to stay far away from the danger.

They couldn't leave the Roaring Lake Province entirely since it was their home.

As the storm raged, no living being in the entire Roaring Lake Province could escape.

Water and soil mixed together and formed a ten-thousand feet high pile of debris. Soon enough, the ground was squeezed all over again.

Countless creatures lost their voice and died instantly.

This would go on for an entire hour.

Afterwards, the winds finally calmed.

From up above one would be able to see the extent of the damage: a graying brown mud plain wherein countless broken limbs lay.

A large hole appeared in the middle of it all wherein a huge turtle shell surfaced from the hole. Underneath this shell were numerous creatures!

One of the creatures it protected was at the Chaotic Source Realm.

The sight of his race being exterminated broke this Chaotic Source Realm warrior's heart, and his Other Shore Token, the Sacred Earth Armor, could only save a few people.

"You dodged my storm," the Evil God remarked with indifference as he floated down. "Your strength is not too shabby."

To everyone's combined surprise and horror, the Evil God did not move his mouth. Rather his voice emanated from the earth itself.

His words could be heard from within and across the Roaring Lake Province itself!

It was like he suddenly became the land's ruler.

Anger erupted from the Chaotic Source Realm warrior's eyes when he heard this.

With the turtle shell on his head, he made a mad dash towards the Evil God and roared, "Why? Why did you destroy our Roaring Lake Province?"

The Evil God simply raised his hand and the turtle shell atop the Chaotic Source Realm warrior's head shattered with a bang!

"I want to correct your words," the Evil God told him. "This is not your Roaring Lake Province, but mine."

"I'll kill you!"

The Evil God's insensitive words pushed the Chaotic Source Realm warrior to the limit.

He was determined to burn his Other Shore Token just to fight against this malicious character.

Unfortunately, he soon discovered that even if he maxed out his potential, he still couldn't move.

"It's not just the Roaring Lake Province," the Evil God began, "but everything in the Source World. The flowers, the trees, the buildings and even your lives all belong to me now. Everything is under my control and I can do everything that I want."

Clap!

Despite his best efforts to burn through his Other Shore Token, the Chaotic Source Realm warrior still turned into blood mist and completely disappeared from the world.

Chapter 4118 The Strongest Hatred

A black ship slowly approached the Evil God.

On the side of the ship sat Shera, who had yet to recover from her shock.

The former captain of the ship sat beside her in silence, deep in thought.

He had only helped the Evil God devour Usman because the Grandmaster of Heaven asked him to.

However, the Evil God himself was like a Pandora's box, full of uncertainty. No one knew how he would affect the future and what he would bring to it.

"Is this the power of the Source World?" Shera asked.

"My power," the Evil God answered with a pout.

He had already considered himself the ruler of the entire world.

"Your power is truly something else… It's on a par with that of the Chaos Ancient Gods," Shera continued.

All the Eternal Realm warriors in this world could destroy a province, but it was a time-consuming task.

On the other hand, the Evil God only moved for a bit, but he had wiped out the entire Roaring Lake Province in just an hour. Only the Chaos Ancient Gods could achieve such a feat!

"The Chaos Ancient Gods?" There was a trace of contempt in the Evil God's voice.

Indeed, those Chaos Ancient Gods might have grasped the highest level of truths.

However, there were some truths that might not work in his territory!

The more compatible he was with the Source World, the stronger the power he would have.

At that moment, he suddenly thought of something that deeply bothered him. It was an issue that was close to his heart.

The image of a person filled his mind, and he immediately closed his eyes.

Then, his spiritual sense flowed out like water and began to wash over the entire Roaring Lake Province.

When Shera felt his spiritual sense, she asked curiously, "Who are you looking for?"

"A person," said the Evil God.

"A person? Who?" Shera asked again.

"I don't know, either." The Evil God closed his eyes and shook his head.

After he had fused with the Source World, he became immensely sensitive to everything within it.

That was why the Source World had sensed a concern in his heart and gave feedback to him.

The problem was that he could not possibly care about anyone in the Source World. The feeling was quite strange and out of character for him.

A few moments later, his spiritual sense appeared in the center of every large province in the Source World and quickly spread everywhere, until it covered all of the great provinces.

It was probably the broadest spread of spiritual sense in history!

Once all the spiritual sense had spread out, the Evil God saw everything in the Source World.

Eventually, he caught sight of a woman.

"Edna!"

However, his lips curved into a slight frown.

The concern he felt was for his wife.

Furthermore, he did not expect that Zen had released her.

Did Zen let her leave his inner world on purpose and leave her to perish by herself?

No...

He was not a narrow-minded man.

Edna must have asked to leave his inner world and gotten his permission.

Without hesitation, the Evil God quickly concluded that it was the case.

Although he had always regarded Zen as an opponent whom he had to defeat, deep in his heart, he admired Zen.

As for Zen, he knew that the Evil God was a troublemaker, but he still set him free. Such an opponent deserved the Evil God's admiration.

Meanwhile, Edna was now in bad condition.

However, she was very happy when Zen had released her.

She wanted to find the Evil God, so she naturally did not stay in the Divine Bloom Province. Instead, she headed west and passed through two large provinces in a row.

The Oneness Sky Palace still controlled those two provinces, so they were relatively safe.

Yet, it was not long after when the Divine Farmer race and the Bearing race came and attacked the Oneness Sky Palace. They passed through exactly where Edna went. Since she had already reached the consummation of True God Realm, of course, they did not treat her as an ordinary civilian and captured her.

Now, she was in the Moon Shield City in the Blood Sea Province.

The Moon Shield City was a military stronghold of the Bearing race. A large number of warriors of the Oneness Sky Palace remained imprisoned in the city.

As soon as Edna arrived, the guards threw her and the other prisoners from the Oneness Sky Palace into a smelly dungeon.

She leaned against the dirty wall with her arms around her legs, her eyes full of sadness.

Back in Zen's inner world, she had been born as a beauty. After she married the Evil God, she was like the queen in Zen's inner world.

Even when Zen had defeated her husband, she had never suffered any hardships.

On the contrary, her situation now was far beyond what she could bear.

"Ahhh!"

Suddenly, a series of miserable screams came from the depths of the dungeon.

The prisoners' hairs stood on their ends upon hearing the piercing cry.

There was a horrible rumor that spread among them.

It was said that the warden of this prison was a ruthless warrior in the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm. He had a mysterious type of Other Shore Token, which needed to absorb life energy to unleash its power.

The more potent the source of the life energy was, the better.

The number of warriors at the Other Shore Realm in the Source World was small, compared to that of the warriors at True God Realm. Therefore, the warden's most favored targets were naturally the consummate True Gods.

During that period, they had taken away more and more prisoners at the consummation of the True God Realm, and miserable cries always followed after.

One could only imagine how tragic those prisoners' lives had ended.

Fear was written all over Edna's face. After all, she did not want to die!

At first, she felt relieved when she finally left Zen's inner world—but before she could find her husband, she was going to die.

It was devastating.

"Bang!"

Her thoughts were interrupted when the prison doors opened, and a prison guard of the Bearing race came in.

He looked around indifferently and pointed at a person in the corner, then shouted, "You, you and you, get up!"

The three people he pointed to quickly blanched. It meant that their lives were about to come to an end.

"Don't kill me, please! I'm a member of the Bai Clan at the Clear Lake. I've never joined the Oneness Sky Palace! I can join the Bearing race, I'll ask my clan... "

"Puff!"

Before the man could even finish his words, the prison guard already stabbed him with a long spear, then threw him out of the prison just like a dead dog.

These people could not resist at all because their inner worlds had been sealed. But even if their inner worlds were not sealed, they were no match for the prison guard.

The prison guard had planned to take three people away, but because he just killed one of them, he had to find a substitute.

"You! Come together with them!"

This time, the prison guard pointed at Edna.

Chills ran down her spine, and her body trembled with fear.

Still, there was a little bit of pride inside her compelled her to go on.

She stood up and followed the other two people out without any resistance.

'Will I really die and no longer see my husband forever?' she sighed in her heart.

Her eyes looked up to the sky.

However, there was no sky, only dungeon walls covered with spider webs.

As she walked along the long corridor, her legs felt like lead.

When they reached the end of the corridor, the prison guard coldly said, "You two go into the penalty room first!"

The other two prisoners had no choice but to go inside in despair.

Then, the prison guard's wicked eyes fell on Edna.

It was easy for the citizens in the Source World to change their appearances, so most of them looked good.

However, Edna's beauty had an indescribable aura to it, which made the prison guard feel a certain kind of impulse.

Of course, she felt the prison guard's unwavering gaze. "What do you want to do?" she asked cautiously.

"Anyway, you are going to die. Why not have some fun in your last moment?" the prison guard said with a sinister laugh.

"How dare you!" Edna felt utterly flustered when she realized what the prison guard meant.

Then, the prison guard advanced towards her. Despite her struggles, he grabbed her hair and took her into another empty room.

Just then, a strong spiritual sense spread out in the Blood Sea Province.

The spiritual sense even reached the whole dungeon under the ground.

As a great warrior at the Other Shore Realm, the prison guard also felt the strong spiritual sense right away. He looked up strangely and muttered, "Who dares to be so bold and release spiritual sense recklessly in the Moon Shield City?"

Unbeknownst to him, the spiritual sense had already covered the entire Blood Sea Province.

Edna looked up blankly, then her jaw dropped.

She felt that this powerful spiritual sense was somewhat familiar. Then, she quickly realized that it came from the Evil God!

"Dar... darling...

Are you here to save me?" she croaked.

Suddenly, she changed her mind and shouted, "Don't come here! This is the Bearing race's territory! They will kill you!"

Even at her final moments, she still cared about the safety of the Evil God first. She did not want him to risk his life to save her.

The Evil God, who was far away in the Roaring Lake Province, naturally saw this scene and also heard Edna's cries.

At that point, vicious killing intent surged from his body.

His killing intent was also the strongest that was ever released in history, as it covered every corner of the Source World.

After all, it was hatred that came from the Source World.

Chapter 4119 Cut Ties

Evil God always saw love as a ridiculous desire.

The only thing he pursued passionately was strength.

He would remove anything that attempted to keep him from this objective.

Even when he realized he couldn't defeat Zen in Zen's inner world, Evil God refused to give up.

Glory, wealth, and family didn't mean much to him compared to his ultimate goal.

But now he couldn't contain his anger.

It was until he felt hatred that he became aware of what he was doing.

'Why would I get so angry?

What a worthless emotion!' he thought to himself.

He had also bid farewell to his past when he left Zen's inner world.

Edna was aware of his thoughts yet continued to support him without hesitation.

Although the Evil God was able to think rationally, anger still overwhelmed him.

"I still care about her..."

he said as he quickly figured out the reason he was mad.

There was no one to blame but his wife.

Edna was a liability for him, and he would never let her hold him back.

'I can't let her live, ' the Evil God decided.

It was the second time that he had tried to take Edna's life.

He had stabbed Edna's chest with a sharp broken knife and planned to also kill himself afterward. But Zen came to their rescue.

Evil God closed his eyes as he began to sense Edna's condition and emotions.

He saw that Edna was worried about him and that she was relieved upon finding out that he was alive. Her temperature even rose that she slightly trembled with excitement.

The guard of the dungeon was taken aback by how Edna reacted.

"Are you saying the aura belongs to your husband?" the guard asked Edna.

Judging by the powerful aura, he speculated that the visitor was at least a master at the Holy Soul Realm or Eternal Realm.

No matter what the mysterious man was up to, the guard was certain that he could not afford to mess with the man. Soon after, another thought occurred to him.

The guard let out a snort. "If your husband was this strong, you wouldn't have ended up here. You are a terrible liar. Ha-ha!" he mocked before Edna could even answer his question.

He reached out his hand, going towards Edna's neck.

Despite how powerful he appeared to be, the Moon Shield City was the territory of the Bearing race. No one could risk stirring up trouble here.

As he clenched the fabric of Edna's collar, strong hatred filled the dungeon.

It was hot in the dungeon, yet Edna and the guard froze. They felt cold saturating the place as if it was an ice cellar.

The creatures in the entire Source World felt a rising pressure as well, but it was much stronger in the dungeon of the Blood Sea Province.

"Is he coming after me?" the guard murmured with eyes wide open in disbelief.

He looked at Edna who was staring at a spot behind him.

The guard turned around and saw a handful of dust slowly whirling on the ground.

The dungeon of the Moon Shield City was forcefully dug out from the ground. Its walls, ground, and ceiling were made of earth. Dust would naturally fall from either the ceiling or the walls all year round.

After the dust and soil twirled across the ground, they quickly gathered into a mass that formed a figure.

It turned from the size of a fist into a humanoid shape.

It looked exactly like the Evil God!

"Darling..." Edna called out as she recognized the figure.

"What nonsense are you talking about? It's a man made of soil. It's just a trick!" the guard said.

He paced towards the man of soil and thrust his spear into its body, crushing it into pieces.

But much to his surprise, the smashed man of soil instantly returned to its original form.

Soil kept falling from the ceiling and walls, and in a blink of an eye, a dozen men of soil assembled.

As a powerful cultivator of the Other Shore Realm, the guard had the strength of forty divine megatons. It was a piece of cake for him to handle these men of soil.

He tried to smash the men of soil with the spear in his hand once again.

At that moment, Edna was at ease. 'Evil God didn't come here in person. He used some secret skill, ' she thought to herself.

It was easy for the guard to deal with the men of soil in the beginning, but soon it became difficult as their bodies became harder each time they restored to their original state.

He thrust his spear forcibly, boring a deep hole into the abdomen of the man of soil, but as he tried to draw his weapon from its body, he couldn't pull it out anymore.

"Damn it! These men of soil.... they are..."

The guard felt scared, even regretful that he chose to attack the men of soil.

'I could have just run away. Why did I stay here to fight them?' he thought to himself.

The men of soil ran towards the guard. They grabbed him by his hands, disabling him to move.

The man of soil then pulled out the spear from its abdomen. The guard continued struggling to loosen their grip. He tried to squirm in an attempt to break free when the man of soil suddenly thrust the spear into him.

The guard gasped as he felt the spear pierce through his elixir field. He was dying with every second. The men of soil threw him to the ground.

Then one of them walked up to Edna.

It looked exactly like the Evil God.

With a smile on her face, Edna approached the man of soil. She opened her arms in a bid to hug it.

But she stopped, shocked at the sight in front of her.

The man with a splitting image of the Evil God pointed the spear at her.

"I don't have time for weakness," it said while it tightened its grip.

Edna's smiling face turned deadly pale.

She knew the Evil God better than anyone else.

In an instant, she already understood the Evil God's plan.

"My dear, are you still going to kill me?" Edna asked. Tears cornered her eyes as she bit her lips.

"Yes," the man of soil answered, emotionless.

Without any complaint, she stood straight, closed her eyes, and waited for the man of soil to kill her next.

Although the guard was dying, he remained in his right senses. He was dumbfounded as he witnessed the scene.

'So those men of soil came here to kill and not save this woman?

She and her husband must be out of their minds!' he thought to himself.

After a while, Edna felt the man of soil stroke her face with its hand.

The man caressed her and said, "Wait for me here. I'll come to get you."

It kissed Edna gently and stepped back.

Seeing Edna submit to her fate calmly, the Evil God didn't have the heart to do it. He was taken over by guilt.

He just couldn't cut ties with her.

Under his manipulation, the men of soil destroyed and turned the dungeon into a mess. They killed the warden and guards to keep Edna alive for the time being.

In order not to arouse the suspicion of the Bearing race, the Evil God created lots of men of soil in other places under their jurisdiction. He controlled them to cause chaos in those areas.

After that, the Evil God said to the Shera and the former captain, "I am going to drop by the Blood Sea Province."

"Blood Sea Province..." Shera repeated. She arched her eyebrows as she thought for a while. "No, you can't go there. That's the place of the Bearing race!" she disagreed strongly.

Although the Bearing race and Divine Farmer race both suffered a great casualty in the battle of the Pear Hill, Othniel was still alive and the Bearing race had the Element Spirit Civilization to support them.

It was highly risky to break into the territory of the Bearing race.

"I'm not asking for permission," the Evil God said indifferently. "Did you forget who I am?"

He was the owner of the Black Ship.

The former captain and Shera were his subordinates and they took orders from him.

Soon, the black ship turned around and sailed towards the ancestral land of the Bearing race.

Chapter 4120 Kill Them

Everyone in the entire Source World was shocked by the recent events that just unfolded.

From the super forces in the cities, to even the small races living in the remotest places, everyone discussed amongst themselves and tried to figure out who released that sudden stream of consciousness and resentment.

Some of them guessed that it was Zen who had caused all this.

What happened in the large provinces under the control of the Bearing race was even more bizarre.

Men made of soil, of all shapes and sizes, appeared in droves and set out to burn, kill, and plunder everything in their path.

These strange men of soil had varying levels of strength, but all ended up dying by the hands of the warriors of the Bearing race.

The men of soil that attacked the Moon Shield City of the Blood Sea Province were of the largest number. The warden, a bunch of prison guards and prisoners died in the dungeon.

Those prisoners who were lucky enough to survive were temporarily transferred and imprisoned in the north of the city.

Edna and the other prisoners had finally left the dark dungeon only to get locked up in a huge, iron cage.

Edna couldn't help but lean against the bars of the cage and stare into the distance with unease.

It seemed that the Evil God was able to obtain the power that was beyond her imagination.

This was something that had been inevitable in her eyes. The Evil God was talented and she always knew it was only a matter of time before he truly became a force to be reckoned with.

However, if he did come, he would have to face off against the entire Bearing race and directly fight against Yellow Thearch.

"I heard Yellow Thearch is at the Eternal Realm.

He's inherited the most powerful bloodline.

No one can step into the Eternal Realm in these years.

With my husband's strength, how could he be his match?"

The other prisoners soon found out that Edna seemed to have lost her mind. She kept muttering under her breath all day long, just repeating those words every single day.

"Can you not come over?

Please..."

Of course, the Evil God could hear her.

However, her begging did not work whatsoever.

The black ship continued to sail at an unprecedented high speed.

A layer of invisible space membrane was wrapped around it so it seemed as if it swam through ordinary space. In truth, however, it was moving within an independent space where its speed increased tenfold.

In just four days, the black ship was able to cross dozens of provinces and soon arrived at the edge of the Bearing race's territory: the Black Gorge Province.

Over the years, both the Bearing and the Divine Farmer races expanded their territories by occupying large provinces. Soon enough, the two races became neighbors.

Compared to the other super forces, these two races adopted a special feature for their territories. A green, crystal wall was erected in between every two provinces wherein modified Sanskrit words were written.

Only the members of their own races could pass through the walls. Any outsider who dared enter would have to break the walls and fight against the two races.

Underneath the Black Gorge Province's crystal wall was a huge outpost position wherein a huge bear statue was erected.

The black ship soon arrived at the outpost position, which quickly attracted the people's attention.

Dozens of people came out from the outpost to look at these new arrivals.

Most of those who came out were at the eighth or ninth stage of the Other Shore Realm, three were at the thirteenth stage, and one was at the Chaotic Source Realm.

It seemed this outpost position was composed of very powerful people.

A warrior at the thirteenth stage of the Other Shore Realm yawned and said, "It seems another reckless idiot gets lost."

"Wouldn't it be better if it is a cargo ship that gets lost? At least we'd be able to get something from them," another warrior at the ninth stage of the Other Shore Realm remarked.

These warriors were powerful but there was no denying that their jobs here were quite boring.

A lost ship was a potential source of fun, so there was no way they would let it go so easily.

Nobody in the entire Source World could afford to offend the Bearing race, so they usually got away with their crimes. Even trade groups dared not say anything when they forced them to hand over their stuff.

The Other Shore Realm warriors all flew up towards the ship as it arrived with the full intent of crossing the crystal wall.

Only the Chaotic Source Realm warrior didn't make a move.

As he stared at the approaching ship, he felt that something was wrong.

There was no indication at all of the ship slowing down as it approached, almost as if it was determined to hit the crystal wall.

When the ship got close enough, the Chaotic Source Realm warrior's eyes widened in recognition. "That's the Black Ship!"

Although the Black Ship was famous in the Source World, most people had yet to see it with their own eyes. This Chaotic Source Realm warrior had only seen it once but was immediately able to recognize it at a glance.

When the Other Shore Realm warriors heard his words, their faces immediately darkened.

The Black Ship was famous for its overpowering warriors. The weakest ones there were at the Holy Soul Realm. There was no way that mere Other Shore Realm warriors like them would be able to face against them!

Like mice that suddenly met with the big cats, the warriors quickly retreated.

"Don't panic. Even if it is the Black Ship, it will still take them a long time to break the crystal wall without our special Sanskrit word." Heightened with caution, the Chaotic Source Realm warrior saw it fit to assure his allies.

Murmurs of approval followed. "That's right. The crystal wall isn't that easy to break."

"Inform the defending troops of the province! Quickly!"

"Tell them the Black Ship is coming!"

This crystal wall was rebuilt through a method provided by the Element Spirit Civilization and its strength was three times stronger than other, ordinary, crystal walls.

Since the black ship refused to slow down, it soon got to the point where it was about to hit the crystal wall.

Shera couldn't help but turn towards the Evil God. "This crystal wall seems to be a little different."

They had passed through several crystal walls before this.

Those walls were completely under the Evil God's control so that whenever the black ship approached, a huge hole would appear as if greeting to let them through.

However, this crystal wall did not do that. The Evil God, however, merely sported a look of indifference. "It's been modified. Just change it back."

As he thought for a moment, the thick crystal wall began to twist crazily.

The green light within quickly faded and turned into amber in just a blink of an eye!

Clatter!

A huge crack soon appeared and let the black ship pass through with no resistance whatsoever.

The Chaotic Source Realm warrior from the Bearing race could only stare up in shock as the ship easily made its way inside their previously protected province.

The other Other Shore Realm warriors were also dumbfounded to the point of silence.

The Evil God stood on deck and looked down at the people in indifference.

"Weak as ants," he uttered in distaste.

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

From below, the originally solid ground let out a roar, and stone pillars suddenly came out of nowhere. Each pillar stabbed through the warriors that guarded the outpost position.

"Run away!"

Having realized the hopelessness of their situation, the Chaotic Source Realm warrior gave the order and was about to use the Grand

Teleportation.

The other warriors thought the same thing and intended to escape as far away as possible.

However, when they used the space theurgy, they found that the space had no reaction—it had been sealed.

This feat, sealing the space, was a piece of cake for the Evil God.

Soon enough, the members of the Bearing race found themselves wrapped in endless stalagmites.

These stalagmites were as powerful as those men of soil!

A blow could shatter these stalagmites but it did not completely destroy them, as they reconstructed and their strength doubled.

Not long after, the warriors found themselves impaled onto the stalagmites.

The Chaotic Source Realm warrior soon exhausted his strength as he lay dying upon a stalagmite pillar. "I'm the direct descendant of the Ji Clan! You cannot kill me like this!" he roared.

When he said those words, the stalagmites suddenly stopped and a glimmer of hope rose in his chest. It seemed that the Ji Clan's reputation still terrified people.

However, he soon found out that his assumption was wrong.

"A member of the Ji Clan? Then it would be best if you die a slow, painful death."

The stalagmites slowly rotated and caused the Chaotic Source Realm warrior intense pain as they drove deep within his flesh.

Shera stared at the sight with a grimace. "Are you going to kill all of them like this?" she asked.

The Evil God shrugged. "I guess so."

The corners of Shera's eyes twitched.

This guy was truly crazy. She had no idea what he aimed to achieve with all this chaos.

Chapter 4121 The Last Bit Of Obsession (Part One)

The method the Evil God used to destroy cities and murder people required little to no effort from him.

Every time the Black Ship passed by a big city, countless stalagmites would emerge from the ground.

Because no one knew the exact locations where the stalagmites would emerge from, when they did, the city would collapse and it would cause great chaos on the land.

With the stalagmites doing all the job, he didn't even have to break a sweat in doing what he wished to do.

The stalagmites also made it incredibly difficult for people of all kinds who wished to flee the land to do so. These included the True Gods, warriors at the Other Shore Realm, and even warriors at the Chaotic Source Realm. Even if they attempted to escape to the best of their abilities, the stalagmites would continue to emerge from nowhere, block their paths, or simply push them to the brink of exhaustion until they fully decided to give up.

Some big cities were guarded by warriors at the Holy Soul Realm, who would charge towards the Black Ship to stop it from causing further damage.

However, the Evil God steered the ship as if it were lightning.

The ship was so fast that as soon as the warriors at the Holy Soul Realm arrived at the destination where the it was said to have been, the ship would already have left.

The warriors, however, not being able to accept this, would make use of the spatial transference, only to discover that the space was sealed. As they looked back, they would realize that in the moments they spent in trying to use the spatial transference, their city had already been destroyed by the uncountable stalagmites.

It was a scene that happened again and again, but no one seemed to learn much from it.

Wherever the Black Ship passed, the place was left in ruins.

After flying across and destroying several territories, the Black Ship neared the Blood Sea Province.

In the Moon Shield City stood three powerful warriors at the Holy Soul Realm, all left with the duty of protecting the city.

Recently, the Bearing race had suffered a lot. The presence of the Black Ship was more than enough reason for the people of the Bearing race to not sleep at night. However, their strongest warrior of the Ji Clan had still not done anything to better their situation, which caused distrust and panic among the people.

The three warriors at the Holy Soul Realm, who were meant to protect the Moon Shield City, were also deeply anxious as they stood in a hall.

"I hope the Black Ship bypasses our Blood Sea Province! Please let the ship streak straight to the Grand Cyan Province!" a long-haired warrior at the Holy Soul Realm said.

"I wish so too, but I fear it's impossible," an old man at the Holy Soul Realm said. "The Black Ship is simply going on a straight route. They're not even afraid that their path's become predictable. They don't care if someone is right on their tail or plans to ambush them. They're confident they'll be able to defeat anyone or anything standing in their way. That's what makes them even scarier," he continued.

The old man showed the guards his map, which had a straight, black line indicating the course the Black Ship had been taking—from where it had been to where it was heading to.

From what the map showed, it did seem impossible that the ship even had the slightest intention of avoiding the Blood Sea Province. It seemed clear that they were heading right for it.

The question they needed to be answered, however, was what the Blood Sea Province had that piqued the interest of the Evil God and his Black Ship so much.

There was absolutely nothing in the area he could have use for!

All they had was a military stronghold, nothing else.

"This is ridiculous. The Black Ship will arrive any minute, ready to turn our province into a cave floor. We're all about to meet our doom, and the Yellow Thearch is still nowhere to be found. Where could he possibly be? What could be more important than this?" Jimena Ji said, raking her hair with her fingers in heavy frustration. She was Yellow Thearch's niece, her status even ranking among the top five in the Ji Clan.

"Do you think the reason your uncle isn't here is that he was seriously injured in the battle at the Pear Hill?" the old man said in an obvious attempt to retrieve a definite answer from the rumors.

Yellow Thearch was an Eternal Realm warrior, which meant he served an extremely important part in the race's security from attacks. Eternal Realm warriors were the backbones of the super forces. If this backbone collapsed, not only would it be a devastating blow to the entire Ji clan but also to the entire race.

"I don't know. Maybe he has other plans," Jimena Ji sighed.

Only a very small number of people knew that Yellow Thearch had been seriously injured, and she had to keep it secret.

Suddenly, they all felt something approaching. Its presence was nearly unbearable. They all rushed out of the hall, shooting themselves into the air as swiftly as they could.

From their view, much to their dismay, they saw a black ship floating above the Moon Shield City.

"Octavio, you stay here. Guard the Moon Shield City.

Jimena, come with me. We're going to stop the Black Ship,"

the old man commanded.

The old man and Jimena Ji rushed towards the Black Ship and blocked its way. They readied themselves for its attacks.

However, strangely enough, the Black Ship did not act as they expected. This situation was unlike they had ever heard of before, making the old man feel uneasy.

From what they had heard in the past, the ship was always flying at an incredibly rapid speed.

When the Black Ship passed through a city, the city would be destroyed. Nothing would be left of it. This was why the old man asked Octavio to stay put and guard the Moon Shield City. However, nothing was happening. It was all too strange.

A few moments passed until they heard heavy footsteps on the deck. Walking out was the Evil God. His eyes scanned the surroundings, only to meet Jimena Ji's.

When this happened, an unidentifiable expression crossed Jimena Ji's face.

They sensed a familiar aura from each other, almost like they had met each other before. And in some way, they did.

In the past, after Yellow Thearch brought Usman back to their race, it was Jimena Ji who was put in charge of training him.

Later, the Evil God had devoured Usman together with the memories he held. Because of this, the Evil god recognized the woman, and oddly enough, felt a desire for her, a desire which stemmed from the young Usman.

Usman grew strong fast under Jimena Ji's borderline torturous training. She was incredibly tough with him, and her strength drove him mad. He longed for her so deeply.

Chapter 4122 The Last Bit Of Obsession (Part Two)

However, during the time, Usman was still too weak to defeat Jimena Ji. Every time he attempted to throw a punch, he would get a hit first. Every time he attempted to give her a kick, she would be able to dodge it with ease.

He could not defeat her, and he could not stop thinking about her. As time went by, an obsession formed in his mind, and it was emerging at this very moment.

Likewise, Jimena Ji was able to tell the identify of this man through Usman's aura. "You must be the Evil God," she said to him.

"Jimena," the Evil God responded, making it known that he knew who she was.

As the Evil God confirmed her speculation of who he was, she smiled, thinking of ways she could use to her advantage. "Evil God, perhaps there is no reason for us to stand against each other. We can work together," she said and stared at him with her soft and beautiful eyes.

The Evil God sneered at her suggestion. "Are you suggesting we cooperate with you? But how?"

"Join us, and we can fight against the Pear Hill together." Jimena Ji replied slyly.

"If you truly wish to cooperate with us, why don't you join my Black Ship? We can fight against the Pear Hill then," the Evil God said smugly.

He was not one that could be convinced so easily, but Jimena Ji refused to give up. She flashed him a seductive look, attempting to have him go more easily on her. "But I'm a member of the Ji Clan. If I join enemy forces by my own will, I would betray my clan. It truly is a pity I can't do so."

The Evil God scoffed. "It is easy. Just become my woman."

She felt the Evil God's longing for her. She smiled, believing she had the upper hand in the situation. "Can you give me at least two days to think about your offer?"

Given the current situation of the Ji Clan, uniting with the Black Ship by marriage should be a good thing.

The entire time, Shera, who was also on the black ship, was listening to the conversation. When she heard what Jimena Ji said, her slender eyebrows immediately shot up.

The Evil God stared at Jimena Ji for a long time, making her believe that he was truly appreciating her beauty. However, in a flash of a second, his entire expression changed. His look of admiration turned into a look of derision.

"The women of the Ji Clan are truly extraordinary. You tried to steer me, didn't you? You wanted to take advantage of Usman's memory to buy more time for yourself. You should have known better. You're about to find out the high price you have to pay to be my woman, but I must tell you, you are not qualified," the Evil God said menacingly.

"Buzz! Buzz!"

As soon as the Evil God finished speaking, two conical containers fell on the old man and Jimena Ji, trapping them inside.

When Jimena Ji processed what just happened, she immediately went feral. Her fingers began to emit astonishing energy, clawing at the surface and the walls of the container in an attempt to free herself.

Crack!

The energy radiating from her fingertips was from an Other Shore Token on Stage Thirty-three. The energy was so strong and powerful that anything it touched would be destroyed.

The conical space was no exception. She placed her hands upon one of its walls. When she removed her fingers, the surface revealed ten, burning prints. After a few seconds, the container broke into tiny pieces.

She thought she was free. She was ready to attack the Evil God. However, right after she broke the first conical container, a second conical container came from above her head, entrapping her body once again. She looked up, only to see that a third one was waiting to go down on her once she escaped the one she was currently in. And forming above the third one was another conical container, and another waited after that—

all waiting for their turn to imprison the Ji Clan warriors.

From the hands of the Evil God appeared two streams of Ways-blending Energy.

He flew into the sky, making his way towards the conical containers. He placed his hands upon them, and streams of Ways-blending energy began to gather within the containers.

The Evil God gave a sinister laugh. "Have you ever seen the most perfect power of the Godly Ways Great Unity? You must look at how majestic it is, and you are about to know how majestic it feels. As the first one to die under it, you should feel honored."

In the past, the Evil God was almost killed by Maximized Energy, but at that time, the energy of all the Godly Ways had been perfectly fused. It wasn't him at the end of the stick anymore. This time, it was him holding it.

Feeling the strength of the energy's aura, Jimena Ji began to panic, pushing on the walls of the container as hard as she could. This could not be the end of her. She had to find a way to survive. Her mind was already going haywire.

"We can talk about this!

The Ji Clan will agree to our marriage! I'll be yours!

You can be my master!" she screamed, tears streaming down her cheeks. The Evil God began to raise his arms.

Bang! Bang!

They all heard two muffled sounds coming from inside the conical containers.

The entire scene was terrifying. The energy the Evil God used was enough to destroy more than half of the province, and he locked it all up in the conical containers, where none of the energy was able to leak out.

Both the old man and Jimena Ji had completely disappeared.

Octavio, who stood guard before Moon Shield City, was left paralyzed by what he saw. He did not know how to react.

The old man and Jimena Ji were among the top five warriors from the Bearing race. They had fought and survived numerous battles. Had they just died like this? Was this the end of them? Octavio could not bear to think about it.

As his mind began to weaken so did his body. He began to tremble, both out of fear and exhaustion. He lost all will to fight, fleeing from the scene and into the furthest end of Moon Shield City.

The Evil God knew there was another warrior at the Holy Soul Realm on the run, but he had no interest in hunting him down. He already accomplished what he came here to do.

Now that Jimena was done for, so was Usman's obsession for her, his heart finally silencing its call. "Show's over," he told his crew. They then left, heading north of the city.

Chapter 4123 Absolute Trust

The commotion over the Moon Shield City went practically unnoticed, even with the death of two cultivators at the Holy Soul Realm.

The people didn't stir, possibly because they didn't even know that two cultivators had just been killed.

Just then, the Evil God was slowly descending into the prison in the north of the city.

The prison guards barked orders at each other while swarming out to rush towards him.

In the eyes of the Evil God, these guards meant absolutely nothing to him. Barely even shooting them a glance, countless stalagmites as thick as wrists suddenly popped out from the ground and strung the guards together.

Then, the prison's walls and fences collapsed with a loud bang, frightening the prisoners inside.

The prisoners didn't dare to make a move, staring fearfully at the Evil God who was descending from the sky.

With a smile on her face, Edna slowly walked towards the Evil God as he landed on the prison ground.

She had been consumed with worry and had hoped that the Evil God wouldn't come in person. However, now that he was here, she couldn't help but be drawn towards him.

Without uttering a word, she fell into the arms of her husband.

"Let's go," the Evil God whispered into her ear.

Wrapping his arms around her waist tightly, he then launched themselves into the sky and flew to the deck of the black ship.

As soon as she set foot on the deck, she felt a blazing gaze boring into the back of her head.

Turning around, she saw Shera glaring at her with a hint of jealousy.

Edna met Shera's gaze calmly. "Nice to meet you."

Shera was planning to say something first, but was immediately caught off guard by Edna's courteous greeting. At a loss for words, she didn't respond.

However, seeing Edna leaning on the Evil God intimately, she felt her heart sink.

The Evil God had come all the way to the Blood Sea Province to save Edna. What more could she say?

However, Shera was a veteran in battle. Surely she could survive these trivial matters. Forcing a smile, she asked in a strained voice, "Who are you to him? What are you doing in the Blood Sea Province?"

"She's my wife, and she's also from Zen's inner world," the Evil God suddenly cut in, answering for her. "Not long ago, Zen let her go, but she was taken here by the Bearing race."

"I see," Shera said through gritted teeth. "Since we've saved her already, can we go now?"

She and the former captain had predicted that the Yellow Thearch would take action shortly after they entered the Bearing race's territory. However, he hadn't shown up since, which made Shera feel a bit uneasy.

Since the Yellow Thearch didn't show up, there was no need for the Black Ship to stir up any more trouble. Now, leaving the territory of the Bearing race seemed like the best choice.

"No." The Evil God shook his head. "The Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer are coming soon. I want to challenge them."

Hearing this, both Shera and the former captain, who was standing nearby, frowned slightly.

Along the way, the former captain had been reporting the situation of the Evil God to the Grandmaster of Heaven.

There were too many risks involved in challenging the Yellow Thearch. He had to ask Grandmaster of Heaven for advice.

To his disdain, however, the Grandmaster of Heaven had no means to stop the Evil God. Instead, he hoped to assess the true strength of the Evil God.

However, in order to do so, he wanted the Evil God to fight the Yellow Thearch alone.

If the Divine Farmer got involved, the situation would change drastically.

Edna looked at her husband when he said that. She had heard of the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer.

Back in the Flow Sword Sect, she had asked for information on the masters in the Source World.

These two were Eternal Realm masters.

And the way to the Eternal Realm had been sealed, so at this point, it was impossible for the Evil God to reach the Eternal Realm.

Even so, she no longer felt anxious. She had learned to trust in her husband.

"Are you confident you'll win?" the former captain asked. "Shera and I can help you pin down one of them."

Although there were no other members left, there was still Shera, who was at the top level of the Holy Soul Realm, and the former captain himself, an Eternal Realm warrior.

"There's no need for you to do anything. They're already here," the Evil God said, turning suddenly to look at the space on the side of the ship. "I'm sure they've heard what I just said."

Buzz!

A unique triangular space appeared, and from within, the figures of the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer floated.

The triangular space had completely sealed off the auras of the two people. They were so close, yet the former captain and Shera didn't notice them till the Evil God pointed them out.

"Young people are really something. You haven't even reached the Holy Soul Realm, yet you dare to challenge the two of us," the Yellow Thearch said calmly, locking eyes with the Evil God.

The corners of the Evil God's mouth curled up slightly. "I'm a little curious. In just a few days, you seem to have changed into a different person. Is the Blood-controlling Method really so powerful?"

At the mention of the Blood-controlling Method, the Yellow Thearch's expression darkened slightly. "How did you know?"

The Evil God looked at him knowingly, as though he could see everything the world had to offer. "The Source World can't keep too many secrets from me."

The Yellow Thearch's frown deepened.

This ability was much too terrifying!

Usman, who they cultivated so painstakingly, turned out to be a stepping-stone for the Evil God.

However, the more the Yellow Thearch thought about it, his heart began to beat faster.

Usman wasn't strong enough to control the Source World.

Obviously, the Evil God was infinitely stronger than Usman, at least in terms of merging with the Source World.

The Yellow Thearch began to explore the idea of using the Evil God. If he could somehow find a way to control or devour him, he could benefit greatly.

"Well, we're not ones to step down from a challenge. Let's fight to the last breath, right here, right now." As the Yellow Thearch spoke, he turned his head towards the sky. "Othniel!"

A huge creature suddenly appeared in the sky above the Blood Sea Province.

With the huge creature blotting out the sun, a huge shadow fell over the entire province. Confused, the people in the Moon Shield City looked to the sky to see what was going on. Chaos ensued as the people's hearts were struck with fear.

If a battle this massive were to take place, the whole Blood Sea Province would suffer collateral damage!

"Othniel is here!"

Shera and the former captain frowned deeply as they watched the huge creature hovering in the sky.

The Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer were already a handful to begin with. Now, with the Chaos Ancient God Othniel involved, the Black Ship had no chance of winning.

The first thing the former captain thought of was to ask the Grandmaster of Heaven to come help them.

"This place is not large enough. Come into my illusion!"

As soon as Othniel finished speaking, a triangular door appeared in front of the Evil God.

Othniel's invitation was a thinly veiled challenge.

"You are all famous masters in the chaos. It's ridiculous for you to stoop so low as to face the Evil God together," Shera shouted to them. Then, turning to the Evil God, she pleaded, "Don't fall into their trap, please!"

The Evil God looked at the triangular door and pressed his hand against it cautiously. Closing his eyes, he tried to feel the space beyond it. Turning to his wife, he said abruptly, "Wait for me." Without further hesitation, he entered the door and disappeared in it.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The very next moment, the triangular door closed and vanished.

The Yellow Thearch, the Divine Farmer, and Othniel also disappeared quickly.

The people of the Moon Shield City were all relieved to see that the huge creature was gone. Naturally, they didn't want to suffer from collateral damage.

"The Evil God has gone in! What should we do now?" Shera cried anxiously.

Without a word, the former captain sat down cross-legged and began to recite the Truth of Godly Way. He planned to enter the Other Shore again to communicate with the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Seeing how flustered Shera was, Edna took her hand gently. "Don't worry, my husband will be fine. He will win."

"You know nothing!"

Shera yanked her hand away, shooting Edna an indignant glare.

How could a weak True God know how fierce the battle of top masters was?

What Shera said stunned Edna, but she decidedly remained calm. "I don't know who is stronger, but I know my husband. Since he asked me to wait for him, he will definitely come back."

Edna's eyes shone with an almost child-like innocence as she spoke. Shera turned away in disgust, secretly praying in her heart that what Edna was saying was true.

Chapter 4124 Life And Death Holy Way

The illusory space created by Othniel looked as though it was made up of countless huge spaces.

It seemed like the illusory space extended infinitely. If one looked from afar, even Othniel's massive body looked minuscule compared to the vastness of the space.

"That guy is brave. He went straight in, no hesitation." Othniel's voice echoed throughout the illusory space.

"If I didn't come on my own volition, you'd have dragged me in," the Evil God said calmly.

"It's good that you know that," Othniel smiled, shooting the Evil God an amused glance. "I'm sure you can tell what the outcome of this battle will be. Why not surrender now?"

"The outcome of this battle?" the Evil God echoed, eyebrows shooting up angrily. His tone suddenly grew serious. "The only outcome I can see is of you being torn to pieces."

"Hahaha..."

Yellow Thearch, Divine Farmer, and Othniel all burst into laughter, as though they'd just heard the funniest joke in the world.

Othniel continued, "This is an illusory space. There's no way you'll come close to even hurting me here. I appreciate your courage, though. Beg for mercy now, and I'll grant you a swift death!"

"Illusory space?"

The Evil God raised his hand and closed his eyes to feel the space around him.

He sensed that the rules which kept the space running were completely independent.

"It's true that you have created this independent illusory space, but this space is still within the Source World..." the Evil God suddenly said, opening his eyes to shoot Othniel a mischievous glance.

"What do you mean?" asked Othniel, visibly confused.

"Can you bear the external pressure?" the Evil God asked and smiled menacingly.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, the whole Source World shook.

Then, it shrank slightly...

While the Source World only shrank by a minuscule fraction, under the Evil God's control, it seemed to affect the illusory space on a large scale.

In other words, the illusory space was compressed by the Source World!

"Crackle..."

As the external pressure hounded on the illusory space, the seemingly infinite background that once looked like a giant net suddenly began to crack.

"Othniel, what's happening?" Yellow Thearch asked as he worriedly eyed the cracks forming all over the space.

In terms of the use of the space theurgy, no one in the entire chaos could surpass Othniel. Now that the illusory space had actually been broken, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer were quite confused.

"What did you do!? Why is there such a strong pressure?" Othniel couldn't believe his eyes.

"Do you want more pressure?" The Evil God's eyes flashed crazily and he grinned like a madman. "I can deliver!"

He seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

Truly, it was quite pleasurable, seeing these arrogant warriors' confused expressions.

"Sizzle, sizzle, Sizzle..."

The cracks climbed all over the illusory space at a rapid pace. It was only a matter of time before the entire space collapsed.

The Evil God laughed as he thought of an apt metaphor. 'It's like a fragile egg that's constantly being knocked over!'

As more and more cracks appeared, the illusory space lost its invisibility and suddenly appeared above the Blood Sea Province. However, everything was in a different hue!

"Evil God!"

"Darling!"

Through the cracks, Shera and Edna could observe what was happening within the space.

Othniel growled in rage as he struggled to keep the illusory space together. "Yellow Thearch, kill him immediately!"

Yellow Thearch's expression darkened. Gently patting the side of his waist, he summoned a fierce-looking sword. Simultaneously, the bloodline power within him was activated.

Phew!

As the bloodline surged excitedly, a holy way appeared and enveloped Yellow Thearch.

His bloodline lay in the power of the holy ways.

He had learned how to use his bloodline all by himself, so he had always been under the impression that he had reached the full potential of the power of the holy ways.

However, only after he came into contact with the Blood-controlling Method did he realize that he had been so naive. His use of the bloodline had been too superficial!

"Let me show you what the real holy ways are!" he roared.

"Emperor Holy Ways!"

"Buzz!"

Ten huge holy ways appeared and enveloped Yellow Thearch. The aura contained within these holy ways was several times more terrifying than before!

At the end of each holy way, there was a statue of an emperor, and each statue was different. As the ways intersected with each other, a unique and mysterious aura flooded out.

From outside the battle, the former captain of the Black Ship froze when he saw Yellow Thearch's Emperor Holy Ways. He hadn't found the Grandmaster of Heaven after he entered the Other shore, so he had hurriedly retreated to the Source World, only to stumble upon this heated battle. "I can't believe Yellow Thearch has cultivated the holy ways to such a level..."

Before, the former captain could've sworn that he could face Yellow Thearch in a fight, and that it'd likely end in a draw.

However, seeing the current Yellow Thearch before him, he was sure he didn't stand a chance.

"The Evil God said that he had practiced some Blood-controlling Method, but I never imagined it would increase his bloodline power to such an extent!" Shera exclaimed.

Even as the Evil God watched the Emperor Holy Ways shooting towards him, his expression remained unchanged.

Calmly raising his hand, he vanished into thin air.

A moment later, he appeared at the edge of the space.

"Do you think you can escape?" Othniel's voice boomed.

Then, two footprints floated in the space where the Evil God stood moments earlier. They were exactly Evil God's footprints.

Just as Othniel finished speaking, the Evil God was drawn back, right on top of the footprints.

Phew!

The Emperor Holy Ways, which were mixed with numerous sword shadows, all shot towards their target.

It was like a heavy rain of sword shadows pouring towards the Evil God.

The Evil God smiled, his eyes glistening with the reflection of the Emperor Holy Ways closing in on him. "That's your plan? To fix me in a place and then kill me?" The Evil God smiled even wider. "Pathetic."

Then, the Evil God's expression grew serious. Suddenly, the Ways-blending Energy began to pour out from his body, turning into colorful little snakes that shot upwards.

Whenever a sword shadow collided with a little snake, a terrifying energy vortex would be produced after a violent explosion.

Just as the Emperor Holy Ways were about to strike down the Evil God's head, hundreds of energy vortexes appeared above him.

"Break!"

The Evil God clapped his hands.

All the energy vortexes rushed up at the same time and collided into the ten Emperor Holy Ways.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom

Countless explosions rang throughout the illusory space.

The Emperor Holy Ways, which had initially seemed so terrifyingly powerful, all shattered as they collided with the energy vortexes!

"Your so-called power of the holy ways is still too weak," the Evil God sneered. "Even if you have cultivated the Blood-controlling Method, you still can't defeat me."

Hearing what the Evil God said, Yellow Thearch frowned slightly.

His bloodline was indeed not that strong, something he realized when he battled with Fuxi in the past. Although the power of the holy ways was intimidating, it was quite fragile and easy to break. This was one of the reasons why he had been depressed.

However, that was in the past, not now.

Now that he had obtained more incredible theurgies through the Blood-controlling Method, he felt confident his bloodline was stronger than that of any of the Eternal Realm warriors.

"Is that so?

Maybe it was true in the past, but not now!

Let me show you the complete power of the holy ways!"

Yellow Thearch grinned fiercely and pointed his sword towards the Evil God.

A slender blood line, as thin as thread, suddenly enveloped the Evil God.

More blood lines appeared and these blood lines formed indistinguishable paths.

Through the cultivation of the Blood-controlling Method, Yellow Thearch had gained much insight.

When the Evil God was busying himself in destroying the territory of the Bearing race, Yellow Thearch had seized this opportunity to cultivate the Blood-Controlling Method. This was why the Evil God met no obstacles on his journey to the Blood Sea Province.

A powerful holy way didn't necessarily have a physical form.

All the kinds of holy ways that the Yellow Thearch had cultivated before were visible and had form.

Even the powerful Emperor Holy Ways still belonged to the visible ways.

However, Yellow Thearch later discovered that the strongest holy way was actually invisible.

"Life and Death Holy Way!"

This time, no holy way could be seen. Only a few, barely visible lines faintly glowed in the space.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish..."

Those thin lines instantly shot towards the Evil God like possessed silk threads.

The second the threads of holy ways touched the Evil God, he felt his body tremble slightly, then he collapsed. All the life force in his eyes faded away, and his smirk was immediately wiped from his face.

"Anyone who enters my Life and Death Holy Way are bound to meet their doom there. Feel free to take your time before you finish your journey..." A pitiful look flashed in Yellow Thearch's eyes as he said this.

Chapter 4125 An Indestructible Enemy

Even Yellow Thearch himself was afraid of the power of the Life and Death Holy Way.

The power of the Life and Death Holy Way was outrageous and overpowering. Whoever stepped into the way would voluntarily walk towards their doom.

There wasn't a trace of struggle nor hope...

They all appeared to be willing to step into destruction and die on their own.

It was more like a mysterious type of Other Shore Token than a kind of bloodline power.

If Yellow Thearch himself accidentally stepped into it, he would be killed as well.

Despite the danger it held, the Life and Death Holy Way was Yellow Thearch's most powerful trump card.

This time, he used this trump card to face the Evil God without hesitation.

The Evil God walked slowly along the void like a lifeless puppet.

His body quickly turned into wisps of black smoke and gradually dissolved.

He deteriorated from the outside–starting from the locks of his hair down to his flesh and blood. After a short while, only his skeleton was left moving forward. In the end, the skeleton also vanished into a black line.

"He really died just like that?" Divine Farmer said in surprise.

"No one could survive once they step into the Life and Death Holy Way," said Yellow Thearch.

"Could I resist it?" Othniel asked curiously.

"With your physical body, you might be able to walk a little further along the way, but you still couldn't escape death," Yellow Thearch replied with certainty.

"It's a pity that the Evil God died this way," Divine Farmer said regretfully.

According to the Eye Spirit, it would have been best if they controlled the Evil God.

But he didn't expect Yellow Thearch's Life and Death Holy Way to be so powerful that it could kill the Evil God so soon.

On the black ship, the former captain and Shera stared blankly into space as their eyes were filled with horror.

Had the Evil God been killed by Yellow Thearch?

They bargained it was too early to draw such a conclusion.

Previously, when the Evil God merged Godly Ways, he had avoided the explosion of the Maximized Energy. He had also appeared in front of them safe and sound.

The problem was, this time, the Evil God walked the Life and Death Holy Way. They had clearly seen his body dissipate bit by bit.

Edna was left speechless as she stood on the deck.

She didn't know what had happened, but she was more than sure that the Evil God was still alive!

"Shall we leave?" Shera asked the captain in a low voice.

The captain smiled hesitantly. "It's too late to leave now."

"Buzz!"

He began to stroke the Descending Ring gently.

Facing Yellow Thearch, Divine Farmer, and Othniel, they could only place their hopes on the Grandmaster of Heaven.

When the former captain of the Black Ship entered the Other Shore earlier, he found no one in the Amber Cave. The Grandmaster of Heaven would not be able to descend.

The illusory space began to disperse.

Othniel once again hid his huge figure in space.

Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer flew over and approached the front of the black ship.

"Long time no see. How have you been, captain?" Yellow Thearch greeted with a smile.

In the battle with the Pear Hill, the Black Ship suddenly appeared and took away Usman, which came as a staggering blow to the Bearing race.

This caused a great grudge between them.

The former captain of the Black Ship cupped his hands towards Yellow Thearch. "In only a few months, your strength has improved greatly. Even I feel inferior to you now," he commended.

The smile on Yellow Thearch's face grew even wider. "You are so modest. I still want to spar with you. I hope you can give me some advice."

"I'm really no match for you," the captain said bluntly, waiting for Yellow Thearch to read between the lines. 'If you want to kill me, just do it, ' he thought to himself.

As Yellow Thearch heard this, the smile on his face faded. He said directly, "I can let go of the Black Ship, but you have to hand over the Descending Rings in your hands."

Last time, he had suffered a lot and almost died when Claire descended into his body.

The Element Spirit Civilization's unique method of summoning powerful warriors from the Other Shore had a bad side effect.

If he obtained the Descending Rings, he would be able to summon the Other Shore creatures, saving him a lot of trouble.

"If you had only asked for something else, we would have tried our best to satisfy you. But if it's about the Descending Rings, sorry, it's non-negotiable," the captain said firmly.

Divine Farmer said directly, "If we kill you, the Black Ship will be destroyed and the Descending Rings will still fall into our hands."

"Why don't you try?" the captain provoked.

He and Shera were very much aware that they would have to fight to death here.

Just as the two sides were talking, a guard on the city wall of the Moon Shield City suddenly fell to the ground.

The guard trembled as he lay like he was suffering from a seizure.

"Payton, what's happening to you?" Several guards rushed over and attended to him.

One of the guards helped him up and saw that his face was distorted.

The muscles on his face were contracting as if an invisible hand was kneading his flesh!

After the contractions stopped, Payton's face returned. The guard who supported him was suddenly startled and reflexively pushed him away. "You-you're not Payton! Who are you?" he shouted.

It was not Payton's face. It was a face of malice.

The other guards all pulled out their weapons and surrounded the Evil God.

They all thought that a spell had been cast unto Payton.

The Evil God completely ignored them. He took a step forward and floated towards the black ship.

Just as Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer were about to fight the captain, the Evil God suddenly appeared from the other side of the black ship. "Your opponent is me," he said with a cynical smile.

"……"

Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer instantly froze.

Divine Farmer also secretly glanced at Yellow Thearch.

Yellow Thearch stared back at him. What did that suspicious look mean?

"How could it be? I had clearly just killed you!" Yellow Thearch said angrily.

The Evil God shrugged. "Yes, you killed me, but that doesn't mean I can't be revived."

"How did you come back to life?"

"Why should I tell you?" the Evil God mocked him with a smirk.

"Well then, I'll have to kill you again!"

Yellow Thearch raised his sword. Several more lines silently swept towards the Evil God's feet.

Evil God didn't dodge and once again fell into the Life and Death Holy Way.

He walked towards one direction as his head dropped. Black smoke started to emit from his body. His skin, flesh, and bones slowly evaporated into thin air once again.

Yellow Thearch was excited to watch it happen all over again. He believed that his strongest skill could successfully kill the Evil God.

He stood on the black ship and looked around, trying to see if the Evil God resurrected.

Shera also inspected the surroundings as she was also curious. How could the Evil God come back to life?

The captain smiled bitterly.

He used to be one of the big shots in the chaos, but now he seemed to be excluded and ignored.

Among these people, the weakest one was Edna. She leaned against the rail calmly and didn't look worried at all.

Not long after, another guard had a seizure on the city wall of the Moon Shield City. As his entire body twisted and turned, he transformed into the Evil God. He waved at the Black Ship above and shouted, "Hey, I'm here!"

Yellow Thearch's eyes flashed with anger as he was about to rush down. Divine Farmer took his place ahead of him. "Let me finish him!"

As Divine Farmer swooped down, his bloodline was activated.

In the blink of an eye, he turned into a monster with a goat's head, a tiger's body, and a bull's hooves. A layer of dark black crystal covered his entire body.

This was his fourth form! It was also his most powerful one!

With his current physical strength, he was confident to fight anyone head-on.

After reaching the city wall, he opened his mouth wide and snatched the Evil God. He chewed forcibly for a few times before swallowing his sudden meal.

Just after Divine Farmer swallowed, another guard's entire body twitched from a distance. A brand new Evil God was now looking slyly at Divine Farmer. With arms crossed, he tapped his fingertips rhythmically as if he was waiting for a next move.

Chapter 4126 Outnumbered

As soon as Divine Farmer devoured the Evil God, a new Evil God quickly materialized right in front of him. He was extremely dumbfounded at this strange phenomenon.

He refused to believe that the Evil God had the ability to be reborn an infinite number of times. He indignantly took a step forward and once again grabbed the Evil God with his massive arms, stuffing him into his humongous mouth.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

After he had torn and ground the Evil God's body with his sharp teeth, Divine Farmer quickly swallowed the mass of flesh and bones into his stomach.

However, just as the second Evil God's body had settled in his stomach, one of the guards transformed into a new Evil God, the same smug smile stamped on his face.

'What the hell just happened? How was he able to do that?' Divine Farmer thought incredulously.

Tendrils of fear slowly crept in his mind, but the shame of feeling this fear inside him infuriated him more. Once again, he charged towards the next incarnation of Evil God.

The third, fourth, and fifth Evil Gods were quickly devoured by Divine Farmer, one after the other.

This went on until the last guard on the city wall had been transformed, and subsequently, consumed. There was no Evil God in sight, and Divine Farmer thought he had seen the last of him.

However, even before Divine Farmer had a moment to release a sigh of relief, a dozen more people emerged as they climbed up from the other side of the city wall.

All of these people were just ordinary citizens from Moon Shield City, with no capability to even reach the True God Realm in their original state. But when they reached the top of the city wall after their ascent, their bodies twitched and transformed into more clones of the Evil God.

"Did you turn them all into replicas of yourself?" Divine Farmer was starting to lose his mind.

He believed that the real Evil God must be hiding somewhere nearby, controlling these replicas remotely.

The only way he could win was if he found and killed the real Evil God!

"Replicas?"

The front-most Evil God slowly raised his hand, a mass of Ways-blending Energy slowly swirled in his palm. "You should have known by now that each of us is a real me."

Divine Farmer was at a loss for words.

He was proud of his sharp teeth that could tear almost everything in the world.

Although the Evil God's body was nowhere near as strong as Zen's, its toughness was comparable to the bodies of Holy Soul Realm warriors.

When Divine Farmer devoured what he thought were replicas, he had already sensed that each one of them was equivalent in strength to the Evil God himself!

There wasn't anyone else who had the ability to create such powerful replicas.

"You can revive infinitely using other people's bodies..." Divine Farmer couldn't help but cry out this realization, his voice trembling uncontrollably.

This realization meant that the Evil God was actually an opponent that could forever evade death. He only needed to constantly copy himself to be invincible.

"You got that right," the Evil God smiled cruelly.

He then suddenly lunged towards Divine Farmer, the Ways-blending Energy looked like a comet with a trail of color in the air.

In an attempt to stop Evil God, Divine Farmer extended his strong arm in front of him to strangle the Evil God's neck, but Evil God was fearless. He slammed the Ways-blending Energy into Divine Farmer's outstretched arm.

Crack!

Boom!

Divine Farmer had snapped the Evil God's neck like a wooden branch.

However, the Ways-blending Energy had already exploded and ravaged Divine Farmer's arm.

A blindingly bright flash of light suddenly lit up the entire place, and was extinguished as quickly as it came.

When the explosion had died down, the black crystals that covered Divine Farmer's body had all cracked.

"My Wonder Body..." Divine Farmer couldn't help but feel heartbroken and depressed as he gazed at his damaged body.

The Wonder Body was the most powerful form of Divine Farmer's bloodline theurgies. It was even more than ten times stronger than the goat monster he had transformed into.

Ideally, in his current state, even a Chaos Ancient God would not be able to go head-to-head with him in melee combat. Unfortunately, the Ways-blending Energy was so powerful that it had cracked his body all over.

"The complete form of the Ways-blending Energy is supposed to be more powerful than this," another Evil God commented as he stealthily approached from behind Divine Farmer.

Divine Farmer's reflexes were quick; he turned around and slammed his fist on the Evil God's head. It was smashed into a bloody mist.

But the Evil God was quicker. He had already landed the Ways-blending Energy on Divine Farmer's back.

Boom!

With another bright flash of light and an explosion, several of the black crystals on Divine Farmer's back were also destroyed.

"The full potential of the Ways-blending Energy's power is yet to be discovered..."

"But it won't need more than this to finish you..."

two more Evil Gods chimed in as they closed in on him from both sides.

Divine Farmer flinched in the face of such crazy suicide attacks. He tried to retreat and was about to launch himself into the air, but three more Evil Gods suddenly appeared above his head. One of them grabbed his head, while the other two restrained one arm each.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A few more explosions of Ways-blending Energy reverberated throughout the place.

Soon, the light died down and the dust eventually settled.

As if by a miracle, Divine Farmer had managed to escape from the ground and hovered in the air.

But, alive as he might be, most of the black crystals that covered his body had now been destroyed. Black blood was spurting out of his wounds. He appeared as pitiful as a drowned mouse.

"How, how were you able to do that?" Divine Farmer gasped, his breathing labored.

"Given your intelligence, you should have been able to figure that out," a new Evil God said as he materialized in front of Divine Farmer.

"You just can't accept the reality," another Evil God appeared behind him simultaneously.

Boom! Boom!

Two more loud thuds, and the Divine Farmer's body was injured more drastically.

His Wonder Body had been blessed with a powerful regeneration ability.

Even though the black crystals covering him were destroyed, they were able to recover at an extremely rapid speed and quickly reshaped to protect him.

But there was a limit even with their recovery speed. The Evil God's destructive power clearly overwhelmed Divine Farmer's healing ability.

Aboard the black ship, Shera's eyes glinted with an unusual light as she commented, "The Evil God wasn't using a resurrection technique. On the contrary, he wasn't killed at all..."

The former captain smiled and turned to Yellow Thearch, "When each and every creature in the world, including us, is a real him, what do you think would be the best way to kill him?"

Yellow Thearch clutched his sword tighter as he blankly observed the battle below.

From where he was watching, he could see more Evil Gods approaching rapidly towards Divine Farmer from all over Moon Shield City.

It was such an awe-inspiring scene that Yellow Thearch felt a chill run down his spine.

At that moment, both he and Othniel reached the same conclusion in their minds.

The only way to definitely kill the Evil God, once and for all, was to destroy the entire Source World.

Yellow Thearch became more frustrated as he further thought about it. He had only just mastered the powerful Life and Death Holy Way, but that was very insignificant compared to the Evil God's miraculous ability.

"Let's leave this place," Othniel suggested. "We don't have a chance of winning this battle anyway."

Within the entirety of the Source World's range, the Evil God was practically invincible.

Right after uttering his pronouncement, Othniel started to employ the truth power.

He intended to utilize the space power to teleport himself, Yellow Thearch, and Divine Farmer away from the place. While he was focused fully on the task at hand, three Evil Gods appeared silently overhead.

"Why do you want to leave so badly?" one of them asked him.

With that, they released a massive amount of Ways-blending Energy from their bodies that exploded right above Othniel.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The sky erupted with a blinding white light as if a blazing sun had exploded.

The Chaos Ancient God's body might be colossal in size but it wasn't significantly stronger than Divine Farmer's body.

Luckily, and due to his quick reflexes, Othniel was able to duck swiftly when the Ways-blending Energy exploded, and avoid a huge rift that extended dozens of miles above him.

"Humph! Who are you to stop me from leaving?" Othniel snapped angrily.

Being the Chaos Ancient God who mastered the space truth gave him the ability to come and go as he wished in the entire chaos. He didn't believe that the Evil God would be able to stop him.

A significant amount of truth power radiated from his body.

His gargantuan body started to flicker, as did Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer.

It went on for several seconds, but they surprisingly remained where they were instead of being teleported away.

Othniel was paralyzed with shock.

As a unique being in the chaos, this was the first time that he did not know what to do anymore.

"What... What did you do?" he asked in a trembling and uneasy voice.

The annoying smile never left Evil God's face. "Did you really expect the Blood Sea Province to be somewhere you can come and go whenever you wanted to?" he snorted insultingly.

As he finished speaking, they saw that multitudes of people throughout the entire Moon Shield City began to convulse before falling to the ground.

Pavilions, prisons, streets... They were everywhere.

When these people stood up, they saw that they were all turned into Evil Gods. They simultaneously used the teleportation technique to quickly reappear upon Othniel's broad back.

In a matter of seconds, more than ten thousand Evil Gods were now standing on Othniel's back!

Chapter 4127 The Fight Is Over

Othniel was the most powerful among the six Chaos Ancient Gods.

Only a few could be a match for Chaos Ancient Gods. Even if the Chaos Ancient Gods confronted those who were stronger than them, they could manage to run away unscathed.

That was why Othniel successfully fled from the battle in the Pear Hill.

This time, however, he encountered an unprecedented crisis.

He activated the truth power in an attempt to teleport himself away.

But even after releasing all his truth power, he couldn't escape nor get rid of the space cage that enclosed him.

Othniel was shocked that someone in the chaos could disable his space theurgy.

He was fully aware that the Evil God couldn't do that.

'This guy is using the power of the Source World.

Had we been outside the Source World, he wouldn't be able to trap me even if he was ten times stronger.

But unfortunately, we are in the Source World.

I was caught unaware.

If I had known that he possessed such powers, I wouldn't have come here.

But it's too late to regret now, ' Othniel pondered as he fumed with anger.

Suddenly, the Ways-blending Energy that over ten thousand Evil Gods released blasted simultaneously.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Each Ways-blending Energy exploded, producing a blazing golden light. It was understandable how thousands of Ways-blending Energy could be fatal.

"You want to take my life? That's not gonna happen!" Othniel shouted.

Faint energy started to fluctuate on the surface of his body, spreading from his trunk and across the length of his limbs.

The energy turned into a layer of azure space armor, quickly covering his huge body.

Making the space armor almost cost Othniel all the truth power. The thick space armor protected him from any energy including the Ways-blending Energy.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The space armor shielded Othniel from the outburst of thousands of Ways-blending Energy.

After all the deadly explosions of the Ways-blending Energy, he remained uninjured.

"Ha-ha! Little useless tricks! You really thought you can hurt me?" Othniel provoked triumphantly.

The Evil Gods condescendingly looked at Othniel. One of them asked, "Have you always been this stupid?"

Othniel was confused. Then he realized that there were still over ten thousand Evil Gods standing on his back.

He almost forgot that he had to deal with so many opponents. This was the first time that he had been in such a dangerous situation!

The Evil Gods stretched out their hands as they mustered the strength to gather the Ways-blending Energy once more.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

All the Ways-blending Energy flew to the sky emitting blazing lights that shone as bright as the sun.

Each Ways-blending Energy pierced Othniel gaping a hole on his body. After being hit too many times, his massive body became riddled with holes.

He started to descend from the sky like a giant wrecked ship.

Just like that, a Chaos Ancient God perished in the hands of the Evil God.

In the past chaotic eras, there had also been cases where the Sons of Truth, namely Chaos Ancient Gods had been slaughtered.

However, those powerful beings were killed by ruling forces.

Even in the battle of the Pear Hill, the two Chaos Ancient Gods were killed by the crowd and not a single person.

But the Evil God finished Othniel off on his own. It was indeed an unforeseen event.

Divine Farmer stared blankly at the falling Othniel as he sensed fear overwhelming him.

'Othniel died like this?

Having been killed by a human?' Divine Farmer thought to himself in sheer shock.

When Divine Farmer transformed into a monster a few moments ago, he felt invincible as if nothing could hurt him a bit.

But after he witnessed Othniel's death, he was not sure if he could survive the Evil God's attacks. At that moment, he only wanted to escape; but at the thought of even Othniel failing to escape, panic and frustration flooded him.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

More Evil Gods teleported themselves to Divine Farmer's side. Once they were near him, the Ways-blending Energy could explode in an instant.

"Please don't...

It doesn't have to come this far!

What do you want from me? I can..."

Divine Farmer tried to beg for mercy, but the Evil God was indifferent and simply ignored his pleas.

Boom! Boom! Boom! His voice slowly faded as he ended up being blasted into pieces.

Yellow Thearch, on the other hand, was more courageous compared to Divine Farmer.

He raised the sword in his hand with a face full of determination. It was evident that he wanted to fight until his last breath.

"Life and Death Holy Way!"

Whoosh!

"Life and Death Holy Way!" he shouted more ferociously.

Whoosh!

The Life and Death Holy Way surrounded him at his command.

Every time an Evil God approached him, the Evil God would be trapped in the Life and Death Holy Way and die on the spot.

Hundreds of Evil Gods started to walk on the Life and Death Holy Way a few seconds later. Even before they realized, all of them had already stopped breathing.

The Evil God could, in fact, terminate Yellow Thearch more efficiently.

However, he preferred to torture him.

"Hey, aren't you Zen's enemy?" an Evil God asked casually as he floated beside Yellow Thearch.

"That's none of your business!" Yellow Thearch roared, "Life and Death Holy Way!"

The Evil God who spoke to him was dragged to the Life and Death Holy Way and walked down it silently.

After he got rid of one, another Evil God appeared.

"He created me. I ought to be grateful to him," the Evil God said.

"You? A grateful person? Who are you kidding?" Yellow Thearch stared at the Evil God scornfully and dragged him to the Life and Death Holy Way as well.

'If the Evil God was really grateful, he wouldn't have joined the Black Ship, ' Yellow Thearch thought as he dismissed the Evil God's words.

"If I take you down, then Zen wouldn't have a chance to get even with you. He might be disappointed," another Evil God said.

"Are you willing to let me go?" Yellow Thearch asked lifting his head.

"No," the Evil God replied as he flashed an evil grin. "I will be happy to see him disappointed."

"Quit playing me and shut up!" Yellow Thearch said furiously. He stuck another Evil God in the holy way again.

The Life and Death Holy Way was indeed powerful. No one could survive and make it out alive.

Although it was a brilliant bloodline theurgy, one needed to use the bloodline power to make it work. Once the bloodline power ran out, any theurgy couldn't be unleashed anymore.

One by one, the Evil Gods stepped into the holy way and gradually died. Meanwhile, Yellow Thearch's bloodline power was quickly decreasing.

His face turned pale as Yellow Thearch was running out of the bloodline power. His handsome face started to wrinkle and he had aged in the blink of an eye.

He couldn't hold on any longer and it hit him–he was already dying. He suddenly recited the Truth of Godly Way and went to the Other Shore.

Yellow Thearch had married a woman from the Pure race on the Other Shore. Male members of this race looked like monsters while its female members resembled ordinary human women who gave off an unworldly aura.

When he was depressed back then, he spent most of his time keeping this woman company on the Other Shore.

Yellow Thearch knew that he was about to die, so he seized one last moment to enter the Other Shore to say goodbye to her.

When he saw the woman, she almost ran to come and greet him. Her eyes glowed ecstatically the second she met him.

As a creature on the Other Shore, she couldn't go to the Source World to be with Yellow Thearch. She could only patiently wait for his return.

"I'm sorry, honey..." Yellow Thearch said.

The woman frowned as she asked curiously, "What happened? Are you alright?"

"I..."

Before he could finish his sentence, his body in the Source World had been shattered by the Ways-blending Energy.

He vanished in front of the woman as soon as his entire flesh was destroyed.

Chapter 4128 The Next Goal

Blood oozed out of Othniel's heavily wounded body, which lay on the vast plain.

At that moment, the mountains collapsed, and the ground cracked. The land caved in as several cities and villages around his body crumbled.

The remaining survivors looked at his large body in horror. They did not know what happened and thought that the end of the world had come.

The faces of the Evil Gods who stood on Othniel's body began to blur and shrink back to their original forms. Their minds, which the Evil God had occupied, also returned to their original states.

They did not die; they didn't know what happened. When they regained their senses, they just stared blankly at the body beneath them.

"What kind of monster is this?"

"It's so big!"

"It's a Chaos Ancient God!"

There were many knowledgeable men among the crowd.

They recognized that the injured corpse belonged to the Chaos Ancient God, Othniel.

Then, did that mean that the Chaos Ancient Gods would also be killed?

Had the world gone mad?

The matter confused them, but it did not last long. They quickly realized something and exchanged greedy glances.

It was the corpse of a Chaos Ancient God! Both his flesh and bones were rare treasures!

They immediately cut and scraped the body with their bare hands; some of them even fought for it. They were like a group of ants that swarmed a beast's corpse.

Meanwhile, the black ship still floated in the air, and an Evil God climbed onto the deck.

He wore a black armor, which was the uniform of the guards in the Moon Shield City.

When Shera sensed his presence, she became alert and cautiously asked, "Are you... the Evil God?"

"Yes," the Evil God said with a cold smile.

Of course he knew what Shera wanted to ask.

The Evil God's body already perished. Based on Shera's reaction, the person in front of her was no longer the original Evil God.

"But you don't... This body is..." Shera said hesitantly.

"From the Source World's perspective, even you are me, and so is the former captain of the Black Ship," the Evil God said and pointed at the two of them. Lastly, he looked at Edna. "But she is not me," he continued.

He represented the Source World.

Therefore, everything that was born in the Source World belonged to him.

However, Edna was not born in the Source World. She came from Zen's inner world.

"You are my husband. No one can replace you!" Edna cried as she went up to the Evil God and clutched his arm.

She already knew that the Evil God had changed his body, but she would always be with him no matter what her husband became. Besides, he still looked the same as before.

"Wait a minute. You mean that all the creatures in the Source World can turn into you?" Shera asked.

She knew that the former captain wanted to ask these questions, but the Evil God had always been quite rude to him. After all, the Evil God was cautious around the Grandmaster of Heaven, who supported the captain. Thus, she had to communicate with the Evil God.

"Yes. The creatures born in and live in the Source World can do that," the Evil God answered.

"No limit to the number?" Shera asked again.

Shera and the captain had been utterly shocked by the excessive number of Evil Gods.

The Evil God's physical body did not reach the Eternal Realm. However, because of the Ways-blending Energy, he was more powerful than most of the Holy Soul Realm warriors and almost as strong as the Eternal Realm warriors.

Generally speaking, over ten thousand top-level Holy Soul Realm warriors already formed a really terrifying force.

If he turned all the creatures in the Source World into himself, it would be even more unbelievable.

"Theoretically, that is the case, but I can't do it now," the Evil God said with a shrug.

That was because over ten thousand people being transformed into him was his limit.

The Source World's power was not unlimited. The Evil God could only use a part of it, and it took time to recover if he used it up all at once.

If he drew more than what was allowed, he and the Source World would suffer considerably.

"Well, if that is the case, what will you do next?" Shera asked.

The Evil God suddenly became excited and said, "Of course, I will kill Zen."

Zen was the opponent who he could never defeat, and who had controlled his fate several times before.

He never felt grateful to Zen for letting him off on multiple occasions.

Lastly, Zen's sympathy was his biggest humiliation. Now, he had a chance to wash it all away.

"But I still have to wait. The power used to kill the Chaos Ancient God needs to be restored, and I still have not completely comprehended the Ways-blending Energy," he added.

"I just want to get one thing straight. Why do you put so much importance to Zen?" Shera asked in confusion.

Everyone knew that Zen was powerful and had astounding growth progress.

But now, the Evil God had even killed the Chaos Ancient God. With his current strength, it would be easy for him to take down the Pear Hill and kill Zen.

He glanced at Shera and shook his head. "You don't know him," he muttered.

He had lived in Zen's inner world for a very long time, so he knew Zen's capabilities well.

For him, Zen was vastly different from any opponent in this world. Even the Chaos Ancient Gods could not compare to him.

Surprisingly, his wife begged to differ. "Could you please let Zen off? He treated us well," Edna pleaded.

In turn, the Evil God gently stroked her black hair and explained, "Of course I can let him off, but he has to become my vassal. I will make him someone that is powerful and can control many things in the Source World, just as I did in his inner world back then!"

"You know that he would not accept that," Edna said with a bitter smile.

"Then he can only be a part of me," the Evil God deadpanned.

On the Other Shore

The Eye Spirit's eyeball was filled with indescribable rage.

He saw everything that had happened through the eyeballs on the foreheads of Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer.

A mistake...

He had made the biggest mistake...

He never imagined that the Evil God had controlled the Source World to such an extent in only a short time!

Back then, Usman followed the Black Ship for a long time after he was born. However, his power couldn't compare to the Evil God's.

Although the Godly Way energy was gone, it was not a big deal, as the Element Spirit Civilization was not held responsible. But now, even the Source World had fallen into the Evil God's hands.

"Eye Spirit, why didn't you tell me to take action again?" asked Claire.

"Even I can't kill him myself, let alone you," said the Eye Spirit. "Why did such a unique power fall into his hands? The Grandmaster of Heaven is so lucky," he lamented.

"I think the Evil God was born rebellious, and even the Grandmaster of Heaven can't control him. Furthermore, he and the Pear Hill will fight.

Since he killed Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer, he will surely invade the Pear Hill!" Claire exclaimed.

"I hope so. Claire, You can leave now, I'll report this to the Snake Master," the Eye Spirit sighed.

Claire glanced helplessly at the Eye Spirit. Since such a thing had happened, the Snake Master would probably punish her leader again.

After she left, a golden rune appeared in the Eye Spirit's eyeball and immediately turned into three cross-shaped stars. The stars gathered together, and then Sewell's coordinates were complete.

Then, a small white snake came out from the coordinates.

"Master Sewell," said the Eye Spirit.

Sewell twirled around, and faced him. "Why did you summon me?" he asked.

In return, the Eye Spirit briefly explained what had happened to the Evil God.

"What?"

Sewell was utterly shocked and speechless.

The Element Spirit Civilization had always executed the Snake Masters' control of the chaos for a long time. Their arrangement had been stable and rarely went out of control.

When the Eye Spirit had reported that the Evil God had devoured Usman last time, Sewell did not take it seriously.

An outsider could only use a small amount of power in the primitive land at most. They could not control the primitive land entirely, and such a thing had never happened before.

However, the tables had turned over now. Everything related to what had happened exceeded Sewell's expectations.

Chapter 4129 The Black Phoenix Candle

A stream of blood-like substance flowed down from the top of the Pear Hill just like a bloody waterfall.

If one observed carefully, they would see that this "bloody waterfall" was actually a stream of pure energy.

It flowed halfway down the mountain, thus dying the entire upper half of the mountain red.

This was naturally a shocking sight for both the leaders and the disciples of the Pear Hill.

"If I'm not mistaken, this is the bloodline theurgy of the Snake Goddess."

"It's very similar to the aura the shadow of Snake Goddess has."

"But this is purer and stronger than that."

After the Snake Goddess reached the Eternal Realm, her strength could be said to have reached its peak.

In the past few years, she had changed her Other Shore Tokens to better ones, but her strength never really made any progress.

Because of that, the power her shadow currently showed naturally amazed everyone. It was obvious to them that she had gained a lot on the Other Shore this time.

Splash!

The bloody waterfall suddenly converged, forming a huge shadow of Snake Goddess that floated above the Pear Hill.

Whoosh!

A split second later, the Snake Goddess on the jadeite platform had soared to the sky.

When she hovered in the air, the strong air current blew her hair upright. Her gaze was extremely solemn.

Upon mastering the Blood-controlling Method, the Snake Goddess had been itching to give it a try.

Therefore, despite this being her first day returning to the Pear Hill, she already went all out in using her bloodline theurgy.

"Kendrick, are you ready?" the Snake Goddess asked.

Buzz!

A formidable force surged out of the inside of the Pear Hill. This force was the power of truth.

The moment the power of truth gushed out of the Pear Hill, a layer of cyan-colored shell suddenly enveloped the entire mountain.

The Pear Hill was about the size of a large province. One could only imagine the size of this shell.

"You can begin." Kendrick's voice came from inside the mountain.

Kendrick didn't participate in the battle of the Pear Hill before because the battle was already over when he arrived.

Nevertheless, after he went into the mountain, he still deployed his strongest defense moves to protect the mountain.

Since the Snake Goddess wanted to test her strength, they decided to let her strength go against Kendrick's shell and see how it went.

"Be careful!" the Snake Goddess shouted. Her eyes were burning with excitement.

Splash!

The huge shadow began to transform.

Countless crimson energy particles solidified into one, forming something that looked like a huge rose floating in the sky.

Hiss!

The energy particles suddenly converged at the root of the rose. Immediately afterward, the huge rose crashed downward following the Snake Goddess's violent hand gesture.

"It's so scary!"

"So powerful!"

"Will the Snake Goddess destroy the Pear Hill?"

As the creatures in the Pear Hill saw this scene, worry and fear crept into their gazes.

"Don't be afraid. The enchanted barrier above us is formed by the power of truth. No matter how powerful the Snake Goddess is, she won't necessarily be able to defeat the Chaos Ancient God."

Buzz!

The rose formed by the shadow of Snake Goddess pierced the shell but couldn't get through.

However, energy particles continued to gather at the point where the rose pierced the shell. Along with the movement of the energy particles, the rose continued to drill madly into the turtle shell.

A sharp, shrill noise echoed in the sky. It made some flying birds erratic as if they were drunk.

The people of the Pear Hill were protected by the shell, so they weren't hurt by the noise, though it still made many people uncomfortable.

"Snake Goddess, your power can't penetrate through my shell," Kendrick remarked.

The air current became even fiercer, and the Snake Goddess's long hair also fluttered even more wildly.

Energy beams shot up to the sky and converged at high speed.

She was pushing the power of her bloodline to the limit.

Her shadow, which was originally crimson, had now turned deep purple.

A destructive aura was constantly released from her shadow.

According to the information in the Blood-controlling Method, the shadow of Snake Goddess itself had tremendous destructive power, and pushing it to the limit would trigger the Black Phoenix Candle.

"Let me look!

I want to feel the power of the Black Phoenix Candle!

Show it to me!"

the Snake Goddess roared.

Every inch of her muscles was taut, and her slender body was brimming with power.

After the last trace of purple color in her shadow faded, her shadow suddenly shattered and materialized again into a black flame.

It seemed to contain an immeasurable destructive aura.

"This is the Black Phoenix Candle!"

Whoosh!

A black phoenix flew down from behind the Snake Goddess and drilled into the shell.

Cracks appeared on the surface of the originally hard shell.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The enchanted barrier that Kendrick created was one whole entity.

If one part couldn't be broken, the whole enchanted barrier wouldn't be broken.

If one part was broken, the whole enchanted barrier would also be broken.

The cracks spread all over at an incredible speed. Before long, the shell shattered with a loud bang.

The moment the cyan-colored turtle shell broke, dragon scales appeared and covered the Pear Hill. This was the second enchanted barrier.

Kendrick had set up three layers of defense on the Pear Hill. After the turtle shell, which was his outermost layer of defense, was broken, the second layer of defense would replace it. This layer of defense was known as the Dragon Scale Defense.

"Good job. You've done very well by breaking my turtle shell. However, you should stop now—you can't break the Dragon Scale Defense," said Kendrick.

They were just sparring with each other, and he didn't want to consume too much power of truth.

But the Snake Goddess didn't reply. It was as if she didn't hear what he said. She just continued to force the Black Phoenix Candle to drill through the defense.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The Dragon Scale Defense was much stronger than the turtle shell.

But under the erosion of the Black Phoenix Candle, there was a faint sign of breaking.

The increasing energy of the Black Phoenix Candle made Kendrick a little flustered. "That's enough, Snake Goddess. This is just a spar!"

But the Snake Goddess seemed to have not heard of what he said.

Her eyes became dark as if she was out of control.

Crack!

The Dragon Scale Defense was broken.

The third enchanted barrier quickly appeared over the Pear Hill.

It was a layer of ancient grey shell—Kendrick's shell.

"Stop! Stop the Snake Goddess! Anyone! If this goes on, both of us will only suffer!"

Kendrick surely had the means to counterattack the Snake Goddess. His shell could bounce back most of the Black Phoenix Candle's power.

But if he did so, the Snake Goddess would most likely be killed in an instant, and he naturally didn't want to see that.

At this moment, a figure quietly appeared beside the Snake Goddess. It was Fuxi.

Splash!

The Snake Goddess didn't even turn to look at Fuxi. She just waved her hand, sending the turbulent black flame towards him.

The expression on Fuxi's face didn't change much. He opened and closed his arms, forming an invisible Eight Diagrams circle on his palms.

Splash!

A strange scene appeared in front of everyone. The destructive flame revolved along the Eight Diagrams circle in Fuxi's hands like an obedient child.

It was obviously unwilling to be imprisoned inside the Eight Diagrams circle, but it couldn't break out of the cycle no matter how hard it tried.

When Fuxi put his hand on the Snake Goddess's shoulder, she trembled slightly and came to her senses. A second later, however, she fainted into Fuxi's arms as she had exhausted all her power.

Fuxi calmly took her back to the jadeite platform.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, King Ieuan, and Yasamin looked at the Snake Goddess with dread.

That the Blood-controlling Method could greatly improve the strength of cultivators at the Eternal Realm was already known by them, but they never expected that the Snake Goddess would make such progress that she could fight against the Chaos Ancient God head-on.

Chapter 4130 Bad News

It took a long time for the Snake Goddess to recover. She slowly opened her eyes as she lay weakly in Fuxi's arms.

"Are you feeling better?" asked Fuxi.

The Snake Goddess nodded and gently freed herself from his arms.

She realized that she had almost been completely lost. Her consciousness was controlled by that destructive force.

"Snake Goddess, was that the limit of your strength?" A turtle about ten feet long was crawling on the jadeite platform.

On his right side was a sloth, and on his left was a scorpion.

Gerald, Judson, and Kendrick had been hiding inside the Pear Hill. To conveniently communicate with the others, they each created an avatar.

"Well..." The Snake Goddess paused as she thought for a while. She shook her head and denied, "No."

Just now, she felt her power almost becoming limitless. It was because of this infinite destructive power that she was lost. The power seemed to give her everything.

Kendrick smiled bitterly. "It appears that I can't block your black flame."

"You are strong indeed, but this power can make you lose your mind. You'd better not use it," Fuxi suggested worriedly.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi said, "Maybe it's because we don't know much about the bloodline power. After we master the Blood-controlling Method, it will take us some time to adapt."

After he, Yasamin, and King Ieuan mastered the Blood-controlling Method, their strength also increased greatly. It might be incomparable to the Snake Goddess's or Fuxi's level, but they were almost the same.

In the Dark Haze Peak, Zen, Yan, and the others saw what happened in the sky.

"The strength of the Snake Goddess is frightening!" Lavender couldn't hide the surprise from her eyes.

Yan smiled. "The strength of the Snake Goddess has improved so much. Zen, you should make more progress, too!"

"My situation is a little special. I haven't made much progress," Zen said as he looked to the ground.

The Blood-controlling Method he cultivated was the most basic one. It could help him improve his strength, but the improvement wouldn't be as great as those of other Eternal Realm cultivators. After all, he didn't really control the ancestry-level bloodline.

While he was lost in thought, a girl walked to him. She had hair put up in pigtails, a small round face, and a pair of eyes as pure as big black gemstones. She faintly resembled Margaret.

"Father, I want a hug!" The girl requested while stretching out her arms to Zen.

Zen held the girl in his arms and lifted her above his head. She giggled.

The girl was Salome, he and Margaret's daughter. She had been in the fairy palace after being born in his inner world.

After Zen had returned from the Other Shore, he enjoyed some rare leisure days and invited all the women out of the fairy palace.

Although Salome was less than two years old, she was intelligent enough to read over a thousand words under the guidance of her mother and the others. Now she could read some simple Sanskrit words on her own.

She had the ability similar to Geoffrey's, but she was much more obedient than him.

This was only the second time Salome had seen Zen, but the two of them didn't feel estranged from each other.

After playing with Salome for a while, Zen handed her to Margaret. Only then did he catch Letitia's glance and notice her. She stood not far away with eyes filled with sadness.

Geoffrey had been in the Deleting Space for a long time, but there had been no news about him yet.

Previously, Zen tried to communicate with Ziya through the Descending Ring and failed.

Letitia grew more worried with each passing day that Geoffrey's condition remained unknown.

Zen walked towards her and placed his hand on her shoulder. Letitia looked up as she smiled tearfully. Zen held her in his arms, comforting her.

He couldn't go to the Deleting Space and he couldn't do anything to help. He felt helpless as he could only place his hope on Ziya.

A few days later, shocking news started to spread throughout the Source World and the Pear Hill.

The Chaos Ancient God Othniel died.

The Yellow Thearch died.

And the Divine Farmer also died!

With the support of the Element Spirit Civilization, the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race were undoubtedly the strongest super forces in the Source World.

The news that the leaders of these two super forces and a Chaos Ancient God had died was no less shocking than the battle of the Pear Hill.

Since the Moon Shield City had not suffered a devastating blow, many people witnessed the battle. The scene that the Evil God fought against three masters alone had also spread.

When the news reached the Pear Hill, it immediately attracted attention, causing great discussion among the people.

All the important figures of the Pear Hill arrived and assembled on the jadeite platform.

The death of the Yellow Thearch was good news, yet a heavy atmosphere surrounded them.

The Evil God had killed not only the Chaos Ancient God Othniel but also the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer. It was too amazing that he had done this all alone.

The three Chaos Ancient Gods guarded the Pear Hill mainly to defend against the Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race. Now the leaders of the two super forces had been killed, but they were facing an even more terrifying enemy.

"The Evil God can produce many avatars, and each of them has his strength.

His power of the Ways-blending Energy is astonishing.

Most importantly, the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer were also very powerful. They must have obtained the Blood-controlling Methods from the Element Spirit Civilization. The Yellow Thearch had actually killed hundreds of the Evil God's avatars." After Fuxi initiated the conversation, he threw the green crystal in his hand to Zen.

The green stone was known as the Memory-recording Crystal. As its name suggested, it was a kind of crystal that recorded memories in the Source World.

The owner of the Memory-recording Crystal hid in a corner of the Moon Shield City. He watched the battle from an excellent angle, wide enough to observe everything that took place.

His Memory-recording Crystal became known and was sold at a very high price. The Ear Mouse race afforded to buy it and sent it to the Pear Hill.

Zen caught the Memory-recording Crystal and put it on his forehead.

In the blink of an eye, it was as if he had been present in the Moon Shield City. He witnessed how over ten thousand avatars of the Evil God killed Othniel.

After that, Zen carefully threw the Memory-recording Crystal to Eastern Emperor Taiyi, who later passed it to Yasamin after his reading.

Everyone fell into a deafening silence after they had read the Memory-recording Crystal.

With their insight, they had a collective intuition of the strength of the Evil God. It was intimidating indeed!

"Those who have something to do with you are all monsters, Zen," said Fuxi.

Aside from Zen, his children also had special talents. Even the Evil God who popped out of his inner world could grow to such a terrifying level.

The Snake Goddess interrupted, "But one thing is very strange about this."

"What is it?" asked Fuxi.

"The Evil God will definitely target the Pear Hill and Zen next," the Snake Goddess concluded. "However, if he wants to attack us, he shouldn't have left so many survivors in the Moon Shield City. His ability could kill all its people and even those in the Blood Sea Province. Why would he let these people live and spread the news?"

If the Evil God sneaked into the Pear Hill and used his exceptional power, the Pear Hill would be left defenseless and completely defeated.

Everyone looked at Zen after hearing the Snake Goddess's analysis. He was the one who knew the Evil God best.

Zen answered instantly, "Because he's certain of himself."

In the eyes of the Evil God, this was a sure win. No matter how hard Zen resisted, he would never be able to escape.

Chapter 4131 Unexpected

"He's certain of himself... You're absolutely right!" Fuxi nodded. "He wasn't afraid that we would know about his deeds and be alert given his arrogant character."

The very first time Fuxi laid eyes on the Evil God, he already hated the guy.

It was at the entrance of the Chaotic Source World where they first met and Fuxi wanted so much to kill him but couldn't due to the overall situation.

Zen nodded with a smile. "That's right. This is not something he needs to think about."

"How should we counterattack?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi had a worried look on his face.

It was not easy for him to return from the Other Shore and he did not want to hide in the Pear Hill all his life.

A few days ago, Eastern Emperor Taiyi gathered Pearce, Auden and a few other important officials to discuss the Oneness Sky Palace's reconstruction.

The disciples were able to return to the Bloom Divine Province with Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin's leadership.

He was extremely happy to have heard the news about Yellow Thearch's and Divine Farmer's death and he felt it even more reasonable for them to return to the Bloom Divine Province now that there was no more threat of powerful enemies.

However, he soon found out that it wasn't good news at all. There was a huge crisis behind it all!

"How do we counterattack?"

"This guy's ability is really too strange and remarkable."

"He seems to be able to possess other people's bodies at will."

Everyone saw via the Memory-recording Crystal just how the people of Moon Shield City suddenly turned into the Evil God with no warning at all whatsoever.

If the Evil God entered the Pear Hill and took over the bodies of all Eternal Realm warriors, then the possibility of a counterattack would be null.

"There must be some restrictions to his power," Judson muttered lazily. "If he can possess other people's bodies at will, then he could've turned Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer into him, but why didn't he?"

"You're right." The Snake Goddess nodded. "Master Gerald, have you ever heard of such a method?"

Gerald was lost in thought after watching the Memory-recording Crystal.

He was more shocked than anyone else after having observed the Evil God's methods.

A green light soon flashed in Gerald's eyes. "Life controlling."

Suddenly, a burst of power spread out from his body.

Several peacocks with blue tail feathers walked arrogantly under the jadeite platform.

However, when Gerald released his power of truth, one of the peacocks trembled and its eyes turned dark green. The next moment, it jumped up and stood in the center of the jadeite platform.

Once it landed, it suddenly morphed into a burly, human man.

The aura he emitted was by no means small and he was as powerful as a Holy Soul Realm warrior.

Gerald said, "I can do this. I can directly control creatures and infuse my own strength into them. For those at the Holy Soul Realm, I can control forty to fifty at most...

The Evil God can control over ten thousand people with cultivation and strength no different from his own. That's not something within my range of expertise.

If I'm not mistaken, he is able to do that by using the power of the Source World. Although it's not as pure as the power of truth, it is terrifyingly strong and he can use it at will.

Due to these circumstances, I have a suggestion."

"Go ahead," the Snake Goddess said.

"We leave the Source World," Gerald replied.

Since the Evil God now controlled the Source World, it was obviously not a wise choice to attack him in his domain.

"Leave?"

"Do you mean to say that we have to escape from the Source World?"

"Is it appropriate?"

His suggestion greatly shocked everyone.

There was no way the Snake Goddess was willing to leave the Pear Hill. Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Yasamin shared her thoughts and were also unwilling to give up the Bloom Divine Province.

King Ieuan shared the same sentiments. The Ear Mice were the original inhabitants of the Source World. If they left, they would lose everything.

However, Zen and Fuxi were very taken with this suggestion.

Fuxi did not like staying in the Pear Hill and preferred to travel the world.

Zen, meanwhile, was not a native of the Source World. If he left, he could return to the divine land. "If we can't think of a way to counterattack, we can choose to temporarily avoid the danger."

However, the Snake Goddess shook her head. "The Pear Hill is the foundation of our race. We can't give it up so easily."

Gerald nodded in understanding. "Of course. I understand you're not willing to leave but..."

Just as he was about to finish his words, his expression suddenly changed.

The previously green eyes of the man who was transformed from the peacock soon turned into two, black flowers that emanated a strong, evil aura.

Someone was trying to control him!

"Fuck off!" Gerald shouted.

His anger effectively drove the unknown invader as a ray of dark green light filled the man's eyes again and expelled the darkness.

However, traces of black light remained within the edges of his pupils that continued to replace Gerald's dark green light.

It was a battle of control and Gerald was not backing down.

A strong amount of life energy gushed out of his body and onto the man.

The green soon won over the dark and tiny vines grew out from his eyes.

Two forces currently fought within the man's mind.

It was the kind of power that could be considered the strongest in the chaos. The man was only a temporary form for the peacock, so how could his physical body withstand such opposing forces?

It was understandable for the man to scream in pain.

"Ahhh!"

As he screamed, his body swelled up.

With the sudden turn of events, Kendrick quickly pointed his finger and summoned hexagonal enchanted barriers to surround the burly man.

Bang!

There was a muffled sound as the man's body exploded and turned into a mist of blood that splattered in all directions.

Thanks to Kendrick's enchanted barriers, nobody got splashed by the man's blood.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

At this time, a strong gust of wind began to blow from the top of the jadeite platform.

Thousands of dust grains gathered from the force generated by the wind and soon formed a man in the air. This man had the same appearance and build as the Evil God's.

"No wonder you're the Chaos Ancient God in charge of life truth. You can actually take the control away from me," the Evil God said to Gerald.

A pair of compound eyes on Gerald's head glared coldly at the Evil God. "You are nothing without the Source World's power."

It was true. Without the Source World's power, the Evil God was just a Holy Soul Realm warrior who did not have much to offer at all.

"Without the life truth, you're even worse than a good-for-nothing! Hahaha..." The Evil God, instead of getting mad, laughed.

Gerald hadn't been at a disadvantage when he fought the Evil God for the man transformed from the peacock earlier.

In fact, the Evil God failed several times in trying to gain the upper hand.

So in a fit of rage, he decided to make the man explode.

He was millions of miles away, but had he been in the same vicinity, then Gerald would not have won the fight.

After laughing, the Evil God turned to Zen. "You've let me down even more," he said in a mocking tone. "You planned to run away before seeing me. I didn't think you'd be such a coward."

Chapter 4132 Irreconcilable

Zen couldn't care less about the Evil God's ridicule. Instead, he asked, "Are you eavesdropping on us?"

"There is nothing in the Source World that can escape my perception," the Evil God scoffed. "Everything here belongs to me and can be used by me. Why would I ever need to eavesdrop on you?"

This was an exaggeration, because the Source World was not his inner world. He wasn't all-knowing as he claimed.

However, it was true that no one could surpass his control over the Source World.

The Evil God continued, "If you submit to me, I will make you the ruler of the Source World. All the creatures and super forces of the provinces will submit to you. We can build the Source World together. What do you think?"

As he said this, he waved his hand gently.

Numerous emerald green vines quickly grew around the Pear Hill. Leaves ten feet wide uncurled and revealed strange flowers. The refreshing fragrance of flowers spread everywhere, and soon enough, the whole mountain was an emerald green sea.

The Snake Goddess race and the human race that were in the Pear Hill at that time were shocked to see this unfold.

"Whose method is this?"

"With so much greenery covering the mountain, I'm afraid only the Chaos Ancient God who is in charge of the life truth can do it."

"Why did he do that?"

Because the people of the Pear Hill didn't know the existence of the Evil God, they weren't afraid at all.

"I politely refuse," Zen said without hesitation.

He was completely different from the Evil God, which meant there was no way he would cooperate.

The Evil God was not surprised at Zen's answer. With one wave of his hand, the plants swayed towards him as if they were bowing. "There are three hundred and twenty-three million nine hundred and seventy thousand creatures living in this huge mountain. Most of them are weak. If they absorb even a drop of poisonous fog, they'd be dead. It is quite pitiful to kill all of them at once."

A low plant hidden away among the sea of plants was summoned by the Evil God; it was called the Poisonous Dust Grass. In the center of the grass lay a fist-sized fruit that held the deadliest poison.

Pop!

The Evil God pointed his finger at the fruit, and it cracked. Just then, a poisonous bright yellow mist burst out and began to spread.

Whatever the poisonous mist enveloped withered and died. It was obvious that the mist was toxic.

The Eternal Realm warriors were not afraid of the poisonous mist. From experience, it had always been difficult for the poisonous mist to kill the Chaotic Source Realm warriors.

However, there were only a few people above the Chaotic Source Realm in the Pear Hill. If the Evil God released all the poisonous mist from the grass, surely ninety-nine percent of the people on the mountain would die.

"Why don't you reconsider my suggestion?" the Evil God threatened Zen with a sneer.

"Ha-ha!"

Gerald chuckled.

All of a sudden, a green light flashed within his eyes and a green magic array hovered over his head, spinning non-stop.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The life energy of the flowers and trees across the mountain quickly faded and were absorbed by Gerald's body.

As Gerald extracted all the life energy of the plants within a second, the Poisonous Dust Grass also withered and died.

He said, "Do not ever threaten us with such a dirty trick!"

Though it was true that the Evil God had killed one Chaos Ancient God, three Chaos Ancient Gods and a group of Eternal Realm warriors still existed in the Pear Hill. It would never be easy to get rid of them all.

Seeing that Gerald destroyed his plants as if they were nothing, the Evil God did not flinch.

Instead, he grinned. "Well then, I can only use the real method."

Once he finished speaking, his body disintegrated and the dust flew away with the wind.

In the Sword Blade Peak, a group of human disciples concentrated on their cultivation.

The youngest disciple was only twelve years old. Despite his young age, he had great talent and made rapid progress within half a year after he'd entered the Sword Blade Peak.

He was already comprehending the Truth of Godly Way with a sword in his arms.

All of a sudden, his face blurred. The next moment, his body transformed into the Evil God and he jumped up from the ground. The sword he held broke in the hands of the Evil God.

"What's going on?"

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"Where is our little brother?"

"Did you just take over him?"

The surrounding disciples were left speechless.

Even though many of them were Other Shore Realm warriors, they had never witnessed a theurgy that allowed someone to directly possess a body. The aura emitted by the Evil God was too strong and was most probably at the Holy Soul Realm.

"Do not fear. You are a part of me too." The Evil God smiled.

All of a sudden, the disciples' faces blurred in the same way as the twelve-year-old disciple did. Just then, they all turned into the Evil Gods.

In his battle against Othniel, the Evil God better grasped the body possessing theurgy.

It seemed that even if he was physically hundreds of millions of miles away, he could directly possess another being. The person he possessed gave him a body to use, which allowed him to possess the people around him, too.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The next moment, dozens of Evil Gods from the Sword Blade Peak appeared in the air above the jadeite platform.

This didn't happen in only Sword Blade Peak.

The other peaks went through the same thing.

The members of the Snake Goddess race and the human race turned into the Evil Gods and one by one appeared above the jadeite platform.

Meanwhile, Letitia, Lavender, Margaret and Zen's other women in the Dark Haze Peak had no idea what happened outside. All they saw was the greenery that blossomed all of a sudden, and withered the next moment.

Letitia and Lavender had a bad inkling in their guts. Just then, a few of their servants began to twitch. When they turned around to get a better look, they saw that their faces had changed.

"The Evil God!" Letitia couldn't believe her eyes.

They did not anticipate the Evil God's appearance.

When the newly transformed avatars of the Evil God caught sight of Letitia, Lavender, and the others, sinister smiles plastered across their faces. "Interesting... Zen actually let you out. It's too bad that you aren't from the Source World. I can't possess you."

The Evil God could only control creatures from the Source World. Because Letitia, Lavender, and the rest were from the divine land, they were completely out of the loop.

As they saw the Evil Gods approach them, Margaret raised her eyebrows. "What do you want to do?"

Letitia, Lavender and the other women pulled out their weapons and held their fighting stances.

"All I want is for your husband to cooperate with me. It would be best for you to be obedient too," the Evil Gods recited in chorus.

Letitia frowned and considered her options. She looked up and said without fear, "Evil God, Zen has done nothing but treat you well. He even let go of your wife, Edna. It's unreasonable of you to attack us."

Seeing Letitia's determination, the Evil Gods merely snorted at her.

Nothing could ever restrain the Evil God. Otherwise, he wouldn't have returned to Zen time to time.

However, it seemed that what Letitia had said affected him. One of the Evil Gods hesitated for a moment then snapped his fingers. "Retreat!"

The Evil Gods didn't lay a finger on any of them and eventually, disappeared.

Once they were gone, Margaret began to worry about Zen. "The Evil God has so many avatars. I fear Zen's safety."

Meanwhile, Letitia ran out of the hall and looked up to the sky. Her jaw dropped.

The sky above the Pear Hill was packed with the Evil Gods that hovered and increased in number.

Chapter 4133 Countermeasures

The Eternal Realm warriors on the jadeite platform stood still, frozen in shock. They had just read the Memory-recording Crystal which had just revealed to them how the Evil God used over ten thousand avatars to kill Othniel.

Their expressions were grim. The Evil God once again was proving himself to be an extremely formidable enemy.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi put his hands behind his back, clutching a golden sword pointing at the sky. An overwhelming sword intent emanated from his body, spreading outwards infinitely.

Yasamin held the long sword horizontally. She frowned deeply, her wrinkles accentuating her tiredness more than usual. Despite her old age, enemies would've quaked in fear at the incredible power she exuded.

Any one at the Eternal Realm who had mastered the Blood-controlling Method could dominate the Source World.

However, the number of Evil Gods kept on increasing. They almost completely covered the sky.

The Snake Goddess was at a loss. Tears filled her eyes as she helplessly watched her disciples turn into Evil Gods.

Although they were being possessed by the Evil God, these people were still her disciples.

With every addition of an Evil God, the Pear Hill lost a disciple.

The Snake Goddess didn't have the heart to kill her own people.

"Can you stop the Evil God?" the Snake Goddess pleaded to the three Chaos Ancient Gods through life vitality.

Judson shook his head. "He directly possesses the creatures in the Source World. We can't stop him."

"I have an idea," piped up Gerald. "But I can only save dozens of people at most."

He was thinking he could stop the Evil God's body possession with the truth of life, but ultimately, it would've been futile since the number of Evil Gods was increasing rapidly.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

Two streams of energy, one black, one white, flowed forth from beneath Fuxi's feet, converging to form an illusory Eight Diagrams seal.

"Spare no mercy," Fuxi said gravely. "They're our enemies now. There's nothing we can do about that."

Swoosh!

The Eight Diagrams seal formed an invisible force that started to revolve around Fuxi.

In the past, Fuxi focused only on improving his own strength. Exerting his bloodline power to the extreme, he sought the fastest and strongest methods to destroy.

After cultivating the Blood-controlling Method, he had gained a new understanding of his bloodline.

"Stupid," the Snake Goddess snapped. "It's not a matter of whether they are enemies or not. We have no chance of winning!" The Snake Goddess shot an angry look at Fuxi.

"Right. It's useless to kill them. No matter how many people we kill, the Evil God can always possess more," Gerald agreed.

This was simply an unfair battle.

The Evil God was invincible, so it was useless to exert too much effort just trying to put a dent on him.

Zen stared at the sky for a while and pondered. "If we don't have any chance of winning, why don't we focus our efforts on escaping from the Source World?"

The Evil God could possess the creatures in the Source World. However, his power couldn't reach outside of the Source World.

"Escape?" Gerald analyzed, "Othniel was the best at that, yet even he was unable to escape. It won't be easy for us to get out of here."

Gerald had been studying the Memory-recording Crystal, which was how he came up with the idea of escaping the Source World. Indeed, it seemed like the only reasonable thing they could do in this situation.

However, the Evil God was monitoring Zen's every movement, so chances of escaping were extremely slim, if not impossible.

"This is the only way," Zen said to the crowd telepathically. "We have to give it a try. Let's separate the Pear Hill from the Source World."

Everyone's expression changed slightly as they pondered over this idea. This was probably the only way to save the Pear Hill from total annihilation.

"While this might be a reasonable suggestion, the Evil God won't be so stupid as to do nothing!" Fuxi countered.

"Snake Goddess, ask the Primeval Lord of Heaven to descend with the Descending Ring to help us when necessary," Zen said. Then, turning to look at the sky, he said, "I'll pin down the Evil God first."

Before returning to the Pear Hill, Zen had given two Descending Rings to the Primeval Lord of Heaven just in case. He never expected he'd need to use them so soon.

After saying that, Zen quickly left the jadeite platform and flew into the sky.

Even then, the number of Evil Gods was still increasing, one after another.

It had already surpassed ten thousand, but he showed no signs of stopping.

He was not in a hurry.

As long as he was in the Source World, he was invincible.

The Chaos Ancient Gods, the Eternal Realm warriors and Zen were all no match for him.

He waited patiently for them to make the first move. 'It'd be more interesting that way, ' he thought to himself.

Seeing Zen's approach, he said aloud, "The Eternal Realm warriors have mastered the Blood-controlling Method. That must mean you have, too, right?"

Over ten thousand Evil Gods stared at Zen in unison. Their gazes were oppressive, making him feel stressed.

However, only the one in the lead spoke.

"Yes," replied Zen.

The eyes of the Evil God lit up. "Then, show me your strength!"

"You can have a taste!" Zen said, smiling suddenly.

Without any hesitation, the Evil God gently spread out his palm, and a nearly perfect Ways-blending Energy was formed.

Zen cautiously stared at the Ways-blending Energy, vigilantly taking in his surroundings.

Since he wanted to pin down the Evil God, he needed to provoke him some more.

"Is this the complete Godly Ways Great Unity?" Zen asked, pretending to be curious.

"Yes, it's the complete Ways-blending Energy. I haven't been able to comprehend the truth power yet. If you are willing to follow me, I can teach you," said the Evil God calmly.

"I'm not interested." Zen shook his head.

"You will be interested soon!"

The Evil God's arm shook slightly, and the Ways-blending Energy formed a long sword. Then, he swung his body, and the blade slashed towards Zen's head.

With the strength at the peak of the Holy Soul Realm and the power of the Ways-blending Energy, the Evil God was more powerful than many Eternal Realm masters.

As the Evil God swung towards Zen, he gently opened his palm to reveal a thin thread of blood. The blood thread quickly converged to form a hollowed-out blood sword.

Whoosh!

Swish!

The sword made of the Ways-blending Energy and another one made of bloodline connected with a deafening noise.

Buzz!

For a split second, no one knew what had happened.

Then, in the next moment, the Evil God's body collapsed into countless fragments that dissipated with the wind. Even the sword formed from the Ways-blending Energy disappeared.

The other Evil Gods all showed shocked expressions.

While the Evil God was well aware that he was no match for Zen alone, he had no idea that the disparity in strength was so great.

The blood sword in Zen's hand was too special. The Ways-blending Energy was extinguished the second it connected with the blood sword. What kind of bloodline power was this?

The Evil God had never been to the Eternal Scroll Painting. He didn't know much about the bloodline power, but he could instinctively sense that Zen's bloodline was special.

If he could devour Zen, then he would have his bloodline power.

When this thought crossed his mind, the Evil God grew even more excited.

"You deserve to be my creator! Again!"

This time, two Evil Gods stepped out and attacked Zen left and right.

As Zen kept the Evil God busy, the enchanted barrier underground that Kendrick had set up suddenly started to work.

The Dragon Scale Defense, like a sharp knife, was trying to separate the Pear Hill from the Source World.

Chapter 4134 Confronting

Separating an entire province from the Source World was a fairly easy task for a Chaos Ancient God.

Three enchanted barriers had covered the top of the Pear Hill. Now, Kendrick needed to draw the barriers into the underground.

Around three minutes later, an enormous and deep circular trench appeared in an area outside the Source world!

If they viewed the Source World as a large rounded fruit, the area where the Pear Hill stood had now been cleanly sliced off by the Dragon Scale Defense.

The Pear Hill could be separated from the rest of the Source World with just a little push from the inside.

Meanwhile, dozens of Evil Gods were still fighting against Zen above the Pear Hill. It seemed as though they were deliberately fighting him at such a leisurely pace.

The Evil God had been thoroughly enjoying this way of fighting. He could probably do this the entire day without getting tired.

He practically had an infinite amount of power. The power was like a noose that was gradually tightening around Zen's neck.

This was the only way he could force Zen into exhausting every bit of his power. Then, he would make Zen surrender miserably to him!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Dozens of Evil Gods charged wildly towards Zen like a pack of hungry wolves. Each of them was carrying Ways-blending Energy.

On the other hand, Zen stood his ground and remained oddly calm.

He was well aware of the plan. Kendrick was trying to detach the Pear Hill from the rest of the Source World.

This meant that the longer he could hold off the Evil God, the more advantageous it would be for the Pear Hill. A long delay was what they needed.

Whoosh! He swiftly drew the blood sword and held it tightly in his hand.

The blood sword slashed rapidly in every direction.

In the blink of an eye, the blood sword underwent an esoteric transformation. It released several blood lines that pierced through the Evil Gods. After that, they formed an intricate yet chaotic pattern all throughout their bodies.

As Zen made a pulling motion, the sharp patterns quickly streaked past the Evil Gods and chopped them to pieces.

The scene looked absolutely gruesome as blood gushed out and splashed everywhere.

Meanwhile, the Snake Goddess was trembling. Her heart ached terribly as she watched this grisly scene unfold.

As the head of the Pear Hill, the Snake Goddess obviously had the inherent disposition of a true leader. She had always been courageous and resolute.

She knew that there would always be sacrifices in any battle. However, it was extremely painful for her to watch as their members ended up as the sacrifice.

The Evil God possessed the bodies of the people nearby. The Evil Gods battling with Zen were actually the elites of the Pear Hill.

They had no knowledge of what happened and what they were doing. It meant that Zen had to kill them not because of their own actions, but of the Evil God's. The Snake Goddess couldn't express her pain and regret in mere words.

Out of the blue, they heard someone shout. "I have done it! I have finished cutting the Pear Hill!"

It was Kendrick's voice that everyone heard in the midst of the battle.

At that moment, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, King Ieuan, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the two Chaos Ancient Gods slightly froze in surprise. It was done!

Now that the first step had been completed, the next step would be to push the Pear Hill out!

When Zen heard Kendrick's voice, his expression did not change even the slightest. He remained focused on the Evil Gods' attacks.

"Incredible! Well, let's see if you can block my next attack. How about a hundred people?" the Evil God exclaimed with such excitement and anticipation.

All at once, over one hundred Evil Gods charged towards Zen.

There were a hundred and one Evil Gods rapidly converging on him!

One of them swooped directly in front of Zen.

Puff!

Zen instinctively drew his blood sword and stabbed the Evil God straight in the chest. "This method of attack is futile," he remarked coldly.

However, the Evil God smiled at Zen derisively before he could cut him into pieces. "I want you to know that it's useless to move the Pear Hill out of the Source World."

When he heard this, Zen looked at him darkly. He gently pulled the blood sword in his hand and instantly dismembered that Evil God. Afterwards, he bellowed, "Everyone! Move!" As soon as they heard him, they immediately took action.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

They heard loud booming sounds that came from inside the Pear Hill.

Simultaneously, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the other Eternal Realm warriors moved away from the jadeite platform. Subsequently, they each appeared at the top, on the mountainside, and some other places of the Pear Hill.

Each of these places had a dome-shaped enchanted barrier. These were the areas that had been marked by Kendrick beforehand. They were supposed to apply force in these designated points.

The Eternal Realm warriors considered the Pear Hill fragile. But by targeting these areas, their powers would be evenly distributed. It would help them hit the huge mountain simultaneously.

As soon as the Eternal Realm warriors appeared on the dome-shaped barriers, they slammed those specific areas with their full strength all at once.

In fact, a Chaos Ancient God would be able to push the Pear Hill out of the Source World. It could even be accomplished by him alone if there was enough time.

Unfortunately, they still had an unpredictable and all-powerful Evil God to deal with. Therefore, the only way they could execute their plan was to do it without warning.

Kendrick had already cut the edge of the Pear Hill using the Dragon Scale Defense. When the combined powers of the Eternal Realm warriors and the Chaos Ancient Gods erupted, there wasn't a single crack on the surface of the Pear Hill. The cut was completely smooth!

Swish! Swish! Swish! All of a sudden, they heard a strong rushing sound.

Boundless chaotic energy surged from the cut at the foot of the mountain. Fortunately, the three enchanted barriers Kendrick had set up earlier covered the entire Pear Hill. These enchanted barriers could completely block flow of the chaotic energy.

However, they noticed a huge problem. The Pear Hill was slowly sinking!

"What just happened?" Fuxi yelled amidst the commotion.

"The Pear Hill collapsed!" It was Yasamin who answered.

"I can't believe it! How could such a huge mountain collapse?" King Ieuan mumbled in disbelief.

There were several large cities of the human race and the Snake Goddess race located in the Pear Hill. These cities were built on the flat mountainside. All of a sudden, the people residing there felt that the entire mountainside was sinking. This phenomenon was way beyond their understanding.

At this point, there were more than ten thousand Evil Gods hovering in the sky. They watched as the Pear Hill began sinking gradually. The mockery in their eyes became even more evident.

Then, the Evil God spoke tauntingly, "You don't even stand a chance against me. What makes you think you can take on the Source World?"

Just as the Evil God finished talking, something unusual happened. All of a sudden, the space crystal wall around the Pear Hill changed color.

The Pear Hill's entire inner space was completely sealed!

This kind of space sealing was extremely strong and sturdy. It was even quite impossible for Othniel to break free from it.

The Pear Hill had already sunk hundreds of feet. But now, its descent was stopped.

Out of nowhere, they heard someone shout. "Truth gives me greater strength!" Gerald roared at the top of his lungs.

When they heard this, Judson and Kendrick also began to extract their truth bloodline fervently.

Meanwhile, Fuxi's hair was fluttering wildly as the Eight Diagrams beneath his feet were rotating at an extraordinary speed.

Seeing this, Yasamin, King Ieuan, and the Snake Goddess began to exert more strength as well.

Crack! They heard a loud splitting noise.

Crack! It was getting even louder!

Crack!

The ripping sound that came from around the Pear Hill was deafening. It was as if two invisible and out-of-place cogwheels were grinding against each other.

Little by little, the Pear Hill began to sink once more.

"Your united strength is very commendable. However, you have to remember who you are fighting against." Over ten thousand Evil Gods smiled gracefully at the same time.

As a matter of fact, everything that happened this day was according to the Evil God's plan. He even deliberately left the space unlocked just for fun. Otherwise, it would have been extremely difficult for the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and other Eternal Realm warriors to scatter at the Pear Hill's specific places.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

Without warning, numerous blue space chains shot out from every Evil God's body. These space chains were like hidden weapons. They had easily pierced through Kendrick's enchanted barriers and were now drilling into the interior of the Pear Hill.

These space chains were highly effective in penetrating and containing the entire mountain. They didn't need to pierce through any of the pressure bearing points.

Afterwards, the Evil Gods pulled the space chains and ascended into the sky.

Originally, the Evil God had a much simpler plan to prevent the escape of the Pear Hill. He had already thought of just killing the Eternal Realm warriors and the Chaos Ancient Gods. However, he thought that it seemed more interesting to deal with the Pear Hill using the space chains.

More than ten thousand Evil Gods were previously Holy Soul Realm masters. Therefore, the power that erupted simultaneously was utterly phenomenal!

Together with the power of the space sealing in the Source World, the Pear Hill immediately stopped sinking!

In addition to that, it also began to rise gradually!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The sound of enormous cogwheels clashing resounded through the whole place once more. Each time they heard a loud cracking sound, the Pear Hill rose by ten feet!

In just a short span of time, the entire Pear Hill was lifted from the ground!

It was quite unbelievable to watch as the enormous mountain floated in the air. This phenomenon was probably the first one to occur in the Source World!

"If you like flying, then fly even higher!" The Evil God laughed wildly. Everything was going right according to his plan.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

More Evil Gods began to appear at the top of the mountain. Each of them was holding on to a space chain.

And then, ten thousand more Evil Gods appeared.

Now, there were more than twenty thousand of them...

Then thirty thousand...

As the number of the Evil Gods increased, the Pear Hill was also being raised even higher!

Chapter 4135 The Helper

The current battle was like a tug of war between children and adults. There was just too big of a difference between both sides.

Despite that, the Pear Hill still did not give up.

"Go down!"

Fuxi yelled and smashed his fist on the ground.

Then, the black and white pattern of the Eight Diagrams shook violently and unleashed a massive force.

Kendrick had constructed the spot where he stood, but it appeared that it was about to collapse.

Meanwhile, the other Eternal Realm warriors followed suit.

In the face of almost invincible power, they no longer held back.

They released all their bloodline theurgies and Other Shore Tokens.

As a result, the downward force increased explosively.

The originally rising mountain began to descend slowly.

However, tens of thousands of the Evil Gods continued to drag the chains upwards.

One of them did not drag the chains. Instead, he folded his arms and looked down. "I appreciate your effort, but this is useless," he scoffed.

After he finished speaking, he stretched out his hand and grabbed downwards into the air.

Splash!

At that moment, the whole Pear Hill trembled slightly.

It wasn't long before it stopped falling and slowly rose.

The Evil God could move directly any space, including the vast land of Pear Hill.

When he had lifted the Pear Hill with tens of thousands of avatars, it was just a trick.

"Master Fuxi! Let the Primeval Lord of Heaven descend," Zen said to Fuxi telepathically.

"I... I've already informed him of the situation here. He is still trying to figure out a way," Fuxi answered.

Unfortunately, the Primeval Lord of Heaven was only at the Eternal Realm.

He might be stronger than the Eternal Realm warriors of Pear Hill in terms of strength, but it was useless.

One more Eternal Realm warrior could not reverse the situation.

"Ask him to come now!" Zen urged.

At that point, Fuxi's mind was a mess. All he wanted to do now was maximize his strength for the fight. When Zen urged him, he activated the Descending Ring.

Buzz!

A beam of golden light flashed, then the Primeval Lord of Heaven descended upon the Pear Hill.

Fuxi had informed him of the situation in the Pear Hill through the Descending Ring, so he roughly knew what had happened.

As soon as he arrived, however, he was still shocked when he saw the enormous mountain rising upward. The situation was worse than he had imagined!

"A helper from the Other Shore?"

The Evil God's voice rang throughout the sky. He saw how extraordinarily powerful the Primeval Lord of Heaven was, and his aura was even comparable to that of the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven looked up at the Evil God, and cursed loudly, "Evil man!"

Right after that, he disappeared.

He returned to the Other Shore.

It made the Evil God confused.

This seemingly powerful man turned out to be rather timid. He ran away without even making a move!

Even Zen and Fuxi were rendered speechless.

What was the Primeval Lord of Heaven up to?

Not long after, Fuxi glanced up with a strange expression. "Look…"

The Descending Ring flashed again.

Buzz!

Upon seeing what happened, Fuxi threw the Descending Ring away.

Then, the Descending Ring unleashed a strange aura, and a massive creature appeared on the Pear Hill. It was the Monkey Spirit King.

As an experienced fighter, the Primeval Lord of Heaven knew well that the Source World was a primitive land, which was difficult to resist.

Thus, in a moment of desperation, he could only ask the Monkey Spirit King for help.

He had already wanted to try it, but he never actually thought that the Monkey Spirit King was quite friendly.

When the Monkey Spirit King heard that Zen was in danger, he agreed without hesitation.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven just went to check the current situation, then he handed the Descending Ring over to the Monkey Spirit King.

"Are you the evil side of the world?" the Monkey Spirit King asked as he looked at the avatars of the Evil God.

The negative emotions of a world were not a new thing.

The Four Spirits Sect had witnessed such emotions since they had built many worlds.

The Monkey Spirit King never cared about those things, but he had fought many evil creatures from various worlds, so he could tell the Evil God's origin at a glance.

"Who are you?"

The avatars of the Evil God looked at the Monkey Spirit King, and all their arrogance was gone.

The Evil God had keen senses and particularly sharp eyes.

He felt an indescribable aura from this extraordinarily giant ape. He truly admired such powerful strength.

Even the Grandmaster of Heaven and the Primeval Lord of Heaven could not make him feel the same things, but this giant ape had done it.

What kind of creature was this?

He was not the only one who was puzzled, though.

There were many warriors at the Holy Soul Realm on the Pear Hill, who all looked at the Monkey Spirit King in disbelief.

His unparalleled strength shocked them hugely.

"Ha-ha!"

On the other hand, the Monkey Spirit King grinned and ignored the Evil God.

For him, an evil creature from a small energy pool was not even worth mentioning.

Still, it did not mean that it was easy to kill the Evil God.

Since the Primeval Lord of Heaven had asked him for help, he would use the simplest way to solve the problem.

Boom! Boom!

To do so, he stretched out his hands and fiercely slapped the Pear Hill.

Before he did that, Kendrick temporarily removed the three enchanted barriers. Otherwise, the barriers would collapse under his slap.

The moment he slapped the mountain, two palm prints with a diameter of ten thousand miles appeared, his enormous body at the center.

Even if the palm prints were quite huge and he applied the power evenly across the mountain, many parts of the mountain still collapsed.

Large boulders submerged some large cities, and violent earthquakes killed multitudes of mortals in the cities. Millions of people had died or gotten injured. Today was a disaster for the disciples of the Pear Hill, and it was the end for the ordinary people who were born and raised in this place.

Afterward, the Pear Hill, which the Evil God had dragged upwards, began to sink quickly.

The speed at which it sank far exceeded the rate before and even tens of thousands of Evil Gods in the sky fell.

Indeed, the Monkey Spirit King's power had fully reversed the situation.

"You want to escape? It's not that easy!"

One of the Evil Gods gritted his teeth.

He wanted to use the power of the Source World to keep the Pear Hill.

Yet, even if the locked space was powerful, it was useless against the Monkey Spirit King.

Furthermore, the force continually tore the locked space apart, while blue lightning kept shooting out from the area around the Pear Hill.

Splash!

A few seconds later, the Pear Hill finally sank to the ground, passed through the shallow earth, and fell out from the chaos.

As for the Source World, its vast territory floated above everyone's head. The people below it could not see its entirety from such an angle. They only saw a big, circular hole in the place where the Pear Hill was formerly located.

When the Pear Hill fell out of the Source World, so did tens of thousands of Evil Gods.

After they left the Source World, the space chains on the Evil Gods' bodies immediately disappeared. At the same time, the effect of possession also faded away, and they returned to their original appearances.

The only thing was that they had no idea that the Evil God had possessed them, nor did they know why they floated between the Pear Hill and the Source World. They felt confused.

Buzz!

They heard an odd sound, and fortunately, Kendrick responded fast.

Before the chaotic energy swept towards these tens of thousands of people, an enchanted barrier had already enveloped them and immediately pulled them back to the Pear Hill.

Only then did Zen and the others sigh in relief.

Although the Pear Hill suffered many losses, they still managed to get out of the Source World.

Just as they were about to settle down, they heard the Evil God's roaring voice from the gap in the Source World. "You want to escape? No way!"

Then, the gap in the Source World cracked until it formed a large mouth.

The mouth, which spanned across about seven provinces, bit towards the Pear Hill like a shark preying on small fish.

Chapter 4136 The Battle Of Consciousness

Since the birth of the Source World as the primitive land, it had been quietly floating and never moved away.

Under the Evil God's control, the moving speed of the Source World became much faster than that of the Pear Hill.

Zen, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others were dumbfounded as the Source World revealed a huge mouth.

At this speed, the Pear Hill would quickly be devoured by the Source World again.

"What should we do?"

"The Pear Hill can't speed up!"

"If it continues to move at this speed, it will definitely be swallowed up!"

Everyone was anxious, their hearts racing at the events that unfolded before their eyes.

The Pear Hill was different from the divine land. The divine land was a large ship that Chiyou had planned for a long time before it set sail. He had accumulated a huge amount of divine crystals to drive the divine land.

However, the plan to separate the Pear Hill from the Source World was a spur of the moment. There was no fuel to drive the Pear Hill.

The Evil God stood in the middle of the mouth. The billowing chaotic energy blew past him, but he remained unmoved.

"You can't escape. What a waste that all your efforts will be in vain!"

he declared with eyes full of excitement.

His voice reverberated from the Source World and echoed throughout the empty chaos.

As the Source World drew closer and closer to the Pear Hill, the Evil God's body suddenly trembled as his face was struck with confusion.

After a few moments, he felt something breaking into the consciousness of the Source World.

The consciousness of the Source World had always been controllable. The Evil God entered it without any obstacle blocking his way.

After continuously fusing with the consciousness of the Source World, the Evil God built a wall in the Land of Consciousness to prevent the entrance of external beings.

Breaking into the consciousness of the Source World was difficult. The Evil God didn't think anyone else in the Source World could do it.

He built the wall just in case, but now something unexpected had really arrived!

Controlling the movement of the Source World consumed a lot of the Evil God's energy. If he wanted to resist external invasion, he could just give up chasing after the Pear Hill.

The Evil God tried to make a choice decisively.

Although it was important to take down the Pear Hill and Zen, the Source World was the foundation of his strength.

Once he was expelled from the Land of Consciousness in the Source World, he would lose everything.

After weighing the pros and cons, the Evil God gave up chasing after the Pear Hill with no hesitation. He chose to focus on fighting against the invader.

Zen and the others had already lost hope.

If the Pear Hill was taken back by the Source World, they would completely be annihilated.

Although the Monkey Spirit King was not afraid of the Evil God, the Evil God could avoid him and kill all the people in the mountain.

As everyone fell into great despair, the Source World suddenly slowed down and gradually stopped. In return, the Pear Hill instantly drifted away from the Source World.

"Why did the Source World stop?"

"Did the Evil God give up?"

"Is he going to let us go?"

Everyone on the mountain was puzzled about what just happened.

Zen, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess all returned to the jadeite platform. They looked at the huge crack and were curious as to why it was leaving.

"With the character of the Evil God, he would never give up at such a critical moment," said Fuxi.

Zen agreed, "Unless he meets some kind of irresistible force that poses a huge threat to him."

The Snake Goddess tilted her head, concentrating harder. "The Evil God has snatched Usman's power. Usman worked for the Yellow Thearch, the Element Spirit Civilization, and even the Snake Masters. I don't think they'll just sit around and do nothing."

The others nodded as they all came to an understanding.

The Snake Goddess was most likely right.

The Source World was the largest primitive land in the chaos upholding its status.

It was not a big deal that the Evil God had devoured Usman and gained his power. But now that the Evil God was about to take complete control of the Source World, could the Element Spirit Civilization and the Snake Masters manage to stay still?

Fortunately, the Pear Hill had escaped from disaster and protectively floated into the depths of the chaos.

The Monkey Spirit King stayed in the mountain for a long time before returning to the Other Shore.

In the consciousness of the Source World, thousands of white snowballs floated in the air.

The snowballs were soft and a little cold. These were the consciousness of the Source World.

The consciousness of the Source World was illusory and motile. It was almost impossible to touch or even find it.

In the Source World, some legends said that if the mortals in the provinces happened to see and make wishes to the snowballs, the Source World would help them grant their wishes.

The Evil God, however, wasn't sure whether these legends were true or not.

He had found the Land of Consciousness by using Usman's power.

Only he was able to find it. The wall he built using the consciousness of the Source World was not solid and performed no function at all.

A black snake writhed rapidly through the Land of Consciousness. He drilled into one of the white snowballs, tainting it dark from the inside out.

The black snake then jerked to the next snowball.

The moment just enough white snowballs turned black, this snake could also obtain the power of the Source World.

But he soon met his opponent.

At a distance, some red snowballs started to float, and one of them turned into the shape of the Evil God.

"Who are you? How did you get here?" the Evil God asked as he stared at the little black snake.

He found that the black snake emitted a strange and powerful aura which was similar to that of the giant ape.

This crushed him.

He had once thought himself to be the strongest in the chaos.

The Element Spirit Civilization was nothing compared to him.

The Nihility race even had to obey everything he ordered and assured to meet all his demands.

With the support of the Source World, the Evil God didn't expect highly of the two strongest forces on the Other Shore.

But that giant ape suddenly appeared, causing him confusion.

Where did the giant ape come from?

Was there such a powerful creature in the chaos?

The giant ape was the one who saved the Pear Hill while an equally strong little snake appeared in the Land of Consciousness.

Doubts began to flood the Evil God as he realized his flawed understanding of this world.

"The primitive land doesn't belong to you. You don't deserve to have a hand in it," the little black snake hissed.

The Evil God laughed. "How do you say it isn't mine? Do you own it?"

"Of course, it's ours. We haven't made a move because it isn't time yet," the snake boasted. "You still have time to leave, just after you return all the contaminated consciousness," he ordered.

Previously, when the Evil God absorbed Usman, it did not attract the Snake Masters' attention.

Usman represented the negative will. He could not invade the Land of Consciousness and it had never happened before.

But the Evil God had done it, so the Snake Masters didn't think twice of making a move.

When the Evil God maximized the power of the Source World, his body also changed into its weakest. They seized the chance to take action at their obvious advantage.

The little black snake had just contaminated seven snowballs. The Evil God had stayed here for a long time. Tens of thousands of red snowballs floated behind him.

The Evil God sneered, "I guess it's too late for you to leave now."

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The red snowballs swarmed towards the little black snake, like a snow storm that coalesced to blanket him.

Chapter 4137 Abnormal Phenomena

It had been a small fight within the Land of Consciousness.

Anyone at the Holy Soul Realm could deal with the Evil God, and the black snake here without any difficulty.

However, because the Land of Consciousness was different, any powerful figures could not enter it. Even formidable beings such as the Evil God and the black snake could not unleash their full soul force within the land.

The fight had caused great disaster in the Source World though.

When the Evil God and the little black snake had contaminated the consciousness of the Source World, many dramatic changes began to take place in the provinces.

When the creatures began to fight using their powerful minds, the consciousness of the Source World quickly fell into great chaos and disorder.

Booming crashes echoed harshly.

The crystal walls surrounding the Grey Fish Province shattered into pieces, and its fragments scattered in all directions. The jagged pieces rained down on the provinces nearby, wounding and piercing through countless creatures.

The oceans of the Wood Province surged and rolled, the water evaporating to form a thick vapor that smothered the entire province.

Within the Ice Province the ground had cracked to divide the land into many parts.

Numerous kinds of strange phenomena were taking place all over the provinces. As a result, countless inhabitants in those places were either injured or dead.

It was fortunate then that the phenomena did not last long.

It had taken eight hours, but the Source World finally returned to a peaceful state.

The Land of Consciousness though was in a mess.

Despite the fact that the little black snake was a part of the Snake Spirit King's soul, his time within the Land of Consciousness was too short compared to that of the Evil God.

Nearly half of the Source World's consciousness had been corrupted by the Evil God, while the black snake had only been able to pollute a small portion of it.

The black snake might have been far stronger than the Evil God, but he still fell at the hand of the latter.

The only reason the Evil God had won was his strategy to use the Source World's own consciousness against the snake.

Lost in thought, the Evil God stared down at the dead snake as he contemplated devouring his soul for his power.

He of course had the ability to absorb souls, so it shouldn't pose an issue.

After another moment of short consideration, the Evil God controlled his greed and decided against it.

The little black snake was too mysterious, too much of an unknown. There was really no telling what would happen if he devoured his soul.

It was much too risky to take the chance.

So he picked up the snake and tossed him over his shoulder to disappear in the Land of Consciousness.

An ear-splitting roar suddenly split the sky. It came from the Heavenly Square City of the Jade Pure Realm.

Cornelius was going ballistic.

The Snake Spirit King's body lay across the whole city, but he always tried to remain unseen within the city.

He entrusted most of his affairs to the Snake Masters. Majority of the creatures within the city didn't know of his existence.

The roar had caused some sections of the space to collapse, forming large, jagged cracks. From the cracks crawled numerous Treacherous Beings and creatures from the Other Shore.

As they all looked up to the sky, a monstrous snake head was glaring down at them.

Cornelius hissed sharply at them, commanding their attention.

Fury was evident in his eyes. A slimy, forked tongue flicked from his mouth, and his crescent-shaped eyes glinted with dark golden light.

The human spirits of the Joy, Broad and Black Houses walked out of the Heavenly Square City and stared blankly up at the Snake Spirit King.

"What has the Snake Spirit King so angry?"

"This is the first time I've ever seen him throw a tantrum..."

"Hopefully he won't decide to take it out on us."

Even though the human spirits had always been loyal to the Snake Spirit King, they still feared his wrath.

The leader of the Joy House, Alphonse observed the Snake Spirit King. He felt a trickle of happiness inch down his spine, but he made sure to show no outward sign of the emotion.

Alphonse thought about what the king's anger might mean for them. It could mean his original plan failed, or something stood in its way, so he had to strategize a new one. This could bode well for them.

The Black House, the Joy House and the Broad House in the Ten Directions House of the Human Spirit Sect, had joined the Snake Spirit Sect.

Both Gianni's and Alphonse's coordinates were in the hands of the Snake Masters.

There was no way to take back their freedom without their coordinates.

The air broke apart with a loud whooshing sound.

Sewell had snapped his tail as he'd climbed to the top of the Heavenly Square City.

"My king, what makes you so angry?" he asked, his voice shaking. He had seldom ever seen the king become so enraged.

"A piece of my soul has failed his mission..." the Snake Spirit King snarled.

Sewell raised his head abruptly, and looked at the Snake Spirit King in shock.

Sewell knew exactly what had angered the king from those few words.

The last time Sewell had witnessed the Evil God's display of power in the Blood Sea Province, he knew he was a danger to them. He had immediately reported everything to the Snake Spirit King.

At the time, the Snake Spirit King did not take his words seriously.

The Snake Spirit King had ruled over the chaos for an incredibly long time. Everything was under his strict control. But the unconscious Bird Spirit King and the recently awakened Monkey Spirit King unnerved him.

The Snake Spirit King believed the Chaos Ancient Gods and warriors of the Eternal Realm in the Source World were insignificant and did not deserve any thought or consideration.

Sewell was assured though at the time by the Snake Spirit King's calm attitude.

Even though the Evil God had control of the primitive land, Sewell believed that his king would be able to conquer it once more.

But now that his king was admitting defeat, Sewell was drowning in the shock of it.

'What are we going to do now?'

Sewell, who was always calm, was unsure of what to do now.

'The primitive land is a crucial part of our plan. It can't be in the hands of other people.'

The Snake Spirit King regained his composure, and glanced down at the Treacherous Beings and creatures from the Other Shore that had gathered. "Take the coordinates of these Treacherous Beings to the Mist City. It is time to end the battle that has lasted hundreds of chaotic eras," he said.

There was a flash of surprise in Sewell's eyes. "Wouldn't that be too rash, Your Majesty? Perhaps we should give it a little more thought, come up with a better idea," he tried.

"This is not up for discussion! It is an order!" The Snake Spirit King spoke coldly, "If the Bird Masters know about the situation and react quickly, our plan that has lasted over a thousand chaotic eras would be ruined."

The worst part of it all was not that the Evil God controlled the Source World. What scared the Snake Spirit King the most was the thought that the Bird Masters might learn how to utilize the Source World.

Therefore, the Snake Spirit King had to destroy that possibility at any cost.

The battle in the Jade Pure Realm had lasted hundreds of chaotic eras because the coordinates of either side were in their respective strongholds.

Both parties had battled many times, but they had never suffered any losses and the coordinates were the reason for that.

The Snake Spirit King had ordered the coordinates taken to the Mist City, and things were different now.

While the Treacherous Beings on the side of the Snake Spirit Sect could come back to life within the Mist City, increasing the odds of the sect winning, it came with a massive risk.

That way, if they were defeated, their coordinates would be erased by the Bird Masters and the people of the Snake Spirit Sect would be dead for good.

Under normal circumstances, Cornelius would never think to adopt this terrible strategy for it was too much of a risk.

But the intervention of the Evil God left him no other choice.

Chapter 4138 Show Up

Having received the Snake Spirit King's orders, Sewell and the Snake Masters quickly mobilized and transmitted the commands to their subordinates.

Soon enough, all major forces in the Heavenly Square City began to move out.

Truth be told, the Treacherous Beings found this war kind of boring.

They knew almost all the names of their opponents and some of them even recorded the times they'd killed each other.

"I've killed that same guy forty-nine times. Just leave him to me! I'll make my count reach fifty!"

"I hope the Bird Masters won't target me again."

"I want to fight against my opponent alone!"

These were the kinds of conversations that could be heard among the Treacherous Beings.

Endless resurrection had rendered death insignificant and they felt no fear in the face of impending doom.

This time, however, the Snake Masters informed them that their coordinates were to move out of Heavenly Square City and into Mist City.

The Mist City was currently occupied by the Bird Masters.

It seemed that the Snake Masters chose to put up a desperate fight to gain control.

This caused the Treacherous Beings to doubt the operation and a few radical warriors even refused outright to go.

However, their coordinates were in the hands of the Snake Masters so any sort of resistance was futile.

News soon spread across the three human houses and the human spirits could only look at each other in understanding.

They already knew something was up with the Snake Spirit Sect. The suspicion towards the sect was deeply set in their hearts the moment they awoke.

The prospect of leaving crossed their minds but they knew it would be meaningless if they couldn't take their coordinates with them.

Now that the Snake Spirit King gave this order, they realized that this was potentially a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Alphonse, the leader of the Joy House, was the most eager for this chance. He had long been aware of the Snake Spirit Sect's hypocrisy and itched to take back what was his.

"This time, the three houses of the Human Spirit Sect are under Gianni's command!" a Snake Master announced. "Listen to him! If you don't, I'll erase your coordinates and kill you."

Gianni was someone who had always been loyal to the Snake Spirit Sect so they naturally trusted him to lead the operation.

"Alphonse, Hamilton, I'd appreciate it if you lend me a hand if we ever run into trouble in Mist City," Gianni remarked with a smile.

Their faces instantly darkened and a lot of the other human spirits present shot Gianni a harsh glare.

As a general of the Ten Directions House, Gianni was able to come into power by groveling to the Snake Masters and punishing his own clansmen. He was, essentially, a disgrace to the human spirits.

Even those from the Broad House did not associate with Gianni but did not dare to complain given the latter's status.

Not long after, they began their journey towards Mist City.

Meanwhile, inside the Mysterious Yellow Tower, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's beard had gotten warped.

"Dale, you have to go."

"No," the young man in a cyan robe vehemently refused. "I don't want to die!"

They were within the protective bubbles at the bottom of the Jade Pure Realm. If they left, they would most likely be discovered, which equated to a swift death. There was no way the young man would be willing to die.

"You are the one with the most special ability amongst all disciples. The possibilities of them discovering you are small," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord assured him.

However, Dale shook his head stubbornly. "We can wait for Geoffrey and have him deliver the messages," he said.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord sighed and tried to reign in his annoyance. "There's no time for waiting. Zen and the others have already left the Source World and the snakes and birds are set to fight anytime soon. We cannot let this opportunity pass."

Based on their previous plan, Geoffrey was the one tasked to deliver the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's messages.

However, after he greatly enhanced the Lone Sword's power, Geoffrey climbed towards the top of the pillar and was never heard again.

They got no news of him whether he was in trouble or if he was alright.

"One more day," Dale bargained.

"No!"

"Half a day?"

"No!"

"Two hours?"

"Get out!"

To Dale's horror, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord began to forcibly expel him.

The ground began to bubble and a huge force sucked Dale's body out.

As soon as he was swallowed up by the ground, several vines quickly shot out towards him.

These plants grew in the Jade Pure Realm and possessed extraordinary intelligence. They moved like snakes, placid and still at first yet ready to strike when Dale came near.

Completely wrapped by the plants, he had no choice but to stop moving.

After a while, Dale's body soon turned a shade of emerald green and became one with the vines that crawled along the ground.

This was his bloodline power: to turn into anything and everything in this world.

Several green vines began to make their way forward. They crawled for over a hundred miles until they arrived in front of a pure black desert which was one of the places with a bad environment in the Jade Pure Realm.

When they entered the vicinity, the sand began to shake and countless thumb-sized insects emerged.

These insects attacked any living creature that entered the desert. However, before they could launch their attacks against the vines, the plants suddenly split into hundreds of pieces. From dark green, they transformed into pure black and morphed into the appearance of the black insects.

Dale continued to change his form along the way and was able to leave the Jade Pure Realm successfully as a group of rats.

It was quite a sight to see a dozen rats enter the Grand Pure Realm. Dale was heading north, towards the Night View Island's entrance.

However, as soon as he arrived, two Monkey Masters stopped him, or rather them since his form was a group of rats.

In order to prevent any future damage to the Night View Island's passageway, the Monkey Spirit Sect saw it fit to employ two powerful Monkey Masters to guard it.

They had sharp eyes and were immediately alerted by the arrival of these rats.

"Who are you?!" one of them barked. "Show your true self."

With his demand, the rats began to pile up and soon morphed into Dale's true form.

He bowed to the Monkey Masters respectfully. "Monkey Masters, I have something important to report."

It was a good thing that the Monkey Masters knew of the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Zen's group so they did not dare to reject humans. They did not ask Dale any more questions and took him into the Night View Island.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had just finished dealing with the Pear Hill's matter since its separation from the Source World caused the human heroes a bit of considerable panic.

So he was a bit curious when he was told that a human had requested to see him.

The sight of Dale dumbfounded the human heroes. What was the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's eldest disciple doing here?

"Dale?"

"You're not dead?!" "You're alive!"

Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven, who was always the epitome of calm, was stunned.

Dale pouted sourly. "Did you guys expect me to die?"

Fortunately, the Primeval Lord of Heaven simply brushed off his attitude. "How is the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord?" he asked. "Is he still alive?"

Chapter 4139 Initiate Zen Into Cultivation

The human heroes all looked at Dale with concern.

"Yes," Dale replied with a nod. "He's still alive."

The human heroes were stunned at this revelation. The Primeval Lord of Heaven let out a sigh of relief.

It was the answer he was hoping for. It was like a thorn was just pulled from him.

This meant the human race in the seventy-seventh chaos did not really fall into decline!

After all, the human heroes led by the Primeval Lord of Heaven survived to this day, and now, they had found that so had the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was also doing fine, although he was now on the opposing side.

The survival of the three fellow disciples was nothing short of a miracle.

"So where is he? Why did he disappear after entering the Jade Pure Realm?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven pressed.

"It's a long story. After entering the Jade Pure Realm, we ran into some trouble..." Dale then launched into the story of what happened to their party a long time ago.

"We had been hiding in the bubbles all this time to evade the Snake Spirit King. It was near-impossible to leave, but I took a huge risk to come here."

"What was so urgent that you had to come here, then?" the Snake Goddess asked curiously.

Dale's gaze swept through the human heroes. Apparently not finding who he was looking for, he turned his attention back to the Snake Goddess. "I'm here for Zen."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess and the others all shot each other a knowing look.

Dale didn't need to say anything more. They were sharp enough to know what he came here for.

Zen had displayed exceptional abilities since he had entered the Creation Myth Temple.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess also knew from having entered Zen's inner world as energy souls that it was a primitive land. From there, Zen had evolved more and more until he finally obtained the ancestry-level bloodline.

This growth was extraordinary and could not be attributed to mere luck.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the Snake Goddess were thus able to deduce that Zen had an extremely powerful backer.

But that only left them more confused.

Even the Monkey Spirit King wouldn't be able to orchestrate such a feat.

Who could possibly be so powerful that they could enable Zen to fuse with the ancestry-level bloodline?

It was beyond imagining!

All this time, none of them could figure it out.

"So it was my senior fellow disciple all along?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven mused aloud with a quizzical look.

He respected the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord very much, but if he was the one behind Zen, it would be somewhat of a blow to his ego. It would imply the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was far more advanced than him now.

"That is correct. In fact, the Grand Weapon Refining Method that Zen cultivated was given by my master," Dale answered.

"The Grand Weapon Refining Method..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven muttered, with some bitterness in his voice. "His theurgies must be far beyond my reach now."

The Snake Goddess pursed her lips. She had always wondered where the Grand Weapon Refining Method had come from, but Zen hadn't known either when she had asked him. She would never have thought it was related to the long-missing Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

"But my master is not as powerful as you think," said Dale with a smile. "The Grand Weapon Refining Method was not a theurgy he created. It was given by a human spirit."

"Given?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven's white eyebrows shot up. "How about the ancestry-level bloodline?"

"That's because of the Grand Weapon Refining Method," Dale answered.

"Do you have any way to control it?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked. Zen had already mastered the Blood-controlling Method, but he hadn't been able to fully control the ancestry-level bloodline yet.

"That's precisely why I'm here," Dale said. "Can you summon Zen to the Other Shore?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded and took out the Descending Ring.

The Pear Hill had been floating in the chaos for a few days. It hadn't moved around too much.

But to the hundreds of millions of creatures occupying the mountain, their world had been upended.

They were still reeling from losing the support of the Source World, although the drifting chaotic energy was blocked by the enchanted barrier and most of them wouldn't have left Pear Hill anyway.

The Snake Goddess had ordered all the large cities in the west of the mountain to move to the east. The relocation was completed in just a few days.

Streaks of purple energy now flowed around the stones on the west mountainside. When the energy touched the stones, they would turn into golden iron or silver steel, constantly changing shapes.

It was the truth power of the Chaos Ancient God Judson.

The Pear Hill had left in a hurry, driven only by the power of the three Chaos Ancient Gods. There had been no change to its speed since then.

Judson's truth power could create and reshape materials at will. He was currently trying to turn Pear Hill into a giant ship so that it could travel in the vast chaos.

Standing at the western mountainside, Zen looked at the transformation and thought of the divine land.

He had been in the Source World for so many years. He had no idea where the divine land was now.

Once the ship was completed, Zen had planned to request the Snake Goddess to have him pilot it in search of the divine land.

Zen was lost in these thoughts when the space around him suddenly started rippling. Fuxi promptly appeared in front of him. "The Primeval Lord of Heaven summons you to the Other Shore."

Zen nodded and sat down to recite the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent, transporting him in the blink of an eye.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven," Zen greeted as he arrived, bowing slightly and cupping his hands.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled warmly in response. "We have some good news. We have found the answer to your longstanding question of where the Grand Weapon Refining Method came from."

Zen raised his eyebrows. At this moment, he spotted the stranger in a cyan robe not far away.

Bromley had obtained the Grand Weapon Refining Method in the chaos, but even he had never been convinced it was entirely coincidental. After all, the probability of picking up a palm-sized golden page in that vast space was infinitesimally small.

"Who are you?" Zen asked the stranger.

"My name is Dale," Dale said, bowing slightly and cupping his hands in reverence. "I came here under orders of my master to initiate you into cultivation."

"Initiate?" Zen repeated in confusion.

He had been cultivating for many years, working so hard that he had finally reached the Eternal Realm. Wasn't he long past the initiation stage?

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others were likewise puzzled by Dale's statement.

But Dale held firm. "Yes, initiate. May I enter your inner world to have a look?"

Zen glanced at the Primeval Lord of Heaven. He nodded encouragingly.

Zen then created an avatar in his inner world, and also placed the souls of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess and Dale into his inner world.

Zen's inner world had developed quite well. Everything appeared to be running in an orderly manner, due in part to the efforts of the souls of the human heroes.

But Dale took one look and let out a long sigh. "My master was right. This primitive land is just desolate."

Chapter 4140 A Conjecture

Dale's words displeased the Primeval Lord of Heaven. He was annoyed at what the former thought.

The human heroes' energy souls had stayed inside Zen's inner world before. Once there, they had spent a lot of time and energy in making it a better place.

Compared to the inner worlds of other people, Zen's inner world could easily be marked as one of the best.

But Dale was saying that it was a desolate place, and the Primeval Lord of Heaven felt humiliated.

"Ahem..." The Primeval Lord of Heaven tried to hide his anger with a cough and then asked, "Dale, this inner world is built according to the human race's Heaven and Earth Separation Method. What's more, the world runs remarkably well considering its complexity. Why are you saying that it is a desolate place?"

Dale glanced at the Primeval Lord of Heaven and then explained with a smile, "It is true that the Heaven and Earth Separation Method is the best way to build the inner worlds of ordinary warriors. However, that is not valid here. This is the primitive land. Even if the world runs so well, it's of no use here. It's too small..."

Once again, Zen's inner world was not small, especially when compared to those of ordinary warriors. One could even say that it was remarkably larger than people usually thought possible.

Dale, however, was coming up with these comments because he was judging that world by the standards of the primitive land.

Compared to the Source World, Zen's inner world was easily as tiny as a dust particle.

This time, the Primeval Lord of Heaven did not refute his statement. Instead, he asked, "Do you know a way to expand his inner world?"

After the Primeval Lord of Heaven's soul fragment had entered Zen's inner world, he had also tried his best to expand it, but had been unsuccessful.

Theoretically, it had the potential to grow infinitely.

In fact, when the Source World was born, it wasn't as huge as its contemporary presence. It had slowly expanded over time by devouring the chaotic energy.

But the Primeval Lord of Heaven had been unsuccessful because to be honest, he didn't know much about the primitive land, and therefore, couldn't find a way to expand it. In the end, he had been left with no choice but to treat the primitive land as an ordinary inner world.

"Of course." Dale nodded. "I know a way, which is also the key to controlling the ancestry-level bloodline."

Once warriors reached the Other Shore Realm, then the inner worlds became less important. The biggest function of these inner worlds was to carry the objects their owners had obtained from the Other Shore.

In fact, the Chaotic Source Realm and the Holy Soul Realm were merely enhanced realms on the Other Shore Realm. The real change happened when one entered the Eternal Realm.

At that point, their inner world became almost completely insignificant.

It was true that the bloodline inherited from the Eternal Scroll Painting could affect the inner world.

For example, Fuxi had created huge Eight Diagrams in his inner world. The Snake Goddess' shadows were flying around everywhere in her inner world. The inner world could also store a portion of the bloodline power.

However, the capacity was limited. The amount of bloodline power that could be stored was less than one-tenth of the cultivators' own power. That could be easily overlooked.

"What should I do?" Zen asked in a confused tone.

Judging by what Dale was saying, it looked like he had completely ignored the real function of his inner world.

He was omniscient in his inner world, but that omniscience did not reach outside.

And expanding his own inner world was beyond Zen's talents and knowledge.

"Direct the ancestry-level bloodline into your inner world, and this will allow you to create a world of blood and flesh," said Dale.

Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the Snake Goddess looked at each other with a confused expression on their faces. They couldn't understand what Dale was saying. How was he supposed to create a world of flesh and blood?

"That is what that human spirit told us," Dale continued explaining. "However, my master told me that the human spirit was not fully confident of its success. It is only a conjecture that the ancestry-level bloodline can be controlled in the primitive land. And now, Zen has a chance to verify this conjecture!"

Dale's proposal was interesting. The domain Zen had got his hands on was something that the Four Spirits Sect had never reached, or perhaps even heard of.

The advantage was that he might obtain power that even the Human Spirit King, the Monkey Spirit King, the Bird Sprit King, or the Snake Spirit King could never catch up with. However, the flip side was that no one knew what he should do next. His only way forward was to explore the unknown bit by bit. Even the human spirit had only pointed out a possibility...

"So you are not going to teach him the cultivation method of the ancestry-level bloodline?" The Snake Goddess curled her lips. Her expectations had been raised after hearing the possibilities a few moments ago, but now Dale was telling them it was all just a conjecture. Was he kidding?

"There is no cultivation method..." Dale shook his head.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven still did not seem discouraged. Instead, he suddenly asked, "That human spirit you're talking about... Is his surname Xue?"

Dale's eyes opened wide in shock. "How did you know..."

No matter how powerful the Primeval Lord of Heaven was, it was impossible for him to guess that human spirit's surname. Some secrets were way too hidden even for people like him to find out. But he had.

Not only that, Zen's and the Snake Goddess's eyes also flickered. Then the Snake Goddess piped up, "If our guess is right, then the human spirit should be Elder Xue from the Bold Conjecture House!"

When they had looked through the stone tablets of the Monkey Spirit Sect, they had found a few clues about the ancestry-level bloodline. In addition to Kincaid, who was the Human Spirit King, another highly important name that they had come across was of Elder Xue. In order to find a way to merge with the ancestry-level bloodline, Elder Xue had gone to the Deep Space. And no news had been heard of or from him ever since.

When the Primeval Lord of Heaven had heard the word "conjecture", the name had crossed his mind immediately and he'd just blurted it out without too much thought. He never could have expected that he would end up being right.

"Elder Xue's achievements with regards to the ancestry-level bloodline should not be considered inferior to that of the Human Spirit King. Moreover, he had gone to the Deep Space and chances are, he might have gained something whilst he was there," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied with a smile. "Although I don't know much about the main world, judging by what the records on those stone tablets say, I also came up with a few conclusions. Since the ancestry-level bloodline is from the Deep Space, a way to control it is likely to be found there as well. That makes Elder Xue the most likely one to find it."

"I can give what you said a shot," Zen piped up.

Previously, he had been unable to activate ancestry-level bloodline at will.

But after cultivating the Blood-controlling Method, it was not a difficult task for him.

As soon as he finished speaking, his avatar sat down cross legged and floated up into the air inside his inner world.

To be honest, he still had some doubts in his heart.

Although the Blood-controlling Method allowed him to activate the ancestry-level bloodline, it only allowed the simplest usage of the bloodline. Furthermore, it was unable to provide him with a means to divide the ancestry-level bloodline. Once a portion of the ancestry-level bloodline was forced into his inner world, it would definitely cause some backlash! He had to be ready for that.

There were risks, but Zen also knew that often, a mere thought, word, or idea that ordinary people couldn't even imagine coming up with, could work wonders.

The moment the first drop of the ancestry-level bloodline was injected into his inner world, Zen's body began to tremble violently.

His entire body turned as white as paper all of a sudden, and all trace of blood vanished from every single part of his body. Even his eyes, ears, nose and mouth were drained of color.

The ancestry-level bloodline couldn't wait to leave Zen's physical body and madly rushed into his inner world.

Once Zen's meridians were completely dried up, his life force quickly faded away, as if he was about to die.

Out of the blue, Zen's real body and his avatar in his inner world fell down with a flop. His body seemed cold now.

When the Snake Goddess saw this scene, her expression changed. She quickly withdrew her soul fragment from Zen's inner world. She couldn't let Zen die.

With a gentle wave of her hand, a green leaf appeared in the center of her palm. She grabbed Zen's jaw and forcefully stuffed the leaf into his mouth.

This leaf was known as the Heavenly Immortal Leaf and it contained an enormous amount of life energy. Once Zen had absorbed enough life energy, his face turned red once again, and the blood in his body began to flow once more. However, the blood flowing in his meridians was no longer the ancestry-level bloodline.

The ancestry-level bloodline was now inside his inner world and floating around like a free child. It suddenly turned into a huge mass of blood mist and spread out in all directions at an astonishing rate, enveloping his entire inner world like radiation.

A gust of wind blew, and a fishy and sweet smell spread throughout every corner of his inner world.

Chapter 4141 A New Flesh World

After the Evil God had left Zen, his inner world grew and prospered.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven implemented new rules to unite several human forces. All sorts of new forces flourished like sprouting bamboo shoots.

For most of the inner worlds, the more people and races there were, the more wars they would inevitably have. However, the new forces in Zen's inner world lived together in harmony, rarely entertaining any conflicts.

Now blood mist spread across the sky as its stench filled the entire inner world. The people were once again alarmed.

"This blood is a threatening sign!"

"What's happening to our world?"

"Is a disaster approaching us?"

As the people saw the blood mist covering the horizon, they were filled with indescribable agony.

They were facing imminent danger, but where could they escape?

Splash! Splash!

The blood mist formed from the ancestry-level bloodline spread to the edge of the inner world. It flowed to a tide merging with the chaotic sea.

From dark brown, the chaotic sea gradually changed into a bright red.

"Master Dale, what does the ancestry-level bloodline want?" Zen asked worriedly.

He knew that the ancestry-level bloodline had its consciousness and was never under his control. Even the Blood-controlling Method only allowed him to have an elementary control.

Now the ancestry-level bloodline was like a wild runaway horse galloping through his inner world. This made him nervous.

"How would I know?" answered Dale.

Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven glared at him as if they wanted to swallow him alive.

Dale couldn't stand their ferocious stares and hurriedly said, "Didn't I say a world of blood and flesh would be built?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven looked at the sea of blood and nodded. "The inner worlds are filled with all sorts of strange things, but I'm afraid that only Zen's inner world has such a scene."

After a few moments, Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and Dale finally understood what the world of blood and flesh pertained to.

As the chaotic sea transformed into blood, several continents began to shake and rumble. They rose as flesh-like substances appeared from beneath them.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The flesh pulsated, producing new growth that quickly connected to the thick continents.

While the people in Zen's inner world panicked, blood-red flesh popped out from the ground. It grew into a flesh tree in the blink of an eye, with suckers crawling on its surface.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

These suckers could reach several hundred feet and into humans' bodies. Whoever was sucked would be stripped of flesh and blood, leaving an obliterated body.

Tens of millions of flesh trees bloomed on the continents, warning to suck all the creatures in the inner world.

"Run!"

Everyone fled frantically. The continents were swarmed with flesh trees with no way to escape.

Zen could allow the ancestry-level bloodline to transform his inner world, but he would never let it kill the creatures in such a cruel way.

He frowned and stretched out a hand as he tried to grab and raise it.

Rumble!

The continents began to float under Zen's power.

The flesh trees grew from the flesh substances at the bottom of the continents. They couldn't be severed from those flesh substances. As the continents floated, the flesh trees were forcefully torn from the continents.

"Zen, your inner world will undergo a tremendous change. There's no need to pity these lives." Dale felt that Zen was being too kind.

Once Zen's inner world expanded, it would be multiple times larger and the creatures within it would also be much more powerful.

Zen was like a rich man who possessed a beggar's attitude—knowing how to cherish even just a handful of rice.

"No matter what change could happen, I don't want them to be devoured. They are all living beings," Zen said with utmost concern.

He had developed his inner world carefully. The people inside were all created by him. They lived with their spouses and children, experienced joys and sorrows, and dealt with reunions and separations.

Zen wouldn't let them all be killed by the ancestry-level bloodline.

As the continents drifted in the air, the people were able to escape death.

Only the creator of this world could do that.

Those people knew that it was Zen who had saved their lives, so they all fell in worship with their heads toward the ground.

Although Zen hadn't appeared for a long time, the legend about him spread widely in this world.

"This is boring," Dale remarked as he shook his head.

But it was not that he felt heartless about what took place.

The things involved in the primitive land were too significant. He didn't like Zen to interfere with them using his strength.

However, there was really no way for Dale to change Zen's mind. He was the master of this world.

After the continents were lifted, more flesh substances formed at the bottom of the world.

As the number of flesh substances increased, the area of the blood sea began to rapidly decrease. Not long after, the blood sea had disappeared completely and the entire inner world was covered by the flesh substances.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The flesh contracted like thousands of hearts beating simultaneously at the same speed.

The ancestry-level bloodline ceased taking further action as the inner world reached this point.

"Is it over?"

Zen's avatar descended from the sky and stepped on one of the pieces of flesh.

He had been omniscient within his inner world and there was nothing hidden from him.

Yet he knew nothing about the flesh substances. When he tried to sense them, a resistance force radiated from them.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and Dale also descended. "I don't think so. The most critical thing hasn't happened yet," Dale said.

"Do you mean expansion?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

"Yes," Dale replied with a nod.

For a primitive land, expansion was the priority. Zen's inner world was far too small.

"Will the world expand relying on these flesh substances?" Zen questioned Dale.

Dale didn't answer. He didn't know the answer either, but looking at the vast mass of flesh substances, he felt that the world ought to expand next.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

All the flesh substances began to beat faster. They appeared to be growing, squeezing unto each other more and more fiercely.

Five minutes later, Zen suddenly felt a crushing intense pain. It throbbed non-stop as if giving him a signal of his cinnabar field close to shattering.

Chapter 4142 Rebuilding

The expansion of his cinnabar field caused some pain.

When it expanded, so did his inner world.

But naturally, the scale of their expansion differed.

His cinnabar field had only expanded half a finger's distance, while his inner world had expanded beyond a thousand miles.

The next second, his cinnabar field began shrinking. But his inner world did not follow—it only stopped expanding.

Following that, while his cinnabar field continued to expand, his inner world expanded over a thousand miles.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Zen's body seemed to have entered a subtle state.

With every second, his inner world was expanding a thousand miles.

The Snake Goddess, who guarded Zen from outside, took notice of his wondrous state. She then transformed into a strand of soul and drilled into his inner world—her clear eyes widened in surprise at the sight before her.

Previously, the continents occupied nearly seventy percent of space within Zen's inner world.

But now, all the continents floated in the sky, occupying less than ten percent of the inner world.

The primitive land had expanded so fast, the expansion not ceasing in the least.

Each time Zen's inner world expanded, some of the flesh substances at the bottom of the world disappeared, turning into blood-red meridians that extended toward the edge of the inner world.

Both Dale and the Primeval Lord of Heaven had already understood that the expansion of Zen's inner world was based on the flesh substances.

"The expansion of about a thousand miles will consume over a hundred masses of flesh," remarked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"To be exact, a hundred and three masses of flesh," Zen said in return. "And the expansion will extend for a thousand and two hundred miles, to be exact. There are a total of fourteen million masses of flesh in my inner world."

At that number, the Snake Goddess' eyes widened. "How vast will Zen's inner world be?"

"It will be an inner world with a diameter of over a hundred million miles. It must be countless times larger than it is now, but it's still far smaller than the Source World," Dale answered with a smile.

"At this rate, it will probably take several months to completely consume all of the flesh," remarked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Zen had also realized that the rate of expansion was rather slow. "It shouldn't have to take so long," he chimed in.

Gently turning his hand, he made a burning joss stick appear in his grip, emitting a curling fragrance.

Buzz!

Simultaneously, a strange light enveloped him, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and Dale, along with the continents and the fairy palace above.

Once Zen changed the time flow rate of his inner world, everything began advancing rapidly.

The flesh substances disappeared in an instant as his inner world continued rapidly expanding.

When the joss stick in Zen's hand was completely burnt, the flesh substances beneath their feet finally disappeared, which were then replaced by a broad space. Its bottom was made up of meridians that were tens of millions of miles long.

Compared to such a space, the continents floating in the sky served as tiny building blocks.

"The world is so empty," Zen said.

"Zen has to create more lives?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked.

"I don't know," Dale said in return, scratching his head.

"..."

Once again, the other three stared at him with fierce eyes.

There was nothing Dale could do but deliver his master's message.

"Let me try to build the world."

With Zen's omniscient power, building a creature-filled world was an easy feat.

Sea water was important to the inhabitants—he wanted to first fill his empty world with sea water.

In the past, he had already done it twice.

The first time was when he formed his Soul Sea, and the second was when the chaotic sea was created. Now, it was the third time.

But just as he was going to exercise his omnipotent power, his body stiffened slightly, stunned.

At that moment, the power that ruled everything in his inner world had disappeared!

For several times, Zen tried waving his arms, getting flustered. "I… I'm not the master of this world?"

Everyone was supposed to be omniscient in their own inner worlds with everything under their control. Space, earth, water, time, and lives were no exception. Such was the most basic rule of the Grand World Cultivation Method.

Now, the invasion of the ancestry-level bloodline rendered Zen's omniscient power ineffective—he couldn't help but feel flustered.

"Strictly speaking, this world is constructed by the ancestry-level bloodline—it may not be obedient to you right now," said the Snake Goddess, pointing at the blood mist that had spread across the sky.

"The ancestry-level bloodline has once deprived you of control over your body. This can't be worse than that," remarked the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

Zen shrugged helplessly. "You're right."

As for how to deal with the huge inner world, all they could do was wait and see.

But at this very moment, the meridians at the bottom of the world began trembling as a white mist gushed out.

The moment it appeared, Zen's and the Primeval Lord of Heaven's expressions shifted slightly.

The two felt the aura of the bloodline power simultaneously.

"This is Gonggong's bloodline power." Even the Snake Goddess noticed it.

"No." The Primeval Lord of Heaven shook his head. "His bloodline power is purer, but the aura in the white mist is far more complicated."

"In addition to the seven abilities in the creation quadrant, there are also four other abilities in the life quadrant," Zen said.

As he obtained the ancestry-level bloodline, he managed to analyze the nature of any kind of energy. Such an analytic ability was given by the ancestry-level bloodline. Later on, it took the ability back.

But for some reason, in his inner world, Zen had regained the analytic ability.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Boundless white mist covered the world. It continued piling up and rising slowly, approaching Zen and the rest.

As the white mist rose into the sky, it shifted into clouds. Once they were thick enough, they would form a heavy rain.

Splash!

It began to rain in the inner world. This time, a real sea was finally formed within Zen's body, replacing the former chaotic sea.

Crack! Crack!

A bolt of lightning shot out from the blood mist, streaking through the sky and sinking right into the sea.

"The lightning contains the sixteen abilities of the destruction quadrant," Zen remarked in astonishment.

Rumble!

High mountains in the sea rose continuously, containing two abilities of the creation quadrant.

Suddenly, one of the mountains split apart, allowing lava to flow from it. The lava seemed to be emitting the aura of the bloodline power as well.

Enlightenment then struck Zen at that moment.

The power of the ancestry-level bloodline was everywhere in this newly constructed inner world.

If the inner world was completed, wouldn't it be easy for him to obtain the power within?

Chapter 4143 The Only Shelter

As things escalated to this point, realization dawned on the faces of Dale, the Snake Goddess, and the Primeval Lord of Heaven as well.

It turned out that Zen had cultivated the Soul Sea Realm anew.

Once a warrior had reached the Soul Sea Realm, their life vitality became liquefied and formed a Soul Sea. Afterward, the sea of life vitality in their inner world would regularly provide life vitality for the warrior.

After all, even if one had mastered the Godly Ways, they still used the life vitality in essence.

Currently, the power Zen had used to reconstruct his inner world directly came from the ancestry-level bloodline. The difference was self-evident.

For instance, the world created by using life vitality was secondary in one's body.

On the other hand, the world created by using chaotic energy was chaos.

Therefore, was the world created using the ancestry-level bloodline the Abstruse Energy World?

The Primeval Lord of Heaven's heart skipped a beat at the thought, and he quietly glanced at Dale beside him.

Dale acted like he was only a messenger and didn't know anything else, but was that really the case?

However, the Primeval Lord of Heaven had no idea what time and space in the Abstruse Energy World were like. The creation of the world before his eyes was still fresh in his mind, which contradicted his assumption. Thus, he ignored his confusion and did not say anything.

Meanwhile, Zen's inner world evolved at an even faster speed.

Earth continued to emerge from the sea, and volcanoes erupted destructive hot lava.

The seawater extinguished the lava that came to destroy everything, then an area in the shape of a coiled snake was formed. Lastly, life began to take shape in the place.

It was a kind of bright green seaweed, and everyone was sure those were just plants.

Yet, the thumb-sized plants quickly grew wings that were as thin as a cicada's and flew away.

Then, hundreds of millions of those "seaweed creatures" flew up the sky towards the continents that Zen had created before.

From afar, the mass of seaweed creatures looked like an enormous green hurricane.

"What do they want to do?" the Snake Goddess said worriedly.

"Let's go and have a look!" Zen said seriously.

Since he had lost the ability to know everything in his inner world, he could not move freely as before. He could not appear anywhere in his inner world with just a thought like he previously did.

Fortunately, the restrictive force of the Space Law in this world was not strong, so they could still teleport at will.

A few moments later, Zen, the Snake Goddess, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and Dale arrived at the edge of the continents.

The green seaweed creatures swarmed the continents, then attacked the creatures that lived there!

Although the seaweed creatures were small, they were highly poisonous. All the creatures that they touched died in an instant!

"These green seaweeds... They are attacking the world I created!"

Zen's face darkened at the sight of the seaweed creatures that swarmed the continents like locusts.

He had painstakingly built and developed these continents, and he would never allow anyone to destroy them, especially when his inner world had just gotten rebuilt. How could he allow these seaweed creatures to slaughter the living beings that lived on them?

"We have to stop these seaweeds!" Zen shouted.

As he had lost the almighty power in his inner world, it was not easy to remove all of the green seaweeds. Only the other three who tagged along could help him.

"Clean them up."

"I'll activate the enchanted barrier!"

"These seaweed creatures are quite weak, and they only came in large numbers. It's not a big deal to finish them..."

When the Snake Goddess, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and Dale were about to make a move, Zen suddenly waved his hands and said, "No need. Let me deal with them!"

Then, he gently raised his hand.

A strong gust of wind blew across the continents, which stirred the endless sand into the air.

"Kill them all!"

With a wave of his hand, the sand in the sky changed course and flew towards the seaweed creatures.

Each grain of sand pierced through a seaweed creature, and not long after, the numerous grains of sand had silently punctured millions of seaweed creatures.

Only the master of the inner world could perform such a precise attack.

When Zen returned to the continents, he found his omniscient abilities had recovered.

Not long after, the sand had completely wiped out all the seaweeds that surrounded the continents.

However, their relief was short-lived: the seaweeds kept emerging from the seawater and swarmed the continents again. Furthermore, the number of seaweed now multiplied up to a hundred times more than that of the previous batch!

"No matter what reason you have to attack my world, if you don't stop, I will never forgive you!" Zen screamed as he looked up at the sky in despair.

In many cases, he was no match for the ancestry-level bloodline.

But now that he had regained his omniscient and omnipotent powers, he could now compete against it.

Once he finished speaking, a faint sound came from the red mist that shrouded the sky.

He listened carefully and vaguely heard a burst of laughter, like a group of cats screaming in the middle of the night.

Soon enough, the strange screams disappeared, and the seaweed creatures seemed to have lost their souls. They all fell into the sea, and the primitive land stopped attacking.

"It appears that it will take some time for us to coexist with each other peacefully," Zen said in a solemn voice.

It was true that he was still the master of this world, but his authority was only limited to these continents.

"Your situation now is out of the ordinary. You can only explore slowly by yourself, but in the end, you should be able to find a way to coexist with the ancestry-level bloodline," the Primeval Lord of Heaven assured him.

As for Dale, he glanced at the boundless ocean and thought for a moment. "The primitive land has now expanded to this size. Zen, can you check the area outside the primitive land?" he asked.

"The area outside the primitive land..." Zen arched his eyebrows and said, "Everyone, please follow me!"

He then created another avatar in his inner world to prevent the ancestry-level bloodline from attacking the continents again.

There was an avatar that guarded the place, and another avatar followed the other three to the edge of the primitive land.

There was a time when over a thousand Sanskrit words bounded his inner world, but those had disappeared and were replaced by "walls" woven from the meridians. If one looked closer, they would see the blood that rapidly flowed within the walls.

"The chaos should be outside the wall," Dale confirmed.

"Well, that's a problem. How can we observe the outside world then?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"Zen, try to communicate with the ancestry-level bloodline again and ask it to let us out..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven suggested.

Before he could finish speaking, Zen snorted coldly and placed his palms on the wall. He felt the wall's temperature.

Then, without saying anything, he clawed at the wall and tore it down, which caused a huge crack!

As a result, the chaotic energy surged and flowed straight into the crack.

Upon seeing his reckless behavior, Dale, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the Snake Goddess all smiled helplessly.

The primitive land and its master did not have a harmonious relationship.

Most areas in the chaos were even empty and were devoid of life.

Nevertheless, they went out through the crack and looked around.

There was still nothing else in sight, except for the slowly drifting chaos clouds.

"Zen, can you sense the location of the primitive land?" asked Dale.

Zen shook his head, and replied, "No."

When his inner world had just been built, he could sense its location—but after that, he could not locate it anymore.

"You have to find a way to locate it. The primitive land will be your only shelter," Dale said in a deathly serious tone.

75
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 4145 The Sound Behind The Door
Chapter 4146 Teeth
Chapter 4147 Downgrade
Chapter 4148 The Origin Of The World
Chapter 4149 Following
Chapter 4150 Lurk In The Dark
Chapter 4151 Erase Coordinates
Chapter 4152 Battle Of Attrition
Chapter 4153 Punishment
Chapter 4154 Release
Chapter 4155 Sheehan's Wish
Chapter 4156 The Fastest Speed
Chapter 4157 The Source Of Curse
Chapter 4158 Bring A Message
Chapter 4159 Something Arthur Shouldn't Eat
Chapter 4160 Invasion
Chapter 4161 The Irreversible Downgrade
Chapter 4162 The Broken Bell
Chapter 4163 The Burial Land
Chapter 4164 The Black Lamp
Chapter 4165 Devouring Each Other
Chapter 4166 Difficult To Deal With
Chapter 4167 The Trouble Of The Pear Hill
Chapter 4168 Another Way
Chapter 4169 Feast On The Heads
Chapter 4170 Shadows
Chapter 4171 Variable Images
Chapter 4172 Appearance
Chapter 4173 A One-time Array
Chapter 4174 A Giant Clam
Chapter 4175 Figure As Tiny As Dust
Chapter 4176 True Appearance
Chapter 4177 Master And Disciple
Chapter 4178 The Vibration Of The Sword
Chapter 4179 Refuse To Obey

Chapter 4180 The Crisis In The Source World
Chapter 4181 Nipping Consciousness In The Bud
Chapter 4182 My World
Chapter 4183 Regret
Chapter 4184 Alliance
Chapter 4185 Represent
Chapter 4186 Obey My Orders
Chapter 4187 The Final Preparation
Chapter 4188 Restore
Chapter 4189 Entering The Jade Pure Realm
Chapter 4190 Caught Off Guard
Chapter 4191 The Space Guiding Stone
Chapter 4192 Disappearing
Chapter 4193 Deception
Chapter 4194 The Space Channel
Chapter 4195 The Altar
Chapter 4196 The Door Opened
Chapter 4197 The Human Spirits
Chapter 4198 A Worthwhile Trip
Chapter 4199 The Irregular Sword
Chapter 4200 The Guardians

Chapter 4145 The Sound Behind The Door

A part of the Jade Pure Realm was occupied by the Snake Spirit Sect.

Its entire northern area was the base of the Snake Spirit Sect, while the central area was the most critical.

It was not easy to get there.

"Why do you want to go to the center of the Jade Pure Realm?" Dale asked in confusion.

For him, Zen should have focused on developing his primitive land instead of thinking about other things.

"Someone asked me to," said Zen.

"Who? The Monkey Spirit King?" asked Dale.

Zen shook his head.

The Monkey Spirit King didn't know anything. He couldn't even give any useful advice at all.

"Master Dale, you have also entered the Eternal Scroll Painting, right? Do you know who built it?" Zen asked.

"The brush-wielder," Dale answered quickly.

It wasn't long before he was introduced to this name. After his master traveled through the main world, he found out about all the passageways to the secondary worlds being controlled by the brush-wielders.

The brush-wielders knew many secrets. Once, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had secretly supported a talented creature in Stage Thirty-two on the Other Shore. He helped him enter the Eternal Scroll Painting with a subtle motive–he wanted to contact the brush-wielder.

The creature successfully passed through the Eternal Scroll Painting and reached the Eternal Realm, but he didn't see the brush-wielder.

When the creature failed, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord decided to give up his plan.

Dale was filled with excitement as Zen mentioned the brush-wielder. "How about you? Have you seen him before?" he wondered.

"Yes." Zen nodded. "He is the one who asked me to go to the center of the Jade Pure Realm."

After thinking for a while, Dale frowned. "That was all he said?" His tone changed as if he was expecting more.

"Yes," Zen replied. "Should there be anything else?" he asked while scratching his head.

The brush-wielder did not reveal too much information. Even the conflicts in the Four Spirits Sect were pieced together by Zen later.

"Ha-ha!" Dale sneered. "It seems that the brush-wielder has no idea. We can't enter the center area now. Our efforts will only be in vain even if we overcome many obstacles in entering it."

"What do you mean?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked in confusion.

"My master has been there," said Dale.

During the long war between the Snake Spirit Sect and the Bird Spirit Sect, it was not only the Snake Spirit Sect that always had an advantage.

There were several times that the Bird Masters almost reached the Heavenly Square City.

Their goals were completely different from the Snake Masters'. Their objective was not to occupy the Jade Pure Realm.

Instead, they all had a strong desire for destruction. They aimed to stop everything so they could annihilate the Snake Spirit Sect.

Under normal circumstances, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had no chance to leave the bubbles.

However, when the Bird Spirit Sect suppressed the Snake Spirit Sect, an opportunity presented. The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord successfully broke into the center of the Jade Pure Realm.

"Did the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord find anything?" Zen asked eagerly.

Dale glanced at him and replied, "A huge altar was buried there. My master tried his best to enter, but a door stopped him."

"A door?"

Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven looked at each other.

"There was a sound behind the door. A strange song, as if someone was whispering in a soft voice," said Dale.

"It is Sanskrit," said Zen.

Dale nodded. "It was a pity that my master couldn't understand Sanskrit. Aside from the sound being nearly inaudible, he didn't know what it was about."

Among the creatures in the chaos, only Zen and his son could communicate in Sanskrit.

Geoffrey could even freely travel within the main world.

On the other hand, Zen relied on the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization to decipher Sanskrit quickly.

Although the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had traveled through the main world, it was not an ordinary tour. Elder Xue created a huge illusion for him. The illusion showed him everything about the Four Spirits Sect, yet he was still unable to understand Sanskrit.

"My master tried every means but still failed to open the door," Dale said regretfully. Only a few doors could block the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord on the Other Shore.

"Later, my master speculated that the one behind the door was probably the Human Spirit King, Kincaid," said Dale with a suspicious face. "Unfortunately," he sighed, "we can't find the key."

"I have that key," Zen blurted out.

"What?" Dale said, astonished.

"I said I have the key," Zen repeated seriously.

He opened the Sumeru Space and took out a key then handed it to Dale.

The key looked unremarkable. It didn't even appear to be anything special.

After running his fingers through the key in his hand, Dale stared at Zen in disbelief. He felt as if he was being fooled.

"It's true. You can ask the Primeval Lord of Heaven if you don't believe me. I got it from the cabin on top of the Soul City," Zen said convincingly.

Dale turned to look at the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "It's absolutely true," the latter confirmed.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven never lied. Dale took a deep breath and headed to leave. "I'll go report it to my master now!"

Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven wanted to go to the Jade Pure Realm with Dale, but he rejected them. He insisted on going alone.

The Bird Spirit Sect and the Snake Spirit Sect were fighting fiercely in the Jade Pure Realm. It was a complicated situation.

Dale relied on his bloodline talent to quietly pass through the Jade Pure Realm. If he took Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven with him, they would be exposed.

They had to wait for the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord to make a decision.

Not long after Dale left, a visitor arrived in the Night View Island.

It was the Wing King followed by one hundred and ninety-nine Treacherous Beings swarming towards the land.

These Treacherous Beings were the human spirits living on the Whining Road. They were also known as the world builders.

When Zen woke Campbell up, he had cleared the Pure Sky Platform of trouble and made it easier for the other human spirits to awaken.

At that time, he had to hurry to the Night View Island so he entrusted the challenge to the Wing King.

The Wing King thought it was easy in the beginning. As long as the human spirits possessed other creatures, they could run to the Pure Sky Platform by themselves. The Wing King only needed to carefully follow them all the way and when they woke up, he would tell them the truth.

But the problem was the human spirits' wishes were different. The wishes of some of them were not on the Pure Sky Platform, so the Wing King and the awakened human spirits had to spend more time helping others wake up.

For the past years, the two hundred human spirits had been living in a daze.

They felt indescribable emotions as they met again in the Night View Island.

After Campbell, the first human spirit to awaken, told them about the situation of the Four Spirits Sect and the chaos, they were furious and swore to avenge the Human Spirit Sect and Kincaid.

Dozens of them were already positioned, preparing to rush out.

"You think you're stronger than the Monkey Spirit King? Even the Monkey Spirit King hasn't taken any action. Are you really going to launch an attack now?" Zen stopped the human spirits with his voice resonating from his inner world.

Although his inner world had transformed, the continents had been completely preserved.

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization remained, helping Zen communicate in Sanskrit.

The human spirits were just hostility-level Treacherous Beings. They were proficient in building the secondary worlds, but they were weak.

Dealing with them might be difficult because they wouldn't die, but the Light of Annihilation emitted from a Holy Stone was enough to shatter their souls.

Chapter 4146 Teeth

The human spirits had calmed down after hearing the words directly from Zen.

Plotting revenge against the Snake Spirit Sect was like digging their own graves. It was a useless and self-destructive plan.

"We understand. But what else can we do?" one of the human spirits chimed in.

This human spirit's name was Powell. He was regarded as the leader of this group of world builders. Campbell and all the other human spirits were completely obedient and loyal to him.

"Your understanding of the chaos is deeper than ours. We need your help if we ought to find out where the Human Spirit King is," Zen humbly replied.

"And why should we believe in you human beings? How can we trust you?" Powell stared at Zen. There was a look of utter skepticism in his face.

These world builders created the human beings. It was because of them that Zen and the others existed.

Powell considered human beings like Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven as mere carvings of the human spirits. Therefore, how could the human beings of the secondary world be the ones to lead the human spirits of the main world? This was quite unthinkable to them.

As a matter of fact, Campbell and the others had the exact same thoughts. They couldn't quite accept that notion.

Because they were their creators, it was normal for the human spirits to think that they were superior to human beings.

Nevertheless, Zen didn't care about Powell's doubts and concerns. He just smiled gently and said, "Because the Monkey Spirit King trusts me."

With that, Powell and the other human spirits fell silent. They could not argue with that.

In actuality, the world builders didn't have a good position in the Four Spirits Sect. They weren't even permitted to enter the Ten Directions House.

The Monkey Spirit King chose to put his trust on Zen. This proved to be the biggest support in Zen's favor. After that conversation, the world builders had temporarily settled down on the Night View Island.

In the past few days, Judson had tirelessly remolded the Pear Hill. He worked on it day and night.

He had already dug out about one-third of the west side of the entire Pear Hill. The stones he unearthed had been turned into metals using the force of truth. In turn, these metals were placed in a certain pattern. They formed an enormous circular structure that was thousands of miles in length.

Meanwhile, Kendrick had set up an array upon the huge structure.

"The array has already been set up. It can be activated at any point in time," Kendrick said to Zen impassively.

Zen nodded and took out the mother butterfly given to him by the real Snake Goddess. Slowly, he began to sense the location of the young butterflies.

One of these young butterflies was attached to the primitive land. Therefore, he would be able to feel the primitive land's location using the mother butterfly. According to the real Snake Goddess, this would work no matter how far away he was.

He closed his eyes and infused his consciousness into the mother butterfly. Afterwards, he felt a faint existence deep in his heart. Following where it led, he found the location of that specific butterfly.

He opened his eyes and said, "Northwest!

Towards that direction!"

Zen immediately pointed at the distance.

"Change the direction," Kendrick conveyed to Judson emotionlessly.

There was a deep rumbling sound as Judson began the adjustment of the structure.

The enormous circular structure leaned against the side of the Pear Hill. Judson had made a huge turntable. Under his careful manipulation, the turntable adjusted the direction of the huge structure.

"Okay! Go!" Judson motioned to them.

Seeing his signal, Kendrick and Gerald released the truth power simultaneously.

Aside from the two Chaos Ancient Gods, the Eternal Realm warriors and the Holy Soul Realm warriors also had contributions. Each one of them released their blood power.

In a short amount of time, massive amounts of energy began to accumulate in the west of the Pear Hill. This energy was channeled into a tall tower. And at its top, sat a young girl named Yan.

She had already started to utilize the function of the Energy Shaft.

As soon as the violent and gentle energy accumulated inside the Energy Shaft, she immediately transformed it.

All the energy absorbed by the Energy Shaft poured intensely into the array upon the enormous rounded structure.

As the massive amount of energy flowed into the array, it emitted a loud buzzing sound.

Soon after, the entire array began to flash. A bright and blinding light shot out of it.

It exerted a mighty push onto the enormous circular structure. Subsequently, the force was evenly distributed to the entire Pear Hill to help speed up its movement.

Whoosh... Whoosh...

Gradually, the Pear Hill began to change its direction.

This colossal structure left a long trace in the empty chaos. After adjusting its course, it began to move at such an extraordinary speed towards the northwest of the chaos.

As the Pear Hill set off its new course, Zen sighed. "It's a pity we didn't meet the Sky Rending Rhinoceros. If we just go directly through its space cave, I'm sure we can save a lot of time..."

Zen had once traveled through the space cave created by the Sky Rending Rhinoceros. During that time, he was headed to the Source World from the divine land. The space cave was a shortcut to the Source World.

Kendrick was standing next to Zen the whole time. When he heard this, he laughed softly. "It's quite impossible for the Pear Hill to pass through the space cave made by the Sky Rending Rhinoceros. If Othniel was still alive, we could have gone through the space cave he made."

The Sky Rending Rhinoceros was one of the top ten beasts of the chaos. Its strength was merely comparable to that of an Eternal Realm warrior. Naturally, the Chaos Ancient Gods didn't take it seriously.

"Stop worrying. With the help of the array and Yan's Energy Shaft, the Pear Hill can move at an extremely high speed. Let's just wait and see..." Judson chimed in as he heard them talking. He had absolute confidence in their abilities.

Zen smiled and agreed. "With the help of three Chaos Ancient Gods, the human race is truly lucky."

The Pear Hill's speed was steadily accelerating.

Right now, there was an immense distance between the Source World and the Pear Hill. The Source World actually looked like a full moon up in the sky.

The hundreds of millions of human beings and the members of the Snake Goddess race on the Pear Hill had been extremely terrified in the past few days. Never in their lives did they imagine that the Pear Hill would leave the Source World and carry them to an unknown place. They had no idea of what kind of fate awaited them in the days to come.

Meanwhile, Zen's inner world was still evolving at breakneck speed. All he could do was to watch as it developed.

Every time a monstrous tsunami occurred, a large patch of land would emerge from the sea.

In the beginning, the land only appeared gradually and occupied a very small part of the sea. Not long after, more volcanoes at the bottom of the sea began to erupt. This terrifying and catastrophic force would cause a monstrous tsunami.

Soon enough, more patches of land sprang up like mushrooms after rain. These lands began to merge with each other and formed large continents.

After a while, different kinds of plants began to appear. One moment, it was still a bare continent. The next, it had turned into a lush grassland. The time flow rate was so fast that it made people feel suffocated.

The inner world's development trend in the past revealed that all sorts of creatures would appear after the plants. These creatures would slowly obtain intelligence and establish tribes. Afterwards, these tribes would turn into cities. These cities would transform into great forces, empires, and even civilizations.

Zen was not allowed to interfere with the development of the primitive land. Therefore, he could only watch in silence as it evolved.

Unfortunately, the situation did not develop as Zen imagined. There were so many things that didn't go according to his plan.

Some kind of bamboo shoot-shaped plants grew on these continents. After these plants were born, they began to devour other plants frenziedly. They started growing ceaselessly.

Therefore, the other plants on the continents merely became food for the bamboo shoot-shaped plants.

After a short amount of time, all of the plants on the continents were devoured by these predatory plants. These plants also quickly grew from dozens of feet to thousands of miles in height and extended all the way to the edge of the primitive land!

Zen had seen some gigantic plants in the Source World. Some intelligent plants were even able to reach the Other Shore Realm. However, none of them could compare to these bamboo shoot-shaped plants.

As these insatiable plants became thousands of miles tall and hundreds of miles in diameter, they intersected and gathered at the edge of the primitive land.

Zen frowned as he observed them for a while. His pupils narrowed slightly, and one word popped into his mind.

"Teeth?" This was what he imagined they were.

If he imagined the primitive land as the head of a giant beast, then these bamboo shoot-shaped plants were the teeth of this beast.

Chapter 4147 Downgrade

As Zen arrived at the edge of the primitive land, he approached the huge plants which resembled bamboo shoots with great caution.

When these plants reached their current size, their cyan color faded and was replaced by a golden sheen. They appeared very sturdy and strong.

Just as Zen was about to move closer, the plants in the shape of bamboo shoots that had intertwined to resemble dog teeth suddenly separated and began to snap at Zen within a few seconds.

Zen was not prepared and barely had any time to dodge. His whole body was bitten, ground, and chewed to pieces by the teeth.

Luckily for him, it was just an avatar.

"Buzz!"

On the continent at the center of the primitive land, Zen's avatar condensed again. He appeared angry and disgraced.

In the past, he had always had complete control over his inner world though it was still quite small.

Now that it had expanded, he couldn't believe that he was bound to it instead of the other way around.

"Do you want to fight with me?" Zen challenged, looking into the blood mist in the sky.

Just then, a thick cloud of blood mist floated in the air above him like an animal taunting its prey.

"Then come on!" Zen's said coldly.

All of a sudden, he had an idea.

The continents floated in the sky had linked to one another.

As long as he remained on these continents, Zen was omniscient. He had to use this to his advantage.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

As the continents connected, Zen stretched out his hand and grabbed in the air.

The newly combined continent rose and eventually, reached the highest point of the primitive land.

Before Zen knew it, the blood mist that came from the ancestry-level bloodline hovered right above his head.

Zen slowly stretched out his hand and immersed it in the blood mist, "Seize it!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

A powerful storm formed at the center of Zen's hand.

"Whoosh!"

With one toss, the storm swept up and with astonishing speed, sucked the floating blood mist within seconds.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

The ancestry-level bloodline wouldn't go down without a fight.

It morphed into blood red winged bugs in an attempt to escape the storm.

However, a storm created by the all-powerful creator could not be resisted. This was the general rule of any inner world.

Though this was a special case as the primitive land was wrapped around the inner world, the rule still applied within the range of the continent.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Eventually, as a large amount of the blood mist was sucked into the storm, the storm became tinted with red.

On that note, the ancestry-level bloodline counterattacked.

The plants in the shape of bamboo shoots at the edge of the primitive land turned and pierced towards the continent. All of a sudden, thousands of stalagmites sprouted from the bottom of the primitive land and shot straight up into the sky!

If no one put a stop to the plants and stalagmites, it would only be a matter of minutes until the entire continent would be smashed into pieces.

However, just as they approached the continent, Zen's eyes flashed and an invisible space wall appeared at the edge of the continent.

His almighty abilities made the space wall indestructible.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The plants in the shape of bamboo shoots rushed towards the space wall but could not penetrate it.

The stalagmites that grew from the ground met the space wall and shattered!

"Though you are powerful, this is my inner world. I am still in charge here!"

"Whoosh..."

The storm that was once a small ball in Zen's hand spread out and covered more areas. He controlled the continent to move in the primitive land as it absorbed all the ancestry-level bloodline it could find.

Drip, drip, drip...

Once the blood mist was completely sucked into the storm, it returned to Zen's palm and became drops of viscous blood.

Before, Zen could do nothing to the ancestry-level bloodline. When the bloodline was driven mad, it took control of Zen's body without hesitation.

Now that Zen brought the ancestry-level bloodline into his inner world, the tables had turned.

The ancestry-level bloodline that gathered into a ball formed into a bloody human. It reached out and grabbed Zen's chest.

"Puff!"

The hand grasped Zen's chest and turned into threads that drilled through Zen's body. He was sliced into a thousand miniscule pieces.

It was a good thing that this was only Zen's avatar. Within a moment, another avatar appeared and grinned at the "bloody man".

"Puff!"

The bloody man showed no mercy. He raised his hand, gripped Zen, and began to slice through the avatar once again.

Not long after, Zen's third avatar appeared. He decided to go with a different approach. "We should sit down and have a good talk."

He had a feeling if he'd attacked, the same thing would have happened again. When Zen spoke calmly, the bloody man calmed down. He did not attack Zen again, but he did not respond either.

Zen let out a huge sigh of relief.

Ever since he fused with the ancestry-level bloodline, Zen exerted much effort to communicate with it. However, the ancestry-level bloodline always ignored him and acted on its own thoughts.

Now, the bloodline no longer resisted his communication.

Zen raised his hand and two chairs appeared before them. He gestured for the man to sit before he made his way to his own chair.

The bloody man silently looked at Zen and sat down. The moment he sat down, he mimicked Zen's body but was still made up of blood.

"If it weren't for the primitive land, you'd be no match for me," the bloody man spoke out. Not only did he mimic Zen's body, but his voice, too.

The ancestry-level bloodline could analyze all kinds of energy and deal with any bloodline power, no matter how strong they were.

Now that it was connected to the primitive land, it became bound to the rules. This was the main reason Zen could take it back when it was merely blood mist. If not for the primitive land, even if Zen were ten times stronger than he was now, he wouldn't have been able to do anything to the bloodline.

"Ah, so you could talk even before? Why did you keep silent all the time?" Zen asked with smile.

Spiritual creatures could gain extraordinary wisdom after they lived a long time. The ancestry-level bloodline was no exception to this.

"Because I had to observe you well," the bloody man said, emotionless.

"Observe me for what?" Zen raised an eyebrow.

"To see if you are trustworthy," the bloody man nodded.

After the ancestry-level bloodline was brought back by the Bird Spirit King Sheehan, it had been trapped in the Eternal Divine Courtyard. During those years, the Four Spirits Sect kept exploiting its power.

It had no clue where it came from nor whom it belonged to. The bloodline spent its life aimlessly.

When it decided Zen was an excellent host, it wasted no time and immediately integrated with him.

As Zen carried the ancestry-level bloodline, the bloodline reconstructed Zen.

"You have become a part of me. Don't I deserve your trust?" Zen said welcomingly.

The bloody man coldly glanced up at Zen and looked back down. "In a world that has been downgraded, no one could be trusted. Not even you..."

"Downgraded?" Zen shook his head in confusion, "What do you mean?"

The bloody man sighed and continued to explain, "If a creature in the main world becomes a creature in the chaos, it has been downgraded. After the Monkey Masters died, they became Treacherous Beings. That, is a kind of downgrade."

Chapter 4148 The Origin Of The World

Upon hearing the blood man's explanation, Zen soon understood. He smiled and paraphrased, "So, all the creatures of the main world have been downgraded..."

All members from the Four Spirits Sect had perished in the chaos, and they had all been transformed into Treacherous Beings. In theory, they had all been downgraded to creatures of the chaos.

The blood man stared disdainfully at Zen as he continued to clarify, "It's not just the creatures that have been downgraded, but also the entire main world."

"What?!" Zen was almost dumbstruck. "The entire main world has been downgraded? How is that even possible?"

"Why would it be impossible?" The blood man added in a nonchalant voice, "The chaos emerged from the downgrade of the main world. The so-called world builders knew the method of downgrade, and they unfolded a portion of the main world. That was how they created secondary worlds."

"They unfolded a portion of the main world..." Zen's eyes were like saucers with astonishment.

Campbell had never made any mention of such things to him before.

He was only aware that the world builders were responsible for constructing secondary worlds and extracting energies from the secondary worlds through the four pillars.

"Unfortunately, they didn't know that once the downgrade had begun, there would be no turning back. Sooner or later, the entire main world would be downgraded," the blood man explained.

"Why are you so confident of these things?" Zen queried.

Ziya had been in the Abstruse Energy World for a very long time, and Geoffrey could adapt to the environment of the main world. Moreover, Zen knew there were still creatures living within the main world, such as Pompeo's kin.

The blood man leaned closer to Zen and whispered with a smile, "Because the main world was also birthed from downgrade. The entire main world is an unfolded section from a higher-level world..."

This unexpected information struck Zen silent.

For a moment, he was utterly speechless.

The main world was already vastly beyond his comprehension. What could a world at a higher level than the main world be? The gears in his mind were spinning as he tried to imagine this!

The blood man had already anticipated Zen's reaction. He rocked back in his chair and explained in a lazy voice, "In fact, you've already heard of that higher-level world. It's known as the Deep Space among the Four Spirits Sect."

"You came from the Deep Space."

Zen exclaimed as realization flared in his mind.

He had read about the Deep Space in the stone tablets of the Monkey Spirit Sect, and he memorized the most relevant information pretty well.

Among the Four Spirits Sect, the Deep Space was seen as the origin of everything. For instance, the ancestry-level bloodline also originated from the Deep Space.

"You're right." The blood man nodded his head sagely. "The Deep Space is what the Four Spirits Sect named it. In truth, it is called the Stellar World, and it is a fifth-grade world. A long time ago, a part of the Stellar World was downgraded, and it became the so-called main world. The main world is actually called the Grand Lower World."

"That means our world..."

Before Zen could finish speaking, the blood man answered his unspoken question, "It is a third-grade world, the Lower Extreme World. It's a world of energy diversification. Every time a world is downgraded, different kinds of its energy diversify and split up. A sixth-grade world has eighty-six kinds of energy. A fifth-grade world has one hundred and forty kinds, and a fourth-grade world has three hundred and seventy-three kinds..."

Three hundred and seventy-three... Zen knew this number intimately. That was the exact number of all the abilities contained in the ancestry-level bloodline's four quadrants.

"What about a third-grade world? Could it be—" Zen was thinking of another number.

"Three thousand and one," the blood man said, instantly seeing where Zen's mind was going. "There are a total of three thousand and one types of energy in this world."

Zen stared straight at the blood man and sensed the vigor of the bloodline power surging throughout his body. He couldn't restrain himself and remarked with pity, "Although the energy has varied greatly, their power became weakened at the same time."

The power of the Godly Ways could never match up to the power of the bloodlines that originated from the ancestry-level bloodline. In fact, they couldn't even hold a candle to the Other Shore Tokens, let alone the bloodlines. The only exception had been the powerful Ways-blending Energy that emerged when the Evil God had merged all of the Godly Ways together.

"There is a heavy cost involved in downgrade," the blood man continued.

"Then why would the Four Spirits Sect have chosen to downgrade their world?" Zen blurted out in confusion.

"They were deceived," the blood man simply stated.

"What?!" Zen was startled. He would never have seen this answer coming.

"The entire Four Spirits Sect has been lied to. Downgrade is a highly dangerous act," the blood man said.

"What danger does it involve?" Zen's interest was burning with curiosity now.

Even though the energy had been greatly weakened, everyone seemed to live and go about their business.

The Treacherous Beings were now considered to be indestructible.

The blood man once again looked down at Zen with an aloof gaze as he said, "Since a world can be downgraded from the fifth grade to the fourth grade, and from the fourth grade to the third grade, then it's possible that it can also be further downgraded from the third grade, becoming a second-grade world."

"A second-grade world..." Zen felt a sense of foreboding fill him, and his face darkened.

"You don't need me to paint you a picture. You have visited similar worlds," the blood man explained.

"The Eternal Scroll Painting," Zen confidently replied.

"Yes," the blood man grimly nodded.

The strange experience in the Eternal Scroll Painting had left a grim impression on Zen. He had been completely transformed into a two-dimensional figure like a painting, and moving had been a task of great difficulty.

"You were not completely downgraded when you turned into a part of the Eternal Scroll Painting. You could still escape from the painting and observe everything around you. Once the world is completely downgraded, all you would see will be lines of different lengths, and you wouldn't be able to distinguish one thing from the next..." the blood man explained. "The types of energy will increase, becoming less mighty, from three thousand and one to eight hundred and thirty thousand."

Zen tried to envision the second-grade world as described by the blood man, and he couldn't help but shudder at the thought.

Although there would be many more kinds of energy, one would only be able to see lines there! What a boring world it would be?

"Everything has been hazy since I left the Deep Space. Many of my past memories about the Deep Space are now lost. I can't even recall who I was or where I came from, but I still remember my one true mission, which is to prevent the world from being downgraded," the blood man said resolutely.

"However, the downgrade has already begun, and the entire Four Spirits Sect has become involved. I couldn't tell who is really behind the downgrade, so I had to watch everything in silence.

I couldn't trust you then because you might also be the downgrader."

The "Zen" transformed from the ancestry-level bloodline became pensive and gazed thoughtfully ahead. From where he stood, no one was trustworthy, including Zen.

Strictly speaking, world builders like Campbell could be seen as enemies of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"How could I be the downgrader?" Zen rolled his eyes at the blood man. "Believe me, it must be the Snake Spirit King. After all, he deceived the three other kings into entering the chaos and killed them all."

"The Snake Spirit King is the most probable suspect, but the Bird Spirit King also holds a dubious distinction and so does the missing Human Spirit King..." The blood man's face became grave as he said, "I can offer you all my help, but you have to assist me by finding and killing the downgrader, even if that person is Kincaid, the Human Spirit King."

Zen hesitated for a brief moment, but the determination burned in his eyes.

He didn't know why the world had been downgraded, but he knew without any doubt that if it continued like this, everyone would be doomed.

This would be much more terrifying than the collapse of the chaos.

If there really was a downgrader, Zen would use all of his skills to kill that person. He wouldn't hesitate, even if his opponent was Kincaid, the Human Spirit King.

"I will find and kill the downgrader. I swear to you," Zen pledged solemnly.

The blood man smiled, and then he was transformed into the original form of the ancestry-level bloodline. "Then, my power is now yours..."

Chapter 4149 Following

Zen did not restrain the ancestry-level bloodline, and as a result, it turned into a blood mist and evaporated in the air in the primitive land.

In turn, the primitive land began to tremble again, and blood waterfalls flowed out from the blood mist on the dome.

When the blood waterfalls had flowed down to the bottom, they condensed and formed blood pillars.

There were a total of three hundred and seventy-three blood pillars, and each of them had a corresponding type of blood power of the ancestry-level bloodline.

Buzz...

Bright blood light suddenly appeared within the blood pillars, and then turned into long arrows that flew towards Zen.

However, he did not dodge and allowed the arrows to hit him.

Puff!

As soon as the first blood arrow struck him, he felt something appear in his mind, and it turned out to be the blood power.

That blood power was an ability in the creation quadrant.

Before he could even test it out, more blood-red arrows shot towards him.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff...

Every time a blood-red arrow hit him, a specific kind of blood power appeared in his mind.

More than thirty seconds had passed, and all the blood-red arrows had entered his body. Then, the full power of the ancestry-level bloodline started to appear in his mind.

"The power of space..."

At that moment, he stretched out his hand and pointed to the distance.

Afterward, layers of square spaces appeared somewhere in the primitive land.

The spaces were surprisingly stable and almost as good as the space Othniel had created with the truth power.

"Destructive power! Explode!"

Red flames filled the air as all the spaces exploded at the same time. The destructive power spread out, and fires engulfed the entire primitive land in the blazing heat.

"Creation..."

Just then, Zen spread out his hands in the air.

When the energy in the creation quadrant fanned out, long swords appeared out of thin air from all directions.

Naturally, none of the swords were ordinary weapons as they appeared out of nowhere. Thousands of them fell like rain and collided with each other, making crisp and pleasant sounds. Soon enough, they quickly piled up into a sword mountain.

In general, the Chaos Ancient God, Judson, could create things out of thin air. Ziya could also do the same with the help of the Truth of Three-Energy Construction, but the grade, quality and speed of the items they created were far inferior to Zen's.

"Life..."

Zen glanced down.

The emerald life energy began to gather and turned into over a hundred light dots, which took shape into a human.

Not long after, human figures walked out of the light dots.

They looked exactly like Zen, and their physical strength and power were on par with the Eternal Realm warriors'.

Although he could create many incarnations in the continent, they could not leave his inner world. However, these men who looked like him were genuine "people" who could be released to participate in the battle.

"Pick up the swords!" he shouted.

Upon his command, all of the "Zens" picked up the swords on the ground. With a slight shake of their wrists, they turned around and slashed towards the sky.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Over one hundred rays of immensely sharp silver sword radiance flew straight up to the sky and cut across the dome of the primitive land. After that, they stopped.

It seemed that the ancestry-level bloodline's most basic ability still had such extraordinary power. At this, Zen looked extremely satisfied.

In the Jade Pure Realm

A group of grey beetles flew close to the ground with a faint, flapping sound.

These beetles were quite agile, as they nearly dodged all the obstacles in front of them while they maintained a one-inch distance above the ground at high speed. If one did not look carefully, they could even go unnoticed.

Then again, the Jade Pure Realm was a magical land, where there was never a shortage of magical Other Shore creatures.

One variety of palm-sized traveling birds had extensive sighting ability. No matter how small or hidden something was, their eyes always discovered it.

"Goo! Goo! Goo..."

When the birds saw the group of grey beetles that hovered just above the ground, they immediately swooped down.

While the grey beetles were not slow by any means, the birds were significantly faster.

In the blink of an eye, the birds had swept the beetles away and popped them into their mouths.

"These annoying birds..."

It turned out that Dale had formed the grey beetles. If he had not encountered those troublesome birds, he could have smoothly returned in that form.

Buzz!

At that point, dozens of the grey beetles' bodies turned golden, and then swooped towards the birds.

Usually, Dale was not afraid of these birds.

However, his master, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, had told him that he could not return to his original form in the Jade Pure Realm at any time, or else the Snake Spirit King could catch him.

Unfortunately, he could only use limited methods in his current form. Now, he had no choice but to let the grey beetles explode.

Bang, bang, bang, Bang...

The golden beetles exploded as soon as the birds put them inside their mouths, and detonated the birds' heads in the process.

"You're courting death..." Dale whispered.

Just as he finished speaking, he suddenly heard more bird sounds. He looked up, only to be stunned.

The explosion just now attracted more birds, and tens of thousands of them rushed downward!

Only one beetle remained in the group. If the birds pecked that one last beetle, Dale would die in this place.

Luckily, he got to change at the last moment. He quickly turned into a pangolin, stabbed the ground hard, and narrowly avoided such a disaster!

It was much safer to sneak around in the form of a pangolin, but his speed got considerably reduced. It took him several days to find the bubble.

Eventually, he found the bubble, entered it and transformed into his own form. After that, he called out tiredly, "Old man..."

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord appeared by his side and pointed at the entrance of the bubble. Then, the entrance quickly vanished without a trace.

As Dale watched the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's swift movement, he suddenly seemed to have realized something. "Old man, is someone following me?" he asked.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord nodded and solemnly said, "There is a trace of an aura that doesn't belong to you. I'm afraid someone has targeted you..."

"That's impossible! I've never transformed into a human form," said Dale. Even if one used their spiritual sense to check the Other Shore creature he had formed, they could not tell if the creature was real or not. He was quite confident in his bloodline ability.

Furthermore, the war between the Snake Spirit Sect and the Bird Spirit Sect was in full swing, so they could not possibly have the time to look for him.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord didn't say anything. He just controlled the bubble to move deeper into the ground.

In the past few years, others had discovered the bubble about two times, but it could freely move as it was not a fixed cave. When it got caught, it naturally hid in a more secluded place. Still, the Snake Spirit King thought that the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was insignificant, just like a rat that hid underground.

Right now, the Snake Spirit King was ready to kill everyone. Both the Bird Spirit King and the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, who hid underground, had to be wiped out. Of course, they would receive even worse treatment than before.

Chapter 4150 Lurk In The Dark

When the bubble began to move, it alerted the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's other disciples.

After all, this bubble had been underground and immobile for quite a long time.

"Master, what's happening?"

"Master, are you doing that because we were detected?"

the disciples asked the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had many disciples before, but only ten had followed him into the Jade Pure Realm.

He lost four disciples in their explorations. Another two disciples tried to leave the bubble and ended up being killed by the people of the Snake Spirit Sect. Thus, there were only four left with him in the bubble. They were Dale, Arthur, Derrick and Austin. Dale could transform into anything.

Arthur was a pot-bellied man who always wore a beatific smile on his face, like Buddha.

Derrick was almost the opposite of Arthur with his lanky frame and an ever-serious unsmiling expression.

Justin was tall and sturdy and carried a purple-golden furnace. His right arm was covered with many flame-shaped tattoos, which would turn into actual fire for the furnace. The fire in the furnace had never been put out in the past tens of millions of years. He took it with him wherever he went.

Arthur, Derrick and Justin treated the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord with more reverence than Dale did.

"Yes. We have been detected," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord replied tersely, his face grim.

He focused on keeping the bubble moving.

The bubble confined and concealed the aura of the occupants. Moreover, it camouflaged itself such that it would look like part of its surroundings to an observer.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord concentrated on moving the bubble somewhere they would be safe.

The bubble continued forward underground.

Only the sound of crunching earth could be heard all throughout.

The bubble made slow progress onward.

The four disciples remained calm. They had been in similar situations before. They fixed all their attention on the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

Suddenly, noises came from outside the bubble.

Crack! Crack!

They were spurred alert by the sound, immediately knowing what it was.

"It's a metal-devouring beast!" Arthur exclaimed.

There were many mysterious creatures living underground in the Jade Pure Realm, and the metal-devouring beast was one of them.

The creatures were so named because they fed on the various metals in the earth.

They had a keen sense for detecting metal, and even the bubble could not stop them from getting at it. Metal-devouring beasts had broken the bubble with their teeth several times.

"I'll scare it away!" Dale offered.

"You may not be a match for it," Justin warned.

"Justin and I will handle it. Justin could capture it and I can just swallow it," Arthur said.

"I agree," Derrick said.

Right now, they knew it would be best for them to stay within the bubble, so everyone agreed on this plan. They immediately got to executing it.

Justin and Arthur went to the side of the bubble where the surface already appeared to be bulging. Outside, the metal-devouring beast was trying to break through.

"I'm going to catch it now. Get ready," Justin said as he placed his palms on the bulging wall.

An Other Shore Token slowly emerged from Justin's back. It was an ink brush as tall as a person. The tip of the brush was awash not in ink but with the blue power of space.

Justin closed his eyes, and the ink brush began to draw automatically in the air.

The blue power of space was depicting the outline of the metal-devouring beast.

When the outline was done, Justin opened his eyes, now glowing with a blue light.

The metal-devouring beast outside was dragged into the bubble.

The creature was completely caught by surprise. It stared blankly at the two human beings suddenly in front of it.

Before it could get its bearings, Arthur opened his mouth.

Arthur's mouth quickly grew wider and wider until it was almost the size of a cavern.

In one gulp, Arthur devoured the ten-foot-long metal-devouring beast.

Arthur patted his belly with satisfaction. "Got it!"

He and Justin then returned to the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's side.

The bubble continued drilling tens of thousands of feet deeper and hundreds of thousands of feet northward. Finally, it stopped. Everyone in the bubble heaved a sigh of relief. The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord felt safe enough to converse at this point. "How did it go on the Night View Island?" he asked Dale.

"Everything went well. Just as you said, the primitive land expanded after the ancestry-level bloodline entered it," Dale replied.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's face lit up with joy. "That is good!"

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had wanted to believe Elder Xue, but it was still just the latter's speculation.

Now he had confirmation that Zen had succeeded, which meant all his efforts had paid off. Everything was going according to plan.

"But I have also made another discovery," Dale pronounced.

"What is it?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord asked curiously.

"Zen has the key," Dale answered.

"What do you mean?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord pressed.

"He obtained a key in the Soul City. The brush-wielder from the Eternal Scroll Painting told him that he could use the key to open the door of the altar," Dale reported.

Hearing this, Arthur, Derrick and Justin started sputtering in shock.

"Are you sure?" The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was more surprised than his disciples. Opening the door to the altar was his greatest wish.

Dale had a playful streak. He was not beyond making exaggerated statements.

Dale looked affronted. "Of course, I am. Don't you trust me?"

"I never have," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord responded without missing a beat.

Defeated, Dale simply shut his mouth and pouted.

There was a basin a hundred miles wide at the southern part of the Jade Pure Realm. Water that smelled like wine pooled there, earning it the name Wine Basin.

Across the Wine Basin was a narrow path that led to the peninsula located at the edge of the Jade Pure Realm. The peninsula was the stronghold of the Bird Spirit Sect. Hence, the Wine Basin was an important pass for the Bird Spirit Sect.

The troops of the Snake Spirit Sect in the Mist City had recently been raiding the Wine Basin.

The Treacherous Beings had already gathered outside the Wine Basin today.

Sewell, the troops' commander, was preparing to launch their twelfth attack on the Wine Basin.

It was a short distance between the Mist City and the Wine Basin. When the Treacherous Beings got killed, they would come back to life in the Mist City and join the invasion on the Wine Basin again.

The Treacherous Beings could be resurrected infinitely, but it took time. If a Treacherous Being got killed too many times in a short period, it would take him or her longer to come back.

Sewell had a simple strategy.

He would order his men to attack the Bird Masters and kill them again and again. That way, the speed of their resurrection would be slowed down and he could finally take the stronghold of the Bird Spirit Sect.

Right before Sewell gave the order to execute the plan, a white snake came to his side, whispering, "The coordinates are in place."

"Are they in the bubble now?" Sewell asked.

The white snake nodded. "Yes. Abel and I had put our coordinates in a metal-devouring beast's stomach. It had just been captured and brought into the bubble."

"You two will not join the battle, then. If you get killed and come back to life, it might tip them off. But we will find them right after we take over the Bird Spirit Sect," Sewell said, steely determination in his voice.

Chapter 4151 Erase Coordinates

There were a total of four teams behind Sewell, the Divine Snake Department, the Black Snake Department, the Cyan Snake Department, and the Abdomen Poison Department.

Sewell himself led the Divine Snake Department which consisted of the strongest elites of the Snake Spirit Sect.

"The Black Snake Department, and the Cyan Snake Department, you attack from both sides!" Sewell commanded with authority.

"The Cyan Snake Department got it!"

"The Black Snake Department, attack!"

the two Snake Masters standing respectively on the left and right teams responded, leading the teams to charge towards the Wine Basin...

"Divine Snake Department, follow me to attack!"

Sewell rushed into the Wine Basin first after his order.

His body expanded rapidly the moment he rushed into the Wine Basin. The high water splashed on both sides.

The elites of the Divine Snake Department followed his lead and also stepped in!

The last one of the four teams, the Abdomen Poison Department, specialized at using poison. They usually wandered around when a battle was in full swing, but at this moment, they stayed put.

"Da! Da! Da!"

On the right side of the Wine Basin, a group of human spirits walked fast on the water. They skimmed like dragonflies across the water–advancing with naturally graceful movements.

The three houses of the Human Spirit Sect were regrouped and joined the Cyan Snake Department. Together with the other members of the Cyan Snake Department, they hurried to the right side of the Wine Basin.

The bird spirits had built many complicated bird nests in the Wine Basin. These nests were sturdy and huge, supported by complex internal structures.

Since they couldn't use spatial transference, the several teams could only break in by force relying on their bodies.

"This time, we people of the three houses will try our best to take down the first three bird nests. If anyone slacks off, I will report them to the Cyan Snake Department and have their coordinates erased forever!" Gianni shouted, walking in front of the team.

The human spirits of the Black House, the Broad House, and the Joy House had long been dissatisfied with the Snake Spirit Sect. Previously, they only guarded the various Pure Sky Platforms and did insignificant things. But now they were involved in a battle with the Bird Spirit Sect, the anger in them intensified.

The human spirits, monkey spirits, snake spirits, and bird spirits were supposed to be a family. Why had they come to kill each other like this?

Shivers ran down their spine when they heard Gianni's warning.

In the last round of attack, Heath of the Joy House and Uriel of the Black House purposefully got themselves killed by the Bird Masters. Gianni then reported this to the Snake Masters, and the Snake Masters immediately erased their coordinates.

The two human spirits then died permanently.

The chaos was just a small pond, and all the Treacherous Beings believed that this state was temporary. Sooner or later they could return to the main world, yet the thought of dying in this small pond was grim and excruciating.

Despite the horror, the human spirits had their own plans.

Once the fight actually began, the situation would certainly be chaotic.

So, it would be normal if anyone accidentally got killed.

"You can't slack off," Gianni emphasized. "On top of that, I will erase the coordinates of the five people who die first."

Everyone's face darkened with sorrow and fear.

Alphonse and Hamilton frowned and exchanged glances secretly.

When they set foot on the journey, the two human spirits had already devised a plan. If they had a chance, they would lead the human spirits of the three houses to take back the coordinates and escape from the Jade Pure Realm!

When they stepped into the battlefield, they realized that they had no chance to carry out the plan.

The coordinates were closely guarded in the Mist City. Moreover, Gianni also helped the Snake Masters watch them closely!

Gianni sensed the emotions of the human spirits. He smiled faintly and said, "This is the order of the Snake Masters. I'm just passing on the words so you won't dare slack off! If you are not convinced, you can ask the Snake Masters yourselves."

Everyone stayed silent.

To confirm it with the Snake Masters was no different from courting death.

As the human spirits rushed dozens of miles forward, three huge bird nests appeared in front of them.

The lower part of the nest was supported by a row of straight trunks while the upper part was oval-shaped covered in thick thorns.

When the human spirits saw the bird nests, the bird spirits in the nests also spotted them.

"Aoo..."

A frightening cry of eagles reverberated from the bird nests.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh...

Out came flying a flock of snow-white birds.

"It's the Snow Bird Department! They exchanged positions!" someone reminded the others loudly as he recognized the birds.

In the previous rounds of attacks, the human spirits fought the Iron Bird Department. These were bird spirits that looked like eagles who had vigorous wings.

In this round of attack, they thought they would face the Iron Bird Department again, but the Bird Spirit Sect seemed to have changed their strategy!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

After the Snow Birds flew to a peak, they spiraled down like snowballs crashing down on everyone.

The Snow Birds didn't seem powerful with the attack, yet they posed a great threat.

When they were several thousand feet from the warriors of the three houses, everyone felt a chill rushing among them.

In the Wine Basin, the water up to people's knees quickly began to condense into ice. Even the newly condensed ice was as strong as a weapon. Some people couldn't pull their legs as they became planted to the ice!

"Puff, puff, puff..."

Three human spirits who couldn't get out of the ice were directly hit by the Snow Birds.

The freezing air blew and enveloped them, turning them into ice sculptures.

Killing Treacherous Beings had never been easy.

They were able to recover after being cut into little pieces, let alone being frozen.

However, the bodies of the Snow Birds had sand grain-sized Holy Stones hidden in them. The Holy Stones burst out as the human spirits froze. When the Light of Annihilation enveloped the ice sculptures, it produced a magical effect. The Treacherous Beings melted like snow lying under the sun's heat...

As the other human spirits witnessed this, they all turned to look at Gianni. Death was not scary–what was terrifying was the removal of their coordinates.

"Three people died already?" asked Gianni with a wicked smile on his face. "It seems that five people is not enough. I will double the number. The ten people who die first will have their coordinates erased!"

The human spirits shuddered. Overcome with resentment, they decided to proceed. They all used their best skills to counterattack.

"Sword haze, destructive move!"

Alphonse somersaulted and a bright long sword appeared in his hand.

The long sword was made of Holy Stone. Countless rays of snow-white sword radiance mixing with the Light of Annihilation shone upwards.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

The Light of Annihilation instantly pierced through the Snow Birds, shattering them into pieces.

Under Alphonse's lead, the human spirits all launched a counterattack.

Although the Snow Birds had a populous destructive tendency, their defense was extremely weak. They lost their fighting power after being hit by the Light of Annihilation.

The human spirits of the three houses were not weak. They worked together forming a strong line of defense.

Despise their large number, the Snow Birds fell one after another from only a hundred feet away. In less than three minutes, more than ten thousand Snow Birds had been eliminated, leaving no Snow Bird flying out from the nests again.

Chapter 4152 Battle Of Attrition

"Keep moving,"

Gianni barked, after having dealt with the Snow Birds.

Every round of attacks required all human spirits to die in battle.

However, this time, all the human spirits stopped in their tracks.

The three human spirits that were just killed would have their coordinates erased.

It was said that seven more were to suffer the same fate.

"General Gianni, all of us will die in a round of attack," Alphonse said with a hint of anxiety in his tone. "Do you mean the coordinates of ten people will definitely be erased after every round of attacks?"

"General Gianni, we are all human spirits," Hamilton pitched in. "How could you be so cruel?"

Both Alphonse and Hamilton were leaders of their respective houses, and were far stronger than ordinary human spirits. It was unlikely they were going to die first.

However, the members of the three houses were of the same sect and race. They tended to look out for each other. When Gianni treated their lives like trash, they felt indignant yet helpless.

Gianni stared at Alphonse with mock. "If you think ten is too many, then sacrifice yourselves. Once we reach the quota of ten, the remaining people will be safe."

All the human spirits who overheard this felt anger stir in their hearts.

Even the several human spirits of the Broad House that followed Gianni were furious. One of them, a burly man, cursed loudly. "Gianni! It was stupid of me to follow you this whole time!"

"General Gianni, as a general of the Ten Directions House, you are so ruthless..."

"General Gianni, go to hell..."

The human spirits began to curse him, one after another.

As Gianni heard these offensive and harsh reproaches, his disposition remained unchanged. With a bored expression, he said, "The monkey spirits in the Heavenly Square City have all been executed. Is that what you want?"

The sole reason why the Snake Masters allowed the three houses to exist was because they still found them useful. The second they lost their value, the Snake Masters would exterminate them swiftly and mercilessly.

A hush fell over the crowd. Exchanging nervous glances, no one dared utter another curse.

Naturally, no one wanted to die here, in this small pond. Only by living on could they possibly see light at the other end of the tunnel.

Through gritted teeth, Alphonse said, "Warriors of the three houses, charge!"

Then, taking the lead, he rushed forth into the battlefield.

Shooting each other helpless glances, the other human spirits had no choice but to follow suit.

Gianni watched the people rush into the bird nests with a grim expression.

Just then, a small snake-shaped mark appeared on Gianni's shoulder. From the mark, a voice rang out, "Gianni, you did a good job."

"Thank you for your praise, Master Balfour," Gianni replied. Any trace of regret was wiped from his face and was instantly replaced with excitement.

"Take down the nest in the far right, and our Snake Spirit Sect will reward you generously," Balfour said. "When we return to the main world in the future, you will be in charge of the Human Spirit Sect."

The Snake Masters, snake spirits and all the other Treacherous Beings were extremely dissatisfied while trapped in this small chaos.

They had all hoped that one day they would return to the main world.

Even the Snake Spirit King promised that if they were able to come back, the Four Spirits Sect would be rebuilt.

The Snake Spirit Sect would be the ruling force, and the other three sects would probably serve as vassals.

However, the status of Human Spirit King was still good, despite being a vassal. "Master Balfour," Gianni said, practically beaming, "you are so kind. I will do my best!"

Then, the snake-shaped mark dimmed gradually, until it completely disappeared from his skin.

From a hundred miles away, Balfour, leader of the Cyan Snake Department, sneered arrogantly, "When the Bird Spirit Sect is taken down, you will no longer be of any use to me. You want to return to the main world? And become the Human Spirit King? What a ridiculous dream..."

Creating a divide amongst the Four Spirits Sect was no easy task for the Snake Spirit King. Why on earth would he want to rebuild it upon returning to the main world?

Yes, it was true that they planned that the Four Spirits Sect would still exist once they returned, but the Snake Spirit King would be their sole ruler.

After muttering to himself for a while, Balfour then turned to his soldiers. "The rate of those damned birds' revival is slowing down," he announced.

"Let's take the nests in this round! Charge!"

The Cyan Snakes, which were currently coiled before Balfour, had all been quivering with excitement. They were one of the main forces of the Snake Spirit Sect.

As soon as Balfour gave the order, the snake spirits dashed towards the nests, their forked tongues slipping in and out of their narrow lips excitedly.

The nests built by the Bird Spirit Sect were a natural fortress. From the outside, they looked like a haphazard mess. From the inside, however, the structure was incredibly unique.

The bird spirits could spread their wings and fly with ease inside these nests, but any enemy that attacked from outside would've troubles navigating, being blocked layer by layer. Thanks to the nests' unique structure, the Bird Spirit Sect were able to block the Snake Spirit Sect's attacks until this point.

Swish!

Upon entering one of the nests, Balfour moved quickly yet quietly, like a ghost.

Two rows of sharp blades stuck out from the sides of his body, making him resemble a centipede. This was his fighting form.

The second a shadow of a bird spirit entered his cone of vision, he'd lunge forward.

Without having the time to even cry out, bird spirits would be cut to pieces by the sharp blades.

"Whoosh!"

Balfour had felled countless bird spirits when a huge figure emerged from one of the nests. The figure stretched out a pair of sharp claws and swiftly grabbed at Balfour. However, Balfour saw it coming and turned his body slightly, and the blades on the sides of his body clashed with the incoming sharp talons.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang...

As dozens of blades collided with the sharp claws, the sound of clashing metal echoed throughout the bird nest.

Balfour retreated a few feet till he found a pillar he could coil around. Climbing up the pillar, his beady eyes finally caught a full view of the figure that had just attacked him. "Duran, long time no see. How have you been?"

The giant bird glared at him. He was Duran, the second strongest Bird Master of the Bird Spirit Sect.

With a snort, Duran narrowed his eyes at Balfour. "You're going to die soon, I'm afraid this reunion will be cut short."

As soon as he finished speaking, he spread his wings and launched himself towards Balfour. In the blink of an eye, he closed the distance between him and Balfour, talons poised to strike.

Balfour immediately raised his coiled body, coming to meet Duran like a spiral blade.

However, Duran was much faster than Balfour. He moved like lightning, flashing here and there and striking Balfour swiftly. Each time Duran swooped in, he left deep claw marks on Balfour's back, head, and tail.

Additionally, there were also Holy Stones embedded in Duran's sharp claws. The Light of Annihilation penetrated through the claw marks into Balfour's body, destroying his body little by little.

Seeing he was at a disadvantage, Balfour tried to get out of this tricky situation.

He flew upwards, trying to make his way around the complex bird nest, simultaneously trying to dodge Duran's attacks.

But obviously, Duran knew the bird nest better than Balfour. No matter where Balfour went, Duran followed.

Balfour had nowhere to hide. He desperately rushed to the top of the nest and knocked open a big hole in its roof, flying into the open sky.

However, just as he had flown a thousand feet, Duran swiftly closed the distance. A pair of sharp claws wrapped around the snake's body firmly, despite the blades sticking out of Balfour's body. Unable to fight back, Balfour could do nothing but watch helplessly as Duran dragged him back to the nest.

Chapter 4153 Punishment

Trampled under Duran's feet, Balfour remained fearless. Instead, he smiled sinisterly and said, "I'm indeed no match for you, but since you showed up, this probably means that the Bird Spirit Sect cannot deal with our continuous attacks, right?"

The Snake Spirit Sect launched eleven attacks before, but Duran did not participate in any.

Duran's presence only meant that the Bird Spirit Sect was worn out. They had no choice but to send their stronger Bird Masters to counter the attacks of the Snake Spirit Sect.

"Shut up!"

Vengeance appeared in his eyes. Balfour's words struck the wrong cord.

The battle between the Bird Spirit and Snake Spirit Sects in the Jade Pure Realm had been fierce. However, the two forces were not evenly-matched and the Bird Spirit Sect was always left at a disadvantage.

However, it proved impossible for the Snake Spirit Sect to take down the Bird Spirit Sect.

Though the Bird Spirit King Sheehan hadn't awakened, he still had extraordinary strength. It was difficult for the Snake Spirit King to send the Bird Spirit Sect on their knees.

Thus, this seemingly endless war continued for countless years. It never ceased.

According to the will of Sheehan, the Bird Masters supported the Nihility race in a plot to destroy this chaos.

With the help of the Bird Masters, the Nihility race grew in strength and number. The Bird Masters were notably impressed with the performance of the Grandmaster of Heaven, and they were pleased to see that in this round of chaos, the Evil God that joined the Nihility race had controlled the Source World for their advantage.

Nothing like this had ever happened in the past.

This was the Bird Masters' opportunity.

If they used the Source World to destroy the chaos, everything would easily return to zero.

However, not long after the Evil God took control of the Source World, the Snake Spirit Sect launched another attack.

They had even moved the coordinates to the Mist City - they were determined to win the battle.

This Bird Spirit Sect had no choice but to resist and counterattack.

The Treacherous Beings from the Snake Spirit Sect launched eleven attacks. The Bird Masters and spirits eventually grew exhausted. A few of the bird spirits were still being revived, which would take much time.

Because some bird spirits hadn't been revived, Duran had to fill the vacancy.

However, the attacks of the Snake Spirit Sect never ceased. They assumed that the Snake Spirit Sect would launch countless more attacks until the Bird Spirit Sect's Treacherous Beings had no more back-up.

Their tactic of repeated attacks to weaken their army aggravated Duran. He was furious.

"Since you are so angry, why don't you just kill me?" Balfour said, emotionless.

He didn't care at this point. He just wanted it to be over. After all, he could be revived even if he died.

Duran looked at the Snake Master with a sudden kindness, "I won't kill you. I will merely imprison you!"

As he spoke his last word, he grabbed Balfour with his claws and flew away.

If Balfour was imprisoned, he could not revive himself. This meant a great deal for them, because Balfour would not be able to participate in the next round of battle.

"Duran, you don't think we've thought this though?" Balfour said with a smug grin.

All of a sudden, the Light of Annihilation exploded from Balfour's body. His Treacherous Being form collapsed and disappeared from the grasp of Duran's claws, leaving only a few Holy Stones that fell to the ground.

Just like that, the twelfth attack of the Snake Spirit Sect ended after a full day.

The Snake Spirit Sect failed while the Treacherous Beings that participated in the charge were completely annihilated.

However, the Bird Masters felt exasperated. Meanwhile, the group gathered together to discuss countermeasures.

Behind the Wine Basin, golden coordinates floated in the air.

Most of the surfaces on the coordinates were dim, which only meant that they lacked energy and needed time to recover.

However, the Snake Spirit Sect would not give them enough time to do so. No doubt the thirteenth round of attack was already underway.

The atmosphere of the Snake Spirit Sect in the Mist City seemed more relaxed after what had happened.

In the eyes of the Snake Masters, it was only a matter of time until they defeated the Bird Spirit Sect.

In the northwest of the Mist City, golden coordinates glowed brightly and the human spirits of the three houses returned to life.

At the same time, Alphonse exited his coordinates in his human form. He appeared fatigued.

He went all out in this battle to impress the Snake Masters just so they would make things easier for the three houses.

But when he saw Gianni with his arms crossed across his chest, his expression darkened.

As the human spirits resurrected, Balfour stealthily slithered over.

He scanned through the human spirits present, and then his gaze landed on Gianni. "You did a good job in this round of attack," he praised. "The revival of the human spirits is fast. The three houses of the human spirits are an indispensable force for our Cyan Snake Department!"

When the human spirits heard Balfour's words, their jaws dropped and their hearts skipped a beat.

If Balfour actually valued the three houses, there was no way he would erase their coordinates.

Gianni responded modestly, "This is all thanks to your clever plan." He bowed and continued, "The human spirits feared that their coordinates would be erased, so they fought long and hard. If their lives are not threatened, they would still hold back in the fight."

"So you mean..." Balfour blinked repeatedly as he analyzed what he'd said.

"I had intended to erase ten people's coordinates. Since the three houses performed well, I suggest we still stick to the original plan of only erasing five people's coordinates!" Gianni concluded.

"Do as you say," Balfour replied.

Both Alphonse and Hamilton were furious.

The surrounding human spirits glared at Gianni in anger.

However, Gianni acted as if he didn't care. "In the twelfth round of attack, the first five people who died were Yurem, Ezekiel, Rishi, Shaun and Jaidyn!"

Every time someone's name was called, that person turned pale and trembled with fright.

"General Gianni! Give me one more chance!" Yurem fell down to his knees and begged.

"Master Balfour, I died only because I was careless this time. I did fight with all my strength..." Ezekiel attempted to persuade.

"……"

As Gianni faced these people's excuses and begging, his cold expression never changed. "Rules are rules. If these rules could be so easily changed, then no one would be working hard."

He walked to the coordinates of the five with a golden hammer condensed in his hand. This weapon was given to him by Balfour, and was used to dispose of coordinates.

With one swing, he lightly hit on one of the coordinates and it shattered to pieces.

The human spirit named Yurem shrieked in agony. Then, his body lightened and lightened as it slowly turned into a transparent shadow that eventually disappeared.

"How... How dare you really do this to us! I will fight you to death!"

"Let's fight together!"

Ezekiel and Rishi nodded at each other and rushed towards Gianni, while the other human spirits didn't react.

Everyone, including Alphonse and Hamilton, was extremely angry, but none of them wanted to walk to their deaths.

Before Ezekiel and Rishi could even get close to Gianni, Balfour curled his tail and swung it. Just like that, these Treacherous Beings dispersed.

Gianni looked at them and scoffed, then continued to break the remaining coordinates one by one.

Within a minute, the four human spirits lost the chance to revive forever and died in the secondary world.

Chapter 4154 Release

Silence hung thick in the air as the human spirits of the Broad House, Joy House, and Black House stayed quiet.

They knew well that if they spoke out at this time, they would end up in the same miserable situation as those five people, and their coordinates would be shattered into pieces.

On the other hand, Balfour was quite satisfied with Gianni's deterrence.

It seemed that it was a wise decision to hand over these human spirits to Gianni, who would rule over them.

"Snake Master, our Human Spirit Sect is ready. When will we start the thirteenth round of attack?" Gianni asked, loyalty evident in his face.

Balfour thought for a moment, and said, "We might have to wait two days before launching the thirteenth round of attack. Although our Cyan Snake Department performed well this time, the Bird Spirit Sect violently counterattacked the Black Snake Department and the Divine Snake Department, and some of the snake spirits haven't gotten revived yet."

The Snake Spirit Sect suffered huge losses, and the Bird Spirit Sect was even worse.

Based on the current situation, the Bird Spirit Sect would have a hard time defending if they got attacked one or two more times.

However, the revival speed of the snake spirits was too slow, and it was even a burden to the entire Snake Spirit Sect.

"You human spirits resurrected quite fast. Sewell asked me to bring your coordinates into the battlefield of the Wine Basin," said Balfour. Then he added, "So after you die next time, you can resurrect quickly and launch the attack again…"

Upon hearing his words, many of the human spirits felt scared once again.

It was already very dangerous to put the coordinates in the Mist City. How could they bring those directly to the battlefield of the Wine Basin?

If Balfour died, the Bird Masters would surely destroy all the human spirits' coordinates.

Of course, they would also die by then!

Even the ever-loyal Gianni's face darkened.

"When I enter the Wine Basin, surely there will be powerful Bird Masters there who will target me. So, I want to hand over the coordinates of the human spirits to you. What do you think?" Balfour asked.

Alphonse, Hamilton, and the rest all looked at Gianni, who was shocked. "That's not applicable. If I'm in charge of the lives of the human spirits, I'm afraid I can't take on this responsibility well," he stated.

"It doesn't matter. I trust you. You don't have to fight personally. You only need to command the battle," Balfour encouraged.

Indeed, Gianni had earned Balfour's trust through his performance in this period. Most importantly, the Snake Spirit King had lost his patience and asked his members to take down the Bird Spirit Sect as soon as possible, so the entire Snake Spirit Sect acted rashly.

Furthermore, the three human houses were powerful in combat, so Balfour wanted to use their strength to the limit.

"Thank you for your trust. I won't let you down!" Gianni bowed to Balfour respectfully.

Balfour nodded and walked to the golden coordinates. With a flick of his long tail, he took Gianni's coordinates away.

Although he trusted Gianni, he had to be careful to prevent Gianni from retaliating.

Once again, all the human spirits trained their gazes on Gianni. This person had complete control of their coordinates. No one knew what would happen.

Two days later, the Snake Spirit Sect launched the thirteenth round of attacks.

The troops of the Snake Spirit Sect crushed the Wine Basin yet again.

Meanwhile, Gianni still led the three houses' human spirits to the far right side of the Wine Basin.

All the human spirits looked numb. After all, according to the current situation, they would still have a hard time even if they defeated the Bird Spirit Sect.

After they passed through the right side of the Wine Basin, the bird nests appeared in front of them again.

Suddenly, Gianni waved his hand and arrogantly shouted, "Stop!"

"What other instructions do you want to give us?" Alphonse asked, his voice dripped with sarcasm.

Gianni stood on the water with a strange expression on his face, as if he thought deeply about his life.

In reality, he was a little disappointed and helpless. A sigh escaped from his lips, and he surprisingly felt courageous at that point. "Retreat from the far right, bypass the Mist City, and return to the center of the Jade Pure Realm. Now that the Snake Spirit Sect has sent their full force to battle, no one is guarding there," he said.

In turn, Alphonse, Hamilton, and the others were stunned and stared at Gianni. They wondered what he was up to.

"Gianni, what do you mean?" Alphonse asked.

"Escape. Run away with your coordinates. Everyone will be free by then! This is the only chance!" Gianni said excitedly.

Then, he waved his hands and threw out hundreds of golden coordinates.

Naturally, many human spirits became ecstatic when they saw their coordinates.

After all, their biggest weakness was those coordinates, but to their surprise, Gianni took the initiative and handed them over.

"Are you going to let us go?" Alphonse asked in disbelief.

"Yes," Gianni answered and stared at him. "It was quite hard to get the coordinates back from the Snake Masters. Our only chance was to gain their trust. Still, I feel sorry for those who died!" he exclaimed.

The Snake Spirit Sect had sent the three human houses to the Pure Sky Platforms to guard some unimportant things in the past.

Gianni had always been diligent and never showed any dissatisfaction with the Snake Spirit Sect. He had always been loyal and devoted, but that did not mean that he did not see through the Snake Masters' ambitions.

"Don't you still want to be the Human Spirit King?" Hamilton asked.

"These Snake Masters are all vicious. Once the human spirits are not useful for them, will they still let us live? They have eliminated all the monkey spirits. When they destroy the Bird Spirit Sect, all of us will die. Do you think they will help me become the Human Spirit King? Even a three-year-old child would not believe such a silly promise," Gianni replied with a laugh.

As soon as he uttered those words, the people's disgust towards him disappeared immediately.

"But your coordinates is still with Balfour," Hamilton said.

"I'm not going to leave," Gianni responded with a faint smile.

When Balfour took his coordinates, he had already made up his mind.

Swoosh...

A look of regret crossed Alphonse's face. "We've wronged you this whole time," he muttered.

"If you haven't treated me like that, how could I get the chance?" Gianni said.

"But the Other Shore is so big. Even if we escape with the coordinates, I'm afraid it would be hard to find a place to hide," Alphonse mumbled anxiously.

Gianni stared at Alphonse and asked, "Why did the Snake Spirit King suddenly want to kill the monkey spirits?"

The monkey spirits in the Heavenly Square City were surely not weak, and they were even much more powerful than the three human houses. Moreover, they were quite loyal and obedient. They were good helpers of the Snake Spirit Sect.

Despite that, the Snake Spirit King suddenly removed their coordinates and annihilated all of them. Something was not right.

Alphonse only shook his head as he couldn't figure out what was going on.

"Monkey spirits are usually loyal to the Snake Spirit King, but what if the Monkey Spirit King woke up?" Gianni asked.

"You mean..." There was silence as Alphonse stared wide-eyed at Gianni in disbelief.

Gianni nodded and continued, "I've seen a few human beings on the Pure Sky Platform, and they saved the world builders. I don't know if the awakening of the Monkey Spirit King has anything to do with those humans, but I suggest you go to the Night View Island!"

It was not a secret that the Monkey Spirit King remained on the Night View Island. The human spirits also knew that the passageway to the Night View Island had gotten destroyed. Therefore, Gianni deduced that something had happened on the Night View Island based on the information he had learned.

At that moment, the snake-shaped mark on his shoulder suddenly lit up.

Chapter 4155 Sheehan's Wish

Gianni covered the snake-shaped mark with his hand and ordered, "Run!"

"But…" Hamilton said reluctantly.

"What are you waiting for? Go, now!" Gianni roared.

Hearing this, Alphonse glanced at Gianni and also commanded, "All of you, take your own coordinates and leave with me! I won't hear any excuse!"

Whoosh!

Alphonse took the lead and made a series of ripples on the surface of the water as he moved.

The other human spirits also followed closely behind after putting away their coordinates.

As Gianni saw that the images of the human spirits receded little by little in the distance, a grin gradually appeared on his face.

He then removed his hand, exposing the snake-shaped mark. "Gianni! What are you doing? Why aren't you attacking the bird nests?" Balfour asked in a loud voice.

"In a minute," Gianni replied.

"Why? What happened? Why did you even hesitate?" Balfour continued asking.

"Some bird spirits blocked us halfway. It wasn't a wise decision to recklessly attack them," Gianni lied with a straight face.

"But you're the only one left!" Through the snake-shaped mark, Balfour immediately found out that something wrong was going on.

"Cut the crap and stop being nosy!" Gianni snapped back, losing his patience.

He suddenly reached out his hand and tapped the snake-shaped mark which instantly trembled and broke into pieces.

Balfour was taken aback when he was suddenly reprimanded by Gianni. He fell silent for a while before he was able to let out an angry roar.

It was too late for him to confirm what had really happened.

Everything could only be verified after the end of the attack. After all, the thirteenth round of attack had already begun, so it was far beyond the reach of his power.

Taking advantage of the fierce battle between the Snake Spirit Sect and the Bird Spirit Sect, the human spirits of the three houses quickly left the battlefield situated in the Wine Basin.

They bypassed the Mist City and the checkpoint of the Snake Spirit Sect, and took the opportunity to head straight into the center of the Jade Pure Realm.

However, this didn't go unnoticed in the eyes of the Snake Spirit King.

When the thirteenth round of attack from the Snake Spirit Sect began, Cornelius, the Snake Spirit King, finally made his appearance in the Wine Basin.

There was an amber-colored diamond-shaped gem embedded in Cornelius's head, which was a Holy Item called the Limited Omnipotent Stone.

With the aid of this gem, he was able to see everything within a limited area. Thus, everything that was happening in the Jade Pure Realm couldn't escape from his eyes.

Previously, when Dale returned to the bubble, he had been captured by Cornelius. Then, Sewell quietly sent the coordinates into the bubble afterward.

"There are some deserters," Cornelius said in an annoyed tone.

Surprise instantly appeared in Sewell's eyes as he heard what the Snake Spirit King said. "Who dares to escape?" he asked.

"The human spirits from the three houses," Cornelius answered briefly.

"Then I'll go and capture them right now," Sewell quickly responded.

The Snake Spirit King looked at the edge of the Wine Basin and shook his head. "There's no need to do that. We don't have to deal with them personally. Besides, there's nowhere they can go that I can't see. What we need to focus on is the Bird Spirit King."

On the peninsula behind the Wine Basin, the bird spirits used the rare gold threads to make a huge nest. On the nest was a giant bird that looked like a swan. His wings appeared to be symmetrical rhombuses, like two magnificent crystal mines as they were spread out.

The giant bird's head was resting on the ground of the nest, motionless.

His eyes remained wide open, and they were now filled with so much chaos and killing intent.

"They should be punished.

No one is innocent in this world, and I have to remove all their sins.

Those snakes are the root cause of all sins!" the giant bird said in his sleep.

It was Sheehan, the Bird Spirit King. For countless years now, he had been crawling on the ground in this position.

Even in his unconscious state, he still had a lot of appetite for destruction. Therefore, even as a Treacherous Being, his combat effectiveness was still terrifying. This was the very reason why the Snake Spirit King had never dared to take him down before.

"Our king! You don't have to concern yourself with this skirmish."

"We can take care of them on our own."

"That's right! We, the bird spirits, can't be defeated by them!"

Three Bird Masters bowed before the Bird Spirit King and kept on persuading him not to leave the nest.

The leader of the three Bird Masters was called Lawler. He was ranked first in terms of strength among all the Bird Masters. The second was Duran, and the third was Orval. They all wore a suit of heavy armor that made them look like giant reptiles instead of birds.

The three of them were supposed to participate in the battle happening at the Wine Basin. However, when they knew that the Bird Spirit King wanted to set out personally, they had no choice but to stay behind and persuade their king to change his mind.

The problem was Sheehan wasn't totally awake. His subconsciousness was what made him move.

Since he had turned into a Treacherous Being, he had been so full of resentment towards everything in the world. It was his obsession to destroy everything.

In fact, the three Bird Masters were already killed by him countless times.

This had been going on for many years. Actually, the Bird Spirit King's thirst for destruction had not been that vigorous recently. He might have gotten tired, or perhaps part of his wish had been satisfied already.

However, the fact remained that his wish was still to destroy everything.

Although the Bird Masters knew that Sheehan wasn't on his right mind, as his subordinates, they had no choice but to stay loyal to him. They were even willing to ruin the entire chaos if they had to.

It was because they knew that this was the only way to truly wake their king up.

"I can't sit idly by! They have caused my people to suffer. I will kill them all if that's what I need to do," Sheehan muttered in his sleep.

"We can do that ourselves. We're also Treacherous Beings that could revive repeatedly. Please, my king, let us handle this," Lawler pleaded.

The truth was the Bird Spirit Sect was already in great trouble, but Lawler still chose to hide it from Sheehan.

"Those snake spirits are getting closer and closer!" Sheehan suddenly raised his head and looked straight ahead in the direction of the Wine Basin. "He has appeared. He finally dares to come for me!" Sheehan's expression changed drastically.

He got so excited that there was a huge smile on his face while still emitting strong killing intent.

The light purple gleam on his every feather began to shine brightly.

Clatter! Clatter!

He gradually raised his head and body.

The hard diamond-shaped feathers collided with each other, producing a sound likened to a handful of shells banging together. It was both crisp and harsh.

Although the golden nest was still quite far from the battlefield, his eyes were already focused on the image of the Snake Spirit King.

Sheehan only had one wish.

What he wanted the most was to kill Cornelius and then crush the whole world to ruin.

One could only imagine how cruel and desperate he had been before he died.

"My king! Please listen to us. You can't act rashly!"

"This is the Snake Spirit King's ploy. He wants to lure you out!"

"You mustn't go out right now."

The three Bird Masters were extremely anxious as they pleaded before their king.

However, because Sheehan was still unconscious, he wasn't able to think clearly. The words of the three Bird Masters fell into deaf ears.

Clatter! Clatter!

Sheehan had no intention to stop now.

Streaks of purple light danced around his wings, and the surrounding space twisted and cooperated in his every move.

Swoosh!

In an instant, the three Bird Masters were left there as the Bird Spirit King disappeared. He only left streaks of purple lights that extended towards the battlefield in the Wine Basin.

Chapter 4156 The Fastest Speed

Among the four sect leaders, the Bird Spirit King Sheehan was the fastest. He also had the most profound understanding of space.

To the creatures of the main world, the Deep Space was an obscure and incomprehensible area.

Many of them, including those of the Four Spirits Sect, had entered and explored the Deep Space. However, only Sheehan could explore it easily and effortlessly.

He had once reached the unreachable depths of the Deep Space, making him the only one who could bring back the ancestry-level bloodline.

The Snake Spirit King observed Sheehan's every move through the Limited Omnipotent Stone and he saw him flap his wings. "Sheehan is going to make a move," he warned.

But Sheehan was too fast. Even if the Snake Spirit King watched his movement, he couldn't do anything to stop him. There was always a way to deflate other theurgies, but the winner was defined by speed.

After the Snake Spirit King's alert, Sewell stood on guard. The next moment, they noticed wisps of purple light.

Sewell felt a slight chill as a wisp of purple light swept past his body. He then saw a huge bird's claw appear in front of him.

The claw disappeared quickly before his eyes. Sewell blinked, uncertain whether it was a phantom or not.

At the next minute, an unforeseen force pressed down on them.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Three crevices of tens of thousands of feet long imprinted around Sewell. These were Sheehan's claw print. Sewell was then crushed into the depths of the ground, breaking his body into several pieces.

Despite the ghastly power of Sheehan's claw, it couldn't kill a Treacherous Being without the help of the Light of Annihilation. Sewell's broken body parts wriggled like earthworms. They moved towards each other and slowly reconnected into a whole.

Sewell couldn't avoid Sheehan's claw, neither could the Snake Spirit King beside him.

After all, Sheehan's target was the Snake Spirit King. The purple light wrapped the Snake Spirit King and a strong force clashed unto him—it was Sheehan's huge body.

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

Because of the impact, the Snake Spirit King recoiled in the Wine Basin. The high water splashed into an enormous wave because of the Snake Spirit King's weight.

After the Snake Spirit King retreated a full distance of about forty thousand feet, he stopped rolling as his thick snake tail pierced into the Wine Basin.

As a snake, he was weak in battle.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The purple light shone brighter from above. Sheehan slowly descended from the sky, revealing his complete figure.

An overwhelming aura was released from Sheehan's body. His dark eyes reflected indescribable hatred from within.

"Cornelius. You finally dare to come. I have been waiting for you,"

Sheehan said through a loud and thunderous voice.

The high frequency made the water in the whole Wine Basin vibrate, producing a series of ripples.

The Snake Spirit King raised his body and silently stared at Sheehan. He felt his opponent's undisguised intent of killing him.

Within the four sects, the Monkey Spirit Sect was reckless and aggressive, the Human Spirit Sect was proficient in studying, and the Bird Spirit Sect was noble and peace-loving. Sheehan treated Kincaid, Cornelius, and Orlando as good friends.

Even as the internal conflict of the Four Spirits Sect became fiercer through time, Sheehan still tried to maintain peace and order.

He naively believed that as long as he tried his best, the four sects would be as united as they were at the beginning, and that they would altogether fight off one powerful race after another.

In the Four Spirits Sect, Sheehan made the greatest contributions. He found the ancestry-level bloodline which was deemed to be the Four Spirits Sect's foundation, but he never claimed credit for himself or became arrogant. Instead, he selflessly offered his help.

But his goodwill didn't bring peace, but more serious disputes.

What he didn't expect was the Snake Spirit King would want to destroy not only the entire Four Spirits Sect but also the main world.

When he entered the chaos and found out that the Snake Spirit King was to blame, Sheehan sank into hopelessness. He was overwhelmed by desperation as everything he upheld was shattered.

This world was so ugly. The only way to purify it was to ruin everything.

The Snake Spirit King needed to pay the highest price!

The purple light once again beamed from Sheehan's body. The area formed by the light belonged to him.

This was the case in the chaos, the main world, and even the Deep Space.

The space rules he conceived could be used in the spaces of all levels. His talent was indeed unimaginable.

Splash!

Sheehan disappeared again after the purple light circled the Snake Spirit King's body.

Crack! Crack!

With two muffled sounds, Sheehan's sharp claw had quietly gripped the Snake Spirit King.

Whoosh!

He flew to the other side of the Wine Basin grasping onto the Snake Spirit King.

When these two huge creatures flew over the Wine Basin, their figures became invisible from anyone on the battlefield. Even Sewell who watched the Bird Spirit King was clueless about where they went.

The battlefield in the Wine Basin was located in the southernmost area of the Jade Pure Realm. After flying at an incredible speed, Sheehan then landed at the edge of the Jade Pure Realm.

In the blink of an eye, he tossed the Snake Spirit King out of the Jade Pure Realm.

Sheehan wished to destroy everything. The simplest way to kill the Snake Spirit King was to throw him into the Void Dust so that he would be swallowed alive.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Even as a Treacherous Being, the Snake Spirit King couldn't escape the devouring power of the Void Dust.

The huge body of the Snake Spirit King squirmed desperately in the Void Dust, but after struggling for a while, he was consumed completely.

After he was annihilated, Sheehan's brutal stare weakened a little.

The Snake Spirit King was his biggest enemy, but killing him was not enough to satisfy him.

Sheehan flapped his wings and the purple light floated to the other side. Just as he was about to follow it, a ball suddenly appeared not far away. The ball rapidly expanded, producing a set of golden coordinates.

The Snake Spirit King slowly broke out from the golden coordinates. The Limited Omnipotent Stone on his forehead remained intact. After he emerged, the ball engulfed the golden coordinates and disappeared.

"You... You didn't die?" Sheehan's eyes widened with confusion.

"Hiss!

You are stupid because you haven't awakened." The Snake Spirit King shook his head mockingly.

To kill Treacherous Beings once and for all, their coordinates had to be destroyed. It was not a secret in the Jade Pure Realm, but Sheehan seemed to know nothing about it.

"Well then, I'll kill you over and over until you finally die!" Sheehan roared, once again overcome by killing intent.

Chapter 4157 The Source Of Curse

Sheehan's plan was simple.

His objective was to kill Cornelius, so from the very beginning, he focused on him alone, locking him as his target.

Swoosh...

Half of the sky was overlaid with the dispersed purple light.

In the purple zone, Sheehan was nearly indestructible. This was his game. No one would be able to calculate his movements, what more to counter them.

Just now, Sheehan did not fly over the long distance when he took the Snake Spirit King to the edge, nor did he open a space channel. He just disappeared from a place and reappeared at another place. To Sheehan, it was quite simple, but to the others, it was incomprehensible.

With Sheehan's unpredictable movements, there was no way for anyone to be able to locate where he was or to determine when to strike. Within the purple light, he was moving too fast.

As soon as he finished speaking, Sheehan disappeared once again.

Cornelius, the Snake Spirit King, felt his body tremble, and then, before he was able to react, he was lifted into the air and then thrown into the Void Dust again. It all happened too fast.

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle...

Just like that, Cornelius was completely devoured by the Void Dust, leaving nothing behind, Then the ball that wrapped around his coordinates appeared again.

Unfortunately for Sheehan, the ball appeared outside of the purple light. He knew he had to get the ball, but if he were to step outside of the light, he would put himself in danger.

As he extended his wings, the purple light extended as well, reaching for the ball.

He treated the light as if it were a part of his body. If he were able to move it far enough to meet the ball, he would be able to claim it without breaking a sweat.

However, as the light inched closer to the ball, something strange happened.

The ball avoided the light. If the light flew towards the ball, the ball would fly even further from it. The two moved at the same speed, making it nearly impossible for the two to meet.

After the nearly hundred-mile-chase, the Snake Spirit King emerged from the ball.

As soon as this happened, Sheehan immediately began his attack, once again enveloping the Snake Spirit King with the light

and throwing him into the Void Dust.

However, this time, it was different. Even though the Snake Spirit King was still struggling, his beady, crescent-shaped eyes were telling a different story—one of vengeance. Little did Sheehan know that a three-headed snake was crawling at his back.

The Snake Spirit King was not stupid. From the very beginning, he knew that with Sheehan's abilities, especially in terms of speed, he would not be able to compete.

The Snake Spirit King had all the resources he needed, but he knew he didn't need to exhaust all that to defeat Sheehan. A Holy Item could do it for him.

The three-headed snake, which was named the Source of Curse, was the second Holy Item in the Snake Spirit King's collection.

It had long been in his collection and had been used by him for a long time. The Source of Curse was able to put three curse marks on three targets. As long as the opponent killed one of the targets, from the back of the opponent would emerge a three-headed snake.

The twist was only the Snake Spirit King could see the three-headed snake; it was invisible to anyone else, even to the one who carried it.

Whenever the carrier would kill one of the targets, one of the snake's head would open its eyes. This went on until the carrier killed three targets to open all of the heads' eyes. Once all of the eyes were open, the three-headed snake would be in full effect, controlling its carrier.

In the past, when the Snake Spirit King used the Source of Curse, he would have to sacrifice three snake spirits.

In this situation, as the Snake Spirit King revived himself in the form of the Treacherous Being, he would be able to sacrifice himself three times to fully activate his curse.

Hiss, hiss, hiss...

The three-headed snake snapped all of its eyes open.

All of a sudden, Sheehan began to feel something strange appearing behind him. His resting wings sprung up, trembling with unusual vigor. Against his will, he kept flying in the purple light. Eventually, his body began to leap crazily in all sorts of directions.

As the flying speed of Sheehan increased, the Snake Spirit King saw countless figures flashing within the purple light. He stared at them, realizing they were neither illusions nor shadows. These figures were all Sheehan, who, in the high speed of flight, appeared to the ordinary eye as multiple bodies. The Snake Spirit King laughed manically.

"It's useless, Sheehan. Whatever you do, you won't be able to get rid of the Source of Curse," he said, sadistically amused with what he was seeing.

The way the Source of Curse operated was reminiscent of a blooming flower. The more Sheehan struggled, the more it thrived, spreading its power further and even greater within its host. As it physically exhausted Sheehan and sucked all of his power out, it grew stronger and stronger. Eventually, it had completely entangled Sheehan.

The purple light shrank, and Sheehan fell from the air, grasping for his breath.

The Snake Spirit King looked at him mockingly and smiled down on him condescendingly. "You are so pitiful..." "Throw him into the Void Dust," he commanded, with no ounce of mercy.

Usually, even without the Spiritual Boat, Sheehan would be able to sail through the Void Dust with the help of his large and powerful wings. However, with the Source of Curse sucking all of his power dry, he wouldn't be able to help himself, leaving him to be devoured by the Void Dust.

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle...

Soon, Sheehan's Treacherous Being body was dragged by the Snake Spirit King's three-headed snake and thrown into the Void Dust.

After that, the battle between the Bird Spirit King and the Snake Spirit King finally ended.

"The Limited Omnipotent Stone," the Snake Spirit King muttered.

The diamond-shaped gem etched onto his forehead began to glow, and he began to see everything in the Jade Pure Realm.

To protect Sheehan, the Bird Spirit Sect hid his coordinates.

However, in the Three Purities Stage, there were only a few things that could avoid the Limited Omnipotent Stone. One of them was the bubble of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

Having activated the Limited Omnipotent Stone, the Snake Spirit King was made aware of where Sheehan's coordinates was hidden. He immediately went to the ground, running towards the battlefield in the Wine Basin.

In the middle rear of the battlefield were the three Bird Masters of the Bird Spirit Sect, Lawler, Duran, and Orval, fighting fiercely against Sewell.

At first, the three Bird Masters followed behind the Bird Spirit King, trying to protect him from danger, but the Bird Spirit King was simply too fast. They were unable to catch up with him. By the time they arrived at the Bird Spirit King's destination, they had found that he already disappeared with the Snake Spirit King, leaving only Sewell.

Because they were so worried about Sheehan's safety, even though they did not want to, they fought Sewell, forcing him to tell them where the Bird Spirit King went.

The problem was that Sewell did not know where the Bird Spirit King went with the Snake Spirit King. Even if he knew where they were, it would be impossible for him to say it. The battle was already decided for him.

Even Lawler was able to hold Sewell to a draw alone. Moreover, he had the help of Duran and Orval now.

Even though Sewell was trying to keep his composure, under the siege of the three Bird Masters, he could hardly hold on.

All of a sudden, Lawler's body was held frozen as if he forgot to breathe.

"Lawler, what's the matter with you?" Duran asked in confusion, worrying for his friend. He had been working with him for so long, but this was the first time he had seen him stunned into immovability.

Lawler gently waved his right wing, revealing the golden coordinates.

When Duran and Orval saw this, their expressions changed drastically, joining that of Lawler's.

"Our king..."

"He has been killed!"

"Has he lost the battle with the Snake Spirit King?"

The three Bird Masters were all in a state of confusion and panic, their distressed voices overlapping each other's questions.

At this time, this was the last thing they wanted to happen.

The Bird Spirit King's strength was not less than the Snake Spirit King's; in this aspect, they probably equaled each other. To think of Sheehan dying was unacceptable to them, but the result was not that shocking to them as he had not awakened and the Snake Spirit King possessed the Holy Items.

What shocked them more was the short period wherein this happened.

While the three Bird Masters were stirring in their sad air, Sewell, on the other hand, was overcome with joy. He had been continuously defeated, but seeing this was more than enough to provide him with great courage. His body suddenly sprung up into the sky, flying towards the coordinates on Lawler's wing.

If the coordinates were destroyed, the Bird Spirit King would completely perish. Because of this, Lawler, despite his extreme sadness, carried on, doing his best to protect it from Sewell.

As Sewell went for his wing, Lawler withdrew it, soaring higher into the sky.

However, as he was about to shoot higher up in the air, a huge shadow enveloped him.

Chapter 4158 Bring A Message

Although Lawler's reaction was fast, he was still nowhere near the Snake Spirit King's level.

Before he could even think to dodge, the Snake Spirit King's tail had already hit him square on the chest.

Boom!

A huge hole appeared on the Wine Basin as Lawler's body was shattered into pieces and the set of golden coordinates hidden under his wing was exposed.

Duran and Orval exchanged looks and quickly spread their wings to rush towards the golden coordinates.

Their loyalty to their king was absolute and they would do everything to protect him.

Bang! Bang!

However, before the two Bird Masters could even get close, the Snake Spirit King had already lashed at them.

Their hearts dropped to see the Snake Spirit King's long tail snatch the set of golden coordinates from Lawler. To their horror, he immediately put it into his mouth.

Ordinary people wouldn't be able to destroy coordinates so easily and often needed a special space hammer to do so.

However, the Snake Spirit King was no ordinary person. "My kindest and most honest friend," he muttered with the golden coordinates in his mouth, "goodbye."

Just as he bit down, a black light suddenly flashed ten feet away from his tail.

As this black light reached him, the Snake Spirit King instantly stiffened in fear.

Buzz!

To his absolute horror, the black light continued to spread and move along his body.

Treacherous Beings did not have bones, neither did those at the Snake Spirit King's level but this black light outlined his spine and skull clearly.

"We can't kill Sheehan," the Snake Spirit King suddenly declared.

Sewell frowned in displeasure. "Why not?!"

"Because he is still useful," the Snake Spirit King replied.

"He'll ruin our plans!" Sewell pointed out.

"Just do as I say!"

The Snake Spirit King spat out the golden coordinates he had previously put in his mouth and threw it towards Duran.

Filled with great inertia, the golden coordinates smashed Duran to the ground.

"I..."

The Snake Spirit King was very unwilling to give up and wanted to rush towards the golden coordinates. However, just as he was about to step forward, his body stiffened. He turned around and promptly left the battlefield.

This left Sewell, Duran, Orval, and Lawler gaping in astonishment. They absolutely had no idea what just happened.

"My king! My king!"

Sewell shouted as he followed after the Snake Spirit King.

"Retreat."

The Snake Spirit King's order was concise and demanded to be followed.

Sewell, however, was still unwilling and shook his head.

"We can annihilate the whole Bird Spirit Sect at this point. We can't stop now. We have to..."

However, before he could finish his words, the Snake Spirit King shot him a cold glare and silenced him. "Do you dare disobey me?"

As the second most important figure in their sect, Sewell was someone who served the Snake Spirit King with the utmost loyalty and devotion. This was probably the most serious warning his superior gave him.

Sewell opened his mouth as his gut clenched in fear. "I... I dare not," he stammered in response before issuing the order to retreat.

Almost all the Treacherous Beings on both sides had been killed. Even if Sewell did not give the order, the Treacherous Beings would still return after they died.

Thus, the fierce battle in the Jade Pure Realm ended in such a strange, abrupt manner.

Meanwhile, in the Divine Bell City of the Ruin Graveyard, the bell began to ring.

This was a constant thing that happened once a month and everyone at the Other Shore Realm buzzed with excitement.

Soon, many Other Shore Realm warriors began to ring the bell.

Rocher was the most eye-catching one.

The fact that he made it to the thirty-second floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower was amazing and shocked the entire Ruin Graveyard.

With this feat, he suddenly became everyone's hope to reach the top.

After he managed to obtain the Monta Stone, his cultivation speed increased exponentially and he was able to reach the thirty-second floor quickly. He now set out to challenge the thirty-third floor.

Dong!

After a long and melodious ring, he once again sat under the divine bell.

Rocher closed his eyes and entered the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

He liked the tower's atmosphere very much and every time he entered, he felt a great sense of joy. Rocher had the impression that the owner was an incredibly optimistic person.

However, when he entered, he sensed a subtle change in the air. It felt more dignified and solemn.

Rocher couldn't help but take note of this change. 'Is it because I've reached the top?' he thought to himself.

He was already on the thirty-third floor and his eyes were already fixated on the Lone Sword.

The atmosphere in the tower made him straighten his back more.

Rocher's suspicions were correct. There was indeed a dignified presence within the tower. The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and his four disciples had gathered in the tower to watch him.

"Let Rocher get that sword," Dale said.

Arthur nodded. "I agree."

Justin was quick to affirm, "I also have no objections."

"It's all up to you, Master," Derrick said.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord nodded. "Back then, there was something wrong with the Lone Sword but Geoffrey was able to repair it. He was able to connect the sword to the eleventh stair and make it so much more powerful. Are you all sure that you won't regret it if Rocher gets it?"

There was no hesitation at all as the four disciples shook their heads. They'd been trapped in this bubble for so long and their ambitions had long since evaporated into thin air.

"I won't regret it," Dale confirmed. "We've deliberately trained Rocher and guided him to the thirty-third floor precisely for him to obtain this sword."

"Geoffrey is still in the main world though and there is still no news of him. What if he tries to deliver a message through the sword?" Arthur asked. To be fair, he had a point.

However, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had already prepared for that possibility and showed them a blood-red, jade pendant in his hand.

His disciples' expressions changed when they saw the pendant on his palm. "That's the Blood Soul Jade Pendant," Dale muttered in a low voice.

This pendant was formed by the bloodline of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and nurtured by him for many years. It was an avatar he created and the power it contained was comparable to his own.

"Summon a soul and I'll integrate your souls into the Lone Sword," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord told them.

"Why, Master?" Justin asked. They absolutely had no idea why their master would make such an arrangement.

A soul normally served as a back-up plan during a huge crisis but they'd been safe in this bubble for so long now.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's face became serious. "Since Dale came back, I've been uneasy because our location has already been exposed."

"But the bubble can't be tracked. We've already changed our location and Arthur's already swallowed up the metal-devouring beast," Justin said, perfectly assured of their safety.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord could only sigh, "I know but I've been so uneasy these days. Just leave your souls in case something happens."

Though they did not know what their master was worried about, the four disciples still did as he asked and summoned their souls to drill into the jade pendant.

Their master then reached out and hung the pendant onto the Lone Sword. The moment it was placed upon the sword, the jade pendant changed into blood threads that attached themselves onto the blade and seeped into the steel.

Rocher couldn't see nor hear them. He also had no idea of what had just happened when the jade pendant integrated itself onto the Lone Sword.

Compared to the last time he saw it, the Lone Sword's aura had changed and the energy that emanated from it was extremely astonishing. It was no longer the broken weapon that exuded no aura. It seemed like a proper, powerful weapon now.

Rocher felt it but couldn't figure out how it happened. However, he remained very interested in the Lone Sword.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The big bell in the Divine Bell City began to tremble intermittently. Time was almost up.

With a smile on his face, Rocher reached out and grasped the Lone Sword. Once the sound stopped, he would automatically leave the Mysterious

Yellow Tower.

However, when he turned around, he found an old, sage-like man in front of him.

His first instinct was to ask this man for identification. "Who are..." However, he changed his mind halfway. "Are you the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower?" Rocher asked.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord nodded.

"Did you show up because I reached the top?" he asked. Rocher wasn't that surprised at the owner's appearance.

In fact, he figured that it was only a matter of time before this happened.

However, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord shook his head. "I want you to deliver a message to Mike."

Rocher's eyes widened. "Bring a message to Holy Mike?"

It wasn't easy for him to reach the thirty-third floor yet when he got there, the owner of the tower suddenly appeared and asked him to deliver a message to Zen's father. What exactly was going on?

Rocher shook his head. He shouldn't think about it too much right now. "What's the message?" he asked.

A small butterfly appeared upon the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's hand. He tossed it and Rocher watched it fly down and land on the eighth floor.

"Let Mike ring the bell and enter the tower to bear this butterfly," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord instructed.

Chapter 4159 Something Arthur Shouldn't Eat

Rocher was still in a daze, even as he left the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

'Reaching the top was no easy task... As the owner of the tower, shouldn't he congratulate me or assign me some tasks?

He could have at least revealed the truth of the Mysterious Yellow Tower, or the significance of the Ruin Graveyard.

He didn't even reward me somehow.

Instead, he just asked me to deliver a message to Holy Mike. Why?' Rocher pondered in silent misery.

By the time he had come to his senses, he found himself under the big bell.

Everyone in the Divine Bell City watched him expectantly.

Rocher had never disappointed them before. He was outstanding in all he did in the Divine Bell City. This time, he'd reached the top. Everyone's eyes were fixed on him.

"Rocher, did you succeed?" Bromley, who was standing nearby, asked with concern.

Rocher glanced at his inner world briefly then nodded. "The sword is already in my inner world."

Splash!

Although they had expected this, the crowd still burst into an uproar.

"Finally, Rocher has reached the top!"

"Rocher, did you try climbing outside of the tower to see what it's like?"

"…"

Everyone bombarded him with questions, barely giving him room to respond.

Bromley waved his hand, and everyone immediately shut up. "Go to cultivate in seclusion and bear the sword."

Only after the Other Shore Token was carried in one's inner world and a real link was established could one truly own it.

Rocher nodded and stood up, eyeing Mike in the group.

Even though Mike was a Holy Being in the divine land, he still had to line up to ring the bell in the Divine Bell City.

"Holy Mike," Rocher greeted, bowing courteously.

Mike bowed back politely. "What's the matter?"

"Are you going to challenge the ninth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower this time?" Rocher asked warily.

Mike nodded. "Yes, I want to reach the ninth floor."

Rocher was a creature born in Mike's inner world, and later on, he was reborn. In a short period of time, he had become a consummate True God, and after entering the Ruin Graveyard, he had even reached the thirty-third floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

On the other hand, Mike was still at the eighth floor, which was equivalent to the eighth stage of the Other Shore Realm. As a Holy Being of the divine land, he was lagging behind.

Of course, Mike wasn't an isolated case. The other Holy Beings, except Bromley, were in even worse situations.

Moreover, Rocher was only able to reach the thirty-third floor thanks to the help of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and Dale. However, Rocher wasn't aware of this; no one was. Everyone was just under the impression that Rocher was extremely talented.

"When I reached the thirty-third floor, an old man appeared," Rocher said seriously.

Beside them, Bromley, Holy Jay, and many other humans exchanged strange glances.

Mike's eyes flashed. "Is he the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower?"

Mike had learned more about the Other Shore from his wife, Lorena. He knew that even in the Source World, it was not easy to become a powerful warrior at the Other Shore Realm. Among all the members of the Nine Li race, only Chiyou had been to Stage Thirty-three on the Other Shore.

In everyone's eyes, the Mysterious Yellow Tower was like a completely independent Other Shore. They could only imagine how powerful its owner must be!

"He said he was," Rocher answered with a nod.

The expressions of Mike, Bromley, Holy Jay and the others changed slightly. "What did that old man say?" Bromley asked.

Bromley was now a member of top management of the Ruin Graveyard, but he knew very little about it. In fact, even the natives of the Ruin Graveyard didn't know much about it.

"He asked Holy Mike to go to the eighth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower and bear a butterfly-like Other Shore Token," Rocher replied gravely.

Hearing this answer, Bromley, Mike and Holy Jay all scratched their heads in confusion.

"The eighth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower?" Mike frowned. "I remember that among the four hundred Other Shore Tokens on the eighth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower, none of them looks like a butterfly."

"The old man just put it there," Rocher replied.

Mike's eyes lit up.

Since it was put there by the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower, it must be extraordinary.

The Other Shore Realm warriors who had been waiting in line in the Divine Bell City stepped to the side, clearing a path for Mike.

He rang the bell firmly, then went into the Mysterious Yellow Tower and quickly found the butterfly.

After bringing the butterfly back to the Divine Bell City, Mike could barely contain his excitement. He couldn't wait to bear it!

This was a new Other Shore Token!

However, when he tried activating the butterfly's ability after he bore it, he found that the butterfly was pitifully weak. It only had about ten divine megatons of force, and it had no other special ability.

"What's the use of this Other Shore Token?" Mike said sulkily.

The butterfly floated alone in the air above Mike's Evolutionary Universe. It was very nimble, but unfortunately, it was indeed quite weak.

Holy Jay, Bromley and Rocher looked at each other in dismay. The butterfly was so much weaker than the Other Shore Tokens on the eighth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

"It's strange. Why must Mike bear this Other Shore Token?" Holy Jay pondered aloud, stroking his beard.

"Since the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower specifically requested it, you have no choice but to bear it now," Bromley said. "He probably has a bigger plan set in motion."

Mike nodded, deciding to shrug off his disappointment for now.

Even if he bore this Other Shore Token, it wouldn't hinder his cultivation. He could change it when he reached a higher floor in the future.

After a period of time of acceleration, the Pear Hill's speed was now hundreds of times faster than before.

Whenever this giant mountain passed through the chaotic clouds, the clouds rippled outward.

The first destination of the Pear Hill was Zen's primitive land. Second would be the Ruin Graveyard.

With the help of the first butterfly, Zen could sense the location of his primitive land. The second butterfly was brought into the Jade Pure Realm by Dale. Its location had always been very strange, so he could only feel it vaguely.

The moment Mike brought the butterfly back to the Divine Bell City, a clear location showed up in Zen's mind.

Zen, who was still cultivating, suddenly opened his eyes and looked alert. "The west," he muttered.

In the bubble, when he saw that Mike took the butterfly, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord heaved a sigh of relief.

The Lone Sword was the most powerful inheritance in the Mysterious Yellow Tower. That butterfly would lead Zen straight to the Ruin Graveyard!

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord nodded in satisfaction. He had done what he could.

"I wonder how the war between the Snake Spirit Sect and the Bird Spirit Sect is going," said Dale.

Because the bubble's location had been exposed before, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord didn't allow them to observe the war in secret anymore. After all, if they were not careful enough, they could be caught by the Snake Spirit King.

"Since the Bird Spirit King hasn't awakened, he definitely is no match for the Snake Spirit King," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord concluded without thinking about it too much.

"I just hope that the Bird Spirit Sect can hold on..." Arthur said. Rumble!

Just then, Arthur's huge stomach grumbled loudly.

"Did you eat something strange?" Dale asked curiously, eyebrows raised.

"You're kidding. I can eat anything," Arthur said with a shrug.

All of a sudden, the expression on Arthur's face changed dramatically. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, and only the whites could be seen. "But not long ago, he ate something that he shouldn't have eaten," Arthur said in a strange voice. "Do you remember that metal-devouring beast? Hahaha..."

Chapter 4160 Invasion

Arthur laughed manically. He was exuding a completely different aura. It was the aura of a Treacherous Being!

Dale, Derrick, and Justin grew pale.

"Who are you?"

"Get out of Arthur's body!"

"How'd a Treacherous Being get in him?"

They took all precautions when exploring the Jade Pure Realm, knowing full well how dangerous Treacherous Beings could be. They knew Arthur was in a dire situation.

Amid this commotion, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord assessed the situation calmly.

He had been feeling uneasy the past few days, sensing something amiss. Now he knew why.

The Treacherous Being in Arthur's body had mentioned the metal-devouring beast that Arthur had swallowed. The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord deduced that coordinates had probably been planted in that creature.

Arthur could devour everything but he couldn't destroy the coordinates. They had stayed in his stomach.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord strode forward and slapped Arthur's forehead with his hands. Arthur's mouth flew wide open.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord then activated a pill-sized Holy Stone emitting the Light of Annihilation, popping it directly into Arthur's open mouth before quickly snapping it shut.

"Ouch!"

A pained expression crossed Arthur's face. He flailed around wildly, apparently struggling against something the others couldn't see.

The powerful Light of Annihilation was exploding within his body, causing him agony.

The resentment-level and the hatred-level Treacherous Beings could tolerate the Light of Annihilation to some extent, but they were very sensitive to it.

Purr!

Unable to bear it any longer, white Treacherous Beings soon emerged from Arthur's ears.

They began to return to their original forms. They were two Snake Masters of the Snake Spirit Sect.

One of them was Abel, ranked sixteenth among the Snake Masters. The other one was Holcomb, who ranked seventeenth. They could be considered part of the backbone of their group.

"Haha!" Abel laughed gleefully. "We finally found the rats hiding underground!"

"Hmph! They are too weak. They're not even worth fighting. Otherwise, our king would have already eliminated them," Holcomb said with disdain.

The Snake Spirit Sect had already sensed the existence of the bubble, but it had been elusive. The Snake Spirit Sect had tried to locate and capture it several times, but had always failed until now.

Sharp spiked scales began to appear on the surface of Dale's body, adding to his bulk. "Are you here for us? What an honor," he sneered.

With a flick of his hand, Justin took out a huge writing brush from his Sumeru Space. "You've gone through so much trouble to get here. You deserve to rest in peace here, as well!"

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and his disciples had been in the Jade Pure Realm for a long time now. They knew how to deal with Treacherous Beings.

There was currently only one thought in their minds. They needed to subdue the two Snake Masters so the bubble's location could never be exposed.

Buzz!

Justin swung the huge writing brush. The blue power of space flowed from its tip.

Abel and Holcomb reacted quickly, writhing away. Crescent shaped patterns appeared on the surface of Abel's body.

"Get ready!"

Abel's body flashed with a bright light that engulfed Holcomb.

They became extremely fast, darting around the bubble. They looked like flowing bands of light, leaving long and thin shadows.

"Take this!"

"It's show time!"

Abel and Holcomb then deployed their theurgies.

Single-colored thorns materialized from Abel's body and shot toward the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. Holcomb released sinister icicles which shot out in all directions. The small bubble was filled with freezing cold air.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and his four disciples were all at the Eternal Realm, but they were much stronger than most.

Moreover, Elder Xue had also taught the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord the Blood-controlling Method.

In terms of pure bloodline power, the five were equal to each other in strength.

"You're dead meat!"

Arthur smiled widely.

Circles of threads appeared on the surface of his shiny belly. As they spun out, they formed vortexes in the surrounding space.

The single-colored thorns and icicles fell into them and were quickly sucked into Arthur's stomach.

Dale's body continued transforming. In addition to the spiked scales, his head began to shrink, and his hands turned into claws. He got on all fours and darted forward, giving chase to the two Snake Masters like a moving shadow.

The power of the thorns and icicles was extraordinary. They would have caused serious injuries on ordinary Eternal Realm fighters. But Dale dashed through at high speed, easily dodging them.

The Snake Masters, however, were just as fast, darting here and there as Dale chased after them. An ordinary observer would have seen what looked like three bands of light, one black and two white, shooting about in the bubble. The chase went on for a few moments.

"Dale, take a break! Let me handle this!"

As Justin spoke, he swung his writing brush again.

The writing brush began drawing in the air, as if controlled by a graceful artist. It outlined the figures of the two Snake Masters.

Buzz!

Two blue lights flashed, and Abel and Holcomb were suddenly pulled directly in front of Justin.

Derrick, who was beside Justin, had been ready.

He held two runes tightly in his hands. The runes were inlaid with Holy Stones. As soon as Abel and Holcomb appeared in front of them, Derrick wasted no time slapping the runes on them.

Clap! Clap!

The runes immediately released the Light of Annihilation on the two Snake Masters' bodies. Their bodies began to tremble violently, as if they were being electrocuted.

Abel and Holcomb struggled to get the runes off, but they were specially made to deal with Treacherous Beings. It wouldn't be that easy.

No matter how hard they struggled, the runes were attached firmly to them.

However, they were hatred-level Treacherous Beings. The ordinary Light of Annihilation could suppress them, but it could not cause them substantial damage.

Justin drew a few strokes on their bodies with the writing brush. The blue power of space turned into a rope, tying them up tightly.

"Arthur, quickly! Find the coordinates in your belly!" Derrick said.

Destroying the coordinates would kill the two Snake Masters once and for all.

Chapter 4161 The Irreversible Downgrade

Placing their coordinates in the body of the metal-devouring beast was a big risk for the Snake Masters. These coordinates were, after all, their lifelines.

But Arthur wasn't careful to check himself after swallowing the metal-devouring beast, which gave the two Snake Masters a chance.

At Derrick's warning, Arthur began to look inside his belly, holding it with both hands, trying to look for the two sets of coordinates within his body.

"Master, how's it going on the outside?" Dale asked the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had been lost in thought, but Dale's question shook him out of his reverie.

"It's coming," he said seriously.

"What is coming?" asked Dale.

"The biggest trouble," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord replied.

The fact that the two Snake Masters had appeared in the bubble was causing them the most trouble. Their appearance meant that the bubble's location had already been exposed to the Snake Spirit Sect.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, trying to control the bubble and move it underground, had sensed that something was wrong.

"The biggest trouble?" Dale said, the corners of his eyes twitching.

This cat and mouse game had gone on in the Jade Pure Realm for many years and had now finally come to an end.

Meanwhile, Arthur was still searching for the coordinates in his stomach, a space so large that it had formed a world of its own. It was difficult for any creature to get out of his stomach alive, the only exceptions being the Treacherous Beings.

But before he could find the coordinates, he heard a muffled sound from above his head. The bubble had cracked open. Sewell and more than ten Snake Masters were making their way in through the crack.

Dale, Derrick, Arthur, and Justin had pumped up, brimming with fighting spirit. They had been of the opinion that as long as they properly handled everything, they could still survive in the bubble.

But their hearts sank at the sight of the Snake Masters.

"Go inside!" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord shouted at them.

The Mysterious Yellow Tower was emitting a strong gravitational force, sucking the four disciples into it.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had his hands pressed together and continually changed his movements. A faint yellow light appeared on the surface of the Mysterious Yellow Tower, causing it to look like an endless amount of power was accumulating on it.

Sewell coiled in the air, looking down upon the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord below him. His lips were curled in a mocking sneer as he said, "Don't even try to fight back. It won't be of any use."

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord smiled as he said calmly, "I don't think so."

"Letting you go caused me some small troubles. But what's the point of reviving the Monkey Spirit King? The real end is not in this Other Shore," Sewell said.

The Element Spirit Civilization reported everything important to Sewell, who then sifted through it and reported the most important information of the lot to the Snake Spirit King.

Sewell knew way more than the Snake Spirit King did.

He could guess that these people were probably the reason why the humans had been able to make rapid progress and even awaken the Monkey Spirit King.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord laughed, every wrinkle on his face trembling. "Do you think you know the real end? Even Cornelius doesn't! He is stupid."

Sewell sneered and said, "You've been underground for far too long. It looks like you're so scared that you've begun to talk nonsense."

According to the Snake Masters, Cornelius was a wise king.

Right from the internal strife in the Four Spirits Sect to the trap and to the present, he had meticulously planned every step. How could he be called stupid?

"Cornelius, I know you're looking at us," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said suddenly.

Sewell's eyes glinted coldly before sharp spines came shooting out of his body in quick succession. He didn't want this old human man to talk nonsense and offend the Snake Spirit King. How dare he call him by his name?

Sewell was about to pounce on the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord when a voice sounded in his mind.

"Let him continue."

"But this old man—"

"Calm down. I don't care."

A truly powerful figure wouldn't care about the words of the weak.

The Snake Spirit King used the Limited Omnipotent Stone to explore everything in the bubble. And now, he wanted to hear what the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord wanted to say.

Sewell said to the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, "My king allows you to continue."

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord sneered and said, "The Four Spirits Sect has been deceived. You have all been deceived."

"What do you mean?" Sewell asked, as instructed by the Snake Spirit King.

"The downgrading," said the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

Sewell's countenance became serious.

He thought that the rats hiding underground had been able to survive for so many years only because they had accidentally obtained the bubble to protect them. What more could they know?

"Go on," Sewell continued, his eyes narrowing.

"The downgrading is irreversible," said the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

The other Snake Masters remained stoic because they didn't know what the downgrading meant.

Sewell, on the other hand, was shaking.

Cornelius had once told him the meaning of downgrading. The chaos and the other secondary worlds were extension of the main world.

The Snake Spirit Sect had been able to defeat the other three sects of the Four Spirits Sect because they had planned everything in advance in the chaos, obtained an advantage in the downgraded world, and as a result, won the battle.

Now, the Snake Spirit King's next step was to upgrade. All the members of the Snake Spirit Sect would return to the main world, where the Snake Spirit Sect would rule.

"You are just a creature from the secondary world. You can't even take a single step in the main world, but you dare talk a lot of nonsense! Do you think I believe you?" Sewell sneered again.

"This fraud began when you planted the first Holy Stone and the first holy pillar began to grow. Did any of the secondary worlds you mentioned collapse? Were any of them restored to the main world? Even if the secondary worlds were destroyed completely, they would still exist. Am I right?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord continued.

He had never been to the main world, but had a clear understanding of everything through Elder Xue's dream.

Sewell hesitated yet again, and this time, so did the Snake Spirit King.

Back then, the Four Spirits Sect had built many secondary worlds, a number of which had collapsed. These worlds had been defective, but once they had been built, they would not disappear and would remain there forever.

However, the main world was large. Who would care about these small caves?

"They gave you the power to lead you to destruction. Someone from the Bold Conjecture House of the Human Spirit Sect had discovered this, but he was killed before he could send out this news. You, the Snake Spirit Sect, are the stupidest for being willing to be their lackeys!" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said, his voice rising.

In the past, he had aimed for the completion of the Finale Way. But after he had entered Elder Xue's dream, he discovered that the chaos was much more complicated than he had imagined, and that they needed more than the Finale Way.

Chapter 4162 The Broken Bell

During the days of the 77th chaotic era, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, and the other human heroes had made their judgment.

According to them, it took more than nine million divine megatons of power to complete the Finale Way.

That was what they had concluded under certain conditions.

However, such a conclusion turned out to be so rash and childish.

In the next chaotic eras, many ruling creatures still wanted to complete the Finale Way, and the amounts of power they calculated varied.

Among them, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had made an accurate calculation, and at the same time, they figured out that they needed one hundred and sixty million divine megatons of power to do that. The amount of power they calculated was far greater than what the human race had computed.

Still, their result was not comprehensive nor was it the most precise one.

Based on the information Elder Xue had provided, only ten million divine megatons of power was needed to complete the Finale Way.

After all, the purpose of restarting the whole chaos and entering a cycle of reincarnation was to provide energy to the four pillars. The process of restarting shouldn't consume too much energy.

The only thing was that the chaos was different from all the other secondary worlds.

The Snake Spirit Sect had once transformed the world, and it took a large amount of power to complete the Finale Way. Furthermore, Elder Xue had said that an exceptionally powerful being existed behind the Snake Spirit King, so the energy needed to complete the Finale Way would be equivalent to infinite.

Halfway through Elder Xue's dream, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord already understood that perhaps the only way to stabilize the chaos' situation was to kill the Snake Spirit King.

That was a nearly desperate answer.

After all, the Snake Spirit King had defeated even the Human Spirit King, the Monkey Spirit King, and the Bird Spirit King. How could the human race or the other races in the secondary world beat him?

Those ruling forces that planned to complete the Finale Way didn't know what kind of powerful opponents they were about to face. If only they knew, they surely would not fight at all!

However, it was not until the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord finished passing through the dream when he realized that there was a turning point in this matter.

Elder Xue had a way to bear the ancestry-level bloodline.

After the disaster in the main world, all the creatures went extinct. None of them, including the Snake Spirit Sect, could return to the main world.

There was only one smooth passageway existing, and it was the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Elder Xue handed over the difficult task to the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and asked him to select an Other Shore Realm warrior to obtain the ancestry-level bloodline.

Fortunately, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had already completed the seemingly impossible task.

Even in the face of the Snake Spirit King, he remained calm and composed, and he had already reached his limit!

All the Snake Masters were stunned and speechless upon hearing the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's words. Some of them even secretly glanced at Sewell.

Was what the old man had said true?

Sewell still stayed in his original posture as he looked down at the human elder below.

A little while later, the Snake Spirit King's voice filled Sewell's mind.

"Kill him."

In turn, Sewell said, "Kill them!"

Swish, swish, swish...

The Snake Masters had prepared for such an event for a long time. Upon Sewell's command, they rushed towards the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord like mad.

Although they appeared eager, they still had doubts in their hearts.

However, they could not question their king's order. They could only hide their doubts, confusion, and even unease in the back of their minds.

Meanwhile, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's eyes narrowed as he raised his hand.

"Rise!"

Rumble...

The earth cracked as the massive Mysterious Yellow Tower rose from the ground.

"Suppress!"

Boom!

As a result, the Mysterious Yellow Tower crushed the Snake Masters, who had rushed to the front, into pieces.

"Light of Annihilation..."

"Buzz..."

Then, bright white light enveloped the injured Treacherous Beings. With the help of the Mysterious Yellow Tower's killing power, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord slew several Snake Masters.

"It's just a small trick. Go to hell!"

At that point, Sewell joined the battle, and bone thorns grew all over his body.

In the Divine Bell City

At the foot of the big bell sat Augustus in a cross-legged position.

He tried to break through to the twentieth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

A loud, metallic clang filled the space as the bell rang, and he entered the tower.

As soon as he entered, he realized that he had already reached the twentieth floor. He was secretly pleased.

At that moment, however, the Mysterious Yellow Tower shook violently. He also saw four people above him.

The news that Rocher had seen the owner of the tower already spread, so of course, Augustus knew about it.

Naturally, he wanted to try his luck in the Mysterious Yellow Tower. If he met the owner of the tower, he might be able to get something useful and valuable.

He did not expect that he didn't meet the so-called owner of the tower, but he saw four young men instead.

He croaked, "You..."

The moment he spoke, Dale turned around and glanced at him. He coldly pointed at him and said, "Get out!"

An irresistible force had hit Augustus. His head spun, and then he was sent out of the Mysterious Yellow Tower!

The bell still rang, which meant that only half of the time had passed. When the other warriors at the Other Shore Realm saw that Augustus came out so soon, they thought he had chosen the Other Shore Token.

"What's wrong, Augustus?"

"Did you get the Other Shore Token on the twentieth floor?"

Bromley and Hallet asked as they came over to him.

Augustus was still in a daze. When he came back to his senses, he shook his head and said, "No."

"Why? You haven't reached the twentieth floor yet?" Bromley asked curiously.

In general, with Augustus' strength, it should be quite safe for him to climb up to the twentieth floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

"I saw four people..." Augustus uttered.

"Four!" Hallet was slightly shocked.

"But one of them kicked me out!" Augustus felt wronged and miserable. He did not even get to speak before they drove him out!

A frown crossed Bromley's face. "Aside from the four people, did you see anything else?" he asked.

"The Mysterious Yellow Tower shook so violently that I didn't know anything else," Augustus said and shook his head.

The Ruin Graveyard had many speculations about the Mysterious Yellow Tower. One of those speculations, which Rocher had confirmed, was that the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower was most likely a human being, or at least supported the human race.

It was evident when Bromley had received special care after he went to the Ruin Graveyard, and in the changes after the divine land entered the Ruin Graveyard.

"According to Lorena, the human race is not a powerful force on the Other Shore. They will surely encounter strong enemies. I hope they can get through them safely," Bromley said anxiously.

The Other Shore Realm warriors in the Ruin Graveyard relied on the Mysterious Yellow Tower. If the tower was gone, it would be hard for everyone to progress in their cultivation.

"Let me go there and try," Hallet suggested.

He suspected that Augustus had offended the people in the tower because he spoke too recklessly.

Afterward, Hallet took out his fishing rod and swung it forcefully, about to ring the bell.

But before he touched the big bell, it started to ring.

"Dong!"

The bell let out a strange chime, and even the people outside the Divine Bell City heard it clearly.

In the end, however, the sound became high and sharp. It was so shrill that even the Other Shore Realm warriors couldn't help but cover their ears.

"Dong! Crack!"

Suddenly, the sound stopped.

A crack appeared in the middle of the big bell, and the bell's surface abruptly curled up.

If so many Other Shore Realm warriors hadn't seen it with their own eyes, they would have thought that someone had destroyed the bell.

Chapter 4163 The Burial Land

As the Other Shore Realm warriors in the Divine Bell City saw that the big bell was broken, they were all stunned.

They started thinking about who could have done it. It was such an important item for the whole city.

The warriors fell silent, in disbelief of what just happened.

Hallet was the first to speak. "It wasn't me! I didn't ring the bell!" he yelled with sincerity in his eyes.

He knew how significant the big bell was to all the Other Shore Realm warriors.

Thus, he didn't want to be blamed for breaking it.

"You don't have to worry. I saw it. I don't want to sound mean, but you don't have the ability to do that either," Augustus said.

"If no one deliberately destroyed it, then why did it break?"

"What does this mean? Will our cultivation road be cut off?"

"I still want to advance to the upper floors!"

When the Other Shore Realm warriors realized what the consequences of this event entailed, they all went crazy.

Bromley immediately stepped forward and inspected the bell with a serious look in his eyes.

Back when Augustus entered the Mysterious Yellow Tower, he already discovered that something was wrong with it. Then, after he got out, they found out that the big bell was destroyed. It could mean that the Mysterious Yellow Tower was most likely in danger.

"Let me see it."

A nonhuman creature at the Other Shore Realm walked towards the bell and also inspected it.

He was from one of the large races in the Ruin Graveyard.

Not only the human race but also other races would definitely be affected by what happened to the big bell. So, all of them expressed concern and thought of a way to fix it.

The creature stood in front of the bell with his hands hanging down and head raised. This was his way of cultivation.

Buzz! Buzz!

A burst of green light suddenly came out above his head. As he recited the Truth of Godly Way silently, he slammed his hands on the big bell.

Bang!

The bell made a deafening sound that reverberated throughout the city.

Buzz! Buzz!

The green light on the head of the creature began to dim. When it completely dissipated, he shook his head and said, "It's no use. I couldn't enter."

"Then, it's really broken?"

"Is there no way to fix it?"

"What should we do now?!"

The Other Shore Realm warriors couldn't help but complain loudly.

After the creature attempted to enter the Mysterious Yellow Tower through the broken bell, several others also rushed and tried, but they too failed.

Even so, the creatures in the Ruin Graveyard refused to give up.

Several races began to gather human masters to try and find a way to repair the bell.

They did the simplest and most direct method. The human race formed a group of skilled craftsmen from the divine land to straighten the edge of the bell and carefully fill the gap with metal.

After working for three whole days and nights, they managed to return the bell to its original state. Then, they tried ringing it again.

To make sure that the bell wasn't going to break again, they made a cultivator at the first stage of the Other Shore Realm do it.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The bell seemed to have been repaired physically, but it didn't make the same sound as before. Furthermore, the cultivator who rang the bell still couldn't enter the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

At that moment, that was when all their hopes began shattering. They realized that they couldn't repair it anymore.

Meanwhile, at the Heavenly Square City in the Jade Pure Realm, the Snake Spirit King was having a conversation with the black light.

The Snake Spirit King's long tail extended in front of him, and the black light that was embedded in his tail constantly flickered.

"So why didn't you even let him finish what he was saying?" the Snake Spirit King asked in a nonchalant tone.

"Why would I? His words were meaningless," the black light responded. Its voice came from within the Snake Spirit King.

"Then, is the secondary world really irreversible?" the Snake Spirit King asked again, trying to confirm what he heard.

"Didn't I already show you? You would rather believe the words of a mere human?" The black light returned the question.

"If it is reversible, then why do we have to wait for so long? More than a thousand chaotic eras have already passed. Even if we calculate that time with the method in main world, it is still more than enough. What now? Are you planning to wait until the next chaotic era?" the Snake Spirit King asked with a serious face.

Previously, he wouldn't dare to talk back like this to the black light. He didn't even have the guts to ask about its origin.

After all, he owed everything that he had to the black light. Moreover, at any moment, it could also take all of them away.

According to their original plan, the Snake Spirit King still needed to wait for a long time.

However, he started harboring doubts after all the recent troublesome events. Also, one major factor that contributed to this was how the black light didn't allow him to kill the Bird Spirit King yet.

With all these things happening, he grew more impatient. He realized that he couldn't delay their plan any longer.

Understanding how Cornelius was currently feeling, the black light fell silent for a moment and eventually said, "I'll give you the permission to open the Burial Land. Then, I will light up the black lamp and upgrade."

The Snake Spirit King's eyes suddenly dilated as they flashed with golden lights. This was exactly what he wanted. This was what he wanted to hear from the black light.

According to their original plan, the Snake Spirit King had instructed the Element Spirit Civilization to support the Bearing race, the Divine Farmer race, and other known powerful races to completely control the Source World. Once they completed the Purge Way, he could wait patiently, as long as the chaos was already under his control.

However, now that the Evil God had mastered the Godly Ways Great Unity, and the Source World fell under his control, their situation became extremely complicated. There was no way that their plan was going to go smoothly now.

"All right. I'll go ahead and open Burial Land," the Snake Spirit King said without any hesitation in his eyes.

In the entire chaos, there were two infamous dangerous places. The first one was the Ruin Graveyard, and the other one was the Burial Land.

No matter how powerful a creature was, once they entered the two places, they wouldn't be able to leave alive.

Coincidentally, both places were in the depths of the chaos. For some races that lived in the chaos, they would sometimes accidentally enter these places not knowing that they would be trapped there forever. But most creatures would not leave the Source World. In this case, they wouldn't accidentally stumble in these places, so these places only existed in legends.

Whoosh!

Looked from afar, the Burial Land appeared like a triangular piece of land. Its surface was dark cyan, and it quietly drifted slowly in the chaos.

The Burial Land was supposed to be a huge land mass, but with over a thousand kinds of savage races that lived there, it was still very crowded.

Meanwhile, a group of red-eyed black birds flew across the black sky.

They had just finished hunting for their prey, and the strong smell of blood still lingered on their sharp claws. After finishing their meal, they planned to return to their lair.

However, just when they were about to get back, thin claws suddenly clutched on their necks at lightning speed. In an instant, their heads were decapitated and their blood was squeezed out of their bodies.

Splash!

Streams of blood dripped from the sky.

On the ground, there were creatures restlessly waiting with their huge mouths opened wide. They devoured all the blood that poured on them while roaring in excitement.

This was a cruel and bloody world.

However, even in this kind of chaotic land, a rule was still in place.

All of these savage races could fight each other in a barbaric way, but no one should dare to provoke the snake-shaped statue that was located at the center of the Burial Land.

Anyone who even just dared to approach the said statue would be instantly killed, and there had never been an exception in the countless years since its establishment.

As time went by, the races living in the land deemed the area as a restricted one. No one ever tried to get close to it because it was already tested. What was the use of caring about the statue's origin if one would already be killed immediately after?

That was how the Burial Land went on. But today, the statue suddenly moved on its own.

The black snake left its spot and writhed down on the ground like a living creature.

"I have never interfered with this place since the moment it was created.

But I didn't expect it to be in such a chaotic state!"

The Snake Spirit King swept his gaze across the area and was instantly vexed by the strong smell of blood throughout the land.

He then controlled the black snake to soar into the sky. As it stopped in midair, a bright red light was released from its eyes. A powerful spiritual sense spread out through the red light that enveloped the entire Burial Land.

Chapter 4164 The Black Lamp

There were over a thousand savage races in the Burial Land yet none of them knew what had just happened.

These barbaric races feared nothing yet that sudden burst of terrifying will had them trembling in their boots.

Boom! Boom! Boom...

With the arrival of thunder was a booming voice that spread across the land.

Three streaks of white lightning appeared at the edge of the world and all creatures that were unfortunate enough to have been struck died instantly before they could even scream.

At the same time, the Snake Spirit King's voice spoke to the world.

"Do you want strength?" he asked. His voice was encompassing and made even the strongest hearts tremble.

Though these savage races were currently in panic, the sheer worship and devotion in their eyes were unmistakable. This black snake's power was truly something divine.

'I also want that type of power....'

'We can control everything with such level of power!'

'This invincible force can make me strong!'

The Snake Spirit King's offer filled everyone with excitement and fighting spirit.

"I want strength! I want power!"

"Master! Grant upon us such power!"

"I will pursue this path towards greatness no matter the cost..."

Their enthusiastic response did not surprise the Snake Spirit King. In fact, he expected it.

This world was devoid of morality and order and these savage races only knew slaughter. They would do anything if it meant more power.

"Crack!"

From the place where the three streaks of white lightning intersected formed a snake-shaped totem. It was so big and dazzling that it could be seen from across the entire Burial Land.

"Go towards the totem!" the Snake Spirit King ordered.

"It is there that you will obtain unprecedented power!"

As the totem was put in place, the entire Burial Land began to change shape.

A crack split open on each of the three sides of the Burial Land. The land began to morph into something that resembled a three-mouthed monster.

With its job done with, the Snake Spirit King's consciousness returned to the Jade Pure Realm. "The Burial Land is ready," he said to the black light.

"Let us commence with our plan then," the black light replied. "Go and ask the Blood Snake Girl to light up the black lamp."

The Snake Spirit King's eyes flashed coldly at the mention of her name. "Blood Snake Girl..."

However, he did as he was asked.

A few seconds had just passed when a woman, inlaid on the wall at the side of the chaos, suddenly opened her eyes - she was the Blood Snake Girl!

Her eyes shone like two beautiful crescent moons. "Father? Is that you?"

"Activate the Evil Bead," the Snake Spirit King ordered harshly.

The Blood Snake Girl tilted her head. "Are you still so stubborn?"

The Snake Spirit King couldn't help but let out a series of laughter. "You know that the only reason I still let you live is to make you see how this all goes down. You will witness who was actually right in the end."

There was no need to argue and the Blood Snake Girl decided to just shut her mouth.

She had tried to resist more than a thousand chaotic eras ago and ended up imprisoned for so long.

At this moment, she was somewhat expectant to see her father sport a desperate, helpless expression when he failed in the end.

"Alright. I'll activate the Evil Bead."

"Buzz..."

Soon enough, the aforementioned Evil Bead above her head began to spin and traces of blood light began to gather within.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

An unprecedented amount of energy soon surrounded the Evil Bead. The energy fluctuated like powerful waves across the infinite sea, pushing away the chaotic energy around.

One thousand divine megatons of force...

Ten thousand divine megatons of force...

A million divine megatons of force...

Ten million divine megatons of force...

As time passed, the power hidden within the Evil Bead increased exponentially.

Among all the ten Holy Items on the Snake Spirit Sect's holy pillar, it was only the Evil Dead that had the ability to absorb unlimited energy from the pillar.

The terrifying energy was compressed into this small bead. If this energy exploded, even the Source World would be unable to withstand it. It was enough to create a huge hole in the Source World and destroy hundreds of large provinces!

"Go ahead and light it up..." The Blood Snake Girl sneered.

"Pop!"

With a sharp popping sound, the Evil Bead suddenly released a ray of blood light that flew towards the boundless chaos.

The terrifying energy absorbed by the bead was compressed into that single ray of blood light, which shot upward at an incredible speed.

Whoosh!

At that moment, the Pear Hill continued to fly in the chaos at high speed.

To everyone's surprise, the ray of blood light, as thin as a finger yet faster than anything they'd ever seen, suddenly swept past just thirty thousand miles away from them.

Had Pear Hill been a little bit slower, it would've gotten penetrated by that ray of blood light.

Despite it being thirty thousand miles away, the massive energy it contained alerted the powerful warriors in the Pear Hill.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Zen, and the three Chaos Ancient Gods looked east at the exact same time they felt an irresistible force suddenly rush past them.

"What was that?"

"How could there be such great power in the chaos?"

"It was too fast. I couldn't see it."

That sudden burst of power came and went so suddenly that there wasn't even any time to process or guess what it had been.

A few seconds later, the blood light reached the top of the chaos and hit its thick dome.

"Crack!"

With its devastating power, the ray of blood light smashed the dome and revealed a small lamp.

It was a small black oil lamp.

This lamp had a basic shape and looked positively ancient. Despite the simplicity of its form, however, various complex patterns were engraved on its four, wooden pedestals. Inside the lamp was a glazed cup and a thin wick.

If not for this lamp, the ray of blood light would've been able to pierce straight through the dome. This small, ancient relic was able to withstand such a heavy blow.

Withstand, however, wasn't the right word. In truth, the lamp had absorbed all that power.

"Buzz..."

The blood-red light circled around the oil lamp and gathered at its wick.

"Phew!"

From the darkness, a tiny, blood-red flame came alive.

If the powerful warriors of the Four Spirits Sect saw what just happened, they would've been immobilized by fear.

Back then, the Snake Spirit Sect lit up this very lamp and destroyed everything in the main world.

In order to survive, the Human and Bird Spirit Sects were forced to escape and seek refuge in the chaos.

Now, this harbinger of destruction, was once again alive.

Countless crystals formed from within the oil lamp and began to spread out onto the chaos. These crystals contained the mysterious power of space.

The chaos clouds grew restless when they met with these crystals.

They usually floated quietly within the chaos and remained unchanging, unless they were absorbed by other things.

Yet now, the presence of these crystals stirred something within these clouds as they began to rapidly absorb the chaotic energy.

These chaos clouds that stretched out for trillions of miles were split into tens of thousands of pieces and began to take numerous shapes.

By some weird power, the crystals morphed the chaos clouds into the many heads of strange beasts.

These strange beasts had a bit of similarity to each other and the expressions they sported looked crazy.

As the crystals continued to spread further into the chaos, the chaos clouds continued to transform and morph into these strange beast heads.

They floated quietly in the chaos with their eyes closed.

Chapter 4165 Devouring Each Other

Unique creatures were living in the boundless chaos, and the Chaos Winged Beast was one of them.

The Chaos Winged Beasts lived in groups and were ferocious. They launched violent attacks on any other creature approaching their lairs.

The lairs floated like huge cages in the chaos.

These lairs were also living creatures. They had extremely special sensitivity to creatures from afar.

Once they did, they would emit a faint stench that guided the Chaos Winged Beasts to find their targets.

If the sensed creatures were powerful, the lairs would emit a stronger stench. This served as a warning, reminding the Chaos Winged Beasts to avoid those creatures that inhabited the chaos.

Swoosh!

The falling crystals absorbed the chaotic energy, turning into huge heads floating in the chaos. A rotten smell started to fill the lairs as if a corpse had been decaying for days.

The Chaos Winged Beasts that stayed inside the lairs felt nauseated from the stench and came out.

The smell reminded the Chaos Winged Beasts that terrifying creatures had been surrounding them.

When the Chaos Winged Beasts flapped their wings and soared from their lairs, the sight stupefied them.

Many huge heads drifted around. A strong sense of crisis radiated from them even though they didn't move.

"Waah..."

"Waah... Waah..."

The Chaos Winged Beasts communicated with each other.

Any creature had a way of living. If it didn't, it could have already been extinct.

The Chaos Winged Beasts didn't choose to attack the heads rashly. They sent dozens of subordinates to check instead.

The subordinates cautiously approached the heads and evaluated them.

The heads did not emit any aura of life. They only closed their eyes tightly like huge static rocks that appeared to be dead.

"Woo, woo..."

One of the Chaos Winged Beasts shouted and drew closer to one of the heads. It stretched out its sharp claw, gently touching it.

When the tip of its claw landed on the head's surface, its eyes opened suddenly.

A blinding light blazed from the pair of huge eyes. The head opened its monstrous mouth, attempting to swallow the Chaos Winged Beasts.

The Chaos Winged Beasts were fast. As they discovered the danger, they instantly flapped their wings and turned into streaks of black light to escape. However, it was too late—the huge mouth had sucked them all.

The Chaos Winged Beasts were barely enough to fill the gaps of its teeth. Its eyes quickly locked onto the lairs, spotting more to eat. More than ten lairs were connected, and in the blink of an eye, the head devoured them all.

However, the head still felt hungry. To consistently enhance its strength, it needed to swallow everything that could be swallowed. But what more was left to devour in the empty chaos?

Soon, it began to target its kind.

Swoosh!

It flew towards another head and bit it hard. The other head woke up and was provoked to bite back. Both of them tried to devour each other.

One of the heads was completely gobbled up by the other, doubling the size of the surviving head.

At this point, the head still felt hungry. It fixed its eyes on the next head. With its advantage in size, it was easier for other heads to fall into its prey. It then started to devour other heads.

The heads that filled the chaos woke up in various forms and set off devouring each other crazily.

The heads that woke up first grew stronger exponentially and stood out from trillions of heads.

However, the ones to grow fastest in the chaos were not them, but the Burial Land on its corner.

From the moment the heads were born, the three big mouths at the edges of the Burial Land already began to devour them. It grew larger every time it swallowed a head.

After the Burial Land devoured all the heads around it, its size expanded more than ten times.

As the size of the Burial Land continued to increase, the speed at which it devoured the heads also doubled. Its three mouths opened as wide as a whale's as they devoured the heads.

However, the Burial Land was still too small. Although it was also a primitive land, it had never been paid attention to by the Snake Spirit King. Even though it had expanded more than ten times, it was still not as big as a province in the Source World.

When the crystals landed around the Source World, they turned the chaos clouds into huge heads.

As the heads awakened, they did not take their companions as first targets. The huge Source World beside them was enough. Without hesitation, they swarmed towards the Source World.

The outer wall of the Source World was several hundred miles thick. Although the heads devoured at a fast speed, it would still take a long time for them to enter the Source World.

In the Source World, the Evil God floated atop a mountain. In front of him was a ball of colorful Ways-blending Energy. Although the Ways-blending Energy was only the size of a fist, it was highly condensed for an explosion enough to destroy large provinces.

After the Pear Hill successfully escaped, the Evil God placed his avatars in all the large provinces in the Source World. He visited the major forces and announced to them that he was the ruler of the Source World.

When the Evil God released the evil intent that spread throughout the Source World, all the super forces and great forces already speculated the presence of a ruler. The Evil God's appearance confirmed their intuition.

These forces could not separate a large province from the Source World like the Pear Hill did. They had no other choice but to surrender to the

Evil God who came to them.

However, other than making them surrender to him, the Evil God did not take any further action. To him, the creatures in the Source World were no different from ants. Even the several powerful warriors at the Eternal Realm were only slightly stronger ants.

The giant ape that suddenly appeared when the Pear Hill left the Source World lingered in the Evil God's thoughts. He asked the former captain to inquire from the Grandmaster of Heaven about the giant ape's origin.

He didn't know what had happened on the Other Shore. The Grandmaster of Heaven and his people seemed to have disappeared without any response.

Therefore, he had to rely on himself.

Realizing that there was such a terrifying creature in this world, the Evil God became more eager to enhance his strength.

On one hand, he wanted to further strengthen his control over the Source World, but on the other, he needed to comprehend the truth power from the Ways-blending Energy.

His control over the Source World gradually increased. It wasn't difficult for him to completely control everything, but when he comprehended the Ways-blending Energy, he encountered unsolvable problems.

In a short period, he had already understood the embryos of the truth power from the Ways-blending Energy.

The six embryos corresponded to the abilities of the six Chaos Ancient Gods. However, other than the truth power, the Evil God had captured something unusual in the Ways-blending Energy.

He was lost in thought for several days.

Not far away, Edna walked down the ship and draped a black robe that she made over the Evil God.

The Evil God stared at the Ways-blending Energy in front of him and muttered, "The power of the Ways-blending Energy is not just about the six kinds of truth power. It should have been thousands of times stronger now. Why is it so weak in my hands? This shouldn't be..."

Edna couldn't help but shake her head at her husband's situation.

Her husband was already the ruler of the Source World. Even the leaders of the super forces had already surrendered to him, but he was still obsessed with strength. She pondered whether it was good or bad.

Just as the Evil God was concentrating, he suddenly heard a strange sound from the Source World. He frowned as he directed his sight to the outer wall. His eyes reflected the heads that were frantically devouring it. He raised his eyebrows, puzzled.

"What are they?"

Chapter 4166 Difficult To Deal With

The Heavenly Martial Province was located at the top of the Source World. It was the biggest exit from the Source World to the chaos.

In the past, the exit of the Heavenly Martial Province had been very bustling and prosperous. The flying ships of trade groups from various races had passed through it to engage in commerce. After all, it was much faster to travel through the chaos than through the crystal walls of those provinces.

However, after the Evil God took control of the Source World, he issued a ban that affected all those making a living in the area. No race in the Source World was allowed to go out without permission; otherwise, they would be killed.

Because of this, most of the trade in the Source World stopped, and even if they were to trade, they could only take the routes within the Source World.

At the huge exit of the Heavenly Martial Province, there were tens of thousands of merchant ships docking.

The people in charge of the flying ships grew depressed. The longer they stayed, the more divine crystals they would lose. They could not do anything about their situation.

"How long is the ban going to last?"

"Who knows? According to our patriarch, the Source World is now being controlled by a human being named the Evil God. He can lift the ban whenever he wants."

"Why? Have all the Eternal Realm masters in the Source World died? Why are they giving him so much power? How could a young man of the human race be so arrogant?"

someone shouted, being very indignant.

In their eyes, the Eternal Realm warriors were the top-level masters in the Source World, and the Evil God was at most at the Holy Soul Realm. How could someone of his stature control the Source World?

"Shh!"

one of the warriors said, making a gesture with his pointer finger. "Don't talk nonsense. I have heard that the Evil God is lurking everywhere."

"Bullshit! Even the Eternal Realm warriors can't do that, let alone a Holy Soul Realm warrior. Do you think the Evil God is at the Eternal Realm? Do you really dare say he has surpassed those who are far greater than him?" one of the people in the area said, devoid of fear.

Obviously enough, the man did not believe the Evil God could be so powerful.

Ever since the Other Shore environment had changed, there had been no sign of an Eternal Realm warrior appearing in the world. The newcomers were destined not to reach the Eternal Realm. They couldn't surpass the Eternal Realm warriors; therefore, that man thought that the Evil God being there was nothing but a rumor told to instill fear within the public.

Just as he finished talking, the body of the warrior in front of him suddenly shook, and his face became blurry.

As the warrior continued to shake, his body, appearance, and aura began to go a drastic change. None of them knew how this was happening.

Soon, from the warrior's body, a new Evil God appeared.

The Evil God stared at the man with a scornful smile and asked, "The Eternal Realm? Tell me, what is that?"

The man who made those rude remarks earlier was left shocked, unable to throw out his words. He stammered, "You, you, you... You are..."

"I'm the Evil God," the Evil God said, completing his sentence.

"I... I didn't mean to... Don't kill me..."

the man begged, making it more difficult to control his urge to cry. He didn't expect for the Evil God to truly be able to hear all that was being said from every corner of the Source World. He feared he had realized this too late.

"Why should I kill you?" The Evil God showed a puzzled expression. It was difficult to determine if it were genuine or not.

"Don't you want to kill me?" the man asked, a glimmer of hope sparkling from within his heart. "You are a broad-minded man. Please don't take my words seriously." he continued.

The Evil God chuckled at him. "I won't kill innocent people indiscriminately, especially when I need more people. But I will possess your body," he uttered, coming toward the man.

"Possess..."

The man's body began to tremble, and his face began to blur. In the blink of an eye, he had become the second Evil God.

Although the Evil God did have the ability to monitor all the creatures in the Source World, it was still considerably large, requiring an enormous amount of effort from him. There were countless creatures in it. If someone cursed the Evil God, the Evil God would not be able to find the culprit from all those who were there.

Unfortunately, the Evil God happened to come to the Heavenly Martial Province to deal with the heads outside of the Source World, so he naturally heard the two's ongoing conversation on the flying ship.

When the others on the ships saw this scene, they couldn't even dare to breathe. They did not want to attract the Evil God's attention. If their bodies were occupied by the Evil God, who knew whether they would come out of the possession dead or alive?

However, the Evil God did not have the intention of possessing other people's bodies. Instead, he looked at the Heavenly Martial Province's exit leading to the chaos. This was the weakness of the Source World. The speed at which the heads bit and devoured things was very fast, and they nearly bit through the Heavenly Martial Province.

"Crack! Crack! Crack..."

At this time, a harsh biting sound came from near the exit. The sound was incredibly loud, and every time it was transmitted, the entire Heavenly Martial Province trembled.

"What's that sound?"

"Creatures in the chaos?"

"Are they attempting to enter the Source World?"

The people of different races on the flying ships discussed in a hushed tone.

The Evil God waved his hand at the trade groups. "All the flying ships, retreat."

When the people on the flying ships heard the Evil God say this, they did not even dare to stay any longer. They steered their flying ships and retreated immediately, desperate to get out.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

The sound near the exit was getting louder and louder, and the Heavenly Martial Province quaked more and more violently.

Unlike the others, the Evil God did not try to rush out of the Source World rashly. It was not because he was timid. It was because it was unnecessary for him.

It was abnormal for these heads to appear in the chaos all of a sudden. The Evil God's intuition told him that this was not a simple matter. He knew he had to be more cautious in dealing with this.

Boom! Boom!

The exit of the Heavenly Martial Province finally collapsed.

The flying ships of the trade groups opened their shields at the same time, trying to protect themselves.

They had traveled around the Source World for a long time and were very familiar with the environment of the chaos. Once the exit collapsed, a large amount of chaotic energy would surge in. They opened their shields to block the chaotic energy coming to engulf them.

However, what they didn't know was that the chaos clouds in the entire chaos had disappeared, being replaced by the huge heads.

Therefore, the moment the exit collapsed, it was not the chaotic energy that surged in, but fierce heads.

After they devoured the outer wall of the Source World, their bodies expanded in a second. Each head was one million feet high, like a mountain flying in the air, and these heads were off to bite people.

"About two hundred heads are invading the Heavenly Martial Province!" someone screamed.

Buzz!

Buzz!

The two Evil Gods raised their hands at the same time, and the Ways-blending Energy gathered upon their palms.

A trace of space truth enveloped the Ways-blending Energy. After a few moments, the Ways-blending Energy disappeared from the hands of the Evil Gods and appeared right in front of the two heads.

These heads could not discern the matters of the outside world. They only had one purpose: eat!

They would devour both energy and materials. If it were possible, they would surely even devour the void!

Facing the sudden Ways-blending Energy, the heads swallowed it without hesitation.

"Explode!"

the two Evil Gods commanded at the same time.

Bang! Bang!

The Ways-blending Energy exploded. A blazing white light flashed from within the mouths of the heads, causing them to explode into countless pieces.

Cheers came from the flying ships in the distance.

"Amazing!"

"Two huge heads have been killed just like that!"

However, the Evil God's face darkened.

He had planned to kill all the heads with the explosion created by the Ways-blending Energy, but the strength of these heads greatly exceeded his expectations! He had underestimated them greatly.

About two hundred heads were no threat to the Source World, but the Evil God knew there were more of them coming. There were probably millions of heads crazily biting on the outer wall of the Source World. Their number was increasing exponentially!

He knew that if he did not stop the heads, the entire Source World would be bitten into pieces.

As the Evil God thought of this, the two hundred or so people on the flying ships began to convulse, and their features began to disappear from their faces. After a few seconds, they all turned into about two hundred Evil Gods, raising their hands to release bursts of Ways-blending Energy.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The Ways-blending Energy appeared in the mouths of about two hundred heads. This destroyed them in an instant, and shards from the rupture of the heads fell to the ground at a dramatic rate.

Chapter 4167 The Trouble Of The Pear Hill

Once he had taken over the Source World, the Evil God had grown complacent, seeing he was in a most advantageous position.

However, he never expected that the chaos would undergo tremendous change so soon.

The millions of heads that were nibbling at the Source World were like leeches that latched onto the Evil God's body, sucking at his life force. If he didn't get rid of these things soon, he would be in trouble.

The only solution he could think of was to mobilize the major forces in the Source World to join forces with his tens of thousands of avatars. Together, they'd launch a massive attack.

He wasn't sure whether he'd be able to get rid of the heads this way, but at this point, he had no other choice.

Wherever there were chaos clouds, the heads would appear.

From the depths of the chaos, some of the weaker races and forces were devoured by these heads.

Even the famous top ten beasts in the chaos were in grave danger.

At first, they traveled about the chaos quickly, fighting off these crazy enemies.

However, after a while, they started to grow desperate.

No matter where they went, these strange heads loomed everywhere. It seemed they occupied the entire chaos!

Why was this happening? How many heads were there?

No one could answer these questions.

Not long after the heads showed up, the Pear Hill, which was flying at a high speed, also encountered them.

Kendrick was the first to sense the existence of the heads, because some of the heads had crashed into his enchanted barrier, immediately alerting him to their presence.

Ordinary creatures would've instantly shattered into pieces at such a violent impact. After all, the entire Pear Hill was moving at an incredibly high speed.

Not only did those heads emerge from the blow unscathed, they opened their wide mouths to reveal rows of sharp teeth and chomped down on the enchanted barrier.

To Kendrick's surprise, the heads seemed to be eating the enchanted barrier. This meant that these vicious heads were capable of devouring both substances and energies!

"Judson, Gerald, some strange things have appeared in the chaos," Kendrick alerted them.

"We see them," Gerald said calmly from the jadeite platform.

Suddenly, the chaos clouds in the distance began to surge. Countless heads emerged from the chaos clouds, all rushing towards the flying Pear Hill.

"Will it be easy to deal with them?" Judson asked.

"They can devour the enchanted barrier," answered Kendrick, frowning unhappily. "But it shouldn't be too hard to kill them."

Dozens of big and small rings suddenly appeared on the enchanted barrier on the east side of the Pear Hill. These rings shrank towards the heads, and then transparent swords appeared on the surface of the enchanted barrier.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

The transparent swords smashed the heads into pieces swiftly.

"They have been disposed of," reported Kendrick.

"Is it just this area that's problematic, or is the entire chaos filled with these things?" Gerald asked, his voice hinting at concern. "There seems to be too many of these heads."

"Are they related to that terrifying energy?" Judson asked.

"Who knows? Anyway, we have to be careful."

Even as Kendrick spoke, the Pear Hill was rushing towards a large group of heads.

Moments earlier, it was just a large chaos cloud. Now, it turned into thousands upon thousands of strange heads, and the Pear Hill was heading straight for them!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

As soon as the heads smashed into the enchanted barrier, they sank their teeth into it and chomped on it like crazy.

"Go to hell! Trillions of enchanted barrier swords!"

The enchanted barrier began to shake violently, as countless swords pierced through the surface of the enchanted barrier and shot towards the heads.

However, more and more heads kept bumping into the enchanted barrier around the Pear Hill. No matter how many they killed, more took their places.

"Trillions of enchanted barrier swords!"

"Trillions of enchanted barrier swords!"

Kendrick gritted his teeth. The situation was looking grim, but he kept on attacking the heads.

Even the truth power of the Chaos Ancient God was limited. On one hand, these heads would absorb Kendrick's power, and on the other hand, using trillions of enchanted barrier swords would cost a lot of truth power.

After a few more rounds, Kendrick had exhausted a lot of truth power, but the number of heads did not decrease. Instead, more and more heads appeared. Only then did he realize exactly how serious the situation was. "Gerald, Judson, you need to help me."

"Judging from what we're seeing right now, we will need backup," Gerald said as he eyed the countless strange heads eating the enchanted barrier.

Soon, the Eternal Realm warriors of the Pear Hill were gathered on the jadeite platform.

When Zen, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others saw these heads, they were also extremely confused and shocked.

"These heads... Where are they from?"

"Why is the chaos suddenly so terrifying?"

"Can you hold them off, Master Kendrick?"

Kendrick replied impatiently, "No, I can't!"

At this point, there were about forty thousand heads lying on the enchanted barrier of the Pear Hill. Kendrick's truth power was nearly completely exhausted. Once the enchanted barrier collapsed, it would be a catastrophe.

"Then, we shall fight." the Snake Goddess said decisively.

Then, she dragged her shadow to the surface of the enchanted barrier. The shadow that was attached to her body stretched out her hands, and tens of thousands of energy beams shot across the surface of the enchanted barrier, slicing through the heads as they went.

Zen, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and Yasamin also quickly joined in on the action.

With the help of the Blood-controlling Method, their current combined strength was definitely a force to be reckoned with.

With all these Eternal Realm warriors fighting side by side, all of the heads that were lying on the surface of the enchanted barrier were killed.

However, it wasn't long before the Pear Hill bumped into more heads. Some even had the audacity to chomp on Zen, the Snake Goddess and the others, trying to devour them.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Zen and his companions swiftly got rid of the heads, but when they turned around, they frowned slightly. Even more heads had latched onto the enchanted barrier, their sharp teeth biting at it viciously.

"Kill all of them!" The Snake Goddess's face crumpled with rage, and a malicious aura emanated from her body.

The Eternal Realm warriors and the Chaos Ancient Gods continued to launch attacks on the strange heads.

However, Zen suddenly stopped. The voice of the ancestry-level bloodline from his inner world was trying to tell him something.

"Zen, it's useless for you to do this."

Zen immediately stopped in his tracks. "Why?"

"These things are all over the entire chaos, and there are trillions of them. How could you possibly kill them all? You will only be devoured by them, little by little, until your numbers dwindle," the ancestry-level bloodline said.

"They're all over the entire chaos?" Zen asked, his expression horrified.

"In a sense, these heads are your food, so there is no need for you to kill them," the ancestry-level bloodline added.

"My food?" Zen's mind was whirling.

The ancestry-level bloodline continued, "The downgrading has begun again. Their first step is to turn the chaos into their own world."

"How?"

"The more heads are devoured, the bigger the primitive land will become, until the primitive land fills the entire chaos. This is a game that only a primitive land can play," the ancestry-level bloodline said seriously.

"Primitive land as big as the chaos..." A trace of fear appeared in Zen's eyes, but at the same time, he was a little confused. "Why do they do this? What does this have to do with the downgrading?"

Chapter 4168 Another Way

Even the biggest Source World was but an island in the huge ocean that was the chaos.

They were definitely not on the same level.

What would it be like to expand the primitive land to such a massive size as the chaos?

What kind of power would the ruler of this primitive land possess?

"Previously, these secondary worlds could also be considered a type of downgrading, but they could not be considered perfect—a kind of 'pseudo downgrading', if you will," the ancestry-level bloodline explained. "Through complicated methods, the secondary worlds could be reversed and restored to the main world."

"So it was possible to reverse secondary worlds..." Zen raised his eyebrows.

"Yes," the ancestry-level bloodline said. "However, if the Snake Masters unify the whole chaos and complete the downgrade, then there will be no turning back for the main world. By then, the entire main world will collapse, and the chaos will be able to expand indefinitely, occupying all the space of the main world."

"Sounds good," Zen said with a smile.

As creatures living in the secondary world, the third-grade world was obviously more suitable for Zen and the others. He had been at a loss in the higher-level Abstruse Energy World.

In other words, the creatures in the third-grade worlds and the four-grade worlds were against each other.

"But the Snake Spirit King's goal is to return to the main world, right? Is he really going to ruin his plan by doing this?" Zen asked suddenly.

"From the very beginning, the Snake Spirit King was wrong. He will definitely pay for his stubbornness," the ancestry-level bloodline replied. "Now, you must devour as many of these heads as you can so that you may expand your primitive land. Only by seizing this opportunity can you defeat the other party in the competition."

"How?"

"I will help you."

The edge of Zen's primitive land suddenly cracked, forming a crack that was a thousand miles wide.

As soon as the crack was formed, groups of heads started to chomp on it from the outside.

But as soon as the heads started to bite down, countless bamboo shoots shot out from the crack and began to intertwine with each other.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The bamboo shoots rammed into the heads, chewing down on them till they were ground to pieces.

"So, these are truly teeth?" Zen's eyes widened.

"Yes," replied the ancestry-level bloodline calmly.

It had been preparing for this day ever since it entered Zen's primitive land.

Now that the heads had finally appeared, it was time for it to show what it was truly capable of.

After the primitive land devoured the first batch of heads, Zen suddenly felt his cinnabar field swelling slightly. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Is the primitive land expanding again?"

"The more heads it devours, the faster the expansion will be," the ancestry-level bloodline explained.

As soon as it finished speaking, the crack at the edge of the primitive land once again opened, and a large group of heads rushed in eagerly.

Zen couldn't believe what was happening. In such a short period of time, the primitive land had expanded threefold!

Zen drew his gaze from the primitive land and looked at Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others. They were still trying their best to destroy those heads. Only then did Zen understand what the ancestry-level bloodline meant: these heads were all his food, and his alone. It was really a waste to kill them like this.

Zen's gaze swept across the chaos, and at the same time, he used the mother butterfly to sense the location of his inner world. After a while, he said loudly, "You can't kill all these heads."

The Snake Goddess made her shadow slash several heads into two pieces. "That's true, but we can't just sit still and wait for death," she said bluntly.

"I have found another way," said Zen.

Zen's words made the others stop in their tracks. They all looked at him expectantly.

With their combined strength, they could protect the Pear Hill for some time, perhaps days or maybe even weeks. But their bloodline power would eventually grow exhausted. The same went for the three Chaos Ancient Gods. It was only a matter of time before the Pear Hill was devoured.

The people inside the Pear Hill knew this, and were now in a state of panic.

No matter where they stood, they could see strange flying heads gnawing at their enchanted barrier.

Even the citizens of the large cities were filled with uneasiness.

The Snake Goddess then asked Zen with narrowed eyes, "What way?"

Zen didn't reply right away, as he did a rough calculation inwardly. Finally, he said, "Try your best to draw the heads to the west."

Right now, Zen's primitive land was right in the west of the Pear Hill. After having flown in the chaos for so long, they were slowly closing the distance. They would meet each other in a day at most.

"And then?" asked Fuxi, brows furrowed tightly.

"Let the Pear Hill enter my primitive land," replied Zen.

The several Eternal Realm warriors and three Chaos Ancient Gods were stunned.

Kendrick asked, "Are you kidding? How could your inner world accommodate the Pear Hill?"

Although the Pear Hill was a mountain, it was as big as a large province in the Source World.

Although Zen's primitive land had expanded, it was still incomparably small next to the Pear Hill.

"Has your primitive land expanded again? Can it accommodate the Pear Hill?" the Snake Goddess asked urgently.

"No," Zen said as he shook his head. "As of right now, it's only as big as one percent of the Pear Hill."

"Then how could the Pear Hill possibly enter it?" Kendrick asked impatiently.

"My primitive land rapidly expands when it eats these heads," Zen explained, pointing at the hungry heads in the sky. "If it can devour all of the heads, then accommodating the Pear Hill won't be a problem."

"How does the primitive land swallow the heads?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked, still dumbfounded.

"Let me lure these heads to the west," the Snake Goddess said, ignoring him.

At this point, they were out of ideas. Whether they liked it or not, they had no choice but to follow Zen.

With a gentle wave of the Snake Goddess's hand, the energy beams from her shadow became as thin as spider threads. In this way, her shadow could reach a farther distance.

While multitudes of those strange heads kept chasing and intercepting the Pear Hill, there were countless more that hadn't even woken up yet.

The thread-like energy beams floated past the motionless heads, immediately waking them up. Using their keen intuition, those newly-awakened heads locked in on the Pear Hill as their target.

Originally, there were about three hundred thousand heads chasing after the Pear Hill, but after the energy beams spread out like a beacon, there were now over a million heads chasing after them.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was horrified when he saw how densely-packed the heads were, chomping on the enchanted barrier. He couldn't help but say, "Snake Goddess, your ability to lure them is so powerful..."

The Snake Goddess glanced at Zen questioningly. Zen said, "Don't stop. Lure in more of them."

With a wave of the Snake Goddess's hands, her shadow extended even farther. More heads awoke and started to chase after the Pear Hill.

After a few hours, tens of millions of heads followed closely behind the Pear Hill.

The Eternal Realm warriors and the three Chaos Ancient Gods present eyed them anxiously.

If these heads caught up to the Pear Hill, they were done for.

Chapter 4169 Feast On The Heads

It was truly horrifying to see a massive army of heads follow behind the Pear Hill.

Everyone in the Pear Hill, ranging from mountain leaders, sect leaders, Eternal Realm warriors, to ordinary citizens, all felt chills run down their spines.

If there was even a slight mistake, the Pear Hill would meet its end right now.

"I didn't expect that the chaos would be so dangerous. Was it a wrong choice for the Pear Hill to have left the Source World?"

"The chaos should be filled with chaotic energy. Where has the chaotic energy gone, and why are there so many horrible heads?"

"Who knows? Maybe the Snake Goddess can answer your question... "

The people on the roof of the gate tower and on the hillside couldn't do anything but look up and pray.

Swoosh...

Until now, the Snake Goddess still did not stop luring the heads.

Her shadow, which had condensed behind her, increasingly got smaller and dimmer. It had all turned into thin energy beams and floated farther away, to help Zen lure more heads.

The entire Pear Hill was like a fishing boat that sailed in the deep sea, while the shadow of Snake Goddess was akin to a large fishing net that caught the heads one after another.

"If it goes on like this, the number of heads would probably exceed a hundred million," the Snake Goddess said as she stared at Zen. "Zen, are you sure about your plan?" she asked.

"I'm not sure.." Zen confessed.

"……"

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others were speechless.

A few hours later, Zen used the mother butterfly once again to locate the primitive land. It turned out that it was already quite close.

"Is that the primitive land?" the Snake Goddess suddenly asked.

Somewhere in front of Pear Hill was a small, brown oblate ball. Because everyone was still a bit far from it, the ball looked like it was as tiny as a pea to their eyes.

"Yes." Zen nodded.

Although his avatar in his inner world had been to the outside of the primitive land, he had not seen its entirety. It was also his first time to see what it was truly like.

Blue stripes covered the brown oblate ball's surface, and there was a crack on its side. From afar, the primitive land was like an oval clamshell.

"Should I control the Pear Hill to go there directly?" Judson asked.

Zen's eyes narrowed into slits, and he thought for a moment. Then, he nodded and said, "Yes, but don't bump into the primitive land. Control the Pear Hill to fly around it!"

"Got it," Judson answered.

The large circular structure behind the Pear Hill was like its helm. This circular structure controlled the direction it went. Since Judson was the one who had constructed it, he was like the captain who steered the Pear Hill.

Boom! Boom!

The large circular structure slightly tilted upwards, and the energy it released also changed its direction. In turn, the Pear Hill's angle changed, and it began to rush towards the bottom of the primitive land.

Five minutes later, the Pear Hill passed by the primitive land from below.

Even though the primitive land was only one percent of the size of the Pear Hill, it was still a massive piece of land.

When the two intersected, everyone felt as if a large city had skimmed over the top of the Pear Hill, then the primitive land plunged into the army of heads that followed behind the Pear Hill.

"It's your show time," Zen said as his voice traveled over the primitive land.

The ancestry-level bloodline had waited for a long time. The primitive land hit the large group of heads, and at the same time, the crack on its edge had opened.

Hundreds of heads passively went into the primitive land.

"Crack, crack..."

The plants that resembled bamboo shoots intertwined then chewed the huge heads into pieces.

Previously, the primitive land had devoured only a small amount of heads, and the "teeth" formed by the two rows of bamboo shoot-shaped plants were enough to deal with them. Now, the heads from the chaos arrived in a large group, and many of them still escaped from the "teeth". Worse, some of them rushed to the continents in the center after they entered the primitive land!

When Zen saw that the situation had gone awry, he had no choice but to form an avatar in his inner world to protect those continents.

The ancestry-level bloodline had also realized this problem, so it activated its power once again. Just then, a rumble came from the primitive land, and more rows of bamboo shoot-shaped plants quickly grew out. These plants shot up in a crisscross manner and occupied almost one-fourth of the primitive land, which made it hard for the heads to pass through them.

"Crack, crack..."

The faster the heads were devoured, the faster the primitive land expanded.

By the time the primitive land eliminated the group of heads, it's size had more than doubled!

Swoosh!

It took nearly two hours for the massive Pear Hill to adjust its direction. Afterward, it drew an arc in the chaos that was ten million miles long to lure those heads towards the primitive land again.

When the primitive land had doubled in size, its ability to devour heads also doubled.

This was the second time the primitive land and the Pear Hill had passed by each other. The primitive land swallowed over a million heads, and its size doubled again. Now, it was almost one-twentieth the size of the Pear Hill!

"The primitive land sure expands quite fast…" Fuxi muttered, his eyes full of surprise.

Of course, Gerald, Judson, and Kendrick were also shocked.

They had floated in the chaos for quite a long time and had seen some unique spaces within it.

However, they had never seen anything as unique as Zen's primitive land!

"After it swallowed two batches of heads, it expanded four times, equivalent to one-twentieth of the Pear Hill's size," the Snake Goddess said as her eyes lit up. "If there are enough heads for the primitive land to devour for five more times, it would be even bigger than the Pear Hill!" she exclaimed.

All of them had been anxious at first, but now they were full of hope.

Without saying a word, Judson adjusted the helm for the third time.

As Zen stared at the primitive land that went further away, he asked, "Ancestry-level bloodline, why didn't those heads attack the primitive land directly? Why did they go inside the crack in the primitive land instead?"

Those heads were quite insane. They bit and devoured anything they saw. However, when they reached the primitive land, they quietly bypassed the other areas and went straight inside the primitive land's big mouth. That was rather odd.

"Those heads only know to devour everything, and they are quite stupid. Look at the blue lines outside the primitive land," the ancestry-level bloodline said.

"These are..."

"A net formed by the power of space. It can cover the whole primitive land," the ancestry-level bloodline explained.

"A space net..." Zen murmured.

At that moment, he thought of the Evil God and the Source World.

Since the heads had spread all over the chaos, the Source World had probably encountered numerous attacks from them.

He did not know if the Evil God had found a way to deal with them. If he did not, then the Source World would probably suffer a disaster, the tens of thousands of races and creatures that lived in it included.

At that point, the Pear Hill had passed by the primitive land for the third time…

The fourth time...

The fifth time...

Every time the two territories passed by each other, the primitive land's size increased, and more of the heads that followed closely behind the Pear Hill were subsequently devoured by the primitive land.

When the Pear Hill passed by the primitive land for the sixth time, the latter appeared to be half the size of Pear Hill, and had devoured nearly one-third of the heads already!

The seventh time the Pear Hill passed by the primitive land, half of the heads remained behind the Pear Hill still, but the primitive land was slightly larger than it.

Chapter 4170 Shadows

Currently, Zen's primitive land was already large enough to accommodate the entire Pear Hill.

However, if they wanted to let the Pear Hill inside the primitive land, they had to slow it down first.

The problem was that over forty million heads were chasing behind the Pear Hill. Once it slowed down, it would then be engulfed by the sea of heads.

Therefore, they had no choice but to change its direction once again and flew past the primitive land for the eighth time.

Whoosh!

In an instant, they redirected the Pear Hill in the other direction.

The huge mouth of the primitive land was still wide open.

It could actually devour the entire Pear Hill and the millions of heads in one gulp.

Buzz! Buzz!

The heads chasing behind weren't fast enough to change their trajectories, so they drilled directly into the mouth of the primitive land.

After swallowing the heads, the primitive land expanded again at an incredible rate.

In an instant, its size doubled again.

Now, it was more than twice the size of the Pear Hill.

But more importantly, the heads that were chasing after the Pear Hill were finally gone. There was not a single one to be seen in the void anymore.

Without them chasing the Pear Hill, it could now begin to slow down.

However, with such a huge mountain moving at a high speed, it would take much time and effort to slow it down.

It took them an hour to finally decrease its speed to a thousand feet per three seconds. Then, they positioned the Pear Hill to fly directly towards the primitive land.

When they were just dozens of miles away, the primitive land opened its big mouth, waiting for the Pear Hill to drill into it.

Everything went quite well. Zen and the Eternal Realm warriors were finally relieved to see that they were going to be safe.

However, what they didn't expect was that the primitive land actually brought fear to the creatures of the Pear Hill. It was partly their fault because they didn't explain to the residents of Pear Hill what the primitive land really was.

"The heads were all gone?"

"I think they were eaten by that huge monster!"

"Wait! That monster increased its size again!" "Is it trying to devour the Pear Hill? We're doomed!"

Only Zen and the Eternal Realm warriors knew what the primitive land was. Thus, it was natural for the hundreds of millions of creatures residing in the Pear Hill to shiver in fear in the face of this "enormous monster".

As the Pear Hill rushed steadily to the mouth of the primitive land, panic spread quickly.

Several mountain leaders flew towards the Snake Goddess and asked why they weren't changing the direction of the Pear Hill, and why it seemed like they were drilling into a huge clam monster's body on purpose.

"Did they just refer it as a clam monster?" After taking a better look at the primitive land, Zen finally saw what they were talking about. He smiled bitterly as he stared at the primitive land that actually looked like a huge clam with many sharp teeth.

The Snake Goddess wasted no time and explained to the mountain leaders what really was going on.

When the mountain leaders learned the truth, they quickly bowed their heads and apologized for their intrusion. However, they knew that all the people were still panicking, so they said, "We're glad that the Pear Hill is alright. But please tell the people what's going on. It'll be better if the information comes directly from you to alleviate their worries."

"I understand. It's my fault that I put this matter aside as we were focused on how to ensure the safety of the Pear Hill. Don't worry. I'll speak to them," the Snake Goddess responded with sincerity.

Immediately after, she took a deep breath, and a penetrating voice quickly spread in the entire Pear Hill.

"People of the Pear Hill, please don't panic! There have been huge changes in the chaos. As you saw earlier, there were heads everywhere, and there are other things that are currently going on. Right now, we have to find a safe place to hide. That huge clam-like monster is actually Zen Luo's inner world. Once we enter it, we should be safe!"

The other mountain leaders, the sect leaders and members, and even the citizens in the cities were all shocked as they heard what the Snake Goddess said.

They all knew that building an inner world wasn't an easy task.

Zen's inner world could even float within the chaos. That was new to them.

And to top it all, Zen's inner world was so enormous that it could accommodate the entire Pear Hill.

Although it sounded inconceivable and insane, they believed the words of the Snake Goddess.

After all, she had high prestige in the Pear Hill. Both the Snake Goddess race and the human race fully put their trust in her.

With that, the people of the Pear Hill finally calmed down.

At the same time, on one of the peaks, Elvinia was standing there with a surprised look on her face as she heard the Snake Goddess mention Zen's name.

It had been a while when she last saw him. She didn't expect that Zen's inner world had already grown so large.

Whoosh!

Finally, the Pear Hill started to slowly enter the primitive land.

Everyone's attention was caught as they saw rows of plants that resembled bamboo shoots above.

As the primitive land continued to expand, these plants also grew bigger and stronger. If they pressed down, the entire Pear Hill would be instantly crushed.

The entire process of sending the Pear Hill inside the primitive land lasted for about sixteen hours. Once it was done, Zen said to Kendrick, "Master Kendrick, please remove your enchanted barrier."

Buzz! Buzz!

The enchanted barrier that was attached to the surface of the Pear Hill gradually disappeared.

A wave then came from the vast blood mist in the sky, and slender plants emerged from the sea.

The plants flew up from all directions, drilled into the bottom part of the Pear Hill, and firmly fixed it to the ground of the primitive land.

Zen's inner world would continue to expand, meaning that some unpredictable dangers might occur. To prevent the Pear Hill from rolling further inside, the ancestry-level bloodline came up with this method to stabilize its hold on the primitive land.

"Zen, I actually have a question if you don't mind. What are you now?" Fuxi asked as he approached Zen.

"What do you mean? Is there something wrong with me?" Zen asked with a confused look on his face.

"Well, since you are now in your own inner world, doesn't that make you an avatar?" Fuxi tried to explain with a smile.

The Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others looked at Zen as they heard Fuxi asking him this question. They were also curious about this.

Zen was now inside his own inner world.

It was like saying that a big cup was holding a small gourd, but at the same time, the big cup was inside the small gourd. This would create a logic paradox. Was the cup the one holding the gourd, or was it the other way around?

However, it was truly happening right now.

"Hmm, one thing's for sure. This body is not my avatar." Then Zen pointed to the space beside him and said, "But this is."

Upon saying those words, an avatar that took his image gradually condensed. The aura emitted by the avatar was exactly the same as his.

Soon after, more and more avatars appeared one by one.

In a short while, there were over a hundred avatars that stood beside Zen. Each of them possessed extraordinary strength.

"Really?!" Fuxi exclaimed.

Although Fuxi's strength had already increased dramatically, he instantly perceived that he wouldn't be able to deal easily with even one of those avatars. Even if they didn't use any theurgy, Zen's avatars could kill Fuxi effortlessly. And to think that Zen could easily summon over a hundred of them, one could just imagine how strong Zen had finally become.

"Well, it seems that we will become members of Zen's inner world." Eastern Emperor Taiyi let out a deep sigh.

"The battle in the chaos has far exceeded our imagination," the Snake Goddess said calmly. Zen stood beside her, listening intently to what she was saying with furrowed brows.

"The Pear Hill is lucky to have this world to serve as its shelter.

The Pear Hill is lucky to have this world to serve as its shelter.

The Pear Hill is lucky to have this world to serve as its shelter."

Zen was surprised when he heard that the Snake Goddess's words repeated a few times.

He felt a strange wave run through his head. He was holding his head as if he was experiencing a mild headache.

"Zen, what happened? Are you alright?" The Snake Goddess instantly noticed that Zen was acting a little strange.

Zen just shook his head and said, "Yes, I'm fine."

He then waved his hand, making all his avatars disappear.

With his current state, he shouldn't have any auditory hallucinations. He thought that perhaps it was because he summoned too many avatars at the same time.

However, just when he dispersed his avatars, he noticed that there were shadows all over the sky.

As he looked at the Snake Goddess beside him, there were also more than a dozen shadows that surrounded her.

He tried to look around and he saw that there were more than ten shadows of Pear Hill.

'What's going on? Why is the world full of shadows?!'

Chapter 4171 Variable Images

These shadows appeared to be real and not mere hallucinations.

Zen shook his head and stared at them. However, they all gathered back together instantly.

Surely, they must have all come, somehow, from the people they resembled, and they were now like overflowing water, about to spread out at any time.

The strange visions persisted for a few moments more before Zen finally broke out of his stupor.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others all gathered around him, concern written across their faces.

At Zen's level of cultivation, he couldn't possibly become this disoriented unless he was confronted with a powerful soul pressure.

But who in Zen's inner world was that powerful?

"Zen, are you all right?" the Snake Goddess asked worriedly.

As the visions faded away, Zen came to his senses. He looked around in a daze. "I saw numerous shadows just now."

"Shadows? You must be mistaken. They were probably hallucinations," Fuxi replied, furrowing his brows. Zen must be so fatigued facing so much pressure that he was starting to see things.

"Hallucinations?"

Zen frowned. "They didn't seem to be hallucinations, or afterimages. They seemed real."

"What?"

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi stared at Zen, not comprehending.

However, Zen became more and more convinced he was right. He pointed at the distance. "I saw twelve Snake Goddesses, ten Fuxis, eleven Pear Hills, and six Eastern Emperor Taiyis. They were really there."

Fuxi gave Zen a blank look. Finally, he burst out, "Crazy! You've gone crazy!"

"I haven't," Zen said calmly. "There must be something wrong with this place, not me!"

"Alright. Let's say there's an anomaly in this space. But why would there be twelve of me?" the Snake Goddess asked seriously.

Compared to Fuxi, the Snake Goddess was more inclined to trust Zen.

If Zen said that what he saw was real, then she chose to believe him.

"I don't know." Zen shook his head.

The number of the visions of the people varied. The Snake Goddess had the largest number, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi had the least. Zen couldn't figure out what the determining factors possibly could be.

"The Variable Images. Zen, what you saw might have been the Variable Images..." Gerald's voice suddenly floated over from the jadeite platform.

Zen and the Snake Goddess turned to look at Gerald and approached him at the platform. The Snake Goddess was the first to ask. "What is the Variable Image?"

"Only people with a deep knowledge of space can see the Variable Images," Gerald continued. "In this round of chaos, the first person to see the Variable Images was Othniel. After comprehending the truth of space, he saw the Variable Images several times."

"I remember that he had tried to show it to us," Kendrick, who was beside Gerald, added.

It was only in the early stages of chaos that the six Chaos Ancient Gods had no conflict with each other, so what Kendrick said must have happened in the earlier stages of the world.

"Yes. He said I had twenty Variable Images," Gerald recalled. "Kendrick had seventeen, and Othniel himself had the least number, only eight."

"But what exactly are those Variable Images?" The Snake Goddess pressed, more curious than the others.

"I'm not sure," Gerald said. "Othniel had carefully observed the Variable Images, and he said that they were all just versions of the same people."

"So I really have twelve versions of myself?" the Snake Goddess said, bewildered.

"That's what Othniel said. His understanding of space had reached an unfathomable level, far beyond our knowledge," said Gerald. "But from the perspective of life, I don't agree with what he said."

Gerald, who controlled the truth of life, had his own definition for it.

"I remember Othniel saying that, normally, one's Variable Images overlapped with themselves completely, so that even if he strained the truth of space to the limit, he would never be able to perceive them. Only when the time sequence in the entire chaos fluctuated and they became out of sync did the images become perceptible to him," Gerald continued.

"A fluctuation in the time sequence? When does that happen?" Zen asked.

"You must have all experienced it before," said Gerald.

The Snake Goddess's eyes lit up first. "I know! It was with the Shade Stone!"

"Yes." Gerald nodded. "Whenever the Shade Stone appears, there will be subtle fluctuations in the time sequence of the chaos. It was at this time that Othniel would see the images."

According to legends in the Source World, the Shade Stones had fallen from the hourglass of time. It was said the Shade Stones could calculate the lifespan of the chaos.

A short time after Zen had arrived at the Source World, he had also had a Shade Stone merged into his body. However, after inheriting the ancestry-level bloodline, his body, in a way, had been rebuilt. He found that both the Shade Stone and the Chaotic Source Spirits had disappeared.

"Maybe there was another Shade Stone appearing in the Source World just now, and you have reached an understanding of space comparable to Othniel's, which is why you are now more sensitive to the fluctuation of the time sequence of chaos and can see those Variable Images," Gerald mused aloud.

Such an explanation made sense.

After all, now that Zen had mastered the ancestry-level bloodline, his attainments in space could match that of the Chaos Ancient Gods. Coincidentally, a Shade Stone just descended, and Zen was able to see the Variable Images.

But what were these Variable Images? If Othniel hadn't known, it was impossible for Zen to know now.

"Enough about the Variable Images. I'm more concerned about the Ruin Graveyard right now," the Snake Goddess pronounced.

The Ruin Graveyard was a world floating in the chaos, also vulnerable to an attack by the heads at any moment now.

"Right! The Ruin Graveyard is also in danger!" Zen clapped his hands, suddenly alert.

According to their previous plan, once the Pear Hill went into his inner world, they would turn it around to search for the Ruin Graveyard!

With the help of the mother butterfly, Zen could easily sense the positions of the primitive land and the Ruin Graveyard.

Zen wouldn't have been in a hurry before. He would have had enough time to find it.

But the Ruin Graveyard might get attacked soon. He didn't know if the creatures on the graveyard could survive that.

A grim air descended over Fuxi and the others.

The Pear Hill had three Chaos Ancient Gods and several Eternal Realm warriors, but even they found it difficult to deal with those heads.

The Ruin Graveyard probably didn't even have any Eternal Realm warriors. What chance did they have against the attacks?

"Master Kendrick, please make the Pear Hill turn around. We'll set off right away," said Zen.

Although the Pear Hill was located inside the primitive land, the primitive land could crack open just enough for it to drive the whole land forward. In addition to the Pear Hill's power, the primitive land would also help, so its speed shouldn't be slow.

Meanwhile, on the northwest side of the chaos, the Ruin Graveyard, indeed, was currently in grave danger.

Hundreds and thousands of heads were already launching attacks.

These heads did not have any preferences. They would simply bite off and swallow anything or anyone they caught.

The divine land was at the center of the Ruin Graveyard now, so it was not damaged yet. But the huge tombstones around the Ruin Graveyard had already been gnawed into pieces.

The Ruin Graveyard occupants estimated that the tombstones were big enough to keep the heads at bay.

In the meantime, they racked their minds, trying to think of a way out.

However, after the heads devoured tombstones as big as they were, their size started to double!

Several heads had become inconceivably huge in the next few days. At the rate they were growing, it wouldn't be long before they could devour the entire Ruin Graveyard!

Chapter 4172 Appearance

There were several figures on the huge tombstones and all of them used the Grand Teleportation technique all of a sudden.

Buzz...

A number of space channels appeared and with them came Mike, Holy Jay, Bromley, Jeremiah and Joy.

When they stopped, there was a head biting a tombstone before them.

It had just made its way into the Ruin Graveyard and was twice its original size.

"I'll go first. Holy Jay, follow me," ordered Bromley.

"What about me?" asked Mike.

"You guard the rear," said Holy Jay chuckling.

Mike sulked, feeling helpless.

A Holy Being's strength was similar to that of a warrior at the fifth or sixth stage of the Other Shore Realm. However, with a powerful Other Shore Token, the Holy Being's strength would double.

Mike had borne the butterfly as instructed by the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower. Shortly after, the Mysterious Yellow Tower had been destroyed and he now wouldn't even have a chance to go change this Other Shore Token.

What the hell was this! What was going on!

Buzz...

A huge seal appeared above Bromley's head. It appeared to be carved with the ghost rock on Stage Seventeen of the Other Shore. It was a seal of extraordinary quality and was carved out by none other than the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's fourth disciple, Justin.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

In a flash, Bromley appeared near the giant head.

These heads would usually attack living creatures.

But now, they seemed to gorge themselves on the tombstones, unable to pull themselves away and react to their surroundings.

"The Punishment Seal!"

Crack, crack, crack, crack...

The seal continued to cover the head, creating marks all across its surface.

"Let's make our move, now!"

Bromley roared once he'd placed the seal.

Buzz...

Joy, Holy Jay, Mike and Jeremiah then appeared around the head and attacked the marks at the same time.

They didn't exert so much strength, each of them only releasing one divine megaton of power.

Yet in three seconds, they had already attacked the marks dozens of times.

Such an amount of power might not cause any damage to the head, but it could trigger the Punishment Seal!

Each time the Punishment Seal was triggered, a force pierced through the internal space and spread into the target's body. The force was so powerful that it could not be fought against.

This was the power of the Punishment Seal!

The head carried nothing and continued munching down on the tombstone. Hundreds of incredible powers began circulating within it and after a slight tremble, countless cracks broke out from the surface and shattered the ground beneath.

"We killed another one!" Joy yelled with a smile.

"Killing one is no easy task," replied Holy Jay, his eyes filled with worry.

There were too many heads...

Usually, if the creatures were large in number, each individual was very weak. But here, each head was extremely powerful. Zeke, the Holy Being, had accidentally been swallowed by one of the heads and could now do nothing more than restore his body in the divine land.

"Find another target," said Mike.

They were about to use the Grand Teleportation technique when a massive monster suddenly rushed over from close by. It was a head, a hundred times larger than the rest!

It moved unimaginably fast and before they even knew what was going on, a large mouth covered them, attempting to swallow them in a single gulp.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

All the Holy Beings used the Grand Teleportation technique and disappeared. They appeared in the sky, over a hundred miles above, all harboring a lingering fear.

If they had reacted too slowly, they would have no doubt all been killed.

"Where is Jeremiah?" Bromley suddenly asked.

Holy Jay scanned their surroundings and revealed in horror, "I'm afraid he was devoured!"

"We'll kill it together!" Joy yelled, frowning deep in anger.

"We are no match for a head a hundred times stronger than the last one. Let's get out of here!" Bromley bellowed, decisively ordering a retreat.

Just then, a figure walked out of the space channel.

"It's Rocher!"

The sight of Rocher lit them up.

The younger generation had now completely surpassed Holy Beings like them. The strength of Hallet, Augustus and other disciples all surpassed Bromley's.

Rocher was the most remarkable of them all

and seemed to be the strongest warrior in the Ruin Graveyard!

He nodded to the Holy Beings and took out a sword.

It was the Lone Sword!

It was only once he had the sword in his possession did Rocher realize how terrifyingly powerful it was.

The sword had the endless destructive power

and he had still yet to tap into its full potential!

Splash...

The destructive power continued flowing around the Lone Sword and even Rocher, with a clear mind, was affected by the violence within it. He waved his sword with a glimmer of enjoyment shining through.

The power that radiated off tore the incomprehensibly massive head into pieces, snapping it like dry branches.

"Amazing! A truly astonishing power!" praised Joy.

Mike stood complacent, his hands tucked behind his back. Rocher was from his Evolutionary Universe after all.

Rocher was a stark contrast, however. He held the Lone Sword in his hands, an indescribable struggle visible on his face.

He was clearly incompatible with the devastating power the sword contained.

When he had first noticed the Lone Sword and set himself on retrieving it, it did not possess such destructive power.

Something must have happened to the Lone Sword before he reached the thirty-third floor.

Rocher's intuition was sharp, but he had never expected Geoffrey to have tampered with the holy pillar and changed the position of the Lone Sword.

This "modification" was both a repair and an enhancement.

The Lone Sword was at the eleventh stair, second only to the Snake Spirit King's Holy Items.

Even so, Rocher didn't like it...

He cupped his hands towards the Holy Beings and was about to teleport away using the Grand Teleportation technique.

There were over a hundred heads in the Ruin Graveyard that were a hundred times larger than ordinary heads. Hallet and Augustus couldn't deal with them and had to rely on Rocher to kill them alone.

Just as Rocher was about to leave, a voice suddenly came from the Lone Sword.

"You are too slow. They will grow a thousand times or even ten thousand times larger than they are now, before you can kill them. With the power of this sword, you will not be able to kill them at all."

The voice startled Rocher. "Who are you? Who is inside my sword?" he asked immediately.

Bromley, Mike and the others were confused as well when they saw Rocher's reaction.

Buzz...

Wisps of souls condensed on Rocher's sword, and the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and his four disciples appeared all at once.

"You are the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower!" said Rocher utterly surprised.

"The owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower?"

"Why is he hiding in the Lone Sword?"

Not far away, Bromley, Holy Jay and the others were surprised and pleased by what they heard.

If the old man really was the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower, then he must also be the owner of the Ruin Graveyard.

"It's me," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord replied flatly.

"Sir, do you have a way to save the Ruin Graveyard?" Rocher asked hurriedly.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord looked around the Ruin Graveyard. The huge heads in the distance were still madly devouring everything they could, growing rapidly. "When I designed this area, I knew this day would come. But I only have one chance at this."

Chapter 4173 A One-time Array

There were six extremely huge tombstones in the Ruin Graveyard, but two were missing to make room for the exit and entrance.

Between the tombstones were several large spaces and behind them was a dull gray forest, known as the Rotten Tree Forest.

The Rotten Tree Forest had been grim and lifeless for many years. The human race were not the only ones who did not like this place; even the native races of the Ruin Graveyard hated it.

Rocher used the Grand Teleportation technique over and over again to rush towards the forest, several Holy Beings following closely behind.

Although he had carried an Other Shore Token from the thirty-third floor, his achievements in space were not much better than those of the Holy Beings and so they were still able to catch up to him.

Buzz!

In the sky above the Rotten Tree Forest, Rocher and the several Holy Beings stepped out of the space channel one after another.

Rocher held the long sword tight and placed it horizontally in front of him. The figure of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord emerged once more. He looked down and said, "Clean up the rotten trees within a radius of ten miles, with the middle one as the center."

The second he finished speaking, Joy smiled and said excitedly, "Let me do it!"

She fell backwards and flew towards the Rotten Tree Forest.

As she landed, a purple mist rose from a large area of the ground.

It spread out quickly and formed a massive circle within the forest, enveloping a range of ten miles in radius, no more, no less.

Swish!

The surging sword intent then soared into the sky and

every rotten tree within the range was pierced through by a purple sword.

They then soared into the sky and went straight to Joy, finally gathering in her body.

The spreading purple mist then thinned out and all the rotten trees had disappeared. The center of forest had been turned into a circular plain.

"That's quite a unique technique," remarked the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord as he looked at Joy.

Joy smiled and had butterflies fluttering in her stomach. Being praised by the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower was a great compliment to her Grand Purple Aura Technique.

The soul of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord then jumped down and stood in the plain that had been created.

He stamped his feet lightly and a golden light began expanding around him;

a stone array appeared on the ground.

"This array exists under the Rotten Tree Forest!" Bromley exclaimed, totally surprised.

He had been in the Ruin Graveyard a long time but he never knew there was an array hidden here. He wasn't the only one; the native races did not know either.

"Yes, it was prepared for a day such as this," revealed the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

He then began controlling the array.

When the array was activated, the entire Rotten Tree Forest shook, and the bitten tombstones began glowing.

Once the array was fully activated, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord patted its center and roared, "Open!"

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

The Rotten Tree Forest shook more violently.

Splash!

A huge dragon-shaped mark suddenly lit up within the forest. A light dragon then soared upwards into the sky and then towards the heads on the tombstones.

Splash! Splash! Splash! Splash!

Massive dragon-shaped marks appeared one after another, shooting the light dragons straight up.

A few seconds later and tens of thousands of light dragons had rushed out.

Rocher, Bromley, Mike, Holy Jay, and Joy were all stunned by this terrifying energy they were witnessing.

A single light dragon wasn't a big deal; Rocher's sword strike could surpass it quite easily.

But in just a few seconds, there were tens of thousands of light dragons, and their number continued increasing. By the end, there might be millions or even tens of millions of them. No matter how powerful the warriors were, they would find it difficult to stand up to such an overwhelming amount.

"What happened to the Rotten Tree Forest?"

"What a terrifying energy reaction!"

"Is that the secret weapon of our Ruin Graveyard?"

The creatures in other parts of the Ruin Graveyard were witnessing this too.

The invasion of the heads had made the human race and other races desperate. They had never imagined the Ruin Graveyard held a secret weapon like this and it filled them all with great excitement.

The light dragons seemed to have a mind of their own as they rushed towards the heads on the tombstones.

All the heads, those at their original sizes and those a hundred or a thousand times larger, were devoured by the light dragons in a flash. Huge balls of light then burst out, one after the other.

They shone like suns and erupted one at a time, sending a blinding light enveloping the entire Ruin Graveyard.

This lasted for five minutes.

Finally, the light dimmed and the dragons and heads on the tombstones disappeared.

"We made it!" Holy Jay yelled in happiness.

"It turns out the Ruin Graveyard is really powerful!" Mike couldn't contain his elation.

"Sir, how many times can this array be used?" Rocher asked enthusiastically.

Bromley, Joy and the others were curious about this as well.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord slowly raised his hand and said, "Once. The energy in the array has now been used up."

"What?"

This rendered the Holy Beings silent and left them somewhat disheartened.

"But with your great theurgy, you will eventually lead us through this calamity," said Rocher matter-of-factly.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

Mike, Bromley and the others hoped he could reopen the Mysterious Yellow Tower, but they didn't get the chance to ask their questions just yet.

However, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord sighed and revealed, "The original plan was I would stand in the Ruin Graveyard and lead you through this disaster. However, things have changed."

"What do you mean?" Rocher asked.

"Forget it."

The change that the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord referred to was the fact that Zen had successfully opened up his primitive land, which meant the Ruin Graveyard, which was used as a back-up, was no longer needed.

If it weren't for Zen's success, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord would have bet everything on the Ruin Graveyard.

But he did not want to tell them this; it would be a huge blow to their confidence.

He considered for a moment and then said, "The change in the plan was caused by a sudden attack on the Mysterious Yellow Tower, which has now been completely destroyed. My four disciples and I have all died, but I had a premonition and placed wisps of our souls into the Lone Sword so that part of us is still alive."

What! The Mysterious Yellow Tower was destroyed and the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was dead!

Rocher and the Holy Beings were stunned.

The powerhouse who had built the Ruin Graveyard and the Mysterious Yellow Tower had died. How terrifying was the opponent he had faced?

"If that's the case, how do we fight against these heads?" Bromley said gravely.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had used the array to clean up all the heads here, but there were still more in the chaos.

"You can't deal with them," answered the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

"Then all hope is lost," Mike murmured.

The news that the Mysterious Yellow Tower had been destroyed devastated him. He had been looking forward to obtaining a better Other Shore Token. Now, however, he lost all hope. What was worse, from what the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had said, he couldn't even stay in the Ruin Graveyard.

"No, there's still hope," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said with a smile. "You are the hope."

Chapter 4174 A Giant Clam

Mike shook his head, confused by the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's words. "Sir, what hope? What do you mean?"

Bromley was the first to react. "Is it because of the butterfly Mike carried?"

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord nodded in response.

"That butterfly... Does it have any secret?" Mike asked.

"If he comes, I believe he will save the whole Ruin Graveyard," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord answered with a smile.

In fact, he no longer attached much importance to the Ruin Graveyard.

He now placed all his hopes on Zen, so this place became dispensable to him.

He and his disciples left their souls because they wondered how things could develop. Even if Zen did not arrive, it wouldn't have mattered.

Nonetheless, he was convinced that Zen would come.

After all, both the divine land and his parents were here.

"He? Who is it that you refer to?" Mike asked frantically.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord grinned and his body began to fluctuate. While he returned to Rocher's Lone Sword, he spoke calmly, "Hold on. He should be coming any moment now."

Then, he disappeared and everyone grew silent. They could not believe someone was going to save them.

In terms of strength, Rocher reached the thirty-third floor of the Mysterious Yellow Tower and was already a master in the thirty-third stage of the Other Shore Realm. With this, he was well recognized as a top master in the chaos. If anything, Zen might not even stand a chance against him.

Was the man who the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord mentioned even more powerful than Rocher?

Though no one said it aloud, everyone doubted what he had said.

He did not make a promise or reassure them. His words sounded more like encouragement so they could push through future difficulties.

"No matter what, the Ruin Graveyard is the last place we will live in. Let's hold on until reinforcements arrive," Bromley reassured.

Outside the Ruin Graveyard, all the heads, big and small, were cleared up.

However, a large number of heads still arrived from afar.

After what happened in the Rotten Tree Forest, all the races from the Ruin Graveyard sent their clansmen and warriors to inquire.

With full transparency, Bromley explained everything they knew and what the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had said.

People had very mixed reactions.

When the heads initially attacked, the native races of the Ruin Graveyard did not fight to the fullest of their abilities.

They had doubts about each other and suspected the humans. Moreover, they made intricate escape plans if it was necessary.

Once the Ruin Graveyard was completely destroyed, they would gather the remaining members to escape.

They figured that though the heads covered almost everywhere, they might only be distributed across the Ruin Graveyard.

As they had anticipated this to unfold, the races preserved their strength for the escape rather than the attacks.

However, they grew excited as they caught sight of the light dragons in the Rotten Tree Forest.

As expected, the Ruin Graveyard was protected by a powerhouse.

On top of that, Bromley's words excited them even more. They began to give an all-out fight.

Just like that, all the powerful warriors of the human race and the other races had gone out.

If the heads even came close, they would be instantly killed to prevent them from devouring and growing stronger.

In the first three days, almost no head survived in the Ruin Graveyard under the joint efforts of many races.

But on the fourth day, the dynamic changed.

The number of heads had increased, and they were ten to twenty times larger than the previous heads that attacked the Ruin Graveyard.

Although all the races did their best to fight the heads off, some managed to escape and devoured many creatures almost instantly.

Once these heads entered the Ruin Graveyard, they grew rapidly as they devoured. This made them more threatening opponents.

By the fifth day, hundreds of heads that grew a hundred times larger, and two that grew a thousand times larger appeared in the Ruin Graveyard.

The Other Shore Realm masters of the various races died, and many Holy Beings of the divine land were injured and killed as well.

If the two heads which were a thousand times larger continued to devour, they would grow to a size bigger than the Ruin Graveyard.

Even Rocher felt powerless as he faced the gigantic heads. With the help of dozens of warriors at the high stages of the Other Shore Realm, he launched an attack on one of the gigantic heads but failed.

Though they managed to injure the head, almost half of the warriors in this attempt died.

Once again, the Ruin Graveyard was in grave danger.

Floating in the air, Rocher looked at the heads from a distance. He held the Lone Sword horizontally before him and asked, "Sir, is there really no other way to save the Ruin Graveyard?"

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord remained silent.

The answer was obvious.

At this point, the Ruin Graveyard was a cub pushed into an arena. Even if Rocher became the sharpest claw of the cub, they would still have no hope to win the battle.

There was no other choice but to hold on.

Six hours later, the other huge head grew to ten thousand times larger than the ordinary ones.

It was easily seen throughout the Ruin Graveyard. The women and children who hid in the depths of the Ruin Graveyard looked up at the large creature and were flushed with panic.

All of a sudden, the divine land docking within the Ruin Graveyard began to move.

When Zen left, the divine land was left in the control of the reincarnated Harper.

He paid close attention to the disaster in the Ruin Graveyard. When he saw that it was about to be devoured, he moved to help out.

Once the Ruin Graveyard broke open, he would control the divine land to rush out as soon as possible.

Another two hours passed, and a massive tombstone was devoured. This head grew by twenty thousand times.

At the sight of this, every living being sank into a sense of hopelessness.

"Sir, if I burn the Lone Sword, can I kill that head?" Rocher asked with a tinge of hope left.

If the Other Shore Tokens were burned, great powers would be unleashed.

On top of that, the power of the Lone Sword could be more unimaginable if it were burned.

However, it would lead to the punishment of truth.

Even the Memory Flame could not save him from this, which meant he wouldn't have the possibility of rebirth, either.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord remained silent.

If they ever burned the Other Shore Token, it would only mean that the Ruin Graveyard was completely hopeless.

Rocher thought he couldn't give up so easily.

Even if he had to sacrifice himself, he wouldn't think twice.

He reached out his hand and gently stroked the sword. His eyes widened, but just as he was about to make a move, Bromley's voice echoed from not too far away. "Something is coming."

Rocher turned his head to see, but merely gazed into a blank distance.

However, after a few moments, a bean-sized thing could be seen moving from the depths of the chaos.

"Oh, look how fast it is!" Mike squirmed in delight.

The bean-sized thing grew larger as it moved closer.

Slowly, it was close enough to be recognized. It was a giant clam with a big mouth.

"Is that the hope?" Mike asked in a disappointed tone.

Joy shrugged her shoulders. "It looks more like a joke."

As they looked at it, they saw that the clam with large teeth and an odd shape was not there to save them at all.

Chapter 4175 Figure As Tiny As Dust

A great distance stood between them and the giant clam, making it difficult for them to tell its actual size.

However, as the giant clam approached them, it began to grow bigger and bigger. The astonishment in the eyes of the Holy Beings, and the warriors at the Other Shore Realm intensified.

The divine land was massive enough. The Ruin Graveyard was already several times larger than the divine land, but this giant clam was several times larger than the Ruin Graveyard!

The giant clam headed straight for the Ruin Graveyard without pausing or changing direction.

Everyone looked at the heads, which were growing like crazy, and then back at the giant clam, which was approaching them at a rapid pace. Their hearts began to sink.

The Ruin Graveyard would be doomed.

When the huge clam was just hundreds of thousands of miles away from the Ruin Graveyard, its serrated crack had already opened.

Then, it slowed down. It did in the same way a giant would slow down to crouch down and feed itself food.

"Let's stop fighting. It's useless to struggle," Holy Jay said helplessly.

Even if they killed the heads, they still wouldn't be able to save the Ruin Graveyard. They were destined to be swallowed by the huge clam, and by the size of the clam's mouth, it could surely do it in one gulp!

No matter how hard they tried, they would die eventually.

Even Rocher, who had been bravely fighting day and night without taking any breaks, drew back his Lone Sword. After distancing himself from the heads, he stood looking up at the sky. Despite the situation, he almost looked calm, but none of them could tell how he was actually feeling.

Above the divine land stood another group of people who were watching them. Most of them were Consummate True Gods.

One of them was Rachelle who had previously died but was revived because of Nelly's pleading. She had become a Consummate True God again and had been wholeheartedly comprehending the Truth of Godly Way.

With her talent, it wouldn't be long before she mastered the Truth of Godly Way, allowing her to ring the bell and reach the Other Shore Realm.

However, before she could finish cultivating the Truth of Godly Way, bad news struck. The bell had been broken.

When Rachelle learned this, she fell into a depression. She didn't expect to meet such a great disappointment. Now, the Ruin Graveyard was about to get destroyed, and there was nothing she could do to escape the divine land. She hit a dead end, and she didn't know how to get out of it.

Not far in front of Rachelle, there was a warrior in the sixth stage of the Other Shore Realm standing with his hands behind his back. This was Mike's disciple—Harold.

Like Rachelle, Harold had been waiting to enter the seventh stage of the Other Shore Realm for a long time. To prepare, he had put himself into seclusion.

When he received the news, he became as depressed as Rachelle. He was already about to ring the bell after breaking through, only to find out that the bell was broken.

Because he was so busy mourning over this, he didn't even expect that in just a few days, he would find something new to mourn over— the Ruin Graveyard's doom!

To them, it seemed that no one could escape the tragedy that was about to come.

Swoosh!

Boom!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As the heads continued to bite, a tombstone, which was even larger than the divine land, cracked.

When it collapsed, it made an earth-shattering sound and buried countless creatures under it.

However, the powerful warriors in the Ruin Graveyard didn't care about such a noise. They didn't even bother to look at it.

The giant clam was already very close to them now, its mouth hung open. After a few more seconds, it reached the Ruin Graveyard, swallowing it whole.

"Such long, big teeth!" Augustus said, his eyes wide open in a mixture of fear and amazement.

"They seem to be some kind of plant," Hallet said with a frown.

"It's a wonder of nature. It really is amazing." Augustus said, trailing off.

"Well, when these sharp teeth close and grind you into tiny pieces, you won't be able to call it amazing anymore," Hallet said in annoyance.

If the giant clam closed its mouth, it would be able to grind the entire Ruin Graveyard, the tombstones, the divine land, and even the heads into fine-grained powders.

Almost everyone's heart was clenched. Augustus began talking again, unbothered. "Well, it hasn't closed its mouth yet. Is it going to stop?"

Hallet refused to reply, not wanting to speak to him anymore. Augustus had always been so optimistic, but this time, his optimism was out-of-place.

The Ruin Graveyard was already heading deep into the giant clam. Oddly enough, its teeth still hadn't chomped them to death.

Why wasn't the giant clam closing its mouth?

This was the question they all asked themselves.

Was the giant clam planning on using a different method to destroy the Ruin Graveyard?

Or will it let go of the Ruin Graveyard?

A hint of hope, although unrealistic, began to form in their hearts.

After a while, the Ruin Graveyard passed the giant clam's teeth, but for some reason, it still hadn't attacked.

Not long after this, they saw a mountain floating in the distance, and

it was unimaginably huge.

"Why is there a huge mountain flying over there?"

"I thought the tombstones in the Ruin Graveyard were large, but they're nothing compared to that!"

"What mountain is that?"

The people in the Ruin Graveyard looked up at the big, flying landform. At first, when they saw the mountain, they felt a sense of awe, but after staring at it for a few more minutes, they began to feel suffocated.

After a while, Lorena and Rosie appeared at the top of the divine land.

Harold greeted and bowed to Lorena.

Lorena waved her hand and took two steps forward, her eyes in thought yet clouded with confusion. "It seems to be... the Pear Hill."

"The Pear Hill? Lorena, are you sure?" Rosie said with a look of disbelief.

The last time she heard about it, she was still so young. Although she knew what it was, she had never been there before.

Lorena, on the other hand, had been to Pearl Hill before, even being able to climb it. When she had reached the mountain's peak, she looked down, trying to take in the whole of what she was standing on.

However, the mountain was as big as a province! Even if someone stood on top of it, it would still difficult for them to see the entire mountain. Moreover, the Chaos Ancient Gods had transformed the mountain, and its appearance had changed drastically.

For a moment, Lorena was unsure.

"Lorena, you're right. That is the Pear Hill." Harper's voice came from the divine land.

Harper, who was inside the sun, could see the mountain more clearly.

"But isn't the Pear Hill in the Source World? Why is it in the stomach of this giant clam?" Lorena asked curiously.

"I don't know. Maybe a major change has happened in the Source World," Harper deduced.

A major change in the Source World.

When Lorena thought about this, her heart began to weigh down her body.

Zen, Yan, and Geoffrey were still in the Source World. She didn't know what was happening to them or how they were doing in the Source World. To say she wasn't worried about them would be a lie.

As everyone was staring at the mountain, a head, which was twenty thousand times its original size, devoured a tombstone. When it did this, much to their dismay, it grew even larger. Now, it was about fifty thousand times its original size!

To their surprise, the gigantic head then gave up on the other tombstones and headed straight for the divine land!

Harper was on guard against the giant head, but when he shifted his attention to the Pear Hill, he forgot about it.

Seeing the head inching closer, he uttered a final goodbye in his heart.

He wanted to control the divine land to escape, but sadly, it was too late. The head had already reached the rear of the divine land.

Those who were outside the divine land could only stare as the gigantic head began to open its mouth. They wore the saddest expressions on their faces.

The people inside the divine land were completely unaware of the impending crisis. They continued to live their lives and followed their routines.

"The end of the divine land..."

Rocher said in a detached manner.

After all, it wouldn't be long before everyone else died.

The end result would still be the same, even if anyone died a little earlier or a little later.

He was no longer desperate but instead, rather calm after accepting his fate.

"No, it's not." From the Lone Sword, the voice of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord rang out again.

When Rocher heard this voice, he didn't feel anything anymore. No matter how powerful this old man had been, everything was already history.

'A remnant soul wouldn't be able to save anyone, ' he thought. He felt that he had read the mind of the owner of the Mysterious Yellow Tower.

But he still asked indifferently, "Why do you say that?"

"Because that is the hope," said the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

As soon as the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord finished speaking, Rocher saw a small, blurry figure appear on the top of the huge head.

Compared to the head, the figure was but a speck of dust, but because of Rocher's astonishing eyesight, he managed to see it.

Chapter 4176 True Appearance

Bromley, Mike, and those who were standing at the top of the divine land like Lorena and Harold, also saw the blurry figure in the distance.

"Who is that man?"

"Is he from our Ruin Graveyard?"

"What does he want to do? Does he plan on facing that head alone? It's impossible."

In the eyes of these people, Rocher's power was the strongest in the chaos. After all, there was no Other Shore Token that was stronger than one from the thirty-third stage.

Lorena, Harper, and all the others recognized this as fact.

And yet, even Rocher was unable to deal with the head, which had become fifty thousand times larger. Who else could possibly face it?

However, there were powers other than those of Other Shore Tokens in the chaos. Take for example, the power that Zen was using was the omniscient power that every Soul Sea Realm warrior had.

The catch was, he could only use this power in his inner world.

The head either didn't notice or completely ignored Zen's small figure rushing towards it. Instead, it opened its large mouth to take a bite of the divine land.

One bite was enough to swallow a third of the divine land. However, just then, the head abruptly stopped in its tracks. There seemed to be an invisible force between its upper and lower jaws, preventing it from closing its mouth. It suddenly couldn't bite anymore!

"Give me some strength," said Zen.

"No problem," the ancestry-level bloodline responded.

The blood mist in the sky flickered, as if blood-red lightning flashed within it.

Zen stretched out a hand and grabbed at the air. Then, he flew up and arched through the air. "Up!" he roared.

Swoosh!

To everyone's shock, the head was inching upwards, as though it was being dragged into the sky slowly.

Rocher, Bromley, Mike, Lorena, Harold and Rachelle were all stunned to see this.

That blurry figure might have had the courage to appear above the head, but never in their wildest dreams did they imagine that he would do such a thing.

Yet, here was this mysterious figure, lifting the head up into the sky. Then, with incredible force, the blurry figure threw the head into oblivion.

What did that mean?

The head was roughly the same size as the divine land; could this mean that this mysterious figure could lift even the divine land?!

"Is there such a powerhouse in the Source World?" Harold turned to ask Lorena.

Previously, he had learned from Lorena that warriors at the eighth stage of the Other Shore Realm were extraordinary, and they would be treated well in the great forces. This knowledge had comforted Harold before.

But now, as he watched these events unfold before him, his mind was melting. This figure must have been beyond the Other Shore Realm!

"No! No one could do that," Lorena answered affirmatively.

The corners of Harold's eyes twitched. 'Where did this figure come from?' he wondered.

Meanwhile, inside the sun in the divine land, Harper's body trembled as he could barely contain his excitement.

Others couldn't see who the person was because he was too far away, but Harper could see him clearly from the divine land's perspective.

It was Zen, it had to be!

Although the appearance matched, Harper was still not sure.

Back then, Zen had asked him about the Truth of Eternal Sword Intent. He was only a consummate True God, who hadn't even stepped onto the Other Shore.

But now, he had come so far!

Harper came from the Source World, and he was naturally insightful.

As an Other Shore Realm warrior, he had witnessed the strength of the Eternal Realm warriors, but which of them had strength like this?

Whoosh!

A blood-red light shot out from the sky formed by the blood mist. Zen was enveloped in the blood-red light, rendering him a figure of blood.

Buzz!

Covered in blood, Zen extended the blood sword in his hand and rushed towards the head that he had just thrown. His blood-colored body flashed through the skies as if he had completely ignored all Space Laws.

As he approached, the blood sword flashed ominously.

Normally, the blood sword could only cause a wound four or five inches deep.

For the head that had become fifty thousand times larger, the damage would've been ignorable.

No one else could see clearly what was going on. Even Harper could only see a trace of blood-red light drilling into the head.

Then, he heard a slight sound coming from the head.

The sound was like a charcoal pencil scratching paper, or like a cool wind whistling through a bamboo forest.

After a short while, the head began to disintegrate.

It dissolved into hundreds of millions of shards, like a massive meteor shower, raining towards the ground.

After all the pieces disappeared, a silence fell over the Ruin Graveyard.

Everyone was speechless.

Even now, the creatures in the Ruin Graveyard had no idea what had really happened.

The only thing that gave them some semblance of solace was that a human being had killed the massive head.

After cutting off the head, Zen scanned his surroundings till his eyes fell on Lorena, who was standing at the top of the divine land.

In a flash of blood-red light, Zen suddenly appeared in front of Lorena.

When Lorena, Rosie and Harold saw the figure of blood, they froze in shock. Harold, however, stepped in front of Lorena to protect her, even though he knew that this was meaningless.

Staring at the figure of blood before her, Lorena suddenly had a sense of familiarity. She could not help but call out, "Zen, is that you?"

Rosie shot a concerned glance at her sister, feeling a little uneasy. Was she so stressed that she had begun to hallucinate? What if she annoyed the figure of blood?

"Zen," Harold called cautiously.

The blood-red light on Zen's body began to fade, revealing his true appearance.

This was his incarnation, so he didn't have any special power. He was like a grass or a stone in the primitive land. He was insignificant.

Rosie turned around and glared at Harold this time. What was wrong with him?

But then, she suddenly sensed that something was wrong. As she turned to the figure before them, her body froze.

Standing nearby, Rachelle also felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

When she was reborn, she had grown up to perform excellently.

But deep in her heart, she never stopped thinking about Zen.

She knew that her sister went to Zen to beg him to spare her, and that Zen had gone to the distant Source World in order to grow stronger.

All this time, she was hoping that if Zen returned one day, she would've surpassed him in power.

Of course, she had never told anyone about this.

When all the resources of the Ruin Graveyard were available and the strength of the consummate True Gods in the divine land had advanced by leaps and bounds, she felt hopeful.

Even Rocher had managed to reach the thirty-third stage, and he was said to be the strongest warrior in the Source World.

This whole time, she believed that as long as she mastered the Truth of Godly Way, it was possible for her to catch up with Zen.

But now that she looked at Zen, she suddenly felt small and stupid. Her imagined opponent was far beyond her reach.

Chapter 4177 Master And Disciple

Mike, Rocher, and Bromley were on the tombstone at the periphery of the Ruin Graveyard.

They couldn't clearly see what was happening at the top of the divine land. But they did see the head which was fifty thousand times its original size thrown into the air and shattered into pieces.

Bromley was stunned for a while. He could manage to mutter only two words. "A miracle!"

"Irrespective of whether or not it's a miracle, at least the divine land is safe now," Holy Jay said with a smile.

"That blood man is standing at the top of the divine land! Let's go and have a look!" Mike said, a space fluctuation rippling on the surface of his body. He got into the space channel and flew towards the divine land.

"There are still heads that haven't been dealt with," Rocher said. .

He had hardly finished talking before he realized that the Holy Beings had already left.

Rocher also wanted to go to the top of the divine land to see who that person was and how he could possess such an incredible theurgy.

But the thought of the heads and how they had no one to take care of them made him suppress his curiosity and rush towards the nearest head, which had expanded to ten thousand times its original size.

"Lone Sword!"

The moment Rocher took out this Other Shore Token, a blood-red figure appeared on the head.

This figure held a blood sword and then stabbed into the head, causing it to shatter into pieces before Rocher. .

The figure then dispersed quickly.

But before it dissipated, it turned to look at Rocher.

Rocher was stunned.

Although this man was wrapped in a thick layer of dark red blood so that Rocher couldn't see his real appearance, Rocher felt that the outline of this face was somewhat familiar. It was precisely the shape of Zen's face!.

The bloody man disappeared from before Rocher.

"I must be thinking too much. How could it be Zen?" Rocher muttered, shaking his head.

His gaze then locked onto the next head. This head was now eight hundred times its original size. The bloody man appeared on this head as well.

"Has he teleported to reach this head? Or... it is an avatar?"

Rocher observed more heads and found a blood red figure on each of them.

There were over ten thousand heads of different sizes in the Ruin Graveyard, and over ten thousand blood-red figures attacked these heads at the same time. They managed to kill all these heads in a while.

"With so many powerful avatars, it looks like I don't need to make a move!"

Saying thus, Rocher flew towards the top of the divine land, smiling bitterly.

At the top of the divine land, Lorena held Zen tightly in her arms, sobbing.

Rosie walked around Zen.

She looked her nephew up and down, comparing him with the Zen in her impression.

However, other than his appearance, Zen's aura was completely different from before.

The last time she saw him, Zen had already mastered two Truths of Godly Ways. These Truths of Godly Ways affected Zen's temperament, and he had an edge while being forthright at that time.

Now it seemed that Zen was no longer what he used to be.

If this guy hadn't just thrown the head that had expanded to fifty thousand times its original size into the sky, Rosie would have thought that he was at the same level as them.

"Mother, I haven't finished the mission my grandfather gave me. The situation in the Source World is very complicated and is no longer what it used to be. I didn't even kill our enemies myself. Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer are dead, but someone else killed them. But I have found the remaining members of the Nine Li race. They are all in the Pear Hill," Zen said to Lorena.

Lorena's eyes welled up as she looked at Zen, but she was happy as she said, "You've done a good job. Where is Yan? Is she all right?"

"She's fine. She's now in the Pear Hill," said Zen.

"Where is Geoffrey?" Lorena asked.

"He-" Zen hesitated before continuing, "He's fine as well."

Whatever he knew about Geoffrey, he had obtained from the disciple of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, Dale. It was difficult for Zen to describe the state of the Abstruse Energy World to Lorena.

But Lorena couldn't remain calm anymore. "What happened to Geoffrey? Is he really all right?"

"It's a long story. He's not in the chaos," Zen said vaguely, having no choice but to extend some form of explanation to her.

"Long story? What are you talking about? He is Lorena's grandson! Explain more clearly!" Rosie chimed in.

Zen felt a headache coming on.

At this moment, there was another space fluctuation beside him.

Bromley, Mike, Holy Jay, Joy, and the other Holy Beings walked out of the space channel.

They froze as their eyes focused on Zen, their hearts beating faster as they took in Zen's appearance, unable to believe what they were seeing.

It was so absurd when the most impossible thing they thought really happened.

"Did you just throw the head fifty thousand times its original size to the sky?" Mike asked Zen.

"Yes, I did," Zen said, nodding.

"How did you do it?" Mike asked again, astonished.

All he wanted to know was the answer to this question, all other thoughts fleeing his mind.

Bromley, Holy Jay, and Joy probably had the same thought as they stared at Zen with eager eyes.

"Because this is my inner world," Zen replied. "I can do it with the omniscient power."

"Your inner world..." Mike said wonderingly.

The Holy Beings seemed suddenly enlightened, and Bromley said, "Is it because of the Grand Weapon Refining Method and the Primal Chaos Technique that you were able to achieve this?"

Back then, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had given these to Bromley, who had then passed them down to Zen.

At the time, Bromley had known that the inner world cultivated with this method would be completely different from ordinary inner worlds.

But he hadn't expected Zen's inner world to become so huge!

When Zen spotted Bromley, he took a few steps towards him and knelt before him. "Master, greetings!"

Zen had seen Bromley when he'd been in the fairy palace, but that had only been an illusion that Bromley had left behind.

This was the first time that Zen had met his master.

"Please stand up." Bromley tried to help Zen up. "I accepted you as my disciple because your father asked me to. But actually, I never personally instructed you. Now that you have achieved such an unfathomable level of cultivation, being your master is more than what I deserve!"

"You will always be my master, no matter how strong or weak I am. Besides, going by what you said, Hallet and Gus can no longer be your disciples, either." Zen knelt back on the ground, refusing to stand up.

Hallet and Augustus had already surpassed Bromley in strength, but they still recognized Bromley as their master.

"Bromley, that's true. You still recognize Hallet and Augustus as your disciples. Why should Zen be any different?" Mike said from beside him.

Bromley nodded as he said, "I was wrong. Having Zen as my disciple is probably the best thing I've done in my life!"

As he spoke, he helped Zen to his feet.

Rocher, Hallet, and Augustus emerged from the space channel, one after the other.

At the sight of Zen, they all looked as if they had seen a ghost. Augustus's eyes, in particular, were wide as saucers.

Chapter 4178 The Vibration Of The Sword

"Hallet, Gus!"

Zen yelled when he saw them, bowing to both.

Hallet responded immediately, "Zen, how have you been?"

Zen and Augustus had had a very close relationship before.

He leaned forward, took a good look at him, and stretched his head out to smell his scent. "Zen, which stage of the Other Shore Realm have you reached by now?" he asked.

Zen said, "Huh. Which stage of the Other Shore Realm I'm at..."

Zen had no idea how to answer this question.

He'd been in Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore, but he hadn't fused with an Other Shore Token in that stage. The levels of the Other Shore Tokens he had with him weren't very high.

It might not be accurate to say that he was at the thirty-third stage of the Other Shore Realm, but it was a fact that he was at the Eternal Realm.

"I'm at the twentieth stage of the Other Shore Realm!" Augustus said. "Since the Mysterious Yellow Tower was destroyed, I haven't obtained the Other Shore Token yet, but much to my luck, I've fused with a holy armor from the nineteenth floor," he continued, seemingly proud of himself.

He showed them the Other Shore Token as proof.

It appeared on him, causing a blue light to radiate from his body. The aura released by the holy armor was quite captivating. It looked as if it held a strong, mysterious power.

"It's an Other Shore Token of the mysterious type, isn't it?" Zen said, studying the token with his eyes.

"Yes!" Augustus said confidently. It was obvious he was very proud of his possession. "Do you want to have a try? But you better watch yourself. Even if you have infinite power, you won't be able to defeat me!" Augustus jested.

"Augustus, Zen's just returned. Give him a break," Bromley said, embarrassed at the behavior of his disciple. He always knew Augustus had something special in him, but sometimes, he did act like a complete idiot.

Hallet also looked at Augustus with a disapproving gaze. 'He's too haughty for his own good, ' he thought to himself.

Augustus, however, paid no attention to their reminders and stares. He had been waiting to battle Zen once he returned for too long.

Zen had the extremely formidable power, but Augustus wasn't ready to give up his challenge just yet.

"Augustus, if you so badly want to battle with me, then let your request be my command," Zen said, smiling smugly.

"Zen, the armor Augustus is wearing is extremely powerful. Even Rocher wouldn't be able to break from it if he were trapped by it. No matter how powerful you are, you won't be able to do anything to free yourself from its hold," Hallet reminded, worried.

Even though he knew Augustus was definitely no match for Zen, he still didn't want Zen to take any chances.

However, before Zen could respond, Augustus charged at him. "Zen! "Be careful!" Hallet yelled through the noise.

Streaks of blue light outlined the holy armor, making Augustus appear like a fast, radiating figure. As he waved his hands in the air, two semicircular blue spaces shot from his palms, attacking Zen.

The Other Shore Tokens in the Mysterious Yellow Tower were carefully chosen by the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. Almost every floor had a unique Other Shore Token. The holy armor was one of them. If one were trapped in the armor's blue spaces, they wouldn't be able to escape, falling into a constant cycle. No one was able to free themselves from it, not even Rocher.

Little did Augustus know that Zen could use the power of the ancestry-level bloodline at will.

As soon as Augustus' spaces came charging at him, Zen had already analyzed the type of the space power and figured out a way to deal with it.

Bang!

The two semicircular spaces gathered together, locking Zen between them.

"What will our precious little Zen do to get out of this trap?" Augustus said mockingly and laughed proudly.

Zen stretched out his finger, and from it came a transparent spiral of power. With a quick move, he swept the spaces, completely slicing them with just the tip of his finger.

He tore the holy armor's mysterious, blue spaces so easily as if he had simply torn a piece of paper.

Augustus looked at him, his mouth hanging wide open.

With the amount of power Zen held, Augustus knew Zen would be able to deal with the holy armor accordingly, but he didn't expect it to be that easy for him!

He was standing face-to-face with someone who was able to break not only the holy armor of the nineteenth stage of the Other Shore, but also the theurgies of the Chaos Ancient Gods and the Grandmaster of Heaven!

Rocher, who was standing a few meters away, walked up to Zen, cupped his hands together, and with equal excitement said, "Zen!"

"Rocher!" Zen cheered out.

The two of them shared a profound look.

There was a special and unbreakable bond between them. They were both talents from the Evolutionary Universe. They experienced the lows and highs of life together. They'd basically known each other for most of their lives! Their friendship was very precious to them. It wasn't something one could easily encapsulate in words.

When Rocher obtained the Lone Sword, Lorena decided he must be one of the supreme masters of the chaos, making him no less powerful than the Lord of Weapons.

Of course, Rocher was overjoyed, but he was also thinking about Zen. What if he was compared with Zen?

If they were to be honest, even Bromley and Mike didn't have much confidence in Zen. After all, it was difficult to reach Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. Out of all of them, Rocher should have been the first person to reach this stage after the era of Wild Gods.

Who would have thought Zen would be able to bring a world back?

"Zen, how did you find the Ruin Graveyard?" Rocher asked.

Everyone, including Bromley, Mike and Lorena, listened.

"Wait, you don't know?" Zen asked, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion. "I asked someone to bring a small butterfly into the Mysterious Yellow Tower. It should be carried by someone from the Ruin Graveyard. I could find you when I sensed the butterfly's location, but it seems like you don't know that at all."

When Bromley, Holy Jay, Rocher, and the others heard this, they immediately turned their heads towards Mike.

Mike's eyes lit up. "The butterfly! The butterfly was guiding you!"

At this moment, the Lone Sword behind Rocher began to buzz. After a few seconds, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, Dale, Derrick, Arthur, and Justin began to appear one by one.

"Master Dale!" When Zen saw Dale, he smiled. He then turned to look at the old man beside him and recognized him immediately. "My name is Zen. Greetings, Grand Supreme Elderly Lord!"

"Ahem..." The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord coughed and explained, "Your father, Mike, carries the small butterfly. I have told him before."

Mike rolled his eyes. The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was a man of few words and never told Mike that the butterfly would be so useful in leading his son back.

"So I'm guessing you two know each other?" Rocher asked, hints of amusement and surprise present in his voice.

Zen smiled faintly. "Actually, this is the first time I've met the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord! Although, I must say I'm sure that everything that's happened to me since I was in the Evolutionary Universe has something to do with him."

"Why do you say that?" Bromley asked in confusion.

Although the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was the owner of the Ruin Graveyard and the Mysterious Yellow Tower, no one knew if he had anything to do with the divine land.

"The Grand Weapon Refining Method you gave me was not obtained by you accidentally but a special gift from the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord," Zen said with a smile.

Bromley raised his eyebrows, silently doubting what he just heard.

"It involves the entire chaos or maybe even a larger world. It's too complicated," Zen said.

At this moment, Rocher felt a slight vibration from the Lone Sword.

The vibration was subtle, but it had a certain rhythm. Rocher didn't know the reason for it, but the Grand Supreme Elderly answered his silent question for him. "It's the other end of the Lone Sword. Zen, that should be your son, Geoffrey."

"Geoffrey?"

"Geoffrey? Is it Geoffrey on the other side of the Lone Sword? Where is he?"

Not far away, Lorena and Rosie, who were listening to their conversation, felt excited at the mention of Geoffrey.

Chapter 4179 Refuse To Obey

Dale had told Zen of how they had communicated with Geoffrey before.

Now that the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord mentioned it, Zen was naturally filled with a great deal of concern. He gestured to Lorena and Rosie to be silent.

Everyone quieted down, their hearts filled with all sorts of strange feelings.

How was it possible for Geoffrey to communicate with them through this sword?

Was he trapped in it?

Rocher carried the Other Shore Token and could now feel the power of the vibrations, but what did such intermittent vibrations mean?

The sword vibrated for a while before the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said with an odd expression, "He says that he has found another holy pillar, and he can connect the line of the Lone Sword there."

"Does that mean the Lone Sword can get stronger?" asked Zen hopefully.

"Yes," answered the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, nodding. "Its ability may change as well."

Rocher's eyes lit up in surprise. "Sir, do you mean that Geoffrey is capable of modifying the Lone Sword's ability?"

With a faint hint of a smile, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said, "Geoffrey is on the pillar. He can modify the abilities of the Lone Sword and other Other Shore Tokens. He just happened to find the Lone Sword."

"That's unbelievable!" Rocher exclaimed in absolute shock.

He had sensed a change in the sword's ability before, but he could not understand how it had happened. His understanding of Other Shore Tokens was limited to the Other Shore after all. He had never even thought of the world outside the chaos.

He hadn't expected his Lone Sword's change would have something to do with Geoffrey, and yet it was his modification that had given the sword such great power.

Mike, Bromley, and Holy Jay were just as astonished.

It was well known by all that

the Other Shore Tokens were the source of power in the chaos.

But to their surprise, Mike's grandson could modify them at will. What kind of ability was this?

Joy's heart was filled with tenderness as she reminisced about the little boy who had once caused trouble in the fairy palace, who was now so incredibly powerful.

"What line? What pillar? Zen, tell him to come out of the sword!" Lorena ordered grumpily.

She too knew the significance of the Other Shore Tokens and how extraordinary Geoffrey's ability was.

But she couldn't accept that Zen had let her grandson face the risks it came with all alone.

"Mother, Geoffrey is not in the Lone Sword. His current state is unlike anything you are familiar with," said Zen, trying to calm her down.

"I don't care!" Lorena said, ignoring him and turning to the Lone Sword. "Geoffrey, can you hear me? Come back now!"

"Grandma..."

Geoffrey was taken aback by his grandmother's plea as he stood at the stair of the pillar.

He climbed a long distance on the chain before he finally arrived at the mysterious courtyard that hung in the air.

But when he got there, he discovered the courtyard was bound tightly by the massive chain and there was not even a crack to be found that he could enter through.

This did not deter him. He didn't even consider turning back. He climbed up the chain from another corner of the courtyard and successfully reached a different pillar.

The first pillar had all sorts of lines on it that were connected to the chaos. The second pillar, however, was bare and didn't have any light spreading out from it, including the location of the ten Holy Items at the top.

Geoffrey knew the Holy Items were significant.

'What if I upgrade the Lone Sword into a Holy Item?'

With this idea burning within, he climbed back along the chain and returned to the eleventh stair of the pillar of the Snake Spirit Sect. When he came into contact with the light, he told the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord of his plan, but as he spoke, he discovered that something was wrong.

The Lone Sword was actually in the hands of Rocher, and his father, grandmother, and grandfather were gathered around Rocher.

It seemed his father had returned to the divine land.

"I do not wish to go back," Geoffrey revealed while playing the light.

Climbing so high was not easy for him and he would definitely not give up now that he could help Rocher enhance the Lone Sword.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord passed Geoffrey's words on to Lorena.

Her eyebrows raised as she began arguing with Geoffrey, "These sort of things are not suitable for you. Geoffrey, you're still young and don't understand how dangerous the world really is..."

He ignored her outright and instead said, "Uncle Rocher, let me help you strengthen your sword."

He pulled the black stone out of the pillar and the link between it and the Lone Sword was broken.

The Lone Sword's aura quickly dissipated without any energy reaction, leaving it looking like an ordinary iron weapon.

"The Lone Sword..." The change in the sword stunned Rocher.

"He has broken the link to the Lone Sword," announced the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. "Don't worry, you need only wait. He should be changing the sword's ability now."

"Can you get in touch with him?" asked Lorena, still peeved.

"No," replied the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, shaking his head.

"That brat..." Lorena muttered angrily, turning her head to stare at Zen. "You're his father. Why aren't you stopping him? I'm going to tell Tia about this and we'll see how you explain it then!"

Zen was speechless. Geoffrey hadn't even given him the chance to speak. How could he have persuaded him?

"Mother, Geoffrey is not a child anymore. He can take care of himself well enough," Zen said, still trying to calm her nerves. "Some of the members of the Nine Li race are waiting for you in the Pear Hill. Let me take you there now."

Lorena was still enraged but after hearing this, she thought a while and then asked, "Who are they?"

"Grandpa Ambrose and Grandpa Tucker," replied Zen.

"Take us there!" Harper came out of the divine land.

He had always been loyal to the Nine Li race and was now eager to meet Ambrose and Tucker.

Zen constructed a space door which led directly to the Pear Hill and sent Lorena, Harper and Rosie through.

When Ambrose and Tucker saw Lorena and Rosie, their eyes instantly turned red.

Back when the divine land set sail, they were left extremely desperate. They had never imagined they'd meet again someday.

Unfortunately, seven of the nine chiefs had died, and those who remained of the Nine Li race were weak. It wasn't difficult to imagine their current sadness.

After assisting his mother and the others in settling down in the Pear Hill, Zen returned to the top of the divine land and described roughly what he had encountered on his travels to the Source World.

He spoke of how he joined the Sword Light Palace and the Oneness Sky Palace and traveled to the Pear Hill, and how he then took the Pear Hill away from the Source World.

Zen's stories did not relieve Mike. Instead, he asked in surprise, "So the huge Source World has fallen into the hands of the Evil God, who was born in your inner world?"

"Yes," Zen answered affirmatively.

"It appears the situation is even more serious than I had thought." Bromley was overtaken by a gloomy seriousness.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had been silent all this time but then suddenly said to Zen, "The Snake Spirit King must be very confident to dare to take this step. Even if the Evil God has controlled the Source World, he may not be able to handle him."

Zen had the ancestry-level bloodline, and so knew from the very beginning how to deal with this. Moreover, his primitive land was small in size, making it easy for him to manage.

But the Source World was different.

It had developed over countless years. It had long since grown into a gigantic world and couldn't fight against the heads given its huge form.

It was just as the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had guessed; the Source World was currently in the middle of an unprecedented era of suffering.

Chapter 4180 The Crisis In The Source World

Currently, the Source World attracted a large number of vicious heads because of its huge structure.

When the heads first appeared in the Source World, the Evil God instantly realized that something wrong was going on. With this, he immediately summoned numerous avatars of himself and mobilized all the forces.

Meanwhile, in the Bloom Divine Province, the place had been plagued by earthquakes for almost a month now.

Along with this, a terrible rumor had been spreading among the citizens.

"Did you know? There are countless humongous and horrifying heads underground. These are what caused these earthquakes!"

"They said these heads are hundreds of millions of feet in height. They can devour anything, living or inanimate!"

"We're no longer safe here. We have to run away from this place!"

But with all these, others just laughed at the nasty rumors and didn't pay much attention to it. After all, a large number of powerful warriors were gathered in the Source World. Even if the rumors were true and the monstrous heads surfaced from the ground, they believed that the warriors of the Source World would save the day.

However, the Oneness Sky Palace no longer existed. The Bearing race and the Divine Farmer race were also destroyed. Right now, no other forces had assumed control over the Bloom Divine Province. Thus, it was currently a land without a ruler.

With this, some of the big clans around the Clear Lake were preparing to grab the supremacy in the region.

The Bloom Divine Province had always been a birthplace of great talents, and it had the reputation of nurturing a potential super force. Thus, it should only be a matter of time when one of these large clans rose and replaced the Oneness Sky Palace.

In recent days, in order to compete for the power and profit, the big clans around the Clear Lake had been holding continuous competitions.

The geniuses at the Other Shore Realm from various clans participated and gave their all to battle it out in the ring.

This day, tens of thousands of people gathered by the Clear Lake to watch another set of breathtaking matches. On the surface of the lake, two young elites were competing like two atrocious waterfowls.

Every time they would exchange a blow, a deafening sound would reverberate, creating ripples and shaking even the depths of the lake.

The fierce showdown between the two young elites had lasted for about five minutes. One of them, who was in the third stage of the Other Shore Realm, obviously had a greater edge. Under his constant attacks, his opponent's strength gradually weakened.

"Take this! Shining Dragon Sword Skill!" the elite on the third stage of the Other Shore Realm roared mightily, ready to finish his opponent with this strike.

At the same time, a violent earthquake occurred again.

This time, the tremor they felt was much stronger than the previous ones. Fissures appeared on the ground and some houses even started to collapse.

However, because of the frequent waves of earthquakes recently, nobody was alarmed anymore. They weren't fazed and still focused their attention on the on-going battle.

As soon as the third-stage Other Shore Realm warrior employed his sword skill, the water in the Clear Lake started to decline sharply. In just a few seconds, the entire lake dried up, exposing the massive lakebed.

"Wait. Was this caused by the sword skill of that young man from the Su Clan?"

"I don't think so. Even if he's a promising warrior, he's still currently in the third stage of the Other Shore Realm. He can't be the one who did this."

"If that's true, then what happened to the Clear Lake?"

The onlookers chatted with each other, figuring out what had happened to the water in the lake.

Even the two competitors above the lake were taken aback. They immediately stopped their battle, startled with the strange phenomenon.

As the water in the lake completely disappeared, everyone soon saw a huge sculpture of a face on the lakebed. It had vivid eyes, mouth, and nose.

Some people thought that this sculpture was just probably hidden at the bottom of the lake all this time.

However, as some stared intently at it, they were instantly reminded of that circulating ominous rumor.

The Source World had already been invaded by tens of millions of these ferocious heads. Sooner or later, this world would be completely devoured by them if nothing was done.

Clatter! Clatter!

What they saw was a head five hundred times its original size.

It had been biting and drilling in a specific direction all this time. It was like a worm that pervaded a fruit. A very long and thin cave was created under the Source World, and now, this head finally emerged above the surface of the Source World through the earth of the Bloom Divine Province.

It meant that the recent earthquakes in the Bloom Divine Province were all caused by this single giant head.

For these heads, living creatures were actually better prey than any other substances.

Thus, as it emerged from the bottom of the Clear Lake, it immediately opened its huge mouth and bit towards the edge of the lakeshore and attacked the people there.

Whoosh! Crack!

A huge tooth mark appeared on the edge of the lakeshore. Both the young elites and tens of thousands of the onlookers were instantly swallowed into the head's mouth. They didn't even have the time to react and escape with the frightening speed of the huge head.

Similar to the scene that just happened by the Clear Lake, this same disaster was simultaneously happening throughout the Source World.

The head that appeared in the Clear Lake wasn't even the worst. Some heads were about tens of thousands of times their original size, appearing in various large provinces.

These colossal heads were by no means something that ordinary warriors at the Other Shore Realm could handle. At best, they might be able to resist the heads that were about a thousand times their original size.

At the edge of the Clear Lake's bank, some lucky survivors started running like crazy, trying to escape from the huge head that had already killed thousands of people in just a blink of the eye.

One of them suddenly stopped in his tracks as his body twitched. His face became blurry and gradually turned into that of the Evil God.

"Six Truths Explosion!"

Without the slightest hesitation, this replica of the Evil God summoned six energy balls of different colors from his head, hands, feet, and abdomen. Right after he gathered them, he teleported into the mouth of the huge head and rammed these energy balls into it.

Crash! Boom!

A devastating pillar of light penetrated the head. It left a huge hole in it, where the light surged into the sky. Everyone in the Bloom Divine Province could clearly see this dazzling pillar of light.

The blinding light continued to disintegrate the head until it turned to dust.

At the same time, about hundreds of provinces away from the Clear Lake, a large bed lay at the center of a broad, black hall.

On this very bed, Edna was resting in the arms of the Evil God.

Recently, the Evil God had been bad-tempered and irritable.

Sometimes, Edna would even doubt if this man was the real Evil God.

Behind the hall where they were was a huge square. Here, over ten thousand people were sitting with their legs crossed as if in meditation. These were all replicas of the Evil God.

Although they were just replicas, they were no different from the real Evil God. They shared the same strength, aura, and even thoughts.

As the current ruler of the Source World, the Evil God discerned that the invasion of the menacing heads would bring huge troubles.

If he failed to eliminate all these abominable heads, the Source World would be devoured and destroyed in a short time.

However, though he had already mobilized all his forces throughout the Source World, and even asked the help of the Nihility race through the Black Ship, he still couldn't find an effective way to deal with the heads.

A few days ago, the Black Ship had already contacted the Nihility race, and the Grandmaster of Heaven himself descended to the Source World to check on the situation. However, he only told the Evil God that he would try to think of a solution and quickly returned to the Other Shore afterward.

At this critical moment, he could only rely on himself to solve this crisis. It might be too late for the Source World if he kept on waiting for the help of others.

On a whim, he gathered over ten thousand of his replicas in an attempt to think of a viable solution to their dilemma. This was the reason why these replicas were all currently at the square.

Some of them were thinking by themselves, while others were discussing in groups.

Even the Six Truths Explosion, which was the powerful skill that his replica had performed to vanquish the huge head by the Clear Lake, was a result of this kind of brainstorming.

He believed that little by little, they were making progress in destroying their opponents. However, because of the overwhelming number of the heads, the current methods that they formulated were still far from enough to annihilate them all.

That was why they couldn't afford to stop thinking of a better way.

Lying on the comfortable bed, the Evil God slowly let out a deep sigh.

Hearing this, Edna tied up her silky black hair, gazed at the Evil God, and said, "With so many avatars helping you to find a solution, why do you have to bother yourself about it?"

The Evil God was getting too absorbed with it that his temperament had changed drastically.

In the past, all he needed to do was destroy everything as he pleased. He was just a reckless and happy-go-lucky guy that did whatever he wanted. But since he assumed control of the Source World, he now had the responsibility to protect the land and the people.

And this was something that he was not good at.

"If all the heads came from a single direction, I wouldn't need to worry this much. But they're everywhere! They're scattered in the entire chaos, and they come from all directions. It's just impossible to guard against them. I don't think there is a perfect solution to deal with them," the Evil God complained in an annoyed tone.

With her hand covering her bare shoulder, Edna buried her head in thought for a while. Then, out of nowhere, she just blurted out, "Is there anything that would repel the heads?"

"Repel the heads…" The Evil God furrowed his brows as he entertained this thought. After a few moments, his eyes suddenly lit up, and there was a faint grin on his face. "Edna, what do you think would they hate the most?"

Chapter 4181 Nipping Consciousness In The Bud

To the Evil God, anyone who was against him must be eliminated.

Even those who didn't provoke him would end up dead. Those who dared take the initiative to provoke him would face even worse.

The Evil God had been looking for a way to kill the heads after they invaded his territory.

Why would he care what they hated the most?

But he changed his mind now.

The Source World was too large. Even if the Evil God had tens of thousands of avatars, he still couldn't guard every corner.

If he could use some method to force them to gather in one place, he could then easily kill them.

Edna saw the sparkle in the Evil God's eyes, but didn't know what was on his mind. She stuttered, "I...I don't know what they hate."

"But they will know," the Evil God said confidently.

An idea was forming in the Evil God's mind.

And then, a consciousness appeared in the minds of the ten thousand Evil Gods in the huge black square. The order given to them by their master was always top priority to them.

"The master orders us to find the weakness of these heads?"

"What do they hate?"

"We have to test them one by one. We will find it out!"

"These heads are stupid, and their behavior pattern is simple. We can start from their mode of behavior!"

These avatars of the Evil God were as smart as their master. The Evil God had only to give them a hint and they would begin to brainstorm and make plans.

Tens of thousands of avatars were now in a heated discussion, the huge square suddenly becoming noisy. It had now become difficult to hear anything.

"It's so noisy! Stop it, you idiots!" an avatar cursed angrily.

The other avatars quickly closed their mouths and began to communicate with each other through their spiritual sense.

The tens of thousands of avatars thought differently, but they were very efficient and quickly came up with several plans.

These plans were voted on and they finally decided on one that seemed to be the best. They would split up to test the characteristics of the heads.

The avatars had originally been searching for the heads in the Source World in order to kill them, but they now quickly changed their strategy.

Since the Heavenly Martial Province was the weakest, it had attracted the most heads.

The Evil God had killed for several rounds here, but before long, this place would once again be filled with heads. The heads here were the most suitable for them to carry out the test.

Dozens of avatars found some hosts in the Heavenly Martial Province and possessed them in unison. They captured dozens of heads that had expanded to several times their original size in the shortest time and began the test.

"The first test, flame theurgy!"

Blazing flames swept out and enveloped a head.

The flames burned the head till it turned black.

But the head still had its mouth open wide, trying to devour everything in front of it. It even swallowed a portion of the flames.

"Stronger flames!"

Sizzle!

When another avatar released more powerful flames, the head couldn't bear it anymore, and cracks appeared on its surface. Before long, it exploded into pieces, the force emanating from the center and rippling towards the edges.

Their goal was not to kill the heads, which meant that the first test had failed.

"The second test, use the ice wall to trap the head!"

"The third test, use lightning to bind it."

"The fourth test, use the force of fear."

"The fifth test, possess its consciousness."

In less than two hours, the avatars had tested dozens of theurgies.

The heads had no soul, so they couldn't be controlled by the soul-related theurgies.

The other theurgies would cause them no fear. The heads would be killed once the power of the theurgies increased.

"The fifty-sixth test, surround the head with space walls!"

A complete cubic space trapped within itself a head that had expanded to ten times its original size. The head screamed as it crashed into the space wall, with a loud bang.

"The fifty-sixth test failed. Remove the space walls and prepare for the next test," an avatar announced.

"Wait," another avatar said. "Don't remove the space walls."

"Don't waste time," the first avatar said, frowning.

"Look, the head didn't bite into the space wall. It looks like it can't see the wall!" the second avatar said.

At this, the other avatars turned their gazes to the head and did indeed find something strange.

"Remove the other five space walls," the Evil God ordered.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz!"

Once the other space walls were removed, the head still didn't react and continued to strike the space wall before it.

"The head can't sense the power of space!" As the avatar spoke, he wrapped his body with the power of space, and then flew towards the head.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

The huge head hit the avatar over and over again, which was tiny compared to the head's size, but it looked like it never intended to open its mouth and swallow the tiny thing that was in its way!

"We've found a way," the avatar said with a smile.

Before long, an avatar flew into the hall from the square.

"Master, I think I have found a way to deal with them," the avatar said.

The Evil God's eyes flashed with surprise. "So soon?"

It had only been a few hours since Edna had reminded him, and they had already found a way to restrain the heads. The Evil God was naturally surprised.

"The perception of the heads is very poor. They can't perceive space. As long as we hide behind the space walls, they won't be able to sense their targets," the avatar said.

"Space?" The Evil God thought for a while before saying, "But it's still quite difficult to construct a huge space wall that can completely wrap around the Source World."

"There's no need for the space wall," the avatar said. "You can stretch the space wall into a net, and the heads won't notice it. I've already tested it."

A smile appeared on the Evil God's face. "Brilliant! Very good!"

The avatar also smiled. "I need a reward."

"What do you want?" the Evil God said, his eyes stunned but wary.

The avatar pointed at Edna, who was standing beside the Evil God, and said, "She is your woman, and also mine."

Edna hadn't expected the avatar to make such a request and didn't know what to do.

What was more, she couldn't tell who the real Evil God was and who the avatar was. Sometimes, she even suspected that the real Evil God had died a long time ago.

"Okay," the Evil God said, nodding. "Come here!"

The avatar walked over to the Evil God.

But the moment he got close to the Evil God, the Evil God stretched out a hand and gently tapped at his forehead. The avatar's face began to change, and he turned into a black skinned creature.

Phew!

The creature had gained his own consciousness, but before he could realize what was happening to him, the Evil God cut his neck off his body.

Black blood splashed all over the ground.

"Darling, why did you kill him?" asked Edna.

"He has gained his own consciousness. If his consciousness grows stronger, he would definitely betray me," said the Evil God.

Under normal circumstances, the avatars of the Evil God were completely in sync with their master, and they executed their master's orders without any questions.

But if they were separated from their master for a long time or had any kind of special experience, their consciousness would begin to deviate.

If this were to happen, the Evil God would kill them without mercy.

The person who knew one the best was always themselves, and they would never be loyal to anyone else. Once these avatars gained an independent consciousness, they would even betray themselves.

Chapter 4182 My World

The very next day, tens of thousands of Evil Gods appeared all over the entire Source World.

Each Evil God stood far away from each other. Their distance was of several provinces apart. They were equally distributed throughout the outer layer of the Source World.

Simultaneously, the Evil Gods whispered, "Space truth..."

The Evil God's current understanding of the space truth had reached an even higher level. With this, he was able to use the power of space freely.

Countless wisps of space as thick as a thumb had intertwined around the Evil Gods. They each formed a structure that looked like a fishing net. Under the Evil Gods' control, the fishing nets fanned out in every direction with them as the center.

After a few minutes, each of them had already covered a hundred thousand feet.

Soon enough, they had expanded to one billion feet.

About two hours later, each space net had covered an area that was as large as a whole province.

After six hours, the space nets laid out by each Evil God began to interlink.

Moments later, all of the space nets in every corner of the world had connected. The entire Source World was now completely covered.

Previously, the enormous Source World had been attracting innumerable heads. Before the space nets completely enveloped it, these heads were like a school of fish affected by the tide. They rushed towards the only remaining weak points of this world.

But as soon as the space nets covered those weak points, the heads instantly lost their targets. They fled outside the Source World like headless chickens.

Due to their low intelligence, they had no idea what had just happened. They only knew that their prey had mysteriously disappeared.

Instinctively, these heads devoured everything that could be devoured. It seemed that the creatures of their kind were also on their menus. Soon enough, the situation became even more chaotic. They began to devour each other frenziedly.

In the hall, there was a space wall that showed the movements outside the Source World. With this, the Evil God could monitor the situation outside without going out himself.

"Amazing! They are really not attacking the Source World anymore. Has the Source World been saved?" Edna asked the Evil God. Her face was full of admiration and gratitude.

"Of course," the Evil God replied. There was a gentle smile on his face. He seemed to be in a good mood.

The next thing on their list was to clean up the remaining heads inside the Source World. It was time to exterminate them.

There were countless heads that managed to enter the Source World. In addition to that, there were many heads that grew rapidly and were ten thousand times larger than others. Nevertheless, it wasn't really difficult to kill these heads.

After a short while, they suddenly heard footsteps from outside the hall. Shera slowly walked in and stopped beside the Evil God.

She hardly paid any attention to Edna. She merely turned to the Evil God and said, "Someone on the Other Shore wants to see you."

"Is it the Grandmaster of Heaven again? He's not needed here. If it is him, he doesn't have to descend. The crisis in the Source World is over," the Evil God said casually. He just kept watching the space wall.

"It's over? But how..." Shera was slightly stunned at this news. "Those heads..." She couldn't find the right words as she watched what was happening outside through the space wall.

"I have already blocked them from the outside. Although, it will take a few more days to get rid of the heads within the Source World," the Evil God responded indifferently.

"How did you do that?" Once again, her face was full of utter amazement.

"Our effort is the most decisive factor," the Evil God replied calmly. "So, you can tell the Grandmaster of Heaven that he is not needed here anymore."

"It's not the Grandmaster of Heaven who is coming this time," Shera informed him.

"Then, who else? Is it Samantha, Sienna, and Stella this time?" The Evil God rarely had visitors. He wondered who it could be.

"No. It's a Bird Master," Shera answered.

"And who or what is that? I've never heard of it before." The Evil God's curiosity was aroused.

"Once before, you asked me why a powerful giant ape would appear on the Pear Hill. This Bird Master and the giant ape actually belong to the same category. Therefore, he will be able to answer your question," Shera replied simply.

In the Jade Pure Realm, the Snake Spirit Sect and the Bird Spirit Sect waged a fierce war against each other. But in the end, the Bird Spirit Sect suffered a crushing defeat.

At the final moment of their battle, the Snake Spirit King almost destroyed the Bird Spirit King's coordinates!

But for some unknown reason, the Snake Spirit King did not go through with it and decided to spare the Bird Spirit Sect. No one knew what kind of news he heard during that moment.

Through their coordinates, all of the Bird Masters and Treacherous Beings that perished in the war could revive. This meant that their defeat did not cause substantial losses. However, it made the Bird Masters understand a simple yet painful truth.

The Snake Spirit Sect was far stronger than the Bird Spirit Sect. It would be absolutely impossible to defeat them on the Other Shore!

For this reason, the Bird Spirit Sect summoned the members of the Nihility race in secret. And so during that period of time, the Black Ship was not able to contact the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Now, the Bird Spirit Sect knew that the Evil God was in control of the Source World. Hence, they fixed their eyes upon the chaos once again.

After the Evil God heard this news from Shera, his expression became guarded. "Fine, I want to meet him."

With that, Shera smiled sweetly and took out the Descending Ring.

Flash! The entire hall was covered in bright light.

As the Descending Ring radiated with a dazzling golden light, it floated into the air. Shortly after, the figure of a giant bird slowly appeared in front of the Evil God.

This gigantic bird was none other than the Bird Master, Duran.

The Evil God immediately sensed the incredible aura of the Bird Master. He opened his eyes a little wider.

There was no doubt that this bird was very powerful.

He almost had the same extraordinary aura as the giant ape.

But Duran's strength was still far inferior to that of the giant ape!

"Greetings, Bird Master!" Shera instantly bowed low.

Duran didn't pay any attention to her. Instead, he looked directly at the Evil God in front of him. His sharp eyes were scrutinizing every bit of the Evil God.

"Are you the one who controls the Source World?" Duran asked straightforwardly.

"Yes, it is me," the Evil God replied impassively.

"Very well..." Duran turned away from him and faced a blank wall.

He then stretched out his sharp and enormous wings. With that, he gently scratched the wall of the hall.

Whoosh! They heard a loud cutting sound.

The Evil God, Edna, and Shera only saw the movement of Duran's wings. In the blink of an eye, half of the hall was cut off. With a gentle flap of his wings, a strong gust of wind blew the upper half of the hall away. It drifted off ten thousand miles away from them.

Duran looked around the immense space. "This is the only successful thing the Grandmaster of Heaven has done. He has finally helped us gain control of the Source World."

It was indeed an unexpected advantage to seize control of the primitive land. Nevertheless, it was a huge success for them.

Hearing this, the Evil God frowned. "Just to clarify, it is not you that control the Source World, but me. This is my world," the Evil God stated coldly.

Duran looked at the Evil God and remembered something.

Before he descended, the Grandmaster of Heaven gave him a warning.

The Evil God was very rebellious. He should not try to completely take over him. He needed to be more patient and show the Evil God more respect.

Duran was a smart creature.

Even though he was a superior Bird Master, he was perfectly fine with being humble in front of a mere human. He could restrain his arrogance and would do whatever it took to achieve their goal. As Duran remembered this, he smiled faintly. "That's right. Now, the Bird Spirit Sect and the Nihility race need to rely on you."

The Bird Master quickly adopted a friendly attitude. Duran's sudden change of tack surprised the Evil God. He continued to ask, "What exactly are you? You don't seem like living creatures, yet you have an incredible amount of strength. The giant ape is even more remarkable..."

The scene in which the giant ape moved the Pear Hill out flashed through the Evil God's mind. It was a surreal and astonishing thing to witness.

"We are a level higher than you. We are also the builders of the chaos. When we die, we will become what I am right now. You can treat us as souls. However, we are called the Treacherous Beings on the Other Shore," answered Duran.

Realization dawned upon the Evil God. "The Treacherous Being... Did that giant ape also die and become a Treacherous Being?" he asked curiously.

"Yes. He is the Monkey Spirit King, one of the known four kings." Duran nodded.

"Even though the Monkey Spirit King is dead, he still has that much strength. What kind of creature was he when he was alive? How could he be so powerful?" the Evil God wondered out loud. It was quite incredible to come across such a powerful being.

"He used to be the strongest warrior in the main world. Even if he is in the form of the Treacherous Being now, he is still powerful," Duran said with a slight smile.

The Evil God looked at Duran. "What about you? Do you also have a king? Is he that powerful too?" The Evil God couldn't quite contain his curiosity.

"Our Bird Spirit King is on par with the Monkey Spirit King," replied Duran. His eyes were full of pride and admiration.

Chapter 4183 Regret

Duran didn't treat the Evil God as a subordinate, but actually viewed him as a partner.

Since he was talking to a partner, he felt the need to display the true strength of the Bird Spirit Sect.

Duran felt quite confident. After all, the Evil God had no choice but to cooperate with the Bird Spirit Sect.

"The Bird Spirit King... You said there are four kings. Then, who are the other two?" the Evil God asked curiously.

"The Human Spirit King and the Snake Spirit King," Duran answered. Then, his eyes grew misty. "The four sects were a family many years ago..."

Usually, it would take a long time to tell the entire story of the Four Spirits Sect.

However, Duran took only around five minutes to give a brief overview of the history of the Four Spirits Sect to the Evil God.

When he had finished, the Evil God's eyes lit up with interest. "But since your Bird Spirit Sect has been annihilated by the Snake Spirit Sect, you should take revenge. Why do you want to destroy everything instead?"

"This is the wish of our king. We have to fulfill it," said Duran. All the birds were extremely loyal to their ruler.

The Evil God didn't reply.

After seizing control of the Source World, the Evil God felt no need to destroy it all.

In the past, he had been alone. With his difficult personality, he made too many enemies, so he ended up cooperating with the Nihility race and then later joined the Black Ship.

But once he became the ruler of the Source World, his thoughts somewhat changed. At the very least, he no longer followed the Nihility Way.

But now, he was reliant on the Bird Spirit Sect. No matter how arrogant he was, he knew he couldn't oppose the Bird Spirit King's wish, especially not in front of Duran.

"I once defeated a little black snake in the consciousness of the Source World. Did he come from the Snake Spirit Sect?" The Evil God suddenly recalled.

When he found out that there was an intruder in the consciousness of the Source World, he had been quite puzzled.

Theoretically, only he was supposed to be able to enter that place. What kind of theurgy did the little black snake possess to forcefully enter it?

"Yes, it's very likely it was the Snake Spirit King himself," replied Duran. "Occupying the Source World was originally a part of the Snake Spirit Sect's plan, but you ruined it."

The corners of the Evil God's mouth curled up in amusement as he heard this.

"That's why the chaos was attacked," said Duran.

"You mean these heads?" the Evil God asked, his smile instantly wiped from his face.

Duran nodded. "Yes. The Snake Spirit King has begun a new round of world downgrading. It is to constantly devour these heads in order to expand the Source World, till it grows to be around the size of the chaos."

"Oh?" The Evil God's eyebrows shot up, as his interest was piqued once more. "Expand the Source World to the size of the chaos?"

"Right. Maybe it will be even larger than the chaos, and expand to an unimaginable size..." Duran said.

"How does one devour these heads?" the Evil God asked.

Duran smiled. "Just smash the heads in the Source World. You've already devoured lots of heads. Didn't you notice the changes in the Source World?"

"Changes?"

The Evil God closed his eyes gently and entered the consciousness of the Source World.

The Source World was too vast. Although he had devoured a lot of heads, the Source World was so large that he hadn't noticed the small change before.

After carefully examining the Source World, the Evil God slowly opened his eyes wide. "The Source World has actually expanded by about ten percent!"

The Evil God grew excited. This speed of expansion was actually quite terrifying.

He didn't expect that devouring the heads would have such benefits.

"There is only one Source World in the chaos... So, are you saying the chaos will also belong to me in the future?" the Evil God asked pointedly.

Duran shook his head. "There is only one Source World, but there are several primitive lands. Since the Snake Spirit King has begun the downgrading, he will definitely use another primitive land. Therefore, you have to devour as many heads as possible, because there will inevitably be a battle between your Source World and the Snake Spirit King's primitive land, and only one primitive land will be left in the end."

"There will be a battle..." the Evil God echoed mindlessly. Lowering his head, he was lost in thought for a while. Zen suddenly came to mind.

If these heads were all over the chaos, it would be difficult for the Pear Hill to escape. Was this the end for Zen?

The Evil God had always regarded Zen as his ultimate opponent. Now that the Snake Spirit King had suddenly entered the picture, he felt somewhat regretful.

"You must win this battle. Don't worry, the Nihility race and the Bird Spirit Sect will help you."

After saying that, Duran exited the Source World.

One day later, the Evil God ordered the transformation of the Source World.

Over ten thousand avatars desperately racked their brains to try to come up with a new plan quickly.

They planned to create three huge cracks at the edge of the Source World, each of which spanning hundreds of large provinces. Within each crack, they would arrange huge magic arrays in the provinces.

Once the heads in the chaos were lured into the cracks, the arrays would be activated to immediately kill those heads.

This plan was exactly the same as the Snake Spirit King's.

And it all went very smoothly. However, the Evil God was visibly depressed these days.

Even Edna couldn't figure out what was going on in his mind. Nothing she said could comfort him.

One day, the Evil God was staring blankly at the sky in the distance when someone suddenly draped a robe over his shoulders. Frowning slightly, he asked in an annoyed tone, "What are you doing here?"

The figure standing behind him was not Edna, but Shera.

Ever since Edna came, the Evil God rarely ever talked to Shera.

This saddened Shera greatly, but she didn't show it. After all, she was still the liaison between the Evil God and the Nihility race.

"I know why you are unhappy," said Shera, eyes flashing.

The Evil God glanced at her indifferently. "What do you know?"

Shera leaned down to whisper in his ear, "You think you have lost Zen, your opponent."

The Evil God didn't say anything. Instead, he just let out a heavy sigh.

"He might not die. Perhaps, just like you, he is rapidly growing," said Shera.

The Evil God raised his eyebrows and turned around abruptly to stare at Shera. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "Can the Pear Hill escape this disaster?"

"I don't know for sure," said Shera. "But there is one thing I am certain of. You should have been born in a primitive land. Otherwise, you wouldn't be able to devour Usman, nor would you be able to obtain the consciousness of the Source World."

The Evil God's eyes lit up excitedly. "You mean that Zen's inner world is a primitive land?"

"Yes," said Shera with a nod.

When the Evil God had been absorbed by Zen, Shera and the brass man had already suspected this, but she was not so sure at that time.

However, when the Evil God successfully devoured Usman, she was certain.

As the Evil God heard this, his expression suddenly relaxed. Smiling confidently, he said, "I'll definitely win this competition."

Chapter 4184 Alliance

Somewhere in the depths of the chaos, a huge pyramid spun slowly.

Behind this pyramid was an empty void, the heads previously scattered already devoured.

It had now entered a new world.

With all the heads cleared out, three light columns suddenly extended from the three, large mouths.

The energy within these columns was very weak yet very stable and had the power to spread for billions of miles across the chaos.

Although these heads were stupid, they had an extraordinarily keen sense when it came to energy. They crazily followed the light columns as they swept past them.

Once the number of heads that followed the light columns was enough, the distance between each beam narrowed in such a way that they were all led towards the mouths of the pyramid. This was how all those heads from before were cleared out all at once.

As the pyramid devoured the heads with frighteningly high efficiency, it expanded a thousand times in size.

It was small compared to the Source World but the rate at which it grew was astonishing.

On the other side of the chaos, Zen used a similar way to clear the heads.

He had asked the Snake Goddess to spread her shadow and used the energy beams to attract the heads, and this method initially worked.

However, as the primitive land continued to expand, the Snake Goddess's shadow fell short.

Her shadow could theoretically extend at an infinite distance. If she was given enough time, she could even spread her shadow across the chaos.

Unfortunately, the speed at which her shadow extended was too slow.

According to what the ancestry-level bloodline said, a round of competition would begin after the downgrade started and those bigger in size would have a great advantage.

Zen knew he had to come up with a better method if he wanted to absorb more heads in the least amount of time.

Since Snake Goddess' shadow proved ineffective, he decided to gather everyone on the jadeite platform for a brainstorming session.

What they needed was something that could spread far and wide at a fast enough rate.

"Light," Gerald was quick to propose.

Light not only contained energy but also had the ability to spread all throughout the chaos.

Once again, Zen asked the ancestry-level bloodline to transform the primitive land.

Not long after, six, huge arrays appeared on the surface of the primitive land. These six arrays served no purpose of defense and only released strong, enduring light.

"Buzz..."

As a burst of powerful energy was injected into the arrays, it scattered into strong beams of light in all directions.

It was as if there was a huge sun in the chaos as these blazing beams of white light expanded hundreds of millions of miles away. They effectively drew in the heads within this range which then rushed towards the primitive land.

All three primitive lands within the chaos were able to figure out unique ways to expand and grow.

As the rate at which they consumed the heads wasn't slow, their growth rate itself was astonishing.

For perspective, it was important to remember that the chaos was enormous.

For them to grow to a size comparable to the chaos, given their already astonishing expansion rate, was still going to take some time.

Fast forward to a month later.

Several humans appeared at the Night View Island's entrance on the Supreme Pure Realm.

The man at the helm was handsome and had a heroic expression on his face.

Behind him were three women and two other men.

As they approached the pool, two Monkey Masters suddenly appeared.

"Stop!"

"Take one more step and you die."

The two Monkey Masters were on the defensive, ready to strike if they did not do as they said.

These two took their jobs of guarding the entrance to the Night View Island seriously. Nobody was allowed to approach it.

Under normal circumstances, the Monkey Masters would've already killed whoever decided to venture close to the entrance.

However, this group was an exception because they were humans.

Over the years, the Monkey Masters made a lot of contact with the human race. Moreover, Zen also helped them awaken the Monkey Spirit King which contributed to their changed perspective of the human race.

The man leading his group bowed respectfully to the two Monkey Masters. "I am the leader of the Nihility race, Grandmaster of Heaven. Greetings, Monkey Masters!"

"The Nihility race? Grandmaster of Heaven? Aren't you the ones supported by the Bird Spirit Sect?" one of the Monkey Masters said with a strange expression on his face.

The Grandmaster of Heaven gave him a gracious smile. "Yes. I came here with Bird Master Lawler's coordinates."

Lawler's reputation in the Four Spirits Sect was only second to that of the four leaders and was even on par with the Great Ape King. He was given the title "Divine Phoenix" and was no doubt a well-known figure.

His name surprised the two Monkey Masters who grew even more cautious against this group.

The coordinates were equivalent to the lives of the Treacherous Beings.

This person had come bearing Lawler's life!

"Why are you here?" one of the Monkey Masters asked.

"The Bird Master Lawler wants to discuss an alliance with the Monkey Spirit King," the Grandmaster of Heaven replied.

Without further ado, the two Monkey Masters sent this message to the Night View Island.

A reply came soon enough and the Grandmaster of Heaven was allowed entry into the Night View Island but only if he came alone.

The Grandmaster of Heaven entered the pond and went up the passage. Once he emerged on the other side, he was guided to a palace on the shore.

Unexpectedly, there was no Monkey Spirit King in the palace, only a group of human heroes led by the Primeval Lord of Heaven and Zen was also there on the side.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven's face wrinkled with a smile.

"Brother, we finally meet again," he exclaimed good-naturedly.

However, his enthusiasm was only returned with a look of indifference. "Hello, brother."

As soon as he finished speaking, his gaze fell on Zen.

Back when he had just climbed up to Stage Thirty-two, Zen already struck the Grandmaster of Heaven as someone special. He never expected that this kid would actually affect the balance between the Treacherous Beings.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven simply brushed his indifference aside. "There is another person who wants to see you! You're not going to believe who it is!"

The Grandmaster of Heaven raised an eyebrow. "Who?"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded at Zen and soon enough, a figure appeared above the latter's head. It was none other the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, or rather, a strand of his soul.

"The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord..." the Grandmaster of Heaven could only murmur in astonishment. Was he truly seeing correctly?

He had no idea that the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord hid in the Jade Pure Realm, and he never expected to see him here.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord gave him a small smile. "The three of us have finally gathered together. What a beautiful and exciting surprise."

"I am surprised but not excited," the Grandmaster of Heaven replied coldly. He still held a few grudges.

"It seems you're still angry about the past. Given the chance, I'll have Ziya apologize to you personally," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

The Grandmaster of Heaven harrumphed. "That disciple of yours..."

As soon as Ziya's name was mentioned, the frown on the Grandmaster of Heaven's face grew worse.

During the battle in the Pear Hill, he had been exiled in the Deleting Space by Othniel and got kicked out by Ziya. Never had he been so humiliated before in his entire life.

"I'm here to discuss an alliance with the Monkey Spirit King, not to talk about the old days with you," he grumbled pointedly.

Zen nodded. "That is correct. The Monkey Spirit King has entrusted the matter to us. You can discuss it with us."

The Grandmaster of Heaven couldn't help but frown at Zen's words.

"What did you just say?"

Chapter 4185 Represent

The Monkey Spirit King and the Monkey Masters were relatively simple-minded, so they were not good at strategizing.

The Monkey Spirit King had completely put his trust in Zen. In any case, Zen and the humans were against the Snake Spirit Sect, so he figured he could let them deal with everything.

The Grandmaster of Heaven didn't know the details, so he assumed Zen was submissive to the Monkey Spirit King, just like he was submissive to the Bird Masters.

Therefore, when he had heard Zen's words, he was totally surprised.

"Well, is it any use talking to you?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked.

"Of course it is," replied Zen calmly.

Although Zen wore a serious expression, the Grandmaster of Heaven still didn't believe him. He said, "Don't joke with me, boy."

"I'm not kidding," Zen said gravely.

The Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes shifted to the side of the hall, where two Monkey Masters stood guarding the door. The two Monkey Masters must have heard Zen's words, but they seemed unaffected by them.

Helplessly, the Grandmaster of Heaven said, "Please step back."

Zen and the human heroes did as he said.

The Grandmaster of Heaven spread out his hands, and two golden crosses appeared in his palms. When the crosses coincided, the coordinates appeared in front of him.

Buzz!

A soft sound rang in everyone's ears, and a shadow of a huge bird materialized in front of them. It was the Bird Master, Lawler.

Compared to the other Bird Masters, Lawler was just of medium build, yet his head almost touched the ceiling of the hall.

Lowering his head slightly, he saw the group of humans standing before him. He bore a strange, ambiguous expression. "Grandmaster of Heaven, I came here in person to see the Monkey Spirit King. Why are these humans here?"

"They said we could talk about this matter with them," the Grandmaster of Heaven said with an indifferent shrug.

"Humph!"

Lawler raised his head arrogantly.

In doing so, his head smashed open the ceiling of the hall. Then, he let out a long howl.

"Aoo..."

The high pitched howl echoed all throughout the Night View Island.

Shortly after, a huge and agile figure ran wildly along the lake. When he closed in on the hall, he leapt up high and kicked open the door to the hall.

Boom!

The huge vibration made everyone in the hall jump from shock.

"I could hear you howl from afar, Lawler," said Manuel.

Lawler stared at Manuel and sighed discontentedly, "I came to the Night View Island in person. Why are there a group of humans?"

"Humans? What's wrong with humans?" Manuel asked in confusion.

"Don't play dumb. Can the humans from the secondary world really represent you?" Lawler couldn't help but feel annoyed.

The monkey spirits were born a bit dull. It was only then that Manuel understood what Lawler meant. He patted his forehead and laughed heartily. "Of course they can represent us. My king has fully authorized them. You can talk to them about the alliance."

"What? They were authorized?"

Lawler was stunned.

'How stupid can the Monkey Spirit King be!' he cursed silently.

He had known the monkeys were simple-minded, but he had no choice but to grit his teeth and bear it in silence. If he really scolded the Monkey Spirit King, he would be in trouble and wouldn't be able to form an alliance with them.

"If you don't trust them, I can stay for the meeting," Manuel said. "But you have to talk to them."

Manuel jumped high again, bounding towards a corner of the hall to squat.

"…"

Lawler was rendered speechless once more.

Anyway, the Great Ape King had come.

And he had no choice but to ally himself with the Monkey Spirit Sect.

The Grandmaster of Heaven who stood beside Lawler thought the same, but he was more agitated.

After all, he had always been a bit jittery when faced by the Bird Masters, but he was even more restless now that Zen and his companions had unofficially become the leaders of the Monkey Spirit Sect. Even the legendary Great Ape King was obedient to them!

Lawler retracted his head from the ceiling. Glancing at the group of people with a rather disdainful look, he said, "Now that the Snake Spirit Sect has become powerful on the Other Shore, they have begun to downgrade the chaos. If they succeed, all of us will perish. The Bird Spirit Sect and the Monkey Spirit Sect will be no exception."

Lawler didn't intend to include the humans at first, but he thought about it for a while and added, "Humans will also die. So the only way for us to survive now is to form an alliance between the Bird Spirit Sect and the Monkey Spirit Sect."

The alliance would also be quite beneficial to the human race. All the human heroes, including the Primeval Lord of Heaven, were very happy about it.

Lawler thought that Zen would definitely agree without hesitation.

But to his annoyance, Zen asked unhurriedly, "As far as I know, both the Bird Spirit Sect and the Nihility race want to destroy everything. Are you giving up on that now?"

The Grandmaster of Heaven's expression darkened at once. 'How dare you! You could say that to me, but you're talking to Lawler now!' he thought to himself.

A murderous look appeared in Lawler's eyes. "That's our concern. It's none of your business."

"It had nothing to do with me in the past, but now that we are going to form an alliance, I have to be clear about it," Zen said calmly.

"You..."

Lawler was speechless. He had looked down upon these humans. Now as he heard Zen's words, he couldn't help but feel the rage surging within him. His face contorted in fury, and it took every ounce of his willpower to not strike him down on the spot.

But on second thought, this was the territory of the Monkey Spirit Sect. Moreover, the Great Ape King was still watching, and most importantly, he was here to form an alliance.

In the end, Lawler willed his anger to simmer down. "We have to fulfill our king's wish, but on the premise that he's safe and sound."

"Do you mean that the Bird Spirit King is in danger now?" Zen asked.

"Yes," Lawler said through gritted teeth.

Not long ago, the Snake Spirit King had almost killed the Bird Spirit King, but at the last moment, the Snake Spirit King had retreated. Lawler, Duran, Orval and other Bird Masters had yet to figure out why he had chosen to retreat instead.

"What are you going to do after we form an alliance?" Zen continued to ask.

Lawler replied, "We hope the Monkey Spirit Sect will help us to launch a counterattack against the Snake Spirit Sect. We have already come up with a good plan."

The Bird Spirit King that hadn't awakened yet was no match for the Snake Spirit King, but with the help of the invincible Monkey Spirit King, they were hoping to tip the scales in their favor.

"I refuse," Zen replied bluntly.

"Then go to hell!"

The killing intent in Lawler's eyes boiled, and his wing slashed down on Zen's head like a four hundred-foot-long saber.

His speed was so fast that even Manuel squatting nearby did not have the time to react.

Boom!

The whole hall was smashed into pieces.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was also shocked. Lawler had killed Zen instantly! Things were getting heated now.

Puff!

Not far away, Manuel took a deep breath and blew the dust and rubble into the lake.

As the dust cleared, the Grandmaster of Heaven gasped in shock at what he saw.

Zen was still standing, perfectly unharmed, with one hand stretched out, holding the tip of Lawler's wing with ease.

Lawler was totally shocked. The Grandmaster of Heaven had mentioned this several times before, but it never fully registered on Lawler how strong this human was.

But even so, how could he easily resist his attack?

Chapter 4186 Obey My Orders

A deep voice cut through the quiet air. "Judging from your attitude, it seems that you don't want to talk about the alliance any more." Zen tightened his grip on Lawler's wing and coldly added, "Or do you think that I'm a human, who doesn't have the strength or qualifications?"

After Zen said those words, his vice-like grip on Lawler's wing became even more rigid.

"Whoosh..."

At that moment, a straight, thin red thread materialized and punctured Lawler's wing.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Everyone present heard the sound of the thin thread piercing through Lawler's wing, which was followed by countless rays of red light that floated atop the wing's surface.

"Splash..."

Then, the red light cut the wing into several pieces, which fell to the ground.

Manuel, who squatted somewhere not far away, also saw the scene. A chill ran down his spine.

He had heard Tearrag talk about this theurgy of Zen before. The theurgy let Zen cut bodies into pieces quickly with the help of blood streaks.

However, Manuel thought that he was much stronger than Tearrag, so he did not take Zen seriously.

Then again, Lawler was just as powerful as him, and Lawler could not defend himself in the slightest against Zen's red thread. Perhaps if he touched that red thread, he too, would be seriously injured.

"Lawler, I wonder if this strength could be considered powerful in your eyes?" Zen asked coldly.

When Zen uttered those words, both Lawler and the Grandmaster of Heaven were stunned.

After all, Lawler never thought that this human could hurt him.

On the other hand, such injuries naturally meant nothing to the Treacherous Being.

Lawler trembled slightly, and the Treacherous Being's body parts that fell to the ground jumped up one by one. Then, they quickly stuck to each other until they returned to their previous shape.

"You surprised me," Lawler muttered, the arrogance in his eyes completely gone now.

Zen's attack was like a waterfall that splashed straight into his heart and cleared his mind.

Indeed, both the Monkey Spirit King and the Great Ape King were not stupid. There was certainly a reason they supported Zen so much!

"Let's continue to talk about the alliance," Zen calmly stated.

"Didn't you just refuse?" Lawler said in surprise.

"That's because your condition is not right," Zen said with a shake of his head.

"What do you want?"

When the Grandmaster of Heaven heard Lawler ask such a question, he could not help but sigh inwardly.

Although Lawler was powerful, he did not know how to negotiate.

He had been quite arrogant to the humans ever since the beginning, but Zen had managed to get some information out of him. He had revealed that the Bird Spirit King was currently in an unfavorable situation and that they could not get the upper hand if they did things recklessly.

If he asked Zen what he wanted now, then Zen would surely demand many benefits.

"The condition for this alliance to take place is that all the members of the Bird Spirit Sect must obey my orders," Zen answered.

Lawler's anger, which he had restrained, rose again.

This human being did make him exceptionally mad!

"You even want our Bird Spirit Sect to obey your orders! Does the Monkey Spirit Sect also listen to you?" he screeched, his high-pitched voice laced with grief and resentment.

He said these words to the Great Ape King.

Yet, Manuel only said, "It's okay to listen to him. That's what our king said..."

The monkey spirits also weren't good at strategy, so they just handed over the tasks that required such a skill to this group of humans.

When Lawler knew about it, he felt even more enraged. Was this really the once invincible Monkey Spirit Sect?

Disheartened, he turned around to leave, but in reality, he could not leave like this.

Even the Bird Masters couldn't stand the current situation, so they had to get the Monkey Spirit Sect's strong support.

After Lawler thought carefully for a while, he gritted his teeth and said, "It's alright to listen to you. All of the Bird Masters are at your disposal, but there are two exceptions!"

"Please go ahead," said Zen.

"First, our king will not listen to you; and second, the Source World and the Evil God are also exempted," Lawler replied.

The Bird Spirit Sect would never put their king in danger. After all, Sheehan had yet to awaken, and he was much weaker than the Snake Spirit King.

On the other hand, the Source World and the Evil God were two essential keys that could allow the Bird Spirit Sect to turn the tables. They had already caught Duran and the others' attention. Furthermore, Lawler knew well about the conflict and relationship between Zen and the Evil God.

"Okay, but I'll be in charge of the top ten Bird Masters' coordinates," said Zen.

In reality, Zen did not trust the Bird Masters at all. Moreover, the Bird Spirit Sect could become his enemies at any time because of the Evil God. Therefore, he had to have these Treacherous Beings' coordinates in his hands.

At that point, Lawler slightly hesitated to grant Zen's request. First and foremost, the coordinates were their lives.

He stalled for a moment and asked, "Will you... really help us fight against the Snake Spirit Sect?"

"Of course," Zen answered with a smile. "The Snake Spirit Sect must be our common enemy. Even if we don't ally with the Bird Spirit Sect, we will still fight them head-on," he added.

"Then next time I will bring the other Bird Masters' coordinates..."

As soon as Lawler finished speaking, a ball of Light of Annihilation burst out from his neck. Countless small lightning bolts wrapped around his body. As a result, his massive body quickly exploded and disappeared, and only the coordinates in the Grandmaster of Heaven's hands remained.

The Grandmaster of Heaven put away the coordinates, looked at Zen and said, "Goodbye!"

Even when he was about to leave, he did not talk to his two senior fellow disciples at all.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven stared blankly at the Grandmaster of Heaven's receding figure. "He still takes those matters to heart," he muttered.

"Some people are destined to travel on a single path. Don't force them. As for the alliance with the Bird Spirit Sect, I do not know if they are sincere or not," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said calmly.

"They are sincere," the real Snake Goddess replied.

Zen nodded in agreement and said, "Since the Bird Spirit King has not awakened yet, they have no other choice. The Bird Masters can help us!"

"But there's one thing that's quite strange," the real Snake Goddess said with a frown. "Since the Bird Spirit Sect is completely weak, why didn't the Snake Spirit Sect kill them together with the Bird Spirit King? Was there anything else to it?" she asked.

Not to mention, the people present and even the Bird Masters could not figure out why the Snake Spirit King had let the Bird Spirit King go that day.

Meanwhile, when Lawler returned to the nest in Jade Pure Realm, he told the other Bird Masters about Zen's request.

When Dural, Orval, and the other Bird Masters heard the news, they felt furious.

To give their lives to a mere human being?

That was way too much!

What a wishful thought!

However, the commotion only lasted for a short while. After Lawler analyzed the advantages and disadvantages, as well as the fate of the Bird Spirit Sect, the Bird Masters all fell silent.

It was true that they had no other choice.

In the end, the Bird Masters made a compromise and bowed in front of the Bird Spirit King.

Of course, they never dared to tell the Bird Spirit King, Sheehan, what truly happened. Although Sheehan had not awakened yet, he would surely turn the world upside down once he heard about the matter.

It also went without saying that the Snake Spirit King in the Heavenly Square City saw the scene with the Limited Omnipotent Stone.

"Why? Why don't we stop them?" the Snake Spirit King asked desperately.

"Why should we? Are you afraid of so many Bird Masters?" the black light asked back.

"Of course I'm not afraid of the Bird Masters," the Snake Spirit King said disdainfully.

"Once the Bird Masters join, it would make them enter the Jade Pure Realm faster," the black light said.

"Tell me. What the hell do you want to do?" the Snake Spirit King asked.

The black light didn't answer, but it surprisingly burst into laughter.

Chapter 4187 The Final Preparation

The Grandmaster of Heaven returned to the Night View Island a few days later.

He had come to give Zen the Bird Masters' coordinates.

In most cases, putting your life in the hands of others was ill-advised and even idiotic.

But the Bird Masters had nowhere to go and were willing to sacrifice themselves for the sake of the safety of the Bird Spirit King. They were loyal to him until their deaths.

Most importantly, they truly believed in the Monkey Spirit King.

The friendship between the Bird Spirit Sect and the Monkey Spirit Sect was much deeper than Zen and his companions had imagined.

On the day the alliance was formed, Manuel squatted beside but still managed to hear every word the two sides spoke.

The Monkey Spirit King and the Great Ape King were both very reckless, but not stupid.

They trusted Zen and the Primeval Lord of Heaven because they were humans with the same goal they had. This made them trustworthy.

The Bird Masters trusted anyone the Monkey Spirit King did.

However, Manuel had come to retrieve the coordinates on the very same day they were sent to Zen, claiming they were not safe in Zen's hands and should be protected by the Monkey Spirit King.

Whether he really wanted them protected or just not to be with Zen remained unknown.

The addition of the Bird Spirit Sect to the alliance gave the human heroes much confidence.

They had, after all, been isolated and helpless once before. But now, against all expectations, they had gained the support of the Bird Spirit Sect and the Monkey Spirit Sect.

Entering the Jade Pure Realm was then put on the agenda, but they would still need to prepare carefully to find a better opportunity to do so.

In the chaos, the primitive land was still methodically devouring thousands of heads.

The primitive land was once only twice the size of the Pear Hill; it could even touch the top of the primitive land.

But now, if one stood atop the Pear Hill and looked out into the distance, they would see the boundless blood red sky. The primitive land had become incredibly expansive.

Zen had moved the continents that had been floating in the sky down. They were now placed in the middle of the Pear Hill and the Ruin Graveyard, serving as a bridge between them.

Another three mountains appeared on the other side of the Pear Hill.

Each mountain had a different shape and was about a third of the size of the Pear Hill. These were the lairs Zen had built for the three Chaos Ancient Gods.

The Chaos Ancient Gods had curled up in the Pear Hill before, but now there was enough space for them to have their own lairs.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Thunder rumbled in the blood red sky, causing everyone in the Pear Hill, the continents and the Ruin Graveyard to raise their heads.

"Mother, it's thunder."

In the fairy palace, Salome covered her ears with her hands as fear rattled in her big black eyes.

"Don't be afraid, Salome. It's not thunder; it's your father cultivating." Margaret held Salome in her arms tightly and tried to soothe her with words of comfort.

"Where is he?" asked Salome.

"Look over there. That figure is your father," said Margaret, pointing up to the sky.

In the middle of the blood red sky, a tiny figure could be seen floating.

There had been a huge change in Zen's inner world in the past few days.

From what they understood of Zen's explanation, they knew the entire Pear Hill had been placed in the primitive land.

More surprisingly, even the Ruin Graveyard and the divine land were placed in the primitive land not long after.

All this considered, Zen's inner world had become quite lively.

Aura, Letitia and Lavender wished to return to the Evolutionary Universe.

Nelly and Laquisha couldn't wait to return to the divine land and reunite with their families.

In the blood mist, Zen's body floated like seaweed in a calm ocean current.

Every five minutes, the blood red thunderbolts whipped at him like vines.

These strikes didn't cause him any pain, but they did infuse strength into his body.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Dozens of blood red thunderbolts surged into Zen, causing cracks to appear on his body, like a porcelain sculpture that was about to shatter into pieces.

"My body is going to break. I can't bear it any longer!" Zen shouted from within the thunder.

The blood red thunder quickly disappeared and the sky returned to peace.

Bright green raindrops then rained down onto Zen's body. They were like tiny bugs, crawling into the cracks and repairing them with visible quickness.

After being refined, Zen's body was absorbed by the ancestry-level bloodline to create a nearly perfect body.

His body now began being refined again. He had already been struck by the blood red thunder thirteen times.

"How long will it take to reach the limit?" Zen asked exhaustedly.

"I'm not sure. As far as I can remember, there is no limit to the strength of the physical body. I once strengthened a host to a truly terrifying level," said the ancestry-level bloodline recalling the past.

Its memory had always been a mess. Some key memories had disappeared, but some details remained very clearly.

"Oh? How terrifying do you mean?" Zen's eyebrows trembled slightly.

It must have meant something horrible when it said "terrifying".

"Even a full blow with ninety percent of the Stellar World's energy could not destroy his body," answered the ancestry-level bloodline.

The Stellar World was the fifth-grade world, referred to as the Deep Space by the Four Spirits Sect.

If it was merely an independent secondary world such as the chaos, Zen would not be that amazed. But the Stellar World was the fifth-grade world!

Ninety percent of the energy in the fifth-grade world was undoubtedly a terrifying prospect. What kind of incomprehensible power could withstand such a blow?

"It's a pity I've forgotten what that host looked like, and even his name," the ancestry-level bloodline sighed dejectedly. "I failed in every battle with those downgraders."

The ancestry-level bloodline possessed intense strength, but its opponents were always able to defeat it.

"This time is different," Zen said abruptly.

"Why is that?" asked the ancestry-level bloodline.

"Because this time, I'm your host," Zen answered confidently.

The ancestry-level bloodline was silent for a moment; it did not wish to frustrate Zen. "Let's begin the fourteenth refinement with blood red thunderbolts. After fifty, I will fill your body with space spores."

"Is that another method to strengthen the body?"

"Yes, it strengthens your body with the power of space."

"Is it the final method of strengthening?"

"No, there are several others."

Soon after, the blood red sky rumbled once more and thunderbolts as thick as tree trunks whirled in the sky and rushed towards Zen.

Just then, countless shadows were suddenly reflected in his eyes.

He saw the silhouettes of mountains, thunderbolts, and his body in the distance.

These were the Variable Images!

Another Shade Stone descended.

It had only been a few months since the last Shade Stone appeared. It seemed the frequency of its appearance was certainly ramping up.

At the same time, a square black stone floated over a thousand feet above the middle of the Blood Sea Province, quickly attracting the people's attention.

Chapter 4188 Restore

As an excellent weapon refining material, the Shade Stones caused fights among warriors every time they appeared in the Source World.

Even this time was no exception...

Although the Blood Sea Province was relatively desolate, it used to be a territory of the Bearing race.

When the Shade Stone appeared out of nowhere, dozens of warriors at the Other Shore Realm scrambled to get close to it–gathering in a circle surrounding it.

"In just two months, two Shade Stones have appeared in the Source World..."

"Who will take this Shade Stone?"

"Should we hand it over to the Ji Clan?"

Although Yellow Thearch had been killed and the Bearing race scarcely annihilated, the Evil God didn't kill the entire clan. The Ji Clan was left standing.

Suddenly, one of the warriors from the crowd started to tremble.

The other warriors were struck with fear as they watched him. The Evil God had once come to the Blood Sea Province to slaughter, and had occupied many people's bodies. Several warriors at the Other Shore Realm had been possessed by the Evil God, so they easily recognized what was happening.

In the blink of an eye, the warrior transformed into the looks of the Evil God.

"Hand it over to the Ji Clan?" The Evil God raised his eyebrows at the warrior who said it.

The warrior felt chills across his body as if he had fallen into an ice cellar. "N-no, of course, we'll hand it over to you..."

The Evil God snorted faintly and looked at the Shade Stone in deep thought.

He showed a confused look and stared at the warrior. The warrior's body shook continuously, and before he could even speak, his body turned into another Evil God.

"The Shade Stone is said to be used as a timer. It recently appeared so frequently. Does this mean that the chaotic era is nearing its end?" the Evil God asked threateningly.

"That should be the case..." the second Evil God replied.

"But the chaos has already undergone a drastic change. In what way will it come to an end?"

"No one can predict..."

"Let the master ask the Bird Masters. Maybe they know."

"Well, what I care about isn't the end of chaos. Since the Snake Spirit King wants to complete the downgrade, he must have considered the possible end of the chaos. What I'm curious about are the shadows I just saw."

"Haven't we talked about them last time?" one of the Evil Gods recalled. "The Shade Stone itself exists as a timer of the chaos. When it appears, it will cause a disorder in the time sequence. The shadows will then be seen," he added.

"I don't think so. If the time sequence is really out of order, the number of each of our shadows should be the same; but the number of each avatar's shadows and the master's shadows varied greatly. These shadows are probably other versions of ourselves!"

All the avatars of the Evil God were divided on their opinions of the shadows.

Some thought that it was just caused by the disorder in the time sequence, while others felt that there were really other 'versions' of themselves. These 'versions' were usually hidden within their bodies, and could only be observed when the time sequence was in disorder.

"So what if they were really other versions of ourselves? They have always existed with us in sync. Normally, we don't even notice them. They mean nothing..."

"As long as they exist, it means something..." one insisted.

The dilemma also troubled the real Evil God.

He leaned against the wall listening to the avatars' arguments. He also became confused about the shadows.

"Eh?"

This time, the real Evil God felt the excitement from the heart of an avatar. An avatar who was squatting on a corner of the square suddenly burst into laughter, causing the other avatars to look at him puzzledly.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Spit it out. What's so funny?"

"Anything you might want to tell us? Just say it..."

The avatar sneered, "Those shadows have always been within our bodies and can only be seen when time sequence fluctuates. Do you know why?"

"Why?" another avatar asked in eager curiosity.

"Because you are all idiots," the avatar cursed and laughed some more.

The other avatars resisted their anger, gritting their teeth. "We are all the same. Are you cursing yourself?" one of them retorted.

They had all come from the same person, with the same character, emotion, and level of intelligence.

On the other hand, the real Evil God in the hall felt a little depressed. Why did the avatar curse so suddenly?

The avatar stopped laughing and continued, "These shadows are so real. We can see them when the time sequence is in disorder, but we can't see them when it is stable. This is because our cultivation of space and time is not enough. If only we had a good mastery of time and space, we could naturally distinguish them."

It sounded reasonable, but it was undoubtedly nonsense...

The Evil God's cultivation had reached a peak in the chaos now.

Not only did he unify the Godly Ways, but he also comprehended six truth-level theurgies. He even used the power of six truth-level theologies to create the more astonishing Six Truths Explosion.

Putting the Other Shore Tokens and the Eternal Realm bloodlines aside, the Evil God was truly unprecedented and could not be surpassed by anyone, even in the future.

"But the Ways-blending Energy we cultivated has reached its limit."

"Yes, it is a consensus..."

"There is no possibility of strengthening the space truth any further!"

the avatars said one after another.

The avatar who cursed smiled coldly. "The Bird Master named Duran told us that the chaos is the result of the downgrade of the main world. The energy of the chaos is also from the main world. Although we have never been to the Eternal Scroll Painting, the blood power obtained from it is no different from the energy of the Godly Ways," he said.

The avatars all kept silent but were somewhat enlightened by his words.

They were from the same person and their souls were eternally bound. In an instant, they looked at each other as they had understood what the avatar said.

"The bloodline power of the main world is clearly the same thing as the Ways-blending Energy!" the avatar who cursed exclaimed.

"But the two powers are much too different..." another avatar reminded him doubtfully.

In the battle in the Blood Sea Province, Yellow Thearch and Divine Farmer, who were Eternal Realm warriors, displayed their strongest power. This already exceeded Evil God's expectations. If it weren't for the fact that the Evil God could produce as many duplicates at will, it would be hard to say who would win.

"Of course there is a difference," the avatar who cursed agreed. "But suppose the two are the same thing, we can restore the Ways-blending

Energy to see if we can get the bloodline power of the main world," he continued.

"Restore the Ways-blending Energy to the bloodline power..."

"This idea is too crazy!"

"It's impossible!" the avatars disagreed again.

"Idiots, how would you know if you don't try? No one has ever mastered the complete Ways-blending Energy before!" the avatar cursed once more.

"Good idea, but you have neglected one thing." The voice of the real Evil God echoed out in the hall. "The Bird Masters are from the main world, and they are born with its bloodline power. I have asked Shera to inquire about the shadows, and they have no idea why the shadows exist either."

"If we want to see them clearly, we need power stronger than that of the main world. Perhaps we can continue to restore it after we get the bloodline power of the main world..." the avatar suggested. "In the end, all the power will be restored into one kind of energy!"

"Wouldn't that still be the Ways-blending Energy?" one avatar interrupted, bringing laughter from all the other avatars.

However, the real Evil God was not amused. He had a chilling expression drawn on his face.

Duran had told him about the history of the Four Spirits Sect, and also mentioned a world at a higher level–the Deep Space. This was the same as the avatar deduced.

Restoring the Ways-blending Energy backward might be an option...

"You." The real Evil God pointed to the avatar. "Come into the hall," he ordered with a firm voice.

"What do you want me for?" the avatar asked in shock.

"I'll give you a reward."

Chapter 4189 Entering The Jade Pure Realm

The third Shade Stone appeared less than a month after the second one had appeared.

The people in the Source World and the Pear Hill began to worry at this.

There was only one possibility they could think of why the Shade Stones were appearing so frequently: the end of the chaotic era was near.

But this round of chaotic era seemed to find itself in worse situations with every passing hour.

In the past, at the end of a chaotic era, only one primitive land like the Source World existed and only one civilization ruled this primitive land. When the era ended, this ruling civilization would gather the power of the entire civilization to resist it.

This didn't mean that every era had a ruling civilization. It was also possible that there were anywhere between three and five superpowers that could also join hands to fight the coming of the end. In the face of the oncoming destruction of the chaos, all the past hatred between these superpowers was to no avail.

In this chaotic era, not only had there been no ruling civilization, even the various super forces had fallen into a state of disunity.

Even the Pear Hill, which usually attached the greatest importance to the Finale Way, had to worry about their own fate as they hid in Zen's primitive land.

At this point, no one had the time to think about the end of the chaos.

About twenty days later, the fourth Shade Stone appeared, and another grain of sand went missing from the hourglass.

Simultaneously, a bloody cocoon cracked open on the blood red sky of the primitive land, and Zen crawled out of it.

"Is this blood cocoon the last skill to strengthen my physical body?" Zen asked.

"For the time being, it is," the ancestry-level bloodline replied.

"Then it's time to set out to do what I have to," Zen said, his jaw set in determination.

Zen's figure flashed before falling down like a meteor. It wasn't long before he landed on the jadeite platform of the Pear Hill.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven had, during this time, descended onto the jadeite platform several times. He had some news to give Zen, but every time he had come, Zen had been cultivating in seclusion. So he hadn't usually stayed long and left quickly on discovering that Zen wasn't present.

Today, however, the Primeval Lord of Heaven got lucky with the chance to meet Zen, having waited here for a long time.

"The Grandmaster of Heaven has come to the Night View Island three times," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, going straight to the point.

"What did he come there for?" Zen said, feeling it strange that this had happened.

"The Bird Masters are anxious to let us ascend to the Jade Pure Realm."

The Jade Pure Realm had resumed its usual peaceful state as the war between the Bird Spirit Sect and the Snake Spirit Sect had finally stopped for a period of time. But the Bird Masters were still in a constant state of panic, given that the Snake Spirit Sect was like a ferocious tiger waiting to pounce on them.

Zen thought about this for a while before saying, "Even if we go up to the Jade Pure Realm, we won't immediately attack the Snake Spirit Sect."

His goal had always been to reach the altar on the Jade Pure Realm.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven smiled. "If we bring the Monkey Spirit Sect into the Jade Pure Realm, we can deter the Snake Spirit Sect. This will ease the pressure on the Bird Masters."

Zen looked at the primitive land that had grown bigger and said, "Then it's time for us to go."

At the north of the Supreme Pure Realm...

Thousands of gulls with beaks like those of cranes, were crawling up the sides of the mountains.

These gulls looked comical in their appearance, their big beaks looking like pickaxes. Their bodies weren't too big, but they were notorious among the Other Shore creatures in the Supreme Pure Realm. They were smart, cruel, and great in number. The prey they targeted always ended up facing a miserable death.

They had been here for several days and nights in order to capture the bone worms crossing the border.

And now, they suddenly felt the aura of living beings coming up the sides of the mountains.

The gull in the lead stretched out its head and looked around, only to see people emerging from a cave in the distance.

"Coo, coo..."

"Goo! Goo! Goo!"

The gulls began to discuss this development with each other.

According to what they remembered, human beings were weak and were excellent food, but the number was too small.

They had never been in a situation where dozens of human beings had appeared at one time, like they were appearing right now.

The gulls with the beaks of cranes always became excited before hunting, but had to calm down if they wanted to successfully catch their prey. As long as the humans continued to approach them, the gulls would swarm forward and the humans would become their food within seconds.

They had barely calmed down when suddenly, they felt a shadow sweep over their heads, as if a dark cloud had now enveloped them.

It never rained in the Supreme Pure Realm. What they were seeing was a giant foot.

"Boom!"

The huge foot, along with the gulls and the mountains, disappeared, leaving only a large, deep footprint behind. The whole of the Supreme Pure Realm trembled. .

The Monkey Spirit King strode forward.

The Other Shore creatures retreated in fright at the sight of this enormous creature.

Even the hatred-level Treacherous Beings meant disaster for the Supreme Pure Realm. Just how powerful was an existence like the Monkey Spirit King?

Once Zen and the human heroes had emerged from the cave, they climbed onto the back of the Wing King.

The Wing King flapped his wings and followed closely behind the Monkey Spirit King, like a green leaf floating in the air.

Once the Wing King entered the Night View Island, the Primeval Lord of Heaven also asked for a Blood-controlling Method for the Wing King. As a result, the Wing King's control over speed and space had increased greatly.

The Myriad Pagoda Mountains were not far from the cave.

About four hours later, the Monkey Spirit King stopped before the Myriad Pagoda Mountains.

"How to open the entrance to the Jade Pure Realm?" the Monkey Spirit King asked, directing the question to no one in particular.

The Monkey Masters, including Manuel, were standing on the Monkey Spirit King's shoulders, directing him on how to open the entrance to the Jade Pure Realm.

"Look at the third row from the left. Bring down the one hundred and twentieth pagoda mountain in this row."

"And then the pagoda mountain in the sixty-sixth row on the upper right..."

"The first row..."

The Myriad Pagoda Mountains were like a chessboard to the Monkey Spirit King.

With Manuel's help, the Monkey Spirit King strolled among the pagoda mountains and pushed these marked mountains to the ground.

When the Monkey Spirit King had brought down about fourteen pagoda mountains, the ground began to shake, followed by the violent clicking sound of what seemed to be a mechanical device.

"Click, click, click, click..."

All the mechanical devices under the ground clicked into place, activating a magic array in the process. A blue circle of light suddenly appeared at the center of the Myriad Pagoda Mountains, expanding quickly into a space channel.

"This is the passage to the Jade Pure Realm," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, excitement thrumming through his voice.

The human heroes had, in the past, paid a huge price to find this passage, but had eventually failed.

"In fact, there are several passages leading to the Jade Pure Realm. All of them are in different directions. The passage that the Monkey Spirit King has opened is the largest one," said the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's only remnant soul had also followed them this time.

"I'll go in first. You guys follow me," the Monkey Spirit King said, turning around to face the rest.

He then leapt gently, the Monkey Masters on his shoulders, and was sucked into the passage the moment he touched it.

Once the Monkey Masters had entered the passage, the Wing King unfurled his wings and flew towards it.

"Whoosh..."

The space channel was completely dark.

It was more like a motionless space than a passageway.

Everyone remained there, as if locked up in a dark world.

They waited for a few minutes before the dark world suddenly lit up and a new world appeared before them.

Chapter 4190 Caught Off Guard

Every stage on the Other Shore exerted great pressure on those who entered. Most warriors would suffer serious discomfort when they reached a higher stage.

Even Zen felt the pressure quite vividly when he came to a new stage.

But after being in the stage for a long time, he would get used to the pressure and no longer felt it.

Zen had imagined the pressure here would be unbearable, considering it was the core area of the highest stage of the Other Shore.

But when he arrived, he was surprised to find he did not feel anything.

What he saw before him was a vast, rolling grassland and a small lake in the distance. A breeze blew past and the water shimmered.

This didn't seem like the Other Shore but more like an ordinary world.

Soon though, Zen discovered that something was not quite right.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, the real Fuxi and the others beside him all became stiff, as if someone had cast a spell on them. The Monkey Spirit King and the Monkey Masters not far away were dead still too.

"Primeval Lord of Heaven?

Master Fuxi?

What's going on?"

Zen's face was flushed with astonishment and concern.

It was impossible to freeze everyone, including the Monkey Masters and the Monkey Spirit King, by any sort of spatial means, no matter how powerful it was.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Just then, black cracks began splitting in the distance, extending towards Zen from afar, crawling along like numerous reptiles

and swallowing everything in their way. The lake and the grassland disappeared rapidly, in a seemingly impossible engulfment of the environment.

"Be mindful, Zen. This is the Space Devouring Technique!" The voice of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord rang out in Zen's mind.

"The Space Devouring Technique has trapped them all?" asked Zen disbelieving.

"No, it's you who have been trapped," revealed the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. "What you see are all illusions, and the Space Devouring Technique will tear you and these illusions to pieces."

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The black cracks surged closer and closer and had soon spread to the human heroes.

It was just as the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had said; the Monkey Spirit King, the Monkey Masters and the human heroes were in fact not real. The ground beneath them was eroded to pieces by the black cracks and disappeared before Zen's eyes.

The others might have been illusions, but Zen himself was real.

Seeing what was coming for him, he realized he had no way to escape.

Crack! Crack!

When the first black crack reached him, he felt an intensely powerful tearing force pulling at his body.

Crack! Crack!

Zen's body was much stronger now with the help of the ancestry-level bloodline. His body was as hard as rock in the face of the Space Devouring Technique, only the edge being slightly warped. The black crack then lost its power for moving on.

Crack! Crack!

Crack!

Then came more and more cracks.

Hundreds of them surrounded and tore at Zen.

"The Space Devouring Technique is not as terrifying as I imagined," Zen muttered.

This revelation rendered the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord speechless. The strengthening he had undergone was really quite extraordinary. "It's because your body is now too strong," he said.

The attack lasted a full five minutes before the cracks faded away and the surrounding space gradually grew brighter. However, what Zen saw before him had him astonished.

Not far off, Zhurong had turned into a human shaped flame. It was then divided into hundreds of pieces. When a large portion of it was extinguished, another was ignited. But Zen could feel that it was clearly weakened bit by bit.

The body of the real Snake Goddess had also completely disappeared, turning into a shadow being sliced constantly.

The real Fuxi, Gonggong, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and the others were all using their own methods to fight.

"Were they also hit by the Space Devouring Technique?" asked Zen.

"Yes," replied the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord with a nod.

The strength of the human heroes differed.

After the Snake Goddess, Gonggong and Zhurong cultivated the Blood-controlling Method, they had activated their bloodlines and pushed them to the limit, turning them into entities of energy which allowed them to resist the black cracks. However, not all the bloodlines could turn into entities of energy.

On the other side, the body of the real Emperor Charm flickered with a blue light. He danced in the air like a feather, dodging the cracks.

But they were relentless and would not let him go. No matter how ingenious Emperor Charm's space theurgy was, eventually he was cornered and desperate.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

Terrifying cracks crawled across his body and blood gushed out of them.

"Emperor Charm!"

Zen took a step forward and was at Emperor Charm's side in a flash.

Buzz!

An emerald green life energy emerged from Zen's primitive land. This was the ability of the ancestry-level bloodline; regardless of the seriousness of the injury, it could be healed.

But when the life energy gushed out, it had brushed past Emperor Charm.

"How is this possible?" Zen was aghast.

"He is not here," answered the ancestry-level bloodline.

Theoretically, once the Space Devouring Technique had covered this area, everyone was isolated.

"Then find him..."

Even though the Space Devouring Technique was very powerful, it was a theurgy of the fourth-grade world. It was impossible for it to leave the space-time quadrant of the ancestry-level bloodline.

Before he could finish his words, Emperor Charm appeared to have reached his limit and hundreds of cracks began appearing across his body all at once.

Puff!

In the next instant, his body was torn to pieces, splashing blood in all directions.

"Emperor Charm!"

Zen cried out in anguish.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

More blood mists exploded nearby and more human heroes died.

The Space Devouring Technique had been activated unconsciously, quickly taking lives ruthlessly.

"Alas..."

the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord sighed in Zen's mind.

The Monkey Masters on the other side were faring much better than the human heroes.

As Treacherous Beings, they were capable of withstanding this onslaught. Although the Space Devouring Technique had cut them to pieces as well, they could be restored in the blink of an eye.

Meanwhile, the Monkey Spirit King stood motionless, his eyes focused dead ahead. No one knew what he was looking at.

A few moments later, the awful scene of misery finally came to an end.

Buzz!

The shadow of Snake Goddess flickered, and the once blurry line slowly became clear, returning to her body.

She had pushed her bloodline power to the limit to deal with the Space Devouring Technique. Her face was now deadly pale, and when she saw the blood stains on the ground, any color left in her face drained as well.

Splash!

Beside the Snake Goddess, a black and white Eight Diagrams disk rotated slowly. Fuxi's figure soon emerged from it. He was calm as he faced the Space Devouring Technique, but noticing the miserable state of the human heroes caused his face to darken.

Zhurong, Gonggong, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi then also recovered their forms.

Da! Da!

The emerald green fragments scattered all over the ground close by began moving. They continued shuffling and gathering together, forming into the Wing King, but much smaller in size.

"Only a few survived..."

The Primeval Lord of Heaven stepped out from a snow-white light, his demeanor gloomy and heartbroken.

Chapter 4191 The Space Guiding Stone

This time, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others in the chaos didn't join Zen in his journey to the Jade Pure Realm.

Including Zen himself, there were a total of forty humans.

The second they stepped into the Jade Pure Realm, thirty three of them died on the spot. Only seven remained.

Everyone was shocked, but they couldn't say they were surprised.

"Well... Is this one of the techniques of the Snake Spirit King?" the Snake Goddess asked sadly.

"Yes, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said it was called the Space Devouring Technique," Zen answered in a low voice.

Just then, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's soul floated out from Zen's head. "This is the theurgy of a Holy Item named the Space Guiding Stone," he explained. "The Snake Spirit King has been prepared."

"Has the Snake Spirit King been hiding here all the time?" Fuxi asked, whipping his head alertly.

The surrounding environment was as quiet as ever. No one could sense the auras of Treacherous Beings.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord shook his head. "He doesn't even need to be here. With the Limited Omnipotent Stone, he monitors everything that goes on in the Jade Pure Realm, including our current conversation."

"Is the Limited Omnipotent Stone really so powerful?" Fuxi's eyes widened in disbelief.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord huffed, "I already mentioned this before we set out. You weren't listening carefully!"

He had found out about some of the Snake Spirit King's methods through Elder Xue. In addition, he had been lurking in the Jade Pure Realm for so many years, so it was only natural he learned about some of the Snake Spirit King's theurgies, but he didn't know them all.

"Before we had set out, I knew that this trip would be riddled with danger, but I didn't expect that we would have to suffer such heavy losses," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said with a pained expression.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was much calmer. "Since their souls are kept in the Civilization Artifact, they would be onlookers like me now."

If the chaos was truly destroyed, or even downgraded, all the creatures in the chaos would be killed. The humans here had lived for a long time, so it didn't really make any difference if they died sooner or later.

Despite that fact, everyone still wallowed in despair. Just then, Eastern Emperor Taiyi noticed something stirring in the distance. "What's going on over there?"

When everyone turned to look, they saw the Monkey Spirit King waiting for the other Treacherous Beings to recover. As Cornelius's former companion in battle, how could he not know about the Space Devouring Technique?

Yet it didn't matter how powerful the Space Devouring Technique was, because it couldn't harm a Treacherous Being. Thus, the Monkey Spirit King only needed to wait patiently for the Monkey Masters to recover.

However, the Monkey Spirit King was looking straight at Zen with an unreadable expression. Then, he turned around abruptly and ran away, followed by the Monkey Masters.

His huge body should have made the earth tremble when he ran.

However, Zen and the others didn't feel the vibration. There was no sound or aura fluctuation. If Eastern Emperor Taiyi hadn't accidentally seen it, Zen and the others wouldn't have noticed them running away.

"What happened? Why is the Monkey Spirit King running away?" Gonggong asked curiously.

"Damn it, we have to catch up! Let's go!" the Snake Goddess cried in disbelief, poised to run after them.

It hadn't been easy, gaining the support of the Monkey Spirit Sect. They weren't going to let them go so easily.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi and Zen were already rushing towards the receding figure of the Monkey Spirit King.

Although Fuxi and Eastern Emperor Taiyi had consumed a large amount of bloodline power resisting the Space Devouring Technique, they still managed to rush after the Monkey Spirit King with incredible speed. At the rate they were going, they should have caught up to him in the blink of an eye.

However, even as they were dashing across the Jade Pure Realm, something strange happened.

The distance between them and the Monkey Spirit King did not close, but instead grew bigger and bigger, until the Monkey Spirit King had disappeared from their sight. Meanwhile, it looked like they were running in place.

"There is something strange about the space here..." Fuxi spoke, stretching out one hand.

Splash!

Hundreds of black and white Eight Diagrams marks shot into the distance.

However, the Eight Diagrams marks stopped abruptly before they could get very far.

"It's the space wall! Break it!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The black and white Eight Diagrams marks exploded along the surface of the invisible space wall.

The invisible wall didn't budge, even after Fuxi's vicious attack.

Buzz!

Eastern Emperor Taiyi also joined in on the action.

As he gently pinched his fingers against each other, a sword suddenly materialized in his hand.

Raising his arms above his head, he slashed his blade downwards, slicing at the invisible wall.

The golden light streaked along the surface of the space wall, forming a golden river that was several hundred feet long.

If there was nothing in its way, the golden river would've reached thousands of miles away. One could only imagine how much power was contained within it.

However, no matter how powerful the golden river was, it stopped silently the moment it touched the space wall. It couldn't move in the slightest, as though the invisible wall were a dam that blocked it.

"How is this possible?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi's face fell.

"This is the Space Guiding Wall," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord explained calmly. "You, as well as your attacks, can only approach the space wall as much as you want, but you won't be able to touch it."

This didn't mean the space wall was unbreakable, but that there was a rule which prevented any attacks from reaching it.

"Is this also the ability of the Space Guiding Stone?" the Snake Goddess asked, frowning deeply.

"Yes," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord affirmed with a nod.

Previously, he had repeatedly emphasized the power of Holy Items.

However, the human heroes had mastered the Blood-controlling Method, and their strength had enhanced greatly, which boosted their confidence.

They were all under the impression that these so-called "Holy Items" were just stronger Other Shore Tokens and wouldn't be as strong as the bloodline power.

However, no one expected that upon arrival, most of them would drop dead.

Zen silently approached the invisible wall and reached out his finger.

As his finger approached the space wall, something strange happened. It should've touched the space wall, but he couldn't feel anything. Stranger still was the fact that half of his finger seemed to squeeze into the space then abruptly disappear.

When he withdrew his hand, it quickly returned to its original state.

"I'm afraid it's not going to be easy to break the space wall," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said as he watched Zen poke at the wall.

As he was speaking, Zen had already launched himself right into the space wall, crashing into it. Then, his body seemed to distort, as though he was being squeezed along the edge of the wall. However, he felt no pain, nor was he injured in any way.

"This distance is enough. Break the wall."

Zen's voice came from the edge of the wall.

This wall built by the Space Guiding Stone was indeed very ingenious. Zen found that it had used most of the power in the space-time quadrant, but as the owner of the ancestry-level bloodline, he could still easily find a method to get around it.

Zen suddenly twisted his body like a snake, and at the same time, the invisible space wall began to twist like the rippling water.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Deafening sounds of glass being shattered rang, and the space wall twisted a few times before crumbling into countless pieces.

The invisible barrier had disappeared, but the scenery in the distance did not change at all. But since it had taken them some time, the Monkey Spirit King was long gone by now.

Chapter 4192 Disappearing

The Jade Pure Realm was still peaceful, even though everyone was depressed.

Most of them were dead, and their biggest supporter, the Monkey Spirit King, had escaped.

What on earth was going on?

"What should we do now? I'm afraid we can't stand our ground against the Snake Spirit Sect without the help of the Monkey Spirit Sect," Gonggong said.

"Should we leave the Jade Pure Realm first?" Zhurong asked.

Some of them had thought of giving up.

It was not their fault. The support of the Monkey Spirit Sect was a prerequisite if they wanted to take this action. Without it, there wouldn't be any plan. It would be best for them to retreat first and then take a decision.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said, "The exit of this passage is on the other side of the Jade Pure Realm. Now that the Snake Spirit King is exclusively targeting us, I don't think he will let us go."

"Then we can't retreat," said the real Fuxi, looking straight ahead.

"I don't know what the Monkey Spirit King saw and why he had to run away. But he is huge, and we can find him by following the traces that he has left." The Snake Goddess had calmed down enough to think straight and find a solution.

"The Monkey Spirit King is extraordinary but also very reckless. It looks like the Snake Spirit King will kill him soon enough." Eastern Emperor Taiyi sighed helplessly.

"Let's start looking for him," Zen said.

Swoosh...

The Wing King flapped his wings as he remained beside Zen.

The seven people, including Zen, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the Snake Goddess, climbed on to the Wing King's back. With a flash of his wings, he turned into a cyan shadow and shot into the air.

Hundreds of miles into their journey, they found a number of low mountains and rivers. There were also a few Other Shore creatures that had been born there and that still lived there, but they were very docile. They didn't have the slightest intention of attacking Zen and his companions when they spotted them making their way through the air.

If the Other Shore Realm warriors were to be sent here, none of them would believe that this was the Jade Pure Realm.

"There are footprints!"

"These are the Monkey Spirit King's footprints!"

"Follow the footprints!"

There were huge footprints on the ground. Only a huge creature like the Monkey Spirit King could leave such giant footprints. So the Wing King followed this footprint trail.

The Wing King was so fast that he had covered five hundred miles before long.

There were lots of footprints along the way, but the Monkey Spirit King was nowhere to be seen.

The scenery began to change the moment they reached a distance of about eight hundred miles.

The green color was gradually replaced by a grey white and a large area of grey stones were exposed on the ground.

There were still footprints that were clear enough to attract their attention.

"The footprints are still here. We are probably headed in the right direction," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said, confused.

"How is the Monkey Spirit King running so fast?" The Snake Goddess frowned. She had a premonition that something was terribly wrong.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said, "The Space Guiding Stone can create a lot of illusions. It could have deceived the Monkey Spirit King, and it could probably also have made these footprints to deceive us."

"Let's go and have a look!" Zen said to the Wing King.

The Wing King understood what Zen meant. He flew forward and came to a stop beside a huge footprint.

Zen walked up to the edge of the footprint that was as huge as a lake.

He put his hand into the pit from the edge where he was standing, then closed his eyes and began to analyze the energy structure within the pit.

He did not sense an aura belonging to any Treacherous Being. What he did find was a trace of remnant space power.

He suddenly opened his eyes and said in all seriousness, "I'm afraid these footprints have been created by the space theurgy, not the Monkey Spirit King."

"Someone has deliberately led us to the wrong path!" the Snake Goddess exclaimed.

"Well, it does look like the Snake Spirit King is playing tricks on us, doesn't it?" Fuxi said, looking warily around.

Nervousness rippled through everyone present.

All sorts of methods had been used to target them ever since they had stepped into the Jade Pure Realm. This was bad news.

"Zen, come back here. We need to leave," said the Wing King.

Once Zen jumped onto the back of the Wing King, the Wing King dived and flew to the other side in a huge arc.

Now that Zen had seen through the origin of these footprints, the Wing King was naturally backtracking to avoid any danger.

But they had barely traveled a few dozen miles when the sight of another huge footprint caused everyone's faces to darken.

"Someone is doing this on purpose!" the Snake Goddess said through gritted teeth.

"I agree. It does look like someone is trying to make a fool of us!" Zhurong said. He was so furious that his eyes had reddened with rage.

The Wing King's wings trembled and he changed direction. But yet again, they had barely flown ten miles in the new direction when another huge footprint made an appearance.

"Ignore these footprints. Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, please lead the way. Let's move towards the center of the Jade Pure Realm," Zen said suddenly but sternly.

The footprints shouldn't have been used as reference objects. Their persistence in avoiding the footprints had played a huge role in their getting lost.

"Aren't you going to find the Monkey Spirit King?" asked the Wing King.

"There is no way to find him. So that's the only thing we can do at the moment," Zen replied.

The Wing King didn't change direction and continued to fly onwards. He ignored the footprints, irrespective of how many of them continued to appear.

In the Heavenly Square City

Two stones appeared above the Snake Spirit King's head.

One was an amber, diamond-shaped gem. This was the Limited Omnipotent Stone.

The other was a light blue triangular gem, and this was the Space Guiding Stone, also one of the Holy Items.

Through the Limited Omnipotent Stone, the Snake Spirit King could see everything in the Jade Pure Realm, right from tiny particles of sand to the Monkey Spirit King who was running crazily in all directions. He could tap into any secrets and all details.

The Space Guiding Stone could change the space of any area at will.

It could easily create a large space sink, forming a huge footprint.

To the Snake Spirit King, the scene was like a cat playing with a mouse.

The previous Space Devouring Technique had also been released by the Snake Spirit King. He didn't need weak opponents, and it was obvious that the weaker ones would be eliminated.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

Every time the Space Guiding Stone flashed, a footprint would appear in front of Zen and his group. But they ignored them and continued to move in the established direction.

"Are you no longer affected by the footprints? It's not interesting anymore, so I will go ahead and kill a few more!"

The blue light on the Space Guiding Stone began to flicker violently. A number of large blue space awls formed out of nowhere and shot towards the Wing King.

According to the Snake Spirit King, he would torture this group of people and in the end, only one of them could survive.

Swish, swish, swish...

The space awls were too powerful for ordinary Eternal Realm warriors to face and deal with.

The Wing King, feeling the power of the space awls, began to rapidly wave his wings and flew forward at an incredible speed. But he was still unable to escape the scope of the space awls.

Puff, puff, puff...

The space awls smashed everything that they enveloped.

After all the space awls had shot out to hit everything, the Snake Spirit King consulted the Limited Omnipotent Stone again. What he saw there left him stunned.

Zen and his group had disappeared in the Limited Omnipotent Stone.

Chapter 4193 Deception

The Snake Spirit Sect had the ten Holy Items to thank for their success in dissolving the other three sects in the chaos.

Each Holy Item, after all, accorded exceptional power.

The Evil Bead was far stronger than any Other Shore Tokens. The Space Guiding Stone could control space at will.

The Limited Omnipotent Stone was even more powerful than the two others.

With it, the wearer could see and know everything within a closed area.

The Limited Omnipotent Stone was useless in the main world, but it could be used in the chaos and on the Other Shore.

Only a few things could avoid the detection of the Limited Omnipotent Stone. The bubble was one of them.

However, the Snake Spirit Sect had already destroyed the bubble of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. It would never reappear in the Jade Pure Realm again.

Even if the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord tried to reactivate the bubble, the Snake Spirit King would now be able to detect it. The Limited Omnipotent Stone would allow him to see all, including the process of reactivating the bubble. That was why Dale could not shake off the Snake Spirit King, who had been able to track his return to the bubble last time.

Presently, however, the Snake Spirit King was chafing at the disappearance of Zen and his companions.

He was able to be an observer before, but he realized now that was no longer the case.

He cursed under his breath.

Crack!

Clang!

Boom!

The Snake Spirit King unleashed the Space Guiding Stone's power again.

The ground sank where Zen and the others disappeared. The effect began to spread as the space in the area was squeezed.

Stones turned into fine powder, then condensed into balls. They shrank until their properties were altered completely.

Creatures living underground were mangled and crushed, ground into fine powder before they even knew what was happening.

Cracks began to appear on the ground like a spider web, extending in all directions.

Ten miles, a hundred miles, a thousand miles.

Soon enough, everything within a thousand miles had collapsed, replaced by only a huge pit.

A wise lizard at the edge of the pit had witnessed the entire thing. He stared in disbelief at the sudden crater in front of him.

He was from a mighty race in the Jade Pure Realm on the Other Shore. His race had survived all this time by gaining a foothold in the Jade Pure Realm despite the Treacherous Beings that overran it.

His blood ran cold as it dawned on him that their home had been violently decimated just now. Everything had been destroyed in a flash.

Whoosh!

The lizard scrambled into the pit at an extremely fast speed. All that was left there was some kind of colorful powder. He could detect no auras anywhere.

The terrifying pressure had wiped out everything. It seemed even the patriarch, the eight strong warriors who could fight off resentment-level Treacherous Beings, and the prophets had all been killed.

No one else had survived.

The lizard started screaming in despair.

Suddenly, several people materialized in front of him, glowing from the silver powder coating their bodies.

The lizard fell silent, numb with shock. 'Who are these people? Where did they come from?' the lizard thought to himself, utterly bewildered.

The man at the lead of the group walked toward him. The man had a smile on his face, but the lizard couldn't help but take a few steps back in apprehension.

"Can you see me now?" Zen asked.

"What are you talking about?" the lizard, who knew the human language, sputtered out.

"Mysteries are more interesting, so we think it best to disappear," Zen simply continued.

"What?" The lizard was absolutely confused.

Zen bent forward and waved right in front of the lizard's eyes. As he did, he and the others slowly disappeared from the flabbergasted lizard's sight.

And so too, from the Snake Spirit King's spying. The Limited Omnipotent Stone had been allowing him to see everything just now through the lizard's eyes.

Zen had actually been speaking to the Snake Spirit King.

If the Snake Spirit King was irritated before, now he was consumed with pure wrath.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

The Heavenly Square City began to shake.

Sewell rushed to the Snake Spirit King's side.

"My king, what happened?" Sewell asked.

"Those people have escaped," the Snake Spirit King snarled.

Sewell looked confused. "I thought letting them escape was part of your plan?"

"They escaped right under my nose and out of sight of the Limited Omnipotent Stone!" the Snake Spirit King snapped.

Sewell drew a sharp intake of breath and stiffened. He understood immediately, being the Snake Spirit King's capable assistant. But how could they have evaded the Limited Omnipotent Stone? What kind of abilities did they have?

"Find them! Now!" the Snake Spirit King roared.

Sewell promptly slithered away and into action.

It didn't take long before over a hundred Snake Masters and thousands of snake-shaped Treacherous Beings were deployed from the Heavenly Square City.

Meanwhile, Zen and his group remained on the move toward the west.

The Wing King had offered to simply fly them toward their destination, but Zen had declined.

"The Space Deception Method can counter the power of the Limited Omnipotent Stone, but it is very unstable. We have to avoid using other powers of space," Zen explained.

A certain level of stability had to be maintained, or else they would be exposed to the Snake Spirit King again.

"After I cultivated the Blood-controlling Method, I thought my understanding of space had risen to an unreachable level. But I see it's still nothing compared to yours," the Wing King sighed.

The Limited Omnipotent Stone and the Space Deception Method were theurgies that the Wing King couldn't understand.

"We are fighting against an almost invincible opponent. If we can't even get rid of his monitoring, then we won't stand a chance," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord pointed out.

"But you've planned for such a long time and finally have Zen. We're already ahead on that alone," said Fuxi with a smile, optimistic as ever.

Right now, they could only walk to where they needed to go, so progress was slow.

Fortunately, the Space Deception Method was impervious not only to the powers of the Limited Omnipotent Stone, but also to all sorts of creatures on the Other Shore.

The group soon came across a large race as they passed through a gray area covered in stones.

The creatures of the race wore masks and carried huge bone weapons. They looked strong. Such creatures should not be underestimated in the Jade Pure Realm.

Zen and the others started walking across their territory unseen. Although the creatures could sense strange auras, they couldn't determine where they were coming from. They eventually just shrugged the feeling off.

Fuxi had even accidentally bumped into one of the creatures and made him stagger. But seeing nothing there, the creature simply waved it off as nothing. Soon, Zen and his group had passed through without incident.

Chapter 4194 The Space Channel

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The Monkey Spirit King's speed never let up as he gave chase to Sewell on the northwest side of the Jade Pure Realm.

The Monkey Spirit King could move at a surprising speed with the gargantuan size.

Sewell was just right ahead, with the human heroes pierced on his back. Some had seen the Monkey Spirit King coming to save them and were already reaching out to him.

The Monkey Spirit King remained loyal to those he trusted.

These human beings had saved him. He definitely wouldn't allow the Snake Masters to capture them. Not on his watch!

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The Monkey Spirit King's footsteps were so heavy, and the surroundings vibrated visibly every time his feet landed on the ground.

The Other Shore creatures in his path grew pale upon seeing him approach. They quickly got well out of the way. They wondered where this terrifying Treacherous Being came from. They had never heard of such a Treacherous Being before.

"My king, just leap forward and get as close as you can. I'll do the rest," Manuel, standing on the Monkey Spirit King's shoulder, uttered.

The Monkey Spirit King had been chasing Sewell for a while now, to no avail. He was starting to feel frustrated. He could have easily killed Sewell before with just one hand. He could have even beaten Cornelius in a fight.

He took a few steps and leapt forward. This jump drew an arc reaching hundreds of thousands of feet high.

Manuel launched himself onward while the Monkey Spirit King was in the air. Boosted by the Monkey Spirit King's speed, Manuel now flew toward Sewell like an arrow.

Manuel still bore a grudge against Sewell for breaking into the Night View Island and trying to steal away the Monkey Spirit King.

There had been a huge gap between their strengths in the past. Manuel had been staying in the Night View Island for so many years and knew nothing about the outside, so Sewell easily tricked him. Manuel was raring for some payback.

Swoosh!

A bone stick appeared in Manuel's hand. He spun it like a windmill and swung it at Sewell.

But Sewell suddenly picked up speed, to Manuel's surprise. Just moments later, Sewell was out of his reach again.

How was this possible?

Sewell should have reached his limit by now, having been chased for so long. How could he not be exhausted?

Had he been just baiting them all this time?

Perhaps he had other intentions?

No matter what it was, Manuel wasn't going to give up that easily.

"Go to hell!"

Buzz!

The bone stick in his hand began to glow.

Swish!

Something strange happened before the weapon could smash down on Sewell.

The weapon was infinitely compressed!

"A space wall?" Surprise flashed in Manuel's eyes. Then he smirked.

This cross-shaped bone stick was considered a supreme treasure in the Human Spirit Sect. It was made from the thigh bones of the Space Ghost after it had been killed in the main world.

Orlando had asked Kincaid for it and had eventually given it to Manuel.

The cross-shaped bone stick was used to draw energy from the holy pillar of the Monkey Spirit Sect when Manuel used it, but even without that connection between the stick and the holy pillar now, it still had the talent of the Space Ghost. It could shatter all space!

Crack!

The compressed cross-shaped bone stick spun and broke through the space wall.

Manuel's smirk grew wider. As he moved to retrieve the bone stick and continue chasing Sewell, he looked up ahead and froze.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The Monkey Spirit King ran over from behind. He picked Manuel up and raised him up on his palm. "Why are you stopping? Let's go!"

"They're gone," Manuel said. He pointed ahead.

"What?" The Monkey Spirit King stopped in his tracks.

Sewell and the human heroes on his back disappeared from view as soon as the space wall was broken.

"I'm afraid it was all just an illusion created by the space," Hagar lamented.

"No wonder our king couldn't catch up with him no matter how fast he got!" Nereus shook his head.

They had been tricked by an illusion all this time!

The Monkey Spirit King stamped his feet in frustration.

Boom!

"Cornelius! Come out!"

The impact his feet made exerted such immense force on the ground, and a large number of cracks appeared.

The Monkey Spirit King was alert and sensitive most of the time, but when he was angry, he just wanted to tear Cornelius into pieces.

Manuel and Tearrag couldn't even dare try to appease him now. They just stood on his shoulder in silence.

The power of space suddenly began to gather in front of the Monkey Spirit King. The soil and stones on the ground were lifted in the air bit by bit by the space force until they formed a huge snake shape. The Snake

Spirit King's voice suddenly rang out. "How much do you hate me, Orlando?"

"I'm going to tear you apart," the Monkey Spirit King snarled.

The Snake Spirit King sighed and took on an earnest tone. "Your Monkey Spirit Sect will also benefit if my plan succeeds, you know. I will help you develop the Monkey Spirit Sect, making it prosperous and powerful again..."

Boom!

The Monkey Spirit King threw a heavy punch.

It smashed through the huge snake formed by the soil and stones. The impact created a deep crater on the ground.

"You can't fool me twice," the Monkey Spirit King spat out.

With a sinister sound, the stones and soil rose up in the air again and turned into the shape of the Snake Spirit King. "Come to the Heavenly Square City, if you want to beat me so badly..."

As he said this, the space power formed a huge whirlpool emitting a blue light. It was a space channel.

The Monkey Spirit King looked at the space channel, severely tempted by it.

"My king, be careful. This may be another trick," Manuel cautioned urgently, trying to stop him.

The other Monkey Masters, such as Tearrag, Hagar and Nereus, likewise glared at the channel with suspicion.

Cornelius had caused so much trouble to the Monkey Spirit Sect, so they were convinced this space channel was nothing but a trap.

The Monkey Spirit King hesitated.

He was confident in his unparalleled strength, but he knew he was far inferior to Cornelius in intelligence. That was why he had chosen to cooperate with Zen and the other human beings. He just hadn't expected that the Snake Spirit King would be able to separate them upon their arrival at the Jade Pure Realm.

The Monkey Spirit King chose to be clear-headed and rational this time. He refused to step into the channel.

However, visions suddenly appeared at the center of the space channel. They were the images of the monkey spirits in the Heavenly Square City not so long ago.

"It's Alston!"

"Alston is still alive?"

"Why are there so many monkey spirits in the Heavenly Square City?"

The strength of Alston was a bit inferior to that of Hagar, and he was once ranked fourth in the Monkey Spirit Sect. He was a good friend to Manuel and Tearrag.

But the next vision showed that the monkey spirits were executed, and that their coordinates were destroyed along with them.

"NO!" Manuel roared.

The Monkey Spirit King rushed toward the space channel without any hesitation at this moment.

Chapter 4195 The Altar

Entering the space channel was risky since nobody knew where it led to.

Creatures from other races would have known that it was a trap and calmed down almost immediately.

But the members of the Monkey Spirit Sect were impulsive.

Manuel, Hagar, and the other Monkey Masters let anger get the best of them. They were determined to tear the Snake Masters into bits along with the Monkey Spirit King.

The space channel was small and would only take one a few several steps to get through it. But the Monkey Spirit King had barely entered it when he felt like countless bugs were biting his skin.

The Monkey Spirit King was a powerful Treacherous Being. Few things could hurt his body.

He looked around, confused, but his face darkened as he realized what it was. "It's the Void Dust!" he exclaimed.

The space channel led to the outside of the main Pure Sky Platform. They realized that they were now in great danger.

The sickening sizzle of burning flesh sounded through the channel.

The Void Dust was eroding the Monkey Spirit King, Manuel, Tearrag, and Hagar.

They were now a hundred miles from the main Pure Sky Platform, making it impossible for them to fly back.

"Tearrag!" the Monkey Spirit King called out.

Tearrag understood what the Monkey Spiritual King was trying to say. He was better at space theurgy than the others. So he opened his hands and two blue holes appeared in his palms. These holes that he had created were also space channels, but they were different from other space channels.

The space channels had been inside Tearrag's body for a long time. They were stable and could be summoned at any time. .

Tearrag stretched out a hand, causing a blue hole to expand and transform into a huge space channel.

He then turned around and stretched out his hand once again. The other hole appeared above the main Pure Sky Platform a hundred miles away from them.

"My king! Let's go inside!" Tearrage said.

But by then, half of his head had disappeared, having been eroded by the Void Dust.

The Monkey Spirit King endured the sharp pain as he dashed towards the hole alongside the Monkey Masters. But the closer he got to it, the farther backwards the hole moved from him.

The Monkey Spirit King stared at Tearrag and said, "What's this?"

Tearrag could not speak, for half his head was gone.

Out of options, he replied through his consciousness, "I lost control over the holes."

"How can this be?" the Monkey Spirit King said, but he didn't give up.

He moved forward, but the hole retreated again, as if it was playing a game with him.

"Cornelius, it is you!"

the Monkey Spirit King roared.

But even his voice could not reach where he wanted it to.

The Snake Spirit King had filled the space channel with the Void Dust that eroded even sound waves.

The flesh continued to burn and sizzle.

The Void Dust devoured Manuel, Tearrag, and Hagar. The Monkey Spirit King was the last to dissipate in the Void Dust.

The Snake Spirit King, who was in the Heavenly Square City, smiled. "Orlando, I can't believe you are still that stupid!" he said.

When he had taken out the space channel a moment ago, he hadn't expected the Monkey Spirit King to enter it. He had done that just to provoke the Monkey Spirit King. But since the Monkey Spirit King had voluntarily entered it, he thought there was no need to show him any mercy.

"Did the Monkey Spirit King really fall into the trap?" Sewell asked.

"He has already been devoured by the Void Dust," the Snake Spirit King replied.

"Do you know where their coordinates are?" Sewell asked again.

The Snake Spirit King shook his head. "One thing is for sure. Their coordinates are not in the Jade Pure Realm," he said.

'The coordinates usually produce energy fluctuations and one should perceive these fluctuations with the help of the Limited Omnipotent Stone.

But the Snake Spirit King isn't able to detect them, which means that their coordinates are not in the Jade Pure Realm. I guess they are in the Night View Island, ' Sewell pondered.

"I think their coordinates are in the Night View Island," Sewell said out loud.

The Snake Spirit King shook his head as he said, "What if they are in the hands of those humans?"

"The humans..."

It was bad news that Zen and his group had suddenly disappeared. What was worse, the Snake Spirit King didn't know how they had vanished into thin air, without any trace.

If they were capable of avoiding the Limited Omnipotent Stone, then even the Snake Spirit King couldn't locate the Monkey Spirit King's coordinates.

All the Snake Spirit King's efforts to take out the Monkey Spirit King would be in vain.

"Keep looking for them," the Snake Spirit King ordered.

He was filled with regret from within.

'If I had seen this coming, I would have broken into the Night View Island.

That would have been better than this, even though it might make it difficult to open the door, ' the Snake Spirit King mused.

Once Sewell took his leave, the black light reappeared before the Snake Spirit King. "You can't even handle the creatures in the chaos. You are such a disappointment!" the black light berated the Snake Spirit King.

"Was there a flaw in my actions?" the Snake Spirit King asked.

The black light paused and replied, "No."

"Don't underestimate them! Now that we want to use them, we will need to foresee any future risks," the Snake Spirit King said.

The Jade Pure Realm was much bigger than the Supreme Pure Realm and the Grand Pure Realm. Its terrain was much more complicated.

Once Zen and the others had passed through the Other Shore race, they crossed several stone mountains. And then, a quagmire came into their view.

This quagmire was five thousand miles wide and was called the Quagmire of Ignorance.

"We are going that way."

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord led Zen and his companions to run across the quagmire.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A number of fish with spidery legs emerged from the quagmire. Being unable to perceive the presence of Zen and his companions, they ran into them.

Zen and his companions effectively dodged these creatures, but Fuxi trampled them into a pulp.

"Fuxi, be careful!" the Primeval Lord of Heaven advised him.

"What's wrong? Are you afraid of alerting the Snake Spirit King?" Fuxi cast an angry stare towards the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"I think it would be better for us to be careful," the Snake Goddess said. "If we kill too many creatures on the Other Shore, it might alert the Snake Spirit King to our presence."

Fuxi realized that what the Snake Goddess said made sense. He became more careful and tried to avoid the creatures on their way.

They had traveled for about two thousand miles above the Quagmire of Ignorance before they were attacked by the winged, poisonous insects. The insects seemed to have an extraordinary sensibility because even though the Space Deception Method had caused the group to become invisible, the insects had still detected them.

The horde of winged poisonous insects were fast, closely following the group. The moment Zhurong noticed that they were getting closer, he used the fire lotus and burned them to ashes.

Half a day's journey later, they finally crossed the Quagmire of Ignorance. They then spotted three towering mountains, an altar standing among them.

It was just a three-storied altar, but it was only slightly shorter than the mountains that surrounded it.

"Is that the altar we are looking for?" Zen asked.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord nodded in confirmation. His eyes were excited, but also held a hint of sadness.

'It has been years since I left this place and it's only now that I am finally going to uncover its secret. There is just a soul left in me, but I am still glad, ' the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord thought, thrilled to return.

Chapter 4196 The Door Opened

This altar was huge and exquisite-looking.

The outermost circle was paved with a layer of white jade. It was so white and pale that it looked like it was swimming in a layer of milk.

The outer wall was inlaid with a layer of cyan gray stone bricks, the surfaces of which were engraved with multiple Sanskrit words.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had deciphered many of these Sanskrit words that recorded the glorious deeds of the Four Spirits Sect.

On getting close to the wall, Zen activated the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization and tried to decipher a few Sanskrit words. The information he learned was on the lines of what the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had told him. It mainly pertained to the origin of the Four Spirits Sect.

This altar had originally been built by Campbell and his fellows, so the fact that the Sanskrit words were here wasn't completely out of the ordinary.

They walked along the length of the altar for a distance before they spotted a staircase that led to the top floor.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord turned to look at the altar a few times, a strange expression on his face. "As far as I know, the Snake Spirit King attaches great importance to this place. He usually sends Treacherous Beings to guard it. But why is there no Treacherous Being guarding the altar today?"

Zen looked around but shrugged and shook his head. "I don't know. Let's go up there first."

Zen led the way as the group made their way up the stairs.

The huge altar itself wasn't anything magical. It only had a thousand stairs, and Zen and his companions could climb these in a matter of seconds.

A smooth plane sat at the top of the altar, at the center of which was a square opening. Beside this were steps that extended into the altar.

"Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, I'm confused," said Zen.

"What is it?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord asked.

"Does the Snake Spirit King want something in the altar?" Zen asked.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord thought for a moment before nodding and saying, "I think he is eager to enter the altar."

According to the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, it was very likely that Kincaid was locked in the altar.

The Bird Spirit King, in the Four Spirits Sect, was kind enough to remain neutral. The Monkey Spirit King was powerful, but he was reckless. Only

Kincaid and the human spirits were the strongest opponents of the Snake Spirit King.

"In that case, why doesn't he break the altar?" Zen asked, confused.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

"I think there are a few possibilities," said the Snake Goddess. "One, this altar is special, and the Snake Spirit King can't open it. Two, it might need a unique way to open it, and using brute force will cause loss. Three, it could also be that there is something in the altar that the Snake Spirit King is afraid of, which is why he doesn't dare release whatever's in the altar."

"I don't think your third point is right. After all, the Snake Spirit King has defeated the other three sects. Could anything in the entire chaos scare him?" Gonggong, who was silent all this time, suddenly bit out a retort.

Zen was thoughtful as he responded, "That's not necessarily true. This war is no longer related only to the Four Spirits Sect. Beings of the higher level have now gotten involved. Perhaps someone can restrain the Snake Spirit King..."

"Whatever it is, we'll know when we open the altar," said Zhurong.

Zen made to walk down the steps that led into the altar.

The moment he set foot on the steps, he felt the viscosity of the space below him, as if a strange power of space held rein within this square opening.

He was confused, but decided not to take it seriously.

But in the Heavenly Square City that was tens of thousands of miles away from here, the Space Guiding Stone of the Snake Spirit King began to flash.

"How have they reached the altar so fast?" the Snake Spirit King said, agitated.

He had thought that Zen and his group would try to hide from him for a while. He hadn't expected them to go straight to the altar.

He had originally intended to remove all other obstacles before expecting Zen to open the altar alone. His goal hadn't been fully achieved, but at least Zen would open the door of the altar himself.

Boom...

A huge crack sounded from above the Heavenly Square City, blooming through the sky before the city once again shattered into pieces.

"Gather all the Snake Masters and follow me to the altar." The Snake Spirit King's voice echoed through the space.

The Snake Masters and the Treacherous Beings that had been sent out began to gather at the altar, while the Snake Spirit King personally led the elites of the Heavenly Square City towards it.

There were more than a thousand steps inside the square opening.

Zen walked down, feeling the space to be more viscous than he had expected it to be.

The Snake Goddess noticed Zen's hesitation and asked, "What's wrong?"

Instead of answering, Zen stopped and closed his eyes, lost in thought. A few minutes later, he opened his eyes again, now wary. "There is a layer of space enchanted barrier here, a very thin one..."

"Where is it?"

"Why can't I feel it?"

"I don't feel it as well!"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others were confused.

"I feel it! Just a little though," said the Wing King.

The Wing King's bloodline talent was related to space, which meant that he was more sensitive to space.

"This space enchanted barrier is similar to the aura of the Space Guiding Stone," said Zen.

"Has it been set up by the Snake Spirit King?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"I think so," Zen said, nodding.

"That's going to be a problem," Zhurong said, his eyes widening.

"Let's stay outside to keep an eye on things here and let Zen get inside," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said decidedly.

Having come this far, they were now ready to sacrifice themselves.

Everyone were to stay outside, while Zen continued to walk down the stairs.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs, a stone door appeared before him.

It was simple and crude, as if made of a stone that was cut out by an axe at random, its surface covered in marks.

At the center of the stone door was a circular metal disk, in the middle of which was a small key hole.

"This is the door of the altar," said the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

"This door seems very simple, as if it can be opened with just a push!" Zen smiled.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said, "Your strength is far greater than mine, but I don't think you can open this door."

Back in the day, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had also reached the door and tried all sorts of methods to open the door. He had failed.

Zen would obviously not use brute force to open the door. He lifted his wrist gently, causing the Sumeru Space to begin to unfold. A bronze key appeared suddenly.

He grabbed the key and inserted it into the metal disk.

Crack!

A voice sounded from the stone door.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

The door was then pushed inward, a gust of cold wind blowing out and a layer of white frost instantly enveloping Zen.

Zen was fine. The blood vitality in his body moved around from within, the white frost having disappeared. He looked inside to find a snake-shaped road made of ice, and countless white light dots floating on both sides of this road.

"A huge Cold Prison!" Zen muttered, awed at this sight.

Zen had seen a lot of Cold Prisons in the upper field of the Blooming Jade Stage. But they had been tiny compared to this one.

The Cold Prison before him was different. Apart from the ice path in the middle, everything else was a part of it. If one didn't look carefully at the dots of light, they would think that they were snowflakes dancing in the air. They couldn't be more wrong.

Chapter 4197 The Human Spirits

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, floating above Zen, stared blankly at the countless dots of light in front of them.

"Are all these the creatures of the main world locked in this Cold Prison?" asked the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

All he knew about the Cold Prison, and little else, was that it was the most frigid place there was.

"That's right," Zen replied with a nod.

"Can you see their original appearances?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord asked again.

"Yes, and so can you," Zen said with a smile.

A ball of green light burst out from the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization in the primitive land. A whirring sound began to hum within the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization in the Blooming Jade Stage.

Buzz!

The eyes of Zen and the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord now glowed with a green light.

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization could decipher the Cold Prison quickly.

That was why it took only a moment for the original appearances of the countless light dots to become visible to Zen and the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

"What a unique ability! It assessed the light dots and restored them just like that!" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord exclaimed in awe. His eyes widened, however, when he realized what he was now looking at. "Are these human spirits?" he sputtered out.

Zen nodded.

It was almost impossible to distinguish between human spirits and human race from appearance alone. However, since the seventy-seventh chaotic era, only the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had set foot in the Jade Pure Realm, so he knew it was impossible for any other human to be here.

These human spirits must have been in the Cold Prison for many years.

They were wrapped in the same golden armors and lay side by side, motionless on the ground.

"I'm afraid these human spirits may be dead," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said gingerly.

"I don't think so." Zen shook his head. "I know of a giant who survived the Cold Prison in the upper ice field of the Blooming Jade Stage, and his strength was far inferior to that of human spirits."

The giant Pompeo was born after the change of Abstruse Energy World. He was powerful as a creature of that world, but he was much weaker than the human spirits.

If Pompeo could emerge from the ordeal safe and sound, so, too, could human spirits.

"You could know for sure if you check the Cold Prison yourself, but I don't know if your body can withstand it," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord suggested with some hesitation in his voice.

The power of the Cold Prison was overwhelming. It literally could freeze everything. Zen wouldn't have dared to enter it in the past.

However, Zen's body was no longer the same after the ancestry-level bloodline strengthened it. Moreover, he could also use the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"I'll give it a try."

Zen was much more confident to take the Cold Prison on now.

He approached slowly and reached out to touch its surface.

A burning sensation flashed through him. The pain lasted only for a split second, however, as his entire body turned to ice on the spot.

Swoosh!

The Cold Prison not only froze every tissue in Zen's body but also affected his inner world.

The frigid air went straight into Zen's cinnabar field and started seeping through the blood-colored sky. Left unhampered, it would be enough to freeze the entire primitive land and kill most of the creatures living in it.

It never got to that point, however.

The moment the cold air invaded, the ancestry-level bloodline had immediately launched a counterattack.

Energy spiraled and gathered in the center of the blood-colored sky, forming a golden sun. The freezing mist immediately dissipated wherever the sunlight shone.

With the cold air extinguished, light beams rushed out from Zen's cinnabar field. The blazing energy flowed through his body, quickly thawing him.

Zen returned to normal, but not without a lecture from the ancestry-level bloodline. "Next time, before you do such a dangerous thing, inform me first."

Zen hung his head in embarrassment. "I had wanted to analyze the Cold Prison first, but I didn't expect it could freeze me that fast," Zen admitted sheepishly.

"There's no time for analysis in this place. You have to prepare in advance," the ancestry-level bloodline chastised.

"Could I enter the Cold Prison now, though?" Zen asked.

"Yes, you may."

The sun in the primitive land now blazed heat throughout Zen's body, enabling him to endure the subzero temperatures around him.

Zen now stepped into the Cold Prison with ease.

Swoosh!

The low temperature of the Cold Prison was offset by the high temperature in Zen's body, ending in a neutral state. A thin mist rose from Zen, making him look like a white bear, but he could move freely.

Zen walked up to the human spirits and inspected them.

They were still alive, with a rich amount of life energy still contained in their bodies. When Zen touched their heads, he discovered, however, that their minds were empty. It was as if they had lost their souls.

"Well? What have you found out?" The voice of the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord suddenly piped up in Zen's mind. His remnant soul wouldn't be able to withstand the Cold Prison, so he could only hide within Zen.

"They have lost their souls." Zen frowned and shook his head. "Or more precisely, their Treacherous Beings. To human spirits, after all, the Treacherous Beings are their souls. There are no Treacherous Beings in their minds. These are just living husks."

Zen went to check several other human spirits and found only the same situation.

"I shall go further on and have a look."

Zen exited the Cold Prison and moved along the snake-shaped road.

There were golden-armored human spirits lying on both sides of the snake-shaped road along the first thousand feet or so. From that point on, the human spirits lying on the ground wore cyan armors.

It would seem those in the cyan armors were stronger than those in the golden ones.

At some point even further on, the human spirits, beautiful women among them, started sporting a variety of luxury clothes instead of armors. Zen went inside the Cold Prison to check again. Indeed, no souls remained either in the men or the women.

Zen continued on along the meandering road.

The road grew wider and wider until it diverged into three paths. Where the left and right paths ended were visible from this distance. But the middle path was obscured by a gate of carved ice.

Zen took the left path.

At the end was a burly man seated on an ice throne.

He seemed familiar, but Zen couldn't remember where he had seen him before.

Zen walked back to the crossroad and took the right path this time. At the end was a woman, again seated on an ice throne.

The woman looked very young. She sat sideways on the throne, her legs dangling stylishly from the armrest.

When Zen had gotten close enough to see the woman's face, however, his eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Dorothy?!" he blurted out.

Chapter 4198 A Worthwhile Trip

Despite the woman having her eyes closed, she looked just like Dorothy.

But the ornaments she wore in her hair, the expression on her face, and the aura she emitted, were completely different from Dorothy's.

"Who is Dorothy?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord asked curiously.

Zen told him about Dorothy's origin and how she had suddenly disappeared.

Once he had heard the story, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord thought for a while. "In that case, I don't think it's a coincidence," he said, still thoughtful.

It wasn't rare for two women in the world to have the same appearance. The key point was that Dorothy's origin was mysterious, and she might have something to do with the woman on the throne.

Unfortunately, Dorothy had been missing for a while now, and without her presence, it was difficult to confirm the connection between the two.

Once he retreated from the diversion, Zen returned to the junction of the three roads and chose to enter the ice gate in the middle.

When Zen came into contact with the ice gate, he felt his hands grow heavy.

"This door is so heavy!" he exclaimed.

But then, Elizabeth's words about the Cold Prisons came to mind.

Even after pouring the water from a sea into a Cold Prison, one could only get a thumb-sized piece of ice.

No one knew how much water had been used to condense this ice gate.

However, Zen's strength was no longer what it used to be. He had barely put his hands on the gate, when the power of his arms suddenly burst out.

A powerful aura surged around Zen's body, the shock waves of which were destructive. They left whip-like marks on the ground surrounding him.

"Open!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The ice gate scraped the ground before a fist-sized crack appeared on it.

Zen was about to increase his strength to push the door, when a hand reached out from the crack and pressed to the side of the ice gate. The door swung open slowly.

A hunchbacked old man appeared in the doorway. He had one eye, and his lifeless-looking skin was deathly gray.

Zen instinctively took two steps backwards. On one hand, he was surprised that there was a living person inside. On the other hand, the old man had opened the gate so effortlessly, which indicated his great strength.

The old man then glanced at Zen, turned around to go back inside.

"Sir!" Zen shouted before the old man could disappear.

The old man turned a deaf ear to him.

Behind the ice gate was an open, circular ice hall, within which were many bodies scattered everywhere on the ground. These bodies looked to be the same as the bodies of the human spirits he had seen outside. They were not dead, but all of them had lost their souls.

The old man picked up a body from the ground, placed it on an ice platform in the middle of the hall, and began to carefully clean it.

The body seemed to have been there for a long time, and was covered in a layer of brown dust.

The old man cleaned up the dust on the body with a duster, little by little. He then put the body back on the ground before picking another body and placing it on the platform.

"Sir, why do you clean them?" Zen asked, looking around him.

The old man didn't answer this question either. He just continued to work mechanically.

"Zen, why not check if this old man has a soul?" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord suggested.

"Wouldn't it be impolite?" Zen said, hesitant.

But on second thought, he knew what the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord meant. He reached out a hand and pressed it against the old man's forehead.

The old man didn't resist or get angry.

The moment Zen pressed a hand to the old man's forehead, he felt the immensely strong aura of a Treacherous Being. Zen became uncomfortable, completely overwhelmed by this unpleasant feeling.

"He has a soul," he said, looking warily at the old man. He hesitated before saying, "No. This is a Treacherous Being that hasn't awakened yet."

"It is indeed a friendly type of Treacherous Being!" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord exclaimed, having been right in his conjecture.

Many Treacherous Beings had obsessions that they always acted upon before they could meet the requirements that would allow them to awaken.

Some Treacherous Beings of the friendly type were not vicious. They merely repeated doing one task at all times.

This old man was obviously one such Treacherous Being. As long as Zen didn't stop him from cleaning up the bodies, the old man wouldn't attack him.

He cleaned up the bodies one after another and then placed them in order.

Presumably, the human spirits that lined up outside in order were the old man's doing.

"He can't respond to us since he is not awakened," Zen said, dejected.

It was not easy to wake a Treacherous Being. Campbell had once possessed Zen and taken him all the way from the Whining Road to the Pure Sky Platform. That was when Campbell had finally woken up.

It would be unrealistic to expect the old man to wake up in such a short time. All Zen could do was look for other clues.

Zen passed through the scattered bodies before arriving at the innermost layer of the ice palace. A door stood here as well.

The moment Zen approached the door, the old man suddenly turned around and began to sing a rhythmic song.

"He's speaking!"

Zen exclaimed, whirling around to face the old man.

The old man tilted his head as he looked at Zen, and continued to say something.

Zen quickly activated the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, which then began to decipher the Sanskrit words the old man was speaking.

A short while later, the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization passed the translation to Zen.

"That's the master's room. You can't go there. It's very dangerous and you will face the anger of the master."

The old man repeated this sentence over and over again.

It was more like a hint from a machine rather than words being said through logical thinking.

Zen asked tentatively, "Who is your master?"

The group in his inner world began to work and help Zen pass on the message through a song.

"It's our king, Master Kincaid," the old man said, his voice still numb and singsong.

At these words, Zen's and the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's hearts began to race.

Finding Kincaid had been the biggest goal of this trip, and this sentence that the old man had just uttered meant that they had mostly succeeded.

"How do you know it's dangerous? Have you been there?" Zen asked again.

The old man shook his head. "I have never been in there, but Cornelius had. He died inside."

"Cornelius?"

"The Snake Spirit King? Died inside?"

Zen was shocked.

If the door of the altar needed the key from the Soul City to open it, he should have been the first person to enter it.

But why had the Snake Spirit King been able to enter this place before him?

Zen related what he had heard to the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, who was also lost in thought.

The old man's unintentional words had created a strange situation for them.

After a long while, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said, "What if the Snake Spirit King had long since known of this key's existence?"

"You mean he opened the door of the altar with the key?" Zen said, baffled.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord nodded before saying, "Yes. If that's the case, then the Snake Spirit King must want to get something from the Human Spirit King. But not only did he not get it, he was even killed inside when he was in the form of a Treacherous Being!"

"And the Snake Spirit King then secretly put the key back in the Soul City?" Zen said contemplatively. "This does not make sense. The Snake Spirit King couldn't have been so confident about my strength!" he said.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord fell silent for a long while before he seemed to figure it out. "The Snake Spirit King's confidence in you is not because of your strength, but because of your identity."

"My identity? What identity?" Zen asked suspiciously. He had thought of the ancestry-level bloodline, but even if the Snake Spirit King had superb foresight, it was impossible for him to have predicted that Zen would definitely absorb the ancestry-level bloodline.

"Your identity as a human," said the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

Kincaid might kill people of other races, or any Treacherous Beings that entered the place. But he might not kill a human.

Chapter 4199 The Irregular Sword

Whatever the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was theorizing was mere speculation. However, the conclusions they were drawing from the limited clues they had found seemed reasonable enough.

"What have we got to lose? We have to take a risk and try, right?" Zen smiled.

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord nodded. He agreed with Zen. "We have no other choice."

Their adventure had begun the moment they had stepped foot in the Jade Pure Realm. They had no way back and the only way out was through. Now, they simply had to take this final step.

"Let us see just how angry the Human Spirit King will be," Zen remarked, walking up to the door and pushing it open.

The stooped old man suddenly raised his head. There was a hint of hope gleaming in his eyes.

Zen wasn't aware of one very important thing. The old man was not yet awake and was still trapped in the Treacherous Being's consciousness sea. However, he could still feel, hear, and react to the outside world.

In fact, he had almost screamed out what he had just said!

The old man also hoped to wake up. He cleaned up the bodies of human spirits only because they were the members of his sect. This was just a secondary task. His greatest obsession, however, was the Human Spirit King, Kincaid.

If Kincaid could wake up, so could he.

As soon as Zen pushed the door open, an invisible hand grabbed him and dragged him inside.

Although this force was powerful, it was still possible for Zen to quite easily resist it. However, he allowed himself to be dragged in.

To his immense surprise, the other side of the door was not an ice palace. It was an open stone house. But that wasn't the most surprising part.

"Every single stone in this house... is a Holy Stone!"

Zen gasped. As soon as he had come in, he had felt the aura of the Holy Stones.

"That's not everything. These are the highest quality of Holy Stones. I now understand why the Snake Spirit King died here," the Grand Supreme

Elderly Lord also piped in.

Fighting in such an environment would be highly disadvantageous for the Snake Spirit King.

"What is that?"

Zen was looking straight ahead.

Right in the center of the stone house, a burly man was floating mid-air.

He was wearing a heavy black armor, and his entire body, including his face, was covered by it. They couldn't guess what material the armor was made of, and it emitted a highly strong deterrent force. Even approaching the man would take effort.

The most eye-catching thing about him was the heavy sword that was beside him.

It was ten feet long and was almost as tall as the man himself. There was a faint red light flashing on the irregularly shaped blade.

Was this the Human Spirit King, Kincaid?

Zen carefully observed the black armor from the distance.

Before he could say something, a solemn voice came from the black armor.

"Who are you?"

When Zen heard the black armor speak, his heart was filled with joy. The fact that the man had first questioned him was a good sign.

He was afraid that the man would directly attack him without communicating with him. Since the Human Spirit King was rather famous and powerful, he was unwilling to fight against him if he could avoid it.

The voice did not seem mechanical, indicating that the man was still rational and could think for himself. This was easily the best that could be made of this situation!

Zen took two steps forward, cupped his hands and said, "I'm Zen, a human being from the chaos!"

Human beings and human spirits were almost the same in appearance. In fact, in the third-grade world, human beings could easily be called extensions of the human spirits.

According to the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's conjecture, the Human Spirit King most likely wouldn't attack Zen. However, conjectures could turn out to be false.

"You're not the one I'm waiting for. Go to hell!"

Whoosh!

With that angry snap, the irregular heavy sword flew up in the air, and then suddenly rushed forward, breaking through space and slashing at Zen's head.

"What..."

Zen's heart was filled with depression at this.

A moment ago, he had been feeling rather lucky and pleased, but now, the man was attacking him. He was shocked and caught off guard.

Reflexively, he leaned back, and the sword almost grazed his nose as it shot past him.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

The wall behind Zen exploded and a series of dark red shock waves could be seen emanating from where the sword had hit.

"The destruction quadrant! The thirteenth ability... the nineteenth... the twenty-sixth... the thirtieth..."

The ancestry-level bloodline quickly analyzed the power of the heavy sword when it saw those explosions. Although what they were seeing was perhaps not as domineering as the power of the Monkey Spirit King, it seemed to be more formidable somehow.

As soon as the ancestry-level bloodline had analyzed the power of this sword strike, the heavy sword disappeared in an instant.

When it appeared once again, it was no longer a single sword, but seven! These seven heavy swords seemed unreal. They were constantly flashing with some sort of light, and even looking at them could give people a headache.

"The space-time quadrant. The first ability, the third, the thirty-third..."

Zen's mind quickly analyzed the abilities hidden in the heavy swords. It came naturally to him now.

"It's just one sword, but it is using an ingenious space theurgy that is not commonly visible. The blood power doesn't seem to be coming from the Human Spirit King, but from the heavy sword itself. Is it possible for the sword to also inherit the power of the ancestry-level bloodline?"

While Zen was analyzing the seven heavy swords, his figure flashed slightly, like a willow leaf floating out. His movement technique also contained a mysterious space theurgy that he had received from the ancestry-level bloodline.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Every single one of the seven swords

failed to hit Zen!

The next moment, he had appeared in front of the black armor.

"Sir, I don't mean to offend you. I just want to know..."

Before Zen could finish his sentence, the armor had stretched out a huge black hand to grab Zen's neck. At the same time, it spread out its other hand, and one of the huge swords appeared there all of a sudden. The hand then slashed horizontally, trying to cut Zen into pieces.

Zen managed to slip away just in the nick of time. He avoided the sword attack and this time, trace of annoyance appeared in his eyes. "It looks like you want to determine the outcome of this fight before you are willing to talk! Very well, let's do that!"

The scene that followed was remarkable. Zen's body was constantly flashing all over the stone house as he moved around everywhere. The irregular heavy sword followed closely behind him like a maggot attached to its bone. The stone hall was filled with the shadows of Zen and the irregular heavy sword.

The sword seemed to be moving at an astonishing pace, but Zen was faster.

With the help of the ancestry-level bloodline, he could control all the abilities of the entire space-time quadrant. This allowed him to even find out the possible future location of the sword and throw a punch in the right direction.

Boom!

The shadows of the sword could be seen swinging wildly in a circle as the punch landed right on target.

The ancestry-level bloodline not only possessed unparalleled abilities, but also strengthened Zen's body a few times once it had bonded with him. Now, Zen's body was totally different from what it had been some time ago. He was much more powerful and a single punch was powerful enough to shake the fabric of space.

After the punch had landed, Zen's figure flashed once again. He arrived at a new position, and threw another punch in the air.

Boom!

The sword blade was hit again.

In terms of mastery over space and speed, Zen had the upper hand.

Dong, dong, dong...

The heavy sword received several blows again and again, as Zen landed several punches on it within a span of a few seconds.

Once the sword was hit by dozens of punches, a crack finally appeared on its surface.

"Break it!"

Now it was Zen who was chasing after the heavy sword and attacking it rapidly!

However, at that moment, a bright flash of a green light burst out from the crack, and the strong life energy that was emanating from within quickly repaired the crack.

"The life quadrant. The thirty-sixth ability, the fortieth..."

The ancestry-level bloodline once again analyzed the abilities which were being used to repair the sword.

"This sword is so remarkable. Where did it come from?"

Zen was a little surprised now. A sword that actually had the abilities of several quadrants at the same time and could even repair itself when required!

"It's the Life Iron..."

"It comes from the Deep Space.

You can think of it as a living being, as much as the man in front of you."

The voice of the ancestry-level bloodline came from Zen's inner world.

Although it had forgotten a lot of important things, some of its memories from the Deep Space were still well preserved.

Chapter 4200 The Guardians

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sound of his fist smashing on the heavy irregular sword echoed around the stone hall.

Zen couldn't remember how many punches he had thrown by now. Every time the sword broke, it would just quickly repair itself.

Zen felt exhausted.

Fortunately, the ancestry-level bloodline was also repairing his body. A few green lightning bolts flashed across the blood-colored sky in his inner world and poured into his body, dispelling the fatigue.

"Can't we just get this over with?" Zen was getting impatient. "Can't you just analyze the structure of the Life Iron so I can attack its weakness?"

After all, Zen was able to counterattack more efficiently when he knew his opponents' energy structures.

Those calibrated counterattacks had always proven effective, allowing him to beat the likes of Othniel, Claire and the Grandmaster of Heaven.

Shouldn't he be using the same tactic on the Life Iron now?

"The Life Iron has a weakness, but it's from the Stellar World, and my power can't handle it so well after it was downgraded," the ancestry-level bloodline admitted.

The omnipotent ancestry-level bloodline had finally met its match.

"So we have no choice but to exhaust its energy?" Zen asked.

"That's right. Infinite power against a limited one. It will definitely be defeated that way," the ancestry-level bloodline said.

"All right then!"

Zen steeled himself then continued throwing out stronger punches, expending more power and moving faster.

As this went on, a pair of starry eyes observed Zen from inside the black armor.

The Human Spirit King Kincaid was still in an unconscious state, but like the old man outside, he also had a vague sense of the outside world.

Kincaid was a leader of the Four Spirits Sect.

He was not as smart as Cornelius, nor as fast as Sheehan, nor as strong as Orlando.

But his power was the most balanced.

He had all the characteristics of the other three kings.

He had ended up in the chaos after a miscalculation when the Snake Spirit King had come to kill him, but he held on to his broken body and set a death trap in this place before his life force ran out.

The Snake Spirit King had tried repeatedly, but failed every time.

Kincaid calculated that the Snake Spirit King would not be able to break the trap unless he resorted to using the power behind him.

But if he did that, he would never get what he wanted.

After the Snake Spirit King, no one else had tried to break into this place again for a long time.

The long years had been torture for Kincaid.

'Why hasn't anyone come yet?

Has Cornelius completely sealed this place?

Did something happen to them?'

Although Kincaid knew that the possibility of someone getting through was slim, he still held on to hope someone would be able to do it.

Finally, today, a human had broken in!

Humans were just creatures brought into existence by the world builders. Although they were very similar to human spirits, there was still a huge gap between them.

That was to say, if human spirits were paintings done by a master, human race was mere scribbles done by a child.

If this human named Zen could not match Kincaid's will, he would definitely just end up dead.

However, Kincaid had been shocked to see Zen's progress so far.

How could there be such a powerful warrior in the chaos?

His speed, strength and even understanding and use of space were beyond those of the Life Sword.

How could it be possible?

The methods that Zen was displaying now surprised Kincaid even more.

Zen was countering the Life Sword, planning to exhaust the power of the sword bit by bit.

'He could do it.'

The ridiculous idea rose in Kincaid's mind.

This gave him hope. Perhaps this human could change everything.

But the chances were too small.

Back then, Kincaid had combined the intelligence of the entire Human Spirit Sect to set the trap here. Only after he was awakened could it be undone. It was not that he looked down on Zen, but it was nearly impossible to defeat him here.

The Life Sword was only the first challenge. Once the Life Sword was defeated, it would turn into the Death Sword. There was no way Zen could survive.

'Alas, I shouldn't have set such a complicated trap at that time, '

Kincaid thought, irritated with himself.

But he also knew that if he hadn't done that, the Snake Spirit King would have already taken him down. It was quite the dilemma.

Meanwhile, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the real Fuxi, the real Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Gonggong, Zhurong and the Wing King were all gathered atop the altar, careful not to reveal their presence.

An air of doom and gloom hung around them.

The Snake Masters and snake-shaped Treacherous Beings had them surrounded. Just as Zen warned, the Snake Spirit King had discovered their location and ordered the members of the Snake Spirit Sect to rush here.

"Do you think they can see us?" asked Fuxi cautiously.

"I don't think so," the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied as he shook his head. "Even the Snake Spirit King can't see through the Space Deception Method with the Limited Omnipotent Stone."

"Then we should show ourselves," Eastern Emperor Taiyi suggested.

After all, they were here to prevent the Treacherous Beings from entering the altar, not to avoid them.

"Right! If we're to die here, let's go out with a fight!" Zhurong said, all riled up.

The human heroes hadn't had the chance to fight yet after they cultivated the Blood-controlling Method.

Zhurong had already considered himself much more lucky than those who had been killed by the Space Devouring Technique before.

But the Primeval Lord of Heaven laid a hand on his shoulder before he could move.

"What is it? Are you afraid to die?" Zhurong sniped, glaring at the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven shook his head slightly. "Don't act recklessly. Wait for the right moment."

Time passed slowly.

More and more Treacherous Beings arrived at the mountain. Some of the Snake Masters were itching to raid the altar, but they didn't dare to make a move before the Snake Spirit King gave the order.

Finally, a huge figure emerged from the side of the mountain.

The human heroes couldn't help but feel unnerved at the sight of the Snake Spirit King, even if they had been preparing to face him.

"Here he is. Now's the time to show ourselves," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said.

They then neutralized the Space Deception Method and made themselves visible to the Treacherous Beings.

But the Snake Spirit King just continued to slither slowly to the altar with no reaction, as if their sudden appearance didn't matter at all to him.

Sewell, who was beside him, sneered at the heroes, "What are you doing? Are you guarding the altar? How funny!"

The Primeval Lord of Heaven spoke calmly, "We are not alone."

Then he waved his hand gently.

Many coordinates were thrown out.

The human spirits of the Black House, the Joy House and the Broad House came back to life, one after another.

Sewell spotted Alphonse, Hamilton and the others and began to laugh. "It hadn't been easy for you to escape, but you return to die. Fools!"

76
From Cellar to Throne
Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 4201 Pin Down
Chapter 4202 A Round
Chapter 4203 The Death Sword (Part One)
Chapter 4204 The Death Sword (Part Two)
Chapter 4205 Modification And Adaptation
Chapter 4206 Guard With All Your Might
Chapter 4207 Integration
Chapter 4208 Resurrection
Chapter 4209 Freeze
Chapter 4210 Gained Recognition
Chapter 4211 The Third Stone
Chapter 4212 The Might Of The Sword
Chapter 4213 Wrong Evaluation
Chapter 4214 Bestowed Strength
Chapter 4215 Fast Speed
Chapter 4216 Probability Extreme Form
Chapter 4217 Wandering In The Cloud
Chapter 4218 The Disappearance Of The Bold Conjecture House
Chapter 4219 The Backstage Manipulator
Chapter 4220 None Of Your Business
Chapter 4221 The Mental Cage
Chapter 4222 Remind Zen
Chapter 4223 Free
Chapter 4224 The Heavy Sword Losing Its Mind
Chapter 4225 Snatching The Sword
Chapter 4226 Reunion
Chapter 4227 Satisfy His Obsession
Chapter 4228 The New Hope
Chapter 4229 The End Of The World
Chapter 4230 Survivors
Chapter 4231 The Energy Ball
Chapter 4232 Extreme Form And Field
Chapter 4233 The Opportunity To Reverse The Situation
Chapter 4234 The Proud Geoffrey
Chapter 4235 Circles

Chapter 4236 Spiders
Chapter 4237 Selecting
Chapter 4238 Eight Diagrams Lock
Chapter 4239 Intelligent Creature
Chapter 4240 Speaking In The Human Language
Chapter 4241 Fate
Chapter 4242 Life And Death
Chapter 4243 Face It Head On
Chapter 4244 Setting Off
Chapter 4245 Reading Ability
Chapter 4246 Answer Honestly
Chapter 4247 Dream
Chapter 4248 Afraid Of Death
Chapter 4249 Water
Chapter 4250 Reward
Chapter 4251 The World of Nothingness (Part One)
Chapter 4252 The World of Nothingness (Part Two)
Chapter 4253 The Soul Reincarnation
Chapter 4254 Boundless Perfect World
Chapter 4255 The Second Reward
Chapter 4256 Leave

Chapter 4201 Pin Down

The snake spirits were surprised when they found the human spirits escaped, but they weren't too concerned.

In fact, even if they were busy fighting the Bird Spirit Sect, the Snake Spirit Sect could easily take these human spirits back by dispatching some snake spirits in their direction.

It didn't take long before the Limited Omnipotent Stone mapped out the escape route of the human spirits.

Even though the human spirits of the Black House, the Joy House and the Broad House had appeared again, the members of the Snake Spirit Sect barely gave a damn.

They knew that the human spirits could not change anything.

"Leave these human spirits to me," Balfour hissed as he emerged from the Snake Spirit King's other side.

Balfour had been harboring some bitterness at the fact that Gianni had cheated him. At the time, if Sewell hadn't stopped him, he would've taken his people to find and exterminate these human spirits once and for all.

"Go ahead," Sewell agreed readily.

From the distance, the Primeval Lord of Heaven stared down the approaching Snake Spirit King, determination surging within him. He suddenly raised his head to look upward. Large birds filled the skies; they were the Bird Masters of the Bird Spirit Sect.

Sewell looked behind him. "The Bird Spirit Sect is also here," he reported.

"They are useless."

The Snake Spirit King, who had been silently moving forward, finally spoke.

He had already known that the Bird Spirit Sect and the Monkey Spirit Sect had joined forces. Additionally, he was also aware that the Bird Spirit King was not going to participate in this battle.

Even if the Bird Spirit King did come, the Snake Spirit King was not afraid. Since the Bird Spirit King hadn't woken up yet, he could only fight by instinct. Moreover, his strength paled in comparison to the Snake Spirit King's, which had been proven quite recently.

Without hesitation, the Snake Spirit King continued to approach the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven shook his other hand, throwing out more and more coordinates.

Buzz!

Those coordinates flashed with a burst of golden light, and the monkey spirits emerged from them, one by one.

Out came Tearrag, Hagar, Nereus, Manuel...

With every appearance of a monkey spirit, the Snake Masters' expressions darkened. When the Monkey Spirit King finally came out, the Snake Masters' faces turned stormy, and even the Snake Spirit King stopped in his tracks.

The thought that the Monkey Masters' coordinates were in the hands of these humans had crossed the Snake Spirit King's mind once, but he figured the Monkey Masters wouldn't have taken such a great risk.

After all, this was equivalent to giving their lives to low-level creatures. Why would they make such a stupid decision?

But then again, the Monkey Spirit King was not known for being smart, tactical or patient. He was known for being audacious.

"Hahaha..."

The resurrected Monkey Spirit King, who was sitting on the side of the altar, burst into hearty laughter.

He roared with all his strength, and his laughter boomed across the land like tidal waves.

The snake-shaped Treacherous Beings in the distance stumbled backward, totally blown away by the sound waves.

Even the three mountains around the altar cracked under the impact of the Monkey Spirit King's roar.

"I finally caught you, Cornelius," the Monkey Spirit King shouted through gritted teeth.

The Monkey Spirit King was valiant and the best in battle in the Four Spirits Sect. He had always led the monkeys to rush in front, while the

Snake Spirit King liked to play dirty tricks in the background. He never understood why the Snake Spirit King operated this way.

But at this point, he didn't care about getting answers.

He only knew that the Snake Spirit King was the enemy, the one who had ruined everything.

Now, it was time to take revenge.

Cornelius replied calmly, "Do you think you can defeat me?"

"Why can't I?" The Monkey Spirit King clenched his fist tightly.

Cornelius shook his head almost pitifully. "If Kincaid was here, you might've a fighting chance. But now, you fight alone."

The Monkey Spirit King was indeed stronger than Cornelius, but it was not difficult to overpower the Monkey Spirit King if he was alone. Therefore, Cornelius had deceived him into entering the chaos.

"Let's see, shall we?"

As soon as the Monkey Spirit King finished his words, the necklace of teeth dangling at his chest began to glow.

In the past, he only had thirteen wolf teeth, but Zen had helped him repair the remaining nine. This greatly increased his strength.

Planting his foot on the altar, he launched himself towards the Snake Spirit King at full speed.

Buzz!

One of the wolf teeth flashed brilliantly.

It all happened so quickly. The crowd was only able to observe the Monkey Spirit King taking one step forward, then countless shadows appeared in a straight line behind him. The next thing they knew, his huge hand had clamped around Cornelius's neck.

The Monkey Spirit King roared excitedly.

Swish! Swish!

Yanking Cornelius's long body into the air, the Monkey Spirit King turned and somersaulted into one of the mountains.

The mountain collapsed immediately.

At the same time, the Snake Spirit King's body, which had been smashed against the mountain, also broke into countless triangular fragments, like a silver-glazed rain shower.

In the next moment, Cornelius was found coiling around another mountain. The golden light in his eyes flickered dangerously. Orlando had become much cleverer in battle; now, he didn't merely rely on brute force. So Cornelius had to be careful.

Just then, a human appeared at the foot of the mountain, where the tail of the Snake Spirit King extended.

It was Eastern Emperor Taiyi.

The Snake Masters, Bird Masters, and human spirits were all very astonished when they saw his small figure suddenly appear.

How could a lowly human intervene in a battle between the two kings?

He had definitely overestimated himself. Was he here to court death?

When the Snake Spirit King, who had been focusing on the Monkey Spirit King, saw Eastern Emperor Taiyi, he was momentarily distracted. Had this human gone mad?

While the Snake Spirit King was lost in thought, Eastern Emperor Taiyi took the opportunity to stab a golden sword into his tail.

Crack!

This golden sword was too long to humans, but to the Snake Spirit King, it was but a small golden needle.

However, to his surprise, the golden needle had an unimaginable power. It pierced right through his tail, although the actual damage it inflicted was negligible.

"You can think that we're insignificant, but we're not stupid. We're as smart as human spirits—"

Before Eastern Emperor Taiyi could even finish his words, the Snake Spirit King flicked his tail towards him. Even though it was supposedly pinned down, it moved so fast that Eastern Emperor Taiyi just saw a blur. With a muffled sound, his body instantly turned into a blood mist upon impact.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi might've been dead now, but his golden sword didn't disappear.

However, the Snake Spirit King had no time to deal with this needle, as the Monkey Spirit King had suddenly appeared in front of him.

"Move!"

the Snake Spirit King said.

Just as he was about to move away like what he had done just now, he suddenly felt something was wrong with his body.

It felt like he was being grabbed by something.

He shot a quick glance backward to investigate. What he found stunned him.

That small golden sword had pinned his tail down!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Just then, Orlando landed some heavy punches on the Snake Spirit King's head.

With each punch, the mountain that the Snake Spirit King had coiled around collapsed a little. After three or four punches, the mountain had been razed to the ground, and a greater part of the Snake Spirit King's body sank in the ground.

At this point, the Snake Spirit King was still trying desperately to find a way to avoid Orlando's attacks.

However, the golden sword was displaying an extremely strange power, firmly nailing him to the spot.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi might've sacrificed his life, but the golden sword he used in his final moments seemed to mock the Snake Spirit King.

Chapter 4202 A Round

As soon as Zen entered the altar, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others also came up with their own plan. There had to be a way for them to contribute to this battle.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven and his companions were weaker than the bird spirits, the monkey spirits, and the human spirits. It would be hard for them to last long in a fight like this.

Unlike the Treacherous Beings, they didn't have tough bodies and they couldn't come back to life through coordinates. They were severely disadvantaged.

Even the blood power they inherited was not enough for them to confront powerful beings like the Snake Spirit King. It seemed as though the only thing they could do there was to throw the coordinates.

However, the human heroes wouldn't give up that easily.

They began to discuss with each other. With the right combination of techniques, maybe they would have something to offer.

Their weakness was actually their biggest advantage. They were so weak that the bird spirits, the monkey spirits, and the human spirits wouldn't pay any attention to them.

"As far as I know, the Monkey Spirit King is impulsive and vengeful. Therefore, I think he will be the first one to make a move," the Snake Goddess surmised.

"What does it matter? The Monkey Spirit King and the Snake Spirit King both are too strong. It will be impossible for us to interfere in their battle," Zhurong said skeptically.

Gonggong added, "Yes, I agree with you. If we interfere, we will only get ourselves killed."

"How about we attack the Snake Spirit King directly?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven suddenly suggested.

"Have you completely lost your mind? How are we even going to do that?" Even the hot-tempered Zhurong showed a frightened look on his face. "At the very least, we have to come up with a more practical plan," he added.

'We are no match for the Snake Spirit King even if we work together, ' Zhurong thought to himself. He didn't want to admit it out loud because his companions would just feel hopeless.

However, Fuxi revealed a mischievous grin. "Hmm, do you think we can eliminate him by merely using reasonable methods?" he asked playfully.

Zhurong was taken aback and didn't know how to reply.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that we're going to deal with the Snake Spirit King on our own. I mean we can team up with the Monkey

Spirit King and attack the Snake Spirit King together," the Primeval Lord of Heaven emphasized.

As a matter of fact, the Monkey Spirit King was stronger than the Snake Spirit King in terms of brute strength. However, the Snake Spirit King was cunning and had Holy Items at his disposal. Thus, it was possible that the Monkey Spirit King wouldn't be able to touch him even after a hundred rounds.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi had remained silent the whole time. But at this point, he opened his mouth to make a suggestion. "I can immobilize anything with my sword," he chimed in.

"Are you sure it will work on the Snake Spirit King? If so, then it probably will come in handy," the Snake Goddess said.

"In theory, it will work as long as my sword doesn't break," Eastern Emperor Taiyi replied confidently.

After Eastern Emperor Taiyi mastered the Blood-controlling Method, his sword skills had become more mysterious and effective.

His sword seemed to follow a certain rule. This enabled it to become unbreakable.

However, he had never used it in a battle before. It was because he couldn't defeat the enemy with this move.

Not long ago, he had communicated with the Eastern Emperor Taiyi that was in the chaos. Unfortunately, they failed to figure out the correct method on how to unleash the full potential of the sword technique.

"In any case, the Snake Spirit King is a Treacherous Being. He will just cut his tail off so he can escape," Fuxi said while shaking his head. The Snake Spirit King was a slippery and crafty opponent.

A mocking smile appeared on the Snake Goddess's face. "Do you really think arrogant beings like him would sacrifice his tail to keep himself safe?" she asked wryly.

In the eyes of the Snake Spirit King, humans were merely inferior beings. It would be too shameful for him to break his tail just to get away with them.

"Well, no one knows what'll happen when the Monkey Spirit King fights the Snake Spirit King. So, how will Eastern Emperor Taiyi trap the Snake Spirit King? How will you even go there?" Gonggong was genuinely curious. If there was even a slightest possibility of defeating the Snake Spirit King, he was willing to cooperate.

"I'll send him there," the Wing King volunteered all of a sudden.

Thanks to his bloodline, the Wing King had the ability of the space-time quadrant. Even though his prowess in this ability was greatly enhanced, he didn't have the chance to use it until now.

He thought that this space theurgy he learnt was not even worth mentioning compared to the Snake Spirit King's Space Guiding Stone. Nevertheless, he could utilize it to send Eastern Emperor Taiyi to the battlefield. He would do it once the Snake Spirit King and the Monkey Spirit King started battling.

After their lively discussion, they ironed out their plan to defeat the Snake Spirit King. Seeing how it might succeed, everybody was on board with it.

During the second round of the Monkey Spirit King and the Snake Spirit King's battle, the Wing King sent Eastern Emperor Taiyi to the battlefield where the two kings were.

As soon as he arrived there, Eastern Emperor Taiyi used his sword to stab the Snake Spirit King. This attack rendered the Snake Spirit King immobile.

Everything went just as the Snake Goddess had predicted. Their plan was going smoothly.

Even though Eastern Emperor Taiyi just appeared out of thin air, the Snake Spirit King didn't pay much attention to him. He didn't dodge the attack and now he was struggling to break free from the sword.

However, the simple golden sword made him unable to move. No matter how much he tried, he couldn't even lift the tip of his tail.

He was now facing a barrage of attacks from the Monkey Spirit King. But the Snake Spirit King didn't even think about cutting his tail off to get rid of the sword. His mind was clouded with doubt.

'What in heaven's name is going on with this sword? What is this?

Why couldn't I break free from it?' he thought out loud.

"You should have seen this coming, Cornelius! Take this!" the Monkey Spirit King roared as he charged towards his immobile adversary.

As soon as he finished speaking, a handful of Holy Stones materialized in his palm.

He didn't waste any time. He swiftly embedded the Holy Stones into the Snake Spirit King's body.

Boom! A loud explosion was heard all throughout the battlefield.

The Light of Annihilation exploded and caused severe injuries in the Snake Spirit King's body.

The Monkey Spirit King also hurt himself with the Holy Stones because he didn't use anything to protect him. Nonetheless, the damage the Holy Stones did to the Snake Spirit King was greater than what they did to him. And that was all that mattered.

"Annihilation Fist!" The Monkey Spirit King was just getting started. This was the perfect opportunity for him to defeat the Snake Spirit King.

Soon after, a wolf tooth from his necklace glowed with black light.

Seven bloodline powers merged into one and formed a light ball. Afterward, it shot directly at the Snake Spirit King.

The Monkey Spirit King prepared for his next attack. "Extreme Intent of Thunder!"

This time, another wolf tooth emitted a scarlet lightning that surrounded the Monkey Spirit King's fist. He punched the Snake Spirit King's chest and the powerful lightning hit the latter.

"Power of Broken Stars!" He bellowed once again and launched a different attack.

Most of the power contained in the Monkey Spirit King's necklace of wolf teeth came from the destruction quadrant. That in itself was extremely lethal.

As the Light of Annihilation shone brightly, the bloodline powers simultaneously surged towards the Snake Spirit King.

The Bird Masters remained hovering in the sky. They watched in horror as the Monkey Spirit King hit the Snake Spirit King.

Originally, they were here to provide assistance to the Monkey Spirit King.

However, it looked like that the Monkey Spirit King could finish off the Snake Spirit King all by himself. They didn't dare get in the middle of that onslaught of attacks.

None of the Bird Masters saw this coming. In just a fraction of a moment, the Monkey Spirit King gained the upper hand.

Alphonse, Hamilton, and the other human spirits were also dumbfounded by what they just witnessed.

Despite that, Alphonse was clever. He knew that the reason why the Snake Spirit King was suddenly at a serious disadvantage was because of the golden sword. It had trapped him and made him immobile.

"Clearly, I underestimated these humans. Not only did they take advantage of their bloodline powers, but they also saw through Snake Spirit King's mind," Alphonse murmured as he glanced at the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and other humans who were watching not far away from the battlefield.

Sewell and Balfour were more stunned than anyone else. They stood there rooted to the ground. Their faces showed utter confusion at what just happened.

Boom! Boom! Boom! They heard more explosions going off one after another.

The Snake Spirit King's body was in complete shambles.

At this point, it would be impossible for him to escape. He couldn't even block the Monkey Spirit King's powerful attacks. As the Light of Annihilation eroded the heavily injured Snake Spirit King, his body broke into pieces and slowly began to dissipate.

Everyone who was watching felt like the battle between the two kings had lasted for a long time. But in fact, only a minute had passed.

When two top-level masters engaged in a fight, the one who made a simple mistake would lose in an instant.

The Monkey Spirit King stopped attacking as the crumbling remains of the Snake Spirit King under his feet vanished into thin air.

All the Snake Masters who had been eager to fight immediately fell silent.

The Snake Spirit King that they pledged their loyalty to was killed in such a short period of time. Because of that, they didn't see any point in continuing the battle.

The Monkey Spirit King stomped on the ground with one foot, and the ground caved in and formed a big crater.

His eyes blazed as he was still full of fighting spirit. "This is boring. Cornelius was still so weak. Is there anyone else who can be my match?" the Monkey Spirit King demanded.

Chapter 4203 The Death Sword (Part One)

"Long live King Orlando!"

"Long live King Orlando!"

"Long live King Orlando!"

Witnessing their king achieve an undisputed victory, the Monkey Masters jumped and cheered as they were consumed with pride gushing from every fiber of their beings.

Overwhelmed with their sense of achievement, Manuel, Tearrag, and Hagar beat on their chests as hard as they could in unison, making rhythmic sounds like drums.

The Snake Goddess glanced in the direction of the overly excited Monkey Masters and shook her head in disappointment.

Even though they were frighteningly powerful, the Monkey Masters were almost mindless. What was there to be so enthusiastic about?

How could they celebrate like this? It could not be counted as a victory unless they were successful in removing the Snake Spirit King's coordinates.

A while ago, before Eastern Emperor Taiyi decided to sacrifice his life, he asked, "Let's suppose our surprise attack worked, and we managed to kill the Snake Spirit King with the Monkey Spirit King's power. What's next for us? What would be our next step?"

"We'll just have to keep fighting. I'm certain. He will revive again at his coordinates," the Snake Goddess replied with confidence.

"If that's how it is, won't my sacrifice be in vain?" Eastern Emperor Taiyi asked as he furrowed his brows.

At his innocent question, the Snake Goddess let out a light chuckle before glancing back at him. "If we're all destined to die anyway, your sacrifice would be inevitable. You're only embracing your death earlier than the rest of us so you could buy Zen some more time."

Agreeing to her statement, the Primeval Lord of Heaven gave a slight nod and spoke, "Once the Snake Spirit King dies, the remaining Snake Masters and Treacherous Beings will be utterly panicked. Once that happens, we will try to kill as many of them as we can. Then, both them and the Snake Spirit King will take a while to gather together again after they are revived. In this way, we'll be able to buy enough time for Zen."

Eastern Emperor Taiyi listened to their conclusions with his utmost attention. He remained quiet as he stared into the space ahead. His demeanor remained calm, and he showed no signs of backing down at that point. With unwavering resolve, he was prepared to sacrifice his existence to help them achieve their ultimate victory.

After recalling how they had planned before Eastern Emperor Taiyi died, the Snake Goddess turned to address the others. "Everyone, it won't be long before the reanimation of the Snake Spirit King occurs. Before that happens, we must defeat the Snake Masters all!" Her tone was brimming with determination as she roused them all up for the challenge that awaited them.

In response to her words, Alphonse, Hamilton, and other human spirits nodded and raised their fists in the air before they screamed, "Yeah! We can't just let a rare opportunity like this slip by! Let's kill them all!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

After having their spirits lifted, the human spirits charged forward towards their enemies from the altar.

The Monkey Masters who were too busy beating their chests and celebrating suddenly stopped in their tracks as they paused to watch the human spirits rush towards their enemies. Witnessing their tenacity, they felt their fighting spirit reignite and take control of their bodies as they followed after them to offer their assistance in their conquest.

At this scene, Lawler, Duran, Orval and other Bird Masters hovering in the air let out shrieks of delight as they aimed themselves towards the Snake Masters and shot down like sharp arrows piercing away at their enemy's flesh.

The sudden death of the Snake Spirit King left Sewell stunned for a significant amount of time.

When he regained his senses, he realized they were fighting a war that would result in a terrible loss for them since they were rendered vulnerable without their king.

"Hiss..."

Thinking quick, he began to let out a series of sounds that were unique to the snake spirits to discretely instruct them on what they should do.

"All of you, retreat!"

The sturdy body of the Snake Spirit King had been obliterated, and it wouldn't be wise of them to keep fighting a battle they would eventually lose.

Even though at this moment, all odds were stacked up against them, it didn't matter.

All they had to do was hold them off and buy enough time for their king to be revived to snatch their lost advantage in the war.

"Hiss, hiss, hiss..."

Each of them began to wriggle away from their enemies in an attempt to escape and split in all directions, all the while maintaining their incredible speed.

Although their movements were significantly agile, the human spirits and the monkey spirits were by no means slow, and the Bird Masters were especially quicker than all of them.

Lawler, Duran, and all the others had harbored strong feelings of hatred towards the Snake Spirit Sect. Now, when finally met with an opportunity to channel their resentment in the worst way possible, they were not going to hold back.

Buzz!

Splash!

Boom!

As the battle raged on, bolts of lightning and pillars of light contributed to the hues of the space around them as they clashed against each other along with a vivid contrast of the bloody mist erupting from the bodies of the dead and the wounded.

The mountains that surrounded the altar collapsed helplessly, unable to withstand the overwhelming energy colliding and tampering with the atmosphere, the earth cracked wide open after having endured several jolts of exploding pressure. The energy waves that were produced from both sides created wild surges of energy like those of seawater.

Rays of Light of Annihilation swept across the ground, disposing of the Treacherous Beings in their path like insignificant obstructions.

Although Sewell ordered the snake spirits to retreat ahead of time, they failed to follow through with his instructions unscathed.

Under the relentless efforts of their enemies to chase them down to their deaths, about seventy percent of the snake spirits were wiped out.

No matter how powerful or experienced Sewell was, he was unable to escape from the clutches of the Monkey Spirit King. Just as he attempted to flee into the earth, the mighty Monkey Spirit King raised his feet and stomped hard on the ground, cracking it wide open from the sheer force, leaving Sewell nowhere to go. Ambushed and surrounded from all sides, Sewell was pulled out mercilessly.

Chapter 4204 The Death Sword (Part Two)

As the Monkey Spirit King glared at Sewell, he remembered what this cunning Snake Master had done to him in the Night View Island. After several painful, but unsuccessful attempts to wriggle his way out, Sewell was forcefully kneaded into a ball by the Monkey Spirit King along with several Holy Stones. As the Holy Stones lit up and erupted with Light of Annihilation, Sewell's body was reduced to ashes as he burned to death under the overwhelming heat...

Meanwhile, inside the stone hall, the battle between Zen and the irregular heavy sword continued on.

He had smashed the irregular heavy sword so many times that he lost count. As he continued his relentless attacks, he began to notice that the irregular heavy sword was taking longer intervals to recover compared to before.

When Zen smashed it once more, the green light that shone through the sword started to weaken as it got dimmer. Simultaneously, it took even longer to regenerate itself back to its complete form.

Crack!

This time, while the irregular heavy sword was in the middle of repairing itself, it was struck by Zen's fist again.

Before the crack could completely recover itself, it began to expand further as it spread across the sword.

Taking advantage of its vulnerability from having endured several blows, Zen threw in countless punches at the damaged sword. As a result, many cracks extended from the hilt of the sword before it finally gave in and broke into dozens of pieces.

Click, click, click...

As the irregular pieces fell to the ground, they scattered in all directions.

"I finally finished it..."

Zen let out a sigh of relief before he turned to walk straight towards the black armor after sensing he had wasted too much time on this one single sword.

As soon as he took two steps forward towards his destination, the irregular pieces of the sword on the ground began to tremble as they rose up to the air and floated in the space above him. Zen watched as the broken pieces gathered in one place and pieced themselves together to reshape the sword.

"Damn it. When will this end!?"

Zen balled his hands into fists as he tightened his jaw, his eyes reflected unparalleled rage coupled with a hint of impatience. With a flash, he returned to the irregular heavy sword and threw a punch, channeling his inner frustration out.

However, before this punch hit the blade, the irregular heavy sword suddenly became ethereal. Zen's fist penetrated through its shadow, while the irregular heavy sword returned to the black armor's hand.

Sizzle, sizzle, Sizzle...

Traces of thick black fog began to emanate from the sword. As the fog began to spread across the entire stone hall, it consumed all the light and continued to expand its inky influence, as everything fell into darkness.

Meanwhile, inside the black armor, Kincaid remained in a state of shock.

This mere human had actually managed to defeat him!

He couldn't help but wonder what had happened to the main world after witnessing such a spectacle.

How could a creature as powerful as him appear in the chaos?

At that point, he was a product of many conflicting emotions welling up inside of him. On one hand, he was left speechless by Zen's actions and potential, but on the other hand, he sympathized with him.

'Breaking my Life Sword will be the worst mistake you've made in your entire life, ' Kincaid thought to himself. He knew full well about the boundless potential that the Death Sword possessed.

Kincaid had spent a decent amount of time with this heavy sword. During the countless battles he had experienced, Kincaid had only wielded the Death Sword three times. The fact that once the Death Sword was activated, even Kincaid would find it difficult to control it was evident enough to vouch for its strength.

Both he and the sword would find themselves in a tough situation where they would be unstoppable and incapable of controlling their impulses.

The darkness that shrouded the area lasted for three seconds, before several horizontal and vertical streaks of green light bounced off each other and lit up the space.

These light streaks refused to meet an end, as they would extend to infinite distances, outlining numerous large cubes in this space.

"Did the space just change? Are we no longer in the stone hall?" Zen couldn't help but blurt out his inner thoughts as he paid attention to his switched surroundings.

"The space isn't the only thing that's changed..." The ancestry-level bloodline's voice resounded in his ears. "This sword has changed all the rules. This is another world, a world with new rules."

"Is that so... A world with different rules..." Zen exclaimed in an awestruck voice as though he was hypnotized by what he witnessed.

"You are correct..."

Kincaid replied nonchalantly from inside the black armor.

Unable to control himself, he clenched the heavy sword securely in his grip and charged towards Zen.

"Damn. What an incredible speed..."

Zen's eyes widened subconsciously as he watched Kincaid close in on him.

Before he could have a moment to dodge, Zen was struck hard with the heavy sword.

Bang!

Zen was thrown off into the air as though he were weightless, and his body flew past countless cubes from the impact.

If he were still in the stone hall, his trajectory would have been interrupted after getting knocked into a wall at a distance of several hundred feet.

But now, he had been falling backward in the space for dozens of miles, unable to stop himself as the path was endless, and there was no obstruction in the way to break his fall. This was a world of infinite length and width.

Chapter 4205 Modification And Adaptation

"Zen, are you okay? Can you hear me?" The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord was obviously worried.

It didn't matter how powerful Zen's body was. He still couldn't quite compare to the Treacherous Beings. He must have suffered a great deal after being hit by the irregular heavy sword.

"Yes, I'm fine. Don't worry about me," responded Zen. He winced just as he finished saying this.

The problem was not the heavy sword itself, but this world. The rules in this place were completely modified.

Nevertheless, he was very familiar with the modification of rules.

The universe, the divine land, the Source World, and the Other Shore all had different sets of rules. They were set when these places were just constructed. But with enough strength, it would be possible for someone to alter them.

It was the simplest to modify the rules of the inner world. For instance, it was fairly easy for Zen to change the rules in his primitive land.

There was no doubt that the movements of the irregular heavy sword were extraordinarily fast. But with his theurgy, he definitely could have avoided it.

Unfortunately, the rules of this boundless world had been changed. Therefore, his theurgy was totally useless. The space theurgy he previously demonstrated was rendered ineffective.

Swish! All of a sudden, he heard a strange rushing sound.

The heavy armor that disappeared in the darkness reappeared unexpectedly. It reached out and made a gentle grabbing motion. At once, the irregular heavy sword returned to its hand.

Afterward, there was a buzzing sound coming from where the heavy armor was.

Buzz! From a distance, Zen saw peculiar lights shining one after another.

The buzzing sound was apparently coming from those strange lights.

Upon closer inspection, those lights were actually coming from the runes embedded on the surface of the black armor. They were lighting up consequently.

Earlier, the heavy armor seemed lifeless and impassive. After the runes lit up, it suddenly became full of vitality.

When Zen confronted the armor a while ago, he merely treated it as a dead thing, although he could clearly sense the unpleasant aura of the Treacherous Being. He thought that his real opponent here was the irregular heavy sword.

Now, it seemed as though the irregular heavy sword had summoned the black armor. Slowly, it was coming to life.

Soon enough, two blood-red dots lit up within the armor's helmet. It gave the black armor a more menacing aura.

"What in the world..."

There was an unusually grave expression upon Zen's handsome face.

This time, the black armor felt like a living person to him. Maybe it was even an exceptional top master.

It radiated with a strong aura of life and soul. Meanwhile, the aura of the Treacherous Being still existed within the armor. He could even feel its strength. This meant that Kincaid had not awakened yet. However, Zen could not help it. He just had to ask. "Is that you, Master Kincaid?" he called out to the black armor.

Kincaid was trapped within the Treacherous Being. When he heard Zen's question, he smiled bitterly. 'Yes and no, ' he thought silently.

'I do not wish to kill you.

But because I'm trapped in here, I have no choice.'

Kincaid felt utterly helpless and downhearted.

If he could just change his wish willfully, he wouldn't have to face such a shameful and unpleasant situation now.

But then again, how could a wish be changed at will? If only he knew how.

Swish! Once again, Zen heard a rushing noise.

The black armor took a step forward and instantly disappeared from where it was standing. Out of nowhere, the irregular heavy sword slashed towards Zen's head.

Actually, its speed was not that fast.

However, Zen's speed had decreased a lot in this world. There was no way he could dodge this sword attack. His only option was to withstand it.

Crash! The collision between the sword and Zen caused a loud crashing sound.

He crossed his arms over his chest in a desperate attempt to block it. The sword effectively landed a hit, and the impact sent him flying again.

While Zen was still helplessly soaring in mid-air, the black armor appeared above him at an incredible speed. Boom!

The sword hit him hard on his back. After that, he began to plummet to the ground.

Swish! Hearing this, Zen already had an idea of what was about to happen.

As he predicted, the black armor disappeared again. This time, it reappeared beneath Zen and pointed the irregular heavy sword upwards in an attempt to stab him once more.

Zen instantly thought that if the irregular heavy sword landed this hit, it would probably pierce through his body.

"This time, I'm sure! I can avoid it! If I could just..."

During the most crucial moment, the ancestry-level bloodline activated the ability of the space-time quadrant once again.

It wouldn't be able to change the basic rules of this space. However, it could immediately adapt to such rules.

As soon as the power in Zen's elixir field emerged, he quickly disappeared. Shortly after, he reappeared dozens of miles away from his previous location.

After his spatial transference, Zen did not stop. He continued to move further away.

He went from ten to a hundred miles away. A few more seconds passed, and he was already a thousand miles away from the black armor.

In just a short span of time, Zen had managed to move thousands of miles away. However, the entirety of this space seemed to have no end.

Meanwhile, the black armor appeared as if it wasn't in a hurry to chase after him. It merely hovered in the air and waited patiently.

Once Zen was already ten thousand miles away from it, it took one step forward.

Despite the vast distance between Zen and the armor, it still appeared precisely beside Zen. Obviously, it was perfectly in control of this entire space.

Instinctively, Zen stepped back and tried to keep his distance.

However, a strange thing occurred. As Zen retreated, he collided head-first with the irregular heavy sword.

Crash! A loud booming sound echoed throughout the space.

The collision between Zen and the sword was so forceful that it left a huge dent on his forehead. The gash was an inch deep.

"Zen, are you alright? Answer me!" Once again, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord asked him anxiously.

"Well, I..."

Before Zen could answer, the black armor had already moved to his left side. Naturally, he moved to the right to avoid it.

Oddly enough, he slammed once again onto the irregular heavy sword. It caused a deep gash on his shoulder.

Thankfully, Zen's bones were extremely strong and hard. His body was also unbelievably tough. No blood gushed out from the wound.

Finally, the ancestry-level bloodline gave him a helpful reminder. "The basic rules of this space are reversed. Therefore, the left and right, up and down, and the front and back directions are actually the other way around."

"I see. So how should I deal with this?" Zen asked as he tried to think about his next move.

"Here, let me adjust your perception!"

A stream of life energy rose from the primitive land and flowed directly into Zen's mind.

While this was happening, Zen's eyes began to flicker. All of a sudden, he felt dizzy. In the blink of an eye, the world was reversed.

"Now, to the opposite direction..."

The heavy black armor slashed at him again. This time, Zen's reaction was perfect. He was able to dodge the attack with ease.

Inside the Treacherous Being's body, Kincaid was deep in thought. He started to process what he just witnessed.

The Death Sword was able to make the basic rules.

All living beings in this space had to follow the basic rules in order to survive.

No one could ever go against the rules.

However, Zen was still alive after battling with the sword for such a long time!

Where on earth did he come from? How strong was he?

This was completely beyond Kincaid's understanding. He couldn't quite figure out why.

'I see. You can adapt to the rules that have already been changed by the Death Sword twice now. You really are as talented as I was in the past. But if it continuously changes the basic rules, you are going to be in grave danger, ' he thought to himself.

Everyone's ability was limited and fixed. Perhaps Zen's bloodline power could withstand the twice revised basic rules purely by luck and coincidence. But if the Death Sword frequently adjusted the basic rules, in the end, he would still be killed.

Kincaid wanted to warn Zen about this. Unfortunately, he couldn't.

Just like Kincaid predicted, the irregular heavy sword modified the basic rules once more. Zen's body suddenly became awfully heavy. It seemed like it was made of lead. Moreover, the weight of all the materials in this world increased ten thousand times over.

If Zen didn't figure out the right technique, he would suffer another blow like last time.

Fortunately, the ancestry-level bloodline had also adapted. Whenever any of the basic rules were changed, it would use a new ability to help Zen adjust.

When the rules were altered for the third time, it only took Zen a brief moment to readjust his perception.

The black armor didn't quite expect that Zen would manage to adapt in such a short span of time. Nonetheless, it carried on with its assault.

But this time, Zen was ready to fight back.

Chapter 4206 Guard With All Your Might

When the black heavy armor came at him again wielding the heavy sword, Zen's initially sluggish body suddenly was able to move nimbly.

As he bended down slightly, the irregular heavy sword swept past his shoulder, missing him by an inch.

He took this as an opportunity to get close to the black armor. Raising his hand, he cried out, "Destructive power, three blows!"

In the blood red sky of the primitive land, nine kinds of power of the destruction quadrant began to merge with each other, turning into three kinds of power.

The three kinds of power gathered in Zen's palm and he slapped the chest plate of the black armor, leaving a clear palm print.

Bang, bang, bang!

The palm print then exploded three times in a row.

The noise from the explosions was not too loud, and the power contained in the slaps wasn't formidable.

But its destructive power was limited to the palm print on the black armor's chest, meaning all the force was concentrated solely on that one spot alone.

Crack, crack, crack!

The black armor began to crack. On the third crack, the right side of the armor exploded to reveal the body of Treacherous Being!

The irregular heavy sword obviously hadn't expected that Zen would be able to launch a counterattack so smoothly. The heavy sword changed the rules again, making everything in the space become light, and it simultaneously stabbed at Zen's head with great momentum.

However, the moment the heavy sword changed the rules, Zen was able to adapt instantly. Gently twisting his body like a lithe snake, he narrowly avoided the thrust of the sword blade. In one swift motion, Zen reached out and pressed his palm against the blade of the irregular heavy sword.

As soon as Zen touched it, his palm print was accurately imprinted on the blade.

Bang, bang, bang!

Another three muffled sounds rang out.

The surface of the irregular heavy sword, which had been restored to its original shape previously, began to crack once more.

"Wait, what..."

Even though Kincaid was bound inside the Treacherous Being body, he could still feel the pain of the irregular heavy sword.

Even when facing the Death Sword, not only was Zen able to adapt to its rules quickly, but he was even able to severely damage the sword!

He really had a chance at winning!

This was the first time such a thought had crossed Kincaid's mind.

This time, he no longer felt ridiculous. Instead, he became very excited.

He had not yet awakened, and being trapped in the Treacherous Being body was not something he wanted.

In fact, he always wanted to break free from this 'prison', but this wish had never been granted.

Perhaps Zen wouldn't be able to wake him up, but at least he could bring him out of the altar...

"It's all up to you, extraordinary human being..." Kincaid muttered, feeling a glimmer of hope well within him.

As a Human Spirit King, he looked down upon human beings. This kind of contempt was the attitude that the creatures of a high-grade world would have towards a low-grade world, similar to how people were disgusted by insects crawling on the ground.

While Zen did attract the attention of Kincaid before, he only viewed him as a human slightly stronger than the others.

Now, Kincaid realized that he might have misjudged.

After all, he hadn't awakened yet, so he couldn't observe the outside world directly. He could only infer and make a judgment from some hazy sensations.

The strength of this human being was probably beyond his imagination. This thought made his heart beat faster as hope surged within him, like water gushing out from a dried out spring.

Just as Kincaid got his hopes up, the basic rules of this world suddenly became extremely complicated:

every three seconds, the basic rules changed.

If an ordinary Eternal Realm warrior was in this space, even if the irregular heavy sword did not attack them, they would still be killed by this rapidly changing basic rules.

However, the one facing the irregular heavy sword was Zen who had the ancestry-level bloodline.

No matter how quickly the basic rules were revised, Zen could instantly unleash the blood power to deal with it.

The sword's methods and Zen's methods could evenly balance each other out.

This battle lasted for a full five minutes.

At this point, both of them stood glued to their spots, unmoving. It had become a silent battle.

In the end, the irregular heavy sword was still unable to get around Zen's rules.

It had run out of patience.

As the sword emitted rays of green light, this infinite space was filled with the life energy, as though life pulsated everywhere infinitely.

The horizontal and vertical rays of green light in the space then turned into balls, and the abundant life energy gathered within these balls. Then, these balls hatched open, birthing countless monsters with two feet and two pincers.

These monsters emitted a powerful aura the second they were born.

There was no emotion in their eyes, but they were all fixated on Zen. Awaiting orders, they seemed restless, impatiently wanting to devour Zen.

"Do you plan on winning by relying on the advantage of numbers?"

Zen taunted with a smile.

He thought for a moment. Many incarnations of himself constantly formed in the primitive land.

After these incarnations appeared, they flew straight towards the center of the primitive land. Rushing out of the dome, these incarnations appeared beside Zen.

One, two, three...

In a matter of seconds, hundreds of his incarnations stood beside Zen, and the number was still increasing with each second that passed.

This time, what Zen used was not the power of the ancestry-level bloodline, but the power of the primitive land!

Seeing how the number of Zen's clones had soared, the monsters surged forward to attack Zen.

"Go," Zen ordered.

His clones were also endowed with spirituality and began to fight the monsters with pincers.

This was no longer a one-on-one battle, but a battle involving countless warriors. Chaos ensued.

Boom! Whoosh! Swish! Swish...

Neither Zen nor the irregular heavy sword joined in on the fighting.

Instead, the two looked at each other from afar while observing the chaotic situation.

Meanwhile, outside the altar, when the Treacherous Beings were done cleaning up all of the snake spirits, they once again gathered above the altar.

The Monkey Spirit King broke the silence first, asking, "What should we do next?"

It was not until the Monkey Masters calmed down from their excitement over defeating their opponents did they realize that the war wasn't over. In fact, it had just begun.

"Let's find out the Snake Spirit King's coordinates," suggested Manuel.

"If we destroy his coordinates, then the Snake Spirit King won't come back to life..." Hagar agreed with a nod.

The Snake Goddess glanced at the Monkey Masters almost disdainfully. 'These brainless creatures could only talk nonsense, ' she thought.

"Since he has the Space Guiding Stone, it'd be difficult to find his coordinates," Lawler said, shaking his head.

"Then, what are we supposed to do?" Manuel asked again, scratching his head.

"Guard with all your might," the Snake Goddess suddenly cut in.

"How long will we guard here?" asked Alphonse.

In the prior battle, the ones who had made the greatest contributions were the human beings, especially Eastern Emperor Taiyi. Thanks to this, the human spirits and the bird spirits now looked up to them and were willing to listen to their opinions.

"Guard," the Primeval Lord of Heaven said in a serious tone, "until Zen comes out."

Hearing the Primeval Lord of Heaven's words, Lawler countered unhappily, "Time is of the essence. We need to fight against the Snake Spirit King, not guard by all means!"

"Can Zen really find our king?" Alphonse asked worriedly, ignoring Lawler's outburst.

Even though the humans had garnered some respect by now, the human spirits and the Bird Masters were not willing to place their hopes on Zen alone.

Seeing that there were different opinions going around, the Monkey Spirit King touched the necklace of teeth on his chest and grinned. "I believe in that guy, and we can guard with all our might," he said.

Chapter 4207 Integration

Lawler, Duran, the other Bird Masters, Alphonse and the other human spirits were all raring to initiate the fight.

It was, after all, better than doing nothing.

They were bound to face the Treacherous Beings starting to come alive one after another anyway.

But the Monkey Spirit King had the final say here.

The Bird Masters and the human spirits couldn't disobey his order.

An hour had passed when they suddenly spotted a space fluctuation in the distance, rapidly coming nearer and nearer. Before long, it was already floating close to the altar. It was in the shape of a ball, enclosing something shining with a golden light.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven's eyes widened in sudden recognition. "This is a set of coordinates!" he exclaimed.

"The coordinates of the Snake Spirit King?"

"The two golden crosses are huge. It must be his!"

The sizes and coordinates of Treacherous Beings were directly proportional to each other.

This was why the coordinates of the monkey spirits, such as Manuel and Tearrag, were far smaller than that of the Monkey Spirit King.

The coordinates in the ball were almost the same size as the Snake Spirit King, so they were likely his.

The Monkey Spirit King scoffed and strode forward. "I don't know what you're thinking, but you must have a death wish since you're showing your coordinates to us."

"No, wait!"

the Snake Goddess said, wanting to stop the Monkey Spirit King.

But he was bull-headed and intractable.

He turned a deaf ear to the warning. He launched himself into the sky and tried to grab the ball.

The ball continued to float in the air undisturbed.

The Monkey Spirit King caught nothing.

"Hiding in space, huh?"

the Monkey Spirit King sneered. One of the wolf teeth flashed and began emitting a strong power of space.

The Monkey Spirit King's palm began to glow with the space power, making it look like he was wearing a blue crystal glove.

He leapt up and tried to grab the ball again.

He still got nothing.

The ball was like a pocket of air which could only be seen and couldn't be touched.

In the Four Spirits Sect, Sheehan was best at using the space theurgy.

But even he wouldn't be able to get the ball.

A huge snake head slowly emerged from the golden coordinates in the ball. It was the Snake Spirit King, laughing loudly. "You are as strong as ever, Orlando, but you still have nothing on me."

Seething at Cornelius' mockery, Orlando lunged at the ball again.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The Monkey Spirit King kept swiping at the ball, to no avail. His fists, as big as hills and usually powerful enough to destroy the heaven and earth, proved futile now. They couldn't touch the Snake Spirit King at all.

"What's that ball that contains the coordinates?"

"It must be formed by some mysterious Space Law."

"The Monkey Spirit King can't break it!"

"Who knows what it is?"

Everyone was stumped.

The Snake Goddess pursed her lips. "The Snake Spirit King must be confident in that ball to dare to bring the coordinates in it."

"We don't know what the ball is. Does it make the Snake Spirit King invincible?" the Wing King muttered, thinking aloud.

The Bird Masters and the human spirits trained all their attention on the ball, trying to figure it out.

There were many masters who were proficient in the space theurgy among them, but even they were puzzled.

Under the violent attacks of the Monkey Spirit King, the Snake Spirit King had revived from his coordinates. He darted out while the former was off-guard, gripping him with lethal force.

Orlando was taken aback by the sudden attack, but soon found his bearings. "You think you can kill me with this? How arrogant."

Had Cornelius continued to just hide in the ball, Orlando wouldn't have been able to reach him. But now that he had come out, he could smash him like an egg.

The Monkey Spirit King's arms began to expand. With his strength, he could break Cornelius easily.

But just then, silver runes appeared on Cornelius' body. His soft flesh took on a metallic sheen. In a moment, his body had hardened like steel wrapped around the Monkey Spirit King.

The Monkey Spirit King struggled, but he failed to break free.

"I'm never arrogant. That's more your style," the Snake Spirit King sneered.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Silver spikes jutted out of the Snake Spirit King's body and pierced into the Monkey Spirit King.

Buzz!

A huge Holy Stone suddenly appeared in the ball still floating above the two kings.

The Holy Stone had already been activated. The Light of Annihilation enveloped the two kings.

This was now a fight to the death.

"I can come back to life again and again. What about you? Could you also revive?" the Snake Spirit King hissed menacingly.

"You couldn't even kill me once!"

As the Monkey Spirit King spat these words out, the twenty-two wolf teeth around his necklace began to flicker.

The bloodline power of the wolf teeth flowed and gathered in his body. Before long, a wild aura burst out from him.

The Monkey Spirit King had always been domineering and overbearing.

The first thirteen wolf teeth possessed blended bloodlines.

Under normal circumstances, different bloodlines would be used one at a time to deal with different enemies.

But when enraged, the Monkey Spirit King couldn't care less. He would just deploy all thirteen bloodlines he had mastered.

The thirteen kinds of bloodlines would usually not fuse with each other. At worst, they could even clash.

However, the Monkey Spirit King could integrate them forcibly to obtain an unexpectedly destructive power. This was how he had once been able to kill thirteen ancient monsters of a powerful race with a single punch, shocking the entire main world.

The Bold Conjecture House had tried to analyze the technique and recreate this power, but failed. Elder Xue had bitterly noted then that the

Monkey Spirit King had simply lucked out and discovered the extremely powerful technique by accident.

If anyone else had tried to integrate the bloodlines, they would have died.

Now, the Monkey Spirit King meant to use the same method for twenty-two bloodlines.

The bloodlines tangled in his body. One released the smell of fire. Another revealed the power of life. Another sent a thousand bolts of lightning crackling throughout his body. Even the space around him began to fluctuate.

"What power is this?" The Snake Spirit King was utterly bewildered.

"The power to kill you," the Monkey Spirit King said with a smirk.

A ball of light bloomed from his body like a rapidly growing sun. The light soon devoured him, the Snake Spirit King and everything within a few miles, including the ball which protected the Snake Spirit King's coordinates.

Chapter 4208 Resurrection

The terrifying power of the light ball left everyone shaken.

The Bird Masters had always been arrogant. They were convinced that the Bird Spirit King Sheehan was the most powerful being in the Four Spirits Sect. After all, he had taken much of the credit for the rapid development of the Four Spirits Sect in the past.

But now they weren't so sure as they felt the destructive energy the Monkey Spirit King emanated.

Duran shot a concerned look at Lawler and transmitted a question secretly. "Do you think our king would win if he were here?"

"But he hasn't awakened." Lawler shot back.

"But what if he were awake?" Duran pressed.

"He would not win," Lawler replied with conviction.

Duran fell silent, struggling with his thoughts.

'Since we have sworn our unwavering loyalty to the Bird Spirit King, we have to make enemies with other forces.

We're working with the Monkey Spirit Sect now, but we would probably go back to being in conflict with them in the future.

When that time comes, how can we possibly match up to the Monkey Spirit King?' Duran thought worriedly.

Lawler, however, sensed what was on Duran's mind. "Zen is looking for the Human Spirit King. If Zen can find him, the Human Spirit King might be able to save our king. Don't fret too much. There can be peace in the future," Lawler assured him.

Lawler kept his next thoughts to himself. 'Anything can happen. All we can do is wait.'

Meanwhile, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and his companions were completely oblivious to the conversation between the two Bird Masters. All their attention was fixed on the huge light ball in the distance.

The light ball continued to glow for a while before it began to dim and gradually dissipate.

The massive body of the Monkey Spirit King came into view. There was no sign of the Snake Spirit King.

"We won!"

"Our king is invincible!"

"That stupid snake was killed again. Ha-ha!"

Manuel, Tearrag and Hagar started shouting, whooping excitedly.

The Snake Goddess shot them an exasperated look that clearly conveyed she thought they were idiots. "Where did that space ball go?" she asked as she turned to her companions.

"It appears to be gone," Fuxi replied, scanning his surroundings.

"Has it been destroyed? So the Snake Spirit King was killed just like that?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven said in disbelief.

"That snake was giving himself too much credit. It might never have occurred to him that the Monkey Spirit King could be this strong," Gonggong pointed out.

The ball had contained the Snake Spirit King's coordinates. If the ball had been destroyed, the coordinates likely had been, too. If that were the case, the Snake Spirit King wouldn't be able to come back from the dead. Once a Treacherous Being's coordinates were destroyed, it would mean final, eternal death for them. The Snake Spirit King would be no exception.

"I wonder if the Monkey Spirit King is all right. He's not moving," the Snake Goddess said, arching her eyebrows at his figure in the distance.

'These Monkey Masters aren't even astute enough to worry about their king, ' she thought huffily.

It wasn't long before more people began to suspect something amiss with the Monkey Spirit King.

He had remained still since he took out the Snake Spirit King, looking exhausted.

Soon enough, cracks began to appear on his tough body, countless white fragments flaking off.

"Your Majesty! Are you all right?" Manuel shouted as he bolted toward the Monkey Spirit King.

It finally occurred to Manuel something was wrong.

The Monkey Spirit King shattered into pieces and evaporated before Manuel could even reach him.

When the Monkey Spirit King released the overwhelming energy, the Light of Annihilation had enveloped him and the Snake Spirit King. Neither could survive that.

In the next second, the Monkey Spirit King's coordinates on the altar emitted golden lights.

A massive foot came out, followed by another, followed by legs, a torso, arms, and head. It wasn't long before the Monkey Spirit King had emerged fully again.

"Your Majesty!"

"It's our king!"

"Our king came back!"

The Monkey Masters roared in celebration again.

The Monkey Spirit King had just won a big victory.

With the Snake Spirit King dead, there was nothing else that could be a threat to them.

This also came as a relief to the human spirits and the Bird Masters.

"The Snake Spirit King's coordinates have been destroyed, so he won't resurrect."

"So this is the end of the war? We won?"

"Of course we won. Our king is invincible. Ha-ha!"

But while the Monkey Masters cheered, something began to go awry with the Monkey Spirit King again.

Black cracks started appearing again on the Monkey Spirit King, crawling all over his body and causing white fragments to flake off him until they were scattered all over the altar.

The fragments soon dissipated into nothing again.

The newly revived Monkey Spirit King had just died again. The Monkey Masters were dumbfounded.

"What is happening to our king?" Hagar exclaimed, panic starting to overcome him.

Manuel stepped up to the altar and looked closer at the Monkey Spirit King's coordinates. "Our king just came back to life. No one attacked him, so why did he perish again?" Manuel murmured in confusion, thinking aloud.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess and the others soon joined him in inspecting the Monkey Spirit King's coordinates.

They had met lots of Treacherous Beings over the years, but they had never seen such a strange phenomenon before.

Before long, the Monkey Spirit King's coordinates began glowing again.

His huge body once again emerged from the coordinates.

A pained expression lined the face of the resurrected Monkey Spirit King. He opened his mouth to say something, but before any words could leave his lips, he broke into pieces and disappeared into thin air again.

Treacherous Beings could resurrect endlessly while their coordinates remained intact. But if they died too many times in a short period, it took them longer and longer to come back.

Everyone watched in helpless bewilderment as

the Monkey Spirit King came back to life once more.

It was his third resurrection, but just like before, he didn't even have the time to say anything before he vanished.

After that, he resurrected and died a fourth time.

And then a fifth time.

After the Monkey Spirit King's fifth death, the light that his coordinates emitted began to dim.

The Monkey Spirit King was incredibly strong, but after the successive resurrections, it would take some time for his coordinates to accumulate enough energy to bring him back to life again.

"What the hell is going on?"

"This is insane!"

Manuel and Tearrag were in distress. The other Monkey Masters were likewise stumped. Their race weren't known for intelligence, so this was quite an insurmountable problem for them.

"This isn't good," the Snake Goddess warned, her eyes trained on something in the distance.

The snake spirits and the Snake Masters had just revived and were starting to swarm back toward them.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven snorted. "They're nothing without the Snake Spirit King."

They still had the Bird Masters, the Monkey Masters and the human spirits on their side. They could easily defeat the Snake Spirit King's subordinates.

As soon as Manuel, Tearrag and Hagar caught sight of the snake spirits, they started snarling ferociously. They had no idea what had happened to the Monkey Spirit King, but they knew the Snake Spirit King was responsible for it. They were raring to vent their anger on the members of the Snake Spirit Sect.

"I'm not talking about them."

The Snake Goddess shook her head and pointed at the sky.

A black light had appeared out of nowhere, like a shadow in the sky.

The black light was exactly where the ball had been before.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven furrowed his brows as he watched it grow. His eyes soon widened in horror.

The black light gradually expanded, revealing the ball within it. The Snake Spirit King's massive coordinates remained intact inside the ball.

A thick tongue slithered out of the coordinates, followed by the Snake Spirit King's head and body.

All the creatures on the altar were rendered paralyzed at the sight of the Snake Spirit King's resurrection.

Chapter 4209 Freeze

"Oh, it was dangerous."

The Snake Spirit King's voice echoed from above.

The power in Orlando's blow went beyond Cornelius's expectations. It actually could've broken his guiding barrier.

The guiding barrier was the ball that protected his coordinates. It was also the most useful and strongest ability of the Space Guiding Stone.

At the time, Cornelius had been too stunned to make a move.

Fortunately for him, the black light was able to protect his coordinates right in the nick of time. Otherwise, he'd probably be dead by now.

"Cornelius! What have you done to our king?" Manuel roared furiously.

"What did I do?" the Snake Spirit King echoed with an amused smile. "I simply cursed him."

The curse he was talking about was by no means simple.

No matter how powerful a curse was, it could only affect the current state, but his curse could directly affect the coordinates.

"Remove the curse! Or else, I will kill you!" Manuel's face contorted in anger, his eyes blazing with killing intent. Baring his two fangs, he growled menacingly at the Snake Spirit King.

"You? Kill me?" The Snake Spirit King chuckled dryly, evidently unimpressed.

Manuel was famous back then for claiming he was only second to the four kings in power. However, there was still a big gap between his strength and the four kings'.

Moreover, he was a Treacherous Being now. He had been staying in the Night View Island for so long that he wasn't able to improve his strength.

"Of course!" Manuel spat.

Rage began to consume him. He no longer feared the Snake Spirit King. As he stamped his foot onto the ground violently, the earth beneath him cracked under the impact. Then, he rushed towards the Snake Spirit King like a meteor.

"Poor guy..."

the Snake Spirit King sighed as he calmly watched the Monkey Master approach him.

Before Manuel could even get close, an invisible space wall suddenly formed between him and Manuel.

Boom!

Manuel crashed into the space wall with full force. Instantly, he was enveloped by the space wall, like a mollusk being squeezed by its own shell.

More space walls appeared and formed a cube around Manuel, trapping him inside.

The cube of space walls began to shrink rapidly.

The burly and strong body of Manuel shrank and filled the space within the cube, until his body followed the shape of his prison. In the end, what was left of Manuel was a small, white cube.

Fortunately, he was a Treacherous Being. If it were a corporeal body that was squeezed into the cube, it wouldn't have stood a chance and would've violently been squished to death.

"Coo, coo, coo..."

The cube kept on shrinking. Manuel's body, which was originally several dozen feet high, turned into a white cube that was three feet tall and wide.

"What a weakling!" As the Snake Spirit King spoke, he sensed a fluctuation in the space. "You're courting death!" he called out coldly.

Swoosh!

Crack!

Then, Tearrag and the Wing King stumbled out of the space.

The two of them had wanted to save Manuel in secret.

They couldn't stand a chance against the ball floating in the air, but they had enough strength to break the cube that imprisoned Manuel.

The Wing King had been racking his brains, trying to find the right opportunity to make a move. When he saw Tearrag suddenly disappear, he followed suit and transformed into an invisible wind that followed him.

But the Snake Spirit King was powerful.

With the Space Guiding Stone and the Limited Omnipotent Stone in his clutches, no one could defeat him here.

Even if he had come so close to death just now, it was only because he had been too arrogant. Otherwise, no matter how powerful the Monkey Spirit King was, there was still no chance to beat him.

"You two, go to hell!"

Realizing he'd been found out, the Wing King gently spread his wings.

However, his wings were shattered before he could even fully spread them. Before he knew it, a square space encased him. With a loud crackling noise, he became an emerald green cube.

Suffering the same fate as Manuel, Tearrag was trapped.

Once he'd dealt with them, the Snake Spirit King barked, "Sewell, you may go up now. The battle is over."

Sewell had been waiting with a group of snake spirits. As the Snake Spirit King gave the order, he let out a hiss, and all the snake spirits immediately spread out to surround the altar.

Meanwhile, in the infinite space, the number of monsters with two feet and two pincers was dwindling.

On the other hand, the number of Zen's clones floating in the void soared.

Although the irregular heavy sword was still constantly creating monsters, the speed at which they were created became slower and slower, and the quality of these newly born monsters grew poorer each time. It was only a matter of time before Zen's clones finished them off.

Finally, the irregular heavy sword was exhausted.

"It's over," Zen said with a satisfied smile. "You've lost."

Even if the irregular heavy sword had turned into the Death Sword, the energy it possessed still had a limit. At this point, its limit had been reached.

With the support of his primitive land, Zen was invincible. It had been a mistake for the irregular heavy sword to choose to fight him this way.

When the last monster was finished off by Zen's clones, Zen willed the clones to flow towards him, turn into small dots of light and finally, merge into his cinnabar field.

The black armor was still silently holding the Death Sword as he did this.

The irregular heavy sword had emotions, which couldn't be perceived by outsiders. Only its owner could sense what it was feeling.

Kincaid could clearly feel that the irregular heavy sword was in a depressed state.

'This guy was too hard on my sword..."

Kincaid thought almost wistfully, as he had never felt such an emotion from the irregular heavy sword before.

Every time he held this sword, he could feel its fighting spirit and the strong connection between them.

Even after he had become a Treacherous Being, the irregular heavy sword was still loyal to him.

In the past many years, when he was unable to move, the sword still cultivated on its own.

Although Kincaid was tempted to share the common hatred with the irregular heavy sword, he had hoped that ultimately, Zen would win. When he felt the sword's depression, he felt bittersweet.

However, the depression only lasted for a moment. The next thing he knew, Kincaid sensed the irregular heavy sword had made up its mind.

"You... What do you want to do?" Kincaid was shocked.

The Death Sword was the ultimate form of the irregular heavy sword. If it couldn't defeat its opponent at its best, then that was it.

Buzz!

The unfolded infinite world suddenly disappeared, and Zen returned to the stone hall.

Soon after, the black armor pointed its irregular heavy sword to Zen, and white dots of light and a cold aura emanated from the blade.

"You still want to fight?"

Zen asked with a frown.

The irregular heavy sword might be powerful, but Zen had found a way to deal with it. Did this sword have another trump card?

However, to Zen's surprise, the irregular heavy sword did not launch an attack.

Instead, the white dots of light and the cold aura created a Cold Prison. Gradually, the dots of light landed on the heavy armor.

Layers of white frost appeared and condensed into blocks of ice, sealing the sword and the heavy armor within.

"What's happening?!"

Zen was stunned, unsure of how to react.

"This sword is intelligent," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord explained softly. "It knows that it is no match for you and can't protect Kincaid in the black armor, so it freezes itself."

Even at this time, the sword still protected its owner. How loyal it was!

Chapter 4210 Gained Recognition

Zen walked forward and gently tapped on the ice of the black armor. A touch of coldness condensed white frost on his hand.

"What should we do now? Carry him out like this?" Zen asked, furrowing his brows.

With Zen's strength, it'd be pretty simple to break through this layer of ice. The issue now was whether this was the right way to proceed.

"Master Kincaid hasn't awakened yet; I think you'd better move him out," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord suggested.

He thought of this out of respect for Kincaid.

After all, it was the Human Spirit King who was inside the black armor.

"Okay." Zen nodded.

They figured it might be better for Zen to carry Kincaid out first before they made any rash decisions. Perhaps by then, they could think of a way to wake up Kincaid.

However, at this moment, the ancestry-level bloodline spoke, "Zen, dismantle the black armor and the sword."

Zen was slightly stunned. "Why?"

"The ability of this irregular heavy sword is very similar to mine. I want to explore it..." the ancestry-level bloodline explained.

The ability of this sword to constantly modify the rules had truly impressed Zen.

It was impossible for anyone else to leave the infinite space.

The suggestion of the ancestry-level bloodline was aligned with Zen's inclinations, but he was still a little hesitant. "Isn't it disrespectful to do that?"

"Since the Human Spirit Sect has been reduced to such a situation, there is no need to consider if it is respectful or not," the ancestry-level bloodline replied bluntly.

"That may be true..." Zen nodded.

He bowed to the black armor and said, "I broke in here to save the Human Spirit King. I didn't mean to offend you. Please forgive me if I do!"

The irregular heavy sword had proven itself to be intelligent, but Zen didn't know whether it could understand him or not.

After saying that, Zen lightly patted the surface of the ice with his palm.

Pop!

A muffled sound rang out.

Then, hairline cracks appeared inside the originally clear ice, until it collapsed into countless finger-sized ice blocks that fell to the ground.

If these finger-sized ice blocks were thrown into any of the large provinces of the Source World, they would've launched an ice age over the whole area. Once they melted, an ocean would be formed.

However, the irregular heavy sword was obviously not willing to give up.

Although it did not attempt to attack Zen again, the moment the solid ice broke, it released white light dots, quickly imprisoning it and the black armor in ice once more.

It seemed determined to struggle till the end.

Pop...

Patiently, Zen broke the ice again.

Knowing that the irregular heavy sword would freeze itself again, Zen immediately reached in to grab the sword hilt before it could take action. Simultaneously, a flame cyclone formed in his palm.

Clatter, clatter, clatter...

Under the intense heat of the flame cyclone, the cold air of the irregular heavy sword could not be condensed into ice.

Buzz...

Even then, the sword was still unwilling to give up. It trembled in Zen's hand and tried to break free, but Zen clasped it firmly.

During this whole time, the irregular heavy sword was quietly communicating with Kincaid.

Kincaid could roughly tell what was happening outside. After sensing the unwillingness of the irregular heavy sword, he advised, "You've already lost. According to the rule, he's your master, as I also became your master in this way back then."

The sword and the armor made of the Life Iron had been found and obtained by Kincaid and Sheehan in the Deep Space.

When he met it for the first time, Kincaid used all kinds of methods to subdue it.

After years of companionship, he and the sword grew to become comrades in arms.

"What? You say you didn't have a master at that time, but now your master is me?"

Kincaid once again felt a strong emotion from the irregular heavy sword. He shook his head and sighed. "According to the standards of the main world, I'm already dead. Now I can't even wake up. How can I be your master?

The most important thing is that he is not our enemy. He has come to save me.

I believe in this human being!

He is the extension of our human spirits. Please respect my judgment. You can trust him..."

Kincaid urged.

The truth of the matter was that Kincaid might have had some doubts about Zen.

However, Zen standing before him was probably his only hope. He had to trust him. Otherwise, he would probably be trapped there forever.

Finally convinced, the irregular heavy sword stopped trembling.

Zen gripped the hilt of the sword and pointed it upward.

Buzz!

The cracks on the blade emitted rays of red light, and a strange emotion that resembled longing was transmitted to Zen.

Zen sensed that it was hungry and thirsty, and it needed energy.

At first, he didn't know how to respond, but the ancestry-level bloodline also sensed its hunger. Immense energy like sea water surged into Zen's arm and flowed into the irregular heavy sword.

The irregular heavy sword did not even try to repel the energy given by the ancestry-level bloodline. In fact, it seemed to lap it up ravenously.

"Is this sword born for you?" Zen said jokingly.

The ancestry-level bloodline said, "I don't know, but I must have some sort of connection with it..."

After the irregular heavy sword's hunger was satiated, it let out a soft buzzing noise. Then, the black armor began to disintegrate.

Clatter!

Helmet, breastplate, shoulder pads...

The pieces of broken black armor suddenly flew towards Zen. In the blink of an eye, Zen found himself neatly covered in the black armor.

"This armor..."

While Zen was still caught in surprise, it vaguely registered on him that a Treacherous Being was standing in the exact same place the black armor had just been. This Treacherous Being was tall and strong, bearing a handsome face. A wild and keen aura emanated from him. This was the Human Spirit King, Kincaid.

On the chest of Kincaid, there were two golden crosses floating. They were his coordinates.

"What type of Treacherous Being is Kincaid's body?" Zen asked aloud.

After thinking for a while, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord replied, "He is neither of the killing type nor the friendly type. The kind of Treacherous Being which remains motionless belongs to the sleeping type."

After all, it wasn't Kincaid that had attacked Zen, but his sword.

"Then I..."

Zen wanted to ask how to deal with the Treacherous Being, but before the words could leave his lips, a rumble suddenly came from above. The entire altar had begun to shake!

'They can't hold on any longer.'

Zen's eyebrows raised slightly, anxiety suddenly welling up within him.

He knew that the Snake Spirit King would definitely attack the altar, but he had trusted that the combined power of the human spirits, the monkey spirits and the bird spirits was enough to resist for a period of time.

Thus, Zen swiftly took out his Sumeru Space and tossed the Human Spirit King's Treacherous Being body and coordinates into it. Then, he spared no time and quickly left the stone hall.

When Zen pushed the door open, the old man guarding the ice hall jerked his head up.

The old man's obsession was Kincaid, after all. Naturally, he cared about everything that took place within the stone hall.

When the old man saw the heavy black armor push the door open and come out, he froze in place for a few moments. His originally dull eyes suddenly flashed with life. He thought that Kincaid had awakened, and his obsession was instantly satisfied, so he suddenly woke up.

"Master Kincaid!"

The old man strode to Zen excitedly and knelt down on one knee before him.

"You... You have woken up?" Zen, stunned, embarrassedly explained, "I'm not Kincaid."

The old man slowly stood up and looked at him with confusion. "It's you," he cried as it dawned on him. "You are that human being! You defeated Master Kincaid? He hasn't woken up?"

"No, his Treacherous Being body has been stored into my Sumeru Space," Zen answered.

"Why?" the old man demanded, unable to contain his excitement.

Zen waved his hand. "The Snake Spirit King is attacking outside the altar. I need to deal with that first."

As soon as he finished speaking, Zen headed straight to the gate without another word.

The old man stood there in a daze for a moment, watching Zen's receding figure. Suddenly, he realized that Kincaid had been taken away by this human, so he hurriedly chased after him.

Chapter 4211 The Third Stone

While they were on the altar, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and his companions were struggling to hold out against their enemies.

Supposedly, eliminating the snake spirits should be a piece of cake, because they had the bird spirits, human spirits, and monkey spirits on their side.

However, the Snake Spirit King was alive. This was a huge advantage to the snake spirits.

Sewell's hissing could be heard all throughout the area.

Meanwhile, Hagar and Nereus caught sight of Sewell. They rushed towards him at the same time. The former charged from his left side while the latter charged from his right.

Unfortunately, the Monkey Spirit King, Manuel, and Tearrag had been cursed. Thus, they were unable to join the battle. Nevertheless, the Monkey Masters didn't feel dejected at all. On the contrary, this made them angrier and more anxious to fight their enemies.

Hagar and Nereus, the two Monkey Masters, moved extremely fast that Sewell didn't immediately realize what was going on.

"If anything happens to our king, we will annihilate all of you!" Hagar roared as he was charging at Sewell.

He stretched out his hands, and a black stick instantly shot out of his right hand.

Under his careful control, he aimed the black stick at Sewell.

As Hagar got closer to Sewell, he directed his stick towards his opponent's shoulder.

The once solid stick suddenly transformed into liquid.

The black ink splashed all over Sewell's body.

Hagar was one of the weakest among the Monkey Masters in terms of brute strength. Nonetheless, he was pretty good with sealing things.

What he unleashed was the Ink Sealing Technique. It was a theurgy devised by the people in the Bold Conjecture House. It was regarded as one of their top theurgies.

Soon enough, the black ink had covered Sewell. Nereus muttered under his breath, "Perfect! I'm going to cut him into pieces!"

After Hagar performed the Ink Sealing Technique, Nereus appeared on Sewell's side.

Colorful fingernails grew on top of Nereus' original ones. These colorful fingernails were actually made from energy. Each one was as sharp as a dagger.

In an instant, Sewell sustained deep scratches from Nereus' sharp fingernails. When Hagar's ink landed on him, his movements slowed down. He felt like his body suddenly became vulnerable. Hence, Nereus was able to rip his body inch by inch.

At first, Sewell didn't take the Monkey Masters seriously. He thought that they would surely win this war. However, Hagar and Nereus' combined attacks completely caught him off guard. The worse part of it was he could not even defend himself.

They already destroyed one-third of Sewell's body. But suddenly, Hagar and Nereus felt a heavy pressure coming from above them. As they were about to get pounded into the ground by the extreme pressure, they attempted to move aside. However, the force converged at them from every direction.

In just a blink of an eye, the two of them turned into cube-shaped bricks.

Sewell gathered all his strength and broke the Ink Sealing Technique. With a trace of shame all over his face, he said, "Thank you, my king..."

"These Monkey Masters are very powerful, especially now that they want to avenge their king. They are going all out. You should be more careful," the Snake Spirit King said to him.

"Yes, sir!" Sewell responded with an energetic nod.

All at once, several bone spikes extruded from Sewell's body. They began to move towards the altar at an even greater speed.

One by one, the Bird Masters, Monkey Masters, and human spirits left the altar and attacked the snake spirits.

Every time they did so, the Snake Spirit King would turn them into bricks.

The Snake Spirit King didn't really kill them. He merely trapped them in a very tight space. This way, they would be unable to move an inch.

After a while, more human spirits, Bird Masters, and Monkey Masters were turned into bricks.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and the others furrowed their brows. There was no way they could win now that the Snake Spirit King kept turning their allies into bricks.

Even though they once confronted lots of formidable opponents, they were able to hold out against them.

But as they looked at the gigantic Snake Spirit King, they felt powerless. What else could they do now?

They had never been so frustrated. At this point, they were stumped and had no idea how to defeat such an invincible being.

The Monkey Masters were trapped in the space blocks one after another. Soon enough, they were scattered all around the altar.

The Bird Masters suffered the same fate.

Afterward, the human spirits also ended up inside the space blocks.

In the end, the Primeval Lord of Heaven and his companions were the only ones standing on the altar. They were now backed into a corner. Moreover, they had no trump card up their sleeves. This was such a humiliating situation.

The Snake Spirit King looked down at them. His face revealed a playful smile.

Zhurong narrowed his eyes and said, "I will fight him to the death." Even at this point, he still had a burning determination to defeat the Snake Spirit King.

The heat emanated from his body and began to spread.

In a flash, he burst into flames. Tongues of fire radiated from his body.

He jumped up and attempted to attack the Snake Spirit King.

However, he immediately felt a tremendous force coming at him.

In the blink of an eye, he was condensed into a cube and dropped on the ground. As a result, he couldn't move an inch.

"As a matter of fact, I should thank you," said the Snake Spirit King calmly.

"What do you mean "thank us? What are you getting at?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven looked at the Snake Spirit King with a somber expression on his face.

"That human named Zen got his hands on something that I wasn't able to get," the Snake Spirit King answered.

He could see what was happening in the altar using the Limited Omnipotent Stone.

"Did Zen manage to free the Human Spirit King?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven turned around to look down at the gate.

"Yes, he did," the Snake Spirit King replied. His eyes lit up in excitement. "I know he's your only hope. He's mine as well."

When they heard this, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the Primeval Lord of Heaven were completely bewildered.

'Did he just say Zen was his hope?

What is he talking about?' They all wondered about the same thing.

At that moment, a buzzing sound came from the inside of alter. It was immediately followed by a burst of cold air.

They heard a crisp sound of footsteps coming from it.

Zen emerged from the gate clad in black armor. He walked up the stairs with a heavy sword in his hand.

As he stood on the top step, he glanced around. When he caught sight of numerous cubes scattered on the ground, he narrowed his eyes. "You were waiting for me," he said as he raised his head and stared at the Snake Spirit King in the sky.

"Yes, I was," the Snake Spirit King answered.

"I have been waiting for this moment for far too long. You didn't let me down. Good. Very good," the Snake Spirit King continued. There was a trace of suppressed excitement in his voice.

Zen remained standing there and kept looking at the Snake Spirit King calmly.

Without saying anything, Zen raised his sword.

Even though it was a heavy sword, he was wielding as though it was as light as a feather.

As the irregular sword slashed through the air, it made harsh cutting sounds.

"You went into the altar yourself and failed to beat Master Kincaid. Do you really think you can defeat me now?" Zen finally spoke.

The Snake Spirit King flashed him a confident smile. "Of course, I can," the Snake Spirit King responded.

"What makes you think I am going to lose against you?" Zen asked once more.

"Don't worry. You'll see soon enough..."

Half of the Snake Spirit King's body was inside the coordinates, which were inside the ball.

Gradually, he went out of the coordinates and returned to his normal figure. There were two stones floating in front of his forehead. One was the diamond-shaped Limited Omnipotent Stone, and the other was the triangular Space Guiding Stone.

A black round gem began to appear in front of his forehead just as a black light flickered slightly around it. The gem exuded a faint black smoke that seeped into his scales.

Shortly after, a layer of black scales appeared on the surface of the Snake Spirit King's body.

"Come up here!" the Snake Spirit King said.

Just then, a space wall appeared under Zen's feet and sent him up in the air.

But suddenly, they heard a light cracking sound.

Zen stepped lightly on the space wall and broke it into pieces. "I can do it myself," he said.

Chapter 4212 The Might Of The Sword

The space wall, carefully crafted by the Space Guiding Stone, was so formidable that it was impossible to resist its force.

That was why even the Great Ape King, Lawler, and Duran were trapped by it.

However, once Zen raised his foot and stomped hard on it with his might, it crumbled down as though it were nothing to him. Then, he soared into the sky in a fleeting moment.

The Snake Goddess moved her head up as she kept her gaze fixated on Zen's rising figure and asked, "What do you think Zen meant when he said Kincaid defeated the Snake Spirit King?"

"The more important question is, why is Kincaid not here? He's been freed, hasn't he?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven sounded just as puzzled.

Just as they pondered over to make sense of the situation in their heads, their train of thought was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a Treacherous Being at the square entrance. It was an elderly looking human spirit.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven let out a short gasp as his eyes fell on the elderly figure. Recovering from his state of disbelief, he frantically cupped his hands and bowed respectfully. "Master Kincaid."

"What? Master Kincaid?"

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others switched their gazes from the Primeval Lord of Heaven to the elderly figure that stood in the distance. Judging from the Primeval Lord of Heaven's gesture, they instinctively concluded that man to be Kincaid.

However, the old man diffused their suspicions with a slight wave of his hand as he spoke, "No, you've got it wrong. I'm not Master Kincaid."

"Then, who are you?"

"I'm simply Master Kincaid's servant. My name is Corbett," the elderly man answered in a dignified tone.

In the entire Human Spirit Sect, Corbett was Kincaid's most loyal and sincerest servant. He had been serving him for countless years without faltering.

Even though he had transformed into a Treacherous Being after he died, he still continued to perform his duties by guarding the altar.

"Master Corbett, what happened inside the altar? Where is Master Kincaid?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked, unable to contain his curiosity any longer.

"Was the Snake Spirit King really defeated by Master Kincaid?" The Snake Goddess voiced her concerns after him.

Corbett looked at the Snake Spirit King in the sky. A shadow of sadness hovered over his eyes as his expression turned gloomy. "Yes, the Snake Spirit King had entered the altar before and failed to resolve the trap set up by Master Kincaid, which resulted in his death."

"So the key to the altar is a trap?" The Snake Goddess's expression switched as she raised her brow.

"That's right." Corbett nodded to her question and continued, "The Snake Spirit King, as a Treacherous Being, couldn't defeat Master Kincaid, so he wanted to lure someone else to enter the altar."

Upon hearing what happened, the Snake Goddess and the Primeval Lord of Heaven gasped in unison.

Before they could recover from the shocking news, Fuxi asked a direct question, "Where is Master Kincaid right now? Why isn't he here?"

The sole reason behind them coming to the altar was to look for the Human Spirit King.

But Zen came out alone shrouded in heavy armor and wielding a sword. It didn't make any sense. What was going on?

"Zen has placed Master Kincaid in his Sumeru Space. He hasn't awakened yet," Corbett sighed.

After being exposed to the truth, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, Fuxi, and the Snake Goddess were all rendered speechless as they fell into a crippling depression.

They had pinned all their hopes on the Human Spirit King and were at a loss for words.

They each had sacrificed so much to get here, only to find out they were being used as pawns in the carefully crafted scheme of the Snake Spirit King all this while. Naturally, they felt a deep sense of helplessness overcome them as they felt their hearts sink.

"Let's not drop all our weapons and lay waste to all our efforts. Maybe all of this can be reversed. Maybe, Zen could win." Gonggong, who had kept silent all this while, suddenly spoke up to lift everyone's spirits. "Don't underestimate him and his talent to turn the tables in his favor. He has inherited the powerful ancestry-level bloodline. Don't be so pessimistic."

"There are many powerful warriors in our sect, and each of them has inherited the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline, but in the end, they still suffered the same fate and ended up like this," Corbett said, shaking his head.

"No, Master Corbett, you misunderstood what I said. Zen didn't inherit the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline. He has inherited the complete ancestry-level bloodline itself."

Perhaps Corbett was still in a daze from his recent awakening, which clouded his thoughts. After taking a few seconds to process what he just heard, Corbett blurted out abruptly, "Wait. What? Are you telling me he has inherited the complete ancestry-level bloodline? Are you serious?"

"Yeah, he's telling the truth," the Primeval Lord of Heaven nodded along as he responded.

"Are you absolutely sure about this?" Corbett was still in a state of utter disbelief.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven stepped forward to place his hand on Corbett's shoulder and responded to clear the air, "As Eternal Realm warriors, we know that clearly. There's no doubt about it. Zen can use the power of the four quadrants at will, which is given by the ancestry-level bloodline."

Just as those words escaped the mouth of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, Corbett's eyes lit up as though they regained their lost vitality.

"No wonder! No wonder he defeated Master Kincaid. That sword... Yes! There's a chance he could win with that sword!" Corbett spoke in a high-pitched voice, unable to hide the excitement sprouting within him.

Swoosh!

At this moment, the irregular heavy sword that Zen wielded began to reflect strong emotions of fury and anger through its demeanor.

Although it couldn't speak, it was capable of transmitting human emotions. It could feel anger and sadness.

Face to face with the culprit responsible for the death of the Human Spirit King, the irregular heavy sword was brimming with unparalleled rage.

"You want to kill him, don't you?" Zen addressed the irregular heavy sword as he felt its emotions from its behavior.

Immediately after hearing what Zen had to say, the irregular heavy sword responded with a hint of joy as if to confirm what he felt.

"I can understand your thirst for vengeance. I feel the same way," Zen said as he smiled warmly while tightening his grip on the irregular heavy sword.

When he looked up, the Snake Spirit King had vanished from where he once stood.

Without wasting a single moment, Zen quickly passed the space of over ten thousand feet to close the distance between him and the Snake Spirit King. As if to assert his dominance over it, he raised the irregular heavy sword and pointed its end towards the Snake Spirit King's forehead.

"Show me what you got," Zen said as he challenged the Snake Spirit King.

Buzz!

The surface of the irregular heavy sword suddenly cracked up.

The sword itself was forged using fifteen pieces of Life Iron.

Ever since it was brought back from the Deep Space by Kincaid, not once was it used up to its full potential.

The reason was simple. For it to cultivate its maximum strength, it needed to absorb the bloodline power, but it was difficult for Kincaid to nurture it although he was powerful.

But now, it was continuously absorbing Zen's bloodline power. The high reserves of power contained within the complete ancestry-level was inexhaustible. It could absorb it to maintain its maximum strength without having to worry about it ever being depleted, making its overall strength second to none.

Buzz!

A vortex shaped energy appeared in the center of the fifteen pieces of Life Iron and sucked the huge body of the Snake Spirit King into it.

"Destroy him!"

Zen moved swiftly and approached the Snake Spirit King at an incredible speed. In a fleeting moment, he activated the irregular heavy sword and released the vortex shaped energy in an instant.

However, the Snake Spirit King was not a small fly who would let Zen's first move to decide his fate.

The Limited Omnipotent Stone was completely focused on Zen.

Every detail of the way Zen moved, such as how his hair danced to the rhythm of the wind, and how his heart beat faster every time he felt an adrenaline rush, constantly flowed into the Snake Spirit King's mind.

Suddenly, the Space Guiding Stone lit up and began to flicker with a blue light.

"Endless Space!"

Layers upon layers of space constantly appeared in an endless loop, enveloping the massive body of the Snake Spirit King.

Ten layers, a hundred layers, a thousand layers, ten thousand layers...

As a Holy Item, the Space Guiding Stone had the absolute priority to utilize the energy of the holy pillar.

When the stone began to use the power of the pillar, the countless Other Shore Tokens on the Other Shore began to dim down as though they were rid of their usual essence. They temporarily lost the support of the pillar.

Some Other Shore Realm masters began to suspect a change in their Other Shore Tokens as they felt their energy drain out enough to make them useless. To substitute that lost energy in the Other Shore Tokens, they tried to inject some from the divine crystals. However, even the energy that the divine crystals harnessed disappeared without a trace.

The Endless Space was solidified to an extended degree.

However, the moment the vortex shaped energy touched it, the Snake Spirit King couldn't resist the pressure and was quickly swept into it by force, causing him to spin rapidly in the air.

In the blink of an eye, he spun tens of thousands of times, and his long body kept on twisting and turning helplessly.

At the same time, countless spiral cracks appeared on the surface of the Endless Space.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Suddenly, three deafening sounds were heard, and the Endless Space was broken. Even so, the Snake Spirit King's body was still spinning against his will at a high speed. Even though his body had been twisted to pieces, it refused to halt its movement. It was as if it was a piece of cloth that was helplessly being swept away in the strong wind.

"This sword..."

Watching this scene unravel before his eyes, Zen couldn't help but feel awestruck.

Both he and the sword used the power of the ancestry-level bloodline, but the sword seemed to have a lot more knowledge than him about it, and even more so than the ancestry-level bloodline itself.

The vortex that appeared to be nothing short of ordinary actually held such high reserves of power!

Chapter 4213 Wrong Evaluation

Treacherous Beings' bodies were quite resilient. Even if they were torn to shreds, they wouldn't die, let alone be twisted.

Splash!

Amidst the howling wind, the Snake Spirit King finally broke free.

His huge snake body was like a long, vicious whip as it ruthlessly lashed at the ground. With a crisp sound, the entire Jade Pure Realm trembled under the impact, and Cornelius sank into the ground.

Zen shook the hilt of his sword slightly, urging the fifteen pieces of Life Iron to return to their original positions to form the irregular heavy sword.

Taking a step forward, Zen suddenly appeared right above the head of the Snake Spirit King.

"The second strike!"

Before the Snake Spirit King could get up from the ground, Zen had already thrust his sword downward.

Buzz!

The power of the ancestry-level bloodline was once again released, channeled through the irregular long sword.

The cracks on the irregular heavy sword burst forth a blue light. It possessed more than ten abilities from the space-time quadrant.

Now, neither Zen nor the ancestry-level bloodline had a clue how the irregular heavy sword would act out.

The ancestry-level bloodline only needed to provide energy, while Zen only needed to thrust the sword out.

The rest was left to the irregular heavy sword itself.

Pop!

The tip of the irregular heavy sword's blade connected with the Snake Spirit King's forehead.

Immediately after, palm-sized blue triangle patterns appeared all over the surface of the Snake Spirit King's body.

From his huge head to his wriggling tail, tens of millions of blue triangles lit up.

While Zen was confused at the sight of these countless blue triangles, the Snake Spirit King felt a trace of panic.

Then, the blue triangles began to split apart.

In the blink of an eye, the Snake Spirit King disintegrated into tens of millions of triangles!

"So fast!" Zen exclaimed.

Previously, when he used the Blood-controlling Method to activate the ancestry-level bloodline, he could also achieve a similar effect. However, he'd never imagined he'd be able to cut the huge snake's body into countless pieces!

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

Although the Snake Spirit King was cut into tens of millions of pieces, he didn't accept defeat just yet. The triangles quickly transformed into small black and white snakes, all of which gathered in one spot to merge into one complete body.

As soon as the Snake Spirit King recovered, Zen appeared in front of him again. Zen didn't plan on giving him any room to breathe.

"The third strike!"

Once more, the irregular heavy sword absorbed the energy of the ancestry-level bloodline.

From the cracks of the fifteen pieces of Life Iron, two colors, green and gray, flickered alternately. These were the six abilities of the creation quadrant and the life quadrant.

Zen watched expectantly, his eyes flashing with curiosity. He wanted to know what kind of theurgy the irregular heavy sword would unleash.

It wasn't just him. Even the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others were squirming with excitement, overjoyed at how this battle was turning out.

Previously, the Snake Spirit King had used the Space Guiding Stone to suppress all of them. It was simply too depressing, as they felt they didn't stand a chance.

Now, as they watched Zen beat up the Snake Spirit King, they felt a sense of relief and hope.

Meanwhile, the Snake Spirit King felt the opposite; now, he was the depressed one.

It was too discouraging, being beaten to a pulp by a mere human. This had never happened in tens of millions of years!

Of course, the Snake Spirit King knew that this was all because of that irregular heavy sword. Back then, it was not that powerful in the hands of Kincaid.

"Go to hell!"

the Snake Spirit King hissed, finally counterattacking.

Clouds of black mist suddenly burst out from the black round gem, and destructive power poured out like crazy.

Now, Zen had a very keen sense of discerning energy.

He could tell that the energy contained in the black mist was so terrifying that he had no choice but to retreat.

Splash!

A black light column shot out from the clouds of black mist, heading straight for Zen's head.

As the black light column descended, the Space Guiding Stone flashed with a blue light. The space around Zen suddenly felt extremely viscous.

Swish!

Before Zen could retreat, the black light column hit his body, completely enveloping him.

When the black light dissipated, Zen was nowhere to be found.

The Snake Spirit King studied his surroundings suspiciously, and even the Limited Omnipotent Stone searched crazily. However, they still weren't able to locate Zen.

The Snake Spirit King frowned slightly, trying to calm himself down.

According to the black light, Zen should've been able to defeat Kincaid and bring out the sword smoothly after entering the altar.

The Snake Spirit King was confident he could easily defeat Zen and take back the sword.

This was his plan originally.

However, Zen's strength vastly exceeded his expectations.

This countered what the black light said!

Did the black light make a mistake?

Or could it have lied to him?

These thoughts raced through the Snake Spirit King's mind as he desperately tried to locate Zen.

It would've been fine if this was all a mistake.

The Snake Spirit King knew the strength of the black light. If it attacked, no matter how strong Zen was, he wouldn't stand a chance.

If the black light had lied to him, however, the situation would be troublesome.

Buzz!

Nearby, Zen's figure appeared, but as soon as he did, a black light column shot towards him.

Boom!

The black light column pierced through Zen's shadow and hit the ground.

Buzz!

In the next moment, Zen's figure flashed from behind the Snake Spirit King, and the black light column shot towards him once again.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

With the power of the Limited Omnipotent Stone, no matter where Zen appeared, the Snake Spirit King could always find out in an instant and attack him with the black light column.

"That black gem is very powerful," Zen commented, as he appeared briefly from behind the Snake Spirit King once more.

"Shouldn't it consume a lot of Other Shore Power?"

This time, even though the Snake Spirit King knew where Zen was, he didn't use the black light column, or else it would hit him.

The energy of Holy Items was limited.

The Limited Omnipotent Stone, the Space Guiding Stone and this black gem consumed a lot of energy of the holy pillar.

When the Snake Spirit King used these three Holy Items, most of the Other Shore Tokens could not be used properly.

"So what? The energy of the holy pillar is much more than you think. I can catch you before the energy is exhausted!" Once the Snake Spirit King finished speaking, the Space Guiding Stone flashed again with a blue light.

Zen, who had been travelling through space, was forced out.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

This was the opportunity that the Snake Spirit King had been waiting for. Countless space walls surrounded Zen. Simultaneously, the black light column enveloped him.

"There's no escaping this!"

the Snake Spirit King cried excitedly.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

This time, the black light column poured into Zen's body for a few breathless moments.

Through the Limited Omnipotent Stone, the Snake Spirit King could feel that Zen's body was slowly being eroded and melted, till it finally disappeared.

His biggest trouble was solved!

The Snake Spirit King was overjoyed.

But at this moment, Zen's voice sounded from behind the Snake Spirit King. "I forgot to tell you that your Limited Omnipotent Stone is actually very easy to deceive."

"What?"

The Snake Spirit King was confused, about to turn his head towards the voice.

However, just as he was turning around, the irregular heavy sword once again pressed against his back, and his body was instantly cut into tens of millions of pieces.

At the same time, the blazing white Light of Annihilation surged out like a tidal wave.

Under the erosion of the Light of Annihilation, the Snake Spirit King's broken body collapsed rapidly.

Chapter 4214 Bestowed Strength

When Zen left the stone hall, he had cut a Holy Stone from the wall.

It was a Holy Stone of the highest grade, even if it was just the size of a fist. The Light of Annihilation it released was extremely powerful.

Zen's own Holy Stone probably wouldn't be able to kill such a huge Treacherous Being.

Buzz!

Buckling under the intensity of the Light of Annihilation, the Snake Spirit King's body collapsed. The three gemstones went down with him, vanishing into thin air.

From the altar, the Snake Goddess and the others were so excited that they almost jumped up and down from happiness.

After all, according to their original plan, the human race was not supposed to fight against the Snake Spirit King.

The Snake Spirit King's main opponent was the Monkey Spirit King, which was their strongest trump card.

After the Monkey Spirit King was defeated and worse, cursed, they had lost their trump card. Theoretically, they had already been defeated.

Unexpectedly, at the most critical moment, Zen emerged from the altar with a sword that overpowered the Snake Spirit King!

Pop!

Pop!

Pop! Pop! Pop!

After the Space Guiding Stone disappeared, the cubic spaces it had created began to lose their power.

The square spaces that trapped Manuel and Tearrag were the first to explode. They regained their freedom.

It took some struggling before their bodies returned to their original shapes.

"It was suffocating me!"

"Finally, I can breathe!"

"That's the least important part! Zen of the human race has defeated the Snake Spirit King!"

While they might've been imprisoned, they were still able to observe the fight. They both witnessed how Zen easily defeated the Snake Spirit King with a series of inconceivable attacks.

The Snake Masters and snake spirits were stunned and confused.

In particular, Sewell, Balfour, and the other Snake Masters were at a loss, since they were still under the impression that this was part of the Snake Spirit King's plan.

After all, letting Zen take out that sword was part of his plan.

Logically speaking, the Snake Spirit King should have had a way to take back the sword, so why was he defeated?

This was too strange!

However, no one made a move just yet. The Snake Masters, Monkey Masters, and Bird Masters were not in a hurry to fight. After all, they were not the key to the success of this battle, but Zen and the Snake Spirit King.

After finally defeating the Snake Spirit King, Zen looked up.

A transparent ball was floating there, and the Snake Spirit King's coordinates were hidden within it.

If he wanted to completely kill off the Snake Spirit King, he had to destroy this ball.

"Zen! That ball has a special power to protect it," the Snake Goddess cautioned.

Previously, the Monkey Spirit King had gathered all the power contained in the necklace of teeth, almost destroying the ball and the coordinates within it.

However, at that critical moment, a black light suddenly appeared and enveloped it. Both the ball itself and the black light were very strange.

"A special power?"

Zen fixed his eyes on the ball.

He could see the coordinates within the ball flashing with golden light. They contained a lot of energy, but the Snake Spirit King hadn't come back to life yet.

Zen took a few steps forward and waved his irregular heavy sword, its blade arcing gracefully in the air.

A beam of half-moon-shaped sword radiance shot towards the ball.

There was nothing special about this sword radiance, but it should've been powerful enough to cut off the Snake Spirit King's body.

Swish!

In the blink of an eye, the sword radiance had traveled tens of thousands of feet till it hit the ball.

But the ball didn't react, as though it didn't exist. The sword radiance penetrated through it without a sound.

Zen blinked. He wasn't surprised. Raising his heavy irregular sword, he whispered, "I'm counting on you."

He could feel that the irregular heavy sword was eager to have a try.

It was more than willing to end the Snake Spirit King's life.

The power of space contained in the ball was quite mysterious and ever elusive, even the Bird Spirit King, who was proficient in the space rules, couldn't understand it.

However, Zen felt confident. The ancestry-level bloodline had a complete space-time quadrant. No matter how special the space power was, it couldn't avoid the ninety-three abilities in the space-time quadrant!

Moreover, the irregular heavy sword could exert the abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline to the extreme. Breaking the ball didn't pose a challenge to him.

Zen took a step backward, gearing up to slash another sword strike.

Blue light flashed through the cracks on the heavy sword, and a mysterious space aura emanated from it, permeating the atmosphere.

It was just as Zen had thought, the irregular heavy sword had used as many as nineteen abilities of the space-time quadrant.

Just as Zen was about to slash forward, Sewell in the distance suddenly charged straight at him.

Although he knew he was no match for Zen, he had to at least try to save the Snake Spirit King.

Zen frowned, seeing Sewell from the corner of his eye. He took a step forward, and his figure appeared behind Sewell in a flash, like a ghost. Simultaneously, he brandished the irregular long sword.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

The sounds of swift sword slashes rang out.

Before he could even cry out, Sewell's body had been cut into tens of thousands of triangles.

Zen immediately took out the Holy Stone from his Sumeru Space, activated it, and released the Light of Annihilation. Sewell's body rapidly collapsed.

The other Snake Masters gasped. Sewell was one of the top masters among Treacherous Beings.

Before, Sewell had managed to make a scene on the Night View Island on his own.

Now, facing Zen, he didn't even last for a few seconds!

When the Monkey Masters, such as Manuel, Tearrag and Hagar saw this scene, they trembled slightly. Since they were always the bellicose ones, they couldn't help but compare themselves to Sewell.

They had always been keenly aware of the gap between their strength and Sewell's. After all, they had been staying on the Night View Island for so many years.

If they were to face Zen, they would probably lose even more miserably.

At this moment, they felt lucky and heaved sighs of relief. Fortunately for them, Zen had gone to the Night View Island and sided with them.

After killing Sewell, Zen once again held up his long sword.

Splash!

The sword radiance, which had gathered the power of nineteen abilities of the space-time quadrant, flashed and went straight for the floating ball.

While the sword radiance wasn't particularly fast, the ball made no attempt to dodge it.

Crack!

This time, the sword radiance, which contained the power of space, did not penetrate through the ball, but made a cut on its surface.

Crack!

Hairline cracks appeared on the surface of the ball, slowly climbing along its sides.

The ball was sturdier than Zen had imagined, so without any hesitation, he slashed out more sword radiance at it.

Meanwhile, from within the ball, a fierce dispute was taking place within the Snake Spirit King's coordinates.

"You asked me to release that guy, but now, he's about to finish me off!

You have to give me more strength!

Otherwise, we will die together!"

At death's door, the Snake Spirit King was extremely desperate.

By now, they could hear the sound of the ball breaking. The Snake Spirit King grew even more nervous and started shouting, "That guy is attacking the ball!"

However, the black light remained silent.

It had been giving orders to the Snake Spirit King behind the scenes this whole time.

However, after Zen took out that sword, the black light had felt that the Snake Spirit King was of no more use to it.

It could easily take over the Other Shore and the primitive land built by the Snake Spirit King. After all, Cornelius had only gotten thus far thanks to it.

Thus, it had decided that it was a good choice to let the Snake Spirit King die in Zen's hands.

However, while the Snake Spirit King was begging, the black light changed its mind. "Don't worry. Of course I won't watch you die."

"Then what should I do?"

The Snake Spirit King heaved a sigh of relief, satisfied that the black light finally responded.

"Show your full strength," the black light said calmly.

"But my strength is not enough to face him," the Snake Spirit King said in confusion.

"It's enough now," the black light responded cryptically.

Buzz!

The Snake Spirit King's coordinates were originally pure golden, but after the black light finished speaking, pure black light beams crawled around the coordinates like deathly earthworms.

Chapter 4215 Fast Speed

Of all the features and theurgies of the Space Guiding Stone, the space ball was the most astonishing one.

Since he hadn't even thought of analyzing the structure of the space ball, Zen was attacking the sphere blindly with the heavy sword.

He also unleashed powerful sword radiance with every attack. However, that only caused a little bit of damage to the space ball.

However, Zen didn't get frustrated.

Although the process was slow, he could see his progress. The first time he brandished his sword, a crack appeared on the space ball.

When he launched his second attack, the crack expanded and reached a bit further.

By his third hit, the entire sphere was looking like a spider's web of cracks.

Zen wasn't going to give up now.

He waved his sword for the fifth time, and the space ball broke into several tiny pieces.

It had taken him just five blows to destroy the space ball.

The second he succeeded in doing that, the golden coordinates turned black.

When he noticed that the Snake Spirit King's coordinates had changed color, Zen waved his sword at them once again. "Let's end this." He smiled.

'Without the protection of the space ball, I am sure that these coordinates will vanish after I hit them, ' he thought to himself.

"Is it over?"

"Is the damned Snake Spirit King finally going to die?"

"What's going on with his coordinates? Why did they become pitch black? Is something going to happen?"

The human spirits, the Monkey Masters, and the Bird Masters were all excited and nervous simultaneously as they stared at the sword radiance and the fight that seemed to be tipping in Zen's favor.

Just as the sword radiance had reached the coordinates, a black blade suddenly popped out from them.

The blade collided with the sword radiance and a loud metallic sound was heard.

To everyone's immense surprise, the black blade immediately destroyed the sword radiance.

Then a black snake slowly emerged from the coordinates. This was none other than the Snake Spirit King himself.

The Snake Spirit King had become much smaller than before now, although he was slightly bigger than Sewell. Regardless of his size, his appearance had changed a lot.

The snake's body had also turned pure black, just like the coordinates. Also, he was not just a snake now. He had grown a pair of locust's legs as sharp as a knife and a halberd-shaped spike was on his tail.

"My king!"

"Our king is still alive!"

"Oh yeah!"

The Snake Masters and the snake spirits had lost all hope upon seeing the space ball destroyed. They had been devoured by sorrow and despair at the thought that the Snake Spirit King could not come back to life now. What was more, Zen had taken out Sewell with a single strike. They were aware of what would happen to them if things didn't go their king's way.

It was beyond their dreams that not only would the king be alive, but also come out to defend against Zen's moves.

Naturally, they were thrilled.

"Hang on! What is that?"

"The Snake Spirit King has changed his form!"

"He looks more powerful than before!"

The people on the altar were surprised to see the improvements in the king's body.

The now small-looking Snake Spirit King came down like a leaf and stood in front of Zen.

Hiss!

The Snake Spirit King brought out his forked tongue.

His golden, slated eyes were filled with a strong will of hatred. At the same time, there was also a hint of pleasure in his eyes.

"It looks like I should thank you for giving me such powers," the Snake Spirit King hissed.

He could feel that he was much stronger than he had ever been before, even if his size did not betray it.

There were no words which could describe the amount of his newly acquired strength.

He had obtained a power that was much stronger than any creature of the main world had ever imagined of. His power was now of such magnitude that finding it was only possible in the Deep Space.

However, he was displeased with the black light.

'Since the black light possesses such strength, why didn't I get it earlier?' he thought to himself.

"This power is not yours," Zen said, as if he had read his mind.

With his extraordinary abilities to perceive his opponent, he easily saw that the Snake Spirit King was several times stronger than before now. He had a feeling that his opponent could easily pose a threat to him in this condition.

Suddenly, the heavy sword in Zen's hand shook slightly. But it was not his reaction of fear. Neither was it the sword's reaction of fear. The weapon was excited.

As an entity from the fifth-grade world, it had once confronted and even lost to the power that the Snake Spirit King had newly acquired. And it had also managed to defeat that power and destroy it once before.

And although it had won, the Deep Space had lost.

Therefore, it was no wonder that the sword was thrilled to meet this power again.

"Doesn't matter whether it belongs to me or not. What matters is that you will..." As the Snake Spirit King spoke, he morphed into a huge black shadow and approached Zen. "Die at my hands," he continued.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

The Snake Spirit King attacked Zen with his legs.

"How is that even possible?"

Zen's eyes widened in shock.

'I can't believe this. The Snake Spirit King is fast enough for me to be unable to see his movements at all.

How is that possible?

I pride myself on being able to withstand and foresee attacks no matter how fast my opponent is.

But the Snake Spirit King's speed is beyond my imagination. It's almost impossible for me to dodge his attack, ' Zen thought to himself.

He himself could not have stopped the attack but at that very moment, the irregular heavy sword in his hand began to move on its own.

It gently came up to resist the Snake Spirit King's attacks as if it had a mind of its own.

Zen wasn't doing anything, but his hand was waving the heavy sword. This was not something he could control.

Whoever saw them was shocked by what was happening, including Zen himself.

His right hand, which was holding the irregular sword was nowhere to be seen, and so was the Snake Spirit King.

All anyone could see was two unnoticeable shadows intertwined and hitting each other non-stop. Meanwhile, metallic sounds reached their ears. In the blink of an eye, the heavy sword had gone countless rounds with the Snake Spirit King.

"They are so fast!" Fuxi remarked in surprise.

The Snake Goddess was staring at Zen with a trace of worry in her eyes. "Something is wrong. It looks like Zen is at a loss and his hand is out of his control!"

"Yes, he is..." the Primeval Lord of Heaven responded.

"Master Corbett, do you have any idea what's going on with them? Have you ever seen the Snake Spirit King in such a form?" the Snake Goddess asked in a respectful tone.

Corbett looked at the scene and surveyed it with a frown. "I've met someone with the power that the Snake Spirit King is using. I was in Deep Space at that time," he replied.

The leaders of the Four Spirits Sect had been rather keen on exploring the Deep Space in the past. They had gone far and wide.

After all, the ancestry-level bloodline and the holy pillars of the Four Spirits Sect themselves had originated from the Deep Space. It was known to everyone that there were many amazing things out there.

As Kincaid's personal servant, Corbett had been lucky enough to enter the Deep Space once.

"Although the place I went to with my master is only the outermost part of the Deep Space, it was still full of dangers. We ran into a black locust there. It had a pair of legs as sharp as knives. The aura it emitted was quite similar to the one the Snake Spirit King is emitting right now," Corbett told them.

"Which means the new power that he has acquired is most likely from the Deep Space?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven remarked with a vacant expression. "Hang on. That also means the power of the Snake Spirit King is now much better than that of any creature in the entire main world?"

Corbett nodded his head. "Most likely!" he confirmed.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others gasped in astonishment.

They had clearly heard the conversation between Zen and the Snake Spirit King just now.

'The Snake Spirit King has got some new power from someone that is not of this world.

Who gave it to him? When did it happen? Was it really some powerful being from the Deep Space?' A million questions ran through their minds.

They had initially thought that the battle would come to an end as soon as the Snake Spirit King died. But that assumption had turned out to be wrong. Now, things were looking to be more complicated than they had imagined.

Clung! Clung! Clung!

On the other side, crisp sounds would continuously ring out around Zen and the Snake Spirit King.

Under the control of the irregular heavy sword, Zen was brandishing it and resisting the attacks of the Snake Spirit King involuntarily. Suddenly, the Snake Spirit King made a sly move, and Zen staggered, almost falling down due to the heavy sword.

However, he knew what he had to do. No matter what, he held on to the sword tightly and didn't drop it.

Although the sword was incredibly strong, it needed the ancestry-level bloodline to provide it with the energy it needed to continue fighting.

Once he dropped the sword, it would immediately run out of energy within ten seconds. Maybe even less since it was facing the Snake Spirit King's attacks. And then, Zen would be ripped into bits by the Snake Spirit King.

Chapter 4216 Probability Extreme Form

Zen wore a grim expression, failing to see the attacks from both sides clearly.

Although the irregular heavy sword was able to protect him, Zen knew it would take a toll on it if it suffered attacks all the time.

"How are you able to make the sword block each strike?" Zen asked the ancestry-level bloodline, clenching the irregular heavy sword tightly. "The way the Snake Spirit King's body moves is unique, I can't understand it. I can't seem to predict his next move..."

There were two types of movement in the chaos: the first was to use explosive speed, and the other was to use spatial transference.

Any bodily movement skill or any space theurgy fell under these two kinds of movement, but it was possible for each one to differ, since anyone could use them differently.

However, the way the Snake Spirit King moved didn't seem to belong to either of the two types of movement.

Gritting his teeth, Zen attempted to use his spiritual sense to see if he could capture the Snake Spirit King's trajectory. Just moments earlier, Zen thought that the Snake Spirit King was going to attack him head on, but a split second later, he suddenly appeared behind Zen. Just when he felt the black blades slashing at his face, the next moment, they appeared above his head.

The Snake Spirit King seemed to exist in a special space outside Zen's comprehension, since all the attacks came at him at random. There was just no possible way for him to predict the Snake Spirit King's next move.

"But your sword can," the ancestry-level bloodline replied, reading his mind.

"My sword..."

Zen examined the irregular heavy sword closely.

He could vividly feel the sword's strong fighting intent-- in fact, the sword's emotions were so strong that even Zen felt like he was full of fighting intent.

The sword seemed to have fallen into a state of madness as it desperately chased after the Snake Spirit King.

Just as Zen was hesitating, Corbett, who was standing at the top of the altar, suddenly took a few steps forward.

"Master Corbett, what are you doing?" the Snake Goddess cried.

"I have to remind him," Corbett replied, his eyes trained on Zen in the distance. "Master Kincaid once said that the strength of this sword always matches that of its master."

"What do you mean?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked, his curiosity piqued.

"The stronger the warrior who holds the sword is, the greater the power of the sword," Corbett spoke, almost as though in a daze. "Master Kincaid was filled with regret many times, since he felt he was unable to bring out the sword's full potential."

"Master Kincaid didn't know how to use the sword? Why couldn't he use its full strength?" the Snake Goddess asked dubiously.

"No, Master Kincaid knew this sword very well," Corbett replied. "He said that he and this sword had become one, but he always thought the sword deserved someone better."

The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed excitedly. "Are you saying that even Master Kincaid didn't deserve this sword, even on his level of strength? What about the power of the ancestry-level bloodline?"

Corbett smiled. "Master Kincaid has tried, but he couldn't control the ancestry-level bloodline."

"But Zen can!" the Snake Goddess said excitedly.

"Yes." Corbett nodded. "But he doesn't completely control the sword."

Zen could only communicate with and passively provide energy for the irregular heavy sword. However, the irregular heavy sword acted on its own, and Zen had no control over it.

So this whole time, Zen was being helplessly dragged by the sword all throughout the battle. It was almost as though he were a burden to the sword.

"Then, what should we do now?" the Snake Goddess frowned.

"I need to remind him!" As he spoke, Corbett took a few more steps forward. Standing at the edge of the stairs at the top of the altar, he shouted, "Zen, although Master Kincaid's sword has acknowledged you, you haven't really controlled it yet!"

At this moment, Zen had been deep in thought, trying to think of solutions. When he heard what Corbett said, his brows shot up in astonishment. "I haven't really controlled this sword? I'm already connected to it, what more do I need to do to be able to control it?"

Just as Corbett was about to answer him, the voice of the Snake Spirit King suddenly boomed. "Shut up!"

Then, the black blades flew towards Corbett.

Clatter, clatter, clatter...

The Snake Spirit King wielded the black blades to cut a hundred times. In the blink of an eye, Corbett was sliced into countless, tiny white pieces.

Corbett was tens of thousands of feet away from Zen, yet the Snake Spirit King managed to cut him up and return back to Zen in a flash.

How fast he moved was absolutely terrifying.

Even the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others standing behind couldn't help but take a few cautious steps backward.

Only Gonggong stood still, his hands clasped behind his back.

He was keenly aware that they were in no condition to face the Snake Spirit King, and that trying to escape was futile. Thus, he decided to just stay calm.

After all, Corbett was a Treacherous Being.

It didn't take long before the countless, thin white pieces gathered together and merged to form Corbett's figure. Continuing where he left off, he started to shout again. "It's not what you think it is. Zen, you can treat the irregular heavy sword as a cultivation method in an ancient book. You have to truly understand it..."

"An ancient book, understand it..."

Zen echoed under his breath. His heartbeat quickened as he held the sword tightly. Perhaps he had underestimated the sword, maybe that was why the Snake Spirit King was so eager to obtain it!

Since he had faith that the irregular heavy sword would protect him, he fused his spiritual sense into the sword.

Swoosh...

Once there, he saw a red ball of light.

One hundred and forty light dots surrounded the ball of light, and from these light dots extended countless, densely-packed thin lines.

Zen observed it for a while. He soon discovered that whenever the ancestry-level bloodline injected energy into the irregular heavy sword, the energy surged to the light dots following along the different thin lines.

Some of the light spots became incomparably bright after they obtained energy, while others became dim.

One hundred and forty dots of light...

One hundred and forty...

As Zen pondered over this number, turning it over in his mind, his eyes suddenly lit up as it finally dawned on him.

"One hundred and forty! The number of the types of energy in the Deep Space!"

The ancestry-level bloodline once told Zen that there were eighty-six types of energy in the sixth-grade world, while there were one hundred and forty types in the fifth-grade world, otherwise known as the Stellar

World. The irregular heavy sword came from the Deep Space, which was the Stellar World that the ancestry-level bloodline referred to!

All this time, the sword converted the energy of the fourth-grade world into the energy of the fifth-grade world.

'Since the irregular heavy sword can use the energy of the fifth-grade world, then that should mean I can use it, too!' Zen thought excitedly.

Ever since he obtained the sword, he had only been able to feel its emotions. Although the irregular heavy sword acknowledged Zen, it still was fiercely loyal to Kincaid, believing he was its true master.

Even Zen thought the same. After all, it was a sword borrowed from the Human Spirit King. He knew it would be returned to him in the end.

But now, Zen realized that if he wanted to defeat the Snake Spirit King and the power behind him, he needed to gain control over this sword.

Just as Corbett had said, he needed to treat this sword as a cultivation method in an ancient book to understand it

"Buzz!"

Zen willed his spiritual sense to reach into the red light ball in the center. When it came into contact with the red light ball, Zen could feel it resisting him.

The irregular heavy sword was still unwilling to accept him.

"I know you miss your former master.

But only I can exert your power to the extreme," Zen gently coaxed. "You should know what kind of power I have.

If we want to bring Master Kincaid back to life, we have only one choice: we need to defeat the opponent in front of us!

Accept me!"

Zen urged the sword through his spiritual sense.

Gradually, he felt the resistance becoming weaker and weaker.

Finally, Zen was able to integrate his spiritual sense with the red ball of light successfully.

Boom!

At this moment, Zen felt as if his mind had been smashed by a heavy hammer. A massive amount of information streamed in, information about the countless permutations of the one hundred and forty light dots.

At the same time...

It also informed Zen about the energy used by the Snake Spirit King and the irregular heavy sword, and he even figured out its strange name.

"Probability Extreme Form!"

"Whoosh..."

Then, traces of black energy streamed into Zen's body from the irregular heavy sword.

Chapter 4217 Wandering In The Cloud

Zen's current state had the Snake Spirit King confused as well.

His opponent had shifted from Zen to this sword, and as the sword dragged Zen to fight him, Zen clearly had become a burden to the sword.

This was good news for him as it meant that Zen was totally unable to fight back.

Even so, this irregular heavy sword was so sharp and fast that it was capable of keeping up with him and breaking his fierce attacks.

After all this time, he still could not defeat it. The Snake Spirit King was now growing impatient.

Seeing Zen's body turn black brought a grim expression to his face.

If a single sword was so difficult to deal with, how much more troublesome would Zen and the sword together be?

With this in mind, he launched another onslaught of fierce attacks!

Over ten thousand strikes were launched from his two black blades in a matter of only a few seconds!

To everyone else, the Snake Spirit King did not exist, nor were the black blades or the irregular heavy sword visible. Even Zen's hand clutching the sword could only be seen very faintly.

The clanging of the black blades and the heavy sword rang over ten thousand times, louder and harsher than before. It sounded as if someone was grinding a sword on marble.

"Clatter, clatter, clatter..."

Fortunately, the warriors present were all at the Eternal Realm or above. If they had been any weaker, hearing such sounds would have probably driven them insane.

The irregular heavy sword finally buckled under the immense pressure of the attacks and could no longer hold off all the Snake Spirit King's strikes.

Swoosh...

It failed to block one of the ten thousand slashes that came at Zen

and a black blade slammed ruthlessly into his heavy black armor.

"Crack!"

A thin crack surfaced across the armor over Zen's waist. It extended through the inner layer, allowing the blade to cut all the way through to his back!

"Zen was hit!"

"That sword... can it not withstand the attacks anymore?"

"Zen seems to have fallen into some sort of trance and can't wake up..."

"Waking up would be useless. He couldn't avoid the blade anyway!"

Those on the alter discussed their thoughts with one another, with the human spirits of the Black House, the Joy House and the Broad House the most nervous among them.

They had not expected a human to be the one to decide the final result. As human spirits, they did all they could, which was only to watch from the sideline.

Suddenly, the Snake Spirit King slashed out ten thousand more strikes with the blades.

Maintaining constant caution and defending non-stop was impossible and more like a death sentence than anything else. Inevitably, the irregular heavy sword missed two of the ten thousand strikes!

"Crack! Crack!"

This time, Zen's right shoulder was struck and hurt.

The wound was a foot and a half long, almost splitting Zen's body in two.

Any other Eternal Realm warrior would have been sliced by such a strike. Fortunately, the ancestry-level bloodline had strengthened Zen's body greatly and so he felt close to no pain.

"Buzz..."

The ancestry-level bloodline began moving.

Green energy gushed out of the wound, madly repairing it as fast as it could.

Such a great amount of life energy contained powerful repairing ability, enough to almost bring a dead person back to life. However, Zen's body was so strong and sturdy that it would take a lot more than usual. This made his recovery speed much slower.

Three seconds later...

The Snake Spirit King launched another ten thousand strikes!

The heavy irregular sword was able to resist nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight of them, letting two through.

"Crack! Crack!"

They struck Zen square in the chest, breaking through the black armor, slicing his ribs and piercing into his heart.

The next round of the assault

unleashed ten thousand strikes once more.

The hearts of everyone on the alter skipped a beat.

"What should we do! What should we do? That sword can't hold off the Snake Spirit King's attacks!"

"Zen's going to be dismembered!"

"If he keeps taking hits like this he will surely die!"

"Shall we help?"

suggested Hamilton.

Alphonse smiled bitterly and shook his head, "How could we help him?"

They couldn't even see the Snake Spirit King...

He was so fast, that to them Zen was fighting an invisible foe.

Who among them was capable of attacking an 'invisible' opponent?

Manuel, Tearrag and other Monkey Masters had already rushed down while Hamilton was still stuck in thought.

But before they could even step out of the altar, they were hit by hundreds of strikes. They were all cut into inch-thin pieces that floated in the wind. It was a spectacular scene to behold...

The method and skill that were used to execute the attack were beyond their comprehension.

The Snake Spirit King still had most of his attention focused on Zen when he had sliced the Monkey Masters. He had been distracted for a moment and could not break through the defense of the irregular heavy sword.

Another ten thousand strikes then slashed out.

Zen's black armor was ripped to shreds and more and more horrific and fatal wounds appeared on his body.

Black energy covered his entire body as he was being stabbed over and over again.

"Go to hell!"

The Snake Spirit King's black blades sped up again.

This time, however, he pushed his power to the limit, making his ten thousand strikes even trickier to handle.

"Clatter, clatter, clatter..."

Amongst the high pitched clattering of metal, the irregular heavy sword missed over a hundred strikes this time.

If they were to connect with Zen's body, it'd be enough to slice him to pieces.

But before this could happen, Zen opened his eyes and noticed a cloud. A trace of confusion ran through his eyes.

It was a large black cloud

with the radius of about twenty miles, covering the altar and an area in front of it.

Zen gained instant enlightenment when he looked at this cloud;

he could appear anywhere within the range it covered.

Whether it be the edge of the black cloud or the center of it, he could appear in multiple places at the same time!

It was a truly wondrous feeling.

There did not seem to be any concept of space and time within the cloud, or at the least, space and time behaved quite special.

Although he could be in many places at once, it was not duplicates of himself; it was all him.

He was capable of appearing and disappearing in several places all at once!

Zen then saw quite clearly the ten positions of the Snake Spirit King, and the over a hundred strikes coming from these spots were missed by the irregular heavy sword.

They approached at deceptive angles which made them difficult to escape and made every blow fatal.

Once Zen understood the Probability Extreme Form, he could move through the cloud as the Snake Spirit King could. Because of this, he suddenly vanished from everyone's view.

His figure flashed backward continuously.

There was only one of him, but he appeared more than ten times in different directions. With every dash and dodge, the Snake Spirit King's strikes were inches from connecting with him.

Zen managed to dodge all the black blades' strikes effortlessly!

He then put some distance between himself and the Snake Spirit King. For the first time, they both stopped and their figures were clear for everyone to see.

Zen's body might have been covered in wounds and the ancestry-level bloodline was still working double time to repair it, but he still wore a smile on his face. "Did you make this cloud? It's really something. I seem to be able to wander within it freely."

The Snake Spirit King's face darkened.

The Probability Extreme Form had given him a huge advantage, but in such a short period of time, Zen had mastered it. He had never in his wildest dreams expected that.

Chapter 4218 The Disappearance Of The Bold Conjecture House

Without uttering a single word, the Snake Spirit King wandered in the black cloud. Afterward, he launched another attack on Zen.

At this point, Zen was already seriously injured. His body was covered in cuts.

The Snake Spirit King's plan was to finish Zen before he could fully recover.

As soon as the Snake Spirit King activated the Probability Extreme Form, a thousand creatures that looked exactly like him appeared in front of Zen. Then, they all came together and charged towards Zen.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A thousand identical versions of the Snake Spirit King brandished their black blades at Zen.

Just a few moments ago, Zen couldn't see the Snake Spirit King's movements. But now, he was able to see them clearly.

There were nearly two thousand black blades hacking down at Zen. But before the blows could land on him, he suddenly vanished into thin air.

In the blink of an eye, Zen reappeared on the edge of the black cloud.

This time, he was not alone. There were nine hundred and ninety-nine duplicates of himself surrounding him.

Adding the original, there were a thousand identical Zens. They stood in a circle on the edge of the black cloud.

"So this is my limit? At most, I can only create nine hundred and ninety-nine versions of myself," Zen muttered under his breath.

"It doesn't seem like I can break through..." he whispered darkly.

"Yes, me neither," the other nine hundred and ninety-nine duplicates replied in chorus.

They sounded like bees buzzing in unison.

"Shut up! Come and fight me!" the Snake Spirit King roared furiously.

He was already getting impatient.

He and the copies of himself dispersed simultaneously. Each of them was going to deal with a Zen.

Once again, the Snake Spirit King brandished and directed his black blades towards Zen. The former's copies did the same and went for Zen's copies.

However, Zen had a different approach.

Instead of fighting him head-on, Zen came up with a sensible plan.

Just like earlier, he disappeared again.

One would be unable to predict the other's movement while they were inside this black cloud.

Even though the Snake Spirit King had mastered the Probability Extreme Form, he still wouldn't be able to foresee Zen's next move. As a result, he and his copies didn't hit their targets.

After a short while, Zen reappeared in the center of the black cloud together with his nine hundred and ninety-nine copies.

The two of them exchanged blows back and forth once more as they activated the Probability Extreme Form at the same time.

The people on the altar and the snake spirits below became even more confused.

They couldn't see the Snake Spirit King a few seconds ago, but they could hear harsh metallic sounds echoing from the black cloud. This meant that the Snake Spirit King was still fighting Zen.

But now, there were no signs of Zen and the Snake Spirit King fighting at all. They couldn't hear any sound. They soon realized that the fight between them was now beyond what they could ever imagine.

"Wait a minute. Are they... Maybe they're fighting somewhere else? Maybe they're in a different dimension," surmised one of the people on the altar.

"I can't even sense their auras anymore. This is so weird!"

"It looks like Zen has comprehended the same bodily movement skill as the Snake Spirit King. Don't worry. I think Zen will win," Corbett hypothesized.

The tension in the atmosphere gradually dissipated after Zen and the Snake Spirit King disappeared.

Just then, Alphonse and Hamilton climbed to the top of the altar and stood in front of Corbett.

"Greetings, Elder Corbett," said Alphonse.

"Nice to meet you again, Elder Corbett..." Hamilton bowed respectfully as he said his greetings.

Corbett was an old servant of Kincaid. Even so, he held a high status in the Human Spirit Sect. He was even allowed to take charge of the Human Spirit Sect on behalf of the Human Spirit King.

The human spirits of the Joy House, the Broad House, and the Black House were all excited to see Corbett. However, they were trapped inside the space earlier. Therefore, they couldn't greet him.

Corbett looked at the human spirits and sighed. "Are you the only ones left in this world?"

"Aside from us, there are also two hundred world builders," Alphonse answered promptly.

The world builders were responsible for creating secondary worlds. However, they didn't have high ranks in the Human Spirit Sect. Simply put, they were not core members of the sect.

"Are there no other members of our sect left?" Corbett inquired once again.

"Unfortunately, there are none," Alphonse replied.

The human spirits of the Joy House, the Broad House, and the Black House stayed on the Other Shore for quite some time. Even though they worked for the Snake Spirit Sect, they still searched for their kind in secret. They found that they were the only ones who survived in the world.

"Alas! That is quite regrettable." Corbett sighed again. He felt sorry for his own kind.

Alphonse remained silent and thought for a while. Afterward, he asked, "Do you want to search for the elders of the Bold Conjecture House?"

"Yes, I do," Corbett responded without any hesitation.

Within the Human Spirit Sect, the Bold Conjecture House relished the same reputation as the Ten Directions House. As a matter of fact, it played a more important role in the Human Spirit Sect than the Ten Directions House.

Every member of the Ten Directions House was the greatest among the entire Human Spirit Sect. For instance, the leader of the Ten Directions House was originally only slightly weaker than Kincaid. On the other hand, it was thanks to the Bold Conjecture House that the members of the Ten Directions House became such powerful.

The strongest human spirits in terms of brute strength would join the Ten Directions House. However, the powerful and resourceful human spirits would definitely choose to join the Bold Conjecture House.

When Kincaid was trapped, Corbett placed his hopes upon the Bold Conjecture House. He thought that the members of this house might be able to come up with some plan to free Kincaid.

However, what happened was beyond his expectations.

The young man who came to save Kincaid was not from the Bold Conjecture House or the Ten Directions House at all. In fact, he was not even a human spirit, but a human being. Corbett was absolutely astonished by this turn of event.

"It is unfortunate, but we surmise that all the members of the Bold Conjecture House had all been killed," Alphonse informed.

'We have been looking for them so many years. We haven't heard anything from them yet.

If they were not truly gone, we should have found them already, ' Alphonse thought to himself.

"But now, there's finally hope. This human named Zen is fighting with the Snake Spirit King. If Master Kincaid knew about it, he would be glad," Corbett said with a smile.

Although Zen hadn't defeated the Snake Spirit King yet, he had already saved the Human Spirit Sect.

"I really hope he wins against the Snake Spirit King," added Alphonse.

This battle was far too important for them. Their fate rested upon Zen's shoulders.

After the Snake Spirit King and Zen disappeared for two minutes, they suddenly heard a loud sound echoing throughout the entire area.

"Are they battling again?" Hamilton asked while releasing his spiritual sense.

Every one of the people on the altar shivered. They looked around and unleashed their spiritual sense. Soon enough, they saw two figures on the open field in front of the altar.

The Snake Spirit King slashed at Zen with his two black blades. Meanwhile, Zen raised his heavy sword above his head to block the attack. "You have been the one delivering attacks for quite some time now. It's time for me to strike back," Zen said tauntingly.

The ancestry-level bloodline had completely healed his wounds. Therefore, he thought it was his chance to fight back.

He only uttered a few words before silence fell once more.

He and the Snake Spirit King disappeared again.

Out of the blue, the sound of metal colliding echoed once more.

"Zen has fully recovered! That's good news!"

"So now he's starting to retaliate?"

"He had sustained severe injuries earlier. Yet, he still managed to avoid all of the Snake Spirit King's attacks until now! Zen is incredible!"

Everyone watching the fight from the altar were quite clever. There were no details that could escape them.

The two of them were battling within the black cloud once again.

Zen and the Snake Spirit King kept delivering attacks, blocking them, or avoiding them. They never stopped moving.

Nonetheless, their spectators were unable to follow their actions.

The group of Zen's duplicates closed in on the group of the Snake Spirit King's copies.

Each of Zen's copies attacked its target with moves that differed from the others'.

Meanwhile, each of the Snake Spirit King's copies blocked the attacks and retaliated. It was like watching a well-choreographed dance.

The two of them had fought ten thousand rounds in just about two seconds.

"So, now you have comprehended the Probability Extreme Form as well. But what does it matter? At most, this fight will merely result in a draw. Just face it. You can't even hurt me at all." The Snake Spirit King finally spoke.

Zen remained calm and smiled. "Is the Probability Extreme Form all that mysterious person behind you taught you?"

"What are you getting at?" The Snake Spirit King stared at Zen and frowned.

He didn't know why Zen would say that. But he suddenly had a bad feeling about it.

"Truly, the theurgies from the fifth-grade world are powerful and remarkable. Such a pity. The only thing you mastered is the Probability Extreme Form," Zen replied as he gripped his sharp sword tightly.

Once again, energy flowed out of the cracks on his sword.

Chapter 4219 The Backstage Manipulator

Faint green flames were now dancing on the edges of the irregular heavy sword.

They were faint, but highly viscous, like a thick liquid, slowly climbing around the sword, and then onto Zen's arms. Finally, they formed a green head.

The head looked horrendous, as if a ghost had crawled out of the depths of hell. It had huge horns and breathed fire.

Splash!

As the head opened its mouth, green flames whooshed out instead of breath, and ignited the irregular heavy sword.

Zen was looking at the Snake Spirit King through the green flames. He suddenly remarked, "It is theoretically impossible to get around the Probability Extreme Form.

I can only see one way of ending this fight. And that is no way! This fight will remain a stalemate, because we can't kill an opponent with infinite speed.

At the same time, maintaining the Probability Extreme Form requires extreme amounts of energy. I can exhaust you little by little as the fight progresses, but I have a better choice."

As soon as Zen finished speaking, he disappeared.

And then he reappeared immediately.

Using the infinite speed, space and distance were meaningless to him.

Even though there was quite a bit of distance between him and the Snake Spirit King, it could be said that they were overlapping.

Splash!

The irregular heavy sword slashed down on the Snake Spirit King's head.

However, the Snake Spirit King also disappeared rapidly. Zen's attack did not succeed. Both sides possessed almost equal speed.

"Huh! Although I don't know what use those flames have, no matter how powerful they are, they can't burn me. You..."

The Snake Spirit King couldn't finish his words. He was shocked at what he was seeing.

A giant hole, several hundred feet in diameter had appeared in the black cloud.

The green flames had actually burnt through a portion of the black cloud.

At that moment, Zen reappeared, turned around, and looked at the Snake Spirit King with a faint smile on his face.

"Although the Probability Extreme Form is powerful, there is still a way to restrain it.

And that is to utilize...

The Flame Extreme Form!"

The irregular heavy sword was not exactly a living being. Basically, it could only communicate through emotions, and what it felt or made you feel was beyond words.

However, Zen had obtained the ability to understand what it was trying to say.

Splash!

Zen began to wave his irregular heavy sword in the black cloud.

The green flames were beginning to spread everywhere now.

The black cloud was hanging over them like a huge curtain. But the flames seemed to know what they were doing. In a few seconds, a large area of the cloud was burn out.

Zen was moving incredibly fast.

He could summon nine hundred and ninety-nine avatars and whip thousands of sword strikes in a flash.

Together, the flames were devouring the cloud like a hungry lion. The hole was now hundreds of thousands of feet long and wide.

"Stop!"

the Snake Spirit King roared hysterically.

In desperation, he pounced on Zen once again, trying to stop the man from burning down the black cloud.

However, in terms of speed, Zen was easily on par with the Snake Spirit King.

As long as he maintained the Probability Extreme Form and kept dodging, the Snake Spirit King would be unable to do anything to him.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

With flames flowing all around it, the irregular heavy sword in Zen's hand turned into a burning stick. The flames were now rising up like a dragon.

A giant hole began to spread out from the center of the black cloud and was expanding surprisingly fast.

About five minutes later, it had already spread across two thirds of the area of the black cloud. Two more minutes and the black cloud which had been four hundred square miles in area had disappeared almost completely. Only a few fragments of it remained.

Even though the fragments were not connected to each other, the Snake Spirit King still had the ability to crawl within them.

However, the Snake Spirit King was as anxious as an ant on a hot pan. The worst part was that there was no point in being anxious.

Pretty soon, only a small fragment about ten feet long was left, and the Snake Spirit King was trapped on it.

By that time, Zen had already left the black cloud, and the people on the altar could see him.

"Why has only Zen appeared? "

"Where is the Snake Spirit King?"

"What does he want to do?"

"Wait... Can you see those flames on the sword? They are so strange. They flow like liquid and it's almost as if they're sentient."

The audience watched Zen float in one direction and wave the irregular heavy sword around him.

Splash!

Another whip of the sword and the green flames burned the last fragment of the black cloud where the Snake Spirit King was hiding.

He was forced to stumble out.

"Hiss!"

The Snake Spirit King spat out his tongue. He looked furious at being humiliated like that.

The two black blades on him suddenly morphed into a string of black flowers and chopped at Zen's head.

However, without the black cloud, the Probability Extreme Form had become useless, and the Snake Spirit King's speed had returned back to normal.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Zen blocked his attack as if he were confronting a child.

And not only that, every time Zen blocked the blades, green flames would spread from his sword to the blades and engulf them.

The Snake Spirit King was too focused on his attacks. Therefore, when he finished, unaware to him, the green flames had already spread all over his body.

The interesting thing was that the flames released by the Flame Extreme Form did not cause any burning physical pain; or at least the Snake Spirit King could not feel it. Therefore, he did not realize that he was wrapped in those flames until after he had stepped back and taken a look at himself.

And then he saw that Zen was standing far away from him with a faint smile on his face.

"Damn you!"

Just as the Snake Spirit King was about to rush forward again, the green flames suddenly exploded like fireworks. They burned every single part of his body.

The flames did not have any heat, but they still possessed an astonishing amount of destructive power.

The Snake Spirit King's body was being burned bit by bit.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

It was as if his body had been laced with kerosene. As the flames continued to burn and spread, he began to collapse and shrink.

In less than half a minute, he had been burnt to a crisp, black death.

Up until now, only two ways of killing Treacherous Beings were known on the Other Shore. The first one was to be killed by the Light of Annihilation, and the second was to be completely eroded by the Void

Dust. The Snake Spirit King, however, had faced his demise in a way that had never been witnessed before by anyone in any part of the world.

"The Snake Spirit King has been defeated once again!"

"Not just defeated! He was burnt to death!"

"How is that possible? How can Zen's flames burn him down like that?"

At that moment, every single Treacherous Being present there, including the Snake Masters, the snake spirits, the Bird Masters, and the Monkey Masters felt a chill run down their spines. Was it really as easy to kill them now?

After all, they were all supposed to be immortal. However, if one more way of killing them had just been discovered, it meant crisis!

"Is it over?" someone piped up.

"No, not yet. The Snake Spirit King's coordinates are still there." Came the answer.

Everyone's eyes turned towards the sky once again.

The black coordinates of the Snake Spirit King were still fixed there.

Zen's figure flashed and he whooshed into the sky, holding the irregular heavy sword and slashing at the black coordinates without hesitation.

Luckily, this wasn't supposed to be hard. Without the protection of the ball, the black coordinates couldn't resist Zen's attack.

However, just as the man brandished his sword, a ball of black light suddenly emerged from the coordinates. It spread out like a black hole, and at the same time, a black fist stretched out from it, slamming into the irregular heavy sword with a furious metallic clang.

Boom!

Zen felt an irresistible force coming from the irregular heavy sword, and then he was sent flying backwards at an incredible speed. He had been thrown backwards so forcefully that he couldn't even guess how fast he was flying.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Recovering, Zen began using spatial transference. He traveled around back and forth within a distance of two hundred feet, trying to lose the attacker. He didn't stop until he had moved at least a hundred times.

He was not surprised at the sudden appearance of the fist, though. He looked at the black hole calmly and then said, "You gave the Snake Spirit King his power. Are you the evil backstage manipulator that ruined the Four Spirits Sect?"

Chapter 4220 None Of Your Business

Slowly, the black fist began to emerge from the black hole.

Then, out came the head, followed by shoulders. A few more moments passed, and the torso and legs were also out.

It was a creature that had a human-like body shape. However, his head was cylindrical, and there were six pairs of indents on it. These hollow spaces were shimmering almost as they were sparkling eyes.

Moreover, his hands and feet were longer than those of human beings. Somehow, they made him look like a moving tree.

As soon as he came out of the black hole, they felt a wave of pressure being released.

This was not the soul pressure. Yet, everyone present instantly felt that he was a formidable opponent.

When the Snake Goddess, Primeval Lord of Heaven, and others saw this black figure, their eyes began twitching uncontrollably. He looked quite terrifying that their blood froze.

As a matter of fact, they already guessed there was someone supporting the Snake Spirit King when they saw the black light in the ball earlier.

But they were still shocked when the one working behind the scenes actually appeared.

They were even more dumbfounded when they heard Zen's question.

Was this creature really the one who destroyed the once mighty and invincible Four Spirits Sect?

With this, the human spirits felt even more anxious and aggravated.

They missed the prosperous history of the Four Spirits Sect with all their hearts. At the same time, they had doubts.

The Four Spirits Sect had survived facing so many powerful existences in the main world. But why must they lose in the end?

Even if the Snake Spirit King exhausted every ounce of his power, it would be impossible for him to fight with the other sects.

But now, they finally understood that there was a creature working behind the Snake Spirit King. This creature's power was probably way beyond what they could ever imagine.

"Who is he? Where the hell did he come from?" one of the human spirits couldn't help asking the question.

"Why did he destroy the Four Spirits Sect?"

"What benefits would he get from destroying the Four Spirits Sect and the main world? This is unbelievable!"

Corbett was trembling slightly. No matter how he thought about it, he still couldn't figure out why the creature wanted to destroy the Four Spirits Sect.

The Monkey Masters, the Bird Masters, and the human spirits were all curious. What could his motive be?

Now, even the Snake Masters were confused.

Why did such a creature appear out of nowhere?

And more importantly, where was their king?

Needless to say, the Snake Masters were not ignorant.

They knew that the Snake Spirit King's incredible power came from this creature.

But why did he want to destroy the Four Spirits Sect? What was his goal behind all this?

Didn't the Snake Spirit King want to take a strong lead and dominate the world? If so, then why was this creature in his place?

All of a sudden, they heard a loud booming noise. "Hahaha!"

The black humanoid creature let out such a strange sound. His laughter could be heard throughout the entire area.

The six pairs of eyes were focused on Zen and the irregular heavy sword in his hand.

"Answer me!" Zen raised his voice a little.

Even though the tone of his voice was eerily calm, it was still commanding.

"Easy, human," replied the humanoid creature leisurely. "Yes." Afterward, the entire area was silent.

The silence was broken when they heard a voice. "Why? Why? Why did you do that?"

The voice sounded anguished and enraged.

The one who spoke was a woman from the Joy House.

She was so angry that she couldn't help but demand answers.

It was the same question that everyone was thinking.

The humanoid creature looked down. Then, one of the six pairs of eyes flashed lightly.

Zen's eyebrows twitched as he slashed the irregular heavy sword downwards. The sword seemed as though it wanted to kill something. However, his reaction was a bit slow. So, he missed whatever he wanted to cut.

All of a sudden, they heard that woman's scream coming from below.

"Ahhh!" It was such a blood-curdling scream.

Pain was a way for creatures to protect themselves.

The Treacherous Beings were tough and powerful. Therefore, it was almost impossible to cause any sharp pain to them. Even if the Light of Annihilation caused their bodies to collapse, they wouldn't make such a spine-chilling scream.

At once, the woman's entire body began to boil. It was as if some sort of gas had spread out from inside her body. White bubbles began to burst out of her skin. In just a few seconds, she became a mass of white mud.

"Oh no! What just happened?!" the human spirit closest to her screamed.

"Hey, what's the matter?" another one asked confusedly.

"What on earth is going on?"

The human spirits turned pale with fright. They hadn't seen anything like this before.

They couldn't understand how or why she died in such a brutal manner.

Moments after, they heard a crackling sound.

Everyone suddenly heard something explode from behind them.

As they turned around to look, they saw a bright golden light. It burst out from the coordinates floating in the center of the altar. The coordinates were burning and rapidly collapsing.

Someone instantly figured out what made the sound and yelled, "These are her coordinates!"

Everyone's face darkened. The coordinates' collapse only meant one thing. She was now completely dead.

"Such a weak and pathetic creature doesn't deserve to get an answer." At that moment, the humanoid creature's voice echoed through the entire sky again. "It's none of your business that I want to kill all of you."

He merely regarded the Four Spirits Sect as nothing but tiny and helpless ants.

He looked down upon those insignificant and inferior creatures.

Zen's face darkened. He was trying so hard to contain his anger. He asked again, "Are you the downgrader?"

After the ancestry-level bloodline recovered, the first thing it wanted to do was find the downgrader. Therefore, Zen sought for the humanoid creature's confirmation for its sake.

"Yes, I am," the humanoid creature replied arrogantly.

"So this means you lied to the Snake Spirit King. The so-called upgrade and recovery of the main world are all just a bunch of lies, aren't they?"

Zen asked once more. He needed the creature to say it himself.

"Hahaha. Isn't it obvious already? Of course," the humanoid creature replied nonchalantly.

The Snake Masters were utterly bewildered when they heard this.

The Snake Spirit King vowed to bring them back to the main world and return them to their previous forms. After all, the fourth-grade world was the Snake Masters' true home. This was where they felt the most comfortable.

The third-grade chaos was too crowded and monotonous for them. It was like losing their sight and being forced to live in a dark world.

A while ago, the Snake Masters were absolutely confounded. But now, they finally understood that the Snake Spirit King had led them into a path of no return.

"Hiss! Hiss!

Black light!" Out of the blue, they heard someone shout. "You dare lie to me! I'll make you pay for this!"

It was the Snake Spirit King who was hiding in the black coordinates. In his anger, he suddenly stretched out his head and waved the two black blades to chop the humanoid creature.

The Snake Spirit King already had his suspicions after he killed the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

But back then, he had no other choice. The only thing he could do was follow the black light and pray that this was not the truth.

Therefore, the Snake Spirit King was boiling with rage when he heard the truth from the black light itself.

He wanted to tear the humanoid creature into pieces!

But before the Snake Spirit King's blades could even come close to the humanoid creature, they instantly shattered into pieces. The Snake Spirit King's black body disintegrated and returned to the coordinates.

"In the Stellar World, I wiped out the entire Fostering race and the Cinnabar race. Both of those races were a hundred times stronger than you," bragged the humanoid creature.

He continued, "In the World of No Limits, I had once deceived the Sacred Spirit race. And that race was ten thousand times stronger than you."

"And in the Boundless Divine World, those creatures that disobeyed me were exiled into time and forced to rot. They only needed a millionth of their strength to tear you to shreds," he boasted.

"In the Boundless Will World, I was an existence that was way beyond what your imaginations can comprehend."

Everyone fell completely silent as they listened to the creature's horrifying declaration.

Soon after, the humanoid creature's six pairs of eyes emitted a faint light.

Everyone could feel the creature's contempt and mockery for them.

He was the best of the best. He didn't even bother to look down upon all living beings. To him, they were utterly infinitesimal in the grand scheme of things.

"Having heard all that, what do you think the Four Spirits Sect means to me?" the humanoid creature asked them all.

Chapter 4221 The Mental Cage

The Bird Masters, the Monkey Masters, and the human spirits all stared at the humanoid figure in astonishment.

His words, combined with the oppressive aura emanating from him, shocked them greatly.

What were the so-called Cinnabar race and the Fostering race?

Were they truly a hundred times stronger than the Four Spirits Sect?

And what was the Sacred Spirit race?

Could they really be ten thousand times stronger than the Four Spirits Sect?

There were existences even more powerful than the Sacred Spirit race?

What worlds was this humanoid creature talking about?

All these questions buzzed in their minds as they tried to wrap their heads around everything the humanoid creature talked about. Among everyone present, Corbett seemed to be the calmest.

Eyeing the humanoid creature warily, he asked, "The Stellar World... Are you talking about the Deep Space?"

The Four Spirits Sect had referred to the world above the main world as the Deep Space. However, Kincaid once mentioned that the Deep Space had a specific name—the "Stellar World", he called it. Only very few people knew of this name.

"What do you think?" the humanoid creature retorted indifferently.

"The World of No Limits... And the Boundless Divine World... Their grades are higher than the Deep Space's?" Corbett queried further.

"I have already downgraded those worlds," the humanoid creature declared proudly.

Zen stared at the humanoid creature incredulously. "Why did you do that? What does the downgrading mean to you?"

The humanoid creature laughed sinisterly. "You don't need to know that. The only thing you need to do is give me the sword. Once I downgrade this world to the third grade, I'll let you live... Maybe I'll even let the human race rule the Lower Extreme World."

This Lower Extreme World he referred to was actually the chaos.

Zen's eyes lit up with interest at the humanoid creature's offer.

"What do you think?" the humanoid creature asked, noticing Zen's sparked interest.

It actually sounded like a good idea.

After all, Zen's original goal was to revive the human race.

To his surprise, Zen smiled. "After we rule the Lower Extreme World, you continue to downgrade it to the second grade," Zen said slowly. "Then, I'd become your puppet, like the Snake Spirit King, right?"

"If you refuse, I'll just kill you, along with your race," the humanoid creature said with a nonchalant shrug.

The Bird Masters, the human spirits, the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Snake Goddess, and the others who were listening to their exchange all felt their chests tighten.

Even the usually valiant Monkey Masters had fallen silent, caution written all over their faces.

The situation was definitely grim. This humanoid creature was so powerful that it was simply impossible to put up a fight.

It seemed that Zen's only choice was to accept his offer.

However, to everyone's surprise, Zen just smiled calmly. "What makes you think you're strong enough to kill me?"

His words shocked everyone numb.

Although he was extremely powerful now and had killed the Snake Spirit King twice, it would be no easy feat to kill this black humanoid figure.

What made Zen so confident?

"If you were really that powerful, why did you leave this sword in the altar for so long? Why did you have to use the Snake Spirit King as a puppet?"

By now, Zen's calm smile had turned into a smirk. "I doubt you are strong enough to downgrade this world. The truth of the matter is that the Stellar World wasn't completely downgraded. Now, the remains of the starry sky are still floating above the main world. You were also unable to downgrade the main world, even though you wanted to. Therefore, you needed to have the Four Spirits Sect send the world builders to downgrade the worlds little by little. That was why secondary worlds were built one after another, including the chaos.

The Lower Extreme World is not your ultimate goal. If I give you the sword, you will continue to downgrade it.

What do you take me for? I'm not that stupid!"

As Zen spoke, he gradually raised his sword, and the energy in the cracks on the blade slowly began to surge.

His face bore an unprecedented firmness.

Although the ancestry-level bloodline had forgotten a lot of important memories, Zen had gradually figured out that this humanoid creature in front of him was the root cause of all the trouble.

Theoretically, if the worlds hadn't been downgraded so many times, there wouldn't be the Four Spirits Sect, the chaos, the human race, or Zen, for that matter. However, this didn't mean that the humanoid creature was right.

"You!" The humanoid creature's voice finally revealed a trace of anger, and his eyes flashed ominously. "You're courting death!"

His black body began to tremble slightly, and black materials splattered out like ebony ink on white paper. A terrifying energy emanated from his body, and with a low growl, he waved a black hand fiercely towards Zen's head.

While the black hand didn't actually hit Zen, he suddenly cried out in pain. He plummeted rapidly towards the ground, like a falling meteor.

Boom!

As soon as Zen hit the ground, the humanoid creature stretched out his palm towards the ground.

Splash!

A black cloud that only he and Zen could see suddenly enveloped Zen.

This was the free space that belonged to the Probability Extreme Form.

The Probability Extreme Form and the Flame Extreme Form given to Zen had not yet been removed.

As he was enshrouded in the black cloud, he quickly divided himself into a thousand figures. The figures all jumped up at the same time, each brandishing their irregular heavy sword. Green flames erupted from the tips of the blades, whirling like tornadoes of fire.

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

The spiraling flames looked like a huge monster, constantly devouring the black cloud that tried to envelop Zen.

In a flash, the black cloud had been completely devoured. Then, Zen brandished his irregular heavy sword and thrust it at the humanoid creature.

Crack!

With a sickening sound, the irregular heavy sword pierced clean through the humanoid creature's body, and the green flames quickly swept over his body, lapping at him crazily.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The humanoid creature struggled amidst the flames that were devouring him, but no matter how hard he tried, he was unable to extinguish the flames on his body. A few moments later, he was completely burnt by the flames.

"Is he dead?"

Zen's eyebrows shot up cautiously.

Although he firmly believed that the humanoid creature wasn't as powerful as he claimed to be, he shouldn't have been so weak. Zen felt a little uneasy, suspecting something was wrong.

Zen's heart pumped agitatedly.

Just as Zen was carefully studying his surroundings, he felt a sense of oppression coming from behind him.

Without any hesitation, he swung his irregular heavy sword towards his back and once again struck the humanoid creature.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Under the burning of the green flames, the humanoid creature was burnt to ashes again.

"Is this an avatar?

Where is his real body?"

Zen frowned deeply. After killing the second avatar, he was even more agitated, his heart filled with unease.

While his mind raced, more and more avatars appeared in front of him, till he was surrounded.

While these avatars were not strong enough to withstand the flames, as they multiplied, Zen realized this fight would never end.

One avatar, two avatars, ten avatars, a hundred avatars...

Zen slashed at these avatars one after another.

Every time he killed an avatar, he became more irritated. He grew more and more paranoid with each avatar he struck, as though he couldn't stop until he killed all these avatars.

In this crazed state, he didn't even notice that the surrounding environment was getting more and more hazy...

Chapter 4222 Remind Zen

Zen thought that he was fighting avatars of the humanoid creature, but he was wrong.

The Snake Goddess and the others on the altar watched as Zen slashed at black palm-sized bugs, one after another, with his heavy sword.

Each time Zen took out a black bug, it'd explode into a faint light, which would then enter his body.

As more and more light flew into Zen's body, his expression became wilder and wilder.

Little did Zen know that the real humanoid being was calmly floating nearby.

As the humanoid creature clapped his hands and opened them, black bugs emerged from his palms and flew towards Zen.

It was the Dream-breaking Bug.

The bugs were created for the humanoid creature to perform the Soul Extreme Form.

Fully aware of what Zen was capable of with his sword, the humanoid creature had no intention of fighting him head-on.

When he summoned the black cloud for the Probability Extreme Form, his plan to crush Zen by driving him crazy had commenced.

When Zen destroyed the black cloud, he had fallen right into the humanoid creature's trap.

Zen was not native to the Stellar World, so he didn't know much about the theurgies there. Additionally, the spirit inside his heavy sword was not very intelligent. They both fell into the Soul Extreme Form easily.

Therefore, it was a breeze for the humanoid being to lure Zen and his sword into his trap.

"Kill as many as you want. The Dream-breaking Bugs will poison you and turn you into a mindless killer. That way, you will be insane for the rest of your life..."

the humanoid creature quietly murmured to himself.

When the people on the altar saw this, they also fell into a state of panic.

"It looks like that he has fallen into an illusion...." the Snake Goddess said, her voice filled with worry.

"What is that light he keeps absorbing?"

"This is not good..."

Discussion broke out among the crowd on the altar. From the looks of it, the illusion was difficult to break.

Although they were keenly aware that Zen was trapped in an illusion, there was nothing they could do to help.

Even the Monkey Masters and the Bird Masters couldn't risk coming to Zen's aid, how much more those at the Eternal Realm?

They knew that the humanoid being was too powerful for them to deal with. Even without using the Light of Annihilation, he could finish off Treacherous Beings. He could even destroy their coordinates, preventing them from coming back from the dead.

"We need to make Zen snap out of it!" a human spirit cried out.

"Who can do that?" another human spirit asked.

Although they were Treacherous Beings, they trembled at the thought of eternal death.

While everyone hesitated in fear, Lawler suddenly spoke up. "I will remind him."

"Are you sure, Lawler?" Duran asked in a low voice. He didn't want to see his comrade get himself killed for nothing.

"My eyes can see past all illusions," Lawler answered. "I am gonna give it a shot."

"If you fail to break it, you will die," Duran warned him.

"If we sit here and wait, it'll only be a matter of time before we get killed," Lawler snapped impatiently.

'Since the humanoid creature's goal is to downgrade the world, he would definitely kill all the Treacherous Beings. That means all the creatures from the forth-grade world will be slaughtered...

Lawler's right. We can't just stand by and do nothing. We can't give up, even if there is just a sliver of hope.'

As these thoughts raced through Duran's mind, he fell silent.

So did the others.

They all understood what was at stake here.

Thus, no one dissuaded him from going to Zen's aid. Without further hesitation, Lawler flew towards Zen.

As soon as Lawler took action, Hamilton of the Black House followed suit. Suddenly, he threw a pair of huge scissors and leapt into the air.

They were the Dream-breaking Scissors, made by the Bold Conjecture House. This magic treasure could break any illusion.

The moment Lawler launched himself into the air, two beams of colorful light shot out from his eyes. The light streaked through the sky and shot towards Zen.

In addition, under Hamilton's control, the scissors opened their blades in Zen's direction.

Crack!

All this didn't escape the humanoid being.

Contempt was written all over his face when he saw what was happening.

The creatures in the fifth-grade world were used to showing their emotions; the humanoid creature wasn't spared from this.

He knew there was no need to stop them.

The Soul Extreme Form was much more complicated than ordinary illusions.

Generally, illusions often covered a designated area, creating a dreamlike scene.

However, the Soul Extreme Form worked on a specific object, as opposed to an area. Since Zen was haunted by the Soul Extreme Form, the humanoid creature was confident there was nothing that Lawler and Hamilton could do to save Zen.

"Now that you have no chance of winning whatsoever, you should know your place and stay out of this," the humanoid creature sneered haughtily.

As he watched Lawler and Hamilton, his six pairs of eyes began to flash intensely.

Lawler and Hamilton abruptly stopped in their tracks, as though frozen in place. Then, bubbles appeared on their bodies, until they melted into a puddle of white, translucent mud. Unfortunately, their coordinates weren't spared, and vanished into thin air.

A dead silence fell over the altar again.

Facing the humanoid being, they felt as weak as ants.

Not only were they unable to fight against such a powerful existence, but they couldn't even figure out what method he was using against them.

"Alas..."

Someone sighed and sat on the ground, his head drooping dejectedly. He had given up.

Some clenched their fists, glaring at the sky helplessly.

Some were angry, but they didn't dare make a sound.

The Snake Goddess tilted her head as she watched Zen continue slaying the black bugs one by one. Her eyebrows furrowed deeply as she tried to come up with a solution. Suddenly, her eyes lit up decisively. "I will go myself," she said to the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"What?" The Primeval Lord of Heaven asked confusedly, caught in a daze.

"I am gonna head for the primitive land!" the Snake Goddess said firmly.

'Since Zen is trapped in this illusion, his heavy sword and the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord who is in Zen's mind are also stuck there, ' she thought silently. 'Despite that, we can communicate with Zen in the primitive land.'

The Primeval Lord of Heaven perked up. "Are you sure?"

The Snake Goddess nodded.

Without wasting any time, the Primeval Lord of Heaven took out the Descending Ring and made it float above the Snake Goddess's head.

The Descending Ring then emitted a golden light that enveloped the Snake Goddess.

In the blink of an eye, the Snake Goddess was transported to the primitive land.

Although the humanoid creature noticed this, he didn't pay it any heed.

Again, he was confident this weakling wouldn't be able to do a thing to ruin his plans.

When the Snake Goddess arrived at the Pear Hill, she headed straight for the Civilization Artifact of the human race. She was in such a rush, she didn't even bother greeting the people there.

When she finally reached it, the Snake Goddess stretched out her hand and pressed it against the Civilization Artifact. Activating the artifact, she tried to speak to Zen. Since she was in the primitive land, which was actually Zen's inner world, she hoped that she might be able to reach Zen and free him from the illusion.

The Civilization Artifact began to flash with a green light. "Zen, can you hear me?" the Snake Goddess asked.

She waited for a bit, but she didn't get any response.

She tried several more times, but Zen still didn't respond.

"So, this isn't working..." The Snake Goddess lowered her head, her shoulders hunched in disappointment.

Just then, the Eternal Realm warriors of the current chaotic era like the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and Eastern Emperor Taiyi walked up to her.

"Snake Goddess, what happened in Jade Pure Realm? Why are you in such a hurry?" the Snake Goddess of the current chaotic era asked.

It was actually kind of weird to talk to oneself. But noticing that the real Snake Goddess was so anxious, she speculated that they must have encountered a big problem.

Chapter 4223 Free

The real Snake Goddess briefly described Zen's current situation.

Naturally, Fuxi and the others were worried when they heard that Zen had fallen into the illusion.

"What about the Monkey Spirit King? You had many allies with you when you entered the Jade Pure Realm this time," said the Snake Goddess.

They were well-prepared for this expedition. They took the necessary precautions and decided it was best to go together.

One could say that they gathered all of the powerful warriors in the Monkey Spirit Sect, the Bird Spirit Sect and the Human Spirit Sect.

However, the real Snake Goddess smiled bitterly. "They are still not powerful enough... In the end, we just had to rely on Zen to kill the Snake Spirit King. Moreover, there is an even more powerful being behind the Snake Spirit King. He is the real root of all this chaos."

When they heard this, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others fell silent. This unexpected turn of events was way beyond their wildest imaginations.

"Let's try reaching him through the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization," suggested the Snake Goddess.

When they reached another Civilization Artifact, they called out the green figure inside it.

The green figure immediately responded. It agreed to their request and tried to communicate with Zen. Unfortunately, it failed again.

The Regal Jade Civilization's Civilization Artifact was the only artifact they hadn't tried using. But because the first two Civilization Artifacts already failed, there was no need to try it anymore.

"Zen is our only hope now. If he is defeated, then everything will be over..." The Snake Goddess pursed her lips. She was deeply distressed. Her beautiful face showed extreme anxiety.

The others were at a loss for words. They didn't know what else to do.

Everyone was feeling downhearted and gloomy. All of a sudden, the Snake Goddess raised her head. Her eyes were fixed upon the crimson sky above them.

Ever since Zen started the battle, energies of various colors flowed and danced in the crimson sky. All of the energies gathered in the center of the primitive land. In turn, these energies were being continuously transmitted to Zen. Even the creatures of the primitive land could sense that, as the energies' aura was extremely powerful.

"I'm just wondering about something. The ancestry-level bloodline is intelligent. Didn't it notice that something happened to Zen?" the Snake Goddess mused while still staring up at the sky.

The real Snake Goddess thought for a while. Then, she raised her eyebrows and said, "Maybe it hasn't discovered it yet. We can try communicating with it!"

Fuxi shrugged his shoulders and said, "The ancestry-level bloodline only communicates with Zen. It has never communicated with us."

Everyone knew that this crimson sky possessed intelligence. Zen had even mentioned it to them before. However, no one ever tried to communicate with it.

"How will we know what could happen if we don't even try? Let's just do it!"

As soon as the real Snake Goddess finished speaking, she used the Grand Teleportation technique and headed straight to the top of the primitive land. The others followed her closely.

Naturally, they felt a strong sense of pressure when the Snake Goddess and the others stood directly below the blood red sky.

Then, before they could go any further, a thunderous and commanding voice came from the crimson sky. "All of you, retreat!"

Now that the ancestry-level bloodline was busy transferring the energy to Zen, it had no time to deal with the creatures in the primitive land.

Nevertheless, everyone was overjoyed when the ancestry-level bloodline spoke. A few moments ago, they were afraid that it wouldn't respond.

The real Snake Goddess went straight to the point and said, "I am the Snake Goddess, coming down from the altar. Are you aware that Zen has fallen into the illusion?"

"What did you say?"

There was a trace of bewilderment in the otherwise monotonous voice of the ancestry-level bloodline.

When the Soul Extreme Form trapped Zen, it was able to deceive him, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, the irregular heavy sword, and even the ancestry-level bloodline.

At that very moment, the ancestry-level bloodline had also been feeling extremely anxious. Something was definitely amiss.

There was no end to the number of humanoid creatures that kept appearing.

As Zen continued to fight them, his state of mind became awfully unstable.

The ancestry-level bloodline had already sensed that there was something wrong. Unfortunately, the Soul Extreme Form could silently affect one's ability to think. Therefore, it was unable to find out what exactly was going on!

Zen, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and the irregular heavy sword also sensed that something wasn't right.

But as the warning came from the real Snake Goddess, the ancestry-level bloodline finally figured out what was going on. They had been bewitched by the humanoid being.

There were cracking sounds that echoed from within the crimson sky.

Zen couldn't quite remember how many humanoid creatures he had already killed.

Based on his understanding, the creation of the avatars would exhaust a lot of the humanoid creature's energy.

Therefore, he hacked these avatars down one by one until the humanoid creature could no longer create them.

However, the number of humanoid creatures he was facing seemed infinite. He would not be able to kill all of them.

Little by little, he became more irritable and angrier. His eyes began to glow red. It was as if he was going to devour people.

"Zen..." The ancestry-bloodline tried communicating with Zen. "Zen, listen to me..."

The ancestry-level bloodline's voice was coming from his inner world.

Even though Zen heard this voice, it seemed like it was coming from a distant place. He did not have the slightest intention of responding to it.

He was too busy cutting down the humanoid creatures. "Zen... Zen..." He couldn't be bothered to listen to this pesky voice.

Therefore, Zen didn't respond at all as the ancestry-level bloodline kept calling out his name.

The ancestry-level bloodline thought for a while. Soon enough, it came up with a plan to awaken him from this illusion. It injected a violent energy into Zen's body.

This violent energy did not flow into the irregular heavy sword. Instead, it flowed along Zen's meridians. And then, it directly exploded within his chest.

He heard a loud booming sound and suddenly felt a sharp pain in his chest.

It created an open wound on Zen's chest.

He merely looked down on his chest and then attacked the humanoid creatures frenziedly. He thought that this attack came from the humanoid creatures. Naturally, he counterattacked even more wildly!

"It's useless. I should try something else..."

The ancestry-level bloodline paused for a moment to think of another plan. This time, it launched a soul attack on Zen.

As the blood red sky flashed, a brown aura gathered in the center of the primitive land. It instantly entered Zen's body and turned into a sharp needle. It headed straight for Zen's mind.

Just as the needle was drilling into Zen's mind, a streak of white flashing light burst out of his mind and extinguished the needle in an instant!

"What just happened? What is that?"

At first, the ancestry-level bloodline was stunned. Nonetheless, it immediately understood what was going on.

The difference between the energies of the fifth-grade world and the fourth-grade world in terms of strength was not that huge.

After all, the energies from the fifth-grade world only changed from one hundred and forty kinds to three hundred and seventy-three kinds in the fourth-grade world.

But they would develop into three thousand kinds in the third-grade world. The gap between them would be very huge.

Zen's current situation was very similar to being caught in the mind trapping technique. However, the humanoid creature's theurgy was obviously stronger than the mind trapping technique of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"I see. So it can only be consumed little by little..."

As soon as it figured this out, the ancestry-level bloodline started to attack Zen's soul incessantly.

As expected, these soul attacks were quickly blocked by the white light and were extinguished in a flash.

Even though the flashing white light was powerful, it was still limited.

Meanwhile, Zen was still stubbornly killing those humanoid creatures. He was continuously absorbing the white light. The speed at which the light was consumed was not as fast as the speed in which he replenished it.

As the ancestry-level bloodline's soul attacks became more intense and relentless, the speed at which the white flashing light was consumed became faster!

Slowly, the hostility on Zen's face began to fade. His bright red eyes gradually returned to their original color.

"What is happening? How..."

The humanoid creature was not that far from where Zen was standing. A look of surprise flashed in his compound eyes.

"How are you able to break free from the Soul Extreme Form? It is quite impossible... Ah, I see. Someone is helping you..."

The humanoid creature was shocked. However, he didn't pay much attention to it.

His goal was not Zen to begin with. It was the irregular heavy sword he was after.

As long as this sword was detached from Zen, he had nothing to fear.

Gradually, the white light in Zen's mind faded away. Finally, he came to his senses. Only then did he realize that the ones he killed were not the humanoid creatures, but merely black bugs.

Chapter 4224 The Heavy Sword Losing Its Mind

Zen had already managed to come back to his senses, but the heavy sword he was wielding in his hand was still trapped in the illusion of the humanoid creature.

It was not easy for the spirit inside the sword to regain its senses. Thus, under its control, Zen just continued to slay the black bugs rushing towards him.

At the same time, once a black bug was killed, a white light would appear from it.

Some of the white lights would enter Zen's body, while the rest penetrated the heavy sword.

"What is this? What's going on?"

Zen couldn't prevent the white lights from invading his body. As the lights reached his mind, he felt a sensation that his thoughts were being manipulated.

Fortunately, the ancestry-level bloodline was on high alert. As soon as the white lights entered Zen's mind, it would immediately take action and purge them.

"Can you also destroy these white lights inside the sword?" Zen asked the ancestry-level bloodline. If the white lights continued to infest the heavy sword, he would also be greatly affected.

"I can give it a try," the ancestry-level bloodline replied briefly.

Without Zen telling it, it could sense that he was being controlled by the sword in his hand.

Thus, the ancestry-level bloodline quickly released a brown aura, making it flow through Zen's body and spread along his arms in order to permeate the heavy sword.

The instant that the brown aura penetrated the sword, beams of white lights swarmed towards it.

The white lights were like an automatic defense mechanism that attacked any foreign entity that probed into their territory.

In their clash, the ancestry-level bloodline didn't care about spending as much energy as it could because it was basically powered by infinite energy.

It was pretty confident that it could prevail and remove all the white lights inside the sword, though it might take a little while.

However, the sword responded immediately as the ancestry-level bloodline launched a soul attack.

Currently, the spirit of the sword got carried away in slaying the black bugs. But when it noticed the soul attack coming from the ancestry-level bloodline, it immediately shifted its focus and fought without hesitation.

Then, wisps of green energy came out of the sword's spirit which looked like a ball of red light.

As the green energy was released, the sword was able to successfully resist the soul attack of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"This is troublesome…"

The ancestry-level bloodline was rendered speechless by the turn of events.

It definitely intended to save the sword's spirit, but the latter saw the ancestry-level bloodline as an enemy and fought back.

The white lights continued to confuse and control the spirit of the sword, but it had no way to realize it.

"So, how did it go?" Zen inquired as he gripped tightly on the heavy sword.

"I failed. This approach doesn't seem to work. The spirit of the sword noticed my soul attack and immediately fought back. The white lights inside are manipulating it into thinking that I am an enemy," the ancestry-level bloodline replied in a frustrated tone.

Zen was a bit surprised at the ancestry-level bloodline's response. He tried to calm down and thought of a feasible solution before he said, "We can keep it from acquiring the energy it needs."

Originally, the heavy sword was only left with a little energy. That was why the sword was not very powerful when it was still in Kincaid's possession.

Then, all of the energy that accumulated on the altar for so many years was consumed by Zen.

The sword was constantly attacking with its full might and even activated the Probability Extreme Form and the Flame Extreme Form earlier. But once the ancestry-level bloodline stopped providing it with energy coming from Zen, the spirit of the sword would eventually run out of energy soon enough.

When that happened, the ancestry-level bloodline could take the opportunity and remove the white lights inside the sword.

"Excellent idea. I'm on it!" The ancestry-level bloodline quickly grasped what Zen was planning, so it didn't waste any time and initiated their move.

At this moment, the blood-colored sky in the primitive land instantly calmed down.

When the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the others noticed the silence in the sky, they all thought that the fight between Zen and the humanoid being was finally over.

Under the control of the sword's spirit, Zen had been constantly using and brandishing the heavy sword to kill the bugs.

However, the ancestry-level bloodline had already stopped providing it with additional energy, thus the energy stored inside the sword eventually ran out. In turn, the lights that it emitted also grew dimmer.

Although the spirit of the sword was still eager and frantic to slaughter the black bugs, it was unable to do so because it was already lacking with energy.

"Huh? What's going on?"

The humanoid creature immediately sensed that something wrong was going on with the sword in Zen's hand.

However, as his six pairs of compound eyes flashed, he instantly figured out what Zen had been up to.

"Ha-ha! You insolent brat! Do you think you can outsmart me with your petty tricks?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the humanoid creature stretched out his hand and a black cloud instantly emerged above Zen's head.

Since Zen couldn't use the heavy sword that had run out of energy, the humanoid creature tried to take the upper hand and bring Zen down using the Probability Extreme Form.

At Zen's current state, he wouldn't be able to utilize the Probability Extreme Form to counter the attack of the humanoid creature. "He's going to use the Probability Extreme Form again!" he said as his eyes widened in shock and anger upon sensing the hint of energy coming out from the humanoid being.

The moment Zen finished speaking, he suddenly felt that a massive fist smashed against his chest.

He was caught off guard and didn't even have the time to react.

Although his body was astonishingly tough, the punch was still able to make a hole in his chest.

In the Probability Extreme Form, the humanoid creature was able to throw tens of thousands of punches within two seconds. The heavy sword was rendered useless and had no way to protect Zen.

Crash! Bang!

The humanoid creature's fists continuously landed on Zen's body at lightning speed.

Almost every part of Zen's body was hit by his dreadful punches.

Fist marks were soon imprinted on Zen's body after it was beaten at the same spots countless times.

Then, the people on the altar saw that Zen's body was floating in the sky. An invisible creature seemed to be cruelly pounding him as if he was a mere sandbag.

"What the hell's happening?"

"Is that really Zen?"

"Why isn't he fighting back?"

Several people got confused and worried at the sight of him being beaten continuously.

However, they couldn't do anything but entrust this to Zen. After all, it was a battle that they didn't even understand, not to mention get involved with it.

Even the powerful Monkey Masters and Bird Masters couldn't do anything except watch and wait for the outcome of this battle.

As Zen was being thoroughly beaten down, the ancestry-level bloodline was left with no choice.

It couldn't let Zen be defeated like this, so it provided the heavy sword with energy again.

In the blink of an eye, the sword emitted bright lights again, thus allowing Zen to activate the Probability Extreme Form and Flame Extreme Form.

Zen swiftly moved along the thick black cloud and repeatedly slashed it using the sword, producing green clouds of fire. These flaming clouds instantly burned the black cloud and turned it into nothing.

However, the humanoid creature still had no intention of fighting Zen head-on. Just before the black cloud was vanquished, he quickly retreated and hid a place where the dark cloud didn't cover. He then stretched out his hand, and fist-sized bugs came rushing out from the back hole on his palm.

Upon sensing the black bugs, the sword immediately manipulated Zen again to kill them. The sword started wreaking havoc once more as if it had gone insane.

"It's so annoying! This guy doesn't give me a chance to take a break at all!" Zen shouted as he narrowed his eyes towards the humanoid creature.

The humanoid being perceived Zen's vexation and laughed grimly. "You can't fool me with your little tricks. Swear your loyalty to me before I completely pollute that sword's spirit. What do you think?" he offered.

He obviously wanted to deal with the sword using his Soul Extreme Form. Once he succeeded, he would be able to keep the spirit of the sword under his absolute control.

"You think I would agree to that nonsense? No way!" Zen yelled coldly.

"Well, you wasted your last chance, stupid human," the humanoid creature said in a disgruntled tone.

As he stretched out his hand, more and more black bugs appeared and flew towards Zen. All of them were slaughtered by the sword, mistaking them for the humanoid beings as it was still greatly affected by the Soul Extreme Form.

Consequently, more and more white lights invaded the sword, making the sword's spirit break and lose its mind.

As the humanoid creature witnessed this, his eyes flashed with thrill.

"It's almost done. Soul Storm!" he declared in a booming voice.

As the humanoid creature issued the order, a massive number of white lights immediately gathered and entered the sword.

Chapter 4225 Snatching The Sword

Whir...

The Soul Storm that the humanoid creature mentioned had blown up. The light emitted by the irregular heavy sword began to spread in a chaotic manner.

Previously, although the sword was bewitched by the Soul Extreme Form, at least a part of it was still sober. It still attacked the humanoid creatures transformed by the black bugs in an orderly fashion.

At this moment, however, the sword seemed to have become completely lost.

The ancestry-level bloodline was still continuously providing it with energy, but it was transforming the injected energy into various forms and releasing it in random spurts.

"Hoo, hoo..."

Faint golden light shone from the cracks on the surface of the sword. Suddenly, a glowing circular ring appeared. The irregular heavy sword spewed out a bright golden beam.

The light shot out and cut through the air.

It obviously wasn't targeting anything. It hit a random patch of ground.

There was a crack as the light sliced down.

It pierced through the ground of the Jade Pure Realm. The golden light penetrated to the stage below and kept going. It passed through the Grand Plain Stage, the Sanskrit Light Stage, the Blooming Jade Stage, the Constant Glory Stage...

In a few seconds, almost every Other Shore creature on every stage saw this golden light column as it passed through.

Some unfortunate Other Shore creatures happened to be in the way of the light, and whatever the light touched melted without a trace.

Everything in the path of the golden light column was obliterated.

But the irregular heavy sword was still emitting more energy.

The circles of golden light appeared one after another around the sword.

Golden light columns shot outwards in all directions, and there seemed to be nothing on the Other Shore that could stop them.

Several light columns hit the altar, and a few Monkey Masters and Bird Masters who failed to dodge the beams dissipated upon being touched by the golden light.

"The Holy Light Extreme Form!" said the humanoid creature, laughing. He enjoyed seeing the sword in a state of madness.

Finally, the irregular heavy sword seemed to have released all the golden light. The surface of the sword began to darken, with traces of green forming on the sharp blade. A green mist rose from the sword.

The green mist spread out. It contained many small dark green arrows.

Although these small arrows had a powerful life energy, they were fatal. Every life form hit by the arrows would rapidly wither and die.

Luckily, these dark green arrows were not as swift as the golden beams of light. Because the arrows moved at a slower speed, the people on the altar all managed to dodge the new attack.

The humanoid creature didn't dodge. He stood calmly in place and reached out to pluck a small arrow in midair. He held it up, examining it closely. "This is the Life Extreme Form, the arrow of death..."

Then the green mist began to dissipate as flashes of lightning shot out from the sword. It was followed by dark orbs that floated like black moons in the surrounding air.

"What the hell does it want to do?" Zen was still tightly holding onto the irregular heavy sword.

"It must have gone crazy," said the ancestry-level bloodline.

"Then cut off the energy supply!" Zen shouted.

Although the irregular heavy sword didn't hurt Zen as it attacked, many others were hurt. Several people on the altar were killed. More were dying at present, unable to resist the latest lightning attack released by the sword.

"If I cut off the energy supply, how will you deal with that guy?" asked the ancestry-level bloodline.

The humanoid creature was waiting, looking unafraid. Indeed, he even seemed entertained.

Once the irregular heavy sword stopped attacking, he would definitely attack Zen without hesitation.

However, Zen could not let the irregular heavy sword just keep spewing out mad attacks at random. That was not an acceptable solution.

Zen gripped the sword tightly, beginning to feel anxious. He came up with one idea after another, but found major flaws in each one. He dismissed every plan that came to mind until it seemed he was out of ideas.

A loud crack reverberated in the air.

An invisible force field had suddenly appeared on the surface of the irregular heavy sword. It was the Force Field Extreme Form.

When the invisible force field surged out, it pushed away Zen's hand, and the sword finally slipped out of his grasp.

"It's time!" cried the humanoid creature.

His compound eyes flashed and he went straight for the irregular heavy sword.

Once it had lost its energy supply, the irregular heavy sword was no more than a piece of scrap iron, so it was easily controlled.

Zen's expression darkened as he quickly reached out, trying to grab back the hilt of the sword.

Just as his hand brushed across the sword hilt, Zen suddenly felt a unique aura.

'Black cloud, the Probability Extreme Form?...'

Zen thought. The idea crossed his mind unexpectedly, and an ominous premonition rose in his mind.

"Damn it!" he shouted.

In the blink of an eye, the ominous premonition became reality.

There was a series of loud bangs, as the humanoid creature launched a violent attack on Zen in the Probability Extreme Form.

With a boom, Zen was smashed into the ground.

A billowing cloud of dust rose up over his sprawled form.

The humanoid creature grabbed the irregular heavy sword.

The people on the altar watched with their mouths open, shocked at the sudden turn of events.

Even the least intelligent warriors understood what was happening.

"It's all over. It's all over..." Gonggong muttered. He had turned into a figure of water, becoming liquid and transparent all throughout his body in order to avoid being hurt by the irregular heavy sword.

Fuxi, Alphonse, and Corbett were silent.

The Monkey Masters and the Bird Masters looked stunned.

Their only hope had been shattered. In that instant, they were overcome by a terrible emptiness and distress.

Zen lay in the rubble where he had fallen. His face was full of anger, and he struggled to rise, unwilling to accept this outcome.

He had thought that he could grasp an infinite amount of power, but he was wrong. His opponent now had taken away such power easily. It was enough to plunge anyone into despair.

The humanoid creature howled.

He appeared to be bursting with excitement.

He held the irregular heavy sword with both hands. Six pairs of compound eyes looked up at the sky as his mouth opened, forming unfamiliar sounds.

Although no one knew what he was saying, the emotions behind his words were obvious.

It was the exhilaration of one who had survived many vicissitudes of life, and managed at last to obtain something he had been pursuing for a long time.

His excitement formed a sharp contrast with the desperation of the crowd. It made everyone else even more depressed.

"This day has come too late, but at last I've taken it back. Clarence, it's a pity you can't see this," said the humanoid creature with a sharp bark of laughter.

"Taken it back? Did that sword originally belong to him?" the Snake Goddess asked quietly, her head tilted as she watched the celebration of the humanoid creature. Just now, she had hurriedly returned to the Other Shore after informing the ancestry-level bloodline that Zen had lost his mind and fallen into an illusion.

"Who is the Clarence he mentioned?" the Primeval Lord of Heaven asked curiously.

Fuxi spread out his hands. "Does it even matter now?"

The Snake Goddess and the Primeval Lord of Heaven didn't say anything. Of course, they understood they were in dire straits.

The humanoid creature raised the irregular heavy sword, looking around at everyone watching him. "I have not felt this excited in a long time! I'll kill you and offer your lives to the sword!"

A buzz filled the air, as the blade of the irregular heavy sword flashed with a dark purple energy.

After several moments, purple cracks began spreading around the humanoid creature, and black energy balls emerged one after another from the cracks. These energy balls contained a violent and terrifying power.

"Go to hell!" shouted the humanoid creature.

Hundreds of purple black energy balls rained down from the sky, as though the God of Death had come.

Some people started to run, trying to escape. Others stayed where they were. Some even changed their forms, trying to defend themselves against this new attack.

The Snake Goddess stood still. These purple cracks were spreading very quickly. Before long, the entire Jade Pure Realm would be covered with purple black energy balls. When the purple black energy balls covered the whole area, they would die no matter where they had run.

"Ah, Zen, it seems that you can't escape this," she sighed. She looked towards Zen, who was lying on the ground in the distance.

This was the first time that Zen had failed to meet the Snake Goddess's expectations.

It was not his fault. The existence he faced had already far exceeded the limits of his abilities and resistance. It was a miracle that he had held on for so long.

Zen had always managed to pull miracles out of thin air, but he couldn't create miracles forever.

Chapter 4226 Reunion

The purple energy balls were falling down slowly from above. It was as if a stage on the Other Shore was sluggishly crumbling after it collapsed.

As the Primeval Lord of Heaven saw this, he quickly stretched out his hand and flicked two golden rings towards Fuxi and Gonggong. The rings that emitted golden lights darted and stopped above their heads.

"You three, leave now while there's still time…" the Primeval Lord of Heaven said in a soft voice.

The Snake Goddess had a Descending Ring with her, so she could descend to the primitive land any time.

"Then, what about you?" the Snake Goddess asked as she raised her eyebrows.

"It makes no difference whether I leave or not." the Primeval Lord of Heaven replied with a bitter smile on his face.

He clearly knew that everything and everyone was going to be destroyed eventually. There was no point in prolonging the suffering and needless struggles.

However, deep inside him, all of his frustrations were built up. He couldn't accept that everything was just going to end this way.

Everyone knew how difficult it was for him to reach this certain step. However, he had failed in the last one, and now, he felt very much dead inside.

Among them, Gonggong was the first one who activated the Descending Ring. After the ring emitted luminous lights, his body trembled, but his body still stayed right where he was.

"What's going on? I can't leave?" Gonggong's voice trembled as he realized this. Among the human heroes, he had always been the most careful and cautious one. He was relatively afraid of death.

Fuxi was kind of surprised when he saw what happened to Gonggong, so he also activated the Descending Ring given to him.

However, just as what happened to Gonggong, he also failed to leave.

Then, the Snake Goddess gave it a try, but the result was just the same.

A bitter and helpless smile appeared on her face as she looked at Zen in the distance. "If we can't leave the Other Shore, then I'm afraid that it's also the same for Zen… "

At the same moment, Zen was also quietly looking at the sky. His expression was as calm as ever.

He had just tried to recite the Illusion Breaking Rune to leave the Jade Pure Realm, but it didn't have any effect. It was as if he had been showered with the Soul Interdicting Water, making it impossible to leave the Other Shore.

"Will the primitive land also collapse if I die?" Zen asked the ancestry-level bloodline with a hint of hesitation.

"Yes," the ancestry-level bloodline replied briefly.

Although the current primitive land was built with the aid of the ancestry-level bloodline, Zen was still its owner, making him indispensable to it.

"What about you? What will happen to you after?" Zen asked again.

"Me? I will have no choice but to leave the primitive land," the ancestry-level bloodline answered.

"I see. Can you please take care of my family for me?" Zen asked with a slightly trembling voice.

"Sure. I will."

Actually, the result would still be the same whether the ancestry-level bloodline took care of them or not. Even Zen knew this.

The downgrade had already begun. It meant that the entire chaos would soon be under the control of the humanoid creature.

At the same time, Zen remembered his loved ones—Dorothy, Letitia, Margaret, Lavender...

Their beautiful faces appeared in front of Zen as if he was hallucinating.

At this moment, he suddenly felt a deep sense of regret.

From the moment he knew them, his life turned out like a chess piece that was being constantly pushed, running around all the time. From the Eastern Region to the universe, from the divine land to the Source World, he was restlessly going here and there. He rarely paused and took the time to be with the most important people in his life.

If he had only known that this would be the ending, he thought that he would have rather chosen to be a mere mortal and spend the rest of his life with them in peace.

It didn't matter what mission he had to accomplish, nor would he care about the end of the chaos or the downgrade.

Then, suddenly, he remembered Geoffrey.

He and Ziya were still in the main world at this time.

"If the humanoid creature completes the downgrade, what will happen to Geoffrey and Ziya who stay in the main world?" Zen asked out of nowhere.

"They will also die," the ancestry-level bloodline answered with all honesty.

Zen couldn't help but fall silent upon hearing this.

Right now, the purple energy balls that were falling were already getting closer and closer to them. Ten thousand feet, a thousand feet, five hundred feet…

Boom!

The altar in the distance was the first one to be eroded by the purple energy balls.

Before Fuxi got erased by the purple energy balls, he waved at Zen.

"Goodbye, Zen…"

The Snake Goddess just knelt on the ground and closed her captivating eyes.

The Primeval Lord of Heaven just stood still as he awaited his impending doom.

On the other hand, Gonggong continued to struggle. He turned into a pool of water and flowed down from the altar, seeping into the ground.

Several others were also unwilling to give up and desperately climbed down from the altar, trying to buy themselves a few more minutes or seconds to survive. At the same time, many people just stayed where they were and waited for what was going to happen.

Sizzle! Sizzle!

The purple energy balls had finally reached the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the Primeval Lord of Heaven. They all quickly melted and disappeared without a trace within the energy balls.

Soon after, the altar where they were standing also collapsed.

The overbearing power of the energy balls eroded the altar layer by layer.

At this point, these energy balls were only just about ten feet above Zen's head.

But suddenly, a space fluctuation occurred directly behind him.

With a surprised look on his face, he quickly turned and saw a door appeared.

"This door…" Zen somehow regained his senses as his eyes widened.

Whoosh!

The door suddenly sprang open.

Then, a pair of huge fluffy hands stretched out from the door and hurriedly grabbed and pulled Zen in.

Bang!

As soon as Zen was able to enter the door, it closed shut and disappeared in the space.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye, but this still didn't go unnoticed in the eyes of the humanoid creature.

"Really?"

The humanoid creature expressed a trace of confusion in his eyes.

"He still had a backup plan for escape at this point?

Well, it doesn't matter. No matter how much he struggles, he can only exist for a few more days."

To be honest, the humanoid creature didn't actually care if Zen died right away or was still able to escape. In his mind, he clearly knew that no one would get away from the fate of fading away soon.

From the very moment that he got total control of the heavy sword, the ending had been decided. There was no possibility of anyone overturning the situation.

Meanwhile, inside the door where Zen was pulled into, two rows of long-haired monsters could be seen standing on both sides of the passageway.

All of them focused their gazes on Zen.

Zen had a hunch when he first saw the door, but he was a little unsure.

"Who are you? Where am I?"

Zen asked with a straight face.

However, there was nothing but silence, and no one answered him.

Then, Zen heard that footsteps were coming from the end of the passageway.

As the footsteps drew nearer and nearer, a figure slowly appeared from the darkness. It was Dorothy, whom he hadn't seen in a long while.

"Dorothy…"

Zen wasn't very surprised upon seeing her face because he had an earlier suspicion when the door appeared behind him.

But still, he couldn't hide the joy and excitement as he saw her with his eyes.

Dorothy clenched her fists tightly to control her emotions. About half a minute passed before she was able to answer Zen's question. "These creatures are from the Bold Conjecture House of the Human Spirit Sect."

"The Bold Conjecture House… I see…" Zen nodded, immediately understanding the meaning behind her words.

He had heard of the name of this house so many times. It could be said that its members were the founders of the entire Human Spirit Sect, and were also known as the smartest group of people within the sect. Even Elder Xue, who helped him obtain the ancestry-level bloodline, came from the Bold Conjecture House.

As Zen finished speaking, Dorothy wasn't able to hold her emotions anymore, and suddenly rushed and threw herself in Zen's arms.

"I'm so sorry, I came in too late. We might have the chance to avoid all this," she said in a muffled voice as she cried on Zen's chest.

Zen immediately understood when Dorothy said that she was late, but for a moment, he was a bit reluctant to realize what "chance" she was pertaining to. Then he smiled bitterly and said, "It's indeed a little late, but even if you came a bit earlier, I'm afraid that nothing would have changed."

"Why? What do you mean?" Dorothy asked with a puzzled expression as she wiped her tears.

"Because even if you were able to wake Kincaid up, he wouldn't be able to resist such an existence," Zen said calmly.

"No way!"

"Master Kincaid is the strongest warrior in the Human Spirit Sect. If he woke up, you'll see that he would be much stronger than that guy!"

"That's right. Master Kincaid is our last hope. We must find him at once!"

several long-haired monsters retorted and were convinced that Kincaid was the answer to surpass this overwhelming crisis.

But Zen just gently smiled and said, "Even if Master Kincaid used that sword, he might not be as powerful as me."

"How can you even be sure about that?" one of the long-haired monsters reacted in a cynical tone.

"How?" Zen thought for a moment and said, "Because Elder Xue helped me obtain the ancestry-level bloodline. I'm the only one who could unleash the power of that sword to the fullest."

"W-what?!"

"How is that even possible?"

"You mean that you have the ancestry-level bloodline within your body?"

The long-haired monsters were all stunned. That was the only time that they remembered Elder Xue. He left the Bold Conjecture House a long time ago before he headed for the Deep Space.

Chapter 4227 Satisfy His Obsession

In the past, both the Bold Conjecture House and Kincaid himself had opposed Elder Xue's idea of venturing into the Deep Space.

As a result, Elder Xue decided to leave abruptly, without so much as a goodbye. He only left a letter for them.

After that, they hadn't heard from him. After all this time, they figured he had perished.

And yet, now, Zen was claiming he had news from Elder Xue! Hence they felt shock mixed with doubt.

"Elder Xue? How is it possible that you saw him?" a long-haired monster inquired, his tone littered with doubt.

"Elder Xue went to the Deep Space alone back then," another long-haired monster mused aloud. "Although we thought he wouldn't survive, he did manage to avoid the catastrophe that happened in the main world..."

"Never mind that, he found the way to fuse with the ancestry-level bloodline!"

"When and where did you see him?"

The long-haired monsters buzzed with questions, their eyes brimming with excitement.

Zen shook his head regretfully. "I didn't see him personally, but someone else did."

As soon as he finished speaking, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's remnant soul emerged from above Zen's head.

He then recounted how he had met Elder Xue. He explained how he had hidden in the Jade Pure Realm and how Elder Xue had planned everything.

The long-haired monsters all listened closely, their shock steadily growing with each story the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord told.

Although they all shared the same roots and were all very smart creatures, they couldn't deny that they were impressed by how far Elder Xue had come.

"I must admit, Elder Xue is the most far-sighted person amongst the Bold Conjecture House..."

"I didn't expect him to come so far!"

"We should have believed him back then..."

While the other long-haired monsters discussed excitedly, a white-haired monster slowly took a few steps forward. "I was wrong about Elder Xue," he suddenly said, his tone filled with regret. "I had even scolded him back then. I didn't know he had so much alone..." Then, he smiled. "But what's important is, he made it!"

"May I know your name?" Zen asked him politely.

The white-haired monster cupped his hands courteously and said, "I am Hilario Wen, the chief of the Bold Conjecture House."

The strongest person in the Human Spirit Sect was Kincaid, the Human Spirit King. Below him were the Ten Directions House and the Bold Conjecture House. The two houses were responsible for military and civil affairs, respectively. Hence, Hilario was in charge of the latter.

Zen also cupped his hands and bowed in return.

Hilario studied Zen carefully. "The ancestry-level bloodline is believed to be the origin of everything, and it can provide endless power. If that sword was in your possession, you should've been invincible in this world."

There was a tinge of doubt in his voice. He still felt it was hard to believe Zen's words.

The Bold Conjecture House had made many relevant conjectures. Hilario had deduced that the strongest power in the main world was in theory the combination of the ancestry-level bloodline and that sword. Theoretically, anyone who owned both should be able to take control of everything.

"My enemy came from the world above the Deep Space. He is a higher-level opponent," Zen explained, seeing they still doubted him.

Hilario was stunned for a moment. "Do you mean he is someone from the sixth-grade world?"

The other long-haired monsters who had been discussing amongst themselves suddenly stopped to listen. They too were intrigued by their conversation.

These creatures had taken it upon themselves to explore the truth of the world.

Thus, while they were almost certain that there was a higher-grade world above the Deep Space, they had figured that it was too difficult for them to explore even the Deep Space itself. Even if there was a higher-grade world, it was most likely something beyond their understanding, so it only existed in their assumptions.

Zen shook his head. "No. In fact, he might be from the seventh, eighth, or even ninth-grade world..."

"What?!"

"How is that possible? How could there be such an existence?"

"Impossible! You must be joking!"

Chaos erupted amongst the long-haired monsters. They just couldn't believe Zen's words.

"Believe it or not," Zen said indifferently. "The world you lived in was downgraded from the higher-grade worlds by him. That's why he's called 'the downgrader'."

"Why would he do such a thing?" Hilario queried, his curiosity piqued.

"Who knows?" Zen shrugged. "Maybe this was his way of dealing with someone. Or perhaps he was trying to escape from someone..."

The only information Zen garnered from the humanoid creature was that he had faced an opponent named "Clarence".

"It's no wonder, then." Hilario shook his head and sighed. "No wonder you lost..." He finally understood how Zen had been defeated.

Now that Zen, who possessed the ancestry-level bloodline, had been defeated, it would be useless even if they did awaken Kincaid. Although Kincaid was powerful, he would never do better than Zen. They had heavily underestimated their enemy.

"Well, then... Can't I see my father? Can't your curses be removed now?" Dorothy asked, tears still brimming in her bright eyes.

"Your father must be the Human Spirit King, Kincaid, right?" Zen gently stroked her hair, smiling at her fondly. When he had seen the woman who looked exactly like Dorothy in the altar, Zen guessed the truth of the matter.

"Yes." She nodded.

At first, Dorothy didn't know much about it, but gradually, it dawned on her.

Zen stretched out his hand. With a flash of blue light from his Sumeru Space, a Treacherous Being emerged from inside. It was the Human Spirit King, Kincaid.

The long-haired monsters didn't expect that Zen would hide the Human Spirit King in his Sumeru Space. They immediately became overcome with excitement when they recognized that the Treacherous Being before them was their king.

"King!"

"It's our king!"

"Master Kincaid!"

The long-haired monsters gathered around him excitedly.

"Get out of the way!" Hilario barked irritably.

After the long-haired monsters retreated a distance, Hilario gently lifted Kincaid from the ground.

As a sleeping-type Treacherous Being, Kincaid did not show any resistance whatsoever. Hilario tried to awaken him, "Master Kincaid! Master Kincaid! Look! This is your daughter! Can you see her? Can you wake up?"

As strange as it seemed, it was common practice to wake up Treacherous Beings by using their loved ones.

Each Treacherous Being had differing obsessions, so they couldn't be awakened in the same way. For example, Sheehan, the Bird Spirit King, who had a strong tendency of self-destruction, definitely couldn't be awakened in this way.

In the past, Kincaid was known to cherish his family the most, so this method had a good chance of working.

Eyeing the father she'd never met, Dorothy felt a little nervous.

Although she was actually the reincarnation of his daughter, her memories of the previous life didn't come with her. Thus, this father was a total stranger to her.

Dorothy had been brought up by Yasamin since she was a child, and she had been well taken care of in the Origin Mountain. It could be said that she was the apple of everyone's eye back home, but at the back of her mind, she hoped to see her parents all this time.

Now that she stood before her father, she felt mixed feelings.

Inside the Treacherous Being's body, Kincaid did not have a clear perception of the outside world. He was trapped in the cage of obsession, and his children had been his strongest obsession. When Dorothy was presented in front of him, alive, this information was like a beacon of light that shone into his dark world.

The cage that bound him started to break little by little...

"Has he woken up?"

one of the long-haired monsters grumbled after waiting for a long while.

"Shut up!"

The remaining long-haired monsters glared at him fiercely, shutting him up immediately.

Just then, Kincaid slowly raised his hand and stroked Dorothy's face. His eyes opened slowly, only to reveal tears streaming down his face.

Although the general atmosphere had been a bit glum, what with the news of Zen losing the irregular heavy sword, once they saw the Human Spirit King wake up, the mood instantly brightened.

At least...

They finally completed their mission.

Kincaid stared at Dorothy's face for a long while, his eyes filled with affection. Then, he slowly shifted his gaze to Zen.

"Young man, are you the one who took me out of the altar?" Kincaid asked.

Zen nodded. "Please forgive me, Master Kincaid. I took your sword but failed to keep it. It's in someone else's possession now."

Chapter 4228 The New Hope

Since Kincaid was put into the Sumeru Space by Zen, he was completely cut off from the outside world.

He didn't realize that his sword had already been lost until Zen told him.

As he heard this piece of news, his hand greatly trembled and a look of extreme surprise appeared on his face. "It fell into the hands of the Snake Spirit King?"

"No. It is an existence that is even far stronger than the Snake Spirit King," Zen replied.

Then, Zen took the liberty of telling him what had happened in his battle against the humanoid being.

When Zen mentioned the ancestry-level bloodline, Kincaid wasn't able to hide his excitement. He was just as thrilled as the others from the Bold Conjecture House. Afterward, the topic went back to Elder Xue, and Zen repeated what he had said to the others.

Hearing all of this, Kincaid wasn't able to keep his calm for a long time.

The development of the situation was far beyond his expectation. They were in such a precarious condition, and even time was their enemy.

Since a long time ago, Kincaid had hated Cornelius to the core. Even if he racked his mind, he couldn't figure out a sensible reason why Cornelius wanted to destroy the Four Spirits Sect.

But now, the mystery had been revealed. He came to understand everything.

Just as Zen had said, the downgrader was a warrior from the world of a higher grade, and once he got a hold of the irregular heavy sword, no one would probably have the chance to defeat him.

"Since the downgrader could downgrade the world from a higher grade to a lower one, his strength should be something that we can't fight against. Then, why is he hiding behind Cornelius's shadow?" Kincaid was a little confused about this part.

"I think it is because he has lost a large portion of his strength, and the heavy sword was his way to make up for it," Zen replied. "My basis for saying that is because the Deep Space hasn't been completely downgraded yet, and only a small portion of the main world has been downgraded."

Zen was pointing out that if the downgrader possessed all of his original power, there was no need for him to manipulate the Snake Spirit King. He could just directly perform the downgrade.

"I get your point. If that's the case, he will begin the downgrade after he got my sword, right?" Kincaid emphasized.

After all, he was a creature of the main world. Living in the third-grade world made him feel restricted as if his eyes were blindfolded.

"You're right. Even before he got the sword, the downgrade has already begun. He wants to control the entire chaos and expand it outwards," Zen explained.

Although this was just speculation at first, it had been later confirmed by the ancestry-level bloodline.

The ancestry-level bloodline had once described the process of downgrading to Zen. At first, it would seem to begin from a bead of water dropping into a pond, which would then create a small bubble. Then, this bubble would expand indefinitely until it finally drained all the water in the entire pond. When the bubble occupied all the space that originally belonged to the water in pond, it was when the downgrade was completed.

After the downgrader came to the main world, he was only able to trick the Four Spirits Sect through the Snake Spirit King. Perhaps, his strength was not enough, or maybe he had lost some of his abilities. One could only speculate on the real reason behind it. Then, the Four Spirits Sect, completely unaware of the downgrader's ploy, sent out the world builders to drop the beads of water to create bubbles.

However, the bubbles they created could not expand indefinitely.

Kincaid took a deep breath to process all the information he acquired. Then out of nowhere, he asked a question that everyone had overlooked. "Where is Elder Xue now? Where did he go after he came to the chaos?"

He wanted to know whether Elder Xue was dead or alive. In his mind, the whereabouts of the elder might somehow give them a clue that would lead to something.

The eyes of the long-haired monsters gazed upon the top of Zen's head. Actually, only the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had come into contact with Elder Xue.

"He came to the Jade Pure Realm and sent me a message through a dream, telling me to travel through the main world. Then, he just left without saying anything. There was no information about where he would go afterward," the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord answered.

"Hmm, he didn't tell you where he went…" Kincaid rubbed his chin and thought for a while before asking, "Was it his real self that came, or only an avatar of him?"

This question stumped the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. He never thought of paying attention to this seemingly minor detail at that moment.

After all, he was hiding in the Jade Pure Realm at that time. With the sudden appearance of such an important person, he became so excited that he ignored all other details.

However, he was a powerful Eternal Realm warrior, so the memories hidden in his soul would also be indelible. With that, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord quickly closed his eyes and searched for his memories of the past.

As he opened his eyes, a strange expression was visibly seen on his face. He then said, "Elder Xue did appear very suddenly. At that time, I thought that he used the Grand Teleportation to come over, and when he left, his disappearance was even more sudden. It seemed that he just literally vanished before my eyes, without causing any space fluctuations…"

Upon hearing what the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord said, Kincaid's eyes lit up. "He must have used the Heaven Projection, which could project him in a lower-grade world. It seems that Elder Xue didn't personally come to you."

"But what about the Grand Weapon Refining Method and the golden page that he gave me?" The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord still had doubts.

"It's not difficult for him to pass these down to you through his projection," Kincaid said confidently. "Elder Xue is very likely to be alive. He's still probably in the Deep Space."

At this point, Hilario couldn't help but interrupt Kincaid. He thought that they had been off the topic for some time now. "Master Kincaid, I don't think this is the time to talk about whether Elder Xue is alive or not. Forgive my presumptuousness, but how should we deal with the downgrader now? Even Zen, who has absorbed the ancestry-level bloodline and obtained your sword was defeated by him!"

Of course, Kincaid knew that their current situation was very dangerous. One could even say that their lives were hanging by a thread that could break at any minute.

All of the currently present long-haired monsters had stayed in this damned place for so long, still hoping that one day, they would be able to return to the main world. He could feel how disappointed they were when they realized that all their hopes were utterly destroyed.

However, Kincaid was a person who was beyond exceptional. He had always been calm and perceptive even when faced with overwhelming pressure. Moreover, he never failed to exhibit a gentle and elegant aura.

After all, his perspective as the leader of the Human Spirit Sect was to always keep a level head even when facing the worst situations.

"There is more than one powerful sword in the Deep Space," Kincaid said abruptly.

The long-haired monsters were all surprised to hear this. "You mean that there's a second one?!" Hilario couldn't help but exclaim.

Kincaid nodded and said, "Well, it's not necessarily a sword, but I'm sure that another weapon like the heavy sword exists. It might be a saber, a spear, or anything, but it definitely is out there."

"How are you so sure about this, Master Kincaid?" Zen asked, knowing that this was a matter of great importance.

Kincaid smiled faintly and started explaining. "The layout of the Deep Space is completely different from that of the main world. In the main world, the Four Spirits Sect was the dominant force, while in the Deep Space, the power was only divided between the Cinnabar race and Fostering race. These two great races had been fighting with each other for countless years, and the war between them continued until the Deep Space finally collapsed."

"It must mean that these two races were evenly matched in terms of strength," Zen speculated. "But it's still hard to believe that during that long-term war, neither of the two sides was able to gain the upper hand. Usually, one side will inevitably continue to rise and the other one will decline. It's very difficult to maintain such a balance."

"That is correct… in normal circumstances." Kincaid continued, "What maintained the balance between the two great forces were the heavy sword that belonged to the emperor of the Cinnabar race, and the other object, with almost the same prowess as the sword, that belonged to the Fostering race."

This was not something that Kincaid just deduced. Back then, when he obtained the sword of the Cinnabar race, he was also able to obtain some information indicating that the Fostering race had the same weapon, which granted them the power to withstand the Cinnabar race.

Of course, Kincaid became curious and tried to look for it, but he didn't succeed. After all, the broken Deep Space was a vast and extremely dangerous place.

Realizing what Kincaid was trying to say, Zen butted in, "Now, we have to search for this weapon, right?"

Kincaid nodded repeatedly. "That's why I have to make sure that Elder Xue is still alive and is still somewhere in the Deep Space. No one among us can return to the main world, meaning that we also can't reach the Deep Space. If we want to find this object, we can only rely on him."

Everyone was amazed at how fast Kincaid was able to come up with a feasible solution. Just now, everyone was still immersed in despair and felt that the situation was completely hopeless. Even Zen was almost on the brink of giving up. However, Kincaid was the only one who was not affected by the oppressive pressure that the situation was bringing. In fact, he was able to find a glimmer of hope in a very short time. He was really born with tremendous talents that could turn the tables just when everything seemed to be already falling apart.

Chapter 4229 The End Of The World

A sense of relief washed over those gathered in the passageway.

They knew the chances were slim with what Kincaid said, but at least there was a possibility.

"But even if Elder Xue was alive, how would we get in touch with him?" Hilario pointed out.

It was a serious question and a realistic concern, though it sounded pessimistic.

They were in the third-grade world now. They'd have to cross the main world to enter the Deep Space and reach Elder Xue.

But the entire main world had become a barren wasteland after the calamity Cornelius brought upon it. Neither the Treacherous Beings nor the long-haired monsters could return.

New creatures and races had appeared in the main world over time, but they were entirely different to those in the past.

The long-haired monsters looked hopefully at Kincaid, as well.

They were eagerly waiting for a definite answer, too.

They were more afraid of having no purpose in life than death itself. They would dedicate themselves to any goal Kincaid gave them.

A look of hesitation flashed across Kincaid's face.

If they couldn't enter the main world, then they couldn't reach the Deep Space.

There was no way to communicate with Elder Xue unless he reached out himself using the Heaven Projection.

"Master Kincaid, we have two human beings in the main world," Zen offered.

"You have people there?" Kincaid looked surprised. "But if they haven't gone through the Red Jade Rite, wouldn't it be difficult for them to move around in the main world?"

The Red Jade Rite was an exclusive method of the Four Spirits Sect allowing creatures from the third-grade world to enter the fourth-grade world.

But if even the Four Spirits Sect could no longer use the Red Jade Rite, how could anyone else?

"One of them indeed has been rendered immobile, but the other, my son, can walk freely throughout the main world even without having undergone the Red Jade Rite," Zen responded.

"Really?" Kincaid's eyes lit up. "Where is he now?"

"He has climbed to the top of a holy pillar," Zen said.

Kincaid looked impressed.

"It's amazing someone from the secondary world was able to get that far!

I once captured some powerhouses of the third-grade world and let them into the main world. However, they immediately lost their sight and hearing as soon as they entered there without going through the rite!"

The Red Jade Rite was a method created by the Bold Conjecture House which had concluded, based on many experiments, that the third-grade world creatures could only survive in the third-grade world. They were unable to inhabit the main world without external intervention.

Powerful individuals like Ziya had tried many times, but even he could only barely walk in the main world.

"Would we be able to contact him?" Kincaid pressed, harboring none of the doubts his companions had on what Zen said.

Zen thought for a moment. "Yes. He can deliver information through an Other Shore Token, but he is unable to do that of late as he is adjusting its ability."

Kincaid was ecstatic. "Great!"

He began clapping.

Anyone who knew Kincaid knew of his habit of clapping his hands when he was excited.

"Fate truly works in mysterious ways. The Deep Space should have been beyond us, but now, we have this chance! We must seize it!" Kincaid said, beaming.

As things were settling down at the passageway, the Other Shore was in a state of chaos.

The golden light columns that had appeared had thrown all the inhabitants of Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore in a state of panic.

What kind of theurgy was it that it could even directly pierce through the Other Shore?

The Grandmaster of Heaven and the Element Spirit Civilization had been the first to see this threat coming.

They had not personally participated in the battle that had happened in the Jade Pure Realm, but they knew it would impact the Other Shore tremendously.

The Element Spirit Civilization had been hoping that the Snake Spirit Sect would win.

The Grandmaster of Heaven was thinking how to negotiate with the Monkey Spirit Sect after the Bird Spirit Sect had secured victory in battle.

He had been monitoring the situation from the Supreme Pure Realm when he noticed that the water in the Divine River began to flow backwards!

It was a first in all of history. He knew it signaled great turmoil in the Jade Pure Realm.

Just then, black circular shadows appeared in the sky. Purple-black energy spheres started pouring down from them.

These energy spheres were powerful and near-unstoppable. They had just decimated the Jade Pure Realm and had now leaked through to the Supreme Pure Realm. They would soon ravage the entire Other Shore if left unhampered!

The humanoid creature had no intention of stopping at present.

A purple light appeared in the distance and began to spread. As it did, a huge bird-shaped Treacherous Being appeared in front of the humanoid creature. It was the Bird Spirit King, Sheehan, who remained unawakened.

Sheehan, in fact, could never be awakened. He was already under the complete control of the humanoid creature. According to his plan, if the Snake Spirit King failed, the humanoid creature would use the Bird Spirit King instead.

In the battle with Zen, the humanoid creature had used a clever method to grab the sword, so the Bird Spirit King never had a chance to fight.

Instead of killing him, however, the humanoid creature chose to just use him as a mount.

Sheehan lowered his head obediently while the humanoid creature stepped onto his back.

Since the energy spheres had completely devastated the Jade Pure Realm, the humanoid creature had been able to see though to the Supreme Pure Realm. The energy spheres had also allowed him to find the Grandmaster of Heaven from far away.

As soon as the Grandmaster of Heaven spotted the humanoid creature in the distant sky, he froze in shock.

He had braced himself for this, but now it was here, and it seemed to be a hundred times worse than he had ever imagined.

The entire Jade Pure Realm was destroyed.

And the Bird Spirit King was enslaved by that strange creature.

How could things have gotten this bad?

The humanoid creature's sharp eyes fell on the Grandmaster of Heaven. It sent chills down his spine.

The Grandmaster of Heaven hurriedly took out the Descending Ring. He knew the sensible thing to do right now was to get away and keep himself safe. After all, his greatest protector had already fallen.

The humanoid creature just scoffed seeing the Grandmaster of Heaven scramble to escape.

His mocking laughter rang through the air as he rode the Bird Spirit King away.

The Grandmaster of Heaven gritted his teeth and hissed in humiliation. As the leader of the Nihility race, he was held in high esteem on the Other Shore. But now, he was looked down upon. He had the sudden urge to fight the humanoid creature.

But he soon snapped out of it as he noticed more purple-black energy spheres falling around him. He activated the Descending Ring and disappeared from the Supreme Pure Realm.

As this happened, the purple-black energy spheres also started appearing in the sky of the Grand Pure Realm.

Many Other Shore races in the Grand Pure Realm were gripped with horror upon seeing them. They never imagined the Three Purities Stage would be destroyed.

Some of the Other Shore creatures quickly began to flee toward Stage Thirty-two of the Other Shore, the Grand Plain Stage, but most of them were paralyzed by shock. By the time they gathered their wits about them, it was too late.

They could do nothing but watch as their lives, their friends and family, and their homeland for billions of years were wiped out in a snap.

Chapter 4230 Survivors

In the Source World, on a black ship, a golden ring suddenly appeared.

From below this golden ring, a figure then emerged; it was the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"G... Grandmaster of Heaven, what business do you have here?" asked Shera as she strode towards him, astonished by his arrival.

People from the Other Shore would usually inform the Black Ship first before they showed up. Only after the crew had made the arrangements would they land at the world.

Since the Grandmaster of Heaven had shown up unannounced, Shera suspected something major must have happened on the Other Shore.

"The Three Purities Stage has collapsed to ruins," revealed the Grandmaster of Heaven with pure shock written all across his face. He was having trouble believing what took place himself.

He had been to the Jade Pure Realm before and knew what the Treacherous Beings were capable of. But even so, destroying the Three Purities Stage was not easy work.

"What did you say?" Shera covered her mouth, overtaken by surprise.

'The Three Purities Stage represents the top force on the Other Shore, how could it come to such an end?' she wondered.

"Who's responsible for the destruction? Is it the Snake Spirit King?"

A voice came from beside the Grandmaster of Heaven. A dark green grass then began growing rapidly on the deck and blooming, before a bean pod formed.

The pod opened and a green creature came out. The blurry figure cleared into the Evil God. It was he who threw these questions at the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The Grandmaster of Heaven looked on at him in admiration on seeing his ability to create his appearance in that way. 'This guy is really quite proficient in the laws of the Source World.

I heard he can possess other creatures and live within them. It now seems he is able to materialize a living being of his own and appear like this, ' thought the Grandmaster of Heaven to himself.

"It was not the Snake Spirit King. It's someone with a strange appearance; he is humanoid," replied the Grandmaster of Heaven, shaking his head.

"Who is he? Where is he from?" asked the Evil God with his head tilted in curiosity.

"I have no clue," answered the Grandmaster of Heaven with a deep frown.

"What? Even you do not know who he is?" questioned the Evil God with raised eyebrows.

He was even more arrogant than before. In his eyes, the Grandmaster of Heaven was someone to provide him with any useful information he might need. If he couldn't even do that, he was useless to him.

"I wasn't in the Jade Pure Realm when the fight broke out and so I have no knowledge of what took place there," the Grandmaster of Heaven responded with his eyebrows furrowed, disappointed by his ignorance. He could tell by his voice and expression that the Evil God did not take him seriously and that no doubt got under his skin.

"What about the Bird Spirit Sect? What became of the bird spirits?" inquired the Evil God.

"The Bird Spirit King could not even defend himself and is now under that creature's control," answered the Grandmaster of Heaven.

The Bird Spirit Sect had fallen apart, leaving the Nihility race without protection. The Grandmaster of Heaven replied only to the Evil God. Considering his current situation, he had no choice but to endure his ill treatment.

"What? You mean to say that even the Bird Spirit King was controlled?" repeated the Evil God as a seriousness began filling his eyes.

He knew what the Monkey Spirit King was capable of and assumed the Bird Spirit King was around the same level in terms of strength.

However, since the Grandmaster of Heaven knew little about the humanoid creature, the Evil God could not be sure of his strength.

Just then, another golden ring emerged above the center of the ship.

The Evil God, the Grandmaster of Heaven and Shera all looked up at the same time. 'Who else is coming?

Are there any survivors in the Jade Pure Realm?' wondered the three of them, surprised by what was unfolding.

The outline of a huge bird then became visible beneath the golden ring.

"It is a Bird Master?" guessed the Evil God with a new light in his eyes.

Before long, one of the Bird Masters of the Bird Spirit Sect came into view. It was none other than Duran.

"Master Duran, you..." Duran's presence caught the Grandmaster of Heaven by great surprise.

"The Jade Pure Realm has been destroyed. I was lucky to have made it out alive," Duran announced indifferently, a visible sadness in his eyes.

"What about the other Bird Masters?" inquired the Grandmaster of Heaven.

"Lawler and Orval didn't make it. In fact, all those who tried attacking the Snake Spirit Sect died at the hands of the downgrader," answered Duran flatly.

Zen had proposed holding onto the Bird Masters' coordinates before they set foot in the Jade Pure Realm. The Bird Spirit Sect stood on the opposite side of the human race after all.

Duran had handed his coordinates over to Zen and they were destroyed when the energy balls hit the Monkey Spirit King. But just as Sewell did, Duran had two sets of coordinates and he could travel back and forth between them.

After he was killed and his coordinates were removed, Duran was resurrected using his second set of coordinates. They were placed on the edge of the Jade Pure Realm and although the energy balls shone on the Jade Pure Realm, they did not reach its corner.

Duran chose to come to the Source World using the Descending Ring after his rebirth.

"The downgrader? Is he that powerful?" the Evil God asked.

Last time Duran had arrived at the Source World, he tried to lure him to their side. But now those hopes had disappeared and the plans no longer existed. "The downgrader is far stronger than you could imagine. His strength is beyond everyone in the main world. We are done for. We just have to accept it," said Duran in despair.

The Grandmaster of Heaven's and Shera's hearts both stopped in fear when they heard these words. 'Is the downgrader really so powerful?' they both wondered.

The Evil God, however, smiled seeming unfazed by all this. "Is that so? Is he really all that difficult to deal with that we ought to just give in?"

"You're just a creature of the third-grade world. You can't even comprehend all that goes on in the main world. Do you honestly think you'll be any kind of match for a being from the Deep Space?" Duran blurted, impatient with his challenging words.

He had never cared for the Evil God's arrogance. Now that he felt they would all die, he felt no need to keep up the act and spoke his true feelings.

His retorts did not bother the Evil God. The Evil God snapped his fingers and a wisp of cyan flames appeared. "Is this one of the bloodline powers in the main world?" asked the Evil God tauntingly.

With a glance at the fire, Duran responded, "The sixth ability of the destruction quadrant. That's no big deal. Don't waste my time showing that off in front of me!"

The Evil God snapped his fingers and another flame arose, this time purple. "This is also a bloodline power of the main world, right?" he asked again.

"The third ability of the destruction quadrant," Duran snorted defiantly.

These two types of fire were among the most common abilities obtained from the ancestry-level bloodline, so Duran recognized them at a glance.

But he had missed a significant detail; where had the Evil God acquired these bloodline powers?

The Grandmaster of Heaven had not ignored it though. "Evil God, you have never been to the Eternal Scroll Painting. How did you get your hands on those?" he asked, staring at him incredulously.

The Grandmaster of Heaven's words brought something to Duran's mind. "Where did you get the bloodline powers? Did you reach the Eternal Realm in the Source World?" he asked, narrowing his eyes at the Evil God.

As far as he knew, although there were Eternal Realm warriors in the Source World, the root-level bloodlines they had inherited were garbage. Even if the Evil God reached the Eternal Realm, acquiring the two flames that he had displayed was impossible. He too now began wondering how he had come to possess these two bloodline powers.

The Evil God didn't answer. Instead he smiled and suggested, "How about some magic? The third flame..."

Whoosh!

A white fire burst from the Evil God's mouth. It was the twelfth ability of the destruction quadrant.

The three flames quickly intertwined.

"Did you blend some bloodlines?" Duran mused calmly.

That he had acquired the bloodline powers was surprising, but blending some bloodlines was not difficult. In the Four Spirits Sect, many beings at Duran's level knew how to blend bloodlines.

Chapter 4231 The Energy Ball

The Evil God remained calm.

Once again, he waved his left hand. The fourth flame rose slowly from his palm.

Seeing this, the Grandmaster of Heaven appeared even more shocked.

'I heard that the Evil God was able to cultivate the three thousand Godly Ways. Furthermore, he managed to integrate them. But how did he get his hands on the bloodline powers? Did he get them through the three thousand Godly Ways?

That would be impossible!' the Grandmaster of Heaven thought to himself as he stared at the flame.

In the blink of an eye, something incredible happened.

The fourth flame had instantly merged with the mixture of the other three flames.

Soon after, the Evil God manifested a faint purple bloodline power. This power was from the life quadrant. Without any sign of hesitation, he combined this with the mixture of the four flames.

"That's it? Is that the magic you wanted to show me?" Duran was already getting impatient.

The Evil God's performance of blending the bloodlines meant nothing to him. He actually found it quite boring.

"Be patient and watch," replied the Evil God with a confident smile.

Out of nowhere, they heard a swishing sound. Phew! They heard it one after another.

The Evil God snapped his fingers several times. Each time, more bloodline powers kept appearing. They immediately merged with the mixture of those he had shown before.

Duran was utterly bewildered when he saw so many different kinds of blood powers.

He pondered upon this. 'The Evil God is incredible! How was he able to obtain that many kinds of bloodline powers?'

He blended about thirty bloodline powers. Afterward, it formed a black and red ball. It began to expand for a second and then shrunk the next. It was like a human's heart beating madly. It seemed like it might explode at any point in time.

Shera and the Grandmaster of Heaven were very apprehensive about the energy contained inside the ball.

If the ball exploded, it wouldn't kill the Evil God and Duran. After all, the Evil God had infinite avatars and Duran was a Treacherous Being. On the other hand, Shera and the Grandmaster of Heaven wouldn't be able to survive the explosion.

"What on earth is this?" Duran asked with furrowed brows.

In fact, he didn't understand why the Evil God would show this to him.

Based from his observation, it was not that easy for the Evil God to blend the energies.

Moreover, the power of the destruction quadrant was extremely unstable. He wondered what the purpose of the Evil God was for doing this.

The black and red ball sprang from the Evil God's hand and traveled for a distance. At that moment, he stretched out his hand and made a cubic space to envelope the ball.

The cubic space was stable because it contained the truth energy. Even masters at the Grandmaster of Heaven's level would have a hard time breaking it.

With a wave of his hand, the Evil God made another cubic space and covered the ball. He proceeded to make more spaces to fully wrap the ball.

Each cubic space was an inch larger than the previous one. The Evil God didn't stop until he acquired fifty layers of it.

Meanwhile, Duran, the Grandmaster of Heaven, and Shera remained silent. All they could do was watch.

They decided to wait patiently and see what the Evil God was up to. They were compelled to do so by their curiosity and the fact that they didn't have any choice.

Afterward, the Evil God pointed at the ball inside the cubic spaces. Suddenly, he shouted, "Explode!"

Sizzle! Boom!

A loud booming sound reached their ears.

The black and red ball exploded within the cubic spaces. Raging fire filled the insides.

The upper layer was engulfed in light green flames. Meanwhile, the lower layer was a swirling vortex. The two forces eroded each other.

"That was incredible!" Shera exclaimed. Her eyes lit up with amazement.

The flames were trapped within the fifty cubic spaces. Therefore, she was not afraid of getting hurt anymore.

The flames continued to move down. Finally, the first layer of cubic space couldn't withstand them any longer. They heard a muffled sound. After that, the first layer of cubic space disappeared into thin air. It was immediately followed by the second, third, and fourth layers.

Simply put, the cubic spaces were now collapsing.

As they did, the flames became more violent.

"Evil God, over twenty cubic spaces have been broken," reminded the Grandmaster of Heaven.

However, the Evil God remained composed and calm as he stared at the flames. "Focus on the fire." He gestured at the Grandmaster of Heaven to remain silent.

In a mere couple seconds, more than twenty spaces vanished.

If it continued at this rate, the fire would be able to break all of the cubic spaces soon.

The power of space emerged from Shera. As soon as the fire broke free, she would immediately escape.

Meanwhile, the Grandmaster of Heaven didn't do that. He thought that it would be embarrassing. He was at the Eternal Realm. If he acted like Shera, it would mean that he was a coward. Hence, he pretended to be calm even though he felt really anxious.

When there were only two cubic spaces left, the flames stopped spreading. Soon enough, they began to vanish.

After the flames disappeared, they left a black and red item inside the cubic spaces. It looked like an ore.

"What is that? Is it an ore?" Duran's curiosity was aroused.

All the Bird Masters were incredibly sensitive. He had a feeling that it was not a common ore.

The Evil God put his hand into the square spaces. He carefully took out the black and red ore. At the same time, he spoke, "This thing is very powerful. I will show you what it can do."

The Evil God threw the ore into the distance. As it rotated in the air, he released a streak of lightning.

The lightning struck the ore.

At that moment, the ore exploded and turned into an energy ball. Its diameter was hundreds of feet long.

"Unbelievable! This, this is..." The Grandmaster of Heaven's eyes almost popped out as he saw the energy ball. Disbelief and astonishment were written all over his face.

Even though Duran remained silent, he was obviously shaken up by what he just witnessed. He realized that the energy ball released by the Evil God was similar to those that the downgrader had shown.

"What is the matter, sir?" Shera asked the Grandmaster of Heaven confusedly.

"That energy ball is exactly the same as those that obliterated the entire Three Purities Stage," replied the Grandmaster of Heaven. His eyes were fixed at the area where it exploded.

Shera's eyes widened in shock. She felt the power of this energy ball. Yet, she found it hard to believe that it could reduce the entire Three Purities Stage into ruins.

"I understand now! This is the power of the fifth-grade world! It's from the Deep Space!" Duran made an eye-opening realization. He fixed his eyes upon the Evil God and asked excitedly, "How... How did you make it? How were you able to get that power?"

The Evil God smiled confidently. "I think you should ask me how I acquired the bloodline powers first."

"Fine, how did you get them then?" Duran inquired immediately. He couldn't keep the excitement from his voice.

The Evil God tilted his head and raised one hand above his shoulder. "The Ways-blending Energy is the origin of all the energies in the chaos," he replied calmly.

As he said that, the colorful Ways-blending Energy grew bigger in the Evil God's hand.

"Even the six truth powers are born from the Ways-blending Energy. Thus, the Ways-blending Energy is the foundation of all materials. To sum it up, the Ways-blending Energy and the bloodline powers in the main world are the same thing. Therefore, the two things can change into one another," continued the Evil God.

"What? That can't be right!"

Duran shook his head as he retorted determinedly.

As a matter of fact, the people of the Bold Conjecture House had long come up with the theory that the Evil God just told him.

However, the Bird Masters were not interested in these theoretical things back then. Therefore, Duran didn't hear about this theory. When he heard what the Evil God said, he thought he was merely talking nonsense. Duran might believe it if he heard it directly from the intelligent scholars of the Bold Conjecture House.

The members of the Bold Conjecture House worked out lots of theories and did lots of experiments. Unfortunately, no one was able to prove those theories back then.

The Evil God smiled ambiguously. He put his palm down so that it faced the ground. The Godly Way energy came out through his fingers. In the blink of an eye, hundreds of kinds of Godly Way energy appeared. It was quite easy for the Evil God to do that.

"Watch this first then tell me later what you think," answered the Evil God mysteriously.

Chapter 4232 Extreme Form And Field

The Godly Way energy that was rising out from his fingertips danced around in the air before slowly merging into a delicate ring.

"What kind of bloodline do you have, Master Duran?" the Evil God asked.

Duran understood what the Evil God wanted to do. He gently flapped his left wing, and a brilliant light flew out from the edges of his sharp feathers. The bloodline he possessed was of a mixed kind. It had the abilities of space-time and life quadrants. Theoretically, the fusion of just three bloodline abilities wasn't much impressive, but it was still quite useful. In fact, Duran was the only one in the Four Spirits Sect who had managed to master this fusion.

The Evil God glanced at Duran's wings and in response, ten wisps of Godly Way energy rose out from his fingertips as well. They also started to merge into the ring. The whole process was being done very skillfully, and the dexterity here was definitely worth witnessing.

"Whoosh!"

The ring trembled slightly, and a strand of brilliant light began flowing around it.

"You possess a bloodline theurgy concerning bodily movement skill. It's very useful," the Evil God commented.

Duran's body froze when he saw the familiar brilliance of the light.

The blended bloodline he possessed was exclusive to the Four Spirits Sect, or more precisely, exclusive to him. But the Evil God had managed to master it with just a few glances!

He couldn't believe his eyes.

"Is... this how you restore the bloodline powers?" The Grandmaster of Heaven was visibly excited at the prospect of witnessing something new. "How are you able to do it so skillfully?"

The Evil God calmly infused more Godly Way energy into the ring, and the bloodline power inside it continued to change. He replied indifferently, "I restore the Godly Way energy to the bloodline powers. It is something I've practiced millions of times, and therefore, comes naturally to me. It's a piece of cake. The difficult task is restoring them to a higher level of power, by which I mean the power of the Deep Space that Duran mentioned..."

After saying that, the Evil God raised up his hand and pointed towards the side of the ship.

In the huge square that lay in the distance, tens of thousands of avatars of the Evil God were busy doing their jobs.

When the first avatar had proposed the concept of restoring, it had attracted the attention of the Evil God. As a rather sensitive person, he had immediately asked all of his avatars to drop whatever they were doing and focus solely on studying possible methods of restoration.

In order to speed up the task, the Evil God had also been creating more and more avatars to divide and conquer. Very soon, three of the avatars had managed to discover the secrets of the restoration and isolated a unique kind of bloodline power.

Although things had been difficult at the beginning, after the first step, they had started becoming simpler.

Soon after that, they had got their hands on the second, the third, and the fourth bloodline powers.

"You, can restore all the bloodline powers?" Duran asked.

"Yes, there are three hundred and seventy-three kinds, and I can get my hands on all of them." The Evil God was continuously infusing the Godly Way energy into the ring, and now, a new bloodline power was formed from the ring. It was releasing layers of diamond-shaped sources of light.

When Duran saw these diamond-shaped flashes, there was a glint of something in his eyes, something that looked a lot like fury. He was feeling greatly threatened!

As long as the diamond-shaped flashes of light continued to shoot out, there was no possible way for him to escape. He coldly spoke up, "This bloodline power..."

"It can completely restrain your bloodline theurgy, but please don't take this the wrong way. I'm just demonstrating my capabilities." The Evil God clapped his hands. The ring dissipated, and the bloodline power also disappeared in the blink of an eye.

"Directly restoring the three thousand Godly Ways to all three hundred and seventy-three bloodline powers ..." Duran muttered. "I cannot believe there is a genius who thought of that! I would have considered it impossible were I not seeing it with my own eyes."

It should be noted that the warriors of the Four Spirits Sect had to kneel down in front of the ancestry-level bloodline to beg so that it would bestow upon them, its power.

Those who had been able to obtain even a single one of the various energies had already progressed and were now outstanding warriors of the Four Spirits Sect. If they managed to fuse several unique bloodline powers at the same time, they would become one of the elites of the Four Spirits Sect.

The four kings had been racking their brains to find or obtain the full abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline. However, they hadn't succeeded and then, the Four Spirits Sect had been destroyed. They could now, only look at the ancestry-level bloodline with regret. However, this Evil God had used the three thousand Godly Ways to restore the ancestry-level bloodline.

But how could there be such a thing in the world?

The Grandmaster of Heaven had proclaimed himself to be one of the most powerful warriors of the Nihility race, and he was also one of the most intelligent people from the human race. Now that he was standing in front of the Evil God, even he suddenly felt a sense of inferiority. He was facing someone whose intelligence was beyond even his imagination.

The Evil God himself paid no attention to Duran's shocked expression, and continued nonchalantly, "The power of the Deep Space is a level higher than that of the main world. It exists in various 'extreme forms'."

"Extreme forms?" The Grandmaster of Heaven was confused.

"You won't be able to understand that." The Evil God chose not to explain it and refused directly. This was something that even Duran, who hailed from a fourth-grade world couldn't understand, much less the Grandmaster of Heaven who was from a third-grade world. "In short, the energy ball I released before was a kind of destructive form. At the moment, I can only get this form through restoration. According to my estimate, there are over a hundred different extreme forms in the Deep Space. That number is about half that of the bloodline powers."

The higher grade a world was, the less kinds of energy there would be inside it, and the more difficult it would be to find or create them through restoration.

Compared to the bloodline power, the power of extreme forms in the Deep Space was extremely difficult to obtain, even for the Evil God.

"That's all well and good, but with only this kind of power on your side, I'm afraid you are no match for the downgrader." Duran quickly calmed down. "Through his sword, the downgrader can use various kinds of powers of the Deep Space, or as you just said, various 'extreme forms'."

"Give me enough time, and I will be able to do it," the Evil God replied. With his extraordinary talent, he could obtain more extreme forms by learning from his previously successful experiences. After obtaining the first "extreme form" in the Deep Space, the difficulties he had met before could be easily solved. "Moreover, I've already touched the power that is a level higher than that of the Deep Space."

Hearing that, the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran couldn't help but exchange a gaze.

Shera, who was standing beside them was also puzzled. She had only felt that the power of the Evil God was beyond her imagination, as he had easily suppressed the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran.

And right now, she was even more confused. What was the guy talking about? Did he just say that the power of the Deep Space was not the strongest?

"Yes there is a higher level of power, and no, it is not also 'extreme form'," the Evil God continued to explain. "It's called the Field. All powers exist in the form of Field."

Both Duran and the Grandmaster of Heaven had nothing to say now. What the Evil God was talking about was beyond their comprehension and they didn't know what they should ask.

In the primitive land, the Snake Goddess, and the others were still under the bloody sky. They didn't know what was happening on the Other Shore. The fact that Zen hadn't returned yet made them uneasy but there was nothing they could do.

The Snake Goddess tried calling for the ancestry-level bloodline. In theory, the bloodline should know the situation of the Other Shore.

However, the ancestry-level bloodline didn't respond to her and the others at all. It was as if the bloodline was gone. Thus, Fuxi sat down cross legged and decided to take a risk and enter the Other Shore.

The moment he entered the Other Shore, his body fell down rapidly. He should have landed in the Night View Island.

After he finally managed to stabilize himself, he looked around and was stunned. His face looked like he had been struck by lightning.

"The... the Night View Island... The Jade Pure Realm... They're all gone..."

There was only some debris around Fuxi, and the big and small Pure Sky Platforms had completely disappeared.

When he withdrew from the Other Shore, his face had darkened severely.

When the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others asked him what was happening, Fuxi shook his head and told them, "You can go there and see for yourselves. I don't know what or how to say."

Thus, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others hurried towards the Other Shore. What they saw was a complete void with only debris lying around.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi was as flustered as Fuxi was when he saw this. "The whole Jade Pure Realm is just gone?!"

On the contrary, the Snake Goddess calmed down quickly.

"Zen should be fine."

If something had happened to him, the primitive land would not have been so calm.

Chapter 4233 The Opportunity To Reverse The Situation

At the Snake Goddess's words, Eastern Emperor Taiyi smiled and said, "You forgot that his real body is in the primitive land. We'll know for sure once we go take a look."

"Of course! Let's go back!" As she spoke, the Snake Goddess began to chant the Illusion Breaking Rune to retreat from the Other Shore.

The sudden disappearance of the Jade Pure Realm had shocked her beyond measure, and she had momentarily forgotten that Zen's physical body was in the Pear Hill.

Once they returned to the primitive land, they utilized the Grand Teleportation to return to the jadeite platform on the Pear Hill. Zen was still there sitting upright, his face ruddy but calm, and his breathing even. The life energy within his body was flowing in all directions. This would make ordinary people feel refreshed if they got close to him and could extend their life span.

It was truly a relief to see that Zen was safe and sound.

The moment Zen had risen to prominence within the Source World, they had come to know his importance. They knew he was their only hope, that no other would do. If he perished, everything would become meaningless.

"The Jade Pure Realm is gone. Where could Zen be hiding?"

"With his theurgies, he should have entered some sort of space..."

"Even so, he should have returned already. Why wouldn't he have woken up yet?"

Both spoken words and silent thoughts were revolving around Zen's possible situation.

On the jadeite platform, Judson, Gerald and Kendrick, also joined the discussion.

Since they knew nothing of what happened to the Jade Pure Realm, their discussion went nowhere, so they anxiously waited for Zen to awaken.

Fortunately, they didn't have to wait for too long. Several hours later, Zen's eyes slowly blinked open.

"Finally! You're awake."

"Zen, are you alright?"

"What on earth happened on the Other Shore?"

They crowded around him, throwing a barrage of questions at him without pause.

For a moment, Zen wasn't sure how to answer or if he should, but then he asked, "Where is Madam Yasamin?"

Dorothy cared the most about Yasamin. She had entered the door to save her grandmother, but Zen had already rescued Yasamin from the Other Shore before Dorothy.

"Madam Yasamin is in the Sword Reading Peak. Why? What's wrong?" the Snake Goddess asked, confused.

Many things should have occurred on the Other Shore, but she wasn't sure why any of those things would have a thing to do with Yasamin. Why did Zen ask for her the moment he woke up?

"Someone wishes to see her. Please ask her to come," said Zen.

The Snake Goddess was surprised, and she had to take a moment to think over what he had said. "Dorothy is still alive?" Her voice betrayed her shock at the news.

She was already aware of Dorothy's disappearance. If there was anyone on the Other Shore who wanted to see Yasamin, it could only be Dorothy.

But why would Dorothy be in the Jade Pure Realm?

Did the destruction of the Jade Pure Realm have anything to do with her?

"I will explain it later," said Zen softly.

With that answer, the Snake Goddess didn't bother to press the issue. She shifted into a bright beam of light, and transported to the Sword Reading Peak to send for Yasamin.

Zen glanced around before asking, "Where are the Descending Rings?"

The Descending Rings were used to connect the Other Shore and the chaos. Some rings were in the hands of the real Snake Goddess and the human heroes on the Other Shore, but when they had needed the rings to work, they failed. After their failure, they had been devoured by the massive energy balls.

Fuxi quickly took out the Descending Rings and put them in front of Zen.

What had once been pure golden rings were now deformed and tarnished, their surface pitted and cracked. With the destruction of the Descending Rings on the Other Shore, the real ones in the primitive land had also been severely affected.

Zen took the three rings, and brought them closer to him. Then he raised his head and said, "Assist me in repairing them."

Energy fluctuations burst from the blood red sky, and a brilliant golden light was born from it that illuminated the three Descending Rings.

When the light touched them, a soft humming sound echoed around them.

The bright golden light began to become more solid, condensing into a single column as it healed the Descending Rings. In a short moment, that felt like forever, they were as good as new. As if they had never been damaged before.

When the healing light had faded, another two streaks of light shot through the sky at them from the foot of the mountain. It was Yasamin and the Snake Goddess.

"Zen! I was told someone wanted to see me. Is it Dorothy?" Yasamin asked seriously, a hint of hope in her tone. Fear was etched within the wrinkles of her face. She was afraid of the possible answer.

"Yes, it's her," replied Zen.

Yasamin visibly deflated with relief.

She was old, and had lived long enough in her opinion.

She didn't care much for the fights occurring on the Other Shore or the fate of the chaos. Not every Eternal Realm warrior was as selfless as the Snake Goddess and Fuxi, who fought for the world and those living in it until they couldn't anymore.

There was only one person that Yasamin cared for and that was Dorothy. Ever since Dorothy had disappeared through the door, Yasamin had no news of her and had fallen into a period of depression living alone within the Sword Reading Peak, This unexpected news gave her hope.

"Where is she? Where is my granddaughter?" asked Yasamin in a rush.

Holding the Descending Rings carefully in his hands, Zen closed his eyes and started to activate the Truth of Godly Way. "You will see her soon."

The air picked up around them, whistling softly.

The next moment, Zen appeared in the passageway within the door.

Without a word or hesitation, Zen handed the rings to Dorothy, Kincaid and Hilario respectively and the three of them began to descend.

The air grew warm, and a soft buzzing sound reached their ears.

Three figures were outlined below the Descending Rings, one for each ring.

As Dorothy attempted to regain her senses after leaving the Other Shore, she could hear someone calling her name. Her expression crumpled and tears welled in her eyes, "Grandma!"

Dorothy threw herself into her grandmother's arms. Although she was the reincarnation of the daughter of Kincaid, and there was a small connection between them, Yasamin was the one she loved dearly.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the Chaos Ancient Gods all focused their eyes beyond the reunion to Kincaid and Hilario.

It was a white-haired monster and a Treacherous Being standing there. The faint aura they were releasing was making the others feel stressed and anxious.

The Snake Goddess and Fuxi had seen the human spirits who were in the form of Treacherous Beings before. For example, the warriors of the three houses of the Human Spirit Sect on the Night View Island. However, even Hamilton and Alphonse were far from being able to compare with this one in front of them.

"Zen, why don't you introduce them to us?" the Snake Goddess said, not looking away from the two strangers.

Before Zen could reply, Dorothy gestured to Kincaid. "Grandma, this is my father!"

"Your father?" Yasamin asked in clear disbelief.

Zen nodded. "This is the Human Spirit King, Master Kincaid, Dorothy's father, and this is Hilario, the leader of the Bold Conjecture House."

The Human Spirit King was a very famous figure as well as the goal of Zen's trip to the Jade Pure Realm.

Kincaid nodded at Yasamin and said, "Thank you for taking care of Dorothy in the chaos."

The Human Spirit King Kincaid...

Dorothy's father...

Yasamin was dumbfounded. Although she knew that Dorothy's origin was extraordinary, she was beyond amazed that her father could be the Human Spirit King.

The expressions of the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others were similar: utter surprise. After a short period of silence, they raised their hands in a salute.

"I'm Snake Goddess. It's a pleasure to meet you, Master Kincaid..."

"I'm Fuxi. Greetings..."

"My name is..."

Kincaid waved his hand and said, "You don't need to be so courteous. You all have helped me. It is thanks to you that I am still alive and could wake up!"

"We're blessed by the Deep Space. I didn't expect that our human spirits would be saved by the human race in the end..." Hilario said softly.

Zen then went on to tell them what happened in the Three Purities Stage. Only then did the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others know the truth.

"Then the real versions of ourselves... are all dead?" Fuxi said, his eyes wide. He had never expected their situation to turn so tragic.

The Snake Goddess on the other hand was as calm as ever. Her sharp mind was going over everything that had been said before she said, "So if what you say is true, and the sword fell into the hands of the downgrader, aren't we all doomed to lose then?

"That is why we came here. We are searching for an opportunity to reverse the situation," Kincaid replied.

"Is there such an opportunity in the primitive land? Perhaps it is the ancestry-level bloodline?" the Snake Goddess asked, brows scrunched in confusion.

"It's not the ancestry-level bloodline," Zen said as he pointed in the direction of the Ruin Graveyard. "Our opportunity lies there."

Chapter 4234 The Proud Geoffrey

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the others, were all thrown into a state of confusion.

The opportunity to defeat the downgrader was in the Ruin Graveyard?

Although the Ruin Graveyard was created by the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord's painstaking efforts, after the chaos began to downgrade, it was unable to even survive itself. Did it have what it took to defeat the downgrader once and for all?

What were the odds of it coming true?

Just as they remained in their spots and made efforts to sort their thoughts out, a bright light suddenly erupted before their eyes from the Ruin Graveyard.

Whoosh!

The bright light ascended upwards and pierced through the sky.

"What was that?"

"Damn, what incredible energy!"

"Who could possibly possess such astounding theurgy in the Ruin Graveyard?"

Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the three Chaos Ancient Gods kept their gazes fixated at the source of the energy as their eyes glowed from the reflection of the blinding light.

Although the Pear Hill was adjacent to the Ruin Graveyard, there was still a significant amount of distance that separated the two huge lands from each other. Even so, the energy fluctuating from the light was so overpowering that it could be felt through distances far and wide!

The power that this beam of light harnessed far surpassed that of the Chaos Ancient Gods and the Eternal Realm warriors.

Whoosh...

If the beam of light wasn't contained in time, it could pierce through the sky shrouded in crimson red and reach the ends of the primitive land.

However, just as this unstoppable beam of light extended towards the bloody red sky, many obstructions containing energy in the form of green beehives appeared to stop it in its tracks. Although the beam of light was considerably stronger than the beehives, the moment they collided with each other, a clear deafening sound reverberated through the sky and sent vibrations far and wide. The two seemed to have canceled each other out and later withered away till they vanished out of sight.

"Is this your doing? Is this the opportunity you were talking about?" the Snake Goddess asked while still gazing at the sky.

Zen, too, wore a puzzled expression on his face as he looked into the distance. Fortunately, he had omniscient abilities in the primitive land. As he focused for a brief moment, he learned what had happened, and a smile of relief appeared on his face as his tense expression eased up. "It wasn't us who did it, but there's no doubt in my mind that the opportunity is there. Everyone! Follow me!"

With a wave of his hand, Zen wrapped everyone in a layer of space created by him. The next moment, they had teleported inside the Ruin Graveyard.

On a cliff in the Ruin Graveyard, Rocher stood rooted to his spot with the Lone Sword in his grip, his eyes wide open in shock.

Ever since Geoffrey pulled out the black stone on the holy pillar that was connected to the sword at the other end, the Lone Sword had lost its old essence as it stopped being responsive and turned into a lifeless scrap of metal. However, Rocher didn't seem to worry about it too much. Geoffrey had told him that he would continue to seek out a stronger power that could strengthen the Lone Sword.

But today, Rocher felt something strange happen to the Lone Sword.

Unusual, intricate patterns painted in a silver yellow color suddenly began to appear on the surface of the sword. These patterns began to carve themselves into the sword from the bottom and slowly made their way to the top, almost covering the entire sword, giving it a new appearance. Just as he was consumed with confusion concerning the strange behavior of the sword, he felt a vivid surge of energy gushing out from the sword.

This power was on a whole other level from what it previously withheld. Before, the overall power of the sword was dangerously violent, which made it hard for Rocher to contain it with his current strength. It was not compatible with his temperament.

However, right now, the energy flowing within the Lone Sword was as endless as a vast ocean. Slowly, it filled his chest like flowing water.

Swish!

He couldn't help but give the sword a wave in a panicked state. The sheer intensity of the strike left him speechless and shocked.

This boundless raw power...

was something he never expected to wield in his hands.

Geoffrey really pulled it off!

As a million thoughts raced through his mind to process his current situation, Zen and his group suddenly appeared before his eyes.

"Zen! Zen, listen to me! Geoffrey really did it! This sword... this Lone Sword has surpassed its previous capabilities and has gotten so powerful!" Rocher was so excited that his voice cracked in between his words as he desperately tried to tell Zen in one breath.

Zen returned his smile and gave an acknowledging nod. "I know. You have succeeded!"

If the downgrader had never existed, Zen would have been as ecstatic as Rocher felt with his newly acquired power. After all, Rocher would become Zen's strongest aid, standing by his side to support him in the face of any crisis.

However, their current enemy was the downgrader, an existence impossible to defeat by simply relying on the power of the main world.

"Why does such a formidable force exist? It's impossible to make it even with the aid of an Other Shore Token from the Stage Thirty-three of the Other Shore. How did Geoffrey manage to make it?" Kendrick asked in confusion.

In response to his question, Kincaid replied in a rather calm tone, "This sword is linked to the Sunlight Annihilation Light. It was once my most powerful Holy Item."

"So it's a Holy Item..." Rocher muttered in a tone only audible to himself as he stared deeply at the sword in his hands. He quickly switched his gaze from the sword to Kincaid and asked, "Wait... you said that this was once your Holy Item. That must mean that you are..."

"Yes. He is the Human Spirit King, Kincaid," Zen interrupted Rocher as he introduced him to Kincaid. "Geoffrey must have climbed onto the holy pillar of the Human Spirit Sect."

With the sudden revelation that now lay bare to him, Rocher remained stunned in place with his mouth wide open. Suddenly, he nodded to himself and took two steps in the direction of Kincaid before holding his sword horizontally towards him. "If that's the case, then I shall return the sword back to its original owner."

Rocher had a dignified personality, he wasn't one to hog someone else's treasure and keep it to himself, so he naturally felt like he had to return it.

However, Kincaid put one hand forward, signaling him to stop as he gave him a faint smile and shook his head. "It's true that it once belonged to me. However, now, the time has changed, and it has brought about a great change to the world. I no longer own this Holy Item. It's rightfully yours now."

The moment Rocher opened his mouth to say something in response, he was interrupted when he felt a slight movement from the Lone Sword. It was Geoffrey tugging on the link connected to the Holy Item from the other end. "Geoffrey seems to have something to say!"

"What is it? What's he saying?" Zen asked hurriedly, sounding desperate to know.

The Lone Sword was no longer the center of attention. Everyone's concentration shifted towards communicating with Geoffrey through the sword.

Everyone remained quiet as Rocher closed his eyes and grasped the Lone Sword tightly in his grip to perceive what Geoffrey was trying to say. After a while, he wore a dumbfounded expression on his face as he addressed everyone present there, "He said, Uncle Rocher, the sword has become really powerful, hasn't it? Are you satisfied with the improvement?"

The kid was showing off his capabilities with the utmost confidence on the top of the holy pillar.

"It's amazing! It's so formidable that it's easily the strongest Other Shore Token I have ever seen!" Rocher replied to Geoffrey's question wholeheartedly.

To insert the black stone into the top of the pillar, Geoffrey had put in a lot of effort. At this moment, he was extremely proud of himself after having heard the positive results. When he found out that his father and some others were also beside Rocher listening in from the other end, he fiddled with the link and continued to boast, "If you are not satisfied with it, I can connect it with another one for you. I still have several options here!"

"There's no need for that. Your father wants to speak to you," Rocher said as he handed the Lone Sword to Zen and stood aside. He could see that Zen and the others were desperate to communicate with Geoffrey.

This kind of exchange was strenuous on people on the both ends, so Zen didn't want to waste any time and cut straight to the chase. "Geoffrey, it's true that I'm proud of what you've done. Controlling this sword is enough to make your Uncle Rocher the number one warrior in the chaos, but the enemy we are facing is far stronger. We need your help to defeat it."

"Stronger, you say? How strong could it even be?" Geoffrey replied nonchalantly, seemingly unfazed by Zen's words.

"Have you ever witnessed the Deep Space?" Zen asked, maintaining his calm demeanor.

"You mean the remains floating in the sky? Yeah, I've seen it before. I can see it from a certain position of the holy pillar," Geoffrey replied.

He could see it when he climbed to the top of the holy pillars of the Snake Spirit Sect and the Human Spirit Sect. It was easily visible from there.

Zen continued to explain to Geoffrey the dire situation they were in, "The enemy we are about to face is from that place, so we need you to find a person in the Deep Space, whose surname is Xue."

There was another key point to consider in the plan that Kincaid had proposed - Geoffrey could walk freely within the main world, but could he walk freely in the Deep Space?

Whether it was Elder Xue, Kincaid, or Sheehan, if they entered the Deep Space, they would find themselves in the exact same situation as Zen when he had entered the main world, as they were rendered sightless and couldn't see anything and it would be very difficult for them to even walk. This was all because they did not belong to the fifth-grade world.

Fortunately for Geoffrey, the Deep Space was in a broken state. A large part of the space had already been downgraded and reduced to the main world, and that was why the Four Spirits Sect had the chance to explore the Deep Space.

The difficulty of the task was the last thing on Geoffrey's mind. Instead, he was eager to prove his usefulness to his father. "The Deep Space is on a significant height. Is there a way I can get there?"

Chapter 4235 Circles

The Deep Space and the main world were completely different in so many aspects. With Geoffrey's current strength, it would be impossible for him to cross between them.

"Well…" Zen looked at the Human Spirit King.

He didn't even know much about the main world, let alone the Deep Space.

Noticing this, the Human Spirit King immediately said, "There is a transmission array at the top of the Eternal Divine Courtyard. Through this, one can go to the Deep Space."

The Four Spirits Sect treated the Deep Space with great importance. They believed that this place was like a vast land that was filled with precious treasures.

Therefore, they had spent a lot of time, effort, and resources building a transmission array in the Eternal Divine Courtyard that would connect them to the Deep Space. This way, they were able to monopolize the resources that could be found there.

"The Eternal Divine Courtyard? You mean the courtyard that is chained down?" Geoffrey asked out of curiosity.

"Indeed," Kincaid replied.

"But wouldn't it be too difficult to activate such a transmission array?" Zen was a bit worried. After all, it was a transmission array that linked two great worlds.

"In theory, yes. But you don't have to worry. The energy needed to activate the transmission array is provided by the Time Lock. As long as Geoffrey can successfully climb and enter the top of the Eternal Divine Courtyard, there is no doubt that he can activate the transmission array," Kincaid remarked confidently.

In the main world, there were so many legacies left behind by the Four Spirits Sect that could last forever, unless the entire main world was fully downgraded.

Right now, Kincaid was being very patient. He knew that he could not solve this crisis by himself, so he needed to trust and depend on Geoffrey.

Although Geoffrey was a human with relatively weak strength, currently, he was the only hope that the whole world could cling to.

Then, Kincaid went on to tell Geoffrey in detail everything that he needed to know about the Deep Space, and what might be waiting for him in that place.

Upon hearing Kincaid elaborating the details about the Deep Space, Zen and the others couldn't help but feel amused.

In the eyes of the people from the third-grade world, the main world would appear that it was composed of countless snow-white dots of light. On the other hand, if the people from the main world viewed the Deep Space, they would be able to see a lot of circles floating around. It was inevitable for people from a lower-grade world to see a higher-grade world from a different perspective.

It took Kincaid about four hours to finish explaining to Geoffrey everything that he needed to know. In the end, Geoffrey just nodded repeatedly before he left.

"I hope that Geoffrey can make it this time," the Snake Goddess said anxiously.

"Trust him. He will definitely make it!" Kincaid had a huge smile as he confidently said this. He always ignored the possibility of failure when facing such a great crisis. This was the only way that he could maximize his full potential into solving anything.

Meanwhile, Zen stayed silent. He felt a little guilty that Geoffrey was the one who had to take this huge risk and pressure. But at the same time, he was also deeply rooting for him. Right now, the entire chaos didn't have anything but him to count on. There was no other choice.

Noticing that everyone had been a little depressed about the situation, Kincaid turned to Rocher with a smile and said, "The power of the Sunlight Annihilation Light is exceptional. Let me teach you how to activate its full potential.

"Yes, Master Kincaid. Please enlighten me," Rocher immediately responded as he cupped his hands.

Then, Kincaid took the Lone Sword from Rocher. He gently clenched it, and the patterns on the surface of the sword gradually fluctuated and became brighter, eventually turning into endless energy flowers that bloomed successively.

"It's not actually difficult to control the Sunlight Annihilation Light. When using its energy, you just have to separately release it, and then merge it into one."

After explaining this, Kincaid lightly tapped the hilt of the sword.

Swish! Swish!

Bright light beams the size of fingers suddenly shot out and flickered into a shape of a gourd before converging together.

Buzz! Buzz!

The accumulated sword radiance seemed to become viscous, thus reducing its speed by more than half. But soon after, it transformed into a strange form, splitting into hundreds of beams that shot out through the sky. These beams contained a special law that kept soaring, dazzling everyone who saw them.

Meanwhile, as Kincaid was still teaching Rocher, Geoffrey had already arrived at the edge of the pillar and started crawling along the chain.

He had trod on the chain of the Time Lock several times before, so he had easily adapted to its terrain.

About two days later, he finally crossed the chain and was able to climb up to the Eternal Divine Courtyard right in the middle of the four pillars.

"Hmm, the Human Spirit King said there is a magic array on the roof of the Eternal Divine Courtyard, but I didn't find it before."

Previously, Geoffrey had been thinking about how he could enter the chained courtyard. After searching for a way in and eventually failing, he gave up exploring it. This time, he went straight to the roof.

The main hall of the Eternal Divine Courtyard was octagonal in shape, with a circle of protruding tiles in the middle of it. Right after passing the tiles, he saw a platform that was about thirty feet long. At the four corners of this platform, four chains of the Time Lock were fixed.

Geoffrey observed the platform and the chains for a while. Eventually, he discerned that the transmission array mentioned by the Human Spirit King was most likely to be located on the platform.

With this, Geoffrey immediately jumped towards the platform. The moment he landed and stood on the platform, the four chains began emitting dark blue lights.

These lights were like water droplets that flowed along the grooves of the platform. The lights coming from the four corners gradually streamed in the middle, intertwining and merging.

Whoosh!

Geoffrey witnessed that the dots of blue light began forming a diamond-shaped array on the ground.

"Is this the transmission array?" He was engrossed as he watched the formation of the array.

He was the type of person who was easily amused and was curious about everything. Needless to say, he was deeply intrigued by the Deep Space. He wanted to see what a higher-grade world would look like.

Without any hesitation, Geoffrey immediately stepped in the diamond-shaped array.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, the transmission array began to glow even more brightly.

Then, Geoffrey saw that a beam of light was rising from the array. This beam of light instantly drilled through his arm, leaving a hole the size of a thumb. He noticed that his flesh and bones where the hole appeared had completely vanished.

"Hey, what's happening?" Geoffrey was startled. He wasn't informed about this.

But he also realized that he didn't feel any pain even after being drilled by the mysterious beam of light.

Swoosh!

A few more rays of light rose and drilled through his body. Two of them pierced through the soles of his feet, and another one bored through his head.

"Wait a minute. Is the transmission array going to split me into countless pieces before I get transported?" Geoffrey felt a little scared. This process was a little weird for him. There were holes in his body but he didn't feel any pain.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Eventually, more and more beams of lights rose and created countless holes in his body.

As the number of holes increased, fewer body parts remained intact. After the lights shot through the remaining parts, Geoffrey's entire body disappeared from the array.

Then, the same beams of light shot upwards. Geoffrey felt that his body and his consciousness were carried within these lights.

After a while, the beams of light finally arrived at their destination. Then, they turned into flesh and blood that eventually formed Geoffrey's original body.

When the beams of light had finished restoring Geoffrey's body, he opened his eyes and looked into the distance.

Then, he remembered Kincaid's warning. He said that if Geoffrey wouldn't be able to understand the Deep Space, he had to walk to the right all the time.

Currently, more than half of the Deep Space had already been downgraded, and there were many areas of the main world in it. The nearest area was at the end of the right path.

When Geoffrey started looking around, the corners of his mouth curled up, and a proud expression appeared on his face.

He could clearly see the circles that formed the Deep Space. He was finally here, and he had to do everything correctly because everyone's survival depended on him.

Chapter 4236 Spiders

Although it was the first time that Geoffrey entered the Deep Space, he had hunch that he could see this place clearly.

He might have acquired this confidence when he entered the Abstruse Energy World. That was why he was not that surprised when he did see the Deep Space.

Currently, he was in some circular secret room.

On the walls of this secret room, several ancient patterns were vividly engraved. However, Geoffrey wasn't able to understand any of these words or markings.

"He said to go right?"

Remembering what Kincaid had told him, Geoffrey took a few steps forward and chose to walk along the right side of the passage. Upon treading this path, he saw the other end of the passage was broken. The other end had been downgraded to a fourth-grade space.

As Kincaid was not sure if Geoffrey could move freely in the Deep Space, he asked him to walk in this fourth-grade space.

Now that Geoffrey knew about his ability, he believed he didn't need to choose this kind of broken road.

He quickly withdrew from the right passage he was treading earlier and started walking straight towards the road ahead.

This was a long and narrow pathway, and its surroundings were paved with transparent bricks. He noticed that each of these bricks was encircled by countless tiny rings that emitted bright lights, which illuminated the entire pathway.

If the measurement of the third-grade world was to be followed, this passage would be about three thousand feet long. After a short while, he was finally able to reach its end.

As he stepped out of the passage, a dazzling light welcomed him, making him feel a bit dizzy. Eventually, he was able to adapt to the light. Upon looking up, he was instantly shocked by the scene that appeared in front of him.

There was a huge golden circle floating in the sky, and it was the one responsible for projecting endless luminous lights in all directions.

"Is this the sun here in the Deep Space?" The peculiar appearance of the scene greatly shocked Geoffrey.

Although Geoffrey's cultivation base was not that high, his primary senses, and especially his vision and hearing had been significantly enhanced due to all his experiences over the years. It could be said that he was no longer inferior to the powerful masters in the chaos.

Only half of the circular sun was still intact, while the other half was already broken. The scattered golden fragments had turned into ribbon-like objects that still released heat and light.

"Only half of the sun has been downgraded. Is it because the power of the downgrader wasn't enough?" Geoffrey murmured to himself.

After averting his gaze from the sun, Geoffrey continued to look straight ahead. Then, a huge wheel-shaped building appeared in his sight. He quickly noticed that he was at the edge of the wheel.

Before coming to the Deep Space, Kincaid had a long talk with Geoffrey. From that, Geoffrey learned that this wheel-shaped building was called the Sky Wheel City by the Four Spirits Sect, and it was supposed to be the most magnificent building in all of the Deep Space. Most of the digging work by the Four Spirits Sect in the Deep Space was carried out around the Sky Wheel City.

"The structure of that place is extremely complicated. We've attempted countless times, but we've never been close to the center of the Sky Wheel City. Once you get to the Deep Space, I urge you to set that place as your goal."

This was what Kincaid told Geoffrey before he set out.

"Hmm, I wonder if I could find that elder whose surname is Xue..." Geoffrey pursed his lips as he stared at the odd-looking building.

Although he accepted this task willingly, he just realized that the information and tips given by the Human Spirit King were too little. Even if the Four Spirits Sect spent a long time in the Deep Space, it still wasn't enough for them to fully grasp the mystery of the place. As for Geoffrey, he could gain a better understanding of it once he saw and experienced the place.

Still unsure of what he exactly needed to do, Geoffrey continued walking towards the center of the Sky Wheel City. While walking, he remembered that he was carrying the hopes of the human race, the human spirits, and the entire chaos.

However, even though this was such a huge burden, he was actually very passionate about it.

In fact, he was so happy that he became such an important figure.

Meanwhile, Geoffrey observed that dozens of huge paths branched out from the center of the Sky Wheel City and were connected to the outer edge of the wheel-shaped building. Seeing this, he just randomly walked through one of these paths.

Since he entered the Sky Wheel City, Geoffrey had been very careful and on high alert. He was afraid that something strange would suddenly appear, so he needed to be vigilant.

He clearly knew that even the vicious beasts in the chaos could defeat him. When he was in the Abstruse Energy World, he was also overwhelmed by the things that attacked him there. Thus, he was aware that the monsters of the Deep Space could only be stronger and more terrifying than the ones that he already encountered. If he wasn't careful enough, he might be killed on the spot.

However, after walking for about an hour, the surroundings still remained quiet, especially on the huge and wide passages. He couldn't hear anything besides himself. Because of this, the fear in his mind and heart gradually dissipated, and he started walking more briskly.

'Ziya can't even move an inch in the Abstruse Energy World. What would happen if he entered this world? I think it would be horrible if he was suddenly dragged into this world, ' Geoffrey thought to himself as he remembered what they went through before.

However, even if he was able to move freely, it still took him more than two months to go up and down the pillar, even without the statues blocking his way.

Rustle!

As Geoffrey continued walking and was a bit lost in his thoughts, he suddenly heard a strange sound.

It seemed like the sound of sand falling on a piece of board.

He had already been quite relaxed for a while, but with this sound, he couldn't help but stop on his tracks and wear a suspicious look on his face.

As he looked around, he found nothing.

'Is it just my illusion?'

Geoffrey shook his head and continued to walk forward, but he was now on high alert again.

Then, he heard the rustling sound once more.

This time, since he was already on guard, he heard the sound very clearly. He was able to pinpoint that the sound came from the back of the passage.

However, the passage itself was hanging in the air, so he couldn't see what it looked like on the other side. Nervous at what might happen, he started rushing forward and didn't dare to look back.

Rustle! Rustle!

As Geoffrey ran faster, he also noticed that the speed of the rustling sound also increased.

It seemed that the creature on the other side of the passage was following him all this time.

As he heard this, fear easily crept beneath his skin and cast a shadow on his heart. He wasn't able to think clearly so he just continued to speed up.

Rustle! Rustle! Rustle!

As Geoffrey moved further, the rustling sound that he heard from the back of the passage became denser. He realized that at this point, more and more creatures must have joined in chasing him.

After running for a few miles, the rustling sound was already getting closer and closer. For the first time, Geoffrey dared to look at the two sides of the passage. His face immediately turned ghastly pale at what he saw.

Black sticks as thick as fingers appeared on both sides of the passage. It turned out that the rustling sound was caused by these black sticks rubbing the ground.

On the other end of these black sticks, there were also some pie-shaped beings with sharp teeth embedded in them.

"Are these... spiders?"

The appearance of the creatures sent a strong shiver down his spine.

These creatures were indeed very similar to spiders, but their legs were much thinner, and their bodies were also smaller. Their appearance was just so bizarre, making them look creepier and more alarming.

"Damn it! The Human Spirit King lied to me!" Geoffrey couldn't help but shout in anxiousness.

Kincaid spent four hours talking to him about the Deep Space, but not once did he mention the existence of these dreadful monsters.

However, the truth was he couldn't blame Kincaid.

The current situation in the Deep Space was very similar to that in the Abstruse Energy World. After an incomplete downgrading, the powerful beings that once ruled and lurked in the Deep Space had all perished. Of course, even the weakest creatures had also been eliminated.

However, it was like a gradual evolution that happened through the passage of time. After more than a thousand chaotic eras, some deviant things slowly developed and appeared in the Deep Space that was supposed to be a lifeless land. These spider-like beings were one of them.

Rustle!

One of the spider-like creatures suddenly rushed towards Geoffrey, and its thin black leg swiftly stabbed towards him.

Fortunately, Geoffrey was agile enough to avoid the attack. But even before he could land on the ground, he suddenly felt a piercing pain in his chest. As he looked down, he saw that a thin black leg was protruding out of his chest. He was apparently stabbed from his back. Soon after, he felt that his body was being lifted up in the air.

Chapter 4237 Selecting

There was no room for Geoffrey to resist. Even if there were, he wasn't strong enough. After swaying around in the air for a while, he was thrown on the back of a spider.

Although his chest had been pierced, the wound was not fatal. He somersaulted and tried to break free from the spider. He almost succeeded too, but right before he could break free, the sharp teeth on the back of the spider expanded outwards and formed a cage that imprisoned him. He could move about very slightly now, but could not break free.

After Geoffrey was captured, most of the spiders scattered towards the back of the path.

However, the one that had captured him ran forwards with its long legs.

Geoffrey knew that he had to break free. After stopping the bleeding from the wound on his chest, he stretched out his hands and grabbed two of the spider's teeth, trying to break them apart.

However, as soon as the power burst out from his hands, the teeth suddenly turned red. And instantly, as if two pieces of red-hot soldering iron had scalded his hands, he quickly let go of them. It was as if he had grabbed a solid fire.

"Great! I can't leave now," Geoffrey sulked, rubbing his hands helplessly.

In the Abstruse Energy World, he had been rather lucky and had not encountered any danger.

Even while facing the most troublesome bronze statues, all he had to do was lure them down and let Ziya kill them.

This was the first time that he was facing these unknown creatures all by himself. He looked calm on the outside, but in fact, he was extremely flustered.

His only comfort was the fact that the spider had only trapped him and not swallowed him whole in a single gulp. Furthermore, the spider was heading towards the center of the Sky Wheel City, and its speed was ten times faster than his own.

Rustle! Rustle! Rustle!

To the naked eye, the Sky Wheel City did not seem so far away, but the path was actually quite long.

It took ten hours even for the spider to cover half the distance. After a full day and night's journey, the spider finally got close to the center of the city.

Geoffrey himself would have needed at least ten days to cover this path. The spider had indirectly helped him shorten the voyage, but he was not happy at all.

While nearing the city center, the spider proceeded towards a large, arched building and entered inside.

Inside, Geoffrey saw many spiders, all of whom were carrying all sorts of creatures on their backs, and slowly moving forward in a queue.

The spider in front of Geoffrey was carrying a huge bug on its back. The bug kept on struggling, but was unable to escape from the sharp teeth. Its body would occasionally touch the sharp teeth, and get scalded in the process.

Further ahead was a spider carrying a little monster with very long hands, legs, and tail. The monster was sitting quietly in the cage, staring at Geoffrey with a faint smile on his face.

Geoffrey frowned, ignored the little monster, and then continued to look at the other trapped creatures.

The creatures and entities that thrived in the Deep Space were quite mysterious and incomprehensible in the eyes of creatures from third-grade and fourth-grade worlds. In fact, even their forms were indescribable. However, in Geoffrey's eyes, these creatures were somewhat simple.

Most of the creatures that had been sent here were very primitive. The only ones that looked a bit intelligent was the little monster.

The spiders in the long line moved forward slowly, and Geoffrey felt uneasy. The spiders were definitely up to something. He didn't know what kind of danger he was going to encounter.

Once the spiders had moved a certain distance, Geoffrey saw a triangular platform in front of the line. There was an incision of about three feet at the bottom of the platform, and the spiders would perfectly fit inside it, putting the prey in the cages on their backs into the triangular platform.

When Geoffrey was concentrating on observing the triangular platform, he suddenly saw a flash of golden light and heard a strange scream from the platform. Then a spider retreated from the platform.

The prey on its back had disappeared completely, leaving nothing but a pile of ashes behind. The spider dumped the black ashes on the ground and then left calmly.

"Oh no! That is bad!"

Geoffrey's mind went blank when he saw this.

What on earth did these spiders want to do?

Were they capturing these creatures from thousands of miles away just to burn them to ashes? That seemed unlikely.

One spider after another entered the triangular platform to verify Geoffrey's judgment. With every flash of golden light, the prey on the back of a spider would be burnt to ashes.

Very soon after that, it was the little monster's turn.

The little monster seemed quite calm, and there was a constant smile on his distinctive face throughout the whole process.

"He is still smiling even though it is certain he is going to die," Geoffrey remarked to himself, gritting his teeth.

However, after the little monster was sent in, there was no golden flash from the triangular platform. The spider that was carrying him retreated, and he was safe and sound.

When he came out, the monster looked at Geoffrey with an even brighter smile. He even stretched out his hands and made a gesture that seemed like cutting one's neck repeatedly. He was also making a howling sound.

The gesture might have been provocative, or it might have been a greeting, but Geoffrey was elated in any case. He had finally seen a creature come out alive.

This meant that there was a slim chance of survival while inside the triangular platform. Geoffrey still had a chance to live.

Rustle! Rustle! Rustle!

Next, it was the turn of the bug in front of Geoffrey. A few seconds after the bug was sent in, the golden light flashed again, and then the spider came out with ashes on its back.

"Okay... My turn."

Geoffrey took a deep breath and got ready.

When he was taken into the triangular platform, a huge mirror appeared in front of him.

There were fifteen small cubes arranged neatly on the left side of the mirror, and only one on the right side. The sixteenth one seemed to be a corner piece of the large cube that the fifteen other ones were trying to form.

"This is a test?"

Geoffrey was stunned for a moment. Then he quickly moved the cube on the right side to the left, forming a complete cube.

After that, the scene in the mirror changed abruptly. This time also, several cubes were laid out on the mirror. They were a bit more than a dozen in number.

Geoffrey thought for a while and then rearranged them into a pattern. After that, the scene in the mirror changed again.

This time, several cubes and round blocks were mixed together, and Geoffrey knew that he only needed to separate them to pass this round.

After he completed the three puzzles, the scene in the mirror disappeared, and it became blank.

Geoffrey was very nervous. The three questions had all been very simple, but he didn't know if he had passed the test. If the golden light flashed, he would directly turn into ashes.

It was not until the spider that was carrying him began to slowly move that he heaved a heavy sigh of relief. He had passed through one very big hurdle.

Although he was still trapped, escaping the jaws of death felt exhilarating.

'The spiders capture their prey and then select the intelligent ones among them. Those who don't pass the test are burnt to a crisp, and the intelligent ones are allowed to live, '

Geoffrey thought, feeling much more relieved.

If the spiders were selecting intelligent creatures so creatively, it meant that they themselves possessed intelligence. This meant that he could communicate with them. And no matter what they were going to do, as long as he could communicate with them, he didn't need to worry.

After the test, the spider carried Geoffrey out of the arched building, and descended a flight of stairs that led to a huge underground space. Now there were cages on either side of the space in which all sorts of strange creatures were trapped.

They had already passed the test presumably, so naturally possessed enough intelligence.

When Geoffrey was carried in, he attracted the attention of all of those creatures. Some of the monsters even greeted him through the fences by letting out strange screams of excitement.

Geoffrey didn't know what they were trying to say, so he simply ignored them. After the spider found an empty cage, it stuffed Geoffrey inside and the door was shut!

Chapter 4238 Eight Diagrams Lock

The space inside the cage was very limited. It was barely enough just for a person to sit with his legs crossed.

Inside the cage, Geoffrey tightly grabbed the fence with both hands and looked intently at his surroundings. At this point, his mind was in a mess.

He didn't know what was going to happen to him.

From what he could see, he assumed that there were probably thousands of creatures being held in the underground space. The creatures came in different forms and sizes, and they were also speaking in various undecipherable languages.

"I'm not sure but it seems like these creatures only possess little intelligence," Geoffrey murmured to himself as he observed the creatures around him. "What the hell is this place? Why did they catch me?"

Although Geoffrey was indeed smart, he was far from being as determined as his father. He could be ambitious and confident at times, but once he encountered even minor setbacks, he would easily become frustrated.

"Coo! Coo!"

Diagonally opposite to Geoffrey's position, a white bird was constantly letting out loud cries while furiously flapping his wings. He had been doing this for more than an hour now.

"Oh, shut up! It's so annoying!"

Bang!

Geoffrey shouted in extreme irritation as he punched the fence of the cage.

As the bird sensed Geoffrey's hostility, he stopped screaming for a few seconds. Then, suddenly, his eyes flashed with an ominous green light.

When Geoffrey incidentally met his eyes, he instantly felt a crushing pain in his head as if he were hit by a heavy hammer. He felt like his skull was being split open that it almost made him faint.

"Coo! Coo! Coo!"

Then, the white bird started violently flapping his wings again. His cry was even louder than before.

Geoffrey sat down for a long time, holding his aching head. After a while, the pain gradually subsided. He sat properly and helplessly said, "These creatures are so aggressive. They may be a bit intelligent, but they still look like a bunch of idiots."

Just now, the questions that appeared in the mirror were very simple. Maybe they took the cultural barriers of different races into consideration and only arranged a simple test. Even though they passed the test, Geoffrey realized that these creatures possessed inferior intelligence than humans.

Wallowing in despair, Geoffrey's eyes wandered into the cage in front of him, where the little monster he had seen before was being held.

In contrast to the white bird, this little monster didn't make a ruckus. Instead, he climbed onto the railing and stared intently at Geoffrey with his black eyes. He wore a strange and creepy smile on his face as if he had taken an interest in Geoffrey.

"Why the hell does he keep on staring at me?"

Geoffrey turned around as he complained. He covered his head with both his hands and tried to close his eyes.

Although he no longer needed any sleep after cultivating to his current level, he felt the need to isolate himself from his surroundings. He didn't want to see or hear them.

As the night passed, the noise produced by the monsters didn't cease even for a minute.

When the door of the underground space opened again, they immediately heard rustling sounds coming from beyond the door.

Geoffrey immediately stood up, pressed his head against the fence and saw that numerous spiders were coming in one after another.

Then, one of the spiders stopped in front of Geoffrey's cage. He noticed that at the back of the spider, it was carrying a pile of wooden blocks and three square wooden frames.

"What is it this time? A seven-piece puzzle?"

When Geoffrey was still in the Cloud Hall, he used to play the seven-piece puzzle. Letitia had hired someone to specifically make and customize the blocks.

After taking a quick glance, Geoffrey reached out his hand and picked out a few blocks to combine them together. In just a second, he was able to use all the seven blocks to fill the first square wooden frame.

'Come on, this is so easy!' he thought.

Then, he used twelve more blocks to fill the bigger square wooden frame, and sixteen more blocks to fill the biggest one.

'Well, compared to the earlier one, this one is a little more difficult. This test might need the level of intelligence that an ordinary eight-year-old human possesses.' As Geoffrey quickly finished, his gaze fell on the white bird that was about to take the test.

In his mind, he had no doubt that this creature possessed great strength. Just his malevolent stare was able to give Geoffrey a severe headache. However, with this test, his intelligence would definitely be tried.

The white bird stretched his head out of the fence and began picking up blocks to put into the wooden frame. However, no matter how much he tried, he wasn't able to piece the blocks together.

The blocks were either one piece more or less. The white bird couldn't even finish the smallest frame. Thus there was no way that he could accomplish the bigger ones.

He seemed to know what might happen to him once he failed to solve the puzzle. The speed at which he picked and rearranged the blocks became faster and faster. At the same time, Geoffrey saw that the anxiety was growing in his eyes. The white bird was getting impatient and frustrated as he couldn't solve the puzzle no matter how hard he tried.

"Coo! Coo! Coo!" The white bird stretched out his neck and started screaming in agitation.

With a sneer on his face, Geoffrey said, "Ha, you deserve it. Let's see if you could dare to glare at me again."

This time, the captives were given about an hour to finish the test. As the time was up, the spiders carried unfinished frames away and left the underground space immediately after.

The underground space that was in an uproar just a few minutes ago suddenly became quiet. As the test ended, most of the monsters knew what was waiting for them.

Whoosh!

Without any warning, a muffled sound rang out in one of the cages, followed by a flash of golden light. In the blink of an eye, the monster in that cage was burned to ashes.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Immediately after, a wave of golden lights shone one after another. The muffled shrieks of the monsters were heard throughout the place. In a few moments, several monsters were burned to death inside their cages.

At this moment, the white bird clearly knew what was going to happen to him. He struggled madly in the cage, desperately trying to escape from it.

His wings suddenly turned into a bright and rigid weapon that constantly slashed the fence. However, the fence was made from an exceptional solid material. Even with the white bird's extraordinary strength, his wings didn't even leave a dent or scratch on it.

Whoosh!

As the golden light flashed in the white bird's cage, he was instantly charred, and only a few of his white feathers remained floating out of his cage.

Upon seeing the miserable death of the white bird, Geoffrey wasn't satisfied at all. Instead, he also panicked because he didn't know for sure that he was already safe.

Even if he had finished all those puzzles, if the spiders had somehow made a mistake in checking their records, then he was still doomed. He could imagine the unjust death that he would receive.

However, after a few moments, all of the golden lights began to dim. That was the only time that Geoffrey felt relieved. It meant that the purging of the creatures who failed the test was finally done.

"Whew, I passed." Geoffrey couldn't help but let out a deep sigh.

Immediately after, his gaze stumbled upon the cage of the little monster from before.

It seemed that he was still safe, and he was staring at him with a playful look as his tail wagged constantly.

Geoffrey ignored him as he didn't have time for his antics. Instead, he started counting the creatures that were left. From what he saw, he concluded that about one out of ten creatures had survived, meaning that the failure rate was about ninety percent. He adjudicated that the remaining monsters must have possessed at least an average level of intelligence.

He also determined that these kinds of tests would probably continue, and he just wanted them to be over.

However, what he couldn't figure out was the real intention behind these tests.

If they wanted to select creatures with high intelligence, was this kind of method necessary?

For the first two tests, Geoffrey easily dealt with them. But he worried that if the tests' difficulty increased over time, there was no way to know for sure if he could pass them all.

However, right now, he had no choice but to take them and go on until the end.

About twenty-four hours later, the spiders appeared in the underground space again. This time, they were carrying six pieces of iron with different sizes and unique shapes.

As soon as Geoffrey saw them, his anxious expression gradually relaxed, and a faint smile appeared at the corners of his mouth.

"The Eight Diagrams Lock, huh?"

The pieces of iron were intertwined in a mortise-and-tenon structure. Even an adult would have a bit difficulty unlocking them.

Fortunately, Geoffrey had been fond of playing the Eight Diagrams Lock since he was a child, and thus it should be pretty easy for him to accomplish this test.

Just when he was about to begin, the little monster suddenly made a scene by quickly grabbing the Eight Diagrams Lock, and raising it towards Geoffrey. With a single gentle touch, he was able to unlock it instantly. As soon as it was done, the little monster stared at Geoffrey with a defiant and mocking expression.

Geoffrey couldn't help but scoff as he thought how ridiculous it was. "Is he trying to provoke me by showing off his skill for something like this?"

All of the creatures in the fifth-grade world had immeasurable strength, or at least, they were much stronger than Geoffrey. Every single one of them could easily take him down, but right now, they were held against their will and competing in these children's games.

Chapter 4239 Intelligent Creature

The little monster acted swiftly and smoothly. He seemed very capable of unlocking the Eight Diagrams Locks.

Sure enough, he quickly found a knack to do that. After a few minutes, he successfully unlocked the Eight Diagrams Locks. Then, he eyed Geoffrey curiously, as though he wanted to size up his capabilities.

Because of two prior experiences, Geoffrey was now able to maintain his composure. In fact, he acted as though he was in no rush.

He even observed the other monsters for a while before reaching out his hands to the Eight Diagrams Lock. He grabbed each side of the Eight Diagrams Lock with both hands and gently twisted it, unlocking it with ease.

Then he unlocked the second lock, the third, the fourth...

Once he'd successfully unlocked all six Eight Diagrams Locks, Geoffrey smiled at the little monster in front of him. Then, he began to reconfigure the pieces of the locks.

He paired the biggest two pieces of Eight Diagrams Locks with the smallest two pieces. Then the middle-sized ones were pieced and paired with them. All in all, a strange shape was formed.

There were endless permutations to the combinations of the pieces of the Eight Diagrams Locks. As Geoffrey's flexible hands continued to move nimbly, these Eight Diagrams Locks seemed to come to life, changing shape constantly.

After Geoffrey formed a large structure with all the Eight Diagrams Locks, he put it to the side and gently flicked at it with his finger. Immediately, the structure collapsed into small pieces again.

The little monster looked at Geoffrey's series of movements, his eyes revealing a look of surprise. It never occurred to him that this thing could be toyed with like this.

Geoffrey gestured towards the little monster and leaned against the side of the cage.

After their time was up, the other losers in the underground space began to be wiped out again.

Plop! Plop! Plop...

A series of sounds rang out, indicating that another batch of monsters had been eliminated. Geoffrey's eyes swept throughout the cages as he did a rough headcount. It seemed only a small number of monsters were left.

On the third day, a new round of test began. This time, they were asked to unlock an exquisite chain made of one hundred rings.

Geoffrey had never seen a chain of one hundred rings before.

Fortunately for him, he was very smart. After studying it for a while, he figured it out. In no time, he had unraveled it easily.

In comparison, the little monster on the other side scratched his head and ears, as if it was very difficult for him to unfasten this strange chain.

"You find it difficult, right?" Geoffrey called out to him with a shrug.

However, while the little monster was not stupid, he was also determined. Although the chain of one hundred rings was complicated, he tried again and again. It took him more than an hour to find out the technique of untying the chain, but eventually he separated the rings, one by one.

When the little monster unfastened the last ring, he let out a sigh of relief. Then, he turned to eye Geoffrey, intrigued. It seemed that now, he viewed Geoffrey as a worthy opponent.

Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop...

Time was over.

Geoffrey could hear the sound of more and more monsters being eliminated.

There weren't many monsters that had survived before, and now the sounds were sparser.

Then, three spiders emerged from the entrance to the underground space. One of them opened the cage and plucked Geoffrey out, locking him to its back.

The little monster was also treated the same way.

In addition to the two of them left in the underground space, there was a ten-foot-tall black ape, which was also locked on the back of a spider.

"Are there only three of us left?"

Sitting on the back of the spider, Geoffrey realized only now that the underground space was very empty. Were all the other creatures eliminated?

How terrifying!

Rustle, rustle...

The three spiders carried them, continuing deeper into the space.

At the very end of the underground space, there were layers of stairs, on which three spiders were slowly climbing.

The black ape curled up on the spider's back in silence. The little monster looked around briefly before eventually locking his eyes on Geoffrey. He was very interested in him.

Geoffrey was also used to the little monster's strange behavior. He just pretended not to notice it and decidedly closed his eyes, deep in thought.

However, at this moment, he heard a raspy voice. "What's... your name?"

When Geoffrey heard the little monster's words, his eyes popped open in surprise.

The little monster was speaking Sanskrit!

The Sanskrit words of the Four Spirits Sect, nonetheless.

Zen, Ziya, and the others naturally wouldn't have understood if they had heard that. Then again, Zen could decipher the words with the help of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

But for Geoffrey, he didn't need to decipher the words. He could understand the Sanskrit words the instant he heard or read them.

However, the Sanskrit words belonged to the Four Spirits Sect. How did the little monster in the Deep Space know it? Could it be that the creatures in the Deep Space also communicated with each other by using the Sanskrit words?

Impossible!

Geoffrey had a full understanding of the Sanskrit words already.

The Sanskrit words were the culture created by the Four Spirits Sect; it was not passed down from the Deep Space.

"I..."

Geoffrey squeezed his throat and made a series of guttural sounds.

The pronunciation of Sanskrit was very complicated. Zen had even invited a group of people to 'sing' in order to speak in Sanskrit.

Although Geoffrey knew how to read Sanskrit words, it was too difficult for him to pronounce them all by himself. Thus it took him a while before he was able to utter what he wanted to say. "Can you speak Sanskrit?"

The little monster nodded and replied in Sanskrit. "And you also can..."

'This is nonsense!' Geoffrey thought to himself. Aloud, he asked, "Who taught you?"

The little monster pointed at Geoffrey and gestured with his hands. "A human spirit."

"A human spirit? Is his surname Xue?" Geoffrey's eyes widened with surprise.

During those four hours of exchange between Geoffrey and Kincaid, the latter only worried about two things. First, he had no idea whether Elder Xue was really alive or not. Second, he wondered whether Geoffrey would find him.

Despite the little monster not seeming too fluent in Sanskrit, Geoffrey's heart sparked with hope. It was very likely that Elder Xue taught the little monster how to speak Sanskrit. If that was the case, then his luck had taken a turn for the better!

The little monster tried his best to understand Geoffrey's words. After a long while, he finally nodded and said, "Yes..."

Elder Xue was still alive!

Geoffrey was so excited that he couldn't help but ask urgently, "Where is he? Can you... take me to him?"

"He's outside." The little monster pointed in a direction. "We can't go out yet."

"We can't go out?" Geoffrey echoed in surprise.

"Well, we won't be able to get out...forever," the little monster said with a nod.

This news disappointed Geoffrey greatly.

All this time, he had been under the impression that if he'd passed a few more rounds of tests, he could finally obtain his freedom.

After he heard the little monster's words, his hopes were dashed.

"Why?" Geoffrey frowned deeply, his expression darkening.

"Only the most intelligent one here can... turn the situation around. Are you that smart?" the little monster chanted almost playfully.

'Only the smartest one can reverse the situation?'

Geoffrey turned these words over in his head.

Along the way, there were intelligence tests, and it was indeed like they were trying to select the most intelligent being.

However, this so-called "intelligence" actually had a limit. No matter how smart one was, they wouldn't be able to resist against the one with the strongest power.

Geoffrey felt that he was smarter than the little monster and the black ape, but in terms of strength, he definitely paled in comparison.

What on earth had happened in the Sky Wheel City? Why were there tests to select the most intelligent creature?

Chapter 4240 Speaking In The Human Language

After Geoffrey's brief talk with the little monster, he formed a general understanding of the situation in the Deep Space.

The Deep Space was no longer as glorious as it had been in the past. Although these newly born creatures were fifth-grade creatures, they were not as strong as the Cinnabar race and the Fostering race.

Moreover, most of the creatures were still in an extremely primitive state. Geoffrey had taken note of this in the tests.

However, given enough time, any civilization could be capable of building itself slowly from ruins.

Over the long years, some races had gained intelligence, established strong social structures, and expanded their territories. The little monster came from a race called the Elemental race.

The Elemental race had not been considered a powerful race at first. In fact, they were quite weak, and had almost been annihilated twice in their history. There were countless minor races like the Elemental race that had been wiped out completely.

When the Elemental race was in crisis, they met a human spirit—Elder Xue, who had been mentioned by Geoffrey.

Although Elder Xue was an elder of the Bold Conjecture House and his strength was at the top level in the Abstruse Energy World, he was weak in the Deep Space. After all, the power levels in the Deep Space were different.

However, Elder Xue possessed extraordinary wisdom. This was exactly what the members of the Elemental race lacked.

He had won the trust of the Elemental race and joined them. He helped them escape from their original territory, led them as they slowly built up their strength, and taught them the way to enter the Sky Wheel City.

Countless years had passed since Elder Xue joined the Elemental race.

Now, after many generations of learning and growth, they had grown in power. These days, no one in the Deep Space underestimated the Elemental race.

From the very beginning, the little monster had been extremely interested in Geoffrey. The reason was simple. He looked exactly like Elder Xue.

"Since your race has grown so powerful, how did you get caught?" Geoffrey asked.

"Get caught?" The little monster thought for a moment, then said, "I did it on purpose."

The answer surprised Geoffrey. He had been caught by accident, so he thought that the other intelligent creatures here had also suffered the same fate. But as it turned out, that was not the case for everyone.

The little monster pointed at the black ape not far away and said, "He and I came in out of our own free will."

"Why?" Geoffrey asked.

"The Sky Wheel City is the strongest and most powerful city. Whoever occupies it will rule the Deep Space," the little monster replied.

In the Deep Space, there were a total of six powerful races like the Elemental race. They were constantly in conflict with each other, but none had scored a decisive victory over everyone else. This was why they had turned to the Sky Wheel City.

They believed that this city, the legacy left behind by the most powerful Fostering race, contained the power to rebuild the Deep Space.

However, ever since the extermination of the Fostering race, the relatively intact Sky Wheel City had shifted to a unique mode. It would kill any trespasser, and the only way to enter it was to be caught by the spiders.

The creatures that were caught into the Sky Wheel City would then have to take many tests of intelligence.

"These tests are endless. When will they end?" Geoffrey asked. His voice faltered slightly, for he was not fluent in Sanskrit.

"No one has reached the end yet," the little monster replied.

"Then..."

"Most of the creatures here will die," the little monster said.

His black eyes held a determined, grim look.

"Most of them will die? So a small part can survive? Why?" Geoffrey asked.

It seemed the Sky Wheel City was enacting a method of selection. If the creatures couldn't pass the intelligence tests, they would die, and only those who passed would survive. Thus, since no one had passed the final test so far, then all the creatures that had entered the Sky Wheel City should have died.

The little monster shook his head. "You'll soon know."

Geoffrey nodded, falling into a pensive silence.

He thought that he had gotten very lucky, to have found someone so informative not long after entering the Deep Space. Not only had the little monster told Geoffrey much that he didn't know, he had even been a source of valuable information regarding Elder Xue.

The only drawback was that he was now in a desperate situation.

'I want to live!

I want to get out of the Sky Wheel City alive!

I want to return to the chaos!'

he thought, and vowed that he would find a way out.

There was a rustling sound as the spiders moved along.

The three spiders patiently climbed up the stairs. Geoffrey had long since realized that these spiders were not living creatures, but puppets. They were simply carrying out orders.

After they had been climbing the endless stairs for more than two hours, a wide exit finally appeared ahead of them.

At the exit was a giant sunken square. A huge, thick chimney stood in the center of the square.

With a swish, the teeth on the back of the three spiders retracted.

Geoffrey, the little monster, and the black ape were all free.

Geoffrey was quite agile, and he somersaulted off the back of the spider, landing cleanly on the ground.

The little monster and the black ape followed suit.

The three of them looked around. Geoffrey's attention was caught by an enormous box on the ground, outlined by red lines as thick as his arm.

Geoffrey raised his foot, about to step forward. The black ape beside him saw what he was doing and his lips spread in a strange smile. However, the little monster jumped up, grabbing his arm. "Don't move forward!"

Geoffrey paused, struck by how anxious the little monster seemed. Cautiously he asked, "What's wrong?"

"Whoever crosses the line on the ground will die," the little monster said.

Geoffrey was only one step away from the edge of the red box. As soon as the little monster spoke, he immediately took a few steps back. "What? It's so dangerous here!"

"Follow me," the little monster said.

They glanced behind them. The three spiders were gone. When they turned back to the box, it began to glow, and two green lines had appeared on the ground from the edge of the red box.

The little monster waved his hand at Geoffrey and started to walk along a green line. Geoffrey followed carefully.

The black ape stayed where he was for a while. Other green lines appeared on the red box, one after another. Each line obviously led to a different direction, and the black ape chose a path different from theirs.

Soon the huge square was filled with the green lines. Following behind the little monster, Geoffrey finally arrived at the left edge of the square.

Here, there was an oval building. Three members of the Elemental race stood at the entrance of the building.

It seemed they had been specifically waiting for the little monster. When they saw Geoffrey, their expressions grew shuttered and wary. One of them asked the little monster about Geoffrey's identity.

The little monster explained in a low voice. The three members of the Elemental race looked at Geoffrey with surprise and uncertainty, but they opened the door of the oval building and welcomed him in.

There were another seven or eight members of the Elemental race in the oval building. Everyone communicated with each other in their own language. After several moments, they fell quiet and positioned themselves on each side of the room, leaving only one of them in the center.

The man looked at Geoffrey keenly. With a smile, he asked, "So you are looking for me?"

He was not speaking in the intricate language of the Elemental race, nor in the difficult speech of Sanskrit. He was speaking in the human language.

Chapter 4241 Fate

It had been a while since Geoffrey had left the Deleting Space. He only used the human language when he talked to Ziya.

That was why he was stunned when he heard the familiar language. "Pardon me?" he said, still reeling from the shock.

The man of the Elemental race smiled. "I asked if you were looking for me."

"So you... you are Elder Xue?" Geoffrey asked, finally coming back to his senses.

The man of the Elemental race nodded in confirmation, peering at Geoffrey with continued interest.

He had never thought that someone from the main world would come looking for him.

He had initially thought that only the members of the Four Spirits Sect would have access to the Deep Space. But all of them could not return to the main world, not to mention the Deep Space.

Elder Xue knew that there were humans in the chaos. But as far as he knew, they had difficulty surviving the main world. Entering the Deep Space was a different ball game altogether.

So when he came to know of an outsider wanting to meet him, he became as excited as Geoffrey was.

"Elder Xue, what happened to you? How did you end up like this?" Geoffrey exclaimed.

Elder Xue sighed and said, his voice deep and pained. "I did all this for survival."

As a creature of the fourth-grade world, it was beyond difficult for Elder Xue to survive in the Deep Space.

He had been through a lot in order to keep himself alive in this mysterious and foreign place.

First of all, he had to get used to life in the fifth-grade world, for everything here was different from the fourth-grade world.

"I spent a long time here before I got the chance to possess a man of the Elemental race. It was because of this that I was able to live," Elder Xue said. But a sudden thought occurred to him. "Are you from the chaos?" he asked suspiciously.

Geoffrey nodded in affirmation.

"Have you met..." Elder Xue's words petered out.

The only member of the human race that Elder Xue knew from the chaos was the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord.

'I bet he knows the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord. He wouldn't have been able to get here otherwise, ' Elder Xue thought.

"I've seen Kincaid," Geoffrey answered the unasked question.

"What?" Elder Xue exclaimed, but his voice soon began to tremble. "Did Master Kincaid wake up?" he asked again, excitement dripping off of him.

"Yes, he has awakened," Geoffrey responded, nodding.

He knew Kincaid's true identity and had seen him through the Other Shore Token. He didn't think Kincaid was a great person and that Kincaid was more powerful than his father. That was why he didn't get why Elder Xue was so excited.

"How did he wake up?" Elder Xue pressed on.

"He was awakened by my father," Geoffrey answered with a shrug.

"Is that so? Who is your father?" Elder Xue asked.

"My father is Zen Luo." Geoffrey's voice dripped pride.

Elder Xue was not interested in humans, which was why he had never heard about Zen. He waved dismissively and said, "I've never heard of this person."

His reply upset Geoffrey. "Kincaid asked me to deliver a message to you. My father absorbed the ancestry-level bloodline, but lost the sword. Kincaid has asked you to look for an item that contains power from the Deep Space and that only my father can master," Geoffrey said.

Elder Xue stood up abruptly at this, his black tail shivering.

"Your father managed to absorb the ancestry-level bloodline?" he asked.

"Yes, he did!" Geoffrey confirmed proudly.

He was glad to see Elder Xue's reaction. After all, Zen was his role model, someone he looked up to.

Elder Xue walked back and forth, his heart beating faster with every step he took.

'He made it!

The Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had also succeeded!'

But he was soon lost in thought yet again.

After a long while, he asked, "Who taught you to walk normally in the main world and the Deep Space?"

"I don't know. Maybe these powers come naturally to me," Geoffrey replied, shrugging again.

Geoffrey couldn't answer this question, and neither could Ziya or Zen. That was why Geoffrey considered it to be his talent.

"Did your father cultivate Grand Weapon Refining Method before your birth?" Elder Xue asked again.

"Yes," Geoffrey replied.

Elder Xue looked relieved at this. He smiled and said, "Your father is indeed amazing. But you have been able to reach this place only because of me."

"What nonsense are you talking?" Geoffrey snapped. . 'Such a shameless old man! Taking credit for something he hasn't even done!' he thought angrily.

Elder Xue wasn't angry. He used to be famous for his good temper in the Bold Conjecture House. "Yes. Your father was able to get the Grand Weapon Refining Method and managed to absorb the ancestry-level bloodline because of me. You can travel through different worlds because your father has a special physique. So, technically speaking, you were able to get here because of me. Is that clear enough?" Elder Xue explained patiently.

His words took Geoffrey by surprise. "My father learned the Grand Weapon Refining Method from you!" he said wonderingly.

"No, no. That's not what I meant. I gave it to the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord through a certain method," Elder Xue said.

"I see!" Geoffrey nodded.

"You said that your father lost that sword. How did that happen?" Elder Xue asked again.

Kincaid had explained everything that had happened in the chaos to Geoffrey in detail. Geoffrey hadn't understood what he had said but he filled Elder Xue in on what he was told without missing any details.

When he heard that the humanoid creature had gotten his hands on that sword, Elder Xue's eyebrows furrowed, a troubled expression taking its place on his face.

He had been in the Deep Space for a long time, and had uncovered all the secrets of the Deep Space that the people of the Four Spirits Sect had failed to figure out. That was how he was aware of the terrible thing that would happen since the humanoid creature had now obtained that sword.

"Kincaid told me that the most important thing is to get the other item. Do you know what he was talking about, Elder Xue?" Geoffrey asked. .

Elder Xue walked past Geoffrey and approached the entrance of the oval-shaped building. "The thing that Master Kincaid asked you to look for is over there. I have been thinking about how to get it all these years," Elder Xue said, pointing at the huge chimney in the distance.

"You've been here for so long and you haven't got your hands on it?" Geoffrey said, his lips pursing in disapproval.

Elder Xue didn't know how to respond to this question. He shook his head helplessly and said, "Anyone who gets that item would be able to rule the Deep Space. Do you think it would be easy to acquire it? Look at this place." He pointed at the several oval-shaped buildings in the distance. "There are also members of other races of the Deep Space in these buildings. They arrived here with the same purpose as us and that is to obtain that thing. For countless years, the six races of the Deep Space sent countless people here. None of them made it out of there alive," he explained.

"Stop bluffing. It's not that difficult. Those people died there just because they were not intelligent enough. Send me in. I can make it," Geoffrey said confidently, a tinge of arrogance lacing his tone.

Elder Xue stared at Geoffrey.

'What a cocky guy!

He has no idea what he is up against.'

But it suddenly occurred to Elder Xue that Geoffrey was different from others.

'Perhaps he can do it. Is this fate?

I gave his father the Grand Weapon Refining Method although we were in different worlds back then, and now he is here, right before my eyes.'

"Maybe," Elder Xue said calmly. "You can give it a shot. But if you fail, you will meet your death."

Chapter 4242 Life And Death

Geoffrey was initially brimming with confidence, but at the sound of the word "death", his face paled.

"What's the probability of death?" Geoffrey asked in a small voice.

Elder Xue tilted his head and thought for a moment. "Excluding the people who died long before, about two million people have entered the chimney, but no one has succeeded." He paused for a moment. "If you want me to give you a probability, then the probability is zero."

"All of them died?" Geoffrey's voice trembled.

"Yes. They were the elites selected by the six great races. They were the smartest," Elder Xue added.

Geoffrey fell silent.

He and Zen grew up differently. He had grown up in a relaxed, privileged environment, whereas Zen had faced many challenges. Although he had met some minor setbacks in the past, Geoffrey had never truly dealt with a life-and-death situation before.

When he heard the severe consequence, his heart was seized by fear.

Elder Xue said this to see how Geoffrey would react. He continued, "Your father has lost the sword to that humanoid creature. Do you know what we are about to go up against?"

"An undefeatable opponent," Geoffrey answered.

"It's not that we can't defeat him, but that we will all die," Elder Xue said seriously.

Hearing this, Geoffrey was even more flustered. After thinking for a moment, he asked, "What about my father? And my mother?"

"Everything will be downgraded and destroyed, your parents included," Elder Xue said gravely.

Geoffrey grew even more frantic. "I need to go back! I need to go back to my parents!"

Since he knew that there was not much time left, he wanted to escape now and be with his loved ones.

He left them quite a long time ago. He'd be lying if he said he didn't miss them. After all, he'd only left because he thought this'd make for an interesting journey. The things he'd encountered along the way made him realize the seriousness of the matter, which changed his carefree attitude.

In fact, when Kincaid talked with Geoffrey, he made everything very clear. At the time, Geoffrey learned he had a very important role to play.

However, Kincaid didn't want to pressure Geoffrey too much, so he only mentioned that the task at hand was important. He didn't say that eventually, all people would have to die.

Elder Xue, on the other hand, was very blunt. He spared no time in telling him that he would lose his life.

"Even if you go back, you will still die. Do you have the stomach to watch your parents die like this?" Elder Xue asked, not in a harsh tone.

He had lived so long that he could read people's minds. Although he had just met Geoffrey, he had already figured out his personality.

Geoffrey was proud, conceited, and couldn't get his mind off play. He didn't have a sense of responsibility, but he was smart and was extraordinarily talented. Elder Xue needed his talent, which was why he went straight to the point.

"Then, what else can I do?" Geoffrey shouted in frustration.

Elder Xue gently placed his claw on Geoffrey's shoulder. "Of course, there is a way." He pointed at the chimney with his other claw and said, "Your father has the ancestry-level bloodline, but he needs another thing. Only when he gets this thing can he change the situation. This is the only chance."

"But if I fail, I will die..." Geoffrey's voice shook, his eyes brimming with tears.

Like all young men, he had a dream of saving the world and becoming a great hero, but he never expected he'd have to go through such lengths to realize this dream.

"If you fail, you will die; if you succeed, you can live!" Elder Xue snapped.

For anyone else—the Treacherous Beings and Eternal Realm warriors who had lived in the chaos for countless years, they would've immediately seen the gravity of the situation, and would've been ready to sacrifice themselves for the greater good.

Eastern Emperor Taiyi, the Snake Goddess, Ziya, the Bird Masters, and the human spirits all would've cooperated quickly.

But Geoffrey didn't.

"I refuse! I want to go back! Send me back to the chaos. I want to see my parents!" Geoffrey whined, burying his face in his hands.

"You can't go back. You can't even go out of this square. Look at the line under your feet. The second you take a step forward, you will die!" Elder Xue exclaimed, pointing a claw at Geoffrey's feet.

The square was a forbidden area full of killing intent, and all the creatures could only stay within a certain area to survive.

Whoosh!

Geoffrey abruptly took a few steps back and slammed into the wall behind him. He stared at the line in horror, as if staring at the face of the God of Death.

"This house can only accommodate ten people. If there are eleven people in it, everyone will die. So today, one person has to enter the chimney. Are you willing to be this person?" Elder Xue locked eyes with him fiercely.

"No! I won't go!" Geoffrey wailed.

He was overwhelmed with despair.

"If no one goes, we will all die together. Do you want that to happen?" Elder Xue pressed him further.

"I won't go!" Geoffrey continued to resist.

Elder Xue smiled ruefully. Ignoring Geoffrey's wails, he turned around and gestured towards the others.

All of these members of the Elemental race were trained by Elder Xue. Like the little monster before, they had no intention of leaving alive since they entered this place and were willing to sacrifice their lives for their own race.

One of them stepped forward and stood before the green lines.

Elder Xue then said to Geoffrey, "There are supposed to be only ten people here." He pointed at the figure standing before the green lines. "But because of you, he has to die. Although he is a non-human creature, he also has parents, brothers, and is unwilling to leave this world. However, for the sake of the entire Elemental race, he is willing to sacrifice himself."

Geoffrey feebly watched as the member of the Elemental race walked along the two crooked green lines towards the center of the huge square, until he disappeared within the chimney.

A green light appeared on the side of the chimney. It climbed up, bit by bit, along the chimney. Ten feet, twenty feet, thirty feet...

When the green light came to one third of the chimney, it suddenly disappeared and was replaced by a red light.

Elder Xue closed his eyes. With a pained expression, he said regretfully, "He's dead."

Geoffrey stared at the chimney in a daze. After a while, he finally reacted. "So soon?"

"Yes." Elder Xue nodded gravely.

The other members of the Elemental race stood up and put their fists on their chests in silence.

They had witnessed this scene so many times before, but they could never get used to it. Their hearts overflowed with sadness, although they stood in silence.

"If that thing is so difficult to get, why do you even try?" Geoffrey asked huffily.

"The same reason as yours. If we don't get it, and it's obtained by other races, the Elemental race will perish." Elder Xue shrugged.

The gaps between races could not be closed, and the law of the jungle was absolutely in control of everything here.

After saying that, Elder Xue turned around abruptly and entered the oval building.

From the moment he saw Geoffrey, Elder Xue knew that his chance had finally come.

He had waited here for so long, but in the end, the Elemental race was unable to produce a member talented enough for the task. However, now the Deep Space had sent Geoffrey here.

He deliberately put a lot of pressure on Geoffrey. Only in this way could he trigger Geoffrey's sense of responsibility.

Now that he had given Geoffrey enough pressure, the rest was up to Geoffrey himself.

Chapter 4243 Face It Head On

Geoffrey leaned against the wall and stared blankly at the "chimney" in the distance.

The incredible and fascinating adventure was over. Perhaps now he would have to face the God of Death.

He wasn't prepared for that...

His mother had told him all sorts of legends of his father since he was a child;

he had saved the Cloud Hall, the Central Region, the great world and the universe...

His father had always been quite fortunate. It all seemed effortless for him, as if all these feats were accomplished with ease.

Although Letitia had told him of times his father had been trapped in danger and how he had been on the verge of death on countless occasions, what he heard was a stark contrast to what he had experienced himself.

How could he overcome a dead end that no one else had managed to?

His father must have been faced with similar predicaments in his time. What would he have done? What was he thinking in these situations?

Geoffrey sat there, still, for a few hours.

It was getting dark.

The golden ring atop the Deep Space seemed to be covered with a layer of scales, gradually turning from golden to a deep black. As night fell, the slightly bright light shone on the chimney. From afar, it appeared almost as a giant beast, ready to devour the people.

Inside the oval building, Elder Xue spoke in the language of the Elemental race.

The creatures in the Deep Space communicated with very unique sounds; unlike the rhythmic sounds of the creatures of the main world, they let out faint squeaks and crackles, like a group of crickets chirping in a low voice.

Elder Xue was teaching the Elemental race. They still needed to acquire more knowledge in order to successfully handle the test in the chimney.

These members of the Elemental race were clear about what lay ahead for them. They knew that if they wanted any chance of passing the test, they would have to absorb as much information that might be useful as they could.

Their race used to be quite primitive. They were once unable to pass even the initial tests, let alone occupy a place in this huge square. The golden light annihilated them when they had been captured by the spiders and brought to the underground space.

As the night stretched on, the black scales on the golden ring became thicker and thicker, and all other surroundings turned pitch black.

Elder Xue reached out and gently scratched the wall. A circular flame slowly appeared, revealing those inside and outside the room.

Geoffrey then stood up and walked in.

"Have you decided?" Elder Xue asked casually.

"Why would such a chimney appear here? Why do they need to select an intelligent creature?" asked Geoffrey.

"Good question," replied Elder Xue with pride. "Although the Fostering race was destroyed, before their elimination, they concocted this. It's really quite something to behold."

The Cinnabar race and the Fostering race had perished together and had left this precious inheritance before their demise in order to select an intelligent creature to resurrect the civilization of the Deep Space.

It was a generous and kind race that cared for the well beings of others. They might not have existed anymore, but they hoped the civilization of the Deep Space would be passed on and continue in some way.

Geoffrey exhaled heavily upon hearing Elder Xue's words and said, "I've made up my mind. I'll go! Can you teach me what I need to do?"

His decision did not surprise Elder Xue, as it was almost inevitable that he would make this choice.

"Do not worry," Elder Xue said, patting on the ground beside him as a gesture for Geoffrey to sit down. He then pointed at the chimney and said, "Something has puzzled me all these years. If the Fostering race wished to select a successor, why would they arrange such a difficult test which is so difficult that no one could pass it?"

"Why would they?" Geoffrey was just as puzzled.

"It is because rebuilding the Deep Space is not something any ordinary creature of the Deep Space can do. Most of the world has collapsed and is filled with the fourth-grade space," Elder Xue spoke with an air of wisdom beyond most. "They need to choose a being capable of controlling it. Those of the Elemental race can only use the ability of Energy Condensation Extreme Form; this is not enough for what they require. Other creatures of the Deep Space face a similar issue."

Geoffrey blinked his eyes as he began to realize something. "But I don't have any ability at all..."

Geoffrey only possessed the Godly Way power of the chaos. This was not even that useful in the third-grade world, not to mention in the fifth-grade and fourth-grade worlds.

"You have the ability to travel through multiple worlds," Elder Xue said with a mischievous grin. "Your ability to travel through different worlds is magnificent!"

"Elder Xue, do you mean the space in the chimney is a higher-level world?" Geoffrey's eyes lit up.

"I do not know,"

answered Elder Xue.

Geoffrey did not understand how that was possible. "Elder Xue, you've said you have been in the Deep Space for a long time. Do you really not know?"

"I have never entered the chimney myself and no living being has returned alive after going in. All I can do is to study the information left behind by the Fostering race. What I am sure of is that the test is very special and related to intelligence, ability and vision. But I do not know the exact content of the test," answered the Elder Xue, shaking his head in disappointment.

"So you do not intend to enter it on your own?" Geoffrey pressed.

Elder Xue acted as a teacher to the Elemental race, and it did not make sense that he did not know what was in the chimney considering he taught them about it.

"Of course I want to," he responded frankly. "It was by mere coincidence that I merged with this body of a member of the Elemental race. I did not have the opportunity to fuse with the second body. Once I am dead, there would be no hope left, and so I have been hesitant and waiting patiently...

But I had not expected to see you here," Elder Xue announced joyfully. "So this time, I will go with you!"

"You still have a physical body on the outside. But if I die, I'm dead for good," Geoffrey pointed out. He still felt it was unfair.

Elder Xue smiled faintly. "How about I let another physical body commit suicide, right now?"

He had not been afraid of death for a long time, and now through Geoffrey, he understood the situation of the Four Spirits Sect better. It was inevitable that he risked everything.

Geoffrey was taken aback by his determination. He suddenly felt that he shouldn't care too much for narrow personal gains and losses.

"When will we make our way in?" Geoffrey asked.

"We will wait for the right opportunity," replied Elder Xue.

Over the next three days, Elder Xue imparted his knowledge to Geoffrey.

Although Elder Xue had only deduced the information and experiences, they had been tested by the members of the Elemental race one by one, through practice.

These people were only able to rise five feet in the chimney when he had first led them here. Now, even the weakest of performers could climb seventy to eighty feet high. And the most outstanding of them could make it all the way up to one hundred and sixty feet.

This proved that what Elder Xue knew was valuable and effective.

Geoffrey understood the gravity of their undertaking and had listened intently to Elder Xue's introduction the last few days.

Three days later, some of the Deep Space races appeared on the huge square. They walked along the green lines and headed straight towards the giant chimney.

Chapter 4244 Setting Off

Upon seeing the races of the Deep Space, Geoffrey asked, "Should we be going too?"

Elder Xue walked out of the oval building and looked up at the sky. "It's not the right time yet."

"But they've all sallied forth," said Geoffrey.

Elder Xue shook his head. "Today is the Power-boosting Day, so the innate skills of those races native to the Deep Space will soar. It's indeed a good day for them, but not for us."

In the past few days, Geoffrey had learned much about the races living inside the Deep Space. He knew that a portion of their power came from the annular sun above their heads, and the light it released today was indeed very dazzling.

"What about them?" Geoffrey looked at the members of the Elemental race.

"They'll naturally go too," said Elder Xue.

He then selected four members of the Elemental race. These guys had long prepared themselves thoroughly, so when Elder Xue chose them, they quickly gathered in front of the door, ready to set off.

After Elder Xue gave them a few words of advice, they stepped on the green lines and headed straight for the chimney.

"Actually, they don't have to go," said Geoffrey as he gazed at their receding backs.

"You're surprisingly quite kind-hearted," Elder Xue said with a smile. "Don't worry. I've taught them a new method. If the method succeeds, they'll be able to go even farther inside the chimney."

"But they'll die..."

Geoffrey murmured.

After staying here for a few days, he found that the members of the Elemental race weren't as hateful as they looked.

Furthermore, they had learned the language of the fourth-grade world from Elder Xue, so they could have simple conversations with Geoffrey.

Now that he had a better understanding of them, Geoffrey couldn't help but feel very sad to watch them heading to their deaths.

Elder Xue remained unconcerned. His gaze was fixated at the chimney in the distance as he wanted to observe the movements of the other races in the Deep Space.

Beams of green light began to rise from the surface of the chimney.

Some went out after they rose about forty feet, some were extinguished after they rose about eighty feet, and some others rose all the way to a height of more than a hundred feet—an excellent record, and it would have been even more excellent if it wasn't obtained at the cost of those creatures' lives.

"There are many surprises this time. The Wrona race did a good job, and the Cold Ape race is unexpectedly weak.

Anyway, it's our turn now,"

Elder Xue, who had been keeping an eye on the results, said.

He considered each result important and always analyzed them. Through thousands of trials and errors, he had managed to roughly figure out some of the techniques to be used in the chimney.

When the four members of the Elemental race entered the chimney, they could see four new beams of green light slowly rising up.

The speed at which the four members climbed up was very slow, and they even stopped for a brief moment sometimes. In the end, however, they kept going up.

The first beam was extinguished when it reached one hundred feet high. As Elder Xue saw this, the corner of his eyes twitched slightly, and his black claws were clenched into fists.

The second beam didn't die out until it reached one hundred and thirty feet high. This time, Elder Xue's expression looked a little better.

When the third beam climbed up to one hundred and sixty feet high, the members of the Elemental race in the oval building let out a cheer.

This was their previous record, and it seemed that they could climb up ever farther today.

Excitement was also etched on Elder Xue's face. His judgment was right.

One hundred and sixty feet, one hundred and seventy feet, one hundred and eighty feet...

The higher the green light beams rose, the louder the shouts of the members of the Elemental race became.

Expectations started to grow in their hearts. They hoped that the two clansmen could reach the top of the chimney and get the thing left by the Fostering race to end this nightmare-like exploration.

To their disappointment, however, one beam suddenly dispersed at the height of two hundred feet.

"The light is off."

"We still have one person left!"

"He's still rising!"

The members of the Elemental race placed their hopes on the last beam.

But it also stopped at the height of two hundred feet and then went out.

The Elemental race fell into silence.

Although this result was within their expectation and they were also used to this process, disappointment still crept into their hearts.

They failed again.

Elder Xue stood there like a sculpture, staring at the chimney in silence.

Every time the Elemental race failed, he always stood there for a long time to analyze the reason.

After a long time, he suddenly turned around and said, "Next time, Geoffrey and I will go in."

Upon hearing his announcement, the remaining four members of the Elemental race changed their expressions greatly.

"Elder Xue, how can you go in?"

"You're more important than even the leader of our race. You mustn't go in!"

"Our lives are of little value. We still have many members who are willing to sacrifice themselves. You, on the other hand, have only one body. You'll die if you fail!"

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the Elemental race held Elder Xue in much higher regard than they held their own leader in.

Elder Xue wasn't very strong. Any strong member of the Elemental race could kill him easily.

But the Elemental race could reach this point because of Elder Xue. It was Elder Xue who discovered their talents. It could be imagined how important he was for the Elemental race.

"Did the young man ask you to do that? Elder Xue, you mustn't listen to him. I'll throw him out now!" A member of the Elemental race glared at Geoffrey.

Geoffrey couldn't understand the language of the Elemental race, so he was naturally baffled by the sudden death glares they shot at him. Why did they hate him all of a sudden?

A faint smile appeared on Elder Xue's face. "No, he didn't."

"Then why? You only plan to go in by yourself after he came here—it must be because of him!" that certain member continued aggressively.

"It's because of the information he brought—an important one at that," Elder Xue explained. "If we don't get that thing as soon as possible, the Deep Space will soon be completely downgraded, and you'll all disappear during the downgrading process."

"What?!"

"No way!"

"I don't believe it!"

The members of the Elemental race shook their heads in denial.

Although the Deep Space had shattered, it was still stable and didn't experience any further downgrading.

Faced with their refusal to believe this fact, Elder Xue remained calm and patient. He was indeed used to their stubbornness. After all, he was the one who had been educating them, which really wasn't an easy thing to do. In the end, he roughly explained the reason why the Deep Space collapsed, the current situation, and what had happened in the third-grade and the fourth-grade worlds.

The members of the Elemental race were confused, but they roughly understood what had happened.

The person, who had caused the Deep Space to fall into such a situation, was currently making trouble in the third-grade world. Once he succeeded, the third-grade, fourth-grade, and fifth-grade worlds would collapse. Only by obtaining that object would they be able to save the world.

"So, I have no choice," said Elder Xue. "I'll go in with Geoffrey on the Rippling Water Day five days later."

"What about us?" a member of the Elemental race asked.

"You can come with us, but you'd better leave one person behind," said Elder Xue.

That person could later replace him and continue to fight for the slim chance.

The members of the Elemental race no longer objected, but they were now arguing over who should be left behind.

All of them were more than willing to sacrifice themselves. Now that they had reached this step, no one was willing to be left behind. After a discussion, the one who came with Geoffrey was finally chosen to stay behind.

Five days later, the Rippling Water Day came.

The surface of the annular sun in the Deep Space emitted a ripple-like golden light, and the sunlight became soft and warm.

The warm golden light put all the races in the Deep Space at ease. Geoffrey, Elder Xue, and three members of the Elemental race finally set off towards the chimney.

Chapter 4245 Reading Ability

The green lines on the huge square zigzagged, like a huge rune array.

Geoffrey cautiously followed Elder Xue on the path as wide as his shoulders.

If he so much as crossed this green line, he'd instantly die. Geoffrey took every step with care, vigilantly eyeing the green lines before him.

The chimney was located in the center of the huge square. It was roughly around ten thousand feet away, but because of the zigzagging path, it was as though they'd walked hundreds of thousands of feet.

The other races also sent out their representatives at the same time, so there were more than ten people walking on the huge square. Sometimes, when they got close to each other, Geoffrey could feel a hint of hostility in their eyes.

After all, this was a competition of sorts. It was only natural that the six great races were hostile to each other. It was just because of the special nature of the region that they were not allowed to fight each other head on.

Ten minutes later, Geoffrey and his group finally arrived at the foot of the chimney.

Although Elder Xue had been here for countless years, it was the first time for him to observe the chimney up close.

From afar, the chimney looked like a looming black monster, but now as he observed it closely, he saw it differently.

Squinting, he realized the chimney was made of pure black metal, glistening under the sun.

Elder Xue walked towards the outer wall of the chimney and pressed his hand against it gently.

He had been thinking about the mysteries of the chimney for so long. Now that he was finally in front of it, he had mixed feelings.

Just then, he heard someone chuckling from behind him.

Three black apes approached from another path. The black ape in the lead said with a smile, "The Elemental race is usually so cautious, but they sent five people this time. Four members of their race already died a few days ago. So, is it only Elder Xue remaining in their camp now?"

"There is a human spirit among them. Is he the helper that Elder Xue found?"

"Last time, one of us saw this human spirit."

These black apes who were talking amongst themselves were from the Cold Ape race.

Among the six great races in the Deep Space, the Elemental race was the weakest. The only reason why they were able to rise to prominence was that Elder Xue had taken action before the intelligence of other five races was fully developed. And that was also the reason why the other races had always looked down upon the Elemental race.

In the past, several races had sent killers to assassinate Elder Xue, but the members of the Elemental race had risked their lives to protect him.

"Elder Xue doesn't stay in the camp. I'm Elder Xue," replied Elder Xue calmly.

The three Cold Apes were obviously stunned for a moment, and the one in the lead showed a puzzled expression. "Everyone knows that you are the greatest help to the Elemental race," he said slowly. "Why are you risking your life today? Have you found a way to crack the Levitation Tower?"

Elder Xue wasn't surprised at their reaction. It was a well-known fact that he was extremely important to the Elemental race, so it didn't make sense for him to go out in the field like this.

The Elemental race would do everything in their power to protect Elder Xue, even at the cost of their leader's life.

"No," answered Elder Xue honestly.

"Then why do you come here?" the Cold Ape asked, his confusion intensifying.

Once they entered the huge square, there was no turning around. Elder Xue would definitely not be able to make it back.

Elder Xue just smiled and ignored the Cold Ape's question.

Just then, another race came in from the other side of the chimney. It was the Wrona race.

The Cold Ape race and the Wrona race were allies. They had always been on good terms. Seeing their allies enter the chimney, the Cold Ape immediately announced, "Look, Elder Xue of the Elemental race has come personally!"

This was indeed no small matter.

The Elemental race had always been ahead of the other five races on the chimney, and that was all thanks to Elder Xue.

The other five races had all pressured the Elemental race, offering them gifts and benefits in the hopes that Elder Xue would help them. But in the end, he had refused all of them.

Thus, the other five races decided to join forces against the Elemental race. Only then were they able to force Elder Xue to share some information with them.

"Elder Xue?"

"Are you sure you will be able to pass the Levitation Tower?"

"Entering the tower rashly is a suicide mission! Aren't you afraid of death!?"

The several members of the Wrona race were stunned. They had the same idea as the Cold Ape race. Since Elder Xue dared to come in person, this must've meant he had come up with a solution!

Two of the members of the Wrona race glared at Elder Xue murderously. Naturally, they didn't want him to succeed.

However, the Fostering race had imposed powerful restrictions on the whole square, and no one was able to break these rules. Even if they wanted to, they couldn't stop the Elemental race.

As the members of the Wrona race stared at the Elemental race with puzzlement and worry, the other three races arrived, one after the other.

Every time the Rippling Water Day came, the six great races would scramble to enter the chimney. But today, they entered calmly, seemingly in no rush. Everyone wanted to see what Elder Xue was going to do.

Paying no attention to them, Elder Xue said to his group, "Let's go!"

The three members of the Elemental race took the lead in entering the gate to the chimney, followed by Elder Xue and Geoffrey.

The door at the foot of the chimney was only as tall as a person. When the five of them approached, it automatically began to shrink.

Upon entering the gate, Geoffrey took a glance at his surroundings. He found that the interior of the chimney was an extremely wide, metal hall.

The floor and walls of the hall were all made of black metal, similar to the chimney's exterior. On the surface of the metal were countless engraved golden rings. Some of the rings were independent of each other, while some were connected to each other. Overall, it looked like a haphazard mess.

"What are these rings?" Geoffrey asked, pointing at the golden rings.

"Ring patterns," Elder Xue answered immediately. "It's exactly what I thought. At the bottom of the chimney, there are the ring patterns left behind by the Fostering race. Anyway, we're not in a hurry to go up. Wait for me to decipher them."

The ring patterns were actually the written words of the Fostering race and the Cinnabar race.

The creatures of the chaos were very interested in Sanskrit words. Masters like the Wing King and the Primeval Lord of Heaven had spent their entire lives deciphering Sanskrit words.

The Four Spirits Sect in the main world, on the other hand, were addicted to ring patterns. Kincaid, Sheehan, and Cornelius each had great attainments in the ring patterns.

Elder Xue's attainments in the ring patterns were not as great as theirs in the past, but by now, he not only stayed in the Deep Space for a long time, but also had the body of the Elemental race. His attainments in the ring patterns far surpassed those of anyone else in the Four Spirits Sect.

After saying that, Elder Xue gently leaned against the wall and began deciphering the ring patterns.

"The Levitation Tower is the root of our race," he deciphered slowly. "It is..."

The structure of the ring patterns might have been very simple, but it was difficult to decipher them one by one. After all, they were connected to each other, and the line space was quite narrow, so it was difficult to read them. Even if Elder Xue had stayed in the Deep Space for a long time, it was still difficult even for him to decipher them.

"It is also an opportunity for us to start all over again. After we were defeated by the Cinnabar race, we took it as fate dictated by nirvana. Everyone who enters the tower comes for this opportunity..." Geoffrey read aloud.

Elder Xue froze. Turning around abruptly, he stared at Geoffrey in disbelief.

Embarrassed, Geoffrey rubbed his hands shyly. "I... I seem to be able to read these words..."

Chapter 4246 Answer Honestly

Geoffrey didn't find any difficulty in reading the Sanskrit words. It seemed that he had an inherent talent in deciphering them and seeing the hidden information within them.

When he first saw these rings, he wasn't able to clearly read the contents. However, right after Elder Xue read a few words according to the ring patterns, the ring patterns suddenly became comprehensible before his eyes.

It was as if he had already used these words for many years, so he could easily read them like it was his native tongue.

"You can really read them?" Elder Xue asked as he was surprised.

Just to make sure, Geoffrey shifted his gaze to the other ring patterns, scanned them a few more times and then nodded. "Yes, I can understand them..."

"That's fascinating. How did that happen?" Elder Xue was speechless in surprise for a moment. "It's a little difficult for me to decipher these ring patterns, and sometimes the translation is not accurate. Please help me decipher them!"

Geoffrey had always wanted to be of help if it was within his ability. Thus, with Elder Xue's strong request, he immediately agreed and began reading the ring patterns.

"The Levitation Tower is five hundred feet high. If one is able to climb the uppermost area of the tower, then they could become its master and would be qualified to obtain the Heavenly Ring Staff, the sacred object of the Fostering race.

The Heavenly Ring Staff is the foundation of the Fostering race. It can freely control all forms of energy.

This item is very important, and couldn't just fall into the hands of anyone. Only the one who is the most powerful and worthy can attain it. If one desires to get it, then they need to pass the tests of the Levitation Tower first."

While Geoffrey was reading these words, Elder Xue's eyes lit up. He always knew that the Fostering race had some treasure or weapon that matched the heavy sword, but he had no idea what exactly was it.

However, through Geoffrey, he had learned what it was and even heard its true name—the Heavenly Ring Staff.

Elder Xue refrained from interrupting Geoffrey as he read the ring patterns, and he listened intently to every word that was said. The three members of the Elemental race just stayed quietly at the side since they weren't in a hurry.

The Elemental race and the other Deep Space races found the ring patterns of no use. Since the Fostering race and the Cinnabar race had long been gone and had been destroyed for so many years, the six large Deep Space races that appeared afterward were still in a savage stage. Even though they had the strength, they didn't bother creating their own civilization, and their attainment in the ring patterns was close to none.

At the same time, the members of the five large Deep Space races outside the Levitation Tower were even more baffled.

Normally, after they entered the Levitation Tower, all of the creatures' instinct was to rush to the top at their fastest speed. No one would dawdle and stay on the first floor.

Outside the tower, most of the creatures saw the five rays of green light coming from the Elemental race staying on the first floor. They were confused about what they were trying to do there.

"The Fostering race has obtained the inheritance of the World of No Limits, and we are the rightful ruler of the Stellar World. Since the very beginning, we have treated the Cinnabar race as our enemy. On the 10, 000th Rippling Water Day, our race managed to slaughter three thousand masters of the Cinnabar race; on the 90, 000th Scorching Fire Day, we broke through thirteen of their lands; and..."

At the beginning of the ring patterns, the Foster race briefly introduced the Levitation Tower. However, the latter parts seemed to only contain a detailed record of the past battles between the Fostering race and the Cinnabar race.

Geoffrey agreed to read the ring patterns in hopes that he could find some clues on the first floor in order to pass through the Levitation Tower, but those clues were nowhere to be found on them. Instead, for the most part, they were comprised of the history of the Fostering race's development. Naturally, Geoffrey got bored while reading them. He suddenly stopped in the middle of a text and asked, "Elder Xue, do I still need to continue reading this part?"

"Yes, of course! This is important!" Elder Xue was so engrossed in the history of the Fostering race.

As an elder of the Bold Conjecture House, he felt like it was his obligation to explore the world. Thus, if this kind of information was right before his eyes, how could he miss such a very rare opportunity?

Upon hearing Elder Xue's response, Geoffrey couldn't help rolling his eyes and continued reading.

From the ten thousandth to the three trillionth Rippling Water Day, the Fostering race had gone through prosperity, rise, conquest, and decline. With their fierce war against the Cinnabar race, both of them perished together in the end.

After deciphering and reading the last ring pattern, Elder Xue patted Geoffrey on his shoulder with a look of extreme satisfaction. "Now, let's go up!"

The inner part of the Levitation Tower was spiral in structure. As they climbed up ten feet along the spiral staircase, a red line suddenly appeared under their feet and blocked their way. Upon seeing this, they immediately stopped and put their guards up.

Even without Elder Xue warning them, Geoffrey knew that once they crossed that red line, they might die on the spot.

Just as they steadily approached the red line, they felt that a strand of consciousness attempted to simultaneously enter their minds.

"Hmm, it's a test for the soul..." Elder Xue said as if he had already expected this.

During his long years of staying in the Deep Space, he had experienced countless failures. Thus he already had a rough deduction of what to expect within the first two hundred feet of the Levitation Tower.

"Elder Xue, can I pass this test?" Geoffrey asked nervously.

Although he currently had a cultivation base of a True God, his soul was still not very strong. In fact, he was far inferior to an ordinary Other Shore Realm warrior in terms of strength.

It meant that even the soul of an ordinary creature in the Deep Space was stronger than Geoffrey's. The moment the creature released a little soul pressure, Geoffrey's soul would be in great danger of being extinguished.

"You don't have to worry. The tests in the Levitation Tower have nothing to do with one's strength. Otherwise, most of the creatures that would dare to enter the tower might pass. Don't resist the consciousness," Elder Xue tried to console him.

It wasn't that there weren't powerful warriors among the six large races of the Deep Space. However, the tests of the Levitation Tower were far from ordinary. For the past years, more and more powerful warriors failed to pass the tests in the tower. Therefore, the six large races decided to stop sending their powerful warriors because they had already lost so many powerful members in it.

After all, every powerful member was necessary for their races to thrive. Once there was an imbalance in terms of the number and strength of one race, the other races would surely take advantage of this and annihilate this weaker race.

Geoffrey followed Elder Xue's advice and the consciousness freely entered Geoffrey's mind. The moment it touched his soul, a simple question surfaced in his mind.

"Who are you?"

As he heard the question, a strange expression quickly appeared on his face. He wasn't expecting this kind of simple question.

At the same time, Elder Xue and the other three members of the Elemental race showed the same strange reactions on their faces. Soon after, Elder Xue calmed himself and reminded them, "Just relax and answer the question honestly."

'Answer honestly?

So am I to introduce myself?' Geoffrey thought with slight hesitation.

Right now, he just had to trust what Elder Xue said, so he answered, "My name is Geoffrey Luo... I'm from the chaos."

No one exactly knew what the correct answer was. At that moment, Geoffrey just simply conveyed what he thought when asked with that question.

After Geoffrey told his self-introduction, a gap appeared from the red line beneath his feet. From the gap, two green lines extended, forming a path to advance.

"Whew, that's pretty easy."

Geoffrey shrugged as he let out a sigh.

Soon after, Elder Xue and the members of the Elemental race also finished answering the question asked by the consciousness. A passageway outlined by green lines also appeared beneath their feet.

With this, they continued to go up along the green lines.

After they managed to climb up some distance, the wisp of consciousness raised a new question.

"What is your dream?"

'Dream? That is so vague.'

Geoffrey slightly tilted his head and was reluctant to answer the question right away.

He thought that if the answer was based on the logic of the test from the Fostering race, then it should probably be something connected with saving the world or the people.

But Geoffrey didn't know if that was how he should answer in this test.

When Elder Xue saw that Geoffrey was hesitating, he reminded him again, "Just answer it honestly!"

Through Elder Xue's abundant experiences, he already learned that no one could deceive the Levitation Tower. With the omnipotent method of the Fostering race, it would be very easy to tell whether one was lying or not. He knew that his companions might also have the same hesitations, so he repeatedly reminded them to answer the questions with all honesty.

Chapter 4247 Dream

'My dream?'

Geoffrey blinked a couple of times, thinking hard about what his dream was.

Now, he knew that the whole world was in danger. All he wanted to do was save the world and reunite with his parents.

Pondering for a while, he wondered if those were part of his dream.

However, he soon concluded that they weren't.

Despite everything being hazy at the moment, Geoffrey knew this wasn't his ultimate dream.

His mother was the leader of the Cloud Hall, and his father was a legend in every world.

While he had lived his whole life in a safe environment, he couldn't help but feel like he was in a prison. He couldn't make decisions on his own, and he couldn't leave without permission.

He couldn't live a life he wanted in the Cloud Hall or the fairy palace.

Ever since Zen went to the Source World, Geoffrey had stayed in his inner world. But he was his father's tool. Whenever Zen needed him to decipher Sanskrit words, he would summon him.

Although Zen had given him the illusion of freedom in his inner world, sometimes even creating obstacles for him, Geoffrey knew that everything was still under his father's control. Ultimately, he was safe there, and never needed to stare death in the face.

Due to his experiences growing up, Geoffrey didn't really care about anything, since he couldn't even be the master of his own life.

As he reflected on his past, he found that his days of happiness only really started when he had set foot in the Abstruse Energy World from the Deleting Space.

There, he had encountered so many dangers.

His parents weren't by his side, so he finally felt the thrill of courting death.

Despite the danger, Geoffrey was very happy.

Then, it clicked. "My dream is to travel the worlds freely!" he exclaimed.

Even when Geoffrey gave his answer, the consciousness still did not have any reaction. He, Elder Xue, and the others continued to move along the green lines, with no obstructions before them.

"Elder Xue, this is easier than I thought," Geoffrey said with a nonchalant shrug.

"It's not that simple," Elder Xue responded, shaking his head. "They are just collecting information."

"Why would they do that?"

Just as Geoffrey finished speaking, he reached the end of the green lines and a red line suddenly blocked their way.

Then, the consciousness suddenly became active in his mind. This time, however, it didn't raise any questions but went straight into Geoffrey's soul.

Boom!

Geoffrey felt as though a wild, ancient beast had just rammed into him. A white light flashed in his mind briefly, and when he had gathered his bearings, he found himself in a strange world.

There was no sign of Elder Xue or the Levitation Tower. Instead, Geoffrey saw a seemingly unending wilderness. After taking in his surroundings, he saw several old, dilapidated wooden cabins nearby.

As Geoffrey made his way towards the cabins, he suddenly heard the pained wails of someone crying. Whipping his head about, he tried to follow the direction of the sound. Finally, his eyes landed on a thin, short girl who was as pale as a ghost in one of the cabins.

"Hello,"

Geoffrey called out from a distance.

Since he didn't know where he was, he didn't dare approach the little crying girl.

"Hey, why are you crying?" he asked again.

The little girl slowly raised her tear-stained face. "It's all your fault! We're all going to die!" she wailed.

Geoffrey was confused. "What did I do to you?"

'I guess I am in an illusion created by the Levitation Tower. This must be a test, ' he quickly figured. His face relaxed when he realized this.

Seeing Geoffrey's relaxed expression, the little girl got angrier. "I was created because of you. Dead crows would appear over there. We can't escape from them. We will die here," she spat, resentment written all over her face.

Hearing the little girl's words, Geoffrey immediately realized that the little girl's words was an important hint.

He raised his head and looked at the end of the wilderness in the distance. A black cloud was steadily approaching, and as he squinted, he realized it was actually a horde of black crows.

"The dead crows are coming our way. Run!" Geoffrey urged.

"No, I am not going anywhere. I can't escape them anyway!" The little girl shook her head stubbornly.

"Then, I'll leave you here!"

Without hesitation, Geoffrey turned around abruptly and started to sprint away. As he ran, he muttered to himself, "What the hell is this illusion?"

After a while, he suddenly stopped in his tracks. He could sense that the little girl was still wailing, sitting on the ground of one of the cabins. Raising his eyebrows, he turned around and headed back for her.

'Since the little girl is in this illusion, she must play a role, ' he thought to himself.

Squatting in front of the little girl, he said, "You didn't even give it a try. How would you know that you can't run away from them?"

"This wilderness is very large. The dead crows are very fast. Of course we can't outrun them!" The little girl pouted.

"Are you familiar with this place?" Geoffrey asked, raising an eyebrow.

The little girl shook her head stubbornly. "Anyway, we are doomed. We will die here!" she said again.

"If we don't run, we will surely die. But if we run now, we might make it out of here. So why don't we give it a shot? If we don't do anything and give up, we will regret it!" Geoffrey coaxed her gently.

"Look at those dead crows. It'd only take one of them to devour the both of us. Even the nearest city is a hundred miles away. We'll be their food before we get there. So, just give up!" the little girl huffed with conviction.

"Since you know that this world is illusionary, you should know that it is just a test. If you run with me, we will find a way to get rid of them," Geoffrey patiently persuaded. By now, he had already figured out that the little girl was the key to passing the test.

"My existence is meaningless. Whether I run or not, I will disappear with the world. So it makes no difference whether I choose to run or stay here," the little girl retorted, her eyes flashing with defiance.

"But it'd mean a lot to me," Geoffrey said, unable to hide the annoyance in his voice. He didn't know how to talk the stubborn little girl into going with him.

"It's not my responsibility to help you, and I can't help." By now, she had stopped crying. If Geoffrey wasn't mistaken, there seemed to be a hint of malice in her large, twinkling eyes.

Quack! Quack! Quack!

The dead crows were steadily closing in on them. Geoffrey could see the ferocity in their eyes.

'I've only climbed around two feet on the Levitation Tower. Am I really going to die here?' he thought.

He frowned and stood up. All of a sudden, an idea flashed in his mind.

'I've been focusing on persuading this little girl. What if I tried another method?

There's no way I'm giving up like this!' Geoffrey thought to himself resolutely.

Lowering his head, he glanced at the little girl. With his eyebrows raised slightly, he suddenly grabbed the little girl by the arm and began to run.

The little girl was as light as a kite.

He kept running while grabbing the little girl tightly. "Now that you can't help me, let me help you!" he said as he sprinted.

The little girl didn't resist. Instead, she smiled. Gently waving at the sky, a fan-shaped flame suddenly appeared.

In the blink of an eye, all the dead crows were burnt to ashes.

Then, a hush fell over the vast wilderness. Even though it was just an illusion, it felt so real. The smell of burning flesh filled Geoffrey's nose.

"You passed the test," the little girl said calmly.

Geoffrey threw the little girl to the side and panted. Before he could reply, the illusion abruptly disappeared.

He was back in the Levitation Tower. The red line that had blocked him moments prior was now replaced with two green lines.

As for Elder Xue and the other three men from the Elemental race, their eyes were still shut tight. It was obvious that they were still trapped in the illusion.

Chapter 4248 Afraid Of Death

Despite the path continuing before him, Geoffrey didn't rush up the tower. Instead, he stood there and waited patiently.

A few minutes later, a member of the Elemental race opened his eyes and found himself safe. His eyes gleamed with excitement.

He then noticed that Geoffrey had already left the illusion and tried to say something, but Geoffrey didn't understand a single word.

Soon, the second one woke up. This left only Elder Xue and the last one stuck in the illusion.

"They should wake up soon," Geoffrey said, nodding with certainty.

After all, he had seen once before that the pace of the members of the Elemental race in the first half of the Levitation Tower was very fast. It wouldn't take long.

However, as soon as he finished speaking, he saw the two lines under the feet of the still unconscious member begin to recede.

When the other two members also took notice, they immediately cried out anxiously, but there was nothing they could do.

Everyone had their own path, and they could only move within the lines under their feet. No one dared cross their lines in the slightest.

When the lines drew back to the feet of that member, the originally green lines turned red. Then, that member's legs were burned by an invisible flame, until he was nothing but a pile of white ashes.

"He is dead!" Geoffrey exclaimed in horror, his eyes twitching.

Although he was painfully aware that those who entered the Levitation Tower were willing to sacrifice their lives, he couldn't help but feel depressed with what he just witnessed.

At the same time, he was also consumed with worry about Elder Xue's safety. What was taking him so long? Would he die here?

Just as Geoffrey felt like his anxiety was eating him alive, Elder Xue's body trembled slightly. When he finally opened his eyes, Geoffrey heaved a sigh of relief.

When the two members of the Elemental race saw Elder Xue wake up, they pointed at the wafting white ashes and jabbered something incomprehensible. Elder Xue understood what they meant. After comforting them, he said to Geoffrey, "He must have lied when the Levitation Tower asked him those questions, so he couldn't pass the test. As I've said many times, no matter what the Levitation Tower asks, you must tell the truth. Remember this!"

Elder Xue focused all his efforts on Geoffrey. Just now, he used the death of this member as a learning experience for Geoffrey.

"I'll keep that in mind." Geoffrey nodded shakily. He knew he had no choice but to obey Elder Xue, since this was a matter of life and death.

Then together, the remaining four continued to walk along the green lines.

"Those who enter the Levitation Tower will stay at the height of twenty feet for a while and then rise steadily to the height of fifty feet. I don't think there will be any test during this process," Elder Xue said as he walked.

He had observed this many times, and this time he could finally verify his theory.

As he said, the four of them walked around the Levitation Tower two times, and they encountered no obstacles all the way up to the height of fifty feet. The consciousness in their minds had been silent, but the moment they reached the height of fifty feet, another red line appeared in front of them and blocked their way. At the same time, the consciousness in their minds raised another question.

"Are you afraid of death?"

When Geoffrey heard this question, his heart skipped a beat. He had a bad feeling about this, but he still answered firmly, "Yes!"

Boom!

The wisp of consciousness once again hit his soul.

In the blink of an eye, he found himself in a new illusion.

There was a two-foot-long saber in front of him. Not far away was a large lake. By the lakeside, he saw the figure of the little girl with the pale face again.

"Nice to meet you again," the little girl said with a bright, cheerful smile.

Geoffrey ignored her momentarily and looked around vigilantly.

Since the question this time was about death, he figured the test must have something to do with death.

The biggest difficulty of the illusion was that there were too few hints. If he wanted to pass the test, he needed to probe around further.

After taking a few apprehensive steps forward, Geoffrey picked up the saber cautiously. Gripping it tightly in his hand, he asked the girl, "Why are you still here? Are you here to help me?"

"I won't help you," the little girl said, smiling as though she knew all the secrets of the world. "I just want to watch you die. Those who are afraid of death will surely die."

"Watch me die? Those who are afraid of death will surely die?" Geoffrey echoed confusedly.

Taking another look at his surroundings, he saw that there was only the lake in front of him. Was it going to drown him?

With his cultivation base, it was impossible for him to drown, but this was an illusion, so anything was possible...

As soon as this dawned on Geoffrey, he noticed a dark shadow moving swiftly at the bottom of the lake. His eyes widened and he immediately retreated a few steps backward.

Swoosh!

When Geoffrey retreated several hundred feet, a vine shot out from the lake's surface, rushing towards him like an arrow.

In the blink of an eye, it coiled around Geoffrey's ankle.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Geoffrey haphazardly chopped at the vine with the saber in his hand. To his horror, the vine was extremely solid, as though it were made of metal. Sparks flew out in all directions whenever he slashed at the vine, but the vine remained unscathed. Before he could think of something, the vine dragged him into the water.

Rumble! Rumble!

Just as Geoffrey had suspected, he felt suffocated upon entering the water. He was drowning!

Although he struggled madly, the vine was as solid as an iron whip. No matter how hard he tried, he was unable to break free from it.

Standing by the lake, the little girl bent over to watch. Looking at Geoffrey who was struggling under the water, she smiled almost innocently, but her eyes betrayed a sense of malice.

As Geoffrey felt as though his lungs were about to explode, his consciousness began to wane.

If he blacked out, he would really die here.

Thinking of how the member of the Elemental race had been burnt into a pile of ashes, he shuddered. He definitely didn't want to die that way.

"I... I want to live!"

Gritting his teeth, he was determined to survive.

Since the little girl wasn't going to help him, and he couldn't cut the vine, he decided to use the saber

on his own self.

Making up his mind, he swung the saber at his legs desperately.

He hadn't suffered much growing up, but now, at such a critical situation, he moved swiftly and ruthlessly.

Crack!

Blood began to paint the bottom of the water red as he severed his right leg. Breaking free from his shackles, he swam to the surface of the lake and gasped for air. Just as he was hungrily drinking up oxygen, another vine shot out from the bottom of the lake. This time, it was his left leg that was caught.

Crack!

This time, Geoffrey became more decisive. Before he was pulled to the bottom of the lake, he sliced off his left leg.

Despite it being an illusion, everything felt very real. The pain from severing both his legs was unbearable.

"Which body parts do you want? Just tell me! I'll give you everything! As long as I can live!" Geoffrey roared at the little girl fiercely.

The little girl seemed to be a little disappointed. Lowering her head, she thought for a while. It seemed as though she'd lost interest in Geoffrey. "This is boring. You are really afraid of death. Then, let's end this."

As soon as she finished speaking, the illusion shook and disappeared with her.

Geoffrey found himself back in the Levitation Tower, soaked with sweat.

After successfully passing the test, he felt like he was an extremely lucky survivor.

Looking to see if his companions had passed too, he was stunned when he saw that Elder Xue and the two members of the Elemental race were trembling. What sort of torture were they going through?

"My answer was 'yes', yet the test was so horrible. Elder Xue and the others have a stable state of mind, so they must've answered 'no'. The illusions they are facing are probably ten times more difficult," Geoffrey said, shaking his head worriedly.

Chapter 4249 Water

The illusions that Elder Xue and the others faced were much more advanced than the one Geoffrey had encountered.

However, in terms of life-or-death struggles, both the Elemental race and Elder Xue had been more experienced than Geoffrey.

It was no exaggeration to state that all warriors who qualified to enter the Levitation Tower had already come to regard life and death as unimportant details, and a life-or-death test wasn't really anything that concerned them.

Therefore, Geoffrey didn't wait long before Elder Xue and the two members of the Elemental race had safely accomplished the illusions.

Upon passing the test, Elder Xue turned to confirm Geoffrey's safety immediately. He was relieved to see that the young man was unscathed.

"What was your answer to the question?" Elder Xue asked out of curiosity.

"I answered it with honesty. I admitted that I'm afraid of death," said Geoffrey.

"Oh? Truly?" Elder Xue was taken aback by this unexpected answer, but he quickly understood the reasoning behind it.

Everyone who entered the Levitation Tower knew there was a great likelihood of dying. Elder Xue and the two members of the Elemental race had boldly stated that they were not afraid of death; hence, they had faced much more severe life-or-death challenges.

In particular, Elder Xue had been subject to hundreds of cycles of birth and death in the limited period of time. If it had been Geoffrey, he would have been overwhelmed and succumbed to the pain.

Geoffrey's weakness actually worked to his advantage because his tests in the Levitation Tower had a much lower level of difficulty than the other warriors'. If he continued to advance at this pace, it might not be as difficult for him to pass all the tests.

"Let's move on!"

Once the red line disappeared, the four of them continued to ascend the spiraling stairs of the Levitation Tower.

Sixty feet...

Seventy feet...

Eighty feet...

When they reached the level that was ninety feet away from the starting point, the mysterious consciousness raised another question:

"Who will you choose to save in a crisis?"

Before Geoffrey could answer it, his consciousness was drawn into an illusion again. He saw the same little girl in the illusion. This time, she gave Geoffrey a chance to save his own life or the lives of ten thousand other people. He would have to either sacrifice his life for the ten thousand people, or sacrifice their lives for his own.

Geoffrey's sense of self-preservation quickly answered. He selected his own survival with almost no hesitation at all. For the young man, his life was much more valuable than those of irrelevant strangers!

Moreover, Elder Xue had repeatedly emphasized the importance of being honest, and that meant he should answer the Levitation Tower's questions with absolute honesty. He was very confident in his honest answer.

In the illusion, those innocent people were slowly submerged in lethal lava. The little girl watched beside Geoffrey. "Cold-blooded," she commented. Then, the illusion immediately disappeared from his mind.

Soon, Elder Xue and the two members of the Elemental race also passed through the test without a hitch.

After passing through three tests in a row, Geoffrey's expression had become greatly relaxed. "Elder Xue, these are actually not soul tests. They didn't involve the strength of soul, nor the level of power," he remarked. "I think they were more like designed to test our humanity..."

"I totally agree." Elder Xue nodded.

"It shouldn't be all that difficult to pass these tests," said Geoffrey.

It was hard for him to believe that no one from the six great races of the Deep Space had managed to pass through the Levitation Tower for a great many years.

Elder Xue chuckled and replied, "Although the Elemental race, the Cold Ape race, and the Wrona race are powerful, their civilizations are still at a barbaric stage. They possess a poorly developed humanity."

In fact, even though Elder Xue had previously figured out the key to success lay in not lying to the Levitation Tower, he had never entered the tower himself before. No matter how bright he was, it was impossible for him to guess at the contents of the tests, and he couldn't draw them out of thin air. Therefore, it was most fortunate that they had already come this far.

Next, they underwent three more tests each time they advanced another thirty feet, and they were drawn into three similar illusions.

These illusions repeatedly tested their humanity in different ways. It wasn't all that difficult for Geoffrey or Elder Xue since they both stuck to answering truthfully according to their hearts. Unfortunately, one member of the Elemental race failed to be honest and was killed at the last test.

The remaining three of them all passed the height of one hundred and eighty feet and headed straight for the height of two hundred feet. It was the highest record, and while two members of the Elemental race had achieved it only a few days ago, it had cost their lives.

Both Elder Xue and Geoffrey were curious as to what they would encounter from here on.

As they ascended the spiraling staircase, they soon discovered that there was a transparent barrier at the height of two hundred feet, and it blocked their way ahead.

It resembled a transparent glazed door, blocking in the stairway, and dozens of gray masses could be seen floating inside the transparent object.

Geoffrey stepped forward and gently touched the transparent barrier. The moment his fingertips touched the surface, layers of ripples appeared, circling outwards. This large transparent barrier appeared to be made up of water!

Geoffrey's touch seemed to have activated those gray things. One of these quickly approached the surface of the water near Geoffrey's hand. It suddenly turned into a large gray mouth, biting fiercely towards him.

Luckily, the large gray mouth wasn't able to escape the surface of the liquid. It could only flatten and spread inside the liquid. Geoffrey was so frightened, he sat on the ground, and the grey matter quickly turned back into its normal state and retracted.

"What the hell was that?" Geoffrey's face turned white with fright.

Elder Xue furrowed his brows. This transparent object obstructed the only passageway. If they wanted to move ahead, they apparently had no other choice but to swim across the liquid.

The two members of the Elemental race who had made it to this point before must have died in the water. Judging from the current situation, would they also die at this place?

"Let me do it!"

noticing Elder Xue's melancholy face, the last remaining member of the Elemental race offered, and then went straight into the liquid. Of course, he was not blind to the dangers inside.

However, these members of the Elemental race were all very respectful to Elder Xue. He was willing to sacrifice himself to discover a way ahead for Elder Xue.

"No!"

Elder Xue tried to stop him, but it was too late. As soon as the man plunged into the liquid, one of the gray things immediately noticed him.

Splash!

The gray thing turned into a large mouth and chomped on his head. Then it transformed into a gray mist, which invaded his brain. The man panicked at this development.

When he realized that he was still alive, he waved at Elder Xue to comfort him, and then swam towards the far end of the liquid. When he was about to leave the liquid, his eyes suddenly rolled to the back of his head, and he involuntarily clutched at his head with his hands. His expression became greatly contorted, as if he was suffering from intense pain.

Elder Xue had taught them how to endure pain. Their wills had actually become much stronger than that of ordinary creatures. Since he was so overwhelmed by pain, it wasn't hard to imagine what severe tortures he might be suffering.

"What happened?" Geoffrey asked in a tone laced with trepidation.

Pop!

A muffled sound echoed from within the liquid. The man's head suddenly exploded, and a cloud of gray mist emerged again.

The headless corpse of the man slowly floated in the water until it reached the edge and was finally expelled from the water to drop to the ground before Geoffrey and Elder Xue.

Since the headless corpse had crossed the green lines, it was quickly turned to ashes by the Levitation Tower.

Geoffrey stood transfixed into silence for several minutes before he asked, "We can't pass through this place at all. Shall we turn back now?"

Chapter 4250 Reward

Geoffrey knew he wouldn't be able to go back at all. Still, he was frightened, so he couldn't help asking that question.

Elder Xue said nothing. He looked away, observing the gray things in the water.

Here, at the height of two hundred feet in the Levitation Tower, he had never thought there would be such things. He felt a strange calmness wash over him. He considered several possibilities, in line with the longstanding motto of the Bold Conjecture House: "Boldly make a hypothesis; carefully verify it." He had come up with that on his own.

"Geoffrey, does the aura of these things strike you as somewhat familiar?" asked Elder Xue.

"Familiar? No," Geoffrey admitted, shaking his head.

It was the first time he had seen such things.

Elder Xue thought for a while. After a few moments, he headed straight towards the water.

He plunged his head in with a splash.

As soon as his head was inside the clear water, one of the gray things swam quickly towards him. It spread out, forming the shape of sharp teeth, and started to bite him.

Elder Xue immediately withdrew his head before the thing could bite him.

Drops of water trickled down his face.

The gray thing couldn't leave the water. It lingered in the spot where Elder Xue's head had been and spread outwards, before slowly retreating.

Elder Xue repeated this action several more times, as though he was teasing the grey thing. As soon as it swam away, he poked his head back into the transparent water.

Each time, the grey thing rushed back, but not quickly enough to succeed in biting Elder Xue.

"Elder Xue, why are you doing that?" Geoffrey asked, wondering what game he was playing with the gray thing.

"I'm trying to sense its aura. It's a pity that it's in water, because the water is blocking most of its aura, making it difficult to sense. I wanted to get a clear confirmation of what I was thinking," Elder Xue answered.

"What did you learn? What kind of aura is it?" Geoffrey said. He himself had no idea.

Elder Xue smiled. "I already knew, and I just wanted to make sure," he said, tapping his temple lightly. "The wisp of consciousness that entered our minds before is very similar to this aura!"

Geoffrey was interested. "Really? If the aura of the things in the water is similar to the aura of that consciousness, then..."

"It's possible that these are the souls of the Fostering race," Elder Xue finished. As usual with him, it was a clever and bold assumption.

"The souls of the Fostering race!" exclaimed Geoffrey in surprise. He wasn't entirely convinced. "But why would they put their souls here? Just to attack us?"

Elder Xue did not respond at once, as he mulled over the implications of his assumption. Finally, he said, "I can't be sure, but there's a good chance it is a reward."

"A reward?" Geoffrey repeated, thoroughly confused.

Just now, that member of the Elemental race had been killed miserably in front of them. How could it have anything to do with a reward?

Moreover, a few days ago, the two members of the Elemental race had also climbed to this height. Both had also stopped here.

Elder Xue ignored Geoffrey's obvious skepticism. He went on, "It's impossible for the Fostering race to set up an insurmountable barrier."

"That's just because we haven't found a way, but it can't be a reward," Geoffrey objected.

Elder Xue stared at Geoffrey. "If a random human being with a strength level similar to yours or even weaker than you entered the Levitation Tower, do you think there would be a high probability of that human passing the six tests?"

Geoffrey didn't understand why Elder Xue had asked this question. He hesitated and then said, "The probability of passing is very high!"

Those tests of human nature were not too difficult. If his father or Rocher took part in the tests, they would definitely pass them.

"Over the countless long years, about two million people from the six races of the Deep Space have entered the Levitation Tower. But only you, me, and three members of the Elemental race have come this far. Don't you feel that's strange?" Elder Xue asked, trying to make Geoffrey see his reasoning.

Geoffrey had to admit that analysis wasn't his strong suit, but as Elder Xue spoke, Geoffrey tried to follow his thoughts. He asked, "Could it be that the so-called six large races of the Deep Space are too stupid?"

As for human beings, even if they were placed in the savage land, they would probably develop a high level of intelligence after a few thousand years at most. That period of time would be enough for a civilization to rise and their race to become prosperous.

Meanwhile, the six large races in the Deep Space had existed for a long time. The Elemental race had even been cultivated by Elder Xue.

It was strange indeed if the members of these races had not yet developed a high level of intelligence.

"After the Deep Space was broken, the conditions for advanced civilization were lost. These six races are like earthworms and ants that live underground. They have been restricted since they were born, so even if I teach them as much as I can, they can only learn so much. They still underperform and act unwisely on many occasions," said Elder Xue. He added, "If you put a wisp of soul into an ant or an earthworm, what will happen?"

"Their heads would explode?" Geoffrey spoke tentatively. He had never imagined such a thing.

"Yes," replied Elder Xue, pointing at the white ashes on the ground. "From the perspective of the Fostering race, the members of the Elemental race are ants, earthworms and bugs on the ground. They can't bear the souls of the Fostering race at all, so they exploded and were killed."

"What about us? You think our heads will not explode?" Geoffrey asked.

"We have no choice but to take a risk!"

With a loud splash, Elder Xue went straight into the transparent water.

Although he had the physical body of a member of the Elemental race, his soul was a human spirit. He came from the main world, but he was still more confident than his companions from the Elemental race.

Once more, the grey thing formed teeth and approached Elder Xue.

It bit him, and then it drilled into his head continuously. Geoffrey watched with his mouth open. He found the scene terrifying.

Elder Xue's eyes rolled and his body twitched repeatedly.

Geoffrey stared, afraid that Elder Xue's head would explode any second now.

Three seconds passed, and then six, nine...

Around a minute later, Elder Xue finally stopped trembling. He floated calmly in the transparent water. His gaze met Geoffrey's, and there was a deep, profound look in his eyes. He crooked his finger at him.

"You can really bear it!"

Geoffrey said excitedly, rushing forward. He started to enter the transparent water, but he stopped as soon as he approached the surface.

He had forgotten that he was different from Elder Xue.

Elder Xue was no ordinary human spirit, but among the strongest ones. Geoffrey was a human being from the chaos, and he was only a True God. The gap between them was too big.

Elder Xue could bear it, but Geoffrey might not be able to.

"Elder Xue, how about I wait for you here? You can save me after you get the Heavenly Ring Staff," Geoffrey said, smiling weakly at him.

Unexpectedly, Elder Xue swam from the transparent water. He stretched out a hand, grabbed Geoffrey by the neck, and dragged him into the transparent water.

The water splashed around them as Elder Xue submerged Geoffrey in the depths.

Another gray thing promptly swam towards Geoffrey.

Like a blooming gray flower, the thing wrapped petal-shaped arms around Geoffrey's head, and drilled into his mind.

Geoffrey trembled.

He felt an intense, swelling pain as the powerful soul force forced its way into his mind.

The soul power was very pure and untainted. Because it had no owner, Geoffrey absorbed it very smoothly and naturally.

As the soul assimilated fully into Geoffrey's mind, the pain grew, becoming unbearable. He felt like his head was about to crack open.

Chapter 4251 The World of Nothingness (Part One)

Geoffrey almost had never experienced any sort of hardship before. How could he tolerate such an intense pain now?

At this moment, the pain had shut out his ability to think. He only hoped that he could pass out and escape the situation he was in somehow. However, the soul power continued to strengthen his soul, and at the same time, the pain that wrung through his entire body with it grew much stronger.

It seemed like endless torture that refused to meet an end.

He suffered in silence as the pain had him writhe and groan. It was killing him to have to tolerate it unwillingly. When he was about to open his mouth to release the pressure, the water forcefully poured itself in.

His time of soul infusion was only thirty seconds longer than that of Elder Xue, but Geoffrey felt those minor seconds to be equal to those of a century.

After it was over, Geoffrey remained in the water without moving for a while, staring up into space. His newly acquired powerful soul made him have a new perception of the world, so he just lay there, taking his moment to digest it all in.

"My soul... I can feel it... How did it become so powerful?"

After processing his thoughts and coming to terms with his newly acquired abilities, Geoffrey swam out of the transparent water. The moment his eyes made contact with Elder Xue, they reflected unparalleled momentum.

Of course, Elder Xue quickly caught on with the change in Geoffrey at one glance.

As a top-level master in the main world, Elder Xue's soul was extremely powerful. After he absorbed the soul power of the Fostering race, his soul power had increased by four times, but Geoffrey was different from him.

Geoffrey was a mere True God in the chaos. Because of the difference in their status and abilities, after he went through the ordeal of absorbing the soul power of the Fostering race, his soul had probably grown exponentially.

"This feeling... It's like no other I have ever felt. It's amazing!"

Geoffrey eyed himself up as he exclaimed with excitement. A while ago, he was writhing in pain and prayed for it to stop. But now, he seemed to have forgotten all about it after having obtained such great power in return. He felt as though he had been reborn.

Elder Xue shared his excitement. It was indeed a great surprise that they could strengthen their souls to such a level. But soon as the excitement wore off and he began to collect his thoughts, he turned to Geoffrey and asked, "Why do you think they infuse such a surging soul power into us?"

The Levitation Tower was the last-standing hope left by the Fostering race as a symbol of their existence before they were annihilated. They were an astute race, and nothing they did was pointless. There must have been a reason why they chose to strengthen Geoffrey's and Elder Xue's souls.

"I guess we'll know when we go up," Geoffrey said as he pointed to the top of the tower.

Elder Xue gave him a slight nod then continued to walk up the steps alongside him.

After they left the transparent water, the green lines that once portrayed the path they could walk on disappeared.

When they made their way onto the next floor, which was two hundred and ten feet high, they saw a ball appear before their eyes in the center.

The ball hung loosely in the air. It was free of all imperfections. It was as if it was carved with utmost intricacy. There were no flaws on any side of it.

However, just as they stared deeply at the ball, they suddenly felt themselves being slowly consumed with strong feelings of loneliness. The ball seemed to be in existence for as long as forever. It had no meaning attached to its life. It was without a beginning or an end.

"What's wrong with this ball?" Geoffrey asked in a concerned tone.

Elder Xue kept his gaze fixated on the ball as he walked and gave his shoulders a light shrug, indicating his lack of knowledge about it as well.

At this moment, a faint light appeared before them, stopping them in their tracks. The light continued to twist and changed its form continuously until it finally manifested itself into a little girl. It was the same little girl that Geoffrey had encountered several times in the previous illusions.

"Nice to meet you again," the girl spoke indifferently with her hands clasped behind her back as she leaned towards him.

Geoffrey began to look around in all directions in a frantic state before he asked nervously, "Is this an illusion, or is this real?"

The little girl shook her head at his confusion and replied in a monotonous voice, "It's real."

But Elder Xue could see through the little girl and tell that the girl herself was an illusion.

"If that's really the case then... What are you doing here?" Geoffrey asked as he raised his brows.

In fact, he understood that the little girl was somehow connected to the Levitation Tower. The Levitation Tower needed a person to communicate with Geoffrey. The little girl was created to serve that purpose.

"I'll be your guide. Let me help you climb up from here on," the little girl said, her face devoid of all emotions as she beckoned them to follow her.

"Thank you for the offer, but I think we'll be fine on our own," Geoffrey said blatantly as he refused her help with a wave of his hand.

The little girl paid no heed to his remark and pointed towards the lifeless ball. "This is the World of Nothingness. It is infinitely large and small at the same time. It contains everything, and yet it also remains empty. It's the first-grade world."

Geoffrey still chose to ignore her and brushed her words aside. However, Elder Xue's expression switched drastically after he heard what she had to say. He pointed towards the ball and asked, "Are you telling me that this is the first-grade world? The real first-grade world?"

Chapter 4252 The World of Nothingness (Part Two)

"Of course not." The little girl cut his confusion short with a curt reply. She stared at Elder Xue with eyes filled with mockery as if to look down on him. "The World of Nothingness contains all kinds of things. Even an insignificant needle wouldn't be able to escape it. If it really were to appear, you'd instantly become a part of it, and if that happened, you wouldn't even be able to stand here."

"Is this World of Nothingness a creation of the Fostering race?" Elder Xue asked again.

"No, it isn't." The little girl shook her head. "It was created by Clarence."

"And who is this Clarence that you speak of?" Elder Xue continued to ask one question, followed by the other, to dissolve his confusion.

The girl tilted her head and placed her finger on her chin as if she was lost in thought. "He owns everything, and he has created everything." After giving a brief, yet vague explanation, she continued while pointing her finger upwards, "To advance further, you just need to climb up."

"That's not so hard. We'll be fine." Geoffrey shrugged as if to refuse all her help.

The atmosphere in the World of Nothingness really did have an eerie vibe to it, but what could it possibly do?

At most, it could only manage to affect something so little as his mood, right? That was not so bad. Without giving the ball a second glance, Geoffrey continued to climb up, ignorant of his surroundings and the situation he was putting himself in because of his arrogance.

Seeing Geoffrey's indifferent behavior, the little girl just smiled and shook her head in disapproval in silence.

After they walked two circles around the Levitation Tower, they reached the height of two hundred and thirty feet. There, the ball disappeared out of sight, along with the lingering desolate feeling brewing inside of them.

However, just as they took the next step forward, a huge wall appeared before them in the center of the tower. The wall was crafted with several intricate patterns, consisting of squares and circles of various sizes all interlinked with each other, along with different sets of lines that formed unusual things.

"What you see before you is the Wall World, the second-grade world," the little girl explained from behind in her usual monotonous voice.

To Geoffrey and Elder Xue, the Wall World was nothing more than a picture. However, it felt relieving compared to the World of Nothingness they experienced earlier. They could even sense faint signs of vitality emanating from the lines that formed vivid pictures of living creatures etched on the Wall World.

"This is not a test at all. It's just a brief visit," Geoffrey scoffed as he gave his shoulders a slight shrug.

The little girl seemed frustrated from Geoffrey's continued arrogant demeanor. Unable to withstand it any longer, she snapped at him, "The World of Nothingness and the Wall World are at lower levels compared to your world, which is why you remain unaffected. When you are confronted with the higher-grade worlds up there, I'll see if you can still speak as arrogantly as you do now."

Elder Xue was taken aback by the little girl's strong statement. He began to piece everything together and finally figured out the reason why the Fostering race bestowed them with their current soul power.

Next, they would have to go through the baptism of the higher-grade worlds. The higher the grade of the worlds, the more information they contained, and the higher the requirements for the souls.

'Could I withstand the sixth-grade world with my current soul power?

What about the seventh-grade world? And the eighth-grade world...'

While Elder Xue pondered over his limitations, his eyes fell on Geoffrey, who remained beside him.

As a creature from the third-grade world, Geoffrey was surprisingly able to move freely in the fourth-grade and the fifth-grade worlds. Perhaps he could be able to reach those higher worlds with ease compared to Elder Xue himself.

Even though Elder Xue harbored these concerns in his head, he didn't voice them out to Geoffrey. Instead, he continued to climb up alongside Geoffrey without uttering a word.

After another climb of twenty feet, they came across the third-grade world. This was the world Geoffrey was most familiar with.

Geoffrey had been away from the chaos for a steady period. Suddenly coming face to face with his world made him stop in his tracks as he stared blankly at it. Upon seeing things he was once familiar with, he couldn't help but feel homesick. But then, he lowered his gaze to shake the feeling off.

Then came the fourth-grade world. This time, it was Elder Xue who started to experience deep feelings of nostalgia with one short glimpse of it. After all, he had spent a fair amount of time in the fifth-grade world and never got the chance to return to the main world.

When they continued their climb and reached a height of three hundred feet, they were faced with the fifth-grade world. This world did not pose any difficulty for them as they had no feelings attached to it like the previous ones.

"This is the fifth-grade world, known as the Stellar World. Those are the members of our now perished Fostering race," the little girl introduced.

Just as Geoffrey laid his eyes on the creatures of the Fostering race, he broke out in a fit of laughter. "Seriously? Those are the members of your Fostering race? They look so funny!"

Elder Xue had never seen the members of the Fostering race before. He didn't expect them to look so naive and cute to the eyes. However, his reaction wasn't as offensive as the one Geoffrey portrayed. He nudged Geoffrey with his elbow and shook his head to gesture him to stop laughing.

Chapter 4253 The Soul Reincarnation

The little girl, who was leading the way, didn't want to entertain Geoffrey's rudeness.

She knew that there was such a huge gap between civilizations. Thus she couldn't believe and imagine why Geoffrey could laugh at it.

As she took the two of them to climb another twenty feet, the sixth-grade world welcomed them.

However, Elder Xue quickly stopped just before they entered the sixth-grade world.

He noticed that the steps in front of him were no longer visible. What he could only see were these mysterious-looking square frames. At one moment, they would merge to form larger frames, and then the next moment, they would quickly divide again into the smaller ones. It was a cycle that didn't make sense to him.

As a creature of the fourth-grade world, it was extremely difficult for Elder Xue to fully grasp the Deep Space. In fact, he only managed to adapt to the Deep Space because he was able to obtain the physical body of the Elemental race by chance. Now that he was about to enter the sixth-grade world, he had some worries that he might not be able to adapt to it.

"I know what you're thinking. This is the World of No Limits. It won't be that easy for you to adapt," the little girl said with a straight face.

"If I can't adapt, can I pass it?" Elder Xue asked, just to make sure.

Although he had reached so far in the Levitation Tower, he still wanted to leave alive.

Right now, there was just the two of them. If he wouldn't be able to make it, there was still Geoffrey. If Geoffrey could still go up smoothly, he would have no regrets. He could place all his hopes on the young man without reservations.

"Of course not. That's not how it works," the little girl answered straightforwardly. She even wondered why the elder would ask such a question. "You must be able to completely adapt to this world and see everything clearly before you can pass."

"Adapt to this world? See everything clearly?" Elder Xue almost laughed at the little girl's statement. "It's impossible for the creatures from the lower-grade worlds to do what you're saying. Even the masters of your race weren't able to do it."

"What are you saying? Just accept the Soul Reincarnation. This way, the creatures from a lower-grade world would be able to comprehend a higher-grade world. What's the point of the Levitation Tower bestowing you such a strong soul power? Think about it. It is so you can withstand the Soul Reincarnation," the little girl explained.

After listening to her, Elder Xue finally understood this simple logic.

Actually, he remembered that there was a technique in the Four Spirits Sect that was similar to the Soul Reincarnation. It was the Red Jade Rite that was developed by the Bold Conjecture House. Using this method, the third-grade creatures were able to smoothly transform into fourth-grade ones.

However, the drawback of this method was that the creatures would have to endure a lot of pain in the process. Once they failed to withstand it, they would eventually be shattered to pieces.

"I see. Then let's see how many times I can withstand the Soul Reincarnation!" After saying that, Elder Xue took a step forward with a determined expression on his face.

As he stepped into the World of No Limits, he instantly felt that his entire body transformed into the countless square frames of various sizes that he saw earlier. All of his senses had undergone violent changes that he couldn't determine what was going on.

While Elder Xue quickly fell into a state of panic, he saw a bright red square frame appear before him. This frame enveloped him, and he felt like his body was being cut into countless pieces.

He realized that this sensation wasn't coming from his physical body, but directly from his soul. It could be said that he was just hallucinating, but he had no way of knowing for sure. He only felt that his body and soul were in immense pain and suffering. There was no way to avoid the pain, and he couldn't even pass out. He could only resist it through his willpower. He needed to overcome this or he might not be able to return to his original form.

This went on for five minutes before the process suddenly stopped.

The frames began to arrange themselves and combine together to form a unique rule.

While this was happening, Elder Xue gradually understood the rule and saw the steps in the sixth-grade world. "Did I finish the Soul Reincarnation?" Elder Xue asked as he gasped for air.

"Yes," the little girl standing beside him replied briefly. It seemed that she had been there this whole time and was completely unaffected by the shift to the sixth-grade world.

"It's his turn now," she continued as she pointed at Geoffrey who was still standing at the other side.

Just now, Geoffrey was able to clearly see the pain and agony that Elder Xue underwent. Since he had no choice but to proceed, he got very nervous. "I... If I can understand the sixth-grade world, does it mean that I don't need to undergo this Soul Reincarnation?"

The little girl glanced at him coldly and was annoyed at his procrastination. "Cut the crap and just step over here!"

With that, Geoffrey was forced to step inside.

The rules of the two worlds were completely different. As soon as a creature made a step into the higher-grade world, he shouldn't be able to take the next one without experiencing the Soul Reincarnation. However, to the little girl's surprise, Geoffrey entered the sixth-grade world and proceeded to walk up the stairs easily.

The little girl couldn't believe what she just saw. "You came from the sixth-grade world? No, I don't think so. Did you experience the Soul Reincarnation already? But that was too fast."

Geoffrey just shrugged his shoulders while the little girl was still busy analyzing what had really happened.

The fact still remained that he was able to travel through different worlds effortlessly.

In fact, Geoffrey had no idea about the Soul Reincarnation, so he must have not experienced it.

At the same time, Elder Xue, whose face was still pale, let out a faint smile as he saw Geoffrey's relaxed expression as he walked around. His confidence grew stronger that even if he couldn't make it, Geoffrey still had a huge chance.

As he climbed up the steps of the sixth-grade world, Geoffrey couldn't avert his eyes from the center of the tower.

"Hey, what are those square stone tablets over there?" he finally asked out of curiosity.

"Those are not stone tablets. They are the Sacred Spirits," the little girl answered, quite annoyed at Geoffrey's ignorance.

"Huh? Did you mean that those are the stone tablets set up for the Sacred Spirits?" Geoffrey asked again, confused at the little girl's earlier answer.

"No. You heard me right the first time. They are the Sacred Spirits, the strongest race in the World of No Limits. They are also the origin of the

Fostering race," the little girl replied in an impatient tone. According to the rules, she shouldn't get emotional at any time. However, the guy in front of her was really starting to get on her nerves.

"Hmm, then why do they look like stone tablets? It is ominous and ridiculous," Geoffrey remarked indifferently.

Elder Xue, who walked in front of them, was rendered speechless. He could only shake his head helplessly as he heard Geoffrey's comments. Even the little girl just stayed silent as she gritted her teeth.

After they passed the sixth-grade world, they had already reached a total height of three hundred and sixty feet. The little girl stopped for a moment as she was about to introduce the next world.

At this moment, Elder Xue's legs started to slightly tremble. In the past, if he had an opportunity to experience the Soul Reincarnation, he would be deeply overjoyed.

However, after experiencing it once, he realized that the pain it brought was totally unbearable. He also got the hint from the little girl that as the grade of the world got higher, the pain from the Soul Reincarnation would also increase.

"This is the seventh-grade world, the Boundless Divine World. Please come in," the little girl said with an emotionless face.

This time, her gaze was fixed on Geoffrey. She really wanted to see him suffer the torture bestowed by the Soul Reincarnation.

But unexpectedly, just like what happened in the sixth-grade world, Geoffrey walked in leisurely and proceeded to look at the center of the Levitation Tower. His eyes lit up as if he had seen something amusing. "Bamboos! There are so many bamboos. Don't tell me that they are the natives of the Boundless Divine World!"

"This guy…" The little girl's eyes widened in surprise.

Upon seeing that Geoffrey still roamed around in a carefree manner, she was both shocked and frustrated at the same time.

'This is already the seventh-grade world. He is neither a fifth-grade nor a sixth-grade creature. Then, he's a seventh-grade creature?

That should be a nasty joke! Why isn't the Soul Reincarnation activated on him?

Is there something wrong with the Levitation Tower? But, it couldn't be. It worked just fine with the elder earlier.'

While she was still at a loss for words, Elder Xue took the liberty to step into the seventh-grade world. With his first step, he instantly fell into the torture of the Soul Reincarnation once again.

Seeing this, the little girl was fully convinced that there was nothing wrong with the Levitation Tower. As she looked towards Geoffrey, she finally realized that his ability was way beyond her imagination.

"Does it mean that the worlds of different grades do not affect you?" That was all the little girl could conclude at this point.

"I honestly don't know," Geoffrey answered frankly. He then pointed at the stairs and said, "If we continue to go up, we'll know."

Chapter 4254 Boundless Perfect World

Geoffrey had long wanted to know why he could go through worlds completely unaffected. Now was his chance.

The worlds he was visiting became more complex and obscure as time went by, but he reached them with no problems just the same.

He wanted to know what connection he had with these worlds.

But Elder Xue had already been subjected to much agony, and the Soul Reincarnation in the seventh-grade world proved even more torturous than the last. He managed to endure it, but it was clearly taking a heavy toll on him.

When warriors of the Elemental race suffered from some debilitating condition, their faces turned paler and paler then began to wrinkle. Elder Xue's face was now so white and covered with wrinkles; it resembled a crumpled piece of paper. It was a clear testament to the ordeal he had gone through.

"Go on ahead. Don't wait for me. Keep climbing..." Elder Xue said weakly, stopping to catch his breath.

A look of deep concern crossed Geoffrey's face as he saw the state Elder Xue was in. "Do you need to rest?"

He could afford to wait. There was no time limit in the Levitation Tower anyway.

But the little girl piped up, "Resting is futile. Undergoing the Soul Reincarnation always leaves behind a great pressure on the body. There is no fixing it."

Elder Xue nodded at this. The Red Jade Rite of the Four Spirits Sect had a similar effect. It could allow creatures of third-grade world to be able to become creatures of fourth-grade world, but it also imposed a mental strain which could never be lifted.

Elder Xue was able to bear it if he had only crossed a world, but as a fourth-grade world creature in a seventh-grade world, he was already stretched to the limit.

"Then what should we do? Go back?" Geoffrey said, frowning as he mulled the situation.

The little girl sighed exasperatedly, "I could just end his life."

After all, she thought, she really could.

Geoffrey chose not to respond to that. He hurried over to Elder Xue's side to support him as he struggled to climb up. Elder Xue sighed, "I'm afraid the eighth-grade world will be the death of me," he said, before being overcome with a coughing fit.

"But I wouldn't know what to do if you died," Geoffrey bewailed.

Geoffrey had been ambitious and self-sufficient before Elder Xue came along, but now, he would feel quite lost without him.

To Geoffrey's surprise, Elder Xue straightened up, grabbed his collar and lifted him a foot off the ground with a sudden burst of power. "Snap out of it! Do everything you can to get the Heavenly Ring Staff!"

"Even if I get it, I wouldn't know how to get back," Geoffrey muttered.

"Don't forget that I'll just be losing this form. The real me is still outside the Sky Wheel City!" Elder Xue had gotten so riled up that he appeared to recover his energy a little. His face began to regain color and lose some of the wrinkles.

Geoffrey sighed and gave in. "Fine. I'll give it my all," he mumbled.

"Louder!" Elder Xue commanded firmly.

"I'll give it my all!" Geoffrey shouted.

The grip on his collar loosened and Geoffrey found himself on the ground again. Elder Xue fell back into a stoop and continued the arduous trek up.

They had to circle around the Levitation Tower thrice and climb thirty feet to reach the eighth-grade world. Had he been alone, Geoffrey would have sped right through it, but having to assist Elder Xue, it took a full fifteen minutes.

Finally, the eighth-grade world lay before them.

"The Boundless Intent World."

It was a sight to behold.

It was like a work of art in Elder Xue's eyes. The world was full of color, interweaving into each other but remaining distinct at the same time.

Elder Xue knew that the eighth-grade world would kill him at this rate, but with an encouraging pat on Geoffrey's shoulder, he walked in without hesitation.

He already felt blessed having laid eyes on the Boundless Intent World.

The moment he set foot into the world, however, Elder Xue immediately felt like he was being torn into tiny pieces. His body started to dissipate until finally, there was nothing left.

In contrast, Geoffrey entered the world entirely unharmed.

That was, save for his despair. As they had feared, the eighth-grade world was, indeed, the end for Elder Xue. Geoffrey hadn't known Elder Xue for a long time, but the old man had brought him this far. Geoffrey also knew Elder Xue was an important figure in the Four Spirits Sect, and that it was him who had helped his father, Zen, to accomplish all that he had achieved.

Geoffrey became vaguely aware that the little girl was praising his ability to pass smoothly through worlds, but he couldn't find it in himself to appreciate anything right now. He simply steeled himself and strode onward.

Outside the Levitation Tower, the races of the Deep Space were in an uproar, witnessing everything.

Not long after the members of the Elemental race entered, one of them died. This was the subject of much mockery from the Cold Ape race. Most of them, after all, could at least still survive more than twenty to thirty feet up.

Eventually, however, members of the Elemental race were able to reach a height of two hundred feet. No one could break that record. Then, what was more surprising was that two light orbs ascended further up. The Deep Space races had been stunned at the sight.

Exclamations had broken out when they saw one of the light orbs suddenly get snuffed out.

Some felt vindicated, while others felt pity.

Most of them hoped, of course, that the members of their own race could climb all the way up to the top of the Levitation Tower, but there were still some who were more afraid to die. They would rather see someone finally put an end to this deadly tower. The Elemental race now gave them hope.

"That's four hundred feet, now..."

"Is that Elder Xue?"

"Maybe it's that new guy..."

Tension gripped the Deep Space races as they stared up at the last light orb, different thoughts and theories running through their minds.

In the oval-shaped building at the edge of the square, the little monster from the Elemental race who had been left behind likewise kept his eyes on the light orb, not even daring to blink.

He had come in on the same day as Geoffrey. If everyone died in the Levitation Tower, everything would fall on him.

He had watched with increasing dismay and fear as other green light orbs had been snuffed out one after another in the tower. Now, he could do nothing but pray fervently.

Four hundred and ten feet...

Four hundred and twenty feet...

Four hundred and thirty feet...

"The Boundless Void World."

Four hundred and forty feet...

Four hundred and fifty feet...

Four hundred and sixty feet...

"The Boundless Secondary World."

Four hundred and seventy feet...

Four hundred and eighty feet...

Four hundred and ninety feet...

"The Boundless Shock World."

Geoffrey passed worlds of higher and higher grades, more and more changing scenery that would have astounded any observer.

His father would have cherished the sights.

Geoffrey, however, grew bored of them quickly. The consecutive drastic change in scenery was exhausting.

"The Boundless Shock World is the twelfth-grade world, a world the closest to perfect. A grade higher, and that would be the Boundless Perfect World..." The little girl was still informing him.

"Have I reached the top?" Geoffrey interrupted her.

"But the thirteenth-grade world, the Boundless Perfect World, can not be restored here. Even Clarence couldn't do that. Therefore, there are only twelve small worlds in the Levitation Tower..." the little girl rattled on, adamant that Geoffrey should know this.

"I just want to know if I've reached the top!" Geoffrey pressed.

Infuriated, the little girl stopped her lecture. "If you had just listened, you would know you are at four hundred and ninety feet, and you will reach the top at the next level. Go on up, then, if you can!" she snapped, a challenge in her voice.

Chapter 4255 The Second Reward

Geoffrey looked up. He stepped forward without hesitation.

Now that he'd come so far, what else was there to fear?

At the end of the Boundless Shock World, the staircase stopped in front of an ordinary stone door. In contrast with the rest of the exquisite Levitation Tower, the surface of the door was rough and unpolished.

Geoffrey did not stop to think it over. He reached out and pushed the door open.

The door creaked as it swung open.

It had not been opened for many years, but the rough material was still intact.

As soon as he saw what lay behind the door, Geoffrey paused, surprised.

Through the doorway was a space as rough and craggy as the door itself.

It was as though every inch of ground had been filled in with crushed, jagged stones.

The space inside the door belonged to the fifth-grade world. The Levitation Tower had become normal at this point. However, that wasn't Geoffrey's main concern.

"Where is the Heavenly Ring Staff?" Geoffrey asked, turning to face the little girl.

The little girl stood a step behind him, making no move to pass through the door. She did not have the right to enter the top floor.

"Go in and find it yourself," she answered, still feeling a sense of dissatisfaction towards Geoffrey.

Geoffrey nodded. He stepped into the room at the top floor and looked around him.

His gaze landed on a purple crystal pillar in the center of the space. He walked towards it, examining it closely. When he got closer, he saw that there seemed to be some wooden object embedded in the pillar.

His eyes lit up as he realized what it was. "This is the Heavenly Ring Staff!"

The staff had a strange, unwieldy shape, which was why Geoffrey hadn't recognized it immediately.

However, since it was the only object of note on the top floor of the Levitation Tower, it must be the Heavenly Ring Staff.

Geoffrey felt as though he was about to burst with excitement. He'd finally found it. Right now, this was the most important thing in the world to him.

He moved back a few paces and raised his left hand, spreading his fingers. At the same time, he balled his right hand into a fist, allowing energy to flow through him. He sent a blast of power towards the pillar.

The blast crashed into the purple crystal.

But there was no boom, only a faint, muffled sound.

The purple crystal pillar was completely unharmed by the blast. It had not moved an inch, nor had it sustained any cracks or other damage.

Geoffrey was taken aback. He prepared to use several more theurgies to obtain the staff from inside the pillar.

With his cultivation base as a True God, he was powerful in the universe. But he was weak in the divine land, let alone in this fifth-grade world.

He displayed his full power and pushed himself to the limit, but it was no use. The purple crystal still stood there. He could not even leave a single scratch on the pillar.

Geoffrey stopped to assess the situation. He realized that he simply wasn't strong enough to get the staff within the pillar.

"It's a pity that Elder Xue couldn't hold on any longer, '" he muttered to himself. "If he had managed to come here with me before he died, he could have broken open the pillar since he had the physical body of the Elemental race."

Geoffrey returned to the door, deciding to ask the little girl for help.

After all, she was the guide of the Levitation Tower. She might not help him, but it was worth a shot. It had not been easy for him to reach the top floor of the tower, and he was unwilling to give up after all his effort. He needed to find a way to break the pillar.

Unfortunately, the little girl seemed puzzled, and unable to offer any direct solution. "This is beyond my abilities," she said. "I can't enter this door, and I don't know how to unravel what's inside. But I think that Clarence, in his infinite wisdom, would never leave you in a dead end. Try to explore further and search for clues inside."

Geoffrey was disappointed at the vague answer, but still, what she said made sense. He reentered through the doorway of the top floor.

He glanced around again. "Except for the purple crystal pillar and these rough stones, there is nothing else... So, since I can't break the purple crystal pillar, I must find the answer in these rough stones," he mused.

He bent to examine the rough stones beneath his feet, and found that each stone had a series of small bulges on its surface. Each bulge was about the size of his fist.

A thought flashed through Geoffrey's mind.

'Could there be something hidden in these stones?' he wondered.

He extended a hand towards a nearby stone, scratching its surface.

The rough stone was softer than it looked, as it was made of sand. In moments, Geoffrey had used his fingers to pry sand from its surface.

It took some effort, but eventually, the sand was cleared off, exposing an oval object. Geoffrey's eyes narrowed as he stared at the object. It looked soft, like a piece of flesh embedded in stone, and he could feel heat and energy rising from it.

"What's this?" he said to himself.

Without giving it a second thought, Geoffrey reached down with both hands, grabbing at the fleshy oval object to pull it out from the stone.

To his astonishment, as soon as he touched it, the soft flesh sank down beneath his grip. His ten fingers were embedded in the object.

He immediately tried to pull away, but his fingers were stuck. Like melted candy, the fleshy object had integrated with his hands. It was stuck to his skin and he could not pull loose no matter how hard he tried.

"This thing has drilled into my hands!" Geoffrey muttered in surprise.

Inwardly, he was greatly unsettled. "Calm down! Calm down!"

he told himself, trying to control his nerves.

Here, there was no one to rely on but himself. He could not afford to give in to his panic.

He could feel the flesh continuously integrating with his hands, but it was not painful at all. Indeed, the only sensation was an enveloping warmth.

As Geoffrey watched, unable to do anything, the flesh fused with his own tissue, spreading along the surface of his arms. He found it deeply disturbing, but as far as he could tell, it wasn't doing him any harm.

Several minutes later, the flesh seemed to have completely integrated with his body. Geoffrey could find no sign of the fusion except that his hands were slightly thicker, and looked a tad more awkward. Still, he was able to move freely, and to his shock, he soon realized that his strength had increased significantly.

This flesh contained astonishing energy!

"This is—

This is a reward!"

Geoffrey spluttered, flexing his fingers experimentally.

When he had reached the height of two hundred feet, the Levitation Tower had given him and Elder Xue a reward for their souls. Now, he had received a reward for his physical body.

"As long as I absorb enough flesh, I can break the purple crystal pillar!" he exclaimed. Geoffrey finally knew what he needed to do.

He began vigorously scratching at the bulges on the surface of another rough stone near him. When he removed the layer of sand on the surface, he saw another lump of oval flesh.

He grabbed the flesh without hesitation, allowing it to integrate into his body.

By his estimation, there were about four hundred rough stones like this on the top floor. Geoffrey patiently dug out the oval flesh one by one, absorbing each into his body.

As he worked, Geoffrey felt a tremendous change in his body. After consuming the flesh in hundreds of stones, he realized that his body size had expanded to four times its normal size.

'My soul is comparable to those of the masters in the Deep Space, and my physical body has now also reached a high level. If I return to the chaos, the strength of my physical body alone would be enough to terrify my father, ' Geoffrey thought. Finally, he grabbed the last stone.

With his newfound strength, he needed only to scratch the surface lightly to get out the flesh from within.

He absorbed the final piece of flesh. Then he stood straight, stretching out his arms and legs, testing his increased strength. He felt invigorated and very powerful. Feeling anticipation rise inside him, he headed back towards the purple crystal pillar.

"The Heavenly Ring Staff is mine now!" he cried.

He clenched his hand into a fist and punched the pillar with all his might.

This time, there was an earsplitting cracking sound.

The top portion of the solid purple crystal pillar splintered, then smashed into pieces. The upper half of the Heavenly Ring Staff was revealed.

Chapter 4256 Leave

Based on appearance alone, there was nothing special about the Heavenly Ring Staff.

It just looked like a piece of old wood with a frail-looking bottom side and a slightly thick top side. The crown at its top was messily spread out, making it appear a bit bloated and peculiar. All in all, it gave a mysterious impression, like a delicate artwork.

Geoffrey stretched out his huge hand, which was several times bigger than before, and attempted to pull the Heavenly Ring Staff from the purple crystal.

However, he failed to remove it with his brute force. Actually, he couldn't put too much pressure on the staff because he was afraid that he might break it.

Geoffrey then threw a few more punches at the purple crystal, where the lower part of the staff was buried. A few moments after, the crystal was finally smashed to pieces, allowing him to completely acquire the Heavenly Ring Staff.

As he stared upon the staff in his hands, he couldn't help but blurt out, "Does this thing really have the ability to reverse the grim situation that we're facing?"

He inspected the staff some more and then injected a wisp of consciousness into it. As soon as it entered the staff, it just vanished without a trace.

"It's useless, huh?"

Geoffrey was quite surprised upon seeing it. After thinking for a while, he decided to grab the Heavenly Ring Staff and walked towards the door. He saw that the little girl was still there and standing silently.

Once the Heavenly Ring Staff was taken away, the Levitation Tower had already served its purpose and would lose its meaning of existence. It also meant that the little girl would disappear over time, though no one knew how much time would elapse before that happened.

"Hey, do you know how to use the Heavenly Ring Staff?" Geoffrey thought of asking the little girl.

But as usual, the little girl just shook her head and said, "I don't know."

"Tch. You know nothing…"

However, Geoffrey's primary goal was only to take the Heavenly Ring Staff to Zen. So, it wasn't really that urgent for him to find an answer on how to use it. "Then, how can I leave this place?" he asked again.

This time, before the little girl could shake her head and tell him that she didn't know, a great force of attraction suddenly rushed out from the staff, extracting a small portion of power from Geoffrey's body.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

A ray of purple light hovered around the Heavenly Ring Staff and directly shot towards the ceiling of the Levitation Tower's top floor.

The moment that the beam of purple light hit the ceiling, it suddenly transformed into something inconceivable.

Earlier, when the different races of the Deep Space, which were at the bottom of the tower, had witnessed that the green light had climbed up to the top floor, they got restless. However, soon after, they saw that the green light suddenly disappeared. Normally, when this light was extinguished, it meant that the creature bearing it had died.

Upon seeing this, most of the members of the Deep Space races let out loud cheers. They thought that if they couldn't get the Heavenly Ring Staff, then they hoped that the Elemental race couldn't obtain it either. However, among all these savage creatures, a small portion of them was actually disappointed. These creatures didn't want to die in the Levitation Tower. If someone was able to acquire the Heavenly Ring Staff, then it meant that their cruel situation would be over.

It had been a while since the green light was extinguished, and then a ray of purple light suddenly appeared. The top of the Levitation Tower, which originally looked like a chimney, began spreading out. It transformed into a flower-like object that bloomed and expanded in all directions. From it, a burly figure eventually emerged.

Buzz!

At this moment, Geoffrey noticed that all the lines on the huge square turned into green.

He looked at the green lines and wondered if it meant that the restrictions on the square had been lifted already.

While pondering on this thought, he jumped from the top of the tower. After floating in the air for a while, he accurately landed at the door of the oval-shaped building on the far right of the tower.

At that time, the little monster from the Elemental race was also standing at the door of the building. So, when Geoffrey suddenly landed, the monster was instantly stunned as Geoffrey appeared in front of him. For a brief moment, he was in a daze. When he came to his senses, the little monster muttered some indistinguishable words, then bent over and bowed before Geoffrey.

"Hey, you don't need to do this." Geoffrey was slightly taken aback by the little monster's sudden actions.

He couldn't help but think that these Deep Space races were indeed simple-minded.

In fact, Elder Xue had persevered in teaching them a lot of things. However, they still held their beliefs and traditions that the primitive tribes followed. With that, Elder Xue had no choice but to disguise himself as their god, because this was the only way that he could properly and effectively command the Elemental race.

When the members of the different races from the Deep Space saw Geoffrey with the legendary staff in his hand, their stares immediately turned nasty. It was as if they were ready to pounce on him any time.

When they found out that the restrictions on the huge square were already lifted, they rushed towards Geoffrey without any hesitation.

They came from all directions while letting out wild screams and roars.

"Waah! Waah!"

"Goo! Goo! Goo!"

"Grrr! Grrr! Grrr!"

They let out a series of roars, but Geoffrey couldn't understand a single word they were saying. He thought that Elder Xue was so amazing, because he was perhaps the only one who had grasped the languages of all the six large races in the Deep Space.

While he couldn't comprehend the words that they were shouting, Geoffrey could roughly guess what was running in their minds and what they were trying to say.

It must have been some nonsense like "hand over the Heavenly Ring Staff, or we'll kill you". He was pretty sure of that because he could see it on their angry faces.

Upon seeing this, the little monster uttered something and actually stood in front of Geoffrey with a dreadful look on his face. Even in front of all those creatures that were rushing towards them, he was hell-bent on protecting Geoffrey at all costs. However, while Geoffrey deeply appreciated the thought, he stretched out his huge hand, lifted the little monster, and put him aside.

"Don't worry. A lot has changed since I entered the Deep Space. You don't need to protect me anymore."

When Geoffrey obtained the soul power as a reward, he was extremely thrilled. Through that, he had attained a massive boost in his strength, but his physical body was still weak. Now, his physical body had become terrifyingly strong. With his every move, he could feel an enormous force surging from within his body. He actually couldn't wait to test out his newly-acquired strength.

Whoosh!

Geoffrey then swiftly waved the Heavenly Ring Staff and pointed it at the members of the Deep Space races.

As the creatures continued dashing towards Geoffrey, the three Cold Apes were the first ones to launch their attacks through their agile movements.

Although these creatures possessed low intelligence, their strength, bloodlust, and experience in battle couldn't be underestimated. Since they were natives of the Deep Space, it could be said that their physical talent was still far greater than that of the creatures of the main world and the chaos.

However, strictly speaking, Geoffrey was now a member of the Fostering race—not only an ordinary one, but actually a top master.

Although the movements of the Cold Apes were too fast to be tracked by ordinary warriors, before Geoffrey's eyes, they were extremely slow.

He lifted the Heavenly Ring Staff, and rushed towards the Cold Apes. Crash! Boom!

With a tremendous gap in speed and strength, Geoffrey didn't even need to use any special skill to bring down his opponents.

The fight had ended even before the Cold Apes realized what had happened. They didn't know what hit them, but they just felt very dizzy as if their world was spinning furiously. They also felt a severe pain on their backs as if a massive force smashed them. Consequently, they immediately fell on the ground, unable to move even an inch.

All of the other creatures who witnessed this immediately stopped on their tracks.

The truth was Geoffrey even held back most of his strength in fear that he might damage the Heavenly Ring Staff. If he didn't hold back, there was no way that these Cold Apes lying on the ground were still alive.

"I know you're not stupid enough to court death upon seeing what I could do, right?" Geoffrey glared at the creatures in front of him as he said this. They might not understand what he exactly said, but he knew that through his actions, he was able to clearly relay his message.

When every member of these races saw the pitiful state of the mighty Cold Apes, they eventually stepped back and lost their resolve to fight.

Just from the look in Geoffrey's eyes, they could sense an intimidating aura that would crush them the moment that they dared to go against him.

"Let's go! We're finished here."

Geoffrey turned around and threw the little monster on his back. With a huge leap, he instantly flew out of the square.

After passing the periphery of the huge square, Geoffrey looked into the distance and discovered that he was currently at the center of the Sky Wheel City.

Previously, the spiders had carried him from the underground space all the way up to the spiral stairs.

"Purr! Purr!"

The little monster made some excited sounds as he pointed at a particular direction from Geoffrey's back.

Although Geoffrey couldn't smoothly communicate with him, he kind of knew that he was pointing to the direction of the Elemental race.

After flying quite a distance towards the southwestern part of the Sky Wheel City, Geoffrey observed that there were huge chunks of strata floating in the sky, each of which was about a hundred miles in diameter. He concluded that these giant strata must have been a part of a huge continent before.

With the guidance from the little monster, Geoffrey flew towards one of the floating giant strata.

However, even before he could get close, the little monster let out successive shrieks. Alarmed by the reaction of the little monster, Geoffrey looked around and quickly saw that there were black smoke pillars rising at the center of the massive stratum.

77

From Cellar to Throne

Zen's Quest for Immortality

Contents

Chapter 4257 The Crisis Of The Elemental Race
Chapter 4258 Return
Chapter 4259 Meeting
Chapter 4260 Stasis Extreme Form
Chapter 4261 Warning
Chapter 4262 The Missing Entrance
Chapter 4263 The Mousetrap
Chapter 4264 A Bad Feeling
Chapter 4265 Flee All The Way
Chapter 4266 The Only Way Left
Chapter 4267 Blocked
Chapter 4268 Rescue (Part One)
Chapter 4269 Rescue (Part Two)
Chapter 4270 Meeting With Zen
Chapter 4271 Magnetic Light Extreme Form
Chapter 4272 Sacrifice
Chapter 4273 Counterattack
Chapter 4274 Removing The Curse
Chapter 4275 Buds
Chapter 4276 Illusory Vision
Chapter 4277 Exhibition
Chapter 4278 Make A Move
Chapter 4279 Setting Itzel Free
Chapter 4280 The Last Shade Stone
Chapter 4281 The Sound Of Doomsday
Chapter 4282 The Needle
Chapter 4283 The Black Hole And The White Hole
Chapter 4284 The In And Out Holes
Chapter 4285 Hold On
Chapter 4286 The Maximum Number Of In And Out Holes
Chapter 4287 The Gamble Of Life
Chapter 4288 The Collision Of Worlds
Chapter 4289 Illusion
Chapter 4290 Outside The Primitive Land
Chapter 4291 The Final Announcement

Chapter 4292 Merging Into One
Chapter 4293 Assault
Chapter 4294 Indestructible
Chapter 4295 Tools
Chapter 4296 Infinity
Chapter 4297 Infinite Treatment
Chapter 4298 A Strange State
Chapter 4299 The Method Of Restriction
Chapter 4300 Enclosure
Chapter 4301 Memories
Chapter 4302 Infinity And Everything
Chapter 4303 Resist
Chapter 4304 The Desperate Situation
Chapter 4305 Protector
Chapter 4306 The Attacking Method
Chapter 4307 More Avatars
Chapter 4308 Brains
Chapter 4309 The True Strength
Chapter 4310 Absorption
Chapter 4311 Infinite Seals
Chapter 4312 The Source Of Energy

Chapter 4257 The Crisis Of The Elemental Race

Beneath the black pillars of smoke was a large city; the gathering place of the Elemental race.

Spots in the Deep Space such as this were constructed quite simply and crudely, keeping with the forms of a primitive tribe. Elder Xue had introduced some unique construction techniques to the Elemental race and helped them build an exquisite city. However, it had been decimated.

The Deep Space races present in the huge square had their ways of spreading news.

In fact, they had already done so when the Elemental race had climbed up to two hundred feet in the Levitation Tower. They hoped Elder Xue would decipher the mysteries of the Levitation Tower, but also wanted all the information they could get from him. This made it very difficult for them to correctly choose their time of attack on the Elemental race.

As the Deep Space races hesitated, waiting for their opportunity, Elder Xue and Geoffrey entered the tower and reached a height of two hundred feet. News of this mobilized them. No matter how unintelligent they were, they knew they would have to make a move as soon as possible.

Before Geoffrey had gotten to the top of the Levitation Tower, the five races had already set off to attack the Elemental race.

At the center of the gathering place was a wooden pavilion with a narrow underground passage beneath it. In the innermost secret basement, sat the white-haired Elder Xue.

Bang, bang, Bang...

A muffled sound could be heard from above.

"What is that... noise?" Elder Xue asked.

He was still a fourth-grade creature in nature. Although he had been in the Deep Space for a long time, he was limited to his own life level, and his understanding and awareness of his surroundings was still very unrefined. He heard the huge muffled sound, but was unable to tell its direction.

A man of the Elemental race in a red robe said shakily, "Elder Xue... They are attacking the pavilion..."

Elder Xue sat motionless and murmured, "So soon?"

Truthfully, he had a feeling this day would come when he planned to go to the Levitation Tower with Geoffrey.

"Elder Xue, I'll get you out through the tunnel!" yelled that man of the Elemental race.

Elder Xue had built a complicated system of tunnels below the ground to make it more convenient for the Elemental race to escape.

"Alright!"

Elder Xue nodded.

He was not afraid of death, but after the precious body had died, all his hopes rested on Geoffrey. No matter what, before he died, he wanted to know whether Geoffrey was capable of obtaining the Heavenly Ring Staff.

He refused to die before seeing Geoffrey again.

The man carried Elder Xue on his back, pushed open the door of the secret room and made his way towards the other end of the passageway. He had only taken a couple steps when a long spear shot at him.

Puff!

Before he could react, he was impaled to the wall of the passageway and Elder Xue was thrown to the ground.

"Who is here?"

Elder Xue stood up with a wobble, trying to distinguish what lay before him.

All he could make out were circles of various sizes. With a little bit more time he was able to slowly understand the meaning behind them. Not far away was a golden-haired Cold Ape who had lurked in from the other side of the passageway.

"The Cold Ape race has always regarded you as an esteemed guest. We're much better than these members of the Elemental race. Why are you trying to escape, Elder Xue?" asked the golden-haired Cold Ape.

Elder Xue pretended not to understand and made an attempt to leave.

But the golden-haired Cold Ape sneered and lifted him up. With a slight snort, a layer of black light covered his body and he then took Elder Xue towards the ground above.

Once he stood on the surface of the ground, he held Elder Xue and roared, "Everyone, stop!"

The members of the Elemental race continued struggling, giving all they had. They had been forced to retreat, yet they remained in high spirits. But seeing Elder Xue captured stunned them.

The other races of the Deep Space frothed at the mouth in greed when they saw Elder Xue.

The news that Geoffrey had reached the top of the Levitation Tower had not yet reached them. They just wanted the information about the Levitation Tower from Elder Xue.

"We have nothing against the Elemental race. As long as you are willing to tell us the secrets of the Levitation Tower, our five races will leave, okay?" said the golden-haired Cold Ape menacingly.

"The Wrona race agrees!"

"So do we..."

"I agree!"

Each race echoed the last.

The Cold Ape placed Elder Xue in front of him and said one word at a time, "I know you know our language. Do not pretend you don't. If you don't tell us what we want to know, we will kill the entire Elemental race!"

This was a seriously deadly threat. Elder Xue had established and developed a deep relationship with the Elemental race.

It was not that he was unwilling to reveal anything about the Levitation Tower, but by the rules of the tower, these wild races were unqualified to reach a height of two hundred feet in it!

He hesitated for a moment and the golden-haired Cold Ape ran a finger across his own neck, gesturing the cutting of a throat. "Kill them all!"

They were about to resume the slaughter...

"Wait!"

Elder Xue called out. He then said, in a language he was clearly unskilled in, "After reaching two hundred feet of the Levitation Tower, you only need to answer some questions..."

All he could do was to tell the truth.

But he knew that once he told them what he knew, he and those of the Elemental race would be killed.

As he spoke, he tried formulating a plan to get out of this situation. In all his years, he had never encountered such passivity among so many enemies. After all, these Deep Space races also had gripes and issues with each other and would not join hands to attack the Elemental race.

He genuinely had no way to deal with his current predicament.

He was in despair and had almost lost all hope when he suddenly felt a powerful wave.

If Elder Xue could feel the energy, these Deep Space races could feel it much clearer. They sensed a powerful wave of energy coming from the sky. By the time they saw it clearly, it was only a hundred feet away from the golden-haired Cold Ape.

The golden-haired Cold Ape sensed that something was wrong and was about to run, but it was too late.

Boom!

Geoffrey's burly body plummeted like a mountain, smashing the golden-haired Cold Ape into the soil.

Everything else in Elder Xue's eyes were made up of rings, but he saw Geoffrey as clear as day.

A huge sense of relief washed over him when he saw Geoffrey and the Heavenly Ring Staff in his hand. "What... What are you doing here? You should go back to the chaos to find Master Kincaid..."

"I can't find a way back," Geoffrey said with a smile.

"But it's too dangerous here. You shouldn't have come," insisted Elder Xue.

"That's not an issue!"

Geoffrey bellowed with a confident grin.

He grabbed the Heavenly Ring Staff and slammed it into the ground twice. His own power began to drain rapidly and was absorbed by the Heavenly Ring Staff.

He had discovered this ability of the Heavenly Ring Staff when he was at the top of the Levitation Tower. The staff needed to absorb power to be a help to him.

The staff had taken a lot of his power this time. His limbs felt weak and the Heavenly Ring Staff then released an intense pressure

that swept through almost everything. The members of the Elemental race and the other races then felt as if their legs had been filled with lead. They all collapsed face first into the ground, unable to get up again.

Chapter 4258 Return

Geoffrey had the physique and soul of a powerful warrior but his theurgy was still limited to the Godly Ways of the chaos.

He had never mastered the power of the main world and the Deep Space.

He had no idea what kind of theurgy the Heavenly Ring Staff possessed. He was shocked to see everyone around him get knocked to the floor by the strong force it was emanating.

"Stop! Let the members of the Elemental race go!" Geoffrey sputtered.

At this, the Heavenly Ring Staff trembled slightly. The members of the Elemental race who had been brought to the floor felt the pressure ease off them. They quickly scrambled to get back up.

As soon as they were back on their feet, they swarmed around Geoffrey and Elder Xue.

They knelt in front of them and bowed again and again in reverence.

They considered Elder Xue as a sage and a god to be venerated. It was a kind of blasphemy for the golden-haired Cold Apes to have held him hostage! But Geoffrey defeated those heretics, so he must be a stronger sage and a more powerful god than Elder Xue himself!

Geoffrey shifted uncomfortably watching the people kowtow to him. "Elder Xue, please tell them not to bow and scrape like that. It makes me feel so bad."

Elder Xue smiled helplessly. "I can't. The Elemental race is still a primitive race. Faith is quite important to them. I can help them keep the faith, but snapping them out of it is another matter entirely."

Elder Xue then turned and said something to the Elemental race. As one, they got up and began charging at the outsiders.

The members of the Elemental race showed no mercy to those who had attacked Elder Xue. They slaughtered them all. The area was left awash in blood.

Four hours later, in an exquisite wooden hall, Geoffrey began to discuss returning back home with Elder Xue.

Geoffrey actually knew the way back, but he had come here to send the little monster home and try to bring Elder Xue back.

However, Elder Xue only shook his head at his proposition. "I'm afraid that's not possible."

"Why?" Geoffrey asked, puzzled.

Elder Xue looked surprised. "Don't you know? After the catastrophe with the Four Spirits Sect, no one from the main world could return. If they do, they will die."

This was also the case in the Deep Space.

In the decisive battle between the Fostering race and the Cinnabar race, some members had managed to escape. It was unknown whether they were still alive, but rules had been imposed then that they would never be able to return.

That was why when Kincaid in the chaos heard that the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord had seen Elder Xue, he had correctly estimated that Elder Xue was still living in the Deep Space. He couldn't have broken the restriction. It would have been impossible for him to cross the main world and then go straight to the chaos.

"So I'm really going back alone?" a disappointed Geoffrey said.

"Yes. The top priority is to bring back the Heavenly Ring Staff. The sooner, the better," Elder Xue said firmly.

"But those races in the Deep Space will definitely seek revenge on you. You might be in danger, Elder Xue," Geoffrey pleaded.

Elder Xue smiled. "You have the Heavenly Ring Staff. It's strong enough to control the life and death of all the inhabitants in the Deep Space. They couldn't take revenge on me if they try."

He knew Elder Xue was probably right, but Geoffrey still couldn't help but feel uneasy. He turned to speak to the Heavenly Ring Staff, "I need some guards to protect him."

The Heavenly Ring Staff extracted Geoffrey's power again.

Rumble!

The ground trembled and splintered. Over a thousand human-shaped statues crawled out.

Geoffrey nodded in approval at these guards created by the Heavenly Ring Staff.

Witnessing what looked like a miracle to them, the members of the Elemental race began to fall all over themselves to praise Geoffrey again.

It wasn't long before Geoffrey had to bid goodbye and start his journey back.

He left the broken ground and returned to the Sky Wheel City. From the center of the city, he went northward to the most remote point. He passed the passageway and made his way back to the secret circular room he had come from before.

He activated the transmission array here. The beams of light started shooting into his body, engulfing him bit by bit from head to foot.

His body began to disappear in parts until it completely vanished from the spot.

In the next moment, Geoffrey found himself in the diamond-shaped array above the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

He gathered his bearings momentarily, looked around, and then jumped down.

Whoosh!

It had taken Geoffrey several months to climb up the pillar, but now that he could fly with the help of the Heavenly Ring Staff, his descent was much quicker.

He had left Ziya at the foot of the pillar, so he went to meet him first.

Whoosh!

When Geoffrey was a hundred feet high above the ground, he turned and flew toward the nearest secondary world.

At that moment in the secondary world, Ziya was hard at work piecing together a statue.

It had been such a long time since Geoffrey had left, and he had yet to hear from him. He couldn't help but fear he had met a terrible fate.

But Ziya never gave up easily.

He had once been exiled into the Deleting Space, but even then, he had remained steadfast. In the end, he had not only successfully controlled the Deleting Space, but had also drilled a hole right through the chaos.

He refused to leave the secondary world without Geoffrey. After all, without him, he wouldn't have even been able to climb up the pillar, let alone go back to the Deleting Space.

He focused his attention on the statue he was working on. The statue made by the Four Spirits Sect could freely walk around the Abstruse Energy World.

He thought if he could control it, perhaps he could leave bit by bit.

However, he soon found that the way the Four Spirits Sect created the statue was quite complex. It took Ziya a long time to repair even a small broken part of it. It occurred to him it would probably take him dozens of years to finish repairing it.

But if he had been able to survive many chaotic eras in the Deleting Space, a few decades here were nothing.

Swoosh!

The sound broke into Ziya's reveries.

He snapped his head up and saw a figure flying in. It was Geoffrey carrying a wooden staff!

Ziya let out a series of expletives and burst into laughter.

He had lived for over a thousand chaotic eras, but he was still as exuberant as before.

"Master Ziya, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," Geoffrey greeted with a smile.

"What took you so long? I was beginning to think you had died! Were you able to reach the top of the pillar?" Ziya asked.

He had been isolated here for some time and so knew nothing about what happened in the chaos.

"I did, but..." Geoffrey began.

"Did you find anything there?" Ziya pressed on eagerly. He knew how valuable the Other Shore Tokens at the top of the pillar were.

"Yes, I have, but..." Geoffrey said slowly.

"But what?" Ziya asked.

Geoffrey let out a deep breath. "It's not what you might expect. A lot of things have happened."

Chapter 4259 Meeting

Ziya was obviously confused. "What do you mean by 'a lot of things'? Can you please explain to me what happened?"

It was a long story. Geoffrey thought for a moment. Ultimately, he said, "My father brought those human heroes to the Jade Pure Realm."

Naturally, Ziya was taken aback. "What? They attacked the Element Spirit Civilization?"

"No. Actually, they fought some people who were even stronger than the whole Element Spirit Civilization."

Afterward, Geoffrey told Ziya everything he knew about what had happened in the Three Purities Stage.

"So what you're saying is, my master... He is dead?" Ziya was thoroughly stunned by this news. It was like a wave of sadness suddenly washed over him.

Geoffrey looked somber. "Yes. I've heard that the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others died. However, they left their souls behind."

"Well, then what do we do now? Moreover, what's happened to you?" Ziya asked as he stared at Geoffrey.

At that moment, Geoffrey's body had already expanded several times. Somehow, it made him look like a small giant. He emitted such a powerful and mysterious aura that it made Ziya a little scared. Even with Ziya's broad knowledge, it was still difficult for him to imagine what Geoffrey had experienced.

"Now, this is actually related to the task assigned to me by the Human Spirit King. He asked me to go to the Deep Space..."

So, Geoffrey told Ziya that he had explored the pillar. He went into the Deep Space to fetch the Heavenly Ring Staff.

He proceeded to inform Ziya about the details of the matter. It alleviated Ziya's grief a little. At the same time, he also realized that the wooden staff in Geoffrey's hand was an extraordinary magical object.

"You said that the Heavenly Ring Staff is omnipotent, right? Can you transform me into a creature of the Abstruse Energy World?" Ziya just had to ask if this was possible.

Even though he studied the Abstruse Energy World for a long time, Ziya had never been able to fully explore it.

"Well, we'll see... Let's give it a try, shall we? Maybe the Heavenly Ring Staff can perform the Soul Reincarnation."

The Levitation Tower was capable of releasing the Soul Reincarnation. Thus, the Heavenly Ring Staff might be able to do the same.

"What is the Soul Reincarnation?" This greatly piqued Ziya's curiosity.

With that, a smile appeared on Geoffrey's face. "You'll know soon. Trust me."

Soon enough, he felt like the Heavenly Ring Staff was drawing his strength.

All of a sudden, they heard a splashing sound.

It released an invisible force to envelop Ziya.

The next moment, Ziya was feeling sharp pain all over his body. It began to expand infinitely. The pain was almost unbearable.

Truth be told, Geoffrey was worried about Ziya. He thought that maybe he wouldn't be able to tolerate the pain. After all, the Soul Reincarnation was pretty risky.

On second thought, Ziya was much stronger than those savage races in the Deep Space even though he was a creature of the third-grade world. It shouldn't be difficult for him to undergo one Soul Reincarnation.

The pain lasted for quite some time. Slowly, Ziya opened his eyes. He was in the secondary world. Therefore, he didn't notice any difference.

"Wait, what is this? Did it really have to hurt like that?" Ziya asked as he tried to move his body.

"Just follow me," Geoffrey replied with a smile on his face. He was right that Ziya could tolerate the process.

When he saw Geoffrey walking out of the secondary world, he immediately picked up the rope on the ground. He was afraid to get lost in the Abstruse Energy World.

Just as he stepped into the Abstruse Energy World, the dots of light everywhere suddenly disappeared. They were replaced by an open, complete, and huge world.

"So this is what the Soul Reincarnation is..."

"Yes. It helped you become a creature of the Abstruse Energy World. If your soul is strong enough, you can even become a creature of the Deep Space," Geoffrey responded.

Naturally, Ziya was quite ecstatic now. After all, he had studied this world for countless eras. And now, he could finally move freely in it. He was like a child who just learned how to run freely.

If he had enough time, Ziya was more than willing to stay in the Abstruse Energy World for a longer period of time.

However, Geoffrey said that the situation in the chaos was very critical. They couldn't waste a single moment in the Abstruse Energy World.

Meanwhile, a lot of things were also happening in the chaos.

In the Pear Hill, Elizabeth of the Sun Crow race looked rather bored. She had been staring at the distant blood-colored sky for quite some time now.

She had successfully guided Pompeo in taking over the Blooming Jade Stage. Since then, she had rarely left the Other Shore.

It was very interesting for her to manage the Blooming Jade Stage. After all, she was a predominating ruler there. No one dared to disobey her. So this made her feel like she once did when she was the head of the Divine Lair.

However, she didn't expect that disaster would strike so suddenly. Those destructive energy balls could devour everything.

Elizabeth was able to escape the Other Shore to avoid the catastrophe. Unfortunately, Pompeo was not. This giant creature from the fourth-grade world could only watch the energy balls raining down.

As soon as Elizabeth returned to the Blooming Jade Stage, she saw a huge crater. More than half of the Blooming Jade Stage had been devoured. Even the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had been destroyed.

She didn't have any choice. She couldn't stay on the Other Shore. Therefore, she decided to return to the Pear Hill and just watch the primitive land expand rapidly and grow even stronger.

The primitive land expanded really fast. It exceeded everyone's expectations. Even Zen didn't foresee that it would develop this quickly.

The larger the size of the primitive land was, the faster it would devour the heads. Its expansion speed increased exponentially.

Compared to the primitive land, the once enormous Pear Hill was like a lonely sailboat on the vast ocean.

Meanwhile, Zen was sitting cross legged with his eyes closed on the jadeite platform. He was trying to assess the chaos from the perspective of the primitive land.

"The Source World is not getting any closer. It's actually beginning to move towards the exact opposite direction," Zen stated. His eyes remained closed.

When they heard this news, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the Chaos Ancient Gods felt thoroughly relieved.

A few days ago, the Source World suddenly appeared. Naturally, it made everyone nervous.

They knew the Evil God too well. He was much too difficult to deal with. If he decided to target them, they would undoubtedly encounter a huge trouble. They would be seriously injured, if not dead.

The primitive land was not how it used to be. It had expanded even larger than the developed Source World. Nevertheless, this was not the right time to fight.

Everyone was starting to relax when Zen continued, "The Source World released a flying ship."

The flying ship was the size of a grain of sand compared to the current Source World. Yet, Zen's keen eyes noticed it immediately.

"What? A flying ship?" The Snake Goddess looked at Zen.

"Allow me to intercept it," said Fuxi.

"We can nevet let the Evil God step foot on the primitive land. Otherwise, we will have a huge problem!"

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Kendrick, and Gerald wanted to make a move.

However, Zen shook his head. "You don't need to do anything. My incarnation can now leave the primitive land by will. I'll be the one to go," he said.

It didn't matter what the Evil God was planning to do. At most, Zen would only lose an incarnation. This was the safest plan. Realizing that, Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, and the others no longer insisted.

After they settled on the plan, Zen summoned an incarnation to appear on the Pear Hill.

The next moment, his incarnation appeared outside the primitive land on a flying ship. It merely floated in the empty chaos.

The distance between the Source World and the primitive land seemed really close. But in reality, they were quite far away from each other. It would take the two flying ships two days of travelling at a great speed before they met.

But still, they were slowly getting closer.

Zen stood on the flying ship and peered into the other one. The enchanted barrier at the top of the ship opened, and a black figure shot out of it and floated in the void. He looked at Zen and laughed wildly. It was none other than the Evil God.

Chapter 4260 Stasis Extreme Form

Zen just kept quiet as he waited for the Evil God to finish his shrilling laughter.

"I'm really happy that you're still alive," the Evil God said as he looked at Zen's huge primitive land in the distance. "You have such a huge primitive land, huh? Is that the world where I used to live?"

"Yes," Zen replied with a nod.

"Are my children still there?" the Evil God asked casually.

"Yes. They're still top masters of that continent," Zen answered.

When the Evil God heard this, a strange smile suddenly appeared on his face. "So, are you planning to use them to threaten me?"

Zen frowned and scoffed slightly, "You know what kind of person I am. Furthermore, I know your nature. I wouldn't waste my time doing such meaningless things. Just tell me what you want to do."

Of course, Zen wouldn't even think of doing such a detestable thing. He also knew that with the twisted personality of the Evil God, even if he used the important people in the life of the Evil God to threaten him, it wouldn't affect him at all.

"Ha-ha! So straightforward." The Evil God laughed awkwardly and pointed downwards. "Down there. That's where our common enemy is!"

He was actually pointing towards the vast chaos.

Without the chaos clouds covering the area, it was just an empty space. Occasionally, there would be some heads wandering around that must have escaped from being devoured.

"Common enemy? Who are you talking about?" Zen was quite confused with the Evil God's statement.

"Who? The Snake Spirit King and the downgrader behind him of course," the Evil God replied with a grin. "They have created an immense primitive land that looks like a huge pyramid. Currently, it is already bigger than mine, and of course, much bigger than yours!"

Generally speaking, the process of the primitive lands in devouring the heads could be likened to rolling a snowball.

Originally, the Source World should have the most advantage, because it had the largest size. Thus, its efficiency in devouring the heads was far greater than the other two competitors.

However, the Evil God was so late in understanding the meaning of the downgrade and also didn't know how to deal with the overwhelming heads that suddenly appeared in the Source World. In fact, before he came up with a solution, a lot of parts of the Source World were already devoured by them.

When the Evil God had finished dealing with the trouble in the Source World, Zen's primitive land and the pyramid-like primitive land had already caught up in terms of size. Thus, even though the Source World was originally the largest, it was now left behind.

"The huge pyramid…" Zen stared at the void with a worried expression in his eyes.

"Now, if you want to deal with it, I suggest that we better join hands. It'll be easier that way," the Evil God recommended.

Previously, when Zen led the Monkey Spirit Sect to the Jade Pure Realm, he deemed it necessary to form a temporary alliance with the Bird Spirit Sect. In this current situation, it seemed reasonable for him to join hands with the Evil God who controlled the Source World, but he was quite hesitant.

He thought that the Evil God was much harder to deal with than the Bird Masters. So, he couldn't help but smirk and ask, "Join hands? How are we going to do that?"

"We join our forces. We will integrate your primitive land with my Source World," the Evil God said indifferently.

Zen was again quite baffled with what the Evil God said. "Can primitive lands merge together?"

"Yes, it's simple. We'll just let my Source World devour your primitive land," the Evil God said it like it was common knowledge.

"Why do you think I should agree to that?"

Zen's expression started to become serious. At the back of his mind, he kind of knew that it was how it was done, but a trace of anger still surfaced from his heart.

As the Evil God noticed Zen's faint anger, a condescending smile appeared on his face. "Isn't it obvious? It's because I'm stronger than you."

"Oh? What makes you think so?" Zen's eyebrow slightly raised as his expression became colder.

"Well, we can test it out if you want," the Evil God continued to provoke Zen with a sinister smile.

Without waiting for Zen's response, he suddenly bent a finger and a colorful light flashed from his fingertip.

It turned out to be the Ways-blending Energy.

As the Evil God gently flicked his finger, the ray of light swiftly shot towards Zen's head.

Facing the sudden attack, Zen wasn't fazed at all.

Just before the ray of light hit him, his body became blurry and completely disappeared.

The colorful light that missed its target hit the flying ship from afar and instantly turned into a dazzling white energy ball. The entire ship was annihilated, and not a piece of debris could be found.

The Evil God didn't even need to use his eyes when he fought. With a wave of his hands, a long whip formed from the Ways-blending Energy spread out from his fingers and lashed violently at the void.

At the same time, Zen's figure kept moving in the space. After dodging several attacks from the whip, he seized the right chance and grabbed it with his bare hand.

"Explode!" the Evil God shouted.

The long whip instantly turned into a blazing white ball of light and enveloped Zen.

However, before the ball of light continued to expand, it suddenly shrank at an incredible rate and fully dissipated.

As Zen's image emerged, he said, "Although the Ways-blending Energy is strong, it is still the power of a third-grade world. This is your innate limitation."

"Ha, are you sure about that?"

The Evil God showed a defiant grin and quickly dashed towards Zen.

He raised his hand and suddenly brandished a long whip again. However, this time, the whip was not formed through the Ways-blending Energy, but by three energies that emanated green, black, and red lights.

Zen calmly grasped the end of the whip again and analyzed the energies that were flowing in it.

But as soon as he realized the source of the energies, the corners of his eyes twitched slightly.

'These energies…

They are bloodline powers.

They are from the fourth-grade world.

And there are actually nineteen kinds of them?'

Dealing with nineteen kinds of bloodline powers was still actually a piece of cake for Zen, but he was still surprised that the Evil God could actually handle and master them. After Zen analyzed it, a faint yellow energy surfaced from his fingers. The yellow energy wrapped around the tri-colored whip, like a spider web, and rapidly disintegrated it.

The Evil God didn't just stand idly. He then waved his hand, releasing a surge of brown ripples from his palm. As the brown ripples came in contact with the yellow energy, they instantly devoured the energy until not a single trace was left.

Upon seeing the capability of the brown ripples, Zen was actually shocked.

It was not that big of a deal to use several kinds of bloodline powers simultaneously. However, the difficult thing to do was to quickly analyze the bloodline powers contained in a weapon or skill and then find out the corresponding energy that could restrain them. Originally, Zen thought that he was the only one who could do that. If the Evil God could also do the same, he started to think if the Evil God had also mastered all the bloodline powers.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

As the brown ripples were hurled directly towards Zen, he pointed his finger at them, unleashing thin bolts of lightning that instantly disintegrated the brown ripples. These bolts of lightning also charged towards the Evil God at an astonishing speed.

The two of them released all kinds of blood powers to restrain each other. They exchanged blows and skillfully countered everything that was thrown against both sides.

After several rounds, the Evil God got a little bored because no one was getting the upper hand. "You're right. The innate limitation is the most horrible thing. So, I've been studying how to break out of it. Yes, three hundred and seventy-three bloodline powers are undoubtedly strong, but it's still not enough…"

Upon saying that, he drew a circle in the air using his other hand, and a white hexagonal snowflake emerged from the circle.

After its formation, the Evil God knocked on the hexagonal snowflake.

Crack!

Just with that gentle knock, the snowflake shattered.

Soon after, every part of it dissipated in the air.

Seeing this, Zen couldn't shake the feeling that something dangerous was about to happen.

The next moment, the figure of the Evil God also disappeared, but his voice could still be heard.

"If I want to, I can kill you a thousand times or even ten thousand times.

I can put you in an illusion that time is frozen.

Unfortunately, you won't comprehend the beauty of this state. You'll only feel bemused.

How pitiful you are."

Zen felt a little weird as he heard that the sentences of the Evil God were overlapping. It was as if he was speaking them at the same time.

When he finished speaking, the Evil God suddenly appeared in front of Zen, and also behind him, and even at both his sides.

Then, the Evil God stopped about one foot away from him, and said, "This is the Stasis Extreme Form."

Chapter 4261 Warning

Under the influence of the Stasis Extreme Form, Zen wasn't able to think straight.

He heard the words of the Evil God, but he couldn't fully comprehend them.

After a while, the Evil God stretched out his hand and drew a circle again in the air. Then, the hexagonal snowflake that was broken and spread out earlier gradually emerged and reorganized into the circle. As it was completely restored, Zen was able to return to normal.

The moment he came back to his senses, the Evil God's words from before drilled into his mind. At the same time, he noticed that the Evil God was now approaching him.

"Stasis Extreme Form?"

Zen's expression changed drastically as he realized how dreadful the skill was.

He was wondering why the ancestry-level bloodline couldn't restrain its power. Never did he expect that the Evil God would be able to use the power of the Deep Space.

The Evil God didn't say anything and just looked at him with a playful smile. He was enjoying this moment when he could clearly see the bewilderment on Zen's face.

He remembered Zen once told him that there was a much wider world outside. He thought that he must probably have the same flabbergasted expression on his face. But now, it was Zen's turn to experience it.

"How did you obtain such a level of power?" Zen couldn't help but ask him without hesitation.

The Evil God fiddled with the hexagonal snowflake and asked teasingly, "Do you want to know?"

"Of course," Zen replied quickly.

"Join us, and I'll tell you," the Evil God said with a conniving smile.

"Forget it then," Zen answered sternly.

Upon hearing his immediate reply, the Evil God placed the hexagonal snowflake in front of Zen. He wasn't willing to take no for an answer that quickly. "I heard that you have fought with the downgrader. You should know by now what kind of power he possesses. If you can't even resist my power, then you definitely have no chance against him. Even if you rely on your primitive land, nothing would change. You will die with everyone. But if you follow me, I can save you! I can save everyone around you!"

Zen couldn't understand where the fanaticism in the eyes of the Evil God was coming from. It was as if saving him meant saving the whole world.

However, Zen just dismissed him by saying, "I don't need you to save me."

After deeming that they had nothing more to talk about, Zen turned around and was ready to leave. The flying ship that he used was destroyed by the Evil God earlier, so he needed the Grand Teleportation skill to return to the primitive land.

However, just when he was about to enter the space channel, the Evil God swiftly grabbed and crushed it, preventing Zen from leaving. "Aren't you afraid of death?!" the Evil God yelled through gritted teeth.

"Why should I be afraid?" Zen retorted with a cold stare.

"Then tell me, what is the meaning of my existence?" This time, it seemed that the Evil God was discombobulated.

Zen felt a little confused as he saw the strange expression on the Evil God's face.

"I have all his memories, and all my talents and power are here to serve him. But I'm still who I am! Isn't that weird? Is this just the entire meaning of my life?" the Evil God asked with a gloomy expression.

At this moment, Zen and the Evil God were just avatars of their real selves. However, Zen's avatar was fully connected to his real self, while the Evil God's avatar possessed his own train of thoughts. He could move and think independently from the will of his real self.

"I can't answer that for you. You'll have to ask the Evil God," Zen said as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Then let me go with you! I don't want to go back and act like a mere slave. Besides, I can teach you how to transform power into a higher level!" the Evil God roared in a desperate tone.

Then, Zen looked at the Evil God intently. He couldn't believe that this avatar could act this way. He found that this avatar of the Evil God was a bit too emotional.

It was actually a good thing because he could make use of him.

But just as Zen made his decision to let the avatar go with him, an unknown black spiral suddenly pierced through the void.

This black spiral then transformed into a massive spear that was over ten thousand feet long. Moreover, it turned out that its target was the Evil God.

The Evil God quickly sensed the danger that it brought. He immediately lifted the hexagonal snowflake in his hand and pointed it towards the black spear. The snowflake was already about to break, but the black spear was unimaginably faster.

Whoosh!

With a muffled sound, the Evil God's head was suddenly pierced by the black spear, and his life energy was extracted by it to the point that he became like a dried-up mummy.

"It's really quite troublesome to deal with these traitors.

All of them want to rebel. Don't they know that I have a lot of things on my plate too?

By the way, before dealing with the downgrader, I won't do anything to your primitive land. So, I hope you'd do the same to the Source World."

Upon hearing this, Zen immediately knew that it was the real Evil God speaking.

Before Zen could even say anything, the dried-up body of the Evil God's avatar continued to shrink as cracks appeared all over his skin. Then, he was reduced to ashes that scattered throughout the void. At the same time, the enormous black spear also vanished without a trace.

As Zen returned to his primitive land, he told everyone what had happened and what he learned.

Naturally, the people on the jadeite platform were all shocked.

"Are you serious? You mean to say that someone was able to comprehend the power of the Deep Space?" Even Kincaid had a strong expression of disbelief.

"The aura of the power he displayed was very familiar. It was similar to the energy that was being exhibited by that heavy sword. It was also too powerful that I wasn't able to resist," Zen explained.

"But there might be another explanation. Maybe it was some kind of blended bloodline?" Kincaid tried to argue.

"But he has the complete abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline," Zen added. "He could dissolve and counter any power of the ancestry-level bloodline that I used."

"How could that happen? Why could he obtain so many bloodline powers?"

"That's inconceivable. He doesn't even have the ancestry-level bloodline."

"That's right. He only relies on the Ways-blending Energy."

Fuxi and the Snake Goddess also shared their sentiments and perplexity.

However, something caught Kincaid's attention. When he heard them say that the Evil God was using the Ways-blending Energy, he immediately asked, "Did he fuse all the Godly Ways by himself?"

"Yes. He boasts an extraordinary talent in that area." Right after Zen answered Kincaid's question, his expression suddenly changed as if he began to realize why Kincaid asked about it. His eyes kind of widened as he said, "We know that the lower-grade worlds can't be transformed into higher-grade ones. But can the energy and power from lower-grade worlds be restored to those of the higher-grade worlds?"

According to what Zen previously knew, the three thousand Godly Ways were actually the downgraded version of the ancestry-level bloodline's power.

Only Zen was able to possess the ancestry-level bloodline. Even the Evil God didn't have any means to obtain it. Therefore, the only viable explanation was that he was able to restore the Godly Ways to their higher-level version, granting him the power equal to that of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"I actually don't want to believe it. The Bold Conjecture House tried to do that thing but always failed. What kept them trying was only the assumption that it was possible to achieve," Kincaid sighed as he let out a bitter smile.

At that time, the Bold Conjecture House had put a lot of energy, effort, and resources in this respect. They knew that once they succeeded with this, its impact would be so devastating and world-changing. However, they were stuck in a dead end, so they had no choice but to give up.

Now, if a creature in the chaos was really able to restore the Godly Ways smoothly, not only Kincaid, but all the elders in the Bold Conjecture House that dedicated their lives in this matter would feel depressed.

"Although the Evil God doesn't intend to attack us now, sooner or later, a battle would be inevitable. The worst part is that we're at an extreme disadvantage because both the Evil God and the downgrader have the power of the Deep Space," the Snake Goddess said in a dejected voice.

"Well, we still have Geoffrey. We can only place our hopes on him," Zen said with a faint smile, trying to somehow alleviate the mood of his companions.

Meanwhile, on one side of the jadeite platform, Rocher was silently sitting.

After Geoffrey set out, Rocher was sent to the jadeite platform so he could immediately report if anything happened to the Lone Sword.

Geoffrey had been away for quite a period of time already. However, there had been no news so far. Everyone's anxiety was just deepening with each passing day.

Some of them had started to lose hope that Geoffrey would still return.

But at this moment, Rocher's shoulder suddenly trembled. Upon noticing this, he quickly stood and announced, "The other end of the Lone Sword seems to have trembled!"

The eyes of the people instantly lit up as they heard this. They had been waiting for this news the entire time. With that, Kincaid and the others immediately gathered around Rocher.

Chapter 4262 The Missing Entrance

Previously, Kincaid had used "Elder Xue" to calm everyone down, including the human spirits in the Bold Conjecture House and the people in the primitive land.

However, these people were all smart. Leaving aside the question of whether or not Elder Xue was still alive, Geoffrey had a very slim chance to even find Elder Xue in the Deep Space, not to mention get the other weapon.

But hope was still hope no matter how small it was. They rarely mentioned Geoffrey these days, but everyone was obviously worried about him.

Therefore, although Rocher only received a slight response, they immediately surrounded him.

Rocher could clearly feel the Lone Sword vibrate for the second time, then for the third time, and then the fourth time... He deciphered the message according to the rhythm and put it into words.

"I'm... coming... back..." he said.

The people on the jadeite platform looked at each other with joy.

Zen asked Rocher directly, "Is Geoffrey bringing Elder Xue back?"

Everyone was eager to hear the answer, but everyone remained silent because they were afraid that they would disturb Rocher when he was receiving the message.

After a while, Rocher said, "No."

Disappointment was apparent on everyone's faces. Zen frowned but said nothing.

Kincaid, however, asked, "Has he seen Elder Xue yet? Did he get that object?"

Although everyone no longer had any expectations, they still stared at Rocher.

Rocher felt quite awkward to be the focus of everyone's attention, but he threw all these trifles to the back of his mind when he received Geoffrey's message. He said happily, "He's seen Elder Xue and obtained that object..."

"Wow!"

Everyone on the jadeite platform burst into excited cheers.

The three Chaos Ancient Gods weren't an exception. In their excitement, the dens that held their huge bodies were also swaying.

The people living in the Pear Hill even felt that the mountain was shaking.

"Shh, he's still talking," Rocher said.

The atmosphere was still a little merry with joy a moment ago but now, although everyone was extremely excited inside, they were all silent.

"I've already obtained the Heavenly Ring Staff. Elder Xue can't enter the main world and can only stay in the Deep Space. I'm going back to the chaos with Master Ziya now." Rocher continued to deliver Geoffrey's words.

Zen and the others were surprised to hear this.

After spending a brief while at the holy pillar to transmit news, Geoffrey and Ziya began their journey back to the chaos.

The chaos was still quite a distance away from the holy pillar. In the past, Geoffrey had to drag Ziya along the way.

Now that Ziya had completely adapted to the main world and Geoffrey's strength had greatly increased, they were naturally able to return at a much faster speed. The two of them jumped down from the top of the holy pillar like two nimble swallows gliding down.

Whoosh! Whoosh...

A few hours later, the two of them had returned to the grassland where they stayed before.

After they passed through this grassland and crossed a river, they would be able to enter a large mountain where the entrance to the Deleting Space was located.

Nevertheless, when the two of them were flying across the grassland, a strange sound suddenly came from below.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh...

There seemed to be many slender things flying speedily across the grassland. Geoffrey and Ziya sensed them almost at the same time.

"What are they? Snakes?" Ziya frowned.

Although he had already gone through the Soul Reincarnation, he needed to resist the pressure of the Abstruse Energy World, so he didn't release his spiritual sense.

"No, they're those tentacles," Geoffrey replied.

"Oh, they won't be a problem for us then." Ziya nodded.

Ziya had also killed those tentacles-like creatures in the Deleting Space. They weren't that powerful.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

The tentacles flew above the grassland for a while, but then they suddenly flew towards Geoffrey and Ziya.

Ziya's expression changed in an instant. There were probably hundreds of thousands of them. When they simultaneously flew towards the two of them, they looked just like a black cloud that rose to the sky.

"Ha!"

Ziya pulled out his God Lashing Whip and swung it down fiercely.

Swish, swish, swish...

Countless whip shadows flew out, looking like golden lights that shred the tentacles they came into contact with into pieces.

Although the power of the God Lashing Whip was formidable, those tentacles still maintained their vitality even after they were shredded into pieces. Ziya had already seen their amazing vitality in the Deleting Space.

While Ziya was busy beating those tentacles, Geoffrey only raised the Heavenly Ring Staff and ordered, "Destroy them."

As some power in Geoffrey's body was drawn away, two huge mirrors suddenly appeared in this world. One appeared under Geoffrey's feet and flew downward, while the other one appeared on the ground and flew upward.

In mere seconds, the two mirrors merged together, forming a thin line. The thin line grew short at a lightning speed before vanishing completely.

Of course, everything caught between the mirrors vanished along with them.

Ziya, who witnessed this, gulped and said, "This ability is too overbearing..."

In the chaos, Ziya had seen all sorts of incredible techniques and weapons, but they were all nothing compared to the Heavenly Ring Staff in Geoffrey's hand. The Heavenly Ring Staff was the real supreme weapon.

After the tentacles were removed, they continued their journey back. They had to go along a river before they could finally enter the mountain.

Although he had left for quite a long time, Geoffrey still remembered the way back clearly. He took a path down at the mountainside, went a few hundred feet forward, and then stopped in front of a mountain wall.

"Here we are," said Geoffrey.

Although it was Ziya who had dug and created the cave in the Deleting Space, since he didn't go through the Soul Reincarnation before, he didn't know about its concrete location and had to get in and out by tying himself with a rope before.

Ziya went towards the direction Geoffrey pointed in, but to his surprise, he only found a cold mountain wall. "Geoffrey, do you forget the entrance? It's not here..."

"How is that possible?" Geoffrey looked in bewilderment.

He stepped forward to look for the entrance. His expression became more and more baffled. "This is impossible! There is a stone step here, and we should be able to enter the cave by stepping on it. The stone step still exists, but is the cave gone?"

Seeing that Geoffrey was so certain about the path he showed, Ziya realized that something must be wrong.

The two of them kept walking around the mountain wall and searched all over the area, but they still couldn't find the entrance!

"The entrance has disappeared," Geoffrey said as he looked at the mountain wall.

"It took me a long time to dig this entrance, and it has never disappeared since then. Could we perhaps be mistaken?" Ziya suspected that they might have come to the wrong place.

"No!" Geoffrey said solemnly and then made a light leap. While facing the mountain wall, he said, "Since the chaos is within this mountain, I just have to create an entrance!"

Swish! Swish...

Bang!

Rumble...

Geoffrey now had the power equal to the power of the Fostering race's top warriors.

Although he didn't use all his power when he launched this punch, it was still so powerful that the entire mountain range was shaking. A huge crack was created on the mountain wall in front of them. A huge hole gradually appeared in the middle of the crack. Nevertheless, this cave-like hole wasn't really deep. The deepest part of the hole was still mountain rocks.

The passageway that Geoffrey expected to appear was nowhere to be seen.

Chapter 4263 The Mousetrap

"What happened?"

Geoffrey was growing more and more upset as he realized that he would be unable to return home.

Ziya went into the cave to look around. He bent and broke off a stone at the edge of the crack.

Then he drilled out of the cave, and handed the stone to Geoffrey. "Here. Use your spiritual sense to check if there is anything special about this stone."

Geoffrey probed the stone with his spiritual sense. After several moments, he shook his head. Without saying anything, he sent his spiritual sense into the cave, exploring the stones, cracks, plants, and even bugs hiding underground in the cave.

"I don't believe that the large chaos can run away!"

He leapt upwards, rising into the sky.

He focused, closing his eyes, and allowed his spiritual sense to spread out as far as it could go.

Like an invisible cloud, Geoffrey's spiritual sense cloaked the surrounding woods, rocks, and bodies of water.

It flowed out for a mile, then ten miles, then a hundred miles.

Everything within that boundary, regardless of size, was captured by Geoffrey's spiritual sense.

A few minutes passed. Eventually, Geoffrey opened his eyes and slowly descended. Unable to conceal his worry, he said, "I have explored everything within a hundred miles, including seven secondary worlds. One of them is the world of poisonous mist that we once entered..."

"Let's check them one by one," said Ziya.

Geoffrey nodded. Together, he and Ziya began traveling through the woods. This place was located at the edge of the main world. The seven secondary worlds had been built as experiments, and widely distributed.

The first secondary world they entered was completely dark. After roaming around for a while in pitch blackness, the two of them retreated.

The next secondary world was obscured by heavy mists.

Likewise, there seemed to be nothing of note in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth secondary worlds.

Several hours had passed. They were down to the final secondary world.

Geoffrey and Ziya were silent. They crossed a long, narrow mountain range and found another cave. They glanced at each other, aware that this was the last world to explore, then entered the mouth of the cave.

As soon as they stepped into the cave, they felt a gust of freezing wind blow over their bodies. This world was a land of ice and snow.

Geoffrey sighed. "This is not the chaos. Let's leave," he said.

However, just as they took a last look around the cave, preparing to leave, there was a sudden cracking sound from behind them. They turned swiftly. The sound had come from the flash freezing of ice water—the mouth of the cave was covered entirely with a thick layer of ice. The entrance was blocked. The two of them stared at the barrier and saw that there were faint dark shadows embedded in the depths of the ice.

"Is this a trap?" Ziya asked quietly, looking around him with renewed alertness.

He held the God Lashing Whip firmly in his hand.

He lifted his arm and sent countless golden whip shadows towards the ice.

As the golden whips slashed into the ice blocking the cave entrance, shards of crystal clear ice scattered in all directions.

In general, Ziya was quite confident in his own strength. After all, he was one of the top masters in the third-grade world. How could a mere layer of ice stand in his way?

However, this was no ordinary ice. It condensed with a swiftness that defied the imagination. Indeed, as he lashed at the ice, it seemed to be growing thicker and thicker.

Outside the wall of ice, two giants stood at the entrance of the cave. The two enormous creatures, like Pompeo, belonged to the Colossus race.

However, there was at least one major difference. Unlike Pompeo, these two giants had purple crystals inserted along the length of their backs. The purple crystals lined their spines from the waist to the nape of the neck.

The giants were busy emptying their pockets. They were taking out dark blue ice runes, slapping them one after another on the surface of the ice. Every time they placed down an ice rune, a wave of energy emanated from it, and the wall of ice grew thicker.

One of the giants snorted with laughter, as he looked at the shadowy form of Ziya and his golden whip through the ice. "The two mice scurried in and now they are trapped and want to come out. Our master was right," he said, smirking.

"Their strength is not too bad. What's more, they can freely move in the fourth-grade world. Fortunately, our master has loyal servants like us. We won't lose to them," the other giant said, slapping down more ice runes.

Ziya, who was in the secondary world, didn't know what was going on in the outside world. Golden thorns began to protrude on the surface of his God Lashing Whip.

"Thorny Whip!" he cried.

The whip lashed through the air and made a cracking sound as the thorns pierced the ice.

Ziya was doing his best.

Previously, he had needed to rely on Geoffrey in order to deal with those tentacles. He knew it would be extremely embarrassing to be forced to ask Geoffrey for help again.

However, even though he had unleashed all of his power, the ice withstood the force of his attacks. It seemed to be getting thicker and thicker.

The Abstruse Energy World was full of low-level creatures, and they simply didn't have the ability to create such a solid ice layer. This didn't make any sense.

While Ziya hesitated, wondering what to do next, Geoffrey came and stood beside him.

"Let me do it," he said.

Geoffrey put his hand on the ice and hit it hard with his open palm.

He didn't use any special skills. He simply channeled all his considerable physical strength into the blow.

The huge ice layer vibrated from the force of the slap. The ice became opaque, turning from a translucent blue to a cloudy snow white color as countless splinters and cracks formed and spread. After a couple of seconds, there was a deafening bang as the ice shattered and shards sprayed out like water rushing from a dam.

The two giants standing outside were completely caught off guard. They hadn't expected such a display of strength. Even as they stuck ice runes into the wall, it exploded outwards, and they were carried away by the massive amounts of ice debris.

The giants struggled to get up. When they finally raised their heads, they saw Geoffrey floating above them.

"Who sent you here? Tell me!" Geoffrey said coldly.

He was angry and frustrated at his inability to find the chaos, and he was perfectly prepared to take out his rage on these two giants. He thought they might be able to give him some answers.

The two giants exchanged glances. Neither of them said a word.

Without warning, the purple crystals on their backs flashed with some inner light, and tremendous power flowed into their bodies. Instantly they rushed at Geoffrey. They moved at a frightening speed, so that they looked like no more than blurs as they attacked.

The first giant grabbed Geoffrey with one hand. Even though Geoffrey's body had expanded from his time in the top floor of the Levitation Tower, increasing to four times its original size, he still resembled a child in the giant's hand.

The other giant clenched his fists and brought them crashing down on Geoffrey.

"Go to hell!" he shouted.

Heavy punches rained down on Geoffrey's body.

Stimulated by the purple crystals, the giant bombarded Geoffrey with a flurry of punches. His body couldn't bear the power given by the purple crystals, so his fists were smashed and bled. However, he didn't stop attacking until several minutes later.

But when he finally stopped, and the two giants looked down at Geoffrey, they were stunned. His body was completely intact and unharmed.

"Why is this guy so powerful?"

"Is he a creature from the third-grade world?"

Even as the two giants muttered to each other, Geoffrey slowly raised his Heavenly Ring Staff. He said calmly, "Torture them. Give them unbearable agony."

As soon as he finished speaking, the Heavenly Ring Staff extracted a portion of his strength, and then released a strange sound, like a string being plucked.

The sound was capable of penetrating into the depths of one's soul, then releasing a terrible illusion of pain.

At first, the two giants tried to endure the pain. However, as it went on and on, they collapsed to ground and began to roll and howl, bellowing with anguish. They were clearly in unimaginable pain.

Eventually, unable to bear it any longer, the two giants began begging for mercy. Geoffrey waved the Heavenly Ring Staff and stopped the sound.

"I'll give you one more chance. Who sent you here?" Geoffrey asked, in the same icy tone as before.

This time, the two giants didn't dare to hide anything, fearful of experiencing another round of torture. They bowed deeply and answered, "Our master predicted that you would come, so he asked us to set up a mousetrap here. He said we must wait for you to enter, and then trap you."

"Who is your master?" Geoffrey asked.

"Our master... He is who he is. Who else can he be?" said a giant in a puzzled tone. The other giant nodded along, looking at Geoffrey with an expression of genuine confusion.

Chapter 4264 A Bad Feeling

Looking at the giant's silly reaction, Geoffrey felt a little depressed.

Something in his mind seemed to spark and he remembered what Elder Xue had told him. The creatures born after the disaster in the Deep Space were very stupid. In fact, they were not even able to cultivate due to a lack of intelligence.

The Abstruse Energy World had also encountered a great disaster once. Geoffrey thought that the situation here was most probably similar to that of the Deep Space. These giants' intelligence quotient seemed pitifully low.

"Have you ever seen your master?" Ziya asked him.

Since these giants were not very smart, they could only inquire things little by little. Ziya was much more experienced in talking in a way that they could understand.

"No. But he talks in our minds," the giant answered.

Ziya nodded and then continued, "Can everyone in your race hear him?"

"Yes," the giant affirmed.

"It's a will that descends into their minds," Ziya muttered to himself.

"No one in the fourth-grade world has such a powerful soul. Is he the downgrader?" Geoffrey theorized.

"That's quite likely," Ziya nodded as he looked at the purple crystals behind the giants. Then he asked, "How did you get these crystals?"

If it really were the downgrader who controlled these giants, then the purple crystals would have been his giving since the giants finding them on their own was highly unlikely.

It was hard to say whether the downgrader could return to the Abstruse Energy World, but he could definitely find a way to ship or smuggle the purple crystals out of the chaos. And these crystals might contain some clues of the chaos.

"They were given to us by our patriarch. It was he who gave us our powerful strength," one of the giants explained.

"And where is your patriarch?" Ziya asked gently.

At that moment, a loud voice seemed to come from afar. "No need to inquire about me. I'm here!"

There was a soft shimmering on the top of a mountain not far away from them, and a giant the size of a hill appeared on its peak.

The giant's head was inlaid with hundreds, if not thousands of purple crystals, which spread all the way from his head to his arms. The strangest thing was that at the bottom of those crystals, blood was seeping out. They must have been stabbed into his body not long ago.

Then, giant after giant emerged from the top of the mountain. In the blink of an eye, well over a thousand of them were visible.

Ziya immediately went on high alert and held the God Lashing Whip tightly in his hand.

"That's great! We won't have to waste time!"

With a smile on his face, Geoffrey rushed out and stomped on the mountain. He then turned into a huge arc and smashed towards the patriarch.

Seeing Geoffrey take action first, the members of the Colossus race roared in unison.

Buzz!

Before Geoffrey could reach halfway, every single crystal on the patriarch's body began to glow.

A huge power stimulated every meridian in his body. His eyes turned red, and like a machine, his giant fist struck out towards Geoffrey.

Boom!

A muffled sound was heard.

The giant had actually managed to block Geoffrey's attack. However, he paid a heavy price for that. His thick arm began to crack, the purple crystals embedded in his arm shot out like sharp arrows, and more than half of his shoulder was torn apart.

Geoffrey then stepped forward and grabbed the patriarch's huge head with one hand. "Where did you get these crystals? You have nine seconds to answer or you die!"

The members of the Colossus race had never thought that their prey would be so powerful. Time seemed to stand still for a moment.

All the giants, including the patriarch, did not even dare to move.

"They... They were given to us by our master," the patriarch stammered.

"Where is your master? Nine seconds or..." Geoffrey threatened.

Just as the patriarch was about to speak, the purple crystals on his back began to glow once again. But this time, the glow seemed a bit different, almost berserk.

Then, as if he had truly lost his mind and didn't care about Geoffrey's threat at all, the giant suddenly threw his remaining arm towards Geoffrey.

However, the moment he tried to make his move, Geoffrey tightened his grip instantly, and the patriarch's head exploded into confetti.

Roar!

"Kill them!"

"Eliminate the outsiders!"

The giants swiftly surrounded Geoffrey.

However, they didn't seem to have a desire for revenge for the death of their patriarch. Instead, the purple crystals on their bodies had begun flashing and filling their bodies with a violent power that could control their souls. They had turned into a group of puppets and were now attacking the enemy.

"You are too slow and weak to be of any use to yourselves!"

Geoffrey felt like he was fighting with children when faced with these giants.

His figure became a blur as he moved rapidly between the giants. Every time he passed by one of them, a fist mark would land on their heads, which would then deform, crack, and finally shatter at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The giants, like heavy doors, were continuously smashed onto the ground.

In less than thirty seconds, Geoffrey had killed about thirty of them.

However, when he turned around, he saw that there were still many giants on the top of the mountain. He had taken a spoon out of the ocean.

"There are too many of them. Kill them all!" Geoffrey ordered as he raised his Heavenly Ring Staff.

Swoosh!

About one third of his strength was extracted and filled the staff.

Then thunder began to form and brew in the Heavenly Ring Staff. Its crisp crackle reached Geoffrey's ears and a sinister smile raised his lips.

Then with a loud and violent noise, the whole mountain in front of them was shrouded in a burst of powerful lightning, which lasted only for an instant. Once it had disappeared, the giants were still able to maintain their original postures, with some of them climbing and some running forwards, but their bodies were charred and their vitality had disappeared.

Although Ziya had witnessed the power of the Heavenly Ring Staff before, he was still shocked.

The number of energies would be reduced in a higher-grade world. Ziya's strength was greatly weakened in the Abstruse Energy World, even though it was extremely terrifying in the chaos.

However, if Geoffrey's attack was so powerful in the Abstruse Energy World itself, just how powerful would it be in the chaos?

Looking at the giant corpses on the ground, Geoffrey seemed a little worried. "They are all being controlled. Our opponent is too cunning."

However, Ziya was not discouraged. "Hmm... Since he's targeting us, he will definitely attack us again."

While they were talking, another sound came from not far away. Geoffrey smiled faintly and then told him, "It looks like you are right."

But when he looked into the distance, his face suddenly froze.

Another group of members of the Colossus race had appeared on the mountain top.

There were over a thousand of them, and their leader was the same patriarch that they had seen just a few moments ago. Even the pattern in which the purple crystals had been stuck on the patriarch's body was the same.

Ziya also felt that something was wrong. "What's going on? Are these giants mere clones?"

"Fight them!"

The patriarch waved his arm and every single giant rushed over towards them.

Geoffrey frowned and raised the Heavenly Ring Staff with some hesitation.

"Kill them."

Boom!

The Heavenly Ring Staff once again extracted a third of Geoffrey's strength and lightning fell.

A burst of violent thunder managed to completely

annihilate a large group of giants. But this came at a great cost.

After exploding thunder on their heads two times in a row, Geoffrey felt slightly weak. More than two thirds of his strength had been consumed. If he used this move a third time, he would no longer be able to use the Heavenly Ring Staff.

The power of this staff was totally dependent on the user's strength. Although Geoffrey had been strengthened for two times by the Levitation Tower and he was easily comparable to a top-level warrior in the Deep Space, his strength was still limited in magnitude.

At that moment, a bad feeling came over him. The hidden opponent knew him and the Heavenly Ring Staff very well. He was trying to tire him out.

Chapter 4265 Flee All The Way

When Geoffrey still felt a little uneasy, he saw a blue light flashing from the left side of the mountain peak.

Once the blue light chose an area and shone on it, many giants' figures appeared within that glow.

They were all members of the Colossus race, and their number stretched over a thousand.

"Master Ziya, let's flee from here!"

Geoffrey cautioned as he raised the Heavenly Ring Staff.

A burst of invisible wind swept violently downward, rolling the two of them up into the sky. They then left, carried on the wind.

When the members of the Colossus race saw Geoffrey and Ziya depart, they didn't give chase at all, since they couldn't catch up to them.

The leader of the Colossus race looked up at the sky and stated, "Master, they have escaped."

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

Colorful lights appeared above the heads of these members of the Colossus race. The colorful lights possessed varying flashes in length. They blended with each other. Soon, a giant roc-fish appeared and floated in the air.

If Zen had witnessed this scene, he would have recognized it. This was the Starry Roc-fish he had seen in the Soul City.

The Starry Roc-fish was the mount of Kincaid. It was not a sentient being, but a ball of intelligent energy. As a member of the Four Spirits Sect, the Starry Roc-fish was probably the only one who had escaped the big disaster.

For many years, it had been circling outside the chaos, and it could be observed in the Three Purities Stage.

The Starry Roc-fish's voice was quickly transmitted, "Don't worry. They can't escape...

As long as I don't remove this Absolute Existence Form, you won't really die.

I will continue to project you and make you appear in front of them again and again until they are killed!"

The Starry Roc-fish had been a sacred beast of the Colossus race all this time!

The Colossus race, which had been born after the disaster, had been able to reach this level of development because of the kindness and mercy of the Starry Roc-fish.

The leader and the members of this race were all subservient to the Starry Roc-fish.

However, the members of the Colossus race hadn't noticed the change in the Starry Roc-fish. At the top of the originally colorful horns, there was now a bit of black light mixed in, and the Starry Roc-fish's pair of bright eyes were filled with conflicting colors.

At this time, the Starry Roc-fish was no longer the sacred beast that had protected them for centuries.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...

After Geoffrey and Ziya had flown a safe distance in the air, they slowly descended to a forest of giant trees.

Standing on the swingy boughs of one of the giant trees, the two of them were a little depressed. However, Ziya remained calmer, while Geoffrey began to complain, "We can't return! What's the use of me discovering this object?"

As Geoffrey spoke, he raised the Heavenly Ring Staff and brandished it around.

Whoosh! Bang! Bang! Crack...

The Heavenly Ring Staff smashed straight onto a tree trunk. How could a mere trunk withstand Geoffrey's power?

Thus, the tree trunk snapped with a loud bang.

Fortunately, the Heavenly Ring Staff itself was not an ordinary object, and it didn't suffer any damages. The rough tree trunk was as hard as metal, but it still could not withstand the strike.

Feeling the weight of his frustration, Geoffrey lost his temper again.

Ziya remained silent.

Geoffrey had no idea how to find the chaos.

He was also quite certain of the consequences of not being able to return to the chaos.

While Geoffrey was still venting his anger, another ray of blue light flashed on a treetop not far away.

Just as before, the members of the Colossus race appeared within the radius of the blue light again!

"You are everywhere! You fools are... courting death!"

Geoffrey instantly and without hesitation wielded the Heavenly Ring Staff.

"Geoffrey!"

Ziya tried to stop Geoffrey from using the Heavenly Ring Staff, but he was too late. Nearly one-third of Geoffrey's power had been absorbed.

The Heavenly Ring Staff would use a fixed ability when dealing with a specific object.

As the energy flashed from the Heavenly Ring Staff, another outburst of violent thunderbolts obliterated the members of the Colossus race.

Boom...

In the blinking of an eye, the members of the Colossus race were decimated.

The loud thunderous roar made flocks of birds fly around in shock, screaming in fear.

Geoffrey felt weakened after his strength had been extracted.

Although his physical body was able to recover swiftly, it couldn't face his overuse of the power.

As soon as he killed this group of giants, another ray of blue light drew a circle on the top of another tree. Those giants reappeared again!

"Don't try to fight against them. Let's go!" Ziya urged.

Geoffrey nodded and raised the Heavenly Ring Staff with all his remaining strength. Then he made use of the wind pressure to pull him and Ziya up into the sky again.

Since the members of the Colossus race were able to follow them all over, he and Ziya were surely being tracked.

Choosing to hide behind these giants, their opponent was not afraid of Geoffrey, but he surely feared the Heavenly Ring Staff in his hand.

Once he noticed that Geoffrey's strength was depleted, their opponent would probably take action to snatch it away.

Swoosh...

"Master Ziya, is there anything that can replenish lost energy?"

"Divine crystals.

Do you want to eat some?"

The Stellar World held a higher set of standards. When one relied on the materials from a lower-grade world to nourish themselves, the efficiency was extremely low.

After flying across some distance, the two of them descended again.

However, the situation remained the same as before. Whenever the two of them touched the ground, that blue light would appear. At the same time, the group of giants would be transported there, forcing Geoffrey to escape by flying into the sky again.

After this happened for three or four times, Geoffrey felt that his strength had become even more weakened, and he was not recovering.

If this continued, he would be doomed!

Realizing this, Geoffrey suddenly made up his mind. "Take us to the top of the holy pillar!"

Whoosh!

The higher the world grade was, the more difficult it would be to use the spatial transference. Geoffrey didn't know if the Heavenly Ring Staff could be moved by means of the Grand Teleportation technique, nor did he know if his physical body could withstand that.

The Heavenly Ring Staff had almost drained the last of Geoffrey's physical strength. His energy was insufficient, and the Heavenly Ring Staff now even began to draw out his soul power!

Geoffrey felt dizzy and almost fainted. Then the two of them were wreathed in a layer of blue light and immediately disappeared from the sky.

The next moment, the two of them instantly appeared at the top of the holy pillar.

Ziya stood there steadily, while Geoffrey was so weak that he almost crashed down on the pillar.

"Sir, hurry up. Tell my father..."

Currently, they probably wouldn't be able to enter the chaos. The only possibility was to ask Zen to come out.

Geoffrey had extracted the last of his strength in order to get to the pillar.

Without saying a word, Ziya moved straight to the edge of the holy pillar. He put his finger on the light ray that connected to the Lone Sword and began to gently pull it.

Previously, he had known how Geoffrey operated it.

On the jadeite platform

Zen and the others were restlessly waiting.

The distance from the holy pillar to the chaos was not great. Ziya would bring Geoffrey and descend from the Deleting Space at any moment now.

As time ticked by, Zen and the others became more and more impatient.

"Why haven't they come back yet?"

"Could it be that they can't descend from the Deleting Space?"

"Maybe they can't find their way back..."

"What happened?"

Just as everyone began burning with anxiety, Rocher's Lone Sword began to tremble again, and new information was transmitted from the other side.

"I'm Ziya. We can't locate the chaos and are unable to return!"

Chapter 4266 The Only Way Left

Everyone who heard what Rocher said was surprised and confused.

'The chaos is such a huge world. How is it possible that they couldn't find it?' they all thought at the back of their minds.

"Why can't you find your way back?"

"Are you lost?"

"Be patient and look more carefully."

Zen, Fuxi, and the others were so anxious that they impatiently blurted what they were thinking.

Suddenly, the Snake Goddess interrupted them. "Calm down. Ziya is not a fool, and neither is Geoffrey. They wouldn't have come back to the holy pillar and asked for our help simply because they got lost. They must be in a more difficult situation than we can imagine. Let him talk," she kind of reprimanded everyone present.

Upon hearing what the Snake Goddess said, the people on the jadeite platform recognized what she meant. They quickly fell silent and stared back at Rocher.

"They are being pursued by a great number of enemies. Their sheer number is overwhelming that they couldn't defeat them all. Although Geoffrey gained incredible strength, he is now exhausted. They don't know how much longer they would be able to hold on." Rocher reported everything that Ziya told him.

Upon hearing this, Zen was suddenly alarmed. "Did he say who were after them?" he asked.

After a short while, Rocher replied, "A bunch of giants."

'Giants in the main world?' When Zen heard this, Pompeo immediately popped into his mind.

'If several members of the Colossus race are after them, then both of them are in grave danger, ' Zen thought with a worried expression on his face.

"What should we do now?"

Zen murmured to himself as he paced back and forth.

Right now, Ziya and Geoffrey couldn't come back and bring the Heavenly Ring Staff to them. Moreover, they were in a dangerous situation.

After thinking for a while, Zen stopped walking. Something lit in his eyes as he turned to the Snake Goddess. "The Eternal Scroll Painting! We can enter the Eternal Divine Courtyard through it. That's the fastest shortcut!" Zen exclaimed in excitement.

However, he didn't understand why no one gave a single response.

In the end, it was the Primeval Lord of Heaven who dared to break the silence. A wisp of his soul floated out of the Civilization Artifact and sighed. "Zen, the Eternal Scroll Painting is still closed. Furthermore, the Grand Plain Stage was already destroyed by the downgrader," he explained calmly.

Since the Grand Plain Stage was destroyed, it must also mean that the Eternal Scroll Painting vanished with it too.

Fuxi kept his head lowered as he furrowed his eyebrows, while the Snake Goddess pursed her lips. They couldn't say anything as they didn't want to be the ones to break it to Zen.

Not long ago, Geoffrey had just completed a very risky and difficult mission. However, they didn't expect that things would go south at such a critical point. Now, they were stuck with a problem that they couldn't solve.

All of their choices were being blocked off. They couldn't get to the Deleting Space or the Abstruse Energy World.

"Wait! There's still someone who might be able to send me to the Deleting Space," Zen said abruptly as a thought suddenly occurred to him.

"Are you thinking of the Evil God?" the Snake Goddess asked with a suspicious look in her eyes. "I don't think he will help you. Besides, did you forget that Ziya closed the Deleting Space? Even Othniel wasn't able to enter it. Although the Evil God learned the space truth, it's still impossible for him to send you to the Deleting Space," she said in low spirits.

The Deleting Space was under Ziya's total control. Even Chaos Ancient Gods weren't able to do anything with it.

Zen began pacing back and forth again. The frustration was so visible on his face.

Even the blue veins on his forehead were totally exposed.

While everyone was racking their brains for a solution and wallowing in despair, Kincaid chimed in, "There's actually a way to make it to the main world."

"Really? How?" In the blink of an eye, Zen appeared in front of Kincaid, eager to know what he was talking about. He was so desperate that he would do anything whatever it might be.

"There are two paths in the channel that could be found in the Bold Conjecture House. They can come back through one of those roads," Kincaid explained.

Everyone present looked at him with a displeased expression as soon as he finished speaking. They all wondered why he kept silent all this time if he had the solution all along.

Kincaid knew exactly what they were thinking. However, he had his own reasons for not bringing it up earlier. "The only problem is who to send. Hilario, the human spirits of the Bold Conjecture House, and even I couldn't return to the main world because we will die there. On the other hand, though you can enter the main world, you can't walk freely and see clearly in there," he continued.

He knew that none of them had experienced the Red Jade Rite, hence they knew so little about the main world.

"I'll do it," Zen said calmly. "Even if it weren't for Geoffrey and Master Ziya, I still must bring the Heavenly Ring Staff back at all costs. Right now, I'm the only one who can do that."

'According to what Master Ziya said, Geoffrey had run out of strength.

It makes sense since the Heavenly Ring Staff, like the heavy sword, requires a large amount of energy to power it. I must be the only one qualified to wield it since the ancestry-level bloodline would aid me, ' Zen thought to himself.

"Are you sure? It's too risky," Kincaid warned him in a stern voice.

"Everything that we have been doing is a great risk," Zen quickly retorted. "We're also as good as dead if we don't do anything right now."

Kincaid clearly felt the determination in Zen's eyes. 'This guy understands all the risks, but he doesn't have the slightest intention of dying, ' Kincaid thought in amazement.

"All right then. You have to sneak into the Other Shore first…" Kincaid started explaining what he had to do.

Zen had initially planned on entering the Other Shore by reciting the Truth of Godly Way. But upon hearing what Kincaid said, he remembered something and said, "Master Kincaid, please wait a moment. I'll be right back."

Swoosh!

Then, Zen suddenly vanished into thin air. The next second, he was standing in front of the Civilization Artifact of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

After the Blooming Jade Stage was destroyed, the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization was also destroyed. Because of that, the Civilization Artifact became useless.

However, Zen didn't want to give up on it. He thought that it would be such a pity if he lost the unique calculation method of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

Therefore, he asked the ancestry-level bloodline to restore its core.

Now, there was a massive cube beside the Civilization Artifact. It was created by the ancestry-level bloodline through the power of the creation quadrant. At this point, three beams of light with various colors were outlining different things on the surface of the cube.

Obviously, the ancestry-level bloodline was much more powerful than the Heavenly Obsession Civilization. With its aid and the will of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization, theoretically, a more powerful core would be built soon.

When the Heavenly Obsession Civilization caught sight of Zen, a green figure immediately appeared in front of him.

"How is it going?" Zen inquired about the progress.

"About half done," the green figure informed.

"Do you think it will work?" Zen asked, just to make sure.

The green figure actually didn't know what Zen was up to, but it still answered, "Yes, it will. But its efficiency might be very low."

"I see. Well, I'm going to the main world right now. I would need your help after I get there."

Zen instructed briefly and didn't provide much information since he was in a hurry.

Before the green figure could react, Zen already disappeared.

When he returned to the jadeite platform, Zen quickly sat down with his legs crossed and looked at Kincaid. "I'm ready."

Upon entering the Other Shore, they walked into the passageway.

Hilario immediately spotted the two and was baffled as to why they were there. Reading his mind, Kincaid said, "He wants to go to the main world…"

"What? Why?" Hilario got even more confused when he heard the reason for their sudden appearance. "What happened?" he couldn't help but ask.

Therefore, Kincaid filled him in on what had happened in the main world. As he explained the unexpected situation, Hilario fell into a deep thought. "The passageway does lead to the main world. But before you get there, you will need to pass through the Eternal Scroll Painting and face the brush-wielder," Hilario warned.

At the mention of the brush-wielder, Zen's eyebrows quickly raised.

From the moment that Zen knew the truth behind Cornelius's scheme and the alter, he realized that the brush-wielder was actually not on their side. He was the one who coaxed him into entering the alter in order to acquire the sword.

Judging from that, Zen speculated that the brush-wielder was, in fact, someone who worked for the downgrader.

Zen was able to pass through the Eternal Scroll Painting back then. But now, he thought that it might not be that easy since the brush-wielder might get in his way.

Chapter 4267 Blocked

Zen was left with no choice but to pass through this passageway to go to the main world.

"I don't have to be afraid. I have the ancestry-level bloodline," he pronounced.

Kincaid remained silent beside him. It was Zen's own choice, so he had no say in it.

Hilario didn't stop him either. Of course, he hoped that Zen could bring the Heavenly Ring Staff back.

The curses cast on the human spirits from the Bold Conjecture House were done using the powers of the Deep Space. The Heavenly Ring Staff could lift the curses and finally end their misery.

"Since you insist, our Bold Conjecture House has no objection." After saying that, Hilario nodded to the human spirits behind him. The long-haired monsters stepped aside to make way for Zen.

Just then, a golden light flashed beside Kincaid. Out came Dorothy, also returning to the passageway.

Dorothy had arrived from the Pear Hill, where she had been staying with Yasamin.

She had hurried over when she heard that Zen was heading to the Abstruse Energy World alone.

"Zen, I'll go with you!" Dorothy called out.

Kincaid's face darkened when he heard that. "Stop messing around, Dora."

Dorothy glanced at him.

Kincaid was family, but he knew nothing about her life in the chaos.

Dorothy shook her head. "I'm not messing around. I'm your daughter and a human spirit, too. I would probably be able to walk freely in the Abstruse Energy World!"

The warriors of the Bold Conjecture House, admittedly, had also been wondering if Dorothy had that ability.

But they couldn't make any conclusions without a precedent.

"If you are still a creature of the main world, the rules of the main world could kill you. And if you aren't, you would only be a liability to Zen. You cannot go!" Kincaid took a step forward and stood in Dorothy's way.

"Dorothy, please," Zen pleaded, his face serious.

He knew how stubborn Dorothy was. Even Yasamin couldn't stop her, so it was less likely that Kincaid and the human spirits of the Bold Conjecture House could change her mind.

Before Dorothy could move further, Hilario reached out his hand. An oval-shaped gem appeared on his fluffy palm. The gem glowed, and at once, Dorothy felt dizzy and started to lose her balance.

Kincaid came forward and caught her as she slumped down. He turned to Zen and nodded for him to go.

Zen followed Hilario straight to the end of the passageway where a rusty metal door stood shut. Zen surmised it was not made of ordinary iron. He could sense it had been there for trillions of years, and yet, it remained free of any erosion.

As he walked up to the door, Hilario started telling him about it. "We created this path when we were trapped in the chaos. Although it is still in the Eternal Scroll Painting, it is actually a shortcut. You'd have a better chance of evading the brush-wielder through here."

Hilario had speculated the brush-wielder was on the downgrader's side. Zen and Kincaid were inclined to agree, based on the brush-wielder's actions so far.

Though it was only a speculation, it would be safer to avoid him.

With a curt nod to Hilario, Zen pulled the iron door open and stepped in.

The other side of the iron door looked like a void but felt more like a solid wall. As soon as Zen entered, an irresistible force pressed him onto the wall until he had been flattened and emerged on the other side as a two-dimensional figure.

Zen adapted to the transformation quicker now, having entered the Eternal Scroll Painting before.

"A straight road!"

Up ahead lay a path just as Hilario described. Those who took this road could pass through the Eternal Scroll Painting without having to take its myriad tests.

Zen wasted no time. He scrambled onto the path quickly as if he was being chased.

It only took him half a minute to reach the end of the road.

But as he took another step forward, a new path appeared in front of him.

This puzzled Zen for a moment before he realized that this was probably the second page of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

The Eternal Scroll Painting had a total of three pages, and he had to pass through them all.

He moved quickly onward. It wasn't long before he had passed through the second page, too, arriving at the road on the third page.

Zen hurried on the path, looking forward to finally reaching the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

Halfway down the road, Zen could already spot the door drawn at the end.

It was wide open, just calling for him to enter!

He could feel his heart thumping in nervous anticipation, fervently hoping there would be no sudden obstacles.

He got closer and closer to the door. He was only two or three steps away when a thick ink mark appeared on the Eternal Scroll Painting.

The mark crossed the door out.

It was blocking Zen's entry!

Zen stopped in his tracks. His glowering looks were evident even in his two-dimensional state.

He couldn't read the brush-wielder's motives the last time they met, but he knew that this time would definitely leave no room for doubt.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish!"

Four more thick ink marks appeared around Zen one after another, acting like a cage.

"Brush-wielder," Zen called out.

Zen couldn't see him in his current form, but he knew that the brush-wielder was looking down at him from above the painting scroll.

A crying face appeared above Zen. "You didn't disappoint me. Finally, you opened the altar. You are better than I thought," he said.

"Why are you stopping me, then?" Zen responded.

The crying face turned into a smiling one, but his voice remained somber. "Your task has already been completed. There is no need for further trouble. So either go back to the chaos, or remain here."

Zen felt a hot flash of anger upon hearing this. He finally lashed out, "And do you think the downgrader will give you what you want? When he created you, he told you the second-grade world, the Wall World, was the most perfect, but it was all just a trick! He also said the same to the Four Spirits Sect about the third-grade world, the Cinnabar race about the fourth-grade world, and the Sacred Spirit race about the fifth-grade world!"

"I do not care. My long cherished wish is to expand the Wall World. This Eternal Scroll Painting is not big enough," the brush-wielder said.

The Eternal Scroll Painting, in fact, was not the actual Wall World. Creatures in the Wall World could not see their appearance as they were depicted on the scroll. Thus, the Eternal Scroll Painting was just a simulation. But the brush-wielder wanted to make this simulation into reality.

"He won't stop even if the Wall World becomes what you wants it to be! He will still downgrade the Wall World to the first-grade world, the World of Nothingness, and you will be destroyed in the end!" Zen shouted.

This was obvious to Zen. He couldn't understand why the brush-wielder, with all that he had seen, couldn't figure this out.

But the brush-wielder could not be reasoned with. "Even if it eventually becomes a first-grade world, at least the Wall World will last for the next decades. It is enough for me. The third-grade world has existed for so long. I will see to it the Wall World exists longer. There would be more second-grade world creatures inhabiting the Wall World, and the entire Wall World will be more prosperous!" the brush-wielder insisted, clinging fervently to blind faith.

Chapter 4268 Rescue (Part One)

Ever since he came into existence, the brush-wielder had regarded himself as the God of the Wall World, and he had a very strong obsession with it.

If the downgrader would really turn the entire world into a Wall World, then he couldn't be any happier. It was what he wished all along.

Originally, Zen wanted to persuade the brush-wielder into helping him.

However, as he heard all the crazy words that the brush-wielder had spouted, Zen knew that it would never happen. He was so disappointed and angry at the same time.

"Even if he really turns everything into a Wall World, what do you think would happen to you? Do you think he would let you live? Can't you see that you're just being manipulated too? Did you even see the miserable state that Cornelius ended up with?!" Zen wasn't able to contain his emotions as he tried to drill some sense into the brush-wielder.

"I don't care if I'm being manipulated! All I ever wished is the establishment of the Wall World!" the brush-wielder shouted as he closed his mind to everything that Zen was saying. "Too bad for you, I won't let you leave this place! You shall die here today!"

He knew that Zen possessed the ancestry-level bloodline, thus he didn't dare underestimate him. But right now, he would do everything in his power to eliminate him within the bounds of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

With that, a huge ink brush emerged above the Eternal Scroll Painting, which quickly sent down a stroke that sharply slashed towards Zen.

Whoosh!

As the brush slashed, a long trail of ink swept across the snow-white painting scroll.

At the same time, Zen instantly sensed that the strong force was about to slash his waist.

Fortunately, the Eternal Scroll Painting was not a real Wall World yet, meaning that Zen's body maintained its strength as it was in the third-grade world.

Before they waged the war against the Snake Spirit Sect, Zen's body had already been greatly strengthened by the ancestry-level bloodline. He could withstand even the most powerful physical attacks.

Slash! Swish! Whoosh!

The brush-wielder threw vicious attacks in rapid succession. He kept on slashing Zen over and over with his sharp strokes.

The black ink almost covered the entire white scroll due to the number of attacks hurled at Zen, but it appeared that his body was still unscathed.

"What is this? Is this the power of the ancestry-level bloodline? How could your physical body withstand such attacks?"

The brush-wielder temporarily halted his attacks as he saw that all those strokes didn't even cause a scratch on Zen's body.

With that, he changed his approach. The ink brush was held high in the air, and beams of golden lights emerged from the shaft of the brush. The ink at the tip of the brush was tinged with golden yellow, making it look even sharper.

"Take this! Demonic Strokes!"

At his command, the ink brush started violently smearing Zen's body.

Wisps of golden yellow strokes began covering the previous black stains, creating a messy artwork on the surface of the scroll.

With the abundance of ink spilled everywhere, it was actually hard to tell where Zen was if he remained still.

Only when he moved slightly to dodge the attacks would his form separate from the ink marks on the scroll.

No matter how savagely he was attacked by the brush-wielder, Zen still kept his calm, knowing that his superior physical strength would overcome every attack thrown at him. Soon enough, the brush-wielder trembled in anger and frustration at the sight of Zen's undamaged body.

He was exasperated by the fact that he already poured a lot of effort, but it didn't affect Zen at all.

"Don't think that I'm done yet! You will die by my hands. You'll see!"

As he finished speaking, the ink brush that was floating in the void suddenly disappeared, and what surfaced in place of it was a huge graver.

At a glance, its appearance might look simple and austere, but Zen perceived that it should be something extraordinary.

At this moment, Zen couldn't see anything outside the scroll painting, but he could clearly sense the sharp aura that the graver was emitting.

However, since he was trapped inside the painting, he couldn't do anything except dodging attacks. He was currently at the mercy of the brush-wielder. Although he might be able to dodge some of his attacks, he couldn't totally escape from him.

Swoosh!

Without any warning, the graver slashed down towards Zen.

Splat!

A trail of blood appeared on the scroll, covering the previous black and golden ink marks.

As Zen looked, he saw that a deep wound was inflicted on his body. His flesh was ripped open that the surface of his bone was already visible.

"Ha-ha! Did you feel that? This is my Life-energy Graver. Every time I use it, it consumes my life energy. Can you imagine that? I'm attacking you at the cost of my own life!" The brush-wielder was acting crazier this time. It was as if he was laughing, crying, and madly yelling at the same time.

"Then, why do you have to do this?" Zen couldn't help but shake his head as he pitied the mental state of the brush-wielder.

"Shut up! I don't need your opinion!"

Swish!

Splat!

The Life-energy Graver just inflicted a second wound on Zen's body.

Splat!

And a third one.

Swoosh!

The brush-wielder continued to slash at Zen using the graver, but the ancestry-level bloodline started to gather more life energy in order to repair Zen's injuries.

This cycle continued for over five minutes on the Eternal Scroll Painting.

The attacks of the graver became more and more ferocious, but at the same time, the rate of regeneration of the ancestry-level bloodline also became faster and faster.

"Damn it! Your body's already extremely sturdy, but it also has such formidable regeneration ability. Let's see how you handle this one though!"

Chapter 4269 Rescue (Part Two)

Whoosh!

In an instant, the aura of the Life-energy Graver became even sharper.

The overwhelming aura that it was emitting almost penetrated directly into the scroll.

Before the intense aura of the graver, Zen felt a shiver shot down his spine. His body started trembling as if telling him that he might not be able to withstand the next blow.

However, at this crucial moment, a flock of beasts from the scroll painting suddenly rushed over to them.

On one of the beasts sat a graceful woman. It turned out that she was actually the fox girl who lived in the Eternal Scroll Painting.

As she reached Zen, the fox girl waved his fingers around him, and a hexagram array instantly enveloped him. When the array was completely formed, she immediately told Zen to get out of that place.

Buzz! Buzz!

The moment that the array was activated, Zen's body was also released from the Eternal Scroll Painting.

As he stood on the surface of the Eternal Scroll Painting in his normal form, he saw the huge face of the brush-wielder floating in the sky, along with his fast-approaching Life-energy Graver.

"What the hell have you done?! Are you out of your mind? Why did you save him?!"

The brush-wielder couldn't believe that the fox girl would betray him during such a critical moment.

Folding her arms over her chest, the fox girl stared coldly at the brush-wielder and said, "I don't think you should be the one asking questions here. Why don't you answer my question first? What the hell are you really trying to do?"

At this point, the brush-wielder realized that the fox girl must have heard the earlier conversation between him and Zen.

However, he didn't have time to deal and argue with the fox girl right now. His priority was to eliminate Zen as soon as he could.

But now that Zen was finally set free from the Eternal Scroll Painting, there was no way that he was going to stand idly and wait for the brush-wielder to attack him again.

Just now, it seemed that he remained still as the sharp graver came right towards him. But when the graver was about to land on his body, his figure gradually blurred and turned into a shadow that eventually dissipated.

The next moment, the brush-wielder was shocked as Zen appeared in front of his face. "Well, it seems that she also doesn't agree with you," Zen said in a mocking tone.

Crash! Boom!

Right after finishing what he said, Zen suddenly threw a massive punch on the huge smiling face before him.

Then, the smiling face instantly disappeared and turned into a crying face.

As soon as the crying face emerged, Zen threw another punch at him again.

Smash! Boom!

It was Zen's turn to launch his own strikes. He threw lightning-fast massive punches towards the brush-wielder's face, making it rapidly shift between the crying face and the smiling one. Soon enough, the huge face began to break apart, and the cracks quickly extended to all directions.

Generally, the brush-wielder was the one in charge of all the passageways leading to the secondary worlds, and his abilities were supposed to only serve this purpose. Thus, his fighting abilities were not that strong enough.

As he faced Zen, who was now able to exhibit all of his skills without restrictions, the brush-wielder definitely had no chance to fight back at all.

Floating above the Eternal Scroll painting, the fox girl displayed a conflicted expression across her beautiful face.

She was actually surprised that she had chosen to save Zen on a whim.

For countless years, she had been totally obedient to the brush-wielder because of her dream. She wished that one day, she would be able to return to the main world and regain her previous life.

With Zen's appearance, she thought that her dream was being slowly brought to reality. The brush-wielder was the one who told her that Zen was the key to completing their goals.

However, when she heard the conversation between Zen and the brush-wielder earlier, the fox girl almost went mad.

She realized that all this time, she had been living in a lie. Her dream immediately shattered before her.

That was the reason why she chose to save and release Zen from the Eternal Scroll Painting.

As Zen continued his menacing attacks, the cracks had completely covered the brush-wielder's face.

Crash! Boom!

Finally, the brush-wielder's face collapsed and broke into countless pieces.

The shattered pieces dropped onto the Eternal Scroll Painting and could no longer make any move.

After ensuring that he already vanquished the brush-wielder, Zen descended onto the Eternal Scroll Painting and slowly approached the fox girl.

"Thank you for saving me…" Zen cupped his hands towards her.

"No need to thank me. Just go ahead," the fox girl answered in an indifferent tone as she waved her hand, motioning for him to leave.

"Okay then." Zen nodded as he quickly walked towards the exit of the Eternal Scroll Painting. He needed to hurry now because he wasted so much time dealing with the brush-wielder.

But as he was about to step out of the Eternal Scroll Painting, the fox girl suddenly asked, "How confident are you that you can defeat the downgrader?"

Zen paused for a moment before he turned around, wearing a bitter smile on his face. "I actually don't have the confidence."

After the downgrader obtained the mighty sword that once belonged to the Cinnabar race, Zen couldn't even start imagining how powerful he already became.

"What?" The fox girl was almost rendered speechless, obviously dissatisfied with his answer. Even her charming face faded in an instant.

"Nonetheless, I'll still try my best."

Zen just smiled at her before he went straight to the exit of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

Chapter 4270 Meeting With Zen

After Zen's figure disappeared from the Eternal Scroll Painting, the fox girl remained where she stood without moving an inch as though she were paralyzed.

When she snapped out of it, she noticed a white light dot flickering above the void.

The fox girl's gaze followed the white dot of light as it floated above for a while before it finally slid down towards the exit of the Eternal Scroll Painting. She heaved a sigh of relief and then turned to look at the face that was bruised to the point of no recognition by Zen.

Confronted by Zen's fearsome relentless attack, the face of the brush-wielder gave in and was smashed beyond repair.

"Master brush-wielder... are you alright?" the fox girl called out to him in a concerned voice.

As the words left her mouth, the pieces that once sprawled lifeless on the Eternal Scroll Painting regained their lost vitality and slowly crawled their way towards the face of the brush-wielder.

The brush-wielder raised his face carefully as though it were as delicate as porcelain.

At this moment, his face portrayed a strange calmness to it as he remained in his place without uttering a word. He was neither laughing nor crying.

"Please speak to me, Master brush-wielder. Are you alright?" the fox girl asked once again, her tone brimming with undying concern for him.

"I was born with the Eternal Scroll Painting. As long as it is not destroyed, I won't die. Don't worry. I'm fine," the brush-wielder replied. His tone showed no hints of anger when he addressed the fox girl after he recovered from his wounds.

"I wonder if we were able to deceive the downgrader just now..." The fox girl voiced her worried thoughts out loud.

"It shouldn't be a problem." The brush-wielder sighed softly.

Compared to the creatures of the third-grade and fourth-grade worlds, the brush-wielder held more knowledge about the boring life in the Wall World. Everything within that world was divided by length, and it was free from any sort of thickness. Even if there were any sort of life being born within the second-grade world after a long time, those lives would be proclaimed the weakest and the lowest of all lives present there.

In fact, the third-grade world was the lowest limit of life diversification. It was the Lower Extreme World after all, meaning it should be the lowest-grade world. If it continued to downgrade, the life it held within its borders would lose its sense of existence and the purpose attached to it.

The brush-wielder harbored deep-seated resentment for the second-grade world. But he was powerless against the downgrader, so the only option he was left with, was to cooperate with the fox girl to collectively play a trick on him.

"It seems the downgrader is cautious about Zen, so he must be afraid of him. Perhaps there is a chance that Zen will succeed," the fox girl said with her eyes glowing with hope.

Although Zen didn't give her a definite answer, the fox girl remained hopeful and pinned all her expectations on him.

The moment Zen left the Eternal Scroll Painting, countless dots of white light gathered and shot towards him.

Right now, Zen was completely surrounded and mesmerized by these light dots.

His ability to keep track of time and distance disappeared without a trace, rendering him helpless.

Of course, Zen had already anticipated this scenario, so he came prepared. Before he could lose sight of everything, he contacted his inner world.

"Heavenly Obsession Civilization, are you ready?" Zen asked as he prepared himself.

If given a fair amount of time, coupled with the ancestry-level bloodline's ability, the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization would have been fully replenished, or even more powerful compared to before.

Unfortunately, the time it was granted was far too short to accomplish anything. It was also an extremely complicated task to construct the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization.

Even though the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had mastered the technology, they had only managed to build the core halfway.

To prove itself useful to Zen's cause, the Heavenly Obsession Civilization sealed the core forcibly. The moment it received Zen's message, the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization responded to his call and began to operate rapidly.

"Yeah, I'm ready. Let's do this," the Heavenly Obsession Civilization replied back to Zen with confidence.

"I need your help to decipher it!"

"I'll do my best!"

As it spoke, a ray of green light suddenly began to hover over Zen's eyes, shrouding them in its influence.

The core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization took control of Zen's eyes and ran his gaze, scanning each light dot one after the other to decipher their meaning. Once everything lay bare to it, it transferred the information gathered into Zen's eyes.

Because its ability to calculate didn't have enough time to fully restore itself, the process was slower than usual.

After five minutes of continuous repetition of this tedious process, a blurry picture revealed itself as it flashed before Zen's eyes.

He saw four chains extending in four respective directions, and he also witnessed four obscure pillars standing in the distance...

As this blurry scenery flashed before his eyes for a brief moment, Zen was able to faintly determine his whereabouts.

"This must be in the center of those four pillars!

Geoffrey told me that he stays at the pillar on the north side...

I need to get there!"

Taking the help of the blurry picture alone wasn't enough for Zen to successfully make his way over the long chain.

However, the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization had a strong learning ability, which helped it to overcome any difficult task it was confronted with. It continued its vigorous attempts to explore the light dots. As a result, it successfully deciphered the rules behind their distribution. Soon, it picked up the pace and started restoring the scenes at a quicker rate, which made the picture clearer than before.

But it would still take some time before the picture was as clear as day to maneuver Zen's way to his destination without facing any difficulty...

After Zen entered the Eternal Scroll Painting from the exit of the passageway, the Human Spirit King, Kincaid, descended to Pear Hill once more.

He turned towards Rocher to relay his message to Geoffrey through the Lone Sword. "Your father is on his way to the main world. He should be able to reach the top of the Eternal Divine Courtyard. You can meet him there."

The information was crucial.

It was because it was inconvenient for Zen to move as freely as Geoffrey could in the main world.

It was better to let Geoffrey await Zen's arrival at the exit than for Zen to look for him instead.

After hearing the message, Ziya wasted no time to run frantically towards Geoffrey and stood before him. "We should head to the Eternal Divine Courtyard immediately. Your father is supposed to meet you out there."

Geoffrey remained calm as he kept his eyes closed and kept his breathing steady. He took his time to accumulate all his strength to prepare himself to meet Zen.

This body was entrusted to him by the Levitation Tower. So it should be the most powerful body in the entirety of Deep Space with a solid recovery ability.

His body and soul suffered from exhaustion after being overexerted, but after he rested for quite a while, they began to show signs of recovery.

Geoffrey only hoped the downgrader would not show up soon.

Luckily, the main world was exceedingly large, so it would be hard for the downgrader to pinpoint Geoffrey's location at the holy pillar.

After hearing what Ziya had said, Geoffrey opened his eyes slightly and asked, "Really? Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am!" Ziya exclaimed, unable to mask his feelings.

"Alright. Take me there..."

As soon as Geoffrey declared his wish, his eyes fell on a creature flying over from afar, painted in several appealing colors. It was none other than the Starry Roc-fish.

Although it was Geoffrey's first time witnessing the Starry Roc-fish in the flesh, he immediately sensed from its demeanor that the beautiful fish was seeking them out!

Although the pillar under their feet was very wide, the surface of the pillar was quite bare. They were unable to dodge or hide.

As the Starry Roc-fish continued to close in on them, Geoffrey was suddenly struck with an idea. He grabbed the Heavenly Ring Staff and put it into Ziya's hand before he exclaimed, "Use this to let it hide us! Hurry up, we don't have much time!"

Ziya's powerful ability might have been insufficient when trying to dispose of the Starry Roc-fish. However, making use of a small hiding method seemed to be not that difficult.

Ziya was surprisingly quick to react. He had seen how Geoffrey used the Heavenly Ring Staff before. Therefore he encountered no difficulty in wielding it. After taking it, he raised the Heavenly Rising Staff and yelled out, "Hide us!"

As soon as he voiced his command, Ziya felt the energy from his inner world gush out uncontrollably.

When a small-scale hiding technique was put to use, his inner world went through dramatic changes as almost half of the energy was drained from it.

But the effect was surprisingly effective!

A faint net of light veiled their bodies and suppressed their auras as though they were never there.

As soon as they were hidden from the naked eye, the Starry Roc-fish flew over from afar till it reached where they stood.

"Woo...

Goo..."

The Starry Roc-fish lowered its head to try to get a whiff of their auras but failed at its attempt. After searching unsuccessfully for a while, it moved on to the next holy pillar.

"Master Ziya, we must hurry and head to the Eternal Divine Courtyard. It will be bad if that fish reaches my father before us," Geoffrey said, relaying his concerns to Ziya.

The two of them didn't resort to flying in fear of the Starry Roc-fish locating them. They could only climb along the extended chain.

Fortunately, they were able to move quickly along the chain.

Chapter 4271 Magnetic Light Extreme Form

The Starry Roc-fish swam around the four pillars, searching earnestly.

It had initially only planned to exhaust Geoffrey's strength.

It figured this was the most efficient way to deal with him and Ziya. Ziya would have been easy pickings after that.

But the Starry Roc-fish hadn't expected Geoffrey to use Grand Teleportation to escape.

The Starry Roc-fish could detect objects using the aura of space, but the Heavenly Ring Staff was obviously shielding Geoffrey and Ziya. It took some time for the Starry Roc-fish's echolocation ability to lead it toward the general direction of the pillars.

It began to sense Geoffrey and Ziya in the area as soon as it approached.

But suddenly, the two became undetectable again.

The Starry Roc-fish had such keen senses that it could see the energy emanating from everything in the world, including from dead people. It could easily pick up on energy fluctuations, too.

Avoiding its detection like this would usually require those in hiding to block all external energy auras and stop emitting auras themselves.

Suffice to say, that was a near impossible feat.

That was why the Starry Roc-fish concluded Geoffrey and Ziya must be using the Heavenly Ring Staff.

It was likely why the Starry Roc-fish couldn't find them now.

But it had to, all the same. It couldn't disobey the downgrader's orders.

"Woo..."

The Starry Roc-fish emitted a long wailing sound.

The sound waves bounced back from surfaces, allowing the Starry Roc-fish to determine the shape of its surroundings, including those concealed.

The sound waves washed through a vast area. But it still failed to pick up on Geoffrey and Ziya.

The Starry Roc-fish figured it must be looking in the wrong area.

It turned to go.

Just then, a door suddenly opened above the Eternal Divine Courtyard. A white light emanated from the doorway.

The light began to flash, and the voice of the downgrader piped up directly in the Starry Roc-fish's mind, "Wait there!"

The Starry Roc-fish didn't know what it had to wait for, but it couldn't refuse. It hovered in place for a moment.

Soon, it saw a person being dropped from above. The person landed on the roof of the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

The white light flashed again. "Give it your all and kill him!" the downgrader commanded.

The Starry Roc-fish was left a little puzzled at that.

The human in front of it looked extremely weak. He seemed to be just a third-grade creature who had not even undergone the Red Jade Rite. It didn't look like it would take much to kill him.

But the Starry Roc-fish just did what it was told.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Five-colored lightning bolts started swirling around the Starry Roc-fish's sharp head.

The more bolts there were, the more powerful the force became.

"Woo..."

The Starry Roc-fish emitted the echolocation sound again to lock in on its target. It released the lightning.

All this time, Geoffrey and Ziya had been arching their backs and running on the chain, hiding successfully from the Starry Roc-fish.

They had heaved a sigh of relief when they saw the Starry Roc-fish turn to leave, but felt confused when it had suddenly stopped in place, as if waiting for something.

That was when they saw the door open and Zen drop down like a corpse.

"Father!"

Geoffrey couldn't help but hiss urgently as he saw the Starry Roc-fish preparing to zap Zen.

Crack!

The five-colored lightning enveloped Zen completely.

The light bloomed over the entire courtyard.

The Starry Roc-fish was not worried that the Eternal Divine Courtyard would be destroyed. It was, after all, under the Time Lock.

It did feel, however, that using the five-colored lightning on a barely conscious human was a bit too much. It would have chosen a milder technique had the downgrader not directed it to use maximum force.

The five-colored lightning exploded in one blow then died down quickly.

But the blinding light cleared up only to reveal the man completely unharmed.

"I told you to give it your all! Even the brush-wielder couldn't do much damage!" The downgrader's voice chastised the Starry Roc-fish.

"What?"

The Starry Roc-fish was surprised to hear that. The brush-wielder wasn't that powerful, but as the ruler of the Eternal Scroll Painting, he was omnipotent there.

The Starry Roc-fish took on a more resolute attitude. "Alright, then."

The five-colored lightning appeared around its head again. But this time, the colors were much deeper, the energy contained therein much stronger.

Zen started to come around. Even in a state of unconsciousness, he had still felt that powerful jolt of force.

Fortunately, his body had been strong enough to withstand it.

The core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization was now working on overdrive to assess his surroundings. Zen saw a colorful roc-fish floating in the sky. He felt like he had seen it before.

"It's the Starry Roc-fish!"

The Starry Roc-fish had not been hostile to him the first time he had met it in the Soul City, so Zen figured the downgrader probably had something to do with why the creature was attacking him now.

As the Starry Roc-fish was charging up for a second strike, Zen staggered back to his feet.

Were it not for the core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization, Zen probably wouldn't be able to do this. After all, it took Ziya many chaotic eras before he succeeded at this.

Zen's mind raced as he thought of ways to be able to deflect the looming attack even in his disoriented condition.

The deep-colored lightning bolts were now heading for Zen.

"Just die already!" the Starry Roc-fish said.

Before the lightning could hit Zen, however, thin metal strands sprouted all over his body, forming a cage around him.

The metal strands deflected the lightning bolts and sent them crackling throughout the Eternal Divine Courtyard instead. Zen was once again left unharmed.

"What was that?"

The Starry Roc-fish was stunned.

No one had ever dodged its lightning strikes like that before!

"If that doesn't work, let's try the Magnetic Light Extreme Form, then."

The Starry Roc-fish flicked its tail. Two thin rays of light spiraled toward Zen.

The Magnetic Light Extreme Form was not organic to the Starry Roc-fish. It actually came from the downgrader's theurgy and the power of the Deep Space.

The core of Heavenly Obsession Civilization had been accurate thus far in its analyses of this situation.

That was why when Zen saw the light rays, his first reaction was to run.

But he was still unsteady on his feet. His first steps forward were clumsy, making him an easy target. One of the light rays pierced through his arm, the other through his foot.

The body parts that the light rays hit were quickly turned into pure energy and absorbed.

It made quick work of Zen.

In a flash, he had lost a hand and a foot.

The light rays now rapidly began to spread from Zen's limbs to his torso.

"Father!"

Geoffrey cried out in panic, completely forgetting he was supposed to be in hiding.

Zen's entire body would soon be turned into pure energy at this rate!

Chapter 4272 Sacrifice

Zen couldn't hear Geoffrey's shout.

All his senses within the main world relied on the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization. But this core hadn't absorbed this sound, which was why Zen couldn't hear it.

Two thin rays of light began to magnetize his shoulders and the other leg, the magnetized energy being quickly absorbed by them.

It felt to him as if he had been bitten by an invisible monster that would soon gobble him up in a few bites.

Geoffrey's shout exposed he and Ziya's position.

The Starry Roc-fish noticed the two people on the chain of Time Lock. Its huge eyes emitted a ray of blue light that formed a space wall in front of these two people.

"Break it!"

Geoffrey roared.

His physical strength had recovered a little, but he was largely in a state of exhaustion. However, he still managed to use all his strength to hit the space wall.

Bang!

The power of this punch only caused the space wall to shake slightly. All power had left him.

Crack, crack, crack, crack...

Ziya, staying behind Geoffrey, pulled out the God Lashing Whip and attacked the wall with all his strength.

The shadows of the golden whip were like raindrops that came crashing down, but the space wall did not budge one bit. The wall was tougher than they had anticipated.

After a series of futile attacks, Ziya grabbed Geoffrey, intending to jump over the space wall. But the moment he dragged Geoffrey towards the edge, the light in the eyes of the Starry Roc-fish began to flicker, more and more space walls appearing. The space walls closed up, forming a closed space that blocked them.

Helpless in the face of this blockade, Ziya had no choice but to bring Geoffrey back to the chain.

"Father!"

Geoffrey continued to shout through the transparent space wall. His heart broke as he watched Zen's body slowly turn into pure energy.

Ziya's face darkened. Everything would be over if they were to be trapped here forever.

The white light dot, which represented the will of the downgrader, suddenly drew a thin line and drilled into the body of the Starry Roc-fish.

The situation had been under control when the downgrader had begun to take control of the Starry Roc-fish.

And since there had been no room for resistance, the Starry Roc-fish had easily submitted itself to the downgrader.

Once its soul had finally landed and the downgrader had gained complete control of the Starry Roc-fish, he said loudly, "You've done it! You've really done it! I'm surprised.

I wondered if there was a slim chance.

But you have really brought back the Heavenly Ring Staff from the Deep Space! Good job!

However, I have to take back the Heavenly Ring Staff. You've only helped me get it back. I can now defeat you, which saves me a lot of trouble." Saying thus, he began to laugh.

Ziya's eyes lit up at the mention of the Heavenly Ring Staff and were focused on it.

Geoffrey had run out of energy now, while Ziya's energy level was low. The only person who could use the power of the Heavenly Ring Staff was Zen.

He had the complete ancestry-level bloodline in his body, which was also why Geoffrey had gone looking for the Heavenly Ring Staff.

At this, a bold idea came to Ziya's mind.

He couldn't exert the power of the Heavenly Ring Staff, but could he send it to Zen?

Ziya knew it was a fleeting opportunity, given how Zen's body had become magnetized and was being devoured little by little.

He reached out and grabbed the Heavenly Ring Staff from Geoffrey's hand. Ziya barked an order under Geoffrey's astonished gaze. "Send us there!"

Once he finished speaking, the energy in his inner world began to be constantly extracted.

His inner world had been operating for a long time and had long formed a complete small world.

Even though the Heavenly Ring Staff had already extracted half his energy, the inner world had still not suffered too much loss. But Ziya was beyond caring now. In addition to the inner world's energy, he also had the energy of the three Other Shore Tokens in the inner world.

Employing the spatial transference in the Abstruse Energy World consumed a great deal of energy. The remaining half of the energy in Ziya's inner world had been absorbed, and the Other Shore Tokens had also become dim. It was still not enough to feed the Heavenly Ring Staff.

"Is this distance too long for you?"

Ziya gritted his teeth and made a move, causing the three Other Shore Tokens in his inner world to start burning.

Splash...

Although these Other Shore Tokens were not Holy Items, they were, nevertheless, top-level Other Shore Tokens. They were all connected to the top parts of the holy pillars.

When these Other Shore Tokens began to burn, three chains suddenly shone brightly.

Burning the Other Shore Tokens was a form of overuse. It could take more energy from the holy pillars in a short period of time, while at the same time, it could lead to a punishment that was worse than death.

Ziya was saddened when he heard from Geoffrey about the suffering that the Primeval Lord of Heaven and the others had faced. His master and the other human heroes had the same level of awareness. How could he be afraid of death?

Energy gushed out of the three burning Other Shore Tokens like water at high tide.

When ordinary people had burned the Other Shore Tokens, there had always been a great movement since the violent energy was difficult to control. But the Heavenly Ring Staff in Ziya's hand could completely absorb the violent energy. Thus, Ziya looked calm.

Geoffrey finally sensed that something was wrong. "Master Ziya, what are you doing?"

Ziya remained silent. His life force was fading away after he had burned the Other Shore Tokens.

His normally bright eyes dimmed, fatigue quickly overtaking him.

It was at this time that the blue light began to flash on the surface of the Heavenly Ring Staff, wrapping Ziya and Geoffrey within it. They disappeared from their spots and in the next moment, appeared beside Zen.

With the last of his energy, Ziya stuffed the Heavenly Ring Staff into Zen's palm.

"It all depends on you..."

Ziya had barely finished speaking when the skin on his face cracked, and the dry muscles began to roll up. His bones withered and shattered, which was a counterattack from the holy pillars.

The core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization transmitted this scene to Zen, who panicked as he held the Heavenly Ring Staff in his hand. He couldn't understand why Ziya would suddenly collapse like this.

Although the Heavenly Ring Staff had already fallen into Zen's hands, Zen couldn't use it at the moment. Neither his spiritual sense nor his voice could be transmitted within the main world.

Seeing his father stunned as he was, Geoffrey, without caring about the consequences, rushed up and grabbed the Heavenly Ring Staff before shouting, "No matter what method you use, please protect us! You can absorb as much energy as you want in my father's body!"

He didn't know if it would work.

After all, the Heavenly Ring Staff would only listen to the holder's orders.

Geoffrey began to worry when the Heavenly Ring Staff began to frantically absorb Zen's energy at an astonishing speed.

With such a high speed of absorption, an ordinary Eternal Realm warrior wouldn't be able to hold on even for about two seconds.

Fortunately, the ancestry-level bloodline that Zen possessed provided him with an endless energy. After the Heavenly Ring Staff had absorbed enough energy, a halo flashed on top of the staff, within which countless hexagons were released, enveloping Zen and Geoffrey.

As the hexagonal enchanted barriers spread out, they also cut off the thin light rays of the Starry Roc-fish.

The downgrader, who had already controlled the Starry Roc-fish's body and was speaking slowly, hadn't expected Ziya to hand the Heavenly Ring Staff to Zen in such a short time. He didn't know what had happened until the enchanted barriers had unfurled completely.

Chapter 4273 Counterattack

As soon as the thin streaks of light released from the Magnetic Light Extreme Form were cut off, the magnetic energy immediately stopped.

The ancestry-level bloodline began continuously transferring the energy from the life quadrant. This was done to compensate for Zen's incomplete body.

Unfortunately, the newly regrown flesh and bones were not as good as before. Nevertheless, Zen had to make do with it for now.

Even though his body had somewhat recovered, everything was still a blur to him. He did not quite understand what just happened.

The Heavenly Obsession Civilization's core was able to help Zen decipher Sanskrit words. It even helped him decipher the scenes from the main world. However, he was still unable to understand everything clearly.

Geoffrey saw that his father was still in a daze. Because of that, he gave another order to the Heavenly Ring Staff, "Help him with the Soul Reincarnation. Do as we did before. Extract the energy from him!"

With that, Zen heard a swishing sound.

After Geoffrey gave his command, the Heavenly Ring Staff carried out the order surprisingly fast.

Soon after, Zen saw the Heavenly Ring Staff flash before Geoffrey pointed to his head. At this moment, he was still utterly befuddled. In just a split second, he felt an intense pain that almost shattered his soul.

The pain one would feel from the Soul Reincarnation was truly indescribable. In simple terms, it was like breaking and reorganizing the original soul. It was an excruciatingly painful kind of suffering. It was already a miracle that Elder Xue was able to reach that high in the Levitation Tower.

When the pain finally stopped, Zen slowly opened his eyes. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

The scenes that were flashing before his eyes earlier were no longer presented by the core of the Heavenly Obsession Civilization. All at once, everything became clear to him.

At that moment, he heard Geoffrey's voice. "Father! Are you alright? How do you feel?" Geoffrey was thoroughly relieved that his father finally came to his senses.

"I... What happened to me?" Zen stared at his hands in shock. This was quite unbelievable!

"You have undergone the Soul Reincarnation. So now, you can move freely in the Abstruse Energy World!" Geoffrey looked at him and smiled.

"Wait... What happened to Master Ziya just now? He was just right here a moment ago." Zen looked around because this scenery felt unreal to him.

He had no idea what exactly just happened. He wondered why Ziya suddenly disappeared from their midst.

"The Heavenly Ring Staff requires a massive amount of energy to absorb. Unfortunately, Master Ziya didn't have enough. He might have just burnt his Other Shore Tokens," Geoffrey responded with a sad look on his eyes.

Not once had he ever stepped foot on the Other Shore. Yet, he still knew a lot about the Other Shore Tokens. It was fairly obvious to him that Ziya had been punished by burning the Other Shore Tokens.

"He burnt his Other Shore Tokens?!"

The powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm regarded this method as their last resort. Zen didn't expect that Ziya would be so stubborn.

He was still in a state of shock when a blinding flash of light suddenly illuminated the entire sky.

The Starry Roc-fish was floating above. At once, the spiral lights began gathering in its open mouth.

All of a sudden, the Starry Roc-fish shouted, "Magnetic Light Extreme Form. Magnetic energy impact!"

They heard strange buzzing sounds around them.

The spiral lights whirled rapidly in circles down from the air. All at once, they began to attack the hexagonal enchanted barrier above Zen and Geoffrey.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The spiral lights bombarded the barrier one after another.

The sound of the spiral lights crashing onto the enchanted barrier was like a woodpecker eagerly picking away at a tree trunk.

The magnetic energy's destructive force was truly astonishing. By now, the surface of the enchanted barrier had been dented by this barrage of attacks. Little by little, cracks began to form.

Fortunately, the Heavenly Ring Staff was under Zen's control. The ancestry-level bloodline was continuously replenishing its energy. The dented and broken enchanted barrier was quickly restored to its original state. There was no amount of outside energy that could break it.

"The Polygon Extreme Form is indeed one of the most powerful defensive methods. However, the Magnetic Light Extreme Form will be enough to restrain you!

Let me see how much longer you can hold out!" The Starry Roc-fish taunted them and increased its attacks.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Once again they heard a strange buzzing sound.

The downgrader had immensely amplified the Starry Roc-fish's power.

At that point, the spiral lights became denser. Their collision with the polygonal enchanted barrier, also known as the Polygon Extreme Form, had a strong impact.

He knew that Zen had the ancestry-level bloodline and almost endless supply of energy. Nonetheless, he wanted to break the enchanted barrier with the help of the Magnetic Light Extreme Form. Moreover, he wanted to kill Zen and Geoffrey within the enchanted barrier.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Once more, the barrier was bombarded with the spiral lights.

The enchanted barrier endured more pressure. It was a good thing that the ancestry-level bloodline worked exceptionally well with the Heavenly Ring Staff.

With an almost bottomless supply of energy, any cracks that appeared would be instantly repaired. Therefore, they could easily block the Starry Roc-fish's energy.

"Again! Don't stop until that barrier is completely shattered!"

The downgrader really pushed the Starry Roc-fish's power to its limit.

The real Starry Roc-fish curled into a ball within the downgrader's mind. It was at a loss for words when it saw what the downgrader did. If the downgrader hadn't taken the time to speak to them slowly, it would have already killed these people. He wouldn't have to exert so much effort now.

The Starry Roc-fish was made out of pure energy. The energy within its body had been accumulated for countless years. But now, the downgrader released all its acquired energy all at once. The Starry Roc-fish felt utterly crest-fallen.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

When the downgrader pushed its power beyond its limits, the five colored lights quickly dimmed. Moreover, the magnetic energy impact became erratic and broken.

"What?! What just happened?!" the downgrader shouted confusedly.

"Unfortunately, all my stored energy has been used up." The Starry Roc-fish sounded dejected and distressed.

"You are worthless!" the downgrader cursed in anger.

Nonetheless, it was obvious that using the Starry Roc-fish against the ancestry-level bloodline was impractical. He failed to prevent Zen from obtaining the Heavenly Ring Staff. Therefore, he was thoroughly frustrated and furious.

Zen looked at the dimmed Starry Roc-fish. With that, the corners of his mouth curled upwards. "Well, then. It's time for our counterattack."

He raised the Heavenly Ring Staff and made a gesture. Embarrassed, he lowered the staff and turned around. "How do I use the Heavenly Ring Staff?" he asked Geoffrey.

"Just give it orders. It can easily understand," Geoffrey answered.

Hearing this, Zen nodded. He raised the Heavenly Ring Staff once more and firmly said, "Kill it!"

Suddenly, they heard a loud swishing sound.

The Heavenly Ring Staff began to absorb a massive amount of energy.

It was just like that particular sword. The stronger its bearer was, the more power it could unleash.

Meanwhile, the ancestry-level bloodline could supply it with boundless energy. Therefore, the Heavenly Ring Staff was allowed to display its maximum power.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The Heavenly Ring Staff released a flash of light. In an instant, dark red cones gathered above Zen's head. As soon as these cones appeared, they immediately soared towards the Starry Roc-fish.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The cones were flying at a breakneck speed. They could easily reach their target.

The Starry Roc-fish noticed that the situation was not favorable. Thus, its soul regained control of its body immediately. With a wave of its tail, it turned around and decided to flee.

The downgrader didn't stop it. After all, it was entirely his fault that they got into this pinch.

However, it was far too late for the Starry Roc-fish to escape.

Those dark red cones looked a little ordinary. But as a matter of fact, they were created through the Pure Energy Extreme Form. Their speed was even faster than that of the Starry Roc-fish.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Simultaneously, the cones found their target.

Dozens of cones shot into the Starry Roc-fish's body.

With regards to its enormous size, the cones were just as small as thin needles.

At first, the Starry Roc-fish hoped that the cones weren't too powerful.

But when the first cone exploded, it immediately knew that it was doomed.

From afar, Geoffrey and Zen watched the Starry Roc-fish. It looked like a ball that expanded dozens of times before it cracked and blossomed into a colorful firework.

In the end, the dot of white light that belonged to the downgrader was unable to escape. It was annihilated along with the Starry Roc-fish.

Chapter 4274 Removing The Curse

The shock waves spreading across the sky didn't dissipate for a long time.

The heat contained in these shock waves was astonishing, causing Zen and Geoffrey to feel like they were baking in the sun.

"The attack seemed ordinary but its power is so terrifying! I didn't know the Heavenly Ring Staff was this powerful!"

Zen originally wanted to say that the Heavenly Ring Staff was more powerful than the irregular heavy sword.

But on second thought, he felt it was not right.

Both of them could make full use of the power in the Deep Space, but the difference was that the Heavenly Ring Staff was more intelligent.

There was also a spirit within the irregular heavy sword that wasn't as intelligent. Even the downgrader had managed to bewitch it.

Not only could the Heavenly Ring Staff understand human language, it could also make appropriate judgments and release the Polygon Extreme Form and the Pure Energy Extreme Form when needed.

Could it be that the spirit inside had retained its memory?

Zen's thoughts were whirling.

"The Heavenly Ring Staff is powerful, but I'm not weak either!" Geoffrey said, thumping his chest.

Only then did Zen's gaze focus on Geoffrey.

Right now, Geoffrey was twenty feet tall, like a small giant. His strength had been completely exhausted but he exuded a rich vitality, his every move vigorous. Zen had never seen such a perfect body before.

"Geoffrey, what has happened to make you so powerful?"

Zen asked, surprised.

Not considering the Treacherous Beings, Zen's body, which had been tempered by the ancestry-level bloodline, was the strongest.

But Zen was dwarfed in comparison with Geoffrey, despite being Geoffrey's father.

He had been very clear about Geoffrey's strength before he had set out on this 'quest'. It was difficult for Zen to imagine the kind of method that could enable Geoffrey to make such rapid progress.

"It's not just the body!"

Geoffrey laughed, releasing the last bit of soul force inside him.

His soul was at the top level in the Deep Space. Although the power had been obtained pretty easily and it needed to be further honed, the aura alone that the soul had released was terrifying.

Zen was stunned. But before long, his face lit up. "I hadn't expected you to improve your power so greatly on this trip!"

Geoffrey's head lifted proudly at his father's praise. He didn't have to live under his father's glory any longer.

They didn't remain in the main world for long.

On the one hand, time was precious. On the other hand, he was afraid that the downgrader would cause them more trouble.

They collected Ziya's cremains before they returned.

If it hadn't been for Ziya's sacrifice at the critical moment, the situation would have turned into something completely different.

Geoffrey's eyes misted as they collected Ziya's cremains. Ziya had been the only one to accompany him when he was exploring the world. He was sad to see Ziya die.

"Us humans have lived through a thousand eras just to win this fight. Everyone should be ready to sacrifice, be it Ziya, me, or those human heroes. You have now undergone a complete transformation. You must have the will to sacrifice yourself," Zen said seriously, noting the emotion on Geoffrey's face.

No father was willing to sacrifice their children, no matter how noble the course they were pursuing.

But they were now facing a life and death situation. All creatures in the third-grade world had no choice but to fight.

Saying thus, Zen patted Geoffrey on the shoulder.

"Let's go."

Geoffrey collected himself, schooling his features, his young face looking mature.

He followed Zen into the door without a word. They then returned to the passageway in the Eternal Scroll Painting.

According to the rules of the passage, they would turn into a picture after entering the painting.

Before long, Zen and Geoffrey were standing on the Eternal Scroll Painting. Zen looked down to discover a hexagram array set at the door.

This was probably arranged by the fox girl.

It was the first time that Geoffrey had entered the Eternal Scroll Painting. He looked curiously at the white paper beneath his feet, and then at the empty surroundings.

"Let's go quickly before something happens," Zen said as a warning.

As they passed through the Eternal Scroll Painting, neither the fox girl nor the brush-wielder appeared.

They arrived at the end of the scroll and pushed the door open, entering it and returning to the passageway that belonged to the Bold Conjecture House.

Hilario, Kincaid, Dorothy, and the group of long-haired monsters were all waiting at the entrance to the passageway.

Dorothy's face looked like it was covered with a layer of ice and snow; so cold was the expression she wore on it.

Kincaid, on the other hand, sat beside his daughter, smiling. He had irritated his daughter, thus he was given a cold shoulder.

It was obvious that Dorothy would never forgive her father if Zen didn't return safely to her. .

The iron door creaked before it was suddenly pushed open.

And then, Zen and Geoffrey emerged from the door.

Dorothy, Kincaid, and Hilario shot to their feet.

"I didn't fail you," Zen said, raising the Heavenly Ring Staff in his hand.

To Dorothy, the Heavenly Ring Staff was a piece of wood and she didn't take it seriously. She merely threw herself into Zen's arms.

Geoffrey stepped out of the door, shrugging helplessly at the scene unfolding before him.

Kincaid, Hilario, and the other long-haired monsters stared at the Heavenly Ring Staff in excitement. They hoped that this staff could remove the curse that had been cast on them.

Zen obviously noticed their expressions. He slowly broke apart from Dorothy but didn't let her go as he said to the Heavenly Ring Staff, "Remove the curse on them!".

With a deafening buzz, the Heavenly Ring Staff absorbed the energy of the ancestry-level bloodline.

To Zen's surprise, it needed a lot of energy to remove the curse.

Dark green dots of light floated in the passageway one after another. The hair on the bodies of these people and their figures began to change, their hands slowly shortening and their appearance returning to that of ordinary humans.

"Ah!"

Dorothy screamed and turned around, covering her eyes.

The clothes of these human spirits had decayed a long time ago, and their hair had covered their bodies over these past years. But now that the curse had been lifted, they were all stark naked.

Zen was also embarrassed. He immediately activated the Truth of Three-Energy Construction and created some clothes for them.

These human spirits of the Bold Conjecture House had been living in the form of long-haired monsters for countless years. Now that they had been restored to the human spirits, they played around, touched their own faces, and poked others' buttocks, as excited as children. The passageway was filled with laughter and noise.

Kincaid understood their feelings and did not stop them.

Geoffrey, on the other hand, was staring at Dorothy, a puzzled expression in his eyes. It seemed that there was something he couldn't figure out.

"Geoffrey, what's wrong?" Zen asked, unable to understand why Geoffrey was reacting thus.

"I've seen a person who looks just like her, a splitting image of her!" said Geoffrey.

"Really?" Zen relaxed, not taking it seriously. "Maybe it's just a coincidence?"

There were hundreds of billions of people in the world. It was possible that a lot of people looked alike. One would be able to find someone from the primitive land who looked just like Dorothy.

But Kincaid asked, "Where did you see the person?"

"In the chaos. She is embedded in the wall of chaos. Her entire body can't move. Moreover, she carries a Holy Item. I saw her through the light ray of that Holy Item," Geoffrey said.

"What?"

Kincaid's expression changed dramatically.

Zen also realized that something was wrong.

If a woman embedded in the wall of chaos looked very much like Dorothy, he was afraid that it was not, after all, a coincidence.

Chapter 4275 Buds

Kincaid stared at Geoffrey and pursued the matter further. "Is the Holy Item the Evil Bead?"

"The Evil Bead?" Geoffrey grew pensive for a moment and replied, "I'm not certain of that, but it resembled a round piece of metal."

"Was there anything unusual about her facial features?" Kincaid questioned further.

"Her facial features..." As he tried to remember all that he had seen, Geoffrey suddenly clapped his hands as he exclaimed, "Now I recall, I think she had frightening eyes, and they were slitted like those of a snake!"

The snake eyes were the most striking feature of that woman.

Upon hearing what Geoffrey said, Kincaid suddenly fell silent, while Hilario silently let out a sigh beside him.

"Dad, who is that woman?" Dorothy asked. She could tell from Kincaid's earlier emotions as well as his sudden silence that he knew without any doubt who the woman was. She wanted to get the answer from him.

"She's your mother," Kincaid answered in a somewhat bitter voice.

"My mother?" Dorothy asked in confusion. "If she is my mother, why is she imprisoned in the wall of the chaos?"

"In the past, her father had defeated us all. I believed she was dead back then. Now, it appears that her father showed mercy to her. Her imprisonment in the wall of the chaos must be her father's punishment," Kincaid slowly explained.

Dorothy, Zen, and Geoffrey were all momentarily stunned by his words.

Zen was the first to figure it out, and he said, "Is her father the Snake Spirit King, Cornelius?"

"Yes," Kincaid admitted. "She is Cornelius' daughter, Itzel."

Although the Four Spirits Sect was an entity, the four sects were comprised from different races, and each hailed from their own ancestral lands. Their lifestyles varied greatly from each other.

Normally, a snake spirit had a large number of offspring, and competition among them was extremely cruel.

Cornelius was reputed to have hundreds of thousands of children, but most of them had died before they reached adulthood. The cause of their death was mainly the fierce internal family strife, and only those who were strong enough to survive were considered deserving enough to be Cornelius' descendants.

Compared with his other children, Itzel had led a charmed life.

In the past, the Bold Conjecture House had required the study of the bloodlines of the four leaders' children. Technically, the leaders only required one of their children to give blood.

However, the Snake Spirit King had instead sent them an egg.

After Itzel's hatching, the Bold Conjecture House had wanted to return her, but the Snake Spirit Sect had become indifferent to her fate. They had then allowed the Human Spirit Sect to deal with her as they pleased.

Following that, Itzel was raised in the Human Spirit Sect.

Compared to her several hundred thousand siblings, Itzel was therefore undoubtedly much luckier. She grew up in a relatively stable environment. She performed well there and showed a willingness to accept the human spirits' culture.

She didn't like her original identity as a snake spirit. Therefore, the Bold Conjecture House had helped her to assume a human body and turned her into a beautiful human spirit.

The only mark that could prove her original relationship with the snake spirits was the golden crescent-shaped pupils in her attractive eyes, which was a typical feature of snake spirits.

With the abilities of the Bold Conjecture House, it was a small matter to remove the snake pupils for her. Once those were removed, nobody would know that she was actually a snake spirit. However, she had insisted on keeping her snake pupils as a reminder of where she came from.

Cornelius had never cared for Itzel, and he had almost forgotten that he actually had a daughter who lived within the Human Spirit Sect.

It wasn't until Kincaid and Itzel fell in love that Cornelius recognized his daughter through her snake pupils. Discovering the truth, he had opposed their relationship vehemently. This was the first breach of trust between the Snake Spirit Sect and the Human Spirit Sect. At that point, Kincaid had given the Snake Spirit King a king's ransom in exchange for his compromise.

As a result, the Snake Spirit Sect had never mentioned this matter again, and Cornelius had disowned Itzel as his daughter.

"Her father is the Snake Spirit King… So, my mother is a snake spirit..." Dorothy muttered to herself.

Kincaid stared at her and gently asked, "Does this fact disgust you?"

In fact, he had questioned Dorothy about this in her previous life. However, he wanted to confirm her answer once again.

"Why? She is my mother, after all. What does that have to do with her identity?" Dorothy observed in confusion. "I think our focus should now be on where my mother is trapped in the chaos and whether we can save her," she added.

Kincaid flashed a relieved expression at her answer and replied firmly, "Of course! We must rescue her."

Dorothy's positive attitude towards her mother was good news for Kincaid, and he was obviously most satisfied by it.

Zen was able to leave the passageway immediately by reciting the Illusion Breaking Rune.

However, Dorothy and Kincaid were left with no option other than to enter the primitive land through a process of descent.

Geoffrey's options were even more complicated.

He had left the chaos through the Deleting Space. Though he had entered the Other Shore, his physical body wasn't in the primitive land, so the Illusion Breaking Rune wouldn't work for him.

In the end, Geoffrey also chose to return by means of descending, and he landed steadily on the jadeite platform.

On the staircase reaching up to the jadeite platform, Letitia had been standing there like a sculpture for a long time, and her beautiful eyes were filled with anxiety and uneasiness.

Even when she saw Zen open his eyes, she didn't step forward to acknowledge him.

Geoffrey had been gone for a very long time, and she had missed her son so much. If she still couldn't be reunited with her son at this time, she would pester Zen until he returned Geoffrey to her.

To her surprise, Geoffrey soon appeared and landed in the center of the jadeite platform. However, his bulky figure startled everyone present.

"Geoffrey, how did you become like this?" Letitia stormed up to the jadeite platform and grabbed Geoffrey's burly arm, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Although she hadn't personally witnessed Geoffrey's journey, she had already imagined it thousands of times in her mind. She feared her son must have experienced all kinds of trials and tribulations on the quest.

"Mother, I'm well. I have become like this because my body has grown so strong, and I can't find a way to shrink it..." Geoffrey rushed to explain.

"Really?" Letitia skeptically raised her eyebrow at his explanation.

"It's true. I bet that nobody throughout the entire chaos could now match me in a melee combat!" Geoffrey confidently assured her. He had grown adept at comforting his mother.

"Do you mean to say you are more powerful than your father now?" Given Letitia's current cultivation base, she lacked the ability to determine Geoffrey's real strength, so she turned to look at Zen for confirmation.

Zen nodded with a solemn look. "He's right. His body has gained experience and unimaginable strengthening, and even I can't hold a candle to him now."

After hearing their explanations, Letitia finally smiled through her tears. Since her son had returned safely, and his strength had increased to such an extent, her pent-up sadness quickly vanished like mist before the sun of her joy.

Six hours later, in the center of the primitive land, the Heavenly Ring Staff floated in isolation in the air.

Thin but long streaks of blood rained down from the blood-red sky and tightly wrapped around the Heavenly Ring Staff.

After Geoffrey first gained control of the Heavenly Ring Staff, he had tried to infuse his consciousness into it. However, his small wisp of consciousness had disappeared without a trace, and it was immediately devoured by the Heavenly Ring Staff as energy.

It was not easy to completely subdue the Heavenly Ring Staff, and the task was left to the ancestry-level bloodline.

The moment the streaks of blood wrapped around the Heavenly Ring Staff, the ancestry-level bloodline started to notice a massive amount of energy being drawn away by the Heavenly Ring Staff. Zen also sensed that there was a strong energy flow across the primitive land.

The ancestry-level bloodline didn't stop the energy supply. Instead, it was willing to offer the Heavenly Ring Staff as much as it wanted.

Regardless of how much energy it required to activate the staff, it would be satisfied as long as it continued to supply it. As the energy flow fused with and filled the Heavenly Ring Staff, its surface, which looked like a withered branch, began to radiate an aura of life. On the top of the staff some green buds even grew, and these were about to bloom.

Chapter 4276 Illusory Vision

"Buzz..."

A tiny ring grew out of the Heavenly Ring Staff and floated on its side.

It was purple and was surrounded by purple lightning bolts.

Zen, who was not too far away, could feel the power of those purple lightning bolts. The power wasn't the energy of the fourth-grade world. It was an energy of certain Extreme Form from the Deep Space.

"Buzz..."

A second ring floated out of the staff.

There were two spiral lights at the center of the ring. One was black, and the other one was white. The two lights intertwined and completely filled the whole ring.

Zen had seen these lights before—the Starry Roc-fish had once used this power to turn Zen's body into energy. They were the power of the Magnetic Light Extreme Form that could magnetize substances into energy.

"Buzz..."

"Buzz..."

The third ring came out, and then the fourth one, and the fifth one...

One after another, rings grew out of the Heavenly Ring Staff and lined up neatly around it.

As Zen watched all of these occurred, a word suddenly popped out in his mind—the map...

There were three hundred and seventy-three types of abilities of the ancestry-level bloodline in the Eternal Divine Courtyard, and there was also a map that marked the types. The function of these rings should be similar to that of the map.

"Ancestry-level bloodline, is the Heavenly Ring Staff displaying its abilities?" Zen asked.

After a moment of silence, the ancestry-level bloodline said, "This is more than a display of abilities. As the staff shows its abilities, it's also directly merging into your primitive land. Once the merging process is completed, these abilities can be used by you just the same way you can use my abilities!"

Zen raised his eyebrows. Although obtaining the Heavenly Ring Staff meant he gained control of the power in the Deep Space, he never expected the process to be so smooth. He continued, "In that case, I should have one hundred and forty types of abilities later?"

"Yes," the ancestry-level bloodline replied in a depressed tone.

The reaction of the ancestry-level bloodline baffled Zen. "What's wrong with you?"

"I... I'm searching for my memories," said the ancestry-level bloodline.

When the Deep Space was downgraded, the ancestry-level bloodline lost a portion of its extremely important memories, causing it to forget its original identity.

It had been placing its hopes on the Heavenly Ring Staff because it thought that a portion of its lost memories very likely resided within the staff.

Nevertheless, as the abilities of the Heavenly Ring Staff came out one after another, it still hadn't found any signs of its lost memories.

"Don't worry—maybe your memory is hidden deep inside it. Let's wait and see," Zen comforted, though he knew the possibility was slim.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Many rings representing various types of abilities appeared and lined up around the staff.

One hundred and thirty-seven...

One hundred and thirty-eight...

One hundred and thirty-nine...

One hundred and forty...

All the abilities the Heavenly Ring Staff had were presented before Zen and the ancestry-level bloodline.

Zen's gaze never strayed away from the staff. This staff most likely housed a spirit that had gained wisdom, so he was wondering—would it appear?

At this moment, the green color on the surface of the Heavenly Ring Staff was fading away at a rapid speed. Along with the fading of the green color on its surface, the Heavenly Ring Staff began to dry up, transforming back into a withered branch. Before long, it quickly started to rot.

Crack...

A thick crack suddenly broke open on it, and a palm-sized crystal appeared from within.

"This crystal..."

Zen released his spiritual sense to examine the crystal.

However, the moment his spiritual sense touched the crystal, it disappeared without a trace. The crystal seemed to be conscious and on guard. It simply didn't allow Zen to see through it.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

Long, thin, blood-red lines suddenly appeared, spread over the crystal, and completely shrouded it in a matter of seconds. Right at that moment, the ancestry-level bloodline said, "This crystal is the spirit of the Heavenly Ring Staff. It won't allow strangers to touch it, but it might have my memories within it."

An understanding expression appeared on Zen's face. "Can you touch it then?"

"I'm not sure, but I'll try. Leave this crystal to me. I'll deal with it," said the ancestry-level bloodline.

"Of course—go ahead," said Zen.

The ancestry-level bloodline and the Heavenly Ring Staff had the same origins. They belonged to each other, so it actually didn't need to ask for Zen's consent at all.

Whoosh...

All of a sudden, the crystal soared to the sky.

Zen's gaze fell on the rings representing energies of various Extreme Forms. These energy rings were the capital he needed to fight against the downgrader, so he needed to master the use of every Extreme Form.

Five days later.

One "Zen" was standing under each energy ring.

In total, there were one hundred and forty "Zens" standing under those one hundred and forty energy rings.

"Soul Extreme Form..."

Zen's voice echoed in the primitive land.

One of those "Zens" slowly floated up, heading towards the energy ring above his head.

That particular ring was light brown in color, and there was a thin layer of mist whirling at its center.

"Disperse!"

When that "Zen" opened his eyes, his eyes were also covered in a layer of brown mist.

Swoosh!

A wave of invisible consciousness spread from that "Zen."

In a few seconds, the wave of consciousness had spread all over the vast space of the primitive land. However, it did not stop at that point. It continued to break through the space barrier and quickly spread around the chaos.

Everything the wave of consciousness came into contact with was shown in Zen's mind. This was an exploring-type of theurgy in the Soul Extreme Form. In other words, it was equivalent to the spiritual sense in the Deep Space.

However, the spread of consciousness in the Soul Extreme Form was more difficult to be detected than the spread of spiritual sense. Moreover, the consciousness in the Soul Extreme Form could spread at a speed countless times faster and cover an area many times bigger.

Soon, this rapidly spreading wave of consciousness had covered the Source World...

Above the center of the Source World, there was an exquisite building.

The building was made of pure black metal, and it was filled with countless black chains that bound an avatar of the Evil God inside the building.

This avatar of the Evil God was a sentry. He had a terrifyingly acute perceptivity, and for this reason, he was placed outside the Source World to monitor every movement occurring in the chaos.

For the current Evil God, how to manage his avatars was indeed a headache.

Every avatar was extremely intelligent, and their rebellious nature was engraved in their bones.

The Evil God had no choice but to forge a special kind of metal to trap the avatars that had tried to betray him.

When that unnoticeable wave of consciousness spread to the Source World, the avatar suddenly raised his head. A trace of surprise appeared on his sinister face.

"That direction... It's the primitive land...

This consciousness is the Illusory Vision in the Soul Extreme Form. Has he also comprehended the power of the Deep Space?

Interesting! Zen's performance isn't bad!

Master, did you feel it? I'm curious... Are you feeling afraid now? Hahaha..."

Five minutes later.

That wave of consciousness had already enveloped more than half of the chaos. Zen also noticed the giant pyramid the Evil God had mentioned.

But this time, Zen's focus wasn't on the giant pyramid. He wanted to help Dorothy find her mother, and this Soul Extreme Form was naturally the best way to achieve his purpose.

Just as his consciousness spread past the boundless inner wall of the chaos, Zen suddenly discovered that tens of thousands of heads were piled up on the inner wall.

It was such a rare scene to behold.

Because these heads should have devoured each other until only one head remained—the last winner that would grow huge from devouring the others.

Only when those heads had a common goal would they pile up on the wall like that.

Zen controlled his consciousness, directing it to see through these heads. Once he did, he finally saw a woman embedded in the wall.

Chapter 4277 Exhibition

Zen saw that the woman was protected inside an invisible enchanted barrier. The huge heads moved along the edge of the barrier, trying to chomp at her.

They scrambled almost desperately, trying to devour the woman, but the barrier stopped them from doing so.

The woman was stoic and emotionless, closing her eyes slightly, so Zen could barely make out whether she had the pupils of a snake.

But this didn't matter. The woman had a striking resemblance to Dorothy.

Just as Zen was about to withdraw his consciousness, the woman's eyes suddenly popped open. Her golden pupils revealed a trace of confusion mixed with wonder.

Logically speaking, creatures of the fourth-grade world shouldn't have been able to sense the aura of the Illusory Vision, since the consciousness transmitted in this way was a very small wisp and was activated in the Soul Extreme Form.

The Evil God was an exception, only because he had also grasped the power of the Deep Space.

As for this woman, she was a snake spirit. Among the Four Spirits Sect, the snake spirits had the most acute perception.

Upon sensing the faint disturbance, she immediately could tell that someone was there, despite it being extremely difficult to detect where it was exactly.

"Is someone spying on me again?" she wondered aloud. "If yes, then that would be good news for me...

Things shouldn't go the way my father says they should go," she continued, a trace of anger in her voice. "He said that he can control the overall situation of the chaos, but I bet he must have been met with opposition. Am I right?"

Narrowing her hatred-filled eyes, she shouted, "If you are someone who opposes him, please-- stop at nothing to kill my father!"

Her voice rang throughout the space, and Zen could tangibly feel her anger.

While she might've been the daughter of the Snake Spirit King, she had grown up in the Human Spirit Sect. All of her skills were taught by the human spirits of the Bold Conjecture House. The only thing that Cornelius had ever given her was the Evil Bead that hovered above her, which had been his wedding gift to her.

No matter how she viewed it, it was a great honor for her to receive a Holy Item from her father.

It had even made her siblings seethe with jealousy.

That was the only time she ever felt some semblance of affection from her father.

Unfortunately, she later realized that the Evil Bead was not a gift at all, but a weapon in disguise. It was hidden within her body, which was all part of Cornelius's grand plan.

When the four sects fought fiercely in the chaos, her father had demanded her to fight by his side.

She had refused to submit, even if it meant she had to die.

From the moment Kincaid was killed, she viewed her father as a horrendous enemy.

While she was painfully aware that she personally would never be able to exact her revenge, she still wished she'd live to see the day her father would regret his actions.

Zen felt the strong hatred emanating from her, but he couldn't communicate with her through the Illusory Vision. The only thing he could do was listen, then silently retract his consciousness.

Upon deactivating the Soul Extreme Form, Zen's replica closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Simultaneously, on the jadeite platform, Zen slowly opened his eyes.

Dorothy, Kincaid, and Hilario had been waiting anxiously by his side. When they saw him wake up, they all gazed at him inquisitively.

"I found her," said Zen, clearly reading their expressions.

Dorothy, Kincaid, and Hilario silently rejoiced at this news.

"How is Itzel? Is she okay?" Kincaid asked, his tone tinged with worry.

"She looks unharmed, but she bears a strong hatred for the Snake Spirit King," Zen answered. He then recounted what he had just witnessed.

When he was finished, Kincaid lowered his gaze and his eyes dimmed. After a while, he finally asked, "Can we save her?"

"Of course!"

Zen replied enthusiastically.

Two hours later...

The primitive land, which had been moving consistently in the chaos, suddenly changed course and headed straight into the depths of the chaos.

Simultaneously, in the Source World...

The Evil God was ordering people to build a new palace.

What they had built so far resembled a huge, black pyramid. It was somewhat bleak in appearance; there seemed to be nothing special about it.

When the palace was finally completed, his will suddenly reverberated throughout the entire Source World, like a pulse in the earth.

He invited all the powerful warriors in the Source World to come to visit him in his newly built palace.

More than two hundred warriors in total showed up, including many Holy Soul Realm warriors, Eternal Realm warriors, the Grandmaster of Heaven, and even Duran.

Crack!

With a loud noise, the gates of the palace slowly creaked open.

Then, a complex aura of energy streamed forth from the gates.

When the Holy Soul Realm warriors and Eternal Realm warriors felt this aura, their gazes were drawn towards the palace interior. There, they saw that the ceiling of the hall was inlaid with countless triangular crystals, each of which containing the energy of a specific Godly Way.

"The three thousand Godly Ways?"

"What's the point of extracting the energy of the three thousand Godly Ways?"

"What is he planning to do?"

The Holy Soul Realm warriors and Eternal Realm warriors eyed the ceiling warily, all confused as to what was going on.

If they had been given enough time, it wouldn't have taken much effort for them to grasp all three thousand Godly Ways.

In the Source World, the power of the Other Shore Tokens was regarded as superior, while the Godly Ways were usually cast to the side.

The Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran remained silent. By then, they had already guessed what the Evil God was up to.

"Everyone, please go upstairs from the staircase behind the hall," the Evil God's voice boomed, echoing throughout the hall.

Duran and the Grandmaster of Heaven led the way, and all the other warriors followed behind them.

Upon climbing the stairs, they found the Evil God standing in the center of the hall on the second floor. However, no one stared at him too long. What really drew their attention was what was on the ceiling.

Countless diamond-shaped crystals were embedded on the ceiling, with different kinds of energy flowing within them. Everyone was familiar with this aura: they were the bloodline powers!

"Oh my God! There are so many bloodline powers!"

"One, two, three... They are three hundred and seventy-three in total!"

"Are these all the bloodline powers in the world?"

Holy Soul Realm warriors never had the chance to even encounter the bloodline powers. Even Eternal Realm warriors could, at most, get a root-level bloodline in the Eternal Scroll Painting. Their powers paled in comparison to the ones embedded in the ceiling.

Chaos suddenly broke loose among the warriors. It was as though a group of beggars encountered a cave filled with gold and silver treasures. Everyone eyed the crystals greedily, and a somewhat stiff tension filled the atmosphere.

It was only Duran and the Grandmaster of Heaven who remained calm amidst the chaos, as they had already predicted this. However, internally they were both shocked to see the complete bloodline powers neatly arranged on the ceiling.

"You can each select a specific bloodline power." The Evil God smiled. "I'll give them to you as a gift."

His words were music to their ears.

Ever since the Evil God assumed control over the Source World, the warriors of different races had been dissatisfied with his rule. However, they wouldn't have stood a chance if they dared oppose him, so they had only grumbled under their breaths.

Now that the Evil God was so generous with the bloodline powers, the dissatisfaction in their minds instantly disappeared.

Before these Holy Soul Realm warriors and Eternal Realm warriors could express their gratitude, the Evil God turned to the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran. "Please follow me to the third floor."

Duran and the Grandmaster of Heaven exchanged surprised looks.

At that moment, they both had guessed what was going on.

Without saying a word, they followed the Evil God upstairs and entered a hall on the third floor.

This time, the ceiling was embedded with countless rings. However, these rings were empty; no energy flowed within them.

At a glance, Duran's sharp eyes had counted the number of rings. There were one hundred and forty in total.

Just as he'd finished counting, the Evil God raised his head slowly.

Sizzle, sizzle, Sizzle...

One after another, the rings lit up, until the ceiling was covered in glowing rings.

To their surprise, all kinds of Extreme Form energy now streamed within the rings!

The Grandmaster of Heaven's mouth hung open in shock as he sensed the Extreme Form energies in the rings.

"This, this..." he stuttered.

"Are these all the kinds of energy from the Deep Space?"

Because the two of them had witnessed the Evil God's restoration of the Extreme Form energy from the Deep Space, they knew what to expect. While they had already mentally prepared themselves for this scene, they were still unable to conceal their excitement at the sight of so many kinds of Extreme Form energy.

"I can teach you how to grasp any kind of Extreme Form energy. However..." The Evil God suddenly frowned. "The consumption of power when you use the Extreme Form energy is significant. Even I can't use them for long..."

Chapter 4278 Make A Move

All materials were made of energy, and all energy formed materials.

The third-grade world, the Lower Extreme World, was made up of three thousand kinds of Godly Way energy. Water, fire, wind, grass, wood, stone, and sand were all formed from the most basic Godly Way energy.

The energy of the Evil God's inner world was in abundant supply.

Meanwhile, all the materials in the fourth-grade world, the Grand Lower World, were formed by blood power.

The fusion of blood power was actually a type of transformation. Once the Eternal Realm warrior inherited the blood power, they could just rely on their own blood supply from then on.

The Evil God had not undergone this transformation. He was not an Eternal Realm master, and thus, still tapped on to the energy of the Source World.

It had always proven sufficient for his needs, anyway. The current Source World was so vast and huge that the energy it contained had been enough for the Evil God's use so far.

However, the consumption of Extreme Form energy in the Deep Space was a different matter entirely.

He wouldn't dare waste energy coming from the Source World at will, and he lit up one hundred and forty kinds of Extreme Form energy only when showing that to the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran.

"You see, if we can master the Extreme Form energy, we can improve our strength without limit. I'm willing to cultivate it," said Duran.

The Grandmaster of Heaven nodded. "The power at this advanced level is certainly far greater. It's on a completely different level. Teach me and I will forever be grateful!"

Having witnessed the display, Duran, too, came to acknowledge that Extreme Form energy surpassed blood power in all aspects.

"As you wish." The Evil God knew they'd make that choice.

The Grandmaster of Heaven looked at the end of the hall. There was a staircase there leading to a higher floor.

"So there's still a fourth floor here. Does it have an even higher-level power?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked.

The Grandmaster of Heaven knew the Evil God better than Duran did.

He knew the Evil God was extremely selfish. If he was willing to teach them something, it only meant he was hiding the stronger strength in his arsenal.

He had heard the Evil God mention the Field last time. In such a short period of time, he had already thoroughly comprehended the power of the Deep Space. It was highly likely he had also mastered the higher-level power.

"The fourth floor is not open for the time being," the Evil God said curtly. He waved his hand dismissively and left the matter at that.

Both the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran raised a brow at this, but kept quiet.

The Evil God was probably the most talented warrior they had ever met.

Just then, a voice piped up in the mind of the Evil God. It was a message from the Evil God acting as the sentry.

The Evil God tilted his head, narrowing his eyes as he listened. His lips curled into a sneer. "Something strange is going on with the primitive land."

"Zen's primitive land?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked.

The Evil God nodded. "It appears to be flying to the right and speeding up."

"Why is it doing that?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked with concern.

The Evil God shook his head. "I don't know yet either."

He knew that Zen had obtained the power of the Deep Space, infusing the primitive land with greater strength. It was huge progress, but he felt even that wasn't enough to match up to the downgrader.

The Evil God had warned Zen that neither of them should act rashly about it. He could just let the primitive land devour the heads and grow stronger. After all, the larger the primitive land became, the more energy it contained. So this sudden move seemed unwise of Zen.

"Are we going to follow them?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked.

The Evil God pondered for a moment and answered in the affirmative.

The Source World alone wouldn't be enough to deal with the downgrader. The Evil God intended to bring the Source World and Zen's primitive land closer together so they could join forces.

They would just be defeated in succession if they acted alone.

Hence, two hours later, the huge Source World began to turn slowly.

The Evil God working as the sentry shook the thick black chains on his body and stretched out a hand. "Thirty degrees towards west, rotate!"

The whole Source World revolved slowly under his command.

When the Source World had turned thirty degrees, the sentry barked out, "Move forward!"

Rumble!

The Source World started to move forward, growing faster and faster as time went by.

The authority to control the Source World actually lay with the real Evil God.

The sentry only predicted the actions of the Evil God and relayed the orders.

As this happened, a giant pyramid spun at high speed in the depths of the chaos.

This was the Burial Land that had already massively expanded.

The Burial Land was filled with chaotic power, dark and obscure.

As the Burial Land grew, the monsters that inhabited it also became immensely powerful.

However, they didn't dare to approach the mountain at the center of the Burial Land.

The master of this world was staying on that mountain. It was a giant snake.

The giant snake had a nasty disposition. He devoured any living creature that dared to approach him. The area within a thousand miles around the mountain thus became the dangerous, forbidden territory.

Just then, two moon-shaped objects appeared over the mountain top. The monsters knew what they really were.

They were the eyes of the awakened giant snake.

Buzz!

The downgrader materialized on top of the mountain.

The Snake Spirit King lowered his head. "Greetings, downgrader."

The downgrader once referred to himself only as the black light to the Snake Spirit King. The Snake Spirit King never imagined that the black light was actually the downgrader.

The downgrader only revealed his true identity after the battle in the Jade Pure Realm.

That was when Cornelius realized he would never be able to return his hometown, the main world.

The Snake Spirit King's only value to the downgrader now and his only chance of survival were to control the Burial Land well.

"They're all on the move," the downgrader said.

"On the move? Where are they headed?" the Snake Spirit King asked, puzzled.

"Thirty degrees to the west," the downgrader said, pointing in a direction.

The Snake Spirit King seemed a little surprised at this. "Are they looking for my daughter?" he asked, after a pause.

"The Blood Snake Girl," the downgrader corrected.

"But how did they know her location?" the Snake Spirit King asked.

The chaos was so huge that even huge chaos clouds seemed insignificant. What more a person?

It should have been impossible to find her. She was embedded in the inner wall of the chaos, after all.

"The Soul Extreme Form," the downgrader replied. "The Illusory Vision in the Soul Extreme Form can explore the boundless world. They used this method to find the Blood Snake Girl."

The Snake Spirit King drew a breath. "How did they obtain the power of the Deep Space?"

The downgrader's six pairs of eyes flickered down.

Like the members of the Four Spirits Sect, he, too, was unable to return to the main world. He had deployed the irregular heavy sword and controlled the Starry Roc-fish, but even then, he had failed to prevent Geoffrey from taking back the Heavenly Ring Staff.

His failure would always bring him deep shame.

"They can still be defeated even if they have the Deep Space power," the downgrader said coldly.

"Are you planning something?" The Snake Spirit King's interest was piqued.

All his dreams had been shattered, but his malevolence remained intact.

He knew he was on a slow descent to hell, but he hoped that he could bring everyone down with him.

Chapter 4279 Setting Itzel Free

The downgrader silently glanced at the Snake Spirit King and mockingly asked, "You want me to make a move now?"

"It's up to you, Master. I am at your disposal," the Snake Spirit King said as he submitted with a lowered head. He was afraid that the downgrader would read his mind.

"The Blood Snake Girl has fulfilled her mission. It doesn't matter if we let her go," the downgrader said.

The Snake Spirit King felt a flash of disappointment because he didn't want to see his daughter being freed.

"The end of the chaos is about to arrive, and she possesses the power to destroy the Source World. We can't let her fall into the hands of other people." After pondering for a moment, the downgrader continued, "We are going to follow them."

"Yes, sir," the Snake Spirit King replied with an ingratiating nod.

The Burial Land, which had spun at high speed, stopped, and its side emitted a bright radiance. It changed its path and flew into the depths of the chaos.

In the empty chaos, two giant objects were advancing at high speed.

When he had finished a fifth of his trip in the chaos, Zen activated the Soul Extreme Form once again.

Since the Illusory Vision expanded over a vast area, Zen immediately discovered that the Source World was chasing after him from behind.

"I didn't expect it to pursue me..." Zen murmured to himself as he furrowed his eyebrows.

Zen frowned slightly and felt relieved as a new thought occurred to him.

'The Evil God considers the downgrader his biggest threat, not me. He follows closely behind me simply because he fears that the downgrader will make a move against him.'

Hence, the Evil God's actions didn't unnerve Zen at all.

However, as the Illusory Vision continued to advance, he frowned deeply for he realized that the Burial Land was also tailing after him.

This was definitely not welcome news. Although he had already got the Heavenly Ring Staff, he was not sure that he could prevail over the downgrader.

He knew that undoubtedly the most important thing was to be proficient in harnessing the Extreme Form energies.

But there were one hundred and forty different kinds of Extreme Form energy waiting for him to master. Plus, he had to learn several theurgies of each Extreme Form energy. Hence, it was no small task to master all those energies.

While the primitive land headed west, Zen had been constantly testing these Extreme Form energies, not even pausing for sleep.

Ten days later, the primitive land slowed down as it approached a mark a million miles from the inner wall of the chaos.

The heads were still tirelessly stirring, obstructing Itzel's vision. However, she still saw the massive primitive land while it was still a million miles away from her.

"What is that?" Itzel mused.

There was a trace of confusion shining in her eyes.

Trapped within in the wall, she had seen lots of things in the chaos. But never had she seen a huge world approach.

'Was this world sent by the force hostile to my father?'

She had been trapped there for over a thousand chaotic eras, and nothing had stirred her. But at this thought, her heart beat faster in excitement.

Over the years, she had come to believe that no one would come here and set her free.

But now that there was a slim chance, she couldn't control her excitement and longed to seize the opportunity.

The massive land drew closer and closer, finally stopping in its tracks when it was a hundred thousand miles away from her.

From her vantage point, the primitive land had collided against the inner wall of the chaos.

Five minutes later, Zen could be seen, floating in front of the primitive land.

He stretched forth his finger, and ripples appeared in the space in front of him. The ripples twisted the space upside down, folded it up for a hundred thousand miles, and then restored it to its normal shape.

Suddenly, Zen was one hundred thousand miles away from where he had previously been.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Those heads were originally slamming into the wall of chaos with force nonstop.

All of a sudden, they sensed the burst of a life force coming from behind them.

For these heads, who only fed on creatures, Zen was their favorite type of food.

They all gave up on Itzel, turned around, and came at Zen.

As soon as those heads left, one after another, a huge wall came into Itzel's view.

The primitive land was massive; plus, it was so close to her. As a result, she could only see the wall. But then, she caught sight of Zen not far away.

"It's a human being?"

Surprise crept onto Itzel's face.

She had imagined that all sorts of powerful and unique creatures would spill out of the primitive land. But it never occurred to her that what appeared would be a human.

"Watch out! Those heads feed on all life force," Itzel warned as she saw that the heads were trying to bite Zen.

But the next moment, she saw that Zen had transformed into countless shadows.

Those shadows gently touched the foreheads of each of the heads.

With the heads no longer attacking, Zen moved past them and flew towards Itzel slowly.

"Those heads are still alive. Watch out..." Itzel urged him.

The heads all swung about and with their jaws flapping, they rushed up to bite Zen.

However, as soon as they had covered over a mile, they crumbled, turning into powder and dissipating in the air. They didn't even have the chance to touch Zen, never mind to hurt him.

As Zen made his way towards Itzel, he saw a faint blue enchanted barrier which separated them.

The enchanted barrier could repel the fierce attacks of the heads, which meant it was hard to break.

Zen pointed at the enchanted barrier with one finger, and a purple energy ring materialized around his wrist. His arm was instantly filled with energy of the Destruction Extreme Form.

As Zen wiggled his fingers, the enchanted barrier disintegrated, breaking into pieces like a thin layer of ice.

"Who are you?" Itzel finally asked.

"My name is Zen Luo," Zen replied with a friendly smile. "Your husband and daughter have asked me to free you," he added.

"My daughter and my husband?"

Itzel echoed his words, stunned.

A puzzled look filled her eyes.

Zen understood why she was behaving like that. 'If any other person had been locked up in the wall for over a thousand chaotic eras, they would have already gone crazy, ' he thought to himself.

He stretched his hand forward.

Then space began to fluctuate again. Space became folded, and Dorothy and Kincaid materialized next to Zen.

"Mother..."

Dorothy called out.

The moment Dorothy caught sight of the woman, she felt a sense of kinship with Itzel. Perhaps it was because of their blood ties.

"Itzel..."

Kincaid also called out affectionately to her.

When she had first been sent to the Human Spirit Sect, Itzel didn't have a name yet. Kincaid had given her the name.

Kincaid had given up hope of ever seeing her again.

Hence, he also became somewhat carried away with excitement.

Itzel stared blankly at Kincaid and Dorothy for a while, and then she began to sob.

Upon seeing this, Kincaid hurried forward and held her, rubbing her cheeks gently. "I am sorry. I should have come here earlier," he said with both guilt and affection in his voice.

Zen felt glad at the reunion of the family. He left the three of them alone to enjoy their private moment.

An hour later, Kincaid gestured at Zen to come join them.

Zen approached them, and the hesitance in Itzel's eyes was gone as she looked at him.

She had already heard about who Zen was, and Kincaid had told her that Dorothy had feelings for Zen. If her daughter married him, he would become her son-in-law.

"The inner wall of the chaos is almost impenetrable. Please endure it!"

Zen said as he laid one hand on the wall.

Wisps of dark purple energy of the Destruction Extreme Form flowed out of his hand.

The energy penetrated every nook and cranny of the wall, and dyed the surface of the wall to purple. Its surface became decayed, and it would be a small task to remove the layer of wall and free Itzel now.

Chapter 4280 The Last Shade Stone

Zen had just released Itzel from the wall, and she was just catching her breath when suddenly, the Evil Bead appeared above her head.

The Snake Spirit King's voice was then heard coming from the bead. "My daughter, you've waited for so long. Finally someone is here to save you."

Although the Snake Spirit King had given this Holy Item to Itzel, he had tampered with it beforehand and could take control of it any time.

Itzel looked up at the Evil Bead and had mixed feelings.

Snake spirits were known to be cold-blooded. It was not difficult for her to accept the fact that her father had become her enemy now. But when Itzel grew up in the Human Spirit Sect, she had remolded herself thoroughly. At this very moment, the grievance in her heart was like a volcano that was about to erupt.

Kincaid reached out a hand and pressed her shoulder softly. He looked up and shook his head at the Evil Bead. "You're right. We are here. I have survived more than a thousand chaotic eras. Itzel is safe and sound today, and you will eventually face defeat at our hands."

The members of the Bold Conjecture House had been cursed in the battle on the Other Shore. They now remained hidden in the passageway, but the remaining people of the Four Spirits Sects were long dead. The only way they could continue to exist was because they had all become Treacherous Beings. However, Itzel's body had been preserved.

When the Snake Spirit King heard Kincaid's calm answer, there was a burst of cruelty and hatred in his heart.

He had spent so much time and energy in trying to be omniscient and powerful, only to end up becoming a slave of the downgrader. And yet, Kincaid could still reunite with his daughter. Why? That was not fair!

The Snake Spirit King felt depressed, but he sneered, "Safe and sound? Let me see how safe and sound she can be!"

Whoosh!

Flames suddenly burst forth from the Evil Bead hovering Itzel. The Snake Spirit King had sent it into an unstoppable combustive state!

This was troubling! Even if an ordinary Other Shore Token was burnt, it would release an exceedingly large amount of energy, and the Evil Bead was not even an ordinary token.

Weird noises started coming out of the Evil Bead!

Then it began to swell up at a rapid pace and was shaking, as if it were going to explode.

Kincaid was not afraid of the impending explosion since he was a Treacherous Being, but Itzel and Dorothy would most likely be killed if that happened.

However, when the Evil Bead had expanded to the size of a fist, Zen quietly stretched out two fingers and pointed at it calmly. A cubical space box, which was one foot wide, appeared out of nowhere and trapped the bead inside it.

Boom!

With a muffled sound, the Evil Bead exploded in the space box and released its terrible power, but was unable to break through the space box. Very soon, all of its energy was consumed.

The powers that came from the Deep Space were much stronger than those of the main world.

The trouble was, Zen had resolved the terrifying power of the Evil Bead, but the counterattack that came with its burning could not be stopped. The punishment of the pillar quickly devoured Itzel's vitality like a hungry lion. Like Ziya, Itzel's body instantly rotted into nothingness, turning into ashes and scattering in the air like confetti.

"Mother!"

Dorothy shouted and was about to rush forward, but Kincaid stopped her. "No. Wait. Your mother won't die."

Itzel was a creature of the fourth-grade world. The punishment of burning a Holy Item was not death, and it would only destroy her body. This meant that when her body had completely dissipated, two golden crosses began floating in the air, which were her coordinates.

Buzz!

With a slight shake of the golden coordinates, Itzel came out. She had now become a Treacherous Being.

It was a pity that her body had been destroyed beyond repair, but it was inevitable.

The Snake Spirit King's control of the Evil Bead allowed him to also control Itzel's life and death. Luckily, she was able to become a Treacherous Being.

"I'll send you back to the Pear Hill," Zen told them as he gently pinched his fingers and folded the space around them.

Kincaid, Dorothy, and Itzel felt a soft flash of light before they found themselves standing atop the Pear Hill.

Standing on the jadeite platform and looking at the huge world around her, Itzel couldn't hold back her shock. "Kincaid, Zen's space technique is remarkable!"

Itzel was a highly knowledgeable person. And she had also merged with the bloodline power of the space quadrant.

However, Zen's use of spatial powers was far beyond her imagination. He had already reached a point where he could bend and move space at will.

"There..."

Kincaid was looking around and suddenly pointed at the center of the primitive land, where a giant, colorful halo was floating softly in the air. "There are all kinds of power in the Deep Space which are controlled by Zen."

"…"

Itzel knew very clearly just how terrifying the powers of the Deep Space were. After hearing that Zen controlled them, she was so surprised that she couldn't even speak a word.

As for Zen himself, he sent the three of them into the primitive land, but did not return immediately. He folded the space once again and reached the top of the primitive land.

Once again, he released the Illusory Vision of the Soul Extreme Form, quickly spreading out his consciousness across millions of miles. After his consciousness reached the Burial Land, he silently calculated a certain time in his heart before he withdrew it and returned to the Pear Hill.

Six days later.

The sentry Evil God was swinging on a chain idly as it swayed back and forth like a hammock.

His sole duty was to guard the Source World. He could easily use the Illusory Vision anytime and anywhere to guard and oversee a range of twenty thousand miles around him.

The moment the Burial Land broke in, the sentry Evil God turned around like a predator that had sensed its prey. He saw a huge pyramid appear in the depths of the chaos, which was growing larger rapidly.

The change in size wasn't physical. It just meant that the pyramid was approaching very fast.

"Is it going to bump into the Source World?"

The sentry Evil God opened his eyes wide. However, instead of shock, there was an inexplicable trace of excitement on his face. He approved of the style of the downgrader.

Twenty million miles...

Fifteen million miles...

Ten million miles...

When it reached a distance of ten million miles from the Source World, its speed suddenly decreased rapidly. It continued to spin, but its speed was falling down rapidly, and finally, it stopped five million miles away from the Source World.

The sentry Evil God sneered with disdain, "Coward!"

He had really hoped that the Burial Land would bump into the Source World. He would have a chance to see if the Source World could face that mess.

The pyramid stayed hovering five million miles away from the Source World, neither moving forward nor retreating backwards.

Both the Evil God in the Source World and Zen were confused as to why the downgrader was doing that.

It was improbable that he had come all this way just to show off.

However, since he was making no move, Zen and the Evil God did not do anything either. They just waited silently.

It made them impatient and curious but they could only wait and watch.

Ten days later, another Shade Stone descended.

Previously, many Shade Stones had appeared one by one.

At that time, everyone thought that this meant the end of the chaos, but all of a sudden, the stone stopped appearing. They had never expected that another Shade Stone would appear in the Source World at this time. They were beginning to get nervous now, twitching and asking here and there for whatever explanation whoever could offer.

Not long after the Shade Stone had descended, the entire chaos began to shake violently.

And now it hit them why the Burial Land had remained motionless.

That was the shift of the last grain of sand in the hourglass of time.

The downgrader had been waiting for the end.

The end of the moments of chaos meant the end of the chaos itself.

Every single thing in the chaos would disappear. Tradition had it that in every single chaotic era, only six creatures were chosen to be Chaos Ancient Gods. These chosen ones were the only creatures that would survive the end of this era and journey on into a new one.

No one else could ever survive that. In fact, every single creature in the chaos had been born and bred to regard surviving such an end as their ultimate goal.

With time, they had developed confidence that they could survive the end, but the setup had undergone a tremendous change this time around.

Chapter 4281 The Sound Of Doomsday

Every time a round of chaos ended, some creatures would flee to the Other Shore. These creatures brought with them their knowledge and recollection of what had happened, so people were familiar with the end.

As long as one reached the Other Shore Realm, it would be easy to find records and descriptions of the end of a round of chaos.

It was not a secret. It was simply a disaster that no civilization could survive.

Most records described it as a huge needle that pierced through the very fabric of the primitive land, smashing everything into pieces, and causing an unimaginable wave of destruction.

However, this direct description was not entirely accurate.

The needle only appeared in the final stage of the end. In fact, the end was a series of processes divided into separate stages.

When the last Shade Stone descended, the entire chaos would rumble and shake madly. It was said that the noise was deafening.

This loud sound came from the collision between the chaos and the main world. It was like the most powerful thunderbolt, and this also signaled the first wave of disaster in the end. The thunderous sound turned into destructive sound waves, which would spread throughout the entire chaos within three days.

The weakest of the creatures that lived in the chaos would be pulverized into puddles of blood and gored by the force of the sound waves. The buildings built around the bottom region of the chaos would be the first to collapse, crumbling so thoroughly that they would be reduced to a powdery white mist that blew across the land.

As for the creatures in the primitive lands, they were much luckier, because they had a natural barrier.

There was a deep rumbling sound.

Destructive sound waves quickly spread throughout the chaos.

However, even before this, the Snake Spirit King had already begun to downgrade the chaos. All the corners of the chaos had been devoured by the heads. Those who had been eaten were gone and could no longer be reduced to blood puddles by the sound waves.

Twenty eight hours later, the sound waves spread towards the Source World.

The sentry Evil God saw a slight distortion in the space in the distance. He tilted his head and smoothed his hair, unconcerned. The next moment, his ears exploded, and two spurts of blood gushed from his ears.

In fact, with his cultivation base, it would have been easy for him to protect himself from the sound waves, but he deliberately chose to experience the impact.

Since he had been deafened by the shock, the sentry Evil God had to repair his eardrums so that he could hear clearly again.

The thick outer wall of the Source World offset most of the energy of the sound waves. By the time the sound waves reached the inner parts, their power had been greatly reduced.

Even so, the rumbling sounds were still far beyond the ordinary sound of thunder.

Everywhere in the Source World, the sound waves penetrated.

Initially, the creatures in the Source World were uncertain as to what had happened. They initially assumed it was some fluke of abnormal weather. Others imagined it was the sound of some extraordinary warrior unleashing powerful thunder.

But four hours later, the rumbling sounds had yet to dissipate. Because the creatures couldn't communicate with each other in words, they communicated using their spiritual senses. Some of them couldn't bear the sounds and punctured their ears.

Soon, more and more creatures began to realize that something was wrong. Some rushed to the ancient books, vaguely remembering something similar, and they found the terrible answer.

This was probably the last thunder before the end!

This meant that the end was drawing near.

Panic quickly spread into every corner of the Source World.

Everyone reacted in different ways. Some began holding sacrificial ceremonies, praying to the gods to spare them. Some began looking for a place of safety, and many of these creatures hid underground. Most, however, were reduced to pure panic and fear, unable to think what to do next. After all, what was there to be done? Everything in the chaos was about to be destroyed. There was nowhere to escape.

However, some powerful warriors at the Other Shore Realm retained a glimmer of hope.

They had gone further on the Other Shore. They had learned some things from the masters at the Holy Soul Realm and the Eternal Realm. Most of all, they were familiar with the tyrannical Evil God, the current controller of the Source World, and understood just how powerful he was.

Maybe he would find a way to survive the end.

In times of despair, when there was no other choice, people were forced to hold on to even the faintest slivers of hope. Soon, the wisest and most powerful people in the Source World had all turned their eyes towards the Evil God, waiting to see what he would do.

Zen's primitive land was undergoing the same experience.

Within seconds, the primitive land was completely enveloped by incessant sound waves.

However, the internal structure of the primitive land was much simpler than that of the Source World.

Most of the primitive land was empty. Only the continents, the Pear Hill, and the Ruin Graveyard were occupied. Zen used a kind of Extreme Form energy to build a huge enchanted barrier to cover these places.

The enchanted barrier was unable to completely block the sound waves, but it helped to reduce the sound level significantly.

But although the disturbance caused by the sound waves was alleviated, panic inevitably began to spread across the primitive land.

Most of the people in the Ruin Graveyard, the divine land, and the continents were fine. The vast majority of them didn't even know what the end meant, and they continued to live without worry.

But all the people in the Pear Hill were from the Source World, and some of the elites had learned about the end. They recognized the signs and felt a growing fear that the end was about to come.

The Snake Goddess didn't hide the news. Instead, she announced it to the public.

She knew it would cause a panic, but she felt that everyone had the right to know, and to face this moment in the best way they chose.

At the top of the divine land, many Holy Beings gathered together. They had been summoned by Mike and did not yet know what had happened.

Mike stood with his hands behind his back and solemnly told them that the end had arrived. This information was news to them.

The Holy Beings had been calm despite the strange, muted rumbling sounds, but now their whole demeanor changed.

The current divine land was so peaceful. They had never thought that such a disaster could strike without warning.

Like the wise warriors in the Source World, they quickly considered their options, and decided to place all their hopes on Zen.

"Your son could create a world that is so many times larger than the divine land. Can't he deal with the end?" said one of the Holy Beings.

"Is there anything in the chaos that Zen can't do?" another said.

"We believe he will make it!"

Zen was their only hope, and the Holy Beings put their faith in his abilities.

Of course, Mike knew what they were thinking. He smiled bitterly but did not contradict them. Although he and the Holy Beings were powerful in the divine land, they didn't even have the right to speak when the end came.

Meanwhile, in the fairy palace, Geoffrey stood in the empty courtyard and looked up at the sky.

He was highly sensitive, and his perception of energy fluctuations was far stronger than that of ordinary people. It was even stronger than Zen's.

"Geoffrey," Letitia called at the gate. She gazed at him as he stood with his back towards her.

After a moment, Geoffrey turned around, smiling. "Mother, it begins."

Letitia nodded. She knew what Geoffrey meant.

"I want to fight. I want to protect this world and you," Geoffrey said. His tone was grim, almost fanatic in his determination.

For the first time, Letitia didn't object. Instead, she nodded, her eyes shining.

In the Ruin Graveyard, Rocher sat on a broken giant tombstone. In his hand was the Lone Sword.

He had mastered the methods that Kincaid taught him. He was now capable of unleashing the full power of the Lone Sword.

He had never regarded the survival from the end as his goal. Indeed, before this, he hadn't even known much about it.

However, he did not plan to wait passively for the end. He was ready to act at a moment's notice.

Chapter 4282 The Needle

The thunderous noise lasted for three days and three nights before it finally stopped.

The entire chaos temporarily returned to a state of tranquility. Some of the creatures in the Source World began to regain their senses of hearing.

Even though the terrible shock waves already disappeared, the people did not feel relieved. Instead, they became even more worried.

Some of them began to leaf through the ancient books. They were trying to predict what would happen next.

Meanwhile, someone in the Bloom Divine Province found a relevant passage.

An old man opened an ancient book with his hands trembling with fear and anxiety.

This ancient book was written long ago by an elder of his race. It talked about what would happen should the end come.

"The last thunder will destroy everything with its sound. However, the six sages will be protected by a bright and dazzling light."

"Those six sages refer to the six Chaos Ancient Gods," murmured one of his companions.

"So six lucky warriors will be selected in the Source World," another one chimed in.

To be chosen as one of the Chaos Ancient Gods, there were two conditions that must be satisfied. First, the person must possess enormous amounts of strength. At the very least, they must be at the Holy Soul Realm.

The second one would be sheer luck.

Knowing this secret, the warriors at the Holy Soul Realm and the Eternal Realm had high hopes that they could be one of the chosen Chaos Ancient

Gods.

If they were selected, they were basically granted a special ticket to the next round of chaos.

Out of the blue, everyone heard a buzzing sound.

A beam of light suddenly appeared in the Source World. It headed straight for the hall the Evil God built.

Meanwhile, on the second floor of the hall, several cultivators of the Holy Soul Realm and the Eternal Realm were greedily absorbing the bloodline powers.

The Evil God looked at these people impassively. He appeared extremely generous. But in actuality, he felt thoroughly disgusted of them.

Soon enough, he would need their help. All he could do for now was patiently satisfy their greed.

Buzz! Something streaked past them from above.

The beam of light pierced through the black hall and enshrouded one of the cultivators of the Holy Soul Realm.

The cultivator was still digesting the bloodline power he had just absorbed. He opened his eyes and saw the light enveloping his entire body. Naturally, he was awestruck for a few moments. Suddenly, he realized that he was chosen to be a Chaos Ancient God and master a truth. He was so happy that he jumped up from his meditating position earlier.

"Is he the one chosen to be a Chaos Ancient God?" one of the cultivators whispered to his fellow cultivator.

"Even if we don't survive the end, he will still make it to the next chaotic era with such ease," murmured another.

"What a stroke of luck! He doesn't possess that much strength. Why is he chosen? It's unfair!" a fierce warrior of the Holy Soul Realm protested.

Another warrior felt envious. "Why couldn't it be me?"

All the warriors in this hall had been invited here to merge with the bloodline powers. Earlier, they were quite happy and satisfied as they were able to gather much power. But when they saw that one of them was chosen as a Chaos Ancient God, they felt terribly envious and depressed.

Nevertheless, this beam of light also reminded them that there would be six chosen Chaos Ancient Gods. This meant that they still had a chance.

The chosen warrior was extremely excited. Anyone who was granted a sure ticket to the next chaotic era would obviously feel overjoyed.

But before long, he saw a black figure approaching him. It reached out and grabbed him by his neck.

The black figure was none other than the Evil God.

The Holy Soul Realm warrior was a little flustered. He had no idea why the Evil God attacked him. "What... What are you doing?" he asked as he trembled with fear.

"What part of this do you not understand? This is the last chaotic era. If I lose, there won't be a next chaotic era. What's the use of choosing the next Chaos Ancient Gods?" The Evil God's expression was cold and apathetic.

"But... But... I was chosen..."

the Holy Soul Realm warrior stammered as he didn't know what else to say.

The Evil God's hand flashed with a black light. In the blink of an eye, the warrior's body turned into colorful steam that scattered in every direction.

When they saw this scene unfold right in front of them, all the other warriors were frightened. The Evil God slayed the warrior in such a way they had never seen before.

Even if what he said was true, this was totally uncalled for. Whether or not there would be a next round of chaos, there was no need to kill anyone so recklessly.

At that very moment, they realized that the seemingly generous Evil God was never a good person in the first place.

A short while ago, they were looking forward to being chosen as the Chaos Ancient Gods. But now, they changed their minds. They were afraid that the light would envelope them, which in turn, would prompt the Evil God to kill them.

Buzz!

Once again, someone had been chosen.

The second beam of light appeared.

It shot directly into the primitive land and fell upon the Pear Hill. It landed on Fuxi who was currently standing on the jadeite platform.

When the Snake Goddess and the others saw this, they were slightly astounded. After a second, they smiled as they understood why he was chosen.

In this current chaotic era, Fuxi had never given up on achieving the Finale Way. Therefore, it was not surprising that he was chosen as a Chaos Ancient God.

However, Fuxi smiled bitterly. "I've worked so hard for so long. But in the end, I still can't live up to the expectations of the human race. Is this supposed to be a compensation for me?"

"Well, this kind of compensation can never be fulfilled," joked the Snake Goddess.

Obviously, they were well-aware that this was the last chaotic era and there would be no next one after this.

Afterward, came the third, fourth, fifth, sixth beams of light.

Unfortunately, they all landed in the black hall of the Evil God.

The Evil God killed three Holy Soul Realm cultivators and one Eternal Realm cultivator on the spot. Everyone watching the massacre was rendered speechless.

After the Chaos Ancient Gods were chosen, the chaos began to clean up itself.

This was done to ensure that all living beings within the chaos would be annihilated. However, there were no living beings within the chaos due to the downgrading. Like the last thunder, this round of purging had no effect.

Three days passed since that fateful day.

There were lots of intricate cracks that suddenly appeared on the inner wall of the chaos.

These cracks intertwined with each other and formed a huge circular array. Little by little, a needle appeared in the center of the array.

When the needle first emerged, it was only the size of an embroidery needle. It was particularly tiny compared to the vast Source World.

However, the needle continued to extend outwards.

At first, it was only a one-inch protrusion. Then, it extended from ten inches to a hundred inches.

After a while, it became ten feet long. Then from a hundred feet, it reached a thousand feet.

From that, it continued to grow until it extended up to ten million feet!

The needle grew not only in length, but also in its diameter. It continued to expand further. In just an hour, it had already expanded into a massive object.

As soon as the needle appeared, the sentry Evil God and Zen immediately noticed it.

An idea flashed through their minds almost at the same time. Who would be the first target of this needle?

Usually, there was only one primitive land in a chaotic era. But in this round of chaos, there were three. Which of those primitive lands would the needle attack first?

Meanwhile, there was something happening in the Burial Land.

The downgrader was floating in mid-air.

There was a complicated array plate right in front of him. This was exactly the same as the array that hatched the needle.

The Snake Spirit King said, "The structure of the secondary world is quite exquisite. The hourglass is the one controlling the restart time. After that, the needle will end everything and signal the beginning of the next chaos. I applaud you!"

It was the downgrader who invented the method of creating secondary worlds. In order to downgrade the main world, he designed the aforementioned method in advance. He did this to deceive the Snake Spirit King and trick the Four Spirits Sect into building one secondary world after another.

This must seem shameful to the Snake Spirit King. Nonetheless, he had to flatter the downgrader.

"Humph! This method of the Lower Extreme World is awfully insignificant!" the downgrader exclaimed as he fiddled with the array plate.

The needle had already become incredibly massive. It changed its direction constantly and continued to grow at an even faster rate.

The sentry Evil God was watching all this. Suddenly, his expression became serious.

He confirmed that the needle was heading straight for the Source World.

Chapter 4283 The Black Hole And The White Hole

Inside the black hall, the Evil God had received the warning from the sentry.

"The Source World would be targeted first... That bastard surely is looking down on me, huh?" The Evil God was vexed at the information.

The Grandmaster of Heaven, who was standing next to him, smiled faintly and said, "If I remember it correctly, it was the 300th chaotic era when the twin primitive lands appeared. When the first primitive land was destroyed by the needle, it didn't take long before the second was also destroyed. They might not be destroyed at the same time, but there was no exception in the face of the needle."

However, they didn't know that the needle of the end could actually be controlled.

The only reason why the Source World was targeted first was because the downgrader felt that it was much easier to deal with.

The sentry had released the Illusory Vision many times, which also aroused the vigilance of the downgrader. He found out that there were people in the Source World who could control the power of the Deep Space, but they only relied on the Soul Extreme Form, which was why the downgrader didn't really deem it as a threat.

On the other hand, his real problem was Zen, who had already mastered the Heavenly Ring Staff and possessed all the powers of the Deep Space. Needless to say, it would be difficult for him to deal with Zen right now.

"What are you going to do?" Duran asked "We need to come up with something very soon."

The Evil God contemplated for a while before he looked and asked Duran, "Your Treacherous Being body should be immortal, right?"

"Well technically, as long as the coordinates aren't damaged, and there's no presence of the Light of Annihilation, it's impossible to harm or kill the Treacherous Being body," Duran said confidently.

"I see. Then, how about you help me with something?" the Evil God said as if he already thought of something to overturn the situation.

"I'm listening. What are you planning?" Duran asked.

A devilish grin appeared on the face of the Evil God as he said, "Well, I'm just thinking of doing something to startle the downgrader, so he'll realize that he can't just look down upon me."

As of the moment, the needle was still elongating, like a massive bamboo that was growing like crazy. It wouldn't stop until it crushed its target.

The needle was extending at an incredible rate, but the distance between it and the Source World was also immense. At its current speed, it would still take about two more days before the needle reached its target.

At the same time, on the jadeite platform, Zen also gathered everyone to discuss and prepare the countermeasures.

There, Geoffrey, Rocher, Kincaid, Hilario, the remaining energy souls of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord and the other human heroes, as well as the avatars of the three Chaos Ancient Gods, assembled upon Zen's call.

Although the end of the chaos was almost upon them, they were still able to keep calm and think straight.

In this round of chaos, they were able to master and acquire power that was far stronger than the needle. With that, it shouldn't be that difficult for them to handle it.

"Father, the end of the chaos is coming soon. Let me fight!" Geoffrey volunteered with all sincerity.

Right now, there was an inexplicable power that was surging in his body.

The power was plain but powerful, and it was actually superior to the current powers of the other Eternal Realm masters and the three Chaos Ancient Gods.

Zen recognized Geoffrey's power and fighting spirit, but he said, "Geoffrey, you will definitely be a great help, but you can't make a move yet."

"Huh? Why?" Geoffrey was a bit confused. If his father had really recognized his power, wouldn't he be given the chance?

"It's because the needle is not aimed at us," Zen replied. "It's actually aimed towards the Source World."

When everyone heard this, there was an instant expression of relief on their faces. The extreme tension had somehow subsided.

"Really? Then, it gives us a bit more time."

"Let's wait and see what will happen first."

"If the needle was aimed at the Source World, then the Evil God would surely suffer."

The Snake Goddess's eyebrows slightly twitched, and she butted in, "We can't relax yet! Don't underestimate the Evil God. There's a huge chance that he would be able to deal with the needle. Moreover, with his twisted personality, we don't know what kind of trouble he may cause to us. We'd better be careful."

Previously, the Evil God expressed an intention to join hands with Zen. However, no one could really trust his words.

"The Snake Goddess is right. Indeed, we have to be on guard against the Evil God, but we have to remember that we should be more vigilant towards the downgrader. I'm sure that he will make a move once the Source World is already attacked. I'm afraid that we can't just watch idly," Fuxi also expressed his opinion.

The Evil God was pretty known as a detestable and wicked person, but his destructive power couldn't be compared to the terror that the downgrader could bring.

Fortunately, the Evil God couldn't downgrade the world. Though the chances were slim, if he managed to win in the end, he still wouldn't be able to destroy everything according to the will of the Bird Spirit King.

Zen listened to everything they had said and nodded. "Right now, we can only wait until the needle arrives at the Source World. Once it's there, we shall act according to the circumstances. If the Evil God would be at a disadvantage, we'll have no choice but to help him."

Each round of chaos produced a different civilization, and the way they treated the needle also varied.

Once, there was a civilization that accurately predicted where the needle would come from. Thus, they had set up a big array on the inner wall of the chaos in advance, in an attempt to seal the needle outside of the chaos and eliminate it on its bud. However, their plan still failed in the end.

Still, some civilizations went all out and set up enchanted barriers to block the growing needle. However, they weren't able to fight off the power of the needle.

The 77th civilization, which was the human race, settled for a mediocre method. Like most civilizations before them, they guarded the primitive land and only relied on the most powerful Other Shore Tokens to gather their power on a human ancestor. They hoped that a single human would be able to resist the needle, but as expected, it ended in failure.

After that, over a thousand chaotic eras had passed, and all sorts of strange civilizations had appeared. There were so many ways to resist the needle, but no one managed to succeed.

Surprisingly, the creatures in this round of chaos were not prepared at all. Even as the needle approached, the three primitive lands that existed didn't take any action to directly prevent it.

Two days later, the needle already appeared about fifty million miles away from the Source World and was fast approaching.

"It's here! It's coming!"

A faint grin appeared on the face of the Evil God acting as a sentry, as he shook the black chains.

Within five minutes, the needle was just thirty million miles away from the Source World.

Another five minutes had elapsed, and the needle was only ten million miles away.

Five million miles...

One million miles...

Five hundred thousand miles...

One hundred thousand miles...

Finally, at this distance, the sentry could already observe it pretty well.

The front end of the needle was very thin, as thin as an embroidery needle, but the diameter of the entire needle was actually as huge as the Source World. Therefore, the needle would not necessarily pierce through the Source World, but would rather crush everything in it.

Fifty thousand miles...

Ten thousand miles...

Three thousand miles...

At this distance, the front end of the needle had almost landed on the surface of the Source World.

"What the hell are they waiting for?" The sentry stared intently at what was happening.

"What's going on? Aren't they going to do anything?" Zen murmured to himself, baffled at the strange behavior of the people in the Source World.

The six pairs of compound eyes of the downgrader also flashed. He couldn't see any movement or reaction in the Source World. "Do they give up resisting and just accept their death? Pathetic," the downgrader said in a low voice.

However, when the needle was just within a thousand miles, a space fluctuation suddenly occurred in front of it.

Then, it was Duran who appeared in front of the needle.

Compared to the point of the needle, Duran almost looked negligible.

But there was no hint of fear on his face. He just raised his wings and rushed forward.

Crack!

The great momentum of the needle caused it to pierce through Duran's body, and instantly came out from his back.

Duran didn't stop the needle at all. Instead, he was pushed by the needle towards the Source World.

Upon seeing that they were about to hit the Source World, he smiled and shouted, "Now!"

"Waah! Waah! Waah!"

Strange blaring voices were heard from within his body.

Suddenly, a black hole was released from Duran's body and expanded at an unimaginable speed. In just three seconds, the black hole expanded from the size of a person to the size of the entire Source World.

Then, the needle that was about to hit the Source World, drilled into the huge black hole.

"Waah! Waah! Waah!"

At the same time, a white hole appeared on the other side of the Source World.

It also expanded to the size of the Source World, and it faced the Burial Land.

Chapter 4284 The In And Out Holes

Zen watched warily as the white hole formed rapidly, the needle drilling out from within it.

The needle itself still continued to extend at incredible speed.

The distance between the Burial Land and the Source World was not too big, and the needle steadily approached the Burial Land.

From the jadeite platform, Zen projected this shocking scene, so that everyone could see it.

"Is this a space channel?" Kendrick asked, his eyes widening with shock.

Everyone could tell that the black hole and the white hole were two ends of a space channel.

It was relatively simple to construct a space channel, but it definitely was no easy feat to build a space channel big enough for the needle to pass through. This space channel was so large that it could fit the entire Source World!

"They are the In and Out Holes built from the Hyperspace Extreme Form," Zen explained calmly.

The black hole swallowed everything in its path, whereas the white hole served as the exit for everything that entered the black hole.

Once the needle entered through the black hole, there was nowhere else for it to go but the exit through white hole.

"What an incredible method!" the Snake Goddess praised, beaming with awe.

"I don't know how the downgrader will deal with this. The needle is moving so fast!" Kincaid said excitedly.

The Evil God had built the In and Out Holes right in the nick of time, and the needle was now approaching the Burial Land.

It would've been fine if the downgrader had prepared in advance. But now, since it was so sudden, it was difficult for him to change the direction of the needle.

Three hundred miles.

One hundred miles.

Ten miles.

One mile.

The needle was so close to piercing the Burial Land...

Suddenly, the needle abruptly stopped in its path. It was as though a giant hand had grabbed it with force.

In the Burial Land, the plate in front of the downgrader had turned a dark red. In the face of danger, he had chosen to forcefully stop the needle. A trace of anger was revealed in his six pairs of eyes; he never expected that the Evil God would master the Hyperspace Extreme Form, much less that he would fall into such a trap.

The Burial Land had almost been destroyed just now.

Everyone on the jadeite platform was shocked at the turn of events.

"Why did the needle stop?"

"The needle isn't long enough to reach the Burial Land?"

"No," the Snake Goddess said, her eyes growing misty. "The needle is controlled by the downgrader, and the Source World is the first target chosen by him."

The other people exchanged surprised glances. What the Snake Goddess said was logical.

"What?"

Meanwhile, from the sentry Evil God's perspective, his eyes almost popped out of his head when he saw what happened.

His real self's expression darkened. He immediately arrived at the same conclusion as the Snake Goddess. "So it's true. The needle is really controlled by the downgrader! I won't stand for this!"

Since the needle stopped in its tracks, it just stood still, a mile away from the Burial Land.

After a while, a black dot appeared on the surface of the Burial Land. Quickly, it grew to be a large black hole.

In a matter of seconds, a black hole had been built by the downgrader by using the Hyperspace Extreme Form. After he had created the hole, he did something to the plate in front of him, and the red color that lingered on the plate disappeared. The needle once again began to move forward.

Swoosh!

Using the exact same technique, the downgrader turned the tables on them. As the huge needle plunged into the black hole, another white hole appeared above the Source World. Once more, the needle was steadily advancing towards the Source World!

The needle had ended many rounds of chaos, and every time it could do that in an instant.

No matter how powerful an Other Shore Token was, no one could change the needle's course.

By now, the direction of the needle had been changed four times in a row. Yet, it continued to plough forward through the distorted space.

As he watched the needle rush towards the Source World, the Evil God found that he no longer felt indignant. Instead, he felt quite excited.

He figured that the downgrader viewed him as insignificant, since he dared attack his Source World first. With a sinister smile, the Evil God vowed he would make the downgrader regret choosing him as a target.

Buzz!

As he waved his hand slightly, the Hyperspace Extreme Form was activated once more.

The power of the Deep Space was incredible, but it consumed too much energy each time.

Building a set of In and Out Holes for the needle was extremely taxing to the Evil God, since he needed to continuously draw power from the Source World.

But now that he was in high spirits, he no longer cared about how much it cost.

A new set of In and Out Holes appeared. The black hole and the white hole appeared at the same time, sending the needle back.

Soon, the third set of holes appeared.

Once more, the needle was heading towards the Burial Land.

Seeing the needle being sent back again, the downgrader sneered. He saw the Evil God's message loud and clear—he was being challenged.

"I don't know how much Extreme Form energy you have mastered, but is the energy of the Source World enough to defeat me?

I'll just keep returning the needle to you!"

Buzz!

The downgrader built yet another set of holes, reverting the course of the needle back to the Source World.

The downgrader smiled confidently. Since the Evil God built several holes in such a short time, he figured the energy of the Source World would be depleted rapidly. Ultimately, once the energy was used up, it would collapse.

The downgrader was so sure of this, so he chose to deal with the Source World first.

In comparison, Zen was much more difficult to deal with, because his ancestry-level bloodline could provide endless energy.

Seeing that the needle was sent back again, the Evil God frowned slightly. Turning around, he stared at the primitive land floating nearby.

"Zen, you idle fool. Don't just watch the battle from afar. Come help me!"

Once he'd finished speaking, the Evil God abruptly whipped around to build the fifth set of holes.

Once again, the black hole swallowed the needle, but this time, its white hole was facing Zen's primitive land!

Meanwhile, on the jadeite platform, everyone had been focused on the movements of the needle.

The needle that had changed its direction so many times in a row looked like a big snake that was coiling around the space. Seeing such a huge thing moving rapidly, everyone was both anxious yet transfixed.

This was the needle that would end the chaos!

It was a terrible weapon that had annihilated over a thousand civilizations.

However, now it was being practically toyed with by the Evil God and the downgrader!

"Ah, the white hole!"

Geoffrey cried when he saw the white hole appear facing his father's primitive land.

Everyone wore a nervous expression as they eyed the needle steadily approaching.

If it wasn't stopped, the needle would crash into the primitive land in a matter of seconds, crushing the Pear Hill, the Ruin Graveyard, and the other places.

"Of course, the Evil God wants us involved," Zen said, as though he had been expecting this.

The Evil God knew perfectly well where Zen's position was, so he had shifted the needle's target to his primitive land.

However, Zen was well prepared, so he didn't panic. As he pointed a finger to the skies, an avatar slowly floated up. A ball of energy floated above his head; it was the Hyperspace Extreme Form.

The sixth set of holes were created by Zen.

As usual, the black hole swallowed the needle in one gulp, but Zen didn't return it to the Evil God. Instead, the white hole faced the Burial Land.

Once again, the massive needle was charging towards the downgrader.

Chapter 4285 Hold On

"Ha-ha, you are united," the downgrader sneered.

The Snake Spirit King said beside him, "We can't redirect the path of the needle indefinitely."

"I can constantly create the In and Out Holes, and Zen can also do so. But how can that being from the Source World also do this?" the downgrader asked.

Like Zen, his energy did not originate from the primitive land. He had boundless energy and could create limitless In and Out Holes.

But the Source World couldn't do this.

This temporary balance would sooner or later be destroyed because of the energy drain from the Source World.

The downgrader was in no rush. As time ticked by, the situation would more and more turn in his favor.

He stretched out his hand, and the seventh set of In and Out Holes appeared. The needle flew towards the Source World.

Without saying a word, the Evil God waved his hand and released the eighth set of holes.

He didn't let Zen be an onlooker. He directed the needle towards Zen's primitive land.

However, once he released the eighth set of holes, his expression became cautious.

Although the Source World had expanded by more than a thousand times, and the energy contained within it was much powerful than it used to be, the energy required to create the holes was massive. The Evil God had released four sets of holes in rapid succession, which had consumed most of the Source World's energy. If he continued to release more holes, the Source World would probably not survive this.

But now that things had picked up momentum, there was no way out of this for the Evil God.

It was obvious that the first one who couldn't hold on would lose.

Soon, Zen created the ninth set of holes.

The downgrader released the tenth set.

The Evil God unleashed the eleventh set.

The twelfth set.

The thirteenth set.

The needle drilled in and out of the black and white holes. It had already zigzagged to and fro thirteen times, and it was now heading towards the

Source World.

"The Hyperspace Extreme Form!"

The Evil God tried to release the fourteenth set of holes.

He absorbed the remaining energy of the Source World and began to transform it into the holes, but the process was abruptly cut off halfway.

The energy of the Source World had been utterly spent!

The Evil God raised his eyebrows, his eyes revealing rare traces of uneasiness.

The Grandmaster of Heaven observed the change in the Evil God. He knew clearly how much the drain on the Extreme Form energy was. The Evil God probably wouldn't be able to hold on for long.

The needle was still careening ahead at an extreme velocity. Almost half a minute later, it would hit the Source World.

At this moment, the corners of the Evil God's mouth suddenly curved up, forming a leering smile.

'When did I become so indecisive?' he thought.

In the past, he had been so cold that he could sacrifice everything to reach his goal: his future, family, strength, status, and even his own life. All he craved was to defeat Zen.

Now that he took control of the Source World, he unwittingly became softhearted. He began to care about Edna and Shera, who had tried her best to please him, and also the numerous living beings in the Source World.

Once people began to care, they developed weaknesses.

The Evil God realized that in caring, he would suffer a complete failure.

"The Source World is so vast and boundless. It should have much more than just a little energy," the Evil God muttered darkly.

His will was transmitted through the Source World, and soon it arrived in a province belonging to the Divine Farmer race.

Humans dwelt there.

When the will of the Evil God was felt, everyone in the province raised their heads.

The citizens, the True Gods, and even the warriors at the Other Shore Realm were all terrified when they felt this indomitable will. They didn't know what fate awaited them.

"The Source World is in grave danger. You must offer yourselves to save it." The booming voice of the Evil God rang in everyone's ears.

Hearing this, everyone was immediately overcome by an ominous feeling.

They were being told to sacrifice themselves!

For what?

Why did they have to sacrifice themselves to save the vast majority?

Needless to say, they were most reluctant.

However, the Evil God didn't offer them any alternatives.

Splash!

Some plants, soil, sand, and stones quickly rose up into the air, turning into fine powder and finally disintegrating.

Then the rocks, houses, animals, and people who were still resisting were all sucked into the air by an irresistible force where they also disintegrated and dissipated.

In the end, the many layers of the ground, the caves, the bed rocks underneath, and even the creatures hiding underground were also sucked into the air and disintegrated.

They were not destroyed. Instead, they were all transformed into energy.

Before long, the Evil God had transformed everything in the province into energy, leaving behind only a layer of crushed shell that was three or four miles thick. If this thin layer of shell was converted into energy, an opening would be created in the Source World, and this would let Zen and the downgrader notice the weakness of the Source World.

More and more provinces suffered the same fate.

Hundreds of billions of creatures from hundreds of races in more than thirty huge provinces were all deprived of their lives, and their bodies were consumed after they heard the words of the Evil God.

Everything happened in less than ten seconds.

The energy gained from these living materials successfully created the fourteenth set of holes for the Evil God.

A Holy Soul Realm master was engrossed with his cultivating in the black hall of the Evil God. He was one of the masters invited by the Evil God.

He possessed dozens of life tokens of his clansmen. The moment the province he had called home was destroyed, all these life tokens were shattered.

"What happened?" the warrior screamed in agony and took out a large bronze mirror. In the mirror, he saw the empty province. Every living thing in the province had disappeared. "Oh, my God! What happened to the province? It is gone? Why is everything gone?"

He was not the only one to be shocked. A member of another race also discovered that the Life Lamps of his clansmen had been extinguished.

Although he couldn't detect what was going on with his clansmen, he reasoned they must have suffered the same fate.

"Shh!"

The real Evil God suddenly appeared next to the warrior, held his neck with one hand, and made a gesture of silence towards the crowd with the other. "They have all been sacrificed for the Source World. You should be beholden to me. If I didn't do that, you would have perished too."

"I..." The warrior clenched his fists, exposing blue veins.

However, when the Evil God clamped his neck so gently, all of his strength vanished, and there was no possibility of him resisting. Every muscle and bone in his body turned into powder, and then into energy.

"You not only need to know devotion, but also your place." The Evil God grinned at the crowd and then walked towards the third floor.

Although the Evil God had decisively sacrificed dozens of provinces at the last moment, the speed at which he created the holes was slower than normal, which allowed Zen and the downgrader to discover some clues.

"The Evil God released the holes when the needle was only five hundred miles away from the Source World. The energy of the Source World may not be enough," the Snake Goddess keenly observed.

"That's to be expected. When limited energy faces off against infinite energy, it's not hard to imagine the end," Kincaid said, shaking his head.

Zen, the Evil God, and the downgrader all possessed Extreme Form energy, so they seemed to be standing shoulder to shoulder at the starting line, but the Evil God and the Source World would surely be the first to fall behind.

Zen didn't say anything and focused on releasing the fifteenth set of holes.

The sixteenth set.

The seventeenth set.

The eighteenth set.

These huge holes overlapped in a most complicated way.

Although the needle resolutely moved forward, it was difficult to distinguish its intended goal.

By the time the Evil God had released the twentieth set of holes, he had sacrificed over a hundred provinces!

Chapter 4286 The Maximum Number Of In And Out Holes

A long time ago, Yellow Thearch, Divine Farmer, and Othniel also attempted to destroy many provinces in the Source World.

Back then, they used the Minimum Spaces' flames to burn down about three hundred provinces.

However, they weren't fully destroyed.

Although life was burned, the substances that comprised them were still there, and the foundation for nurturing these substances was still present.

The entire sea was evaporated by the blazing flames, but the water just turned into rain and returned to the ground.

However, this time, the Evil God transformed all the materials in the world into pure energy that formed the enormous In and Out Holes. This kind of drastic destruction would never be reversed.

In the face of the aggressive and terrifying downgrader, the Evil God could only come up with such a method.

Meanwhile, in the Burial Land, a blue light film was unfolded in front of the downgrader.

At the center of this light film, a huge sphere appeared. This sphere was actually the Source World, and its surface was covered with dark blue spots.

"Ha-ha! What are you thinking?" The downgrader let out a loud burst of laughter. "Turning such a massive amount of materials into pure energy is like quenching your thirst by drinking poison. Let's see how long you could hold on."

At the same time, on the jadeite platform, there was also a blue light film that appeared in front of Zen. From it, Zen could sense the miserable situation the Evil God was in.

"It seems that the Evil God has already consumed more than a hundred provinces. So many living beings in the Source World have suffered and were sacrificed," Zen said with a frown on his face.

"Well, from the perspective of the Evil God, he is doing the right thing," Kincaid said. "It is necessary to sacrifice those provinces, or else, all of the creatures of the Source World would be annihilated."

"But if all the materials of the Source World are consumed, then there's no point in fighting," the Snake Goddess remarked.

Zen nodded as his thoughts aligned exactly to what the Snake Goddess said.

However, Hilario, who had kept silent all this time, suddenly said, "It's still early to say that..."

Kincaid, Zen, the Snake Goddess, and the others looked at him as they heard what he said.

As the leader of the Bold Conjecture House, Hilario was known to be an extremely knowledgeable and talented person. At this moment, he might have other insight that none of them had thought of yet.

"Can all of you easily construct a space channel?" Hilario then asked them.

Fuxi and the others nodded. It was, in fact, very easy for them to do it.

Then, Hilario stretched out two of his fingers. Suddenly, a power of space burst out from his fingertips and a thin space channel was instantly formed.

Immediately after, a second space channel was formed. Then, a third, and a fourth...

Just within seconds, he was able to construct a thousand space channels.

"Hilario, what are you trying to do?" Even Kincaid was quite confused at what Hilario was trying to prove.

However, Hilario didn't answer and just continued to build numerous space channels. When he had created about one thousand and five hundred space channels, these space channels between his hands suddenly became extremely unstable. The originally well-arranged space channels started to intertwine with each other, and ultimately, they exploded.

The moment the explosion happened, Hilario gently rubbed his hands and the mass of energy that exploded immediately vanished.

"I still don't get it. How is it related to what the Evil God is trying to do?" Fuxi couldn't help but ask in confusion.

The Snake Goddess was the first to state her hypothesis. "The number of space channels in an area should only be limited. If there are too many, they would become unstable and collapse..."

She had actually done similar experiments before, but she didn't think of this concept.

"So, what you're trying to say is..." Zen's eyes narrowed as he kind of understood what was going on inside Hilario's head.

"The space power contained in the In and Out Holes is several times stronger. Like what I've demonstrated earlier, if there would be many In and Out Holes in the same area, they will all easily collapse," Hilario explained.

"Then, how many In and Out Holes can this area bear?" Kincaid asked straightforwardly.

Hilario furrowed his eyebrows while shaking his head. "I can't say the exact number. Maybe twenty, thirty, or even more..."

"If the In and Out Holes collapse, will the needle in the hole also be destroyed?" Fuxi asked as he started to understand where the thought was headed.

However, Hilario still shook his head.

He couldn't give any definite answer because he could only speculate based on his own knowledge. Besides, it was the first time that someone came up with this idea to deal with the needle. It was impossible to actually know what could happen.

At the same time, Zen released twenty-first set of In and Out Holes.

Then, another set of In and Out Holes was released by the downgrader.

The Evil God responded by releasing another set, making it the twenty-third in the area.

The competition that took place after the needle appeared became anticlimactic.

But obviously, it wouldn't end up in a stalemate, because the Evil God couldn't hold on much longer.

Every time he transformed some of the Source World's provinces, the Holy Soul Realm warriors and the Eternal Realm warriors on his side would cringe and show a depressed expression. However, they didn't dare to say anything to the Evil God. Right now, it was the Evil God who was deciding on everything. If they would go against him, they might be the ones transformed into energy.

Even the Grandmaster of Heaven didn't say anything, though his face was also incomparably grim. At the back of his mind, he knew that if this went on, they would definitely lose.

Not long after, the downgrader released the thirty-first set of In and Out Holes, increasing the number of holes in the area to sixty-two. The needle passed through the maze of holes, making it impossible to determine where was the front end and the back end.

Without any hesitation, the Evil God transformed over thirty provinces and released a black hole again.

However, at this moment, something unusual started happening.

The surroundings of the black hole became slightly distorted.

The more unusual thing was that the distorted ripples around this black hole also appeared in other black holes.

Upon seeing this, the Evil God revealed a devilish smile. "Finally..."

The real Evil God had tens of thousands of avatars, and each one of them possessed exceptional intelligence.

According to what they agreed upon with the real Evil God, these avatars took action independently and carried out all sorts of odd experiments that usually involved the space power.

From the start, the Evil God knew that with such a large number of In and Out Holes, they would inevitably collapse soon enough. This was actually what he was waiting for.

Crash!

Then, the Evil God released another white hole, and ripples of space fluctuations also appeared around it.

When the ripples spread to the other white holes, all of the In and Out Holes began to sway left and right. One moment, they were expanding; the next they were shrinking. Just as Hilario deduced, the huge space channels finally became extremely unstable.

As a rigid body, the needle would definitely conflict with all of the unstable In and Out Holes.

Some of the holes that shrank tightly held the needle. The space and the needle violently rubbed against each other, producing ear-piercing sound waves in the entire chaos. As the other holes expanded, they also collided with the needle inside, causing even stronger space distortion.

Right now, the space was in utter disarray.

"It's really happening! With the thirty-two set of In and Out Holes, the space couldn't bear them!" the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord exclaimed in surprise as he witnessed the chaos.

"But it doesn't seem like the In and Out Holes could do anything with the needle. I think it is withstanding the violent reactions of the holes!" Geoffrey said as he observed.

"It would actually be better if the needle is cut off by the broken In and Out Holes. The three primitive lands would only be impacted by the space windstorm..." Hilario said in a gloomy tone.

"But what if it can't be cut off?" Zen asked.

"I'm not sure, but theoretically, if the needle is able to bear that great force, it would still be compressed and twisted by the power of the space." Hilario demonstrated by showing a crooked finger. "Then it would straighten up!"

He continued demonstrating and flicked his finger.

With his explanation, the others easily understood what he meant.

The needle would become as thin as a steel rope, and the great force that it would release would destroy everything it came into contact with.

Just as Hilario finished his demonstration, all of the In and Out Holes suddenly collapsed simultaneously, leaving many pieces of needles floating in the air. The needle was not actually broken, but it was the illusion created after the space was wrecked.

The moment that the In and Out Holes collapsed, the pieces of the needle began twisting like countless frantic leeches.

Chapter 4287 The Gamble Of Life

The needle, twisted and distorted badly, trembled violently as it tried to return to its original straight profile. If it wanted to forcefully break the space, it had to be connected as a whole.

This was a fight of physics. The needle represented an indestructible mass, but the space had been separated. Consequently, the aftermath was extreme.

All kinds of shock waves burst and rippled outwards.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

A huge claw-shaped shock wave swept towards Zen's primitive land, gouging out a large chunk from its surface. Another shock wave drilled into the earth, leaving a pit that was dozens of miles deep.

While Zen's primitive land and the downgrader's Burial Land were caught in the line of fire, they were both solid enough to bear the impact.

However, the Evil God had transformed the materials in many large provinces into energy. Consequently, many parts of the Source World were weakened. When the shock waves rained onto the Source World, it cracked like an eggshell.

In a matter of seconds, the entire surface of the Source World was riddled with holes.

Fortunately, no materials or creatures had been left in these provinces, so it wasn't that big a deal. However, the proud Evil God couldn't tolerate this easily.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After a few moments of twisting and turning, the indestructible needle finally broke the rules of space.

The space that bound and distorted the needle broke, and the parts of the needle began to connect again.

Even though the segments of the needle connected, it was still crooked, since it was forcibly twisted by the In and Out Holes.

Then, the needle tried to return to its originally straight state, moving like an uncontrollable metal whip that was lashing around violently.

It smashed anything in its way, without exception.

Splash!

A deafening sound of grinding metal echoed throughout the space as the needle tried to stretch back to a straight profile, a small crooked part of it shooting towards the Burial Land.

"What in the world..."

The downgrader's eyes widened as he saw the incoming needle.

He initially had absolute advantage over the whole situation.

He had felt like the Source World didn't even qualify to join this battle, and figured they would be the first to suffer.

Even he could tell that the Evil God was trying to drag out his feeble existence at this point.

Yet, how did the tables turn so suddenly?

Splash!

As the needle whipped towards the Burial Land at a terrifying speed, the downgrader's eyes darted all over the place as he tried to come up with a solution. He wanted to build a hole, but the space in this area was still in chaos, so that was out of the question.

"Stop!"

the downgrader shouted, as he controlled the array plate in front of him. The entire plate was then enveloped in a red light.

What happened next was exactly the opposite of what he wanted.

While he could control the extending speed of the needle, reduce the extending speed to zero, and even force the needle to shrink back, he couldn't change the direction of the needle.

Moreover, the huge stress contained in the needle from having been twisted was outside his control.

As a result, he wasn't able to stop the needle.

To his horror, the needle continued heading towards the Burial Land.

Crack! Rumble!

The collision made a deafeningly thunderous noise.

One of the three corners of the Burial Land had been smashed into smithereens.

Inside this corner was a huge space, where countless Troubled Creatures lived. They had been clamoring and raising their morale, as they were preparing to join the upcoming war.

But before the real war had even started, the skies began to crumble before them.

Broken pieces of the sky, together with a huge silver creature, fell to the earth. The Troubled Creatures were swept away in the blink of an eye; they didn't even have the time to scream.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The Burial Land was originally in a stagnant state, but once one of its corners was hit, the remaining kinetic energy pushed itself to spin.

Fortunately, after colliding into the Burial Land's corner, that specific curved part of the needle instantly straightened out and did not cause any further damage.

However, there were many other curved parts of the needle that were still moving irregularly, trying to straighten out.

On the jadeite platform, Zen and his companions were dumbfounded as they watched this scene unfold before them.

Although Hilario had expected this, even he was taken aback.

"The Evil God...

Was this his plan from the very beginning? This is horrible!

He is gambling his own life," the Snake Goddess said, her eyebrows furrowing deeply.

Zen didn't spare any time to speak. He focused on controlling the primitive land, avoiding the needle as best as he could.

A fifth of the Burial Land had been destroyed after one of its corners was hit. If it was hit by the needle head-on, it was doomed.

The same went for Zen's primitive land; unfortunately, it was so vast that it was hard to navigate in such a way that they could avoid the needle completely.

As the primitive land moved slowly, the needle whipped around violently. Then, its bent head shot in the primitive land's direction at a frightening speed.

Everyone on the jadeite platform raised their heads in unison.

A huge tear appeared on the blood red sky, as if a pair of scissors had cut open the blood red cloth, revealing the chaos outside.

It seemed the huge needle had shot forward enough to pierce through the primitive land's skies, but it had stopped there and whipped back.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

If the needle had hacked down any further, the primitive land would have been split in half. They were lucky it had left only a wound.

Now, the needle was heading towards the Source World at an even faster speed. Fortunately, it stopped in its tracks again, and whipped backwards, towards the Burial Land.

In the black hall, the Evil God buried his face in his hands and began to laugh hysterically.

His shrill laughter echoed in everyone's ears.

When faced with this undefeatable opponent, the Evil God had decided to unleash utter chaos, to even out the playing field.

While that was his plan, it was also a gamble.

Seeing the needle coming straight for him once more, the downgrader was consumed with fury.

If this was a game of luck, why wasn't luck on his side?

Right now, if the needle hit the Burial Land, it would probably be completely destroyed.

"Withdraw!"

the downgrader said wisely. He had grown quick witted in the face of danger. He controlled the array plate to force the needle to retract.

Then, he watched as the needle shrank rapidly. Just as it was about to lash at the Burial Land, it shrank to a size that completely missed the Burial Land.

Now, it was shooting towards the opposite direction once more.

"It's time for you to die." The downgrader laughed maniacally.

The Source World was right in the needle's path.

The downgrader controlled the array plate to make the needle grow rapidly again.

Swoosh!

The needle turned into an unimaginably huge metal whip that was lashing towards the Source World. The Source World at this point was like a fragile egg that was about to be smashed with a stone.

Chapter 4288 The Collision Of Worlds

Being smashed, the Source World released a massive amount of fragments.

The largest of the fragments were several trillions of miles long and wide, while the smaller ones were thousands of miles long. They formed a spreading band of debris that floated up and down.

After the needle smashed the Source World, it rebounded in the opposite direction, then swung back. Eventually, the vacillations slowed, and the needle stopped moving, returning to its original form.

Fuxi, the Snake Goddess, Yasamin, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, and the other natives of the Source World looked at their broken world with silent sorrow.

They had been born and raised in the Source World. It was their home. Its utter destruction was a heavy cross to bear, and they felt heartbroken at the loss.

At the moment, however, they had little time to nurse their grief.

Once the needle had returned to its original straight form, it began extending further and further. It was aimed now at the primitive land.

The Burial Land also sped up, keeping parallel with the primitive land.

As everyone watched, a few minutes later, the point of the needle came very close to the primitive land.

Just as it was about to pierce the land, a new set of In and Out Holes had been formed.

Because the primitive land had already left that chaotic space, Zen could easily release a new set of In and Out Holes.

The black hole sucked in the needle, and the white hole spat it out.

The needle was now heading towards the Burial Land, which was flying parallel to the primitive land.

As the needle drew closer, another set of In and Out Holes appeared. Immediately the needle vanished into the black hole and was sent back over the primitive land.

This was the same situation as before—except this time, the Source World was gone, and the fierce battle between the three worlds had turned into a desperate contest between the remaining two.

The key point was that both sides were moving. This was important, because it prevented the space around them from collapsing due to the number of holes being created.

Ideally, with an infinite energy source, an infinite number of holes could be summoned, letting the needle bounce from one point to another for countless repetitions.

Strange sounds were released as the enormous needle moved in space.

It almost sounded like the splashing of waves and the howling of wind, at the same time.

As the huge needle zigzagged back and forth, it released the noise of a massive tide surging unhampered through space.

A corner of the Burial Land had been broken, so the sound was clearly transmitted to everyone inside.

In the face of the deadlock, the downgrader was patient. He mechanically released the holes to counterattack.

His companion was less sanguine. The Snake Spirit King couldn't help but ask, "How long will you be able to keep doing this? Will you just go on indefinitely?"

"Of course not," the downgrader replied calmly.

"Then what are you going to do?" said the Snake Spirit King anxiously.

The downgrader's tone remained cool and steady. "I need you to fight," he said.

"Me? How?" said the Snake Spirit King, sounding startled and confused.

If the two worlds collided, there was no question about his fighting abilities. The Snake Spirit King would not hesitate to lead the charge and rush into battle.

But as things stood right now, there was no other role for him to play but that of a passive onlooker.

"Take this," said the downgrader.

He pointed directly at the Snake Spirit King with his finger. A bright white ring had enveloped the king's head—the embryo of the white hole.

The Snake Spirit King looked down at the white ring, his eyes widening. "What should I do?"

"Send it over," the downgrader replied.

"What do you mean? I have to send the hole over?" said the Snake Spirit King, looking stunned.

"Of course," the downgrader said coldly. His manner left absolutely no room for negotiation. The Snake Spirit King was not fully convinced by this plan, but he had no choice except to agree.

Within minutes, the Snake Spirit King's body became blurry. It was fusing into the environment. After the Snake Spirit King was completely concealed, the downgrader sent him into the chaos.

As the needle approached the Burial Land, the Snake Spirit King leapt up. Moving with quiet precision, he landed on the silver needle and attached himself to it.

The Snake Spirit King was relatively large compared to many other creatures, but compared to the gigantic needle he was tiny. Moreover, since the downgrader had helped him to hide himself, it was virtually impossible to see him with the naked eye.

With another strange, buzzing and sloshing sound, the needle once again changed its direction.

A new set of In and Out Holes had appeared, and the needle was now extending towards the primitive land.

Zen did not detect the presence of the Snake Spirit King. He simply released new holes, planning to keep sending the needle back towards the Burial Land.

In that instant, the shadow of a snake detached itself from the needle.

As the Snake Spirit King jumped, he released the white ring on his head. In a split second the white ring had expanded into a massive white hole. As Zen watched with astonishment, a corner of the Burial Land slid out from the white hole, crashing into the primitive land.

The Snake Spirit King, positioned in the center of the white hole, was carried into the primitive land.

With a heavy boom, the two worlds collided.

The primitive land started to shake. So did the Pear Hill and the jadeite platform.

Zen, Kincaid, the Snake Goddess, and the others had not expected this turn of events.

Before their very eyes, the blood red sky had been torn apart, revealing a sharp corner of the Burial Land drilling in. Meanwhile, they saw the shadow of an enormous snake rolling in the air. It was none other than the Snake Spirit King.

The Snake Spirit King was slightly dazed, for he had also felt the brunt of the impact. Nevertheless, he was triumphant to find himself in the primitive land.

"I have come in!" he cried.

The downgrader did not respond. Azure space doors appeared on the corner of the Burial Land, and a group of black Troubled Creatures rushed out. There were so many of them that it was impossible to count. They surged out of the doors and swarmed in the sky like locusts. From a distance, they looked like an ominous, thick black mist.

There was a buzz as a figure suddenly appeared in front of the Snake Spirit King.

It was an incarnation of Zen.

"We meet again," roared Snake Spirit King. "Today I will have my revenge!"

However, even as he spoke, a powerful force locked onto his huge body. At the same time, Zen said coolly, "This is my territory. Here, you can't be considered my opponent."

Zen stretched out his fingers and made a gentle pinching motion. Instantly, the Light of Annihilation covered the Snake Spirit King's body, while the force that locked him in place increased tenfold.

The Snake Spirit King, as a Treacherous Being, was abnormally strong. But he was not even able to offer the slightest resistance to Zen's attack. Inch by inch, he was crushed by the unyielding force, until he had dissipated completely.

In the past, the Snake Spirit King had the advantage in the Jade Pure Realm due to his reliance on the Limited Omnipotent Stone. It was different now. Zen was omniscient and omnipotent, and the Snake Spirit King no longer had even a small chance of defeating him.

However, the Troubled Creatures continued to howl and hiss as they poured out of the space doors.

The noise they made was overwhelming.

Zen watched them without any discernible change of expression.

By now, there were at least hundreds of thousands of Troubled Creatures swarming in the red sky.

The ones in the front had already noticed and targeted Zen. They let out their strange howling cries as they rushed towards him.

"You? You are too weak!"

Zen tilted his head slightly, and waved a hand in their direction.

He released a powerful surge of energy that transformed into invisible blades, which shot with deadly precision towards the Troubled Creatures.

In a second, the invisible blades sank into the flesh of the Troubled Creatures.

They did not even understand what was happening. One moment, the wind was blowing in their ears, and in the next, they had been chopped and sliced into pieces.

Black blood rained down as broken and dismembered limbs sailed through the air.

All the Troubled Creatures died instantly.

However, those space doors were still open, and more Troubled Creatures emerged. The attack showed no signs of slowing down.

Zen flicked his hand a few more times, until the air was thick with the stench of blood and death. However, as he slaughtered these Troubled Creatures without any difficulty, he felt doubt and suspicion forming in his mind.

These creatures were cannon fodder. It was meaningless to send them in for the purpose of defeating Zen. Why was the downgrader doing this? What was he planning?

Chapter 4289 Illusion

Zen slightly raised his right hand.

More invisible blades emerged and shot towards the space doors.

As they penetrated through the bodies of the Troubled Creatures, these blades hit the surface of the space doors.

Whoosh! Crack!

The space doors were actually as fragile as a piece of glass in the face of Zen's invisible blades. He was able to effortlessly break them into pieces.

However, just as Zen shattered them, more space doors suddenly appeared around him.

With this, more Troubled Creatures continued to swarm and rush out.

Zen couldn't help but snort at the sight of all the new Troubled Creatures that surfaced, but he just continued to attack them and kill them off without breaking a sweat.

At the same time, the Burial Land could witness the merciless death of the Troubled Creatures.

Although it seemed that these Troubled Creatures were flooding the area, it only took Zen a few moments before he finished them off.

As the number of the space doors increased, Zen also released more and more blades. The rate at which he killed the Troubled Creatures was much faster than their appearance. That was why he was able to fully obliterate them along with the space doors.

However, after killing them off, Zen suddenly noticed that there was something wrong with the bodies that he had slain.

After Zen had successfully killed them off, their corpses didn't actually fall to the ground. Instead, they floated in the air as if they weren't affected by gravity. From afar, they looked like black insects in various shapes that hovered over a large area.

"Did you finally realize?" The Snake Spirit King's voice sounded in a contemptuous tone. "Too bad for you, it's too late!"

The black corpses began to move and merged with the other bodies until they formed a humongous hand that attempted to grab Zen.

"Is that it?" Zen said with an unimpressed tone.

He then narrowed his eyes and gathered his power. He summoned countless invisible blades that formed a storm around him, spinning from top to bottom.

However, as soon as the invisible blades were about to set out, they were suddenly destroyed.

"What the hell happened?"

Zen was taken aback and was confused at the sudden turn of events.

"Ha! Do you think that this is still your territory?

This area has already been contaminated by the Troubled Creatures. This space is now under our control!

Prepare to die!"

The enormous hand made up of the corpses of the Troubled Creatures completely grasped Zen's body and exerted a tremendous force.

Splat!

In an instant, Zen's whole body was crushed into pieces.

"Ha-ha! That's what you get for being too arrogant. You're only human. How dare you—"

The Snake Spirit King suddenly stopped in the middle of his sentence, surprised at what he saw from afar.

Another avatar of Zen appeared outside the contaminated area. He stared at him with an indifferent expression and said, "The bodies of the Troubled Creatures are actually filled with the energy of the Pollution Extreme Form, which is a kind of energy to contaminate the space. I've never used it before, so I wanted to verify what it could do. What are you so happy about?"

The real Zen was still on the jadeite platform, while the Snake Spirit King was facing his avatar. He could actually summon as many avatars as he could if he wanted to.

"You arrogant bastard!"

The Snake Spirit King felt so humiliated with Zen's mockery that he was filled with rage.

He quickly controlled the black corpses and formed a huge hand again, aiming directly at Zen. However, Zen didn't even dodge, and the big hand crushed him again.

Immediately after, another avatar appeared.

This time, Zen raised his hand, and balls of light the size of marbles condensed behind him.

These balls of light were not created from his omnipotent power, but rather from the Purification Extreme Form, which could instantly purify the space that was contaminated by the Pollution Extreme Form.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The balls of light rained on the black corpses torrentially.

They drilled into them one after another.

Suddenly, the black color of the corpses quickly faded and turned into the color of the flesh.

These countless flesh-colored corpses floated in the air and gave off a terrifying aura. Soon enough, the contaminated space returned to its original state.

If Zen hadn't obtained the Heavenly Ring Staff, he wouldn't be able to do anything about the Pollution Extreme Form. As a result, he would have no way to prevent the downgrader from polluting and devouring his entire primitive land. But now, it didn't even take him much effort to restore it and launch a counterattack.

"This is our place. Although the Burial Land forcefully broke in, they still wouldn't be able to do anything with Zen." The Snake Goddess assessed that the situation they were in was much better than she imagined.

"But I still didn't have the chance to make a move." Geoffrey was sulking a bit because he had been itching to fight in this war. However, Zen had already blocked the Burial Land by only using a few of his avatars.

"Will you continue to hide behind the Snake Spirit King and these weak creatures? I didn't expect that you were such a spineless coward!" Zen continued to unleash his invisible blades to kill the Troubled Creatures. From time to time, he would use the Purification Extreme Form when the black corpses had already accumulated to a certain extent.

"My master doesn't need to deal with you personally! You're not even worth his effort!" the Snake Spirit King sneered.

At the same time, several huge space doors appeared.

This time, the Snake Spirit King summoned Troubled Creatures that were more peculiar than the previous ones.

As the huge space doors opened, ginormous Troubled Creatures rushed out one after another. There were giant snakes with multiple heads, ghosts with long arms, spiders with several legs, and many others.

"Really? You think that these could make a difference?"

Zen glanced at all the creatures with a taunting expression on his face.

Except for their obviously larger bodies, these Troubled Creatures were no stronger than the previous ones.

Zen didn't even change his way of attacking. He just increased the number of invisible blades to slaughter these creatures.

In no time, they were all cut to pieces.

However, the Snake Spirit King didn't stop summoning these Troubled Creatures. More and more of them came in various forms and sizes, fearlessly rushing and sacrificing themselves.

Then, there were millions of them…

Tens of millions…

Hundreds of millions…

However, all these waves of black corpses were just purified by Zen. The downgrader would never succeed in contaminating the primitive land by just using the Pollution Extreme Form.

At the same time, Hilario had been observing in silence as Zen continued to slaughter the Troubled Creatures. Although the Pollution Extreme Form was easily resolved by Zen, he still couldn't shake the feeling that there was something wrong going on.

He clearly knew that the downgrader was an extremely intelligent being. There should be some meaning behind all these seemingly useless things that he was doing.

'Is he doing something while our attentions are focused on these creatures?'

Then, Hilario suddenly raised his head and looked at the corner of the Burial Land that pierced into the primitive land. It was just a small part with respect to the entirety of the Burial Land, but it was still quite huge.

After all, the Burial Land was large enough to swallow two primitive lands.

'Swallow?'

Hilario realized something. His eyes instantly widened. "Zen! Project the image outside the primitive land!"

The real Zen, who was standing on the jadeite platform, looked at Hilario with furrowed brows but still did what he was told. As he pointed to the air, the image of the outside was projected on the jadeite platform. From there, they could clearly see the corner of the Burial Land that drilled into the primitive land.

"Is there something wrong? What do we need to see here?" Kincaid asked as he was also a little confused with Hilario's sudden request.

After studying the projected image, Hilario continued, "Zen, can you try and push that corner out?"

"Huh? I'm afraid that's difficult to do," Zen said while shaking his head. Doing so would actually be equivalent to lifting the entire Burial Land upwards.

With Zen's current strength, he could easily prevent the Burial Land from invading further into the primitive land, but it would be difficult to completely get rid of it. He actually preferred to fight the downgrader head-on, but the latter had never shown himself.

"Just try it!" Hilario insisted.

Although Zen didn't really understand why Hilario was strongly suggesting he do it, he still followed and did his best to push the corner.

With that, his avatar raised his hand.

In an instant, the power of the entire primitive land was directed to that corner.

Rumble! Rumble!

With the avatar's full power, the corner was slowly raised to a height, but it was quickly pressed down hard again.

"I can't do it. It's too heavy," Zen said as he turned to Hilario.

Then, Hilario pointed at the image of the outside and said, "Even if it was just a little, you were able to lift the corner of the Burial Land, but the image didn't move one bit. It means that the image is fake! It's just an illusion created by the downgrader!"

Chapter 4290 Outside The Primitive Land

The collision of the Burial Land into the primitive land created a huge shockwave. Even though only a corner of the former had made contact, there was a loud noise and it attracted everyone's attention.

At that very moment, Zen himself was busy killing the Troubled Creatures and purifying the energy of the Pollution Extreme Form.

Hearing Hilario's words, he realized that something was wrong and decided to find out what was going on.

The best way to do that was to utilize the Illusory Vision of the Soul Extreme Form!

The consciousness created by the Illusory Vision quickly spread out in all directions and he began sensing everything that it touched.

Its radius was increasing at an extremely fast speed, and in a very short period of time, it would have been able to reach the end of the chaos.

However, before that could happen, the consciousness encountered an obstacle. As soon as it left the primitive land, it was completely absorbed by a mysterious force and vanished without a trace.

"How is that even possible?" Zen almost shouted in shock.

The consciousness had spread out in all possible directions. Even if it hit a barrier in one direction which captured and erased it, what about the consciousness in other directions?

The primitive land was enormous in size now, which meant there was only one way that this could have happened. The primitive land needed to be wrapped up in something larger than itself for that consciousness to be completely absorbed.

Wrapped up...

Zen's heart began thumping at the thought.

He looked up at the blood red sky overhead and suddenly realized something, which darkened his face.

"Father, what's wrong?" Geoffrey instantly noticed Zen's grim expression.

Not only him, but the others did so as well.

Zen didn't answer the question, though. He narrowed his eyes and created an avatar that appeared at the edge of the primitive land.

Whoosh...

The avatar reached out and placed his palm on the inner wall of the primitive land.

This wall of the primitive land was extremely thick and generally considered impenetrable. This was the consequence of absorbing countless heads in the chaos. Even Eternal Realm warriors would not be able to break through it into the chaos. But this wasn't going to hinder Zen.

"Go!"

Zen's avatar spat out.

Then, with a soft, fluid movement, the avatar went straight through the wall, quickly passed through it, and was outside.

Logically speaking, the avatar should have been gazing into the empty chaos now.

But instead, he saw large, black mountains standing in the distance. And somehow, these mountains were upside down, with their peaks touching the ground instead of towering above.

"Waah... Waah..."

"Goo..."

"Coo!"

There were hundreds of Troubled Creatures on the black mountains. When they discovered the avatar, they immediately sensed that this was an extraordinary prey. They spread their wings and charged towards him.

But even before the Troubled Creature in the front could approach him, a snow-white light had already shot into its chest. After drawing an arc in the air, the light returned back to the avatar's hand. This was a light shuttle, made up of the energy of the Purification Extreme Form.

The black matter in the body of the Troubled Creature faded away. It fell on the surface of the primitive land and died instantly as a result.

Outside the primitive land, Zen's avatar couldn't use the omniscient power, which might be nothing but an annoyance at best. Dealing with these Troubled Creatures was still a piece of cake for him.

The trouble was, the Troubled Creatures didn't know about fear and even after one fell, they still swarmed towards Zen's avatar However, the light shuttle went on rushing forwards like the sickle of death. After it had drawn numerous irregular curves in the air, hundreds of bodies were lying on the ground around Zen's avatar.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang...

The corpses of the Troubled Creatures piled up beside him.

However, the reason Zen's avatar had left the primitive land was not to kill these Troubled Creatures. He wanted to investigate and find out what was going on. He also had a theory he needed to verify.

After killing over a thousand Troubled Creatures in the chaos, he was planning on leaving and going to a place from where he could observe more.

He stretched out a hand and clasped his thumb and index finger together. Calmly, he folded the space between him and his targeted area and in the blink of an eye, he had moved several trillions of miles. Now, he was standing at the top of the primitive land.

Just as he had reached there and was beginning to look around, a voice came from behind him. "Good. Have one long look at this place... Your last look at it!"

This was the voice of the Snake Spirit King!

Zen's avatar whirled around instantly, but there was nothing behind him. Before he had a chance to put up his guard, a thin tail had quietly wrapped itself around his throat and lifted him up.

Swoosh...

"You're in my world now, and I rule this place!"

Zen's avatar was lifted up into the air by the tail, and saw the giant head of the Snake Spirit King in front of him.

Inside the primitive land, the Snake Spirit King did not stand a chance against Zen, which was why the fight hadn't been too long. But now, the tables had turned, and it was Zen who had barged into the Snake Spirit King's territory.

The snake tail changed direction as it seized Zen. Zen looked around and saw black mountains and Troubled Creatures everywhere. He was finally sure that he was inside the Burial Land now. His theory was right. The primitive land had been devoured by the Burial Land and no one had noticed!

"Ha-ha..."

Zen's avatar sneered as the light shuttle in his hand quickly lengthened into a blazing white light sword. With a fierce slash, he cut off the slender snake tail that was choking him and turned around. In the blink of an eye, the light sword had been shot into the Snake Spirit King's mouth.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

The sword released countless slender white lines inside the body of the Snake Spirit King. These lines themselves were also white in color and they forcefully sliced Zen's opponent into countless pieces. The huge snake body collapsed like a mountain that had lost its foundation and broke into pieces, falling down like confetti.

The attack power of the Purification Extreme Form was not too strong, but Zen wasn't actually facing the Snake Spirit King. Rather, what was in front of him was also an avatar, which meant that it was easy to face him.

Buzz!

A brand-new snake appeared behind Zen instantly. This time, the avatar was about the same size as Zen himself. When the snake appeared, it wrapped itself around Zen's body. Then it raised its head, gazed into Zen's eyes, and asked in a malicious tone, "Can I be your opponent now?"

"You? Not a chance!"

The energy of the Destruction Extreme Form suddenly burst out from Zen's body. It created six short, purple swords which circled around the snake's body and once again, Cornelius's avatar was slashed into countless pieces.

Possessing energies from the various Extreme Forms, Zen was still extremely powerful even though it was his avatar who was fighting and he was outside the primitive land.

As soon as this particular avatar was dismembered, a new avatar appeared like clockwork, once again wrapping itself around Zen's body. "It doesn't matter how many times you slice my avatar. This is a battle between two worlds. Once I devour your primitive land, then I'll see if you are as good as you think you are!"

The Snake Spirit King laughed, and hundreds of black spirals appeared in the inner space of the Burial Land. One of them landed on the surface of the primitive land and began spinning like a crazy top.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack...

The surface of the primitive land was remarkably sturdy, but when compared to the black spiral, it was as fragile as glass. It cracked rapidly, and every single thing, from the smallest grain of sand to the broadest of the mountains began falling off!

The black spiral was only the size of a person, and the amount of matter it peeled off from the surface of the primitive land was pitifully small. In fact, what it did was almost negligible compared to the huge primitive land.

However, there were trillions of these black spirals and each of them was spinning in various places.

They had landed on the primitive land like locusts. Looking from afar, it was as if the surface of the primitive land had been covered with a layer of black gauze!

The elements that formed the surface of the primitive land were quickly peeled off, separated into confetti, and then absorbed!

After swallowing the primitive land in one huge gulp, the Burial Land was planning on digesting it bit by bit!

Chapter 4291 The Final Announcement

The downgrader was very aggressive. From the moment he had released the needle, he had already planned every step ahead.

Zen, on the other hand, followed a relatively conservative approach. He only fought back at whatever came at him.

However, the downgrader was able to control the needle, thus he kept the initiative. Besides, he had gained a wealth of experience. He had been in the Deep Space for a long time, so he was much more proficient in the use of all kinds of Extreme Form energies.

"Ha-ha ha-ha... I won't kill you. I'll let you watch as I devour your primitive land..."

the Snake Spirit King teased with a smug smile.

He had a keen awareness of emotions and could sense Zen's despair.

Zen stopped his counterattacking. It was an exercise in futility to keep killing the Snake Spirit King's avatars in the Burial Land. He could only observe this scene silently.

The size of each black spiral was comparatively quite small, and the speed of them devouring the primitive land was also limited. However, there were simply too many of them. If this continued, the primitive land wouldn't be able to last for too long...

On the jadeite platform.

Everyone swept their eyes over anxiously. They sometimes studied Zen's real body, while also looking at the fake projection, trying to figure out what had happened.

Not long after, Zen's real body finally moved. He gently flicked his finger, and the fake illusion that had been projected onto the jadeite platform disappeared.

"Zen, what's going on?" Kincaid was the first to question the events.

After a moment of silence, Zen explained, "We're already inside the Burial Land. The Snake Spirit King is maneuvering the Burial Land to devour the outer wall of the primitive land..."

Although everyone present had been mentally prepared, their faces still darkened after Zen confirmed their suspicions.

"Then what can we do?" Yasamin asked in a low voice.

This was a situation unlike any they had ever experienced. Even the Snake Goddess, who was extremely intelligent, was at a loss.

Kincaid questioned, "Hilario, if one world is wrapped up in another world, how will the rules be changed?"

Although the Bold Conjecture House had performed all sorts of strange experiments, the question Kincaid raised was an unpopular topic that few people would be interested in studying. If one primitive land wrapped up another primitive land, who would then be the real controller?

Hilario was also stumped by the question. "I haven't conducted any relevant research. I wonder if the other members of the Bold Conjecture House might have some experience. Wait for me. I'll go to the Other Shore..."

With those words, Hilario returned to the Other Shore.

After half a minute, a Descending Ring flashed with a golden light. However, the one who descended was not Hilario, but a thin human spirit.

"Greetings, Master Kincaid! I'm Barth from the Bold Conjecture House." The human spirit named Barth saluted.

Kincaid waved away formalities with his hand. "You don't have to be so courteous. Can you answer my question?"

Barth nodded. "I'm in charge of the research into the secondary worlds. I'm an expert in this field, so Master Hilario asked me to descend here. Back then..."

"Get straight to the point!" Kincaid rushed to cut him off from rambling.

Given the critical situation, Barth was wasting time with nonsense, which left everyone speechless.

"I once created several primitive lands at the same time, observing as they merged and devoured each other. One of these test cases was similar to what you have encountered—a large primitive land devoured a small primitive land..." Barth continued to unhurriedly explain.

Kincaid, the Snake Goddess, and the others shared helpless looks on their faces, but they could only let him continue explaining in his meandering way.

Zen, on the other hand, wore a look of concern. "What will happen to me as the controller of the smaller primitive land once it is devoured?"

"You will not be affected," said Barth with a smile. "Your controlling force and the Snake Spirit King's will become integrated. What's interesting is that as a controller, you can even assert control over the Burial Land in turn. To put it bluntly, you and the Snake Spirit King will fight for control over the whole Burial Land. The winner will take all."

Hearing this, the Snake Goddess couldn't help but blurt out, "It wouldn't be advantageous for them, right?"

Barth responded with a smile, "Yes, it's a great disadvantage to them. It's simply stupid to do so. The Snake Spirit King and the downgrader must have never done experiments of this nature. They mistakenly believe that they can control everything by devouring the primitive land, but in fact, the opposite is true..."

Although this thin man was verbose and rambling on, everyone became more patient to hear what he had to say.

The situation remained critical, but there was now a chance to fight back. It was unclear who would win in the end, anyway.

However, the primitive land was probably no longer a safe haven, and an unprecedented and fierce war was looming.

The people on the jadeite platform had already been mentally prepared, but this war involved countless innocent people: the people in the large cities on the Pear Hill, the people in the Ruin Graveyard, the people in the divine land, and even the people in various universes who knew nothing about the outside world.

"I want them to know the truth, so even if they die, they will know the reason..." said Zen.

"What do you plan on doing?" asked Fuxi.

"Announce it to everyone."

As he spoke, Zen tapped his tiptoe on the jadeite platform and launched himself into the air.

"I'm Zen, the controller of this primitive land. Whether you hail from the Pear Hill, the Ruin Graveyard, the divine land, or the universes, you're all under my protection..."

While his voice did not have significant penetrating force, Zen had immediately activated the omniscient power, causing his voice to ring in everyone's ears. It was as if hundreds of trillions of Zens were whispering an explanation to countless people.

"At this moment, the primitive land has encountered a great crisis. A larger world has descended, and the primitive land will fall into turmoil. Everyone living within will have no way to escape…

But I will do my best to protect you all..."

In the divine land, on the edge of the Time Sea.

A girl with sad eyes looked up at the sky. She was Yolande.

She had asked Mike to take back a Heavenly Destiny. Although her cultivation level had returned to that of a world lord for a while, she broke through the shackles and became a True God, finally entering the divine land.

When Zen's voice rang out, she felt as if she was in the Evolutionary Universe once more. At that time, Zen's voice had often echoed across the universe.

In the Evolutionary Universe, the Supreme Lord of Original Sin, the Supreme Lord of Oracle, and the other Supreme Lords even thought that Zen had returned.

They had been trying to communicate with Zen through the Roaring Tokens.

In the fairy palace...

Inside the Pear Hill...

Humans, nonhumans, and intelligent creatures all experienced different thoughts when they heard Zen's words.

Many didn't believe what they heard, while some didn't care, others were sad, and many were crying...

Whether they were willing or not, they were about to face an inevitable catastrophe.

Once Zen returned to the jadeite platform, he began to communicate with the ancestry-level bloodline.

After the Heavenly Ring Staff was taken back by Geoffrey, the ancestry-level bloodline took away the spirit in the staff, which was the crystal. The ancestry-level bloodline was trying to find its own memories in it.

However, the process was not going smoothly. This crystal was in a completely sealed state. The ancestry-level bloodline feared damaging the crystal, so it did not dare to use too much power on the crystal.

"The outer wall of the primitive land will be broken. No matter what happens, you must return to my body first," said Zen.

The ancestry-level bloodline accepted Zen's instructions without hesitation.

The huge blood red sky began to shrink, converging into an extremely thin blood pillar, and then it entered into Zen's body, taking with the crystal that belonged to the Heavenly Ring Staff.

Chapter 4292 Merging Into One

After the ancestry-level bloodline went back to Zen's body, only one hundred and forty rings which were the energies of the one hundred and forty Extreme Form energies floating in the sky.

It was a little complicated to control the Extreme Form energies, so Zen created one hundred and forty avatars—each of which was responsible for one kind of energy. When he needed to use any of the energies, he would activate one of his avatars to control it.

However, the primitive land was about to be captured, so he had to prevent the Extreme Form energies and the avatars from being destroyed.

After thinking for a while, Zen gently raised his hand, and a mysterious power of space circulated his fingertip. After the avatar in charge of the Hyperspace Extreme Form opened his eyes, a space began to envelop all of the energies and the avatars.

"Shrink!" Zen commanded.

Swoosh!

The space began to shrink. The one hundred and forty kinds of energies as well as the avatars also shrank with it, until finally, they all landed on Zen's palm.

He looked at the space on his palm and heaved a sad sigh.

After he put the space away, Zen's gaze swept across everyone present.

Everyone there all had mixed feelings.

They thought back to the start of the war in the Source World to their successful escape. The steps they had to take to reach this moment were not easy at all.

The end of the chaos was not worth mentioning now. What they had to focus on now was facing the Snake Spirit King and the downgrader.

Fuxi said with a wide smile, "Even if we lose, it will all be worth it. There were so many civilizations before us, but none of them were able to experience what we experienced!"

"I had never thought of fighting against such powerful enemies before. If I had known about the force we were about to face today a lot earlier, I'm afraid I would have given up on day one," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said expressionlessly.

"It's not just you. I didn't think I'd ever reach this point, either," Hilario replied, shaking his head.

While they seemed to be full of fighting spirit, in their hearts, the feeling of despair quietly began to grow.

It was like they had worked so hard to hike up a mountain, only to reach its peak and realize there was still a dangerous ladder they had to climb. It was difficult for them not to feel despair, especially when their previous efforts seemed to be for nothing.

Kincaid, however, was having none of it. "Wait, why do you guys think that we're going to be the ones who will lose?" He spoke up. "Let's not forget—whatever the downgrader has, we have it too. If that's the case, why are you guys so sure he's going to win?" he continued.

"Master Kincaid's right! Also, Zen controls the Extreme Form energies. As the controllers of the primitive lands, they are equally matched in strength. More importantly, we have something that they don't have," the Snake Goddess exclaimed.

Zen asked in astonishment, "What do you mean?"

"Listen to me first."

Ignoring Zen's and everyone else's puzzled expressions, the Snake Goddess continued, "The human spirit called Barth said that when a big primitive land devours a small primitive land, the former wouldn't have any advantages. The controllers of the two primitive lands have the same authority, right?"

"Yes," Zen confirmed.

"The Snake Spirit King and the downgrader definitely don't know about this. If they did, they wouldn't have chosen to devour your primitive land," the Snake Goddess continued to explain.

Zen thought about it for a while before nodding his head in agreement. The Snake Goddess' analysis made perfect sense.

"When the two worlds merge into one world, your omniscient and omnipotent power will meet no obstruction in the Burial Land. You can find out the Snake Spirit King in an instant and kill him!" the Snake Goddess exclaimed.

As Fuxi, Kincaid, and the others heard the Snake Goddess' suggestion, their eyes lit up with hope. But it was quickly turned down by Hilario, who said, "Cornelius is in the form of a Treacherous Being. It will not be easy to kill him."

As Hilario said, the reason why Treacherous Beings were so terrifying to face in combat was that it was extremely difficult to kill them. Even if one used the Light of Annihilation to kill the Treacherous Beings, the latter would still be able to revive themselves through their coordinates.

If Zen used the Flame Extreme Form, he didn't need to use the Light of Annihilation. He could directly burn the Snake Spirit King to death. He had already done it once on the Other Shore, but the question was this—how could he remove the Snake Spirit King's coordinates?

"It shouldn't be difficult to find his coordinates with your omniscient power," the Snake Goddess said, her brain still swiftly racing.

"Yes. If his coordinates are in the Burial Land, there might be a good chance I can kill him," Zen said, growing more hopeful.

"But what if his coordinates aren't in the Burial Land but on the Other Shore?" Hilario asked again.

Now, everyone fell into silence.

It wouldn't be easy to find the Snake Spirit King's coordinates if they were on the Other Shore.

"Ha-ha..."

Kincaid laughed suddenly, breaking the silence. "Cornelius is a very cautious person. I'm afraid he wouldn't want to be separated from his coordinates. There's a high chance of him bringing his coordinates to the Burial Land, but still, we can't be a hundred percent sure we'll win this war. All we can do is try!"

"Forget the hundred percent chance of winning! Even if the chance is slim, we still have to go on to fight!" Zen said, punching his fist into the air.

Outside the primitive land, Zen's avatar was still tightly held by the Snake Spirit King. He looked down.

When the black spirals eroded the primitive land, they might have absorbed a portion of the matter that fell off from the primitive land. These black spirals grew stronger and stronger each minute. As a result, the speed at which they eroded the outer wall of the primitive land grew quicker and quicker.

It was as if they were peeling off a fruit, grinding the primitive land's outer wall bit by bit.

This might take a longer time, but it was the safest plan in the eyes of the Snake Spirit King and the downgrader.

On a peak of the Burial Land stood the Snake Spirit King's real body, and on his head stood the downgrader.

"We're at an absolute advantage with this strategy. The Source World has been smashed into pieces. Congratulations! You've won the battle earlier than we expected," the Snake Spirit King said, praising the downgrader.

However, the downgrader's six pairs of light blue, compound eyes were not celebrating. Instead, his eyes looked bored. "Well, it is a little boring..." he said, trailing off.

"What do you mean?" the Snake Spirit King asked in surprise.

"I've fought against Clarence countless times, and every battle with him was fierce. I did my best whenever I was battling him, but I always failed to take him down. Now that I fight with these weak existences, there is no challenge in it for me. I can't help but find this all boring..." the downgrader said, shaking his head in disappointment.

"Clarence... Who is he?" the Snake Spirit King asked cautiously.

The downgrader scoffed. "You are not qualified to know," he said coldly.

Although the Snake Spirit King cursed in his heart, he didn't dare to say anything about it.

Four hours later...

One-fifth of the primitive land's outer wall had been eroded.

Six hours later...

Half of the primitive land's outer wall had been eroded.

Ten hours later...

The once thick wall of primitive land became thin. It had only about one-tenth of its original thickness.

At this time, the Snake Spirit King released an aura smelling like blood, which spread to every corner of the Burial Land.

"Splash..."

When the Troubled Creatures of the land smelled the blood, they followed it like they were hungry sharks. They flapped their wings and surrounded the huge primitive land.

They waited. When the outer wall of the primitive land was completely eroded, they would rush towards it.

"Desperate?" the Snake Spirit King's avatar asked.

"Ha-ha..." Zen's avatar sneered, refusing to entertain him.

Looking at all the Troubled Creatures surrounding the primitive land, he couldn't help but think of what the Snake Goddess mentioned. The Snake Spirit King and the downgrader didn't know that when the boundary was broken, the two primitive lands would merge into one. They weren't aware of the consequence of what they were doing.

Another hour later, the outer wall of the primitive land cracked. Countless holes and crevices began to appear. The rest of the broken shell was completely eroded by the black spirals until finally, the two worlds merged.

Swoosh...

"We've succeeded!" They cheered.

At this moment, the Snake Spirit King felt a lot of information rush into his mind.

Before, the primitive land was like a locked, black box to him. He couldn't open it up or see through it. Now, it was as transparent as water. He looked at it intensely as his mind absorbed endless details. His omniscient ability finally extended to Zen's primitive land.

However, what the Snake Spirit King didn't know was that Zen felt the same way about the Burial Land.

Chapter 4293 Assault

The entirety of the Burial Land now came into Zen's view.

From the specific number of the Troubled Creatures, to the huge jars that were used to nurture Troubled Creatures at the bottom of the black mountain... Zen could see it all.

He could even sense the horde of Troubled Creatures swarming over to the primitive land, their minds filled with craziness, restlessness, and strong killing intent.

However, Zen had no interest in them. Instead, he focused on finding the location of the Snake Spirit King's coordinates.

Buzz!

In the blink of an eye, the figures of the Snake Spirit King and the downgrader appeared in his mind's eye.

While the two of them both had an acute sense of perception, they didn't notice Zen's watchful eye. If it were anyone else, they'd have found out immediately, but Zen's state of omniscience was different. As opposed to spying, this omniscience let him know everything about anything in a single thought.

"The downgrader, and the Snake Spirit King. I've found them now..." Zen said to the others.

However, this still wasn't what he was looking for.

"The Snake Spirit King's coordinates..."

In his state of omniscience, nothing in the Burial Land could remain secret to him. As long as Zen thought about it, he would instantly get the answer. His mind was quickly directed to the bottom of a mountain. There, he saw the Snake Spirit King's coordinates, which were encased in an orb of black light. Additionally, a golden ring surrounded the black orb.

Buzz...

Zen shot a quick glance to the others and gave them a comforting nod before abruptly teleporting to the Snake Spirit King's coordinates. However, he did leave a replica of himself before he left.

Shortly after, the Snake Spirit King set foot on the Pear Hill. His huge body slowly coiled up onto the peak. All the while, he hissed proudly. He didn't even bother to hide his complacency in his golden eyes as he revealed himself before everyone.

"Panic, fear, and uneasiness," he exclaimed elatedly. "I feed off of your negative emotions!"

What he said was true. The eyes of the Snake Goddess, Kincaid, Hilario, and everyone else were filled with anxiety. However, their uneasiness actually stemmed from fear that Zen's movements would be found out. Whatever the case was, their panicked expressions worked like a charm to delude the proud Snake Spirit King.

The Snake Spirit King was so carried away that he couldn't be bothered to check if the Zen before him was just a replica, nor did he even use his omniscient power to read their minds. He believed that everything was well under his control. Kincaid, Zen, Hilario, and Itzel... None of them would be able to change anything. There was no longer any chance for these weaklings to turn the tide, he firmly believed.

"My foolish daughter! Did things go as you wished?" the Snake Spirit King sneered, directing his forked tongue at Itzel.

Standing at the corner of the jadeite platform, Itzel stared coldly at her father, disgust written all over her face. "Might I remind you, father," she snapped back, "Your wishes haven't been fulfilled, either. How pathetic!"

"How dare you!"

The fact that he failed to upgrade the world was a terrible blow to the Snake Spirit King's ego. Although he had already tried to accept it as fact, he still felt furious and embarrassed when Itzel pointed it out. Unable to suppress his anger, he opened his huge mouth in an attempt to swallow her whole.

Kincaid, Hilario, and Rocher all immediately sprang into action, ready to strike back. However, before they could even get close, a strong, burly figure had already stepped forward.

Before the Snake Spirit King could react, Geoffrey had closed in on him in a heartbeat and swung his large fist at the Snake Spirit King's body.

Pop!

A light muffled sound rang out, as though Geoffrey had hit a piece of cotton. However, the power that erupted from his blow was extremely terrifying.

The huge body of the Snake Spirit King caved in upon impact, and the power even penetrated through his body. An energy wave strong enough to distort the space within tens of thousands of miles rippled out, influencing even the Troubled Creatures that had just set foot onto the primitive land. Despite them being so far away, these creatures were still blown away, losing their balance.

Clatter!

After the punch was landed, the Snake Spirit King's body instantly disintegrated into ashes.

Everyone who had witnessed this scene was stunned into silence.

After Geoffrey had returned from his long journey, he was known to have undergone a drastic change. Once when he had sparred with Rocher, his power had surprised everyone. However, he now displayed even greater power that was far beyond everyone's imagination.

"Let me protect you all!"

Geoffrey said with a smile as he waved his huge fist.

After returning to the chaos, he hadn't yet used his strength to its full potential. His body was, after all, the strongest physical body in the Deep Space, and its power was so great that even he himself was startled. This great power boosted his confidence; he was a different person now.

Buzz...

Moments later, a new Snake Spirit King appeared before them.

He hissed in frustration, shooting an annoyed glance at Geoffrey.

"I must admit, what a strong force! You really surprised me." Narrowing his eyes at Geoffrey, he continued, "But that doesn't matter, it won't make a difference. Do you really think you can defeat me?" He sneered disdainfully.

Bang!

As soon as he finished speaking, Geoffrey materialized in front of him once more and punched him right on his forehead.

His body was powerful enough to transcend the restraints of space. To a certain extent, his movements were beyond the Snake Spirit King's prediction, regardless of his omniscience.

The Snake Spirit King's body was once again blown to smithereens.

However, what Geoffrey killed was only another avatar. As long as the Snake Spirit King wanted, he could create thousands of such avatars.

Buzz...

Once the avatar was killed, the Snake Spirit King summoned a new one to take its place, which was then killed by Geoffrey again.

It became an endless cycle of summoning and killing. This scene soon became too much for the others to take in.

As they watched in awe, Kincaid and the rest did not try to interfere. Geoffrey's intentions were clear: he wanted to distract the Snake Spirit King with his incredible strength so that Zen would have enough time to complete his mission.

Speaking of Zen, as Geoffrey continued to kill the Snake Spirit King's avatars, he had quietly appeared at the foot of a mountain, which was only several feet away from the Snake Spirit King's coordinates.

Zen frowned. He had planned to appear right in front of the coordinates. With his omnipotence, it should have been easy for him to achieve that. However, there was something special about the golden ring, which blocked him from doing so.

Although his teleportation had been disturbed by the golden ring, this distance was close enough for him. Shrugging it off, he decided to proceed immediately.

If the Snake Spirit King noticed something was amiss and tried to find out where Zen was, his current location would immediately be exposed to his enemies. In fact, the Snake Spirit King only needed to check what the people on the jadeite platform were thinking to know what their plan was!

"Destruction Extreme Form!"

A circle of purple energy formed in front of Zen, from which a spear quickly materialized...

Grasping the spear firmly in his hand, he jabbed forward towards his target.

Bang!

The long spear stabbed into the surface of the golden ring and made a harsh, crisp sound. The golden ring trembled, and several cracks appeared on its edge.

"It's not destroyed? Oh no!"

Zen had expected he would penetrate through the golden ring and shatter the coordinates in one blow. Never in his wildest dreams would he have imagined this ordinary-looking golden ring would withstand the Destruction Extreme Form energy!

However, he quickly gathered his bearings. Withdrawing the long spear, he quickly landed another blow. Simultaneously, he summoned two replicas beside him.

Meanwhile, from the top of the mountain, the Snake Spirit King and the downgrader had all their attention focused on Geoffrey.

Geoffrey's strong body was definitely something beyond their expectations, and consequently they had been caught off guard. It seemed Geoffrey's plan was working, as they had failed to shift their attention away from him.

"This young man's body is incredibly strong. Moreover, I can feel that his soul is equally strong. If I wasn't connected to the Burial Land, I would be no match for him. Why is there such a powerful warrior in the primitive land? Is this a result of the Extreme Form energy?" the Snake Spirit King inquired.

The downgrader shook his head. "He was the one who brought back the Heavenly Ring Staff. He must have obtained a great fortune in the Deep Space. Both his physical body and soul are the strongest in the Deep Space. It's normal that you are not a match for him."

"It's a pity such strength will go to waste," the Snake Spirit King said complacently, a smile creeping on his face.

"Don't slacken your vigilance. They've grasped the Extreme Form energies. It's not worth mentioning to me, but..." Before the downgrader could finish his sentence, his six pairs of eyes suddenly flashed with a red light, and uneasiness emanated from him.

Chapter 4294 Indestructible

The downgrader's eyes suddenly widened in realization. He discovered that the golden ring was under attack, and it already got damaged!

The golden ring, also known as the Narrow Steel Ring in the Deep Space, was an immensely powerful defensive treasure invented by a genius of the Cinnabar race. Even the downgrader was amazed when he first saw it. He was awed by the inventor's wisdom and the fact that he managed to create such a powerful treasure with the Extreme Form energy.

After the downgrader had obtained the irregular heavy sword, he used the Extreme Form energy to build the Narrow Steel Ring. However, it was a pity that he was not in the Deep Space right now. That was because the creation of Narrow Steel Rings required some specific techniques and materials from the Deep Space. Therefore, the downgrader could only make a simplified version.

Yet, although he had only made a simplified Narrow Steel Ring, it still had a spectacular defensive ability. It should've been impossible to damage it with just a single blow!

"What's wrong?" the Snake Spirit King asked curiously. He could not understand why the downgrader felt worried when everything was well under their control.

"Someone is trying to destroy your coordinates and my Source Light..." the downgrader answered.

"What? But how could that happen?"

the Snake Spirit King said in disbelief while he subconsciously began to think about the possible answers. As he did so, his omniscient abilities immediately conveyed all the relevant information to him.

It included the inner thoughts of the people on the jadeite platform, the reason why Geoffrey continued to attack his avatars in vain, as well as

Zen's current location.

As the information flashed in his mind, he saw Zen, who thrust a purple spear towards the golden ring. After he did that, numerous cracks appeared on the ring's surface.

Bang!

With a crisp sound, the cracks immediately spread to the entire body of the Narrow Steel Ring. If Zen thrust the spear once more, the Narrow Steel Ring would undoubtedly break into pieces!

"Stop!"

the Snake Spirit King yelled, his face blanched in fright. He quickly attempted to teleport himself beside Zen to block the spear.

The downgrader's reflexes were much faster than the Snake Spirit King's. However, he needed a longer time to use the Grand Teleportation technique, since the Burial Land had been handed over to the Snake Spirit King. As a result, they did things almost simultaneously.

Just as both of them were about to teleport away at the same time, two avatars of Zen suddenly appeared behind them.

"Exile!"

In a split second, two cubic spaces enveloped the downgrader and the Snake Spirit King.

Buzz...

They felt their heads spin for a moment, then they got sent out of the Burial Land at the same time and found themselves floating somewhere else in the chaos.

"What?"

In turn, the downgrader's six pairs of compound eyes instantly turned bright red. He quickly understood the situation and spiraled into a flurry of emotions.

"It's Zen... He could control the Burial Land?!"

It was not until the Snake Spirit King got kicked out of the Burial Land that he realized what happened.

"Stop him, my avatar!"

Since they got sent quite far away, it was not easy for the Snake Spirit King to go back. Thus, he immediately created an avatar beside Zen.

But before his avatar could stop Zen, the purple spear which was formed from the Destruction Extreme Form energy had already stabbed the Narrow Steel Ring.

Bang!

Covered in cracks, the Narrow Steel Ring finally broke apart at that one thrust.

As a defensive treasure, it was already impressive enough to have withstood three blows of the Destruction Extreme Form energy before it finally shattered.

However, the long spear did not stop even after it broke the Narrow Steel Ring. Next, it pierced through the black orb of light and punctured the coordinates.

Crack!

The moment the coordinates, which were two golden crosses, came into contact with the Destruction Extreme Form energy, they instantly turned into a heap of fine golden powder.

The poor Snake Spirit King had sensed everything through his connection to the Burial Land. He even knew how many pieces his coordinates had broken into, but he could not stop it from happening. He could only watch helplessly in a daze. If he could not do anything, then what use were his omniscient abilities?

"Help, help me..." On the brink of death, the Snake Spirit King desperately asked the downgrader for help.

"You died of stupidity," the downgrader only remarked mockingly.

"I... I..."

The Snake Spirit King failed to finish his sentence, as his body slowly became snow-white in color, then a translucent shade. Eventually, he completely disappeared from the downgrader's vision.

The chief culprit behind the destruction of the main world and the one who had brought the Four Spirits Sect to its end finally died in this way.

After he died, his avatars could no longer move, as if they had lost their souls.

Meanwhile, Zen stretched out his hand and stabbed the avatar's body with the purple spear, which blasted it into pieces. His lips curved into a relieved smile.

On the jadeite platform, the Snake Spirit King's avatars originally kept forming in succession before Geoffrey quickly killed them. Just as Geoffrey began to worry that his physical strength could not hold on for longer, the avatars suddenly stopped appearing.

Did Zen succeed?

Or did the Snake Spirit King just give up wasting his time fighting with Geoffrey?

A moment of silence later, everyone turned to look at Zen's avatar. They knew this avatar was connected to Zen's consciousness.

"Zen! How's it going now?" the Snake Goddess asked.

Everyone on the jadeite platform went silent and eagerly waited for Zen's avatar to answer.

The avatar paused for a few seconds before the corners of his mouth curved up into a smile. "I have removed the Snake Spirit King's coordinates," he said.

Kincaid, Hilario, the Snake Goddess, Geoffrey, Rocher, and the human heroes' energy souls all felt stunned for a moment — then they jumped in joy.

"He really made it!"

"It was easier than I expected!"

"As the saying goes, 'the smarter one will win in an inevitable confrontation.' Because they were both world rulers, this fight quickly yielded results!"

The crux of the battle between the world rulers lay on seizing the advantage of time. It was especially important for Zen to have obtained the most crucial information from Barth, and the Snake Goddess' suggestion was no less significant.

As the others celebrated, Itzel looked relaxed. Her father, who had remained one of her worst nightmares, was finally gone. Her curse that had lasted for over a thousand chaotic eras came to an end at last.

While everyone basked in their excitement, Zen added, "Although his coordinates have gotten destroyed, the orb of black light still exists. I can't eliminate it..."

Everyone on the jadeite platform felt very optimistic already, but their happiness did not last long when Zen pointed out the graver issue. Then, they became serious once again.

They had not forgotten the fact that the downgrader remained their biggest threat.

At the bottom of the mountain, different rings flashed in Zen's palms one after another.

He tried every kind of Extreme Form energy in succession, but none of them worked to affect the black light.

Whoosh!

A white ring released a blazing beam of light, which melted the entire mountain right away. However, the black light was still undamaged.

"Zen, why don't you try to exclude that entire area from the land?" the Snake Goddess advised his avatar, who was on the jadeite platform.

At that moment, Zen's eyes lit up as a blue ring materialized in front of him.

"Hyperspace Extreme Form!"

Buzz!

A space of ten miles in length, width, and height appeared in a particular area. This space was completely isolated from the primitive land.

"Exile!"

Zen tried to exile everything in this specific space, including the black light.

Theoretically, this entire space should have gotten exiled into somewhere else in the chaos. However, the black light still floated in its original position and did not even move an inch at all.

A headache began to brew in Zen's head. This thing was a tougher challenge than he had imagined!

"Ancestry-level bloodline... Do you have any idea?" he asked helplessly.

Although the ancestry-level bloodline had been busy dealing with the crystal, it had also paid attention to Zen's movements. Of course, it had also noticed the black light earlier.

"When we were in the Jade Pure Realm, I noticed something familiar in this orb of black light," said the ancestry-level bloodline.

"What's it?" Zen asked hurriedly.

"I can't tell. My relevant memories were lost. Perhaps we can find the answer in the crystal," the ancestry-level bloodline answered.

"Alright..."

While Zen communicated with the ancestry-level bloodline, his eyes remained transfixed on the black light. As he looked closely at it, he began to feel a strange sensation. He felt as if someone was staring back at him in the black light.

The second he was about to speak, he heard the downgrader's laughter from within the black light.

"Ha-ha! Have you found me? You have sharper eyes than I thought!"

Chapter 4295 Tools

As the downgrader floated in the chaos, his six pairs of compound eyes shone a bright, flashing orange. He sized up Zen.

When Zen noticed the downgrader, he was not threatened at all. If anything, he merely mocked him with a chuckle.

However, Zen's heart sank as he heard the downgrader's words. It seemed that he did not care about the death of the Snake Spirit King, which was not a good sign.

"It turns out that I can't control the primitive land by devouring it directly.

When a large primitive land devours a small one, this leaves the two controllers to have the same power. The Snake Spirit King is really a good-for-nothing bastard.

You must have known this secret and made plans accordingly," the downgrader nagged. "But because you were born in this chaos, you have limited knowledge. I can only assume that someone from the Bold Conjecture House told you this."

The downgrader always had a better understanding of nature than anyone else. With ease, he could quickly come up with the most accurate guesses and answers.

Meanwhile, Zen intently stared into the black light as he felt a great pressure of energy from it.

When he was in the Jade Pure Realm, he hadn't known the downgrader well. However, he had enough confidence to put up a fight against the downgrader and almost win. Now that Kincaid had woken up and Geoffrey had returned with the Heavenly Ring Staff, he gradually realized that the downgrader was more complex than he seemed.

Even if he disposed of the Snake Spirit King, it seemed that everything was still in the palm of the downgrader.

"So what?" Zen asked.

"Your resistance is notable and surprises me, but the effort you make is in vain," the downgrader pointed out.

"In vain?" Zen's eyebrows ruffled as he pulled himself together. "Don't forget that I am now the owner of the Burial Land. I also have the Extreme Form energies of the Deep Space while you are all alone!"

It seemed that Zen had the upper hand and he shouldn't fear the downgrader any more.

"Hahaha..."

The downgrader roared with frightening cackles and shrieks. "Your present struggle reminds me so much of the Sacred Spirit race. They were born as indestructible stone tablets. Would you like to guess how they planned to defeat me?"

Zen looked at the ground, not saying a word.

The downgrader nodded and continued, "They united as one and grew together to form a huge stone cage that trapped me within. It's a pity you weren't able to witness it. It was truly an unprecedented big move. Though the power of the sixth-grade world is far weaker compared to that of the seventh-grade and eighth-grade worlds, they were persistent and determined all throughout, which resulted to a very cruel ending."

"What... What happened to them?" Zen couldn't help but ask.

"Oh, they turned from stone tablets to tombstones. Hahaha!" The downgrader let out a merciless laugh. "When I injured Clarence in the fifth-grade world, I won. That says a lot, because in this world, only Clarence can stop me. And you, you're just materials and tools. All brawn and no brain."

"We still have our own intelligence," Zen defended with his eyebrows raised.

"No, you don't." The downgrader looked down and shook his head. "Your intelligence is too low. Undeniably, it is impressive that you have reached this point, but like I said before, you are all tools. Without Clarence, you are nothing. You have no idea how funny it is to see you explore the chaos like chickens with their heads cut off,"

he said with a tone of revulsion, as if Zen's small, shallow understanding disgusted him.

"Without Clarence, we can also win. Otherwise, why did you attach yourself to the Snake Spirit King all these years?" Zen retorted. He was definitely not going to back down on such argument.

"Clarence lost his memory in the Deep Space while I lost my strength. Since then, it became extremely difficult for me to downgrade the worlds." As he spoke, he stretched out his slender arms and the parts of the irregular heavy sword appeared one by one, slowly piecing themselves together. "Now that I've regained my strength, everything is different." He smiled, "Let me show you how to properly use this weapon."

Buzz!

Just then, the cracks across the heavy sword began to flicker with a bright light.

Oddly enough, the light was not monochrome; it was colorful.

Within the sword, various Extreme Form energies quickly switched around.

Swoosh!

At the same time, Zen felt a sudden change within the Burial Land.

"Troubled Creatures!"

Before, when the Snake Spirit King used black vortexes to get rid of the outer wall of the primitive land, he ordered the Troubled Creatures to attack. That was when a vast number of Troubled Creatures swarmed to the primitive land from all directions, attacking left and right.

However, Zen's primitive land had expanded a lot. This brought about a long distance between the outer wall to the Pear Hill and the Ruin Graveyard in the center. It would take the Troubled Creatures quite a long time to get there.

Once he controlled the Burial Land, Zen ignored the Troubled Creatures so they safely continued to fly in the void.

If one looked closely from the farthest corner of the Burial Land, they would easily spot a number of Troubled Creatures huddled together like a black ball as they moved towards the center.

All of a sudden, blue bands of light appeared on the bodies of the Troubled Creatures. Simultaneously, their bodies increased in size as the black ball moved even quicker than before.

Realizing that something was wrong, Zen appeared in the center of the Burial Land and immediately sent a message as the controller. "All of you, return! Now!"

Because the Troubled Creatures were born in the Burial Land, they were completely under Zen's control.

The creatures were determined to get to their goal and quickened their pace. However, the moment they heard Zen's message, they stopped in their tracks and flowed backwards. The ball they formed expanded as they made their way back.

Splash!

Just then, black flames appeared at the center of the Burial Land too. With the irregular heavy sword in his hand, the downgrader roared his order, "Kill everything you see! That is an order!"

When the Troubled Creatures heard this, they roared once again and charged forward. At the hands of the downgrader, they actually disobeyed Zen's order without hesitation.

The downgrader looked at Zen with a grin across his face. "Look how weak your power is. What kind of controller are you?" he mocked.

Zen's face darkened at the downgrader's words. "These Troubled Creatures can't withstand even a single blow. What is it to you if you can control them?"

Without a second thought, Zen released a thousand avatars.

When he'd used an avatar before, the avatar wiped out a hundred million Troubled Creatures. Though the creatures were enormous, they were still considerably weak in battle.

This time was different, and it went beyond any of Zen's expectations.

As one of the avatars rushed towards the Troubled Creatures, he released invisible blades from his body. However, before the blades approached the Troubled Creatures, their bodies fluctuated. They charged and tore the avatar into pieces.

Likewise, they did the same to the other avatars before them. Within seconds, all the avatars were ripped apart by the Troubled Creatures, which puzzled Zen even more. His best counterattack stood absolutely no chance.

"I made a few light changes to them. Do you like it?" the downgrader said, smiling down at Zen.

Chapter 4296 Infinity

Zen looked at the densely packed Troubled Creatures with disbelief.

These Troubled Creatures that were previously weak like ants had suddenly turned as terrifying as beasts.

"You could change all the Troubled Creatures?" Zen asked, staring at the downgrader with wide eyes.

"Of course," the downgrader replied. It seemed that he had long anticipated this question, and he said indifferently, "I just gave them the Hyperspace Extreme Form, making them more free."

Taking a deep breath, Zen closed his eyes and quickly got a number. Seventy-six billion six hundred and nineteen million three hundred and thirty-four thousand four hundred and eighty-one.

This was the number of Troubled Creatures.

"You could give this many Troubled Creatures the Extreme Form energy?" Zen asked again as he still couldn't believe it.

"Of course," the downgrader replied calmly.

"No way! No one can do that!"

Zen argued, refusing to accept his answer.

With a wave of his hand, three thousand avatars appeared and surrounded him.

As soon as these avatars popped up, they immediately used the Grand Teleportation to rush towards the Troubled Creatures.

The result was the same as what happened before.

After the avatars appeared around the Troubled Creatures, they were like innocent sheep being mercilessly thrown into a vicious tiger's mouth. They were instantly slaughtered and torn apart.

In just half a minute, all three thousand avatars died.

The direction in which these avatars used the Grand Teleportation was completely random, which meant that the downgrader didn't lie about his claim. He had truly bestowed the Hyperspace Extreme Form on tens of billions of Troubled Creatures.

"How did you do it? It's impossible!" Zen's voice sounded of a hint of bitterness. The downgrader had indeed done something he couldn't imagine.

The consumption of the energy was tremendous, and the primitive land wasn't capable of continuously supplying it.

For example, the Evil God possessed all the Extreme Form energies, but he usually didn't dare to activate such energies because the Source World couldn't provide enough energy for him.

Zen had the ancestry-level bloodline, so he had more energy than the Evil God.

The ancestry-level bloodline had limitless energy that could supply about ten people with Extreme Form energy at the same time.

This was already remarkable and impressive.

Yet, the downgrader could supply tens of billions of Troubled Creatures with Extreme Form energy all at the same time.

He was countless times more powerful than the ancestry-level bloodline. In comparison, the energy of the ancestry-level bloodline came out as a ridiculous joke.

The downgrader observed Zen's expression, and there was a bit of mockery in his intense glare. "You think it's impossible because the energy of the ancestry-level bloodline has been enough to make you proud and even laugh so arrogantly until this turning point.

Do you think the ancestry-level bloodline can provide energy as infinite as a river? Ironically, a river's length is infinite but its width is limited. I'm afraid that's not the real infinity.

This is what real infinity looks like..."

the downgrader said, raising the irregular heavy sword in his hand.

Buzz!

Purple energy started to flash from each of the cracks of the irregular heavy sword.

This was the Destruction Extreme Form.

At the same time, the eyes of all the Troubled Creatures turned into purple.

They were all infused with the energy of the Destruction Extreme Form.

If the Extreme Form energy burst out all at the same time, it would be enough to destroy the huge Burial Land hundreds of times!

"Real infinity refers to infinite length, infinite width, and infinite size. There isn't a single limit to this word." The voice of the downgrader resonated with some kind of magic power.

Every word he uttered was a heavy punch to Zen's heart, making him tremble.

"Why can't I do this?" Zen asked.

"Why?" The downgrader chuckled as he seemed to have heard a joke. "I've already said that you're just a tool, not a person who uses the tool. I guess you don't understand the meaning of infinity at all. This is the limit of your life, Zen."

"As you said, I am a tool. But the ancestry-level bloodline has its consciousness. Why can't it do this, either?" Zen asked again as he was losing his patience.

The downgrader, who was so sure of winning, dealt with him very patiently. He continued to explain, "It had inadvertently obtained its consciousness. It's also just a tool."

Zen fell silent for a while.

The ancestry-level bloodline didn't refute even as it heard these words.

"I... I don't believe it!"

Zen growled as flames suddenly appeared in his eyes.

Circles of light then began to appear above his head.

Seven kinds of Extreme Form energy exploded in alternating turns, strengthening his body like crazy.

In order to fight this battle, Zen had tried to strengthen himself with Extreme Form energies and trained both day and night. These seven kinds of Extreme Form energy were indeed the most effective.

His body expanded rapidly, turning him into a height of ten feet. Precious crystals appeared on the surface of his body that made him look like an enormous glass man. A pair of blue wings unfolded from his wide back, and finally, a purple sword appeared in his hand which he gripped tightly.

The downgrader saw the changes in Zen, but he remained composed. He then raised the irregular heavy sword horizontally.

"The Probability Extreme Form!"

Zen let out a roar that shook the whole area.

A large cloud formed above him and the downgrader and started to envelop them.

Zen summoned one thousand avatars, and so did the downgrader.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The long purple sword, which was transformed from the Destruction Extreme Form, and the irregular heavy sword collided with each other repeatedly, bursting out the power of destruction each time. In the blink of an eye, they had already clashed for more than ten thousand times. The entire cloud was filled with powerful energy. Any ordinary Eternal Realm warriors would have disappeared in such an environment in an instant.

"You don't have to be shamed into anger," the downgrader said as he easily withstood all of Zen's attacks. "Clarence and I have used more than ten million tools. In fact, you are the best among the rest."

"You are the tool! Go to hell!" Zen's sword attack became even more powerful as he was consumed by his rage.

Boom!

The energy of the Destruction Extreme Form exploded, igniting a huge purple flame that surrounded the downgrader.

After the purple flame dissipated, the downgrader came out unscathed. "I'm praising you..."

But before he could finish his words, Zen struck him again.

The purple flame engulfed the downgrader once more.

Because of the cloud, the people on the jadeite platform couldn't see the battle between Zen and the downgrader, but they saw the Troubled Creatures rapidly approaching.

"The speed of these Troubled Creatures is unimaginably fast. It's very strange," Kincaid said as he was the first to notice that something was wrong.

"Well, they seem to be much stronger than before," Hilario said as he observed.

"Zen, what's happening?" the Snake Goddess asked as she stared at Zen's avatar on the jadeite platform.

Of course, Zen's avatar knew the reason. He hesitated whether he should tell everyone the cruel truth or not. After thinking for a while, he said, "All the Troubled Creatures are given the energy of the Hyperspace Extreme Form by the downgrader."

"All the Troubled Creatures?" Hilario's eyes widened.

"Do you mean that every Troubled Creature has the energy of Hyperspace Extreme Form? Are you serious?" Hilario stared at Zen in shock, clearly in suspicion.

"There are a total of about seventy billion Troubled Creatures, and each of them is bestowed with the Hyperspace Extreme Form. At the same time, their bodies are also infused with the energy of the Destruction Extreme Form," Zen's avatar narrated in a dry tone.

"How is that possible? You must be lying..." Fuxi said as his voice trembled. He was confused at everything that Zen's avatar said.

Chapter 4297 Infinite Treatment

Nobody dared to look down upon the downgrader. If he was able to downgrade the worlds, then that meant he was extremely powerful.

Surely though, there was a limit to his strength.

The power he just exhibited exceeded everyone's expectations and filled their bodies with despair. How could he be so powerful?

"It wasn't a lie. He truly has real, infinite energy," Zen's avatar muttered, trying his best to remain calm.

"The real infinity..."

The Snake Goddess smiled in self-mockery. "If that is the case then resistance is futile."

All numbers meant nothing with regards to the real definition of infinity.

"It was once said that the truth was controlled by us six Chaos Ancient Gods; however, the infinite energy displayed by the downgrader is the absolute truth. This is power with no restrictions." Gerald could only sigh.

All hope that remained in their hearts had been quashed by this revelation.

It wasn't just them. Even the energy souls that floated around the Civilization Artifact also felt dejected. They had sacrificed themselves yet in the end, it was all for naught.

"But... Don't you still want to give it a try?"

Geoffrey asked.

His voice had been loud and everyone on the jadeite platform heard him.

Geoffrey's words triggered something in them. Kincaid, who had previously also lost hope, raised his head. "You're right! Despair is meaningless! Since we cannot escape death, then we must at least face it head-on in battle!"

"My dream has been completed. Even if I die, I will have no regrets," Itzel seconded.

"…"

With just a few hopeful words, the morale on the jadeite platform rose exponentially.

A blue ring of light appeared in the hand of Zen's avatar, which contained the energy of the Hyperspace Extreme Form.

"Zen? Why?" Rocher asked, having felt the mysterious power of space.

"You may be stronger than the Troubled Creatures but the fact remains that they have the Hyperspace Extreme Form. Other than Geoffrey, nobody else would be able to touch them. Allow me to help you offset their advantage," Zen's avatar replied.

Even if Zen's avatars were stronger than everyone present on the platform, the Troubled Creatures had no problem slaying every single one. This was because the Troubled Creatures were endowed with the Hyperspace Extreme Form, which rendered them uncatchable.

The only way to resist was to reduce this advantage. Zen's avatars could create a large area wherein everyone could muster the strength to fight back.

Zen's heart, however, was clear.

He knew that resistance was futile as they were faced against about seventy billion Troubled Creatures with the Hyperspace and Destruction Extreme Forms. There was no winning this fight.

Buzz!

One of his avatars suddenly appeared in a hall on top of Pear Hill.

Yan sat in the pavilion on the left side of the hall. Geoffrey's voice buzzed in her ears and she had half a mind to go and join everyone on the jadeite platform even if the Snake Goddess had yet to summon her.

"Brother?" Yan called out when she saw Zen's avatar.

"Would you like to join us?" he asked.

"Yes! Of course!" she replied with no hesitation.

In the fairy palace, another one of Zen's avatars appeared in Letitia's room.

His sudden appearance surprised her but she remained calm.

With her cultivation base, it was hard for her to tell whether it was truly Zen or just his avatar.

Nonetheless, Letitia gave him a gentle smile. "It seems that time is running out, huh?"

"Yes," he nodded. "I'm..."

Just as he was about to apologize, Letitia held a finger to his lips and shushed him. "You didn't do anything wrong."

And with that, Zen simply pulled her close and held her in his arms.

In a courtyard of the fairy palace, Margaret was currently placing some books in front of Salome. The young girl was extremely intelligent and could already read, so Margaret thought it best to borrow some books from the library for her.

In the midst of their study session, Zen's avatar quietly condensed and stared at her and Salome.

His appearance went unnoticed as Margaret was too busy sorting the books out.

Salome, however, noticed him and called out to her father. Margaret stiffened and when she turned around, her eyes were already red with tears.

She had heard Zen's announcement. She was no fool. She completely understood the current situation they were all in.

Unlike Letitia, however, Margaret was afraid of death and couldn't handle this calmly.

"Waah... Waah..."

With a loud sob, Margaret ran to Zen's avatar and collapsed in his arms. "Salome hasn't even grown up yet! She's innocent! She hasn't seen much of the world. Can you protect her and let her live on?"

Her words stabbed a metaphorical blade onto Zen's heart but he shook his head. "I'm sorry."

"What if you send her to the chaos?" Margaret asked again.

"Not even the chaos will let her escape this disaster," he told her.

"What about the Abstruse Energy World? Salome could live there, right? Why not send her there?" Margaret insisted, not willing to give up just yet.

She had heard of that magical world and knew her daughter was talented so maybe she could live there? She had no idea of the situation in the

Abstruse Energy World but she didn't care. All she wanted was for her daughter to live on.

"She won't be able to escape this disaster there either," Zen said, shaking his head once again.

Not understanding what was happening, Salome simply looked on at her parents and behaved well.

She had read many books but her time in this world was too short. Of course, she knew life and death but did not really have a good grasp of what those two concepts truly meant.

"Why? Why?" Margaret continued to wail.

Another avatar also appeared in Aura's room.

Zen wasn't the only one to say his final goodbyes to his family.

The Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and the other Eternal Realm warriors did the same thing. Some bade farewell to their loved ones, while others felt the need to inform their inner worlds of their imminent destruction.

In the cloud of Probability Extreme Form, Zen had transformed into a thousand avatars that launched more than ten thousand sword strikes towards the downgrader.

Despite the attacks, the downgrader did not even bother summoning his avatars to dodge.

More than ten thousand long swords came at him as he floated in the air, all of them transformed from the Destruction Extreme Form.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

There was a flash of violet as the purple sword radiance drew over ten thousand paths in the air in an effort to slash at the downgrader.

The power Zen released at that moment should've been enough to tear his enemy to shreds and even disintegrate him.

However, the downgrader remained completely unharmed.

In fact, a strong aura of life continued to emanate from his body as he activated the Life Extreme Form.

Of course, that alone was not the reason as to why he was able to withstand Zen's attack. In truth, an infinite energy of the Life Extreme Form was gathered in his body.

Any damage dealt to him was repaired at an imperceptible speed. That was why such a miraculous scene was delivered.

Chapter 4298 A Strange State

"Again!"

Zen roared, and over a thousand avatars appeared at his command again.

The avatars formed a circle while overlapping with each other and violently slashed the downgrader.

Ten thousand sword strikes.

Thirty thousand sword strikes.

One hundred thousand sword strikes!

Despite their all-out attack, the downgrader still emerged unharmed.

"I might have overestimated you," he sneered. "After all, you are not even a member of the Cinnabar race or the Fostering race in the fifth-grade world. You don't have that many chances to use the Extreme Form energies," he commented with a sly smile as if nothing happened.

After he finished speaking, he suddenly raised his hand and the irregular heavy sword emitted a blinding orange light.

Splash!

An orange ring of light then started to spread out from the irregular heavy sword.

When the orange ring of light passed through Zen's avatars who surrounded the downgrader, they instantly evaporated into beams of light and disappeared without a trace. Only the real Zen was left.

"You may not be convinced, but I can easily kill you even without using the infinite energy!"

Buzz!

The irregular heavy sword flashed with different colors this time. In an instant, massive amounts of Extreme Form energies were unleashed from each of its cracks.

When Zen saw the irregular heavy sword flashing, he became distracted.

"The Soul Extreme Form!"

Zen uttered as he recognized it.

However, the downgrader did not intend to use the Soul Extreme Form to create an illusion and control Zen. He only wanted to divert Zen's attention. Taking advantage of this opportunity, he rushed towards Zen as he dragged the irregular heavy sword. He pulled it up afterward, creating huge sword radiance.

Bang!

Without hesitation, Zen swung his purple sword at the irregular heavy sword.

He had immediately blocked himself from the attack of the heavy irregular sword.

However, an invisible force passed through Zen, splitting the cloud in half, which forced Zen to withdraw from the Probability Extreme Form.

"What?"

Zen's heart skipped a beat. With a gentle pinch of his hand, he bolted away from the downgrader through the Hyperspace Extreme Form.

However, the downgrader didn't let Zen get away. He went after him with a much faster speed.

Before Zen could leave, the irregular heavy sword cut through the distorted space and drew an arc in the air, slitting down towards his head.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The irregular heavy sword sheared down Zen's head, mimicking a sound of rotten wood being chopped down.

Zen's entire body began to twist, transforming into a strange kind of wood. The wood grew rapidly and entangled the downgrader. At this point, the downgrader was unable to break free as he was firmly planted in place. The light in his six pairs of compound eyes then dissipated, while the Extreme Form energies that flickered in the cracks of the irregular heavy sword gradually faded out.

"It is... The Energy-devouring Wood..."

A part of the downgrader's mouth had been shut by coiled branches. It was a bit difficult for him to speak or even mutter a few words.

The Energy-devouring Wood was a product of the combination of the Life Extreme Form and another extreme form. It had once been popular in the

Deep Space. The Cinnabar race had even created a forest full of Energy-devouring Wood to impede the attacks of the Fostering race.

The downgrader didn't expect Zen to employ the Energy-devouring Wood at all. He had accidentally been trapped by the Energy-devouring Wood which absorbed all the Extreme Form energies from his body.

"I don't even know what kind of wood it is. I only know that it can trap and kill you!"

Zen's eyes flared with a mix of colors.

By the looks of it, two kinds of Extreme Form energies had been heavily accumulating.

The purple color was the Destruction Extreme Form.

The white one was the Doubling Extreme Form.

The Destruction Extreme Form turned into a huge arrow that dragged a blazing purple flame behind.

While the Doubling Extreme Form formed both large and small white rings of light that extended from Zen all the way to the downgrader.

The Destruction Extreme Form was the most destructive of the one hundred and forty kinds of Extreme Form energies, and its power was multiplied by the Doubling Extreme Form.

The long arrow traveled fiercely across the small and large rings of light and shot the body of the downgrader.

Splash!

The sky suddenly lit up with what appeared as a huge firework.

The purple flame was, in fact, more than ten thousand miles long.

Any target that was hit would undoubtedly die, yet no trace of joy reflected on Zen's face.

The downgrader had changed the infinite energy into a limited one, which gave Zen a chance to counterattack.

However, he didn't think that he would kill the downgrader just like that. His trump card could at most save him some pride.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A round of applause came from behind.

As expected, the downgrader reappeared.

"You have already figured out these methods not long after you brought back the Heavenly Ring Staff. I underestimated you.

Unfortunately, you still don't stand a chance.

Go to hell!"

The downgrader reached out his hand and swept towards Zen.

His energy was boosting to infinity again.

Infinity meant that he was absolutely powerful and unparalleled, and no one could resist him.

But Zen suddenly disappeared.

He was still the master of the Burial Land after all. He didn't need to use the Hyperspace Extreme Form, the Grand Teleportation, or construct a space channel to appear anywhere. The reason he activated the Hyperspace Extreme Form now was to trick the downgrader.

Seeing Zen disappear without warning, the downgrader said indifferently, "Playing hide and seek is useless. This world is too small, and you have nowhere to escape. The Probability Extreme Form..."

Boom!

A thick black cloud then started to disperse.

The downgrader created a huge cloud that could fill the entire Burial Land. It was made up of countless smaller clouds.

As he stood beneath the huge cloud, Zen reacted quickly and turned into a thousand avatars who scattered in all directions. It was hard for the downgrader to find the real Zen now.

But after a few moments, Zen became desperate as he was struck with a realization.

Since there were one thousand avatars in a cloud, countless avatars should also appear in countless clouds. In Zen's eyes, numerous downgraders filled every corner of the Burial Land as well.

There was no way for over a thousand avatars of Zen to escape. All of them were instantly killed by the downgrader.

"This is your primitive land, and you can safely revive even if you die. But how many times are you able to do so?" the downgrader asked condescendingly.

He didn't withdraw the clouds or his avatars and quietly waited for Zen to come back to life.

Meanwhile, countless fragments of different sizes scattered from the broken Source World.

There was a body embedded in the crack of a rock with a diameter of three hundred miles.

It was a huge hyena.

When the Source World was destroyed by the needle, it was feasting on its prey. An unimaginable force swept down from above and split its head from its body.

It was expected to die shortly as it had been beheaded.

Compared to the creatures that had been sacrificed in the Source World and didn't even have traces of their corpses left, this hyena was already lucky.

What was luckier was it was still breathing.

With unexpected consciousness, it saw the neat cut on its neck after its head was severed from its body. It could even give an order to its body and get it out of that crack.

Two hours later, it was still alive.

Four hours later, it was still alive.

Ten hours later, it felt a little hungry as its stomach began to rumble.

Its head controlled its body to grab the dead roe deer nearby. It then directed it to stuff the deer into its mouth, and then gobbled it ravenously with its sharp teeth.

Although the hyena wasn't very intelligent, it had a feeling that this was the strangest way of eating.

It continued to chew and swallow the flesh it devoured until it felt its stomach becoming full.

This was what confused it the most. It seemed that its head and body remained intact in a very incomprehensible way.

Chapter 4299 The Method Of Restriction

Such a kind of odd thing was happening across the Source World.

Severed body parts lay scattered across the devastated area of the Bloom Divine Province. Some citizens were lucky enough to survive with limbs still attached, but they were broken, all the same.

Those who had lost limbs, however, didn't feel any pain. In fact, they found they could still control their severed body parts just like the hyena could.

An old man's body had been halved from the waist, but he could still feel his legs. When he controlled his legs to walk, he could see the severed limbs moving in the distance.

Cries of horror and confusion began to break out. "We must have been cursed!"

"How can we still be alive?"

The remaining creatures in the Source World wailed, aghast at their condition.

Whereas before, they could look to the Other Shore for the answers to some mysteries, this was completely unprecedented.

Meanwhile, the province where the Evil God was located had also been decimated by the needle, the black hall reduced to rubble.

When the huge needle fell down from above the Source World, its gargantuan size flattened the province evenly.

Most of the Holy Soul Realm warriors and Eternal Realm warriors in the black hall survived, however. They began to scramble out of the ruins.

Only one Holy Soul Realm warrior was killed and three were injured.

"The Source World has been destroyed, but we are still alive. Is it finally over?" a Holy Soul Realm warrior asked.

The Eternal Realm warrior next to him scoffed. "Dream on. In the past, at the end of a chaotic era, it wasn't the needle that killed people. The needle only broke the Source World. Now, we're actually in the chaos and no longer under any protection of the Source World. When that last thunder rolls again, we're doomed."

An air of gloom descended over them. He was correct. The Source World had been destroyed and could no longer protect them.

Just then, a Holy Soul Realm warrior not far away began sputtering loudly, "Look! What a strange phenomenon!"

He was one of the three injured Holy Soul Realm warriors. One of his arms had been severed and lay hundreds of feet away from him.

"What phenomenon?" an Eternal Realm warrior asked.

The injured Holy Soul Realm warrior pointed at his arm in the distance. "My arm is still connected to me."

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

"It's true! Take a closer look if you don't believe me!" The injured Holy Soul Realm warrior concentrated on moving the severed arm. The severed arm indeed began to flex its fingers.

However, the arm was a long way away from the warrior's body.

"What a basic trick. How can you goof around at a time like this?" the Eternal Realm warrior said, exasperated.

With their cultivation base and strength, it was too easy for them to make objects move with their mind.

The injured Holy Soul Realm warrior remained adamant. "I'm not playing around! I'm telling the truth! I don't feel the injury at all. It's like that arm is still attached to me!"

The warrior struggled to explain his condition.

Just then, another Eternal Realm warrior piped up, "Actually, I've also been sensing something anomalous..."

"Anomalous? How so?"

"If you release your spiritual sense, you will know that. The entire landscape appears to be destroyed, but my spiritual sense shows me otherwise. It's like this is all an illusion," the Eternal Realm warrior said.

The other Eternal Realm warriors and the Holy Soul Realm warriors hurriedly tapped into their spiritual senses then.

A sense of unease came over them as they saw the anomaly for themselves.

Some of the Eternal Realm warriors used the Grand Teleportation technique to get around the broken landscape to confirm what they were seeing.

Rocks, mountains, and trees all seemed crushed to the naked eye and touch, but they remained fully intact under the lens of the spiritual senses.

The dissonance was disorienting.

High up in the sky, Duran and the Grandmaster of Heaven hovered side by side, observing matters.

The two of them had keen senses and had already detected the abnormality in the Source World much earlier.

"Everything in this world appears destroyed, but everything is actually intact. There must be some force behind this. What do you think, Master Duran?" The Grandmaster of Heaven himself was stumped.

"It must be related to the Evil God somehow. He would probably know," said Duran.

"He disappeared without a trace the instant the needle descended. Even his avatars are gone. I don't know what he's planning," the Grandmaster of

Heaven grumbled. He was really hoping the Evil God didn't escape.

He knew that everyone, including the Evil God, couldn't escape after the Source World was destroyed.

"I'm figuring out how to restore the Source World."

The voice of the Evil God suddenly rang out around them.

Duran and the Grandmaster of Heaven watched as the real Evil God slowly materialized in the distance.

"That would be impossible," the Grandmaster of Heaven scoffed, shaking his head.

"The Source World has already fallen. You would have lost the power of the primitive land along with it," reminded Duran.

The Source World, the Burial Land, and Zen's primitive land all got a portion of separate space from the chaos. When one collapsed, the invisible boundaries would disappear, and the space would merge with the chaos.

Duran and the Grandmaster of Heaven, of course, assumed the Evil God was no longer the controller of the Source World because the Source World no longer existed.

The corners of the Evil God's mouth curled up. "That's where you're wrong."

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

Blue light beams flickered behind him. The Evil God's avatars appeared one after another until tens of thousands of them hovered in the air.

"What?" The Grandmaster of Heaven could only gawk in shock.

"You haven't lost the power of the Source World!" Duran exclaimed.

"Because the Source World hasn't collapsed," the real Evil God said with a faint smile.

"How could you say that?" The Grandmaster of Heaven pointed at the horizon, where a huge crack merged desolately with the chaos.

"It is not what it seems," the Evil God said dismissively. "Watch."

The Evil God stretched out his hand.

With a flick of his wrist, pieces of the broken landscape began to move.

Pebbles gathered together until they reformed into boulders. Trees, mountains, rivers all returned smoothly to their original state.

Everything within a hundred miles were restored to their previous condition. The ruins had all disappeared. It was as if the needle had missed the area.

The Grandmaster of Heaven could hardly believe it. "How did you do that? That's astounding!" he gasped.

"I activated the Restriction Field as the needle shot towards the Source World. It can resist any hit, protecting everything therein," the Evil God replied.

"That's amazing!" Duran exclaimed.

"Doing so, I discovered something new about the Restriction Field," the Evil God went on, motioning to the distance. "After being hit by the needle, many fragments of the Source World erupted into the chaos. Those materials are still within the Restriction Field."

"What does that mean?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked.

"It means that the further those fragments go, the bigger the Source World would be," the Evil God replied.

Chapter 4300 Enclosure

This was a result that surprised even the Evil God.

The Restriction Field allowed all living beings and materials in the Source World to remain their original form, including the form of the Source World itself.

"So, you mean the Source World can now be expanded at will?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked with a trembling voice.

If that was the case, expanding the Source World would become extremely simple. All they had to do was take its fragments out so that the fragments could either fly or be transported as far away from the Source World as possible.

"Yes." The Evil God nodded affirmatively with hopeful eyes.

"Then you..."

"I've already sent out my avatars to try to expand the Source World, but I still don't know if the Restriction Field could expand indefinitely," said the Evil God, interrupting what the Grandmaster of Heaven was about to say.

After the Source World had been smashed into pieces, the broken fragments gathered together and formed a long oval belt instead.

Thousands of giant rocks floated at the front most portion of the belt. Above these rocks were all sorts of creatures and vicious beasts, including snakes, insects, ants, and even ancient beasts. Despite the drastic change, they had all managed to be peaceful.

Even in the face of disaster and destruction, these creatures and beasts remained calm. They only wanted to survive and did nothing more or less than that.

However, even the smartest beasts did not understand what had really happened. They could only curl up and stay cozy in their small caves, looking into the endless void.

At this moment, one of the beasts suddenly began to shiver.

This tall and powerful beast shook as its body started to shrink into a smaller size that later turned into an avatar of the Evil God.

The avatar looked around and fixed his gaze on a triangular rock about ten feet wide. He observed that this rock was very suitable for making a boundary.

"I'll choose you!"

The Evil God flew over and grabbed the bottom part of the triangular rock with one hand.

Because of the powerful aura of the Evil God, the creatures that gathered on the triangular rock scrambled to different directions in fear. However, a python drilled deep into the triangular rock. This was its cave.

After the Evil God lifted the rock in his hand, his fingertips flashed with the power of the Hyperspace Extreme Form. With a gentle pinch of his fingers, the two spaces were connected into one while he had already crossed a long distance with that triangular rock.

"Thirty trillion miles. There seems to be no change in the Restriction Field at all. Can it hold on?" the Evil God's avatar asked himself hesitantly.

Others couldn't perceive the existence of the Restriction Field, but the Evil God could clearly observe it. It was clear as day from his eyes.

At the edge of the debris belt of the Source World, a blue light band floated, which extended to the farthest material. Now that the Evil God's avatar had moved the triangular rock thirty trillion miles away, the blue light band had also extended by thirty trillion miles.

As soon as the Evil God's avatar finished speaking, he glanced at the light band in the distance that had stretched out horizontally by thirty trillion miles.

He recognized another avatar who was carrying out the task as well. The real Evil God had sent out a total of eight avatars to expand the Source World in eight directions.

Buzz!

Just then, the real Evil God suddenly appeared in front of the avatar without warning.

This space now belonged to the Source World after it had been enclosed by the Restriction Field. He no longer needed to use any space theurgy to appear anywhere.

"There are no pressure on the Restriction Field. It should be able to extend infinitely. Now, take this stone to the edge of the chaos," the real Evil God ordered.

"Yes," the avatar responded obediently.

The avatars that the Evil God created also had their own consciousness. However, when he created the avatars, he had placed extremely fearsome memories into their minds, which made them believe that he was indeed undefeatable. Only then did these avatars learn to behave.

Although there were still some avatars who made trouble in secret, they became much better than before. The real Evil God didn't worry himself too much about them.

Swoosh!

The avatar went away in an instant with the triangular rock in his hand and proceeded with the enclosure.

The poor python that had entered the triangular rock was also brought far away.

In just a few minutes, the area under the actual control of the Source World had already expanded by over a hundred times. This was a huge space that the real Evil God had never imagined before. His ambition was to directly expand it to the entire chaos, and now his plan was slowly falling into place.

One of the avatars flew down to the east and came across a lone pyramid floating in the void.

"The Burial Land..."

The avatar flew past it while still contemplating about it.

It was the Burial Land that planned to destroy the worlds. After the Source World had been broken by the needle, its next goal would definitely be Zen's primitive land.

But now, the avatar could only see the Burial Land while Zen's primitive land had mysteriously disappeared.

What happened?

Although he was very curious, he did not stop to find the answer to his question.

He was reminded that he only needed to complete the task assigned by the real Evil God. Otherwise, he would be blamed.

As the avatar included the Burial Land in his enclosure, the real Evil God sensed it with his omniscient power. He then informed the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran, "We've found the Burial Land."

The two men's eyes suddenly lit up. The Grandmaster of Heaven eagerly asked, "Are you going to attack him?"

To him, the "Field" that the Evil God had comprehended was too miraculous. After making the Burial Land part of the Source World, he would certainly take revenge and there was no doubt about it.

"It's not the time yet." The Evil God shook his head unexpectedly.

"Why?" asked Duran, confused with the Evil God's answer.

"Energy," the Evil God said with a frown. "The energy I have is very limited compared to them. They don't have this problem."

Previously, when the downgrader, Zen, and he used the In and Out Holes to strike attacks against one another, he had only suffered a great loss.

His energy was evidently insufficient, so he could only constantly sacrifice the materials of the Source World at the time.

"I'm afraid there's no solution to this problem," said Duran. "Zen has endless energy all thanks to the ancestry-level bloodline, while you can't obtain that ancestry-level bloodline, so..."

He paused as he saw the look on Evil God's face. He didn't mean to question him at all.

The talent that the Evil God displayed had gone beyond his imagination. Even in the Four Spirits Sect, there was no such highly-talented person. However, some things couldn't be solved by mere intelligence, such as the problem of infinite energy.

The Evil God smiled faintly and turned to look at the tens of thousands of avatars at a distance. "The rules of the Fields are very clear to me. There are a total of eighty-six kinds. As long as I deduct according to the rules of the Restriction Field, I will soon be able to restore all the Fields."

"If you comprehend all the Fields, your might will be doubled. But you can't release even Extreme Form energies infinitely. The energy consumed by the Fields is surely more unimaginable," the Grandmaster of Heaven said, also worrying about the energy.

"You're right." The Evil God nodded in agreement. "Restoring energy is like sharpening a knife. No matter how sharp a knife is, in the end, it's only a tool. It's useless if one does not have the strength to use it."

With these words, he stared at the void with sharp eyes. He then clenched one hand in the air, and energy started to rotate from his closed fist like a dancing elf. "If I want to become a person who uses the tool, I must know what the most essential energy is. The Fields are not the end. I master not only the rules of restoring the Fields but also the rules of restoring the essence."

Chapter 4301 Memories

Inside the Burial Land, the cloud of Probability Extreme Form continued to stretch over the surface, covering it completely.

The figures of the downgrader came into sight and then left over and over again.

In less than a minute, tens of billions of avatars appeared, only to disappear, leaving without a trace. The number was meaningless when it came to infinity.

Over a thousand Zen's avatars in the cloud were killed. His real body was sliced into smaller parts and scattered around the Burial Land.

Despite this, Zen's ancestry-level bloodline, consciousness, and Extreme Form energies were still alive, pushing through the tragedy that had just happened.

Buzz!

With all that was left of his power and strength, Zen called his scattered body parts to come together and waited as it took shape.

However, before he could regain his balance, an uncountable number of the downgrader's avatars came to surround him.

"Go to hell!"

the downgrader's avatars said, launching palm strikes towards Zen.

Zen knew palm strikes were not very great in power. They weren't even strong enough to kill an Eternal Realm warrior.

What worried him was the number of avatars aiming the strikes at him at the same time. Enduring one strike was possible, but to endure tens of billions of strikes at the same time was a different ball game. For all he knew, they could have the power to burn him into ashes in the blink of an eye!

'In the primitive land, I would not die, ' Zen thought to himself. Even if his original body was broken, it would still remain inside the Burial Land.

However, as soon as his parts began to morph into his original body, what was always waiting for him were the downgrader's avatars, ready to attack him with great intensity.

Five times.

Ten times.

Fifty times.

One hundred times.

He had barely stitched his body parts back together, and the avatars were already breaking it down. It would be impossible for him to fight back.

"You're becoming desperate, Zen. I can feel it," the downgrader said. "I was generous enough to give you every chance to surrender, but you're too hard-headed. You still refused. Now, there's no time for regret. You'd better use the only time you have left to say goodbye to this world!"

Buzz!

At the foot of a mountain reaching the heavens, Zen's body continued to condense.

However, just as his body began to regain shape, the downgrader's avatars appeared before him again. In a split-second, the giant mountain and Zen were smashed into fine powder.

Regardless, Zen wasn't ready to quit. He quickly began to think of other places where he could continue condensing into his original form.

However, just as he was doing this, he heard a voice call to him. It was the voice of the ancestry-level bloodline. "Zen, stop," it pleaded, sounding very concerned.

"What's wrong?" Zen asked.

"Don't do useless things," the ancestry-level bloodline replied, which irritated Zen.

"What do you even mean? Are you saying I shouldn't do anything about this?" Zen asked with anger present in his voice.

In the past, he had been face-to-face with a large number of strong and powerful opponents. For the first time in his life, he had felt so weak.

As the Troubled Creatures were inching closer and closer to the Pear Hill, he knew everything would be destroyed. Everything he had done was going to be for nothing. The thought that he couldn't even do anything about it frustrated him greatly.

The opponent he was facing now was just too powerful to be defeated.

He was busy in his thoughts when the ancestry-level bloodline began to speak again, catching his attention. "I've found Clarence's memories," it said.

"What did you say?"

Zen asked, not being sure if he had heard right.

When the Heavenly Ring Staff was brought back, the ancestry-level bloodline was certain its memories were stored in the crystal, but it had never been able to understand the crystal.

Just a few moments back, Zen's physical body had been crushed into pieces by the downgrader. His body parts, as well as the crystal, merged into the Burial Land. Then, unexpectedly, the memories inside the crystal flowed out.

"You shall inherit Clarence's memories," the ancestry-level bloodline said.

"Why?" Zen asked, furrowing his brows in confusion.

"I'm just a wisp of intelligence from the ancestry-level bloodline. I'm not a part of Clarence. You're more suitable for this," it replied.

Before Zen could ask more questions or refuse, he felt a sharp pain from the back of his brain. "Argh!" he screamed in pain. All of a sudden, endless memories came flooding in, reaching even the deepest parts of his soul.

Boom!

After the short, sharp pain was gone, things returned to normal.

He was back in his own consciousness again. After this, he noticed that in front of him lay a pure, blank space.

There was absolutely nothing in it, but for some reason, it didn't make him feel empty. Ironically, it gave him a sense of satisfaction.

"Where am I?" Zen couldn't help but ask, taking in his new environment.

"You're in the perfect land," an unfamiliar voice answered.

"The perfect land? But there is nothing in here. How can this be perfect?" he asked, confused but curious.

There was nothing in the world that was absolutely perfect, especially considering that everyone had a different definition of perfection. What was perfect for one person could be imperfect to another.

But as Zen spoke, his voice caused countless ripples to appear in the space.

The ripples began to fill the space, and suddenly, the area began to transform. The sky became pure blue. Courtyard walls rose from the ground which was paved with cyan-colored bricks. A group of laughing children ran along the corridor, followed by the adults scolding them for running.

The walls looked similar to those of the fairy palace but even more like those of the Luo Clan's old mansion.

The laughing children were very much like younger versions of Letitia, Margaret, and the others.

Standing in the courtyard, Zen felt a sense of peace and contentment in his heart.

He had no idea how he managed to do it, especially so easily, but he was very happy to have built such a world.

"This is your perfect land. The space you saw just now is my perfect land," the voice said.

"Yes! A world that corresponds to all perfection," Zen exclaimed.

"You're right," the voice said, becoming low. "But everything has been destroyed."

Rumble!

The blue sky was overcast with dark, grey clouds. The courtyards collapsed one after another like dominoes. The brick road was blown away by the strong wind, and the children fell to the ground, covered in their own blood. Darkness fell upon the land, devouring it completely.

Although Zen knew what he was seeing was not real, he could not help the sinking feeling in his heart. He was unable to suppress his anger, questioning the voice. "Why did you destroy this world?" he screamed.

"I destroyed it because of him," the voice said.

"Because of whom?" Zen asked.

"I call him Mastema, but I believe you know him as the downgrader," the voice answered.

"If this was your perfect land, why was Mastema here?" Zen asked.

"He was a wisp of my consciousness. I created him," the voice replied.

Zen began to feel his blood boil even more. "Then why did you create him?" he said, raising his voice.

"At that time, I thought the only perfect world was an imperfect one. This was why I created Mastema. He was necessary for breaking the perfection I created, but I didn't expect things to reach a point that I couldn't handle anymore. I didn't plan for him to be so powerful."

After the voice said this, a black dot appeared and began to expand. It expanded like a bubble, bigger and bigger until eventually, it popped.

It broke into four pieces, which were all connected, forming a giant trapezoid.

'This should be the Boundless Shock World, ' Zen thought to himself.

Geoffrey had told him before what happened in the Levitation Tower. Because of this, he had a general understanding of the worlds of all grades. 'The perfect land I was just in must be the Boundless Perfect World. Geoffrey has never been there before, ' he thought to himself.

The trapezoid continued to collapse, turning into rectangular pieces. When the pieces gathered together again, it turned into an even larger trapezoid.

This was the Boundless Secondary World. When this collapsed, the Boundless Void World appeared.

And when this collapsed, another world came to view.

A total of nine worlds appeared and collapsed. In the end, the Stellar World appeared, specifically the Deep Space. Most of its parts had collapsed.

"I realized too late that Mastema would destroy everything. I did my best to chase him down and kill him. However, from the twelfth-grade world to the fifth-grade world, I failed completely," the voice said, sad and full of remorse.

It was much easier to destroy than to create. The downgrader wouldn't stop just like that, especially when he had already begun the downgrade.

Chapter 4302 Infinity And Everything

"I had been in the perfect land for such a long time. I thought I could control everything, so I released Mastema.

Then, I started cultivating him bit by bit. I was glad to see him become much stronger.

Especially when we were in the Boundless Shock World, I was deeply elated when I saw the range of destruction that he made. At the same time, I also despised the perfect land. Perfection means that it's already done, and there is nothing else to change. That's why I liked the imperfection of the Boundless Shock World more.

Mastema brought death, but he also brought forth creation and rebirth.

However, he went out of control. That was my biggest mistake and failure."

Clarence's voice became too dispirited.

His confidence was crushed by repeated failures.

Upon hearing this, Zen wasn't able to respond right away.

He had never thought that Clarence would actually have a depressing personality.

"But, isn't there still a chance?" Zen finally asked.

"Chance? What do you mean?" Clarence replied.

"You have awakened. With your absolute infinite energy and the ancestry-level bloodline, don't we have a chance to defeat him?" Zen answered with positivity.

"Forget it…" Clarence said with a bitter smile. "I have already defeated him many times. It's still no use. I still wasn't able to stop him from downgrading the worlds," he continued.

"Well, it's better than doing nothing!" Zen retorted, not showing any hint of willingness to give up.

When he first heard of Clarence's name, he had several guesses and high expectations for him. Thus, he was disappointed and frustrated that this person wasn't what he thought he would be.

At the same time, Clarence could actually read all of Zen's thoughts and memories. He could even feel his emotions, but he still didn't care.

The downgrader always treated the creatures born outside of the perfect land as tools, while Clarence saw them as a process.

This included the human beings, the four spirits, the Fostering race, the Cinnabar race, and the Sacred Spirit race.

He saw their existence as a process, and now, that process would finally come to an end. All the positive and negative things that occurred within the process were actually insignificant. Everything would still end at the appointed time.

"Well, if you still want to resist, I can help you. You're already skillful in using the Extreme Form energies, right? The only difference between you and the downgrader is the amount of energy, but I can also give you what he already has," Clarence said unexpectedly.

"Really? You'd do that?" Zen's eyes instantly lit up as he heard this.

"Yes. It's not that difficult for me," Clarence replied indifferently.

"Well, then…" Zen took a deep breath and sincerely said, "Please entrust it to me!"

Clarence didn't say anything but just directly infused some memories into Zen's soul.

Zen quickly and silently read these memories as he received them. After he finished, he suddenly understood why there was such a huge gap between him and the downgrader.

If the energy of the ancestry-level bloodline was likened to a line on a plane, then countless points could be acquired out of this line. This would be deemed as an infinite amount of energy.

However, what the downgader possessed were all the points in the plane.

It was a different kind of infinity that would surely overwhelm even the power of the ancestry-level bloodline.

With this, Clarence had already bestowed Zen everything he needed.

"Now, you know what you are about to face.

Let me see your resolve. I want to witness what this infinite strength could change."

Clarence had somehow become excited that his voice was even trembling.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

"Come out!

You can't just hide for the rest of your life!"

The downgrader knew that he had many ways to kill Zen. However, he still needed to completely destroy the Burial Land before he dealt with Zen.

In order to downgrade the worlds, he needed the primitive land. He didn't want to create a new one, which was why he hadn't destroyed the Burial Land just yet.

For a while, he had been shouting in the whole Burial Land, but Zen was still nowhere to be found and wasn't making any move.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, the downgrader looked towards the center of the Burial Land, where many tiny creatures were currently gathered.

"Ha! The Troubled Creatures have arrived. If you still plan on hiding, the remaining creatures in your primitive land will all be eaten up!"

About seventy billion Troubled Creatures shrank into a ball with a diameter of tens of millions of miles, tightly wrapping around the Pear Hill, the Ruin Graveyard, and the other places.

Meanwhile, the Ruin Graveyard was actually located at the edge, and the Troubled Creatures had already invaded it.

"Hurry up! Those monsters are coming!"

"We have to run!"

"What do you mean? Where do you plan on going? Didn't you listen to what Zen said? We have no choice but to fight against them! There's already no way to escape!"

The masters in the Ruin Graveyard had already been ready to fight or die.

Previously, when they had escaped from the heads, they were able to hold on to a glimmer of hope. They thought that perhaps, they could do the same with the Troubled Creatures. These creatures looked dreadful, but if they worked together, they might be able to defend themselves.

However, when the Troubled Creatures already appeared in the Ruin Graveyard, everyone was utterly dumbfounded.

These creatures possessed demonic space theurgies. Their bodies flickered, making it very hard for them to capture their movements with just their naked eyes.

"Ha! You may be fast, but let's see how powerful you are. I'll send you back to the hell you came from!"

Augustus roared as he rushed towards the Troubled Creatures. He was one of the masters responsible for guarding the Ruin Graveyard.

He released a huge diamond-shaped space, which spun crazily and dashed towards the first Troubled Creature.

Augustus's Other Shore Token had the space attribute, which was considered outstanding among the Other Shore Tokens possessed by the warriors in the Ruin Graveyard.

However, it was extremely inferior against the strength of the Troubled Creatures, which possessed the Hyperspace Extreme Form.

Buzz! Buzz!

Augustus only saw a blur in front of him. The next moment, he was already grabbed by a huge Troubled Creature in one of its hands.

"These silly humans!

You're so pathetically weak, yet you still struggle?"

Right after the Troubled Creature spoke, it stuffed Augustus into its mouth.

Before he was chewed, Augustus's remaining consciousness had fallen into endless despair, and everything else went hazy.

'These Troubled Creatures are this powerful? There are tens of billions of them, for crying out loud!

What an unjust world this is!'

In his fleeting thoughts, Augustus couldn't do anything but blame his weakness and the unfair world.

"Augustus!"

Not far away, Hallet was fast approaching.

He shook the fishing rod in his hand, and a golden thread swept across towards the Troubled Creature. He was desperately trying to save Augustus by attempting to cut off the Troubled Creature's head using the fishing thread.

However, just when the golden fishing thread flew out, Hallet suddenly felt that a huge black shadow brushed past him. Then, he noticed that his body became lighter. As he looked down, he saw that the lower part of his body was already cut off. Beside him, he saw a floating Troubled Creature, and the lower part of his body was hanging on its sharp nails.

"Do you even know how weak you are? Ha-ha! These people have a death wish!" The Troubled Creature licked the blood off its nails as it stared at Hallet.

"These… These creatures… They're just soldiers, yet they are this powerful."

Hallet coughed out blood as he looked at the Troubled Creature in disbelief.

He knew that he wouldn't be able to survive after the damage he suffered.

He even thought at first that with his strength, he might be able to kill at least a thousand or ten thousand of them. Never did he expect that he couldn't even deal with a single one.

Crash!

As Hallet's body was falling to the ground, the Troubled Creature launched another attack.

Its movements were so fast that Hallet didn't even have any time to react. As the Troubled Creature's fist landed on Hallet, his body instantly turned into a blood mist.

The other warriors at the Other Shore Realm had initially mustered their courage to guard the Ruin Graveyard against the Troubled Creatures and put their lives on the line. However, when they saw what had happened to Augustus and Hallet, they all fled and dispersed in all directions.

Unfortunately, in the face of these vicious creatures, no one could get away from them.

In an instant, all of them were mercilessly killed.

It wasn't even a battle. It was just a massacre. Only the Pear Hill was able to resist the Troubled Creatures, and it was all because of Zen.

Previously, he had used the Hyperspace Extreme Form to create a huge blue ring of light. Whenever a Troubled Creature passed through the blue ring of light, their Hyperspace Extreme Form would be countered.

Chapter 4303 Resist

At that moment, the masters who gathered on the jadeite platform had dispersed and stood in different locations.

The Troubled creatures were not that strong, but once they acquired the Hyperspace Extreme Form, the creatures from the third-grade world stood no chance against them.

But there was a catch: once they lost the Hyperspace Extreme Form, they would get significantly weaker.

Buzz!

Meanwhile, a wisp of sword light that was as thin as hair continued to wander around.

It was powerful, albeit restless. It could cut a Troubled Creature that came into contact with it in half. What was more amazing was that there were dozens of such sword lights.

Rocher sat cross-legged by the end of the sword lights, and the Lone Sword stood in front of him.

When he had first obtained the Lone Sword, he tried to learn more brilliant sword skills to use his sword to its maximum potential.

However, after its merge with the Sunlight Annihilation Light, Kincaid gave him some advice which enlightened him and changed his views about some things.

For instance, he realized that he did not have to spend too much time studying swordsmanship, spear skill, or blade skills.

Generally, those who had reached a certain level in this field and possessed more energies that they were skillful enough to use would be the great masters.

Therefore, it was useless to attach too much importance to the techniques or intents.

Zen had realized that when he merged with the Other Shore Tokens in the Source World. Although Rocher had fused with all kinds of powerful

Other Shore Tokens, he lacked actual combat experiences. The latter only became aware of it much later than Zen did.

"The Sunlight Annihilation Light is indeed sharp and powerful. It's a useful tool to terminate so many Troubled Creatures, but the energy of the Destruction Extreme Form is too much…" Rocher muttered to himself. He looked around with fear in his eyes.

Every time he took out a Troubled Creature, a purple light ball emerged from it.

The energy of the Destruction Extreme Form inside the purple light ball was overwhelming.

Moreover, Rocher figured that even the amount of energy he would obtain through burning ten Other Shore Tokens was less than that of the purple light ball.

If he destroyed hundreds of Troubled Creatures, hundreds of purple light balls would appear.

The mere thought of it sent him into a flurry of panic.

He tried to break the purple light ball with the Sunlight Annihilation Light, but the sharp sword light only touched the purple light ball, then vanished into it. Even the amount of energy in a Holy Item was far less than that of the purple light ball.

The only thing that made him slightly relieved was that the purple light balls descended quite slowly. It would take them quite a while to reach the Pear Hill.

"Boom! Boom!"

Suddenly, large Eight Diagrams shadows exploded in the air, and Fuxi's palm crushed dozens of Troubled Creatures in the process.

Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop!

After the Troubled Creatures had died, they turned into purple light balls and slowly came down.

Just as his head ached because of the purple light balls and did not know what to do, he looked up, and what he saw surprised him.

Thousands of purple light balls had appeared above his upper left side, and a figure floated among them. Although he could not see it clearly, he could tell that it was Geoffrey.

Then, Geoffrey punched the Troubled Creatures.

He used thirty percent of his strength for this attack.

Afterward, a fan-shaped wave spread out in front of him.

All the Troubled Creatures covered by the fan-shaped wave got pulverized and turned into purple light balls.

Once Geoffrey had dealt with the Troubled Creatures around him, he went past the purple light balls and targeted another group of Troubled Creatures. Once again, he destroyed them with a punch.

Since he had chosen the most efficient method to clear up the Troubled Creatures around his area, there were far more purple light balls in his surroundings than in the other places.

"We have to stop!" Fuxi shouted.

Kincaid, Hilario, the Snake Goddess, and the others tried to wipe out all the Troubled Creatures. When they heard Fuxi's call, they slowed down.

The Snake Goddess's eyes flashed with confusion. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"Those purple light balls will destroy Pear Hill!" Fuxi answered.

"So what?" the Snake Goddess asked again.

"Can't we stop that?" Fuxi said with a pained expression.

"Are you serious?" the Snake Goddess said and smiled. 'I have to admit that sometimes, Fuxi is too naive. He still does not know about our current situation.

Everyone here has pulled out all the stops to fight the Troubled Creatures, and we know what we are doing.

There are over seventy billion Troubled Creatures here.

Furthermore, they were all infused with the energy of the Destruction Extreme Form.

Even if these Troubled Creatures did not fight back and waited for us to put them down, the Extreme Form energy from their corpses will kill us all.

We are doomed to lose, but Fuxi still wanted to win, ' she thought to herself.

"Let me... give it a shot," a soft voice spoke. It was Yan.

Everyone turned to look at her.

Yan's Energy Shaft could transform the energy, provided that the energy had no master or that the energy didn't belong to those that carried it.

Thus, Yan might successfully transform the energy inside those purple light balls.

At that point, she took out her Energy Shaft.

Then, her gaze landed on the purple light balls.

For her, these Extreme Form energies were no different from wild monsters.

She clasped her hands and tightly closed her eyes as if she tried to communicate with the owner-less energies.

A few seconds later, something had changed.

Tiny bubbles appeared on the surface of one of the purple light balls.

Yan abruptly opened her eyes and shouted, "Stay put!"

In turn, the purple light ball that was slowly falling stopped in its tracks and floated in the air.

Everyone who saw what happened was dumbfounded. They did not expect that Yan would succeed.

"She did it! She can control the Extreme Form energy!" Fuxi exclaimed excitedly.

"She has special powers," Kincaid praised as he nodded his head.

"But she only controlled one. There are still so many of them left. We can't change anything," Eastern Emperor Taiyi said with a bitter smile.

As for Yan, she remained calm and composed even after she kept the Extreme Form energy under her control. Then, she opened her palms and said, "Separate."

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Purple flames came out of the purple light ball that she controlled and flew towards the other purple light balls. Eventually, she was able to control the other light balls and suspended them in the air.

Just like that, she controlled even more and more purple light balls.

In a short time, she had managed to make over twenty thousand purple light balls float in the air.

"Well done!"

"She has truly controlled the purple light balls!"

"Can Yan really use the Extreme Form energy?"

While everyone chattered about Yan's progress, Yan stayed focused as sweat broke out on her forehead.

She drew the purple flames out of the twenty thousand purple light balls, then used the fires to make a net to trap the Troubled Creatures. In the blink of an eye, thousands of Troubled Creatures fell dead.

All this time, the downgrader who hid in the cloud of Probability Extreme Form secretly watched the scene.

"Energy Shaft? They've got so many interesting gadgets. But what's the point of holding on like this?" he murmured to himself.

It was already amazing that Yan had controlled tens of thousands of purple light balls in such a short time.

However, there were about seventy billion Troubled Creatures left. It only meant that she had to control another seventy billion purple light balls, even if they were lucky enough to kill all the Troubled Creatures.

It was impossible for her to control all the purple light balls before they turned Pear Hill into ruins.

Chapter 4304 The Desperate Situation

The downgrader was not in a hurry to make a move because as long as he wanted to, he could destroy everything in a snap.

Even the Destruction Extreme Form that was controlled by Yan had been given by him voluntarily. The energies were, in fact, not ownerless.

The downgrader liked to watch life being destroyed little by little. He had already experienced great destruction many times.

In the end, these creatures were just like bees whose hives had been set on fire. In order to defend their homeland, they desperately tried their best, yet they fell into the abyss of their defeat in the end.

After Yan had killed thousands of Troubled Creatures, numerous purple light balls started to appear again.

Her clear eyes opened wide as if she was dreadfully glaring at them. Moreover, the Energy Shaft above her head rotated like crazy.

Swish, swish, swish...

Many purple snakes then shot into the purple light balls one after the other, and the ownerless energies were controlled by Yan once more.

Twenty thousand purple light balls were already a difficult challenge for Yan. Now there were over four thousand more balls, which stressed her out even more.

"Kill!"

she shouted as she gritted her teeth. She pulled out a larger purple energy net from the purple light balls, using it to envelop the sky.

More Troubled Creatures were killed as their bodies touched the energy net. Purple light balls burst out from their broken bodies, melting into the energy net and further strengthening it.

After a while, the net made by Yan had grown much larger as the number of purple light balls that were fused into it already reached fifty thousand!

"Yan..."

The Snake Goddess looked at Yan with concern, but she couldn't persuade Yan to give up just yet.

"Auntie!"

Geoffrey felt sorry for her and was also worried about what would happen next.

Yan's hair began to stand strand by strand as her eyes became unfocused and rolled up. These were obvious signs that she had reached her limit.

But she didn't dare give up easily. The moment the net covered the entire Pear Hill, it would definitely and totally be destroyed.

"Rise!"

She had almost run out of the potential of the Energy Shaft as she maxed it out until its last bit. As a final move, she tossed the huge net into the air.

As soon as she did, she declined into a state of exhaustion and suddenly went falling from the sky.

In a flash, the Snake Goddess stretched out her arms to catch Yan and held her.

"I... I've tried my best..." Yan said as she looked at the Snake Goddess with tired eyes.

"You've done very well," the Snake Goddess affirmed her as she smiled.

"But I still can't protect the Pear Hill," said Yan in a disappointed tone.

The Snake Goddess sighed and said, "Silly girl, who can protect the Pear Hill?"

The Eternal Realm warriors, the Chaos Ancient Gods, or the Human Spirit King could not even do that.

It was already amazing that Yan could achieve all this.

"Are we really all going to die?" Yan asked, looking straight into the Snake Goddess' eyes.

She had been summoned to the jadeite platform by Zen. Although she knew how serious the situation was, she still believed that there was a chance to win.

"All of us will die, and there is no exception," the Snake Goddess told her calmly.

Despair appeared in Yan's eyes as she glanced at the huge blue halo in the sky.

More and more Troubled Creatures continued to descend in groups like a horrendous storm.

The number of the first group of Troubled Creatures she had annihilated before reached fifty thousand, while the number of Troubled Creatures at the top of the Pear Hill alone had reached ten billion.

"Where is my brother?" Yan asked, directing her eyes at the Snake Goddess again.

"I don't know." The Snake Goddess shook her head.

Zen's avatar, which had been left on the jadeite platform, was killed, but his real body had mysteriously disappeared.

Judging the energy possessed by the downgrader, Zen's chances of surviving it were slim.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Meanwhile, Rocher, Geoffrey, and Kincaid still gave their best as they tried to attack and kill all the Troubled Creatures.

The falling purple light balls were unstoppable. They slowly descended to the Pear Hill, devouring every part of it they landed onto. This created countless big holes and even the jadeite platform was eaten up without exception.

There were a lot of cities on the hillside of the Pear Hill, and panic started to spread among their residents.

"Those purple light balls... are coming for us!"

"Run!"

"Leave the Pear Hill!"

They knew that the Pear Hill was their last shelter, and they couldn't escape death even if they tried to run away from it. However, they were left with no choice but to give up their homeland and flee in this time of crisis.

However, before these people had moved far away, the Troubled Creatures came rushing from different directions and attacked them.

These Troubled Creatures didn't pass through the blue halo, and their Hyperspace Extreme Form was not offset. This group of monsters feasted on all of the people first before they invaded the cities for more slaughter.

The number of Troubled Creatures descending from the top of the mountain was one hundred thousand at the beginning, and then increased greatly and reached up to tens of millions.

Geoffrey and his group laboriously passed through the cracks of the purple light balls, taking advantage of the narrow spaces just to counterattack.

"Ah..."

a voice suddenly screamed.

When Eastern Emperor Taiyi accidentally touched the purple light balls during his journey, he was directly devoured by the Destruction Extreme Form. His physical body at the Eternal Realm was fragile as a piece of paper in the face of the purple light balls and completely melted.

Yasamin, King Ieuan, and the others didn't even have the time to scream before they evaporated into a layer of thick green smoke and disappeared.

"Eighty percent of the strength!"

Geoffrey detected a site in the gap between three purple light balls and threw a forceful upward punch. Terrifying waves of power surged up. As the Troubled Creatures were densely standing close to one another, this punch might produce hundreds of thousands of purple light balls.

"Ouch..."

He felt a sharp pain radiating through his body after he had thrown the punch.

Surprisingly, one of his hands was sucked into one of the purple light balls. By the time he pulled it out, his flesh and blood had been obliterated, leaving only the ghastly white bones of his clenched hand and fingers.

Luckily, Geoffrey's physical body was very powerful. If other people encountered this situation, they would certainly die.

The number of purple light balls continued to increase, leaving them lesser and lesser room to dodge.

In the end, Geoffrey, the Snake Goddess, Yan, Fuxi, Rocher, and Hilario were all cramped up in a small space. A suffocating sea of purple light balls surrounded them.

"Where is the Human Spirit King?" the Snake Goddess asked, looking at each side.

"Since his Treacherous Being body has been devoured, he should be able to revive on the Other Shore," Hilario concluded.

"Why don't we use the Grand Teleportation technique to jump out?" suggested Fuxi.

"It's useless," Rocher said, shaking his head as he frowned.

The Troubled Creatures with the Hyperspace Extreme Form gathered around and waited for them. If Fuxi and his group jumped out, it would only be faster and easier for them to be killed.

The space suddenly began shrinking, squeezing rapidly against their limited space.

One hundred feet...

Fifty feet...

Thirty feet...

Ten feet...

The group of people then huddled together, trying to compress as much as possible in the tiny space they had. In addition, it became very much inconvenient for Geoffrey who was about ten feet tall. Even if he initiated to fold both of his arms and legs, he was still taller than ordinary people.

"It's so exciting. I didn't expect to die like this," said Fuxi as he stared at the overwhelming light balls.

"This way of death won't cause too much pain after all," said the Snake Goddess.

"Let's just have a good time then," Fuxi said, preparing to jump into the purple light balls.

But just as he was about to plunge in, a thin layer of light instantly covered his whole body. This light film that was as elastic as rubber dragged him back and firmly bound him with the others.

Meanwhile, as the purple light balls pressed towards the light film, the light film did not flinch at all and remained unaffected by the Destruction Extreme Form.

"This must be..." The Snake Goddess' eyes lit up as she realized something.

It was not hard to guess who was still able to protect them at this time.

Chapter 4305 Protector

Everyone felt a glimmer of hope when they realized the light film was protecting them.

Just a moment ago, they had all been grimly resigned to their death.

But now it seemed all was not lost after all!

"Is it Zen? Has he come to rescue us?"

"Zen!"

"Father!"

Each person in the group called out.

There was no response from the voice they were expecting to hear.

A mocking voice rang out instead.

"Finally, you decided to appear," the downgrader taunted. "But you won't be able to change their fate. Hahaha!"

Rumble!

A thin spike shot out from a purple light ball. The spike spun wildly, gathering momentum before stabbing at the pale yellow light film.

The pale yellow light film was condensed from the Energy Transfer Extreme Form, which could easily isolate, transfer, and gather all kinds of energies. But it was vulnerable to piercing. The sharp spike entered the light film with only a slight twist.

"Auntie, watch out!"

As the spike headed toward Yan, Geoffrey threw his whole body in front of her, exposing his back so the spike would hit it instead.

Phew!

The spike skewered Geoffrey's shoulder, baring his bones.

"Ahhh!"

Geoffrey's face contorted in pain, but he remained in place, blocking Yan.

"Geoffrey!"

Yan felt her heart drop. It was unbearable seeing Geoffrey suffer for her.

Buzz!

Despite her exhaustion, Yan once again used her Energy Shaft to try to control the purple spike.

To her dismay, however, she found that she could not. She had been able to control the purple light balls before when they had been owner-less. But now, the purple spike was under the control of the downgrader. Yan's Energy Shaft couldn't wrest control at all.

Geoffrey gritted his teeth and hissed as the spike continued to sear through his flesh, blood, bones, and his insides.

The others could only despair at the sight. They were completely helpless. They knew if they came into contact with the Destruction Extreme Form, they would turn into ashes. Only Geoffrey's extremely strong physique could endure it.

"This is your son, isn't it?

Can you really bear to see him slowly melt away and die in agony?

What kind of father are you?"

The downgrader had no empathy, but he could read the memories of those gathered here and figure out Zen's thoughts.

Green ripples started covering Geoffrey's body as the Life Extreme Form energy worked double-time to heal him even as he continued to endure grievous injury.

The pale yellow light film started unraveling, its threads extending towards the rapidly spinning purple spike.

The Energy Transfer Extreme Form merged with the Destruction Extreme Form, dulling the latter's power.

"Hahaha!"

The downgrader's laughter echoed.

He had been able to suppress Zen before. He just needed to do it again.

Purr, purr, purr!

Countless purple spikes shot out of the purple light balls, heading straight at the pale yellow light film from all directions.

But before the spikes could penetrate the film, a blue light flashed.

Those trapped were suddenly teleported away, from that cramped space in one moment to the fairy palace in the next moment.

The fairy palace, located in the core area, hadn't been affected by the Troubled Creatures.

Rocher, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, Yan, Hilario, as well as dozens of people including Lorena, Mike, Bromley and Rosie who had originally stayed in the divine land arrived at the same time by Grand Teleportation.

"Why are we here?"

"Yan! Why do you look so pale?"

"Where is Zen?"

Most of the Ruin Graveyard had been eroded. The divine land was also in a dismal situation. The Troubled Creatures had slaughtered their way to invasion.

Lorena, Rosie and the others had fled into the Evolutionary Universe to go into hiding, but they knew it wouldn't solve the problem. It wouldn't be long before the Troubled Creatures invaded the entire divine land.

As chaos erupted in the fairy palace with the new arrivals, floating golden particles appeared in the center of the courtyard.

The golden particles, resembling ears of wheat, melded together, forming a human figure.

The golden light dissipated to reveal Zen.

"Zen!"

"It's really Zen!"

"Zen is alright! He is safe!"

Those gathered here were obviously Zen's loved ones and those who cared about him the most. They had been beside themselves with worry for him.

When the downgrader had occupied the entire Burial Land with the Probability Extreme Form, he had killed all of Zen's avatars scattered across the Burial Land.

Thus, the avatars Zen had created to accompany Letitia, Margaret, and the others had suddenly dissolved into a pool of blood. Up until this moment, they really feared that Zen had been killed.

Zen did not respond to the rush of friends and family around him. He fixed a steely gaze on the skies.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

One by one, the downgrader's avatars began to appear in the sky above the fairy palace.

These were not illusions created by the Probability Extreme Form but genuine avatars.

One thousand...

Ten thousand...

One hundred thousand...

A million...

A chill ran through those assembled below as the number of downgraders increased.

"You really think your presence can change anything?" the downgrader said, sneering at Zen.

Zen looked at the downgrader with a faint smile. "Try me."

Zen radiated so much confidence the downgrader was a little miffed.

Zen must have realized by now that there was a huge discrepancy in the energies they used. There was no chance of him winning. How could he remain so calm? Had he gone insane?

"Oh, quit bluffing!"

As the downgrader spoke, he swung his fist.

His over a million avatars likewise did the same. They all threw a punch at the same time.

An invisible fluctuation spread through the space.

The combined punches from the avatars were equivalent to a punch from the downgrader at maximum force. The impact would be enough to reduce the fairy palace into fine rubble. There was no way Zen could survive it.

Bang!

With a muffled sound, a fist print appeared over a hundred feet above the fairy palace. An enchanted barrier that protected the fairy palace came into view.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!

Fist marks crowded the surface of the enchanted barrier as the punches landed like rain.

A million punches had landed in only a few seconds, but they were all blocked by the enchanted barrier!

"What's this?" the downgrader spat out, taken aback. "How is that possible?"

In his opinion, Zen couldn't possibly bear a million punches, but now he did it right before his eyes!

"Have I underestimated you?"

It began to dawn on the downgrader then that the energy given by the ancestry-level bloodline must be much more powerful than he had imagined. He steeled himself and once again activated the Probability Extreme Form to launch another strike on the fairy palace.

Countless downgraders gathered around the fairy palace in clouds created by the Probability Extreme Form. They all struck out their palms downward at the same time.

"Ten billion strikes!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Over ten billion palm prints appeared on the enchanted barrier. The enchanted barrier trembled from the impact, but it remained intact.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

"A hundred billion strikes!"

The downgrader kept stepping up his attacks, but the enchanted barrier of the fairy palace continued to withstand it.

After some time, the downgrader paused in silent thought. Something was amiss, and he had finally figured out what it was.

Chapter 4306 The Attacking Method

Zen raised his head to scan the downgrader from head to toe. His posture remained unchanged since he appeared, and there was no hint of fear or caution.

It was as though he was a lifeless statue. There was no movement or momentum, which was peculiar for someone that had infinite energy.

It was unnecessary for the downgrader to initiate the confrontation using his bare fists. Of course, doing that was just out of habit.

"Mastema, can you stop?" Zen asked as he directly addressed the downgrader.

This was the first time that someone had referred to the downgrader by his name.

Buzz...

Hearing Zen speak it so casually infuriated the downgrader. The six pairs of compound eyes lit up simultaneously and shot out a sharp crimson light. The light was restrained to a certain degree, and it was as thin as a thread. It extended towards the enchanted barrier of the fairy palace and caused faint water ripples upon contact with its surface.

The downgrader had no intention to attack Zen with this move, but his reaction was forced out of him through anger.

"Shut up! You're just a lowly human being. What gives you the right to tell me what to do! Let Clarence come out. Let him talk to me!" the downgrader shouted, his tone reflecting unparalleled rage.

The people in the fairy palace were all taken aback by the downgrader's extreme reaction.

Why was the downgrader so triggered by Zen calling him 'Mastema'?

"Clarence has grown tired of everything. He has entrusted his entire strength to me," Zen said as he returned the downgrader's stern look.

"You can't be serious. Why would Clarence give all his strength to a lowly human like you? This is outrageous!"

Zen's words seemed to have fueled the rage lingering within the downgrader that he was trying hard to suppress.

Suddenly, a crack extended across his head, forming a large mouth intertwined with sharp teeth.

He flapped the wings on his back to flaunt his dominance over Zen. The wings were abnormally huge with scales etched all over them. His appearance was nothing short of a demon who arrived straight from the depths of hell to unleash divine punishment upon them.

Boom!

In the blink of an eye, he advanced with untraceable speed and crashed into the enchanted barrier of the fairy palace.

The enchanted barrier once hailed to be invincible was forcefully twisted out of shape by the downgrader. Although it didn't shatter completely after the first blow, some parts of it took reasonable damage and were weakened.

The downgrader didn't top there, he continued to press on the enchanted barrier to test the limits of its resistance. He was only about a foot away from reaching Zen.

"Why? Just why was all of the strength passed down to such a lowly creature who doesn't deserve it?" the downgrader roared out of frustration at Zen. His voice was even more piercing than before.

However, Zen's demeanor remained steady and calm as he returned the downgrader's gaze.

He had seen faint hints of the Evil God's special characteristics from the downgrader.

The downgrader portrayed all elements of the Evil God's personality; strong, cunning, neurotic, and hysterical.

The downgrader continued to roar on top of his lungs as he appealed, "I'm this close to fulfilling your most cherished desire. I'm this close in making it happen. I'll be the one who will craft the most beautiful world you've ever seen with my own two hands. I implore you to take back your strength from this lowly creature!"

Of course, Clarence could see and hear the downgrader. However, he chose to remain silent as he stared blankly at him.

Why did Mastema suddenly get so worked up about Clarence passing his strength down to Zen temporarily?

The downgrader continued his rant for a long time before he went silent. His body was ultimately pushed into the air by the enchanted barrier of the fairy palace.

Zen gave out an exasperated sigh and shook his head before his body slowly ascended in the air. He made his way out of the enchanted barrier and moved in front of the downgrader to look him dead in the eye. "I'm in charge of the force of Clarence. Your biggest enemy right now is me."

"You don't deserve to wield it!"

Buzz...

Countless downgraders overlapped with each other as they launched an individual palm strike aimed at Zen. It was as though Zen was being rained with an infinite amount of fists one after another.

"Take this!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom...

When the first strike struck Zen, a palm print was imprinted on his chest, and then it was later overlapped with another palm print. Then a third one, and a fourth, and a fifth...

Within the short span of three seconds, Zen's chest was covered in tens of billions of palm strikes. His body almost became unrecognizable, now cloaked with countless palm imprints etched all over it.

After being struck with those attacks, Zen's features and limbs were bent out of shape to the point that they were severely disfigured. His bones and flesh had been integrated into a single organism, and his appearance was reduced to that of a ball of meat that had been continuously kneaded for tens of billions of times.

Purr...

But after a short while, the ball of meat started to tremble voluntarily. Luscious thick black hair, a pair of eyes, mouth, nose, and eyebrows began to reappear from it. When the mold completely unwrapped itself, Zen regained his usual self seemingly unscathed.

The onlookers from the fairy palace remained rooted to their spots as they watched the scene unravel before their eyes with their mouths agape.

Their eyes couldn't keep up with the rapid palm strikes the downgrader unleashed on Zen, but they did witness Zen's body shaped up into a mold due to the pressure. To them, it was like watching Zen continuously being pinched by an invisible hand, and the mass of his flesh and blood was like rolling water.

"Were you able to make out what just happened to Zen? How did he suddenly become that thing? I can't tell what has happened, as it all happened so fast..." Even the Snake Goddess, who was the smartest being present in that crowd, was rendered speechless at this sight.

"He must have been continuously attacked by the downgrader without pause," Hilario said as he stared up at Zen's floating figure. He was making this assumption because Zen had previously mentioned the attacking method of the Probability Extreme Form in front of him before.

His explanation already sounded too exaggerated. But what Hilario was unaware of was the fact that Zen was confronted with tens of billions of blows one after another, and if the downgrader wished, he could tamper with the frequency and increase the rate even further.

"You barely managed to tickle me. Was that the best you could do? It's my turn now," Zen said as he gave his knuckles a light crack.

Zen was now the bearer of infinite energy that knew no bounds. He was able to release any amount of energy as he saw fit, and the reserves of it were absolutely limitless.

"Mirror!"

Zen exclaimed on top of his lungs. In response to his call, a circular silver mirror made of light stationed itself above his head.

"Ten billion." Zen narrowed his eyes as he glared at the downgrader staring back at him.

Just as those words left his mouth, Zen felt the enormous reserves of ancestry-level bloodline gush out from him uncontrollably.

If the energy of the ancestry-level bloodline was equivalent to that of a flowing river before, it had now upgraded itself and became as endless as seawater overflowing from every fiber of his being.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

Soon, the sky was dominated by the presence of ten billion silver light mirrors.

The silver light mirrors distributed across the space soon became so overwhelming that it was hard to escape the sight of them. They lit up the entire sky in a flash.

The Troubled Creatures that were still engulfed in their battle were forced to delay it as they raised their heads to make sense of the situation.

Their vision was filled with many stars flickering and twinkling in the sky.

The formation of the silver light mirrors seemed unorganized, but in fact, each of their positions was preplanned according to a certain rule.

"Uniting!" Zen yelled out another command.

Buzz, buzz, buzz...

At his words, each of the silver light mirrors began to emit streams of energy. These streaks of energy collided with each other and constantly bounced off each other until all of them gathered together to form an ingenious structure.

"Annihilating!" A murderous look appeared in Zen's eyes.

Whoosh...

The silver energy flow collected itself at one point before unleashing itself wholly at the downgrader.

This killing move was something Zen extracted from one of Clarence's memories. The technique did not have a unique name to itself. It only consisted of three steps; 'Mirror', 'Uniting', and 'Annihilating'. It was a carefully constructed attacking method that was created using three distinct Extreme Form energies.

The turbulent energy flow flew across the air and pierced its way through the Burial Land from the center. In a short span of thirty seconds, the energy flow had traveled across the chaos and reached the edge.

Boom...

The energy flow contained an ominous aura and forcefully opened a big hole in the chaos leading to the Abstruse Energy World!

At this time, the Evil God's avatar was carrying the triangular rock to complete the enclosure. When his gaze fell on the stream of energy sweeping across the sky at an incredible speed, he couldn't help but feel startled at the overwhelming sight. His eyes slowly widened in surprise as he felt a deep fear sprout from within his heart.

"Where did that attack come from?"

Before he could speak more to voice his growing concerns, he felt a wave coming from behind him. As he turned around to know the source, his eyes met those of the real Evil God.

Wherever the avatar carried the triangular rock, the territory it covered was instantly marked as a part of the Source World. The real Evil God could then appear and disappear at will within the range.

The real Evil God also sensed an astounding amount of energy flow surging from the boundaries of the Burial Land. He moved out to check it out for himself.

When he witnessed the large hole in the chaos, his expression darkened as a shadow hovered over his eyes.

The strength of this energy flow was far beyond the conjecture of the real Evil God.

Chapter 4307 More Avatars

The Evil God clearly knew the gap in strength between himself, Zen, and the downgrader.

Even with the energy of the Source World, he could only hold on for a few rounds in the battle against the two.

Right now, he could only sacrifice the materials from the Source World to sustain his energy. It had become a battle of limited resources against infinite energy. Sooner or later, the Evil God would exhaust everything that he had and would be overcome either by Zen or the downgrader.

Fortunately for the Evil God, the intensity of the energy he could release in a round was by no means inferior to that of his two opponents. Now, his only problem was where to find more resources to cope with them.

As he was trying to explore more sources of energy, he was also using the Field to expand the Source World indefinitely. If he made the entire chaos a part of the Source World, then everything in it would belong to him, and he would be able to use them however he wanted.

However, when he saw the energy flow that suddenly erupted from the Burial Land, the Evil God was stunned.

'What the hell? Where does that terrifying amount of energy come from?'

The energy flow occurred within the scope of the Source World, and the Evil God estimated it using his omniscient power.

But unexpectedly, as he discerned the flowing energy, he felt like his chest was smashed by a heavy hammer.

Then, he found out that to release this energy flow, about sixty thousand Source Worlds would have to be sacrificed.

In other words, even if he decided to sacrifice the entire Source World, the power that he would acquire would almost be negligible against what his opponents possessed.

His throat felt dry and a bitter taste rose from it. In an instant, his arrogance vanished, knowing how pitiful his current state was.

"Shall we continue to enclose more lands?"

one of the avatars cautiously asked as he noticed the bad mood of the Evil God.

"Yes," the Evil God answered briefly, then quickly disappeared.

Meanwhile, there was a huge square platform floating on the belt of the Source World. On it, tens of thousands of avatars of the Evil God were gathered.

Light energy bands floated around the platform that formed huge fences, sealing the entire platform into what looked like a huge prison.

With this, an avatar that wanted to escape from it would be instantly killed. Moreover, since the space was locked, they were unable to use the Grand Teleportation skill.

At this moment, there was a fierce argument going on inside the prison.

"Energy and materials are just two sides of the same coin. This is an ironclad law!"

"That's right! If there aren't enough materials, then there won't be enough energy to produce!"

"Bullshit! The transformation of materials and energy only looks like this in lower-grade worlds. How do you think Zen and the downgrader acquire so much energy?! There must be a shortcut to obtain infinite energy in higher-grade worlds!"

"Then, we have to restore the energy as soon as possible. It's the only way to find this shortcut."

The prison was very noisy as the avatars debated on how they could turn their situation against Zen and the downgrader.

Every avatar hysterically expressed their opinions. They only came from a single person but their ideas collided with each other. It was actually a good thing, so they could arrive at the best conclusion.

At the same time, the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran were standing guard at the prison gate and were listening to the avatars' conversation.

The two of them were greatly shocked at the intelligence displayed by each of them.

With so many of them, their brainstorming became more efficient.

Judging by their progress, it might not be too long before the avatars could realize how to find the shortcut that they badly needed.

While they were listening intently, they didn't notice the grains of sand that were slowly floating out of the prison.

Apparently, these grains of sand were from an avatar, who did not wish to participate in the others' discussion. Instead, he quietly sat in a corner and gradually turned his body into fine sand.

The sand drifted little by little towards the prison gate, forming a thin layer, while the avatar's body was continuously shrinking.

"Hey, why is there so much sand on the ground?"

Finally, the Grandmaster of Heaven inadvertently noticed the thin layer of sand on the ground. He and Duran were always on high alert. If it was just ordinary sand that fell on the ground, they should have noticed it at once.

As they wondered and inspected the sand, it suddenly condensed into the avatar of the Evil God.

Since the avatars were almost the exact copies of the original, they had no way to determine whether he was the real Evil God or not. Just when they were about to ask him, the Evil God reached out his hand and gently waved at Duran. An invisible film instantly enveloped Duran, and at the same time, the avatar also stretched his other hand and grabbed the Grandmaster of Heaven by his neck.

"I've actually been coveting your body for a long time now. If I want to be free from the real Evil God, I need to possess your body shell," the avatar said with a sinister smile.

Since the avatar could also use the Extreme Form energies, Duran and the Grandmaster of Heaven were no match for him.

"You bastard… The real Evil God is omniscient and omnipotent. Even if you take away my body shell, he will know instantly. Don't think that you can get away with this!" the Grandmaster of Heaven said in gritted teeth as he struggled to remove the hand of the avatar from his neck.

"Omniscient? Omnipotent? Ha! The power of the third-grade world is nothing! Do you think I can't deceive him?" As he finished speaking, he didn't waste any time and began stealing the body of the Grandmaster of Heaven. "Soul Extreme Form!"

However, as the Extreme Form energy started activating, the real Evil God suddenly appeared above the avatar and stomped him to the ground.

Crash!

The avatar's body immediately collapsed into grains of sand and quickly flowed to escape.

"Humph! Where do you think you're going?"

The real Evil God snorted as he released several balls of flames that darted towards the sand.

The flames quickly caught up with the sand and engulfed it.

The painful roars of the avatar could be clearly heard from within the flames. As the sound dissipated after a while, the sand was burnt and was turned into a piece of smooth and transparent glass.

"Your avatars are really troublesome," the Grandmaster of Heaven said as he still gasped for air from being strangled by the avatar.

The real Evil God just shook his head and turned to look inside the prison. "I have no choice. I can't risk placing unwarranted fear in their minds."

"Huh? Why not? Won't it be necessary so you could control them properly?" Duran asked.

The Evil God pointed at his head and said, "If they got too scared and paranoid, they would lose their imagination and creativity. Those are what we need from them. It'll be over if we lose that."

Upon hearing this, both the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran understood him.

"Hey!"

An avatar suddenly greeted the Evil God through the fence and gently pulled his hands together. At the same time, a pale red band of light slowly rotated around him. "I have found a new Field, and the creatures within it will fall into the chaos."

The number of Fields that he was talking about was eighty-six.

Indeed, the avatars were very efficient. They found several Fields in such a short time. After they figured out the rules, their speed became so much faster, and it could still improve.

However, the Evil God still wasn't satisfied.

Then, he slowly ascended to the top of the prison, looked down at the avatars below, and said, "You've done a good job, but it still isn't enough. We're running out of time. I just saw a powerful energy flow from the Burial Land. We're in a very tight spot."

"How powerful is it?" one of the avatars asked.

"It's equivalent to the energy of the combined sixty thousand Source Worlds," the Evil God said straightforwardly.

"What?!"

An uproar suddenly rose from inside the prison.

The jaws of the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran dropped hard. They even asked each other if they heard the same thing.

"In short, they have an infinite source of energy. We have no chance of winning if we just rely on the Fields. I need you to find out the energy source and the shortcut to control it. I need more intelligence and more avatars."

After the Evil God finished addressing them, the belt of the Source World began to tremble. He was planning to sacrifice everything in order to get what he wanted.

Chapter 4308 Brains

From the continental plates, which were tens of millions of miles wide, to the fist-sized stones, they all turned into fine powder and floated upward into the sky.

"What happened?"

"What's going on?"

"Our bodies! They are collapsing!"

Still, a large number of the creatures remained on the belt of the Source World.

They all hoped to survive, but luck was not on their side this time.

Each of them looked around in a panic as they saw inches of their bodies flaking off bit by bit, turning into dust and eventually, drifting into the air.

A few wanted to escape while others wanted to resist, but their efforts proved to be useless at this point.

The Evil God was always firm with any decision he had ever made.

Before, he thought he stood a chance with the help of the Fields, but he soon realized that there was a gap too big to be filled. In this realization, he chose his last resort.

Within an hour, all the things in the Source World, along with tens of thousands of creatures, were sacrificed. At the same time, the belt completely disappeared and left only the prison on the platform while the black ship floated not too far away.

Shera, the former captain, and Edna stood on the deck as they witnessed the broken Source World disappear right before their eyes.

"Thanks to the Evil God, my black ship will survive," the former captain said with a bitter smile.

"This is crazy... I like it. Too crazy," Shera exclaimed giddily.

Edna looked over at Shera, her expression as calm as ever. No matter what the Evil God did, she would wholeheartedly support him.

"Grow!"

the Evil God roared.

Just then, the prison on the platform expanded rapidly and new avatars shot up one after the other.

The number of appearing avatars exceeded one hundred thousand, then five hundred thousand, and eventually, there were one million of them packing densely the platform.

The Grandmaster of Heaven looked at them and asked, "How many avatars can be made once all the materials in the Source World are consumed?"

The Evil God looked down then proceeded to answer, "Around four million."

Each avatar was far stronger than an ordinary warrior at the Eternal Realm, so the Source World was limited to produce only four million of them.

"With so many avatars on our side, it's a force that can be reckoned with," the Grandmaster of Heaven pointed out.

The real Evil God sneered, "Four million ants are still no match for an elephant. They are not strong in battle, but I only need their intelligence."

One of the avatars who stood behind the prison fence overheard their discussion. "If you only need our intelligence, then our bodies are useless. I suggest you create only our heads."

The avatar's words struck a chord with the Evil God. A big smile plastered across his face. "That is reasonable. I will only keep your heads!"

This was an advantage because if he only created their heads, he would no longer need the prison anymore.

At first, the Grandmaster of Heaven thought the Evil God had joked about creating only heads. To his surprise, the Evil God immediately started to sacrifice for the second time.

Most of the avatars agreed to the plan and readied themselves as they were eager to find the source of energy. Others, however, resisted and cursed at the Evil God. Sadly for them, they had no choice. All the bodies of the avatars quickly disintegrated into pure energy.

A few minutes passed and only rows of heads were left across the huge platform. At the same time, more heads were generated and appeared alongside them.

Both the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran scratched their heads in confusion.

Though neither of them followed any of the rules, they were still shocked with what the Evil God had executed.

What exactly was he trying to do?

As they watched, they saw the Evil God provide the energy for these heads. This was to ensure that they could think flexibly and extensively.

"The number of my avatars has soared. It is now one billion and six hundred million." The real Evil God nodded in acknowledgment of what he'd done. He was above and beyond proud of all the progress.

In fact, he still wanted to create more heads, but he needed to reserve some energy for them to think. So one billion and six hundred million was the limit.

The avatar that initially suggested creating heads spoke out once more, "Actually, our number can still increase. You'd only need our brains to contain our intelligence, and it's far more efficient to communicate with each other with spiritual senses."

As they heard this, the Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran gasped in shock.

Was he serious?

If rows of heads weren't wild enough, what more rows of brains?

"That's right!" the Evil God exclaimed in delight. "Your eyes, ears, mouths, noses, skulls and teeth can also be sacrificed!" After finishing his words, the real Evil God clapped his hands and executed yet another round of sacrifices.

Just like that, one billion and six hundred million heads were sacrificed once again.

When only brains were left with souls within them, the number went up to a whopping two billion.

These brains held souls that were stronger than any of the warriors at the Holy Soul Realm as they released spiritual senses to search around. It came to a point that so many spiritual senses were intertwined together in the air and formed a chaotic soul windstorm.

"Quiet down!"

Once the real Evil God released a terrifying soul pressure, the two billion brains instantly withdrew their spiritual senses and the windstorm settled down into nothing.

Afterwards, the real Evil God began to delegate the tasks amongst the two billion brains before him. Some were responsible for thinking, some collected information, and some selected useful, decisive information.

Because the brains contained much chaotic information, they had to work intrinsically together to pull everything off.

As he finished his arrangements, the Evil God turned around and gazed into the distance. All of a sudden, a silver light flashed.

His eyebrows suddenly raised. Stretching out his hand, he retracted the black ship and the platform dozens of miles away. Without warning, the fluctuating silver energy flow shot over them all.

The energy flow swept past them at unbelievable speed, then suddenly disappeared back into the void.

The Evil God was not the only one who caught a glimpse of it. The Grandmaster of Heaven and Duran couldn't help but pace around as they saw the energy flow.

"This... This is the energy flow you mentioned?"

"How can it hold such immense power?"

The real Evil God looked over at them with a cold, motionless expression. "This is the reason why I had to sacrifice the Source World."

As they knew, the battle between Zen and the downgrader in the Burial Land was still ongoing.

Within such a short amount of time, Zen had already launched six sets of 'Mirror', 'Uniting' and 'Annihilating' in a row, which created gaping holes within the Burial Land.

But even though his attacks were powerful, it was still unable to kill the downgrader.

Just then, the downgrader released a light that resembled a dazzling golden sun. The sun surrounded him and expanded along the edge of the Burial Land. At the same time, the Pear Hill, the divine land, and the Ruin Graveyard were swallowed up by the golden sun while tens of billions of Troubled Creatures were killed in the process.

The entire Burial Land grew still and silent, all except for the fairy palace that Zen managed to protect.

Once the light of the golden sun eventually dimmed down, the silhouette of the downgrader appeared from a distance. "In the past, when a world ended, Clarence and I had a fierce battle. That was definitely my favorite. This time, with you as my opponent, I have to say I am pretty damn bored."

For him, Zen merely used tactics that attacked him instead of killing him. In the end, nothing Zen ever struck him with produced substantial damage to him.

"Ten billion..."

Zen stood up tall as he raised his hand into the air. Just then, ten billion silver rings of light scattered across the sky.

It seemed that he was still using the set of 'Mirror', 'Uniting' and 'Annihilating'.

Whoosh!

The energy flow gathered and rushed straight at the downgrader.

Usually, all the downgrader had to do was dodge. However, he'd planned to forcefully block the energy flow altogether.

To his surprise, as he resisted the energy flow, Zen's figure quietly disappeared. The next thing he knew, Zen stood right by the black light.

Chapter 4309 The True Strength

The downgrader made his debut from the black light.

Of course, Zen knew that this black light was essential to the downgrader. His real body was most likely hidden within it.

Previously, Zen had attempted to destroy the black light with the Destruction Extreme Form, but in the end, he only failed.

Now that he realized his attacks couldn't hurt the downgrader even the slightest bit, he once again fixed his attention on the black light.

It was impossible to destroy the black light just by relying on the Destruction Extreme Form; however, Zen discovered a theurgy in

Clarence's memories.

"Light Clearing Skill!"

A circular ring of light floated towards the black light and enveloped it, now beginning to rotate.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As the ring of light revolved, the black light also swayed non-stop.

"Is it taking effect?"

Zen observed as his eyelids twitched slightly.

He had tried several other methods before, but none of them could affect the black light even a little. The black light seemed to be in another world.

Now, the Light Clearing Skill could actually impact the black light, which brought Zen a glimmer of hope.

"Contract!"

Buzz! Buzz!

The ring of light then contracted inward from its rotating motion.

The moment the edge of the ring of light touched the black light, the black light shrunk slightly and surprisingly freed itself from the ring of light's control.

"The black light escaped?"

Zen frowned and pointed at it with his finger. He deployed the Light Clearing Skill once more.

One hundred rings.

One thousand rings.

Ten thousand rings.

Over ten thousand rings of light continuously appeared, all rotating and contracting at the same time. The black light started to shake violently, but without any further effect from the rings.

"You're really stupid, aren't you? Instead of putting up a fight, you actually want to destroy my Source Light." The downgrader suddenly appeared above Zen's head. He had already dealt with the energy flow released by Zen.

Zen raised his hands and stared at the downgrader without saying anything. He then drew his hands closer to the black light. Fingernail-sized crystals started to float out from his palms, gathering towards the black light.

Da! Da! Da!

With a faint shattering sound, the small crystals merged into the black light.

One by one, the crystals emitted a small dull green light as they broke. Soon, the black light was entirely colored green, and at the same time, turned into a solid object.

This was another way of changing the shape and form of light.

After the crystals had solidified the black light, Zen immediately yanked his fist and punched it forcefully.

Boom!

The solidified black light was smashed into pieces.

However, the broken black light remained floating in its place.

The downgrader, standing with crossed arms, didn't have any intention of attacking Zen at all. Instead, his eyes flashed with a faint yellow light as he showed a mocking expression.

There were a great number of theurgies in Clarence's memories, all of which had been extracted from the Extreme Form energies. Many of them were indeed worth a try.

Every time that Zen did, he looked at the downgrader and observed his reaction. Not a single theurgy was able to make the downgrader flinch. His face stayed plain and unbothered.

After Zen failed six or seven times in a row, the quiet Clarence finally broke his silence. "It's useless, Zen. The Source Light is the privilege I gave him. It can't be destroyed."

"Privilege?" Zen was stunned as he heard what Clarence just said.

"Yes. Before he grew up, he had made this request, which was the privilege of never being destroyed. I thought carefully for a long time before I came up with this method. After I gave the Source Light to him, even I could not strip him off his power," Clarence recollected.

Zen sighed as he was lost for words.

Clarence himself had actually created a powerful enemy who couldn't be killed. What was he thinking?

"Since the Source Light can't be destroyed, how did you deal with him?" Zen asked again, deeply thinking of a solution.

From the higher-grade worlds all the way to the lower-grade worlds, Clarence chased Mastema and later got defeated in the Deep Space.

"Suppress him to the point that he can't get out of the Source Light anymore," Clarence replied. "Every time I suppressed him in the Source Light, he could not bear it and would begin to downgrade the worlds, which I couldn't stop him from doing. In the fifth-grade world, we had both suffered great losses. He failed to complete the downgrading while I had to stay in the Heavenly Ring Staff."

"But we have the same energy and neither of us can do anything to each other. How can I even suppress him?" Zen asked with hesitation.

With a faint smile, Clarence responded, "In my opinion, not only would you fail to suppress him, but you will eventually lose to him."

"Why?"

"Up to now, he hasn't even used his real strength. He and I know much more about energy than you do. Although you have absolute infinite energy, you're like a reckless man flailing a powerful saber around. Your skill is undoubtedly great, yet it is useless," Clarence commented harshly.

If the downgrader heard those words that Clarence uttered, he would probably raise his thumbs in agreement.

However, it was not Zen's fault.

Even though he had obtained a portion of Clarence's memories, he had no other choice but to fall inferior to the downgrader.

"Then you..."

"No. I won't make a move," Clarence said, immediately predicting what Zen was thinking. "I've already told you the reason."

Clarence had never been able to stop Mastema from downgrading the worlds, so he quit and had simply given up trying.

"It's a pity to give up like this. After all..."

"Remember, human," Clarence directly interrupted Zen again. "I've already helped you understand my past to the greatest extent. As a human, you have your limits and you know it. It's meaningless to encourage me, persuade me, or even urge me. I have already given everything to you. This time, you have to strive for success on your own."

After he finished speaking his truth frankly, Clarence fell silent again.

No matter how many times Zen called him, he didn't reply anymore. He had already made up his mind to just be an onlooker.

"Zen, we can only rely on no one but ourselves now,"

the ancestry-level bloodline suddenly told Zen.

Although Clarence had awakened, he hadn't erased the intelligence of the ancestry-level bloodline.

"Rely on ourselves..."

Zen narrowed his eyes slightly while gritting his teeth.

"You're right. Come on!"

This time, the ancestry-level bloodline released vigorous life energy which was the bloodline power of the life quadrant.

The bloodline powers of the fourth-grade world could not offer any substantial help to Zen, but they offered him great comfort that made him feel a little warm inside.

At this moment, the voice of the downgrader suddenly echoed again.

"I have given you so many chances, but you chose not to seize even one of them. Now let's end this boring battle!"

The downgrader then stretched out his long and slender arms.

Several Extreme Form energies started to circulate on the surface of his body, which later intertwined and merged together—this formed fat leeches that slowly crawled all around his body.

Swoosh!

In a flash, the downgrader came flying straight to Zen.

Zen instantly avoided him by using his omnipotent power to move to the corner of the Burial Land.

However, the strange thing was that the downgrader also arrived at the spot at the same time. His slender arms had already grabbed Zen's neck, and the leeches that originally lay on his body transferred quickly to Zen's.

Da! Da! Da!

One end of the leeches drilled into Zen's body, and the other remained stuck to the body of the downgrader, connecting the two to each other.

"It's such a waste to give you the ancestry-level bloodline, don't you think? Why don't you leave it to me instead?" the downgrader said with an evil smirk.

Chapter 4310 Absorption

Long ago, Mastema had tried to swallow Clarence.

The attempt wasn't just undertaken once. He tried to swallow Clarence in the eleventh, ninth, and eighth grade worlds but failed every single time.

However, Clarence had just given his abilities to a human, which proved to be the greatest opportunity that had ever come for Mastema.

He was not afraid of Clarence but being chased by him irritated him. Swallowing this troublesome guy's abilities would solve everything once and for all.

Before Zen could prepare for the next round of counterattack, he found his body pierced through by leeches.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

The leeches were literally sucking away the ancestry-level bloodline in his body.

"Zen, leave him!"

the ancestry-level bloodline told him.

It had previously resisted splitting itself before it awakened so there was no way it was going to let the downgrader do the same thing.

"Okay!"

Zen replied, immediately moving away from where he once stood using his omnipotent power.

This teleportation method had a very high priority in the primitive land. It was so fast that it did not even cause any space fluctuations.

Swoosh!

In just the blink of an eye, Zen found himself already on the other side of the Burial Land.

"Move away..."

Astonishment was evident on Zen's face.

He had just moved tens of millions of miles but the downgrader was able to keep up with him. No leech dislodged itself from his body while the downgrader remained at his heels, keeping a certain distance.

"Well..."

Zen gritted his teeth and once again used his omnipotent power but the results remained the same. Wherever he went, the downgrader followed.

"Resistance is futile,"

the downgrader told him with a maniacal laugh as the leeches continued to absorb Zen's ancestry-level bloodline.

No matter where Zen went, he immediately followed so much so that it almost seemed as if the two of them had become one. The Extreme Form energy exerted by his constant movements practically covered the entirety of the Burial Land.

Buzz!

Zen was not convinced and moved eight more times.

The result was always the same and Zen soon realized that there was no way he was going to get rid of the downgrader.

"I'll cut you off!"

Zen shouted in irritation.

Soon enough, a new moon appeared in the sky.

"One Token Slash!"

This was a theurgy he had obtained from Clarence's memories. He released an infinite amount of energy to maximize its power.

As Zen summoned his strength, the new moon expanded from a few hundred miles to billions of miles long!

This humongous moon was magnificent but only a few people could enjoy its majesty.

Those in the fairy palace had no idea of the ongoing fight between Zen and the downgrader.

Pear Hill, the Ruin Graveyard, and the divine land were all but destroyed along with the families, friends, and clans that once lived there. Only a few dozen people were left alive in the chaos and an unprecedented sense of loneliness rose from the survivors' hearts.

"Look at that moon!" Geoffrey burst in awe as he pointed up at the sky.

"Is Zen making a move?" Mike asked, his voice tinged with concern.

"It should be him. The battle's not over yet!" Yan exclaimed with hope.

The entirety of the sky was covered by the new moon, which painted an incomparably shocking and beautiful scene.

Whilst everyone looked at the moon, the Snake Goddess chose to ruminate in solitude.

She stared at the direction of what was once Pear Hill.

Despite being forcefully taken away from the Source World, in the end, the Pear Hill was still destroyed.

That was just how fate worked, it seemed.

At that moment, an idea suddenly came to the Snake Goddess.

She felt like a struggling insect that, no matter how high she flew, could not escape the trap she had stumbled into.

Splash!

The new moon slashed down, aimed at the leeches between the downgrader and Zen.

Despite its size, the new moon remained as thin as a blade.

As it fell, it began to shrink as all the Extreme Form energies gathered and condensed into one thin line of unimaginable power.

However, all the downgrader had to do was gently push forward at the direction of the new moon and an invisible enchanted barrier enveloped around them.

Sizzle!

This barrier inevitably collided with the thin blade of the new moon.

At that moment, a sharp voice echoed within the void.

There was no way infinite energy could offset infinite energy.

The strongest spear could not break the strongest shield.

It was the case in the fairy palace before, and the same held true now.

"Again!"

Zen shouted as he waved his hand.

With that, several new moons once again floated in the air.

These new moons surrounded Zen, slashing at the downgrader one after the other, to no avail.

"Dispersing state!"

In this seemingly hopeless situation, Zen chose to turn to his last resort: the disintegration of his body. As the owner of the primitive land, his ability was to disperse his body if ever he was killed. It was equivalent to suicide but it was a choice he had to make for the sake of everyone.

However, at the moment of his body's collapse, an extremely strong binding force held him together. His body collapsed without dissipating!

"Hahaha..."

the downgrader sneered.

He was always one step ahead of Zen in this fight.

They had the same abilities but the same could not be said when it came to strength.

As the ancestry-level bloodline was completely absorbed by the leeches, Zen's body floated, empty and devoid of everything.

Puff!

With a single glance, the downgrader set Zen's body aflame and burned it until it was nothing but ashes.

"Infinity plus infinity is still infinity.

My strength has not increased but I saved so much trouble. It feels good."

The downgrader's six pairs of compound eyes flashed green, indicating his satisfaction.

Buzz!

With a slight buzzing noise, the downgrader's body disappeared and then materialized in the fairy palace.

His presence quickly threw everyone in deep despair.

There was no way Zen would've allowed the downgrader to enter the fairy palace unless he was dead. Thus, there was only one reason why the downgrader was here.

"Where is my father?"

Geoffrey asked through gritted teeth.

"He's dead. Your father has been absorbed by me. He is now a part of my own body," the downgrader replied.

"You... You're lying!"

Geoffrey screamed as he ran to the downgrader at breakneck speed and threw a punch to his face.

The force from Geoffrey's punch had the ability to reach tens of millions of miles. However, despite his strength, the downgrader remained unmoved and unbothered.

But Geoffrey did not care.

He was angry and he had to vent his anger so he continued to throw dozens of punches towards the intruder.

Nobody dared stop him. Nobody, not even Rocher, Yan, the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, or Lorena, made a move.

Their combined strength could not be compared to that of the downgrader. There was no need to fight a lost battle.

In the middle of the fight, the downgrader finally made his move and caught Geoffrey's fist. With a slight twitch of his wrist, he was able to sever the young man's arm from his body. "I felt nothing. Your punches couldn't even tickle me. You're poorly weak."

As he ridiculed Geoffrey, fist-sized marks of the darkest black began to appear over the surface of the downgrader's body.

These ink marks expanded and created cracks upon the downgrader's skin, signaling his body's collapse!

Chapter 4311 Infinite Seals

"Wait... What?"

The downgrader's six pairs of eyes flashed sharply, as though something sparked inside them.

A strange feeling that could only be likened to confusion consumed him.

Geoffrey covered his broken arm with his other hand, and he too felt strange.

Although he had unleashed one hundred percent of his strength in each punch, he never expected he'd be able to defeat the downgrader.

He had been under the impression that even if he did go all out, he wouldn't be able to break down even the most basic defenses of the downgrader, let alone beat him like this!

"You, you...! What have you done?"

the downgrader growled and took one staggering step towards Geoffrey. The surface of his body was riddled with black ink marks as more and more cracks appeared. Gradually, his skin began to flake off his body.

"I didn't do anything," Geoffrey said confusedly, taking a cautious step back. "I just punched you."

Yan, Mike, Rocher and the others, who had been watching from behind Geoffrey, were all rendered speechless.

The Snake Goddess eyed the downgrader warily. Raising her thin eyebrows gently, she suddenly had some sort of a premonition. Whipping her head around, as expected, she saw a faint figure quietly materializing. It was none other than Zen.

The downgrader also sensed Zen. Now, he didn't feel that overwhelmed, but he still felt the need to ask, "How did you do it?"

"It seems you don't know everything about the Extreme Form energies. You don't even know the power of crystal solution." A faint smile crept on Zen's face. "Since I couldn't defeat you, I had to turn myself into a poisonous pill for you to swallow."

Then, it dawned on the downgrader. "The power of the crystal solution?" he echoed softly, as though in a daze. "I see..."

It was a kind of poisonous energy formed by combining several Extreme Form energies. While it was lethal as a weapon, it was difficult to use.

The downgrader had wanted to devour the ancestry-level bloodline, which gave Zen a chance to deliver the fatal blow.

"Hahaha..."

The downgrader chuckled helplessly as his body disintegrated little by little. Fragments were falling from his body in bite-sized chunks, yet he still continued to laugh like a madman. "Killing me has earned you great honor. But is it enough to defeat me?"

With the help of the Source Light, the downgrader would be able to revive infinitely. It didn't matter if he was killed.

"I wouldn't have known if I didn't try." With that, Zen abruptly moved to the side of the black light.

The downgrader had made it very clear that the Source Light could not be damaged, and even went so far as to put it out in the open.

Zen studied the black light and began to search the memories given to him by Clarence.

Clarence didn't tell Zen how to restrict the downgrader, but the memories revealed all sorts of information on how to use all the Extreme Form energies. Thus, Zen figured that the methods of restriction must be hidden within them.

Zen narrowed his eyes at the Source Light and immense amounts of Extreme Form energies started to gush out of his body.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The Extreme Form energies of three different colors overlapped, forming a massive circular altar.

The circular altar then shrank quickly and enveloped the black light tightly.

"The Holy Seal!"

Zen didn't know which the best seal was, so he decided to use the stupidest method first. Eventually, he planned to use all the methods that were designed to seal something within.

Splash! Splash!

Countless green crystals flowed into the void. Once they surrounded the circular altar, they joined together to form one huge emerald crystal.

"The Life Seal!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A square space bigger than the first one wrapped around the emerald gem and then turned into a stable space.

"The Space Seal!"

"The Heaven Lock, seal!"

"The Phase Enchanted Barrier, seal!"

"The Evil Will, seal!"

"…"

Although the types of Extreme Form energies were much fewer than those of the bloodline powers, their combinations were also very rich. The theurgies that evolved from them were strange, birthing more sorts of powerful sealing methods.

Zen didn't even stop to think. He relentlessly used all the theurgies that had restricting effects.

Ten layers.

Twenty layers.

Thirty layers.

From within the black light, the dead downgrader gradually came back to life.

His hand slowly stretched out from the black light, only to be met by the first seal.

"Humph! It's only the Holy Seal. What a childish method!"

With a careless flick of his wrist, Extreme Form energy appeared in his hand. Without hesitation, he smashed the Holy Seal.

The circular altar instantly shattered into pieces with a loud bang.

Just as the downgrader was about to emerge from the black light completely, he found that there was another layer that sealed him within.

"The Life Seal? Psh!"

Boom!

The emerald green gem was smashed into pieces with a single punch.

"The Space Seal? Break!"

Boom!

The square space then collapsed, inch by inch.

However, even after destroying three layers of seals, the downgrader was met by yet another seal.

"Damn it! Another seal!"

The downgrader couldn't help but curse. He really didn't expect that Zen would use so many seals. How bothersome!

Of course, he had no clue that Zen had actually set up over a hundred layers of seals from the outside, and there were no signs of him stopping.

Meanwhile, in the chaos, a hush had fallen over the huge square platform.

But if one were to activate his spiritual sense, he would be met with countless other spiritual senses.

On the square platform, two billion brains were working seamlessly, like a well-oiled machine.

The real Evil God floated from above. After all the information had been filtered, he absorbed the most useful ones.

"There are eighty-six kinds of 'Field' energy in the sixth-grade world."

"There are forty-five kinds of 'Weight' energy in the seventh-grade world."

"There are twenty-two kinds of 'Coupling' energy in the eighth-grade world."

"In the ninth-grade world..."

The two billion brains were quickly speculating and summarizing. It was surprisingly efficient to communicate with each other with spiritual senses, and it was not as noisy and chaotic as before.

In a matter of seconds, eighty-six kinds of "Field" energy had been completely displayed in front of the Evil God. He absorbed this information easily. The forty-five kinds of "Weight" energy and twenty-two kinds of "Coupling" energy, which were the energy forms in the high-grade worlds were all understood by him.

The higher the level of the energy, the more difficult it would become for the Evil God to control it.

While he could use the "Field" energy, this method consumed a lot of energy.

However, the consumption of the "Weight" energy was even more astronomical. The Evil God was curious and tried to summon it, but when half of the energy was condensed, his remaining energy had been consumed by a tenth.

He still needed to maintain the operation of two billion brains. How could he be willing to waste all his energy on this? These two billion brains were like two billion cultivators at the Holy Soul Realm, which consumed a considerable amount of energy.

If he couldn't find the source of infinite energy before their current supply of energy was exhausted, the Evil God would lose without a fight.

As for the Coupling energy, although he had found the way, he didn't have the courage to try it. This was something that even he couldn't touch.

The speed at which the energy was restored was very fast, basically up to the expectations of the Evil God. After all, by now he had already mastered the rules of restoring.

However, he was still pessimistic about the matter.

He could hear nothing stirring within the Burial Land.

Because they were in different primitive lands, he was unable to find out the situation in the Burial Land through his omniscient power. However, this was definitely not a good omen. Once the winner was decided, he would be the next goal.

Chapter 4312 The Source Of Energy

A sense of urgency arose in the Evil God.

He realized it was necessary to urge the two billion brains.

Swoosh!

The Evil God instantly projected his will into the brains.

"You should realize the meaning of your existence, and that is to find out the best way to obtain infinite energy. Once you obtain it, you will all have freedom and everything your hearts desire!"

Hearing this, these brains began chattering with their spiritual senses.

"Of course!"

"We are about to achieve an unprecedented feat!"

"I want a world of my own!"

Two billion brains responded, one after another.

Once he obtained absolute infinite energy, the Evil God would be able to create countless worlds to accommodate them all.

The Evil God had always pursued freedom. These brains had the same goals as him, but since they existed in the form of brains, they could only help him achieve his ultimate goal.

"But I'm afraid the victory has already been decided in the Burial Land, and we have almost run out of time. No matter which side wins, we would lose the chance to resist," the Evil God said with a serious honesty. "So, please hurry up with your efforts!"

"The higher the level of energy, the less kinds there are, and the faster it will be!"

"We will try our best!"

"You will win the unprecedented glory for us all!"

Two billion brains responded in unison. Although the Evil God was omnipotent, he couldn't hear every brain's response, but he could choose to listen to the most popular ones.

The energy of the ninth-grade world was known as Cube, and there were only sixteen kinds.

Just as the brains had said, they became more and more skilled at restoring energy, and once the kinds of energy decreased, their speed of restoration became faster and faster.

Basically, every five minutes, one more kind of "Cube" energy formed. After one and a half hours, the sixteen kinds of energy of the ninth-grade world had been restored.

Then they proceeded to restore the energy of the tenth-grade world, which was known as Phase. Its number was reduced by a half to eight.

Very soon, these eight kinds of energy were also restored.

The energy of the eleventh-grade world was known as Frequency, and its number had been reduced by another half to four.

The energy of the twelfth-grade world was known as Coke, and it possessed only two kinds.

The Evil God anticipated receiving the essence of the energy, so he became more and more excited.

In the blinking of an eye, he landed on the deck of the black ship and paced back and forth.

The Grandmaster of Heaven, Duran, Shera, Edna, and the former captain stood on the other side of the deck, their eyes following the steps of the Evil God.

In fact, they wanted to know what the Evil God had achieved, but when they saw the serious look on his face, no one dared to question him.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Suddenly, countless spiritual senses gathered about the black ship.

There were too many invisible spiritual senses to fully discern. Their presence even caused a gentle wind to stir Shera's and Edna's long hair.

After receiving the information from the spiritual senses, the Evil God shut his eyes lightly.

After a short moment, he opened his eyes, and they lit up brightly.

"I see!

I see!

I see!"

the Evil God shouted into the void.

"Dear..."

Edna called out to him with concern.

As if he hadn't heard her, the Evil God asked, "What do you believe the energy to be?"

Hearing this question, Shera blinked her large eyes. She raised her right hand, and a mass of energy gathered like a blood mist around it. "For me, energy is a tool for killing."

"Energy? It's the root power to maintain my bloodline's might," said Duran.

"It's the way to rule everything," the former captain responded.

Edna pursed her lips, wanting to express her opinion. She considered it for a while but gave up.

After a while of contemplation, the Grandmaster of Heaven said, "Energy forms all materials. The two can mold each other."

The Evil God grinned, giving him a thumbs up before he continued to question, "Where do the energy and materials come from?"

"They come from higher-grade worlds," the Grandmaster of Heaven replied.

The Evil God nodded. "If, and I do mean if... What will happen if we transform all the materials into energies and consume them?"

Hearing this question, the Grandmaster of Heaven frowned. It was difficult for him to adequately answer it.

Energy was used to create a world, and the energy consumed in this process would be transformed into materials.

Energy also had the ability to destroy everything. What happened to the energy used in this process?

"The consumed energy has completely disappeared, and so has everything else," the Grandmaster of Heaven replied.

"You think it has disappeared, and I also once believed it had disappeared. Everyone believes it has disappeared, but in fact it does not disappear at all!" the Evil God countered.

"But then what has happened to it?" the Grandmaster of Heaven questioned in puzzlement.

"It has entered the void." The Evil God exaggeratedly opened his arms in a gesture of hugging the void. "The void is overflowing! All the space, so devoid of any material that we can see, is actually filled with energy! The space in a cup, the space in a room, and also the space in a world are all bursting with energy!"

Shock was painted all over everyone's face.

"How is that possible?"

"There is nothing within the void."

"If there really is energy in the void, how come we can't sense it at all, let alone use it?"

The Evil God looked at them as if he was looking at simpletons and unhurriedly explained, "According to my calculations, the energy that is transformed from the materials in the Deep Space, the main world, and all the secondary worlds only makes up twenty percent, while the invisible energy in the void accounts for the remaining eighty percent. More importantly, even when the energy in the void is consumed, it still returns to the void. In this sense, it is absolutely infinite!"

It was like drawing water from a lake for a bath. After the bath, the water was poured back into the lake. In this way, the water would neither decrease nor increase, and it could be used repeatedly.

The Grandmaster of Heaven gasped for breath. The words of the Evil God seemed so unbelievable, but now it made perfect sense. He continued to ask, "If what you say is true, how can we prove it?"

"Prove it?"

The corners of the Evil God's mouth curved upwards, and he gently raised his hand towards the sky.

A light blue colored ribbon unrolled, and this was the Field of Static Electricity.

Following that, a dark red colored ribbon flowed out, representing the Life Field.

Then more fields in black, white, yellow, green, and other colors unfolded like the lines of a rainbow.

The energy consumption of these Fields was astonishing. Previously, it had been too difficult for the Evil God to activate the Restriction Field, but now, he could easily display all eighty-six different Fields, one by one.

"From the moment this world was created, the energy in the void remained unknown to us. We simply couldn't comprehend its existence, let alone use such energy," the Evil God proudly stated. "But now, I have discovered the truth."

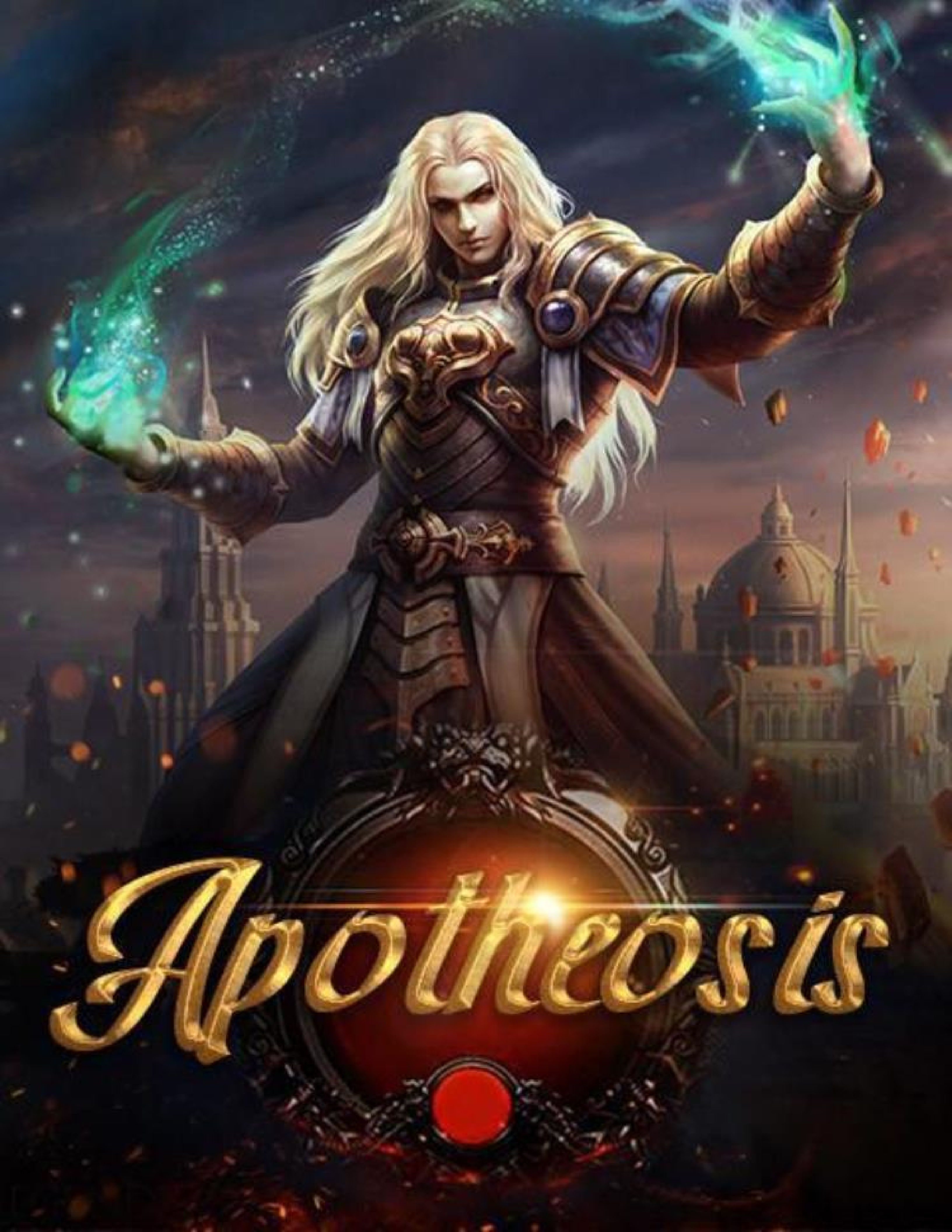
Apotheosis

Contents

Chapter 4313 A Larger Primitive Land
Chapter 4314 The One Who Broke The Rules
Chapter 4315 Downgrading
Chapter 4316 No Solution
Chapter 4317 Born By Accident
Chapter 4318 Plan
Chapter 4319 The Final Battle
Chapter 4320 Smooth
Chapter 4321 Fight Hand To Hand
Chapter 4322 The Cutoff Of Energy
Chapter 4323 Retreat
Chapter 4324 An Old Friend
Chapter 4325 No Way To Go
Chapter 4326 The Beginning Of The Wall World
Chapter 4327 The World With Lines
Chapter 4328 The Battle On The Plane
Chapter 4329 The Last Downgrading
Chapter 4330 The Point Of Origin
Chapter 4331 Split
Chapter 4332 The Reality Zen Wanted
Chapter 4333 Restore Everything
Chapter 4334 The End
Chapter 4335 Thank You Note

Chapter 4313 A Larger Primitive Land

According to the judgment of the Evil God, he originally wanted to restore the energy up to the one in the thirteenth-grade world, and then find the answer.

However, when the energy of the twelfth-grade world was already restored, he suddenly learned something.

As for the two kinds of "Coke" energy in the twelfth-grade world, it turned out that one was to create and the other was to destruct. They had no special features but they were said to be interlinked with each other. They were just the positive and negative sides of energy.

After the energy of the thirteenth-grade world was restored, the situation became simpler and clearer.

Surprisingly, there was no energy in the thirteenth-grade world.

The only secret that it contained was how to control everything.

When the Evil God finally got this authority, he could now discover the infinite energy that was hidden in the void.

"It's so beautiful…"

Shera was deeply mesmerized as she stared at the colorful bands of light that floated in the sky.

When the Evil God saw her fascination, he gently stretched out his finger. Then, a small dark-red band of light appeared on Shera's index finger, looking like an exquisite ring.

"This is…"

Shera was surprised as she looked at the band of light on her finger.

"The energy of the Source World is sealed within it. You can use it anytime you want," the Evil God said with a faint smile. "However, I doubt that you will have the chance to use it."

Indeed, the Source World was vast, and it contained a lot of energy. However, the Evil God needed to face Zen and the downgrader. In a battle involving them, even the energy of the entire Source World was far from enough.

Despite that, Shera's eyes still gleamed in excitement.

It was such a romantic gesture for her that the Evil God turned the Source World into a ring.

"If the 'Field' energy is in the shape of a light band, then what is the form of the 'Weight' energy?" the Grandmaster of Heaven asked out of curiosity.

He was a man with a strong desire for knowledge, and thus he would take any opportunity to broaden the horizon of his wisdom.

"Weight…

It's a kind of energy that is in the form of acute triangles.

That's it!"

Then, all of a sudden, irregular triangular energy blocks appeared in the sky.

"Hmm, Coupling is a kind of lumpy energy.

This kind of energy won't be seen from the outside. But since it appeared, it has already been integrated, and thus it's uncontrollable. I don't know how people fight in the eighth-grade world."

Upon saying this, the Evil God released the lumps of Coupling energy. They had a complicated form and looked like delicate boxes. Since They were already in a complete form, there was almost no energy that was coming from them.

"Well, the 'Cube' energy of the ninth-grade world is more interesting. It doesn't have a fixed form, so it could be transmuted into various things.

Now, the energy of the tenth-grade world—"

Previously, although all of the two billion brains had already restored the energy bit by bit, it could only exist in his brain without the support of the infinite energy.

Even the Evil God was very curious about such energy, so he displayed them one by one.

Meanwhile, the battle in the Burial Land was still raging on.

Crash! Boom!

A layer of bright red enchanted barrier was suddenly smashed into pieces.

After that, the downgrader fell into the illusion that was created by the Soul Extreme Form. In order to resist it, he needed to use another Extreme Form energy to counter it.

However, as soon as he broke out of the illusion, he found himself sealed in an extremely sturdy copper ball.

"Ha! Is this all you can do?"

Crash!

The downgrader continuously shattered more than a hundred enchanted barriers and seals that were set up by Zen.

It was effortless for Zen to create these enchanted barriers and seals. With the support of the infinite energy, he could construct them without a stop.

At the same time, he was also monitoring the downgrader's movements in the black light. When the downgrader attacked the innermost enchanted barrier, Zen would infuse it with the infinite energy.

This way, it would take a lot of time and energy before the downgrader could break every enchanted barrier. Consequently, he wouldn't be able to destroy all the enchanted barriers in one go.

For quite a while, the downgrader had indulged himself in breaking the enchanted barriers randomly. However, he soon noticed that the sheer number of the barriers that Zen had set up was far beyond his imagination. There would be no end to it if he just continued breaking them one by one. Thus, he temporarily stopped and thought of a way out.

At this moment, he was trapped inside an ice tomb. With the aid of the infinite Extreme Form energy, the ice tomb could actually freeze everything close to it.

However, the downgrader saw this as a chance to escape.

Although the ice tomb was pretty sturdy and powerful, its weakness was obvious. It would be completely restrained by the Flame Extreme Form. Even if the ice tomb was endowed with absolute infinite energy, it would still be easy to break it using the Flame Extreme Form.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the downgrader started brewing the Flame Extreme Form in his hands.

His slender arms suddenly stretched out of the black light and swept towards the surrounding ice tomb.

"Break!"

Crash! Boom!

With an enormous impact, the huge ice tomb collapsed without difficulty.

The moment Zen felt that the ice tomb collapsed, he attempted to gather absolute infinite energy to infuse into the next seal. However, the downgrader was well prepared this time and was much faster to take action.

"Break all the enchanted barriers!"

Boom! Boom!

Vicious flames formed violent torrents that erupted on a large scale.

Without the support of the infinite energy, the enchanted barriers were unable to resist the flames that were released by the downgrader. All the seals and enchanted barriers seemed like thin sheets of paper that were instantly engulfed by a sea of flames.

Whoosh!

As the downgrader shattered all the enchanted barriers, his voice once again echoed throughout the Burial Land.

"Do you think you could suppress me with such petty tricks? Think again! You're too confident because the Burial Land is protecting you? Then I'll destroy every inch of it! Let's see how you could face me afterward!"

While the black light could make the downgrader be reborn infinitely, the Burial Land acted the same for Zen.

Moreover, the primitive land gave Zen more abilities. Currently, this wasn't an equal battle anymore.

Even the downgrader had to admit that he wouldn't be able to defeat Zen if he didn't destroy the Burial Land completely.

Buzz! Buzz!

In the blink of an eye, the downgrader appeared at the edge of the Burial Land.

A golden sun rose from his body, devouring all the surrounding materials, and burning a huge hole into the Burial Land.

Then, the downgrader flew along the edge. As the golden sun continued to devour the ground, a huge gap soon appeared on the surface of the Burial Land.

As Zen saw this, he immediately rushed over and tried to stop the downgrader.

However, the downgrader's body movements were so fast. His body flickered here and there, and the next moment, he was already at the other end of the Burial Land, continuing to devour the land with violent flames.

If one stood far from the Burial Land, it would seem like a ferocious bug had infested and devoured the Burial Land and left it with several huge holes.

As the countless holes accumulated to a certain extent, the Burial Land finally collapsed with a loud bang.

Zen wasn't able to do anything to stop its destruction. In the end, he could just helplessly watch it being razed to the ground.

However, just as the Burial Land collapsed, a subtle sensation suddenly arose within Zen's soul. He felt as if he had merged into a larger primitive land.

'Wait. Outside the Burial Land should only be the chaos.

How could there be a primitive land?'

Zen was utterly confused as he didn't understand what had just happened.

"What's that look on your face? Are you surprised?"

Suddenly, the voice of the Evil God resounded in his ears.

As Zen turned around, he saw that the figure of the Evil God was slowly condensing at a distance. His eyes were filled with a familiar mockery as he said, "You were not able to defeat the downgrader after all the time you wasted? What a good-for-nothing. Should you step aside and let me do it for you instead?"

Chapter 4314 The One Who Broke The Rules

Zen stared at the Evil God's face as if he had met him for the first time. After a few seconds, he asked him, "What place is this?"

Before, Zen wondered if he had fallen into the downgrader's illusion.

"This? This is the Source World," the Evil God said, spreading out his arms.

Zen looked around, but he found nothing but fragments of the Burial Land. Everything else was the pitch-black void.

"This is the chaos." Zen frowned.

"Your primitive land has been integrated into the Source World. You and I have the same authority. Why don't you sense the scope of the Source World?" the Evil God suggested in a taunting manner.

Although Zen could not believe what the Evil God was telling him, he closed his eyes. As he focused on his senses, he began to feel the huge primitive land.

His body flashed slightly and he reached the edge of the primitive land. On a triangular rock, he saw one of the Evil God's avatars sitting there as if he owned the world.

When the Evil God's avatar saw Zen, he was neither taken aback nor threatened. He continued to rest on the triangular rock and played with a rock snake, which he had brought up from under the rock.

This avatar was undoubtedly lucky, especially compared to the Evil God's two million brains.

"Oh, look what we have here. It's a special guest," the Evil God's avatar said sarcastically.

Zen, however, was too busy to reply. He looked past the avatar and into the world behind him. It was the inner wall of the chaos.

"Is this the edge of the chaos?" Zen asked.

The Evil God's avatar reached out and slapped the inner wall of the chaos. "What do you think? Can't you figure that out for yourself?" he replied with a smirk.

"But how did you make it?" Zen curiously asked.

The Evil God's avatar shrugged. "I don't know. Go ask the real Evil God," he replied plainly. "Do you want to sit down? Have a cup of tea?" the avatar added, trying to divert the subject.

Once again, Zen ignored him and returned to where the real Evil God was. Zen's expression drastically changed. He already knew the general situation using his omniscient ability, but he was still a bit confused as to how it happened. The Source World was gone, which left behind the black ship, the two billion brains on the square platform, and the six stones scattered at the edge of the chaos.

"You relied on the six stones to turn the chaos into the primitive land, didn't you?" He tried to confirm with the Evil God.

"You can say that," the Evil God answered indifferently.

"But how is that even possible?"

Of course Zen knew it was possible. He had personally seen it, but he still couldn't believe what the Evil God had done.

The Evil God turned his attention towards Zen, who still looked very surprised.

"In the past, when I was a creature in your inner world, I was greatly limited. I couldn't understand everything outside. Now, I have more power than I need. You won't be able to understand how much power I have. What you know is just a small drop in a large bucket. I can let you..."

Before the Evil God could finish his smug speech, a cloud of black mist suddenly hovered above him and Zen.

"Probability Extreme Form!" a voice from the cloud screamed.

"All of you are going to die!"

From the cloud came the downgrader. After the destruction of the Burial Land, the downgrader waited for an opportunity to give Zen a fatal blow.

When Zen lost the protection of the primitive land, it became easy to kill him, even if he had the absolute infinite energy.

Just as the downgrader was about to unleash an attack on Zen, he noticed the Evil God. He flashed them a malicious grin.

"I'll kill both of you!" the downgrader shouted.

When the downgrader destroyed the Source World, he didn't even bother to clean it up at all. He held absolutely no regard for the Evil God.

There were countless downgraders in the Probability Extreme Form. All of their energies saturated the area. It made it difficult for anyone to fight the energies.

Before Zen and the Evil God could even resist, their bodies and souls quickly evaporated, leaving no trace of debris.

Buzz...

The cloud of Probability Extreme Form disappeared in an instant.

"It's over."

Countless downgraders merged into one form. The six pairs of compound eyes on the form's face returned to light green. The downgrader muttered, "It still surprises me how difficult it is to deal with these low-grade creatures."

"Get ready for another surprise." The downgrader heard someone say these words.

From his left side, the Evil God's figure began to condense, and on his right was Zen's figure.

The downgrader's compound eyes began to flash rapidly again. "How could you be reborn?" he asked in disbelief.

"See..."

Just as the Evil God became shortly distracted in answering the downgrader's question, the downgrader launched an attack.

Everything from within a radius of one million feet was submerged by the energies. The newly-condensed figures of Zen and the Evil God turned into powder, disappearing completely.

However, just as the downgrader thought he had finally killed the two men, their figures started to condense again. As soon as their bodies were back, the Evil God looked at the downgrader with fake hurt. "Could you let me finish what I'm going to say this time?"

"Shut up!"

the downgrader growled.

Once again, he used his energies to cover the area to kill Zen and the Evil God once and for all.

Whoosh...

As soon as the energies emerged from the downgrader, the Evil God gently waved his hand.

When he did this, a black light band flashed up and bound the downgrader's body. At the same time, he quickly approached the downgrader.

"I really do hate being interrupted. How about you?"

the Evil God said before raising his fist and smashing it into the downgrader's head.

Bang!

The downgrader's body shot up like an arrow in the sky.

The Evil God quickly moved up, kicking the downgrader downwards.

Just as the downgrader was falling, the Evil God moved to where the downgrader was, launching a palm strike at him.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang...

The downgrader was like a sandbag, flying up and then falling.

It was smart of the Evil God to bind the downgrader with black light band because it completely restricted all of the downgrader's powers. He had him at the palm of his hands.

The Evil God specifically chose to engage in hand-to-hand combat with the downgrader, knowing how much the latter considered this form of battle as an insult to his power.

Zen looked at the black light band with a thoughtful expression.

'That is an incredibly higher level of energy, ' he thought to himself.

Not only had the Evil God comprehended the blood powers and the Extreme Form energies, but he also comprehended a higher level of energy. He was a terrifying opponent.

While Zen was in disbelief with what he was seeing, the downgrader was even in more disbelief.

He was very sure this was the Field energy of the sixth-grade world. He was in the Silent State Field, which was supposedly the most powerful one.

However, the sixth-grade world had already been completely downgraded and no longer existed!

The Field energies could no longer be used. Not even the downgrader or Clarence could violate this rule.

The only reason why the downgrader could still use the bloodline powers and the Extreme Form energies was that the Deep Space and the main world still existed.

But how could this mere human being use the Field energy?

How could he have broken the rules?

"I've had enough!"

the downgrader roared.

Surging energies gushed out of his body, but they all rushed inside the black light band. This frustrated the downgrader, but he knew what to do.

After all, he was born in the thirteenth-grade world. He was very familiar with each level of energy.

The Silent State Field was powerful, but the downgrader forcefully broke through it using several Extreme Form energies.

Swish! Swish...

As his body emitted the Extreme Form energies, the black light band, which was first absorbing the energy, began to dissolve little by little.

As the downgrader, who had just regained his freedom, was about to launch a counterattack, the Evil God told him, "You could use the Extreme Form energies to break free from the Silent State Field because of the infinite energy only. What about this? Let's see if you can break through this one!"

Buzz, buzz...

With two sharp chirps, two asymmetric triangles locked the downgrader.

"The Weight energy!"

the downgrader cried out loud. He began to scream so loudly that Zen and the Evil God thought it would cause the world to shake, but they let him do it. Anyway, it was the only thing the suppressed downgrader could do in this situation.

Chapter 4315 Downgrading

Zen was absolutely dumbfounded.

Although he didn't know what the "Weight" energy was, the energy level of these two triangles was obviously astronomical.

On the other hand, the downgrader was hysterical. The "Weight" energy should've been one level higher than the "Field" energy.

"How far has the Evil God gone in comprehending the energy?" Zen asked, in a daze.

"This is the energy of the Boundless Divine World, known as Weight," Clarence suddenly spoke up.

Ever since he gave the absolute infinite energy to Zen, he had been determined to be nothing but an onlooker. There was nothing in the third-grade world that could arouse his interest. He had even predicted how it would develop in the future.

However, the method that the Evil God just used instantly piqued his interest, causing him to speak again.

"The energy of the seventh-grade world..." Zen clicked his tongue. "He was able to comprehend it on his own!"

"This is not a problem of comprehension," Clarence said slowly. "The seventh-grade world has already been downgraded by Mastema, and so, the 'Weight' energy can't be used. Therefore, both you and Mastema can only use the Extreme Form energies at most."

"But he..." Zen, at a loss for words, just pointed at the Evil God.

"I don't know why or how either." Clarence was also very confused. "It's really strange that he was able to violate the most basic rules."

Clarence had seen many geniuses in his time.

From the twelfth to the fifth-grade worlds, there were all sorts of strange creatures. They had various dreams, goals, great desires and wishes, and were capable of many unimaginable things.

At the beginning, Clarence felt it was novel to him, but after a while, he lost interest. Every world had an unbreakable limit, and no matter how powerful a creature was, there was nothing they could do to break it.

In a sense, Zen had reached past the limit. He not only obtained the bloodline powers, but also the Extreme Form energies, and even the absolute infinite energy of Clarence. However, this had been based on the premise that the Deep Space was not completely downgraded.

And yet, now, the Evil God suddenly appeared out of nowhere and began to use the "Field" and "Weight" energies. This was just so outrageous that even Clarence couldn't remain silent.

The Evil God, on the other hand, didn't feel as though he had done anything spectacular. He was too immersed in the joy that came from teasing the downgrader.

"Well? What's your solution?" The Evil God laughed tauntingly.

By now, however, the downgrader had calmed down.

The "Weight" energy was two levels higher than the Extreme Form energy, he realized.

But indeed, there was a solution.

The higher-level energy was like a sharper knife, but if it was attacked by endless energy, its blade could still be blunted, maybe even broken!

What mattered most, however, was that the downgrader was also very familiar with the "Weight" energy.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The densely packed lightning wrapped around the "Weight" energy tightly, flashing violently. The endless energy consumed the "Weight" energy bit by bit, until the surface of the two triangles was completely corroded.

However, with the current ability of the Evil God, it was very easy to repair the "Weight" energy, because he also possessed infinite energy.

The reason why he chose not to repair it right away was that he wanted to see the desperate look in the downgrader's eyes.

Halfway through the battle, the Evil God suddenly felt that something was missing. He stretched out his hand and summoned the black ship over.

The Grandmaster of Heaven, Duran, and the others were all stunned when they saw Zen. What surprised them even more was the sight of the downgrader. After a while, however, they calmed down upon seeing that the downgrader was trapped.

"This is the downgrader you mentioned? He doesn't look very powerful..." the Evil God winked at Duran triumphantly.

"Well..." Duran was at a loss for words.

He just couldn't believe his eyes. The downgrader, known to be invincible and unimaginably powerful in the Jade Pure Realm, was losing to the Evil God!

When the downgrader overheard what the Evil God said, his fury grew tenfold.

Once upon a time, he was the superior one. No one other than Clarence could defeat him.

He roared angrily, "You are the one who is weak!"

With that, a ripple of energy exploded outwards.

The fine lightning that had been zipping around the "Weight" energy started to coil into an azure ball. The sharp sizzling sound of electric current lasted for a while, until all of the "Weight" energy was finally corroded.

Just as the "Weight" energy was about to disappear completely, the Evil God raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

A vine of energy shot out and wrapped itself around the downgrader like a python. Then, sharp thorns popped out of the vine of energy, piercing into the body of the downgrader, carefully securing him.

"You were saying?" the Evil God said with a crazed smile, waving his hand lazily.

When Zen saw the energy vine, he asked, "Is this the energy of the eighth-grade world?"

"No, it's the 'Cube' energy of the ninth-grade world. The energy form of the eighth-grade world is very special, and it's difficult to use it in this world," Clarence answered.

"Has he grasped the energy at the top level?" Zen gasped.

"The energy at the top level is the absolute infinite energy," Clarence said slowly. "He can easily use the 'Weight' energy and the 'Cube' energy, so he must have mastered infinite energy, or there will be a problem with the supply of energy. Unbelievable!"

Clarence was in a good mood. He was absolutely fixated on the scene unfolding before him.

After all, he didn't want the worlds to be downgraded step by step.

According to how things were developed in the past, this was the only way.

With the appearance of the Evil God, however, the situation seemed to change rapidly. Clarence, who had grown cynical, began to feel a flicker of hope.

Once he realized he couldn't get out of the energy vine, the downgrader gave up struggling. His six pairs of compound eyes turned green as he silently stared at the Evil God, assuming a look of defeat. He calmed down when he finally realized he was no match for the Evil God.

"Do you think you have won?" the downgrader asked calmly.

"He asked that again," Clarence suddenly said. "He always asked me that question," he explained to Zen.

In Clarence and Mastema's game of cat and mouse, Clarence had always won. Then Mastema would ask him this question, and then begin to downgrade the worlds. This was almost always the case.

But this time, he was asking the Evil God the very same question.

The Evil God smiled nonchalantly. "You can use whatever means you have. I'll give you a chance."

"Wait and see!"

Once the downgrader finished speaking, his six pairs of compound eyes began to dim, one after another.

His body bound by the energy vine began to shrivel, until it disappeared.

"You're already dead meat, yet you still try to threaten me," the Evil God sneered.

Zen, however, knew better. With a grim expression, he said in a low voice, "This is not a threat."

The Evil God glanced at Zen curiously. "Then what is it?"

"He is going to downgrade the world," Zen replied bluntly. "The world will be downgraded into the Wall World."

The Evil God frowned slightly. Only then did it dawn on him that something was wrong.

Just then, the black light floating in the void suddenly began to violently tremble.

Boom!

The vibrations made a big sound, buzzing in everyone's ears. Even the people in the fairy palace and the black ship could hear it clearly.

The Evil God's figure flashed as he teleported towards the black light, quickly followed by Zen.

The two of them eyed the black light warily and saw that the space around it was beginning to shatter. The crushed space, like a thin layer of ice, slowly expanded around the black light.

"The space around the black light has been downgraded to the Wall World," Zen said gloomily.

"At this rate, I'm afraid it will take a long time before the chaos is downgraded," the Evil God said with disdain.

Chapter 4316 No Solution

Curled up in the black light was the downgrader, elated to see the third-grade world slowly downgrade into the Wall World.

It had been too depressing having lost to a human from the third-grade world.

Now, he was hell-bent on revenge.

"Ha-ha!

The downgrading will only get faster and faster!

I've already mastered all the Extreme Form energies. Not only will this third-grade world be disintegrated soon, so will the other third-grade worlds, the four-grade world and the fifth-grade world! They will all disintegrate into the Wall World!

You losers will all die! You tiny ants… insects… derivatives…"

As the downgrader muttered foul words, the Evil God stretched out his hand, shooting out a purple vine.

Whoosh!

The purple vine pierced right through the black light, killing the downgrader.

"Go ahead and curse—that's all you can do. You have no power to fight back. You're the real loser," retorted the Evil God.

"Whoosh!"

As the black light slightly trembled, the downgrader was reborn along with it.

He knew he was no match for the Evil God on his own, but with the black light infinitely reviving him, he still stood a chance.

"After the downgrade, you will turn into nothingness! All of you will rot in history. Only I can live forever!

Insignificant humans..."

"……"

The Evil God almost couldn't bear his annoyance.

"You're too noisy for a downgrader! It's shameful! Shut the hell up!"

Phew!

Thin threads of ice appeared from the Evil God's hands, shooting into the black light.

Once they entered, they curled up bit by bit, merging with the black light until they froze.

Frozen along with them was the downgrader.

The ice threads came from the "Phase" energy of the tenth-grade world.

Indeed, the downgrader could rely on his infinite energy to destroy the Phase energy, but it would undoubtedly take a very long time. For the time being, he couldn't curse.

Once the Evil God sealed him off, his gaze fixated on the transparent thin sheet. Turning to Zen, he asked, "Is it true that the downgrade can't be reversed?"

"As far as I know, there is no solution." Zen shook his head.

Believing Zen's words, the Evil God merely nodded. They had both fallen into the critical situation—Zen had nothing to gain by lying.

"What if I inject energy into the sheet?" the Evil God asked.

"You can give it a try."

In the past, Clarence had used all sorts of methods to prevent the downgrade, all to no avail. Zen didn't think the Evil God stood a chance at all.

After a while, the Evil God reached out to touch the transparent thin sheet.

The moment his fingers met the material, they were crushed by an overwhelming force

The nails, skin, bones, blood of his hand…

all turned to a thin piece.

He pulled his arm away immediately as though he felt no pain. Looking at his broken arm, he examined his flat nails, skin, and bones. "Are my fingers downgraded?"

"Yes," Zen affirmed.

The scene reminded Zen of the Eternal Scroll Painting.

There, Zen had also become a picture—but it wasn't a real downgrade, only an imitation.

The real downgrade was like the Evil God's fingers—as the very state of them changed, they had been completely downgraded from the third grade to the second grade.

During this process, everything was destroyed. It was impossible for people to survive as a picture on the Eternal Scroll Painting.

From this perspective, the downgrader was right. Once the downgrade began, everyone would eventually turn into nothingness.

"The downgrade's power is very strong…but not necessarily stronger than mine!"

As soon as the Evil God finished speaking, a terrifying amount of energy burst out from his arm.

Layers upon layers of black energy covered the back of his hand, forming a carapace as thick as dragon scales.

"That's the energy of the eleventh-grade world. There are four kinds of Frequency energy in the eleventh-grade world, all controlled by four respective races. This carapace is that of the Ghost Hand race—it has the strongest defensive power,"

Clarence explained in Zen's mind, getting active.

"Can the carapace resist the downgrade?" Zen asked.

"No, it can't," Clarence affirmed.

Just then, the Evil God once again extended his hand to reach for the transparent sheet.

Woo! Woo! Woo!

A sudden harsh sound was heard.

The carapace on the Evil God's arm overlapped with the thin, transparent sheet.

Its strength was quite astonishing. Even in the face of the overwhelming downgrading power, it still maintained its own shape, albeit lasting only two seconds.

Bit by bit, the carapace twisted until it was quickly pressed into the Wall World by the downgrading power, along with half of the Evil God's arm.

"Even the Frequency energy can't stop the downgrade…."

The Evil God's eyes narrowed slightly, his face turning hard with caution.

A new hand rapidly grew from his broken arm.

While the new hand didn't seem like anything out of the ordinary at first, it was formed from the energy of the twelfth-grade world.

Only two kinds of energy remained in the twelfth-grade world—the "Creation Coke", and the 'Annihilation Coke".

There was no limit to the two kinds of energy. The Creation Coke, for instance, could recklessly form the toughest material, just like the Evil God's hand.

"Sizzle, sizzle, Sizzle..."

For about fifteen seconds in the transparent sheet, the hand held on. But it couldn't avoid its fate of being downgraded. With a cracking sound, the arm's surface began to disintegrate until it was pressed into the Wall World.

The surprise was evident in the Evil God's eyes as his face went stiff.

Was Zen right? Was there really no way to stop the downgrade, he wondered?

In such a short time, the transparent sheet had expanded about five to six times in diameter, reaching a hundred feet wide.

Compared to the scale of the entire chaos, the width of a hundred feet was rather insignificant. But according to the downgrader, the speed of expansion would increase exponentially. They didn't have much time left.

"Everything has a solution. There's nothing in the world I can't deal with!" Then, the Evil God used the Grand Teleportation to disappear.

Still floating in the void, Zen eventually used Grand Teleportation as well to return to the fairy palace.

Neither the Snake Goddess nor the others in the fairy palace knew exactly how the battle was going. When Geoffrey saw his father, he went ahead and asked. "Father, what's happening now?"

"The downgrader has already been sealed," Zen replied. Everyone's faces lit up with joy upon hearing the answer, but Zen's next words made their expressions freeze. "It's not me who sealed the downgrader. It was the Evil God."

"The Evil God!"

"But why?"

"The entire Source World was smashed to bits! How in the world does the Evil God still have the ability to do that?"

The news left everyone confused.

"His strength far surpasses mine… it even surpasses the strength of the downgrader," Zen said with a bitter smile.

"What?"

Everyone's jaws went slack with shock.

Both Zen's and the downgrader's powers were already something beyond their comprehension. To think that the Evil God could still far surpass them…just how powerful was he?

And the Evil God had always been at odds with Zen—if he was so powerful, then how could he have just let go of Zen?

"Didn't the Evil God attack you?" the Snake Goddess asked, finding it particularly odd.

"No." Zen shook his head.

"Why not?" she asked in return.

Given the nature of the Evil God, it was simply unimaginable that he didn't attack Zen at any opportune moment.

"Because it would be meaningless. The world has already begun to downgrade. We're all going to die," Zen replied, calm as ever.

Chapter 4317 Born By Accident

Although everyone thought they had been mentally prepared for the coming of the downgrade, when they heard the words coming from Zen himself, their faces darkened.

"Will we live? And for how long?" Hilario asked as he trembled.

Zen turned around and pointed at the distance. "The downgrade starts from that direction and will rapidly spread out in all directions. I might have to take you far away from here as possible."

Whether they could live or not and how long they could live was not even answerable by Zen, yet everyone perfectly understood what he meant.

After having experienced countless disasters, these people in the fairy palace managed to stay calm.

As Lorena leaned on Mike's shoulder, her eyes swept over Zen, Geoffrey, and Yan and her lips curled into a faint smile.

Now that all her enemies had died, she had no regrets in life. She saw herself already very lucky to be able to spend her remaining time with her family.

Rocher, Bromley, and the others also displayed a seemingly odd composure.

"Alas, it's a pity that my long-cherished wish hasn't been fulfilled yet," Fuxi blurted out downheartedly.

"What long-cherished wish?" Zen asked, looking at him in curiosity.

"To break the needle!" revealed Fuxi.

A long time ago, Fuxi had made up his mind to prevent the end of the chaos and become the Finale Hero. However, things had drastically changed, and the needle that had appeared at the end of this round of chaos was so powerful to the extent that the Eternal Realm warriors could not resist it.

He knew that it was meaningless to break the needle now, but he still had this flaming desire deep in his heart.

"I'll help you fulfill your dream," said Zen.

Fuxi waved his hand and said, "Forget it. If I can't do it myself, it would only be pointless..."

"No. You will do it yourself."

After saying that, Zen gently pointed his finger at Fuxi and massive energy started to pour into his body that made him tremble slightly.

As an Eternal Realm warrior, Fuxi couldn't bear too much energy. However, when Zen infused energy into Fuxi's body, he had also strengthened Fuxi's body in order to help him carry the weight of this energy.

When Zen had injected enough energy, a thought came to his mind which suddenly moved the entire fairy palace a long distance to the front of the needle.

"Go ahead. You can do it," said Zen in a motivating tone as he nodded to Fuxi.

Fuxi had never grasped such terrifying energy before, and the feeling of possessing a wonderful abundance of energy could not be put into words. He felt as if he could easily tear anything and everything apart.

Whoosh!

He jumped up, rising from the ground of the fairy palace. His figure flickered as the winds pressed against his face, and soon landed on the head of the needle.

Fuxi broke the tip of the needle and retreated a distance of ten feet. With a loud shout, he gathered the strength all over his body in his fist and released it.

Compared to the huge needle, Fuxi was just a single dust particle.

However, the power radiating from this dust particle had surprisingly caused the needle to shatter into pieces and collapse from its head...

Clatter, clatter, clatter...

In the end, the thunderous sound of the needle collapsing caught the attention of the Evil God. The Evil God used the power of omniscience to check what had happened and faintly snorted, "Why would he even waste time doing such boring and useless thing..."

"Hahaha. I feel great!"

When he returned to the fairy palace, Fuxi looked satisfied with a wide grin. For more than one thousand past chaotic eras, he was the only one who had achieved this. He had finally fulfilled his lifelong wish. Certainly, there was nothing happier in the world.

Fuxi's upbeat mood influenced the others. The originally dull atmosphere suddenly became cheerful because of him. Fuxi even took out a bottle of wine, inviting everyone to drink with him.

Zen withdrew quietly and walked into a courtyard, sitting on a stone chair at the center instead.

With a thought, he activated the omniscient power. Instantly, he saw that on the other side of the chaos, the Evil God was standing on the black ship, giving out orders to what looked like two billion brains.

Because of his omniscient power, Zen also found out everything about the Evil God and what he had been doing.

The Evil God had transformed the Source World into two billion brains at the Holy Soul Realm. It was indeed a crazy move!

Right now, the Evil God placed his hopes on these two billion brains, expecting them to come up with a plan to stop the downgrade.

"Is there really no way to stop the downgrade?" Zen asked sounding desperate.

He had verified this answer from Clarence. The answer was very clear as it had been confirmed all the way from the highest-grade world.

"According to past experiences, there is indeed no solution," Clarence's voice suddenly responded.

"You mean something else with your words," said Zen.

After a moment of silence, Clarence continued, "Experience is based on rules, but if something breaks the rules, experience will be unreliable."

"Are you talking about the Evil God?" Zen asked.

"Well, not only him but also you," replied Clarence.

When Clarence saw that the Evil God used the energies of the high-grade worlds, he realized that something strange had happened.

He then pried into Zen's memories, trying to dig for answers and figure out the cause and effect.

"The Evil God was born from your inner world. In fact, he is the personification of all the negative emotions in your primitive land. From this point of view, the Evil God is actually the complete opposite of you," Clarence continued.

Zen nodded as he listened closely.

"Mastema and I have the same origin. He is created by me, yet I can no longer restrain him... Don't you think that your relationship with the Evil

God is much like my relationship with Mastema?" Clarence added, "Your birth and the Evil God's birth couldn't be merely a coincidence."

Zen shook his head as he didn't think so. "There are many cases like me and the Evil God in the world."

"But the Evil God can directly use the power of the high-grade worlds, which is against the basic rules," Clarence emphasized. "If I'm not mistaken, you can also use the power of the high-grade worlds."

"Ha-ha..." Zen chuckled with self-mockery as he said, "I can only use the Extreme Form energies with your help. I can't even understand the energies of the high-grade worlds, not to mention use them."

"You will be able to understand after I give the energies to you."

After saying that, Clarence injected a massive amount of memory into Zen's mind.

It was the information about how the energies of the sixth-grade world, seventh-grade world, eighth-grade world till the twelfth-grade world, Field, Weight, Coupling, Cube...

had all been created.

The downgrader and Clarence both controlled the energies of the high-grade worlds, but after the high-grade worlds were downgraded, they could no longer do so as the basic rules restricted them.

With his eyes closed, Zen digested all the memories in his mind.

After a short while, Zen slowly opened his eyes.

A trace of excitement then reflected in his darkened expression.

He still didn't know if he could find a way to stop the downgrade. If he really stopped it from happening, a battle would definitely emerge between him and the Evil God.

Relying on the Extreme Form energies alone, he would surely lose. He indeed needed to grasp the power at a higher level.

"Energy... Field."

Zen stretched out his hands and gently rubbed his two fingers as the energy started to flow slowly.

"Buzz..."

Streams of light blue energy then began to rotate, forming a perfect ring that floated in front of Zen.

It was a brand-new energy—Field.

"I... did this?" Zen stared at the ring in disbelief.

"Go on," Clarence urged.

Zen then unleashed the Weight, Coupling, Cube, and other energies one after another with an unbelievably smooth process.

"My judgment is right," said Clarence. "Both you and the Evil God were born by accident in this world, so you can go on and ignore the basic rules."

"By accident? What do you mean?" Zen asked, looking puzzled.

Chapter 4318 Plan

"Maybe you don't belong here," said Clarence.

"I don't belong here? I was indeed born in this world, and so was the Evil God," Zen said in confusion. He did not understand why Clarence said such a thing.

Zen was a human being who was born in the third-grade world, the chaos, and the Evil God was a human being born in Zen's inner world. Both of them did not come from distinct backgrounds, and what they experienced was a coincidence at most. Elder Xue, who had gone to the Deep Space, had created this coincidence.

However, Clarence suddenly said those words, which surprised Zen. He had no idea how Clarence came to such a conclusion.

"I can't explain," Clarence said with a shake of his head.

All the way from the thirteenth-grade world to the third-grade one, Clarence had seen all sorts of strange civilizations.

There was a civilization of pure energy bodies, creatures of pure consciousness, and races in the shape of stone tablets like the Sacred Spirit race.

Yet, no matter how they changed, those creatures, races, and civilizations followed the most basic rules.

There were no exceptions!

That was also why Clarence did not want to help Zen. He believed that the latter's struggle was meaningless.

But the method that the Evil God had used violated all those basic rules, which gave Clarence a new perspective.

Indeed, the Evil God broke the rules!

Clarence had thought about this issue, which was why he had asked Zen to give it a try. The result was what Clarence had expected, and that was Zen had the same ability as the Evil God.

"From the high-grade worlds to the low-grade worlds, they are all under your control. Why is there anything that you can't explain?" Zen asked.

In general, he could only be omniscient in his primitive land, unlike Clarence, who owned the perfect land. Clarence controlled all the materials and energy, but now he had encountered something that he could not explain.

Clarence burst into laughter at Zen's question and said, "The truth is that there are many questions that I cannot answer. I don't know where I came from. I don't know who created the perfect land, nor do I know what exists outside the perfect land..."

All the creatures of every world considered Clarence as the supreme creator, who had all kinds of abilities and was the core of all the rules.

In turn, all the creatures he trusted could find any answers from him, and they took him as their guide.

But who could lead the way for Clarence?

He clearly understood that downgrade felt like a devastating blow to him, but it was impossible to predict what would happen in the first-grade world. Even the downgrader was also confused, and he did not know what would happen if the world got downgraded to the first grade. However, since his mission seemed to be engraved to his bones, it drove him to do such a thing.

Clarence continued, "I spent countless years looking for an answer. I have tried many times, and even subdued Mastema in the eighth-grade world. I consumed ninety-nine percent of the energy in the eighth-grade world and launched a powerful energy attack."

"That force must be immensely powerful..." Zen said in a shaky voice.

"What's the point of being powerful? The world still moves within the rules, and I am just a prisoner in it," Clarence muttered.

"Then now..."

"Now I see that you have broken the rules, which gave me hope. There seems to be a gap in the cage of rules," Clarence said in a slightly joyful tone.

At first, he was quite indifferent to Zen. For him, Zen was just a new host, but now he had shown a great deal of patience.

"Can breaking the rules stop the downgrading?" Zen asked. A flame of hope flickered in his heart.

"Maybe, or maybe not," Clarence answered.

Before, he was quite sure that it was impossible to stop the process of downgrading, but now he felt optimistic.

"What should I do?" Zen asked again.

"Devour the Evil God," suggested Clarence.

When Zen heard those words, his jaw dropped in shock.

"The Evil God has taken away something that should have belonged to you. If you can take it back, then I might be able to find a way to stop the downgrading," said Clarence.

Still, Zen looked a bit hesitant. "We have the same power now. I'm afraid it won't be easy to devour him," he said.

"He is inexperienced in using those energies at advanced levels, but I can give my experiences to you," Clarence said with a faint smile.

Zen previously had the same power as the downgrader, which was the Extreme Form energies. However, he was at a disadvantage because the downgrader was much more experienced.

If Clarence gave his experiences to Zen, then Zen would have a higher chance of winning against the Evil God.

Meanwhile, Zen did not stay anything. Instead, he activated the power of omniscience.

As for the Evil God, he did not pay attention to the fairy palace at all. After all, he exerted all his effort on stopping the downgrading.

He had ordered two billion brains to think of a solution. In turn, the brains thought that when the Evil God won, they would live and escape from being controlled. They hoped that the Evil God would give them new bodies and even freedom. Unfortunately, they heard that the world began to downgrade. It made them quite furious, and in order to survive, they had no choice but try their best to help the Evil God.

Although they actively helped out, this was an unsolvable problem. No matter how many of them were there, they couldn't change the situation.

Their original plan was to let the Evil God seal the Wall World.

At that moment, the Evil God went to the downgraded area and released a flood of the Cold Phase. Alas, it was useless. Only crystal clear snowflakes remained in the Wall World that had expanded multiple times.

Then, the brains asked the Evil God to fill the Wall World with materials. The Evil God tried again. He created a thousand mountains and threw them in. Those mountains became crushed into thin, grayish-brown pieces and sank into the Wall World.

Without another word, the Evil God even created tens of millions of mountains.

It was not hard for him as he possessed an infinite amount of energy and materials.

Despite that, the downgrading power could also devour everything indefinitely. It meant that even filling the Wall World with materials was not an effective method.

One method...

Two methods...

Three methods...

Some time had passed, and the Evil God had tried more than twenty methods in a row.

The downgrading continued, while the Wall World's speed of expansion further increased. It was not long before it had grown to the size of a province in the Source World.

Just as the Evil God looked at the rapidly expanding Wall World, he suddenly heard a mocking laugh from the black light in the center of the Wall World. Then the black light said, "You can break some rules, but you can't stop the downgrading. Even Clarence can't stop it, not to mention a nobody like you."

"Clarence? Who is he?" the Evil God asked.

"He is my creator, but he is also against me. He is omniscient, but he still can't do anything about the downgrading," the downgrader answered.

The Evil God's eyes lit up. "Where is he?" he asked eagerly.

"He is hiding within Zen's body, of course. Ha-ha..." the downgrader sneered, in a deliberate attempt to provoke the Evil God.

After a few moments of silence, the Evil God suddenly stretched out his hand, and a ring of energy appeared in his palm.

He then grasped the ring of energy, and his body quickly disappeared.

In the next second, he appeared in the fairy palace. The energy ring in his hand immediately flew towards Zen and was about to wrap around his head.

Even though the Evil God's attack was quite abrupt, Zen was not slow to react. He swiftly reached out and gently pinched the edge of the energy ring, which caused it to break.

Chapter 4319 The Final Battle

Zen had always been observing the Evil God with the omniscient power.

He could hear the conversation between the Evil God and the downgrader as clear as day.

He tensed up and was on guard when he heard the downgrader mention Clarence. He knew very well the sort of temperament the Evil God had and how he could explode in a rage at any moment.

Now that the Evil God knew Clarence was in Zen's body, he would no doubt make a move. But Zen was ready for it, ready to react.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The Evil God's eyes flashed in surprise at the sight of the broken energy ring.

It was not only Zen's quick reaction that had shocked him, but also the fact that the energy ring was the Controlling Field, and Zen should not have been able to combat the energy of the sixth-grade world.

That Zen could crush the Controlling Field with a mere gentle pinch was inconceivable.

The Evil God soon calmed himself; he also possessed the omniscient power. With a quick search through his mind, the image of Zen trying the energies of the higher-grade worlds came to him.

"How about we take this elsewhere?" Zen suggested.

"No need!" the Evil God replied.

Lightning flashed from one of his hands. Two triangular plates flashed with lightning.

"Lightning Weight!"

Boom!

The lightning that struck out from the strike of his palm was a million times brighter than the sun, and contained enough energy to destroy the Source World three hundred thousand times, let alone this courtyard in the fairy palace. It would have turned an Eternal Realm warrior such as Fuxi to powder by its immense power.

As the triangular plates made contact with Zen's body, a small Space Weight appeared in each of the four corners of the small courtyard. All the energy that had erupted from the Lightning Weight was sealed within the courtyard.

The fairy palace shook only slightly, and the Snake Goddess, Fuxi and the others didn't even feel it at all.

Zen noticed that the Evil God was about to make another move and stretched a hand towards the sky.

Splash!

The black ship crashed into the side of the fairy palace.

The Grandmaster of Heaven, Shera and Edna all looked on at the Snake Goddess and her companions in the fairy palace in a daze.

"Now why don't we go somewhere else?" asked Zen defiantly.

"Are you threatening me?" The Evil God's eyes burned with danger.

"What if I am?" Zen asked, grinning.

The Evil God had once not cared about anything, but things might have changed.

His figure silently and gradually vanished, instantly appearing at the other end of the chaos.

Zen knew his location by way of the omniscient power and appeared in front of him.

They were in an absolute void, where there was not even a speck of dust for trillions of miles.

"We won't need to hold back here," announced Zen.

However, the Evil God was in no hurry to make a move. He seemed to be lost in thought. After a long while, he said, "I will not kill you. All you need to do is ask Clarence to come out and let me devour him. I'm sure I'll find a way to end the downgrading from him."

Zen grinned, beaming with amusement, as if he'd been told a joke. Just as he was about to offer his retort, a light emerged from his eyebrows.

It was a gentle and soft ball of light, which made both Zen and the Evil God feel as though they were bathing in a spring breeze, calm and serene.

"You will not be able to find a way to end the downgrading from me. But you may still have a chance if you merge with Zen."

It was Clarence's voice that came from the ball of light. He did not seem angered by the Evil God's remarks, and instead attempted to patiently persuade him.

"It seems that you have this idea, too?" inquired the Evil God.

"Yes," answered Clarence.

"Then..." The Evil God's eyes sparked with an idea. "Let's fight with our own abilities then!"

Before he could get a response, he threw a hand towards Zen and a blood red vine shot out. This was the Cube energy of the ninth-grade world.

Buzz!

Zen disappeared faster than the blink of an eye and retreated more than a thousand miles. But with the power of omniscience, locating him was easy work for the Evil God and he followed closely behind Zen's teleportation.

However, Zen was omniscient as well. Faced with the blood red vine, he retaliated by materializing a long black sword with the Cube energy. He raised his hand up and slashed down hard.

Whoosh!

The black sword sliced the blood red vine, releasing a diamond shaped light that spanned hundreds of thousands of miles.

Whoosh!

When the black sword slashed the vine once more, Zen and the Evil God had already moved a million miles away and another huge diamond shaped light spot exploded.

The Evil God kept up his attack, while Zen continued defending.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

They began clashing more and more, faster and faster and the number of diamond shaped light spots increased as well.

Within a few seconds, they had already clashed tens of thousands of times and crossed a trillion miles of space, and the diamond shaped lights had turned to tiny needles in the distance behind them.

"Was this strength given to you by Clarence?" asked the Evil God as he continued his fierce assault.

"Does it make a difference?" Zen asked back.

"Even if you possess the power of the higher-grade worlds, you are still weak!"

He gently drew back the blood red vine as he spoke. A chill then spread and threads of ice as thin as hair rushed at Zen's head. He had put the Cold Phase to use.

Zen felt as if his blood was about to freeze as he was overtaken by the overwhelming coldness.

However, when the Evil God had used the Cold Phase, Zen's eyes were already burning with flames of the Fire Phase of the tenth-grade world.

Splash!

The Fire Phase produced very ordinary flames, no different from those from normal wood.

But with a roll of the flames, all the ice threads melted and were burnt to nothing.

This caused the Evil God's brow to furrow.

Zen had been defending passively.

But no matter what sort of energy he threw at him, Zen was able to effortlessly and rapidly deflate it. He suddenly felt as if all was not right and that he might be in danger, as if he had been seen through.

"Go on," Zen said calmly.

The Evil God made up his mind and released even more terrifying energy.

Thick scales surfaced from his body and wrapped him tightly.

The scales, created by the Ghost Hand race with the Frequency energy, were harder than any other. With his new armor on, the Evil God pounced once again.

"Shatter!"

Zen clasped his hands together and a small square appeared between them.

Bang!

The small square exploded along with the Evil God's armor.

The Evil God then burst into laughter. He had darted above Zen's head and already had a long spear pressed against his forehead.

The spear was made of the Annihilation Coke. As the strongest destructive force in the twelfth-grade world, nothing could block it.

"Go to hell!"

He thrust the spear down and the Restriction Field at the edge of the chaos disappeared.

As long as the Restriction Field was still there, this area was a part of the Source World, and the Evil God and Zen would be omniscient and revived infinitely.

To Kill Zen, the Evil God would have to remove the Restriction Field and destroy the primitive land.

His long spear pierced through Zen's forehead, just as the Restriction Field was withdrawn.

Chapter 4320 Smooth

The Evil God's eyes lit up with excitement as the spear struck Zen.

Without any resistance, the spear formed from the Annihilation Coke pierced through Zen's head and slid cleanly into his body.

Even as he killed Zen, the Evil God released the Creation Coke. It formed a star-shaped cage around Zen's corpse.

Of course, he had no interest in Zen's corpse. He wanted to trap Clarence inside it.

A spot on Zen's body began to glow from within.

There was a slight crackling sound as a bright sphere emerged from Zen's corpse.

The glowing sphere flew up, colliding with the star-shaped cage. The sphere bounced back. It bumped into the cage again, as though trying to escape, but the cage created by the Creation Coke was virtually indestructible. No matter how hard he tried, Clarence couldn't break free.

The Evil God slowly descended to the side of the cage. There was a look of great satisfaction on his face as he gazed at the mysterious sphere.

"Although the energy of the twelfth-grade world consists only of the Creation Coke and the Annihilation Coke, they can change constantly. This cage is the result of a theurgy designed by my two billion brothers, and it's more than strong enough to trap you," said the Evil God.

The sound of Clarence's voice came from the glowing sphere. "You have just mastered the energy of the Creation Coke, but you have already comprehended it and invented ways to maximize and improve it. This star-shaped cage fully displays the advantages of the Creation Coke. It's incredible!"

The Evil God smiled. With evident pride, he said, "My talent is beyond your imagination. You won't regret being devoured by me. Contribute everything you have!"

The tone of amazement vanished from Clarence's voice, replaced by indignation. "Never!"

Once more, the sphere began to try to escape, colliding over and over again with the star-shaped cage.

But Clarence's efforts were useless. The star-shaped cage did not budge even an inch.

"It's useless," said the Evil God calmly.

He lifted his hand, and the star-shaped cage began to shrink. The space left for Clarence became smaller and smaller. Finally, he was tightly enclosed by the cage, with no room to move.

"I heard that you are the one who created the downgrader, and also the ruler of the highest level. It's too stupid for you to go into such a situation with such a strong power. It's a waste for you to keep such power,"

the Evil God said, stretching out his hand.

His fingers elongated until they resembled slender threads. Although his fingers were no thicker than noodles, they were powerful. They slid into the cage and began drilling into the sphere.

"You will regret this!

No one can devour me!

You are digging your own grave!"

Clarence roared, sounding furious and aggrieved.

The Evil God laughed. "Both you and the downgrader are so arrogant. Worse, you are weak!"

With that, the Evil God closed his eyes and began absorbing the sphere through his fingers.

The sphere dimmed and shrank at an astonishing speed.

Clarence's voice became weaker, and then there was silence as he stopped speaking completely.

After absorbing Clarence, the Evil God slowly opened his eyes. On his face was a look of wild, undisguised joy. He moved and arrived almost instantly at the center of the chaos, where he stood on a high spot, surveying the darkness of the black light beneath him.

Because the world was being downgraded, there was an extremely strong traction force above and below the Wall World. However, it had no pull upon the Evil God.

"You have failed twenty-six times. Do you want to fail the twenty-seventh time?" the downgrader asked sullenly.

He had already broken free from the Cold Phase imposed by the Evil God, but he knew that he was no match for him. So he simply hid within the black light and waited for the world to be completely downgraded.

"We won't know until I give it a try," the Evil God said casually.

"Once the world is downgraded, there is no possibility of reversal," the downgrader sneered. He emitted a bark of sharp laughter, enveloped in the black light.

The Evil God was in a good mood, so he ignored the mocking tone of the downgrader. He said, "I don't need to reverse the downgrading. All I need to do is stop it!"

There was a rush of air as the Evil God suddenly raised his hand.

Immediately, the whole world began turning into ice and snow.

A massive wave of huge ice crystals swarmed into the atmosphere.

At first, the Wall World devoured these ice crystals easily. However, the barrage of ice crystals kept coming, until the world could no longer resist.

Slowly, everything stopped, and the world froze over.

"How is this possible?"

the downgrader exclaimed, unable to hide his shock.

He shook his head in denial. "It's impossible!"

With that, deep within the black light, the downgrader burst out the Flame Extreme Form.

He tried to use the energy to melt the frozen Wall World. But even as he made his move, he felt a blast of cold air pouring into the black light. The Evil God was suppressing him again.

"It's over," said the Evil God.

He stared down at the black light and saw that the Wall World was no longer expanding. Instead of satisfaction, for some reason he felt a stirring of uneasiness.

Everything was going so smoothly that it seemed too good to be true.

He moved again, and arrived in a flash above the fairy palace. Most of the black ship was already destroyed, since Zen had earlier pulled it over and crashed it into the fairy palace.

But the black ship was not so easy to destroy. After the ship was repaired by the former captain, it floated in the air again.

Neither the fairy palace nor the black ship made a move. They only maintained a certain distance between them, each seeing the vigilance of the other.

Without warning, the Evil God appeared on the deck of the black ship.

Edna, Shera, the Grandmaster of Heaven, and Duran let out sighs of relief.

Those in the fairy palace had the opposite reaction. The faces of the Snake Goddess, Fuxi, and their companions darkened.

"What has happened to Zen?" the Snake Goddess shouted.

"You know the answer to that. Only one of us could live in the end," said the Evil God, laughing softly. He clasped his hands behind his back.

At those words, many of those in the fairy palace bowed their heads with grief. Some wanted to rush to the black ship and attack, but even the slightest glance from the Evil God was enough to incapacitate them. When he stared at them, they collapsed to the ground, unable to move.

Right now, the Evil God was the absolute ruler of the fairy palace. Not even the downgrader could resist him, let alone the humans in the fairy palace.

The Evil God's smile disappeared, and he gazed grimly at those in the fairy palace. "Go to hell!" he cried, raising his hand, prepared to crush everyone.

But Edna stepped forward, stopping him. "Dear, this world has become far too desolate. Please don't kill anyone else."

There was nothing now in the whole chaos, only an endless void. Edna didn't like this kind of world very much.

The Evil God paused, then turned to give her a faint smile. "Since you intercede, I'll leave them alive. As you said, this world is indeed too desolate. Let me see what I can do..."

He stretched out his hands and moved them through the air, as though he was drawing something.

The sky above them lightened to a soothing azure.

The earth extended around them. Mountains, rivers, canyons and basins appeared one after another.

Tall walls, pavilions, and streets were created instantly, sprinkled across the landscape.

"Now, people!" declared the Evil God.

He waved his hands in the air again.

Instantly, the empty world changed. It was now entirely populated, filled with people who moved and looked around them with wide eyes.

"Come with me!"

said the Evil God, taking Edna by the hand. He pulled her into his embrace, and together, the two of them soared into the air above the city.

When the people below saw the two beings floating above them, they all dropped to the ground, prostrating themselves before these seeming gods.

The Evil God had seen this scene before, when he was very young. The people had worshipped Zen as their creator.

He felt a surge of pleasure as he realized that with Zen dead, he now held that position.

"Where is our home?" Edna asked, safely enclosed in the arms of the Evil God.

"There,"

the Evil God replied, looking ahead.

A broad, elegant courtyard was sprawled on top of a majestic snowy mountain.

The Evil God led Edna into the courtyard, and they landed gently on the ground. A peaceful mood had come over the Evil God now that his victory was complete. He felt utterly relaxed, content to stay here without moving.

"You deserve some rest. Go to sleep," said Edna gently, touching his face.

Her soft voice was hypnotic, and soon, the Evil God found himself lying on a bed. He settled down and let his eyes close.

However, almost as soon as he closed his eyes, they snapped back open. His face was full of anger. A sudden chill ran down his head to the base of his back, leaving a trail of iciness all along his spine.

Chapter 4321 Fight Hand To Hand

"Edna," the Evil God called his wife.

"What's wrong, honey?" his wife responded softly.

She smiled faintly and batted her long lashes. Her beauty could've made any man weak.

"Do you remember what I told you before?" the Evil God asked. "That when everything is settled, we would live in seclusion?"

Edna nodded. "Yes. I remember how you liked to live in seclusion back when we were in the inner world of the creator. We—"

Crack!

Before she could even finish her sentence, the Evil God grabbed her by the neck, flames spurting out from his hands.

In the blink of an eye, the flesh and muscle were incinerated, leaving only her ghastly white bones. The bones hissed under the heat of the flames and trembled violently.

"Humph! Break!"

the Evil God shouted, his voice filled with rage.

Flashes of lightning burst forth from his eyes.

Everything the lightning touched was sliced into pieces.

The unique courtyard...

The blue sky, the earth, the city...

Everything in this world started to collapse, revealing a translucent egg membrane. From within, the Evil God caught sight of Zen standing outside.

"You attempted to trap me in an illusion?" the Evil God spat coldly.

Zen raised his eyebrows curiously. "He's found out the truth. We've failed."

This had been Clarence's plan.

No matter how high the level of energy was, it was still easy for one to fall into an illusion. This was the same strategy the downgrader had used to trap Zen with the Soul Extreme Form previously.

In all their battles, Clarence had always created a huge illusion to suppress the downgrader.

Unfortunately, they had underestimated the Evil God. His instinct was extremely keen.

Having grown up in cruelty, he had absorbed all the negative emotions in Zen's inner world.

It was unsurprising he had become a cold-blooded killer.

This pleasant world didn't align with things he was familiar with, so he saw through the deception quite easily.

The illusion might've only lasted for a moment, but it was enough to place the Evil God in an extremely dangerous position. Every hair on his body stood up.

"Go to hell!"

the Evil God roared, suddenly stretching out his hand to grab at Zen.

In the blink of an eye, Zen managed to retreat backwards more than ten thousand feet. However, to his surprise, the Evil God's arm closed that distance swiftly, grabbing him by the neck.

Splash!

A powerful force of space was applied to the two of them, and the next moment, they arrived above the Wall World. The Evil God ruthlessly pressed Zen towards the Wall World.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The instant Zen's feet touched the Wall World, they were downgraded, shattering into thin slivers of blood.

Then his legs, abdomen, and chest suffered the same fate as these parts connected with the Wall World.

Seeing that his entire body was being pressed into the Wall World, Zen struggled to shift to the side, grabbing the Evil God by his shoulders. Gritting his teeth, Zen twisted what was left of his body, dragging the Evil God into the Wall World.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Because the Evil God's body had been strengthened by the Frequency energy, the process of downgrading was even more intense. An ear-piercing sound erupted and sparks shot out as his body was downgraded.

In a matter of mere seconds, only the Evil God's head remained of his body.

Buzz!

The energy of the Creation Coke roared to life once again.

Just in the nick of time, the Evil God's body began to grow from the top of his head. A neck, then his body, arms, and legs sprouted from his scalp like strange plants.

As soon as his arm was developed, he threw a punch at Zen's chest. It was powerful enough to fling Zen backwards, away from the Evil God.

Having gotten rid of Zen's grasp, the Evil God was finally able to gather his bearings. Firmly clasping his head from both sides, he gently pulled his head off and straightened it before planting it firmly back on his neck.

Zen also took this opportunity to recover his missing lower body.

"Great!

You truly are worthy of being my nemesis!

Again!"

The eyes of the Evil God flashed viciously, like a hungry beast eyeing its prey.

After leaving Zen's inner world, the Evil God was faced with even more challenging worlds. In the Source World and the chaos, he had encountered all sorts of opponents, but no one had come close to being as difficult to deal with as Zen.

In the eyes of the Evil God, only Zen was strong enough to be his opponent. Even the downgrader and Clarence weren't worthy.

Swoosh!

As soon as he finished speaking, the Evil God pounced on Zen once more.

Zen gritted his teeth as the Evil God approached, making no attempt to dodge. He knew that this was a difficult battle he couldn't run away from.

If the Evil God was his other self, then he had no choice but to deal with him now.

Just as the Evil God was about to collide into him, Zen leapt upwards. His body drew an arc in the air, until he kicked the Evil God, sending him straight towards the Wall World.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

One of the Evil God's legs was downgraded upon impact, but he'd managed to grab onto Zen's foot, dragging Zen along with him.

The two of them seemed to be fighting hand to hand on a vast snow plain, and anything that touched the line of snow would disappear.

However, whenever they escaped from the line, their bodies would recover instantly.

It all happened so fast. Anyone watching from afar wouldn't have been able to tell that they were ever injured.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Zen and the Evil God rolled and crawled along the surface of the Wall World.

Sometimes, the right half of Zen's body completely disappeared, leaving only the other half. On the other hand, the upper half of the Evil God's body was downgraded, leaving only his legs and the lower half of his body. At some point, only half of Zen's skull was left, whereas what was left of the Evil God was just a finger.

Fortunately, the two of them had become too strong that even their physical bodies couldn't restrain them, and even their cinnabar fields no longer existed. Consequently, as long as a part of their bodies was still alive, they could recover in an instant.

As they continued to fight each other head on, the downgrader watched quietly from within the black light.

He never would've imagined that the battle would be so fierce; it never occurred to him either that they would use the Wall World as a weapon.

Initially, the downgrader had no intention of joining this battle. After all, the downgrading had just begun. He only needed to sit this out patiently.

However, as he watched the two of them roll back and forth on the Wall World, he began to feel as though they weren't taking the downgrading seriously.

"Since you two are so intent on killing each other, why don't you just die together?"

The downgrader decided to take this as an opportunity to strike, suddenly appearing above the two of them. The Extreme Form energy that had been stored for a long time suddenly exploded.

Swoosh!

The downgrader initially thought that this would be enough to push both of them into the Wall World.

However, when he had released the Extreme Form energy, the two barely even flinched.

While it might've looked like they were fighting hand-to-hand, they were in fact using the Creation Coke and the Annihilation Coke alternatively. Moreover, they had the strongest bodies and the most destructive power. The Extreme Form energy simply paled in comparison.

"Fuck off!"

The Evil God threw a punch in his direction without even looking, and the once arrogant downgrader was blasted away instantly.

Zen somersaulted in the air, simultaneously activating the Cube energy. As he pointed at what remained of the downgrader's body, the Cube energy enveloped the fragments and sent them to oblivion. Without batting an eyelash, the two managed to kill the downgrader before he even had the chance to strike.

Without pausing to take a breath, Zen and the Evil God continued to fight each other fiercely.

Chapter 4322 The Cutoff Of Energy

Buzz...

The downgrader was born anew within the black light.

The symbolic six pairs of compound eyes were set ablaze by a striking purple light that flickered from time to time, which represented his confusion.

When he regained his senses, he realized that the world had become nothing like he imagined it would be.

From the highest-grade world all the way to this low-grade world, the only worthy adversary he had that matched his standard of strength was Clarence. Then where did these two come from?

"I don't care how powerful you are. It doesn't change the fact that you're destined to get destroyed to the point of oblivion!" The downgrader scorned resentfully as his body remained camouflaged under the black light.

As the battle between the Evil God and Zen raged on, the Wall World continued to shake and expand rapidly.

Within the short span of an hour, the Wall World underwent an extreme expansion from the range of ten provinces to the size equivalent to that of the Source World. As time continued to pass by, the rate of expansion grew exponentially.

Buzz!

The Evil God slowly grew weary with this form of hand to hand combat that ceased to reach a conclusive end.

He suddenly retreated to a fair distance and soared into the sky as he leaped to an incredible height of about one hundred million feet. As he continued to ascend, his mind was a cluster of countless thoughts rushing to be heard all at the same time.

Suddenly, huge runes appeared at the top of the chaos, and one hundred thousand thunder dragons manifested in the form of energy started to rain down on Zen from those runes.

Clatter, clatter, clatter...

Each thunder dragon harnessed a formidable strength that was ten thousand times stronger than that of the ending needle. The energy aura that was released by these thunder dragons alone held the capability to destroy everything in the chaos.

Zen's eyes narrowed as they fell on the approaching calamity. He prepared himself and gave his hand a slight wave in the direction of the fairy palace. Upon this gesture, a formidable shield was constructed around the fairy palace. Without this shield, the fairy palace would have been rendered vulnerable and eventually perished if it were enveloped by the dominating aura of energy.

After all the preparations were done, Zen extended his finger towards the top of the chaos.

"Annihilation Coke!"

Since the Evil God had utilized the Creation Coke to inject vitality into these thunder dragons, Zen had used the Annihilation Coke to lay waste to them.

Through the Annihilation Coke, he constructed countless gray needles that directed themselves towards the thunder dragons.

Each needle was the size of a thumb, and they were no different from the ones used for the purpose of sewing. However, the power contained within these needles was on par with that possessed by the thunder dragons. Once these needles pierced through the bodies of the thunder dragons, they would perish in an instant. With Zen's technique, even the threatening thunder dragons were vulnerable as though they were insignificant obstructions in his path.

"Weak attacks like these are no match for me. The only way we can counter the downgrade is for you to return to my body voluntarily. Otherwise, we'll all die here, together with all the worlds, and there will be no chance to reverse the situation," Zen spoke in a hushed voice, trying to persuade the Evil God.

Although Zen said those words to the Evil God alone, his voice echoed throughout the chaos and was audible to everyone in it.

Naturally, the people present in the fairy palace and those on the black ship could hear him clearly as though he was speaking to them in person.

"What you have is an opportunity, and what you'll give up will turn into regret!"

With Evil God's hot-headed personality, how could he just give up and let go of this opportunity that lay there in front of him? He scoffed at Zen's words as more thunder dragons descended from the runes and marked Zen as their target.

Zen stood in his spot and constructed just as many needles to counter the incoming thunder dragons, eventually terminating them upon contact.

The repetitive battle of creation and destruction continued on for a steady period.

When Zen kept on releasing the embroidery needles time and again, he felt a strange sensation take over his existence. His eyes flashed as though something was revealed to him. After communicating briefly with Clarence, he changed his course of direction and moved to a different part of the chaos.

"Where do you think you're going? Don't tell me you're trying to escape!"

The Evil God stood stunned at Zen's sudden change of action.

Although he didn't quite understand what was going on in Zen's mind, he pursued him on instinct. As he chased after Zen, his body moved at an untraceable speed, trying to keep up with him. He didn't stop till he reached the edge of the chaos.

Just as Zen stopped in his tracks, he turned to face the Evil God and leaned his back against the inner wall of the chaos. The expression he wore on his face was strangely calm as he kept his gaze fixated on his opponent.

"It's pointless to try and run away from me. You can't escape this place," the Evil God sneered as a spiteful smirk stretched across his face.

"I only lead you here to finish you off once and for all," Zen replied, maintaining his calm composure.

As these words escaped Zen's mouth, the Evil God let out a mocking laugh before he glanced at Zen with intrigued eyes. "Finish me off? How interesting! I'm dying to know what kind of method you'll use this time to manage that..."

Previously, Zen had used the method of illusion to devour the Evil God, but it ended in failure. Since the Evil God was familiar with it, it could not be used a second time.

They were on the same level when it came to strength and methods, so no matter what they used, the other could easily neutralize it without a hitch.

"I'll show you right now!"

With a single wave of Zen's hand, all the energy lying dormant in the void was extracted in one fell swoop.

Masses of energy currents were now under the direct control of Zen. These energy currents manifested themselves into vicious golden dragons that charged their way to surround the Evil God from all directions. These golden dragons were inexplicably large in size, with their number reaching up to a million!

"So you plan to use the Creation Coke to kill me? How pathetic!"

With a scornful expression painted across his face, the Evil God prepared himself to use the Annihilation Coke to counter the forthcoming attack.

The confrontation between the two continued. However, during this round, their roles were reversed. Zen was the one on the offense while the Evil God was pitted against him in defense.

Just as the Evil God proceeded to use the Annihilation Coke, his demeanor underwent a drastic switch.

"What's going on?" the Evil God roared in confusion as he stared his hands down before glancing in Zen's direction.

Meanwhile, Zen smirked as he tilted his head and watched the Evil God's frantic state with amusement.

Back then, when Zen was preoccupied with crafting embroidery needles of the Annihilation Coke to clash against the Evil God's thunder dragons, he noticed some tiny holes in the energy.

Apparently, the energy existed in two forms; invisible and visible.

The visible energy consisted of energy bodies like the thunder dragons and the embroidery needles, as well as all the solidified materials of energy. On the contrary, the invisible energy existed in the void, which could be referred to as dark energy. The dark energy flowed in abundance quietly along with the void like water.

When the Evil God used the Creation Coke without pause to create the thunder dragons, he had exhausted the dark energy in the area to a certain extent. As a result, an imbalance of energy distribution formed around this area. Therefore, the surrounding energy was pulled towards here to cover up for the insufficiency.

But the dark energy constantly flowed at a certain speed.

When the speed of the flow wasn't fast enough, a zone devoid of energy would form in the energy depression momentarily.

This place was the real void, where even the dark energy ceased to exist!

Although such a "hole" only remained in existence for a short while and would later be evened out by the dark energy in the surroundings, it provided Zen with an opportunity to drive the Evil God into a corner.

Zen had consumed the maximum amount of energy present in the surroundings and created a million golden dragons. He didn't intend to kill the Evil God with these dragons, but he only wanted him to fall into an area without energy, which would then incapacitate him.

Within the boundaries of this void zone, there was no dark energy for the Evil God to use, and the source of the dark energy was completely cut off, rendering him powerless.

Even if the Evil God couldn't make use of the external energy, he still had high reserves of energy stored away in his body. As soon as he realized something was wrong, he immediately employed the spatial transference.

Buzz...

As a result, the figure of the Evil God began to blur out. Just as he was about to escape from this area, a stable space appeared where he stood.

Bang!

Caught off guard from its sudden appearance, he crashed into the square space causing his body to stagger back a few steps. The spatial transference failed as he was interrupted midway.

"Damn it! Once again!"

the Evil God roared as he felt his growing anxiety consume his body and cloud his judgments. Without wasting another moment, he gritted his teeth and employed all of his energy to use the spatial transference a second time.

Boom!

The limited strength he had left in him was insufficient to shake the square space.

"Don't even try, as no amount of energy will break you out of there. You won't be able to move from here," Zen said as he slowly descended towards the Evil God with his arms crossed above his chest.

Taking advantage of the flowing energy to deal with the Evil God was a technique even Clarence couldn't think of, but it proved to be effective in the end.

The Evil God hung his head loosely from his neck as a shadow hovered over his face and hid his expressions. He remained silent for a while as he took his time to process the situation. Suddenly, he raised his head, and a mischievous smile stretched across his face as he laughed while staring Zen dead in the eye. "Hahaha! You got me. I'll admit that it is pretty unexpected of you to pull a method like that. You almost managed to defeat me. You've always been the only person I admire for as long as I can remember. However, unfortunately..."

"What do you mean?" Zen retorted immediately to ask what he meant.

"Unfortunately for you, I lost a finger..."

the Evil God said with his signature smile overflowing with malice. He raised his hand that was missing his index finger and waved it near Zen's face mockingly. Immediately after, his body collapsed on its own.

Meanwhile, in another void of the chaos, an index finger rapidly regenerated and slowly formed human features. Within a few moments, it grew from a finger to a hand, an arm, a body, a head until it evolved into a complete human being with all limbs attached.

Another perfect Evil God was reborn.

Chapter 4323 Retreat

He had been chasing after Zen all this time. But just now, he sensed that something was wrong.

Needless to say, his intuition had always been right on the mark. However, he was not entirely sure what kind of finishing move Zen would employ.

During the spatial transference, he secretly broke a finger and threw it into the void. This small action was the one that saved his life.

Soon after, there was a loud buzzing sound.

Just a short distance from him, the space began to ripple like water.

Little by little, Zen emerged from the ripples. He was frowning and his aura was a bit gloomy. He did not have that much time left.

Seeing how pressured Zen was, the Evil God grinned. "It will take a lot more than that for you to kill me."

"All I want is for you to return into my inner world," Zen replied in a slow and deep voice.

Hearing this, the Evil God responded, "Instead of using that powerful skill on me, why don't you just use that on the downgrader? If he loses energy, then the Wall World might stop expanding."

However, Zen shook his head. "It doesn't actually need energy to proceed with the downgrading," he said gravely.

Previously, he asked Clarence that very same question. The latter told him that downgrading could not be stopped no matter what. And the reason was that it was the embodiment of the rules. Therefore, it had nothing to do with energy.

"So, do you still want to continue our fight?" The Evil God looked him straight in the eyes.

With an impassive expression, Zen answered, "If that's your wish, then so be it."

Once again, the endless energy began to flow all around them.

Both of them had the ability to cut the energy flow. Each of them was trying to throw the other into the energy hole.

However, both of them were well-versed with the principle involved. Hence, they could both avoid it.

Most importantly, they were aware of the threat the energy hole held. The only thing they needed to do was detach some parts of their bodies while the other person was distracted. And quietly, they would place them in every corner of the chaos.

As soon as the Evil God removed the Restriction Field, both of them lost the ability to know everything. Therefore, it was very difficult for them to notice these insignificant broken body parts scattered everywhere. How could they be killed?

However, this battle of wits did not last long.

The Wall World had already expanded to the size of a hundred Source Worlds in just another five minutes.

Fifteen minutes passed and it had grown to one tenth of the size of the entire chaos.

At the twenty-five minute mark, it was already occupying one-third of the chaos.

It was being downgraded at such an incredibly accelerated speed. It was way beyond the Evil God's and Zen's expectations.

Meanwhile, Fuxi was severely intoxicated in the fairy palace. With his cultivation base, it was actually impossible for him to get drunk. He deliberately let himself fall into this state.

The Snake Goddess, Rocher, Kincaid, and the others were paying close attention to the chaos. The movements caused by Zen and the Evil God's battle were far too great.

Even though they were on the other end of the chaos, they could still feel the shock waves. If it weren't for the shields of the fairy palace and the black ship, the people inside would have died thousands of times.

"Hey, everyone! Look! Can you see? What on earth is that over there?"

Someone suddenly pointed to the west.

Therefore, everyone looked towards the direction he was pointing. And there, they saw a blue arc. It was approaching at an incredible speed.

The Wall World was supposed to be completely transparent. It was almost like a chunk of ice without any color. In addition to that, it would only manifest a strange shape if something was pressed onto it. When the third-grade world was downgraded into the Wall World, it would tear the space apart and crush everything. That was why everyone could see this blue arc. It was the light being released as the space was broken.

"It's the Wall World. It's unbelievably fast!" The Snake Goddess couldn't keep the astonishment in her voice.

Zen had once reminded them that the world was undergoing an irreversible downgrading process. But during that time, the downgraded area was still very small. They always thought that it would take a long time before this happened. Obviously, they did not expect that its speed would be like this.

"So, the moment is finally here. We have nowhere else to escape to." Fuxi was leaning against the wall. He was still very much intoxicated.

The Snake Goddess frowned as she stretched out her hand and touched Fuxi on the arm. His drunkenness dissipated right away. Even if they couldn't do anything else to change the situation, she didn't want to hear him say something so depressing.

Meanwhile, the blue arc was getting even closer to them. From ten million miles away, it was down to five million miles. After that, it was only a million miles away...

With the current speed at which this arc moved, it would only take a blink of an eye for it to cross a million miles.

"Everyone! Retreat!"

At that moment, they all heard Zen's voice echoing throughout the space.

With that, the fairy palace began to move away.

It flew eastward and maintained a certain distance from the blue arc.

Not far from the fairy palace, the black ship did exactly the same.

The Grandmaster of Heaven and the others also noticed the blue arc that was rapidly closing in on their location. The former captain immediately took control of the black ship and flew towards the east. However, it seemed like it was too late.

Just as the Wall World was about to hit the black ship, the Evil God suddenly appeared on its deck. After that, the black ship's speed increased significantly. It was able to get away from the Wall World.

"Based on the speed at which the Wall World is currently expanding, we only have about five minutes left," Zen informed everyone.

"To put it simply, we can only live for five more minutes?" Rocher couldn't help but give in to despair.

However, Zen shook his head. "No. I will take you out of the chaos to prevent you from being downgraded," he said calmly.

"How much longer can we hide, Zen?" Mike seemed eager to ask.

Zen calculated the amount of time they had. In all honesty, he said, "I'm afraid it won't be too long. I'm guessing we'll only have six to eight hours left."

The Abstruse Energy World was infinitely larger than the entire chaos. Unfortunately, the Wall World was expanding at such a rapid pace. No matter how huge the world was, it would be devoured and downgraded within a short period of time.

When the others heard this answer, their hearts tightened for a bit. Then, it was followed by a sense of peace.

A while ago, they were extremely anxious about how much longer they could live. So now that they had gotten an estimate, the last bit of uneasiness had disappeared. As soon as they knew how much time they still had, they immediately accepted and made peace with it.

"Master Kincaid will die much earlier," Zen said as he looked sadly at Kincaid.

After the chaos was downgraded, the Other Shore would no longer exist. Therefore, the coordinates of Kincaid on the Other Shore would also be downgraded. He would be gone forever as a Treacherous Being.

On the other hand, Hilario and Dorothy were much luckier. They were living people and didn't have coordinates. They only had to rely on the Descending Rings to descend from the Other Shore. Furthermore, Zen would supply the energy for the Descending Rings.

When Kincaid heard Zen's prediction, he still looked very calm. He turned to Dorothy and tucked her hair behind her ear. "I'm sorry, dear. I'll be going first."

Dorothy sobbed as she hugged Kincaid. "Father!" Her eyes were filled with tears. She couldn't believe this was the end for her father.

"Oh, my dearest! Don't worry, I'll follow you right away!" Itzel's face was full of fear. Nevertheless, she was determined to do so.

Kincaid merely nodded and smiled. There was no trace of sorrow on his face. He considered this as an acceptable ending for his existence.

"Everyone! Let's drink!"

Fuxi took out his wine pot and held it high. They were doomed one way or another. So all they could do now was to drink and celebrate the lives they led.

Rocher was a person who didn't drink alcohol. But when he heard that, he suddenly stood up and walked towards Fuxi. He took the wine pot and drank a big gulp of wine. After that, he silently retreated to one side and sat down cross-legged.

Hilario also walked over and drank from the wine pot.

Afterward, Bromley, Mike, and the others took turns drinking the wine.

Soon after, five minutes had already passed.

The Wall World had already expanded all the way to the edge of the chaos. The fairy palace was also at the edge. With that, Zen raised his hand and struck at the inner wall of the chaos.

They heard a loud booming sound as he did this.

Subsequently, a large hole appeared on the inner wall of the chaos. The fairy palace went straight into the hole and entered the Abstruse Energy World.

Most of the people in the fairy palace felt dazed. All they could see were countless light dots in front of them. They couldn't make out anything in their surroundings.

One by one, Zen patted them lightly to help them with the Soul Reincarnation. As a result, they were now able to perceive the Abstruse Energy World clearly in front of them.

Chapter 4324 An Old Friend

While the group of people from the chaos had smoothly adapted to the environment of the Abstruse Energy World, the situation for the creatures from the fourth-grade world was completely different.

Kincaid stared at everything around him as tears started to swell in his eyes. The glorious scenes of the Four Spirits Sect in the past kept reappearing in his mind's eyes.

As he let out a deep sigh, his body began to solidify. It gradually crumbled and eventually turned into dust.

Just like what Zen said, after the chaos was downgraded, there was no way for the Other Shore to escape its fate.

Although the human spirits of the Bold Conjecture House had controlled the passageway in order to hide at the highest point, it was only good to delay the inevitable for a few more moments.

In the end, Itzel was able to grip the hands of the Human Spirit King tightly before he turned into a handful of dust.

A surge of emotion became very visible in her eyes. She gently raised her trembling hand and spread out her palm, allowing the ashes to float and be carried by the wind.

According to the rules, after Itzel and Hilario returned to the Abstruse Energy World, they would also be killed off by the power that was left behind by the downgrader.

While they couldn't resist this power, it was just a piece of cake for Zen in his current state.

Thus, when the destructive force rushed towards Itzel and Hilario, Zen released a light film that appeared above the fairy palace and easily resisted it. Then, Hilario asked with a bitter smile, "Zen, can we go to the four holy pillars? I really want to be there for the last time."

The four holy pillars had been the base of operations of the Four Spirits Sect. For countless times, Hilario had dreamed of returning to this place that he had considered as his home. Thus, before everything ended, he requested to see it one more time.

Zen understood how everyone in the fairy palace felt and also wanted to help them realize whatever dreams they had left. Thus, he immediately agreed and said, "Of course."

Whoosh!

In an instant, the fairy palace sped up and flew towards the direction of the four pillars.

Meanwhile, the black ship also rushed out of the chaos from the other side.

Initially, the Evil God didn't know about the Soul Reincarnation, thus he was a little confused the first time he entered the main world and was enveloped by the stars all over the sky. However, he was still able to react quickly as he controlled all of the energies. In an instant, he learned the Soul Reincarnation and immediately exerted it on himself, Edna, Shera, the Grandmaster of Heaven, and the former captain of the ship.

On the other hand, Duran's coordinates were left behind on the Other Shore. Although he had hidden them very well, it was still no use since the entire Other Shore was already downgraded. With that, he wasn't able to escape his doom.

By the time that the Grandmaster of Heaven and the others realized what was happening, Duran had already been reduced to ashes.

"Darling, where are we going now?" Edna asked in a soft voice.

"I don't know yet," the Evil God answered in an emotionless tone. He was so upset at what was happening. It seemed that nothing turned out according to his plan.

After the entire chaos was downgraded, the Wall World continued to spread at an incredible speed. The forests, mountains, rivers, and even the secondary worlds were all devoured and squeezed into the Wall World. Everything was turned into a picture of a complete disarray.

Although the fourth-grade world was relatively vast, it was still finite. There was no use hiding and running aimlessly. This made the Evil God so frustrated. The situation was very pressing, and he still couldn't think of any solution.

Right now, there was no point in fighting Zen, but he also didn't possess the power to kill the downgrader. As time passed, the expansion of the Wall World was just growing rapidly, and it was not reversible. Everything seemed to point out that this was already a dead end.

"No! There must be a way...

I just need to think and find it!"

As someone who had a lot of pride, the Evil God refused to give up. He had already sacrificed and suffered a lot, so there was no way that he would just surrender without doing anything.

While the Evil God paced back and forth on the deck of the black ship, his hand suddenly felt a cold sensation. As the Evil God turned, he saw that it was Edna who held her by the hand, standing and smiling before him. "Don't worry too much. I've never seen you like this before, not even when you faced the Creator."

"That's because Zen still has a flaw! He's a softhearted idiot and I know that I could always seize the opportunity to bring him down. But, what's happening right now is different. I can't find any solution to our situation!"

the Evil God said with a frown. He was like a trapped beast in a cage, looking restless and depressed. Shera, the former captain and the Grandmaster of Heaven beside didn't even dare to speak.

Edna remained calm as she said, "Not every problem could be solved. Maybe it's time to accept that the downgrade is really unavoidable."

While Edna spoke, the Evil God's brain was still racing rapidly. He was calculating and strategizing all kinds of plans. However, when he heard the last part of what she said, his eyes suddenly widened, and his entire body froze.

"It's unavoidable?" The Evil God lowered his head, gritted his teeth, and clenched his fists.

"We can just accept the situation," Edna said with a faint smile. She just didn't want to see the Evil God distressed. In her mind, if they only had a few hours left to exist, she hoped that they could just spend their remaining time happily.

"But I can't!" The Evil God turned and stared at her with an indignant look in his eyes.

Upon seeing the Evil God like this, Edna couldn't help but bite her lips. She didn't utter another word and just let out a sigh.

In her mind, they were already in a situation that wouldn't matter whether they accepted their death or not.

Meanwhile, the Wall World was still expanding rapidly throughout the main world. Due to its astonishing speed, the creatures living in the main world could only see an azure arc. Before they could make any scream or realize what was going to hit them, they were already pressed into the Wall World, becoming a mass of flesh and blood that seemed like a bloody piece of abstract art.

All of the villages, tribes, and even cities that were born just recently could not escape the fate of being devoured. In just two hours, the Wall World had already downgraded one-tenth of the main world.

At the same time, the four pillars were still standing on the ground. The four time chains connected each of them, and at the center was the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

Whoosh!

The huge fairy palace slowly went past the four pillars and approached the Eternal Divine Courtyard.

Then, Hilario quickly jumped out of the fairy palace and stood in the middle of the courtyard with extreme excitement.

"What a pity! I'm the only one who was able to come back. All of my comrades would have no chance to see it again…" As he remembered that all of the members of the Bold Conjecture House had already been annihilated within the Wall World, he felt very bitter.

"I think they'll be glad knowing that at least you were able to return," Zen said as he stood beside him.

"Maybe you're right. It's just a shame that I wouldn't be able to stay here for long."

Zen then turned his head and looked into the distance. He saw a thin blue line, which was like a forest fire that was steadily spreading.

"We can still stay for another hour," Zen said as he estimated the speed of the downgrade.

"I see. I'll be a little selfish and grab it then," Hilario replied with a bitter smile.

After an hour, the Wall World had already downgraded about nine-tenths of the entire area of the main world.

Then, the fairy palace began to rise vertically. Zen's ultimate goal right now was to retreat into the Deep Space.

Previously, Geoffrey had been through the transmission array at the top of the Eternal Divine Courtyard to get to the Deep Space. However, there was no need for Zen to do this right now. With his current ability, he could just directly fly up while taking the entire fairy palace.

After entering the Deep Space, Zen had once again released the Soul Reincarnation to the people within the fairy palace, so that they could adapt to the environment of the fifth-grade world.

Then, Geoffrey guided them towards the southwest of the Sky Wheel City. Finally, the fairy palace stopped in front of a huge piece of land.

The arrival of the fairy palace immediately attracted the attention of the members of the Elemental race below. They bellowed and led a white-haired old human spirit outside to greet them. It was none other than Elder Xue.

Seeing the sudden appearance of the fairy palace, he already had the hunch of who had arrived.

Soon, several figures rushed out of the fairy palace. Elder Xue recognized some of them, one of whom was Geoffrey.

Immediately after, he saw another familiar figure.

"M-master Hilario!"

Elder Xue exclaimed with a trembling voice.

Hilario then strode forward and supported Elder Xue with his hands. "I'm so ashamed!" These were his first words as he saw Elder Xue.

Back then, Hilario had strongly objected to the idea of going to the Deep Space because of the heated debate over the route. However, Elder Xue still stubbornly did what he wanted and proved that his choice was the right one.

Chapter 4325 No Way To Go

After Elder Xue sent Geoffrey away, he had been very upset all this time.

Unfortunately, he couldn't return to the main world, which meant he had no chance to meet his friends again.

However, though Elder Xue hoped that Geoffrey would bring someone here, he did not expect that it would be so soon.

"We were both loyal to the Four Spirits Sect but we had a disagreement. Is that something to be ashamed of?" Elder Xue asked as he waved his hand.

A bitter smile spread across Hilario's face. "It was not a mere disagreement. Master Kincaid and I chose a path that was a dead end, and this led to the destruction of the Four Spirits Sect." He looked down at his feet. "How can I just forget this?"

"Let bygones be bygones..." As Elder Xue spoke, he put an arm around Hilario and looked at the people behind him. "Where is our king?"

Hilario's soft smile turned into a frown once again. "He passed away."

"How is that even possible?" Elder Xue asked as his body stiffened. "You..."

Because Geoffrey successfully brought these people to the Deep Space, everything should have gone smoothly. As a Treacherous Being, Kincaid had no flaws except for his coordinates. Killing him would be no easy task.

Hilario sighed and did not speak a word.

"What happened?" Elder Xue stepped back as he sensed something had gone wrong.

At the same time, Zen moved forward and cupped his hands before Elder Xue. "Elder Xue, I'm Zen Luo. Geoffrey is my son."

Though Elder Xue had never seen Zen, he had learned much about him through Geoffrey. It was Zen he'd chosen for the plan and for fusing with the ancestry-level bloodline.

"Sir, you've given me a great fortune but I still failed in the end," Zen said as he still looked down in defeat. He shook his head in shame, not wanting to make any eye contact with Elder Xue.

This was the first time they met each other. Standing before him was the man who changed his life.

Since the page had been burnt, Zen's fate had forever been linked to the entire world. The person responsible for this was Elder Xue, but unfortunately, Elder Xue's plan never followed through.

Meanwhile, Elder Xue stretched out his hands and placed them on Zen's head. "As the saying goes, man proposes and fate disposes. You have gone through great trials to inherit the ancestry-level bloodline and save Master Kincaid. You have not failed, son."

"But the world is being destroyed!" Zen said with a bitter smile. He then told Elder Xue what happened after Geoffrey brought back the Heavenly Ring Staff, from the main world to the chaos, and from the end to the downgrading. Once he finished, he fixed his stance and with a calm expression said, "This is all my fault. I'm not here to visit you. In all honesty, I led everyone to escape here."

Elder Xue's eyes widened as he heard Zen's confession. However, he almost immediately relaxed and a smile followed after. "The downgrading cannot be stopped. This is the fate of all living beings. Why must you put it all on yourself?"

"Right," Hilario echoed from behind. "You were not defeated by the downgrading but by the rules. We have no choice but to accept it."

As they discussed, a few members of the Elemental race ran over. They pointed towards one direction and muttered all at the same time in a panic.

As Elder Xue tried to understand what was going on, he looked in the direction they pointed at. Just then, a magnificent blue arc slowly shot up into the sky from the bottom of the space, and massive chunks of rocks eroded as it passed.

"That... That is the expanding Wall World?" asked Elder Xue.

Zen looked at it then turned to him. "Yes. The Wall World is about to expand to this place. Elder Xue, I would like to ask you to enter the fairy palace and go with us."

To his surprise, Elder Xue shook his head and said, "You may leave. I'll stay here."

"Elder Xue, please go with us! You'll be downgraded if you stay here," Geoffrey couldn't help but chip in.

Elder Xue smiled and looked at Geoffrey with kind eyes. "Good boy. I have lived many, many years. It means nothing to me to have more hours or less."

Geoffrey scratched his head. "I guess you're right."

No one even attempted to persuade Elder Xue. They all knew that they'd come to a dead end.

In the fairy palace, all of the people had got rid of their lifespan shackles long ago, but they couldn't seem to shake the shackles of the world.

They returned to the fairy palace and set off on their journey once again.

After the fairy palace left, Elder Xue spoke to the members of the Elemental race.

He asked them to hold a sacrificial ceremony and invited them all to attend.

The members of the Elemental race looked to Elder Xue as a precious, symbolic figure. At the moment they heard his words, they rushed to prepare the ceremony. Not knowing what it was for, they blindly followed his orders merely because he was Elder Xue.

Once the ceremony was prepped and all the members were gathered together, Elder Xue chanted in their language, "The gate of the Heaven is coming soon. It will guide us to the pure land of joy, where there is no pain or dispute, and all living creatures are equal..."

As they heard his words, the creatures gasped and flailed in joy. "Where is the gate of the Heaven?" asked one of them.

"That's it," Elder Xue exclaimed, pointing to the distance.

As if on cue, the blue arc arrived at tremendous speed. The members of the Elemental race were so immersed in the mesmerizing scenery Elder Xue described that it took them a while to realize what came towards them. Before they knew it, they were all mutilated.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Once the Wall World expanded to the Deep Space, its speed increased even more.

A huge part of the ground was destroyed as the Sky Wheel City began to be downgraded. Within only a few minutes, the entire city was completely downgraded.

Afterwards, the broken relics and the ring-shaped sun that hung in the sky of the Deep Space were downgraded as well.

If one looked from afar, the Deep Space resembled a flat cone. Though the downgrader broke many of its parts when it was downgraded before, not much of its cone-like structure had changed.

Meanwhile, the fairy palace continued to rise along the axis of the cone. When it reached its peak, it abruptly stopped.

"We can't seem to go up any further," said Zen.

Everyone looked up to the sky as if on command. Each and every world had a boundary, and the boundary of the Deep Space was hovering about eighty feet above them. It floated there like a translucent layer of gray soil.

This was as far as they could go.

"Dad, what do you think is outside the Deep Space?" Geoffrey asked curiously.

"My son, even Clarence can't seem to answer that," replied Zen with a smile and a nudge to his son's head.

"Then why don't you try to break it?" Geoffrey asked again but this time, with his fists clenched. He also knew that this was almost impossible to do, but he was convinced that they should have a try.

"I guess we can have a go."

But just as Zen finished speaking, a black light rapidly rose from below and then slowed down its pace as it neared the fairy palace. It was the black ship controlled by the Evil God.

This was not a surprise to any of them, for the Evil God was unfamiliar with the main world and the Deep Space. He moved around aimlessly as he was chased by the Wall World, and finally, he found himself at the top of the Deep Space just like everybody else.

Chapter 4326 The Beginning Of The Wall World

The black ship slowed down to a stop next to the fairy palace. The Evil God and Zen exchanged a quick glance, their eyes roaming vigilantly.

Despite being cornered, neither of them intended to give up.

"Humph!"

the Evil God snorted. Jumping up from the bow, he landed to the side of the gray soil.

His line of thinking was similar to Geoffrey's. If he couldn't stop the downgrading, the best thing he could do was break past the barrier of the world and escape.

Zen calmly watched the Evil God from the fairy palace.

He was keenly aware that the gray soil was indestructible. Since the Evil God wanted to make a move first, he figured there would be no harm in trying.

Whoosh!

Raising his fist in the air, the Evil God threw a mighty punch at the surface of the gray soil.

Bang!

A dull sound rang out upon the punch's impact. When the dust cleared, they found a fist-shaped mark was made on the soft gray soil. It seemed that all of the energy contained within the punch had been completely absorbed by the gray soil.

The Evil God couldn't hide his surprise. Confusedly, he eyed the small fist mark. How could such ordinary soil contain that much power?

He took a step back.

The surface of his body began to glow as he channeled all the energy in the void to pour into his body. In a matter of seconds, he looked like a human-shaped body of energy.

Erring on the side of caution, Zen distanced the fairy palace away from the Evil God. He wanted to avoid falling into the line of fire.

At the moment, the Evil God had no intention of attacking Zen.

After absorbing a considerable amount of energy, he launched himself into the gray soil, colliding into it violently.

Bang!

The sound of the collision was much louder than the previous one, echoing throughout the space.

Under the impact of such a powerful blow, the gray soil once again caved in, but when the Evil God recovered, he found that only a shallow indentation was made on the gray soil.

As Zen watched, his eyes narrowed slightly. "The gray soil... Did it absorb all that energy?"

The rule of infinite energy was that whenever energy in the void was used, it would simply return back to the void. However, this gray soil had actually absorbed all the energy, which meant that a portion of energy in the world was lost!

The expression on the Evil God's face was the same as that on Zen's. He too was aware of the rule of infinite energy.

And yet, the gray soil was breaking that very rule.

"It's not what you think." Clarence's voice suddenly echoed in Zen's mind. "The gray soil can indeed absorb energy, but after a while, it will spit it out again."

"Is there no limit to the energy that can be absorbed by the gray soil?" Zen asked incredulously.

"Remember I said that there was a time I used up ninety-nine percent of the energy to launch an attack in the eighth-grade world? I was attacking the gray soil," Clarence started to say.

"What happened then?" Zen asked eagerly.

Although he could also manipulate energy infinitely now, ninety nine percent of the energy in the whole world was still very terrifying.

"A huge pit with a depth of more than ten miles was created. However, I didn't see the upper limit of the gray soil. Later, as the gray soil slowly repaired itself, the energy was gradually returned," Clarence answered calmly.

Zen's eye twitched.

He couldn't believe what he'd just heard. The shockingly huge impact of ninety-nine percent of energy only caused a ten-mile-deep crater. What exactly was this gray soil in front of him?

After the second attempt failed, the Evil God flared his nostrils, still unwilling to give up. Urging the black ship to move backwards, he also called out to Zen, "Retreat a little!"

He was planning to absorb more energy to launch yet another attack, but he didn't want Zen to misconstrue his actions.

This time, however, Zen finally cut in. "It's useless," he said.

"You mean the soil can't be broken?" The Evil God frowned.

Zen nodded. "Clarence once used ninety nine percent of the world's energy and caused a pit that ran for around ten miles, but even he couldn't break it."

The Evil God didn't reply.

Instead, he clenched his fists in deep frustration, causing the surrounding space to fluctuate.

He had seen a lot of battles and hardships in his life, yet in the face of this seemingly unremarkable soil, he could do nothing!

Bang!

Distressed, the Evil God slammed his fist into the gray soil once again.

Falling onto his knees, the Evil God succumbed to despair. Then, Edna quietly approached him from behind and wrapped her arms around him. "Stop trying," she said softly. "Go back to the ship and accompany me in our last moments."

The Evil God's eyes widened. "We are about to die! Aren't you afraid of death?"

"No." Edna smiled at her husband calmly. "It's not a sad thing to die by your side."

Upon hearing this, the Evil God was moved. Instantly, all feelings of despair and regret vanished from his heart.

While he still didn't want to resign himself to his fate, he decided it was time to compromise. He took Edna's delicate hand in his, and they both headed back to the ship.

There, they found the Grandmaster of Heaven, Shera, and the former captain blankly staring at the soil, quietly resigned to their fates.

Even the people in the fairy palace began to bid each other goodbye. They all knew they were about to die, but in the face of death, they remained calm. However, despite being calm, they couldn't avoid the overwhelming feelings of sadness and regret sweeping over them.

Zen's avatars said goodbye to Letitia, Margaret, Lavender, Aura, and the other women. Zen had informed them of the possible consequences before, so even Margaret held her head high when their fears were confirmed.

For the next few moments, a hush fell over the fairy palace and the black ship as they quietly awaited their doom.

In the distance, the blue arc rapidly expanded. Everything along the way, whether it was a huge monster or a speck of dust, whether it was flowing energy or solidified material, was quickly absorbed by the Wall World.

Zen counted backwards silently, 'Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.'

Splash!

In the blink of an eye, the fairy palace and the black ship were crushed into countless pieces.

Because Zen and the Evil God were a lot more powerful, they lasted a little longer in the midst of the downgrading force. However, eventually, they too succumbed to it and were pressed into the Wall World.

"Hahaha...

The Stellar World, the Grand Lower World, and the Lower Extreme World have all been downgraded!

Now, I hereby announce the beginning of the Wall World!"

Now, only the wisp of black light in the center and the downgrader within it maintained their original forms.

Then, the black light also began to be downgraded, slowly sinking into the center of the Wall World.

The materials in the third-grade world had been in a mess before this began, so when they were downgraded, they grew into an even bigger mess. But the black light was different.

After the black light merged into the Wall World, it transformed into a sphere, surrounded by ripples of energy of the same length and width. If one overlooked the Wall World, they would find an exquisite black sun symbol.

Of course, there was no one else in the world to overlook the Wall World.

After the black sun symbol shrank into oblivion, the downgrader emerged and slowly crawled onto the surface of the Wall World.

He looked very strange now, as if he were a monster made up of many fragments, just like the strange sculpture on the totem of an ancient race.

Chapter 4327 The World With Lines

The downgrader crawled around for some distance, until he came across some white lines of varying lengths.

Even though he was a downgrader, it was difficult for him to adapt to the form of the second-grade world in such a short time. Even he was a little stunned to see these white lines.

But soon, he realized that these white lines were the ice crystals released by the Evil God before.

These ice crystals still had the attribute of coldness, but after being downgraded, more abilities were unlocked. Now, five or six different types of energy could be released from the ice attribute.

"After all the worlds were downgraded to the second grade, the total area of the entire world was expanded by thirty billion times..."

"Additionally, the number of the energy types has also increased."

"However, this world is too desolate."

"I don't think there will be any more creatures..."

The third-grade world was called the Lower Extreme World, wherein the word "extreme" represented the limit of life.

Supposedly, all living beings could survive if they were downgraded from the high-grade world. But that wasn't the case in the Wall World.

Although the area of the second-grade world had expanded to a terrifying extent, and the types of energy were also more abundant, this world no longer carried the conditions for living beings to survive. Thus, the creatures of the fourth-grade world wouldn't die when they entered the third-grade world, but the creatures of the third-grade world would be crushed to death when they entered the Wall World.

The downgrader sped up, crawling along the surface of the Wall World.

Turning his arm into the shape of a boat paddle, he tried to stand up properly to cover more distance as he crawled.

As he did this, the downgrader noticed some red, pale yellow, white lines ahead of him.

The red lines were blood, the pale yellow lines were flesh, and the white lines were bones. The three different lines were embedded together. These must've been traces from the battle between the Evil God and Zen. After all, parts of their body were constantly devoured by the Wall World during their hand to hand combat.

After the downgrader passed by these floating multicolored lines, he stumbled upon another void. The entire chaos expanded thirty billion-fold, so the distance between the center of the chaos and the end of it had also increased by thirty billion times.

However, the downgrader still managed to close this distance with ease.

Buzz...

Suddenly, a rogue piece of space circled the downgrader, sucking him into it. In a flash, the downgrader had left this void and entered the scope of the former main world. Here, the area was even wider.

As aforementioned, after a world was completely downgraded, the space would expand by thirty billion times. Therefore, a mountain within the main world could contain an entire chaos.

But when the main world was downgraded from a fourth-grade space to a second-grade space, all of the spaces within it turned into the size of the Wall World.

This meant that it had expanded by 0.9 billion trillion times.

After the downgrader entered the main world, he saw that the color of the lines became complicated.

All kinds of long, short, green, brown and gray lines were interconnected. It was difficult to make out what the lines were previously, so the downgrader could only perceive their energy structures.

Cautiously, he shuttled back and forth, searching to see if there were any living beings.

After a new world unfurled, the creatures that appeared were only accessories in the process of downgrading. While his sole mission was to downgrade, killing these so-called "accessories" was a great pleasure for him.

This kind of pleasure increased day by day, especially in the third-grade world. He even met human beings who were strong enough to defeat him, but in the end, he was always the one who emerged victorious.

However, upon scouring the second-grade world, he was not used to these desolate-looking lines.

Just as he was beginning to grow desperate, he suddenly came across a green line moving in front of him.

"There are creatures!"

the downgrader exclaimed, his heart overjoyed.

He excitedly rushed over towards the seemingly thousands of feet long green line.

However, as he approached, he realized this green line was equivalent to a small worm less than an inch long in the third-grade world.

Even so, the downgrader still approached it cautiously, fearing that he would accidentally destroy this green line.

Since he couldn't use his spiritual sense, it was very difficult to communicate in the Wall World.

The only way to communicate was to manipulate the length of the lines and their colors. Theoretically, this kind of communication was possible, but it was unrealistic to expect a worm-like creature to learn this in so short a time.

After observing it for a while, the downgrader found that the green line was still slowly wriggling in one direction.

"It's so boring to watch a worm crawl," he said in disgust.

The downgrader was a little depressed, but suddenly, Clarence crossed his mind.

'He surely must still be alive!'

he thought excitedly.

Then, he abruptly flew in a certain direction, shattering the green line in front of him. If he did that in the third-grade world, it would be equivalent to crushing a worm with a single kick.

Meanwhile, there was a slight movement in the void darkness.

It was as if the fireworks swept across the night sky.

"Wake up.

Zen, wake up!"

This voice rang out in the depths of Zen's soul, but Zen didn't respond at all.

He had fallen into a state of ignorance, so he no longer had any thoughts, no longer cared about external things, and had cut off all the ways of communication.

Nothing mattered anymore.

Zen didn't care about anything.

But suddenly, he felt a little warm.

Then, he saw the sun rising, bringing a dazzling light with it. The ray of light seemed to pierce right into his soul.

The world that Zen perceived now was distorted and constantly changing, like a painting that was splashed with fresh ink.

Then, Zen found himself within the paradise-like fairy palace, and joyful laughter rang out from the high wall. The young Salome was struggling to cross the threshold. When she did, she gave him a warm smile.

"Wake up, father!

Stop sleeping...

I don't want to see you get lost!"

Salome exclaimed sweetly. She had a lovely smile, revealing two dimples on her cheeks, but it should be impossible for her to say these words.

"Who are you?" Zen asked confusedly.

Once Zen's attention was successfully caught, the smile on Salome's face disappeared, and she said seriously, "I'm Clarence. I've been calling you. Why didn't you answer me?"

"I'm already dead," Zen said with some disgust, wrinkling his nose.

"No, you're not!" Clarence exclaimed in annoyance.

Zen still shook his head, trying to resist. "Is this the illusion you created?"

"Well, strictly speaking, this is my memory. I have all the memories that have extended from the perfect land to here. What you see is the reality I have built using my memories!" Clarence explained.

"A reality created by memories?" Zen echoed, in a daze. "Is this really not an illusion?"

"To your cognition, this is the real world," Clarence replied cryptically.

As Clarence was the master of the perfect land, his memories were very special.

Everything in this world was preserved in his memories, which served like trillions of building blocks.

He only needed to place the blocks according to the original positions in his memories, and then the reality would be constructed. Conversely, if he pushed the blocks down and disordered the memory positions, then the real world would be destroyed.

"Then, can you let me stay here for the rest of eternity?" Zen asked sleepily.

"Of course... not!"

Clarence denied Zen firmly.

Then, dark clouds gathered in the sky, and the winds began to howl.

The indestructible fairy palace was shattered into countless pieces. Salome also dissolved into a small ball of light, which was the form that Clarence had always assumed when he revealed himself to others.

Chapter 4328 The Battle On The Plane

The light ball slowly floated towards Zen and merged with his body once more.

Clarence's voice rang from the depths of Zen's soul again. "The reality I gave you is not enough. You have to create your own reality as well."

"Is there any difference?" Zen asked in confusion.

"Of course there is. This could be what I pursue, and also the reason you were born," answered Clarence.

For humans, drinking the first mouthful of milk to fill their empty stomachs after birth was the beginning of their journey to life. From there, they grew step by step in pursuing strength, wealth, love, power, and the desire for immortality.

However, Clarence was born in a perfect land and had everything he needed within his reach. There was nothing worth pursuing to him in neither the higher-grade worlds nor the lower-grade worlds, which drove him to seek the truth instead.

Why did the world exist?

What was behind the world and all the things in it?

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't find the answers to these seemingly simple questions himself, let alone anyone else.

Although Mastema was on par with him, Mastema had no interest in discussions such as these other than desperately downgrading the world.

Most of the time, Clarence felt quite envious of Mastema. He only focused on the downgrading, giving it his full attention and refusing to think about anything else.

While the world became downgraded little by little, Zen and the Evil God were born as special existences. How could Clarence let go of these two easily?

When Zen heard Clarence's words, he couldn't help feeling hopeless. He wanted to bring his family to a stable environment and stay in the fairy palace, but Clarence insisted on forcing him out.

"Can I really create my own reality?" Zen asked hesitantly.

"Sure, I will help you," replied Clarence.

"Fine." Zen heaved out a sigh as he began to pull himself together.

The reality that Clarence mentioned became the greatest motivation for him. He looked forward to meeting his family again. He did not intend to give up even though he only had a glimmer of hope to cling to.

Two dots suddenly appeared in the Wall World. Zen's eyeballs were slowly formed, followed by his whole head, body, and limbs.

Because of the flat form, there was no need to follow the rules of humans in creation. A human body had no advantage in the Wall World, but was, in fact, a burden. Clarence had initially advised Zen to create himself in the form of a beetle or a worm.

With many sets of feet, wings, and eyes, he would certainly gain a great advantage in the Wall World. He could observe better and even move faster.

However, Zen just couldn't accept it. In the end, he still created a human figure but with a rough shape.

After his body had been completed, his eyes began to perceive the light. What he saw were thin lines in varying colors.

"These thin lines are the only things I can see?" Zen asked as he felt a slight discontent.

"Yes. You can only see the length and brightness of the thin lines; however, you can release your spiritual sense into these thin lines. In this way, you can infer their appearance," Clarence suggested.

Zen tried to do what Clarence had just said.

The spiritual sense could only spread along the surface of the Wall World, but as it had been infused into the thin lines, Zen was able to see what was beyond them.

However, everything in the Deep Space had been downgraded into a mess of various fragments. Even with his spiritual sense, it would still be difficult for him to make out the real shapes of these fragments.

After he walked a short distance on the plane, he noticed a thin gray line.

As usual, Zen released his spiritual sense, but the moment his spiritual sense was infused into the thin gray line, it vanished into thin air. It had actually been absorbed!

"This thin gray line!"

He was a little stunned but he immediately came to a conclusion. "This is the unbreakable gray soil. Has it also been downgraded?"

"The gray soil has not and will not be downgraded. What you see is only a section line of it," said Clarence.

The creatures in the lower-grade worlds would never be able to see the complete appearance of the creatures in the higher-grade worlds. If Zen had been born in the second-grade Wall World, he would always see only a thin gray line appearing to block the way. It would be impossible for him to even imagine what the gray soil was.

"Which world does the gray soil belong to anyway?" Zen suddenly asked with his eyebrows furrowed.

"I don't know," Clarence replied.

The gray soil had already gathered at the edge of the perfect land, and no matter how much the world downgraded, it would only stay the same and wouldn't be affected.

As the two of them discussed the second-grade world, two black lines suddenly appeared from the far ends, one from the left and the other from the right. They dashed very fast, closing in together and heading straight for Zen.

"That's a strong aura of energy!" Zen exclaimed as he was shocked.

Although he was not ready to fight in the Wall World, he instinctively retreated as he felt the danger approaching and instantly pushed his spiritual sense forward.

Through his spiritual sense, Zen quickly recognized the shape of the black lines. They formed a huge pair of black scissors, and as their blades chomped, they intended to cut down Zen.

Zen, who was retreating at high speed, had escaped death. However, he saw black lines on his left, right, and back. He had already been trapped by the black scissors.

"Evil God? Is that you?"

Zen used his spiritual sense to communicate in all directions.

Since he wasn't dead, neither was the Evil God. It must be the Evil God who had launched such a powerful attack.

The winner of the previous battle between the two of them could not be decided, so they had stopped fighting since then. Zen didn't have any idea why the Evil God was coming after him again.

Zen didn't get a response. The aura of the black lines was getting stronger and stronger. The scissors were also approaching at a higher speed.

A thought flashed through Zen's mind, and a golden thread began to appear on the surface of his body. It was a golden ring that surrounded him.

After the ring appeared, it quietly expanded outward, forming a much larger ring.

If the Evil God spied in the dark, he would have seen the golden thread instantly smash the scissors.

Although the black scissors were undeniably sharp, they immediately crashed as they touched the golden ring, dispersing their big and small fragments in the air.

Red lines appeared as soon as the scissors were destroyed.

These red lines then moved towards Zen in spiraling motions.

Zen released another golden thread. Wherever the golden thread passed, all the red lines were devoured without a trace.

"Evil God, your attacks are now useless.

The energy in the second-grade Wall World is more fragmented and therefore easier to crack.

Do you hear me?"

Zen released his spiritual sense again to communicate widely. This time, he finally saw the Evil God's figure.

The Evil God had four pairs of eyes on the Wall World, and he could observe up to four directions around him. His body took a circular shape, from which numerous spikes emerged. He resembled a bug with a strange shape.

"So what? Since there's nothing to lose here, why don't we have a good fight?" the Evil God challenged him with his spiritual sense.

"It's true that we really do have nothing to lose, but we can still obtain," Zen replied.

"Obtain? Obtain what? The right to live in this shitty world?" the Evil God asked in an arrogant tone.

He was also dissatisfied with the second-grade Wall World. Nothing could be more boring than a world where only lines could be seen!

Chapter 4329 The Last Downgrading

When the Evil God was in the third-grade world, his state of mind had transformed.

From being a troublemaker, he became a controller. After controlling the Black Ship, a province, and the whole Source World, he began to respect order and even maintain order.

However, when the chaos ended, his Source World was destroyed. He lost everything he owned, including the black ship and his beloved wife. He was left all alone.

Because of this, he began to hate the world again and wanted to destroy it even more.

Because Zen was the only other living creature in the area, the Evil God vented his anger on him.

Swoosh!

In an instant, a huge, long, and colorful line appeared.

It was an energy plate, which looked about ten billion miles in length. The energy plate was so gigantic that it looked like an ocean, which could easily drown Zen with its multi-colored energy waves.

Buzz!

An octagon-shaped blue energy shield surrounded Zen, blocking the gigantic, powerful energy trying to attack him. While he was dealing with this, he tried to appeal to the Evil God. He said, "What if we can bring back everything we had in the past?"

"That's impossible!" the Evil God replied with frustration.

The colorful energy began to change its hue. Several colors disappeared, leaving behind the red and blue colors. The red and blue energies melted into each other until they became one single color: purple.

Although the ocean of purple energy looked beautiful, it was more destructive. It was destroying Zen's energy shield much more effectively.

Thinking on his feet, Zen quickly changed his energy shield, blocking the purple energy. He was becoming more and more frustrated with the Evil God's attacks, but he still tried to communicate with him.

"No! I mean it.

Clarence is the controller, which means he has all the memories.

If the whole world is restarted, all realities will be realized. The energy and materials will be restored. Everything in the past will reappear!"

Zen screamed through the noise, doing his best to persuade the Evil God.

When he said this, the Evil God began to listen, putting his attacks on Zen on hold. The purple energy calmed down, gently gathering around Zen.

"Then who will make all of this reappear?" the Evil God asked.

"I will," Zen answered with no hesitation.

"By devouring me?"

"Yes."

"No way!"

the Evil God retorted. He never trusted Zen, and Zen never trusted him.

When they were in the third-grade world, they could not put their distrust aside and reconcile their differences. The same happened in the second-grade world.

Just as the Evil God finished talking, he launched another round of attacks on Zen. The once gentle purple energy began to charge at Zen again.

While this was happening, the downgrader made his move quickly.

The scope of the second-grade world was different from those of the other worlds. The spiritual sense in the second-grade world reached about thirty billion times further than it would in the third-grade world. Even more, the range of movement in the second-grade world was thirty billion times larger than that of the third-grade world.

The downgrader wanted to find Clarence, so he quickly spread out his spiritual sense.

After spatial transference, he released his spiritual sense.

After another spatial transference, he released his spiritual sense for the second time.

In just a short period, the downgrader had already moved far from where he was. His spiritual sense had already swept through a large area.

"Lines, lines, lines...

There are lines everywhere!

Eh? The flower blossoming in the fourth-grade world has actually been preserved very well. It's a shame that only I can see and appreciate it," he said to himself.

Even after crossing such a long distance, the downgrader still couldn't find Clarence. He became more and more frustrated.

Buzz!

He used the spatial transference again, but only this time, he felt an energy wave back.

Although the energy wave was very weak, it was active. 'Those low-level worms couldn't have released this. That would be impossible, ' the downgrader thought to himself.

"That direction!" He said, going on.

After feeling the small clue, the downgrader used the spatial transference over and over again. Each time he used the spatial transference, he felt the energy wave becoming stronger and stronger.

"Could it be? Could this energy wave be coming from Clarence? If it is, what is he doing? No threat in the second-grade world would need such energy,"

the downgrader said in confusion.

After using the spatial transference hundreds of times, he reached the area where Zen and the Evil God were battling each other.

As he stepped foot within the area, Zen and the Evil God immediately sensed his presence.

Although the downgrader's form had changed a lot, they could still tell it was him by his aura.

Buzz!

A thin, purple line appeared in front of the downgrader. He used his spiritual sense to check what it was.

He discovered it was a huge sea of energy. In its center was a human-shaped creature. This only made the downgrader even more confused.

Was this Clarence? Did he morph into a human form?

From what the downgrader remembered about Clarence, Clarence didn't like the human form, but the sea of energy was made by him. What was it for?

As the downgrader was thinking about this, the space behind him began to fluctuate. After a few seconds, from it appeared a powerful bug with sharp spikes.

"Stay where you are. Don't you even dare move," the bug said through its spiritual sense.

When the downgrader heard the bug's voice, he felt a shiver run up his spine.

The bug was none other than the Evil God!

'How is this even possible? How is he here?

Only Clarence and I could survive the Wall World, ' he thought to himself.

"How... How did you even survive?" the downgrader asked in disbelief.

However, the Evil God didn't say anything. Instead, he stabbed his sharp spikes into the downgrader. The spikes' turbulent flames pierced through the downgrader's body, causing an intense burning sensation to spread through it.

The downgrader's body was huge and broad, but in the blink of an eye, it burned into ashes.

When the Evil God was in the third-grade world, he didn't take the downgrader seriously. The same went for the second-grade world. Right after he killed the downgrader, he turned around and continued to attack Zen.

In the Wall World's black light emerged the downgrader, who was able to come out of the Evil God's attack reborn, although ashen.

"I..."

He was furious.

He couldn't accept that the Evil God had escaped his downgrading.

'This is a humiliation!

A great humiliation!

The Wall World couldn't kill them. What about the World of Nothingness?' he thought to himself.

The first-grade World of Nothingness was very special.

It had everything, but at the same time, it had nothing. Even the downgrader couldn't understand how this worked, but he was sure that the Evil God wouldn't have been able to survive it.

In a burning rage, the downgrader's mental state began to decline.

'Begin to downgrade!

In the World of Nothingness, nothing can exist. You are not the exception! You can not survive!' the downgrader thought resentfully.

The Wall World shook gradually until it started to shrink from the edge to the center. The black light in the center of the world transformed into a vortex, pulling everything from the world down to its dark core.

Zen and the Evil God, who were still attacking each other, felt a great traction force, making them pause their fight.

Both Zen and the energy sea became distorted.

He and the Evil God were unable to resist the traction force happening in the Wall World.

"What's happening?" Zen asked worriedly.

"It's Mastema. He's begun a new round of downgrading," Clarence answered.

"A new round of downgrading?" Zen said, stunned by what was happening.

"Yes. Mastema must have been very furious with you two to have done this. This time, we will be entering the World of Nothingness," Clarence continued. "That will be his final destination."

Chapter 4330 The Point Of Origin

Once the traction force appeared, the Evil God did not launch another attack on Zen.

He had just killed the downgrader yet again, and he faintly guessed that this traction force somehow originated from the downgrader.

He and Zen stood on the edge of the Wall World, and they passively gravitated towards the center.

What would they find in the interior of the World of Nothingness? Neither Clarence nor Mastema had a clear comprehension of it.

Since the perfect land had been downgraded, the two of them could accurately predict each lower-grade world. To downgrade, he only needed to extract some details from those worlds, and there were some rules to follow. It was by following these rules that the Evil God had successfully restored the energy step by step.

The more details that were extracted, the less would be left.

Very few details remained in the third-grade Lower Extreme World, but at least it could still sustain life.

However, in the Wall World, there were so few details remaining that nothing could live there at all.

According to the rules, the details of the first-grade world had been completely extracted, so it created an absolute void, and it couldn't even accommodate souls. This was why it was called the World of Nothingness.

After hearing Clarence's explanation in his mind, Zen asked, "Can you survive within the World of Nothingness?"

"I don't think so, but the world may not be exactly as I have theorized," answered Clarence.

"We'll see soon enough," Zen said calmly.

After all, he had already experienced the downgrading once. Staying in the Wall World left him feeling uncomfortable. It might be better to travel to the World of Nothingness.

Compared to the grand way in which the third, fourth, and fifth-grade worlds were downgraded, the downgrading process of the Wall World had occurred in an extremely quiet and peaceful way. After all, there was no sound in this place.

The materials that were placed within the Wall World began to gather and compress, bit by bit.

They were pressed together proportionally.

The distance between Zen and the Evil God was thirty miles. When the distance became shortened by half, the Wall World had also proportionally shrunk by half. The speed at which the Wall World's downgrading happened far exceeded those of the third, fourth, and fifth-grade worlds.

Within five minutes, the distance between Zen and the Evil God shrank to only seven and a half miles. By then, only one fourth of the Wall World was left.

As the materials within the Wall World were pressed together, so were Zen and the Evil God.

Although these materials had been crushed and reduced in size, they still contained strength. To Zen and the Evil God, the strength of ordinary materials was nothing, and naturally it had no effect on the two of them.

However, the downgrading of the Wall World was accelerating, and the speed of its shrinking was also accelerating.

Another five minutes later, only a distance of one hundred and fifty feet was left between Zen and the Evil God.

The Wall World shrank to 1/300th. The materials compressed tightly, but Zen and the Evil God could still easily withstand the pressure.

Another five minutes slipped away.

It had shrunk to 1/30000th its normal size now.

Zen and the Evil God were now in a close proximity to each other.

The Evil God shifted a little, pushing away the tightly squeezed materials that surrounded him, and he moved in the direction of Zen's spikes.

The two of them no longer had any intention of continuing their fight, and they were only hoping that they could finish the last journey with a tacit understanding.

The Wall World had further shrunk to 1/300000th now.

The materials in this world were now densely compressed. The extreme pressure changed the nature of these materials, and the temperature rose rapidly.

"Can you withstand in such a form?" the Evil God suddenly questioned Zen.

Zen replied with an indifferent shrug, "You'd better keep your concern for yourself."

As the pressure increased exponentially, Zen drew on the surrounding energy to fortify himself.

Soon, the Wall World shrank to 1/30000000th, and the pressure increased yet another hundredfold.

Cracks began to form on the surface of Zen's body, from which tiny fragments sifted down, only to instantly melt. The temperature of the Wall World had increased explosively.

Like Zen, the Evil God's body was almost imperceptibly collapsing.

However, given that they had the aid of infinite energy, the two of them were not too concerned about their physical bodies.

Never mind the cracks on their bodies, even if they were reduced to ashes, they could instantly heal themselves.

When the Wall World shank to 1/300000000th, the pressure increased by another factor of ten.

The materials of the Wall World were undergoing a strange change.

Originally, while the properties of these materials had changed, they had still maintained their original colors. Now, all of them had turned a grayish brown, the same uniform color as the gray soil.

Now, Zen and the Evil God were finally entering the area covered by the spiritual sense of the downgrader.

He had been waiting at the center of the Wall World. When he sensed the two of them, he immediately and excitedly projected his spiritual sense, saying, "Finally, you are here. I'm wondering how you will feel when you are crushed into pieces."

"This amount of pressure is hardly enough," replied Zen.

"Ha-ha..." The downgrader laughed merrily. "The process of downgrading is the procedure of pressure becoming infinite. I wonder if your infinite energy can resist the infinite pressure. I'll now watch you being crushed bit by bit..."

While he was speaking, a sharpened spike shot towards him.

Even in this world of high pressure and high temperature, the spike could still travel at an incredible velocity, and it instantly impaled the downgrader, who was in the black light.

Bang!

The flames loaded within the spike exploded and quickly engulfed the downgrader.

"Ahhh!"

The downgrader let rip with a painful scream. He was killed yet again by the Evil God.

"It's really rare to meet such a loquacious good-for-nothing." As the Evil God responded, he turned around and pointed the next sharpened spike at the black light, ready to slay the reborn downgrader at any time.

Perhaps he feared being killed by the Evil God again, or perhaps he felt afraid of the pain that came before death.

For the first time, the downgrader was silent upon his rebirth. He watched the downgrading process with a muted expression.

The world shrank to 1/3000000000th now.

Under the extreme pressure, Zen's body collapsed from the outside to the inside.

His body couldn't maintain its shape, and it was quickly assimilated into the outside world.

Zen acted quickly, abandoning the outermost layer of his body and creating a slightly smaller body inside.

But as the slightly smaller body couldn't withstand the pressure, he quickly created a third body.

The methods the Evil God used were almost the same as Zen's. The newly created bodies resembled the layers of an onion.

Their bodies were shrinking smaller and smaller, and therefore, the pressure they could withstand was greater and greater.

But this was only a delay tactic.

When the world shrank to 1/30000000000th, the pressure increased another ten times.

The bodies of Zen and the Evil God had both shrunk to the size of a silk bean. Under such immense pressure, they couldn't even release their spiritual senses. The two of them were confined to a space the size of a silk bean, and they struggled to hold on.

The world shrank to 1/300000000000th.

Under this massive pressure, there was no material that could maintain a stable state. All the materials had been transformed into pure energy.

Zen and the Evil God were no exception to this. Their bodies turned into energy, and then they gravitated towards the center of the Wall World. There existed an unknown point of origin, which was the root of the World of Nothingness.

The point of origin was available to all.

1/3000000000000th.

1/30000000000000th.

1/300000000000000th.

In the end, everything within the Wall World was completely devoured and consumed by the point of origin, including both the black light and the downgrader within it.

Chapter 4331 Split

One's body was the carrier of the soul, while the soul was the carrier of the consciousness. If one's body was destroyed, his or her fragile soul would then be exposed to enemy attacks, leading to his or her immediate annihilation. As the soul vanished, so would the consciousness contained in it.

Even if one reached the Holy Soul Realm, the Eternal Realm, or even if they became creatures of the higher-grade worlds, this rule would still apply.

Throughout the entire world, Clarence and Mastema were the only ones who escaped this restriction. Even if their bodies and souls were damaged, their consciousness remained intact. However, right now, Zen and the Evil God had also reached their status and became their equals.

All of them were now at the point of origin, where the concept of space and time did not exist.

Everything had been compressed into an infinitely small point. The pressure was crushing, and no living beings could possibly survive under such harsh circumstances. However, the downgrader was surprised as he discovered that his consciousness still remained.

"Ha-ha!

I did it! I survived it all!

Now, I am the ultimate winner and the only ruler of this world!"

For a while, the downgrader thought that he was the only one who survived.

He was ecstatic as he assumed that he had finally achieved his ultimate goal. He had downgraded the entire world to the World of Nothingness but his consciousness carried on.

With that, he thought that the world was now his belonging, including all substances and energy within it.

At this infinitesimal point, everything felt so crowded, including his own consciousness. He tried to sense his surrounding environment, although technically, the concept of "surroundings" did not exist at the point of origin because everything had been integrated into a single point.

But the moment he sensed his surroundings, he immediately realized that there was a familiar aura near him. In fact, it was attached to him.

"Clarence!

Why are you still alive?"

The downgrader was extremely shocked as he recognized that he wasn't alone.

"Why are you so surprised?" Clarence asked calmly as if he already knew all along.

"What?"

The downgrader couldn't be more astonished at this turn of events. All this time, he thought that he was the only existence at this narrow point of origin, but it turned out that Clarence had also survived along with him. Moreover, it was as if the two of them had become a part of a whole.

Furthermore, as the downgrader was still recovering from the shock of finding out that he was actually with Clarence, he suddenly discovered that there were two more auras around them. After carefully sensing where these auras belonged to, he was even more flabbergasted.

"What the hell?! How could this be? Why didn't you die?!"

Zen and the Evil God didn't respond as the downgrader addressed them.

At this point, all four of them had clearly sensed each other's aura.

They found out that the four of them co-existed in this cramped point — the downgrader, Clarence, the Evil God, and Zen.

This was actually a rather abnormal and extremely dangerous situation. All of them, except the downgrader, had partially realized their co-existence much earlier, but they didn't utter a word. Then, soon after, the downgrader finally recognized the situation they were in.

Clarence had kept quiet for a reason. It was because he began to merge with the downgrader. To be exact, he began to devour the downgrader's consciousness without him realizing it.

The existence of the Source Light in the higher-grade worlds had made it impossible for Clarence to subdue Mastema. However, now that the Source Light had dissipated since everything was reduced to the point of origin, Mastema had just lost his life-saving straw.

The moment Clarence made his move earlier, Zen and the Evil God also followed suit.

They had been on full alert against each other since the beginning. At this infinitesimal point of origin, nobody had any room for retreat. They had no other option but to merge and devour each other in order to prevail. It was crucially important for each of them to dominate this process.

Swoosh!

The moment Zen started merging with the Evil God's consciousness, a broad world of memories unfolded in his mind. All of the past memories of the Evil God were completely revealed to him.

From the Evil God's birth in his inner world, to his journey in the Source World, his acquaintance with Shera, his involvement with the Black Ship, and his cruel slaughter on the Other Shore. No detail was spared and nothing remained a secret.

On the other hand, the same thing happened as the Evil God attempted to merge with Zen's consciousness. All of Zen's past experiences were displayed before the Evil God's eyes. The entirety of his long journey from the Eastern Region to the Source World played out like a tremendously long film.

'Damn! There's too many. If I want to fuse with Zen's consciousness and absorb him, I have to take in all of his memories!' the Evil God thought as he began to panic.

'He's also taking in all of my memories.

If he finished more quickly, I would be replaced by him instead!'

Deeming a strong sense of urgency within the Evil God's consciousness, he began to go through Zen's memories like crazy.

Obviously, Zen had also realized how he could overcome the Evil God. He would have to take all of the Evil God's memories as his own, as fast as he could. But when he continued to do so, he was briefly stopped by a surprising fact.

He found out that he already possessed most of the memories from the earlier life of the Evil God.

He even shared some memories of the Evil God exploring the Source World after leaving his inner world. This was because he had once subdued the Evil God after he rebelled against him.

After all, the Evil God was a creature from his inner world, and he was omniscient in everything when it came to it.

In fact, he had once invaded the memories of the Evil God's earlier life so that he would be able to deal with him. Therefore, since he already saw the majority of the Evil God's memories, it didn't take him much time to completely assimilate all of them.

On the other hand, although the Evil God was trying hard to take in Zen's memories, he fell behind quickly because he had never pried into Zen's memories before. Besides, even when they shared the broken Source World as the primitive land, the omniscient power possessed by the Evil God didn't enable him to probe into Zen's mind.

Soon enough, their gap just grew larger with every passing second.

In fact, when the Evil God took in about half of Zen's memories, Zen had almost completely absorbed all of the Evil God's memories.

Suddenly, the Evil God felt a sense of loss in his mind. It was as if he began losing his memories. Slowly but steadily, he could no longer recall his past, his loved ones, his formidable power, and finally, even his own self.

"No! This can't be! I won't be defeated! Never!"

As the Evil God began to completely lose his self, his consciousness shook intensely.

He never thought that after all that he had been through, he would lose to Zen this way.

However, he had lost the fight of acquiring memories right from the beginning. No matter how intelligent he was, this was something that he could not overcome by mere strategies.

Anger, resentment, and agony…

These were his remaining emotions as his consciousness fleeted little by little.

Then, after a while, his consciousness just suddenly ended as if it never existed.

At the same time, what emerged in place of it was Zen's consciousness.

Right from this moment, he was Zen and also the Evil God. Under the influence of the Evil God's memories, Zen's aura had slightly changed. It was laced with a trace of evil. However, his personality remained the same, it was all Zen.

"Are you done too?" Zen asked Clarence, who was also supposed to be in a battle for memories against the downgrader.

He knew that Clarence and Mastema had also been aggressively devouring each other's consciousness. Earlier, he was still a little doubtful of the possible outcome of their battle. However, as he recalled the process of how he devoured the Evil God's consciousness, he grew confident that Clarence could clearly handle it with ease.

This was because he knew that Clarence had been living in isolation in the perfect land for countless years. Clarence's existence was several times longer compared to that of Mastema. Thus, it would be impossible for Mastema to complete the process before Clarence did.

After a while. Clarence replied in a soft voice, "Mastema, he… He has finally returned to me now. We've become one again."

"That's good to hear then," Zen said gladly.

"I see that you've also overcome him," Clarence remarked as he sensed a trace of the Evil God from Zen's aura.

"Yes. So, what now? Is it necessary for us to merge ourselves too?" Zen asked with a hint of hesitation.

He clearly knew that if they tried to devour each other's consciousness, then he would definitely lose. Compared to Clarence's seemingly infinite span of life, Zen's would look like just a second.

"If I wanted to merge with you, then why would I have to make the perfect land like this?" Clarence said with a positive tone.

He regarded Zen as a solver, thus it was meaningless for him to devour Zen.

"What happens after this?" Zen asked out of curiosity.

"Well, just wait for a while," Clarence replied.

However, at this point, there was no light, no space, nor distance at the point of origin. There was also no concept of time.

So, Zen just fell silent and waited just as Clarence told him.

Since time didn't exist, it was hard to grasp if a lot of time had already passed or if it was just a few seconds.

As they fell silent, it felt like a short moment had passed, but it also felt like it had already been several years.

Then, all of a sudden, Zen sensed a gap appearing before him.

He thought that it should be just an illusion since neither physical body nor soul existed here. Their consciousness was the only thing left. Thus, how could he be physically aware of this gap?

For him, it was such an incredible sensation.

"Did you feel it?" This time, he heard that it was Clarence's physical voice that was asking.

"Yes! What is this?" Zen replied.

"It's the point of origin. It is beginning to split," Clarence answered in what seemed like a riddle to Zen.

Chapter 4332 The Reality Zen Wanted

Clarence had formulated several conjectures regarding the possible changes of the point of origin.

It might never change and continue on forever. In that scenario, the entire world had completely perished while Clarence and Zen remained trapped in an eternal prison.

Another possibility was that the point of origin would turn into the perfect land and restart the thirteenth-grade world. Since the first-grade and the thirteenth-grade worlds shared a common origin, it was highly possible for them to transform into each other.

The third and final possibility Clarence speculated of was that Zen's and the Evil God's existences would bring about new, unexpected changes to the very basic rules of this world.

In the end though, these all remained as speculations since this was the very first time Clarence experienced the downgrade.

However, seeing where things now stood, it seemed his third theory proved correct as the point of origin began to split slowly.

"What will happen next?" Zen asked.

"Maybe... We will both have a perfect land," Clarence replied.

"You mean the world will completely separate in two?"

"Yes, and you will become another me. Congratulations," Clarence told him with full sincerity.

Instead of elation, Zen felt disappointed, "But you promised to give me a real world!" he growled.

He did not want a perfect land nor did he wish to become the ruler of the world. The only thing he wanted was to restore everything that had been destroyed: his loved ones, his friends, and his family.

"It wouldn't be difficult. I can give you my memories and you will be able to repeat the past," Clarence assured him.

With that, his consciousness suddenly surged towards Zen's and took the initiative to fuse with it!

In this fusion, Clarence voluntarily gave up dominance which meant that Zen now would effectively devour a part of his consciousness and have ownership of his memories.

"Why? Why did you do that?" Zen asked in shock.

"Once the point of origin is restored to the perfect land, I will embrace a brand new world. I have no need to restore the past so it would be best to leave my past memories to you," Clarence answered. In truth, he only wanted to remember the general information of the past.

With his reasoning, Zen found no need to say anything more and simply waited for their consciousness to merge completely. During the process, Zen found his knowledge increase exponentially.

Clarence's memories contained the highest level of omniscience: the distribution of any and all energy and substance in the thirteenth-grade world to the first-grade world. Needless to say, it was an infinite quantity of information.

With this, Zen would now be able to restore everything according to the past.

Soon enough, the divided part of Clarence's consciousness completely merged with Zen's.

Further on, the point of origin finally split into two with Zen and Clarence occupying their respective worlds.

Once he assumed control of the point of origin, Zen completely lost contact with Clarence.

The world Zen was in was infinitely small and his consciousness floated silently, alone with no source of sound, light, or feelings. It was at that moment that Zen truly felt lonely.

Bored out of his mind, he then decided to start sifting over Clarence's memories.

Within these memories, Zen was able to lay out every single detail of every single being that ever existed: kings, traitors, dreamers... Their life stories and inner thoughts were shown to him from birth until death, like overly-long movies of which Zen was the only audience.

After scrolling through the memories of tens of thousands of creatures, the point of origin suddenly began to change.

Zen felt it: the sudden disappearance of the infinitely large pressure that once engulfed him.

Soon enough, highly compressed substances and energy began to bounce back and the infinitely small point of origin popped.

It was a silent explosion.

In the midst of the violent surge of energy, there was no sound.

It was in this soundless burst that the space which allowed all substances to exist came into being.

The flow of time resumed.

Light spread out to every corner.

Finally, sound came after such a long period of silence. What was supposed to be a noisy explosion became music to Zen's ears.

Before him was a huge space.

There was nothing in front of him but he did not feel empty, instead, everything felt perfect.

It was indeed the perfect land.

He had already witnessed it once in Clarence's memories and it was exactly as it appeared there.

Everything in this land was constant and would last forever. There would be no more pain, separation, or betrayal. If he rebuilt the fairy palace here then everything would be perfect.

With that, he then began to extract the relevant information from his memories that would enable him to rebuild his perfect world.

Clatter...

Cyan rocks began to materialize into the void as they formed a high wall. In an instant, the fairy palace had been restored along with the people who lived in it.

Salome's lively giggles, Geoffrey's mischievous yell, and even Letitia's scolding voice — Zen could hear it all.

The familiar warmth and vitality rushed through him before he even entered.

Everything was perfect, simply, truly perfect.

He shaped his body and walked straight into the fairy palace. However, just as he was about to enter its gates, he stopped. For some reason, he found it hard to go inside.

The fairy palace was the same fairy palace from his memories and the people within it were as he remembered them to be. Everything was perfect and eternal in the perfect land.

However, this perfection disgusted him.

This was not the reality he wanted.

"Go."

Zen ordered softly.

And thus, the fairy palace crumbled along with the people within it.

It wasn't just the fairy palace that he wanted to restore but the entire world.

His world wasn't perfect by any means. It was a world where disease, separation, death, and fear existed.

Nonetheless, that was reality and it could never compare to this fake world he was given.

To Zen, everything in the perfect land was just too false and strange.

"This place is too narrow. I have to downgrade it..."

While Zen grumbled, the thirteenth-grade world began to unfold. As it lost a portion of its details, it turned into the twelfth-grade world and the energy was divided into two.

Thus, Zen proceeded with his downgrade and soon the world changed into the eleventh-grade world and the energy quadrupled.

Soon, the world devolved into the tenth-grade world and the energy split into eight.

The ninth-grade world...

The eighth-grade world...

The seventh-grade world...

The sixth-grade world...

The fifth-grade world.

At that point, Zen finally stopped.

He could restore everything at any point. In a sense, he was the controller of time and he had to decide when to restart the past.

After thinking for a while, Zen finally made his decision.

Above him was indestructible gray soil. It was here that his family and friends in the fairy palace were forced to bid farewell to each other and meet their ends.

"My memories...

Restore them all."

Under his command, the fairy palace was recreated in an instant.

At this moment, the people within the fairy palace were all geared up to embrace their deaths. All of them suppressed their sadness under a calm and composed facade.

Margaret covered Salome's eyes with her hands, not willing to let her see their doom. With no idea of what was happening, Salome innocently asked her mother what was wrong.

"Nothing. Everything will be fine, sweetheart..." she replied and tried her best to hold back her tears.

"Mother, the blue line is gone," Salome continued as she looked through her mother's fingers with innocent eyes.

Margaret's eyes, which had been shut close from despair, snapped open the moment she heard Salome's words.

True to what her daughter said, the blue line had indeed disappeared and everyone within the fairy palace was completely unharmed. Zen's avatar, however, had disappeared.

"Why? What happened? How did we survive that?" Margaret muttered in confusion.

It wasn't just her. Letitia, Aura, Lavender, and everyone else thought the same thing. They all survived yet Zen's avatars had all disappeared.

In the other side of the fairy palace, Fuxi, Geoffrey, Rocher, and the others had all closed their eyes and awaited death.

After a while though, they realized that the end they had been waiting for never came.

"Is this a miracle? Am I dreaming?"

Geoffrey had been praying with his eyes closed. He had no idea just how they would be able to escape their situation, so all he could do was pray to some higher being for a miracle. In a strange stroke of fate, his prayers were answered.

Chapter 4333 Restore Everything

Fuxi, Rocher, Hilario, and the others looked at each other.

It was hard for them to believe that they were still alive.

The Snake Goddess' eyes were full of doubt. She looked into the distance and said with a trembling voice, "Has the Wall World disappeared? No, have all the things in the world disappeared?"

The space outside the fairy palace was empty. There was nothing left.

This was not normal. They didn't even think this was possible.

When downgrading happened, it would destroy everything in the physical realm, but its energy and materials would remain. They would not even be lost in the slightest.

But now, even the Wall World had disappeared.

The Snake Goddess looked around and asked, "Where is Zen? Is Zen missing?"

When the others heard her say this, they all quickly began to search for Zen. He, however, was nowhere to be found.

"Wait, is this Zen's theurgy?"

"Did he save the fairy palace?"

"But how could he have done it? That's almost impossible. How could he have stopped the downgrading?"

"…"

They all made their guesses on how Zen disappeared or where Zen had gone, but at the end of the day, they were dumbfounded. They had no true clue where he was.

Buzz!

While everyone continued to search for him or speculate on his disappearance, his figure began to condense in the fairy palace.

"Dad!"

"Zen!"

"Zen!"

"What happened?"

"Did you stop the downgrading?"

Geoffrey, Rocher, the Snake Goddess, Mike, and the others ran to him immediately. They had never heard of or encountered a situation like this before. What was happening was truly incomprehensible to them.

Zen looked at them with a trace of warmth flowing from the bottom of his heart. "No, I didn't stop the downgrading. The downgrading has been completed."

"The downgrading has been completed?" Geoffrey looked puzzled. "But how could it have been completed? We're not dead..."

The Snake Goddess raised her eyebrows and said, "Zen, have we died already? Have we just managed to come back to life again?"

Zen gave the Snake Goddess a thumbs up. "You're right," he said.

"Are we in the underworld?" Geoffrey asked, his eyes wide open in shock.

Zen reached his hand out and gently stroked Geoffrey's body. When he did this, Geoffrey's tall body shrank back to its normal size. He rubbed

Geoffrey's head and smiled. "Son, there is no underworld in this world. This is a brand new world. I recreated you all with the help of Clarence's memories."

Geoffrey blinked his eyes in disbelief. He quickly looked down at his body. "I was created with memories. Does that mean I'm fake? Am I not the real Geoffrey anymore, Dad?"

"Ha-ha..." Zen laughed, amused by his son's words. The others, however, didn't laugh with him. The truth was they also had the same worry in their hearts. To be fair, Zen also had this worry in him before. He was also afraid he was just in an illusory world.

"Everyone, don't worry," Zen sighed, trying to comfort them. He began to explain it in detail, "When the energy is arranged according to the original pattern, the substance it forms is the same as the past one. This is an absolute reality. If ice melted but condensed back again into ice, wouldn't it still be the ice it was before?"

The Snake Goddess was the first to understand. "Do you mean to say that we did die, but since you have all the memories of the whole world, you were able to restore us using those memories?"

"Yes!" Zen nodded.

"But why is it that you could only restore the fairy palace?" the Snake Goddess asked.

"Well, that's not true. I can restore everything to its original state with the help of the memories, and I'll do it soon,"

Zen assured them. With a gentle wave of his hand, the black ship, which was not far from the fairy palace, was restored.

The Grandmaster of Heaven, Shera, the former captain, and Edna were also reborn with it.

"We... We're alive?"

"Why? How?"

"Where is the Evil God?"

The four people on the black ship were also confused. They were all safe, but they were still a bit worried. The Evil God was nowhere to be found.

They saw Zen, but no one dared to ask him.

Edna, however, summoned up all her courage and flew out. At the entrance of the fairy palace, she timidly asked Zen, "Creator, where is the Evil God?"

"The Evil God?" Zen replied, an undetectable expression on his face. "He's dead."

"What?

The Evil God's dead?" She tried to clarify. Zen nodded his head. Her mouth was hung open, and a trace of sadness appeared in her eyes. She spoke to Zen once again, "But why... Why aren't we dead?"

"I created you," answered Zen.

It was difficult for others to understand Zen's creation of realities, but since Edna was born in his inner world, she was well aware of his omnipotent ability. She thought it was normal for him to directly create her.

When she heard this, her eyes lit up with hope. "If you created me and the others, can you create the Evil God?"

"No," Zen said, shutting down Edna's hope immediately.

The Evil God had already comprehended infinite energy. If Zen were to create him, it would bring about endless trouble. Who knew what the Evil God would do? It would be too difficult to deal with him, especially considering he was just as strong as Zen.

As Zen refused her request, Edna's eyelids trembled slightly. She did her best not to cry. Pursing her lips, she nodded and said, "I see. Thank you, Creator."

She turned around, ready to return to the black ship.

Zen thought he would be definite with his decision, but when he looked at Edna, an inexplicable emotion rose in his heart. It felt like a mixture of depression and desperation. It was as if something from within him was begging him to change his mind.

However, even though the emotion came from him, he was not sure if it belonged to him. When the Evil God's consciousness fused with his, their emotions also mixed. The Evil God's emotions could affect Zen's.

The Evil God was begging him to bring him back to life.

Or was he begging himself?

Zen shook his head in disagreement but then began to give in. He called out to Edna, smiling bitterly. "Wait," he said.

Edna turned around and stared at Zen in a daze.

"I will create the Evil God, but not for now," said Zen.

It wasn't difficult to erase part of the memories of the Evil God and completely restrict him, but Zen decided to deal with this in the future.

Hearing this, Edna flew into the air and kowtowed three times towards Zen to show her happiness and thankfulness. She then returned to the black ship.

Zen gently waved his hand, signaling to the black ship that he was allowing them to follow the fairy palace.

When the fairy palace and the black ship passed somewhere, the energy hidden in the void would begin to fluctuate.

Zen restored the Deep Space's golden ring-shaped sun. Broken tiles floating in the air, huge broken buildings, and the Sky Wheel City were also restored.

When the fairy palace went down, the huge strata floating in the void had also been restored. The different races living in the Deep Space had also been reborn.

These uncivilized races were not aware of when they died or when they had been reborn. They didn't even know about the downgrading that happened. Their peaceful lives had not been broken.

Among them, the only one who knew about what had happened was Elder Xue.

He calmly waited for his death in the Elemental race's territory and then he was reborn. He was very puzzled by what happened. When he saw the fairy palace coming, he became even more confused. Zen greeted him with a smile before inviting him to hop on board.

"Why? And what happened?" Elder Xue wanted an answer.

"Hilario will give you an answer," Zen replied shortly.

There were still many people and places Zen had to restore. He didn't have the time to explain the situation again and again.

After restoring the Deep Space, he took the fairy palace and the black ship back to the fourth-grade world.

In the empty world, the earth, mountains, rivers, the four pillars, the Eternal Divine Courtyard, and the broken secondary worlds were all restored.

Not long after, the fairy palace and the black ship arrived at the entrance of the chaos. The Human Spirit King Kincaid died there, so he would also be reborn here.

Kincaid's memory stopped the moment he rushed out of the chaos. When he revived, he had an unreadable expression on his face. He did not know how to react. Like before, Zen asked Hilario to explain to him what had happened. After that, he drove the fairy palace into the chaos.

Chapter 4334 The End

The chaos remained empty, save for the fairy palace and the black ship.

Restoring a secondary world was a simple matter for Zen, but he needed to maintain order and decide what to revive and what no longer needed to be revived.

"The Pear Hill!"

Splash!

Loose earth and rubble gathered back together into boulders and land forms.

Trees and plants sprouted from the soil and grew rapidly.

Buildings rose from the ground until entire cities were made whole again.

The human race, the Snake Goddess race, all manner of creatures, great and small, were resurrected in a flash.

The Pear Hill had been destroyed not by the downgrading, but because of the erosion of the Extreme Form energies and the invasion of the Troubled Creatures from the Burial Land.

The newly revived creatures were thus still so gripped by fear of the already vanquished Troubled Creatures that they just milled around warily.

Zen nodded to the Snake Goddess. "It's your turn," he said.

"Okay."

The Snake Goddess' eyes lit up. The Pear Hill meant everything to her. She had been devastated to see it destroyed. But now it had been revived, so had her zest for life.

Whoosh!

In a flash, the Snake Goddess stood on the jadeite platform.

"My dear people, the worst is over for the Pear Hill!"

The people in the Pear Hill were unaware of what had happened, but they began to realize that the Troubled Creatures had disappeared. The Snake Goddess' words were the final assurance to put them at ease.

What happened next still left them too dumbfounded to celebrate, however. "Source World, restore!"

Zen had revived the Source World. And the Pear Hill was returned to its original place in it!

The inhabitants of the Pear Hill gasped as a blue cover reappeared in the clear sky above them.

"Are we back in the Source World?"

"Oh, my God! I can't believe it!"

"It must be a miracle!"

Zen had chosen to bring everything back to the way it was after the Evil God had killed the Yellow Thearch and the Divine Farmer. The Source World and its countless creatures now continued on with existence as if nothing had changed.

"The divine land, restore!"

"The Ruin Graveyard, restore!"

"The Other Shore, restore!"

"The chaos, restore!"

"The chaotic energy, restore!"

"The six Chaos Ancient Gods, restore!" Zen brought everything back in quick succession.

He recognized that even the chaos and the chaotic energy played an important role in the ecosystem of the world. Zen, however, saw no need to bring back the Burial Land, the downgrader, or the Snake Spirit King. They were better off in oblivion.

Zen waved his hand, recreating the bodies of the Primeval Lord of Heaven, the Grand Supreme Elderly Lord, Ziya, the real Snake Goddess, the real Fuxi, Eastern Emperor Taiyi, Zhurong, Gonggong, and the real Emperor Charm then infusing them with their energy souls. They materialized in the fairy palace.

Then Zen proceeded to bring back Chiyou and the Nine Li race. Even restoring people from different eras like that proved no difficulty for him.

People were shell-shocked upon resurrection. Ziya, for one, clearly remembered dying in the fourth-grade world. Now, he suddenly found himself in the fairy palace. Everyone was caught in a state of bewilderment. It took some time before it finally sank in, and for the joyful revelries to begin.

It was three days before Zen could hold a banquet in the fairy palace.

Nearly a thousand people showed up to join the celebrations.

Among them were Yasamin and Flamine, who busied themselves all throughout dinner playing matchmaker for Zen.

Hence, three months later, a grand wedding banquet was held in the Bloom Divine Province of the Source World.

Dignitaries from the various provinces traveled thousands of miles from across the Source World to attend. Nearly a hundred thousand people witnessed the momentous occasion.

Three years later, Zen had six new children, three boys and three girls.

Life was good and completely at peace for the next three decades.

One day, Zen was at the top of the Deep Space.

He stared thoughtfully at the gray soil before him, hands behind his back.

In the past thirty years, he had studied the gray soil closely. Based on his memories, Clarence had done the same before.

Zen, like any other human, had an infinite desire for knowledge.

He hadn't understood before why Clarence had created Mastema, but now he had.

For Clarence, there was no difference between the World of Nothingness and the perfect land.

If there was no choice or challenge to freedom, it just started to feel like a boundless imprisonment.

In the past thirty years, there had been no limits to what Zen and his loved ones could pursue. However, none of these pursuits made him feel fulfilled.

He spent more and more time on the gray soil, searching for something he could not quite understand.

The search had proved futile so far.

Zen sighed.

He sat cross-legged in the air, hovering in deep thought over the gray soil.

It was then that he noticed a thin black crack over the earth.

Zen's eyes widened. He floated hurriedly down to the crack.

The crack couldn't have just appeared naturally. The gray soil was rock-hard and didn't easily break. As Zen came closer, he realized there was a dark green liquid seeping out of the crack.

Zen reached out his hand. The moment his fingers made contact with the liquid, Clarence's voice rang out in his mind.

"I have left the perfect land, Zen.

I knew you would be curious about the world outside the perfect land eventually, so I left this message for you through the liquid, the only thing that can penetrate the gray soil.

I couldn't find where the black soil ends, but I did find an underground cave of unknown depths.

By the time you receive the message, I would have already left through this secret passage.

If you also ever want to leave the perfect land, the only way out for you is to turn to the Evil God."

The message ended there. The dark green liquid quickly solidified and turned into ashes. The black crack quickly closed and disappeared, as if it had never been there.

Zen mulled over what Clarence had said. "The Evil God, huh?" Zen murmured to himself.

He disappeared from the spot, reappearing the next moment at the hillside of the Pear Hill.

In a clearing in the forest stood a simple thatched hut. This had been Edna's residence for the last thirty years.

All this time, she had just been waiting for the Creator to fulfill his promise of reviving the Evil God.

She had never thought to pressure Zen, however. She chose to wait patiently. She could wait for endless years.

Edna was startled to see Zen, but the surprise on her face soon gave way to a faint smile. "Is it time to revive him?"

Zen nodded. "Yes."

"But he's very dangerous," Edna reminded.

"Danger gives meaning to life," Zen replied, with a small shrug.

Energy began to surge in the void.

Substances began to condense.

A body began to take form.

A heart began beating.

The man opened his eyes slowly, a knowing smirk pulling at the corners of his lips.

Chapter 4335 Thank You Note

Hi guys. Happy ending! Thanks for staying with us the whole time. We will bring you more interesting stories.

All these interesting stories are first released on MoboReader. You guys can download it now at https://www.moboreader.net

Here, I would like to highly recommend some interesting ones to you.

1, Trapped with the CEO

When her boyfriend betrayed her, all light and joy was gone from Lola's life. To revenge her ex, she married a Billionaire man.

"From this moment on, I will give you what you want," he whispered in a soft voice. Lola thought that she had finally found her happiness, but she had no idea about the dark secrets that were bound to unfold and haunt her forever.

2, My Wife is an Aloof Beauty

"You're my wife in name only, on paper only. My heart and love will never be yours."

Edward made it clear to Daisy that she was nothing to him. They were both victims of family greed -- the marriage was arranged for them.

Six years passed. She remained quiet, gaining a reputation in the army as a tough-as-nails colonel. When she walked into his life again, Edward fell in love with this woman, unlike any he had known. She surprised and delighted him. But will Daisy take him back? Can their son keep them together? Can the rift between them be healed? Pick this one up and find out!

3, The Substitute Bride

"I'm in desperate need of money to pay Grandmother's medical fee. I will marry Charles instead of Yvonne as soon as I get the money."

When her sister Yvonne ran away from the wedding, Autumn was forced to pretend to be Yvonne and marry Charles. Her only wish was to get a divorce after a year. Charles is rich and powerful. His name had been linked to innumerable ladies. He had different girlfriends for every day of a year. Neither of them had expected that they would fall in love with each other.

4, Vengeful Girl with Her CEO

Separated from her family since the day she was born, Linda vowed to come back and take revenge on those who had done injustice to her.

Brought up in a noble clan, Charles was taking reins and conquering the business world but got beaten up by a woman he had never met before.

Stuck with an unexpected betrothal at first, love eventually brought the two hearts together.

Pregnant, kidnapped, injured, poor Linda was tossed into a roaring river. Who did it to her? What did they want? Who was the other 'Linda' around Charles?

5, My Mr. Soldier

When her boyfriend betrayed her, all light and joy was gone from Cherry's life. Deserted, bereft of hope, she married a man that she had barely met, but she had never expected him to be her ex-boyfriend's uncle.

Cherry thought that she had finally found her happiness, but she had no idea about the dark secrets that were bound to unfold and haunt her forever.

With the help of her husband's enemy, she ran away from her marriage, but at a cost that she had never imagined she would have to pay. Five years later, she accidentally crossed paths again with the same people that she had fled from.

6, Cold CEO Vs. Sweet Wife

Growing up without a mother can be hard. For Jean Wen, life became worse when her father, Henry, brings home his mistress.

With two half-siblings intent on causing trouble, Jean is shunned by Henry. Desperate to earn his love, she agrees to be sacrificed for familial interests. She marries a rich CEO in exchange for a land her father wants. However, her failure and added complications with her family mean that everyone abandons her. To find out the truth about her mother's death, she even risks her life. Is it an accident? Or a murder? When her stepmother turns her back on her father, she chooses to stand by Henry's side and save his company from bankruptcy.

Alone in the world, Jean comes across her ex-boyfriend. Will his consideration rekindle her love toward him? Will she be able to make her marriage work? Turn the page to find out more!

7, The Spoiled Girl

Emily, was a just simple girl living a simple life when one day she received a call from the police that changed her entire life. Everything that happened since then was nothing short of a roller-coaster ride.

She soon found out that her long-time boyfriend, Jack Gu, was cheating on her with her best friend. As if things weren't bad enough, she accidentally ended up in Jack's uncle's car, where they ended up – doing it. Soon, Emily found herself in a tug-o-war between her ex, Jack and his uncle, Jacob.

8, Take My Breath Away

"Drive this woman out!"

"Throw this woman into the sea!"

When he doesn't know Debbie Nian's true identity, Carlos Huo cold-shoulders her.

"Mr. Huo, she is your wife," Carlos' secretary reminded him. Hearing that, Carlos gives him a cold stare and complained, "why didn't you tell me earlier?"

From then on, Carlos spoils her rotten. Little did everyone expect that they would get a divorce.

9, The Enchanted Night

Four years ago, Cassandra had to marry a wealthy man, though she had no feelings toward him. Similarly, the man whose name was written against hers on the marriage certificate couldn't care less about her either.

Four years later, she was drunk on a cruise ship in Rome and the fate sent her a graduation gift, a steaming hot one-night-stand with an unbelievably hansome man.

She had cheated on her husband! And what was worse, the unbelievably hansome man turned out to be her husband's brother, Rufus Luo!

What was she gonna do? How could she live with him under the same roof? What would her husband do to her after he found out the buried secret? And more importantly, how could she resist his boundless charm?

10, Happy Together

"We'll be married for only a month. After that, we'll get divorced immediately."

Even though their marriage had been arranged by their great-grandfathers before they were born, he believed that such a rude and noisy woman like her didn't deserve to be his wife.

Little did they know then that they were destined to be together. Hiram, the handsome young CEO who could never be turned on by a woman, and Rachel, the beauty who somehow brought bad luck onto all the men she went on a date with, were getting married, against all odds.

11, Waiting For a Girl Like You

"You saved my life, and I owe you one. Fair and square."

"Is this how you are going to repay my kindness? By sharing my bed? In my own house?"

"Fine, then come to my place and share my bed. How's that, huh?"

People always say what the An Family is capable of is beyond imagination. However, Carla Ji has no idea it's a nightmare only dressed like a daydream until it's too late to change anything...

12, Unbreak My Heart

"A cheater and a bitch. They are perfect for each other," Ashley scoffed in her heart, a faint smile climbing up the corners of her lips. Her smile was so dazzling that no one could look away from her.

With one swift swig, she emptied the glass of wine down her throat. Never had she imagined that this glass of wine, drugged by her own mother, would bring her to an unbelievably wealthy and handsome man and change her whole life.

It had been a night of madness. She lost her virginity to the man she never met before. It felt like a dream that was not real, yet that very dream came to life, and was standing right in front of her when she woke up the next day.

"Kiss me!" he demanded.

What would happen next?

13, Love Crisis

After Brian's once beloved girlfriend leaving him, in the years follow, there is no one who can stir his heart until he meets that girl, a Waitress named Molly.

What begins in compulsion becomes true love, and soon Molly finds herself torn between 3 entirely different men, in 3 irreconcilable lives. Yet she knows at the bottom of her heart, from the very beginning, that who is the one she truly loves.

As their fates unfold, the turbulent saga travels around the world, from the sunny tropical island to foggy London, and to lovers' paradise—Paris.

A story of a pair of lovers, tormented by the past, driven by desires, yet still entangled in a relationship of love and hatred.

14, Billionaire's Gift

Mandy is young, beautiful, and rich. She has the perfect life and the perfect boyfriend. But one night, her whole world turns upside down--she catches her boyfriend, Daniel having an affair; she goes to bar where she gets drugged and loses her virginity to Nathan, a man who forces her to have a one-night stand with him; and her father gets arrested by the police.

Then, she has no choice but to agree to be Nathan's mistress for a month so that he would protect her and her family in return. But unexpectedly, Mandy falls in love with him and even agrees to be his girlfriend. However, another girl who likes Nathan is jealous and tries every means to separate them. Can Nathan and Mandy get through this? Don't wait any more and start reading Billionaire's Gift!

15, Apotheosis

Falling from nobility, Zen Luo became a humble slave and served as a human punchbag for his former cousins. Inadvertently, he found a way to refine himself into a weapon and a legend started because of that. With a strong belief in never surrender, he strove for revenges and pursued big dreams.

Warriors from various clans contended for hegemony and the world was stirred. Relying on the body that was comparable to a powerful weapon, Zen beat his numerous enemies on his way to the immortality. Would he succeed eventually?

16, Mighty Soldier King

Former special forces soldier Peter Wang is tasked to serve as a security guard in one of Golden City's top firms to protect his beautiful employer, Bella Song.

As a fighter who survived the grueling life in the military, he dismissed the job as menial and simple. Little did he know, he gravely miscalculated.

At the heart of a seemingly peaceful city, Peter found himself treading dangerously through vicious gangs and atrocious personalities while winning the hearts of several beautiful women along the way --the elusive Bella, esteemed Amelia, sweet Elaine, youthful Shelly, gentle Lisa, and more.

Who can defeat our Mighty Soldier King?

17, Rebirth of Martial God

Traversing back to the ancient Prime Martial World from modern age, Austin finds himself in a younger body as he wakes up.

Yet, the young man he possesses was a miserable dimwit, what a bummer!

But it doesn't matter as his mind is sound and clear. Possessing this younger and stronger body, he will fight his way to become the God of martial arts, and rule the whole Martial World!

18, The Legend of Innate Mage

"Brotherhood? Clan? It is utterly ridiculous!"

They had been bosom buddies, almost like blood brothers. The two young talented masters of Nan Clan enjoyed great respect. However, everything was completely different now.

Ricky Nan was not a young talented master anymore, but a jerk in everyone's eyes. All this was Nate's fault, despite their close friendship, right from childhood. Nate Nan, set as the successor of Nan Clan, now treated him like a stranger.

"Father, I will take revenge for you and get back everything we should have deserved!"

19, Lord Of Martial Arts

In Lothlann Continent, talent in martial arts won cultivators respect.

Darren Chu, a mediocre talent in martial arts, was deemed a loser by everyone. His status changed when a fireball fell from the sky and hit him on the head.

He cheated death.

Empowered with the ability to assimilate other creatures' talent, Darren sought to better himself and seek vengeance against those who had wronged his family, including his little sister.

"You will kneel in front of me one day," swore the future lord of martial arts.

20, Ascent of Hero on the Dragon Throne

Rocky Bai, a young and talented scholar in the field of gene study, ranked number one among his peers. While he was on the flight headed for the venue, an aircraft accident occurred right before he passed out.

...

Rocky Bai is reborn!

It is not until he saves a dragon that he becomes a spirit manipulator in the Holy Dragon Empire. To his surprise, the dragon's saliva has a magical effect, which can cure disease and even bring people back from death.

With the dragon, Ricky starts a new life.

Let's join in their adventure!

21, Treasure-hunting: Into the Unknown

Zachary Zi traveled through time and space with the help of his Treasure-hunting Compass, which led him to the Olden World where he took over the body of a young man with the same name. The old Zachary's clan was slaughtered three years ago and his fiancee had gone missing ever since. Although he managed to survive the ordeal, his injuries had taken away his ability to cultivate anymore. Will the new Zachary be able to fit into his new life?

The Treasure-hunting Compass was a mythical artifact that could be used to release many quests. Each time Zachary finished a quest, he would receive a reward more desirable than the last. However, that wasn't all. With the help of the compass, he also met a variety of beautiful and exotic women. Will they fall in love with him?

22, Addicted Love

Amelia's whole life was a run of bad luck. She was born into a poor family. Her mother took her own life when she was very young. Her stepmother is mean to her. And to top it off, her sister ran off with her boyfriend. But her life changed when she met Lucian. He was wealthy and successful, and she decides to improve her luck by entering into a contract marriage with him. Amelia can afford anything her heart desires, and he gets a wife. But what happens when she finds out Lucian really loves her, and she falls in love with him in return? Read Addicted Love on Moboreader to find out!

23, My CEO Daddy

After being framed by her boyfriend and best friend, Nicole ended up spending the night with a mysterious stranger. She thoroughly enjoyed the unexpected rendezvous, but when she woke up the next morning, she couldn't help but feel bad about what she did. All of her guilt, however, was washed away when she saw the face of the man lying next to her.

"He's... beautiful," she whispered, awed by what she was seeing. Her guilt quickly turned into shame, and it drove her to leave the man a bit of money before she left.

Kerr was astounded. 'Did that woman try to pay me? Like a prostitute?' he thought, offended.

"Ask the hotel manager for the surveillance video," he commanded his assistant authoritatively, his eyebrows furrowed. He had a determined expression on his face. "I want to find out who was in my room last night."

'And when I find that woman, I'm going to teach her a lesson!'

Where will their story go? Find out on My CEO Daddy here on Moboreader!

Right, time to wrap it up. I will still be waiting for you here. See you around guys!